Oct. 15, 1955

THE NEW YORKER

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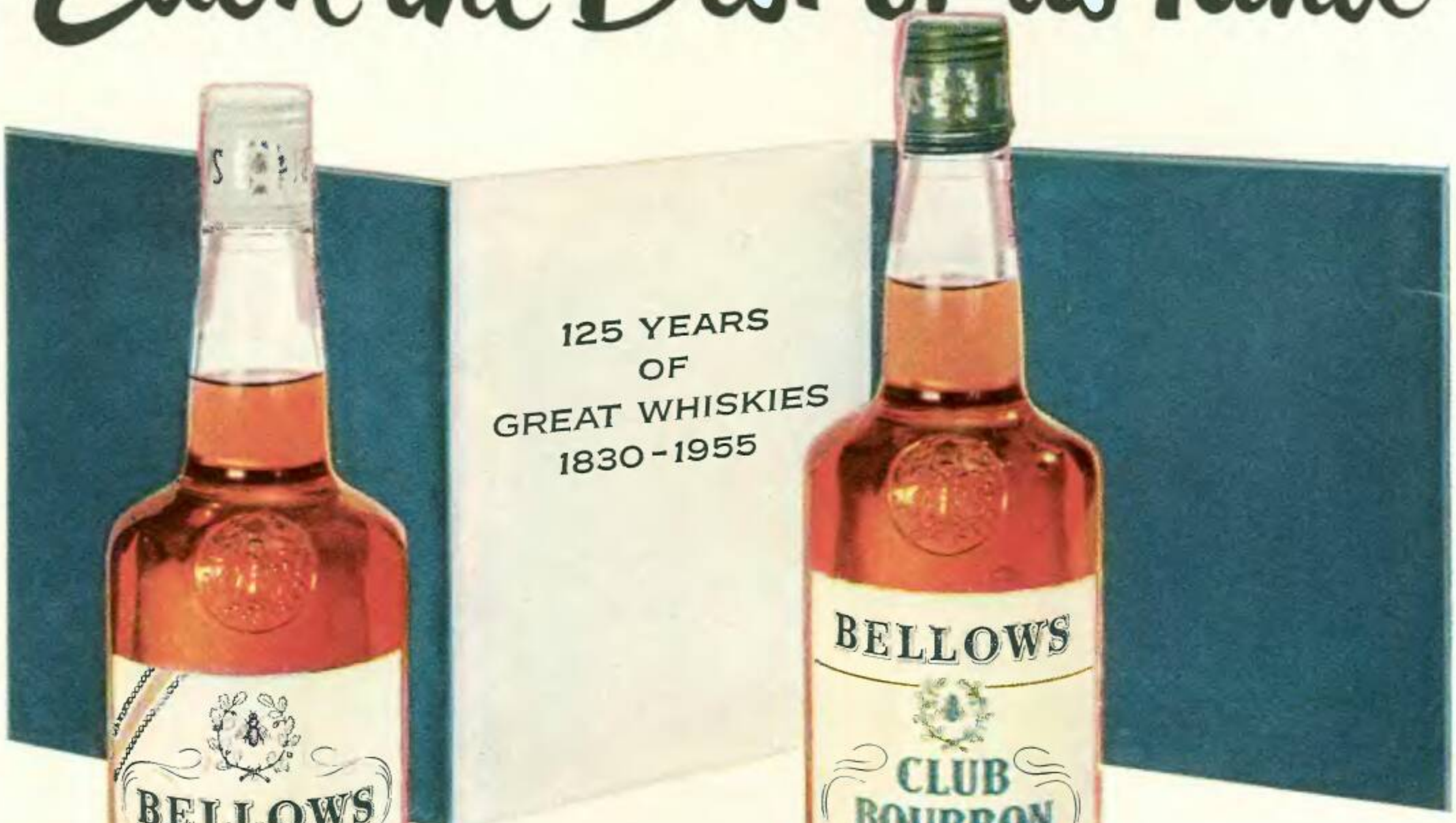

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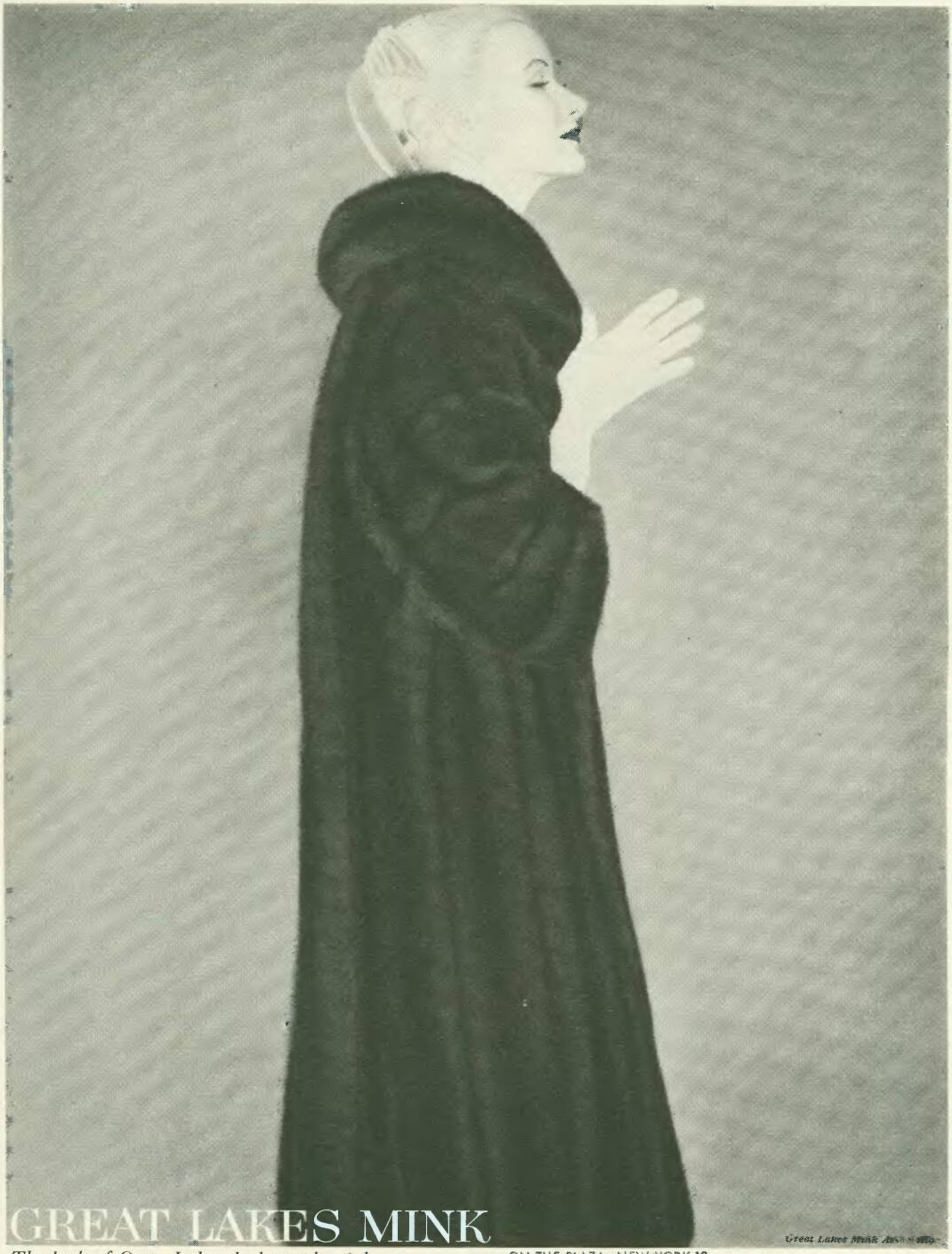

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Bus Stop—William Inge has marooned a lot of people in a luncheonette and let them talk about their emotional problems, and the result, on the whole, is very nice indeed. Harold Clurman directed a fine cast, which includes Kim Stanley, Elaine Stritch, and Anthony Ross. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—Tennessee Williams' impressive drama about a tribe of powerful and self-tormented landowners in the South. Barbara Bel Geddes and Burl Ives are both magnificent under Elia Kazan's direction. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Day by the Sea—Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy play a pair of futile people in N. C. Hunter's rather monotonous play. The cast, directed by Cedric Hardwicke, also includes Aline MacMahon, Halliwell Hobbes, and Megs Jenkins. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 15.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—This sensitive dramatization of the record left by a young victim of the Nazis is very moving, and the production is superb. Young Susan Strasberg scores a triumph in her first Broadway appearance, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are splendid in other leading roles in Frances Goodrich's and Albert Hackett's play. Garson Kanin's direction and Boris Aronson's set are also of enormous assistance. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inherit the Wind—This rearrangement of the Scopes evolution trial makes too many concessions to the popular theatre to amount to much as a serious play. Melvyn Douglas and Ed Begley play the parts of the two great orators involved, and Bethel Leslie, Staats Cotsworth, Muriel Kirkland, Louis Hector, and Karl Light are in it, too. The authors are Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and Herman Shumlin is the director. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiger at the Gates—Jean Giraudoux's play, translated by Christopher Fry, uses a variation of the Trojan legend to achieve an eloquent and brilliant satire on warmongers. Michael Redgrave is superlative in the leading role, and the admirable supporting cast includes Barbara Jefford, Leueen MacGrath, Diane Cilento, Morris Carnovsky, and Catharine Lacey. Harold Clurman directed, and Louden Sainthill did the excellent sets. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A View from the Bridge—Arthur Miller's waterfront tragedy is a shocking and compelling piece of work. The cast includes Van Heflin, J. Carrol Naish, Eileen Heckart, Jack Warden, and Russell Collins, who also appear in a rather shapeless curtain-raiser called "A Memory of Two Mondays." (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Wooden Dish—Louis Calhern in a character actor's holiday about an old man who doesn't want to be put in a home. The play seems more suitable for television, but there are agreeable supporting performances by Polly Rowles, Gordon Tanner, James Westerfield, and John Randolph. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays. at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Young and Beautiful—Sally Benson has turned a series of F. Scott Fitzgerald's stories about an unhappy adolescent into a comedy that may suffer a little from its attempts to reach for something else. Lois Smith, however, gives a memorable performance in the central role. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Long Runs—the teahouse of the august moon: John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, now with Eli Wallach, John Beal, Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **witness for the prosecution:** A mystery melodrama by Agatha Christie, with Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, and Robin Craven featured in a cast of thirty. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Damn Yankees—A lively and inventive story of a baseball fan who sells his soul to the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. Adapted by George Abbott and Douglass Wallop from the latter's novel, "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant," the play has pleasant tunes by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, and a hell of a fine demon in the person of Gwen Verdon. Ray Walston, as her employer, and Stephen Douglass, as her earth-bound suitor, are very talented, too. The dances are stimulating, and the male chorus actually seems to know its baseball. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Plain and Fancy—This account of manners and morals among the Pennsylvania Dutch is generally charming, though its plain people may get just a little too plain from time to time. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the book; Albert Hague and Arnold B. Horwitt created the songs and lyrics; and the cast includes Shirl Conway, Barbara Cook, Richard Derr, and David Daniels. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Silk Stockings—There isn't any Garbo in this musical interpretation of "Ninotchka," but that handicap is offset by some jaunty songs by Cole Porter and a jolly book by George S. Kaufman, Leueen MacGrath, and Abe Burrows. The sets and costumes have a lot of merit, and Cy Feuer has directed the proceedings with plenty of verve. Hildegarde Neff and Don Ameche are happily in evidence most of the time. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—the boy friend: This British parody of the sort of musical that was prevalent in the twenties has Jean Bayless in the role of a devastator as empty-headed as a Toby mug. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **comedy in music:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **fanny:** A big plot-and-character musical show based, a little obscurely, on the doings of some poor but tuneful folk in Marseille. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)... **the pajama game:** Love and labor relations in a pajama factory. In the cast are John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Pat Marshall. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure—A revue for which the British comedienne has supplied the sketches and lyrics and Richard Addinsell the music. Miss Grenfell will be supported by a trio of dancers. Presented by Producers Theatre, produced by Lyn Austin and Thomas Noyes, and directed by Laurier Lister. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

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

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?—George Axelrod's new play, with Orson Bean, Jayne Mansfield, Walter Matthau, and Martin Gabel. Directed by the author and presented by Jule Styne. Opens Thursday, Oct. 13. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Roomful of Roses—Patricia Neal in a comedy by Edith Sommer. A presentation of Guthrie McClintic and Stanley Gilkey, staged by Mr. McClintic. Opens Monday, Oct. 17. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

No Time for Sergeants—A comedy by Ira Levin based on the novel of the same name by Mac Hyman. Myron McCormick, Roddy McDowall, and Andy Griffith are in a cast directed by Morton Da Costa. Presented by Maurice Evans in association with Emmett Rogers. Opens Thursday, Oct. 20. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Aïda." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fri-

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXI, No. 35, October 15, 1955. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Sundays, and Tuesdays, at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—A revival of Paul Osborn's "Morning's at Seven," with Harrison Dowd and Dorrit Kelton. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, Oct. 23.)

Circle in the Square—"La Ronde," Eric Bentley's English adaptation of Arthur Schnitzler's play "Reigen," with Felice Orlandi and Betty Miller. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—"The Carefree Tree," a play by Aldyth Morris with a cast, directed by Jack Landau, that includes Farley Granger, Janice Rule, and Blanche Yurka. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Paul Milikin in a revival of Frank Wedekind's "Spring's Awakening," a presentation of Theatre 12. . . . ¶ An English translation of Euripides' "Alcestis" will take the place of "Spring's Awakening" for a single performance by the same group on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 15. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Shakespearewrights—"Macbeth," directed by Jack Manning. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein, based on the original by Bertolt Brecht. The cast, directed by Carmen Capalbo, is headed by Lotte Lenya and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET

Sadler's Wells Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 13-14: "Madame Chrysanthème," "Les Sylphides," and "Tiresias." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 15: "Le Lac des Cygnes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Oct. 16: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. LO 5-1374. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Antonio and His Spanish Ballet Company—A group of dancers, singers, and guitarists, including Rosita Segovia and Carmen Rojas. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:30. Through Saturday, Oct. 22.)

MISCELLANY

Maurice Chevalier—A program of songs and impersonations by a man who has charmed two generations and still has great sentimental appeal. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40. Through Saturday, Nov. 5.)

Marcel Marceau—The classic French pantomimist in a program of some fifteen sketches that sometimes come close to high art but have their routine moments, too. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 16.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—A nine-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 13-15: "Princess Ida." . . . ¶ Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 17-19: "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 20-22: "Ruddigore." (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Evenings at 8:30; opening-night curtains at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Nov. 26.)

Hear! Hear!—Closing performances of a musical presentation by Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Oct. 23.)

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Rodeo—The last roundup will be held on Sunday evening, Oct. 16. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday at 8:30; Friday and Saturday at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday at 2 and 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where 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 Embassy Club, a rather elaborate arena, has dinner music until ten, then dance music by the veteran Chauncey Gray's band and a rumba group. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The lounge "under the clock" is a cocktail-hour anchorage for commuters, commuters' wives, commuters' children, commuters' children's dates, and just plain New Yorkers. There's sweet violin by Emery Deutsch every day but Sunday. He also plays from seven to nine in the Madison Room, Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The entertainment here, though unquestionably professional, is not supplied by the house. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Mimi Benzell, wielding a voice that does full justice to Puccini as well as to Porter, is on the town with three personable young escorts. They all appear in the Cotillion Room at dinnertime and on Fridays and Saturdays at suppertime as well. The dance music (Stanley Melba's band) goes on until one. The place is closed on Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, there's dancing every day from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Los Chavales de España, as slick, swift, and purring as a fleet of Mercedes-Benzes, are singing and prancing all over the Persian Room, along with Trini Reyes, their agile girl mascot. Ted Straeter and his glittering dance band are in their usual state of jubilee. Mark Monte's music-makers are also around. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Four hours for dinner is still the order of the evening in the grand old Rendez-Vous Room, where Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dreamy dance music starts at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's musicians make appropriate sounds at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing. . . . ¶ In the Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group reappears at the dinner hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddy Howard's orchestra is responsible for the dance music in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The halls of Montezuma had nothing on the sumptuous Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's bouncy little bands are in constant attendance and Constance Moore, the cheery blond shepherdess of Beverly Hills, sings at dinner and supper about the more carefree brand of adult games. On Thursday, Oct. 20, Fernanda Montel, a lady of fashion from Paris, will take over Miss Moore's assignment. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long in the Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra ministers to anyone in the mood for calisthenics, from cocktails to dinner and supper.

Statler, 7th Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the vast Café Rouge, there's the music of Les Elgart's orchestra, which performs with a lot more ardor and artistry than is the custom of hotel dance bands. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Sometimes it looks like the dress rehearsal of a big Broadway musical; sometimes it looks like the finale of a five-day convention. Dancing in an alcove to Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—They die like flies in the requiems of Edith Piaf, the renowned mourning dove, whose French is as musical and whose English is as angular as ever. She conducts services at dinner and supper; Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room makes an excellent sounding board for Harry Belafonté, the most tempestuous and yet the most mesmeric of the shirtsleeved Apollos, as he shadowboxes his way through his work songs and play songs. The lapis-lazuli dance music of Nat Brandwynne's sonorous orchestra is given a new twist, while Mr. B. is on, by Tony Scott and other jazzmen. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In one estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Cy Coleman's trio demonstrates, in a gentle but firm manner, the principles of modern music. This goes on at the cocktail hour, and again after eight-thirty, when it's interspersed with dance music. On Sunday, the only sound is dance music, eight to twelve, by Mischa Borr's band.

Note—The Rainbow Room, which has had its head in the clouds for years and years, offers cocktails—thus beating any other sightseeing bus hollow—and hushed non-dance tunes from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A beautifully preserved specimen of the saloon architecture of the roaring twenties, open every night for late-rising historians. The accompaniment—Kurt Maier's *Alt-Wien* piano—is always muted, and completely inaudible on Sundays. . . . **Weylin Room**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): From six to eight and from ten to two, Cy Walter pulls off the difficult trick of giving drawing-room piano a firm but unobtrusi e jazz foundation. Sunday is his sabbatical. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An executive suite of notable opulence, with Addison Bailey's piano during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in. . . . **Goldie's New York**, 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): Good fellows getting together in the fair weather under Louis Hawkins' rooftree, where Mr. Hawkins, despite the competition, provides most of the piano, the conversation, and the jokes, from seven o'clock on. Wayne Sanders just provides piano, and does it very well. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins loving, weeping, making music, and dancing with fascinating fury. The clients are now and then allowed to do a little footwork, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Nino**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): George Kent plays mild cocktail, dinner, and supper piano in the bar of a wine-with-each-course restaurant. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The dusk-to-dawn patrol is apt to use this place as a conference room. The piano background, partly upbeat and partly romantic, is supplied by Jim Mahoney, who checks in at dusk, and Ralph Strain, who checks in at ten. At midnight, Mr. Mahoney bows out in favor of a light-fingered drummer, who keeps Mr. S. company until dawn. Closed Mondays. . . . **Little Bohemia**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): This Mittel-europa school of cookery is placid, jolly, and (from seven-thirty until the small hours) full of just the music you'd

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expect. Closed Sundays. . . . WAVERLY LOUNGE, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight-thirty weekdays and after five-thirty on Sundays, Laurie Brewis's piano revives the pet arias you thought everyone but you had forgotten. No music Mondays. . . . CHAMPAGNE GALLERY, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in an extremely relaxed youth hostel. . . . CHARDAS, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Old Hungarian specialties, such as goulash and the czimbalom, are dished up in family style, all quite folksy, all quite pleasant. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The diary of Joe E. Lewis, an open book to all, is being read aloud these nights by the author, with many a wild and woolly digression, and the handsome Julie Wilson is sashaying her way through the brassiest kind of song without ever losing her sense of humor or her dignity. A veil of silence will suffice for the rest of the proceedings. Dancing. On Thursday, Oct. 20, there'll be a new shivaree, the most important part of which will be Nat King Cole, the celebrated lush-life balladeer.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis and Spouse, no standers on ceremony, are running a two-ring musical circus in the back room, where Mort Sahl, the San Francisco chronicle, sees all, hears all, and tells all in a lecture that is a masterpiece of free association. There are also songs by Lucienne Delyle, a worldly Continental with Paris on her mind, and the Foursome, a boy-and-girl choir involving a beguiling girl bass. The Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements are the background. . . . ¶ Except Saturday nights, a breakfast-with-the-Davis-family soirée is conducted in the lounge from two to four. . . . LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): A collection of new or almost new faces—Penny Malone, a dizzy brunette with one or two moments of high comedy; Don Adams, a reasonably bright conversationalist; and the Jones Boys, a perky four-boy glee club. The Norman Paris trio does its usual excellent job of giving the children support and confidence. Closed Sundays. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A happy and noisy West Indian island, on which Enid Mosier, a street urchin who regards all of life as her oyster, is making merry. Miss Mosier is assisted no end by a genuine made-in-Trinidad steel band. There is also Sylvia Syms, who can belt a rowdy song right out of the ballpark and give a sad one a magnificent coating of surrealist grace notes. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Plenty of piano all week long by Bob Downey, Harold Fonville, and Hazel Webster. There is, in addition, except Sundays, the hobbledehoy clowning of Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, and, except Mondays, the playgirl songs of Virginia de Luce. Mr. Downey doubles in ivory at the piano for cocktails every day but Sunday. . . . BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, the celebrated screech owl; Tiger Haines, the offbeat balladeer; the frenzied music of the Three Flames; and the man-of-the-world songs of Jimmie Daniels are, as is customary, on the bill of fare. There are other contributions, too—limpid and lyric by Portia Nelson, and raucous by Tony and Eddie, whose parodies are more profane than sacred. Closed Mondays. . . . JORIE'S PURPLE ONION, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): An animated little cellar that looks and sounds like life after dark in avant-garde San Francisco. Jorie Remes, an unorthodox humorist from that metropolis, is offering, in rather well-chosen phrases, several easy lessons on how to analyze yourself and why; June Ericson, a lass with some delicate and delightful airs, trills them with gentle warmth and clarity; Will Holt gives folk music a once-over-ever-so-lightly treatment; and Murray Grand contributes his urbane piano. Closed Sundays. . . . UPSTAIRS AT THE DUPLEX, 55 Grove St.

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(WA 4-2730): Another nostalgic segment of San Francisco's casbah, painstakingly and neatly reproduced in Greenwich Village. The most interesting inhabitant is Lovey Powell, whose a oof little odes to passion have understandably made her the pet singer of the Golden Gate's bright young people. There is also a young man named Hal Holbrook, whose monologue brings Mark Twain back alive, and another named Brooks Morton, who attends to the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . PIN-UP ROOM, 242 Lexington Ave., at 34th St. (MU 4-8678): In the tiny back room of this bar-and-grill, Mabel Mercer, whose way with a lyric has made her into a one-woman little theatre, sings and talks some of the best songs of our times. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Both parties are off duty Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A museum wholeheartedly devoted to aboriginal music. The artifacts, all of them alive and kicking, are Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Walter Page, Pee Wee Russell, Tony Hannan (to be replaced on Thursday, Oct. 20, by George Wettling), and Mr. Condon. Ted Roy does the interlude piano. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are often mass dementia. Closed Sundays. . . . THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones provides some nice warm trumpet flourishes for his chortling quartet; Dorothy Donegan brings a brilliant technique and some supererogatory horseplay to bear on the piano, which is the feature of her trio. Jo Jones, who appears to have a lifetime pass to this temple of the muses, is presently Miss D.'s elegant drummer boy. The music starts at eight-thirty. Cocktail and dinner piano every day; Sunday nights, Jack Elliott's blithe latter-day trio is in charge. . . . BASIN STREET, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Weekend seminars for serious thinkers. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, Dave Brubeck, a terribly serious thinker himself, will preside over his piano and his quartet; Don Elliott's quartet and Charlie Ventura, all good men and true, will also perform. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, the thinking will be done by Gerry Mulligan's sextet (solemn) and the Modern Jazz Quartet (abstruse); the singing will be done by Chris Connor (sugar and spice). . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A hardy collection of veteran Villagers cook up a fairly hot time in their old home town. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jazz as it was in the beginning, played by Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, George Foster, and Sonny White, all wizards at total recall. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . THE COMPOSER, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The pleasant custom of four-hand piano is being revived by Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, whose trio includes a bass fiddle. Bernard Peiffer's trio, with the owner at the piano, is also around. Their text is in the contemporary vein, though annotated with classical footnotes. The Mehegans are off Sundays; the Peiffers are off Mondays. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Jeri Southern, a singer who's worth a good stop, look, and listen, has just checked in, along with Miles Davis's cloud-busters and Terry Gibbs' lively quartet. Visiting artists on Mondays, which are jam-session nights. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, an influential member of the ladies' guild of piano players, is holding down the chair of modern piano inside the circular bar. She and her trio start at nine. No music Mondays. . . . METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A bumptious shooting gallery that is nevertheless suitable for children of any age. A constant stream of musicians (among whom you are apt to see Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins) amble on and off the quarter-deck behind the bar from 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M., all huffing and puffing like mad. . . . STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday, Oct. 14, the traditionalist pied pipers who will lure the youngsters over the hill will, it is alleged, be Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Coleman Hawkins, Bud Freeman, Miff Mole, Vic Dickenson, Joe Marsala, Cliff Jackson, Hank Duncan, Pop Foster, Zutty Singleton, George Wettling, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. . . . ¶ Next evening, they plan to do a repeat at Werdermann Hall, 144 E. 16th St. (GR 3-9699). Dancing. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, the professional worshippers of Early American lares and penates should include the Conrad Janis tailgaters, Buck Clayton, Tyree Glenn, Johnny Windhurst, Art Trappier, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, and Don Kirkpatrick.

ART

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

GALLERIES

WILL BARNET, CAMERON BOOTH, AND BALCOMB GREENE—Abstractions in oil by Mr. Barnet and Mr. Booth, and figures in oil by Mr. Greene, all done since their respective solo shows last season; through Oct. 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

GEORGES BRAQUE—Sixteen canvases (1925-54), a few of them never shown before; through Oct. 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

EDGAR DEGAS—A set of twenty-five bronzes, mainly of horses and jockeys, ballerinas, and nudes; through Oct. 29. (Galerie Chalette, 45 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.)

BEN EISNER—Mostly landscapes (with birds, animals, or nude figures) painted during the past summer; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Gallery 62, 62 W. 56th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.)

PAUL FEELEY—Abstract paintings by the head of the Bennington College art department; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

C. IVAR GILBERT—A Swedish-born American whose oils depict, for instance, Glacier Park, in Montana, and medieval castles in France; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St. Closed Saturday, Oct. 15.)

ARSHILE GORKY—Drawings for major paintings, all of them dating from the forties; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

GIUSEPPE GUERRESCHI—A young Italian painter in his first one-man New York show (figures, still-lifes, and animals); through Oct. 29. (Barone, 202 E. 51st St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

J. M. HANSON—New paintings by this English-born artist, who has lived in the United States since 1939; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

JOE JONES—Ten oils and a dozen drawings of Bermuda and elsewhere; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

PAUL KLEE—Most of the water colors, drawings, and oils gathered for this show have never been seen in America; through Nov. 19. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

ROBERT KNIPSCHILD—Abstract encaustic paintings, plus some gouaches and drawings; through Oct. 29. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

LEE KRASNER—An exhibition of abstract collages

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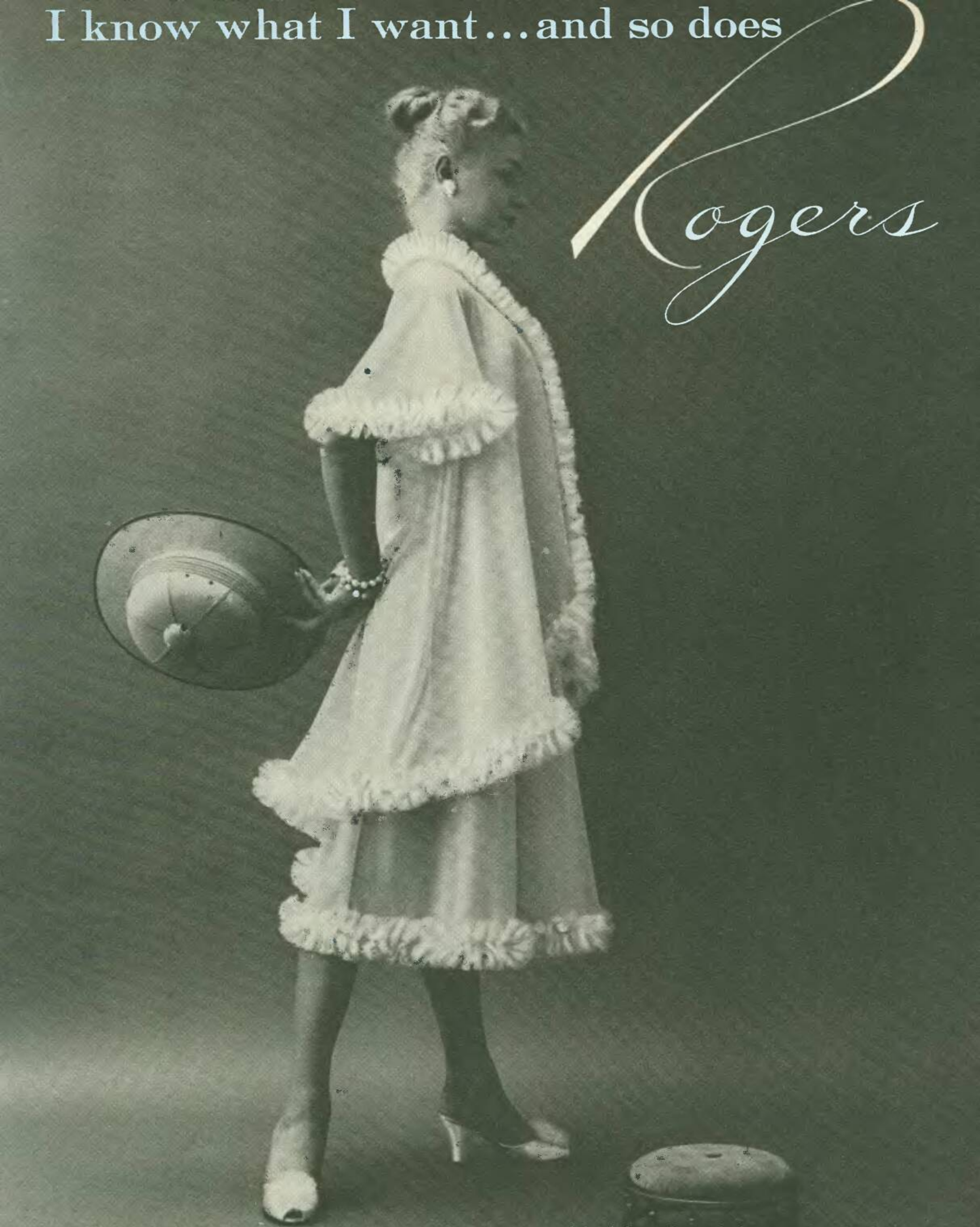

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and oils on view for the first time; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

Fernand Léger—A memorial show of twenty-two oils and a small group of water colors and drawings by the French abstractionist, who died last August; through Nov. 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Giorgio Morandi—The first solo show here by this Italian from Bologna consists of paintings, drawings, and etchings; through Nov. 5. (Delius, 470 Park Ave., at 58th St.)

Gabor Peterdi—Recent abstract paintings, derived from nature, turned out by a former print-maker; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

Pablo Picasso—A collection of seventy-five rare lithographs executed from 1946 through 1954; through Oct. 28. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1 to 5.)

Serge Poliakoff—Abstractions, including several on loan from private collections, that have had only one previous showing in this country; through Oct. 29. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Alex Redein—Seascapes, landscapes, and figure studies in oil, as well as a selection of gouaches; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

Constance Richardson—Nineteen landscapes dealing particularly with the Great Lakes and Midwestern regions; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Noel Rockmore—The first one-man show by a young New Yorker who does portraits and, among other things, paintings of Coney Island; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Anthony Toney—Paintings ranging in subject matter from portraits to street scenes; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Hugo Weber—Abstract Expressionist oils painted in the Midwest during the last two years by this Swiss-born painter; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Pre-Renaissance to Post-Impressionist Paintings—Thirty-three works lent by museums and private collectors; the artists include Titian, Rubens, Hals, and Renoir. For the benefit of the Spanish Institute's Research Fund of Art and Archaeology. Through Nov. 1. (E. & A. Silberman, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: The thirtieth annual exhibition, comprising paintings and sculptures by Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, Ben Shahn, Charles Sheeler, William Zorach, and various others; through Oct. 29. . . . **kraushaar**, 32 E. 57th St.: Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, Jane Wasey, and other contemporary painters and sculptors; through Nov. 12. . . . **milch**, 55 E. 57th St.: Examples by Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, and Iver Rose are included in a group of paintings by present-day artists; through Saturday, Oct. 22. . . . **perdalma**, 400 W. 23rd St.: A guest show, with Vaclav Vytlacil, Ilya Bolotowsky, and Morris Kantor on the roster of eight invited artists; through Friday, Oct. 21. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 4; Wednesday evenings, 8 to 10.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—the contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: The gallery has opened at its new location with an exhibition composed of sculptures by Isamu Noguchi, Mary Callery, and others, and graphics by, among others, Marino Marini and Carol Summers; through Nov. 12. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 6.). . . **feigl**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: A painting apiece by a group of modern artists, including Leon Golub, Marcel Gromaire, and E. L. Kirchner; through Oct. 29. . . . **valentin**, 32 E. 57th St.: Contemporary paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints make up the final offering at this gallery, which is expecting to close for good on Dec. 31. . . . **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Carlyle Brown, Afro, Mirko, and others in an exhibit of American and Italian paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through Oct. 29.

French; Group Shows—At the **fine arts associ-**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ATES, 41 E. 57th St.: Oil paintings by ten artists, including Rouault, Delaunay, and Utrillo; through Saturday, Oct. 22. . . . KOOTZ, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Recent acquisitions from such Fauves and moderns as Dubuffet, Soulages, and Vlaminck; through Nov. 5.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the ARGENT, 67 E. 59th St.: Eleanor Barry Lowman; starting Tuesday, Oct. 18. . . . BORGENICHT, 61 E. 57th St.: Adja Yunkers; starting Monday, Oct. 17. . . . FRIED, 40 E. 68th St.: Group show; starting Monday, Oct. 17. . . . JACKSON, 22 E. 66th St.: Marino Marini; starting Monday, Oct. 17. . . . PARSONS, 15 E. 57th St.: Enrico Donati; starting Monday, Oct. 17. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: Dorothy Andrews; starting Monday, Oct. 17. . . . STABLE, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Daniel Brustlein; starting Monday, Oct. 17.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Two hundred and twelve prints made by members of the Society of American Graphic Artists and presented by them to the Museum as a memorial to John Taylor Arms; through Sunday, Oct. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than forty paintings and drawings by the French-American Surrealist Yves Tanguy, in a retrospective reviewing the years from 1926 until his death last January; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Twenty canvases from the early period (1913-19) of Giorgio de Chirico's career; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Small sculptures in silver, dating from early Egyptian to the present and including pieces by José de Creeft and David Smith, as well as the eight purloined by those boys; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A memorial exhibition devoted to the works of Reginald Marsh (1898-1954). Included are oils, water colors, drawings, and prints, plus photographs and drawings of murals. Through Nov. 6. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

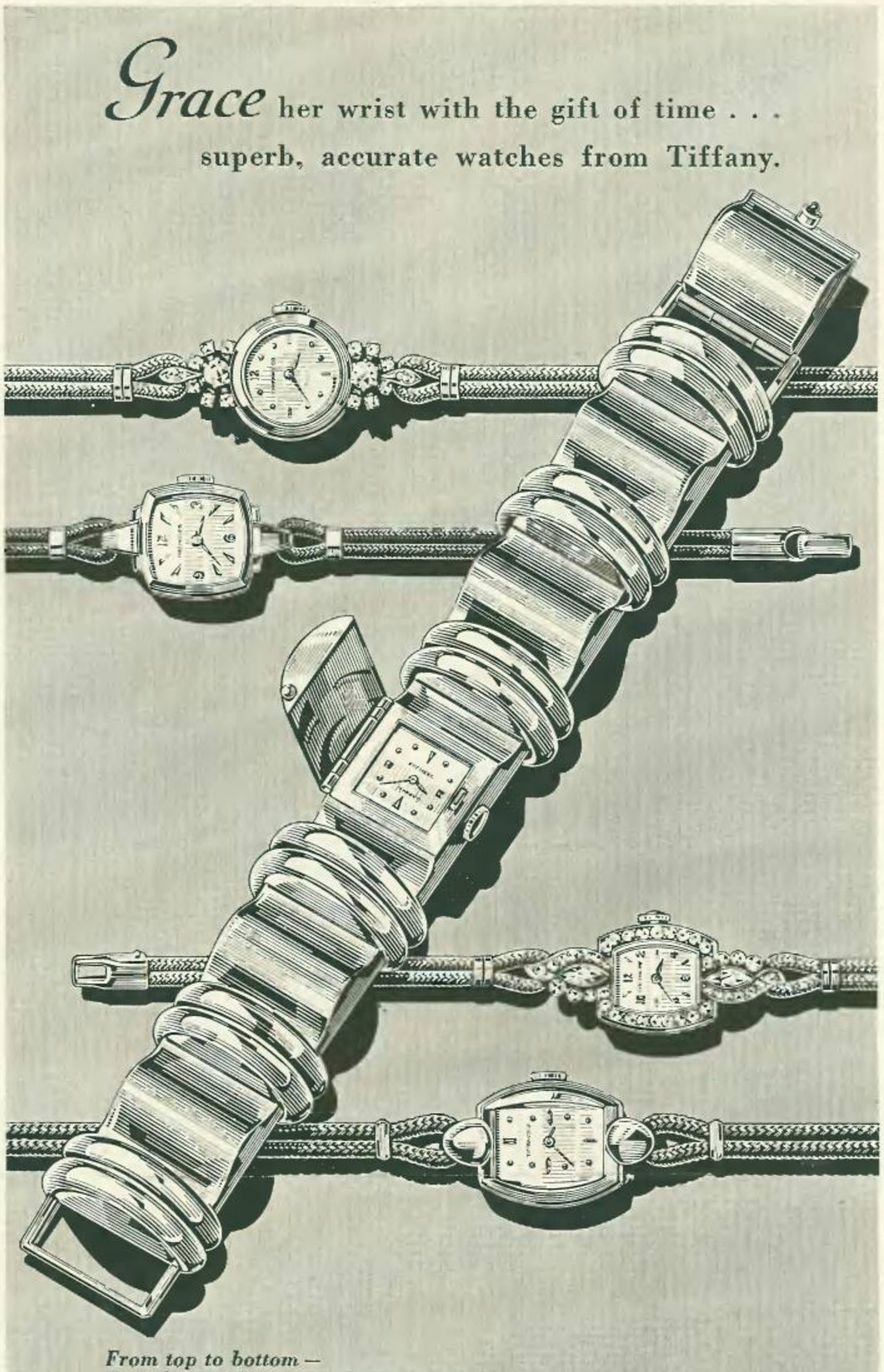
OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday evening, Oct. 13: The company's première of Tchaikovsky's "The Golden Slippers," in an English translation by Ruth and Thomas Martin. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 14: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 15: "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 16 (primarily for children): "Cinderella" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 16: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 20: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 21: The company's première of William Walton's "Troilus and Cressida," for which the English poet Christopher Hassall did the libretto. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 22: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 22: "La Traviata." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 6.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, April 29—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting a program of three Mozart concertos, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 21, at 2:30.)

SYMPHONY OF THE AIR AND ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—William Strickland conducting, with Eugene List, piano, and vocal soloists. A benefit concert, presented by the Commit-



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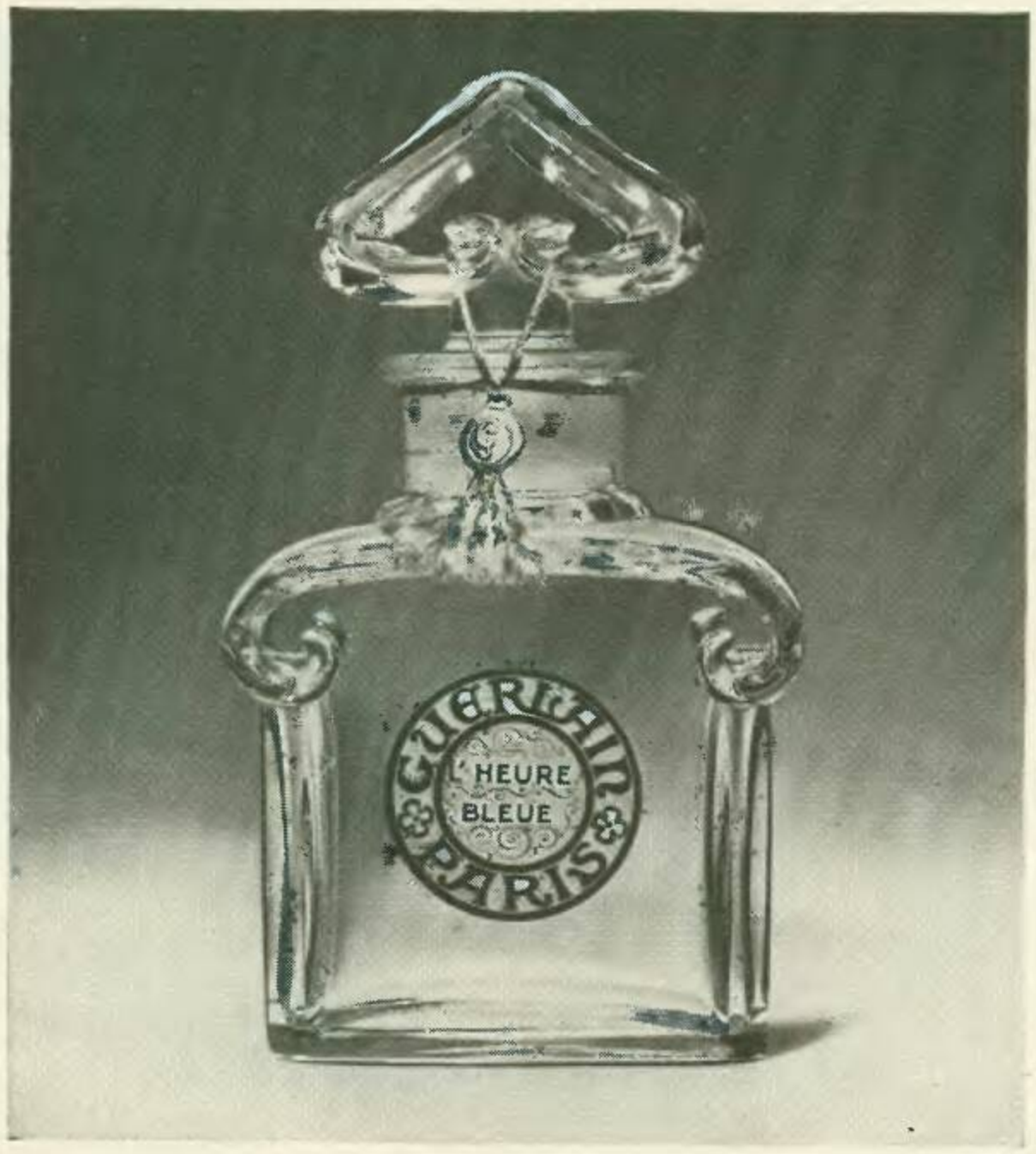

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tee to Save Carnegie Hall. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting a free concert of French music, with Ewan Harbrecht, soprano, and William Lewis, tenor. (Sculpture Court, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2.... ¶ Same program; Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting the opening performance of the season, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

"Die Kunst der Fuge"—Beatrice Brown conducting a chamber orchestra in "The Art of the Fugue," J. S. Bach's last work. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

Little Singers of Paris—Msgr. Fernand Maillet directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Lilly Windsor—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—The first in a series of four programs presenting the Mozart cycle of eighteen complete piano sonatas and other works. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2:30.)

New Music Quartet—With David Glazer, clarinet. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Ervin Laszlo—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2:30.)

Emil Gilels—Playing three piano concertos, with an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz for Israel—A jam session that will, it is said, be sparked by Jeri Southern, Miles Davis, Marian McPartland, Gil Mellé, Oscar Pettiford, George Wallington, and others. A benefit for Mogen Dovid Adom, Israel's Red Cross. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

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

Boxing—Gil Turner vs. Isaac Logart, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 21. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—saturday, oct. 15: Army vs. Syracuse, at West Point, at 2.... ¶ Brown vs. Rutgers, at Providence, at 2.... ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. ... ¶ Penn State vs. Navy, at University Park, at 2.... ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2.... ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2.... **saturday, oct. 22:** Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2.... ¶ Army vs. Columbia, at West Point, at 2. ... ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. ... ¶ Dartmouth vs. Harvard, at Hanover, at 2.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick, at 2.... ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 15.)... ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 22.)

Olympic Sports Carnival—United States Champions in fencing, gymnastic, wrestling, and weight-lifting exhibitions, plus figure skating by Hayes Jenkins and Tenley Albright. Proceeds will go to the Olympic Team Fund Drive. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Racing—At **belmont park:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 19. The Grand

National Steeplechase Handicap, Thursday, Oct. 13, and the Champagne and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 20-21, at 1:15. The Temple Gwathmey Memorial Handicap, Friday, Oct. 21. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.)... JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, from Saturday, Oct. 22, through Tuesday, Nov. 15. The Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 22.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 5. The Vineland Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 22. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Tuesday, Nov. 15. (Buses for the track meet New York Central trains at Mt. Vernon.)

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA—The New York City Opera Company presenting a performance, primarily for children, of "Cinderella," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2:30.)

CONCERT—Opening children's concert of the season by the Philharmonic-Symphony, Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with William Clauson, balladeer and guitarist; and Leonore Kerz, eleven-year-old pianist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 3.)

RECITAL—Harry Belafonté, folk singer. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films of General Assembly meetings are shown Sunday mornings, on WCBS-TV from 11 to 11:30.

POETRY, PROSE, AND DRAMA READINGS—Sunday, Oct. 16: Tennessee Williams reading poetry and, with Eli Wallach, doing scenes from his play "Camino Real."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22: Elizabeth Bowen reading from her own works. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:40.)

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—A reconstructed country store and a collection of music boxes are just two examples of the countless oddments being displayed by some two hundred dealers. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 13-14, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 15, from 1 to 6.)

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.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century American furniture; historical portrait miniatures, paintings, and prints, by James Peale and others; Early American silver and Sheffield plate; and bronzes by Frederic Remington. The property of several collectors, among them the late Norvin H. Green.... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 1:45 and 8, and Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 1:45: Books, autographs, manuscripts, and drawings, from the collection of the late Saul Cohn.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: Modern French and American paintings and sculptures, together with fifteen- and sixteenth-century Old Master paintings, all belonging to the estate of Oliver B. James. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 15.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The final days and hours of the registration period for the Nov. 8 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 13-14, from 3:30 to 10:30, and Saturday, Oct. 15, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Desperate Hours—Joseph Hayes' adaptation of his play about three escaped convicts who invade the home of an Indianapolis businessman and make life hell for him and his family. An excellent melodrama, in which Humphrey Bogart and Fredric March distinguish themselves as, respectively, a psychopathic criminal and a shrewd, decent householder. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

Doctor in the House—Fun and games among medical undergraduates. A sprightly, if elementary, English film, with Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Donald Sinden, and Donald Houston. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 16-17.)

Gate of Hell—A remarkable Japanese film dealing with life in the thirteenth century and crowded with color, melodrama, and fine acting. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

I Am a Camera—Julie Harris's performance as an elfin English girl not too long on morals makes this movie quite delightful. Miss Harris is supposed to be on the loose in Berlin in 1931, but the serious political aspects of Germany at the time aren't stressed a great deal. She is assisted by Laurence Harvey, Shelley Winters, and Anton Diffring. An English film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Marty—The romance of a Bronx butcher projected so ingeniously that the film may well be the best thing you're going to see in these parts for quite a while. Ernest Borgnine plays the meatcutter, and Betsy Blair is the lady in whom he eventually finds solace. Both get fine support from the rest of the cast. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Mister Roberts—This screen interpretation of the stage play by Thomas Heggen and Joshua Logan isn't as funny as the original, but it has some moving episodes. Henry Fonda plays the lieutenant who wants to get off a rear-line Navy cargo ship and into action, and James Cagney, Jack Lemmon, and William Powell serve as some of his shipmates. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; and Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Oct. 18.)

The Sheep Has Five Legs—Fernandel at his comical best in a French film having to do with the problems of a father who prefers daughters to sons, and of the male quintuplets he has spawned. Fernandel plays the six roles. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Shrike—Although by no means as satisfactory as the play from which it stems, this adaptation of the Joseph Kramm drama has the advantage of a splendid performance by José Ferrer, who repeats the interpretation he gave in the original work of a man driven to distraction and too many barbiturates by a scheming, overly possessive wife. As the wife, June Allyson is sadly miscast, but the others assisting Mr. Ferrer—among them Joy Page, Kendall Clark, and Mary Bell—are all effective. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 15.)

Summertime—Some of the finest views of Venice you ever laid eyes on, backing up a pleasantly enacted tale of an American girl, out for culture, who eventually finds the views less entrancing than an Italian antique dealer. Katharine Hepburn is charming as the native abroad, and Rossano Brazzi strikes a firm blow for Valentino's countrymen. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Oct. 19.)

REVIVALS

Annapurna (1953)—Maurice Herzog's documentary film of his climb. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 19.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 18.)

The Big Day (1952)—A French film, originally known as "Jour de Fête," about a village postman, Jacques Tati, who is enraptured by American speedup ideas. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 18.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 18.)

Call Northside 777 (1948)—A pseudo-documentary concerning a reporter's efforts to get a scrubwoman's son out of a penitentiary. With James Stewart and Lee J. Cobb. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 16-17.)

Carmen Jones (1954)—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonté play the lovers. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 17.)

The Eagle (1925)—That old curio with the celebrated romantic team of Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 16.)

The Heart of a Nation (1943)—The history of a French family. Michèle Morgan and Raimu, and an English narrative by Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 16.)

Holiday for Henrietta (1955)—Julien Duvivier's French film describing how movie scripts get written. Dany Robin, Michel Roux, and Hildegarde Neff. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 13. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 19.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 19.)

Orpheus (1950)—Cocteau's modern-dress interpretation of the Greek legend. In French, with Jean Marais. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 16-18.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry's play, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—A Hitchcock job about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. With Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 16-17.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope (1952)—An Italian comedy, played against a background of poverty and unemployment by a cast of amateurs. Directed by Renato Castellani. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

When Tomorrow Comes (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer deep in labor problems and hurricanes. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 18-19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 16: "La Petite Marchande d'Allumettes" (1927) and "Une Partie de Campagne" (1936)—both in French and both directed by Jean Renoir. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 17: "Warning Shadows" (1922), with Fritz Kortner and Alexander Granach. (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)
"The McConnell Story," Alan Ladd, June Allyson.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"To Hell and Back," Audie Murphy, Marshall Thompson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE DESPERATE HOURS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Ulysses," Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Night of the Hunter," Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Trial," Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Blood Alley," John Wayne, Lauren Bacall.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Oklahoma!" (in Todd-AO, a new screen process), Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturdays at 2:30, 6, and 9:30; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Oct. 13 (tentative): "Seven Cities of Gold," Richard Egan, Michael Rennie.
From Oct. 14 (tentative): "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," Ray Milland, Joan Collins.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Tall Men," Clark Gable, Jane Russell.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Oct. 19: "My Sister Eileen," Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon, Betty Garrett.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
TWO CENTS WORTH OF HOPE (in Italian), revival; and "The White Line" (in Italian, with an English narration), revival, Gina Lollobrigida.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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16	17	18	19			

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)
"The Man Who Loved Redheads," Moira Shearer, John Justin.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
MISTER ROBERTS; and "Shotgun," Sterling Hayden, Yvonne De Carlo.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 18: **THE BIG DAY** (a French film, originally known as "Jour de Fête"), revival; and "Court Martial," David Niven, Margaret Leighton.
From Oct. 19: **SUMMERTIME.**

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Oct. 15: "The French Touch" (in French), revival, Fernandel; and "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt.
Oct. 16-17: **SHADOW OF A DOUBT**, revival; and "Saboteur," revival, Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings.
From Oct. 18: "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist; and "Naked Amazon," a documentary film on South America.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Oct. 17: "You're Never Too Young," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Road to Denver," John Payne, Mona Freeman.
Oct. 18: "Double Jeopardy," Rod Cameron; and "City of Shadows," Victor McLaglen.
From Oct. 19: "The Kentuckian," Burt Lancaster, Dianne Foster; and "The Naked Street," Farley Granger, Anthony Quinn.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Svengali," Hildegarde Neff, Donald Wolfit.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
MARTY.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 18: **MISTER ROBERTS**; and "Shotgun," Sterling Hayden, Yvonne De Carlo.
From Oct. 19: "The Private War of Major Benson," Charlton Heston, Julie Adams; and "Kiss of Fire," Jack Palance, Barbara Rush.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Deep Blue Sea," Vivien Leigh, Kenneth More.

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

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Oct. 13: **THE SHRIKE**; and "Crashout," William Bendix, Arthur Kennedy.
Oct. 14-15: "Female on the Beach," Joan Crawford, Jeff Chandler; and "One Desire," Anne Baxter, Rock Hudson.
Oct. 16-17: "The Warriors," Errol Flynn, Joanne Dru; and "Seven Angry Men," Raymond Massey, Debra Paget.
From Oct. 18: "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival; and "Laughter in Paradise," revival, Alastair Sim.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 18: **THE BIG DAY** (a French film, originally known as "Jour de Fête"), revival; and "Court Martial," David Niven, Margaret Leighton.
From Oct. 19: **SUMMERTIME.**

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 17: **CARMEN JONES**, revival.
From Oct. 18: To be announced.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Oct. 16: "You're Never Too Young," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Road to Denver," John Payne, Mona Freeman.
Oct. 17-18: "Double Jeopardy," Rod Cameron; and "City of Shadows," Victor McLaglen.
From Oct. 19: "The Kentuckian," Burt Lancaster, Dianne Foster; and "The Naked Street," Farley Granger, Anthony Quinn.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 15: "La Ronde" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux; and "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival.
Oct. 16-18: **ORPHEUS** (in French), revival; and "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
From Oct. 19: **HOLIDAY FOR HENRIETTA** (in French), revival; and **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (in French and English), revival.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Oct. 13: "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason; and "Hell and High Water," revival, Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi.
Oct. 14-15: "Female on the Beach," Joan Crawford, Jeff Chandler; and "One Desire," Anne Baxter, Rock Hudson.
Oct. 16-17: "The Warriors," Errol Flynn, Joanne Dru; and "Seven Angry Men," Raymond Massey, Debra Paget.
Oct. 18-19: "To Paris with Love," Alec Guinness, Odile Versois; and "Stranger on the Prowl," revival, Paul Muni, Joan Lorring.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 15: **THE SHRIKE.**
Oct. 16-18: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
From Oct. 19: "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," William Holden, Jennifer Jones.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 18: **MISTER ROBERTS**; and "Shotgun," Sterling Hayden, Yvonne De Carlo.
From Oct. 19: "The Private War of Major Benson," Charlton Heston, Julie Adams; and "Kiss of Fire," Jack Palance, Barbara Rush.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 16: "You're Never Too Young," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Road to Denver," John Payne, Mona Freeman.
Oct. 17-18: "Double Jeopardy," Rod Cameron; and "City of Shadows," Victor McLaglen.
From Oct. 19: "The Kentuckian," Burt Lancaster, Dianne Foster; and "The Naked Street," Farley Granger, Anthony Quinn.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Oct. 15: "To Paris with Love," Alec Guinness, Odile Versois; and "Appointment in London," Kirk Bogarde, Ian Hunter.
Oct. 16-17: **CALL NORTHSIDE 777**, revival; and "Nightmare Alley," revival, Tyrone Power, Coleen Gray.
From Oct. 18: "The Bed" (in French and English), Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica; and "Mademoiselle Gobette" (in Italian), Silvana Pampanini.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 18: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and **THE BRAVE BULLS**, revival.
From Oct. 19: "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," William Holden, Jennifer Jones.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 19: "White Zombi," revival Bela Lugosi; and "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 16: "You're Never Too Young," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Road to Denver," John Payne, Mona Freeman.
Oct. 17-18: "Double Jeopardy," Rod Cameron; and "City of Shadows," Victor McLaglen.
From Oct. 19: "The Kentuckian," Burt Lancaster, Dianne Foster; and "The Naked Street," Farley Granger, Anthony Quinn.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 15: "The Bed" (in French and English), Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica; and "The Woman's Angle," revival, Edward Underdown, Cathy O'Donnell.
Oct. 16-17: **DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE**; and "Lady Possessed," revival, James Mason, June Havoc.

Oct. 18-19: "Female on the Beach," Joan Crawford, Jeff Chandler; and "One Desire," Anne Baxter, Rock Hudson.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Oct. 18: **MISTER ROBERTS**; and "Shotgun," Sterling Hayden, Yvonne De Carlo.
From Oct. 19: "The Private War of Major Benson," Charlton Heston, Julie Adams; and "Kiss of Fire," Jack Palance, Barbara Rush.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Oct. 13: "Here Come the Girls," revival, Bob Hope, Tony Martin; and "Slaughter Trail," revival, Brian Donlevy, Gig Young.
Oct. 14-15: "Wichita," Joel McCrea; and "Finger Man," Frank Lovejoy, Forrest Tucker.
Oct. 16-17: "The Human Jungle," revival, Gary Merrill, Jan Sterling; and "Seminole," revival, Rock Hudson, Barbara Hale.
Oct. 18-19: **WHEN TOMORROW COMES**, revival; and "Flesh and Fantasy," revival, Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
GATE OF HELL (in Japanese).

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Dr. Knock" (in French), Louis Jouvet.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The African Lion," a full-length Walt Disney film.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
I AM A CAMERA.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through the afternoon of Oct. 16: "One Step to Eternity" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Michel Auclair.
From Oct. 16, at 8:30: "The Trouble with Harry," Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe. (Opening night by invitation only.)

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 17: "You're Never Too Young," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Road to Denver," John Payne, Mona Freeman.
Oct. 18: "Double Jeopardy," Rod Cameron; and "City of Shadows," Victor McLaglen.
From Oct. 19: "The Kentuckian," Burt Lancaster, Dianne Foster; and "The Naked Street," Farley Granger, Anthony Quinn.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 13: **HOLIDAY FOR HENRIETTA** (in French), revival; and "Mademoiselle Gobette" (in Italian), Silvana Pampanini.
Oct. 14: A program of eight short films on psychological factors in marriage.
Oct. 15: "Lady Paname" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet; and "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt.
Oct. 16: **THE HEART OF A NATION** (in French, with an English narration by Charles Boyer), revival; and **THE EAGLE** (silent), revival.
Oct. 17: "Operetta" (in German), revival, Willy Forst; and "Heart of Vienna" (in German), revival.
Oct. 18: "The White Line" (in Italian, with an English narration), revival, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Ana-ta-han" (in Japanese, with an English narration by Josef von Sternberg, who also wrote and directed the film), revival.
Oct. 19: **ANNAPURNA**, revival; and "The White Hell of Pitz Palu," revival, Hans Albers.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
MISTER ROBERTS; and "Shotgun," Sterling Hayden, Yvonne De Carlo.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Oct. 16: "You're Never Too Young," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Road to Denver," John Payne, Mona Freeman.
Oct. 17-18: "Double Jeopardy," Rod Cameron; and "City of Shadows," Victor McLaglen.
From Oct. 19: "The Kentuckian," Burt Lancaster, Dianne Foster; and "The Naked Street," Farley Granger, Anthony Quinn.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Oct. 18: **MISTER ROBERTS**; and "Shotgun," Sterling Hayden, Yvonne De Carlo.
From Oct. 19: "The Private War of Major Benson," Charlton Heston, Julie Adams; and "Kiss of Fire," Jack Palance, Barbara Rush.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Oct. 18: **MISTER ROBERTS**; and "Shotgun," Sterling Hayden, Yvonne De Carlo.
From Oct. 19: "The Private War of Major Benson," Charlton Heston, Julie Adams; and "Kiss of Fire," Jack Palance, Barbara Rush.

