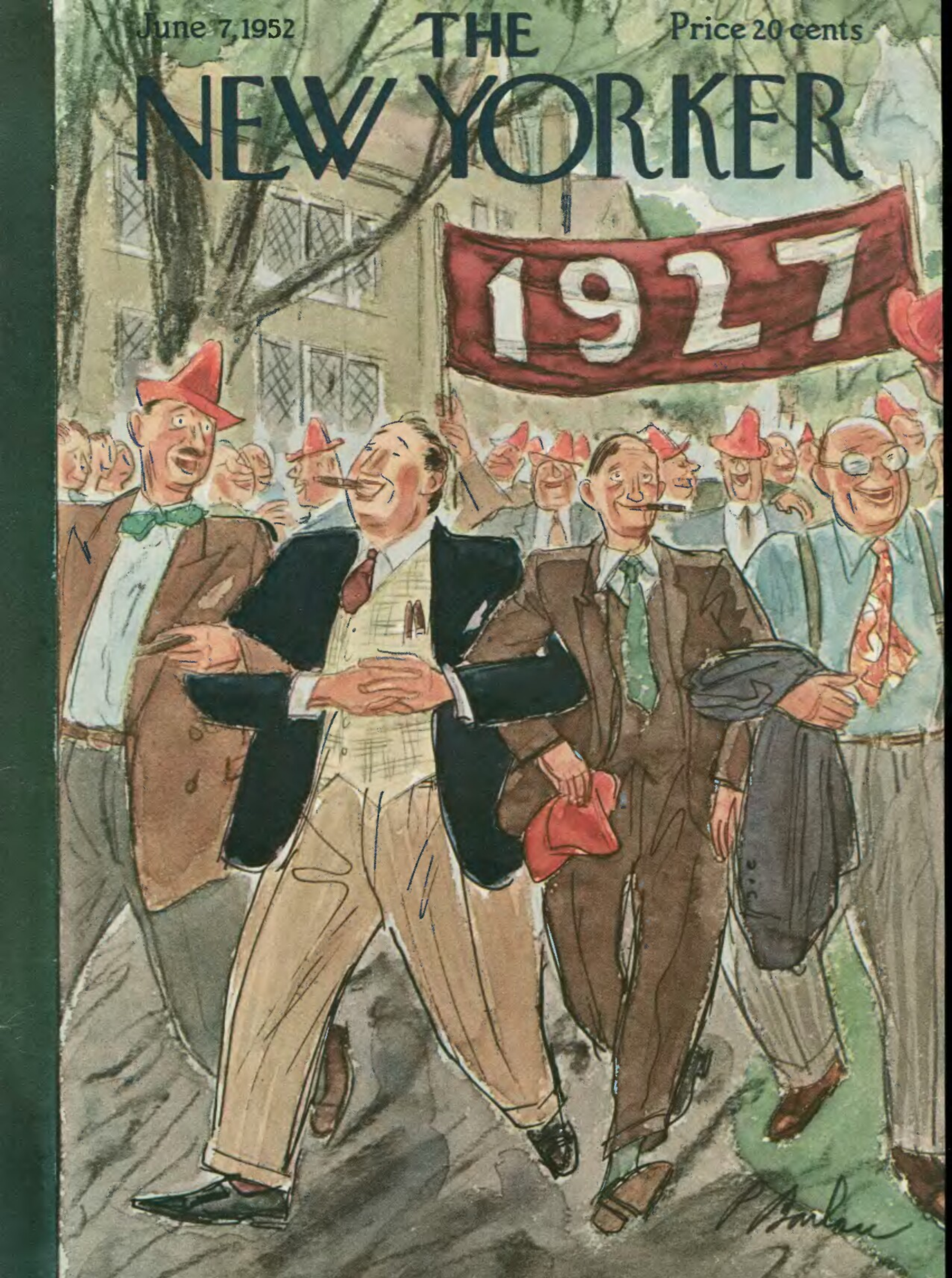
June 7, 1952

THE NEW YORKER

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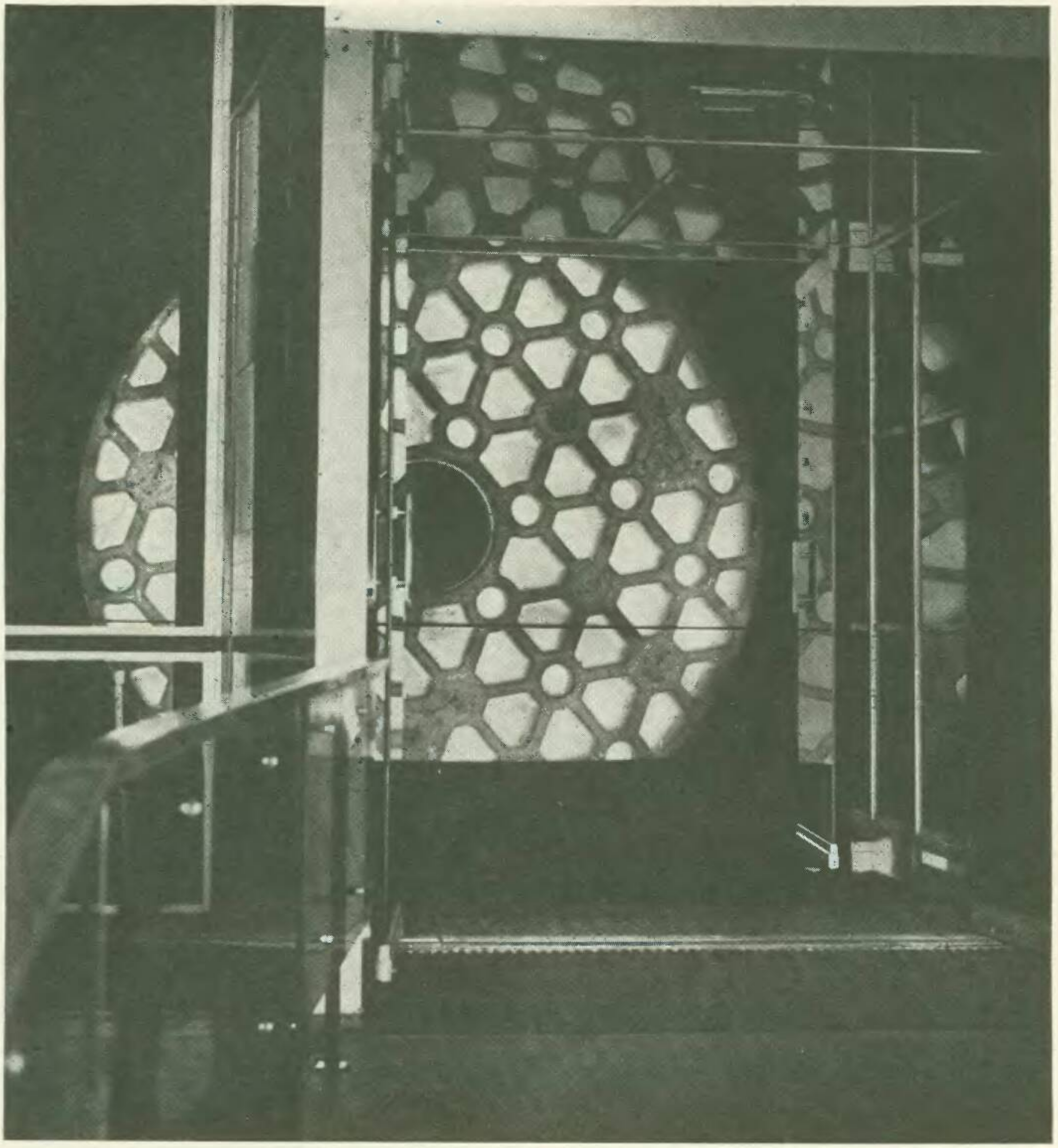
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

First Lady—A revival of the Katharine Dayton-George S. Kaufman comedy, with Helen Gahagan, Edna Best, Ona Munson, Peggy Ann Garner, Frederic Tozere, and Scott McKay. The last in a series of three plays being presented by the New York City Theatre Company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 8.)

The Fourposter—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn (who will be replaced on Monday, June 9, by Betty Field and Burgess Meredith) are the whole cast of this sometimes charming and sometimes monotonous play about a marriage that goes on for thirty-five years. The Playwrights' Company produced it, and José Ferrer is responsible for the direction. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.

I Am a Camera—An adaptation by John van Druten of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories." Diverting but not very substantial. Barbara Baxley has taken over Julie Harris's role of an English streetwalker, and William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews help her out. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Male Animal—This revival of the James Thurber-Elliott Nugent comedy, which first appeared in 1940, is the funniest and most cogent show in town. Mr. Nugent again plays the harassed professor, and he is ably assisted by Martha Scott, Robert Preston, Matt Briggs, Halliwell Hobbes, and by his daughter Nancy. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mrs. McThing—Mary Chase's arch comedy about modern witchcraft, directed by Joseph Buloff, is considerably bolstered by the superior talents of Helen Hayes. The cast also includes Robert Mariotti, Jules Munshin, Enid Markey, and Lydia Reed. One of a series of productions offered this season by ANTA. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Point of No Return—Paul Osborn has done an excellent adaptation of John P. Marquand's novel about a man who discovers that success isn't really so much. Henry Fonda is magnificent in the leading role and gets fine support from a company that includes Leora Dana, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunday Breakfast—A play by Emery Rubio and Miriam Balf, with Anthony Ross, Cloris Leachman, and Douglas Watson. The last in a series of productions offered this season by ANTA. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, June 8.)

Long Runs—the moon is blue: A comedy in which Barry Nelson, Donald Cook, and Maggie McNamara figure as an architect, a roué, and a virgin, respectively. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **stalag 17:** A melodrama set in a German prison camp. With John Ericson, Laurence Hugo, and Edward Platt. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées

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Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 21.)

MUSICALS

New Faces of 1952—A sprightly addition to Leonard Sillman's series of revues. Ingeniously staged by John Murray Anderson and handsomely bedecked by Raoul Pène duBois, the musical also has a most refreshing cast, including Ronny Graham and June Carroll, who contribute, besides their acting, several sketches and songs to the occasion. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Of Thee I Sing—A revival of the twenty-year-old political satire by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, for which George and Ira Gershwin provided the music and lyrics. The production is handsome, but the songs carry their age better than the book does. Jack Carson, Paul Hartman, and Betty Oakes head the cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Paint Your Wagon—The plot, something about the Gold Rush in California, doesn't amount to much, but the songs and dances are very pleasant, and James Barton, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, and Mary Burr do a lot to liven things up. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe provided the music, and Agnes de Mille was in charge of the choreography. Eddie Dowling will succeed Mr. Barton on Monday, June 9. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pal Joey—This revival of the O'Hara-Rodgers-Hart saga of a heel has been given a dazzling production and should enchant nearly everybody. Vivienne Segal again heads the cast, which now contains Harold Lang in the title role, and Helen Gallagher and Lionel Stander also appear in it. Robert Alton's choreography is stunning. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Three Wishes for Jamie—If you have more than the usual quota of pixie in your makeup, you may easily enjoy this Irish legend, but otherwise caution is recommended. John Raitt and Anne Jeffreys are appetizing in the principal roles, and Ralph Blane's music and lyrics are far better than the usual run of such works. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, June 8.)

Top Banana—Phil Silvers is miraculously funny in this comedy concerning an ex-burlesque performer now starring in television. Among his assistants are Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Rose Marie, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. Hy Kraft wrote the book, Johnny Mercer did the music and lyrics, and Jo Mielziner designed the sets. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—guys and dolls: All those Damon Runyon characters. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the king and i:** The effect a strong-willed English teacher (Gertrude Lawrence) has upon a royal Siamese (Yul Brynner) and his court. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Yes, indeed. George Britton is currently playing opposite Martha Wright. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

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)—The Garden, only a few feet above the Twentieth Century Limited, has Jules Lande and his dance orchestra at dinner and supper. Silence on Sundays.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—This old playing field is now host, for some quixotic reason, to a hillbilly festival, complete with mountain music and round and square dancing. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—There's string music by Michael Kent's quartet in the Palm Court at cocktail time (except Sundays) and in the Cascades Roof (which is closed Sundays) during dinner. No dancing in either place.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A skillful restoration of one of the halls of Montezuma. The curator is Ted Straeter, whose dance orchestra constructs a rapturous but vigorous background for his piano from nine on. A rumba band starts making agreeable noises at eight. In the opulent Plush Room, a European brand of piano music by George Feyer after eight. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The captains and the kings eventually depart, but only because of the curfew. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the present Terrace Room show, industrious skaters shave the ice with abandon, letting the chips fall where they may, even into the laps of ringsiders. Starting Thursday, June 12, a new show, still on ice. Bernie Cummins' orchestra will be on hand, too, to play skating music and dancing music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, through Sunday, June 8, when the dustcloths will be brought out for

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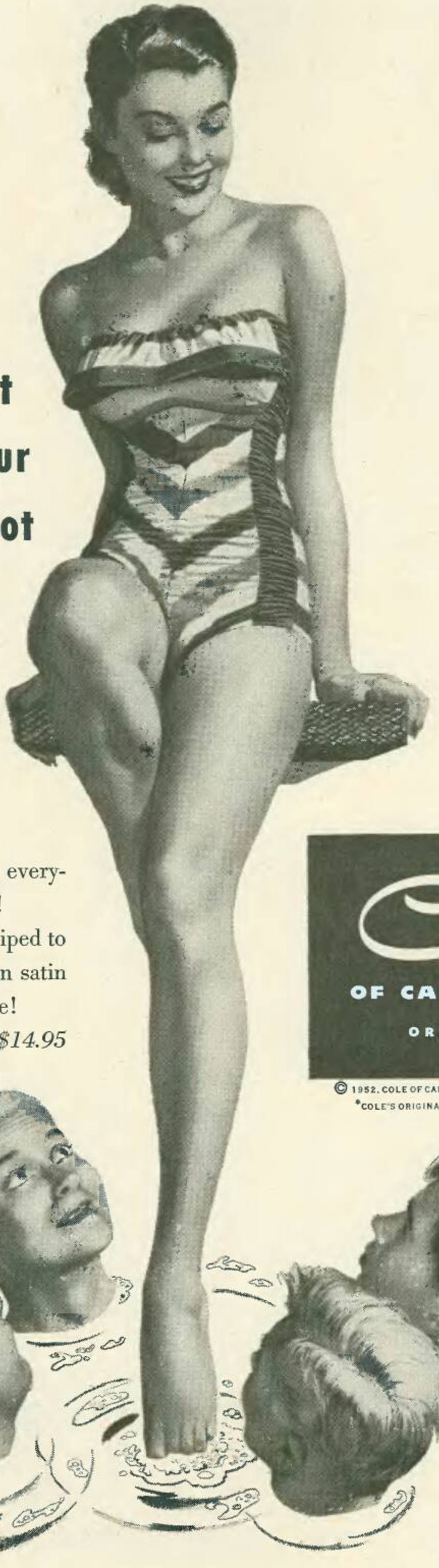
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the summer, Ethel Smith will be pummelling her Hammond organ, and Nelle Fisher and Jerry Ross will be operating on the dance floor. Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's orchestras play for the guests' exercises. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet performs for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre, and Rino Senteri will start trilling a few international songs on Monday, June 9. The Worth mob is off Mondays and Mr. S. is off Sundays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper, Lisa Kirk, a graduate of the school of tantalizing balladry, runs through her repertory, and Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander dance. The scene is the Persian Room, where the bands of Dick La Salle and Mark Monte also hold forth. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of light wines and dancing, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dinner and supper dance music in the Grill by Guy Lombardo's band, which could find its way around this place in the dark. Closed Sundays, and a fill-in band on Thursday, June 5.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, that celebrated upstairs candy box, opens Thursday, June 5 (when evening clothes are required). Milt Shaw and Paul Rickenbacker and their bands play for dancing. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Elliot Lawrence's orchestra plays during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Basket parties discouraged. Dance music by an orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Sundays.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—It's easy to sit through the show here twice, partly because the supper one is entirely different from the dinner one, and partly because the young people involved include Bill Norvas, the Upstarts, Beverlee Dennis, Chuck Brunner, and Betty Lorraine, who all dance, talk, or sing their hearts out in an extravaganza topped off by the vivid Spanish arias of Carmen Torres. Panchito's band and Emile Petti's orchestra make dance music.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof, Los Chavales de España, eleven musicians and singers from Old España, blowing up a melodic storm, and Trini Reyes, a flamenco dancer from Old Nuevo York, stamping around the floor. Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's bands are on deck all evening. Sundays, Mr. Borr's group plays until twelve by itself.

NOTE—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room, an intimate aerie no larger than the Republic of Texas, is open for cocktails from four to nine. There is soft music now and then, and not a single taxi horn. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the oldest of all the family retainers, uncorks his enthusiastic dance music at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . TONI'S CAPRICE, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): Don Feldman's nostalgic piano gets under way at nine, and Jo Hurt, a healthy, outdoorsy sort of siren, looks in after the theatre Thursdays through Saturdays, to toss an effervescent thatch and some skylarking songs around. Closed Mondays. . . . BARBERRY ROOM, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): From ten to one, Ralph Strain fills this starlit glade with his rich, romantic piano études. Closed Saturdays. . . . LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle the whole week long. Above it all, you can

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hear, if you're determined, Cy Walter's brilliant nocturnes at dinner and supper every evening but Sunday. . . . BEAU BRUMMEL, 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): Cocktails, dinner, and supper to the piano of Lynn Mullinax, whose touch is quiet but happy, in a bright, good-natured stage set. Closed Sundays. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An almost prehistoric play pen, affording piano and violin (of sorts) after nine-thirty for the North Shore group. Closed Sundays. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it looks in the posters, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays. . . . CELESTE, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney is a storehouse of the best show tunes, to all of which he adds a special zest. He plays piano from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays. . . . LA ZAMBRA, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Conversation, song, dance, and guitar by Vicente Gomez, a fairly smart jack of all these trades, during dinner and supper. Closed Mondays. . . . DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey turns out well-bred piano in this ducal parlor at dinner and after the theatre. Sundays, the instrument is in the hands of Harold Cooke. . . . NINO, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): A boisterous example of 1960 décor, amid which Harry Meyerowitz plays piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield does the same during dinner and supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Billy Eckstine, old Mr. Mooley Cow himself, is setting up echoes among the forest of pillars here. . . . LA VIE EN ROSE, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Pearl Bailey, the only girl in the world who can sing in her sleep, is currently doing just that, and it sounds fine. Herman Chittison's and Van Smith's trios make pithy music. . . . RIVIERA, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Residents of Yonkers are likely to be kept awake by Tony Martin's projection of "Kiss of Fire" from this riverbank establishment. The Hudson, beneath the windows, just keeps rolling along.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Josh White, who rummages through the American folk past, Orson Bean, who dissects the American intellectual present, and Eartha Kitt, whose singing is likely to make a susceptible spectator swallow an ice cube. Behind them, the piano music of Stuart Ross and Bart Howard and the blithe sounds of the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . ¶ In the lounge, after two in the morning, except Saturdays, Portia Nelson sings her special paeans to the stuff that makes the world go round, and Billy Roy plays festive piano. . . . LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronny Graham, an analyst with great verve and extremely late office hours, is thinking out loud here. The Three Riffs, singers of homemade nonsense songs, and the just-revived team of Fletcher and Sheidy, who are elfin as the night is long, also add considerably to the charm of the surroundings. The surprise, though, is Julius Monk's new singing scatback, Janet Brace, a minute combination of jive and wistfulness. The eminent Norman Paris Trio is on the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . VILLAGE



VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A just about perfect example of what night life should be—Harry Belafonté's arresting voice at work on folk music, Royce Wallace's ever-lovin' one at work on her torch songs, and Wally Cox's sandpaper one at work on his Mark Twain characters. On Friday, June 6, a comic valentine called Dorothy Greener replaces Mr. Cox. Between shows, the solid dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays. . . . ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Except Sundays, Bibi Osterwald sails, with a neatly balanced mixture of gusto and glee, into a clutch of songs. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville rip off their piano duets, and Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . BYLINE ROOM, 137 E. 52nd St. (MU 8-9762): The modern poets who sing of love—Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, Bud Redding, and the rest—often give Mabel Mercer first choice of their elegantly turned sonnets. She sings every evening but Sunday. Sam Hamilton accompanies her, and plays solo piano the rest of the time. This all takes place in the small loft over the tumultuous Show Spot bar, where, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis plays piano. . . . BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Well, there's Mae Barnes, whose singing sounds like the night the dam went out, and Kirkwood and Goodman, reading their famous riot act. The romantic ditties of Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate get a contrasting background of double-jointed jive from the Three Flames, headed by the catalytic Tiger Haines. Garland Wilson plays Left Bank piano when the spirit moves him. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this storied wind tunnel, the variations on themes by Tin Pan Alley are usually intricate and always raucous. Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, Johnny Windhurst, Buzzy Drootin, and sometimes Mr. Condon are responsible. Ralph Sutton, boy wonder, is at the interlude piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Two interesting approaches to modern piano—Eddie Heywood's beautiful understatement of a theme (he starts Friday, June 6) and Joe Bushkin's head-on collision with it. The Bushkin quartet (Buck Clayton on trumpet, Jo Jones on drums, Milt Hinton on bass) and the Heywood trio play after nine. They're all off Sundays, when Jimmy McPartland's Dixielanders are on deck. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon's band is doing a rough-and-ready job of rafter-ringing. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore head a cast of devotees of jazz as it was in the good old days. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, is part of the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . MERMAID ROOM, Park Sheraton, Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): Barbara Carroll, her slim young face lit by an inner glow, plays some pretty fine introspective and progressive piano at the head of her trio until two every night but Sunday. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): A meeting of two primeval forces: Ella Fitzgerald's roller-coaster voice and Cootie Williams' hard-driving trumpet and band. Terry Gibbs' collection of artistes also manage to make themselves heard. Miss F.'s last night is Wednesday, June 11. . . . LE DOWNBEAT, 263 W. 54th St. (CI 5-9265): Such a spate of rooting and tooting as is rarely heard anywhere. The guilty parties: Billy Taylor's and Oscar Pettiford's groups, and Slim Gaillard who is sort of a one-man band. Jam sessions, too, on Mondays, when this gang is off duty. . . . CHILDS PARAMOUNT, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Piping-hot music, purveyed by Max Kaminsky and other right-minded men, such as Charlie Queener on piano, Ray Diehl on trombone, and Don MacLean on drums, in the grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until one-thirty or so. On Sunday, June 8, from 5:30 to 8:30 P.M., Mr. Kaminsky and guests (among them Vic

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dickenson and Buster Bailey) make Dixieland jam. Dancing. . . . STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): There's a razzle-dazzle here every Friday. June 6, the principals are likely to include Jimmy McPartland, Oran Page, Jimmy Archey, Lou McGarity, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Sullivan, Pops Foster, George Wettling, and Ray McKinley. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A double-decker stand (Friday and Saturday evenings, June 6-7) by, it is reliably reported, the Conrad Janis band, Red Allen, Big Chief Russell Moore, Sol Yaged, Willie the Lion Smith, Buster Bailey, and Art Trappier. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-9311); closed Mondays. . . . BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . CONGERS, N.Y.: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384). . . . GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . HARTSDALE, N.Y.: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . HUNTINGTON, L.I.: René's (Huntington 4-2309); closed Tuesdays. . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600). . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.: Nino's (POrt Washington 7-1604); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-0354); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . POUND RIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . ¶ Hearthstone (Ridgefield 6-7613). . . . ROSLYN, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 1997); closed Mondays. . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706). . . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184). . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Westport 2-6204).

ART

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

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURES—Some excellent examples, in a group drawn largely from the collection of Paul Guillaume; through July 15. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St. Open Saturdays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ARTISTS EQUITY ASSOCIATION, 13 E. 67th St.: An exhibition of contemporary artists, celebrating the opening of the Association's new building; through July 1. . . . GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS, 130 E. 56th St.: Recent paintings by gallery members,

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8	9	10	11	12	13	14

among them Xavier Gonzalez, Hugo Robus, and Byron Browne; through June 26. . . . HELLER, 108 E. 57th St.: Oils and sculptures by Tschacbasov, Rhys Caparn, Edith Bry, and others; through June 6. . . . HEWITT, 18 E. 69th St.: Surrealist and *trompe l'œil* paintings by Kenneth Davies, John Wilde, Daniel Maloney, and other artists; through June 6. . . . PARSONS, 15 E. 57th St.: Works by Hedda Sterne, Walter Murch, Bradley Tomlin, and others of this gallery's group; through June 13. . . . SCULPTURE CENTER, 167 E. 69th St.: Pieces by Cleo Hartwig, Leo Amino, and others, in their annual spring exhibition; through June 27. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10. . . . SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS, 128 E. 63rd St.: Around seventy-five paintings by members of the Society, to be presented to New York Hospital; through June 5. Weekdays, noon to 6.

JOHN TAYLOR ARMS—More than a hundred etchings, most of them on architectural subjects; through June 14. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

CHARLOTTE BEREND—Twenty-one water colors of Gastein, Austria, painted last summer; through June 7. (Schaeffer, 52 E. 58th St. Open Saturdays.)

MOSHE CASTEL—The first solo show here of oils and gouaches by an Israeli artist who has applied some of the techniques of Rouault and other moderns to depicting his native land; through June 10. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

CHESSMEN—A large, varied, and highly interesting collection, ranging from around 2000 B.C. to the present, and containing some exquisitely handsome examples; through July 15. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St. Open Saturdays.)

FRANK VINCENT DUMOND—Oils and other works by the veteran Art Students League instructor, who died last year; through June 22. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the NIVEAU, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by members of the Paris school, among them Rouault and Utrillo; through June 21. Open Saturdays. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: Bombois, Soutine, Léger, Dufy, and other painters of the Paris school; through June 27.

EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the NICHOLSON, 69 E. 57th St.: Canvases by Corot, Courbet, Inness, and other artists of the seventeenth through the nineteenth centuries; through July 18. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings by such artists as Manet and Utrillo, as well as twentieth-century American paintings by Marsden Hartley, Max Weber, and others; through June 30. . . . VIVIANO, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Joseph Glasco, Marino Marini, and other moderns, Italian and American; through June 6.

DONALD FORBES—A small memorial exhibition of works, darkly mystical in style, by an artist who died last year; through June 14. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

PAUL RENÉ GAUGUIN—Colored woodcuts, principally of Norwegian scenes, by the grandson of the great post-Impressionist; through June 30. (Serigraph, 38 W. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

MALVINA HOFFMAN—Twenty-four portrait busts recently presented by the sculptress to the New-York Historical Society; among the subjects are Paderewski, Anna Pavlova, and Wendell Willkie. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

KALI—The first solo exhibition here of paintings, healthily experimental in style, by a young Polish artist now living in Canada; through June 6. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY—A small but choice retrospective of paintings by one of the founders of the non-objective school; through June 6. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

HENRI LAURENS—A small survey of works, 1919 to 1951, by the modern French sculptor in his first New York exhibition in five years; through June 13. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—Pleasant pieces by Roslyn Loring, Ann Cole, and others, in the annual water-color exhibition; through June 14. (Argent, 42 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6. Open Saturdays.)

NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY—The Parke-Bernet terrace roof gardens are the setting for a display of fifty-five works by members and non-members of the Society; through June 20. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5:30.)

GEORGE PETER—Vigorous, colorful abstract paintings, in a first one-man show of promise; through June 6. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St.)

STEVE RAFFO—Paintings, rather florid in style, but often with a touch of mystical suggestion to temper their exuberance; through June 13. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

JACK B. YEATS—The first comprehensive showing in this country of works by the dean of Irish painters; through June 22. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

YEKTAI—Abstract paintings, done with boldness and assurance, in a first solo exhibition by a young Persian artist of whom a good deal can be expected; through June 7. (Borgenicht, 65 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

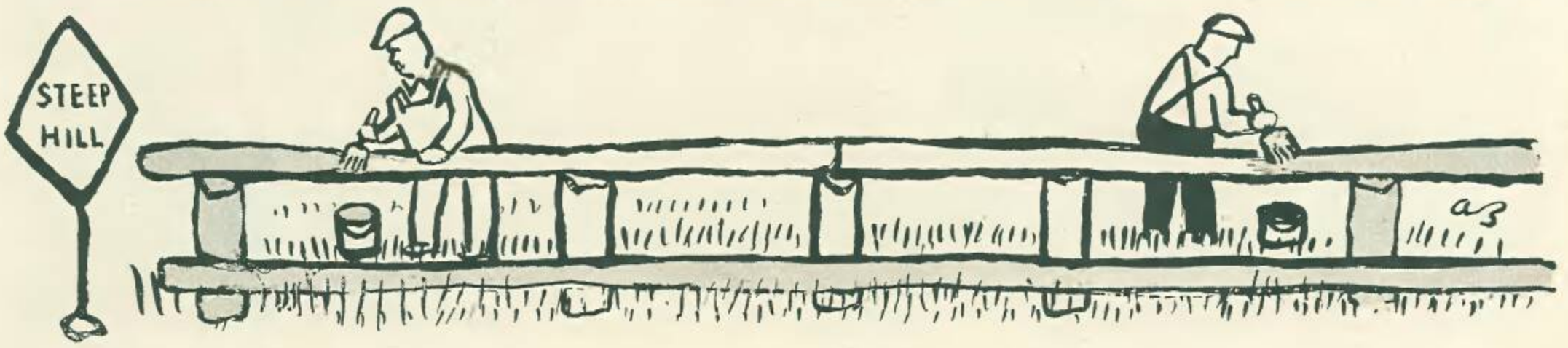
SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—Group shows at the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.; through Aug. 29. . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.; through June 27. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57th St.; through June 30. . . . IOLAS, 46 E. 57th St.; through June 13. Open Saturdays. . . . KOOTZ, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through June 13. Open Saturdays. . . . MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.; through June 30. . . . NEW ART CIRCLE, 41 E. 57th St.; through June 14. Open Saturdays. . . . JACQUES SELIGMANN, 5 E. 57th St.; through June 18.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at noon and continuing until dark; through Sunday, June 15.

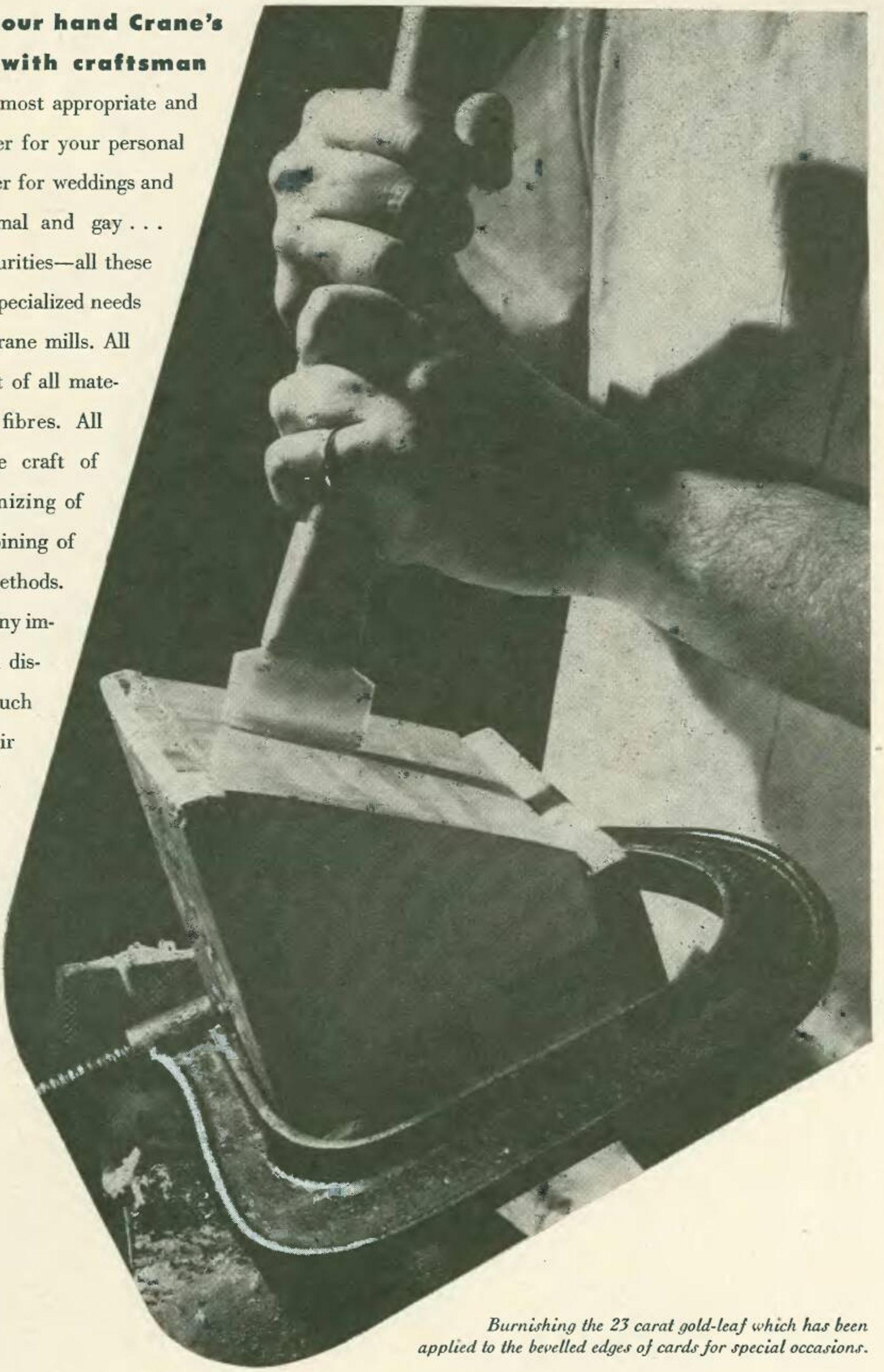
MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Oils, sculptures, and ceramics by students of the Brooklyn Museum Art School; starting June 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-one Biblical paintings (dated 1948-52) by Ben-Zion, in an exhibition commemorating the Museum's fifth anniversary; through July



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

31....¶Oil paintings, miniatures, and silhouettes of Jewish men and women, done by American artists during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; through July 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Approximately a hundred lithographs, wood engravings, etchings, and drawings, by Cézanne's contemporaries; through Sept. 1. ...¶"Americans on Land and Sea," lithographs by Currier & Ives from a large group recently presented to the Museum by Miss A. S. Colgate. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works by fifteen contemporary Americans, in a rather grab-bag assortment that ranges from paintings by Edwin Dickinson and Jackson Pollock to "colored-light" compositions by Thomas Wilfred, inventor of the Clavilux, a sort of spectrum organ; through July 27. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Klee and Kandinsky, among others, are represented in a survey covering the years 1900 to the present, called "Evolution to Non-Objectivity." (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

INTERRACIAL FELLOWSHIP CHORUS—Harold Aks directing. (Town Hall, Sunday, June 8, at 5:30. For tickets, call RI 9-5187.)

CARIB SINGERS—In a program of Caribbean songs and dances. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, June 11, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, June 5, at 2:30.... ¶Yankees vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 6, at 2:30; Saturday, June 7, at 2; and Sunday, June 8, at 2:05 (doubleheader).... ¶Yankees vs. Detroit, Tuesday, June 10, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 11-12, at 2:30.... EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Saturday, June 14, at 6 (doubleheader). ... POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. St. Louis, Saturday, June 14, at 1:30.

BOXING—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Friday, June 6: Bobo Olson vs. Jimmy Beau, middleweights, 10 rounds....¶Friday, June 13: George Araujo vs. Arthur King, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.) ... MUNICIPAL STADIUM, Philadelphia: Thursday, June 5: Joe Walcott vs. Ezzard Charles, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

FENCING—National Championships—Friday, June 13, at 10: Women's foil team....¶Friday, June 13, at 6:30: Men's three-weapon team....¶Saturday, June 14, at 10: Women's individual foil, semifinals....¶Saturday, June 14, at 4: Men's épée team. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898.)

GOLF—New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Knoll Golf Club, Boonton, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 5-8.) ...¶Metropolitan Golf Association Beers Memorial Tournament. (Ardsley Country Club, Ardsley-on-Hudson. Friday, June 13.)

HORSE SHOWS—June Fête Horse and Pony Show. (Huntingdon Valley, Pa. Saturday, June 7.) ...¶Fairfield-Westchester Horse Show. (Stamford. Sunday, June 8.) ...¶Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday and Saturday, June 13-14.) ...¶Greenwich Horse Show. (Greenwich. Friday through Sunday, June 13-15.)

POLO—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.... BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30.... MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury: A game for the benefit of the Nassau County Council of the Boy Scouts, Saturday, June 14, at 3:30.

RACING—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15;

"Nylon and orlon?
Who needs air-conditioning?"



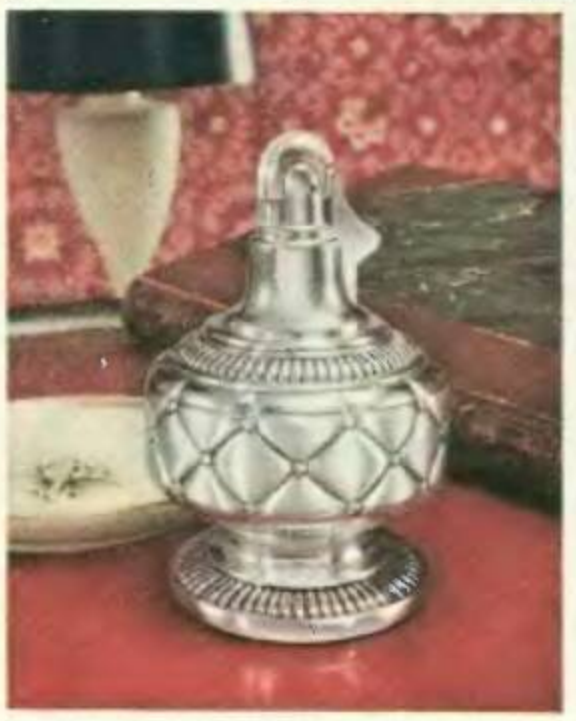
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This Burlington Mills sheer is not all nylon. Every third thread is orlon. That's why this dress feels cool and stays crisp. Faint white stripes on navy, brown, or green. Sizes 10 to 20. 14.95. At BLOOMINGDALE'S in New York, F. R. Jelleff in Washington, D. C., Halle Bros. in Cleveland, Macy's in San Francisco, and The Dayton Co. in Minneapolis. Or write McKettrick-Williams, Inc., 1350 Broadway, New York City.

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(*Left*) RONSON PAL. Combination lighter–case. Tortoise enamel. $16.30.
(*Center*) RONSON PRINCESS. Lady's lighter. Glow enamel finish. $6.95.
(*Right*) RONSON ADONIS. Slim pocket lighter. Genuine alligator. $14.50.
(*Front*) RONSON PENCILITER. Writes, lights. Gold finish, ebony. $11.60.



RONSON GLORIA. Magnificent table lighter in heavy silver plate (polished and satin). Lasts like a family heirloom. At home in any room. $12.25 plus tax.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Monday, June 9. The Belmont, Saturday, June 7. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track weekdays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK: Tuesday and Wednesday, June 10-11, at 1:15. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.) . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15, from Thursday, June 12, through Saturday, July 12. The Queens County Handicap, Thursday, June 12, and the Gazelle, Saturday, June 14. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Saturday, June 14, through Saturday, Aug. 9.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays, at 6:49.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—A limited number of visitors are admitted to sessions of the Security Council, the Trusteeship Council, the Economic and Social Council, the Disarmament Commission, and other commissions and committees, which meet periodically, Mondays through Fridays. (United Nations Permanent Headquarters, First Ave. at 42nd St. 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, 22 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

ITALY TODAY—Around four hundred exhibits of fashions, textiles, furniture, automobiles, classic and modern art, toys, handicrafts, and Lord knows what else. Also, a typical village, with shops and a restaurant, all set up for business. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Saturdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 11. Through Sunday, June 15.)

LITERARY MANUSCRIPTS AND MUSICAL SCORES—Works of newly elected members of, and winners of honors and awards from, the National Institute and American Academy of Arts and Letters. The typewritten first draft of Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth" and the revised master script of Tennessee Williams' "The Rose Tattoo" are among about eighty items representative of twenty authors and two composers. Through June 29. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Weather and the Stars," and features celestial color phenomena, such as sunsets, rainbows, and the northern lights. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

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 and Friday, June 5-6, at 1:45: English eighteenth- and nineteenth-century, American nineteenth-century, and French eighteenth-century furniture, along with such decorations as tapestries, paintings, Minton and other porcelain, and portrait miniatures, from the estate of Fanny W. Le Roy and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 12-13, at 1:45: Garden furniture and sculpture; Queen Anne, Sheraton, Louis XV, and other furniture; and clocks, porcelains, sconces, and other decorations; the property of Charles S. Davis and others. Exhibition starts Friday, June 6.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Barnard and Columbia, Thursday, June 5; Annapolis, Friday, June 6; Dartmouth, Sunday, June 8; Smith, Vassar, and Yale, Monday, June 9; and N.Y.U., Wednesday, June 11.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: June 15-26,

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Pendant Earrings of 14 kt. Gold	$ 51.
Earrings of 14 kt. Gold Hearts set with three Diamonds	340.
Bracelet of 14 kt. Gold Fluted Scrolls	96.
14 kt. Gold Link Bracelet set with Diamonds	910.
Moonstone and 14 kt. Gold Flower Earrings with Sapphire centers	150.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and July 4-6. . . . EBBETS FIELD: June 15, June 17-25, and June 27-July 3. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: June 27-July 2, and July 10-21.

BOXING—Ray Robinson vs. Joey Maxim, 15 rounds, for the World Light Heavyweight Championship. (Yankee Stadium, June 23.) . . . ¶ Ernie Durando vs. Norman Hayes, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, June 27.)

CREW—Ya'e-Harvard Regatta. (New London, Conn. June 20.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Syracuse, June 21.) . . . ¶ Roya Henley Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 2-5.) . . . ¶ Olympic tryouts. (Worcester, Mass. July 3-5.)

GOLF—Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, L.I. June 16-21.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J. July 9-11.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Junior Championship. (Rockville Country Club, Rockville Center, L.I. July 15.)

HORSE SHOWS—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. June 20-22.) . . . ¶ Fairfield County Hunt Horse Show. (Westport, Conn. June 27-29.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. June 28.)

RACING—At ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 17-20. . . . EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: July 14-19.

SWIMMING—Men's Olympic Tryouts—Diving and water polo. (Astoria Pool, Astoria, L.I. July 1-3.) . . . ¶ Swimming. (Flushing Meadow Park, L.I. July 4-6.)

TENNIS—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 23-July 5.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (Seminole Club, Forest Hills. June 28-July 6.) . . . ¶ New York State Women's Championships. (New Rochelle Tennis Club, New Rochelle. July 7-12.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Spring Lake Bathing and Tennis Club, Spring Lake, N.J. July 8-13.)

OLYMPIC SPORTS CARNIVAL—Track-and-field events, weight-lifting, fencing, basketball, and other contests by members of the United States Olympic team. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. July 6.)

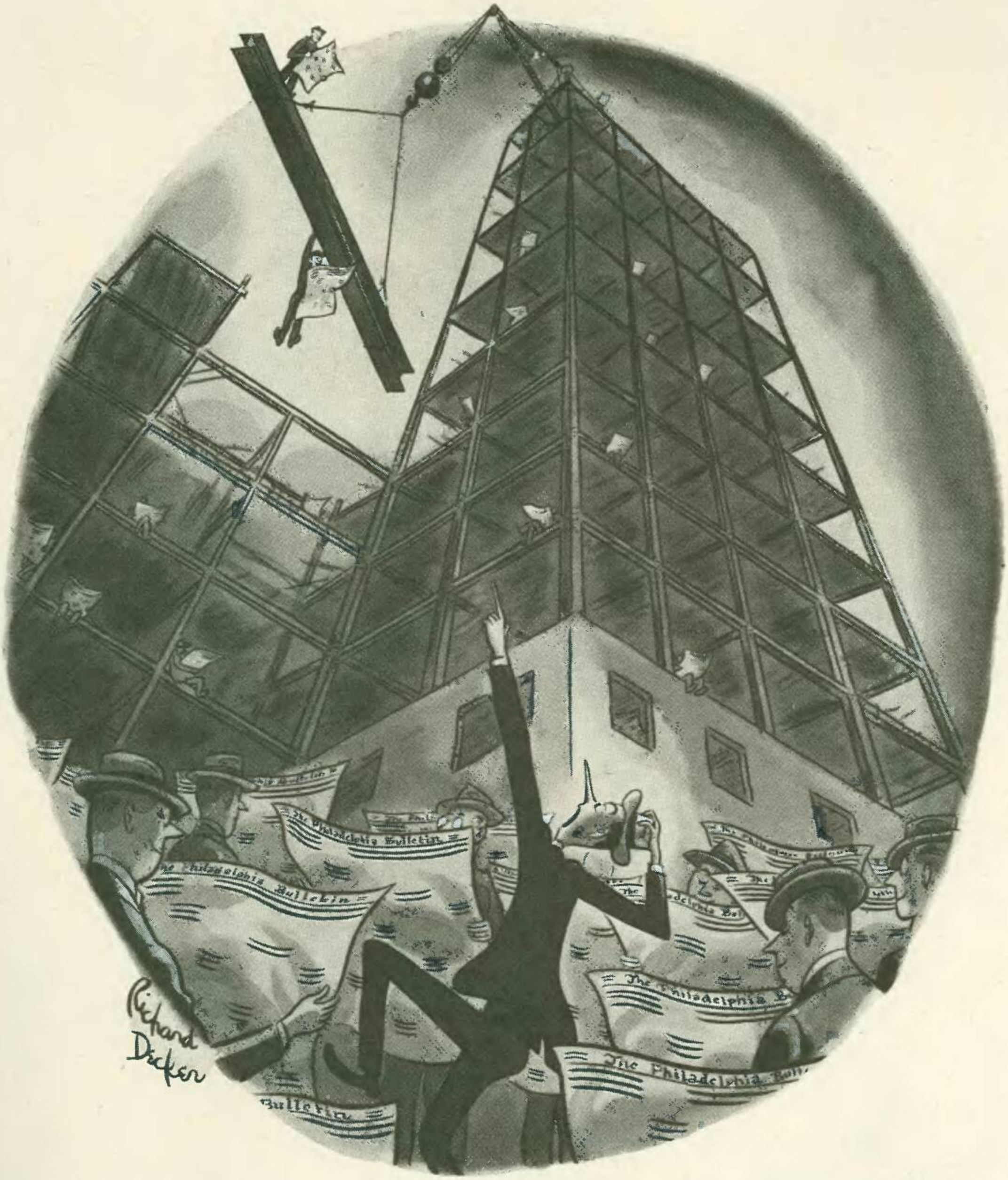
TROTTING—At SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: June 16-Aug. 23. . . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: June 30-July 5.

YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 21. . . . ¶ Noroton Race Week for Stars. (Noroton, Conn. June 21-25.) . . . ¶ Beverly Yacht Club Regatta. (Marion, Mass. July 11-12.)

MUSIC—Casals Music Festival, in Prades, France, June 15-29 . . . ¶ Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band, on the Central Park Mall, June 18-Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Lewisohn Stadium Concerts, June 23-Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Rodgers and Hammerstein concert, at the Marine Stadium, Jones Beach, June 30. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, at Lenox, Mass., July 5-Aug. 10.

THEATRE—A new musical, "Wish You Were Here," with Christine Mathews and Jack Cassidy, is scheduled to open June 25. Arthur Kober and Joshua Logan wrote the book, which is based on Mr. Kober's play "Having Wonderful Time," and Harold Rome is responsible for the music and lyrics. . . . ¶ An adaptation by Ruth and Thomas Martin of the Johann Strauss operetta "A Night in Venice" will be presented at the Marine Stadium, Jones Beach, starting June 26.

OTHER DATES—Quarterly federal-income-tax payments are due June 16. . . . ¶ Commencements: Princeton, June 17, and Harvard, June 19. . . . ¶ Rose and Lily Show, at Essex House, June 18. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Friday. . . . ¶ National political conventions, in Chicago: Republican, starting July 7; Democratic, starting July 21.



In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(*Advertisement*)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



The African Queen—A first-rate interpretation, made in Africa, of C. S. Forester's novel dealing with the efforts of a missionary lady and a dishevelled river-boat captain to frustrate the Germans during the First World War. Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn are fine as the anti-German team, and John Huston's direction is eminently satisfactory. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through June 7.)

Encore—Another movie sampling of the short stories of Somerset Maugham, and a fairly satisfactory one, too, although a cut below the first of the lot, "Quartet." Figuring in this English mixture are Roland Culver, Nigel Patrick, Glynis Johns, and Kay Walsh. (Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

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. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370. ...¶Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; June 5.... ¶Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 10.)

The Man in the White Suit—Alec Guinness as an eccentric textile inventor whose masterwork is a fabric that won't wear out and is so tough it has to be tailored with a blowtorch. Highly comical. Mr. Guinness is assisted in this English film by Cecil Parker, Ernest Thesiger, and Joan Greenwood. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Outcast of the Islands—Carol Reed's translation to the movies of the Conrad novel. Excellently enacted by Trevor Howard, Robert Morley, Wendy Hiller, George Coulouris, and a French-Arab lady known as Kerima, and mighty impressive scenically, too. All in all, good romantic stuff. An English picture. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Pennywhistle Blues—A pleasant little movie (formerly called "The Magic Garden"), made in Africa, that tells of how a thief brings a lot of cheer to the colored quarter of Johannesburg by taking a stolen forty pounds on tour here and there among the natives. The cast consists of Negro amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370....¶Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; June 5....¶Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 10.)

The River—An adaptation of Rumer Godden's novel about life in India, directed by Jean Renoir with a perceptive eye for subtle drama and rich Bengalese backgrounds. The picture, which was filmed on location, includes in its cast Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, and a remarkable young Indian actress named Radha. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663....¶Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; through June 10.)

REVIVALS

The Count of Monte Cristo (1934)—A faithful, slow-moving version of the great romance. With Robert Donat and Elissa Landi. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; June 8-10, tentative.)

Gunga Din (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; June 8-10, tentative.)

In a Lonely Place (1950)—Humphrey Bogart as the key suspect in a Hollywood murder case. With Gloria Graham. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 8-9.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Mudlark (1950)—The tale of an urchin who bursts into Windsor Castle and makes Victoria (Irene Dunne) stop brooding about Albert. With Andrew Ray. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting June 10.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields again, this time doing his best as a kindly uncle. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Red River (1948)—Drama in the West with all the trimmings. With John Wayne and Montgomery Clift. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555; June 5.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 9.)

Smoky (1946)—Fred MacMurray and Burl Ives in an easygoing adaptation of the Will James novel. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; June 7.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Still more W. C. Fields, here in the circus with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through June 8: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938), directed by Sergei Eisenstein....¶Starting June 9: "Cops" (1922) and "Our Hospitality" (1923), both with Buster Keaton. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. 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.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

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

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Skirts Ahoy," Esther Williams, Joan Evans.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through June 11: "Red Ball Express," Jeff Chandler, Alex Nicol.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
June 5: **RED RIVER**, revival; and "Tulsa," revival, Susan Hayward, Robert Preston.
From June 6: "Young Man with Ideas," Glenn Ford, Ruth Roman.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Fighter," Richard Conte, Vanessa Brown.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through June 11 (tentative): "Lovely to Look At," Kathryn Grayson, Red Skelton, Howard Keel.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Wild Heart," Jennifer Jones.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Lydia Bailey," Anne Francis, Dale Robertson.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"The Girl in White," June Allyson, Arthur Kennedy.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Walk East on Beacon," George Murphy.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Sky Is Red" (in Italian), Marina Berti.



NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
June 5: **THE PENNYWHISTLE BLUES** (formerly called "The Magic Garden"); and **JOUR DE FÊTE** (also known as "The Big Day," in French).
From June 6: "No Resting Place," Michael Gough, Eithne Dunne; and "The Prize" (in French), Bourvil, Jacqueline Pagnol.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through June 10: **THE RIVER**; and "The Green Glove," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Brooks.
From June 11: "Belles on Their Toes," Jeanne Crain, Myrna Loy; and "Loan Shark," George Raft, Dorothy Hart.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 10: **THE PENNYWHISTLE BLUES** (formerly called "The Magic Garden"); and **JOUR DE FÊTE** (also known as "The Big Day," in French).
From June 11: "Singin' in the Rain," Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.

MURRAY HILL, Park at 42nd. (MU 2-1431)
June 5: "Anything Can Happen," José Ferrer, Kim Hunter; and "Hong Kong," Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming.
June 6-7: "With a Song in My Heart," Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun; and "Hoodlum Empire," Brian Donlevy, Claire Trevor.
June 8-10: To be announced.
From June 11: "Bend of the River," James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy; and "Meet Danny Wilson," Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through June 7 (tentative): "An Ideal Husband," revival, Paulette Goddard, Michael Wilding; and "A Song to Remember," revival, Merle Oberon, Paul Muni.
June 8-10 (tentative): **THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO**, revival; and **GUNGA DIN**, revival.
From June 11: To be announced.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through June 10: "Carbine Williams," James Stewart, Jean Hagen; and "When in Rome," Van Johnson, Paul Douglas.
From June 11: "The Marrying Kind," Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray; and "Boots Malone," William Holden, Johnny Stewart.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"High Treason," Liam Redmond, Mary Morris.

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)
June 5: "Rashomon" (in Japanese); and "The Whip Hand," Carla Balenda, Elliott Reid.
June 6-10: "Macao," Jane Russell, Robert Mitchum; and "At Sword's Point," Cornel Wilde, Maureen O'Hara.
From June 11: "Belles on Their Toes," Jeanne Crain, Myrna Loy; and "Loan Shark," George Raft, Dorothy Hart.

