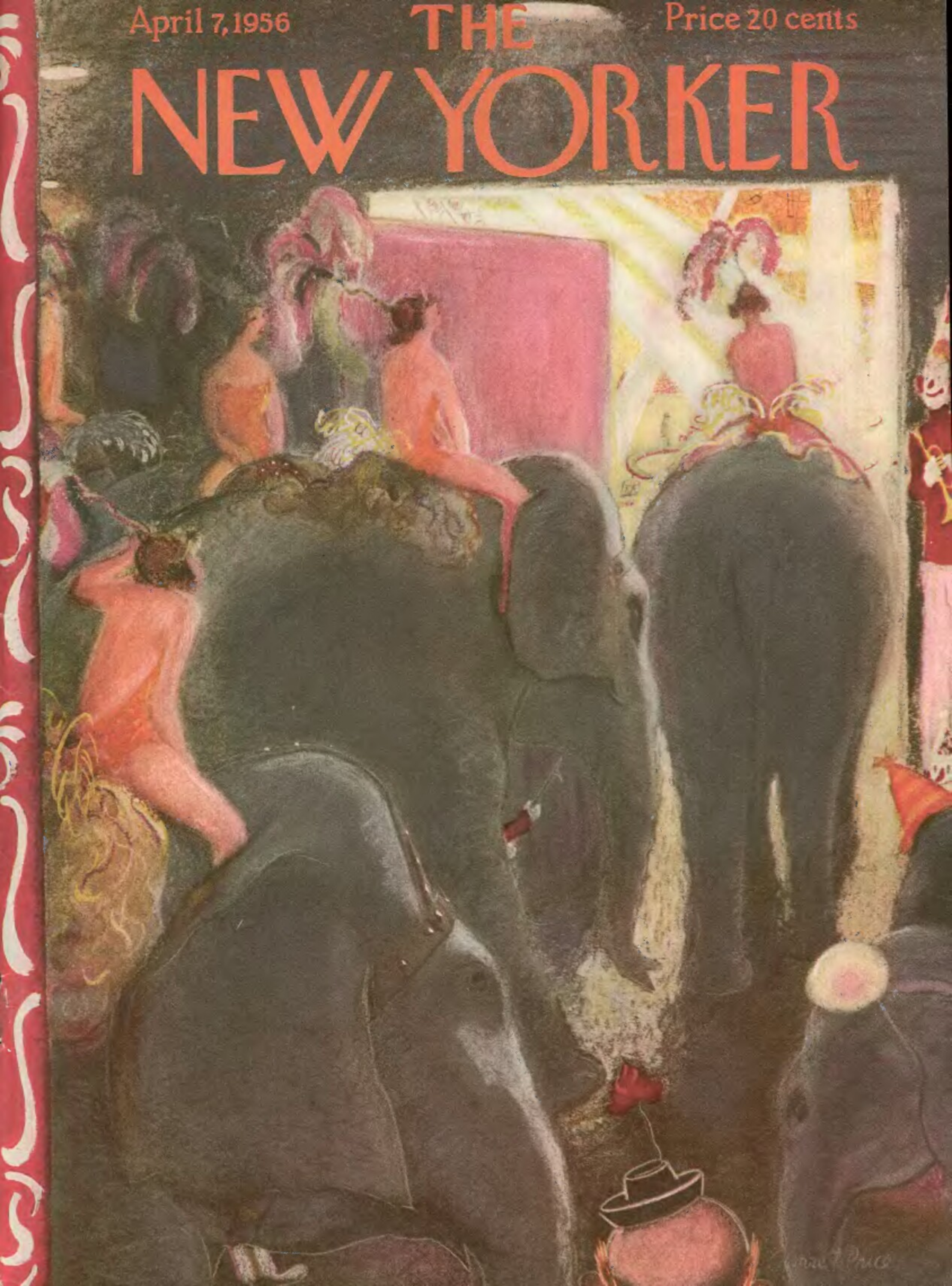


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THE NEW YORKER





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

THE DESK SET—Shirley Booth is glorious as a woman who vanquishes an electronic brain, but otherwise William Marchant's comedy isn't very distinguished. With Dorothy Blackburn, Frank Milan, Byron Sanders, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK—Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett have turned a Dutch girl's account of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis into a wonderfully touching play. Young Susan Strasberg is stunning in her Broadway debut, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are extremely persuasive in other leading roles. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

FALLEN ANGELS—Noel Coward's 1925 comedy about two suburban matrons still brooding over a bygone lover owes its lively moments entirely to Nancy Walker, who registers a superlatively farcical performance. She is assisted by Margaret Phillips, Alice Pearce, William Windom, William LeMassena, and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE GREAT SEBASTIANS—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne bring all their old magic to this rather faint Lindsay-Crouse comedy concerning a couple of mind readers who outwit the whole Russian Army. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A HATFUL OF RAIN—Although Michael V. Gazzo's play about a young drug addict and his heroic wife is occasionally flat and inexpert, Ben Gazzara and Shelley Winters are very good in the leading roles. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

JANUS—Claudette Colbert has replaced Margaret Sullavan in Carolyn Green's neat, if not memorable, comedy about a woman who manages to enjoy the best of several worlds. The supporting company, consisting of Robert Preston, Claude Dauphin, Robert Emhardt, and Mary Finney, is very helpful. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE LARK—Lillian Hellman's adaptation of Jean Anouilh's play about Joan of Arc is eloquent and moving, and Julie Harris gives one of her most compelling performances in the leading role. Joseph Anthony has directed a talented company that includes Boris Karloff, Christopher Plummer, Joseph Wiseman, and Theodore Bikel, and Jo Mielziner's setting is a masterpiece. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE MATCHMAKER—Ruth Gordon is the star and Thornton Wilder the author of this buoyant roughhouse comedy, and it is hard to think of a happier combination. Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are also in the excellent cast, which was directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT—Paddy Chayefsky's play about the romance between a man and a girl half his age has its merry and fairly poignant moments, but both the style and the subject matter are generally rather bleak. Edward G. Robinson returns triumphantly to the stage in one of the leading roles, and his associates include Gena Rowlands, Anne Jackson, and



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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June Walker. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 8.)

MISTER JOHNSON—Joyce Cary's novel about the tragedy of a native clerk in a British colony loses something in Norman Rosten's adaptation, but it is still an alternately sad and funny piece, and Earle Hyman is magnificent in the title role. With William Sylvester, Josephine Premice, and Gaby Rodgers. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS—A wildly comic show about a hillbilly who amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Andy Griffith is extraordinarily capable as the hero, and Myron McCormick and Roddy McDowall are brilliant as a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE PONDER HEART—This adaptation, by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, has lost some of the quality of Eudora Welty's novel, but it is still a better-than-average comedy. David Wayne heads a cast that includes Una Merkel, Sarah Marshall, Juanita Hall, Don Hanmer, and Will Geer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TIGER AT THE GATES—Michael Redgrave is a fine, resonant Hector in Christopher Fry's adaptation of Giraudoux's thoughtful treatment of the Trojan legend. The admirable supporting cast includes Walter Fitzgerald,

Diane Cilento, Barbara Jefford, and Leueen MacGrath. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 7.)

TIME LIMIT!—Conventional melodrama and political theory are rather oddly blended in this piece by Henry Denker and Ralph Berkey about a captured officer who collaborated with the Communists in the Korean War. Arthur Kennedy, Richard Kiley, Allyn McLerie, and Patricia Benoit play important roles. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?—George Axelrod, who wrote "The Seven Year Itch," has posted another cheerfully rowdy comedy, though this time the ingredients are rather more familiar. Orson Bean, Jayne Mansfield, Walter Matthau, and Martin Gabel are pretty funny as Hollywood types of one kind and another. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—BUS STOP: An animated group of characters are assembled at a wayside restaurant in this drama by William Inge. The cast now includes Barbara Baxley, Kent Smith, Bibi Osterwald, and Albert Salmi. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 21.)... **CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF:** A drama by Tennessee Williams in which Barbara Bel Geddes and Burl Ives head a cast directed by Elia Kazan. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **INHERIT THE WIND:** An account of the Scopes trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two famous orators involved. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION:** If you can identify the murderer in Agatha Christie's melodrama, you probably belong on the police force yourself. The cast of thirty includes 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. Matinéés Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

MR. WONDERFUL—The diverse talents of Sammy Davis, Jr., are not quite enough to redeem this rather tedious and elementary piece about the triumph of night-club entertainer. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the gagged-up book; Jerry Bock, Larry Holofcener, and George Weiss provided the songs; and Jack Carter, Pat Marshall, and Olga James are in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MY FAIR LADY—An outstanding musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison, as Professor Higgins, and Julie Andrews, as Eliza Doolittle, are excellent. The book and lyrics are by Alan Jay Lerner, and Frederick Loewe composed the music. The sets and costumes are the work of, respectively, Oliver Smith and Cecil Beaton, and Hanya Holm is responsible for the dances. The cast, which was directed by Moss Hart, also includes Stanley Holloway, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PIPE DREAM—Richard Rodgers' and Oscar Hammerstein's rather fumbling musical adaptation of John Steinbeck's novel "Sweet Thursday," which deals with life among the lovable loafers who populate the cannery rows of California. The music Mr. Rodgers has supplied for the affair is the best thing about it, and a couple of the tunes are among his most appealing. The cast includes Helen Traubel, William Johnson, and Judy Tyler, and they are all reasonably tolerable. (Shu-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bert, 44th St. W. CI 6-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—DAMN YANKEES: A 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. With Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston, and Stephen Douglass. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

... **FANNY:** A musical play, by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, that abounds in people (Ezio Pinza, Walter Slezak, and others), plot (Marseille waterfront life), and production (music by Harold Rome). (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

... **THE PAJAMA GAME:** A confection about romance and labor relations in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Julie Wilson have leading roles. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

... **SILK STOCKINGS:** Cole Porter wrote the songs for this musical version of "Ninotchka," and Hildegard Neff and Lawrence Brooks currently head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 14.)

OPENINGS

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

AFFAIR OF HONOR—Dennis King, Betsy Palmer, and William Prince in a comedy by Bill Hoffman. Presented by the Theatre Guild, in association with Theatre 200, and directed by Robert Douglas. Opens Friday, April 6. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

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

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Friday through Sunday. April 6-8: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." ... Starting Friday, April 13: "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—A double bill made up of Shaw's "The Admirable Bashville" and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—A revival of "The Cradle Song," by Gregorio and Maria Martinez Sierra, in an English translation by John Garrett Underhill. 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. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, April 29.)

FOURTH STREET THEATRE—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," with Franchot Tone, Signe Hasso, George Voskovec, and Clarence Derwent. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Uta Hagen and Luther Adler in Ivan Turgenev's comedy "A Month in the Country," adapted by Emlyn Williams and directed by Michael Redgrave. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE—"Swiftly the Years," three one-act plays by John F. Grahame, who also directed them. Opens Thursday, April 5. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-9894. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40.)

SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—"Romeo and Juliet," directed by Brian Shaw. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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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. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

JUILLIARD FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL—The concluding programs will consist mostly of newly commissioned dance works set to new American music, which will be played by the Juilliard Orchestra, under the direction of Frederick Prausnitz. Friday through Sunday, April 6-8: José Limón and his company, with Pauline Koner. Friday through Sunday, April 13-15: The Juilliard Dance Theatre and Joseph Bloch, piano. For the benefit of the Juilliard Dance Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Evenings at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

YUGOSLAV NATIONAL FOLK BALLET—A company of forty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12, at 8:30.)

ANNA SOKOLOV'S THEATRE DANCE COMPANY—In a program of works choreographed by Miss Sokolow. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, April 14, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—The Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey annual basket party. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinees daily at 2. Extra performance Saturday, April 7, at 9:30 A.M. Through Sunday, May 13. ... The doors open weekdays at 1 and 7, and Sundays at 1 and 6—and at 8:30 A.M. on Saturday, April 7—for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 5-7, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 7, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-4712.)

TOR SEGELCKE—Norway's leading actress in a one-woman show (in English and Norwegian), presented by Guthrie McClintic. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Sunday, April 8, at 2:45.)

COLUMBIA THEATRE ASSOCIATES—As their third production this season, the group will do a revival of "The Jealous Wife," an eighteenth-century comedy by George Colman, the Elder. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2135. Wednesday through Friday, April 11-13, at 8:40, and Saturday, April 14, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

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

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a really elaborate Easter-egg hunt all year round, presents din-

ner music until ten, at which hour Chauncey Gray's orchestra, led into action by Mr. G. himself, and a rumba band open fire. Closed Mondays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Palm Court, where James Kirk's harp is at work during the cocktail hour, except Sundays, is the nineteenth hole for the Ivy League and three million commuters. Mr. Kirk reappears at the dinner hour in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8760)—"Vanity Fair," enacted by an all-star cast, some of it flown in from the Coast. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band are in the pit.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Lilo, a robust Joan of Arc (she, too, has a hidden choir of voices to urge her into action), romps through the usual songs about Paris, Paris, Paris. She appears in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and a trio hand out thoroughly satisfying dance music. Everyone shows up for dinner and supper, except Sundays, when there is just a dinner show, and Mondays, when all is quiet. ... A little orchestra, almost always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The combined orchestra and glee club of Ted Straeter, pianist, fashion plate, and casual tenor, makes the evening hours in the Persian Room seem like minutes. The small commotion at dinner and supper is the doing of Vicente Escudero, the flamenco strutter, and his companions, all of them singers, dancers, or instrumentalists. Mark Monte's minuscule band brings up the rear. Closed Sundays. ...

After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximilian Bergere and Cristof Kayloff sprint from one familiar tune to another. ... Leo LeFleur's string ensemble plays at the cocktail hour in the noble old Palm Court, where tea still holds its own against the cocktail. No dancing. ... There's more LeFleur music at dinner every night in the Edwardian Room. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The gentle murmur of many, many Lombardos, which is not subject to change without notice, keeps the dinner and supper dancers moving in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is a walk of life to which anyone would like to become accustomed. It pulses all evening to the debutante-speed bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. After the theatre, Monique Van Vooren, one of the most architectural of the lamented John Murray Anderson's spectacular showgirls, slithers picturesquely through a bouquet of songs. She departs on Wednesday, April 11; next night, Genevieve, who is Paris to the core, will become the singer of the evening. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music pervades the Café Lounge in the late afternoon and in the evening.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The solemn reaches of the Café Rouge resound to the solid orchestra of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, who have obligingly equipped their vehicle with such expensive accessories as Louis Bellson and Charlie Shavers. Closed Sundays.

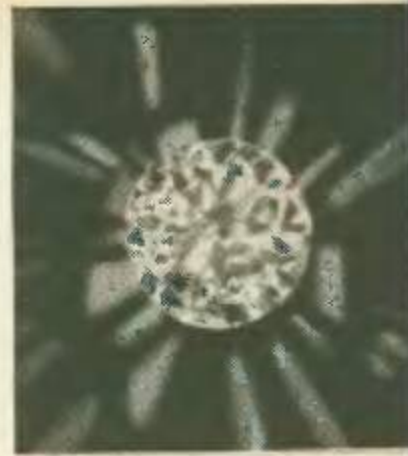
STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—George Washington never slept here, but several more recent founding fathers, unaccustomed to our city's late hours, have been caught napping on the premises. Two bands equipped with Chauncey Gray orchestrations play ticktacktoe in one corner.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The cream of the crop of troupers who throng the perky musical comedy here consists of Larry Daniels, a sound man on certain subjects (married life, Miami, the dress business), and Neile Adams, the choicest of several delectable young ladies. Salvatore Gioè's band and Panchito's rumba men turn out dance music after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Bolger, who doesn't get out at



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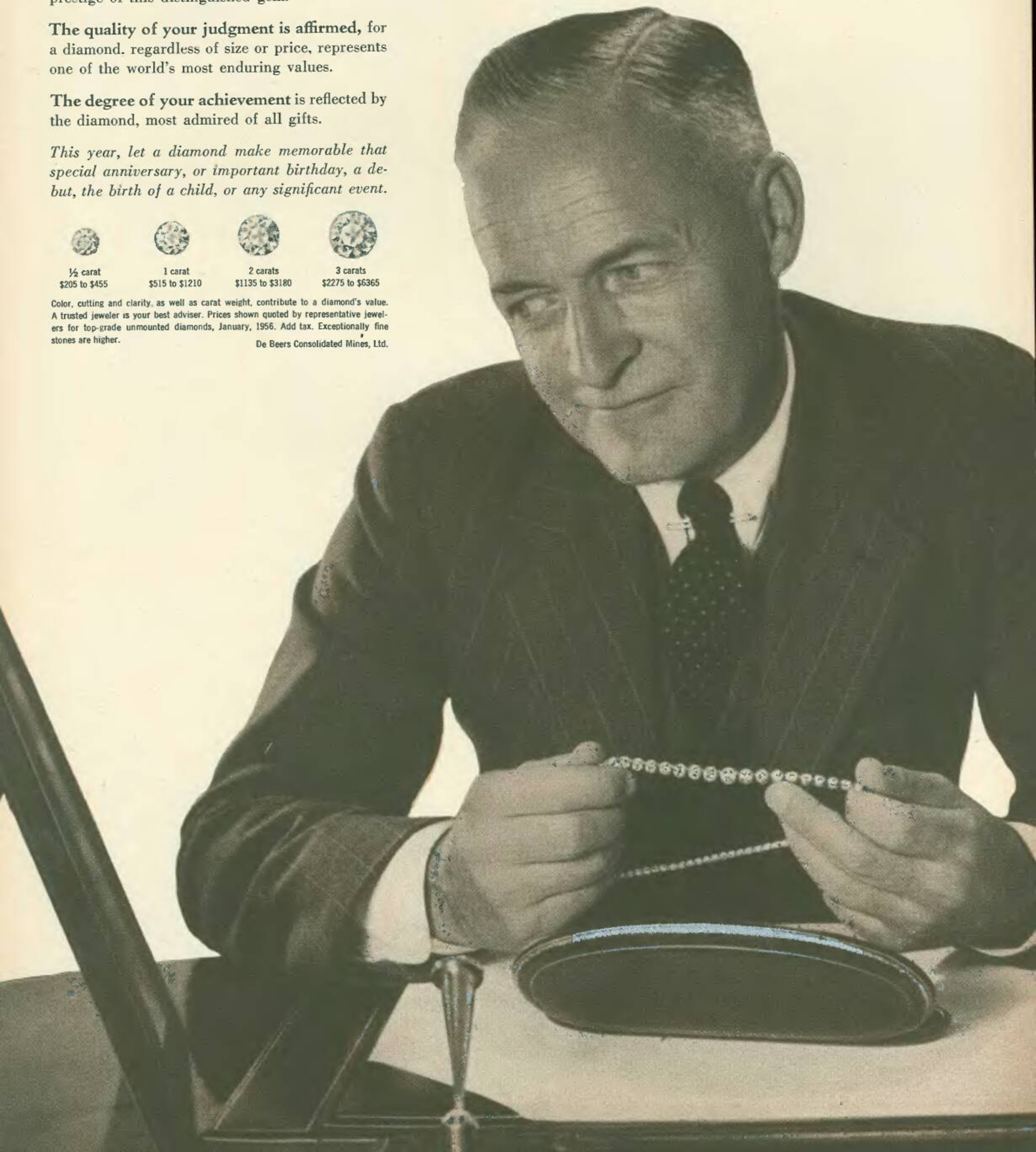
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

night anywhere near enough, is currently displaying his double joints and his spirit of fun in the Empire Room, where Nat Brandwynne's vast orchestra pours forth dance music most of the evening. Mr. Bolger is a ten-o'clock guest weekdays, a late-dinner and supper guest Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . In a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the trio of Cy Coleman gives the new music an animated reading and the *Alt-Wien* group led by Jozsi Ribari does more sedate work during the eight-to-one weekday dancing lessons; Mischa Borr's orchestra takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday party.

NOTE—The eagle's nest called the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, one can take an eagle's-nest look at New York, way down yonder, and wonder what it will be like if they ever get it finished. The address 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A well-kept arboretum, adorned by the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Sundays, Paul Morse has charge of the keyboard. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Cy Walter has made over the fashionable anteroom here into a listening post for his celebrated offbeat piano studies. He's at work during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A habit-forming rostrum for New Yorkers who have heard about daylight saving but have never tried it. Kurt Maier is still providing a quiet dinner and supper obligato at the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (Goldie) Hawkins' beachcombers' haven is warm and weatherproof. The music (Mr. H.'s pepper-and-salt piano and Wayne Sanders' gloriously romantic ditto) and the table-hopping contest (no prizes) begin very early every evening. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): One of those telephone-at-your-table operations, with Renato Rossini's guitar gliding through some warm and romantic Spanish trifles from nine to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): The best time of day here is the king-size dinner hour (five-thirty to nine-thirty), which is ornamented by Barbara Carroll and her trio; their variations on melodic line are more than likely to make you stop, look, and listen. They're away Sundays. . . . **LE PERIGORD**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The recently rechristened bar-and-grill of the Sherry-Netherland offers a fair amount of quiet elegance and (at dinner and again at supper) the fingerwork of Roger Steele, a pianist of several moods. He's off Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A permanent picnic (Latin-American style) that includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Something new and neat under the midnight sun—boy and girl understudies singing their little hearts out after the theatre. Janet Hayes, of "Damn Yankees," and Reid Shelton, of "My Fair Lady," are chanting now; on Tuesday, April 10, Mary Stanton, of "The Pajama Game," will assume Miss Hayes' portfolio. Ralph Strain gets to the piano at cocktail time, except Sundays; Carl Norman reports after dinner, except Mondays. They are both romantic musicians of a superior grade. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A well-arranged stage setting for Hungarian cookery, with just the right amount of Hungarian song, violin, zimbalon, and schmalz thrown in. Dancing, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): The ballads and the instrumental music scattered through the dinner and supper hours all dwell on the carry-me-back-to-that-old-Blue-Danube theme. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE VOUVRAY**, 132 E. 61st St. (TE 8-5383): William Adler, the dean of perambulatory violinists, wanders from bar to dining room and back all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVELY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis,

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the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the slightly stark bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his large album of show tunes. He gets going at eight. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougall St. (GR 7-9221): The small fry appear to enjoy this amalgam of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Enid Mosier, the West Indian volcano, and her trio of steel drummers reach the end of their primrose path on Monday, April 9. Next evening, Ronny Graham, a Mad Hatter of considerable renown, will make his long-deferred return to night life, along with Ellen Hanley, a limpid soprano. Mary Harmon, a small she-devil of a *diseuse*, and Joey Carter, a young man to whom some funny things happen on his way to work, will remain in harness. All hands operate to the vibrant background of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. . . . In the lounge, except Saturday nights, Alex Fogarty contributes his sociable piano at cocktail and dinner time. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The songs are served up by Maya Angelou, a rather brisk breeze from off the Pacific, and Jo Ann Miller, a little angel taking her first bow in this big city; the humor is served up by Paul Mazursky and Herb Hartig (né Igor & H.), two parodists whose sharp eyes have found chinks in many pieces of armor. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The most recent accessions to this collection of objets d'art are Anita Ellis, a skylark that would have pleased even Shelley, and Jimmie Komack, a street urchin whose Manhattan calypsos are knowing indeed. There are further contributions by Tiger Haines and the Three Flames, batting out raucous melody; Jimmie Daniels and his man-of-the-world ditties; Bruce Kirby, the house fall guy; and Hazel Webster, the Village's senior pianist. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Things have picked up here since the return of the Norman Paris trio, whose chamber music is undiluted *joie de vivre*, and Don Adams, an after-dinner speaker on matters of vital unimportance. The rest of the cast (a wistful clown named Gordon Polk is the best) still needs a bit of spadework. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Twenty feet underground, Julius Monk, who has converted many a freshman into varsity material, is presenting a varsity all his own (June Ericson, Dody Goodman, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews) in a brisk revue, most of which is neat

as a button, bright as a pin. The orchestra is the double piano of Murray Grand and Sam Keen; the nonsense begins at ten-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Mabel Mercer, who gives the poetry of the newer laureates (Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and the like) a special lilt, holds this small world in the hollow of her hand whenever she sings. There's bright piano every evening from cocktail time until the early hours by Sam Hamilton and/or Bob Printz; Miss M. arrives after the theatre, and rests on her laurels Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DUPLEX**, 55 Grove St. (WA 4-2730): Lovey Powell, Brooks Morton, and Tom Roland are deployed in this pleasant, peaceful little garret. Miss Powell sings in an aware, thoughtful way that should probably be made compulsory; Mr. Morton does literate piano; Mr. Roland does literate humor. On Tuesday, April 10, Hal Holbrook, a young man with a Mark Twain fixation, returns to action, thus displacing Mr. Roland. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from the twin pianos in the bar. Twice a night, two newcomers, Karen Anders and Stanley Grover, do a stint of chirruping. Miss Anders stays home Sundays, when ancient movies show up; Mr. Grover stays home Mondays. . . . **BEVERLY CLUB**, Beverly Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (PL 3-3717): Bobby Short, a prime example of the open-all-night manner of balladry and pianism, rises and shines with vast *elan* in a room a trifle too cavernous for even such a heart-warming operation. Gypsy Markoff and her accordion, birds of quite another feather, are also present. Closed Mondays.

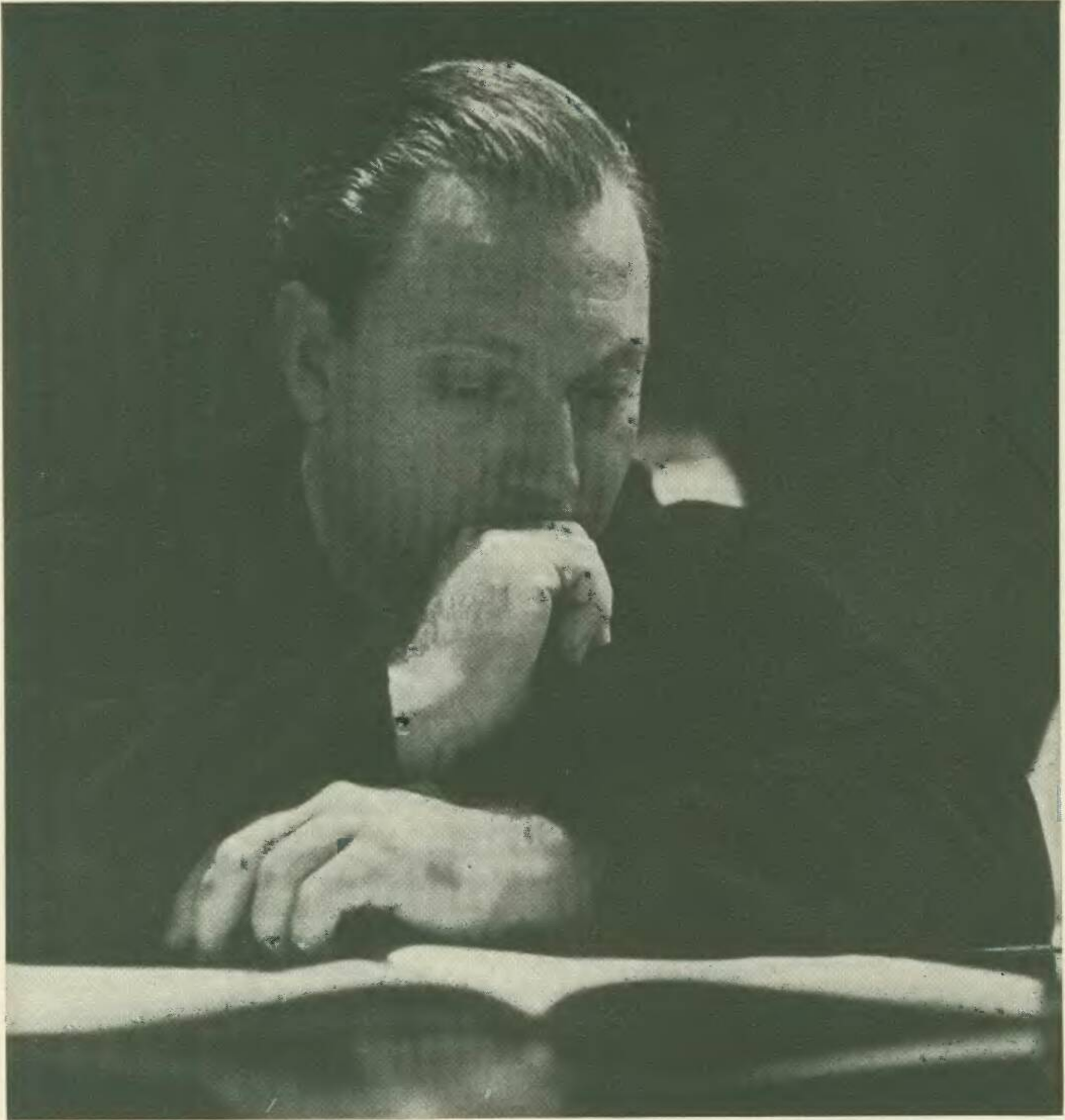
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

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

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's trumpet is apt to go up in smoke with (or without) the least provocation. His call to arms is answered by Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, and (off and on) Mr. Condon, who is also host and strolling commentator. The intermissions are bridged by Ralph Sutton and Buzzy Drootin, as good a piano-and-drum corps as this country has produced. On Tuesday nights, visiting top brass (not to mention visiting stringmen) sit in for a few sets. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The little acorn planted some years ago by Joe Bushkin and other forward-looking jazzmen has become the tree house of Carmen Cavallaro, a pianist with more of a sweet tooth. His quartet and another group get to work at eight-thirty. There's cocktail and dinner piano, too. Sunday evenings, the inventive and nimble Jack Elliott and his modernist trio are in charge. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Jump-for-joy music of the Southland by a collection of hardened muscle men. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Through Sunday, April 8, the Oscar Peterson trio, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and the Kai Winding-J. J. Johnson quintet, who between them know almost all there is to know about the music of tomorrow, will be proving it to any skeptics. Monday is silent night. On Tuesday, April 10, Duke Ellington will bring one of the best bands of his long career to town. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his sturdy craftsmen—among them Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, and Sonny White—offer valid evidence that the handmade music of our ancestors is still a match for the slickest mass-production sound effects of the new age. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Mondays are for jam sessions, and Sundays are for rest. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Paradise enow for pianists. The incumbents are Billy Taylor and George Wallington, who head good and highly experimental trios, and Johnny Mehegan, a truly abstruse theorist. Mr. Mehegan is at the piano from six to around nine-thirty, flanked by his Juilliard student body; Saturday is his free evening. The Wallingtons are off Sunday; the Taylors are off Monday. On Thursday, April 12,



THE SOUND OF GENIUS...



Photograph by Fred Platt

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the trios of Tal Farlow and Bernard Peiffer will replace the Taylor and Wallington threesomes. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Old favorites are nesting in their pet aviary—Dinah Washington, a commanding and commendable jazz singer, and Johnny Smith's quartet, a sotto-voce symphony of the advanced sound. Al Belletto's sextet, which is new around here, is also present. Monday nights, guest artists assemble to make jam. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The circular bar is affording America's first look at Jutta Hipp, who by now has got her second wind and her second set of sidemen (Edmund Thigpen, on drums, and Peter Ind, on bass). As a result, her progressive piano sounds better than ever. Her trio checks in at ten. Bernie Nierow, the interlude professor, is all right, too. No action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): The mile-long boardwalk behind the enormous bar is a parade ground for music that is part New Orleans, part Chicago, and part bedlam. Among the instigators are Ken Kersey, Zutty Singleton, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Tony Parenti, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins. The cannonade is just about continuous from 7 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): A tryout spot for musicians you're not apt to hear anywhere else. The Mitchell-Ruff duo departs on Thursday, April 5; Joe Saye's trio, which stays on, will be joined by the Tony Scott quartet. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Among the hot potatoes expected to drop into the grill on Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, are Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Buck Clayton, Coleman Hawkins, Jimmy Rushing, Bud Freeman, Joe Marsala, Zutty Singleton, Sonny Greer, Cliff Jackson, and Hank Duncan. Takeoff time is nine. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend canteen eminently suitable for the little ones. The order of the evening is beer, pretzels, and pristine jazz. On Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, the pied pipers scheduled to show up include Roy Eldridge, Pee Wee Erwin, J. C. Higginbotham, Tony Parenti, Max Kaminsky, Arvell Shaw, and Dick Wellstood.

ART

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

GALLERIES

- CALVIN ALBERT**—New sculptures in welded metal, boldly bravura in feeling, though abstract in design; through Saturday, April 14. (Borge-nicht, 61 E. 57th St.)
- KENNETH ARMITAGE**—Recent pieces in bronze by one of the top contemporary British sculptors, in his second one-man exhibition in this country; through Saturday, April 14. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)
- ROGER BEZOMBES**—The New York debut of a French Impressionist painter; through April 28. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)
- PIERRE BONNARD**—Twenty-three pictures, covering the fifty years from 1896 to 1946, on loan from private collections and museums; through Saturday, April 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)
- MARC CHAGALL**—About half the oils and gouaches on exhibit (the earliest was painted in 1910 and the latest in 1953) have been lent by private collectors, and practically all are having their initial showing here; through Saturday, April 14. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)
- FRED CONWAY**—Abstracted seascapes and harbor scenes in water color, plus several oils, by this well-known muralist; starting Saturday, April 7. (Grand Central Moderns, 120 E. 57th St.)
- WILLEM DE KOONING**—Nine large oils (1955-56) in a new abstract direction; through April 28. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)
- ANTONIO FRASCONI**—Cleverly stylized paintings, color woodcuts, and lithographs, ranging from Maine scenes to coastal trawlers; through April 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

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GAUGUIN—The first local exhibition of his work in ten years comprises a hundred and four paintings (of which fifty-three are oils), drawings, monotypes, woodcuts, and sculptures; for the benefit of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York City. Through May 5. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

HOWARD GIBBS—Paintings, sometimes quite witty, in a lightly playful mingling of Surrealism and deliberate naïveté; through Saturday, April 14. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

JULIO GONZÁLEZ—Running simultaneously with the big González show at the Museum of Modern Art, this contains a group of sculptures, as well as a number of designs for works left unfinished at his death; through Saturday, April 7. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

JUAN GRIS AND HENRI LAURENS—Oils and gouaches by Gris; collages, water colors, and bronze and terra-cotta sculptures by Laurens. Through May 26. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

RUTH GUTMAN AND LESLIE POWELL—Mrs. Gutman is displaying cast-stone and plaster sculptures, Mr. Powell oils, drawings, and pastels of landscapes; through April 16. (Barzansky, 1071 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

PAUL JENKINS—Abstract oils and drawings, rich in color, if a little misty in concept; through Saturday, April 7. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

LEON KELLY—The first solo exhibit here since 1945 of his Surrealist paintings; through April 27. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

SIDNEY LAUFMAN—Brush drawings on rice paper, in the Japanese manner and principally of trees; through Saturday, April 7. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES LE CLAIR—Nicely stylized landscapes and figure studies, in water color, occasionally reminiscent of Feininger in composition; through Saturday, April 7. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

HERMAN MARIL—Paintings of shore-side and other scenes, done in pleasantly cool tones and broad, unaccented patterns; through Saturday, April 14. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.)

SIDNEY NOLAN—The first American showing of paintings by a young Australian painter who is already noted in England for his vigorous treatment of native themes; through April 21. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

ALFONSO OSSORIO—Extreme examples of the dribble school of painting, marked by more than usually adroit textural variations; through Saturday, April 7. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—Ten paintings of women (1932-49) and a couple of sculptures in bronze; through Saturday, April 7. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER—A dozen oils, including interiors and landscapes with figures, by an art critic of *Art News*; through April 24. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

KARL SCHRAG—Brightly fanciful oils and other works that often have something of Burchfield about them; through Saturday, April 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JOHN SENNHAUSER—Non-objective painting, done with a keen eye for color contrasts and dazzling patterns; through Saturday, April 14. (Zabriskie, 835 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)



Weekdays, noon to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

CHARLES SHEELER—A selection of twenty paintings, five drawings, and five lithographs, lent by the William H. Lane Foundation; through April 28. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

MIRON SOKOLE—Paintings resulting for the most part from a sojourn in Mexico; through April 21. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

ELIZABETH SPARHAWK-JONES—New paintings, with a curious, generally effective mixture of Expressionism and fantasy; through Saturday, April 7. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

JACK SQUIER—The first one-man exhibit of sculptures in bronze, by a young artist who works mainly in totemic designs; through April 21. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

TROMKA—A memorial show of paintings, drawings, and etchings by this artist who died two years ago; through April 21. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **POINDEXTER**, 46 E. 57th St.: Paintings, all more or less Abstract Expressionist in manner, by Dan Rice, William Scharf, Alfred Skondovitch, and Nora Speyer; through April 21. . . . **STABLE**, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Oils by Edward Dugmore, Marca-Relli, Joan Mitchell, John Ferren, James Brooks, and Giorgio Cavallon; through Saturday, April 7.

NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.—The April exhibition consists of paintings selected by a jury from entries from a number of states. The first prize was awarded to Janet Herring, of Texas. Through April 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: André Lansky; starting Saturday, April 14. . . . **GALERIE MODERNE**, 49 W. 53rd St.: Camille Hilaire; starting Monday, April 9. (Weekdays, 12:30 to 6.) . . . **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Hann Trier; starting Monday, April 9. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: "Art of the Pioneer;" starting Thursday, April 12. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Gérard Schneider; starting Monday, April 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: John Whorf; starting Monday, April 9. . . . **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: David Aronson; starting Monday, April 9. . . . **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Group show; starting Monday, April 9. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Fernand Léger; starting Monday, April 9. . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Ben Benn; starting Monday, April 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

MUSEUMS

- METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by five major American artists who have died within recent years—Lyonel Feininger, Walt Kuhn, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, John Marin, and B. J. O. Nordfeldt—taken from the Museum's collection and on loan from several sources, including the artists' estates; through April 29. . . . ¶ An exhibit made up of thirty-six crystal forms designed and engraved by the Steuben Glass people from original paintings and drawings (which are also on view) by present-day artists of sixteen Near and Far East countries; through Sunday, April 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)
- MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Julio González (1876-1942), the Spanish sculptor known for his pioneering work in brazed and welded metal; through Sunday, April 8. (A good complement to the exhibition is the González show at Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.) . . . ¶ A review of paintings, drawings, lithographs, and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec; through May 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)
- BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—Prints, illustrated books, and other examples of work done during the past four years by advance students in graphic arts at Yale University; through April 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)
- MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36th St.—Twenty-eight drawings and twenty-one oil sketches by the seventeenth-century Flemish Master Peter Paul Rubens; through April 28. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)
- RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—In their twentieth annual, the American



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Abstract Artists will be joined by a group known as Painters Eleven, from Toronto; starting Sunday, April 8. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of a hundred and one oils, temperas, water colors, and drawings by Morris Graves, many of them never shown before in New York; through Sunday, April 8. (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—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Risé Stevens, Nadine Conner, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . Friday, April 6, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Astrid Varnay, Set Svanholm, Martial Singher, and Otto Edelmann. . . . Saturday, April 7, at 2: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Victoria de los Angeles, Nadine Conner, Cesare Siepi, and Frank Guarrera. . . . Saturday, April 7, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Hilde Gueden, Laurel Hurley, Giuseppe Campora, and Frank Valentino. . . . Wednesday, April 11, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Eleanor Steber, Risé Stevens, Nadine Conner, Otto Edelmann, and Kurt Baum. . . . Thursday, April 12, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Hilde Gueden, Sandra Warfield, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . Friday, April 13, at 8:15: "Manon Lescaut," with Licia Albanese, Jussi Bjoerling, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . Saturday, April 14, at 2: "Il Trovatore," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Kurt Baum, and Leonard Warren. . . . Saturday, April 14, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Patrice Munsel, Blanche Thebom, and Charles Kullman, as well as special guests Hilde Gueden, Jussi Bjoerling, Otto Edelmann, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday evening, April 5: "Troilus and Cressida" (in English). . . . Friday evening, April 6: "Rigoletto." . . . Saturday matinée, April 7: "La Traviata." . . . Saturday evening, April 7: "Fledermaus" (in English). . . . Sunday matinée, April 8: "La Bohème." . . . Sunday evening, April 8: "Il Trovatore." . . . Wednesday evening, April 11: The company's premières of two one-act operas—Rolf Liebermann's "The School for Wives," in an English translation by Elisabeth Montagu, and Mozart's "The Impresario," for which Giovanni Cardelli did an English adaptation. . . . Thursday evening, April 12: "Tosca." . . . Friday evening, April 13: "Madame Butterfly." . . . Saturday matinée, April 14: "Carmen." . . . Saturday evening, April 14: "La Traviata." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinéés at 2:30. Through Sunday, April 15.)

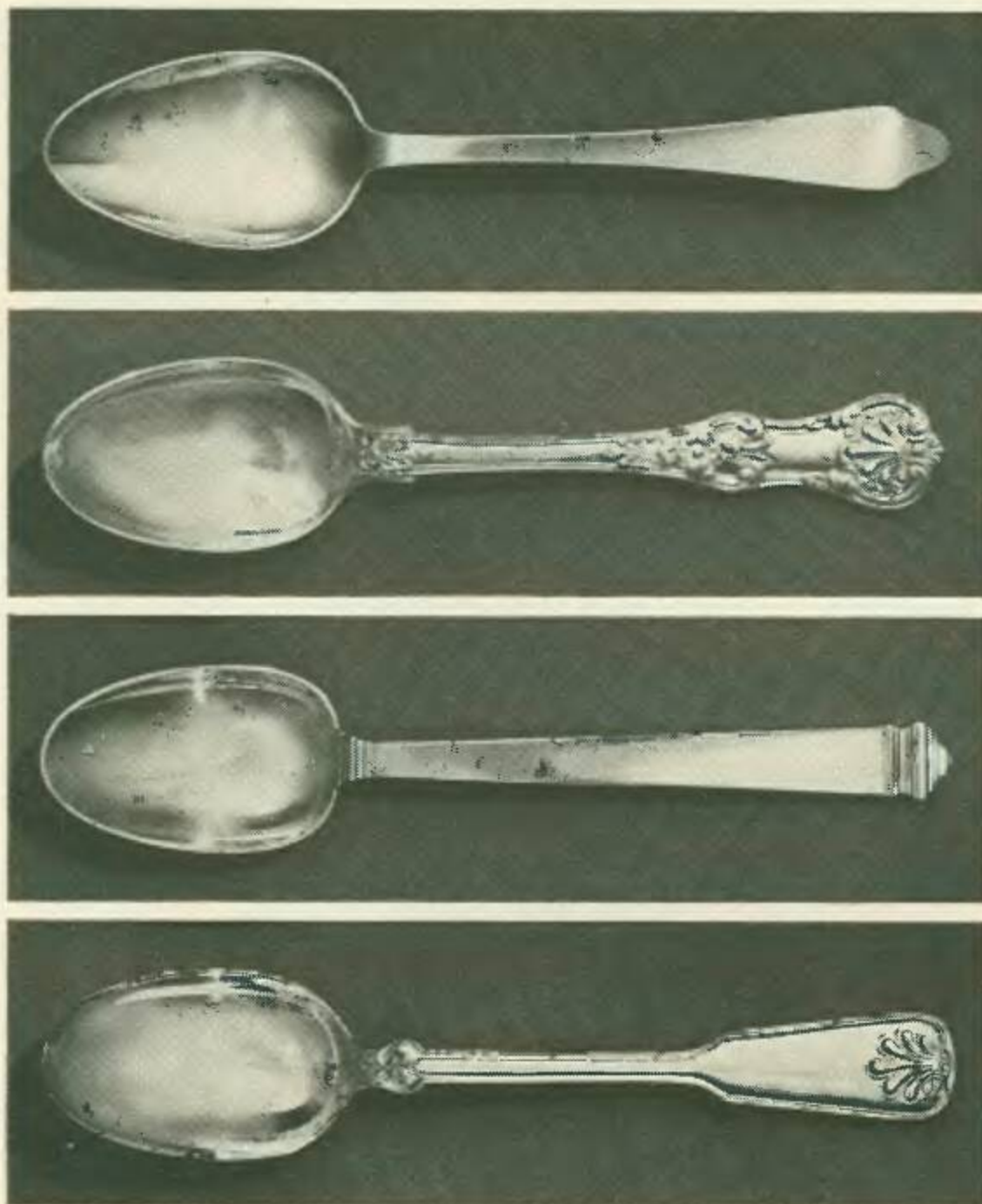
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Guido Cantelli conducting on Thursday, April 5, at 8:45, and Friday, April 6, at 2:30 (both with Rudolf Firkusny, piano). . . . André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, April 7, at 8:45 (with Noel Coward, narrator, and Leonid Hambro and Jascha Zayde, pianos). . . . Guido Cantelli conducting on Sunday, April 8, at 2:30 (with Rudolf Firkusny, piano). . . . Dimitri Mitropoulos directing on Thursday, April 12, at 8:45, and Friday, April 13, at 2:30 (both with Beatrice Krebs, contralto, and the Westminster Choir); and Saturday, April 14, at 8:45 (with Laszlo Varga, cello).