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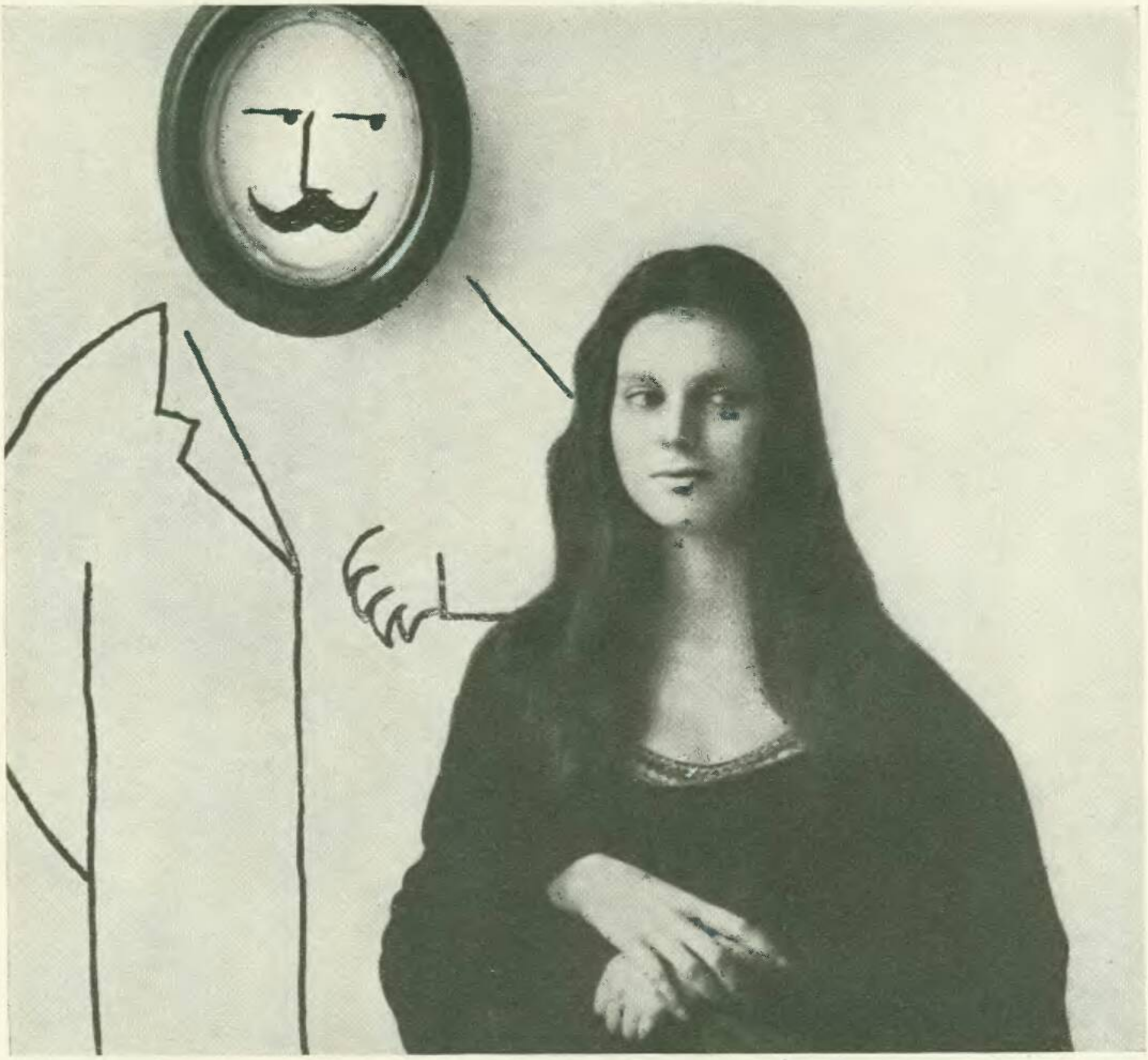

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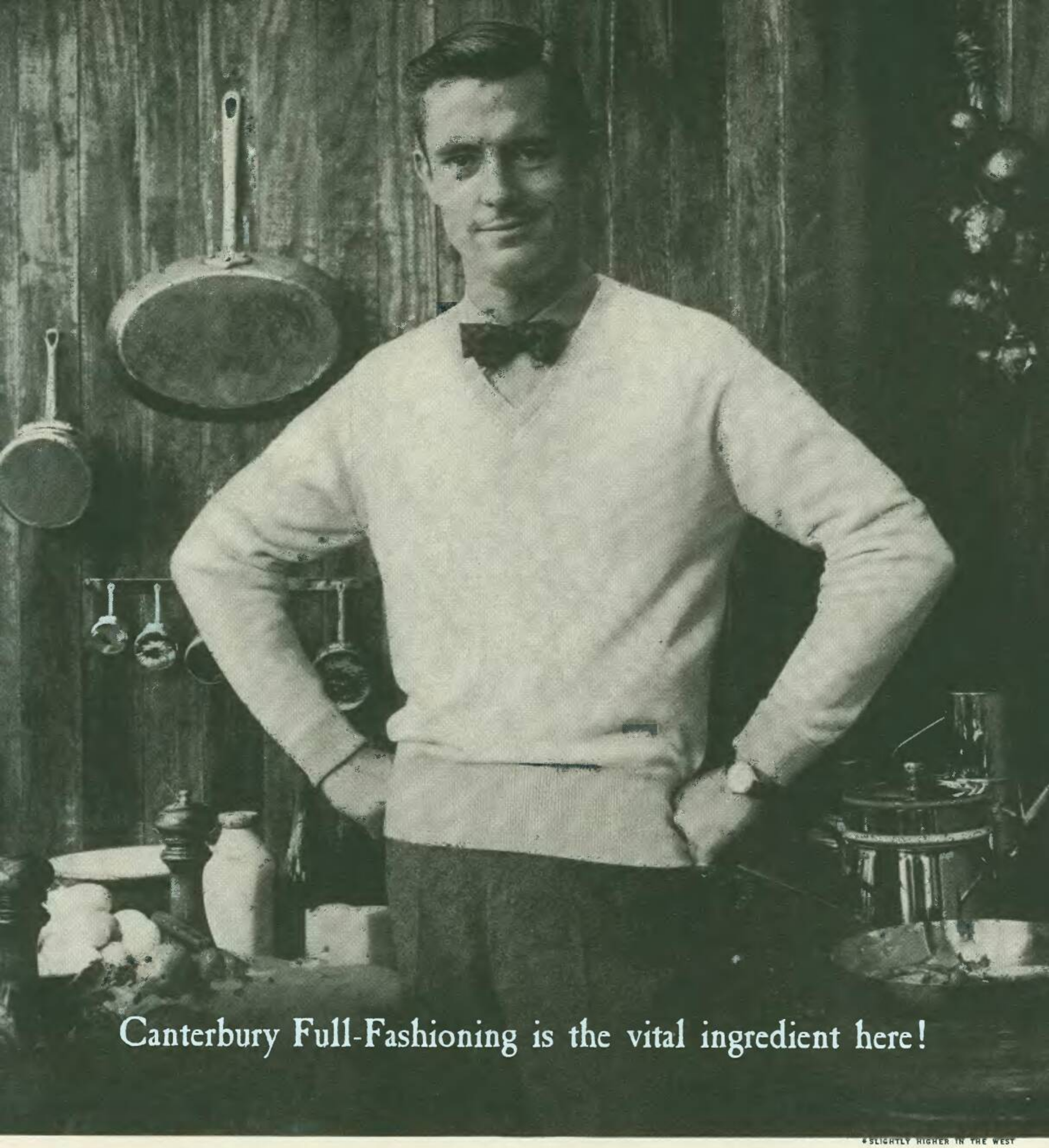

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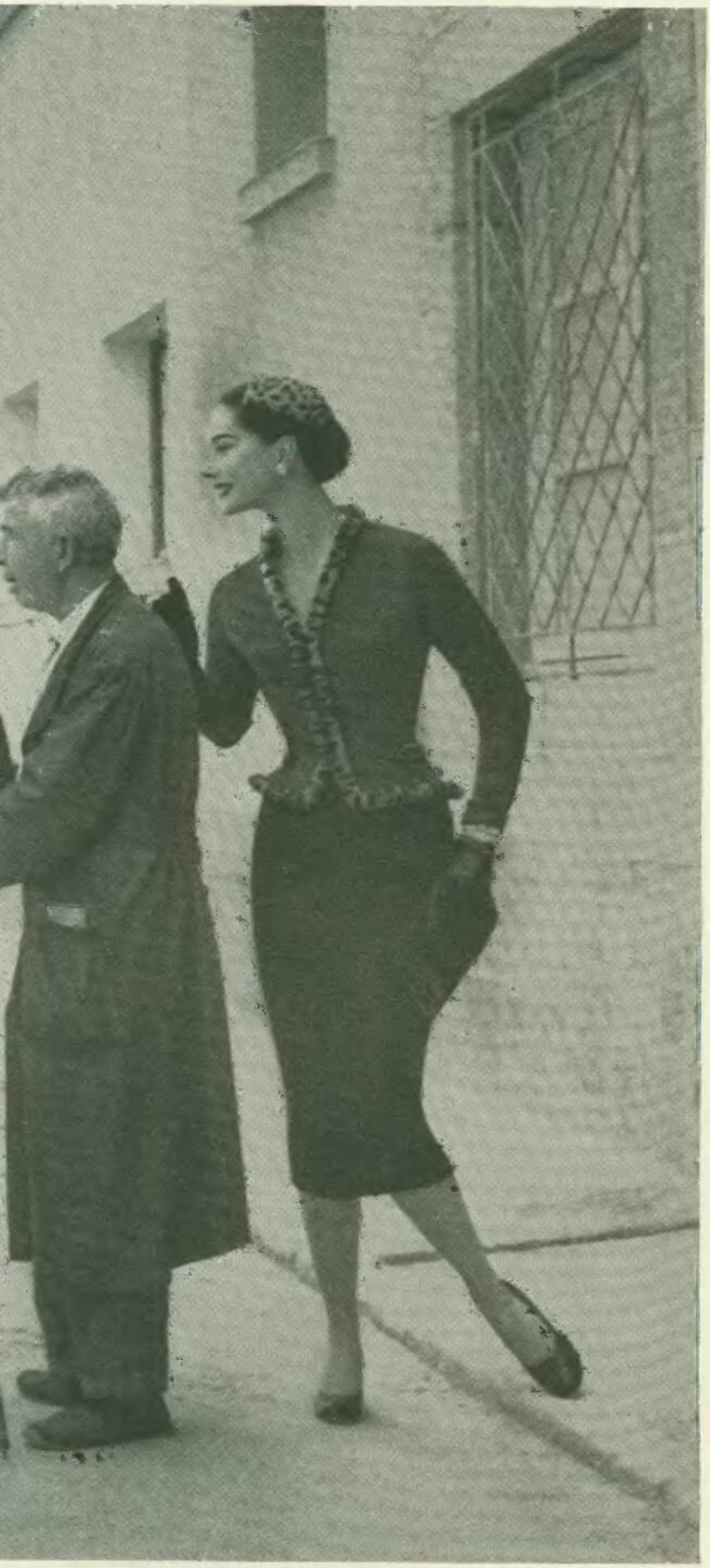

You might encounter someone who has That Ayres Look strolling up Meridian Street in Indianapolis or sightseeing as she is here in El Escorial. Hers is the radiance of a woman who is comfortable with herself because she is dressed with perfect taste for wherever in the world she happens to be. Hers is the understated elegance that makes a beautiful statement about her. Little does she know as she stops to watch the Spanish children that she typifies for them the freshness of American women. This way of dressing with polished ease, with the spark of being just a step ahead of fashion, is no happy accident. It comes off because L. S. Ayres & Company of Indianapolis is behind it, believing in it, making it happen. That Ayres Look can be trusted to be right and important if it stays at home or if it takes to the far reaches of the sun and seas. She wears a natural curved Clare Potter knitted suit rimmed with jaguar fur, a hat by John Frederics. Photographed in Spain by Richard Avedon.

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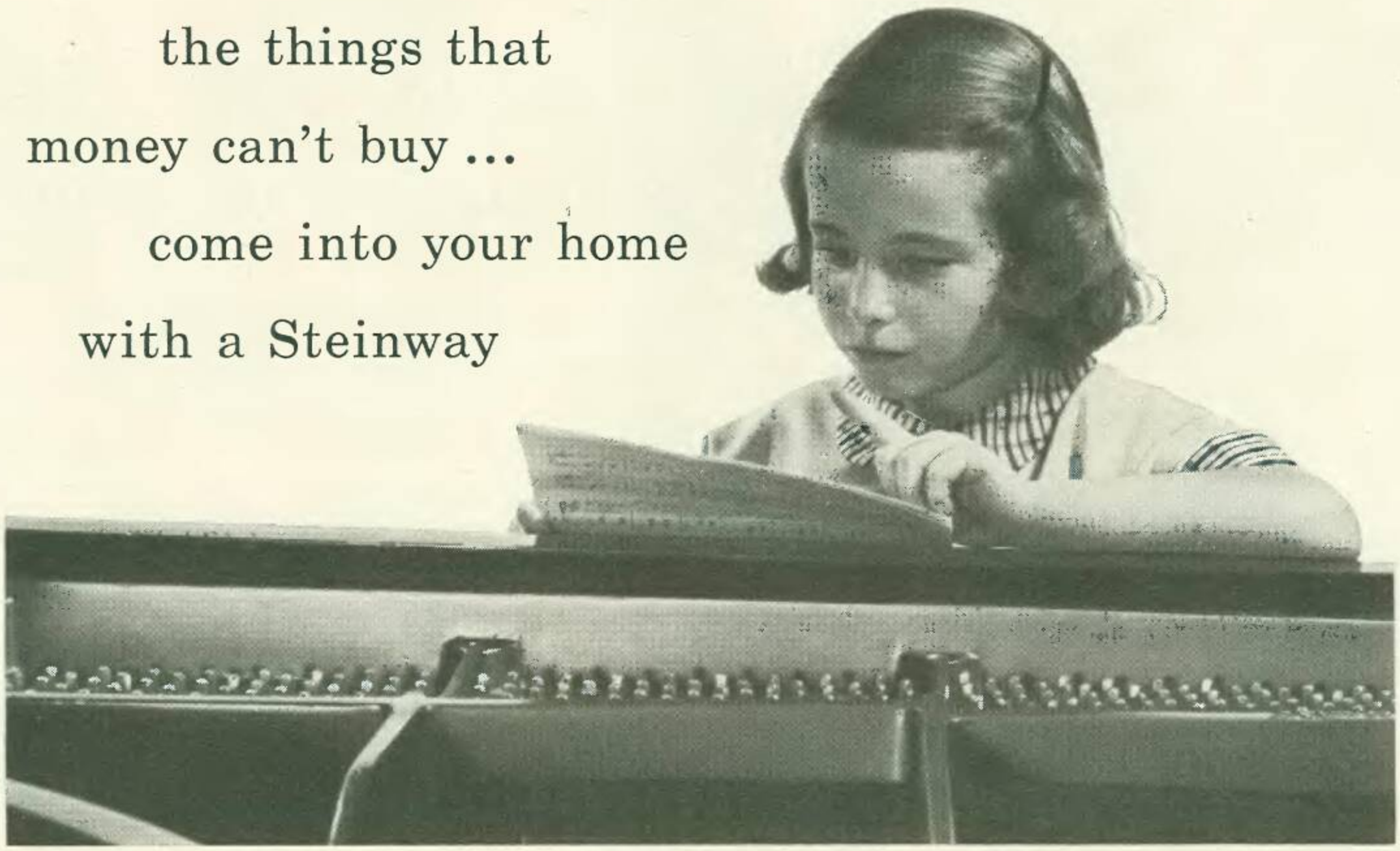

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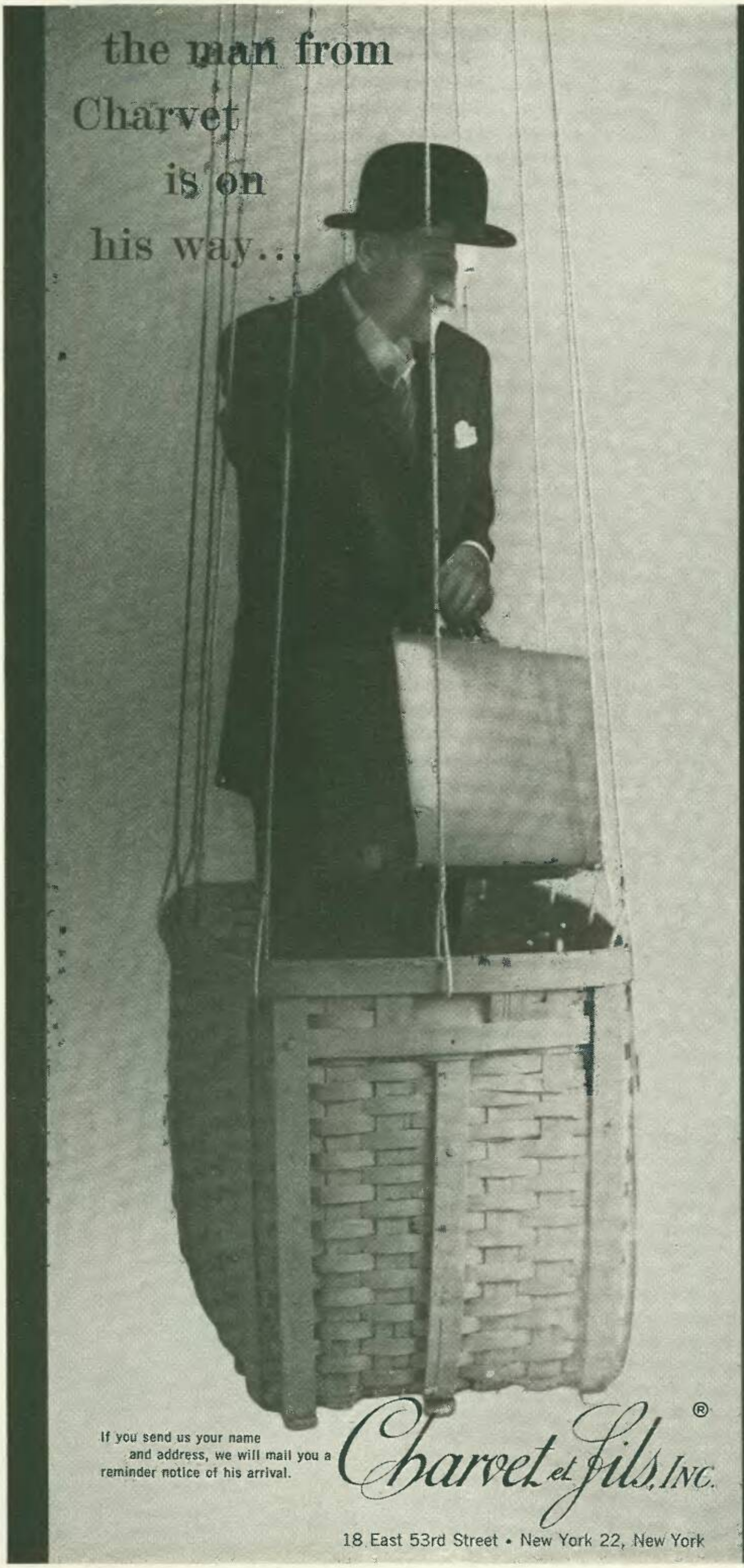

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MAYFLOWER HOTEL . . . OCT. 28, 29
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M. O'Neil Co.

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STATLER HOTEL . . . OCT. 31, NOV. 1
L. L. Berger, Inc.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
SHERATON HOTEL . . . NOV. 2, 3
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Be among the many to share the thrill of sailing the historic "Landscape Route" down the St. Lawrence to Europe. Enjoy a third less ocean travel, one thousand sheltered miles of romantic river scenery.

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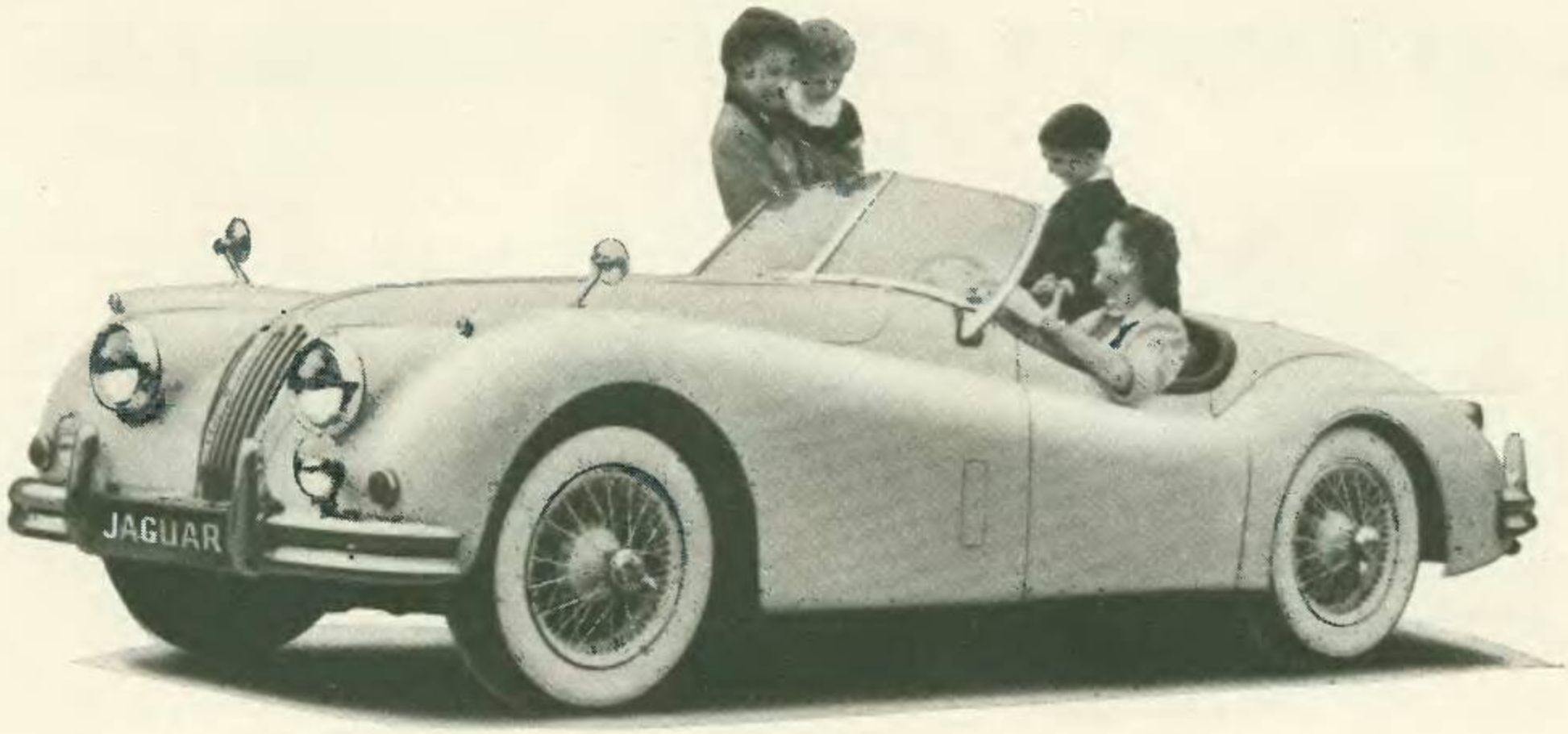

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE are advised that a small white dog boarded an Eighth Avenue subway local at Fiftieth Street one afternoon last week, sat quietly in a corner, and got out at the Ninety-sixth Street station.

IT is often said that artists shouldn't get mixed up in politics. The argument was never more poignantly bolstered than by the experience of an Italian sculptor named Leone Tommasi. He seems to be stuck with a batch of

heroically proportioned marble statuary that he's been working on for three years, after receiving a commission from General Juan D. Perón to portray him in a monument somewhat larger than the Statue of Liberty. Now that the new regime in Argentina has unearthed all that wealth Perón stashed away, we suggest that in the interests of international amity a modest portion of this be set aside for Signor Tommasi, who otherwise stands destined to become the last of Perón's shirtless ones—a *descamisado* saddled by a prank of politics with several tons of petrified dictator.

Sans Secretary

FOR some time, we've felt that the city's secretaries are becoming not merely more numerous—everybody's doing that—but more powerful. Where once they shyly nodded and buzzed for Mr. Farquhar, they now look you in the eye and ask you to quote figures; where once they typed, they now dictate. At noon, secretaries roam the streets like packs of conquering Hessians, flashing the knives of their laughter. Men, once the custodians of Gotham, dress in pastel shades, retreat to soft interiors where dusk reigns perpetually, sip Cointreau, and discuss increasingly fantastic and poetic deals. The matriarchal prospect may please Robert Graves, but it chills us. We were heartened, therefore, to learn that the Executive Furniture Guild of America, a nonprofit organization of office designers and dealers in office furniture, is doing something about it. Having received an invitation from Macey-Fowler, Inc., a member of the Guild, "to preview the newest thing in workaday comfort for the businessman—a mechanical office unit *sans* secretary," we made tracks to the Gold Suite of the Savoy-Plaza, where, the invitation claimed, all sorts of good things awaited us.

Inside the Gold Suite were tucked about thirty guests, one bartender, and four offices of the future: the Little Leather Office, for the little businessman who likes natural-cowhide tiles on his wall; the larger Life Extension Office, designed to prolong the executive's life by immersing him in electrical equipment; the Office at Home, featuring a Mr.-and-Mrs. desk, where the entire family can sit and scheme; and a Woman Executive's Office. An impressive blonde, employed by Macey-Fowler, steered us toward the last-named unit, a symphony of bleached walnut, brushed aluminum, pewter, Salisbury-pink granite, Blue Plum Shadow upholstery, Wedgwood Blue curtains, and Rose Beige Shadow walls. "Isn't it lovely?" our companion murmured. "In the United States, there are over twenty-nine thousand female executives earning more than thirty-five thousand dollars a year. And the number grows and grows."

"Where's the mechanical secretary?" we asked nervously.

Her Pale Carbon Blue eyes turned icy. "It will be demonstrated later," she said. "You can look at it over there."

We followed the direction of her gesture and found ourself behind the Life Extension desk, facing a transparent panel of buttons and reading the brave, bleak words of the future—Rynaural, Lon, Spee, Col, Eur, Soffit Lights, Rumble Suppression. Dizzied, we transferred our attention to other aspects of the Life Extension Office. The furniture looked like that of the female executive; it had been ebonized rather than bleached, but the chairs were just as slender and had the same air of being in high heels. The desk

curved. The blotter on the desk curved. The light fixture above the desk curved. Unexpected things matched—the ashtray and the telephone, the wallpaper and the statuary. To judge by the bits of sculpture sitting around, the modern executive's religious orientation is decidedly pre-Christian. We noticed a small Buddha, a presumably sacred bull, a totemic image identified by a small card as "Mayan Figure with Two Blocks," and a supple, convoluted figure whom we took to be Mammon. On the walls were morbid etchings by Reynold H. Weidenaar. In the conference section of the office, two identical copies of *Charm* shared a table with a bowl of walnuts. We cracked one of the walnuts and didn't know what to do with the shells.

Our hunger must have been observed, for those in charge announced lunch—an exquisite spread in which the sliced ham matched the radishes, and the sliced turkey matched the potato salad. We were still chipping away at our ice cream when George W. Reinoehl, a collegiate-looking man who is executive director of the Executive Furniture Guild, rose and said, among other things, "We do nothing but design offices—entire offices. Everything in them is pre-related. I happen to like

yellow myself. But if you don't like yellow, we will put no yellow in your office. Our aim is to bring home comfort into your place of work. No one *needs* offices like these; it's just that they are delightful." With that, he turned to the Life Extension desk and began to press buttons. "The lights go on in gradual stages, eliminating that harsh, first-thing-in-the-morning glare. Since this is an exhibit, there is no door, but in a real office there would be one, and the man behind the desk could open and close it with this button. He can control the draperies behind him. At his fingertips are thermostat, radio, tape recorder, and television set." Mr. Reinoehl's fingertips got to work, and a television set lumbered from the wall. "Of course, the set is not for amusement," he explained. "You would use it to watch competitors' commercials." The television set retracted. A big black panel slid away, to reveal a stove, a sink, a refrigerator, and a cabinet holding enough glasses to keep an Irish festival in progress. "The kitchen unit," Mr. Reinoehl said. "In case he is unable to go out for lunch, or has to entertain clients." He demonstrated a telephone that you can talk through without lifting the receiver—just sit at your desk and shout, while the other party responds through an amplifier—and concluded by saying, "The boss of tomorrow could sit in this room and never see his secretary."

"But," we said to our blonde, who was hovering nearby, "does this actually lessen the need for secretaries?"

"Oh, no," she exclaimed prettily. "In fact, after our offices are installed, an increase in personnel is often desirable."

•

NORTH SHORE INTELLIGENCE: Uncle Tom's Cabins, at Montauk, have been renamed Uncle Tom's Motel.

Unmuted

WE went over to the Ethel Barrymore Theatre the other evening to have a talk with Marcel Marceau, the French pantomimist, who was first introduced at the Phoenix downtown, to extensive acclaim, and then brought to Broadway, because the Phoenix could schedule him for only two weeks. When we arrived at the Barrymore, M. Marceau was still in mufti—he wears a kind of clown's outfit on the stage and calcimines his face in the traditional manner—and we discovered that out of professional character he is extraordinarily loquacious, both in English and, occasionally, without warning, in French. A slight man of medium height, M. Marceau didn't look much like a new-day Pierrot, but as he donned his makeup, he became transformed. "This character Bip I have invented in 1947 is a funny, sad fellow, and things are always happening to him that could happen to anybody. Because he speaks with the gestures and the movement of the body, everyone knows what is happening to him, and he is popular everywhere—Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Austria, wherever he has travelled. Is a funny thing—with all the noise from radio, television, talking movies, people seem to like the silence of pantomime."

We asked M. Marceau to tell us something about his life before the invention of Bip, and he informed us that he was born in Strasbourg in 1923, and that his family moved to Lille, in northern France, when he was a small child. Marceau *père* was a butcher, and by the time the war broke out he had moved his ménage to Limoges. Eventually, while Marcel's brother was working in the underground, the father was taken hostage by the Nazis, and executed. Marcel then followed his brother into the underground. "By the time it is 1944," he said, "I have gone on to Paris and entered dramatic school. Always I have been dramatic, even as a little one, and soon I am studying pantomime with Etienne Decroux. It is winter and we work and we have nothing on *qu'une toute petite sauvegarde de la respectabilité*. Our breath is smoke and our hands are frozen, but we are the fanatics." While M. Marceau was posing as a living statue, doing acrobatics, and learning how to boil down a variety of emotions into simple gestures, he got interested in the history of the old masters of pantomime, and presently evolved the notion that what France badly needed was a revival of the pantomimic technique. "I have thought of what such mimes as Charlie Chaplin and Laurel and Hardy have done with the pantomime in the silent movies," he said. "So many of them have come from England, where the influence of the Italian *commedia dell' arte* was felt very strong. By 1946, I am a member of Jean-Louis Barrault's company, and have played Arlequin. More than anything it was Barrault's movie 'Les Enfants du Paradis' that have the people becoming excited about pantomime. What I see in pantomime is all theatre—ballet, statue effects, drama, everything but the speech, which is unnecessary. Since I have formed my own company and my own school in Paris, in 1948, we have done such things in pantomime as Gogol's 'The Overcoat' and also pantomimed original dramas. Think of plays with no language but a universal one! It is stunning, eh?"

We said it was, and M. Marceau went about putting on his stage costume, a baggy white affair surmounted by a sort of battered top hat. "This costume," he said, "is a little *moderne*, but it is also derived from costumes of pantomimists centuries ago. We have played, my company and I, in big theatres and opera houses everywhere. In America, of course, I am playing without scenery, and with just my colleagues Alvin Epstein and Pierre Verry, but later on I would like to come here with a big company and scenery. I am very happy the pantomime is liked here. You do not mind if I skip around with my ideas in this conversation?"

We said we didn't.

It is M. Marceau's hope that through his school he can keep pantomime alive for years and years. "If I am just the one man, who has created this Bip," he observed, "what happens when I wear out? Where is the pantomime? But if there are pantomimists coming along every year, then we have the continuity, and the tradition is alive."

M. Marceau paused to take a couple of pictures from the drawer of his dressing table. "*Mes enfants*," he said proudly. "This boy is four and this boy is twenty months."

"Are they going to be pantomimists?" we asked.

"Already both of them have appeared in movies with me—I've made ten of them," said M. Marceau. "And if they want to become pantomimists, I approve. I love the continuity."

The Hopeful West

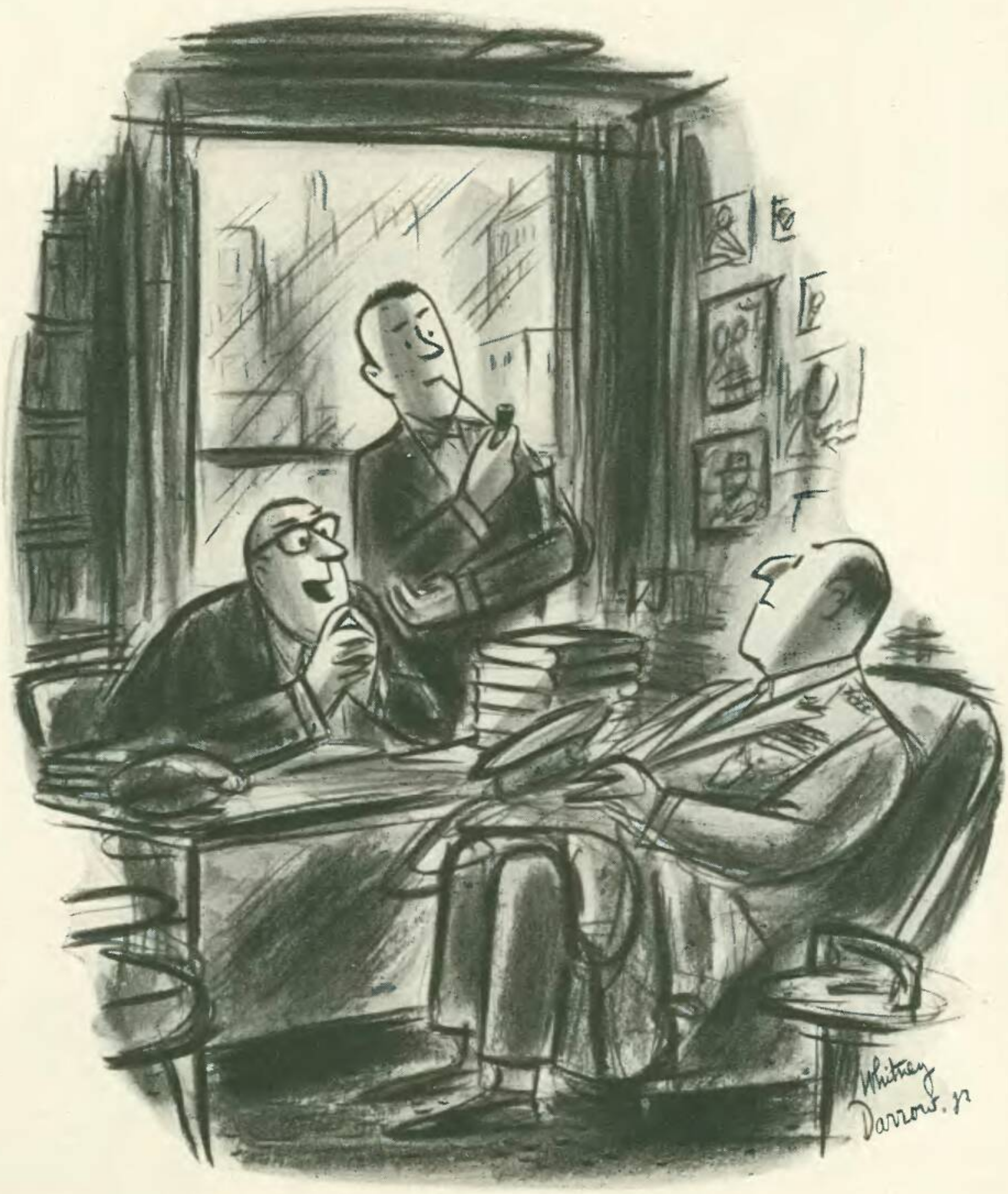
A FRIEND of ours, promenading through San Francisco's Chinatown recently, came upon a large sign in chalk on the brick wall of the Commodore Stockton School. It was three and a half feet high, about at the eye level of the grade-school pupils who attend the establishment, and it read, "Lord Have Merry on Us All."

Delicate

METROPOLITAN LIFE is putting up a biggish skyscraper on the northwest corner of Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, where the Bank of New

York's nice old ugly mansion used to be. The bank, which will return to its traditional corner, is to have a capacious basement, and for the past few weeks the contractors have been busy scraping earth and rock, rather than sky. Daily, on our way to work, we've peered into the deepening abyss, and later, seated at our desk, have listened to blasts of dynamite that, though muffled under gigantic steel mats, have been powerful enough to make our office windows rattle and us flinch. This repeated duet of bass booms and treble rattles led us, not unnaturally, to wonder whether blasters ever make mistakes. With us, to wonder is to act, so without waiting for the final blast to go off at the bank site, we went off ourself, to the Municipal Building, for a talk with Robert N. Withers, Supervising Inspector of Blasting for the Division of Fire Prevention of the New York City Fire Department. This title is one of the most glorious in the local government, and Mr. Withers, a genial man in his early sixties, is in every way worthy of it. He willingly plied us with facts on the delicate art of blasting, which turns out to be at once more dangerous and, thanks to the manifold precautions taken, safer than we'd thought.

Article 4 of the Fire Prevention Code deals with blasting, and Mr. Withers began by quoting some of its regulations. We learned that no one in this city may have anything to do with explosives unless he has been granted a certificate of fitness by Mr. Withers' department and that only sober citizens over twenty-one years of age may be granted such certificates. Explosives may not be carried through tunnels or subways, or in public conveyances, or during the hours of darkness. They may be brought into the city only in especially constructed fireproof and bulletproof trucks, which must fly a red flag bearing the word "Danger" in white letters a foot high. There must be two men to a truck, and it is unlawful for them to smoke, tarry along the way, be intoxicated, or handle their cargo in a reckless manner. To molest these men is unlawful. The load limit per truck is a thousand pounds, and the truckers may deliver explosives only to keepers of licensed magazines, either permanently established or temporarily set up at building sites. There are five classes of magazine, rated according to storage capacity. A first-class magazine is limited to a thousand pounds; a fifth-class magazine is limited to twenty-five pounds. (The magazine on the Bank of New York job is fourth-class.) Moreover, the magazine must be built to Department specifications and must be in the care of a licensed keeper night and day. It is the keeper's duty to maintain a record of his stock, placing an identifying number on every stick of dynamite in the magazine. He must lock the magazine and have the key in his possession at all times. Blasting caps must

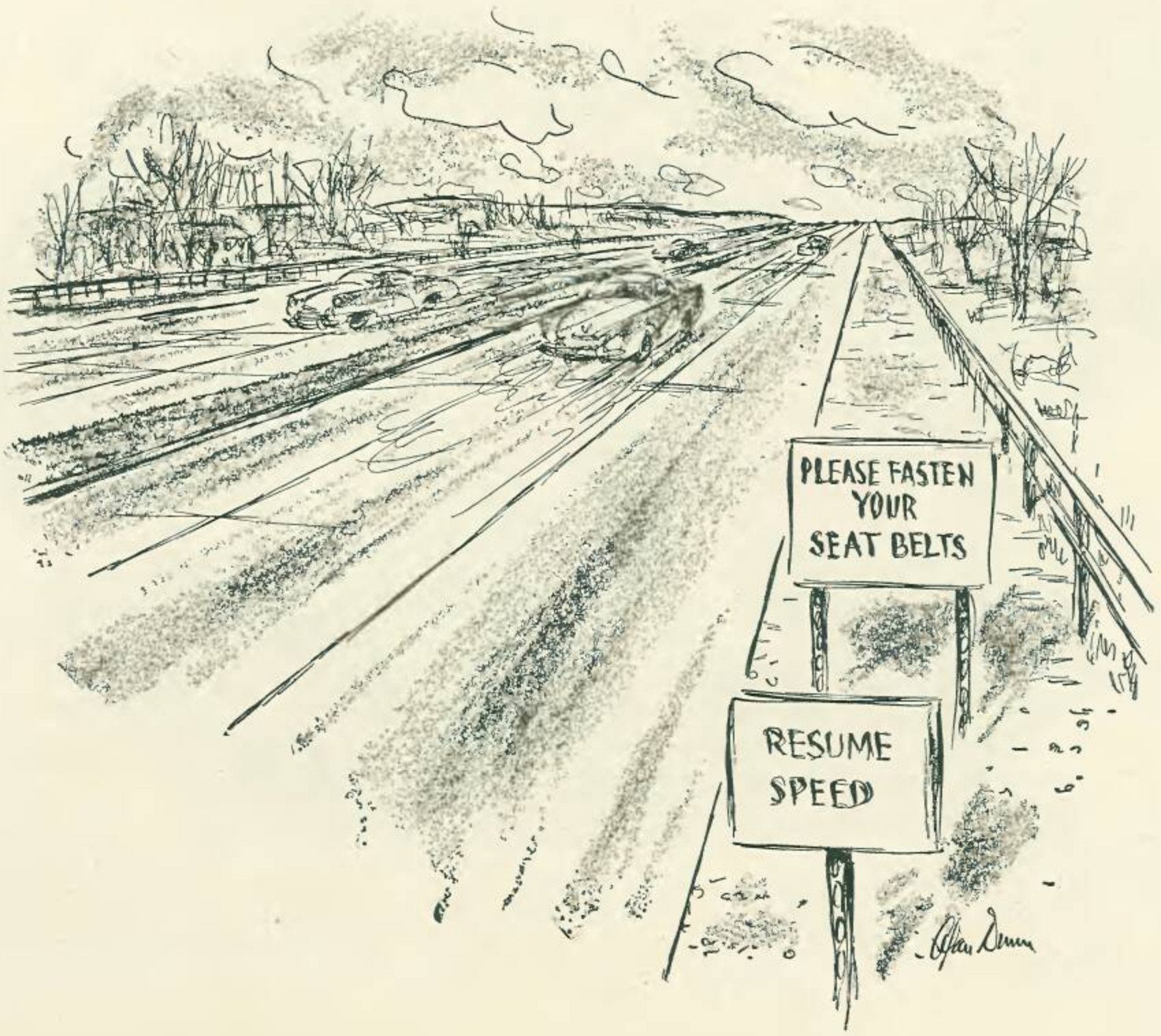


"Weems, here, has come up with a crackerjack of an idea for your new book, General. Why don't you just order every single man in your command to buy a copy?"

be delivered and stored separately from the dynamite, and twenty thousand blasting caps are the most that may be stored in one place.

When it comes to firing a charge of dynamite, the code is even more explicit, dictating practically every move a blaster makes. For example, he must use a wooden pole to tamp explosives into a drill hole, and he must tamp with gentle pressure, not with a hard stroke. The pole itself must be neither frayed nor split. The charge must be detonated by electric batteries—no slow-burning fuses allowed. After the charge has been fired, the wires running between the charge and the batteries must be disconnected immediately. To make sure that all these and dozens of other finicky-seeming regulations are complied with, Mr. Withers has a staff of nine inspectors, who, like him, are experienced blasters. There are thirty-five or forty blasting contractors in the city, and they explode a total of some million tons of dynamite a year. Before a contractor may set to work, he must post two bonds, each of which in some instances may run as high as twenty-five thousand dollars, and must submit a complete plan of his blasting operations. An inspector surveys the site and studies the plan. If the plan fails to meet with the inspector's approval, he either rejects it entirely or advises the contractor on how to amend it. If the proposed blasting is to take place near a hospital, the contractor must inform officials of the hospital of his noisy intentions; this is in order to prevent a surgeon's hand from faltering with surprise at the sound of dynamite going off just as an appendix is coming out. Barbers and diamond cutters in the vicinity of blasting operations are similarly warned.

Once his paperwork is done and his permits are issued, the blasting contractor orders each day's supply of explosives from the only firm in the city with a license to store, transport, and sell dynamite. The firm, succinctly named Explo, buys its dynamite from the du Pont plant in Gibbstown, New Jersey, and stores up to three thousand pounds of it, as well as up to twenty thousand blasting caps, in magazines on Oak Point Avenue, in the Bronx. Explo prefers to make deliveries early in the morning, along with the milkman. The day we visited Mr. Withers, twenty-seven hundred pounds of dynamite had been distributed to magazines at twenty-four excavation sites. By nightfall, great chunks of Manhattan Island would have been blown up, dumped into trucks, and carted away, and not a single neighboring teacup broken in the process. We asked Mr. Withers to tell us something about the men who do the actual blasting. "There are approximately a hundred and fifty licensed blasters in the city," Mr. Withers said. "Only fifty or so work at it with any regularity. Most blasters start as drillers and then graduate to blasting. Few drillers live to a ripe old age; silicosis kills them. Seven years is a long time in the drilling business. Blasters, however, stay on for a long time, and the trade gets handed down from father to son. The skill of it! A good blaster could blow the fillings out of your teeth and never so much as jar the rest of you."



Deal

A GAMBLING friend of ours informs us that on a recent trip to the tables of Las Vegas he listened to the proprietor of a club talking to a mild-mannered young lady of about twenty-three. "Why is a nice girl like you working as a shill?" the proprietor said. "I'm going to make you a dealer."

Triumph

OUR man Stanley, glaringly absent from the office throughout the World Series ("Home with a cold"), turned up the morning after the crucial final game and left the following dispatch:

"Watched seventh game on TV. Moment Yankees out, put on my hat and headed for Brooklyn. Brooklyn! City of Homes! Borough of Churches! Walt Whitman! Henry Ward Beecher! Johnny Podres! Boarded Lexington Avenue subway, alighted Borough Hall. Streets around Hall ankle-deep in confetti, torn telephone books. Small boys darting in and out of traffic. Firecrackers! Assorted yips and hollers! Eyes of citizenry glazed. Grins broad and deep. Definite sense of history in air. Cohesive, grateful municipality. Dropped into Joe's Bar, near Dodger offices. Euphoria! Took up post alongside man in love with rye-and-soda. 'Now, thank God, my brother-in-law can eat,' said man. 'Stupid slob, it's been a whole week he don't touch a bite, he's so worried about the Dodgers. I don't care if he eats, but my wife worries,

"Something seems to have been lost in translation."

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and *his* wife worries. I got worries of my own, I should care if he eats. Now, thank God, he can eat.' Moved down bar alongside man in love with Scotch-and-soda. 'I'm no manager, you know what I mean,' said man. 'But Casey was nuts. Maybe not nuts, maybe just excited. I'm no manager, you understand, and I'm cutting my own throat when I talk, but I'd have pitched to Furillo. I wouldn't have passed him.' Moved down bar alongside man in love with tall beer. 'I was there, *there* in the Stadium,' said man. 'Couldn't stand it, couldn't live through another inning. So I left in the seventh and I came over here, and I want you to know I'm happy. And, friend, I'm humble.'

"Moved swiftly out of Joe's Bar, and walked around corner to Dodger building. Madness! Police barricades. Small boys darting in and out of traffic. Lady at newsstand selling paper banners reading 'I told you so' and pins with pictures of Dodger players. Bought Campanella pin (twenty-five cents). Cop confided that crowd around Dodger building was doomed to disappointment, that gladiators due to show up at Hotel Bossert for Victory Dinner. Moved along to Bossert. Bedlam in Montague Street! Barricades. Cries of 'We want Podres! We want Hodges! Jackie boy!' Signs reading, 'Yankees, Get Out of Brooklyn Before Sundown!' Marquee ablaze with American flags. Entered lobby, saw door to Gold Room in rear, where dinner to be held. Door closely guarded by men with muscles. Lobby a study in hectic, old-line Brooklyn Heights elegance. Mottled marble pillars, venerable cactus plants, many wheelchairs occupied by silent elderly people, many sofas occupied by voluble, aristocratic elderly people, center of lobby swarming with men and boys, and noisy, birdlike young women with a hundred shades of blond hair. Ran into extremely happy, toothless woman with wild white hair, old blue jacket. 'They are entering the lobby individually,' she said. 'They are coming in one by one. The team!' Thought she would drop dead from excitement. Toothless lady pushed envelope in my face. 'Autograph,' she said. 'I'm batting five hundred on autographs, but I can't read the names.' Obliged the lady. Told her I was Ty Cobb, got toothless grin in return, slap on back. 'Hooray for you!' she said. Moved into bar. Podres in bar, signing autographs. Slim, well-built, clean-cut. Looked sharp, felt sharp, *was* sharp. Asked Podres for autograph. Request graciously granted. Said to Johnny, 'Wonderful game, Johnny.' 'Thank you very, very much,' said Johnny. Fine boy, Johnny.

"Roar from street. Rushed back to lobby, kept eye on front door. Furillo! Mobbed by ladies. Looked sharp, felt sharp, *was* sharp. 'When you have received your autographs, please move along,' said bellhop. Bellhop not mad at anybody. Roar from street. Robinson! 'Jackie, Jackie!' cried ladies. Toothless lady grabbed Jackie, got autograph. 'I'm stunned,' she said to me. Roars from street as in they came—Hodges, Pee Wee, Happy Felton, Bessent, Tex Rickard, Walter O'Malley, Loes, Tom Meany, Erskine, Bill Corum, Labine, John Cashmore, Snider, Mrs. Douglas MacArthur. Tumultuous roar as Walter (Smokey) Alston entered lobby. Gray snap-brim hat, blue suit, calm, collected, courteous, every inch a manager. (How are you fixed for blades?) 'Ladies first,' he said, signing envelopes, bits of paper, newspapers. Group on nearby couch sang out, 'For he's a jolly good fellow!' Song picked up by entire lobby, rafters rang, tears were brushed away. Stirring moment. Thought Alston would crack, but kept control, bit lip, tipped hat, moved along slowly to Gold Room. 'It's a big night in Brooklyn!' said toothless lady."

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OVERHEARD in a Madison Avenue restaurant where admen meet and brood: "In this business, you either sink or swim, or you don't."

VICTOR MEETS PNIN

THE King, his father, wearing a very white sports shirt open at the throat and a very black blazer, sat at a spacious desk whose highly polished surface twinned his upper half in reverse, making of him a kind of court card. Ancestral portraits darkened the walls of the vast panelled room. Otherwise, it was not unlike the headmaster's study at St. Bart's School, on the Atlantic seaboard, some three thousand miles west of the imagined Palace. A copious spring shower kept lashing at the French windows, beyond which young greenery, all eyes, shivered and streamed. Nothing but this veil of rain seemed to separate and protect the Palace from the revolution that for several days had been rocking the city. . . . Actually, Victor's father was a cranky refugee doctor, whom the lad had never much liked and had not seen now for almost two years.

The King, his more plausible father, had decided not to abdicate. No newspapers were coming out. The Orient Express was stranded, with all its transient passengers, at a suburban station, on the platform of which, reflected in puddles, picturesque peasants stood and gaped at the curtained windows of the long mysterious cars. The Palace, and its terraced gardens, and the city below the palatial hill, and the main city square, where decapitations and folk dances had already started despite the weather—all this was at the heart of a cross whose arms terminated in Trieste, Graz, Budapest, and Zagreb as designated in Rand McNally's Ready Reference Atlas of the World. And at the heart of that heart sat the King, pale and calm, and, on the whole, closely resembling his son as that under-former imagined he would look at forty himself. Pale and calm, a cup of coffee in his hand, his back to the emerald-and-gray window, the King sat listening to a masked messenger, a corpulent old nobleman in a wet cloak, who had managed to make his way through the rebellion and the rain from the besieged Council Hall to the isolated Palace.

"Abdication! One-third of the alphabet!" coldly quipped the King, with the trace of an accent. "The answer is no. I prefer the unknown quantity of exile."

Saying this, the King, a widower, glanced at the desk photograph of a beautiful dead woman—at those great blue eyes, that carmine mouth. (It was a colored photo, not fit for a king, but no matter.) The lilacs, in sudden premature bloom, wildly beat at the dripping panes. The old messenger bowed and walked backward through the wilderness of the study, wondering secretly whether it would not be wiser for him to leave history alone and make a dash for Vienna, where he had some property. . . . Of course, Victor's mother was not really dead; she had divorced his everyday father, Dr. Eric Wind (now in South America), and was about to be married, in Buffalo, to a man named Church.

Victor indulged night after night in these mild fancies, trying to induce sleep in his cold cubicle at St. Bart's, which was exposed to every noise in the restless dorm. Generally, he did not reach that crucial flight episode when the King alone—*solus rex* (as chess-problem makers term royal solitude)—paced a beach on the Bohemian Sea, at Tempest Point, where Percival Blake, a cheerful American adventurer, had promised to meet him with a powerful motorboat. Indeed, the very act of postponing that thrilling and soothing episode, the very protraction of its lure, coming as it did on top of the repetitive fancy, formed the main mechanism of its soporific effect.

An Italian film made in Berlin for American consumption, with a wild-eyed youngster, in rumpled shorts, pursued through slums and ruins and a brothel or two by a multiple agent; a version of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" recently staged at St. Martha's, the nearest girls' school; an anonymous Kafkaesque story in a *ci-devant* avant-garde magazine read aloud in class by Mr. Pennant, a melancholy Englishman with a past; and, not least, the residue of various family allusions of long standing to the flight of Russian intellectuals from Lenin's regime thirty-five years ago—these were the obvious sources of Victor's fantasies. They may have been, at one time, intensely affecting. By now they had become frankly utilitarian, as a simple and pleasant drug.

VICTOR was fourteen but looked two or three years older—not because of his lanky height, close on six feet, but because of a casual ease of demeanor, an expression of amiable aloofness about his plain but clean-cut features, and a complete lack of clumsiness or constraint, which, far from precluding modesty and reserve, lent a sunny something to his shyness and a detached blandness to his quiet ways. Under his left eye a brown mole almost the size of a cent punctuated the pallor of his cheek. I do not think he loved anybody.

In his attitude toward his mother, passionate childhood affection had long since been replaced by tender condescension, and all he permitted himself was an inward sigh of amused submission to fate when, in her fluent and flashy New York English, with brash metallic nasalities and soft lapses into furry Russianisms, Liza regaled strangers in his presence with stories that he had heard countless times and that were either overembroidered or untrue. It was more trying when among such strangers Dr. Eric Wind, a completely humorless pedant who believed that his English (acquired in a German high school) was impeccably pure, would mouth a stale facetious phrase, saying "the pond" for the ocean, with the confidential and arch air of one who makes his audience the precious gift of a fruity colloquialism. Victor's parents, both professional psychotherapists, did their best to impersonate Laius and Jocasta, but the boy proved to be a very mediocre little Oedipus. In order not to complicate the modish triangle of Freudian romance (father, mother, child), Liza's first husband had never been mentioned. Only when the Wind marriage started to disintegrate, about the time that Victor was enrolled at St. Bart's, did Liza inform him that she had been Mrs. Pnin before she left Europe at the beginning of the Second World War. She told him that this former husband of hers had migrated to America, too—that, in fact, he would soon see Victor—and since everything Liza alluded to (opening wide her radiant, black-lashed blue eyes) invariably took on a veneer of mystery and glamour, the figure of the great Timofey Pnin, scholar and gentleman, teaching a practically dead language at the famous Waindell College some three hundred miles northwest of St. Bart's, acquired in Victor's hospitable mind a curious charm, a family resemblance to those Bulgarian kings or Mediterranean princes who used to be world-famous experts in butterflies or sea shells. He therefore experienced pleasure when Professor Pnin entered into a staid and decorous correspondence with him. The first letter, couched in beautiful French but very indifferently typed, was followed by a picture postcard representing the Gray Squirrel. The card belonged

to an educational series depicting Our Mammals and Birds; Pnin had acquired the whole series specially for the purpose of this correspondence. Victor was glad to learn that "squirrel" came from a Greek word that meant "shadow tail." Pnin then invited Victor to visit him during the next vacation and informed the boy that he would meet him at the Waindell bus station. "To be recognized," he wrote, in English, "I will appear in dark spectacles and hold a black briefcase with my monogram in silver."

BOTH Eric and Liza Wind were morbidly concerned with heredity, and instead of delighting in Victor's artistic genius, they used to worry gloomily about its genetic cause. Art and science had been represented rather vividly in the ancestral past. Should one trace Victor's passion for pigments back to Hans Andersen (no relation to the bedside Dane), who had been a stained-glass artist in Lübeck before losing his mind (and believing himself to be a cathedral) soon after his beloved daughter married a gray-haired Hamburg jeweller, author of a monograph on sapphires and Eric's maternal grandfather? Or was Victor's almost pathological precision of pencil and pen a by-product of Bogolepov's science—for Victor's mother's great-grandfather, the seventh son of a country pope, had been no other than that singular genius Feofilakt Bogolepov, whose only rival for the title of greatest Russian mathematician was Nikolay Lobachevski? One wonders.

Genius is nonconformity. At two, Victor did not make little spiral scribbles to express buttons or portholes, as a million tots do, why not you? Lovingly he made his circles perfectly round and perfectly closed. A three-year-old child, when asked to copy a square, shapes one recognizable corner and then is content to render the rest of the outline as wavy or circular; but Victor at three not only copied the researcher's (Dr. Liza Wind's) far from ideal square with contemptuous accuracy but added a smaller one beside the copy. He never went through that initial stage of graphic activity when infants draw Kopffüsslers (tadpole people or humpty dumpties with L-like legs, and arms ending in rake prongs); in fact, he avoided the human form altogether and when pressed by Papa (Dr. Eric Wind) to draw Mama (Dr. Liza Wind), responded with a lovely undulation, which he said was her shadow on the new refrigerator. At four, he evolved an individual stipple. At five, he began to draw objects in perspective—a side wall

"And now we bring you 'The Late Late Show.'"

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nicely foreshortened, a tree dwarfed by distance, one object half masking another. And at six Victor already saw what so many adults never learn to see—the colors of shadows, the difference in tint between the shadow of an orange and that of a plum or of an avocado pear.

To the Winds, Victor was a problem child insofar as he refused to be one. From the Wind point of view, every male child had an ardent desire to castrate his father and a nostalgic urge to reënter his mother's body. But Victor did not reveal any behavior disorder, did not pick his nose, did not suck his thumb, was not even a nail biter. Dr. Wind, with the object of eliminating what he termed "the static of personal relationship," had his impregnable child tested psychometrically at the Psychotherapic Institute, where he and Liza worked. The tests were carried out by a couple of outsiders, young Dr. Stern and his smiling wife (I am Louis and this is Christina), but the results were either monstrous or nil: the seven-year-old boy scored on the so-called Godunov Drawing-of-an-Animal Test a sensational mental age of seventeen, but on being given a Fairview Adult Test next day promptly sank to the mentality of a two-year-old. How much care, skill, inventiveness have gone to devise those marvellous techniques! There is, for instance, the Kent-Rosanoff Absolutely Free Association Test, in which little Joe or Jane is asked to respond to a Stimulus Word, such as table, duck, music, sickness, thickness, low, deep, long, happiness, fruit, mother, mushroom. There is the charming Pressey Interest-Attitude Game (a blessing on rainy days), in which little Sam or Ruby is asked to put a little mark in front of the notions about which he or she feels sort of fearful, such as dying, falling, dreaming, cyclones, funerals, father, night, operation, bedroom, bathroom, cacuminous, and so forth; there is the Augusta Angst Abstract Test, in which the little one (*das Kleine*) is made to express a list of terms ("groaning," "pleasure," "darkness") by means of unlifted lines. And there is, of course, the Doll Play, in which the child is given two identical rubber dolls and a cute little bit of clay, which he or she must fix on one of them before he or she starts playing, and oh the lovely doll house, with many rooms and all kinds of quaint miniature objects, including a tiny chamber pot, and a medicine chest, and a poker, and a double bed, and even a pair of teeny-weeny rubber gloves in the kitchen, and you may be as mean as you like and do anything you want to Papa doll if you think he is beating Mama doll when they put out the lights in the bedroom. But Victor refused to coöperate, ignored the dolls, crossed out all the listed words

(which was against the rules), and made drawings that had no subhuman significance whatever.

Nothing of the slightest interest to the therapist could Victor be made to discover in those beautiful, *beautiful* Rorschach ink blots, wherein children see, or should see, all kinds of things—seascapes, escapes, capes, the worms of imbecility, neurotic tree trunks, erotic galoshes, umbrellas, and dumbbells. Nor were any of Victor's casual drawings pictures of the so-called mandala—a term supposedly meaning ("in Sanskrit") a magic ring, and applied by Dr. Jung and others to any doodle in the shape of a fourfold spreading structure, such as a halved mangosteen, or a cross, or the wheel on which egos are broken like Morphos, or, more exactly, the molecule of carbon, with its four valences—that main chemical component of the brain, automatically magnified and reflected on paper.

The Sterns reported that "unfortunately the psychic value of Victor's Mind Pictures and Word Associations is completely obscured by the boy's artistic inclinations." And Victor, who had trouble in going to sleep and lacked appetite, was thenceforth allowed to read in bed till after midnight and evade oatmeal in the morning.

IN planning her boy's education, Liza Wind had been torn between two libidos: to endow him with the latest benefits of Modern Child Psychotherapy, and to find, among American frames of religious reference, the nearest approach to the melodious and wholesome amenities of the Greek Catholic Church—that mild communion whose demands on one's conscience are so small in comparison with the comforts it offers.

Little Victor at first went to a progressive kindergarten in New Jersey, and then, upon the advice of some Russian friends, attended a day school there. The school was directed by an Episcopal clergyman who was sympathetic to superior children, no matter how bizarre or rowdy they might be; Victor was certainly a little peculiar, but on the other hand very quiet. At twelve, he went to St. Bartholomew's, in Cranton, Massachusetts. The great and jovial Bernard T. Maywood, head of the Psychotherapic Institute, and Liza's ardent admirer, was one of the most distinguished living alumni of St. Bart's, and it was he who arranged a scholarship there for Liza's boy.

Physically, St. Bart's was a great mass of self-conscious red brick, erected in 1869. Its main building formed three sides of a large quadrangle, the fourth being a cloistered passage. The gabled gatehouse was glossily coated on one side with American ivy and tipped somewhat top-heavily with a Celtic cross of stone. The ivy rippled in the wind like the back skin of a horse. The hue of red brick is fondly supposed to grow richer with time; that of good old St. Bart's had only grown dirty. Under the cross and immediately over the sonorous-looking but really echoless curve of the entrance was carved a dagger of sorts, an attempt to represent the butcher's knife so reproachfully held (in the Vienna Missal) by Saint Bartholomew, one of the Apostles—the one, namely, who had been flayed alive and exposed to the flies, in the summer of 65 A.D. or thereabouts, in Albanopolis, now Derbent, southeastern Russia. His coffin, when cast by a furious king into the Caspian Sea, had blandly sailed all the way to Lipari Island, off the coast of Sicily—probably a legend, seeing that the Caspian has been strictly an inland affair ever since the Pleistocene. Beneath this heraldic weapon—which rather resembled a carrot pointing upward—an inscription in burnished church text read: "*Sursum.*" Two gentle English shepherd dogs belonging to one of the masters and greatly attached to each other could generally be found drowsing in their private Arcadia on a lawn before the gate.

Liza, on her first visit to the school, had been greatly impressed by everything about it, from the fives courts and the chapel to the plaster casts in the corridors and the photographs of cathedrals in the classrooms. The three lower forms were assigned to dormitories with windowed alcoves and a master's room at one end. Visitors could not help admiring the fine gymnasium. Very evocative, too, were the oaken seats and hammer-beamed roof of the chapel, a Romanesque structure that had been donated half a century ago by Julius Schonberg, wool manufacturer, brother of Samuel Schonberg, the world-famous Egyptologist who perished in the Messina earthquake. There were twenty-five masters, and the headmaster, the Reverend Archibald Hopper, who on warm days wore elegant clerical gray and was unaware that an intrigue was on the point of dislodging him.

ALTHOUGH Victor's eye was his supreme organ, it was rather by smells and sounds that the neutral notion of St. Bart's impressed itself on his consciousness. There was the musty, dull reek of old varnished wood in the dorms, and the night sounds in the alcoves—loud gastric explosions and a special squeaking of bedsprings, accentuated for effect—and the bell in the hallway, in the hollow of one's headache, at 6:45 A.M. There was the odor of idolatry and incense coming from the burner that hung on chains and on shadows of chains from the ribbed ceiling of the chapel; and there was the Reverend Mr. Hopper's mellow voice, nicely blending vulgarity with refinement; and Hymn 166, "Sun of My Soul," which new boys were required to learn by heart; and there was, in the locker room, the immemorial sweat of the hamper on wheels, which held a communal supply of athletic supporters—a beastly gray tangle, from which one had to untwist a strap for oneself to put on at the start of the sport period. And how harsh and sad the clusters of cries from each of the four playing fields!

