Jan. 21, 1956

THE NEW YORKER

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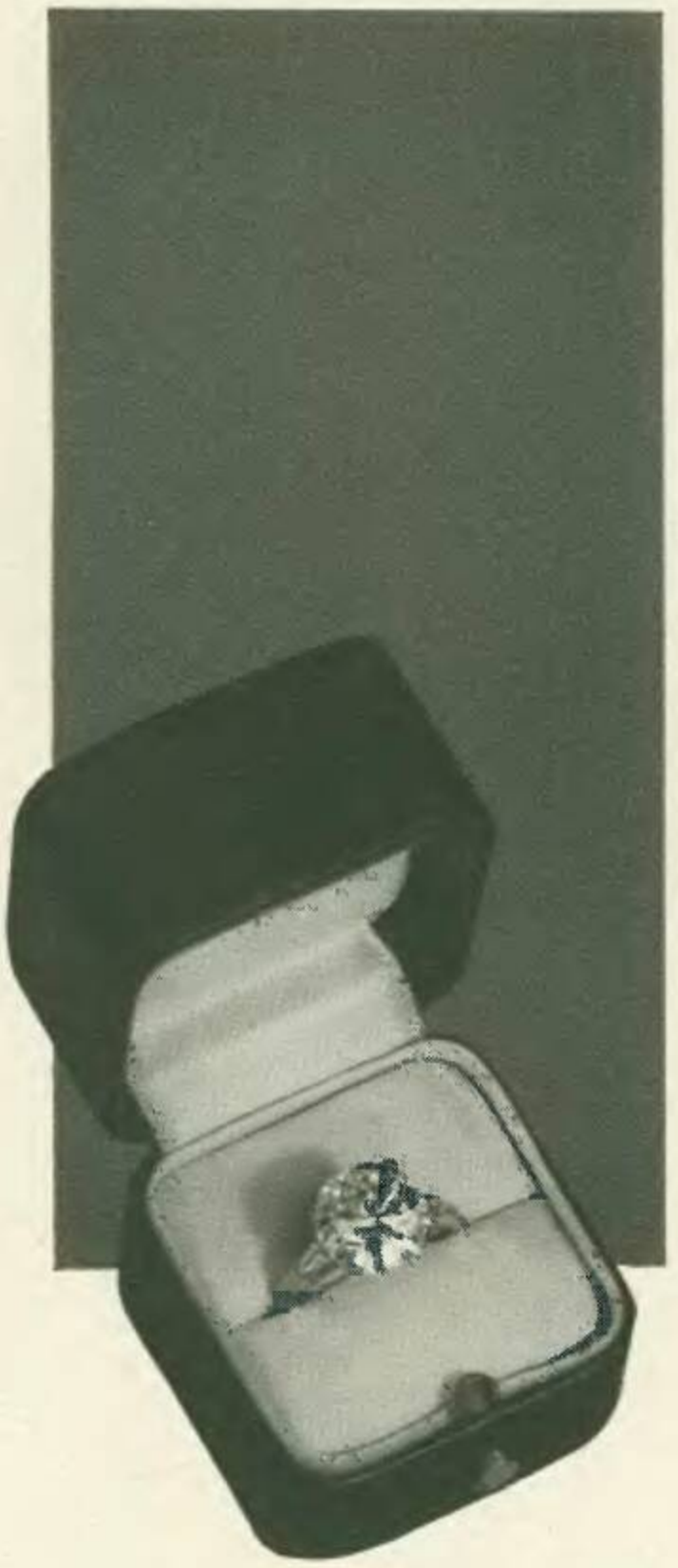


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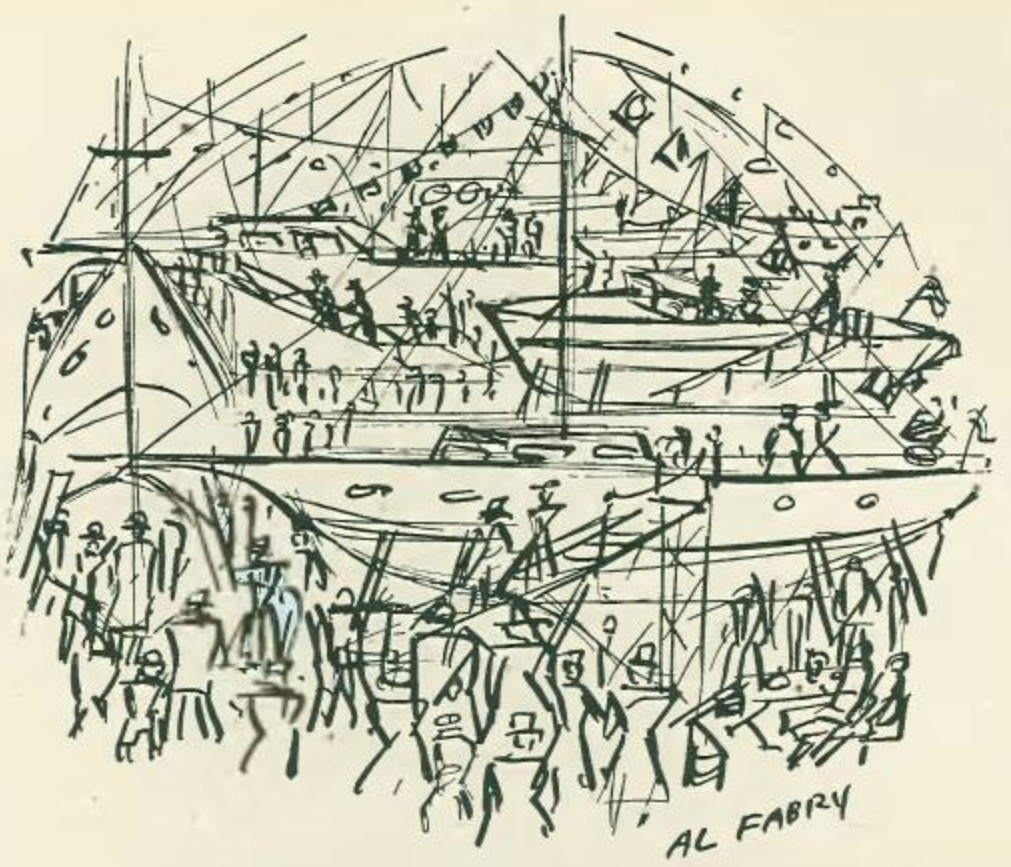
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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR



ABOUT TOWN

OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

The Chalk Garden—A comedy of manners that has style, wit, and substance, and a cast that does beautifully by all three qualities. Gladys Cooper, Siobhan McKenna, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Percy Waram have the leading roles in Enid Bagnold's play, and the set and costumes are by Cecil Beaton. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Desk Set—Shirley Booth is, as usual, magnificent in this comedy about automation or something, but the play really hasn't much else to recommend it. It employs, along with Miss Booth, Dorothy Blackburn, Frank Milan, Byron Sanders, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—A very moving account of the life of a fourteen-year-old girl in hiding in Holland because of the Nazis. In this memorable drama by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, Susan Strasberg is remarkable as the young heroine, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber, as her father and mother, are superlative, too. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Great Sebastians—Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse have turned out a comedy melodrama about modern Czechoslovakian politics that Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne play for considerably more than it is worth. The cast includes Ben Astar, Simon Oakland, and Eugenia Rawls. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hatful of Rain—Ben Gazzara and Shelley Winters are both laudable in this melodrama about a drug addict and his upstanding wife, but the play itself, by Michael V. Gazzo, is not too expertly written. Frank Silvera, Anthony Franciosa, and Henry Silva are also in the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Janus—Margaret Sullavan is certain to delight almost everybody in Carolyn Green's slight and fairly simple-minded comedy concerning adultery and its effect on the tax rate. Robert Preston and Claude Dauphin support her stoutly. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Lark—Julie Harris makes a wonderfully executive but still quite touching Joan of Arc in Lillian Hellman's trenchant adaptation of Jean Anouilh's play. Boris Karloff, Christopher Plummer, Theodore Bikel, and Joseph Wiseman are all praiseworthy in subsidiary roles. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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The Matchmaker—Thornton Wilder's knockabout comedy is very good indeed, and Ruth Gordon is most happily cast as its star. Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are among those lending capable support. The play was directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

No Time for Sergeants—Ira Levin's adaptation of Mac Hyman's novel about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force is one of the funniest low comedies you've ever seen. Andy Griffith is triumphant in his first New York appearance, and there are also exceptional performances by Myron McCormick, Roddy McDowall, Royal Beal, and Howard Freeman. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Red Roses for Me—Sean O'Casey's drama about the 1913 Dublin transport workers' strike has its poetic moments, but it is not to be compared with his "The Plough and the Stars" or "Juno and the Paycock." Kevin McCarthy, E. G. Marshall, Eileen Crowe, and Joyce Sullivan head the cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 21.)

The Righteous Are Bold—Frank Carney's drama about a young Irish girl who is supernaturally possessed is exciting enough in its preposterous way. Irene Hayes gives a spectacular performance as the young heroine, and Denis O'Dea is impressive as a sympathetic priest. (Holiday, Broadway at 47th St. CI 5-5530. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiger at the Gates—Helen of Troy and all that in one of the really solid plays of the season. Written by Jean Giraudoux and translated by Christopher Fry, this satire has in its cast the splendid likes of Michael Redgrave, Walter Fitzgerald, Diane Cilento, Leueen MacGrath, and Morris Carnovsky. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A View from the Bridge—Arthur Miller's drama about a longshoreman who is destroyed by his love for a young girl has some of the quality of Greek tragedy. Van Heflin, Jack Warden, and Russell Collins appear in it and also in Mr. Miller's preceding one-act play called "A Memory of Two Mondays." Martin Ritt is the director and Boris Aronson designed the superior sets. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 4.)

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?—George Axelrod's comedy about a Hollywood screenwriter who sells his soul for various rewards, including a blonde, is alternately quite funny and very foolish. The accomplished cast includes Orson Bean, Jayne Mansfield, Martin Gabel, and Walter Matthau. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 22.)

Long Runs—bus stop: A group of troubled travellers are snowbound in a roadside diner in this play by William Inge. Now with Barbara Baxley, Kent Smith, Elaine Stritch, and Dick York. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 11.)... **cat on a hot tin roof:** Tennessee Williams' play about a man who finds it very hard to get along in a hostile world. Barbara Bel Geddes and Burl Ives have the leading roles in a cast directed by Elia Kazan. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **inherit the wind:** A variant on the Scopes trial, with Paul Muni, as Clarence Darrow, and Ed Begley, as William Jennings Bryan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the teahouse of the august moon:** All about the Americanization of Okinawa. At present, John Beal and Terence Kilburn are representatives of the warring cultures. (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:** Agatha

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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. 49, January 21, 1956. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1956, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Christie's exercise in mystery melodrama. The play has a cast of thirty, headed by Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, and Robin Craven. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Fallen Angels—Nancy Walker and Margaret Phillips in a revival of Noel Coward's play. Staged by Charles Bowden and produced by him and Richard Barr, in association with H. Ridgely Bullock, Jr. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Damn Yankees—A lively and inventive story of a baseball fan who signs a contract with 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 the late Jerry Ross, and a hell of a tempting demon in the person of Gwen Verdon. Ray Walston, as her employer, and Stephen Douglass, as her earth-bound suitor, are very skillful, too. The dancers are stimulating, and the male chorus actually appears 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.)

Pipe Dream—This new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, based on John Steinbeck's novel "Sweet Thursday," has its stirring moments, but altogether it will probably prove something of a disappointment to admirers of this famous pair. Helen Traubel, William Johnson, and Judy Tyler are the highly engaging stars. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. The performance on Friday evening, Jan. 20, will be for the benefit of the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund, for tickets, call TE 8-6272.)

Long Runs—comedy in music: Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 21.)... **fanny:** Life on the Marseille waterfront, as interpreted by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan from a movie trilogy by Marcel Pagnol. With Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak. (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 union troubles in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Pat Marshall (who will be replaced on Monday, Jan. 23, by Julie Wilson) are now among the principal garment workers. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **plain and fancy:** Spirited doings among the Amish folk of Pennsylvania. Currently in the cast are Barbara Cook, David Daniels, Evelyn Page, and Eric Fleming. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **silk stockings:** A musical version of "Ninotchka," for which Cole Porter wrote the songs. Hildegarde Neff and Don Ameche head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. 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.)

Tamburlaine the Great—Christopher Marlowe's tragedy, performed by the Festival Company of Stratford, Canada. The company of ninety-five is headed by Anthony Quayle and Coral Browne, and is under the direction of Tyrone Guthrie. Presented for an eight-week engagement by the Producers Theatre, in association with the Stratford Festival Foundation of Canada. Opens Thursday, Jan. 19, and will run through Saturday,

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March 10. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Time Limit!—A play by Henry Denker and Ralph Berkey, with Arthur Kennedy, Richard Kiley, Allyn McLerie, and Patricia Benoit. Presented by the Theatre Guild and staged by Windsor Lewis. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 24. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Hot Corner—Sam Levene and Vicki Cummings in a comedy by Allen Boretz and Ruby Sully. Eleanore Saidenberg is the producer, Mr. Levene the director. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 25. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

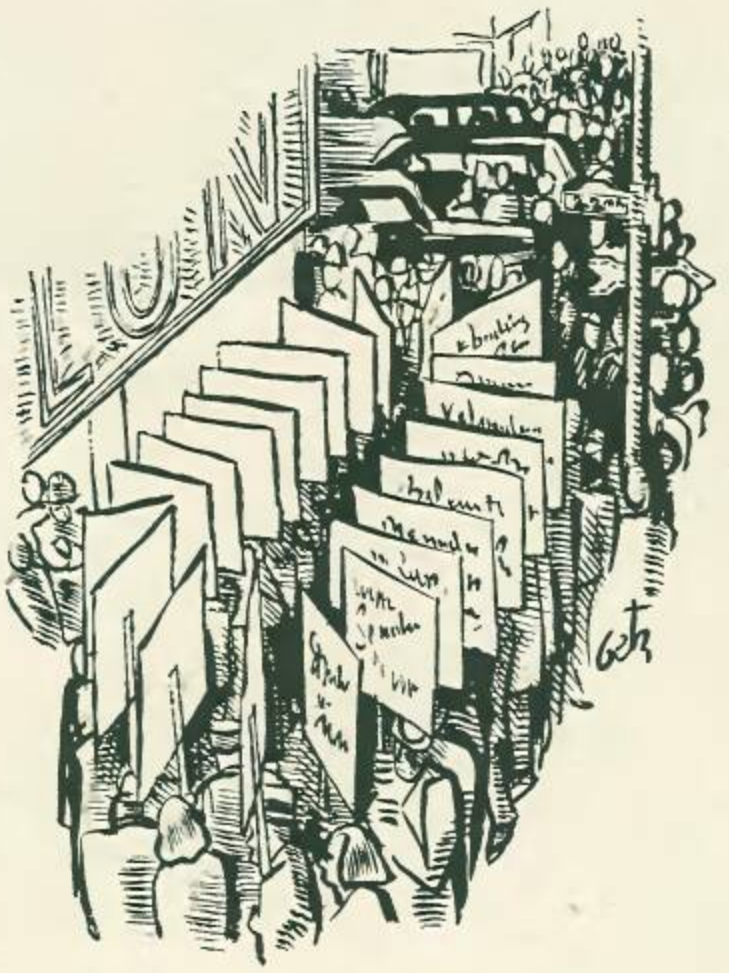
(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Theatre Company—Orson Welles' conception of the mad monarch in "King Lear" may be open to some question, but it is at least like nothing you've ever seen before. With Viveca Lindfors, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and John Colicos. Mr. Welles directed. The first in a series of three offerings to be presented by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 29.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, Jan. 20: "Lucia di Lammermoor." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Skedge Miller and Dee Victor in a revival of Arthur Wing Pinero's "Dandy Dick," staged by Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of "The Cradle Song," by Gregorio and Maria Martinez Sierra, in an English translation by John Garrett Underhill. José Quintero is the director, and Lola D'Annunzio and Betty Miller have the leading roles. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)



Fourth Street Theatre—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," with Franchot Tone, George Voskovec, and Clarence Derwent. Produced and directed by David Ross. Previews Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 24-29. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 31. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays, except Jan. 28, and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—A rather broad rendering of Pirandello's fantastic comedy, "Six Characters in Search of an Author," that loses much of the point of the original but is still probably worth your attention. Tyrone Guthrie has directed a cast that includes Natalie Schafer, Francis Bethencourt, Whitfield Connor, Michael Wager, and Betty Lou Holland. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Feb. 5.)

President Theatre—"Third Person," a play by Andrew Rosenthal, with Louise Allbritton at the head of a cast directed by Bill Butler. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—A Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, presented by the Light Opera Theatre. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 19-22: "The Sorcerer."... ¶ Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 26-29: "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Shakespearewrights—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," directed by Norman Peck. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. The cast 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.)

MISCELLANY

Hollywood Ice Revue—A couple of hundred skaters, including Gundi Busch, Andra McLaughlin, Margie Lee, and Freddie Trenkler, gliding through twenty production numbers, of which one is "Cinderella." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Sundays at 7 and every other evening, except Friday, Jan. 20, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Jan. 29.)

Cornelia Otis Skinner and Fred Keating—Character sketches by Miss Skinner and sleight of hand by Mr. Keating. The third in a series of "Sideshow" programs, each of which is presented for a single performance. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Monday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Angna Enters—Dance mime. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Friday, Jan. 27, at 8:30: "The Magic Flute."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 3 (a performance primarily for children): "Rumpelstiltskin." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Call TR 9-5512 Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Yugoslav National Folk Ballet—The first appearance in America by this group, which comprises forty-two dancers and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

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)—Chauncey Gray's veteran varsity opens up in the Embassy Club, one of our most elaborate town houses, at ten, along with a rumba band; the music before then



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is strictly for dining, not dancing. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—At four, when James Kirk starts unstringing his harp, the Palm Court becomes a sanctuary for commuters and their shopping bags, junior misses and their dates. He's there every day but Sunday, and Mondays through Fridays he's also audible from seven to nine in the Madison Room. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—If the walls (and the older residents) of this fabled caravansary could only talk. . . . Dancing to Charles Holden's orchestra and Don Alfredo's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has Hildegarde, the best-dressed girl from Milwaukee, to supply the dinner and supper parties with songs, piano, beginners' French, and summer-weight philosophy. Stanley Melba's perky dance band and a trio help out before and after. Sundays, there's only a dinner show; Mondays, it's a closed shop. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet or a reasonable facsimile makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the ornate Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Ted Straeter's combined orchestra and male chorus, and Mark Monte's musicians, all of them standbys here, are having themselves quite a ball. At dinner and supper, there's a spate of arias by Polly Bergen, lovely to look at, delightful to hear even when she's pretending to be the wickedest woman in the whole world. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Walter Scott's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra hums away at teatime every afternoon in the handsome Palm Court. No dancing. . . . ¶ In the lofty Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group brightens one corner at the dinner hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—One little, two little, three little Lombardos, and several big ones, pipe sweetly on the bandstand of the huge Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a reasonable likeness of heaven on earth, is enlivened all evening by the tinkling of Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small bands. After the theatre, Julie Wilson, a sweet girl graduate of this enterprise, returns to glide through her *dégagé* ballads, in which poor old virtue is almost never triumphant. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tex Beneke's orchestra, which inhabits the vast Café Rouge, keeps the dancers and the melodies firmly in mind. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The rule about wearing a tie at the table or bar is rigidly enforced, but you'll still see plenty of transient wildlife at play. Two jug-and-string bands alternate on the rostrum.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A formula that's been in this château for years (take ½ doz. pretty girls, sprinkle heavily with comedy and lightly with clothing, then stir vigorously) has once more been revived. The most neatly turned witticisms belong to Larry Daniels, a newcomer; the most neatly turned ankles belong to Neile Adams, another newcomer, whose singing and dancing are also pleasurable. They all perform at dinner and supper; Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Aside from a prologue constructed of inexpensive foam rubber, Jane Froman does excellently by her Irving Berlin retrospective, which proves that we (and Mr. Berlin) have come a long way since 1910. She's on at dinner and supper; Nat Brandwynne's symphonic orchestra plays the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In

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a clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, the golden-haired Daphne Hellman strums her golden harp from six to eight; thereafter there's dance music by Jozsi Ribari's Mittel-europa band and a trio until one. Sundays, Mischa Borr's orchestra, which performs from eight to twelve, is the whole deal.

Note—The Rainbow Room, far above the madding crowd, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Weylin Room, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Otis Clements is presently the cricket on this well-appointed hearth. He's at the piano every night but Sunday, and his hours are six to eight and ten to one. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An extremely plush parlor wherein Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner, and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver. . . . **Barberry Room,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the executive-suite genre, except when Renato Rossini applies himself and his guitar to smoldering Iberian music. He's on from nine to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): A diners' club just big enough for the smallest of small talk and the nostalgic piano of Ralph Strain, who sets the mood from nine o'clock to early morning. Carl Norman begins at six and leaves a trifle earlier. Around midnight, a light-fingered drummer joins Mr. S. On Sundays, Mr. Norman has the piano to himself. . . . **Goldie's New York,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins is again in business. The premises are new; the carefree atmosphere, the owner's bouncy piano, and Wayne Sanders' nostalgic piano are as of old. The music starts at six every night of the week. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish rodeo set forth here is all quite jolly, and rather a relief from the mambo. Dancing for the visitors, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Nino,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The three-hours-for-dinner set takes its ease while someone disports himself at the piano. George Kent will be the someone through Saturday, Jan. 21. As of Monday, Jan. 23, it will be Cy Walter. There's also action at cocktails and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **Little Bohemia,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): From seven-thirty until early morning, there are musicians (now stationary, now peripatetic) whose bowings and scrapings provide the perfect seasoning for Wiener schnitzel and hot borsch. Closed Sundays. . . . **Le Vouvray,** 132 E. 61st St. (TE 8-5383): The stilly night is interrupted only by the veteran violin of the circumambulatory William Adler, who has walked the floor for many a dinner party in his time. Closed Sundays. . . .



Chardas, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The locale is Hungary, the state of mind is one-big-happy-family. It is, in addition, a preserve for the nearly extinct zimbalon, two examples of which are often operated in tandem. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, Laurie Brewis, the London edition of the show-tune encyclopedia, is at the piano after eight. No music Mondays. . . . **Champagne Gallery,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the pantry making fudge in this meeting place of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with whoever is at the Steinway.

BIG AND BRASSY

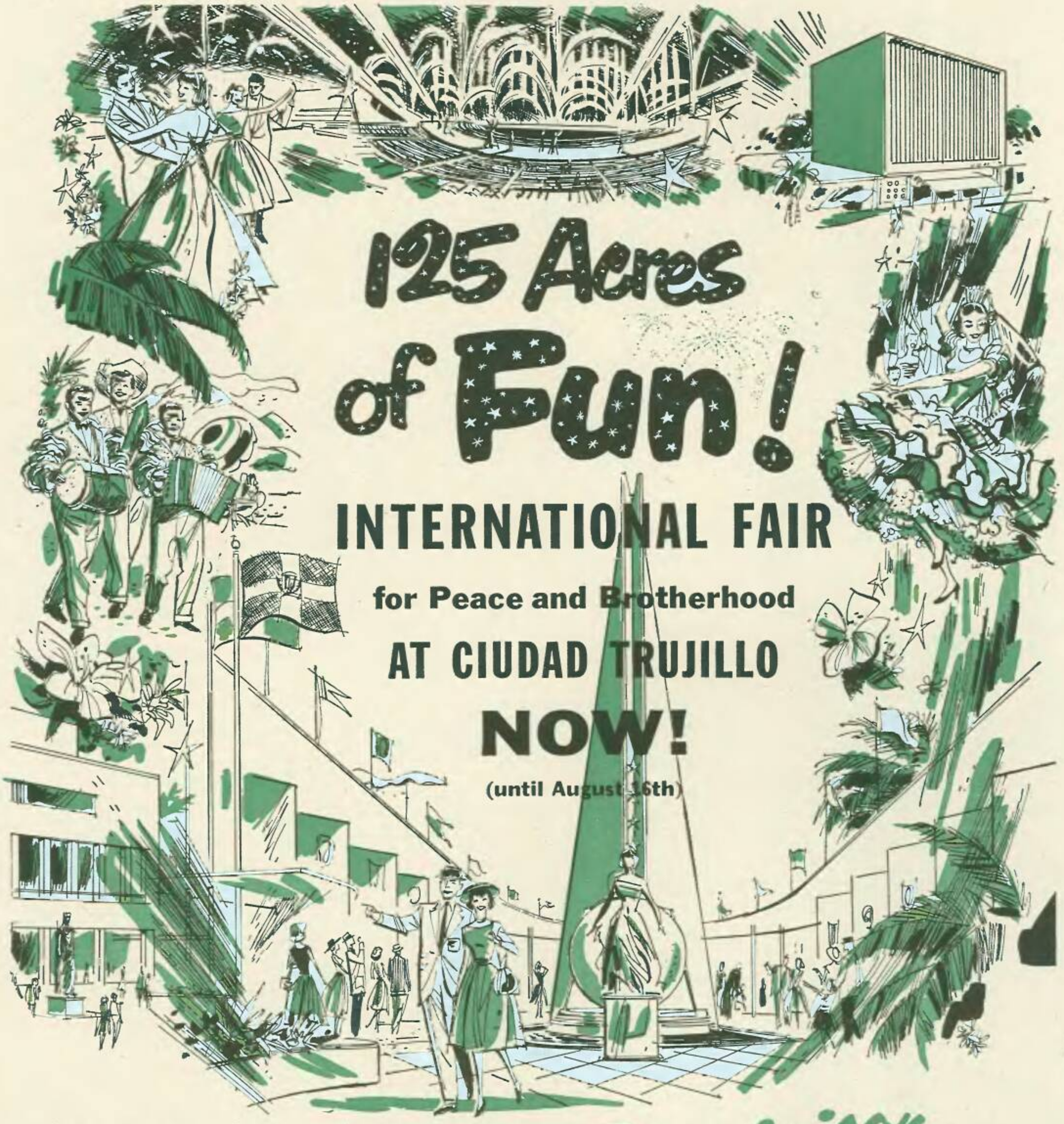
(Dancing.)

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The most notable event in this mushroom cellar is Billy Daniels' autobiographical account, in words and music, of his rise from the sidewalks of New York to the Copa, a room that Horatio Alger, for all his glory, never played. . . . **Latin Quarter,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Life after nightfall in quaint old Paris (Kentucky, that is), where the nights are sometimes interminable. Jean Carroll, armed with a voice like a scimitar, has a brusque talent to amuse. . . . **Château Madrid,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): It's probably the first time ballet was ever staged in a prize ring. Carmen Amaya and her devoted entourage put on an exhibition of body Spanish at dinner and supper every night, plus a 2 A.M. afterpiece on Fridays and Saturdays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis, whose rumpled ditties and jazz piano could make her the first citizen of Cannery Row, presides benignly over the back room and her tenor husband, Calvin Ponder. Also aboard are Jill Corey, a rocket-propelled nightingale, and Jorie Remes, a *diseuse* so broody that she probably wouldn't ever take yes for an answer. They're uplifted by the ardent pulsings of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard. . . . ¶ Except Saturday nights, the Davis family and the Lyons group have a hearty get-together from 2 to 4 A.M. in the lounge, where Alex Fogarty does cocktail and dinner piano. . . . **Le Ruban Bleu,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Irwin Corey, who has converted Shakespeare into French farce by rearranging the Master so that Hamlet gets into Rosalind's act and King Lear gets into Ophelia's; Dorothy Loudon, a rantipole spoofer of celebrated sob songs; and the King Odom quartet, which sings about the life and groovy times of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. On Wednesday, Jan. 25, Tobi Reynolds and her chanteys will replace Miss Loudon and hers. The unique Norman Paris trio serves as a backfield. Closed Sundays. . . . **Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The minx named Enid Mosier and a three-man steel band, without which the national anthem of Trinidad is hardly official, are spouting West Indian French, English, and music, all of it gay and simple-minded. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Another amiable young lady—Lynn Taylor, who knows a good song when she hears one—completes the roster. Closed Mondays. . . . **Bon Soir,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Kaye Ballard, a hellion on wheels, offers observations on the *comédie humaine* that are pretty frightening but likewise pretty funny. The resident company includes Tony and Eddie, whose parodies of people in the public eye come much too close for their victims' comfort; the Three Flames, those manic musicians; Jimmie Daniels, a worldling balladeer; Bruce Kirby, utility comic; and Hazel Webster, the Village's pet pianist. Sylvia Syms, who has brought a certain distinction to the art of jazz singing, is the latest guest artist. Closed Mondays. . . . **Cameo,** 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): Julie London, a dulcet little Miss Muffet, sits on a tuffet in this wall-to-wall satin-lined boudoir and sings, hands in lap, sweet carols that never stray far from the jazz idiom. This worth-while recital, aided



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Bobby Troup's trio, commences at nine-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DUPLEX,** 55 Grove St. (WA 4-2730): A night in old San Francisco, involving Lovey Powell, whose calm songs of passion seem to come out of a dream; Hal Holbrook, whose life ambition is to look like Mark Twain; and Brooks Morton, who patrols the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Mabel Mercer's kingdom of her own. The *spécialités de la royaume* are knowledgeable piano (Sam Hamilton and Bob Printz) from the cocktail hour on and, after the theatre, Miss Mercer's understanding projection of the most literate ballads our latter-day poets can devise. Sundays are her holidays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been at the twin pianos these many years, a thimbleful of blond catnip named Mary Harmon, whose lyrics are one long semanticists' holiday, is being sprinkled on the customers; Jeff Warren, owner of a stage-size tenor, chimes in now and then. Sundays, there are ancient movies instead of Miss Harmon, and Mondays, there are amateur nights instead of Mr. Warren. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Worthies who deserve a showcase are speaking (or singing) their pieces in this Greenwich Village sort of cellar. The speakers are Igor and H., doubters of all that the air waves hold sacred; the singers are Cynthia Gooding and Laura Mitchell, who have manner, poise, and a touch of humor in their favor. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

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

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Shock therapy by the wayward horn of the mighty Wild Bill Davison. He gets Solid South support from Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Pee Wee Russell, Walter Page, George Wettling, and once in a while even from Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and tableside. Ted Roy is the solo pianist. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' quartet starts chortling right after dinner; there's also the trio topped by Dorothy Donegan, whose triphammer piano may have been the downfall of the walls of Jericho. Sundays, Jack Elliott and his light-as-a-feather trio of tomorrow have the floor. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Weekend seminars on the American contribution to world culture. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20-21, Woody Herman will be the moderator; the participants will be his jumping Fourth Herd and the Modern Jazz Quartet, whose treatment of their themes qualifies them for a guest shot on "I've Got a Secret." Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, Erroll Garner's perversely prankish piano and trio and the deftly tangled dissonances of the Max Roach-Clifford Brown quintet will speak for themselves. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus here is provided by some old-time Villagers. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, George Foster, and Sonny White) sound like nighttime on Rampart Street, which is the way 52nd Street sounded in its vintage years. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): It is anyone's guess about who's on first in this musicians' snug harbor, but you should find, at the moment, a trio led by the eminent Tal Farlow after the dinner hour. Johnny Mehegan is at the piano from six to ten evenings, except Sundays and Mondays, when he's on all night, and Saturdays, when he quietly steals away. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Something for almost every thoughtful listener—the alive voice of Jeri Southern, the complex counterpoint of Johnny Smith's muted foursome, and the earnest endeavors of the Australian Jazz Quartet, which is willing to tackle any instrument. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are off duty. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, a pensive piano soloist and the rollicking better half of her modernist trio, sets to at ten; Frannie Thorne, who has put Yale behind him and is concentrating on the piano, reports at nine. Monday is their sabbath. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A perilous night at sea, midway between Scylla and Charybdis. At one time or another, Ken Kersey, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins are almost certain to see action. The row begins at 1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, and at 7 P.M. other days, and ends at 3 A.M. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Splinter groups who've been told to go hire a hall have hired one. The Herbie Nichols trio and the Jazz Messengers are having it out in full view of everyone. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): A real desert island except when Duke Ellington and his crew are on the bandstand. Dancing. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): On Saturday, Jan. 21, a one-night stand (that's Broadway for you these days) by a star cast—Bobby Hackett, Coleman Hawkins, Billy Butterfield, Buck Clayton, Bud Freeman, Joe Marsala, Zutty Singleton, Sonny Greer, Hank Duncan, and Jimmy Rushing. Curtain at nine. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The visiting contingent in this veteran firehouse on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20-21, is apt to include Tyree Glenn, Tony Parenti, Pee Wee Erwin, Herb Fleming, Dick Wellstood, Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five, and Panama Francis.

ART

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

GALLERIES

OLIVER ANDREWS—Sculptures in steel, bronze, wood and lead, wire, copper, and so on, by a young Californian; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

EDMONDO BACCI AND SALVATORE—Paintings by the first and sculptures by the second—both Italians showing for the first time in the United States; through Feb. 4. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Abstractions in oil painted during the past year; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

RHYS CAPARN—Sculptures, bas-reliefs, and drawings by this American sculptress; through Feb. 6. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT CONOVER—A first local one-man showing of abstract oils and water colors; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Zabriskie, 835 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, noon to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

JOSEPH CORNELL—Constructions dealing with the zodiac and with stars in the December skies; through Feb. 4. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

GUSTAVE COURBET—A loan exhibition of nineteen paintings, about half of which have not been publicly shown here before; through Feb. 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

FRANCES FIELD—Recent oils, pastels, and caseins; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Duveen-Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

HENRY GASSER—Water-color scenes, ranging in locale from New England to Texas; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—New abstract paintings, based for the most part on figures; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

ABRAHAM HARRITON—His first solo show in five years comprises portraits, landscapes, and marines; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

GASTON LACHAISE—Sculptures (bronze, alabaster, and pewter) and drawings by this artist who died twenty years ago; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

LE CORBUSIER—Oils by the Swiss architect, paint-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

er, and writer, who for many years has lived in Paris; through Feb. 11. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Leonid—Paintings of rice fields and shrimp-fishing along the coast of Europe, as well as views of the Maine coast, where the artist (Russian by birth, a long-time resident of Paris, and now an American) visited for the first time last summer; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Georges Mathieu—Paintings done in 1955 by this French abstractionist; starting Saturday, Jan. 21. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Henry Mattson—The sea and the way it is affected by the elements is the theme of most of his oils, and there is also the latest of a dozen or so self-portraits turned out over a number of years; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

Picasso—Forty-nine pen-and-ink and six colored-crayon drawings, dated 1953-54, never before seen in the United States; through Feb. 11. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Kay Sage—Surrealistic paintings completed since her exhibit here four years ago; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Hyde Solomon—Landscapes treated semiabstractly make up an exhibit of his 1955 oils; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Theodoros Stamos—Oils (1953-55) by a young American of Greek origin; through Feb. 4. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Stuyvesant Van Veen—A salute to the vanishing Third Avenue "L," various aspects of which are depicted in gouache by an American painter; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

Vlaminck—A selection of his flower paintings, done between 1904 and 1945; through Feb. 2. (Schoneman, 63 E. 57th St.)

Charmion von Wiegand—Sixteen new abstract oil paintings and nine collages; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

Zao-Wou-ki—Oils, water colors, and colored lithographs by the Chinese-born French abstractionist; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

William Zorach—Ten 1914-20 canvases serve as a background for sixteen sculptures, in bronze, wood, and stone, produced between 1918 and 1955; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Treasures of the Musée Jacquemart-André—Fifty paintings and sculptures by Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and French masters on loan from and for the benefit of the Museum, in Paris, which belongs to the Institut de France; through Feb. 18. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Cubism 1910-12—Thirty-two paintings, principally by French artists, among them Braque, Gris, and Picasso; through Feb. 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Sculptures—Works executed during the past year by twenty-five American sculptors, including David Hare, Hugo Robus, and David Smith; through Thursday, Jan. 26. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Weekdays, 1 to 6.)

Contemporary Greek Art—The first group exhibition in this country of paintings and sculptures by Greek artists who live and work in Greece; there are sixteen contributors. Through Friday, Jan. 20. (Sagittarius, 46 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6:30.)

Drawings—A retrospective of drawings, extending in time from early Persian and Indian to modern American and European artists (Mondrian, Klee, Mark Tobey, and others); through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Prints—About sixty examples by fifteenth- to twentieth-century masters, from Pollaiuolo and Rembrandt to Picasso; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **midtown**, 17 E. 57th St.: William Thon, Dong Kingman, and Oronzio Maldarelli are among the artists who have paintings and sculptures in the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gallery's twenty-fourth anniversary group show; through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, Sidney Lauffman, and other present-day painters; through Feb. 4. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Drawings, water colors, and collages chiefly by members of the gallery, including Balcomb Greene and Will Barnet; through Saturday, Jan. 21.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—A painting or sculpture apiece by forty artists, among them Chagall, Chaim Gross, and Sigmund Menkes; through April 30. (Art Center of the Congress for Jewish Culture, 25 E. 78th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

AMERICANS AND FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and sculptures by Pierre Soulages, Gérard Schneider, Herbert Ferber, and others; through Friday, Jan. 20. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—About thirty recently acquired oils, by such artists as Chagall, Picasso, and Soutine; through Feb. 4. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.—The third annual water-color exhibition, in which seventy artists are represented; Hugh Gumpel is winner of the first prize. Through Friday, Jan. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

COLLEGE ART—A continuing series. At the moment, the show is by faculty members of the University of Alabama, including Lawrence Calcagno and Thomas Scott, and consists of oils, water colors, colored wood blocks, and sculptures. Through Thursday, Jan. 26. (Forum, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ARCHAIC AND ANCIENT JAPANESE AND CHINESE ART—Bronzes, jades, ivories, and other art objects, some as much as three thousand years old; through Feb. 25. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

CONGO SCULPTURES—Art products from various Central African tribes; for instance, masks, cups, stools, ivory carvings and amulets, and statues. Through Jan. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the BORGENICHT, 61 E. 57th St.: Hans Moller; starting Monday, Jan. 23. . . . HELLER, 63 E. 57th St.: Antonio Music, Giorgio Morandi, and Massimo Campigli; starting Tuesday, Jan. 24. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: John Laurent; starting Monday, Jan. 23. . . . NEW GALLERY, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Bertie Hohenberg; starting Monday, Jan. 23. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: John von Wicht; starting Monday, Jan. 23. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Sue Fuller; starting Monday, Jan. 23. . . . ¶ Group shows at the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.; starting Tuesday, Jan. 24. JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.; starting Tuesday, Jan. 24.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—"Islamic and Indian Miniature Painting," an exhibition of recent Museum acquisitions and pieces on loan, all of them representative of eleventh- to eighteenth-century schools of painting in Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Turkey, and India; through Feb. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first major show in several years devoted to paintings, sculptures, and collages acquired by the Museum for its collection. Included in more than fifty items by artists from four continents are one of Monet's large water-lily paintings, Léger's "Three Musicians," and Noguchi's fourteen-foot-high ceramic sculpture, "Even the Centipede." Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ "Latin American Architecture Since 1945" comprises large-scale photomurals, plans, and three-dimensional color slides showing university cities, public-housing projects, a night club, churches, private houses, and such; through Feb. 19. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The 1956 biennial exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphic arts by artists who live in Brooklyn or teach there, among them Reuben Tam,

Adolph Gottlieb, and Nathaniel Kaz; through Feb. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Museum will be closed until Wednesday, Jan. 25, when "Selection VI" will open. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Around twenty-five canvases by the modern American painter Nahum Tschacbasov (most of which have never been shown before) and also some of his stoneware and etchings, all done between 1942 and 1955; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of more than a hundred water colors, oils, and drawings by Charles Burchfield; through Feb. 26. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

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

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 20, at 7:45: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Nell Rankin, Mildred Miller, Jerome Hines, Giulio Gari, and Charles Kullman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2: "Carmen," with Risé Stevens, Lucine Amara, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Renata Tebaldi, Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, Giorgio Tozzi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Laurel Hurley, Martha Lipton, Lucine Amara, Giuseppe Campora, and George London. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Zinka Milanov, Rosalind Elias, Mario Ortica, and Ettore Bastianini. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 26, at 7:45: "Lohengrin," with Eleanor Steber, Margaret Harshaw, Brian Sullivan, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Victoria de los Angeles, Nadine Conner, Mildred Miller, Martial Singher, and George London. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 1:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Albert Da Costa, Paul Schoeffler, Giorgio Tozzi, and Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:15: "Samson et Dalila," with Risë Stevens, Ramon Vinay, Clifford Harvuot, and Nicola Moscona.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Pierre Monteux conducting on Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 20, at 2:30 (both with John Corigliano, violin); and Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8:45, and Sunday, Jan. 22, at 2:30 (both with Nathan Milstein, violin). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulous conducting on Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 27, at 2:30 (both with Gina Bachauer, piano, and with Carlos Chavez conducting one of his own works); and Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:45 (a Mozart-Schumann program, with Giovanni Bagarotti, violin).

Academy Chamber Players—Dean Ryan conducting a chamber orchestra, with Lynn Phillips, narrator. The first of two concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8:40.)

I Musici—Italian chamber orchestra. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Music—Carlos Surinach conducting a chamber orchestra in a program of new works, with Carlo Bussotti, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8:30. Free tickets, limited to two per person, can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing a program of Elizabethan music. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Kroll Quartet, with Stanley Drucker, clari-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

net. The fourth in a series of five programs. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. SP 7-2000, Ext. 618. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

MYRA HESS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA ANTIQUA—The second in a series of three programs, this one consisting of sacred and secular works by William Byrd. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8:40.)

ROBERT GOLDSAND—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

MISCHA ELMAN—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

DONALD GRAMM—Bass-baritone. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

KROLL QUARTET—With Artur Balsam, piano. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

ERICA MORINI—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Eugene Istomin will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 29, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 24, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

INDOOR POLO—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

SKATING—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Friday, Jan. 27, at 8 A.M.: School-figures competition; Women's and Men's Junior Singles, and Juveniles' Singles. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 27, at 5:30 P.M.: Free-skating competition in the classes listed above, and Mixed Pairs. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8 A.M.: School-figures competition; Women's and Men's Senior Singles, and Women's and Men's Novice Singles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 5:30 P.M.: Free-skating competition in the classes listed above, and Women's Pairs. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 29, at 9 A.M.: Veterans', Senior, and Junior dance competitions. (Iceland Rink, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—By the LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting a program that will include "A Birthday Party for Mozart" (a playlet on his life) and the première of Harriett Johnson's "Pet of the Met," a musical adaptation of Don and Lydia Freeman's book for children. With Gail Manners, soprano; Walter Cassel, baritone; and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY: Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Ruby Mercer, narrator, and dancers from the High School of Performing Arts. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 3.) . . . BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA: Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 3.)

PLAYS—By the KING-COIT CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Aucassin and Nicolete." (330 E. 56th St. MU 8-0166. Friday, Jan. 20; Sunday, Jan. 22; and Sunday, Jan. 29, all at 5.) . . . JUNIOR THEATRE: "Hansel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . EDWIN STRAWBRIDGE THEATRE: "Peter and the Wolf" and the "Nutcracker." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 3.) . . . Y PLAYHOUSE COMPANY: "The Wizard of Oz." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Jan. 22, at 3.)

SALZBURG MARIONETTE THEATRE—"Rumpelstiltskin." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium,

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Call TR 9-5512 Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 3.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Twice Around the Sun," demonstrates the changes in the skies during 1955 and previews astronomical events for 1956. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, take place every night except Monday.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday, except Jan. 21, from 10 to 12. On Saturday, Jan. 21, the session will last only from 10 to 11:30; at noon there will be an ice carnival, sponsored by the *Mirror*, made up of skating races, figure-skating exhibitions, and all the other things that go on at an ice carnival.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until Feb. 7, when the Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene. In the meantime, there are still periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. 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 Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

POETRY READINGS—At the KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM, Y.M.H.A.: Delmore Schwartz and May Swenson reading from their own works. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8:40.) . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum: Ogden Nash reading from his own poetry. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Call TR 9-5512 Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

EARTH, SKY, AND STARS—An exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, books, and maps dealing with astronomy, astrology, and geography in the Middle Ages; through March 3. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

NATIONAL MOTOR BOAT SHOW—The forty-sixth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, and everything that goes with them. (Kingsbridge Armory, 29 W. Kingsbridge Rd., at Jerome Ave., the Bronx. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 19-20, from 1 to 11; Saturday, Jan. 21, from 11 to 11; and Sunday, Jan. 22, from 2 to 7.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—A collection of European and American furniture, paintings, silver, porcelains, and other relics, exhibited by a hundred and twenty-five dealers. For the benefit of the East Side House Settlement, the Stepney Camp, and the Winifred Wheeler Day Nursery. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Monday through Friday, Jan. 23-27, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Jan. 28, 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.)—Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 19-21, at 1:45: French furniture, including *régence* and Louis XV examples; Meissen, Dresden, and other porcelains; Viennese and Fabergé enamels and other decorative objects; and paintings from the seventeenth through the nineteenth century. From several sources, among them the estate of Neal Dow Becker. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8: Modern paintings by such artists as Monet, Rouault, Utrillo, and Chagall, together with a group of drawings by Seurat, Gauguin, Renoir, and others. The property of F. D. Heastand and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 21.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Desperate Hours—Melodrama with Humphrey Bogart and Fredric March, and one of the best things knocking around. It has to do with an Indianapolis household, headed by Mr. March, that is taken over by Mr. Bogart and some other escapees from the state pen. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 25, tentative.)

