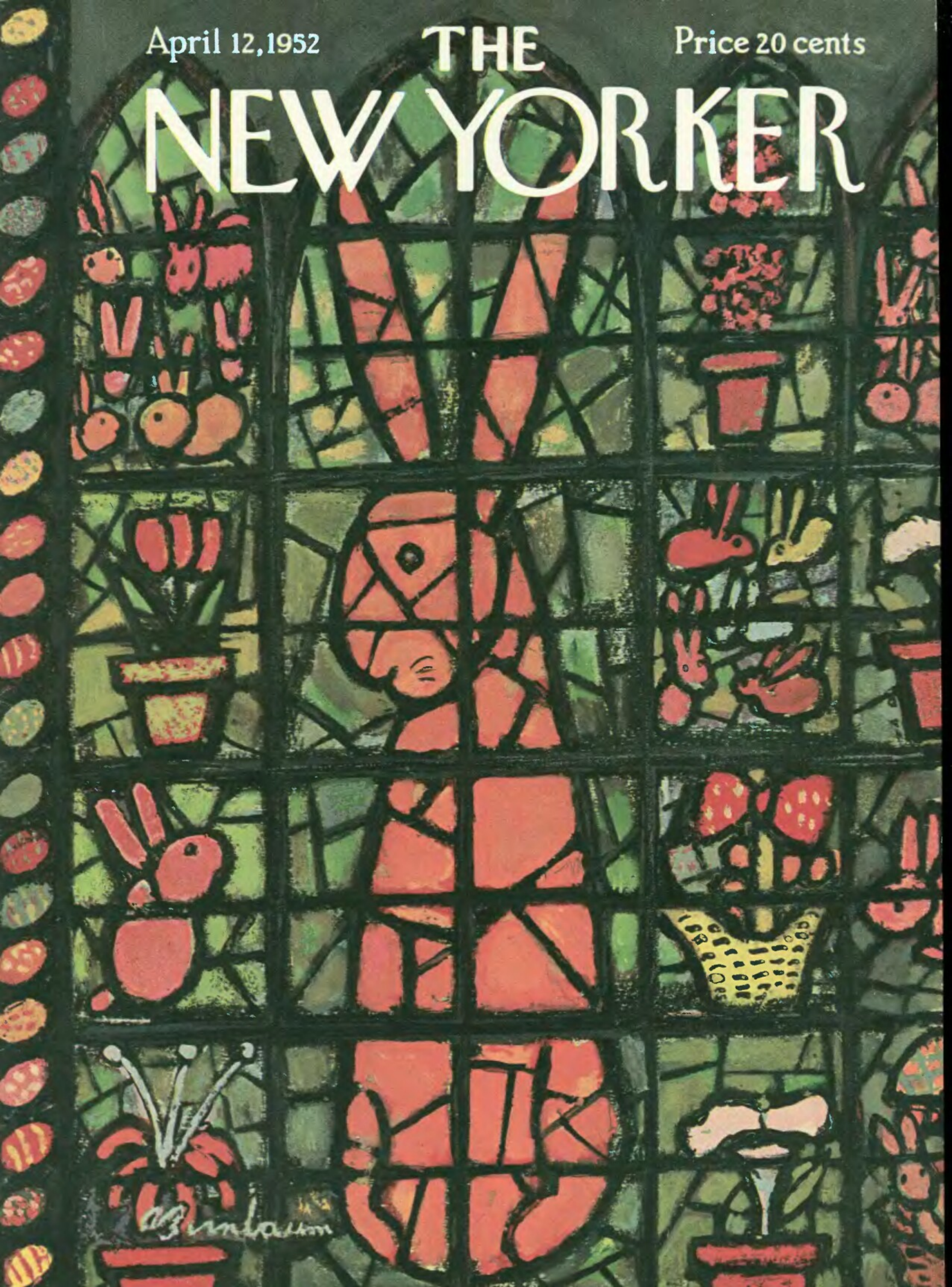


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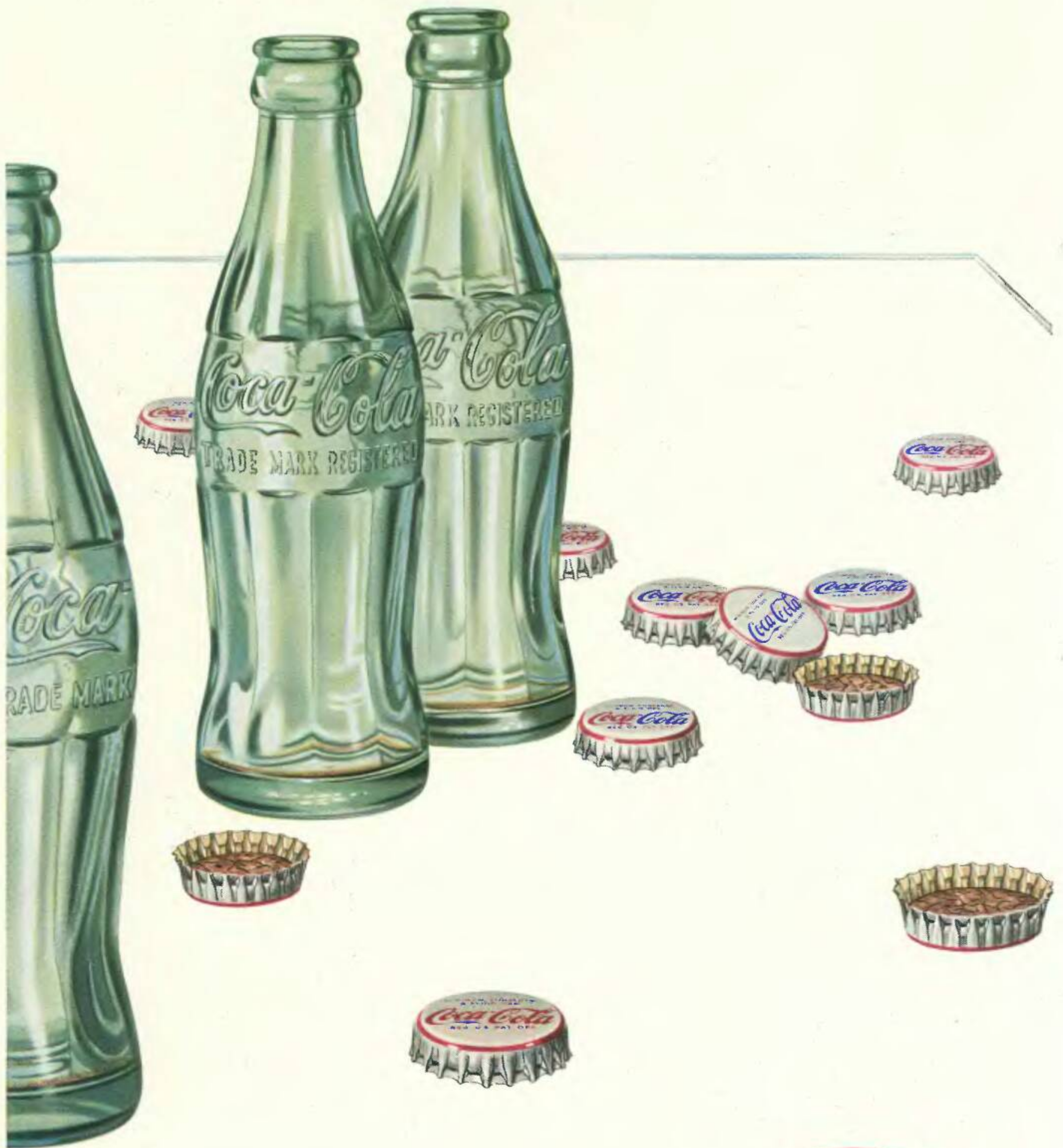
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA** and **ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA**—Final performances of Laurence Olivier's and Vivien Leigh's engagement in the Shaw play and the Shakespeare tragedy. "Caesar and Cleopatra": Friday evening, April 11. "Antony and Cleopatra": Thursday evening, April 10, and Saturday matinee and evening, April 12. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Evenings at 8:30. Matinee at 2:30.)

**DON JUAN IN HELL**—Shaw's interlude from "Man and Superman" is as witty as anything he ever wrote. The members of the cast, who just sit around and read their parts, are Charles Boyer, Agnes Moorehead, Cedric Hardwicke, and Charles Laughton. They are all superb. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Saturday, May 24.)

**FLIGHT INTO EGYPT**—This play about a family trying to get to the United States deals rather superficially with an important theme, but Paul Lukas and Gusti Huber help to redeem it with cogent performances. The cast also includes Zero Mostel, Joseph Anthony, and Paul Mann. Elia Kazan is responsible for the direction. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**THE FOURPOSTER**—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn acting out, with a great deal of skill, the high spots of a fairly placid marriage. The play, which involves only two characters, was directed by José Ferrer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**GIGI**—Audrey Hepburn is very fetching as a young Parisienne whose female relatives are grooming her for a career as a *grande cocotte*. Anita Loos has done a workmanlike job of adapting Colette's novel, and Gilbert Miller has assembled a superior cast of players, among whom are Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, and Josephine Brown. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**GOLDEN BOY**—The fifteen-year-old Clifford Odets play about a violinist who is seduced from his music by an urge to make money in the ring. A sincere, if uneven, work, to which John Garfield and Lee J. Cobb bring some lively talent. The third of the ANTA productions of this season. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. JU 2-2660. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**THE GRASS HARP**—The meek of the earth are driven up a tree in Truman Capote's moral play but they manage to hold out against the forces of evil and to sound reasonable a good part of the time. Cecil Beaton designed the costumes and the sets and Virgil Thomson wrote the score. The cast includes Mildred Natwick, Russell Collins, Georgia Burke, Sterling Holloway, and Alice Pearce. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**I AM A CAMERA**—John van Druten's adaptation of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories" is uneven, but it is still one of the better plays of the season. Julie Harris scores a personal triumph as a girl who is no better than she should be, and there is commendable supporting work by William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**JANE**—Sophisticated dialogue, of mixed quality, by S. N. Behrman. The play is based on a Somerset Maugham story, and stars Edna Best and Basil Rathbone. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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2:30. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, April 13.)

**MRS. MCTHING**—If you're at all pragmatic, you may find this fantasy—complete with a witch and several hexed characters—a bit hard to take. On the other hand, even the most vigorously non-whimsical should enjoy the performances of Helen Hayes and Jules Munshin, and a pair of talented children, Brandon de Wilde and Lydia Reed. The play was written by Mary Chase and directed by Joseph Buloff. The second in a series of subscription productions offered this season by ANTA. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Thursday, April 17.)

**ONE BRIGHT DAY**—Something about a drug manufacturer who comes up with an adulterated product. A play that hardly deserves the presence of Howard Lindsay in the leading role. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinee Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 12.)

**PARIS '90**—Cornelia Otis Skinner portrays fourteen women who might have been contemporaries of Toulouse-Lautrec with a verve that is sure to delight her admirers, though there may be those who find this form of entertainment a little special. Donald Oenslager and Kay Swift contributed the sets and the incidental music, respectively, and they are both to be complimented. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**POINT OF NO RETURN**—J. P. Marquand's novel having to do with the irony of success has been very intelligently adapted by Paul Osborn, and Leland Hayward has arranged an admirable production. Henry Fonda heads the fine cast, which includes Leora Dana, John Cromwell, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W.

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CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**THE SHRIKE**—A tense description of a possessive wife's efforts to hold on to her husband, even if they drive him to barbiturates or lunacy. José Ferrer, who directed the play, is the unfortunate victim, and Judith Evelyn is the unholy lady. Philip Huston, Will Kuluva, Isabel Bonner, and Kendall Clark assist the principals. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Tuesday, April 15, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**VENUS OBSERVED**—An elderly duke and a young woman of mysterious antecedents are the major figures in Christopher Fry's latest and perhaps most literary excursion into the theatre. They are handsomely played by Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer, who have the valuable support of John Williams, John Merivale, Hurd Hatfield, and Claudia Morgan. Laurence Olivier handled the direction. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35. Through Saturday, May 31.)

**LONG RUNS—THE MOON IS BLUE**: How a boy gets a girl in three acts. Donald Cook, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Barry Nelson are still in it. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **STALAG 17**: Life in a German prison camp. With John Ericson, Harold J. Stone, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**PAINT YOUR WAGON**—Some jaunty songs and dances help compensate for a rather dishevelled plot in this musical comedy about the Gold Rush in California. James Barton, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, and Mary Burr keep things moving. Agnes de Mille is responsible for the choreography, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Alan Jay Lerner for the book and lyrics. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**PAL JOEY**—Vivienne Segal, appearing again in her original role of a predatory Chicago matron, is largely responsible for the success of the revival of this classic history of a gigolo, which John O'Hara, Richard Rodgers, and the late Lorenz Hart turned out in 1940. Robert Alton's choreography is superlative, and there are very helpful performances by Harold Lang, Helen Gallagher, Elaine Stritch, and Lionel Stander. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**THREE WISHES FOR JAMIE**—A batch of whimsy that includes a mystical young Irishman, a fairy queen, and other such folk. Although the music and lyrics by Ralph Blane have their good points, and are given handsome treatment by John Raitt and Anne Jeffreys, the piece as a whole is too elfin for comfort. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**TOP BANANA**—Hy Kraft's book and Johnny Mercer's music and lyrics belong to a different and far more primitive school than those of such elegant works as "The King and I" and "South Pacific," but this piece about an ex-burlesque star now mixed up in television is still awfully funny. Phil Silvers is wonderful as a man who might conceivably be Milton Berle, and he gets much assistance from Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Rose Marie, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**LONG RUNS—CALL ME MADAM**: Ethel Merman, the



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lady ambassador to Lichtenburg. Irving Berlin wrote the songs, and Richard Eastham, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nye, and Pat Harrington help out in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 3.) ... **GUYS AND DOLLS:** A dash of Damon Runyon, with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser and a cast that includes Robert Alda, Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **THE KING AND I:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein view of Siam. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) ... **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? George Britton is playing opposite Martha Wright these days. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

## OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**THE BRASS RING**—A play by Irving Elman, with Sidney Blackmer, Carol Goodner, and Douglas Watson. Directed by Stanley Gould, and produced by Donald Wolin in association with Donald Flamm. Opens Thursday, April 10. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**THE CHASE**—John Hodiak and Kim Hunter in a play by Horton Foote. Directed by José Ferrer and produced by him in association with Milton Baron. Opens Tuesday, April 15. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Thursday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

**FOUR SAINTS IN THREE ACTS**—An all-Negro cast, including Inez Matthews, Edward Matthews, and Rawn Spearman, in a revival of the Gertrude Stein-Virgil Thomson opera. The fourth in a series of productions offered this season by ANTA. Opens Wednesday, April 16, and will run through Sunday, April 27. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

## MISCELLANY

**THE CIRCUS**—The original version of a recent DeMille cinema spectacle. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30; through Sunday, May 11. The doors open at 1 and 7, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows in the basement.)

**BLUE HILL TROUPE**—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer." For the benefit of the Goodwill Industries of New York, Inc. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Friday, April 16-18, at 8:45. Special performance for children, Saturday, April 19, at 2:30. For tickets, call RH 4-8563.)

**MASQUE AND LYRE LIGHT OPERA COMPANY**—"Princess Ida." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, April 15, at 8:15.) ... "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursday through Saturday, April 17-19, at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, April 19, at 2:15.)

**VAUDEVILLE**—Betty Hutton, Herb Shriver, and others, starting Saturday, April 12. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Daily at 2:40 and 8:40.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**AMBASSADOR**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Cocktails, except Sundays, in the Romanesque rotunda of the Trianon Room,

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on the wings of William Adler's violin. Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' bands play for the stately gyrations of the customers at dinner and supper in the arena just beyond.

**BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Michael Kent's solemn quartet appears "under the clock" at cocktail time, and at dinnertime in the Madison Room (which is closed Sundays). No dancing anywhere, and not a peep out of the gang on the Day of Rest.

**CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—A certain amount of the spirit of the beloved Ritz's Oval Room lives on in Emery Deutsch's orchestra, now billeted in the restaurant here, where it makes nostalgic dinner music every day but Sunday. No dancing.

**GOGI'S LARUE**, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Ted Straeter, the epitome of the well-dressed musician, is master of the revels in this elegant conservatory. His men open fire at nine, and a rumba band comes on duty at eight-thirty. In the pretty little Plush Room, George Feyer's piano music starts at eight. Closed Mondays.

**EL MOROCCO**, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Vanity Fair, enacted by an all-star cast, some of which has been flown in from the Coast. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

**NEW YORKER**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room, much less blowy than the Rockefeller Center rink, offers an exhibition of ice skating involving some very pretty girls and absolutely no accidental spills. The Adrian Rollini Trio plays from nine to ten, and there's a dance band the rest of the time. Closed Sundays.

**PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Yma Sumac, this time sticking close to her weird and wonderful native Peruvian highland music, shows off a voice that's literally out of this world. Mario and Floria, balletomanes, provide some preliminary prancings. They're all in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band do the dance music. On Sundays, there's only a dinner show. Closed Mondays. ... Every night, except Monday, in the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to Stanley Worth's quartet. Rino Senteri, a persuasive strolling minstrel, sings every evening but Sunday.

**PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Evelyn Knight looks and sounds so good that it's a pity not all her lyrics are wholly worthy of her. Hoctor and Byrd's dances are young and violently energetic. The scene is the Persian Room, where the bands of Dick La Salle and Mark Monte also perform. On Thursday, April 17, Mini Benzell, who's operatic, and Alan and Blanche Lund, who're gymnastic, take over. Closed Sundays. ... The Rendez-Vous Room, a reminder of the days when life was more Old Worldly, is full of Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty. ... The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

**ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Freddy Martin's large orchestra plays for dinner and supper dancing in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

**ST. REGIS**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, almost the last of the great Fifth Avenue town houses, still carries on in all its glory. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw tinkle away through the evening, and Fernanda Montel, a dressy Parisienne, sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**SAVOY-PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

**SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The small Carnival Room, neat but not gaudy, offers Emil Coleman's band most of the evening and (through Tuesday, April 15) ballads by James Symington, a healthy, uncomplicated representative of the *jeunesse dorée*. Closed Sundays.

**STATLER**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Woody Herman's orchestra, the pet of innumerable small fry, plays in the Café Rouge during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**STORK CLUB**, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An unofficial annex of the Junior League, with a rather later curfew and a large visitors' gallery. An orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing in one of the alcoves.

**VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The twice-a-night musical comedy that seems to have settled down here for good is still being done with great enthusiasm and charm by a happy little family of youngsters, among them Bill Norvas, the Upstarts, Beverlee Dennis, and two pleasing ballet dancers named Chuck Brunner and Betty Lorraine. Carmen Torres gets into the act with some very large Spanish arias, and Emile Petti's and Panchito's bands play for dancing.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Kyle MacDonnell, one of the air waves' favorite songbirds, provides a buoyant sound track, and Peggy Ryan and Ray McDonald provide some frisky dance routines in the Empire Room at dinner and supper. On Wednesday, April 16, Dorothy Shay, who takes a ladylike interest in mountain music, becomes the floor show. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Mischa Borr's band are in attendance. Sundays, no show, but Mr. Borr's band plays until twelve. ... The Peacock Lounge has Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from seven to one, and until ten-thirty on Easter.

**NOTE**—The Rainbow Room, an outside airport and bar, affords cocktails to modest music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

## SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose band has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. ... **TONI'S CAPRICE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): A handsome restaurant that serves as a music box for Louis Hawkins, Alabama's good-will ambassador, who dishes up piano and small talk from six to nine and again from eleven until all hours. Around nine, Herman Arminski, whose piano runs to Debussy and Chopin, checks in. Jo Hurt shows up Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays after the theatre to contribute her houseparty glamour and lyrics to the fun. Closed Sundays. ... **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Ralph Strain's pensive but modern piano decorates this hall of mirrors from ten to one, except Sundays. ... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A determined throw-back to the social habits and concepts of the Noble Experiment. Except Sundays, at dinner and supper, Cy Walter plays piano eloquent enough for the laymen and tricky enough for the technicians. ... **BEAU BRUMMEL**, 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): A pleasant example of the trend toward cocktails, dinner, and supper to mood piano music. The tunes are supplied by Lynn Mullinax, the viands by Daniel, the restaurateur and caterer. Closed



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays. . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A table-hopping academy of long standing in the community. Piano and violin after nine-thirty, and conversation at all hours. Closed Sundays. . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney gets off a choice selection of eating music at his piano after nine. Closed Mondays. . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, a prominent exponent of the Andalusian (or non-electric) guitar, is the beguiling host of this Spanish restaurant. Closed Mondays. . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey is at the piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays, when Harold Cooke is on deck. . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latin-American jollity, accompanied by plenty of heel kicking and clicking. Customers can dance, too. Closed Mondays. . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar, Harry Meyerowitz provides cocktail piano and Rudy Timfield provides dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . **HABIBI**, 227 W. 46th St. (JU 6-1978): Hillel and Aviva, doing a definitive treatise on Israeli folk music. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

## BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

**COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Johnny Ray, pulling out all the stops and most of his hair as he sings a set of lyrics that must have been found in one of Eddie Guest's trunks. There's also Betty and Jane Kean, two rough-and-ready but very pretty comedienne. . . **LA VIE EN ROSE**, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): As boisterous as Madison Square Garden on hockey nights, but still there's Dorothy Dandridge, a willowy yet bouncy type, who chants her come-hither *chansons* as if she meant them, and Robert Clary, a pint-size Parisian who gives a brand-new and hilarious twist to some Gallic ballads by singing them in his own version of fractured French. A new show arrives Monday, April 14.

## SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room, two imports quite new to this part of the world—Les Frères Jacques, four Frenchmen in odd costumes, who sing even odder Parisian waltzes; and Queenie Leonard, a London lady not all of whose numor has withstood the perils of a transatlantic voyage. Anita Ellis, the incumbent nightingale, is merely from nearby Hollywood. In between, the subtle Ellis Larkin Trio and Stuart Ross's piano. . . ¶ In the lounge, Bart Howard plays romantic piano at dinner, except Tuesdays. After two every night but Saturday, Portia Nelson sings with stars in her eyes, and Billy Roy does joyful tricks with his piano. . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The Three Riffs have turned Bab balladry into a minor art. Patricia Bright, a rather rampant humorist, speaks in a high, clear voice, and Ellen Hanley sings in a beautiful one. Julius Monk is, of course, the ringmaster. Finally, the modern chamber music of the Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Oscar Brand and Phil Raiguel dish up some roguish folk songs; Gloria Warner is a run-of-the-mine soprano. On Friday, April 11, Canada Lee will start doing dramatic readings and scenes from plays he's appeared in. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays cool, cool dance music. Closed Mondays. . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Except Sundays, Louise Howard, a merry minx, is at large on her old stamping ground. Except Mondays, Mitchell Gregg chucks in some ballads. Double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies Sunday nights; amateur nights Mondays. . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer outlines, in a number of well-chosen words, the intricacies of the world's oldest emotion. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. This takes place upstairs above the Show Spot, a Mermaid Tavern where (except Mondays) Sylvia Syms sings an ingenious parody of a tenor-saxophone obbligato to the music of Ronnie Selby's group. . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th

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St. (OR 4-0531): A monster benefit that goes on every night but Monday. Left to right, the players are Mae Barnes and her bull-in-a-china-shop way with a song; the comic Kirkwood and Goodman, two fine, upstanding imps of Satan; Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, whose ballads are more romantic; the Three Flames, whose music, especially when Tiger Haines sings it, is unmitigated nonsense; and Garland Wilson and his Left Bank piano.

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The anvil chorus here is made up of Wild Bill Davison (who will be replaced on Monday, April 14, by Johnny Windhurst), Cutty Cutsnall, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and even Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton plays hurry-up piano while they're outside cooling off. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in, are often complete bedlam. Closed Sundays. . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A well-appointed temple of the muses, wherein Joe Bushkin's quartet and Eddie Heywood's trio should again be chortling away after nine, except Sundays, which are devoted to Jimmy McPartland and his Dixieland group of volunteer firemen. . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon's band is in possession of these premises. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey's band, which has Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Dick Wellstood, and Tommy Benford in it, caroms noise off these old walls with the greatest of ease. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. On Monday, April 14, Wilbur de Paris, accompanied by Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore, will displace the Archey band. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . **MERMAID ROOM**, Park Sheraton, Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): Starting Monday, April 14, the revolving centerpiece of the bar will be occupied from eight-thirty until two (except Sundays) by the trio of Barbara Carroll, easily the most decorative member of the progressive-piano set. . . **LE DOWNBEAT**, 263 W. 54th St. (CI 5-9265): You wouldn't live here if they gave you the place, but it's fun to visit this bop foundry, where Billy Taylor, Jo Jones, Terry Gibbs, Buck Clayton, Oscar Pettiford, and Zoot Sims conduct some interesting experiments in cacophony. Jam sessions Mondays, when this gang is off. . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Jazz has come home to roost again here. Max Kaminsky is the ringleader of a small group (including Charlie Queener on piano and Ray Diehl on trombone) that operates Tuesdays through Thursdays until twelve-thirty, Fridays until one-thirty, and Saturdays until two-thirty. Sundays, from 3 to 6 P.M., Mr. K. conducts a Dixieland session. Dancing. . . **THE ALBERT**, 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): After nine-thirty, except Mondays, Hamish Menzies sings, to his own piano, some Scotch songs considerably more worldly than Bobby Burns'. . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those weekend barrelhouse festivals are still on. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, the tumult will be provided by some All-America jazzmen; to wit (if they all show up), Wild Bill Davison, Jimmy McPartland,

Oran Page, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, and Ray McKinley. . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday evenings, April 11-12, and Sunday, April 13, at 3, there should be whoop-de-do by Conrad Janis's band, Big Chief Russell Moore, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Willie the Lion Smith, Sol Yaged, and (on Saturday) Billy Butterfield. Dancing.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

- AFRO**—Abstractions, sombre in color and curiously Gothic in their suggestion; through April 12. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)
- ALEXANDER ALPERT**—First one-man showing by an artist with a feeling for landscape painting that is occasionally obscured by uncertainties of style; through April 12. (Argent, 42 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)
- JOHN TAYLOR ARMS**—More than a hundred etchings, principally on architectural subjects; through June 14. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 10.)
- HAROLD BAUMBACH**—Sunny, more or less Expressionist small landscapes and other subjects; through April 23. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)
- CHESSMEN**—A large, varied, and highly interesting collection, ranging from around 2000 B.C. to the present, and containing some exquisitely handsome examples; through May 15. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)
- CHINESE ART**—Ceremonial vessels, figurines, and other objects of art, from the Late Eastern Chou period (650-220 B.C.); through May 7. (China House, 125 E. 65th St.)
- WILLIAM CONGDON**—Large and attractive abstract paintings of Italy, somewhat overloaded with atmosphere; through April 19. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)
- MARINA NUÑEZ DEL PRADO**—Sculptures, perhaps a trifle too swirly patterned, but quite beguiling. Most of the subjects are Bolivian Indian types. Through April 12. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)
- DEVELOPMENT OF A PAINTING**—An instructive little show, featuring a painting apiece by Emilen Etting, Doris Rosenthal, Henry Koerner, and others, together with their preliminary sketches; through April 26. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)
- FANTASY, REALITY, IMPRESSIONISM**—An agreeable group of paintings, from the fifteenth-century Flemish to the nineteenth-century French, mainly stressing the changes in approach through the centuries; through May 31. (Nicholson, 69 E. 57th St.)
- LYONEL FEININGER**—A small but very thoroughgoing retrospective, tracing his development from 1909 to the present; through April 12. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)
- JAMES FOSBURGH**—Paintings, including some portraits, by a newcomer of considerable ability and rather Murilloesque in style; through April 19. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)
- ANTONIO FRASCONI**—A new set of handsome large woodcuts and drawings, many of them delicately Japanese in influence; through April 30. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)
- GROUP SHOWS**—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings and other works by Julian Levi, John Marin, William Zorach, and others, in this gallery's annual spring showing; through April 19. . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: A loan exhibition of seventeen portraits, the work of Robert Brackman, John Koch, and Eugene Speicher, among others, for the benefit of the New York Heart Association; through April 22.
- AUGUST MACKE**—First exhibition of any size in this country of paintings by a contemporary of Klee, Kandinsky, and the early German modernists; through April 17. (Fine Arts Associates, 51 E. 57th St.)
- FLETCHER MARTIN**—New paintings, in which the subject is subordinated to a kind of semi-





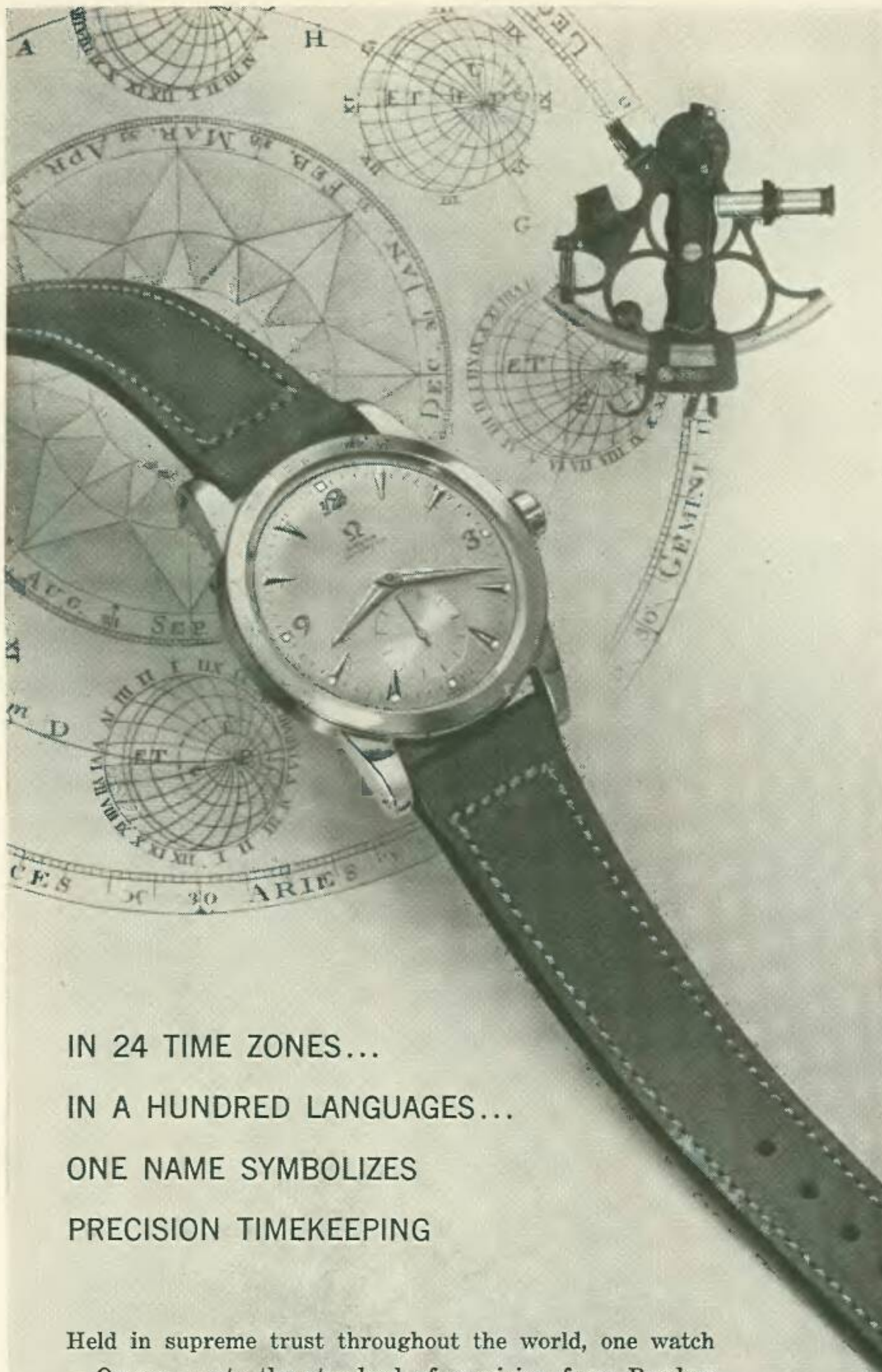
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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

abstract, kaleidoscopic pattern in a frequently highly effective fashion; through April 19. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

**ROBERT MOTHERWELL**—Paintings, drawings, and collages, done with this artist's gift for conveying a sense of the monumental; through April 19. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

**NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The hundred-and-twenty-seventh annual of oils, sculpture, and black-and-whites, rather stodgily conservative, as usual, but with—also as usual—a fair scattering of lively things in it; through April 13. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**NATURAL PAINTERS**—Works by Grandma Moses, Abraham Levin, Streeter Blair, and other modern primitives; through April 30. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

**ELIZABETH OLDS**—Paintings of life in the Indian hill villages of Mexico, done with great sensitivity and charm; through April 12. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

**ROUAULT**—Sixty-three original gouaches, painted some twenty years ago for a book, "Le Cirque de l'Etoile Filante," and now exhibited for the first time; through May 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

**HERBERT RYMAN**—Clowns and other phenomena of the circus, achieved with great spirit and spontaneity; through April 12. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.)

**DAVID SMITH**—A double showing of new abstract sculptures, about evenly divided between the Willard and Kleemann Galleries and containing some really impressive pieces; through April 26. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; and Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.)

**ELIZABETH SPARHAWK-JONES**—Curiously tense, episodic paintings, managing to mingle fantasy with a kind of eerie, menacing quality; through April 19. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

**TARASCAN SCULPTURES**—A well-rounded showing of primitive sculptures, mainly in baked clay, from this little-known, pre-Columbian era; through April 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

**TWENTIETH-CENTURY BRITISH**—Oils and water colors by a variety of artists, ranging from Augustus John and Walter Sickert to Graham Sutherland, Paul Nash, and Henry Moore; through April 18. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.)

**VACLAV VYTLACIL**—Rocky Mountain scenes in oil and gouache, painted during 1951 and 1952; through April 12. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

**BEN WILSON**—Paintings, semi-abstract in style and representing a curious but occasionally quite effective mixture of the grotesque and the sombre; through April 12. (Salpeter, 42 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

**SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS**—At the **BORGENICHT**, 65 E. 57th St.: José de Rivera; through April 26.... **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: A. E. Gallatin; through April 30. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Robert Laurent; through May 3.... **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: John Whorf; through April 26.... **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: B. J. O. Nordfeldt; through April 26.... **Group shows at the PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.; through May 10. **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.; through May 3.

### MUSEUMS

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—The Sixth National Print Annual Exhibition; through May 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan showing of about a hundred and thirty oils, water colors, and drawings by Paul Cézanne; through May 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)... **Group shows at the PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.; through May 10. **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.; through May 3.

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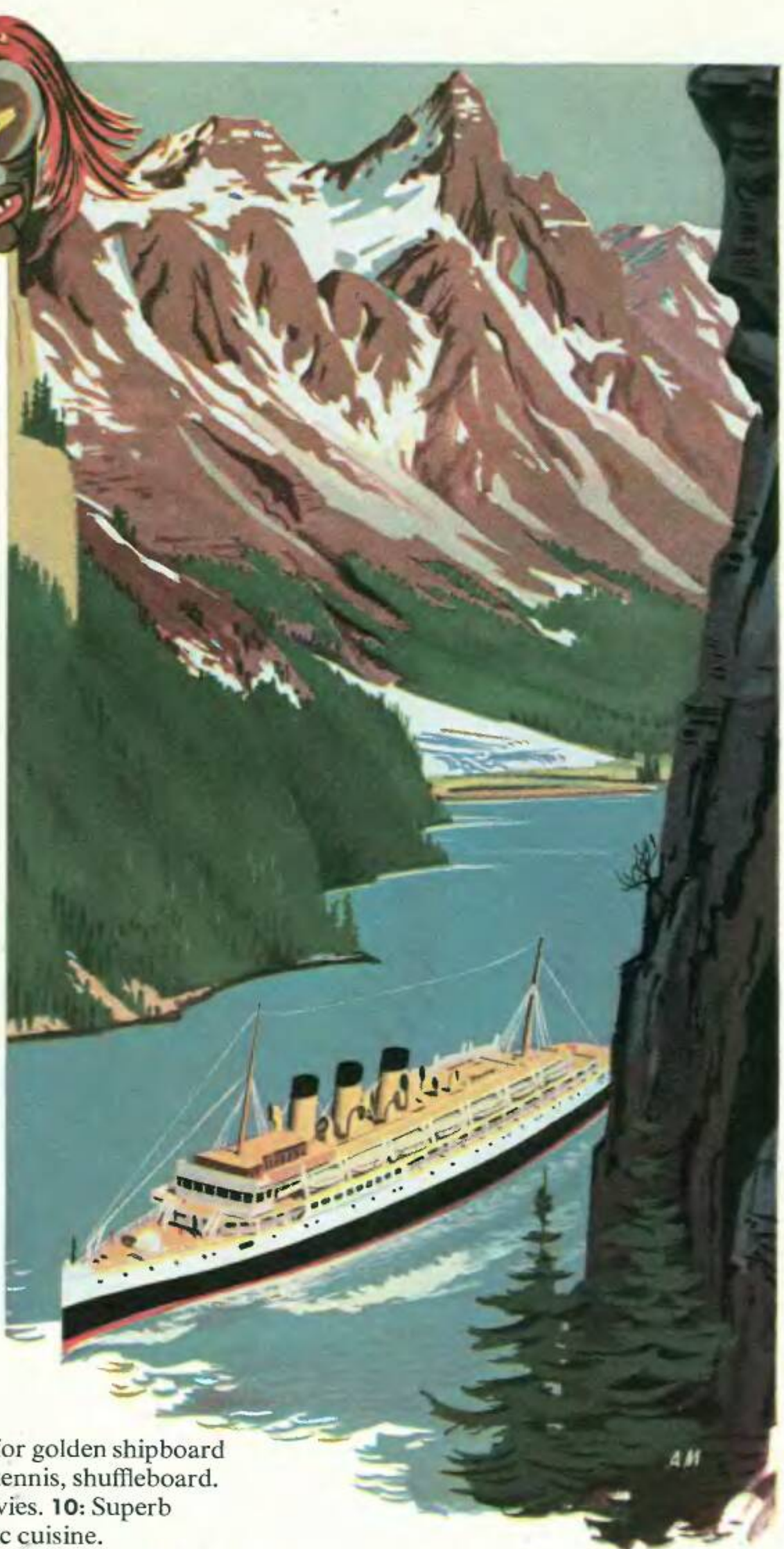
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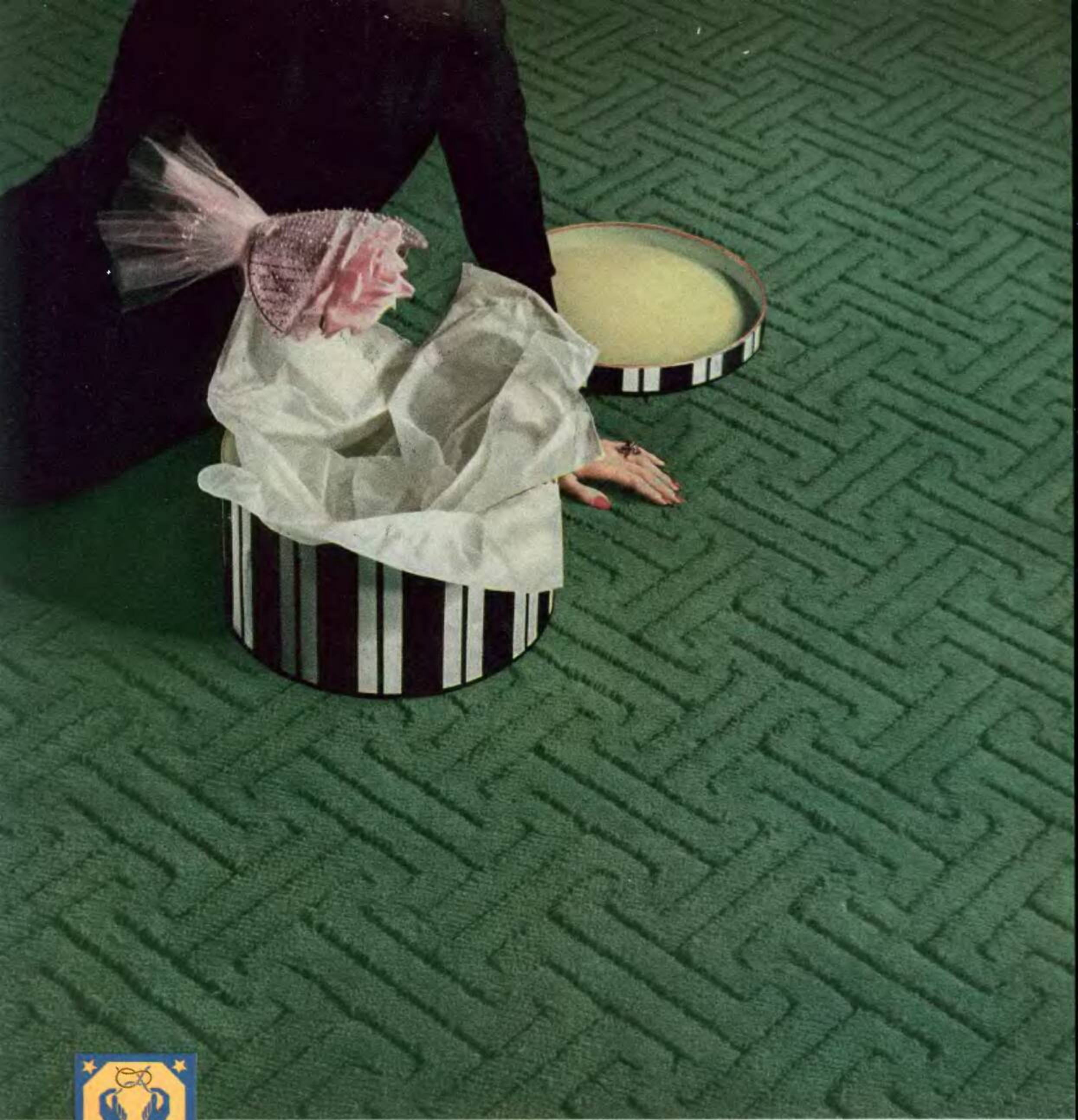
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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.**—An extremely worth-while exhibition of drawings, lithographs, and other graphics by Odilon Redon and Picasso, the former one of the major influences on the Paris Surrealists; through April 20. . . . ¶ Works by fifteen contemporary Americans, among them Pollock, Baziot, and Ferber; through July 6. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.**—The big annual exhibition of contemporary sculptures, water colors, and drawings, in an unusually animated collection; through May 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

### MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 10, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Victoria de los Angeles, Hilde Gueden, Mildred Miller, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 1: "Parsifal," with Astrid Varnay, Set Svanholm, Paul Schoeffler, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 1: "Parsifal," with Margaret Harshaw, Hans Hopf, Hans Hotter, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Thelma Votipka, Robert Merrill, and Giuseppe Di Stefano. (A benefit for Haarlem House.)

**NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY**—Thursday evening, April 10: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 11: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 12: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday matinee, April 13: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 13: "The Dybbuk" (in English). . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 16: "Andrea Chenier." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 17: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "Amahl and the Night Visitors." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 18: "Wozzeck" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 19: "Manon." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinees at 2:30. Through Sunday, April 27.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, April 10, at 8:45; Friday, April 11, at 2:30; and Sunday, April 13, at 2:30 (performances of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with vocal soloists and the Westminster Choir); Wednesday, April 16, at 8:45 (another performance of "Elijah," this one for the benefit of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society's Pension Fund); and Thursday, April 17, at 8:45, and Friday, April 18, at 2:30 (both with Artur Rubinstein, piano).

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Honegger's "Le Roi David," with the Temple University Choirs, the University of Pennsylvania Choral Society, and vocal soloists. (Carnegie Hall, Tuesday, April 15, at 8:30.)

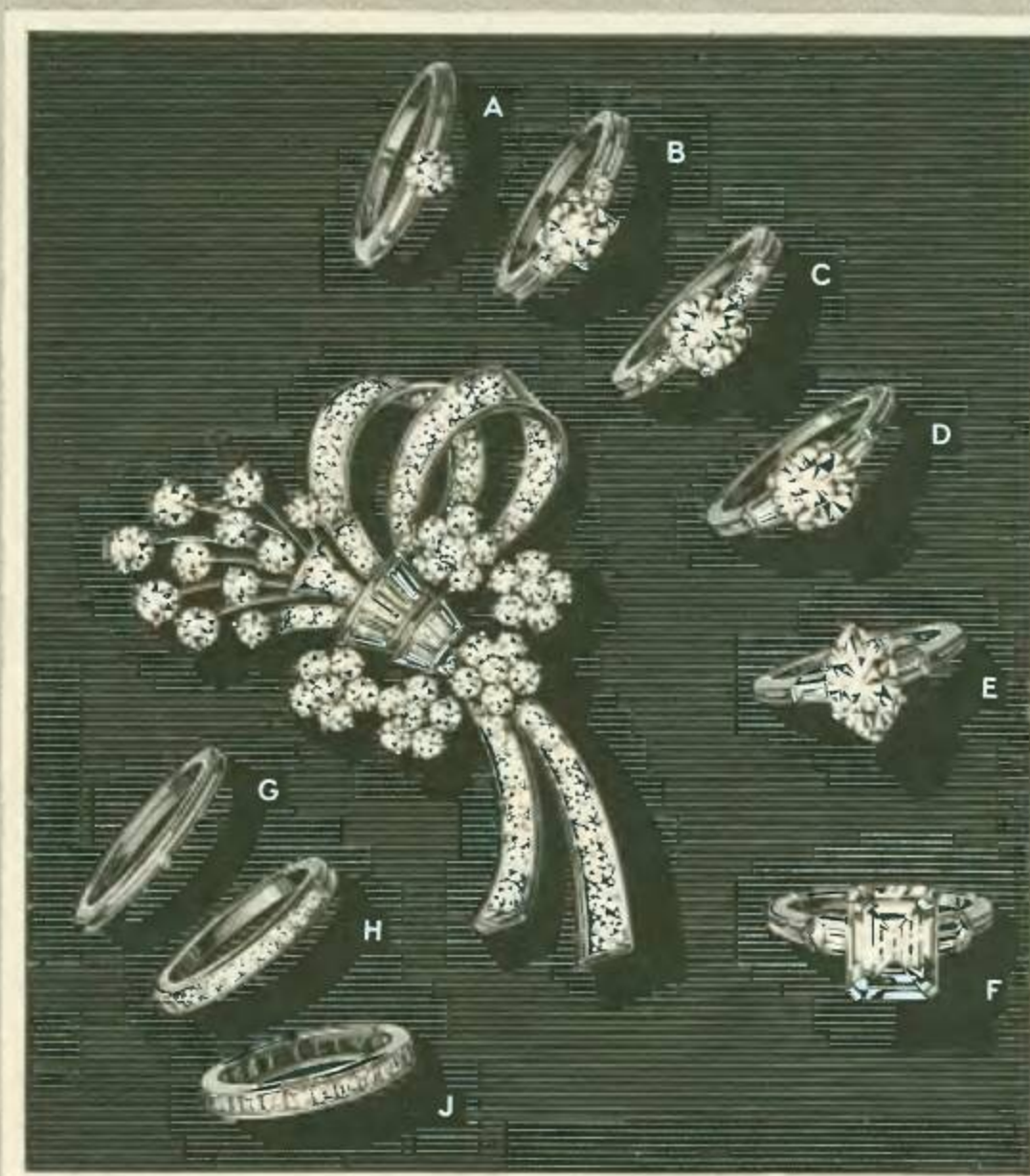
**CHARLES T. GRIFFES MEMORIAL CONCERT**—A program of Griffes' music, with Leonid Hambro conducting an orchestra and playing the piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, April 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**PHILHARMONIC CHAMBER ENSEMBLE**—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting a chamber orchestra composed of members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, in the last of a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2221. Saturday, April 12, at 8:40.)

**CHORAL MASTERWORK SERIES**—Robert Shaw directing the Collegiate Chorale, the Robert Shaw Chorale, and the R.C.A. Victor Symphony Orchestra, in the fifth of a series of seven programs. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, April 13, at 8:30.)

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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing. A benefit for the Spence-Chapin Adoption Service. (Town Hall, Tuesday, April 15, at 8:30.)

**COLUMBUS BOYCHOIR**—Herbert Huffman directing. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, April 18, at 8:30.)

### RECITALS

**GUILLET STRING QUARTET**—An all-Brahms program, with Naoum Benditzky, cello; Carlton Cooley, viola; and Augustin Duques, clarinet. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**SHOSHANA DAMARI**—Israeli folk singer. (Town Hall, Sunday, April 13, at 8:30.)

**WANDA LANDOWSKA**—Harpsichord. (Town Hall, Monday, April 14, at 8:40.)

**SCHNEIDER QUARTET**—The thirteenth performance in a sixteen-program Haydn cycle. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2221. Monday, April 14, at 8:40.)