With an intelligence quotient of about a hundred and eighty and an average

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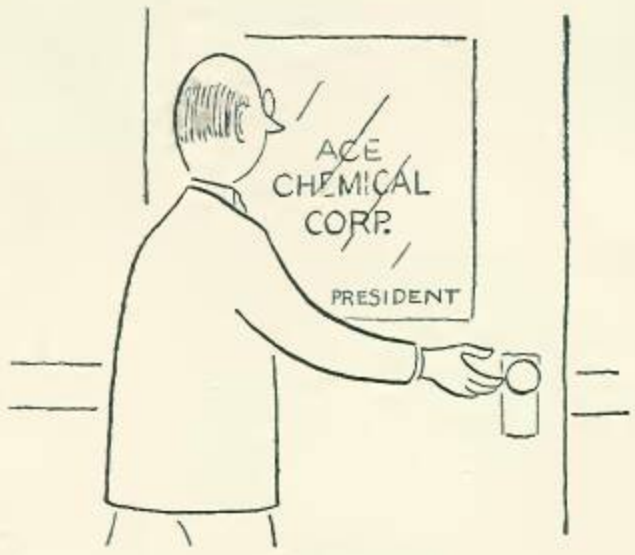

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grade of ninety, Victor easily ranked first in a class of thirty-six, and was, in fact, one of the three best scholars in the school. He had little respect for most of his teachers, but he revered Lake, a tremendously obese man with shaggy eyebrows and hairy hands and an attitude of sombre embarrassment in the presence of athletic, rosy-cheeked lads. (Victor was neither.) Lake was enthroned, Buddhalike, in a curiously neat studio that looked more like a reception room in an art gallery than a workshop. Nothing adorned its pale-gray walls except two identically framed pictures: a copy of Gertrude Käsebier's photographic masterpiece, "Mother and Child" (1897), with the wistful, angelic infant looking up and away (at what?); and a similarly toned reproduction of the head of Christ from Rembrandt's "The Pilgrims of Emmaus," with the same, though slightly less celestial, expression of eyes and mouth.

Lake had been born in Ohio, had studied in Paris and Rome, had taught in Ecuador and Japan. He was a recognized art expert, and it puzzled people why, during the past ten winters, he had chosen to bury himself at St. Bart's. While endowed with the morose temper of genius, he lacked originality and was aware of that lack; his own paintings always seemed imitations, although one could never quite tell whose manner he mimicked. His profound knowledge of innumerable techniques, his indifference to "schools" and "trends," his detestation of quacks, his conviction that there was no difference whatever between a genteel aquarelle of yesterday and, say, conventional neo-plasticism or banal non-objectivism of today, and his belief that nothing but individual talent mattered—these views made of him an unusual teacher. St. Bart's was not particularly pleased either with Lake's methods or with their results, but kept him on because it was fashionable to have at least one distinguished freak on the staff. Among the many exhilarating things Lake taught was that the order of the solar spectrum is not a closed circle but a spiral of tints, from cadmium red and oranges through a strontian yellow and a pale paradisal green to cobalt blues and violets—at which point the sequence does not grade into red again but passes into another spiral, which starts with a kind of lavender gray and goes on to Cinderella shades transcending human perception. He taught that there is no such thing as the Ashcan School or the Cache Cache School or the Cancan School; that the work of art created with string, stamps, a Leftist newspaper, and the droppings of doves is based on a series of dreary platitudes; that there is nothing more banal and more bourgeois than paranoia; that Dali is really Norman Rockwell's twin brother kidnapped by gypsies in babyhood; that van Gogh is second-rate and Picasso supreme, despite his commercial foibles; and that if Degas could immortalize a *calèche*, why could not Victor Wind do the same to a motorcar?

One way to do it might be by making the scenery penetrate the automobile. A polished black sedan was a good subject, especially if parked at the intersection of a tree-bordered street and one of those heavyish spring skies whose bloated gray clouds and amoeba-shaped blotches of blue seem more physical than the reticent elms and evasive pavement. Now break the body of the car into separate curves and panels; then put it together in terms of reflections. These will be different for each part: the top will display inverted trees, with blurred branches growing like roots into a washily photographed sky, with a whalelike building swimming by—an architectural afterthought; one side of the hood will be coated with a band of rich celestial cobalt; a most delicate pattern of black twigs will be mirrored in the outside surface of the rear window; and a remarkable desert view, a distended horizon, and a remote house here and a lone tree there, will stretch along the bumper. This mimetic process Lake called the necessary "naturalization" of man-made things. In the streets of Cranton, Victor would find a suitable

"You resent me, Mr. Boyd. It's normal. You're probably not even aware of it. But deep down inside of you, Mr. Boyd, you resent me."

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specimen of car and loiter around it. Suddenly the sun would come out. For the sort of theft he was contemplating, there could be no better accomplice. In the chrome plating, in the glass of a sun-rimmed head lamp, Victor would see a view of the street and himself comparable to the microcosmic version of a room (with a dorsal view of diminutive people) in that very special and very magical small convex mirror that, half a millennium ago, van Eyck and Petrus Christus and Memling used to paint into their detailed interiors, behind the sour merchant or the domestic Madonna.

To the latest issue of the school magazine Victor had contributed a poem about painters, over the *nom de guerre* Moinet and under the motto "Bad reds should all be avoided; even if carefully manufactured, they are still bad" (quoted from an old book on the technique of painting but smacking of a political aphorism). The poem began:

> Leonardo! Strange diseases
> strike at madders mixed with lead:
> nun-pale now are Mona Lisa's
> lips that you had made so red.

He dreamed of mellowing his pigments as the Old Masters had done—with honey, fig juice, poppy oil, and the slime of pink snails. He loved water colors and he loved oils, but was wary of the too fragile pastel and the too coarse distemper. He studied his mediums with the care and patience of an insatiable child—one of those painter's apprentices with bobbed hair and bright eyes who would spend years grinding colors in the workshop of some great Italian skiagrapher, in a world of amber and radiant glazes. At eight, he had once told his mother that he wanted to paint air. At nine, he had known the sensuous delight of a graded wash. What did it matter to him that gentle chiaroscuro, offspring of veiled values and translucent undertones, had long since died behind the prison bars of abstract art, in the poorhouse of hideous primitivism? He placed various objects in turn—an apple, a pencil, a chess pawn, a comb—behind a glass of water and peered through it at each, studiously. The red apple became a clear-cut red band bounded by a straight horizon, half a glass of Red Sea. The short pencil, if held obliquely, curved like a stylized snake but, if held vertically, became monstrously fat—almost pyramidal. The black pawn, if moved to and fro, divided into a couple of black ants. The comb, stood on end, resulted in the glass's seeming to fill with beautifully striped liquid, a zebra cocktail.

ON the eve of the day on which Victor had planned to arrive, Pnin entered a sports shop and asked for a football. The request was unseasonable, but he was offered one.

"No, no," said Pnin. "I do not want an egg or, for example, a torpedo, I want a simple football ball. Round!" And with wrists and palms he outlined a portable world. It was the same gesture he used in class when speaking of the "harmonical wholeness" of Pushkin.

The salesman lifted a finger and then silently fetched a soccer ball.

"Yes, this I will buy," said Pnin, with dignified satisfaction.

Carrying his purchase, wrapped in brown paper and Scotch-taped, he entered a bookstore and asked for "Martin Eden."

"Eden, Eden, Eden," the lady in charge repeated rapidly, rubbing her forehead. "Let me see—you don't mean a book on the British statesman? Or do you?"

"I mean a celebrated work by the celebrated American writer Jack London," said Pnin.

"London, London, London," said the woman, holding her temples.

Pipe in hand, her husband, a Mr. Tweed, who wrote topical poetry, came to the rescue. After some search he brought from the dusty depths of his not very prosperous store an old edition of "The Son of the Wolf."

"I'm afraid that's all we have by this author," he said.

"Strange!" said Pnin. "The vicissitudes of celebrity! In Russia, I remember, everybody—little children, full-

grown people, doctors, advocates—everybody read and reread him. This is not his best book, but O.K., O.K., I will take it."

On coming home to the house where he roomed, Professor Pnin laid out the ball and the book on the desk in the upstairs bedroom that Victor was to occupy. Cocking his head, he surveyed these gifts. The ball did not look nice in its shapeless wrapping; he disrobed it. Now it showed its handsome leather. The room was clean and cozy. The bed had just been made by the cleaning woman; old Bill Sheppard, the landlord, formerly superintendent of the college grounds and now totally deaf, with a white button in one ear, had come up from the first floor and had gravely screwed a new bulb into the desk lamp. A warm humid wind pressed through the open window, and one could hear the noise of an exuberant creek that ran below. It was going to rain. Pnin closed the window.

In his own room, on the same floor, he found a note. A laconic wire from Victor had been transmitted by phone; it was to the effect that he would be exactly twenty-four hours late.

VICTOR and five other boys were being held over one precious day of vacation, for smoking cigars in the attic. Victor, who had a queasy stomach and no dearth of olfactory phobias (all of which had been lovingly concealed from his parents), had not actually participated in the smoking, beyond a couple of wry puffs; several times he had dutifully followed to the forbidden attic two of his best friends—adventurous, boisterous boys, Tony Brade, Jr., and Lance Boke. You penetrated there through the trunk room and then up an iron ladder, which emerged upon a catwalk right under the roof. Here the fascinating, strangely brittle skeleton of the building became both visible and tangible, with all its beams and boards, maze of partitions, sliced shadows, flimsy laths through which the foot collapsed among a crepitation of plaster dislodged from unseen ceilings beneath. The labyrinth ended in a small platform hooded within a recess at the very peak of the gable, and on it was a motley mess of old comic books and recent cigar ashes. The ashes were discovered; the boys confessed. Tony Brade, the grandson of a famous St. Bart's headmaster, was given permission to leave, for family reasons; a fond aunt wished to see him before sailing for Europe. Wisely, Tony begged to be detained with the rest.

The headmaster in Victor's time was, as I have already said, the Reverend Mr. Hopper, a dark-haired, fresh-faced, pleasant nonentity, greatly admired by Bostonian matrons. As Victor and his fellow-culprits were at dinner with the entire Hopper family, various crystalline hints were dropped here and there, especially by sweet-voiced Mrs. Hopper, an Englishwoman whose aunt had married an earl; the Reverend might relent, and the six boys be taken that last evening to a movie in town instead of being sent early to bed. And after dinner, with a kindly wink, she bade them accompany the Reverend, who briskly walked hallward.

Old-fashioned trustees might find it proper to condone the floggings that Hopper had inflicted on special offenders once or twice in the course of his brief and undistinguished career, but what none of the six boys could ever forgive was the mean smirk that crooked the headmaster's red lips as he paused on his way to the hall and picked up from a chair a neatly folded square of cloth—his cassock and surplice. The station wagon was at the door, and, "putting the clinch on the punishment," as the boys expressed it, the false clergyman treated them to a guest performance at Rudbern, twelve miles away, in a cold brick church, before a meagre congregation.

THEORETICALLY, the simplest way to reach Waindell from Cranton was to take a local to Boston or Framingham, then catch a fast train to Albany, and then a local for a shorter stretch in a northwestern direction; actually, the simplest way was also the most unpractical one. Whether there was some old solemn feud between the lines of communication or whether both were granting a sporting chance to other means of conveyance, the fact remained that no matter how you juggled with timetables, a three-hour wait at Albany between trains was the briefest you could hope to achieve.

There was a bus leaving Albany at 11 A.M. and arriving at Waindell at around 3 P.M., but that meant taking

the 6:31 A.M. train from Framingham. Victor felt he could not get up in time; he took, instead, a later and slower train that allowed him to catch at Albany the last bus to Waindell, which deposited him there at half past eight in the evening.

It rained all the way. It was raining when he arrived at the Waindell terminal. Because of a streak of dreaminess and a gentle abstraction in his nature, Victor in any queue was always at its very end. He had long since grown used to this handicap, as one grows used to weak sight or fallen arches. Stooping a little, because of his height, he followed without impatience the passengers that filed out through the bus onto the shining asphalt: two lumpy old ladies in semi-transparent raincoats, like potatoes in cellophane; a small boy of seven or eight with a crew cut and a frail, hollowed nape; a many-angled, diffident, elderly cripple, who declined all assistance and came out in parts; three rosy-kneed Waindell co-eds in shorts; the small boy's exhausted mother; a number of other passengers. And then—Victor, with a grip in one hand and two magazines under his arm.

In an archway of the bus station a totally bald man, with a brownish complexion, wearing dark glasses and carrying a black briefcase, was bending in amiable interrogatory welcome over the thin-necked little boy, who, however, kept shaking his head and pointing to his mother, who was waiting for her luggage to emerge from the Greyhound's belly. Shyly and gaily Victor interrupted the *quid pro quo*. The brown-domed gentleman took off his glasses and, unbending himself, looked up, up, up at tall, tall, tall Victor, at his blue eyes and reddish-brown hair. Pnin's well-developed zygomatic muscles raised and rounded his tanned cheeks; his forehead, his nose, and even his large beautiful ears took part in the smile. All in all, it was an extremely satisfactory meeting.

Pnin suggested leaving the luggage and walking one block—if Victor was not afraid of the rain. (It was pouring hard, and the asphalt glistened in the darkness, tarnlike, under large, noisy trees.) It would be, Pnin conjectured, a treat for the boy to have a late meal in a diner.

"You arrived well? You had no disagreeable adventures?"

"None, sir."

"You are very hungry?"

"No, sir. Not particularly."

"My name is Timofey," said Pnin as they made themselves comfortable at a window table in the shabby old

diner. "Second syllable pronounced as 'muff,' ahksent on last syllable, 'ey' as in 'prey' but a little more protracted. 'Timofey Pavlovich Pnin,' which means 'Timothy the son of Paul.' The pahtronymic has the ahksent on the first syllable and the rest is sloored—Timofey Pahlch. I have a long time debated with myself and have concluded that you must call me simply Mr. Tim, or, even shorter, Tim, as some of my extremely sympathetic colleagues call me. It is—What do you want to eat? Veal cutlet? O.K., I will also eat veal cutlet. It is, naturally, a concession to America, my new country, wonderful America which sometimes surprises me but always provokes respect. In the beginning I was greatly embarrassed—"

In the beginning Pnin was greatly embarrassed by the ease with which first names were bandied about in America; after a single party, with an iceberg in a drop of whiskey to start and with a lot of whiskey in a little tap water to finish, you were supposed to call a gray-templed stranger "Jim" while he called you "Tim" for ever and ever. If you forgot next morning and called him Professor Everett (his real name, for you), it was (for him) a horrible insult. In reviewing his Russian friends throughout Europe and the United States, Timofey Pahlch could easily count at least sixty dear people whom he had known intimately since, say, 1920 and whom he never called anything but Vadim Vadimich, Ivan Hristoforovich, or Samuil Izrailevich, as the case might be, and who called him by his name and patronymic with the same effusive sympathy, over a strong warm handshake, whenever they met: "Ah, Timofey Pahlch! *Nu kak*? [Well, how?] *A vï, baten'ka, zdorovo postareli!* [Well, well, old man, you certainly don't look any younger!]"

Pnin talked. His talk did not amaze Victor, who had heard many Russians speak English, and he was not bothered by the fact that Pnin pronounced the word "family" as if the first syllable were the French for "woman."

"I speak in French with much more facility than in English," said Pnin, "but you—*vous comprenez le français*? *Bien*? *Assez bien*? *Un peu*?"

"*Très un peu*," said Victor.

"Regrettable, but nothing to be done. I will now speak to you about sport. The first description of box in Russian literature we find in a poem by Lermontov, born 1814, killed 1841. The first description of tennis, on the other hand, is found in 'Anna Karenina,' Tolstoy's novel, and is related to year 1875. In youth one day, in the Russian countryside, latitude of Labrador, a racket was given to me to play, with the family of the Orientalist Gotovtsev—perhaps you have heard. It was, I recollect, a splendid summer day, and we played, played, played until all the twelve balls were lost. You also will recollect the past with interest when old.

"Another game," continued Pnin, lavishly sugaring his coffee, "was naturally *kroket*. I was a champion of *kroket*. However, the favorite national recreation was so-called *gorodki*, which means 'little towns.' One remembers a place in the garden and the wonderful atmosphere of youth; I was strong, I wore an embroidered Russian shirt, nobody plays now such healthy games."

He finished his cutlet and proceeded with the subject: "One drew a big square on the ground; one placed there, like columns—cylindrical pieces of wood, you know; and then from some distance one threw at them a thick stick very hard, like a boomerang, with a wide, wide development of the arm—excuse me; fortunately, it is sugar, not salt.

"I still hear," said Pnin, picking up the sprinkler and shaking his head a little at the surprising persistence of memory, "I still hear the *trakh!*—the crack when one hit the wooden pieces and they jumped in the air. Will you not finish the meat? You do not like it?"

"It's delicious," said Victor, "but I am not very hungry."

"Oh, you must eat more, much more, if you want to be a footballist."

"I'm afraid I don't care much for football. In fact, I hate football. I'm not very good at any game, really."

"You are not a lover of football?" said Pnin, and a look of dismay crept over his large expressive face. He pursed his lips. He opened them—but said nothing. In silence he ate his vanilla ice cream, which contained no vanilla and was not made of cream.

"We will now take your luggage and a taxi," said Pnin.

As soon as they reached the Sheppard house, Pnin ushered Victor into the parlor and rapidly introduced him to his landlord and to Bob Sheppard, the landlord's brother, who had recently come from Buffalo to live with Bill, after the latter's wife died. Leaving Victor with them for a minute, Pnin hastily stomped upstairs. The house was a vulnerable construction, and objects in the rooms downstairs reacted with various vibrations to the vigorous footsteps on the upper landing and to the sudden rasp of a window sash in the guest room.

"Now that picture there," deaf Mr. Sheppard was saying, pointing with a didactic finger at a large muddy water color on the wall, "represents the farm where my brother and I used to spend summers fifty years ago. It was painted by my mother's schoolmate, Grace Wells; her son, Charlie Wells, owns that hotel in Waindellville. I am sure Dr. Neen has met him—a very, very fine man. My late wife was an artist, too. I shall show you some works of hers in a moment. Well, that tree there, behind that barn—you can just make it out—"

A terrible clatter and crash came from the stairs: Pnin, on his way down, had lost his footing.

"In the spring of 1905," said Mr. Sheppard, wagging his index at the picture, "under that cottonwood tree—"

He noticed that his brother and Victor had hurried out of the room to the foot of the stairs. Poor Pnin had come down the last steps on his back. He lay supine for a moment, his eyes moving to and fro. He was helped to his feet. No bones were broken.

Pnin smiled and said, "It is like the splendid story of Tolstoy—you must read one day, Victor—about Ivan Ilich Golovin, who fell and got in consequence kidney of the cancer. Victor will now come upstairs with me."

Victor followed, with grip. There was a reproduction of van Gogh's "La Berceuse" on the landing, and Victor, in passing, acknowledged it with a

nod of ironic recognition. The guest room was full of the noise of the rain falling on fragrant branches in the framed blackness of the open window. On the desk lay a wrapped-up book and a ten-dollar bill. Victor beamed, and bowed to his gruff but kindly host. "Unwrap," said Pnin.

With courteous eagerness, Victor obeyed. Then he sat down on the edge of the bed and, his auburn hair coming down in glossy lanks over his right temple, his striped tie dangling out of the front of his gray jacket, his bulky gray-flannelled knees parted, zestfully opened the book. He intended to praise it—first, because it was a gift, and, second, because he believed it to be a translation from Pnin's mother tongue. He remembered there had been at the Psychotherapic Institute a Dr. Yakov London from Russia. Rather unfortunately, Victor lit upon a passage about Zarinska, the Yukon Indian chief's daughter, and lightheartedly mistook her for a Russian maiden. "Her great black eyes were fixed upon her tribesmen in fear and in defiance. So extreme the tension, she had forgotten to breathe . . ."

"I think I'm going to like this," said polite Victor. "Last summer I read 'Crime and —— ——' " A young yawn distended his staunchly smiling mouth. With sympathy, with approval, with heartache, Pnin looked at Liza yawning after one of those long happy parties at the Arbenins' or the Polyanskis' in Paris, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five years ago.

"No more reading today," he said. "I know that it is a very exciting book, but you will read and read tomorrow. I wish you good night. The bathroom is across the landing."

He shook hands with Victor and marched to his own room.

IT still rained. All the lights in the Sheppard house were out. The brook in the gully behind the garden, a trembling trickle most of the time, was tonight a loud torrent that tumbled over itself in its avid truckling to gravity as it carried through corridors of beech and spruce last year's leaves, and some leafless twigs, and a brand-new, unwanted soccer ball that had recently rolled into the water from the sloping lawn after Pnin disposed of it by defenestration. He had fallen asleep at last, despite the discomfort in his back, and in the course of one of those dreams that still haunt Russian fugitives, even when a third of a century has elapsed since their escape from the Bolsheviks, Pnin saw himself fantastically cloaked, fleeing through great pools of ink under a cloud-barred moon from a chimerical palace, and then pacing a desolate strand with his dead friend Ilya Polyanski as they waited for some mysterious deliverance to arrive in a throbbing boat from beyond the hopeless sea. The Sheppard brothers were both awake in their adjacent beds, on their Beautyrest mattresses. The younger listened in the dark to the rain and wondered if, after all, they should sell the house, with its audible roof and wet garden. The elder lay thinking of silence, of a green damp churchyard, of an old farm, of a poplar that years ago lightning had struck, killing John Head, a dim distant relation. Victor had, for once, fallen asleep as soon as he put his head under his pillow—a recently evolved method about which Dr. Eric Wind would never learn. Around half past one, the Sheppards started to snore, the deaf one doing it with a rattle at the end of each exhalation and many volumes louder than the other, a modest and melancholy wheezer. On the sandy beach where Pnin was still pacing (his worried friend had gone home for a map), there appeared before him a set of approaching footprints, and he awoke with a gasp. His back hurt. It was now past four. The rain had stopped.

Pnin sighed a Russian "okh-okh-okh" sigh and sought a more comfortable position. The older Sheppard trudged to the downstairs bathroom, brought down the house, then trudged back.

Presently all were asleep again. It was a pity nobody saw the display in the empty street, where the auroral breeze wrinkled a large luminous puddle, making of the telephone wires reflected in it illegible lines of black zigzags.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

"Oh, San Quentin is all right for a short term, but I wouldn't want to do life there."

•

For a love scene with James Mason in "Forever Darling," Marilyn Maxwell wears a shirt and toreador pants. The pants, very, very tight, were worrying Marilyn.

When she arrived on the set she asked Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, the star-producers of the comedy, if they didn't think the pants were too snug.

That's all today.—*Dorothy Manners in the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph.*

You can't leave us like this.

IMPROVE THE GAME BETTER THAN HOW IT IS

THE gray-haired old man next to me in the neighborhood bar-and-grill watching the Series game on the television started off as a stranger to me, but he didn't stay a stranger long, far as talking went, anyway.

Right in the first inning, with Bauer up at bat, and him not even standing in the batter's box yet, but just a little outside of it, the gray-haired man piped up.

"There he goes!" he said. "There he goes!"

There was nobody on base, and the bunch at the bar gaped at the man.

"There he goes who?" one of them, surprised, asked.

"Bauer! Bauer!" the man said earnestly, pointing at the screen. "Knocking the mud out of his heels like all of them!"

The rest of us looked at one another, as if in a signal to be tolerant to this peculiar old man. He seemed like a nice old man, perhaps a retired watchman or old night elevator man or something.

The game went on and nothing much happened, and while the next razor-blade commercial came on, with that little pigeon or whatever he is hopping around trying to sell razor blades, the man started talking again.

"I could improve this game," he said, confidently and also despairingly. "I sure could improve this game if they'd only pay some attention to me."

"What's the matter with the game how it is?" barked the man next to him, who'd had a couple more beers than the rest of us and also a shot or two in between them.

"I didn't say they was anything the matter with it how it is, only I could improve it better than how it is," the old man said. "They're always talking about how it's getting every game is too long, ain't they?"

"Watch the game, watch the game," said another man. "I can't hear with you guys."

Some other batter came up, I forget who. But he did step out of the batter's box a minute.

"There he goes! There he goes!" yelled the gray-haired man. "Do you see him now? See what I told you?"

"See what?" said the argumentative drinker. "There's nothing happening at all."

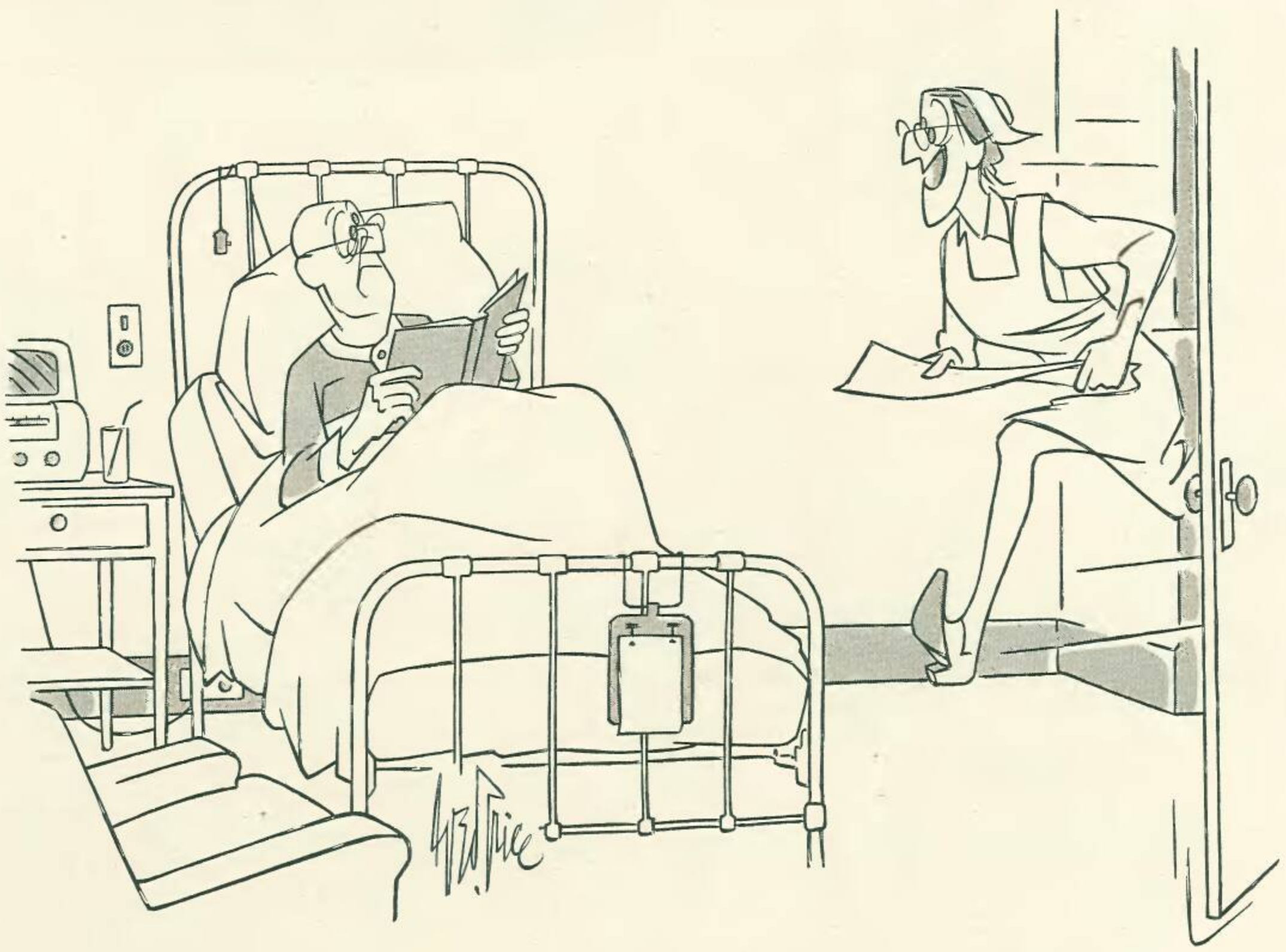
"He's knocking the mud out of his heels, ain't he?" the gray-hair asked. "That's what I mean I could improve the game, like I told you."

"You didn't tell anything," the drinker said.

"All right! All right!" said gray-hair. "I could improve the game if they'd take them spikes off the heels. That's my big idea how they'd improve the game."

"What's the heels got to do with it?" I felt compelled to ask.

"Let me tell you something and you watch and see," the gray-haired man



"Good news, Mr. Murdock! You can go home as soon as you fork over $593.50."

said. "Next guy steps out of the box, you watch him. Did you ever see them knock the dirt out of the spikes up on the soles of them baseball shoes? You bet your life you never seen them. The reason is they never DO knock the dirt off of the soles. *The heels! The heels!* That's my big idea. That's where they knock the mud off. Them spikes in the heels!"

"Watch the game, watch the game," said the man who had said the same thing before.

UP came this one and up came that one to bat. And often enough, at some point or other, the batter would step out of the box and start rapping his feet with the bat. Every single time, the gray-hair would holler, "There he goes! There he goes!" It was the only time he'd holler, no matter what was happening. He'd never holler there he goes if somebody was starting to steal second. Only at guys tapping their heels.

"These games is getting longer and longer, everybody knows that," he said during another commercial time. "That's how I'd improve it if they'd only listen. *Take the spikes off of the heels!* That's the way to do it. They don't need spikes on the heels. They don't run on their heels, do they? Take the spikes off the heels and you save all that time. Those minutes piles up, piles up all the time. I bet they's ten or fifteen minutes gone to waste knocking mud off heels!"

"Watch the game, watch the game," the man said.

All the way through the game, that's the way it was, back and forth, and the gray-hair harping on heels. The minute the last out came, he piped up again.

"That game took two hours and fifty-seven minutes!" he said after he'd whipped a two-dollar watch out of his watch pocket. "I made a note in my mind the exact minute they started and it's two hours ago and fifty-seven minutes. They'd chop ten minutes, maybe fifteen minutes, off them long games if they'd only listen to my improvement."

He got up off the stool and went out, after having only two beers all the way through the game. He must have come in just to put over his big idea. As I say, he was a stranger to me, and in the neighborhood, and we might not see him again until next year, and not even then, perhaps, if they go ahead and take the spikes off the heels before then.

—JOHN MCNULTY

AN ODE

FIRED INTO BEING BY "LIFE'S" 48-STAR EDITORIAL "WANTED: AN AMERICAN NOVEL"

STROPHE

"Ours is the most powerful nation in the world. It has had a decade of unparalleled prosperity. Yet it is still producing a literature which sounds sometimes as if it were written by an unemployed homosexual . . ."

ANTISTROPHE

I'm going to write a novel, hey,
  I'll write it as per *Life:*
I'm going to say "What a splendid day!"
  And "How I love my wife!"
Let heroines be once again
  Pink, languid, soft, and tall,
For from my pen shall flow forth men
  Heterosexual.

STROPHE

"Atomic fear or not, the incredible accomplishments of our day are surely the raw stuff of saga."

ANTISTROPHE

Raw stuff shall be the stuff of which
  My saga will be made:
Brown soil, black pitch, the lovely rich,
  The noble poor, the raid
On Harpers Ferry, Bunker Hill,
  Forefathers fairly met,
The home, the mill, the hearth, the Bill
  Of Rights, et cet., et cet.

STROPHE

"Nobody wants a Pollyanna literature."

ANTISTROPHE

I shan't play Pollyanna, no,
  I'll stare facts in the eye:
Folks come and go, experience woe,
  And, when they're tired, die.
Unflinchingly, I plan to write
  A book to comprehend
Rape, fury, spite, and, burning bright,
  A sunset at The End.

STROPHE

"In every healthy man there is a wisdom deeper than his conscious mind, reaching beyond memory to the primeval rivers, a yea-saying to the goodness and joy of life."

ANTISTROPHE

A wise and not unhealthy man,
  I'm telling everyone
That deeper than the old brainpan
  Primeval rivers run,
For *Life* is joy and *Time* is gay
  And *Fortune* smiles on those
Good books that say, at some length, "Yea,"
  And thereby spite the Noes.

—JOHN UPDIKE

"I wonder what they did before we got here."

PROFILES

PRODIGY'S PROGRESS—II

Yehudi Menuhin

THE interactions of a concert musician's mind, his body, his instrument, and his audience are exceedingly complex, as much writing and a great deal of dressing-room conversation on the subject testify. There are those musicians who lose themselves more or less completely in what they are doing, forget that they are before an audience, and play almost automatically, allowing their well-trained fingers to execute predetermined functions without any conscious intervention on their part. There are others (the late Ignace Jan Paderewski was one; his autobiography relates that for him each stage appearance was a deliberate exercise in artifice) who constantly see themselves from the outside, as it were, and weigh every move for its effect, as if their minds were pulling the strings in a puppet show and their bodies were the puppets. Between these two extremes, there are, naturally, various compromises. The customary training of a violinist, for example—a systematic and standardized course of mechanical study comparable, in a way, to the bar exercises of a ballerina—guarantees him, if nothing else, a dependable pattern of muscular habits. In time these become entirely automatic, at which point he can forget about them and concentrate his whole energy on the more difficult artistic and intellectual problems of his craft. But even the means by which he learns to solve these far from mechanical problems may also become, to a certain extent, a matter of unconscious habit. While the degree of conscious control that violinists maintain over their instruments when performing before an audience differs widely and cannot arbitrarily be used as an indicator of the excellence or faultiness of their playing, it is true that most of the greatest of them maintain a good deal of it. The arguments in favor of conscious craftsmanship, as opposed to unconscious inspiration, are so very nearly balanced that the issue is a delicate and vexing one, which complicates the artistic life of all violinists. Few of them have had so much difficulty with it as Yehudi Menuhin, who has been confronted by the dilemma it imposes almost since his birth.

Needless to say, Menuhin did not recognize the dilemma at the outset, and he was still happily unaware of it when, in 1927, at the age of eleven, he played the Beethoven Violin Concerto with the New York Symphony Orchestra and instantly became the world's most famous infant prodigy. To the best of his recollection, the first inkling that he should—to some extent, at least—turn himself into a conscious craftsman came to him suddenly when he was nineteen, at a time when he had temporarily retired from the concert stage to reflect on his position in relation—spiritually, morally, and artistically—to the rest of the world. Up until then, he had played the violin as instinctively as a bird sings. His intuitive gifts had seemed so staggering to the few awe-stricken teachers who undertook to train him that they speedily abandoned the attempt, concluding that in his case the whole academic rigmarole of scales and exercises was unnecessary. Why, they argued, should one bother teaching these things to a child who was already capable of performing the most intricate concertos as well as or better than almost any other violinist alive? As a child, Yehudi had played with a sort of innocent purity that suggested comparisons with Adam and Eve before the Fall, or Rousseau's Noble Savage; it had seemed an impertinence to tamper with his superb natural endowments. Psychologically, this singular lack of technical advancement was paralleled by an equally singular lack of normal development as a person. The little boy who did such astounding things with the fiddle had no sense of being a human being among other human beings and no conception of the meaning of competition. He had few friends and no rivals. For the time being, he was alone in his isolated world, and unique.

Menuhin's dawning realization that his lack of academic background made him unlike other violinists was closely associated with the appearance of the initial cracks in the shell of his psychological isolation. At nineteen, it began to come over him that he was not entirely different from the rest of the human race—that he was, in fact, simply one member of a large category of people known as violinists, a practitioner of a profession followed by many others and based on certain recognized standards. For the first time in his life, he experienced intellectual fear, as distinguished from instinctive fear—of fire, say, or darkness. It was the fear that upon becoming an adult—stripped of the perquisites that favor a prodigy, and obliged to stand on an equal footing in the rough-and-tumble of the outside world with adults of possibly comparable talents and certainly superior training—he might prove inadequate as an artist. Over the year and a half that his temporary retirement lasted, he grew uncomfortably aware that although he had played the whole concert repertoire before applauding audiences in both hemispheres, he didn't, when he came right down to it, know precisely why at certain times it was necessary to alter the pressure of his bow with the little finger of his right hand, or, for that matter, precisely how he accomplished the trick at all. He had never given such things a thought. He became convinced that if he was to succeed as an adult violinist, he would have to impose his will consciously on his instrument and his audience, and that to do this he would have to know the accepted rules and methods. "Even at the risk of losing all the golden eggs of the future, I had to find out what made the goose lay those eggs," he has since said of this internal struggle. "I wanted to know exactly in what way the smallest articulations of the fingers had to move, what sensations they had to evoke in

the mind and in the subconscious, what feeling of ease, of balance, of facility, of strength was involved in each section and each subdivision of the intricate and complicated technique of the violin."

It would be difficult to overestimate the severity of the crisis these words of Menuhin's describe. He felt that his career was at stake, for he knew he had reached the barrier that few infant prodigies successfully cross. To cross it would mean studying the violin as though he had never seen one before, bleak though that prospect seemed; on the other hand, to continue on a basis of childish intuition and imitation was from his viewpoint, which he regarded as that of a responsible adult artist, out of the question. He was face to face with what might be termed the morality of violin playing: There were right things and wrong things to choose between in the way one manipulated the instrument, and a critical understanding of which were right and which were wrong, and why, was something that had to be learned.

Upon emerging from his retirement, Menuhin, with characteristic unconventionality, sought the answers in an extraordinary variety of places. He started out by applying himself to some of the standard pedagogical works, which he had bypassed as a child, and at the same time he set about compiling informal exercises of his own, based on researches he made into anatomy, psychology, physiology, metaphysics, and even nutrition. "Ideas on the subject have come to me from everywhere—from the unlikeliest sources—in the middle of the night, while swimming, reading, or flying," he once wrote to a friend. "I realized that perfect control is something which excludes emotional involvement, and this general principle led me in a partially successful search of general attitudes to life which would enable one to be above and controlling the erratic impulses of momentary or transient emotion." As time went on, the general attitudes to life grew more and more general, and, to the unenlightened eye, less and less applicable to the violin. Regardless of whether, as Menuhin evidently felt, his search was only partly successful, it led him to the acquisition of a mass of anatomical, psychological, physiological, metaphysical, and nutritional theories that would undermine the sanity of the average teacher of violin technique. Indeed, his search became the pursuit of a personal mystique of the violin, and it continued for many years, finally culminating in a sort of revelation that occurred in 1951 in the anteroom of an osteopath's office in Auckland, New Zealand, during one of Menuhin's tours. While waiting to have a wrenched knee looked at, he picked up and started to read a book on the occult disciplines of yoga, and there he found the answers he had so long been looking for—all set down in comprehensive and, to him, comprehensible form. From his viewpoint, yoga provided a valuable and unprecedented approach to the technique of violin playing, and he studied it diligently. Passing through India, he stopped over in Bombay to practice yoga with a celebrated yogi called B. K. S. Ayengar, whom he later persuaded to act as his personal tutor while he was staying for a time in Switzerland. In New Delhi, Menuhin met Pandit Nehru and demonstrated his knowledge of the subject by standing on his head. Not to be outdone, Nehru thereupon stood on *his* head. Nehru's sister, Mme. Pandit, did not stand on her head, but she recommended a yogi in New York with whom Menuhin might continue his studies when he got home.

"Boy, you sure got the wrong address!"

Back in the United States, Menuhin continued to delve into yoga, and his command of the subject's deeper intricacies progressed rapidly. He learned to sit immobile for long periods with his tongue sticking out, to twist his torso in various serpentine ways, and to roll himself into a ball with his legs crossed and his head between them. Almost constantly on the go from one engagement to another, he took to using Pullman-car towels as prayer mats. Whenever he addressed himself to the more specific exigencies of violin technique, he prefaced each practice session by lying flat on the floor, stretching and twisting and throwing his limbs about in what he describes as "a certain rhythmic pat-

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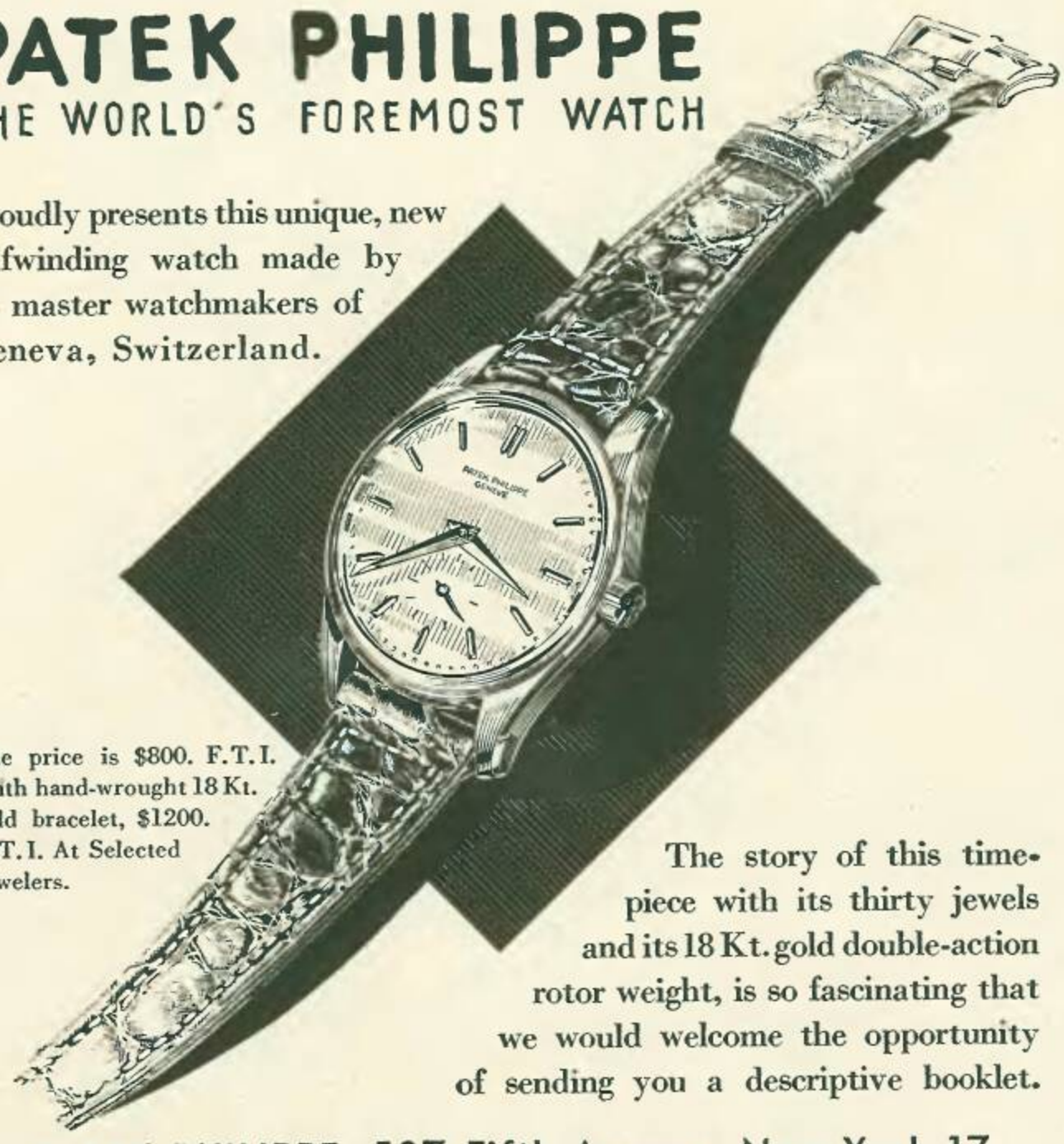

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tern," and, finally, performing "tiny little exercises" to develop a particular joint in one of his fingers. Summing up his protracted learn-while-you-work study of violin technique, he said recently, "In order of values, I place sleep and yoga exercises before the practice of the violin, for one cannot play with a body that is not well—or, indeed, at its best."

Whether all this was the ideal approach to the problem or whether Menuhin would have done better to submit himself to a conventional course of study under some eminent instructor is a matter for conjecture. Theoreticians of the craft often point out that even today his playing betrays some technical weaknesses that might have been corrected by more orthodox schooling. But Menuhin could claim in his defense—although he does not bother to—that after more than a quarter of a century he is still a very successful and, according to most critics, a very able concert performer, and that, given the peculiar conditions of his career, this is a remarkable achievement indeed. On the other hand, if one is to judge by the general tenor of the reviews his concerts have received over the years since he resolved to make himself conscious of technique, his playing does not have the purity of style that it had in the innocence of his youth. He risked the golden eggs, and whether or not one believes that he has lost them depends on one's standard of values. The adult Menuhin is an eloquent, but fallible, violinist.

MENUHIN's marathon tussle with the technique of his art took place against a background of social and domestic troubles that might well have distracted a person of weaker will. His father and mother, Moshe and Marutha Menuhin, both scholarly Eastern Europeans, have a deeply entrenched feeling for race and ancestry—Marutha boasting of having come from a long line of Crimean Tartars, and Moshe, a native of the Ukraine, having developed an almost mystical pride in his descent from a family of liberal and artistic Jews who participated in the Hasidic revivalist movement that enlivened their part of the world a century or so ago. After first meeting as students in what was then Palestine, Moshe and Marutha were reunited in New York, where they were married and their son was born, and presently moved on to California. There the family, soon augmented by two daughters, lived as a singularly self-contained unit; the children were educated for the most part at

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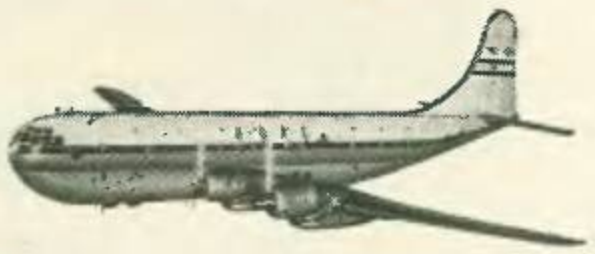

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home by their erudite parents, and grew up in an atmosphere of austere idealism. To the elder Menuhins, family solidarity was the essence of life, a point of view in which their offspring concurred completely—as long as they were children. But as Yehudi and his two younger sisters, both accomplished pianists, reached their teens and began to realize that there was a world outside the family circle, this solidarity began to quiver. In fact, whenever the outside world impinged on the Menuhins' family circle, trouble seemed to follow. Marriages, in particular, had a way of working out badly. Yehudi's youngest sister, Yaltah, who in 1938, at the age of sixteen, married a Washington and St. Louis lawyer much older than herself, was the first to be divorced; she left her husband within seven months, and married again shortly after the decree became final. This time, her husband was a Minneapolis lawyer, named Benjamin Rolfe, of whom her parents disapproved. The Rolfes settled down in Los Angeles, where Yaltah pursued an independent career as a concert pianist, but so strained were her relations with her parents that when she gave a concert near their home in Los Gatos, California, they refused to attend it. As for their other daughter, Hephzibah, a year and a half older than Yaltah, she had married Lindsay George Nicholas, the son of Australia's principal manufacturer of aspirin, in 1938, and was living on a sheep ranch he owned there. Although she returned home once in a while to visit, this unlikely locale removed her pretty effectively from the family sphere of influence. Her marriage lasted some sixteen years, during which, in addition to making her trips home, she left the ranch several times to appear in concerts with her brother in this country and in Europe, but ultimately it, too, ended in divorce. She later married another Australian.

Also in 1938, Menuhin himself, at the age of twenty-two, married Lindsay George Nicholas's vivacious sister, Nola Ruby. His sisters went their own ways after their marriages, but he tried to make his wife a part of the family by bringing her home. There she became the mother of a son and a daughter, named—with a certain epic boldness that was pleasing to their grandparents—Krov (a word meaning "blood" in Russian and "battle" in Hebrew, and specifically commemorating the Battle of Britain, which was then in progress) and Zamira (derived from the Russian word for "peace" and the Hebrew word for "melody," and chosen, presumably,

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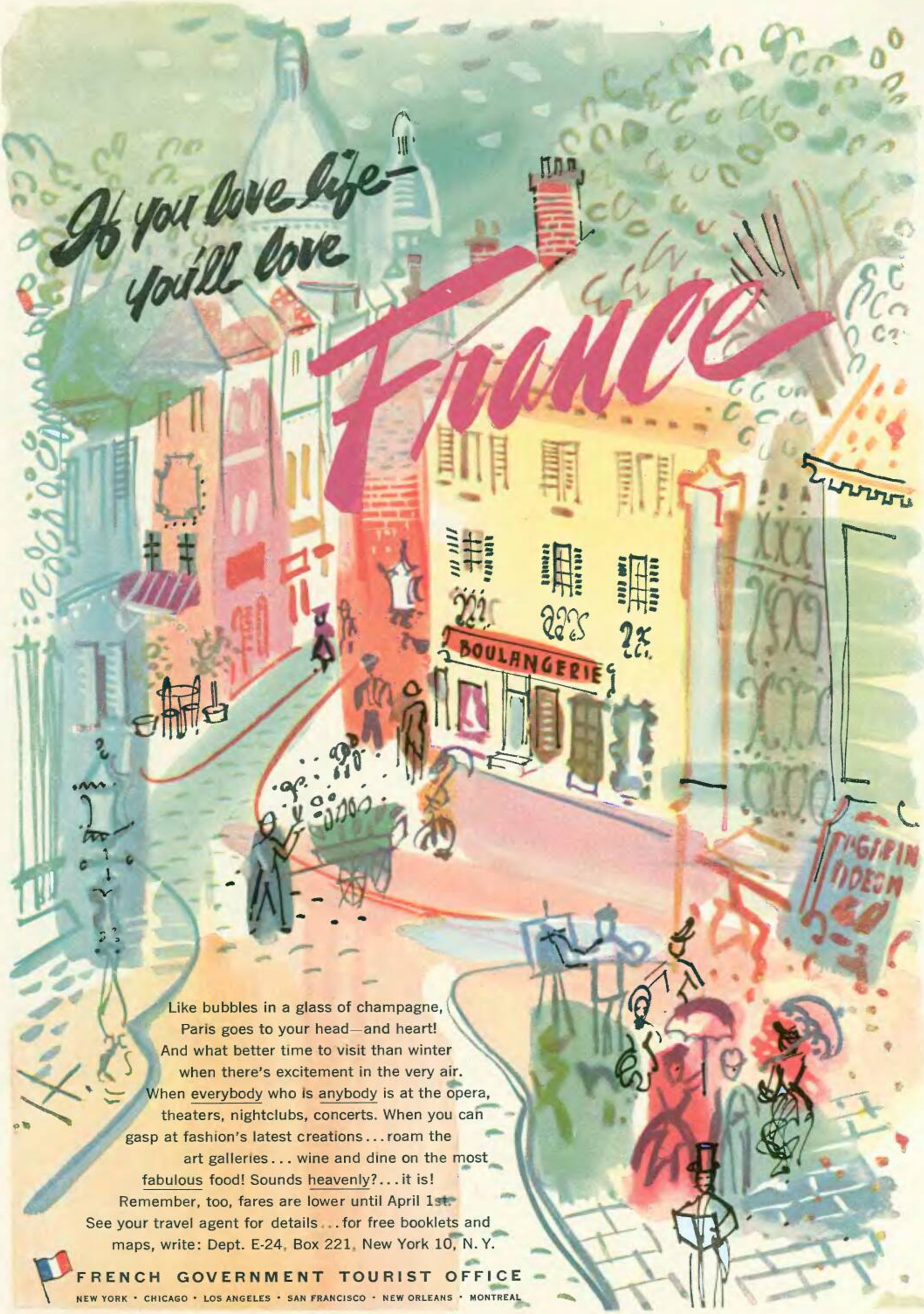

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in a mood of wistful optimism). But Menuhin's marriage was no happier than the marriages of his sisters; compared to Hephzibah's, indeed, it was quite short-lived. The young couple soon moved to a house of their own on the family estate near Los Gatos—a seven-room, California-modern building, which Menuhin expanded in 1941 and in which he still lives. But even after this separation from his strong-willed father and mother, Menuhin continued to find his allegiance divided between his parents and his wife. At the end of seven years, during which he concentrated his energies on long, lone concert tours, his marriage ended in a separation. In 1947, it was dissolved by divorce. His wife, who was granted custody of the children, has since remarried twice and now lives in Nassau. For the last four years, however, Zamira has chosen to live with her father.

IN 1937, while the family's internal affairs were still simmering, the ever articulate Moshe Menuhin stirred up something of a public furor by taking an emphatic stand against Zionism. A former Zionist himself, he now chose to denounce the cause of Israel, and, doubtless because of the distinction his son had brought to the family name, his feelings on the subject were given a fair amount of currency. In what some neutral readers felt was a rather pontifical tirade that appeared in the *American Hebrew*, Moshe Menuhin attacked the leaders of Jewish nationalism, whom he called "the Führers of Israel," on the ground that they were intolerant of Gentiles. "The greatest enemy of humanity is the professional nationalist and organizer, who exploits the innocent memories of a people, throwing salt and pepper upon the tender wounds of torn humanity today," he wrote. "God only knows how many parasites of this kind, professional Jews, thrive in our own midst today." Coinciding as it did with a period when Jews all over the world were bitterly embattled against a somewhat more formidable Führer in Germany and when many of them were refugees in desperate need of a place to settle, this outburst hardly endeared its author to many of his fellow-Jews. And, in view of his once fervent Zionism, it was inexplicable to a number of his friends. Even today, his wife is inclined to make fun of his change of heart, especially in the light of his almost fanatical faith in the destiny of the Hasidic Jews. "In the old days, Moshe was a real Zionist," she remarked in a needling tone to a caller not long ago,

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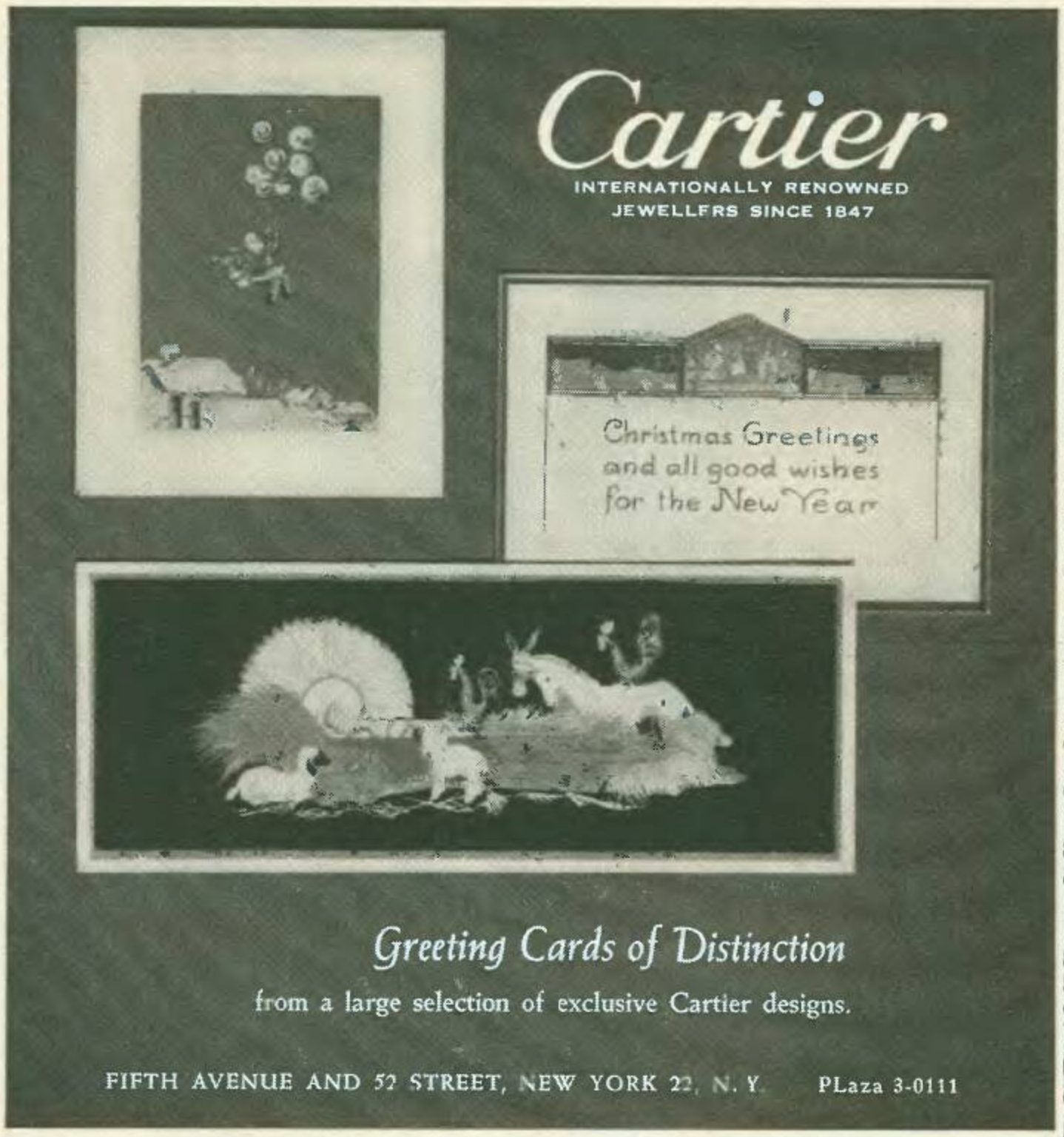

whereupon her husband reddened and exclaimed, "Allow me! Allow me! A *spiritual* Zionist, not an *actual* Zionist. I hate professional idealists and creeping parasites. I believe in the positive and the decent against the sordid. The Zionists are nothing but spiritual patronizers. They give you a chance to labor and kill yourself to support them, and in return they allow you to sit at the golden table in the next world. As for me, I make up my own mind. I am a one-hundred-percent independent individualist."

At about the same time, Moshe Menuhin injected himself into a dispute between his son and the American Guild of Musical Artists. The Guild was insisting that Yehudi Menuhin join its union, to which most of the nation's concert virtuosos already belonged. In declining to become a member, Menuhin, in his quiet way, expressed sympathy with the cause of organized labor in general but said that as a free lance he considered himself an exceptional case and preferred to do his own bargaining with the powers of the musical world. His father tended to see things more apocalyptically. At one point, the Guild, which had a closed-shop agreement with the Los Angeles Symphony, threatened to prevent Menuhin from appearing with the orchestra unless he signed up, but then it backed down and let him go on as scheduled. The mere threat, however, was too much for his father. This became apparent when there appeared, folded into the programs for a subsequent Menuhin concert in San Francisco, a violent manifesto against the A.G.M.A. that bore the unmistakable stamp of the elder Menuhin's literary style. It was headed, "YEHUDI MENUHIN'S STAND IN HIS FIRST CONFLICT WITH LIFE'S BRUTALITIES AND AGGRESSIVE IMPOSITIONS IMMEDIATELY AFTER COMING OF AGE, MARRIED AND STANDING ON HIS OWN FEET AS A FREE AND PROUD CITIZEN OF A FREE AMERICA," and, after a substantial mass of impassioned eloquence, it concluded, "It is just as if you demanded that husbands and wives had Union cards and regulations to govern their privileges and duties together; or as if the Poets and Prophets of old, or Christ and the Apostles had been forced to get Union cards and be submitted to blind Union discipline."

Yehudi continued to steer clear of the Guild. "For an artist who for ten years of his career and [during] his future will appear only on the concert stage, I sincerely feel that a union has no func-

tion," he told the newspapers in 1938. A few years later, however, he did join the American Federation of Musicians, and its president, James Caesar Petrillo, who has never been one to show artists undue reverence, explained with considerable glee how this came about. "There was Menuhin," he said. "He used to talk about his art and his God and his fiddle. Then, one day, when he was supposed to play in Philly, we told the musicians he didn't hold a union card and they walked out. So now him and his God and his fiddle, they're in the San Francisco local."

MOSHE MENUHIN's squabbles, and his son's more or less passive participation in them, faded into obscurity with the attack on Pearl Harbor. Menuhin, deferred by his draft board as a father, threw himself with enormous zeal into the task of bringing American soldiers in many parts of the world whatever spiritual alleviation music might afford them. His first U.S.O. assignment was Alaska and the Aleutians, where he was dropped off by Army planes on fogbound airstrips, and sometimes played as many as three concerts a day for lonely groups of G.I.s. He played Beethoven for them, but he also played the "St. Louis Blues." As he went from post to post—freezing in drafty Quonset huts, eating Army food, sharing Army sleeping quarters and latrines, and trading his elaborate English for bits of Army slang—he found not only a long-needed release from the involvements of his family life and from his increasingly complex worries about technique but an opportunity, which he surprisingly enjoyed, to make himself at home in an environment where more thought was given to necessities than to ideals. "For me, who had never in my life so much as socked another boy in the jaw, it was quite an experience," he said later. "I got acquainted with some wonderful people. They were in a dismal state—geared for action but without action, eternally waiting, with nothing to amuse them. They were even in a mood for Bach."

Menuhin also toured the Army's Caribbean posts, and then asked to be sent to England. That was in late 1942, a time when violinists hardly rated priority on the books of the military's hard-pressed transatlantic transportation service, but he was a persistent pleader and finally, in March, 1943, he was flown to Prestwick, Scotland, in an R.A.F. bomber, with his Stradivariuses wrapped in blankets against the cold

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of the unheated plane and with his own stocky frame all but lost in layers of extra clothing, to say nothing of a parachute and an oxygen mask. In England, he gave a series of benefit concerts designed to soothe the nerves of war-harried civilians. As soon as the Allied troops got a foothold on the Continent, he followed and, travelling about under military orders in bombers, jeeps, and haycarts, played for them, sometimes in towns that were still partly occupied by the Germans. He gave a concert in Antwerp when the city was being pounded to pieces by V-1s and V-2s, and Belgians crept out of cellars to hear him play their national anthem, among other compositions. He was the first foreign musician to appear in liberated Paris, and the French reopened and cleaned up the Opéra there expressly for his concert. He played them the Mendelssohn Concerto, which the Germans had banned during the Occupation, and after the concert returned to London weighed down with bottles of champagne and a huge Reblochon cheese, which he sent to his father in Los Gatos.