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Howard Mitchell directing, with the Howard University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 8:30.)

VIRTUOSI DI ROMA—Renato Fasano conducting an all-Vivaldi program. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, April 6, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRA DA CAMERA—Remus Tzincoca conducting, with Cesare Siepi, bass. The first



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in a series of three concerts. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 11, at 8:30.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau conducting, with May O'Donnell and her dance company. The final concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK CONCERT CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA—Margaret Hillis directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Adele Addison, soprano; Mary Davenport, contralto; David Lloyd and Blake Stern, tenors; William Warfield, baritone; Kenneth Smith, bass-baritone; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. The last in a series of four concerts. (Town Hall. Friday, April 6—Part I at 6:15 and Part II at 9.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Ralph Hunter directing a program of French music. (Town Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8:30.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

MYRA HESS—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Thursday, April 5, at 8:30. Unfortunately, all seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

WALTER GIESEKING—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 6, at 8:30.)

TWILIGHT CONCERTS—Joseph Wolman, piano. The sixth in a series of eight programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 7, at 5:30. For information about tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

JOHN CREIGHTON MURRAY—Violin. A benefit for the Police Athletic League. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 10, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 6-9200, Room 354.)

WILHELM BACKHAUS—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 11, at 8:40.)

LEONID HAMERO—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 12, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Dodgers vs. Yankees, exhibition game. (Ebbets Field. Saturday, April 14, at 2.)

HUNT RACING—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 7.)...
 ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 14.)...
 ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 14.)

INDOOR POLO—Saturday, April 7: Final match of the National Twelve-Goal Championship Tournament and a non-tournament match. ...
 ¶ Saturday, April 14: The opening round of the National Thirteen-Goal Championship Tournament and another game to be announced. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Games begin at 8:30.)

RACING—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, May 12. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, April 7; the Gotham, Wednesday, April 11; and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 14. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)...
 BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, April 17. The John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap, Saturday, April 7.

TRAPSHOOTING—Thomas H. Lawrence Memorial Shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 7, at 9:30 and noon, and Sunday, April 8, at 10.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Monday, July 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.)

FOR CHILDREN

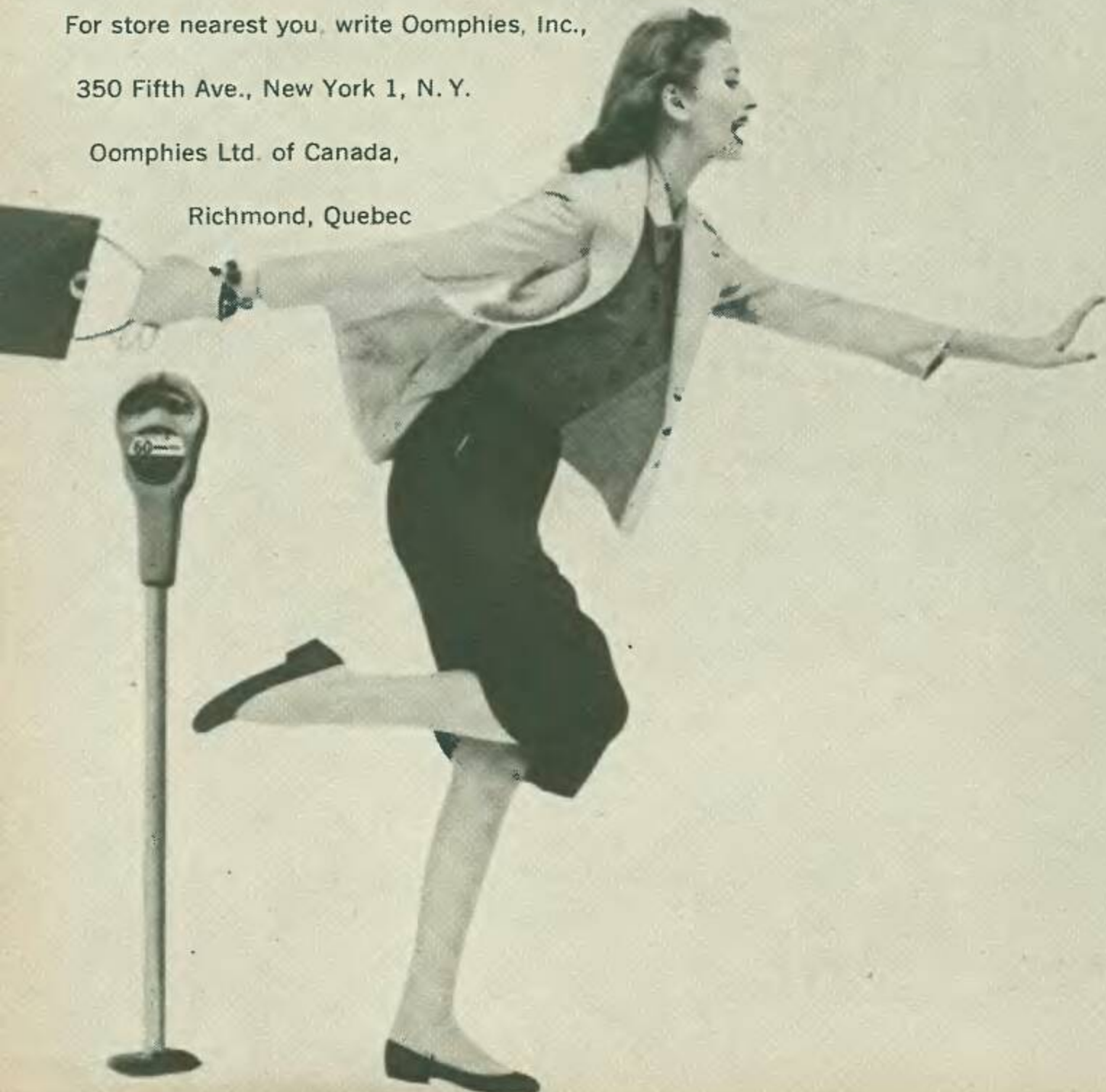
OPERETTA—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting a performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 7, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-4712.)

PLAYS—By the Y Playhouse: "Greensleeves," Thursday and Friday, April 5-6, at 10:30 and 3... "Mr. Popper's Penguins," Sunday, April 8, at 3. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—How time, calendars, and the seasons are related to the earth's motions in space is demonstrated in the current show "Our Spinning World." An additional feature, "Easter in the Heavens," concerning the significance of the moon in setting the dates of Easter and Passover, will be shown through Monday, April 9. (Thursday and Friday, April 5-6, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; Saturday, April 7, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, April 8, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, April 9, at 2 and 3:30; Tuesday through Friday, April 10-13, at 2, 3:30 and 8:30; and Saturday, April 14, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.)... Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, take place every night except Monday.

MOVIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, after eleven on the day of the showing. Children must be accompanied by an adult.): "Parade" and "Nanook of the North." (Thursday, April 5, at 11:15.)... "Sweeney Steps Out," "The Story About Ping," "The Old Mill," and "Ti-Jean Goes Lumbering." (Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, at 11:15.)... **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700): "The Vanishing Prairie," a Walt Disney nature film. (Saturday, April 7, at 3.)

CHILDREN'S ZOO—A tiny menagerie of tame animals, most of which may be petted by the youngsters. Among them are rabbits, ducks, lambs, and piglets. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, will be open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under daily, from 10 to 12, through Saturday, April 7. Blades will give way to roller skates starting Saturday, April 14.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—After Thursday, April 5, when the Trusteeship Council will adjourn, the organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until the Economic and Social Council convenes on April 17; there will, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. 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.)

COUNTRY ANTIQUES FAIR—About two acres of furniture, glass, china, and so on, ranging from the everyday variety to the rare. There's also a collection of antique traps for catching everything, from mice to, so help us, men. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, April 9-13, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 14, from 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century French, Venetian, and other furniture; terracotta and wood sculptures; paintings; and decorations. From the estate of W. Jay Saylor... Tuesday, April 10, at 1:45: First editions and library sets by American and English authors, autograph letters and manuscripts by Mark Twain and others, and fifteen Copto-Egyptian leaves of the tenth through the fourteenth century; the property of Sol M. Flock and others... Wednesday, April 11, at 1:45: Part I of the Haffenreffer

collection of cigar-store Indians, and other American trade signs. Exhibition starts Friday, April 6.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—YANKEES—At Yankee Stadium: April 15 (exhibition game), April 20-22, April 24, May 1-6, and May 8-13. . . . **GIANTS**—At the Polo Grounds: April 17-19, April 25-29, and May 15. . . . **DODGERS**—At Ebbets Field: April 17, April 27-29, April 30 (exhibition game), May 11-13, and May 15. . . . ¶ At Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City: April 19.

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. April 21.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Syracuse, and Navy. (Ithaca. April 28.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Philadelphia. April 28.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. May 5.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (New Haven. May 5.) . . . ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Washington, D.C. May 12.)

HORSE SHOWS—Boulder Brook Club (Spring) Horse Show. (Scarsdale. April 21-22.) . . . ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Malvern, Pa. May 5.) . . . ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. May 11-13.)

HUNT RACING—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 21.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. April 21.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. April 28.) . . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup. (Warrenton, Va. May 5.)

RACING—At LAUREL, Md.: April 18-May 7. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: April 28-May 30. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 5. . . . **BELMONT PARK**: May 14-July 7.

TRACK—Boston Marathon. (Hopkinton, Mass. April 19.) . . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 27-28.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. May 5.)

MUSIC—At **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7460): The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues through April 29. . . . ¶ Symphony of the Air, April 18. . . . ¶ Dessoff Choirs, May 10. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Orchestra da Camera, April 18 and 25. . . . ¶ Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, April 20. . . . ¶ Gerald Tarack, violin, April 30. . . . ¶ Josh White, folk singer, May 4. . . . **MC MILLIN THEATRE** (CO 5-7460): Mozart Anniversary Festival, at Columbia University—Mozart-eum Orchestra of Salzburg, April 24; Little Orchestra Society, April 25 and 27; and a chamber-music program on April 26.

BALLET—Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 17-May 6.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A play by Samuel Beckett, "Waiting for Godot," with Bert Lahr and E. G. Marshall. . . . ¶ Three-week revivals of "The King and I," "Kiss Me, Kate," and "Carmen Jones" by the New York City Center Light Opera Company. . . . ¶ A musical, "Strip for Action," adapted by Paul Streger and Eli Basse from the play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Yvonne Adair heads the cast, Jimmy McHugh is responsible for the music, and Harold Adamson turned out the lyrics. . . . ¶ Donald Cook, Polly Rowles, and Hiram Sherman in a new production of "Goodbye Again," the 1932 comedy by Allan Scott and George Haight. . . . ¶ A comedy by Alex Gottlieb, "Wake Up, Darling," with a cast that includes Barry Nelson, Barbara Britton, and Russell Nye. . . . ¶ "The Most Happy Fella," Frank Loesser's musical version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted," in which Robert Weede, Jo Sullivan, and Mona Paulee have the leading roles. . . . ¶ Darren McGavin, Hurd Hatfield, Joanne Woodward, and Morris Carnovsky, in a play by Leslie Stevens called "The Lovers."

OTHER DATES—Federal income-tax returns for 1955 and estimates for 1956, as well as New York State returns, are due Monday, April 16. . . . ¶ Narcissus Show, at Essex House, April 18. . . . ¶ National Photographic Show, Fifth International Philatelic Exhibition, and International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, April 28-May 6. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 29.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

DIABOLIQUE—In this French film, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, there are plenty of fine, suspenseful moments as the wife and mistress of a cad join forces to effect his elimination, but maybe the ending isn't quite as plausible as it might be. The acting is superb, the cast being headed by Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse, who play, respectively, wife, mistress, and cad. (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.)

THE DIVIDED HEART—A German couple raises a refugee Yugoslavian boy, and the boy's mother comes along and wants him back. A touching tale, based on an actual occurrence and excellently told. The loving foster parents are Cornell Borchers and Armin Dahlen, and Michel Ray is the sought-after lad. An English film. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; April 6-7.)

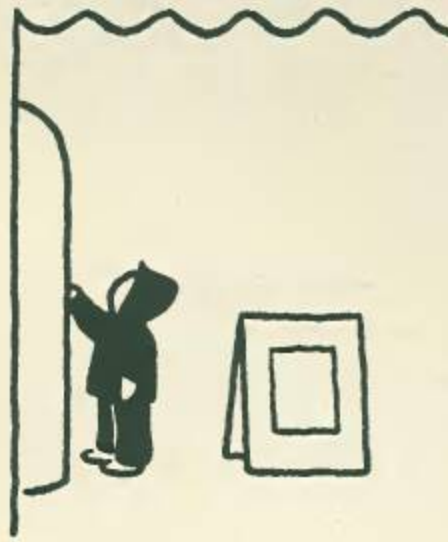
GUYS AND DOLLS—The stage musical in a big, beribboned package that contains quite a bit of waste space. Frank Sinatra and Vivian Blaine manage the Frank Loesser songs quite pleasantly, but Marlon Brando, new at the game, sings as uncertainly as a change-of-voice choirboy, and Jean Simmons needs tuning. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through April 10.)

IT'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 "Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe." (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; April 5, tentative. . . . York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; April 8-10. . . . Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting April 11, tentative.)

LETTERS FROM MY WINDMILL—A hugely comical treatment of three stories by Alphonse Daudet. The film, made in France, was written, directed, and produced by Marcel Pagnol, and is at its best when it is depicting some priestly dilemmas, such as how to stave off hunger while celebrating Mass and how to maintain dignity in a monastery recently launched as an elixir manufactory. The cast is headed by Henri Vilbert, Relys, and Daxely, and they are all exemplary. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting April 11, tentative.)

MARTY—A wonderful little picture in which the love life of a Bronx butcher compels both laughter and tears. Ernest Borgnine is a most persuasive denizen of the northern borough, and Betsy Blair is just right as the lady of his dreams. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; April 8-10.)

OKLAHOMA!—A somewhat overblown wide-



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

screen reworking of the famous Rodgers and Hammerstein folk opera, in which Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Gene Nelson, Charlotte Greenwood, Rod Steiger, Gloria Grahame, and Eddie Albert disport themselves upon the prairie with only sporadically satisfactory results. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Thursday and Friday, April 5-6, at 10:30, 1:30, 5, and 8:40; Saturday, April 7, at 10:30, 2:30, 6, and 9:30; Sunday, April 8, at 1:30, 5, and 8:40; and Monday through Wednesday, April 9-11, at 2:30 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

RICHARD III—Sir Laurence Olivier's version of the Shakespearean chronicle about the tail end of the Wars of the Roses. As the last of the Plantagenets, he is a bewildering character, and the movie itself tends to dawdle. However, the cast, which also includes Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir John Gielgud, Claire Bloom, Pamela Brown, and Norman Wooland, is apt in its readings of Shakespeare's lines. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Thursday and Friday, April 5-6, at 2:30, 5:30, and 8:30; Saturday, April 7, at 2:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 11:30; Sunday, April 8, at 2:30, 5:30, and 8:30; and Monday through Wednesday, April 9-11, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE ROSE TATTOO—Anna Magnani is altogether splendid as the heroine of Tennessee Williams' play about an emotional Italian lady, resident in Louisiana, who wants to cling to the memory of her dead husband's virtues but also feels highly stimulated by a boisterous truck driver. Burt Lancaster does a good job as the truck driver. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; April 5. . . . Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through April 7. . . . Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting April 6, tentative. . . . 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR

7-7874; starting April 7, tentative. . . . Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 8-11. . . . York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting April 11.)

SUMMERTIME—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a first-rate interpretation of Arthur Laurents' "The Time of the Cuckoo." As a spinster seeking romance in Venice, Miss Hepburn is highly appealing, and Mr. Brazzi is convincing as the gentleman who provides Miss Hepburn with what she is looking for. The views of Venice are uniformly dazzling. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; April 8-10.)

UMBERTO D.—A sorrowful description of the unhappy lot of a pensioner in Italy, for whom life holds out very, very little. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, the film has its poignant episodes, but it is a lesser item than such other De Sica works as "Shoeshine" and "The Bicycle Thief." Carlo Battisti, as the pensioner, Maria Pia Casilio, as a forlorn waif who is his friend, and Lina Gennari, as his unsympathetic landlady, are all commendable in their roles. In Italian. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting April 10, tentative.)

REVIVALS

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

FANTASIA (1940)—Disney's mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

FORBIDDEN GAMES (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two young children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 5.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. With Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 10-11.)

THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS (1954)—An English film, mostly about two small boys (Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter) in Nova Scotia in 1904. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 5.)

OF MICE AND MEN (1940)—Burgess Meredith and Lon Chaney, Jr., as Steinbeck's ranch hands. Betty Field is the girl. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 8-9, tentative.)

THE WAGES OF FEAR (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin making a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 6, tentative.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series of films entitled "The Goldwyn Cycle"—Through April 8: "Arrow-smith" (1931), with Ronald Colman, Helen Hayes, and Myrna Loy. . . . Starting April 9: "Cynara" (1932), with Ronald Colman and Kay Francis. (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.)

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
RICHARD III.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Alexander the Great," Richard Burton, Fredric March, Claire Bloom.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"On the Threshold of Space," Guy Madison, John Hodiak.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Patterns," Van Heflin, Everett Sloane.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Serenade," Mario Lanza, Joan Fontaine.

THE BROADWAY AREA

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

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Anything Goes," Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor, Jeanmaire.

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

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through April 11: "Carousel," Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Miracle in the Rain," Jane Wyman, Van Johnson.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Man Who Never Was," Clifton Webb, Gloria Grahame.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through April 8: "Cinerama Holiday." (Thursday, April 5, at 2:40, 5:30, and 8:40; Friday, April 6, at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturday, April 7, at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sunday, April 8, at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)
From April 10, at 8:40: "Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Opening night by invitation only.) . . . Starting Wednesday, April 11, regular schedule—2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through April 10: "Dark River" (in Spanish), Adriana Benetti, Hugo Del Carril.
From April 11: "The Last Ten Days" (in German).

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
LETTERS FROM MY WINDMILL (in French).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through April 10: "Blackjack Ketchum, Desperado," Howard Duff, Victor Jory; and "Song of the South," revival, a full-length Walt Disney film.
From April 11: "The Benny Goodman Story," Steve Allen, Donna Reed; and "Red Sundown," Rory Calhoun, Martha Hyer.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
April 5 (tentative): I'LL CRY TOMORROW.
From April 6 (tentative): THE ROSE TATTOO.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through April 7: "Dance Little Lady," Terence Morgan, Mai Zetterling; and "The Trouble with Harry," Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.
April 8-9 (tentative): OF MICE AND MEN, revival; and "With a Song in My Heart," revival, Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun.
From April 10 (tentative): UMBERTO D. (in Italian).

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through April 10: GUYS AND DOLLS.
From April 11: "The Court Jester," Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns, and "Battle Stations," John Lund, William Bendix.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Doctor at Sea," Dirk Bogarde, Brigitte Bardot.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Ladykillers," Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 7: "Blackjack Ketchum, Desperado," Howard Duff, Victor Jory; and "Song of the South," revival, a full-length Walt Disney film.
April 8-10: "Day the World Ended," Richard Denning, Lori Nelson; and "The Phantom from 10,000 Leagues," Kent Taylor, Cathy Downs.
From April 11: "The Benny Goodman Story," Steve Allen, Donna Reed, and "Red Sundown," Rory Calhoun, Martha Hyer.

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

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"House of Ricordi" (in Italian), Marta Toren, Danielle Delorme.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Return of Don Camillo" (in Italian), Fernandel, Gino Cervi.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
April 5: "Helen of Troy," Rossana Podesta, Jack Sernas; and "Target Zero," Richard Conte, Peggie Castle.
April 6-7: THE DIVIDED HEART; and "A Day to Remember," Stanley Holloway, Joan Rice.
April 8-10: I'LL CRY TOMORROW; and "No Man's Woman," Marie Windsor, John Archer.
From April 11: THE ROSE TATTOO; and "The Houston Story," Gene Barry, Barbara Hale.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
April 5 (tentative): I'LL CRY TOMORROW.
From April 6 (tentative): THE ROSE TATTOO.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 6: "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly.
From April 7: To be announced.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through April 10: GUYS AND DOLLS.
From April 11: "The Court Jester," Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns; and "Battle Stations," John Lund, William Bendix.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 10 (tentative): "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival; and "The Red Inn" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
From April 11 (tentative): LETTERS FROM MY WINDMILL (in French).

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through April 7: "Helen of Troy," Rossana Podesta, Jack Sernas; and "Target Zero," Richard Conte, Peggie Castle.
April 8-10: MARTY; and SUMMERTIME.
From April 11: THE ROSE TATTOO.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 10 (tentative): "The Night My Number Came Up," Michael Redgrave, Sheila Sim.
From April 11 (tentative): I'LL CRY TOMORROW.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 7: "Blackjack Ketchum, Desperado," Howard Duff, Victor Jory; and "Song of the South," revival, a full-length Walt Disney film.
April 8-10: "Day the World Ended," Richard Denning, Lori Nelson; and "The Phantom from 10,000 Leagues," Kent Taylor, Cathy Downs.
From April 11: "The Benny Goodman Story," Steve Allen, Donna Reed; and "Red Sundown," Rory Calhoun, Martha Hyer.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 10: GUYS AND DOLLS.
From April 11: "The Court Jester," Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns; and "Battle Stations," John Lund, William Bendix.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through April 7: "Too Bad She's Bad" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica; and "The Deep Blue Sea," Vivien Leigh, Kenneth More.
April 8-11: THE ROSE TATTOO.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 6 (tentative): THE WAGES OF FEAR (in French and English), revival.
From April 7 (tentative): THE ROSE TATTOO.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 11: "Duel in the Sun," revival, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck; and "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 10: GUYS AND DOLLS.
From April 11: "The Court Jester," Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns; and "Battle Stations," John Lund, William Bendix.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 7: "The Night My Number Came Up," Michael Redgrave, Sheila Sim; and "Alias John Preston," Alexander Knox, Betta St. John.
April 8-10: "With a Song in My Heart," revival, Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun; and "Susan Slept Here," revival, Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds.

From April 11: "Lease of Life," Robert Donat, Kay Walsh; and "It Started in Paradise," revival, Jane Hylton, Ian Hunter.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through April 7: "Blackjack Ketchum, Desperado," Howard Duff, Victor Jory; and "Song of the South," revival, a full-length Walt Disney film.
April 8-10: "Day the World Ended," Richard Denning, Lori Nelson; and "The Phantom from 10,000 Leagues," Kent Taylor, Cathy Downs.
From April 11: "The Benny Goodman Story," Steve Allen, Donna Reed; and "Red Sundown," Rory Calhoun, Martha Hyer.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through April 7: THE ROSE TATTOO; and "The Houston Story," Gene Barry, Barbara Hale.
April 8-9: "Duel on the Mississippi," Lex Barker, Patricia Medina; and "Fury at Gunsight Pass," David Brian, Neville Brand.
April 10-11: HOLIDAY, revival; and "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Touch and Go," Jack Hawkins, Margaret Johnston.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
CITIZEN KANE, revival.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
FANTASIA, revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through April 8: "Don Juan" (in German), Cesare Danova.
From April 9: "The Naked Night" (in Swedish).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Prokofiev's "Ballet of Romeo and Juliet," in a full-length Russian production, danced by Galina Ulanova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps. With a commentary in English.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
April 5: THE ROSE TATTOO.
April 6-10: To be announced.
From April 11: "The Court Jester," Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns; and "Battle Stations," John Lund, William Bendix.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 5: THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS, revival; and FORBIDDEN GAMES (in French), revival.
From April 6: "Hoboes in Paradise" (in French), revival, Raimu, Fernandel; and "Bellissima" (in Italian), revival, Anna Magnani.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through April 7: "Blackjack Ketchum, Desperado," Howard Duff, Victor Jory; and "Song of the South," revival, a full-length Walt Disney film.
April 8-10: "Day the World Ended," Richard Denning, Lori Nelson; and "The Phantom from 10,000 Leagues," Kent Taylor, Cathy Downs.
From April 11: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
April 5: THE ROSE TATTOO.
April 6-10: To be announced.
From April 11: "The Court Jester," Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns; and "Battle Stations," John Lund, William Bendix.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (RI 9-9914)
Through April 7: "Blackjack Ketchum, Desperado," Howard Duff, Victor Jory; and "Song of the South," revival, a full-length Walt Disney film.
April 8-10: "Day the World Ended," Richard Denning, Lori Nelson; and "The Phantom from 10,000 Leagues," Kent Taylor, Cathy Downs.
From April 11: "The Benny Goodman Story," Steve Allen, Donna Reed; and "Red Sundown," Rory Calhoun, Martha Hyer.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through April 7: "Blackjack Ketchum, Desperado," Howard Duff, Victor Jory; and "Song of the South," revival, a full-length Walt Disney film.
April 8-10: "Day the World Ended," Richard Denning, Lori Nelson; and "The Phantom from 10,000 Leagues," Kent Taylor, Cathy Downs.
From April 11: "The Benny Goodman Story," Steve Allen, Donna Reed; and "Red Sundown," Rory Calhoun, Martha Hyer.





What makes you tick? Not clockwork... *lacywork!*

You're an efficiency expert, of course. (We'd like to see *him* run the house, run the children, perhaps even run your job at the office.) But you're *best* at something he can never attempt: looking beautiful.

Nicest way to put on loveliness: putting on a lace-lavished Van Raalte petticoat. Have, for instance, embroidered primroses bordered lavishly with rose petal lace, or a sheath that's *all* lace. Or a deep-pleated flounce of scalloped nylon Alencon. These three, just part of a magnificent new collection at the nicest stores right now.

Left, Opaquelon® nylon tricot, primrose-embroidered Illusion® flounce. Cloud White, Mimosa, Primrose Pink. Small, medium, large. \$12.95.

Center, the all-lace slashed sheath. Black or Navy over Primrose Pink; or all White. Small, medium, large. \$10.95.

Right, lace-flounced Opaquelon. Bamboo, Black, Blue Horizon, Cloud White, Egyptian Coral, Navy, Persian Blue, Petal Pink. Small, medium, large; short, average, tall. \$10.95.

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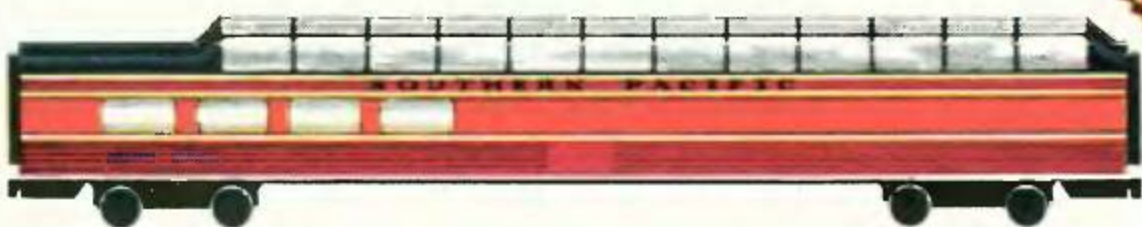
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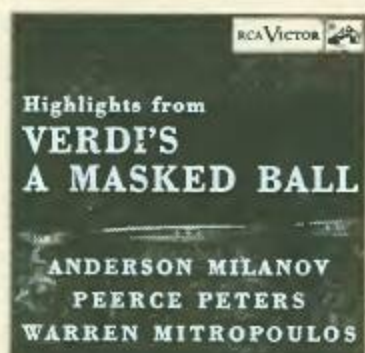
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Germaine Monteil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE State of New York, so rich in nearly every other respect, has gone all these years without an official state tree or bird. This gap in our spiritual life is even more distressing than it looks at first glance; the sorry truth of the matter is that New York is the only one of the forty-eight states that has always been officially treeless and birdless. (As of last year, nine states were without official trees and three states were without official birds. We're relieved to be able to say that only Rhode Island is without an official flower. Ours is the rose.) Now the dark days of our official treelessness are happily drawing to an end, for the legislature passed a bill at its recent session designating the sugar maple as the state tree. Governor Harriman may be signing the bill this week, and we can



then devote our energies to the selection and adoption of a state bird. To start the ball rolling, may we suggest the indigo bunting, on the ground that it's the most festive-sounding bird we know of, and therefore ideal for public occasions? Think how splendid it would be to have the Governor reviewing parades with a bird perched on his shoulder, like the priests of old! We're aware, of course, that politics is the art of give and take, and if it turns out that upstate legislators are strongly anti-bunting, we'll go along with another bird of approximately the same sound, shape, and disposition. The only birds we'd lobby against are starlings, sparrows, buzzards, and shrikes.

But to return to our state tree. We've learned that the sugar maple is also the

official tree of Vermont, West Virginia, and Wisconsin, and that the maple, sugar or sugarless, is the unofficial tree of Rhode Island, but who cares? There are only a certain number of different trees in any given state, and what our wise legislators sought wasn't originality but appropriateness. Sugar maples are among our most important trees, and not just because they look so pretty when the leaves turn in the fall. Close to half a million gallons of maple syrup were produced in New York last year—a total surpassed only by Vermont, which is practically obsessed with syrup—and 800,000,000 board feet of maple timber were cut. Maple wood is used in the manufacture of furniture, flooring, bowling pins, shoe lasts, ladies' heels, and the hoops of drums. Think, again, how splendid it would be to have the Governor march at the head of a parade with a bunting on his shoulder and beat a tattoo on a drum made of hoops of maple! But we mustn't let our imagination push the conscientious man too far. Enough for him to sign the bill—enough for us to know that *Acer saccharum* is ours at last, by law as well as by choice. May the sap this spring, from first run to frog run, be the sweetest ever!

Forty Thousand an Hour

THE great pile of light-gray brick that has shouldered its way into the sky on the western rim of Columbus Circle and bears the fitting name of Coliseum will open on the twenty-



eighth of this month with three big exhibitions—the International Automobile Show, the National Photographic

Show, and the Fifth International Philatelic Exhibition, more commonly known as the Stamp Show. Grand Central Palace, in which most of our local expositions used to be held but which was leased to the federal government a couple of years ago, put on a single show at a time and even then was often desperately short of space; we remember many a Flower Show at which the press of exhibits forced into blushing wedlock blooms that had never so much as nodded to one another out-of-doors. Still, it would be unfair to accuse the Coliseum of unduly lording it over the poor old Palace by beginning with three shows instead of one; the fact is that the infant prodigy is being modest, because whenever it pleases, it not only can stage *four* whopping shows at a time but can provide each of them with separate lobbies, box offices, exhibition areas, and refreshment and other facilities. If that measure of the Coliseum's capacities doesn't awe you, may we add that the building has a gross floor area of something over nine acres, or room enough for thirteen football fields; that the main exhibition hall, on the second floor, could easily contain a building a hundred and fifty feet square and six stories high; that the escalators leading from floor to floor can accommodate forty thousand people an hour; and that tucked away in the basement is a two-story garage with space enough for eight hundred and fifty cars. As for what these figures come to translated into dollars and cents, the answer is thirty-five million dollars. A nice round sum, which we hasten to note includes certain non-exposition but by no means negligible odds and ends, such as a twenty-six-story-high office building that springs from the southeast corner of the Coliseum.

We were recently escorted through the vast reaches of this new wonderland by two of its greatest admirers—Joseph F. Vermaelen, director of construction

for the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, which put up the building, and Howard G. Sloane, managing director of the Coliseum Exhibition Corporation, which has a ten-year lease on it. At the time of our visit, workmen were still polishing the concrete floors to satiny smoothness, carpenters were fitting Formica tops to yards-long counters in the refreshment areas, and electricians were threading loops of shiny copper wire through a labyrinth of conduits. "New York is the exposition-and-convention capital of the world," Mr. Sloane said, with the air of a man about to offer us a couple of hundred thousand square feet of unobstructed floor space at an irresistible price. "Last year, three million people spent upward of two hundred million dollars here attending exhibitions and conventions. No wonder the city needed something on this scale! The Coliseum is by far the largest permanent exposition building ever built, and we hope to keep it running full blast fifty-two weeks a year. In the old days, nobody cared to book shows in summer, but this whole place is air-conditioned and most of the restaurants and hotels in town are air-conditioned and Central Park out there is *practically* air-conditioned, so it just doesn't matter what the weather is. We're already better than eighty-five per cent booked for this year; the events include a sewing show and a home-building show in May, a fashion show in October, and, in December, the first National Automobile Show since 1940."

We crossed the marble-walled lobby, which Mr. Vermaelen, an engineer by profession and as handy with numbers as Sloane, informed us is two hundred and eighty-six feet long and fifty-nine feet wide, and went up to the main exhibition hall. Its high roof is a striking crisscross of straight dark girders and sinuous ducts, and from somewhere among the girders a cloud of witnesses descended to make us welcome. At close range, the witnesses proved to be pigeons, and Vermaelen waved them away with good-natured contempt. "Moved in when the building was going up, got roofed in, and refuse to move out," he said. "Come opening day, those dratty birds may be the one problem the Authority won't have licked."

"Stranger things will happen here before we're through," Sloane said, a happy gleam in his eye.

"I'll be back building bridges and tunnels by then," Vermaelen said, and he looked happy, too. "You won't mind

doing without me at your sewing show, will you, Sloane?"

GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: A new hamburger stand on Sepulveda Boulevard, in Los Angeles, is called The Smorgasburger.

Hero to His Barber

ADOLPH LEWISOHN's former barber now owns the Sherry-Netherland barbershop." This bit of information, relayed to us by a man who overheard it at a charity ball, sent us up to the S.-Netherland, where we spent a pleasant half hour with Mr. Gustav Purmann, the barber in question. "I came to this country from London in 1912, when I was twenty-three," he said, "and got a job as a barber in the Plaza. Mr. Lewisohn—he was in his early sixties then, and bald—came in for a shave every morning. Twenty cents. He tipped ten cents, and no other barber in the shop wanted him, so I, as the newcomer, got him. One Friday in 1914, he asked me if I'd come up to his country place in Ardsley that Sunday and shave him. I did. He gave me a five-dollar bill and a dozen fresh eggs. After that, I went to his house in New York every day he was in town—he lived at 9 West Fifty-seventh Street when I started, and later moved to 881 Fifth Avenue—and shaved him. He never went back to the Plaza barbershop. Weekends, when he was in Westchester, I'd drive out Saturday afternoon, shave him, stay overnight, play golf with him Sunday, and shave him again. The bill was three hundred dollars a month, of which half went to the Plaza, and he never gave me another tip, though he did give me five hundred dollars at Christmas. This went on for twenty-four years, until his death. Every summer, I'd spend eight

weeks with him at his camp, Prospect Point, in the Adirondacks, shaving or cutting the hair of Mr. Lewisohn and his guests, including President Coolidge, and playing golf and cards with him. Twenty dollars a day and everything found. I'd drive up to Upper Saranac Lake behind him (he travelled in three Minervas—one for himself, one for his luggage, one for his secretary and valet). We'd all stop at Saratoga for three days en route. Then I'd follow him to Canada—Montreal, Quebec, and back by way of Manchester, Vermont, where we stayed at the Equinox House and played some more golf. He bought me three automobiles during this period—a Chevrolet and two Buicks. Around 1921, when he had his eyes operated on by Dr. William Holland Wilmer in Washington and spent six weeks in the hospital there, I commuted to Washington every other day to shave him. His eyes were bandaged, and he wouldn't have any other barber. Sixty dollars a trip, including expenses. I commuted to his place in Elberon every day in the early part of the summer, before he went to Saranac. I played pinochle with him, and put drops in his eyes at two in the morning. I had my own bedroom in the Ardsley, Elberon, and Adirondack houses. I minded my own business; I never mixed with the guests or with the other employees. Mr. Lewisohn's library was at my disposal (I'd read novels and biographies, and tell him what was in them), and I had the run of his art gallery at 881 and was encouraged to bring distinguished foreigners there—Plaza customers of mine, such as the French jeweller Pierre Cartier. I got so I could recognize Gauguins, Renoirs, and Degas. I'd go down to the Lewisohn office, at 61 Broadway, and shave Mr. Sam, the old man's son. 'Father,' Mr. Sam would say, wringing his hands, 'you're spending your capital.' 'Who made it?' the old man would reply. Sam gave me an Albert Sterner, which hangs in my place at Riverdale. He never tipped me, but he once gave me a thousand dollars. Weekends at Ardsley, I'd shave the old man at six in the afternoon and then drive home with four chickens and a couple of dozen eggs. We'd discuss the topics of the day. He always called me Mr. Purmann. I played pinochle with him at Prospect Point half an hour before he died. He was a sweetheart."

We asked Mr. Purmann for non-Lewisohn recollections, and he told us he was born in Dresden. "I worked in a West End barbershop in London





"Let me answer it, and then we'll see how long he keeps ringing for the night nurse."

when I was twenty, and cut the hair of a number of visiting Americans," he said. "One of them—C. K. G. Billings, then a director of Union Carbide & Carbon—got me my job at the Plaza. Subsequently, I went on yachting trips, as barber, with him and his son Albert, and I once spent four weeks off the Florida Keys with Senator Clarence W. Watson, of West Virginia, barbering him and fourteen guests on a fishing expedition. They paid the Plaza for my services. I was there twenty-five years. Eighteen years ago, I left, to buy my own place here at the Sherry-Netherland. Governor Harriman comes here, and I sometimes go to his house in New York. He has a good head of hair. I used to go to the house of the late Gus Cordier, the squash player, and shave him every morning. Robert E. Gross, the president of Lockheed Aircraft, has been a customer of mine for forty years when he's in town—followed me here from the Plaza. He treated me to a trip to California three years ago and placed a car at my disposal. I also have young Franklin Roosevelt; Frank Folsom, the president of R.C.A.; and Paul F. Warburg. I used to shave Paul Warburg's father, Felix, in White Plains, Sundays; I'd drive over from Ardsley. I cut Charles Evans Hughes' hair at the

Plaza, but he always trimmed his own beard. I have three men here. It's just a living, but you have a little more liberty when you work for yourself. People don't engage barbers to travel with them any more. The safety razor and the electric razor have done away with that; they've made shaving a comparative novelty in the barbershop."

Here's How

A COUPLE we know came home from a dinner party the other evening and found, on their coffee table, a half-empty bottle of bourbon to which was attached a note from their ten-year-old son. "Please drink the rest of this whiskey," the note read. "I need the cork to make up like a minstrel."

Our Own Baedeker

ON a map, the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan resembles the head of a hatchet, tucked blade down in the northwest corner of Saudi Arabia, which is big enough to feel no pain. Jordan is also bounded by Syria, Iraq, and, uneasily, Israel. About the size of Indiana, the kingdom boasts a population of a million and a half. It's hard to take a proper census in Jordan,

though; many of the inhabitants are nomads, and a slow census-taker might well count a fast nomad five times. Lying, as it does, at the crossroads of Africa and Asia, Jordan long ago became a perfect mulligan of ethnic groups. Arabs predominate, but there are plenty of Circassians, Turkomans, and White Russians. According to official figures, there are also two hundred and seventeen Samaritans, all good. Most Jordanians are Moslems, and King Hussein claims descent from the Prophet. In the days before Mohammed, the favorite deities in that sun-scorched land were the moon and the Pleiades, bringers of dew and rain, respectively.

The present shape and political structure of Jordan were devised largely by the British, who took the country away from the Turks during the First World War. In 1921, they placed it under the rule of Abdullah ibn Hussein, and two years later they granted it a sort of niggling independence, subject to British mandate. In 1946, the mandate was abolished and Jordan became free. Late last year, it was elected to the United Nations. Jordan has always been financed by the British, and the political skirmishes now taking place there apparently spring from an at-



"Let me know at once when we're over Kansas. I was born in Kansas."

tempt by the Arab League to persuade Jordan to drop its English subsidy in favor of a subsidy from the League. So far, Jordan has been true to the old-school tie and purse. Abdullah, its first king, was assassinated in 1951 and was succeeded by his son Talal, who was deposed a year later, by the Parliament, as mentally incompetent. Talal was succeeded by his son Hussein, who is twenty, attended Harrow and Sandhurst, and is an admirer of American movies. The governing body of Jordan consists of a senate and a house of representatives. Senators are appointed by the King, and representatives are elected by a secret written ballot—secret in theory, that is, for most Jordanians can neither read nor write, and must have their voting done for them.

Jordan is a bleak country, uncomfortably hot in summer and uncomfortably cold in winter. Most of it is a great plateau, some three thousand feet high, which slopes gently down to a desert in the east and drops abruptly into the valley of the Jordan River and the Dead Sea in the west. In Moses' time, what is now Jordan was known as

Edom, Moab, Gilead, and Ammon, and Genesis records that the Egyptians got their embalming materials thereabouts. Among the dogged flora of Jordan are asphodel and oleander, and among the fauna are jackals, hedgehogs, gazelles, moles, and bats. A large number of its human inhabitants are Bedouin herdsmen, tending flocks of sheep, goats, camels, and cattle. These people live in low black wool tents and are plagued by flies, fleas, and ticks. At a Bedouin feast, the chief dish is likely to be roast sheep stuffed with hard-boiled eggs. This treat is to be washed down with arak, a distillation of grapes.