**GRACIELA RIVERA**—Soprano. A benefit for the New York Puerto Rican Scholarship Fund, Inc. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Tuesday, April 15, at 8:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**ARTUR SCHNABEL MEMORIAL CONCERT**—A program of Schnabel's chamber music, with Helen Schnabel and Bruno Eisner, pianos; Alexander Schneider, violin; the Juilliard String Quartet, and others. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. Friday, April 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-5534.)

**JAZZ CONCERT**—Wild Bill Davison, Lee Wiley, Bobby Hackett, Jimmy Archey, Edmond Hall, Pops Foster, George Wettling, Gene Sedric, Joe Bushkin, and a bunch of others—assuming they can all make it. (Town Hall, Saturday, April 12, at 5:30.)

### SPORTS

**BASEBALL**—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Dodgers (exhibition games), Friday, April 11, at 2:30, and Sunday, April 13, at 2:05... ¶ Yankees vs. Washington (official league games), Friday, April 18, at 2:30, and Saturday, April 19, at 2... **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Yankees (exhibition game), Saturday, April 12, at 1:30... ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants (official league games), Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 1:30... **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Philadelphia (official league games), Tuesday, April 15, at 1:30; Wednesday, April 16, at 8:30; and Thursday, April 17, at 1:30.

**CREW**—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia, Saturday, April 19.)

**HORSE SHOW**—Secor Farms (Indoor) Horse Show. (White Plains, Saturday, April 19.)

**HUNT RACING**—My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 12.) ... Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, April 12.) ... ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 19.) ... ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 19.)

**INDOOR POLO**—Saturday, April 12: Semifinal matches of the National Senior Championship... ¶ Saturday, April 19: Final match of the National Senior Championship, and another game. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8.)

**RACING**—At **JAMAICA**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, April 28. The Experimental Free Handicap No. 2, Saturday, April 12, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 19. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) ... **LAUREL PARK**, Laurel, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:30; through Wednesday, April 30. The Chesapeake, Saturday, April 12.

**TROTTING**—At **Yonkers Raceway**: Weekdays at 8:40, from Tuesday, April 15, through Saturday, May 24. (Trains will leave Grand Central Station for the track Mondays through

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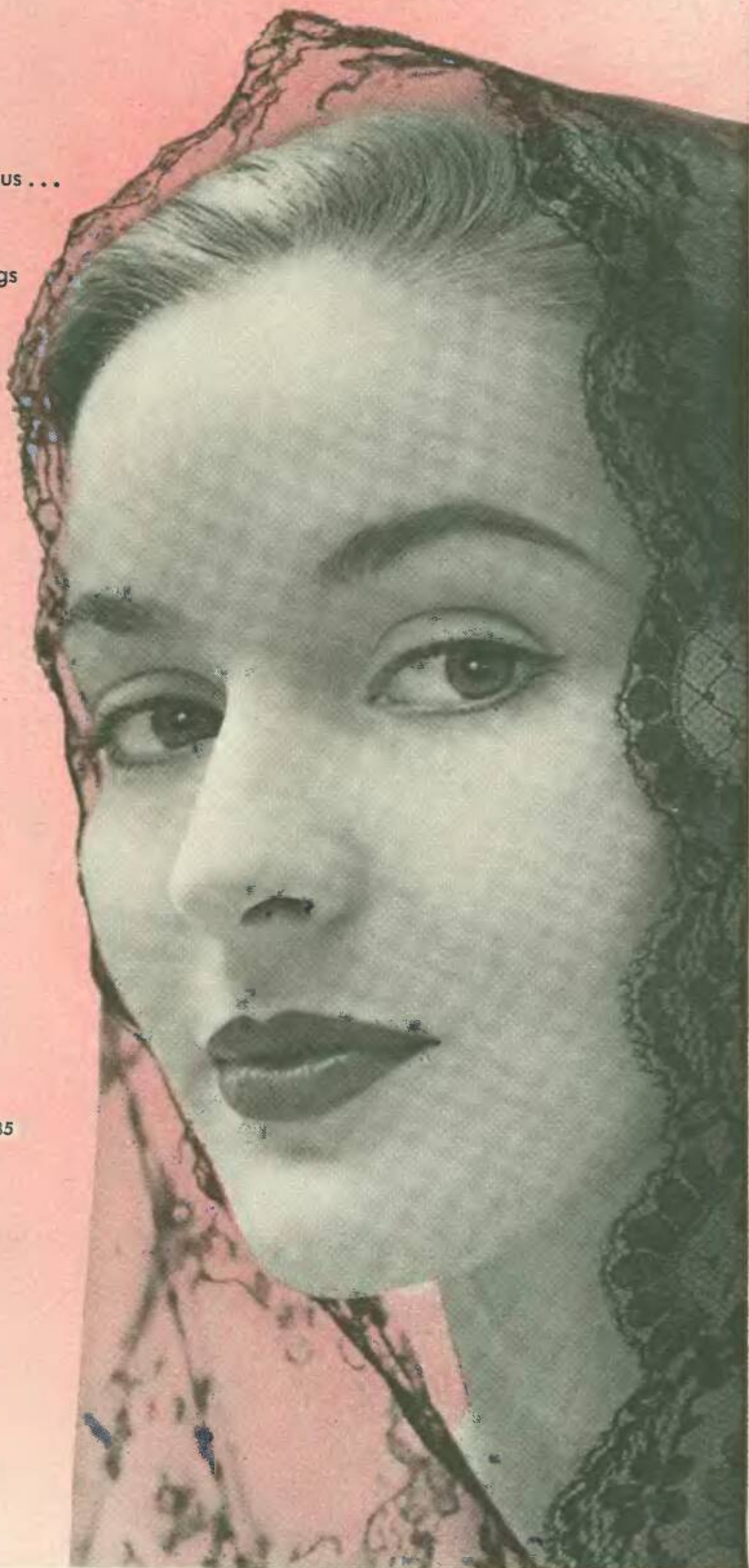
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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fridays at 6:53, 7:28, and 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:20.)

### FOR CHILDREN

**CONCERT**—Final children's concert of the season by the Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, April 12, at 11.)

**OPERA**—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting a special children's performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer." For the benefit of the Goodwill Industries of New York, Inc. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 19, at 2:30. For tickets, call RH 4-8563.)

**PLAYS**—By the PLAYMART: "Cinderella." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **JUNIOR PLAYHOUSE**: "Noel's Ark." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2221. Sundays at 3, and Monday and Tuesday, April 14-15, and Friday, April 18, at 11 and 3.) . . . **CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE**: "Hiawatha." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Monday through Saturday, April 14-19, at 2:30. For tickets, call PE 6-5563.) . . . **SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE**: "Heidi." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 19, at 3.)

**EASTER GARDEN**—A flower garden inspired by "Alice in Wonderland," alive with rabbits, owls, dormice, a tortoise, and other animals, and containing cutouts of characters from the story, such as the Mad Hatter and the March Hare; through Sunday, April 20. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)

**MOVIES**—Cartoons and, usually, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, Second Ave. at 79th St. BU 8-9468. Thursday, April 17, at 12.)

### OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**—The Security Council, the Disarmament Commission, and other commissions and committees meet periodically, and four hundred visitors can be accommodated at each session. Meetings of the Commission on Human Rights will start on Monday, April 14. (United Nations Permanent Headquarters, First Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go.) . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

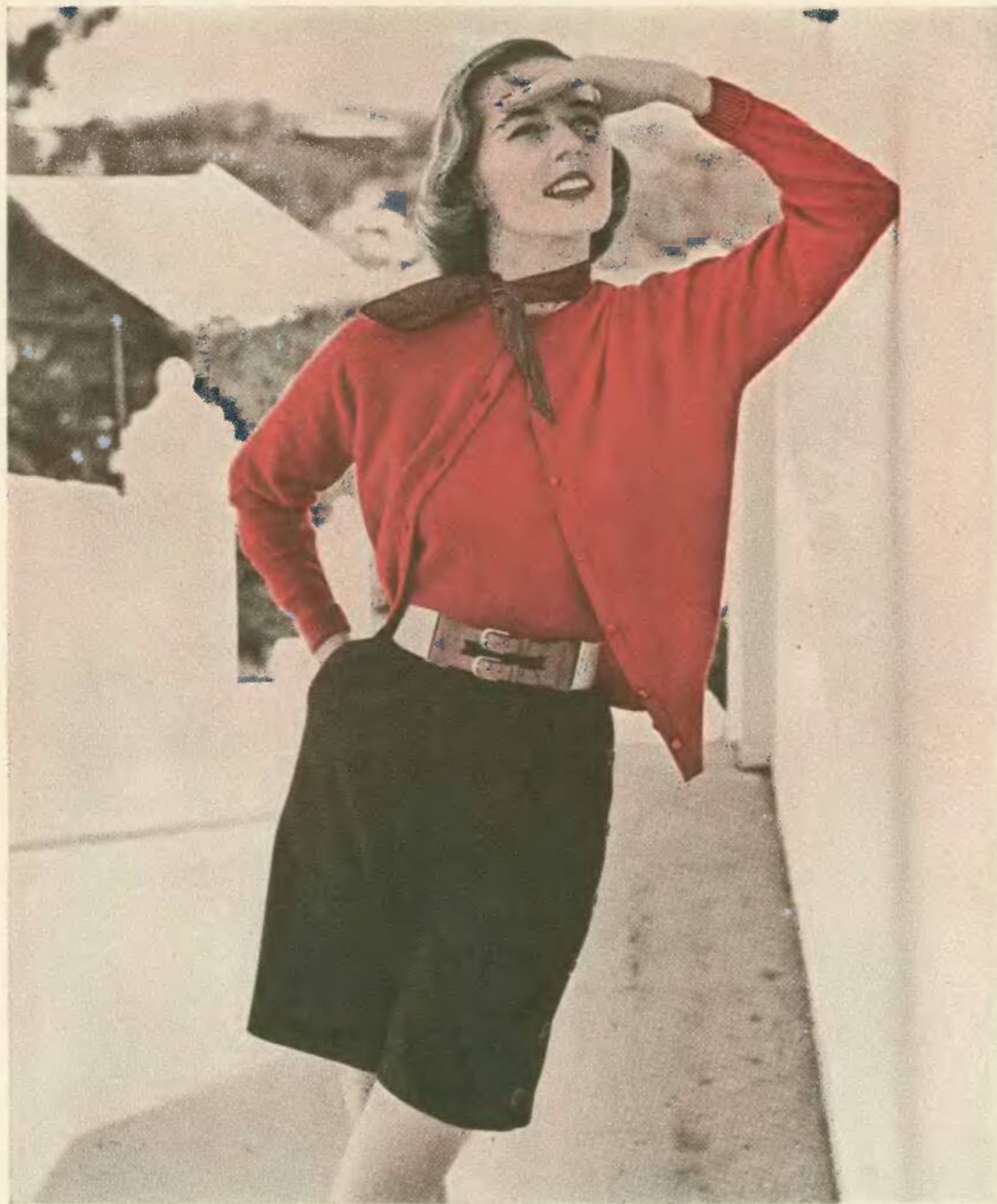
**POETRY READING**—A presentation by Carl Sandburg of some of his works. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2221. Thursday, April 17, at 8:40.)

**EASTER IN LITERATURE**—Holy Week, as depicted in illuminated manuscripts of the eleventh through the sixteenth centuries; through April 15. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM**—The current show is called "Planets Along the Zodiac." In addition, from Saturday through Friday, April 12-18, the mechanical heavens will become an enormous Easter egg, with reflections of rabbits hopping and dancing about. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Special schedule: Thursday, April 10, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays and Good Friday at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Monday through Friday, April 14-18, at 11, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30.)

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 10, and Saturday, April 12, at 1:45: English and American eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture; a tankard by Paul Revere, Sr., tea services, porringers, and other Early American silver; hooked, as well as Oriental, rugs; Staffordshire lustre pitchers; and Early American glass; owned by William J. B. Macauley and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, April 15-16, at 8: Incunabula, including an uncut copy of Donis's Ptolemy (Ulm, 1486), and other early printed books, from the collection of the late Carl J. Ulmann.

# Peck *and* Peck



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST  
ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**THE BROWNING VERSION**—A superior portrayal of a pedagogue (Michael Redgrave) who finds both his scholastic world and his domestic world coming down around his ears. An English film. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; April 14-15.)

**ENCORE**—Another mixture of Somerset Maugham's stories, possibly a trifle weaker than "Quartet" and "Trio," its forerunners, but entertaining for all that. The acting in the three episodes that make up this British film is handled capably by Roland Culver, Nigel Patrick, Glynis Johns, and Kay Walsh. (Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

**FIVE FINGERS**—A spy drama, with James Mason, that has to its credit a good bit of suspense and some brisk direction by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through April 14. . . . Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 15. . . . Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; April 11-12. . . . Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting April 15. . . . Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting April 16, tentative.)

**JOUR DE FÊTE**—A French film that looks like a new-day version of the sort of comedy Mack Sennett used to indulge in and is, for the most part, hugely diverting. Jacques Tati is the hero of the piece—a postman who wants to introduce U. S. speedup methods into local postal procedure after seeing a movie on the subject. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

**THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**—In this comical British film, a clerk, after twenty years of pondering, finally thinks up a method of doing the Bank of England out of a million pounds. Alec Guinness is splendid as the gentle malefactor, and so is Stanley Holloway as his collaborator. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

**THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**—Alec Guinness again—this time in a funny English picture about a lunatic scientist who invents a cloth that repels dirt and won't wear out. Mr. Guinness has the assistance of Ernest Thesiger, Cecil Parker, and Joan Greenwood. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**MIRACLE IN MILAN**—An amusing Italian picture about an inspired foundling who becomes the teen-age leader of a mob of highly picturesque tramps living on a dump near Milan. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, the film is reminiscent of the fine old works of Chaplin and Clair. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting April 16.)

**A PLACE IN THE SUN**—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" that is probably as apt a translation of a novel to the screen as anyone is likely to see in our time. The direction by George Stevens is altogether admirable, and the acting is equally so. With Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Shelley Winters. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; April 10.)

**QUO VADIS**—Never before were thirty thousand actors employed so footlessly as in this version of the Sienkiewicz novel about hard times for Christians under Nero. Robert Taylor, the thirty-thousandth actor, helps not at all. But there's no doubt that it's big. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU



8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; starting April 11.)

**THE RIVER**—Jean Renoir's masterly interpretation of the Rumer Godden novel about life along the Ganges. Produced by Kenneth McEldowney, an American, the film features Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, an Indian actress and dancer named Radha, and all kinds of other Indians who happen to come within the range of M. Renoir's camera. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**VIVA ZAPATA!**—A kind of Western with significance, which has to do with a Mexican revolutionist and his pals. At its best when the horses involved are most active. Directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and Jean Peters in its cast. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting April 16.)

**THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED**—Luis Buñuel's ex-

amination of juvenile delinquency in Mexico, which is long on violence but unfortunately lacking in any clear explanation of why the terrifying little ones behave as they do. A Mexican film. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

## REVIVALS

**BLITHE SPIRIT** (1945)—The Noel Coward romp with ghosts and mediums. An English picture, with Rex Harrison. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 12.)

**THE BLUE ANGEL** (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting April 11.)

**CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 15.)

**CHAPLIN COMEDIES**—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through April 14, tentative.)

**CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** (1935)—Harry Baur in a French version of one of Dostoevski's novels. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 11-14.)

**GRAND ILLUSION** (1938)—A German prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 15.)

**THE IDIOT** (1948)—Gérard Philipe in another French interpretation of a Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 11-14.)

**THE INSPECTOR GENERAL** (1949)—Danny Kaye, in a Napoleonic setting, creating endless confusion. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 14-15.)

**MAN OF ARAN** (1934)—A Robert Flaherty documentary film about Irish island life. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting April 11.)

**THE PEARL** (1948)—An adaptation of the Steinbeck story about a fisherman who discovers the biggest pearl in the world. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 13-15.)

**SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS** (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through April 15.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—Through April 13, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), with Conrad Veidt; and an excerpt from "The Golem" (1920), directed by Paul Wegener. . . . Starting April 14, showings at 3: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), with Douglas Fairbanks. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

**ASTOR**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)  
"My Six Convicts," Millard Mitchell, Gilbert Roland.

**CAPITOL**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)  
"My Son John," Helen Hayes, Robert Walker.

**CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)  
"At Sword's Point," Cornel Wilde, Maureen O'Hara.

**MAYFAIR**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)  
"Anything Can Happen," José Ferrer, Kim Hunter.

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)  
"Singin' in the Rain," Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.

## THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST  
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED  
IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)  
"Bend of the River," James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy.

**RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)  
"Valley of the Eagles," Jack Warner, Nadia Gray. (Showings on April 10 will be at 2:30, 4:30, 8:30—reserved seats only—and, tentatively, 11; all for the benefit of the New York Mirror Welfare Fund.

Continuous showings thereafter. Tickets may be obtained at the box office.)

**ROXY**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)  
"With a Song in My Heart," Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun.

**STATE**, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)  
Through April 11: "Flesh and Fury," Tony Curtis, Jan Sterling.  
From April 12: "Tomorrow Is Too Late" (in Italian), Pier Angeli, Vittorio De Sica.

**VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)  
"The Marrying Kind," Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray.

**WORLD**, 153 W. 40th. (CI 7-5747)  
"Miss Julie" (in Swedish).

## EAST SIDE

- ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)  
Through April 15: **FIVE FINGERS**.  
From April 16: **MIRACLE IN MILAN** (in Italian).
- ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)  
Through April 15: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "Aladdin and His Lamp," Patricia Medina, John Sands.  
From April 16: **VIVA ZAPATA!**; and "Close to My Heart," Ray Milland, Gene Tierney.
- GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)  
Through April 15: **FIVE FINGERS**.  
From April 16: "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," Ava Gardner, James Mason.
- MURRAY HILL**, Park at 42nd. (MU 2-1431)  
April 10: "Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock; and "The Harlem Globetrotters," Thomas Gomez, Dorothy Dandridge.  
April 11-12: **FIVE FINGERS**; and "Return of the Texan," Dale Robertson, Joanne Dru.  
April 13-15: "Father of the Bride," revival, Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor; and "The Furies," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey.  
From April 16: "The Las Vegas Story," Jane Russell, Victor Mature; and "A Girl in Every Port," Groucho Marx, William Bendix.
- BEVERLY**, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)  
Through April 15 (tentative): **CHAPLIN COMEDIES**, revival; and "The Divorce of Lady X," revival, Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier.  
From April 16 (tentative): **FIVE FINGERS**; and another feature to be announced.
- LEXINGTON**, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)  
April 10: "Whistling in Dixie," revival, Ann Rutherford, Red Skelton; and "Whistling in the Dark," revival, Red Skelton, Conrad Veidt.  
From April 11: **QUO VADIS**.
- TRANS-LUX 52ND ST.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)  
**THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** (in Spanish).
- SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)  
**THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**.
- R.K.O. 58TH ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)  
Through April 15: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "Aladdin and His Lamp," Patricia Medina, John Sands.  
From April 16: **VIVA ZAPATA!**; and "Close to My Heart," Ray Milland, Gene Tierney.
- FINE ARTS**, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)  
**THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**.
- PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)  
Through April 14: **FIVE FINGERS**.  
From April 15: "Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock.
- PARK AVENUE**, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7241)  
"Faithful City," an Israeli film.
- BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)  
Through April 11: "Pardon My French," Merle Oberon, Paul Henreid.  
From April 12: "Wall of Death," Susan Shaw, Maxwell Reed.
- TRANS-LUX 60TH ST.**, Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)  
"Murder in the Cathedral," Father John Groser.
- YORK**, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)  
Through April 11: "Two Gals and a Guy," Robert Alda, Janis Paige; and "King of Kings," revival (with added sound track), H. B. Warner.  
April 12: "Whirlwind," Gene Autry; and "The House of the Seven Gables," revival, Margaret Lindsay, Vincent Price.  
April 13-14: "Room for One More," Betsy Drake, Cary Grant; and "On Dangerous Ground," Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan.  
April 15-16: "Mutiny," Mark Stevens, Angela Lansbury; and "The Big Night," John Barrymore, Jr., Preston Foster.
- 68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)  
Through April 11: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill.  
From April 12: "Room for One More," Betsy Drake, Cary Grant.
- LOEW'S 72ND ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)  
April 10: "Whistling in Dixie," revival, Ann Rutherford, Red Skelton; and "Whistling in the Dark," revival, Red Skelton, Conrad Veidt.  
From April 11: **QUO VADIS**.
- TRANS-LUX 72ND ST.**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)  
Through April 12: **BLITHE SPIRIT**, revival.  
From April 13: To be announced.

## NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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				10	11	12
13	14	15	16			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST  
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED  
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

- TRANS-LUX COLONY**, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)  
Through April 12: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill; and "Rose of Cimarron," Jack Beutel, Mala Powers.  
April 13-15: "Room for One More," Betsy Drake, Cary Grant; and "On Dangerous Ground," Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan.  
From April 16: "Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock; and "The Harlem Globetrotters," Thomas Gomez, Dorothy Dandridge.
- TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)  
Through April 12: "Room for One More," Betsy Drake, Cary Grant.  
April 13-14: "The Voice of the Turtle," revival, Eleanor Parker, Ronald Reagan, Eve Arden.  
From April 15: **FIVE FINGERS**.
- R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)  
Through April 15: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "Aladdin and His Lamp," Patricia Medina, John Sands.  
From April 16: **VIVA ZAPATA!**; and "Close to My Heart," Ray Milland, Gene Tierney.
- ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)  
April 10: "Whistling in Dixie," revival, Ann Rutherford, Red Skelton; and "Whistling in the Dark," revival, Red Skelton, Conrad Veidt.  
From April 11: **QUO VADIS**.

## WEST SIDE

- WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)  
Through April 11: "The Ten Commandments" (in Italian), Marina Berti, Valentina Cortesa.  
April 12-13: "Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock; and "The Harlem Globetrotters," Thomas Gomez, Dorothy Dandridge.  
April 14-15: **THE INSPECTOR GENERAL**, revival; and "The Great Lover," revival, Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming.  
From April 16: "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," Ava Gardner, James Mason; and "For Men Only," Paul Henreid, Margaret Fields.
- 8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)  
April 10: "Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock.  
From April 11: "Tom Brown's School Days," John Howard Davies, Robert Newton.
- 5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)  
April 10: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**; and "The Matting Season," revival, Gene Tierney, John Lund, Thelma Ritter.  
From April 11: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and **MAN OF ARAN**, revival.
- SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)  
April 10: "Whistling in Dixie," revival, Ann Rutherford, Red Skelton; and "Whistling in the Dark," revival, Red Skelton, Conrad Veidt.  
From April 11: **QUO VADIS**.
- GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)  
Through April 12: "Prelude to Fame," revival, Guy Rolfe, Kathleen Byron; and "Teresa," revival, Pier Angeli, John Ericson.  
April 13-15: **THE PEARL**, revival; and "Ride the Pink Horse," revival, Robert Montgomery.  
From April 16: "Room for One More," Betsy Drake, Cary Grant; and "On Dangerous Ground," Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan.
- R.K.O. 23RD ST.**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)  
Through April 15: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "Aladdin and His Lamp," Patricia Medina, John Sands.  
From April 16: **VIVA ZAPATA!**; and "Close to My Heart," Ray Milland, Gene Tierney.
- TERRACE**, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)  
Through April 12: "Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock; and "The Harlem Globetrotters," Thomas Gomez, Dorothy Dandridge.  
April 13-14: "Tokyo Joe," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Sessue Hayakawa; and "The Man from Colorado," revival, Glenn Ford, William Holden.  
From April 15: "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," Ava Gardner, James Mason; and "For Men Only," Paul Henreid, Margaret Fields.
- GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)  
"Royal Journey," a documentary film of Queen Elizabeth's and Prince Philip's recent trips to Canada and the United States.
- 55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)  
**JOUR DE FÊTE** (in French).
- NORMANDIE**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)  
**ENCORE**.
- LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)  
"Pictura," an episodic film based on the lives and works of six painters.
- PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)  
**THE RIVER**.
- LOEW'S 83RD ST.**, B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)  
April 10: "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," Ava Gardner, James Mason; and "For Men Only," Paul Henreid, Margaret Fields.  
From April 11: **QUO VADIS**.
- THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)  
April 10: "Confessions of a Rogue" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet; and "The Wench" (in French), revival.  
April 11-14: **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** (in French), revival; and **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival.  
From April 15: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (in French), revival; and **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival.
- RIVERSIDE**, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)  
Through April 15: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "Aladdin and His Lamp," Patricia Medina, John Sands.  
From April 16: **VIVA ZAPATA!**; and "Close to My Heart," Ray Milland, Gene Tierney.
- CARLTON**, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)  
Through April 13: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill; and "Rose of Cimarron," Jack Beutel, Mala Powers.  
April 14-15: **THE BROWNING VERSION**; and "Pool of London," Bonar Colleano.  
From April 16: "Room for One More," Betsy Drake, Cary Grant; and "On Dangerous Ground," Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan.
- OLYMPIA**, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)  
April 10: "Whistling in Dixie," revival, Ann Rutherford, Red Skelton; and "Whistling in the Dark," revival, Red Skelton, Conrad Veidt.  
From April 11: **QUO VADIS**.
- NEMO**, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)  
Through April 15: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "Aladdin and His Lamp," Patricia Medina, John Sands.  
From April 16: **VIVA ZAPATA!**; and "Close to My Heart," Ray Milland, Gene Tierney.
- COLISEUM**, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)  
Through April 15: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "Aladdin and His Lamp," Patricia Medina, John Sands.  
From April 16: **VIVA ZAPATA!**; and "Close to My Heart," Ray Milland, Gene Tierney.



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TONI FRISSELL

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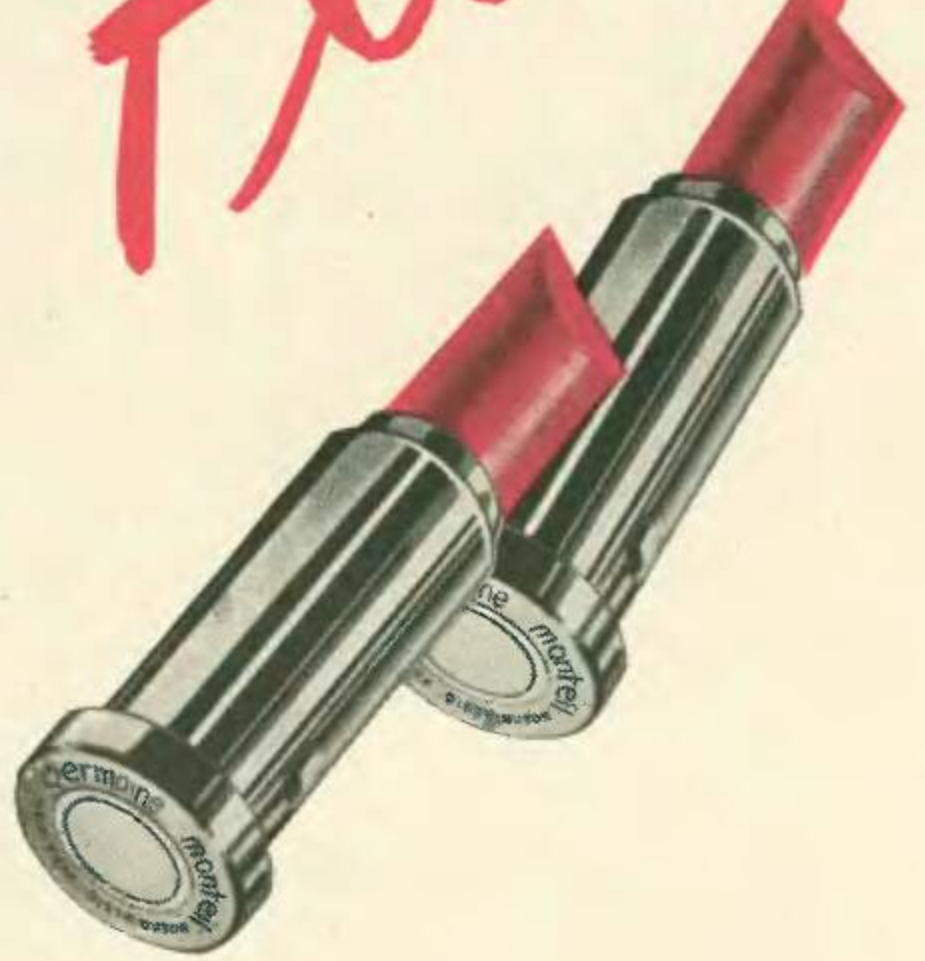


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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

THE love of cars is an importunate passion. We burn with it ourselves, and can keep the fever in check only by dint of driving a warped and peeling Chevrolet suburban. Some of our friends have been less fortunate. One of them, a charming fellow with a weak streak in him, has become a hopeless Cadillac addict. He talks of going back to Buicks, but of course he never will; the passion, like the Cadillac, is bigger than he is. And, damaging as the passion can be when it flares up over a De Soto Fire Dome 8 or a Studebaker Commander Regal Starlight Coupé, in its most virulent form it goes beyond stock cars altogether. The fatal symptom is an infatuation with special bodies, superchargers, and triple carburetion. Though the victim insists he never felt better in his life, he is in fact a very sick man. This side of bankruptcy there is no known cure for him, and one turns away, unwilling to watch, as he whirls faster and faster through the final stages of his obsession. In the end, he shows no awareness of the outside, or unsouped-up, world and has a tendency to babble compulsively such words as "Ferrari" and "Le Baron" and "Cord."

We've been moved to these clinical observations by a visit we paid to the



First Annual International Motor Sports Show, held last week at Grand Central Palace. The exhibition floors were chockablock with racing and sports cars of every age, size, shape, and color, and the poor devils we saw clustered about them, some crouching to sniff the steely, leathery smell of brand-new Jaguars, others hovering reverently over a 1912 Moon Raceabout, were manifest-

ly done for. With glazed eyes and Alfa-Romeo breathing, they shuffled from low-slung beauty to beauty, and it was as if each car were lovelier and more promising than the last. That maroon Rolls—how velvety and august a mistress! That Aston Martin—how like a blue girl running! The passion leaped in them, they stumbled on, and by the time they had reached the hour of hours—a 1952 Packard convertible, ivory-colored, with body by Henney—they were in no condition to return to the slow pulse of Lexington and Forty-seventh. The fever had them, and we wouldn't have been surprised if they had dashed out of the Palace and booted to pieces every ordinary car in sight. As for us, we shut our eyes to all those glittering Circes and thought hard about our Chevy, dirt-road-colored, with body by Chevy.

### Souvenir

ON wings of sentiment, and in consideration of cash, the furniture and fixtures of the old Ritz-Carlton have been distributed far and wide—for example, the men's bar to a Texas hotel, one of the elevator cars to a lady in Beverly Hills, and some of the flooring from the Main Ballroom, the Main Dining Room, and the Oval Room to Mr. and Mrs. Donn Barber's barn. We know about this last disposition because we spent a recent afternoon with the Barbers, a hospitable and energetic couple who live, with their two little girls, in a 1780 farmhouse at a spot in the Fairfield County hills that will not be pinpointed here, since the Barbers do not want to become the objective of too many pilgrimages by palmers like us. Mr. Barber, who is the Eastern representative of the American Mail Line, emerged from his workshop, in the barn, to greet us when we arrived, informed us that his wife was busy plastering an upstairs closet in the house, and offered to show us the Ritz flooring. The room it graces takes up about three-quarters

of the ancient barn, or nearly thirty by forty feet of floor space—the rest of the barn is devoted to a garage and the workshop—and contains a huge fireplace, a radio-phonograph, a piano, metal garden furniture, and a red bar, over which are mounted cheerful signs like "Stop Here" and "Bar Open Now." The flooring consists of one-and-three-quarter-inch hard-maple boards, ranging in color from yellow to grayish, and is in no way exceptional, considered strictly as lumber. "That's topnotch flooring, though," Barber said. "Under the terms of the Ritz contract, the floors belonged to the wrecking firm, and while the job was going on, I used to drop in there two, three, and four times



a week to cultivate the wreckers. At that, they nearly sold the flooring out from under me, to a Long Island used-lumber concern. A close call, but I finally got twelve hundred board feet, for two hundred and fifty dollars. Notice these new, light-colored boards here—from the Main Ballroom. It was refloored about four years before the destruction. This darker board, discolored by floor oil, is probably from the Main Dining Room. And this one, with carpet-tack marks—terrace of the Oval Room."

Barber pointed to an inglorious yellow coat rack in a corner of the room and declared that it, too, came from the Ritz. He then led us out of the barn and over to the house, saying that we must meet Mrs. Barber, and on the way told us that the deal was concluded, and the flooring trucked up to Fairfield County, last August. He, Mrs. Barber, three professional carpenters, and various friends serving as amateur carpenters laid the floor, sanded it, and finished it on weekends

last autumn. They got it ready just in time for a Christmas-carol party. When we reached the living room, Mrs. Barber came down from her plastering, and before we knew it, we were sitting with a highball in our hand and a photograph album, featuring the barn, before us, and listening while the Barbers talked rapidly and antiphonally about the floor and related topics.

"We really dedicated it on New Year's Eve," Mrs. Barber said. "Sixteen people came, in evening gowns or white tie and tails."

"All but one," Barber amended. "As you'll see in one of those pictures, one man wore a white summer dinner jacket and shorts. It was a tribute to the efficiency of our fireplace, and so were the women's dresses. After I drape some burlap in front of the more gaping holes in the walls, that room will be as warm as ever the Ritz was, no matter how cold the night."

"We've got to get a new table, too," Mrs. Barber said. "One big and strong enough to dance on. People always get the urge to dance on top of a table out there."

Barber asked if we'd like to see the smokehouse in his attic, and we said we'd be delighted to, but asked if first he would tell us when he and Mrs. Barber conceived the idea of buying the Ritz floor. Certainly, he replied—as soon as they heard that the Ritz was to be torn down. "My three sisters came out on that floor. Mrs. Barber came out on it. Frankly, I more or less came out on it, three years straight," he told us. "Charles Silvani, the maître d'hôtel, practically brought us both up, and we spent part of our honeymoon at the Ritz. I like to think of those fine boards staring up at the chandeliers. Wish we had a couple of the chandeliers, but they were too expensive."

"I have a dilemma," Mrs. Barber said to us. "We're going to have a wedding reception for some friends here this summer, and I've been wondering if 'The Barbers' Barn' would look quite proper on a Tiffany card. But, of course, it *will* be all right, since it's sort of the Ritz Ballroom, really."

**INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE:** The kitchen of The Embers, a night club in the East Fifties, was recently destroyed by fire.

### Space Eyes

ONE of the courses listed under "Gymnastics and Recreation" in the catalogue of the New School for

Social Research is "Three-Dimensional Chess," with Dr. Ervand George Kogbetliantz, a Russian-born mathematician and the game's inventor, as instructor. We paid a visit to the New School, at 66 West Twelfth Street, the other morning, and as luck would have it we were privileged to watch the first public playing of Dr. K.'s game in this country. Arriving a few minutes before class time, we met Dr. K., a small, thoughtful, gray-haired gentleman, in the fifth-floor room where his classes are held, and he immediately launched into an account of the history of three-dimensional chess, or space chess. "All through the centuries, man was a crawling animal," he said. "He lived on flat planes, so he did not learn to feel space. Now the airplane and the submarine have changed that. The modern, three-dimensional man must have space eyes, and space chess helps develop them. Both military and commercial fliers are interested in the game, for training." Various Europeans had been trying to evolve three-dimensional chess on and off since 1774, he told us, but hadn't found a solution to the problem of how to checkmate an opponent's king when it could escape in any direction in space. A three-dimensional-chess club, using conventional chess pieces, was formed in Hamburg in 1910, but four years later not a single member had been checkmated, and the club was disbanded. In 1917, Dr. K., who was then teaching mathematics at Moscow University, began to work out a space-chess game in which checkmating was made possible by the introduction of new and powerful pieces. The game in its present form was ready the next year, and when Dr. K. emigrated from Russia with his family, in June, 1918, he left behind a space-chess club with a hundred members, which he thinks is still in existence. He settled in



France, taught mathematics again, became a geophysicist, served on a government mission to Iran, and was in the French Army for a year. In 1942, he joined the Mathematics Department of Lehigh University, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and two years later was invited to teach mathematics at the New School. These careers have kept him so busy that until now he has never instructed anyone outside Russia in space chess except his daughter, his three stepsons, and a few friends. In *his* game, the king can be checkmated, all right; in fact, by the time Leon Aroutcheff, one of Dr. K.'s stepsons, was ten years old, he was checkmating Dr. K.'s king with irritating frequency. Aroutcheff, now a

prominent architect in Casablanca, is by his stepfather's admission the present unchallenged Western space-chess champion. "He has space eyes," Dr. K. told us proudly.

While the class was assembling, Dr. K. showed us the "board," consisting of eight glass chessboards mounted, one above another, in a frame with grooves, which permit the boards to be pulled out like drawers, so that the pieces can be moved readily. He pointed out his new, powerful pieces, and showed us all the moves. We are a crawling animal, and we will not try to describe the moves except in a general way. At the start of the game, each side has sixty-four chessmen, distributed on the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth floors; the two bottom and two top floors are empty. Most of the pieces look like ordinary chessmen and move in about the same way, but they can go up and down as well as forward, backward, and sideways. The new pieces are the space queen, which moves in all directions as far as it likes; the fool, which moves catercornered in space; the favorite, which moves like a rook or like a bishop; the archbishop, which moves like a bishop or like a fool; the space knight, which moves rather like a regular knight but is somewhat sneakier; and the hippogriff, which moves like a hippogriff, and so much for *it*.

"This is our fourth session, and the first in which we shall actually play," said Dr. K. Glancing around the class, we found eleven students, mostly young and brainy-looking, and all males except a young mother and her eight-year-old daughter, who was reading a comic book. Dr. K. gave a short preliminary discourse, during which he said that space-chess sets cannot be bought at present but he will send instructions for making one to anybody who wants them. He then divided the class into two teams, one to play the white pieces and one to play the black, and subdivided each team into an attacking platoon, a defensive platoon, and a captain. The white captain was a very young man in spectacles and a tweed coat; the black captain had the look of a substantial businessman. The little girl went on reading her comic book.

White opened by moving out his king's pawn, on the fourth floor, and Black countered in kind. "No time for the Nimzo Indian Defense," muttered Black Captain. White made a spatial attack on his opponent's king's pawn, from the fourth floor, and then followed up boldly by bringing a fool out and up two floors. "Let's pester the fool with pawns," said Black Captain,



and White Captain looked up sharply. After some sparring, Black shot his bishop up to the eighth, or top, floor, thus attacking the fool from above. "Very good," commented Dr. K. "Air power. Most important." White withdrew the exposed fool. After Black had whipped out his archbishop and his favorite, and there had been another brisk exchange of pawns on the fourth floor, Dr. K. declared the day's session over, saying that twelve moves had been made in forty-five minutes, and complimenting both captains on having space eyes. "I'm dizzy," said White Captain. "This is nothing," said Dr. K. "In two hundred years, the world will be ready for four-dimensional chess."

**N**OTICE received by a ten-year-old St. Patrick's Cathedral chorister: "Choir uniforms must be worn at all services and telecasts."

#### *After Ball Points, What?*

**M**ILTON REYNOLDS, the euphoric former ball-point-pen king about whom this magazine published an article a year ago, is in town following his sixth

round-the-world trip in six years, and of course we've been to see him. We're glad to say he's in fine shape—tanned, lively, highly vocal, and richer than ever. On the occasion of our visit, he was wearing a sharp blue suit, a checkered vest, a blue-and-yellow tie bearing his initials in baroque script, and gold cuff links on which were etched the coat of arms of the Maharajah of Bundi and, in Hindi, the Bundi motto, which Reynolds told us is "I fight for Bundi." "Thirty thousand miles!" Reynolds said, by way of greeting. "New York, Lisbon, Tangier, Casablanca, Marrakech, Madrid, Algiers, Tunis, Rome, Athens, Cairo, Amman, Jerusalem, Beirut, Damascus, Karachi, Bombay, Delhi. Then home by Bangkok, Hong Kong, Tokyo. Trip started December 1st. My main object was to go tiger-hunting with my friend the Maharajah, but Edna—Edna's my wife—she's never been all the way around the world, so I decided to do the thing right."

Reynolds went on to explain that he had met the Maharajah on a plane, somewhere between New Delhi and Calcutta. That was in 1946, when Reynolds was feverishly selling pens

on his first round-the-world flight. "I gave the Maharajah a pen and it worked, and we became chummy," Reynolds said. "He kept writing me to come hunt tigers with him, and I finally gave in." The Maharajah's seat in Bundi, Phoolsagar Palace, is about two hundred and fifty miles south of New Delhi, and words almost, but not quite, failed Reynolds when he came to describe it. "Straight out of King Solomon!" he said. "What a setup! Three hundred household servants. Our bed was twelve feet square. Our suite had its own dining room. We ate wild boars for breakfast. Bundi had ten grandmothers but has only one wife, whom I didn't see. She was in *purdah*, you know."

Before leaving the States, Reynolds had written to ask the Maharajah if there was anything he might bring him. The Maharajah's secretary had replied, "His Highness is much touched at your question. He asks me to say that it is a most difficult question to answer, for the New World bristles with things that cannot be had here, but the first thing that comes to mind is a cigarette lighter." Reynolds took the Maharajah a hundred cigarette



*"After all appeals to reason, law, and logic have been considered, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, there remains one simple, basic fact that I am sure will enable you to understand my client's motivation. You know how hard it is to make ends meet."*

lighters (made by a company he owns), an Osterizer (made by a company he doesn't own), and a thousand ball-point pens (made by an old employee of Reynolds', now in business for himself). In return, the Maharajah gave Reynolds the gold cuff links and gave Mrs. Reynolds a brooch as big, Reynolds said, as the back of her hand, and studded with no fewer than eighty-four diamonds, eight rubies, and two hundred pearls. With the brooch went two sets of matching earrings and two rings. The brooch was one of a pair that had been made for one of the Maharajah's ten grandmothers; the Maharajah had given the other brooch to Princess Elizabeth as a wedding present. "Now that Elizabeth's Queen, I suppose the brooch may be part of the crown jewels," Reynolds said. "Edna was really overwhelmed. Think of it! Not a duplicate, not a replica, but the mate of a crown jewel!"

As for the tiger hunt, it took place in the jungle some thirty miles from Phoolsagar Palace. The Maharajah's beaters had a pretty good notion of

where the tiger was, but Reynolds, the Maharajah, and the rest of the party spent most of five days on elephant-back waiting for the tiger to turn up. "The beaters hemmed him in closer and closer by tying gentlemen to trees," Reynolds said. "A gentleman is a white rag about as big as a hotel towel, and when they're tied to trees a couple of hundred yards apart, a tiger won't go between them. Well, when we got to the place where the tiger was supposed to be hiding, the Maharajah blew a whistle and the beaters started closing in, striking the trees with sticks. The Maharajah, who has shot eighty-nine tigers, said he'd leave this one to me, if I could get him, and suddenly there he was—a huge beast—about a hundred yards off. I blazed away with an Evans .375 double-barrelled job that the Maharajah had lent me. The tiger rolled over into some bushes, got up, and kept coming. I blazed away again, and he rolled over into the bushes and stayed there. When we got to him, he was dead." We asked Reynolds if the tiger had been a man-eater, and he

said he wouldn't be a bit surprised. "The Maharajah once shot a tiger that they claimed had eaten twenty men," Reynolds said. "He had him stuffed and mounted on a pedestal in the palace, looking ready to spring. I wanted my tiger mounted like that, but Edna wouldn't hear of it. I settled for a rug and the tiger's head on a plaque, to hang on our living-room wall. The Maharajah, who's handling the stuffing for me, promised that all the teeth would be showing in a tremendous snarl."

To go from Bundi to money, Reynolds told us that he spends much of his time these days in Mexico City, where he controls several land-holding companies, and that he is making a nice thing of American Bosch, an electrical-equipment company, of which he is the largest individual stockholder. In 1946, he took a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars—a small fraction of his ball-point-pen profits—and invested it in a hundred and twenty-five thousand shares of the Amra Corporation, which subsequently

bought up American Bosch. He is now getting a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year in dividends from this investment, and the stock is worth a million and a half. "I'm doing all right," Reynolds said. "It's like shooting tigers. What can you do after shooting one but go and shoot another? What can you do after making money but go and make more?"

### Clue

**D**IALOGUE at a recent Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh performance:

FIRST LADY: "Is this the Shaw or the Shakespeare we're seeing?"

SECOND LADY: "I haven't any idea."

FIRST LADY: "I think it must be Shaw. Everyone seems to be laughing."

### Globalist

**P**AYING our respects to another of the local campaign headquarters of contenders for the Presidency, we stopped in at the Hotel New Yorker

one morning last week to inspect the offices of Volunteers for Taft. The Volunteers occupy a two-room suite on the eighteenth floor, jammed with photographs, press cuttings, hortatory literature, balloons, and a typewriter with just about the widest carriage we've ever seen. At the time of our arrival, the premises were empty except for one person—a handsome blond lady, who was exulting, over the telephone, about Senator Taft's showing in Wisconsin and Nebraska. When she hung up, she introduced herself as Mrs. J. Solon Maguire. "Things probably seem pretty quiet to you here," she said, "but we'd rather have our volunteers—there are fifteen hundred of them—working outside than hanging around trying to get into the act, if you know what I mean."

Mrs. Maguire informed us that the Taft offices have been functioning since January, and that the Hotel New Yorker was chosen because the Senator's adherents hereabouts feel that the West Side is the best place for him to get votes. "We didn't want one of those fancy East Side headquarters," she remarked, possibly alluding to the fact that Eisenhower's boosters are operating out of the Marguery and the Roosevelt. "We wanted to be in the heart of things." A well-dressed lady walked in and asked for a Taft button, and was handed a small one. "I'd been hoping for a great big conspicuous one," she said. Mrs. Maguire told her apologetically that there was a temporary shortage of great big conspicuous ones, and asked if she needed any literature. "No. You've got my vote already," said the visitor, and drifted away.

Presently, a man came in, and Mrs. Maguire introduced him to us as William J. Goodwin, in charge of the headquarters. Mr. Goodwin cordially invited us into the other room for a chat. "I want to tell you about Taft," he said. "I love Bob Taft. He's the most noble-minded man we have. He's entirely opposite from what the newspapers have told you about him. Excuse me for a second while I look at my mail." He opened a couple of envelopes on his desk. "Everyone wants to run the campaign," he said with a sigh. "Here's a man who says, 'It seems to me you should change your slogans.'" We gathered he was referring to the kind we could see in the suite—"No

Graft with Taft" and "Taft Axes Taxes." "Oh, the people we get in here!" Mr. Goodwin went on. "Drunks and bums and crackpots! It's a study in human nature." He grabbed an annotated copy of "A Foreign Policy for Americans" off the desk. "I'm trying to reduce this book of Taft's to readable size," he told us. "You know, Taft has always been the leading internationalist. He's a globalist. Taft believes that all nations, like all individuals, should be equal before the law. He has always been a great champion of the underdog in international politics. Taft objects to the United Nations because it isn't based on international law."

Mr. Goodwin interrupted his analysis of Senator Taft's foreign policy to identify himself as an old-time politician and public-relations man. "I'm the China lobby, you know," he said, adding that for two years he had represented the Chinese Nationalists in Washington. He indicated that his acquaintance among congressmen is extensive and intimate. "For a truck driver's son, I've belonged to some pretty good clubs," he went on. "The brainiest fellows I've met aren't the good-time Charlies. Fellows playing the piano and telling jokes don't contribute much to the progress of people. I spent a couple of hours once with Dwight Eisenhower. There's nobody I'd rather go out on a party with, but he didn't impress me as a great leader. Frankly, I never took him seriously. A man with ingrained military habits like his doesn't have the freedom

of action a President needs. I love General MacArthur, but I wouldn't want him for President, either."

We asked Mr. Goodwin how he felt about Senator Taft's chances of obtaining the Republican nomination. "We're going to carry New York," he told us firmly. "Oh, a lot of the delegates here have an obligation—more imaginary than real, if you ask me—to Dewey, and they'll discharge that on the first ballot, but by the second or third ballot there'll be a wholesale collapse in the direction of Taft. I never reveal a confidence, and I wouldn't even tell Taft himself who the delegates are who'll come over to us, but I know them and I know they will. And next November, when the people realize we've got one of the great champions of human liberty here, they'll all vote for him."

### Windfall

AN open-top taxi was stopped in traffic at the Fulton Fish Market, next to a truck from which some men were unloading a large bag of lobsters. The bag burst, the lobsters cascaded into the cab, the lights changed, the cop yelled to the driver to get going, the driver drove to a Brooklyn friend who owned a fish market, sold him a hundred and fifty lobsters at a dollar-ten apiece, kept the remaining eight, confided this immoral episode to a fare, the fare relayed it to us, we hope it won't happen again.