Diabolique—A chilling description of the machinations of a wife and a mistress who combine forces to eliminate the object of their affections, who has got on their nerves. The picture winds up on an implausible note, but that isn't too much of a handicap, and the acting is first-rate throughout. Henri-Georges Clouzot directed it, Vera Clouzot and Simone Signoret play the lethal ladies, and Paul Meurisse is the unwanted gentleman. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Showings at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10. Extra performances at midnight on Saturdays. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

Gate of Hell—Thirteenth-century Japan is the scene of this beautiful, highly dramatic film, which was made in the Orient and offers some very artful acting. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Jan. 21, tentative.)

Guys and Dolls—The stage musical in a big, beribboned package that contains quite a bit of waste space. Frank Sinatra and Vivian Blaine manage the Frank Loesser songs quite pleasantly, but Marlon Brando, new at the game, sings as uncertainly as a change-of-voice choirboy, and Jean Simmons needs tuning. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

I Am a Camera—Julie Harris having a wonderful time as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. She is supported in this English film by Laurence Harvey, Shelley Winters, and Anton Diffring. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 25.)

I'll Cry Tomorrow—Susan Hayward emoting all over the place, sometimes effectively, in an adaptation of Lillian Roth's autobiography, which is mostly concerned with the perils of drink. Besides her dramatic doings, Miss Hayward does well in the singing line, rendering such songs as "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along," "Sing You Sinners," and "Love Is a Thing Called Joe." (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Letters from My Windmill—Marcel Pagnol's version of three stories by Alphonse Daudet, which deal with life in Provence, particularly life as lived by priests in the area. The priests represented here—whether trying to stave off the Devil as he tempts one of them to speed up a series of Masses in order to get quickly to a feast, or raising funds for a monastery by the manufacture of an elixir—are all marvellously comical, and the actors, among them Henri Vilbert, Rellys, and Daxely, are delightful. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Marty—A lighthearted and touching account of the trials and tribulations of a bashful Bronx butcher whose pursuit of a lady he fancies is interrupted by his friends and his family. Ernest Borgnine is splendid as the hero, and Betsy Blair is very helpful as the heroine. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Jan. 25, tentative.)

Oklahoma!—Very large, very loud, and by no means as attractive as the original. The magniloquent figures most on view are Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, and Gene Nelson. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Fridays at 2:30, 5:40, and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, 6, and 9:30; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Prisoner—Alec Guinness and Jack Hawkins as the spokesmen for the Roman Catholic Church and the Communist Party, respectively, in a Balkan country the Reds have taken over. Neither Mr. Guinness, as an incarcerated cardinal, nor Mr. Hawkins, as his inquisitor, makes entirely clear the position of the Church or the State, but both go about their acting with enormous skill. This English film was written by Bridget Boland and directed by Peter Glenville. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Rose Tattoo—An adaptation by Tennessee Williams of his own play, in which Anna Magnani is outstanding as an Italian woman, resident in Louisiana, who can't get her late husband out of her mind but manages to squeeze in a thought or two about a very much alive truck driver bearing a resemblance to her late spouse. Burt Lancaster plays the truck driver in solid, rowdy style. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Umberto D.—The problems of a pensioner trying to get along on twenty-five dollars a month in Italy. A film by Vittorio De Sica that has the stamp of the master, but not as distinctive a stamp as some of his other works. Carlo Battisti plays the benighted pensioner, Maria Pia Casilio a young, sad girl of his acquaintance, and Lina Gennari his wicked landlady. In Italian. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Jan. 22, tentative.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Jan. 22, tentative.)

The Conquest of Everest (1953)—The movie of the British expedition that climbed to the top of the world. In color, with a commentary by Louis MacNeice. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Jan. 25.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—Harry Baur in a French version of one of Dostoevski's novels. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Jan. 21-24.)

The Little Kidnappers (1954)—An English film, mostly about two small boys (Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter) in Nova Scotia in 1904. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Jan. 25.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 20.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 22: Three documentaries on the United States armed forces—"Report from the Aleutians" (1943), "The Memphis Belle" (1944), and "To the Shores of Iwo Jima" (1945). . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 23: "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), with Jack Oakie and W. C. Fields; and another feature to be announced. (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 ROSE TATTOO.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"Too Bad She's Bad" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
GUYS AND DOLLS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Jan. 24: "The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell," Gary Cooper, Ralph Bellamy.
From Jan. 25, at 8:30: "Helen of Troy," Rossana Podesta, Jack Sernas. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Jan. 23: "Shack Out on 101," Terry Moore, Frank Lovejoy.
From Jan. 24: "Ransom!," Glenn Ford, Donna Reed.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Indian Fighter," Kirk Douglas, Walter Matthau.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
I'LL CRY TOMORROW.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Artists and Models," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
OKLAHOMA!

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Lieutenant Wore Skirts," Tom Ewell, Sheree North.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Diane," Lana Turner, Pedro Armendariz.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Man with the Golden Arm," Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; 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)
"Hill 24 Doesn't Answer," Israel's first full-length film in English.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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22	23	24	25			

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)
Through Jan. 24 (tentative): "Othello," Orson Welles; and "The Beachcomber," revival, Robert Newton, Glynis Johns.
From Jan. 25 (tentative): **MARTY.**

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Jan. 24: "The Square Jungle," Tony Curtis, Pat Crowley; and "The Spoilers," Anne Baxter, Jeff Chandler.
From Jan. 25: "The Rains of Ranchipur," Lana Turner, Richard Burton; and "Mad at the World," Frank Lovejoy, Keefe Brasselle.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 21 (tentative): "Rebel Without a Cause," James Dean, Natalie Wood.
Jan. 22-24 (tentative): "Trial," Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire.
From Jan. 25 (tentative): **MARTY.**

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Jan. 21 (tentative): **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese).
From Jan. 22 (tentative): **THE BRAVE BULLS**, revival; and **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**, revival.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Jan. 22: "Queen Bee," Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan; and "Three Stripes in the Sun," Aldo Ray, Mitsuko Kimura.
Jan. 23-24: "Hell's Horizon," John Ireland, Marla English; and "Apache Ambush," Bill Williams, Richard Jaeckel.
From Jan. 25: "Kismet," Howard Keel, Ann Blyth; and "It's a Dog's Life," Jeff Richards, Jarma Lewis.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Littlest Outlaw," Pedro Armendariz, Joseph Calleia.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Night My Number Came Up," Michael Redgrave, Sheila Sim.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 22: "The Square Jungle," Tony Curtis, Pat Crowley; and "The Spoilers," Anne Baxter, Jeff Chandler.
Jan. 23-24: "The Star," revival, Bette Davis, Sterling Hayden; and "The Steel Trap," revival, Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright.
From Jan. 25: "The Rains of Ranchipur," Lana Turner, Richard Burton; and "Mad at the World," Frank Lovejoy, Keefe Brasselle.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
DIABOLIQUE (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE PRISONER.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Adorable Creatures" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Martine Carol.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Jan. 19: "The Tender Trap," Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds; and "The Crooked Web," Frank Lovejoy, Mari Blanchard.
Jan. 20-21: "Appointment in London," Dirk Bogarde, Ian Hunter; and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.
Jan. 22-24: "Rebel Without a Cause," James Dean, Natalie Wood; and "Roadhouse Girl," Sandra Dorne, Maxwell Reed.
From Jan. 25: "Trial," Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Twinkle in God's Eye," Mickey Rooney, Coleen Gray.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Jan. 21 (tentative): "Rebel Without a Cause," James Dean, Natalie Wood.
Jan. 22-24 (tentative): "Trial," Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire.
From Jan. 25 (tentative): **MARTY.**

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Jan. 25: **I AM A CAMERA.**

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Jan. 22: "Queen Bee," Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan; and "Three Stripes in the Sun," Aldo Ray, Mitsuko Kimura.
Jan. 23-24: "Hell's Horizon," John Ireland, Marla English; and "Apache Ambush," Bill Williams, Richard Jaeckel.
From Jan. 25: "Kismet," Howard Keel, Ann Blyth; and "It's a Dog's Life," Jeff Richards, Jarma Lewis.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 20: **WUTHERING HEIGHTS**, revival; and "Cure for Love," Robert Donat, Renee Asherson.
Jan. 21-24: **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** (in French), revival; and "The Eternal Husband" (in French), revival, Raimu.
From Jan 25: "Young Wives' Tale," revival, Joan Greenwood, Nigel Patrick; and "Ecstasy," revival, Hedy Lamarr.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Jan. 21: "Rebel Without a Cause," James Dean, Natalie Wood; and "Alias John Preston," Alexander Knox, Betta St. John.
Jan. 22-24: "Trial," Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Twinkle in God's Eye," Mickey Rooney, Coleen Gray.
From Jan. 25: **MARTY**; and "Top Gun," Sterling Hayden, William Bishop.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 21: "The Tender Trap," Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds.
Jan. 22-24: "Rebel Without a Cause," James Dean, Natalie Wood.
From Jan. 25: "Trial," Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 22: "The Square Jungle," Tony Curtis, Pat Crowley; and "The Spoilers," Anne Baxter, Jeff Chandler.
Jan. 23-24: "The Star," revival, Bette Davis, Sterling Hayden; and "The Steel Trap," revival, Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright.
From Jan. 25: "The Rains of Ranchipur," Lana Turner, Richard Burton; and "Mad at the World," Frank Lovejoy, Keefe Brasselle.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 22: "Queen Bee," Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan; and "Three Stripes in the Sun," Aldo Ray, Mitsuko Kimura.
Jan. 23-24: "Hell's Horizon," John Ireland, Marla English; and "Apache Ambush," Bill Williams, Richard Jaeckel.
From Jan. 25: "Kismet," Howard Keel, Ann Blyth; and "It's a Dog's Life," Jeff Richards, Jarma Lewis.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Jan. 21: **I AM A CAMERA**; and "You Can't Beat the Irish," revival, Jack Warner, Barbara Mullen.
Jan. 22-23: "Good Morning, Miss Dove," Jennifer Jones, Robert Stack; and "Simba," Dirk Bogarde, Donald Sinden.
From Jan. 24: "Trial," Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Twinkle in God's Eye," Mickey Rooney, Coleen Gray.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 24 (tentative): "Rebel Without a Cause," James Dean, Natalie Wood.
From Jan. 25 (tentative): **THE DESPERATE HOURS.**

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Jan. 25: "Reaching for the Moon," revival, Douglas Fairbanks, Bebe Daniels; and "Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 22: "Queen Bee," Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan; and "Three Stripes in the Sun," Aldo Ray, Mitsuko Kimura.
Jan. 23-24: "Hell's Horizon," John Ireland, Marla English; and "Apache Ambush," Bill Williams, Richard Jaeckel.
From Jan. 25: "Kismet," Howard Keel, Ann Blyth; and "It's a Dog's Life," Jeff Richards, Jarma Lewis.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 21: **I AM A CAMERA**; and "The Glass Tomb," John Ireland, Honor Blackman.
Jan. 22-24: "Man with a Million," revival, Gregory Peck; and "High Treason," revival, Liam Redmond.
From Jan. 25: "One Step to Eternity" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Michel Auclair; and "The Temptress" (in Italian), Anna Maria Ferrero, Michel Auclair.



R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Jan. 22: "The Square Jungle," Tony Curtis, Pat Crowley; and "The Spoilers," Anne Baxter, Jeff Chandler.
Jan. 23-24: "The Star," revival, Bette Davis, Sterling Hayden; and "The Steel Trap," revival, Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright.
From Jan. 25: "The Rains of Ranchipur," Lana Turner, Richard Burton; and "Mad at the World," Frank Lovejoy, Keefe Brasselle.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Jan. 21: "Trial," Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Twinkle in God's Eye," Mickey Rooney, Coleen Gray.
Jan. 22-23: "The Racers," revival, Kirk Douglas, Bella Darvi; and "Bugles in the Afternoon," revival, Ray Milland, Helena Carter.
Jan. 24: "Androcles and the Lion," revival, Jean Simmons, Alan Young; and "Tonight We Sing," revival, Ezio Pinza, Roberta Peters.
From Jan. 25: **MARTY**; and "Top Gun," Sterling Hayden, William Bishop.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
UMBERTO D. (in Italian).

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Jan. 25: **THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS**, revival; and **THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST**, revival.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 25 (tentative): "Trouble in Store," Norman Wisdom, Margaret Rutherford.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Samurai" (in Japanese, with an English commentary by William Holden).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
LETTERS FROM MY WINDMILL (in French).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 24: To be announced.
From Jan. 25: "Kismet," Howard Keel, Ann Blyth; and "It's a Dog's Life," Jeff Richards, Jarma Lewis.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 19: "Four Ways Out," Gina Lollobrigida; and "Revenge" (in Italian), revival, Anna Magnani.
From Jan. 20: "Manon" (in French), revival, Cecile Aubry; and "The Flesh Is Weak" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Isa Miranda.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Jan. 24: "The Square Jungle," Tony Curtis, Pat Crowley; and "The Spoilers," Anne Baxter, Jeff Chandler.
From Jan. 25: "The Rains of Ranchipur," Lana Turner, Richard Burton; and "Mad at the World," Frank Lovejoy, Keefe Brasselle.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Jan. 22: To be announced.
Jan. 23-24: "Hell's Horizon," John Ireland, Marla English; and "Apache Ambush," Bill Williams, Richard Jaeckel.
From Jan. 25: "Kismet," Howard Keel, Ann Blyth; and "It's a Dog's Life," Jeff Richards, Jarma Lewis.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Jan. 22: "The Square Jungle," Tony Curtis, Pat Crowley; and "The Spoilers," Anne Baxter, Jeff Chandler.
Jan. 23-24: "The Star," revival, Bette Davis, Sterling Hayden; and "The Steel Trap," revival, Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright.
From Jan. 25: "The Rains of Ranchipur," Lana Turner, Richard Burton; and "Mad at the World," Frank Lovejoy, Keefe Brasselle.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Jan. 22: "The Square Jungle," Tony Curtis, Pat Crowley; and "The Spoilers," Anne Baxter, Jeff Chandler.
Jan. 23-24: "The Star," revival, Bette Davis, Sterling Hayden; and "The Steel Trap," revival, Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright.
From Jan. 25: "The Rains of Ranchipur," Lana Turner, Richard Burton; and "Mad at the World," Frank Lovejoy, Keefe Brasselle.



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....IN STEP WITH THE PROGRESS OF DALLAS



THE NEW *Statler Hilton*

The opening of the luxurious Statler Hilton on January 19th introduces an added symbol of Hilton hospitality in Texas. The twenty-one story, distinctive glass and aluminum Statler Hilton will contribute greatly to the importance of Dallas as the center of business, culture, fashion and entertainment in the booming Southwest. From the spacious lobby to the deluxe Skyline Suites, comfort is the keynote of this great new hotel. Each of its 1,001 air-conditioned rooms offers a panoramic view of the city through broad picture windows. Superb convention facilities include one of the largest Grand Ballrooms in the country. In quality and perfection The Statler Hilton reflects the same high standards found at each of the famous Hilton Hotels at home and abroad.

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Hilton Hotels THE AROUND WORLD

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Miss Lisa Ferraday in one of her many Pringle of Scotland sweaters which she cares for with Woologenic Woolite*

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Miss Pons soft-drinks to a toast in the Century Club

Lily Pons hits new high note in travel luxury _the 20th Century Limited



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"The Century is almost human," said the petite coloratura en route to her 25th anniversary gala. "It seems to anticipate . . . then pamper any mood I'm in.

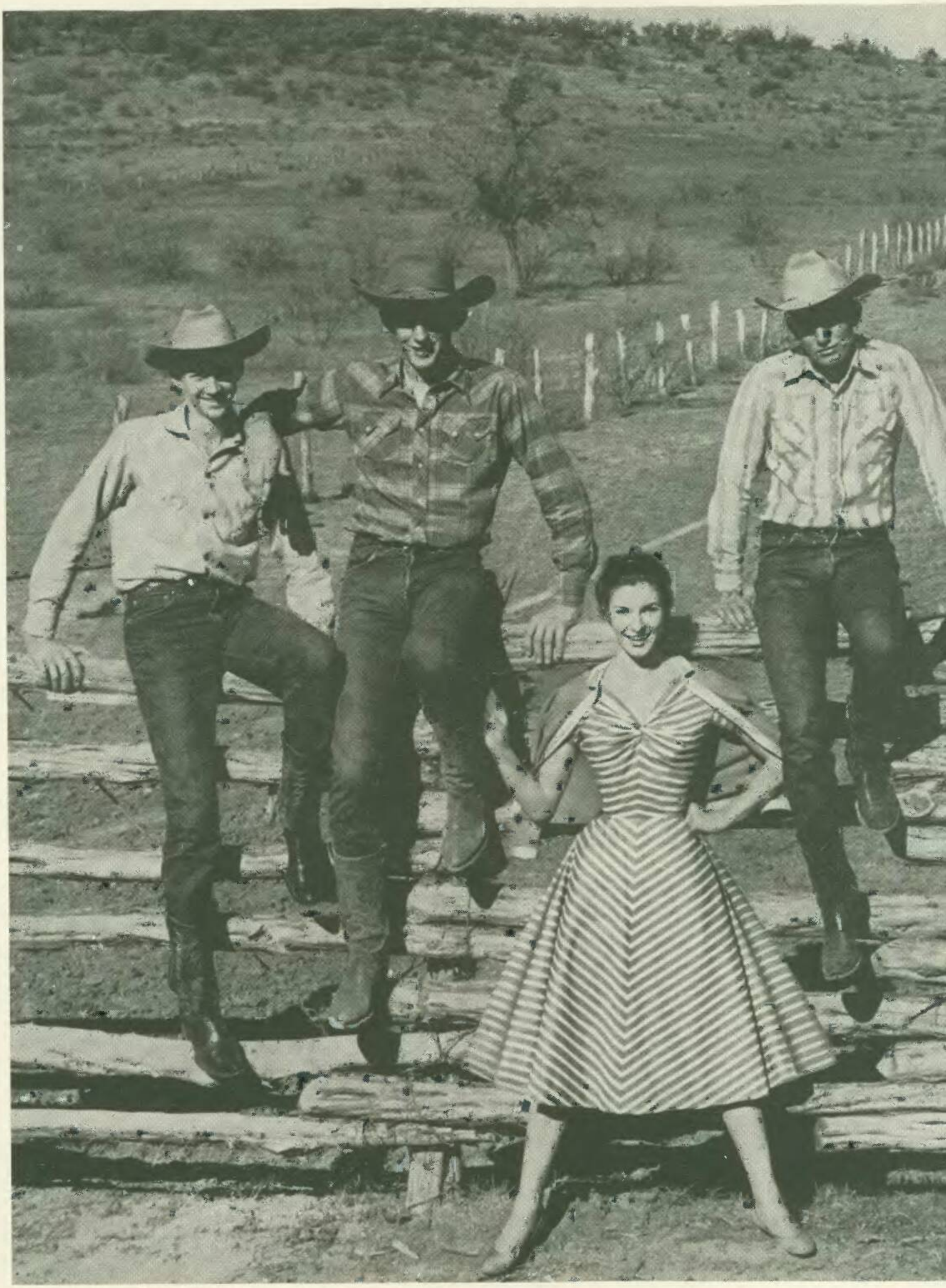
"To me the Century can breathe excitement and glamour. But when I want quiet, I simply close the door of my luxurious compartment. Wonderful room services supply *everything!*

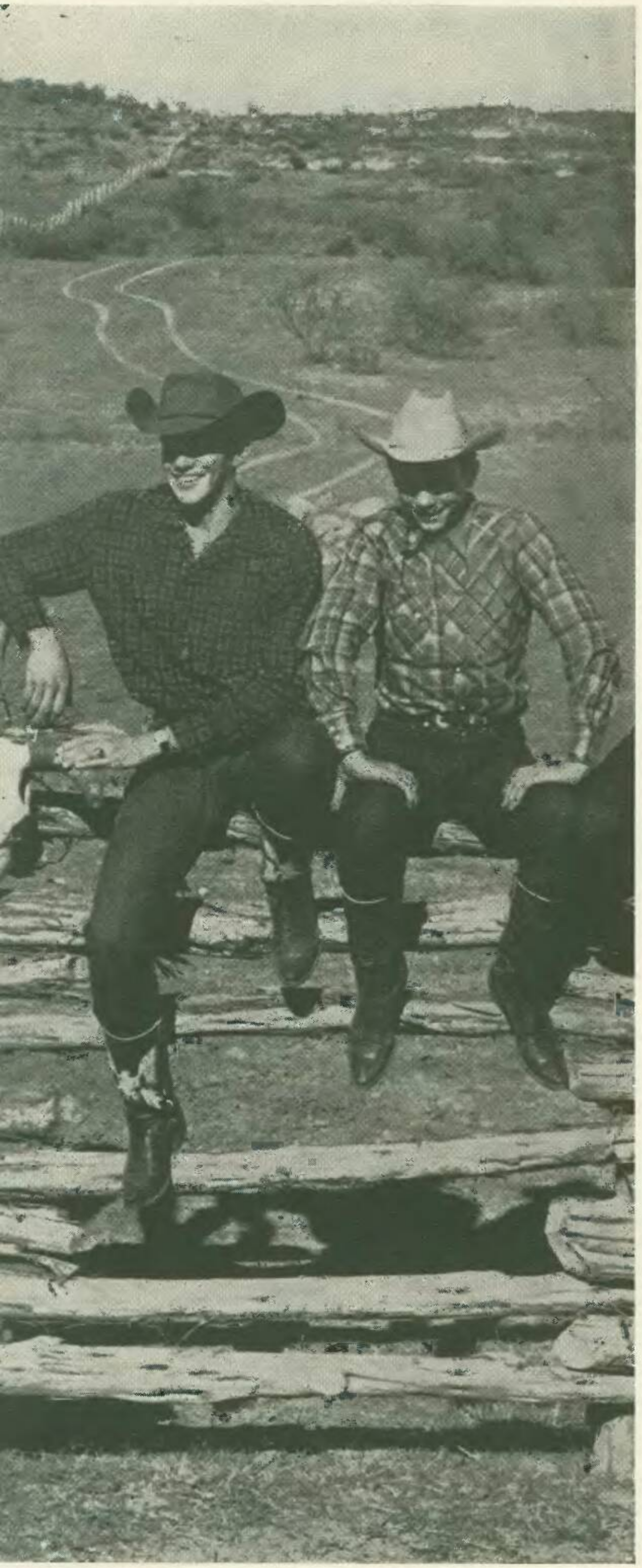
"There are dozens of gratifying extras only the Century gives—valet service to revive a rumpled gown, a secretary, flowers pinned on you at dinner. I wouldn't travel any other way!"

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that Ayres look... you might run across it on a ranch close to Dallas or near Two Gaits Farm outside Indianapolis. It never dazzles the scene, but seems to create for the person who wears it a personality of ease and elegance. You may see her, as she is here, surrounded by these tall young men of the southwest. She has That Ayres Look, an unexaggerated chic that stems from honoring the good things happening in fashion. Believing in this tasteful way of dressing and bringing about a choice of clothes with this special kind of sparkle and freshness is the store, L. S. Ayres & Company of Indianapolis. So many people trust it and go along with this attractive, worldly way to look. She wears a Clare Potter blue and white striped cotton dress and a blue cashmere sweater trimmed with white satin. Photographed by Richard Avedon.

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elegant line meets vibrant color in our Japanese designs by the Tilletts, hand-screened Laureling cottons—here—sun-print Toni Owen separates in brown-toast, turquoise-yellow, or red-orange. left: the bared blouse **9.95** the skirt **17.95** right: the shirt **11.95** the sashed skirt **17.95** . . . sizes 10 to 16.



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOME days start better than others. We'd scarcely sat down at our desk the other morning when the receptionist rang up to say that the Ambassador to Ceylon was outside and would like a moment of our time. We were too flummoxed to remember who the Ambassador to Ceylon was, but we said to show him in; after all, how many ambassadors is a man likely to be asked to grant an audience to in a lifetime of mornings on Forty-third Street? This particular ambassador turned out to be



a tall, good-looking man named Philip Crowe, whom we'd met at a party a year or so before. He explained that he had been having breakfast at the Century Club, a few doors down the street, and had seized the opportunity to stop by and transact a little business. His subscription had run out and he was anxious to renew. We said we were glad to hear it. The Ambassador fished a ten spot out of his wallet. We paperclipped the bill to a sheet of yellow copy paper, wrote on the paper, "Subscrip., Hon. P. Crowe, U.S. Embassy, Colombo, Ceylon," and dropped it in our "out" basket. The Ambassador shook hands, clapped a black homburg on his head, and departed for London, Cairo, and points east. We sat staring out over our typewriter at a cold blue January sky and thought of tea, rain, heat, brown faces, and brown hills. As we say, some days start better than others.

THE whole public discussion of safe driving has got out of hand. We keep hearing, for example, that more people were killed last year in automobile accidents than died in battle during the Korean War. This is no doubt true, and it is obviously deplorable, but it is statistically irrelevant—as senseless as it would be to compare the number of Negroes who don't vote in Mississippi with the casualties in a New England flood. The highway-battlefield analogy is dangerous, too, because it tends to classify warfare as something perennially destructive but in the main less threatening to national survival than crossing a white line or failing to stop at a stop sign. In the age of the fallout, it is silly to liken a war to a blowout.

Automobile accidents involve two principals—drivers and their cars. The way to reduce deaths is to make both safer. Drivers will improve when the criteria for their obtaining and keeping licenses are raised to a reasonable level. Some states don't require any driving test at all, and in others a person may drive a car his entire life by renewing, with no questions asked, a license he got in his youth, when his vision was keener



and his reflexes were quicker. Governor Harriman has urged the New York legislature to take action along these lines, and we hope that it does, no matter which political party claims credit for the Thruway. As for automobiles, annual inspection of them should be compulsory everywhere. What's the good of having power brakes on one car and no brakes on another? Moreover, the car manufacturers, who talk about safety all the time, should think harder about safety. Devices to lessen the gravity of accidents are all well and good, but how can one take seriously this espousal of safety belts, padded dashboards, and collapsible steering wheels when such a simple and essential piece of safe-driving equipment as a side mirror is still called "optional" and costs extra? More emphasis on side mirrors, we say, and less on newfangled refinements.

Bugmen Again

IN the first days of a new year, our thoughts customarily, if unromantically, turn to bacteria and other micro-



organisms, the reason being that this is when the New York City branch of the Society of American Bacteriologists holds its annual luncheon meeting. Every year, or nearly every year, we go to it to ask our friends what is new in the tiny but influential world they peer at. This year, the meeting was at the Penn Top of the Statler, and the bacteriologists were in a rather literary mood. The first one we fell in with, in the preluncheon crush, was Dr. Seymour H. Hutner, of Haskins Laboratories, who, we remembered, told us last year that the poem for Haskins' 1954 Christmas card came to him in a flash while he was recovering from laughing gas at his dentist's. We asked him about the 1955 Haskins Christmas poem, and he replied that he was again the author, but this time had been in full possession of his senses at the moment of creation. "Here's how it ends," he said, and quoted:

"So, leaving the bugs, may you happily chant
Not 'another day, another dollar,' but 'another day, another grant!'

"Refers, of course, to the need for research laboratories to be supported by contributions," Dr. Hutner explained, beaming proudly. "Haskins started this Christmas-verse business about five years ago, and since then a couple of

dozen other labs have imitated it. The job of writing the verses has virtually paralyzed research work in some of them. The only rule is that the verse ought to include a lot of technical language. Lederle, for example, came up with a pippin this year. It was written by Dr. T. H. Jukes, one of the discoverers of the use of antibiotics as a feed supplement for animals, and it ended:

'Santa's reindeer come from the northern
aurora
Nourished by rumen microflora.' "

With that, Dr. Hutner gave us a wave and plunged reindeerlike into the throng, and we found ourself talking with Dr. Merrill W. Chase, of the Rockefeller Institute, whom we remembered as the leader of a crusade to have the Bacteriologists' status changed, for tax purposes, from that of an association of tradesmen to that of a scientific organization. "Crusade's bogged down in red tape," Dr. Chase informed us when we asked him about its progress, "but we're not through yet. Like to sit with some interesting people at lunch?" We said we would, and when lunch was announced, he led us to a tableful of bright-looking young bacteriologists, who turned out to be colleagues of his at the Rockefeller Institute. Our notes made during the ensuing meal record the following remarks:

"I'm going to present a paper on bacteriophages of streptococci. Remember that poem about the big bugs eating the littler bugs, ad infinitum?"

"Dr. Chase is a great man. Among the tops in immunology."

"Dubos is working on another book. He never feels happy in himself unless he has a book going."

Between lunch and the beginning of the paper-presenting period, we hunted for Dr. Wayne W. Umbreit, of Merck, whom we recalled as a holder of the belief that scientific papers ought to be written in the style of the Homeric epics. Dr. Umbreit was not in the house, but after listening, bemused, to several of the papers, we concluded that there may be something to his theory. Finally, our ears ringing with resounding periods like "sulfonamides and experimental histoplasmosis," "lysis by phage on agar plates," and "defibrinated rabbit's blood," we fared forth into the bug-filled air of Thirty-third Street.

•

SIGN in the rooms of the Hotel Normandy, Belo Horizonte, Minas Geraes, Brazil: "Guests behaving inconveniently will be asked to leave the hotel immediately."

Thinking Fast

CHILDREN of various ages, sizes, and degrees of skill will be taking part in skating races and a figure-skating exhibition this Saturday at the Wollman Memorial Rink, in Central Park. The *Mirror* is sponsoring the affair, with the blessing of the Parks Department, and most of the contestants will be children who have learned what they know of speed and figures from the city's senior ice-skating instructor, Paul von Gassner. Maybe you weren't aware that the city has *any* ice-skating instructors; we weren't until we met and talked with him at the Wollman Rink the other day. A small man with a big smile, brown hair, bright eyes, and a passion for teaching, Mr. von Gassner so fired us with enthusiasm for his art that we found ourself hankering to be ten again, with strong ankles, a knit cap over our ears, and all day to spend on figure eights. Resting his polo-coated elbows on the railing of the rink, Mr. von Gassner pointed out that very few cities in the country have their own skating rinks and that New York is especially fortunate in having two—the Wollman and the Flushing Meadows Rink, which is indoors and is used half for roller-skating and half for ice-skating.



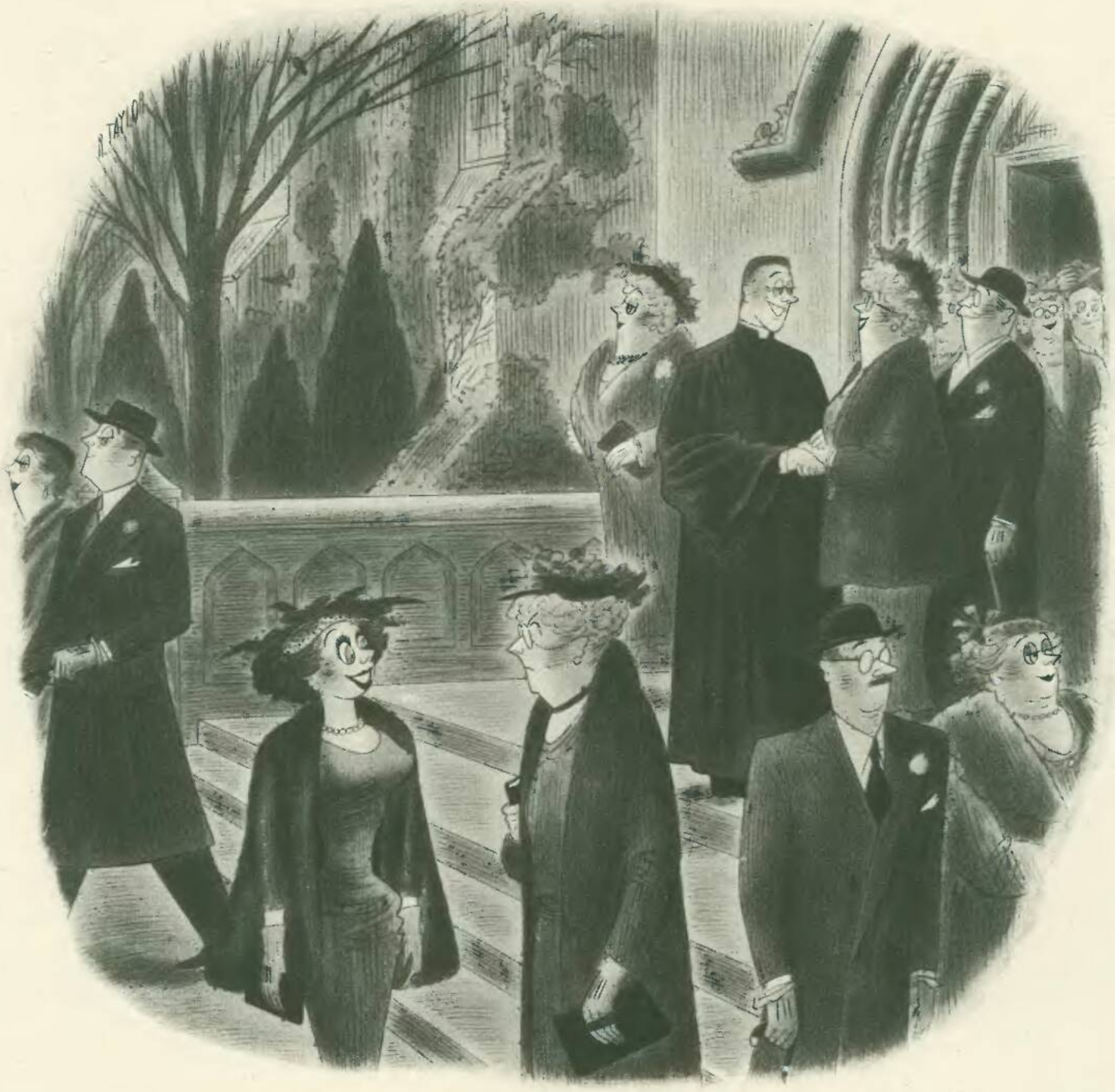
"New York is also fortunate in being the only city I know that offers free skating instruction to children," Mr. von Gassner said. "That's where I come in. My twenty-two assistants and I give lessons free to children under fourteen every Saturday and school holiday from early October through the Easter vacation. We also give paid lessons, of course, to both children and adults—how else could we earn a living?—but the free ones are the real challenge. The children who sign up for them have to pass a rudimentary test to show they know how to skate a bit backward and forward and how to stop. Then my instructors and I go to work on them, in groups of up to two hundred kids at a time, and let me tell you in the end we turn out some pretty good skaters."

Mr. von Gassner is a pretty good skater himself; in fact, he was a pretty good skater at four. "I was born in Budapest, which had the first outdoor artificial skating rink in the world," he said. "The whole town skated. At eleven, I won my first championship—the Hungarian Junior National. Looking back, I think I must have practiced nine days a week, every week. I went to the German Naval Academy, at Kiel, and got a degree in civil engineering, and after the First World War I attended Trinity College, Cambridge. I used to fly over to Switzerland weekends and teach skating in order to make enough money to continue my education. I graduated from Cambridge in 1922, with degrees in electrical and mechanical engineering, and expected to become an engineer, but there weren't any jobs, and later that year I came to this country. I mixed engineering and skating until the crash, after which I devoted all my time to teaching skating. I took over the ice-skating instruction at Playland, in Rye, in 1934, and spent the next sixteen years there. I've been working for the city since 1950." As for credentials, Mr. von Gassner added, he is a United States Figure Skating Association Gold Dance Medallist, of which there are only about a hundred, and the author of a well-received skaters' manual entitled "Figure and Dance Skating."

We watched as half a dozen groups of children diligently ground out figure eights on the Wollman Rink. There were perhaps twenty in each group, and they all appeared to have got the hang of the eights quite nicely; at any rate, nobody went down. A weary-looking blond instructress skated up to Mr. von Gassner, braked, and shook her pretty head. "My voice is gone, just gone," she said. "You're doing fine," said Mr. von Gassner, patting her shoulder. The girl skated back to her circling charges, and Mr. von Gassner went on to say that competitive skating is fiendishly hard work. "You have to train for it as you train for ballet," he told us. "There are a hundred and sixty-eight compulsory figures to master. You have to get the music you skate to down pat and be skilled in expression, execution, grace, coverage of the rink, and flow of motion. Above all, you have to be harmonious. You're going thirty-five or forty miles an hour, and the trick is to think from five to ten miles an hour faster than that." He waved a hand toward the children on the ice. "Most of those kids will never skate for anything but fun," he said. "Still, we get a real skater now and then. Three years ago, we signed up a couple of youngsters who could hardly stand on skates, and they became the Eastern Junior Pair Champions. One of our proudest achievements."

Replacements

A FRIEND of ours, resident in Paris, found himself short of laundered shirts a couple of days before



"Isn't he wonderful? You get the feeling he's looking and talking directly at you."

• •

he was due to head for the Tyrol on a winter holiday. On the Rue Gozlin, in the Saint-Germain-des-Prés quarter, he discovered a laundry and dry-cleaning establishment, full of shiny Bendix equipment, that boasted in its window of the speed with which it could manage washing and ironing. He surrendered several soiled shirts to a member of its staff with complete confidence that they would be ready when he needed them. However, the night before his departure for the Tyrol, he stopped off at the shop and was told that his shirts weren't ready. The lady in charge was as disconsolate as he. "But," she said hopefully, "I can give you some other American shirts. The man who left them here is out of the country at the moment." She offered our friend three Brooks Brothers shirts for his inspection, and he agreed to accept them as temporary substitutes. On his first day at Innsbruck, he tried one; it was a bit long in the arms but acceptable. That evening, he tried another, which wasn't too bad, either. But on his third go-around he was startled to find that his shirt had the figure of a crouching boxer stitched on its pocket, along with the embroidered legend "Sugar Ray." Feeling masterful, he went off on the ski trails, and did such fancy footwork that he almost wound up with a broken ankle.

Baroque

WITHIN what seemed a matter of minutes after lunching at the Statler with our old friends the bacteriologists, we straightened our shoulders and went to a lunch at the Plaza given by the John Oster Manufacturing Company, of Milwaukee, in honor of the first American home electric meat grinder and ice crusher. We attended this tribute to Midwestern know-how in the Baroque Suite, where we were offered a choice of four ice-crusher



"You need a haircut."

• •

cocktails—Bloody Mary Crush, Frozen Daiquiri, Martini Mist, Scotch Mist—prepared at four bars by bartenders from the Quo Vadis Restaurant, the Barberry Room, the Brussels Restaurant, and the Plaza Oak Room.

"We have four chefs from the same restaurants preparing hamburgers for lunch," Bernard Gittelson, an Oster representative, advised us. "They've been here all morning. What a problem! What a clash of temperaments! But they're all agreed that the perfect hamburger must be very good meat—real steak—ground *seconds* before it's actually cooked, and that it must be ground with the Oster electric grinder. Forty-nine ninety-five. The ice crusher is a separate attachment that hooks on to the grinder. Ten dollars. Both together, fifty-four ninety-five. Until the Oster grinder was perfected, housewives used to buy ground meat and then leave it in the refrigerator until they were ready to cook it. This took all the juice out. If they ground it themselves, on the old type of nonprofessional grinder, it came out stringy."

Mr. Gittelson made a face and presently introduced us to President John Oster, Jr., a tall, youngish man of modest mien, whom we—along with a hundred other guests, mostly ladies—followed into the dining room. There we sat down between Mr. Oster and Miss Charlotte Adams, the housekeeping editor of *Charm*.

"We've had a lot of fun with this thing, I think," Mr. Oster said, after introducing us to the lady on his right, Miss Phyllis Ehrlich, of the *Times*. "Been fooling around with it for three years. We really fooled around with it. It's like a monster. It kept growing as we made it do more things. Besides meat, it grinds cheese, vegetables for salads or thick soups, fish for appetizer spreads, and leftovers for hash or croquettes. It even turns out a delicate dusting of nuts for pastry toppings. We also make the Osterizer, a two-speed de-luxe liquefier blender with a nonspill ingredient-adder top; a three-speed knee-action portable food mixer that comes in white, rainbow colors, chrome, or copper; and a double-action knife-and-scissors sharpener. All electric. Oh, those food-mixer colors! Colors double your inventory problems. I think the auto industry started the vogue for them. It's really a mess."

"I want to introduce the first meat grinder of its kind," Mr. Gittelson said into a mike. He presented the four chefs, who were standing at hamburger- and meat-grinder-laden tables behind him, and said the hamburgers would be sent down to the kitchen to cook and the chefs would now demonstrate the grinders.

As they did so, Mr. Oster said to us, "I eat hamburgers for lunch frequently, because there's a place near the plant where they're right good. I try to keep my weight down. I'm six feet two and weigh a hundred and eighty-two pounds. I used to weigh two hundred and fifteen. I have a son who's six feet five. Do you think I should tell him to go into the business? My father told *me* to, but it isn't the utopia I thought it was going to be. All those *colors!*"

William Orr, the Oster sales manager, went up to the mike, and Mr. Oster said he was a Pennsylvania Quaker and a nice guy.

"Many women weren't satisfied with the performance they got out of meat grinders," Mr. Orr said. "Ours does not mash or tear foods, or leave fibres in. It has both appearance and beauty, and will not tip over all over the place. It has no cracks or crevices that will catch dirt, dust, grease, or food particles. It is probably three times as powerful as the average mixer. I could tell you how powerful it is, but I don't want to bore you."

"How powerful *is* it?" a lady editor asked. "Our readers want to know."

"I really don't know myself," Mr. Orr replied. "I'll get our engineers to answer that one."

Presently, trays of hamburgers were passed; we happily downed a chicken-and-veal one prepared by Henri Geib, of the Quo Vadis, and a triple-decker beef-Swiss-cheese-and-boiled-ham one prepared by Humbert Gatti, of the Plaza. If the chefs' temperaments had clashed, their work had obviously not suffered.

•

OVERHEARD on an escalator, one girl to another: "Everything he touches rusts."

Logarithmic Spiral

WHAT may have been the world's first Surrealist TV show was flung on the air last Friday, as part of a fearless C.B.S. program called "The Morning Show." The Surrealist section of the program was originated by, directed by, and m.c.'d by Salvador

Dali, who will try anything. Mr. Dali's cockeyed props, displayed by means of an assortment of dazzling electronic stunts by C.B.S. technicians, included the stuffed head of a rhinoceros, twelve cauliflowers, a film clip of an atomic explosion, a reproduction of Vermeer's "The Lacemaker," and a photograph of a rhinoceros's horn, which was superimposed on the head of the lacemaker and proved a perfect fit. A couple of days before the show, we were invited to accompany Dali to a rehearsal of his divertissement. We met the great man in the lobby of the St. Regis. Flanked by the photographer Philippe Halsman, who is an old friend, and Bud Brandt, the publicity man for "The Morning Show," Dali looked, in a word, resplendent. His waxed mustachios curled heavenward on either side of his nose, their dangerously sharp tips reaching to within a millimetre of the lower lid of each eye. He had on a double-breasted, pin-striped brown jacket, a black-and-white waistcoat, and stained but debonair gray trousers. He was carrying a cane, a small wooden box, a roll of papers, and a book bearing the following hand-printed and egregiously misspelled legend: "HISTOIRE PRODIGIESSE DE LA DENTELIERE ET DU RINOCEROS. EXTRAI DU JURNAL DUN JENIE."

We followed the *jenie* and his companions into a taxi and set out for the C.B.S. studios in Grand Central. The trip was enlivened by a discussion of whether fragmentation could be achieved by TV cameras. Dali had in mind the explosion of a cauliflower. If the cauliflower couldn't be made to *seem* to explode, then an authentic cauliflower explosion would have to be arranged. Brandt assured Dali that fragmentation by camera would suffice. At the studio, a crateful of cauliflowers was awaiting the Master's wishes. Resting beside the crate, plaintive eyes upturned, was a stuffed rhinoceros head. Dali put down his cane, box, papers, and book, and carefully examined the cauliflowers. He praised their freshness and piquancy, then asked that they be peeled. At once, two C.B.S. handymen appeared, sat down on the crate, and began matter-of-factly to peel cauliflowers. The assistant producer of the show came up and handed Dali a typewritten list of the various tours de force that the show's three cameras were capable of. Among these were electronic ripple, reverse polarity, reverse scanning, video bouncing and flashing, electronic wipe, wedge wipe, box wipe, V wipe, matting, irising, prism effects, and lens distortion. None of these terms meant anything to us, but Dali nodded sagely. "What I intend to show," he said, waxed semaphores working briskly, "is the cosmological morphology of the cauliflower." The assistant producer suggested that we step along to the control room.

When the party had settled itself, the director of "The Morning Show" called for a ripple effect to be thrown on a monitoring screen in the studio wall. A moment later, a closeup shot of a cauliflower started a slow, repellent undulation before our eyes. "How's that, Mr. Dali?" the director asked.