Amman, the capital of Jordan, used to be named Philadelphia and is built on seven hills, like Rome. It has a population of a hundred and seventy thousand, a chamber of commerce, and no night clubs. Second in size to Amman is the section of Jerusalem that falls within the borders of Jordan; over a hundred thousand Jordanians live there. To the south, on the Red Sea, lies Akaba, Jordan's sole port, known for its hashish and parrot fish. Bethlehem and Jericho are in Jordan, and

so are the ruins of Petra, a city carved partly out of solid rock. When we were in school, a teacher told us that the most beautiful line in the English language was "a rose-red city—half as old as time." We've forgotten the name of the poet who wrote that line, but we're pretty sure that the city was Petra.

Sleeves

WE don't seem to tire of Brooks Brothers stories, and it's heartening to know, as the cold, rugged winter ends, that its customers still occasionally encounter the warm, smooth manners of the past. A friend of ours who never tells a lie says he went into the store the other day to buy a raincoat. Sleeves were too short. Tried another size. Sleeves of his jacket still extended unattractively below the raincoat's sleeves. He asked if the raincoat's sleeves could be lengthened. The salesman called the floor manager and a tailor, and it was agreed all around that there would be an ugly crease that couldn't be erased if that was done. Floor manager and tailor retired. Our man then

had an inspiration and was proud of it. "You know," he said to the salesman, "I have an idea my jacket sleeves are too *long*." "I believe you are right, sir," said the salesman, "but, naturally, I hesitated to say so." Well, our friend wound up by buying a raincoat and a new Brooks suit and having the old, non-Brooks suit altered.

Fortuitous

ON learning that the history of the great musical hit "My Fair Lady" contains aspects that might easily confuse a more volatile operative, we asked our aging Mr. Hall to get the facts and report them in a down-to-earth fashion, and he has written as follows, in longhand:

"That the principal characters now bewitching the audiences at the Mark Hellinger are George Bernard Shaw's memorable Professor Henry Higgins, Eliza Doolittle, and her father, Alfred P. Doolittle, instead of some others, created by an entirely different person in an entirely different medium and named Daisy Mae Scragg, Moonbeam Mc-

Swine, Jack S. Phogbound, Li'l Abner Yokum, and the father of same, Lucifer Ornamental Yokum, appears to be one of those fortuitous and well-nigh incredible circumstances so frequently to be encountered in the district known as Broadway, although, in point of fact, the theatre in question is on West Fifty-first Street. After arranging, at my instance, for me to see the musical version of Mr. Shaw's unforgettable comedy before I undertook this research into the background of the production, a Mr. Richard Maney, an unusual but likable gentleman who is the press representative for the producer, Mr. Herman Levin, pointed out that Mr. Levin had originally intended to produce a musical based upon a comic strip that has, he said, been popular in certain circles for some years past. This is a comic strip 'created' by a Mr. Al Capp. It takes its title from the name of the character Li'l Abner. Upon examining the files of the *Daily Mirror*, I found that the comic strip deals with some rather overdrawn inhabitants of what appear to be the Ozark Mountains, whose speech seems to be composed largely of monosyllables and exclamation points, such as 'Oooff!!,' 'Sob!!!,' 'Gulp!!,' and 'Eep!!' I naturally concluded that it was their fascination with the study of diction that had led the author and the producer to contemplate a musical version of the aforementioned comic strip, instead of a musical version of Shaw's classic, and I hastened to call on Mr. Levin, who lives in a quietly elegant apartment on East Forty-fourth Street. Although Mr. Levin immediately made it clear that the Al Capp project and the Shaw project are not to be confused, and, in fact, have not been confused heretofore, even in the minds of the author and himself, he was unable to tell me precisely why he and Mr. Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics for the Shaw musical, were, at the time the Shaw project was undertaken, seriously engaged on the Al Capp project. The best he could do was state that Mr. Lerner, who was, at his instigation, and as prospective co-producer, writing the book and lyrics for the Al Capp project, repeatedly remarked as time went on that it was not go-

ing well, and this was later confirmed for me by Mr. Lerner himself, who said, 'It didn't go well.' They do not intend to return to it.

"I found Mr. Levin to be a tidy, middle-aged, soft-spoken individual possessed of extraordinary learning and culture, who was an attorney at law in active practice before he became identified with the musical revue 'Call Me Mister' in 1946, as co-producer. That project had a successful run of almost two years, and since then Mr. Levin has given up the practice of law and has been exclusively a producer, having brought out the musical version of 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,' as well as a less frivolous and less profitable 'straight' play by Sartre entitled 'No Exit,' which, in the phrase of the press representative, the irrepressible Mr. Maney, 'had nothing *but* exits.' Once Mr. Lerner, at long last, gave up the Al Capp project, the Shaw project appears to have gone swimmingly, although there were complications of a sort one could hardly foresee. I will sketch them here only briefly, by quoting an excerpt from a memorandum Mr. Maney dictated for me, it being my conviction that Mr. Maney's prose style is perhaps better suited than mine to these peculiar areas of the art of the theatre."

A separate sheet of paper had here been inserted into Hall's report; it reads as follows:

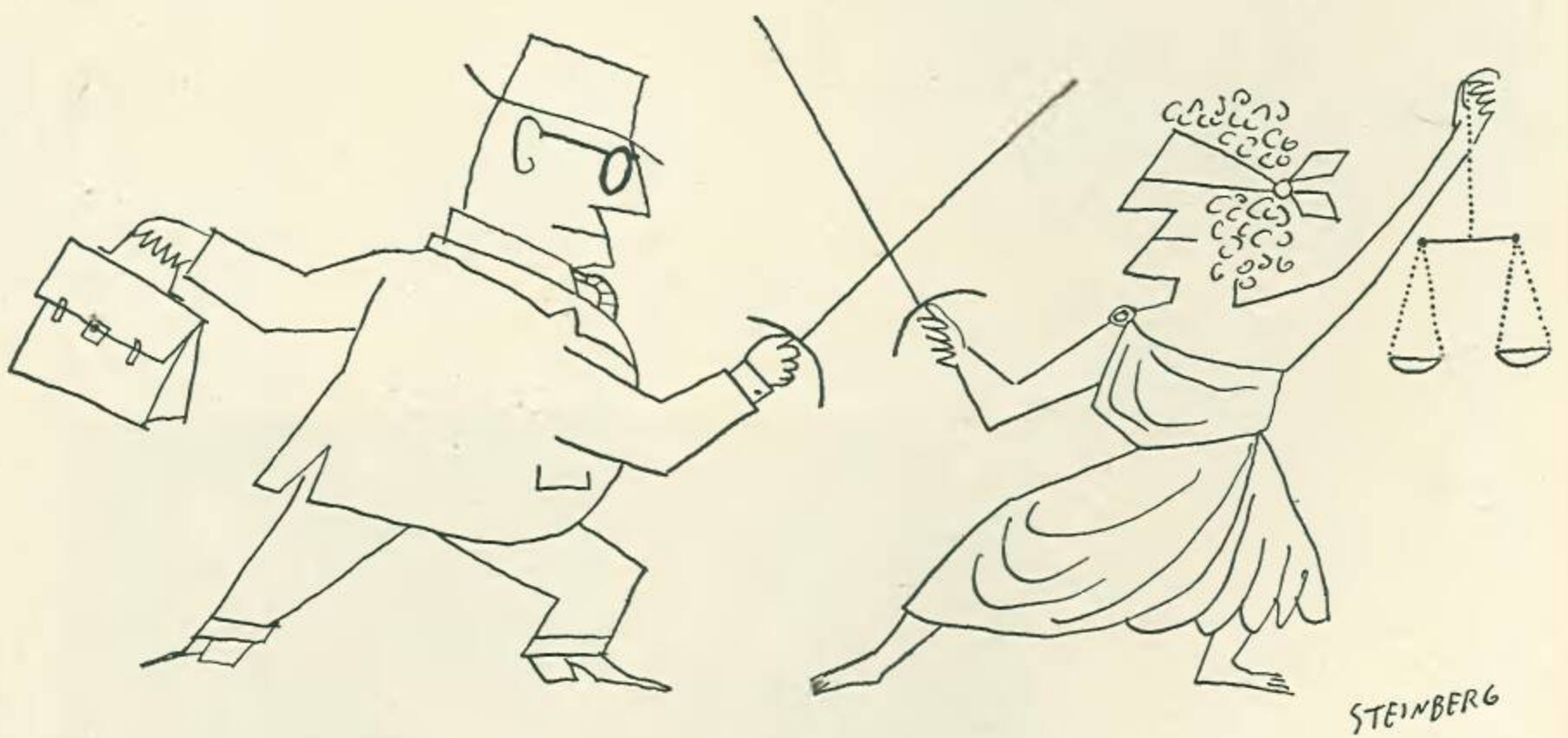
A shady cove named Gabriel Pascal, now deceased, was Shaw's favorite knave. He made the screen versions of a batch of Shaw's plays, and Shaw was fascinated by his gall. In 1952, Pascal obtained an option on the musical rights to "Pygmalion" from the Shaw estate. (The Beard died in 1950.) This option provided that the musical version must be done by April of '56, otherwise all rights reverted to the estate. Pascal dickered with Rodgers and Hammerstein, the Theatre Guild, and so on,

and got no place. In '52, Lerner and Loewe [Mr. Frederick Loewe, who wrote the lovely music for the production under discussion—HALL] talked about doing the adaptation, after Lerner had given up "Li'l Abner," but that same year Pascal died, leaving a will that stated that if he did not return from his imminent trip to India, all he owned, including the musical rights to "Pygmalion," would go to a lady not his legal wife. Levin clawed his way out of this labyrinth and finally managed to spring Harrison out of the London production of "Bell, Book and Candle," to which he was indentured, and "My Fair Lady" barely got under the wire before the April deadline.

We have had to delete the remainder of Hall's report, for it consists of nothing but a barefaced paean for the entire cast and production staff of what he calls "far and away the most enjoyable evening I have had in the theatre since 'Getting Gertie's Garter.'"

Answer

A YOUNG, emotionally disturbed lady of our acquaintance is afraid she set back the progress toward serenity of a male whom neither she nor we know by a slip she committed in her psychiatrist's office the other day. The doctor, whom we'll call Hornby, carries on without a chauffeur, or even a secretary, and had to leave her alone for a few minutes while he went out to move his car, its sixty-minute hour having expired before her fifty-minute one. When the telephone rang, the first thing that flashed through the pretty creature's fluttery head was that the Doctor, when the phone rang, always said, in a quietly impressive tone, "Dr. Hornby speaking." She picked up the instrument and found herself saying, in a rather tense, chirping tone, "Dr. Hornby speaking." "Oh, my God!" croaked the unknown male, and hung up.



STEINBERG

WHO MADE YELLOW ROSES YELLOW?

OF the three telephones in the apartment, the one in the living room rested on a tabouret given to Fred Platt's grandmother by Henry James. Above it hung an oval mirror, its frame a patterned involvement of cherubs, acanthus leaves, and half-furled scrolls; its gilt, smooth as butter in the valleys between figures, yielded on the crests of the relief to touches of Watteau brown. This treasure had been rescued from a Paris auction by Fred's Great-Uncle Randy, known for his jokes and mustaches. In the capacious room there was nothing of no intrinsic interest, nothing that would not serve as cause for a narrative, except the three overstuffed pieces installed by Fred's father—two chairs, facing each other at a distance of three strides, and a crescent-shaped sofa, all covered in new-looking, navy-blue leather. This blue, the dark warm wood of inherited cabinets, the twilight colors of aged books, the scarlet and purple of the carpet from Cairo (where Charlotte, Uncle Randy's wife, had caught a bug and died), and the dismal sonorities of the Secentistico allegory on the west wall vibrated around the basal shade of plum. Plum: a color a man can rest in, the one toward which all dressing gowns tend. Reinforcing the repose and untroubled finality of the interior were the several oval shapes. The mirror was one of a family, kin to the feminine ellipse of the coffee table; the burly arc of Daddy's sofa, as they never failed to call it; the ovoid, palely painted base of a Florentine lamp; the plaster medallion on the ceiling—the one cloud in the sky of the room—and the recurrent, tiny gold seal of the Oxford University Press, whose books, monochrome and Latin-ate as dons, were among the chief of the senior Platt's plum-colored pleasures.

Fred, his only son, age twenty-five, dialled a Judson number. He listened to five burrs before the receiver was picked up, exposing the tail end of a girl's giggle. Still tittery, she enunciated, "Carson Chemi-cal."

"Hello. Is—ah, Clayton Thomas Clayton there, do you know?"

"Mr. Thomas Clayton? Yes he is. Just one moment please." So poor Clayton Clayton had finally got somebody to call him by his middle name, that "Thomas" which his parents must have felt made all the difference between the absurd and the sublime.

"Mr. Clayton's of-ice," another girl said. "About what was it you wished to speak to him?"

"Well nothing, really. It's a friend."

"Just one moment, please."

After a delay—purely disciplinary, Fred believed—an unexpectedly deep and even melodious voice said, "Yes?"

"Clayton Clayton?"

A pause. "Who is this?"

"Good morning, sir. I represent the Society for the Propagation and Eventual Adoption of the A. D. Spooner Graduated Income Tax Plan. As perhaps you know, this plan calls for an income tax which increases in inverse proportion to income, so that the wealthy are exempted and the poor taxed out of existence. Within five years, Mr. Spooner estimates, poverty would be eliminated; within ten, a thing not even of memory. Word has come to our office—"

"It's Fred Platt, isn't it?"

"Word has come to our office that in recent years Providence has so favored you as to incline thy thoughts the more favorably to the Plan."

"Fred?"

"Congratulations. You now own the Motorola combination phonograph-and-megaphone. Do you care to try for the Bendix?"

"How long have you been in town? It's damn good to hear from you."

"Since April 1st. It's a prank of my father's. Who are all these girls you live in the midst of?"

"Your father called you back?"

"I'm not sure. I keep forgetting to look up 'wastrel' in the dictionary."

That made Clayton laugh. "I thought you were studying at the Sorbonne."

"I was, I was."

"But you're not now."

"I'm not now. *Moi et la Sorbonne, nous sommes kaput.*" When the other was silent, Fred added, "*Beaucoup kaput.*"

"Look, we must get together," Clayton said.

"Yes. I was wondering if you eat lunch."

"When had you thought?"

"Soon?"

"Wait. I'll check." Some muffled words—a question with his hand over the mouthpiece. A drawer scraped. "Say Fred, this is bad. I have something on the go every day this week."

"So. Well, what about June 21st? They say the solstice will be lovely this year."

"Wait. What about today? I'm free today, they just told me."

"Today?" Fred had to see Clayton soon, but its being immediately seemed like a push. "*Comme vous voulez, Monsieur. Oneish?*"

"All right, uh—could you make it twelve-thirty? I have a good bit to do..."

"Just as easy. There's a Chinese place on East Forty-ninth Street run by Australians. Excellent murals of Li Po embracing the moon in the Yalu, *plus* the coronation of Henri Quatre."

"I wonder, could that be done some other time? As I say, there's some stuff here at the office. Do you know Shulman's? It's on Third Avenue, a block from here, so that—"

"Press of work, eh?"

"You said it," Clayton said, evidently sensing no irony. "Then I'll see you then."

"In all the old de dum de dumpty that this heart of mine embraces."

"Pardon?"

"See you then."

"Twelve-thirty at Shulman's."

"Absolutely."

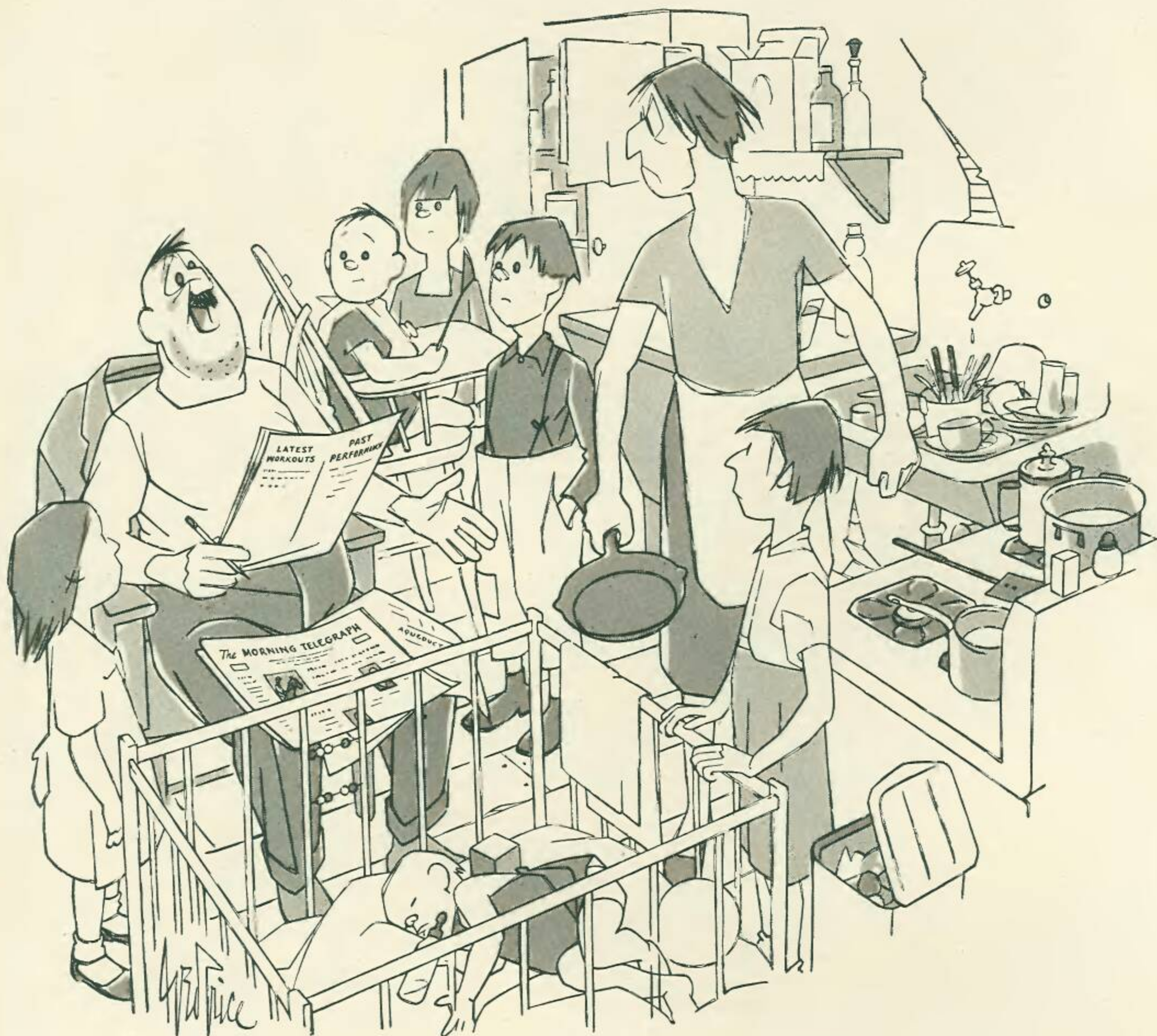
"So long."

"So long."

THE first impulse after a humiliation is to look into a mirror. The heavy Parisian looking glass, hung on too long a wire, leaned perceptibly from the wall. A person standing would see reflected in it not his head but the carpet, some furniture, and perhaps, in the upper portion of the oval, his shoes and cuffs. By tilting his chair Fred could see his face, flushed like the mask someone momentarily absent from an enervating cocktail party sees in the bathroom mirror. There, the hot-skinned head, backed by pastel tiles and borrowing imperturbability from the porcelain fixtures, strikes the owner

as a glamorous symbol of Man, half angel, half beast; and each eye seems the transparent base of a cone luminous with intuitions, secrets, quips, deviltry, and love. Fred's excited appearance annoyed him. Between his feverish attempt to rekindle





"Look, dear, I only go to the races in the hope of bringing home a little something extra for you and the children."

friendship—his mind skidding, his tongue wagging—and Clayton's response an embarrassing and degrading disproportion existed.

Until now it had seemed foolishly natural for Clayton to offer him a job. Reportedly he had asked Bim Blackwood to jump Knopf for a publicity job at Carson Chemical. Bim had said, without seeing anything funny in the word, that Clayton had lots of "power" at Carson. "In just three years, he's near the top. He's a *killer*. Really."

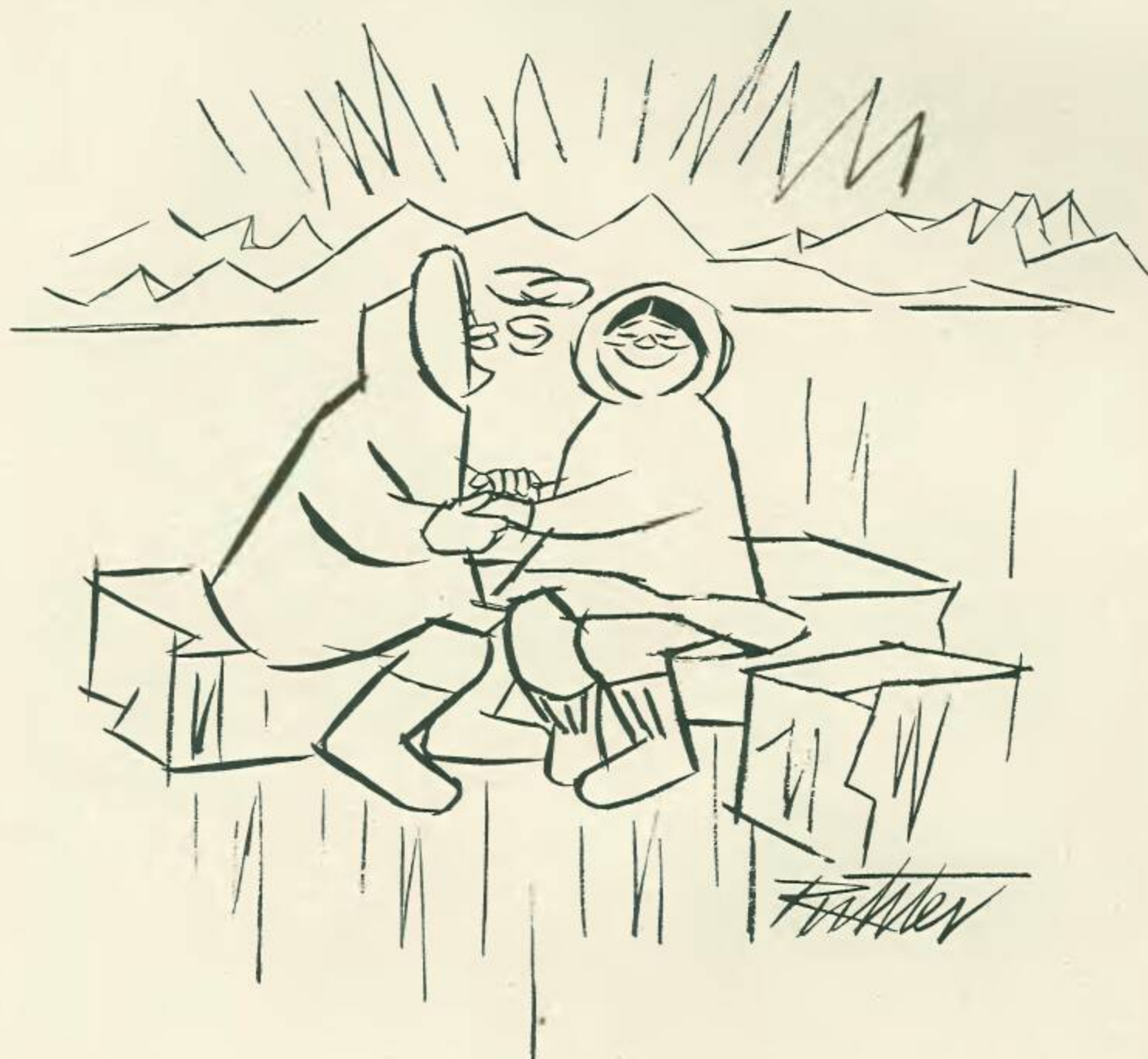
Clayton hadn't had to go into the Army. Troubled knees, or something. That was the thing about poor children: they acquire disabilities which give them the edge in later life. It's cruel to expect a man without a handicap to go far.

Fred's position was not desperate. An honorable office in The Firm (for Father was of the newest school, which sees no harm in playing favorites) was not, as Father had said, with his arch way of trotting out clichés as if they were moderately obscure literary quotations, "the fate worse than death." Furthermore—he was a great man for furthermores—anyone who imagined that the publicity arm of Carson Chemical was an ivory tower compared to Braur, Chappell & Platt was living in a fool's paradise.

Yet viewed allegorically the difference seemed great. Something about all this, perhaps the chaste spring greenery of the Park visible through the windows, suggested one of those crossroads in "The Faerie Queene."

Besides, he had been very kind to Clayton—gotten him onto the *Quaff*, really. Sans *Quaff*, where would Clayton be? Not that Clayton need consider any of this. Hell, it wasn't as if Fred were asking for something; he was offering something.

He pushed back the chair a few feet, so a full view of himself was available in the mirror: a tall youth seated on a chair rooted, with a droll unsuspecting stability, on an inclined plane of carpet. Fred's face was slightly lopsided; his eyebrows didn't match, and his lower lip pulled toward the left. He had come not to notice it in the mirror, and when shown a photograph of himself, where the imbalance he had accustomed himself to was reversed, he experienced the shame and indig-



"You know what they say. Cold hands, warm heart."

nation everyone feels hearing a recording of his own voice. Apart from these recognitions, Fred held, vaguely, like a piece of good news that gladdens the heart for days after its reception, the idea that, in an original way, he was "not unattractive."

He placed his right hand on the breast of his coat—Fred preferred the darkest-gray suits, for clerical dispassion—and spread the fingers apart, experimenting with the melodramatic contrast. Pale. Rising, he touched the back of his other hand to his forehead and in a mock stagger, pausing every few steps to shake his fist at the ceiling, walked the length of his father's room.

ENTERING the appointed restaurant, Fred instantly spotted Clayton Clayton standing at the bar. That three years had passed, that the place was smoky and crowded with men dressed alike, did not matter; an eclipsing head bowed, and the fragment of cheek then glimpsed, though in itself nothing but a daub of white, not only communicated to Fred one human identity but stirred in him warm feelings for the *Quaff*, college, his youth generally, and even America. Fred had inherited that trick of the rich of seem-

ing to do everything out of friendship, but he was three generations removed from the making of the money, and a manner of business had become, in him, a way of life; his dealings were in fact at the mercy of his affections. Grotesquely close to giggling, he walked up to his man and murmured, "*Ego sum via, vita, veritas.*"

Clayton turned, grinned, and pumped Fred's hand. "How are you, Fred?"

Members of the *Quaff* did not ask one another how they were; Fred had supposed ex-members also did not. Finding they did baffled him. He could not think of the joke to turn such a simple attack aside. "Pretty well," he conceded and, as if these words were an exorcism enabling the gods of fatuity to descend and dwell in his lips, heard himself add, in what seemed full solemnity, "How are you?"

"I'm doing"—Clayton paused, nodding once, giving the same words a new import—"pretty well."

"Yes, everybody says."

"I was glad I could make it today. I really am up to my ears this week." Confidingly: "I'm in a crazy business."

On one wall of the restaurant were Revolutionary murals, darkened per-

haps by smoke and time but more likely by ineptitude. "Ah," said Fred, gesturing. "The Renaissance Popes in Hell."

"Would you like one of these?" Clayton touched the glass in front of him; it contained that collegiate brew, beer.

How tender of Clayton still to drink beer! By a trick of vision the liquid stood unbounded by glass. The sight of that suspended amber cylinder, like his first glimpse of Clayton's face, gave Fred a fluttery, sinking sensation of fondness. This time he curbed his tendency to babble and said, anxious to be honest, certain that the merest addition of the correct substance—the simple words exchanged by comrades—would reform the alchemy of the relationship, "Yes. I would like one. Quite a bit."

"I tell you. Let's grab a table and order from there. They'll let us stand here all day."

Fred felt not so much frustrated as deflected, as if the glass that wasn't around the beer was around Clayton.

"There's a table." Clayton picked up his stein, placed a half dollar in the center of the circle its base had occupied, and shouldered away from the bar. He led the way into a booth, past two old men brandishing their topcoats. Inside, the high partitions shielded them from much of the noise of the place. Clayton took two menus from behind the sugar and handed one to Fred. "We had better order the food first, then ask for the beer. If you ask for the drinks first, they'll just run off." He was perfect: the medium-long wet-combed hair, the unimpeachable brown suit, the buttonless collar, the genially dragged vowels, the little edges of efficiency bracing the consonants. Some traces of the scholarship-bothered freshman from Hampton (Md.) High School who had come down to the *Quaff* on Candidates Night with an armful of framed illustrations remained—the not smoking, the tucked-in chin and the attendant uplook of the boyishly lucid eyes, and the skin allergy that placed on the flank of each jaw a constellation of red dots. Even these vestiges fitted into the picture, by lending him, until he learned to feign it, the ingratiating uncertainty desired in New York executives. It was just this suggestion of inexperience that in his genuine inexperience Clayton was working to suppress. "See anything you like," he asked with a firmness not interrogative.

"I think maybe a lamb chop."

"I don't see them on the menu."

"I don't either."

Raising his hand to the level of his ear and snapping his fingers, Clayton summoned a waiter. "This gentleman wants a lamb chop. Do you have them?"

The waiter didn't bother to answer, just wrote it down.

"I think I might try," Clayton went on, "the chopped sirloin with mushroom sauce. Beans instead of the peas, if you will. And I'm having another glass of Ballantine. Shall I make that two, Fred?"

"Do you have any decent German beer? Würzburger? Or Löwenbräu?"

The request materialized the man, who had been serving them with only his skimpy professional self. Now he smiled, and stood bodied forth as a great-boned Teuton in the prime of his fifties, with the square Bavarian skull, a short hooked nose, and portentous ears covered with a diaphanous fuzz that brought to the dignity they already possessed a certain silky glamour. "I believe, sir, we have the Löwenbräu. I don't think we have any of the Würzburger, sir."

"O.K. Anything." Though Fred truly repented stealing Clayton's show, the evidence of his crime refused to disappear. He had called into being a genie—cloying, zealous, delighted to have his cavernous reserve of attentiveness tapped at last. The waiter bowed and indeed whispered, making an awkward third party of Clayton, "I think we have the Löwenbräu. If not, would an English stout do? A nice Guinness, sir?"

"Anything is fine." Trying to bring Clayton back into it, Fred asked him, "Do you want one? Fewer bubbles than Ballantine. Less tingle for more ferment."

Clayton's answering laugh would have been agreeable if he had not, while uttering it, lowered his eyelids, showing that he conceived of this as a decision whereby he stood to gain or lose. "No, I think I'll stick to Ballantine." He looked Fred needlessly in the eyes. When Clayton felt threatened, the middle sector of his face clouded over; the area

between his brows and nostrils queerly condensed.

Fred was both repelled and touched. The expression was exactly that worn by the adolescent Clayton at the *Quaff* candidates' punches, when all the dues members, dead to the magazine, showed up resplendent in black suits and collar pins, eager for Martinis, as full of chatter and strut as a flock of whooping cranes bent on proving they were not extinct yet. Fred pitied Clayton, remembering the days when Fred alone, a respected if sophomore member, was insisting that the kid with the gag name be elected to the *Quaff*: The point was he could draw. Wonky, yes. The influence of Hank Ketchum and Willard Mullin was palpable. Clayton had even dared show them a series of sports cartoons done for the Hampton weekly paper. Local football coaches, the Little League home-run king. But at least his hands looked like hands. Outrageous, of course, to have the drawings framed, but his parents put him up to that—anybody who'd call a helpless baby Clayton. . . . He wore cocoa-colored slacks and sport shirts. They'd wear out. If he was sullen, he was afraid. The point was, If we don't get anybody on the magazine who can draw we'll be forced to run daguerreotypes

of Chester Arthur and the Conkling Gang.

"Do you see much of Anna Spooner?" Clayton asked, referring back, perhaps unconsciously, to Fred's earlier mistake, his mention of the income-tax plan of their friend A. D. Spooner, nicknamed "Anno Domini" and eventually "Anna."

"Once or twice. I haven't been back that long. He said he kept running into you at the grads' club."

"Once in a while."

"You don't sound too enthusiastic."

"I hadn't meant to. I mean I hadn't meant not to. He's about the same. Same tie, same jokes. He never thanks me when I buy him a drink. I don't mean the money bothers me. It's one of those absurd little things. I shouldn't even mention it."

The waiter brought the beers. Fred stared into his Löwenbräu and breathed the word "Yeah."

"HOW long have you been back?" "Two weeks, I guess."

"That's right. You said. Well, tell me about it. What've you been doing for three years?" His hands were steadily folded on the table, conference-style. "I'm interested."

Fred laughed outright at him. "There isn't that much. In the Army



"Do you mind if I tell him my troubles first? I'm getting off at Darien."

I was in Germany in the Quartermaster Corps."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. Typed. Played blackjack, faro, Rook."

"Do you find it's changed you much?"

"I type faster. And my chest now is a mass of pornographic tattoos."

Clayton laughed a little. "It just interests me. I know that psychologically the effect on me of *not* going in is— is genuine. I feel not exactly guilty, but it's something that everyone of our generation has gone through. Not to seem incomplete."

"It should, it should. I bet you can't even rev out a Bowling Bunting H-4 jet-cycle tetrameter. As for shooting a bazooka! Talk of St. Teresa's spiritual experiences—"

"It's impressive, how little it's changed you. I wonder if I'm changed. I do like the work, you know. People are always slamming advertising, but I've found out it's a pretty damn essential thing in our American economy."

The waiter came and set their platters before them. Clayton set to with a disconcerting intensity, forking in the food as often with his left hand as his right, pausing only to ask questions. "Then you went back to Europe?"

"Then I went back to Europe."

"Why? I mean what did you do? Did you do any writing?"

In recent years Fred's literary intelligence had exerted itself primarily in the invention of impeccable but fruitless puns. Parcel Proust. Or Supple Simon. (Supple Simon met a Neiman/Fellow at the Glee Club, gleamin'./ Said Supple Simon, "Tell me, Fellow, Who made yellow roses yellow?") Or unfeasible projects like a set of calfbound volumes on Applied Humanism, with titles like "Realistic Hope," "The Basis of Ethics," "Immortality," etc., the contents of each being the single sentence, *There is none*. "Why, yes," Fred told Clayton. "Quite a bit. I've just completed a three-volume biography of the great Hungarian actress Juxta Pose."

"No, actually. What did you do in Paris?"

Fred waited until a piece of lamb was chewed down. After the wait, his first word emerged with a crackle that noticeably perturbed Clayton's eyebrows. "Actually, I sat in a chair. The same chair whenever I could. It was a straw chair in the sidewalk area of a restaurant. In the summer and spring the tables are in the open, but when it gets cold they enclose the areas with

POSIES FROM A SECOND CHILDHOOD OR, HARK HOW GAFFER DO CHAFFER

DADDY'S HOME, SEE YOU TOMORROW

I always found my daughter's beaux
Invisible as the emperor's clothes,
And I could hear of them no more
Than the slamming of an auto door.
My chicks would then slip up to roost;
They were, I finally deduced,
Concealing tactfully, pro tem,
Not boys from me but me from them.

THE ABSENTEES

The healthy human child will keep
Away from home, except to sleep.
Were it not for the common cold,
Our young we never would behold.

A BOY'S WILL IS THE WIND'S WILL?

Mr. Longfellow spoke only part of the truth,
Though a fatherly poet of preëminent rank;
A girl's will is the twister's will.
It can drive a parent through a two-inch plank.

—OGDEN NASH

windows. It's best then. Everybody except you sits inside the restaurant, where it's warm. It's best of all at breakfast, around eleven of a nippy morning, with your *café* and *croissant avec du beurre* and your *coudoiement* all on a little table the size of a tray, and people outside the window trying to sell *ballons* to Christmas tourists."

"You must know French perfectly. It annoys hell out of me that I don't know any."

"*Oui, pardon, zut!* and *alors!* are all you need for ordinary conversation. Say them after me: *oui*—the lips so—*par-don*—"

"The reason you probably don't write more," Clayton said, "is that you have too much taste. Your critical sense is always a jump ahead of your creative urge." Getting no response, he went on, "I haven't been doing much drawing, either. Except roughing out ideas. But I plan to come back to it."

"I know you do. I know you will." That was what Clayton wanted to

hear. He loved work; it was all he knew how to do. His type saw work as the spine of the universe. His *Quaff* career had been all success, all adaptation and good sense, so that in his senior year Clayton was president, and everybody said only he was keeping silly old *Quaff* alive, when in fact the club had died as Clayton's influence had spread.

Clayton had a forkful of hamburger poised between the plate and his mouth. "What does your father want?" In went the hamburger.

"My father seems to fascinate you. He is a thin man in his late fifties. He sits at one end of an enormous long room filled with priceless things. He is wearing a purple dressing gown and trying to read a book. But he feels the room is tipping. So he wants me to get in there with him and sit at the other end to keep the balance."

"No. I didn't mean—"

"He wants me to get a job. Know of one?" So the crucial question was out, stated like a rebuke.

Clayton carefully chewed. "What sort?"

"I've already been offered a position in Braur, Chappell & Platt. A fine old firm. I'm looking for something less like lunch at home."

"In publishing?"

Stalling, stalling. "Or advertising." Clayton set down his fork. "Gee. You should be able to get something."

"I wouldn't know why. I have no experience. I can't use my father's contacts."





"But, Harry, you said to bring a friend."

"I wish you had been here about six months ago. There was an opening up at Carson, and I asked Bim Blackwood, but he didn't want to make the jump. Speaking of Bim, he's certainly come along."

"Come along? Where to?"

"You know. He seems more mature. I feel he's gotten ahold of himself. His view of things is better proportioned."

"That's very perceptive. Who else do we know who's come along?"

"Well, I would say Harry Ducloss has. I was talking last week with a man Harry works for."

"He said he's come along?"

"He said he thought highly of him."

"Thought highly.' Fermann was always thinking highly of people."

"I saw Fermann in the street the other day. Boy!"

"Not coming along?"

Clayton lifted his wrists so the waiter could clear away his plate. "It's just, it's"—with a peculiar intensity, as if Fred had often thought the same thing but never so well expressed it—"something to see those tin gods again."

"Would you young men like des-



"Sahib, the tracks stop right here."

sert?" the waiter asked. "Coffee?" To Fred: "We have freshly baked strudel. Very nice. We make it here."

Fred deferred to Clayton. "Do you have time for coffee?"

Clayton craned his neck to see the clock. "Eight of two." He looked at Fred apologetically. "To tell the truth—"

"No coffee," Fred told the waiter.

"Oh, let's have it. It'll take just a few minutes."

"No, it doesn't matter to me and I don't want you to be late."

"They won't miss me. I'm not *that* indispensable. Are you sure you don't want any?"

"Positive."

"All right," Clayton said in the tone of a parent acceding to a demand that will only do the child harm. "Could I have the check, please, waiter?"

"Certainly, sir." The something sarcastic about that "sir" was meant for Fred to see.

The check came to \$3.79. When Fred reached for his wallet, Clayton

said, "Keep that in your pocket. This is on me."

"Don't be a fool. The lunch was my idea."

"No, please. Let me take this."

Fred dropped a five-dollar bill on the table.

"No, look," Clayton said. "I know you have the money—"

"Money! Money is death."

Clayton, at last detecting anger, looked up timidly, his irises in the top of his eyes, his chin tucked in. "Please. You were always quite kind to me."

It was like a plain girl opening her mouth in the middle of a kiss. Fred wordlessly took back his five. Clayton handed four ones and a quarter to the waiter and said, "That's right."

"Thank you, sir."

"THANKS a lot," Fred said to Clayton as they moved toward the door.

"It's—" Clayton shook his head slightly. "You can get the next one."

"*Merci beaucoup.*"

"I hope you didn't mind coming to this place."

"A great place. They thought I was German."

Outside, it was brilliant; Third Avenue, freed of the el, seemed as spacious and queenly as a South American boulevard. In the harsh light of the two-o'clock sun, blemishes invisible in the shadows of the restaurant could be noticed on the skin of Clayton's face—an uneven redness on the flesh of the nose, two spots on his forehead, a flaky area half hidden beneath an eyebrow. Clayton's feet tended to shuffle backward; he was conscious of his skin, or anxious to get back to work. Fred stood still, making it clear that he was travelling in another direction. Clayton did not feel free to go. "You really want a job in advertising?"

"Forget it. I don't really."

"I'll keep on the lookout."

"Don't go to any trouble, but thanks anyway."

"Thank you, for heaven's sake. I really enjoyed the lunch. It's been good."

For a moment Fred was sorry; he had an impulse to walk a distance with Clayton, to forgive everything, but Clayton, helplessly offensive, smiled and said, "Well. Back to the salt mines."

"*Oui. Ja.*" Fred lifted his hand in a benign ministerial gesture startling to passersby. "Ye are the salt of the earth. *La lumière du monde.* The light of the world. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works."

As Clayton, bewildered, backed a step away and with an uncertain jerk of his hand affirmed a fond parting, Fred, solicitous, explained, "Biblical lore. Book of Mammon 5:16. Subtitled 'Mammon's Little Baby Loves Shortnin' Bread.' Thanks again. Thank you. Thank you." —JOHN UPDIKE

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the *Boston Traveler*]

NEW YORK (UP)—Another disease has been conquered. The antibiotics march on. This new disease probably is one you never heard of, but it was a stickler and it packed a punch. It once killed one-fourth of the men of an invading army; it once stopped the building of a railroad by killing 7,000 of the workers.

One of the oddest things about it was that it seemed to occur only in one place—Peru—and there only at an altitude above 2,000 feet but below 9,000 feet. Furthermore, it seemed to be two quite separate diseases—it was a long time before medical scientists realized it was the same thing in two forms.

THE DINNER PARTY

AS the Beddingtons dressed for dinner, they had mostly the kind of conversation that barely gets listened to, and indeed only just gets spoken. They were both engrossed in anticipation and saw themselves already with their guests, and not as two people still alone in the large warmed bedroom. But suddenly Ursula Beddington said with more emphasis, "I *never* thought the Crewes would come; I almost didn't ask them, it was so unlikely."

"Knowing something of what the life of a man like that must be," said Archie Beddington dryly, "I should imagine that they accept about one in twenty of the invitations they receive."