Menuhin did not remain long in London. As the defeat of the Germans progressed, he gave some concerts in liberated Holland and then moved on into Germany, where, with the British composer Benjamin Britten as his accompanist, he played for hordes of displaced Poles, Jews, Frenchmen, Czechs, and even Chinese, as well as for prisoners who were awaiting formal liberation from the concentration camp at Belsen. Word of Menuhin's exploits reached the British Royal Family, and he was invited to Windsor Castle, where he played some short works by Bach and discussed international affairs with the two princesses, who, he remembers, were dressed severely in Girl Guide uniforms. He managed to obtain permission, without State Department help, to go to Russia, and was flown from Berlin to Moscow in a Russian DC-3 that was furnished with a divan and Oriental curtains. The Muscovites apologized for their shortage of skyscrapers, stood in queues for as long as twelve hours at a stretch to buy tickets to his concerts, introduced him to a number of their musicians, including Dimitri Shostakovich, fed him pounds of caviar for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and sent him back to London laden with presents, notably a month's supply of caviar. Tours that took him into Rumania, Hungary, and Austria followed, and were repeated until 1948, when the Iron Curtain descended. By that time,

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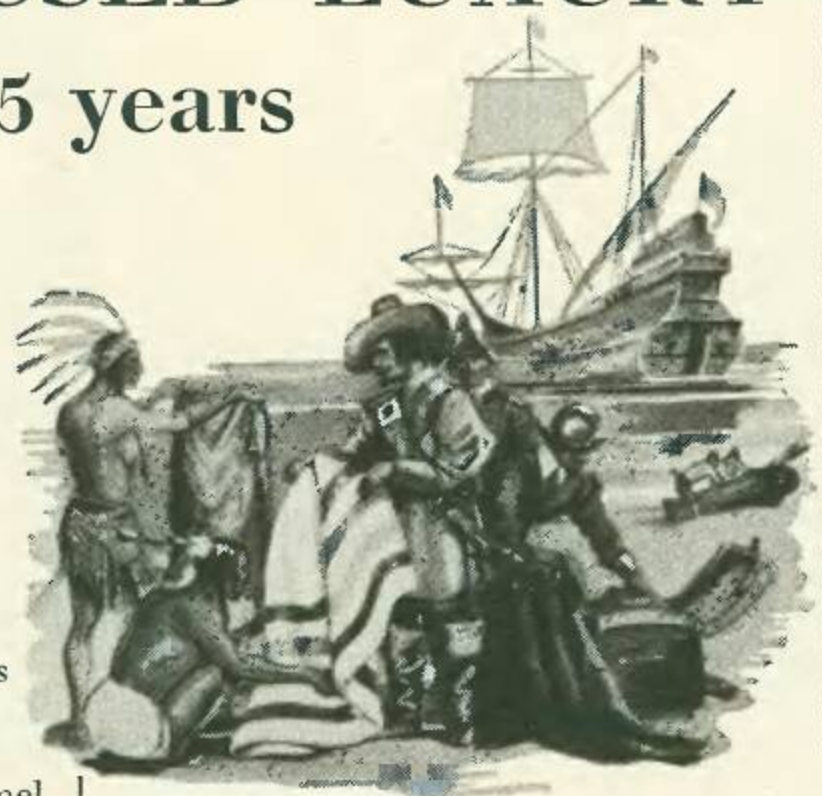

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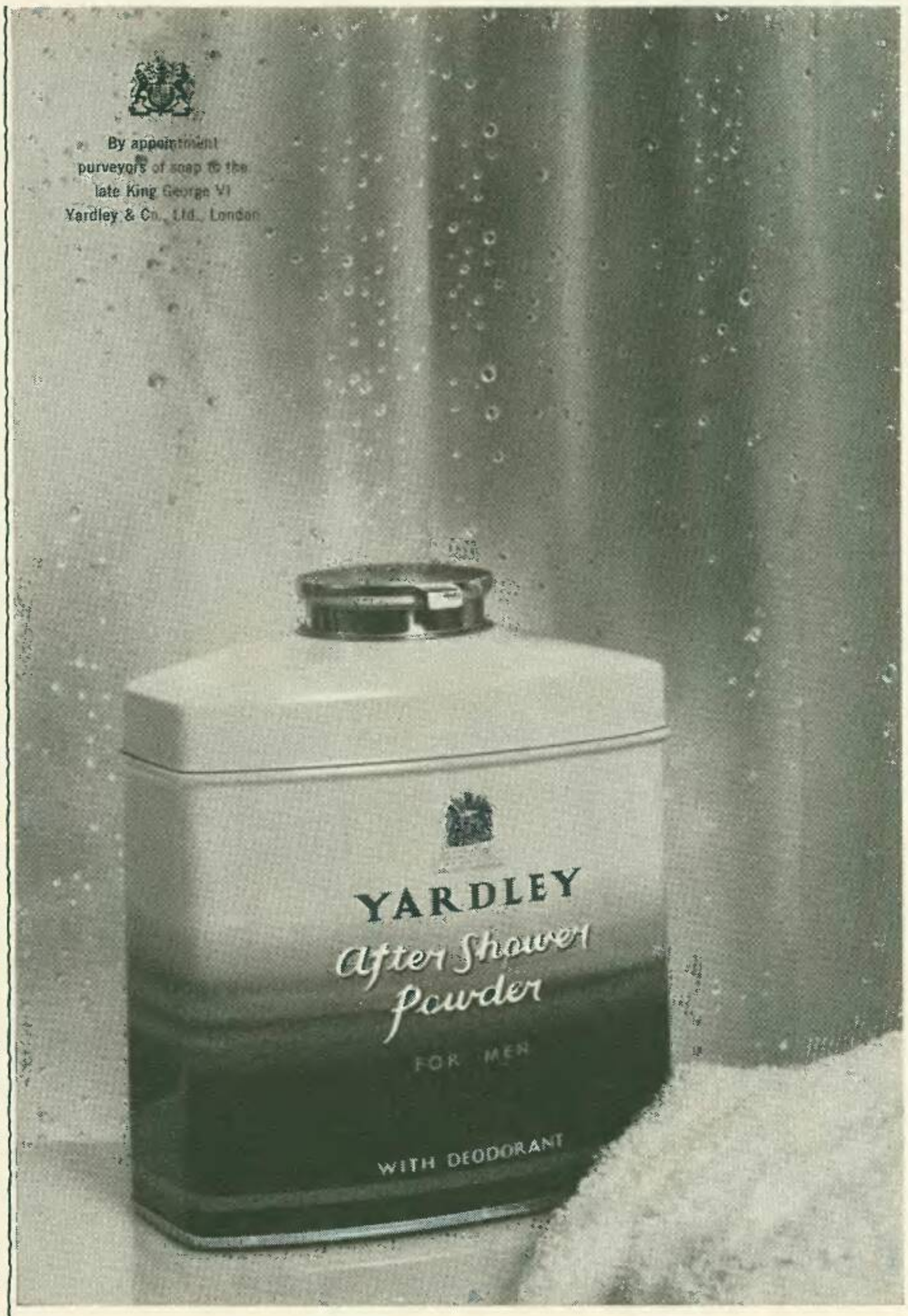
he had covered more ground, and done more to enhance the cultural prestige of the United States in Eastern Europe, than any other American artist.

During some of his numerous visits to postwar Berlin, Menuhin's rather detached temperament led him to take a position that was then about as unpopular as his father's anti-Zionist stand had been and that got him into trouble with audiences for years to come. This had to do with the late German conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler, who was being widely criticized for having remained in Germany during the Hitler regime and for having shown an attitude toward the Nazis that, if not exactly cordial, was at least outwardly cooperative. There was no question of Furtwängler's eminence as an artist; aside from Toscanini, perhaps, he was generally regarded as the greatest conductor in the world. Placing talent above political associations, Menuhin, who has since described Furtwängler as "the most mysterious musical power I have ever encountered," boldly and unhesitatingly appeared with him in several Berlin concerts. In consequence, he quickly found himself the object of international abuse. Because of Furtwängler's very eminence, he had become a bête noire among Jews everywhere, and to many of them the fact that a fellow-Jew should become his champion seemed a gross betrayal of their people. Even if Menuhin had wanted to, which is unlikely, he could not have pleaded that he was unaware of the violence of their feeling, for the Furtwängler issue had long been smoldering in liberal, Jewish, and other anti-Nazi circles. It first came prominently to light in 1936, only a few years after Hitler rose to power, when an attempt to hire Furtwängler as Toscanini's successor with the New York Philharmonic precipitated a ruckus in

which Ira Hirschmann, then vice-president of Saks Fifth Avenue and a former member of the orchestra's board of directors, threatened not only to cancel his own subscription but to persuade others to do so, too. Apprised of the commotion, Furtwängler abandoned his contract and stayed in Germany. Hirschmann, however, was far from placated, and over the years, as a spokesman for liberal and Jewish opinion on the subject in this country, he became the bitter and very active antagonist of anyone who suggested compromise or *rapprochement* with Furtwängler. When Menuhin pointed out that Furtwängler's record was not entirely black—he had never been a member of the Nazi Party, for example, and he had quite frequently helped Jewish musicians in Germany during the Hitler era, even in the face of opposition from his Nazi overlords—Hirschmann surprised no one by issuing a widely published denunciation, in which he said that it was "incredible" that Menuhin should try to whitewash Furtwängler while the latter's "employers are . . . facing an international trial for mass butchery," and added, "If any efforts are made to bring the Nazi Furtwängler to America, he will meet with highly organized resistance and opposition. . . . We are outraged at the very thought of this Nazi invading America." Before long, Furtwängler was officially denazified by the American authorities and welcomed without reservation as a conductor in London and Paris, but the feeling in New York and a number of other musical capitals remained adamantly against him.

Menuhin, too, continued to be ostracized in various ways; at one concert that he played in Berlin for Jewish displaced persons, only fifteen showed up. The editor of a newspaper representing the D.P.s wrote and published an open letter to him that read, in part, "Now you are intoxicated by success, but wherever you travel our newspaper will follow you like a curse until your conscience awakes and your heart begins to ache." Menuhin, one of whose more admirable habits is never to avoid an issue, requested an opportunity to explain his position, and a mass meeting was called at which, confronted by several thousand angry D.P.s, he made a speech. To the unfortunate D.P.s, many of whom had undergone the horrors of Nazi concentration camps, his speech must have had a certain air of unreality. "I have played for the hard-pressed wherever and whenever I could," he said. "Nationality does not



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make more difference to me than race or color. You cannot grow on hate. What's done is done. Hate and vengeance will not make it good again. It is time now to bind the wounds. . . . You are truly the victims of Nazism, but the tragedy is that you have grown to be like the Nazis. . . . You make your judgments in the cause of hate. Love and not hate will heal the world." It is a tribute to Jewish idealism that these characteristically lofty sentiments won the crowd over to Menuhin. "If Menuhin offered us a concert today, we would all go," the editor of the D.P.s' paper wrote. "Perhaps it is too much to expect that those who have not experienced persecutions and concentration camps should understand our feelings. We know that he does not mean to be a traitor."

Far from being intimidated by the people who denounced his stand, Menuhin again came to Furtwängler's defense in 1949, when it was proposed that the conductor be hired by the Chicago Symphony, and Isaac Stern, Nathan Milstein, Artur Rubinstein, Vladimir Horowitz, and Lily Pons issued a protest in which they announced that they would refuse to appear with the orchestra if it was under his direction. Menuhin jumped right into the thick of things, calling the protest a "teapot tempest" and refusing to appear with the Chicago Symphony if it did *not* hire Furtwängler. In the end, Furtwängler was not hired, and Menuhin has not played with the orchestra since. His attitude in the Chicago affair (from Italy, he issued a statement saying that the protesting musicians were "beneath contempt") did nothing to improve his critics' estimate of him, and prompted Mordecai Danzis, the editor of the Jewish newspaper *The Day*, to write an editorial entitled "AND MENUHIN FIDDLES," in which he accused Menuhin of finding pleasure in playing "for the murderers of his people." As might have been expected, this set Moshe Menuhin off, and he wrote a letter to the editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, which the paper published, accusing Danzis of wrapping "himself in a mantle of piety and idealism" and suggesting delicately that since he had "the typical characteristics of a psychopath" he should "for his own good health . . . immediately consult a good psychiatrist." And still the battle went on. South American Jews boycotted Menuhin's concerts when he toured that continent in 1950. The same year, when he was making his first tour of Israel, he was assigned an armed guard

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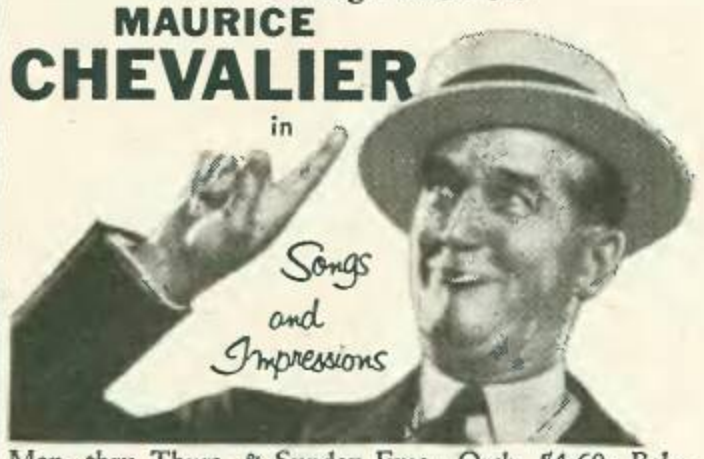

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after there were threats to blow up the auditorium in Tel Aviv in which he was scheduled to appear, and his concert was given before an audience whose members had been methodically frisked for weapons. But eventually passions began to cool off, as many people came to feel that Menuhin's steady and generous acts in behalf of Jewish causes outweighed his stubborn championship of Furtwängler, and peace appeared to have been restored completely in May, 1953, when the Israelis, for whom he had been playing numerous benefit concerts, inscribed his name in the Golden Book of Israel—one of the highest honors that nation can bestow. Nowadays, in looking back over the whole bitter business, Menuhin invariably expresses unbounded sympathy for what he regards as the thoroughly justified emotions of his opponents but insists that in supporting Furtwängler he was upholding an ideal of greater importance than any of the other considerations involved.

IN October, 1947, less than a month after he was divorced from his first wife, Menuhin remarried. His choice this time was Diana Gould, the daughter of a British Foreign Office official. After the death of her father, her mother, an excellent pianist who was also well known in London as a hostess to the musical great, had married Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt, Second Sea Lord of the British Admiralty. In addition to these social and musical qualifications, Miss Gould had another asset, which promised well for a happy marriage: For a number of years she had been a leading dancer with the Balanchine, de Basil, and Markova-Dolin ballet companies, where she had acquired a profound understanding of that complex phenomenon known as artistic temperament and a complete familiarity with the restless life of the performing trouper. Hotel rooms, Pullman compartments, and accommodations on planes and ocean liners were almost as natural a habitat for her as they were for Menuhin, and, as his wife, she took readily to an existence that she now claims consists largely of washing socks and shirts and drying them on radiators in all parts of the civilized world. A tall, attractive, and somewhat angular person, with the natural ability to dominate her surroundings that is often found in women of the theatre, she is highly articulate and rather tough-minded, and the volume and intensity of her conversation, expressed in an idiom of truly Churchillian eloquence and as-

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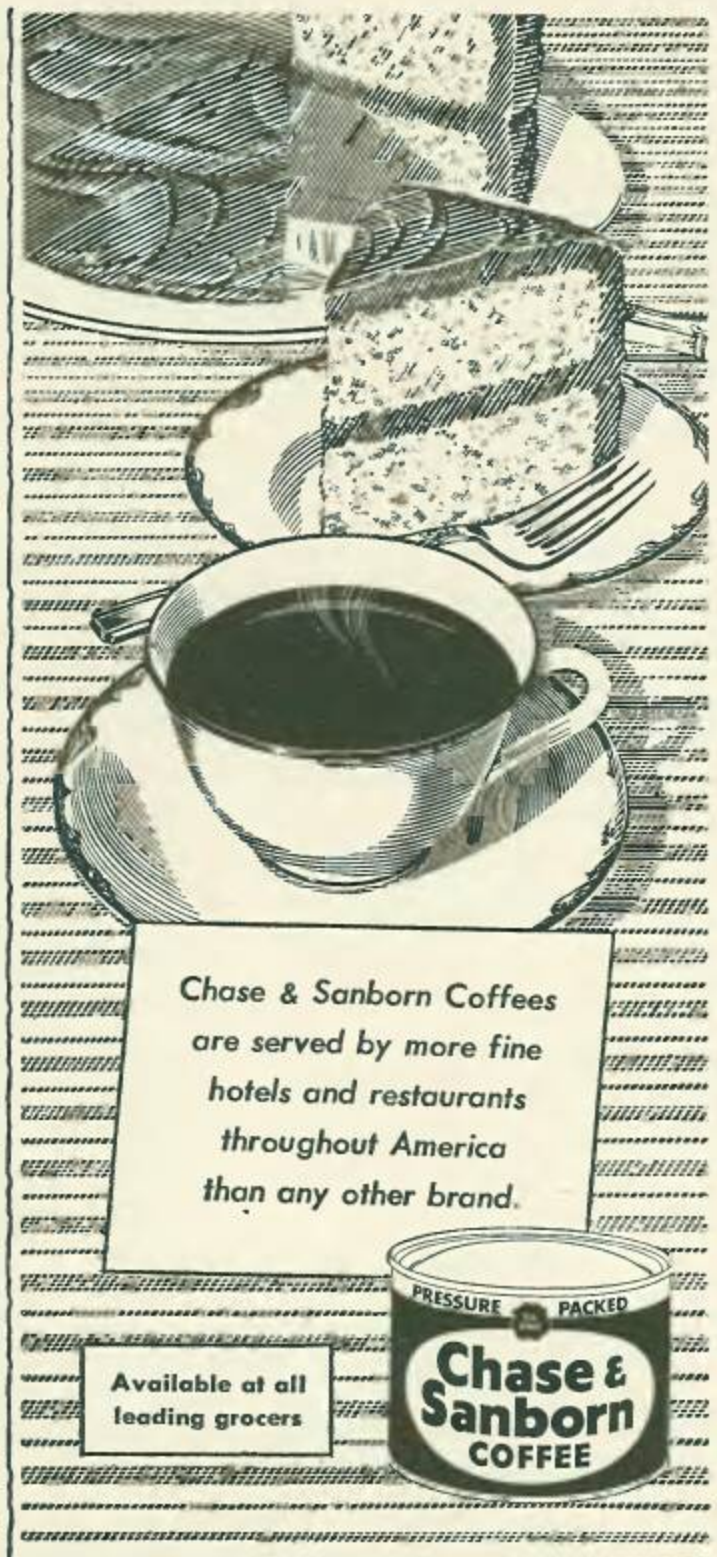
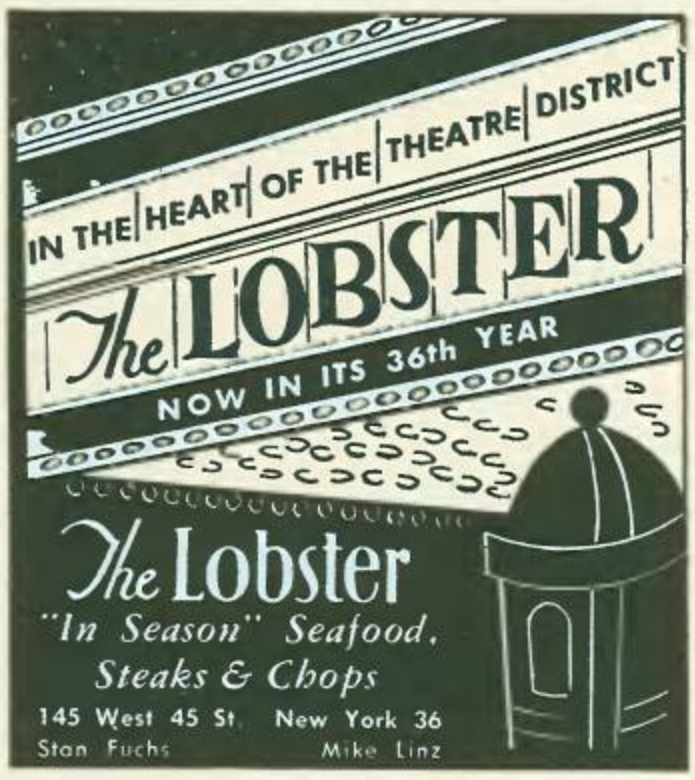
sertiveness, has enabled her on occasion to reduce even her garrulous father-in-law to a state of uneasy silence. Her vast experience with tyrannical Russian ballet mistresses has made her dealings with her mother-in-law at once cordial and extremely positive. She respects her husband's quixotic idealism and admires his abstract learning and his knightly gallantry, but she has succeeded to some extent in supplementing these attributes with an air of worldliness entirely new to the Menuhin cosmos. Menuhin himself seems to regard her indomitable combativeness with considerable awe. He, too, is inclined to be silent in her presence, and he appears to have submitted gladly to the alterations she has made in his ways of life and thinking.

Menuhin's home near Los Gatos has become a monument to his wife's industrious influence. When she arrived there, immediately after their marriage, she found it a dignified but generally depressing establishment, filled with overstuffed furniture, autographed snapshots of renowned musicians, and libraries of philosophical books and musical manuscripts. She remembers particularly that the only book of fiction she came across was a copy of "Forever Amber," and that outside the field of music the only gesture toward artistic gentility in the whole house was a large reproduction of a van Gogh. She tactfully left her husband's private study alone, and it still retains its Victorian grandeur, bristling with leather chairs and glass-covered bookcases and exuding all the charm of an office in the basement of a loft building. But the rest of the house now reflects the present Mrs. Menuhin's taste and seems to belong to a later and somewhat gayer era. Bright-colored hangings filter the California sunshine into rooms that are furnished in a comfortable modern manner. Objets d'art, ranging from Indo-Hellenic Buddhas to Mexican pottery, are scattered about, and Menuhin's collection of ceremonial batons and musical autographs, once prominently displayed in the living room, has been firmly relegated to his study. The walls are hung with pictures that are meant to be looked at, and their quality and variety indicate the exercise of intelligence and care. There are a few original paintings by such well-known modern artists as Georges Rouault and Marie Laurencin, but generally the pictures represent a mingling of Mrs. Menuhin's personal favorites (she has a collection of old English ballet prints and costume designs of the Diaghilev era) with those of her husband (some





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adventures as a connoisseur have led him to sample the paintings of the Brazilian Candido Portinari and to indulge himself in several rather striking works by lesser-known European and Near Eastern artists). The volumes of Kant, Spinoza, and Nietzsche that Menuhin grew up on are still there, but they are now outnumbered by shelves full of French novels, books of art reproductions, and the writings of Amanda M'Kittrick Ros, an Irishwoman whose remarkably baroque and vituperative prose is apparently Mrs. Menuhin's favorite reading. Significantly, the living-room grand piano has been moved to an upstairs music room, an arrangement that has the effect of putting music in its place—of treating it as an admirable artistic activity but one that neither the individual members of the family nor their guests are under any obligation to submit to.

The house, with its magnificent view of the nearby hills, is only infrequently occupied by the Menuhins, who are usually to be found somewhere between it and Bombay. Still, it is home, and Menuhin and his wife hope to retire there someday. In the meantime, it is kept in running order by an English butler, a maid, and an awesomely efficient Swiss governess called Schwester Marie, who looks after the children of Menuhin's second marriage—two small boys, who, with refreshing disregard of the Menuhin family's earlier penchant for heroic Hebrew and Russian nomenclature, are named simply Gerard and Jeremy. Zamira, who is now sixteen, regards her father with a combination of respect and slightly sardonic detachment. "The important thing about Papa's yoga exercises is that he believes in them," she told a recent visitor. "That's why they seem to do him good. Actually, you know, Diana and I don't really believe in them—not much, that is." Zamira appears to have more faith in her father's dietary theories. Like him, she shuns white sugar, salt, and white bread, breakfasts

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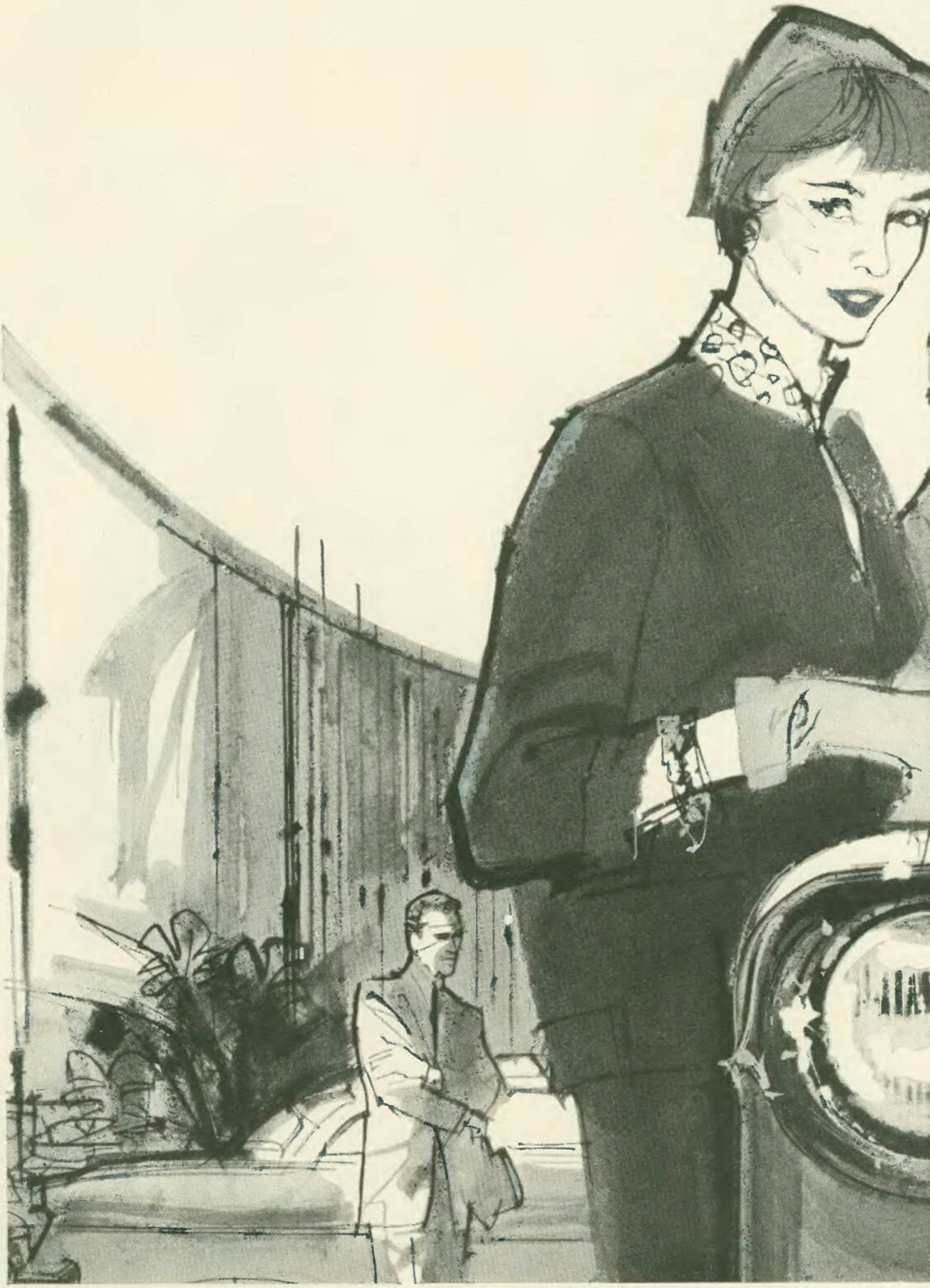

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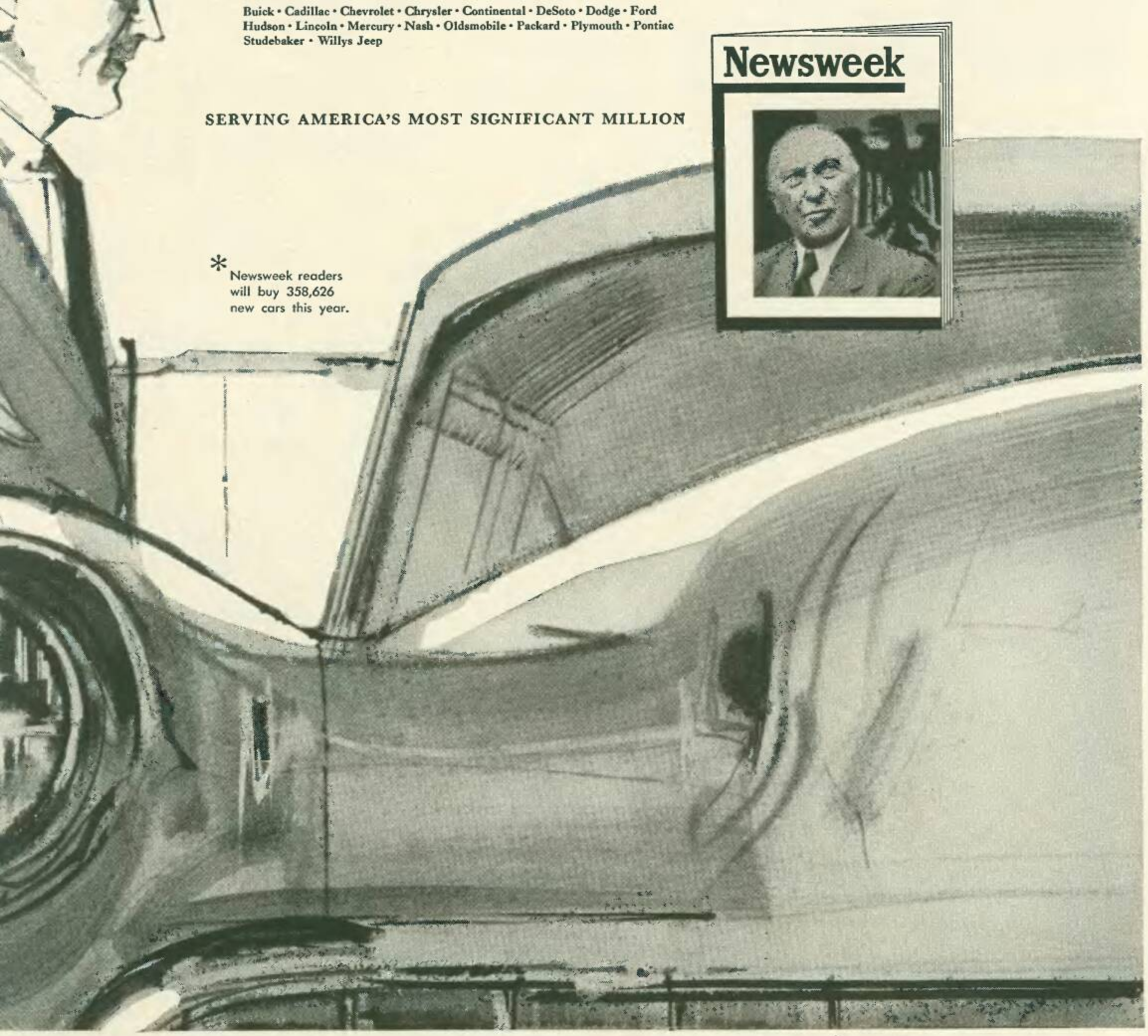

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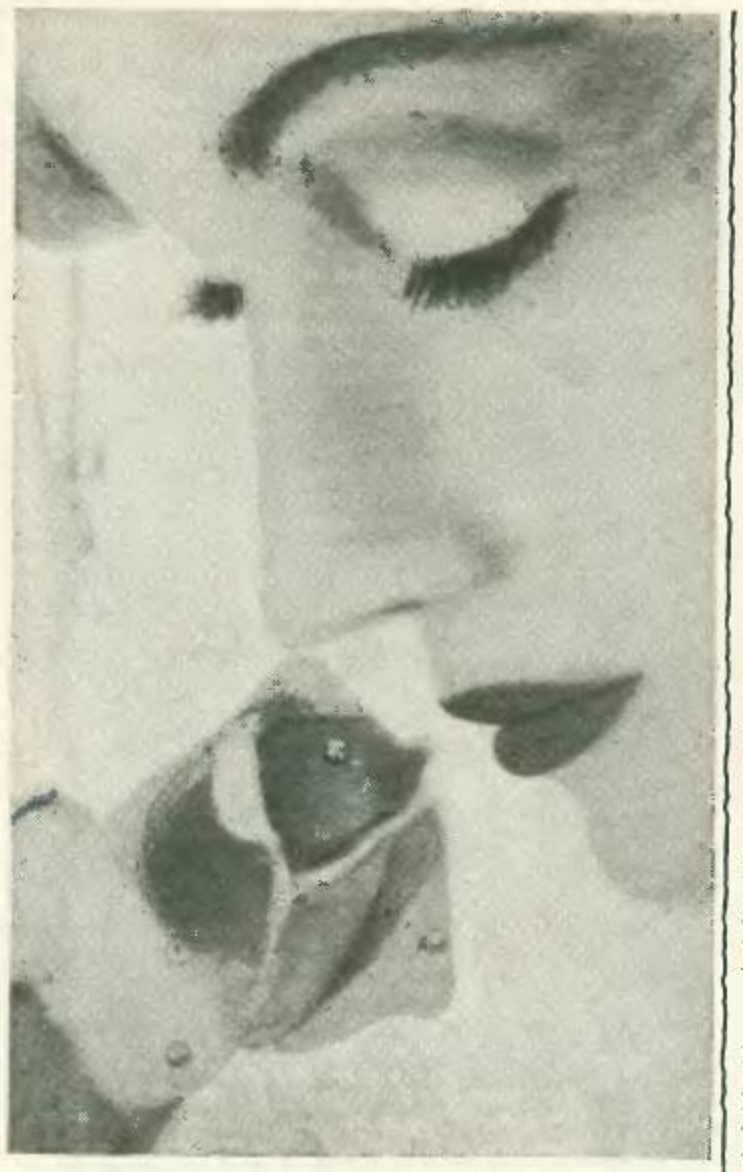

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on Irish oatmeal and yoghurt, and resorts to nourishing pills from countless bottles.

Menuhin is very close to Zamira, but, being away so much of the time, he hasn't yet seen enough of the younger children to assume a casual, fatherly attitude toward them—if, indeed, he would even be capable of doing so. His manner is more nearly that of a kindly professor of the humanities. Not long ago, he was sitting on his front lawn, leafing through a book of Oriental religious paintings and watching his sons play on their slide, when the three-year-old Jeremy started to bawl that Gerard, aged seven, was hurting him. Gerard retorted that he was only trying to push his brother down the slide, and added, with a smirk, "Shall I push him *hard*, Papa?"

"Now, boys," said Menuhin hopefully. "We must learn the lessons of forbearance and non-aggression. Come, look at this symbolic picture," he went on, brandishing his book invitingly. "This picture is more interesting than violence. In a way, it's a *hypothetical* picture, not a picture of a real person. Pictures of hypothetical people can be very exciting and—"

Neither child had budged from the slide, and now Jeremy let out another wail of terror. Gerard said, "I'm not pushing him *very* hard, Papa—just *pretty* hard."

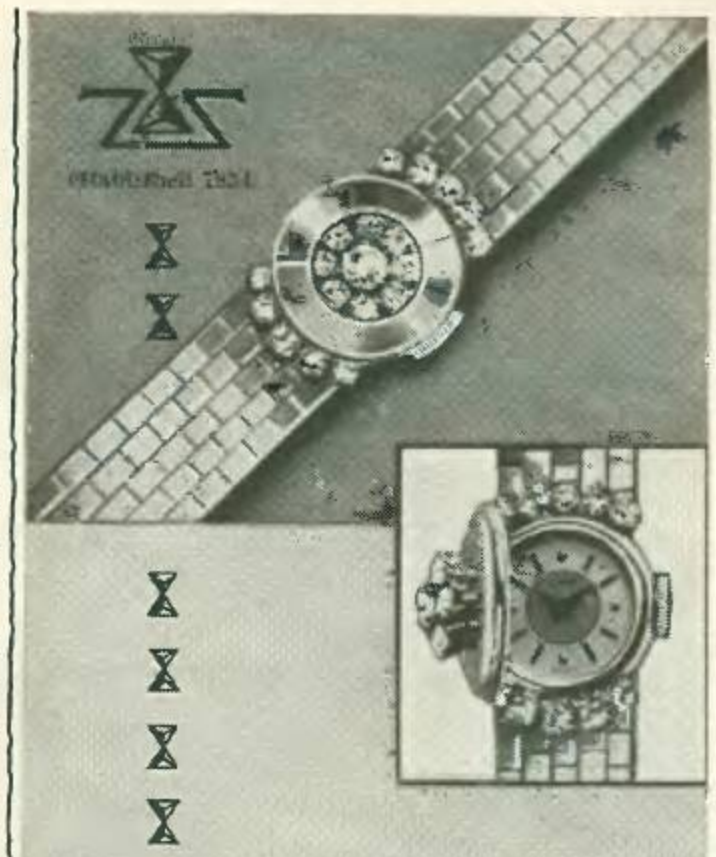
"You shouldn't push him at all," Menuhin told him, with a worried smile. "You should control your aggressive instincts. We are all naturally aggressive. I, too, am aggressive. But we must not let atavistic impulses dominate our behavior."

At this, Gerard gave Jeremy an atavistic shove, and Jeremy tumbled down the slide in tears. Menuhin ran over and picked the little fellow up while Gerard pedalled off cheerfully on a tricycle.

Sitting down again, with Jeremy on his lap, Menuhin said, "You see, Jeremy, there is much to be learned from Gerard's temporary hostility. One must be tolerant. One must, in fact, always revere tolerance."

At this point, Schwester Marie appeared, brusquely picked up the still weeping Jeremy, separated Gerard from his tricycle, and packed both youngsters off to the nursery.

Mrs. Menuhin, despite her realistic turn of mind—or perhaps because of it—regards her husband's rarefied enthusiasms with great pride, which at certain moments turns to incredulity. "He is the most inexpedient person I



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have ever known," she says admiringly. Far from merely washing and drying socks and shirts, she has many responsibilities. She must at least attempt to see that he doesn't arrive in Finland in a tropical suit or in Central Africa in a parka, as he might easily do if left on his own. She supervises the changing of his money at national frontiers, thereby forestalling the disappointments that result from his generously but absent-mindedly giving Tunisian francs or Japanese yen to beggars in Lisbon or West Berlin. She acts as an efficient buffer between him and the large court of admirers that surrounds him wherever he goes—an odd throng made up of autograph hunters, refugees from Central Europe, distinguished composers, Hindu mystics, cranks, and musicians. "People stick to him like flypaper," she says. The Los Gatos house is always filled with guests whom Menuhin has rescued from depressed areas all over the globe and is bent on assisting toward some worthy goal. When her husband had a local Hindu yogi drop around to dispense instruction, Mrs. Menuhin bore up gallantly for a while, but finally, having suffered some acute muscular discomfort from standing on her head, she rebelled, and since then yoga has been practiced by Yehudi and his tutor alone. "I had often put my foot behind my head before, but as a ballerina I always got paid for it," Mrs. Menuhin says. "The worst of those exercises was that you had to think good thoughts at the same time."

The senior Menuhins' house in Los Gatos is about seven miles away from Yehudi's, and there Moshe occupies himself in looking after his son's financial affairs and in making occasional pronouncements on Zionism, world problems, and the art of bringing up gifted offspring. Having someone look after his finances is a tremendous convenience, if not a downright necessity, to Menuhin, who simply sends all his checks to his father, calls upon him from time to time for whatever sums he needs, and hasn't the remotest idea how much money he is making or what is happening to it. Menuhin does not find his father so valuable when it comes to child guidance, and has not applied any of Moshe's theories on the subject to his own children, not one of whom is being trained to be a musical genius, or even to support Hasidic traditions. Now and then, his mother ventures to offer advice on how to bring up her grandchildren in the Tartar way, but his wife meets this with firmness and finality. When-

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ever Menuhin and his wife are at home for more than an overnight stay, they invite his parents over for a family dinner, at which there is likely to be some talk of glorious ancestral traditions; but as far as the younger generations are concerned, most of the old ardor is gone, and when dinner is over, Moshe and Marutha Menuhin are driven home to cherish their traditions in private.

From the point of view of Menuhin's parents, only one manifestation of those traditions remains—the artistry of their son. And in a way even this has the air of a myth about it—a myth that is reenacted each time Menuhin steps before the footlights of an auditorium and becomes, for the moment, the public figure who used to be a prodigy. The reenactment is not Menuhin's. It exists in the minds of his audience, which always seems to see, behind the serious and rather handsome adult violinist, the shadow of the precocious child. After a recent concert at Carnegie Hall, Menuhin, still wearing his tailcoat, stood in his dressing room patiently receiving the usual crowd of admirers who were on hand to congratulate him. An old lady sought reverently to touch his arm. People asked for autographs, which he dutifully produced. Several more elderly folk approached him with tears in their eyes. Nearly all of them mentioned his past. "I feel that I have known you ever since you were eleven," one woman said, and her hand rose and fell as if patting the head of a small child. The shadow had followed Menuhin backstage. Without it, he would still be a fine violinist, but he would not be the magical symbolic figure known to the world at large as Yehudi Menuhin.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Menuhin.)

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OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[From "Fight Against Fears," by Lucy Freeman]

June 25: Had graduation exercises this morning. Never so surprised in my life. I won four prizes, all there was to win and got the highest mark in everything. My regents average was the highest, our principal said, that anyone ever got in the school before. Arith—100, Spelling—98, English—94, Reading—100, Geog.—98, His.—96 and Writing—95.

—Page 173.

One state I do not believe exists, for I cannot seem to find it no matter which train I board. Where is Idaho? To me it is still but a potato. I believe our mapmakers have created a myth.

I did not learn geography because I did not care where I was going—only that I moved, and moved fast.

—Page 257.

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THE THEATRE

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THE events that young Anne Frank put down in her diary took place only about a dozen years ago, but they are already hard to credit. We remember the terrible facts of the old nightmare and the names of the places—Dachau, Buchenwald, Belsen—that were most hideously involved in it, but the atmosphere is not as easy to recall. This is especially true of the feelings of the victims. We know, of course, that they experienced horror and despair, but we are apt to forget that these emotions can hardly have been exclusive. Those who survived at all were forced to live in hiding, and their circumstances were almost incredibly harsh and difficult, but the melodrama was only occasional. Most of the time, in fact, there can't have been much to distinguish their lives from those of any people who are obliged to live too close together, with never quite enough to eat and very little to divert their minds. Inevitably, they must have got on one another's nerves a good deal, they must have known long hours of racking boredom, and there must have been times when they were able to forget the fate that always hung over them and laugh at fairly foolish jokes.

These unsensational but strangely moving aspects of martyrdom have been caught, along with all its tragedy, in the dramatization of the diary, by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, that opened last week at the Cort. The attic hideaway in Amsterdam that Anne shares for more than two years with her parents and her older sister, as well as another couple and their young son and a middle-aged dentist, is filled with at least as much exasperation as terror, very nearly as much gaiety, tenderness, and bravery as panic and gloom. A coward breaks down when he is caught stealing from the tiny common store of food, a stupid woman weeps over the loss of her fur coat, and in the end the Nazis are hammering at the door and it is clear that most of the inmates are doomed, but the greater part of the evening is pitched in a much less sombre key. There is a lot of wrangling about the bathroom, always chastely referred to as the w.c.; the dentist, it turns out, is allergic to cat hair, which is unfortunate, because the refugees include a cat; Anne relieves the tedium of her studies by mimicking the pomposities of her elders; Chanukah, a ritual of rejoicing, is observed with almost no indication of its bitter irony; and shyly and tentatively a young romance begins to glow. This last is, I think, as touching as anything you are likely to encounter in the theatre, partly because it is almost exactly like any other such affair except for the somehow heartbreaking circumstance that no distance is involved. For the first time in her life, Anne dresses up for a boy, but the only place she has to go is across the crowded living room into his small cell on the other side. For some reason, this parody of a normal "date" has far more pathos than the knowledge that even then both their short lives are almost over. Intelligent comprehension of the fact that the great, overshadowing tragedy, the virtual certainty of death, can be presented most effectively by this kind of implication is evident throughout the play, and I can think of no criticism of anything the authors have done, except possibly a tendency toward the end to make their adolescent heroine just a shade more consciously literary and firmly inspirational than either her age or her indicated character would appear

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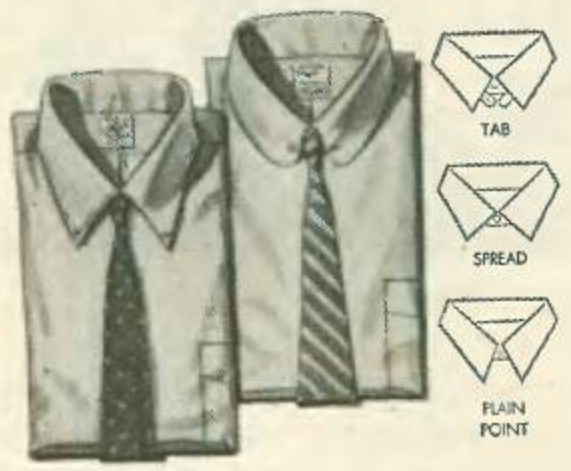

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to warrant. I have not read the book, however, and it may well be that the quotations that bothered me were taken from it verbatim, since, as I am well aware, most young ladies have their flowery moments. The fault, in any case, is slight, and I think the play as a whole is magnificent.

In addition to its writing, "The Diary of Anne Frank" is distinguished by some of the finest performances you could ask to see. The most astonishing, I should say, is given by Susan Strasberg, who takes Anne from the obstreperous charm of thirteen to the sensitive awareness of dawning adolescence with a technical brilliance that few actresses could equal. Miss Strasberg, who is seventeen herself, is physically just right for the part, but the difficult transition, the creation of two quite different but always essentially related personalities, is a dramatic feat that would be extraordinary at any age. I'm embarrassed to say that I was one of those who, bewitched by beauty, proclaimed Audrey Hepburn one of the shining talents of our age. She still dazzles me, even in retrospect, but a cooler judgment tells me that Miss Strasberg, though considerably less spectacular in appearance, may be a little more subtly accomplished at her trade. The work of Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber, as the senior Franks, is also superlative. Mr. Schildkraut has what might easily have been a showy part, but he has kept it subdued, and I think it therefore gains enormously in power. Miss Huber is equally restrained and effective, and the others, who include Gloria Jones, Dennie Moore, Lou Jacobi, David Levin, Eva Rubinstein, Clinton Sundberg, and Jack Gilford, are very satisfactory, too. Garson Kanin's direction and Boris Aronson's set deserve paragraphs to themselves. Here, I'll just say that they both contribute immeasurably to an almost flawless production.

CHRISTOPHER FRY's translation of Jean Giraudoux's play "La Guerre de Troie N'Aura Pas Lieu," now called "Tiger at the Gates," preaches a sermon of chilly despair. Men and women of good will always see war in its true colors and struggle to avoid it with all the eloquence at their command, but the forces of cynicism, sentiment, and simple lunacy arrayed against them will be too much for them, and once the fatal historical process has begun, war will come. The work at the Plymouth is still another variation on the story of Troy and Helen, which has,

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of course, done more than its share for art of one kind and another, and again it serves its purpose very well. This time, we see Hector as a man who is tired of bloodshed and has lost all his illusions about glory. He is supported in his doomed crusade for peace by Andromache and Hecuba, who, in the event that your classical education has faded with the years, are his wife and his mother, respectively. These ladies haven't much use for intellectual subtleties; they just feel that too many men have been killed for no particular reason.

Their opponents are varied and picturesque. Helen, whose abduction has about the same relation to the Greeks' determination to sack Troy that the assassination at Sarajevo had to the Germans' invasion of Belgium, is essentially a girl who has no objection to stirring up a little excitement. She is also the other face of war, as opposed to the "ugly baboon's bottom" that is all that Hecuba can see. Paris is Helen's masculine counterpart, who would cheerfully sacrifice any number of lives to preserve his reputation as a seducer. Their romance is just a matter of personal vanity, which robs the war of even the flimsy excuse of being fought in the name of a grand passion. King Priam has cloudy but lofty ideas about the honor of the state, and he is abetted by a poet, who, naturally, has great, warlike songs to write; a mathematician, whose craft can find its fullest expression only when employed in the interests of destruction; and a lawyer, who can be relied on to interpret practically anything as an act of aggression. In their camp also are the old men, who simply like to stare at Helen's legs and whose satirical purpose is obscure to me; and the sailors, who regard a tactful suggestion that Paris is really impotent as a reflection on the virility of their nation. The Greeks are represented by Ajax, a rather elementary firebrand, who just likes a good fight and doesn't care especially what it's about, and Ulysses, who understands that wars are arranged by diplomats and fought by fools. The only completely detached personality on the scene is Cassandra, who is supernaturally familiar with historical precedents. She has heard too many tigers sniffing at the gates to have much doubt about this one's getting in. She is quite right.

M. Giraudoux (I am assuming that Mr. Fry contributed nothing beyond the translation) has a good deal more to say than I have been able to indicate here, but I guess that at least the gist of his message is clear. When allow-

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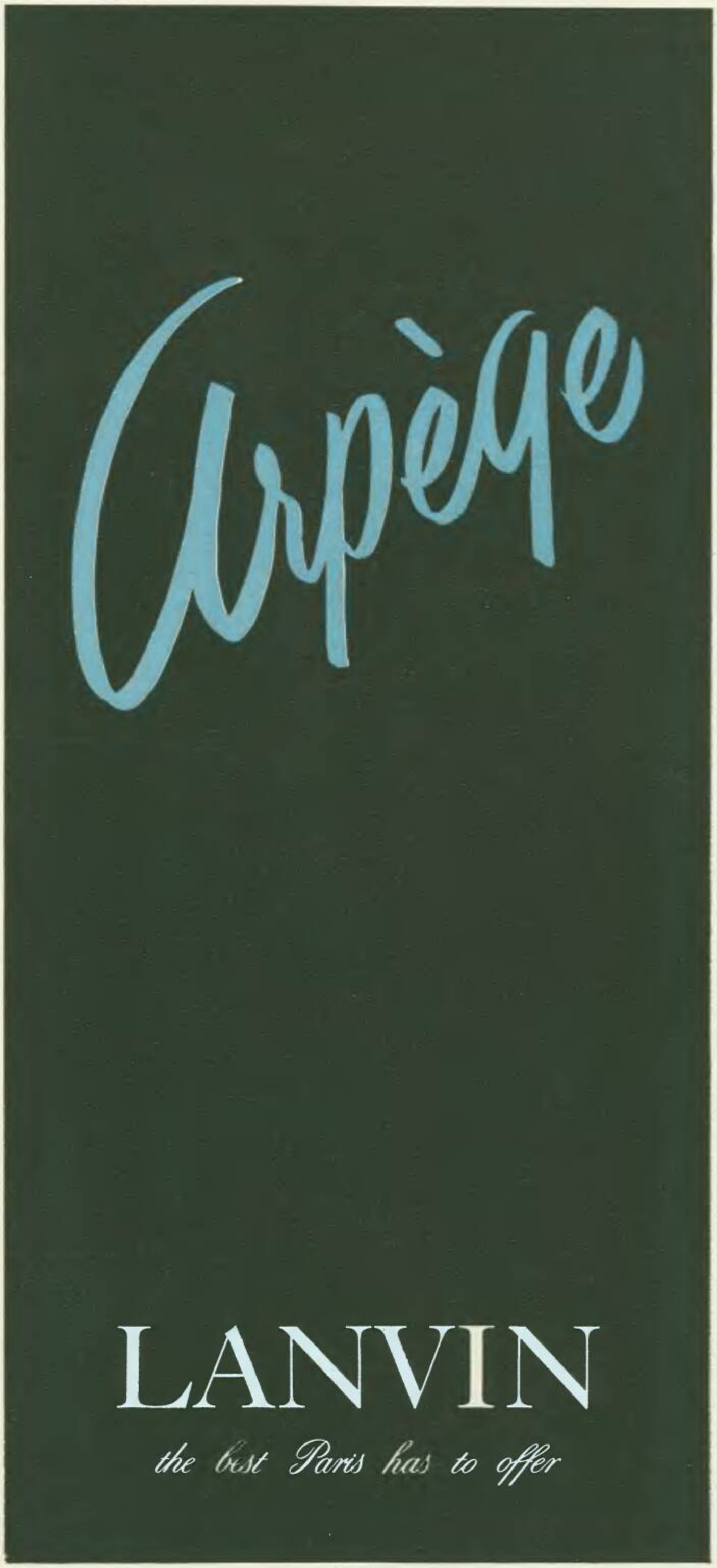
ances are made for the excesses that are inseparable from special pleading of this kind, it is a thorough and disturbing report, and its contemporary applications are only too obvious. It is also written with distinction, in spite of a few passages of overexuberant rhetoric; with wit, in spite of a certain archness that afflicts Helen now and then; and with genuine pathos in the scenes between Hector and Andromache as they come to understand that their life together is drawing to its end.

Michael Redgrave, as Hector, gives a fine, resonant performance. He might easily have been a stuffy hero, since the arguments for rude virtue are almost inevitably less stimulating than those for sophisticated corruption, but he has a saving rueful humor, and his bitter eulogy, apologizing to the heroes he has led to death, may well be one of the season's acting peaks. Walter Fitzgerald, who looks something like the late Alexander Woollcott, makes an unusual but admirable Ulysses, especially in a speech pointing out that conferences between leaders have very little to do with emotional disturbances in the ranks. Diane Cilento's Helen, a girl who seldom remembers the face but never forgets the jewelry, is stylized but remarkably decorative; Barbara Jefford's Andromache is dignified and sure; Leo Ciceri's Paris is a handsome lightweight; and Leueen MacGrath's Cassandra is as cool and deadly as anyone could wish. The others include Morris Carnovsky, as Priam; Catherine Lacey, as Hecuba; John Laurie, as the poet; Felix Munso, as Ajax; Wyndham Goldie, as the lawyer; and Nehemiah Persoff, as the spokesman for the sailors. Under Harold Clurman's brilliantly resourceful direction, they are all impressive, and Loudon Sainthill's settings have the proper classical simplicity.

EDMUND MORRIS, author of "The Wooden Dish," which showed up Thursday at the Booth in a driving rain, is against people who ship their parents off to old folks' homes. As a long-standing orphan, I haven't given a great deal of thought to this problem, but I can say that it certainly doesn't make much of a play. One trouble with it is that the author advances arguments of almost identical force on both sides. The old man in question, that is, is a terribly bothersome antique, who keeps busting the crockery (this explains the title; he has to be fed from a wooden dish) and setting fire to the house with the ashes from his pipe. On the other hand, the daughter-in-law who is engineering



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the conspiracy to put him away is doing so for primarily frivolous reasons. This girl, who habitually speaks in triplicate, wants to live, live, live, by which she means that she wishes to slope off to a roadhouse and get in some dancing and drinking before it is too late. It is clear that Mr. Morris regards the old man's failings as merely picturesque and the daughter-in-law's aspirations as those of a vacant and heartless woman, but these are sternly moral judgments and they seem more than a little arbitrary to me.

Another, and more distressing, flaw in "The Wooden Dish" is that in treatment it is in no important respect superior to the television serials that momentarily distract suburban housewives from their ironing. The characters are a succession of familiar stencils, ranging from Pop, who is supposed to be a grand old relic, full of a rich and peculiar juice, but is actually a low-comedy hired man with a Texas accent, right down to his small granddaughter, Sue, who is intended to be a symbol of clear-eyed youth and turns out to be just that, with bells on. The plotting is even more mechanized. I won't tax you with much of it, but there is a time when the daughter-in-law is about to run away with a boarder and would, indeed, have done so except for the fortunate circumstance that Sue was lurking in the underbrush and overheard their plans; and there is a really quite horrid scene in which an angry man and woman are brought together by the discovery of an old straw doll in the bottom of a suitcase. Mr. Morris is full of expedients, each more dismaying than the last, and his prose doesn't do much to redeem them. The listing of clichés is a barren pastime, and I will note only that "What has happened to us, Glenn? What has become of our dreams?" is, if not a verbatim quotation, at least spiritually exact.

Louis Calhern obviously has a fine time with the collection of senescent mannerisms that go to make up Pop, and it is a remarkably accomplished and interesting portrayal. In fact, the only real difference between it and his work in "The Magnificent Yankee" is the difference between representing senility to some artistic purpose, as part of a full portrait, and doing so purely as a tour de force; or, to put it more simply, Justice Holmes was well worth the effort but I can see no point in wasting time on Pop. Among the others in the cast are Polly Rowles, as the daughter-in-law; Gordon Tanner, as her troubled husband; James Westerfield, as his brother,

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who finds the whole problem somewhat beyond him; Jacqueline Scott, as Sue; and John Randolph, as the boarder whom Sue thwarts. The script offers them few opportunities to behave like recognizable human beings, but with what they had, I thought they did all right.

PERHAPS not the worst but certainly the most lugubrious play anybody's likely to run into for a long time showed up at the Fulton last Tuesday night—the evening, of course, of the day the Yankees lost the World Series—and closed on Saturday. This piece, doggedly translated by Henry Reed from Ugo Betti's Italian original, was called "Island of Goats" and had to do with three ladies who lived in a lonely millhouse on an island in the Mediterranean. It was a dwelling that would make the House of Usher look like the old Ritz, with cloudy stairways reaching up from the desolation below to God knows what atrocities above, and foul, goat-laden mists drifting in from the moors through the rotting windows and doors. According to a custom doubtless peculiar to that island, there was a circular well, which also appeared to serve as a kind of garbage dump, in the middle of the living room. The three women—a mother, her adolescent daughter, and her spinster sister-in-law—were residing here in incomparable squalor at the beginning of the play, but there was really nothing the matter with them that soap and water wouldn't fix until the arrival of a youngish man with a goatee. The idea seemed to be that he was actually Pan, and his charm, though inscrutable to me, was such that he was able to entice all his three hostesses to bed, in no particular order of beauty or seniority. After the manner of their sex, the girls got to sharing their memories, and a certain amount of bitterness set in, and the final result was that their guest wound up in the well, where he com-

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plained hollowly for a little while and then was still.

"Island of Goats" achieved a two-season run in Paris, so I am obliged to conclude that there must be something in it—some thoughtful probing, perhaps, into the anatomy of good and evil—that wasn't evident in the production at the Fulton. I can, however, report only on what I saw, and that, I'm afraid, was nothing much but glum fiasco. The four major players were Uta Hagen, Laurence Harvey, Ruth Ford, and Tani Seitz. Their struggles were heroic, but whether or not they were of any artistic consequence I wouldn't care to say. The play was directed by Peter Glenville, who has, of course, a lot of meritorious work to his credit, and the scenery was contrived by Jo Mielziner, who is also not unknown. "Murky" is conceivably the word for both their efforts here.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

I Hate to Brag, Kiddo!

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. . . it includes the fascination of my unusual recessed fireplace the equal fascination of the Czech glass lites in my formal dinner room and it includes the enchantment of a wood-lined library so authentic you can issue your own library cards . . .

. . . you get a kitchen like the big operating room at the new hospital, my 4 bedrooms are like bridal suites . . . and the Hollywood colorschemed bathrooms are so plushy, kiddo, you won't know which fixture is the bath tub . . .—*Adv. in the Cleveland Press.*

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•

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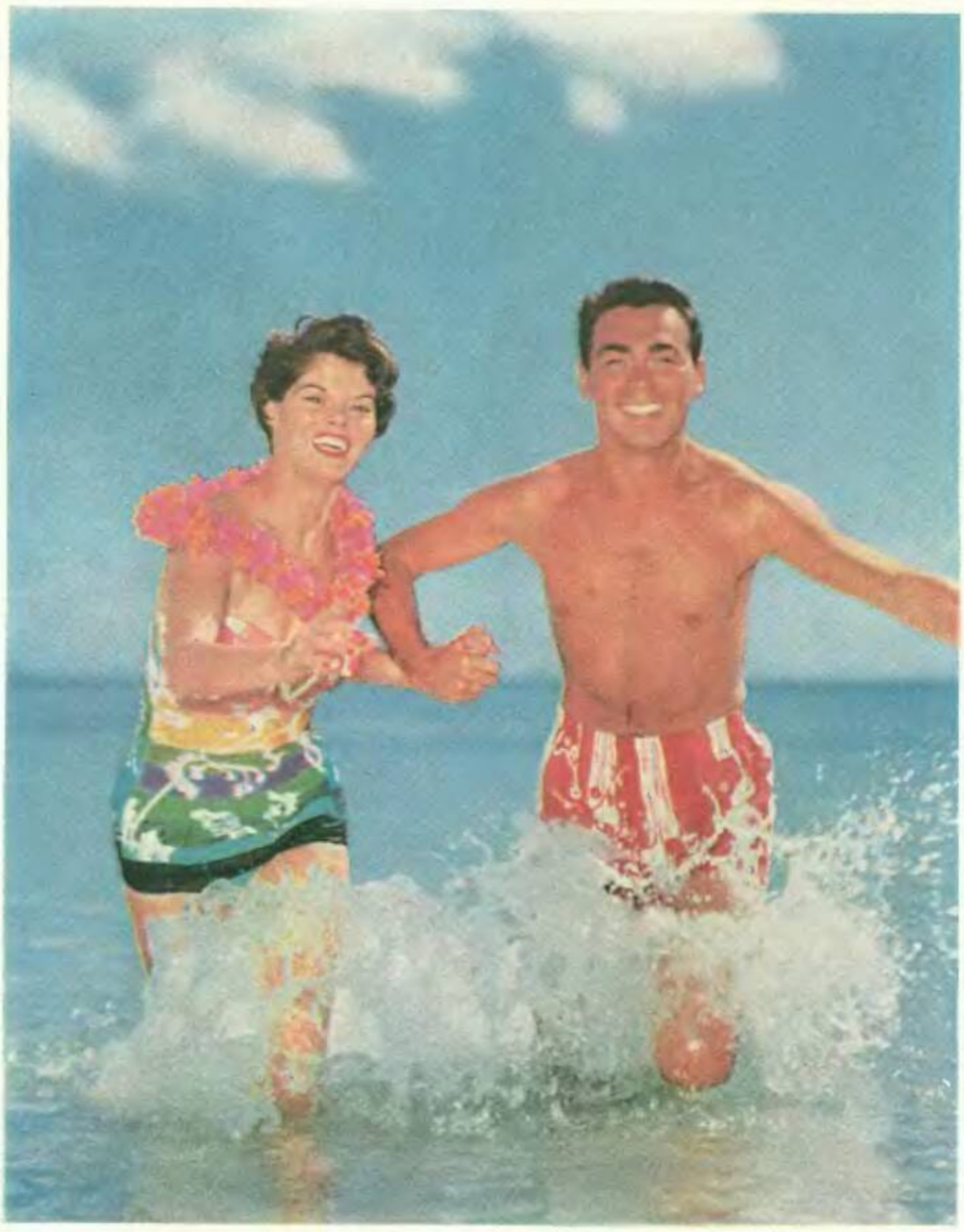

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OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS REVISITED

NORMANDY: THE CHATELAINE OF VOUILLY

ON July 18, 1944—a Sunday, as I remember it—part of the 29th, or Blue-and-Gray, Division, which was formed originally from Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania National Guard units, fought its way into the city of St. Lô, the seat of the prefecture of the Département de la Manche, in Lower Normandy. St. Lô, which had a prewar population of about twelve thousand, was deserted, except for unevacuated German dead. Correspondents—among them me—who entered shortly after the troops saw little, because they either hugged what they hoped would prove to be the lee of a wall or lay flat on their faces during their sojourn. The Germans, having been thrown out of the city, were reacting like a drunk who has been chucked out of a saloon and then throws a beer bottle through the window. Rising briefly to cross a street at an intersection, I saw the assistant division commander, Brigadier General Norman D. Cota, receive a wound in his cane-carrying arm. He shifted his stick to his other hand and stepped inside a gaping shop front while a medic put a dressing on the damaged member. Cota came out in time to see the correspondents departing as rapidly as possible, and my last memory of that victory is of the laughing General waving his stick and yelling, "Don't leave me now, boys! Don't leave me now!" The wound hurt worse later. When I next saw the General, he said, "I was standing out there to give the boys confidence, but it didn't work out right." A couple of days earlier, I had encountered him in the wooded country near St. André de l'Epine, a hamlet on the right flank of the German position. He was stopping soldiers who were drifting back from the firing line. "Where are you going, boys?" I heard him ask a pair of stragglers, and they pulled up sharp when they noticed the star on the helmet of the barrel-chested, spindle-shanked, Roman-nosed old man alone in the road with his walking stick.