"More slow," said Dali, and then, as the undulations grew slower and more repellent, "Ah, that is best, just there. That has form, definition. Is not necessary for more."

Other camera tricks were quickly run off—a cauliflower materializing on the rhinoceros's head and gradually diminishing until it fitted precisely into the rhinoceros's eye, hung there for a moment, white and staring, then disappeared; an atomic bomb exploding, followed by a cauliflower exploding, or seeming to; the horn of the rhinoceros blotting out the head of the lacemaker—and at the end of the series Dali leaped to his feet and exclaimed, "*Bravo! C'est magnifique!* The wrinkles of that rhinoceros—they are *parfaits!* Today is best. Confusion is best. Accidents make creativity. Order makes boredom. Will be very good program."

As the whole party quitted the studio, Dali explained to us that for a couple of years now he has been obsessed with rhinoceros horns. "Somebody discovered that the shape of a rhinoceros horn is in all my paintings," he said, stabbing himself with a mustache in the left lower lid. "It is the perfect logarithmic spiral, that horn. Is in Dali, Vermeer, in all beautiful things. Is very scientific." What about his preoccupation with cauliflowers? "Also very scientific," the *jenie* told us. "The geometric center of 'The Lacemaker' and the geometric center of a cauliflower exactly coincide. This is my latest discovery and may be even more important than what I have learned about rhinoceros horns." He shook hands with Brandt and us, took Halsman's arm, and said with satisfaction, "Now I am going to Cavanagh and buy a Catalonian hat. Is a good day for all."



". . . and don't call me Mummy!"

Infatuated

TO continue our intermittent documentation of the pulsing heart of the world of business: A scatterbrained but ethical lady of our acquaintance lost a bracelet insured for a thousand dollars and was remunerated accordingly. Months passed. Then, while she was rummaging through some old drawers one dismal afternoon, what did she find but—you guessed it—the bracelet! Forthwith she returned the thousand dollars, and thought no more about it until a week later, when she received, from the insurance company, a bouquet of several dozen roses.

SNOWING IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

THE Maples had moved just the day before to West Thirteenth Street, and that evening they had Rebecca Cune over, because now they were so close. A tall, always slightly smiling girl with an absent manner, she allowed Richard Maple to slip off her coat and scarf even as she stood softly greeting Joan. Richard, moving with extra precision and grace because of the smoothness with which the business had been managed—though he and Joan had been married nearly two years, he was still so young-looking that people did not instinctively lay upon him hostly duties, and their reluctance worked in him a corresponding hesitancy, so that often it was his wife who poured the drinks while he sprawled on the sofa in the attitude of a favored and wholly delightful guest—entered the dark bedroom, entrusted the bed with Rebecca's clothes, and returned to the living room. How weightless her coat had seemed!

Rebecca, seated beneath the lamp, on the floor, one leg tucked under her, one arm up on the Hide-a-Bed that the previous tenants had not yet removed, was saying, "I had known her, you know, just for the day she taught me the job, but I said O.K. I was living in an awful place called a Hotel for Ladies. In the halls they had typewriters you put a quarter in."

Joan, straight-backed on a Hitchcock chair from her parents' home in Vermont, a damp handkerchief balled in her hand, turned to Richard and explained, "Before her apartment now, Becky lived with this girl and her boy friend."

"Yes, his name was Jacques," Rebecca said.

Richard asked, "You lived with them?" The arch composure of his tone was left over from the mood aroused in him by his successful and, in the dim bedroom, somewhat poignant—as if he were with great tact delivering a disappointing message—disposal of their guest's coat.

"Yes, and he insisted on having his name on the mailbox. He was terribly afraid of missing a letter. When my brother was in the Navy and came to see me and saw on the mailbox"—with three parallel movements of her fingers she set the names beneath in a column—

> "Georgene Clyde
> Rebecca Cune
> Jacques Zimmerman,

he told me I had always been such a nice girl. Jacques wouldn't even move out so my brother would have a place to sleep. He had to sleep on the floor." She lowered her lids and looked in her purse for a cigarette.

"Isn't that wonderful?" Joan said, her smile broadening helplessly as she realized what an inane thing it had been to say. Her cold worried Richard. It had lasted seven days without improving. Her face was pale, mottled pink and yellow; this accentuated the Modiglianesque quality established by her long neck and oval blue eyes and her habit of sitting with her back straight, her head quizzically tilted, and her hands palms downward in her lap.

Rebecca, too, was pale, but in the consistent way of a drawing, perhaps (the weight of her lids and a certain virtuosity about the mouth suggested it) by da Vinci.

"Who would like some sherry?" Richard asked in a deep voice, from a standing position.

"We have some hard stuff if you'd rather," Joan said to Rebecca; from Richard's viewpoint the remark, like those advertisements that from varying angles read differently, contained the quite legible declaration that this time *he* would have to mix the Old-Fashioneds.

"The sherry sounds fine," Rebecca said. She enunciated all of her words distinctly, but in a faint, thin voice that disclaimed for them any consequence.

"I think too," Joan said.

"Good." Richard took from the mantel the five-dollar bottle of Tio Pepe that the second man on the Spanish-sherry account had given him. So that all could share in the drama of it, he uncorked the bottle in the living room. He posingly poured out three glasses, half full, passed them around, and leaned against the mantel (the Maples had never had a mantel before), swirling the liquid as the agency's wine expert had told him to do, thus liberating the esters and ethers, until his wife said, as she always did, it being the standard toast in her parents' home, "Cheers, dears!"



Rebecca continued the story of her first apartment. Jacques had never worked. Georgene never held a job more than three weeks. The three of them contributed to a kitty, to which all enjoyed equal access. Rebecca had a separate bedroom. Jacques and Georgene sometimes worked on comic strips; they pinned the bulk of their hopes on an adventure strip titled "Spade Malone Behind the Bamboo Curtain." One of their friends was a young Socialist who never washed and always had money because his father owned half of the West Side. During the day, when the two girls were off working, Jacques flirted with a Finnish girl upstairs, who kept dropping her mop onto the tiny balcony outside their window. "A real bombardier," Rebecca said. When Rebecca moved into a single apartment for herself and was all settled and happy, Georgene and Jacques offered to bring a mattress and sleep on her floor. Rebecca felt that the time had come for her to put her foot down. She said no. Later, Jacques married a girl other than Georgene.

"Cashews, anybody?" Richard suggested. He had bought a can at the corner delicatessen expressly for this visit, though if Rebecca had not been coming, he would have bought something else there on some other excuse, just for the pleasure of buying his first thing at the store where in the coming years he would purchase so much and become so well known.

"No, thank you," Rebecca said.

Richard was so far from expecting refusal that out of momentum he pressed them on her again, exclaiming, "Please! They're so good for you." She took two and bit one in half.

He offered the dish—a silver porringer given to the Maples as a wedding present and until yesterday, for lack of space, never unpacked—to his wife, who took a greedy handful. She looked so pale that he asked, "How do you feel?," not so much forgetting the presence of their guest as parading his con-

cern—quite genuine, at that—before her.

"Fine," Joan said, edgily, and perhaps she did.

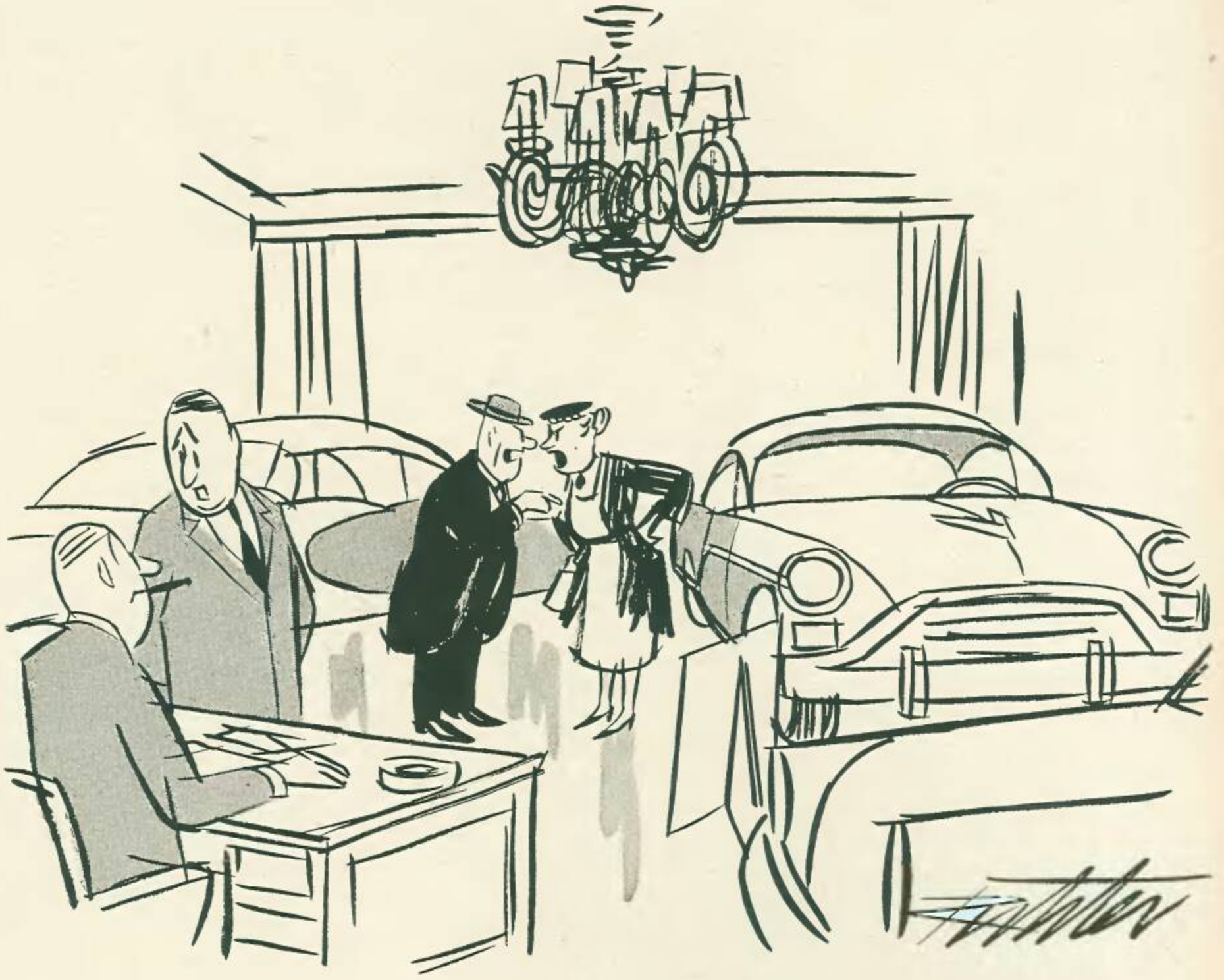
Though the Maples told some stories—how they had lived in a log cabin in a Y.M.C.A. camp for the first three months of their married life, how Bitsy Flaner, a friend of them all, was the only girl enrolled in Bentham Divinity School, how Richard's advertising work brought him into contact with Yogi Berra—they did not regard themselves (that is, each other) as raconteurs, and Rebecca's slight voice dominated the talk. She had a gift for odd things.

Her rich old cousin lived in a metal house, furnished with auditorium chairs. He was terribly afraid of fire. Right before the depression, he had built an enormous boat to take himself and some friends to Polynesia. All his friends lost their money in the crash. He did not. He made money. He made money out of everything. But he couldn't go on the trip alone, so the boat was still waiting in Oyster Bay—a huge thing, rising thirty feet out of the water. The cousin was a vegetarian. Rebecca had not eaten turkey for Thanksgiving until she was thirteen years old, because it was the family custom to go to the cousin's house on that holiday. The custom was dropped during the war, when the children's synthetic heels made black marks all over his asbestos floor. Rebecca's family had not spoken to the cousin since. "Yes, what got me," Rebecca said, "was the way each new wave of vegetables would come in as if it were a different course."

Richard poured the sherry around again and, because this made him the center of attention anyway, said, "Don't some vegetarians have turkeys molded out of crushed nuts for Thanksgiving?"

After a stretch of silence, Joan said, "I don't know." Her voice, unused for ten minutes, cracked on the last syllable. She cleared her throat, scraping Richard's heart.

"What would they stuff them with?" Rebecca asked, dropping an ash into the saucer beside her.



"Where he wants moss green, she wants Sahara beige. Where he wants coral pink, she wants powder blue. Where he wants Stygian black, she wants butter yellow."

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BEYOND and beneath the windows, there arose a clatter. Joan reached the windows first, Richard next, and lastly Rebecca, standing on tiptoe, elongating her neck. Six mounted police, standing in their stirrups, were galloping two abreast down Thirteenth Street. When the Maples' exclamations had subsided, Rebecca remarked, "They do it every night at this time. They seem awfully jolly, for policemen."

"Oh, and it's snowing!" Joan cried. She was pathetic about snow; she loved it so much, and in these last years had seen so little. "On our first night here! Our first *real* night." Forgetting herself, she put her arms around Richard, and Rebecca, where another guest might have turned away or smiled too widely, too encouragingly, retained without modification her sweet, absent look and studied, through the couple, the scene outdoors. The snow was not taking, on the wet street; only the hoods and tops of parked automobiles showed an accumulation.

"I think I'd best go," Rebecca said.

"Please don't," Joan said with an urgency Richard had not expected; clearly she was very tired. Probably the new home, the change in the weather, the good sherry, the currents of affection between herself and her husband that her sudden hug had renewed, and Rebecca's presence had become in her mind the inextricable elements of one enchanting moment.

"Yes, I think I'll go, because you're so snuffly and peakèd."

"Can't you just stay for one more cigarette? Dick, pass the sherry around."

"A teeny bit," Rebecca said, holding out her glass. "I guess I told you, Joan, about the boy I went out with who pretended to be a headwaiter."

Joan giggled expectantly. "No, honestly, you never did." She hooked her arm over the back of the chair and wound her hand through the slats, like a child assuring herself that her bedtime has been postponed. "What did he do? He imitated headwaiters?"

"Yes, he was the kind of guy who when we get out of a taxi and there's

a grate giving out steam crouches down"—Rebecca lowered her head and lifted her arms—"and pretends he's the Devil."

The Maples laughed, less at the words themselves than at the way Rebecca had evoked the full situation by conveying, in her understated imitation, both her escort's flamboyant attitude and her own undemonstrative nature. They could see her standing by the taxi door, gazing with no expression as her escort bent lower and lower, seized by his own joke, his fingers writhing demoniacally as he felt horns sprout through his scalp, flames lick his ankles, and his feet shrivel into scarlet hoofs. Rebecca's gift, Richard realized, was not that of having odd things happen to her but that of representing, through the implicit contrast with her own sane calm, all things touching her as odd. This evening, too, might appear grotesque in her retelling: "Six policemen on horses galloped by, and she cried 'It's snowing!' and hugged him. He kept telling her how sick she was and filling us full of sherry."

"What else did he do?" Joan asked.

"At the first place we went to—it was a big night club on the roof of somewhere—on the way out he sat down and played the piano until a woman at a harp asked him to stop."

Richard asked, "Was the woman *playing* the harp?"

"Yes, she was strumming away." Rebecca made circular motions with her hands.

"Well, did he play the tune she was playing? Did he *accompany* her?" Petulance, Richard realized without understanding why, had entered his tone. Clarifying the incident had become strangely important, as if his confused picture of it were the product of deliberate deceit.

"No, he just sat down and played something else. I couldn't tell what it was. He didn't play very well."

"Is this *really* true?" Joan asked, egging her on.

"And then at the next place we went to, we had to wait at the bar for a table, and I looked around and he was walking among the tables asking people if everything was all right."

"Wasn't it *aw*ful?" said Joan.

"Yes, later he played the piano there, too. We were sort of the main attraction. Around midnight, he thought we ought to go out to Brooklyn to his sister's house. Here I was, exhausted. We got off the subway two stops too early, under the Manhattan Bridge. It was deserted, with nothing going by except black limousines. Miles above our heads"—she stared up, as though at a cloud, or the sun—"was the Manhattan Bridge and he kept saying it was the 'L.' We finally found some steps and two policemen who told us to go back to the subway."

"What does this amazing man do for a living?" asked Richard.

"He teaches school. He's quite bright." She stood up, stretching, and extended a long silvery-white arm. Richard got her coat and said he'd walk her home.

"It's only three-quarters of a block," Rebecca protested, in a voice free of any insistent inflection.

"You must walk her home, Dick," Joan said. "Pick up a pack of cigarettes." The idea of his walking in the snow seemed to please her, as if she were anticipating how he would bring back with him, in the snow on his shoulders and the coldness of his face, all the sensations of the walk she was not well enough to risk.

"You should stop smoking for a day or two," he told her.

Joan waved them goodbye from the head of the stairs.

THE snow, invisible except around street lights, exerted a fluttering, romantic pressure on their faces. "Coming down hard now," Richard said.

"Yes."

At the corner, where the snow gave the green light a watery blueness, her hesitancy in following him as he turned to walk with the light across Thirteenth Street led him to ask, "It is this side of the street you live on, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I thought I remembered from the time we drove you back from the movies." The Maples had been living in the West Eighties then. "I remember I had an impression of big buildings."

"The church and the butchers' school," Rebecca said. "Every day about ten, when I'm going to work, the boys learning to be butchers come out for recess all bloody and laughing."

Richard looked up at the church; the steeple was fragmentarily silhouetted against the scattered lit windows of a tall improvement on Seventh Avenue. "Poor church," he said. "It's hard in the city for a steeple to be the tallest thing."

Rebecca said nothing—not even her habitual "Yes." He felt rebuked for being preachy. In his embarrassment, he directed her attention to the first next thing he saw—a poorly lettered sign above a great door. " 'Food Trades Vocational High School,' " he read aloud. "The people upstairs told us that our apartment was part of a duplex once, and the man in it was an Englishman who called himself a Purveyor of Elegant Produce. He kept a woman in there."

"Those big windows," Rebecca said, pointing up at an apartment house, "face mine across the street. I can look in and feel we are neighbors. Someone's always in there—I don't know what they do for a living."

After a few more steps, they halted, and Rebecca, in a voice that Richard imagined to be slightly louder than her ordinary one, said, "Do you want to



MOMENT OF TRUTH

"Far, far away in a lake lies an island; on that island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck there is an egg; and in that egg there lies my heart . . ."—*Norse folk tale.*

The tellers of myths and folk tales had it right,
Knew how betrayal came—not from the slaughter,
From foe or fray, ill wind or angry water,
But from a lover, friend, a son or daughter.

Always the citadel withstood the siege
But not the whispers of the favored child,
Who, when a passing stranger stopped and smiled,
Told where the old king's soul had been enisled.

Ariadne, Oedipus, Medea,
Took but the Judas paths we daily take,
For, wittingly or not, say what you like,
Only those who are loved know where to strike.

—ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO



"Well, they seem to like Godfrey. Now let's try them on John Cameron Swayze."

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come up and see where I live?"

"Sure." It seemed implausible to refuse.

They descended four concrete steps, opened a shabby orange door, entered an overheated half-basement lobby, and began to climb four flights of wooden stairs. Richard's suspicion on the street that he was trespassing beyond the public gardens of courtesy turned to certain guilt. Few experiences so savor of the illicit as mounting stairs behind a woman's fanny. Three years ago, Joan had lived in a fourth-floor walkup, in Cambridge. Richard never took her home, even when the whole business, down to the last intimacy, had become formula, without the fear that the landlord, justifiably furious, would leap from his door and devour him as they passed.

Opening her door, Rebecca said, "It's hot as hell in here," swearing for the first time in his hearing. She turned on a weak light. The room was small; slanting planes, the underside of the building's roof, intersecting the ceiling and walls, cut large prismatic volumes from Rebecca's living space. As he moved farther forward, toward Rebecca, who had not yet removed her coat, Richard perceived, on his right, an unexpected area, created where the steeply slanting roof extended itself to the floor. Here a double bed had been placed. Tightly bounded on three sides, the bed had the appearance not so much of a piece of furniture as of a permanently installed, blanketed platform. He quickly took his eyes from it and, unable to face Rebecca at once, stared at two kitchen chairs, a metal bridge lamp, around the rim of whose shade plump fish and helm wheels alternated, and a four-shelf bookcase—all of which, being slender and proximate to a tilting wall, had an air of threatened verticality.

"Yes, here's the stove on top of the refrigerator I told you about," Rebecca said. "Or did I?"

The refrigerator was several inches narrower than its burden, and the arrangement was T-shaped. He touched the stove's white side. "This room is quite sort of nice," he said.

"Here's the view," she said. He moved to stand beside her at the window, lifting aside the curtains and peering through tiny, flawed panes into the apartment across the street.

"That guy *does* have a huge window," Richard said.

She made a brief agreeing noise of "n"s.

Though all the lamps were on, the apartment across the street was empty. "Looks like a furniture store," he said. Rebecca had still not taken off her coat. "The snow's keeping up," he said.

"Yes. It is."

"Well"—this word too loud; he finished the sentence too softly—"thanks for letting me see it. I hope—have you read this?" He had noticed a copy of "Auntie Mame" lying on a hassock.

"I haven't had the time," she said.

"I haven't read it either. Just reviews. That's all I ever read."

This got him to the door. There, ridiculously, he turned. It was only at the door, he decided in retrospect, that her conduct was quite inexcusable: not only did she stand unnecessarily close but, by shifting the weight of her body to one leg and leaning her head sidewise, she lowered her height several inches, placing him in a dominating position exactly fitted to the broad, passive shadows she must have known were on her face.

"Well . . ." he said.

"Well." Her echo was immediate and possibly meaningless.

"Don't—don't let the b-butchers get you." The stammer, of course, ruined the joke, and her laugh, which had begun as soon as she had seen by his face that he would attempt something funny, was completed ahead of his utterance.

As he went down the stairs, she rested both hands on the banister and looked down toward the next landing. "Good night," she said.

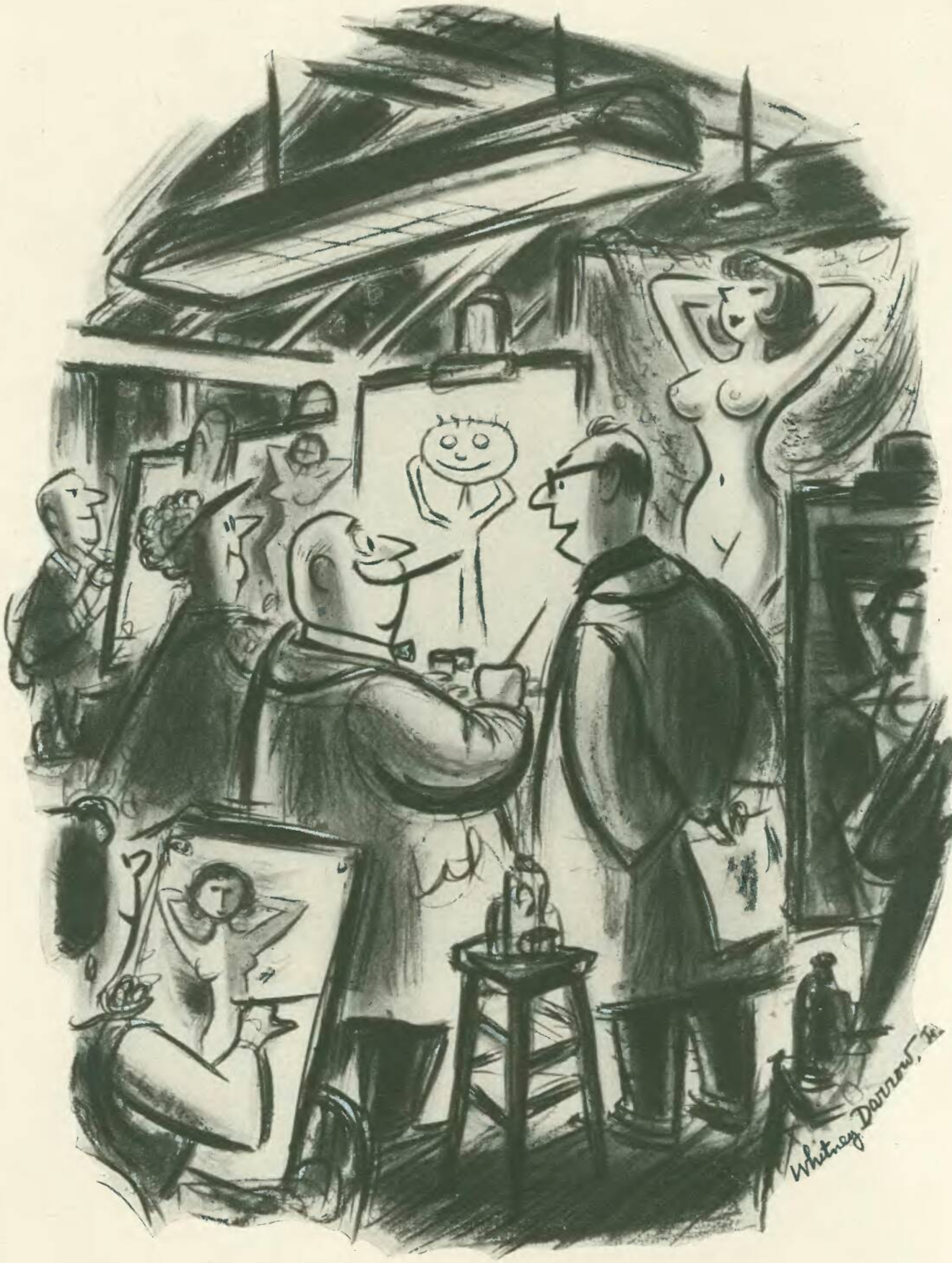
"Night." He looked up; she had gone into her room. Oh, but they were close.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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On the Soviet railways there is no division into first, second, or third classes. There are, however, upholstered and non-upholstered sleepers, compartmented and general coaches, at varying prices.—*Soviet Weekly, London.*

Oh, *that!*



"After all, Mr. Jackson, we do require our students to have <u>some</u> degree of aptitude."

THE END OF A CAREER

BY those of Angelica Early's friends who were given to hyperbole, she was called, throughout her life, one of the most beautiful women in the world's history. And those of more restraint left history out of their appraisal but said that Mrs. Early was certainly one of the most beautiful of living women. She had been, the legend was, a nymph in her cradle (a doting, bibulous aunt was fond, over cocktails, of describing the queenly baby's pretty bed—gilded and swan-shaped, lined with China silk of a blue that matched the infant eyes, and festooned with Mechlin caught into loops with rosettes), and in her silvery coffin she was a goddess. At her funeral, her friends mourned with as much bitterness as sorrow that such a treasure should be consigned to the eyeless and impartial earth; they felt robbed; they felt as if one of the wonders of the world had been demolished by wanton marauders. "It's wrong of God to bury His own masterpiece," said the tipsy aunt, "and if that's blasphemy, I'll take the consequences, for I'm not at all sure I want to go on living in a world that doesn't contain Angelica."

Between her alpha and omega, a span of fifty years, Mrs. Early enjoyed a shimmering international fame that derived almost entirely from the inspired and faultless *esprit de corps* of her flesh and her bones and her blood; never were the features and the colors of a face in such serene and unassailable agreement, never had a skeleton been more singularly honored by the integument it wore. And Angelica, aware of her responsibility to her beholders, dedicated herself to the cultivation of her gift and the maintenance of her role in life with the same chastity and discipline that guide a girl who has been called to the service of God.

Angelica's marriage, entered upon when she was twenty-two and her husband was ten years older, puzzled everyone, for Major Clayton Early was not a connoisseur of the complex civilization that had produced his wife's sterling beauty but was, instead, concerned with low forms of plant life, with primitive societies, and with big game. He was an accomplished huntsman—alarming heads and horns and hides covered the walls of his den, together with enlarged photographs of himself standing with his right foot planted firmly upon the neck of a large dead beast—and an uneducated but passionate explorer, and he was away most of the time, shooting cats in Africa or making and recording observations in the miasmas of Matto Grosso and the mephitic verdure of the Malay Peninsula. While he was away, Angelica, too, was away a good deal of the time—on islands, in Europe, upstate, down South—and for only a few months of the year were they simultaneously in residence in a professionally and pompously decorated maisonette that overlooked Central Park. When Major Early was in town, he enjoyed being host to large dinner parties, at which, more often than not, he ran off reels on reels of crepuscular and agitated movies that showed savages eating from communal pots, savages dancing and drumming, savages in council, savages accepting the white man's offerings of chewing gum and mechanical toys; there were, as well, many feet of film devoted to tarantulas, apes, termite mounds, and orchidaceous plants. His commentary was obscure, for his vocabulary was bestrewn with crossword-puzzle words. Those evenings were so awful that no one would have come to them if it had not been for Angelica; the eye could stray from a loathsome witch doctor on the screen and rest in comfort and joy on her.

Some people said that Early was a cynic and some said that he was a fool to leave Angelica unguarded, without children and without responsibility, and they all said it would serve him right if he returned from one of his safaris to find himself replaced. Why did a man so anti-social marry at all, or, if he must marry, why not take as his wife some stalwart and thick-legged woman who would share his pedantic adventures—a champion skeet shooter, perhaps, or a descendant of Western pioneers? But then, on the other hand, why had Angelica married *him*? She never spoke of him, never quoted from his letters—if there were any letters—and if she was asked where he was currently travelling, she often could not answer. The speculation upon this vacant alliance ceased as soon as Early had left town to go and join his guides, for once he was out of sight, no one could remember much about him beyond a Gallic mustache and his ponderous jokes as his movies jerked on. Indeed, so completely was his existence forgotten that matchmakers set to work as if Angelica were a widow.



They did not get far, the matchmakers, because, apart from her beauty, there was not a good deal to be said about Angelica. She had some money—her parents had left her ample provision, and Early's money came from a reliable soap—but it was not enough to be of interest to the extremely rich people whose yachts and châteaux and boxes at the opera she embellished. She dressed well, but she lacked the exclusive chic, the unique fillip, that would have caused her style in clothes to be called *sui generis* and, as such, to be mentioned by the press. Angelica was hardly literate; the impressions her girlish mind had received at Miss Hewitt's classes had been sketched rather than etched, but she was not stupid and she had an appealing, if small and intermittent, humor. She was not wanting in heart and she was quick to commiserate and give alms to the halt and the lame and the poor, and if ugliness had been a disease or a social evil, she would, counting her blessings, have lent herself to its extirpation. She wasn't a cat, she wasn't a flirt or a cheat, wasn't an imbecile, didn't make *gaffes;* neither, however, alas, was she a wit, or a catalyst, or a transgressor to be scolded and punished and then forgiven and loved afresh. She was simply and solely a beautiful woman.

WOMEN, on first confronting Angelica Early, took a backward step in alarm and instinctively diverted the attention of their husbands or lovers to something at the opposite end of the room. But their first impression was false, for Angelica's beauty was an end in itself and she was the least predatory of women. The consequence of this was that she had many women friends, or at any rate she had many hostesses, for there was no more splendid and no safer ornament for a dinner table than Angelica. The appointments of these tables were often planned round her, the cynosure, and women lunching together had been known to debate (with their practical tongues in their cheeks but without malice) whether Waterford or Venetian glass went better with her and whether white roses or red were more appropriate in juxtaposition to her creamy skin and her luminous ash-blond hair. She was forever in demand; for weeks before parties and benefit balls hostesses contended for her presence; her status—next to the host—in protocol was permanent; little zephyrs of excitement and small calms of awe followed her entrance into a drawing room. She was like royalty,

she was a public personage, or she was, as the aunt was to observe at her funeral, like the masterpiece of a great master. Queens and pictures may not, in the ordinary sense, have friends, but if they live up to their reputations, they will not want for an entourage, and only the cranks and the sightless will be their foes. There were some skeptics in Angelica's circle, but there were no cranks, and in speaking of her, using the superlatives that composed their native tongue, they called her adorable and indispensable, and they said that when she left them, the sun went down.

Men, on first gazing into those fabulous eyes, whose whites had retained the pale, melting blue of infancy, were dizzied, and sometimes they saw stars. But their vertigo passed soon, often immediately, although sometimes not until after a second encounter, planned in palpitations and bouts of fever, had proved flat and inconsequential. For a tête-à-tête with Angelica was marked by immediacy; she did not half disclose a sweet and sad and twilit history, did not make half promises about a future, implied the barest minimum of flattery and none at all of amorousness, and spoke factually, in a pleasant voice, without nuance and within the present tense. Someone had said that she was *sec*—a quality praiseworthy in certain wines but distinctly not delicious in so beautiful a woman. All the same, just as she had many hostesses, so she had many escorts, for her presence at a man's side gave him a feeling of achievement.

Angelica was not, that is, all façade—her eyes themselves testified to the existence of airy apartments and charming gardens behind them—but she was consecrated to her vocation and she had been obliged to pass up much of the miscellany of life that irritates but also brings about the evolution of personality; the unmolested oyster creates no pearl. Her heart might be shivered, she might be inwardly scorched with desire or mangled with jealousy and greed, she might be benumbed by loneliness and doubt, but she was so unswerving in her trusteeship of her perfection that she could not allow anxiety to pleat her immaculate brow or anger to discolor her damask cheeks or tears to deflower her eyes. Perhaps, like an artist, she was not always grateful for this talent of beauty that destiny had imposed upon her without asking leave, but, like the artist, she knew where her duty lay; the languishing and death of her genius would be the languishing and death of herself, and suicide, though it is often understandable, is almost never moral.

The world kindly imagined that Mrs. Early's beauty was deathless and that it lived its charmed life without support. If the world could have seen the contents of her dressing table and her bathroom shelves! If the world could have known the hours devoured by the matutinal ritual! Angelica and her reverent English maid, Dora, were dressed like surgeons in those morning hours, and they worked painstakingly, talking little, under lights whose purpose was to cast on the mirrors an image of ruthless veracity. The slightest alteration in the color of a strand of hair caused Angelica to cancel all engagements for a day or two, during which time a hairdresser was in attendance, treating the lady with dyes and allaying her fears. A Finn daily belabored her with bundles of birch fagots to enliven her circulation; at night she wore mud on her face and creamed gloves on her hands; her hair was treated with olive oil, lemon juice, egg white, and beer; she was massaged, she was vibrated, she was steamed into lassitude and then stung back to life by astringents; she was brushed and creamed and salted and powdered. All this took time, and, more than time, it took undying patience. So what the world did not know but what Angelica and her maid and her curators knew was that the blood that ever so subtly clouded her cheeks with pink and lay pale green in that admirable vein in her throat was kept in motion by a rapid pulse whose author was a fearful heart: If my talent goes, I'm done for, says the artist, and Angelica said, If I lose my looks, I'm lost.

So, even as she attentively lent the exquisite shell of her ear to her dinner partner, who was telling her about his visit to Samothrace or was bidding her examine with him his political views, even as she returned the gaze of a newcomer whose head was over his heels, even as she contributed to the talk about couturiers after the ladies had withdrawn, Angelica was thinking, in panic and obsession, of the innumerable details she was obliged to juggle to sustain the continuity of her performance.



"I'm Mrs. Parker. How far am I from the end of my rope?"

MODERN science has provided handsome women—and especially blondes, who are the most vulnerable—with defenses against many of their natural enemies: the sun, coarsening winds, the rude and hostile properties of foreign waters and foreign airs. But there has not yet been devised a way to bring to his knees the archfiend Time, and when Angelica began to age, in her middle forties, she went to bed.

Her reduction of the world to the size of her bedroom was a gradual process, for her wilting and fading was so slow that it was real-



ly imperceptible except to her unflinching eyes, and to Dora's, and to those of an adroit plastic surgeon to whose unadvertised sanitarium, tucked away in a rural nook in Normandy, she had retreated each summer since she was forty to be delivered of those infinitesimal lines and spots in her cheeks and her throat that her well-lighted mirror told her were exclamatory and shameful disfigurements. Such was the mystery that shrouded these trips to France that everyone thought she must surely be going abroad to establish a romantic ménage, and when she paused in Paris on her return to New York, she was always so resplendent that the guesses seemed to be incontrovertibly confirmed; nothing but some sort of delicious fulfillment could account for her subtlety, her lovely, tremulous, youthful air of secret memories. Some of her friends in idle moments went so far as to clothe this lover with a fleshly vestment and a personality and a nationality, and one of the slowly evolved myths, which was eventually stated as fact, was that he was a soul of simple origin and primal magnetism—someone, indeed, like Lady Chatterley's lover.

Angelica would suddenly appear in Paris at the end of August with no explanation of the summer or of that happy condition of her heart that was all but audible as a carol, and certainly was visible in her shimmering eyes and her glowing skin. She lingered in Paris only long enough to buy her winter wardrobe, to upset the metabolism of the men she met, to be, momentarily, the principal gem in the diadem of the international set, and to promise faithfully that next year she would join houseparties and cruises to Greece, would dance till dawn at *fêtes champêtres*, and would, between bullfights, tour the caves of Spain. She did not, of course, keep her promises, and the fact is that she would have disappointed her friends if she had. At these times, on the wing, it was as if she had been inoculated with the distillation of every fair treasure on earth and in Heaven, with the moon and the stars, with the seas and the flowers, and the rainbow and the morning dew. Angelica was no longer *sec*, they said; they said a new dimension had brought her to life. Heretofore she had been a painted ship upon a painted ocean and now she was sailing the crests and the depths, and if her adventurous voyage away from the doldrums had come late in life, it had not come too late; the prime of life, they said, savoring their philosophy and refurbishing their cliché, was a relative season. They loved to speculate on why her lover was unpresentable. Wiseacres proposed, not meaning it, that he was a fugitive from the Ile du Diable; others agreed that if he was not Neanderthal (in one way or another) or so ignobly born that not even democracy could receive him into its generous maw—if he was not any of these things, he must be intransigently married. Or could he perhaps be one of those glittering Eastern rulers who contrived to take an incognito holiday from their riches and their dominions but could not, because of law and tradition, ever introduce Angelica into their courts? Once or twice it was proposed that Angelica was exercising scruples because of her husband, but this seemed unlikely; the man was too dense to see beyond his marriage feasts of Indians and his courtship of birds.

Whoever the lover was and whatever were the terms of their liaison, Angelica was plainly engaged upon a major passion whose momentum each summer was so forcefully recharged that it did not dwindle at all during the rest of the year. Now she began to be known not only as the most beautiful but as one of the most dynamic of women as well, and such was the general enthusiasm for her that she was credited with *mots justes* and insights and ingenious benevolences that perhaps existed only in the infatuated imaginations of her claque. How amazingly Angelica had changed! And how amazingly wrong they all were! For *not* changing had been her lifelong specialty, and she was the same as ever, only more so. Nevertheless, the sort of men who theretofore had cooled after their second meeting with her and had called her pedestrian or impervious or hollow now continued to fever and fruitlessly but breathlessly to pursue her. Often they truly fell in love with her and bitterly hated that anonymous fellow who had found the wellspring of her being.

INEVITABLY the news of her friends' speculations drifted back to her in hints and slips of the tongue. Angelica's humor had grown no more buxom with the passage of the years, and she was not amused at the enigma she had given birth to by immaculate conception. She took herself seriously. She was a good creature, a moral and polite woman, but she was hindered by unworldliness, and she was ashamed to be living a fiction. She was actually guilt-ridden because her summertime friend was not an Adonis from the Orient or a charming and ignorant workingman but was, instead, Dr. Fleege-Althoff, a monstrous little man, with a flat head on which not one hair grew and with the visage of a thief—a narrow, feral nose, a pair of pale and shifty and omniscient eyes, a mouth that forever faintly smiled at some cryptic, wicked jest. There was no help for it, but she was ashamed all the same that it was pain and humiliation, not bliss and glorification, that kept her occupied during her annual retreat. The fact was that she earned her reputation and her undiminishing applause and kept fresh the myth in which she moved by suffering the surface skin of her face to be planed away by a steel-wire brush, electrically propelled; the drastic pain was sickening and it lasted long, and for days—sometimes weeks—after the operation she was so unsightly that her looking glass, which, morbidly, she could not resist, broke her heart. She lay on a chaise in a darkened bedroom of that quiet, discreet sanitarium, waiting, counting

the hours until the scabs that encrusted her flensed skin should disappear. But even when this dreadful mask was gone, she was still hideous, and her eyes and her mouth, alone untouched, seemed to reproach her when she confronted her reflection, as red and shining as if she had been boiled almost to death. Eight weeks later, though, she was as beautiful as she had been at her zenith, and the Doctor, that ugly man, did not fail, in bidding her goodbye, to accord himself only a fraction of the credit and assign the rest to her Heavenly Father. Once, he had made her shiver when, giving her the grin of a gargoyle, he said, "What a face! Flower of the world! Of all my patients, you are the one I do not like to flail." Flail! The word almost made her retch, and she envisioned him lashing her with little metal whips, and smiling.

During the time she was at the sanitarium (a tasteful and pleasant place, but a far cry from the pastoral bower her friends imagined), she communicated with no one except her maid and with the staff, who knew her, as they knew all the other ladies, by an alias. She called herself Mrs. London, and while there was no need to go so far, she said she came from California. It was a long and trying time. Angelica had always read with difficulty and without much pleasure, and she inevitably brought with her the wrong books, in the hope, which she should long since have abandoned, that she might improve her mind; she could not pay attention to Proust, she was baffled by the Russians, and poetry (one year she brought "The Faerie Queene"!) caused her despair. So, for two and a half months, she worked at needlepoint and played a good deal of solitaire and talked to Dora, who was the only confidante she had ever had, and really the only friend. They had few subjects and most of them were solemn—the philosophy of cosmetics, the fleetingness of life. The maid, if she had a life of her own, never revealed it. Sometimes Angelica, unbearably sad that she had been obliged to tread a straight-and-narrow path with not a primrose on it, would sigh and nearly cry and say, "What have I done with my life?" And Dora, assistant guardian of the wonder, would reply, "You have worked hard, Madame. Being beautiful is no easy matter." This woman was highly paid, but she was a kind woman, too, and she meant what she said.

IT was Angelica's hands that at last, inexorably, began to tell the time. It seemed to her that their transfiguration





came overnight, but of course what came overnight was her realization that the veins had grown too vivid and that here and there in the interstices of the blue-green, upraised network there had appeared pale freckles, which darkened and broadened and multiplied; the skin was still silken and ivory, but it was redundant and lay too loosely on her fingers. That year, when she got to the sanitarium, she was in great distress, but she had confidence in her doctor.

Dr. Fleege-Althoff, however, though he was sincerely sorry, told her there was nothing he could do. Hands and legs, he said, could not be benefited by the waters of the fountain of youth. Sardonically, he recommended gloves, and, taking him literally, she was aghast. How could one wear gloves at a dinner table? What could be more parvenu, more telltale, than to lunch in gloves at a restaurant? Teasing her further, the vile little man proposed that she revive the style of wearing mitts, and tears of pain sprang to Angelica's eyes. Her voice was almost petulant when she protested against these grotesque prescriptions. The Doctor, nasty as he was, was wise, and in his unkind wisdom, accumulated through a lifetime of dealing with appearances, said, "Forgive my waggery. I'm tired today. Go get yourself loved, Mrs. London. I've dealt with women so many years that I can tell which of my patients have lovers or loving husbands and which have not—perhaps it will surprise you to know that very few of them have. Most have lost their men and come to me in the hope that the excision of crow's-feet will bring back the wanderers." He was sitting at his desk, facing her, his glasses hugely magnifying his intelligent, bitter eyes. "There is an aesthetic principle," he pursued, "that says beauty is the objectification of love. To be loved is to be beautiful, but to be beautiful is not necessarily to be loved. Imagine that, Mrs. London! Go and find a lover and obfuscate his senses; give him a pair of rose-colored glasses and he'll see your hands as superb—or, even better, he won't see your hands at all. Get loved by somebody—it doesn't matter who—and you'll get well."

"Get well?" said Angelica, amazed. "Am I ill?"

"If you are not ill, why have you come to me? I am a doctor," he said, and with a sigh he gestured toward the testimonials of his medical training that hung on the walls. The Doctor's fatigue gave him an air of melancholy that humanized him, despite his derisive voice, and momentarily Angelica pitied him in his ineluctable ugliness. Still, he was no more solitary in his hemisphere than she was in hers, and quickly she slipped away from her consideration of him to her own woe.

"But even if I weren't married, how could I find a lover at my age?" she cried.

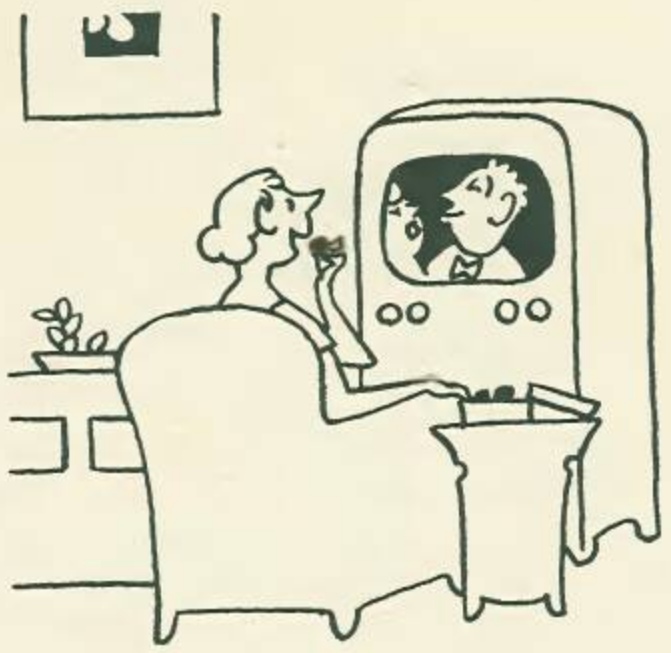
He shook his head wearily and said, "Like most of your countrywomen, you confound youth with value, with beauty, with courage—with everything. To you, youth and age are at the two poles, one positive, the other negative. *I* cannot tell you what to do. I am only an engineer—I am not the inventor of female beauty. I am a plastic surgeon—I am not God. All you can do now is cover your imperfections with *amour-propre*. You are a greedy woman, Mrs. London—a few spots appear on your hands and you throw them up and say 'This is the end.' What egotism!"