"And I do think the Wainwrights are the exactly right people to meet them. As for the Miller couple, they're what I call a reliable staple dish to fall back upon; they fill in any possible gaps. It ought to be one of our more successful do's. And if so, it's all owing to Marianne."

"I don't quite see—"

"But entirely. This dinner started in my mind simply as one of the things to distract her, like taking her to the Gores' and Johnsons', and having the Ecclestons here. Just another item on the agenda, prepared in advance for her. Then gradually it became something very worth while in itself."

"On the whole, do you think she's reacting?"

"I think I'd rather you asked me that in another fortnight. Margie said when she wrote that she didn't hope for a quick result. A thing like that takes time. The great thing was to get her away from London, to change her surroundings. Archie, do hurry; there must be several things to see to downstairs. I can't pretend there's any miracle been worked as yet; how could there be in five days!"

"That's my own impression. She's rather lovely, isn't she? But she goes round like a sleepwalker."

"To do her justice, I believe she tries. She sometimes gives me a look, as much as to say, 'Forgive me for being like this. I'm sorry to be such a trouble to you but—oh, help me if you can!'"

"One is glad to do one's best for the poor girl," said Beddington. "But it isn't easy. When I took her round the grounds, I thought she'd be just mildly interested, and just for a little while. Not at all; she seemed as if she never wanted to stop. But it's in a hanging-on kind of way, as if for dear salvation. Don't-leave-me sort of thing!"

"I know."

"It was the same when I walked down to the river yesterday. She was as mum as you like, but she kept trailing along beside me. She gives you a queer feeling, as if she's asking for mercy; she never left my side till I'd come to the drawing room to find you. She shadows you in the same way, I know."

"In making out the list for tonight, I wasn't unmindful that the best hope really is other young men. It's true I've only got Dr. Bennet, but he ought to do as well as anyone, and better than most."

Their preparedness now touched perfection. Beddington's water-combed hair lay flat on his head in fair metallic streaks; his wife's corsage of gardenias flattered her luminous skin and dark, intelligent eyes. They went downstairs feeling slightly dummified; and the hired butler, who hovered in readiness, almost turned them into guests themselves. There was no fault to find in the dining room as they looked in; the beflowered table was charmingly inviting, with its three delicate wineglasses and ample silver at each place. Unless Dr. Bennet was late, as he was sometimes forced to be, and kept dinner waiting, there was no foreseeable hitch. While Archie Beddington went off for a last inspection of the wine, Ursula was placing her invisible company in a variety of combinations in the comfortable armchairs.

And now where was Marianne? Time was getting on. Was she ready?

As if in answer to the thought, the girl appeared. She was slight and fair and very young, and was dressed with a prettiness that suggested pleased conferences between, perhaps, her mother and her dressmaker and herself. The contrast between the swansdown fluffiness of the dress and the girl's desolating ex-

pression made the finery look almost grotesque, and Ursula thought, She should try to look less tragic than that for a party.

"How pretty your dress is," she said. "I do hope you are going to enjoy the evening, if only just a little. You know, we're so glad to have got Crewe, and I think you'll like the others. How do you think the room looks?"

Marianne came toward her. "You're so good to me," she said, speaking quickly. "You will never think, will you, that I'm not grateful? It's just that no one can make any difference."

"You still feel it so terribly?"

The girl looked incredulous. "You didn't think I could ever—"

"You're so young, Marianne. Young people feel in terms of 'no one,' 'never,' 'nothing.' But you shouldn't, you know. Won't you take my word for it, dear, that you will get over this—and it might even be soon?"

Marianne came still closer, and her shoulder brushed against the new, rather exciting reed shade of the standard lamp, tilting it sidewise. She stood urgently near to Ursula to make her low-voiced communication. "I have to tell you—I have to tell someone—that I can't go on living. It's too much, it's more than I can endure. If there was any way of bearing it, I would bear it, but there isn't any way."

"Marianne! You can't mean what you're saying! You don't mean—you *can't* mean you would think of taking your own *life*?"

"There's nothing else," the girl said, her haunted eyes and low voice conveying a desperate insistence.

"It would be madness! And because of a man who could treat you like that? Your mother actually hoped it would never come to your marrying him, because of his being so much older, and unstable. She even foresaw his falling for some other woman. What kind of a man was that for you! Oh, you must put such a dreadful thought far out of your mind. Promise me that you will!"

"I can't. I can't put it out of my mind."

"I'm sure you can if you determine to. You must, you must!"

"Tell me if there is any way," Marianne said. "Only tell me how I can feel like this and go on living." Her desperate look held Ursula to an answer. No time existed for her, no party, no preparations, nothing about to happen. She was not present in that room. She was in some dark wilderness crying for a way out.

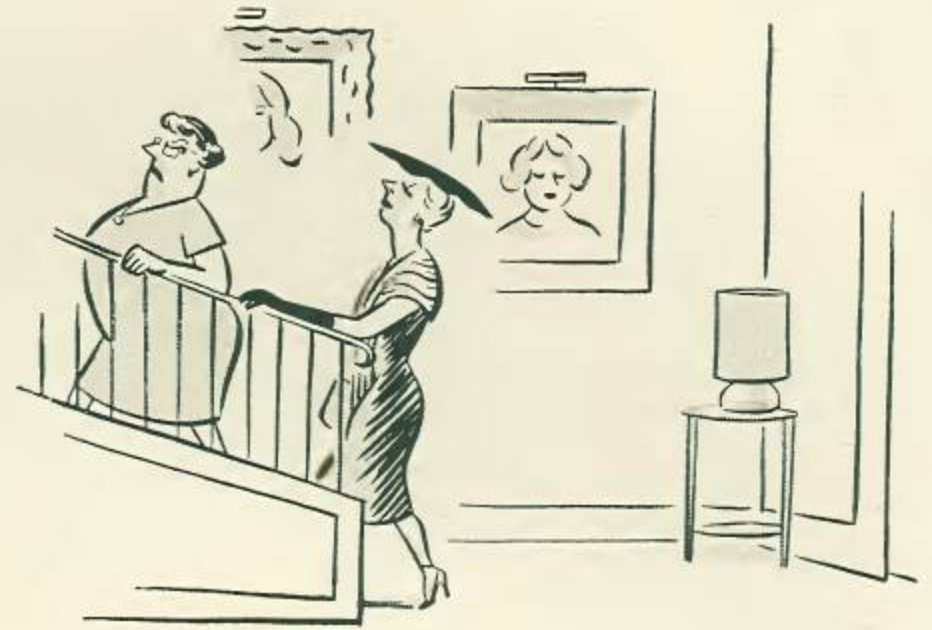
And Ursula was transported with her far from the immediate scene. "I'd



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no idea things were as desperate with you as that!" She realized with panic that the girl might really mean what she said, and might attempt to do something fatal, and soon. "What a misfortune about this dinner party," she said hurriedly. She was distractedly speculating as to how Marianne might harm herself. Sleeping pills? They must be confiscated. Archie's guns? Those must be locked up. "This is a very terrible thing that you have said, Marianne. My only hope is that— Well, one sometimes says a little more than one means, relieves oneself by a violent expression, and feels a tiny bit the better for it. Oh, do tell me, dear, that it was rather just an idea than a deliberate intention?"

Her words seemed to have no meaning for Marianne, who only stared at her with hopeless expectancy as before.

"Do you mean that you had an actual plan?" Ursula pressed her. "I mean, when—where—how—" She was too shocked to speak more plainly her horrified curiosity.

"It was going to be now."

"Now?"

"While I was dressing, I knew I couldn't go on. Forgive me, I was going to do it now. Then I thought of you. I thought you might just save me from doing it. I didn't think you could—only that you might," she added, in her bedrock need for absolute truth.

"But how! Where!"

"I was on my way to the river. But something made me come to you first—"

"The river? Thank God you did!" Thank God indeed. So now she mustn't let Marianne for a moment feel alone with her terrible resolve. "Listen, Marianne, you and I are going to fight this together." The girl stared with doleful, distrustful eyes. "Yes, we are—and you have got to feel your hand in mine every moment of the time! Can't it help

just a little for you to know that you're not alone?" she pleaded. "That I'm sharing it all with you, that I'm right *inside* you!" Were those haunted eyes still quite so hopeless? "Listen, we have to go through with this dinner party somehow or other, because it can't be stopped. You and I will manage to do what we have to do, to scrape through somehow..." A complicated sense of impending events confused her, and she looked hastily around.

"Forgive me but I had to tell you first," the girl persisted in her utter concentration.

"Of course you had to tell me; you must always—always!"

CONFLICTING urgencies beset Ursula—the desperate girl, the imminent guests. The tilted lampshade caught her eye, also a corner of the rug upturned, and with her face still full of distress she hastily adjusted both. She glanced at the clock, fancying she heard a car. Archie came into the room, very correct-looking, very partylike, bringing with him a sense of the immediacy of the party. Ursula remembered something she had intended to say, a message for the butler. "Tell him to open the door as soon as he hears a car," she said hurriedly. "The Crewes mustn't have to stand at all—with his game leg."

But before Archie could carry this order to the butler, the guests had begun to arrive, and in the next few minutes they had all assembled except the Doctor; he was late, and they waited. It was very unfortunate—just what the

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Beddingtons had hoped would not happen. Crewe might think it odd or tiresome to have come to a held-up dinner party. But Archie Beddington was able to take that situation in hand. "There's only one thing to do when the medical faculty's expected to dine—not wait!" he said. "Ursula, let them keep his food hot."

They trooped into the dining room. Ursula's keen glance was watchful of her guests' reaction to their circumstances. She had a weight on her heart—but it looked as if Mrs. Wainwright was pulling it off with Crewe. His discrimination and her charm had evidently clicked; he turned to look at her as they talked. Then Archie was being very good with Mrs. Crewe, who started an evening nervously. Wainwright, with the pleasure of a middle-aged man given a beautiful young girl for a partner, was heard commiserating with Marianne on her being put beside "an old fossil," no doubt in the belief that the exaggeration went a long way toward eliminating the disparity.

About fifteen minutes after they had sat down, the young Doctor appeared, a good-looking sleek young man, inclined to stoutness, which had induced



in him a habit of frequently pulling down a creasing waistcoat. His becoming diffidence of manner was combined with a gay uninhibited turn of speech. As he slipped into the empty place beside Marianne, he apologized to the table for the lateness he could not help. "The victim of a car accident was brought in. Also a man who had practically severed his thumb with a chisel. Yes, blood flowed freely in the surgery tonight." Both the Beddingtons cast a quick glance at Crewe. Would this kind of thing go down with him, or would he find the ribaldry distasteful? Crewe was looking with smiling liking at the young man.

Dr. Bennet, Ursula soon observed, was turning on Marianne his flattering attentiveness; he was apt to plunge right in with amusingly blatant compliments, saved from indiscretion by the touch of raillery with which he disguised his amorous susceptibility. And his style would be made none the less audacious, Ursula was sure, by his enjoyment of his food, for he was dealing with an ample quantity of crisp whitebait and sipping his Moselle with a relish she knew well in him; he was a frequent guest at their table, and she always found his greed

endearing. Surely those fluent blandishments of his would eventually draw a spark from Marianne! Wainwright, too, on her other side, was almost bound to please and interest her. Was her quiet likely to discourage them? No, Ursula thought, for it could easily pass as an attribute of her girlhood; and as young people were usually overconfident nowadays, both men might well find charm in a reserve that was different.

People are supposed, Ursula knew, not to enjoy their own parties, but in fact she was enjoying this one. The hum of conversation pervading the dinner table was on the animated note that is good for a hostess to hear, with one voice raised suddenly in competition with another, and occasionally a laugh so merry as to make a reflected smile flit over the faces of those not involved. Ursula thought Crewe's laugh was the quietest, deepest, most satisfactory sound in the world; and when she had the success of evoking it more than once, her best hopes for the evening seemed achieved. He paid her the compliment of discussing foreign affairs consistently with her, and he could turn from that to making personal remarks as if with the intimacy of an old friend. He was much taken

with the antique gold-and-topaz necklace she wore; also, the Dubonnet sauce served with the guinea fowl roused his curiosity and enthusiasm. "An epicure friend remarked to me yesterday at my club in London that no cook can cook well for more than three people. He has a convincing way of uttering his obiter dicta, and I think I was impressed—until this moment."

In the drawing room the mist had seeped in by unimaginable means from the spring night, and the almost imperceptibly blue filminess of the room deepened the lively flames of the fire into rich red-gold. The feel and the sight of the blaze made another feast, succeeding to that of the dinner table. Ursula thought it all looked even more attractive than she had hoped. She was watchful, when the men came in, of how they would dispose themselves—the kind of choice, slight in itself, that can be significant of bigger things. It was not on her own account that she was concerned; she was curious to know who would occupy the chair beside Marianne. Both Wainwright and Dr. Bennet could be seen edging in that direction, ready to resume their partnership with her, and it was no wonder; she



"I need a new car, I need a new TV, I need new furniture, I need house repairs, and I need medical care."

looked the picture of young, unconscious loveliness. Ursula conceived a quite ardent anxiety that it should be Dr. Bennet who occupied the place, for that surely must be what Marianne herself was wishing. Her muscles stiffened with tensivity in one direction, as if they were muscles inside the young Doctor to help him on. She had the satisfaction of seeing him reach Marianne first.

As it turned out, however, Crewe from his central position opposite the fire having been led into some of his informative, fascinating talk, the rest of the company gradually fell silent, all drawn into the spell of that quiet unobtrusive flow, which, in reply to some eager respectful questions from Miller, was putting before their eyes early man's cave drawings in China and the Nile Delta. He seemed to talk without talking, led on from one subject to another by invisible links in his own mind. Three thousand million years ago, he told them, the new young world must have had an ancient and haggard aspect. It had taken time for this old world of ours to look as youthful as it does on a spring day of buds and birds' eggs and tender green. By the devious routes of a full mind, he next chanced to speak of the conglomeration of the waters of the world rising from sea and land into the

air, and thence falling back to sea and land—with a passing allusion to a tree's being not only a tree but also a tube of water. The fire crimsoned as the golden flames died down. Crewe took his hearers roving over the countryside; he spoke of the hedges that divide the fields as really being narrow strips of the original forest floor of England, allowed to survive for man's convenience. Ursula met her husband's eye, and they dwelt on each other's gaze for a few moments, not betraying any outward sign, but what they were saying to each other was: He's happy here. He's being his most delightful self. We've pulled it off!

THE clock also was a witness to the success of the evening. It showed eleven-thirty as the guests rose to take their departure. Amid the pleasant babel of goodbyes, they became conscious of the chill fog outside, and this added a retrospective glow to the comfort that was ending as they braced themselves for their exit into out-of-doors.

Archie and Ursula, seeing them out into the dark night, made with them the last exchanges of the pleasant evening, and then Archie closed the door on the lamplit mist rolling in. "That's a marvellous chap," he said.

"It was all just perfect enjoyment,"

Ursula was saying, for her part.

"Without even getting near his own subject, he can—"

But Ursula put an urgent, detaining hand on his arm. He turned his satisfied look toward her, and saw the startled change in her face.

"Archie," she said, whispering. "You don't know what a terrible thing Marianne said to me just before dinner. She spoke as if she would do away with herself!"

"Good God!" he whispered back. "She couldn't mean that?"

"I think she did."

"Good God!" he said again, in his harsh whisper. "Do you think she sometimes has that look?"

"What look do you mean?"

"Not just unhappy, but—obsessed. What on earth did you say to help her?"

"What did I say?" She hesitated, remembering. "I told her I would devote every moment to fighting it with her; I told her it would be my only thought. I—"

"Of course, of course. That's what she'd need."

"You talk to her, too," Ursula begged him. "We'll talk to her in the drawing room now. She may not be able to depend on me alone. *You* reason with her."

"I'll certainly do what I can." He no longer troubled to whisper, as if he were already speaking to Marianne. As they approached the drawing-room door, he said aloud, losing no time in letting the girl know what was coming, even before she could see him, "Marianne has everything to live for. There's no man in this world is worth a great deal of her worry, I can assure her of that!" He was eager with sympathy and help. He could not but feel himself equipped to give a completely effective sales talk in favor of life. Life not good? "I'll give her some idea," he was saying as they entered the room, "of the good things life holds in store for a girl like her—" But the room was empty.

—VIOLA MEYNELL

What brought about the change? The turning point was the role of Maggio in *From Here to Eternity*. Having decided he alone should play the part, Sinatra flew 27,000 miles (from Africa) at his own expense to make a screen test—and accepted a low salary to cinch the deal.

—Coronet

Navigator drunk, we presume.

LETTER FROM THE SOUTH

FIDDLER'S BAYOU,
MARCH 22

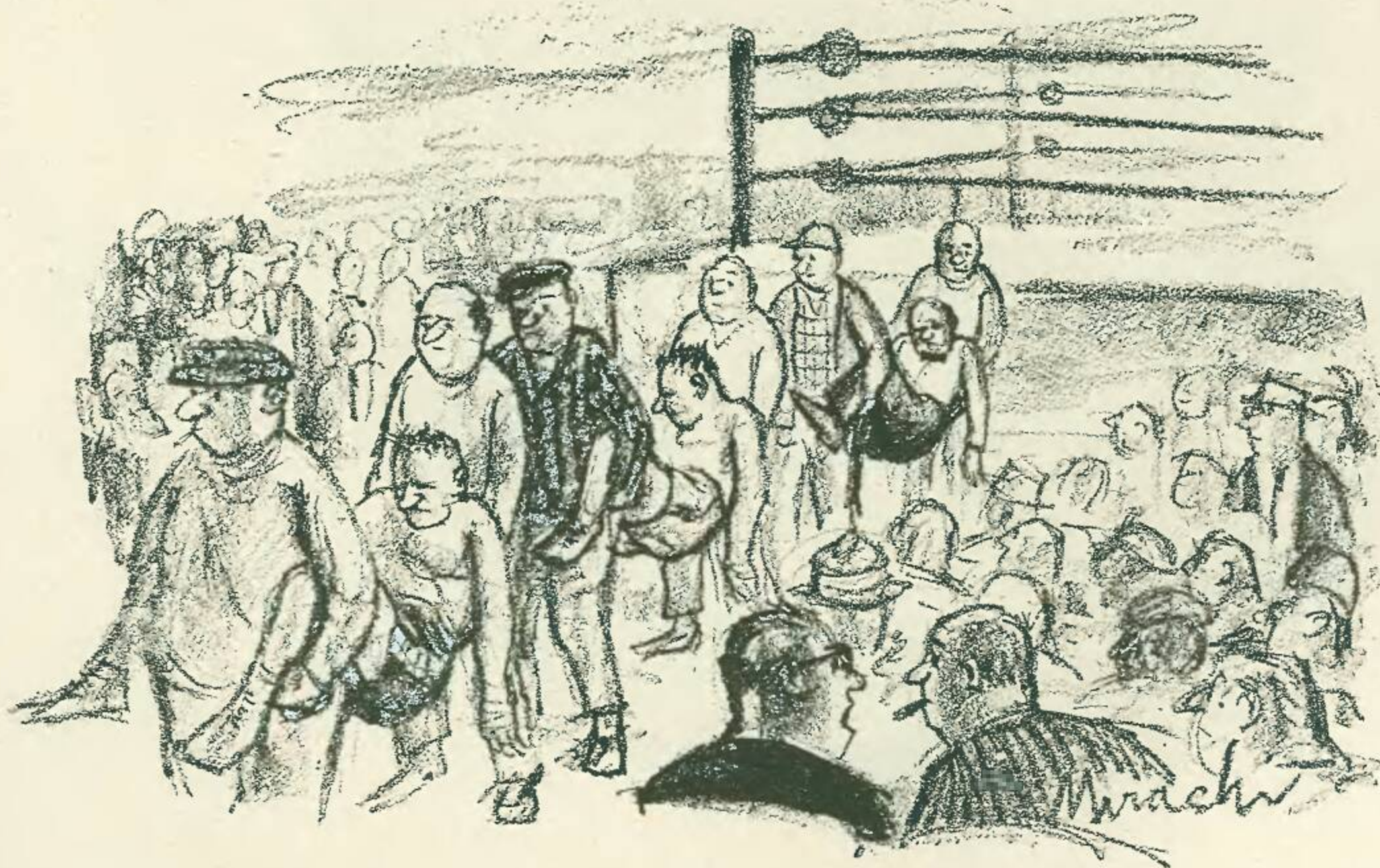
AFTER the lions had returned to their cages, creeping angrily through the chutes, a little bunch of us drifted away and into an open doorway nearby, where we stood for a while in semi-darkness, watching a big brown circus horse go harumphing around the practice ring. His trainer was a woman of about forty, and the two of them, horse and woman, seemed caught up in one of those desultory treadmills of afternoon from which there is no apparent escape. The day was hot, and we kibitzers were grateful to be briefly out of the sun's glare. The long rein, or tape, by which the woman guided her charge counterclockwise in his dull career formed the radius of their private circle, of which she was the revolving center; and she, too, stepped a tiny circumference of her own, in order to accommodate the horse and allow him his maximum scope. She had on a short-skirted costume and a conical straw hat. Her legs were bare and she wore high heels, which probed deep into the loose tanbark and kept her ankles in a state of constant turmoil. The great size and meekness of the horse, the repetitious exercise, the heat of the afternoon, all exerted a hypnotic charm that

invited boredom; we spectators were experiencing a languor—we neither expected relief nor felt entitled to any. We had paid a dollar to get into the grounds, to be sure, but we had got our dollar's worth a few minutes before, when the lion trainer's whiplash had got caught around a toe of one of the lions. What more did we want for a dollar?

Behind me I heard someone say, "Excuse me, please," in a low voice. She was halfway into the building when I turned and saw her—a girl of sixteen or seventeen, politely threading her way through us onlookers who blocked the entrance. As she emerged in front of us, I saw that she was barefoot, her dirty little feet fighting the uneven ground. In most respects she was like any of two or three dozen showgirls you encounter if you wander about the winter quarters of Mr. John Ringling North's circus, in Sarasota—cleverly proportioned, deeply browned by the sun, dusty, eager, and almost naked. But her grave face and the naturalness of her manner gave her a sort of quick distinction and brought a new note into the gloomy octagonal building where we had all cast our lot for a few moments. As soon as she had squeezed through the crowd, she spoke a word or two to the older woman, whom I took to be

her mother, stepped to the ring, and waited while the horse coasted to a stop in front of her. She gave the animal a couple of affectionate swipes on his enormous neck and then swung herself aboard. The horse immediately resumed his rocking canter, the woman goading him on, chanting something that sounded like "Hop! Hop!"

In attempting to recapture this mild spectacle, I am merely acting as recording secretary for one of the oldest of societies—the society of those who, at one time or another, have surrendered, without even a show of resistance, to the bedazzlement of a circus rider. As a writing man, or secretary, I have always felt charged with the safekeeping of all unexpected items of worldly or unworldly enchantment, as though I might be held personally responsible if even a small one were to be lost. But it is not easy to communicate anything of this nature. The circus comes as close to being the world in microcosm as anything I know; in a way, it puts all the rest of show business in the shade. Its magic is universal and complex. Out of its wild disorder comes order; from its rank smell rises the good aroma of courage and daring; out of its preliminary shabbiness comes the final splendor. And buried in the familiar boasts of its advance agents lies the modesty of most of its people. For me the circus is



"Well, this is one for the books."

at its best before it has been put together. It is at its best at certain moments when it comes to a point, as through a burning glass, in the activity and destiny of a single performer out of so many. One ring is always bigger than three. One rider, one aerialist, is always greater than six. In short, a man has to catch the circus unawares to experience its full impact and share its gaudy dream.

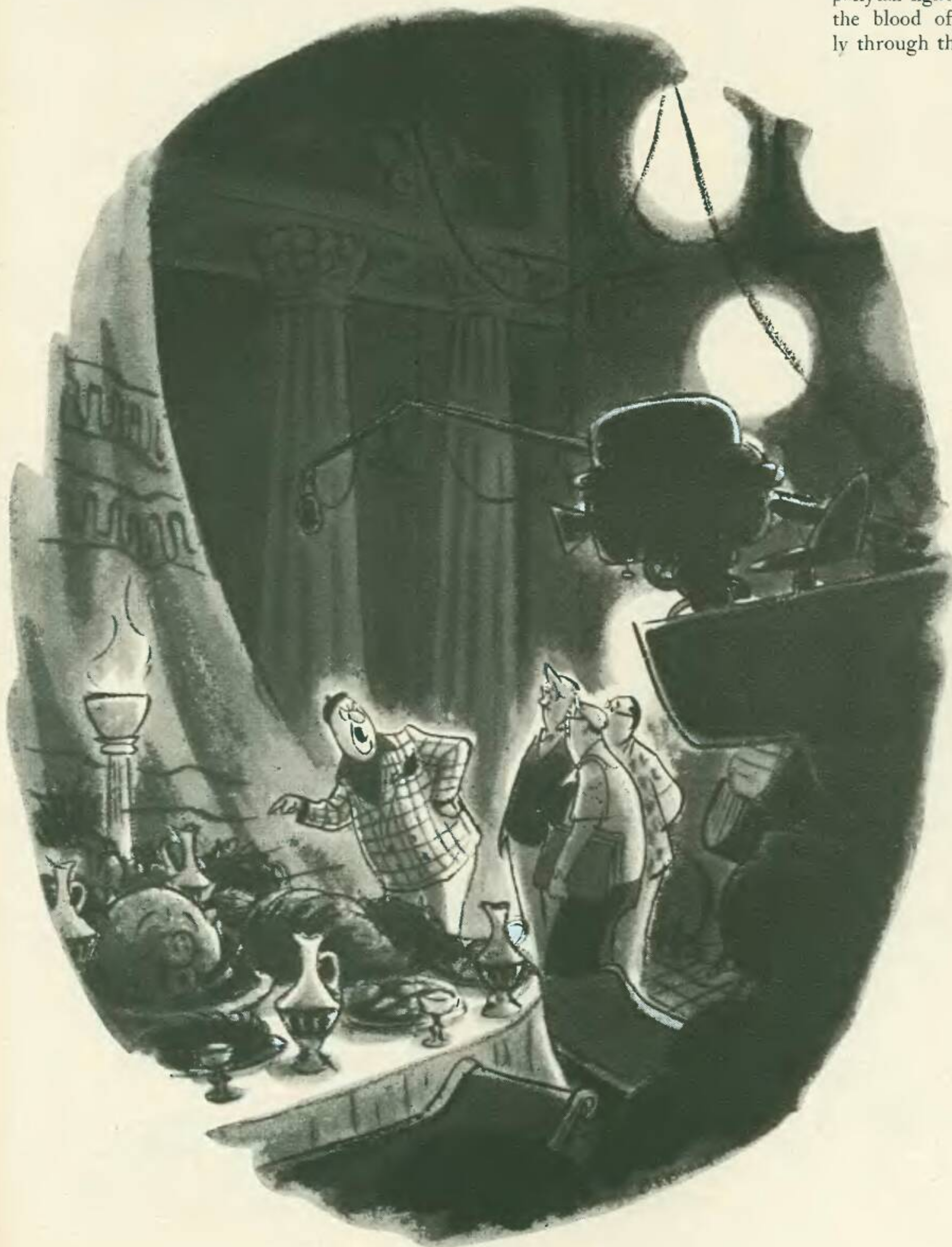
The ten-minute ride the girl took achieved—as far as I was concerned, who wasn't looking for it, and quite un-

beknownst to her, who wasn't even striving for it—the thing that is sought by performers everywhere, on whatever stage, whether struggling in the tidal currents of Shakespeare or bucking the difficult motion of a horse. I somehow got the idea she was just cadging a ride, improving a shining ten minutes in the diligent way all serious artists seize free moments to hone the blade of their talent and keep themselves in trim. Her brief tour included only elementary postures and tricks, perhaps be-

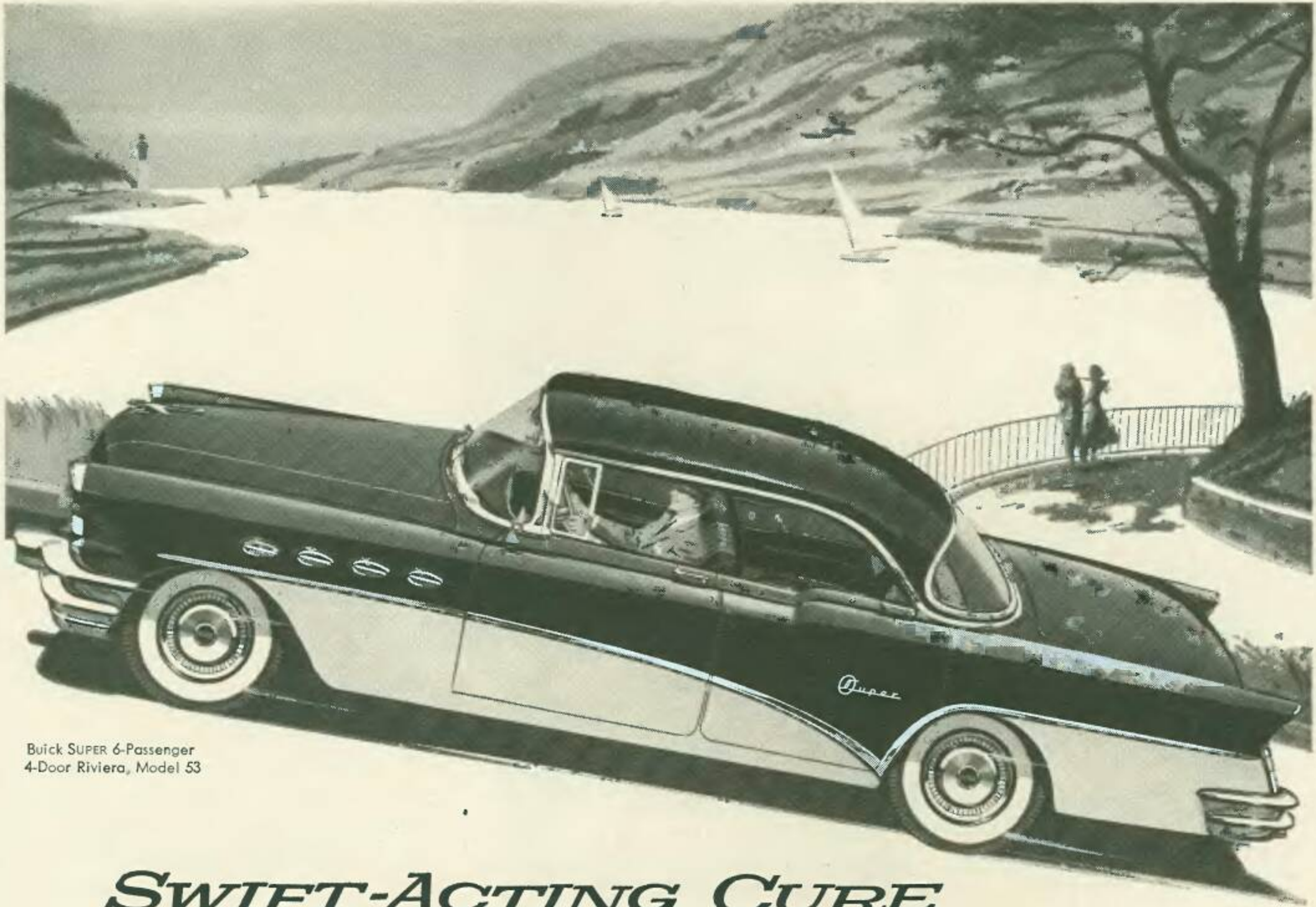
cause they were all she was capable of, perhaps because her warmup at this hour was unscheduled and the ring was not rigged for a real practice session. She swung herself off and on the horse several times, gripping his mane. She did a few knee-stands—or whatever they are called—dropping to her knees and quickly bouncing back up on her feet again. Most of the time she simply rode in a standing position, well aft on the beast, her hands hanging easily at her sides, her head erect, her straw-colored ponytail lightly brushing her shoulders, the blood of exertion showing faintly through the tan of her skin. Twice

she managed a one-foot stance—a sort of ballet pose, with arms outstretched. At one point the neck strap of her bathing suit broke and she went twice around the ring in the classic attitude of a woman making minor repairs to a garment. The fact that she was standing on the back of a moving horse while doing this invested the matter with a clownish significance that perfectly fitted the spirit of the circus—jocund, yet charming. She just rolled the strap into a neat ball and stowed it inside her bodice while the horse rocked and rolled beneath her in dutiful innocence. The bathing suit proved as self-reliant as its owner and stood up well enough without benefit of strap.

The richness of the scene was in its plainness, its natural condition—of horse, of ring, of girl, even to the girl's bare feet that gripped the bare back of her proud and ridiculous mount. The enchantment grew not out of anything that happened or was performed but out of something that seemed to go round and around and around with the girl, attending her, a steady gleam in the shape of a circle—a ring of ambition, of happiness, of youth. (And the positive pleas-



"Will someone please tell me what coleslaw is doing at an orgy?"



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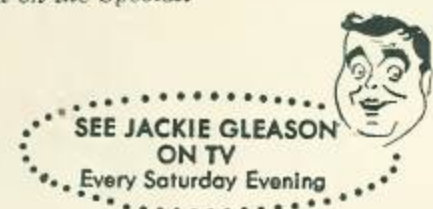
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ures of equilibrium under difficulties.) In a week or two, all would be changed, all (or almost all) lost: the girl would wear makeup, the horse would wear gold, the ring would be painted, the bark would be clean for the feet of the horse, the girl's feet would be clean for the shoes that she'd wear. All, all would be lost.

As I watched with the others, our jaws adroop, our eyes alight, I became painfully conscious of the element of time. Everything in the hideous old building seemed to take the shape of a circle, conforming to the course of the horse. The rider's gaze, as she peered straight ahead, seemed to be circular, as though bent by force of circumstance; then time itself began running in circles, and so the beginning was where the end was, and the two were the same, and one thing ran into the next and time went round and around and got nowhere. The girl wasn't so young that she did not know the delicious satisfaction of having a perfectly behaved body and the fun of using it to do a trick most people can't do, but she was too young to know that time does not really move in a circle at all. I thought: "She will never be as beautiful as this again"—a thought that made me acutely unhappy—and in a flash my mind (which is too much of a busybody to suit me) had projected her twenty-five years ahead, and she was now in the center of the ring, on foot, wearing a conical hat and high-heeled shoes, the image of the older woman, holding the long rein, caught in the treadmill of an afternoon long in the future. "She is at that enviable moment in life [I thought] when she believes she can go once around the ring, make one complete circuit, and at the end be exactly the same age as at the start." Everything in her movements, her expression, told you that for her the ring of time was perfectly formed, changeless, predictable, without beginning or end, like the ring in which she was travelling at this moment with the horse that wallowed under her. And then I slipped back into my trance, and time was circular again—time, pausing quietly with the rest of us, so as not to disturb the balance of a performer.

Her ride ended as casually as it had begun. The older woman stopped the horse, and the girl slid to the ground. As she walked toward us to leave, there was a quick, small burst of applause. She smiled broadly, in surprise and pleasure; then her face suddenly regained its gravity and she disappeared through the door.

It has been ambitious and plucky of



The campaigner

"There's a right way and a wrong way to do darned near everything."

Nothing startling, except that when you come right down to it any truism like that is tough to live up to. But Bob Hungerford does. He has ever since he swept out an art studio mornings so he could earn his baccalaureate in fine arts afternoons and nights.

And he does now, at 34, as art supervisor in Campbell-Ewald's rapidly expanding art department. This young man directs the work of nine assistants for as many clients.

His work is cut out for him, too, because as far as Bob's concerned "the right way" for an art director to create advertising isn't easy.

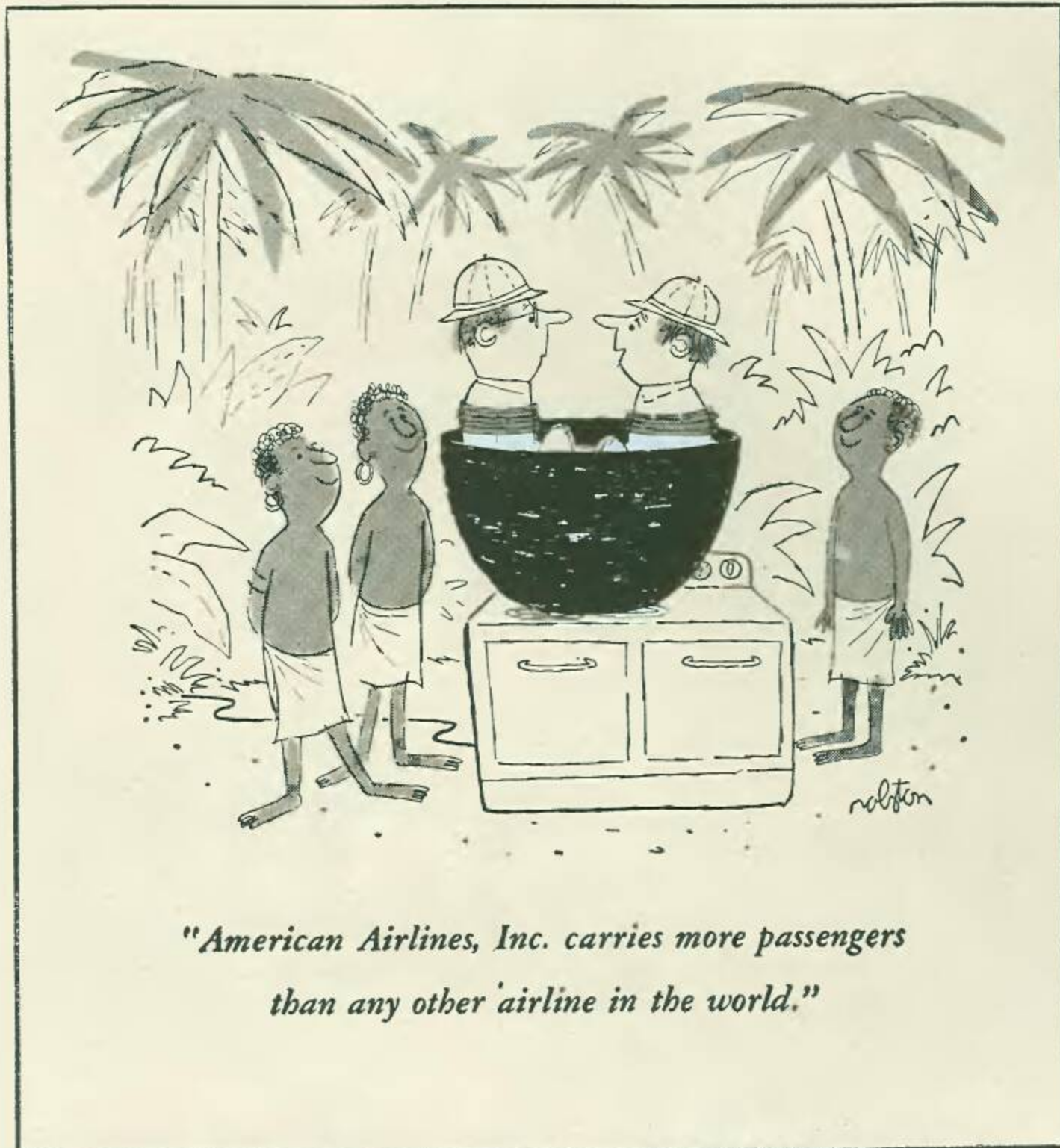
"The art director is a technician, sure. But that's just a beginning. He has to read, be interested in good writing, because his job is interpreting words and ideas visually.

"Then he must really understand client products and problems—get his hands dirty. He has to get inside a problem, because that's where the solution is—inside, not outside."

Bob's associates offer these varying descriptions of him: "analytical and articulate," "flair for the unusual," "sees the whole problem," or "talks copywriters' language." And his boss will tell you: "I can't remember when he hasn't made sense."

But on one thing they all agree: Bob just isn't content with an idea or an advertisement until he's assured himself that every angle of it will help solve a client's problem, and solve it correctly.

At Campbell-Ewald, that's the way it has to be.



*"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers
than any other airline in the world."*

THE BERMUDA SHOP

**SEAHORSES ARE
IN SEASON**

The blouse we made famous, in a delightful Sea Nymph printed cotton, very appealing with its own matching flared skirt.

Rose and teal,
lavender and purple,
moss and green,
or blue and gold.

All on white background.
Sizes 10 to 18. Blouse \$6.95
Button front skirt \$10.95

BERMUDA SHOP MADISON AVENUE AT 50th STREET, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

me to attempt to describe what is indescribable, and I have failed, as I knew I would. But I have discharged my duty to my society; and besides, a writer, like an acrobat, must occasionally try a stunt that is too much for him. At any rate, it is worth reporting that long before the circus comes to town, its most notable performances have already been given. Under the bright lights of the finished show, a performer need only reflect the electric candle power that is directed upon him; but in the dark and dirty old training rings and in the makeshift cages, whatever light is generated, whatever excitement, whatever beauty, must come from original sources—from internal fires of professional hunger and delight, from the exuberance and gravity of youth. It is the difference between planetary light and the combustion of stars.

THE South is the land of the sustained sibilant. Everywhere, for the appreciative visitor, the letter S insinuates itself into the scene: in the sound of sea and sand, in the singing shell, in the heat of sun and sky, in the sultriness of the gentle hours, in the siesta, in the stir of birds and insects. In contrast to the softness of its music, the South is also cruel and hard and prickly. A little striped lizard, flattened along the sharp green bayonet of a yucca, wears in its tiny face and watchful eye the pure look of death and violence. And all over the place, hidden at the bottom of their small sandy craters, the ant lions lie in wait for the ant that will stumble into their trap. (There are three kinds of lions in this region: the lions of the circus, the ant lions, and the Lions of the Tampa Lions Club, who roared their approval of segregation at a meeting the other day—all except one, a Lion named Monty Gurwit, who declined to roar and thereby got his picture in the paper.)

The day starts on a note of despair: the sorrowing dove, alone on its telephone wire, mourns the loss of night, weeps at the bright perils of the unfolding day. But soon the mockingbird wakes and begins an early rehearsal, setting the dove down by force of character, running through a few slick imitations, and trying a couple of original numbers into the bargain. The redbird takes it from there. Despair gives way to good humor. The southern dawn is a pale affair, usually, quite different from our northern daybreak. It is a triumph of gradualism; night turns to day imperceptibly, softly, with no theatrics. It is subtle and undisturbing. As the first

Enter
the
dark
and
secret
world
of
the
Spanish
Guitar



There are many ways to play a guitar. With a pick, it's the Jazz Guitar. Play it with a steel bar, you've got a Hawaiian Guitar. Use ten fingers—and study thirty years—and you *may* be able to play the *classic* Spanish Guitar.

It sounds lonely, intimate, unlike any music you've ever heard. It opens a private door to the dark, rich, brooding world of brilliant Spanish composers Sor, Tarrega and Torroba.

But it's a seldom opened door. Critics recognize less than a handful of men as masters of this astonishingly difficult instrument. One of them is the gentleman pictured above, the

great Brazilian guitarist, Laurindo Almeida.