FINE ARTS, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through June 6: "Anything Can Happen," José Ferrer, Kim Hunter.
From June 7: "Singin' in the Rain," Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7241)
"Actors and Sin," Edward G. Robinson, Marsha Hunt, Eddie Albert.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE RIVER.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"The Narrow Margin," Charles McGraw, Marie Windsor.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through June 6: "This Woman Is Dangerous," Joan Crawford, David Brian; and "Bugles in the Afternoon," Ray Milland, Helena Carter.
June 7: **SMOKY**, revival; and "The Happy Years," revival, Dean Stockwell, Leo G. Carroll.
June 8-9: "Something to Live For," Joan Fontaine, Ray Milland; and "Silver City," Edmond O'Brien, Yvonne De Carlo.
From June 10: "Anything Can Happen," José Ferrer, Kim Hunter; and "Hong Kong," Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Never Take No for an Answer," Vittorio Manunta, Denis O'Dea.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 9: **A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY**, revival.
From June 10: **THE MUDLARK**, revival.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through June 10: "Carbine Williams," James Stewart, Jean Hagen; and "When in Rome," Van Johnson, Paul Douglas.
From June 11: "The Marrying Kind," Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray; and "Boots Malone," William Holden, Johnny Stewart.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
LAURA, revival; and "This Above All," revival, Joan Fontaine, Tyrone Power.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through June 7: "With a Song in My Heart," Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun; and "Hoodlum Empire," Brian Donlevy, Claire Trevor.
June 8: "The House on 92nd Street," revival, William Eythe, Signe Hasso; and "Penny Serenade," revival, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant.
June 9-10: "Something to Live For," Joan Fontaine, Ray Milland; and "Silver City," Edmond O'Brien, Yvonne De Carlo.
From June 11: "Bend of the River," James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy; and "Meet Danny Wilson," Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 9: "Passion for Life" (in French).
From June 10: "With a Song in My Heart," Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
June 5: "Rashomon" (in Japanese); and "The Whip Hand," Carla Balenda, Elliott Reid.
June 6-10: "Macao," Jane Russell, Robert Mitchum; and "At Sword's Point," Cornel Wilde, Maureen O'Hara.
From June 11: "Belles on Their Toes," Jeanne Crain, Myrna Loy; and "Loan Shark," George Raft, Dorothy Hart.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 8: "Carbine Williams," James Stewart, Jean Hagen; and "When in Rome," Van Johnson, Paul Douglas.
June 9-10: "Wake of the Red Witch," revival, John Wayne, Gail Russell; and "The Fighting Kentuckian," revival, John Wayne.
From June 11: "The Marrying Kind," Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray; and "Boots Malone," William Holden, Johnny Stewart.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
June 5: "Tomorrow Is Too Late" (in Italian), Pier Angeli, Vittorio De Sica; and "Just This Once," Peter Lawford, Janet Leigh.
June 6-7: "Anything Can Happen," José Ferrer, Kim Hunter; and "Texas Carnival," Esther Williams, Red Skelton.
June 8-9: "This Woman Is Dangerous," Joan Crawford, David Brian; and "Bugles in the Afternoon," Ray Milland, Helena Carter.
June 10-11: "Something to Live For," Joan Fontaine, Ray Milland; and "Flesh and Fury," Tony Curtis, Jan Sterling.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 6: "Maytime in Mayfair," Michael Wilding, Anna Neagle.
June 7-9: "Anything Can Happen," José Ferrer, Kim Hunter.
From June 10: "Singin' in the Rain," Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN, revival; and **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 9: "Carbine Williams," James Stewart, Jean Hagen; and "When in Rome," Van Johnson, Paul Douglas.
June 10: "Wake of the Red Witch," revival, John Wayne, Gail Russell; and "The Fighting Kentuckian," revival, John Wayne.
From June 11: "The Marrying Kind," Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray; and "Boots Malone," William Holden, Johnny Stewart.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 7: "This Woman Is Dangerous," Joan Crawford, David Brian; and "Bugles in the Afternoon," Ray Milland, Helena Carter.
June 8-10: "Les Miserables," Gino Cervi, Valentina Cortesa; and "Maytime in Mayfair," Michael Wilding, Anna Neagle.
From June 11: "With a Song in My Heart," Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun; and "Hoodlum Empire," Brian Donlevy, Claire Trevor.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
June 5: "Rashomon" (in Japanese); and "The Whip Hand," Carla Balenda, Elliott Reid.
June 6-10: "Macao," Jane Russell, Robert Mitchum; and "At Sword's Point," Cornel Wilde, Maureen O'Hara.
From June 11: "Belles on Their Toes," Jeanne Crain, Myrna Loy; and "Loan Shark," George Raft, Dorothy Hart.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through June 7: "Anything Can Happen," José Ferrer, Kim Hunter; and "Hong Kong," Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming.
June 8-9: **IN A LONELY PLACE**, revival; and "Flight to Mars," Marguerite Chapman.
From June 10: "Singin' in the Rain," Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds; and "Bannerline," Keefe Brasselle, Sally Forrest.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Old Mother Riley," Arthur Lucan, Kitty McShane; and "You Can't Beat the Irish," Jack Warner, Barbara Mullen.

NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
ENCORE.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Franchise Affair," Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Under the Paris Sky" (in French), Brigitte Auber.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 10: "Carbine Williams," James Stewart, Jean Hagen; and "When in Rome," Van Johnson, Paul Douglas.
From June 11: "The Marrying Kind," Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray; and "Boots Malone," William Holden, Johnny Stewart.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
THE PENNYWHISTLE BLUES (formerly called "The Magic Garden"); and **JOUR DE FÊTE** (also known as "The Big Day," in French).

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through June 10: **THE RIVER**; and "The Green Glove," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Brooks.
From June 11: "Belles on Their Toes," Jeanne Crain, Myrna Loy; and "Loan Shark," George Raft, Dorothy Hart.

CARLTON, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through June 7: **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**; and "The Captive City," John Forsythe, Joan Camden.
June 8-10: "Deadline—U.S.A.," Humphrey Bogart, Kim Hunter; and "Japanese War Bride," Shirley Yamaguchi, Don Taylor.
From June 11: "This Woman Is Dangerous," Joan Crawford, David Brian; and "Bugles in the Afternoon," Ray Milland, Helena Carter.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through June 10: "Carbine Williams," James Stewart, Jean Hagen; and "When in Rome," Van Johnson, Paul Douglas.
From June 11: "The Marrying Kind," Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray; and "Boots Malone," William Holden, Johnny Stewart.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through June 10: **THE RIVER**; and "The Green Glove," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Brooks.
From June 11: "Belles on Their Toes," Jeanne Crain, Myrna Loy; and "Loan Shark," George Raft, Dorothy Hart.



Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week, the Supreme Court, deliberating in quiet chambers beyond the reach of commercials, placed its blessing on Transit Radio, Douglas dissenting, Frankfurter disqualifying himself. In consequence, bus passengers in the District of Columbia will continue to ride to work of mornings in company with their noisy travel-



ling companion, who talks and sings the whole time. Many people, including most of the Justices, feel that the disturbed air inside buses is part of the ride—like a barbershop where one gets not only a haircut but also the barber's political preferences and a whiff of the barber's breath.

It seems to us that the Court failed to plumb the depths of this unwholesome sound. The bus company, by installing radio and capturing an audience, commits a sly larceny: it steals the time, the attention, the ear of the passenger and sells this commodity to advertisers. Whether this invades privacy, whether it diminishes freedom, are subtle and devious questions, but almost always when you find a small, hardy band of protestants who feel in their bones that something has made them less free, it is an even bet that something has. The brief of the respondents in this case speaks of "the element of coercion." We believe that that element does exist whenever radio is unturnoffable. If a bus company were to forcibly restrain passengers from talking to the driver while the bus was in motion, the coercion would be justified, on the grounds of public safety. But to require passengers, willing or not, to listen to radio advertising in order to increase operating revenue is a neat piece of coercion that has no relation to transporting the public on wheels.

If someone were to devise a way of bending the public's ear twenty-four hours a day, the free world would be on the skids. The citizen, under such a barrage, would no longer be a responsible being. Bus passengers are the very flower of our society, for they are in a state of suspension between worlds—the world of home, the world of office. They are often in a contemplative state, or a tranquil state. They may even be preparing for a flight of the intellect. It is a golden time, a precious interval, this bus passage. And it is seriously affected by having on board that incessant talker, radio. To our mind, the injection of compulsory radio on a common carrier is unwarranted and dangerous.

A simple way to clarify the issue of the captive audience is to transpose it into another medium and another sense. The sense of smell, for instance, is like the sense of hearing, in that it must receive whatever is offered. Let us imagine that a perfumer, encouraged by the success of Transit Radio and the docility of the captive audience, persuades a bus company to let him spray the passengers with scent. A little man with an atomizer walks through and lets every passenger have a burst—on the lapel, or behind the ear. This jaunty promotional monkeyshine would, we have no doubt, get everybody's back up. It would be considered not only an invasion of privacy but a damned outrage. Yet it is parallel to Transit Radio, which sprays us with sound, not scent. The franchise of a bus company should not include the right to spray anybody with anything at all.

Signor Matteini

THE high spot of Italy Today, as the Italian manufacturers' fair at Grand Central Palace is called, is an Italian village—a bright-colored, two-story reproduction of a southern Italian shopping center, with three little streets, orange roofs, archways decorated with friezes, a papier-mâché fountain, striped



awnings, papier-mâché statues, a restaurant serving *caffè espresso*, wrought-iron gates, a rose trellis, balconies, and a small church. The shops carry—as we discovered one afternoon last week, during a trip through the Palace in search of Aurelio Matteini, the designer of the village—Medaglia d'Oro coffee, Motta confections, Parodi cigars ("Not strong . . . not mild . . . but different"), paintings by Old Masters, textiles, cheese, ceramics, and candy; and on display in other areas were Casavan Sarim vitreous Venetian mosaic ("You are walking on our mosaics"), hats, shoes, skirts, lathes, Romano cravats, a machine for slicing macaroni, Italian newspapers, magazines, and paper-bound books (including "Tutti Scomparsi a Turkey Hill," a romance), Paul A. Urbani's truffles (from Umbria, "Truffle Capital of the World"), San Benito champagne, Necchi sewing machines ("The World's Finest Sewing Machine"), and Latama knives ("The Gift with a Purpose"). A white-haired gentleman wearing a badge informed us that we would find Signor Matteini on the fourth floor, putting the finishing touches on a fashion-show stage, and we pushed our way upstairs.

On the fourth floor, part of which was given over to huge glass display cases filled with wearing apparel and bolts of cloth, we caught sight of a stage and a runway surrounded by folding chairs. Seated on the runway was a man wearing a long piece of Scotch Tape on his cheek. "Signor Matteini?" we ven-



". . . the stock market moved irregularly lower yesterday in a day of dull trading. Rails and industrials held steady. Brazilian bonds showed a marked flurry in the final hour of trading. Municipal issues were generally . . ."

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tured. "The same," he said. A blue-eyed man with a high forehead, Signor Matteini had a bunch of red ostrich feathers in his left hand, a bunch of white ones in his right. He transferred the white ones to his left hand and, removing the tape from his cheek, quickly fastened the feathers together, hopped up, and jammed them into the space at the top of a curtain on the stage. "I've slept only six hours in the last three days," he called to us, bounding over to a chair, picking up a reel of tape, tearing off another strip, fastening it to his cheek, leaping onto the runway, and seizing some more feathers from a box. "We were supposed to have some genuine Italian air shipped here in bottles, but the Excambion is late, because of a storm. Some booths are still equipped with nothing."

A tall young man in a dark suit loomed up beside us. "I bought Mr. Matteini's boat," he said. "Mr. Matteini was one of a crew of four who sailed from Milan to New York in a little less than three years on a twenty-nine-foot ketch."

"It's a double-ender," said Signor Matteini. "Handy in hurricanes."

The man in the dark suit introduced himself as Nat Bernard, president of a local vitamin firm. "I regard Mr. Matteini as a latter-day da Vinci," he said, and explained that Matteini is an underwater photographer, a navigator, a meteorologist, a sculptor, a taxidermist, an architect, an artist, a glider pilot, and the only man in America who does three-dimensional murals. "He did the mural in the Davy Jones Sea Food House, on Sixth Avenue," Bernard said. "He made puppets for the Bunins, the TV puppeteers. And he thinks that a flight could be made over the Atlantic—west to east—in a glider."

"You would have to follow the Gulf Stream," said Matteini, smoothing some feathers. "Where warm waters meet cold, you have rising air currents. Of course, you would have to carry oxygen masks, because you would have to glide very high up."

Mr. Bernard advised us that Signor Matteini was on the reserve Italian Olympic skiing team in 1947. "Last year, I took him skiing in Vermont," he said. "It was corn snow, and right away he had to schuss down a very steep hill."

"I took a tumble," said Matteini, fetching some more tape.

We learned that Matteini is thirty-one, is married to a lady he met in the Virgin Islands during his trip across the Atlantic, was born in Milan, and studied at the art academy and the polytechnic school there. During the war, he was a lieutenant in the Bersaglieri—a unit that used skis in the winter and motorcycles the rest of the year. "We were very élite," he told us. "Ran everywhere, not walked. Where most troops climb up stairs to their barracks, we climbed up poles."

"Without Matteini, there wouldn't have been a fair," Mr. Bernard said. "The manufacturers in Italy weren't sure what they'd be getting into. It was Aurelio's idea to make a model of the Italian village that he proposed building, shoot it, and send them the photo. 'Where are you going to make it?' he was asked by the Prince—Prince don Francesco Chigi della Rovere, who is president of the fair. 'In my flat,' replied Aurelio. So he bought a buzz saw and some plywood and paint, and did it. They were overwhelmed. That was three months ago."

Signor Matteini told us that Italian shopkeepers are different from American shopkeepers. "In Italy," he said, "the treatment of the customer is a matter of great diplomacy. There are schools devoted to teaching how to use the proper psychology. There is a saying that when you enter a shop, you leave your troubles behind, because the shopkeeper showers you with attention to sell even a *pin*. It is a courtesy that is exceptional."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The wine list reproduced in an advertising folder of the Panama Line lists only whiskeys and cocktails.

Earth Nut

THE potato, in such short supply here that rice is taking its place on restaurant menus and the great jig saws of the potato-chip manufacturers are grinding to a halt, is the world's ranking crop, with a 1951 harvest estimated at eight billion bushels. The edible starchy tuber of *Solanum tuberosum*, a plant native to western

South America, the potato derives its name from *batata*, a West Indian word for sweet potato, which is no relation. The potato is practically a meal in itself. A British experimenter once ate nothing but potatoes for a hundred days and ended up feeling as well as he ever had, which was only fair, poor chap. The potato is seventy-five to eighty per cent water and from ten to twenty per cent starch; the rest is a farrago of protein, fibre, and mineral salts. Potatoes with a high starch content, like Idahoes, are mealy and good for baking. Low-starch, high-nitrogen potatoes, like the ones grown in France, are waxy and good for frying.

Ireland, which accounts for potatoes' being nicknamed murphys, praties, and maybe even spuds, gets one of the biggest yields per acre of any potato-growing country, but in terms of total yield the Ould Sod is bloody far down on the list—about a hundred million bushels a year, compared to possibly three billion bushels for Russia, the champion potato-growing country, and over a billion bushels for Germany, the runner-up. The United States harvests four hundred and forty million bushels a year, and South America, which started the whole thing, produces less than two per cent of the total world crop. Every state in the Union grows potatoes commercially. The leaders are Maine, California, Idaho, Minnesota, New York, Pennsylvania, and North Dakota. Potatoes do best in a cool climate. Aroostook County, in Maine, has not only a suitable climate but the perfect potato soil—dark-brown Caribou loam, underlaid with decomposing fragments of shale. Long Island was mostly potato fields before it became mostly Levittown.

When the Spanish reached the Andes, in the early fifteen-hundreds, they found the Indians digging potatoes, which *they* called *papas*. Pedro de Cieza de León, who saw, and presumably ate, his first potato in 1538, in Colombia, described it as "a kind of earth nut, which, after it has been boiled, is as tender as a cooked chestnut, but it has no more skin than a truffle, and it grows under the earth in the same way." Peruvian sibyls of that day practiced potato-counting, a comparatively tidy form of divination. If a given pile of potatoes proved to contain an even number, the year ahead would be favorable; if it contained an odd number, get out of town. The potato is thought to have reached Virginia in the middle of the seventeenth century by way of England and Bermuda. It was first carried to New England in 1719, by the Irish Presbyterian immigrants who settled Londonderry, New Hampshire.

It took the potato a couple of centuries to gain respectability in Europe and the colonies. One reason was that *Solanum tuberosum* is related to the nightshade family, of which the less said the better. Moreover, medical authorities held that the potato encouraged leprosy. The Scotch resisted it on the more logical ground that no mention of it was to be found in the Bible. Frederick the Great was a booster of the potato, seeing it as the most practical and nourishing crop for a warlike nation. A Parisian chemist named Parmentier, who had been a prisoner of the Prussians during the Seven Years' War and had had to subsist mainly on potatoes, nagged the French into trying them on a big scale after the grain-crop failure of 1769. Parmentier preached his gospel in a "Treatise on Certain Vegetables That in Times of Necessity Can Be Substituted for Ordinary Food." The Irish peasantry took to the potato with relish when it was brought to their notice, around the beginning of the seventeenth century, and, with the encouragement of their English landlords, were soon eating little else. The countrywide potato blight of the eighteen-forties led to the death of over a million people in Ireland within a single decade and to the emigration of a million and a half more.

Potatoes are subject to innumerable diseases and afflictions, one of the worst of which is the Colorado beetle. In the course of strengthening the potato against its enemies, potato breeders have developed a thousand varieties. So far, every attempt to popularize potatoes in rice-eating countries has been a failure. The potato is a rum-looking object at best, and there's no end to the superstitions in which it plays a key role. Most of them are disagreeable, not to say creepy. One of the few genial ones is that if you have a toothache you should peel a potato and place it in a pocket on the same side of your body as the aching tooth; when the potato disintegrates, the pain will end.



Research

A MAN left alone with his twelve-year-old niece asked her how she was getting along at school. "Fine," she said. "I've just been elected to the Cloud Committee." "What's that?" he asked. "Well, first we go out and look at the clouds," she said. "Then we try to figure out what the next day's weather is going to be. Then we call the Weather Bureau and find out."

Gabby

NOW what? Well, it's a talking parakeet, and his name is Peter. Peter has made a record, and it's any-

body's guess whether the record will pull better with human beings or with parakeets. It's on sale all over town, in music shops, pet shops, and feed shops—78 r.p.m., and nonbreakable, which is good or bad depending on what you think about talking parakeets. This one says the darnedest things, some of them fairly racy, at least for a bird. "Jeepers creepers, you're beautiful!" for one example. "Give me a kiss!" for another. We've been told that Peter occasionally quotes from "Hamlet," but you won't hear that on the record. Maybe the producer of the record figured there wasn't much call for a parakeet reciting "Hamlet." We've also been told that Peter once met General Doolittle. He gave the General the eye and said, "You're absolutely preposterous!" Then, as the General steadied himself to make a suitable retort, the parakeet intoned, "To be or not to be, that is the question." That was enough for the General.

Peter lives in Chicago, the home of the Great Books program. The lady he lives with lets him go about uncaged a good deal of the time and has no fear of losing him. He long ago learned his name and address and, if lost, would pass them along to the first cop he saw. Peter has recently turned six, which for a parakeet is no chicken. His voice is raspy, but no raspier than it was in his salad days. He appears to take an active interest in current events. On seeing a photograph of Senator Taft in the Chicago *Tribune*, he exclaimed, "Hello, sweetheart!" Of Eisenhower, he has said, "First-rate man. Bully for him!" Over ten thousand of Peter's records, entitled "How to Teach Your Parakeet to Talk," have been sold hereabouts since February. Peter may cut another platter if the demand warrants. He has much to say.

All this, and more, we learned from Arthur C. Barnett, the man who put Peter on wax. Barnett is a Chicago advertising man, and he explained to us, over long distance, that he was using birds commercially twenty-odd years ago. In fact, he inaugurated the first live canary-singing program. It started on a single Chicago station and ended up on Mutual, coast to coast. "I called my canaries the American Radio Warblers," he said, and unless the connection was momentarily at fault, he warbled a bit himself. "They were sometimes referred to in print as 'the feathered stars of the air.'" Three years ago, Barnett made a record of canaries singing to organ accompaniment. The idea was for people who had canaries that couldn't or wouldn't sing to buy the record and play it over and over, until the little feathered darlings were shamed into song. The record was a nice item and is still selling. On Mother's Day a year ago, Barnett's daughter gave her mother a handsome blue parakeet. It wasn't much of a talker, for a parakeet, and Barnett decided to see if the canary-record trick would work with parakeets. He set about locating the most fluent bird in Chicago and soon ran across Peter, who not only loves to chew the fat but has a vocabulary of between four and five hundred words. Barnett installed a tape recorder near Peter's cage and Peter started dictating. He was self-conscious at first and tended to swallow his words, but he soon found the task pleasant. His longest consecutive effort was all four lines of

> Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
> Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
> He put her in a pumpkin shell
> And there he kept her very well.

Mr. Barnett informed us that there is a national boom on in parakeets and other psittacine birds. "Now that nobody's blaming them any more for transmitting disease, there'll be no holding them back," he said. "I predict that five hundred thousand parakeets will be bred and sold in this country next year. I predict that parakeets will overtake canaries in popularity in a few more years. There are eight million canaries in this country, but not a single one can say as much as 'Hello.'"

After thanking Mr. Barnett, we called the pet shop at Gimbel's and asked how its parakeets were moving. "Very fast" was the reply. We learned that a Gimbel parakeet sells for $8.50 and a parakeet play pen can be bought for $3.50. Parakeets like to play with miniature Ferris wheels, trapezes, and, as you would expect, telephones. Gimbel's has sold some four thousand parakeets since February, and the turnover is such that the parakeets don't master much small talk in the store. The promotion department of Gimbel's spent several days trying to teach a parakeet to say, "Nobody but nobody undersells Gimbel's." Just as he was getting the sentence down pat, a disgruntled employee persuaded him to substitute you-know-what for Gimbel's and the bird was hurriedly disposed of, at a discount.



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OVERHEARD in the Columbia University Club, elevator man to passengers: "They're running a lot of people I never heard of. Now they got this Kefeiser all over the place. I don't know anything about him. They say he had a couple of criminal cases here last year, but I understand they're both out on bail."

Friends of the Weeper

A DEEP-THINKING friend told us, some time ago, that the weeping crooner called Johnnie Ray typifies the frustrations of the younger generation in postwar America. At the ungodly hour of seven, last Wednesday morning, we repaired to the Paramount Theatre, where Mr. Ray is appearing, to check up on our pal's observation. When we arrived, a line of dishevelled juveniles, male and female, had formed on Forty-third Street. The boys ran to T shirts and peg-top trousers, and the girls to sweaters and ill-fitting slacks. More or less in passing, we asked one of the boys how he felt about the difficulties youth encounters nowadays. "I don't dig you," he said.

A clutch of maidens attracted our attention with shrill screams about a nickel. "One nickel is all we need, and then we'll all get in!" shrieked the most vociferous among them.

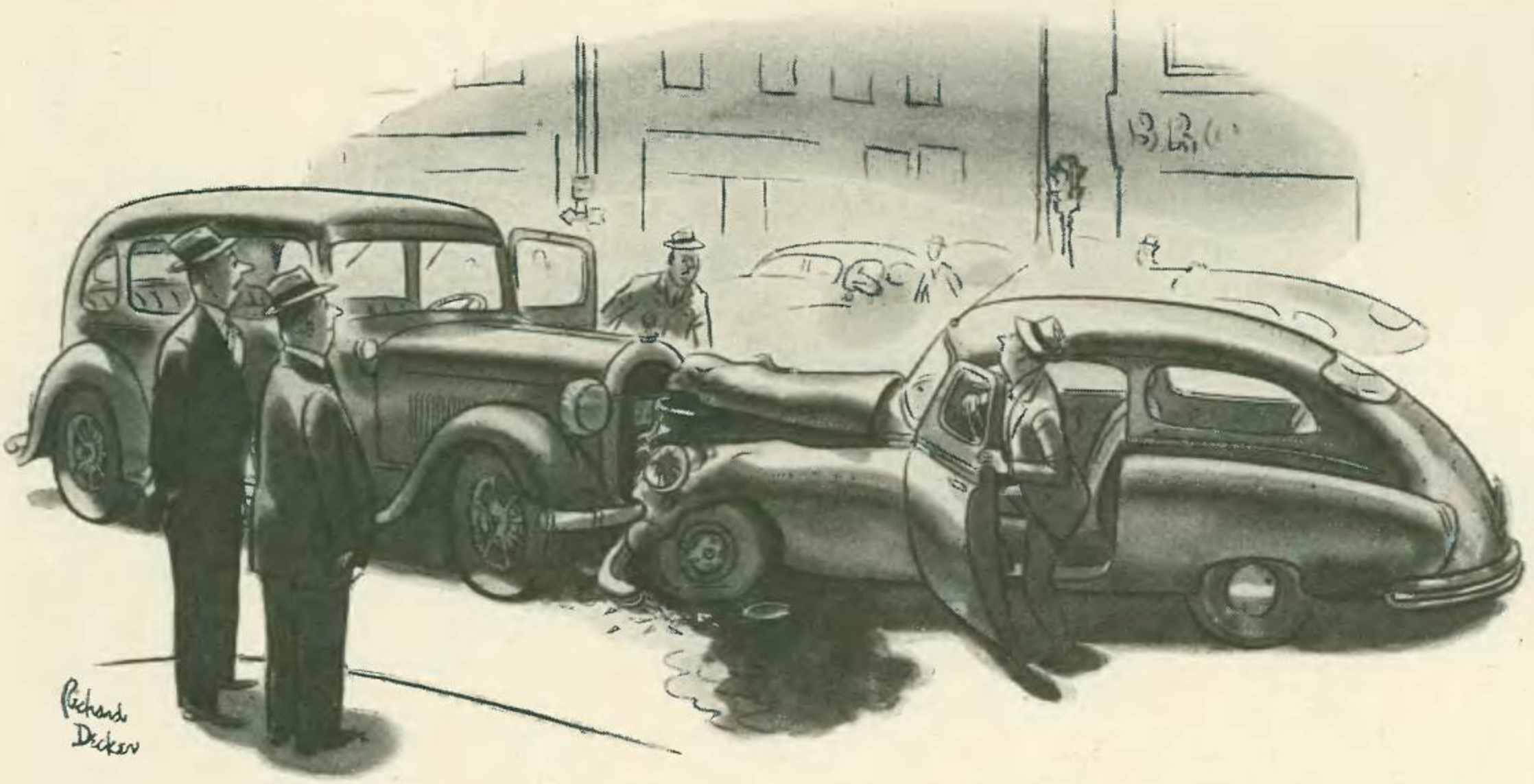
"So it's a pool, and certainly the money was in your hands when we started," said another.

"Are you hinting maybe I would be low enough to steal a *nickel*?" said the loud lass.

We interrupted to ask them about their feelings for Mr. Ray. They moaned and writhed.

Figuring that a cup of coffee would help us in our work, we drifted on to Walgreen's, which had a window display featuring Johnnie Ray Crykerchiefs. The morning looked brighter than we felt. After coffee, we strolled back to the Paramount, to discover that all our frustrated adolescents had been admitted to the house, although Mr. Ray was not due to perform until eleven o'clock. We went around to the stage door, on Forty-fourth Street, to ask when Mr. Ray would show up at the theatre. "How in hell would I know?" the doorman said. "Nobody tells me anything, which is all right by me."

We loitered on the sidewalk for a while, and presently struck up a con-



"They sure don't make 'em the way they used to."

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versation with a massive policeman. "It's hard to keep in mind that it takes all kinds to make up the human race," he observed. Some fans of Mr. Ray had by this time gathered around the stage door. "I've been here since five o'clock," one of them—a girl—said to a companion. "Oh, you're a terrible liar," said her companion. "*I* was here at five and didn't see you at all." They were diverted from this footless discussion by the arrival of Mr. Ray's managerial retinue, led by a man called Art Franklin, with whom we soon got acquainted. "Imagine letting them go in before anything's happened," said Mr. Franklin. "They're scared the kids will break windows or something. Ah, what a hell of an uproar we could have had if they'd just left them lined up on the street!" His face took on a dreamy expression. "In Philadelphia," he added, "they tore the clothes off Johnnie."

A small chaos set in when Mr. Ray himself, dressed in a red-and-white shirt, no tie, a gray sports jacket, brown slacks, Argyle socks, and loafers, arrived at the stage door. Several photographers promptly appeared, and at the sight of them Mr. Ray, a thin, reedy-looking sort, fell into an embrace with a short girl who had a cast on her arm. "She broke it at his wedding reception," a female Ray follower advised us. "Oh, how it hurt me when Johnnie married!" Mr. Ray, who looked as if he'd just been hit on the head, muttered that he needed a shave. "He's really bushed," Mr. Franklin informed us. Several girls, between twelve and fifteen years old, tried desperately to caress the crooner. "Future mothers," the cop snarled. "Move along, you little twerps."

Mr. Franklin asked us if we'd like to see Mr. Ray go through his act. "He's a solid performer," he said. We accompanied him into the Paramount, and soon we were listening to Mr. Ray banging on a piano and bellowing brokenly about a little white cloud that cried. Frequently, he deserted his piano, jumped about the stage madly, extended his arms like a preacher, and yelped in agony. The little ones in the place, male and female alike, squealed with ecstasy. We were feeling a trifle unnerved when Mr. Franklin put his mouth close to our ear and complained about the way things had been handled for Mr. Ray's opening. "Could of had a full-fledged riot, I'll bet," he said wistfully. "These clucks and their dignified approach!" Mr. Ray finished each of his numbers with a sort of curtsy, and finally, after wailing about walking his baby back home and other matters, left the Paramount to darkness and to Jennifer Jones, who is the heroine of the picture there.

We followed Mr. Franklin to the stage door, where he instructed one of his assistants to spread the word among the young folk that Mr. Ray would show up on the street any minute. As soon as the assistant collected a throng of admirers for Mr. Ray, Mr. Franklin told us, our friend the policeman would try to send them on their way. "Explain to him that there are movie cameras waiting on this mob scene," said Mr. Franklin to his assistant. The assistant returned in a moment, and told Mr. Franklin that he'd be ashamed to tell him what the cop had said to that.

"Don't take any guff from him!" said Mr. Franklin.

"I resign," said the assistant.

"Where can you find a man with any courage today?" said Mr. Franklin. "If we can just get enough of them collected, they ought to tear the asphalt up."

After a good deal of milling about by the fans, Mr. Ray came out of the theatre and began to scatter pictures of himself around. The boys and girls fell upon him enthusiastically. "This is more like it," said Mr. Franklin, dodging a woman with a small child who was charging into the middle of things. "Remember me, Johnnie?" the juveniles kept hollering. Mr. Ray threw out some more pictures of himself. The lady with the child came out of the melee clutching a picture and mumbling to herself. "Madonna," said Mr. Franklin.

Full Man

A MAN who gave a beggar a quarter reports that the fellow at once ducked into a drugstore and emerged with a Pocket Book mystery.

THE CASE OF DIMITY ANN

WHEN the last guests left, after a party that had begun with early cocktails, proceeded gaily through wine at dinner, and then liqueurs and highballs, the Ridgeways stood in the open doorway of their house and watched the Bennetts' Buick flash its headlights at the turn of the driveway and disappear down the road.

"Let's have a nightcat," Ridgeway said. "I say 'cat' because nobody ever talked about cats the way Bennett talked about cats tonight. All I can think of is nightcat, hubcat, foolscat, freshman cat— I can't understand a cat man like that," he finished with a snarl.

Alice didn't like the snarl, which boded more Scotch, and she said, "I think I'll go to bed. It's after two," but she could see it wouldn't work. "I'll finish the one I have," she said quickly. "Then I'm going to bed." She hurriedly led the way back to the living room, as if she wanted to get the nightcap over with.

"Wives always tell their husbands where they're going," Ridgeway said sulkily. " 'I'm going to bed.' 'I'm going to put my foot down.' 'I'm going to tell you something.' 'I'm going crazy.' That puffball must have seventy-five cats."

Alice's highball glass, which was almost full, stood on the table by her chair. Mrs. Bennett had noticed when her hostess stopped drinking, with a kind of obvious quietness, twenty minutes before, and she had begun to remind Mr. Bennett of the hour, but the cat man was deep in a story about Alex, one of his Persians, and had to finish it. It seemed that Alex, who was as smart as a human being, could tell time, liked imported Chianti, and often made a certain music box play by lifting its lid with one paw. "Daintily, I suppose," Ridgeway had put in evilly, and when Bennett said "I beg your pardon?," his wife had got to her feet. "Sorry you have to go," Ridgeway had told him, rising from his chair. "I was just reminded of a cat my first wife had, which I used to tie up." The women had intervened with a flurry of parting talk, and the Bennetts managed to get away without hearing about what Ridgeway had done to the first Mrs. Ridgeway's cat.

"You need some ice," Ridgeway said, and he got two lumps from the bucket on the bar and dropped them into Alice's glass. "I'll never forget Percy, one of my tomcats," he said mockingly. "He was smarter than a human being. He could whistle between his teeth, often winked, as God is my judge, and once, if my memory serves, killed a meter reader." He drank what had been left of his own highball and walked to the bar.

Knowing the significance of his various gaits, as well as the implications of his gestures and inflections late at night, Alice figured that if he had two more drinks, he would be up till dawn. "Not too heavy," she said. "It's almost three."

He poured a stiff drink, talking with his back turned. "Moriarty, another of my tomcats," he said, "could use an eyecup, and often *closed* the lid of the music box, thus putting a stop to 'Do Ye Ken John Whoozis?' What happened to that big slob in his infancy that made him cat-foolish the rest of his life?" He dropped into his chair, tugged at a lock of his hair with his left hand, and ran his lower lip over the upper one. This usually meant that he was about to attack her old beaux, particularly one with the aggravating name of Rupert Llewellyn. Rupert had once sent Alice a volume of Emily Dickinson with the inscription: "This, when so much that is lovely has gone."

"What was it you did to Lydia's cat?" she asked hastily.

He clutched more hair in his left hand and gestured with his glass. " 'This, when all that was lovely is gone,' " he said in a jeering falsetto.

Alice twisted in her chair. "You've got it wrong," she said. "You always get it wrong."

He struck a match indolently, and slowly lighted a cigarette. "I don't care how it goes," he said. "I have no desire to be an authority on Rupert of the Lacy Touch. All I know is that a guy who writes 'This comma' is a lady cat."

Alice took a sip of her highball and said, "Well, speaking of cats, let's get it over with. What did you do to Lydia's?"

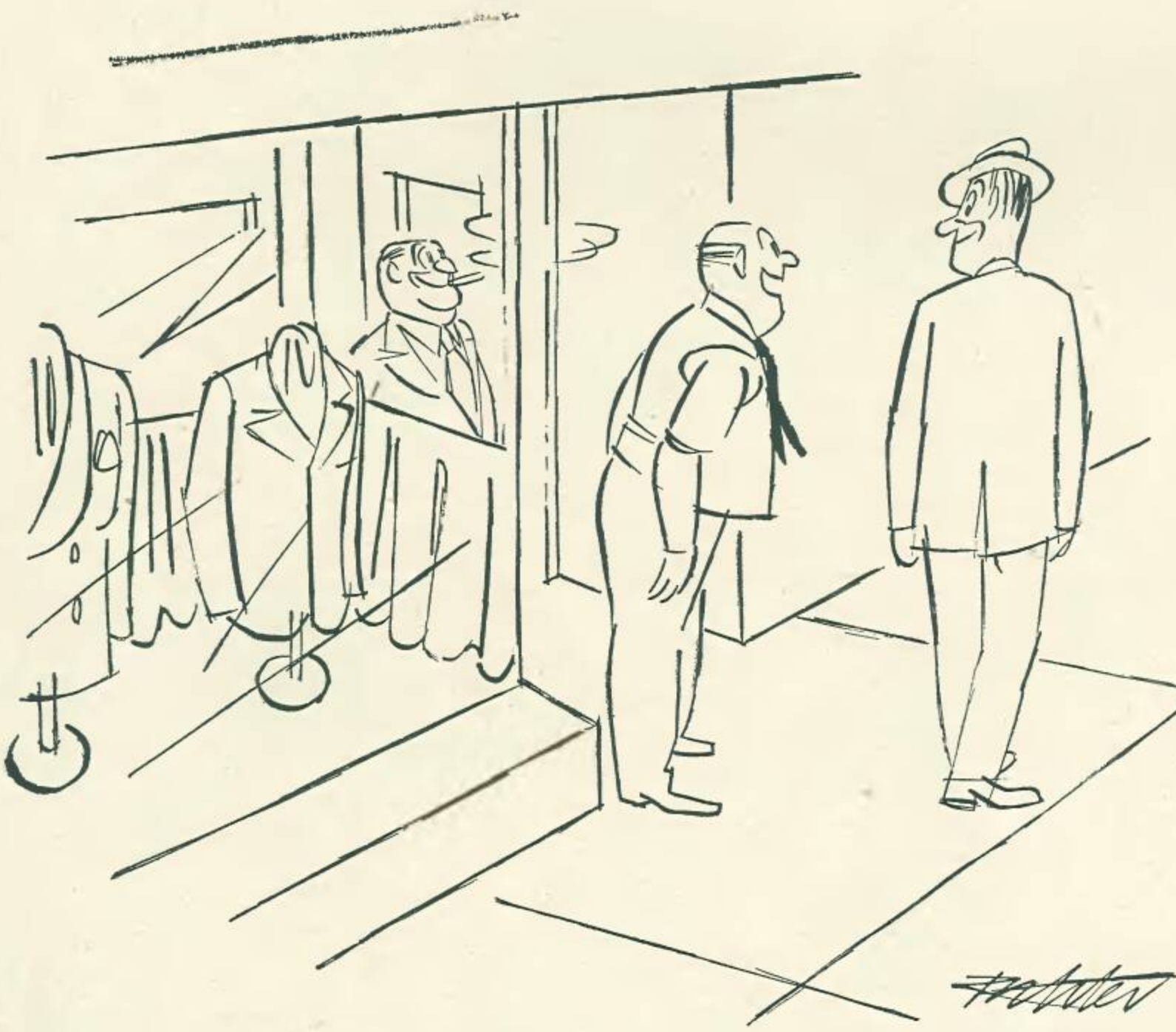
He took in and exhaled a deep breath, and was about to begin his story when Alice thought she heard something and exclaimed, "What was *that*?"

He glared at her. "I never started a story in my life," he said, "but what you heard something, or saw something, or remembered something. 'I just remembered something' has broken up more marriages than anything else." Alice took a larger swallow of her drink. "And don't keep saying 'Get it over with.' What the hell kind of attention is that, anyway?" he demanded.

Alice gave him her cool smile and said, "I am all ears."



"THE cat's name was Dimity Ann," he began, "and I used to tie it up in the cord of my dressing gown to see how long it



"Pardon me, sir, I wonder if you'd step inside and help us settle an argument. My partner here says you'd take a 42, and I say you're a perfect 40."

would take to get out. I never hurt the cat. The trouble was that I never told Lydia about it, and if I tied that cat up once, I tied it up a hundred times. I was going to tell Lydia about it," he went on. "I was going to say, 'Lydia, I keep tying the cat up all the time, if you want to know,' but I never did."

Alice sat forward in her chair. "Didn't you do anything about it?" she asked. "I mean didn't you talk to anybody?"

This puzzled and annoyed him. "Didn't I talk to anybody about what?" he demanded.

She smoothed her dress over one knee. "Well, it sounds like what they call a compulsion," she said. "Something you have to do, but you don't know why."

His annoyance grew, and his voice rose a little. "Whenever I do anything that I don't know why, I'll let you know," he said coldly. He seemed to become abruptly soberer, as he always did when he was caught between irritation and reminiscence. His eyes opened wider and looked clearer. "We haven't even come to the part that *you* would call compulsion," he said, "but *I* wouldn't. Anyway, it wasn't like deliberately running a lawnmower over a frog, or something like that—something your boy friend Rupert Valentino would do, and probably did."

"It wasn't Valentino," she said, "and you know it."

He finished his highball, and put the empty glass on the floor by his chair. "Llewellyn is worse," he said. "One day I was at the library and suddenly I stopped reading and went all the way home to tie up that damned cat. You've got to remember that the library was three miles from my house. I opened the front door and began calling, 'Here, pussy, pussy, pussy.' I knew Lydia wasn't home."

"I don't think I like this," Alice said. "I don't think I want to hear about it. I mean it sounds kind of deep-seated now."

He picked up his glass and rattled the ice in it. "I said, 'Here, kitty, kitty, kitty. Here, kitty, kitty, kitty,' but she was hiding. All right, all right, I found her and tied her up again, and then I went back to the library—after she got out, of course. When I came home that evening, Lydia said, 'The dotted-swiss cat has run away. I can't find her anywhere.' "

"Is this supposed to be funny?" Alice asked. "Because it isn't."

He went to the bar with his glass again and she didn't say anything. She had several ways of not saying anything, and this was the one he disliked most. Even with his back turned, he could *feel* her not saying anything. "All right, all right," he said over his shoulder. "This is the drink that would kill Rupert, but I am not a thimble-belly. I am not the kind of man who loses one glove in a theatre and his wife has to look for it under the seats, either. And I do not extend my fingers when I examine my nails. I, by God, double my hand like a man." He made more noise than was necessary with the ice cubes and the seltzer bottle, and walked back to his chair with his lower lip protruding. Still Alice didn't say anything. He sat down and there was a ten-second silence, which he ended by saying, in his mocking tone, "Here, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty."

She took another drink and said slowly, "Ah, shut up. I can't stand writers after it gets dark."

He looked deep into his highball and said, "The fastest time Dimity Ann ever made getting out of the cord was seventeen seconds. No fractions. You can put it down to research, if you want to. I am probably the only man in the world who knows the fastest time a cat can make getting out of the cord of a bathrobe. Seventeen seconds."

"What I would like to know," Alice said after a long pause, "is why you haven't told me this story before. I mean I wish you had, somehow. It's the kind of thing a man would tell a girl when he was going with her, I mean if it wasn't deep-seated."

He snarled, "I wish the hell you wouldn't keep using that damn word. You don't know what deep-seated means. It means worse than a bad cold, but you wouldn't know what that means. I didn't tell you about Dimity Ann because it isn't the kind of story a man thinks of telling a girl. It's really not important."

Alice jiggled the ice in her glass. "I don't like to hear you say it isn't important, because that's just the kind of

thing that *is*," she said. "I mean if you think it isn't important, it probably is. But now you are trying to— trying to— what is it they call it when you don't want to face how important it is?"

He sat looking at her cloudily for a long moment. "You are the God-damnedest fuzziest psychologist in the world," he said. "What you are buzzing around like a mosquito is 'overcompensation.' But, as usual, you are completely wrong. I am telling this story for the first time because this happens to be the first time I have ever had a great big lovable cat man in my house. I had not given Dimity Ann a single thought for eight years until tonight. Tonight all I had was cats—cats for cocktails, cats for dinner, and cats after dinner. Did I ever tell you about Rupert? He was one of my alley cats, and what distinguished him from the others was his ability to play a comb with tissue paper on it, and the fact that once he swallowed his own tail. This is what is known as psychological evasion."

Alice found, somewhat to her surprise, that she had finished her drink, and she held her empty glass out to him. He came over and got it and carried it to the bar. "Just a light one," she said. He made the drink and took it back to her. "Did you ever find Dimity Ann?" Alice asked. "I mean it would be awful if you drove that little kitten out into the streets and it died or something."

He laughed. "I forgot to tell you about that," he said. "Dimity Ann was picked up by Mary Pickford, who happened to be driving through in her limousine. The cat lived happily ever after, and became one of the greatest little pals Buddy Rogers ever had. This is known as minimization of the monstrous."

Alice turned her glass around slowly in her hands. "What makes me think you are trying to make me believe you are making this all up?" she asked. "I know you must actually have had a cat, or Lydia had one, because you could never make up the name Dimity Ann."

HE got up and began to pace around the room. "This was a charming cat," he said, "but there just happened to be something between it and me, a kind of perverse communion. That day at the library, it was as if a faint, distant bell had rung. It was a signal from the cat to me. I think she actually wanted to be tied up, and the only thing that really worries me is that I was weak enough to give in to her. Lydia once had a Siamese cat that liked to have a Scotty drag it by its tail. The damn cat would lie on its back and wave its tail at the Scotty until the Scotty sighed and dragged it around. Its name was Asia. You won't believe this, but while the cat was being dragged, it purred."

"You just made that up," Alice told him. "You made it up to annoy George Bennett, and I think I know why you didn't tell him. You were trying to think of something that would shock him, but you decided that he would be amused, and you didn't want to amuse him. Now you are trying to make me believe you didn't tie up Dimity Ann, by telling obviously impossible stories." She looked at her wristwatch.

"I know," he said. "It's almost four, but I'll stay up all night if you insist on blaming me instead of Dimity Ann. It's always the cat's fault. They're strange creatures. You ought to know that."

Alice hadn't been listening. She sat forward slowly, frowning at the floor, and he knew that she was searching for a contradiction of something he had said. She found it, and looked up at him suddenly. "I wasn't buzzing around 'overcompensation,' " she said. "That's not the right word at all. Overcompensation is when you are nice to little girls and old ladies because you have been cruel to your mother. It means you ask for ice cream in a loud voice in a restaurant if you really think you are becoming an alcoholic. It means things like that."



He sat down, leaned far back in his chair, and studied her as if she were something in a museum. "What did you major in at college?" he asked. "If it was psychology—"

"I know what it is!" she cried. "I mean I know what it is when you pretend that tying up the cat wasn't important. It's defense mechanism." She brought this out triumphantly.

"You're getting colder and colder," he told her. "Defense mechanism, to use one of your cunning illustrations, is

IN THE SHADOWY WHATNOT CORNER

Blest be the bric-a-brac that still survives
Demolished houses and forgotten lives,
And, with a Dresden signal from the shelves,
Calls back the children who were once ourselves.
The French clock swings the mercury of time
Captive in glass and regular as rhyme.
The candelabra in their crystal lustres
Splinter a beam of light in rainbow clusters.
Swans die in their own music, roses in
Their own perfume, but roses from Pekin
And swans from Sèvres, having no scent or song,
Stay, while a hundred summers glide along.

Lovers from Meissen, clowns from Copenhagen,
Amorous cupids, innocently pagan,
Beribboned shepherds with their shepherdesses
Poised in forever unachieved caresses:
These beings, like ourselves, were shaped from clay,
But in such heat as burned their lusts away.
Frozen in flame, they glazed to chilly fire,
Immune from death and death's pale twin, desire,
Unless, on some dyspeptic morning, Sadie's
Wild duster tangles in the porcelain ladies,
Or Mrs. Fulsome, clumsy connoisseur,
As usual breaks what most appeals to her.

Tiffany glass, they tell me with a smile—
In fact, all *art nouveau*—is back in style.
The eighteen-forties, too, come in for praise,
Late Empire, and my opalescent vase,
Which makes me wonder where such things would be
If Style had swept the previous century.
The architect, to serve the vogue, uptilts
Greenhouses thirty stories high on stilts,
Supplanting walls of stone with sheets of glass.
Like "General Grant" and mansard these will pass,
While, cherished and unchanging, will remain
The only world that lasts—of porcelain.

—ROBERT HILLYER

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when a dowager at a formal dinner drops the ice cream down her bodice and then tells her hostess she is having a chill."

He began to drink his highball rapidly, and she said, "We're not going to sit up all night and argue, even if we do disagree on certain terms." He paid no attention to this and finished his drink. Then he put the glass slowly down on the floor by his chair. "I guess it *is* late," he said surprisingly, "and that goddam cat man wore me out. Like a fool, I just sat there and gave him my fixed grin and acted as if I were interested in his cats. The only one of them that had any guts was the one that could catch a baseball at thirty paces. It couldn't have been *his* cat. It must have belonged to the neighbors."

ALICE got up and began emptying ashtrays and gathering up glasses, including his. She took the glasses out to the pantry, set them down, and stood there a moment frowning, going over the case of Dimity Ann. Suddenly she hurried back to the living room. There was something she had to tell her husband, and she was afraid he might have fallen asleep. When he did that late at night, it was almost impossible to bring him back to full consciousness. He was sitting in his chair with his eyes closed, but he was not asleep.

"The thing that worries me most is your going all the way home from the library to tie up the cat," she said. "If you had just happened to tie up the cat when you saw it, and were in your dressing gown, that wouldn't be anything at all. But I can just see you sitting there in the library and suddenly jumping up and forgetting where you were and tiptoeing out, to go back home, five miles."

He jumped to his feet. "I did *not* tiptoe," he said coldly, "and it was *not* five miles! I don't understand why you have to make it sound furtive. There wasn't anything furtive about it. It was as normal as tying a can to a dog's tail."

Alice sat down and watched his gestures, which were wide and agitated, an invariable mannerism of his when he was holding an untenable position.

"Look!" he shouted. "When I got to the library I found out I had left my research notes at home, and I couldn't get anywhere without them. I went back to my house, as any sane man would, and in the course of hunting for them I tied up the cat. I have tried to tell you it was a little game we played together. Every time Ed Morrison goes home, for instance, he throws a few darts at his dart board. It was as simple as that." He sat down in his chair and began groping on the floor beside him for his glass.

"You have a wonderful memory," Alice reminded him. "You never forget anything, and you certainly wouldn't forget notes if you were going to the library to use them. I mean it wouldn't be like you." She stood up and walked toward the door into the hall, but stopped beside his chair. "Please don't rationalize this," she said quietly. "I don't want you to get in deeper than you already are."

"There is something serious the matter with you," he said crisply, in the tone of a trial lawyer cagily abandoning a shaky defense for a random attack. "You're trying to transfer some anxiety neurosis of yours to me by mixing me up in all this goddam terminology." He folded his arms and leaned back in his chair with the satisfied look of a counsellor who has brilliantly rested his case.

"What research were you doing that day at the library?" she asked.

He stared up at her. "How the hell should I know?" he demanded. "This was eight years ago."

She watched the left corner of his mouth turn up, the way it did when he was about to tell a daring story in mixed company or an inconsequential lie to her in private.

"I didn't go to the library at all that day," he said with a full grin. "I hid in a closet until Lydia had left the house, and then I came creeping out on all fours, calling, 'Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty—'"

"Scat!" she cried loudly, as much to her own surprise as to his. Then she walked slowly out into the hall, and waited at the foot of the stairs for his last word. On nights like this, he always had the last word. She could see his right hand groping for his missing glass, and she could sense his mind and tongue searching for something final to say. She realized, after several long moments of silence, that he couldn't find the last word, for the simple reason that she had said it herself. She ran up the stairs as lightly and swiftly as a girl, restraining a new and unexpected impulse to clasp her hands above her head and wave them, in triumphant greeting to the invisible wives of all the writers in the world. —JAMES THURBER



AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

The Statue of Liberty

ONE MORNING IN JUNE

BY half past ten, a vaporish heat had gathered on the road above the Mediterranean, and the two picnickers, Barbara Ainslie and Mike Cahill, walked as slowly as they could. Scuffing their shoes, they held themselves deliberately apart. It was the first time they had been alone. Barbara's aunt, with whom she was staying in Menton, had begun speaking to Mike on the beach—she thought him a nice young boy—and it was she who had planned the picnic, packing them off for what she termed a good romp, quite unaware that her words had paralyzed at once the tremulous movement of friendship between them.

So far, they had scarcely spoken at all, passing in silence—in the autobus—between the shining arc of the beach and the vacant hotels that faced it. The hotels, white and pillared like Grecian ruins, were named for Albert and Victoria and the Empire. Shelled from the sea during the war, they exposed, to the rain and the road, cube-shaped rooms and depressing papered walls that had held the sleep of a thousand English spinsters when the pound was still a thing of moment. At sixteen, Barbara was neutral to decay but far too shy in the presence of Mike to stare at anything that so much as suggested a bedroom. She had looked instead at the lunch basket on her lap, at her bitten nails, at the shadow of her canvas hat, as if they held the seed of conversation. When they were delivered from the bus at last and had watched it reeling, in its own white dust, on to Monte Carlo, they turned together and climbed the scrambling path to Cap Martin.

"What will we talk about?" Barbara had asked her aunt, earlier that morning. "What will I say?"

Barbara's aunt could see no problem here, and she was as startled as if a puppy tumbling in a cushioned box had posed the same question.

"Why, what do young people have to say anywhere?" she had asked. "Tell him about your school, if you like, or your winter in Paris." Having provided that winter, she did not see why its value should be diminished in June, or, indeed, why it should not remain a conversational jewel for the rest of Barbara's life.

"I suppose so," Barbara had said, determined not to mention it at all. She was in France not as a coming-out present or because she had not smoked until she was eighteen but ignominiously, because she had failed her end-of-term examinations for the second year running. She had been enrolled in one of the best day schools in New York, a fact that she was frequently reminded of and that somehow doubled her imperfection. Her mother had consulted a number of people—an analyst she met at a party, two intimate women friends, the doctor who had delivered Barbara but had noticed nothing unusual about her at the time—and finally, when the subject was beginning to bore her, she had dispatched Barbara to Paris, to the distressed but dutiful sister of Barbara's late father. Barbara was conscious, every moment of the day, that she was to get something from her year in France, and return to America brilliant, poised, and educated. Accordingly, she visited all the museums and copied on slips of paper the legends of monuments. Her diary held glimpses of flint tools, angular modern tapestries, cave drawings, the Gioconda ("quite small"), and the Venus de Milo ("quite big"); of a monument "that came by ship from Africa and was erected to the cheers of a throng;" and of a hotel where Napoleon had stayed as a young man, "but which we did not really see because it had been pulled down." These mementos of Paris she buttressed with snapshots in which ghostly buildings floated on the surface of the Seine, and the steps of the Sacré-Coeur, transparent, encumbered the grass at Versailles. The snapshots she mounted and shielded with tissue in an album called "Souvenirs de France."