Angelica understood none of this, and her innocent and humble mind went round and round amongst his paradoxes, so savagely delivered. How could she achieve *amour-propre* when what she had most respected in herself was now irretrievably lost? And if she had not *amour-propre*, how could she possibly find anyone else to love her? Were not these the things she should have been told when she was a girl growing up? Why had no one, in this long life of hers, which had been peopled by such a


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multitude, warned her to lay up a store of good things against the famine of old age? Now, too late, she wrung her old-woman hands, and from the bottom of her simple heart she lamented, weeping and caring nothing that her famous eyes were smeared and their lids swollen.

At last the Doctor took pity on her. He came around to her side of the desk and put his hands kindly on her shaking shoulders. "Come, Mrs. London, life's not over," he said. "I've scheduled your planing for tomorrow morning at nine. Will you go through with it or do you want to cancel?"

She told him, through her tears, that she would go through with the operation, and he congratulated her. "You'll rise from these depths," he said. "You'll learn, as we all learn, that there are substantial rewards in age."

THAT summer, Dr. Fleege-Althoff, who had grave problems of his own (he had a nagging wife; his only child, a son, was schizophrenic) and whose understanding was deep, did what he could to lighten Angelica's depression. He found that she felt obscurely disgraced and ashamed, as if she had committed a breach of faith, had broken a sacred trust, and could not expect anything but public dishonor. She had never been a happy woman, but until now she had been too diligent to be unhappy; the experience of unhappiness for the first time when one is growing old is one of the most malignant diseases of the heart. Poor soul! Her person was her personality. Often, when the Doctor had finished his rounds, he took Angelica driving in the pretty countryside; she was veiled against the ravages of the sun and, he observed, she wore gloves. As they drove, he talked to her and endeavored to persuade her that for each of the crucifixions of life there is a solace. Sometimes she seemed to believe him.

Sometimes, believing him, she took heart simply through the look of the trees and the feel of the air, but when they had returned to the sanitarium and the sun had gone down and she was alone with her crumpled hands—with her crumpled hands and her compassionate but helpless maid—she could not remember any of the reasons for being alive. She would think of what she had seen on their drive: children playing with boisterous dogs; girls and young men on horses or bicycles, riding along the back roads; peasant women in their gardens tending their cabbages and tending their sunning babies at the same time. The earth, in the ebullience of summertime, seemed more resplendent and refreshed than she could ever remember it. Finally, she could not bear to look at it or at all those exuberant young human beings living on it, and began to refuse the Doctor's invitations.

You might think that she would have

QUESTIONS OF TRAVEL

There are too many waterfalls here; the crowded streams
hurry too rapidly down to the sea,
and the pressure of so many clouds on the mountaintops
makes them spill over the sides in soft slow-motion,
turning to waterfalls under our very eyes.
—For if those streaks, those mile-long, shiny, tearstains,
aren't waterfalls yet,
in a quick age or so, as ages go here,
they probably will be.
But if the streams and clouds keep travelling, travelling,
the mountains look like the hulls of capsized ships,
slime-hung and barnacled.

Think of the long trip home.
Should we have stayed at home and thought of here?
Where should we be today?
Is it right to be watching strangers in a play
in this strangest of theatres?
What childishness is it that while there's a breath of life
in our bodies, we are determined to rush
to see the sun the other way around?
The tiniest green hummingbird in the world?
To stare at some inexplicable old stonework,
inexplicable and impenetrable,
at any view,
instantly seen and always, always delightful?
Oh, must we dream our dreams
and have them, too?
And have we room
for one more folded sunset, still quite warm?

But surely it would have been a pity
not to have seen the trees along this road,
really exaggerated in their beauty,
not to have seen them gesturing
like noble pantomimists, robed in pink.
—Not to have had to stop for gas and heard
the sad, two-noted, wooden tune
of disparate wooden clogs
carelessly clacking over
a grease-stained filling-station floor.
(In another country the clogs would all be tested.
Each pair there would have identical pitch.)
—A pity not to have heard
the other, less primitive music of the fat brown bird
who sings above the broken gasoline pump
in a bamboo church of Jesuit baroque:
three towers, five silver crosses.
—Yes, a pity not to have pondered,
blurr'dly and inconclusively,
on what connection can exist for centuries
between the crudest wooden footwear
and, careful and finicky,
the whittled fantasies of wooden cages.
—Never to have studied history in
the weak calligraphy of songbirds' cages.
—And never to have had to listen to rain
so much like politicians' speeches:
two hours of unrelenting oratory
and then a sudden golden silence
in which the traveller takes a notebook, writes:

"*Is it lack of imagination that makes us come*
to imagined places, not just stay at home?
Or could Pascal have been not entirely right
about just sitting quietly in one's room?
Continent, city, country, society:
the choice is never wide and never free.
And here, or there . . . No. Should we have stayed at home,
wherever that may be?"

—ELIZABETH BISHOP

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taken to drink or to drugs, but she went on in her dogtrot way, taking care of her looks, remembering how drink hardens the skin and how drugs etiolate it.

THAT year, when Angelica arrived in Paris on her way back to New York, she was dealt an adventitious but crippling blow of mischance from which she never really recovered. She had arrived in midafternoon, and the lift in her hotel was crowded with people going up to their rooms after lunch. She had been one of the first to enter the car and she was standing at the back. At the front, separated from her by ten people or more, were two young men who had been standing in the lobby when she came into the hotel. They were Americans, effeminate and a little drunk, and one of them said to the other, "She must have been sixty—why, she could have been seventy!" His companion replied, "Twenty-eight. Thirty at the most." His friend said, "You didn't see her hands when she took off her gloves to register. They were old, I tell you. You can always tell by the hands."

Luckily for Angelica and luckily for them, the cruel, green boys got off first; as she rode up the remaining way to her floor, she felt dizzy and hot. Unused as she had been most of her life to emotion, she was embraced like a serpent by the desire to die (that affliction that most of us have learned to cope with through its reiteration), and she struggled for breath. She walked down the corridor to her room jerkily; all her resilience was gone. Immediately she telephoned the steamship line and booked the first passage home she could get. For two days, until the boat sailed, she lay motionless on her bed, with the curtains drawn, or she paced the floor, or sat and stared at her culprit hands. She saw no one and she spoke to no one except Dora, who told all the friends who called that her mistress was ill.



When these friends returned from Europe in the autumn, and others from the country, they learned, to their distress and puzzlement, that Angelica was not going out at all, nor was she receiving anyone. The fiction of her illness, begun in Paris, gained documentation and became fact, until at last no one was in doubt: she had cancer, far too advanced for cure or palliation; they assumed she was attended by nurses. Poor darling, they said, to have her love affair end this way! They showered her with roses, telephoning their florists before they went out to lunch; they wrote her tactful notes of sympathy, and it was through reading these that she guessed what they thought was the reason for her retirement.

The maisonette seemed huge to her, and full of echoes; for the first time since she had married, she began to think about her husband and, though he was a stranger, to long for his return. Perhaps he could become the savior



"I must say that was a short seven dollars and fifty cents' worth, young man!"

Fleege-Althoff had told her to seek. But she was not strong enough to wait for him. The drawing room was still in its summer shrouds; the umbrageous dining room was closed. At first, she dined in the library, and then she began to have dinner on a tray in her bedroom, sitting before the fire. Soon after this, she started keeping to her bedroom and, at last, to her bed, never rising from it except for her twice-daily ritualistic baths. Her nightdresses and bed jackets were made by the dressmaker she had always used to supplement her Paris wardrobe; she wore her jewels for the eyes of her maid and her masseuse—that is, she wore earrings and necklaces, but she never adorned her hands. And, as if she were dying in the way they thought, she wrote brave letters to her friends, and sometimes, when her loneliness became unbearable, she telephoned them and inquired in the voice of an invalid about their parties and about the theatre, though she did not want to hear, but she refused all their kind invitations to come and visit, and she rang off saying, "Do keep in touch."

For a while, they did keep in touch, and then the flowers came less and less often and her mail dwindled away. Her panic gave way to inertia. If she had been able to rise from her bed, she would have run crying to them, saying, "I was faithful to your conception of me for all those years. Now take pity on me—reward me for my singleness of purpose." They would have been quick to console her and to laugh away her sense of failure. (She could all but hear them saying, "But my dear, how absurd! Look at your figure! Look at your face and your hair! What on earth do you mean by killing yourself simply because of your hands?") But she had not the strength to go to them and receive their mercy. They did not know and she could not tell them. They thought it was cancer. They would never have dreamed it was despair that she groped through sightlessly, in a vacuum everlasting and black. Their flowers and their letters and their telephone calls did not stop out of unkindness but out of forgetfulness; they were busy, they were living their lives.

Angelica began to sleep. She slept all night and all day, like a cat. Dreams became her companions and sleep became her food. She ate very little, but she did not waste away, although she was weakened—so weakened, indeed, that sometimes in her bath she had attacks of vertigo and was obliged to ring for Dora. She could not keep her mind on anything. The simplest words in the simplest book bewildered her, and she let her eyes wander drowsily from the page; before she could close the book and set it aside, she was asleep.

JUST before Christmas, the drunken aunt, Angelica's only relative, came back to town after a lengthy visit to California. She had not heard from Angelica in months, but she had not been alarmed, for neither of them was a letter writer. The first evening she was back, she dined with friends and learned from them of her niece's illness; she was shocked into sobriety and bitterly excoriated herself for being so lazy that she had not bothered to write. She telephoned the doctor who had taken care of Angelica all her life and surprised him by repeating what she had heard—that the affection had been diagnosed as cancer. At first, the doctor was offended that he had not been called in, and then, on second thought, he was suspicious, and he urged the aunt to go around as soon as she could and make a report to him.

The aunt did not warn Angelica that she was coming. She arrived late the next afternoon, with flowers and champagne and, by ill chance, a handsome pair of crocheted gloves she had picked up in a shop in San Francisco. She brought, as well, a bottle of Scotch, for her own amusement. The apartment was dark and silent, and in the wan light the servants looked spectral. The aunt, by nature a jovial woman—she

drank for the fun of it—was oppressed by the gloom and went so quickly through the shadowy foyer and so quickly up the stairs that she was out of breath when she got to the door of Angelica's room. Dora, who had come more and more to have the deportment of a nurse, opened the door with nurselike gentleness and, seeing that her patient was, for a change, awake, said with nurselike cheer, "You have company, Madame! Just look at what Mrs. Armstrong has brought!" She took the flowers to put in water and the champagne to put on ice, and silently left the room.

The moment Angelica saw her aunt, she burst into tears and held out her arms, like a child, to be embraced, and Mrs. Armstrong began also to cry, holding the unhappy younger woman in her arms. When the hurricane was spent and the ladies had regained their voices, the aunt said, "You must tell me the whole story, my pet, but before you do, you must give me a drink and open your present. I do pray you're going to like them—they are so much *you*."

Angelica rang for glasses and ice, for the Scotch, and then she undid the ribbon around the long box. When she saw what was inside, all the blood left her face. "Get out!" she said to her aunt, full of cold hatred. "Is that why you came—to taunt me?"

Amazed, Mrs. Armstrong turned away from a book she had been examining on a table in the window and met her niece's angry gaze.

"*I* taunt you?" she cried. "Why, darling, are you out of your mind? If you don't like the gloves, I'll give them to someone else, but don't—"

"Yes, do that! Give them to some young beautiful girl whose hands don't need to be hidden." And she flung the box and the gloves to the floor in an infantile fury. Twisting, she bent herself into her pillows and wept again, heartbrokenly.

By the end of the afternoon, Mrs. Armstrong's heart was also broken. She managed, with taste and tact, aided by a good deal of whiskey, to ferret out the whole story, and, as she said to her dinner companion later on, it was unquestionably the saddest she had ever heard. She blamed herself for her obtuseness and she blamed Major Early for his, and, to a lesser extent, she blamed Angelica's friends for never realizing that they, with their constant and superlative praise of her looks, had added to her burden, had forced her into so conventual a life that she had been removed from most of experience. "The child has no memories!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, appalled. "She wouldn't know danger if she met it head on, and she certainly wouldn't know joy. We virtually said to her, 'Don't tire your pretty eyes with looking at anything, don't let emotion harm a hair of your lovely head.' We simply worshipped and said, 'Let us look at you, but don't you look at us, for we are toads.' The ghastly thing is that there's nothing to be salvaged, and even if some miracle of surgery could restore her hands to her, it would do no good, for her disillusion is complete. I think if she could love anyone, if that talent were suddenly to come to her at this point in her life, she would love her ugly man in Normandy, and would love him *because* he was ugly."

When Angelica had apologized to her aunt for her tantrum over the gloves, she had then got out of bed and retrieved them and, in the course of her soliloquy, had put them on and had constantly smoothed them over each finger in turn as she talked.

She was still wearing the gloves when Dora came in to run her evening bath and found that her heart, past mending, had stopped.

—JEAN STAFFORD



"The gossip around the studio, Conrad, is that you're becoming a caricature of yourself."

•

Thaw inherited an estimated 40 million dollars, reckoned a fortune in those days.—*New Haven Register.*

Well, we've come a long way.

THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE SEVEN LOST DAYS ON WALKER STREET

ON the morning of Monday, September 1, 1845, John B. Gough, the country's most celebrated temperance lecturer of his time, kissed his wife goodbye in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and left on an extensive speaking tour that would be interrupted the following weekend by a trip to New York, via the steamboat from New Haven. As he set out, the plan was for his wife to meet him a week later—on Monday, September 8th—in Albany, where they would take a train to Montreal, the next stop on his lecture schedule. It was not unusual for Gough to make short visits to New York without Mrs. Gough. This time, he explained to her, he needed a couple of days there to work out details of his coming winter anti-alcohol campaign with a man named Marsh, a friend of his in the American Temperance Union who helped him with his lecture bookings.

Late in the afternoon of Friday, September 5th, Gough disembarked from the New Haven steamer at Peck Slip, on the lower East Side of Manhattan, and walked a few blocks west to Broadway, where he checked in at the Croton Hotel. The Croton, a temperance house, was his regular stopping place in New York. It was named in honor of the Croton aqueduct, which three years earlier had begun to provide the city with its first supply of superior, out-of-town water. At the hotel, Gough—whose name was frequently, and correctly, rhymed with "scoff" in verses written by his detractors—had supper, washing it down with Croton '45, and then, at about seven-thirty, went out, after telling the porter not to expect him back until the next day; he planned to visit some friends in Brooklyn, he said, and might decide to stay overnight with them. Gough walked away with the brisk, springy step of youth, for he was a young man to have become so famous; he was only twenty-eight when he left the Croton that evening.

Gough did not spend the night with his Brooklyn acquaintances, a rum-hating family named Hurlbut; he did not even visit them. Nor did he see his friend Marsh that weekend. But not until Monday, when he failed to meet his wife in Albany, did anyone have reason to think he had disappeared, which was actually the case. It took Mrs. Gough a little time to check with her husband's colleagues and spread the alarm among them, so it was Thursday, the eleventh, before he was reported missing to the police and to the United States Marshal's office. Then placards were posted at once. They gave Gough's description—a slender man, five feet seven inches tall, clean-shaven, with long black hair and dark eyes—and ascribed his disappearance to an accident or to foul play at the hands of the liquor-selling interests.

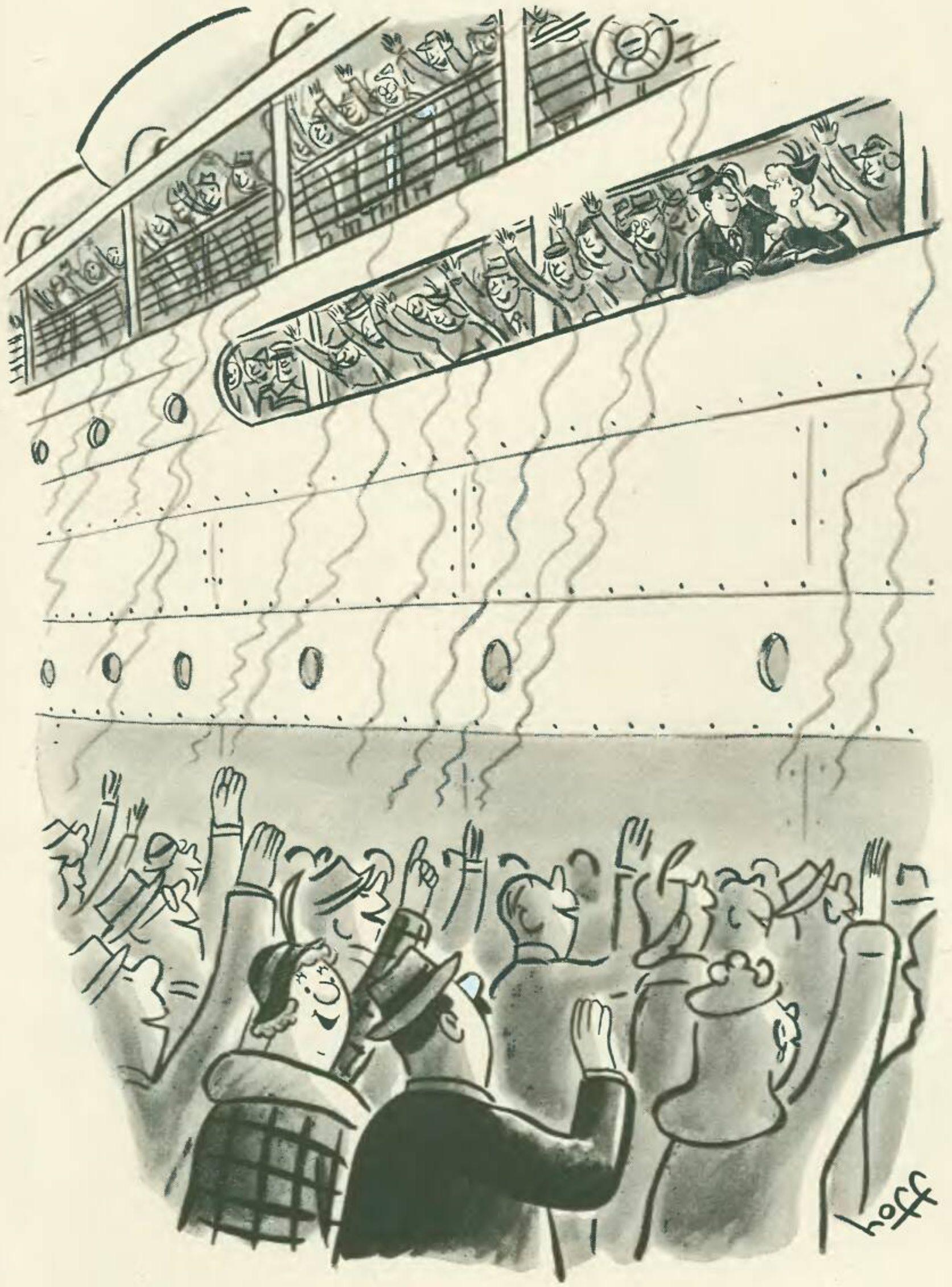
The placards created a sensation. Nearly everyone of newspaper-reading age in America had heard of Gough. He was a converted dipsomaniac who, after a period of dogged devotion to the liquor sellers, during which he promoted their welfare by drinking everything he could lay his hands on, had become their deadliest enemy. In less than three years on the platform, Gough had freed some seventy-five hundred drinkers from what he called "a worse than Egyptian thralldom;" at least, he had obtained that many pledges. Fellow-drys had begun to hope he had started a chain reaction that would bring in pledges faster than the liquor dispensers could sell their wares. Considering that whiskey in the eighteen-forties cost twenty-five cents a gallon at retail, this would have been a prodigious performance, but Gough seemed to students of his work to be equal to it.

The temperance cause (temperance in those days was generally understood to mean total abstinence) was promoted mostly by oratory. The best-known and busiest speakers against drink belonged to one of two groups: clergymen and reformed—or, at any rate, remorseful—drunkards. William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner in Illinois, was a member of the second group. So was John H. W. Hawkins, a reclaimed sot living in Baltimore, who is said to have been the first man to demonstrate the advantages of the personal-experience style of temperance oratory over the lofty, hearsay style used by clergymen. Hawkins had a short vogue on temperance platforms in 1840. Gough entered the field in 1842, when he was twenty-five. Within a year or two of his début, which took place in Worcester, Massachusetts, where he was then living, he was far and away the most renowned temperance crusader in the country. No one in either the clerical or the reformed-drunkard school could match him in his effectiveness as a proselytizer of drinkers. (An Irish Capuchin priest, Father Theobald Mathew, was probably the most spectacular one-man dust storm in the world; he is reputed to have dried up almost the whole of Ireland, temporarily, in the eighteen-forties. However, Father Mathew performed under conditions that were uniquely favorable to an anti-liquor crusade, for he had famine, universal destitution, and, as a priest, the solid Catholicism of the people to help him.) Gough relied heavily on his own experience as a dipsomaniac to get results. On the platform, he became a specialist at reconstructing, symptom by symptom, his encounters with delirium tremens. His effect on his audience was, literally, that he made them laugh and made them cry. His fluency with comic material, in the lighter passages of his lectures, was comparable, a present-day critic might say, to Bob Hope's among modern entertainers. His jokes were fully as nugatory and as successful as Hope's, although, as suited the times and the objective, cleaner. Gough was a virtuoso in the use of the principal stage dialects of the era—Irish, German, and New England Yankee. He was a gifted mimic. He sang songs, droll or sentimental, in a soaring tenor. As a historian wrote after his death, "He was a whole variety troupe in one little form." A point about Gough that fascinated audiences as much as his versatility was the surprising power of his voice. He was a frail, seedy-looking little man; people



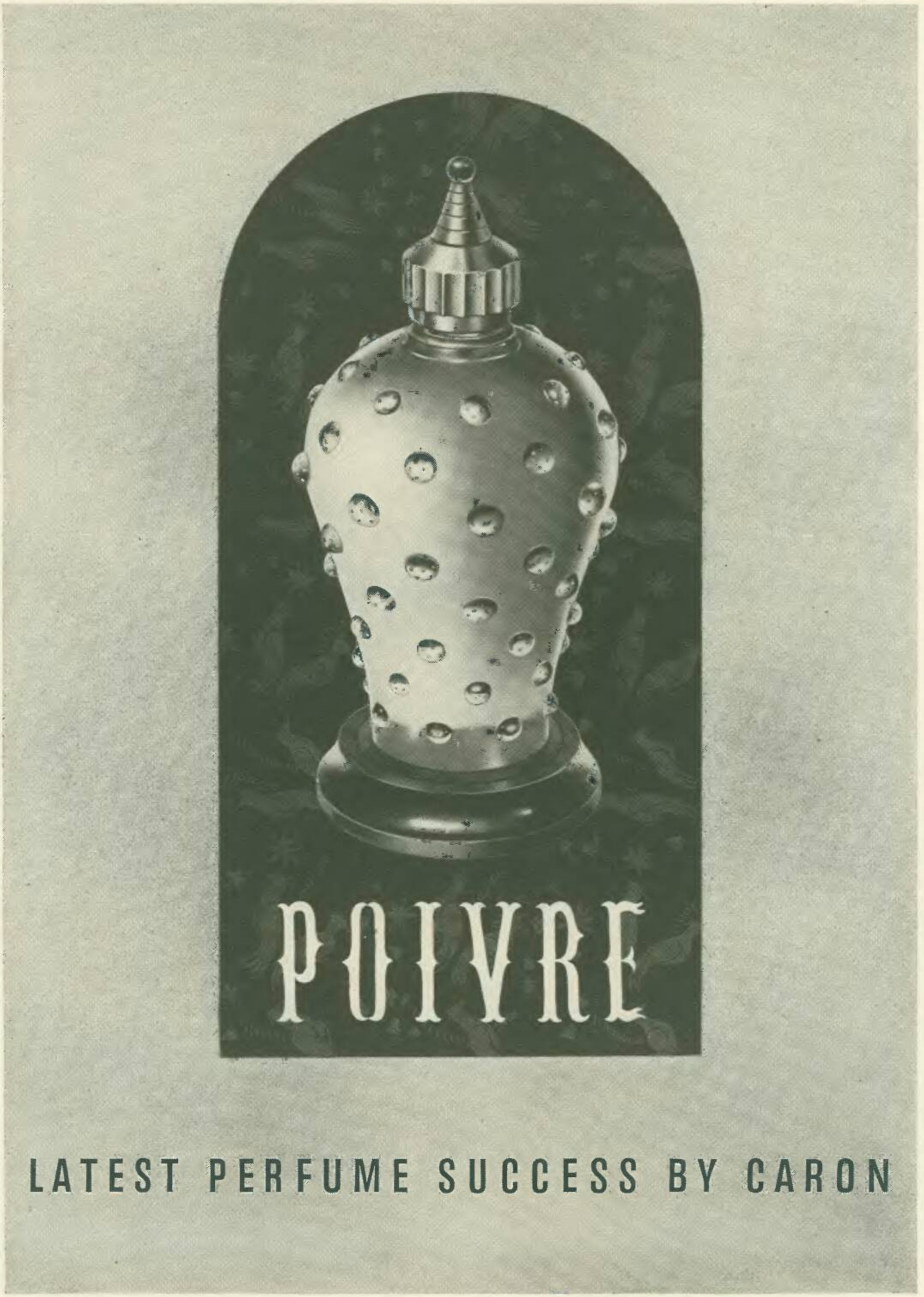
seeing him for the first time were apt to be disappointed until he spoke. Then his strong, effortless tenor voice came as a shock and an excitement as it nailed an anecdote or a case history to the wall behind them.

Gough's method of preparing an audience for pledge-signing was to amuse it first and then sadden and terrify it. In his tragic passages, he brought sweat to the foreheads of his listeners and set them to groaning and sobbing with his play-by-play accounts of what he called "the trembling madness." He had been a remarkably thirsty young man before his conversion, and, drawing on his own experience, was especially expert at the description of certain symptoms—monstrous spiders, black and bloated, that crawled over the victim's face and body, and invisible hundred-bladed knives that cut into the flesh of his hands and took root there. He had a keen memory for the play of light during these attacks, and described the changes in the color of the atmosphere, from black to dark red to bright red. In addition, he acted out for his audiences a seemingly infinite number of case histories that had been reported to him, he claimed, by other drinkers or by relatives of drinkers. "A gentleman said to me—" Gough might begin, and then tell the story of the gentleman's only son, a brilliant lad but a drunkard; as he told it, he would take over the role of the son and portray the young man's reactions in delirium. Or he might start off, "A man of the gospel said to me—" and go on to impersonate the man of the gospel in his time of trial, when, being secretly susceptible to alcohol and having eaten two helpings of a plum pudding that, unknown to him, had been soaked in brandy, he had felt a terrible craving for more liquor and had locked himself into his bedroom, where he wrestled with himself for forty-eight hours, tearing strips of skin from his forehead with his fingernails in his anguish, until he was sure that he had conquered the craving.



"It's the truth about these cruises. Already she's met somebody."

In a somewhat Miltonian spirit, Gough was the poet of the d.t.s. The d.t.s were a logical theme for popular poetry in the eighteen-forties and eighteen-fifties, when the drinking problem was the liveliest social topic in the United States, with the possible exception of slavery. Alcoholism—or chronic drunkenness, as most doctors and social critics called it at the time—was unusually widespread and virulent. The period of the epidemic coincided approximately with a period, from 1818 to 1862, of complete absence in this country of federal taxes on domestic liquor. Rye or corn whiskey in those years was far less expensive than beer is today. The nation's per-capita rate of alcoholic consumption was roughly the same as it is now, but only because the number of total abstainers was relatively larger then; contemporary statistics show that three out of every ten people who did drink drank themselves sick, or, in present-day terminology, became alcoholics. Very poor men, and even more or less jobless men, like Poe, could afford to drink whiskey regularly, especially an immature, uncolored, high-proof liquor that was usually called brandy but was actually the cheapest kind of whiskey available. Poe, in fact, in the years between 1840 and 1850, was able to



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combine poverty and indulgence in distilled spirits to such a degree that it killed him. It was a time in the city's history when crime was extremely common. Rum dealers were also extremely prevalent; liquor was sold not only in the more than two thousand saloons that were bunched at the southern end of Manhattan but over the counter in every grocery store.

Though Gough had made a few enemies within the dry cause itself—partly because he took pay for crusading, which was an innovation that offended some austere (and well-off) members of the movement—in the public's view it was the rum dealers who had the best reason for disliking him. When he vanished after leaving the Croton Hotel, there was extensive suspicion that agents of the booze trade had taken steps against him, the country's most active carrier of the teetotal germ. The news of his disappearance was received with excitement by the press in general, and with deep anxiety as well by the pro-temperance press, which was a strong one, including the *Tribune*, the *Journal of Commerce*, and the *Morning News* in New York and at least one paper in almost every other town in the country. While playing the story feverishly in their news columns, the papers editorially expressed shock at the possibility that Gough had met with foul play at the hands of rum dealers. To the press, as to the public, it seemed both reasonable and stimulating to conclude that representatives of the drink traffic had conspired to destroy Gough before he could destroy them. This idea had taken a strong hold in New York and was beginning to reach papers and readers in other cities when, on Friday, the twelfth—twenty-four hours after the announcement of his disappearance—Gough was found in a house of prostitution at 113 Walker Street, a short distance east of Broadway, in an advanced stage of drunken debility. Reports indicated that he had been in the house for almost the entire week since he walked out of the Croton. A policeman named Hays, it appeared, had discovered him there and had taken him to the Hurlbuts' house in Brooklyn, where he was put to bed under a doctor's care.

ON the whole, the public and the press, including the temperance press, reacted to this turn of events by discarding the foul-play theory and believing the worst of Gough. Gough learned of their reaction while he was lying sick in bed at the Hurlbuts'. He was too ill to make a statement in his

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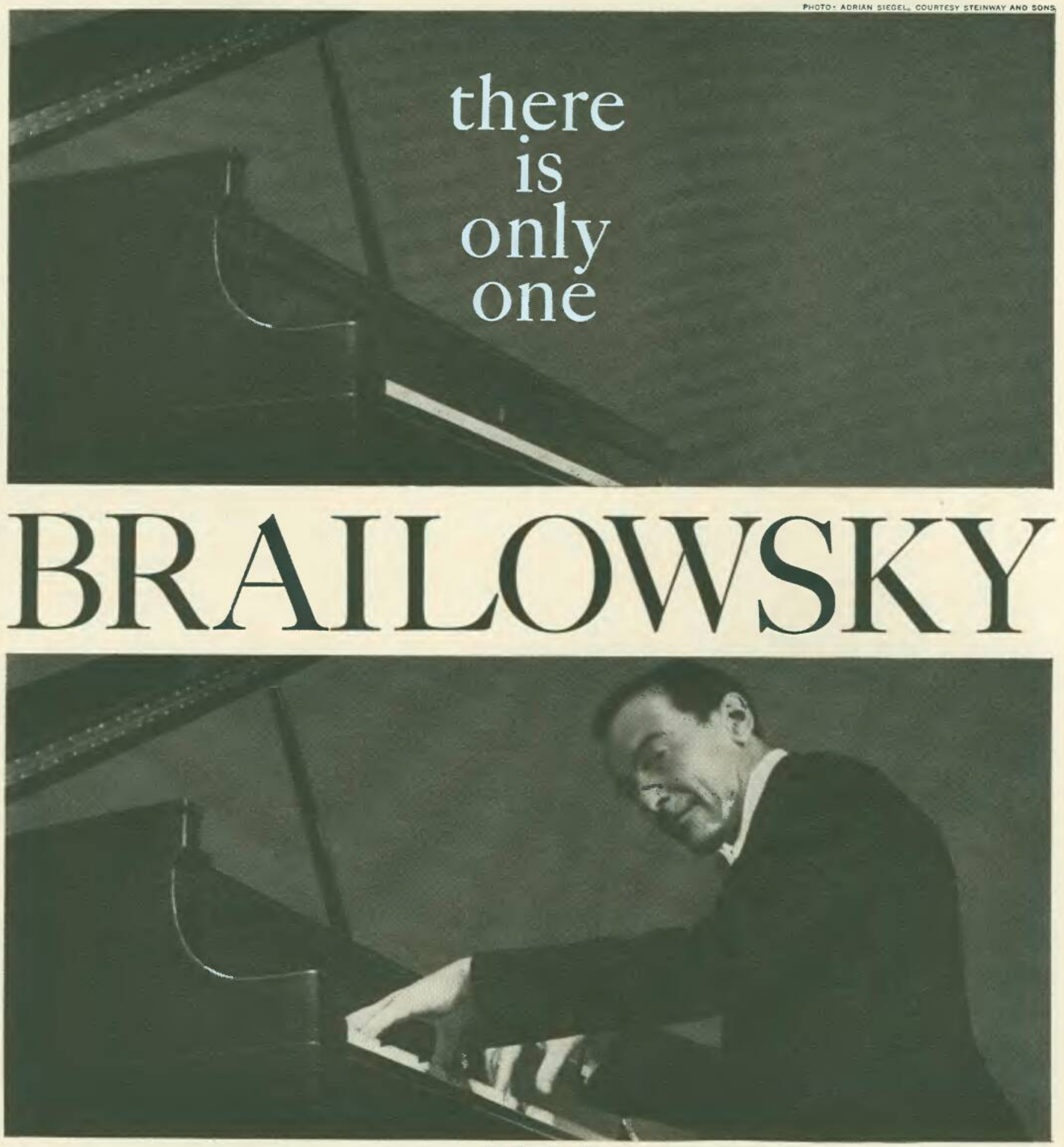
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own defense immediately, but a few close friends consulted with him as soon as he became coherent and gave out a statement on his behalf that confirmed the worst suspicions of what was left of the foul-play school of thought. Considering that he had fallen from grace in a particularly emphatic way, violating not only his pledge but presumably the Seventh Commandment as well, and that he had to organize his story while suffering from a severe nervous illness, complicated by hangover, one must admit that his defense was a gallant one. According to this statement, Gough had been framed in a peculiarly devilish fashion. A mysterious stranger, representing himself as a man who had worked with Gough several years earlier in a bookbinding shop, had accosted him outside the Croton on the night of the fifth and had persuaded him to join him in a quick non-alcoholic one for old times' sake. At a nearby soda fountain, the stranger had spiked Gough's raspberry soda. The impact of the needled soft drink on his admittedly sensitive physical constitution, Gough was quoted as saying, had been such as to make him ill and to send him spinning into the depths of recidivism. In his lectures, he had often drawn frightening pictures of the effect that even one drink could have on a person of his sort. "Drunkenness is a mysterious disease," he said on one occasion, "and the power of appetite on a nervous, susceptible organization is almost absolute, and there is no remedy but total abstinence—total and entire." (Gough was probably one of the first laymen to recognize alcoholism as a disease; at that time there was no one in or out of the medical profession who better understood certain aspects of the drink habit.) He could not remember much of what he had done after taking aboard the raspberry soda, except that he had bought and drunk a lot of liquor in a futile attempt to steady himself. It was obvious that the saboteur had done his job well. Things were probably not quite so bad as they looked, the statement suggested, but Gough would not pretend that they were good.

There is no evidence that this explanation made much impression on the public, and as soon as possible Gough took matters into his own hands. After a week in bed, he got up, went home to Roxbury with his wife, who had come to Brooklyn to nurse him, and set to work, against what were clearly imposing odds, to salvage his position as a champion of moral thought. On September 22nd, he released his own



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account of the seven lost days to the press—a more detailed version of the episode that had been described by his friends. He also incorporated this document in his autobiography, which he wrote that fall during his enforced layoff from the lecture circuits, thereby making his statement part of what might be called the gospel according to Gough—a body of doctrine in which he included, for the use of his disciples and biographers, the specific dates of his signings of the pledge, an account of an early relapse, descriptions of his youthful temptations to commit suicide, and other high points of Goughiana. Outside testimony suggests that the gospel according to Gough is inaccurate in some details; that, for instance, it understates the number of Gough's pledges, and of his relapses, prior to 1845. Nevertheless, it served to give form and order to a life that continued to be of great inspirational interest to a large number of people for many years. Without it, the authors of several books about Gough, such as Edward A. Rand, whose "The Young People's Gough" was published in 1892, six years after the subject's death, might have been hard put to it to say when he had been on the wagon and when he hadn't. Gough's biographers accepted his story of his New York ordeal by sabotage unquestioningly and retold it without changes, in chapters bearing titles like "Gehenna." It is a clouded, apocalyptic sort of story, but considered as a challenge to faith it has a good deal to recommend it.

The gospel according to Gough states that on the night he disappeared he had every intention of going to see the Hurlbuts. As he was walking along lower Broadway, however, he was stopped by a man who introduced himself as Jonathan Williams. All Gough could remember about Williams' appearance was that he was under medium height, about forty years old, and "slightly pitted with the small pox." Williams made his remark about having worked beside Gough in a New York bookbindery, and then said, "You have got into a new business, 'the temperance business;' do you find it a good business?" "Oh, yes, I find it a very good business," Gough replied. Williams then asked, "I suppose you are so pious now, and have got to be so proud, that you would not drink a glass of soda with an old shopmate?" Gough had worked in a lot of bookbinding shops, much of the time under the influence of whiskey, and he often found it hard to place the faces of former acquaintances. He had no recollection of





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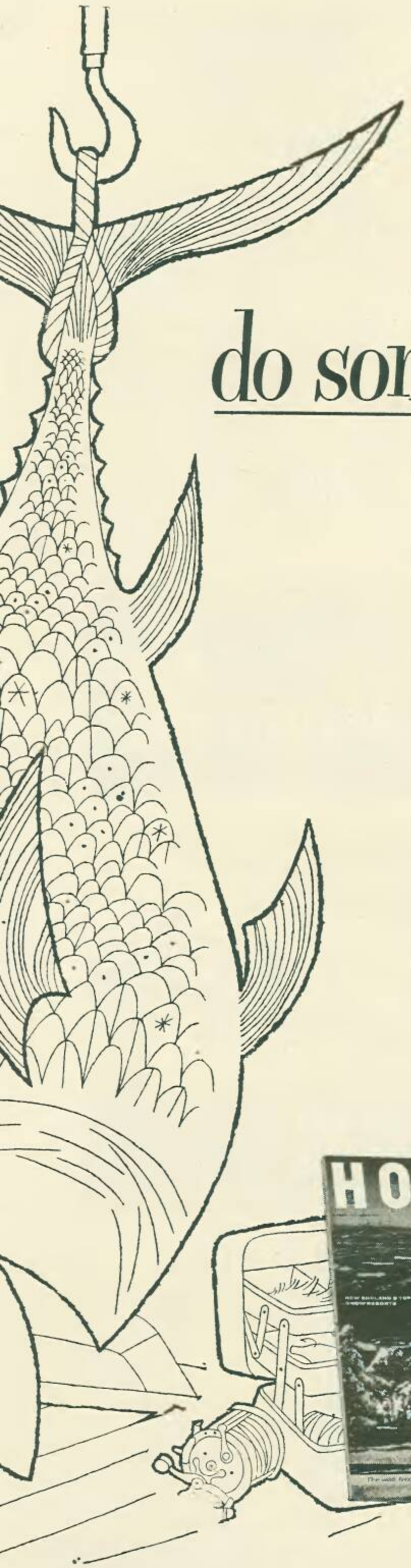
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having seen or heard of Williams before, but he did not like to be thought unfriendly. They were standing, as they talked, just opposite Thompson & Weller's well-known soda fountain, and it seemed to Gough like a natural place to toast old times in. But Williams, saying that Thompson's appeared to be crowded, steered Gough to another fountain—in a small confectionery shop that was located, as well as Gough could remember, somewhere near the corner of Chambers and Chatham Streets. Williams ordered a soda, and asked Gough what kind of syrup he used, saying that he himself preferred raspberry. ("I'm pretty sure he said raspberry," Gough wrote.) Gough said that he would take the same. The fountain keeper mixed the drinks. Williams picked up Gough's glass and, holding his hand over it, passed it to Gough. After they had drunk their sodas, they went out onto the street again, and Williams disappeared. Gough walked west along Chambers back to Broadway. At about the time he reached Broadway, he began to feel a warm sensation about his lungs and chest, and an unusual exhilaration. Then he became weak and giddy, and he suspected that all was not well. He went into a store—or perhaps into several stores—and bought and drank brandy to steady himself. After drinking, he became "bewildered and stupid." Next—he could not remember exactly where or when—he met a woman dressed in black. "I either accosted her, or she accosted me," Gough wrote. He asked her to take him someplace where he could lie down and rest, and he remembered going with her to "the house"—that is, to the house on Walker Street. He remembered a flight of stairs but nothing of what happened in the next six days, "except that I drank." He did not remember going out of the house at any time until he was found there. He noted in his statement that he had a "strange" shirt on when he finally did leave Walker Street, but, he repeated, he didn't *remember* going out of the house, to buy a shirt or to do anything else. Gough's emphasis on what he did not remember, together with other details of his story, gave some people the impression that he was being careful not to say flatly anything that could afterward be disproved. There was, it turned out, good reason for his caution.

The first reactions to Gough's supplementary explanation were no more favorable than the reactions to his initial one. Not much faith was shown in the existence of the mysterious stranger. The October issue of the *Journal of the*

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American Temperance Union commented grimly on the character of the house where Gough, "the miserable crazy drunkard," had passed a week, "not far from the gates of death." The *Journal* went on, "Here is a fall calculated to send an electric shock through the land. A shining one—a *seraphic spirit*, admired and loved by all—*even he has fallen!*" The periodical advised Gough to take his lesson to heart, and in the future, when he bore witness against liquor, to do so for "good" alone—never again, the writer emphasized, for money. Other temperance spokesmen made the same point. In the streets, in saloons, and in non-temperance newspapers, jokes were cracked about Gough's tastes in soda-water flavoring and in hospitality. Unquestionably, for a man with a national reputation as a reformer and an uplifter, Gough had got himself, or been pushed, into an awkward position. It was one that nineteen out of twenty professional moralists would most likely have accepted as fatal not only to their powers of persuasion but to their powers of earning a living.

AT the time of Gough's fall, his talent for mimicry, his Gothic sense of the poetry of madness, and his excellent tenor singing voice had begun to make him prosperous, for the first time in his life. His fees for his special blend of uplift and vaudeville were averaging around fifteen dollars a lecture, and, being an extraordinarily energetic man, he was able to deliver two hundred lectures a year. There was every promise of richer times ahead. In the circumstances, he had compelling reasons to be on his guard against the familiar fate of so many pledge signers—backsliding. (In Boston in 1848, it was estimated that eighty per cent of the drinkers there who had taken the pledge since 1840 had reverted to drinking.) Gough himself had suffered a relapse a few months after joining the temperance cause. According to his later account of this misfortune, it was brought on by the innocent folly of a doctor in Dudley, Massachusetts, who, in treating him for an upset stomach, gave him some medicine that contained ether and a balsamic essence called Tincture of Tolou. One or both of these ingredients—probably the ether, Gough thought—had inflamed his latent urge to drink and had sent him off on a two-week tear through Dudley, Charlton, and Boston, during which he made at least one public speech in behalf of temperance. Since the Dudley incident occurred before Gough had become famous and successful, it attracted





little notice; Gough signed the pledge again, and was quickly reinstated by temperance leaders as a recruiter in good standing. Two and a half years afterward, in the summer of 1845, his position was different. He had made a national reputation in the interval, and, as a temperance careerist, he would seem to have passed the point of no return. He was well aware of the fact.

But Gough was endowed to an unusual degree with a kind of desperate vitality; he had what amounted to a genius for survival. The jokes about his misfortune he took in his stride, gently and humbly. The suggestions that he stop charging money for rescuing drunkards he simply ignored, with meek obstinacy, for the strongest of reasons—he couldn't afford to stop. On October 31st, a month after his own statement about his disappearance was published, he scored a major success: the Mount Vernon Congregationalist Church, in Roxbury, of which he and his wife were members, decided by a unanimous vote of the congregation to accept his story as "a frank and artless declaration of the truth." It happened that at just about this time groups representing organized religion were on the point of winning a lengthy contest with the secular forces for control of the temperance cause. To Gough, therefore, endorsement by his church parish in this emergency was as important as it would be to a boxer today to have his license renewed after he had been accused of throwing a fight.