## THE INQUISITION

LATE one afternoon in December, 1947, I was about to leave the old mansion at 680 Park Avenue, then, as now, the headquarters of the Soviet Delegation to the United Nations. As I was walking toward the front of the great, marble-columned reception hall, a messenger, a man with huge, sloping shoulders, caught up with me and handed me a folded note. I paused, opened it, and read, "You are ordered to be present at the examination commission tomorrow at 10 A.M." Carefully I reread the note. It was unsigned.

"Who gave you this?" I asked the messenger. He hunched his massive shoulders and spread his hands helplessly. I had forgotten that he didn't speak English. I didn't speak Russian. He went toward the back of the hall, and I stood there thinking.

For about six months, I had been employed as a teacher of English to members of the Soviet Delegation. A New York woman, I had been offered the job largely, I suppose, on the strength of the part-time teaching I had done, first, for the Committee for Refugee Education, which the New York Adult Education Council had partly sponsored, and after that, by invitation, for Amtorg, the Russian trading agency. During the period I had been at the Delegation headquarters, I'd had to accustom myself to many unusual conditions. I had become reconciled to being escorted almost everywhere I went in the building, from my classroom on the first floor, where I gave the minor officials their lessons in small groups, to the offices and apartments, upstairs, of the more important figures, whom I tutored privately. I had grown almost used to working under the ubiquitous pictures of Stalin and Lenin. I had overcome my astonishment at having to submit strict reports on the attendance and the general progress made by all students. I had even begun to lose that slightly conspiratorial feeling I'd always had when I found myself in the bathroom, the only time I was left alone in that enormous, ornate, and somewhat dilapidated old structure. But this was the first time I had been *ordered* to do something. I was not used to that, and I decided instantly that I was not going to get used to it.

While I stood in the hall, debating

just what to do, one of my students, Mrs. Muchina (I never knew her first name or those of most of my other pupils), came down the wide, curving staircase, walked over to me, and greeted me warmly. An intelligent middle-aged woman who acted as a translator and secretary, she spoke clear English, and in our lessons together my job had been mainly to help her with pronunciation and idiom. In relaxed moments, we had chatted as any two women of the same age might anywhere—about clothes, shopping, men, children, the horrors of war. Often she had seemed distracted. She worked long hours, she told me, and she worried about her little daughter, who was in a boarding school on Long Island and whom she saw only on weekends, and about her husband, who was stationed in some remote part of the U.S.S.R.

"Do you know anything about this?" I asked, showing her the note.

"Yes, of course. I wrote it," she said. "It is necessary that you be there. Mr. Gromyko wishes. He will preside."

"Well," I said, "I shall be glad to come, but I'm surprised at the peremptory tone of this note." Mrs. Muchina looked puzzled. "You know," I went on, "I assume it is a language difficulty, but the word is 'request,' not 'order.' An American teacher is not *ordered* to do anything."

She blushed. "It is the way we say it in my language," she said. Then I remembered how many times students, even high officials, had handed me written homework, saying, "I have done my housework as you have ordered."

Lessons were over for the day. I tucked the note into my purse and, pondering the strangeness of Slavic ways, went out into the swift and familiar traffic of Park Avenue.

I had been hearing talk for some time about an examination—the "inquisition," the students called it—but this was the first official word I had been given. My curiosity was now thoroughly aroused. The fact that Gromyko was to preside struck me as fantastic. Veto power and international atomic-energy control were among the problems being fiercely debated at the United Nations, and that the chief representative of any state should take time off at such a juncture to hold routine language ex-

aminations for his staff was, to me, unbelievable.

THE next morning, I arrived at the Delegation headquarters promptly, and with, I admit, a faint feeling of trepidation, I ascended one flight of the winding stairs; my escort, who had met me at the front door, was, as usual, at my heels. He showed me into what must in past days have been a formal drawing room. A handsome crystal chandelier sparkled from the high ceiling and was reflected in a gilt-framed mirror over a black marble fireplace, the floor was almost entirely covered with a thick Persian rug, and the windows were hung with frayed net curtains and damask draperies. In the center of one wall, and dominating the room, was a simply colossal portrait of Stalin, one hand thrust, Napoleonlike, inside his coat. Under the picture, at the head of a long baize-covered table, around which folding chairs had been set up, sat Andrei A. Gromyko.

I had had glimpses of him before. Sometimes while I was resting on a leather couch downstairs in the quiet, sombre reception hall, there would be a sudden commotion. Presumably at a signal, doors along the hall would be flung open, serious-looking men would emerge carrying briefcases, and down the staircase would quickly come Gromyko. An alert young man would hold the front door open, and Gromyko, with his sober-faced aides behind him, would walk out to one of several waiting limousines, and the hall would become silent again. Once or twice, I had seen him, fleetingly, when I went to the sitting room of the Gromyko apartment, on the third floor, to give Mrs. Gromyko an English lesson, but this was my first real meeting with him.

He rose as I entered, and said in a low, resonant voice, "It is kind of you to come. Please sit here beside me." He pointed to a chair at his right. He was neatly dressed in a dark suit, dark tie, and white shirt. His swarthy face, with its coarse, strong features, was expressionless. He gave the impression of being a man who had known very little youth.

Standing to the left of Gromyko were three men whom I had never seen before. They were members, I assumed, of the examination commission. A fourth man entered from a velvet-shrouded doorway at one end of the room. He was followed by Mrs. Muchina, who was carrying a folder of papers. She spoke to me and introduced her companion as Mr. Volahoff. He was a





*"All right, now, a little smile."*

tall man with a big soft face and black hair that was brushed almost straight up from his forehead. Nobody bothered to introduce anyone else. Mrs. Muchina, looking tired and distraught, was dressed as if for a party. Her hair, a dull, sandy color and usually very wispy, curved up in a high, precise pompadour. She wore a badly fitting black rayon crêpe dress and an imitation-pearl necklace that emphasized the sagging lines of her throat. Her lipstick had been put on unevenly, and her fingernails were lacquered a bright red. I thought how much more attractive she looked on or-

dinary days, with a simple shirtwaist and skirt and her untidy hair. She opened the folder and placed some papers before Gromyko, speaking nervously to him in Russian.

"We will speak only English," he said with a wave of his hand, interrupting her. "You will excuse it," he added, turning to me.

He then nodded to Volahoff, who explained the procedure. The students (all of whom had a working knowledge of English) were to come in one by one. I would read aloud several paragraphs of an editorial clipped from the

New York *Times*. The student was entitled to a second reading if he wished, and then he had to give a résumé in English. He was to be judged on the basis of fullness of comprehension and facility of language. Then he would select one of a number of slips of paper that lay scattered, face up, on the table. Each slip had written on it a topic for discussion, such as "Postwar Rehabilitation in the Soviet Union," "A Comparison of American and Soviet Cinemas," "The Marshall Plan," "The Palestine Problem," and "An American Novel Recently Read." After extemporizing in



*"It's wonderful! It keeps you guessing right up to the end, when—well, you'd never believe it, but who should turn out to be the murderer but the detective himself! You'll love it."*

English on one of these subjects, the student would translate a passage from a Russian newspaper into English and then one from an American or British newspaper into Russian. How I could be of much help at this phase was difficult for me to see. At the end, the examiners could ask any questions they cared to. The day before, there had been a written examination—at which I had not been present—consisting of two translations, from English into Russian and from Russian into English, and I would be called upon to correct the English translation.

"We are ready?" Gromyko asked, looking at me. I nodded. One of the anonymous men walked rapidly to the door and opened it to admit the first examinee, General Vasiliev, the ranking Soviet member of the United Nations Military Staff Committee. The "inquisition" had begun.

General Vasiliev was a slender, aristo-

cratic-looking man, wearing a gray, pin-striped suit. He was in his late fifties, I judged; he had thin gray hair and a lined forehead. The lids of his fine dark eyes seemed weary, and there were deep grooves around his mouth. I was especially interested in him. During our lessons, his Old World courtliness, his humor, and his sophistication put him in sharp contrast with most of the younger members of the Delegation. He was widely informed, and except when we discussed politics, I had found him delightful. I had asked him, tactfully, about his life in Russia, but he had always been reticent about it. All I knew was that he had commanded troops in bitter battles during the Second World War. Gromyko nodded to him curtly and indicated one of the folding chairs. I said good morning to him in as bright and hearty a tone as I could muster.

"You may commence with the read-

ing, if you please," Gromyko said to me.

I took up the clipping in front of me and began. The General listened, his eyes fixed upon me. The room was intensely still except for the sound of my voice, and the air of formality was oppressive. When I finished, the General gave a very accurate résumé.

"You will now choose one of the tickets on the table," Gromyko said impassively.

The General's hand, long and slender, reached out for one of the slips of paper. He picked it up, and I saw, with amazement, that his hand was trembling.

"The Marshall Plan," he announced. Then, clasping his hands tightly before him on the table and staring at the wall, his face rigid, he monotonously repeated the clichés of the Soviet line: "Extension of capitalist economic control over peace-loving countries . . . United States imperialists and ruling circles of Wall Street . . . American dollars want to dominate and dictate economy of Europe . . ."

After about five minutes, Gromyko, who had been watching the General closely, interrupted him by looking at me and saying, "I think it is enough?"

I agreed. Mrs. Muchina, who had evidently been responsible for organizing the material, then handed the General a marked copy of *Pravda*, and he began to translate, with some hesitation at first, and then more fluently, in adequate, if not always grammatical and idiomatic, English. The theme of the article was a denunciation of the Marshall Plan. He seemed to relax a little. Again Gromyko interrupted him before he had finished.

"Enough. Translation from English into Russian," he said. Mrs. Muchina began to scramble through her folder. After a moment or two of miserable confusion, during which a few wisps of hair fell loose from her pompadour, causing her to look unhappier than ever, she located the papers she wanted and handed one to Gromyko and copies to

the rest of us. It was an excerpt from a dispatch on the Marshall Plan in the London *Daily Worker*, and in essence was what the General had just given us. Listening to the rapid translation into soft, musical Russian, I began to feel a little at ease. I took out a pack of cigarettes and offered one to Gromyko.

"Thank you," he said in a low tone, "but I do not smoke."

I took a cigarette, lighted it, and looked around for some place to put the match. Gromyko motioned to Volahoff, who went out the door and returned at once with an ashtray. The General finished his translation. There was a short silence.

"You have some questions to put?" Gromyko asked me.

"No questions," I said.

"That is all," he said to the General, who rose, bowed stiffly, murmured a low "Thank you," and strode out of the room.

"What do you think we should put him?" Gromyko asked, giving me an inquiring look.

"I think he did quite well," I replied.

"Comprehension and retelling of article from *Times* excellent," he said. "Also translation. Five—do you agree?" (The Russians mark on an ascending scale of from one to five.) Everybody except me bobbed his head.

"Mr. Gromyko," I said, "the General did very well, but he did make some mistakes. I think we should give him a four, which, as I understand your system of marking, would be 'good.' I don't think in all conscience I could consent to five."

For several moments, Gromyko didn't reply. Then he said, courteously but firmly, "Since there is some doubt between us, perhaps you would consent to change your opinion. I feel we should put him five."

"I'm sorry, but I cannot agree," I persisted. I was beginning to be amused and had gained confidence. "This student has a fairly good knowledge of English, but he is not excellent yet." I repeated some of the most blatant mistakes the General had made.

There was an awkward pause. Gromyko looked at me with a queer, faintly ironic smile. The pause grew longer. "Have you any remarks, Comrades?" he asked the others. The Comrades remained silent.

I lighted another cigarette. "We seem to have reached an impasse," I ventured lightly. Then I suggested that perhaps we could compromise. "How about a four-plus, or even a five-minus?" I asked Gromyko.

## FAMILIAR FACES, LONG DEPARTED

Where are the dear domestics, white and black,  
Who stayed for years or hastened to repack,  
Diverse as weather, changeful as the wind,  
And kind to children overdisciplined?  
No more the stifled giggle on the stairs,  
The scornful founce when Madam put on airs,  
The sympathetic heart beneath the starch  
When boys who loved to dance were trained to march.  
The subject round which every talk revolved,  
The servant problem, is at last resolved.

The Huldas, Bridies, Posies, and Francines  
Are now the happy servants of machines.  
Time clocks have superseded bells, and wages  
Rise with the pointer in the pressure gauges.  
The hands that knew such varied skills prepare  
The lean assembly line's unvaried fare,  
To make the things that serve as their replacement  
In every function from third floor to basement  
And heartlessly supplant with a device  
The youth who brought romance as well as ice.

The house is shaken by the whining hum  
That Nature most abhors, the vacuum.  
Freed from the mute reproval of the maid,  
Talk has grown loose and manners have decayed.  
Damask and finger bowls are empty names,  
At breakfast time the toast leaps up in flames,  
The cocktail hour expands, the dinner shrinks;  
Now no one needs to care what Bridget thinks.  
All in prefabricated ruin lies—  
And Ganymede gives notice in the skies.

—ROBERT HILLYER

He regarded me coolly. "But we do not employ such a system. *They* would not understand!"

I wondered what he meant by "*They* would not understand!" Before I had time to speculate, he abruptly capitulated. "We will put four for General Vasiliev," he announced. "We are ready for next student."

THE door was noiselessly opened and a very pretty, very terrified young girl, one of the many clerks at the Delegation, entered. She had studied with me for about six weeks and, for a Russian, was singularly graceful in her use of English, but I could see she was doomed from the instant she came into the room. Her anxiety was so acute that it was painful to watch. Through-

out her examination, no one gave her an encouraging word, though I nodded and smiled at her reassuringly from time to time. There were long silences, broken only by her few stammered words. She twisted a handkerchief in her small white hands, and there was one moment when I thought she was surely going to collapse; she lifted both arms in a supplicating gesture, as if she couldn't go on. Gromyko sat through it all stolidly. When the girl finished, haltingly, the last translation, he didn't ask if there were any questions. The unhappy creature hardly waited for his nod of dismissal before she ran, sobbing, out of the room.

For a second, Gromyko covered his mouth with his hand, and I was sure he was hiding a smile. Then he rubbed his chin and spoke. "I think," he said very slowly, "that in judging this student we must take into account the fact that she was extremely nervous." He flung up his arms. "She even made me nervous!" We all smiled, and for the first time that morning everybody relaxed.

"She is really very competent in Eng-



lish when she isn't so upset," I said. We then agreed to give her a passing mark of three.

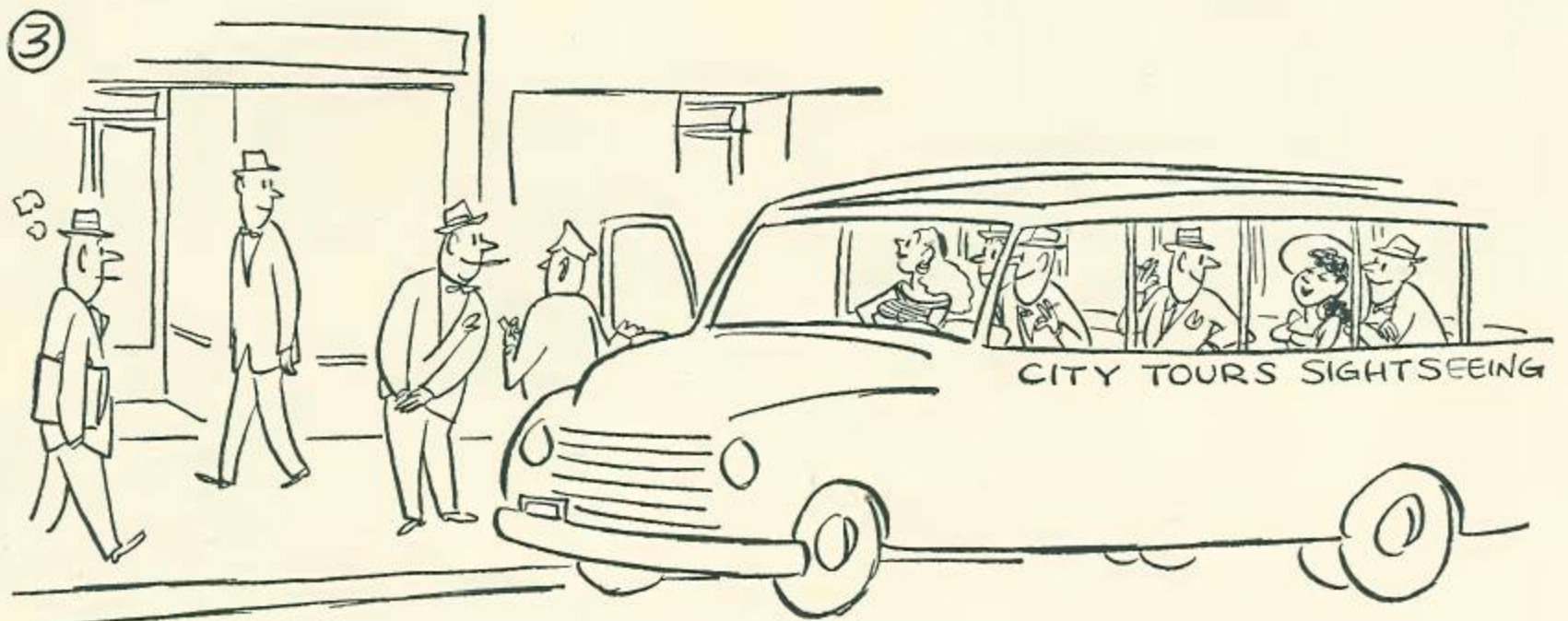
The next student to appear was Vice-Admiral Bogdenko, who, like Vasiliev, was a member of the United Nations Military Staff Committee. A short and rather chubby man, he had the high cheekbones of the typical Slav, an upturned nose, and a somewhat Mongolian look about his small, close-set eyes. A few months before, when I began to give him lessons, I had addressed him as "Admiral," but he had corrected me. "To you, only *Mr. Bogdenko*," he had said with a sweeping gesture. "Always I am a democratic man." Once, during the summer, I had met him as he was leaving the building, followed by three tall, elegant aides. All four

were in gleaming white uniforms. Bogdenko wore a gold-encrusted cap, gold epaulettes, and a festoon of ribbons and medals. He looked dazzling, if slightly comic. "Ah, today it is surely *Admiral Bogdenko*," I said. He swept off his cap with a dramatic flourish and placed it theatrically over his heart. "To you, always *Mr. Bogdenko*," he replied.

Now he had on a brown suit that was too tight for him; the buttons on his vest seemed about to fly off. He stood at attention and then nodded cheerfully to everyone.

"Sit down, please," Gromyko said. The Admiral plumped himself down and looked expectantly and confidently at me.

He did quite well with his résumé of the *Times* article, displaying a fancy vocabulary, which seemed to impress his fellow-Russians—even Gromyko. During our lessons, the Admiral had always kept a special little notebook for big words and had used them frequently, and quite often unexpectedly. "Stultify" was one of his favorites and he somehow worked it into the résumé until the effect was indeed stultifying. Each time he pronounced the word, his face shone and he raised one eyebrow and



almost winked at me. I couldn't help smiling. Everyone else, however, looked solemn.

"You will speak on a political topic now," Gromyko said when Bogdenko was through with the résumé.

The Admiral became more serious. He squared his shoulders and chose a "ticket" from the table. "The rapture between Iran and the U.S.S.R.," he began, and I made a mental note that I simply must find some way of helping my Russian students to distinguish between the "u" and "a" sounds. Gromyko sat with his eyes narrowed. Suddenly he interrupted Bogdenko in the middle of a sentence with a gruff "Enough."

After the translations were over, I asked the Admiral to tell us something about a short story by Somerset Maugham that I knew he had been reading. He did this willingly, his spirit unruffled, his pronunciation impossible. A few minutes later, Gromyko broke in again with "Enough," but the Admiral either didn't hear him or was so taken by his own prowess that he wanted to show off. At any rate, he kept going until a loud and emphatic "That will be enough" shut him off. He looked disconcerted. "That is all?" he asked.

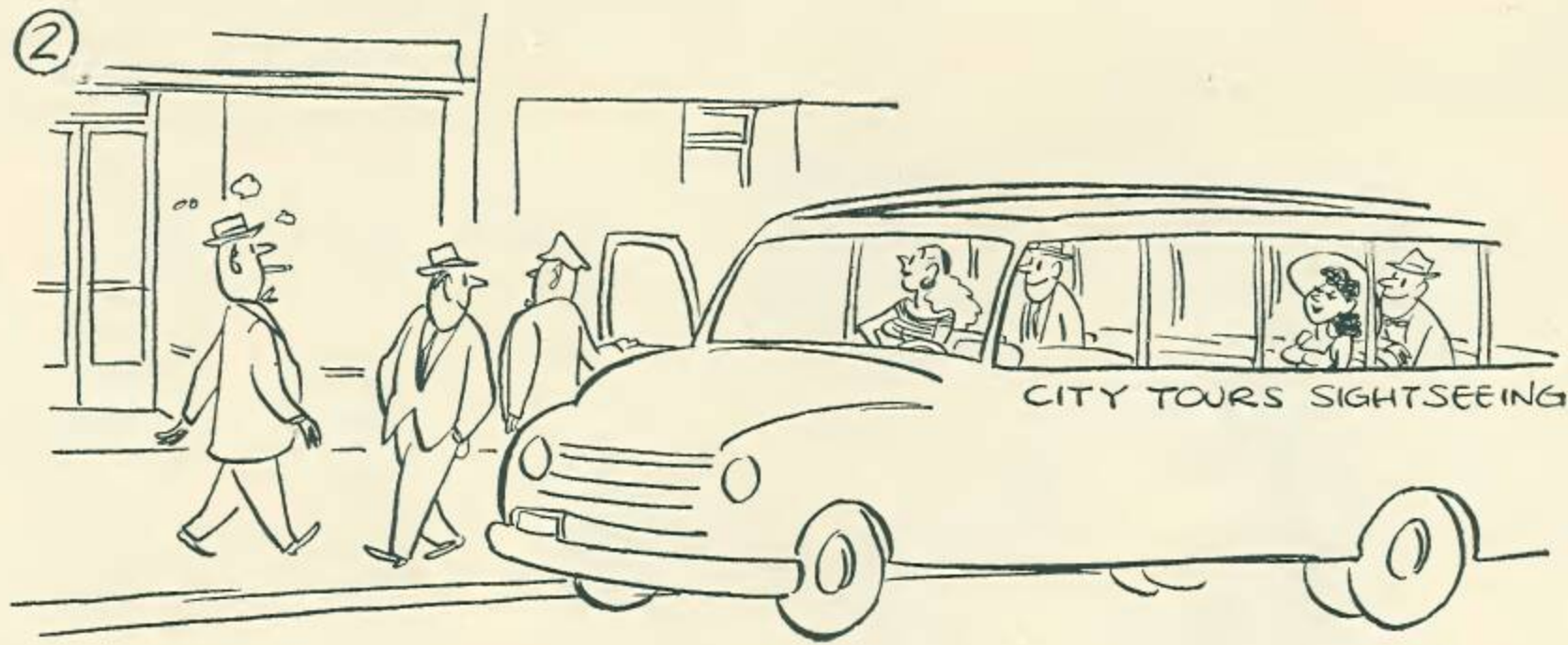
There were no further questions. The Admiral got up, bowed ceremoniously, and departed.

Gromyko asked what I thought his mark should be. "Four," I said, "but the Admiral has a lot of work to do on his pronunciation."

"That is something we all find most difficult," Gromyko said. "Perhaps," he added wryly, "there should be a revolution in the English language to make it more phonetic, like the Russian." Before I could comment on that, he said, "I think four is correct. Is it agreeable to the rest of you?" He glanced around the table. No one dissented.

While the next student was sadly droning out a translation into Russian, I left the room to stretch my legs. Just outside the door, I almost bumped into the Admiral, who was leaning over and could have been listening at the keyhole. He drew himself up quickly, and I saw that he was perspiring. I held out my hand to him. "Congratulations!" I said. "You did well on your examination."

"What mark?" he asked. When I said "Four," he smiled. Then his expression changed. He raised his right hand, palm out, like a policeman stopping traffic. "Ve vill see," he said gravely. "Ve



will see what mark they will decide in the end. Vait! Vait!”

“Wait for what?” I said. “I just told you you got a four.”

“Vait!” he repeated ominously. “Just vait!”

When I returned to the examination room, the student had finished and the commission was waiting for me. I had no questions. The student left the room. After several more had come and gone, I suggested an intermission. It was then close to two o'clock, and we had been sitting almost four hours. I was hungry, and they must have been, too, but I think they would have sat there all day

without food if I hadn't spoken up. We separated; I went to Schrafft's around the corner, Gromyko to his private apartment upstairs, and the others to a communal dining room in the basement. We had agreed to meet again at a quarter to three.

**T**HE afternoon session began as little more than a repetition of the morning's performance. Students entered, almost all of them looking frightened; gave their résumés, most of them creditably; translated; condemned the Marshall Plan in identical phrases; answered questions; and mumbled relieved

“Thank you's” when they were dismissed. Gromyko accepted my suggestions for their grades with virtually no comment. The same impersonal, deadly serious attitude prevailed in the room.

Then, toward the end of the day, after almost all the students had chosen the Marshall Plan as their topic of political discussion, I remarked that the Marshall Plan had suddenly become popular with the Russians. The commission members, all but the chairman, looked shocked, and to tell the truth I was surprised at myself. The words had just popped out. Gromyko chuckled deeply. He seemed to think it was a good joke.

The last examinee was an unmarried woman in her late thirties, who was my prize student. Except for a sagging, petulant mouth, she was quite a beauty, and she had that serene look some women achieve by merely parting their hair in the middle and drawing it into a knot low on the back of the neck. Her serenity was deceptive, however, as I had often seen her hysterical. She would weep and shout and flail her arms, sometimes right in the middle of the reception hall, while

her comrades stood by—protesting, and cajoling, or threatening her, but without effect. She didn't care who came in the front door or mind that I was sitting there on the couch watching her. At last, crying, and quivering, often with anger, she would run to a door at the back of the hall and disappear. Occasionally, in class, I got a clue to her wild behavior. She complained that she was always given the most unpleasant jobs, and said she did them willingly, as everyone knew, but then she had to do other people's work, too, and all mistakes were invariably blamed on her. Whatever her trouble

was, she used words lovingly, and I found her a very satisfying pupil.

Now, in spite of a good deal of nervousness, she did brilliantly. When she had completed her final translation, I asked her to describe a movie she had recently seen.

"I will tell you the story of 'Village Teacher,'" she said. "It is a Soviet film that our government sent to us here to see at the Delegation."

First she recounted how, at a graduation ball at a girls' *Gymnasium* in the days before the Communist uprising, a young woman named Varenka fell in love with Sergei, a young idealist who was a member of a secret revolutionary movement.

"Varenka loved Sergei seriously and with whole heart," she said. "He has been under suspicion by rotten Czarist government police for long time, but they do not succeed to catch him, although they are in search of him even at this same ball."

Then she told of the eventual capture of Sergei and his being sent to prison in Siberia, while his sweetheart, left alone, devoted her energy to succoring the poor peasants. At length, Sergei escaped and rejoined her, only to be captured again. This happened over and over. By the end of these lacerating scenes, not only the 1917 revolution but the First and Second World Wars had passed. Sergei then died, in Varenka's arms, and she became a teacher at a *Gymnasium*. There, in a gay ballroom where students were celebrating their graduation, Varenka heard her name broadcast over the radio as one of the teachers who had been awarded the Order of Lenin.

"She was very surprised and at same time very happy when she heard her name among awarded," my student said. "Everyone heartily greeted Varenka and music began to play again. While she was looking at her pupils' dancing, all her life passed before her eyes and she remembered how she herself had been dancing with Sergei when they were both young, at final ball, how her beloved had died at her hands, and tears started in her eyes. She whisked



*"You're not leaving this house until you've dried the dishes!"*

them away and was smiling to her children. That is end of cinema which I liked very much."

"I was waiting to hear more about the educational changes that took place after the overthrow of the Czarist government," Gromyko remarked dryly. "This cinema portrays the establishment of free education for all peoples, the building of new schools under new people's regime. Did you forget about that?"

The student looked dashed. "I said about it. I—I mean—" she stammered.

"That is all," Gromyko told her. My student put both hands to her temples, agitatedly. "You may go now," Gromyko said.

After she had left the room, we had a short discussion about what grade she should have. I said I thought she had done better than any of the others.

"I think four," Gromyko said.

"But we gave the Admiral four and she is infinitely more fluent," I said.

"You wish finally to put a five?" Gromyko asked.

"Yes," I answered. "She deserves it."

"As you wish," he said, and then inquired, "You will have time to go over the written examinations this evening?" I suggested waiting until morning, as it was then after six o'clock.

"Thank you," he said, rising. The other members of the commission also stood up. I was still seated. Gromyko shook my hand with a quick, firm grasp. "I must thank you again for your kindness to come and your good work with students," he said, unsmiling, and vanished behind the velvet-curtained door.

ONE morning several months later, I was escorted into Admiral Bogdenko's office to give him his English lesson. Standing, pink-cheeked and pudgy, behind his highly polished desk, he beamed at me, and when I had settled myself in a nearby chair, he sat down, rubbing his hands together delightedly.

"Your decision has been upheld in Moscow!" he announced, and added, "Present perfect tense. Correct? No?"

"Correct," I answered automatically, and opening my briefcase I began pulling out some papers. Then I stopped abruptly and stared at the Admiral, whose small blue eyes were fairly dancing in his head. "What was that you said?" I asked. "My decision? What in heaven's name are you talking about?"

"Surely you recollect yourself. Examinations. The inquisition! You remind yourself you gave me a four—good mark!" he said, so boyishly I almost laughed.

It was then that I realized the significance of Gromyko's words: "They would not understand!" Those examination grades had been sent to Moscow to be approved or disapproved. Apparently, "they" had approved, though on what basis the Kremlin had evaluated my judgment of oral quizzes given in America, and why "they" had bothered at all, were, and still are, mysteries to me.

"Yes, Moscow upholds you!" Bogdenko said, smiling broadly.

I stared at him a moment, without comprehension, and then we began the lesson. —LILLIAN ANSHEN SEIDEL

## GOOD FRIDAY

WHEN I asked the soldiers on the French side of the frontier what the road was like, they laughed gloomily and said, "Why such a hurry to get to paradise?" The soldiers on the Spanish side were more earnest and, after murmuring "Polly Jones?" and looking with justifiable surprise from my passport photograph to me and back again, shook their heads and announced that the road traversed the most beautiful scenery in the world. As it turned out, there was a good deal to be said for both viewpoints.

By the time I drove into the Mediterranean fishing village of Tossa, where I had planned to spend the night, the sun had set, the frogs had started even-song, and I was shivering in my cotton frock. Luckily there was a fire in the dining room at the inn. A juvenile servant brought me a dish of rice, shrimps, peppers, octopus, artichokes, and tiny sausages, and I settled down to eat and look around.

The dining room was divided into three sections by two double archways that were whitewashed, like the walls, and there was no light but the strong firelight. As it beamed over walls, niches, and tables, it revealed an odd collection of objects: wicker lobster pots, oil lamps, earthenware jars, three deep-blue tumblers, a stuffed eagle, model ships in bottles and wax flowers under glass domes, Saint Francis in plaster and stately nudes in oils, a tapestry showing a bullfight, and a porcelain lady helping a porcelain monkey look in a porcelain mirror while three white-wigged pages held their porcelain sides. There were also two sets of tinted prints: "Les Plaisirs de l'Europe," showing champagne-drinking gentlemen ogling daintily shod ladies, and "Les Plaisirs de l'Amérique," in which slightly more vigorously drawn gentlemen lolled beneath palm trees while noble savages played the guitar and offered grapes and dusky ladies. I looked from all this to the windows, whose embroidered white cotton curtains framed a view of deserted beach and boats, and decided to stay in Tossa. The family doctor back home in England had advised rest, sea, and sunshine.

Within a few days, I had made a routine for myself. In the morn-

ings, I sat on the balcony outside my room at the inn, doing a little painting but mostly staring or reading. After lunch, I drove my martyred car to cork forests and orange groves, brilliant bays and sombre promontories, baroque churches with shining roofs of deep-blue tiles, crumbled monasteries where black and brown goats made mocking noises into their beards, and lion-colored citadels long since occupied by the blue-green uniform of the conquering cactus. Once, I drove down the coast to Tarragona to see the cathedral and, at the hotel there, got involved in a Douanier Rousseau wedding breakfast: top hats darted to and fro like beetles, ladies in flowered voile frocks followed their parasols over a red carpet that smelled of camphor, gypsies pressed citrus faces against the hotel's new plate-glass windows, and a three-piece orchestra played Chopin waltzes and selections from "No, No, Nanette."

In the March evenings, I sat in front of the fire at the inn and read books about Spain. There were three or four other guests, French or German tourists, and we never failed to exchange polite greetings that banished loneliness without invading privacy. Occasionally, we went so far as to offer each other a glass of sherry or a magazine. The only literature in the hotel was an old Spanish shipping almanac, some 1932 copies of *Lady*, and a Tauchnitz edition of "The Garden of Allah." We all slept well and put on weight.

Late on Good Friday afternoon I drove about forty kilometres inland to Gerona, to see the Holy Week procession. Gerona is a very old town—Charlemagne took it from the Moors—and its history offers a variety of violence. The hill that dominates the town is crowned with what was once a strong fortress, and one can still see the remains of the medieval city walls. When I arrived, the main streets were already lined with chairs—cane chairs

supplied by the municipality, folding chairs sharply watched over by individual owners, and camp stools. The long flight of eighty-six steep steps that rises from a small, dark square up to the huge Gothic cathedral was swarming with small boys busily inconveniencing the adults who were on their way to inspect the *pasos*—almost life-size figures grouped on stands and representing scenes from the Passion. A few of the *pasos* were already in the cathedral square when I got there, but most of them were still inside the cathedral being decked with flowers. They would be carried, each one on the shoulders of half a dozen penitents, out of the cathedral square, through an archway to the smaller square in front of the collegiate church of San Feliú, then round again to the cathedral square and down the steep, ramplike road that skirts the fortifications and leads down to the modern section of the town. Inside the dark, honey-colored cathedral, the air smelled of stock and roses, incense and garlic.

Gerona is an intensely medieval-looking town, and here, as elsewhere in Spain, I experienced a peculiar mixture of fear and fascination. This feeling grew on me as the dusk deepened and I left the cathedral square and went to the square of San Feliú and then stood among a gathering crowd at the top of the long incline. Directly opposite me, sitting on the edge of a narrow sidewalk, was a gypsy family—a fat, wrinkled grandmother, a sallow mother breast-feeding a baby, two eagle-faced boys in dirty military jackets, and a very thin little girl with braids like dusty snakes falling to the waist of her faded scarlet frock. They sounded like worried but derisive parrots and ceased chattering only when a group of penitents hurried by. Then, for a moment, the mockery left their unblinking dark eyes.

It grew quite dark. Stars glittered above, and simultaneously torches began darting to and fro in the crowded square. Hoarse orders rang out. There was the clatter of horses' hoofs. The crowd's mounting excitement had a sombre element that suggested the suspense before a bullfight. I could feel my heart thumping.

Suddenly, there was a roll of drums. The sound drew nearer, grew alarming, grew



thunderous—and round the corner of a building on the square came the first of the procession, a detachment of Roman legionaries in plumed helmets, scarlet tunics, and polished breastplates. The foot soldiers carried glittering shields and marked time thuddingly with their heavy, scarlet-tasselled spears; those who were mounted held long gold trumpets to their lips and wore scarlet cloaks that billowed out, half covering the rumps of the fine, restive horses. The gypsies eyed the soldiers much as Iberians must have eyed the first Roman army of occupation.

Drummers followed, in buff tunics; then a standard-bearer with the Roman eagle, gilt on scarlet; a chariot; and then the first group of penitents—black, cowled, barefoot, bringing memories of the Inquisition as they strode by, with their ankles chained and with flaring giant candles held shoulder high. As I watched, feeling alien and lonely, I heard an English voice cry, "Why, it's little Polly Bedford!"

It was a long time since I'd been little Polly Bedford, and I didn't recognize the middle-aged woman in a blue felt hat waving frantically over the heads of the crowd. Elbowing her way toward me while the gypsies eyed her derisively, she said, "It is Polly Bedford, surely?"

"Why, yes," I said, struggling up out of my astonishment. Then I heard my own voice say, in clear, uncharacteristically girlish tones, "Why, Mrs. Abbot! Fancy seeing you here!"

"There, now," she said as she reached me. "Isn't this nice? It just goes to show what a small place the world is. And I'd have known you anywhere! You haven't changed a bit!"

I repressed a shudder. The last time Mrs. Abbot had seen me, I'd been a schoolgirl, the best friend of her daughter Ann, with untidy straight hair, and braces on my teeth. I hadn't thought of Ann for a long time. She'd been killed during the war, nursing in Burma. The first drums passed down the slope and out of hearing, and were replaced by a military band, largely made up of percussion instruments, which, in turn, was replaced by more drums.

"You haven't changed, either, Mrs. Abbot," I said untruthfully. Looking at her kind, lined face, I remembered the half-term excursions, the matinée of "The Desert Song," with tea and chocolate éclairs in the intermission, and helping Ann hide her subsequent bilious attack from the Dormitory Captain.

Mrs. Abbot was still talking about strange coincidences and the smallness of the world as the first *paso* came into

## ON SEEING MY BIRTHPLACE FROM A JET AIRCRAFT

The nursery boast  
Among the teacups uttered, as the hunt  
Went squelching over fields of buttered toast:  
*Someday I'll fly about with magic power.  
Someday I'll wear a peak cap back to front  
And travel at five hundred miles an hour.*

O brave halloing huntsmen, lost to me,  
While at five hundred miles an hour I fly!  
O boastful rattle of a nursery tea,  
Lost while I cruise a new suburban sky!

Come, little ghost,  
Come, pressurized in this brief dream. Swoop down  
To justify the solemn nursery boast.  
Follow the lost line of the magic hunt  
Over the butter fields all turned to town.  
Imagine that your cap's on back to front.

—JOHN PUDNEY

sight, carried on the shoulders of six brawny penitents. It was a representation of Christ and two disciples sitting over the Last Supper, brilliantly lit by eighteenth-century carriage lamps. Awe ran through the crowd like a wind, turning every face up to gaze at the sad one bent down over the bread and the wine, the sad face striving to inculcate a kindness that seemed wholly unconnected with the penitents who pressed behind—these in scarlet robes—the chains dragging at their feet as if to prevent their flying away like the wicked birds their drooping cowls suggested.

"Of course, I do believe everyone's got a right to their own religion," Mrs. Abbot said—and, unlike most people who make this remark, she meant it—"but I can't help feeling there's something about all this that's—well, that's not altogether *nice*. One shouldn't be insular, I know, but all those bleeding hearts, and so on—so painfully realistic. And yet really one would think they were *enjoying* it, if you see what I mean."

As her voice ran on, low and worried, and as the Middle Ages, splendid with banners, stalked by me and down the slope, I remembered St. John's, the Anglican church Ann and I had attended at the Hampshire school—a small, decorous, unalarming church, with the vicar a kindly family man in-

terested in Boy Scouts and Girl Guides and sincerely anxious that we should learn neighborliness. There was nothing about the penitents to suggest neighborliness. Gaunt, stern figures casting huge, wavering shadows on the medieval walls, they dismissed man's relationship with man. "Yes," I said. "I do know what you mean, Mrs. Abbot."

The next *paso* showed Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, bowed beneath the gaze of an angel, who watched beside a real olive tree.

Mrs. Abbot asked after my parents, who had died during the war, and expressed sympathy. The next group of penitents were in black, and I didn't mind when Mrs. Abbot slipped her arm in mine. "It's certainly nice to have company," she said. "But I mustn't keep you from your friends."

"I'm not with anyone," I said.

"Out on a jaunt on your own, eh, you naughty girl? But you are married now, aren't you? I seem to remember Annie telling me."

"Not now, I'm not."

"Oh, I am sorry." She fixed her eyes on Saint Veronica, who was confronting two fierce Spanish soldiers in Charles V uniforms. I suddenly realized from Mrs. Abbot's embarrassment that she had misunderstood.

"I'm not a widow or anything like that," I said. "Just divorced."

"Oh. Oh, dear! How dreadful of me to be so inquisitive! Forgive me, dear! I suppose I can't help thinking of you as you were."

"That's all right," I said.

The penitents were in yellow now, with gray cowls and girdles, and for a



second I saw myself as Mrs. Abbot remembered me—a little girl of ten, in a tussore frock, handing parents cupcakes after a tennis match. Ann was waving to me from across the lawn; she'd managed to filch some cakes for us. We were very much enjoying life, and neither of us had ever been in love except with Mary Queen of Scots, Greta Garbo, and the junior geography mistress.

Every time a *paso* reached the top of the slope and started down, there was a dangerous moment when its weight threatened to produce a crushing accident, and every time this moment recurred, the foremost of the penitents who carried it would clap his hands softly, as an acrobat does just before his big number, and there would be a second's complete hush before the *paso* swung safely on its way, with its nineteenth-century dolls showing real hair and eyelashes, real velvet and sackcloth, real lace billowing in the candlelight, beside banks of heavy-headed stock and roses and lilac, its paste jewels glittering, and now, once more, the drums resounding.

"A lot of water's flown under the bridge, hasn't it?" Mrs. Abbot said sadly, wonderingly.

"Yes, it has," I said. Still the penitents came—mauve and yellow, beige and blue, gray and purple, scarlet and black, amethyst and black, black and black, black, black, crows vibrating in the warm, still air, candles flaring, drops of wax lying like dew on black-gloved hands, bare feet bruised by the dusty stones, and, underneath all the other sounds, the sound of the chains dragging at hundreds of pairs of ankles.

"There's nothing like this at home," Mrs. Abbot said, and I remembered the Hampshire market town where Ann lived—the modernized market place, with W. H. Smith's, Woolworth's, Boots the Chemists, and the old-fashioned cars parked under the elms outside the Pig and Whistle. It was difficult to imagine a procession of this kind emerging from St. John's, where the mildest additional church decoration was apt



"Aw, cut it out, Eunice. Save that stuff for your customers."

to set the more Puritanical worshippers crying "No popery!"

"There's no denying it's very picturesque," Mrs. Abbot went on, but she sounded so worried that I began to feel responsible for her.

"You're not here alone, are you?" I asked.

"Oh, no, dear!" she exclaimed. "How ever would I manage? Though I must say my little phrase book is *very* good. They do those things so well nowadays. None of that have-you-the-pen-of-my-uncle-dear-aunt rubbish that was all the style when I was a girl. No, no, I'm here on a little jaunt. I'm with my son. I daresay you remember Leo?"

"Of course I do," I said hastily, remembering with an effort a dark-haired brother who'd reflected credit on Ann when he appeared in a blazer and flannels at Speech Day. "He was keen on politics, or something, wasn't he? Wanted to go into the diplomatic?"

Leo's mother sighed. "Well, yes, I believe he did, now you mention it. What a memory you've got, dear! But then the war came along, and of course that was no time for hobbies."

"I suppose not," I said, watching more black penitents file past.

"However," Mrs. Abbot said, brightening, "that's all over now. At least, one does so hope so, doesn't one? And Leo's just got married. We're all so pleased. Little Maria's such a delightful girl."

Involuntarily, I made a grimace; the only Maria I had ever known was anything but delightful.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Nothing." I managed to laugh. "I once knew a horrid Maria."

"Oh." Mrs. Abbot laughed, too. "Then it certainly can't have been the same person."

"I'm sure it can't," I said. No one could call the Maria I knew "little."

A statue of the Virgin was being carried past now, and as she smiled over her jewelled hillock of flickering candles, I saw my Maria sitting at a cocktail party—ice-blue eyes, ice-blond hair, and ice cubes reflecting light in the glass she held in her shapely hand. "How interesting," she said, and my husband smiled and said "Isn't it!," and my domestic troubles began. As I thought of that moment, I suddenly realized that I could no longer visualize my husband's face. But Maria's was there—clear, pale, classical, unforgivable. Although I still hated her, she had been only the

first in the series of preferences that wrecked our marriage.

"She's a painter, you know—our little Maria."

This really startled me. My Maria had been a painter, too. And not a very good one, as I'd lost no time in pointing out, with the maximum of malice, to my husband.

"You must see some of her work," Mrs. Abbot said. "I'm sure it would interest you."

"I'm sure it would. I'd like to, someday."

"Oh, we needn't wait *that* long," she said reassuringly. "They're here, you know."

I looked nervously around. "Oh, not here," Mrs. Abbot said. "Gerona's too towny for us. We're in—"

The drums gathered volume and I couldn't hear where Mrs. Abbot and her party were staying—which was a good thing, I thought, trying to concentrate on the procession. Modern

Spanish soldiers, in olive drab, were passing by now, and after the soldiers and penitents came the clergy and bishop, borne on a tide of pomp, and town councillors, whose potbellies emphasized the anticlimax by keeping time with the drums.

"Maria Dresden—that's the name she paints under!" Mrs. Abbot shouted at me. "Such a pretty name, don't you think? I always say she's like a piece of Dresden china herself."

And you're not the first to say it, I thought, forgotten bitterness sour in my mouth.

"You must drive over and see us!" Mrs. Abbot shouted. "We're staying at the hotel!"

Before I could answer with a lie, the crowd gave a moan of religious enthusiasm. The last *paso* came in sight, a shining glass tomb half submerged in giant candles and bleached palm leaves and tenderly held open by smiling angels with gold and silver wings. All around

me, people fell on their knees, and, forgetting Mrs. Abbot and the ghosts she had brought with her, I remembered I was in Spain and felt the beautiful, powerful joy of the traveller whose eyes have mastered a new experience.

No sooner had the tail of the procession moved down the slope than the crowd surged after it and Mrs. Abbot and I were separated. Feeling furiously, and believing myself to be thinking, I made my way down to my car.

NEXT morning, I was half inclined to think I'd imagined Mrs. Abbot. But while I was telling the gratified innkeeper about the beauties of the Holy Week procession in Gerona, she appeared. Close behind her were a youngish man inclined to baldness and a youngish woman with pleasant features and light-brown hair.

"There you are, dear!" Mrs. Abbot called out. "I *thought* you'd be here! You remember Leo? . . . And this is my daughter-in-law, Maria. . . . Polly Bedford. . . . Fancy, Polly thought she'd met you before!"

"Oh, dear," young Mrs. Abbot said. "I'm so bad at names! Of course, I remember you!"

We stared at each other, and then, as she chatted shyly but comfortably about excursions, food, and whether or not one could trust the drinking water, I realized—slowly, painfully—that the ice-blue eyes, the ice-blond hair had never existed outside the jealousy that had now vanished as completely as the ice cubes that had tinkled in a long-emptied highball glass. This gray-eyed, brown-haired, prettyish girl had never wantonly robbed me of a love that, since it could be taken from me, had not been mine. She smiled at Leo, and as she did so, I saw that their love was as charming as my husband's and mine had once been.

All at once, they seemed infinitely fragile, and, remembering the penitents' sombre figures stalking after the *pasos* past the savage landscape that spoke only of our relationship with the uncertain supernatural, I found myself wishing that their love might last longer than is usual. —MONICA STIRLING



"The sponsors of this program have experimentally eliminated all commercials. If you want to indicate that you endorse this policy, go immediately to your nearest druggist and buy a tube of Dentglo toothpaste."

Mrs. J. J. Collins is in Springdale, Pa., where she went to be of assistance to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Guy Battles, while Mr. Battles is in the hospital. Mr. Battles is the owner of two performing dogs; one plays the piano while the other sings.

—Bartlesville (Okla.) Record.

He'll get quite a reception when he comes home.

# PROFILES

## THERE'S NO PLACE~III

### VIII

#### *You Might As Well Observe the Rules*

JOHN P. MARQUAND began to feel like himself—or what he thought might conceivably be himself, since one never really knows—only when he and Allison Craig arrived at Kent's Island, the Marquand place outside Newburyport. The day had been a wearing one. He had taken the eight-o'clock train from New York to Boston with Craig, who was writing a biographical sketch of him for the magazine *Sweep*. The train ride had been something of an ordeal. Craig had asked a number of routine questions, which Marquand had answered perfunctorily but which had raised in his mind a host of memories and feelings. They had left the train at the Back Bay station, and Marquand had carried his suitcase and golf bag to the street. He had been determined not to let a redcap get his hands on them, since redcaps, like everybody else these days, charged ridiculous fees for their services. It was all part of the times.

Mr. Berry had been waiting for them in the parking space at the Back Bay station with the Buick. Mr. Berry was a countryman and had the countryman's tall, hardened, outdoor look about him. He took care of Marquand's place and occupied a house on the grounds, with his family. Marquand was fond of Mr. Berry. He admired Mr. Berry's skill with domestic animals and with the land. He occasionally resented Mr. Berry's skill, not in a serious way but as a measure of what he regarded as his own inadequacy. This would arise when he took his two small sons out on the Parker River, near their home, in the motorboat, and the motor would go dead. Marquand was a man who loved machinery, and the working of machinery, in a purely intellectual way. He loved to have the working of machinery explained to him, but he had little inclination to work it himself. And so when he and the two little boys would start off on an adventure down the Parker River and the motor would go dead, Marquand would stare at the damn thing and swear silently (he could swear with magnificent variety, but he restrained himself in front of the boys) and be completely frustrated. Then it was

necessary to row to shore and abandon ship and tramp through the salt hay to a telephone, and, in a voice that betrayed burning indignation, ask Mr. Berry to come down and fix the damn thing.