She was proud of the year, and of the fact that she had shivered in unheated picture galleries and not spent her time drinking milk shakes in the American Embassy restaurant; still, she felt her year no match for Mike's. When her aunt, testing, asked him where he lived in Paris, he had replied, "Oh, St. Germain," and Barbara had been ill with envy, unaware that he stayed at a recommended *pension*, the owner of which sent fortnightly reports to his mother.

GLANCING now at Mike shyly, as they walked along the upper road, Barbara caught from the corner of her eye the movement of her own earrings, Moroccan hoops she had bought, in the merciful absence of her aunt, from an Arab on the beach. With his sweaty fez and his impertinent speech, the Arab had seemed to Barbara the breathing incarnation of oil, greed, and problems. She had read a great deal in the winter, and she could have told anyone that Africa seethed, Asia teemed, and that something must be done at once about the Germans, the Russians, the Chinese, and the Spanish or Heaven only knew what would happen. She had also been cautioned that these difficulties were the heritage of youth, and this she acknowledged, picturing the youth as athletic, open-shirted, vaguely foreign in appearance, and marching in columns of eight.

"Straight over there is the Middle East," she said to Mike, placing him without question in those purposeful ranks. She pointed in the direction of Corsica, and went on, "All the Arabs! What are we going to do about the Arabs?"

Mike shrugged.

"And the Indians," Barbara said. "There are too many of them for the food in the world. And the Russians. What are we going to do about the Russians?"

"I don't know," Mike said. "Actually, I never think about it."

"I suppose you don't," she said. "You have your work to do."

He glanced at her sharply, but there was no need to look twice. He had already observed her to be without guile, a fact that confused and upset him. Her good manners, as well, made him self-conscious. Once, when she mentioned her school, he had not mentioned his own New York high school and then, annoyed with himself, had introduced it with belligerence. He might have saved himself the trouble; she had never heard of it and did not know that it was a public school. He blamed his uneasiness, unfairly, on the fact that she had money and he had not. It had not occurred to him, inexperienced as he was, placing her with the thinnest of clues, that she might not be rich.

Mike was older than Barbara, although not by a great deal. He had come to France because the words "art" and "Paris" were unbreakably joined in his family's imagination, the legend of Trilby's Bohemia persisting long after the truth of it had died. When his high-school art teacher, a young woman whose mobiles had been praised, pronounced that his was a talent not to be buried under the study of medicine or law, his family had decided that a year in Paris would show whether or not his natural bent was toward painting. It was rather like exposing someone to a case of measles and watching for spots to break out.

In Paris, Mike had spent the first three weeks standing in the wrong queue at the Beaux-Arts, and when no one seemed able to direct him to the

right one, he had given up the Beaux-Arts entirely and joined a class instructed by an English painter called Chitterley, whose poster advertisement he had seen in a café. It was Mr. Chitterley's custom to turn his young charges loose on the city and then, once a week or so, comment on their work in a borrowed studio on the Quai d'Anjou. Mike painted with sober patience the bridges of the Seine, the rain-soaked lawns of the Tuileries, and a head-on view of Notre Dame. His paintings were large (Mr. Chitterley was nearsighted), askew (as he had been taught in the public schools of New York), and empty of people (he had never been taught to draw, and it was not his nature to take chances).

"Very *interesting*," said Mr. Chitterley of Mike's work. Squinting a little, he would add, "Ah! I *see* what you were trying to do here!"

"You do?" Mike wished he would be more specific, for he sometimes recognized that his pictures were flat, empty, and the color of cement. At first, he had blamed the season, for the Paris winter had been sunless; later on, he saw that its gray contained every shade in a beam of light, but this effect he was unable to reproduce. Unnerved by the pressure of time, he watched his work all winter, searching for the clue that would set him on a course. Prodded in the direction of art, he now believed in it, enjoying, above all, the solitude, the sense of separateness, the assembling of parts into something reasonable. He might have been equally happy at a quiet table, gathering into something ticking and ordered the scattered wheels of a watch, but this had not been suggested, and he had most certainly never given it a thought. At last, when the season had rained itself to an end (and his family innocently were prepared to have him exhibit his winter's harvest in some garret of the Left Bank and send home the critics' clippings), he approached Mr. Chitterley and asked what he ought to do next.

"Why, go to the country," said Mr. Chitterley, who was packing for a holiday with the owner of the Quai d'Anjou studio. "Go south. Don't stop in a hotel but live on the land, in a tent, and paint, paint, paint, paint, paint!"

"I can't afford it," Mike said. "I mean I can't afford to buy the tent and stuff. But I can stay over here until August, if you think there's any point. I mean is it wasting time for me to paint, paint, paint?"

Mr. Chitterley shot him an offended look and then a scornful one, which said, How like an American! The only measuring rods, time and money. Aloud, he suggested Menton. He had stayed there as a child, and he remembered it as a paradise of lemon ice and sunshine. Mike, for want of a better thought, or even a contrastive one, took the train there a day later.

Menton was considerably less than paradise. Shelled, battered, and shabby, it was a town gone to seed, in which old English ladies, propelling themselves with difficulty along the Promenade George V, nodded warmly to each other (they had become comrades during the hard years of war, when they were interned together in the best hotels, farther up the coast) and ignored the new influx of their countrymen—embarrassed members of the lower middle classes, who refused to undress in the face of heat and nakedness and who huddled miserably on the beach in hot city clothing, knotted handkerchiefs on their heads to shield them from the sun.

"*Not* the sort of English one likes," Barbara's aunt had said sadly to Mike, who was painting beside her on the beach. "If you had seen Menton before the war! I had a little villa, up behind that hotel. It was shelled by the Americans. Not that it wasn't necessary," she added, recalling her origins. "Still—And they built a fortification not far away. I went up to look at it. It was full of rusted wire, and nothing in it but a dead cat."

"The French built it," Barbara said. "The *pension* man told me."

"It doesn't matter, dear," her aunt said. "Before the war, and even when it started, there was nothing there at all. It was so different." She dropped her knitting and looked about, as if just the three of them were fit to remember what Menton had been. It was the young people's first bond of sympathy, and Barbara tried not to giggle; before the war was a time she didn't remember at all. "In those days, you knew where you were *at*," her aunt said, summing up the thirties. She picked up her knitting, and Mike went on with his painting of sea, sky, and tilted sailboat. Away from Mr. Chitterley and the teacher who had excelled in mobiles, he found that he worked with the speed and method of Barbara's aunt producing a pair of Argyle socks. Menton, for all its drawbacks, was considerably easier to paint than Paris, and he rendered with fidelity the blue of the sea, the pink and white of the crumbling villas, and the red of the geraniums. One of his recent pictures, flushed and accurate as a Technicolor still, he had given to Barbara, who had written a touched and eager letter of thanks, and then had torn the letter up.

MIKE had brought his painting things along on the picnic, for, as Barbara's aunt had observed with approbation, he didn't waste an hour of his day. Barbara carried the picnic basket, which had been packed by the cook at Pension Bit o' Heather and contained twice as much bread as one would want. Around her shoulders was an unnecessary sweater that she

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had snatched up in a moment of compulsive modesty just before leaving her room. She carried her camera, slung on a strap, and she felt that she and Mike formed, together, a picture of art, pleasure, and industry which, unhappily, there was no one to remark but a fat man taking his dog for a run; the man gave them scarcely a glance.

Rounding a bend between dwarfed ornamental orange trees, they saw the big hotel Barbara's aunt had told them about. From its open windows came the hum of vacuum cleaners and the sound of a hiccuping tango streaked with static. The gardens spread out before them, with marked and orderly paths and beds of brilliant flowers. Barbara's aunt had assured them that this place was ideal for a picnic lunch, and that no one would disturb them. There was, on Cap Martin, a public picnic ground, which Barbara was not permitted to visit. "You wouldn't like it," her aunt had explained. "It is nothing but tents, and diapers, and hairy people in shorts. Whenever possible in France, one prefers private property." Still, the two were unconvinced, and after staring at the gardens and then at each other they turned and walked in the other direction, to a clearing around a small monument overlooking the bay.

They sat down on the grass in the shade and Mike unpacked his paints. Barbara watched him, working over in her mind phrases that, properly used, would give them a subject in common; none came, and she pulled grass and played with her wristwatch. "We're leaving tomorrow," she said at last.

"I know." After some peering and indecision he had decided to face the hotel gardens instead of the sea. "I may not stay much longer, either. I don't know."

Barbara, bound to her aunt's unyielding cycle of city, sea, and mountains, marvelled at his freedom. She fancied him stepping out of his hotel one morning and suddenly asking himself, "Shall I go back to Paris now, or another day?" and taking off at once for Paris, or Rome, or Lisbon, or, having decided he had had enough of this, his parents' house.

"My father thinks I should go to Venice and Florence, now that I'm south." He spoke with neither enthusiasm nor resentment; had his father ordered him home, he would have set off with the same equable temper.

"Then you might go to Italy soon," Barbara said. He nodded. "I'm going home in September," she said. "My mother's coming for the summer, and we're going back together. I guess I'll go back to school. I have to do something—learn something, I mean."

"What for?"

"Well, it's just that I have to do *something*. It's different for you," she said, helplessly. "You have something to do. You've got—" She blushed, and went on, with resolution, "You've got this art to do."

Startled by her reminder of his vocation, he dropped his arm. He knew he would have to decide very soon whether to go on with painting or begin something else. If someone who knows would come along and tell me what to do this minute, he thought, I would do whatever he said.

Barbara, believing him in contact with some life of the spirit from which she was excluded, looked at him with admiration; and when he did not move for a moment longer, she focussed her camera and took his picture, so that her album called "Souvenirs de France" would include this image of Mike looking rapt and destined, his eyes secretively shadowed, high above the sea.

"It's different for me," Barbara said, forgetting once more to wind her film. "I can't do anything. There's nothing I'm good at. I'm really dumb in school." She laid her camera in the shade. "Really dumb," she repeated, shaking her head at the thought. Confronted with ruled examination paper, the electric clock purring on the wall, she was lost—sometimes she was sick and had to leave the room; sometimes she just wrote nonsense. At school, they had tested her for aptitudes and found only that she liked to cook and had played with dolls until it was a scandal; her mother had had to give the dolls away. Anybody could cook and grow up to be a parent, the brisk, sallow student psychologist from N.Y.U. who had tested her implied, and he had then written something terrible—Barbara could only imagine the summing up of her inadequacies—that had been shown to all her teachers and to her mother.

"You should worry," Mike said. "You'll probably get married sometime, anyway, so what does it matter what you learn?"

The effect of this was to strike her into silence.

She drew her knees up and examined her dusty sandals; she pulled at her skirt so that it covered her legs, and drew her sweater close. Does he mean *to him*, she wondered. It had occurred to her many times in this lonely winter that only marriage would save her from disgrace, from growing up with no skills and no profession. Her own mother did nothing all day, but she was excused by having once been married. It was the image of her aunt that Barbara found distressing—her aunt filling her day with scurrying errands, writing letters of complaint (Bus conductors were ruder than before the war. Why did young girls shrink from domestic service? The streets of Paris were increasingly dirtier) to the "Letters" column of the Continental *Daily Mail*. But who would marry me, Barbara had thought. From her reading she knew that she would never meet men or be of interest to them until she could, suddenly and brilliantly, perform on the violin, become a member

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of Macy's Junior Executive Squad, or, at the very least, take shorthand at a hundred and twenty words a minute.

She peered up at Mike now, but he was looking only at his canvas, daubing in another patch of perfectly red geraniums. "For a while, they thought I could act," she said, offering him this semiprecious treasure. "I had a radio audition last year, when I was still fifteen. Really," she said quickly, as if he were about to round on her with complete disbelief. "My speech-class teacher was nice. When my mother came to school to see why I wasn't doing so well, she met all my teachers. This teacher, Mr. Peppner, told her— something. He's the only man teacher in the whole school." She frowned, wondering once again what Mr. Peppner in his polished dark-blue suit had found to say to Mrs. Ainslie; probably she, moist-eyed and smelling expensive, had been so warm, so interested, that Mr. Peppner had had no idea he was being treated like a meritorious cook and had said something extravagant. A few days later, Barbara's mother had asked to dinner a bald young man in spectacles, who had stared hard at Barbara and said, gracefully, that her coloring was much too delicate for television but that he would make an appointment for her with someone else.

"It's not that my mother wanted me to work, or anything," Barbara explained to Mike, "but a friend of hers said it would give me poise and confidence. So I went to be tested. I had to read lines in a play. There was someone else being tested, a man, and then there was a girl, a real actress. She was only helping. My name in the play was Gillian. It was called 'The Faltering Years.' "

Mike had never heard of it.

"Well, neither did I, but they all seemed to know it," Barbara said. "I don't think it was one of the great plays of our time, or anything like that. Of our time," she repeated thoughtfully, having frequently read this phrase on the jackets of books. "Anyway, I had to be this Mayfair débutante. I was the girl friend of this man, but I was leaving him."

"For a rich lord?" Mike said, smiling.

"No," she said, seriously. "*He* was the lord, only poor. I was leaving him for a rich industrialist. I had to say, 'Peter, won't you try to understand?' Then he said something. I forget what. Then I had to say, 'It isn't you, Peter, and it isn't me. It's just.' The line ended that way, but like a question. That was my main part, or most of it. Then I went away, but I was sorry. They skipped all that. Then the man being tested had this big scene with the actress. She was the nurse to his sick mother, who wins his heart. I forget what *they* said."

"It sounds to me like she had the best part," said Mike.

"She was around thirty," Barbara said. "I think she was the director's girl friend. He took her to lunch afterwards. I saw them going out. Anyway, at the end I had to say to her, 'You love Peter very much, don't you?' And she had to say, 'Terribly.' Just the way she said that, the director told me, showed she was an actress. I guess he meant I wasn't. Anyway, they said I'd hear from them, but I never did."

"It's the craziest audition I ever heard of," Mike said. He stopped working and turned to look at her. "You a Mayfair débutante, for God's sake. It wasn't a fair audition."



She looked up at him, troubled. "But they must know what they're doing, don't you think?" At this reminder of knowledge and authority, Mike agreed that they probably did. "Are you hungry?" she asked. She was tired of the conversation, of exposing her failures.

The sun was nearly overhead, and they moved under a parasol pine. "There's nothing to drink," Barbara said apologetically, "but she put in some oranges."

They ate their lunch in silence, like tired Alpinists resting on a ledge. Barbara screwed her eyes tight and tried to read the lettering on the monument; it was too hot to walk across the grass, out of their round island of shade. "It's to some queen," she said at last, and read out: " '*Elizabeth, impératrice d'Autriche et reine de la Hongrie.*' Well, I never heard of her, did you? Maybe she stayed at this hotel." Mike seemed to be falling asleep. "About Hungary, you know," she said, speaking rapidly. "One time, I went to a funny revue in Paris with my aunt. It was supposed to be in the war, and this lady was going to entertain the Russian Ambassador. She wanted to dress up her little dog in the Russian costume, in his honor, but she had only a Hungarian one. So she called all the embassies and said, 'Which side of the war is Hungary on?' and nobody knew. So then she finally called the Russian Ambassador and she said, 'I want to dress my little dog in your honor but I have only a Hungarian costume. Do you know which side the Hungarians are on?' And the Ambassador said, 'Yes, I do know, but I can't tell you until I've talked to Moscow.' " Barbara looked anxiously at Mike. "Do you think that's funny?"

"Sure."

Neither of them had laughed.

"Do you remember the war?" he asked.

"A little." She got up as if she were suddenly uncomfortable, and walked to the edge of the grass, where the Cap fell away sharply to the sea.

"I remember quite a lot," said Mike. "My father was in Denver the whole time—I don't know why. We stayed home because they couldn't find us a place to live there. When he came home for leaves, we—my brother and I—wouldn't mind him, we were so used

JOURNEY BY TRAIN

Stretched across counties, countries, the train
Rushes faster than memory through the rain.
The rise of each hill is a musical phrase.
Listen to the rhythm of space, how it lies,
How it rolls, how it reaches, what relays
Of wood, meadow where the red cows graze
Come back again and again to closed eyes—
That garden, that pink farm, that village steeple,
And here and there the always solitary people
Who stand arrested when express trains pass,
That stillness of an orchard in deep grass.

Yet landscapes flow like this toward a place,
A point in time, and memory's own face.
So when the clamor stops, we really climb
Down from the earth itself, closing the curve of time,
Meeting those we have left, showing those we meet
Our whole life, like a ribbon unrolled at their feet.

—MAY SARTON

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to our mother. When he'd tell us to do something, we'd ask her if it was all right." He smiled, remembering. "Was yours away?"

"Well, mine was killed," she said diffidently, as if by telling him this she made an unfair claim on his attention. "I was only five when he went away, so I don't remember much. He was killed later, when I was seven. It was right before my birthday, so I couldn't have a party." She presented, like griefs of equal value, these two facts. "People are always asking me—friends of my mother, I mean—do I remember him and what a wonderful sense of humor he had and all that. When I say no, I don't remember, they look at me and say—" Her voice went up to an incredulous screech: " 'But it can't be that long ago!' "

"Well, it is," Mike said, as if he were settling a quarrel. He stood up and moved beside her. Together, they looked down to the curving beach, where the sea broke lightly against the warm rocks, and the edge of the crumbling continent they had never seen whole. From above, they could see that beside each of the tumbled hotels a locked garden, secure against God knew what marauders, had gone wild; they could distinguish the film of weeds that brushed the top of the wall, the climbing roses that choked the palms. Above, out of their vision, was the fortification that had offended Barbara's aunt, and down on the beach was the aunt herself, a dot with a sunshade, knitting forever.

Say we might get married later, Barbara willed, closing her eyes against the quiet sea and the moldering life beside it. But Mike said nothing, thinking only of how dull a town Menton was, and wondering if it had been worth two weeks. He had been taught that time must be reckoned in value—and fiscal value, at that. At home, he would be required to account both for his allowance and for his days and weeks. "Did you get anything out of Menton?" his father would ask. "Was it worth it?"

"Oh, yes," he might tell them. "I worked a lot, and I met a rich girl."

His parents would be pleased. Not that they were vulgar or mercenary, but they considered it expedient for young artists to meet the well-born; they would accept, Mike was certain, the fact of his friendship with Barbara as a useful acquirement, justifying a fortnight of lounging about in the sun. When he thought of Barbara as a patroness, commissioning him, perhaps, for a portrait, he wanted to laugh: yet the seed of the thought—that the rich were of utility—remained, and to rid himself of it he asked her sharply if she had brought her bathing suit.

Stricken, looking about as if it might be lying on the grass, she said, "I didn't think— But we can go home and get it."

THEY gathered up their scattered belongings and walked back the way they had come. Barbara, in her misery, further chastened herself by holding a geranium leaf on her nose—she had visions of peeling and blisters—and she trotted beside Mike in silence.

"Do you write letters?" he said at last, for he had remembered that they both lived in New York, and he felt that if he could maintain the tenuous human claim of correspondence, possibly his acquaintance with Barbara might turn out to be of value; he could not have said how or in terms of what. And although he laughed at his parents, he was reluctant to loosen his hold on something that might justify him in their sight until he had at least sorted out his thoughts.

She stood stock-still in the path, the foolish green leaf on her nose, and said solemnly, "I will write to you every day as long as I live."

He glanced at her with the beginning of alarm, but he was spared from his thoughts by the sight of the autobus on the highway below. Clasping hands, they ran slipping and falling down the steep embankment, and arrived flushed, bewildered, exhausted, as if their romp had been youthful enough to satisfy even Barbara's aunt. —MAVIS GALLANT



"Enrich the soil with humus, which can be obtained from any nearby bog . . ."

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

NO. 1512

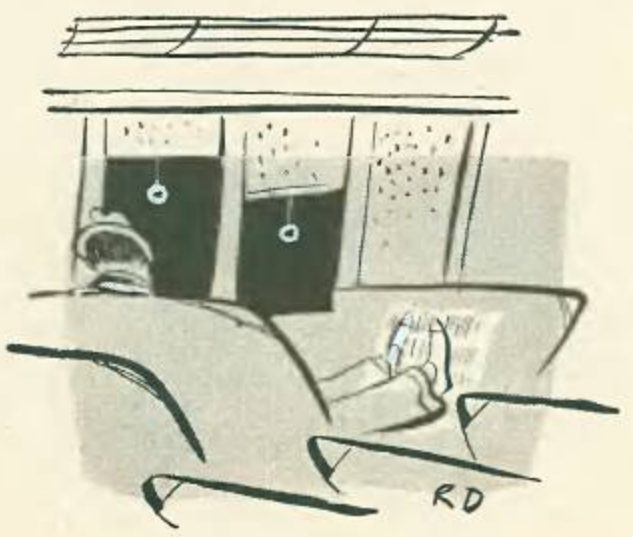
III—PICCOLOS UNDER YOUR NAME, STRINGS UNDER MINE

"THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE," the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer movie based on Stephen Crane's novel about the Civil War, was a day and a half ahead on its thirty-four-day shooting schedule when, in September, 1950, the cast and crew reported at the San Fernando Valley ranch of John Huston, the director and writer of the picture, to start work on the major battle scenes. Huston and Gottfried Reinhardt, the producer of the picture, had just spent two weeks with the company on location at Chico, in northern California, where they had done some of the shooting. They had completed eighty of the three hundred and forty-seven scenes outlined in the script—mostly shots showing the Youth, the movie's leading character, played by Audie Murphy, drilling in camp, marching through woods, crossing a river with his regiment, and fleeing (from his first battle) through a forest. Reinhardt had not entirely liked one scene that Huston wanted to keep (the Youth's regiment coming upon the body of a soldier in a road) and Huston had not entirely liked one scene that Reinhardt wanted to keep (the Youth coming upon a dead soldier seated upright in a forest), but for the most part the two men agreed that they had made a good beginning. The eighty scenes had been seen, and praised, by Dore Schary, vice-president in charge of production at M-G-M. Schary said that the film indicated that "The Red Badge of Courage" would be an impressive and inspiring picture and that Reinhardt and Huston were fulfilling their promise to him to produce the movie at a maximum cost of $1,500,000, to finish it on schedule, and to try to make it a commercial success. Louis B. Mayer, vice-president in charge of the studio—he had strongly opposed the idea of producing the picture, and then, after Schary had written him a letter saying he thought the studio ought to produce it, had given his unenthusiastic approval—had not seen any part of the film, and neither had Nicholas M. Schenck, the president of Loew's, Inc., the company that produces and distributes M-G-M pictures. However, by frequent long-distance telephone talks with Schenck, who has his office in Loew's headquarters in New York, Schary kept in close touch with him about reports that came to Schary's desk (duplicates of which came to Mayer's desk), at the M-G-M studio in Culver City, on "The Red Badge of Courage"—Production No. 1512, or M-G-M's fifteen-hundred-and-twelfth picture; these showed that of the total cost of $1,434,789 estimated for the movie, $468,044 had been spent up to the time Huston prepared to shoot his first battle scene. (Other reports of around the same time revealed that the studio's musical film "An American in Paris"—Production No. 1507—would have a thirteen-minute ballet sequence costing $400,000, and that "Quo Vadis"—Production No. 1312—would cost $8,500,000 but was expected to show a net profit of $12,000,000.) The first battle scene, which would give the Youth his first sight of combat, was going to cost Loew's, Inc., $155,000.

THE battle scene was filmed from the top of a long, steep hill that faced another hill, which was longer but not so steep. The hills ran down to a shallow ravine, and this ravine was where the Youth would encounter his first fighting. From the top of the steeper hill, he would see the clash of the Union and Confederate cavalry, amid bursting shells. Stuffed dummies of men and horses had been strewn over the battlefield. A studio ambulance was parked out of range of the camera; any actual casualties, it was announced, would be delivered to Los Angeles Hospital in forty minutes. Lee Katz, unit manager, the liaison man between Production No. 1512 and the studio Production Office, headed by vice-president Joe Cohn (logistics, budgets, etc.), climbed to the top of the hill and, panting, asked Huston if he was all ready for the battle. "Some battle!" Katz said. "It's costing a hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars."

"Doesn't it look just wonderful?" Huston said.

A great many people were on hand for the battle. A couple of hundred extras in Union blue lounged around with rifles and waited to be assigned their places. (As the shooting of the picture progressed, most of the extras were scheduled to change into gray uniforms from time to time and fight as Confederate soldiers.) Bill Mauldin (the Loud Soldier), John Dierkes (the Tall Soldier), and minor character actors stood off to one side; along with Audie Murphy, they were to be placed so that one of the three cameras being used would register their reactions to the battle.



"The new Mike Romanoff's will have only one section," one of the character actors was saying. "All tables will be on a par with each other. Everybody will be equal."

Andrew Marton, the "leapfrog" director, whose job it was to save time by preparing setups for future scenes while Huston was shooting current ones, seemed to have abandoned future battles for the one on hand. He thoughtfully examined the faces of the soldiers, and then thoughtfully examined the sight below, and nodded with approval. "Johnny likes this sort of thing to look menacing and forbidding," he said.

"This will be greater than 'Gone with the Wind,'" said Albert Band, Huston's assistant.

Audie Murphy was off by himself studiously thrusting a bayonet into the ground. "All set for the big battle?" Colonel Davison, the film's technical expert, asked him. Murphy smiled politely and said yes.

Huston, who was wearing Army suntans and a red-and-green-checked cap, ran up and down the long hills without losing his wind; he was arranging the Union soldiers in jagged lines and hurrying back to check with Harold Rosson, chief cameraman, on how they looked through the camera.

"Where's your horse, pal?" Rosson asked, chewing gum rapidly.

Huston said that he had found directing the picture on horseback, as he had started out to do, too hard on his horse. "Christ, Hal, doesn't it look great?" he said as he surveyed the troops.

"We're getting it to look like Brady, all right, pal," Rosson said.

Huston laughed. The irony of the Youth's flight from his initial battle and his heroic deeds in a later battle must be made clear in the picture, he told the cameraman—his war in the movie



• •

must not appear to be a North vs. South war but a war showing the pointlessness of the Youth's courage in helping to capture, near the end of the picture, a fragment of wall. To bring this out, Huston said, he had written some additional scenes for the picture, including one in which soldiers from another regiment told the Youth that he had not fought in the major battle but only in a diversionary action. "I think it will be very good, kid," Huston said.

"O.K., pal," Rosson said, grinning. "Just tell me what you want."

The man in charge of touching off explosions during the filming of the battle scenes was studying a large map; it showed the location of explosives buried on the field of battle. With his help, Huston and Reggie Callow, the assistant director, were instructing the Union cavalry to charge where the explosions couldn't injure them.

"It looks like the Civil War," Reinhardt said. He was wearing a pith helmet and a shirt open at the collar, and he stood next to one of the cameras, his fists pressed to his sides.

"You mean the War Between the States," said Band. "The studio says you can't call it the Civil War in pictures."

Reinhardt went over to Audie Murphy and told him that this battle would look completely realistic. Murphy, in actual life the most-decorated American veteran of the Second World War, listened politely, shifting his bayonet from hand to hand, and then, in one of his rare talkative moments, said that the psychology in all wars was the same—that he believed the psychology of a raw recruit in the Civil War was the same as that of a young man in the World Wars.

"You think the German was a good soldier?" Reinhardt asked.

"We had respect for the Germans," Murphy said. "There was none of this blowing smoke rings in their faces stuff. It was a mistake to underestimate the German soldier."

"Yes," Reinhardt said, laughing. "You know, there are three kinds of intelligence—the intelligence of man, the intelligence of the animal, and the intelligence of the military. In that order."

Murphy kept on shifting his bayonet from hand to hand.

"Ready for the big battle, Gottfried?" Katz asked cheerfully. Reinhardt smiled and nodded.

A group of stunt men on horseback were all ready to make a Union cavalry charge across the battlefield. One of them, a young man named Terry Wilson, was riding a restless, snorting horse. A group of extras who were soldiers in the Union Army surrounded Wilson as he quieted his horse and told them that he was going to lead the charge. It

would be the first of many services, which he called "taking bumps," he would perform for Huston, including wrecking caissons, falling off horses, being dragged across battlefields by horses, making horses fall as though shot, and being blown up in the air by what would appear to be exploding shells. Wilson, an ex-Marine, and the other stunt men were rugged, and disdainful of the actor-soldiers, many of whom carried sun-tan lotion in their knapsacks. Wilson said that stunt men were willing to knock themselves out for a man like John Huston. "He's all *guy*, you know," he said to the extras. "A *guy's* guy."

"*You* get more dough in this war than in the *Army*," one of the extras said.

"This war stuff doesn't pay so well," Wilson said. "I'll get four hundred dollars for wrecking a caisson and a hundred and fifty for getting blown up. A hundred and fifty for falling from a horse. Seventy-five for rearing a horse. Maybe four hundred and fifty dollars to fall with a horse. If I break my neck, I get thirty dollars a week compensation. I don't do it for laughs, but I'll give Mr. Huston anything he wants."

An elderly man with a full gray beard, who was working as an extra, muttered that Wilson ought to watch himself. "I fought in every war there was in history since the Philistines," he said. "And I'm telling you this one looks the most dangerous. I was a weary foot soldier in the American Revolution. I fought the Philistines in 'Samson and Delilah.' I was in the First World War in 'Sergeant York.' I was with Errol Flynn in the suppression of the Irish Rebellion in 'The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex.' I was in all the Napoleonic Wars and the Spanish-American War and the Second World War. I even fought the Civil War once before, in 'Gone with the Wind.' I've been in all the wars, and I speak from experience—this war is going to be the roughest. You haven't seen anything yet."

"If Mr. Huston wants it that way, it'll be all right with me," Wilson said.

"Quiet!" Callow bellowed over a public-address system. "Everybody quiet. This applies to top brass and everybody."

"Forward march!" Katz said to nobody in particular.

"The man from the Pentagon is trying to speed up operations," Band said.

"Well, now!" Huston said, looking dazed and happy. He took off his cap and tossed it on the ground. Then he grasped the microphone and asked all the soldiers to be careful as they proceeded downhill; if anybody slipped, he said, he must be sure to protect the men in front from his bayonet. Then he called, "Action!" There was a good deal of yelling and confusion. The Union cavalry charged down the hill. The explosives went off on the battlefield. The smoke-makers sent smoke drifting over the scene. The line of Union foot soldiers, with Murphy up front, his lips pressed grimly together, started moving downhill toward the battle. After about five minutes, Huston called "Cut!" He laughed, and said it had all looked just wonderful.



"If you really loved me, you'd take a postgraduate course."

THE next day, an M-G-M publicity man came out to the ranch to get material on "The Red Badge of Courage." After surveying the wreckage on the field of battle, he said, "This is wonderful art. Too bad we can't use it. Battle stills don't sell tickets. Two things sell tickets. One, stars. Two, stories. No stars, no stories here. Can't sell Huston. Directors don't sell tickets, except DeMille. We'll think of *something*."

HUSTON received from Margaret Booth, M-G-M's executive film editor, or head cutter, whose opinion was respected by every producer and director on the lot, an interoffice communication that read:

DEAR MR. HUSTON:

I haven't had a chance to tell you how wonderful I feel the dailies [rushes] are. Yesterday the scene between Audie Murphy and Royal Dano [the Tattered Man], where they come down the hill after John Dierkes' death, was simply wonderful. Also the scene of the Army walking down the hill was very fine; in fact, I could go on naming one after another that I felt was great. I hope to get out to the location soon.

MARGARET BOOTH

A FEW days later, Reinhardt told me he was going to see the first cut of the picture—a piecing together on film of all the scenes shot so far. He did not want Huston to know it was ready yet, he explained, because he wanted to see it with Margaret Booth and Benny Lewis, the cutter assigned by Miss Booth to the picture, before



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Huston saw it. I accompanied Reinhardt to a projection room in the basement of the Irving Thalberg Building, at the M-G-M studio, where we were joined by Lewis and Miss Booth. The cut began with the men drilling on the field at Chico. Miss Booth immediately asked why there was only one shot of the men marching.

"Huston said just one shot and a closeup as brief as we can make it," Lewis said.

"Malarkey," said Miss Booth. "The marching is supposed to be funny, but it isn't funny now. You don't know what kind of marching this is."

"Then let's build it up," said Lewis. "We'll put more of it in."

"More of it back and forth; then it will be funny," Miss Booth said impatiently.

"I could put in a piece where the fat fellow walks by," said Lewis.

Reinhardt spoke for the first time. "Put it in," he said.

At the conclusion of the showing, Miss Booth criticized the scene that showed a group of veteran soldiers laughing at raw recruits; she said she didn't know what it meant. Reinhardt cleared his throat and explained that it wasn't plain because the long shot was a dolly shot; the closeups were not. "John shot it wrong. He forgot to dolly," he said.

"Reshoot it," said Miss Booth, and continued, "That shot of the men digging—that's very dull to me. Cut it right down to the bone, Benny."

"The old man with the lines in his face, turning around and looking over his shoulder?" said Lewis.

"What's he supposed to be looking at?" Miss Booth asked.

"John likes that," said Reinhardt.

"What's he looking at?" Miss Booth asked again.

"At the producer," said Lewis.

"He's a stockholder," said Reinhardt.

"I have news for you," said Lewis. "He's looking at Mr. Mayer. Well, his looking days are over."

"I don't get it, Gottfried," said Miss Booth. "All this individual digging."

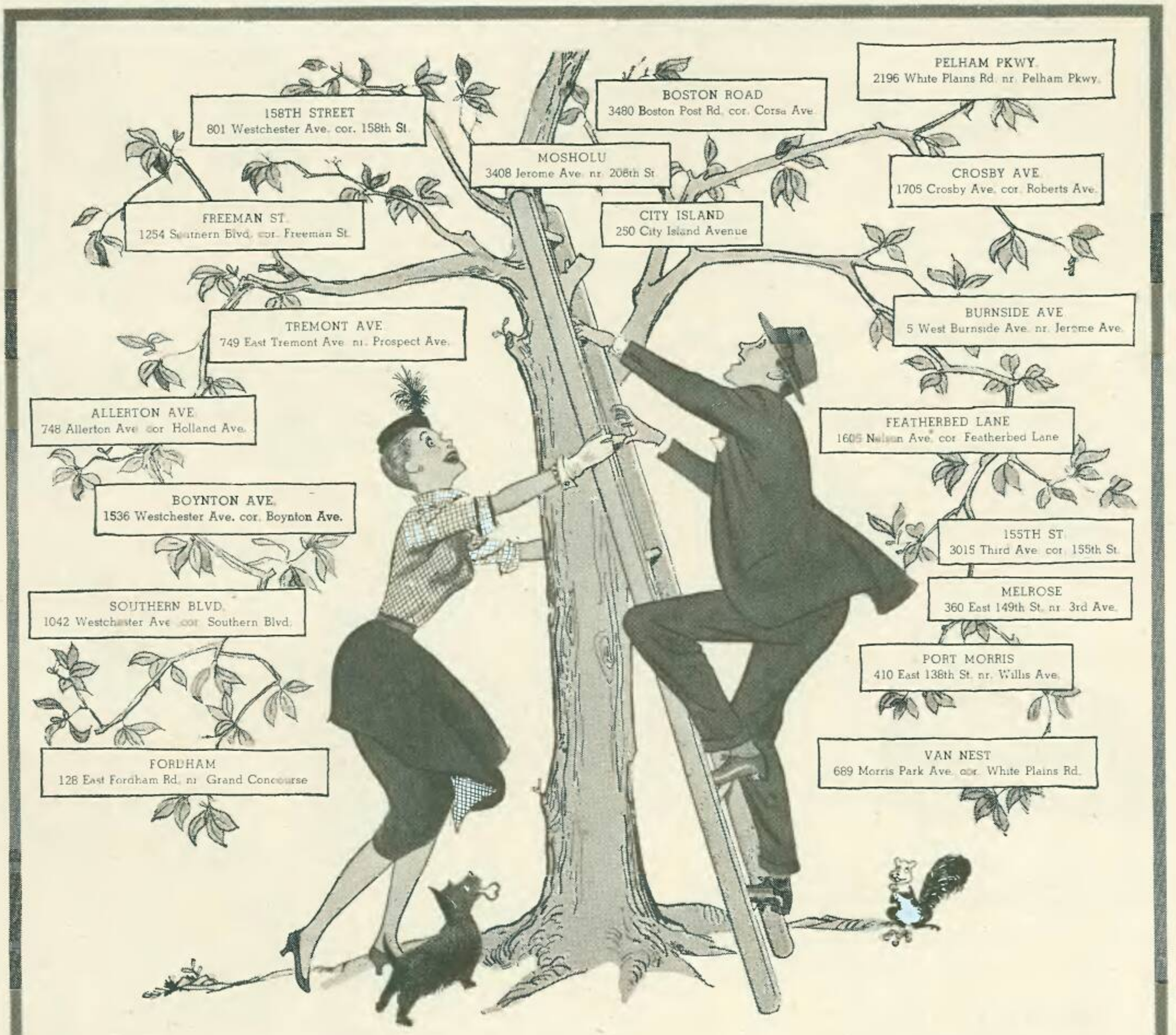
"John likes these faces," said Reinhardt.

Miss Booth snorted. "Cut it!" she said, standing up. "I've got to go. Don't put anything back, Benny."



When she had left, Reinhardt said to Lewis, "For the time being, you can keep the shot of the old man turning around toward the camera. John is especially fond of that." He stood up and, smiling sadly, he said to me, "Let's go up to my office." As we went upstairs, he said, "This is how we make pictures. This will be recut thirty times. The digging scene will eventually come out. But we must go at it slowly. We cannot shock John by doing it all at once."

Seated behind his desk, Reinhardt leaned back in his chair. "Actually, every director should make the rough cut—the film as assembled from start to finish for the first time—himself," he said, and bit the end off a cigar. "But it's almost a physical impossibility. Once the director is through, you can usually do what you want with a picture." He sighed and lit the cigar. "When John sees the first cut, he may holler like hell," he said. "He may ask Benny Lewis to put it all back. But then he'll come around to the way Margaret Booth wants it. There's so much about pictures that has nothing to do with art." He sighed again, and went on, "To me, there are three terrible moments in making a picture. First, the rough cut. Second, the first preview. Third, knowing the picture has opened in New York. For John, the rough cut will be the most painful. I will say to him, 'This is the best picture you have ever made.' He will say to me, 'This is the best picture *you* have ever made.' John is like a race horse. You must keep him in a good mood all the time." He chewed on his cigar for a while. Then he said, "I wish I had made John reshoot the dead man in the road. It doesn't make the point at all. I felt it when I saw the first rushes. No matter how enthusiastic we are about the script, the cast, and the director, the impact of the first rushes usually tells you whether the picture will be good or not. Once the first impact is gone, it is easy and customary to delude yourself. Subsequent rushes will seem good. Performances will seem extraordinary. Scenes will be effective. The tension, the pressure, the sense of self-preservation, the



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all-powerful urge of wishful thinking will help bury the first impression, and create hope—even confidence." He smiled cynically and picked up a memorandum he had written to Schary about Tim Durant—a friend and riding companion of Huston's who, though not a professional actor, was playing the part of the General in "The Red Badge of Courage"—saying that Huston had thought it would be a nice gesture, since Durant was playing the General at a nominal salary, for M-G-M to give him a present of a hunting coat, to be made by the wardrobe department. On the memorandum, Schary had made a notation O.K.'ing the idea and instructing Reinhardt to order the coat. Reinhardt shook his head absently at the memorandum. "It was different when I worked for Ernst Lubitsch," he said. "Lubitsch was a producer and director who did everything himself. The cutting. Every frame. And he was brutal with himself." Reinhardt looked mournful, like a man who didn't know how to go about being brutal with himself.

Margaret Booth, Reinhardt went on, was very helpful to him. She had been Irving Thalberg's cutter, and she had known Reinhardt ever since he came to M-G-M in 1933. "Margaret really saves me," he said. "She won't work this closely on a picture with all the producers. She feels like a mother to me."

SEVERAL times each week, Reinhardt went out to Huston's ranch to see how the picture was progressing. He arrived one day as Huston was preparing to shoot, as part of the first battle, a Confederate bayonet charge—the specific part of the battle that would cause the Youth to run away. "Realism!" Reinhardt said to me as he watched Huston. "How L. B. Mayer hates this!"

"It looks great," Albert Band said.

"Yes," Reinhardt said. "You know, Mayer thinks that John's whole point of view is corroded. He thinks John represents stark realism, which he hates. He thinks I am an intellectual European and want to make pictures that won't go in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Mayer told me that I was making a big mistake with this picture. He begged me not to make this picture." Reinhardt looked confidently around the set.

Huston, in dungarees and a torn blue shirt, was telling Rosson that he wanted a lot of smoke, to obliterate the charging enemy just as they reached the ditch along which the

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Youth and his comrades were deployed. He explained that the audience was not to see what happened after that. "The Rebs come down at us with bayonets and then it's all blotted out by the smoke. Got it, Reggie?" he said to Callow.

"Yes, sir!" said Callow, and instructed the enemy to come down with bayonets, and then walked on quickly to talk to the smoke men.

"They either want you or they don't want you in this business," Reinhardt went on, still watching Huston. He paused, as if he had just had a new thought. "Me they don't want, but they got to have." He laughed and, taking a white silk handkerchief from his trouser pocket, wiped his face. "They are very cruel in this business when they decide they do not want you," he said. "All you have to do is watch the faces of your underlings. Suddenly your words don't mean anything any more to your underlings and you find yourself standing in a corner saying to yourself, 'What happened to me?' Why don't I buy a house out here, like everybody else? Because deep down I know I don't want to be tied here. I don't want to stay here. I will never buy a house in Hollywood."

Abruptly, Reinhardt walked over and joined Huston at the camera, which was in a ditch behind the Youth and his comrades, to watch the filming of the charge. It was a fierce and frightening attack. The gray-clad soldiers started running across the wreckage-strewn field toward the camera, their bayonets pointed forward, and they leaped toward the Youth just as the smoke machine sent up a thick, impenetrable cloud. "*I* would run from this," Reinhardt said.

"So would I," said Huston. He called "Cut!" and strode away from the camera, his face blackened by smoke and his shirt and trousers stained with sweat and grime.

A visitor had just arrived on location—Sam Spiegel, joint owner with Huston of Horizon Pictures, the independent film company that was going to make Huston's next picture, "The African Queen." As Huston emerged from the smoke of battle, Spiegel went up and slapped him on the back. "How is the Yankee general?" he asked. Huston gave him a smile.

Spiegel was immaculate in brown suède shoes, orange-and-green Argyle socks, tan gabardine slacks, and a brown-and-white checked sports shirt. He was carrying a bright-yellow cashmere jacket and he was smoking a pipe. "Gottfried!" he cried. "How is the

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commander of the forces?" He took the pipe from his mouth. "How is the war, Gottfried?"

Reinhardt said that things were all right.

"Nice, very nice, Gottfried," Spiegel said, looking around at everyone except the man he was addressing. "How many feet have you shot, Gottfried?"

"About four thousand," said Reinhardt. "We're getting wonderful stuff. Terrific!"

"Bill!" Spiegel called. "Bill Mauldin!"

Mauldin, lolling in the ditch, turned and waved.

"How do you like being an actor, Bill?" Spiegel called.

"Hell, Sam, it's O.K.," said Mauldin.

"You remember the party you came to at my house, Billy?" said Spiegel.

"Sure thing, Sam!" Mauldin called. "Helluva party!"

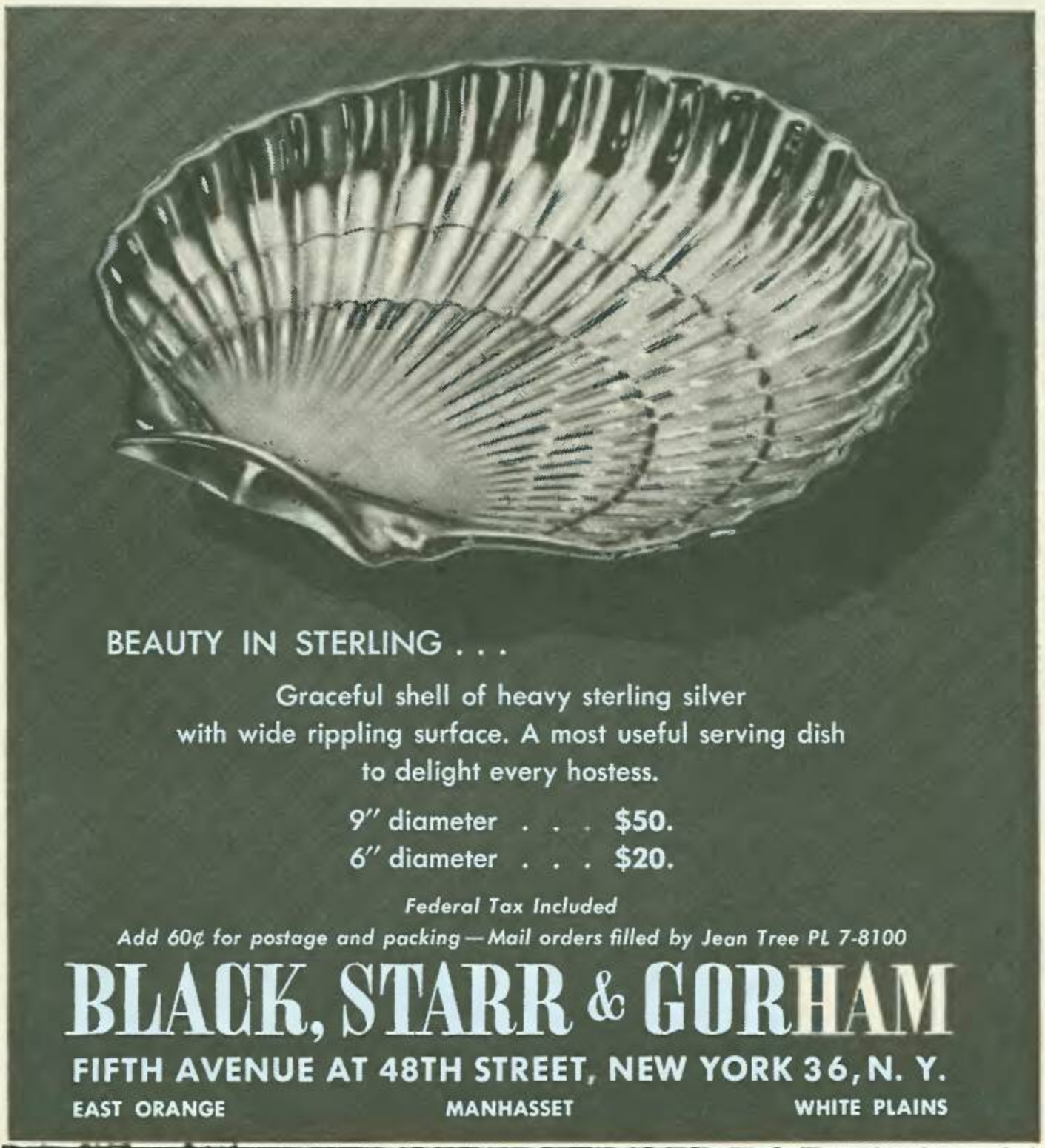
Spiegel put his head back and murmured a low, satisfied "Ah-h-h." Then he stared sadly at Huston, who was throwing a bayonet at a cigarette stub on the ground. "So, Gottfried," Spiegel said, keeping his eyes on Huston. "The picture is all right, then?"

"It will be a great picture," Reinhardt said.

"Nice," said Spiegel. "I get him next. For 'The African Queen.' I like to get him when he is feeling good."

HOWARD STRICKLING, studio publicity director of M-G-M, put out a mimeographed booklet outlining a promotion campaign for "The Red Badge of Courage." "It has BIGNESS. It has GREATNESS! First, last, and always, it is ENTERTAINMENT in the grand tradition!" the foreword stated. The booklet gave the gist of articles that were to be written by publicity-staff people for fan magazines, including "The Audie I Know," by Bill Mauldin, and "I Know Bill Mauldin," by Audie Murphy. Civil War stories, it was asserted in another section, had long made popular movies; "Gone with the Wind" had grossed millions of dollars and "The Birth of a Nation" had been the greatest grosser of all time.

"The Red Badge of Courage" might be a great picture, Strickling told me, and on the other hand you couldn't be sure. "We'll know when Mr. Mayer sees it," he said. "Dore is good. He's the nearest thing to another Irving Thalberg the studio ever had. He's idealistic, but that will be knocked out of him in time. The realist at the studio is Mr. Mayer. He always shows what he feels. When he goes to a preview, if he



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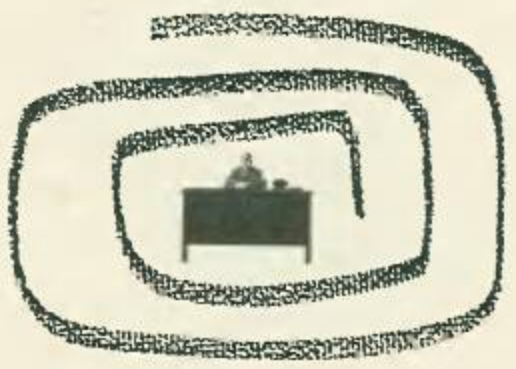
Readers today aren't attracted by indignation. The Times isn't mad at anybody, and it has more than half-a-million daily readers. The Satevepost bashes no heads, and sells four million copies a week. The few thunderers in this business have never reached a quarter of a million circulation.

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Curiosity prompted the editors to ask why liability claims and judgements were going up, why some insurance companies were losing money. The answer, "And Then—Sudden Ruin" in the current issue.

Top executives were talking about being lots worse off than in 1939, earning more money but taking home less. The editors got nosey. So what happened? "How to Give Your Boss a Raise", also in the June issue.

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hurries out without talking to anybody after he sees the picture, you know there's trouble. If he stays and chats, you know everything's O.K."

ONE afternoon late in September, Reinhardt was in a projection room in the Thalberg Building, working with Benny Lewis on the cutting of the picture. Reinhardt's shirt collar was unbuttoned and his necktie was hanging loose. He paced up and down the room, puffing on a cigar; he was worrying about a scene that showed Dierkes, the Tall Soldier, running up to the top of a hill to die.

"We've got to delay him," Lewis was saying. "My God! A wounded man getting up the hill so fast! S. C. will grab him for the track team."

"Start him up the hill," Reinhardt said, pacing. "Then cut to Audie and the Tattered Man chasing him. Then cut back to Dierkes. That will delay it." He stopped beside a telephone and asked to be connected with his office. "I don't want to be disturbed," he told his secretary. He hung up and turned to Lewis. "I've got to have the stuff by tomorrow morning," he said. "Bill Rodgers and Si Seadler are here from New York, and I must show them what I have. How much can we have by tomorrow morning?"

All the shots filmed at Chico, Benny Lewis said, plus some scenes showing battles and the death of Dierkes—about thirty-five hundred feet, or forty minutes, in all.

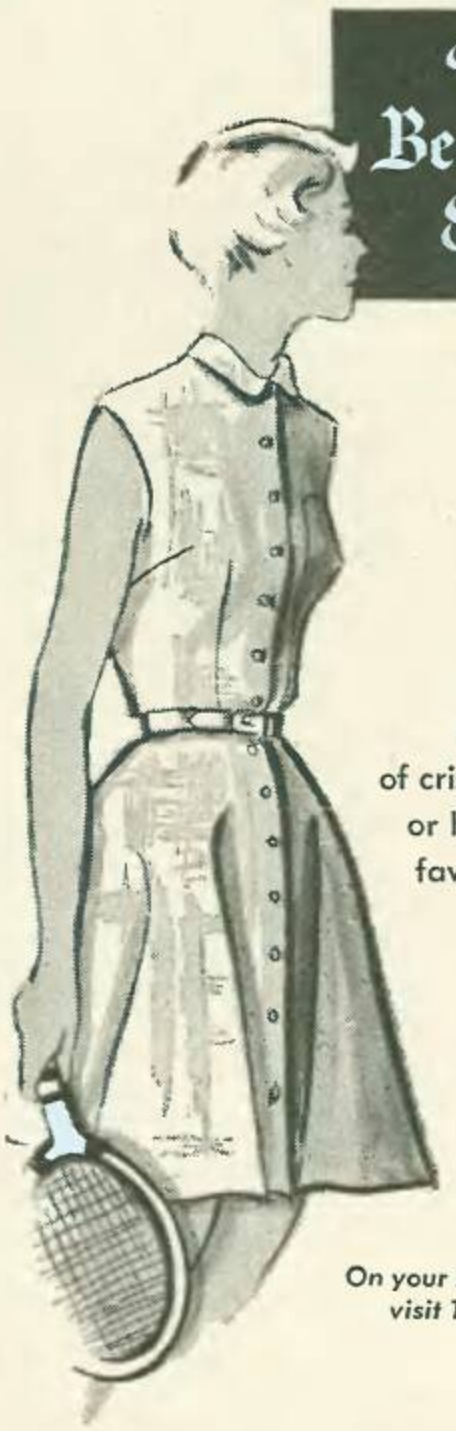
"I want it," Reinhardt said. The two visitors, he told me later, were important figures in the New York office of Loew's. Rodgers was general manager in charge of sales and Seadler was Eastern advertising manager. Both were key assistants of Schenck. "They can make or break a picture," Reinhardt said, and resumed his nervous pacing.

THE next morning, at the studio, there was a showing of "The Red Badge of Courage" that was attended by Rodgers and Seadler. Reinhardt introduced them to me. Nobody talked as the lights dimmed in the projection room, and nobody talked during the showing. The only sound during the brief intervals of quiet on the sound track came from Reinhardt; he was breathing heavily. As soon as the showing ended and the lights went on, he stood up and faced his guests.

"Impressive," said Seadler, a wiry man with a constant look of worried amiability.

"Mmm," said Rodgers. He was a

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dignified, courteous, white-haired man with eyes as cool as those of a box-office man in a theatre.

"Those death scenes are absolutely superb," Seadler said.

Reinhardt said, "Don't you think we ought to exploit Audie Murphy to the fullest?"