Gough's fellow-parishioners exonerated him on the basis of a report prepared by a two-man investigating committee they set up to check on his story. The two men had gone down to New York, knocked at the door of the Walker Street house, and been told by the lady in charge that she, her tenants, and Gough were innocent. "A man of more prudence would have hesitated before drinking soda with a stranger," the report stated. "And a man of less nervous temperament might have found some lucid moments for reflection during such a week of horrid aberration of mind. . . . With such allowance, then,



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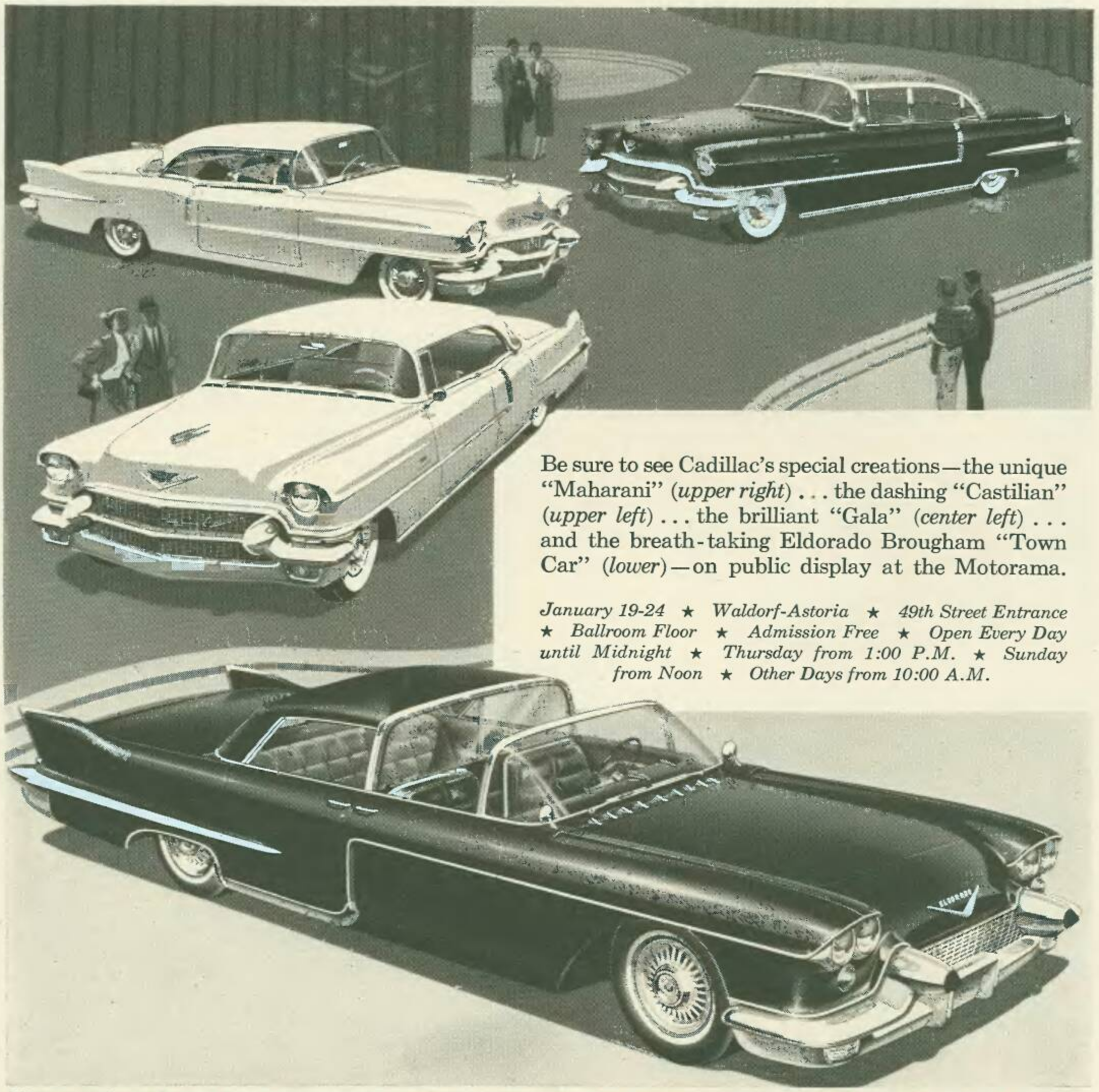
as Christian charity requires us to make, on this score, to all, we are brought to the conclusion that there has been nothing in this unhappy affair which ought to affect the standing of our brother Gough as a member of the Church of Christ. . . . His apparent remorse, and 'earnest prayer for forgiveness' . . . are not inconsistent, we think, with the idea that he is free from voluntary crime in the matter." The report recommended "sympathy rather than censure" for Gough, but not without noting that there had been "difficulties in coming to this conclusion."

Temperance workers loyal to Gough had already begun to test the public's second-thought reactions to his difficulties, and had gratefully discovered a general tendency to look less harshly on their man and his horrid aberration. Shortly after the church report was approved, they slipped Gough into a temperance meeting in Boston for a sort of sneak preview of his future. The new, re-reformed Gough spoke, briefly and remorsefully, from the floor, and the audience was friendly. Presently, other supporters of Gough went to work with soap and water on the ticklish problem of the Walker Street house. One curious result of this effort was that the woman in charge of the house and her staff—somewhat to their confusion—were washed as clean as Gough was himself. Several novel descriptions of the household appeared in print that autumn. One of them was contained in a pamphlet published in New York and entitled "A Minute and Authentic Narrative of the Conduct and Conversation of John B. Gough During Each Day of His Late Absence, As Related by the Inmates of the House at Which He Stopped." According to the "Narrative," there were four inmates—the landlady, the landlady's eight-year-old daughter, and two boarders, both of them seamstresses by profession. For purposes of identification, the four were referred to in the text as the Mother, the Little Girl, the Widow, and the Orphan Girl. Gough, after his betrayal by the stranger, the pamphlet stated, had met the Widow in the street and had helped her, with what strength he had left, remove a stone from her shoe. He had asked to be allowed to come into her house to recover from his illness. Out of pity and gratitude, she had consented. During the week he stayed there, although he drank medicinal doses of liquor from time to time, his behavior had been sober, civil, and kindly. He had played with the Little Girl and her kitten, and

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had given the Widow money to go out and buy milk for the kitten, as well as medicine for himself. At last, a police officer had come and taken him away.

Altogether, things seemed to be looking up for Gough. His wife had stood by him. His church had voted confidence in him. There were indications that the public was willing to listen to him again. The joking in the streets and the skepticism in the newspapers showed signs of subsiding. Tolerance—or, anyway, forgetfulness—seemed ready to set in on a wide scale. By the beginning of December, it appeared to most people that the worst of Gough's troubles were over—that he had ridden out the storm without essential damage to his reputation or his prospects.

Gough—and a few of his friends and a few of his enemies—knew better. There was an undeveloped factor in the case, the full importance of which no one else yet appreciated. At the time of Gough's disappearance, two men had been at work in a cellar office at 27 Centre Street, not far from the Croton Hotel and just around the corner from Walker Street, preparing the first issue of a weekly publication called the *National Police Gazette*, which within a month or so of its appearance was to become the most successful crime-and-scandal paper of the nineteenth century. Before the paper was more than a few weeks old, it was obvious that its proprietors were the last two men in New York with whom a public figure would want to share an embarrassing secret. It was these two men—and not, as was at first popularly supposed, Policeman Hays—who had found Gough, drunk and sick, in the brothel. Enoch E. Camp and George Wilkes, the organizers, owners, editors, and reporting staff of the new paper, were journalists of a kind that exists nowadays mostly on movie and television screens. They took it to be part of their normal duties to outdetect detectives, outofficiate police officials, and outjudge judges. On the night of Friday, September 5th, the two men were at work getting their first issue to press when they received a tip about the presence of an interesting stranger in the Walker Street house, and hastened to investigate. They came into Gough's life at a moment when his faculties were blurred, but Gough had already had some experience with reporters who were also compulsive sleuths and critics, and he recognized their special qualities almost immediately. He realized that their discovery of him in the Walker Street house made his predicament prac-

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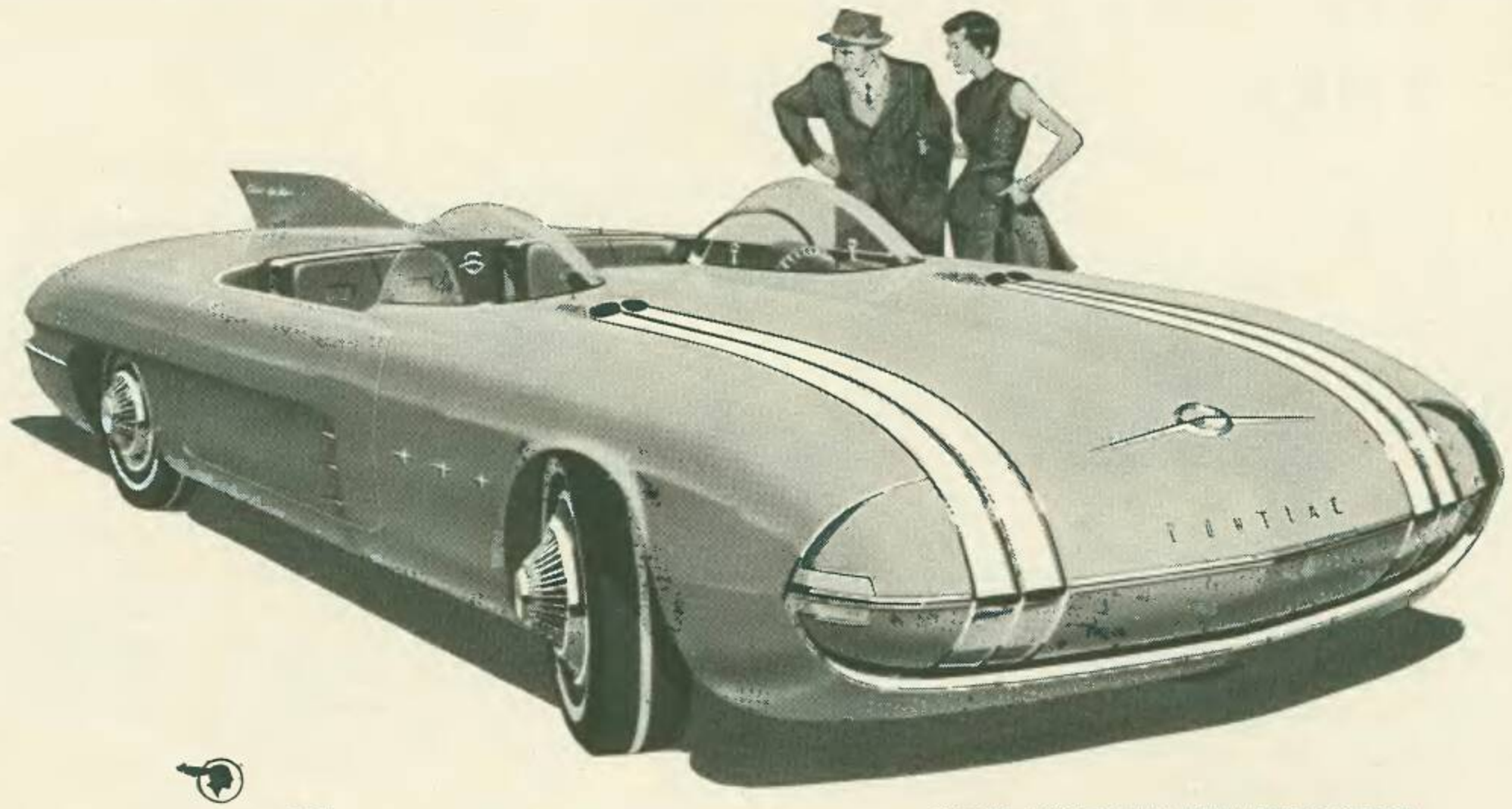
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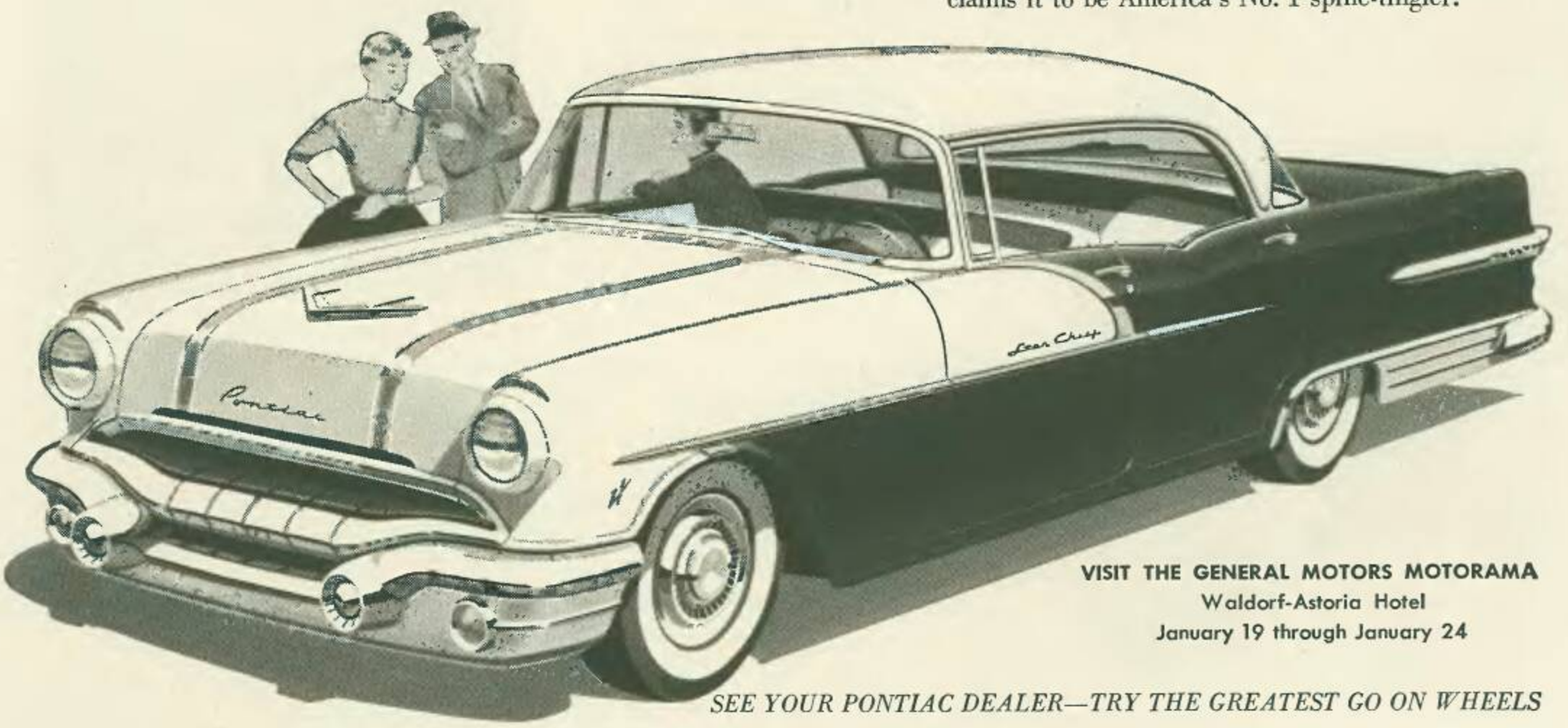
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tically a blueprint for the undoing of a bluenose.

John Jacob Astor, a poor boy from Germany, gained distinction in America by trading in animals' skins. John James Audubon, a poor boy from France, made his name by painting American birds. Harry Wright, a poor boy from England, took an original approach to America's favorite game, and is known today in sports history as "the father of professional baseball." These and other careers carved out by impoverished immigrants from Europe show that during the nineteenth century America abounded in opportunities to achieve celebrity in new or uncommon ways. Broadly speaking, Astor, Audubon, and Wright stumbled upon their métiers. So did Gough, who in 1829 emigrated from England, where he had been born of poor parents in Sandgate, on the Kentish coast. At the age of about twenty, Gough took his first, unplanned step toward fame in America by becoming a pathological drunkard.

If the country teemed with furs, birds, and sports-lovers in the early and middle years of the century, it unquestionably flowed with inexpensive alcohol. As time went on, the eager, widespread consumption of high-proof liquor produced two bodies of extremist thought—drunkards and temperance workers—so large and active that some observers from abroad, such as Charles Dickens, got the impression that everybody in the United States belonged to one group or the other. Gough transferred from the alcoholic to the anti-alcohol group in 1842, after half a dozen years of hard drinking. It is illustrative of the difficulty of his transition that he was drunk on the night he made his first public speech on behalf of temperance.

Before Gough took the pledge—which he did at least twice, and probably three times, during his first year as a teetotaller—he worked at his trade of bookbinding. Between jobs, or to add to the two or three dollars a week that bookbinding paid him, he tried his hand at entertainment, on the stage and in saloons. A psychiatrist might argue that one of the causes of Gough's drinking was the fact that he was a bright, high-strung fellow who felt certain talents—for acting, singing, and mimicry—surging inside him but could find no outlet for them in bookbinding and no steady or profitable employment in the theatre. Possibly because he considered this motive too abstruse for the

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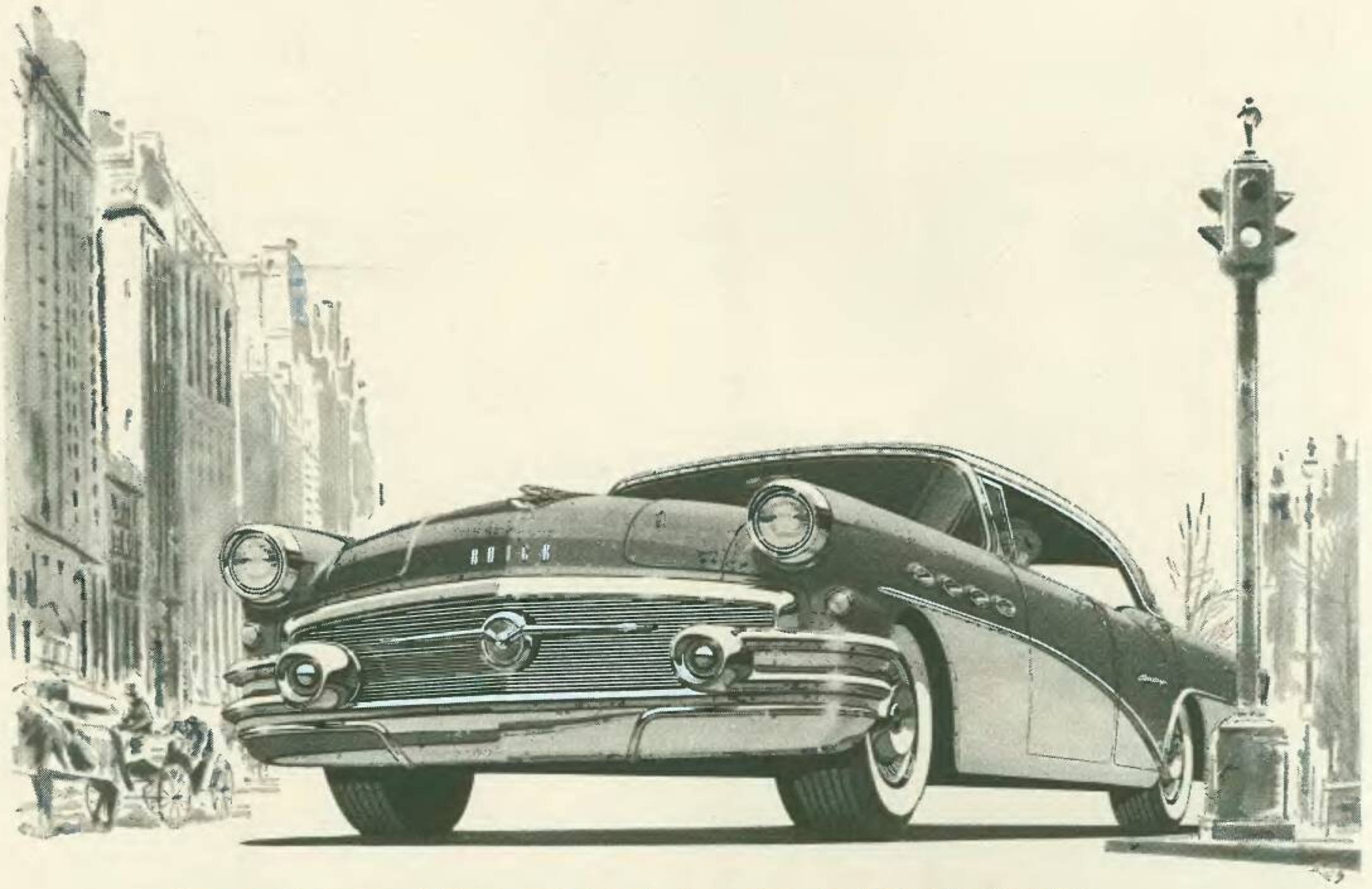


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popular taste, Gough did not include it when, later on, as a temperance lecturer, he compiled for professional use a long list of explanations of his former alcoholism. The list contained some persuasive and easy-to-grasp items: His first wife and their only child had died soon after the baby's birth. His mother had died in poverty, and had been buried in a potter's field. Gough himself, as a boy, had been hit on the head by the edge of a spade, and the old wound persisted in torturing him at intervals. Acquaintances who were hostile to Gough denounced this last excuse as a fiction, although they conceded that he made it a useful one. For that matter, Gough's veracity in his lectures was challenged many times, as is likely to occur in the case of any man who talks a great deal, particularly in public. In 1848, Gough's father came over from England to visit him. A Boston newspaper asked editorially how this was possible. Gough, it said, in his lectures had repeatedly followed his father to his grave, in a potter's field. The temperance-minded New York *Tribune* came to Gough's aid. He had never buried his father, the *Tribune* said—only his mother. Gough, it appears, kept out of the discussion. However, it would not be surprising if, in the heat of eloquence, he had now and then lost the wrong parent in the course of the hundreds of speeches he made every year.

As for the theory that the frustration of Gough's theatrical ambitions contributed to his drinking, it is true that these ambitions were pretty thoroughly frustrated. In New York, where he lived for a while during his first years in this country, he contrived to appear on the stage only once. That was at the Franklin Theatre, where he sang a song called "The Water Party" one night in the eighteen-thirties, between the acts of some standard production. In New England, where he moved in his early twenties, his theatrical luck was not much better. He got occasional jobs with musical troupes touring Massachusetts and Rhode Island. One of these was a short engagement with Stanwood's and Warren's "Concert Party," whose mission, according to its handbill, was "to introduce the accordion, which many think cannot be played on." Gough supplemented the accordion music, and some dancing, with songs and recitations. The title of one of the recitations was "Dialogue Between a Yankee, a Dutchman, a Frenchman, and an Irishman on the Subject of Eatables and Speakables;" it

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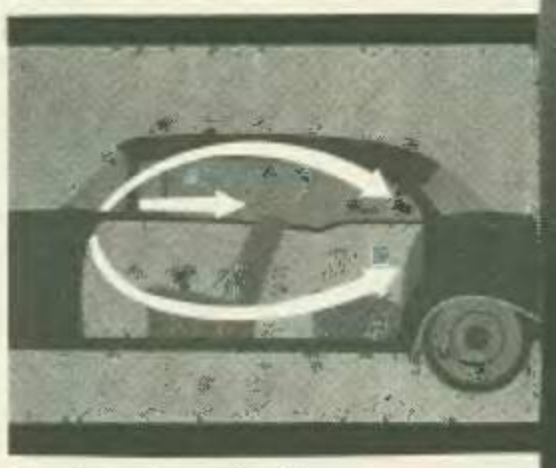
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brought out—but only in Lynn, Lowell, Haverhill, Amesbury, and a few other Massachusetts towns—Gough's thwarted gift for dialect comedy. Again he sang "The Water Party," and his repertoire also included songs called "Wedlock," "The Bashful Man," and "Bartholomew Fair." The handbill referred to him as "Mr. John B. Gough, the celebrated singer from the New York and Boston theatres." When engagements like this ended, or when Gough drank himself out of them, he ordinarily went back to bookbinding. Twice, though, he shipped as a member of the crew aboard a commercial seagoing fishing boat. Once, he worked with a diorama. Dioramas were a form of entertainment that had a considerable vogue during the middle years of the century. They consisted of animated representations of scenes of interest, usually historical, against a painted backdrop. Gough was hired by the manager of a diorama that represented the Battle of Bunker Hill. His chief duty was to turn a crank that sent about a dozen puppet soldiers across the stage on a leather conveyor belt in front of a painting of the battle. Out of sight in the wings, another member of the staff took the soldiers off the belt as fast as they reached him and sent them, by courier, back to the start of the course, where they were set up on the belt for another trip across the stage—an arrangement that made for a fair show of troops, if not much battle action. It was part of Gough's job to leave the crank at a certain point in each performance, crawl under the stage, and, lying on his back there, set off a small charge of gunpowder. The flash of the explosion showed through a hole in the stage, and was meant to be synchronized with a booming sound in the wings—the combined effect signifying the beginning of the bombardment of Charlestown. Since Gough was regularly either drunk or shaky with hangover, the flash often came after the boom. Sometimes there was no flash at all. Gough's condition also affected his work at the crank; the progress of the soldiers across the stage tended to be jerky. These flaws caused a good deal of laughter and booing in the audience. The powder flashes burned Gough's fingers, singed his hair and eyebrows, and half suffocated him. Before the job could kill him, the manager fired him.

When Gough had no work at all, as happened from time to time, he pawned some of his clothes to buy liquor. Frequently, he wore nothing in winter but

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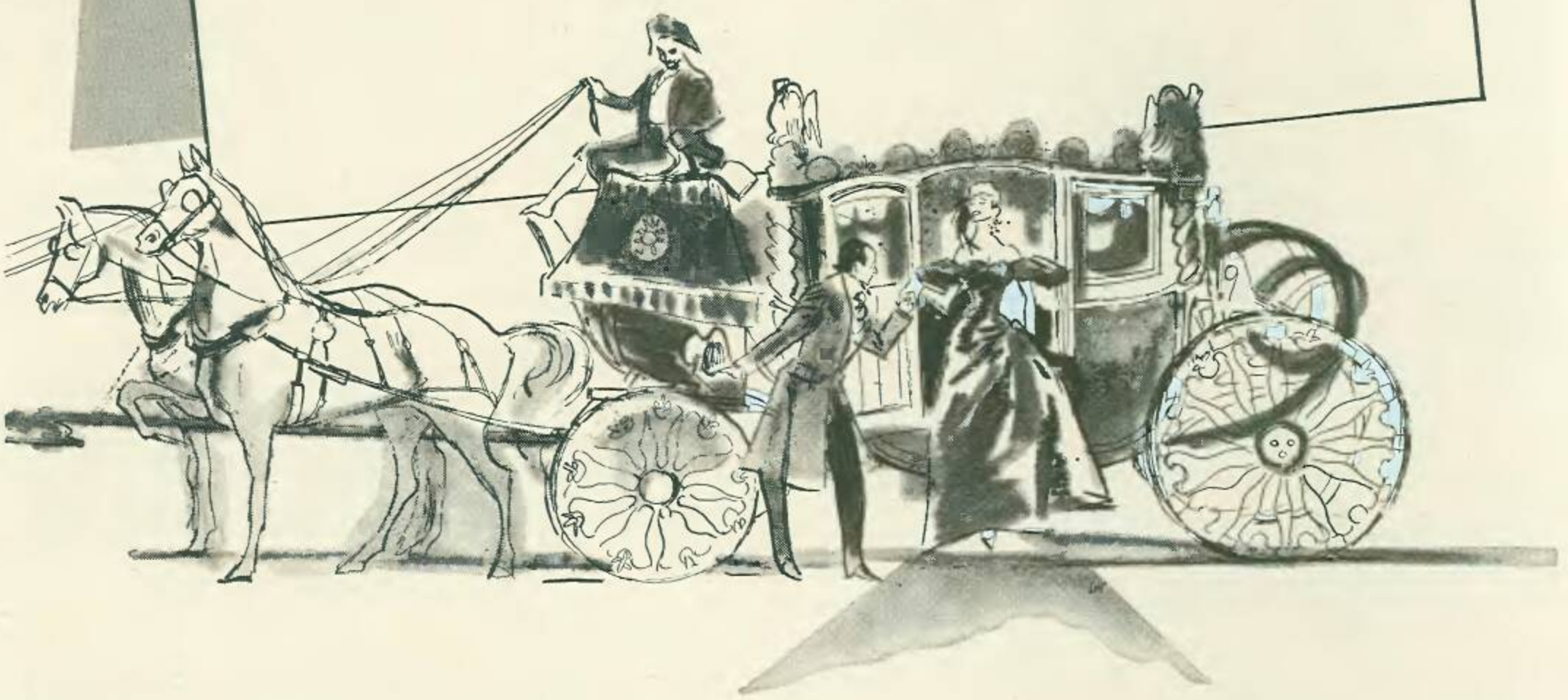
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a shirt and a ragged pair of trousers beneath a ratty brown overcoat, which he kept buttoned to the neck to conceal the fact that he had no jacket or tie on. According to the evidence of people who knew him in those days, he was a gruesome sight when drunk. His uncut black hair hung in strings over his neck and shoulders, his cheeks became hollow, his pale face had a stubble of dark beard, and his eyes, which were conspicuous in any case, took on a feverish, unnatural brightness. In 1841, Gough's name was a byword—to use the contemporary expression—in the town of Newburyport, where he was then living. His first wife, the sister of a fishing captain with whom he had sailed, and their baby died that year; it was common knowledge among their neighbors, Gough later told lecture audiences, by way of showing how degrading the drink habit could be, that he was lying drunk in bed in the next room when they died.

The temperance movement, steadily becoming more active, was bound to cross Gough's path here and there. His first reactions to it were hostile and satirical. At the time, temperance organizations customarily held parades on the Fourth of July. Once, Gough was standing on a sidewalk in Newburyport when the parade of the local chapter of the Cold Water Army, which was a subdivision of the movement manned by children, or "juvenile abstainers," marched past him. He mimicked the gestures of the youthful marchers, cursed them at the top of his voice, and threw gravel at them. Exhibitionism was a fundamental part of Gough's nature; before he became the most successful exhibitionist in the temperance cause, he was given to demonstrating wildly against all kinds of good works and religious movements. On one occasion, he wandered, drunk, into a Millerite meeting in a Methodist church in Worcester. (The Millerites, a sect headed by a New England farmer named William Miller, believed that the world would be destroyed by fire in 1843.) During the service, Gough suddenly picked up from the floor near his pew a square wooden spittoon, containing sawdust and tobacco quids and juice. "We will now proceed to take up a contribution for the purchase of ascension robes!" he yelled. He passed the spittoon among the congregation until members of the audience grabbed him and led him, laughing violently, out of the church. Gough was fined five dollars for this disturbance of the peace. Another time, he appeared in a professional bur-

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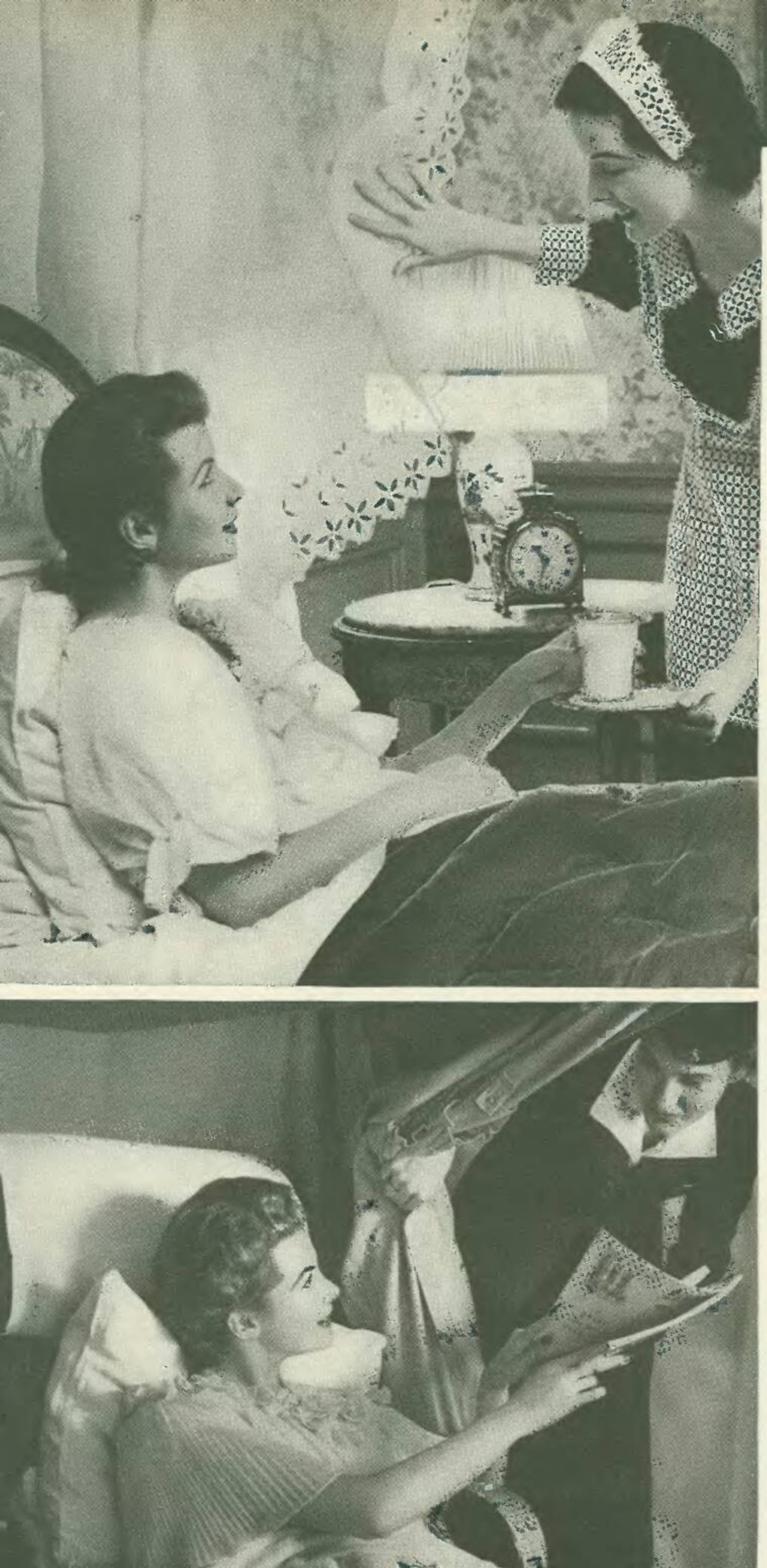
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lesque of the temperance movement, a play called "Departed Spirits, or, The Temperance Hoax," which made fun of the New England manifestations of the cause, including the Reverend Dr. Lyman Beecher. Gough played the role of the landlord of a temperance hotel. Nightly, at a climax of the show, the hotel caught fire, and Gough was squirted in the face with water from a fire hose.

PRIOR to 1840, the crusade against liquor, vigorous though it was, failed to appeal to the public's imagination. Its promotion was colorless. It was preached and directed exclusively by clergymen, who used religious language and arguments. This was one reason plays like "Departed Spirits" were able to find customers; people laughed at the temperance movement because there was no possibility of laughing with it. In 1840, a kind of revolution occurred in temperance work when a group of laymen in Baltimore, who had become dissatisfied with churchly presentations of the cause, formed the Washingtonian Total Abstinence Society, which rapidly gained adherents throughout the country. In some respects, the society was the prototype of Alcoholics Anonymous. The members made it a point to emphasize the worldly—the physical, social, and economic—disadvantages of the drink habit, rather than the spiritual disadvantages. Since most of the members were former drinkers, the society was able to adopt a method of proselytization that quickly turned out to be very effective—public meetings at which speeches full of raw, colorful reminiscence were made by ex-drunkards. They dramatized their theme in parades, pageants, and skits. The Washingtonians brought humor and theatricality to temperance work, which soon became a major form of entertainment in America. Two years after the founding of the society, Gough joined up. In time, he came to react against the rationalism of the Washingtonian Society, somewhat as the Washingtonians had reacted against the lofty moral tone of the churchmen, and he ultimately achieved his greatest success by offering a blend of the two varieties of persuasion—spiritual and material. (Until shortly before his death, in 1886, he opposed the idea of legal suasion, or prohibition.) Still, it was the Washingtonians who won Gough away from liquor to begin with—who "disenthralled" him, as the current expression went—and it was their method that gave him a chance to develop his gifts. His gifts,

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in turn, startled and delighted the Washingtonians. Within a few months after the night he delivered his maiden temperance talk, Gough had made a vocation of his new status, and was in demand for personal appearances all over the eastern part of the country. He rapidly became not only the first professional reclaimed sot but the first full-time professional dry.

Gough signed the pledge in October, 1842, in Worcester, where he was working in a bookbinding shop. In keeping with a practice of the Washingtonians to seek out drunkards and ask them to expose themselves to conversion, a Worcester member of the society named Joel Stratton invited Gough to attend a meeting. Gough, who happened to be in a low and unsatirical mood, said he would come. He put away a small bottle of laudanum with which he had been on the point (or so he claimed in later years) of committing suicide, and prepared himself for the meeting by drinking whiskey instead. When he was called on to speak, he pulled his old brown overcoat a little more closely around him, got unsteadily to his feet, and found his destiny. Before he was halfway through the story of his life, the audience was laughing and crying in alternating outbursts of appreciation. As soon became his custom, Gough acted out the story by impersonating the chief characters. Then, in a fluent, powerful peroration, he drew on his sketchy reading, which consisted mostly of religious tracts and the works of Milton and Bunyan, to invoke Mammon, Belial, Satan, Moloch, and spirits with snaky hair. Worcester newspapers mentioned him prominently in their reports of the meeting. They spoke of his youth, his pallor, his emaciated form, and the interesting signs he showed of "former excesses," and one reporter referred to "the fire and beauty of his speech." Washingtonian leaders asked Gough how soon he would be willing to speak again. He told them as soon as he could manage it, and went home to his boarding house to adjust himself to the requirements of his pledge. This took him three or four days. He laid in a supply of pump water, bread, and dried herrings (herrings were believed in those days to be helpful against hangover and delirium tremens;



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at other times, Gough had used opium for the same purpose), and locked himself in his room. When he came out again, he was ready to take up temperance lecturing as a career.

The Washingtonians passed the hat for Gough after his first speech, and the collection amounted to something over a dollar; his bookbinding job was paying around two and a half dollars for a six-day week. The indications were that public speaking might change Gough's life financially as well as physically—a prospect that may have helped him to keep the pledge as well as he did during the next few traditionally difficult months. His Dudley relapse occurred in April, 1843, but he quickly scrambled back on the wagon, thoroughly frightened, and made public atonement for this retrogression by signing the pledge again. The various temperance organizations for which he had begun to speak took the slip less seriously than he did. The Washingtonians had learned to be realistic about the backslidings of recent pledge-signers. The American Temperance Union, a group dominated by clergymen, was also disposed to be tolerant, at least in the case of this particular freshman convert, since it coveted him for its exclusive use. "Why be an atheist?" Dr. Lyman Beecher, whom historians have described as the originator of the modern temperance movement, once asked Gough. He meant: Why be a Washingtonian? "Your gift is from God," Dr. Beecher added. After his second publicized signing of the pledge, Gough began to speak increasingly under church sponsorship and with the emphasis on spiritual rewards and penalties. In 1843, his average earnings per meeting were two dollars and seventy-seven cents. In 1844, they were seven dollars and twenty-nine cents, and in 1845, fourteen dollars and forty-two cents, which, at two hundred lectures a year, added up to an annual take of nearly three thousand dollars. After he had been on the platform a year or two, his sponsors, which included Yale and Princeton, began to charge admission (usually twenty-five cents) and pay him a guaranteed fee, rather than collection money. The time came, not many years later, when Gough's fee for each appearance exceeded a hundred dollars, and in 1854 he was guaranteed more than ten thousand dollars for a lecture season in England.

In November, 1843, Gough married a well-educated, high-minded girl named Mary Whitcomb, the daughter of a New England farmer. After his second marriage, his life became so

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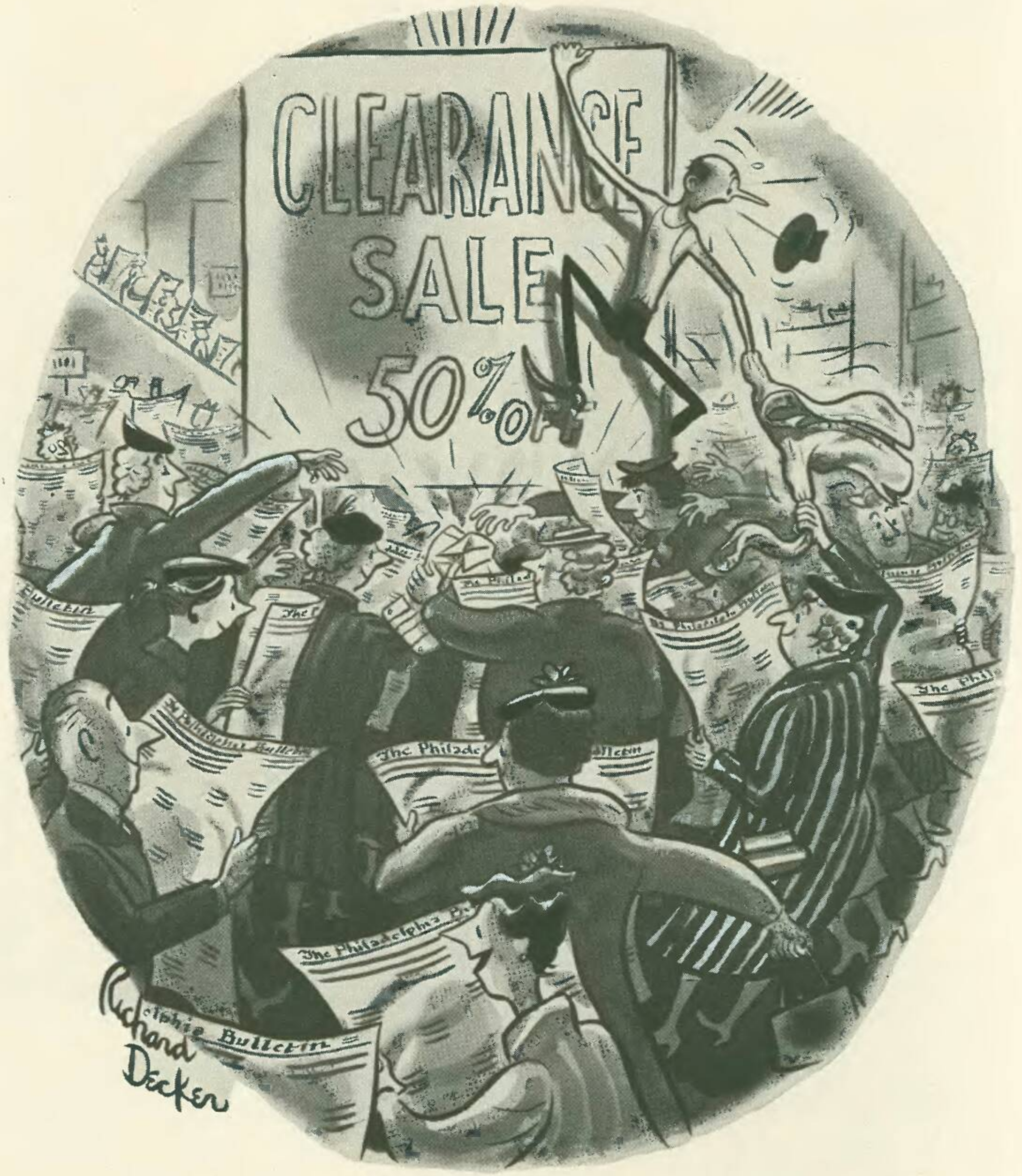
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wholesome and orderly that his admirers were able to think of him as "a shining one—a seraphic spirit." There was some opposition to this point of view, but when it was suggested publicly that Gough was not as good as he seemed to be, he defended himself with vigor. Once, a Newburyport newspaper quoted a local barkeeper as having said that Gough "called for a glass of beer and drank it there" during a visit to the town to lecture. By threatening to sue, Gough forced the barkeeper to retract his statement and the newspaper to apologize for having printed it. He wanted, he said, to establish a precedent for his protection against future libels and slanders.

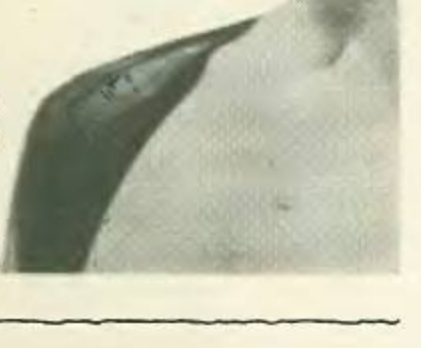
The Newburyport incident occurred in May, 1845. That summer, between speeches, Gough stayed at a farm near Worcester and did a good deal of hard, healthful outdoor work. Conceivably, in the light of what was about to happen to him, he carried clean living too far. At any rate, on September 1st, the day he took leave of his wife in Roxbury and set out on his lecture tour, he had just undergone a regimen of exercise, fresh air, sobriety, and conjugality in sustained doses such as it would have been beyond his power to imagine, let alone endure, a few years earlier. Degradation set in quickly after he stepped off the steamboat at Peck Slip. Within three or four hours, either he was helplessly drunk on a public thoroughfare, betrayed and broken by the trick of a false friend, as he contended, or, as Camp's and Wilkes' *National Police Gazette* asserted some months later, he was "picking up a woman in the street as naturally as any of the amorous dabsters of The Bowery or Park Row," after drinking liquor "profusely" of his own free will.