"The lieutenant scrammed out, sir, and we thought we might as well, too," one of them said.

"Harses! Harses!" the General said in a non-Harvard New England accent. "I haven't seen any lieutenant coming this way. Get up there before he notices you've been away." Cota was a Regular, born in Massachusetts. He waved the stick and they went back.

After leaving General Cota in St. Lô, some of the correspondents went to see Major General Charles Gerhardt, the division commander, a couple of kilometres farther back, to congratulate him on his capture of the city, for which the 29th had been fighting hard for a month. General Gerhardt was a sporting type, an old West Point third baseman who had acquired the habit of pepper talk. "Sir," one correspondent said, in a highly technical tone, "could you explain to us the strategic significance of St. Lô? Why has First Army made such a point of capturing it?"

"Well, Peanut," the General said, "it's a catchy name. It fitted well in headlines, and the newspapers took to using it every day. After that, it became a morale factor, so we had to capture it."

The General knew better, but his answer stirred up the sediment of "War and Peace"-*cum*-Siegfried-Sassoon that lies at the bottom of every civilian's thinking about the Military Mind. St. Lô was the confluence of arterial roads from the south and east, through which the enemy might have been able to pour reserves to smother a breakthrough farther west. Its capture was like a tourniquet on an elbow, permitting an operation on the forearm. The General couldn't have said that without giving the next move away, but he might at least have said something Delphic and stuffy that the fellows could have put in their dispatches.

Gerhardt's reactions were snappy, as an infielder's have to be, but he didn't always stop to think of their effect. For example, there was the occasion, after the storming of Brest, when the Division buried a couple of thousand of its dead. The Division's Catholic chaplain told me afterward in Paris, in the bar of the Hôtel Scribe, that, marching the men away from the cemetery, the General had had the band play "Roll Out the Barrel." He had wanted to change their mood. The chaplain considered it an inappropriate choice. Furthermore, he objected to the prayer the General had offered at the funeral formation; the chaplain thought the General should have left that to the professionals. "He said, 'May the good God in Heaven, if there be one . . .' " the chaplain reported. "Who is he to voice a doubt of the existence of God?" I said it was just a reflex—the General wanted to be sure all bases were covered before he threw the ball. As a matter of fact, Gerhardt used to say grace before every meal in his mess.

When St. Lô fell, there was for the moment nothing for the correspondents to write about, and this was bad for their dispositions. Deprived of the progress-toward-St. Lô report that had been the essential element of their daily stories, my colleagues, especially the press-association men, began to bicker. All of them had used the St. Lô dateline on their stories of the capture (I had seen nobody carry a typewriter into town, much less stay long enough to

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write a story), but one man was charged by his colleagues with having used the dateline when he had not actually been in the town at all. The others considered this unethical. The press-association boys constantly competed among themselves on a strict time basis, like milers. The day after the capture, a United Press man wandered through my tent and his, carrying a copy of a cable he had received from his home office. " 'Beat nearest competitor one minute forty-five,' " he read aloud proudly. " 'Kudos, kudos, kudos.' " Then he looked up and asked "What does kudos mean?"

"It means they've decided not to give you a raise," another correspondent in the tent said.

The tents were in the First Army press camp, where there were censors and excellent mobile facilities for the transmission of our stuff by Press Wireless. The camp was at a place called Vouilly, which was near Isigny, an early capture, and about fifteen miles north of St. Lô. Vouilly was a crossroads, an old church, a harness maker's shop, and a grocery-café. Down a wooded private road beyond the crossroads lay a big farm with an immense, moated farmhouse that was known as the Château. In that country of rich peasants and hard-drinking gentry, the line between large farmhouses and small châteaux is seldom clear; houses, like families, cross and recross social lines. Mme. Hamel, the proprietress of the Château, made no claim to nobility, but she looked a proper chatelaine—tall and straight, with a high forehead, a long, straight nose, bright-blue eyes, and white hair. She was sixty-two. The living room of the Château, equipped with Army chairs and tables, was our pressroom. It was bigger than the city room of the Providence *Journal & Evening Bulletin* was when I worked there a long time ago. The dining room, as long and almost as wide, was never used; Mme. Hamel, her son and daughter-in-law, the farm servants, and the neighbors made their headquarters in the kitchen, which was a fine room in itself, with a wall spigot that ran hard cider. Our tents were in front of the house, along the edge of one of the great pastures, which we shared with fifty cows. Every morning during the fighting for St. Lô, we would have a large, hot breakfast in the mess tent and then climb into jeeps, two or three correspondents to a driver, and take off for the battlefield. The mess tent was our ace good-will builder with the farmers; it was run cafeteria style, and all of us generally left a lot on

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our plates. The swill was of a magnificence unparalleled in that thrifty countryside, and the farmers carted it away for their young pigs and the mothers of their still younger pigs.

By five o'clock in the afternoon, we would be back. It was a sensible way to work, but it created what the quarterly-review fellows call a dichotomy—we were in the war from nine to five and out of it from five to nine. The weakness of the Luftwaffe at that stage increased the discrepancy between the front and Vouilly. There was no danger on the roads, and although we maintained a blackout at night, we felt silly about it. The best route to the front was a sunken road that led up through St. André de l'Epine. For days, the progress of the 29th along it was slow, bloody, and sometimes nearly imperceptible. If you stuck to the road in the Division's wake and went slowly, in order not to raise dust, you could not be seen, except at gaps in the high hedges that lined both sides, and there was not much chance of your being hit. There was always fire going over the road, clipping leaves from trees and making you feel important, but you would have needed a stepladder to climb up to it. The Germans believed in firing their weapons often—as advocated by the distinguished American military critic General S. L. A. Marshall and numerous Chinese tacticians of the fifteenth century—in order to keep their spirits up. When we got to the point where vehicular traffic ended—there was always an M.P. on the spot to say where it was—we would dismount and walk as far up front as the mood moved us. It was on one of these forward excursions that I heard Cota talking to the stragglers. The feature writers would try to cull thrilling incidents from company commanders and walking wounded, and the correspondents from places like Minneapolis would go around trying to find soldiers from Minnesota in order to ask them what R.F.D. route they lived on. During the last days of the battle, I had been heartened by the number of abandoned German bodies in the road; it showed that the survivors were moving backward a lot faster than they wanted, or they would have carried their dead with them. They were unlikable people and they had no business in that part of France anyway.

The infantrymen and artillery spotters, who had to fan out in the fields on both sides of the road, naturally were more likely to be hit than we were. The wounded who could walk had their hurts dressed at first-aid stations by the

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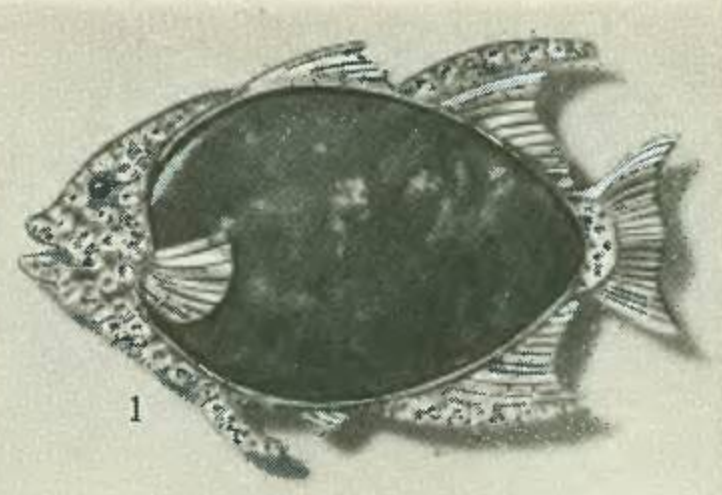
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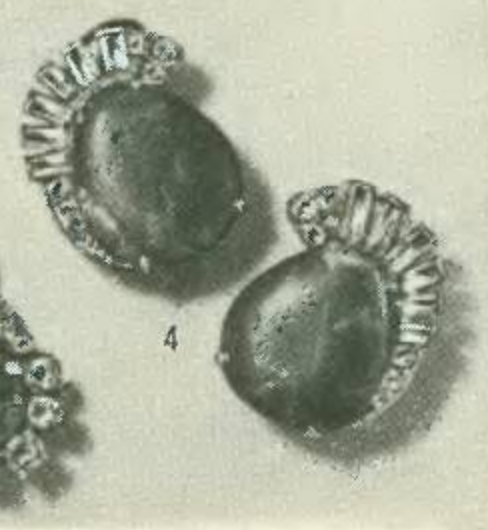
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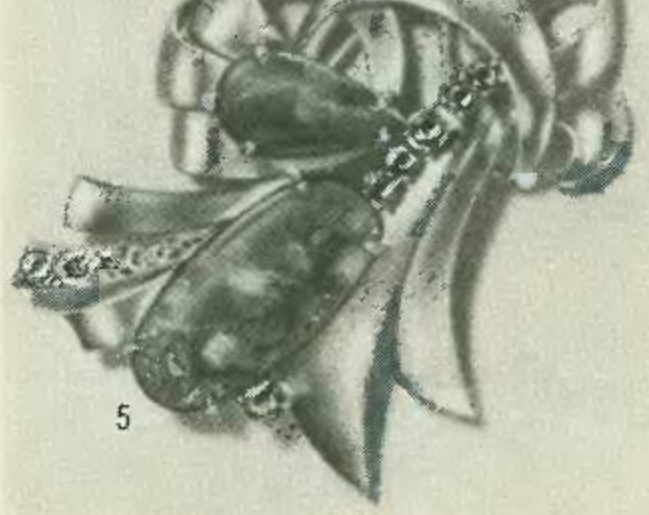
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roadside, and then hiked, or hitched jeep rides, to the rear. When we turned back at the end of each day's outing, we picked up as many of them as we could. They would sit on the hood of the jeep, embarrassed because they had been hit. "Looks like we might have some rain," they would say, or "Wonder how the Yankees are doing." This embarrassment is the mark of a good competitor. He neither complains nor tries heroically to pretend it was jolly good fun; he feels that he personally is responsible for whatever happened to him. His prototype is General Joe Stilwell, who said, after his eviction from Burma, "I claim we got a hell of a beating"—not "I claim the cards were stacked against us" or "I claim we won a hell of a moral victory."

Driving homeward, we would look into the faces of the infantrymen coming up to the line, in single file, well-spaced, heavily burdened. They were preoccupied faces, neither aggressive nor self-pitying, from a region that was neither Big City nor Wild West. They had been twenty months in Devon before coming to France, and they had fitted in well with the gentle Devon people. "The finest physical men I ever saw," General Cota had told me in England when he first went to the Division. "But there's no meanness in them. I try everything I can think of to make them mean, but it's no use." The General had come from the 1st Division, which was loaded with Brooklyn boys, and they had convinced him that the best premilitary preparation was two brisk battles daily for a seat in the subway. "Those fellows in the First were little, but they didn't care who they stepped on," he had said, explaining his theory.

When I got back from my exciting incursion into St. Lô, I rushed to the kitchen of the Château to inform Mme. Hamel of our glorious feat of arms. The family still possessed a private stock of old Calvados, and these tidings were, I thought, of a sort to stimulate hospitality. I was in a great hurry to get there before André Rabache, the Agence Française correspondent, who also knew about the Calvados. I arrived to find the Hamels and a large collection of neighbors seated around the long kitchen table. I could sense that they had been engaged in a serious discussion.

"Madame," I said proudly, for I wanted her to think well of the American Army, "I come from St. Lô. The city is ours! Now we can advance!"

"I felicitate you, Monsieur," she said. "I am happy to hear it."

"I also, *mon Commandant*," said a

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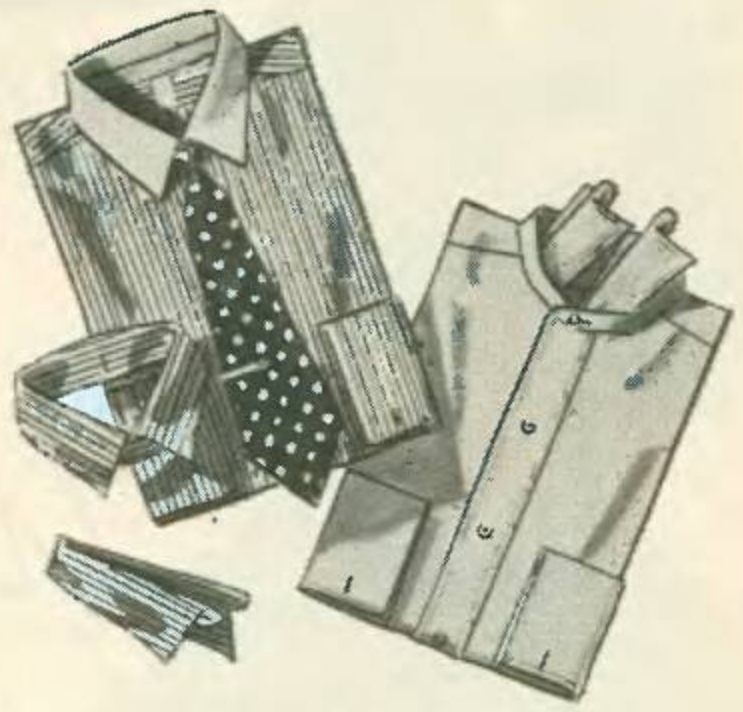

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neighboring farmer, whose name was Lesavoureux. "*Correspondant*," which is not a military rank, seldom registered with the Normans, who usually promoted us to *commandant*, or major. "But I ask myself what will happen to the pigs."

"The pigs?" I asked. My mind was still on Cota, directing traffic among the shells.

"Yes, *mon Commandant*—the young pigs who depend for their nourishment on the leftovers of the mess," he said.

The only ray of hope I could offer was that the enemy might make a tenacious defense of the environs.

Mme. Hamel, who had the manners of a marquise, came to the rescue. "The pigs are already well launched," she said, casting a disdainful eye in M. Lesavoureux's direction. "They have had a good start in life, and will make out for themselves perfectly. Perhaps Monsieur would like a glass of Calvados? The day must have made you some emotion."

The Normans are not a sheeplike people. Give them a lead and they start in the opposite direction. While M. Lesavoureux wanted the Army not to advance, a farmer down the road, whom I visited one night with Hamel *fils*, was irritated by our procrastination. He had part of an armored division in his pasture. "I was extremely pleased to see them arrive," he said, "but they are ruining my hay crop." I had been reliably informed that this farmer owned several barrels of old Calvados, and it was my object to obtain one of them for our mess. To do this, I was prepared to buy one of his pigs, also for the mess. (The correspondents made up a pool for these supplementary purchases, and declared the Army personnel in.) The farmer's counter-plan was to use a small amount of the Calvados to get me drunk, and then sell me the pig but no barrel. After a long evening, I came away with neither the barrel, which he wouldn't sell, nor the pig, which I wouldn't buy without the barrel. But I had the makings of a frightful hangover free, and M. Hamel said that nobody had previously so clearly outpointed the host of the armored division.

I WAS thinking of all these things as I rode west from Colleville to Isigny last June in a hired French car called a Versailles, which was driven by a White Russian chauffeur named Michel. We were on the road that runs along the top of the cliffs overlooking Omaha Beach, and at Isigny, where our road would end, we would look for a road that led

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Mr. Edward C. Smith, Vice President of our affiliate City Bank Farmers Trust Company has traveled quite a bit, both as an overseas intelligence officer in World War II, and as part of his job in the Investment Advisory Department. That phase of his work entails liaison with First National City's far flung Overseas Division. So that added to his long experience with investments, Ed Smith brings to our Investment Advisory Committee, of which he is a member, an informed view of trends and conditions abroad.

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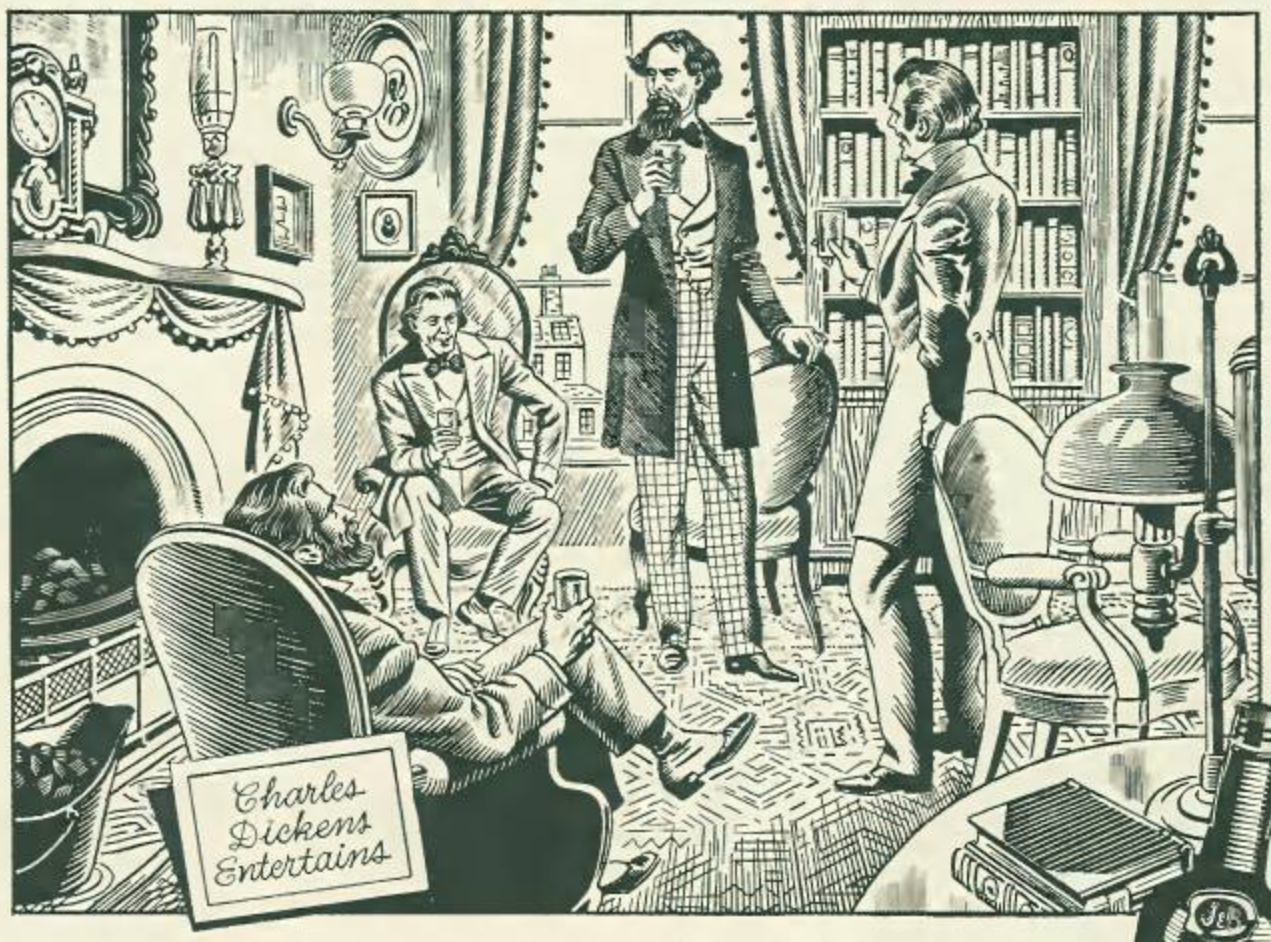

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south to Vouilly, where I hoped to find Mme. Hamel as magnificent as before. I wondered, too, about the descendants of the pigs. When we got to Isigny, which is famous for producing the thick cream that comes to the table with strawberries in French restaurants ("Isigny: 2,787 inhabitants; specialties: butter, tripe, cream, mussels; sixty per cent destroyed by bombardment on June 8, 1944."—*Guide Bleu, Normandie*), Michel was favorably impressed by the white stone buildings, in the style of Robert Moses comfort stations, that have replaced the sixty per cent destroyed. "*Moderne!*" he said. "*Pas comme Boolioo.*" He had been unfavorably impressed by the fishnet of medieval alleys that entangle the Cathedral of Bayeux—or, as Michel had it, *Boolioo*. Isigny is dominated by the large, modern, double-winged plant of the Reunited Butteries & Creameries, a modern-Norman testimonial to God's bounty. At a quartermaster's dump in Isigny in 1944, I had drawn the best pair of shoes I have ever owned, free. I was sure that it was no use looking for the quartermaster's dump now, however.

Michel stopped in front of the Reunited Butteries & Creameries and went inside to ask the way to Vouilly. He came out visibly depressed, as always when he had to ask directions. "*N'esista pas, Moosioo,*" he said, in what I had learned to recognize as his notion of French. "*Voolioo, personne a entendoo.*" He stood with folded arms, his great brown eyes liquid with astonishment at his plight, like those of an abandoned straggler from Denikin's army who has heard the first howls of the advancing Bolsheviki. His eyes told me that I had been a fool to leave the caravan routes between Paris and Deauville or Paris and Cannes in order to lead him after a mirage. Nothing to do now but throw our burnouses over our heads and wait for the St. Bernard dogs.

"*Voolioo*, evidently, does not exist," I said to him, in an excessively reasonable tone. "But *Vouilly, Vouilly, Vouilly* exists!" I made a move as if to go myself to ask directions.

"*Ah, Vooyee!*" Michel said, starting back at a run, and adding, over his shoulder, "*Pooquoi Moosioo dit Voolioo?*" Michel still had a Nansen passport, but he had lived in France for twenty-seven years, and it was a point of professional honor that he, the resident, should translate for me, the foreigner. It was a little like travelling through the British Isles with a Gurkha dragoman who insisted on carrying on

on the Pacific Coast,

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Using techniques which have made Motivational Research a by-word in the advertising industry, Dr. Ernest L. Dichter and the Institute for Motivational Research, conducted a survey of Pacific Coast network radio for the Don Lee Broadcasting System.

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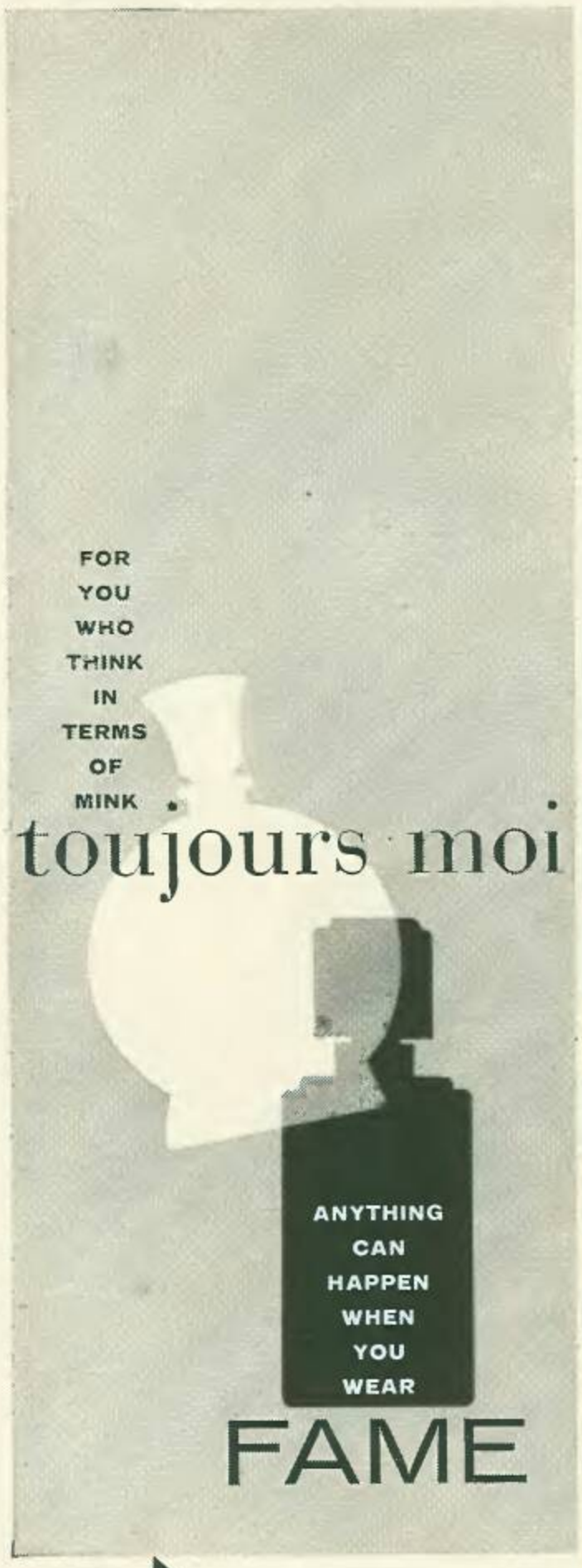

all intercourse with the natives. Michel returned from the Reunited this time with the expression of a Scotland Yard inspector who has cracked a big case. "*Ça y est*," he announced. "*Vooyee—ah!*," and he looked at me indulgently before he headed the Versailles in the right direction.

Vouilly is less than a dozen miles inland, but when you get there, the sea is forgotten. Bayeux, with its ten thousand inhabitants, seems an incredibly large city in retrospect, and its cathedral, embodying renovations right up through the fifteenth century, is Le Corbusier or Saarinen compared to the small, unornamented Romanesque church of Vouilly, with its front and rear elevations like equilateral triangles on squares and its tower no higher in proportion than a peaked helmet on a Norman swordsman. The Vouilly church hasn't been changed since the eleventh century. The tower is off to one side of the peaked roof, like a fighter's head tucked in behind his shoulder. It surveys a countryside where the fields are surrounded by ditches and banks of earth, with trees, all ensnarled with vines and bushes, growing out of the tops of the banks—the most ancient of cattle fences. The rain falls most days, the grass grows all through the year, and the cattle turn it into milk. During the fighting in Normandy, the Army Civil Affairs branch tried to evacuate peasants from farms that had become battlefields, but they wouldn't go. They said the cows had to be milked. The cattle, in the open all year round but never out of call of the milkmaid, develop a character that is neither wild, like that of range cattle, nor passive, like the milk factories that spend most of their lives in front of a manger. They are, like the Normans, independent, gluttonous, and indomitable. The Germans defended the hedged fields as fortresses, and the cattle remained in them as audience, chewing the rich grass as the shells burst among them and falling on their sides like vast milk cans. In the immediate vicinity of Vouilly, however, there had been no fighting.

Michel asked a woman at the café the way to the Château, and she said to turn left on the first "avenue" past the crossroads. She meant the first avenue of trees, but Michel was amused. "*Elle appelle 'avenoo' oona toota petita roo*," he said. "*Paysanne*." For Michel, "avenue" was a term reserved for the Avenue des Champs-Elysées, the Avenue Foch, and thoroughfares of equivalent luminosity. He consented to turn

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down the bucolic version of an avenue, though, and after about a mile I saw the Château in front of me, sleeping among the trees. Its tower was higher than that of the church, but not high enough to rise above the oldest trees around it.

We drove between the hedged fields, over the bridge—not a drawbridge—and into the farmyard. Mme. Hamel and her son were sitting under an apple tree, shelling peas. They were surrounded by fat, sleepy hens, among whom walked peacefully a fat, sleepy tomcat. When Michel stopped the Versailles, Madame looked at us, shading her eyes with one strong hand, and called out to her son, "It's he!" She rose—a trifle heavier but even more impressive than I had remembered her—like a great, noble Percheron mare, white with age, getting up in a field, and walked over to the car as I got out. Her son came with her, and as they reached the car, she said to him, "I knew he would come back someday." To me she said, "Why didn't you come last year with the others?" In 1949 and 1954, I knew, airlines had organized two junkets to Omaha Beach for former war correspondents who had been there—and some who hadn't—thus reaping a modest harvest of mentions in news stories. I hadn't been with either party, and Mme. Hamel, in consequence, had felt slighted. She liked all her old guests to come back to her. For five weeks in 1944, the Château had been one of the news centers of the world. Scores of millions of people in America had hung on the stories of the ugly fighting among the dead cattle, and every word of them had gone out through the mysterious wireless trucks on Madame's farm. She had not been insensible to the honor, or to the excitement of feeling herself in the know, and she had not begrudged us the use of her pastures. All the old guests who made the junkets came back to visit, she said. She remembered me particularly, because I had hung around the kitchen so much, cadging refreshments.

Her son is a quiet man, short, wide-shouldered, and long-armed. He walks with a limp, which dates from the time when, as a prisoner of war of the Wehrmacht, he had been made to work at clearing French minefields in Alsace. (It was in 1940. Pétain had capitulated, and the Germans were paying only nominal heed to the Geneva Convention rules on the treatment of war prisoners.) Hamel had stepped on some kind of anti-personnel device, crippling

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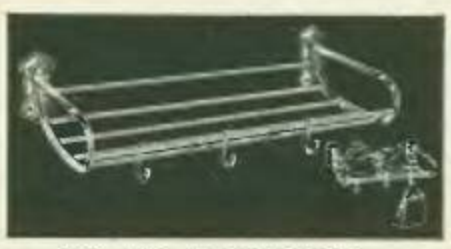

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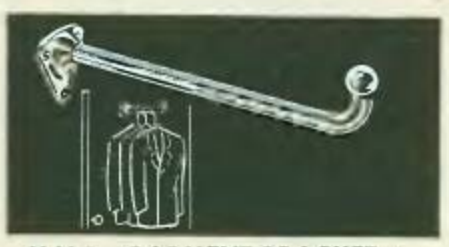

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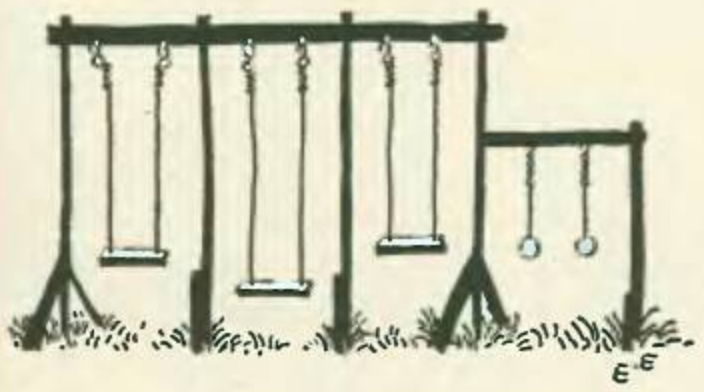
himself so badly that the Germans had sent him home during a much-publicized "restoration to their families" of a number of French prisoners incapable of useful labor. The Vichy regime had touted this as a great concession. By 1944, when I first met him, he had got around to thinking of his accident as a stroke of luck. He could walk again—although with a limp—he could work as well as ever, and he was home, on the right side of the Allied line, while the fate of his former fellow-prisoners was dubious. They had already had to undergo four years of heavy Allied air bombardments, and it was still possible that the S.S. would massacre the survivors when Germany was invaded. (As it turned out, they didn't, but the omission was probably due to a loss of nerve.) Hamel *fils*, therefore, didn't hold the minefield incident too strongly against the Germans. Certain aspects of his captivity had even amused him—particularly the fright of the civilian population during the first great air raids.

Every evening while the correspondents pounded at their typewriters, he would circulate among them with a cup and a jug of milk still warm from the cow, like a hospitable precursor of M. Mendès-France. He was married, but the dowager Mme. Hamel had remained the chatelaine, and I had only to see the Hamels together to know that nothing had changed since 1944. The pastures stretched green and profitable before us, with not a tent in sight. The cows roamed free over the site of the vanished latrine, a part of the pasture that for some bovine reason they had always resented being dispossessed from. They upset the simple installation almost every night, I recalled.

I asked Mme. Hamel about the health of some of the cows I remembered: L'Anglaise, so called because she came from the Channel Islands; La Nageuse, who leaped into the moat to cool off; La Nitouche, who pretended a maidenly aversion to the bull. None survived, Madame said, but they had left daughters and granddaughters to make assault upon their records of lactation. She kept a book listing the names, biographies, and milk records of her cows—usually



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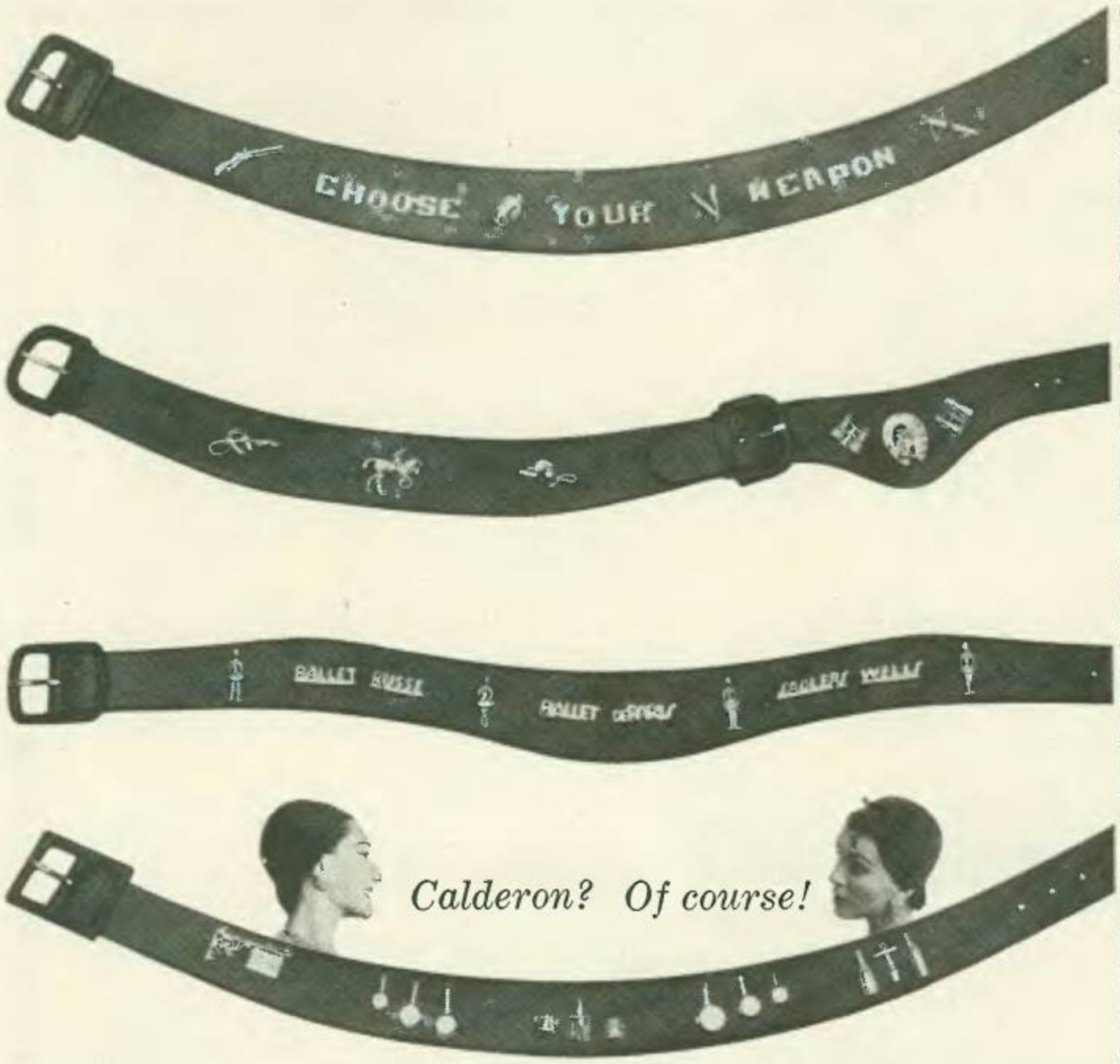

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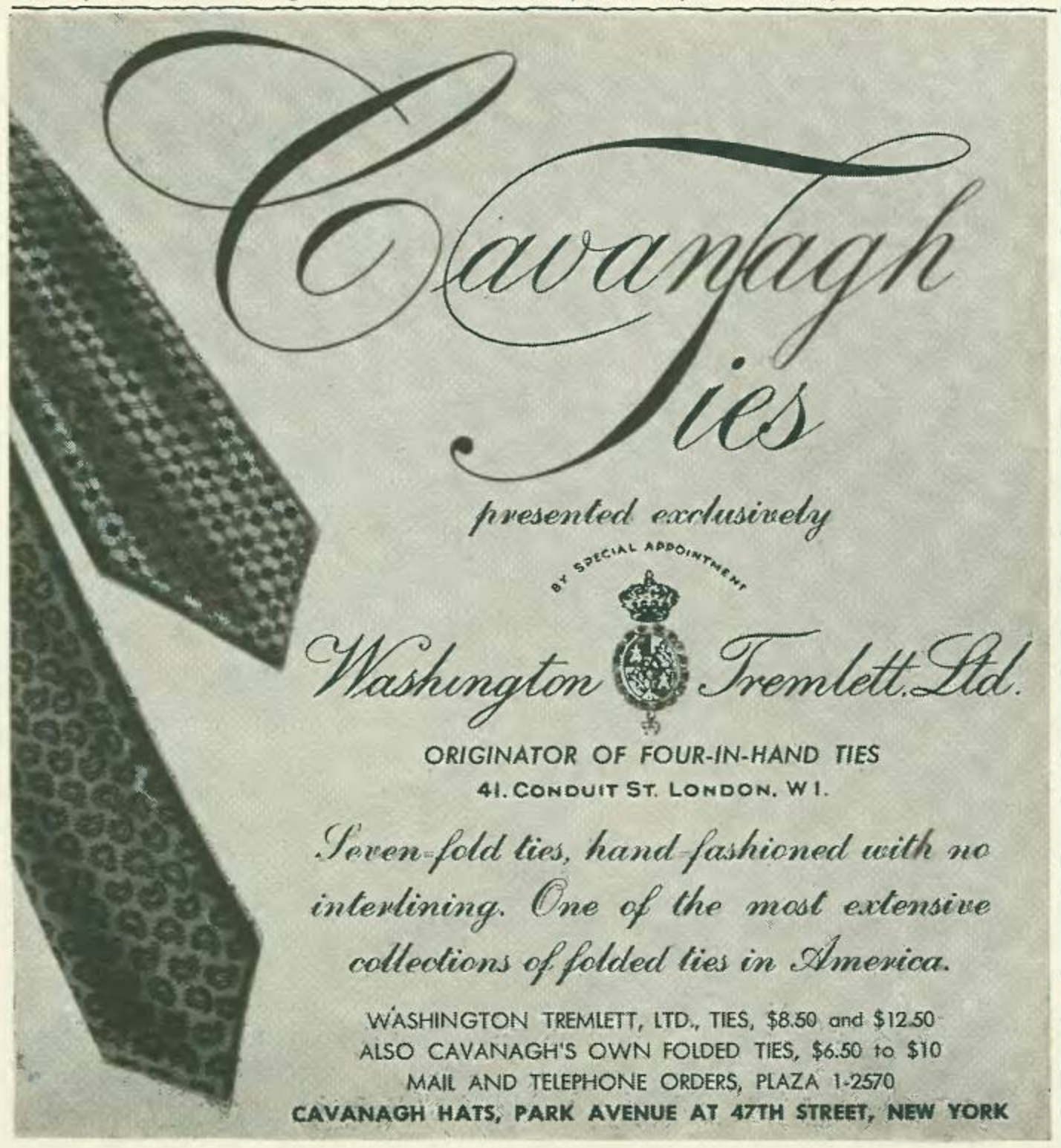

about fifty. I remembered Madame and her lady in waiting, the milkmaid, leading La Nitouche to the bull, who was the terror of the soldiers, even though he was fastened to a stake by a chain and nose ring. "Do you remember the day the bull broke loose and charged the jeep?" she asked me, as if she had been following my unspoken recollections. I remembered, of course. He had knocked out one of his eyes, which occasioned tacit rejoicing among the men.

In the pasture on the other side of the road, where the mess tent had stood, the grass had the look of never having been disturbed by man. I could not help asking the question that had been on my mind all the way from Omaha Beach.

"And the pigs, Madame?" I asked. "The pigs that were fed on the leavings of the *popote* and that we abandoned when the Army was compelled to advance?"

"Most of them died," Madame said. "But of indigestion. They had been *too* well fed. Figure to yourself, Monsieur. A pig fed on pancakes and syrup—God never intended it. It was Providence that the Army advanced when it did, because in three more days they would all have perished." I was happy to learn that, in effect, the interests of First Army and of the pigs of M. Lesavoureux had coincided, although M. Lesavoureux had been too shortsighted to recognize it.

The day was hot, and Mme. Hamel proposed that we go inside the Château. In the long, cool hall that parallels the front of the house, I felt I had come back to one of my homes. (A mobile man has many. There is, for example, a cabin on a Norwegian tanker that I wake up in often, although I haven't slept there for fourteen years.) On one of the great oak doors leading off the hall, a sign reading "Press Room" preserved the memory of the *grande époque*. Mme. Hamel led me into the room next to it, the dining room—a symbol that the Château was on a peacetime footing. M. Hamel and Michel trailed along, Michel with his beret in his hand, and looking about him with a new appreciation of the Hamels' status. These were more than *paysans;* they were kulaks.

The dining room was full of furniture I could not remember from the war days; there was a long Norman table of old, scarred oak, surrounded by carved chairs, and a buffet and an armoire, equally old. All were in what I judged to be the style of the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century; the *ferronerie* of the buffet and the chest

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was of a chaste hammered crudity that proclaimed the age of all the work. "I made them myself, all but the armoire," said M. Hamel soberly. "The armoire is real, of the sixteenth century, and I copied it."

"And the hardware? The handles, locks, hinges?"

"All," he said. "Everything."

"How did you age the wood?"

He smiled. "It's my secret."

The man could make a fortune as a forger.

On one wall hung a portrait of a rough-coated chestnut foal with upstanding crest and ears. "The colt that was born while you were here," Mme. Hamel said. "The foal of the mare the Cossacks abandoned." There had been Cossacks in the region before we came, part of the Vlasov Army of Russian prisoners of war, who had consented—under threat of death, they inevitably said when captured by us—to fight for Hitler. They had been an anomaly in the German Army, since the Germans had never trusted them sufficiently to issue them any armament that dated from later than the First World War, still less to use them on the Eastern front. They had therefore been used principally to garrison and overawe regions where nothing much was expected to happen, and they had a nasty reputation for pillaging. The German soldiers had as low an opinion of them as they had of their Italian allies in the Mediterranean, and when the Allies landed in Normandy, the Russians fought only until it was apparent that the debarkation was no mere raid. Then they quit. Prisoner-of-war pens were full of them well before we began to get genuine Germans in quantity. The Cossack horses wandered through the pastures and mixed in with the herds of cattle. I remembered the mare and her foal, a pair of tolerated free boarders among Mme. Hamel's cows. She didn't have the foal any longer, she said, but the old mare was still around. Young Mme. Hamel, the daughter-in-law, had painted the picture.

Mme. Hamel brought out a bottle of Muscat de Frontignan, a cloyingly sweet white wine from the South of France. Wine is a ceremonial drink in Normandy, where none is grown or made. It is not expected to taste good. M. Hamel came to my rescue by bringing out a carved wooden bottle of Calvados. "I remember you always preferred this," he said. "It's some of our own make, ten years old." I reflected bitterly on the greed of all the Americans, including me, and all the British who had

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passed through in the war years and accepted the one-or-two-drinks-at-a-time hospitality of the Hamels, drying up the prewar stock. This 1945 Calvados was merely promising, but I got a couple of glasses down in order not to offend my hosts. While I was tasting the Calvados and Michel was sipping the horrid wine with the air of a connoisseur, Madame went to the armoire and returned with a great black scrapbook of clippings, like a Grand Old Lady of the Theatre, which she resembles. These were her clippings of things that had been written about her, unfortunately all in English.

"This is by M. Beyle," she said, and I looked at the byline and saw that it was not by the M. Beyle who took the nom de plume of Stendhal but by M. Hal Boyle, the Associated Press columnist and an old tenter in the pasture, who wrote how glad he was that Madame was alive and well and nicer than ever. There were other clippings of the same tenor; the authors, or other Americans who saw them in print, had evidently sent them to her. On pages where no clippings had been pasted, former guests had written appropriate sentiments and their names and addresses. One of these entries was by Colonel Monk Dickson, the G-2, or head Intelligence officer, of First Army, dated a couple of days after the fall of St. Lô. It said, as nearly as I can remember now, "To the good family of the Château de Vouilly, which was the repository for a week of the secret of Cobra." Cobra was the code name of the breakthrough, on the road that stretched west from St. Lô to Periers, that stove in the left wing of the German Seventh Army. It led to the great hooking movement that rolled the Germans up like a window shade. Dickson's name reminded me of an incident at the Château that I had forgotten. A bit after the capture of St. Lô, General Omar Bradley came there to see the correspondents and tell us about the next move, so that we could prepare to cover it. The tall, long-jawed, gravely humorous down-country Missouri general, who was so great a soldier that he never felt compelled to bark to prove it, arrived by jeep with Dickson and his own aide, Major Chet Hansen, who carried a map under his arm. The lecture room in which he chose to announce the impending doom of the German Seventh Army—"I may be sticking my neck out in predicting it," he said, to soften any impression of cockiness—was a shed that had been extended forward with canvas tent sides and roofing to serve as a movie theatre for the troops. General Bradley said that

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he hadn't wanted to trouble us to come over to his headquarters—there were so many of us. It had also been a far better idea, from the point of view of security, for him to disappear from headquarters for an hour than for him to convoke fifty correspondents and their jeep drivers, which would have given an always possible enemy agent a decided notion that something was up. But Bradley did not mention this second consideration; it was as if he shrank from encouraging the idea that anything he did could be important. General Collins' VII Corps, so reinforced that it virtually constituted an army—four infantry and two armored divisions, I think—was to make the strike, amputating the arm that Gerhardt had bound off. Then Patton's Third Army was to come into official being—it already existed incognito, behind the First Army line—and race through the hole south and west into Brittany. (The plan worked even better than that, of course, but a fighter starting a combination of blows can't know in advance the other fellow's capacity to absorb them.) So Clio, the muse of history, brushed Vouilly with her wing. I suppose that if I had heard Scipio, before the Battle of Zama, describe how he was going to cancel out Hannibal's elephants, I would have thought it a historic occasion, but it took Monk Dickson's handwriting in Mme. Hamel's book to remind me that I had heard Bradley call his shot.

"Do you remember when General Bradley came here and spoke in the shed?" I asked Madame.

"Yes," she said. "There were no movies that night."

The breakthrough, I remembered, was originally scheduled for July 21st. It was aborted by soaking rain, which spoiled the ground for armor and made it impossible for the bombers in the preparatory air strike to see their targets. So Collins didn't jump off until July 25th, when, aided by perfect visibility, the Air Force inflicted heavy casualties on our 30th Division. I remembered that because I had watched the planes, not knowing where their bombs were falling. We had wondered why the 30th didn't get along and let us move.

I FELT that it was time to go, because there was not much left to say. I answered all the usual biographical questions: How was my family? Did I continue to occupy myself with journalism? It would have been senseless to ask Madame how she occupied herself; the fifty cows, the hay crop, the conduct of the milkmaid, the chickens an-

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swered that. Her son, I was sure, was an excellent farmer, but she would never dissociate herself from any of his farming. Seeking a question slightly less idiotic, I asked her how she amused herself.

"Ah, well, there is always fishing," she said brightly.

This was a side of Madame's personality I had never divined. She scarcely seemed the type to put on waders and dangle feathers at the end of a line.

"Where?" I asked.

"But here, in the dining room," she said. "Look."

She led me to a window, and we looked down at the moat, covered with lily pads, beneath which the water barely moved. It was originally formed by diverting a stream and leading it around the house, but the stream had been no Mississippi to begin with.

"It is full of carp," Mme. Hamel said. "Every day, I throw bread and bits of potato out the window. The carp accustom themselves to the snack. Then I put a hook in a potato and drop my line from the window. Instantaneously, I have a magnificent carp. You cannot make yourself an idea how good really fresh fish is."

I gazed at her with an admiration whose extent I did not express, lest I be thought fulsome. No sunburn, no squint from looking at the shimmer on water, no bony shins sticking out of Levis—she displayed none of the usual stigmata of the sports fisherwoman, yet her technique was of an intellectual refinement that my friend Colonel John R. Stingo would have appreciated. The Norman carp is a conservative investor, not to be taken in by the flash of an obviously spurious insect flourished under his nose like a prospectus for Montenegrin carbuncle mines. The kind of chump who is really worth taking has to be encouraged by a series of unwarranted dividends. "When the habituation is achieved," Colonel Stingo once said to me, describing a parallel process, "the chump, ascribing his success to his own talents, demands a further opportunity to invest. He is then ready for the coup de grâce."

I did not wish to take time to explain to Madame who Colonel Stingo is—a genius of finance who temporarily lives in the Hotel Dixie, just off Times Square—so I did not call her attention to their affinity. Instead, I asked another question: "Are there pike?"

"Not here, but in the pond," Madame said. The pond is behind the house, at a distance of perhaps a hundred yards. It is a large pond, shad-

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owed by great willows, and in 1944 we used to swim in it. "My son goes out there," Mme. Hamel said. "I don't often have the time. He has also arranged a pair of shooting holes, with sliding shutters, in the back of the carriage house, which is turned toward the pond. When the wild fowl settle on the pond, he goes into the carriage house, slides back a shutter, and shoots them."

It sounded to me like the only shooting and fishing preserve I ever wanted to lease. The cooking is much better in Normandy than in Scotland, too.

The Hamels, *mère et fils*, entreated us to stay for dinner, but I had it in my mind that I wanted to see St. Lô again.

"Come back soon," Madame enjoined me as we departed. "I am getting old, and who knows?" She looked imposingly durable.

As Michel and the Versailles and I headed back up the avenue of trees, I composed in my mind the text of an advertisement I meant to insert in the *Times* when I was next in London: "Syndicate of keen guns being organized to fish Merovingian carp moat, hunt Gallo-Roman duck bath in attractive country surroundings."

A cow, perhaps a daughter of L'Anglaise or La Nitouche, stopped eating to watch us as we passed, then put her head down in the grass again.

—A. J. Liebling

•

Weaver–Toot

Miss Shirley Ann Toot, daughter of Walter Toot, 206 Broadway, and Mrs. Ellsworth Tanner, 403 Pine Street, became the bride of Gerald J. Weaver, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen G. Weaver, 765 Broadway, Saturday at 3 p.m. The ceremony was performed in St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Baltimore Street, by the pastor, the Rev. Charles E. Park. The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a ballerina length gown of white chiffon with fitted bodice and attached stole. She wore a tiara of iridescent pearls with a shoulder length veil, and carried a colonial bouquet of red and white rosebuds set in baby's breath and ferns. Mrs. George J. Zinn, was the first superintendent of Mt. Olivet Cemetery here. His father, John G. Zinn, and brother, George J. Zinn, both deceased, followed in succession as Joseph Rang, bridesmaid, wore a strapless gown of lavender net with a taffeta underskirt and bodice and featuring a fitted lace jacket with a mandarin collar and cap sleeves.—*Hanover (Pa.) Sun.*

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After the Schweppesman finishes singing his school song for Billy, he too intends to have a glass. Join them?

P. S. Schweppes previous opera are, of course, the great Quinine Water and Club Soda.

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FOOTBALL

You Never Know

JUST to point up the fact that the profession of a forecaster, no matter how much I.B.M. machinery he may have hidden in the cellar, is a precarious one, all hell—or a good part of it—broke loose last weekend. What was expected to be an even-Steven affair between Army and Michigan was played in the dangerous Midwestern big-game country and ended up with Michigan ahead, 26–2. Dartmouth, a veteran team that had given Colgate and Holy Cross a hard time before knuckling under, lost to Brown's sophomores, 7–0, and Brown hadn't won a game this year. Harvard, a veteran team that hadn't encountered major opposition this year, was beaten, 20–7, by a squad that, though it technically ranks as major opposition, was supposed to have scarcely a lineman to its name, which happens to be Cornell. It did seem likely that Yale would beat Columbia, come dry field, rain, or sleet, but even in retrospect the final score—Yale 46, Columbia 14—isn't quite believable. Princeton, which was going to pull a wing or two off Pennsylvania before swallowing it in one gulp, bit off almost more than it could chew. Outmanned, but not outmaneuvered until late in the game, Pennsylvania held the enemy to a 7–0 score. The science of prescience was upheld here and there, of course; for example, good, reliable, but not especially old Navy, at home (or in Baltimore, which is close enough) for a brief respite in its Cook's tour of the nation, bowled Pittsburgh over, 21–0. And the match between Colgate and Holy Cross, which was anybody's guess, went to Holy Cross by the very small margin of one point, 15–14. It could have gone to Colgate, by a two-point margin, if a last-second effort at a field goal hadn't gone wrong.

IF it wasn't a good Saturday for prognosticators, it was a fair enough one for newcomers. To be sure, Billy DeGraaf, the most accurate passer and one of the most accurate runners in the Cornell backfield, is an old hand at football, and he did more to upset Harvard than any of his teammates—especially with a touchdown evolving from a complex stunt that looked a lot like a

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favorite play of Princeton's—but a good many of his teammates this season are younger and less experienced than he is. Brown is full of new faces, who gave a good account of themselves against Dartmouth. Pennsylvania's backfield is rife with sophomores, a couple of whom show signs of being able to do all right for themselves when their comrades-at-arms give them a bit of support. In fact, once or twice last weekend it seemed not altogether impossible that Pennsylvania was about to win its first game since 1953. Princeton won largely on the strength of a sophomore who has been visible hardly at all this season. He checked into the show rather late, when a number of the early arrivals were getting a bit winded, and ran the ball with such fierce energy and—what is much more important—with such a fine sense of direction that Princeton had its solitary, and winning, touchdown in short order. The young man is Tom Morris, who, to judge by his showing Saturday, can also punt rather well and pass about as well as any other Princetonian now active, which is to say erratically. The "now active" clause is to denote the continued absence of Royce Flippin, as pretty a performer as we are apt to see, or perhaps not to see, this fall. His knee is still bothering him.

The largest collection of new faces belongs to the Air Force Academy, which someday will have its own campus in Colorado Springs; right now it appears to be living mostly in borrowed quarters on the outskirts of Denver. The Academy is in its first year, and so, naturally, is its football team, which, again naturally, is only a freshman team. The squad got under way by knocking off the University of Denver's yearlings by a score of 34–18. The University of Denver is practically in the Academy's back yard. Tomorrow, or next year, the world—if the Academy's schedule-makers harbor the sort of wild ambition that keeps Army and Navy on the road so much of the time.

—J. W. L.

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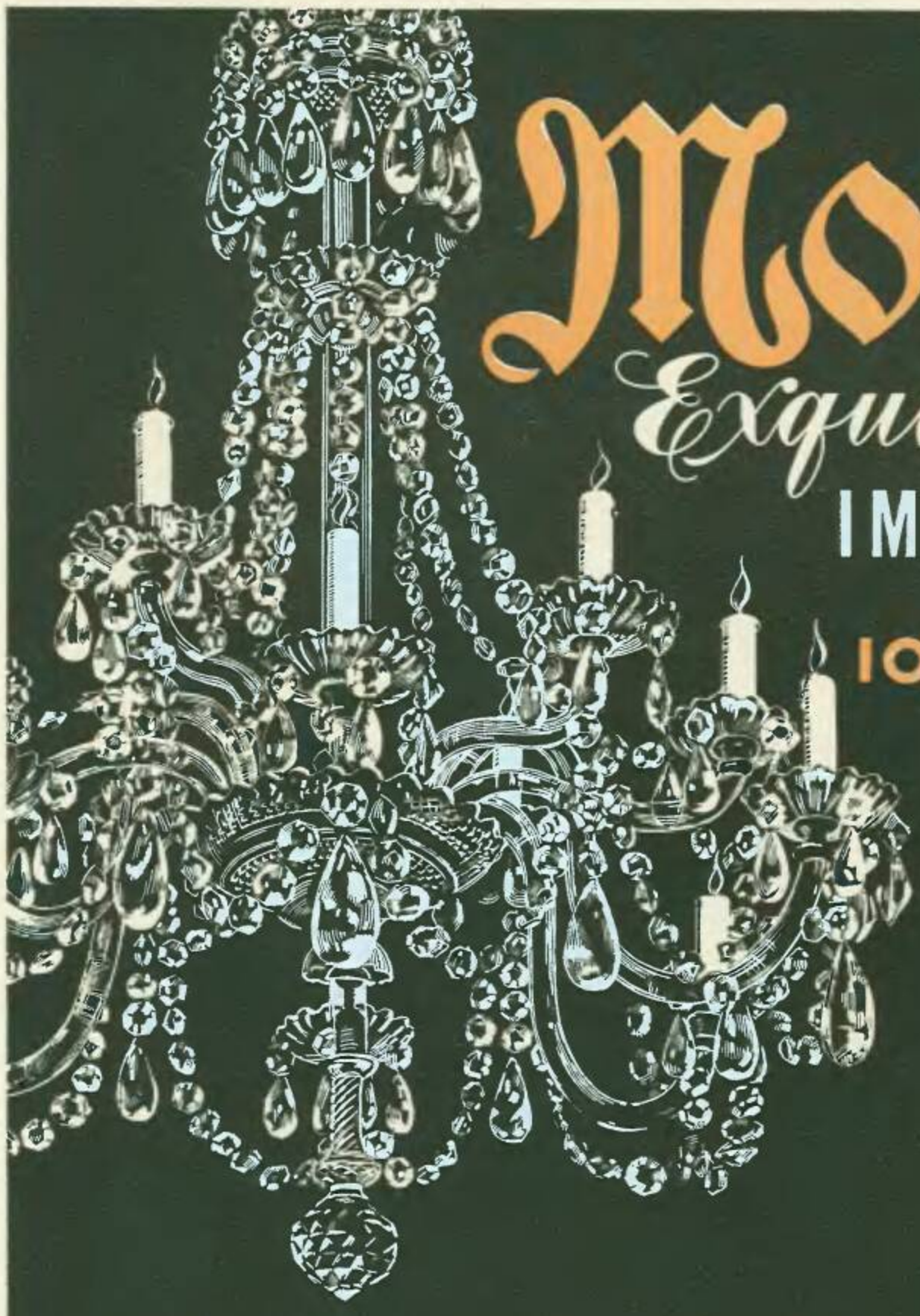

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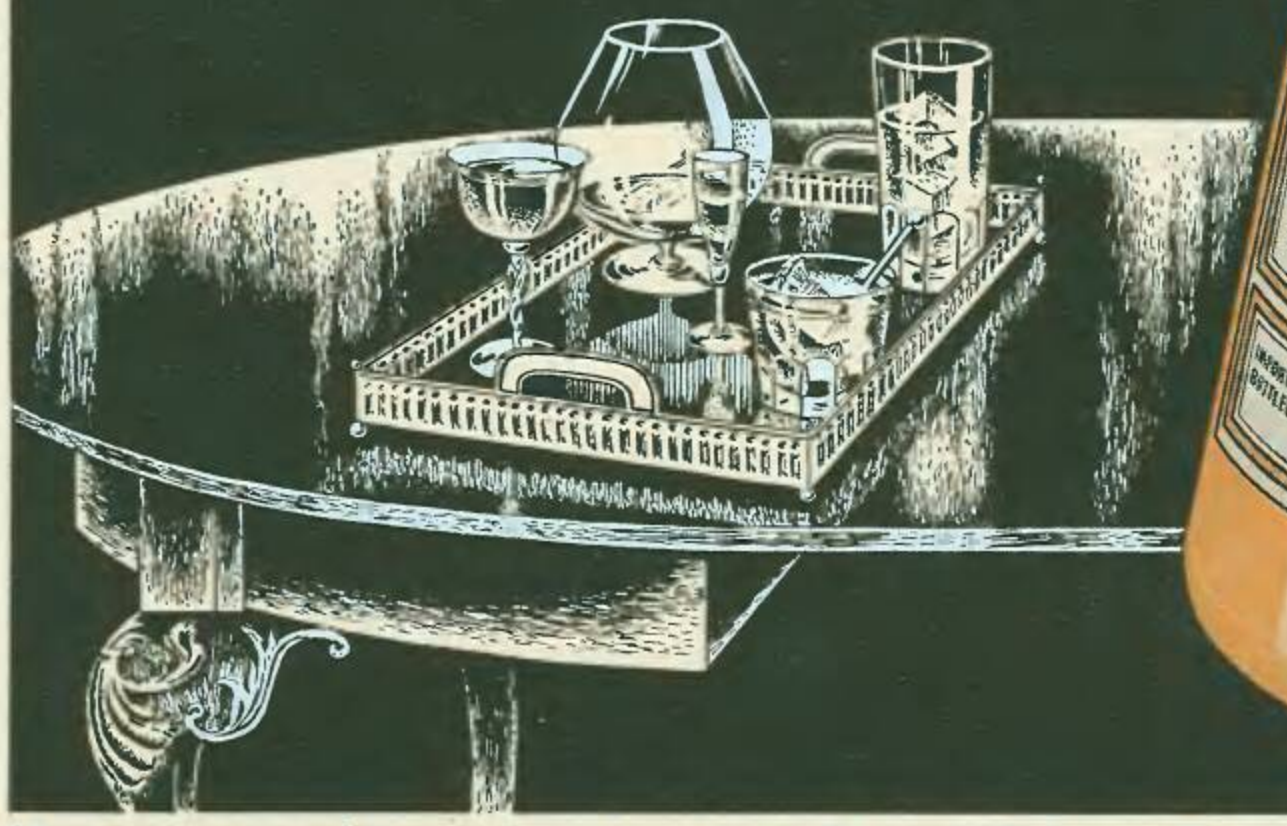

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WHERE NOTHING IS LONG AGO

"YOU'LL probably remember Brother Tolsen and that awful thing that happened when you were a little girl," my mother wrote me recently. Her fat script travelled the whole way around the photograph and obituary she had clipped from our Mormon newspaper. "The killing wasn't even mentioned at his funeral. All the speakers just said what a good man he always was."

Remember Brother Tolsen? I looked at his square jaw and his steady eyes, and it was as if I had seen him yesterday. Well, I thought, another one is gone; soon there won't be a real Danish accent left in that whole valley. Mormon converts from Denmark came to Utah by the thousands during the second half of the nineteenth century. Now there were only a few survivors. Not long before, it had been old Bishop Petersen himself who had died.