"Can we get his coöperation?" Rodgers asked.

"We're *getting* his coöperation," Reinhardt said. "And the Defense Department will be very, very grateful for whatever we do."

"They'd coöperate to the fullest," said Seadler.

"We should get this picture out in a hurry," Reinhardt said. "Take advantage of the current war situation. We must sell this picture. New York must sell this picture. This should be one of M-G-M's great pictures. Like 'Gone with the Wind.' "

"There's no way of knowing," said Seadler.

Reinhardt said, "What about using drawings by Bill Mauldin for promotion? 'Up Front with Bill Mauldin in the Civil War.' "

"Mauldin's cartoons are too grim," Seadler said. "For this picture, you should concentrate on the beauty of the photography, and at the same time get over the power of the big battles."

"Let's try everything," Reinhardt said. "We must bring the New York office strongly behind this picture. There's no Gable or anything in this picture. We must sell this picture as an important picture, in the great tradition. Like 'Mutiny on the Bounty.' Like 'The Good Earth.' "

"When Mr. Schenck sees the picture in New York, we'll know how to sell it," Seadler said.

"If this picture isn't *sold*, then all the money will be down the drain," Reinhardt said.

Rodgers spoke up, courteously and slowly; he appeared to be considering the subject with detachment. "We're compelled by law today to sell each picture alone," he said. "No picture of ours has ever gone out without being tested. We don't market them until they have been tried out. But you can be sure that it will be sold. Its greatness depends on how it is received by the public. But you can be sure that we are geared to do our part."

Reinhardt seemed eager to take his cue from Rodgers. He said, "This is an artistic picture, but, frankly, I'm not interested in that. I want to see this picture make money." He seemed to be getting lost in his own salesmanship. "I

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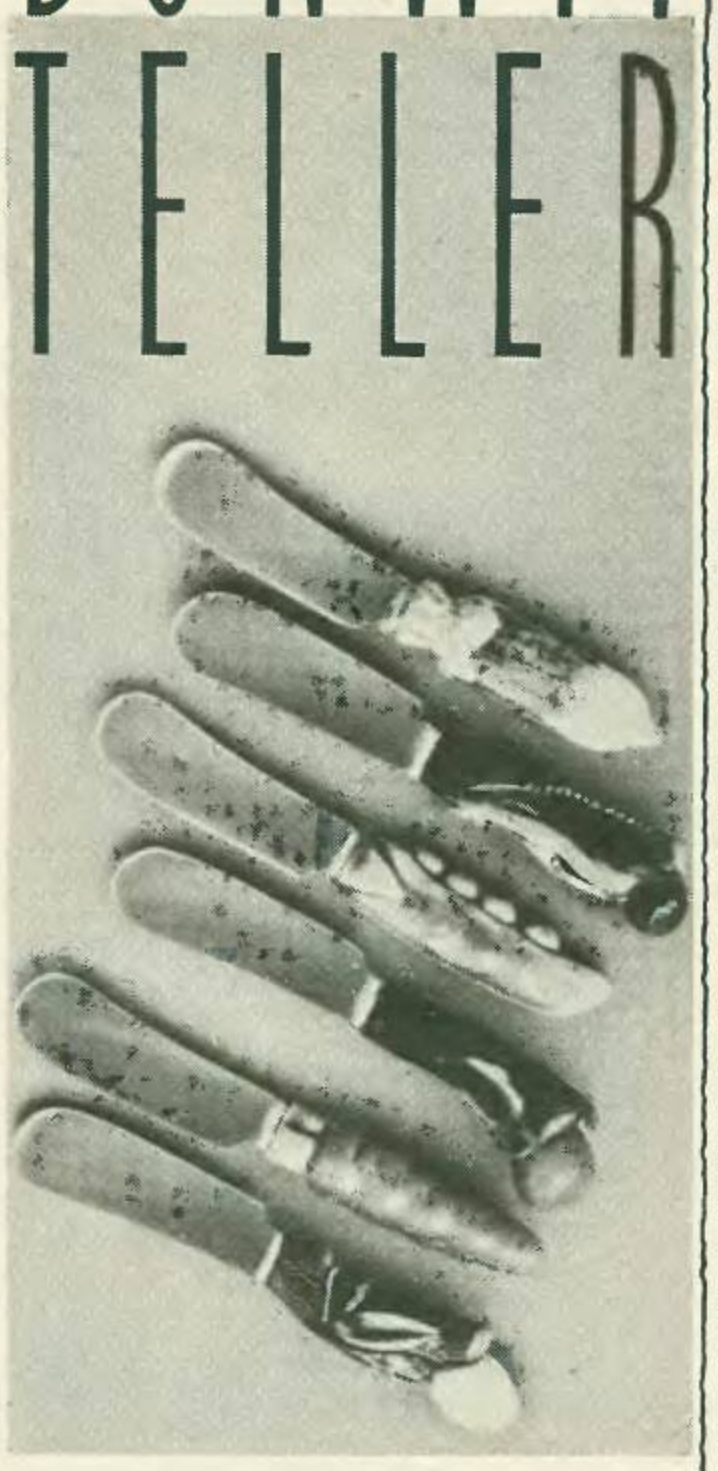
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want to see this picture make millions."

Rodgers smiled faintly. "You can be assured that when we receive it, we'll get after it," he said.

Seadler said, "If the picture is good, I'll say so. I'm the kind of a guy in the company who will speak my piece. Even to Mr. Schenck."

"After you're through, you may think you have a great picture, but then the responsibility is *ours*," Rodgers said.

"All I'm interested in is that the picture makes ten million dollars," Reinhardt said.

Seadler said, "We'll know how things stand when Mr. Schenck sees it in New York."

THE assembled film of most of what had been shot of "The Red Badge of Courage"—pieced together by the cutters under Reinhardt's supervision—was shown a few nights later to Huston, Reinhardt, and Huston's aides, including Rosson, Colonel Davison, Marton, Callow, Katz, and Band. After the showing, Huston and the others looked pleased, and somewhat stirred. Everybody smiled at everybody else.

"Well, now, kid," Huston said to Rosson, putting a hand on the cameraman's shoulder.

"I don't mind saying that the photography looks great, pal," Rosson said, grinning.

"Doesn't it look just swell, kid?" said Huston.

Everyone went up to Reinhardt's office and sat down. Reinhardt's expression was solemn. "I'll make a short speech," he said. "There will be no accolades. People thought this picture would not turn out the way we thought it would turn out. The mood has changed. The big shots from New York have come here, and they have seen the stuff and liked it."

Now everybody's expression was solemn.

"We are doing a remarkable job," Reinhardt continued. "We are working with two hundred extras when we should have two thousand. Last night, someone saw the stuff at Dore Schary's house and asked how much would the picture cost. He was told one and a half million. He said, 'It already looks like *three* million.' That is the way our picture looks."

Everybody grew even more solemn.

Reinhardt put a cigar in his mouth. Everybody waited for him to speak again. He lit the cigar and blew the smoke out, then said, "If now we bring in the picture three or four days *early*,

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everyone will be not only an artist but a hero."

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Reminding Reinhardt that the schedule called for only twelve more days of shooting, Callow said, "We can't bring it in in nine, Mr. Reinhardt."

"Then bring it in in *ten*," said Reinhardt.

Huston said they hadn't saved any time with the leapfrog system, because they hadn't been able to put it into effect. "We didn't have what we were supposed to have—substitute actors to stand in and do what the real actors were going to do," he said. Callow said he hated to disagree, but the fact of the matter was that they had been held up by the smoke-makers, who hadn't been able to get the smoke on the battlefield at the right time and in the right way. "We had bad luck with the wind," he said. Huston repeated that the trouble was lack of men. "If what we're *interested* in is days," he added. Callow said that the leapfrog system wouldn't have worked, no matter how many men they had, because basically it was unsound—the only person who could know what kind of scenes Huston wanted was Huston himself. Then everybody started to talk at once. Reinhardt looked bewildered. When there was a momentary lull in the talk, Reinhardt said quickly, "If you can't bring it in in ten days, bring it in in *eleven*. One day early. That's all I ask."

A COUPLE of days later, a long line of Union troops walked slowly across Huston's battlefield in a scene showing the Youth's regiment beginning a charge toward the enemy. They held their rifles low, bayonets fixed and pointed forward. The camera, on a dolly track, moved along with the line. Huston walked beside the camera on the other side of the dolly track and



observe the FACE



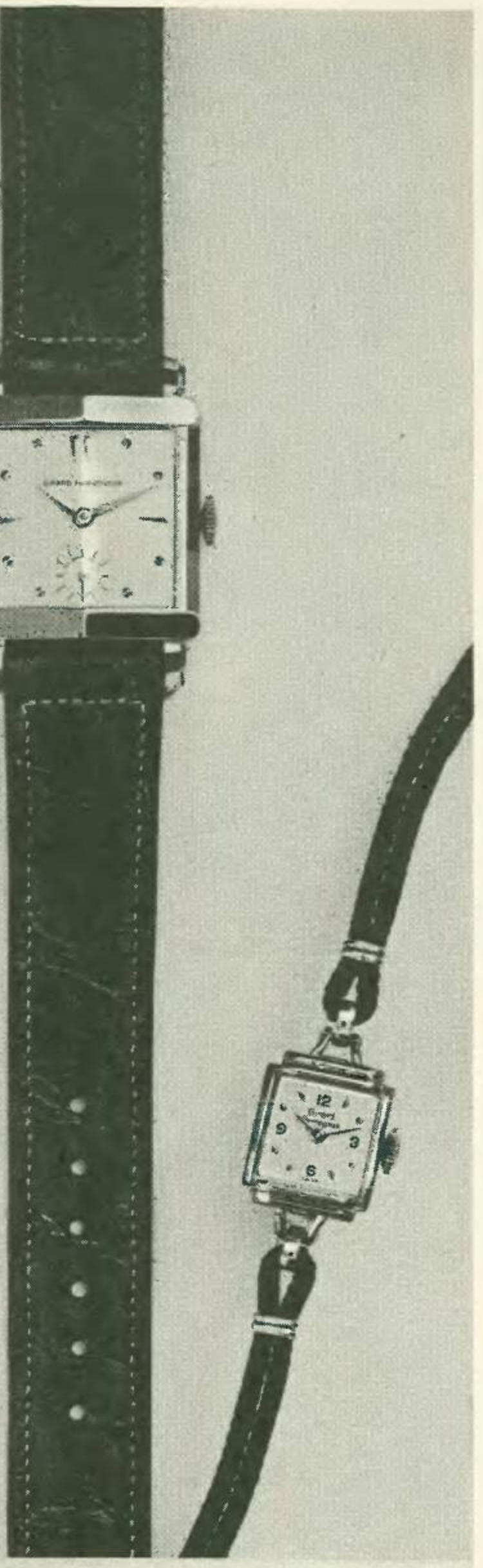
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studied the line of soldiers as they started to walk faster and faster and finally broke into a run. Explosions went off at predetermined positions on the field, and soldiers in the line—chosen by Callow to have the honor of dying in action—clutched their midriffs, dropped their rifles, threw up their arms, and fell. Huston called "Cut!," and with satisfaction said that the scene looked just great. He took some closeups of the feet of the soldiers in the various stages between the slow walk and the run and then, as he was getting ready to take closeups of falling men, he suddenly looked surprised and told Rosson to hold things a minute. "I have an idea, Hal," he said, in the amazed tone he sometimes uses. "It might be something, kid." He tossed his head in a conspiratorial gesture at one of the extras, a skinny young man with a long, thin face and a weak chin, who was wearing steel-rimmed spectacles. Huston squatted on the ground with the extra, in what appeared to be a deep, concentrated consideration of a problem. Then he nodded briskly. "All right, *amigo*," he said. "Let's see you do it."

The young man grinned bashfully; then he took a few steps forward, carrying his rifle, threw up his hands, dropping his rifle, and fell to the ground.

"That's the idea, *amigo*," Huston said, and chortled. He held another brief conference with the young man, and again the young man grinned bashfully.

This time the young man knelt and handed his spectacles to Huston, who placed them on the ground before him. The young man blinked his eyes, groped for the spectacles, put them on, and then collapsed, as though in death.

Huston chortled again. "Very good," he said. "*Very* good." He put a brown cigarette in his mouth, offered one to the young man, and then called to Rosson. "I've got an extra little bit here, Hal," he said cheerfully. He lighted the extra's cigarette and then his own, and proceeded to work with Rosson on setting up the camera to take the scene of a soldier who falls and puts on his lost spectacles before rolling over in death.

The next day Huston worked on a new scene he had written to point up the irony of the Youth's heroic action in the general scheme of the battle. This scene would take place just before the final battle, in which the Youth and his comrades capture the wall. Huston directed Tim Durant, as the General (who was wearing, in addition to



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the uniform provided by M-G-M, a sword that had belonged to Huston's great-grandfather), in a scene requiring him to ride his white horse along the line of raw recruits preparing to go into battle, stopping before each company and inviting the troops to have supper with him after they had won the battle, then pausing to chat with some ragged veterans of battle and, instead of offering them the spurious invitation, offering them a chaw of his tobacco. As he was departing, one of the veterans called, "Having supper with us tonight, General?" The General rode away, followed by friendly guffaws from the veterans. Huston grew more and more exuberant as he went on to direct Durant in a closeup—the General taking off his hat in prayer and muttering, "Thy will be done, sir."

"Very good, Tim," Huston said, laughing, as he called "Cut!"

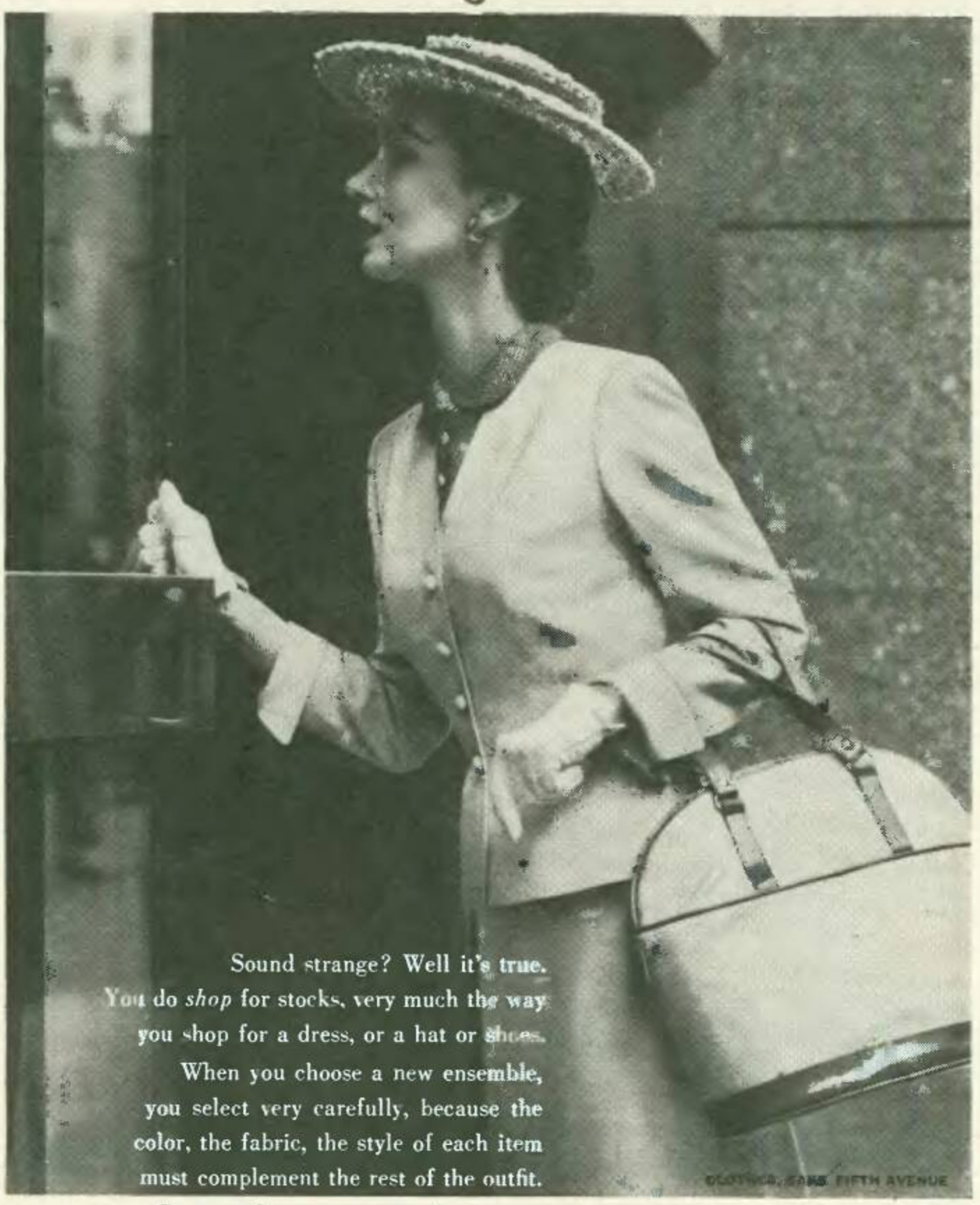
"I now become one of the immortals of Beverly Hills," Durant said.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" Huston said.

BENNY BURT, another friend of Huston's, had been given a part in the picture as a soldier in the Youth's regiment. He was a scrawny little man, with large, melancholy eyes. He talked out of the side of his mouth in a staccato manner, and he was not completely happy about his role. He had played a stool pigeon in Huston's "The Asphalt Jungle," and he had played small parts in a number of pictures since then, including "Cry Danger," "M," "The Enforcer," "The Lemon Drop Kid," "Convicted," and "Chain Gang." He had hoped for something bigger in "The Red Badge of Courage," but he was just an anonymous soldier. In his two weeks' work, he had lost several pounds, bringing his weight down to a hundred and eight. "I want to sink my teeth in one good part and I'll set this town on fire," he said.

Burt had been waiting for his opportunity since 1933, when he came to Hollywood. Before that, he had worked in vaudeville and burlesque in a Gus Edwards act called "Snuffy the Cab Man." "I was in burlesque when it was *burlesque*," he told me. "I'm not one of these Johnny-come-latelies. I do seven different dialects, including a pretty fair Chinaman. My Greek character would kill you. I used to kill Al Capone and all his boys with my Greek dialect when I worked for Capone's Royal Frolics, in Chicago. Every six weeks I wanted to quit, so they gave me a raise every time. Capone and his boys taught me how to bet the horses. They should drop dead

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what they did to me. If it wasn't for the horses, though, I never would of met *him*," he said, jerking a thumb at Huston, who was fussing over the camera. "It was at the race track. I'm at the track, and I'm with three hoodlums from Chicago. I'm at the hundred-dollar window betting thirty-five hundred for those guys. He"—again he jerked his thumb at Huston—"is behind me, and he says to me, 'I always see you here.' So I tell him to bet this horse. He did and the horse won. So he says, 'Here's a hundred-dollar ticket for you.' I say, 'You owe me nuttin.' So he says, 'Then come have a drink with me.' So we had a couple of drinks. Then he says, 'What you doin' for dinner?' He wants me to have dinner with him. From then on I'm with him morning, noon, and night. I was with him the night his dad died. I told him, 'John, don't you worry, I'll take care of you.' All my life, nobody ever gave me nuttin, but from then on we were like brothers. I did everything for him. I drove him here, there. I let him hypnotize me. I took care of his clothes. His suits cost three hundred and fifty dollars apiece. He has fifty pairs of shoes at fifty-five dollars a pair. It burned me up when Cholly Knickerbocker called him one of the worst-dressed men. I was with him on Thanksgiving and I was with him on Christmas. I was his family."

Burt scratched his whiskered chin and put a brown cigarette in his mouth. Huston used to listen to his advice about betting on horses, he told me sadly, but now he didn't any more. "All I do around here is swallow two tons of dirt in them battles," he said.

Band, puffing on a long cigar, came over and told Burt that, one by one, the supporting actors who were soldiers were dying in the picture and that he was in charge of deciding which ones might live. "Do you know Crawford? I just killed him off," he said. "One more off the payroll."

"Albert, don't kill me," said Burt.

"I'll just have you get wounded," said Band.

"Don't do nuttin to me. Just let me keep on fightin'," said Burt. His face brightened. "Hey, Albert!" he continued. "You shoulda seen me when I worked in Slapsie Maxie's. I used to come on and yell, 'Hey, Maxie! Jane Russell's out in front!' and he'd yell back, 'She always was!' "

Band puffed importantly on his cigar, and then said that he might just have Burt shot in the leg.

"Don't do nuttin to me," said Burt.

Huston strolled over, an unlit ciga-



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rette dangling from a corner of his mouth. Burt whipped out a match. "Thank you, Benny," Huston said.

"How you doin', boss?" Burt asked. "Everythin' goin' all right?"

"Why, yes, thank you very much, Benny," said Huston.

"You gonna rest up Bargin Lass?" Burt asked, referring to one of the four horses in Huston's racing stable.

"Uh-huh," said Huston, his mind obviously on something else. "Well, now, Benny, I need a closeup for the next shot. You might be good for it. You might be *very* good for it, Benny."

Burt could not contain his delight. "Sure, sure," he said.

Huston laughed and told him to be on the alert for a call.

SPORADICALLY, Huston received communications from Dore Schary, cheering him on. "There's been a little illness at the studio and some people have been absent," Schary wrote as the filming of the picture approached its end. "I've been working so darned hard that on weekends I've had to kind of stay close to home, which accounts for my inability to get up and see you and thank you and everybody personally for a film that I think is going to work together into a very important movie."

Two days later, Huston heard from Schary again. "The material continues to look wonderful," he wrote. "However, I have two slight concerns: (1) I think in some of the shots the dust is so heavy that we lose some of the effectiveness. It is, of course, very likely that in the cutting you plan to eliminate some of this and use the clearer sections. (2) I think that the laughing of the regulars is a little overdone when our new regiment walks past them after the fight. There doesn't seem to be enough provocation or motivation for this, and I am afraid that it sets up a general ambivalence that may hurt us, and, rather than creating interest, will very likely create confusion. The material with the General going past the men and the dinner invitations is wonderful—very rich, real, and human. Again, my best—and stay with it. Fondest, D. S."

HUSTON was going to play a bit part in the picture, as he did in many of his pictures. He had a three-day growth of beard on his face, and he put on the tattered costume of a veteran Union soldier and stood in the line of jeering veterans for a retake of the scene Schary had objected to. He delivered his line—"Hang your clothes on a hickory

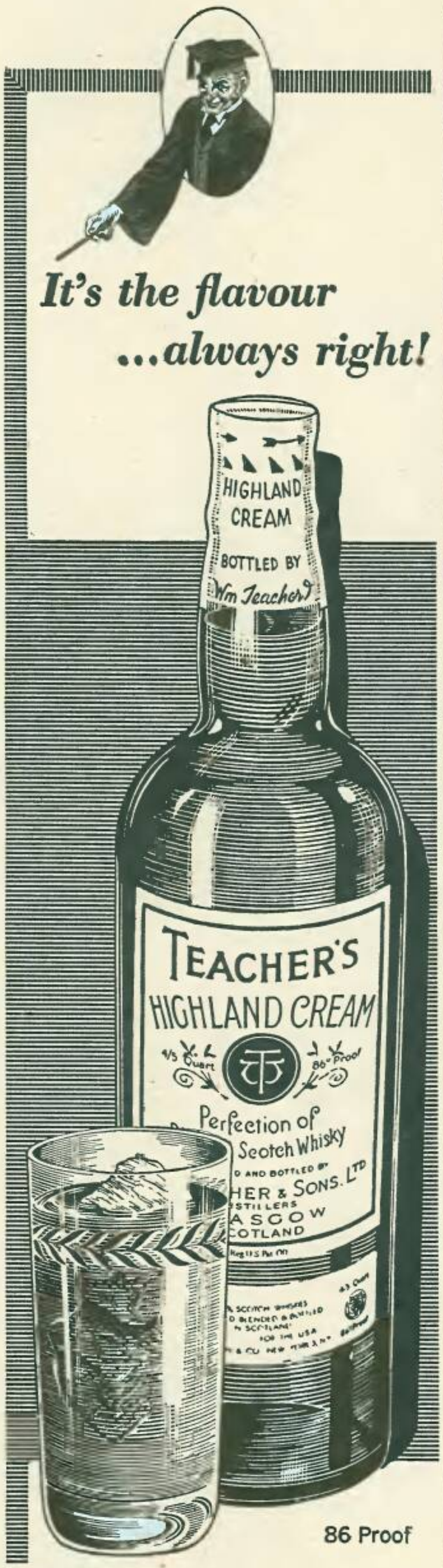


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limb and don't go near the battle!"—in a callous manner, showing contempt for the Youth and the other raw recruits. Playing the bit galvanized him into tremendous activity. He went about his work still wearing the costume. As the day neared its end, the air became cold, and he put on the bedraggled coat of a Confederate officer and sat on the running board of a sound truck, and listened carefully, through earphones, to the recording of Confederate and Union soldiers calling to each other across what would eventually appear to be a river. Without any lessening of energy, he invited Reinhardt and his crew up to his ranchhouse for a drink, and there showed them a present the leading members of the cast had given him. It was a saddle, to which was affixed a silver plate engraved, "To John Huston with affection from his damn Yankees." He put his arms around it and said it was just about the greatest saddle he had ever seen. The forward pitch was beautiful, like the fenders on a Rolls-Royce. "It follows the shape of the horse," he said, running a caressing hand over it. "This is as beautiful underneath as it is on top. It's abstract sculpture, that's what it is."

Reinhardt adjusted a beret he was wearing and yawned.

"No saddle has ever compared with it," Huston said to him.

"Beautiful!" Reinhardt said, suddenly enthusiastic, and then urged him to change his clothes so they could drive to the studio in Culver City. "We must talk about the music for the picture," he said.

"I've thought about that, Gottfried," Huston said. He spoke about the death scenes. "The music should have the feeling of death," he said. "The way it is when you're going under anesthesia. Circular. Coming closer and closer and closer."

"Great," Reinhardt said. "That will be great."

FOR the next two days, "The Red Badge of Courage" company worked at the studio, on a set representing the Youth's camp. They did some scenes of the camp at nighttime. In another part of the studio, a lot known as Joe Cohn Park, Huston did a retake of the shot of the dead soldier the Youth comes upon in the woods. The new shot, he said, was more satisfying—just as gruesome but not as stagy as the one he had taken in Chico.

SCHARY had been seeing the rushes of "The Red Badge of Courage" every night. "I'm really crazy about the picture," he said to Reinhardt. "It's got a great feeling about it. Audie is swell. Much better than I thought he would be. It's going to be a great picture. It won't be brought in early, but it'll be a great picture."

ON the last day of shooting their picture—they had gone three days over the allotment—Reinhardt and Huston sat in the latter's office and talked as if they had trouble thinking of things to say.

"God, it feels kind of funny, doesn't it?" Reinhardt said.

Huston was sketching nightmare faces on a pad, and he frowned as he sketched. "To be finished," he said, not lifting his eyes from the paper.

"Jesus!" said Reinhardt.

"Did you see the last shot in the picture, where they march away from the battlefield?" Huston asked.

"Yes," said Reinhardt.

"That ought to run and run and run," Huston said, sketching.

"Yes," said Reinhardt. "And you even got Audie to smile once."

There was a long silence. Huston crumpled the sheet he had been sketching on and threw it across the room.



"It's funny," Reinhardt said. "I feel funny. Now we deliver the picture into the hands of the octopus."

"I'm going away for a couple of days' rest," said Huston.

Reinhardt wanted to know where he was going. Up north, with Terry Wilson, the stunt man, Huston said. They were going to shoot ducks.

"I shouldn't say this," Reinhardt said, and he knocked wood three times. "But we've got something solid."

Huston laughed. "This is like seeing your sweetheart off," he said. "You've taken her to the airport. Her plane has taken off. You stand there. We'll never make 'The Red Badge of Courage' again."

Reinhardt said, "I think we've got something great. Very seldom have great novels become great pictures."

" 'David Copperfield' came the closest," Huston said.

Reinhardt said, "If 'Red Badge' turns out to be great, it will give you

and me terrific inhibitions about what we do next."

Huston said he knew what he was going to do. He was going to direct and collaborate on the screenplay for "The African Queen" for his own company, and he wanted the picture to make money. "I don't have any inhibitions about making a pile of dough, Gottfried," he added, and laughed.

THE company assembled in Joe Cohn Park and shot what they thought would be the last scene—a night scene showing the Cheery Soldier coming upon the Youth lying unconscious in a field. The Cheery Soldier was sprung on the company as a surprise; he was the well-known actor Andy Devine. (Because of the shortness of the part, Devine did not want to be given a screen credit.) With a good deal of bounce and zest, Huston urged Devine, who carried a lantern (lit by a system of wiring wrapped around Devine under his uniform) in one hand and supported Murphy with the other, as he guided the Youth back through the woods to his regiment.

"Anyway—dyin's only dyin'. S'posin' you don't hear th' birds sing tomorrow—or see the sun come out from behind a cloud. It'll happen jest th' same!" the Cheery Soldier said to the Youth.

"Dyin's only dyin'," Huston said in a singsong to Devine. "Pep it up, kid. Make it fast and funny."

"Dyin's only dyin'," Devine began, immediately catching Huston's rhythm. It was a fast and cheery scene.

After it had been taken, Callow brought a microphone over to Huston, and everyone gathered around. Callow said that, as the loudest voice in the company, he had been chosen to present Huston with a token of appreciation from the crew. The token was a pair of binoculars.

"Oh, God, isn't this something!" Huston said. "My God, these are just marvellous." Many of the crew looked almost tearful. Huston said he knew how hard they had worked for him. "This has been the easiest picture for me to direct, entirely thanks to you, and despite all the hardship I'd be willing to start all over again tomorrow," he said.

"I feel so sad," Reinhardt said to Huston.

"I never had a crew like this," Huston said.

"I feel so sad," said Reinhardt. He looked almost tearful, too.

Huston said, "I once told you we would never make this picture."

"And I said, 'It depends on us,'"





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said Reinhardt. "I'll never forget it."

Huston and Reinhardt shook hands and said they would get together in a few days, when Huston returned from his duck shooting.

REINHARDT had written a long letter about promoting the picture to Howard Dietz, vice-president in charge of advertising, publicity, and exploitation for Loew's, in New York. Dietz had written back that it was dangerous to ballyhoo a picture without stars far in advance. Now Dietz was making his bi-monthly visit to the studio, and Reinhardt had persuaded him to come along to the Beverly Hills Hotel for a drink with Huston, who had just come back from his shooting trip. Dietz and Reinhardt waited for Huston in the hotel bar. A bland man with a bored air, Dietz had collaborated on several Broadway musicals before he became a publicity director. He had worked for Samuel Goldwyn before M-G-M was founded, and it was he who devised the trademark of the lion and, with the advent of talking pictures, suggested endowing it with the celebrated roar. His boredom seemed to increase as Reinhardt tried to steer the conversation toward the promotion of "The Red Badge of Courage."

"We have terrific stuff in the picture," Reinhardt said. "We must sell it as one of M-G-M's great pictures."

Wearily, Dietz lifted his eyebrows.

"Wait till you talk to John," Reinhardt said, looking anxiously in the direction of the door. "I want you to talk to John."

Dietz sighed, and said he wished he were back home, playing bridge. "Why don't people out here play bridge?" he asked.

"You don't like it here?" Reinhardt said.

"I don't like it because I have to live in a hotel and I don't like hotels," Dietz said.

At that point, Huston and his wife walked in. Huston shook hands with Dietz and told him he had been shooting ducks.

"My icebox is packed with wild ducks," Mrs. Huston said.

"I hate chicken, but I just love the taste of wild duck," Huston said.

Dietz gave a bored half smile.

"I've been telling Howard about the picture, John," said Reinhardt.

"Oh, how are things going with it?" Huston asked offhandedly.

"We have terrific—" Reinhardt began.

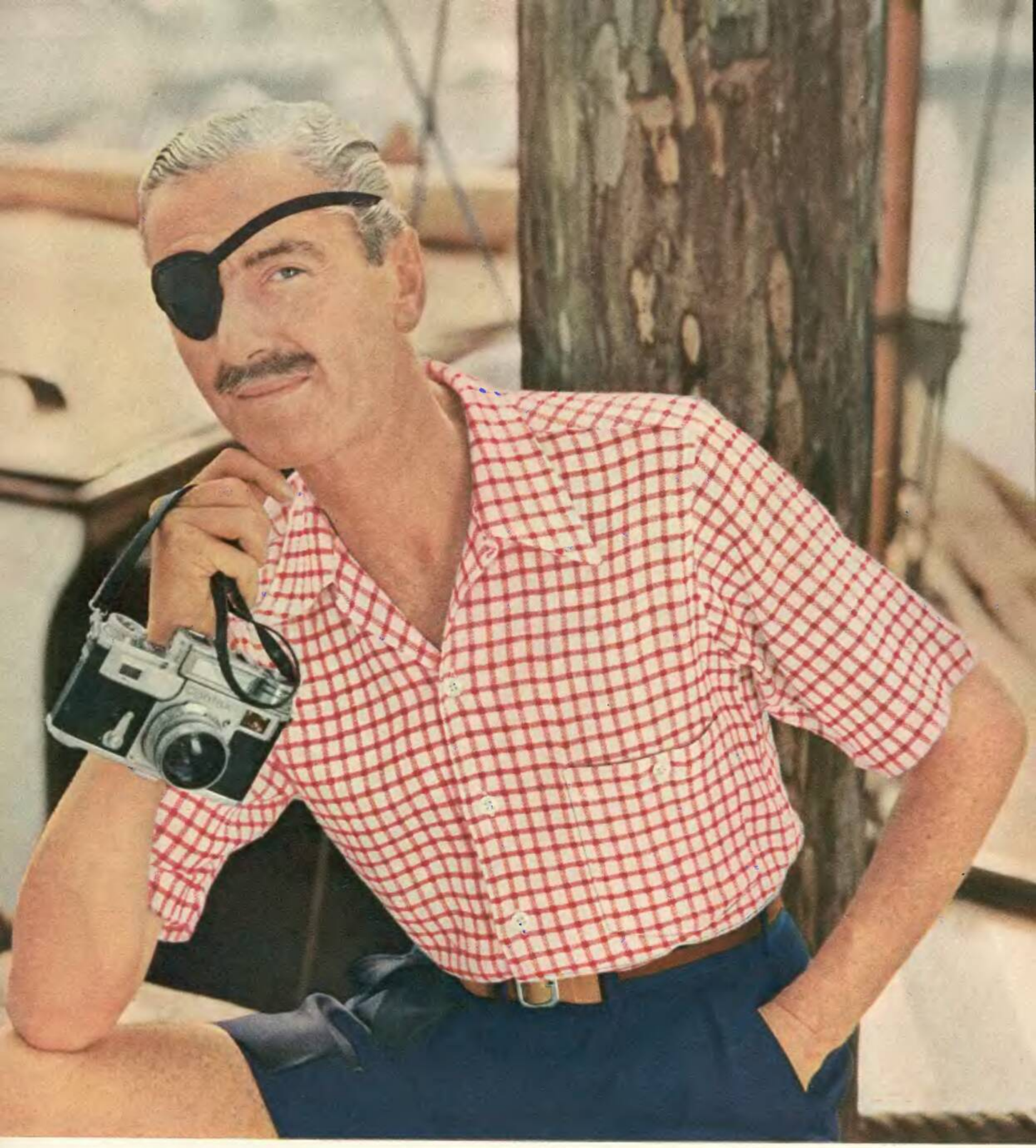
Huston did not seem to hear him. He



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was greeting Sam Spiegel, who had just come into the bar. Spiegel said that it was a great surprise to find everybody right there. "Maybe you can tell me when you will start to write 'The African Queen,'" he said to Huston. "So, how about dinner tomorrow night to talk about it?"

Huston nodded vaguely.

"What are we going to do about all the ducks, John?" Mrs. Huston asked in alarm.

"You just clean the ducks, honey, and hang *on* to them," Huston said, carefully enunciating each syllable. Suddenly, against an out-of-focus bar background, Huston, his beautiful wife, and the unanswered question about the ducks turned into a Huston scene that was full of mysterious, even sinister, possibilities.

THIRTY-EIGHT days had been devoted to shooting "The Red Badge of Courage"—four more than the number allotted. Of the estimated total cost of $1,434,789, $1,362,426 had already been spent and the latest estimated cost of the movie was $1,548,755. The first rough cut of "The Red Badge of Courage" was ready to be shown to Huston. Its seven thousand feet of film would take one hour and eighteen minutes to run off. The closeup of the old man with the lined face had been cut out, but when Huston, accompanied by Reinhardt and me, saw the film, he did not give any indication that he had even noticed it. The closeup of Huston as a ragged veteran had also been eliminated, but he said nothing about it. He made a few suggestions to Reinhardt for trimming one scene and for varying a long scene of the Youth's regiment on the march with closeups of soldiers and horses, but he said that for the most part it was a remarkable job of cutting. He seemed satisfied and ready to drop the picture as his concern, but Reinhardt held him to it. The picture was too short, Reinhardt said, and the story was not clear. "I wrote out my thoughts about this," he added, handing Huston a typewritten memorandum, single-spaced and three and a half pages long.

Huston looked at it impatiently.

"This is very serious, John," Reinhardt said, with the air of a man who takes pleasure in the seriousness of things. "Please read it."

Huston read:

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While I think the first-mentioned requirements have been admirably fulfilled by the film—and I mean "film," for now the footage must speak for itself, all good intentions, all arguments about faithfulness to Stephen Crane, all promises of the script, all preconceived notions that might easily be read *into* the film, must now be brutally disregarded as irrelevant—while I believe we have a spectacular, stirring, pure, and beautiful, and at times deeply moving picture, I submit this question to all who are helping to make THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE, and I submit it at the eleventh hour: have we done right by the Youth? For if we have failed to do that, we will have failed altogether.

What is the story of the Youth? (Let us not delude ourselves, however attractive the wrapping may be. The content is what matters. The picture must have a *story*.) One day, on a drill field on a Civil War front, we meet a young fellow. Unlike his comrades, he is in desperate fear of battle . . .

The memo went on to trace the sequence of the picture and declared that there was nothing in it to indicate *why* the Youth suddenly stops being a coward and becomes a hero. "A beat is missing," the memo ended. "The Youth's story becomes somewhat lost. The line is broken. Such a beat would also bring the picture to its proper length."

"You're right, Gottfried," Huston said when he finished.

Reinhardt looked pleased. He said he had run into Mayer a couple of hours before and had told him that "The Red Badge of Courage" had turned out to be a great picture.

"What did he say, Gottfried?" Huston asked patiently.

"He said only one thing—'Does it have a *story*?'" said Reinhardt.

The two men stayed at the studio late that night, working out scenes that they hoped would give the picture a story.

THE following evening, Huston and Reinhardt showed their picture to Dore Schary at the latter's house. A couple of hours earlier, Reinhardt went to a party Mike Romanoff was giving to celebrate the laying of the cornerstone of his new restaurant. Albert Band drove him and me from the studio to the party in Reinhardt's car. "I am so worried about Mocha," Reinhardt said, on the way. Mrs. Reinhardt was in



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New York, and there was no one at home to feed their French poodle. "Poor Mocha," Reinhardt said.

"Let's get on to the party," Band said. "Mocha will be all right."

"Mocha will go hungry while you stuff yourself at the party," said Reinhardt.

"Mocha will be all *right*," Band said peevishly.

"Albert," Reinhardt said reproachfully, "someday you will be head of the studio, but right now I think someone should go home and feed Mocha. *Then* he will be all right."

The site of the party was a large lot in Beverly Hills a few blocks from the old Romanoff's. A canopy had been set up, and under it were tables covered with food and drink. A crowd was already in an advanced stage of celebrating the new cornerstone when we arrived.

"Everybody is here," Band said, looking over the party. "Clark Gable. Everybody." He was about to join the party when Reinhardt told him that first he had to go feed Mocha.

"And stand over Mocha while he eats," Reinhardt said as Band started off. "Mocha is very nervous."

Band left, and Romanoff asked Reinhardt why he was late. "You missed the ceremonies," he said reproachfully. "You missed Ethel Barrymore's address." He touched his fingers to his lips in a gesture of acclaim. "She was better than Franklin D. Roosevelt."

"All that mortar and pestle," a lady standing nearby was saying. "Like it was for the cornerstone of a museum."

"No place else in the world will you find all this," a gentleman with her said, sweeping his arm at the party. "We've got everything in Hollywood. Where else will you find Picassos in the bathroom?"

Reinhardt, watching Ronald Colman



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and Clark Gable laughing and talking to Louella Parsons, took a Martini from a passing tray. "What are they laughing at?" he asked a writer named Charles Lederer, who was standing by.

"Don't ask questions. Laugh," Lederer said.

Reinhardt laughed.

Band returned to the party, Huston showed up, and the three of us drove off with Reinhardt to Schary's house. We found Schary in his living room, wearing gray slacks, a navy-blue blazer, a baby-blue sports shirt, and loafers, and looking relaxed and happy. With him were Mrs. Schary and Benny Lewis.

"Hello, baby," Schary said, grinning at Huston.

Huston gave Schary an affectionate slap on the back. "How *are* you, kid?" he said. Everybody sat down.

"Where ya been, doll?" Schary asked Huston.

Huston said he had been hunting, and started talking about ducks, but already the wall panel was sliding up, disclosing a white screen, and he fell silent.

The changes suggested by Huston at the previous showing had been made. Now it was Schary's turn to offer suggestions. "Benny, make a note about that scene," he said as the soldiers began drilling on the screen.

"Yes, sir," said Lewis.

"Make a note about the river crossing," Schary said.

Lewis made a note.

"Catch the guy saying 'Oh, no!' after the digging. It's too modern," Schary said.

When Tim Durant had his horse do a circus dance and shouted "Yippee" several times, Reinhardt gave a loud laugh.

"Got to do better with those 'yippees,'" Schary said.

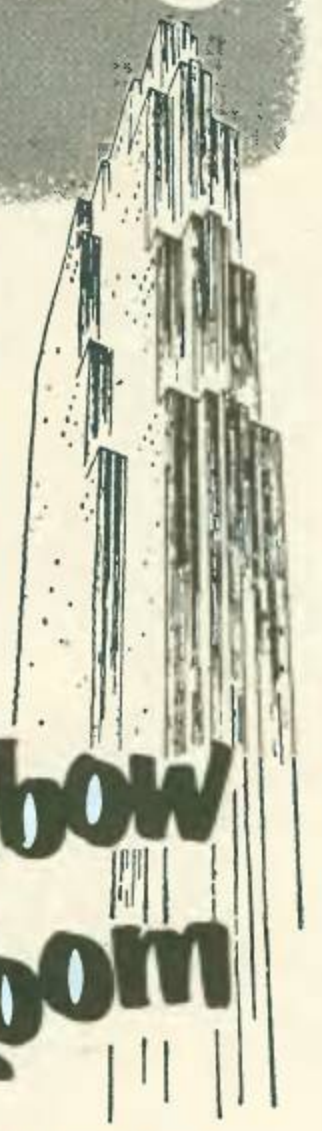
"We have some new 'yippees' we haven't put in yet, Dore," Huston told him.

The scene of the Cheery Soldier finding the Youth in the woods was too dark, Schary said, and the men all agreed that it would be best to reshoot it.

The lights went on. The panel returned and the white screen disappeared. There was a momentary silence.

"Sweetie, that line 'gone coon,'" Schary said to Huston. "We had a line just like it in 'Crossfire.' About being busier than a coon. We got two cards at the preview with objections. I don't

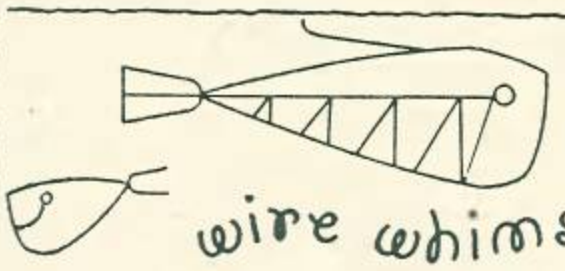
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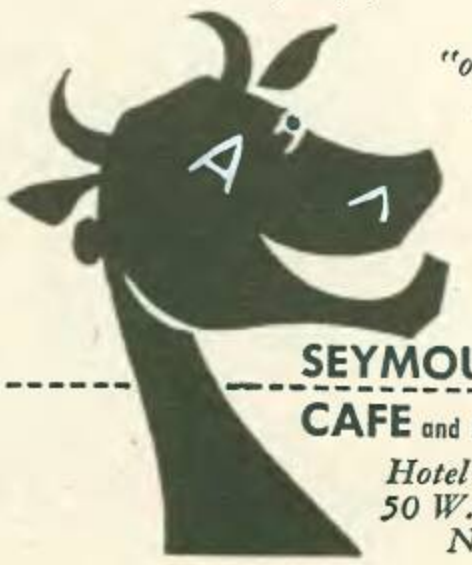
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think we ought to take a chance on this one."

"Possum," Mrs. Schary said. "There's a good little animal."

Schary immediately pointed at Band. "Say 'possum,' say 'coon,'" he commanded.

Band said quickly, "Possum, coon. Possum, coon. Pos—"

"'Goose,'" said Huston.

"'Gone goose,'" Schary said "That's it."

Schary then said that there was no fighting in the picture after the Youth's regiment met the enemy at the wall. Huston said he wanted to avoid hand-to-hand fighting, and anything else that would come under the heading of "North vs. South."

Schary said, "The main thing is I feel a lack of climax and culmination in the charge. You don't feel that grabbing and lifting up. What we had in 'Battleground,' for instance."

"Well," Huston said, "we've got one more criticism, and it's more serious than this." He stood up and, putting his hands in his pockets, said that the complaint was that the picture didn't show what the Youth's state of mind was after he ran away from the battle and before he returned and distinguished himself. "It's an emotional thing, rather than a logical thing," Huston said. "If there could be a quiet scene after the boy returns to camp. The Lieutenant with his back to a tree sleeping. Another writing a letter. And the Youth restless in his sleep. A kind of stillness. To show that the boy is not as he was before."

"The more we show of the Youth in camp, before he becomes a hero, the more of a story we have," Reinhardt said.

Schary said, "Dissolve to the boy lying there wide-awake and wide-eyed. Then dawn comes, and a bugle call."

Reinhardt and Huston agreed with Schary that such a scene would give the picture more of a story, and Huston said he would dictate it the next day.

The death scenes of Dano and Dierkes were great, Schary said—great scenes.

"It's good battle stuff, isn't it?" Huston said.

"Gorgeous," said Schary. "Gorgeous shots."

There was a pause, and Mrs. Schary told Huston that she had almost finished a painting and wished he would look at it. Huston said he'd love to. Schary suggested a change in the sequence of some minor scenes at the end of the film. Huston said that the sug-

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gestions were excellent, just swell, then turned back to Mrs. Schary. "Show me your painting, honey," he said.

"Dore," Reinhardt said, as Huston and Mrs. Schary left the room, "you think anybody will come to see this picture?"

Schary said yes.

Reinhardt asked him how he liked Audie Murphy.

Murphy was very good, Schary replied. "And Mauldin is good," he said. "He looks like Howard Hughes."

Reinhardt sighed with relief.

When Mrs. Schary and Huston came back, she told Reinhardt that she loved "The Red Badge of Courage," and to Huston she said, "You've got a good picture."

"Thank you, honey," Huston said, with dramatic earnestness.

"The picture has a great feeling of the period," Schary said as we were about to go. "It has real validity."

"It will be a great picture," Reinhardt said.

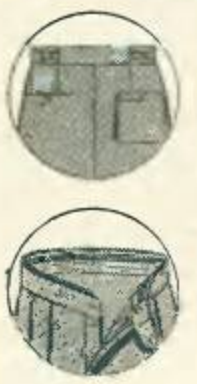
"Good night, sweeties," said Schary.

As we drove away, Reinhardt said, "Every night he does this. My God, the junk he must look at!"

THE next morning, Reinhardt found an advertisement in a motion-picture trade paper for "The Red Badge of Courage." It was illustrated with a photograph showing Audie Murphy chatting across a fence with the farm girl whose pig was stolen in the picture. In this photograph, the farm girl was looking worshipfully at Murphy across the fence. There was no such scene in the picture. The promotion on "The Red Badge of Courage" had begun.

HUSTON had his final session with Reinhardt and his key crewmen in a projection room, where they viewed the revised cut of the picture, including the retakes and the additional scenes in the Youth's camp that had been taken and that Reinhardt and Huston hoped would give the picture more of a story. The showing lasted an hour and twenty-eight minutes—ten minutes longer than the version they had decided was too short. Huston said that the picture looked padded. He was for clarity and direct, brief statement, and wanted no more film than was absolutely necessary. Reinhardt and Huston rearranged the sequence of several scenes and shortened some shots, and by such legerdemain they were able to move the Youth around on the battlefield so that he fought in the battle

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on film in a more satisfying manner than he had fought in the battle on the ground. Now Benny Lewis, working under the combined direction of Reinhardt and Margaret Booth, began to piece together the shots so as to imprint the Youth's revised movements on the film for what they thought was forever.

M-G-M had given Huston permission to suspend his contract while he made an independent picture, and he moved his belongings from his corner office in the Thalberg Building to a small cottage in the California Studios, in Hollywood, where Horizon Pictures, and his partner in it, Sam Spiegel, had their headquarters.

When Huston left, he left his picture, and his four-thousand-dollar-a-week salary, behind. He would now be getting twenty-five hundred dollars a week at Horizon, on his job of converting C. S. Forester's novel "The African Queen" into a screenplay. He left Albert Band behind at M-G-M, too. Before he went, he promised to arrange to give Band credit for adapting "The Red Badge of Courage" to rough screenplay form, and he told Band that he would talk with Dore Schary about giving him a new job. At Horizon, Huston seemed to have forgotten all about Schary, about Albert Band, about Gottfried Reinhardt, Audie Murphy, Stephen Crane, and "The Red Badge of Courage." Reinhardt was philosophic about Huston's exit from the scene after they had been together constantly for ten months. "You see a lot of your colleagues when you make a picture," Reinhardt said. "You see them, be they friends or enemies, and then the picture is finished and you don't see anything of them. Neither closeness nor distance affects the basic relationship." However, Reinhardt's work on "The Red Badge of Courage" would not be over until the picture was ready for release, and his work continually reminded him of John Huston. Also, he said, he was disturbed by the uncertainty about the future of Albert Band. Band missed Huston. He did not know what he was supposed to be doing for M-G-M, and he sat in his office reading. Like Reinhardt, he was on the first floor of the Thalberg Building, but, unlike Reinhardt, he had only a small office with a battered leather chair, a worn carpet, a desk, a typewriter, and an old couch. His name was not engraved on a brass plate on his door; it was typed on a white card placed in a slot, from which it could easily be removed. There



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were several photographs of Huston on the walls, and from time to time Band stared at them glumly. Finally, Reinhardt took the matter of Band's career in his own hands. He sent Dore Schary a memorandum saying that Band had rendered a most valuable service to "The Red Badge of Courage," not only during the production and the cutting but also during the preparation of the script. Reinhardt wrote, "I believe that, if given a chance, he would prove to be a great asset to the Studio as a writer, as well as, perhaps, one day, a director. In any event, I should like to put in a good word for him and ask you to keep him on the payroll and give him an assignment." Schary responded by offering Band to Reinhardt, and Band now became Reinhardt's assistant.

A SUNDAY-NIGHT party at David Selznick's is a kind of institution among motion-picture notables, and Huston occasionally dropped in on them. The parties were held in an elaborate Beverly Hills house that once belonged to John Gilbert. Late in the festivities one night when Huston was there, Selznick, who has been an independent producer for many years, drew him aside. "So you finished the picture," he said. "I'm really surprised."

"Yeah," Huston said, looking uncomfortable.

"I'm surprised they made it," said Selznick. "I'm really surprised."

"They made it," Huston said. "Dore was for it all the time."

"I'm really surprised," said Selznick. "How much did it cost? One five?"

"About that, David," Huston said.

"I'm really surprised," said Selznick.

They talked for a while about Schary's support of the making of the picture and Mayer's opposition to it. "I'd like to know what L. B. thinks of your picture," Selznick said to Huston.

"I wouldn't," Huston said.

BRONISLAU KAPER, who, Reinhardt told me, was a serious and talented musician, was now composing the musical score for "The Red Badge of Courage," and members of the sound department were adding sound effects to the film track. Production No. 1512 was the sixty-fifth picture Kaper had written music for in sixteen years of working for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He is a voluble man, in his late forties, who was born in Poland, and as a young man had a career as a composer in Germany and France. In the early thirties, L. B. Mayer heard him

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play some of his compositions in Paris and signed him to an M-G-M contract. He numbers among his talents the ability to beat two-four time with one hand while beating three-eight time with the other, and the ability to make remarks that will get laughs. While composing for "The Red Badge of Courage," he seemed to be constantly working hard at making remarks that would get laughs, depending for his wit on a mild and oblique insult. He always smiled whenever he delivered one, and, for some reason, the recipient usually smiled back. Kaper seems eternally cheerful, but he has a persistent look of dissatisfaction, together with a tremendous enthusiasm for composing music for pictures.