Everywhere he's played—in South America, Europe and in this country—he's led his audience into the strange and secret world depicted by the Spanish Guitar.

You'll enter this world soon after you touch needle to either of Mr. Almeida's two new Capitol Recordings—"Guitar Music of Spain" or "Guitar Music of Latin America." Collections of the finest pieces ever written for the Spanish Guitar, they're recorded by Capitol in flawless "Full Dimensional Sound."

You'll play them many, many times.

Incomparable High Fidelity in
Full Dimensional Sound





CONNOISSEURS
CHOOSE **CHURCH'S** SHOES

Made in England. Available in such fine stores as:

HENRY MARKS LTD.
MOUNT ROYAL HOTEL, MONTREAL, CANADA

CHURCH'S ENGLISH SHOES
428 MADISON AVE. AT 49TH ST., NEW YORK CITY

CRAVATS BY COUNTESS MARA

SCOTCH BY

The Grand Macnish

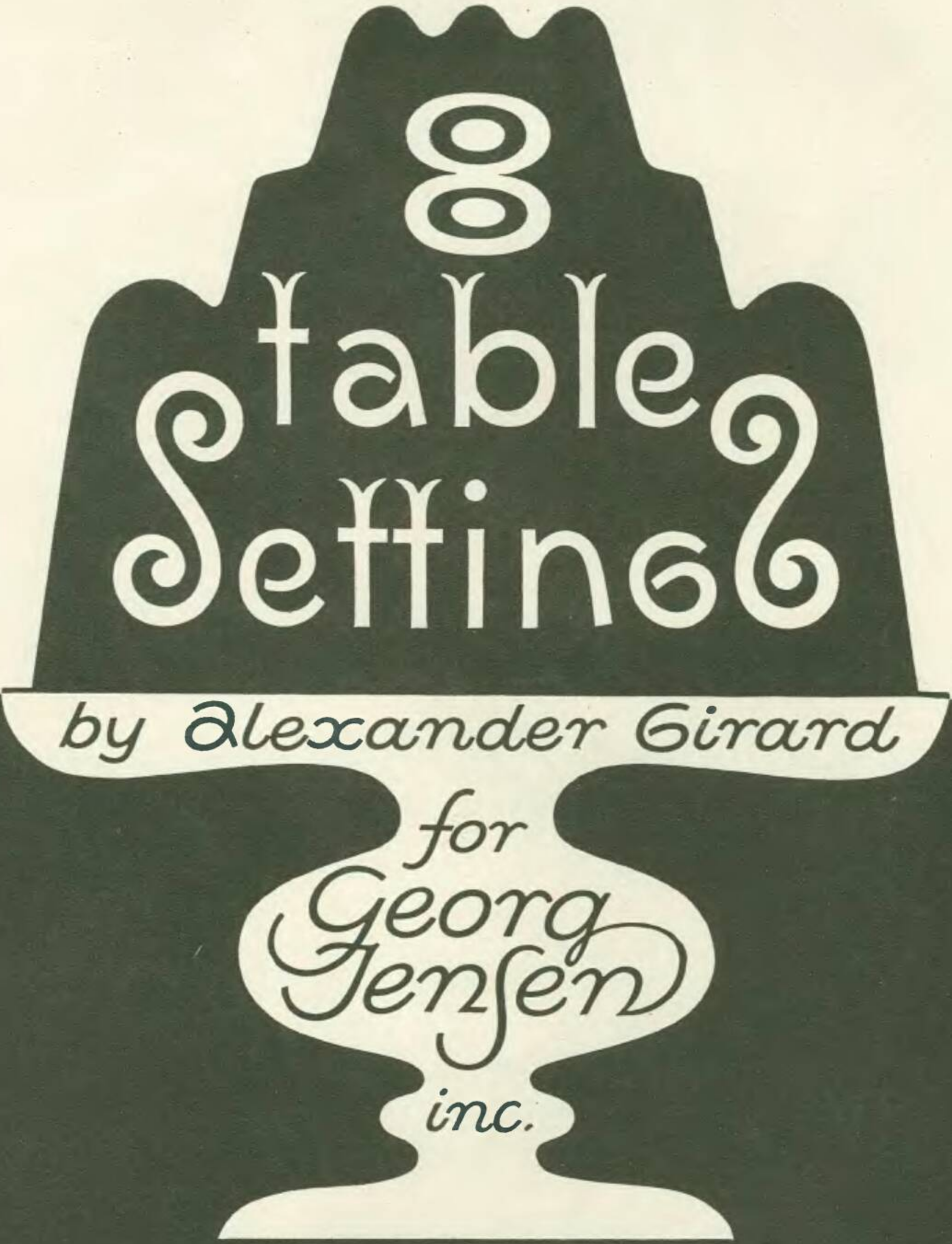
BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY—86 PROOF—IMPORTED BY JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

light seeps in through the blinds I lie in bed half awake, despairing with the dove, sounding the A for the brothers Alsop. All seems lost, all seems sorrowful. Then a mullet jumps in the bayou outside the bedroom window. It falls back into the water with a smart smack. I have asked several people why the mullet incessantly jump and I have received a variety of answers. Some say the mullet jump to shake off a parasite that annoys them. Some say they jump for the love of jumping—as the girl on the horse seemed to ride for the love of riding (although she, too, like all artists, may have been shaking off some parasite that fastens itself to the creative spirit and can be got rid of only by fifty turns around a ring while standing on a horse).

In Florida at this time of year, the sun does not take command of the day until a couple of hours after it has appeared in the east. It seems to carry no authority at first. The sun and the lizard keep the same schedule; they bide their time until the morning has advanced a good long way before they come fully forth and strike. The cold lizard waits astride his warming leaf for the perfect moment; the cold sun waits in his nest of clouds for the crucial time.

On many days, the dampness of the air pervades all life, all living. Matches refuse to strike. The towel, hung to dry, grows wetter by the hour. The newspaper, with its headlines about integration, wilts in your hand and falls limply into the coffee and the egg. Envelopes seal themselves. Postage stamps mate with one another as shamelessly as grasshoppers. But most of the time the days are models of beauty and wonder and comfort, with the kind sea stroking the back of the warm sand. At evening there are great flights of birds over the sea, where the light lingers; the gulls, the pelicans, the terns, the herons stay aloft for half an hour after land birds have gone to roost. They hold their ancient formations, wheel and fish over the Pass, enjoying the last of day like children playing outdoors after suppertime.

To a beachcomber from the North, which is my present status, the race problem has no pertinence, no immediacy. Here in Florida I am a guest in two houses—the house of the sun, the house of the State of Florida. As a guest, I mind my manners and do not criticize the customs of my hosts. It gives me a queer feeling, though, to be at the center of the greatest social crisis of my time and see hardly a sign of it. Yet the very absence of signs seems to

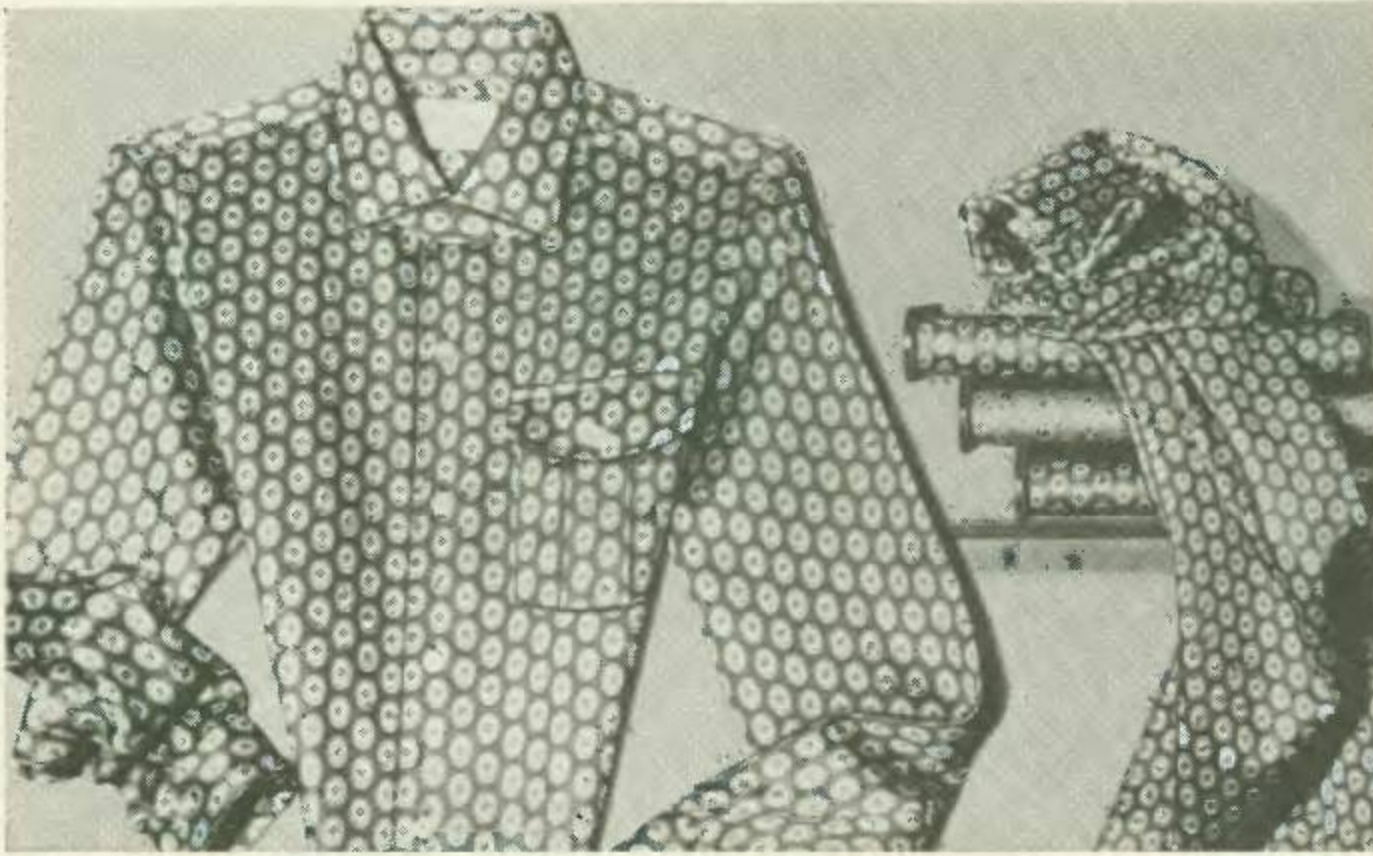


8
table
Settings

by Alexander Girard

*for
Georg
Jensen
inc.*

*exhibition from april 4th to 21st
667 fifth avenue, new york*



Presenting SURRAIRE

a new silky cotton by **EVERFAST**

A CUSTOM SHOP Sport Shirt in the most exciting new fabric we've had in years. SURRAIRE by EVERFAST is made of Egyptian cotton that gives the look and the feel of fine silk foulard. It's been made crease-resistant by EVERGLAZE®, is completely washable and backed by the famous EVERFAST color guarantee. Made to measure in shirts sure to make you feel handsome . . . look well groomed—\$12.



The Custom Shop

716 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

Shirtmakers

Also 18 other stores in New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington, Philadelphia, Newark, Detroit, Minneapolis, Cincinnati.

Which girl is more beautiful?



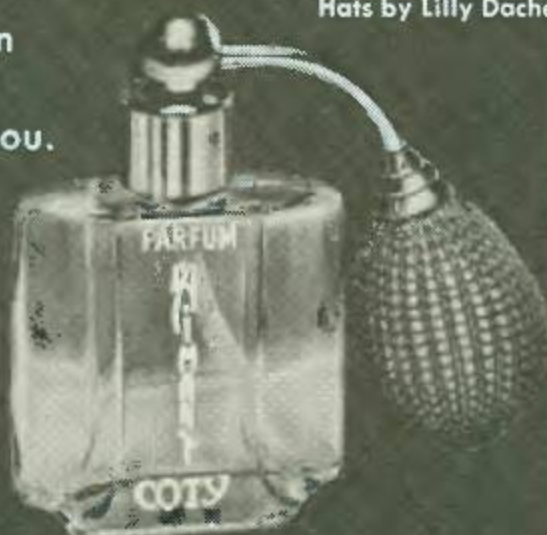
Hats by Lilly Dache

To look at, they're alike as twins. But when you meet, you'll find that the girl who wears L'AIMANT looks more beautiful to you.

L'AIMANT

by **COTY**

Purser 2.00—1 oz. with atomizer 12.50
Other sizes up to 60.00 plus tax



Compounded and copyrighted by Coty, Inc., in U.S.A.

increase one's awareness. Colored people do not come to the public beach to bathe, because they would not be made welcome there; and they don't fritter away their time visiting the circus, because they have other things to do. A few of them turn up at the ballpark, where they occupy a separate but equal section of the left-field bleachers and watch Negro players on the visiting Braves team using the same bases as the white players, instead of separate (but equal) bases. I have had only two small encounters with "color." A colored woman named Viola, who had been a friend of my wife's sister years ago, showed up one day with some laundry of ours that she had consented to do for us, and with the bundle she brought a bunch of nasturtiums, as a sort of natural accompaniment to the delivery of clean clothes. The flowers seemed a very acceptable thing and I was touched by them. We asked Viola about her daughter, and she said she was at Kentucky State College, studying voice.

The other encounter was when I was explaining to our cook, who is from Finland, the mysteries of bus travel in the American Southland. I showed her the bus stop, armed her with a timetable, and then, as a matter of duty, mentioned the customs of the Romans. "When you get on the bus," I said, "I think you'd better sit in one of the front seats—the seats in back are for colored people." A look of great weariness came into her face, as it does when we use too many dishes, and she replied, "Oh, I know—isn't it silly!"

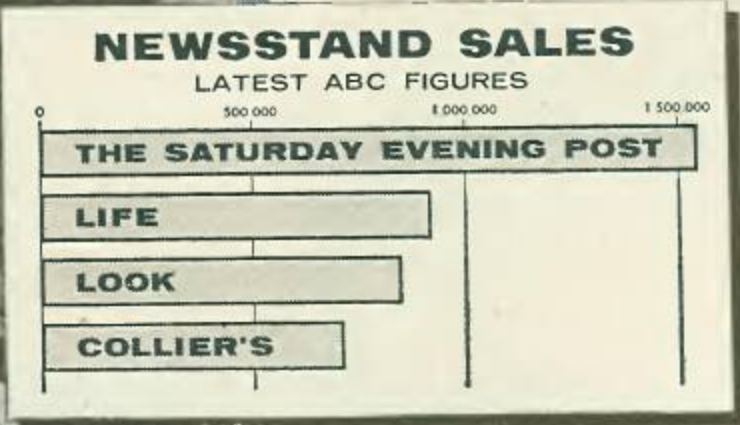
Her remark, coming as it did all the way from Finland and landing on this sandbar with a plunk, impressed me. The Supreme Court said nothing about silliness, but I suspect it may play more of a role than one might suppose. People are, if anything, more touchy about being thought silly than they are about being thought unjust. I note that one of the arguments in the recent manifesto of Southern congressmen in support of the doctrine of "separate but equal" was that it had been founded on "common sense." The sense that is common to one generation is uncommon to the next. Probably the first slave ship, with Negroes lying in chains on its decks, seemed commonsensical to the owners who operated it and to the planters who patronized it. But such a vessel would not be in the realm of common sense today. The only sense that is common, in the long run, is the sense of change—and we all instinctively avoid it, and object to the passage of

New ABC reports show Post increases newsstand lead to a whopping 69.2%

Have you read the Audit Bureau of Circulations reports that have just come out? The old figures (first half of '55) showed the Post

was 50% ahead of the next general weekly in single-copy sales. That's been changed—and dramatically! The new figures (last half of '55) show it leads by an overwhelming 69.2%. This is the fourth consecutive year in which the Post has increased its lead on the field.

And while the Post was becoming by far the most sought-after weekly at the newsstand, it was winning more subscribers, too. Its subscription sales have shot up 26% since 1952! The Post gets to the heart of America.



America reads the Post



Looking for value?

The name is

MORGANTON

... for half a century, makers of distinguished furniture for the American home. This is the *Villager* group, out of native cherry, in the post-colonial spirit. Send 25¢ in coin for descriptive brochures to Morganton Furniture Co., Inc., Morganton 2, North Carolina.



Turtle-Neck Sweater

FROM SCOTLAND

This distinctive garment for country wear is made of finely knitted lightweight soft wool for comfort and protection

Natural tan, medium grey, yellow, white, navy, black

Even sizes: 36 to 44

\$12

Tweed cap, leather back strap, grey or brown, \$8.50

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CLOTHING • HATS • HABERDASHERY

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MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET • NEW YORK 17

time, and would rather have none of it.

The Supreme Court decision is like the southern sun, laggard in its early stages, biding its time. It has been the law in Florida for two years now, and the years have been like the hours of the morning before the sun has gathered its strength. I think the decision is as incontrovertible and warming as the sun, and, like the sun, will eventually take charge.

But there is certainly a great temptation in Florida to duck the passage of time. Lying in warm comfort by the sea, you receive gratefully the gift of the sun, the gift of the South. This is true seduction. The day is a circle—morning, afternoon, and night. After a few days I was clearly enjoying the same delusion as the girl on the horse—that I could ride clear around the ring of day, guarded by wind and sun and sea and sand, and be not a moment older.

—E. B. WHITE

CHILDREN AND SCHOOLS

EDITOR NEWS: I notice Basil Henriques one of Great Britain's foremost authorities said he was amazed at the seriousness of crimes committed by teenagers in the United States, while Margaret Chomko lay in hospital after being shot by her 16 year old daughter after a young man gave her the gun and some are wondering whether the fire in Kennett School was accidental or an act of Providence just before the play was to be given to show children how poison was placed in elderberry wine to get shut of elder people. then in the face of this the school directors in Pennsbury and Birmingham Townships, would vote to hold the play in Unionville school, where they require the first six grade children to get up at daylight to be dumped out at Chadds Ford School, in order to take the other six grades by bus 10 to 15 miles to Unionville and raise the taxes from five to 35 mills for busses, transportation and tuition.

Over 20 years ago I offered to add six rooms, auditorium and gymnasium to Chadds Ford school with no cost to taxpayers, but directors argued women would raise no more children after present generation and the State agreed with them. Now we are informed 50 houses are going to be built within two miles of Chadds Ford school and we notice Jean Helindore, of New Brunswick, has given birth to 26 children and when Gracie Allen was asked if women ought to have children over 35, she replied no: "Thirty-five is enough for any woman to have."

Of course we could expect no other view from Harrisburg, when they would want to disregard the speed and road laws and recall the motor police and leave the public to mercy of undertakers.

SWITHIN C. WALKER,
Chadds Ford.

—Letter in the *West Chester (Pa.) Daily Local News*.

Did somebody get shot?



Even dreamier—even newer

Ford THUNDERBIRD for '56

The newest version of America's most thrilling dream-car-come-true is here...



... ready and waiting to take you places as you've never gone before, in new style that will draw admiring glances wherever you go

One trial spin in the new Thunderbird is enough to quicken the pulse of even the most seasoned driver. You feel you could drive all day... just enjoying the enormous Thunderbird Y-8 power as it responds to your slightest command! And you can have it with Fordomatic, Overdrive or Conventional Drive.

You can choose power assists to help you steer, stop, control the windows and seat. Cornering never was flatter. The ride was never better. And, depending on your whim, you can have a convertible fabric top or a removable hardtop—or both. You feel extra safe, too. For

you know Ford's exclusive Lifeguard Design rides with you.

You feel just a little proud when you pull up at a light. You know that your car's long, low lines are the most distinctive on the road. Interiors sparkle with new color.

And that new rear-mounted spare tire adds as much to the appearance of the car as it does to your luggage space.

These experiences are your everyday fare when you drive a Thunderbird. Why miss them another day?





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THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE

THE trouble with "Mister Johnson," Norman Rosten's adaptation of a novel by Joyce Cary, is, I think, that it deals a little too loosely and episodically with a type that has been studied rather often before in books and plays. Its hero is a native of a British colony in Africa, he is employed as a clerk in a white trading post, and he has come to occupy a traditionally doomed role in society, having substantially renounced his tribal roots without managing to find a place in the incomprehensible new civilization to which he aspires. The central character, the tragic fool, that we get at the Martin Beck is handled with considerable humor and pathos. His conception of the behavior suitable to a member of His Majesty's government is proud and ornate, right down to the wearing of patent-leather dancing pumps, and his attitude toward his fellow-Africans is an enchanting mixture of genial condescension and some dismay that his instincts are still so like their own. His attempt to follow two ethical systems simultaneously is, of course, what kills him in the end, and his mounting confusion and despair are brought out very movingly, with grim, unarguable logic. Thanks to a superb performance by young Earle Hyman in the title part, Mr. Johnson is every paradox he ought to be—loyal, dishonest, childishly delighted with life and depressed by its complexities, alternating unpredictably between deep tenderness and sudden murderous violence. In many other respects, the production

is admirable. The contrast between the white and black modes of life is always present, and it is usually either hilarious or dramatic. A decorous Christian wedding ceremony is followed, at the bride's insistence, by the savage, drumming abandon of a native one; a genteel English wife, newly arrived in the colony, discusses her domestic problems with a lady from the bush and is agitated by what is certainly a more realistic approach to sex; there is a wonderfully funny demonstration of the superiority of African logic to European bookkeeping; and, more darkly, there is a study of the hopeless failure of orderly British justice to deal mercifully with

a criminal who has almost no comprehension of what made him kill.

In spite of all its fine qualities, however, "Mister Johnson," I'm afraid, is not a wholly satisfactory theatrical experience. The man who has lost one world without gaining another is, as I've said, a fairly familiar figure in our literature, and the fact that his end is readily visible from the beginning robs him to a great extent of any real dramatic tension. An equally serious fault is what appears to be a lack of selection and proper development in Mr. Rosten's adaptation. There are an enormous number of little scenes, made possible by a nearly overingenious manipulation of settings, and very often they are too brief to establish a convincing mood or even to permit the audience to grasp quite accurately just what's going on. Many of these vignettes, while attractive, are not essential to the action, and it seems to me that it would have been an intelligent idea to eliminate at least a third

of them and devote the time saved to building up and clarifying the remainder. It also occurred to me that the switching back and forth between realistic and impressionistic techniques (the actors eat real food but they cut down imaginary trees) contributed some slight additional confusion, but I am notoriously a literal-minded man and I guess you can ignore that point.

While Mr. Hyman's portrayal is the chief delight of the evening, I also admired William Sylvester, as a British official miserably torn between his duty and compassionate understanding; Gaby Rodgers, as his London wife and surely an arresting figure in the jungle; and Josephine Premice, as the girl for whom Mr. Johnson first loses his imported watch, umbrella, and code of behavior, and then ultimately his life. The rest of the cast, magnificently directed by Robert Lewis, includes Lawrence



"THE GREAT SEBASTIANS"

Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, two of the greatest magicians in the theatre, are shown here casting their peculiar spell on the comedy by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. At the Coronet.

I. MAGNIN & CO.
CALIFORNIA • SEATTLE



Headed for summer...
cool lingerie by Fischer of a new
flash-drying blend of dacron-nylon-and-
cotton-batiste that needn't be ironed.
White, blue or pink with white nylon lace,
32 to 38 sizes... shadow-panel slip 12.95.
Waltz-length gown, not sketched 17.95

mail orders to Union Square, San Francisco

Fletcher, Thayer David, Ruth Attaway, Rosetta Le Noire, John Akar, and James E. Wall. The tribal dances, staged by Pearl Primus, are ferociously impressive, and the sets and costumes, designed by William and Jean Eckart, are convincingly British or barbaric, as the case may be.

AT this point in her career, Eva Gabor's equipment as an actress appears to consist of a gleaming smile, an agreeably modelled face and figure, and some fetching remnants of her native Hungarian accent. Usually stardom on Broadway demands a trifle more, but Miss Gabor was operating last week in a play called "Little Glass Clock," and since her assignment in it called on her to say nothing much more taxing than "Whom, pray, are we to thank for all these horses?" I guess her gifts were adequate. Her surrounding players included Reginald Gardiner, Bramwell Fletcher, George Curzon, and Douglas Watson, and while they were all obviously rather more privy to the difficult secrets of performing on the stage, they lacked her physical advantages, and, in a work that was fundamentally hostile to acting, their skill didn't avail them much.

"Little Glass Clock" was written by Hugh Mills, whose previous accomplishments are unknown to me, and it is probably best described as a French farce of almost suburban rectitude. The heroine of it, that is, was assailed by an army of worldly seducers, but it was clear right from the beginning that nothing was going to come of anything. Her heart belonged to her husband, and though it would be hard to find a duller

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PRINCESS KAIULANI
Joseph Filoni, Manager
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AT WAIKIKI BEACH... HONOLULU... HAWAII

Matson Hotels

Edwin K. Hastings, Vice President



dog, the idea of more vivacious bed-fellows had no appeal for her at all. The plot was mainly a string of complex but idiotic stratagems to evade her fashionable admirers. The verbal wit that went with it is unrepeatable only because at the moment I can't remember a line of it. The visual humor reached its apex when a chamber pot was borne triumphantly aloft across the stage. There seems nothing else to tell you about "Little Glass Clock" except that its eighteenth-century sets and costumes were designed by Cecil Beaton, whose fastidious talents have seldom been more foolishly employed, and that it opened and closed almost simultaneously at the Golden Theatre, which has briefly sheltered no fewer than three other calamities this year.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

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

A combination of lobster a la newburg, a whistling buoy, a foghorn, the call of an alligator to its mate, her husband singing in his sleep and a long-distance telephone call from Met opera star Robert Merrill saved wealthy socialite Loraine Kent (Mrs. Luben) Vichey from going down with a sinking yacht.

Loraine confided yesterday that she would have been one of the passengers aboard Karl Eisenhardt's beautiful yacht Alimar when it sank the other day in south Florida waters if it hadn't been for the aforementioned combination.

Mrs. Vichey ate the lobster the same day Karl and Virginia Eisenhardt invited her and her opera star husband Luben on a cruise aboard their yacht. She and Luben retired at midnight in their palatial ocean-front manse at Lantana, Fla.

"Lobster always gives me nightmares," she explained. "I awoke from a dream that Luben and I were drowning and heard the mournful wail of a whistling buoy, the deep tones of a foghorn on a passing ship and the bellow of an alligator. As if that weren't eerie enough, Luben started singing 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' in that deep thrilling voice of his.

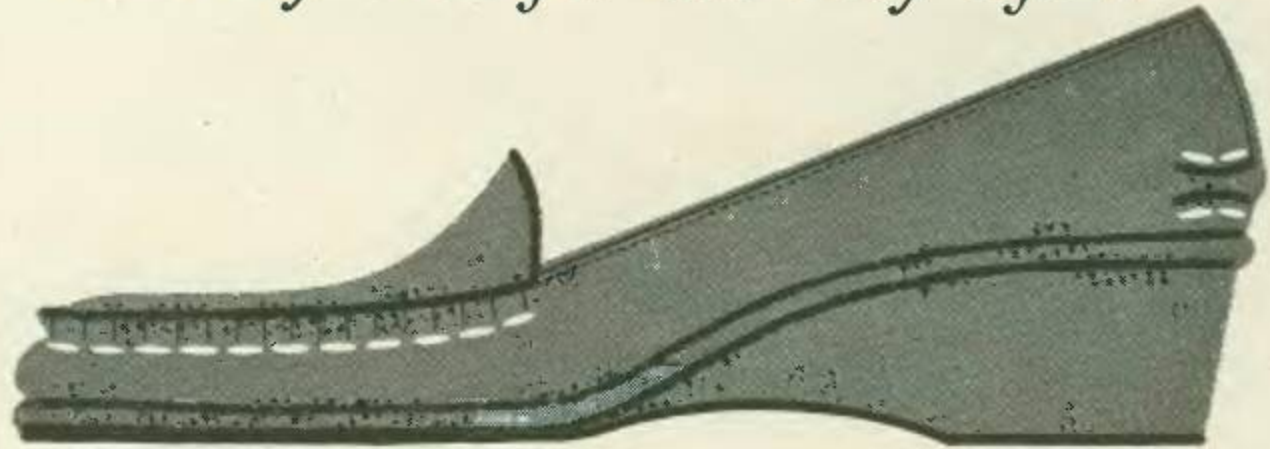
"I spoke to him, but he just mumbled something unintelligible and turned over in his sleep. Right at that moment, the telephone rang. It turned out to be Robert Merrill in New York, who said he planned to come down for a visit that weekend.

"That did it. I called back Karl and Virginia first thing in the morning and said that I'd have to decline their kind invitation because I had to plan some special menus for Robert on the day of the cruise."

The rest is nautical history. The Alimar hit a submerged log and sank on a nearby sandbar in Lake Worth, with 31 aboard. Mrs. Eisenhardt's entire Balenciaga wardrobe was ruined, but her jewels, furs, guests and crew were rescued from the deep by a man in a motorboat.



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Talk about a walkabout! These handsewn wonders rise-and-shine with the sun...garden...market...take you visiting in the evening. So handsome, too, that you'll be proud to have them chauffeur you around *any* circles. Of finest kip-calf in ninety sizes and every wonderful color, about \$15. In bucko suede, about \$16. Not shown, the wedge-tie and heeled oxford, about \$16. At fine stores everywhere.

Haymaker Shoe Corp., Dept. N4, 47 West 34th St., N. Y.

Keep a lovely French garden at your fingertips.

QUELQUES FLEURS*

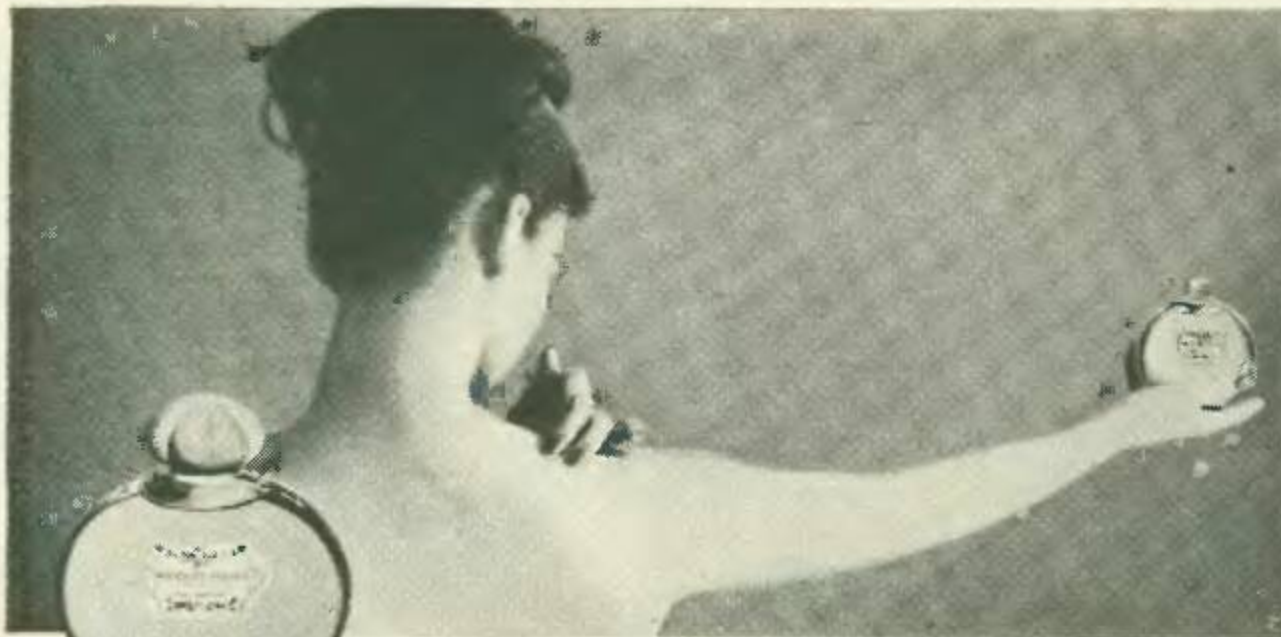
("a handful of flowers")

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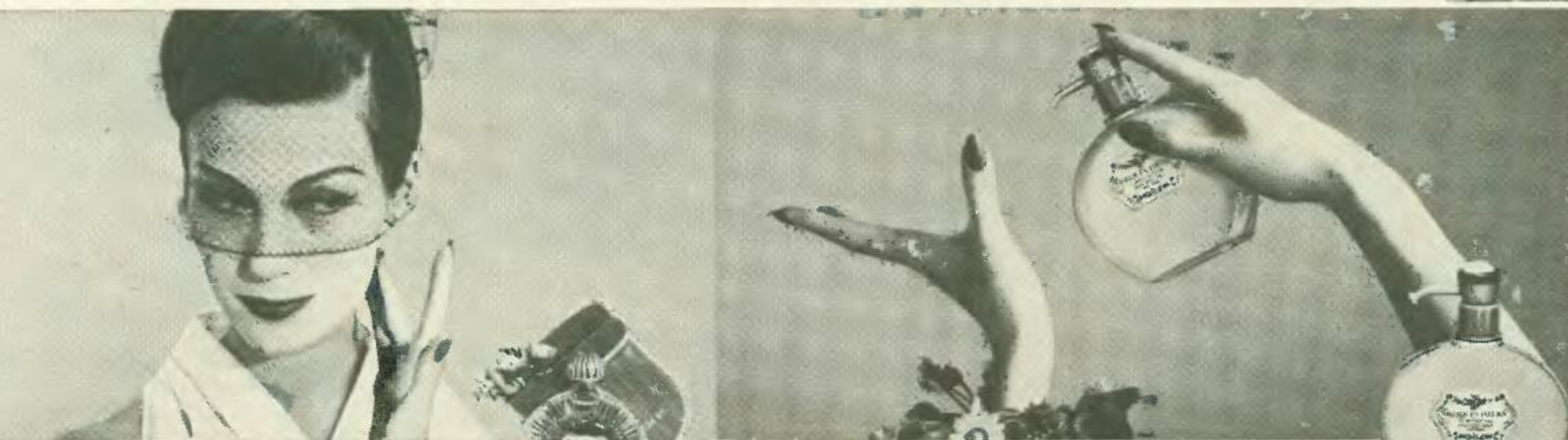


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THE RACE TRACK

Nashua at Home



WELL, Jamaica is open again, and looking not a bit different from the way it did when we left it last November. An item of perhaps more interest—especially to hero-worshippers—is that Nashua isn't

going to run in the John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap at Bowie on Saturday. It seems the weather has been so unsettled lately that Jim Fitzsimmons, his trainer, was unwilling to risk the possibility of such a valuable property's getting a touch of pneumonia junketing down to Maryland and back in a motor van. It was a sound decision in the circumstances, for when Nashua travels in a van he insists on riding with his head sticking out of an open window, even on chilly, windy days. His friends will be glad to know that, for the present, he is taking things easy at Aqueduct; that he looks awfully well; that he has lengthened and filled out handsomely; and that he has a tail as long as Whirlaway's. This tail, by the way, is the particular pride of Al Robertson, Nashua's groom. "It don't look as good as it did," Robertson apologized the other morning. "You know, down there in Miami women pulled a lot of hairs out of it. For souvenirs, I guess. I like to have died every time they did. I was scared that Mickey [Mickey is Robertson's pet name for Nashua] would kick their damn heads off, but he never even moved a foot." And speaking of kicking, the other day Nashua playfully cuffed the back of his stall so hard that he bent the toe of the heavy work shoe he was wearing.

I EXPECT there will be a few misgivings and regrets about the Campbell Memorial now that Nashua has been declared out of it and Swaps isn't going to run for it, either. (His stable hasn't said why.) Nevertheless, I venture to say that it will be as good a show as it was last year, when Social Outcast beat Fisherman by a nose and Helioscope was third. I wouldn't miss it for anything. If you're looking for the winner, as I suppose everyone is, I suggest you go no further than Sailor. One of my favorite observ-

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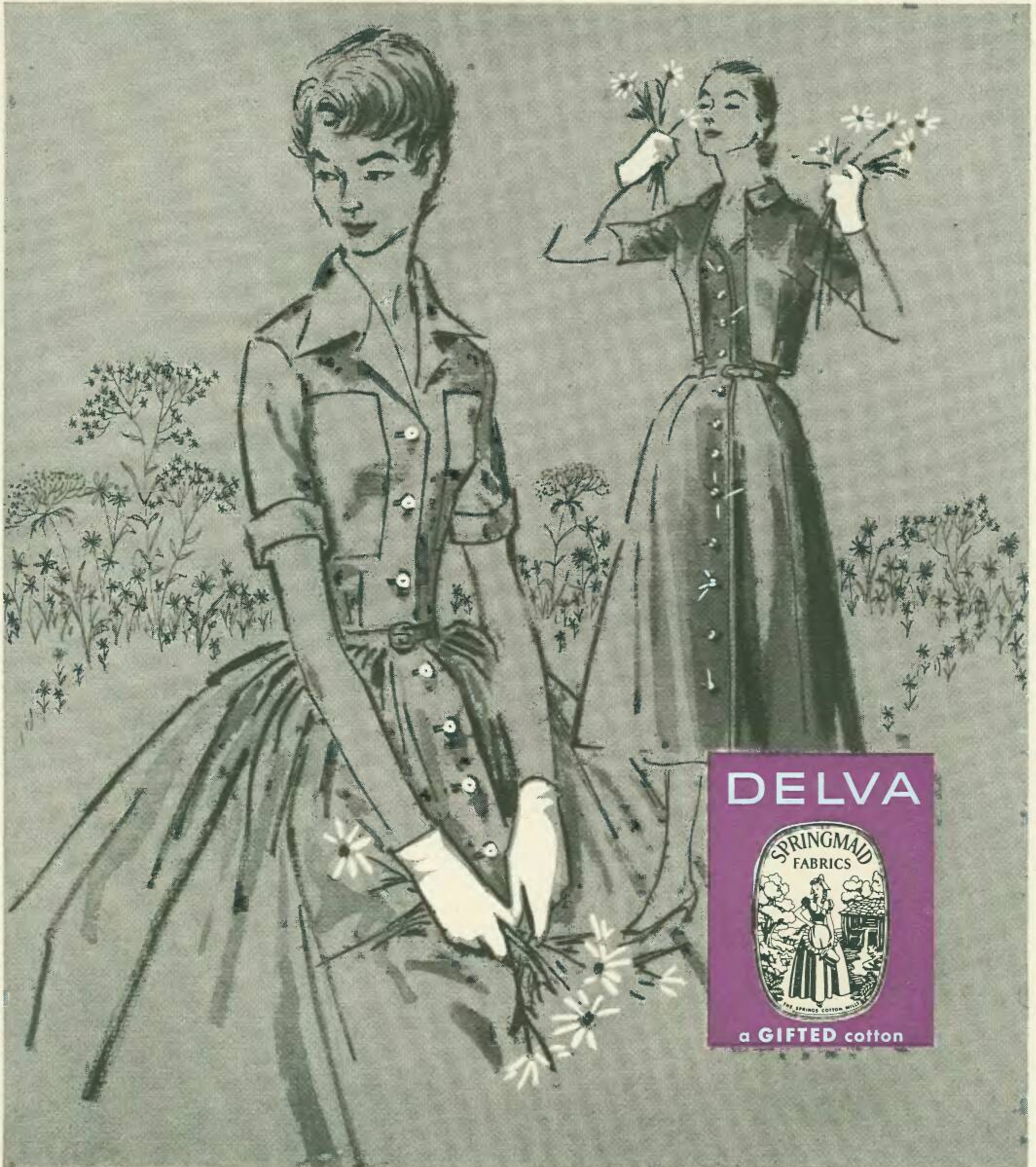


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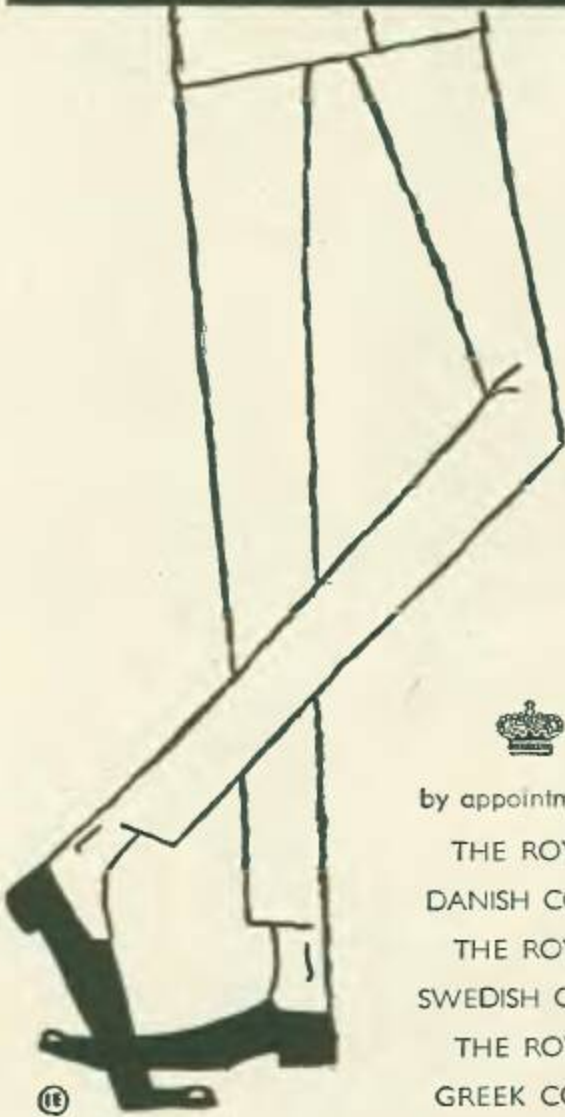
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ers, who is seldom wrong about weights and measures, said the other day, "Sailor is so good right now I couldn't name two horses anywhere that might beat him."

THESE are the days when the barns at the Long Island tracks are full of sleek, high-mettled racers, when owners and trainers are bubbling over with optimism, and when horseplayers are busy making good resolutions and lists of horses to follow. On my own list, I've put down the names of a dozen animals who seem likely to go well this season. The three-year-olds are Career Boy, who I think will be the best of the lot; Needles; Nail, who is going to be reserved for the races at short distances; Head Man; Pintor Lea; and Nasrina. The older ones are Sailor, Social Outcast, Jet Action, Summer Tan, Fisherman, and Misty Morn. I have left Nashua off my list, because I have a notion that we won't see him under colors many times this spring and summer. All the races he is eligible for are handicaps in which he would have to carry top weight, and it is well known what Mr. Fitz and his bosses (he calls the syndicate that owns Nashua "my bosses") think of high weights in handicaps. I have also left out Swaps. Your guess is as good as mine as to when he will run again.