Mr. Berry had greeted Marquand at the station with the splendidly polite insulation of the countryman who works for the city man. In his every move, Mr. Berry revealed his independence, an independence Marquand deeply respected. Marquand often pondered the relationships between people. They were difficult enough at best, God knows, but especially difficult when someone worked for someone else and had his residence on the same grounds. The difficulty had become acute, in Marquand's mind, when Mr. Berry installed a television set. Marquand would not have one in his house. The two little boys and his young daughter—he suddenly missed the children and wondered what sort of mischief they were up to down in Greenwich—had wanted to go over to the Berry house and watch "Howdy Doody" and some other late-afternoon absurdities, and the Marquands had forbidden them to go. Marquand worried about this a good deal. He hoped he had not hurt the Berrys' feelings. He was a man who passionately wished not to hurt anyone's feelings.

Marquand had introduced Craig to Mr. Berry and, once they were settled in the car and had started driving off to the Somerset Club, on Beacon Street, for lunch, inquired after Daisy, one of the cows. Was she giving milk? Not too much, said Mr. Berry. And the new wing on the house—it was finished, wasn't it, and the papers had been cleared off the floor, and the spatterwork put in? They had, said Mr. Berry, they had indeed, and he felt that Mr. Marquand would be satisfied. As for news of Newburyport, there wasn't too much since his last visit, some weeks before. Still some talk about the old doctor's will, and who would get the tool chest and the bees—an item of current local interest.

Yes, the sight of Kent's Island was a welcome one at the end of a long and wearing day. Marquand had taken Craig to lunch at the Somerset Club, where Craig, as Marquand had predicted to himself, ordered the wrong thing. Craig had ordered *omelette aux*



W. LOTTON

*John P. Marquand*

*finer herbes*, a damn-fool thing to order at the Somerset Club, which had some of the finest food in the East—and especially when Minced Chicken Sam Ward was on the menu. Then Marquand had taken him to the Boston Athenæum for a short visit, and they had had an agreeable chat with Mr. Whitehill, the librarian, an impressive figure of a man with a round face and a huge, drooping mustache. Mr. Whitehill was the scholarly Boston type. Marquand had admired, as he admired so often on his visits to the library, a portrait, in the librarian's office, of a Hawaiian king, Kamehameha the Great, who was wearing a red waistcoat, and he had asked that they be taken into the Oval Room, where he pointed out to Craig the locked bookshelf containing many of the books from the library of George Washington. Mr. Whitehill had smiled peculiarly and remarked that in "The Late George Apley" Mr. Marquand had had Apley write a letter to his children in 1912 in which he mentioned an Apley family portrait that hung in that room. "Highly amusing," Mr. Whitehill had said pleasantly, "but I must point out that this room was not built until 1913. I yield to no man, of course," he had added hastily, "in my appreciation of the book as satire." Marquand had apologized for the error, and had then taken Craig over to the offices of Welch & Forbes, his trustees, where he discussed business matters for a few minutes. Mr. Forbes, with whom Craig spoke briefly, had said that he considered himself and

his partner "hewers of wood and drawers of water for J. P. Marquand," and Mr. Welch, with whom Craig also spoke briefly, had said that the firm was proud to "furnish logistic support to J. P. Marquand."

Marquand, Craig, and Mr. Berry then drove to Newburyport, along a new, broad, white highway, which, cutting through the heart of old New England, was dotted with signs advertising red-coach grills, ship's grills, jalopy races, fried clams, and cabins with steam heat, radios, and showers. One aspect of New England that even the most modern highway and the deepest-fried clam could not eradicate was the large number of cemeteries along the road—more cemeteries than Craig, who was a New Jersey boy himself, had ever before seen in the course of a thirty-mile ride. Since Marquand was absorbed in his own reflections, Craig permitted his mind to dwell upon the cemeteries, and he made a mental note to ask his superiors at *Sweep* to let him write a big, comprehensive article on the graveyards of New England sometime. He would call it "Buried History," and it would take in just about everything in New England life. But of course he knew he would never do anything about it. Mr. Berry interrupted Craig's and Marquand's thoughts by calling to Marquand from the front seat that he had heard a radio version of one of Marquand's Mr. Moto stories a couple of nights before, and that the author had been referred to as "James P. Marquand." Marquand said, "Damn! How ridiculous! I'll have my agent look into it," and he asked Mr. Berry if he would mind stopping for a minute at the Myopia Club. He wished to leave his golf bag there.

Marquand was exceedingly fond of the Myopia Club. There was a porch at the club for men and another one for women, and heaven help the women if they crossed the men's porch during restricted hours. Children were not allowed on the men's side of Myopia, and Marquand had once broken the rules by installing one of his little boys

on the porch outside the bar while he went inside for a moment, and one of the older members had raised Cain about the infraction. Marquand had been wrong, no doubt about it. One observed the rules of Myopia because one respected Myopia, and it was an institution of the North Shore. Marquand stayed somewhat aloof from the other members, a good many of whom looked upon him with the suspicion they reserved for anybody in "the writing game," as they put it. They suspected, perhaps with justice, that they were just

more grist to his mill—that he observed them with considerably more astuteness than they observed him. Of course, they failed to realize that Marquand needed the nourishment of Myopia in order to write about it, even in a satiric vein, for one had to love something solid, real, and permanent before one could bring oneself to satirize it. This escaped them. To them, Marquand was a man who lived by creative talent, and therefore, in a sense, was an outsider, but they were proud to know him and to say that they knew him. Marquand



*"You're so right. You'd think they'd have more sense, it being their business and all. Let me tell you about the last time I shopped there. And believe me it was the last time. They ran this big ad in the paper practically giving everything away free, according to them, so I raced down there. Well, you should have seen . . ."*



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had never fully formulated his views about them. He enjoyed wearing the canary-yellow-and-red tie of the club on club occasions when the wearing of it was in order, but he had a troubled realization that although this was something he enjoyed, he also enjoyed writing about it humorously. He got great pleasure out of coming down from Newburyport two or three days a week to take golf lessons from the club's pro, John Thoren, but he would never go out on the links with the boys and play a round. Marquand had played only once on the Myopia course, which was well laid out and tough. He could do fifty up at Newburyport (nine) and about a hundred at Myopia (eighteen), and Mr. Thoren, a sharp-eyed, athletic fellow, held him in the highest esteem. Marquand, in turn, enjoyed the company of Mr. Thoren and the relaxation of coming down and getting away from his work and the children, and driving a few for the pro. "Mr. Marquand," Thoren would say when Marquand took a practice swipe at the ball, "that would have been great." Marquand would have come down every afternoon if Thoren had been able to accommodate him. Thoren, for his part, felt that Marquand was topnotch. "He's good for a man of his age," he would tell other club members. Thoren especially liked the way Marquand would cry out, when he hit at the ball and missed, "Put me down for a goddam son of a bitch!" Marquand liked the bar at the Myopia. There was no bartender; one simply took one's own liquor—all of it bearing the Myopia label, consisting of an alert fox and a hunting horn—out of one's own locker, and poured oneself a drink. Marquand had liked poor old Peter, now dead. Peter had been a steward, and he had liked Marquand and said of him, "I like Mr. Marquand. He doesn't fuss with his food." And Marquand liked the idea of belonging to a club that had as its oldest member Mr. Isaac Thomas, a great old Ipswichian, a portrait of whom, wearing a slouch hat and a tweed coat, hung in the big room, and who would throw the entire membership out of the room if their noise interfered with his watching of a baseball game on television. Today, Marquand did not speak to anyone at the club, because nobody was there. He merely left his bag.

As soon as the car had started up again, headed for Newburyport, Marquand began to speak of his small children. He was worried about their education. There were times when he felt they

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should be educated in Greenwich; there were times when he felt they should be educated in New York; there were times when he felt they should be educated at some school near Newburyport. Children needed roots. Certainly they could not have them on the streets of New York. A school near Newburyport will have to be it, he told Craig. They will love the winters in Newburyport, the high winds and the deep cold, and then the visible changing of the seasons. But he was worried about getting them to school. They could take a train, of course. No, a car and chauffeur will drive them down and bring them home. He added that the entire discussion might be academic, since his wife, Adelaide, probably had some pretty firm notions of her own about their schooling. He promised himself to talk to her about it when he got back to Greenwich the next day. Mr. Berry turned off the road a few miles south of Newburyport and they passed through scrubby country. They were nearing Kent's Island, and Marquand was happier than he had been all day. He was, in a sense, coming home, although he knew that no place, anywhere, could guarantee happiness. When you came down to it, there was no place like home, wherever that might be. If it was at all.

IX

*A Great Many Good People Have Walked Over This Ground Ahead of You, Young Man*

KENT'S ISLAND, where the Marquands lived during the summer and early fall, and where Marquand had written most of his novels, was not an island at all in the orthodox, romantic sense. One did not take a boat to Kent's Island, saying farewell to the shore behind and landing in a remote place. To reach Kent's Island, one drove through the scrublands for a while, crossed a small, rickety, and somewhat dangerous bridge of wooden planks thrown across a sluggish stream—at the point where the bridge crossed, it was nothing more than a tiny, lazy, meandering trickle—and there you were, on Kent's Island. Granted that the approach was unromantic, and that if you did not tell a person he was about to reach an island, he would assume that he was just crossing a small, rickety arrangement of planks and heading toward a country estate, Kent's Island, for Marquand, *was* an island, even though technically it was an island only during high tide at the time of a full moon,

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when the marshes around it would fill up, and occasionally in the autumn, when the water would spill over the road and the salt spray would splash up inside one's automobile and possibly damage the motor.

After the Buick crossed the bridge, they could see Marquand's place ahead, amidst a clump of trees on a slight elevation—the main house, two stories high, magenta with gray-green trim; a barn across the road, and utility buildings behind; and a smaller house, where the Berrys lived, situated not far from the barn. Marquand told Craig that he had bought the place in 1935, and had built an addition to the main house in 1940. ("Let me get that down straight," Craig said, taking out his notebook. "The place itself in 1935, the addition in 1940.") Craig put the notebook back in his pocket.) Marquand had been adding a little here, a little there, ever since. There were four cows, some rats, and no horses, he said. Suddenly the automobile slowed down almost to a crawl and, proceeding at this pace, gave a terrific lurch as it passed over a high bump in the road; it moved on a few yards, gave another lurch as it passed over another bump, and then lurched again. "Adelaide put those mounds in the road to protect the children from cars speeding up here," Marquand explained. "They will slow down the fastest-moving car. Adelaide likes to call it 'a Greenwich idea.' They know I don't like suburbia, and therefore they like to call this effective notion 'a Greenwich idea.'" The car passed two old-fashioned metal street lamps, the kind originally intended for gas, and stopped in front of the main house. Some lilac bushes were clumped beside the stone walk to the front door of the big house, which had charming, farmhouse proportions and an easy, graceful stretch of wings and other additions. It was a house that had been lived in—comfortable and unpretentious.

Marquand took Craig into the entrance hall, and it would have been apparent to Craig, if Craig had been that kind of person, that Marquand's love of detail in his books—his intricate descriptions of the insides of houses—was a reflection of his interest in the details of his own house. Taking Craig from room to room, some of them on a level slightly lower or higher than the adjoining ones, and all of them giving the impression of

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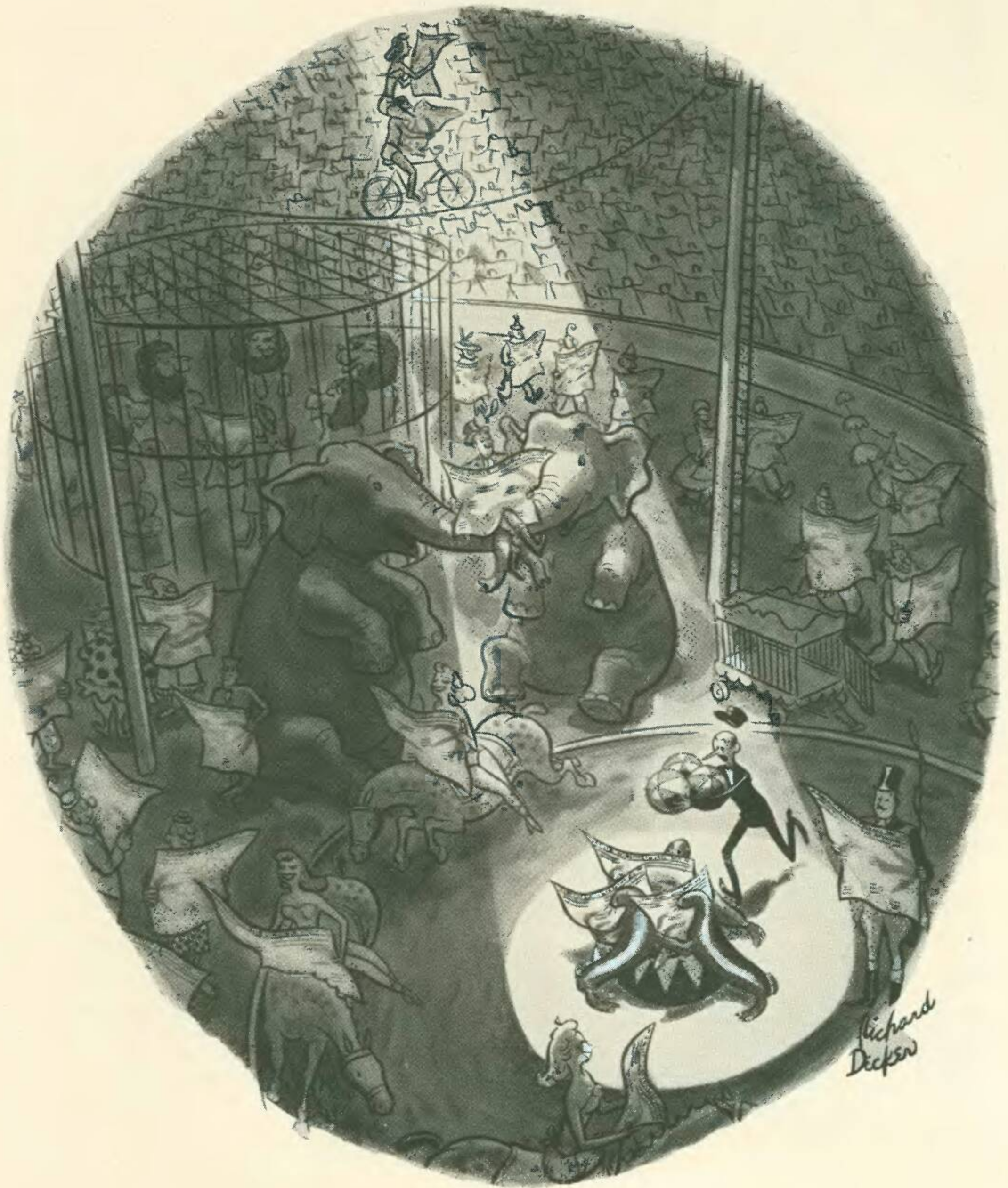
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having been lifted from the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Marquand drew his attention to a number of the furnishings and pictures. Here was a portrait of some ancestress, painted by Gilbert Stuart—a nice, refined, pretty inhibited old girl with a lace doily around her neck. Here was a dashing portrait of Marquand himself, by Alexander James. Here was a portrait of Hannah Gookin (Mrs. Richard Kent), an original settler. Here was an oil called "The Sister's Kiss," by Bouguereau. There was an abundance of fine old furniture, what seemed to Craig like dozens of Waterford glass decanters on sideboards, and a collection of children's mugs, some of them more than two hundred years old. There was an old clock with a flag and an eagle above its face, and there was an impressive picture of Vesuvius erupting. Marquand told Craig that he had sufficient knowledge of old American ships to gather from the painting, which had a sloop in the foreground, that the time of the picture must have been around 1810. Some ship captain had doubtless been in the Bay of Naples at the time and watched the eruption, and ordered the picture painted as a souvenir of the event. Craig said he wouldn't know. Marquand led Craig through another hallway—wings had been added to wings—into what had formerly been his study and was now a sort of trophy room, decorated with souvenirs of his books and significant events in his life. On the walls were framed illustrations from the serial versions of "The Late George Apley" and "Wickford Point" and "H. M. Pulham, Esquire," a wooden model of an old Yangtze River junk, which he had bought in Shanghai and which was falling apart, and an intricately carved love stick and a mask from Truk, which he had picked up while he was in the Pacific during the last war. And there were family photographs all over the place. This old study of his was about to become the bar. He would move its present contents (he had *another* study, his *real* study, in another building, and he would show that to Craig later) to a room in the new wing, off the living room. The old study with the love stick and mask had turned out to be a passageway to the downstairs bathroom, and the little children had always been racing through and interrupting him. The new study, in the new wing, would prove a haven of quiet for reading. It had fine new bookshelves, and a desk, and plenty of heat from a Franklin stove—an idea of Adelaide's. By God, there

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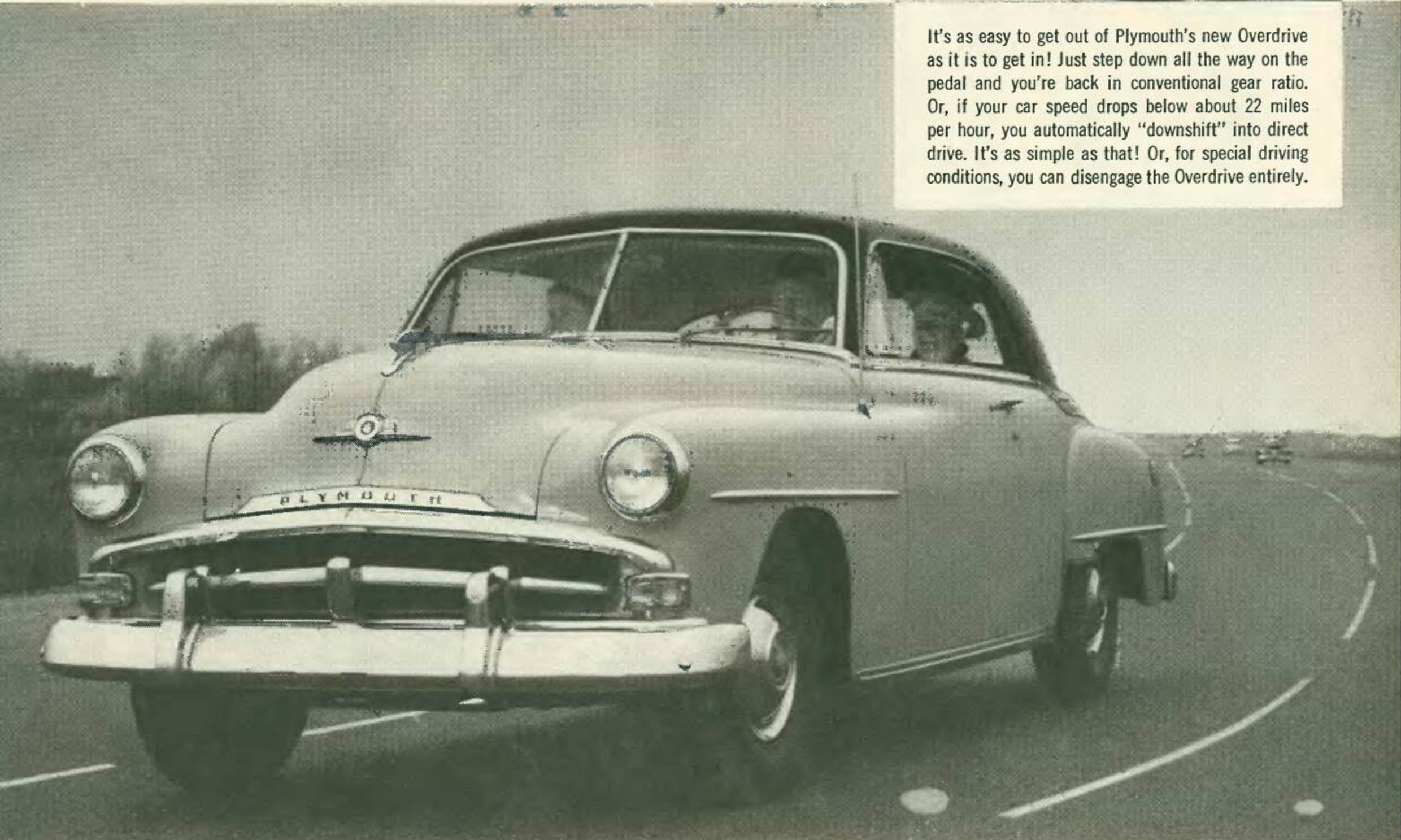
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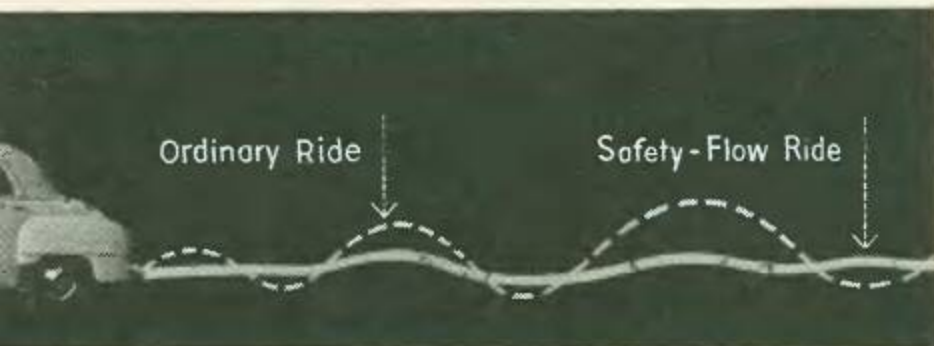
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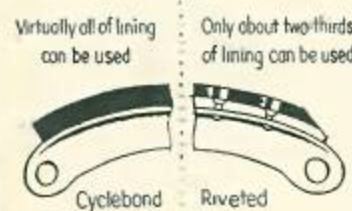
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was nobody who could fix a room up like Adelaide! There were four windows in it, too, so he could gaze out across the marshes at the tracks of the Boston & Maine Railroad in the distance. Adelaide, he said, did not like the idea of being able to see the tracks from the house. They didn't affect him one way or another.

Marquand suggested to Craig that they walk about the grounds. They walked to a high spot on the five-hundred-acre property, from which one could see a mile and a half across the gentle countryside to the sea itself. Marquand knew the area well. He loved it, and he spoke lovingly of it. In the old days, he said, the salt hay was used for fodder. The earliest settlers had done well with it. Marquand seemed almost completely relaxed now, and he walked in an easy, hunched-forward manner, as though he had fallen into the physical pattern of a man who was accustomed to take long walks through open country. Standing there, he looked like a squire in the Cotswolds. He talked of the water problems at Kent's Island—of how when they came there (owning a home near Newburyport had long been a dream), there were five or six wells on the property. They soon discovered there was no water. Engineers were hired, and they put in a contraption that, miraculously, provided seven gallons of water a minute, but the water was a thick broth as it emerged from the faucets. As the next step—into his recitation, Marquand interpolated cries of "Damn living in the country! Damn plumbers!"—the engineers installed a huge, nightmarish object in the basement, a thing with twisting wheels and dials that resembled a badly designed submarine engine room. That didn't work, either. Then the engineers came up with another idea—some tubes to be attached to the dials and wheels. At great expense, this was accomplished, and the water trickled through the tubes, and the manganese (that was what caused the trouble, manganese in the water) was removed, and—eureka!—they now had water. But something was always going wrong with the cock lock or something, or the pipes went crazy; it was all part of the burden of living in the country and of trying to plant a few roots. It was practically impossible to plant roots any more in America. There was either high overhead or social snobbery or remoteness from schools or general incompetence when it came to getting things properly fixed. Take tree surgeons. Marquand said that the damn

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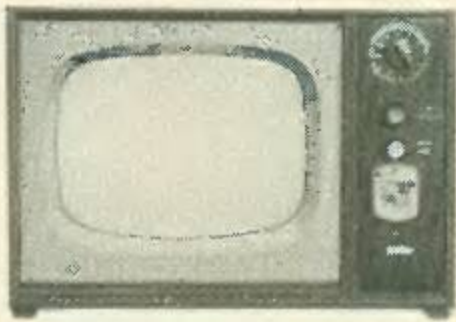
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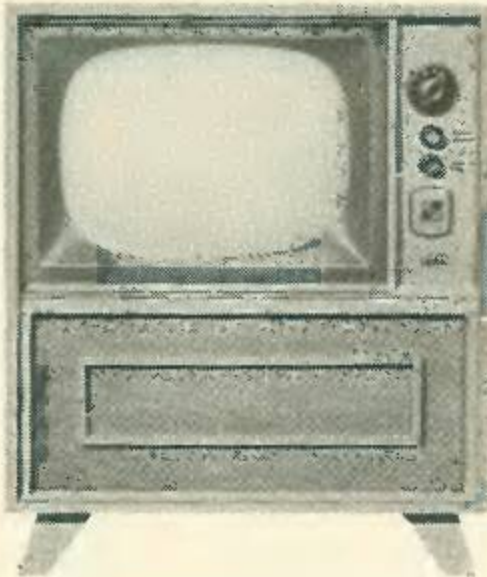
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tree surgeons would come out, climb a tree, poke around its branches as though they were listening for heart trouble, cut off a little here and a little there, and nothing but disaster resulted. They could find something when nothing was wrong. By God, that water thing, now he came to think of it, *had* exasperated him, and one day his friend Kenneth Roberts had come down with his divining-rod man, Henry Gross, and Mr. Gross had taken his magic stick and walked all around the place, holding it over the ground and talking to it in confidential tones, as though he were talking to an old, old friend. "Here?" Mr. Gross would ask the stick, and then he would say, "No? All right, over here, then. Ah, a little farther?"—and so on. Marquand had observed the scene with deep amusement, and when Mr. Gross announced that he had discovered water twenty feet below the ground, Roberts had got so excited that Marquand thought his friend might be willing to put up the money to dig a hole and find out if water was really there. But Roberts had felt it was not his responsibility, and Marquand had gone back to the engineers with the submarine wheels and dials.

While telling of the water problem and the tree-surgeon problem, Marquand became ill at ease again. He had caught sight of a wire enclosure containing two beagles who were barking loudly and scratching wildly at the wire, and he walked over to it. "Why, those goddam dogs!" Marquand said, with some violence. "They don't even know their own names. Adelaide calls them David and Goliath, and they are quite stupid." He stopped and looked at them contemptuously for a moment. "Stupid dogs!" he cried. They kept right on barking and scratching. "Really stupid dogs!" Marquand said to Craig. "I don't like beagles. I have two golden retrievers, Buster and Sandy, and *they* are dogs." He told Craig that the sight of the beagles had upset him, they were so damn stupid, but he did want Craig to see his real study—a room that was part of the old woodshed, behind the barn, which had originally been the carriage house. It was here that he had written his novels, and he was quite sentimental about it. It gave him a sense of relaxation and repose. From its windows he could see—as Craig himself could see when they entered the square slate-blue room—the countryside all around, with its fences. They could not see the beagles and their nasty enclosure. It was the room of a cultured, solid, aloof, and disorderly but



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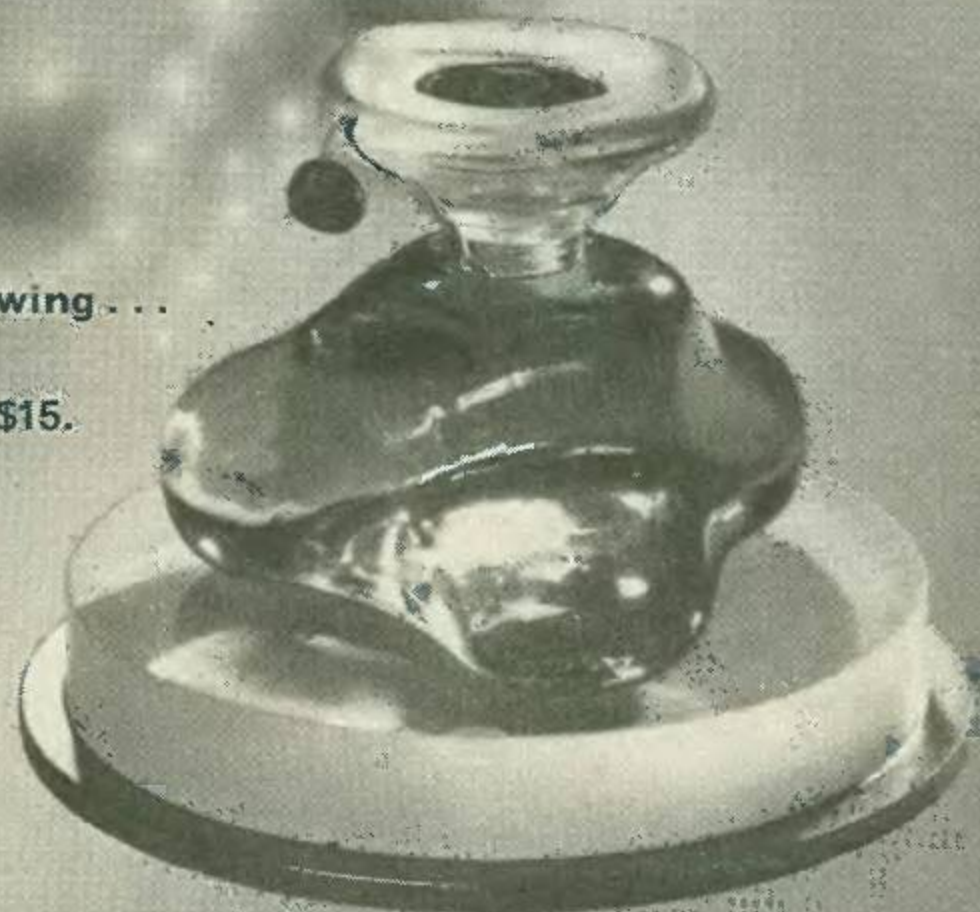
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basically integrated man. There was much of the past in the room: a pair of Queen Anne chairs, a Jacobean rush chair (c. 1625), a clock that had been made on London Bridge, fine old blue plates commemorating General Lafayette's arrival at Castle Garden on the sixteenth of August, 1824, two pastels of the territory around Kent's Island, a very ancient desk with a secret drawer, a pine cabinet that had been salvaged from a beautiful old house in Newburyport, a pine blanket chest from Maine, a bust of Emerson—old Gardi Fiske had given it to him, and because Gardi Fiske had given it to him, he kept it. A low table, not an antique, served as a desk, and there was a green leather chair. There was a hooked rug on the floor, and the rug had a profusion of browns and blues in it. The old mingled with the new, the past called to the present. All over the room were books, papers, and pamphlets—books by Plato, Hudson, Taine, Hazlitt, Galsworthy, Rabelais; books on China; *Who's Whos*; bulletins from various banks; resort pamphlets; the short-story collections of O'Brien; an *Information Please Almanac*; and Justin Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America."

Marquand found some Scotch somewhere, and he and Craig sat down to have a drink. Marquand said nothing for a while. He seemed to be absorbing the peace and quiet of his study, and the memories of the room and what he had written there seemed to be flooding through him. Craig had no questions to ask; he was pleased just to be there in the room with Marquand, and Marquand was too pleased at the moment to worry much about Craig. He did worry a little, though, about how this fellow Craig made out in his job. "I suppose," Marquand said unexpectedly, "that everybody on the *Transcript* when I was there wanted to write novels. They all wanted to write the Great American Novel. I didn't think much about writing until I left college. And then I was in newspaper work, and then the war came, and then I went into advertising, and I hated advertising. God, I hated advertising! I hated the notion of having to lick any goddam boss's boots. Perhaps writing springs from one's desperate desire to be independent, from the feeling that if one isn't oneself, one dies. This is my room, this is where I write, and this is the room I love. I never thought much about writing. I wanted my freedom from the nine-to-five grind, and when I graduated from that and was doing

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magazine work, I wanted freedom from the tyranny of plot, and so many words to a piece, and all that. Serial-writing is surrounded with obstructions and brakes that hold a writer back. I just wanted to be myself, I guess, and tell it the way I wanted to tell it."

Outside the study, it was growing dark. Craig, who had been drinking his drink rather too quickly, looked over at Marquand, seated in a high chair by a window, glass in hand, patrician head held high, and for a moment it seemed to Craig—although Craig knew that he could never put his impression down in words—that Marquand looked like an intensely intelligent boy who had proved himself and was now enjoying himself in the place where he had proved himself. Marquand had on his face a certain expression of pain—pain at what he had seen of the world and the people in it—but he also showed satisfaction at the observing role he had played. Emboldened by the drink, Craig asked Marquand if he would take him over to Curzon's Mill, where Marquand had spent so much time with his maiden aunts as a boy. He knew that Curzon's Mill was a source of some distress to Marquand—that he had been involved in a bitter fight with his cousins, the Hales (his paternal aunt had married a Hale—Herbert Dudley Hale), over the disposition of the property—but he nevertheless asked if he could see the place. A look of dismay passed fleetingly over Marquand's face. His clear blue eyes narrowed. He rubbed his mustache reflectively for a second or two, and then he said, "All right, let's go."

The journey was a hard one for Marquand. The mill meant so much to him. In a sense, it was his past, and although he denied that he had based "Wickford Point" upon the neighborhood around the Yellow House, the Red Brick House, and the old mill, on the Artichoke River, which constituted Curzon's Mill, it was difficult to believe that he had not unconsciously made this area, which was so much a part of him, a part of the book. The two men climbed into the Buick and drove through Newburyport, past the site of Marquand's old schoolhouse; past the



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store of Mr. Davis, the druggist, who was in his late eighties and still drove out to Salisbury Beach each Sunday at twelve miles an hour, holding up traffic for miles behind; past the Unitarian Church, with its beautiful white steeple, which Marquand had helped to restore. They drove out of town and several miles down the road, and Marquand pointed out the leaf-covered cemetery, wind-swept in the dusk, where his mother was buried, near many, many of his relatives. They drew up before the Yellow House, the front part of which had been built in 1782, as a hunting lodge for a man in Marblehead. It was sleepy and old, the Yellow House, and the big room in the rear with the bay window looked out upon the Artichoke River, and upon the Merrimack, too. The house had the smell of antiquity, and its rooms the quiet, indescribable air of places in which many people had lived many years. There was a peace pervading the Yellow House, the peace of the past. The old forsythia was still outside the door, and inside one could still see the four-poster bed Marquand's mother had slept in. The backgammon-and-domino room—the big one with the bay window—had the blinds drawn the way his great-aunt, Aunt Mary, had wanted them drawn. Aunt Mary's room was upstairs. "I was born here," she always said, "and I hope to die here." And she did. There were old pictures all over the place—of the Oregon going around the Cape, with Admiral Clarke, a cousin of his mother's, at the wheel, and pictures of the family canoeing, and family, family, family portraits. Most important of all was the quiet, and as Craig went up and down the twisting stairs, and from room to room, with their mementos of life lived and gone, he should have felt, but didn't, that sense of the past that hung so heavily over John P. Marquand and that, combined with his acute observation of the present, had produced the writer of novels. Marquand, for his part, said little, except to point out a knickknack here and the sharp angle of a stairway there and the banisters that had been added through the years. He said he could remember that when he was a boy he heard the slap-slap-slap of the sturgeon on the Merrimack River, and that his Aunt Mary said she could remember the Indians paddling across from Amesbury, on the other side, and that John Greenleaf Whittier had come over occasionally to read his works to Aunt Mary, on whom he had a crush. Craig and Marquand walked on the riverbank, along the untended path, past

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birch, white pine, oak, and red pine—the pines had blisters on them now—and saw the old boat landing, now unused, and the spot where Sunday-night suppers were once held. There was a rock, too, for picnics, but there were no longer any picnics. Had not an airplane suddenly wheeled above them, high in the sky, Marquand would have been almost overcome by the sense of the past, so lost was he in the memories of his youth.

If it hadn't been for that airplane, Marquand might never have been reminded of the present at all that late afternoon at the mill, and might never have thought about the fight over it. The fight had annoyed him. It had annoyed him terribly—especially the accompanying publicity. People should be permitted to have their family feuds in private, goddam it. He had had a row with his cousins, the Hales, and had gone to court over the ownership of the property. The Hales outraged him, and he outraged the Hales. They made a good deal of noise, and when they said they thought the old mill itself belonged to them—it was hard by the Yellow House, and had once been a tidal mill, grinding corn as the tide in the Artichoke rose and fell—the fight was on. Everybody in the family was sentimental about the property, God knows, and Marquand was within his legal rights when he asked for an auction. The Hales knew he could outbid them. (The legal business about who owned what parcel of land in the property was too complicated ever to be made clear to an outsider.) Marquand arrived in the Salem court with a battery of derbied Boston lawyers. The Hales turned up with a local attorney. Marquand took the case more seriously than the Hales. He was wrought up about it. He arose in court and made an impassioned speech about the jungle creeping in on the scenes of his childhood, but the court nevertheless awarded the mill to the Hales, and the two houses—the Yellow House and the Red Brick House—to him. But his heart was set on the mill. He threatened to go to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts with the wretched case, and the Hales knew that he could outlast them financially. Finally, a settlement was made. He got the mill and the Yellow House. They got the Red Brick House. He said nothing of all this to Craig as he took him into the mill—a striking building, with an old mill wheel in the big room upstairs, and beside it a new refrigerator, still unpacked, which was awaiting the arrival of his eldest daughter, Christina, and her family. They

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were going to spend the summer in the mill. He could not bring himself to say anything at all to Craig about the mill. Either one loved its quiet and peace and sense of the past or one didn't. What could he tell Craig, anyway? And besides, it was dark outside now, completely dark, and the shades were drawn in the room with the bay window in the Yellow House, and Aunt Mary was gone, and one no longer heard the slap-slap-slap of the sturgeon on the Merrimack, and the pine trees were growing older and older, and he, John P. Marquand, home today on a mission, had to be at the Tuesday Night Club in ten minutes. He had almost forgotten about the paper he was to read. He had almost forgotten that it was the reason for his trip to Newburyport. He and Craig climbed into the Buick and sped back to town.

X

*Gather Round, Friends*

THE Tuesday Night Club had been organized December 16, 1911. It was one of the many New England clubs in which congenial friends with similar intellectual interests gathered to dine together and listen to a paper and engage in a discussion of the essayist's—to use the club's term—remarks. New England was dotted with such clubs, composed of earnest, thoughtful men. The members were carefully chosen, and family breeding played its proper role in determining a member's mental qualifications. The whole idea was a holdover from the Transcendentalist period and reflected New England's preoccupation with affairs of the mind. Other parts of the country could have groups that sang barbershop quartets or played poker until all hours, but New England still preferred to hear a paper on a topic of general interest. The Tuesday Night Club, which met every second Tuesday night at one or another member's house—the host served cocktails or punch and a buffet dinner—had been formed in rebellion against the Fortnightly Club of Newburyport, which also met on Tuesdays and which required its members to wear formal dress and served a sit-down dinner, without drinks. The Tuesday Night Club, branching off, had felt that a few drinks before dinner could not but aid the juices of the mind and produce somewhat better discussions. There was still another club in Newburyport—the Monday Night Club, which met on Wednesdays. Topics discussed at meetings of the Tuesday Night Club cov-

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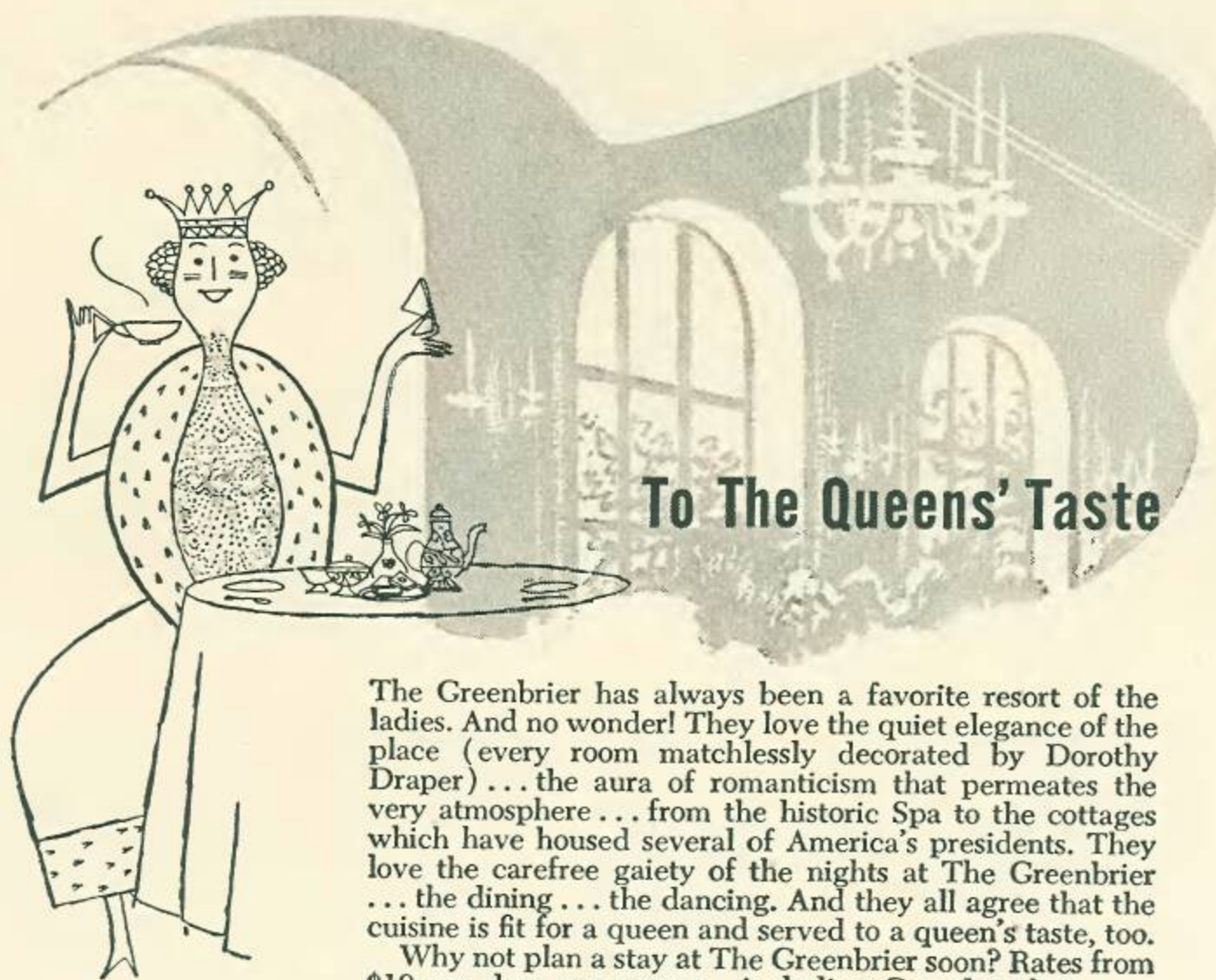
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ered a wide range of human affairs—"Neighbors," "Józef Pilsudski," "New Frontiers," "Sheep Dog Trials," "Old Newburyport Industries," "Early Autos in Newburyport," and "One of the Greatest: A Life of Dante." Marquand, who became a member in 1938—his father was already a member—had delivered a number of papers. One of them—"Where Are You, Prince?"—had been received with applause at its conclusion—the seventh time in the club's history, according to the minutes of the group, that a contribution had been so received. On another occasion, Marquand had discussed a trip he once took from Kalgan, in China, just inside the Great Wall, through Inner and Outer Mongolia; he had discussed Ascension Island once, and Honolulu the same year ("a practiced, masterly hand," the minutes of the meeting recorded), and Hollywood, in a paper that had been pronounced, again according to the minutes, "an outstanding paper, amusing, informative, profane." The longest paper read at the Tuesday Night Club during its entire history had taken seventy-two minutes, and the shortest, a discussion of the first armored American warship, the Merrimac, had lasted only six. This evening, Marquand, who had come to Newburyport for the sole purpose of delivering his paper, was to speak on "The Last American Plane from Peking." He had dictated the paper the afternoon before to his secretary, Miss Davis, in his New York apartment, talking swiftly, scraping at his mustache, pacing up and down the room, and when Miss Davis left, he had revised the paper in ink, in his small, almost illegible hand, chopping things out here and there and making it ship-shape enough to be read aloud in an easy, carefree manner.

On the way to the meeting, which was to be held on this particular evening at the home of Mr. L. P. Dodge, at 106 High Street, Marquand told Craig that he was certain Mr. Dodge would serve, prior to the meal, a punch consisting of unsweetened pineapple juice, gin, and rum. He suggested that Craig watch how much he consumed, for the drink was considerably more powerful than it tasted. Marquand was right, of course. He and Craig arrived a few minutes after seven, and Mr. Dodge's quietly handsome antique sitting room—his was a two-story frame house, something of an anachronism on High Street, famous for its series of fine old Federalist mansions—was already filled with members, many with glasses in their hands. Among the people present were



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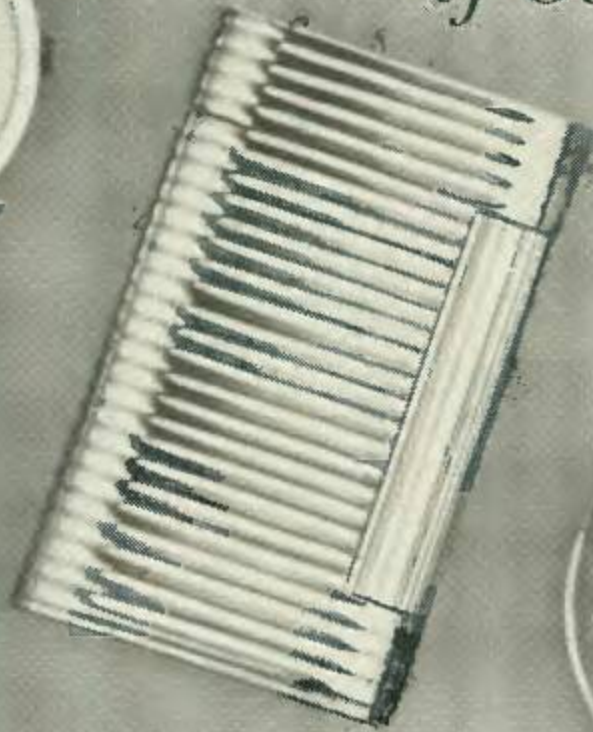
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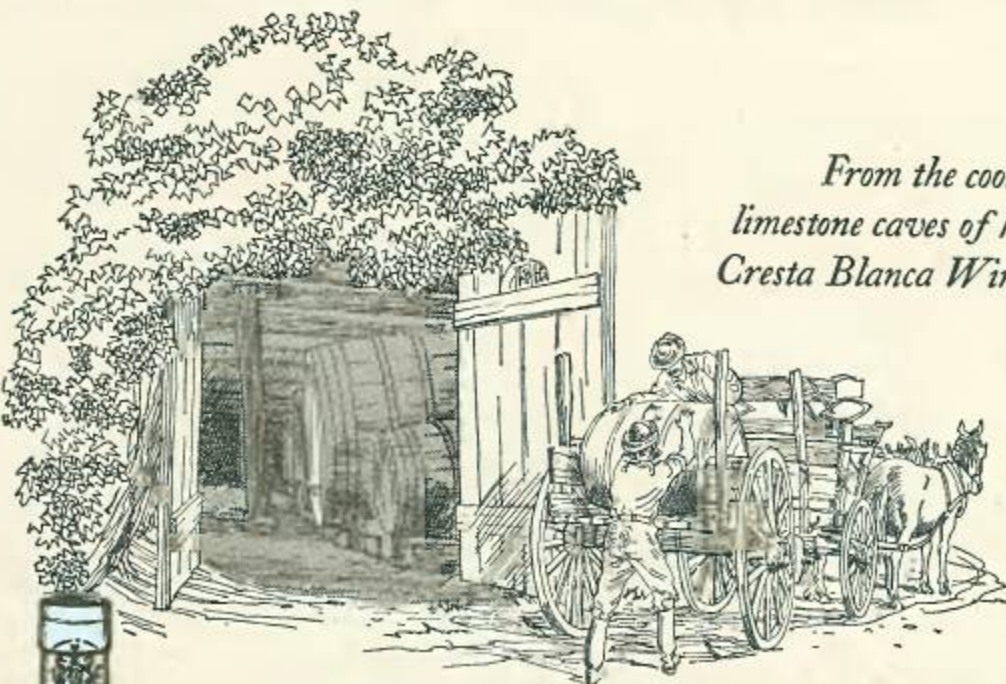


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Mr. Dodge himself, a spare, tall man, a retired broker; Arthur P. Brown, also a retired broker; Laurence Hayward, a retired clergyman; Dana C. Wells, a short, white-haired gentleman and Marquand's old physics teacher at Newburyport High; Milton L. Dodge, a cousin of L. P., who owned several important patents on shoe machinery, and his son Allen A., who was associated with him in business; Morris B. Wood, a manufacturer of electrical appliances; Thomas M. Mercer and Edgar D. Dunning, teachers; Melvin F. Ames, Charles F. A. Hall, and Howard W. Rogers, doctors; James T. Connolly, a lawyer; and Charles C. Withers, the president of the Towle Manufacturing Company, a silverware concern and Newburyport's largest industry. They were engaged, when Marquand and Craig arrived, in the quiet buzz of friendly conversation that old friends fall into without difficulty. Nothing special was being said; acquaintances were being renewed after two weeks, or less, for most of the members had seen one another since the last meeting.