I was with Bishop Petersen, in his garden, the morning the Tolsen trouble happened. My mother thought I had a morbid interest in the affair, and I guess I had. It was the summer I was nine, and I was morbid about practically everything. I was absolutely certain for years afterward that two piles of bloody rabbits' ears I saw on the courthouse lawn at the time of Brother Tolsen's trial had something to do with the killing he was being tried for. They hadn't. They were merely tokens of the fact that the annual county rabbit hunt had gone off according to schedule.

Mother, who loves accuracy, often complains about the peculiar quality of my memories, and likely she's right. The Tolsen case, for instance, is apt to get mixed in my mind with other water-thief murders I've heard of. My mother sent me a clipping about one in Utah Valley, near Provo, just last year. This man was killed with a gun, however, instead of a shovel, as Brother Tolsen killed *his* thief, and then the killer turned the gun on himself. Mother wrote on that latest clipping, "Dad and I don't see why he had to shoot himself, too. Do you?"

That's a very Western query. A poem written by Thomas Hornsby Ferril begins "Here in America nothing is long ago . . ." and that's very Western, too. People out West remember when important things were settled violently, and they remember the wide, dry wastes before the mountain water was captured and put to use. Even now, the dry spaces, where the jack rabbits hop through the brush as thick as mites on a hen, are always there, waiting to take over; dryness hugs the green fields, pushing in, only the irrigation ditches keeping it at bay.

July was when the Tolsen trouble happened. In Utah, that's when the dry heat is most intense. Our whole valley floor is like a spot on a piece of paper when you focus the sun on it through a glass; you feel as if, any second, it is going to brown and then smoke and then burst into flame. Around it there are the quiet mountains, cool and blue, but long, dusty roads and scrubby hills lie between them and the simmering town. The river is the single link, flowing down between dusty-leaved cottonwoods from the mountains to the people in the valley.

Not that I minded heat in those days. There was no need to be hot when, on either side of the wide streets, there was cold water, brought from the river by the town's main ditch and diverted into smaller channels that ran along the sidewalks. It rushed constantly there, between banks lined with mint and grass. Wearing huge black bloomers and white panty-waists with the garters off, I spent most of my summer days in the ditches. Main Ditch was deep and lined with stones; when I skated along it in wintertime, I could hardly see over its banks. The ditches leading from it along the streets were shallow, having perhaps a foot of water in them at the peak of the spring supply.

Each household in town had its own dam—often nothing more than a couple of broad boards with a short handle nailed to them—and its own water turn when the dam was put to use. Set across the streams in the street-side ditches, and packed in with wet turf, these dams were sufficient to turn the water onto lawns and gardens, and nothing short of a calamity could prevent a householder from putting in his dam at the proper time. Every spring, the Water Master—an official of great importance in a Utah town—provided each family with a list of Water Turns, carefully worked out. We always kept our list tacked inside the door of the kitchen cupboard.

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pioneers, finding what dams were in and wading in the ditches where the water was highest. We kept ourselves rosy and crisp with it. Sometimes my grandmother would go with us and put her feet into the water to cool off. I recall her saying many times that Brigham Young must have been a true prophet, because he had said that Utah was The Place right in the middle of July, when nobody would think, to look at it without water, that it would ever grow a respectable bean. It was on the twenty-fourth of July that Brigham Young made his historic pronouncement, and as far as I know not a drop of rain has ever fallen to spoil the parades, the fireworks, and the pageants that take place every year on that day.

THE Tolsen trouble must have been on the twenty-fifth of July, because I remember Mother's saying I couldn't wade in the grass, which was about to be flooded, unless I first collected every burned-out sparkler that had been left on the ground the night before. So, early that morning, I was busily searching the grass for wires when I saw Bishop Petersen, whose dam was in, working with the water in his garden next door. The full stream was running into it, as it would presently run into ours, for our turn followed his. His garden, like every other one in Utah, had a series of shallow furrows between the rows of vegetables, and he was damming them with chunks of turf and opening one or two at a time, so that each, in turn, received the stream. It was beautiful to see the tall green vegetables in precise lines and the moving water twinkling between them.

In half a minute, I was paddling alongside Bishop Petersen. The water in the furrows was warmer than that in the ditches, and it was glorious to feel the soft mud between my toes. And I loved to hear Bishop Petersen tell about Denmark, from which he had come as a young man. I asked him all sorts of questions to keep him talking, for his odd accent and his laughter pleased me. I recall how the robins sang and hopped down into the furrows as water darkened them and lured out long, fat worms.

Bishop Petersen said that to leave the lovely land of Denmark one had to be very certain it was to God's Kingdom he was coming. He himself had been sure of it when he heard about the mountain water, so pure, so shining, so cold, so free. Whenever his turn came to speak at Testimony Meeting, which followed Sunday school on the first Sunday of

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every month, he spoke about the water. It was to him, next to the Gospel itself, the unmistakable sign of the Kingdom.

That twenty-fifth of July, he talked as usual, his white beard wobbling like an elf's, and now and then I had to turn my back to prevent him from seeing that I was smiling. He thought that, as one descended from Danes myself, I ought to know that the crisp peas I was picking and eating were *ualmindelig god* (unusually good). He wanted me to repeat the phrase, but I couldn't. The very sound of most Danish words made me giggle until I was weak. The language bristled with "g"s and "k"s exactly the way Bishop Petersen bristled with white whiskers. Yet goodness and kindness and excellent husbandry went along with all the things about him that made me laugh. I loved him dearly, as my parents did, and to most of us to be Danish—as to be Mormon—meant to be virtuous, kind, and of good report.

Mother came out to call me for breakfast, and she stood awhile, leaning on the fence, to talk. What she said and what Bishop Petersen replied is lost to me now, but while they talked, I saw Brother Tolsen coming. He ran into the yard with so urgent and desperate a look on his usually cheerful face that even I knew at once that he was in bad trouble. "Come in now," Mother said sharply to me. "The eggs will be cold already."

BY suppertime, it was known all over town that Brother Tolsen had killed a man.

"But why did he hit him like that?" Mother asked my father. "It's not like Brother Tolsen to strike anybody. Such a gentle man!"

"Twice he had turned Brother Tolsen's water off his fields in the night. *Twice!*" Father spoke with the patience of a man obliged to explain violence to a woman. "Brother Tolsen says he had no notion of hitting so hard, but he hit him with a shovel, after all. From what I hear, it struck on the edge and went over the forehead, and one eye came—"

"Finish your supper and go out to play," Mother said to me severely, and to Father she said, "Is it necessary to go into those terrible details in front of the children? It's enough to curdle their souls, the way you men tell it—as if you enjoyed it!"

It may seem an odd thing to remember, but I do remember that I was eating cottage cheese that night. It was made by my mother on the back of the stove and served in great bowls. Cream was poured over it, and there was a great,

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lovely red blob of jelly in the middle of it, from which one took a little chip of a jewel with every bite, eating one curd of the cheese at a time. It was a common summer supper. I also had a bowl of fresh lettuce, with cream and sugar, and I ate that slowly, too, leaf by leaf.

My parents said no more about Brother Tolsen until I had finished and gone outside, but I lingered on the porch in the shadows of the Virginia creepers. I heard Father say how big my ears were—"as big as soup ladles. She never misses a thing"—but he laughed when he said it. It was a family joke about me and my big ears, and how I was as deaf as a post when it suited me. Presently, they were talking about the killing again—how the victim's head had been bashed in and he had been found in a pool of blood near Brother Tolsen's dam.

I remember sitting there on the porch and holding my hands up against the setting sun. Sunset was huge and red and terribly intense in July, over the western hills. Against it, I could see my own blood shining red through my skin. Heads were brimful of blood, too—I knew that from nosebleed and from teeth coming out, and from the time I hit a stump and went over the handlebars of my bicycle square onto my skull. The man Brother Tolsen had killed was not very well known to me, probably because, as Grandmother remarked, he had "fallen away from the faith" and didn't often come to church. Now, losing the faith, I knew, was one of the greatest of sins, but murder was worse; it was the greatest sin of them all. And Brother Tolsen I knew very well indeed. He was important in our Ward of the Church, and I had often heard his testimony at meeting, just as I had heard Bishop Petersen's, and in the same delightful accent. In fact, he was so good a speaker that I had heard him more than once making sermons at funerals.

I liked funerals very much then, and I find them rather stimulating now. Obviously, I have had a blessed life, for I have never yet seen the corpse of anybody really close to me. This experience, unless I have the misfortune to die suddenly myself, is certainly coming to me, and I know I shall feel great sorrow. But terror of the sort some people have described to me I know I shall never feel. The philosophy I learned as a child made death more fascinating than terrible. The first corpse I ever saw was the mother of one of my dearest grade-school friends. She had died in childbirth. I had received fresh cookies from

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her hands a day or so before, but now she lay exactly like Snow White, like one dreaming in a lovely bed, with an infinitely small and doll-like child in the crook of her arm. I stood and gazed at her with awe and admiration, my friend beside me.

After that, I went to every funeral remotely connected with anybody I knew. They were never forbidden to me. The corpses of men and women alike were always dressed in pure white, with bright-green aprons cheerfully embroidered to look like the fig leaves of the Garden of Eden. It was perfectly reasonable to me to believe that, as I was assured, they had just stepped "through the Veil between Earth and Heaven." It seemed to me that they were always much handsomer than they had ever been in life, in their common house aprons or in their overalls stained with manure. I pictured them, in their clean new clothes, walking slowly westward with the sun and vanishing in a tremendous scarlet smile of sunset. I had even seen something like that in the movies, so I suspected that the miracle happened not only in Utah but also in California.

When Mother told me I could not go to the funeral of the man Brother Tolsen had killed, I was devastated, especially since there were rumors that Brother Tolsen himself would attend. He had been in jail a few hours and then had been released to attend to his work until the trial. He had a big family and a farm, and goodness only knew, people said, what would happen to them if he had to spend the rest of the summer in the jail.

"But Mother—" I cried, over and over.

"No! Absolutely not!" she said each time. She knew full well, of course, that I had a morbid interest in seeing a corpse with its head bashed in, and also that I wanted to enjoy the spectacle of a man going to the funeral of someone he had knocked headlong "through the Veil" with a shovel.

In the end, I was not only forbidden to go, I was even given a neighbor's baby to tend, and in agony of spirit I saw Mother and Father and Grandmother and practically everybody else in town go marching off to the dead man's house. No sooner were they gone, however, than I bundled the baby into his buggy and pushed him rapidly to that street. There I could at least see all the people standing around in the yard, silent and serious, and I thought I might catch a glimpse of Brother Tolsen coming or going. Back and forth I walked, back and forth, pushing the buggy in

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the heat, envying the people as they filed slowly into the house and slowly out again after viewing the remains.

And then I really did see Brother Tolsen. Walking with his wife and oldest son, he passed so close to me on the sidewalk that he would have brushed against me if I had not drawn the buggy and myself quickly off onto the grass. He nodded to me but did not smile, and I thought he appeared much as he always did when he went to church. People looked down at their shoes as he entered the dead man's gate, but when he moved along the walk toward the house, many stepped forward and greeted him. Between the gate and the porch, he must have stopped to shake hands twenty times. The front door opened and he went inside, and I found myself with my stomach pressed against the fence to watch. I could hear a breeze of comment among the people nearest me.

"It won't be easy for him to see Lena today."

"She knows it was an accident."

"But how can she believe her own husband would steal water?"

Presently, Brother Tolsen and his wife and son came out of the house. This time, he did not pause to shake the hand of anyone but walked quickly from the yard. Then the door of the house remained closed for a while, and most of the people started toward the church, a few blocks away. When Mother and Father and Grandmother came out of the yard, I began to push the buggy toward home, but I turned back as soon as they were out of sight. The hearse and a leading car, filled with flowers, were waiting in front of the house, and nobody was going to deny me a sight of the coffin.

I heard someone say "Poor Lena!" and the door opened again. Lena is still, to me, a vision of total sorrow. She leaned forward as she walked after the coffin, doubled over like a person with a violent stomach ache. She was dressed in heavy black, with a black veil, and I think now how hot she must have been on that blistering day. After she had been carried off in a car that followed the hearse, the people who were left went away, and the whole house and yard looked empty and bedraggled. I walked back and forth, staring in. On the path, just inside the gate, lay one red rose, but I only looked at it. I wouldn't any more have touched it than I would have stirred my finger in a pool of blood.

Poor Lena! I remember thinking that now she could never get any glory in the next world. In the Mormon

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Church, every man can aspire to some sort of ordination, but a woman's glory rests on her husband's virtues, and if she gets to Heaven at all, she must do so on the coattails of his priesthood. But not once, as I recall, did I think, Poor Brother Tolsen! The two figures are clear in my mind. Brother Tolsen had looked sad but very straight and dignified as he walked into the house where the corpse lay, shaking hands with his Brethren as he went. Sister Lena, stooping and wild, had hidden her face in her handkerchief as she was led away. Later, I heard some talk of "poor Lena," who was "young yet, after all" and "should marry a real believer," but after the funeral I never laid eyes on her again, though I often rode my bicycle past her house, and looked and looked.

THE next thing I remember about the Tolsen case is walking after school with my best friend. We went past the courthouse, where we knew the jury was being selected, and there were those great piles of bloody rabbits' ears on the courthouse lawn, being counted. The hunters were always divided into two teams, and the losers had to give the winners what was called a Rabbit Supper. I learned later, with relief, that they did not eat the ears, or even the jack rabbits, but had chicken pies at the church, cooked by the women of the Relief Society. Nevertheless, those piles of ears I see to this day.

That night, there was talk at our supper table, and on the porch afterward, about how difficult it had been to find jurors "without prejudice." The trial itself lasted only three short afternoons. At home, it was discussed freely, and the talk consisted mostly of repeating what character witnesses had said. There had been no witness to the killing itself, and Brother Tolsen had given up at once to the authorities: first to his Bishop, which was entirely proper in all eyes, and then—in company with Bishop Petersen—to the Sheriff. As for Lena, she did not come to the trial at all, but was said to have disappeared into that vast place where there were yellow streetcars, blue-coated policemen, a shining capitol building, and a merry-go-round in Liberty Park—Great Salt Lake City.

Almost all that was left to be done after the character witnesses were through was to hear the simple story told by Brother Tolsen himself and repeated in the town with nods of understanding and respect. His friends and neighbors considered him innocent of any real wrongdoing, and in this the jury soon concurred. I remember

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Father's repeating the words of somebody who had been very important at the trial—probably Brother Tolsen's lawyer. "If a thief enters a man's own house in the night and means to rob him of all he has, all his clothing and all his food, thereby meaning to take the very lives of his wife and his little children—then what shall that householder do? Would his actions be judged as malice aforethought? Is it not true that he who steals water is stealing life itself?"

It was a joyful thing for Brother Tolsen's friends to see him at home again, and they have all been safer because of him. There has been no water-stealing that I have heard of in that valley since.

One other memory remains. I recall an evening, months after the trial was over, when my parents and I were driving along the road where his fields lay and saw Brother Tolsen working with the little streams that were running among his young corn. Father and Mother waved and called to him. He lifted an arm to answer, and I saw that he held a shovel in the other hand. "I wonder if he bought a new shovel," I said suddenly.

For a minute, the air seemed to have gone dead about us, in the peculiar way it sometimes can, which is so puzzling to a child. Then Mother turned to me angrily. "Don't you ever let me hear you say a thing like that again!" she said. "Brother Tolsen is a good, kind man!"

So until this very hour I never have.

—VIRGINIA SORENSEN

•

PLANETARIUM AT HOME

These thousand stars
my northern eyes can see
are pinpricks in a cardboard globe
projected on a ceiling.
Beyond this friendly sky
is the attic, and the roof,
and then another sky,
and sky on sky
until infinity
meets nothingness
and curves
into the darkened room
and stares at me.

—DONALD LAWDER, JR.

•

What nostalgia "Jane Eyre" brings. The famous Emily Bronte classic was the first book I ever owned and I must have read it a dozen times.—*Louella O. Parsons in the Journal-American.*

And not too closely, either.

★ ★

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

LAST week, this department pointed out that Bergdorf Goodman, which has latched firmly on to the work of the Milanese designer named Gigliola Curiel, was reproducing her designs in ready-to-wear versions. Many of her ready-to-wear dresses, which appear only at Bergdorf, come in two parts, and by that I do not mean that she just adds blouses and shirts to skirts. There is nothing half and half about this stuff. What you get is a complete one-piece dress plus something that changes the mood and line of it in the most natural and effortless way. For example, a high-necked sheath of Florentine red wool jersey bound with red satin is complemented, on the proper occasions, by a matching side-pleated overskirt with a high satin waistband. Another sheath, of garnet velvet with a fold at the décolletage, and very narrow shoulder straps of blue satin, can be covered by an overdress of navy satin. This begins at the bust, clings down the torso, and ends in a full skirt. A third sheath, of black Chantilly-type lace over white satin, has a similarly décolleté overdress of black velvet. The long line of a low-necked sheath of black broadcloth is broken by slanting drapery that crisscrosses at one hip and then widens below into two deep panels, one lined with black satin and the other with white. There are less complex numbers, too. A white satin evening dress, a splendid invention, is thickly adorned with embroidered panels and scrolls of turquoise and sapphire beads. White nylon net makes a breathtaking dress decorated with appliquéd self fans and row upon row of silver sequin scallops; a high, crushed girdle of pale-blue satin surrounds it. A ball gown of crinkled white net has a great, billowing skirt on which pyramids of black Chantilly-type lace, growing larger and larger as they approach the hemline, are appliquéd. Prices for this assortment start at $195, and go way, way up; sizes run from 10 to 16.

MACY'S Little Shop is showing interesting things made specially for it in France and Italy. An Empire dress of cinnamon silk and wool covered with a Persian-blue Paisley print ends in a turnover collar and a wildly plunging neckline. Someone has slit the hem of a red wool-jersey chemise dress and then filled in the slit with red ribbed knit that is part of the attached red rayon petticoat. A stridently outdoor suit of forest-green flannel is topped by a battle jacket fastened with black leather straps and brass clasps; the wraparound skirt is supplied with flap pockets that are completely fake but serve as supports for more of the leather and the brass. For evening, there's a tight dress of black broadcloth with an uneven harem hemline that is downright extravaganza because of the immense black taffeta pouf that's poised, swaying gently, just above the heels. Among the separates is a bell-shaped skirt of handwoven cotton with the thinnest of horizontal stripes in a rainbow of colors; vertical appliquéd stripes of short and long black grosgrain ribbons complete the scheme. A gored skirt of white, blue, or black wool is trimmed with vertical rows of knotted silk ribbon, and a tiered, flounced skirt of puckered black organdie is covered with wavy bands of straw and velvet. Draped, shirred halter blouses to go with these skirts are available in black or white matte jersey, and they have built-in brassières. More mundane, but still handsome in its particular way, is a turtleneck pullover of black, red, or white silk ribbing. A sweater that comes down just below the bosom is surmounted by a deep, fringed shawl collar; it appears in tobacco wool. Prices range from $16.87 to $175, and sizes from 10 to 20.

KATHLEEN, at 118 East 60th Street, presents fine clothes from Milan, but there's a wait of three to four weeks after an order is placed. The tremendous skirt of a black wool dress is all tremendous diagonal stripes of red, green, and black; smaller but no less assertive stripes decorate the high, collarless neckline and the dropped armholes. The flowered cocktail and evening dresses here may cause a small furor. One of the prettiest begins with a tucked halter of apple-green satin. This is attached to a white satin skirt that's all but submerged under its weltering print of blue, brown, and green flower shapes, none of them very clear or recognizable, though the general effect is enchanting. A flowing, full-length coat of apple-green satin goes with this. A princesse dress is of white satin on which black-and-red cabbage

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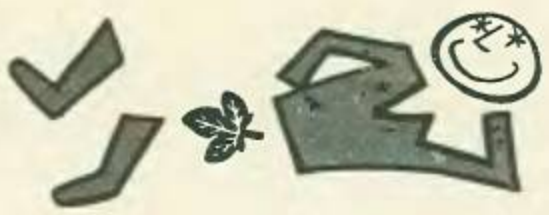

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roses and gray, purple, and yellow leaves run riot; flat bows of dark-red satin are placed in front of the hips. Black satin in which red velvet poppies are woven and on which white daisies are painted makes a dress with a fold that crosses the back of the neck and moves on out to form tiny sleeves. A princesse coat dress of creamy silk brocade is strewn with small pink, green, and gold padded flowers. Sizes run from 10 to 18.

MARION WRIGHT, at 12 East 53rd Street, is making a few of her own designs up in an effective wool tweed from Spain. A fitted suit of cinnamon tweed has a curved jacket, and its skirt dips slightly at the back of the waist; $139.95. The same money will get you a sheath of bright-brown tweed speckled with turquoise blue, light blue, and terra cotta, plus a bulky double-breasted tweed stole lined with blue wool jersey. Mrs. Wright's men's-wear cottons, for the South, include a jacket of bronze-and-green suiting lined with pea-green pima cotton to match the accompanying sleeveless blouse. A suit of gray cotton sharkskin, with a fitted jacket and a big square collar, is lined with yellow pima cotton. Its yellow cotton overblouse is corded at the straight-across neck and the tabbed hem. If you like to match all over, Mrs. Wright will make you a draped turban of plain or printed cotton, on a felt base, that can fold small enough for a purse or overnight bag; $27.50. Her lively sari dresses are all one of a kind. A sari of peacock-blue silk with a wide gold-metal border and richly embroidered with gold-metal thread is turned into a hip-length tunic that goes over a narrow underskirt, which just clears the ankles. A plain and beautiful sheath is made out of a red cotton sari, cunningly worked in front so that its wide green and beige stripes look like long, inserted panels. These dresses, with a sari to wind around them and thus complete the Oriental effect, are $110 and $195. Sizes are 10 to 16, and it takes three weeks to fill an order.

SUITS and coats are plentiful at Gunther Jaeckel's Salonette. Black-and-white tweed makes a box suit with a cape collar, a tuxedo front, and a lining of imitation but very satisfactory black sealskin; $89.95. A suit of green chinchilla cloth, nipped in a bit at the waist, has a small leopard-skin collar, and it's lined with the creamy satin of the accompanying blouse. For the country, there's a four-piece set—a golden-

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brown jacket, a gold vest, and a black skirt, all of corduroy, as well as a shirt of brown-and-white striped cotton; $89.95. A princesse dress of cinnamon wool and rabbit's hair is belted in back; its companion three-quarter coat is of tortoise-shell tweed. And there are two handsome cocktail coats—one a slim overcoat of gold lamé, the other a wraparound, knotted at the throat, of ruby-red, emerald, or black rayon upholstery satin.

BLOOMINGDALE'S Junior Department (sizes 5 to 15) comes right to the point with cold-weather clothes that are young, good-looking, and invincibly practical. A double-breasted fingertip-length jacket of brown-and-black tweed has a shawl collar of black Persian lamb and a slim skirt with a kick pleat in back; $125. The same tweed is used for a single-breasted coat with cuffs and collar of the lamb; $119. A fancy brisk-weather suit is of black-and-white tweed flecked with garnet, a color that's repeated in the double row of bone buttons on the low-belted box jacket. No buttonholes, though; the jacket hangs open to reveal the garnet velveteen overblouse.

HENRY GREENHUT, a custom furrier whose shop is at 745 Madison Avenue (65th), is a champion of sturdy furs, of which natural river otter and hair seal are his favorites. A sweater jacket of this sleek brown otter is edged and lined with beige wool knit; $190. A straight otter skirt is the same price. Much more expensive is a posh full-length coat of dyed black otter, with a shawl collar and cuffs of Lutetia mink; the $1,150 it costs includes an otter sash—a rakish touch. A full-length coat of dyed beige otter with a turnover leopard collar is $975, and a hair-seal jacket with a lining and a shawl collar of black wool ribbing is $265. Double-breasted Alpine jackets of this seal are fastened with horn buttons and leather thongs and lined with plaid

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wool; $375 to $650. These prices include the federal tax.

Bonwit Teller's millinery department has Mr. John's ready-to-wear hats. They are called Mr. John Juniors and they run from $20.95 to $30. A shallow off-the-face cloche is of olive velours with a minute underbrim of olive felt; the wide crown of a cloche of beige soleil and felt is decorated with a gold-metal key; a deep cone of cognac beaver felt has cognac grosgrain looping low across the back; a pancake of amethyst beaver felt is anchored above the ears by wired flaps; a flat pillbox of yellow velours goes into a mild peak above the eyebrows; a little boy's visor cap is made of shaggy terra-cotta felt.

Seymour Troy, whose new establishment is at 46 East 57th Street, does excellent custom shoes for from $50 to $85. Lizard and alligator, though, go as high as $125. Because he is human, Mr. Troy makes his customers' feet comfortable, and because he is a craftsman, he makes them smart. The disc of foam rubber that he slips under the metatarsal arch should change anyone's antipathy to walking, at least for a while. The toes of his shoes are always soft, but you can get whatever shape you want, and of course whatever heel. His opera pumps, which cling like stockings, are piped in contrasting leather. He will make shoes in any color, any leather, any shape. His black satin halter-back slippers are embellished on the outside of the foot with gold and silver kidskin leaves; the same slippers get green and chartreuse or bronze and copper leaves when they're of black or brown suède. For evening slippers made of a dress material supplied by a customer, Mr. Troy's fee is $35.

Finnigans, a London firm of over a hundred years' standing, has given Georg Jensen the American rights to its handbags. The bottom price, $22.50, is attached to small but deep calf satchels with bowknot clasps of gold metal and the leather. A travel satchel of mushroom-hued lizard, lined with natural suède and beige moiré rayon, is capacious, good-looking, and reasonably light. Carryalls, which are actually a combination of an overnight bag and a train case, are fifteen and a half inches high and thirty-two inches around the base. They're divided into two sections. The upper one, under the flap closing, will hold a nightgown and slippers; the bottom section, which has loops for bottles and jars, provides space

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enough for a couple of small hats. In tartan canvas, they're $55; blue cowhide costs $63.50; red alligator comes to $363. The most cheerful bag in the whole collection is a black antelope vanity on a wide gold-metal frame that's covered with black lacquered flowers and leaves. All prices include the federal tax.

BENDEL'S Younger than Young Timers will dress boys from infancy up to size 6, and girls up to 14 sub-teen. The girls can go on indefinitely in other departments, of course, but we are concerned now with what children wear. Brother-and-sister smocks in blue-and-white or pink-and-white striped Swiss cotton have clusters of tiny bells in the hollow of the shoulders, and the tiny matching pants button down the sides; $12.95, all told. A little-girl jumper of navy velveteen is piped with blue-and-white striped nylon and cotton to match the romper suit underneath. The boys' twin to this is a striped nylon-and-cotton shirt paired with velveteen shorts to which suspenders are attached. For bigger girls, there's a combination of jumper and box jacket of blue dynel and rayon, which looks very much like wool. The jacket fastens with two removable tabs and is lined with white, blue, black, and brown striped cotton. There is also a dickey of the cotton. The whole thing amounts to $29.95. A pretty Sunday dress is of navy velveteen, with a large white organdie bow at the throat of the sailor collar. And for parties there's an angelic white organdie embroidered with Chinese-red daisies.

—M. M.

•

Dr. Sewell said the biggest epidemic the hospital has dealt with occurred last year when influence swept Wetumpka.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.*

Worse than the black plague.

•

Q. Is the expression, "Young lady," in good usage?

A. "May I get through, please?" And as she moves aside to allow him to pass, he should lift his hat and thank her.—*Bremerton (Wash.) Sun.*

Next question.

•

LIFE IN TEXAS (GOOD-BYE, CALIFORNIA) DEPT.

[*From the San Antonio Light*]

Jeanie Thomas, 5-year-old granddaughter of Mrs. Helen Powers, is riding to nursery school nowadays in a brand new car with her own name embossed on the door.

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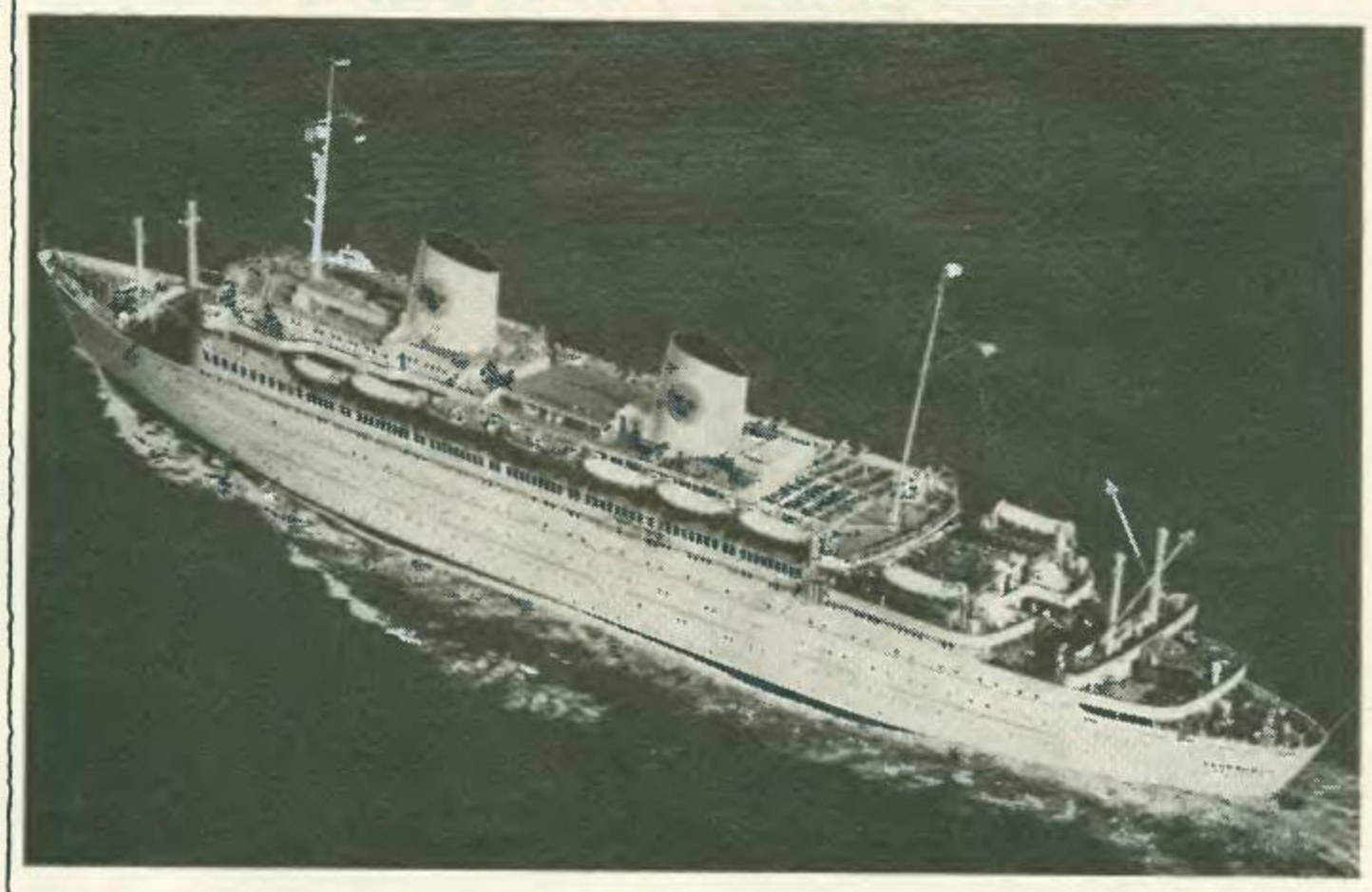

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LETTER FROM BELIZE

WHILE I was on a holiday in Mexico recently, I decided that as long as I was in the vicinity, I should pay a visit to my country's outpost in Central America—the Crown Colony of British Honduras, which is tucked away rather inaccessibly under the promontory of Yucatán. Someone said that the best way to go was by a plane affectionately known in those parts as El Insecto, which makes three runs a week from Chetumal, on the Mexican coast just north of the Honduran border, to Belize, the capital of the Colony. This flight not only would be cheaper and more direct than the usual one, via Guatemala, my informant said, but would give me a chance to get away from the insipidities of air travel on the big international lines. This seemed like a good idea, and I went down to Chetumal on a veteran DC-3, the last surviving plane of a small, weather-beaten fleet. Chetumal, where there was an hour to spend, was a nicely painted-up little town with a wonderful prison that looked like a Swedish sanatorium. I found El Insecto, a four-seater Cessna, in a field full of yellow daisies, and helped the pilot pull it out on the runway. I was the only passenger, and as we took off, he leaned across me and shook the door to make sure that it was properly shut. The cabin had a few cozy rattles, of the kind that cars develop after some years of honorable service, and they added to the pleasantly casual feeling of the trip, which was only a matter of forty-five minutes. Duplicate controls wavered a foot or two from the tip of my nose, and the pilot cautioned me against taking hold of them to steady myself if we should hit an air pocket. "These small planes take more flying than an airliner," he said, but apart from fiddling with the throttle lever, probably out of pure habit, and dabbing occasionally at the joy stick, he did nothing that I could see to influence our course as we wobbled along through the air currents.

Below us, the not very exuberant forest of northern British Honduras unrolled itself; this was the district named, in a spirit of gallant self-deception, Orange Walk. Farther south, we flew over equally tedious expanses of jungle with such names as Lime Walk and Honey Camp. Since the Cessna flew at about two thousand feet, the details were clear. Even birds were visible. A pair of flamingos parted company like a torn flag, and a collection of white maggots—these were egrets—were eating into the margins of a pool. We were following the coastline, a mile or two inland, and the horizon was wrapped up in turbans of cumulus cloud. A few white thorns of fishing-boat sails stuck up through the surface of the sea. As we approached Belize, swamps began to ooze through the dull, dusty green of the jungle. They were gaudy with stagnation—sulphurous yellows, vitriolic greens, and inky blues stirred together like badly mixed dyes in a vat. The pilot pointed out some insignificant humps and thickenings in the texture of the forest. These were Mayan remains—root-shattered pyramids and temples. Around them would lie the undisturbed tombs, the skeletons in their jade ornaments. The pilot told me that probably less than ten per cent of these sites have ever been tampered with.

Belize, when it came into sight, glistening like a salt deposit at the sea's edge, was the real tropics at last. In Mexico, I had seen towns that were nostalgic counterfeits of Toledo and Seville, and from the air, the secret and fortresslike character of the houses, each with its core of flowering patio hidden away within blind walls of yellow stone, was revealed. But Belize showed signs of British, rather than Spanish, antecedents, and along the sprawl of roads beside the shore, each gleaming-white house was set apart in its green cell of garden. We dropped down to the airport, nine miles inland, and the town sank away, swallowed up in the marshes. The land around the airport looked poor and arid, and nothing much grew there but palmetto and scrubby bushes.

There were no machines selling anything, playing anything, or changing money at the Belize airport; nor were there any curios, soft drinks, or best-

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sellers in sight. Waiting under a notice that imparted uninteresting information about the Colony's industries was a nurse, ready to pop a thermometer into the mouth of each incoming passenger. The atmosphere was one of somnolent rectitude. The pilot of the Cessna shook hands with me and went off, after offering to fly me across to a patch of lawn on the outskirts of the town itself if I had any trouble arranging transportation. But as soon as a customs officer, as severely aloof as a voodoo priest, had officially ignored my luggage, it was claimed by a laconic taxi-driver, who opened the door of his car with a monkey wrench and nodded to me to get in. We drove off at a great pace down a palmetto-fringed road, beside a river that was full to the brim with slowly moving, very green water. Presently, the road crossed the river over an iron bridge, and in the middle of the bridge the driver stopped the car. Winding down the window, he put his head out and peered down at the river with silent concentration. He never told me what he was looking at, but I subsequently concluded that he must have been admiring a thirty-foot sawfish who lives on the river bed at this spot and is locally claimed to be the largest of its species ever known.

From the view I had of its outskirts, Belize promised to live up to the romantic picture I had formed of it in my imagination. There were the wraiths of old English thatched cottages (a class of structure pleasantly known here as "trash"), complete with rose gardens whose fences had lost half their palings. The Negro occupants of some of these houses were to be seen shambling about aimlessly; others had fallen asleep in the attitudes of victims of murder plots. Pigeons and vultures huddled amicably on the roofs. Notices on gates that hung from single rusty hinges warned the world at large to beware of dogs, but the dogs seemed not to exist.

Out of these beginnings the city arose, a ramshackle, gracious place of cracked white paint work, balconies, flowers, and indolent movement—of policemen with faces that were like Benin masks, stores with goods piled up artlessly in the windows like a child's building blocks, lottery booths, a squat green courthouse, wooden churches with Nordic profiles, a Majestic Cinema showing an antique Spanish film, zombies in stark-white cotton lounging at all the corners in comfortable tropic lassitude, a glittering row of archaic fire engines, British cars like glossy beetles

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nudging up the main street, stilted latrines askew over the mournful creek that bisects the town, and an endless procession of beautiful, white-uniformed schoolgirls crossing its rusted bridge.

A FEW minutes later, having passed right through the town and reached the Marine Parade, facing on the Bay of Honduras, the taxi pulled up at the Fort George hotel. Here I realized at once that what information I had succeeded in collecting about Belize before I arrived was out of date. According to the most recent book I had been able to find dealing with this part of the world, there was a single hotel, which possessed all the seedy glamour one might look for in such a remote and reputedly neglected colonial possession. But I had arrived eighteen months too late. Newcomers are now conducted to a dazzling construction of the kind for which basic responsibility must rest with Frank Lloyd Wright—a svelte, pinkish confection of reinforced concrete, artfully simple, and doubtless earthquake-resistant. The old hotel is still in business, though, and at first I was resolved to exchange modern comfort for local color, after perhaps a single night's rest. But high-minded resolutions are soon tempered by the benign and relaxing atmosphere of Belize. The Fort George serves good, strong English tea, the waiter doesn't expect to be tipped after each meal, and you can leave your shoes outside your bedroom door to be cleaned without their being stolen, so from the first there was no possible ground for complaint. And it presently became clear that besides these considerable virtues the Fort George has many secondary attractions, which peeped out shyly as the days went by. Little by little, the rich, homely, slightly dotty savor of British Honduras seeped through its protective walls to reach me. I began to take a collector's pride in such small frustrations as the impossibility of getting a double whiskey served in one glass. Two single whiskeys always come. The architectural austerities of the hotel, too, are much relieved by such pleasing touches as the showcases in the vestibule, which display a fine Mayan incense burner in the form of a grotesque head, a few pink antlers of coral, some odd-shaped roots, horns carved into absurd birds, and a pocket made of pink shells and recommended as "a chic addition to the cocktail frock."

Part of the Fort George's charm arises from the fact that the staff, who

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1 can mushroom soup • 1 cup cooked peas
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1—6 oz. package King Crab Meat, defrosted
• salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients in a saucepan. Heat, stir in sherry and serve on toast points. Makes 2 — 3 servings.

CRAB BOATS
Wonderful for luncheons

4 large rolls • 1—6 oz. pkg. King Crab Meat, defrosted • ½ tsp. salt • ½ cup mayonnaise
1 tbs. catsup • 1 tbs. chopped green pepper
1 tbs. chopped sweet pickles

Cut the tops from the rolls and hollow out the centers.

Combine and mix well the thawed and drained crab meat and other ingredients. Fill the rolls with this mixture, and place on crisp lettuce leaves. Makes 4 servings.

KING CRAB MEAT HORS D'OEUVRES

Defrost and drain 1 — 6 oz. package King Crab Meat. Arrange crab meat sections on lettuce leaves around edge of plate (either divide onto 4 small plates as first course of dinner, or place all on large plate as hors d'oeuvres). In the center of plate, place paper cup containing the crab dip.

King Crab Dip

⅓ cup mayonnaise • 2 tbs. finely chopped celery
½ tsp. finely chopped onion • 1 tbs. lemon juice
¼ tsp. salt • dash of paprika

Mix ingredients thoroughly and put in paper cups. One package of crab meat and one recipe for dip serves 4 people.

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speak a kind of Creole dialect among themselves, sometimes have difficulty understanding a guest's requirements. Along with this goes a certain weakness in internal liaisons, and from the interaction of these two factors many delightfully Surrealistic incidents arise. At any hour of the night, one may be awakened by a maid bearing a raw potato on a silver tray, or presented with four small whiskeys, a bottle of aspirin, and a picture postcard of the main façade of the Belize fish market, dated 1904. The Fort George, by the way, must be one of the very few hotels in the world where the manager is prepared to supply to order, and without extra charge, such delicacies as roast armadillo, tapir, and paca—the last being a large edible rodent, in appearance something between a rabbit and a pig, whose flesh costs more per pound than any other meat offered for sale in the local market. Of these exotic specialties I have tried only the paca, and I can report that, as is usually the case with rare and sought-after meats, the flavor is delicate to the point of nonexistence.

The fascination of life at the Fort George grows steadily. It is a place where any beginner could come to get his basic training in watching the world go by, and I spend many an hour on its terrace, over a cold beer and the free plateful of lobster that always comes with it, listening to the slap of the fishing pelicans as they hit the water, while doves the size of sparrows fidget through the flowering bushes all round, and the inevitable rich Syrian—part of the human furniture of places like this—drives his yellow Cadillac endlessly up and down the deserted hundred yards of the Marine Parade.

THE Crown Colony of British Honduras is almost exactly the size of the Principality of Wales. It has a population of seventy-five thousand, of whom some seventy per cent are Negroid—descendants of the slaves of the white log-cutters who settled here three hundred years ago. Only twenty-four hundred residents are described as "European." The rest are native Indians and Asiatics. (It is a solecism in Belize to describe people by their color; there is no "white" district in the town, and the Colony prides itself, with justice, on absolute freedom from any taint of racial prejudice.) For the first two hundred years of its existence, the fortunes of the settlement were always precarious, and there was seldom more than a handful of white men holding the fort at the mouth of the Belize

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River. It was not until 1862 that the Home Government took the settlement officially under its wing and designated it a Colony. The name Honduras is a Spanish word meaning "the depths," or "the back of beyond." It was applied by the Conquistadors to all those vaguely defined areas in Central America that awaited conquest and exploration, and the name is still shared by the Republic of Honduras, which lies to the south, separated from the British Colony only by Guatemala's corridor to the sea.

All these Central American lands were once united in the splendor of the ancient Mayan Empire—already decayed by the time the Spanish landed in Yucatán—and their forests abound in ruins of the old civilization. British Honduras is especially rich in Mayan remains, but they lie buried in thick jungle, and in colonies like this few funds are available for such frivolous ends as the uncovering of ancient monuments. Even accessible sites, like the extraordinary ruin called Indian Bluff, an enormous twin-topped pyramid rising from the shore of the bay at Corozal, a hundred miles north of Belize, have not been fully explored. A few descendants of the ancient Mayas still exist, rather miserably, in the interior, stripped of their arts and raising only enough corn and beans to keep body and soul together. More interesting are the pockets of Caribs living in shack settlements along the coast—a human amalgam formed from the union of runaway slaves with the aboriginal Indians of the Caribbean, who are now virtually extinct. The Caribs, who are Negroid in appearance and speak an African tongue, do not appear to have attracted much attention from anthropologists, and are therefore considered mysterious by the world at large. It is known, though, that they retain many features of the civilization of the Indian side of their ancestry, including semblances of polygamy, a matriarchal society, and a separate language spoken only by the women. The Caribs, who are notable for their racial pride, believe themselves to be the intellectual superiors of the people they live among, but, like other racial minorities of the Colony, they have joined in the drift to the capital, where they are bound to relax their customs sooner or later, and thus lose their identity.

One of the many self-deprecatory stories sponsored by the citizens of Belize, which now shelters almost half the Colony's population, is that the town was built upon a foundation of mahogany chips and rum bottles. True

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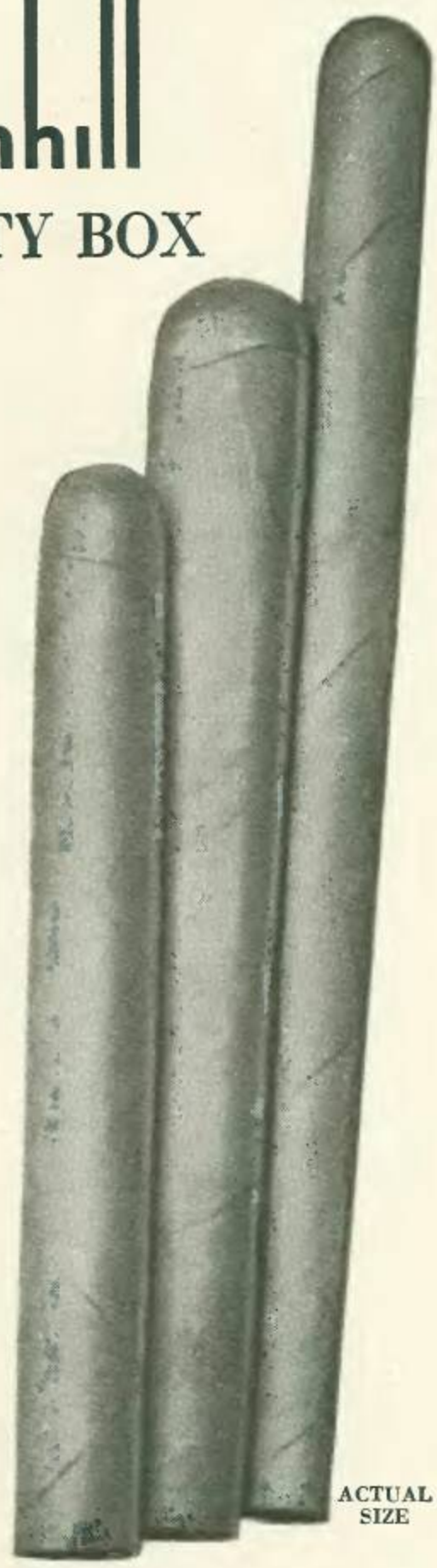

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enough, mahogany, which is the principal source of the Colony's income, is everywhere. It costs a quarter as much as the cheapest pitch pine sold anywhere else, and everything from river barges to kitchen tables is made of it. Local taste, however, has become contemptuous of a too familiar beauty, and it is thought better to conceal the wood, wherever possible, beneath a layer of Fiberglas or patterned linoleum. As for the rum, it costs thirty-five cents a bottle, tastes of ether, and is seriously recommended by local people as an application for dogs suffering from the mange. It is drunk in the town's rather disreputable-looking taverns strictly within British licensing hours, which take no account of tropical thirst, and it plays its essential part in the rhythm of sin and atonement that marks the lives of a people with a nonconformist tradition and too much time on their hands.

While the citizens of Belize are of almost pure Negro stock, they have succeeded in creating a pattern of society that—if due allowance is made for their economic limitations—is modelled with great fidelity upon that of their colonial overlords. From their vociferous nonconformism, and the curiously Welsh accent underlying the local Creole, it is tempting to theorize that the colonials they came most in contact with hailed from Wales, and in Belize it is sometimes possible to imagine oneself in a district of Cardiff that has been settled by colored people. The evangelism of the chronically depressed area flourishes. There is always a church just around the corner, commercial enterprises give themselves titles like the Holy Redeemer Credit Union, and one is constantly confronted by angry notices urging repentance and the adoption of the Good Life. An eating house that advertises the excellence of its cowheel observes enigmatically at the end of its list of *plats du jour*, "The soul, like the body, lives on what it feeds." Incidentally, not one Englishman in fifty thousand has ever tasted cowheel, a gelatinous stew that, as far as I know, is indigenous to the neighborhood of Liverpool. Cowheel is only one of a number of strange gastronomic survivals. The others include "savoury duck," a rude but vigorous forefather of the hamburger, which was once served, with a mess of peas, to Birmingham industrial workers before they went on the early shift at five in the morning; "spotted Dick," a rolled suet pudding containing raisins; and "toad-in-the-hole," which is sausages baked in batter. (It is often listed here

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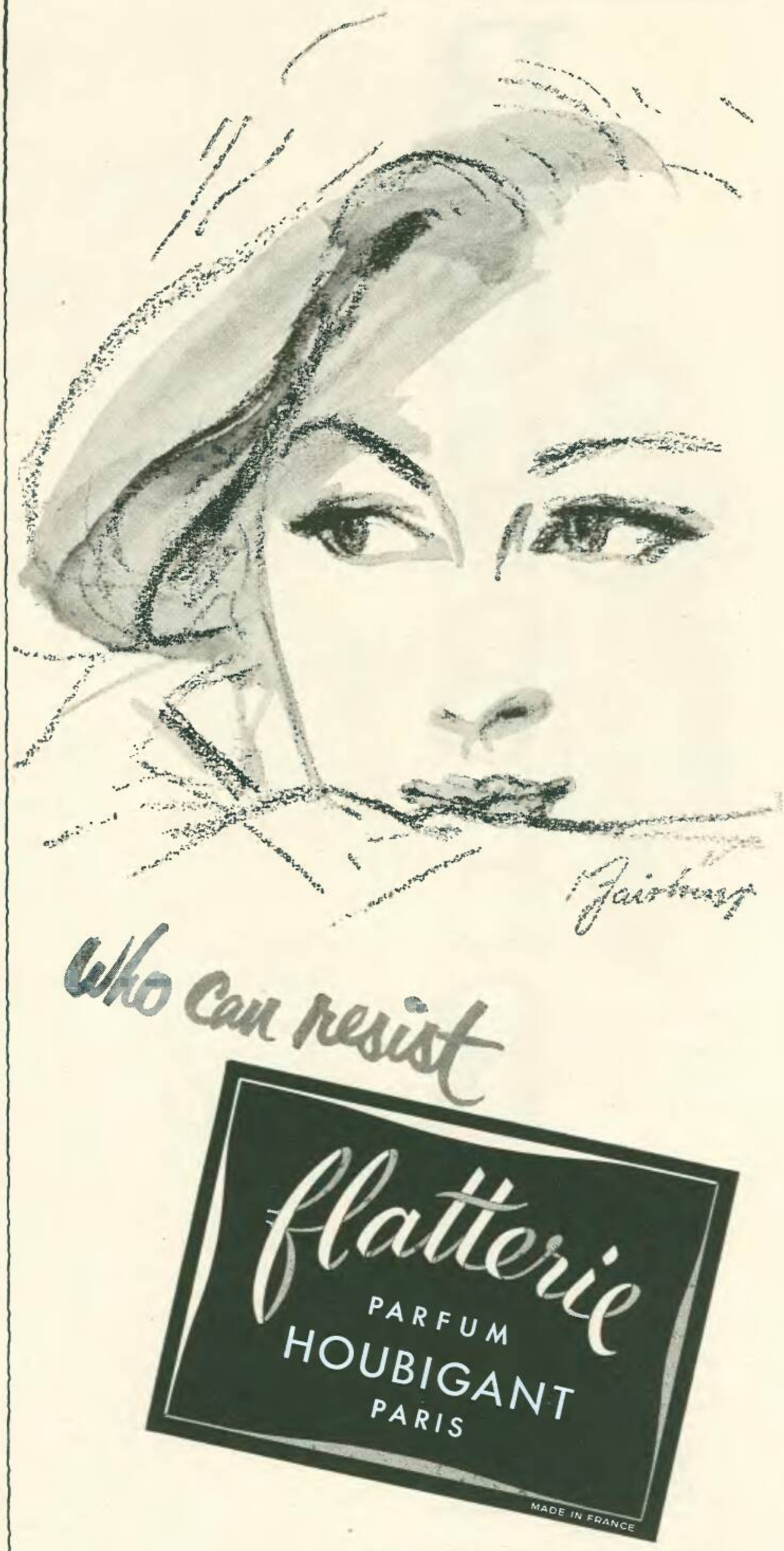
alarmingly as plain "toad.") The last two of these dishes were popular in eating houses all over England at one time, but they are now rapidly dying out.

One is constantly stumbling upon relics of provincial Britain preserved in the embalming fluid of the Honduran way of life, and often what has been taken over from the mother country is strikingly unsuitable in its new surroundings. For instance, the minor industries, such as boatbuilding, are carried on in enormous wooden sheds, the roofs of which are supported by the most complicated system of interlacing beams and girders I have ever seen. One thinks immediately of hurricanes, but on second thought it becomes obvious that all this reinforcement would be valueless against the lateral thrust of a high wind. It turns out that these sheds were copied from buildings put up by Scottish immigrants; their prototypes were designed to withstand the snow loads imposed by the severest northern storms. The Scotsmen themselves lie buried in the city's two cemeteries, both of which are situated in the middle of wide roads, just where, in Latin America, the living would take their nightly promenades through formal gardens. The tombstones serve conveniently for drying the wash of the houses on both sides of the road. Many of the dead, the inscriptions tell us, were sea captains. They came here and died of fever, or were sometimes murdered, in which case the inscription supplies the exact time of the tragedy, but no more than this, and an affirmation of the victim's hope of immortality. It is not a bad resting place for those who were confident of the body's resurrection—by the white houses, and the telegraph poles decorated with lemon stripes, with the constant bustle and chatter of bright-eyed crows in the trees above and the eternal British Sunday-afternoon strumming of a piano in a chapel just down the road.

Death took these captains by surprise. It was never old age or a wasting sickness but always the fever or the dagger that struck them down. No Britisher ever wanted his bones laid anywhere



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but in the graveyard of his own parish church in the home country. In this lies the key to all the profound differences between the Spanish and the British colonies. The Spaniard took Spain with him. The Briton was always an exile, living a provisional, makeshift existence, and even creating for himself a symbol of impermanence in his rickety wooden house.

ONE of the first things that strike the newcomer to Belize who has seen something of life in the West Indies is the mysterious absence of anything that might come under the heading of having a good time. There are no calypsos, no steel bands, no jungle drums, no half-frantic voodoo devotees gyrating round some picturesque mountebank. The Hondurans sacrifice no cocks to the old African gods, and feuds are settled by interminable lawsuits or swift machete blows, rather than by recourse to the black magic of the obeah man. In some ways this is a pity, because by virtue of the fact that timber extraction, the main occupation here, ceases with the wet season, which lasts from September through November, people are left with all that time to fill in, and outside of going to church, playing dominoes, drinking rum, and suffering the afflictions of love, they haven't the faintest idea what to do with themselves. This highly un-African existence, with its complete ineptitude for self-entertainment, is probably the result of certain historical factors. The Colony was founded in 1638 by some British sailors who were shipwrecked here, and one of its earliest leaders was a buccaneer named Wallace, or Wallis (Belize is thought by some to be a corruption of his name), who turned from piracy to the more dependable profits of logwood extraction with slave labor. The colonists were very few in number. They were subjected to frequent attacks by the warlike Indians of southern Yucatán, and to the constant threat of action by the Spanish, who never recognized the legality of their settlement. In fact, on one occasion, late in the eighteenth century, the Spanish actually succeeded in destroying the settlement, and all the Englishmen they could catch were carried off, most of them to die in Mexican prisons. The interlopers who followed them could hope to defend themselves, and to keep their foothold, only by arming their slaves, who would certainly have taken the first opportunity of pistolling their masters in the back if their servitude had been unduly oppressive. In Jamaica in those days, the English

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settlers produced a formidable breed of mastiff, which they trained not only to track down but to devour black runaways, and these dogs were in great demand in the neighboring French and Dutch colonies. One supposes that the atrocious treatment meted out by masters who felt themselves secure from outside attack had the effect of drawing the slaves together in their compounds, conserving all that was African in their lives, and uniting them in their hate for all that was white. Meanwhile, the Negroes of Belize, with their musketry drill, their small holdings, and their Sunday holidays, would have been encouraged to turn their backs on their African past and struggle ever onward and upward toward the resplendent human ideal of the suburban Englishman.

The test of this democracy *malgré soi* came on September 10, 1798, when a Spanish flotilla, commanded by Field Marshal Arturo O'Neil, the Captain-General of Yucatán, attacked Belize. The Field Marshal was carrying orders to liquidate the settlement once and for all, and the Baymen, as the English settlers called themselves, being forewarned, mustered their meagre forces on St. George's Cay, an outlying island, for the defense. Reading of the remarkable disparity in the opposing forces, one realizes that here was one of those occasions that are the very lifeblood of romantic history. The Captain-General's fleet consisted of thirty-one vessels, carrying two thousand troops and five hundred seamen. The defenders counted one naval sloop, five small trading or fishing vessels hastily converted for warlike purposes, plus seven rafts, each mounting one gun and manned by slaves—a total defensive force of three hundred and fifty men. The resulting passage of arms has provoked a fair measure of armchair bloodthirst, flag-waving, and orotund speechifying on the annual public holiday that now commemorates it. In 1923, a Mr. Roderick A. Pitts wrote a poem called "The Baymen," an ode in thirty-one verses, the last two of which, set to music, have become a sort of local national anthem. A sample stanza plunges us into a horrific scene of carnage:

> Ah, Baymen, Spaniards, on that day
> Engaging in that fierce melee,—
> Ah, never such a sight before,
> They are all dyed in human gore—
> Exhausted, wounded, some are dead,
> They're sunken to their gory bed.

The cold facts of the case, supplied by contemporary records, paint a less mur-

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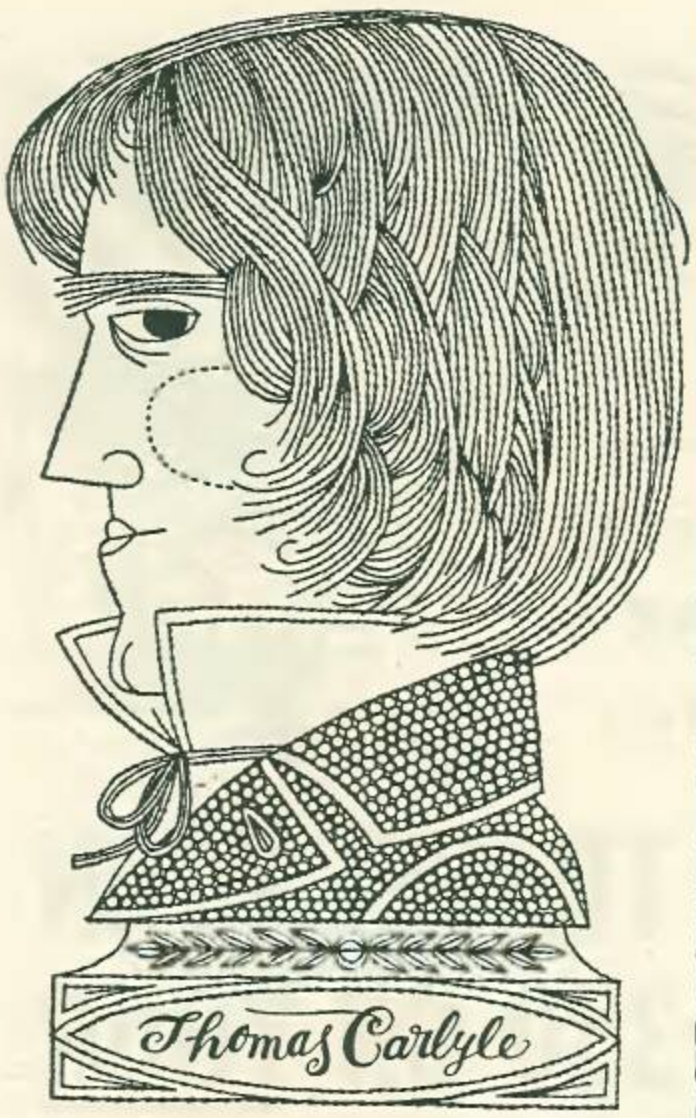

Music and beauty—how well they go together. Little wonder that Thomas Carlyle was moved to write, "Music is well said to be the speech of angels." The ability to evoke a sense of beauty—perhaps that explains why WQXR makes such heavenly music for advertisers. Helena Rubinstein, for instance, whose job it is to steady nature's hand, finds WQXR a most powerful beauty aid. America's Number One Good Music Station spurs the sale of her cosmetics among 650,000 families in metropolitan New York. WQXR's good music adds a note of charm to the announcements of advertisers. Happy result: comely sales figures and handsome profits. Ask to see the score.

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derous picture of the encounter. There were no casualties whatever on the British side, and the Spanish forces, which had not succeeded in making a landing, withdrew after two and a half hours of engagement, being assisted in eluding their British pursuers by the fall of night. A few bodies were interred later by the Spanish on one of the cays, but these are as likely to have been victims of fever as victims of grapeshot. One thinks of the dolorous quavering of generations of school children through such passages as

> All died that this land which by blood they acquired
> Might give us that freedom their brave hearts inspired

and reflects that, as usual, history turns out to be a fable agreed upon.

MODERN times have brought with them a slackening in the old idyllic master-and-faithful-servingman relationship, and in 1950 a People's United Party emerged, aiming at total independence for British Honduras. As a kind of psychological preparation for this end, the P.U.P. urged, among other cultural and economic reforms, the substitution of baseball for cricket and the abolition of tea drinking. At a time when colonial systems were falling to pieces the world over, such an upsurge was inevitable, and it was especially favored in Belize by a severe economic crisis coupled with a much resented devaluation of the local dollar. The P.U.P., led by a Creole former schoolteacher and journalist, Mr. Leigh Richardson, carried all before it in the political field. In response to its agitations, the constitution was speedily reformed by the Home Government, and in the election of April, 1954, universal suffrage took the place of a franchise based on property holdings. The P.U.P. gained eight out of the nine elected seats in the Legislative Assembly, and thus obtained a majority in the Governor's Executive Council, by means of which it virtually controls the Colony's internal policy. Perhaps the leaders of what is at least nominally a revolutionary movement have mellowed in their attitude toward imperialism since tasting the heady wine of power. At any rate, the British authorities smile quietly and say they are well satisfied. The new members of the government are liked and respected by their English colleagues, and are looked upon as able and idealistic. Like the majority of Creole intellectuals, they are Catholics—a fact that absolves them from any suspicion

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of having dickered with the recent Left Wing government of Guatemala when, a few years ago, in the guise of legatee of Spain, it renewed its claim to British Honduras. Indeed, if anyone suggests that the P.U.P. might have operated as a Fifth Column for the Guatemalan Irredentists, a citizen of Belize is likely to reply by quoting the local proverb "Wen cak-roche [cockroach] mek dance, 'e no invite fowl."

The Party's official organ, a daily paper called the *Belize Billboard*, combines the raciness of a scurrilous broadside with the charm of a last-century shipping gazette. It is particularly strong on crime reporting, still pokes out its tongue at the British occasionally, and continues to commemorate the anniversaries of such setbacks to the Commonwealth as the sinking of the Ark Royal. The *Billboard* is regarded with sincere affection by the white members of the Colony, many of whom keep scrapbooks bulging with choice examples of its Alice in Wonderland prose. The trade winds blow right through its advertising columns, with their bald details of goods "newly arrived," apparently listed in the order of their unloading on the quayside: clay pipes, lamp chimneys, proprietary preparations for the bay sore and the ground itch, beating spoons, cinnamon sticks, bridal satin, colonial blue-mottled soap, and Christmas cards. Dropped like a dash of curry into this assortment is the announcement of a Hindu gentleman with an accommodation address in Bombay, who promises that his white pills will add six inches to your height, "if not over eighty."