"Every picture is sick," Kaper told me. "That is my premise. We must take the picture and find out what it needs to make it well and healthy." He had seen "The Red Badge of Courage" three times. He knew every foot of it, he said, and what the picture needed would have to be supplied by the music—a strengthening of the continuity, and a definite viewpoint toward the major characters, and he gave me a brief lecture on how he planned to do all this. "After the Youth's regiment wins the first battle, the soldiers act happy," he said. "But I come along, and I tell the audience, with sad music, what is so good about this? I make a little ridiculous the whole idea of one American killing another American. Sometimes I bring phony emotions into the picture to wake the audience up. Other times, on a closeup, I stop the music. Some of the scenes are too punchy. I must bring them down. The music provides the sustained mood that will give the picture continuity and smoothness. The important contribution of the music is to tell the *story* of the boy. It must be told musically. This is a boy who is a coward, and then he becomes a hero. Why? The *music* will tell it. The boy sees two men dying. The two death scenes are the most overwhelming ever seen in pictures. This does something to the boy. The power of the death scenes eliminates the boy, so you've got to play the effect of the deaths *on* the boy. Which is the most important thing in the picture. I play the Tall Soldier's death by letting his breathing be the soloist. The music is the background to the breathing. When he dies, there is a sudden silence. No music. No comment. I give the audience a chance to make its own comment. The second death, as the Tattered Man wanders down the hill to die,

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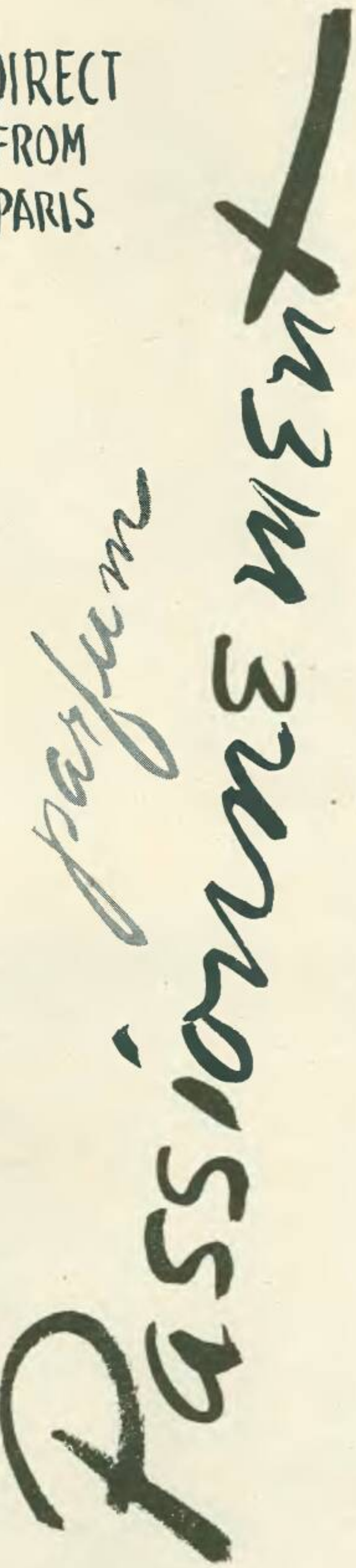
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with the Youth following him, I play with two instruments only. A trumpet, for the military death, and a harmonica—a gay tune—to show the irony of it. In the letter-writing scene, I said to John Huston, 'It is important not to get sentimental. The Youth is writing a letter home.' 'The boy is afraid,' John said, 'and it is funny.' I said, 'I don't know how to score him as funny.' John said, 'He shouldn't be treated tragically. He is a little ridiculous.' Then he said, 'Banjo!' A stroke of genius! We have a funny sound coming from outside while the Youth sits in his tent and writes. A funny sound to a sad situation. In this way, we give a *story* to the picture. It is musically interesting when the boy runs away from the battle. I play the fears inside the boy. The music is spasmodic. Like a heartbeat. The entire prologue of the picture, a short scene showing the Youth on sentry duty, will be silent. No music can be as loud as silence."

IN the meantime, Reinhardt was working with a writer named Jan Lustig and with Albert Band on the story for a picture called "The Burning Secret." During conferences with Lustig and Band on the general plan for the screenplay, Reinhardt digressed frequently to talk about other matters. One day, he told them that his mother, Else Heims, at the age of seventy-two, was starring in a play in Berlin. He then talked to them about their work and told them not to worry about problems like length when they were writing. "You can always cut later," he said. He told them he had taken up golf, because he wanted to have something he could talk about, the way other people talked about tennis or horses. He talked about Hollywood and said that he would never buy a house there, because deep down he had the feeling that he did not want to stay there. He said that Hollywood people were unsure of themselves as soon as they got away from Hollywood. "As Sam Hoffenstein used to say, we are the croupiers in a crooked gambling house," he said. He talked about what was wrong with the motion-picture business. "Dividends are still being paid," he told them, "but the assets are whether Gable is a star. Whether we can cook up a good story."

Reinhardt gave a sad sigh and went on to talk about "The Burning Secret." One of the problems they had to work out, he said, was whether to include an implication of adultery and, if so, how to do it and still leave plenty of room







for doubt in the minds of the audience. Another was whether the eleven-year-old boy hero should be shown wearing a Hopalong Cassidy suit. While Reinhardt was deep in this problem, his secretary came in and handed him an interoffice communication from Dore Schary:

DEAR GOTTFRIED:

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Will you please advise your directors of this circumstance, and during the shooting of pictures an effort must be made to make certain of values in a scene before shooting it. In other words, we will have to dispense with the "Let's try one just to see what happens" point of view.

I'm sorry, Gottfried, I couldn't get to see you before I left but I've been literally swamped. I'm anxious to see the preview of RED BADGE OF COURAGE and that will be the first thing to look at when I get back.

My best,
D. S.

Reinhardt put the communication down and turned back to Band and Lustig, and with what appeared to be considerable effort he again took up the problems of adultery and the Hopalong Cassidy suit.

ONE day in the middle of December, Huston and James Agee, the novelist and former *Time* writer, who had been hired to collaborate with Huston on the script for "The African Queen," were working in the Horizon cottage, trying to finish the script in time for Huston's and Spiegel's departure for Africa, where the picture was to be filmed. In the front room of the cottage was a false fireplace containing a gas log. Huston's Academy Award statuettes stood on the mantel. Agee was saying, as Huston paced in small circles, that the trip the river captain, Humphrey Bogart, and the missionary's sister, Katharine Hepburn, would make together down the river on the captain's boat in "The African Queen" could symbolize the act of love.

"Oh, Christ, Jim," Huston said. "Tell me something I can understand. This isn't like a novel. This is a screenplay. You've got to demonstrate everything, Jim. People on the screen are gods and goddesses. We know all about



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them. Their habits. Their caprices. But we can't touch them. They're not real. They stand for something, rather than being something. They're symbols. You can't have symbolism within symbolism, Jim." He paced the floor and said he was going crazy. "I really hate the city," he said. "I've got to get out to the country and get on a horse. I get all mixed up in the city. You know where I'd like to be this very minute, Jim?" He spread his long arms along the mantel of the fireplace. "I'd like to be in Mexico. God!" He gave a stifled laugh, and said he guessed one of the best periods of his entire life had been spent, in his eighteenth year, in the Mexican cavalry. "What a time that was!" he said. "Always going places in Packards. You'd go the rounds of the cafés. Then you'd go to somebody's *finca*. Then you'd play the next thing to Russian roulette. You'd cock a pistol and throw it up and hit the ceiling with it. It was great. Just great. I was their top jumping rider. God, those were wonderful days!"

Spiegel put his head in the door. Huston stared at him for a moment without saying anything. Then he pretended to be shocked. "Christ, Sam'l, for a minute there you looked just like an act Dad used to do in vaudeville," he said in a menacing tone. Spiegel came into the room and looked from Huston to Agee with a hesitant smile. "I was six when I first saw Dad do this act!" Huston went on in his special tone of amazement at his own words. "Dad played a house painter, come to paint this lady's house. There was a picture of her husband inside the front door. The husband's face would begin to make faces, and then this big head would shove through the door with electric lights for eyes. And I'd roar. And Dad would sing, 'I Haven't Got the Do-Re-Mi.' It was just wonderful. Ho! Ho! Ho!"

"So," said Spiegel. "How are things on the script?"

Huston said things were fine. "Only trouble is, Sam, we just demolished two weeks' work. Threw out every bit of it," he added lightly.

Spiegel swallowed hard. "When?" he asked.

"Just now," Huston said, with a forced grin.

"My ulcers are being formed," Spiegel said, and gave Agee an appealing look.

Agee seemed bewildered.

"We leave in four weeks," Spiegel said to Huston. "We must have the script before we leave."



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"Don't worry, Sam'l," Huston said, in the reassuring tone he had used in talking with Reinhardt about the script for "The Red Badge of Courage."

Spiegel said, "Beneath this façade of worry is worry. Did you get anything done today?"

"Don't worry," said Huston. "There's nothing to worry about."

"I like to *know* what I'm worrying about," said Spiegel. "Now it's that I worry and I don't know why."

"John," Agee said, "when are you going to do the retakes for David Selznick?"

Spiegel wet his lips. "You expect to do retakes for Selznick?"

Huston nodded. "David is in a jam," he said.

"You can't. You have no time," Spiegel said. "Why? Is he offering you a fortune?"

"I'm doing it for nothing," Huston said.

Spiegel shook his head. "You can't do it," he said.

"When a pal of mine is in a jam, I do what I can to help," Huston said.

"You can't do it," said Spiegel.

"Like hell I can't," Huston said.

"No," Spiegel said.

Huston gave a choked laugh. "Your ulcers, Sam'l," he said softly.

HUMPHREY BOGART, who had made a number of pictures with Huston, was enthusiastic about making another. He and his wife, Lauren Bacall, were getting ready to go to Africa. At the same time, Bogart was finishing "Sirocco" for his own company, Santana, a chore he did not especially care for. "Too many business worries," he told me one day in his living room, while his wife, with the aid of a writer named Richard Brooks and Mrs. Brooks, trimmed a Christmas tree. "The role is a cinch. The role doesn't bother me. I've been doing the role for years. I've worn that trench coat of mine in half the pictures I've been in. What I don't like is business worries. I like to work with John. The monster is stimulating. Offbeat kind of mind. Off center. He's brilliant and unpredictable. Never dull. When I work with John, I think about acting, I





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don't worry about business. With Santana, I'm bowed down with business worries."

"You and me both, Bogie," said Brooks.

"You know what my director, Curt Bernhardt, said to me today?" Bogart said to Brooks. "He was shooting the ending of a Bette Davis picture over at R.K.O. He said to me, 'When we made the picture, we couldn't decide on an ending. It had an unhappy honest ending, but it was not honest. The dishonest happy ending was honest. The ending now—it's not dishonest and not honest. It'll be something new.' At least they've got an ending. Santana has had eleven writers on 'Sirocco,' and none of them goons has come across with an ending yet."

"This you call a worry?" Brooks said. "Everybody I know is trying to lick an ending."

"Humphrey," Mrs. Bogart said, "how about giving us a hand with this tree?"

"I like to wait till the end," Bogart said. "Then I throw the snow on it."

"I have news for you," Mrs. Bogart said. "There's no snow this year."

"What's the matter? No guts?" Bogart asked.

"Don't pay any attention to him," Mrs. Bogart said to Mrs. Brooks.

"My shoulders are heavy with business troubles," Bogart said. "I've got to talk to the monster and get some comfort." He picked up the telephone and called Huston. A moment later, his face glowed. "Hello, you son of a bitch," he said. "When we going to Africa?"

IN January, 1951, Huston and Agee went to stay at a ranch near Santa Barbara, to continue their work on the script of "The African Queen." Reinhardt was worrying again about "The Red Badge of Courage," and he went up to Santa Barbara for a weekend to see Huston. When he returned, he was downhearted. Huston had been very busy. He had had to go foxhunting, he had had to see David Selznick, and he had had to work on the script with Agee. He did not seem interested in talking to Reinhardt about "The Red Badge of Courage."

"We do not have a great picture," Reinhardt said to me when he came back. "There is no story, because we do not show what the Youth is thinking. It is not in the script. John said he would put it on the screen. It is not on the screen. One day in my office, John and I acted out the scene where Audie grabs

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the flag and leads the charge. It was great. John was Audie, and he was crying. I was the Loud Soldier, and I was loud. The next morning, I went right up to see L. B. He usually does the acting. This time, *I* did the acting. I acted the scene out for him. Then I asked him, 'Isn't it great?' He said yes, it was great. But we still don't have it. Audie does not cry. The Loud Soldier is not loud. It isn't on the screen."

DORE SCHARY was vacationing in Florida when the trade papers carried lead stories reporting that his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had been supplemented by an option to buy a hundred thousand shares of Loew's stock within a period of six years at the then current market value, which gave Schary a chance of making substantial capital gains if the stock went up. The papers also reported that Nicholas Schenck and William Rodgers were with Schary in Miami Beach, where they were to attend a special showing of "Go for Broke!," a picture personally produced by Schary. There was no mention of L. B. Mayer in any of the reports.

WHILE looking around for new pictures to do, Reinhardt often said that he missed working with Huston. He wired Schary in Florida suggesting that he and Huston do a picture together about Colonel Paul W. Tibbets, Jr., who dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. "WERE IT NOT FOR NUCLEAR INGREDIENTS SHOULD CALL IT DYNAMITE," he wired. "IDEAL VEHICLE FOR HUSTON. SCRIPT COULD BE READY UPON HIS RETURN FROM SPIEGEL ADVENTURE WHICH SHOULD MAKE HIM EVEN MORE EXPERT IN DANGEROUS LIVING. URGE YOU TO CONSIDER THIS MOST SERIOUSLY AND TO MAKE COMMAND DECISION. HOPE YOU GRASP HEAVY IMPLICATION. HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS ON NEW CONTRACT. FINANCIAL SECURITY OF BOSS ALWAYS SOURCE OF PEACE IN EMPLOYEES."

Schary's reply was a memo saying, "I will discuss the TIBBETS story with you on my return. Everybody wants to do the story, so if we do close the deal I will not make any decisions until my arrival home. Meanwhile, get RED BADGE OF COURAGE ready for what I hope will be a wonderful preview."

METRO's promotion department got up an idea for a trailer advertising "The Red Badge of Courage"—

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when the title appeared the "Red" would fade out and "White and Blue" would fade in.

BRONISLAU KAPER played the score for "The Red Badge of Courage" on the piano for Reinhardt, and afterward Reinhardt told me that the picture might turn out to be great, after all. "The music says what Crane says in the novel," he said. "That was what was missing—what goes on inside the boy. I called John and sang practically the whole score to him over the telephone. He was delighted." Reinhardt looked delighted, too, and said he was going to talk to Schary about the possibility of M-G-M's issuing the score in an album called "The Red Badge of Courage Suite." He asked me to go along with him to watch the recording of the score for the picture.

The music was recorded on a large sound stage, off which was a glass-enclosed monitor room. Reinhardt and Kaper and I sat in the room with a man called the mixer, Mike McLaughlin, whose job it was to regulate the volume of each section of the orchestra and blend the sounds correctly. The studio's fifty-piece orchestra sat facing the monitor room. (The orchestra included some of the finest musicians in the world, Reinhardt said, and M-G-M paid its musicians better than most symphony orchestras. The first violinist's salary was $25,000 a year, and all the others had a year's contract guaranteeing a minimum of $15,000.) The conductor wore earphones, through which he could hear the dialogue of the picture, which was projected on a screen in back of the orchestra. A wide vertical line, called the cue line, moved across the screen, superimposed on the picture, to indicate to the conductor exactly when the music was to start or stop.

The main musical theme was a triad, three notes of the tonic scale in C major—G, C, and E—to express the Youth's fear. "The triad is great," Kaper said. "It is simple and tragic."

"We're going to have a big fight with Dore," said Reinhardt. "He likes music in pictures to be conventional, discreet, and unobtrusive. We come right out and say it."

"Dore should like this theme," Kaper said. "There is destiny in the theme. It is anticipation of something bad that becomes something beautiful."

One of the first sections of the score to be recorded was the accompaniment for the scene in which the Youth and the Loud Soldier, overhearing the General giving orders to attack, rush off to

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tell their comrades. Most of the instruments played a simple two-note theme for the attack, with a steady, exciting pulsation from the violins and short calls from the woodwinds.

"Not enough trumpet, Mac," Kaper said to the mixer. McLaughlin turned a dial and brought up the sound of trumpets.

"As soon as the audience *hears* the music, it's no good," Reinhardt said to Kaper. "We have to be careful."

As Kaper had worked out the plan for the score, the picture would open with the M-G-M lion's roar, accompanied by the sound of drums, which would be dissolved in gunfire, and then there would be the silent prologue, showing the Youth on sentry duty; that would be followed by a harmonica playing the familiar gay folk tune called "Kingdom Coming" for the main title—as the name of the picture and all the credits combined are called. Just as Kaper finished explaining this, the words "Produced by Gottfried Reinhardt" came on the screen without music. "Directed by John Huston" was accompanied by piccolos. "Music by Bronislau Kaper" had trumpets. Reinhardt said jokingly that if Kaper had trumpets, the least *he* should have under his name was strings. Kaper conferred with the conductor about putting strings under Reinhardt. Margaret Booth came into the monitor room at that moment, and Reinhardt told her that the music for the main title was wonderful. The orchestra started rehearsing the music for the letter-writing scene.

"I've been seeing so many pictures," said Miss Booth. "I just finished cutting 'Show Boat.' I cut two thousand feet out of it."

Kaper said he did not like the way the orchestra was playing.

"I think you're overdramatizing this little piece of music," Miss Booth said to him, and left.

"She walks in right in the middle of the recording!" Kaper cried. "This is impossible! It must stop!"

"Margaret likes me," Reinhardt said. "She wants to see that everything goes all right with my picture."

REINHARDT and I went back to his office, where we found Band waiting.

"Albert, fix me a drink," Reinhardt said.

Band went into the next room and returned in a moment with a highball.

Reinhardt sighed and sat down behind his desk. Doubts about the chances



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of the picture's being a hit were again assailing him. "I should have listened to Mayer," he said. "He begged me not to do it. He was like a father to me. He said, 'This is *thoughts*. How are you going to show the boy's *thoughts*?' I promised him we would show them. He told me about John's picture 'The Asphalt Jungle.' 'Pavement,' he called it. He said, 'I loved the picture, but nobody is going in.' " Reinhardt sighed again. "I never should have made this picture," he said. "I did it because I love the book and because I love John. And I thought that John would be able to show what goes on inside the boy. If we had narration for the picture—maybe with that we could show what goes on inside. But John kept saying, 'No narration.' Billy Wilder in 'Sunset Boulevard' had the nerve; after the man is dead, he has him do the narration. Joe Mankiewicz uses narration. Narration is good enough for them but not for John."

He sipped his drink in gloomy silence. Then he said that in the past he had always been able to sense impending catastrophe. "When I was making 'The Great Sinner,' " he said, "I had a wonderful cast—Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Melvyn Douglas, Ethel Barrymore, Frank Morgan, Agnes Moorehead, Walter Huston. L. B. Mayer visited my set. Anything I wanted, I got. Then, one day, I looked at the picture. And I tied a terrific drunk on. 'The characters are not alive,' I said. I had wanted John to direct the picture. The studio wanted him. He agreed to do it and then Sam Spiegel preëmpted him. I got someone else. So both John and I made bad pictures. *Before* the reviews, even, people would not go to the theatre. It was a catastrophe. I felt it coming. I feel it coming now."

TWENTY days after the date Sam Spiegel had set for his and Huston's departure for England, where they were going to stop over en route to Africa, Huston was still in Santa Barbara working on the script for "The African Queen." Reinhardt telephoned him there from his office. "Stranger!" Reinhardt said. "You never call me any more! You missed the recording. It was wonderful. It has the purity, the honesty, the tragedy, and the nobility of the novel. I am really crazy about it. I expect not too good a reaction from Dore, but you'll be just insane about it. In the first battle, in the lull in the fighting, they're carrying in the hurt Rebs. Very slowly the music starts. Very strange and eerie it is, and then we cut to the

bird singing. It is just glorious. I am just crazy about it. Wait. I'll put Albert on."

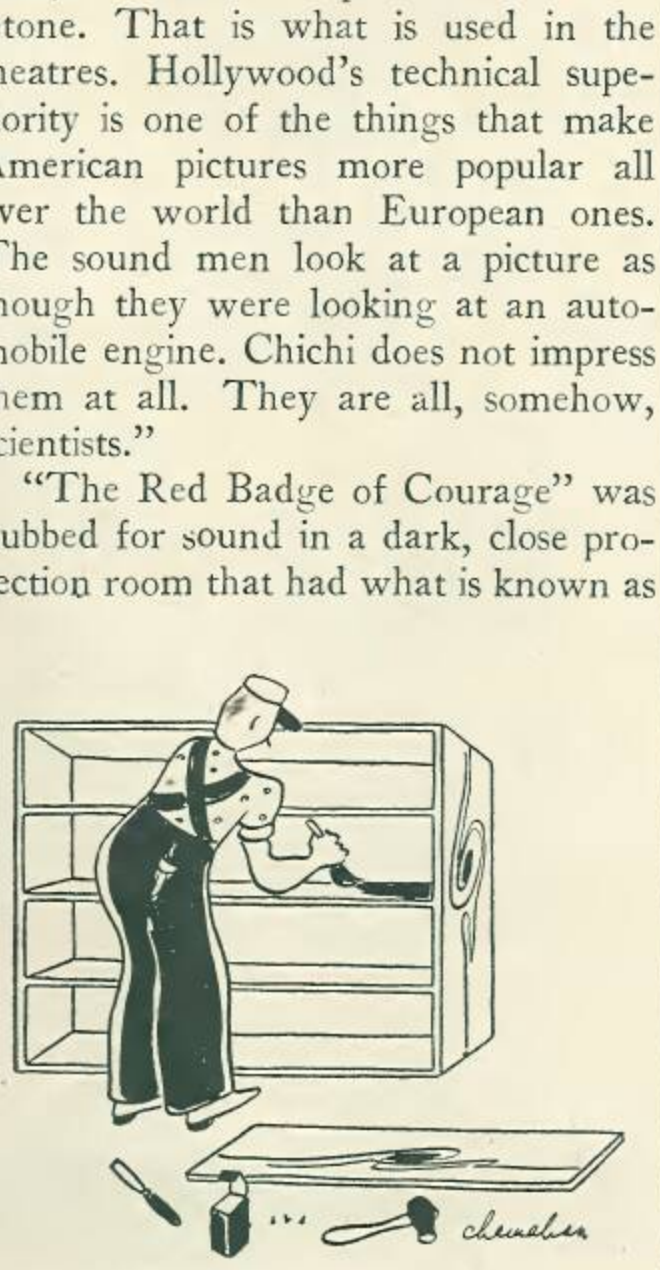
Band took the telephone. "John," he said, "you're going to faint when you hear the music."

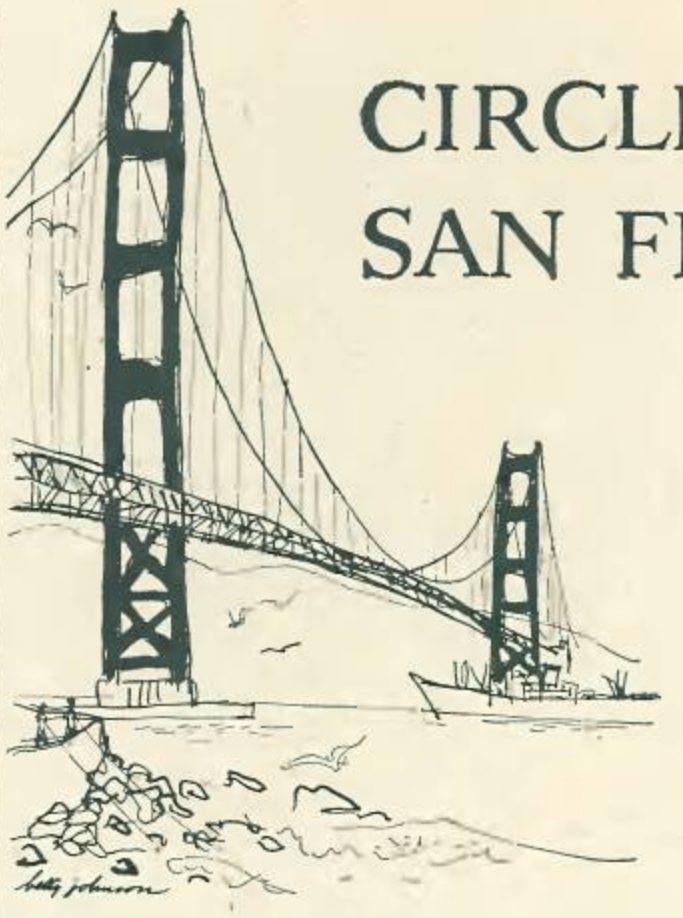
"Sing him the tune!" Reinhardt commanded.

Band sang "Kingdom Coming" over the telephone, and then Reinhardt took over again. "The title is just marvellous," he said, and laughed. "Piccolos under your name, strings under mine. You will go out of your mind."

DUBBING for sound is the process whereby all sound for a picture is put on a single sound track and synchronized with the picture film. "It is really simple," Reinhardt told me. "We combine the sound tracks made while we shot the picture with all the sound tracks we made here—the additional spoken lines, the gunfire effects, close shellbursts, far shellbursts, birds singing, murmuring voices, dragging feet, wind, water, crickets, music. We have three music tracks, including the orchestra, the trumpet calls, and the drum rolls. We run all the tracks through together and put them on a tape recording. This saves sound film. If anything is wrong, we can correct it before the sound on the tape is recorded on film for the final sound track. For the preview, we will have two tracks, one for the picture and one for sound. If the picture is O.K.'d by Mayer, Schary, and the other executives, we make a composite called Movietone. That is what is used in the theatres. Hollywood's technical superiority is one of the things that make American pictures more popular all over the world than European ones. The sound men look at a picture as though they were looking at an automobile engine. Chichi does not impress them at all. They are all, somehow, scientists."

"The Red Badge of Courage" was dubbed for sound in a dark, close projection room that had what is known as





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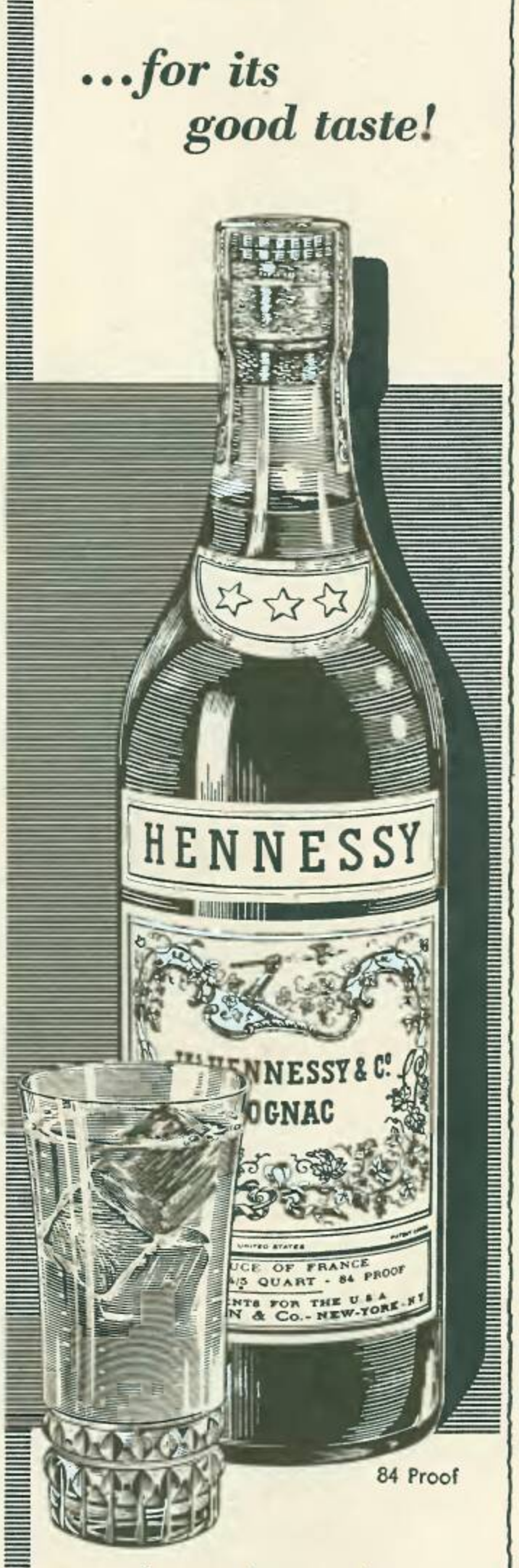


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a dubbing console at the rear of the room. Three men were seated at the controls. They were called Bob, Jimmy, and Sparky, and they all looked as though chichi would not impress them. They dubbed one reel of film at a time. For guidance, in addition to the picture itself and the counsel of Reinhardt, Kaper, and Band, the dubbers had charts showing at what point in the footage of each reel they were to dub in such effects as "soldiers yelling," "wounded men shuffling along the road," "bodies thumping in falls," and "horses milling." Reinhardt would hear too much caisson-rolling and not enough music, or Band would hear too much of the Youth's flight from battle and not enough artillery, or Kaper would hear gunfire overwhelming his drums. When Reinhardt said he did not hear enough birds, Sparky and Jimmy and Bob pushed buttons and turned dials on their console or phoned the sound library for more birdcalls. The sound men recorded and re-recorded and re-re-recorded until each one of the critics heard what he wanted to hear.

The process took five days. Reinhardt and Band and Kaper sat with Sparky and Jimmy and Bob hour after hour in the room, seeing the reels over and over, and working for perfection of sound—one more shellburst here, one less rifleshot there, the substitution of a bugle call recorded on Huston's ranch for a stock bugle call from the sound library. One of the most difficult reels to dub had four dialogue tracks, three music tracks, and ten sound-effect tracks, which included, for one scene, a set of sounds labelled "Chickens, calm" and a set labelled "Chickens, excited." They worked for a couple of hours on this particular scene. Band finally suggested eliminating the calm chickens, and then the sound was just right. When the dubbing was complete, Reinhardt thanked Jimmy, Sparky, and Bob, and told them they had done a wonderful job. Automatically, the sound men told Reinhardt he had a wonderful picture.

"The sound department is like granite," Reinhardt said to me. "The music department is hysterical, the sound department never."

THE first showing of "The Red Badge of Courage" to an outside audience was given in a large projection room at the studio. Huston came down from Santa Barbara for the big night. Reinhardt had invited the cast and crew of the picture, along with Sam Spiegel; William Wyler, the director, a close



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friend of both Huston and Reinhardt; an M-G-M producer named Sidney Franklin; Paul Kohner, Huston's agent; and Pablo, Huston's fifteen-year-old adopted son. Schary, who had returned from Miami Beach, couldn't come because he was home with a cold. The official preview of the picture was to be two nights later. Reinhardt told Huston that he had talked to Schary on the telephone, and that Schary had asked him how the picture was. "I told him that Bronny Kaper made the actors *act*," Reinhardt said. "When are you leaving, John?" Huston said he was leaving right after the preview. It was too bad, because he hadn't had the time to do the retakes he'd promised Selznick, he said, but then Selznick had persuaded him to forget the whole thing, and, besides, Huston had already given Selznick—and Arthur Fellows, an employee of Selznick's and a friend of Huston's—some help on the cutting of the picture.

Reinhardt and Huston turned up at the projection room a few minutes early.

"Is anybody here?" Reinhardt asked a projectionist, shakily.

"Did anybody come?" Huston asked.

"Pablo is here," Reinhardt said.

"Well!" Huston said, with his peculiar way of making the word expand.

Reinhardt and Huston looked at each arrival with the solemnity of people watching for relatives at a funeral. Mrs. Spiegel. Mrs. Huston. Mrs. Reinhardt. Audie Murphy. Tim Durant. John Dierkes. Reggie Callow. Hal Rosson. Paul Kohner. Andrew Marton. Lee Katz. Bronislau Kaper. Benny Lewis. Albert Band. Reinhardt sat down at the rear of the room. Huston sat up front. Reinhardt called him back. "I want all the family together," he said.

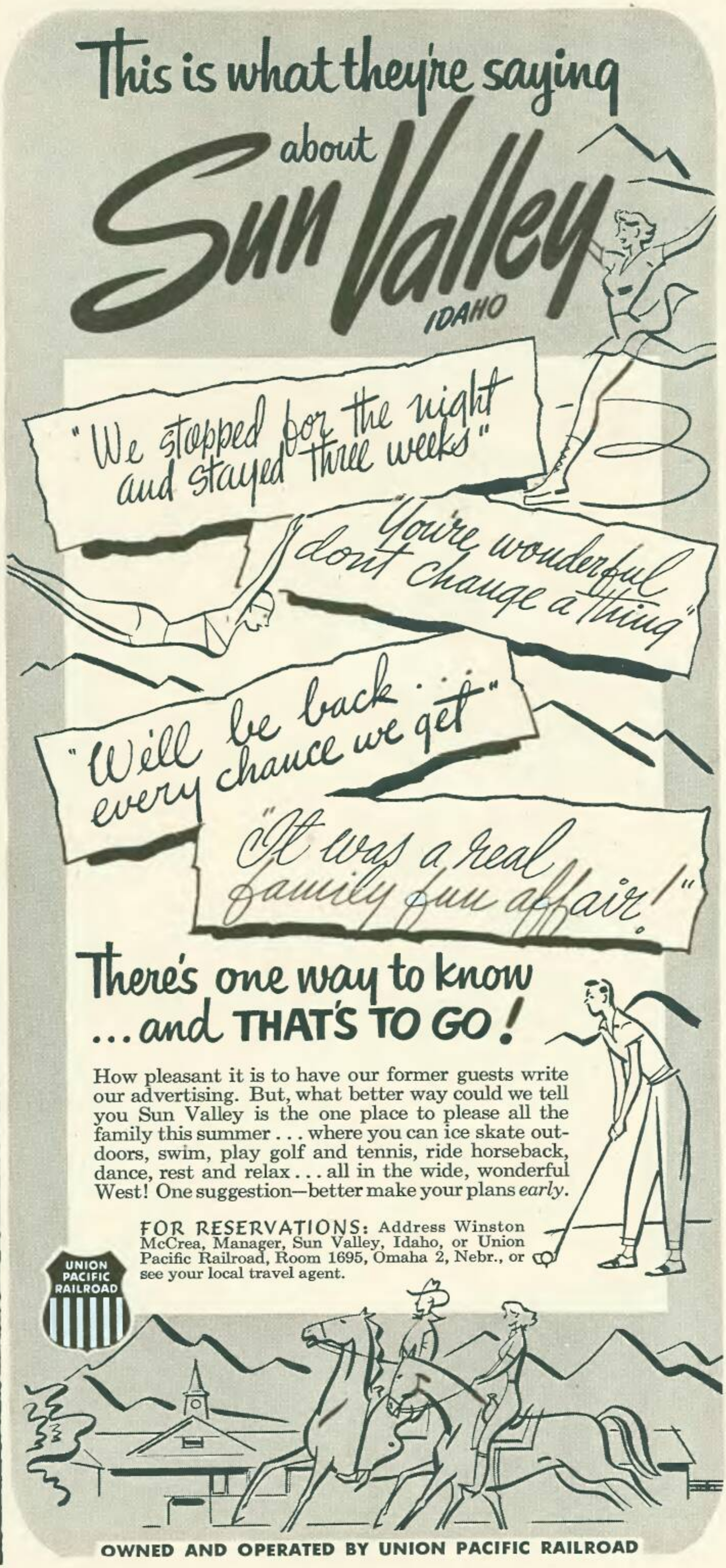
The lights dimmed. The showing began with a FitzPatrick travelogue about Holland, in Technicolor.

"I didn't think the picture was in color," Huston said, and forced a laugh.

The audience shuffled their feet, whispered, and looked around. William Wyler arrived late and sat next to Huston. "Is this it?" Wyler said.

"I didn't know it was in color," Huston said to him, and laughed nervously again.

Drums sounded and the M-G-M lion roared. Immediately, there was an awful silence in the room. "The Red Badge of Courage" started, with the prologue showing the Youth on sentry duty on the screen. Huston watched the picture with his mouth open. Reinhardt laughed unconvincingly at the



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first amusing scene and stared at his neighbors, as if to encourage them to laugh. He stopped in surprise when he saw that they were already laughing.

The audience appeared to be moved by the scenes of Dierkes, the Tall Soldier, running up to the hilltop to die and Dano, the Tattered Man, wandering downhill to his death. "Jesus, Johnny!" Wyler said to Huston as the Tattered Man died on the screen. "Jesus!"

When the lights went up, the audience sat very still for a moment. Then Kohner turned around to Huston and broke the silence. "Damn good, John," he said.

"Wonderful, Johnny," said Wyler.

"My congratulations, John," Band said.

"Johnny, wonderful, wonderful," said Mrs. Kohner.

"Well!" Huston said.

"It's a gem," Sidney Franklin said to Reinhardt.

Spiegel looked at Huston, obviously impressed.

"Terrific, Gottfried. Terrific, John," said Kohner.

"Well!" Mrs. Huston said, looking very happy.

"Boy, Dad!" said Pablo Huston.

There was a sudden surge of excitement in the room. Everybody was shaking hands with everybody else.

"He's the guy!" Huston said, his arm around Bronislau Kaper. "He wrote the music. I just made the picture."

"A beautiful score," Spiegel said. "I discovered Bronny. I brought him to Hollywood."

"I put my heart into it," Kaper said. "I worked harder on this score than on any other ever. I wrote my heart out for this score."

"Jesus!" Wyler said to Reinhardt. "That fella who goes down the hill and dies."

"Royal Dano," Reinhardt said proudly. "He is magnificent."

"Terrific dolly shot," Wyler said.

"Four hundred and fifty feet," said Reinhardt.

"Makes you realize that a war eighty-five years ago was tougher than a war today," said Wyler.

"We've got incredible stuff," Reinhardt said.

"It was the bloodiest war," said Wyler. "No Red Cross. Nothing."

"Incredible. The two sides murdered each other. We've got incredible stuff," said Reinhardt. "How is your new picture, Willie?"

Wyler shrugged. "It's all a gamble," he said. "The only way is to lose big or win big. You can have the biggest suc-

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cess or the biggest flop in the world—initially, it's the same gamble."

Mrs. Kohner came over and said, "Isn't it wonderful?"

"Great," said Wyler.

Murphy looked bewildered. "Seems I didn't do all that," he said softly.

"You sure looked good," Dierkes told him.

Everybody was now telling everybody else that it was a *great* picture. Huston hugged Reinhardt and said, "It's the best picture I ever made."

"You've got a picture there," Spiegel said, and pursed his lips.

Wyler and Spiegel wandered out together. "The worst that can happen, it will break even," Wyler was saying. "How much did it cost?"

"A million five, Willie," said Spiegel, with satisfaction. "So, it's M-G-M's money."

"M-G-M can afford to make this picture for prestige," Wyler said. "If they get the American Legion behind it— basically, it's that kind of story."

"The music was great," Spiegel said.

"M-G-M has nothing to lose making this," Wyler said thoughtfully.

Reinhardt joined them and stood beaming with delight as they told him again that he had made a *great* picture. He lowered his head modestly. "John embraced me and said it is the best picture he ever made," he said. "John is in the clouds." —LILLIAN ROSS

(*This is the third of a series of articles.*)

•

PRELUDE TO COMMENCEMENT

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Fly and you will not fall,
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Than all the birds together,
Cannot get off so light.

—MARIE DE L. WELCH

•

Once more the 1,400 onlookers were well satisfied with the spectacle presented to them on Saturday evening in the "Halles." Above all, the audience wanted to see their idol, Birutis, the renovator of the Mulhousian Basketball. They greeted him with ovations levelling his merits.—*Ulm (Germany) Weekly Diary.*

Bronx ovations?



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THE THEATRE

UNQUIET DESPERATION

EXCEPT for one brief passage of rather forced and anxious gaiety at the beginning of the second act, "Sunday Breakfast," the last ANTA production of the season, at the Coronet, was an unrelieved study in misery, bitterness, and frustration. Sometimes the characters simply sat and stared hopelessly off into space with a sort of morbid, Muscovite fixity, but usually they were in a state of noisy commotion—littering the stage with shattered props and the remains of meals abandoned in furious disgust, filling the air above it with insults and lamentations, thundering up and down the stairs in their desperate eagerness to avoid one another's society, and even, toward the end, working themselves up to actual physical violence in the form of an attempted strangulation.

The night I was there, the audience's reaction to all this was mixed. Some members, it seemed, were profoundly depressed by sufferings so intense and at the same time so monotonous. (A lady seated behind me kept murmuring plaintively to her escort that she'd like to go home.) Others, of a more cynical disposition, clearly regarded the offering as an unconscious parody of a whole school of lugubrious drama and chuckled appreciatively in the gathering gloom. There were a few in my vicinity who, to judge from their rapt expressions, found "Sunday Breakfast" honestly sad and moving, but they were a very small minority, and the general reception cannot have encouraged either the players or the management. My own impressions of it were mixed, too. For the most part, the piece struck me as tiresome, shapeless, and more than a little absurd, but there were some indications that the authors, a pair of newcomers to the professional theatre named Emery Rubio and Miriam Balf, have interesting things to say and the literary equipment to say them. In this case, they have written with obvious feeling, and even, occasionally, with a certain bleak humor. What they lack is restraint (an entire evening of woe piled upon woe is, as I've said, apt to have a rather numbing effect on the average patron) and a sense of dramatic construction (the final destruction of a group of people who were pretty conclusively destroyed at the beginning can hardly be defined as tragedy). These, however, are faults of inexperience, and it is quite possible that Mr. Rubio and Miss Balf will overcome them in their next play.

The plot, to get down to particulars, was concerned with the tribulations of a middle-aged jeweller who lived, with his family, in a shabby apartment over his store in a small Connecticut town. His business didn't amount to much, consisting principally of polishing silver, stringing beads, and humbly taking abuse from his customers, but it wasn't nearly as trying as the behavior of the members of his household, who, with the exception of his younger daughter, spent most of their time denouncing him as a failure and blaming him for their sorry lot. The wife, undoubtedly the most gifted nagger since Xanthippe, was the worst, but the others—an older daughter, who eventually sloped off to New Haven with a local rake, and a drunken, vagabond son—weren't far behind her. There was a glimmer of hope of better things when the little girl, who had momentarily escaped from the battlefield by running away, was returned by a police officer, and her relatives, at his suggestion, made an effort to present her with a picture of a happy and united family. Naturally, this project was doomed, and soon the tumult and the shouting rose again, louder than ever. It was all very discouraging.

Anthony Ross, who is incapable of giving a bad performance, often succeeded in making the harried jeweller a figure of genuine pathos, and Cloris Leachman and a remarkably self-possessed nine-year-old named Jada Rowland were admirable as the daughters. The others—Margaret Feury, Duncan Baldwin, Douglas Watson, and Jim Nolan—were not quite as successful in meeting the difficulties of the script, and I'm afraid that Stella Adler's direction didn't altogether work out, either. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•



Lt. G. O. Dobbs is with the guided missile division. Mrs. Dobbs will stay with her brother until her husband is definitely located.—*Silver City* (*N.M.*) *Enterprise.*

Wishful thinker.













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CISCO

HOMECOMING

ARTHUR WESTON leaned against the hardwood rail and watched the tugs approach the liner, which had slowed almost to a dead stop. The buildings of New York, hazy in the morning heat, rose in an irregular, jagged mass beyond the piers, and small orange taxicabs darted in and out of view along the waterfront streets. Slightly ahead of the ship Weston could see the green shedlike pier where they were to dock, and at the end of the pier was a cluster of minute, unrecognizable people, some of whom were hopefully waving handkerchiefs and colored scarves.

Behind and on both sides of him were the people with whom Weston had made the return trip, but he didn't speak to them, and they paid little attention to him, other than to glance without interest at the bundle of soiled laundry that he clutched tightly under his left arm. He had made very few shipboard acquaintances, and those people he recognized looked strange and preoccupied in their city clothes, and most of them were too busy scanning the pier to do more than smile, in an offhand sort of way, when their eyes met his.

All in all, they're a pretty uninteresting bunch, Weston thought. I'm glad I won't have to be seeing any more of them. He wondered briefly what they would all be doing that afternoon, and he pictured the various family reunions that would be held, the welcome-home gatherings with the neighbors, the weary routine of unpacking suitcases and trunks, and the gradually dying enthusiasm of those who by nightfall would have recounted the story of their trip to Europe at least four times, to as many groups of politely interested friends. "At least I'll be spared that," Weston told himself. "As far as *my* trip is concerned, the fewer people who know about it, the better."

The ship's whistle blasted out a hollow, vibrating roar that went on for several seconds, and as the echoes of it rumbled back from the distant buildings, Weston was reminded of the night, more than two weeks before, when he had heard the same whistle, echoing on the same waterfront, and had been prompted by it to take the trip from which he was now returning. It sounded different now—nowhere near as nostalgic as it had that other time—and he brooded idly over the fact that the same noise could inspire two such different reactions.

WESTON's mind drifted back to the night he sailed, and he saw himself and John Hartley, the friend he had come down to see off, as they stepped from the hooded gangplank onto the brightly lighted ship.

"I really can't stay very long," Weston said as they threaded their way through the laughing, noisy crowd toward the staircase. "I promised Maude I'd get the ten-thirty-five."

"You can't leave me now," Hartley said. "We're going to have a party. The Hodgkinses are coming, and the Hewetts, and Fred Crocker—we're going to have a real, old-fashioned bon-voyage party."

"Well, I'll have a drink or so, maybe," Weston said. "But I've really got to get that train. Maude'll be sore as hell if I miss it."

"Oh, pooh," said Hartley. "You can't stop now. Just relax and forget about the train."

They walked along a narrow, panelled passageway, and Weston was suddenly aware of a smell—a mixture of polished wood, clean paint, and the subtle, almost imperceptible hint of salt air—that took him back to the last time he had been aboard an ocean liner, nearly fifteen years before. He inhaled deeply and happily, and tried to imagine that the deck was rolling under his feet. He grasped the handrail on the side of the passageway and, for no particular reason, smiled at the three people in evening clothes who passed him going in the opposite direction. One of the three, a woman, was quite attractive, and she was wearing an orchid that was, Weston felt sure, a going-away present. Weston hummed a little tune to himself as he followed Hartley down the side passageway that led to Hartley's stateroom.



The stateroom was not large, but there were two beds in it—one beneath the porthole and one along the opposite bulkhead—and each one had a reading light above the low, shiny headboard. There were two armchairs and two clothes closets, and Hartley's luggage was neatly stacked in front of one of

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the closets. A door opposite the entrance opened into a gleaming white-tiled bathroom. Weston sat on the bed under the porthole and watched Hartley as he opened one of the suitcases and removed two bottles of Scotch.

"Why the double room?" Weston asked. "Are you expecting company?"

"All I could get," Hartley replied. He examined the row of buttons and switches near the door, and pushed the one marked "Steward." "They said they'd give it to me for the price of a single. Only trouble is I may have to have a roommate." He tore the foil from the top of one of the Scotch bottles and pulled the cork. "You want a short one before the ice comes?" he asked Weston.

"Sure," said Weston. He turned around and, kneeling on the bed, looked out the porthole. Two piers down was a gigantic ocean liner, its superstructure and funnels ablaze with lights, and its dark side spangled with the light that came from its portholes. Weston took the half-full tumbler of Scotch that Hartley gave him and continued to stare out into the night, examining every detail of the nearby liner and watching with an almost hypnotized fascination the shimmering reflection of the lights in the blackness of the river. Far to one side, out in the stream, a bright dot of green light crept slowly up the river and then disappeared.

The stateroom buzzer sounded, and Weston looked back and saw a short white-jacketed steward standing in the doorway. Hartley asked the man for a bowl of ice, and the steward nodded and vanished. Hartley poured himself a drink. From the passageway outside came the sounds of laughter and of many people, and then the squeaking, thumping noise of suitcases being carried through a narrow space. A tall, good-looking woman wearing a black dress and a mink jacket appeared briefly in the doorway, said "Oh, I *beg* your pardon," and then turned and went into the stateroom across the way.

Hartley watched her as she disappeared. "Well," he said.

Weston laughed. "Don't get your hopes up," he said. "She's probably only a visitor."

Hartley smiled and sat down. "To hell with her," he said, and sipped his drink. "By the way, I owe you for dinner," he said. "You caught that whole check."

"You owe me nothing," said Weston. "That was a farewell present." He held his glass up and squinted through it at the light, examining the small, oily

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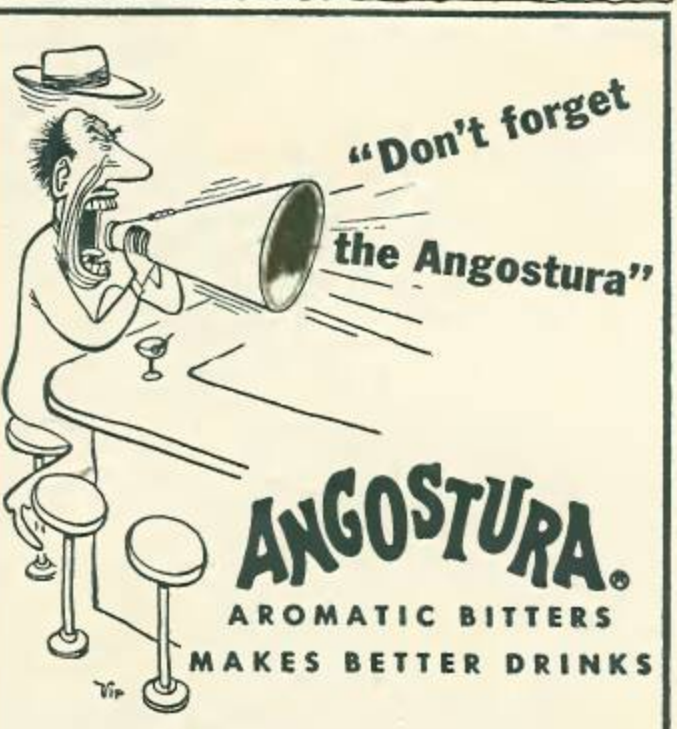
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currents that twisted through the liquor. "Funny damn thing about whiskey," he observed, after a moment's scrutiny. "To look at it, you wouldn't think it would taste good at all."

SUDDENLY, the doorway was full of people, and Weston recognized Fred and Mary Hodgkins and George and Alice Hewett. Each one of them was carrying a bottle of champagne.

Hartley rose as they came into the room. "Well, *there* you are," he said. "My God, you didn't have to bring all *that!*" He cradled the champagne bottles in his arms as they were given to him. "We've got enough here to—"

"Well, we didn't know how many people there were going to be," Mary Hodgkins said. "We wanted you to know that you'd been seen off, and seen off properly."

"This certainly ought to do it," said Hartley. "Wait a minute and I'll ring for some more glasses."

Weston moved over on the bed to make room for Alice Hewett to sit beside him. "If you want to cry a little, just look out that porthole," he said.

She kneeled on the bed and looked out, and her eyes widened and she smiled. "Oh, no!" she said. "Look at it! George, come here." Her husband joined her, and then Weston turned around and the three of them stared at the liner. "Let's go," Alice said. "Let's sail with John tonight."

"Wouldn't I love to," said Hewett.

"Well, *you'll* take me, won't you, Arthur?" Alice said to Weston. "Just the two of us. We can sleep in a lifeboat."

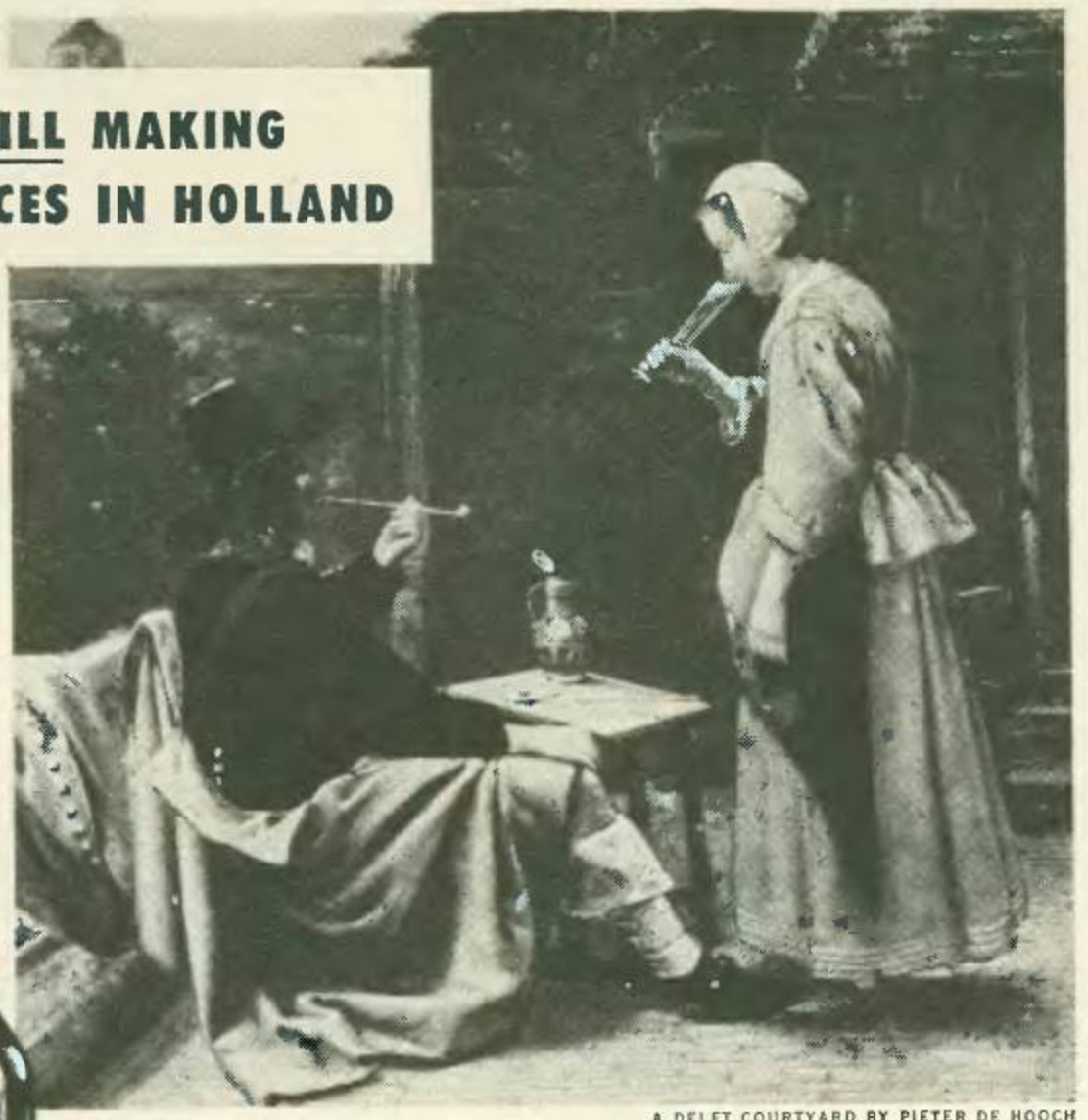
"You're on," said Weston, and then laughed. He had almost finished his drink, and a warm glow was seeping through him, making him feel cheerful and relaxed.