The evening went well. Marquand's face soon acquired a boyish flush. He was home, among his own, an honored novelist, a world celebrity, and while he relished the idea of speaking to the Tuesday Night Club, he still felt a youthful inability to believe that it was he, John P. Marquand, who had stood in this same Mr. Dodge's living room so many years ago and asked Mr. Dodge, in vain, for one of the Harvard Club scholarships to Harvard. Now he was not only one of them but perhaps—and the thought was one he honestly wished to dismiss—perhaps one of the most celebrated among them. They liked him, they honored him, they were pleased to listen to his paper. The membership had its fill of unsweetened pineapple juice, gin, and rum. "Real New England rum, this is," Mr. Dodge told Craig, and then took him aside and told him about Marquand's having come to see him about the scholarship. The members repaired to the dining room, where a buffet dinner of chicken à la king, mixed salad, a rice dish with tomato sauce, almond pie, beer, and coffee was served. The members sat down at little tables, scattered about the room, or at the big table, in the center. The talk was easygoing. Some discussed old times in Newburyport, when sleighs went down High Street in the deep snow; others talked of present-day skiing nearby; the doctors discussed medicine, not in terms of recent scientific discovery so much as in terms of their individual practices and



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the local common colds. When dinner was over, everybody went back to the sitting room, and John P. Marquand, seated in a huge, high-backed chair, facing his friends and neighbors, who sat on chairs and sofas around the room, began to read his paper on "The Last American Plane from Peking." He read in a slow, measured, friendly tone. He was home, among friends. He was where he belonged, and his friends listened to his clear-cut, crisp, and yet sentimental narrative with deep attention. He told of Peking—a city he loved, as he said in the paper, for its great medieval walls, its mysticism and magic, its soothsayers, its *fêng-shui*, its variety of diversions, its rice cakes, its confectioners and barbers, its pageantry, its pavilions and palaces, its Temple of Heaven, its ancient bell tower and its imperial city. He said that the city from the air looked like a willowware plate. "The willows around the mud-walled farm villages," he said, "were coming into leaf, and in the air there was the faint smoky haze that exists even on the clearest day. It was the haze of the loess dust from Shansi and the yellow dust from the Gobi Desert, which have always blown over China since the hills were denuded of trees." He had been out there in 1947, with an admiral, and the admiral's main concern before their plane landed was whether the welcoming committee standing below on the airstrip were wearing neckties. The novelist in Marquand delighted in this thought; he twisted it and turned it and rounded it out. Then he told of having dinner, with plenty of warm rice wine, at the home of a General Li, whose interpreter turned out to be a Harvard man—'21. "When it appeared that I, too, had gone to Harvard," he said, "General Li said that I was his eldest brother, and the Mayor of Peking embraced us both."

The moment Marquand finished, his old physics teacher, Mr. Wells, who had been clocking the paper, cried out, "Thirty-two minutes!" Marquand sat back, beaming, and awaited the question period. Each person in the room was asked, in turn, what he thought of the paper. Each said that he thought it had been an exceptional picture of Peking. A number of them wished to know more about the language and culture of China, and Marquand, by now actually giving the impression that he was enjoying himself, talked on and on, of street fakirs and theatricals, of the blind storytellers, of the difficulties Chinese scholars faced these days under the new regime, of having been hit on the knee from



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behind by a coolie at the airport. Without any fuss, the members paid small, gracious, reserved compliments to Marquand. They told him quietly how fond of him they were; how glad they were that he had gone out to the far corners of the world, had written his books, and had brought back just such knowledge as he had displayed this evening. Marquand looked as gratified as a man receiving an honorary degree from the college in his home town. After all, it *was* something to have best-sellers behind one, to read a paper, to be among friends, to have made good. And yet, Marquand felt in his heart a sadness about the past. The past was there, and the past was real, and it could never be wiped out.

The meeting broke up about ten o'clock. The members put on their hats and coats and walked out the door of Mr. Dodge's house onto High Street—a study now in black-and-white. The fine old gleaming Federalist houses, with their clean white fences and cupolas and widows' walks, and their memories of a great seafaring day, stood like watchmen in the night. Mr. Dodge, at the door, whispered into Craig's ear. "If I had known then what I know now," he said, "I would have given him the scholarship." And Craig, who was to return to New York, and to his wife and to his children, and who was to try and write about John P. Marquand—a man he could never understand, since human beings can never understand one another—looked at Mr. Dodge, and at Marquand, too, standing alone in the shadow of the great houses. He did not say, as he might have said, "Then perhaps he would not have written the novels." Instead, he merely said, "Thank you for a most enjoyable evening."

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

(This is the last of a series of articles.)

#### BLOT THAT METAPHOR!

[From the Times]

To drive home his point that an increase in bank credit without a corresponding rise in physical production inevitably increased prices, Senator Douglas began emptying glass after glass of water into an empty tumbler before him. When the water was all over the committee table and spilling over on the floor he said that was the way excess credit went about bidding up prices for short supplies.

As committee aides scurried about with towels to soak up the water, Mr. Douglas suggested that far less damage was done by the water than by the excess bank credit created by the Treasury's easy-money bias and insistence on low interest charges on Government obligations.



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## THE RACE TRACK

*Standing Room Only*



SO far, the sensation of the fledgling racing season on Long Island has been not a horse but the horseplayers. In the first five days at Jamaica, 150,046 aficionados passed through the gates, a total that would certainly have been a lot bigger if the weather hadn't been downright abysmal last Saturday. At that, 34,037 turned out in the wind and the rain that afternoon. This big parade to the track is hardly a surprise, of course. Hialeah and Tropical Park, in Florida, had unusually successful meetings, and so did Santa Anita, in California. Laurel, in Maryland, is doing all right, too. For months we have had it dinned into us that the increase in attendance is due to the decrease in off-the-course betting. (For my part, I prefer to believe that people go because they like to see horses run.) It seems that with the law's hot breath down the backs of their necks, all the big bookmakers shut up shop. However, if you are known, or vouched for, you can always get a small bet down with the book on the block. By the way, the book on the block has a new wrinkle these days. When he takes bets on horses running here, he picks the slips up in the evening at a bar-and-grill or some such, pops down to the track next day, and dumps into the tote the wagers he doesn't want to hold. This would scarcely account for the big jump in the pari-mutuel figures, though. (The turnover in the tote for the five days last week was \$11,491,077, as compared to \$9,348,950 for the corresponding period last year.) It's my guess that there's just more betting money around. Anyway, everybody is pleased.

IT'S a little embarrassing to find myself so wrong about Spartan Valor, who romped off with the Excelsior Handicap at Jamaica last weekend. When he was making a clean sweep of his four starts at Hialeah, I thought that he was just another of those winter-track wonders and that we'd never hear of him again once the spring season began. Herewith, that estimate is revised. Tripoli, a fast trick with an eighteen-pound advantage in the weights, scooted into a long early lead in the Excelsior, but Spartan Valor wore him down be-

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fore he'd gone three-quarters of the distance—a mile and a sixteenth—and then won comfortably from Greek Ship. It takes a better-than-average colt to do that sort of thing. Spartan Valor looks better than average, too. He's a big, well-made fellow, with a fine head and a noble bearing—altogether a handsomer animal than his sire, Attention. As you've heard by now, the Excelsior was Spartan Valor's fifth straight victory. His next start will, I fancy, be in the Gallant Fox Handicap, on April 26th. If he can win that one, he'll top the list in almost everybody's book—including the official handicapper's.

The Paumonok Handicap, won by Woodchuck, was as boisterous an affair as I've seen in some time. Runners were all over the track, and after the finish the stewards disqualified one of them—Jumbo, who finished third—for failing to keep a straight course. Woodchuck, who had a big following until Spartan Valor whittled him down to size at Hialeah a few weeks ago, raced with Squared Away to the stretch and then went on to win by three and a half lengths. Incidentally, he did the six furlongs in 1:09 $\frac{4}{5}$ , which is stepping right along, even on the Jamaica track, which everyone says is exceptionally fast this year.

In case you overlooked it, Repertoire, the horse who can't spell, must have had a jockey who can't count calories; the animal carried a hundred and twenty-two pounds in the Paumonok, a pound more than had been assigned to him, and came in seventh. Diogenes Checkpoints wonders if the overweight did him in.

I can't say that I was held spellbound by Hannibal's performance last week in winning the Experimental Free Handicap No. 1, although some horse watchers were. To be sure, it looked pretty spectacular, for he came up with a great rush through the stretch, but the colts he beat were a moderate lot. Granted that Hannibal has grown and has an impressive way of galloping, I suggest you reserve judgment on him, at least until after the Experimental Free Handicap No. 2 this weekend. But I suppose horseplayers can't wait.

—AUDAX MINOR

... but if it had run its course it might at least have removed some of the worse misconceptions of a situation about which there has been far too much misunderstanding all around.—From an editorial in the Herald Tribune.

Far too much misunderstanding than what?



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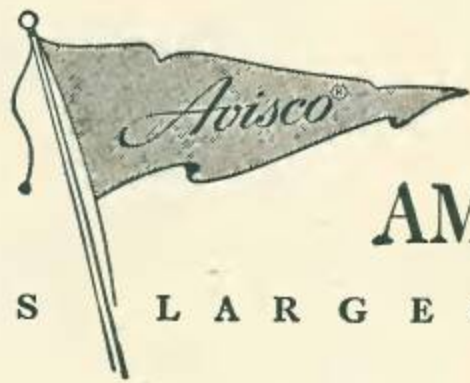
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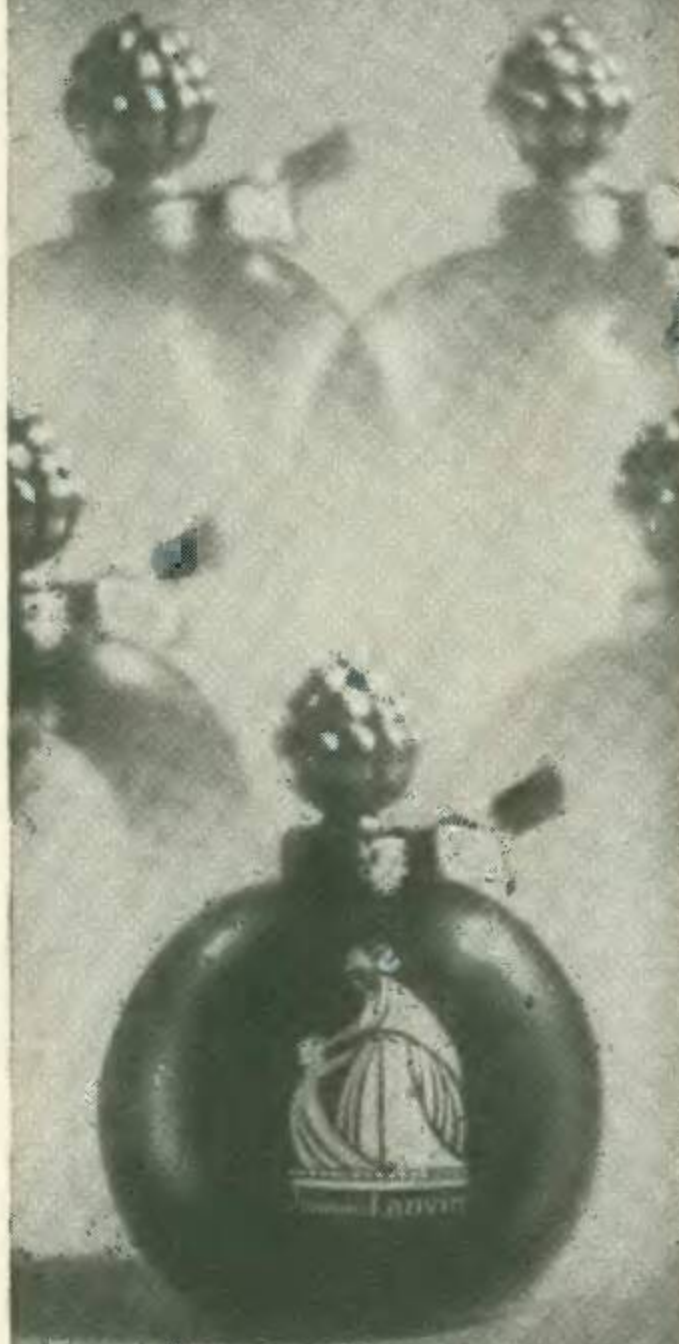


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### ANYTHING GOES

**TANGIER** ACCORDING to the latest figures I have seen, there are eighty-five banks and forty-two brothels in Tangier, a city with a hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Next week, there will probably be more. Often during the past three thousand-odd years, this harbor at the northwestern tip of Africa, opposite Gibraltar, has been dormant, but today it is booming lustily. Tangier owes its well-being to the confused state of the world at large. "Tangier is waiting for you," says a frequent ad in the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune*. "Tangier knows NO restrictions of any kind!" Tangier knows no currency controls, trade barriers, immigration quotas, loyalty checks, red tape, or draft registration. Its prosperity grows in direct ratio to the agonies and restrictions of the outside world. It is one of the few places on earth where anything goes. You can freely import or export, buy or sell, deposit or withdraw gold in bullion, ingots, or coins. Here you can still see Napoleon twenty-franc pieces, American ten-dollar gold double eagles, Swiss twenty-franc gold pieces, British gold sovereigns, Australian gold half sovereigns, and other forms of ready money that most Americans have never seen in their lives. There are no taxes of any importance here—no income tax, no sales tax, no corporation tax, no inheritance tax. All that is needed to set up a corporation is nominal capital—say, five hundred dollars—a local address, and a corporation officer who is a resident. There are more than twenty-five hundred corporations in town. In one recent twelve-month period, over five hundred were set up, some of which lasted just long enough to complete one transaction. The only requirement for admission into this Elysium is a valid passport. Once you've been legally admitted, no questions are asked. The weather is balmy all year round, and the cost of living is low. True, there was a native riot here recently, but it was only a pale reflection of much more vigorous nationalistic upheavals outside Tangier—a purely sympathetic disorder. In fact, one American woman, knitting by her living-room window, was unaware that

the riot was going on until a stray rock broke the glass. In these universally jittery and oppressive times, life here seems almost too good to be true.

Tangier is many things to many men. To wealthy Europeans worrying about a war, the Russians, controlled economies, taxation, and inflation, it is an ideal repository for capital. On January 1, 1950, there were ten tons of gold in the banks of Tangier. By July 31st, five weeks after the outbreak of the Korean war, there were sixteen tons, and by December 1st thirty tons. The flow of bullion into the city seems to have slackened recently, probably because the world appears to have settled down a little, but it is safe to assume that Tangier will go on being one of the richest deposits of precious metals on earth for a long time to come. To military deserters and to political refugees of any persuasion, Tangier is a sanctuary. On its café terraces, former Vichy Frenchmen, ex-Nazis, neo-Nazis, Trotskyites, Spanish refugees from Franco, German Jews who fled Hitler's Germany, and refugees and agents from the Iron Curtain countries sit side by side, though not in harmony. To shady capitalists with a predilection for high finance, including its black-market aspects, Tangier is the Promised Land. Some people who came here a few years ago without so much

as a hat or an overcoat are worth several hundred thousand dollars today; other people, who arrived with plenty of money, are now hatless and coatless. To traders operating outside of their home government's controls, Tangier is the place where anything can be had for a price. To speculators, it is one big roulette wheel. Real-estate prices have gone up as much as five thousand per cent in the past ten years; the population has doubled in the last twenty; and new streets and districts are spreading out at a super-American rate. To the indigenous population, Tangier—or, rather, its Moorish slums, where the natives live in unparalleled misery—is a hellhole. The thirty-five thousand Europeans and two hundred Americans who are now residents of the city have done nothing to improve the illiterate, squalid condition of the ninety thousand



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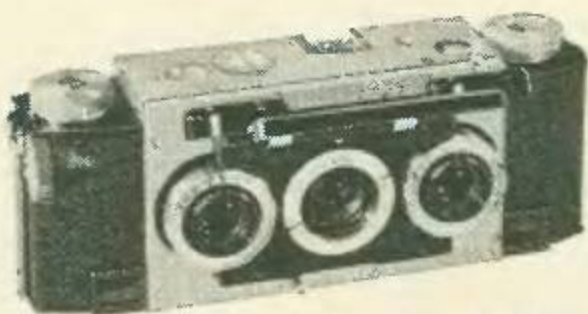
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natives—Moslem and Jewish Moroccans—who live in dilapidated huts made of cardboard, reeds, and flattened cans. There are almost no hospitals, health services, or orphanages for these people. Only nine thousand of the forty thousand children of school age attend classes; the others spend their days begging and stealing. Tangier is no welfare state. The city lives off a twelve-and-a-half-per-cent ad-valorem duty on all imported consumer goods. It produces nothing except a little canned fish, a few goatskins, and some palmetto fibre; practically everything else, including food, has to be imported. The curious, and revealing, thing about Tangier's customs setup is that on gold, precious stones, and certain luxury goods a *lower* import duty—seven and a half per cent—is levied.

In international journalism, Tangier is often referred to as a "thieves' den" or a "smugglers' paradise," which upsets the Tangierois a good deal. Before I came here, I read an article in an American magazine that divided the foreign population of Tangier into "full-time smugglers, part-time smugglers, and occasional smugglers." One might just as reasonably divide the population of Chicago into full-time gangsters, part-time gangsters, and occasional gangsters. Not long ago, a feature story in a French paper reported that "dozens of murders and kidnappings occur [in Tangier] every year." Exactly four murders have been committed here since 1946. The percentage of crime and vice is no higher in Tangier than it is in any other Mediterranean city—Naples, say, or even Monte Carlo, which Tangier is reminiscent of, with its beaches, palm trees, blue skies, and bright-colored stucco houses.

In short, Tangier is less sensational than its reputation. There are thieves and con men here, as there are everywhere, but there are also old, reputable trading firms, such as Joseph Tolodano & J. M. Pinto, which was founded in 1880, and conservative banking houses, such as Moses Pariente and the Banco Salvador Hassan e Hijos, among whose correspondents are some of the biggest banks in America. Such firms would as soon blow up their own vaults as engage, however indirectly, in smuggling. Their proprietors carry on their policy of prudent investment, think poorly of Tangier's boom, and are pained by the freebooters and entrepreneurs who have come here to make a fast sovereign and given the place a bad name. Of course, there *are* foreign



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smugglers who use Tangier as a way stop and assembly point, but the golden days of uninhibited smuggling are over. (Some Tangierois even claim that there can be no such thing as smuggling in Tangier, since the "traders" break none of Tangier's laws.) In the first years after the end of the war, whole shiploads of American cigarettes, automobiles, refrigerators, ball-point pens, and hosiery were dumped on the Tangier quays, for transshipment by all sorts of craft whose skippers knew how to get the stuff into Europe's black markets. But today the importation and sale of American cigarettes is legal in France, the Spanish car market has dried up, and the European needs for penicillin and streptomycin are being legitimately filled. Actually, smuggling was never a very lucrative game in Tangier, since the smuggler had to operate expensive speedboats to outrace the customs guards of the receiving countries or else spend a lot of money to bribe them, either of which cut down profits. In fact, many former smugglers are broke now, and some have drifted away. A few still sit around Dean's Bar talking nostalgically, if not accurately, of the good old days.

But legitimate business (practically every transaction is legitimate from Tangier's point of view, whether or not it violates a foreign country's laws) is fine—couldn't be better. According to one set of official statistics I came upon, Tangier in a single recent year imported sixty-five tons of nylon hosiery. That is a staggering quantity of nylons for the ten-thousand-odd European women in town who bother with stockings. Another set of statistics showed that Tangier in 1950 imported nine billion Moroccan francs' worth of goods and reexported one billion francs' worth through channels scrutinized by the authorities. What happened to the rest of the stuff? It's a pretty safe guess that it didn't all stay in Tangier, but that is a question one doesn't discuss here.

It isn't easy to find out anything about financial operations in Tangier, where the banks make an unparalleled fetish of discretion. The bankers of Tangier know what happened to the Swiss bankers after the Second World War, when the American government put pressure on the Swiss to reveal the names of the true owners of blocked Swiss deposits in the United States. Up to then, Switzerland had been the refuge of capital being shipped out of its home country. The opening of their books cost the Swiss a lot of confidence; many holding companies deserted Zurich and

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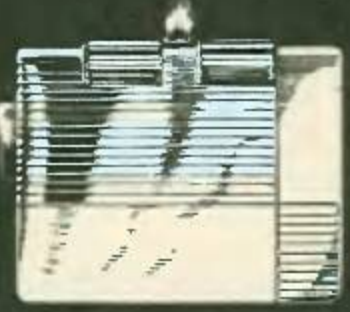
Geneva for Tangier. Tangier has become the perfect place for oppressed financiers in search of outlets for their capital. Two Swiss banks have conveniently set up branches in Tangier, and there are plenty of conduits for getting hot money out of Europe. The financiers are not worried that a breach of discretion such as occurred in Switzerland will ever take place in Tangier, because, to quote one of them, "here the Americans are in on the proposition and would only hurt their own interests by getting idealistic."

Banks in Tangier range all the way from holes in walls and al-fresco establishments in street-corner booths to magnificent financial cathedrals that have no interest at all in savings or checking accounts. There were only two banks in Tangier prior to 1904, and only sixteen in 1945; all the sixty-nine others have opened since then. To set up a bank in Tangier is a simple matter, because, under Tangier law, the great majority of banks are not required to keep books or publish annual statements. Only those banks that hold gold bullion in bond have to file an annual statement with the administration; they must also get a license, which costs about sixty dollars a year. (Other pursuits requiring a license are medicine, prostitution, and the practice of law.) Tangier's bankers like to make it clear that they don't get rich overnight. "The only difference between banks here and banks elsewhere is that we deal in pure gold," one conservative financial man told me. "We are commercial bankers in the old European sense of the word—trading in securities, bonds, and currencies, and making investments. Our margin of profit is somewhat smaller than that of comparable banks in New York."

THE origin of Tangier is lost in mythological darkness. It was supposedly named after Tinga, the wife of the unfortunate Antaeus, who was killed by Hercules. The Berbers were the first known inhabitants of the region, and the Phoenicians were here as early as 1450 B.C. Then came the Carthaginians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Vandals, the Byzantines, the Goths, the Arabs, the Portuguese, the Spanish, the British, and the French. The Americans appeared relatively late, in 1791. The next year, the Danish, Portuguese, Swedish, British, and Venetian consuls formed a Sanitary Council, ostensibly to prevent the spread of plagues. In 1793, the Spanish consul joined the Council, and in 1797, the American

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and French consuls. Somehow, the Council very soon assumed the powers and prerogatives of government. A hundred years later, the consuls were imposing taxes and had almost usurped the sovereignty of the Sultan of Morocco, the official ruler of Tangier. In 1912, the Sultan made a treaty with France that set up France's Moroccan protectorate. That same year, France and Spain, without consulting the Sultan, who was probably beginning to wonder what he was Sultan of, fixed a line of demarcation between French and Spanish Morocco. And in 1925, France, Spain, and Great Britain established an International Zone comprising the city and harbor of Tangier and a surrounding area of two hundred and twenty-five square miles. Its administration was to be in the hands of a Committee of Control, made up of the Spanish, French, British, Belgian, Dutch, Portuguese, and Italian consuls. The Sultan, as the sovereign of the Sherifian Empire of Morocco, was allowed to retain jurisdiction over the native population of the Zone.

After the collapse of France in 1940, Franco, betting on an early German victory, sent his troops into Tangier. He waited awhile to see whether anybody would protest, and when nobody did, he abolished the International Zone consular administration and put his own men in; Spain has often claimed "natural" or "sacred" rights—whatever that means—in Tangier. Soon the Spanish secret police and the Gestapo were working closely together here. The main Spanish contribution to the German military effort, however, was to light up the harbor brilliantly every time an Allied convoy steamed through the Strait of Gibraltar, thus silhouetting it. At the end of the war, the delicate question arose of what to do with Tangier. At the conference of the Big Four in Paris in August, 1945, the Russians and French were for throwing the Spanish troops out of Tangier bodily; the Americans and British, who would have had to do most of the throwing, suggested a more cautious course. Caution won out, the Spanish evacuated their troops and distributed leaflets to the effect that their military occupation had all been a mistake, and administration of the Zone was returned to the powers that had been here before. The United States and the Soviet Union were invited to join. The Russians declined to participate as long as Franco's people had anything to do with the government. They never have sent a consul to Tangier. Naturally, Russians



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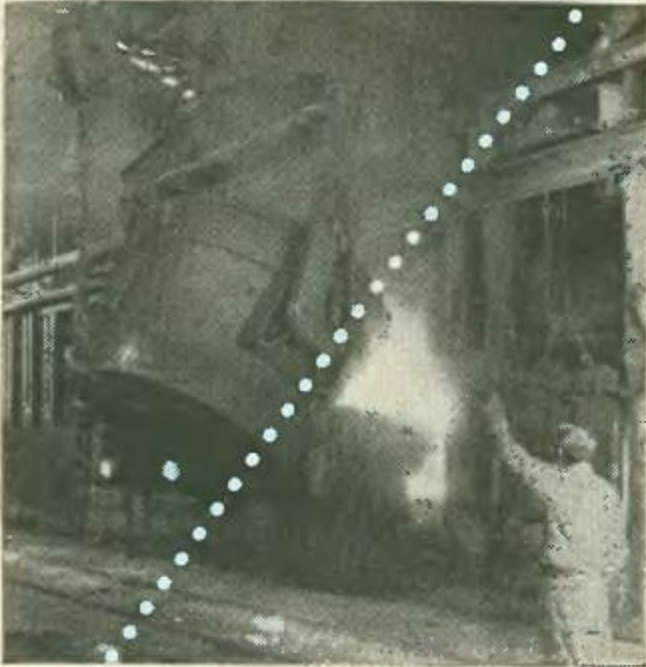
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are entitled to come in as private citizens any time they care to, but it is fervently hoped in Tangier that they never will care to come in officially.

Today, Tangier is run by a new Committee of Control, which consists of the consuls general of the seven old "participating powers," plus the United States. The consul general of each power, in alphabetical order, is chairman for one year. There is a legislative assembly, made up of eighteen foreign members—four Frenchmen, four Spaniards, three Britons, three Americans, one Italian, one Belgian, one Dutchman, and one Portuguese—and six Moroccan Moslems and three Moroccan Jews, who are appointed by Si Ahmed Tazi, the Mendoub, who is the plenipotentiary in Tangier of the Sultan of Morocco. (The Sultan has his seat in Rabat, French Morocco, where he is supposed to listen attentively to General Augustin Guillaume, the Resident General of French Morocco. The nine native Assembly members in Tangier are supposed to listen attentively to the French Consul General here.) The Committee of Control has the right to reject any law passed by the Assembly, which eliminates any possible danger of a really democratic government.

ON the surface, Tangier looks like a heartening experiment in international government. The name of each street is inscribed in French, Spanish, and Arabic. There are English, French, Spanish, and Italian churches, Jewish synagogues, and Moslem mosques. The war in Israel, which had repercussions all over the rest of the Moslem world, did not trouble the good relations between Moslems and Jews in Tangier. Spanish pesetas and Moroccan francs are the city's legal tender, but all hard currencies are accepted at true, not government-rigged, exchange rates. If you want to mail a letter, you can choose between a French, a Spanish, and a British post office—a situation that pleases philatelists and a couple of years ago inspired a couple of fellows in London to try to ship three-quarters of a million pounds' worth of diamonds out of England without an export license, since, they maintained, the stuff just went from one British post office, in London, to another British post office, in Tangier.

In this city, you may read *La Dépêche Marocaine*, if you care for the French point of view, or the *Tangier Gazette*, which stubbornly clings to the notion of the British Empire, or *España*, which is widely read across the Straits



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in southern Spain because it is more independent than the papers published there. Justice in Tangier comes in four different flavors. There are the Mendoub's courts for Moslems, rabbinical tribunals for Jews, a Mixed International Court for citizens and protégés of the participating European powers, and the United States Consular Court for Americans. The police are under the command of a Belgian colonel, the customs officers under a Frenchman. The city's utilities, operated by private Spanish and French outfits, are in a scandalous state. Even the millionaires in Tangier cannot be sure of having running water all the time, and the electric-power supply is equally undependable. The excellent natural harbor in the three-mile-wide bay has poor docking facilities, for the French are not interested in establishing a competitor to Casablanca, in French Morocco, and the Spanish feel the same way about Ceuta, in Spanish Morocco. In Tangier society, the French set the tone. They also run much of the local business, but the Spanish, who make up two-thirds of the foreign population, play first fiddle politically. Retired British officials have always considered Tangier a pleasant place. In the green hills surrounding the city, road signs bearing such informal legends as "TO MR. BROWNING'S" are reminders of a British era that no longer exists.

AMERICAN relations with Morocco go back to the Treaty of Peace and Friendship that Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson negotiated with Sultan Mohammed XVII of Morocco in 1787. American consuls have been stationed in Tangier for a hundred and sixty years. The American Legation is quartered in an ancient palace in Hauma Benider, the old Moorish section of town, which was given to the American government by a Sultan many, many decades ago. Other governments that received such gifts have long since moved to more fashionable districts, being aware of the importance attached to political prestige in this part of the world, but the United States sticks to its antiquated site. What was once a harem is now occupied by a stenographers' pool. When the American Minister entertains on his terrace, he is never quite sure that the neighboring housewives will not unintentionally bombard him with garbage or drape him with errant laundry. As the years have passed, the Legation has had to rent additional office space in adjacent buildings. The en-



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trance to the Legation is off a narrow passageway in the Moorish slums, which is frequented by snake charmers, beggars, and peddlers, all of whom can listen in on conversations inside the Legation. From a sightseer's point of view, this is the most interesting State Department installation in the world.

There are three powerful American relay radio transmitting stations in the Zone, one operated by R.C.A., one by Mackay Radio, and the third by the Voice of America. The geographic location of Tangier is said to be extremely favorable for radio transmission. The Russians have announced several times that they are going to put up a transmitter here, but they haven't got around to doing it.

Until 1950, Americans with children in Tangier had no choice but to send their offspring to Spanish, Italian, or French schools, which are under the strict supervision of their respective governments. In that year, a non-national school was set up by a group of civic-minded citizens in a remodelled Moorish villa. I went there one morning with the American Public Affairs Officer in Tangier. A turbulent soccer game was in progress on the villa's tiled terrace. The goalkeeper of one team was Spanish, the two fullbacks were French and Latvian, and the three halfbacks were Moroccan, American, and Maltese, and the opposing team was equally international. But when one team scored, everybody yelled in pure American. Among the school's ninety-two students are thirty-six Moslem or Jewish Moroccans, twenty-four Americans, twelve Britons (including Maltese and South Africans), seven Spaniards, six French children, two Latvians, one Hungarian, one Egyptian, one Portuguese, one Russian, and one Indian; their ages range from kindergarten to junior high school. The school's faculty consists of three Americans (including the principal, who is paid by the United States Information Service), two Britons, one Spaniard, and one Moroccan girl who was born in Tangier and educated in America. A teacher told me that there have been frequent arguments about such matters as marbles, soccer games, butterflies, and postage stamps, but never one about racial or national issues. It's a fine experiment in true democracy—the only one I have found in Tangier.

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## BOUND FOR STONINGTON

Mrs. MANWARING, in Chair 10, let the *Atlantic Monthly* in her lap close of its own free will. Perhaps it was a stupid thing to do, going off like this in mid-March, without John, for a weekend with the Trahernes at their summer place, but when she had telephoned them in New York that morning, wailing, "I'm terribly afraid we can't come, after all! John has to go to Washington!" Peggy Traherne's pause had been so brief it could be ignored, and the protests that followed it so warm that Amy had quickly given in. Peggy had gone on to say that not having John with them was such a disappointment, but Amy absolutely must come, because they were going up anyway; they always did for one weekend every winter; and how clever Amy was to have reached them by telephone, because they were just leaving the apartment that minute—well, almost just leaving. Ted had gone to the garage for the car—there were one or two little things yet to be done; there always were; but then they would be off.

"We'll beat right along up the parkway and be there before you, and have the fires going and glasses out," Peggy had said. "No, no, absolutely we want you, and we'd stop in New Haven and pick you up if only the car were a bit bigger, but as it is—" But then Amy had taken her turn at polite protesting and had said No, no, she'd catch the three-forty, and change in Westerly to the Stonington bus or get a taxi, one or the other; and she hoped the Trahernes realized what a rage John was in at being called to Washington. "He's livid," she had earnestly assured the black mouthpiece.

So now, contented as a dove on a branch, Amy Manwaring, anticipating without defining the approaching hours of Ted Traherne's companionship, sat in seat 10 and swayed very slightly with the motion of the train as it fled, hooting boisterously, through southern Connecticut, along an embankment beside a salt marsh. She gazed out, dreamy and happy, over mile after flat mile of salt-marsh meadow where, like some sort of tough plush rug, the marsh grass, not yet at all green for spring but stiff and brown after months of bitter, cold, scouring wind, stretched away from the railroad tracks toward the distant sug-

gestion of sea and a line, far off there, of gray-blue smudges that might be a string of unassuming cottages along a beach, or might be dunes. How empty now those small cottages must be, and cold, with last summer's milkman's calendars, still showing September, flapping and flickering on the walls in the drafts from under the doors. She felt so exactly how chill, and stale-smelling in spite of the cold, those little rooms must be that she drew her fur coat down about her shoulders for an instant's extra warmth and because, like all expensive furs, it had its own delicious, faint scent.

How very different from those rambling, shingled, beach cottages the Trahernes' house, to which she was now gaily bound. The Trahernes were a very original couple and their summer establishment was in the middle of the town of Stonington, not ten feet from a sidewalk—a tall, white nineteenth-century house, formal and clapboarded without and comfortable within, with red velveteen sofas, numerous warm bathrooms, well-placed lamps, and God knows how many yards of pretty, bobbing chenille ball fringe. By the time she got there it would be getting dark; she would go in out of the dark and cold, with her cheeks pink and her eyes bright, and there Ted would be, in his fine tweeds, smiling at her from the lighted hearth, with the smile he had developed for her alone last summer, when the Manwarings and the Trahernes had encountered each other at various weekend gatherings, a smile Peggy never seemed to see, because she was always looking aside somewhere. Oh, and Peggy would be there, too, of course—out in back cooking, probably.

Amy Manwaring smiled down into her lap, and turned the sapphire on her finger. Naturally, being the kind of people they all were, perfectly happily married, and with children, contented and established in life, there was nothing at all actual between Amy and Ted except this rather recent feeling he gave her of being five or six years younger than she really was, and much prettier.

Well, but he actually *must make me prettier*, she thought, surprised into the idea, and a bit complacent because, looking up, she had to turn her shoulder on the cheerful glance of the man in Chair 9. She sat straighter, to stretch



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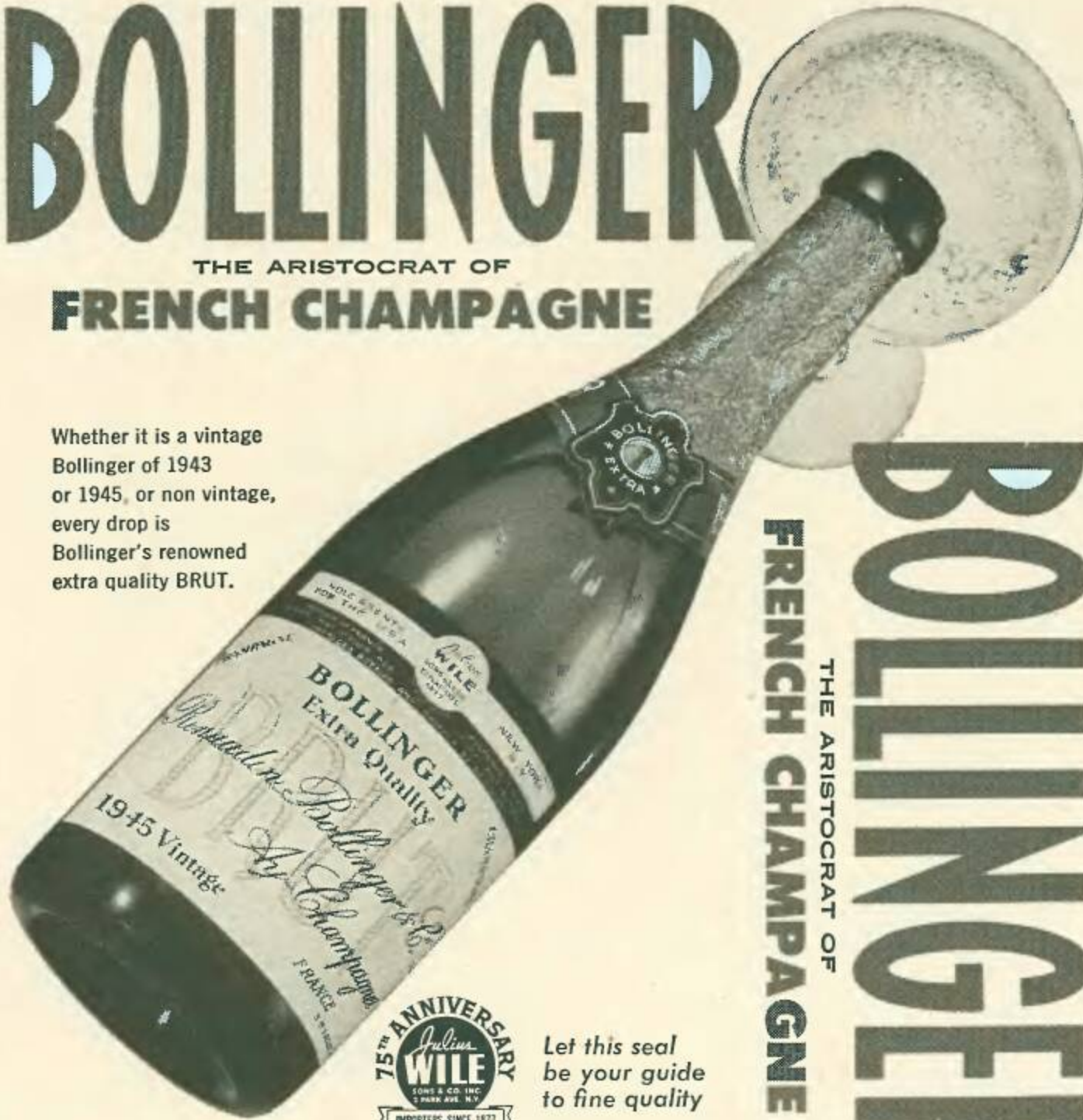
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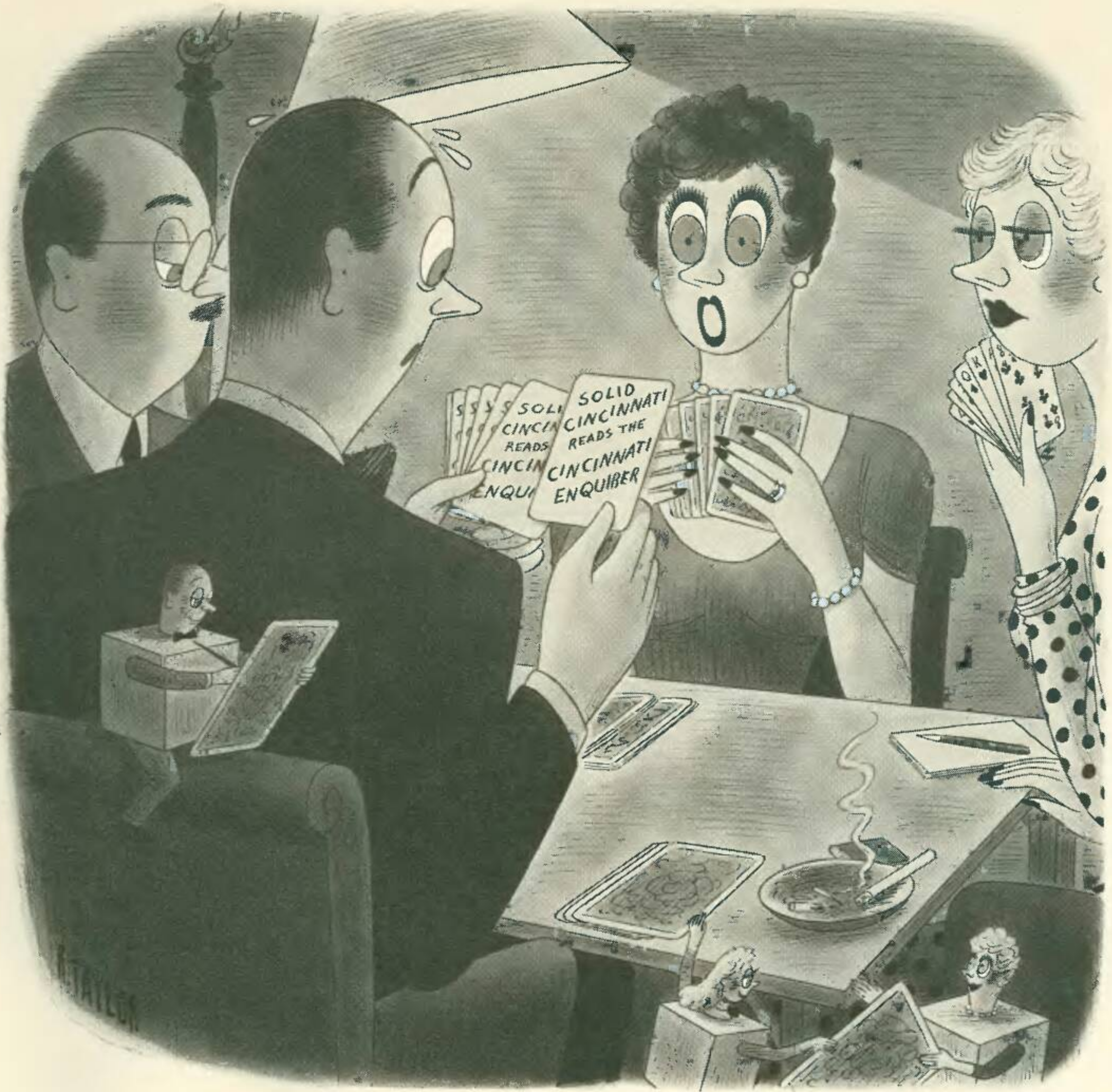
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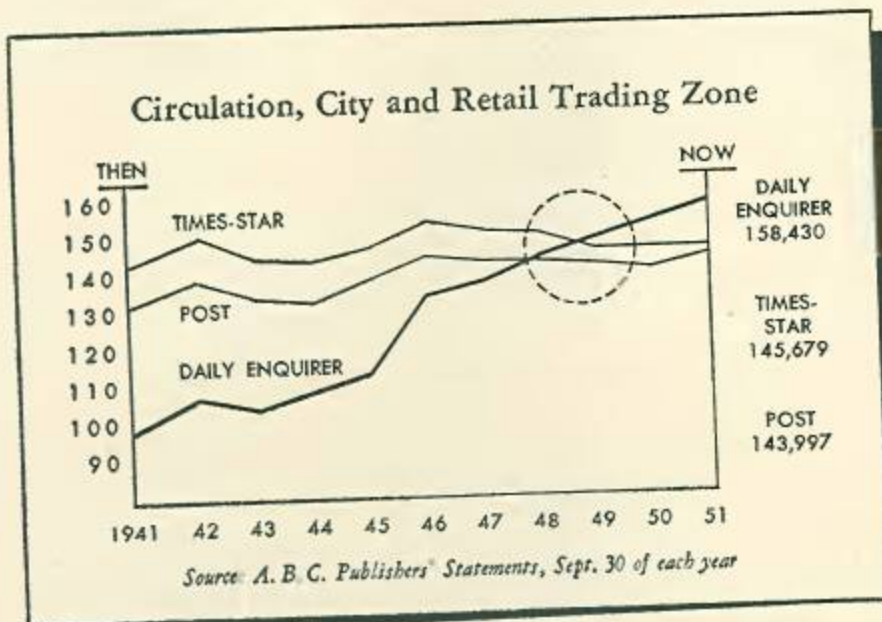
her back, and in so doing swayed near the window, and what should she see outside, bustling and bucketing along on the Old Lyme road, but a little car, a perfectly familiar little blue car, a car she had several times ridden home from club dances in, last summer. "Oh!" she said, surprised, and her lips stayed parted as she turned in her chair and looked back, and there, sure enough, behind the windshield, with faces of stone, sat the two hurrying Trahernes. They were staring straight ahead, both of them. She had the one glimpse and then the speeding train bore her on. She fell back against the chair and exclaimed "Well!" and then, wonderingly, "One chance in a million!" She had to laugh, to herself. Heavens, how furious they had looked!

They must, for some reason, have been delayed in New York, and made a late start, and now they were afraid she would get to Stonington ahead of them, and they were in a fury with each other. "Something held them up," she murmured to herself. "Ah, the poor things." Maybe a flat tire at the garage or—well, what? There could be dozens of reasons. But then why on earth did they leave the parkway to swing around through Old Lyme? Oh, they're wild with each other! Vividly she saw the two of them, in their faultlessly white and beige apartment—the last-minute, quick locking up of things, jewels being hidden, the cooked ham snatched from the icebox and wrapped and dumped, like a tiresome baby, into the basket of weekend food, the telephone most inconsiderately trilling just then, and Peggy crying to him, "Don't go! Let it!" And Ted, who really had a horrid disposition even if he did dance like an angel, coldly answering it, and then saying to Peggy "For you," holding out the instrument toward her with a terrible false gallantry. And then, before she had had time to decide whether or not to take the call, asking, "You remembered to get chives, I hope?" And Peggy saying "Yes?" into the mouthpiece, and then, in a wasp's voice to him, over her shoulder, "No, I didn't! She won't notice!" And Ted saying she would. And slamming the apartment door hard when they finally got away, and shaking it once, to make sure. Amy Manwaring giggled softly, hearing with her mind's ear that large, unreasonable bang.

**T**HE train slowed down just before Niantic station and, drawing to an unscheduled stop, stayed there beside the bay for so long that the passengers be-



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gan to look at their watches. Then the train started up again, slowly, because of a bridge soon to be crossed, and Amy, looking out of the window, saw the Trahernes again, coming along the road grim as ever; grimmer. Poor foolish man, had he really expected to find chives in Old Lyme? She saw them for only an instant, but it was long enough. She crooked a finger at the ambling porter and asked him if he knew how soon after the train got to New London she could get one back to New Haven.

"But, lady, you told me you were going to Stonington when you got on, and all you got to do, you just got to go on to Westerly, get out, and take a—"

"I know." She beamed at him. "But what I want to know is, if I get off at New London about half past four or so, will I have time to send a telegram before a train back from there to New Haven comes in?"

"Well," he said, "there's the four-fifty-six, but we're running late," and he eyed her as though more and more doubts about her were building up inside him. "I guess you could make it, though."

She thanked him and turned back to the window through which, now, she saw no cars at all or even a road, but only a stretch of wintry woodland. Just a short telegram to Stonington would do it, a telegram saying *Terribly sorry feel bad cold coming on returning home will surely write*; but no, cross out *surely*; why sound apologetic, with such a good reason? How about *Terribly sorry awful pain lower right side alas returning home immediately don't worry will write*. Dear me, no; practically a day letter that one would have to be. But whatever wire she decided to send, she had the comfortable knowledge that the Trahernes would get it in plenty of time, before they had seriously begun to assemble one of their well-known dinners for her. It might even arrive before Peggy Traherne, standing in the kitchen over the food basket, had cried "All right then! You just go out and look!"

Amy Manwaring, turning the sapphire on her finger, thought how mean it was to make men go marketing, and said to herself, feeling a bubble of complacency in her throat, "I just see John letting himself be pushed around like that! Ha! Absolutely never!" Now, all because of her kindness and thoughtfulness in telegraphing, Ted wasn't going to have to go out and search for chives in the highways and byways of Stonington. Indeed, though



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they didn't know it yet, of course, the fact was the Trahernes were going to have the nicest possible evening, all to themselves. Ted for once would have a good rest; probably the reason he was so often bad-tempered was he worked too hard and didn't have enough really quiet evenings. Now it wouldn't matter at all that they had made a late start, or that they had or hadn't brought this or that with them from New York. Soon they would be turning to each other, friendly again. They would sloop around the house, have a big random dinner in the kitchen, and go upstairs early—"Arm in arm at least," Amy whispered. She smiled tenderly at the thought of the two of them; how happy, very soon now, they were going to be. Her smile deepened and her eyes, bemused with benevolence, encountered the alert glance of the man in Chair 9. Well now, she thought, so I must still be looking just as nice as I feel. Promptly she raised the *Atlantic* for a shield and he turned away at once. "One way or another, there's a solution for every problem, little or big; or so it seems. Now where was I?" she murmured, slipping the pages over gently, searching.