WANDERING round the stables at Belmont Park one nippy morning last week, I stopped at the barn of C. A. Roles, the California horseman, for a look at his recent arrival from abroad, a four-year-old Irish sprinter with the rather incredible name of Pappa Fourway, and I'm glad I did. Offhand, I'd say he's easily the handsomest horse on the grounds. He's a rich bay in color, heavier in build than Nashua, and nearly as tall, and he has a fine head, molded in smooth, bold lines. He also has good shoulders, powerful quarters, a long, strong back, and great depth through the heart—altogether an imposing individual. He was unbeaten in England last year, where his most brilliant performance was at Epsom; he ran five furlongs over the straight course, which, incidentally, is uphill to the winning post, in fifty-five seconds flat, carrying a hundred and thirty-three pounds. Ray Bell, who brought those other Irish colts, Windy City and The Pie Man, to this country, bought Pappa Fourway for Mr. Roles. He has always wanted a speed horse for Santa Anita, and I fancy he has one now.

—AUDAX MINOR

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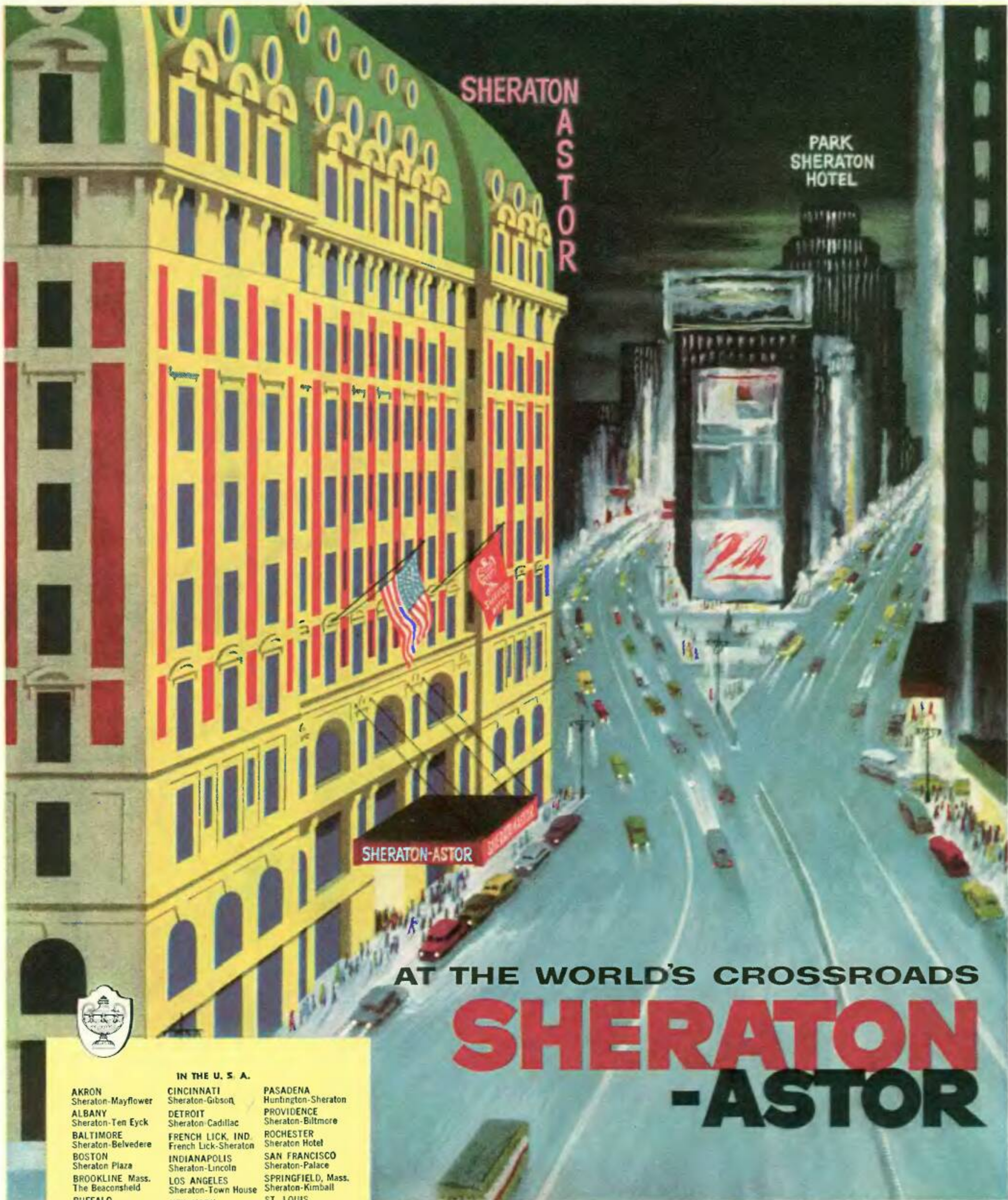


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A REPORTER AT LARGE

DIAMOND

I-THE RUSH

A WHILE ago, when I told a Johannesburg lady I was going to Kimberley, she said impatiently, "It will just be a waste of time. Kimberley's a dreary little place. It isn't a city at all; it's a state of mind. The people who live there are crazy about it—they're always bragging—but you couldn't induce me to spend any time there. As far as I'm concerned, it's just a backward little mining town with a terrible climate." Johannesburg is a younger city than Kimberley, and a larger one; with its skyscrapers, department stores, and movie houses, and its population of three-quarters of a million, it is South Africa's pride, and will stand comparison with the other big towns of the world. The same can't be said for Kimberley, even though, as I discovered, its fifty-five thousand inhabitants, like city people everywhere, complain of a traffic problem. Johannesburg is there because of gold, but it has developed other interests and has become the largest city in the Union of South Africa; Kimberley is there because of diamonds, and although it has acquired some urbanity and an air of permanence, it still is, as my Johan-

nesburg acquaintance said, a mining town. (As she said, too, the weather is terrible; I went there in February—midsummer in South Africa—and it was sizzling.) But Kimberley has something of its own—something, perhaps, of San Francisco's quality, which is hard to describe without using the word "history." And that sounds a little overblown, for Kimberley is only eighty-five years old.

Kimberley is not a very small city, as such things go in South Africa, but it has the atmosphere of one. It is a company town, and most of its citizens are held together by the common history of De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., the great corporation that was born in Kimberley in 1888 and is now one of the most powerful business empires on earth, thoroughly dominating the world's diamond industry. Practically everybody in town works for De Beers or has worked for De Beers or has an ancestor who worked for De Beers. Many of the old mining families have dispersed, and quite a lot of the young people of Kimberley have branched out into work uncon-

nected with diamonds—schoolteaching, shopkeeping, manufacturing, and so on—but most of the people know each other, and one hears the same names again and again. When two Kimberley residents who don't happen to know each other are introduced, the conversation is apt to go something like this:

"Weren't you at school with Viljoen, or was that someone else with your name?"

"No, that was me. Viljoen and I are first cousins, you know—or, wait, is it second cousins? That's right, second cousins. We grew up together, but he started working in the washing plant here in '27, and I went to the Rand."

One thing that makes Kimberley seem small is the fact that it is pinched in by five vast gaping holes—the deepest open-pit mines ever dug by man. There is no digging in any of the pits these days, and hasn't been for half a century or more, but beneath three of them there are active mines, with shafts and tunnels and trams and all the other paraphernalia of modern mining. The most famous of the pits, the abandoned Kimberley Mine, also known as the

Big Hole, which lies on the northwestern outskirts of the town, is about thirteen hundred feet deep; it is half full of water now, and even the surface of the water looks, and is, a long way down. The years have modified what must have been the supreme ugliness of the land around the Big Hole and the lesser holes, and the town is now reasonably full of tree-lined avenues, flowers, and little ornamental pools, but the greenness is of that precarious, stubborn kind familiar to people who live in the drier regions of our West. The tailings—waste rock and earth—from the enormous cavities were piled up over a wide area spreading out from their rims. Tailings are a familiar part of any mine landscape; after all, one has to put the stuff somewhere. The flat-topped mounds from the gold mines have long been a vexation to Johannesburg, but Kimberley has been luckier. Cyanide is used in the extraction of gold, and nothing will grow



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on gold tailings until it is leached out—an arduous and expensive process—but diamond tailings aren't barren, and the ground around the Kimberley Mine has been taken over by camel's-thorn trees and scrubby grass. It is a pleasant, parklike region of small hills that you can drive through without ever suspecting that every cubic inch of earth for many feet down was hauled out of the nearby pit, and weathered, and crushed, and sifted, and scrutinized, before it was thrown aside.

The streets of central Kimberley are broad and well paved, and lined with respectable banking houses, hotels, and shops, but they twist and turn capriciously, describing odder patterns than the streets of the oldest European cities. The Kimberley streets began as the footpaths of the mining camp, and the footpaths twisted and turned to avoid casually placed shacks, the guy ropes of tents, and other impedimenta. Kimberley residents thus have a traffic labyrinth, and they are as proud of it as Londoners are of the maze of the City. The oldest part of Kimberley, which comes to an abrupt end against the southern edge of the Big Hole, hasn't changed much since it was built—or, rather, assembled. Many of the buildings that housed the town's first diamond brokers still stand—squat one-story brick structures, divided into cubbyholes of offices, with small windows at which dusty, impatient diggers would line up all day to haggle over their loot. There are also corrugated-iron houses that used to be portable but are now firmly rooted to the ground; they usually have tiny *stoeps*, or verandas, added on, and gardens. Eighty years ago, at the height of the diamond rush, one of these houses was advertised—cash and carry—in a mining-camp newspaper: "IRON HOUSE FOR SALE! An Iron House, 45 feet x 22 feet inside, two large windows with iron shutters: one pair large folding-doors, with sashlights: Pitched Roof: Linen Ceiling: with Locks, Bars, and Bolts complete." In those days, iron houses were popular because they could be taken apart, loaded on an oxcart, and set down again wherever their owners felt like digging. Mr. A. J. Beet, the leading local historian, who is now seventy-four, remembers a story he heard as a child about one of those elaborate practical jokes that flourish in mining camps. A man who lived in an iron house found a good big diamond and celebrated his luck in the traditional manner, passing out before midnight. His friends picked up his house, complete with furniture

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and insensible host, and carried it across the road, where they set it down facing in the other direction. When he awoke in the morning, he called out to a neighbor, "I don't know what it is, but something's funny this morning. The sun just came up on the wrong side."

One of the civic peculiarities of Kimberley is the prevalence of debris-washing. Any resident who digs up his own ground to build a garage or add a wing to his house naturally wants to have the dirt washed out to see whether it contains diamonds, and there are men who make a business of debris-washing, carrying their simple gear from spot to spot, wherever a road is being laid or a building is going up. "Of course, diamonds turn up here and there," a Kimberley man told me. "Why wouldn't they? This town was the diggings. But let me warn you, if you haven't got a license to dig, it's a complicated business finding a diamond, even on your own property. First, you must report the find to the police, and then you have to make a statement, and fill out forms, and all that. Nobody without a license is supposed to have an uncut diamond in his possession. If you should happen to find one accidentally, you'd be best advised just to throw it away."

I hadn't gone to Kimberley for diamonds, or anyway not to acquire them. I had gone there for history, and history is what I got—plenty of it. Practically everybody in Kimberley is an amateur historian. The town has an excellent library, where old newspapers, diggers' licenses, and other records are carefully preserved, and it is always full of Kimberley citizens looking up things about Kimberley. It was there that I met Mr. Beet, and there, too, that he sat with me for hours, recounting the early history of Kimberley as he gazed steadily at me with his milky-blue eyes. Gradually, with the aid of Mr. Beet and a multitude of books and documents, I pieced together something of the confused story of the rush and of the chaotic, exuberant infancy of the world's most celebrated diamond-mining town.

BEFORE the first diamonds were discovered in the veldt—nobody knows for sure whether it was in 1866 or 1867—the region was agricultural and, in the eyes of the world, unimportant. Back in the seventeenth century, when the Dutch and the British were disputing about who ruled the waves, the Dutch East India Company planted a colony at the Cape of Good Hope,



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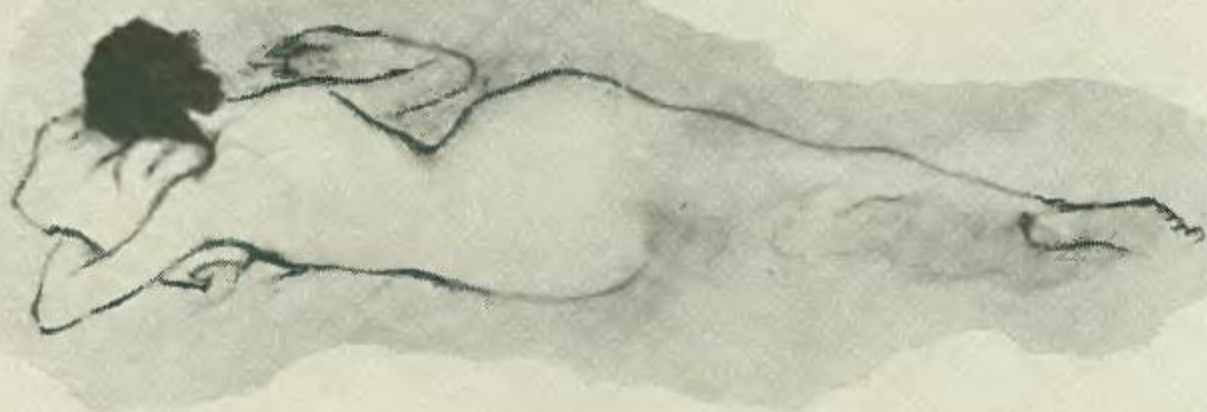


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where its ships could provision, and before long a good many people settled there—mostly Dutch but also quite a few British, Huguenots, Swedes, and Germans. Some founded the city of Cape Town, and some fanned out into the surrounding countryside, where they grew wheat and vines or raised sheep and cattle. During the Napoleonic wars, the Dutch were, however unwillingly, allies of the French, and in 1806 the British took over the territory and set up two crown colonies—the Cape Colony and, along the coast to the northeast, Natal. Not long afterward, the Boers, or Dutch farmers (“*boer*” is Dutch for “farmer”), began their famous treks, to get away from the enemy and to avoid crowding. A Boer considered himself crowded if his farm was smaller than six thousand acres. The Voortrekkers, as the emigrants were called, pushed into the veldt, fighting off and driving out native tribes, until they had got beyond the Orange River, the northern boundary of the British territory, and there they established an independent republic—the Orange Free State. Some of the Voortrekkers went even farther north, beyond the Vaal River, and these established another republic—the Transvaal. As it happened, the boundaries proclaimed by both republics took in slivers of land occupied by the Griquas, a people of mixed Dutch and Hottentot blood, who lived more or less nomadically on the veldt around what is now Kimberley. The Griquas were bound by treaty to the British, and the Voortrekkers let them stay where they were; there were only four or five thousand Griquas, anyway, and there was plenty of room for everybody. The real territorial arguments started later—once the rush was on.

For about a hundred years before the South African rush began, the world's chief source of diamonds had been Brazil; before that, it had been India. In 1866, diamonds were still coming out of India in a small, unsteady trickle; Brazil had produced a gush, but her mines were nearly worked out; and other sources, like Borneo, had never yielded much. Our grandparents probably thought that the world's supply of diamonds was just about exhausted, and were dazzled when they heard of the discoveries on the veldt. The news didn't quite explode like a bombshell, though; in fact, it was slow-moving, retarded at the outset by people like Mr. J. R. Gregory, a geologist who scouted the area in 1868 for a London diamond firm. Gregory concluded dogmatically that



ishah

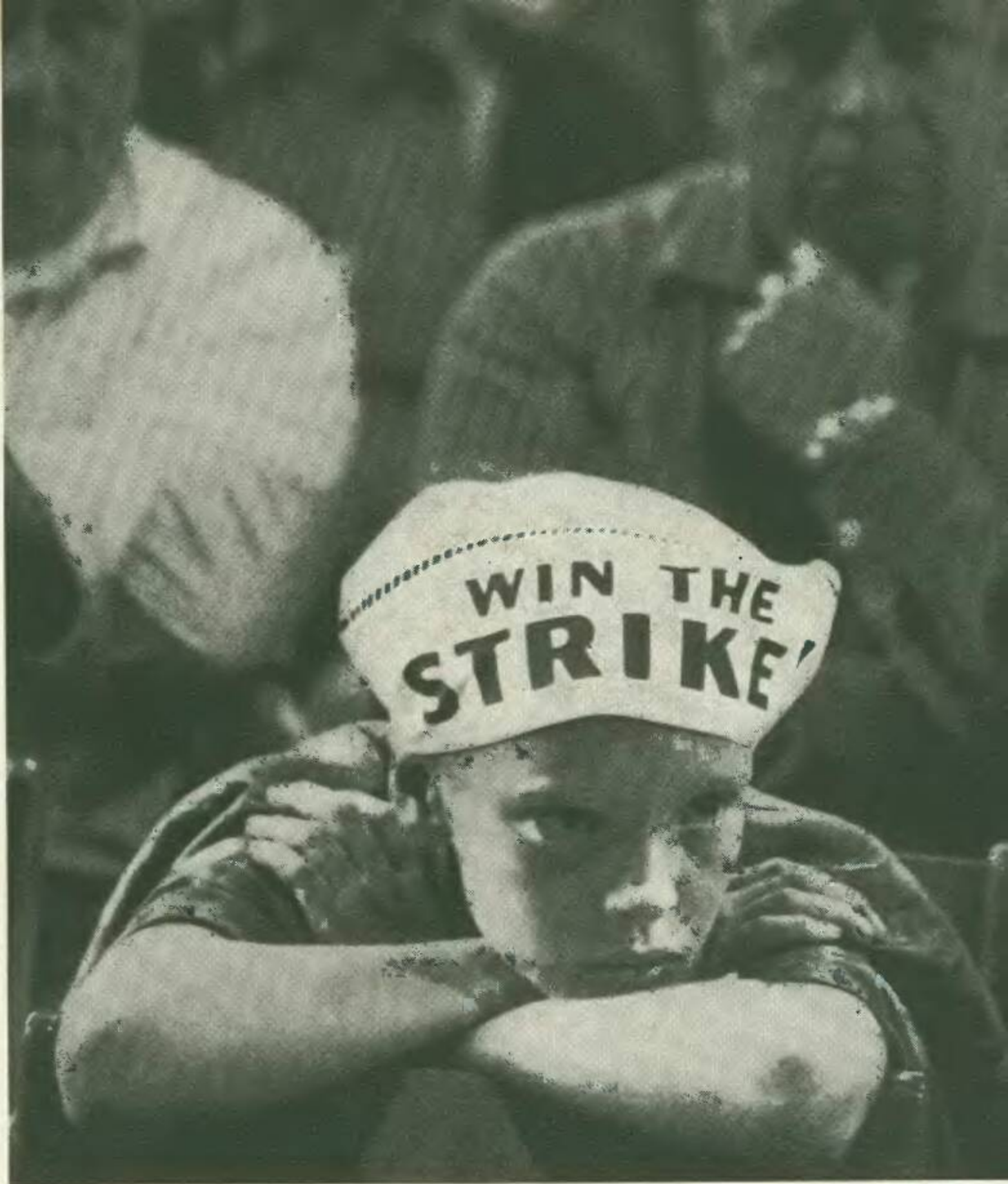
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JAMES HANSEN. LOOK, NOVEMBER 29, 1955

EARL THEISEN. LOOK, OCTOBER 6, 1953



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the veldt was not diamondiferous; the few stones that had been picked up there, he reported, were brought to the locality in the crops of ostriches. He didn't pursue the matter to the point of investigating where the ostriches had found the diamonds in the first place, and, on his recommendation, his firm dropped all interest in the veldt. Nobody seems to know what happened to Mr. Gregory when the rush started, only a year later; presumably, he didn't remain on the company's payroll long.

The circumstances of the first diamond find are still hotly argued in Kimberley and other places where people are engaged in the diamond trade—New York, Amsterdam, Antwerp, London, and, for that matter, Johannesburg. Did the Boer child find the first diamond in 1866 or 1867? Was it Schalk van Niekerk who first recognized it as a diamond or was it Jack O'Reilly? What started van Niekerk and/or O'Reilly thinking about diamonds, anyway? If you ask these questions in Kimberley, you get a variety of answers. Diamonds must have been lying around the veldt in full sight of the Boers and the Griquas for many years—kicked by children, trampled into the mud by livestock, outshone by colored pebbles, perhaps even actually swallowed by ostriches—and certainly diamonds as big as eggs were used by witch doctors as part of their professional equipment. But unless you have a trained eye you are not likely to spot a diamond in a heap of gravel, although, to be sure, there is something special about some rough diamonds—the comparatively few that are formed in sharp crystals and are unfrosted. The light seems to have been caught in them and to have remained there, in a peculiarly vivid, cold, silvery gleam.

In 1932, Mr. Beet looked up the man who, as a boy, found the first South African diamond, Erasmus Stephanus Jacobs, and persuaded him to dictate an account of the event, which Jacobs did in Afrikaans, the Boer language and the only language he knew well. Until recently, people of British descent in South African industrial centers seldom went to the trouble of learning Afrikaans—a language based on seventeenth-century Dutch that over the years has borrowed words from Portuguese, English, and various native dialects—but on the veldt and in Kimberley everyone has spoken Afrikaans for at least a century. Mr. Beet, whose grandparents came to Kimberley from England during the diamond rush, had no problem communicating with Jacobs, for he speaks Afrikaans fluently, but he did have other

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problems. "Jacobs was an old man," Mr. Beet told me. "He had told his story many times, but there were many things he didn't remember. Why, he didn't even remember the year he found his diamond! I tried to pin him down, I worked him hard, but even so there's a lot to be desired in his account."

Mr. Beet had translated and transcribed Jacobs's account, and he let me read it, leaning over me and breaking in frequently as I did so.

I was born on the 23rd October, 1851 [the account started], and at the time my life-story began our family lived on the farm "de Kalk," on the south side of the Orange River, in the district of Hope Town. . . . My parents were then well-to-do, and my father, Daniel Jacobus Jacobs, owned the farm "de Kalk," and also many cattle and sheep.

"The first finds weren't made at Kimberley, of course," Mr. Beet pointed out. "They were made along the rivers—the Vaal, north of here, and the Orange, to the south. It was some time before the diggers learned about what we call 'dry' mining."

I did not herd the livestock, but used to help my father in general work about the farm [Jacobs went on]. One day a water pipe leading out of a dam became choked up, and my father sent me out on the veldt to cut a long thin branch of a tree that could be used to clear the pipe. Having secured what I wanted, and feeling somewhat tired, I sat down in the shade of a tree, when I suddenly noticed in the glare of the strong sun a glittering pebble some yards away.

"I remember how he described it," Mr. Beet told me. "He said it blinked like this." He spread his fingers, closed them into a fist, and suddenly splayed them out again. Then he let me return to Jacobs:

I became curious and went and picked up this *mooi klip* [pretty pebble]. It was lying between some limestone and ironstone. The spot was quite a distance from our homestead, but only about a couple of hundred yards from the bank of the Orange River. I, of course, had no idea that the stone was of value. I was at the time wearing a corduroy suit, and simply put the pebble in my pocket. I did not feel at all excited at finding such a beautiful stone. . . . After reaching home, I handed the pretty pebble to my youngest sister, who simply placed it aside among her playthings. . . . A month or two after finding the stone, my two sisters and my brother and I were playing a game known as "Five Stones;" one was the diamond and the others ordinary river stones. Van Niekerk arrived during the game and greatly admired the stone, and tried to scratch a windowpane with it. My mother noticed that Mr. van Niekerk had taken quite a fancy to this "white stone," so she gave it to him.

This was one of the parts of the Jacobs story that Mr. Beet was unhappy

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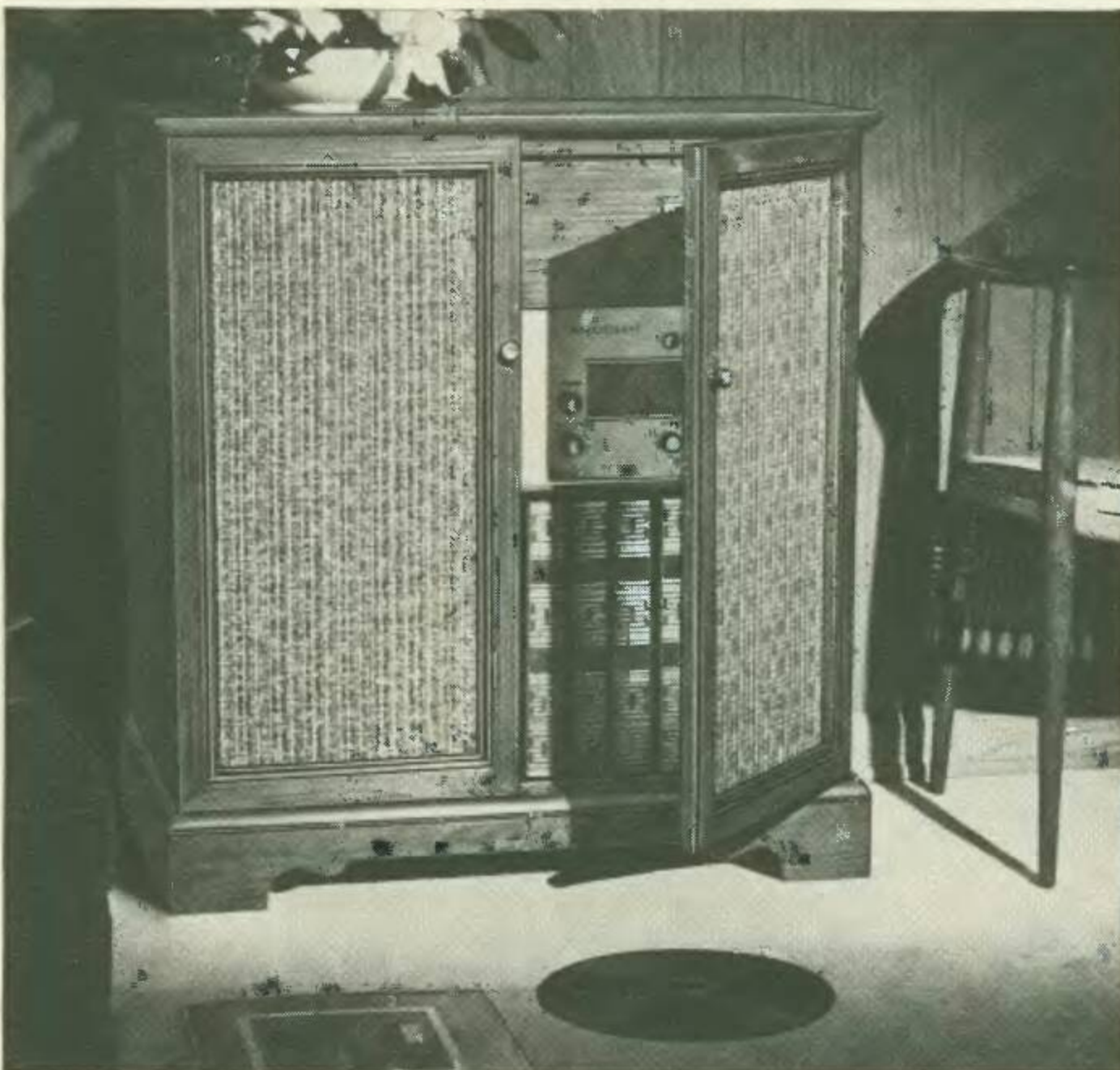


about. Schalk van Niekerk, who lived in a house on the Jacobs property, was a divisional councillor, a sort of welfare officer appointed by the farmers of the Hope Town district; although Jacobs considered his father well-to-do, the farmers were, from our point of view, a rather poverty-stricken lot, and they had worked out a mutual-aid system. Jacobs, Mr. Beet complained, had been known to tell the story of the find differently; according to the variant account, van Niekerk had asked Mrs. Jacobs to keep an eye out for pretty stones, the boy had turned the pebble over to her, and she had popped it into her workbox and then given it to her neighbor as a matter of course.

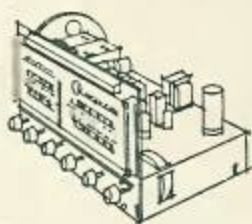
"What's the difference?" I asked. "One story is as good as the other."

Mr. Beet snorted. "All the difference in the world," he said. "We don't know whether van Niekerk was actually on the lookout for diamonds or whether a pretty stone just happened to catch his eye. And that business about scratching a windowpane—that's really exasperating. It would indicate that van Niekerk knew he had a diamond. But if he did, why did he go and sell it to O'Reilly for only a few pounds?"

Jack O'Reilly was a peddler. He lived in the settlement of Colesberg, a hundred miles or so southeast of the de Kalk farm, and travelled a regular route, making a circuit of the farms in the district. He hunted a little on the side—mostly lions—and was a famous shot. Whether or not van Niekerk knew he was selling a diamond, O'Reilly was convinced he was buying one. He wrote his name on a windowpane with the stone, and then he sent it to Dr. W. Guybon Atherstone, a mineralogist in Grahamstown, a town down near the coast, for an expert opinion. Atherstone, in his turn, seems to have consulted various people, including the Catholic Bishop Richards, who wrote *his* name on a windowpane with the stone. The mineralogist and the Bishop next tried some jewellers' files on it, and the files were blunted while the stone remained unscratched. It looked very much as if O'Reilly had himself a diamond, and they told him so. In the end, O'Reilly sold it to the Governor of the Cape Colony, Sir Philip Wodehouse, who seems to have paid him what Dr. Atherstone had said it was worth—five hundred pounds. Sir Philip had it shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. O'Reilly's luck was noised about, of course, and people all over the veldt, from the Transvaal to the Cape Colony, began going around



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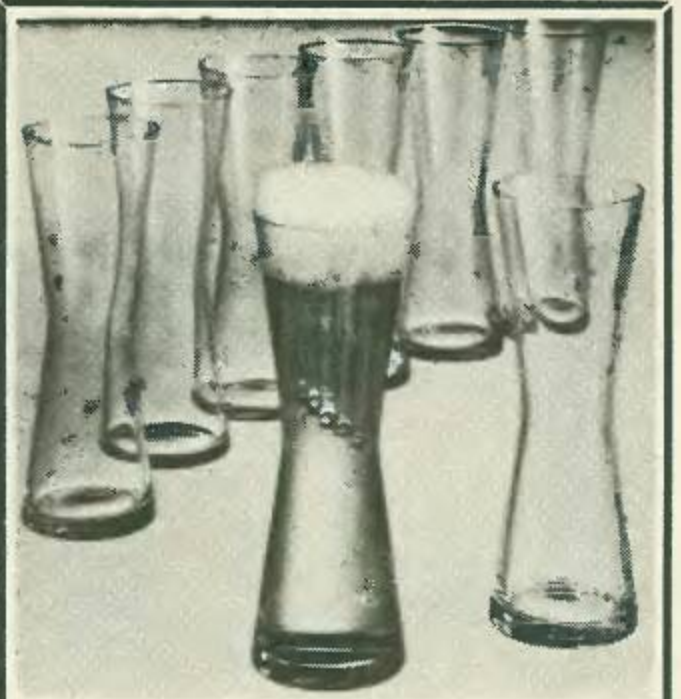
DE PINNA

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looking at the ground. In time, more finds were made, and by 1869 the rush was on.

The *klip* that started it all, which is still known in Kimberley as the O'Reilly diamond, was a clear blue-white stone of twenty-one and a quarter carats. Mr. Beet doesn't know what happened to it after Sir Philip's death, which means, I daresay, that nobody knows. O'Reilly's family later asked De Beers Consolidated for a reward for having initiated the whole diamond rush, but nothing came of the request, and Jacobs, in his statement, complained bitterly that *his* family had not received a shilling for their contribution to South Africa's development. As an adult, he tried his hand at digging, but he never had much luck; Mr. Beet collected thirty pounds from Kimberley residents for him in his old age, and that appears to be all he ever got for his find.

MANY professional diggers were floating about the world in the late eighteen-sixties—men who had learned their trade among the forty-niners in California, in the Australian gold diggings, in the New Zealand gold fields, or in all three places. It is true that their specialty was gold, but they were, first and foremost, treasure hunters, not specialists, and anyway, as far as they could make out from the reports that reached their far-flung lodging houses, prospecting for diamonds wasn't much different from prospecting for gold. Like alluvial gold, diamonds were said to lurk in the sand and gravel under and beside running water—that was where they had always been found in India and Brazil—and the same method of extraction was used for both: the gravel was panned until the precious stuff sank, of its own weight, to the bottom. From both hemispheres, diggers sailed to South Africa and, following a host of local adventurers, made their way to the fields. It was a long, hard trip from the coastal cities—seven hundred miles from Cape Town, four hundred and fifty miles from Durban or Port Elizabeth, four hundred miles from East London, straight across country on vile roads, or no roads at all, over mountains and rocky plains, then over the high desert plateau called the Great Karroo, and, finally, onto the veldt—and the diggers travelled any way they could, some on foot or muleback or horseback, some by cart or chaise. Most of them, though, went by ox wagon—the famous South African covered wagon, so like our own, drawn by as many as sixteen oxen.



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A wagon could carry twelve men and their gear, and it not only took the diggers where they were going but served as a dwelling place, and a comparatively comfortable one, when they got there.

Fewer of the Boers joined the rush than might have been expected. On the whole, they didn't approve of treasure hunting; all they wanted was to sit on their *stoeps*, smoke their pipes, and let their cattle graze. For a time, some Boers refused to throw their land open to diggers, though they could have made a small fortune, and perhaps a big one, by leasing out digging rights, as their neighbors condescended to do, and here and there an embattled farmer warned diamond seekers off his land with a shotgun. But eventually most of the Boers succumbed, and began doing some digging themselves, or leased their land, or sold it and moved away. At the height of the rush, a man who owned two farms ran an advertisement in one of the mining-camp papers that read, significantly, "The owner, although convinced of the diamondiferous character of these farms, offers them for sale, knowing too well the result of a sudden rush of Diggers."

Considering what some of the diggers looked like, it is not strange that the farmers should have been wary of them. Gardner F. Williams, a mining engineer from Saginaw, Michigan, who was the first general manager of De Beers Consolidated, describes them in his book "The Diamond Mines of South Africa":

... Hardly a nation in Europe was unrepresented. Black grandsons of Guinea coast slaves and natives of every dusky shade streaked the show of white faces. Butchers, bakers, sailors, tailors, lawyers, blacksmiths, masons, doctors, carpenters, clerks, gamblers, sextons, laborers, loafers... fell into line in a straggling procession to the Diamond Fields. Army officers begged furloughs to join the motley troop, schoolboys ran away from school, and women even of good families could not be held back from joining their husbands and brothers. . . . There was the oddest medley of dress and equipment: shirts of woolen—blue, brown, gray, and red—and of linen and cotton—white, colored, checked, and striped; trim jackets, cord riding-breeches and laced leggings, and "hand me downs" from the cheapest ready-made clothing shops; the yellow oilskins and rubber boots of the sailor; the coarse, brown corduroy and canvas suits, and long-legged, stiff, leather boots of the miner; the ragged, greasy hats, tattered trousers or loin cloths of the native tribesmen, jaunty cloth caps, broad-brimmed felt, battered straw, garish handkerchiefs twisted close to the roots of stiff black crowns, or tufts of bright feathers stuck in a wiry mat of curls; such a higgledy-



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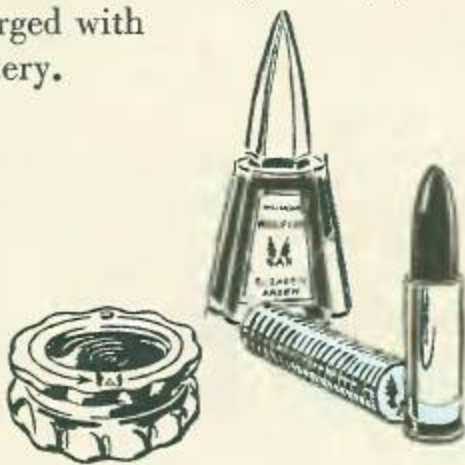
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piggledy as could only be massed in a rush from African coast towns and native kraals to a field of unknown requirements, in a land whose climate swung daily between a scorch and a chill, where men in the same hour were smothered in a dust and drenched in a torrent.

THE main goal of the rush was not the Orange River but the Vaal, for word of mouth had it that diamonds were far more numerous there. Hope Town, where Erasmus Stephanus had picked up his diamond, was not altogether neglected, however; the famous eighty-three-and-a-half-carat Star of South Africa was found there in 1869—not on the ground but in the possession of a Griqua witch doctor. (It was bought from him—some say by the same Schalk van Niekerk—for five hundred sheep, ten oxen, and a horse.) The first sizable party to reach the Vaal was a relatively respectable one, led by a British major. He and his companions set out from Pietermaritzburg, in Natal, in November, 1869, and made their way to a little mission settlement called Hebron, on the north bank of the river, forty miles north of the present site of Kimberley. There they found two Australian diggers and a Boer trader walking along the riverbank and examining the ground like men who had dropped some small change. The two groups teamed up, and soon headed for another mission settlement, called Pniel, twenty miles downstream. "Diggers have their habits," a Kimberley man told me, in the detached tone of one discussing ants or bees. Most Kimberley people today take this attitude toward the subject—interested but not involved. "They hear of a strike somewhere, and they go wherever it is and set up their camp and plant. If they'd only stay and give it a chance, they would probably do quite well, but no. They hear of a strike somewhere else, and—bing!—they're off to the new spot."

By the end of 1869, ten thousand diggers had reached the Vaal and had staked out claims along its banks for miles down and upriver from Pniel—some on land owned by farmers and some on land owned by missionary societies but most on land owned, as far as anybody knew, by no one at all. The diggers paid rent where there was rent to pay, but they got into endless quarrels over claim-jumping. What with the congestion and the chaos, the diggers soon decided they had better do some self-policing, and in various localities they established Diggers' Committees, which started by arbitrating disputes and soon were thinking up and enforc-



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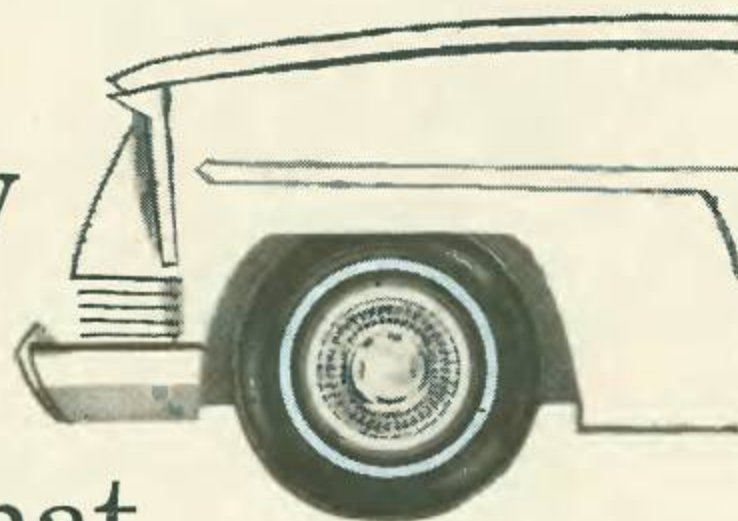
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ing regulations of various sorts and issuing diggers' licenses. What land-owners there were gladly left such matters to the diggers, and before long a semblance of order came into the fields. The committees set a limit to the size of a claim—this varied, but ordinarily a claim could be no more than thirty-one feet square—and they ruled that no man could hold more than two claims at a time. Of course, two partners could hold four claims, and a group of men could manage to corner quite a lot of land; a map of the diggings along the Vaal or, later, in and around Kimberley was not a neat checkerboard but a patchwork of rectangular pieces of various sizes.

For a time, the diggers stuck close to the banks of the Vaal, but by force of circumstance they became good amateur geologists, and before long they found that they were discovering more and bigger stones a short distance inland—in a special type of boulder-strewn, water-worn gravel, which the river had deposited at a time long gone, when it was on higher ground, twisting and turning and cutting new channels. The gravel was, according to Williams, "a medley of worn and rolled chips of basalt, sandstone, quartz and trap, intermingled with agates, garnets, peridot, jasper, and other richly colored pebbles, lying in and on a bedding of sand and clay." Indeed, when South African diamond gravel is wet, it is one of the prettiest mixtures that can be imagined—full of rich greens and reds and yellows. Following the example of the men from California and Australia, everybody shook his gravel down thoroughly in a "cradle" (a wooden trough divided by two or three screens of wire mesh), threw out the bigger pieces of rock, and washed what was left until only the heaviest stuff, in which diamonds, if there were any, would be found, remained. This concentrate, known as the "wash," was then spread out on a table and carefully searched for diamonds. At first, the men did the washing on the riverbank, but as they moved inland, the more prosperous of them hired natives to carry water up to the workings and to lend a hand with the digging. Soon the land for half a mile on either side of the Vaal was pocked and pitted with diggings. Eventually, fifteen or twenty feet down, the diggers reached bedrock, and off they went to stake out new claims.

The diggings at the Vaal paid off well, apparently confirming the theory that the place to look for diamonds was the banks of great, rushing rivers. But

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then, in August, 1870, a find was made a hundred miles south of the Vaal that was to lead to an entirely new set of conceptions about diamond mining. This was on a farm called Jagersfontein. ("Fontein" is Afrikaans for "fountain," or "spring," and is encountered in South African place names as often as the word "water" is in the place names of our own country, like Sweetwater and Stillwater.) The farm was in the southern part of the Orange Free State, a good forty miles from the Orange River, and its land was altogether different from that along the banks of the Vaal; instead of gravel, there was the plain red topsoil of the veldt with here and there an outcrop of another sort of soil—yellow and light and crumbly. For some years—even before the influx of Voortrekkers—Jagersfontein had belonged to a Boer family named Visser. The farm was in territory occupied by the Griquas, and the Vissers had had to make a strange arrangement with the famous Griqua leader Adam Kok III. Whenever Kok and his wife took it into their heads to visit Jagersfontein, the Visser in possession had to strip his wife of all she was wearing and present the costume to Mrs. Kok. The Widow Visser who was running the farm when the diamond fever struck the country had twice submitted to this ceremony, and then Kok had drifted off to the east and bothered her no more.

One day in 1870, the Widow Visser's foreman, Jaap de Klerk, saw some garnets in a *spruit*, or dry watercourse, and, having heard that garnets are a sign of diamonds, he began to do a little digging in his spare time. Within a month, he found a fifty-carat diamond. He took it to the nearby town of Fauresmith, where he sold it for three or four pounds to a courier he met in a bar. The courier took it to more sophisticated quarters, thereby starting a rush in the direction of Jagersfontein. It was a good strike—so good that although the Widow Visser charged two pounds a month for digging rights, instead of the ten shillings customary along the Vaal, diggers flocked to the farm and cheerfully paid up. At one time, as many as fourteen hundred men were working there. Twenty-eight hundred pounds a month is a good income, and Mrs. Visser didn't have to do any digging on her own.