CAMP and Wilkes, upon finding the missing lecturer, sent him off to Brooklyn in a cab, in the care of Policeman Hays, whom they brought into the proceedings themselves. Then they looked into the details of the situation, investigated a few loose ends, and wrapped up the case to their own satisfaction. They did not at once exploit their findings in the *Gazette*, though. This was partly because they had mapped out their early issues (the first number appeared on Saturday, September 13th) so thoroughly that there was little space available for unscheduled stories. During the two months—October and November—following the publication of Gough's tale of treachery at the soda fountain, the *Gazette* printed occasional brief suggestions that his

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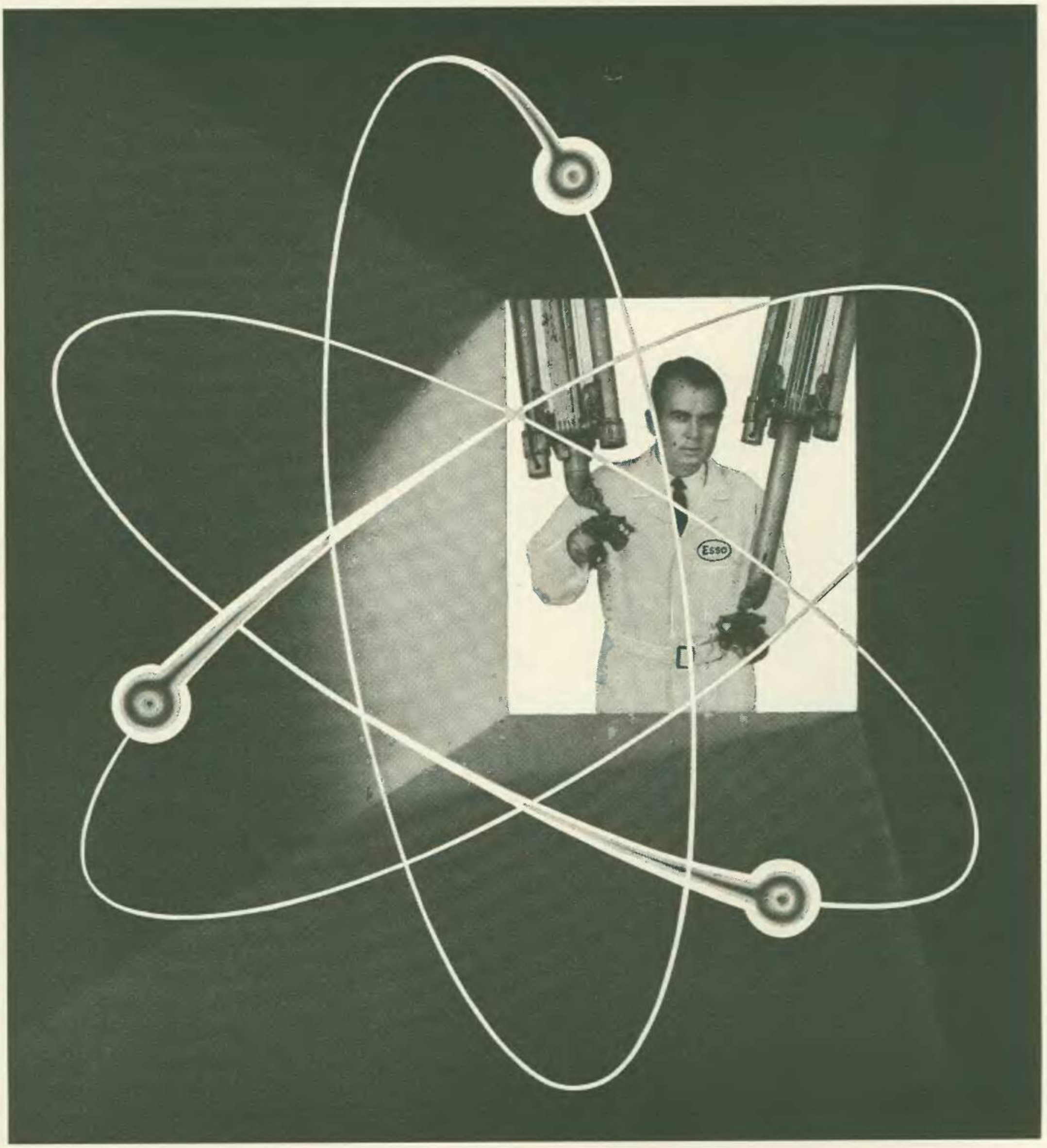
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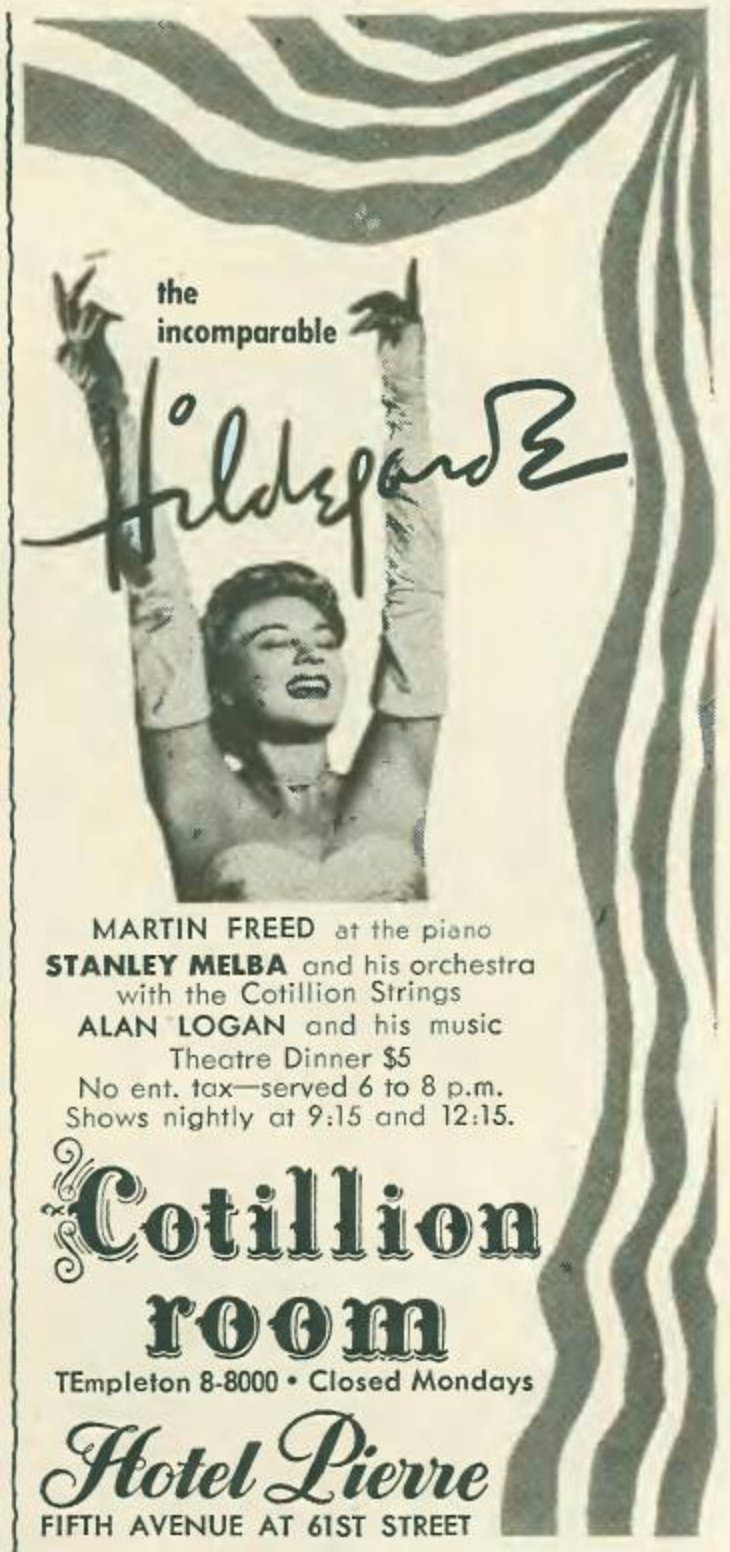




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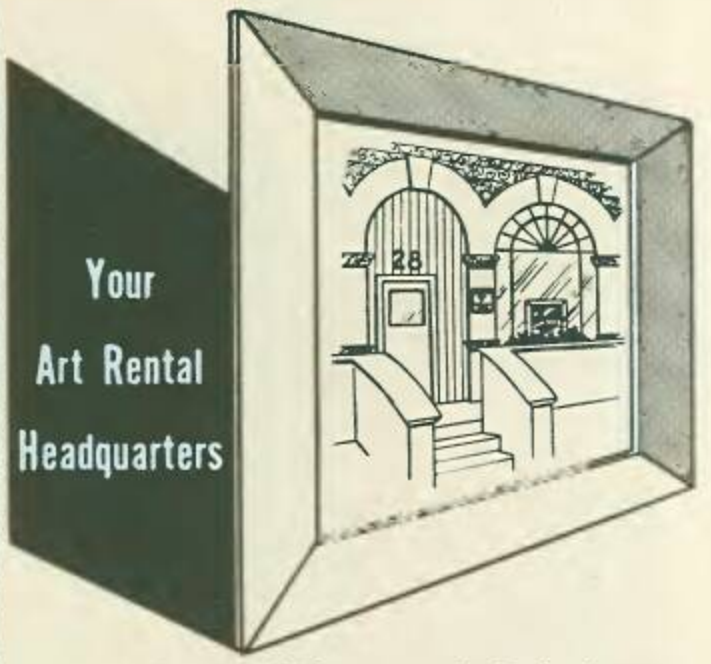
story was false, and hinted that it knew, and could tell, the real facts of his lost week. Every few issues, it urged Gough to make a clean breast of things, for the good of his own soul, and so spare the *Gazette* the painful task of exposing him. Officially, it was the *Gazette's* attitude that if Gough would renounce his foul-play story and make a "bold and manly confession" of the truth, the *Gazette* would dismiss the whole "unfortunate" affair from its mind. Being intelligent men and, as the contents of their paper demonstrated every week, men of the world, Camp and Wilkes were aware that Gough could not possibly say that he had got drunk and consorted with prostitutes of his own accord—which, in effect, was what they were asking him to do—and still remain in the uplift business.

Gough made it plain that he had no intention of giving up the raspberry-soda story. Lying low—and, for the most part, silent—at home, in the heart of predominantly friendly territory, he stuck to his statement and waited to see what the *Gazette* would do. Fear and remorse (combined, at first, with hangover) brought him intense suffering, but he was a man peculiarly well trained to cope with agony. The years when he was a chronic alcoholic had put him through stiff tests. In trying to break the drink habit, he had undergone a course of post-withdrawal delirium tremens that taught him that the second day is worse than the first, and the third worse than the second. He was accustomed to misery on a rising scale. And he had reason to believe that the *Gazette's* main attack, when it came, might make the early part of his ordeal seem easy. To stand it off, he would have to call on all his youthful training in resistance to wretchedness, and on his unusual vitality. He was well equipped by experience to take care of himself in dirty or violent fighting of all kinds. His memoirs describe how once, after he had taken the pledge, a gang of hoodlums tried to break up one of his temperance lectures, in Faneuil Hall, in Boston. The gang rushed the platform and started a free-for-all fight. Gough, who had been schooled in the technique of self-defense in a hundred saloon brawls, instantly put on his hat. As a result of this move, when Deacon Moses Grant, a friend of Gough's, swung a chair at a thug and hit Gough on the backswing, the chair merely flattened his hat, causing no damage to his skull. Figuratively speaking, Gough's strategy in countering the attack that the *Gazette* now proceeded



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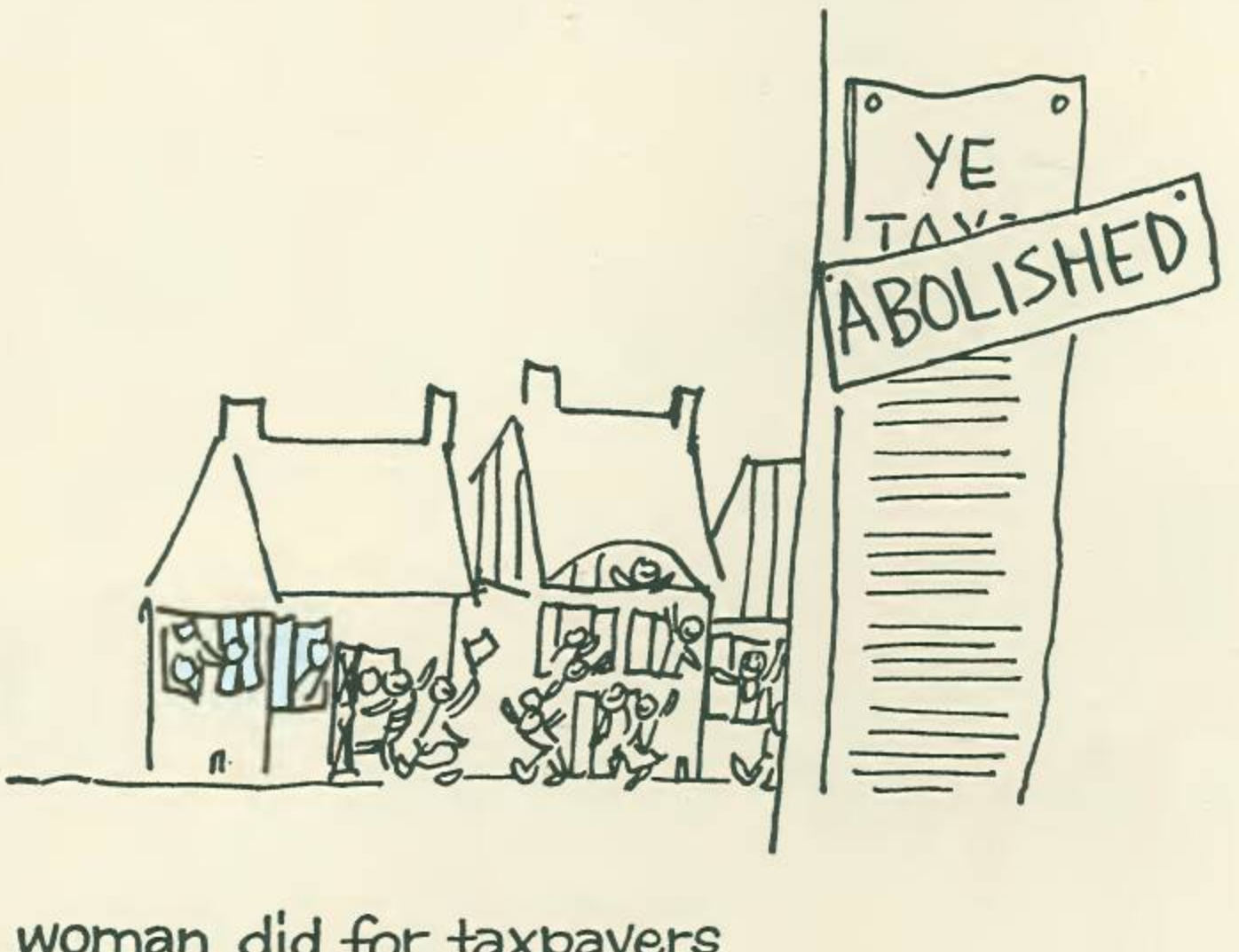
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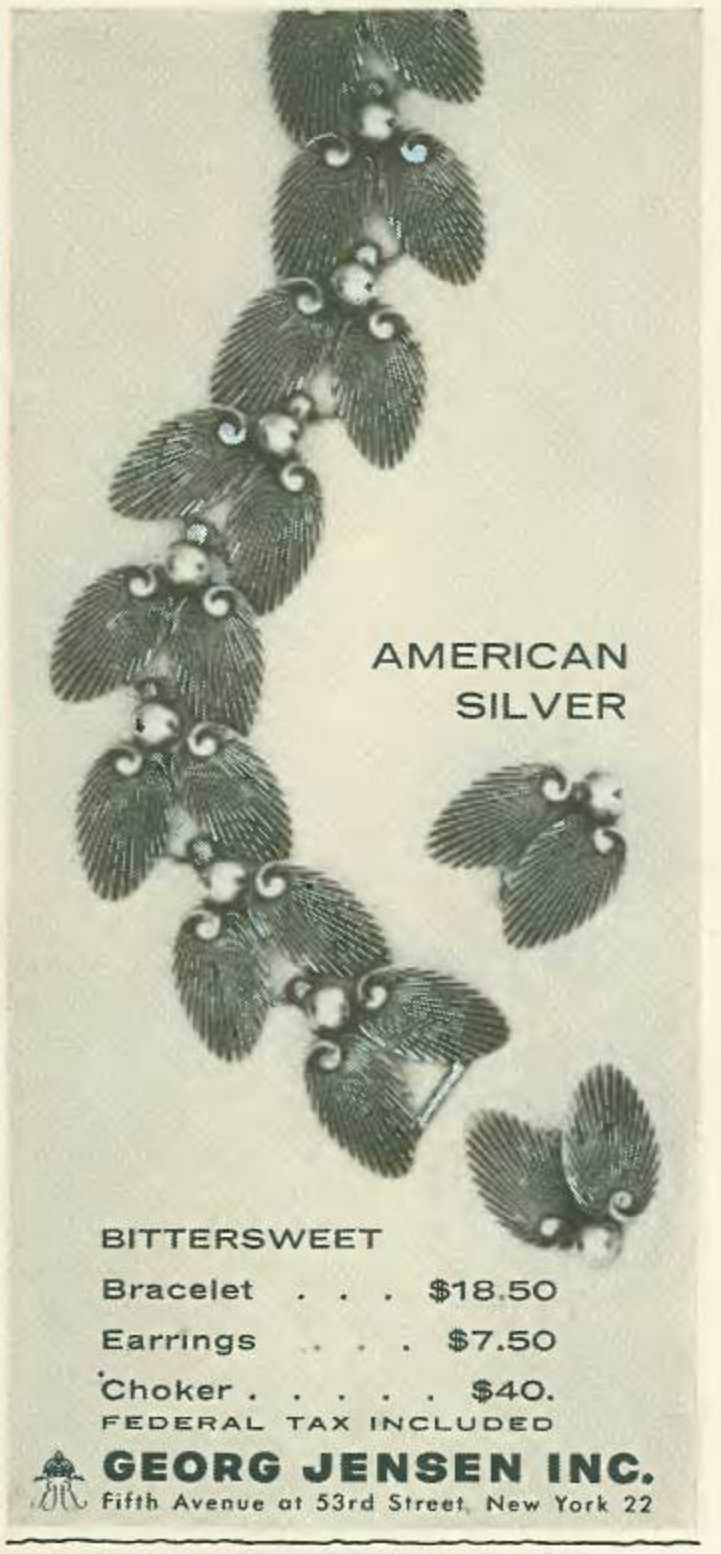
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to launch against him was to keep his hat down close to his ears.

In the December 13th issue, Camp and Wilkes unleashed their major offensive against Gough. Everyone was aware, they said, that "it was ourselves who plucked him from the mire of his base debauch." They had suppressed the details at first, to give him a chance to "confess" and because of "his late, interesting physical debility." In following up the tip from their informant, the story went on, the editors had found the missing lecturer pacing the floor of a back bedroom at 113 Walker Street with "tottering and uncertain steps." His face was as pale as ashes, his eyes glared, his limbs trembled. Beside him stood "two terror-stricken wretches in the shape of women." There was a glass on a table nearby. "The pompous horror," the editors continued, meaning the general alarm at Gough's disappearance, "had dissolved from its huge proportions, and shrunk into a very vulgar and revolting commonplace. The man was drunk!" Gough had "piteously" begged Camp and Wilkes "not to expose him." The editors had decided against taking him and "the females" to the Tombs; "after reprimanding him for his disgraceful conduct," they had told him to get dressed, and had sent him to the home of his friends in Brooklyn. The women, under questioning, had not denied that Gough had had "a female assigned to him," or that he and this woman had shared a room for nearly a week. "Beyond that, there is a veil which we do not care to draw," the *Gazette* added primly. "The community, however, do not require any aid from us to decide upon the occupations of a man who is thus closeted."

The *Gazette* then undertook to dissect Gough's version of the episode. He had not been a helpless victim of alcohol from start to finish, as he had implied, it said; on the contrary, the paper had information that on the evening of Saturday, September 6th—twenty-four hours after his disappearance—he had left the house, called at his hotel, bought a shirt, and made his way through "a perfect labyrinth" back to the Walker Street address without trouble. The *Gazette* asked its readers to notice the haziness of Gough's description of Jonathan Williams, the man he said had betrayed him. For that matter, the paper continued, Gough did not seem to be too sure about the man's name; in telling a somewhat similar story to Camp and Wilkes right after they found him, he had called him Williamson. At that time, according to the editors, Gough



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had told them that the needled soda was given to him in Thompson & Weller's. It was because that statement could be proved untrue, they suggested, that he had later changed it, and had spoken of a shop somewhere near the corner of Chambers and Chatham, where, as it happened, there were a number of confectionery shops. Gough had told Camp and Wilkes, the *Gazette* maintained, that he felt the strange effect of the drink *before* he parted with Williams, or Williamson, and that the villain looked into Gough's face with an expression of devilish exultation "which he should never forget." But, the paper said, Gough had forgotten all kinds of things. He had forgotten everything, in fact, "except that which we can most distinctly prove."

Gough did not remain entirely silent and passive under this onslaught. Apparently, he supplied a few points of rebuttal to one Corporal Streeter, who wrote for a Boston paper, the *Star*. When Corporal Streeter advanced, in print, the theory that the *Gazette* had delayed its attack as long as it had because its editors wanted to be bought off with "hush money," Camp and Wilkes lashed themselves into renewed fury. "You lie!" they wrote, in their issue of December 20th. "We refused an offer of three hundred dollars from Mr. Gough on condition that we would not expose him." They added that the Hurlbuts had given a hundred dollars to the policeman who delivered Gough to them in Brooklyn. The policeman, the *Gazette* said, had brought the money to Camp and Wilkes, who, as the actual rescuers of Gough, had kept half of it as a reward and split the remainder between the policeman and the person who had informed them of Gough's whereabouts.

Having spoken again of its informant, the *Gazette* now went into detail about this hitherto obscure figure in the case. It said that Gough had made a trip to New York six or seven weeks before the fatal night of September 5th, and that one evening during this visit he had approached "a tall, good-looking woman, with dark hair and eyes," at the corner of Walker Street and Broadway. After some conversation, they had gone to 113 Walker Street together. Nothing "criminal" had happened between them, the *Gazette* hastened to add, presumably quoting the woman herself; they had slept in different rooms, and Gough had left the house early the next morning, after giving the woman a five-dollar gold piece. On the Monday following Gough's disappear-

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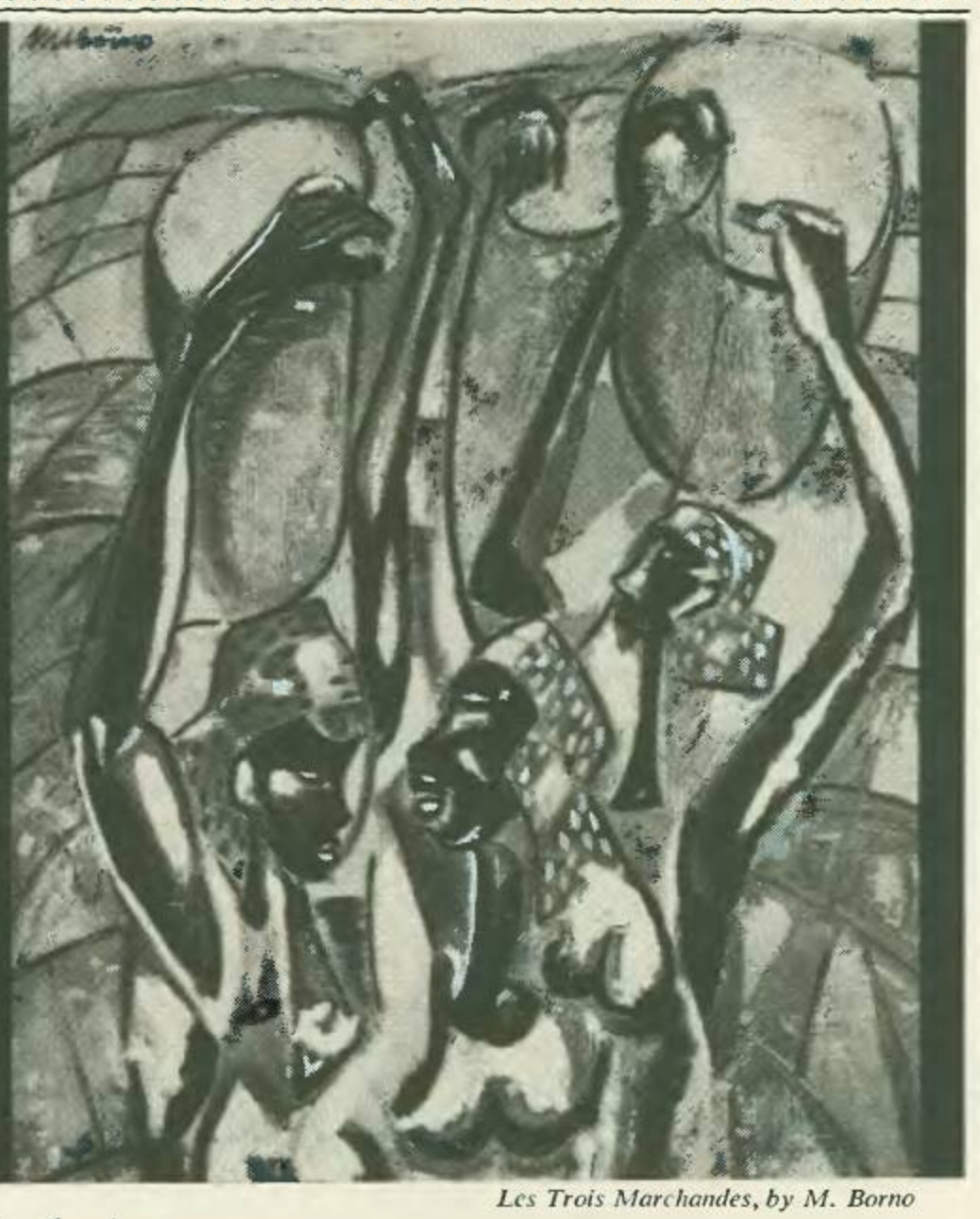
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ance, the woman had called at the Walker Street house "to pay a visit to an acquaintance." Detecting the existence of a "mystery" in a room upstairs, the *Gazette* said, she had sent the girl who was in charge of the room out of the house on an errand and, slipping into the room herself, had found Gough. Gough had remembered her, and had offered her money to stay with him, but the woman had refused. She had then come to the office of the *Gazette* with her story. (Since the *Gazette's* first issue had not yet gone to press, it would appear that the paper had achieved a reputation as a leader in its field even in advance of publication.)

The *Gazette* flailed away at Gough and his official narrative for several weeks. It charged that "the respectable old lady of Walker Street," as it scornfully called the woman who managed the house, had collected about a hundred and fifty dollars, all told, from Gough, and that every policeman in the city, from the chief down, was aware that the place was a brothel. In other paragraphs, the *Gazette* continued to snarl at Corporal Streeter and the Boston *Star*, and offered to pay five hundred dollars to anyone who could prove that the *Gazette* had ever been guilty of blackmail. In the *Gazette's* New Year's issue of 1846, the editors momentarily took a more genial view of the temperance champion and his doings when, in a rhymed résumé of the scandals of the preceding year, they allowed their staff poet to describe Gough's course as having led him abruptly

From "tinct. of Tolou" and pure syrup and soda,
To riot and rum in a house of bad odour!
From orthodox slumbers and dreams apostolic,
To the rank ups and downs of an amorous frolic.

The part of the poem devoted to Gough also contained these lines:

Then let us not scoff
Too severe at poor Gough,
Though constrained to exclaim—
"What a sad falling off!"

In a later issue in January, however, Camp and Wilkes dropped this air of amiability and printed, in full, a long letter from a new witness, which was so damning in its testimony against Gough that they may well have expected it to serve as the coup de grâce to his career. The letter was written to the *Gazette* by a man named B. F. Goodhue, a supporter of the temperance movement, apparently well-to-do and highly respected, who lived in Connecticut. Goodhue said he had known Gough for



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some time and had admired his work, but had become disgusted with him for what he called his lies, evasions, and weaknesses following his misfortune in September. Goodhue had come to feel, he wrote, that it would be a bad thing for the cause to have Gough represent it any longer. After reading the preliminary statement Gough's friends put out while he was still sick in bed, Goodhue and "others" (one of the others was a temperance worker named Stockwell, who kept a restaurant called the Croton Temperance Lunch, at Division Street and the Bowery) had privately investigated the facts of Gough's lost week. At the Croton Hotel, Goodhue said, they had learned that Gough returned to the hotel on Saturday, twenty-four hours after he had first checked in there, changed his clothes and bought some cigars, and went away again. Goodhue and his companions had called next at "the house at the rear of 113 Walker." There, Goodhue said, a young lady told them that on the evening Gough dropped from sight he had accosted her in the street as she was tying her shoe, and had accompanied her to the house. He had left the house for three hours the next day—Saturday—and had come back wearing a different suit. Gough had seemed to be sober up to Saturday night. Then he had called for port wine, and the young lady had gone out and bought him some cherry brandy instead. On Tuesday night, he himself had taken a pitcher out and got it filled with cherry brandy at a shop near the house. He had begun to be noisy after that, Goodhue quoted the girl as saying, and had taken opium to calm himself and to stave off delirium tremens. The girl had stayed in the same room with him during most of the time he was in the house. He had given thirty-five dollars to her and five dollars to another girl. According to Goodhue's informant, the woman of the house had seen Gough there before. Goodhue added that the owner of the nearby grocery shop had confirmed the story of Gough's coming in with a pitcher and buying cherry brandy. Goodhue's letter to the *Gazette* was reprinted in other papers. It made a strong impression. The New York *Morning News*, which supported the temperance movement, denounced Gough as an impostor, and recommended to him "penitence, humility, and honest industry," and forty-two "good Washingtonians" took space in another New York temperance paper, the *True Sun*, to disclaim all further association with him. Similar statements of repudiation

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were introduced and signed at temperance meetings in several cities.

IN his autobiography, Gough discussed his unusual capacity for taking punishment and the different effects that different kinds of criticism had on him. At one time or another, he stated, he had been called a humbug, a mountebank, and a buffoon; he had been denounced for wearing jewelry and for letting his hair grow long; and his lectures had been described as "idiotic ravings," "insane bellowings," and "a rehash of other men's ideas." He had never been hurt by this sort of abuse, he declared, but what did have the power to hurt him, and deeply, was aspersions on his character and morals—suggestions that he was unchaste or a secret drinker or a liar. In the light of this revelation, it is clear that Gough must have been sorely wounded by the barrage that was levelled at him by the *Gazette*, and especially by its letter from the upstanding Goodhue. Never before in Gough's life had his character and morals been so thoroughly aspersed. The question that faced the entire temperance cause, along with Gough, was: Had he been permanently disgraced, as well as injured? In other words, could he ever regain his place as the loudest and most prominent leader in the temperance field, capable of selling out the hall wherever he went? Though it is doubtful whether even his closest friends and warmest admirers believed that he could, Gough did, and he continued to struggle meekly and desperately to salvage his position as the world's best-paid reformed drunkard. Many temperance workers were anxious to see him succeed, but some of them were inclined to suspect that the best he could hope for was a return to the field in some lowly, inconspicuous role—as just another anonymous member of the army of pledge-breakers who were constantly being encouraged to reënlist and resume work for the cause.

In the end, Gough's confidence in himself proved well founded. The lecture public cast decisive votes in his favor in the late winter and spring of 1846—in Virginia, where he played a few dates with success, and in Philadelphia, where, according to one of his biographers, Honoré Willsie Morrow, a crowd of four thousand turned out to hear him. In April, the *Gazette*, by way of helping make it unanimous, said that conceivably Gough's return to the platform was a good thing. "We have forgiven him all the old scores, and sin-



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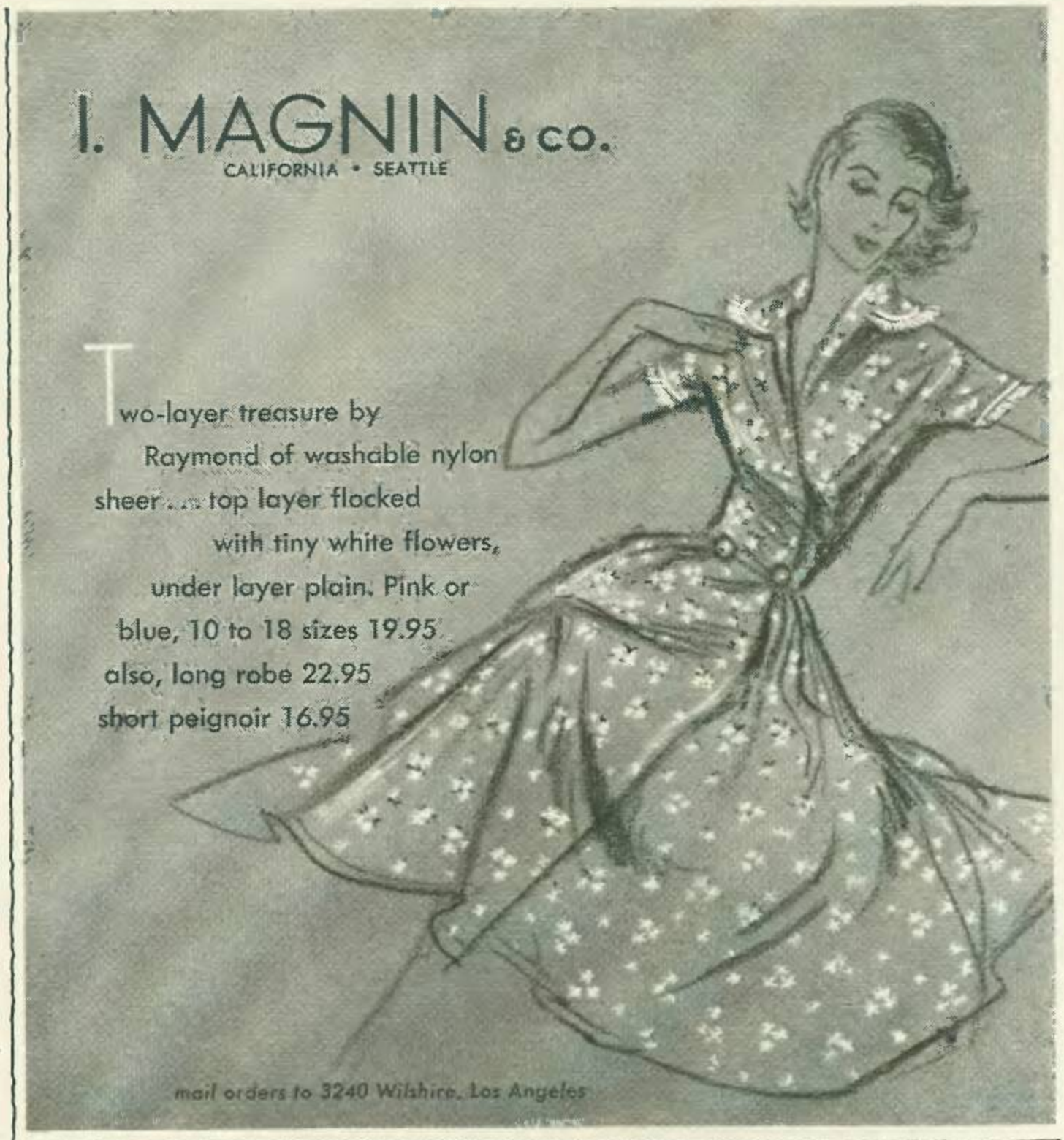
cerely hope he may persist in his present reformation," the *Gazette* added.

Gough went from triumph to triumph for the rest of his long life. Probably it was his talent as an entertainer as much as his will power that saved his career. Neither the public nor the promoters of the temperance cause could forget that he had unique gifts. Gough outshone all other temperance speakers not only in the United States but in England, which was also a hotbed of anti-liquor crusading at the time, in his ability to fill halls with ticket-buyers and make them laugh, sob, groan, and sign the pledge.

One of Gough's latter-day triumphs occurred in 1855, ten years after the episode of the needled raspberry soda, when a number of religious and political leaders, including Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher, and the governors of several states, signed a round-robin letter urging him to come back from England, where he had been collecting fees and converts for about two years, and give more time to the cause in America. Another occurred in 1862, when Gough found himself in a position one day to lecture Abraham Lincoln on a point of ethics—and did so, it has been reported, with great energy. Earlier that year, to help meet the costs of the Civil War, Congress had passed an internal-revenue bill that included the first federal tax on domestic liquor in forty-four years, in the form of a twenty-dollar annual license fee from liquor sellers. Temperance workers were alarmed and angered by the bill. They saw it only as an encouragement to drinking, since it proclaimed an alliance between the government and the liquor trade. The President himself is said to have been uneasy about the possible long-range effects of the licensing act, although he had officially asked for it. A party of sixty leading drys paid a call at the White House in April, before Lincoln had signed the bill, and increased his uneasiness by scratching his conscience with some of the longest and horniest fingernails in the temperance movement. The all-star team of teetotallers included Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher, Neal Dow (the father of the Maine Liquor Law, America's first state prohibition law, enacted in 1851), and Gough. Lincoln, who had both drunk and sold whiskey at earlier times in his life, promised his visitors that he would work for the repeal of licensing after the war was over and the national crisis had passed, but he gently and firmly resisted their arguments against his sign-

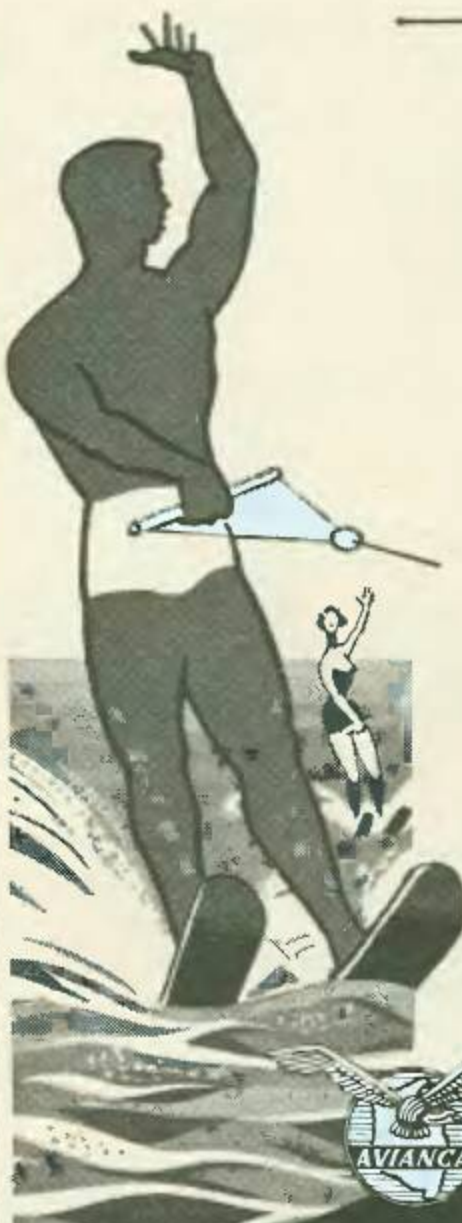
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ing the bill. Gough was the last of the group to speak. In a voice like a lonesome bugle, he said that the fight against the dragon of alcohol had been a hard one, and had been fought for fifty years. "But now Canaan is in sight," he told the President. "Will you, sir, close the gates in our faces?" Lincoln said patiently that it looked as if he would. "Though I must call on the very powers of Hades for help, I must save the Union," he said—or so Gough said he said. Lincoln signed the bill that July.

Gough died on February 18, 1886, after suffering a stroke during a platform talk in Philadelphia. He had a white beard by then, and a reputation for virtuous living that had not been questioned since 1858. In that year, when Gough was in England, a British prohibitionist named Dr. Frederick R. Lees, who had quarrelled with him, accused him publicly of being a chronic backslider. Even after his notorious relapse in New York in 1845, Lees said, Gough had more than once got drunk. Gough sued Lees for libel. At an early stage of the trial, in answer to a suggestion that he had been drunk on a certain day, Gough produced a diary, in which, he told the court, he had for some years been keeping a daily record of his whereabouts and his activities and of the people he had seen and talked to. The sudden appearance of this diary marked a turning point in Gough's career. In a sense, it served notice on the world that he had begun to go armed in defense of his private life with a bookful of potential witnesses—witnesses for Gough—as his weapon. The significance of the diary was not lost on Dr. Lees and his counsel. Lees at once retracted his statements, and was assessed damages and costs in the amount of five guineas. It was never again to be said, in public, that Gough could not let the stuff alone. —JOHN LARDNER

•

The engineer was accompanied by his wife and two children. He said he was able to take "practically all" his possessions with him. He was unable to take all his books and his personal diary and notes, Dr. Tien asserted. He insisted on speaking in Chinese.

"You must learn our national language if you wish to talk to us," he told we stern reporters.—*The Times.*

It's always nice to know a language.

•

To others Liberace recalls glowing moments of unremembered romance.—*The Herald Tribune TV & Radio Magazine.*

With some forgotten man?

THE THEATRE

THE SCHIZO KING

SINCE Charles Lamb's day, and probably before, people have been saying that "King Lear" is unplayable in any terms known to the stage, and last week at the City Center Orson Welles did his vehement best to disprove this. Mr. Welles has always seemed to me an accomplished actor—a man anxious to use the theatre to its utmost and, more than that, to extend its boundaries to correspond with some vision of his own—but this time I think that he has failed. This play has a troublesome duality about it. There is the story of an ancient king, who is somehow the victim of wicked politics we can never hope to understand, and there is the story of an old man and a father, sometimes majestic and more often senile, who is almost guaranteed to break your heart.

The latter is certainly the best, but Mr. Welles, who has never overlooked a chance in his life, is apparently determined to extract from both all that there is in them. The trouble with this profusion of talent, I guess, is that no really moving or comprehensible figure ever emerges. Part of this deficiency can be laid to the makeup Mr. Welles has chosen to assume, which is a good deal more that of a Falstaff than a king, but most of it is the result of his relying on a series of disconnected inspirations, all remarkably florid and picturesque, rather than on a whole and disciplined conception of the character he wished to create. When Lear is a madman, that is, it is nearly impossible to remember that he ever was a king, and when the royal mood comes on him, intermittently, the madness seems little more than a temporary and mysterious disguise he has chosen to assume. It is an interesting performance, but I can't help feeling that it is almost continuously self-defeating. This is true in the celebrated scene in the storm with the Fool, which has practically nothing to recommend it in this version except a certain eccentricity of staging, and even in the final meeting with Cordelia, which should, of course, be enormously moving, and instead is only a kind of contest of acting styles. The secret of Mr. Welles may be that he is under some inward compulsion to create something larger, more cryptic, and more various than anything the author had in mind. This is not an easy assignment, especially in the case of Shakespeare and "King Lear," but Mr. Welles' enthusiasm and energy have never been more evident, and I find it hard wholly to conceal my admiration for them.

Regan, Goneril, and Cordelia are played by Sylvia Short, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Viveca Lindfors, in that order, and these ladies indicate their several excesses of base ingratitude and filial piety with precision and charm. It is not simple for an actress to portray the total depravity of either of the first two or the perfect virtue of the last without lapsing now and then into what may be close to absurdity, and I don't believe that any of these three escapes it altogether. Within the possibilities of the script, however, and considering the somewhat overstressed playing style their star and director has imposed on them, their work seems to me highly commendable. The others in the cast include John Colicos, as Edmund; Roy Dean, as Kent; Robert Fletcher, as Edgar; Lester Rawlins, as a Gloucester who loses his sight in a manner that was just a bit graphic for me; and Alvin Epstein, as the Fool. They do their best with some of



"THE CHALK GARDEN"

From left to right, the three ladies in this picture are Gladys Cooper, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Siobhan McKenna, and the gentleman, who seems to be trying to figure out which of them is the most peculiar, is Percy Waram. They all appear in Enid Bagnold's comedy at the Ethel Barrymore.