Outside the window, the cold afternoon grew darker, and inside, at the end of the car, the porter reached out his long white sleeve and, click-click-click all along the car, the lights came on.

—LOUISE FIELD COOPER

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

After the favorable notices were in, S. N. Behrman, whose adaptation of "Jane" was based on a short story by W. Somerset Maugham, sent a cabled report to Maugham. The British writer lives on the French Riviera, and Behrman's cable to him read: "Due to my unusual abilities as a craftsman, 'Jane' is now a Broadway hit, so you can take your secretary to dine at the Chateau Madrid" . . . The Chateau Madrid is an expensive restaurant near Maugham's home. Maugham, who now has two hits on Broadway, cabled a reply: "We've been dining there for weeks, thanks to Katharine Cornell and 'The Constant Wife.'" —Leonard Lyons in the Post.

"The morning after 'Jane' opened, I [Behrman] cabled Willie that because of my 'unusual talent' as a playwright, he could now 'afford' to go out and buy himself the most expensive meal in the best restaurant in town—I thought that a rather amusing way of letting him know 'Jane' was a hit.

"Here is the cable he sent back to me the other day:

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—Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenburg in the Herald Tribune.



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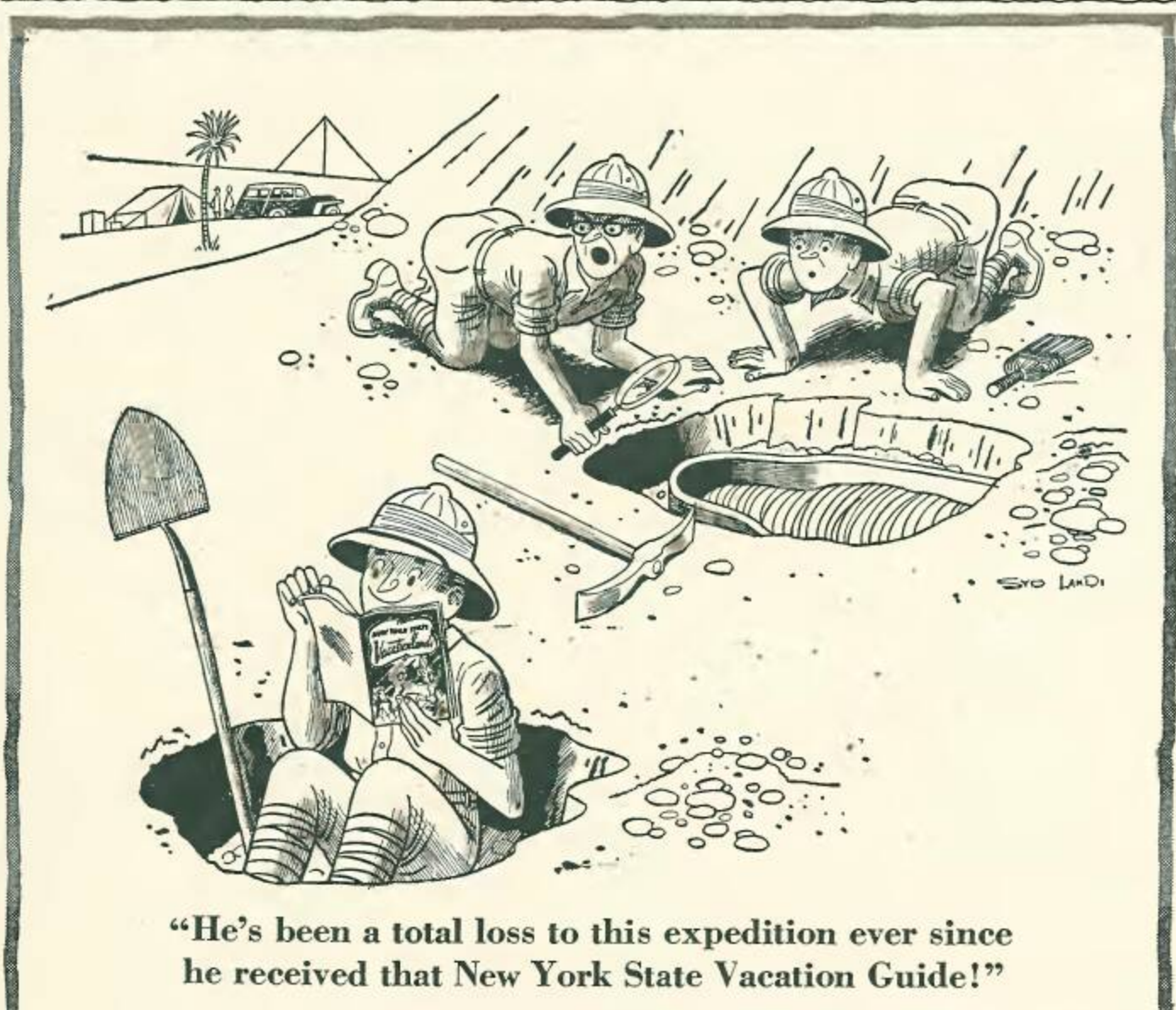
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*Paul Cézanne*



**M**ORE, perhaps, than any other artist, Paul Cézanne, now the subject of a really massive loan exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, has come to be accepted as the prototype of the misunderstood and neglected genius, which is a little odd, for the truth is that his life was nowhere near as cruelly hard as that of a number of other geniuses. Van Gogh, with the grinding and unrelenting poverty he was faced with, had a much worse time of it, and so, in their fashion, did Gauguin and Modigliani. But it might be said that, in a sense, such men invited their misfortunes, or had some inner flaw—Gauguin's intransigence, van Gogh's madness, and so on—that did a good deal to complicate their difficulties. Cézanne was different. Never a bohemian, never given to the wild or extravagant gesture, he was a stubborn, conscientious worker who (except for a few brief and frustrated early years in Paris) forswore all the pleasures, both real and fancied, of the artist's life and devoted himself to the pursuit of painting with something of the hardy single-mindedness his banker father had directed toward the accumulation of the family fortune. Unlike some of his more flamboyant fellows, Cézanne got no fun out of the struggle. He was humble, in his way, but he was ambitious, too; he wanted to succeed, and in a far more conventional sense than is generally realized. He was aware, for one thing, that to achieve permanence any art must be accepted historically, and his famous remark that he wanted to "make of Impressionism something solid like the art of the museums" testifies not only to his search for the most fundamental artistic principles but also, I think, to his impatience with a fly-by-night quality he found in the Impressionist school and to his desire to attain a more stable reputation. Here, then, and in almost the standard copybook fashion, is the very personification of Virtue (though still denied its reward), and possibly because of this—and because, of course, of the magnitude of his achievement—Cézanne's failure to win any substantial recognition during his lifetime seems especially unjustified. When he died, in 1906, he had

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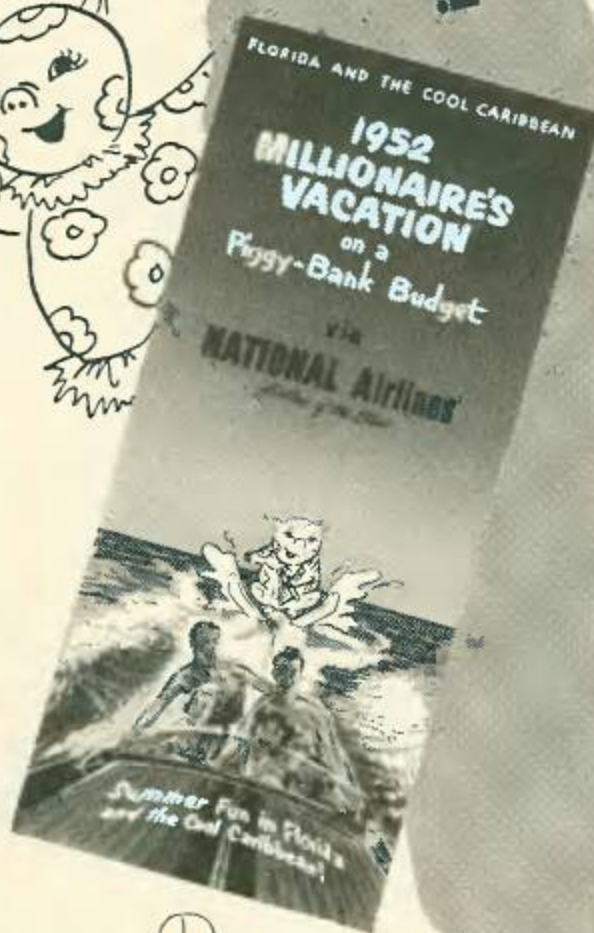
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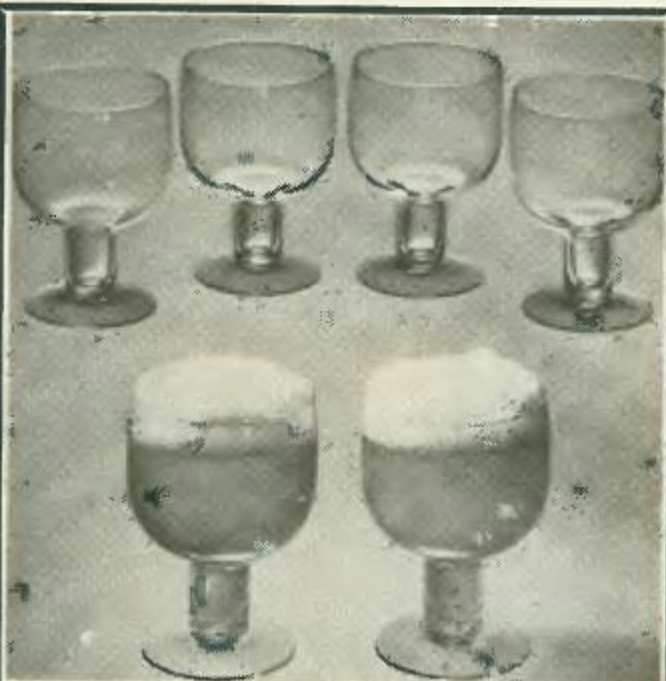
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sold only a scattering of pictures, mainly to friends, and it was not till the big Paris retrospective of 1907 that his fame began to be established. The museums he had so longed to enter were even more reluctant to buy. Though the Louvre owned a Cézanne, part of the Caillebotte bequest, as early as 1895, it was apparently not exhibited till much later, and our own Metropolitan was, in fact, ahead of the field when it acquired, and exhibited, its first example in 1913.

The new show, with its hundred and thirty-odd oils, water colors, and drawings, is an impressive one, and it's especially valuable because of the number of early pieces it contains, some of which have rarely, if ever, been exhibited before in this country. There's a portrait of the artist's father, done around 1860, when Cézanne was just past twenty (and which shows some traces of the influence of Daumier, among others), that is remarkable for its heavy blacks and almost brutally powerful drawing, and throughout the early section—in such pieces as the Courbetesque "Portrait of Scipion" and the Delacroix-like "The Rape," as well as "The Man with a Straw Hat" and "Paul Alexis Reading to Zola," both of which have a touch of Zurbarán or Murillo in their makeup—one sees most of his youthful influences clearly and vividly. It's worth pointing out, I think, that Cézanne was not alone in admiring these artists. Courbet, Delacroix, and the Spanish baroque painters were all favorites of the young Impressionists. But though Cézanne underwent the same influences they did, his response was in no way the same. There was always that "something solid" that he was seeking, and even when he was at his most "Impressionist," as in the paintings of L'Estaque and other Mediterranean subjects, which make up what might be called the middle section of the exhibition, his approach was fundamentally different. For where the Impressionist attack was a fairly elaborate one, aimed at reproducing as brilliantly as possible the exact momentary aspect of the subject, Cézanne's was aimed always at simplification and compression, and such pieces as "The Sea at L'Estaque," "Gardanne," and the wonderfully blue panoramic "L'Estaque," numbered 49 in the catalogue, though superficially similar to what Pissarro (his close friend, by the way) and Renoir would have done, are almost diametrically opposite, most particularly in the economy of style and the broader, less realistic use of color.

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this middle section, with not only the canvases I've just named but also "Houses at L'Estaque" (note the practically Cubist grouping of the structures and the surrounding landscape masses), "The Viaduct at L'Estaque," and one or two of his early studies of Mont Sainte-Victoire as its highlights. Here, too, one finds him—in "The Basket of Apples," "The Blue Vase," and the marvellously smooth, delicately handled "Pitcher and Fruit"—bringing his still-life technique to the point of nearly perfect balance and compositional harmony that was one of his greatest achievements. I enjoyed, in addition, the tender "Portrait of Mme. Cézanne," of about 1885 (No. 44 in the catalogue), and the smaller and seldom seen one of her done between 1872 and 1877 (No. 21), as well as the Rembrandtesque self-portrait of about this period, and—among the "Bathers," which he also began in the eighteen-seventies and which became one of his recurrent subjects—the small, pagan "Bathers Resting" and the loosely handled, slightly Renoirish "Three Bathers."

Cézanne wasn't a complete artist in the Renaissance sense, and except for the paintings of the bathers, in which the subjects are treated more or less architecturally, he was never quite at home with the human figure in motion. He also seemingly suffered from a queer sort of prudery, which marred his vision when confronted with the female nude, and the few failures in the show—such as "L'Eternel Féminin" and "La Lutte d'Amour"—fall into one or the other of these categories. But in his three best fields—landscape, portrait, and still life—his accomplishment was monumental. He was a man, too, who grew steadily in power as he grew older, and handsome as the middle-period paintings are, with their feathery greens and delicate construction, they are surpassed by the darker, denser, richer, and more daringly colored paintings of his last period. In such canvases as "The Quarry at Bibémus," "Le Château Noir," the dreamy blue "Lake of Annecy," and (his final likeness) the "Portrait of Vallier," Cézanne produced "something solid" indeed, and worthy of hanging in any museum in the world.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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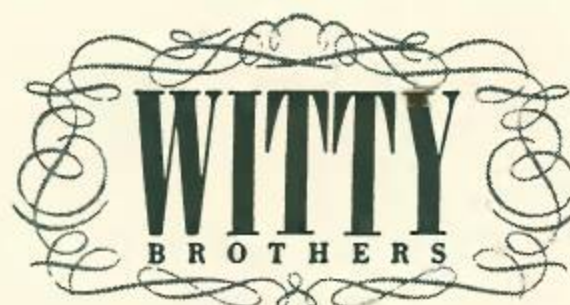
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# A REPORTER IN HONG KONG

**T**HIS little British colony is now the capital of a class of exiles sure of a place in history. Though they are locally known as "White Chinese," the exiles rarely use that term themselves, for it was apparently thought up by the Communist press, which employs it constantly to reproach those who have abandoned the "progressive" motherland. But whatever generic name the exiles travel under, they pile up here naturally; not only has Hong Kong been relatively easy for them to get into but, except for Portuguese Macao, a still smaller colony thirty-five miles to the west, it is the only place in the world that offers a reasonable copy of Chinese life without the arbitrariness of the present Chinese government. The exiles are crowding the city to bursting. The authorities put its current population at something over two million, and say it would be half that if times were normal. The newcomers include all sorts of Chinese, some easy to assimilate, some hard—scholars, merchants, fishermen, prostitutes, generals, and many others. The generals are in vast oversupply. A number have settled on small farms in the New Territories, a suburban stretch of countryside on a peninsula of the mainland north of Hong Kong, where each, according to local wits, rules over his "combined services"—a navy of ducks, an army of chickens, and an air force of pigeons. There is also a glut of corpses in the city. Many Chinese here keep their dead aboveground for a while, awaiting an auspicious moment to send them back to China for burial in their ancestral villages, and Hong Kong has a City of the Dead to provide for this interval—a peaceful group of white-washed buildings full of coffins and sweet incense. Recently, with the Reds on the frontier, it has become harder than ever to send the coffins home, and their number has multiplied several times.

The number of the living in Hong Kong has multiplied because many of them, having come from China, can't go farther and don't want to go back. There are famous Chinese professors in Hong Kong now, and some people wonder why they haven't spread to the corners of the earth, as the learned men of the Christian

## THE WHITE CHINESE

Roman Empire of the East did after the fall of Constantinople in 1453—an event some experts think helped start the Renaissance. An American vice-consul here, asked about this, said, "Oh, it was much easier in 1453. There were no visa problems then." Held up not only by their trouble with visas but by their lack of money and their unfamiliarity with the world, the refugees stew in Hong Kong and produce new conditions in the colony. It is doubtful whether they will create a powerful new civilization here—such things don't seem to develop in colonies—but they give the place a new life and uproar.

The exiles who have transplanted themselves most easily, perhaps, are the businessmen. There are two main kinds—the Cantonese and the Shanghai. The Cantonese are from a part of South China that adjoins Hong Kong (Canton is only ninety miles away). They speak the same dialect as the local Chinese and most of them have relatives here. Their move has not been a violent uprooting for them, and their coming has hardly changed the scene beyond making it more crowded. The Shanghai businessmen, coming from the great, once feverish seaport of East China, one of the half-dozen really big

cities in the world and until recently a center of world capitalism, are different. They speak their own dialect and are not at home among the predominantly Cantonese population of Hong Kong; they complain repeatedly about the latter's clannishness and odd customs. What has brought them here is their money. They literally follow their money, and Hong Kong has for some time been a better place for it than Shanghai, where the Reds are tough on private enterprise.

The Shanghai businessmen were, even before they were dislodged, a new class in the world—a synthetic class, one might say. A hundred years ago, Shanghai was barely more than a mudbank. Western capitalism built a city there and attracted a population, more or less in its own image, to fill it. Compared to people elsewhere in China, the Shanghai Chinese are without background. Nevertheless, they have pronounced characteristics. They are smart, aggressive, and unashamedly ostentatious; the women dress lavishly and the men are big spenders and loud talkers. The Shanghai Chinese are easy to spot in the streets here. There is an eating house patronized by Shanghai refugees in downtown Hong Kong; it is small, with a low ceiling, and is pretty much of a sound box. For all its noise, it is a



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good place to go for lunch, but wise people go early, because by one o'clock it is fearfully crowded with well-fed, slick-haired men from Shanghai, who converse in shouts that strike an outsider as a manifestation of an empty heartiness—a compensation, perhaps, for the briefness of Shanghai's history. The noise is hard on the ears, and typical of these people.

The Shanghai refugees are disliked in Hong Kong, but they are making their mark here. One American who studies such statistics reports that in 1949, after Shanghai's fall, there were suddenly more millionaires in Hong Kong than in New York City. They represented, in his judgment, a huge concentration of brains and energy. Some of them have moved on already, in the manner of international capitalists, which is what they are, but whether abroad or still here, they have all been responsible for a quickening of the colony's big-time financial life, and have inspired the launching of many restaurants, movie houses, and dance halls. The appearance of Shanghai wealth in Hong Kong has changed the city's business tone radically. For a while, this wealth was said to be flowing toward the city at the rate of several million American dollars a month. Its mere presence here made for a speedup in buying and selling. Then, too, Shanghai money is restless by Hong Kong standards, which are colored by the British idea of long-term investments, at low interest, in a stable milieu. Shanghai people have the ancient Chinese liking for quick returns. In the old days in China, where the risks of war and politics were often heavy, interest of ten per cent or more a month was normal.

The Shanghai exiles have shunned the cautious British fields of investment and sought new ones. Several have gone into currency speculation, in which they have been trained by the long inflation in their homeland and for which Hong Kong provides a nourishing environment, being a crossroads for pounds, dollars, patacas, piasters, guilders, ticals, pesos, and the money of both Chinese regimes. Others have tried light industry, which was promoted in Shanghai by Westerners in the first half of this century and which the Chinese took to readily because of its possibilities for rapid earnings. They have sown small factories thickly in Hong Kong suburbs that grew little but rice before. The Shanghai industrialists here are specializing mainly in textiles, but they have also branched out into a multitude of miscellaneous goods—tooth-

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paste, cosmetics, plastics, rubber shoes, thermos bottles, and so on. (Thermos bottles have a good market among Chinese, who habitually drink hot water or tea.) These industrialists have an eye for markets all over the globe. I know of one who began making sheets for double beds because he sensed a worldwide shortage of them coming up; he had heard it suggested that overcrowded housing everywhere would put a dent in the twin-bed fashion. He turned out to be right and has cleaned up. The conditions aren't perfect for these men. They have trouble getting raw materials, and they believe the Reds may soon drive them on again, which discourages long-term planning. But they are lingering here for the moment, and they feel they must keep their money busy.

Building is another favored enterprise of the Shanghai refugees, space being in acute demand because of the influx of exiles from all over China. Hong Kong building in the old days was done in a solid Victorian manner, frequently with granite blocks cut from the hillsides. The refugees have no use for that kind of thing. They concentrate on flashy, modernistic houses and on apartment buildings, which take care of the crowds and yield quick profits. The structures are up and being lived in almost before one knows they are contemplated. They don't last very well; before long, the plumbing backs up and the doorknobs come off in the hand. Moreover, as complaining letters to the press keep pointing out, they have already turned parts of Hong Kong into "Little Shanghais"—clusters of staring white cubes and oblongs, which are out of keeping with the Hong Kong of past decades (and perhaps with the Hong Kong of future decades, too, so quickly do they seem to crumble).

SOME of the exiled businessmen aren't just capitalists looking for investments but people whose trades and characters have become blended over the years, and when they set up shop, they add more than flimsy plasterwork to the city. I have one friend, for instance, a placid but alert man, round-faced, with bright, brown eyes, who was a rug dealer in Peiping and has brought his environment with him to Hong Kong in the form of his wares, which he has spread, stacked, and hung in a small shop. He loves rugs—loves looking at them and discussing them. In a sense, he and his rugs are out of place here, like most of the arrivals from the truly northern parts of



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China. Rugs belong in a definite Asiatic region—the dry zone stretching from the Bosphorus across Turkey, Persia, Turkestan, and Tibet into North China and Mongolia. They go with flocks of sheep, from whose wool they are, of course, made, and with nomads, who value them because they can be rolled up and carried around. Especially they go with dust and barrenness. In some places, they are looked on as portable gardens, and are even designed to represent gardens in a stylized way. Desert people can put a rug down in any bleak place and have a touch of brightness under their feet. Rugs make less sense in the tropical heat and dampness of Hong Kong, where floors are best covered with grass or bamboo mats, if with anything. In the Hong Kong summer, you can almost get prickly heat just by looking at a rug.

My friend speaks sadly, though tolerantly, of the failure of the Southern Chinese to understand rugs. Luckily, his exile has been made profitable for him by another current abnormality in the Far East—the presence of great numbers of Americans in Japan. For some time now, the wives of American officers there have been coming to Hong Kong for holidays. They have discovered my friend's rugs and bought a good many, and have even induced him to start a branch in Tokyo. He isn't certain what will happen to him if the Americans leave Japan, but he feels his chances are good, for he is really mobile now. Meanwhile, his shop is a nice place for drinking tea and talking. In a way, it is a portable garden itself.

**T**HERE is one group of Chinese whose members can come to Hong Kong from Red China, and go back again, without the difficulties their fellow-countrymen encounter. These are the fishermen who inhabit the great floating colonies of junks and sampans in the scores of harbors in South China—dwellers in a world comprising, besides the sea itself, a few hundred miles of choppy coast and a swarm of islands, Hong Kong among them. (Hong Kong is made up of an archipelago and a much-indented peninsula jutting out from China.) The craft they sail vary in their range. The smaller sampans, less than twenty feet long and without sails, can't go far and often base at one port for their lifetime. The really big junks, on the other hand, are capable of carrying forty or fifty people and of putting out to sea for ten days at a time, and their choice of ports depends only on winds or markets. There is



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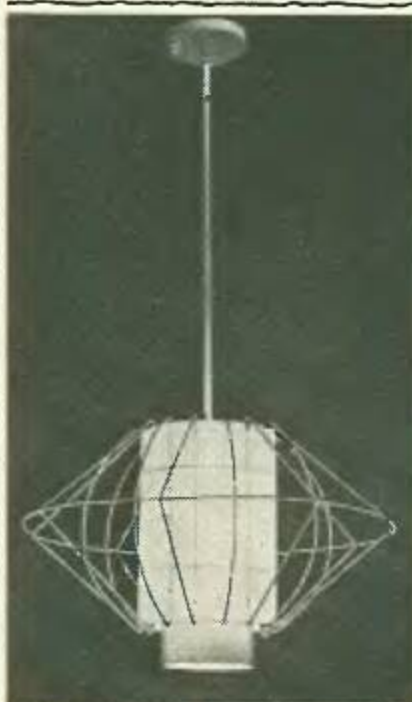


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always much crisscrossing in the water world, but for all that there has been a definite drift toward Hong Kong since the Reds took over the mainland. More boats have arrived in the past couple of years than have departed. Some are from far-off ports, and quite unlike the local boats in appearance. Now one sees junks from Amoy, three hundred miles up the coast, berthed at the little Hong Kong fishing port of Aberdeen, with white, red, and green hulls and with big eyes painted at their bows. They contrast strongly with the local junks, which are never painted but left the warm brown of natural wood rubbed with tung oil.

For at least two reasons, the Reds don't like to have shipping run away: It means less food coming to their ports, and it means more chance that news of their coast defenses will leak to the West. Asiatics are clever at getting animals to fish for them (rafts from which domesticated cormorants dive for and retrieve fish are common on the rivers of South China and Japan, and the Japanese use leashed octopuses to drive lobsters from underwater caves), but human beings are more fractious, and the Reds have trouble giving them leeway to fish while at the same time denying them leeway to disappear. The Reds have resorted to harsh measures in an effort to tie junks to the mainland, but, as is so often the case with the Reds, the strictness with which these measures are enforced varies from place to place. Some ports are easy, and junks can leave them without trouble. Some are strict, and demand that extra nets or other equipment, or even members of the fisherman's family, be left ashore to guarantee a junk's return. Some ports also try to put Red hands aboard as crew members.

Escape can be a hard proposition. I know of one big junk, a deep-sea trawler, that got away only with difficulty. It was owned by an old man and his three sons, all of whom lived on it, along with a complement of wives, children, chow dogs, cats, and chickens, according to the usual practice on these craft. The owners had five or six extra hands, some of whom were Reds. The family began to have a rough time in the Red port where the junk was berthed, what with repeated searches and questionings, and presently the old man and his sons, conferring in secret, decided that on the next voyage they would make a break. Trawlers work in pairs, dragging a cumbersome net between them on a long sweep, and when the sweep is finished, the crew of one junk passes

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its end of the net over to the crew of the other, which hauls the whole thing, catch and all, in over the stern. This is an arduous job, taking perhaps an hour, and some men are usually sent over from the netless junk to help with it.

The old man and his sons sought to escape at the end of a sweep, just after they had passed their end of the net over to the crew of the other junk, to which they sent the most pro-Red of their hired hands as helpers. The man in charge of the partner junk called for one of the sons to come, too, and the father, after a hasty talk with his boys, dispatched one who was a good swimmer. The two junks had drifted well apart when the son suddenly jumped overboard and swam back, and the family set sail, first casting off the remaining hired hands in a small boat. The other junk couldn't give chase without abandoning the heavy net, worth several hundred American dollars, so the family got away, and reached one of the Hong Kong fishing ports.

**I**NTELLECTUALS make up another class of exiles. Most of China's leading scholars, professional men, and artists threw in their lot with the Reds three years ago, in what has struck people on the outside as a suicidal courtship, like that of the black widow's husband. But a number of them fled to Hong Kong, where some of them are engaged ideologically in their country's quarrel and others are not. Either way, they are having a hard life. Half the doctors in Hong Kong now, for example, cannot take up practice, because study under the British flag is a prerequisite for a license. Teachers have a thin time because there are so many of them. The Hong Kong government has a scale for teachers' pay—it runs to well over a hundred American dollars a month in some categories—but there are private schools that pay much less, and get away with it. If the government scale were imposed on them, they would have to close, which would help nobody. Some of the more fortunate intellectuals make out all right. One I know, a former newspaperman, has found a rich fellow-countryman to tutor in English. Another, a former college president, has opened a stationery store; several of the high-school principals here were once his pupils, and they send him business.

Students, a subdivision of the intellectual class, are a special case. Nearly all Chinese students on the mainland back the Reds, who give them a dignified status and supply them with an out-

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let for their energies, but a few have turned away. Some of these are what might be called psychological Eurasians—Chinese so taken with the West's good points that they look down on their own people. (I know of more than one Chinese girl, for instance, who can't bear to go out with Chinese boys.) With the arrival of the Reds, young people of this sort found their newly Spartan, xenophobic homeland unattractive, and some of them have settled in Hong Kong. Others are here for loftier reasons. In return for desirable careers, the Reds demand strict compliance and discipline from all Chinese youth. Every college graduate must now enlist somewhere in the national effort, one hears from the mainland, and often there isn't much choice as to where; if a student fails to enlist, he is probably throwing away all hope of a good future. A few still unregimented students quail at this inflexible prospect, and in the end they come to Hong Kong, if they can. On a still higher plane, there are those who appear to have real doubts about Red schooling; it seems that in all or most Chinese colleges now one can be flunked out for political reasons but not for academic ones, and some diehards object to this.

MANY exiles, though once well situated, have no specialty to offer Hong Kong and have become indistinguishable parts of a mass. One place where the mass congregates is at Rennie's Mill Camp, on one of the colony's scores of lonely little bays. The Rennie's Mill camp site is public land, and thousands of refugees were sent there in 1950, when the shantytowns they had built throughout the colony began to cause alarm. There are from ten to twenty thousand people at Rennie's Mill now; even foreign missionaries who work among them are uncertain about the number, which keeps changing, anyway. The refugees in this camp live in huts that climb, tier upon tier, up a steep grassy hillside from the water—huts of tar paper or bamboo and wattle, with thatched roofs. The huts are inflam-



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mable, not very weatherproof, and small (grown people must stoop while inside them), but the roofs of many of them are covered by green seas of morning-glory vines with blue and purple flowers. The refugees living there are white-collar people, not like the hopeless poor who used to be washed up on the edges of famine and civil-war districts in China. They maintain a show of respectability. Many of the women wear carefully preserved print dresses, and the men wear decent, though not new, shirts and trousers, with sneakers or cloth shoes of fair condition. Walking through the camp, one sees men lying in their poor huts reading newspapers—an unusual sight in this part of the world, where literacy seldom goes with poverty. Housing conditions for refugees in the city proper are worse, if anything, than conditions at Rennie's Mill. It is common nowadays for twenty or thirty people to live in one small flat. From the upper stories of the big restaurants in Hong Kong's West Point section, one can look across the street and see rooms filled to the ceiling with tiers of bunks. The older downtown tenements have narrow balconies on each floor, with graceful wrought-iron balustrades, most often green. Now the balconies are jammed to uselessness with firewood, smoked meat, baskets, potted herbs, crates, laundry, and so on. The balconies are the only place left for such things; the rooms inside are packed tight with humanity.

A lot of the Rennie's Mill people are living on a dole from the Hong Kong government. Many others make what they can by weaving baskets or doing embroidery, jobs in which they are exploited by Hong Kong entrepreneurs, who pay five American cents for the handwork on a square of embroidery that will be sold downtown for two dollars; a man can do about three squares a day. Like all Chinese, the Rennie's Mill people incline to become merchants; they open little hutshops to sell soap, cigarettes, candy, and bits of food, or squat beside the paths through the camp with arrays of castoffs spread before them—shoes, caps, handbags, bottles, cups, toys. Rennie's Mill is one of the exile sectors that favor Chiang Kai-shek, and each month a dribble of its exiles manage to make their way to Formosa, the Nationalists' stronghold. The number is kept small by the entry restrictions of that island, which has its own refugee problem.

Refugees with neither specialties nor money have tended to sink fast in the Hong Kong social scale. Many at first

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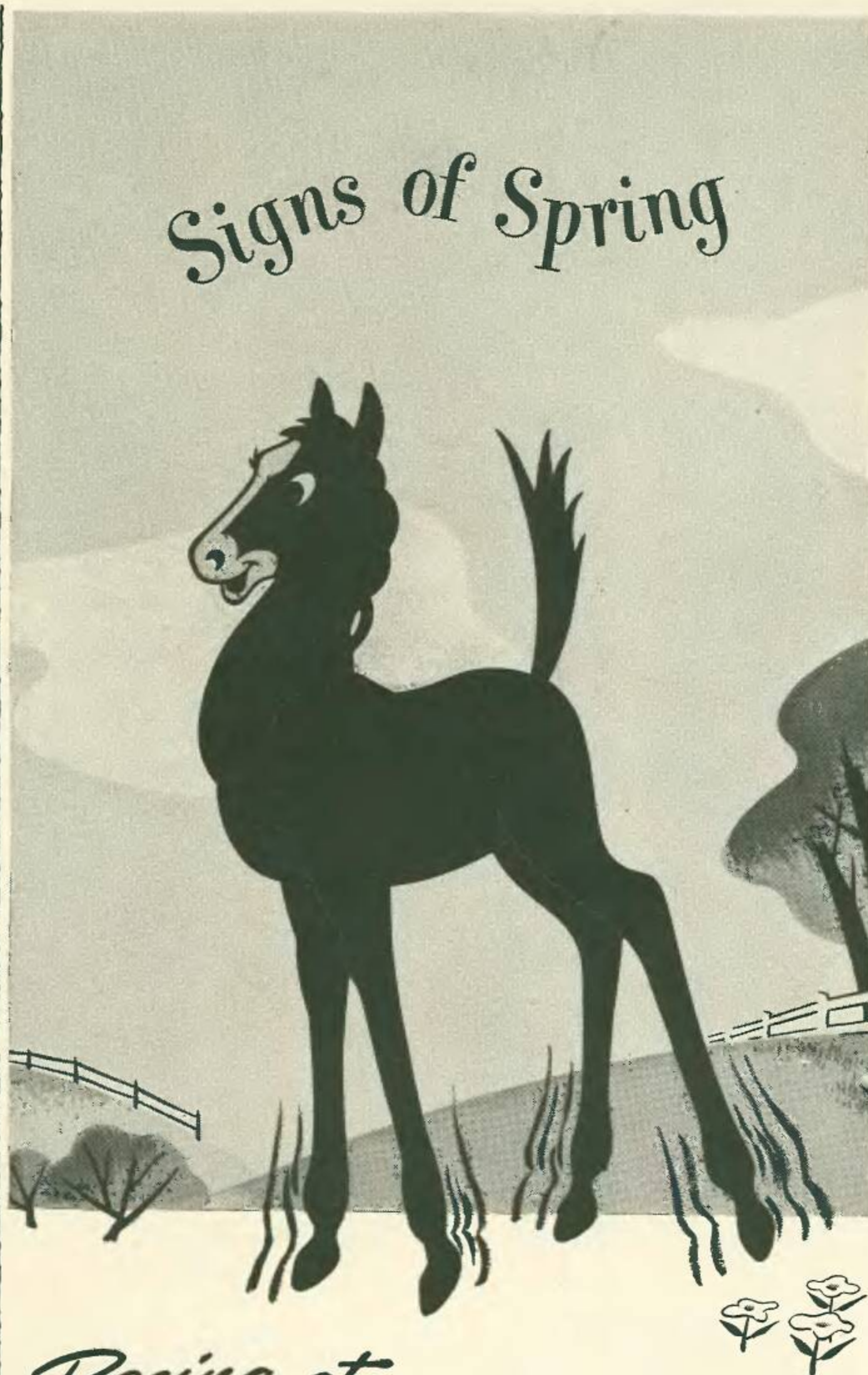
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could work as "travelling traders" between here and Canton, riding back and forth on trains and carrying small lots of goods for sale, but this opportunity no longer exists, partly because of Red policy, which prohibits luxuries from entering China, and partly because of American policy, which tries to prevent necessities from doing so. Many white-collar exiles have turned to manual work, an especially grave comedown for Chinese. There have been frequent suicides among the refugees. A British policeman told me not long ago that the usual method is by drinking Lysol—a painful procedure but one requiring no special knowledge of or access to drugs. There was a sharp jump in petty crime last fall, well ahead of the expected seasonal one before the lunar New Year, in January, which is the Chinese time for settling debts and is always preceded by an upsurge of banditry in the country and thievery in the cities.

**B**ECAUSE of all this malaise, large numbers of the exiles have a great desire to go home, but most of them agree that a return must be predicated on the overthrow of the Reds. There is much talk, and even some activity, toward this end. Just the other day, a cache of thirty well-oiled German and Spanish pistols was dug up in a fisherman's hut on Po Toi Island, a dot in the Hong Kong archipelago; according to the fisherman, they had been left there by a Nationalist agent. The role of this cache in the big pattern was not clear, but its existence wasn't extraordinary; spying, smuggling, and preparing for violence are a regular course of life among anti-Communists here.

Different theories prevail as to the best way of undermining the Reds. For some time after the Communists took over the mainland, the idea of guerrilla organizations was fashionable. Among the refugees were Chinese Army officers who had left their units more or less intact in some range or other of the Chinese mountains and had come to Hong Kong hoping to get American arms and money to keep the units going and, eventually, to turn the tide back. Their hopes have faded since last spring, when the Reds put on a strenuous drive against the guerrillas, many of whom were perhaps tired of waiting around anyway. Quite a few exiles have lately become convinced that the Reds are too well entrenched to be overthrown by force. One of several groups attempting to attain the same end by subtler ways is scheming to mastermind a revolt in South China, chiefly in



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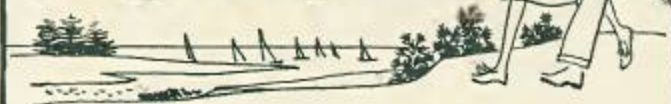
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the key provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi, which are accustomed to trading with Hong Kong and which dislike being run, as they are at present, by another part of the country. Aside from the obvious weaknesses inherent in all such plans, anti-Red plots being hatched in Hong Kong right now find themselves up against three formidable stumbling blocks—the local Communists, the British, and the Chinese Nationalists. The opposition of the Nationalists is not so paradoxical as it may sound, for Generalissimo Chiang, political experts here believe, means to lead any return to the mainland—if and when—himself. He is resolved that it shall be a Nationalist affair, launched from Formosa. This resolve is in line with his nature as it is generally analyzed here, and seems inevitable to those who have followed his career. The main effort of that career, its more detached students think, has been to cut down his rivals, or play them off against each other to the point of impotence, even when they stood for the things Chiang himself stood for. Since most anti-Red leaders here long ago took the view that Chiang is hopeless, they are in the strange position of agreeing to support him until he regains power and of vowing to overthrow him then.

The British discourage the sprouting of anti-Red, or Third Force, movements in Hong Kong because they don't want to provoke the Communists. This is basic Hong Kong policy. The colony is a small place, with only some twenty miles between its heart and the Chinese border. It is widely doubted whether the colony could withstand a Red assault. Its policy, therefore, is not to invite one, either by threatening the Reds itself or by lending support, however tacit, to those who would threaten them. A major duty of the Hong Kong police is to watch for anti-Red conspiracies. If a known Third Force man here receives an unwonted number of callers, he is likely to be questioned about it.

The Reds themselves, it is pretty generally agreed, keep a careful eye on anti-Red conspiracies in Hong Kong by means of a well-organized underground. Hong Kong is so small that activities within the colony can be checked up on with a minimum of trouble, and the Reds take advantage of this. People who should know are convinced that Red agents maintain an unbroken watch on the library of the United States Information Service here, the main outlet for American ideas, to see who visits it. One Chinese who

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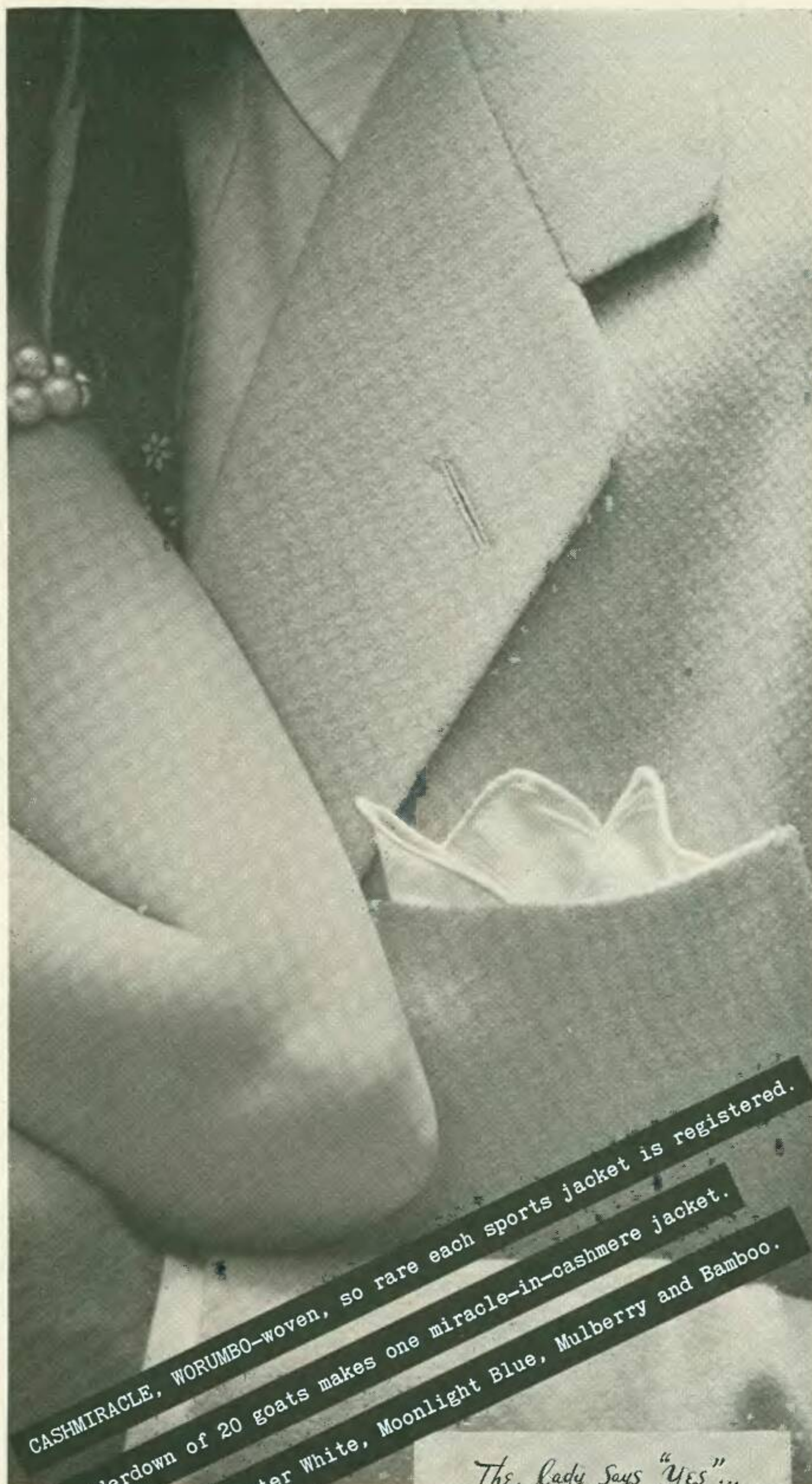
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came from the mainland some months ago took up work that required his frequent presence in that library. He grew so conscious of a steady, hostile scrutiny that he began having nightmares and soon quit his job. The story is told, and believed, of a Chinese who came here from Canton a year ago to see an American then in town; when he returned to Canton, he was questioned about the trip. He forgot to mention the American, and was then shown a photograph of the two of them together on a Hong Kong sidewalk. According to the story, he has been in jail ever since and has little chance of coming out alive. Similar tales, repeated over and over, lead the Chinese here to consider the Reds omniscient, and give the Communists an uncanny grip on the local mind. Stories with a legendary air spring up about them. A while ago, the Nationalist Defense Ministry on Formosa warned loyal Chinese here against being decoyed to their death by Red agents in Hong Kong; these agents, the warning said, were posing as Nationalists and offering to lead people via the mainland to Indo-China or to the islands of the Formosa Strait, with the promise that they would be recruited into the Nationalist underground. Once on the mainland, the Ministry said, the victims were being done in; indeed, more than three hundred had already suffered this fate. Whether the story is true or not, it points up an important fact about the Red approach to Hong Kong, which is to avoid violence within the colony itself, presumably to keep from annoying the British, but to employ substitutes for violence. One such substitute is the Reds' hold on refugees' relatives who are still in China proper—the same hold that is being used to extort money from Chinese in the United States and Canada. Another is their hold on the future. It's unlikely that any Chinese in Hong Kong feels confident that the Reds won't take the place, and take it soon. Few can be sure of getting out in a hurry; even the American Consulate can't guarantee escape to the Chinese members of its staff. Thus, a Hong Kong Chinese must count on finding himself all of a sudden in Red hands, and he must be careful about the dossier he can well believe is being kept on him. This, of course, has a chilling effect on anti-Red movements.

Hold or no hold, the Reds have lost face in Hong Kong in the years since they finished their conquest of the mainland and Great Britain was offering to recognize them. There are several



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reasons for this. One is that many Chinese here think the Reds have done badly in Korea and have got China into an embarrassing fix. Another is that the Reds' domestic policies, like the purge of "counter-revolutionaries" and the measures against private business, are particularly obnoxious to the kind of Chinese found in Hong Kong. The decline in Red standing was indicated last October in what is becoming, for the exiles, an annual flag contest. October 1st is the Reds' national day and October 10th is the Nationalists'. Both sides here try to get their backers to put up flags on the appropriate day. In 1949, Hong Kong was spotted everywhere with the Red emblem, a scarlet field bearing five gold stars, and there was hardly a trace of the Nationalists' more complicated one, symbolizing the "white sun, blue sky, and red earth," which was designed by Sun Yat-sen. Last October, though, the latter was in much evidence, on shops, houses, junks, and union headquarters. One of the livelier flag battles then was between a father and son, and might be said to typify a trend. The father ordered a Nationalist flag hoisted over his shop, and the son tried to prevent this, finally going after his father with a pair of scissors and raising such a row that he was hauled into court. There are many spirited anti-Communists of mature vintage here, but their views don't seem to carry much weight with their children, and meanwhile they aren't getting any younger.

THE possession of firearms by refugees is a problem. The British authorities consider guns in private hands an abomination. In China in the last days of the Nationalists, when most of the refugees left, it was different. Much of the country had been in a semi-lawless state for years, ruled by a military caste whose symbols of rank included guns, along with uniforms and official cars. When these military men came to Hong Kong—a strange, chancy place to many of them—they brought the guns along as a matter of course, and this led to an increase in armed robbery. For a time, the courts were full of cases involving the illegal possession of firearms, but as a result of severe sentences—several years' imprisonment plus a dozen strokes of the lash is a common one—there haven't been so many lately.

With large numbers of destitute people about, petty crimes such as cat-stealing, shoplifting, purse-snatching, and pocket-picking have, of course, flour-

*Arrowbilt*

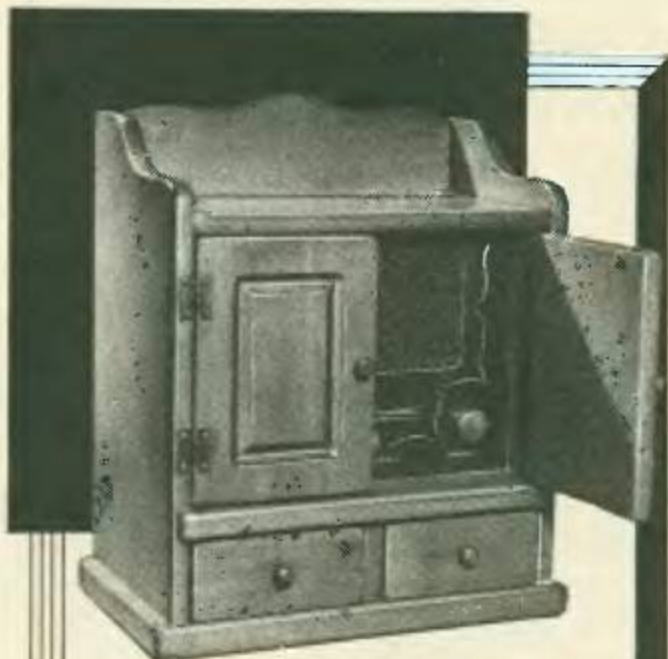


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ished. A prudent man in Hong Kong carries his fountain pen in an inside pocket of his jacket. Otherwise, hungry hands may reach for it like vine tendrils as he walks down the street. One sees few signs here of a mass immigration of professional criminals, however; perhaps those in China didn't feel the effects of overturn as quickly as the more law-abiding classes did. There is one conspicuous and populous group of undesirables, though—the prostitutes, most of them gum-chewing, jitterbugging ones from the northerly cities. These girls, mainly sought after by American sailors, start their day in the afternoon at a downtown ballroom, where there is dancing to a Filipino orchestra (Filipinos dominate the dance-hall bandstands here), and at half past ten adjourn to a restaurant that stays open till after one in the morning—a late hour for Hong Kong, whose night life is traditionally staid. Both ballroom and restaurant are bright, active places that may erupt at any moment, and because of this, men of our Shore Patrol, billies in readiness, stand affably in the corners, with the Hong Kong police and British M.P.s not far away.