Imperceptibly, the noise level had risen in the passageway outside, and after the steward had reappeared with the ice and glasses, it rose in the stateroom, too.

Fred Crocker arrived about twenty minutes later, bringing with him a bottle of Scotch, and Hartley invited two people who had come into the stateroom by mistake to stay and have a drink, but they declined. They said, however, that they might be back later.

Weston was having a magnificent time. He had three glasses of champagne after he finished his Scotch, and he and Alice Hewett became hilarious over the idea of sharing a lifeboat on the trip across. Alice said that he would have to bring her coffee every morning,

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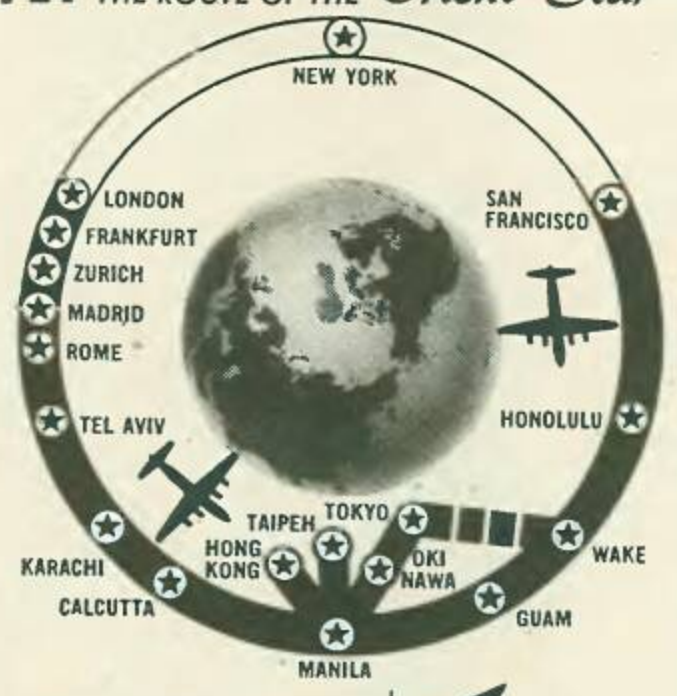


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because she couldn't get out of bed unless she'd had a cup of coffee, and Weston replied that not only would he bring her coffee but he would also go out right now, before the ship sailed, and buy some potted plants to make things more homelike for her. For some reason, this seemed terribly funny, and Weston's eyes were moist with laughter as he glanced at his watch and saw that it was ten-twenty-five. Well, there goes that train, he thought. The hell with it.

After a while, when the champagne was gone, they switched back to Scotch, and Weston told George Hewett his and Alice's plans, which Hewett said he thought were marvellous. He added a couple of bits of advice, for which his wife called him a bastard, and in the ensuing laughter Weston looked at his watch again and it showed eleven-five. "Stop looking at your watch," he told himself. "Who cares what time it is? So you missed the ten-thirty-five—is that so terrible? It'll do Maude good to wait, just for once. Just for once in twenty-three years, let *her* do the waiting." He thought of what she would be like the next day, of the icy silences and the monosyllabic answers that always followed any transgression on his part, and he became suddenly angry. Well, if she doesn't like it, she knows what she can do about it, he thought, and almost immediately he felt better. He finished his drink and poured himself another, then turned to Alice. "I've just had a really good idea," he said. "Let's the three of us draw lots for the lifeboat, and then rig it so that *John* gets it."

"That's the best idea you've had so far," Alice replied, smiling. For a moment, Weston had the impression that she was serious, and he sipped contentedly at his drink while his thoughts fell all over one another in a wild tangle of speculation. Well, I'll be damned, he thought, and took a deep breath. Then, for no evident reason, he began to chuckle, and finally he burst out laughing, and his laughter went unnoticed in the general hubbub.

Slowly, the ship began to develop a life of its own, and the decks and bulkheads throbbed with an increasing rhythm. Everywhere there was movement—in the passageways, in the cabins, and on the decks—and it was a movement that was slowly building toward a climax, generating with it an undercurrent of excitement and anticipation. In Hartley's stateroom, everybody seemed to be talking at once, and Weston, who was seized with a sudden



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urge to sing, found that he could do so without interrupting anybody's conversation. He sang softly and happily, and after a while Crocker heard him and joined in, and they sang several numbers, their faces so close together that their foreheads almost touched.

The brassy, shimmering sound of a gong cut through the noise, first from a distance, and then closer and closer, until it filled the stateroom; then it receded. In its wake followed the sounds of laughter, and of repeated goodbyes, and then the shuffling, bumping surge of many people moving in the same direction. The door of the stateroom across the way opened and four people backed out, saying their farewells to the woman in the black dress, who was radiant and a little tearful and, it seemed to Weston, quite beautiful.

In Hartley's stateroom, the Hodgkinses and the Hewetts and Fred Crocker began to collect their belongings, at the same time milling around Hartley and wishing him well and telling him to write. The women kissed him soundly several times, and the men laughed and repeated things they had said before. Hartley, his face flushed and his eyes slightly bloodshot, laughed at everything that was said, and put one arm around Weston's shoulder and drew Weston into the embraces. It occurred to Weston, who was in a state of well-being bordering on delirium, that never in his life had he had such a good time.

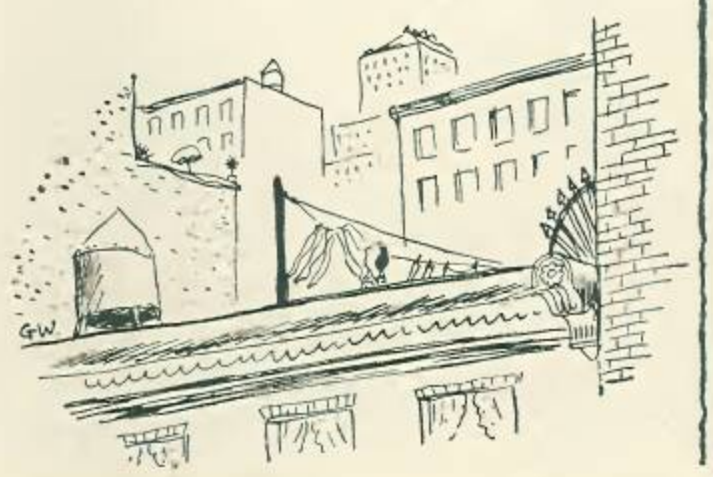
Then the others left, and Weston finished his drink and set the glass down.

"Don't go yet," Hartley said. "Have a quick one."

"O.K.," said Weston, grinning. Hartley splashed some whiskey into Weston's glass, and some in his own, and they drank urgently. "Son of a bitch," Weston said happily.

"Why don't you come with me?" Hartley said. "Just ride the old tub across and back. Do you good."

Weston's eyes widened, and he tried to think of several things at once, and then the low, throaty blasts of the whistle made the stateroom shudder, and his half-opened mouth spread out into a smile. In rapid succession, he thought





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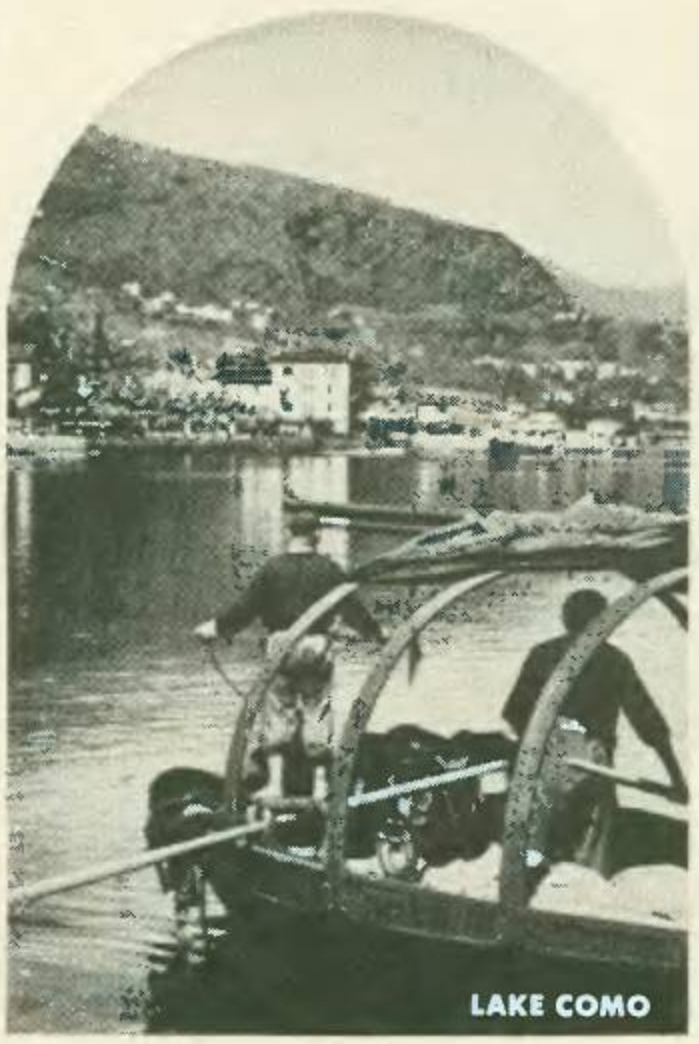
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of his business, his bank balance, and his wife, and in none of them could he find any insurmountable obstacle to his going. He inhaled deeply, like a man about to dive from a high board. "All right," he said. "You're on."

"Done and done," said Hartley, and they clinked their glasses together, and sat down and looked at each other, smiling. Then Weston started to laugh, and Hartley laughed, too, and they were still laughing several minutes later, when the ship trembled gently and slowly began to slide away from the pier.

WHEN Weston awoke the next morning, the first thing he saw was a bright blue circle of sky, bracketed by the porthole curtains. He closed his eyes quickly while his mind began to grope frantically among the blurred details of the evening before, and the last thing he could remember was that he and Alice Hewett were going to share a lifeboat together. With a start, he swung his feet over the edge of the bed and stared at the empty, rumpled bed across from his; then he noticed that he was wearing nothing but his shorts, and he rolled hastily back under the covers and looked dazedly at the ceiling. His heart pounded and he was panting from the sudden exertion, and he lay there for several minutes, listening to the rhythmic, hissing cadence of the waves outside and trying desperately to reconstruct the end of the evening.

The bathroom door opened and Hartley came out, rubbing himself with a towel. Their eyes met, and for a moment neither of them spoke.

"What happened?" Weston asked, finally.

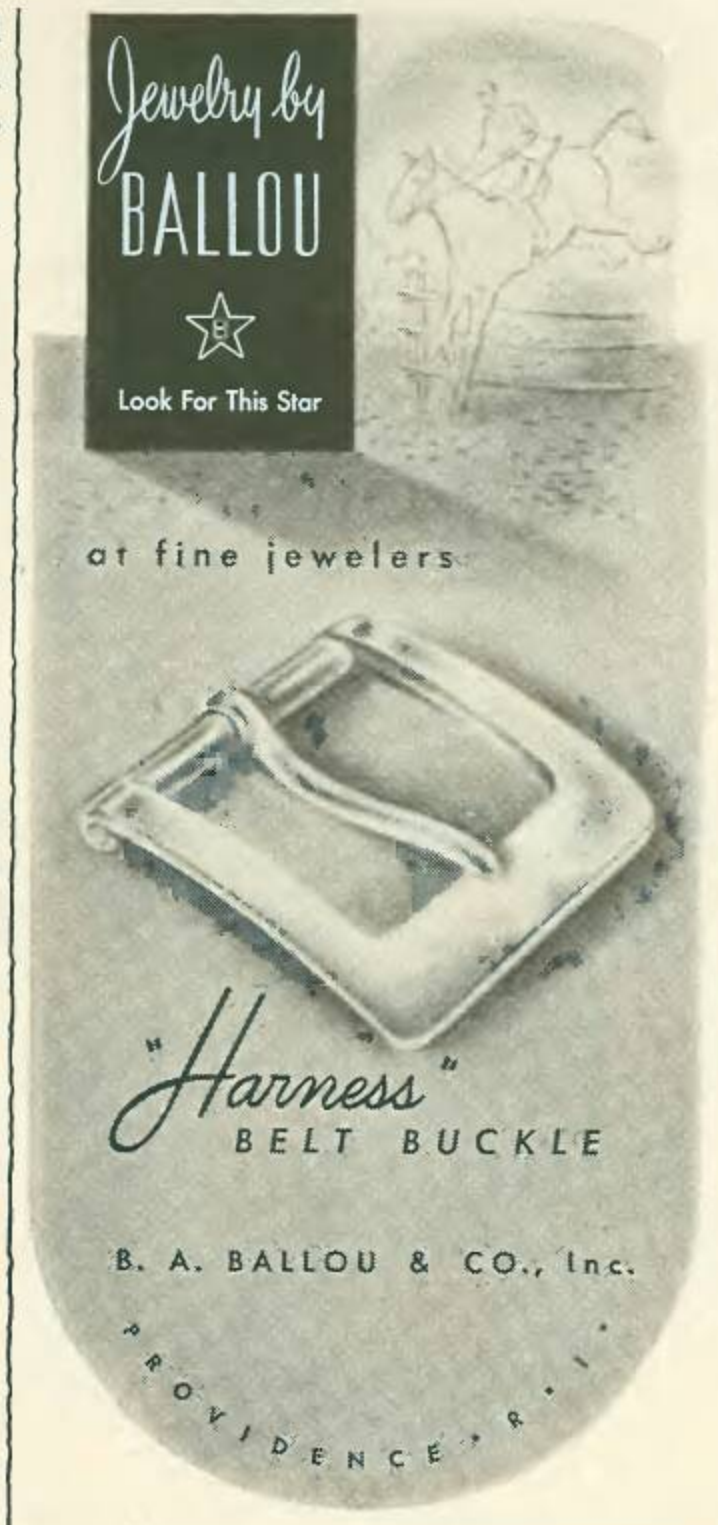
"That should be fairly obvious," Hartley said, and smiled. He leaned over and opened one of his suitcases. "Ouch," he said.

There was another silence, and then, slowly and carefully, Weston put his feet over the side of the bed again and sat up, holding his head in his hands. "Oh, my God," he said.

"Look at it this way," said Hartley, picking a clean pair of shorts from the suitcase. "It's too late to do anything about it, so you might as well relax and have a good time." He examined the shorts, and then stepped into them. "Come on—get dressed and let's have a drink," he said. "I'm dying."

"But I can't afford this," Weston protested. "It'll take all I've—"

"Don't worry about that," said Hartley. "I'll loan you the money. You can pay me back whenever you feel like





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it." Weston remained on the edge of the bed, trying to organize his thoughts. "For God's sakes, stop brooding," Hartley said. "This is going to be fun. You've needed to do something like this for a long time. Come on, now—pull yourself together, and let's get going."

WESTON felt a little better after his second whiskey sour, and after his third he began to feel that the trip was indeed what he had needed. Hartley's logic was, after all, irrefutable; there was nothing he could do about his situation, and he might therefore just as well have a good time, and enjoy himself as much as he could while he could. He picked a pretzel from the glass bowl in front of him and thoughtfully nibbled the crusted salt.

"I suppose I ought to be thinking about a wire to Maude," he said, and then grinned. "How do you think I ought to word it?"

"Let's see," said Hartley. "How about 'Having a fine time wish you—' No, I guess that wouldn't be too good." He laughed. "A friend of mine named O'Reilly once missed his train, and sent his wife a wire that just said 'Chaos.' You could use that if you wanted to."

"Let's think of another one," said Weston, and stared out at the sparkling reflection of the sun on the water. Suddenly, he laughed. "We're supposed to be playing bridge at the Piersons' tonight," he said. "How about if I just said, 'Deal me out'?"

"Or 'I'm dummy, let me get the drinks,'" Hartley suggested, and motioned to the bartender for another round.

Weston chuckled. "Nobody gets the drinks at the Piersons'," he said. He sang, to the tune of a popular song, "At the good old reliable Piersons', where there are no drinks to be had," and then a thought struck him and he put his head on the bar and laughed until his stomach ached.

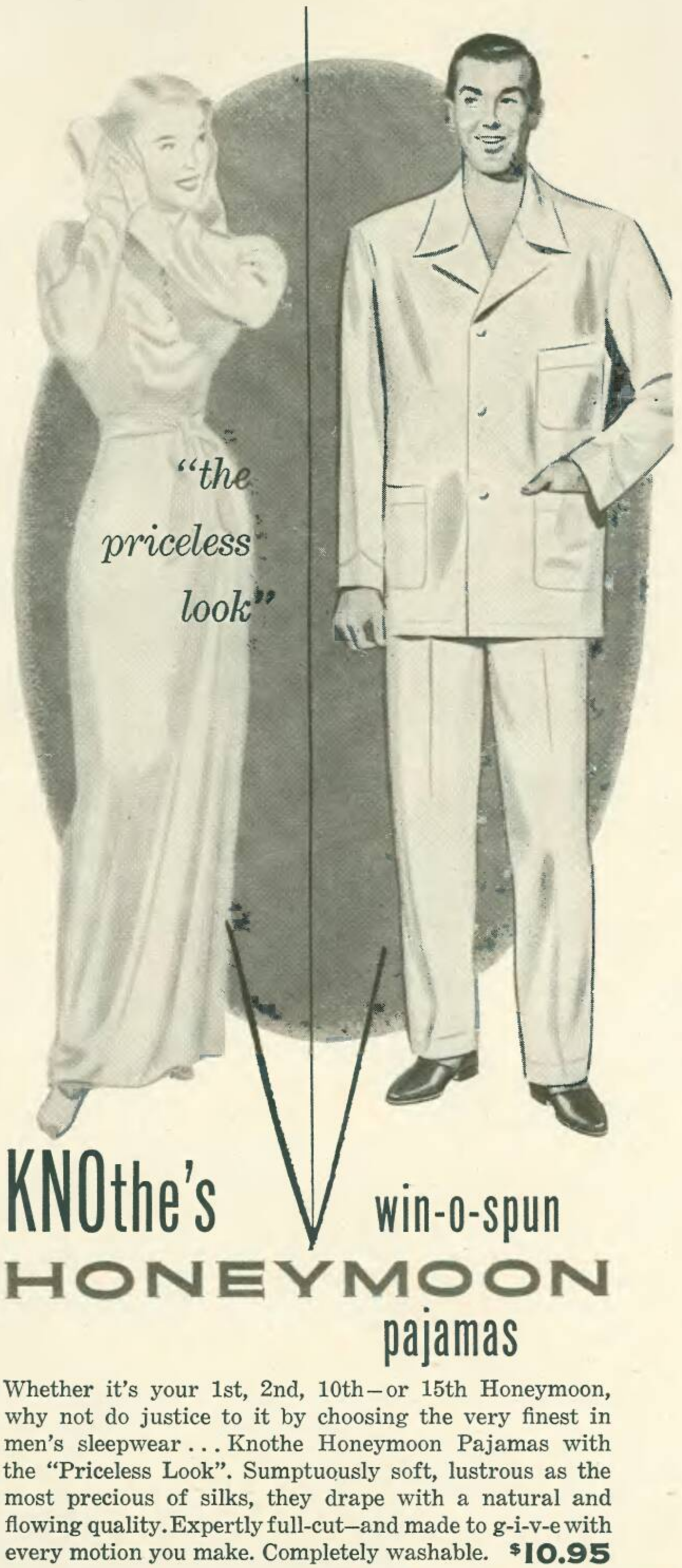
"What is it?" Hartley asked. "What's so funny?"

Weston straightened up and wiped his eyes. "I just thought, suppose Alice Hewett had sailed with us," he said. "Think of the wires we could have sent *then*."

"Oh, my," Hartley said, and then he, too, began to laugh. "Send one to George saying 'What are you worried about?' and sign all our names to it. Or—"

"How about 'Look, Ma, it floats'?" Weston put in.

"Better, 'Look, George, *she* floats,'" Hartley said, and they both laughed so



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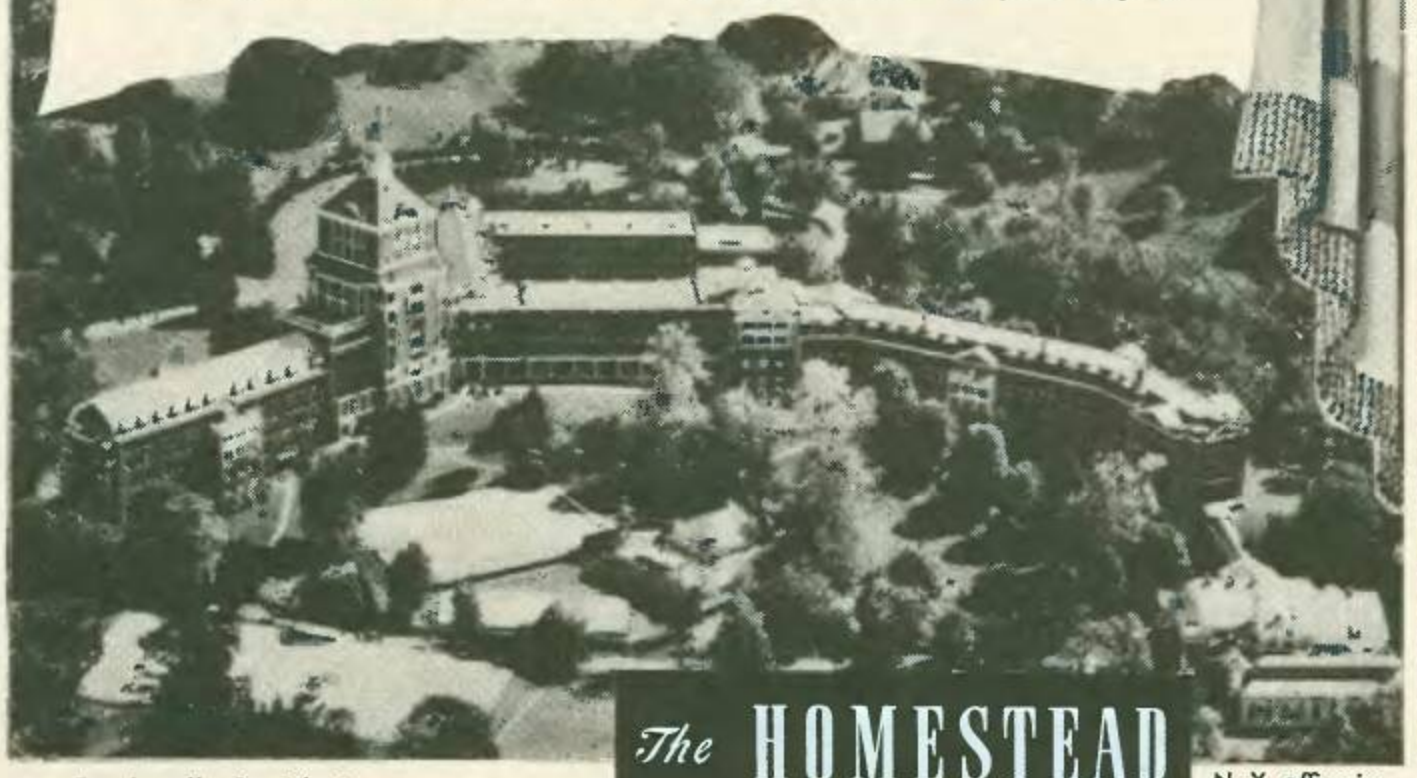
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hard that they had to hold on to the edge of the bar to keep from falling.

In the end, Weston sent a cable to his wife that said, "SAILED UNEXPECTEDLY WITH JOHN TELL OFFICE I'M SICK FOR TWO WEEKS LOVE." Hartley suggested that "much love" might be better, but Weston maintained that it was redundant and, under the circumstances, unnecessary. "Man can't afford to be sentimental at twenty-six cents a word," he said. "She'll get the idea."

They next went to the purser's office and straightened out the matter of Weston's passage, which Hartley arranged by cabling his bank to deposit the money for a round-trip ticket with the steamship office in New York. Then they went to the ship's store, where Weston bought some shirts and underwear and socks, and after that they walked several times around the deck, and then went back to the bar.

It seemed to Weston that they did nothing but laugh, all the way across. They didn't drink a spectacular amount, but almost everything they did struck them as funny, and Weston experienced a feeling of relaxation and release that he hadn't known for many years. They even took occasional workouts in the gymnasium, and became hysterical at the sight of each other on the electric horses. The woman in the stateroom across the way turned out to be accompanied by her husband, but they were an extremely pleasant couple, and on the third night out they invited Weston and Hartley to join them in the lounge after dinner. They both danced with her, and by the end of the evening everybody was on a first-name basis. Weston, who usually avoided dancing whenever possible, bought a new necktie the next day, then went to the barbershop for a shave and a haircut.

THE ship stopped first at Southampton, and then went on to Le Havre. When the low green hills of France came into view, Weston watched them with a feeling of excitement that was tinged somehow with sadness, and he wished that the ship would keep on going—to Gibraltar, to Naples, to Athens, to all the ports that he had never seen, which now seemed too close to be missed. Hartley, wearing street clothes and a Homburg hat, joined him at the rail, and together they watched the coastline grow larger, and saw the buildings and cranes and docks of Le Havre gradually emerge from the background.

"Well . . ." Weston said, at last, and

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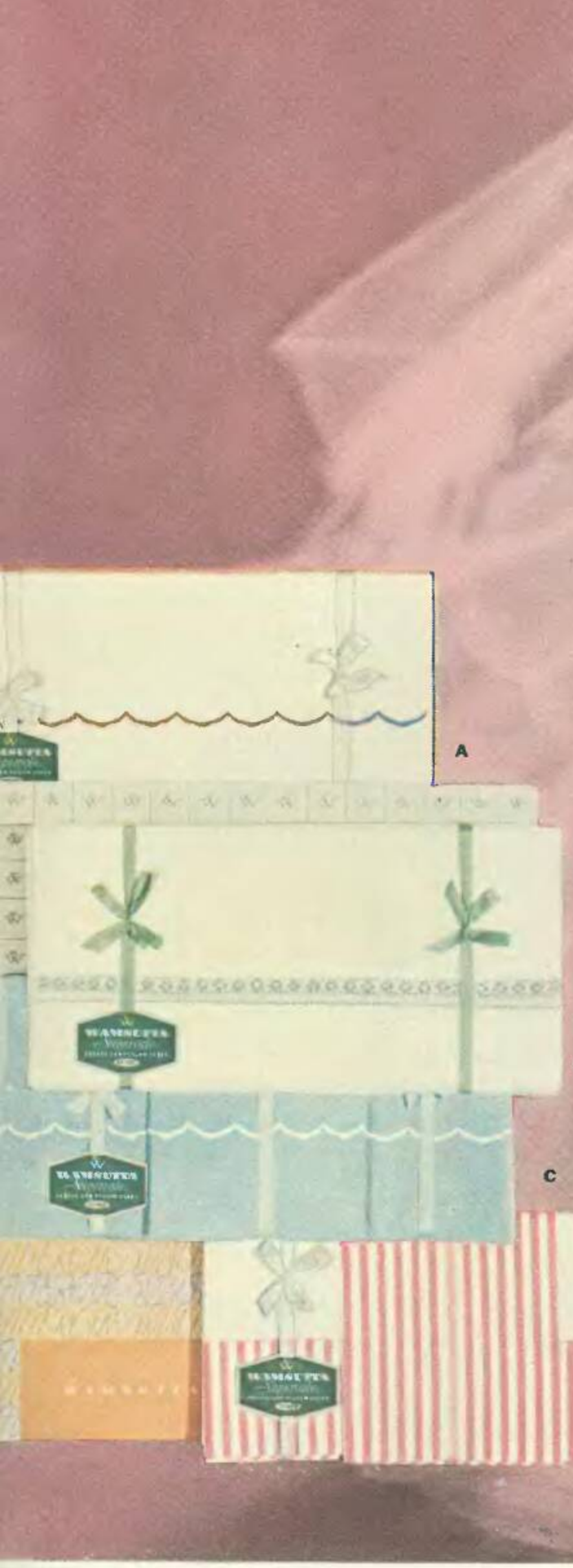
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then could think of nothing else to say.

"I wish you could come all the way with me," Hartley said. "It seems a shame to break this up now."

"Yeah," said Weston. After a pause, he said, "I'm lucky to have had this, though. Believe me, it's something I'm never going to forget."

"Maybe the trip back will be even better," Hartley suggested brightly. "You'll be the lone wolf—the scourge of the North Atlantic. Who knows what may happen?"

Weston smiled thinly, and said nothing.

BECAUSE Weston had no passport, he was committed to the care of the American consul in Le Havre. The consul was not particularly happy with the responsibility, and Weston spent three dismal days, during most of which it rained, reading old copies of American magazines and listening to the radio. He found that his French was even worse than he had remembered it as being, and his attempts to recall what he had known of the language netted him little more than the verb "to be." Hour after hour, it went through his head—*je suis, tu es, il est, nous sommes, vous êtes, ils sont*—until it had embedded itself in his consciousness with a kind of malignant rhythm. At the end of the third day, Weston would gladly have signed as a stoker on the first ship leaving Le Havre.

When he finally got aboard his ship, he found that he had a small, inside stateroom for two, in which another person's luggage had already been deposited. He wandered about the decks, smiling at the stewards he recognized, and when he walked past the stateroom he and Hartley had had, he saw that it was occupied by two nuns, the stickers on whose luggage advertised hotels in Venice, Rome, Capri, and Cannes. The door to the stateroom across the way was closed, but from behind it came the sounds of a child in the pre-tantrum stages of fatigue. Weston turned away and went up to the bar, which was closed, and then drifted out on deck and watched the trunks and automobiles and crated cargo being loaded into the hold. The rain had stopped, but the clouds were heavy and low, and beyond the harbor the Channel looked gray and choppy.

Weston's roommate was a thin, pleasant young man, who might have been good company had he not been seasick most of the time. In deference to the young man's feelings, Weston



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stayed out of the stateroom as much as possible, and spent most of his daytime hours reading in the lounge or, when the weather was pleasant, out on deck. He read a great deal, and occasionally, when his eyes became so tired that the type seemed to jump about the page, he would start a conversation with a nearby passenger, but these conversations were seldom particularly rewarding. Once, he had the bad luck to pick a man who had been in the Navy, and was forced to listen to a three-quarter-hour description of Atlantic convoy duty before the dinner bell provided him with an escape. That night, he had several highballs after dinner, and as the evening wore on, he tried to give the impression that he was a U.N. delegate on an important mission, but nobody seemed interested, and he finally gave up the idea and went to bed.

There was a young lady at Weston's dinner table who aroused in him a brief spark of interest, but it was a clinical kind of interest, which didn't stimulate him to any great extent. Her name was Gellburn, or Hellburn, or Millburn—he couldn't remember which—and she was tall and thin, and had pale-blue eyes and long, dark hair, which was braided on her head like a coronet. Her conversation was usually confined to the needs of the moment, but one morning, when the sea had been rough for about twenty-four hours, she came down to breakfast with her eyes sparkling and a flush of excitement on her cheeks. She and Weston were the only ones at the table, and she drank her orange juice quickly and then looked at him.

"I went out on deck last night," she said. "The spray was coming over the bow in great *clouds*, and I thought how wonderful it would be to take off all my clothes and stand there naked, in the front of the boat and let the spray just *lash* at me. Wouldn't that be exciting?"

Weston set down his coffee cup and reached in his pocket for a cigarette, looking at the girl as he did so. "Well," he said slowly, "now that you mention it—ah—I—yes, I suppose it would. A little dangerous, I guess, though." He lit his cigarette, and the girl wrenched a roll apart and buttered it quickly.

"Who cares about the danger?" she said. "Think of the thrill!"

"True," said Weston. "True." He drank the last of his coffee, then excused himself and went up on deck. He finished his cigarette, flipped it away, and watched it soar like a gull in the wind, after which he got a book and drifted into the lounge to read. He thought

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As the ship neared New York, Weston had the feeling that he was sailing into a huge, slowly narrowing tunnel. A depression settled over him that he couldn't shake off, and at the ship's party, the last night out, he tried to bolster his spirits with a bottle of champagne, and succeeded only in developing a headache and a sour taste in his mouth, both of which lasted well into the following morning.

As he stood at the rail and watched the tugs nudge alongside the ship, he thought of Hartley, and wondered briefly what he was doing, and then he looked across at the pier and at the crowds of waving, shouting people, and in his mind he began to frame his opening sentence to his wife.

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

•

INSOMNIA

Midnight:
kill the light.

One:
thoughts still run.

Two:
what can I do, what can I do?

Three:
all asleep but me.

Four:
something breathing under the door.

Five:
the window comes alive.

Six:
sleep and waking mix.

Seven:
at least, still living.

Eight:
up, a little late.

Nine:
fine, thanks, fine.

—GILBERT HIGHET

•

There is even an impressive and increasingly convincing body of scientific evidence that personal cleanliness, for instance, may increase your susceptibility to viruses. The theory is that cleanliness protects children from viral infection, but, for that reason, they do not build up immunities early in life. Clean and well-fed American youngsters, on this basis, are at a disadvantage when they grow up in a world populated by alien viruses.—*The Times.*

O.K., McCarran, get to work on *that* one!



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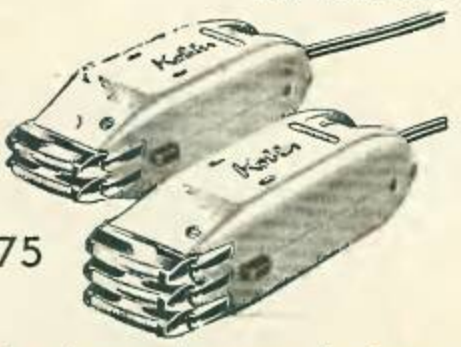


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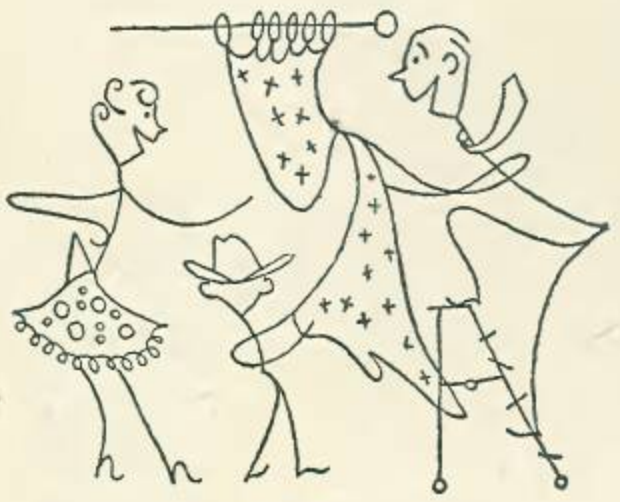
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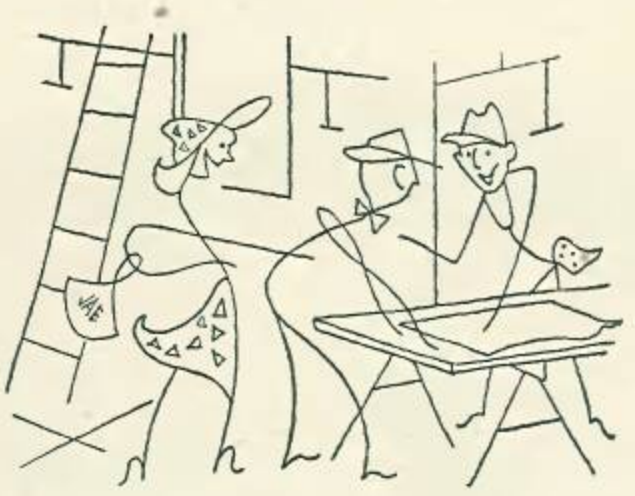
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40,709 families last year planked down $2.50 apiece to own an American Home Menu Maker, bringing the total of Menu Makers now in use to over 340,000.



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



IT is curious, considering how many earnest people are making careers of improving the deportment of our dogs, that there is an increasing reluctance on the part of railroads and hotels to receive them, and that even the most hospitable friends are rarely known to insist, beyond a point, on a guest's bringing along his dog for the weekend. What is vacation time for everybody else is apt to create a cheerless dislocation in a dog's life, and a good many people are already worrying about how to keep their pets happy and healthy while they themselves are away on long or short holidays this coming summer.

Ever eager to be of assistance, I recently put in some time investigating various establishments that take in dog boarders and, while I was at it, looking in on a few that perform other beneficial services. So many of these concerns, in spite of all their fancy buildup, seem incapable of making a dog happy, or even of keeping him very healthy, that a report on some of the dependable people who stand ready to lead our pets to a fuller life may be useful. And if there seems to be a disproportionate amount of attention to poodles among these practitioners—well, that's the way things are.

Anyone who has any interest at all in what's going on in the dog world is familiar with the names of at least two of its outstanding figures—Miss Blanche Saunders, the best-known exponent of obedience training, and Mrs. Olga Hone Rogers, who believes that if a dog grows up among people who allow its good instincts to develop, it will just naturally become a pleasant companion and a well-adjusted member of society. What may not be so well known about these two women is that both provide agreeable quarters for canines temporarily at loose ends. Miss Saunders, together with Miss Louise Branch, operates the Carillon Kennels, at Quaker Hill, in Pawling, New York, where a limited number of poodles are boarded—the minimum sojourn is three months—at a tariff of from $45 to $55 a month, depending on the dog's size. No educational program is undertaken at the kennels, but if you are looking for kind and intelligent care for your animal, and just about ideal surroundings for him, you need go no farther. The dogs are lodged in good-size private pens that open into outdoor runs, and are fed once or twice a day, depending on their habits and needs; they are brushed two or three times a week and are given the most careful personal supervision. No puppies are accepted, and no invalids, but occasionally Miss Saunders admits an old dog (usually a friend of long standing) whose owner wants him to end his days in peace at Quaker Hill.

Mrs. Rogers, one of the leading breeders and handlers of show poodles and English cockers, also operates Dogs Incorporated, at 58 East 80th Street, a concern that, in addition to grooming and plucking dogs of any breed, serves as a sort of clearing house for people who board dogs and people who want them boarded. Mrs. Rogers has arrangements with a number of country householders who will take in dogs. She inspects all animals when they arrive at Dogs Incorporated, makes provisions (at a fee) for their transportation to the country and back, and inspects them again before they are returned to their owners. The charge for boarding runs from $2 a day, for a miniature poodle, to $4 a day, for a Great Dane. Puppies and sick dogs are not accepted, nor are dogs with bad habits, such as chronic barking, but a shy dog will be placed in a home where he will be treated with reassuring friendliness. Mrs. Rogers is also available for advice about feeding and caring for dogs, particularly puppies, and on breeding.

MRS. JOAN KRUGER, who follows scrupulously the Saunders educational methods, operates the Chi-Chi Chien shop, 303 East 71st Street,



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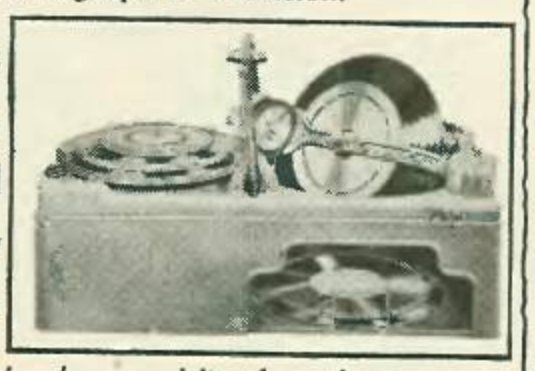
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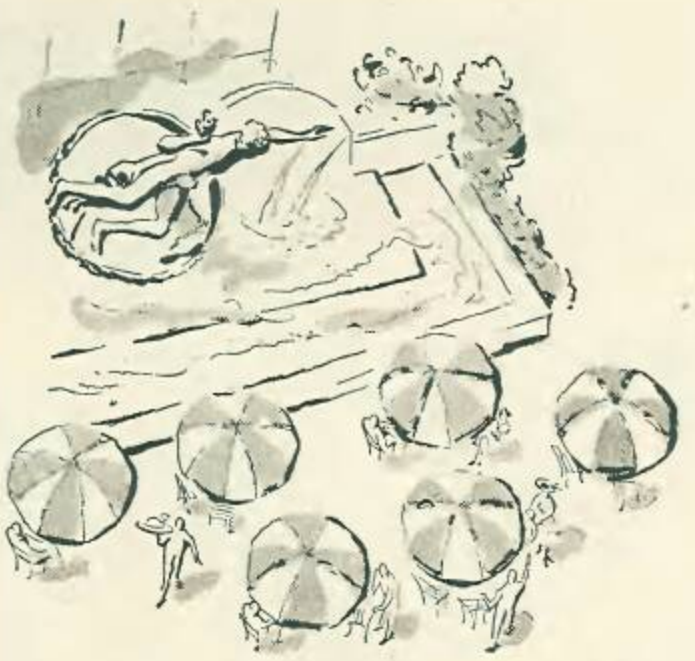
Handsome miniature phonograph record in gleaming gold plate and hard-fired blue enamel. Commands the admiration that Ike deserves. 1¾″ disc bracelet, as shown, $4. Lady's suit pin (same disc) $3. Small earring discs $4 per pair. Man's lapel button $2. Postpaid in U. S. A. Federal tax included. No C.O.D.'s please.

THE IKE SHOP
32 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

where she bathes and grooms poodles (the minimum charge is $8) and counsels poodle owners on behavior problems. She doesn't board dogs at her shop, but sends them to a kennel in Darien where boarders of any breed are accepted, and where, I am assured, informal and friendly relations between dogs and humans are maintained. The Darien hostelry has room for sixty dogs and provides an individual kennel and a private runway for each. (They are taken out for a walk four times a day.) The boarding fee is $2 a day for small breeds and $2.50 for most larger ones. The price depends on how much room a dog takes up, and how much he eats; Saint Bernards and Great Danes, notorious trenchermen, are usually charged $3 a day. The fee includes transportation from the Chi-Chi Chien shop to the kennels and back, and regular bathing. Grooming and veterinarian services can be provided, too, at an additional fee. Mrs. Kruger's professional advice on how to correct bad habits, like excessive barking and jumping up on people, comes to $5 a half hour.

A Dog Owner who is obliged to park his pet for only twenty-four hours or so, or for any period that would hardly seem to justify getting the animal to the country and back, will find in Canine College, at 449 East 86th Street, an adequate lodging place. The concern's main establishment, which I have not visited, is at West Redding, Connecticut, and there all breeds are boarded and—for an extra fee—trained. The city branch, convenient as it is for short-term stays, is primarily a depot for boarders on their way to Connecticut. The cages in which the animals are lodged on 86th Street are only medium-sized, but they—and, for that matter, the whole place—are immaculately clean, and the dogs are taken for exercise on leash four times a day by a licensed American Kennel Club handler. Charges are from $1.50 to $2 a day.

It is hard to believe that any householder in his right mind would prefer to have his dog washed and clipped at home, rather than at a shop, where the attendant mess and confusion is someone else's headache. However, the clients of Miss Dorothy Robinson, who makes a business of going to people's homes to clip and groom poodles, report that (a) there is no mess where Miss Robinson operates, and (b) no shop in town gives a more thorough



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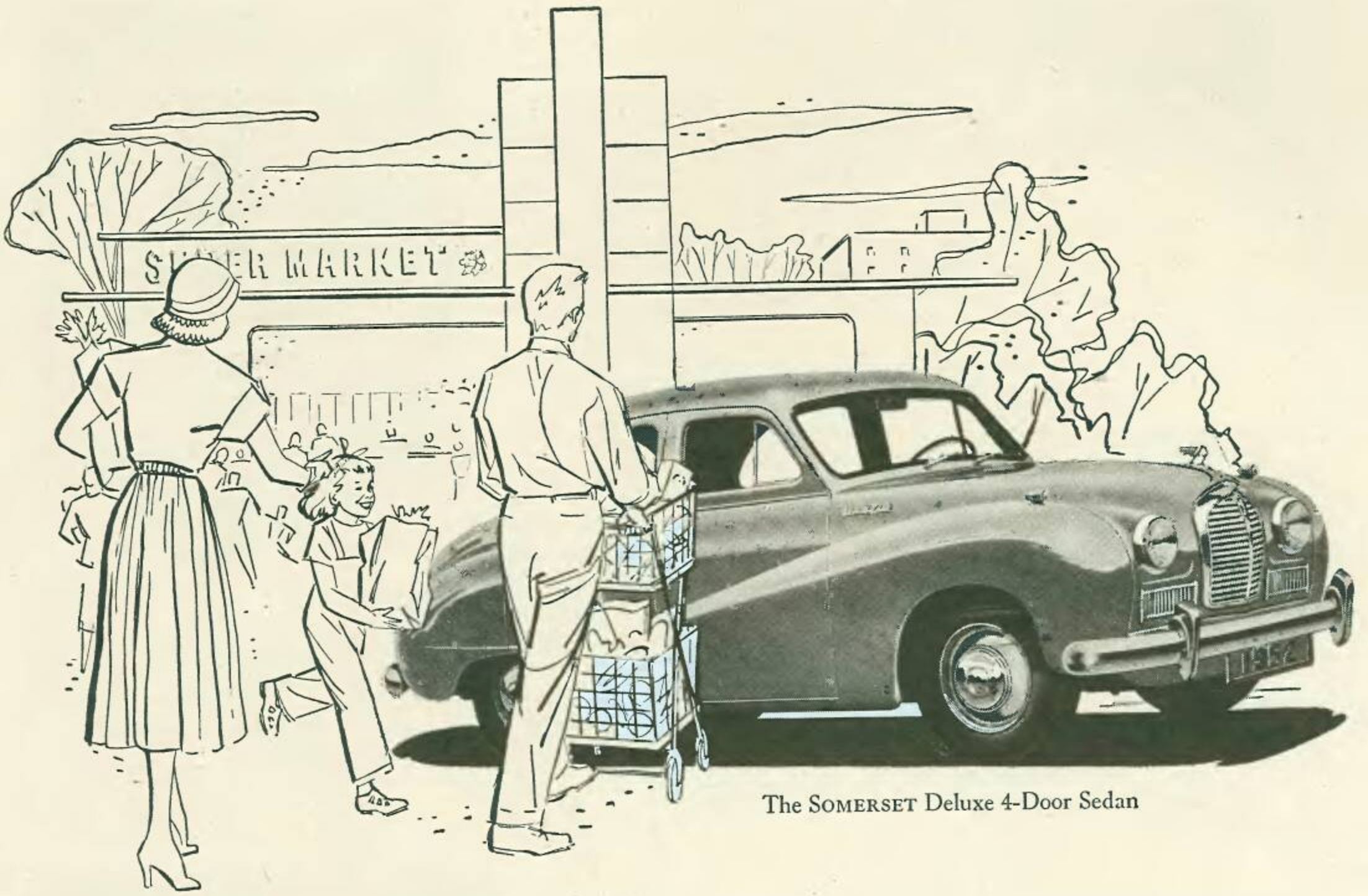
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grooming. It is undeniable that the lady's ministrations cause a minimum of disruption to household routine; she brings her own equipment—electric clippers, electric drier, brushes, and the like, as well as towels, shampoo, and other necessary toilet articles. She must, however, be provided with a steady table for clipping, and, of course, must have the use of a bathtub for standard poodles. (She can make do with a laundry tub for miniatures.) The operation, which consumes from two to two and a half hours, consists of a clipping, a bath, a manicure, and a cleaning of the teeth and ears. The charge is $8 for a miniature poodle and $10 for a standard. Miss Robinson lives at 117 Pleasant Place, Arlington, New Jersey, but does her work almost entirely in Manhattan; her telephone number is Kearny 2-4348.

POODLES INCORPORATED, 51 West 52nd Street, offers a peculiarly citified canine service: it takes care of dogs—any dogs, not just poodles—whose owners are lunching, shopping, attending a matinée, or are otherwise caught in midtown with a dog they would like to be rid of for a few hours (the place closes at 7 P.M.). The animals are exercised, fed, watched over, and, if the owner wishes, groomed or taught parlor tricks. There is, of course, an extra fee for grooming or training. Since numerous restaurants provide friendly supervision of their patrons' pets (the management at "21" has had dogs left on its hands by people who sneaked off to lunch somewhere else), the establishment would seem to appeal especially to dogs who are not amused by café life, to those in need of a beauty treatment, and to that not inconsiderable number of canine showoffs who like to learn tricks. This organization charges $2 an hour for taking care of a dog, which includes walking and feeding it; $5 an hour for teaching it tricks (the curriculum includes sitting up, rolling over, sitting down, and, of course, shaking hands); and from $7.50 to $15 for grooming. Dogs can't be left here for more than a day, but the same people operate a boarding kennel—for poodles only—at Far Hills, New Jersey. I haven't visited the place, but I am told that the dogs are bathed, brushed, fed, and aired for $3.50 a day ($2 for miniatures), and that transportation is free for dogs who stay two weeks or more; there's a transportation charge of $5 each way for short-term guests.

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sons in poodle-clipping at its local premises, using one of its own not easily embarrassed dogs for the purpose, so that the learner won't be whacking up his own pet while learning. The firm owns twenty-eight poodles—or did the last time I looked in—and there are always one or two around who need a haircut. Pupils usually don't aspire to anything fancier than a Royal Dutch cut, which is dressy enough for home wear, but I am told that the groomer who gives the instruction is competent to do a show clip, with all its formal intricacy of pompons and whatnot. A course of five lessons is $20.

THE most beautiful dog photographs I have seen anywhere are taken by Ylla, whose studio is at 200 West 57th Street. This talented young woman will work with anything from a bird to an elephant (she has just returned from Africa, where she photographed wild animals, mostly lions and elephants, for a book she is preparing), but she is especially happy with dogs, and has a gift for putting them at ease and catching them in unaffected poses. She won't photograph human beings—not even as a background for an animal—and she is less interested in bringing out the show points of a dog than in presenting him in a characteristic or graceful pose. Since she finds that she can cope with the animals, as well as their owners, better on her own grounds—both being better behaved, usually, while visiting—she makes no home appointments. Her minimum charge is $60, for three photographs. . . . So as not to neglect completely the animal who doesn't have a lot of spending money, I should bring to the attention of the few owners (there can't be many) who aren't familiar with the volume an invaluable work on the education of dog and master, "How to Raise a Dog in the City and in the Suburbs," by Dr. James R. Kinney and Ann Honeycutt (Simon & Schuster). Here is a guide, full of lighthearted wisdom, that will benefit all breeds and half-breeds, in all walks of life. It is available at most bookstores, it is illustrated by James Thurber, and it costs $2.50. —S. H.

•

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

St. Paul, Minnesota,
May 22, 1952

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

THE recent contribution by Dr. David Daiches, M.A. (Edin.), M.A. (Oxon.), D. Phil. (Oxon.), et Ph.D. (Cantab.), on the matter of "academic nudity" in Oxford and Cambridge, and the seriousness with which academic dress is regarded by those ancient universities, has recalled a difficult situation in which I found myself during an otherwise happy year at the former institution.

In the fall of 1949, my wife and I went to Oxford, where, armed with a Fulbright Grant, I was to pursue research that would ultimately lead to a Ph.D. from Columbia University. I was not working for an Oxford degree, so I assumed I was exempt from having to wear an academic gown. I soon discovered how mistaken this assumption was. I had enrolled as a special student at Mansfield College, since my research was in theology. Mansfield is not, technically, part of Oxford University. It is a Congregational theological college that prepares men for the Free Church ministry. It always has, however, a number of students who are working for an Oxford degree, such as the B. Litt. (one of the few British degrees Dr. Daiches seems to have missed), and partly for this reason (and partly, I suspect, because of a kind of academic osmosis), a great many of the rules and customs of the University are followed within its walls. One of these customs is wearing academic gowns to hall (the evening meal), to lectures, and to chapel.

Being innocently unaware of these regulations, I put in an appearance at the opening chapel of the Michaelmas term in the closest approximation to what I considered English dress that I could achieve; namely, a conservative brown tweed suit. I arrived rather early and sat near the front. It was not, consequently, until the service was well under way that I discovered that every other person in the chapel was wearing a sombre black gown of one type or another, making my suit seem a perfect example of the flashy dress Britishers like to think is characteristic of all American males. There also seemed to be a tendency among the worshippers (not unlike one I have observed at certain American services in which I have

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shared) to sit in the rear of the sanctuary, so I could not even hope to be gradually surrounded by men in gowns and thus become less conspicuous. Furthermore, all the blunders I made during the unfamiliar order of service, such as getting up at the wrong time and never being absolutely sure whether to kneel or simply bow my head, were completely exposed to the people behind me. I left the chapel a shaken man.