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the most complicated plotting that Shakespeare ever produced, and Marc Blitzstein's incidental music is effective and unobtrusive. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

BLACK WATER AND BRIGHT AIR

Skaters upon thin ice,
how weightlessly they leap,
like figures seen in sleep;
how rhythmic, how precise
the pattern of their skates
upon the frozen floor—
the shell that separates
black water and bright air,
the shell beneath which waits,
dreadful and disavowed,
an element forsworn.
Oh, but the skaters know
the sullen depths below;
they test what can be borne;
their bodies, like their breath,
floating on winter air,
lightly they skim and soar
from shore to barren shore,
lightness their one device,
their article of faith.

O summer, come once more!
Season of innocence,
under the summer cloud,
join air and water, let
the severed elements,
with no more parting, fuse;
set the bound water loose,
let those who feared its threat
dare to plunge downward, straight
through waters warm and bright
into that cold unknown,
deeper and deeper down,
terrified, into black,
until they touch the stone,
touch the bleak stone at last;
then, only then, turn back,
turn toward the sky, released,
borne upward toward the sun
through layers of lessening weight,
back into summer light,
back into lucid air.

—CONSTANCE CARRIER

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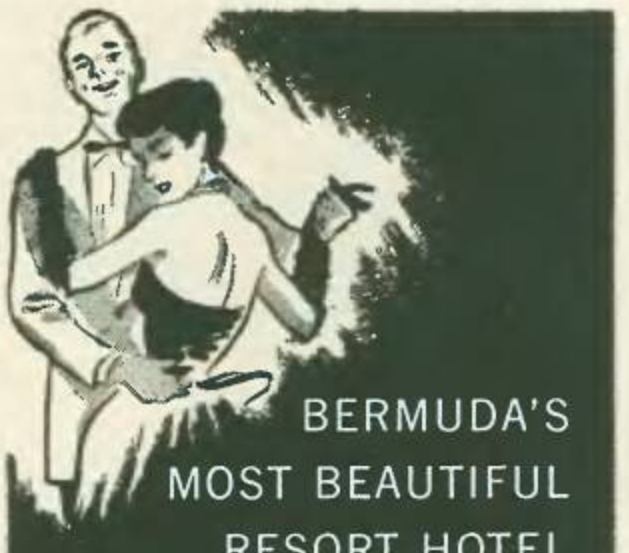
HONOLULU, December 21.

Mr. Grant McConachie, president of Canadian Pacific Airlines, said today that the company is thinking of using long-range Bristol Britannia turbo-prop aeroplanes for a service from Windsor, Ontario, to Sydney with only one stop.

The stop would be at Honolulu, 11 miles from Windsor....

He added that the service was under study.—*Christchurch (New Zealand) Press.*

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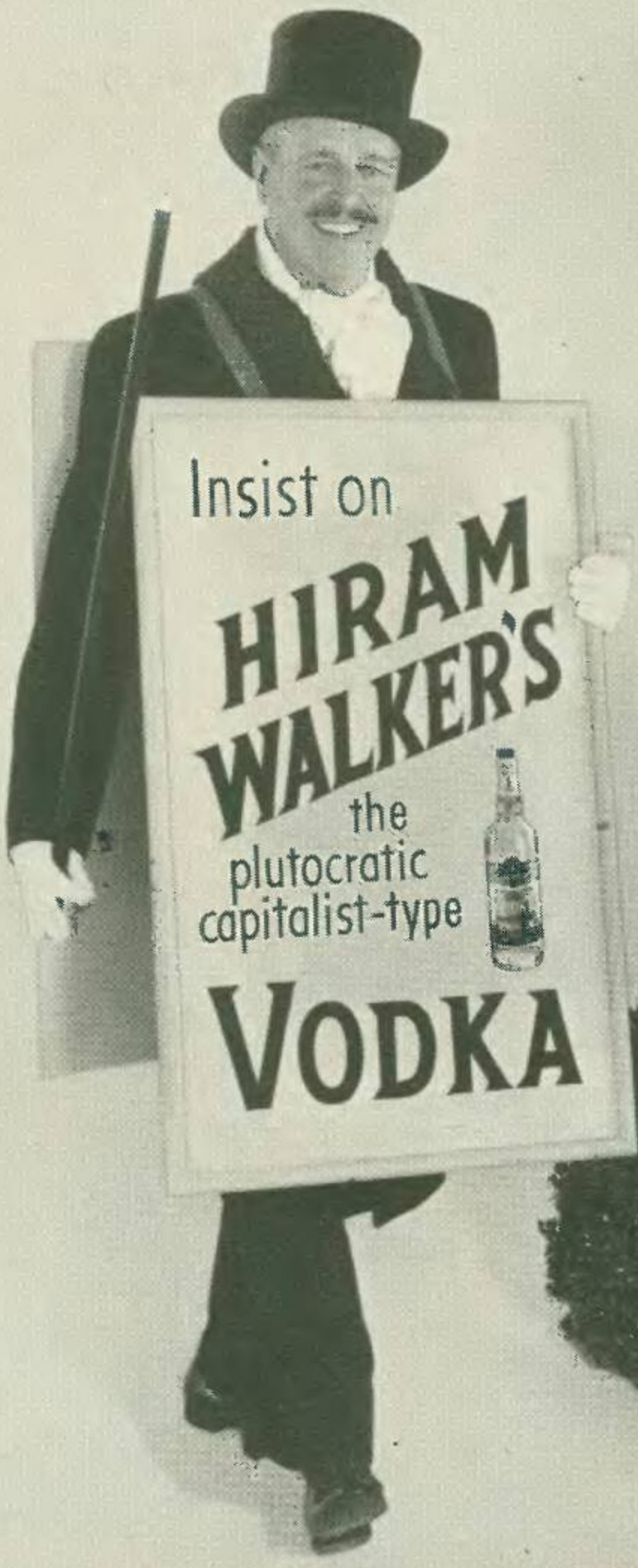
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MYSELF AS SPORTSMAN

NOWADAYS, when I meet types who flush grouse or work salmon (I think these are the correct terms), I can more often than not be heard saying, "All the same, for good, clean sport give me a flock of guinea fowl in open country." From there, I pass on to casual mention of the higher fauna—deer and lions, and so on—and in no time the most hardened sportsmen are oozing envy of what sounds like a girlhood spent on perpetual safari. I keep the truth to myself.

Not that I haven't seen lions. I have encountered them, and other interesting animals, in the London Zoo, where I go to look at them from time to time. And on my home ground, which is Mashonaland, Southern Rhodesia, fauna of every kind used to flourish and, for all I know, flourish yet. I do not care. I never did.

Along with my indifference toward big and little game goes the fact that this whole complex is linked irretrievably with my sibling rivalry (for my brother) and my masculine protest (against practically everything). It all started very early, when my brother was given a .22 rifle— But perhaps it would be best to go even further back, to his bicycle, which he rode perfectly at the first attempt, whereas I could only look at it and shudder with fear. I decided it was not becoming for a girl to ride a boy's bicycle, and stuck out for one of my own, knowing full well that the state of the family's finances would put off the evil hour indefinitely.



In the light of this discreditable and evasive behavior, it is easy to understand what happened when the .22 rifle appeared, during one of my brother's holidays from school. He picked it up, took aim at a small bird sitting on a twig a hundred yards away, judiciously pressed the trigger, and the bird fell dead. I remember he felt bad because the shot had not gone through the eye. To him, therefore, sport immediately took on its proper colors; to fire at a sitting bird was altogether beneath him, and unless he could get in a good oblique shot at a bird hovering widdershins a hundred and fifty yards off, with a strong wind between him and it, he would not shoot. As for duikerbok—small antelope, which are not only plentiful in our parts but very good to eat—he would not kill one unless he had first arranged an exhausting crawl through thick bush, preferably in heavy mud.

When, one day, he handed the rifle to me, I said I did not care for it. Why I did not stick to this simple truth I cannot imagine. I did point out that even people like Hunter Jim and Elephant Bill used shotguns for birds on the wing and deer on the run, and that it would never have entered their heads to use a .22 rifle, but my brother was not moved. I did not expect him to be.

After he had gone back to school, I crept to his room and took the .22 from the bed of oiled waste in which he had laid it away for the duration of the term. I spent a week or more gingerly opening and shutting the thing, and putting bullets in and taking them out. When I could do this without flinching, I went out into the bush with it.

There was a lot of bush all around our house—in fact, miles of it in every direction, wild, uninhabited, a perfect paradise for sportsmen. I remember clearly how, that first day, I mooned along, thinking about Guinevere and Anne of Green Gables, until a fine kudu bull (fauna of the most covetable sort, antelope the size of a horse) that had apparently been scrutinizing me from an anthill took to its hoofs and fled. I watched it go. (My brother, needless to say, had already shot half a dozen kudu through the eye under impossible handicaps.)

Next appeared a duiker, and I put the gun to my shoulder and fired repeatedly but without result, since the creature had vanished before I could manage to sight it.

That was a discouraging day, and those that followed it were no better. One day, I was sitting on a rock in a clearing when a guinea fowl trotted past, followed soon by about twenty other guinea fowl, in single file. I lifted my gun and shot at each of them. It was exactly like shooting in a fun fair, with rabbits, or what you like, moving before you on a band. I missed all twenty of the guinea fowl, and thought how much easier it would be if only they were prepared to keep still. From this thought my success was born, and since it was based entirely on the habits of guinea fowl, I shall now describe them—from a sportsman's, not a naturalist's, point of view.

GUINEA fowl move in flocks of anywhere from ten to two hundred. They can be heard a long way off, because of a chink, chink, chinking sound they make, like stones rubbing to-

gether under water. When disturbed, which they regularly are, since this chinking advertises their presence to every enemy for miles around, they set up a raucous complaint and run extremely fast in all directions. If they stuck to doing this, they would be practically invulnerable, but, no—curiosity is their downfall. More often than not, before they have run any distance they fly up into trees to see what is going on. Their wings are weak, and once in the trees they are reluctant to launch themselves into space.

Having considered these facts and all their implications, I set out one day with the rifle and wandered around until I heard the "chink, chink." I crept toward it. Then I heaved a large stone at it. There was a scurrying, and presently seventy-four guinea fowl flew up into trees all around me. I knew there were seventy-four because I sat on a log counting them and deciding which looked the youngest and fattest. I then carefully aimed at this one and fired. The bird started perceptibly, and settled back and watched a leaf that had been dislodged from a frond three feet above its head float down to my feet. I tried again. How difficult it is to keep a gun barrel still became apparent to me only now that I had all the time in the world to practice it. I walked to a nearby tree and laid the barrel against its trunk for support.

The bird I had chosen was about four yards away. I kept the rifle steady long enough to shoot it in the crop. It fell, and I dispatched it with another shot, in the eye, and went home with it. The family, naturally, assumed it had been shot on the wing, and in the eye at that—the first shot going unnoticed—and a letter with this news was at once sent to my brother.

Thereafter, my technique, while remaining substantially the same, developed small refinements. For instance, though a properly trained dog would have been useless to me, we did have a dog perfect for my purposes. I took him along. He went full pelt toward the "chink, chink" as soon as he heard it, and by the time I arrived, dozens of guinea fowl were already perched on every tree, watching the dog, who was bouncing and yelling below them, satisfactorily distracting their attention from me while I arranged myself and chose my bird at leisure.

A guinea fowl beset by a yapping dog tends to show uneasiness by turning slowly around and around on its perch, but it turns on its own axis and so presents a more or less stable target. There

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was one occasion when a bird sitting on a low bush was so fascinated by the dog that I was able to lean over and pluck it off the branch by the legs. Then I wrung its neck. I have never before revealed this deplorable incident to a soul. When I took the fowl home, I explained that the bullet had struck its beak and stunned it, and said carelessly that it sounded very like one of my brother's more tortuous feats.

I KNEW very well that when my brother came home, that would be the end of me. And, in fact, on the evening of his arrival my brother took me into the bush, saying, "Now, let's *see* you do it."

The dog went yapping off after a flock of guinea fowl. I shot negligently at a bird rising into a tree, shrugged, and said self-critically, "Damned bad shot." My brother, of course, saw at once that all sport with *that* flock was at an end, but the dog continued to whine pointedly under various plump birds while my brother and I walked off in search of airborne targets.

This happened several times. My mother complained that the larder was empty. Then, luckily, my brother got a duiker that had presented a long shot downhill in bad light. We ate the duiker for a whole week (the main disadvantage of living in a sportsman's paradise is the tedium of the diet) and I was able to say that it was altogether unsporting to kill things while we were in no need of meat. But then there were ten days more of my brother's holidays to get through, and my exposure was clearly imminent. I tried to defer it by saying that I was incapable, for psychological reasons, of shooting anything while watched. I went off into the bush by myself, and my brother secretly followed and caught me in the act of shooting a sitting bird at four or five yards. I told him his behavior was sneaking and caddish, but he was too shocked to listen. He felt the blow to the family honor so profoundly that he said nothing that evening at supper. I think he was wondering how to break it to my father in the least traumatic way.

That night, my brother went out spot-shooting—hunting with a light. Spot-shooting the way he did it was not unsporting, because he saw to it that the chances were substantially on the other side. Only crude types use the headlights of cars; my brother fixed a weak bicycle lamp to his forehead and went forth into the night like a quixotic Cyclops. The usual practice is to fix the eyes of an animal with the light, then walk as close



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as possible to the hypnotized creature and shoot it. My brother's method meant that the creature would be interested but not fixed. It would have plenty of opportunity to run away.

He returned from that expedition severely depressed. Apparently, he had seen two green eyes fifty yards off. They had not moved. He had shouted, but nothing had happened. He'd switched off his head lamp and fired between the eyes. They had not moved. He had fired again. It was obviously impossible that he could have missed, but he had fired three times more. Then he had walked up to his target convinced that he would find five corpses piled up there. He had found, instead, two glowworms on a log. The incident was such a blow to his pride that he forgot to discuss my case with my parents. This was, on the whole, lucky for the household, which, after my brother went back to school, I continued to supply with meat until one happy day when I was able to leave for the city and the delights of civilization.

MY talents as hunter were useful on one other occasion. It happened that while in the city I became engaged, or attached—the precise word for this relationship evades me—to a young man who was in every way a sportsman. His conceptions of honor were intricate, and caused me hours of introspection, as a result of which I concluded we were ill-matched. He, however, did not think so, and tried to persuade me that my reluctance to join my fate eternally to his was the result of tender age; I was sixteen at the time.

Among other virtues, he had ideas about hunting, shooting, and fishing that can be described only as classic. He had a large number of gold and silver medals for marksmanship, and was, naturally, eager to visit our farm, where he could prove himself. Since leaving Scotland ten years before, never once had he set foot on any shooting ground but a target range.

For a while, I made excuses, but at last they ran out, and we went home for a weekend visit. I took him guinea-fowl shooting, since I was famed for this, but, of course, I pressed the rifle into his hand with the self-denial proper to a good hostess. At once, he showed the correctness of his upbringing by saying that no one had ever *heard* of shooting birds with a rifle. But he tried. He missed a good many guinea fowl running along the ground, which was hardly surprising, seeing the speed they get up. Then he missed a lot more flying up



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into the trees. He hit none. By that time, he was in a bad temper. He pushed the rifle back into my hand and said, "Well, then, you *show* me how to do it."

The guinea fowl were by now all safely up in the trees. We threw stones at them, and even shook the trees, but they wouldn't budge. I could not shoot. We began walking home along a track through the bush while I prayed that no second flock of birds would announce itself. I planned, if I heard the "chink, chink," to talk very loudly and drown it. Suddenly he shouted, "Look! Now's your chance!"

Hundreds of feet away, a partridge dodged among the ruts of the road. I doubt whether even my brother could have hit it. A small puff of wind raised the dust. I saw my chance, and, muttering, "Damn this dust," I fired at random into it.

The dust subsided. The partridge lay dead, shot through the head—a running shot, from behind, at a hundred and seventy yards. I ejected the cartridge in an efficient sort of way, and my companion paced the distance twice. I said nothing, of course; one does not boast.

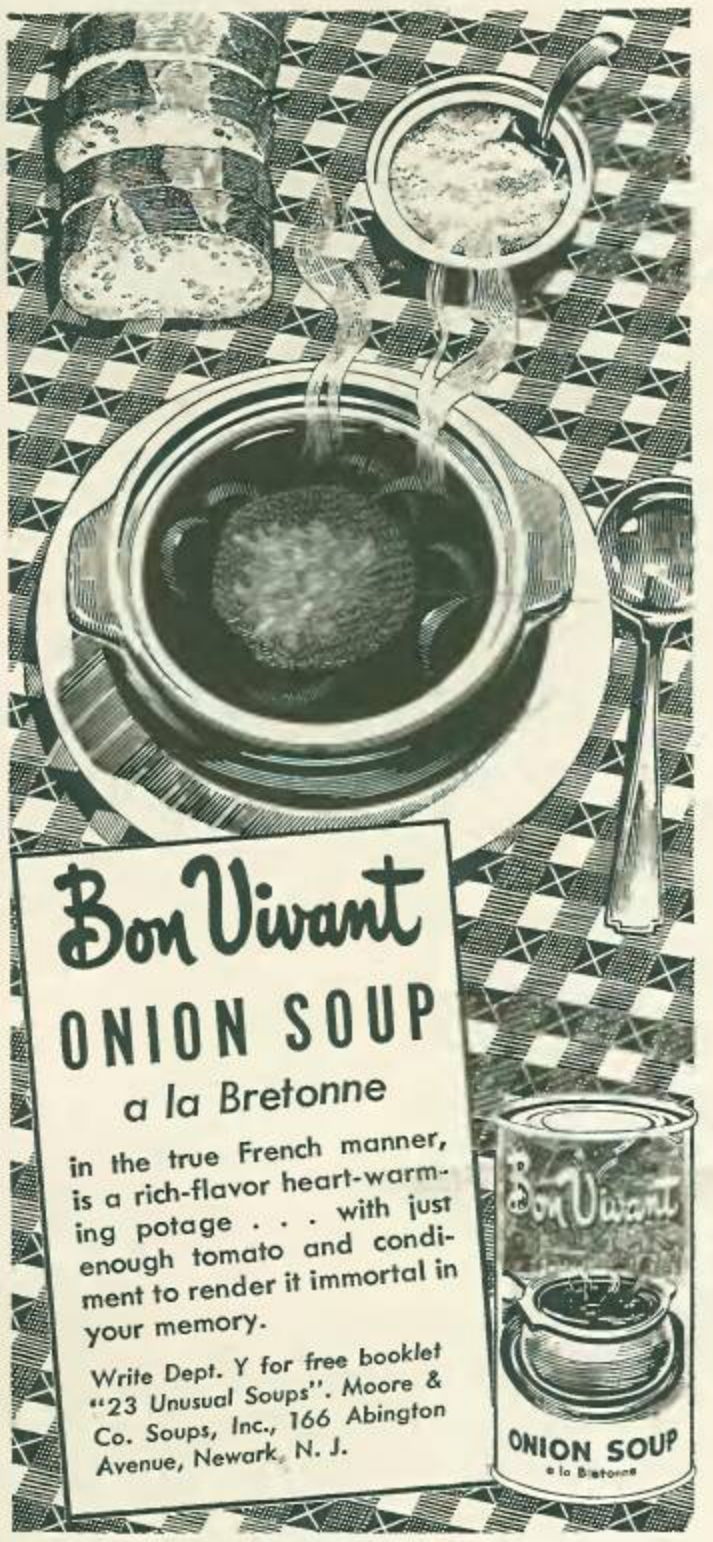
He then began complaining that he was not used to the gun, that it was ten years since he had shot at a moving target, and so on. He continued to excuse himself thus at supper. My father was silent. I imagined this was for the usual reason—that he was thinking of something else—but at last it came home to me that it was because his sense of decency was being outraged.

A good sportsman, I remembered, never puts the blame for his failures on the weather, or luck, or anything but himself. I have never understood why, but then it's a man's world. Next day, my father said darkly that there was nothing like sport to bring out the weak spots in a man's character, and, thus supported, I was able to break off the engagement, or attachment, in the most honorable way. Soon after this, I acquired an inflexible principle—namely, that it is wrong to shoot fauna of any kind—and with that I laid down my gun. —Doris Lessing

•

Clark Gable, Kay, L. B. and Mrs. Mayer sat directly in front of me at the "Cinerama Holiday" premiere. Kay was explaining to all, even Clark, the salt free diet Gable is on; the use of sodium chloride in his food as a substitute for salt.—*Sidney Skolsky in the Post.*

What won't those scientists think of next!









MUSICAL EVENTS

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NEVER having heard Giulia Grisi, Giovanni Battista Rubini, Antonio Tamburini, or Luigi Lablache, for the reason that they did their singing about a hundred years before my time, I am not in a position to estimate how close they approached perfection in performing the arias of Vincenzo Bellini, but it wouldn't surprise me to learn that even these almost legendary figures of Bellini's own period slipped up occasionally in tackling them. Certainly, in my own time these arias have existed like so many vocal Everests and Kanchenjungas, challenging and overcoming all but a handful of the most intrepid and skillful artists. The difficulty with them is that they seem to demand a full share of every ingredient that should go into the makeup of an ideal singer, including power, range, agility, exquisite control of the breath, dramatic intuition, and exemplary musical taste. I have heard old phonograph records on which artists of a past era have sung one or another of them with all these ingredients. I have also heard a number of contemporary singers go down to defeat in tackling Bellini simply because one or two of the ingredients were missing or slightly defective. As a matter of fact, I have never heard a wholly satisfactory performance of a Bellini opera. Several performances of his operas exist on records—among them the recently issued Angel versions of "Norma" and "I Puritani," as done at La Scala, which are reasonably good. But even the celebrated voice of Maria Callas, which is heard on both of them, does not succeed in giving the melodic phraseology of the Bellini style all the scrupulousness and authority that I should like to hear. I suppose that our generation is doomed to imperfection in these matters, and this is a pity, because Bellini's tunes are by no means mere vocal-display pieces; they are among the most hauntingly beautiful melodies ever composed.

On Tuesday evening of last week, the American Opera Society, an organization whose youthful courage I have frequently commented on, presented Bellini's "I Puritani" in concert form at Town Hall. As often happens in the

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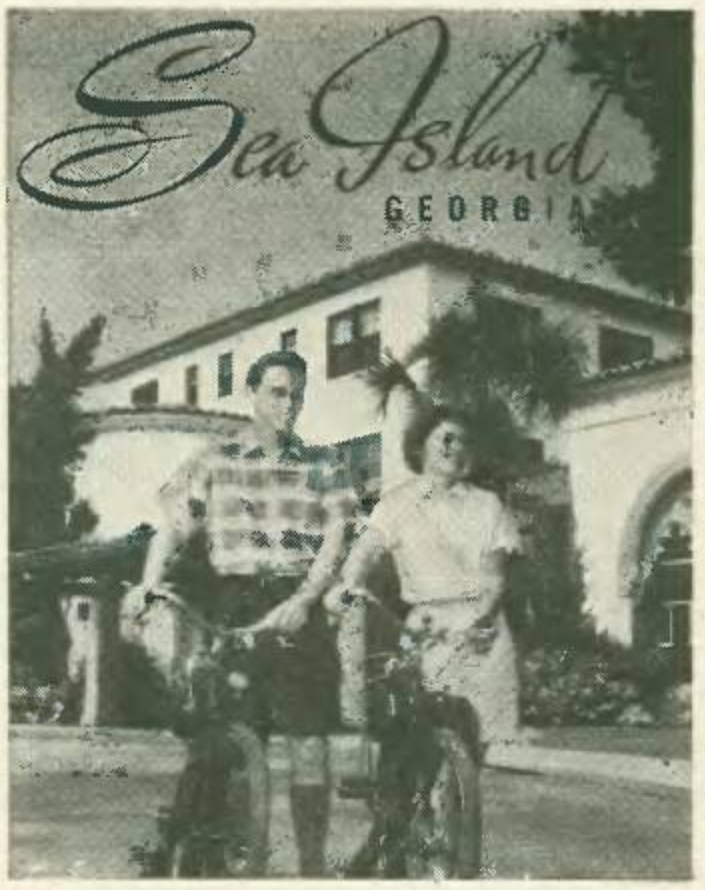
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Society's productions, the singers were somewhat short of sensational power, and at times, consequently, the performance took on the quality of a miniature rather than a full-scale interpretation. The miniature was very deftly contrived, however, and a good deal of the essential musical beauty of Bellini came through satisfyingly. Most of the satisfaction was provided by the singing of Laurel Hurley in the stellar role of Elvira. In the matter of resonance, Miss Hurley's voice is not of heroic calibre, but it is remarkably agile, accurate, and well controlled, and the poise and musical intelligence she exhibited in coping with Bellini's classical phrases were altogether out of the ordinary. In particular, her singing in the great second-act aria, "Qui la voce sua soave"—perhaps the loveliest single bit of pure melodic inspiration in the entire literature of music—struck me as very nearly flawless, both in technique and in artistic taste. I wish that Mme. Callas, who has a more spectacular voice than Miss Hurley, had sung her recorded versions of Bellini with comparable finesse. There were other good things about this performance of "I Puritani," too, notably the dignified and perceptive singing of Donald Gramm in the role of Sir George Walton. As Lord Arthur Talbot, Eugene Conley strove manfully with one of the most frightening parts for tenors in the operatic repertory, and although he frightened me once or twice in the process, he managed, I thought, to bring it off with considerable conviction. Arnold U. Gamson conducted the performance with his customary earnestness and dedication, and I left the hall feeling that I had witnessed one of the best tries at Bellini interpretation that I could remember.

ON Wednesday night, the Metropolitan put on a performance of "Die Meistersinger" that seemed to foreshadow a lifting of the cloud that has overhung its Wagnerian productions of late years. The orchestra, under the direction of Rudolf Kempe, sounded unusually clear, and though it once or twice competed a little too heavily with the voices of the cast, it played the complex score with a great deal of eloquence. The surprise of the evening was a new Walther in the person of a young American singer named Albert Da Costa, who was appearing in his first major role at the Met and who performed with quite unusual distinction. Mr. Da Costa is a tall and slightly rotund young man with an ingratiatingly innocent air that seemed ideally suited

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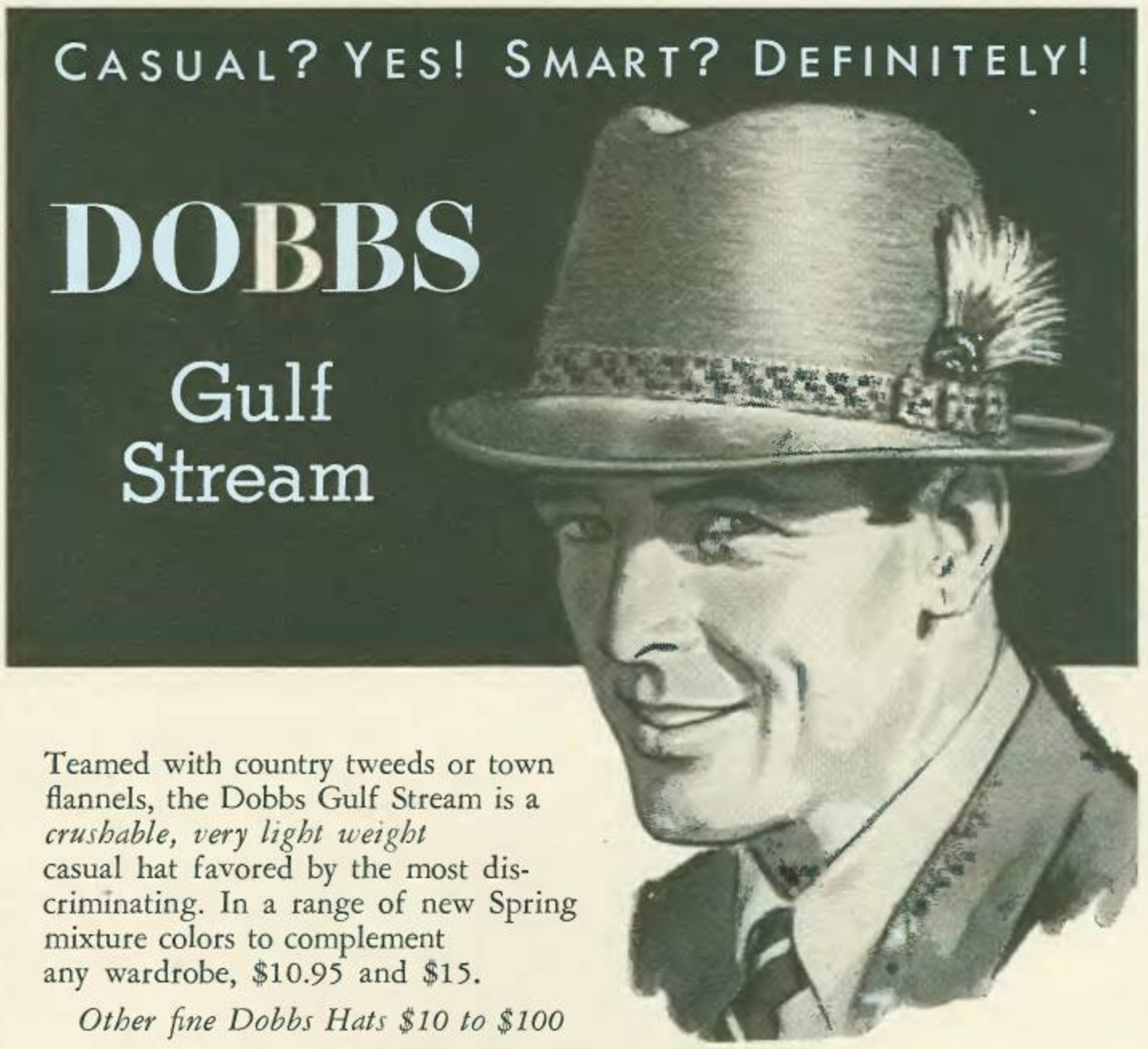
to this part, and his singing throughout the evening was fresh, ringing, and well steeped in the best traditions of Wagnerian declamation. The quality of his voice is a bit brassy, as befits a true German-type *Heldentenor*, and it may well be that the Metropolitan has found in him an answer to its recent rather conspicuous lack of a good voice of this kind. The remainder of the cast sang, on the whole, with sturdy competence, and now and then with something more than that. Lisa Della Casa was one of the prettiest Evas I have seen, and, barring some flatting in the famous quintet, acquitted herself very acceptably. Otto Edelmann produced his familiar, well-schooled interpretation of the role of Hans Sachs; Gerhard Pechner was, as he has been for many years, a perfect Beckmesser; and Giorgio Tozzi gave the part of Pogner a purely vocal beauty that it seldom gets.

ON Sunday afternoon, I went to a viewing room in the Rockefeller Center offices of the National Broadcasting Company to see and hear the N.B.C. Opera Theatre broadcast of Mozart's opera "The Magic Flute" on color television. Unfortunately, this event took place too late in the week for extended comment on my part. I can report, however, that for me it constituted two hours of thoroughgoing enchantment. Certain arias were cut, in order to get the score within feasible broadcasting limits, and, as in all broadcasts, the listener was left in some legitimate doubt as to how much of the excellent sonority of the production was due to the artistry of the singers and how much to that of the sound engineers. But these were minor matters in view of the spirited and resourceful qualities of the production. The tasteful handling of the *mise en scène* and the subtle use of color—things in which the sensitive touch of George Balanchine, the director, was at all times apparent—made the performance a joy to watch. And the English translation—a new one, by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman—proved so uniformly graceful that the literary part of Mozart's old comic fantasy took on an unexpected immediacy and a fairyland logic of its own. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

I would say that the average girl at 15 or 16 should be allowed to date as long as she is indiscreet.—*Judy Brown in the Birmingham News.*

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FEMININE FASHIONS

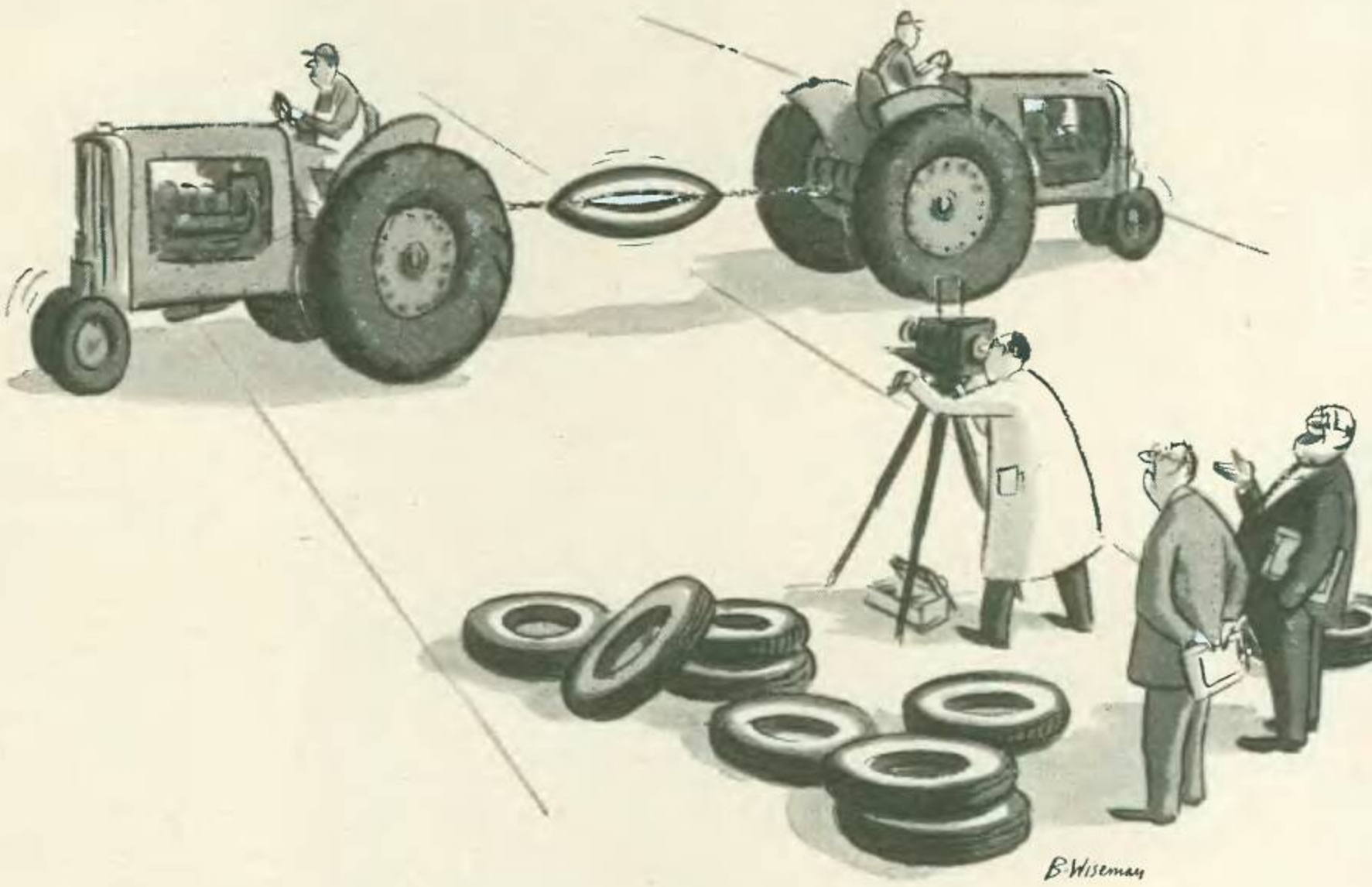


THE variegated gaiety that is expected of cruises and vacations could easily be increased by the new clothes that have been designed for them. In the collections now on view, silhouettes have not changed very much. The sheath, though, is more prevalent than ever and is evidencing a cleverness of cut that can make the heftiest women look slender. This is partly because of the tremendous rash of Eastern influence, stemming from Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong, and the like. For me, a few frog fastenings go a long way on Occidental females. Luckily, many resort clothes merely hint at the exotic. It is the fabrics that have gone frantic, even if they are often practical to the point of not rumpling when they're stowed away in your luggage. The splashiest prints and the most incredible colors and color combinations—hot oranges and bright pinks and magentas and brilliant deep turquoises often tumble all over each other in a single piece of goods—are ubiquitous. There are always pastels, however, and soft, muted tones. Cream flannel is again raising its shy head after all these years, and there is also a revival of white sharkskin, which just about did in creamy tones a couple of decades ago.

The astounding discovery that the sunniest of resorts can have real cool days has brought wool into prominence, even among the bathing suits. Brigance, as usual, has turned out beautifully tailored examples with bone buttons, among them one- and two-piece jobs of charcoal-brown or gray flannel with draped jersey bra tops. A skirted Brigance bathing suit, buttoned down the front, appears in a glen-plaid worsted; another is of creamy basket-weave tweed. (Saks and De Pinna are ringleaders of the Brigance partisans.) And, though wool knit doesn't dry like nylon, it *does* breathe, and it will adjust to varying temperatures in a way that nonporous fabrics cannot. Many enchanting wool-knit bathing suits, as well as more formal resort clothes of the same stuff, are around, as you will see in the course of the shop-by-shop tour we are about to begin.

MR. LORD and Mr. Taylor have never been left behind the door when the brains were being passed out. Their acquisition of Rudi Gernreich is a case in point. His wool-knit bathing suits are likely to be cut in a high arch on the sides of the thighs, to be cupped neatly under the buttocks, and to be snug everywhere. A one-piece maillot in an orange-and-Shocking three-quarter-inch check has an old-fashioned tank top (very Annette Kellermann), and an insane sash of orange chiffon runs through loops at the hips. Plain black, orange, moss, or white wool knit makes a suit with the same thighs, a high front, and a very low V in back. There are four practical patch pockets on a willowy strapless suit, and a two-piece black Bikini with an infinitesimal bra can be covered by a black-and-tan checked tube of the material that buttons down one side. These things run between $19.95 and $39.95.

Lord & Taylor has also invested in Claire McCardell's wide-top masterpieces, some of them done in a stretchy nylon that resembles suède-finish jersey. The main event of one in bright navy is a wide self band forming a V that ascends the front to end at the shoulder tips; the band then curls around in a fold across the back of the neck. The suit tapers into snug pants cut very high on the thigh; $22.95. And there are McCardell's two-tone wool jerseys with her typical brass hook fastenings down the front; $16.95. Some of Lord & Taylor's very own offerings are of raw silk that comes from Hong Kong. Fuji is lightweight silk, wild (from wild, not cultivated, silkworms) is much heavier, and both are in a combination of two strong colors—sapphire and jade, neon pink and peacock, yellow and rust, and so on. Straight short shorts of wild silk are lined and piped with contrasting Fuji, and there's a tiny frog above the slit at each side; $11.95. Blouses, to be worn in or out, are fastened with frogs, and there are slacks, Bermuda shorts, and band-collar jackets, too. Fabrics that couldn't be less Oriental are on hand as well—English cottons printed in the foulard and Paisley patterns of men's ties. The Bermuda shorts made of them are tailored like a man's, with a fly front and a back strap; $14.95. Solid-color shirts with long



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sleeves, French cuffs, and convertible collars are designed to go with them. Slacks and golf skirts of magnificent Italian cotton cord are $25 and $29.95. Triple rows of cording in, say, white, dusty pink, and moss green alternate with puckered stripes of plain white cotton. Emilio of Capri, a Lord & Taylor man, is using only placid cotton gabardines and poplins in his slacks and shorts this season, but his wool-knit T shirts are horizontally striped in the most furious colors; $20.

D. D. & Leslie Tillett (who are like archy & mehitabel in that they spell it d.d. & leslie tillett) were recently commissioned by Altman to print designs of Japanese ancestry on cotton. Toni Owen and Tina Leser, among others, were then turned loose on the materials. The result is a happy mish-mash of bold pattern and vivid color in the vacation sectors of Altman—in the misses, juniors, separates, and beach departments alike. Huge navy-and-white medallions show up on a cinnamon ground; umbrellas with cherry and yellow ribs appear against a speckled yellow backing; blue combers with green foam roam an off-white cotton; murky browns and purples and American Beauty reds get together on another bolt of material. Some of these are converted into dressmaker bathing suits and beach dresses that are shirred down the back so that the tops will hug the ribs. There are quantities of heavily cluster-pleated separate skirts to make dresses of strapless bathing suits, and a number of them are adorned with attached sashes. In fact, there are all sorts of play clothes, including long mandarin robes to be worn over unbelievably small bathing suits. Shirring is also in evidence down the backs of some Hawaiian-looking dresses and bathing suits; I was particularly smitten by a bathing suit in a brilliant olive-and-sapphire cotton print, with its very short skirt wrapped across to one hip above very short elasticized pants; $17.95.

Long-Sleeved, high-necked, sinuous things that end abruptly at the top of the thighs, above briefs that are hardly perceptible (if they're visible at all), are the gay shockers with which Saks Fifth Avenue is trying to get your attention. They are really nothing but clinging, elasticized tubes of terry cloth tinted pink or white, with an absurd purple or turquoise cotton sash to finish them off; $22.95. Calypso made these especially for this store, to say nothing of some fly-front Jamaica-length shorts—an in-

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between length that is generally much more becoming than either the very short or the Bermuda length. These are of a cotton with up-and-down stripes of white speckled with gold alternating with stripes of chartreuse or orange and gray; $14.95. Long-sleeved shirts of rough-dry cotton printed with classic designs or in a solid color go with them. A tailored bathing suit of cream jersey with red and blue blazer stripes ends in boys' shorts. The stripes are horizontal on the long-waisted top and vertical on the pants; $22.95. One of black wool jersey, which also ends in boys' pants, has a diagonally striped cotton sash in red, yellow, chartreuse, lime, and who knows what all. Then comes a switch to pretty, demure suits of chiffon-weight corduroy in colors like aqua, powder blue, and gold, as well as in white. A one-piece halter-top suit with boys' pants is $22.95; two-piece jobs have short pants and reversible bras lined with plaid gingham in pastel hues. Gingham skirts are box-pleated in back, and a wide band ties in a sash bow in front; $14.95. Gingham smocks, with very full gathers below a deep yoke to the rear, are $16.95. Saks is terribly proud of a Lastex stuff called bouclé tweed, which Caltex has made into a bathing suit decorated with a small, Victorian black-and-tan or green-and-yellow plaid. This material also shows up in a one-piece suit with a camisole top and boys' pants. Bouclé tweed in a fine mixture of yellow and white or blue and white makes a molded princesse bathing suit; $19.95. Striped with white and either porcelain blue, orange, or lilac, this tweed is used for a suit whose bodice has a deep white V down the front; $25.