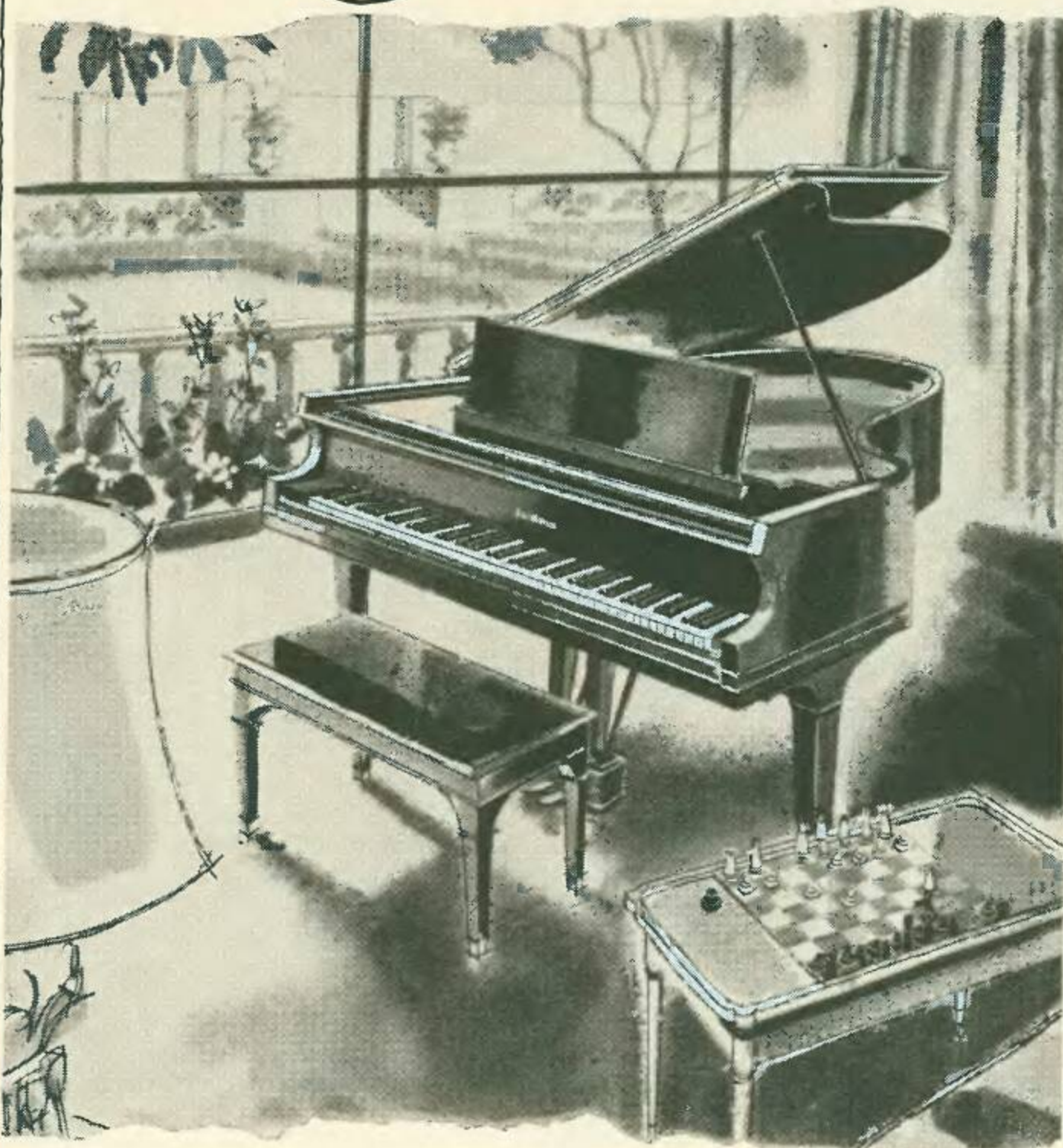
A few years ago, it is said, all the prostitutes in town were Cantonese and spoke the singsong Cantonese dialect, but now the soprano purr of North China women is heard as often in the night spots around town, and a listener can imagine himself in Peiping, more than a thousand miles away. When asked how they got here, these girls usually say they worked in Tientsin, Peiping's port, for a couple of years right after V-J Day, when our Marines were there; then moved to Tsingtao, the port above Shanghai, while we were still using it as a naval base; and finally came to Hong Kong in 1949, when Tsingtao was abandoned. The northern girls say they dislike it here. They are homesick. Beyond that, though they seldom speak of it, they are in a bad fix—growing older quickly, with no family or home community to fall back on, and sometimes with an inadvertent child or two to support.

CHINA is not exclusively Chinese, and has rarely been so. It takes in great non-Chinese borderlands—the Mongol steppes, the Turkestan deserts, the Tibetan mountains. It shelters, or has sheltered, a Babel mixture of Europeans and Americans—missionaries, businessmen, refugees from the Bolsheviks or the Nazis, adventurers, and plain expatriates. Some of these have

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been thrown out by the revolution and all have been shaken by it, and Hong Kong has felt the ripples. Tibetans don't favor exile. For centuries, they have lived apart on their plateau, ignoring other peoples and bending their minds to the Buddhist concept of eternity. Few left home even when the Chinese Reds got control of their country last spring and threatened to tear its civilization down.

Many Central Asiatic Moslems came through Hong Kong in the fall of 1949, after their regions in the dry stretches of Northwest China and Turkestan had been conquered by the Reds. The guesthouse of the Hong Kong mosque, on a slope overlooking the harbor, was crowded then, and dozens of Moslems slept in the mosque itself, a fact that was deplored but couldn't be helped. In the old days, Hong Kong, though it is hardly on a line between Mecca and Central Asia, was nevertheless on a main pilgrimage route because it is such a big port. Pilgrims made their way here overland or by air from Northwest China and Turkestan—journeys of up to two thousand miles—and then took a ship or plane west to the Red Sea. In 1949, many prominent Moslems seized on the annual pilgrimage as a means of escaping from China without loss of dignity or an appearance of cowardice. Skull-capped and oddly rustic, they showed up here from their distant, landlocked oases, and then went toward Mecca and were not seen in these parts again. The most striking of these refugees was General Ma Pu-fang, the principal figure in the Chinese Moslem world. He and his relatives fled their beleaguered region with, it is said, several million dollars' worth of gold and, it is certain, considerable numbers of wives. One fall day in 1949, I saw a score of these wives on a Hong Kong ferry, wearing crude clothing and black half veils and showing the lined, weathered, unbeautified faces of the Northwest—a strange contrast to the silken, soignée Cantonese and Shanghai women who were their fellow-passengers. A close watch is now being kept by the Reds on the Turkestan borders, one hears, so perhaps no more Moslems will be arriving in Hong Kong for a while. A few transplanted Chinese Moslems have been dug in here for the last two years or so and have become part of the community. They have opened a restaurant that specializes in the Northwest delicacy of mutton strips; these are roasted by the guests themselves, with the help of extra-long



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chopsticks, over a roaring open fire. The fire burns nightly on the roof of the restaurant, a five-story building in a crowded slum, where it blazes as a cryptic beacon to puzzle the Cantonese. There is also a Moslem scholar in Hong Kong—a Tatar, a member of the nation that produced Tamerlane, the Prince of Destruction, and the Mogul emperors of India. He is a man with large, expressive eyes, fluent in his own language and in Russian, Chinese, and English, and he has spent years working on a Tatar-English-Chinese dictionary.

As for oppressed Westerners, missionaries by the hundreds have come out of China through Hong Kong, driven from their lifework. (It may be a long time before the Reds get rid of the last Catholic bishop on the mainland, but they mean to in the end.) Some of the missionaries have lingered in Hong Kong to work, but most have gone on home. The White Russians from cities like Harbin, Shanghai, and Tientsin have moved on quickly, too, and so have the refugees from Hitler, who set up their ghetto in Shanghai in the thirties and forties. Hong Kong has never wanted them to stay, and they have agencies like the International Refugee Organization (which is still functioning here because of the gravity of the refugee problem, although it has shut up its offices in the rest of the world) to help them get to America or Australia, or wherever the next haven is. More noticeable among the Western refugees reaching Hong Kong are the stock treaty-port figures—businessmen, journalists, consular people, and so on. Americans in these categories have arrived in such numbers that the United States Consulate—a few years ago a one-horse outfit, only called upon to stamp a visa or rescue a stranded seaman now and then—has been enormously enlarged and is doing a lot of the work the American Embassy in



# TIPS ON TRAVEL

by BRADLEY WESTON

World Traveler, Author and Travel Columnist

## A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH COMMODORE ISAAC HULL WHO COMMANDED THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION IN 1812



I would be willing without further ado to turn in my badge in the Sea Scouts if I could have a look at Commodore Isaac Hull having a look at the new liner, Constitution. The name "Constitution" is no strange one to the Commodore. He commanded the U. S. Frigate Constitution in the War of 1812, and knocked off the *Guerrière* in a famous scrimmage that took place off the Grand Banks.

### Kennels for Cannons



I suspect you're up there, Commodore, on a large and commodious cloud bank reserved for naval officers, saying to yourself, "This is a strange way, indeed, to go to sea." Well, sir, *this* Constitution is built more for comfort than combat.

I've read where your Constitution carried thirty 24-pounders, twenty-two 32-pound carronades, a long 18-pounder and two long 24-pounders. This new ship carries two swimming pools, one soda fountain, three barber shops, an auditorium and an air conditioned kennel.

### Six Days to Gibraltar



In the records I see where they gave you \$2017.60 for being a skipper, and the sailmaker was content with \$444.40. There's no sense running up your blood pressure telling you who gets what today, but believe me, the payroll is higher, even though we've dropped the sailmaker. The new Constitution carries a staff of 577 to get 1000 passengers back and forth across the Atlantic Ocean in style.

There is hardly anyone using sails any more. Old Fulton's idea turned out pretty well and the new Constitution and her sister ship, the *Independence*, have

got it worked out so they make an average cruising speed of 23 knots. Remember once in September of 1803, when your frigate cleared Gibraltar twenty-nine days out of Boston? You may not be in the mood to believe me, sir, but the *Constitution* and the *Independence* do Gib now from New York in six days, two hours and thirty minutes without even puffing hard.

### Keeping Cool



Folks now sit in the Barbary Room, which is the name of a tavern aboard the ship that looks a little like a waterfront inn of your day, and talk about the steaming summer of 1804, when you stood off the Barbary shore and let them have it with the cannon. It's hard to imagine it these days. For one thing, this new Constitution is ventilated with cool air right in the middle of summer. Some machines they've got stored away below decks make as much cool air every day as a block of ice that would weigh 1,600,000 pounds.

With these new icemakers, the old salt pork and dried beef days have disappeared. For lunch, the new Constitution and *Independence* offer nine kinds of appetizers, three kinds of soup, two kinds of fish, eight different entrées, seven cold dishes, four kinds of salads and six different desserts. Take one or all.

### Floating Resort



Well, sir, things have changed some, haven't they? Going to sea these days is rather like basking on a floating resort. Perhaps you will join us in the Mediterranean one day, Commodore, and sail home along the gentle Sun-Lane route that you knew so well. We'll look for you in the wheel house and keep a chair for you in the Barbary Tavern. Fair breeze, sir.

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China used to do. Before 1949, Hong Kong was a way stop for Western journalists. Now it is the main news-gathering point between Japan and India.

Some Westerners who formerly lived in Peiping or Shanghai and who became addicted to Chinese surroundings there have used much ingenuity in finding niches for themselves here. Few of them are doing anything that one can really put one's finger on, and it is poor form in Hong Kong these days to inquire too persistently into another's means of livelihood. Everyone assumes that some Westerners, at least, are doing undercover work, the possibilities for which are, of course, tremendous, since the British, the Americans, the Russians, the Chinese Reds, and the Chinese Nationalists, as well as more out-of-the-way people, are undoubtedly all dabbling in that field. Some of the Westerners are what might be called North China snobs. They are used to Peiping or Shanghai, both hundreds of miles away, and they can see no merit in the South. They complain about the Cantonese dialect, referring loftily to it as "duck talk," or at any rate protest that it isn't Chinese. Like the dance-hall girls, they are homesick for China, and it is not tactful to remind them they may never see Peiping or Shanghai again. Sitting around with old friends and discussing old times, they wait to go back, and meanwhile live from day to day.

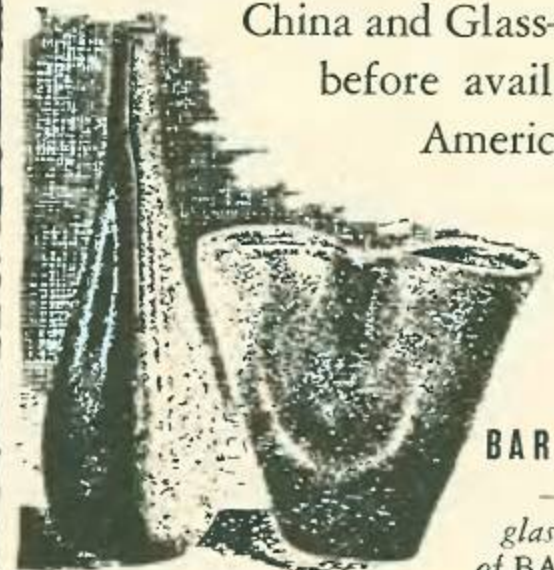
A MIXTURE of attitudes and sentiments has been brought to Hong Kong and trapped here, like a blend of perfumes in a bottle, and the mixture now seems about to undergo an aging process. Most of the Chinese refugees who have been able to leave Hong Kong have done so, and very few more are coming from the mainland. The flow from there was stopped both by the British, who got tired of it in 1950, when it reached twenty thousand a week, and by the Reds, who resented the loss of the money the refugees were taking with them. Some refugees are still being smuggled in—about two hundred a week, according to one reliable estimate. They are helped over the border by the Yellow Ox Gang, a group of toughs who normally work the docks, or they bribe their way in on junks from nearby Macao. Illegal entrants who are caught by the Hong Kong authorities are loaded onto junks and dumped at night in Red territory along the coast or on the Pearl River Delta, to the north of here. Some of the dumppees are riffraff whom the Reds don't want either, and occasionally, one

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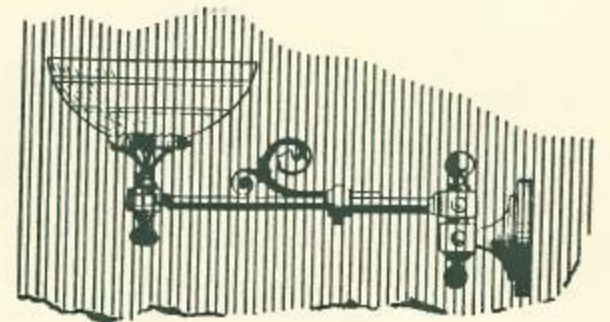
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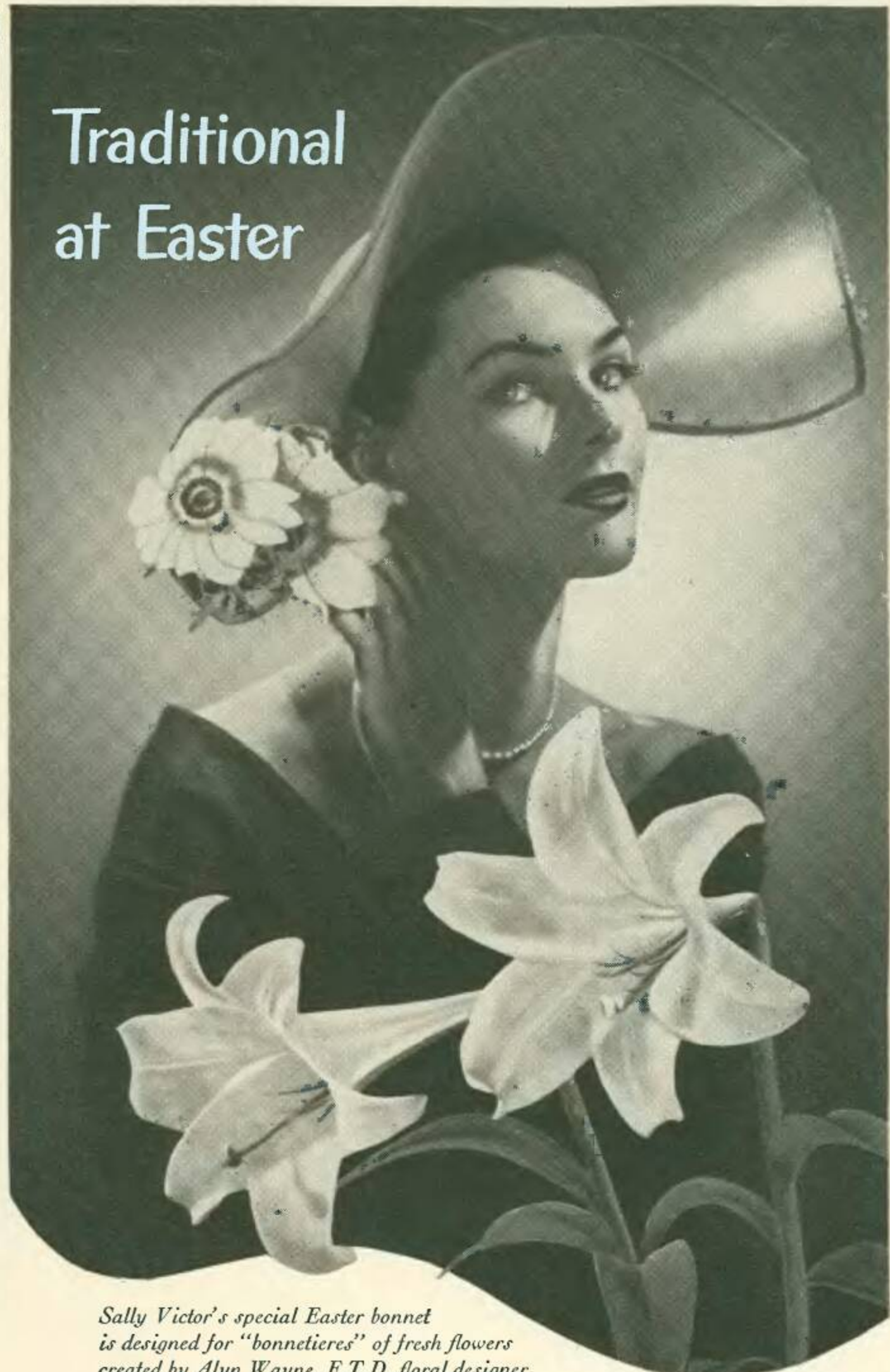
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hears, they are sneaked back to Hong Kong on another night, like discards in a game of hearts.

The obstacles to leaving Hong Kong are many. Some of the early refugees, especially those from Canton, at first looked on their stay here as temporary; they would go back, they said, when the dust of the Red takeover had settled. It never has. Grim stories are circulated about the fate of some people who have tried to return. Leaving Hong Kong for the Western world is also hard for the Chinese, because of the modern difficulties in obtaining passports and visas—difficulties that have given rise to a black market in credentials. A friend of mine who made a careful study of this activity some time ago told me of two European countries whose passports could be bought here for something over three hundred American dollars. British birth certificates, he said, which are available to Hong Kong-born Chinese and are necessary as the first step in obtaining a British passport, were being sold by their owners for about a hundred dollars. My friend also found that one could get an American visa for three hundred and fifty dollars. The routine was to visit a certain travel agency and pay the bribe, in return for which a code mark was placed on one's passport. Holders of passports so marked were issued visas without delay at the American Consulate. This practice was presumably stamped out a few months later, when an official in the Consulate was sent home.

The United States is the prime goal of visa-seekers, legal or otherwise. Under the quota, however, only a hundred and five Chinese a year can migrate there as residents. Others can enter the country only on a temporary basis, as businessmen, students, or tourists. The consulate people here demand evidence of good faith from these, as a precaution against the travellers' not coming back. Even so, many Chinese on temporary visas have disappeared in the States—just dropped out of sight.

ONE of the better escape hatches for Chinese from Hong Kong leads to São Paulo, the port in southern Brazil. This is open only to some members of the most privileged and adaptable refugee group—the Shanghai capitalists. A few hundred Shanghai people are in São Paulo now, according to word from there, and perhaps a dozen more are going there every month. They fly by Pan American Airways—whole big families, along with their cooks and amahs, though the fare is thirteen hun-



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dred American dollars a person. The flow was much heavier in early 1951, when an alarm spread that the Reds might be taking Hong Kong soon, and it will undoubtedly become heavier again if another flap starts. Many exiles are believed to be waiting here with their visas and tickets for São Paulo in order. The exiles in São Paulo live apart, it is said, in a Little Shanghai, eating Chinese food prepared by their own cooks; the men wear Western suits, but the women cling to the high-necked Chinese dresses that become them so well.

Right from the start, the Chinese who went to São Paulo were perhaps the most favored of all the refugees, being rich, rootless, sophisticated—and certainly talented, or they would not have risen to the top in the strange cosmopolis of Shanghai. Most of the other Chinese refugees are less fortunate. They have a past they like to dwell on and a present that derives much grace from the wit and amiability of Chinese culture, but they have almost no future they can be sure of. The other day, I was talking to a teacher here, a small, wiry Chinese exile in his late fifties, who seemed more realistic than most. "I tell my students not to pay attention to me," he said, quietly but not sadly. "I belong to the old days, and have no place in the new. I may have to live outside my country always—but my students won't. They will grow up to be Chinese, I'm sure." Some of the exiled Chinese here, the bitterly anti-Red ones, would disagree with this man, but many others would not. These feel that, no matter what happens, to leave the stream of Chinese history is to lose oneself. And they feel that the stream is not in Hong Kong now but across the border, where it has always been.

—CHRISTOPHER RAND

Shea appreciates fully the significance of having been invited here. He knows he is fighting for his baseball life. As a consequence he arrived in camp 14 pounds lighter than he had been after the 1951 World Series. His stomach is flat enough. Now it rests with his arm.—*The World-Telegram & Sun*.

Describe him some more. He interests us.

#### THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[From Library Journal]

Brown, Dee & Schmitt, Martin. F. Trail Driving Days. Scribner . . . If this book does not become a classic of Western Americana this reviewer will cheerfully eat his sombrero, sweatband and all.

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## ONE TO OHATCHEE

SOMETIMES I think that what I look forward to most about a trip to New York is buying a ticket back to my home, in Ohatchee, Alabama. Whenever I do this, some peculiar, haunting little incident is bound to occur. I don't know why, but it always does. Perhaps it's just that the name "Ohatchee" bemuses people. At least, that's the conclusion I came to the last time I bought a ticket home. I went to Pennsylvania Station, picked a window, and stood in the line before it. When my turn came, the man inside looked out at me. As I remember, he was small and pale, and he wore a green eye shade. "Ohatchee, Alabama," I said to him.

"Ohatchee?" he repeated.

"O-h-a-t-c-h-e-e," I said. "Alabama."

He turned to a large book at his elbow. Confidently at first, and then with assurance ebbing, he flipped the pages back and forth, stopping to pore over several of them. After a while, he peered at me suspiciously. "Ohatchee?" he asked.

"It's a flag stop," I told him.

Tentatively, he glanced at several more pages, and then went out back, through the door of his cage, perhaps to consult another book, an even larger book. After a couple of minutes, he returned, his expression indicating that the expedition had failed. "Ohatchee," he said. He was talking to himself.

"Alabama," I added.

"Are you sure there is such a place?" he asked.

"I live there," I said.

"I moved there ten years ago."

"How long ago?"

"Ten years."

"Hmm," he said. He turned again to the book at his elbow.

"My house isn't the only one there," I told

him. "Not long ago, one burned down just across the road. People said it had stood for more than a hundred years. And then, early one morning, it went."

The man behind the window relaxed and smiled faintly. "After a hundred years," he said.

"Yes," I said. "There was a school-teacher living in a small room upstairs.

She jumped out the window onto the roof of a shed without waiting to get her teeth. Later in the day, we raked through the ashes. We found some melted car keys. The fire was too hot for her teeth, I guess, but you could still read the numbers on the keys."

"How did it catch?" asked the man next in line behind me.

"Oil," I said.

I turned my back to the window as I spoke, and I felt guilty, seeing the people in the waiting line. It wasn't any longer than some lines at other windows, but the people at the end seemed more impatient. They had waited longer without moving than the newcomers in the other lines.

"Oil?" the stranger repeated.

"Yes," I told him. "Coal oil. Some people call it kerosene. It can be very dangerous in a glass jug."

"Glass jug?" he said.

"The man who owned the house got up before day to build a fire in the grate," I told him. "He poured oil from a glass jug on the kindling, and then he must have bumped the jug and cracked it when he set it on the cement hearth. After he lit the kindling, he went out in the yard. Pretty soon, he smelled something like cloth burning and went back inside. A big rug in front of the fireplace was a solid blaze."

"No fire extinguisher?" the stranger asked.

"Nothing but water," I said.

"Water will spread an oil fire," he said.

"They didn't get much chance to see if it would, because about that time the man's grandfather came running out of his bedroom, yelling. The old man always slept in his long undershirt, and that's all he was wearing—not even drawers."

"So the man had to rescue his grandfather," said the stranger.

"No," I said. "The man went out to the back porch and pushed a button that turned on the new electric water pump. The house had stood a hundred years without any fire protection, and only a few weeks before, they'd wired it for electricity and had thrown away the well bucket. The new



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pump hit about six licks and stopped dead."

"Wouldn't start again?" asked the stranger.

"It couldn't," I said. "No electricity. The grandfather was more afraid of electricity than he was of the fire. The first thing he did was to make for the kitchen and pull the switch that cut off all the current. That left the house burning and no water. The well bucket was gone, and the well itself had been sealed over when they put the pump in. Someone blew the sawmill whistle, and people came with tubs of water, but by then it was too late. The fire had gone up through the walls, and the schoolteacher had jumped from upstairs without her teeth."

THE man suddenly glanced at the big station clock and then checked it with his watch. He hurried away, and I saw him take his place at the end of another line. Most of the people in my line had already gone elsewhere, and now the remaining ones went. I turned again to the man behind the ticket window. He was using his phone, which he cradled between his shoulder and his chin, leaving his hands free to fumble abstractedly with the book. Evidently, he had exhausted all his near-at-hand resources, and was calling someone with access to more abstruse information. There was a long pause. The man and I waited patiently. A strange look came on his face. He hunched his shoulder to bring the phone closer to his ear. "Are you *sure*?" he asked.

There was another pause. "O.K.," he said. "If you say so."

He hung up and frowned at me. "I still don't believe it," he said.

He opened the book to a page near the back and ran his finger up and down it. Eventually the finger stopped and the man slowly lifted his head and looked at me. He seemed dazed but obliged to abide by what he had found there. He reached for a ticket and inspected it for length. Apparently, it wasn't long enough. He selected another and reluctantly took his pen in hand. "Ohatchee," he said with disapproval as he began writing.

"O-h-a-t-c-h-e-e," I said.

I was tempted to apologize to him. Sometimes, finding myself in one of the queer situations the name of my town gets me into, I have considered moving my family to Cleveland or St. Louis or some other known place, but my wife and I have two children, and they have a mule, a pony, two goats, four dogs,



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three cats, and twelve ducks. None of us would want to leave any of these behind.

"Ohatchee," the man repeated to himself as he continued writing. He had reached the last section of the ticket. "Ohatchee, Alabama," he muttered. "I never heard of the place."

"It's nice there," I told him.

"I never heard of it," he said.

—TOM SIMS

IF NOT, NOT

By the time one is fifty, one's friends are, or are not, great successes. Their lives, and one's own, by that time have, or have not, become messes. It's all very well to say Cato learned Greek first at eighty, But by fifty the chances against great new doings are weighty.

One might as well settle for good to be less than a wonder, To be not quite as brilliant as lightning, as startling as thunder. How calming to note that by now things are just as they are, That one's come where one's come, though the distance is, frankly, not far.

And the heights that are there to be taken, how fine *not* to storm them. And one's friends? How much simpler it is not to try to reform them. By now they are all, as are you, in their late middle ages— Time, perhaps, just to look at the scene, like the classical sages.

—IRWIN EDMAN

"It Can't Happen to a Marine" is a tensely dramatic story, beautifully written, about Stanley Mathias, a Marine, who has ambitions to become a general, no less. Nothing was going to stand in his way, not even beautiful Felice Quinby, a Wave whom he met at a dance at the Service Club. Then it happened. Tuberculosis! What follows comprises a disguised though powerful health education message regarding tuberculosis which is sure to be talked about by health workers in this field for a long time to come.

The other stories, each in its own way, are equally effective. Those of you who are interested in mental health will like the book-length feature, "A Wise Guy in the Rackets," in which Topsy Tulane, the main character, finally develops paresis as a result of untreated syphilis. All of you will like "I Was a Pin-Up Girl," a beautiful love story which deals with no particular disease . . . —Letter from Health Publications Institute, Inc.

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## ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## THIS AND THAT



**I**T'S a bit late now to be talking about buying spring suits, and a bit early to go seriously into summer things, but there's no harm in passing on the word about the beguiling

and useful spring-and-on-into-summer clothes that happen to be in the shops at the moment. Bergdorf Goodman present a nice collection of suits, some of heavy silk, that could be worn from now until the middle of June, if not later. One of a rose-red or natural rough Italian silk has matching passementerie embroidery on the collar and cuffs, and a vertically tucked peplum. An attached petticoat of rayon taffeta gives the skirt a round, full, but not exaggerated look. In direct contrast, there's a suit of gentian-and-black shantung worsted, with a pipestem skirt and a double-breasted jacket that has arched hip pockets. The collar and piping are of black piqué. This suit is also done in gray and white, with collar and piping of white piqué. A suit of a salt-and-pepper fabric that looks like linen but is really a mixture of silk and wool has a fairly long double-breasted jacket and a skirt that's pleated all the way round. One of navy gabardine is lined with navy-and-white checked rayon taffeta, which also makes the collar and cuffs. The most tailored suit in the establishment is of two-tone beige wool and equipped with high lapels and bone buttons. Prices range from \$85 to \$165.

The topcoats at Bergdorf are worth a good long look, too. One of vertically ribbed navy wool jersey has a standing collar and no fastening. A fitted job is of navy or black jersey; the collar is high and notched, the skirt is very full, and folds ripple down the sides. These coats are both \$125, and both are lined with dusty-pink rayon taffeta.

The heavy Italian silk called Doupioni makes a dressy coat, or coat-dress, that is gathered to give the illusion of a low waistline. You have to be fairly tall and slender to wear it with grace. In navy with a peacock-blue rayon taffeta lining, or in black with chartreuse lining; \$155.

**A** NEW department at Mark Cross deals in ready-made casual jackets of imported woollens—hound's-tooth checks, herringbone cashmeres, and tweeds. There are over a hundred woollens to choose from if you don't find exactly what you want on the hangers. Three of the four jacket designs are masculine, with peaked or rounded lapels and a shawl collar. The fourth, and the shortest, has a Peter Pan collar, cuffed sleeves, and half-moon pockets. Prices run from \$105 to \$135, and

special orders take three or four weeks. The one topcoat (\$130) here is hand-stitched. An extra-big turnover collar and straps above the wrists keep out drafts. It's shown in an Irish tweed.

Mark Cross also offers a good collection of shirts designed for women, though they happen to button, in masculine fashion, on the right side. Made of madras in multicolored stripes or plaids, they're \$10.50. In white cotton broadcloth, they're \$8.50. The sizes are 30 to 38.

**D**E PINNA'S Town Shop is one place to look for those carefree little black-and-white silk dresses that have come to be the summer edition of the dependable, or basic, black. The ones here, in sizes 10 to 16, are \$69.95. The stiffened hemline and the rayon mar-



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yesterday in the modest scalloping at the bodice line. What wonderful comfort with deftly padded wire and the gentlest bones you never noticed. Breathe-easy A'Lure nylon elastic backband.

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quissette or organdie lining of the skirt on most of them will prevent that familiar hot-weather wilted look. A white taffetarized shantung with a black tick-tacktoe design has long strips tying across the bosom, and a skirt with unpressed pleats. A black taffetarized shantung with white paintbrush daubs all over it is topped by a white organdie overcollar. A very wide pointed collar frames the low V décolletage of a sleeveless white shantung printed with black snowflakes—city snowflakes, probably.

In De Pinna's Young Moderns Department, there are topcoats of navy or natural camel's hair lined in milium, a fabric sprayed with something or other that is supposed to insulate against cold in winter and heat in summer. These coats, very light in the hand, have small rolled collars and one button at the throat or else are cut polo style; in junior sizes 9 to 15 and misses' sizes 10 to 16, and \$65.

Only a few steps away is the children's corner, where there are washable, short-sleeved pullovers and long-sleeved cardigans trimmed with straw strawberries. The material is a pink, blue, or white wool, rayon, and cotton bouclé. Sizes run from 7 to 14; prices are \$6.25 and \$7.95. Teen sizes—they're 10 to 16, and large enough to fit most grown women—are \$7.95 and \$8.95. The strawberries on these are plastic.

IF you like to prowls smaller dress shops, Razook, in the lobby of the Plaza Hotel, might be inspected. A plain but pretty dress of charcoal nylon and orlon has a gathered skirt and a white piqué collar. The sizes are 9 to 15. A sleek two-piece dress of olive or navy linen has a full skirt and a closely fitted overblouse edged with embroidered ribbon and fastened with ribbon buttons. Among the dance dresses is a short and strapless one of heavy cream lace, with a pocket on the right hip and a matching stole. Another festive dress, floor length this time, is of coral or pastel silk-and-rayon chiffon, with a draped décolletage and a floating skirt. An airy chiffon stole will permit your shoulders to float, too, if that's what you want. All three of these dresses come in sizes 10 to 18. An attractive navy shantung dress, with an embroidered yoke and a cardigan jacket, appears in sizes 18 to 42. In this same size group are some one-piece shantungs in black or navy, plain or printed, with smooth-hipped, gored skirts and simple tucked bodices. Prices

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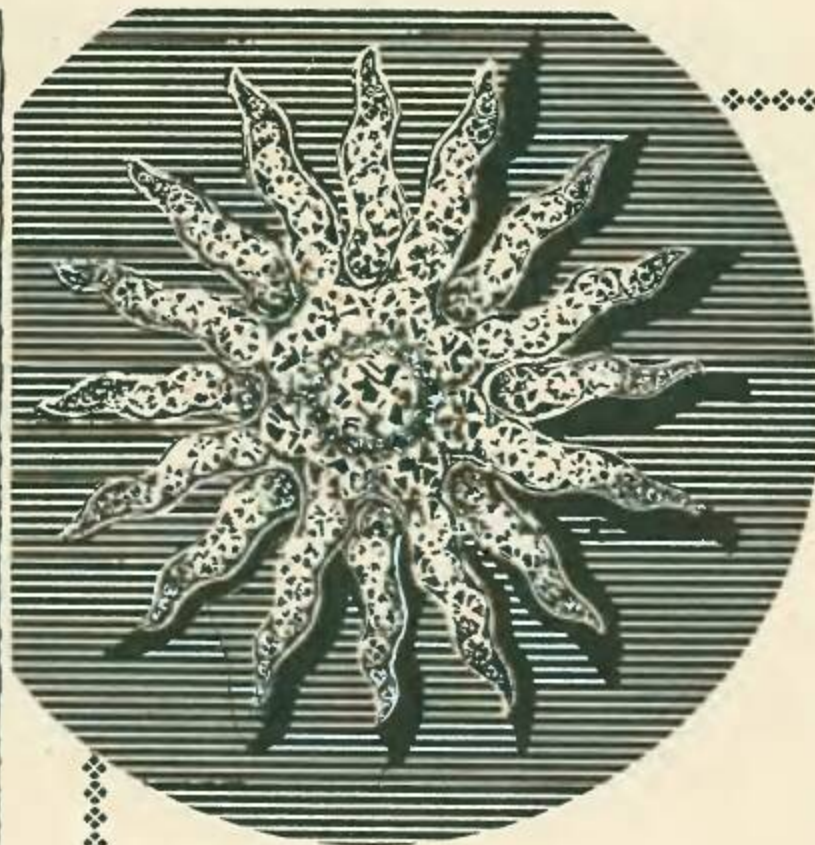
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ROSE DODGE, on the second floor at 18 East 58th Street, is another woman with a keen eye for pretty clothes. Hers are all in sizes 12 to 20. A few, of white or blue Swiss silk printed with the smallest of black-and-white flowers, are made with a folded yoke and a turnover collar. Little black-and-white medallions are printed all over pink or green silk dresses with straightish skirts pleated in front and plain at the back. A fine one for any time of day, and for many times of evening, is of banana or pink wool jersey, with rhinestone buttons. For travelling, there's a nylon-and-rayon mesh that should serenely survive anybody's packing. It comes in mauve-pink, green, white, or natural. The lowest price here is \$45; the top price is \$250.

PHHELPS, long known for its custom and ready-made leather bags and belts, and more lately for tailored country clothes, has moved to the parlor floor of the brownstone at 27 East 37th Street. An ensemble called Station Wagon, of beige, black, and brown camel's hair and worsted with tiny checks, is comprised of a classic three-quarter topcoat, bound and buttoned in natural leather, and a slender but surprisingly roomy wraparound skirt; \$175. Another three-quarter coat, of wool in a horse-blanket check, is cut on the bias. It has a natural leather yoke and a leather-faced turned-up collar; \$145. The yoke and the huge curved pockets of a long-sleeved tunic coat of benedictine or sand suède are piped with leather, and a rope belt of dark suède will cinch it in if a definite waistline is considered necessary;



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\$89. Sizes run from 10 to 18, and it usually takes a week or two to fill an order.

Plenty of good-looking belts of Phelps' own design are on hand. Inch-wide ones of natural, black, navy, red, or tan cowhide, with cowhorn buckles, are \$12.50. Others, one and a half to one and three-quarters inches wide, with brass buckles, are dyed with designs in contrasting colors; \$25. Hand-made cowhorn and staghorn buttons are seventy-five cents each, in any size and in various shapes.

**Y**OUNG ladies in their teens may discover stuff of interest to them on the second floor of 956 Madison Avenue (75th) in the emporium called Fashions for Girls. A suit of navy rayon twill is constructed with a short, tight, padded-hip jacket and an eight-gore skirt. The jacket is lined with red-and-white striped rayon taffeta, and a petticoat of the taffeta is attached to the skirt. The whole thing is \$35. Circular quilted skirts of pin-checked blue-and-white rayon taffeta are \$12.95. Sprig and natty accompanying middy-collar spencer jackets of navy rayon faille are \$8.95. Black cotton skirts are printed with small, varicolored cyclists, and there are sleeveless cotton blouses in, for instance, strawberry, gold, or deep blue. For Saturday tea and Sunday dinner, navy-and-white checked rayon taffeta, as springlike as can be, makes dresses with white rayon linen collars and black patent-leather belts. For very gay occasions, there's a tiny-sleeved dress of French-blue nylon marquisette. This one has a high, petalled collar.

Hats are around here, too—close-fitting Juliet caps of black, navy, or chocolate-brown net, as well as bicycle clips covered with velvet and smothered with spring flowers or adorned with bows of white piqué and short, stiff veils. All these run from \$1.95 to \$6.95.

**H**ELEN COLE has recently unveiled her collection of separates and accessories in her new shop, on the second floor of 963 Lexington Avenue (70th). Some astonishing wraparound skirts, seven yards around and of heavy awning-striped cotton, have a trick hook-and-eye arrangement to catch some of the fullness up into a pannier at one side, if (that is) you want a pannier. The combination is white and red, green, blue, or maroon stripes, and with each skirt goes a striped, rhinestone-studded cummerbund to match; \$35, all told. A wraparound skirt of

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thick, heavy Mexican cotton, five yards around and in a rich plaid, or narrow black-and-white stripes, or solid raspberry or chocolate brown, sports a matching cummerbund ornamented with a clump of fabric anemones; also \$35. Taffetarized Honan silk boldly printed with gold, salmon, and orange zinnias makes an evening skirt of the same width; \$50. The flowers on the matching waistband are picked out with glittering bits of fake jewels. Espadrilles tied with ribbon and paved with sequins of every color on earth are \$15. Short hatpins, useful for (among other things) lapel décor, have heads made of nuts (real ones) varnished and set with sparkling stones; \$6, including federal tax. Earrings to match are \$10, including federal tax. Jabots of picot-edged blue and lavender ribbon and many other color combinations, decked out with a bunch of cornflowers and attached to an organdie collar, are \$12.50. Chignons of spring flowers—all flowers, all colors—are \$7.95 a pair. Tiny wreaths of daisies, cornflowers, or poppies for women who affect horse-tail coiffures, are \$2.75.

ALTMAN's sixth-floor millinery department is full of new spring straw hats by Laddie Northridge, all priced at \$14.95. The shallow brim of a green Milan-type sailor, from the sides of which two red Mercury wings sprout, is faced with red wool jersey. A piecrust upper brim imparts a jaunty air to a sailor of a rougher, coffee straw. Natural rough straw makes a flat-crowned sailor with a bunch of glistening cherries dangling from the brim. A floppy-brimmed cloche, in navy-and-pink or navy-and-beige striped straw, has four straw pinwheels mounted on its crown, and the back of a white Watteau bonnet, guaranteed to make the huskiest woman look fragile, is surmounted by a bouquet of red poppies nesting in a mass of black-and-white striped rayon taffeta ribbon. And some girl with smooth dark hair is going to sweep all before her when she puts on a cap of white Milan-type straw with crisscross bands of

daisies, swathed in navy-and-white veiling, above the brows.

BLOOMINGDALE is presenting Jean Dessès' very first collection of gloves. The gloves range from wrist length to twelve-button, cost from \$3.95 to \$18.95, and come in cotton, doeskin, or glacé kid. There is a reasonable choice of colors. Croissant is ten-button length, cut in a curve so that it will cling to the arm. Sac-à-Main, a shortie, has slits in the cuff so that you can dangle it from your wrists when you don't want to wear it. Artichoke is a shortie with a shower of petals around the wrist... Lord & Taylor's short hand-sewn cotton gloves, sprinkled with small crosses, are \$4.50. Ascots to match are \$2.95... McCreery's lightweight pigskin slippers are not only black, white, or tan but (unusual for pigskin) green, navy, red, buttercup, or pale pink. From two- to eight-button length, and \$5.95 or \$6.95.

BERTHOLD, now ensconced at 61 West 55th Street, is still giving those Harper treatments for hair that is too oily, too dry, too winter-weary, or too world-weary. The hair is washed and then the scalp is scrubbed with a small but firm brush. After it's been dried (by hand), a pleasant herb tonic is applied, producing a restful yet invigorating effect. Massage of the shoulder blades and the back of the neck follows, and finally the hair is combed and brushed until it is vibrant and shining. This session is \$3.50. A set is \$2 extra. Permanents start at \$15. Spiral waves, for women with very fine hair that needs body, are \$25.

THERE'S not much time now, but Elizabeth Arden has thought up a posh plastic Easter egg, encrusted with imitation pearls and a few showy but not precious jewels and standing on a gold-metal filigree base. Inside, naturally, there's a small bottle of Arden's Blue Grass, On Dit, or My Love perfume; \$11.40 to \$13.80, including federal tax. —G. J.

SWEET CEREMONY

Spring, sweet ceremony, begins again  
 When, after introductory rain,  
 The Chinese lilies—that earliest cortege—  
 Now with their orange eyes unbuttoned fully,  
 Bow elaborately and, one by one,  
 Most graciously receive the sun  
 Across the garden's glazed and green pavilion.  
 —PHILIP MURRAY

how to make  
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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

*A Nice Weave*



ALEC GUINNESS is one of the luckiest movie actors around. The films he gets involved in are never glum, windy, or overwrought; instead, they are gently satiric, and since satire is Mr. Guinness's meat, he usually shows up to advantage in them. His latest excursion into celluloid is an English picture called "The Man in the White Suit," and in it he succeeds, as he has succeeded before, in drawing a splendid portrait of a monomaniac. The character Mr. Guinness represents this time is a textile enthusiast who is determined to invent a cloth that won't wear out or get dirty. Although he is only a sweeper in the textile plant where he works, he manages to rig up a contraption for converting unprofitable molecules into eternal fabric. A good deal of the pleasant comedy in "The Man in the White Suit" has to do with the odd procedures and mysterious rigmaroles of industrial laboratories, and for once a device consisting of the customary welter of glass tubes and Bunsen burners turns out to be funny rather than bemusing; this one makes a noise like a tuba struggling under water. Progressing from its spoof of industrial scientists, the film goes on to shy a few pebbles at organized capital and organized labor, both of which are, of course, terrified when Mr. Guinness finally does come up with the textile to end all textiles.

As directed by Alexander Mackendrick, who did such a skilled job on "Tight Little Island," "The Man in the White Suit" includes all kinds of slapstick (in passing, Mr. Guinness blows up a laboratory a couple of times to entertain the nonscientific members of the audience). I guess the most amusing party in the cast, outside of Mr. Guinness, is Ernest Thesiger, in the role of Sir John Kierlaw, the dean of English textile manufacturers. Mr. Thesiger plays his man bent over like Quasimodo, and the expression he wears makes it appear that although Sir John has been crippled digging for the root of all evil, he still gets a lot of fun

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out of scrabbling around for it. Cecil Parker, as a big man in the loom line, and Joan Greenwood, as his charming daughter, also seem to be having a fine time.

ANOTHER film made in England that you might find entertaining is "Encore," which is based on three Somerset Maugham stories. It isn't quite up to the standard of "Quartet," the best of the Maugham cycle, but it moves along with characteristic smoothness. The first episode in "Encore" was adapted by Eric Ambler and is called "The Ant and the Grasshopper;" it deals with a pair of brothers, whose temperaments account for the title. I think thin is the word for this one, although Roland Culver (the ant) and Nigel Patrick (the grasshopper) are diverting enough to watch. The second episode, "Winter Cruise," adapted by T. E. B. Clarke, has more substance. It's a rueful comedy about a lady who can't keep quiet, and her relations with the members of a ship's crew, who become disturbed about having her as the only passenger aboard. As this talkative lady, Kay Walsh seemed to me most happily cast. The final episode, "Gigolo and Gigolette," adapted by Arthur Macrae, is an implausible piece concerning a lady high diver who is upset by the notion that if she continues her act she will wind up dead as a doornail. On the other hand, she loves her husband, who is also her manager, and doesn't want to quit on him. Glynis Johns is the troubled diving girl, and there were times when she had me believing something like this could really take place. Not many times, though.