IN whatever direction the political destiny of British Honduras may lie, its economic future is dubious. In the past, the Colony has depended upon its forests of mahogany and pine, but the land that is privately owned—almost half the total area—has been so ruinously overexploited that this source of income has been depleted and the future seriously mortgaged. The logical remedy would appear to be to switch the Colony's economy over to an agricultural basis, but it seems that the rhythm of seasonal, semi-nomadic work in the forests, sustained for centuries, has created what a government handbook politely describes as "an ingrained restlessness." In other words, the Hondurans tend to become bored with a job that looks like being too steady.

The tourist industry is probably the

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THE Miser

It was buried in a big hole near the garden wall—everything he ever owned reduced to a single lump of solid gold. The miser took every opportunity to sneak down and gloat over his treasure. But alas! There finally came a day when his gold was gone. The town thief had stolen it.

As the miser sat bemoaning his loss, a passing neighbor tried to console him: "Look friend, you were never going to spend it anyway; so cheer up.

"Just bury a big rock, pretend that it's gold, and you can have just as much fun drooling over a piece of granite instead."

What Aesop was really saying when he told that story, of course, was that the true value of money is in its use—not its possession.

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eventual solution to this problem, with a glamorized and air-conditioned Belize emerging as another Caribbean playground for the people of the industrial North—and anyone who has seen what has happened to the north coast of Jamaica in the last year or two will know what to expect. All the ingredients of a colonial Cinderella story are present. Being just beyond the reach of the Cuban and Mexican fishing fleets, the Bay of Honduras is perhaps richer in fish—including all the spectacular inedible ones pursued by sportsmen—than any other accessible area in the Northern Hemisphere. For that matter, the average aficionado can lose all the tackle he can afford in a week's tussle with the enormous tarpon to be found in the river running through Belize itself. The forests teem with strange and beautiful animals—ocelots and pumas, peccary and pygmy deer—which await extermination by the smoothly organized hunting parties of the future. The Fort George, with its deep freeze and its swimming pool, marks the closing of an era. I was given to understand that just this year an American tourist organization calling itself the Conquistador's Caravan was thinking of including Belize in one of its "Pioneer Conquistadors" itineraries, and was dissuaded only by the news that there was no night club, no air-conditioning anywhere, no Mayan ruins within comfortable reach, and absolutely no beach, and that jaguar tracks are seen most mornings on the golf course.

Meanwhile, for the collector of geographical curiosities, there is still time to taste the pleasures of a Caribbean sojourn in the manner of the last century. As a matter of fact, I can think of no better place for someone seized by weariness of the world to retire to, Gauguin-fashion, than Belize. The recluse could even protect himself from the chagrins of the tourist era to come by renting one of the hundreds of sandy cays sprinkled among the offshore coral reefs. Such an island can be had, complete with bungalow and bedrock conveniences, for a few dollars a week, and there its inhabitant would be in a position to knock down his own coconuts, ride on turtles, collect the eggs of boobies in season, put on a pair of diving goggles and pick all the lobsters he could eat out of the shallow lagoon water, and perhaps even note in his journal the visit of a transient alligator. Each time he crossed to the mainland to collect supplies or see an appalling Mexican film, his eye would

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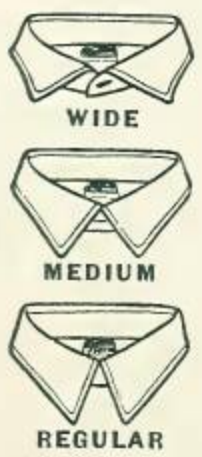

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be delighted by the prospect of Belize from the sea. It resembles an aquatint in a book about Jamaica that I have in my library. The book was published in 1830, and the aquatint shows white houses with pink roofs lying low among the thick, mossy trees; listless figures gathered at the base of an elegant, tapering lighthouse; fishing boats asprawl in the rough water at the harbor's mouth; a few frigate birds hanging meditatively in the lemon sky that often precedes a fine sunset.

The reverse side of the medal is hardly worth mentioning. The sewers *are* uncovered, but there is not much infectious disease, and, apart from the months of August and September, when it is damp as well as hot, the climate is never really trying. Even the insect pests of Belize are relatively kind; locust plagues are infrequent, not many of the few mosquitoes here carry malaria, and the doctor fly, which appears in the fruit season, injects an anesthetic into its bite. The forest harbors a remarkable variety of poisonous snakes, but this is hardly a serious deterrent, and few people except jungle workers have ever been privileged to encounter that redoubtable serpent the jumping viper, which is capable of pressing home an attack with aggressive leaps that carry him two feet into the air.

Perhaps the hazard of the occasional hurricane should be touched upon. The last bad one, choosing, of all dates, the anniversary of the naval victory of 1798, blew up on September 10, 1931, and a wall of water twenty feet high rolled over the town, swept the houses off the cays, and killed a thousand people, a large percentage of whom were celebrating that famous occasion. But, taken over the years, hurricanes are a very minor risk, and besides, the tourists from points farther north may be getting used to them.

—Norman Lewis

•

Strayed Away from my home, July 28. If found phone Ervin Nofzinger Needy 12F54. Phone after 5:30, please.—*Adv. in the Oregon City Enterprise-Courier.*

Look, you just stray right back to your home, and stop your nonsense!

•

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[*Adv. in the Shreveport (La.) Times*]

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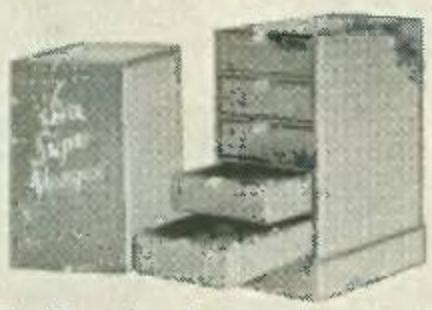

FRANCES DENNEY

THE PENSION

MY maternal grandmother's tombstone was inscribed with her name and birth date and the century of her death nine years before she died. When the stonecutter put my grandfather's name, after his death, on the double stone that was to commemorate both of them, she gave her orders. She said that later all the family would have to do was put on two little numbers, which couldn't cost much. After that, whenever she visited the cemetery, my grandmother would admire her grave. "Isn't it a nice spot, right in the sun like that, with all trees around?" she would say. "I picked these lots myself." Her sight was practically gone, and I remember her running her fingertips over the letters on the tombstone and saying, "I bet I could have learned that blind language you used to talk about. Not that I'm blind, mind you." She meant Braille, which she had refused to learn because it was for the blind.

Sometimes she would have me read the legends on the neighboring tombstones, and she would pretend to consider putting a line or two on her own. Something plain—"She Loved Her Life"—something like that, she said. But she did not really consider any inscription at all. "Beloved Mother," and "Forever Remembered," and all that was just showing off, she said.

To some of the family, having her name on the stone seemed callous. Sadie, her sister, said it was terrible, terrible. What would people think? She said my grandmother just wanted to look brave. But my grandmother was not trying to look brave. She did not long for death, after her first grief at losing my grandfather, but she did not fear death, either. What she wanted was to save the family money and fuss. She was always trying to do that. She made herself small. Yet she did not belittle herself; she was independent and self-reliant, in her blindness and near-deafness. She tried to cause no extra work, no worry, no pain, and as far as I know she succeeded, except for the time she lost her pension.

The pension meant a great deal to my grandmother. She lived with her daughter's family and got her spending money from her son, and for some years she did not know she was entitled to money from the state. Then one evening, a woman who had dropped in remarked that, here in California, pensions were available to old people whether or not they had children to take care of them. "You can get a pension, irregardless," she said, teaching my grandmother a new word. "That's the law. Irregardless whether you have ten rich children."

My grandmother approached me later, in private. "Would you just find out for me about the old-age pension, darling?" she said. "If I'm *entitled*—Oh, well, I suppose not. What does she know? Still, if the law is like she says, irregardless children or not? Could you just find out? I can sign my name if they put my finger on the place. Would you do it?"

I WROTE to the authorities, and a few weeks later, after a couple of visits from a social worker, my grandmother received her first pension check. It was for seventy-five dollars, and everything about it was beautiful to her—its stiffness, its little perforations, the fact that it came in a window envelope. She asked what color it was, and even the color was her favorite—blue. After she had kept it a few hours, she asked me to cash it for her. I was to bring her six tens, two fives, four ones, and a dollar's worth of change.

During the months my grandmother received pension checks, this breakdown never varied. She wanted silver to give to visiting children, and one-dollar bills for gifts to our cleaning woman for putting extra starch in her aprons. She paid my mother board and room, she bought chocolates to be kept ready for company, and, in addition to all this, she saved. She saved for her funeral. My grandfather's funeral had cost a thousand dollars, and she wanted to save that much. She gave me at least forty-five dollars each month to deposit for her in a savings account, which, for convenience, was in my name. Once in a while, she managed to make it fifty. Each month, I returned the passbook to her, and she would ask, "Now how much is it, exactly?"

I would tell her the amount, and she would laugh. "Isn't it growing fast?" she would say. "It seems like no time. and I've got so much already."

My grandmother's birthday was in May. She was born, she knew, on the

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holiday of Lag b'Omer, but this occurs on a different date each year and she was uncertain when it had fallen the year of her birth, so we always had a birthday cake for her on Mother's Day. All her relatives came to see her then, and brought gifts. She collected stockings and slips and flowers and aprons, and, from her son, always a bottle of cologne and a check.

A year and a half after my grandmother's pension began, the birthday check brought her bank balance to nine hundred and seventy dollars. "One more month," she said, hugging herself, when I returned the book to her. "One more month and I'm free and clear."

"How do you figure?" asked my father.

"I can die," my grandmother said. She laughed. "Free and clear. How do they call it in English—without debts?"

"Solvent," my father said.

"Right!" said my grandmother.

But the check for her birthday and the pension check for that May were the last she ever cashed. A few days later, a letter came to her saying that a social worker would call on her and make an investigation.

The social worker, when she came, explained to my grandmother and me that the laws governing the distribution of pensions had been changed by the last election, but that my grandmother was still eligible. "There are new forms," she said. "I have to ask you the same questions you answered before."

She asked several questions. "You are a widow?" was one, and "You have no income other than the old-age benefits?" All my grandmother's answers were satisfactory until the woman asked, "Do you have a bank account?"

"I do," my grandmother said.

The woman frowned. "When you were investigated the last time, you stated that you had no bank account."

"I had none then," said my grandmother. "I didn't have a penny in the bank. I saved from what you people gave me."

"I see," the woman said. "How much do you have in the account?"

My grandmother knew. There was nine hundred and seventy dollars and no cents, but she was proud of her bank account and she wanted to show the passbook. "I can't just remember," she said. "I'll bring the book and you'll see."

"I'll go," I said. "Where do you keep it?"

"You could never find it," said my

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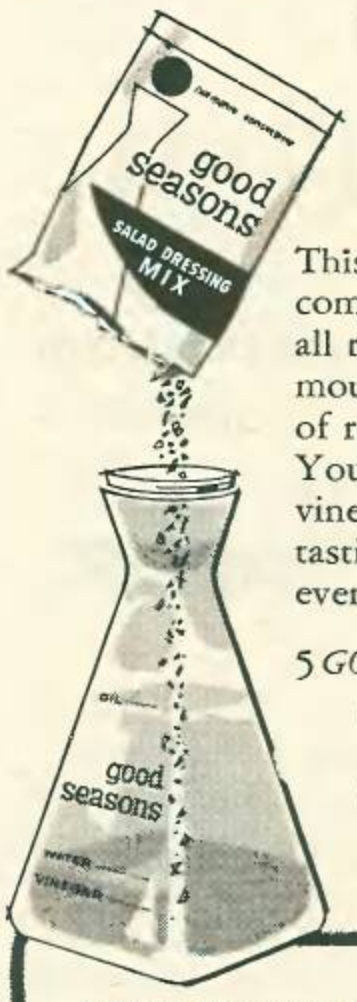

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is supposed to make you comfortable. You're not expected to deprive yourself to save money for your funeral."

"I don't deprive myself," my grandmother said. "I have everything I need." She shook her head. "If I get it, I'll save, that's the truth. You'll have to cut me off."

MY grandmother was cut off the pension roll. Everyone in the family was angry. They all said it was a shame, and that other old people went to poker clubs and bought television sets with the taxpayers' money. Nobody knew, and I did not tell them, that my grandmother had insisted on being cut off at once. "So now you'll lay on your poor Laura's head," Sadie said to my grandmother. "I wouldn't live with my children if I had to go on relief."

My grandmother could not defend herself. Sadie talked to her for a long time, and when she left, my grandmother came to me. Her nose looked pinched. "I know you won't tell me any lies," she said. "Am I a burden on your ma's head?"

I told her over and over that she wasn't a burden. She went and asked my father and mother. They both assured her that she had made no trouble for anybody. She was not satisfied. She went about looking pinched for a couple of days, and then she told us at dinner that she was going to move to the Old Folks' Home.

"Don't talk like a sausage," my father said. "You'll stay here and like it. You stayed here before you got the pension. You stay without the pension."

My grandmother liked him. She smiled in his direction. "You *always* were a good boy," she said. "But I'm not going to lay on your head. The Old Home is not a bad place. It's for people, isn't it? I can get along there, and you can come to see me."

"You'll sit where you are," my mother said. "Stop that laying-on-people's-head monkey business. Where did you pick that up? From Sadie, I'll bet you."

"Let's leave Sadie out of it," said my grandmother. "You can criticize me but don't criticize my relations."

The idea that she was a burden seemed to obsess my grandmother. She tried to get into a home, but she couldn't, since she had relatives to support her. When she was convinced that she could not get in, she made arrangements to live with her brother Julius.

Julius had an extra room. He and his wife went to business, and my grandmother said she would look after things.

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MY grandmother was cut off the pension roll. Everyone in the family was angry. They all said it was a shame, and that other old people went to poker clubs and bought television sets with the taxpayers' money. Nobody knew, and I did not tell them, that my grandmother had insisted on being cut off at once. "So now you'll lay on your poor Laura's head," Sadie said to my grandmother. "I wouldn't live with my children if I had to go on relief."

My grandmother could not defend herself. Sadie talked to her for a long time, and when she left, my grandmother came to me. Her nose looked pinched. "I know you won't tell me any lies," she said. "Am I a burden on your ma's head?"

I told her over and over that she wasn't a burden. She went and asked my father and mother. They both assured her that she had made no trouble for anybody. She was not satisfied. She went about looking pinched for a couple of days, and then she told us at dinner that she was going to move to the Old Folks' Home.

"Don't talk like a sausage," my father said. "You'll stay here and like it. You stayed here before you got the pension. You stay without the pension."

My grandmother liked him. She smiled in his direction. "You *always* were a good boy," she said. "But I'm not going to lay on your head. The Old Home is not a bad place. It's for people, isn't it? I can get along there, and you can come to see me."

"You'll sit where you are," my mother said. "Stop that laying-on-people's-head monkey business. Where did you pick that up? From Sadie, I'll bet you."

"Let's leave Sadie out of it," said my grandmother. "You can criticize me but don't criticize my relations."

The idea that she was a burden seemed to obsess my grandmother. She tried to get into a home, but she couldn't, since she had relatives to support her. When she was convinced that she could not get in, she made arrangements to live with her brother Julius.

Julius had an extra room. He and his wife went to business, and my grandmother said she would look after things.

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She believed that a house should not be left empty. Anything could happen—vandals, or anything. She would stay with Julius and look after the house, she said.

My mother could not believe that my grandmother would really go. When she realized that my grandmother was packing, she was enraged. "How can she just pick herself up and leave, after all these years?" she said. "Is she out of her mind? What will she do there alone in a big house all day?"

My father said he could dissuade her in five minutes. He went to her room and called her the name she loved him to call her. In translation, it means only "mother-in-law," but it was a term of affection as he used it. "*Shvieger*," he said, "listen here. You're in this house how many years now?"

"A long time," she said, and continued to pack. "Don't think I forget it. Never a harsh word, not from you, not from anybody. But I'll be fine by Julius. Julius owes me something, too. My Louie gave him the money to start in business."

My father failed. He ended by shouting at her. "You must be out of your head! A woman in your years, you'll stay alone in a house all day? Your eyes are so good? Who will cook for you? Who will show you where you dropped your comb?"

My grandmother smiled. "Ah, don't aggravate yourself," she said. "I'll be all right."

"You'll be all right!" he muttered. "You'll starve to death, you'll be so all right."

"Leave her alone," said my mother, when he went downstairs and told her my grandmother's mind was made up. "Julius must be out of his head, too, to let her go there." My mother blew her nose. Her eyelids were swollen with weeping. "Let her go," she said. "That's what she wants, let her go. She can come back any time. I tell her that."

My grandmother came downstairs, carrying her suitcase. "You hear, Ma?" my mother said. "You can come back any time. Dial the last hole on the tele-

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phone and tell the operator the number. You hear?"

"I hear," said my grandmother.

I WENT to visit my grandmother a few days later, pressed the front-door bell, and heard chimes ring inside. They were not loud enough for my grandmother to hear, though, and she did not come to the door. I walked around to the rear of the house, to the sunroom, and saw her through a glass door. She had a scarf tied over her hair, and she was on her knees, hunting for something on the floor. I knocked quickly, to avoid spying on her, though everybody in the family had necessarily done so at some time. We had all caught her reading newspapers upside down, replying to radio announcers she thought were speaking to her, stroking a door to find its knob.

I knocked loudly, and she heard. She straightened up and called my name. "That you?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "Open the door."

She hurried to the door, but she was not familiar with the lock and she couldn't open it. We stood turning the knob helplessly, and then she said, "Wait! I know how to open the front door. Go to the front door."

I walked around to the front door, and she opened it. She looked smaller than when she had left our house; she seemed to have lost weight and to have shrunk in height. She led me to the sunroom, which she had taken over as her own. Already it had her scent of soap and lilac cologne. She had her things arranged as they had been in our house, but the room was small and crowded.

We sat and talked. I told her that we missed her and wanted her back. She shrugged. "I've got it very good here," she said. "Plenty of hot water. I have a bath every day while they're not home."

She did not want to talk any more about coming back.

I went to see her again after she had been away a week longer. She looked old and sick to me. Her teeth looked like ivory carvings. I reflected that she was eighty-four and could die there, all alone.

When we were seated, I began to speak again of her coming back to us. She told me again how comfortable she was—and useful, too, keeping the house occupied all day.

"Well," I said, "you certainly make it hard for me. I have to come all the way over here to see you."

"If it's too hard, don't come," she said.

"We don't even get decent meals," I

said, at random. "Mother says you told her every day what to cook for dinner."

She nodded. "I did. Every day."

"Well?"

"You want me back so I can tell your Ma what to cook?"

"Why not?" I said.

"O.K.," she said, and stood up. "I'll go."

She was already packed. The suitcase was under her bed. She had even told Julius she was going to leave. When we got home, and she was rocking in her old room again, she told us how miserably lonely she had been.

"I made a fool out of myself," she said. "I think, the first time in my life. I sure made a fool out of myself. By Julius, I had plenty of time to think. Now I see what I did."

"What did you do?" asked my mother. She sat close to my grandmother, and their hands were clasped.

"I tried so hard to make myself small that I made myself big," said my grandmother. "You understand? Maybe I wanted that? Who knows? I'm getting old. Maybe that's what I wanted, to be big? Laura," she said, squeezing my mother's hand, "I didn't have a decent cup of coffee since I left here. How about it?"—SYLVA GROSSMAN

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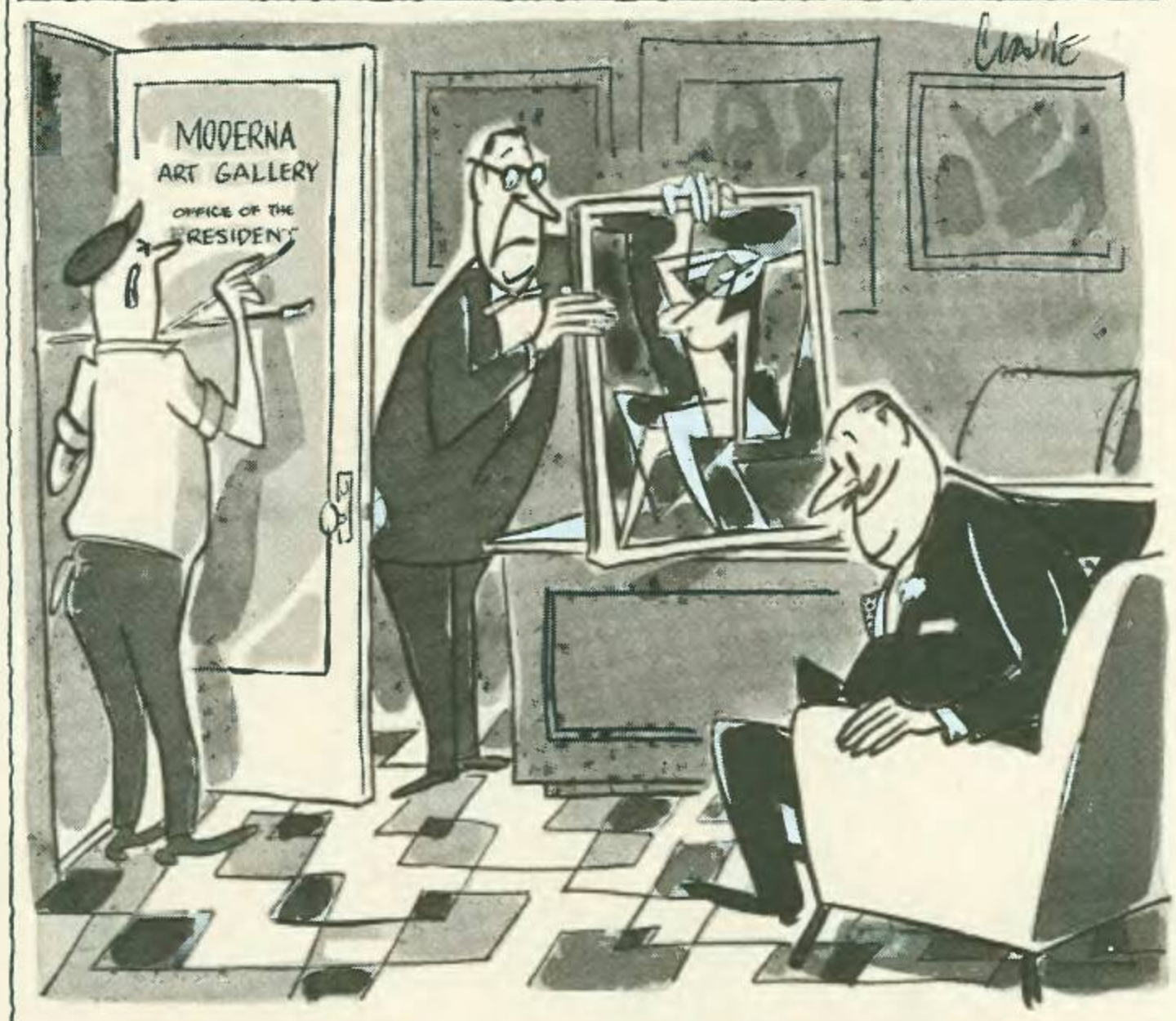

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A la Russe

THE Russian pianist Emil Gilels created considerable excitement in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening of last week, when the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy, brought him to town as the soloist of its first local concert this season. Much of this excitement was unquestionably owing to Mr. Gilels' reputation as the leading pianist of the Soviet Union and to the obvious fact that many members of his audience were anxious to welcome the breach in the cultural Iron Curtain that had permitted a Soviet artist to visit us for the first time in more than three decades. I found myself sharing in the excitement, for I, too, felt a degree of satisfaction in the breaking down of long-standing cultural barriers, and I was much interested in finding out something about the quality and character of musical performance as it now exists in Russia. Mr. Gilels, a short, stocky, boyish-looking man with a thick mop of reddish hair, sat down at the piano and hurled himself into Tchaikovsky's B-Flat-Minor Piano Concerto with businesslike solemnity. From the very first notes, it was evident that he is a pianist of extraordinary muscularity, with the temperament of a robust and dashing virtuoso and with technical resources that, from the purely mechanical point of view, seem inexhaustible. His tone is large and powerful when power is called for, his octave passages are remarkably smooth, and his rapid fingerwork is steely and brilliant. If vigor were the sole measure of artistry, Mr. Gilels would, I think, rank very high among contemporary pianists.

Having noted these virtues, however, I was conscious of certain defects that leave Mr. Gilels somewhat short of what I expect a really great performer to be. His thundering fortissimos, though impressively loud, occasionally involved mere pounding; his indiscriminate use of the pedal often obscured the clarity of the dazzling cascades of sound that he drew from his instrument; and his breakneck approach, though exhilarating, tended to distort some of the concerto's just

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proportions. Moreover, when Mr. Gilels reached the lyric melodies of the slow movement, his playing seemed to me simply rhetorical, rather than tender and poetic. Mr. Gilels is, to my mind, a virtuoso of sensational physical gifts, and there was something quite pleasant about the hearty exuberance and the absence of preciousness with which he tackled his task. I do not, however, find him a particularly polished artist or a musical interpreter of any notable subtlety. These impressions were confirmed when he played a Bach-Siloti Chorale Prelude as an encore. Here, deprived of the opportunities for heroic display that the Tchaikovsky work had provided, and facing music of a restrained, classical sort, he seemed, for the moment, a fairly ordinary pianist. Mr. Ormandy and the orchestra gave him superb accompaniment in the concerto, and preceded his appearance with excellent performances of Beethoven's "Fidelio" Overture and Brahms' First Symphony.

THE NEW YORK CITY OPERA opened its fall season at the City Center on Wednesday evening with its generally lively and ingratiating production of Otto Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Except for a new Falstaff, in the person of Richard Wentworth, the cast was pretty much the same as the one that appeared in this opera's highly successful revival last March. The work is a bit unsophisticated in comparison with the close-knit and dramatic opera that Giuseppe Verdi wrote on the same subject, but it bristles with beautiful tunes and, on the whole, provided the basis for an agreeable evening's entertainment. Mr. Wentworth's Falstaff is, as yet, a somewhat crude and obvious piece of acting, but, apart from a few low notes that lacked the requisite power, he sang the role quite well. The remaining singers—including William Shriner, as Ford; Jon Crain, as Fenton; Phyllis Curtin, as Mistress Ford; and Peggy Bonini, as Anne Page—went through their paces with considerable spirit, and Michael Pollock, in the minor role of Slender, succeeded in creating a character of real comic interest. Joseph Rosenstock conducted the whole thing crisply, and I left the auditorium whistling Nicolai's melodies, which, though they rarely rise above the simplicity and naïveté of comic-opera tunes in general, have a consistent grace that causes them to stick affectionately in the memory.

Thursday evening's "Madame Butterfly" at the City Center was also a

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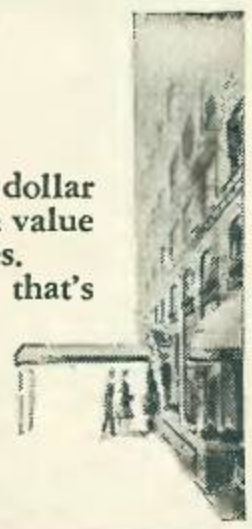

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rather pleasing event, if one takes into consideration the inevitable limitations of popular-priced opera. I have always found the unbridled sentimentality of this particular Puccini work a trifle overpowering, but it does provide the opportunity for some full-throated singing and, in the emotions of its central character, for a good deal of believable drama. Dolores Mari, as Madame Butterfly, grasped these opportunities acceptably, and Barry Morell, as Lieutenant Pinkerton, seconded her efforts a little stiffly but with some nice ringing tones. The stage business was not always as convincing as it should have been. For one thing, Lloyd Harris, in the role of the Bonze, looked and acted more like a Roman senator than a Japanese priest. Nevertheless, the unfailingly skillful Puccini score worked its familiar moments of magic, and Emerson Buckley conducted it with taste and admirable control.

I cannot say as much for Friday evening's "La Bohème," which seemed to me to contain a great deal of bellowing and a lot of slipshod workmanship. Most of the bellowing came from Jon Crain, who really ought to make a more scrupulous study of the elegant aspects of Rodolfo's role, and much of the slipshod workmanship resulted from the uncertain hand of the conductor, Everett Lee, who was apparently happy to partially fulfill the modest aim of keeping the singers and the orchestra in the same place at the same time. Miss Bonini, who had sung her ingenuous part in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" very well, seemed miscast as the fiery Musetta, and Adele Addison's Mimi, though visually pleasing, seemed rather hesitant and vocally immature. I left after the second act, reflecting, as charitably as I could, that many of the flaws in the performance were probably the result of insufficient rehearsal. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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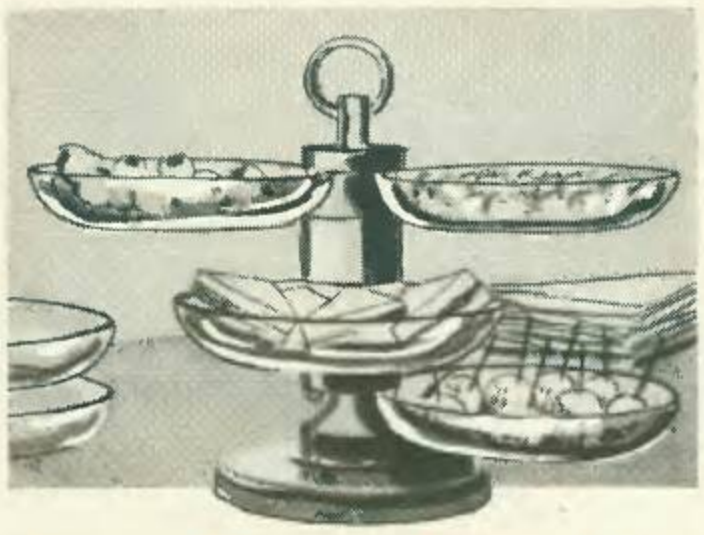

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vincing changes in the melodic line, and the sweet, meaningful inflections that, taken together, quickly established Miss Holiday in the mid-thirties as one of our most individual jazz artists and a supremely gifted one.

As it turned out, her singing has never been quite as appealing as it was when her career was just beginning in earnest. She did a lot of admirable work later, but her voice was steadily coarsening. Fortunately, during her best years she made numerous recordings with excellent jazz instrumentalists for Vocalion, a long-deceased subsidiary of Columbia. Since the advent of long-playing records, Columbia has shuffled these numbers into various collections, the most recent of which is a reissue, on one record, of twelve of her songs under the title "Lady Day," which is her nickname in the trade. In this set, you will find examples of Miss Holiday's art as it was in 1935, 1936, and 1937. As much attention is given to the band work as to the singer, and in the generally superb jazz units heard with her you will run across such distinguished men as Teddy Wilson, pianist; Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, and Buster Bailey, clarinettists; Lester Young, Ben Webster, and Johnny Hodges, saxophonists; Buck Clayton, Bunny Berigan, Roy Eldridge, and Jonah Jones, trumpeters; and Cozy Cole and Jo Jones, drummers. There are many more, and, in one combination or another, they all provide Miss Holiday with stimulating settings—particularly Wilson, whose immaculate and endlessly inventive playing is one of the chief joys of this record. In "Miss Brown to You," perhaps the most sparkling performance of the lot, we hear Miss Holiday as she sounded on July 2, 1935, when she had just turned twenty. Her voice is bright and lyrical, and her unparalleled style is already secure. On the same day, accompanied by a septet that included Goodman, Wilson, Eldridge, Cole, and Webster, she set down her interpretations of "I Wished on the Moon" and "What a Little Moonlight Can Do." A few months later, with a slightly different group, she recorded a commonplace ballad called "If You Were Mine," and it emerges here as a gem. For most of the opening chorus, Wil-

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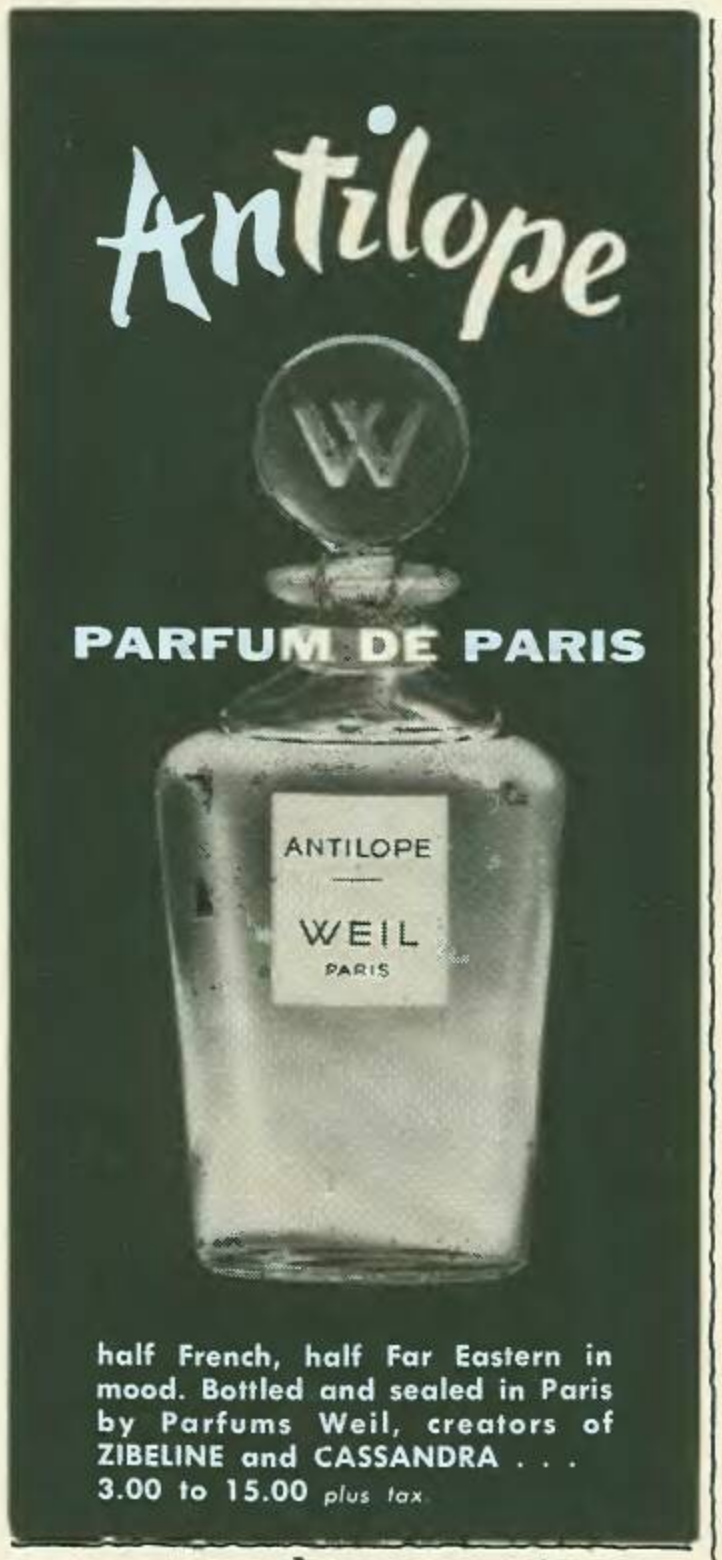

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son takes the solo part, delicately transforming the bare melody into something rather lovely, and then, in the last few bars, the tenor sax enters to lead the way gently to Miss Holiday's tender chorus. The following year is represented by "Summertime," "Billie's Blues," and "I Cried for You." (This version of "Summertime," in which Artie Shaw's entreaties on the clarinet and Cozy Cole's insistent bass-drum strokes have a prominent part, was especially interesting to me because it points up a resemblance between the Gershwin music and the "St. James Infirmary" blues—something I'd never noticed before.) The selections from 1937 are "I Must Have That Man," "Foolin' Myself," "Easy Living," "Me, Myself and I," and "A Sailboat in the Moonlight." The first item, which is the most viable of the five, is outstanding. Miss Holiday gives an exceedingly good performance in this last group, but the first slight indications of a change in the texture of her voice offer a saddening reminder of what was to happen to it in later years.

THE trombonist Vic Dickenson, who led a small jazz combination in some fine performances on two records that Vanguard issued a while back, improves on them in two new releases by the same firm. He leads a septet this time, and one of the more satisfactory things about these records is that the group includes the remarkably sensitive drummer Jo Jones. A feeling of greater ease and confidence is discernible in the work of a few of the previous participants—Edmond Hall, clarinettist, for instance, and Sir Charles Thompson, pianist. Ruby Braff, the trumpeter, joins the group for the longest number on each record. While these two performances are among the best of the lot, it seems to me that on this occasion Braff's playing, enjoyable as it is, is of less value to the enterprise than that of the other trumpet player, Shad Collins, who uses a mute in all the pieces. But the most helpful components of all, I should say, are Dickenson's cheerful and resourceful trombone, Hall's beautiful clarinet, Thompson's imaginative piano, and, of course, Jones' drums. Together with Collins on trumpet, Walter Page on bass, and Steve Jordan on guitar, they have created a wonderfully swinging unit. On one record, a delightfully sly treatment of "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" and a buoyant rendition of "Everybody Loves My Baby" are the

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high spots; the remaining pieces—"You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "Nice Work if You Can Get It"—are unexceptional. The other record is more consistently impressive. A glowing account of "Old-Fashioned Love" is all by itself on one side, and "Runnin' Wild" and an improvisation called "Suspension Blues" take up the other. Both recordings are exemplary from a technical standpoint.

NOW to report briefly on a few other items of interest that have come my way in recent weeks:

SOME LIKE IT HOT—Humphrey Lyttelton and his band. This British Dixieland outfit, which specializes in marching music, is notable for the driving, bell-like cornet work of the leader. The other members of the band are adequate, but Lyttelton is brilliant, and when one of his incisive solos comes along, the effect is bracing. Aside from the opening number, a Lyttelton arrangement of "Maryland, My Maryland," the compositions are unfamiliar, being the product of the leader and other foreign writers. (*Angel*)

NOEL COWARD AT LAS VEGAS—A recording that marks one step in the progress of a determined pilgrim who has now slipped into the role of night-club performer. Recorded at a performance in a Las Vegas deadfall, it offers Coward in a lengthy recital of his own songs, both sentimental and witty, topped off by a series of clever parodies of Cole Porter's compliant ditty, "Let's Do It." (*Columbia*)

AFTER HOURS WITH SARAH VAUGHAN—Twelve numbers, mostly ballads and all previously issued on single records, in which Miss Vaughan is accompanied by a lush instrumental group. Her healthy, beautifully modulated voice makes much of standards like "You're Mine, You," "Street of Dreams," and "You Taught Me to Love Again," but it produces some rather bizarre effects now and again in the second choruses, when she alters the basic melodies. (*Columbia*)

—D. W.

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Northeast Harbor notes in the Bangor (Maine) News*]

Mr. and Mrs. John Van Pelt and family have returned to their home in Wayne, Pa., from their place "De Lights" at Harborside.

Mr. and Mrs. Manton B. Metcalf and family left here this week for their home in Rumson, N.J., after residing for a few weeks here at "Brackenfel" at Harborside.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bayard McCabe have returned to their home in Swarthmore, Pa., from the Pyne cottage on the South Shore Drive.

Dr. and Mrs. E. Lawrence Keyes have returned to their home in St. Louis, Mo., after residing for several weeks at their place "The Old Homestead" on the Manchester Road.

Mrs. Malcolm E. Peabody has returned to her home in Syracuse, N.Y.

Malcolm W. Graves, Sr., has completed his duties at Stanley's Fish Market for the 1955 season.

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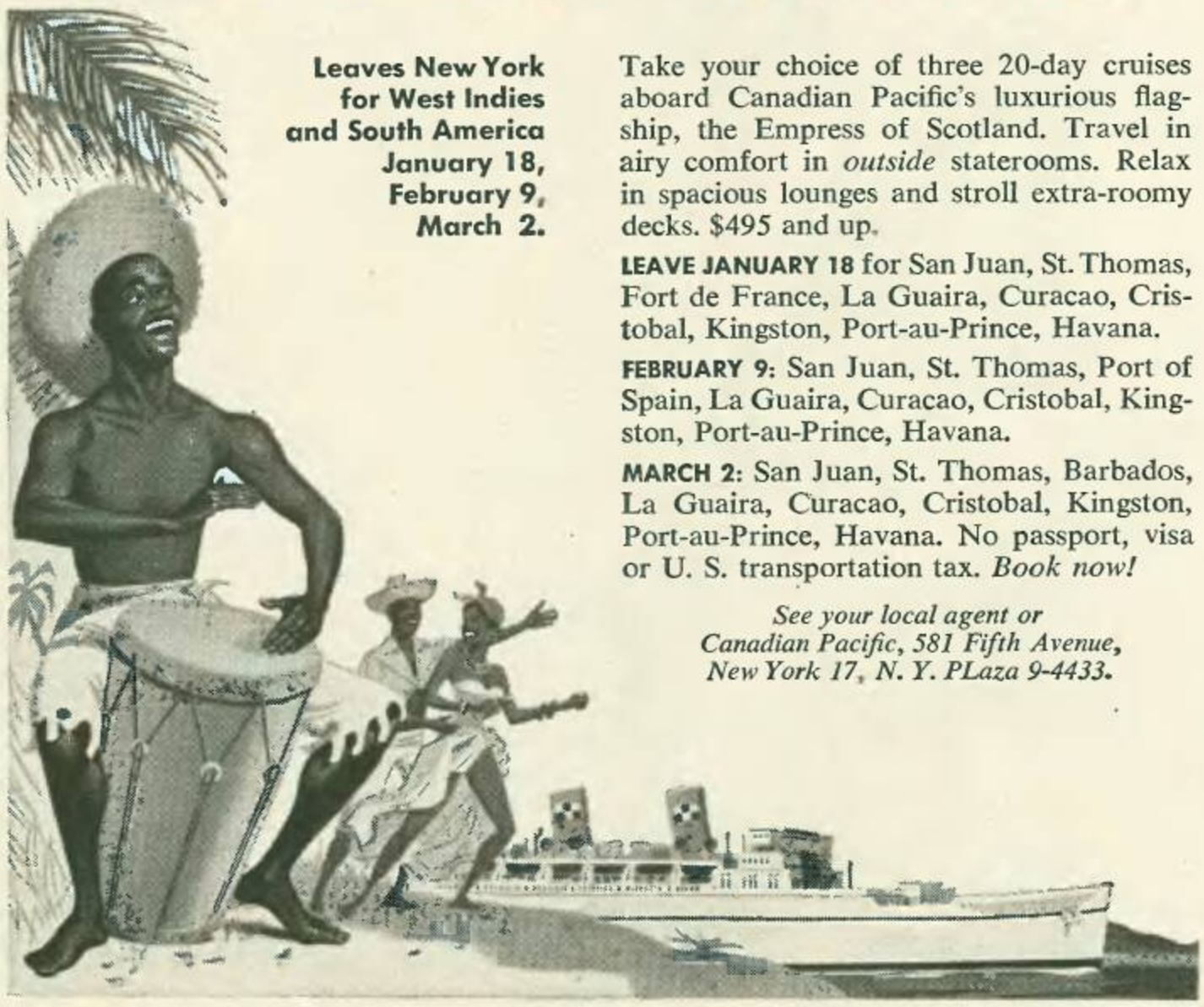

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THE SKY LINE

Museum or Kaleidoscope?

AT 22 West Fifty-fourth Street stands the new Whitney Museum, a four-story building on a plot that was once the western end of the Modern Museum's open-air garden, and for once a whole address has been written out above the entrance in clear white letters—a boon to all the out-of-town visitors who often do not know in exactly what part of the city they are. The Whitney abuts at right angles on the Modern Museum and its recent addition, to the southeast, facing on Fifty-third Street, and just across the way from the Modern Museum, on the south side of Fifty-third Street, is the new Donnell branch of the Public Library. Together, these three buildings could have formed a cultural center whose visual unity would have underlined its functional unity, if only someone had been foresighted enough, back in the thirties, to buy up the litter of dilapidated mansions that adjoin the sites, for with even this little extra space the buildings could have been set apart from their neighbors by a continuous girdle of gardens. Most of our dreams come belatedly, when the price of land is too high. In general, therefore, our public authorities and public-minded citizens, whenever they embark upon a civic project, surround it with open spaces that are frightfully and disproportionately expensive, or else provide none at all. But the sort of thing that Mr. Robert Moses did during the depression, seizing upon odd bits of land that had come to the city in default of taxes, or that were no longer needed by it, and turning them into tiny neighborhood parks or playgrounds, should be going on constantly, whenever opportunity offers. In time, these little patches could change the texture of the whole town. One of the lessons that even Cinerama tourists might take home from Venice is the importance of a sudden opening of color, sunlight, and greenery in a crowded city. We may have to wait half a century for a large-scale rebuilding of central Manhattan, but meanwhile every blighted building site that is translated into public open space would redeem, by just that many square feet, the foul mess that our Cyclopean (one-eyed) financiers and

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Fortunately, though, the Whitney Museum is closely tied to the Museum of Modern Art both structurally and visually, and while its only private garden space is the tiny terraces at the rear of the second and the fourth floors, its eastern façade flanks the Modern Museum's garden. By this close relationship, both Museums have profited architecturally. The first Whitney Museum, on West Eighth Street, was a group of old houses remodelled into a single building that bore many traces of the original layout. The architect of this transformation, Auguste L. Noel, did a tactful and on the whole ingratiating job, keeping the new building in harmony with the belated Georgian of Greenwich Village, and Bruce Buttfield gave it an unobtrusively modernized, if not modern, interior. The exterior of the present Whitney was designed by the same architect, working in consultation with Philip Johnson, who designed the addition to the Museum of Modern Art and its garden; and the interior was done by the same decorator. Even if the Whitney trustees had not felt a natural obligation to conform, there was good reason for them to reciprocate the Modern Museum's generous donation of a site by seeing that their architect designed a building that would harmonize with its neighbor. On the east wall he has done this admirably, using windows framed in black, and exposed steel columns, in the fashion of the Modern Museum's addition. This addition, by the way, is now almost blotted from view here by the Whitney building. By using the same grayish-buff brick that walls the garden and the addition, he has unified the Whitney with both its neighbor and the garden, and has reinforced Mr. Johnson's design.

The best approach to the Whitney Museum, accordingly, is not along Fifty-fourth Street but from the Modern Museum's garden side. As many people must by now have discovered, the famous open-air public restaurant of the Modern Museum has been preserved—under glass, as it were, for it now occupies the east side of the Whitney's ground floor, and its great glass windows, ceiling-high, give onto an open-air terrace, lined with tables and sun umbrellas during seasonable weather, that overlooks the Modern Museum's garden. Another horizontal bank of windows, this time of green glass, runs along the top floor of the Whitney. This one, incidentally, matches the

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windows on the top floor of the Modern's addition, thereby enhancing the feeling of unity. Indeed, were it not for the ticket booth of the older Museum in the passage between the Whitney and the restaurant, one might wonder where one building ends and the other begins. Between the rows of windows, the wall is, as I have said, a serene expanse of that grayish-buff brick, broken only by the vertical lines of steel that divide the wall into bays. (The second and third floors of the Whitney contain galleries; the fourth is devoted to offices.) The style of this extremely simple façade, like that of the Modern Museum, reflects the aesthetic chastity of Mies van der Rohe. With the slim birches in the garden to throw their shimmering green leaves against it, the façade is the right background for the garden, and the garden, in turn, is the right foreground for the plain glass and brick and metal of the wall, since without the tracery of trees that solid wall might be formidable.

From the outside, the building is a quiet but indisputable success, marred only slightly by the finishing of the roof-top housing of elevator and ventilator shafts with brick tinted a pinkish orange. On the inside, the great success is the top floor, devoted to the administrative offices, which occupy its perimeter on three sides—quarters in which the secretaries' smaller rooms share the light and view enjoyed by their bosses. Except for the ornate details of the Trustees' Room, the decorator and the architect are at their best here, and the view from the windows on the garden side is so striking—the right word, in fact, is "beautiful"—that one wonders why the entire wall on this side was not made of glass. In that case, it is true, it might have been hard to get people to look at the pictures. Still, a museum with a shallow interior and with light available on three sides would seem to cry for natural lighting, and in arriving at an appraisal of the interior, one must bear this fact in mind.

I WISH I could stop here, for my admiration would then be fairly copious. But the only other side of the Whitney that is visible, its north façade, fronting on Fifty-fourth Street and containing the entrance to the building, is not quite so successful as the east wall. If one could approach that entrance head-on from a distance, the main features of this façade would register well—the sober brick wall, the black-rimmed upper bank of windows, the highly conventionalized black-and-gold

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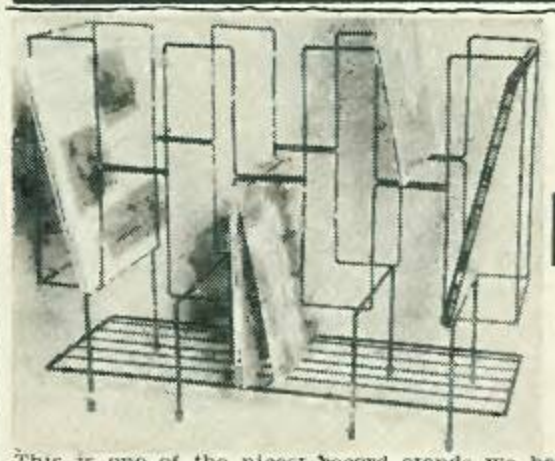

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eagle flanking the huge metal legend "Whitney Museum of American Art," to the right of it. One must approach it along Fifty-fourth Street, however, and neither the eagle nor the lettering, which are flush with the wall of the building, is decipherable, even from the opposite side of the street, until one is quite near. At that point, one's attention is distracted by an incongruity of detail on the street level: the stark panels of oyster-white mosaic on each side of the entrance, the black metal of the service doorway, and the black frame of metal and highly polished marble that rims the mosaic. Not merely are the white panels themselves too blankly emphatic, despite the texture of the mosaic, but this combination of white and black has inappropriate associations; it gives the building a Funeral Home elegance, if it does not, indeed, unhappily remind one of the black glass used for the façades of cheap shops and provincial movie palaces. That in the Whitney Museum these materials seem rich and costly does not make the result more attractive. The eagle, which Mies van der Rohe would surely never countenance, could perhaps be assimilated by this austere design, but the patches of white mosaic, whose texture and color contrast so sharply with the brick wall above, are flatly indigestible.

By this treatment of the entrance level of the Museum, the architect unfortunately set a precedent for the decorator of the interior, and it is hard to give an account of that interior, and above all of the lobby, without seeming disrespectful. The space that one faces upon entering is divided into two parts—the lobby proper and a sculpture gallery, a few steps down, beyond. On the right of the entrance is the cloakroom, walled with opaque glass that has been textured into little cubes and set in black metal; on the left is the usual counter where catalogues and

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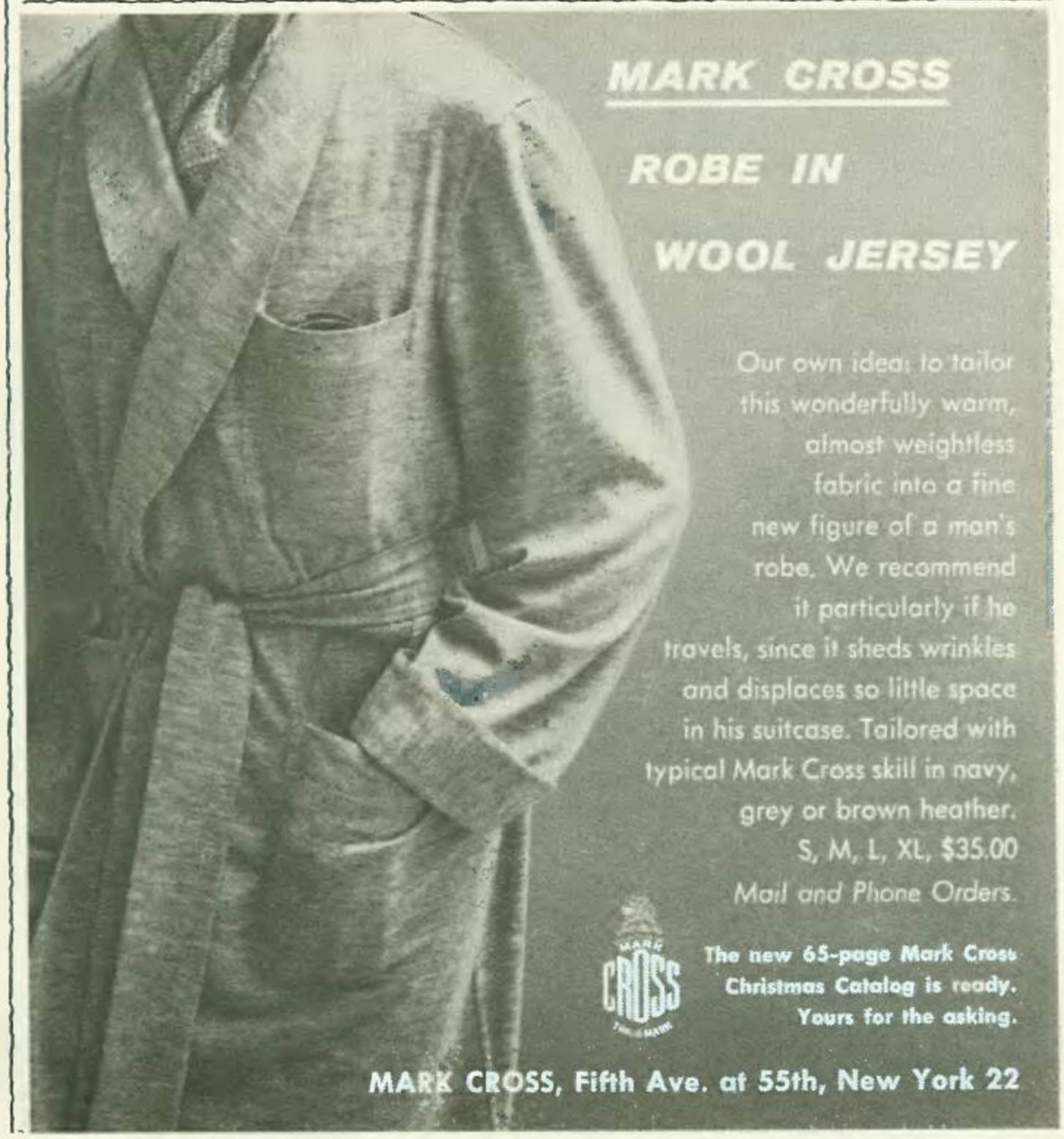

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books are sold. Beyond the cloakroom, and again on the right, is a bank of elevators, framed in polished marble, and beyond them is an open stairway that turns a corner in its ascent to the second floor. Beyond that is the sculpture gallery, whose walls of light-gray brick form a pleasant background for the sculpture. This, however, is the one place in the Museum where a stronger, deeper color might have been used on one wall, to bring out with greater effect the sculptures that are done in light stone. The elements of this whole composition are so simple that it should be difficult to go wrong with them; in fact, in a black-and-white photograph this entire floor seems quietly effective, especially because, except for the coping and framing of the stair, the forms are clean. But the designer has overcompensated for this restraint by using so many materials and colors and textures that the place looks like an architects' sample room. There is black metal around the entrance doors and the coatroom, a gold-metal frame around the showcases behind the counter, transparent glass in the entrance doors, opaque glass for the cloakroom wall, and the floors and the other walls involve terrazzo, brick, mosaic, plaster, and marble, in as many colors as textures. A bust of Mrs. Whitney is embellished by a setting of five kinds of stone, and two kinds of marble are used to empanel the elevator doors. A rectangle of yellow needlessly draws the eye to the stair well. Despite this profusion of colors, the effect is dull, as in a variegated fabric whose hues have been washed out by too many launderings. Instead of accentuating forms, these colors cancel out and make the room poorer than it would have been if a more limited palette had been used. And despite all this labor to achieve animation and contrast, the one place contrast would have been effective was overlooked; the terrazzo floor unites the lobby and the exhibition gallery, whereas a change from a dark floor to a light floor would have defined the two spaces clearly and emphasized the difference in function. Though these are individually small faults, they add up to a big one.

Much effort and thought doubtless went into this scheme of decoration. The decorator, one guesses, was probably irritated—who by now is not?—by the Mies van der Rohe slogan "Less is more," which every junior draftsman has learned to parrot; he may have revolted against the puritanism of that formula and felt challenged to find an equivalent, through the use of materials

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alone, for the involved ornamental forms that were the special province of the decorator in a period when "more" meant the works. Except for a few slight touches, such as the volute termination of the stair rail, he has obeyed the law of modern design to the letter, but he has defied its spirit; and though one may sympathize with his resentment, one cannot praise the result, since these muted colors and spotty shapes are irrelevant and distracting. In an art museum, this offense is a particularly grave one; the best counsel for the architect or decorator is to be as self-effacing as possible, and to let the paintings and the sculptures speak for themselves. Even a ponderous classic mausoleum like the National Gallery in Washington has this virtue in no small degree, for its marmoreal forms are so conventional and so anonymous that they are unnoticed, and create only a happy impression of great light and space. By contrast, the brocade-lined rooms of the Metropolitan Museum's recent renovation are much less pleasing—to anyone who loves pictures more than brocades—than the rooms with plain painted walls. The visual emptiness of a good museum or gallery—Stieglitz's 291 and his An American Place are examples—gave considerable aesthetic support to the modern movement in the first place; pictures, it turned out, looked better against a simple background than they looked amid the intricate decoration of a baroque palace. This offered a special justification for the grand clearance of "furniture" and "*l'art décoratif*" made by Le Corbusier and Gropius in the early twenties, and it is not an accident that the painters—from Whistler to Ozenfant—had shown them the way.

IT is a pity I cannot add that the second and third floors of the Whitney, which are dedicated in general to painting, redeem the unfortunate impression made by the entrance hall. But the smoking alcove—a pleasant feature that even old museums are now installing—that greets one at the head of the first flight of stairs has the same colorful but unimpressive fussiness. As for the picture galleries themselves, they present some problems of a general nature that have never been satisfactorily solved. If I raise them here, I cast no special reflection on the architect and the decorator of the Whitney—and its staff—for their own particular solution, since any answer rests on matters of taste that involve one's whole philosophy of life, and

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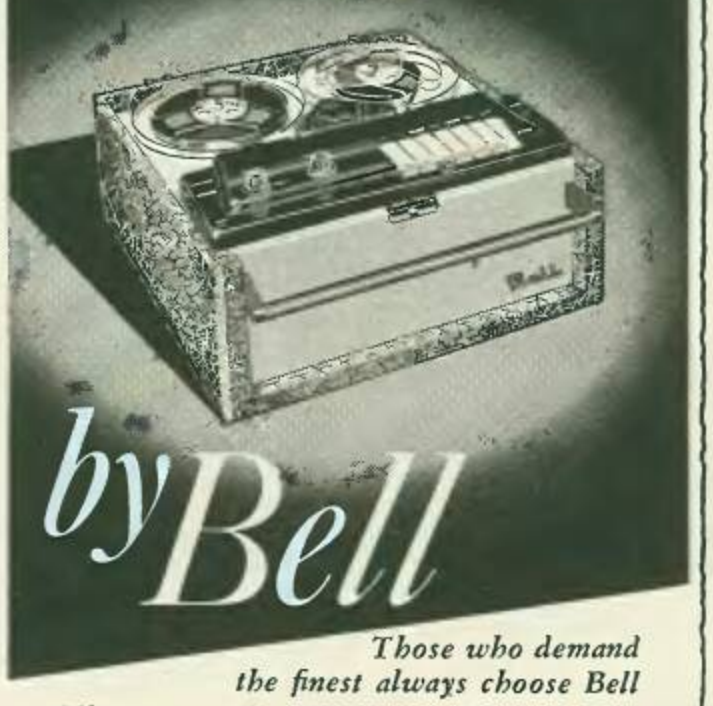

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on such points men may well differ.

The galleries are a series of rooms separated almost entirely by free-standing removable partitions and lighted almost wholly by artificial illumination, for the only windows on these floors are at the south end and the glass wall on the second-floor terrace is heavily curtained. Since this is a small museum, with rather low rooms, the color and the texture of wall, ceiling, and floor have a very direct impact on the beholder, and my judgment on them is, I regret to say, unfavorable. The floor is of a wood composition tinted a drab gray-green, an especially dismal color under the cold lighting, and divided into small squares by metal strips whose shininess unhappily calls all the more attention to it. As for the fabric that covers the walls, its coarse texture and uneven painting are likewise remorselessly brought out by the glare of the lighting, and whatever its mechanical merits as a medium for hanging pictures, its effect, too, is dismal. But these flaws are nothing compared to the effect of the illumination—cold-cathode and fluorescent lights concealed behind a glass ceiling that, like the floor, is divided by metal strips into squares, which are a fairly intense "daylight" pink under the directional fluorescent lights and a less intense gray-blue under the cold-cathode lights that fill out the rest of the ceiling. Even if this illumination were the best possible one for viewing pictures, the pattern of the ceiling, which suggests a vast, inane Mondrian painting, seems too obtrusive in such low rooms. Before any more museums invest in similar lighting installations, the question of whether overhead light, diffused and directed, is the answer to this problem should be reviewed once more. Anyone who has painted out-of-doors knows how the light from the sky blots out the colors before him; one of the reasons colors are so brilliant in a camera obscura is that the image is thrown upon a surface in a dark room, where there is no overhead light to spoil the picture. Outdoors, to see true color values, one must either wear an eyeshade or squint. Even when one is looking at sculptures, which benefit by an overhead natural light (that is, the sun), it is better that the light fall at an angle, so that the various planes of the modelling receive various intensities of illumination; an even, diffused light obscures many details of the modelling.

IN discussing this matter, I am delighted to call to my side a distinguished architect, Walter Gropius, and

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to quote from his "Scope of Total Architecture," published earlier this year in the World Perspectives series (Harper). He cites a report by the Illuminating Engineering Society's Committee on Art Gallery Lighting: "Today any interior (museum) gallery can be artificially lighted to better effect than is possible by daylight, and, in addition, it can always reveal each item in its best aspect, which is only a fleeting occurrence under natural lighting." Gropius comments, "A fleeting occurrence! Here, I believe, is the fallacy; for the best available artificial light, trying to bring out all the advantages of an exhibit, is, nevertheless, static. It does not change. Natural light, as it changes continuously, is alive and dynamic. The 'fleeting occurrence' caused by the change of light is just what we need, for every object seen in the contrast of changing daylight gives a different impression each time." Those words, and the illustrations with which Gropius follows them, are so admirable and so right that I am tempted to add no comment except Amen.