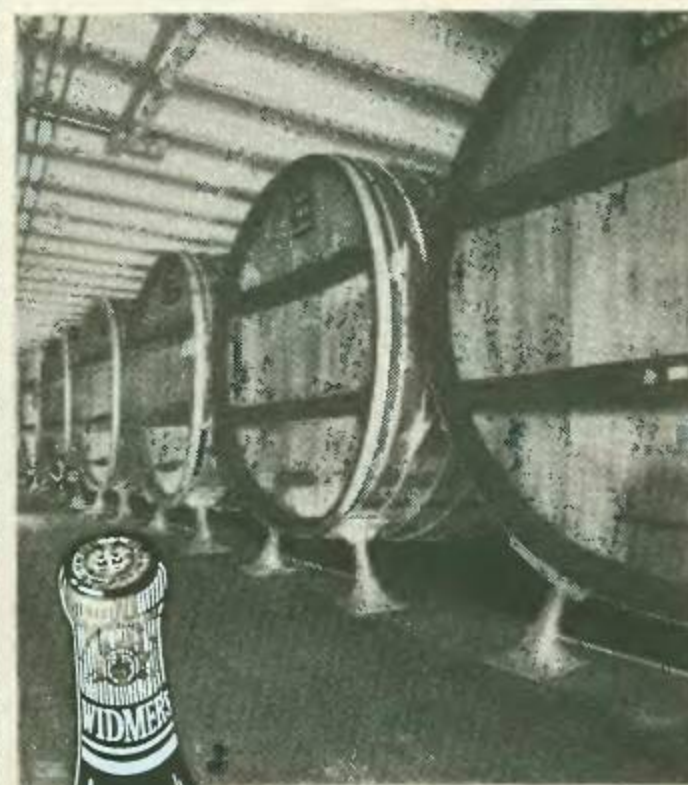
North and west of Jagersfontein, on the border of the Orange Free State, there were three farms: Bultfontein, Dorstfontein, and Vooruitzigt (which means "forward-looking"). All were part of the same large tract of land—

AH, LA CARTE!

The next time she puts the old record on (refrain: do-you-know-how-many-meals-I-slave-over-etc., etc.) try this. Say no, but if the country's hotels can serve up some 1,800,000,000 meals a year, she should hardly complain about a mere thousand or so.

This may result in your taking her out to dinner at a hotel, or in your spending the next few days at one—alone. In the former case, you'll both enjoy dining out. In the latter, you may be comforted in your solitude by the excellent service and that familiar touch of home: Martex towels. They are yours to enjoy under any circumstances, because most hotel managers know the extra luxury of Martex doesn't add a penny to their house-keeping costs.


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just under sixty square miles. The city of Kimberley stands on what was Vooruitzigt, the northernmost of the farms. It was Dorstfontein, the middle farm, that was the first to yield diamonds—in September, 1870. There, in a hollow called du Toit's Pan, or, as it was later spelled, Dutoitspan (a "pan" is a shallow, flat-bottomed, clay-lined depression), they found the now familiar yellow earth, and in the yellow earth they found diamonds thickly strewn close to the surface, and even, after a heavy rain, open to the sky, waiting to be picked up. There was a terrific scramble for Dutoitspan, and hundreds of diggers staked out claims. Financiers arrived on the scene, and a syndicate of them bought the farm, for twenty-six hundred pounds, but they didn't change the by then established rules of digging; they continued to lease out digging rights and to leave all problems of policing to the Diggers' Committees. Then, in November, diamonds were found on Bultfontein, just to the south, and it quickly went to another syndicate, for two thousand pounds.

Vooruitzigt, a sixteen-thousand-acre farm, was owned by two Boer brothers named de Beer—or, as practically everybody except the brothers has written it, De Beer—who had paid the Orange Free State government fifty pounds for it in 1860, not thinking at the time that they were doing a good stroke of business. For some reason, Johannes Nicolaas de Beer has always been remembered, and his brother, Diederick Arnoldus, has not—possibly because there is still a picture of Johannes Nicolaas in the Kimberley Museum. (He was a long-jawed, whiskered, dour-looking man.) The de Beers themselves dabbled a bit in digging, and at first they attempted to hold down the number of prospectors on their farm. In May, 1871, a mining-camp newspaper reported:

An instance of Yankee ingenuity comes to us from De Beers'. Everyone knows that it is next to impossible to procure a claim at that place, owing to the determination of the proprietor to open it only to a few individuals. It appears that a Mr. Bedee—a lately arrived American military man, holding high testimonials from President Grant—was at De Beers' the other day, to see if by any means he might obtain a footing there. He was followed about by an agent of De Beer's, who, after some time, appeared determined to show fight. "Shame," cried the Yankee. "Is that the way we treated you when you sent over to the United States, requesting to have your independence recognized?" Their feelings thus adroitly appealed to, the bystanders took up the cudgels on behalf of the American. Just then, up came old De



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Beer with a subscription list for a Dopper Church. Seeing a long list of half-crowns, the American guessed the nature of the document, although he had no conception to what it referred. Putting his hand in his pocket, he gave the old gentleman two-and-sixpence. "Hurrah voor de Amerikaner!" thereupon resounded from all sides, and in less than five minutes the shrewd Yankee had an excellent claim marked out for him.

Later in 1871, the de Beers farm was the goal of two great rushes—one of them the greatest rush in South Africa's history—and a small horde of financiers kept after the brothers to sell it. They held out for a while, but then gave in and sold the property, for six thousand pounds, to a Port Elizabeth syndicate, and went right out and bought another farm—one presumably not stocked with troublesome little crystals. Johannes Nicolaas doesn't seem to have commented much on the affair, though late in life he told an acquaintance he had concluded, after due consideration, that he could have got a lot more money for Vooruitzigt—perhaps ten times as much—if he had held out a little longer.

"Oh, well," said his friend, "why worry? What could you have bought with more money, anyway?"

De Beer said stoutly, "A new span of oxen."

Then, having accidentally bequeathed their name to one of the most gigantic corporations in the world, the brothers dropped out of sight. The famous Vooruitzigt farmhouse still stands, a few miles from Kimberley, near a village called Homestead. It is occupied by small holders and surrounded by barbed wire and chicken houses; like most old Boer farmhouses, it is a mean-looking little place, full of tiny, crowded rooms, but it is strongly built, and it looks out on beautiful rolling country, fertile enough to be conspicuous on the veldt. Livingstone once "outspanned"—unyoked his oxen—and made camp there. It must have provided a very pleasant camp site.

SWARMS of men were now digging the yellow earth and other swarms were digging the boulder-strewn gravel, and soon what had started out as an occasional camp on the landscape changed to the scene present-day Kimberley residents point to in blown-up photographs on their walls—a great jumble of tents, shacks, and iron houses, jostling one another for space. Kimberley itself sprang up in 1871, though the settlement was not properly christened until 1873, when it was given the name of the British Colonial Secretary then in

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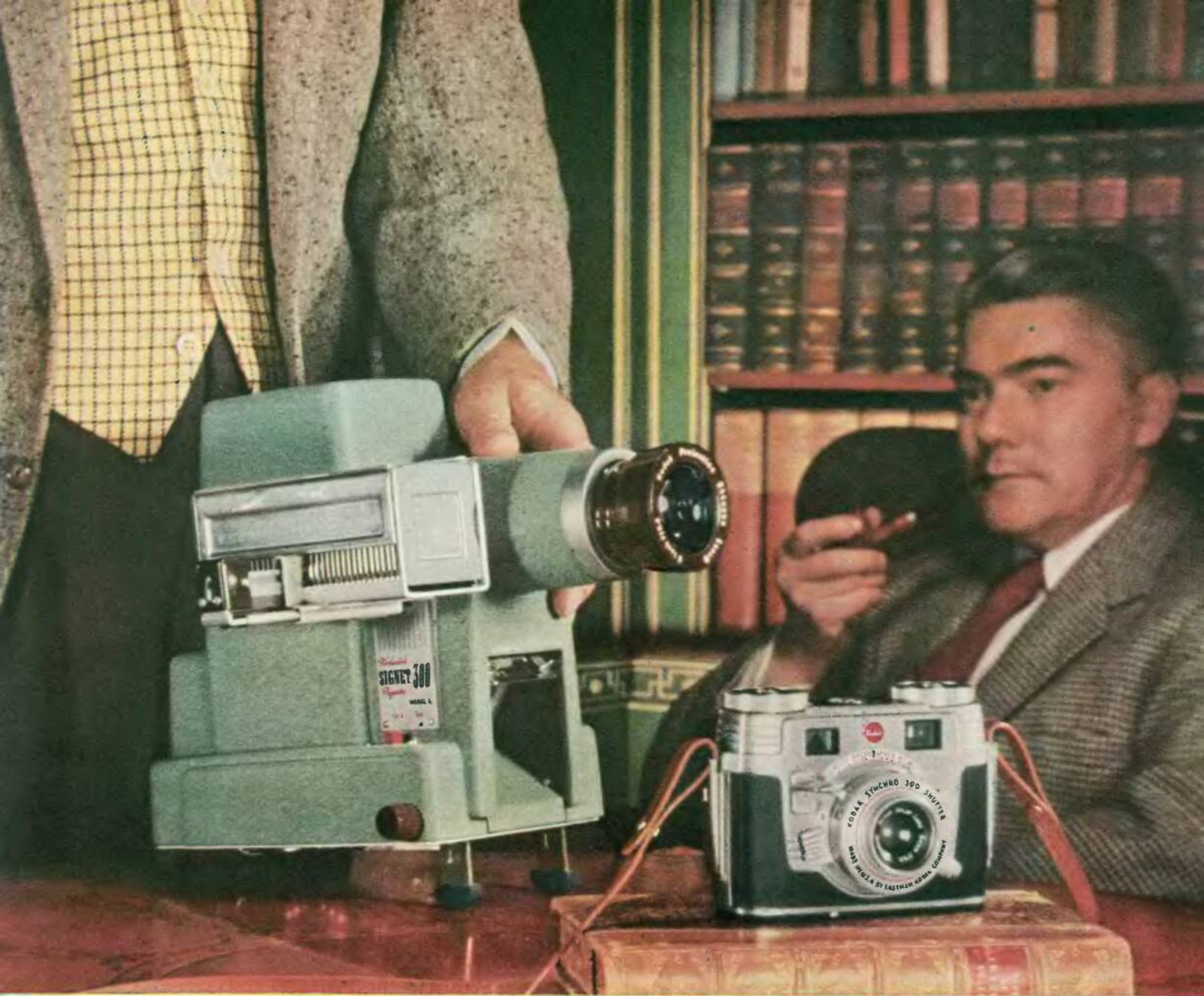
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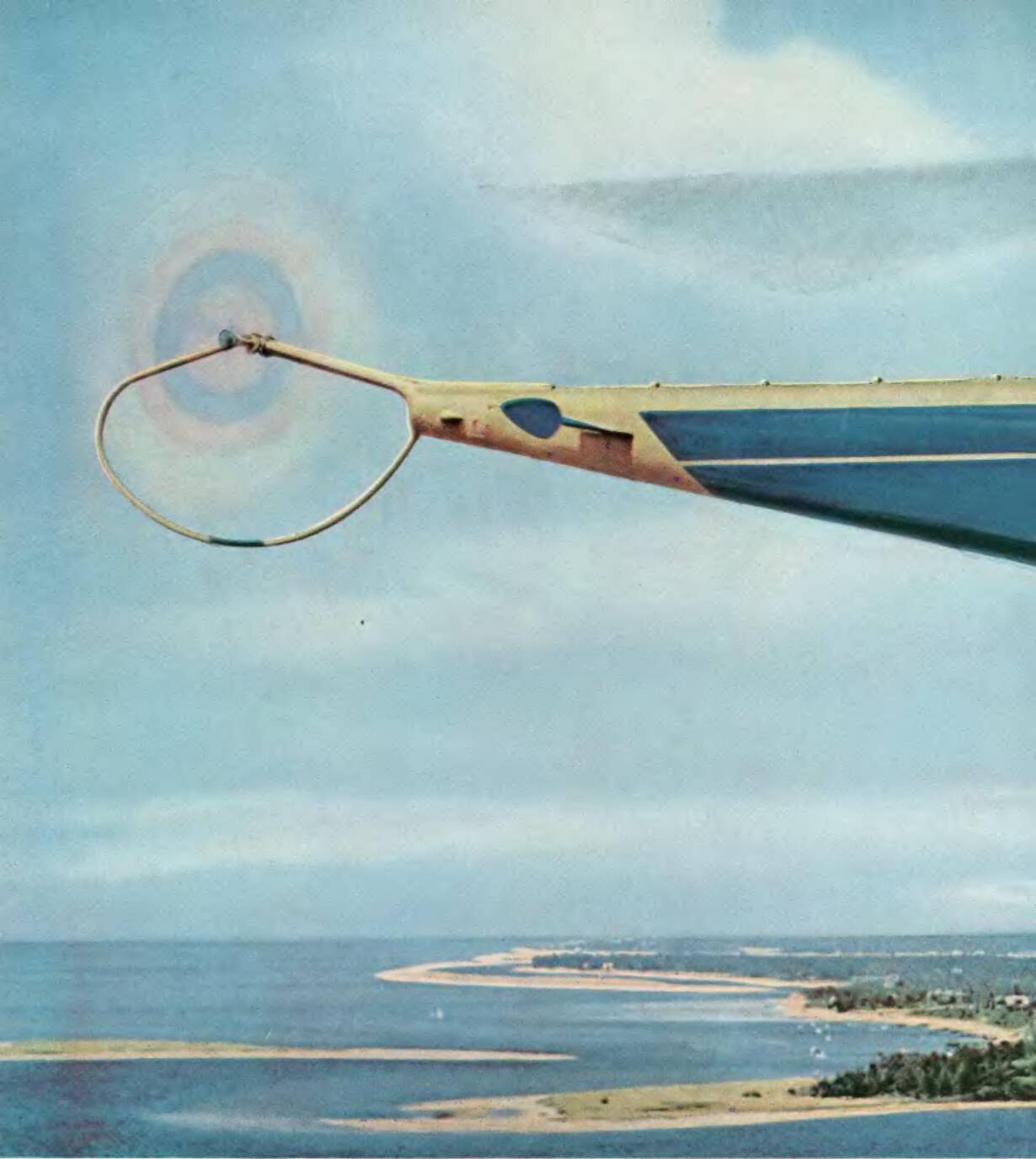
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New Brunswick, Canada's nearest, easiest-to-get-to maritime province, is only 610 miles from New York, N.Y.—385 miles from Boston—about 700 from Philadelphia. That's not as the crow flies, either, but as your car drives.

And what a world of difference those few miles make! The climate, for instance, New Brunswick is delightfully warm by day, cool by night. (Wool blankets are *de rigueur* for comfortable sleep.)

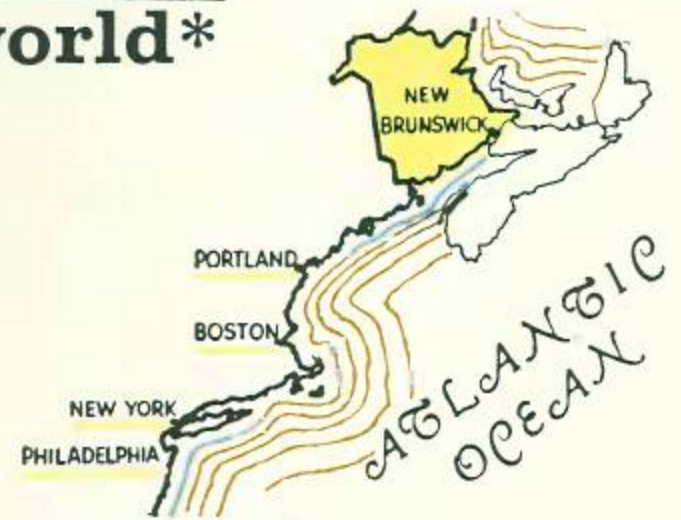


Warning! Women in the party will want to shop in New Brunswick—and why not? You can buy British woollens, bone china and rare antiques at considerable savings while handsome hand-woven skirts and suits from the looms of

New Brunswick's superb craftsmen can hardly be found anywhere else.

While she shops, he golfs. The royal and ancient game is practiced with enthusiasm over courses of great scenic beauty and championship calibre. Visitors to New Brunswick, incidentally, are afforded the fullest of hospitality at every golf club short of increasing par.

New Brunswick has not only a 600-mile sea coast with a number of excellent beaches but it also has more inland waters than any comparable land area in the world. These waters abound with speckled trout, black bass, pickerel, togue, perch, shad, Atlantic Silver salmon (the fish that made New Brunswick rivers famous) and, along the coast, pollock.



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* "When someone asks me to suggest a place to go that's different, I will say New Brunswick," stated one of America's outstanding travel writers . . . An internationally famous author has compared the scenic Saint John River valley to the Rhine and Danube of Europe . . . A visitor from the Emerald Isle confessed she found New Brunswick "as beautiful as Ireland."

New Brunswick



Canada's Picture Province

office. It was one settlement among many, and they were all unlovely but vivid. The life was one of either constant dust or constant mud. The veldt, sparsely covered with scrub and an occasional camel's-thorn tree, is flat for the most part and open to burning sun and, occasionally, pelting rain. The first diggers were in too much of a hurry to contemplate town planning, or even to make themselves comfortable. They could not be bothered with trivialities like hygiene; a diggers' camp stank to heaven, and if it hadn't been for the purifying sun, epidemics would have been graver and more frequent than they were. After all, to the prospector a mine is a short-lived thing. There is something in the ground that can be dug out and sold, and the idea is to dig it out as quickly and cheaply as possible, dispose of it, and then move on to another cache. This is not the sort of attitude that leads to town planning; that comes later, when traders follow the prospectors, women arrive, and men begin to wash their necks and wonder about schooling for their children.

Very soon, traders did come to the settlements—first men from the coast and then men from overseas. They set up shacks and tents near those of the miners and went into business, selling gear and provisions and, in many cases, buying diamonds. On Saturday, October 15, 1870, the first issue of the *Diamond News & Vaal Advertiser*, a weekly newspaper, was published in Pniel. (Later, following the crowd, it moved to Dutoitspan and, still later, to Kimberley.) The front page was covered with large advertisements, some in Afrikaans, some in English, and some in both, and all set up in the varied type that characterized papers of the period. A display type in which the letters look as if they were constructed of logs was a great favorite. In the biggest ad in the first issue, Mr. Wilhelm Schultz, of Lippert & Co., with offices in Hamburg, Germany, and Port Elizabeth, begged to inform the public that he had opened a general wholesale-and-retail store. "Being in connection with the above well known Firm, who have their own Establishment in Europe, he ventures to say that he will be able to DEFY ALL COMPETITION," the ad stated. Schultz would give liberal advances on diamonds for export to Europe, and would pay full market prices for wool, ivory, and ostrich feathers.

The *News's* first editorial declared, "Hasty and hot discussion on political topics, likely to interfere with the development of the great and fruitful



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industry which is the life of the place, the *News* will avoid. . . Territorial questions are to be subordinated to material welfare." Yet territorial questions couldn't be suppressed; the old indifference to boundaries had disappeared as soon as the diamond rush began. The Transvaal claimed the north bank of the Vaal, and the Orange Free State claimed both the south bank and the Kimberley area. Both republics could put up a plausible case; the respective areas had for a long time been popularly regarded as part of their territories. But the Griquas—in the person of Nicholas Waterboer, Adam Kok's son—claimed both banks of the Vaal and Kimberley, basing their case on old pacts and treaties with the Boers and the British. For a time, the British were reluctant to get involved in these controversies; they sent some officials up to the Vaal to keep order and to look after the interests of the British diggers, but they made no claim to any of the disputed territory, though some of the diggers were under the impression that they had. It was no easy matter to keep order, as an early letter to the *News* indicates:

HEBRON,
OCTOBER 8, 1870

SIR,

The landdrost [magistrate] of the Transvaal came to me this morning and asked me to pay him the license, which I refused to do. Whereupon he threatened to send me to Potchefstroom [the capital of the Transvaal] as a spy, for what I do not know; or otherwise sell your cart, so he said, to pay. He also threatened to throw me into the river. He said, "You [the British] throw people into the river at Klip Drift, and I will throw you in here." I replied, "Clothes and all?" which made him very angry. He also said he would not allow me to go on working. Now, I want to ask you to do me a favor, and let me know what I had best do, as the British Government has proclaimed this country, and as a British subject I suppose I am entitled to protection. Will you, if there is a Civil Commissioner arrived, lodge this complaint before him. Mr. De Villiers says this proclamation is all "bosh" or something of the kind. Send me an answer, and oblige yours truly,

W. GILLMAN

No one knows whether or not the landdrost ever threw Mr. Gillman into the river, but by the summer of 1871 the territorial dispute was raging so fiercely that the British felt compelled to step in. They studied the matter for a few months, and in October announced their decision: All the disputed area belonged to the Griquas. Within a few days, Nicholas Waterboer made a present of the entire territory to Queen Victoria, and in 1873, it was established as the Crown Colony of Griqualand West.

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The Boers grumbled, but there was nothing much they could do. The Orange Free State did not come off too badly; it still had Jagersfontein, and eventually it received ninety thousand pounds from the British by way of indemnity. The Transvaal never received a shilling.

Through all the territorial disputes and outbursts of violence, the tone of the *Diamond News* was invincibly urbane. Tough eggs though most of the diggers were, they were always referred to as "Mr.," and the stories of finds were invariably couched in very polite language:

A Large Find:—Messrs. Vermaak and party found, yesterday morning, seven diamonds, the largest being 2½ carats.

Good Fortune: We have been informed by one of the party, that Messrs. Coxon, Webster and others have found 27 diamonds, valued at £4,000.

Who'll Buy?—On Tuesday three navies, lucky fellows, were hawking about at the Klip Drift Diggings, a fine stone of 12 or 15 carats which they had obtained at the Good Hope Diggings. They were anxious to sell it to keep their party at work; they, however, refused £250.

Even when it was reporting on lawlessness, the paper succeeded in giving an impression of leisurely understatement. A report of a holdup began, "A curious and decidedly unpleasant incident befell Commissioner Truter last week." On the last day of 1870, an outraged citizen wrote that something had to be done about the mails; he said he had sent six rubies in a letter from Pniel to a friend in Port Elizabeth, and when the envelope arrived, three of the jewels were gone. "I trouble you with this matter, Mr. Editor," he concluded, "believing that you will make allusion to it in your paper, and will agree with me in thinking the affair sufficiently serious to demand enquiry."

From the start, there were items in the *News* indicating that the diggers' social life was flourishing—"Another billiard table is on its way from the colony to Pniel," and "The Music Hall at Klip Drift is being pushed forward"—and before long there were ladies about, enough ladies to make a ball successful. "On Wednesday evening Upper Hebron came out strong in the dancing line," wrote a *News* correspondent. "The *élite* of the Fields went in for a subscription ball in the billiard room of the Royal Oak Hotel, where the table was taken down for the purpose. Kid gloves and satin slippers were at a premium and as for white satin vests and pumps, they were



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not to be had. A goodly company of bright eyes were present." Six months after the paper was started, there was a sufficiently goodly company of bright eyes in Pniel for the *News* editorial writer to begin worrying about the effect on them of scantily clad native helpers. "May we suggest to the local authorities the desirableness of making and enforcing some regulations with reference to the attire of native servants?" the editorial for April 29, 1871, began, and it went on, "No one with any observation can have failed to perceive how those natives whose practice it is to go about in a state which, for aught to the contrary, may be termed totally nude, obtrude themselves upon notice, as though they gloried in their shame—as no doubt they do. The consequence is that no respectable female can walk the streets... without having her sense of sight shocked in a manner for which there is no earthly excuse."

There were plenty of smaller vexations, and some larger ones. One letter writer pointed out waspishly to the editor that the English language was going to pieces in the camps. His particular grievance was neologisms—for instance, the word "jumping," for "stealing" or "sneaking in ahead," and the word "bogey," for "bad" or "faulty." Even the newspaper, he complained, had got into the habit of using the adjective "off-colored"—properly applied only to certain diamonds—to describe the pigmentation of half-caste people. But the letter writer was obviously fighting for a cause that had already been lost. The social column of the same issue reported on a diggers' party at which, after the customary toast "To the ladies!," one guest leaped up and proposed "Three cheers for the off-colored ones!" According to the paper, the cheers were vociferous.

The greatest vexation of all in the settlements was I.D.B., or illicit diamond buying. Right from the start, native employees filched diamonds that the claim owners hadn't happened to see, and sold them at prices under the going one. The traders who bought these diamonds were looked upon as the real offenders (that was why the practice was called illicit diamond buying), and since nearly everybody who wasn't digging diamonds was trading in them—innkeepers, horse copers, merchants—the list of suspects was long. The situation, as a matter of fact, was fluid; traders sometimes abandoned their stock to go digging, and diggers

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who had had no luck turned in disgust to trade and made bigger fortunes than they would have if they had found another Star of South Africa. In any case, there were hardly enough ethics to go around, and in time illicit diamond buying became so rife that trying to stop it was like trying to stop Victoria Falls. In spite of many rough-and-ready preventive measures devised by the Diggers' Committees, more and more natives took to picking up and hiding diamonds, and more and more traders bought such stones for practically nothing and then sold them for something less than the going price. Economically, I.D.B. was a bad thing, and morally it was even worse—these diamonds were, after all, stolen goods—but every trader knew that if he turned down a chance, the next man would grab it, and many traders let principle go hang. What with one thing and another, so much diamond smuggling was going on that some people not prone to exaggeration estimated that in the eighteen-seventies half the caratage produced at Kimberley and in the Vaal wound up in the hands of illicit buyers.

I.D.B. infuriated the diggers, and one unfortunate Kimberley canteen keeper, who was rumored to be seeing far too much of furtive natives after dark, was set upon by a mob of diggers, who burned his tent and all his stock. Apparently, the mob enjoyed this experience, for the men went on to burn down a whole district, which they afterward virtuously described as an undesirable haunt of native women. Then they set out along the road to another canteen, whose owner, somebody said, bought diamonds by night. The local magistrate rode out to intercept the crowd, and made a speech urging them to desist and go home, but, as the *News* reported, "he was respectfully listened to, and then loudly cheered by the mob, who, however, proceeded on their way."

Not long after this jaunt, the Kimberley diggers held a lively meeting at which they voted unanimously that natives shouldn't be allowed to hold claims. Until then, a few natives had been permitted to take out licenses and work on the diggings, but the Europeans complained that it was a bad practice; it gave the natives an alibi for any stones they might be caught selling to I.D.B. agents. Besides, as one digger pointed out, the money a native earned working his own claim wouldn't do him any good; he would only spend it foolishly. It was resolved at the meeting that



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every digger should have the right "to search his own niggers whenever he chose," and that the government should be urged to curb I.D.B., if necessary by means of mounted policemen. The boys probably felt better for getting all this off their chests, but I.D.B. went on. Penalties were duly increased, threats flew thick and fast, and diamonds kept slipping through. A cartoon drawn at the time to decorate the edges of a map of the Kimberley Mine shows a procession of huge diamonds attached to native legs walking out past a guard stationed at a compound entrance.

OF all the mines that lie under the South African sky, yawning in their old age, the Kimberley Mine probably has the most interesting story. It was the goal of the second great rush on the de Beers' property, so it was first known as the New Rush at De Beers', or De Beers' New Rush. For a while, it was also called Colesberg Kopje. "Kopje," or "koppie," means "hill" in Afrikaans, and it was on a slight elevation in the flat veldt, a couple of miles north of the site of the Old Rush, that the discovery that led to the New Rush was made, by a group of young prospectors from Colesberg. After the naming of the town of Kimberley, the mine came to be known as the Kimberley Mine. The young men from Colesberg arrived on the spot July 16, 1871; since it was winter, they all wore red stocking caps, and they called themselves the Red-Cap Company. Their leader was Fleetwood Rawstone—surely the prettiest name in diamond history. They camped near the little *kopje*, which was shaded by camel's-thorn trees, and for a day or so they prospected in the ordinary fashion, digging here and there or merely looking over the bare ground in the hope of finding a diamond. One evening, when they went to their leader's tent for dinner, they discovered that Damon, the Rawstone family's old native retainer, had got drunk. This was a habit of Damon's, and to punish him, Rawstone sent him out in the dark and set him to digging by moonlight while the party ate their dinner. Damon came back sooner than expected, grinning triumphantly, with a few small diamonds glittering in his hand. That night, at least, Fleetwood Rawstone didn't discipline him further.

The young men were exultant and excited, but they faced an awkward problem. It was Sunday night, and the Diggers' Committee had laid down a rule that people couldn't stake out

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claims on Sunday. On the other hand, it would be very foolish to wait for Monday morning; whenever a find of this sort was made, the news leaked out immediately, no matter how hard the discoverers tried to conceal it. Damon was sure to tell other natives soon, if he hadn't told them already. So the Red-Caps staked out their claims then and there—Rawstorne's holdings centered on the spot where Damon had made his find—and, as it turned out, they got away with it. They also sent word of the find to a few Colesberg friends and relatives who were camping nearby, and these started out for the *kopje* early the next morning in what they hoped was complete secrecy. In vain; though they "inspanned," or yoked their oxen, very stealthily, neighboring campers spotted them. The leaders had hardly got moving when a throng was hot on their heels. The new rush had begun.

By noon on Monday, hundreds of diggers had flocked to the *kopje*, staked out thirty-one-foot-square claims, and begun digging furiously. By this time, they knew something about "dry" mining, as the digging at places like Dutoitspan and the de Beers farm came to be called, to distinguish it from the alluvial digging along the Vaal, but there was a great deal that they didn't know. They knew that under the red topsoil—an inch or two down, five feet down, ten feet down—they stood a chance of coming to the crumbly yellow earth that contained diamonds; they also stood a chance of coming to a substratum of rock and shale, and this, they had painfully found out, was not diamondiferous. So the luck of the diggers varied. One man might strike it rich right away, and the man on the next claim might not find a thing. Since each claim was worked according to the idiosyncrasies of its owner, not all the diggings sank at the same rate. Some claim owners could afford to hire native helpers, while others did everything themselves, and naturally it took the latter much longer to get through the red soil. Two weeks might go by before a lone digger could prepare his first "wash" and so discover whether he had a productive claim or had drawn a blank.

Mining experts had learned some of the hazards of open-pit digging at Dutoitspan and the Old Rush, which by now was known as the De Beers Mine, and from the start a special precaution was observed at the Kimberley Mine: roadways were left straight across the digging area, north to south,

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forty-seven feet apart and fifteen feet wide. This meant that each claim owner had to sacrifice seven and a half feet on one side of his holding. The object, of course, was to give every digger access to his claim—some of the claims would have been left as islands otherwise—and although the diggers grumbled, they knew the regulation made sense. They brought their earth up to the roads by the bucketful (some using rope hauls and some carrying it up stairs chopped out of the earth), loaded it on wagons, and carted it off to where they had set up their washing equipment and their sorting tables. The system worked for a while, but as the prospectors dug deeper and deeper, it turned out that the crumbly yellow ground was not reliable material for roads. The roads began to give way under the weight of the carts. Moreover, the diggers could not be trusted; in spite of regulations, they kept picking out stray bits of the roads' foundations. First one, then another, and then a lot of accidents happened; carts, mules, and drivers slid off the roads and tumbled into deep claims, squashing anyone who happened to be working beneath. The diggers mended their roads with timber and rock, and here and there they put up a shaky little bridge, but they couldn't stave off the inevitable, and by the end of 1872 not one of the roads across the Kimberley Mine was passable.

It didn't take the diggers long to devise a new method of bringing the pay dirt to the surface. In 1873, they set up a battery of hauling machines on massive platforms, called "stagings," at the two ends of the crater, which was taking on the shape of an oval. The basic apparatus was a sort of windlass, from which a steel cable ran down into the mine. The stagings had three levels—the top one for cables going out to the middle of the pit, the middle one for cables going to intermediate diggings, and the bottom one for cables going almost straight down the cliff edge. Each claim owner had his own windlass and cable, and the buckets went up and down all day long. At first, the diggers or their employees turned the wheels by hand, but as time went on, many of them began to use larger buckets, and some of them installed huge horizontal wheels, known as horse whims, which were turned by horses or mules. From a distance, the scene was fantastic—like a series of gigantic, glittering cat's cradles—but the system was far more successful than the roadways had been, and far less lethal.

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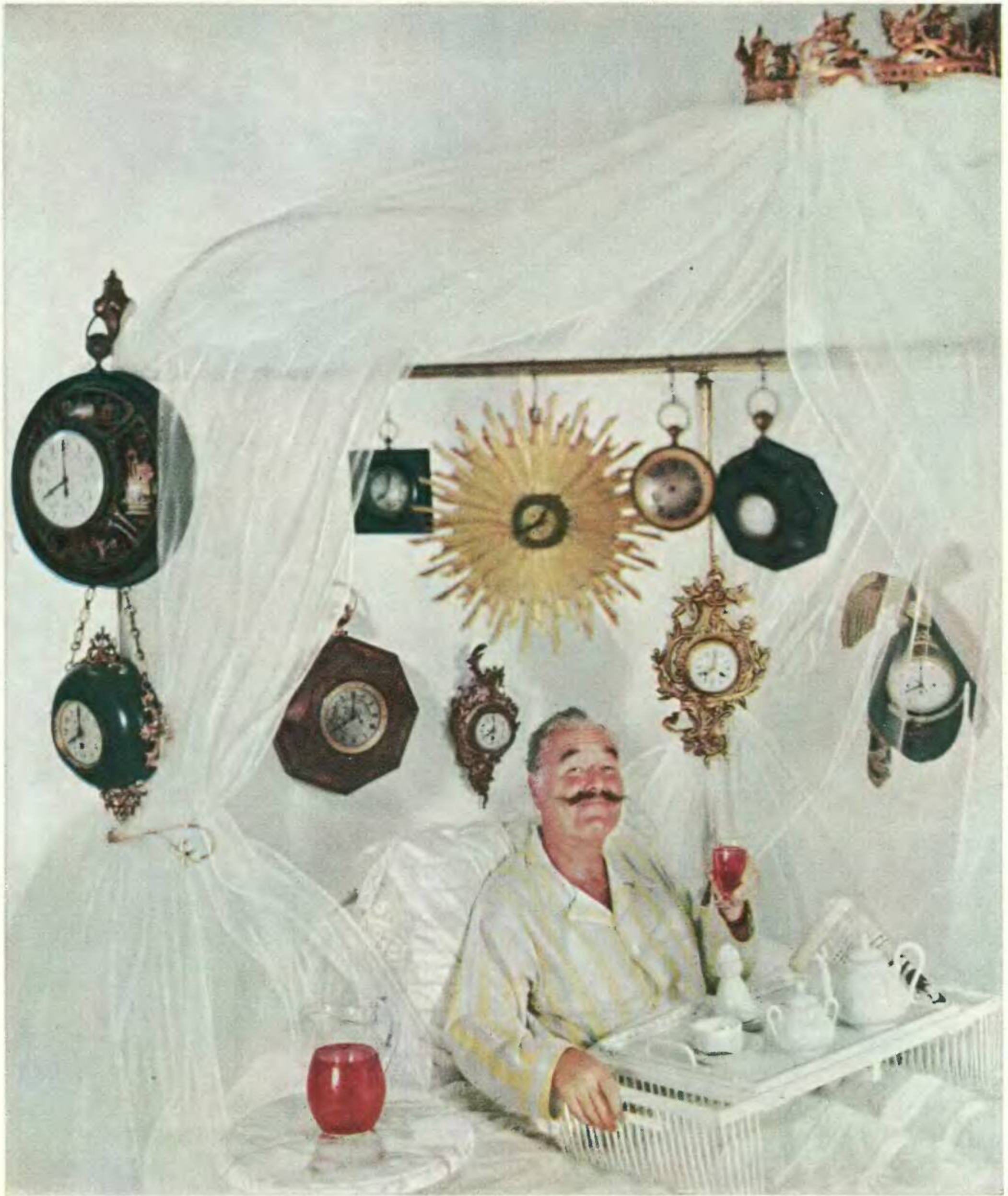
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been solved than the diggers were confronted with another problem—that of water. Actually, water always presented a major obstacle to the open-pit miners, one way or another. At first, they couldn't get enough of it to wash down the pay dirt, and in the early days enterprising peddlers would drive to the diggings in wagons loaded with drums of water. Now, as the pit went down, water became an even worse problem—indeed, a menace. The diggers had tapped the underground water table, and their claims were soon swamped. At first, they pumped the water out with small hand pumps, but soon these couldn't begin to cope with the seepage. Again, though, a solution was thought up, and in this case it was thought up by a twenty-one-year-old man who was later to play the key role in the building of De Beers Consolidated and in the expansion of the British Empire in Africa. In 1874, Cecil Rhodes brought a steam-powered pump to the fields and began renting it to diggers. Within a year, he had acquired enough pumps to take care of all the mines in the area.

On its fourth birthday—July 16, 1875—the Kimberley Mine was flourishing as never before. The diggers kept hauling out the yellow earth, diamond brokers and buyers, financiers, and merchants kept arriving, and the settlement, with its tents and iron shacks and brick houses, kept growing, until it merged with the settlements around the De Beers Mine, Bultfontein, and Dutoitspan. Kimberley was no longer merely a camp; it was a town. But it was like no other town on the earth—a town where, as one observer put it, “deep kaffir songs, laughter, the crowing of cocks, an occasional shot, all echoed with eerie distinctness about [an] eccentric stage on which a great play was being so inexorably enacted.” And then, at the height of Kimberley's prosperity, the diggers ran into something that they had feared all along. At a depth of about seventy feet, they came to the bottom of the yellow soil. Under it was a greenish-blue ground that seemed hard, and this, they were convinced, was bedrock; as each man reached it, he packed up and moved off; if he wasn't bothered by scruples, he might cover it with yellow earth and sell his claim to an unsuspecting newcomer before departing. The days of the Kimberley Mine, Dutoitspan, Bultfontein—all of them—seemed numbered.

Then, in 1876, a tremendous discovery was made. The credit for it belongs to Dr. W. Guybon Atherstone, of Grahamstown, who had assured Jack O'Reilly that his *kliip* was a dia-



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mond. Atherstone reasoned that since the yellow soil wasn't alluvial, it must be of volcanic origin, and that the diamonds in it must have come from deep underground with other molten rock. Therefore, he felt, the blue ground might be worth digging into. A few diggers tried their picks on it, and it turned out not to be so hard after all; pieces of it came up, and there was a crystal embedded in one of them. It glittered only feebly, but it was the harbinger of terrific things. Excitement had never run so high, and there was a new rush over the old diggings. In time, the miners learned a lot about the blue ground; for one thing, they learned that when it was exposed to the air, it weathered into the friable yellow stuff they had first encountered. But it took geologists to find out what the blue ground really was and how deep it went. Evidently, as Atherstone said, it was of igneous origin, and eventually the geologists determined that it occurred in the form of huge tubes, which appeared to be escape valves for some great reservoir of boiling material in the middle of the earth. A long time ago, the tubes, necks, pipes—the geologists use all these terms—terminated at the earth's surface as volcanoes; then the volcanoes had died down and had been eroded, leaving the supply pipes exposed just as the forces of wind and water had sliced them off. The pipe of diamondiferous soil under the *kopje*, it was now clear, was a regular oval, about ten acres in area and, for all practical purposes, bottomless.

There was a rhythm to the early history of the Kimberley Mine—boom, disaster, boom, disaster—and it was now to be repeated again. The blue ground held out, of course, but as the mine reached its present outlines, a new problem had to be faced, and this problem was ultimately to put an end to open-pit mining in Kimberley. The diamondiferous ground, the diggers had gradually discovered, was surrounded by reef, or rock and shale, and as more and more of the reef was exposed, it began to break off and slide. Here it might be well to point out that in South Africa the word "reef" means two things. The Reef, or Rand, of Johannesburg gets its name because it is a ridge, for "rand" in Afrikaans means "ridge," but "rand," or "reef," is also the word used for the rock surrounding diamondiferous ground—the stony wall around a diamond pit. In the late eighteen-seventies, the reef around the Kimberley Mine was falling into the pit in great slabs, and before long there was no stopping it. The harder the harassed diggers worked to haul the rubble out

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of the way, the more landslides there were. It was like trying to dig a hole in a sandbank beyond the depth that the laws of gravity permit. Digging had become not only pointless but perilous, and by 1882 the diggers were again moving off and it again looked as if South African diamond mining was doomed.

Once more the Kimberley Mine's obituary was premature. This time, engineering and big business came to the rescue. Once and for all, the new men—the capitalists and the engineers—threw out the concept of diamond mines as surface phenomena. The pipes obviously went down a long way, and they obviously had to be worked as any other deep mines were—underground. This meant sinking shafts and digging tunnels. Capital was required—a lot of it. Claims were amalgamated. Companies were formed. Companies ate each other up. The great consolidation that was to be known all over the world simply as De Beers came into being. But that is another story. The story of the rush ends with the birth of De Beers, though the people of Kimberley haven't forgotten it. How could they, with those great pits gaping at the sky?

TODAY, the Kimberley Mine is surrounded by a high wire fence. The fence has been there ever since late in the last century, when a man committed suicide by throwing himself into the crater. The city authorities were never able to retrieve his body, and some people say that every now and then it rises to the surface and floats about. Ducks and other waterfowl have adopted the gloomy artificial lake as a retreat, and they can often be seen swimming on it. Standing behind the fence and peering down at the tiny birds, one finds it difficult to believe that all this was dug either by hand or by the most primitive machinery. In comparison, the Pyramids don't seem so wonderful, after all.