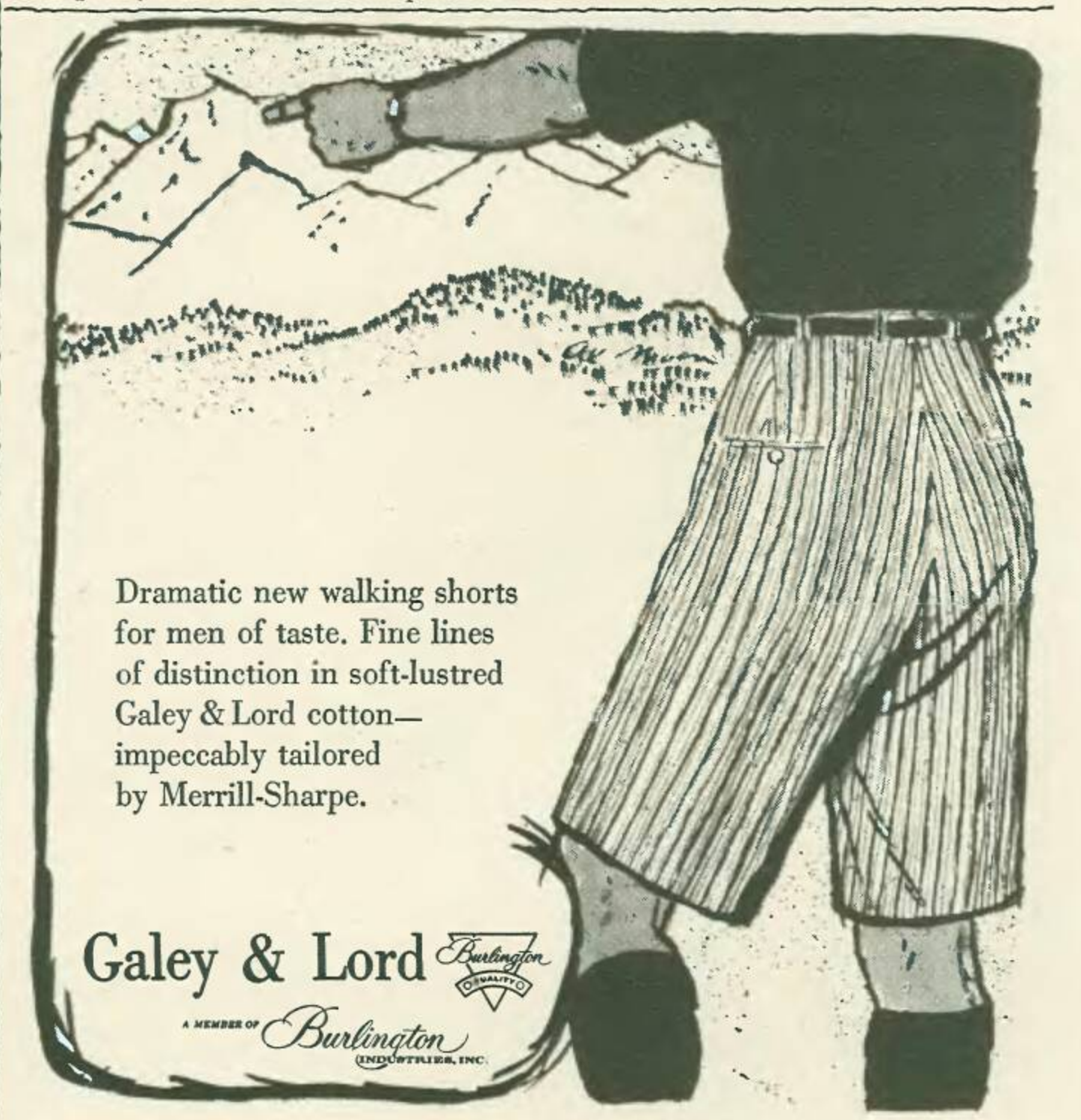
Upstairs in the Deb Department are long-sleeved shirts, camisole tops, and Bermuda shorts made of linen and matching silk in pale, muted topazes. There, too, is that cream flannel I was speaking about—the kind the young men's "ice-cream pants" of an earlier day were built of. A particularly happy tailored combination involves a straight skirt of this flannel, with rows of pearl buttons slanting outward in front of the hips, and a shirt of taupe (yes, taupe) linen, with the same outward-slanting buttons below a sharp little pointed collar. Then there is a perfect sheath of taupe linen. It's gored so it will be willowy through the middle, and a deep V convertible collar and plaid ascot surmount it; $17.95 is all. Silk with a madras type of plaid print that usually occurs on cotton makes a splendid straight, short-sleeved sports dress

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Bonwit Teller's bathing department believes fervently in the handiwork of Cabana, and it is easy to see why. A black-and-white Paisley cotton is transformed into a long, narrow sari skirt that is draped up to a tab on one hip; above this goes a nautch-dancer top—long, narrow sleeves, an extremely deep square neckline in front—that ends abruptly just below the bosom. The skirt is $25, the top is $22.95. A dress of this cotton has V detail around the plunging neckline and a square décolletage in back; the front of the skirt is given width by an inverted pleat. It's $45. Then there are prayer-rug prints on cotton—mottled, indefinite stripes in yellows and olives, reds and browns, blues and purples, all achieving a snaky effect. This produces a variety of clothes—tapered, ankle-length pants; straight jackets with widely cuffed sleeves and a single frog below the mandarin collar; circular skirts lined with Pellon; sleeveless dresses with bateau necks in front, low U's in back, long basque bodices, and skirts deeply pleated astern. And that nautch-dancer top (particularly good for big-busted women, to my mind) is here as a separate, too—the shoulders covered and the neckline very deep and square; $12.95. Bonwit Teller's own Mr. Wragge has done great work this year. Tea Timer is his name for a dress of raw silk subtly printed to accomplish a brocade look, in none too subtle colors like sharp pink, aqua, gold, and red. The dress is a straight up-and-down one, with a V neck, a casual collar, and slits way up the sides to show its rayon petticoat; $55. Low Whistle is an ideal Wragge travelling dress, of jersey with a white linen scarf that pulls through a vertical tab on the chest. The tab is adorned with a whistle that works (for calling cabs in the Gobi Desert, perhaps). This comes in black, navy, beige, or gold; $45. Sandpiper, a sheath of spongy acetate that looks as if it would journey well, has a wide, tucked panel down the front, and rows of tucks produce a round bib effect below the collarless neckline. This is in gold, white, or a soft lilac blue; $39.95.

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for themselves, she turns her imagination loose. Wonderful for lounging at any time of year or any place (and a relief from matador pants, which are murder on most female legs) are her Punjab pants, which end just below the knee. These go straight down the inside of the leg; on the outside, they balloon way out at the hips and then slowly taper. They're $35. A good matching halter top for big-chested women is waist-length (with a drawstring) and zipped down the back; $7.95. It appears in murky madras-type plaids; a combination of purples, dark red, and flashes of chartreuse is one variation. An Oriental-potentate tunic, called the Rajah beach coat, would be elegant over dresses, slacks, or whatever; $25. The material is cotton; the colors are solid orange, brilliant turquoise, yellow, or white, and splashes of gold are massed on the band neck and the buttoned band down the front of the taut bodice. The tunic skirt of the coat (mid-thigh length) is flat front and back and heavily pleated at the sides. A shoulder-strap bathing suit to accompany it is $22.95. A print christened Temple Bells has a batik look—big orange squares on a brown ground, and such. It makes hooded shirts ($14.95), full-length or day-length pleated wrap-around skirts ($22.95 and $14.95, respectively), and one- or two-piece bathing suits ($14.95 and $12.95, respectively). Another print, used for both dresses and play suits, is a provincial type, with a purple-red ground and a small royal-blue leaf pattern. A U-necked dress of it has short sleeves, and gold galloon ribbon enlivens the sleeves and runs around the skirt above the Harvard-crimson hem. In designing dresses, Miss Plattry is addicted to wide midriffs and one-shoulder tops. (Last time, her inspiration was Greek; now it's Hindu. A designer can always adapt a country to any fashions she has in mind.) And, on both bathing suits and dresses, she admires an Empire top, crossed in surplice fashion below short shoulder straps. A notable example has horizontal gold-edged stripes in red and magenta or other combinations. The skirt of this is all unpressed pleats, and the midriff is wide and snug; $39.95.

MACY's South Shop, on the third floor, owns a huge selection of cream-of-the-beach-crop bathing suits. Among the treasures is Catalina's Waist Away, done in Lastex faille—black in the middle and with fine red, white, and blue stripes making zigzag lines at the top and bottom; $14.95. The pants



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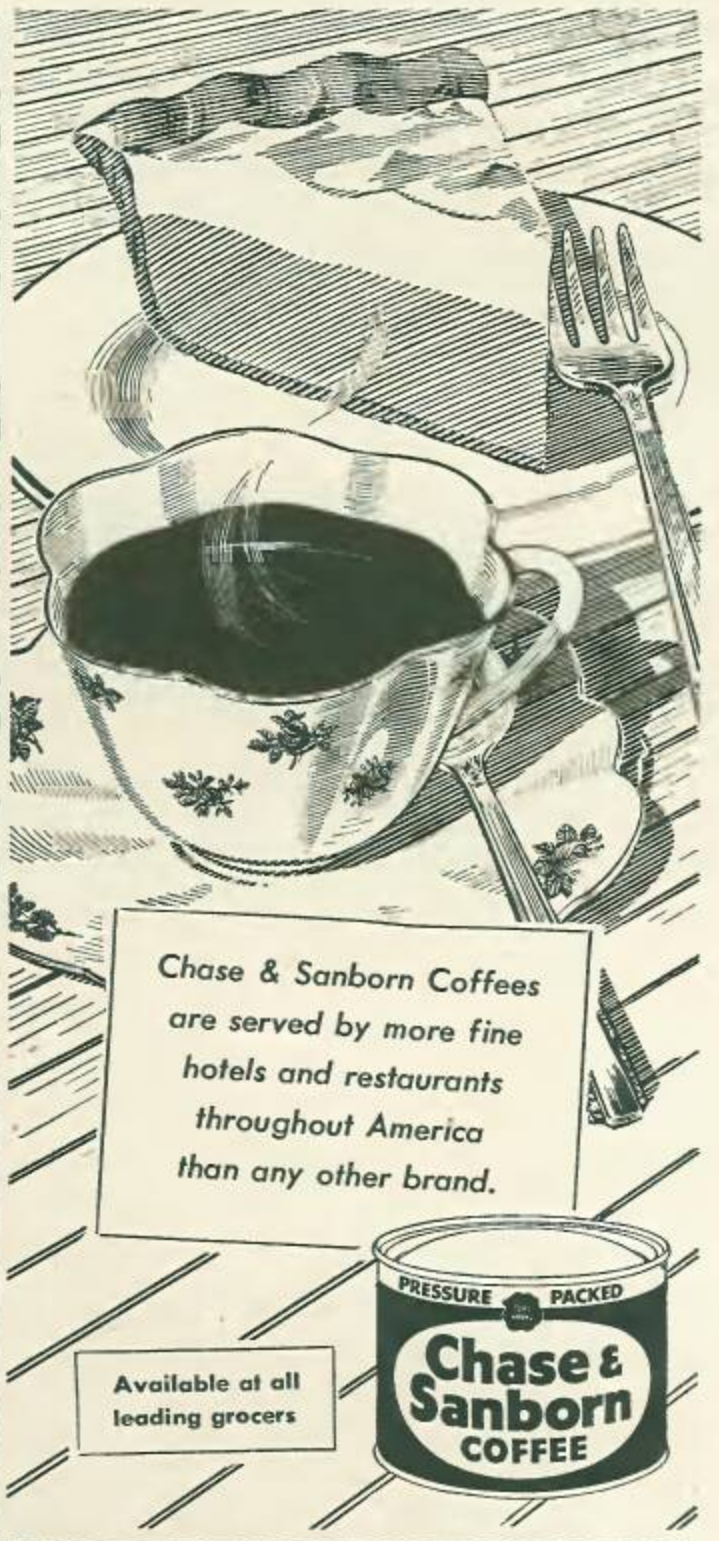
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of this are high-thigh indeed. Another of Lastex faille has an exaggerated corset silhouette, an idea I deplore. The body of the suit curves out on the hips and then stops suddenly to reveal quite a bit of the bloomer pants. This comes in black, orange, avocado, or white, all with contrasting trim. Rose Marie Reid, who gives a much more mildly corseted look to her bathing suits, makes one of Soirette, which is actually acetate and rayon but resembles a shiny mohair. A Turkish crescent of rhinestones anchors the bra draping at the center front, and there is a line of shirring down each side of the front; $35, and it looks its best in black. Hers, too, are the suits called Ribbons of Color, made of Lastex faille striped in three hues. It is fagoted in various ways; some suits have spiral lines around the body, some are horizontally striped, and on some the stripes are arrayed in harlequin diamonds. The suits are $22.95 to $29.95. Jansen, in a moment of madness, has turned out a Lillian Russell production he calls International Set—a wasp-waisted front with black nylon lace shirred across it, and a back of plain black Lastex faille; $25. There's a built-in foam-rubber bra. Outsize adaptations of men's sweatshirts, over matching briefs that just manage to show, are employed to bring out the appeal manifest in girls' wearing men's outsize pajama tops. Catalina's very wide shirt of cotton knit in dark gray or green plaid with touches of red is accompanied by very short lined shorts; $4.98 each. A much slicker sweatshirt with long sleeves and a long body is $2.50; the colors are rose, blue, red, brass, iris, or black. Getting completely away from both the Jersey Lily siren and the sweatshirt sets, Macy has its own group of frilly separates constructed of plain polished cotton and a fabric called Shagbark—a confusing name, since it is in the dotted-swiss family, with raised white dots on a pink, blue, or yellow ground that is checked in white. The plain cotton makes Jamaica-length shorts; the Shagbark makes tops that are sleeveless and high-necked, and have low waistbands decorated with a ruffle; $4.98.

In the separates department, on the same floor, there's a bathing suit that is designed to decorate nothing more liquid than the cocktail hour. It's of putty lace, short and snug and curved up on the thighs. To go with this, there are camisole tuck-in tops, unlined cardigans with putty linen binding, slightly gored straight skirts, and similar elegances. And, if you're looking for low-priced



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lunacy, you might ponder a red hopsacking coat, straight, narrow, and slit at the sides, with short sleeves and a dotted pongee lining; $10.

JAMISON, known primarily as a golf-dress designer, is bringing his talents to bear on other fields, too. Liberty prints, involving several shades of blue or pink flowers on a white ground, appear on linen—a welcome change. He uses them for dresses with scoop necks in front and low backs, in sizes up to eighteen; $39.95. He has also made a linen sheath with red and blue or beige and black polka dots on a white ground. This has an unsporting U neck and short sleeves; $29.95. Turning back to classic clothes, he's thought up a magnificent white sharkskin dress that almost every shop in town has flipped over—belted and slim and fly-fronted. with navy arrows on the slanting hip pockets; also $29.95. Martha West has all of these, and also his white piqué dress with a scoop neck, hooks down the bodice, and buttons below. This has fine cotton-knit ribbing across the back beneath a deep yoke that curls around the ribs and gives inconspicuous aid to violent action, like tennis; again, $29.95. Bonwit Teller has had him do a tongue-in-cheek girlish gingham dress with a white organdie petticoat underneath the swing skirt and Val-type lace making appliqués on the snug top, as well as inserts of the lace to indicate a deep yoke; it's $49.95, and the pattern is pink, blue, or gray with a white check. Bonwit has also latched on to his doll dress, which has lace inserts on woven striped cotton, including an inset band above the hem of the gathered skirt; $35. Also at Bonwit is his ideal sheath with a hint of the Orient—a little roll around the neck simulates a mandarin collar, the short sleeves are kimono, and nice seams make it undulate at the waist. It's done in brilliant colors—tango, Persian turquoise, and the like—as well as the more conventional dark and pastel tones; $29.95, and a sweet price, if you ask me.

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The Big Weep



SUSAN HAYWARD really has a high old histrionic time of it in "I'll Cry Tomorrow," and now and then succeeds in jerking a tear or two. But there's more bathos than pathos in this study of a lost-weekend lady, and the script never makes her motivations entirely clear. The film is based on the career of Lillian Roth, an actress who started hitting the bottle at twenty and didn't stop for sixteen years. Then, through the good offices of Alcoholics Anonymous, she got a grip on herself, appeared on a television show called "This Is Your Life," wrote her autobiography (with the help of a couple of collaborators), and wound up almost as good as new.

In the movie version of Miss Roth's career, she is first revealed as a child actress whose mother is determined to make her a star. As played by Jo Van Fleet, Mother, who is supposed to be a denizen of the lower East Side, speaks with an accent I found it difficult to associate with Hester Street (it sounded faintly Scandinavian to me) and conducts herself with the stealthy air of a female Fu Manchu. Stage mothers are a notoriously tiresome breed, but I doubt whether any of them go about advancing the cause of their progeny with the cold-blooded insistence of this one. True enough, Mother declares that all she wants for Lillian is a better life than the one she herself has led, but she looks so damned furtive that it's practically impossible to believe anything she says. Whatever it is that is eating Mother, she succeeds in goading Lillian to the top of the ladder, and things look rosy all around, what with bookings at the Palace and Lillian triumphantly lining out such tunes as "Sing You Sinners" and "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along." At this point, alas, Lillian's sweetheart (Ray Danton), a pal of her cradle days, suddenly dies, and she starts grieving for him extensively. While she is sorrowing, a nurse, whose knowledge of medicine is fairly primitive, offers her a drink. "This isn't in the rule book," says the nurse, "but I can't think of anything else." One taste of the hard stuff is



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enough to start Lillian off on one of the most protracted sprees in history, in the course of which she enters into two unfortunate marriages. Her first husband (Don Taylor) is an aviation cadet who doesn't love her, and the second (Richard Conte) is a shady character who believes in Noel Coward's dictum that women should be struck regularly, like gongs. What with marital woes and general malaise, she partakes of the bottle with lunatic enthusiasm and eventually winds up on Skid Row. Not until she has stopped herself in the nick of time from committing suicide does Lillian—with the aid of A.A., and, in particular, of a member of the organization who loves her (Eddie Albert)—get back on her feet. The rich content of emotionalism in "I'll Cry Tomorrow" gives Miss Hayward a chance to pull out all stops, but every so often I wished that things would quiet down a little, especially during the scenes in which she and Miss Van Fleet conduct their shrill familial battles. To compensate for this sort of thing, Miss Hayward does right well by the songs in the piece, and when she finally hits bottom, she becomes a truly sympathetic figure.

"Adorable Creatures," a French film, demonstrates that ladies are really devilish when they set about making fools of men. A lengthy, panting bedroom farce that gets more and more tedious as it goes along, the picture includes in its cast Daniel Gelin, who plays a young gallant the ladies are all wild about, and Antonella Lualdi, Danielle Darrieux, Martine Carol, and Edwige Feuillère, who play the assorted tricky females he falls in with.

—John McCarten

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—*Chicago Daily News.*

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 12

IT is said by responsible members of the Eisenhower administration that the President, in the Budget Message he is to send Congress in a few days, will ask that the executive branch be granted authority to disburse something in the neighborhood of sixty-six billion dollars to meet its needs for the fiscal year of 1957, which begins July 1, 1956. Some of this money would be loaned out, rather than spent, and some of it would remain in the Treasury beyond 1957, to be paid out when goods are finally delivered or services finally rendered. Similarly, the government will be settling this year with creditors for goods and services contracted for in previous years. Accounting periods are necessarily arbitrary and artificial, and there is often a sizable difference, one way or the other, between the amount the government is authorized to spend in a given period and the amount it actually pays out. This year, according to experts in such matters, it so happens that there will not be very much of a spread between the former, known as "obligational authority," and the latter, known simply as "expenditures." But the important figure is the one for "obligational authority"—the sixty-six billion the President is asking Congress to approve. This is four billion more than he asked for last year, and nine billion more than he asked for the year before that. It is fourteen billion less than the Truman administration got in its last year in office.

Much will be heard and much will be made of these figures in the next several weeks and in the coming campaign. Orators for both parties will find nourishment and solace in them. One can already hear some Republicans proudly asserting that the Eisenhower administration, despite its pay raises for federal employees, despite its broadened services in many fields, despite the rise in the cost of many things the government must buy, has, in a mere four years, reduced the cost of government by a cool fourteen billion dollars—and adding as a little fillip to this the perfectly sound observation that the fourteen billion not spent is a sum greater almost by half than the total expenditures of the federal government as recently as 1940. And one can as easily hear the quick Democratic retort: Administration spending has been on the upgrade for two years, and is now running at a higher level than that of the Truman administration in the years before the Korean War. The eighty-billion-dollar budget approved by Congress in Truman's last year included large sums for the financing of the war against Communism in Korea and for the accompanying military buildup. It is difficult, if not impossible, to separate the cost of the Korean War from that of the general military program in that period, but a bold Democrat might undertake to argue that when a proper discount is made for Korea, it will be found that the Eisenhower administration is spendthrift in comparison to the Truman administration. A particularly bold Democrat might even argue that his party could have financed the entire New Deal, which in the years of its greatest vigor called for a federal budget of only seven or eight billion, with the money the Republicans are wasting.

All sorts of odd things will be done with the budgetary figures later on; at the moment, though, while partisan fevers are still relatively low, there is considerable interest in the fact that this year the President is calling not only for a somewhat larger budget than he submitted in his earlier years in office but—in the State of the Union Message and in the messages he has been sending to Congress this week—for the promulgation of what amounts to a new Republican view of government spending. So many changes have taken place that there is not much to be learned from a simple comparison of the 1956 and 1957 budgets with those of 1952 and 1953—to say nothing of the 1940 budget—but certain things do emerge from a consideration of the new one in the light of the history of the Eisenhower administration. Three years ago, in the weeks just before and just after Mr. Eisenhower's inauguration, there was a lively and, at times, angry debate among Republican leaders over the fiscal policies the administration was to pursue. In his campaign speeches, the candidate had been wary about discussing tax and budget problems in anything but general, moralistic terms. On only two occasions did he cite a specific figure or a specific date. In one speech, he said that he hoped to bring the budget into balance by 1956, and at a conference with Senator Taft on September 12, 1952, he promised the Senator that, if elected, he would make every effort to bring the budget down to about seventy billion during his first year in office. He talked a good deal about the desirability of tax reduction, sometimes sounding so indignant at the very idea of taxation that it would not have been unreasonable to suppose he intended to do away with it altogether, but he made



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no promises and no concrete proposals. Representative John Taber, of New York, the incoming Republican chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, announced that in his opinion the budget could immediately be cut fifteen billion dollars (the estimates being drawn up by the outgoing Truman administration called for about eighty-five billion), with the taxpayers being given the benefits of the reduction. Representative Daniel Reed, also of New York, the incoming chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, said he would fight for an immediate lowering of taxes on individual incomes and on corporations. "When I fight, I fight," he said. But the President's advisers—particularly those who, like Joseph M. Dodge, the Director of the Budget, had been appraising the state of government finances—had grave doubts about reducing expenditures as speedily as the Congressmen hoped, and were eager to head off a tax reduction that they quickly saw would put the national debt, then about two hundred and sixty-six billion dollars, beyond the statutory limit of two hundred and seventy-five billion. (It now stands at about two hundred and seventy-seven billion dollars, under the new statutory limit of two hundred and eighty-one billion.) The President took their part and, in his first State of the Union Message, asked for an extension of the excess-profits tax that was due to expire that year and for the retention of the existing schedule of taxes on individual incomes. Senator Taft sided with the President and became an administration spokesman on fiscal matters; at a news conference he held early in November, 1952, he set forth what was to become more or less the official administration forecast. He said then that he thought it would be possible to do what he and the President had agreed upon two months earlier—reduce the budget President Truman had proposed to about seventy billion. The goal for the following year would be approximately sixty billion, he said. With luck, he went on, an across-the-board tax cut of twelve or thirteen per cent would be possible in 1955. When the new Congress convened, Representatives Taber and Reed were unwilling to accept the delays, and a great many Republicans, especially in the House, shared their reluctance. The first major internal conflict of the Eisenhower administration was over fiscal policy. The White House view eventually prevailed, thanks largely to the Vice-President's and Senator Taft's in-

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tervention with the President's Republican critics.

In its first two years, the administration met and in some respects exceeded the goals it had set itself. In the budget sent to, and passed by, Congress in 1953, obligational authority was a little below sixty-three billion, and in the following year, it was down to fifty-seven billion. Tax cuts slightly lower than those Senator Taft had hoped for were made. Last week, the President said, "I expect the budget to be in balance during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1956." If the hope is justified—and the general belief here is that this year's high revenues will leave the Treasury with a small surplus, which can be applied to reduction of the national debt—he will be fulfilling, on schedule, his campaign pledge. Not all the decrease in expenditures up to 1955 or the increase in internal revenues can be credited to Republican thrift or efficiency. Soldiers and diplomats, not fiscal managers, negotiated the settlement in Korea. Even before that settlement, the bills for foreign economic aid and mutual-defense assistance were getting lower. Obligational authority was on its way down when the present administration took office; the last budget President Truman drew up was some seven billion dollars below the one that preceded it. In large part, the tax cuts that went into effect had been scheduled under already existing laws; much of the seven and a half billion dollars that was "released," as the President put it, to the taxpayers would have been "released" in the normal course of events under any administration. Nevertheless, the Republican economy drive was productive. It is unlikely in the extreme that a Democratic administration and a Democratic Congress could, or would, have brought obligational authority down to the fifty-seven billion the Republicans achieved in the budget adopted in 1954—a reduction of some twenty-three billion in two years. The Democrats opposed many of the cuts the Republicans made, on the ground that they undermined national defense and weakened essential civilian services. Whoever was right on questions of policy, the cuts were recommended by a Republican President and passed by a Republican Congress.

Evidently, the Democrats and other critics of the administration are to win a victory of sorts, or a vindication of sorts, in the budget to be submitted next week. It calls for an outlay some six per cent greater than the one adopted last year and some sixteen per cent greater than



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that of the year before—the fifty-seven-billion-dollar budget that in many Republican minds is their party's finest achievement. More than that, it appears to commit succeeding administrations, Republican or Democratic, to programs that will force heavy spending on them for some time to come. The President in his State of the Union Message, and the Secretary of State in his press conference yesterday, forecast new undertakings in foreign economic aid that would run for the duration of the Cold War and would almost certainly grow costlier with the years. Military expenditures are also on the rise. But the development that has the greatest long-term implications and the deepest political implications is the tight embrace in which the administration is now holding the welfare state. In last week's message, the President did not mention increased spending or abrupt changes in policy; he talked, as any President would have in the circumstances, as if the views he was stating were the settled policy of his administration and continuous with its policy of the past. Much that he said, though, represented a sharp break with the past, and the speech was shot through with bland assertions that would surely have grated on many Republican ears only a short while back, and very likely do so even now. "The dimensions of government responsibility are as broad and complex as the farm problem itself," he said. No Socialist, creeping or sprinting, has ever said more. He spoke of the government's role in health and education in terms that must have made Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby very glad she is no longer the administration's spokesman on such matters. Indeed, he saw a role, and a large one, for government in almost every aspect of American life.

The chances are, it is felt here, that there will not be a great deal of criticism of the President's program. There will be some stalling on it, as there has been in the past, but there is apt to be very little open opposition; most congressmen are convinced that the President, whether or not he is a candidate, will be a powerful factor in this year's election. The Republicans will be particularly sensitive to the dangers of opposing him this year, and since he has borrowed so heavily from Democratic programs, the Democrats will find it almost impossible to do so. They could, of course, move into the positions the Republicans are abandoning and oppose the administration from the Right. It has happened before that the parties have switched positions on crucial issues. The Demo-

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crats, once the defenders of states' rights and the enemies of strong federal authority, became in the thirties the advocates of centralized power, leaving their old views to the Republicans. There are indications that a few Democrats will take the offensive as critics of government spending and intervention, but it is unlikely that very many will do so. The Republicans have taken up the welfare state because they have become persuaded that the people want it; it has voter-appeal. The Democrats can see that, too; it was they who discovered it.

THE common expectation now is that the President will make known his decision on accepting renomination in mid-February, following his examination by Dr. Paul Dudley White and following several weeks of his resumption of the full powers of his office with Congress in session. And the almost universal expectation here is that he will announce his retirement. Should he say that he will be available for a second term, there will be almost as much embarrassment among political observers as there was when President Truman won the election in 1948. Not so many people have gone publicly on record about this event as about that one, but there are very few who have not made their views known privately, and the number who think the President will run again is about equal to the number who thought Governor Dewey would be defeated eight years ago. The conviction that the President will withdraw is founded not on any medical diagnosis or on any specifically political one but on a reading of the President's character and of his attitude toward the office he holds. Before Mr. Eisenhower fell ill last September, almost everyone here believed that he would yield to the pressures for a second term. As a general rule, those pressures, when fully applied, are too heavy to be resisted by any man with normal self-esteem and a normal sense of duty, and it was hard to find anyone who thought that President Eisenhower would not in the end succumb to them. It was equally hard, though, to find anyone who thought the President really wanted a second term. It seemed reasonably clear that he had very rarely felt any true enjoyment or exhilaration in the office he fought so hard to win in 1952, and it was a fact beyond dispute that while he had been careful never to foreclose the possibility of a second term, he had never approached the subject without stressing the arguments on the side of retirement. Speaking to the Re-



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publican State Chairmen just before the onset of his illness, he said, "We don't believe for a minute that the Republican Party is so lacking in inspiration, high-quality personnel, and leauership that we are dependent on one man. . . . Humans are frail, and they are mortal. [Never] pin your flag so tightly to one mast that if a ship sinks you cannot rip it off and nail it to another." On August 3rd, seven weeks before his heart attack, he addressed a gathering of Ohio Republicans who were beseeching him to run again and reminded them that the Presidency is a wearing job and that no man has ever reached the age of seventy in the White House. In every discussion of his future, he struck a predominantly melancholy note; the situation became so alarming to the Republican National Chairman, Leonard Hall, that whenever he learned that anyone was trying to get the President to announce his candidacy, he immediately set about discouraging the effort. Mr. Hall was obviously fearful that the President would one day go too far in the other direction and commit himself to withdrawal. The feeling everywhere was that if the President was given any excuse to retire, he would seize on it; no one, of course, expected him to be given any excuse.

In the aftermath of the heart attack, it was felt that only a profound change in Mr. Eisenhower's temperament and in his outlook on life could prevent him from regarding his illness not only as an excuse for getting out of politics but as a condition that made withdrawal morally imperative. Profound changes in outlook often do follow an experience of the sort the President has undergone, and it was thought to be far from impossible that his brush with death had given him a renewed sense of the dearness of life and of human activity, that the rallying around him of his followers had deepened his sense of obligation to them, and that his several weeks of enforced inactivity had made the prospect of retirement less attractive than it once was. Any of these responses, especially if accompanied by sanguine medical estimates of his progress toward recovery, might have led him, it was thought, to cast aside his earlier hostility toward the political life and rededicate himself to it. It may well be that there have been radical changes in his outlook and that he has put aside his hostility toward the political life, but so far no one here has been able to perceive any important difference in his manner. Most people believed that they sensed in his remarks at his Key West news con-

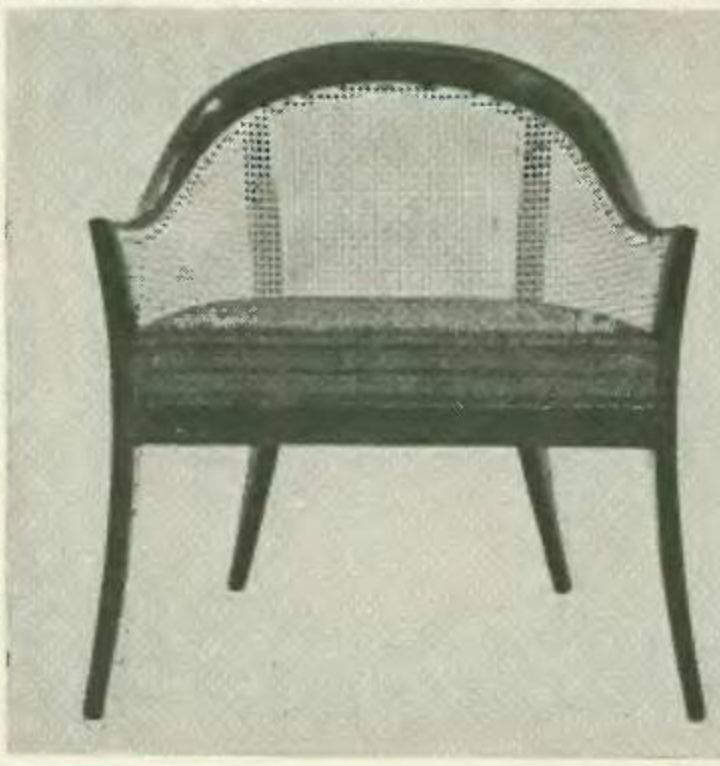


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ference the same impulse toward withdrawal that had seemed to characterize his remarks last year. He gave no sign of having any new zest for the job or any personal desire to continue in public life. On the contrary, he advanced an argument against renomination that he had not previously advanced—the disturbance that the unexpected succession of the Vice-President to the Presidency could cause. Only two or three of the fifteen or sixteen White House correspondents who attended that conference emerged from it thinking that there was much likelihood of Mr. Eisenhower's standing for another term. Those who expect an announcement of retirement are in a similarly preponderant majority here in Washington. Earlier, his choice of his Gettysburg farm, rather than the White House, as a suitable place for convalescence and his manifest enjoyment of his tractor rides and his visits to the barns there strengthened most people in the conviction that his idea of the good life will combine with his sense of responsibility to incline him toward withdrawal. It has been pointed out that frequently in the past he has taken the course he was the most reluctant to take and the one he was thought least likely to take. He may do this again, but while many people here are hoping against hope that he will, scarcely anyone really expects him to.—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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Months of daily practice are necessary to eliminate strain from the new way of smiling, but it, too, can become as natural as all beguiling smiles must be.—*Indianapolis News.*

We'll see you in the spring.

•

COMES A PAUSE IN THE DAY'S OCCUPATIONS

[*Charles Ventura in the World-Telegram & Sun*]

Countess Maria Antonio von Kerssbrock's marriage to wealthy Roy Haskell, of the Chicago clan, should lead to unusually satisfactory parent-children relations. The countess will be able to tell many a hair-raising bedtime story to the kiddies. She escaped from the Nazis in Bohemia, lost most of her family to concentration camps and shared many a dangerous adventure with the underground.

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SUNKEN GARDEN, by Douglass Wallop (Norton). Tom Forester and Louise Gorman, both in their thirties, both married, each with one child, slip away from their comfy homes in the suburban countryside and spend an adulterous weekend in a chilly upstairs room in a picturesque old New England inn. When this episode becomes known, it shakes Tom's pretty wife, Janice, out of her smiling housewifeliness but not out of her complacency, which only becomes more pronounced for having been injured. As for Louise, she becomes even more drearily loquacious than she was in the first place. Louise, who has an inferiority complex because she was plain as a girl, is anxious to marry Tom, and that is not surprising, for he is just as successful in advertising as her fat, coarse husband, Mike, is in dentistry. Between the two women, Tom almost weeps with bewilderment. Mike doesn't care much one way or the other. Mr. Wallop apparently cares deeply, but he is incapable of making us care at all.



THE PILLAR OF SALT, by Albert Memmi (Criterion). This long and heavily intimate account of ghetto life in Tunis begins about 1920 and ends with the conclusion of the Second World War. Mr. Memmi writes sadly, out of an overpoweringly introspective mind, and packs his more or less autobiographical work with every detail he can remember of the social, domestic, and religious rules that dominated his life from his infancy.

THE UNKNOWN ANGEL, by March Cost (Lippincott). Andra Hood is a beautiful artist's model turned charwoman, whose goodness of heart approaches almost macabre proportions as her story develops and as her capacity for self-deception is revealed in all its horrid flowering. The scene is London of twenty years ago, and the plot swirls frequently back into the past but always returns to the pursuit of Miss Hood by an eminent French archeologist who loved her and lost her when they were both younger.

GENERAL

20 JULY, by Constantine FitzGibbon (Norton). An account of the "officers' plot" against Hitler, culminating in the abortive attempt to assassinate him in July, 1944. While Mr. FitzGibbon painstakingly covers every detail of the plot—and of the officers' earlier attempts to assassinate Hitler—his chief purpose is to probe into the motives behind it, and he finds that these were not merely political ambition and thirst for power. He says that such men as Count Helmuth von Moltke, the spiritual and intellectual leader of the anti-Nazi underground, and Count Claus Schenk von Stauffenberg, the General Staff officer who planted the bomb in Hitler's "Wolf's Lair," were German patriots and Christian idealists, and that it was not their tragedy alone that the British and American governments refused to recognize the integrity of their movement to restore honor to Germany. Photographs.

MILOU'S DAUGHTER MADELEINE, by Mrs. Robert Henrey (Dutton). Milou Gal, Madeleine Henrey's father, came to Paris from his native Provence as a young man and never was sufficiently prosperous to return to the scenes of his childhood. The author recently journeyed to the South of France in quest of her father's youth, visiting the little mining town where he was born and looking in on Nice, Monte Carlo, Nîmes, and Marseille. Because she is French by birth and upbringing and knows the twangy patois of the Midi, she got on splendidly with the people she met along the way, from olive growers to members of the leading family of Nice. This book—a lively and piquant account of her trip—may not be to everyone's taste, but then neither is Châteauneuf-du-Pape.

JONATHAN SWIFT, by John Middleton Murry (Noonday). As a biographer, Murry works entirely from secondary sources, accepts the conventional

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theory that Swift was secretly married to Stella, and imparts little new information except to pass on someone else's recent finding that Dryden probably did not say "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." As a critic, however, Murry shows a real feeling for Swift's writing, including his poetry; he finds the jokes "still tremendous fun" and is bold enough to note "an artistic mistake" in the "Modest Proposal" and to reject Swift's final phase—he calls it "The Excremental Vision"—as deranged. Fact heavily sauced with opinion, and the opinion is the best part.

THE QUEST FOR CORVO, by A. J. A. Symons (Michigan State University Press). A new edition, the first in many years, of Mr. Symons' insufficiently celebrated sifting of the strange career and stranger character of Frederick William Serafino Austin Lewis Mary Rolfe, aspirant priest, gifted paranoid, and self-ennobled Baron Corvo, whose excesses included the production of "Hadrian the Seventh," the zenith in English of the wish-fulfillment novel. The publishers deserve our warmest congratulations for returning to print what is probably the finest literary detective story in existence. Introduction by Julian Symons and an extraordinarily revealing frontispiece portrait of Rolfe.

FREUD AND THE CRISIS OF OUR CULTURE, by Lionel Trilling (Beacon). Beacon's series of Mid-Century Essays (handsome hard-cover pamphlets at a dollar) is happily inaugurated with Professor Trilling's 1955 Freud Anniversary Lecture. In a tone of reasonableness and moderation, and in a style that increasingly resembles T. S. Eliot's, Professor Trilling takes several currently unfashionable positions—among them that Freud was primarily a scientist, although he had something very like a literary imagination, and that his emphasis on biological limitation has the effect not of restraining but of freeing the self from the tyranny of an infinitely plastic culture. An important statement.

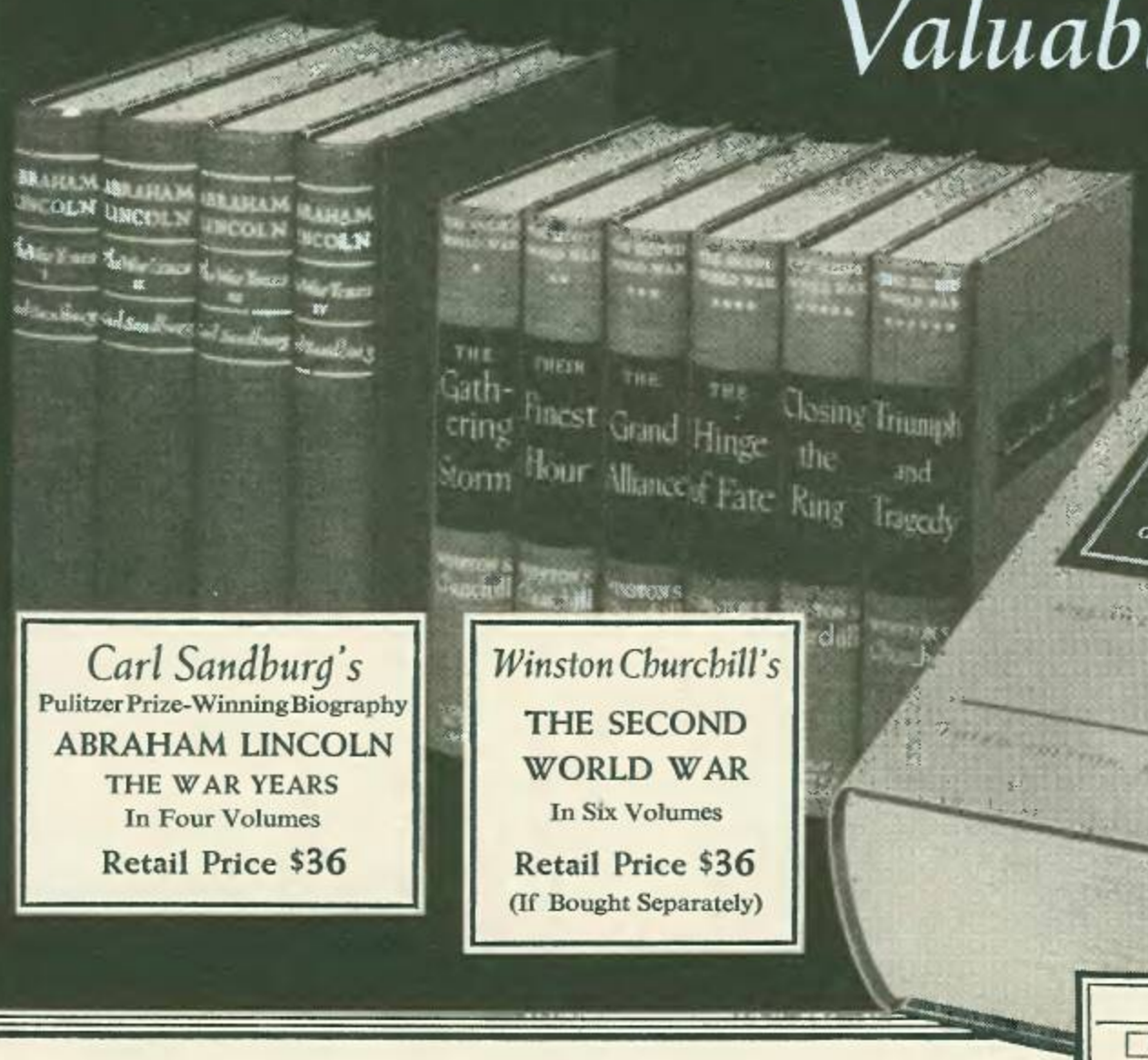
THE SELECTED LETTERS OF HENRY JAMES, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Leon Edel (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). Although the hundred-odd examples of James's epistolary art on display here represent little more than a microscopic fraction of his total preserved output (some seven thousand letters are

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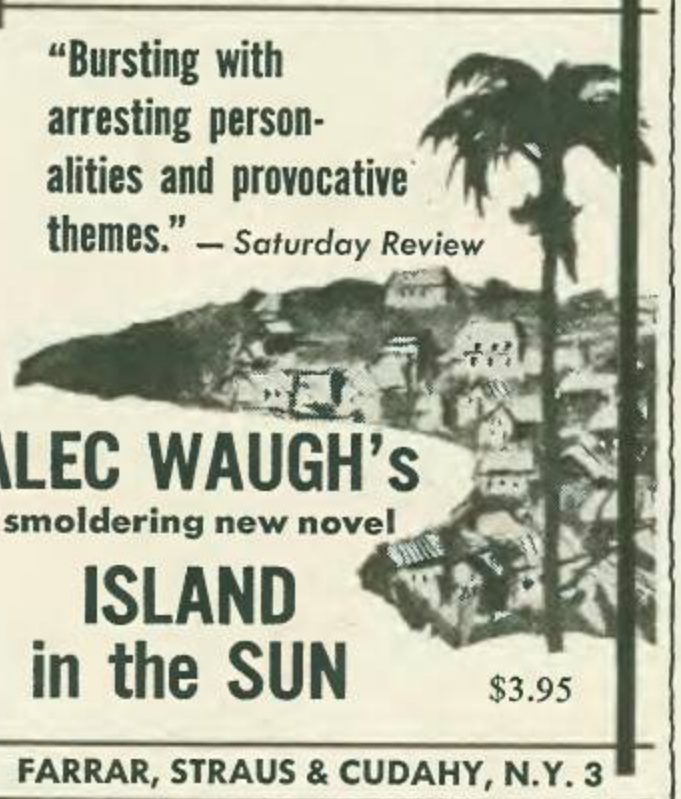


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known to exist), they are more than enough to demonstrate his absolute mastery of the exquisitely superficial letter. This is not to say that Professor Edel's labors have been in vain, for practically all his selections are abundantly entertaining; the trouble is that they tell us nothing about their author beyond the already well-documented facts that he was generous as a friend, hardheaded as a businessman, and almost pathologically reticent all the time. The eighth volume in the Great Letters series.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG CRITIC AND OTHER LETTERS, by Bernard Shaw (Crown). This book is afflicted by an annoying editor, a Mr. E. J. West, of Boulder, Colorado, who is all over the place and almost outtalks Shaw. He writes about himself in the introduction, provides long and vulgar titles for the individual letters, and contributes garrulous notes, which, while they contain a good deal of information (some of it beside the point), leave several unintelligible references completely undiscussed. In the interstices of Mr. West, an interesting sequence of letters is found. Everyone has heard the story of the solitary boo that greeted Shaw's appearance amid the applause on the first night of "Arms and the Man," and of Shaw's replying, "My dear fellow, I quite agree with you; but what are we two against so many?" What has not been known is that Shaw soon afterward made friends with this malcontent, at that time a young man, whose name was Golding Bright and who later became a dramatic critic. He also did gossip paragraphs, and for years Shaw regularly supplied him with bulletins about himself, and even wrote for him an imaginary interview and equipped him with most of the materials for a review of "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant." His letters to Bright thus have value as a record of Shaw's enterprises and movements, and they are interspersed with friendly advice, derived from Shaw's own experience, on the right way for the young man to conduct his career.

•

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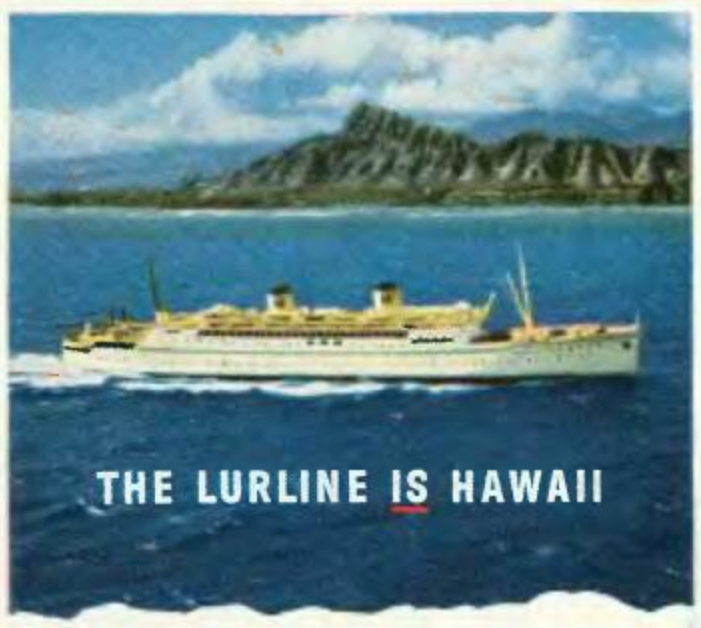
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