There are, of course, buildings in which a uniform overhead light is aesthetically acceptable, as the new Manufacturers Trust Company building, on Fifth Avenue, has demonstrated, but even so, one may doubt whether uniformity of light does justice to the physiology of the eye and whether it does not, in fact, lead to loss of adaptability. A picture gallery is, at all events, not a bank. Apart from sterile geometric designs that might have been painted or might be best seen under artificial light, paintings, too, suffer under a uniform overhead light; even as sophisticated a spatter of paint as Jackson Pollock's "No. 27," in the Whitney collection, loses some of its charm of texture and color under such illumination. Lighting engineers, who are proud of their new technical devices and, coincidentally, have something to sell, may make it hard for an architect to resist their apparent authority as specialists. But lighting engineers have no standing as appreciators of art, and no mere photometer can ever record the only data of importance in a museum—the effect of the immediate environment and the image upon a responsive onlooker. So it seems to me that the extensive use of an artificial system of lighting in a building like the Whitney Museum, which could easily have had natural lighting on three sides (north, south, and east), registers a failure to make use of a fine opportunity. Only the galleries on the west side would have

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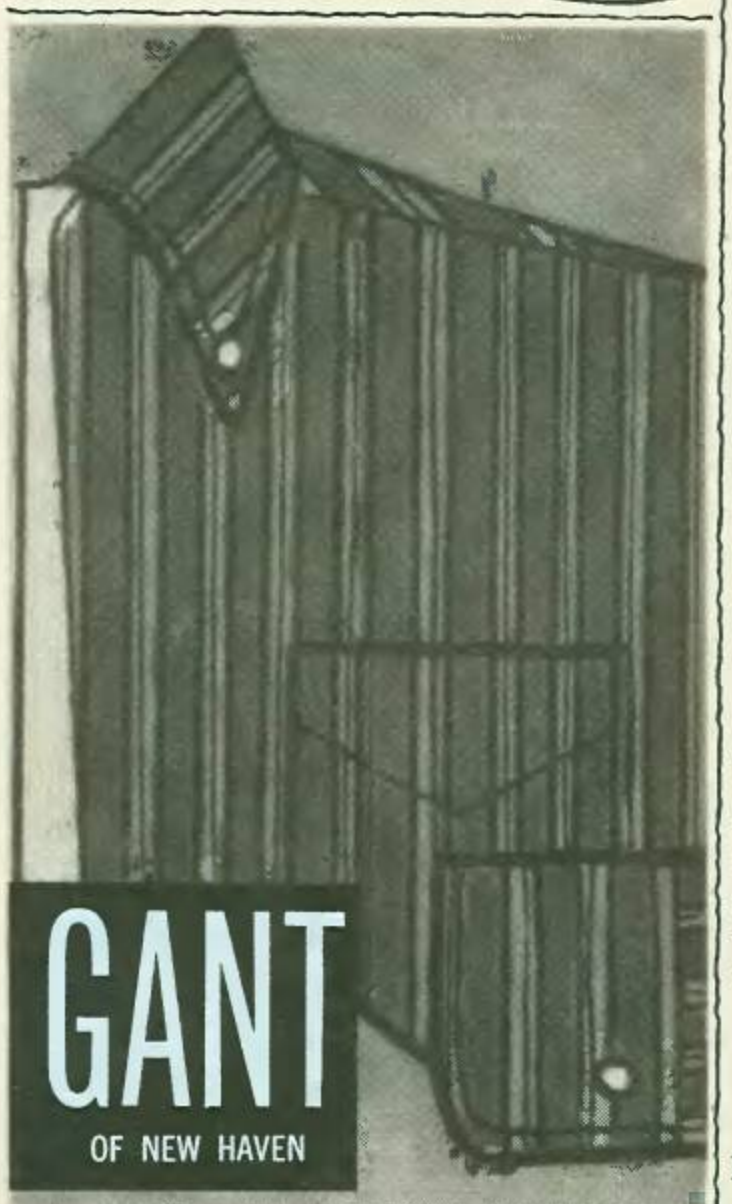

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needed artificial lighting during the day, and they could have been reserved for the pictures that would lose least thereby.

Still, one must not be too severe on the designers of the Whitney for succumbing to the lure of technical overelaboration, since the fact that its galleries are air-conditioned offered a special reason for doing away with windows and the concomitant heat losses. Moreover, one must be endowed with truly heroic courage today to stand up against the fashionable trend toward supermechanization. The best corrective I know for the tendency to let mechanization take command of architectural design would be to heed what Tolstoy has to say toward the end of his "What Is Art?" Modern civilization, he points out, carefully seals up the windows and doors of a house and pumps the air out of it; then, observing with alarm that the people in the dwelling are being asphyxiated, it devises an elaborate and costly apparatus for pumping fresh air into it again, though all the poor inhabitants of it needed in the first place was a little natural air and light, supplied free by the simple device of opening up the windows. This applies to more functions than ventilation. In the next phase of modern architecture, perhaps that little lesson will be taken to heart.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

Herr Blank, the Defense Minister, said that the raising of a German Army was necessary because ground troops were still essential in a modern war. Also there was a real danger that both sides in a future war would hesitate to use their atomic weapons.—*London Observer.*

Just an old worrier.

•

How long should a piece of furniture last?

Furniture appears to be wearing out faster today. The reason for this, though, may lie in the fact that price is a major factor—along with television. Television-viewing is estimated to lessen the life of furniture by 50 per cent.—*The Times.*

It's that Liberace.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Anchorage (Alaska) Times*]

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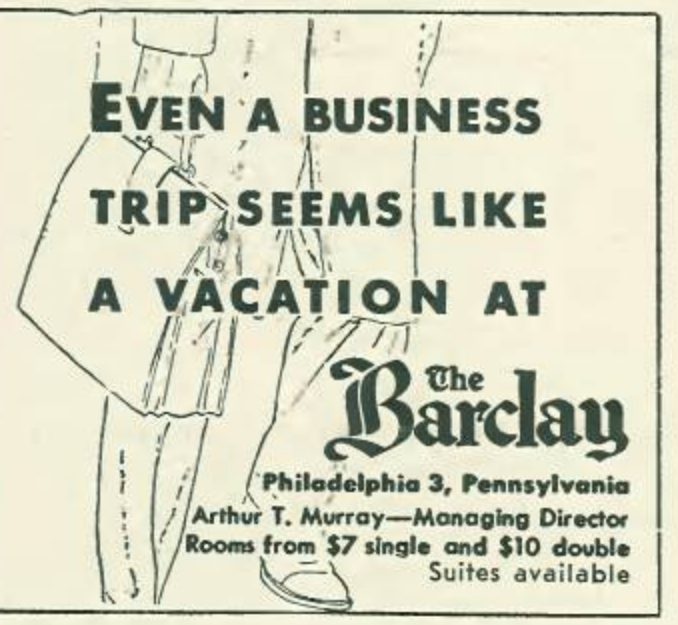

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THE RACE TRACK

A New Gray

LIKE most unexpected events, Nail's victory in the Futurity at Belmont Park last Saturday seems reasonable enough in retrospect. After all, Nail is a nimble, well-schooled colt with a smooth, powerful, effortless stride, and besides, the race was run over a sloppy track, the kind that anything can happen on. In any case, the Futurity was a thrilling race, in spite of poor visibility. Watching from the roof of the grandstand as the fifteen two-year-olds started down the six and a half furlongs of the straight Widener Course, I could distinguish Nail by the bright-cerise jacket his jockey wore, and it's my impression that he was never headed. Polly's Jet was right there, though, and going well, and Call Me Lucky, Doubledogdare, and Decathlon were close, but Career Boy and Head Man, the favorites, were far behind. Because even the best-gaited racers skitter a little in slippery footing, most of the riders played it safe, and there was no crowding except near the rail. There was enough there, however, to beat Lawless. The high moment came in the last quarter. Doubledogdare tired (Arcaro said she didn't like the going), and Head Man moved up from nowhere, sweeping past everything but the leaders. For an instant, it looked as if he'd keep right on going and win, but the best he could do was beat Polly's Jet for second. Prince John was fourth, and Career Boy, if anyone cares now, was sixth. Calumet Farm's Futurity hope was a chunky brown colt named Fabius, the first son of Citation to be seen hereabouts. He neither looked nor ran like his daddy, and finished fourteenth.

Nail is a sturdy gray colt, the second of his color to win the Futurity. (The first was Native Dancer, of course.) His sire is Nirgal, a French horse imported shortly after the war, and his dam is No Strings, a young mare by Occupation, who was a Futurity winner, too. Nail is her first foal. He was bred in Kentucky by Henry Knight, and was sold at the Fasig-Tipton yearling sales at Saratoga, for $20,000, to Mrs. Anson A. Bigelow, the daughter of the late Joseph E. Widener, who for many

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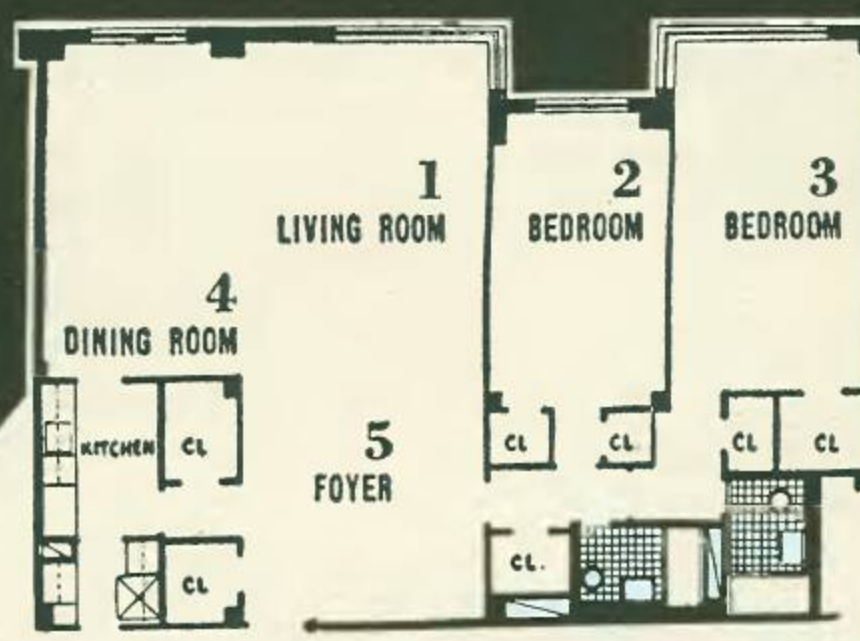

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years was the head of Belmont Park. Although Mr. Knight has sold at least a million dollars' worth of bloodstock, Nail is the first of the lot to win a really big stake race. He's also the first Futurity winner for his trainer, George P. Odom—not to be confused with George Odom *père*, who saddled Marshall Field's High Strung for the 1928 Futurity, in which he beat Bathhouse John Coughlin's Roguish Eye. Odom *fils* has done a fine job, if I may say so, in bringing Nail back to the races after the hip injury the colt suffered in the starting gate at Belmont last spring. By the way, all Nail's races—and he has won three out of five, together with $107,525 in prize money, $100,425 of it last Saturday—have been over the straight Widener Course. One wonders how well he'll run around turns.

THE week was full of surprises. Nashua didn't run for the Lawrence Realization Stakes, because the track was muddy. (Belmont Park certainly hasn't had any help from the weatherman this year.) Jim Fitzsimmons, who trains him, expected to start him, but William Woodward, his owner, thought it would be wiser to skip the race. Incidentally, Arcaro says that Nashua runs more willingly on some tracks, wet or dry, than on others. He insists that he has never ridden the colt harder than he did last March in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park. The going was sticky, and Arcaro barely got him home a neck in front of something named Blue Lem, whom I don't believe I've heard of since. Nashua's last appearance under colors on Long Island this season will be this weekend, in the Jockey Club Gold Cup. Let's hope for fast going. I haven't the foggiest notion who will run against him, but no doubt Traffic Judge will have another go at it. Blue Prince might be present, too, and that would be mildly interesting. He is the colt Walter Jeffords raced in England for a couple of seasons; his most notable performance over there was finishing second to Botticelli in the Ascot Gold Cup last July. He's had a couple of good gallops over here, his last in the Manhattan Handicap, which immediately preceded the Futurity. Despite the muddy going, which must have bewildered him no end after running over turf courses, he didn't do too badly, and finished fourth. First money went to Alfred Vanderbilt's Social Outcast, who beat Paper Tiger after a lively drive through the stretch. It's hard to believe, but take it from Bill Winfrey, his train-

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er, and also from my private archivist—the Manhattan was the first race Social Outcast had ever won at Belmont Park.

To get back to the Lawrence Realization, the Christiana Stable's Thinking Cap won, as everybody had expected he would with Nashua out of it. The race turned out to be more exciting than anyone had dreamed it would be, though, for Westward Ho went stride for stride with Thinking Cap until the last quarter of the mile and five furlongs. After that it was easy—as easy as Thinking Cap's victory in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga last August, come to think of it.

WELL, the wheels of the gods are finally turning. The Westchester Racing Association, which operated Belmont Park for fifty years and Morris Park for a decade before that; the Queens County Jockey Club, which had run Aqueduct since 1894; the Metropolitan Jockey Club, which had run Jamaica since 1903; and the Saratoga Association, which had improved the breed of the thoroughbred at the Spa since the turn of the century—all these were liquidated on Wednesday afternoon of last week, as scheduled, and their racecourses taken over by the new Greater New York Association. This is a nonprofit organization, made up of members of the Jockey Club, that has bought control of the four tracks and plans to modernize local racing and make it more popular. The changing over was done so smoothly and unobtrusively that not a horseplayer noticed it. What will be done about rebuilding Belmont Park and/or Aqueduct and junking Jamaica, and when it will all happen, is something else again. Old Colonel Martingale, who I'm afraid is a bit cynical about the whole thing, says "You should live so long."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Columbus (Ohio) Citizen Magazine*]

THIS REALLY HAPPENED. These three words describe the new televised Armstrong Circle Theatre which will make its debut at 8:30 p. m. Tuesday on WLW-C. Lengthened to a full hour this season, it will be presented on alternate Tuesdays. The stories shown will be ones that really happened and are not based on history.

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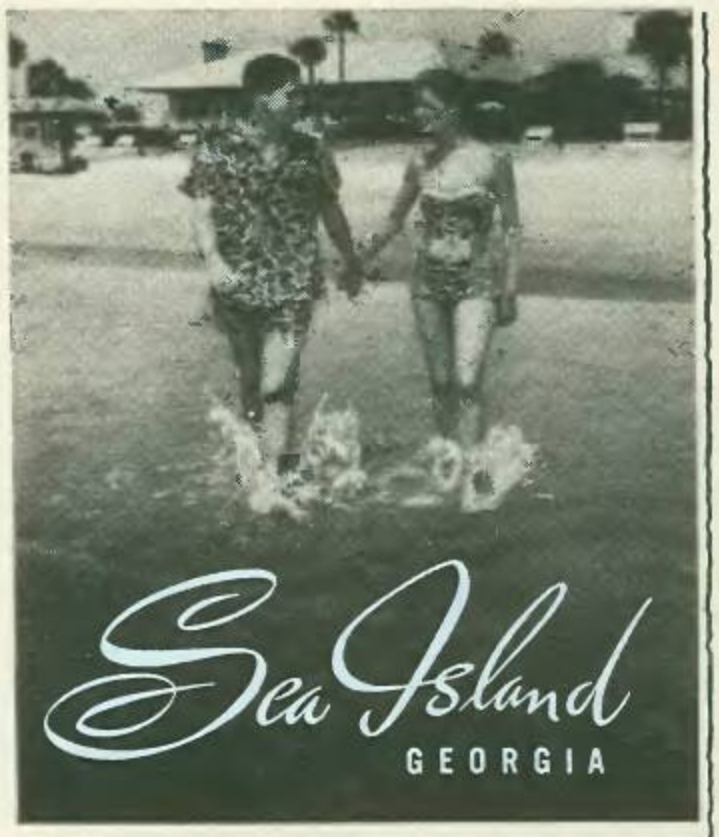

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Siege

THE plot of "The Desperate Hours" deals with a short, melodramatic period in the life of a middle-class Indianapolis family whose home is invaded by three convicts just escaped from a penitentiary. It is a fairly familiar item by now, having been related in a novel that has had a great sale, and reiterated in a play that ran for months, but it still has a peculiar vitality, possibly because there is a sound bedrock of fact in the situation; it isn't so long ago that some very real convicts made hostages of a Western family, and managed to stay in residence longer than you might think likely. Whether or not you are acquainted with the story, I think you'll find yourself getting intensely interested as you watch it unfolding on the screen. Written by Joseph Hayes, who also wrote the novel and the play, and directed by William Wyler, the film shapes up into a tightly organized shocker, and Mr. Hayes and Mr. Wyler have displayed rare ingenuity in setting up the conflict between the beleaguered family and the terrifying hoodlums.

It is Mr. Hayes' notion that a family caught up in a predicament like this must function in a kind of no-man's land: The police cannot be called upon for assistance, since the criminals have made it clear that they will sacrifice all the hostages at the first hint that the cops have got wind of their hideaway, and there can be no real compromise with the criminals, since they are plainly psychotic and incapable of entering into any sort of logical bargaining. In resolving the dilemma of the family, Mr. Hayes has set up the head of the house as an average man who has heroism thrust upon him, and has given him as an antagonist the horribly twisted character who acts as the leader of the convicts. The householder, with a wife, a daughter, and a small son as his only allies, would seem to be hopelessly lost in his struggle to protect his home, but he has a formidable mind, and the devices he employs to survive are shrewd and effective.

The cast of the picture is splendid. Fredric March has an impressive dignity as the citizen whose house has suddenly been taken over, and Humphrey Bogart

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is frightening as the principal convict. Mr. Bogart's partners in crime are Robert Middleton, playing a massive killer who has no more intelligence than a side of beef, and Dewey Martin, who is supposed to be Mr. Bogart's confused brother. Mr. March's ménage consists of Martha Scott, as his wife, and Mary Murphy and Richard Eyer, as the children. Also prominent in the doings is Arthur Kennedy, in the role of a detective whom Mr. Bogart is bent on killing, because the hawkshaw not only was responsible for landing him in jail but broke his jaw in the course of taking him in.

"Seven Cities of Gold" is alleged to be an account of the founding of a Spanish mission in California, and its main character is a monk named Father Junipero Serra. Father Serra is a great one for ribbons and gauds, and he works many miracles, but, alas, he doesn't work the miracle of elevating this CinemaScopic saga above the level of religious baby talk. One thing I will say for the movie, though—it has the most Surrealistic Indians I've seen in years. They say things like "The chief will sleep all the weenters," and they go crazy over such paleface inventions as scissors, but you can see that under the paint they're mostly Southern California halfbacks. Michael Rennie depicts Father Serra. He looks gaunt and fanatical, which makes his somewhat arch attempts to convert the Indians a little hard to credit. It's rather like watching Savonarola try to get into the spirit of Disneyland.

—John McCarten

•

Let *A* denote either a variable or a description. Let *P* be a statement and *Q* be the result of replacing each free occurrence of *x* (if any) in *P* by an occurrence of *A*. Consider each variable *y* which has free occurrences in *A*. If some bound occurrence of *y* in *Q* is one of the free occurrences of *y* in an occurrence of *A* in *Q* which is the result of replacing a free occurrence of *x* in *P* by an occurrence of *A*, then we say that the replacement causes confusion. Otherwise, we say that the replacement causes no confusion.—"*Logic for Mathematicians*," *by J. Barkley Rosser.*

That's what *you* say.

•

GIT UP AND GET DEPARTMENT

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

Hirsch was in his cottage beside the King Ranch barn. He git up.—*City edition, September 28th.*

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BOOKS

Science Fiction

"THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS" (Harper), the latest sermon from that redoubtable hell-fire Calvinist preacher Mr. Aldous Huxley, takes us to the section of the modern Babylon inhabited by physicists, those arrogant, empty-hearted creatures who pretend to understand the secrets of the universe and, poor fools, do not even understand themselves. The route followed to these empty hearts is, alas, a roundabout one, and we are taken along it by a guide who combines the least attractive aspects of the late Will Rogers' folksy manner with the most repellent characteristics of a Mr. Propter, an earlier Huxley invention, whose sententious platitudes encumbered the flashing brilliance of "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan." In his new form, Mr. Propter is called John Rivers, and his first function is to issue us a warning, right at the start, that Mr. Huxley has not troubled to give us a credible plot; his second is to bulldoze us into accepting its shortcomings:

> The trouble with fiction . . . is that it makes too much sense. Reality never makes sense. . . . Oddly enough, the closest to reality are always the fictions that are supposed to be the least true.

We then proceed toward the inner void concealed by the fair outward man of Henry Maartens, a Nobel Prize winner and an establisher of the foundations of modern theory about the nature of the universe. Rivers has been his pupil, has boarded in his house, and has become his wife's lover, and so is able to expose his weaknesses. The wife is Maartens' second, the former Katy Hanbury. As one reads Rivers' account, vivid doubts of his competence as either observer or narrator arise. Rivers and Katy meet during a crisis in Maartens' life, and he launches into this dissertation:

> At nineteen she must have been Hebe and the three Graces and all the nymphs of Diana rolled into one. And Henry, remember, had just been divorced by his first wife. Poor woman! She simply wasn't strong enough to play the parts assigned to her—mistress to an indefatigable lover, business manager to an absentee half-wit, secretary to a man of genius, and womb, placenta, and circulatory system to the psychological equivalent of a fetus.

This passage appears to say something, but it is not clear what. If "fetus" means what the dictionaries say it means, its psychological equivalent could only be a mind in process of organic formation and innocent of any experience—the mind of a fetus, in short. How could an indefatigable lover have one? And if it would be troublesome being business manager to an absentee half-wit, being mistress to one should be in the nature of light, if rather pointless, work—if, again, the word "absentee" means what the dictionaries say it means.

The suspicion that Rivers is bluffing increases when he gets down to the mechanics of Maartens' whirlwind courtship of Miss Hanbury:

> It was love at first sight. He took her into a corner and, ignoring everyone else in the room, started to talk to her. Needless to say, it never occurred to him that she might have her own interests and problems; it never entered his head that it might perhaps be a good thing to draw the girl out. He just let fly at her with what happened, for the moment, to be on his mind. On this occasion, it was recent developments in logic. Katy, of course, didn't understand a word of it; but he was so manifestly a genius, it was all so unspeakably wonderful, that there and then, before the evening was over, she made her mother ask him to dinner. He came, he finished off what he had to say and, while Mrs. Hanbury and her other guests played bridge, he plunged with Katy into semiotics.

Semiotics is either the study of physical symptoms—which can hardly have been in Maartens' domain as a physicist—or the study of the language of signs, which has developed with the growth of the non-literary sciences; very roughly speaking, it involves using an alphabet of concepts. In his recent "Cosmology" (Cambridge University Press), a fascinating explanation of the steady-state theory and its alternatives, H. Bondi designates a complex Newtonian conception of time in relation to the universe simply as "t" when reference to it is required, and other concepts of time are reduced to "t_1," "t^*," and "T." The device has no meaning in itself; it is simply a convenience that avoids prolix restatements. The thought of an evening's conversation about it seems as appalling as it is unlikely, but then Rivers has odd views about what people can and will talk about:

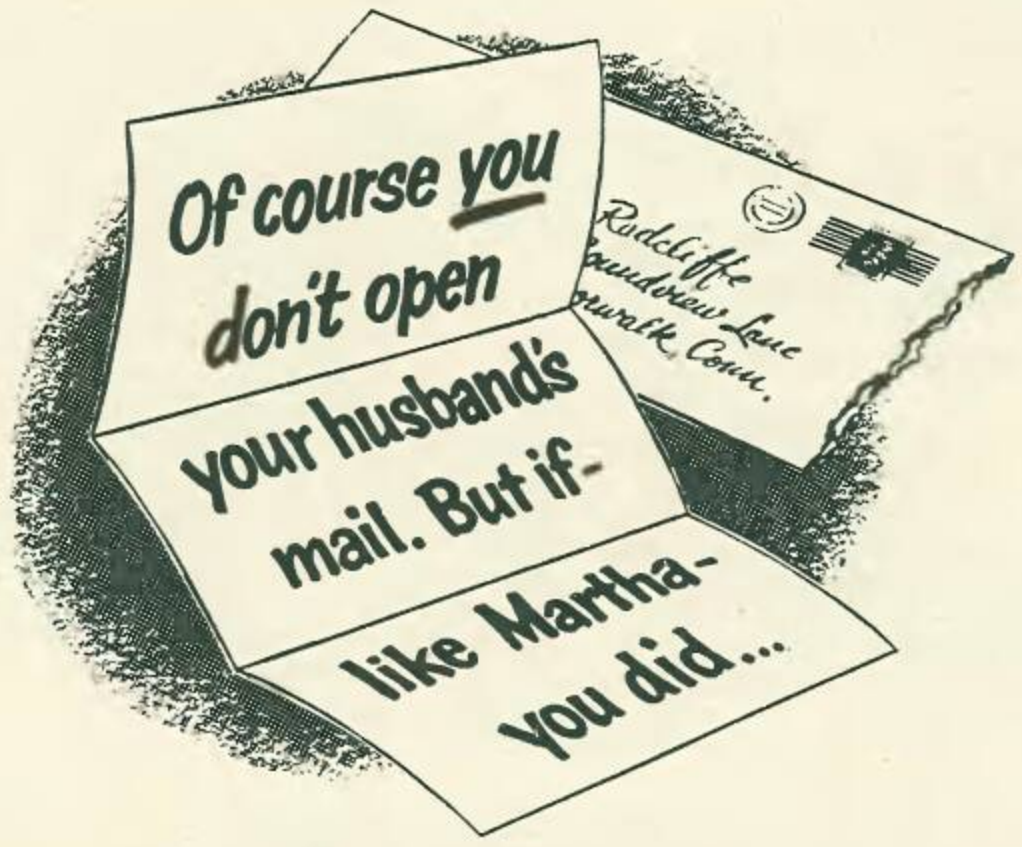
> How difficult it is, in these days when you can discuss orgasms over the soup and

flagellation with the ice cream, how extraordinarily difficult it is to remember the strength of the old taboos.

One thinks of Rivers' friends monotonously pegging away, through the soup, the fish, the roast, and on to the ice cream, about the mechanics of sex, though with a horror that need have no element of prudery in it. The obsession crops up again when Maartens begins to doubt Katy's fidelity after she has been away from home a long time, and he starts toying with a revolver. To get hold of it, he has had to open his bedroom wall safe, which is concealed by a portrait of his wife. Rivers takes the gun away from him, and when he returns it to its hiding place, he notices that among the contents of the safe are "all six volumes of the *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, a copy of *Felicia* by Andrea de Nerciat and, published in Brussels, an anonymous work with illustrations, entitled *Miss Floggy's Finishing School*," as well as "half a dozen cases containing the gold medals presented to the great man by various learned societies." This *trouvaille* triggers a piece from Rivers in his most sententious vein:

Picking up the portrait I hung it again on its appointed hook. Behind the white satin and the orange blossom, behind the Madonna lilies and a face whose radiance even the ineptitude of a fifth-rate painter could not obscure, who could have divined the presence of that strangely assorted treasure—Felicia and the stock certificates, Miss Floggy and the golden symbols with which a not very grateful society rewards its men of genius.

The question is not so much who could have divined it but who is going to believe in either it or in what follows as part of the life of a first-rater who has played a leading role in one of man's noblest intellectual adventures? After Rivers has disarmed him, Maartens makes himself ill so that his wife will come home to look after him. To punish her for making him jealous and unhappy, he gets sicker than is really necessary and arrives at the point of death. Katy, exhausted by the strain of looking after him, decides to pep herself up by hopping into bed with Rivers. One hop leads to another, and presently it's a steady affair. This is disapproved of by her daughter, an unappetizing and precocious sub-teen who is in love with Rivers herself. She resorts to emotional blackmail, and, by distracting her mother when they are out driving, brings about an automobile accident in which both women are killed. After that, the story gets even more peculiar. Rivers asserts that the



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shock of this disaster has disintegrated Maartens and that he has retired into "some kind of infantile burrow in his subconscious." But though this happens in 1923, Maartens is still in shape to work on the A-bomb in Los Alamos. He is, indeed, in shape to outlive a third wife and take on a fourth before he dies, at the age of eighty-seven, apparently in full enjoyment of all his faculties and of his role as grand old man of this most fascinating branch of the sciences. If they disintegrate along these lines, the scientific fellows have, after all, got something to be arrogant about.

LOVELY Manty Starr grew to young womanhood thinking she was white and free; then, when life seemed wide and open before her, she discovered she was colored and a slave. It was her fate to be sold in the New Orleans slave market to square-jawed but kindly Hamish Bond, who smashes a man's wrist with a blackthorn stick to save her virgin purity from public insult. Will she learn to love Hamish, who has bought her like a thing for two thousand dollars? Will his iron pride let him tell her he loves her? Will she learn the strange secret of his past? And will she learn to unbind the stranger link that binds him to Rau-Ru, his African blood brother? And if she learns this secret, at what tragic cost will it be to herself? The answers to these questions are in Mr. Robert Penn Warren's "Band of Angels" (Random House), a novel about the Old South that bears the mark of approval of no less a publication than the *Sewanee Review*, the highest conceivable authority on matters relating to native culture in general and multi-level writers in particular. Hamish and Manty hit the sack by mutual consent on page 135, just about as John Brown starts that mess of trouble with his Harpers Ferry thing, a coincidence that provokes Mr. Warren or his Manty to some profound thoughts:

You live through time. that little piece of time that is yours, but that piece of time is not only your own life, it is the summing-up of all the other lives simultaneous with yours. It is, in other words, History, and what you are is an expression of History, and you do not live your life, but somehow, your life lives you. and you are therefore, only what History does to you. . . . And the hand of Hamish Bond laid to my side, and the spreading creep and prickle of sensation across the softness of my belly from the focus of Hamish Bond's sandpaper thumb, and the unplaiting and deliquescence of the

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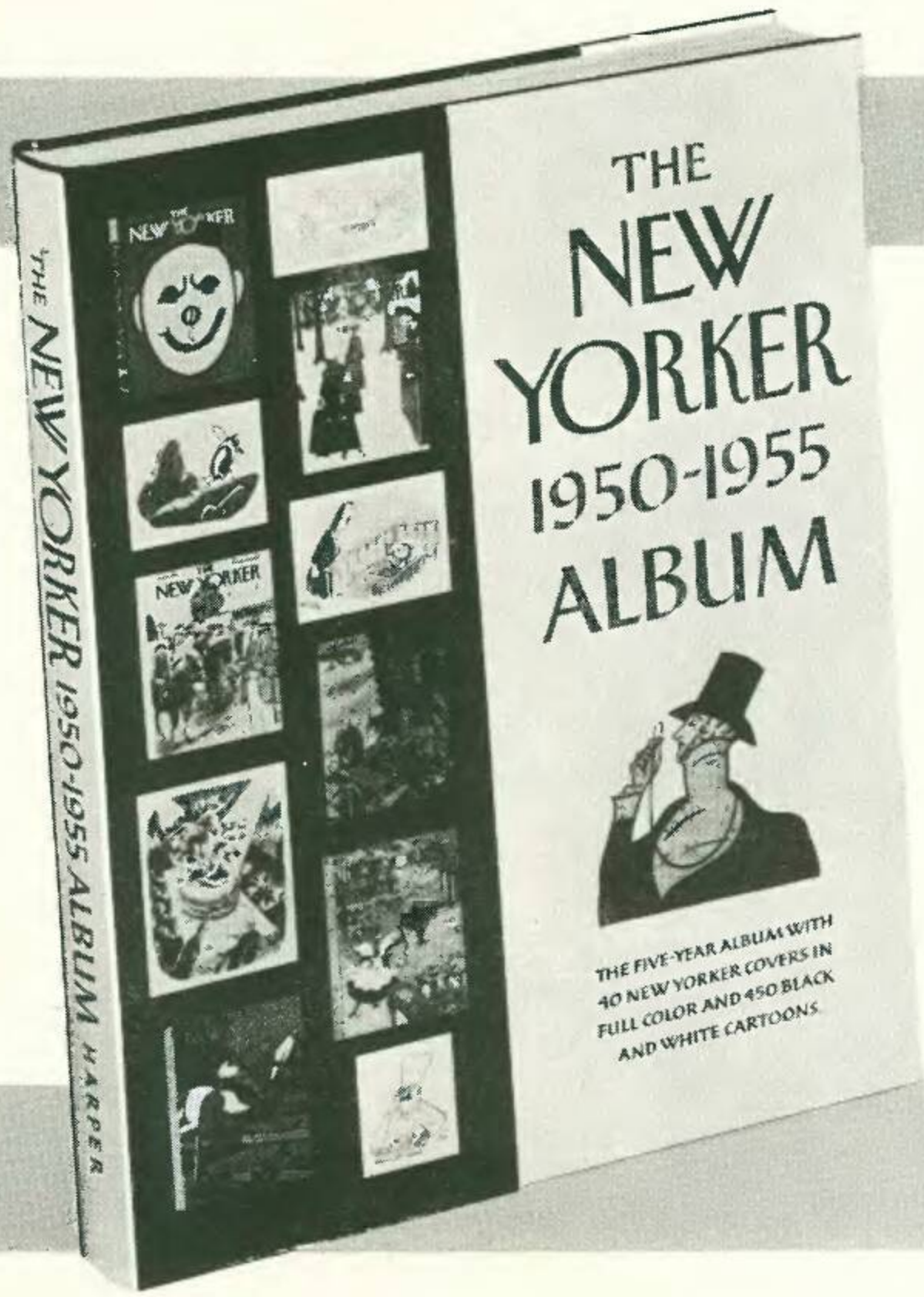

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deep muscles of thighs were as much History as any death-cry at the trench-lip or in the tangle of the abatis.

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—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WINTER HARVEST, by Norah Lofts (Doubleday). The story, based on fact, of a tragic group of men, women, and children who set out for California in 1846 and endure terrible tribulations before they meet their final grief, in the Sierra Nevada. Miss Lofts' short sketches of the various misfits who make up the party are occasionally both human and lively, but in the main her book is an ineffectual—indeed, meaningless—lament for people who are condemned to fail and cannot escape their doom, no matter how far they travel or how hard they try.

LUKE DELMEGE, by P. A. Sheehan (Regnery). A reissue of a novel first published in 1901. The heavy, earnest grandiloquence of Canon Sheehan's style is out of fashion now, but his book, which is a curious mixture of melodrama, snobbery, and innocence, remains a perfectly understandable, and even sympathetic, account of the life of a certain type of Irish priest. The time is the nineteenth century.

LORD OF THE FLIES, by William Golding (Coward-McCann). This well-written but completely unpleasant story deals with the plight of a crowd of small boys who are abandoned all by themselves on a desert island. The plane they were in crashed and burned, and although they light signal fires, they have no real hope of attracting help. Mr. Golding tells of the struggle for power among them, and of the results of the struggle.

ENTER SIR ROBERT, by Angela Thirkell (Knopf). The marriageability of Edith Graham, daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Graham, of West Barsetshire, provides Mrs. Thirkell with an excuse to muse at length in a querulous and sometimes downright ill-tempered tone about the way things have changed in England since the war.

GENERAL

LINCOLN THE PRESIDENT: LAST FULL MEASURE, by J. G. Randall and

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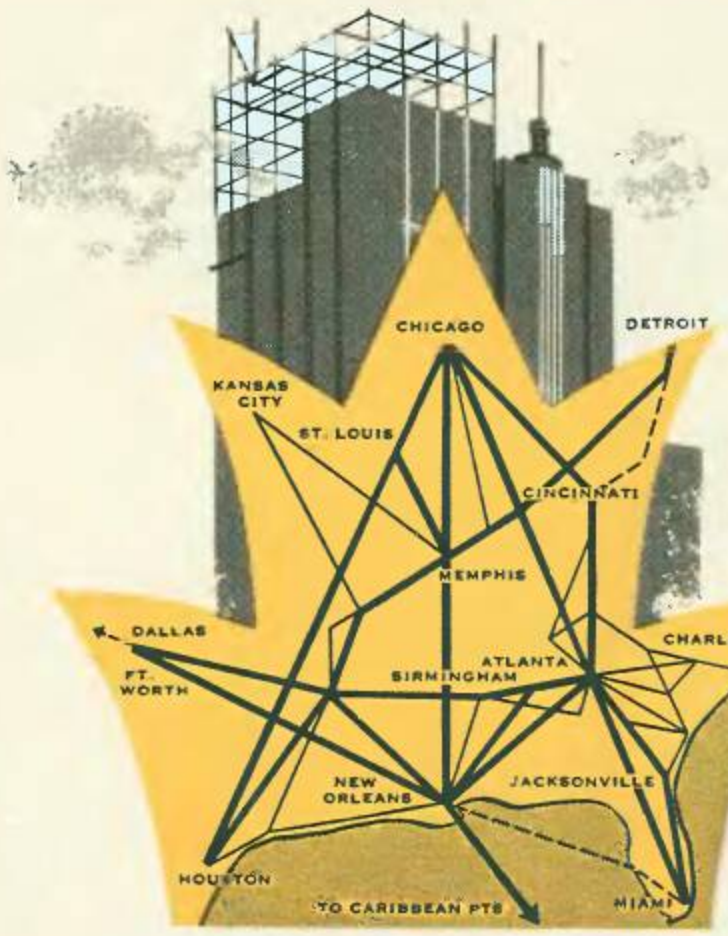

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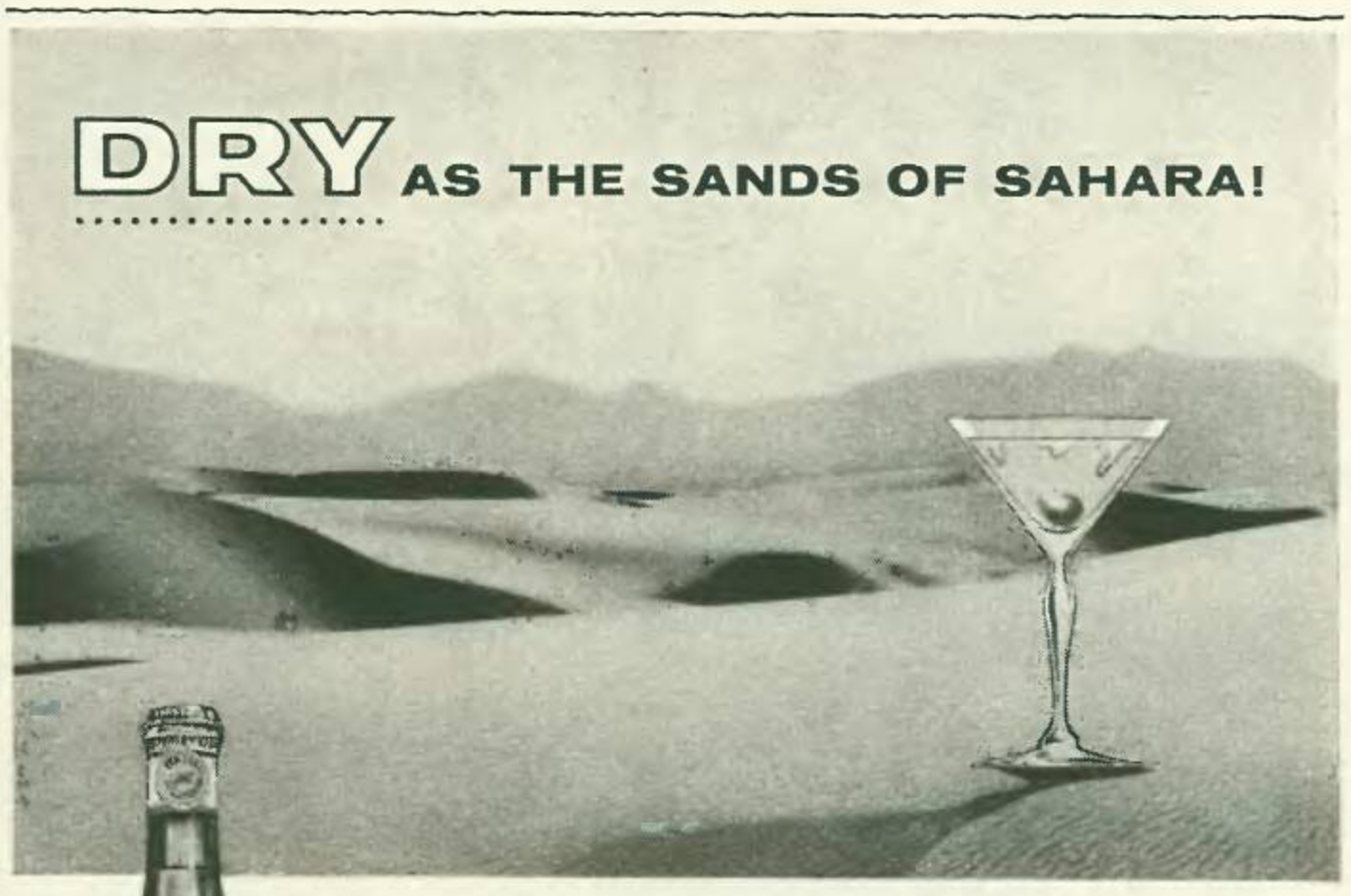

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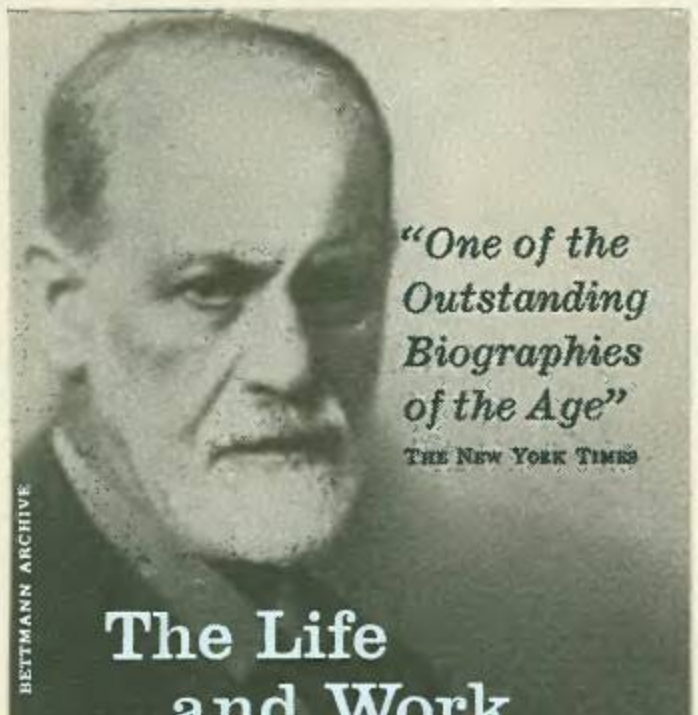

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Richard N. Current (Dodd, Mead). The fourth, and last, volume of Professor Randall's great study of Lincoln in the White House. Professor Randall died in 1953, when this book was only half completed, and Professor Current, the man he had chosen to carry on the project, has written the last eight chapters. This portion of the work displays much of the spirit of broad, fastidious scholarship that distinguishes all the earlier work, but Professor Current's style, unfortunately, lacks the quiet magic of Professor Randall's. The book takes in the final sixteen months of Lincoln's Presidency, from the State of the Union message of 1863 to the evening of April 14, 1865, when Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln went to Ford's Theatre to see, Professor Current says, a play called "The Country Cousin." (It was "Our American Cousin," and the error seems inexcusable here.) Professor Randall's object was to get at the truth and weed away the myth, and he and his successor appear to have succeeded brilliantly. They leave us a Lincoln in many respects greater than the legendary one. Illustrated.

INSIDE LINCOLN'S CABINET: THE CIVIL WAR DIARIES OF SALMON P. CHASE, edited by David Donald (Longmans, Green). Chase's diaries of the years when he was Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury became scattered after his death and, though they have been used in biographies of Chase, they have never before been brought together and published in complete and accurate form. There is nothing picturesque in them, nor do they, like certain other Civil War diaries, communicate the excitement of the period. Chase records his opinions on policy and the events of his official life in a style that is objective and brief. Yet the journal contributes to our knowledge of the relations of the President and his Cabinet and fills in our picture of Chase himself. Among the most notable features are an account of the Cabinet meeting at which Lincoln read the Emancipation Proclamation, prefacing it with a speech in which firmness was characteristically tempered by humility, and an enlightening day-by-day record of the cooling of his relations with Lincoln, who did not resent his Secretary's attempts to compete with him for the Presidential nomination in 1864, and, when Chase resigned from the Cabinet, appointed him Chief Justice—a

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record that ends with the significant words, written after calling on the President: "I feel that I do not know him." The diary has been admirably edited by Professor David Donald, who also has furnished a long introduction, a model of lucidity and competence, on Chase's career as Secretary of the Treasury.

THE DEMON OF PROGRESS IN THE ARTS, by Wyndham Lewis (Regnery). A blistering but by no means Philistine examination of the origin, nature, and increasingly visible emptiness of what is called, variously, "modern," "contemporary," and "nonhumanistic" art. Mr. Lewis, in his more restrained moments, calls it "extremist." He lays its current modish popularity to a combination of factors, ranging from the general cultural calcification of our era, through the evangelical compulsions of art critics, to the plethora of talentless painters. "We seem to be running down, everywhere in life, to a final end to all good things," he tells us. "Compared to fifty years ago, when the supreme and ultimate rot began, our food—our milk, our cheese, our bread, our concocted foods, everything . . . is inferior. . . . The cloth our clothes are made of has declined in quality . . . the materials with which our houses are built. . . . Paper is not what it was. . . . Steel products . . . become less and less reliable." And art, he adds, "is infected with the triviality of everything else." Illustrated.

BULL FEVER, by Kenneth Tynan (Harper). An urbane celebration of the arts and evils of bullfighting, based on a dozen fights the author attended in Spain a couple of summers ago. Mr. Tynan, a recently converted aficionado, is both lyrical and objective in his chronicle, which includes a lucid rundown on the ABCs of bullfighting, lively critical descriptions of the contests, and several good portraits of contemporary matadors, as well as a detailed account of the fatal goring of Manolete in 1947. (The average matador has a ninety-per-cent chance of survival, works about six years, and retires fair-to-middling rich.) The author, who is the precocious drama critic of the London *Observer*, has a hard time cinching in his culture, however, with the result that his book, though gracefully written, is often flattened by an elbowy crowd of comparisons between Charlie Chaplin and the bullfight, Alexander Pope and the

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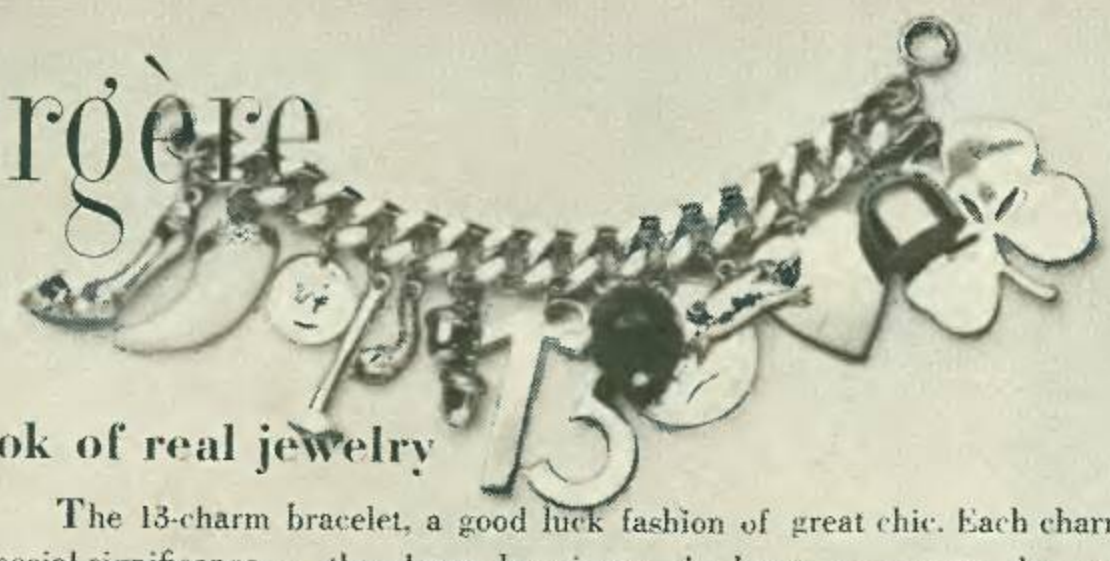

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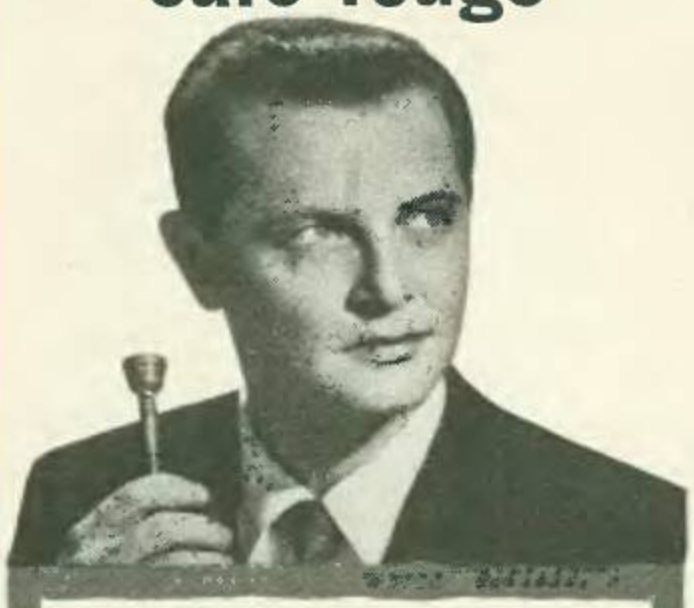
bullfight, Bix Beiderbecke and the bullfight, and so on. Many superior photographs.

HITLER, by Otto Dietrich (Regnery). This book, by the man who was Hitler's chief of press relations from 1933 to 1945, is a character study and reappraisal, and not just another biography. Dietrich wrote it in 1946, when he was in prison (he has since died), and it has an implicit *mea culpa* on every page, for although he genuinely revered Hitler for a long time, he went through a total and obviously sincere conversion. His insight into the mind and heart of Adolf Hitler is piercing and intimate—he had the Führer's confidence until almost the very end—and he deals with such matters as Hitler's attempts at humor, which were usually on the nasty side (in private conversation he used to refer to human beings as "planetary bacilli"), Hitler's table talk, which was interminable and dreadfully boring, and Hitler's relations with Eva Braun, which were dull and discreet.

MY LIFE FOR MY SHEEP, by Alfred Duggan (Coward-McCann). A jocose biography of Thomas à Becket, the twelfth-century Norman statesman and divine who, as Archbishop of Canterbury, became a martyr by allowing himself to be brutally murdered in his own cathedral. Mr. Duggan, who is the author of a handful of excellent historical novels, as well as a good life of Julius Caesar, has here, rather surprisingly, let himself wander into the peculiar literary swamp that lies between fiction and fact. The results are especially disconcerting when one finds the towering Becket and the squat Henry II chattering together, page after page, like Mutt and Jeff in medieval Europe.

GEORGE SANDYS, POET-ADVENTURER, by Richard Beale Davis (Columbia). George Sandys was a well-known English poet when he came to Virginia as treasurer of the Jamestown colony (he did little to distinguish himself in that office except escape from the Jamestown massacre with his scalp intact), and he worked at his translation of Ovid on these shores, thus becoming the first American man of letters. This biography, the first full one of Sandys, is scholarly to the point of being unreadable, with footnotes covering half the space and every mildly relevant document reprinted in full. Still, buried in it somewhere is an interesting fig-

café rouge



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ure who was also a fresh-eyed, engaging writer. Illustrations.

PORTRAIT OF A SPY, by Rémy, translated by Lancelot C. Sheppard (Roy). The spy in question, George-Henri Delfanne, alias Christian Masuy, an illegitimate Belgian born in 1913, tried astrology and the mattress business, and in 1940, after being picked up by the Nazis on suspicion in Cologne, was effortlessly persuaded to engage in counter-espionage work. By 1943, Masuy was swashbuckling about German Paris in a sports car (the black market, combined with his regular work, had already earned him an estimated billion francs), and in November of that year he capped his career by paralyzing, in just thirteen days, one of the most nettling of the French Resistance networks. Extradited from Spain after the war, Masuy was tried by the French and shot for treason. Unfortunately, however, Colonel Rémy, who was none other than the head of the obliterated network, has been buffaloed again; Masuy the man remains as soapily elusive throughout the book as he was in his quick glory.

VISIONS RISE AND CHANGE, by Pierre van Paassen (Dial). Mr. van Paassen's favorite vision, which is of a miraculous rebirth of Holy, or non-Communist, Russia, rose many years ago and hasn't changed at all. Most of this book is an account of a long visit the author made to Russia in 1930, during which he found Christianity everywhere, and the rest is a brief history of Soviet policy during the war (he believes it was the Orthodox faith that stopped Hitler) and since Stalin's death. Mr. van Paassen is often a first-rate reporter—as when he describes his interviews with the Metropolitan of Moscow, the leader of the Society of the Godless, and a Russian monk who claimed to have seen Jesus face to face—but he is less impressive as a thinker, and his whopping prophecies seem at least as likely to be dead wrong as right.

JOHN GOFFE'S LEGACY, by George Woodbury (Norton). Mr. Woodbury, who not long ago wrote a book called "John Goffe's Mill," describing how he rebuilt his great-great-great-great-great-grandfather's water mill in New Hampshire, now comes up with a chatty history of the property and the family over all those generations. A potpourri of Indian fights, comic entries in old ledgers, and eccentric hired hands, the sequel

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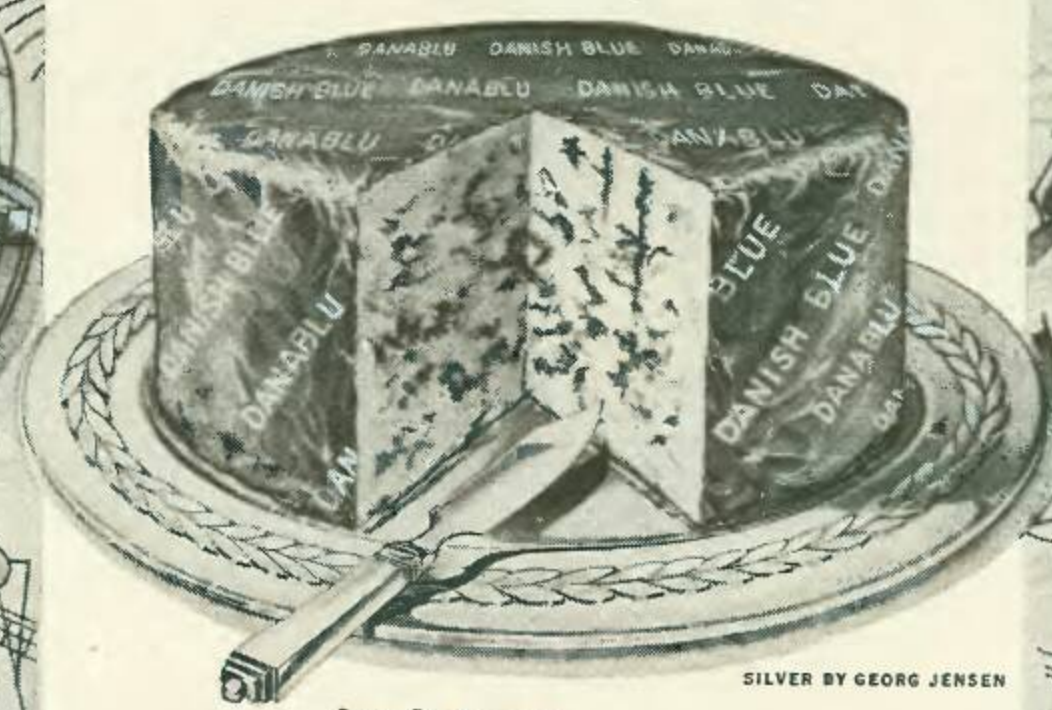

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is about what you might expect, except for a portrait of one marvellous Goffe matron who decided, in 1830, that she wanted a pair of silk stockings, and proceeded to grow mulberry trees, raise silkworms, unwind cocoons, spin thread, and knit herself a pair of black ones, with her initials worked into the tops. For the information of her shade, the old Goffe land is now the site of a suburban housing development and the ancient Goffe mill now turns out old-fashioned milking stools, to be used for televiewing.

LEOPARD IN MY LAP, by Michaela Denis (Messner). A book of adventure by the young wife of Armand Denis, the explorer, photographer, and producer of films about wildlife. The author, who was a fashion designer in New York, had been saving money with the idea of travelling to the remoter parts of the world when she met Mr. Denis, and since their marriage she has gone along on all her husband's expeditions. She has rubbed elbows, and noses, with all sorts of exotic creatures, from reptiles to human beings, in the jungles of Africa, South America, New Guinea, and Australia, and, among other things, has been initiated into a secret society by an African sorceress and has made the acquaintance of some Congo women who had eaten their husbands. The writing is simple and direct, and the book is richly illustrated with photographs, most of them by Mr. Denis.

ENEMIES ARE HUMAN, by Reinhold Pabel (Winston). Mr. Pabel, a German soldier who was captured in Italy, escaped from a prisoner-of-war camp in Illinois in 1945, with fifteen dollars and a magazine article by J. Edgar Hoover, entitled "How Enemy Prisoners Are Recaptured," in his pocket. Eight years later, the long arm of the F.B.I. snatched him back into captivity. In the years between, Pabel, calling himself Philip Brick, had made his way to Chicago, acquired a bookshop there, married an American girl, and was raising a family. How he accomplished all this is the burden of his rather amusing book; it has a happy ending, for the American authorities have set him free, helped him become a United States citizen, and made it possible for him to reopen his shop.

A LITTLE REBELLION, by Marion L. Starkey (Knopf). A detailed, not to say relentless, study of the armed but generally pacifistic uprising of

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several thousand overtaxed and underprivileged western Massachusetts farmers in 1786, which history has recorded as Shays' Rebellion. Miss Starkey takes her title and her thesis from one of Jefferson's less familiar observations: "I hold it that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing. . . . The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure." The commotion she chooses to illustrate this unusual thought does so well enough, but one could wish that she had chosen one that was intrinsically a little more interesting.

JOURNEY THROUGH DREAD, by Arland Ussher (Devin-Adair). Even those readers who thought they understood Existentialism pretty well are apt to feel they are back where they started after a few hours of Mr. Ussher's pyrotechnics. The book's three subjects are Kierkegaard, Heidegger, and Sartre, and they are treated as spokesmen of a movement from despair through dread to disgust—or a reverse Dantean journey from Paradiso through Purgatorio to Inferno—with incidental comparisons along the way with Shakespeare, Tertullian, Swift, Cervantes, Hegel, Kafka, Li-Tai-Po, Rilke, Synge, Lawrence, Coleridge, Blake, Shaw, Freud, and Lord knows how many more. Of one gloomy Existentialist idea, Mr. Ussher writes, "I altogether refuse to be depressed by it," and he comes through as just about the most effervescent Vergil in the trade.

THE AGE OF ANALYSIS, edited by Morton White (Houghton Mifflin). This sixth, and last, volume in the Great Ages of Western Philosophy series consists of selections from the writings of philosophers of our own century, plus Professor White's commentary. It is probably impossible to make such gnarly thinkers as Charles S. Peirce and Ludwig Wittgenstein understandable to the lay reader, but Professor White has done about the best anyone could, providing us with apt selections, an unchronological arrangement that gives twentieth-century philosophy something like a plot, and lucid introductions that display what he hopes is "an excusable amount of irony." Altogether, a very good try.

NOTE: Edmund Wilson's "The Scrolls from the Dead Sea," a considerable portion of which originally appeared in this magazine in somewhat differ-

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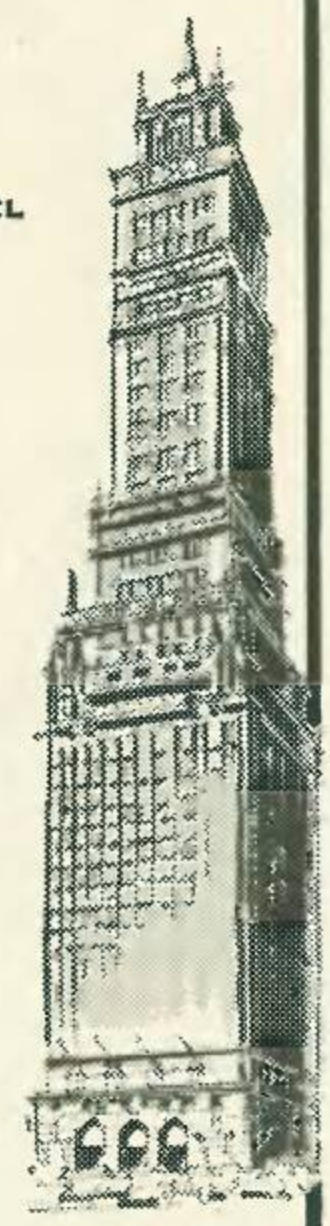

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ent form, has been published by the Oxford University Press.

VERSE

THE FLOWERS OF EVIL, by Charles Baudelaire, selected and edited by Marthiel and Jackson Mathews (New Directions). Working on the principle that no single translator of Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal" has ever been able to do the poetry justice, Professor Mathews and his wife have spent seven years comparing published and unpublished versions of the book's one hundred and sixty-three poems. They have finally chosen translations by thirty Englishmen and Americans, including Aldous Huxley, Humbert Wolfe, Roy Campbell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Richard Wilbur. The French text, as established in the Pléiade edition, is included, together with Baudelaire's three drafts for a preface, all of them hitherto untranslated. The result of this devoted and discriminating labor is a remarkable reconstitution, in English, of one of the great poetic works of the nineteenth century, which has come into its own, in France and elsewhere, after a controversy that began with its first publication, in 1857.

THE SELECTED POEMS OF FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA, edited by Francisco García Lorca and Donald M. Allen (New Directions). The poet's brother, in his preface to this new volume in the New Classics series, clearly traces the line of development in Lorca's work, from the early lyrics and ballads to the later lyric dramas. The English versions of the poems, by eighteen translators, bring out the contrast and color of the originals, which are included, and there is a chronology of the poet's life (1898-1936).

•

CALAIS, FRANCE, Sept. 23. (Reuters)—Florence Chadwick in failing to swim a choppy English channel today chalked it up mainly to the purchase of a pair of black shoes.

The 35-year-old Californian gave up only a mile from the French coast after setting out from Dover in a rainstorm twelve hours earlier.

"I made a mistake by buying black shoes for this trip," the husky swimmer said.
—*Kansas City (Mo.) Times.*

If it was raining, rubbers would have been better.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Jacksonville (Fla.) Journal*]

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