Once out, I made a quick run for the Bursar's office and acquainted that sympathetic official, a Mr. Jacques, with my plight. I needed a gown, but there were, I had observed, several kinds of gowns. Which was I entitled to wear? This problem, it developed, was beyond the abilities of the Bursar. Would I wait while he consulted the University authorities? I would. He accordingly spent forty-five minutes patiently calling various University offices, each of which displayed an uncertainty equal to his. He finally ascertained that I must not wear the Oxford undergraduate gown, since I was (a) not an undergraduate and (b) not working for an Oxford degree. I was frankly relieved to hear this, for the undergraduate gown is one of the most unlikely garments it has ever been the misfortune of a tailor to construct. It comes approximately to the hips and has long tabs that fly out in all directions when one is riding a bicycle, which one does pretty regularly at Oxford. I suggested that since I had an American B.A. and a graduate degree, a full-length gown might be the answer. Further telephoning disclosed that Oxford University was not prepared to consider these degrees worth the sheepskin they were written on but that, Mansfield not being officially part of the University, perhaps I *could* simply wear a regular full-length gown. Would it be all right, I wondered, to purchase such a gown at a local tailoring establishment? Unfortunately, it would not, Mr. Jacques learned, since every tailor in Oxford was commissioned to make only University gowns, and thus any gown purchased within the city limits could be worn only by a candidate for, or a recipient of, a University degree.

IT eventually became clear that the Bursar of Mansfield was unable to get me off the horns of my dilemma, but in a moment of inspiration he suggested that I see the Principal of the college and lay my problem before him. This seemed like sound advice. I was cautious enough by this time, however, to realize that one did not just drop in on the principal of an Oxford college, be he

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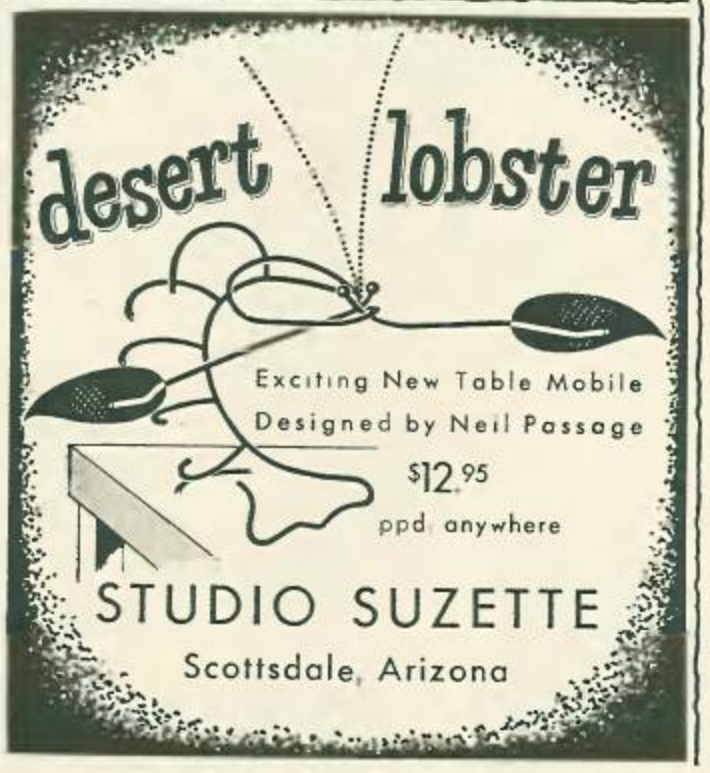
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even so approachable and understanding a man as the Reverend the Principal Nathaniel Micklem, one of the most charming men of God I have ever known. I therefore borrowed a copy of the Mansfield handbook, to determine the proper etiquette for a visit with the Principal. Rule No. 1 was as follows: "Gowns are worn for lectures, classes, and tutorials; for morning and evening prayers, for hall, and for visits to the Principal."

I could not, it appeared, wear a gown until the Principal told me what kind to wear, and I could not ask him what kind to wear until I was actually wearing it as a badge of admittance.

I don't know whether I would ultimately have had the courage to flout this bit of academic etiquette or not (I was still painfully conscious of the fact that I was "representing America," as the Fulbright people frequently reminded holders of grants), but before I came to a decision, I remembered that there was to be a tea the following afternoon in the Principal's lodgings, and that it was to be an informal—i.e., gownless—affair. I cut the next morning's chapel and presented myself at the tea determined to have a serious word with Dr. Micklem about my situation. He was, as I have said, a very approachable man—so approachable that at the tea he was constantly surrounded by other students, and my chances for individual conversation were few. I did finally manage to acquaint him with my problem, the seriousness of which he plainly failed to grasp, for he remarked, just before a New Testament don nabbed him to get an opinion on a new variant reading in the Gospel of Matthew, "Oh, my dear Brown, that's no problem at all here at Mansfield. Simply wear the gown of your American university."

I must confess that for a moment I was relieved by his lightheartedness, but the briefest reflection made it clear to me that this solution had one basic flaw. Not only had my "American university," Amherst College, failed to give me a gown, she had sternly insisted that the gown I rented for the day of my graduation must be returned before I even got a proper diploma. I had, furthermore, no notion whether or not there *was* an "Amherst gown," and I knew that before one could be sent to me, should it exist, I would have starved physically, intellectually, and spiritually, since without it I apparently could not gain admission to hall, conferences with the Principal and lectures, or morning and evening prayer.

The last two hurdles were eventually

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cleared. Dr. Micklem gave me a waiver that allowed me to go to his study and to lectures without wearing a gown, and I decided on my own that no Nonconformist college could conscientiously bar a man from the worship of God because he was wearing incorrect academic attire; an Anglican college might, I reasoned, but not a Nonconformist college. This view turned out to be correct. But I knew it was my duty to appear at hall on occasion—most of the time I had my meals at home—and I also felt that while the college would not bar me from the table of the Lord because of my costume, it could quite legitimately bar me from its own board. This hunch also turned out to be correct.

To miss hall, however, was to miss one of the distinctive and treasured experiences of Oxford life. After a few weeks of vacillating misery, compounded by the fact that my wife was still learning to shop on British ration allowances, I put my plight up to our landlord. He was a man of sympathy and of Congregational leanings; being a Cambridge graduate, he was also a man living within the bastion of the enemy. "See here," he said, in a resolute way that cheered my heart. "I've got an old Cambridge gown upstairs that I haven't worn for twenty years. It's a perfectly good gown. You go ahead and wear that, and no one will ever know the difference."

It would be hard to describe the turmoil this offer precipitated in my soul, but I accepted his kindness and went to hall that very night. Although I expected the walls themselves to scream in protest, and although I must admit that the first time I went to chapel in my Cambridge regalia I felt as though I were committing spiritual perjury, the rest of the year passed quite pleasantly and uneventfully. No one ever challenged the authenticity of my garb, and in fact, until this moment, no one has ever known of my wicked deception.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT MCAFEE BROWN

•

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At Binyon's, almost any dinner time, you can spot Joan Bennett (chomping lobster or beef) and Zachary Scott, her heleading man (who dines on delicate salads). *Chicago Daily News, April 28th.*

What is a glamorous movie star's repast at luncheon? In Henrici's brunet Joan Bennett, here to open in "Bell, Book and Candle" next Monday, dined on avocado pear and spaghetti. Zachary Scott, her costar, proved himself a good trencherman. He had a plate of lamb stew.—*Chicago Herald-American, same day.*



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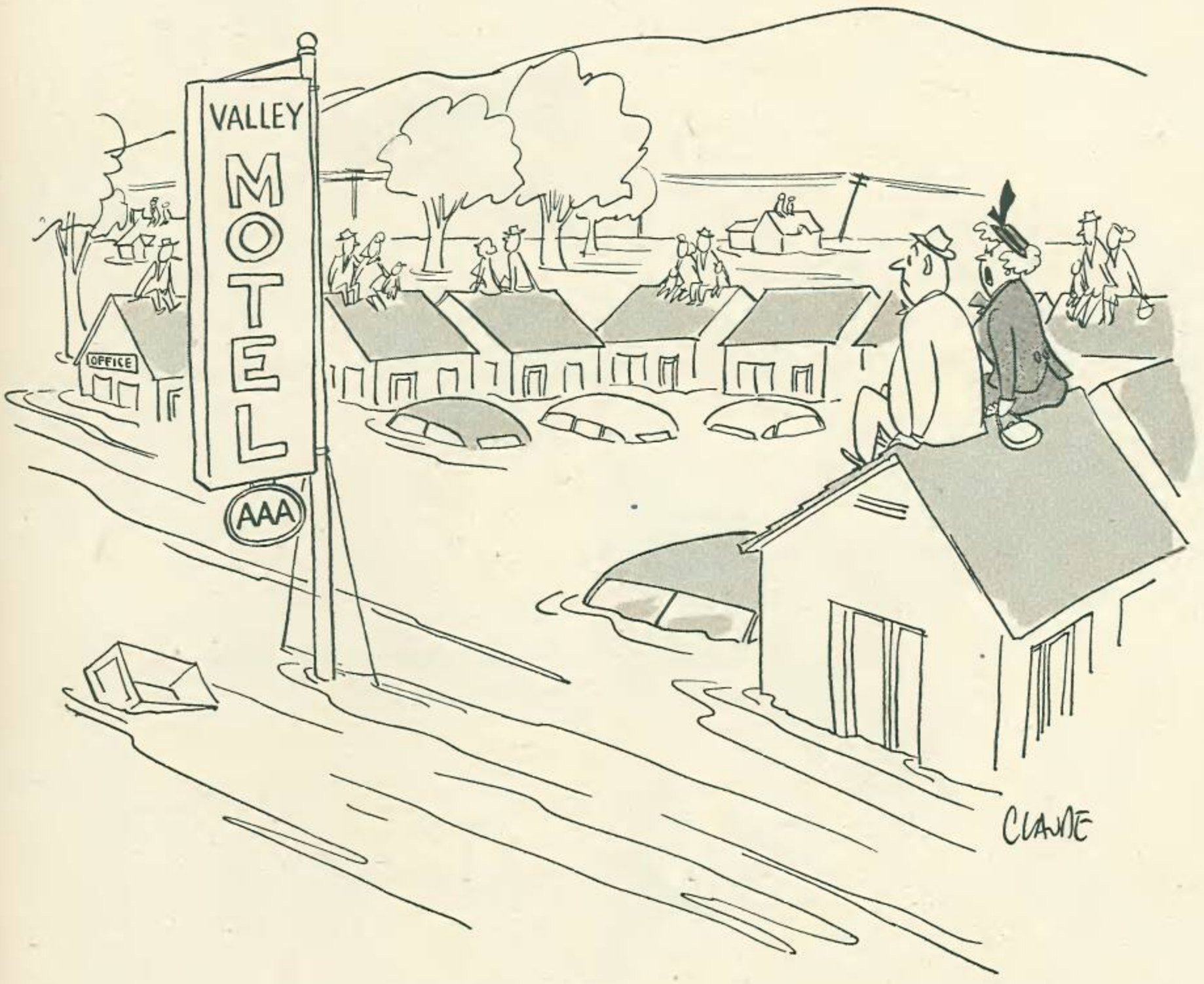
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

MAILMAN FOR THE KREMLIN

ONE of the most common and yet most piquant subjects of speculation in Western Europe today is how the Russians run their satellite nations. That they run them with a pretty firm hand is evident to the few people—commercial agents, diplomatic couriers, and refugees, for the most part—who have been in Warsaw, Prague, Budapest, or Bucharest both before and after the Communists took over. Practically no Russians are to be seen out in the open, these travellers say, but the dark shadow of Moscow is everywhere. Satellite Communists, from the lowest Party agitator to the most influential member of the local Politburo, never do anything without asking themselves and their colleagues, "Will Moscow like it?" They care much less, if at all, whether their own people will like it. It is not often that Westerners can get a glimpse of the mechanics of this well-concealed, though complete, occupation. Communists of any nationality are not a loquacious lot in the company of non-Communists, and Communists in the satellite countries naturally try to be better, more ardent Party members than their comrades in the Soviet Union. Indeed, they have to be if they expect to survive.

A few weeks ago, I happened to meet a former Polish diplomat who had been attached to the Polish embassy in a Western European country until quite recently, when he decided to resign and ask for asylum. He is not and never has been a Communist—he used to be a member of the now defunct Polish Socialist Party—but from his special vantage point he had a particularly good opportunity to observe the Communists at their work right from the time they consolidated their power in 1948. Some of this ex-diplomat's friends are still in Poland, so I must be vague about his personal affairs and the circumstances of his crossing over. There is little likelihood that his identity can be traced by the mere facts of his story; in the past couple of years too many of his fellow-diplomats have also taken their sudden, unannounced leave, either because they disagreed with Poland's present politics or because they feared that returning home would mean death. The former Polish Minister to Sweden is now in France, where he runs a gas station; other Polish diplomats have quit unceremoniously in Paris, London, The Hague, and Rome, and asked for asylum—usually in a country other than the one where they held their posts, because they could never feel safe in the vicinity of their former associates. And the phenomenon of the resigning satellite diplomat is by no means restricted to Poland. The Foreign Ministries of Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Rumania have had so many defections that they are currently suffering from a severe shortage of diplomatic manpower. In Canada alone, close to a dozen members of various Czechoslovak consular staffs have quit. The Foreign Ministries of the so-called people's democracies have come to realize that only the most thoroughly indoctrinated Communists have the inner strength to withstand the temptations of life in the West, but the background and education of such impervious individuals are not always ideally suited to diplomacy. As a result, the satellite countries' diplomatic missions to the Western world are badly understaffed, and many of their foreign-service officers are without experience and speak no foreign languages.



"Believe me, the A.A.A. is going to hear about this!"

Krakowski, as I shall call the Polish diplomat I am speaking of (it is a relatively common Polish name), is a sorely disillusioned man. His disillusion, unlike that of many liberals, is not the consequence of thinking the Soviets could be got along with and then being undeceived; it springs from his militant patriotism. Like almost all Poles, he is a fierce nationalist. He resents Communism itself less than the fact that Poland is now being run by a group of



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people who, as he said to me, "don't behave like Poles." I thought he was referring to Russian Communists, and I asked him if there were many in Warsaw.

"No, you misunderstand me," he said. "You're forgetting the basically international—or, rather, *un*-national—character of world Communism. During the war, the Russians talked a lot about Russian nationalism, but that was pure propaganda for the home front. Communism was un-national then, and it still is. Stalin doesn't have to send Russians to Warsaw. There are plenty of Russian-trained Polish Communists who can do the job exactly as well. As a matter of fact, the job could be done by Russian-trained Czechs or Hungarians. If Czechoslovakia's Klement Gottwald, Soviet Germany's Wilhelm Pieck, and Poland's Boleslaw Bierut all changed places tomorrow, the actual structure of the Communist regimes in their countries wouldn't be affected in the least. The Russians have a big cadre of Poles who got their political education in the Soviet Union, and speak Russian and Polish equally well; after all, at the end of the First World War it was pretty hard to tell who was a Pole and who was a Russian. These are the men who run Poland today, strictly by the order and for the benefit of Moscow. They pretend that they are Poles first and Communists second. For a while, many of us believed them, but by now we've learned better."

"It sounds like quite a smart trick," I said.

"Sending Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky to Warsaw and making him Marshal of the Polish Armies was one of Stalin's master strokes," Krakowski said. "Everybody knows that Rokossovsky is a genuine Pole. It was certainly less expensive for the Russians to make one new Polish uniform for Rokossovsky than to make several hundred thousand Russian uniforms for the Polish soldiers, and it didn't offend the Pole's touchy sense of patriotism. According to Rokossovsky's official biography, he is the son of a railroad laborer and grew up in a working-class district of Warsaw, but the fact is that his origins were much more bourgeois. Rokossovsky was drafted into the Czarist Army when he was eighteen. He was then a young revolutionary. Later, after the Czar was overthrown, he graduated from the Frunze Military Academy, the top staff school in the Soviet Union. Although there's a lot of talk in Warsaw that he once did time in a concentration camp for counter-revolutionary activi-



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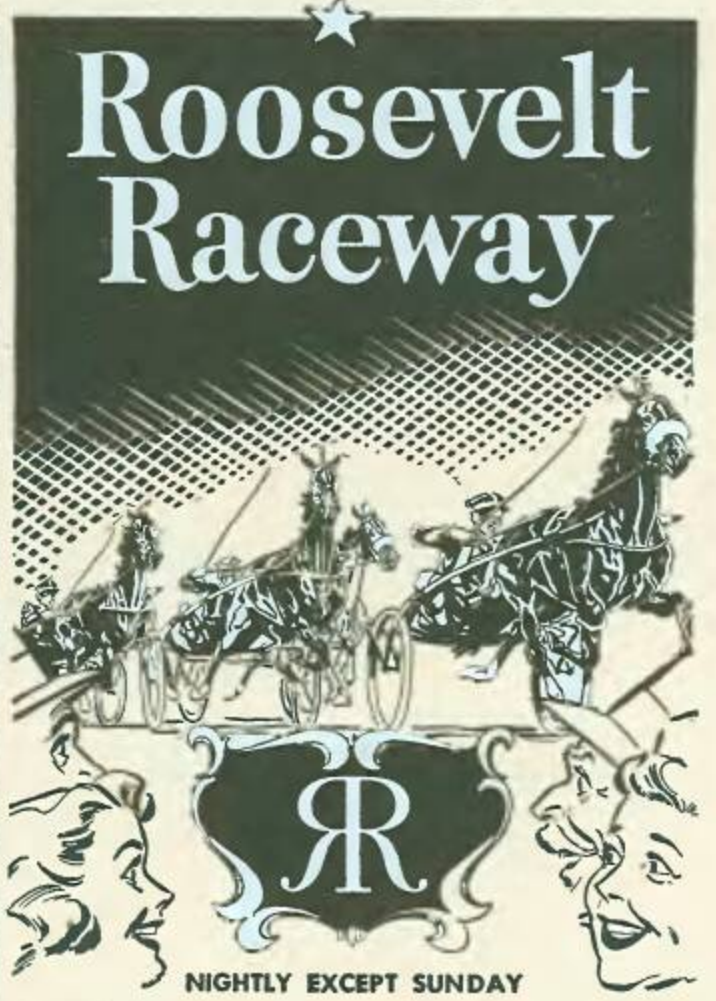
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ties, his showing at Stalingrad made him *persona gratissima* with Stalin, and he has direct access to the boss, who calls him by his first name. He's now a member of the Polish Politburo; in fact, he's the real ruler of Poland. And if Rokossovsky should vanish unexpectedly, as Soviet marshals sometimes do, there are plenty of other Poles Stalin can trust because they don't care what happens to their homeland." Krakowski's tone was very bitter, and I reflected that Chopin, in exile in Paris, must have felt the same way when he was writing his "Polonaises."

THERE was no Communist *Putsch* in Poland, as there was in neighboring Czechoslovakia, Krakowski reminded me. The Communist drive for power developed gradually, and was climaxed late in 1948 by the merger of the Socialist and Communist parties into the Polish United Workers Party, or P.Z.P.R., which now has over a million and a half members. In the process, the Socialist Party disappeared. Poland's Prime Minister, Józef Cyrankiewicz, is an old Socialist, but that means little, according to Krakowski, for he talks and behaves like any other Communist. Krakowski said he himself became fully aware of the effects of the change toward the end of 1948, when he was attached to the Polish embassy in a certain Western European country. Before the merger, the embassy had received fairly regular and fairly definite instructions from Warsaw. As time went on, the instructions became cloudier and more infrequent. At length, whenever Krakowski and his colleagues queried Warsaw, they would receive either a meaningless answer or a hopelessly delayed one. After some time, they discovered that their queries were being passed right through Warsaw to the Polish desk of the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Moscow; the Polish government had become merely a mailman for the Kremlin, and dared not issue its own instructions.

"Nowadays, if a Polish ambassador is smart, he'll do his best to become a master of inactivity," Krakowski said. "He'll limit himself to spreading propaganda and gathering information, and he'll make every effort to cultivate the benevolence of the Soviet ambassador in town. Instead of checking with the Polish Foreign Ministry in Warsaw, which, in turn, will check with the Polish desk of the Foreign Ministry in Moscow, he may be able to take a short cut by drawing out the Soviet ambassador. By doing that, the embassy I was

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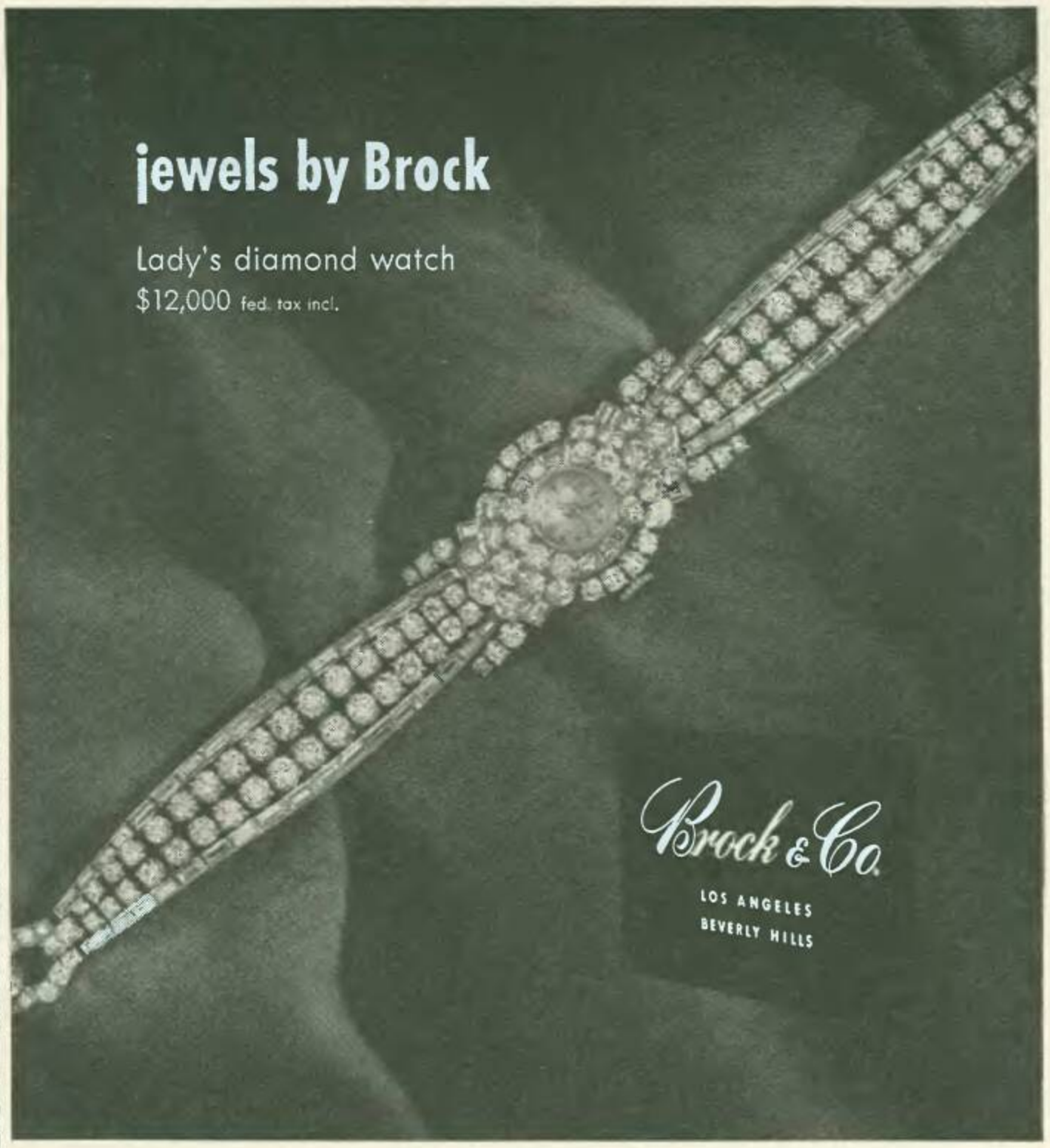
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attached to actually scored a beat a couple of times on our own Foreign Ministry at home. Don't think it was easy, though. The Russians are almost more suspicious of their satellite allies than of their Western enemies. But there are ways of smoothing them down. Suppose your commercial attaché and the Soviet commercial attaché are in the local market for the same goods. In the planned economy of the people's democracies, you know, all foreign trade is carried on by the commercial attachés, on behalf of the state monopoly. They act as official buyers for their countries. There are no independent buyers, and it doesn't make the least difference whether or not the attaché knows his business. Now, suppose your man learns how much the Soviet man is willing to pay for something both countries want. Your man then purposely offers less, and the Soviet gets the merchandise. I once managed to give this procedure a twist, and I didn't lose by it. I was serving as commercial attaché at the time, and it happened that the Soviet fellow and I were both bidding for some raw materials my country needed badly to keep a key industry going. We *had* to have the stuff, and I took no chances. I made a high bid, and got it. The Soviet attaché was furious. He ordered me to come to his office, and gave me a lecture. Then I spoke my piece. I told him he was being unfair. Didn't he realize that Poland, which had had the benefit of only three years of Communism, needed trade with the West much more than the great Soviet Union, which had had thirty years to put its economic house in order? From that day on, I never had a bit of trouble with him."

Krakowski told me that his embassy had swarmed with agents of the U.B., or Polish secret police. Since the embassy officials never knew exactly who was working for the U.B.—anyone from a clerk or stenographer on up could have been an agent—there was an atmosphere of glacial politeness among the staff. Everybody was under continuous surveillance and everybody knew it. At social functions, a man had to watch his step, and his tongue. Parties were an ordeal—especially those at the Soviet Embassy. Up to 1949, the Soviet parties offered some slight compensation in the form of champagne and caviar, but in that year the Western diplomats stopped attending, and there was no reason to impress the satellites with displays of luxury. The Poles, the Czechs, the Hungarians, and





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the rest thereafter had to take tea and anchovies and like it. At all times, these functions were governed by a peculiar etiquette; there was a strict limit on what it was prudent for a man to say. "In private conversation with the Russians and their wives, it was safe to talk about the country you were living in, provided you followed the standard line," Krakowski said. "The line went something like this: The country was terrible—even if you knew it was practically a paradise. The economic situation was one step short of collapse, and getting worse every day, in spite of the Marshall Plan; the officials were, without exception, inefficient and corrupt; the national mentality was decadent; the press was run by warmongers; the country's social and welfare institutions were appallingly backward; the food was inedible; and the people, by and large, were unhappy with their lot and could hardly wait to be liberated. You might cautiously praise the scenery, but it was discreet to add that of course Russia's scenery was much handsomer—whether or not you'd ever been to Russia. And whenever there were any local, home-grown Communists at these parties, it was a good idea to avoid them. We were always being cautioned by visiting big shots from Warsaw to be extremely circumspect in our relations with local Communists. The native population must never know that such relations existed, they said. All the leading Polish Communists thought very little of the Communist Parties in the West, except the ones in Italy and France. The others, including the American Communist Party, they considered plain laughable."

One thing Krakowski learned by experience was that in conversation with the Russians it was wise not to overdo praise for Stalin and the other Soviet leaders. Such praise is obligatory in propaganda statements and in everything written for publication, but when a Pole starts to praise Stalin in conversation with a Russian, the Russian's immediate reaction is almost invariably one of distrust. The Russians are less interested in a man's actions than in his motives. One of Krakowski's colleagues, a sincere and ardent Communist, had several unpleasant interviews with U.B. agents after they found a photograph of Stalin in his bedroom. Why was it there, they wanted to know. Who was he trying to impress? What did he think he could get away with? No answer the man gave did any good until, finally, he said that he'd hoped to get a quicker promotion that way. This

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satisfied his inquisitors, and after that they left him alone. Indiscreet as it may be to praise Stalin, however, it is fatal to criticize him. "Constructive criticism of the Party is permitted and criticism of the Polish Communist leaders is tolerated, but criticism of the Soviet leaders is unthinkable," Krakowski said. "All of us at the embassy took to reading *Pravda* and the other Soviet newspapers faithfully. They were our bible. If you were guided by the *Pravda* line of the morning, you couldn't go wrong. After *Pravda* had decided that the Marshall Plan was a gigantic failure, no Polish diplomat in his right mind dared mention in his periodic reports home that the Marshall Plan was working fine in the country he was accredited to, even though he knew damn well that it was. He would simply have been asking for a prison sentence. The commercial attachés of all the satellite countries went to ingenious lengths to prove *Pravda* right. The Communists, as you know, are great believers in figures and statistics, so a popular device among the attachés was to pick the month when the production figures of the host country were at their lowest (either because it was the off season or as a result of strikes), document the figures with impressive-looking but meaningless graphs and charts, and then multiply them by twelve to arrive at the country's yearly production. Polish embassies in the West no longer send any accurate reports to Warsaw. At one embassy, I know for a fact, the ambassador's monthly reports home were based solely on information he received from the local Communist Party leaders. You might think that somewhere in Warsaw there would be somebody with enough sense to spot such tricks—somebody who would want to know the truth, unpleasant though it might be. Well, there isn't. The truth, if it runs contrary to the Communist line, must never be told. Anybody who passed along disagreeable facts would be suspected of counter-revolutionary leanings."

Once, Krakowski's embassy was visited by a Deputy Minister from Warsaw, who was making an inspection trip. He sent for Krakowski and praised him highly for his latest report—a piece of nonsense in which Krakowski had predicted the immediate collapse of the economy of Western Europe, "documenting" it with ingratiating figures on strikes and slowdowns. "For weeks, I've been telling the Minister exactly the same things you set forth so brilliantly in your report," the Deputy

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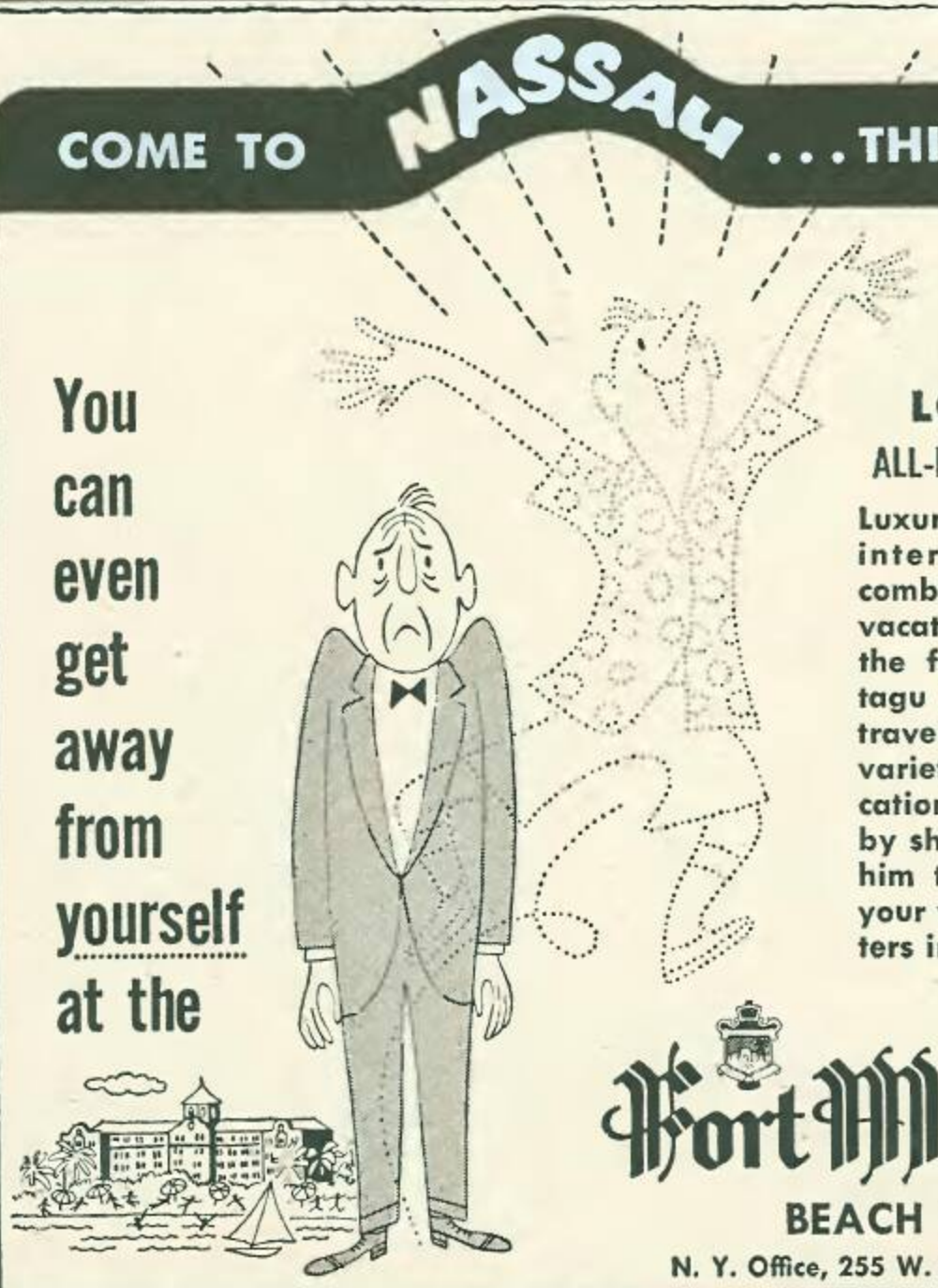
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Minister said. "You will be pleased to hear that it has been sent on to Moscow." Krakowski looked at me blankly, as if he found such stupidity incredible. "I've no doubt that Moscow gets plenty of correct intelligence about the West," he said, "but it also gets a lot of rubbish, which people write because they want to stay alive. In the end, the system defeats its own purpose. Even the secret agents of the U.B., who are supposed to be checking up on the political purity of the men making the reports, don't write anything really down-to-earth in *their* reports, for fear *they* might be suspected of counter-revolutionary thoughts."

UNTIL 1949, Krakowski said, Polish-embassy staff people who were not members of the Communist Party were forbidden to engage in any political activity. Those who were Party members were organized into a so-called circle, which combined political and social functions. Soon after the merger of the Socialists and the Communists into the P.Z.P.R., the Socialist staff members were "invited" to become members of the circle, attending weekly meetings and sending their dues to Warsaw by diplomatic pouch. After the merger, too, private contact with people back home in Poland became impossible, because the circle controlled the embassy's message center and inspected the courier mail.

In 1950, after a year of this nerve-racking isolation, Krakowski was recalled to Warsaw for consultation. He was terrified. For several weeks, he had noticed ominous portents—sudden hostility on the part of certain Communist officials, an increased number of snoopers dogging him, mysterious clicks in the phone whenever he was talking on it. He knew that foreign-service officers had frequently been lured home for "consultations" that were never held, or had been ordered to take home "important diplomatic pouches" that turned out to be filled with perfumes or textiles, or had received a new assignment that was cancelled when they arrived in Warsaw. He knew the U.B. would keep him under twenty-four-hour surveillance from the moment he stepped onto Polish soil, for every official who has spent some time abroad is automatically suspected of having become an agent for the Western powers, and can clear himself of this suspicion only by months of zealous work for the Communist regime. Still, Krakowski had to obey the summons; a number of

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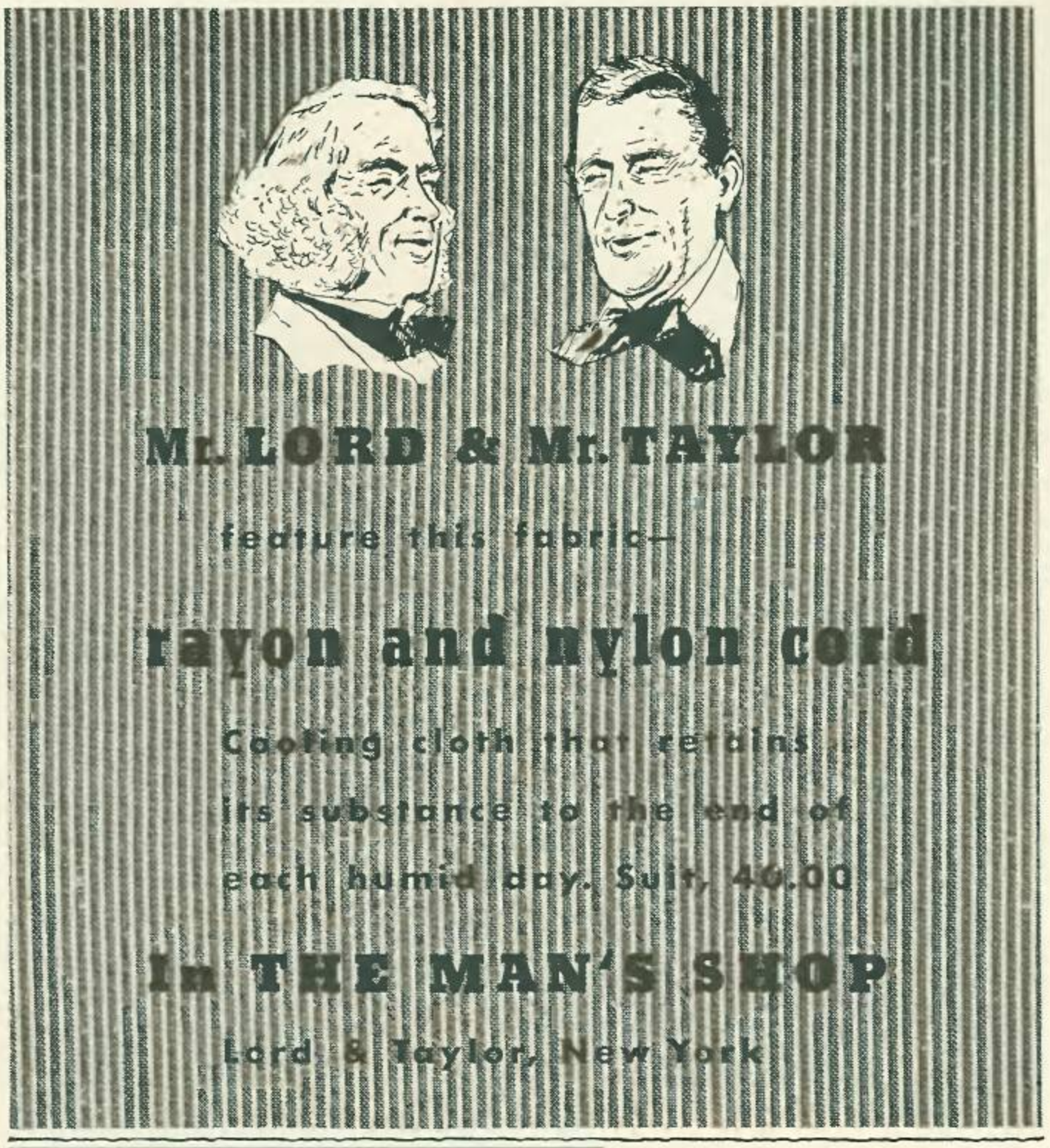
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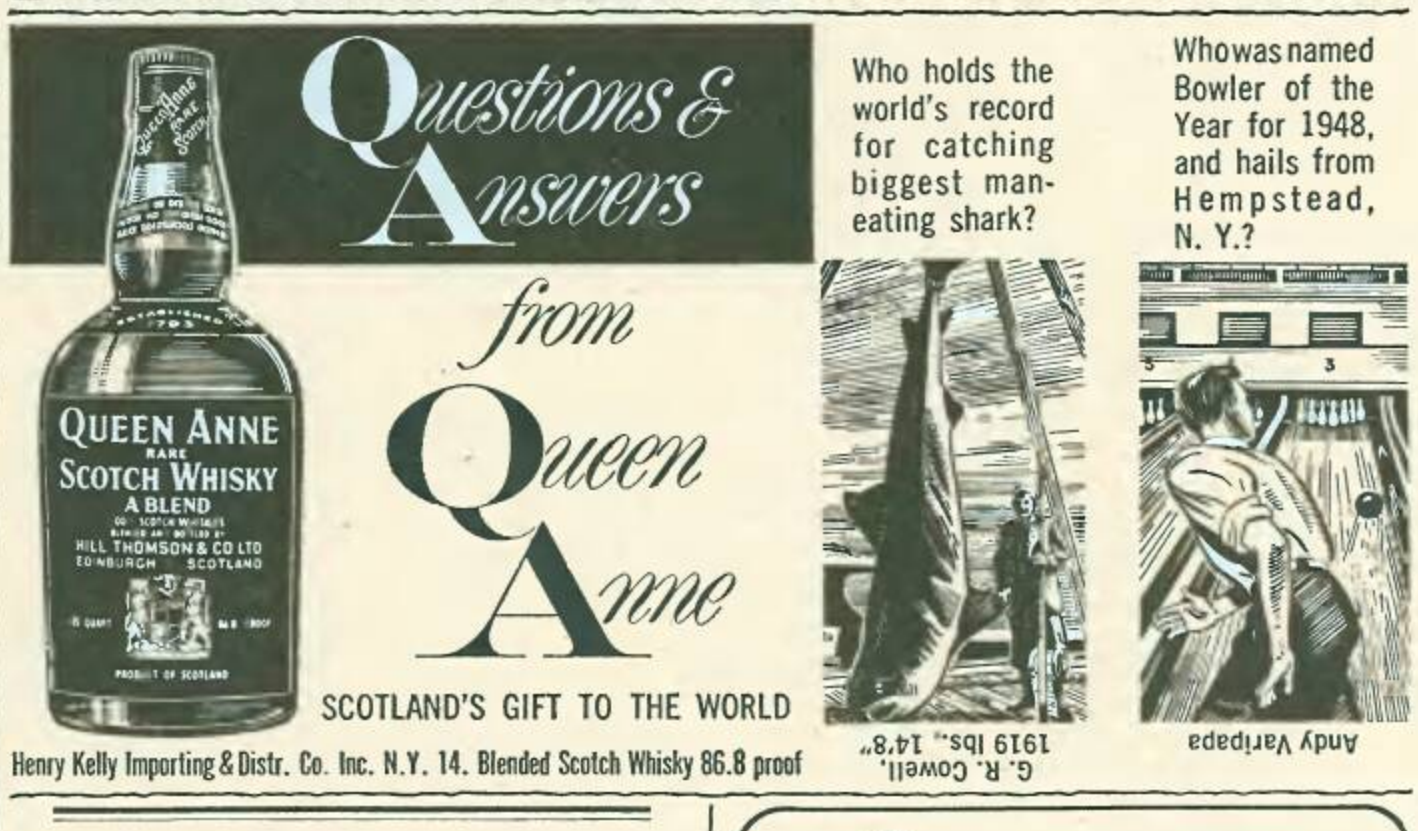
his close relatives were living in Warsaw.

When Krakowski arrived home, he immediately became aware of the change in Warsaw's political climate. "I didn't recognize the place," he told me. "I had been away only a bit over two years, and it didn't seem possible that people could change so much in so short a time. It's true there were few Russians in evidence, but the Russian influence was everywhere. The Polish Communist leaders read Russian newspapers, listened to Russian music, sent their sons to school in Moscow. Every Polish ministry was in direct communication with the Polish desk of its counterpart in Moscow. For instance, the Polish Ministry of Foreign Trade had a through telephone line to the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Trade. At one Ministry, the phone wasn't in the Minister's own office, where you'd expect it to be; the Minister had a non-Communist background and wasn't quite trusted. The phone was in the office of a politically reliable Deputy Minister."

In spite of the fact that a large volume of trade is carried on between Poland and Russia, there were no Russian trade delegations in Warsaw. It is decided in Moscow how much trade each satellite country is to carry on not only with Russia but with the other satellites and with countries outside the Soviet orbit; the details are worked out by the Council for Economic Mutual Assistance, to which each satellite nation sends a delegation. Krakowski was shocked to learn that the Russians bought Polish textiles and chemical products at totally arbitrary prices, and in return sold Poland raw materials and machinery at prices higher than those Poland paid in the Western markets. "Between 1945 and 1950, Poland sent fifteen million tons of coal to the Soviet Union at a dollar-twenty-five a ton," he said to me. "In that period, Polish coal fetched about ten times that much in England. Naturally, the price of coal in the Russian market had been set by Moscow and any Pole who had the courage to protest was told that the least Poland could do was to show the great Soviet Union its unending gratitude for the liberation."

The prevailing mood in Warsaw was one of cold fear, Krakowski said. Soon after his arrival, a high-ranking official of his Ministry, who was also an old friend of his, said to him, "Why did you come back? It's terrible here. You're lucky to wake up in the same bed you went to sleep in. You're watched every minute of the day—while you work,

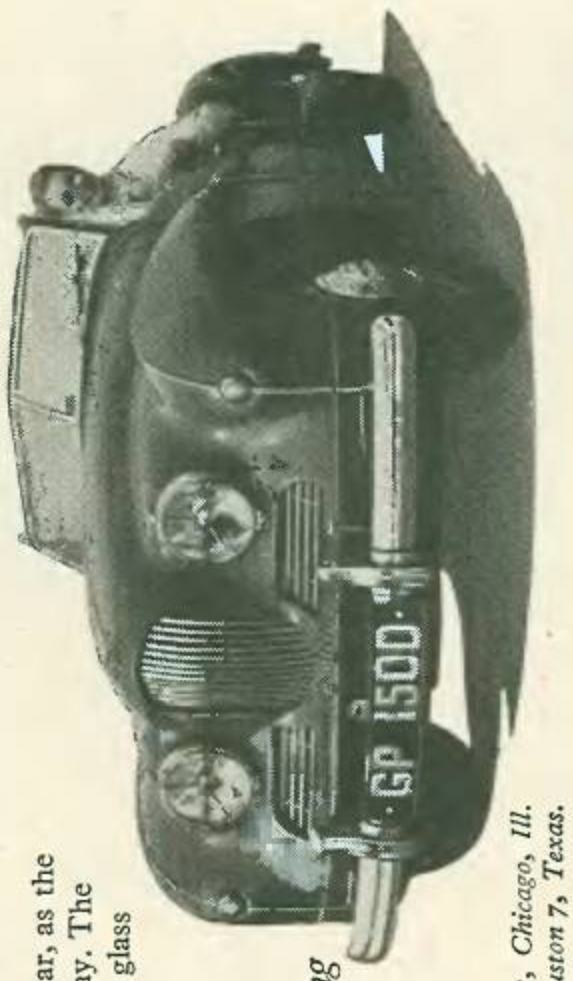








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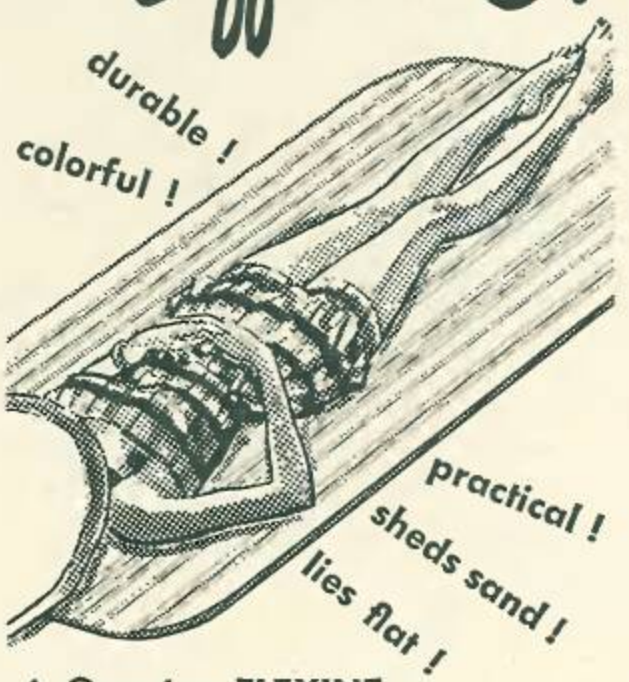
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while you sleep, while you eat, while you sit in the movies. If you're caught listening to a forbidden radio station—ten years in prison. If they find an American ten-dollar bill in your house—fifteen years in prison. Sometimes I think I'm going crazy. I'm already a prisoner, really. I know I can never get out. Every high-ranking official is personally responsible for the actions of his subordinates, which means there's always a rope around his neck. Everybody is running around in circles, and that's exactly what *they* want. *They* play on our fears. I'm convinced that the three most powerful men in the Polish government—Jakub Berman [the Party's chief ideologist], Hilary Minc [the economic dictator], and Stanislaw Radkiewicz [the Minister of Public Security]—are just as afraid as everybody else. And even Rokossovsky—though he does hold the country's future in his strong, white-gloved hands—even he is probably afraid of Beria and Stalin."

"I could see that my friend was right," Krakowski said. "Fear was everywhere—and for good reason. Once they got you, you were in real trouble. I know—I talked to friends who had undergone the treatment. They don't beat you up. They have subtler, more efficient ways of breaking you. You are arrested and questioned for hours by men who are always patient and never raise their voices. You are taken to a cell. After a couple of hours, you are called out again. More questions. Back you go, this time into a dark cell. After a while, you lose your sense of time. Is it day? Is it night? You worry about your family. Have they, too, been arrested? They must be worried about you; they don't know where you are. Again you are called out for questioning. Your inquisitors are always soft-spoken and patient, while you are on the verge of collapse. Next, they put you in a soundproof cell, where it's so quiet that the sound of your own breathing becomes a torment. Then in the dark cell again, where you find yourself trembling with fear. Then in a cell so full of glaring lights that you think you'll go blind. You try to talk to your guards, but they look at you stony-faced and never answer. You hear nothing but questions, until you go completely to pieces. And if you still don't—or can't—tell them what they want to know, they may release you and after a few days or weeks arrest you again. How many times can a person stand an experience like that?"

Fear, I gathered from Krakowski,

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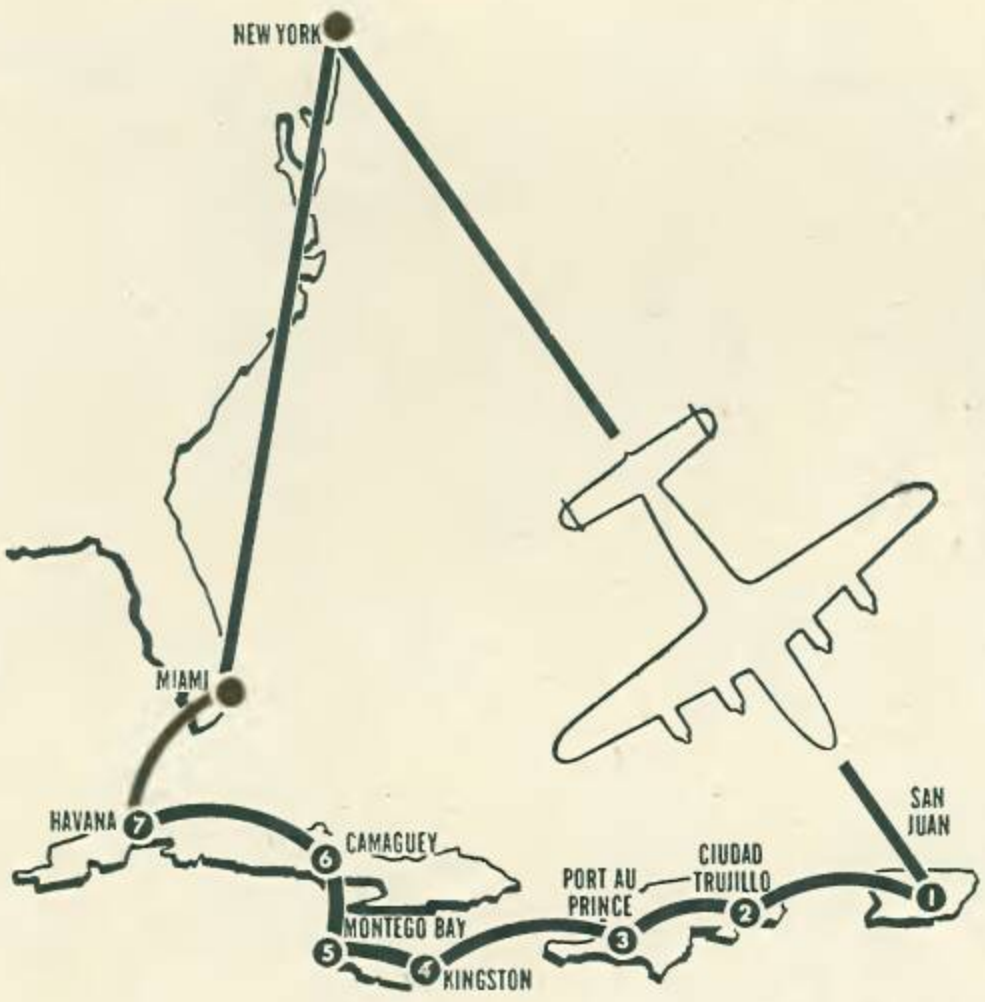
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kept even the highest-ranking officials from making decisions of any importance, because they might make the wrong ones and lay themselves open to charges of counterrevolutionary tendencies. They carried on a continuous battle to avoid responsibility. It was agreed that any new department chief needed at least six months to acquaint himself with his job, so he wasn't expected to make important decisions during that time, and this gave many officials a convenient way out. A department head would stay at his job for five months and then change places with another department head or trade his job for a lesser one in another department—anything to avoid having to make decisions.

AFTER a few months of work at his Ministry, Krakowski noticed that he was being followed less tenaciously. He decided that the time had come to take steps toward getting out of Warsaw. "If there was one thing I had learned from my dealings with the Communists, it was to approach everything you wanted by setting out in the opposite direction," he told me. "If you want a new job, tell them you don't want it—wouldn't take it if they gave it to you—and you'll get it. It's a principle they consider a great help to security. So I began telling everybody I met in Warsaw how much I liked working there after being so long in the decadent West, and how I hoped I'd be staying there forever. I would reluctantly admit that I had had a good deal of experience abroad and spoke several languages, but I would insist that there were many, many others better equipped for a diplomatic job. Sure enough, a couple of weeks later I was notified that I would be sent out again, after the usual screening and processing. As soon as the announcement came through, I determined to get my closest relatives out of the country—for reasons I can't go into, it was not an impossible task—and then quit when I got to the West."