A SOMEWHAT superficial treatment of the adventures in the United States of an immigrant from Georgia (U.S.S.R.) is offered in "Anything Can Happen." There are funny scenes, and if broken English amuses you, you might find more of the film palatable than I did. However, I'm afraid things go entirely too sweetly for this immigrant to make for much suspense, and the accent José Ferrer uses in the role of the hero makes him sound more Chinese than Georgian. In addition, such actors as Kurt Kasznar, Eugenie Leontovich, Oscar Karlweis, and Oscar Beregi do their best to turn the film into a linguistic field day. In the part of Mr. Ferrer's American sweetheart, Kim Hunter is just a bit strident. Maybe that's the only way she can make herself heard amid all the strange babble. —JOHN McCARTEN

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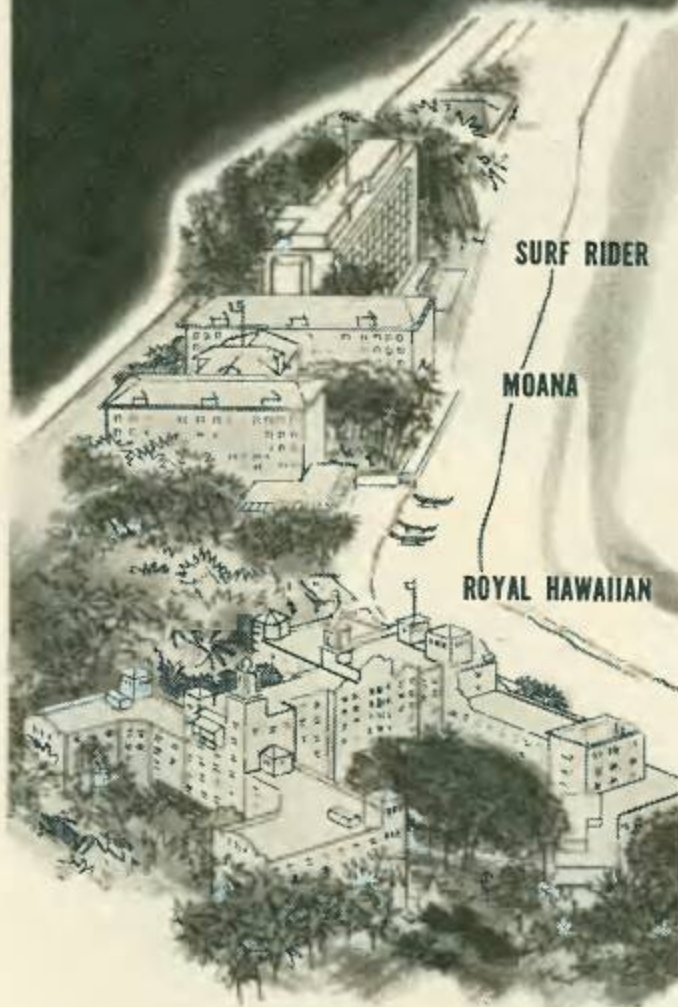
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## LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 1

THE news that Mr. Truman would not run again for the Presidency was received here with real regret. The entire press paid lengthy tributes to a friend under whom, as the *Times* said, "armed vigilance has been combined with enlightened and far-seeing policies for the economic revival and diplomatic organization of the Western World as a whole." The ordinary citizen expressed much the same sentiments, if less fancily. This section of the Western World will be keeping its eye steadily and anxiously on American political events of the next seven months, the outcome of which, all are convinced as never before, enormously concerns Europe, too. All the newspapers have been busy helping explain the mysterious workings of the primaries for the benefit of interested but befuddled readers. The names, personalities, and chances of Governor Stevenson, Senator Kefauver, and others were until recently unknown to the majority of Britons, to whom General Eisenhower is certainly the most familiar and popular candidate—or presumed candidate. Unfortunately, as the people who say they would like to see Eisenhower in the White House always add, his election would mean not seeing him in Europe. At the moment, he alone seems to give a face, a form, and a sense of something being accomplished to the various vitally important projects that weary citizens all too often complain they lose track of in the welter of eternal new committees and talk.

THE North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the most important of these projects, is just about to do itself up in packing cases and move from its temporary London home to offices on the grounds of the Palais de Chaillot, in Paris, the capital that is to be its permanent host. For the past two years, while arguing about where it would finally roost, NATO has had its headquarters in a corner wedge of houses in Belgrave Square, one of the last of the grand, fashionable squares that have kept their old character; its vistas of pale stucco, topped with dignified classical pediments and urns, are unbroken by the modern

red brick apartment houses and glossy automobile showrooms that have crept in elsewhere. The present NATO headquarters are entered through an imposing mansion that used to be Lord Beauchamp's town house; in it and the connecting buildings, typewriters bang in the housemaids' bedrooms, and civil servants with briefcases hurry up and down stairs that look as though they ought to be finished off at the top step by an Edwardian hostess "receiving" in a huge diamond fender of a tiara.

The decision to move to Paris was a disappointment here, although the announcement that the new, much streamlined NATO setup agreed upon at the Lisbon talks last February would be getting to work under the administration of an equally new, and British, civilian head, General Lord Ismay,

was, of course, soothing to ruffled local feelings. The British had thought that because NATO's planning brain (its Financial and Economic Board, not to mention the Organization for European Economic Coöperation) was in Paris already and its strong—or, anyway, strengthening—right arm (General Eisenhower's SHAPE) was in Rocquencourt, its heart ought to be in London. They felt that London was the logical choice for NATO's civilian home, and there was chat about its settling permanently in some new building. (The South Bank, where the Festival of Britain's Skylon and buildings still stand, looking sadly dingy, as exhibition leftovers always do, was mentioned as a suitable locale.) Against this, the other NATO people argued that having all the organization's departments in one spot was handier, that Paris had a lot more life, better food, and better weather than London, and that (what was probably the most telling point) shifting everything over there would pull the British bodily, and willy-nilly, onto the Continent of Europe, a move that most Europeans had got the notion the British were rather sniffily averse to making. These arguments were, it appeared, the winning ones.

The appointment of Lord Ismay as NATO's first Secretary-General, after the job had begun to look so vacant as





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to be downright silly, was unanticipated by most of the knowledgeable talkers, who had thought it would certainly be filled by the British Ambassador to Washington, Sir Oliver Franks. Following the surprise of finding the large, genial figure of Ismay in the post, instead of the vastly different, scholarly figure of Sir Oliver, the general reaction has been approving. This attitude is strongly shared by newspapermen, who have grateful memories of the new Secretary-General's accessibility and coöperation during the war, when he was Churchill's Chief of Staff.

It is likely that Ismay was as surprised as anyone to discover himself back so prominently in public life. According to his friends, he expected to retire last year, when he was sixty-four, and devote himself to various philanthropic activities in which he is energetically interested, and also to raising Jersey cattle on his two-hundred-acre dairy farm near Broadway, Worcestershire, the Cotswold show village toward which tourists invariably wend their way. His old boss, Mr. Churchill, who disapproves of anyone's retiring so young, called him back to service last year by making him Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, an appointment that increased the loud Labour outcries that all too many of the Prime Minister's top men were in the House of Lords (traditionally referred to by M.P.s as "the other place," as though it were a sort of aristocratic inferno), and so could not be called up on the democratic carpet and put through their paces by the watchful Commons.

At the moment, the Ismays live right around the corner from the General's new job, in a pleasant top-floor apartment in an old-fashioned building on Lowndes Square. The Secretary-General and his staff will go to Paris during the next fortnight or so, and Lady Ismay, a good-looking woman with a fresh English complexion and a natural manner to match, is preparing to pack up their belongings and follow along. Lord Ismay and the personnel at Belgrave Square are only just beginning to get to know each other, and the public hardly recognizes his blunt, pugnacious features, which so little suggest the average idea of the British professional soldier. Britons will have a chance to memorize them this Friday, when he will make a televised speech, as part of his official debut, on the occasion of the third birthday of the North Atlantic Treaty Pact. His private conversation is reportedly as saltily entertaining as

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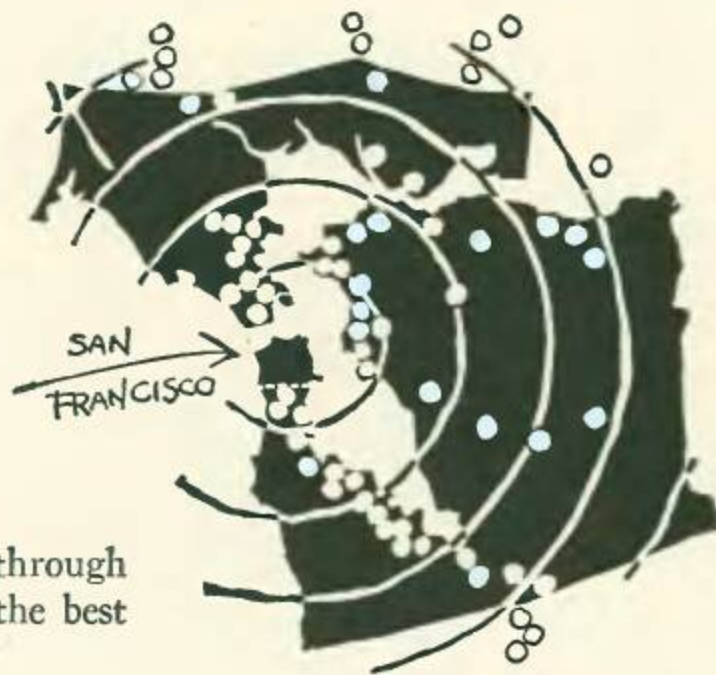
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might be expected from a man who has sat up long nights with Winston Churchill; in his more set addresses, his staff has already found, he likes to put official statements into his own words, which is good news, as his own words are usually forceful ones. Considering that he is about to act as director of and liaison man for an extremely cosmopolitan organization, it is perhaps a pity that while he can speak good Hindustani and other Eastern languages, he is notably less handy as a European linguist. He told a press conference not long ago that he speaks rather worse French than his chief does—though, come to that, Mr. Churchill's highly individual sallies into that language have led to an increase of Anglo-French good will, rather than the reverse. Not a few Britons think that one of the best aspects of Lord Ismay's getting the job is that he will now serve as a direct pipeline of ideas and information from the Continent to that staunch old rooster for European unity, Winston Churchill, who has lately been more concerned (or so it has seemed to some disappointed admirers abroad) with trying to preserve unity right here at home.

FROM time to time, there has been much critical bewailing of the fact that the principal box-office successes here recently have been either French plays in translation (in particular, and somewhat unexpectedly, London audiences have shown a taste for the cobweb fantasies and ironies of M. Jean Anouilh) or American musicals, and that there is a sorry shortage of intelligent writing by contemporary British playwrights. "The Deep Blue Sea," Terence Rattigan's new play at the Duchess, has disposed of these complaints, to judge by the difficulty of getting seats and the lyrical enthusiasm of the critics. Rattigan, the most successful of the younger playwrights, has sometimes been accused of being too facile, because of the ease and neatness with which he attacks anything from comedy to tragedy. In this piece, he writes with a new, harrowing seriousness about a tragic situation to which most people have at one time or another been distressed witnesses: the passionate, obsessive love of one human being for another, who is entirely unworthy of that love—a love that persists against the united voices of reason and wiser friends. In this case, the obsession is that of a married woman for a hapless ex-R.A.F. fighter pilot, who runs away with her, can't live up to her intense

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pitch, and finally, to save them from tearing each other to emotional pieces, runs away from her. Peggy Ashcroft, as the wife; Roland Culver, as her husband, who tries (and fails) to pull her out of the sordid mess; and Kenneth More, as the likable extrovert flier, whose life fell apart after the Battle of Britain, leaving him aimlessly stranded with some outdated R.A.F. slang and an adoring woman, provide one of the finest treats of civilized acting to be seen in London right now.

Another major treat is being provided by John Gielgud and Diana Wynyard, in the quite enchanting production of "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Phoenix. Played by these two as a sort of light and lovely duet of sharp wits, high spirits, and the attraction between the sexes, it is making Londoners flock to see Shakespeare as though he were the newest of new young playwrights, just emerged from the greenery and budding fruit blossoms of Warwickshire.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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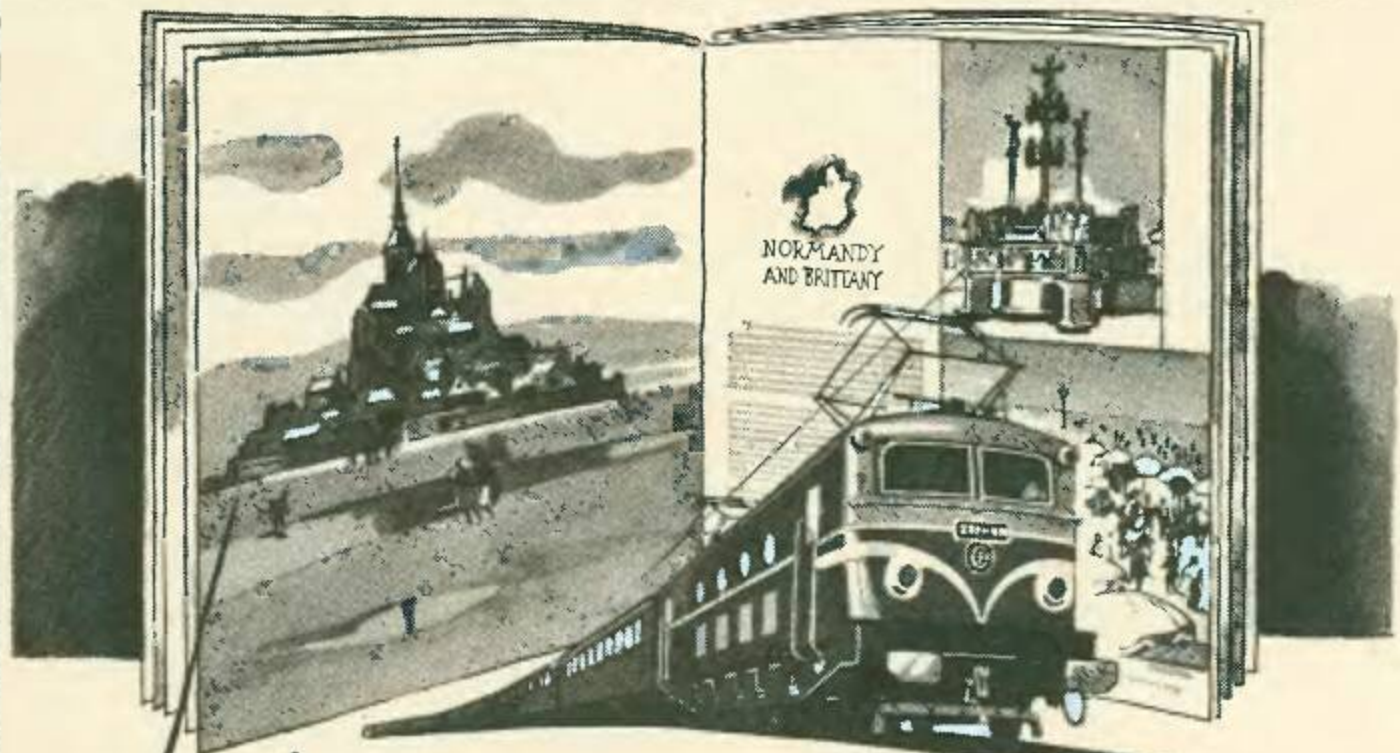
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## MUSICAL EVENTS

*Nothing to Whistle*



EVERYONE appears to be agreed that the New York City Opera Company's production of Alban Berg's disturbing masterpiece, "Wozzeck," which was presented in English at the

City Center last week, more than twenty years after its only other local performance, was inadequate, musically and theatrically. It seems a shame that the company's resources couldn't match its enterprise. In the widespread dissatisfaction, no element of the production was spared criticism. Fault was found with the cast, the orchestra, the scenery, the direction, and the translation; even the acoustics of the house, notoriously poor, were again attacked. There's probably no use moping about it now, but it struck me that the heart of the trouble was a general lack of conviction. Without conviction, of course, everything was vitiated. Putting on "Wozzeck" was a brave undertaking, but there was no hint of courage or zest in the presentation, and the atmosphere of doubt created onstage was felt in the audience. Insufficient rehearsals may also have been partially to blame, together with the youth and inexperience of many members of the cast. Whatever the reasons, it was a weak performance of a powerful opera.

Berg's work, completed around 1920, is based on a series of dramatic sketches written nearly a hundred years earlier by a German anatomist named Georg Büchner, who intended them for a play. Büchner, who died in 1837, at the age of twenty-three, was inspired by an incident in Leipzig in which a demented barber—a former soldier—killed his unfaithful mistress and was decapitated for it after some quibbling about his sanity. Büchner altered the facts a bit, putting the man back in uniform—as orderly to a captain—and giving him a young son by his mistress, Marie (the prototype had had a son by an earlier mistress), but he used a good deal of the man's testimony in his sketches. Berg eliminated a few of Büchner's scenes but, even so, wound up with fifteen, divided into three acts.

Artistically, the remarkable thing about "Wozzeck" is the stark and piti-

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less way it tells a sordid story. The characters have such a brutish indifference toward one another that a feeling of sympathy for them all is aroused—as if the emotions of the audience were rushing across the footlights to fill the abhorrent emotional vacuum on the stage. Berg, a composer of extremely advanced musical ideas, constructed an enormously resourceful and difficult score, but he never let it overshadow the story; all it does is intensify the action. The atonal style of the orchestral music complements the nightmarish text perfectly, and the vocal score, calling for the characters to speak melodically rather than sing, succeeds in being expressive. Berg's integrity as a composer matched Büchner's integrity as a writer, and the result is a rare work of art.

The complexity of the score and the quick changes of scene make "Wozzeck" a troublesome piece to stage. Its bleak, episodic nature would seem to call for the simplest possible mounting, but the realism of the scenes themselves—the inn, Marie's dwelling, the pond beside which Wozzeck kills Marie and in which he himself drowns—has to be clearly established. In the production at the City Center, a single set was employed with considerable cleverness. At any rate, it allowed plenty of uninterrupted action, with different parts of the stage being lighted up for different scenes. The set was also successful in emphasizing the shabbiness of the story.


Marko Rothmüller, who has played the title role in England and was brought here for this production, gave a convincing performance as the poor devil of a soldier. Rothmüller studied under Berg himself—was his only voice pupil, in fact—and had no trouble at all with the music. Most of the others did, and often their voices were unable to rise above the sound of the orchestra. Patricia Neway, whose gaunt appearance and magnificent grace have contributed greatly to a couple of other tragic parts, was pathetic and moving as Marie, but she had to wrestle with her vocal part. In one way or another, everybody except Rothmüller was disappointing, and his assurance pointed up the others' lack of it.

THERE is a fascinating account of Büchner's career and the background of "Wozzeck," along with a recent translation of his sketches, in the 1950 edition of the New Directions anthology of prose and poetry. The translators explain that all Büchner left behind was a lot of unnumbered scenes, so it was their task—and that of

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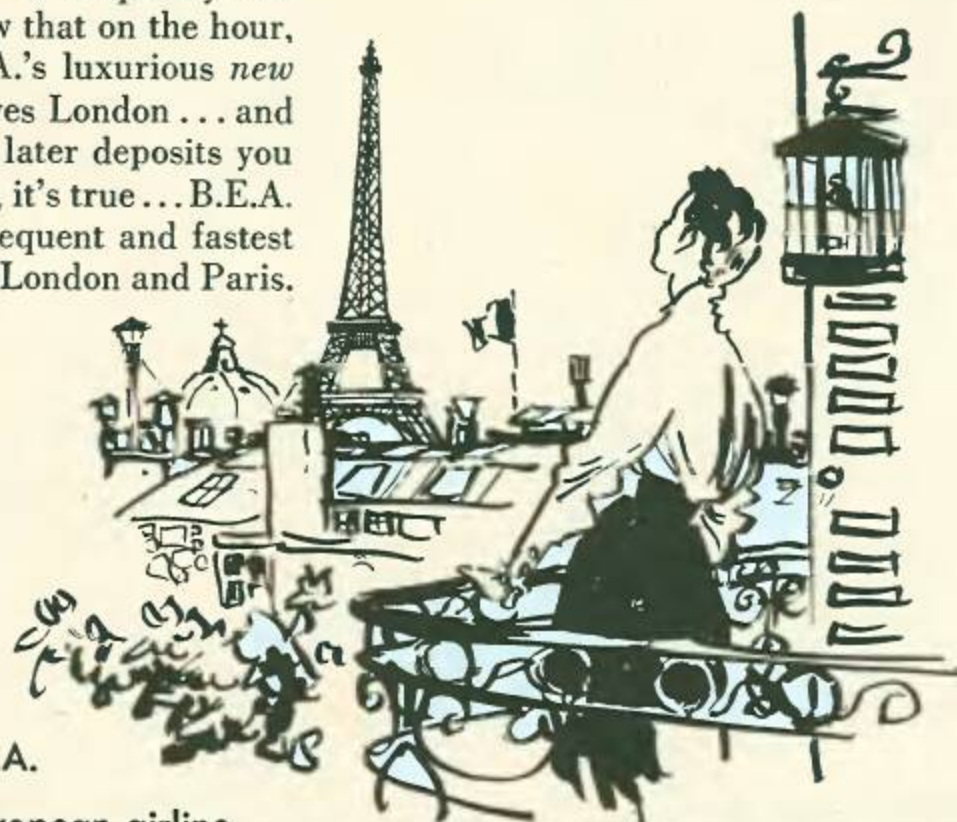
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others who have been interested in arranging the fragments coherently—to decide on the proper sequence. Moreover, Büchner had done several versions of many of the scenes, and a selection had to be made. It turns out that the final scene in the opera, in which a group of children, accompanied by Marie's boy, run off to see the murdered woman's body before it is taken away, was not exactly according to Büchner's plan. He had omitted the boy from this scene, and I can't help feeling that his instincts were truer than those of the adapter who put in this bit. In the anthology, the interpolation is attributed to one Karl Emil Franzos, a late-nineteenth-century writer, and the translators explain that it "added to the poignant quality of the scene." The sight of the child alone on the stage, astride a stick horse and galloping after his companions to the scene of the murder, is wrenching, all right, but leaving the orphaned boy off the stage and having him called to mind by the presence of the other children would be stronger and more bitterly satisfying. Or so it seems to me.

—DOUGLAS WATT

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## BOOKS

### *Revolt Against Nature*



FRANÇOIS MAURIAC, whose two short novels "The Weakling" and "The Enemy" (Pellegrini & Cudahy) have just been issued in a single volume, is one of the intellectual pillars of the Roman Catholic Church in France. He has been called one of the greatest living writers by many reputable European critics who have judged his work by purely literary standards. His work is, however, primarily religious, and it seems to present a case in which the aesthetic approach is too limited. In 1948 he wrote a statement of his beliefs for a French magazine called *La Table Ronde*. This statement has now been published here as "The Stumbling Block" (Philosophical Library). It was interesting at the time not only as a profession of belief but as a singular revelation of the extent of M. Mauriac's dislike of women. He referred with violence to the cult of Mary and with contempt to those women who found delight in it. He spoke of the organizers of the innocent festivals in honor of Notre Dame du Grand Retour that were widely celebrated in France in 1947 as "pious Barnums," and of the processions and masses that honored the Virgin Mother as "this abasement, this humiliation of the Church." The vigorousness of his feeling was perhaps at its clearest in his remarkable gloss of verses twenty-one to thirty-five of the fifth chapter of St. Mark and the latter part of the eighth chapter of St. Luke. M. Mauriac had been speaking harshly of those simple forms of worship that appeal to the naïve and the illiterate, and calling them superstitions and manias:

I was wrong to speak of vermin; it is necessary to enter into the charity the Church shows toward human frailty. The old woman who handles and caresses a plaster statue is the same who, nineteen centuries ago, seizing an advantage offered by the crowd, touched the mantle of the Lord without his knowing it, that she might be healed. And the Lord said in annoyance: "Somebody hath touched me; for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." Yet the poor woman was healed, all the same.

This was the woman who had had an issue of blood for twelve years and had spent all her living on physicians, to no purpose. Neither Mark nor Luke attributes any annoyance to Jesus on this oc-

casion, and there is no flavor of rebuke in the words He is said to have spoken to the woman: "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace." It is hard to feel that M. Mauriac's interpolation adds to the story; rather, it changes it, essentially and disagreeably. Since "The Stumbling Block" was written, the dogma of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary has been defined and promulgated, and M. Mauriac has been compelled to add a preface recognizing the horrid fact that a woman has been admitted to heaven. His recognition is not exactly graceful:

I am anxious to state at the beginning of this book that the reserves inspired in me by certain excesses of the Marian cult do not imply any sort of resistance to the new dogma. . . . But I also think that the Assumption of the Virgin does not legitimize, any more than do her other privileges, the manifest abuses to which I am calling attention. On the contrary, it makes them more embarrassing, more dangerous.

Indeed, if M. Mauriac's observations are to be relied upon, women are dangerous creatures, especially if they are mothers. Paula de Cernès of "The Weakling" is no exception. She is a commoner from Bordeaux who marries into the provincial aristocracy to satisfy her craving for a title. But if marriage brings her the satisfaction of calling herself the *Baronne Galéas de*

Cernès, it brings her little else. The Baron is hideous and sexually inadequate. He manages to give her a child who turns out to be a cartoon of himself, with knock-knees, skinny legs, a sagging, adenoidal mouth, and a drooling lower lip. After that he lets her alone. She becomes a monster consumed by fantasies of lust, and gives herself up to secret bouts of curaçao-drinking in her bedroom.

Before her inner eye visions arose beyond the power of language to express. Now and again she got to her feet to put another log upon the fire and fill her glass. Then she lay down again. The occasional flicker of a flame played on her face, revealing alternately the mask of a criminal or of a martyr.

The morning after this particular bout she decides to take the first step toward seducing the village schoolmaster. Her tactics are unsound, as M. Mauriac makes clear. She starts off in the rain, wearing a mackintosh, heavy shoes, and a beret pulled down over her eyes. "The rain beating on her face, she thought, would wash away the telltale signs of last night's orgy." Her exceptionally hairy cheeks are unpowdered, her unwashed hair is greasy, and she has not used any scent. "Looking as bedraggled as always, she set out to try her luck for the last time." The schoolmaster does not avail himself of the opportunity so generously offered him, and





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Would he have to defend himself, at every moment of his life, against this woman who would be always there, the woman with the Gorgon's face blotched with bilious yellow? Hatred caught at his breath, but, more than hatred, shame, because it was he who had been that woman's torturer. Only once had he taken her in his arms, only once. She was, now, like a bitch confined—not for a few days only. Through all her youth it had gone on, and for years and years she would go howling for the absent male. . . . With what fantasies . . . what actions . . . had he, Galéas, cheated hunger. . . . Every night, yes, every night, and in the morning, too. . . . Such would be the lot of this abortion born of their one embrace.

Under the spell of this powerful and disagreeable soliloquy the Baron proceeds to drown himself and the boy. Paula soon after begins to die of a malignant tumor, in pain only partially alleviated by morphine, and haunted by regrets, but not for the man and boy she has destroyed.

It was of her own free will that she had consented to share the bed of a half-impotent monster. She had allowed him to take her in his arms, and that, in her eyes, was the crime for which there was no pardon.

This is curious, because it underlines the resemblance between "The Weakling," which M. Mauriac finished in 1951, and his "A Kiss for the Leper," which was published in 1922. The marriages described in the two books are identical, except that in the earlier novel the deformed husband was entirely impotent and the wife was physically attractive. The husband was, if anything, uglier than the Baron de Cernès:

He was so short that the low dressing mirror reflected his pinched little face, with its hollow cheeks and long, pointed nose. It was red in color, and seemed to have been worn away like a stick of barley sugar as the result of prolonged sucking.

Marriage was fatal to him, too, and it was knowledge of his inability to satisfy his wife's sensuality that made him wish to die. And yet, closely as the two books resemble each other, it is a difference between them that is in the end most remarkable. In "A Kiss for the Leper," the impotent monster who has crept into the bed of a woman with normal and healthy desires is in the wrong; in "The Weakling" it is the woman who is in the wrong, and it is her desires that have become monstrous. This idea can be seen in development

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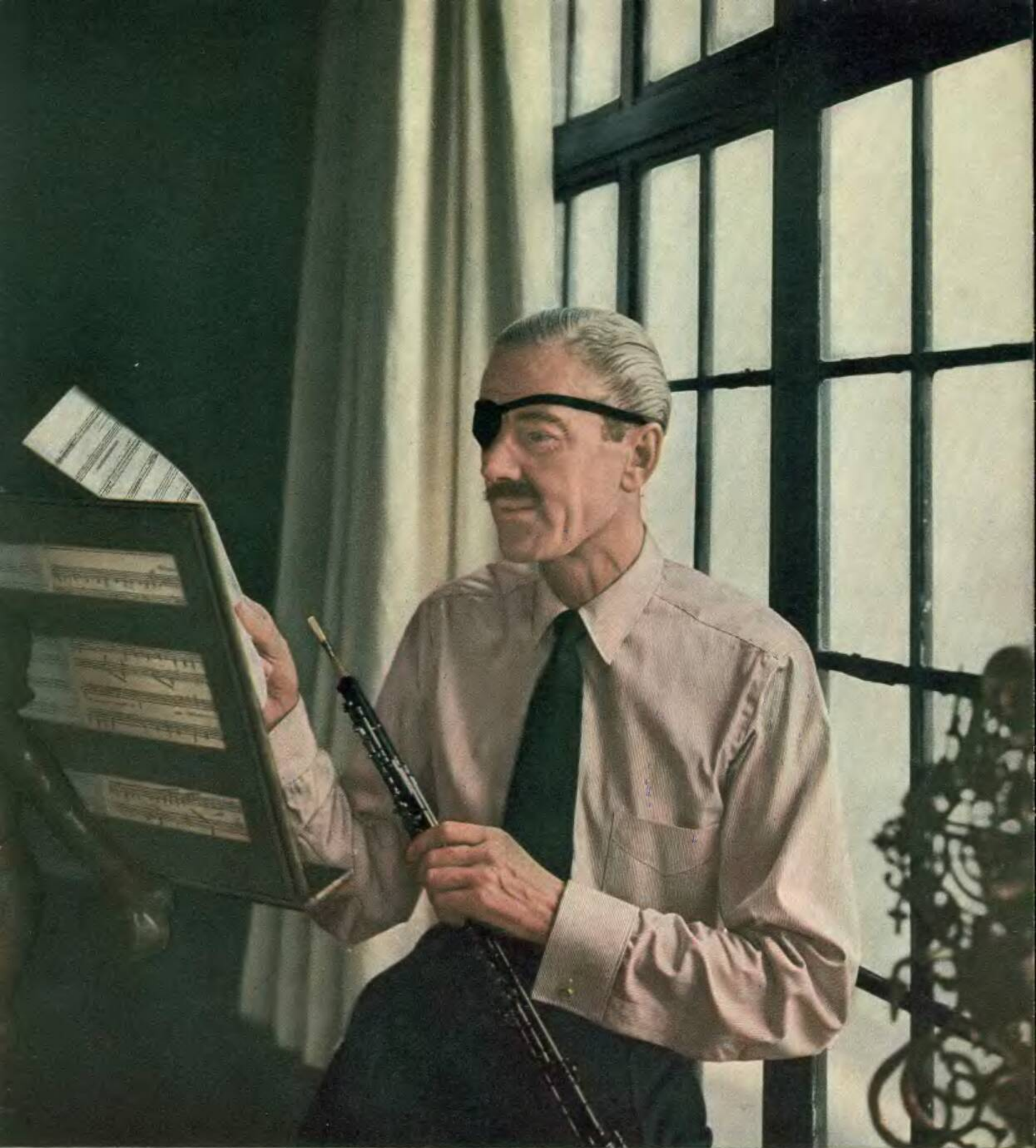
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in "Woman of the Pharisees" (published in 1941), in which M. Mauriac handled his obsession with a good deal more subtlety; the desire for children by a woman married to an impotent husband leads her into an adultery that has a disastrous effect on her husband and her children. As usual, the satisfaction of the instinctive drive produces deadly results. In that case M. Mauriac felt a slight unease about the theme that has such a compulsive attraction for him, and after he had introduced it he addressed an unusual technical aside to the reader:

Subjects of this kind are, as a rule, instinctively avoided by the professional novelist, because he knows that many people find them repellent. . . . Renan once said that the truth may well be depressing. . . . On the level of human affairs it may be not only depressing but ridiculous and embarrassing—so much so that decency forbids us to put it into words. Hence the silence in which such things are usually shrouded.

M. Mauriac has certainly shown a rare determination to make himself heard in that particular zone of quiet.

"Woman of the Pharisees" deals with two abominable females, one a monster of false piety who disintegrates the lives of six people, the other a mother who destroys her son morally by spending a night at a country hotel with a gentleman to whom she happens not to be married. The affairs of this second woman present his obsession with the horror of feminine sexuality in another form:

There are many novels that bear, or might bear, the title: "A Woman's Heart"—more than one professional psychologist has plumbed the secrets of the feminine mind. . . . The man who was sharing tonight the Comtesse de Mirbel's bed at the Hotel Garbet lived for no other object than to reduce this mystery to its true and rather squalid proportions. His victims knew precisely what they might expect of him. Those whom he had possessed all bore about them the same indelible sign—the sign of a lust that could know no satisfaction. . . . One does not often meet a saint by the roadside, but neither does one often come across anyone capable of dragging from one's vitals that particular kind of groan, that cry expressing horror no less than delight, which becomes sharper as time lays its hand upon a body already threatened by decay, already undermined as much by desire as by age. . . . No one has ever written of the torment which old age brings to women of a certain type. In it they taste of Hell before death touches them.

Aside from what M. Mauriac discloses about himself in this preliminary generalization on the squalors of the feminine mind, one may detect a certain

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lip-smacking pleasure, an element of gloating, in the conclusion of this passage. And the statement that no one has ever written about it is not strictly true. M. Mauriac himself had pawed it over in "The Enemy," which was published in 1935. The central figure in this book is Fanny Barrett, a woman of considerable charm, who lives a life of frivolous grace—whatever M. Mauriac may say. She has the misfortune to be kind to a loutish young man from the Gironde, some years her junior, who has known and adored her since his boyhood. She initiates him into an international world of pleasure and of art, in which he meets musicians, poets, painters, ballet dancers, and choreographers. He is, however, irredeemable, and remains a self-centered clod. He treats her vilely, on the excuse that she has been tampering with his immortal soul, and after they have parted he goes into a decline, like a wronged Victorian heroine. She hears that her dear booby is ill and sends him flowers with a fond and forgiving note. M. Mauriac tells us, with approval, that his mother tears up the note, burns some of the flowers, and allows others to be trampled underfoot by a priest who has come to administer the last rites. The young man recovers, though, and is soon strong enough to tear up Fanny's letters himself. This is supposed to be a happy ending to the story, since he is by then determined to be unkind to Fanny but to pray for her soul. This is how M. Mauriac tells us that she has enjoyed life and kept her looks:

The modern miracle which has given to women the seeming boon of eternal youth produces in some people, of whom Fabien Dézaymeries was one, a sense of terror and disgust. . . . She looked as she had always looked, though the flood of time had swept her on, and each passing moment had marked her as with fire; five years of exigent desires and glutted senses, of lovers lost and lovers found, of passionate abandonments and bleak awakenings; five years of late nights, of endless cigarettes, of rich food, strong drink, narcotics, and drugs. Yet there she stood, her young body apparently untouched by the passing of the years, strong as steel, tempered and hardened and possessed. Sin, in its way, is a form of life. There is such a thing as *infernal* grace, and it can galvanize, just for as long as may be necessary, that adorable shape of moulded flesh which, according to St. Catherine of Siena, stinks in all its parts.

When one considers this rancor in relation to M. Mauriac's strained hatred for the poor Comtesse de Mirbel and for the abominable woman who gives her name to his "Thérèse," and when one considers the peculiar vileness of the



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mother in his "Genetrix" and of Mme. Léonie Costadot in his "The Unknown Sea," one must question the value of the whole body of M. Mauriac's often beautifully written work. It may be that a fundamental flaw is revealed by the uncontrolled violence of his feelings about those who like to burn candles in little bowls of ruby glass before statues of a clear-skinned young woman dressed in blue with stars about her and a child in her arms. Archeologists and classical scholars may inform us that the attributes of this member of the Christian family show that she is older than Christianity, and warn us that her cult appears to perpetuate that of the Roman Mother of the Gods and of the Great Mother who was worshipped before God became a man in ancient Greece. If this is so, her worshippers are, without knowing it, kneeling at the altars of Ge, who was the fruitful earth itself, or at those of Themis, who seems to have been the natural order. However that may be, the fact remains that the instinct to respect fertility and creativity that lies behind the cult in its primitive and simple forms is a profoundly healthy one. In turning his back on it, and expressing the loathing of the feminine principle that inspires almost every page of his writings, M. Mauriac seems to express a loathing of life itself. It is hard to see how writing, even though rich and elaborate, that is in favor of negation and sterility and that has, in the long run, nothing more to offer than a cry of protest against the nature of man's physical being can have any real value.

—ANTHONY WEST

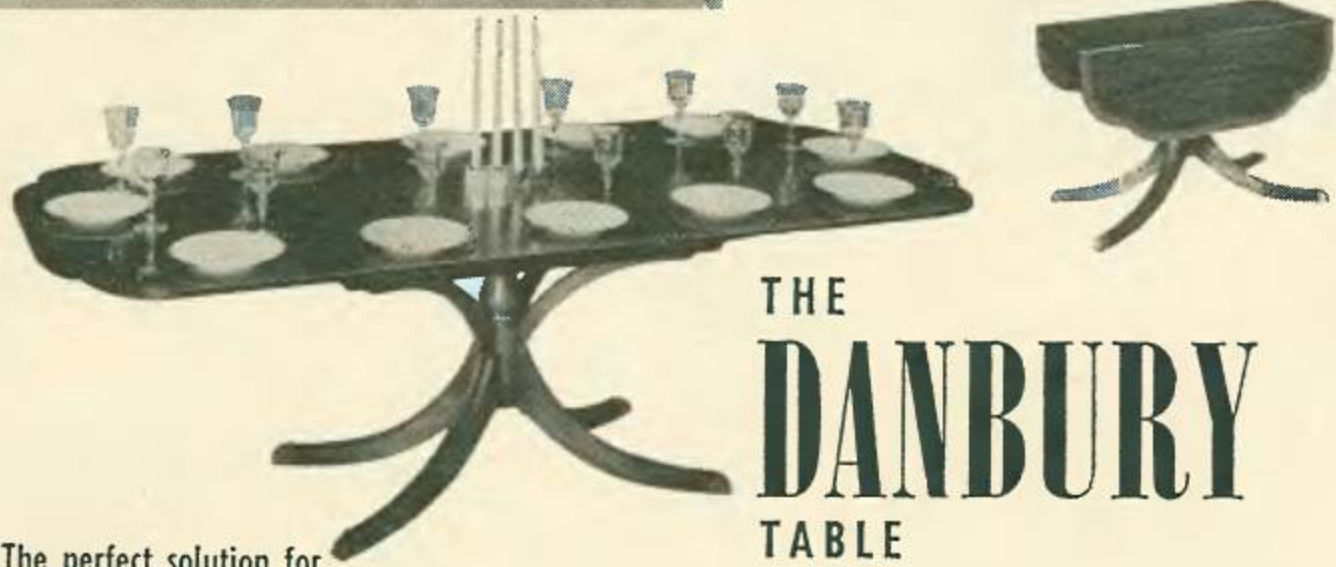
**BRIEFLY NOTED  
FICTION**

**SHILOH**, by Shelby Foote (Dial). Mr. Foote, a good writer who never uses two words when he can find one that fits, here devotes himself to telling the story of the Battle of Shiloh. He describes the battle, and the events just before the battle, through the eyes of six soldiers, Union and Confederate, dividing his book into seven short, quick episodes, with the Louisiana lieutenant, Palmer Metcalfe, who opens the story, also having the final word.

**FRIENDS AND VAGUE LOVERS**, by Jack Dunphy (Farrar, Straus & Young). From the first sentence of this book to the last, Mr. Dunphy makes us extremely conscious of the style and pose of his writing. Glassy, mannered, occasionally supercilious, and often very clever, his prose seems to have



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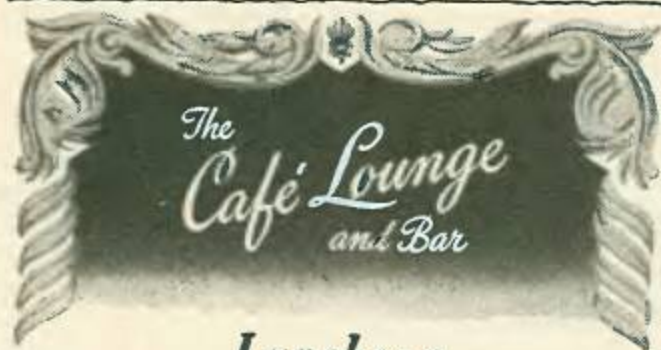
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been pressed and pruned to death by a pair of patient and artistic hands, so that although it offers something of beauty and of sense, its life is gone, with no hope of returning. Behind, or under, the artifice and art of this style, we gradually become aware that a story is being told about some human beings, who are so constricted in their ability to hope or to love that they suffer less from the confinement of Mr. Dunphy's writing than more generous, or fortunate, or talented people might. The central person in the story is an American lady, Mrs. Markham, whose short stay on a small Mediterranean island has a lasting effect on a number of lives there. Mr. Dunphy's attitude toward his characters is an admirable mixture of pity, detachment, and thorough understanding, although he tends to be a trifle fey when dealing with his Italian men, women, and children.

CONSCIENCE OF THE KING, by Alfred Duggan (Coward-McCann). Coroticus, or Cerdic, a villainous nobleman of around ninety, tells of his part in pulling England together, or in taking her apart—it is hard to decide which—during the fifth and sixth centuries. This dreadful old warrior, who is sententious and a stickler for genealogical detail but is nevertheless often very funny, kills off almost all the members of his family and pushes his wife into a roaring sea without even thinking twice about it. "My brother meets with misfortune," he says after doing his brother to death with a knife. Still, he lives a successful life and attains a respected old age, a fact he has the grace to regard with some humor.

FARAWAY THE SPRING, by Richard Hagopian (Scribner). Here is a family of very poor Armenians living in a tenement district in Chelsea, Massachusetts. The father, Setrak, is feckless but good, and full of love for his wife and children, who love him back, although they are somewhat in awe of him and often estranged from him. The story is a simple record of people trying to contend with the gigantic tribulations of poverty, but though these people are often sad, they never bog down in self-pity. Mr. Hagopian's way of writing is awkward, but he works out of real emotion and shows an honest feeling for the place and the lives that concern him.

THE MAN OUTSIDE, by Wolfgang Borchert (New Directions). The



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author of the thirty-nine short stories and the play that make up this book was a German who died in 1947, at the age of twenty-six, as a consequence of privations suffered on the Russian front and in Nazi prisons. Some of the stories, though hardly more than sketches, evince a striking talent, and the play, "The Man Outside," made Borchert famous throughout Germany when it was produced—the day after he died. The stories are laid in the crumbling world that was the only one the writer knew, and most of them deal with the common soldiers, the workmen, and the tradespeople who bore the brunt of total defeat. There is a terrible nihilistic despair here, but it is relieved by a queer and engaging humor and by the author's inchoate belief in life.

## GENERAL

**THE AGE OF THE BAROQUE**, by Carl J. Friedrich (Harper). The author, a professor of political history at Harvard, places the baroque period in Europe between 1610 and 1660—a somewhat arbitrary delimitation of that protean age, which could as easily be said to have begun forty or fifty years earlier. His study ranges over the fields of politics (Richelieu, Mazarin, Cromwell, and James I are discussed), religion, art, music, letters, and the sciences, and the result is an informed and stimulating piece of popularization. It falls short of being a first-rate one only because of the author's deficiency in appreciation—and perhaps knowledge—of art. He takes up some of the great masters of the baroque, including Rubens, Hals, Rembrandt, and Velázquez, but he fails to be very illuminating about them, and makes no mention at all of El Greco, the archetype of the baroque painter and perhaps the greatest exemplar of the style. Illustrated.

**THE COUNTERFEIT REVOLUTION**, by Sidney Lens (Beacon Press). An attempt to find the answer to the greatest political paradox of our time: the voluntary espousal of Stalinist Communism by millions of idealistic Europeans who should know better and who have the means of finding out the truth about their dream. Mr. Lens, an American Federation of Labor official in Chicago, has recently studied the problem in Europe, and his conclusion is that the free world—and especially the United States—is letting the Kremlin win by default;



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he feels that the reason the Communist cause has so many disciples outside the Iron Curtain is that we offer the European masses no alternative. He paints a very black picture and says, in effect, that in the event of war the masses will not fight on our side—not unless we give them something to fight for, and "the American way of life" is not it.

THE LIFE OF BILLY YANK, by Bell Irvin Wiley (Bobbs-Merrill). A reconstruction of the life of the typical Union soldier during the Civil War. The author, following the method he used in "The Life of Johnny Reb," has based his book mainly on unpublished diaries and letters, which gives it a strong and rowdy character. The Yanks (the term "Billy Yank" seems to have been a postwar invention) were an irreverent bunch and steady beefers about their lot. They had good cause for beefing. Discipline was mostly nonexistent in the Union armies, and morale was seldom very high; indeed, from this book, it is hard to understand how battles got fought at all, much less won, since great numbers of the men going up to the front had a way of drifting off when the lead started flying. Professor Wiley has pretty well covered his subject; you learn what the soldiers thought of their officers (not much) and of the Negroes they were fighting to free (a good deal less), and how they entertained themselves. The stories of gambling, sex, and boozing in Mr. Lincoln's armies are at considerable variance with the usual misty-eyed conception of the Boys in Blue. Photographs.

VERSE

THE POETRY AND CAREER OF LI PO (701-62 A.D.), by Arthur Waley (Macmillan). The influence of Li Po, generally considered to have been China's greatest poet, has crept into the art of our own day in the verse of Pound and the songs of Gustav Mahler. Mr. Waley presents Li Po's life and work against the fantastic background of the T'ang dynasty, a culture in which highly developed social, religious, and artistic conventions operated in the midst of a primitive natural scene. Unlike the majority of Chinese poets, who managed in some way to link themselves up with Chinese officialdom, Li Po lived a wandering and outcast life. His drunkenness, which is inseparable from his fame, seems to have been partly a manifestation of his

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adherence to Taoist practices. Mr. Waley's translations of the poetry, scattered through the text, are as delightful as ever and give it color and point.

**WINGED CHARIOT AND OTHER NEW POEMS**, by Walter de la Mare (Viking). As he nears eighty, de la Mare has begun to receive fresh garlands of praise from English critics who for many years neglected and underestimated his exquisite lyricism. His latest volume includes eighty-two short poems written over a long period of years, as well as the new and lengthy title poem, on the subject of time. Although the early magic has understandably faded to some extent, the craftsmanship of the old master functions admirably, bringing to light that fabulous world-beyond-appearance that de la Mare has made his own.

**POEMS**, by Stéphane Mallarmé, translated by Roger Fry, with commentaries by Charles Mauron (New Directions). The Fry-Mauron versions of twenty-nine Mallarmé poems were first published in England in 1936. This new volume, by including thirty-five additional poems in the original French, presents all of Mallarmé's poetry as it appears in the standard French editions, and adds the long poem "Un Coup de Dés" in its original experimental typographical form. Fry's struggles with Mallarmé's peculiar syntax and elusive meaning are often successful as straight prose renderings; Mauron's comment alternates between making things more clear and making them more complicated. But this book, as revised by Mauron and Julian Bell, is undoubtedly the best introduction to the great French symbolist available in English.

**THE WORD OF LOVE**, by Paul Engle (Random House). Nothing in Mr. Engle's earlier and more conventional verse points toward the originality and intensity of the lyrics in this volume. A new freedom of technique defines and sustains each lyric, and the entire sequence builds up to an emotional crisis projected in full detail. A mature and rewarding collection.

**THE POEMS OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS**, translated by Roy Campbell, preface by M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. (Pantheon). Although mysticism has become acceptable both in the religion and in the literature of our time, its higher and more baroque manifestations in language are still rather high-

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Quickly Mrs. Wilson went into action. She called the airport, the government weather station, and a private flying service. But no one answered.

Then she reached Stamy Edmisten, an airline employee, at his home. He rushed to the airport and turned on the landing lights. A few minutes later a C-46 military transport loomed out of the snowstorm and came in for a safe landing. Thirteen men stepped out, none the worse for the experience.

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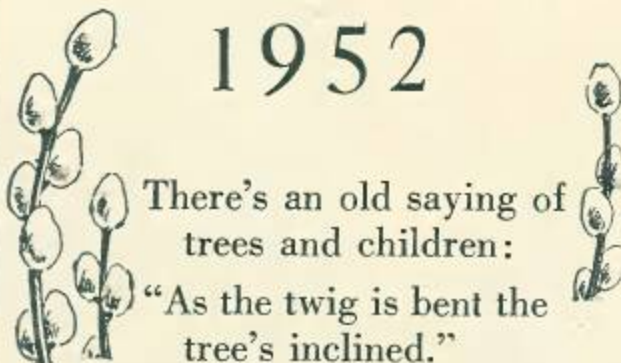
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pitched for modern ears. Roy Campbell's versions of St. John's ecstatic sixteenth-century lyrics, the Spanish originals of which are also included, follow the Spanish form closely, at times with surprising success. At other times, however, his versions, in both diction and tone, come perilously near the florid banalities of the Victorian hymn.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

**AIR BRIDGE**, by Hammond Innes (Knopf). In order to get some of the material for this book, Mr. Innes flew in and out of blockaded Berlin with the Royal Air Force, and his technical information is obviously accurate and profuse. The plot concerns the stealing of a plane for the purpose of refitting it with special engines designed by a German inventor who died in one of Hitler's concentration camps; various and violent adventures in the Russian Zone; and a romance between a British aviator and a German girl that is harassed by the machinations of an extraordinarily diabolical character, whose name happens to be Saeton. The author has a lively imagination, and his style, while a little overexcited now and then, is satisfactory enough. On the whole, a superior entry in the adventure category.

**THE FORMULA**, by Gordon Sager (Lippincott). A middle-aged Englishwoman calling herself Miss Smith is apprehended when she tries to steal a painting from an art gallery in Venice. It seems that the formula of Euphoron, one of those magic drugs that make warring nations love one another, has disappeared and presumably been hidden in a picture frame, and the Russian and American governments are doing their best to find it, as are an Italian police detective, a young naval officer, a mysterious baron, and the heroine. Nicely written, but perhaps with a plethora of Italian atmosphere.

### 30 YEARS AGO

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