Assignment of foreign-service officers had been taken out of the hands of the personnel department of the Foreign Ministry and turned over to the Foreign Bureau of the Communist Party, which listened carefully to the advice of the Ministry of Public Security. It took at least six months for a man to be cleared to leave the country. Those months were not easy for Krakowski. During the whole period, he and his relatives were under the most minute scrutiny. Their letters were opened, their phone



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lines tapped, their visitors checked, their errands watched, their conversations reported. If any of them had let fall the slightest hint that Krakowski was happy to be leaving Poland, the assignment would have been instantly cancelled. Krakowski was ordered to sign a statement that at his new post he would not talk to members of the foreign press without the permission of the Ambassador, and he was warned repeatedly that he was subject to recall at any time. He was also told that he would have to spend his vacations in Poland. A last-minute difficulty arose when he asked for a hundred dollars' worth of a certain Western currency, for travelling expenses. "The request went from one file clerk to an older file clerk to the department chief to the director and, finally, to the Minister himself, while I was going insane with impatience and apprehension," Krakowski said. "The Minister was deluged with work, and it took him eleven days to get around to signing the request. At last, he did sign it, and I said goodbye to my relatives and friends, telling everybody how heartbroken I was at having to leave Warsaw. The arrangements I had made for getting my people out of the country were well under way. At my new post, I spent seven anxious weeks before I got word that they had all succeeded in escaping and were safe. Ten minutes later, I walked out of my office in the embassy. I left my hat on the hat rack and I left my fountain pen open on my desk. That would make the snoopers think—for a while, at least—that I had just stepped out of the building." Krakowski drew a long breath, and for the first time during our talk he smiled. "No man likes to part with his fountain pen," he said, "but in this case I think it was worth it."

—Joseph Wechsberg

•

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OUR list this week has a curiously exotic flavor, since it features artists from localities as distant and diverse as Iran, Ireland, Israel, and Norway—all, happily, with more than usually interesting offerings. The Irish entry, to begin with that, is a retrospective showing of paintings by the veteran Jack B. Yeats, now at the National Academy after a cross-country tour that, beginning in Boston, included a number of cities, from Washington to San Francisco. The exhibition is a fairly big affair, consisting of close to forty pictures, and inasmuch as it is also the first really comprehensive exhibition of the man's works in this country, it is an event of some importance as well. For Yeats, now eighty-three, is not only the last survivor of what has probably been Ireland's most distinguished artistic family. (He's the son of the Impressionist John Butler Yeats, and the late William Butler Yeats, the poet, was his brother.) He is also a solidly accomplished painter in his own right, and one certainly deserving of more widespread attention than he has so far been accorded.

My own knowledge of the body of Yeats' work, based on reproductions and on scattered canvases I've seen here and there, is, I must confess, fairly fragmentary, and since the present collection, with only a few exceptions, is made up of paintings done in the past ten years, at a time when the man was already in his seventies, it is difficult to form much idea of the processes of his development. One sees traces of Tiepolo now and then, though, and still more of Goya, and in general the feeling of the work, in its deliberately dashing attack and its stormy romanticism, is more in the baroque tradition than anything else. Expressionism has affected the artist, too, however, as is shown by his bold and often entirely "unrepresentational" use of color, and because each of these influences is, or can be, rather explosive, there are times when the mixture of them, meeting in one painting, produces work that is almost shatteringly unintelligible and confused. Such a painting, I should say, is "Men of Destiny," a study of a group of men advancing dramatically across a plain, in which

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whatever force the concept has is pretty much destroyed by the reckless flamboyance of the treatment, while in both "The Wounded Actor" and the rather enigmatic "Sligo Forever" the main figures are so loosely and carelessly painted that they are lost in what seems to be a raddle of pigment. Failures as they may be, though, even these have a certain consistency about them; they are still within the main framework of the painter's style, and where they go wrong is in an excess of the qualities that give value to the majority of his other pictures.

Thus, in "Shouting," the elements of the picture—some men, apparently drunken countrymen, wandering on a plain—are much the same as in "Men of Destiny." But since here the approach has been more controlled and the treatment firmer, the result is a much finer and more forceful painting. At his best, too, and largely by virtue of the peculiar commingling of his Expressionist fervor with an antique baroque romanticism, Yeats is able to invest even his simplest subjects with a kind of dreamlike intensity that is effective in the extreme. Sometimes, as in "People Walking Beside a River" or the small, charming "Sleep by Falling Water," the dream is open and innocent, in a fashion that reminds one a little of the fantasies of our own Eilshemius. In other paintings, such as "Above the Fair," with its Ensorlike panorama of streaming, masklike faces, and the study, called "About to Write a Letter," of a man standing pallid-faced at a blood-red table, the implications are more menacing. But throughout the show it is this feeling that there are overtones of subtler meaning beyond the overt ones that gives Yeats' work most of its power, and in some of the pieces the tensions that are thereby created—between the things portrayed and the things suggested—are truly extraordinary. I still wish that his attack were a trifle less unrestrainedly emotional, and there are moments when his use of pigment is more prodigal than precise. Taken as he is, though, Yeats is a very resourceful and imaginative artist, and it's high time his work was seen more regularly in this country.

AMONG our other exotics, a young Iranian painter named Yektai is at the Borgenicht (through this Saturday), the Norwegian Paul René Gauguin is at the Serigraph, and Moshe Castel, an Israeli, is at the Feigl Gallery. Gauguin, grandson of the French artist (but born and brought up in Norway), exhibits color woodcuts, and the predominance in them of cool blues and grays is, I'd

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guess, a reflection of his northern background. There's good taste in them, too, as well as a nice feeling for design, and though his ventures into fantasy seem a bit infantile now and then (as when, in "Lantern Fish," he equips the poor creature with a set of tiny real lanterns), the work in the main is both perceptive and attractive. I liked especially his "Arctic Shore," with its slow-flying birds showing dark against the ice, the lively "Cockerel," and the appealingly handled "Little Girl."

Like Gauguin's—and, for that matter, Yektai's, too—Castel's exhibition is his first one-man affair in this country. He shows oils, dated from 1940 to the present, and perhaps the most striking thing about the collection is the difference between his early work, which is quite conventional, and his later, in which his debt to such moderns as Miró, Rouault, and Klee is manifest. To judge from the evidence of the show, the change in styles came abruptly, only some five or six years ago; it is still far from fully absorbed, and in consequence some of the influences appear almost too nakedly for comfort. Even so, there's sincerity in Castel's canvases, and in some of his most recent pieces, like "A Page from the Haggadah" and the more cabalistic "Ancient Scrolls," the artist seems to be getting away from complete reliance on his mentors, and moving in the direction of a more definite style of his own. I also liked his neatly particularized "A Page from the Torah" and, among the earlier pieces, "Safad Synagogue" and the cool, serene "Sabbath in Safad."

Yektai, on the other hand, comes to us with what appears to be a fully developed and highly personal style—one that he employs with really remarkable decision and assurance. His work lies roughly in the line of the abstract Expressionists, but there are hints of van Gogh and the Japanese in its background, as well, and the pictures themselves, quite large, for the most part, and done with a bold yet shrewdly calculated use of heavy impasto, are sweepingly conceived and at the same time delicately balanced in texture. Occasionally, as in "Basket with Fruit" and "The Table," his sense of design unaccountably slips, and one is left with a welter of formless paint daubs on the canvas. But by and large his touch is sure and precise, and in such pieces as "Red Table and Cards," "Lemon and White Cloth," and the handsome "The River" he reveals himself to be an artist of more than ordinary promise.

—Robert M. Coates



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hecht Sad, Hecht Merry



IN a spasm of versatility, Ben Hecht has produced, written, and directed a picture called "Actors and Sin," which consists of two totally unrelated parts. When I saw the film, I didn't realize it was a tandem job, and left the theatre, feeling rather disgruntled, at the end of the first part, which tells a glum story about an actress allegedly so talented that Ethel Barrymore might be her dresser and so nasty to innumerable boy friends that when she is eventually found dead quite a few of them are suspected of having indulged in justifiable homicide. The cast of this part includes Edward G. Robinson, who plays the actress's father, an old theatrical ham; and Marsha Hunt, who plays the actress as if she were trying to cop the drama prize at a get-together for Schrafft employees.

Fortunately, I was later informed that Mr. Hecht hadn't stopped there, so I returned to the theatre and discovered that in the course of his second go, the author, director, and producer had come up with some funny stuff about Hollywood. In contrast to "Actor's Blood" (the title of Part I), "Woman of Sin" (Part II) has a good farcical idea, as well as the services of Mr. Hecht's eight-year-old daughter, cast as an *enfant terrible* who has written a smoldering script about sex. An agent (Eddie Albert), at that point unaware of the author's juvenility, picks up the script and peddles it to a Hollywood wonderworker. Most of this section is confined to Mr. Albert's frenzied efforts to keep his principal from knowing that a little child is leading him into producing a major picture. Since there aren't many variations on this theme, Part II isn't what you'd call heavily fleshed, but in its small way it's good fun, and it's too bad it had to be tangled up with Mr. Hecht's other creation.

"WALK EAST ON BEACON," which sounds like a traffic regulation for Boston pedestrians, is actually a film about the activities of Soviet agents in the United States. From a study of the pic-



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possible to have a short beer in Scollay Square without being piercingly scrutinized by one of our counter-espionage men. Louis de Rochemont is the producer of this stroll, and, considering the quality of some of his previous efforts, it is difficult to understand how he could make a movie as woefully lacking in suspense as this one. It is the notion here that the F.B.I. is called in to protect a refugee scientist from Russian agents, who want to get their hands on him because he can figure faster than Euclid. The scientist is in a very touchy position, for his son is being held a hostage in East Berlin, like most of the other people there. Although there's plenty of description of the armamentarium the F.B.I. uses to keep spies in their place, the business soon becomes tedious, even when a Communist is shown cuddling up to his underground doxy, and it's somehow hard to believe that an outfit as preternaturally efficient as the F.B.I. would let the Russians nab the scientist, even for a short period, as indeed they do. As the leader of the Hoover operatives, George Murphy is bright and amiable; as the badgered scientist, Finlay Currie is impressively morose; and as the leader of the Soviet agents, Karel Stepanek was quite reassuring to me, since I wouldn't credit him with enough ingenuity to find a stone in his shoe.

IN "Lovely to Look At," a musical based on "Roberta," which Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach put together almost twenty years ago, there are all kinds of wonderful old tunes, like "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "The Touch of Your Hand," "Yesterdays," and so on. The revision of the original book, though, isn't very sparkling. In this version, it is a budding Broadway producer, instead of a football player, who gets involved in the workings of a high-toned dress shop. Moreover, Red Skelton and Howard Keel just aren't as good company as Bob Hope and Ray Middleton were back in 1933. However, Kathryn Grayson and Mr. Keel sing prettily, and if you must have your music with a splash of Technicolor, this picture may divert you.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Now is that fair? A young lady to whom I propounded this question promptly replied, "no it public, and ample provision has isn't." And she was right.

—*Lacoste (Texas) Ledger.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Greentree Suburban



OLDER inhabitants may remember when Suburban Day was a high holiday for horseplayers and throngs went out to Sheepshead Bay in road coaches, but that was a long time ago. As far as I'm concerned, the Suburban still stands out. It isn't the oldest of the big handicaps, but it has been won by more famous horses than any of the others, and it's always a good show. The watchers never have a rush of apathy to the head. Occasionally, there is a small surprise, like One Hitter on Memorial Day, when the sixty-sixth Suburban was run.

It was an easy race to follow. From a quick start, Crafty Admiral took such a lead in the first mile of the mile and a quarter that I wondered if he could be caught, but One Hitter wore him down in the last furlong and won by a neck. Mameluke came up fast from a slow beginning to be third, but he made nothing like the spectacular rush of Kiss Me Kate. She was tenth (last, that is) at the mile, seventh in the stretch, and finished fourth, less than a length behind Mameluke. She'll have a whopping following for her next race. The big disappointment, of course, was Battlefield, the favorite, who came in seventh. It was the first time he'd ever been out of the money, and how the show players moaned! You may think I'm second-guessing, but he didn't look up to snuff to me. His coat was dull, he was listless in the paddock parade, and he was downright uninterested when it came to running. He soured on racing just about this time a year ago. Remember?

One Hitter, as you probably know, is owned by the Greentree Stable; he's six years old, and his sire is Shut Out, which accounts for his name. For several seasons, he was about the smallest of the older horses in training, and, without checking the records, I'd say he still is. He's a plucky fellow, too, but he hasn't done so well this year. His best effort in four tries prior to the Suburban was to finish third behind Mameluke and Battlefield in the Metropolitan. After that, he galloped with such a will in his morning workouts that he was the clocker's tip for the Suburban. (Clockers' tips sometimes click, you

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see.) One Hitter is Greentree's second winner of the classic; the first was Devil Diver, in 1945. Speaking of things going by twos, the Suburban was the second race Greentree has won on Long Island this season. (The other was the one Tom Fool won at Jamaica early in April.) However, One Hitter's share of the purse was $41,900, so things aren't too tough.

OFFHAND, I couldn't give you a better example of the truth of the old saying about horses for courses than the victory of Cain Hoy's Armageddon in the Peter Pan Handicap last Saturday. Four of his five winning races have been at Belmont. Since he lost the sight of one eye, he has shown a special preference for that track, with its sweeping turns, which give him plenty of room. Well, in the Peter Pan, he was right up with Golden Gloves, the pacemaker, who did the first six furlongs in the incredibly fast time of 1:09⅖. I thought both runners would crack at that point. Then Armageddon went on to win comfortably, finishing out the mile and a furlong in 1:48⅗. Golden Gloves, carrying the lightest weight of the lot, hung on well. Master Fiddle seemed to have lost all the zip and go he had at Jamaica in April, and Pintor, I thought, looked and ran as if he needed a long rest—which he probably won't get. Earlier in the afternoon, Dixiana's Sub Fleet, who gave Hill Gail's backers such a scare in the Kentucky Derby, was beaten at seven furlongs by a horse called Heap Big Chief. So what? All that did was point up once more the fact that Sub Fleet is strictly a hard-track horse.

I'M delighted to report that Tahitian King won the National Stallion Stakes the other afternoon. He did it by a short half length, but he had a lot in reserve. He's a good colt. Others in the race worth remembering are Romantic Roman, who was second, and Tidewater, who was fourth. A couple of other two-year-olds caught my eye last week—Game Chance, as promising a runner as the Belair Stud has had in years, and Devilwood, a lively black colt from the Greentree Stable. Then there was Centime, who won at Belmont recently. He popped down to Delaware Park on Memorial Day and took the Christiana Stakes from a smart field. A raft of youngsters who had the snuffles early last month are due to make their first appearance any day now. The season seems to be picking up. On Saturday, there's the Belmont

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GENTRY *is replete with full-color-process tip-ons. Issue Number II, for instance, had reproductions of da Vinci, della Francesca, Botticelli . . . and a portfolio of old locomotives in full color. Each piece of fine art is the kind you can mull over with pleasure, or save and frame, according to your inclination. Issue Number III, just out, contains four detachable, framable old trout fishing prints on rich mat paper. An article on golf contains a special detachable flip-booklet from which you can see the action of a perfect golf swing as you would see it in a motion picture. From a purely physical point of view, every issue is worth much more than its $2 price.*

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Stakes. Sorry, I have no ideas about that one.

LAST weekend was probably Belmont Park's most successful one since the lush days just after the war. On Memorial Day, the attendance, 51,337, was not quite up to last year, but the pari-mutuel handle, which is much more important, was $3,954,144—almost a four-million-dollar day, something New York tracks haven't had since 1946. Because of the weather, business fell off on Saturday. Nevertheless, the attendance was 35,479 and the mutuel handle $3,150,853, which was nice going. With the New York State Racing Commission and the racecourse management in what ought to be a genial and tolerant mood (the State takes six per cent of the tote, and the track four), this seems a good time to ask an impertinent question. It is:

When a foul is claimed in a race, why can't the spectators always be told the name of the horse against whom the protest is made? Sometimes they are told, but quite as often they aren't; there's no more consistency about it than there is about cheap horses. I'll give you an illustration: In the third race last Friday, the boy riding Nor'west complained that his mount had been crowded by an animal named Detective, who went on and finished first. But there was simply an announcement that a protest had been made and that the stewards were going to look at the movies of the race, and nobody in the grandstand had the foggiest notion, till Detective's number was taken down, who did what to whom. I think racegoers are entitled to know what's going on.

—AUDAX MINOR

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HOOPLA DEPARTMENT

[*From the Moscow Literary Gazette*]

But one must not assume that The New Yorker is the weekly publication of some sort of "Pickpockets' Association" or "Corporation of Hired Murderers." On the contrary! This is a journal which comes out in comparatively small numbers and is intended for the fashionable circles of Wall Street.

•

chicory. Though the dictionaries give no indication of any difference, one finds, in buying vegetables in an Am. market, that Eng. *chicory* = Am. *endive* and Am. *chicory* = Eng. *endive*. The French *chicorée* similarly denotes the Eng. *endive* and the French *endive* the Eng. *chicory*.—*From "A Dictionary of Modern American Usage," by H. W. Horwill.*

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A COMPREHENSIVE collection of Ravel's works for the piano has been set down on three new long-playing Columbia records by the French pianist Robert Casadesus, who is assisted by his wife, Gaby, in two compositions for four hands—"Ma Mère l'Oye" and "Habanera." It is a delightful concert. Casadesus has an unusual understanding of the grace and spirit of this beautifully formed, vaulting music and complete technical mastery over it. The set is supposed to contain everything Ravel ever wrote for the piano alone, and for all I know it does, but it never gets tiresome, because even the extended works are suites broken up into reasonably short sections. A few of these suites—"Ma Mère l'Oye" and "Le Tombeau de Couperin," for example—are perhaps more familiar in the orchestral versions that Ravel later arranged for them. "Ma Mère l'Oye" is undeniably more effective in that form, and so, to a lesser extent, is "Le Tombeau de Couperin," but the waltzes—exceedingly lovely miniatures—have greater freedom and variety when played on the piano; in the orchestral version, they lose their delicate strength and become merely pretty. To me, the choicest things in the group, besides the "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales," are the enchantingly contrasting set of pieces known as "Miroirs" and the three inspired musical impressions of poems by Aloysius Bertrand, grouped under the title of "Gaspard de la Nuit," the first of which, the incomparable "Ondine," is probably the high spot of Ravel's entire literature for the piano. There's enough fine music, consummately played, in this set to beguile the listener for hours on end.

DARIUS MILHAUD's Concerto No. 4 for Piano and Orchestra, which was composed a few years ago in California, turns up on one side of a new long-playing Columbia record, a somewhat heavy-handed job, I'm afraid. I am all the more disposed to feel this way about it because the other side of the record is given over to an engaging set of piano pieces, "Saudades do Brazil," which Milhaud was moved to write back around 1920, a couple of years

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after he had returned to Paris from a tour of duty as attaché to the French Embassy in Rio de Janeiro. There is tenderness, fire, and invention in the piano suite, but the concerto is a laborious composition. Zadel Skolovsky is the pianist in both works, and does an excellent job. The composer himself conducts the French Radio Orchestra in the concerto.

CHARLES T. GRIFFES, an American composer who died in 1920, at the age of thirty-five, is considered in some quarters to be an unfairly neglected writer. Seeking to rectify this condition, in a small way, Walden Records has issued some of his piano works, played by Leonid Hambro, on a long-playing record. Unfortunately, nothing has been gained, for the only diverting piece presented here is "The White Peacock," one of Griffes's most popular compositions. "The White Peacock," frequently offered in an orchestral arrangement, was originally written for the piano. It is the first of four fragments of musical impressionism, gathered under the title "Roman Sketches," that occupy one side of the record, the others being "Nightfall," "The Fountain of the Acqua Paola," and "Clouds." None of the four is very interesting in style, but "The White Peacock" at least has an affecting melody. Griffes's only piano sonata takes up the other side. It is an impulsive, confused effort, ambitious but unsuccessful. The conclusion one is likely to arrive at from hearing these selections—pleasant enough in themselves but not sufficiently original to carry much weight—which Hambro plays sensitively, by the way, is that they are the creations of a composer who was far from being a first-rate craftsman.

THE sharp, bright musical language of the contemporary Czech composer Bohuslav Martinu, who is now teaching at Princeton, is agreeably in evidence on a new long-playing record (EMS) setting forth several piano pieces and his Sonata for Piano and Flute. The sonata, tart and invigorating, gives joyful employment to both instruments. René Le Roy is the flutist and George Reeves the pianist; they do a superb job. The piano numbers, played by Charles Rosen, consist of three études and two polkas, all part of a collection Martinu brought out in 1946, and a work entitled "Les Ritournelles," written in Paris in 1932. I enjoyed most the lively later pieces, one of which, the "Polka in E," caught me up short with a phrase that, both rhythmically and me-



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lodically, sounds like a variation of the Gershwin song "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'," written some ten years earlier. "Les Ritournelles" is a group of workmanlike but rather drab pieces. On the whole, though, this is a refreshing recording.

GEORGE LONDON, a young bass-baritone with a rich, admirably controlled voice, who made a splash in his début at the Metropolitan this past season, sings four meaty dramatic scenes from Russian and French operas on a Columbia long-playing record. The selections are Prince Igor's aria from the second act of Borodin's "Prince Igor;" "Do not weep, my child," from Rubinstein's "The Demon" (both of these are sung in Russian); the fifth act of Massenet's "Don Quichotte," describing the death of the knight; and the aria "Pauvre martyr obscur" from Paladilhe's "Patrie." The singing is well proportioned and the accompaniments, by the Met orchestra, are unexceptionable, and yet there is something indescribably hammy about it all. This may be due to the uniform lugubriousness of the concert, but there is also, for all its splendid properties, a lack of conviction in London's singing. . . . Beethoven's delightful Symphony No. 6, the "Pastorale," is winningly played by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of William Steinberg, on a new Capitol long-playing record. . . . Some impressive choral singing can be heard on a Columbia recording of the "Mass of Saint Sebastian," a stunning religious work by the Brazilian composer Heitor Villa-Lobos. It is written for an unaccompanied mixed chorus in which the voices are divided among three vocal parts. Here, it is performed by a hundred and thirty singers from the University of California, at Berkeley, and conducted by Werner Janssen. —D. W.

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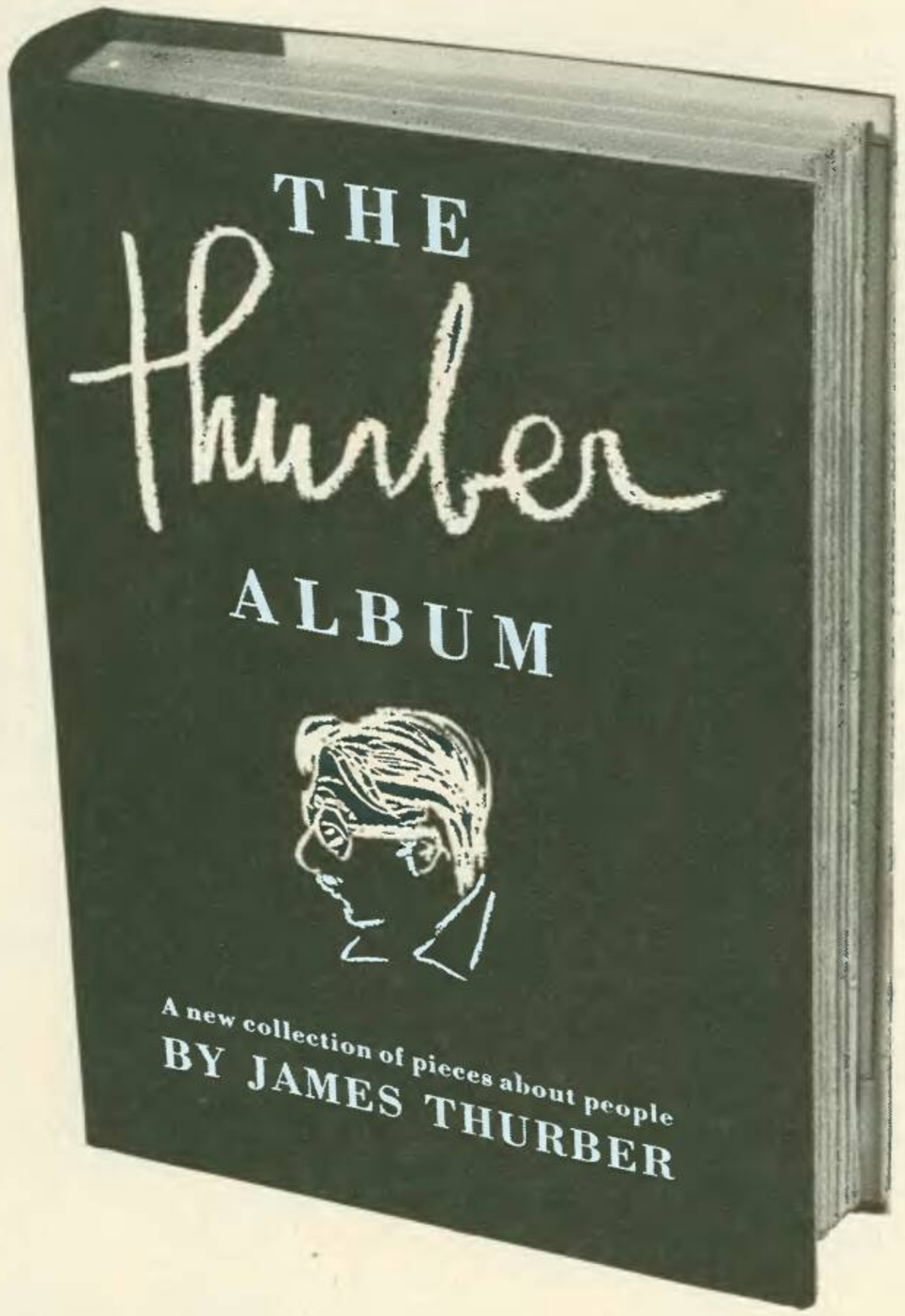


THE career of the late Arthur H. Vandenberg, only a fraction of which is dealt with in "The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg," edited by his son, Arthur H. Vandenberg, Jr., in collaboration with Joe Alex Morris (Houghton Mifflin), was an important and interesting one, but the things that made it important were not the things that made it interesting. It was Vandenberg's conversion from isolationism to internationalism that led to his becoming a tremendous figure in the postwar years—one whose impact on American history is probably greater than we are yet able to appreciate. The really fascinating thing, and, in a sense, the inspiring thing, about the man, however, was not his sudden change of heart in 1945 but his gradual transformation from a political joker and buffoon, a man who at one time thought that the country's first need was the erection in Washington of a giant memorial to Alexander Hamilton, into a reasonably serious and responsible public servant. Compared with this, his conversion was a commonplace affair, and could even be interpreted as an aspect of the frivolity that characterized the greater part of his life. If one wished to sail easily before the wind in 1945, one talked about international coöperation, the community of nations, collective security, the smallness and oneness of the globe, and all that sort of thing. For politicians, internationalism was the great success school of that period. Wendell Willkie, Harold Stassen, and Thomas E. Dewey were among the Republican graduates who had done pretty well for themselves. In November, 1944, just a few weeks before Vandenberg joined the ranks of the twice-born, the voters had arranged for the retirement of numerous isolationist congressmen. Senator Taft, unregenerate as always, barely squeezed through in Ohio.

Vandenberg, who had to run for reelection in 1946, was unquestionably in earnest about his conversion, but he was lucky in having come upon one of those delicious moments in life when conscience and self-interest, far from being in conflict with one another, unite in urging the same course of action. If he had not joined the other side in 1945, he would be recalled today as a gassy and pompous politician whose saving graces were an indefatigable friendliness and a talent for self-mimicry; he was a Claghorn who was set slightly apart from others of the breed by his own awareness that, at bottom, he *was* a Claghorn. As matters stand, though, he will be remembered as the man who made it possible for his country, in one of the most trying periods of its life, to face the world with at least an appearance of national unity. (With national unity, the appearance is always the thing that counts; there is, of course, no such thing as national unity in reality.) Had there been no Vandenberg, there might well have been no North Atlantic Treaty. He was important not only in enabling us to have a foreign policy in the late forties but in the actual shaping of the policy. If the policy makes it possible for us to avert complete disaster, we shall owe as much to Vandenberg as to any other single American, and if the crisis we are living through is as momentous as it seems to be, he will deserve a place in our history alongside such great figures of the second rank as Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. He performed the services of a statesman.

Yet the fact remains that, judged even by the standards his contemporaries set, Vandenberg was a mediocrity. He had no gifts of any consequence; he lacked even a compensating industriousness. He combined a merry-andrew personality with a romantic, hero-worshipping bent that prompted him, long before he went to the Senate, to write three dreadful books about Hamilton, whose principles he failed to grasp but whose personal history struck him as an absorbing melodrama, and to head up a MacArthur-for-President boom. But his good nature was constant. He was incapable of holding a grudge. His diary records an occasion when he was the victim of an unpardonable display of bad manners on the part of Franklin Roosevelt. It was in 1939, at the White House reception for the King and Queen of England, and when it came Vandenberg's turn to be presented to the King, Roosevelt did not mention the Senator's name but merely said, "Here's a chap who thinks he is going to succeed me in the White House; but he isn't." Two of the Roosevelt boys, standing behind their father, doubled up with mirth. "I was surprised because the President is usually very generous to me in his greetings," Vandenberg wrote. "Perhaps he was trying to be funny." In their later relationship, Roosevelt displayed not only bad manners but occasional bad faith; still, Vandenberg could always make excuses for him. His making excuses for people—his general amiability—was encouraged by his lack of seriousness. The broad streak of ham in





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him came out in many ways—in his exaggeratedly cock-a-hoop and strutting deportment, in the relish with which he took to wearing a black Homburg when he became a big wheel at international conferences, and, most of all, in his use of the English language. He was above everything else a word-lover. He had started life as a newspaperman and had quickly become the leading editorial writer in Kent County, Michigan. He wrote, in addition to the three books on Hamilton, an enormous number of short stories for now defunct magazines like *Lippincott's* and *Pearson's*, a popular ballad in praise of Bebe Daniels called "Bebe, Bebe, Bebe—Be Mine," and a lengthy commentary on the Snyder-Gray case entitled "Sin and Justice—Both Naked."

But Vandenberg's chefs-d'oeuvre were his Senate speeches. "As a speech writer," the editors of this volume say, "he had few rivals in the history of the Senate." This is undoubtedly true, though not in quite the sense the editors mean. Speech-writing was the only thing he worked very hard at; he says that he rewrote his famous conversion speech "at least a dozen times," and as one reads these clear and forthright diaries, which were written in haste and never revised, it is impossible to doubt that with each revision it gained measurably in sogginess and opacity. He was a man who carried on an unceasing hunt for redundancies. The phrase "honest candor" appears ten times in the conversion speech—once as "honest candor, devoid of prejudice or ire." His love of words was of the purest, most elevated sort; he loved them not for the things associated with them, such as their meanings, but for themselves alone. His last big speech—it was on the North Atlantic Treaty, and Cordell Hull thought it "one of the greatest speeches ever made," as did many others in Washington—was caparisoned with such treasures as "devoted loyalty," "vivid strides," "pursuant to the pattern of the rapes of yesterday," "peace is in flux," "extinguish the jeopardy," "knock-out admonition," "dream ourselves and others into delusions," "erasing their own eligibility." As he was aware of the pompousness of his ways, he was aware also of his literary vices. Asked once if he had given birth to the Harding slogan "Back to Normalcy," he said that he couldn't remember but that he well might have, since "normalcy" sounded like one of his words.

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the entries in his diary. He did manage to work in an ungodly number of parentheses and useless quotation marks, for he was a lover of punctuation no less than of words, and he was an obsessive user of italics, but by and large the composition is hasty and careless, and for that reason the book can be read with ease as well as profit. It ranks with the very best of the war and postwar memoirs—with those of Hopkins, Forrestal, and Stimson. It is often much richer in detail than the others, thanks partly to Vandenberg's love of using words—even plain ones—and thanks partly to the sense of excitement he always had at being in on big doings. It thrilled him no end to walk past the drawn sabres of the Garde Républicaine in the Luxembourg Palace, and he was not too blasé to write at the head of an entry he considered especially juicy, "Inside Stuff—Real History." There is not much "inside stuff" in his memoirs, but there is plenty of "real history," and in no other book is the stiffening of American policy toward Russia recorded in so much detail. The record as he gives it is very different from the one we will certainly be getting in this year's campaign, when the contesting parties will argue at length about the mid-forties, one saying it was a period in which every action was a triumph of courage and good judgment, the other holding it was one in which every decision was a catastrophe.

No one in the country, aside from a handful of ex-Communists, was more anti-Bolshevik than Vandenberg. He was one of the few senators who openly opposed recognizing the Soviet Union in 1933. His old conservative bias and the fact that his Polish constituents in the manufacturing centers of Michigan kept alerting him to conditions in occupied Poland stood him in good stead and made him regard Stalin with more distrust than did those who had been stirred by the defense of Stalingrad and softened by the wartime obsequiousness of Molotov, Maisky, and Litvinov. Yet he was much impressed when Lord Halifax, another veteran of anti-Bolshevism, gave it as his opinion that the Russians could be trusted after the war, and he thought it would be bad business to antagonize Stalin while the war was still going on. "We cannot afford the luxury of quarrelling with Russia *now*," he wrote, "unless we are prepared even to drive her back into the arms of Hitler . . ." When the Russians kicked up a fuss over Vandenberg's appointment to the San Francisco Conference, Vandenberg offered to with-

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draw in order to promote harmony. "We will have to deal with the Russians," he told Roosevelt, "and I don't want to make it difficult." Roosevelt said he was getting to understand the Russians a bit better and wanted someone in San Francisco who would speak up to them. But even after this encouragement Vandenberg could write the owner of a Polish-language daily in Michigan that he thought it advisable to soft-pedal criticism of the Yalta decisions on Poland. He did not really urge a hard policy until the first meeting of the United Nations General Assembly, in London, early in 1946. He was somewhat ahead of Secretary of State Byrnes, but not very far ahead of him. In Paris that spring, Vandenberg and Byrnes saw pretty much eye to eye, and from that time on American policy became increasingly firm.

Two Vandenberg myths have grown up in recent years. In one, he is a statesman favored not only by circumstance but by superior gifts of prophecy and judgment. In the other, he is a stooge, a captive Republican who did what he was told by the administration to do. The truth is that he was a second-rate Michigan politician who found himself with a great role to play and carried it off just about as well as he would have if he had been a first-rater; he was neither a leader nor a stooge, but he was, in his closing years, during which, incidentally, he was in great physical pain, a very useful public servant. He was also, in spite of his clowning and his brutal assaults on the English language, a man of charm and magnanimity. It is the true Vandenberg that "The Private Papers" reveal.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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THE RED CARPET, by Dan Wickenden (Morrow). Jason Bent, twenty-two years old, from Lupton, Illinois, spends a year in New York and falls in love for the first time. He has no chance either to win or to lose the girl, because she is a married woman who is content with her husband. Jason lives in the Village, begins to write, and has a very exciting time. That is all, except to say that Mr. Wickenden is a pleasant, if somewhat overamused, writer.

RAGE OF THE SOUL, by Vincent Sheean (Random House). Mr. Sheean, a writer of great self-assurance who can sometimes be stilted and snobbish, tells about an American woman, Eliza-



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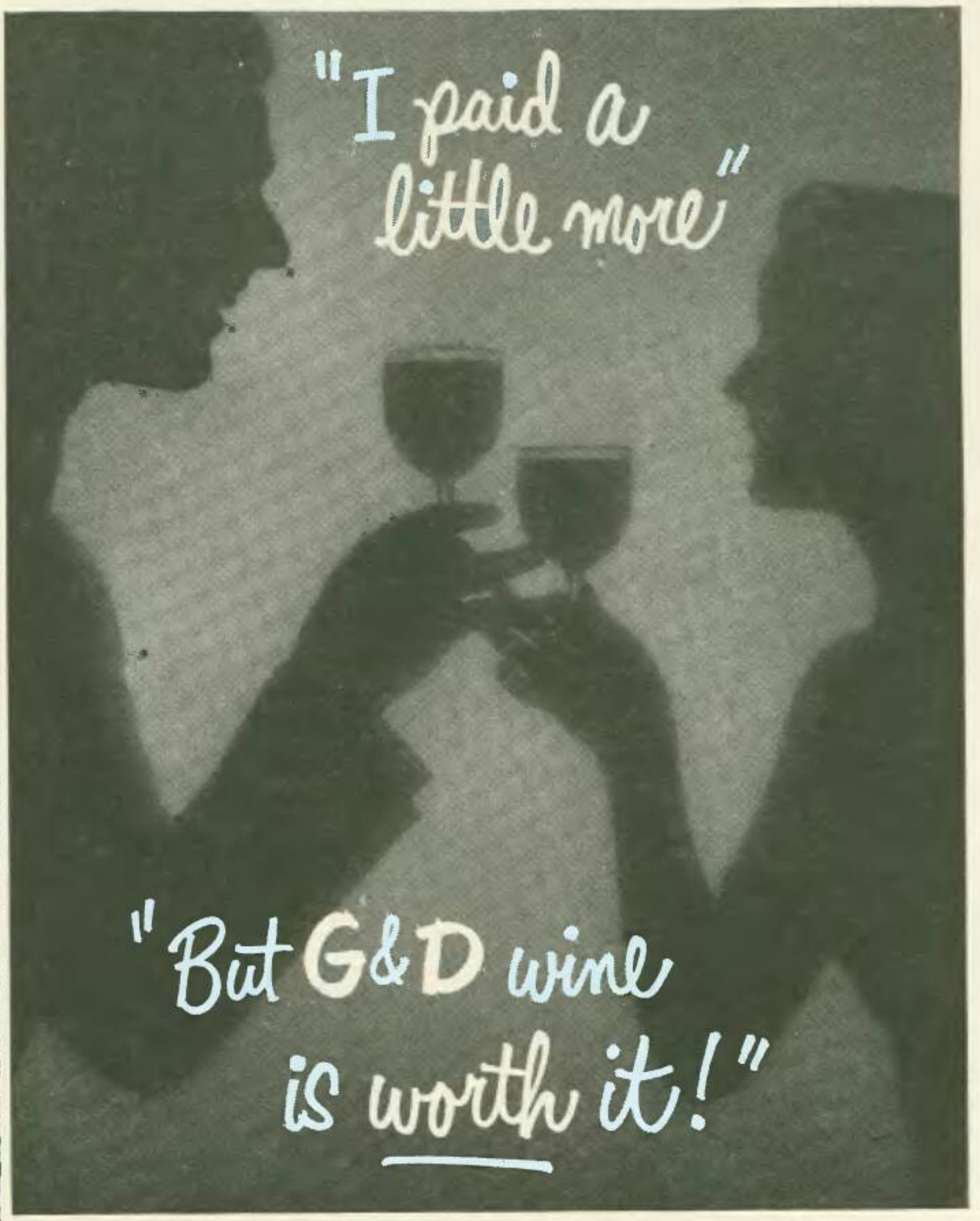
beth Redwood, who visits India in search of some kind of certainty. She is unhappy because her marriage is coming apart. Then her husband, Charles Redwood, a high official in the State Department, becomes involved in a diplomatic scandal in Washington, and this leads to a reconciliation. Charles is cleared in the scandal but determines to ditch his career and take up painting; he can afford to make this move because he belongs to a very wealthy Chicago family. However, reverberations from the old scandal crop up in Rome, where he is trying to arrange for a showing of his paintings, and, what with one thing and another, he decides on the last page to abandon art and return to politics. At any rate, the book finally does end.

THE BEACH HOUSE, by Stephen Longstreet (Holt). A banal and pretentious novel of love and ambition in Hollywood. The principal characters are Mike Zelsmith, a celebrated producer who is losing his grip on the movie world; Mollie Binning, an actress and theatrical designer; and John Fennel, an American novelist who has lived most of his life in England. Mike and Mollie are in love. Mike makes his last picture and leaves Hollywood, Mollie begins to suffer from fits and ultimately dies, and the novelist goes back to London.

THE SOFT VOICE OF THE SERPENT, by Nadine Gordimer (Simon & Schuster). These short stories are a series of youthful revelations, told with sweetness, thoughtfulness, and enthusiasm but often without much power or shape. Miss Gordimer writes about South Africa, where her home is, and deals with everything she sees, from the unequal lives of the blacks and the whites to the pangs of first love and of love come too late.

GENERAL

PLAGIARISM AND ORIGINALITY, by Alexander Lindey (Harper). A thoroughgoing discussion of plagiarism in literature and the arts, with side remarks on the relationship between plagiarism and libel, and on parallel-hunting, tune-detecting, and ghostwriting. After dealing with the prodigious larcenies of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Ben Jonson, Molière, Pope, and Laurence Sterne (who denounced the crime of picking other men's brains but swiped his denunciation from Robert Burton), the author, who is a lawyer and a literate one, comes down to mod-



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ern cases of plagiarism (and accusations of plagiarism, which have become a pestilent racket) in motion pictures, in the theatre, in song-writing, in painting, and in fiction. The book is brightly written but it is also a scholarly, documented work.

MONSOON SEAS, by Alan Villiers (McGraw-Hill). The story of the Indian Ocean—the "flying-fish ocean" of song and legend, and the kindest ocean to sailing ships. The Indian is the smallest of the three true oceans, and the richest in history; it has been traversed by the ancient ships of Egypt (bound for the land of Punt), Chinese junks, Arab dhows, proas, caravels, the unwieldy, spice-laden "floating warehouses" of the East India Company, Yankee clippers, P. & O. liners, and, during two world wars, German raiders. It offers a surfeit of material to the historian, but Mr. Villiers has sorted it out well, and since he himself has sailed the waters in an Arab pearler, in full-rigged ships, and as commander of a fleet of LCIs, his writing reflects a comfortable seafaring knowledgeability.

REPORT FROM FORMOSA, by H. Maclear Bate (Dutton). This is the first book to come along about present-day Formosa, Chiang Kai-shek's island fortress. It is the result of a visit the author, an English newspaperman who was born and brought up in China, made there last year. Mr. Bate seems well disposed toward Chiang, but he is not uncritical of what goes on in the so-called democracy of the Kuomintang; Formosa, he makes clear, is an efficient and ruthless police state. In answer to the first of the two big questions about Chiang—whether he will try to land on the mainland, and whether he can succeed if he does—the author quotes the Generalissimo's own words, obviously borrowed from a good friend of his: "I shall return." The answer to the second is not so easy. Chiang has five hundred thousand soldiers on the island, we are told, but only two-fifths of them are effectives; the Nationalist navy is good but the air force, while well drilled, is not very well equipped; army morale is now high but may dip because of inactivity. On the whole, Mr. Bate thinks our vast expenditures on Formosa are strategically justified, but, like many other observers, he finds our Far Eastern policy confused and fumbling.

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Dante del Fiorentino (Prentice-Hall). Puccini was a lazy boy and a prankish adolescent; though he came from four generations of musicians and showed talent himself, his home town of Lucca thought he was a bad risk, and no one would lend him the money to study music in Milan. He got there anyway, starved through his courses, and turned out to be the most famous composer Lucca ever produced. After he had become a success, he continued to live in and around Lucca, and kept the village gossips in an uproar with his predilections for women, fast cars, and low company. The author of this memoir, a Lucca boy himself, grew up idolizing the composer; eventually he became the curate of Puccini's parish, Puccini's friend, and, to some degree, his confidant. His book is a readable patchwork of hearsay and personal knowledge—a good-natured, uncritical biography, with enough spirit, earthiness, and character parts to make a perfectly fine Italian movie.

MAN FROM ABILENE, by Kevin McCann (Doubleday). An informal and one-sided biography of General Eisenhower, by an old friend who was an assistant to the General when he was Chief of Staff, and served him in the same capacity at Columbia University and at NATO headquarters. Mr. McCann is now president of Defiance College, in Ohio. The book contains a large quantity of material that comes direct from the General—letters, speeches, memoranda, diary entries, notes on conversations, and the like—but nothing that would cause anyone to revise his estimate of the man one way or another. Perhaps the most arresting thing in the book is the author's cryptic remark that General Eisenhower "seems too good to be true. Yet in most ways he is better than he seems."

GEOGRAPHY IN THE MAKING, by John Kirtland Wright (American Geographical Society). A history of the American Geographical Society, which was founded in New York City in 1851 and, though less widely known than the National Geographic Society, of Washington, is one of the most important institutions of its kind in the world. (In two world wars, when the United States government was caught short on vital geographical information, the Society was able to come to the rescue.) In effect, the intention of the found-

M

Report on Marie



Physical Condition: Undernourished Tall, pale

Age: 8

Address: Austria

Needs: Marie is very badly off. She needs clothes, shoes, more food

Marie is only 8—and already she is the "*little mother*" to her younger brother and twin baby sisters. Their mother, weak from abdominal trouble, is often in a charity hospital. Two miserable rooms in an Austrian refugee barracks camp are what they call home. . . . The father's wages, from working at road-mending, come to about $10 a *week*, and since most of this is needed for the twins' food, little Marie and her 6-year-old brother get only what is left—sometimes nothing.

The case worker's report says "Marie loves taking care of the twins, looking like a little mother and already is taking full responsibility. She is a sweet, lovely child, clever and bright." At the tender age of 8, she is another innocent victim of war's ravages and destruction, the family having lost everything through bombing.

Marie needs shoes, a new frock, and a coat for the winter. The old one is outgrown and worn out. And she must have more food. For us it is so little, but for her and her family it is everything—the hope for a brighter and healthier life.

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You can help Marie or another needy child through the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For just $96 a year ($8 a month), SCF will send "your" child warm clothing, sturdy shoes, and supplementary food—delivered in your name in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, or Lebanon.

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ers was to map the world, and that is pretty much what their successors have managed to do. The author, who is a former director of the Society, has written a satisfactory book for general readers who are interested in the science of geography, even though, in his role as official historian, he has been obliged to be polite and include the name of practically everyone who has ever had anything to do with the Society. Photographs, maps, and drawings.

F.P.A.'s Book of Quotations, by Franklin Pierce Adams (Funk & Wagnalls). It is good to note that F.P.A., by his own confession, likes a good many quotations besides the customary crop from Shakespeare, the Bible, and Alexander Pope; the reader need not be surprised to find Irving Berlin, Philip Wylie, and Elbert Hubbard rubbing elbows with Homer, Wordsworth, and the Greek playwrights. F.P.A. is even catholic enough to include himself—for which the reader will not be sorry. Another advantage of the book is that, being the latest of its kind, it includes many current sayings, with emphasis on Americana.

The Romantic '90s, by Richard Le Gallienne, with an introduction by H. Montgomery Hyde (Macmillan). A reprint of the literary memoirs, first published in 1926, of a poet and critic who flourished in the nineties. The author has no very profound insight into either the period he is concerned with or the celebrities with whom he was associated, but he gives us some substantial first-hand impressions, and his anecdotes of Herbert Spencer, Tennyson, Meredith, Swinburne, Walter Pater, Wilde, and the lesser writers of the end of the century are illuminating and well told.

Bernard Shaw: A Chronicle, by R. F. Rattray (Roy). This is an attempt to list chronologically the principal events of Shaw's life, with a sprinkling of quotations from his works and contemporary newspaper clippings. No book that quotes Shaw is dull, but this one has little real value, for it does not accomplish its aim. It would be useful to have a large-scale book on Shaw of the type of Jay Leyda's "Melville Log," but this "Chronicle" is sketchy and incomplete, and the selection of excerpts and clippings seems to have been made at random, without much idea of what was important.

New Mexico: A Pageant of Three Peoples, by Erna Fergusson



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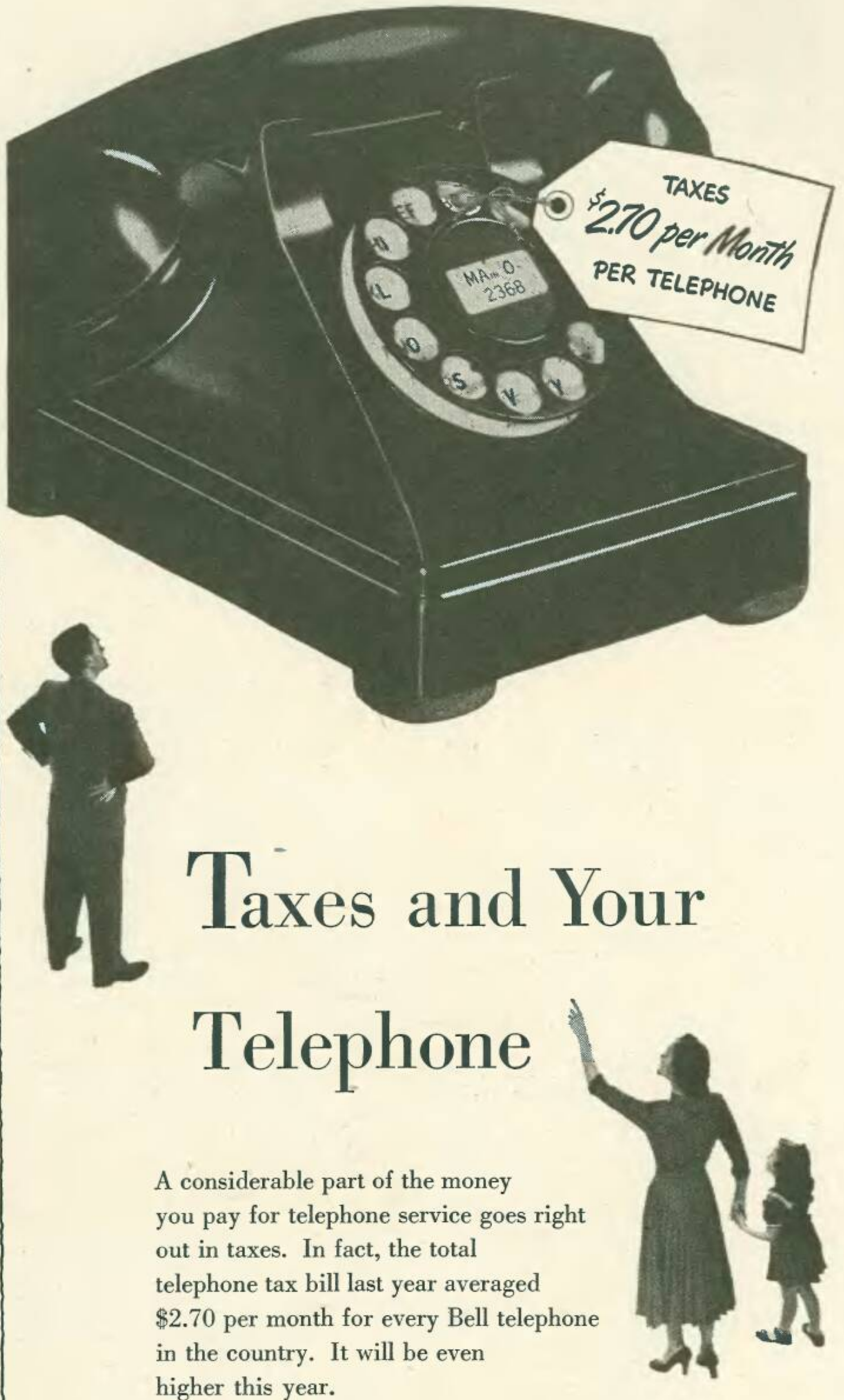
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(Knopf). The three peoples are the Indians, the Spaniards, and the Americans, whose cultures overlap. The author, a specialist on the Southwest and Latin America, deals with each of the groups separately, at the same time evaluating their impact on one another. Time has shown that even peoples as diverse as these can live in amity, and the constant changes that have been taking place since the three groups first were thrown together are the theme of Miss Fergusson's book. She examines, too, the product of these changes—life as it is being lived in New Mexico today. Altogether, the volume is a successful combination of history and travel.

LONDON, by Jacques Boussard (McGraw-Hill). The world's largest city, reduced to descriptive prose and more than a hundred and fifty impressive photographs. Its history, parks, buildings, art works, special neighborhoods, and current atmosphere are examined competently and unhurriedly. An adult and enlightening tour.

TICKET TO ISRAEL, by Judy Shepard and Alvin Rosenfeld (Rinehart). Israel, long a repository of religious and historic treasures, has now, of course, become a pioneer country, its landmarks echoing to the bustle of colonists and their determined plans. As this guidebook points out, however, austerity, the new settlers' common way of life, is no problem for tourists, who are welcomed for the cold cash they bring and encouraged to see all wonders, ancient and modern, on a relatively luxurious basis. The authors, a man-and-wife team of journalists, present a great many detailed signposts, as well as an occasional danger marker.

SALEM INTERIORS, by Samuel Chamberlain (Hastings House). It will be surprising indeed if, after leafing through this engrossing picture book, everybody who cares anything about American architecture and decoration doesn't make a beeline for Salem. Not only does this fortunate town possess an unusual number of eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century mansions, and even a few seventeenth-century houses, but here, more than in any other part of New England, the furniture, wallpaper, wood carving, china, and pictures that originally adorned them remain as monuments to Early American taste and manners. The



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AMERICAN FURNITURE, QUEEN ANNE AND CHIPPENDALE PERIODS, by Joseph Downs (Macmillan). Whether you are interested in cabinetwork or whether you just read the newspapers, you must know by this time that the family home of Henry Francis du Pont, at Winterthur, Delaware, has been turned into a museum housing what is unquestionably the largest and most valuable collection of American furniture in existence. Mr. Downs, who is the curator of the museum, has built this imposing book around four hundred of the collection's most interesting examples of the Queen Anne and Chippendale periods in America (there are thousands of pieces of furniture in the museum), when the skill and taste of this country's cabinetmakers reached a high point of distinction and their independence from European conventions gave particular interest to their work. In addition to the detailed text, which describes the special features, construction, history, and so on, of every piece presented, there are four hundred halftone reproductions and a group of full-color plates of the reconstructed Winterthur rooms. The volume includes a foreword on collecting by Mr. du Pont, who must surely be as gifted in this field as Chippendale ever was in his.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE MILITARY SCENE

[*From the Bronxville Review-Press*]

Lieut. Fitz Gerald was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross in December for "great heroism" under fire in the Korean fighting. His family is a distinguished one, and his great grandfather, a direct descendant of the Earl of Kildare, as a baby was rescued from the burning Fitz Gerald Castle by an ape. Since then, for the first time, the ape was used in Heraldry, and under the Fitz Gerald crest are the words, "Crom Aboo," meaning "Rulers overall."

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