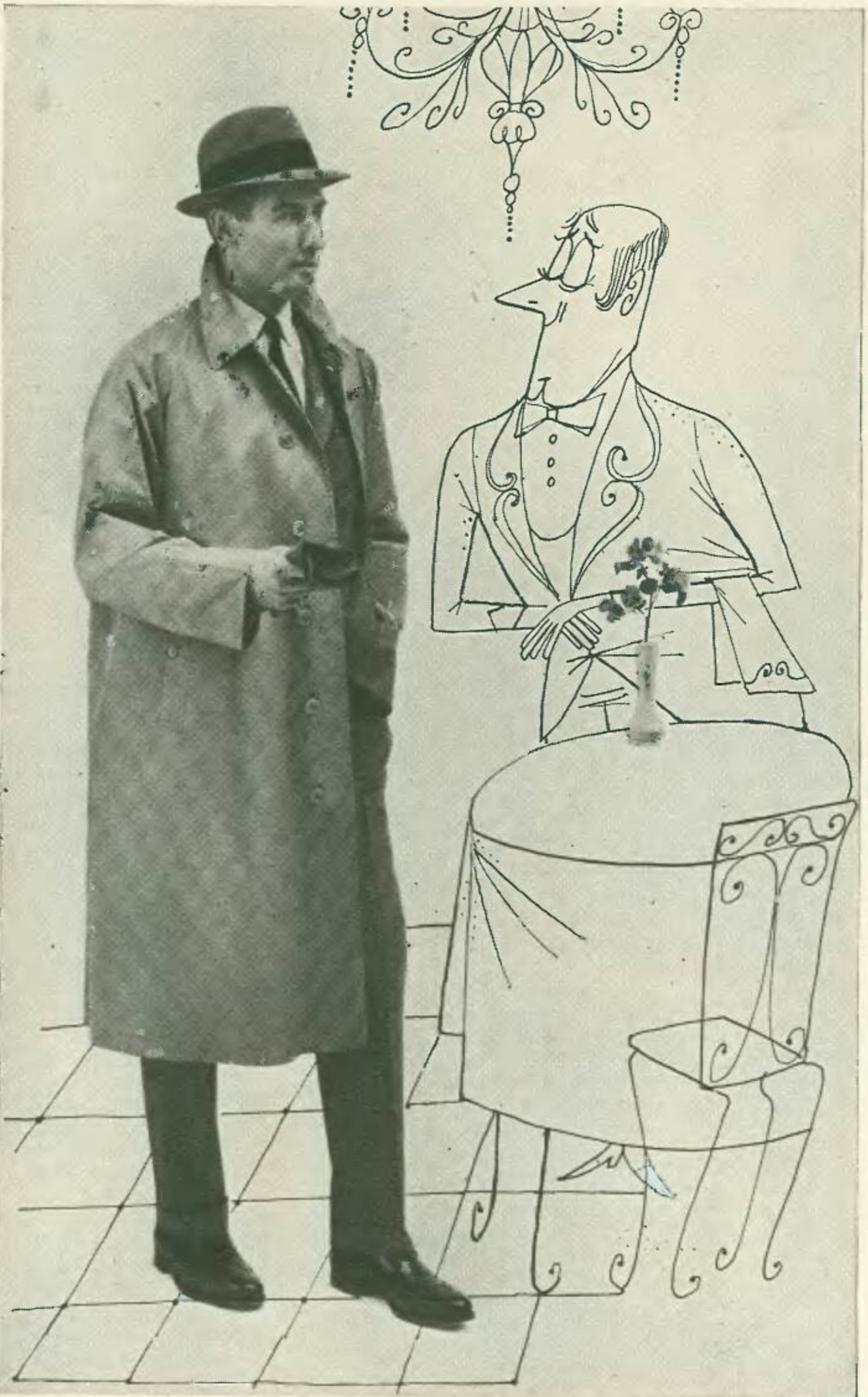
One day, Winston Churchill's father, Lord Randolph Churchill, and a group of friends, men and women, were staring down into that pit. Lord Randolph grew philosophical. "All for the vanity of woman," he said.

"And the depravity of man," added one of the ladies. —EMILY HAHN
(This is the first of a series of articles. The second will appear in an early issue.)

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SCOTT FITZGERALD AT LA PAIX

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD burst in upon our lives like a meteor, in the spring of 1932. I remember my father causing a stir at the breakfast table when he announced that a novelist had rented the other house on our property—"the old house," as we called it. My mother, the reader of the family, had heard the name Fitzgerald but couldn't recall anything he had written, which was not surprising, for the Jazz Age had roared past almost without our knowing it. La Paix, our twenty-eight-acre place on the edge of Baltimore, was a cultural pocket whose atmosphere had changed very little since my grandfather built the old house there, in 1885. Stolidly Victorian, this house had lost whatever charm or style it might have once possessed. It was a ramshackle affair of faded reds, browns, and grays, with the gables and heavy trimmings and discordant bulges of the period, and the whole thing girded round by an open porch. A gold-lettered sign over the door said "Pax Vobiscum." Peaceful it certainly was—no one would deny that—but it was also dim, cavernous, and, from a child's point of view, spooky, and I was glad we weren't living there any more. A few years before Fitzgerald came, my father had built a happier house on a rise overlooking the old one, which now lay half hidden from us in its grove of ancestral oaks. What odd surroundings for Fitzgerald—this barn of a house and these quietly antiquated acres, to which he came trailing sparks from another world!

I was eleven years old at the time, and a novelist to me meant a bearded sage, so that I was little prepared for Fitzgerald's youthfulness. What was I to make of those flashing good looks, of the saddle shoes and the dark Shaker-knit sweater that gave him the air of a college athlete home for vacation? I decided privately that his novels must not be very good, but my opinion of him went up when I discovered his enthusiasm for football. I, too, was a student of the game, and a rabid keeper of scrapbooks, my horizons being limited to my alma mater, the Gilman Country School. Fitzgerald opened my eyes to Princeton, where a great new coach,

Fritz Crisler, and a bumper crop of freshman players foreshadowed the Tiger juggernauts of 1933-35. All I knew about Princeton was that it had just received into its arms one of Gilman's immortals, a fullback named Pepper Constable. I remember running up the hill at top speed to get the Gilman yearbook wherein was an Achilles-like picture of Constable, surrounded by his teammates. Though Fitzgerald showed a polite interest in *my* interest, I could not seem to persuade him that here was an authentic hero. Gilman sounded provincial to him; it lacked the authority of Exeter, say, or Kiski, or Lawrenceville. With prep-school captains two and three deep in every position on this spectacular freshman squad, Fitzgerald held out little hope that Constable would ever be heard from again. Of course I was saddened by this, but I kept the faith.

Meanwhile, Fitzgerald bought a football, which we tossed around the lawn from time to time when he was feeling athletic. Because I was small for my age and not a fast runner, he was going to make a passer out of me. (He was determined to make *something* out

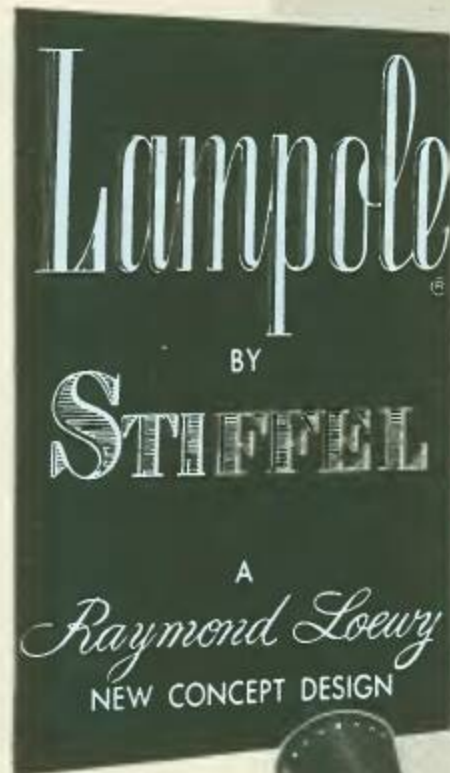
of me, for his instinct was always to mold, manipulate, cajole the human material around him—to get it to perform in one way or another.) He gave me a book by Barry Wood called "What Price Football," and he introduced me to the *Football Annual*, a marvellous publication full of swollen rhetoric and grimacing All-Americans.

That fall, he took me to Princeton to see the Navy game. His daughter, Scottie—my contemporary—went with us, and we ate a picnic lunch, put up by my mother, on the terrace in back of Cottage Club.

Fitzgerald's *élan* at going back to his old haunts may have been wasted on me, but not his uncanny knowledge of the Princeton team; he had so much specific information on each player that I suspected him of having memorized the programs of the previous games. His hopes that day, I clearly recall, were riding on a sophomore with the pungent name of Kats Kadlic—no ordinary quarterback (according to Fitzgerald) but "a great field general," a kind of Stonewall Jackson



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with cleats on. Kadlic happened to be a pretty fair passer into the bargain; however, it was his tactical genius that concerned my host, who identified himself in some obscure way with the brains that leavened Princeton's brawn. The best Kadlic could arrange that afternoon was a scoreless tie, but the following fall Fitzgerald and I saw him—plus the great freshman team, now sophomores and playing on the varsity—overthrow Columbia, 20-0. (It was the same Columbia team that afterward defeated Stanford in the Rose Bowl.) Unaccountably, my old friend Pepper Constable turned up at fullback, where he played the smashing brand of ball that I had been telling Fitzgerald about. That was only the beginning of a splendid career, for Constable went on to captain Princeton's undefeated team of 1935 and to be mentioned for All-America.

By then, Fitzgerald had moved away from La Paix, but he sent me a letter giving his version of how this Gilman peasant had risen to high estate. "So far as Constable is concerned," he wrote, "I don't want you to run him down. He's all right—not as good as his substitute Rulon-Miller but *all right*. And I'm glad. In fact I got him elected Captain—I came into the room in a black beard disguise during the conclave and pled with them. 'See here,' I said. 'A good back hasn't come out of Gilman since Slagle, and they're starving for somebody to admire, them kids are. Pretty soon they'll begin to turn to dolls like "Apples" Fitzpatrick and "Mozart" Hopney'— But I stopped myself at this juncture. I enclose Fritz Crisler's answer."

The enclosure was a letter from Crisler—the two men did correspond from time to time—and there was a humorous postscript in Fitzgerald's handwriting, which said, among other things, "I have had Constable elected captain as a favor to your young friend Turnbull."

This spoofing tone was rather typical of our relationship. "Haven't seen you to *really* talk to for such a long time that I scarcely know you except through Scottie," Fitzgerald began a letter. "She tells me you are a low-lifer and in trouble with the police for passing some of the Weyerhaeuser kidnap jack but I say, 'Don't believe it—Andrew is all right, there is nothing the matter with the boy except his character, environment, family, body, mind, past, and future, and he will probably turn out O.K. in the end.' But what an end!" When he found I was interested in



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words, he used epithets on me that sent me scurrying to the dictionary. For a while I was "a transcendent skald," and when that one wore out, I was "a mome." The dictionary said merely that a mome was a blockhead, but Fitzgerald amplified this definition with a quatrain called "Momishness," which he wrote in my autograph book:

Andrew Turnbull has a very
Large and strange vocabulary
Tell me how then does it come
About his favorite word is "dumb."

FITZGERALD lived at La Paix for eighteen months, and it was he who prevailed on my father to build the tennis court. The idea had previously been dismissed because of the expense, but now, with two families to profit by it, there was a case to be made, and Fitzgerald made it. What resulted from his machinations was a rough—a very rough—and homemade approximation of a grass court, which never had all the molehills rolled out of it, or all the bare spots covered with turf. Once you got used to its eccentricities, however, you could have a lot of fun on it. Fitzgerald imported a bronzed, if aging, tennis pro named Mr. Crosby, who popped balls at us children by the hour in an effort to build up our ground strokes. And sometimes Fitzgerald himself would appear, racket in hand, looking for a doubles match.

He played a cocky, aggressive game, with rather more form to it than content. Moving with instinctive grace and poise, he managed to look like a tennis player even when the ball categorically refused to do his bidding. His serve was a short, snappy twist with lots of wrist in it and a contortion of the mouth that showed concentration and effort. He sliced his forehand unmercifully, and I do not remember that he had any backhand at all. He was happiest at the net, where he could hit the ball the hardest and it had the shortest distance to go. I can see him now—a little paunchy in his white flannels—swaggering up to his alley and crouching professionally to await the return of service. (His walk was a self-important strut with a slight hunch of the shoulders—the stagy, dramatic walk of a man of action come suddenly on the scene to set things straight.) When playing opposite me, he'd threaten me with "I'll perforate you, Andrew!"—which he never did, for all the ferocity of his tone. His overheads, if they did not hit the net, were apt to splatter harmlessly out of the court.

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for Fitzgerald's belligerent streak was boxing. He fancied himself a fighter, and occasionally he would spar with a lean intellectual who used to come out from town to discuss Marxism. The two men squared off in front of the old house, where the road circled a plot of grass to form a natural ring. Watching these contests, I could not help feeling apprehensive for Fitzgerald, whose physical condition was precarious at best. He had an insubstantial quality—made all the more apparent by his gameness—as though one good uppercut might be the end of both his boxing and his writing careers. But Fitzgerald surprised you; he was quite capable of taking care of himself for a short, puffy round or two. Crouching behind the gloves, which fortunately were of a large and squashy make, he kept his head up and his eye on the target, and moved forward with foolhardy resolution, for by temperament he was an infighter. The Marxist, out of deference to his host, may not have pressed his physical advantage, but at least he had a busy time defending himself.

Fitzgerald could never understand my preoccupation with wrestling. At Gilman, it was a major sport, which the students were encouraged to learn from the time they entered, and I was starting to be successful at it in a small way. This did not impress Fitzgerald, who refused to see that grovelling around on a mat had either glamour or utility. He would have me know that men of honor settled their differences with their fists, and that if I closed in with a half nelson, I would be accused not only of cowardice but of ill-breeding. To stimulate my interest in boxing, he arranged a match between me and Sammy Green, a little tough who lived at the top of our lane. Sammy was a red, stocky, scar-faced lad who was about my age, but he seemed years older, because he smoked, drank coffee, swore ruggedly, and worked in a grocery store in his off hours. As we had never liked each other, our collision would have elements of a grudge match, but that was all part of Fitzgerald's plan.

Looking back on it, I doubt whether Sammy was any more eager to fight than I was, yet Fitzgerald put it up to us in such a way that there was no honorable escape, and the bout took place on a summer's evening as the first fireflies were rising off the outdoor ring. Fitzgerald was all polished up for the occasion. He had washed and put on clean clothes, and as he laced my gloves with those tremulous hands of his, he exuded the sharp, spiced reek of tobacco

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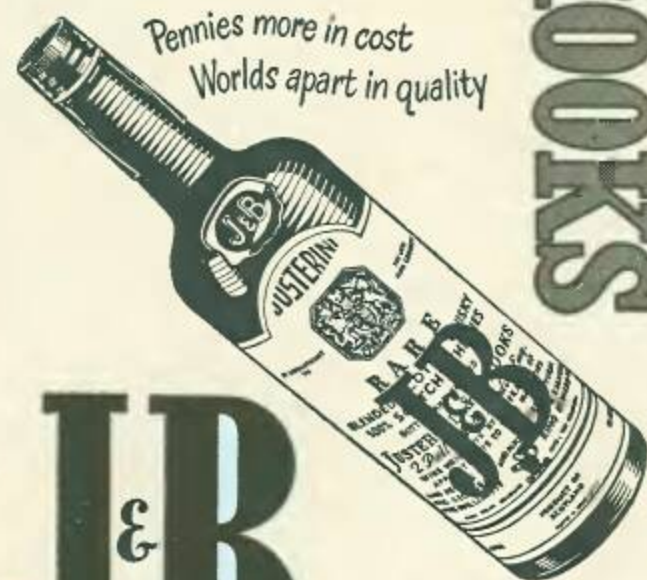
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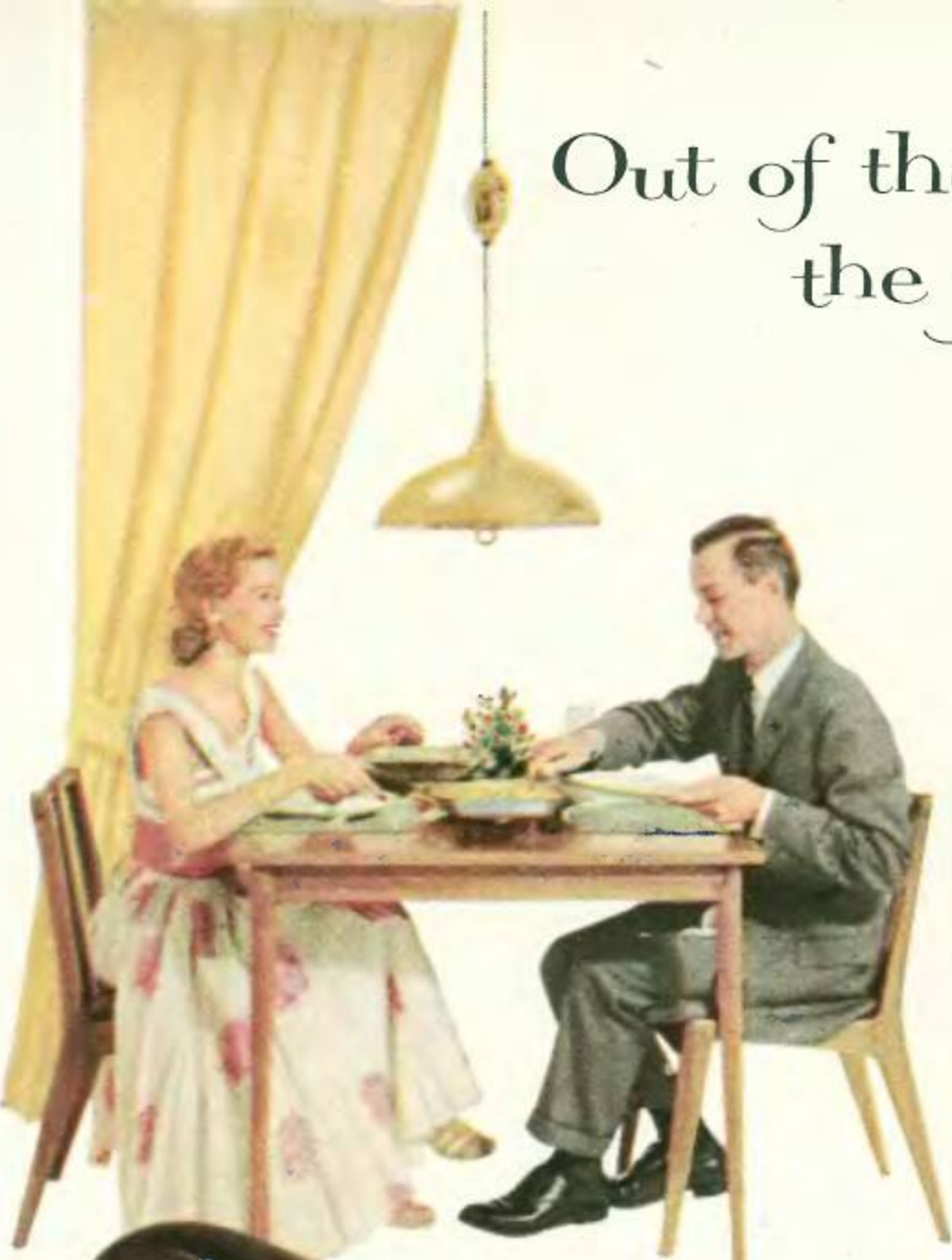
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mixed with the bay rum he used as an after-shave lotion. His bearing was serious, even official; when he called us to the center of the ring for our instructions, his impartial tone gave no hint of the fact that only an hour before he had been telling me precisely what I should do to defeat Sammy. The fight itself was something of an anticlimax. There was much grunting and sweating and flailing of skinny arms, but with the overstuffed gloves weighing us down, neither Sammy nor I landed a telling blow. After several rounds, Fitzgerald stopped the fight, called it a draw, and vanished into the house. When I followed him a few minutes later, he told me that clearly I had won but that he hadn't wanted to hurt Sammy's feelings by saying so.

Whether or not his remark was true, a tenderness for the underdog—the outsider—was, I think, characteristic of Fitzgerald. Another incident comes to mind. The meadows on one side of our place were bounded by a little single-track railroad, which sometimes brought us unwelcome visitors from the city. One balmy afternoon, three youths from a Baltimore slum wandered along the track, and, spying our pond, they took off their clothes and jumped in for what they thought would be a refreshing dip. This sort of thing had happened before, but the intruders had usually withdrawn when they found that the pond was less than two feet deep, with a mud bottom that was a paradise for tadpoles and leeches. These boys, however, were not so easily discouraged; they stayed on, splashing vociferously. Finally, my mother lost patience, and, coming out of the house, she ordered them off the place in forceful language. Fitzgerald must have been watching this drama from his shaded porch, for as the boys straggled off in the direction of the railroad tracks, he called them over to the old house and invited them to stay for dinner. Part of it, no doubt, was his writer's curiosity (he was starved for life in those days), but also in his gesture there was more than a touch of the good Samaritan. Scottie, my sister Eleanor, and I were pressed into service as co-hosts, and the six of us played games, organized by Fitzgerald, until dinner-time, when an elegant roast was served, with Fitzgerald presiding at the head of the table. The boys were invited to come back someday, and Fitzgerald was a little nonplussed when they actually came. "The poor boys called on me again," he wrote me at camp. "I tried to discourage them



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by making them work, but *I think they liked it!*"

IN Fitzgerald's study, a back room that we children were seldom allowed to penetrate, there was a cupboard that I found particularly fascinating because it housed a rusted helmet and bayonet that Fitzgerald had picked up on a European battlefield. The helmet had a bullet hole through the crown of it, and I remember speculating with Fitzgerald as to whether some of the caked rust on the bayonet might not be human gore. Fitzgerald's boyish veneration for the war he hadn't fought was something new and strange in my upbringing. I had been taught that war was an outmoded barbarism, but here was Fitzgerald predicting another general conflict by 1940 and seeming rather cheerful about it! He owned, among other books on the First World War, two lavishly and horribly illustrated volumes with a French text, and as a toughening exercise, he sat me down one day before a group of faces that belonged to living men, though large sections of them had been chewed away by shrapnel. (Scottie was not allowed to look at these, since she was a girl and it might shock her sensibilities.)

The next step was to get me interested in firearms. When Fitzgerald offered to buy me a .22, my father did not know how to refuse him, though he made the provision that we shouldn't shoot any of the wildlife on the place. For a few days, that bright, oily little weapon was the center of existence. We practiced on conventional targets, and when that palled, we improvised a shooting gallery with a set of china dolls that belonged to Scottie. At this point, the gardener joined the fun, but while he was relaxing between shots, the gun went off and almost shot him through the leg. It turned out that the .22 was a hair trigger, and it had to be condemned. So ended Fitzgerald's efforts to bring some of the austerities of war to La Paix.

On the intellectual side, Fitzgerald gave me a few books in addition to the one on football. I read and enjoyed "The Varmint" and "Stover at Yale" on his recommendation; Howard Pyle's "Men of Iron" I never got around to. When he gave me "War and Peace" as a Christmas present, I began it in good faith, spurred on by his enthusiasm, but I soon lost momentum and have yet to finish it. In retrospect, I am surprised he never steered me to "The Red Badge of Courage." The

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"Oz" books, which were then making the rounds among children of my age, he abhorred.

But mostly he wasn't concerned with what I read; he was concerned with my conduct, my actions. He was always urging me to *do*, to overcome my natural tendency to sit on the sidelines, observing. When he heard I was going out West for the summer, he wrote me, "Wish to heaven I could see you before you go and would promise to tell you *nothing* about life on a ranch as Scottie tells me my moralities are becoming a strain (ungrateful woman—as if my prophecies have ever been wrong about her). Only remember—west of the Mississippi it's a little more look, see, act, a little less rationalize, comment, talk."

And he had no use for crybabies. My first summer at camp, I was unhappy because I failed to make friends, and when I aired my woes, Fitzgerald sent a sharp reprimand: "Your mother told me that you had written a couple of somber letters home and I am both amused and disgusted. In trouble such as yours (of the reality of which I am by no means convinced) the proper tradition is that the mouth is kept shut, the eyes are lowered; the personality tries to say to itself: 'I will adjust and adapt, I can beat anything offered me; therefore I can beat change.' Anything short of that would be dishonor to the past and to whatever you believe in. The mouth tight and the teeth and lips together is a hard thing, perhaps one of the hardest stunts in the world, but not a waste of time, because most of the great things you learn in life are in periods of enforced silence. Remember to think straight; the crowd at camp is probably right *socially* and you are probably wrong..." Thus spoke Fitzgerald the moralist, who was himself learning something about "enforced silence." During his hibernation at La Paix, he was finishing "Tender Is the Night," and its lukewarm reception would make him feel more than ever like a forgotten man. A greater sorrow was the incurable illness of his wife, who was in and out of a nearby sanatorium.

There were also the man-to-man talks on the porch corner when—usually after a siege of writing—Fitzgerald would emerge in his bathrobe, and we would settle ourselves in the crackly wicker chairs that went back to my grandfather's day, and thrash out the moral dilemmas. Fitzgerald was an engaging conversationalist because, as in the case of Dick Diver, "there was nev-



*"...out of this nettle, danger,
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Henry IV, Part I, Act II, Scene 3

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er any doubt at whom he was looking or talking—and this is a flattering attention, for who looks at us?—glances fall upon us, curious or disinterested, nothing more.” Fitzgerald focussed on you—even riveted on you—and if there was one thing you were sure of, it was that whatever you happened to be talking about was the most important matter in the world. A further seduction was his smile—quick, tight, and very appealing. It was not so much a smile as a flash of confidence in you and your mortal possibilities. Fitzgerald would be sitting there with a cigarette clenched in the fingers of his gesticulating hand, with the deep inhales oozing out of his fine-cut nostrils (he belonged to that class of smoker that seems to eat the cigarette rather than smoke it), and with a faraway nostalgia in his eyes, and suddenly he would start up and swagger toward a table or some other object as though he were going to tear it apart with the energy of his thought. Then he would lapse into a preoccupied silence, staring at the floor. He was a short man, fairly heavy in the arms and shoulders, finely made, but going to fat. His hands were white and nervous but not delicate, and the long fingers, blunt and squarish at the ends, were invariably stained with nicotine. What held your attention in the final analysis was his keen dramatic sense, for the attitudes and postures he struck were often more profound than his words. I do not remember much of what he said, but at the heart of his doctrine was a kind of Emersonian self-reliance. He had the idea that I was independent and went my own way, and felt that that was good. He put respect above popularity. “My God, Andrew!” he would say, facing me with that cocky, shoulder-swinging stance of his. “Popularity isn’t worth a damn and respect is worth everything, and what do you care about happiness—and who does except the perpetual children of this world?”

FOR my sister and me (perhaps not for Scottie, who was too close to him), there was always something of the magician in Fitzgerald. He was the inventor, the creator, the tireless impresario, who brightened our days and made other adult company seem dull and profitless. It wasn’t so much any particular skill of his as a quality of caring, of believing, of pouring his whole soul and imagination into whatever he did with us. His card tricks, for example, were elementary, as I look back on them, but he executed them

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—ANDREW W. TURNBULL

LIFE IN LAS VEGAS DEPARTMENT

[From the *Hollywood Reporter*]

Stewardess on one of the DC-4s chartered by Ray Ryan and Charlie O'Curran to fly this dep't and 149 other stay-up-lates to Las Vegas for Millie Considine's birthday brawl was named Juanita Yawn... But nobody Yawned. 'Twas quite a party and it must have set Ryan back at least \$20,000... Taking off from International Airport, Larry Finley announced over the p.a.: "Welcome aboard. You are being piloted by Capt. Bill Smith so please don't worry about your safety. He has flown such notables as Wiley Post, Will Rogers, Carole Lombard, Grace Moore, Leslie Howard, Buddy Clark, Glenn Miller, Earl Carroll and Sam Schwartz!"... Piute dancers from the Moapa Indian tribe sent up smoke signals and danced around the planes after we landed in Vegas... Several guests were ambushed and carried off but the Copa girls from the Sands rescued these lucky guests and all hell broke loose as the Vegas C. of C. and a 16-piece orchestra got into the act too... Ryan, as you probably know, recently broke his leg skiing. His doctor wouldn't take the cast off for the party. So Ray went to a veterinarian and had it hacked off... Millie won the door prize: A live bull... Peggy Lee, low-cleaved beyond belief, wore Millie's initials in sequins on her bare back... Jock Mahoney, TV's Range Rider, played it very large with the gaping natives by wearing a cowboy shirt open to his navel... Among those toasting Millie were Sophie Tucker, Nate Gross, Ella Logan, Donald Nelson, Marge Hall, Valerie Allen, Mack Gray... Also Diana Lynn, Ed Pauley, Jr., Hal Hayes & Rossana Rory, Lou & Frances Bring, Fred Robbins, the Eddie Silvermans, Joan Winchell & Leonard Ploeser, Bob Quarry, Carmen Considine, Jack & Sally Ellis, John Morris, Jan Darlyn, Ed & Marilyn Hinton... Mary Morrison wore a baby blue beaver coat from Al Teitelbaum's over her cowgirl outfit... O'Curran told of meeting a cowboy from Texas named Tex, but when the cowboy lived in Elizabeth, N. J., he was named—oh, you tell it... In Palm Springs, on the return trip, we met a man who sells used swimming pools.



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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AS a spectacle, "Alexander the Great," which was written, directed, and produced by Robert Rossen, is certainly impressive. Mr. Rossen has spared no expense in creating colorful and spacious reproductions of the world of Alexander, but while the picture has plenty of interesting pageantry, it doesn't offer quite enough drama to hold one's attention for its full length—a matter of two and a half hours. Far too much of that time is spent in detailing the Macedonian's unhappy youth. Alexander, it would seem, has an ambivalent attitude toward his father, Philip, being simultaneously respectful of his sire's achievements and anxious to get his hands on the reins of power. Meanwhile, the King is wary of his remarkable son, and suspicious of the youth's inscrutable mother, who is, he thinks, trying to turn his heir against him. Philip is also drinking more than is good for him. Obviously, the atmosphere around the regal Macedonian homestead is pretty unwholesome, and it's regrettable that Mr. Rossen takes so long to establish the fact. However, things pick up when Alexander heads off to the wars and proceeds to prove that he is the greatest warrior on earth. The best of his battles, of course, is the one in which he clashes with Darius, the Persian, and Mr. Rossen, who filmed this picture in Spain, does a grand job of displaying the Greeks and Persians, in full panoply, milling gaudily about on an arid plain.

As Alexander, Richard Burton is a lot more satisfactory than the usual hero of costume epics, and, as Philip, Fredric March gives a credible portrayal of a mighty soldier slowly going to seed. By way of feminine relief from all the virile doings, we have Danielle Darrieux, in the role of Philip's complex wife, and Claire Bloom, as Alexander's mistress. Both these ladies are decorative, to be sure, but neither of them contributes much more than good looks to the enterprise. Among the many hundreds of others on view, Harry Andrews, as Darius; Barry Jones, as



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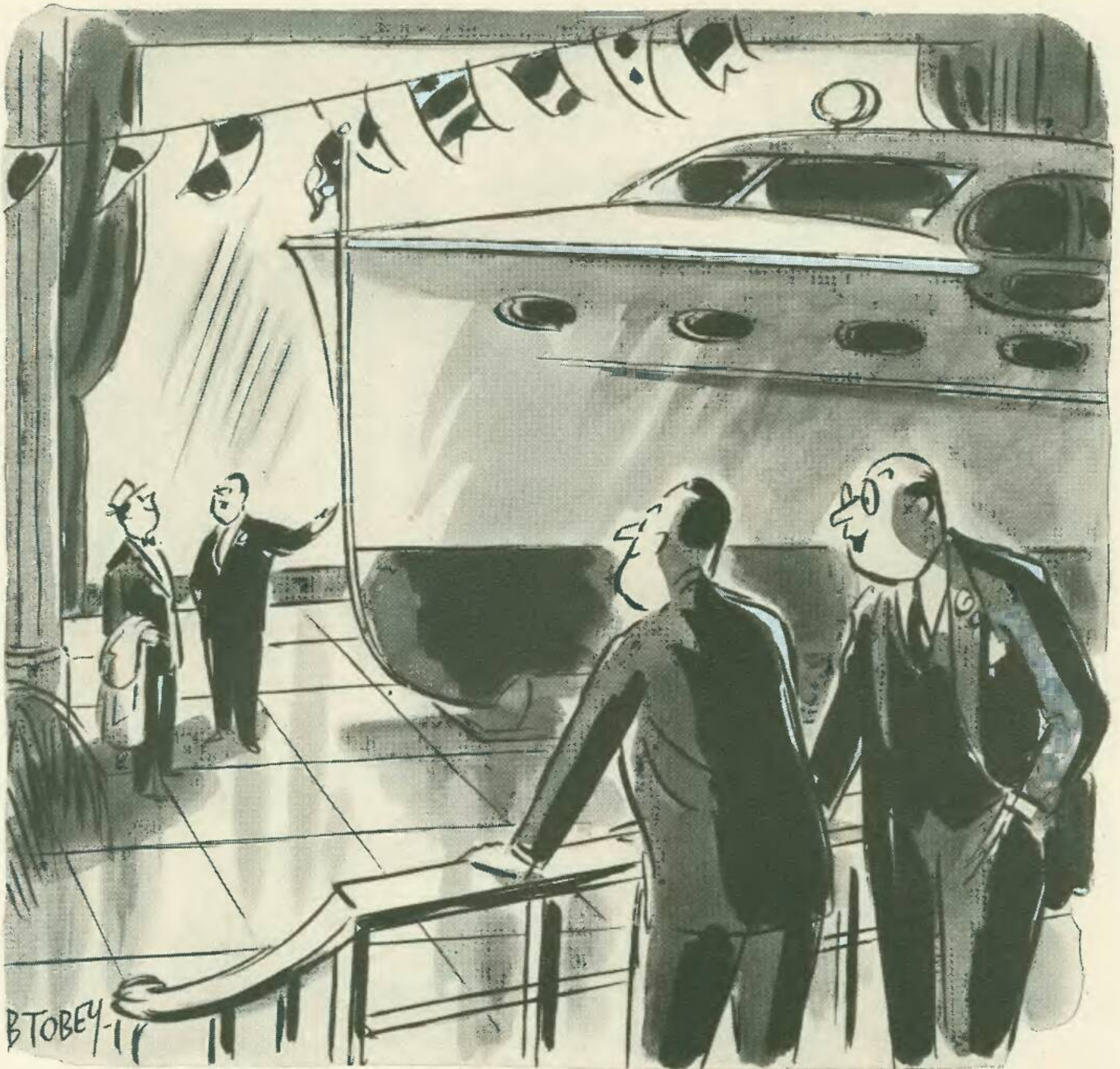
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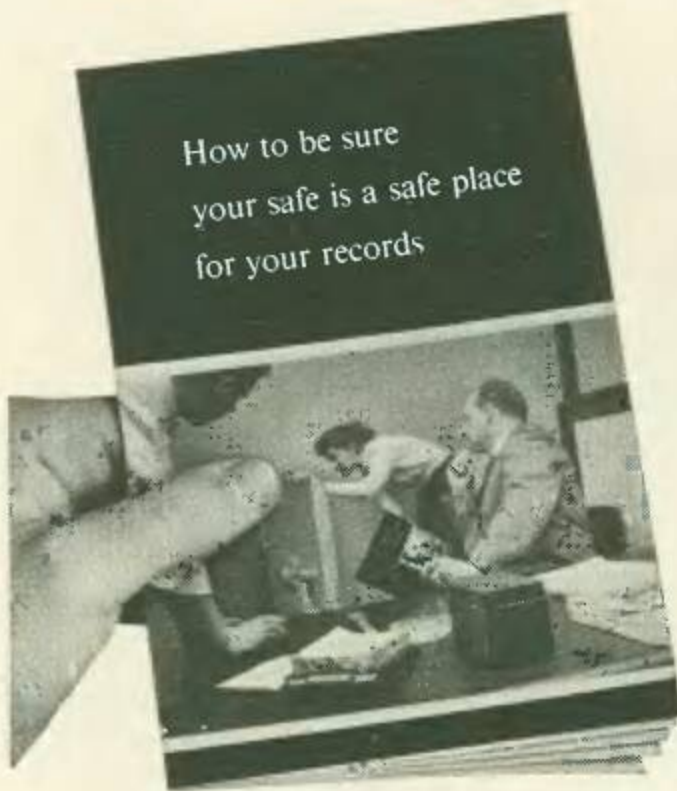
*"That must be young Beasley. I hear he's been the fair-haired boy at B. B. O. & D. ever since he got up in a meeting and said, 'Gentlemen, things have changed in Cincinnati.'"**

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Aristotle; and Peter Cushing, as Memnon, are the most agreeably conspicuous.

IN contrast to "Alexander the Great," which at least tries to stick close to the known facts about its hero, "The Conqueror," a Howard Hughes presentation dealing with the early career of Genghis Khan, is pure Hollywood moonshine. In this one, John Wayne, made up to look slightly slant-eyed, plays the famous Mongolian. He gets into all kinds of trouble after he kidnaps the daughter of a famous Tartar, but he doesn't mind, since, as he points out in an adenoidal monotone, "for good or ill, she is my destiny." When the film is not concerned with Mr. Wayne's skirmishes with the Tartar's daughter—she keeps trying to slit his throat and chop his head off even after he has declared that she is his wife—it's occupied with mad cavalry charges in what purports to be the Gobi Desert. You never saw so many horses falling down in your life. Still, even though their tumbling is far superior to the antics of the actors, it presently becomes tiresome. Susan Hayward, cast as Mr. Wayne's cutie, seems a rather odd Tartar, what with her red hair and fair skin. But then, Mr. Wayne seems a rather odd Mongolian.

"THE RETURN OF DON CAMILLO" is a sequel to the diverting film called "The Little World of Don Camillo," and Fernandel is once again playing the redoubtable priest. The pattern of the sequel is much the same as that of the original, with Fernandel trying to frustrate the various political schemes of the Communist mayor of a small Italian community. While there are some mildly diverting episodes in the picture, it has little of the freshness of its predecessor, and much of the humor is clumsily contrived. Fernandel, though, is always a pleasure to have around, and Gino Cervi, who plays the mayor, is good company, too.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 27



THE Communist daily, *L'Humanité*, is now running one of those circulation-boosting competitions (first prize is a three-week trip for two to the Soviet Union) based—unfortunately, at this moment in Communist history—on the old game of questions and answers, the competition being called "*Vrai ou Faux?*" Last week, *Figaro* pulled *L'Humanité's* leg by sarcastically listing questions of its own that *Huma* might well ask, such as "Stalin was wrong for twenty-five years. True or false?" and "Stalin was tyrannical, maniacal, and sanguinary. True or false?" It is certainly true that the February attack on the Stalin myth by Moscow's Twentieth Communist Party Congress, falling on the utterly unprepared and rigorously pro-Stalin French Communist Party, was the most destructive blow the Party here has suffered since its foundation in 1920—a blow from which it staggered into a recovery, at least officially, only last week. Another obvious truth is that the French Party delegates to the Congress—Maurice Thorez and Jacques Duclos—were not warned on their arrival in Moscow of the imminent anti-Stalin coup de grâce. Consequently, the wretched Thorez made a rousing pro-Stalin Congress speech so contrary to the coming new Soviet policy that if he had made such a *gaffe* (on a quite different line, of course) during Stalin's lifetime, the genial Georgian would doubtless have had him purged the next morning. With the temporary crackup of Party discipline here over the last month, many intellectual Communists are speaking with more bitter candor than ever before. They say that the French Party has for several years been ignored by Moscow in favor of the Italian Communist Party, which is more militant, more useful, and bigger than theirs and has a more intelligent, finer-brained leader in the highly educated, intellectual Palmiro Togliatti, who comes of a university family (his brother is Dean of the Sciences Department at Genoa University) than the French Party has in the former pastry cook Jacques Duclos, who is its dominating secretary. It is thought here that because Togliatti never once mentioned Stalin's name in his Congress

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speech, the Italian Party had surely been warned, as too valuable to Moscow, not to let its leader make a fool of himself there and so increase the difficulties of de-Stalinizing the Italian Comrades, who, having been accustomed over long centuries to saints, were inclined to especially easy credulity where the Georgian was concerned. In canonizing Stalin, the task of the French Party propagandists, dealing with the more cynical and more agnostic-minded French workmen over the last twenty-five years, had been harder. Yet they had succeeded in instilling in them a kind of glamorous, historical, deep devotion to Stalin as a remaker of the world—a devotion like the one their grandfathers felt for the myth of Napoleon. All that is gone now.

It took the erstwhile pro-Stalin French Communist Party leaders five weeks to make up their minds to eat crow. They swallowed it whole last Thursday. In *L'Humanité's* March 23rd front-page headline, the French Central Committee hailed "LE VINGTIEME CONGRES DU PARTI COMMUNISTE DE L'UNION SOVIETIQUE" as "UNE AIDE INESTIMABLE POUR NOTRE PARTI." On an inner page was given the French Party's resolution, arrived at by the chiefs during a twelve-hour closed meeting the day before. *Huma* printed the resolution in three scant columns (in Rome, chief Togliatti, possibly better prepared, had earlier given twenty-seven columns to his crow-eating in *L'Unità*), of which seven-eighths was given over entirely to "the superiority of Communism" and its amazing recent advances in technology and production, as reported at the Twentieth Congress. Only the last fraction of the resolution mentioned Stalin. There the French Party's humiliating capitulation was printed, in what sounded like fragmentary heretical *mea culpas*—"Stalin's erroneous theories... harmful consequences... violation of Leninist principles"—with the final solemn ending "Let us fight against the cult of personality." Not only had the French Party made a cult of Stalin but it had made an even stronger cult of its own Maurice Thorez as a *filz du peuple*—handsome, strong, a miner who was a miner's son, the ideal Communist proletarian who became the French Comrades' real idol and who led them deeper into the Stalin error at the Congress of Moscow.

This has been the first Paris sight of a Slav holy man's being ruled off the international Marxist saints' calendar—the first time people here have ever seen

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what would have been heresy in January become revealed doctrine in March to five million French workers, supposedly the best educated and most intelligent in Europe. It has been an extraordinarily unholy spectacle to watch.

LES CONCERTS DU DOMAINE MUSICAL, a series dedicated to contemporary and often brand-new music, have filled a real want here and lately have overflowed the Petit Théâtre Marigny, the Renaud-Barrault little-theatre workshop over the Théâtre Marigny, where listeners have been packing the hard benches and sitting on the floor with a lack of old-fashioned comfort suitable to such modern, angular compositions. These are the only concerts in Paris devoted mainly to twelve-tone music, which is considered a trifle démodé by other Europeans, since they have known it since Schoenberg's early days, but which has only recently struck French youth and, indeed, many French adults. The Domaine's final concert of the season, given last week, featured in its first half the 1928 symphony of the late Austrian composer Anton Webern and six of his songs (two of them written to poems by Rilke), and demonstrated once again his amazing endowments—his conciseness, his subtlety of musical language, and his originalities, which could actually be followed even by the musical layman. Webern's music and the more satisfying romantic works of Alban Berg—his "Wozzeck," given here by the Vienna State Opera four years ago, still ranks as a memorable event—make these two dodecaphonists seem to the French today more highly gifted composers than their master, Schoenberg. Born an aristocrat and a *von*, Herr Webern, as he called himself after he turned Communist, was *chef d'orchestre* of the Vienna Workers' Symphony Orchestra for many years. (He died just after the Second World War.) In accordance with his political decision, he was dutifully styled without his "*von*" on the Domaine program. The second half of the evening was given over to "Le Marteau sans Maître," which has poems by René Char as a text. It was a mixture of occasional soprano singing and continued instrumental comment by a flute, a guitar, a vibraphone, a xylophone, and little drums like flowerpots, the music having been recently written by Pierre Boulez, the Domaine's director and the leading French twelve-tone composer. His music is purely Gallic, purely stylistic, and purely brilliant in its invention and



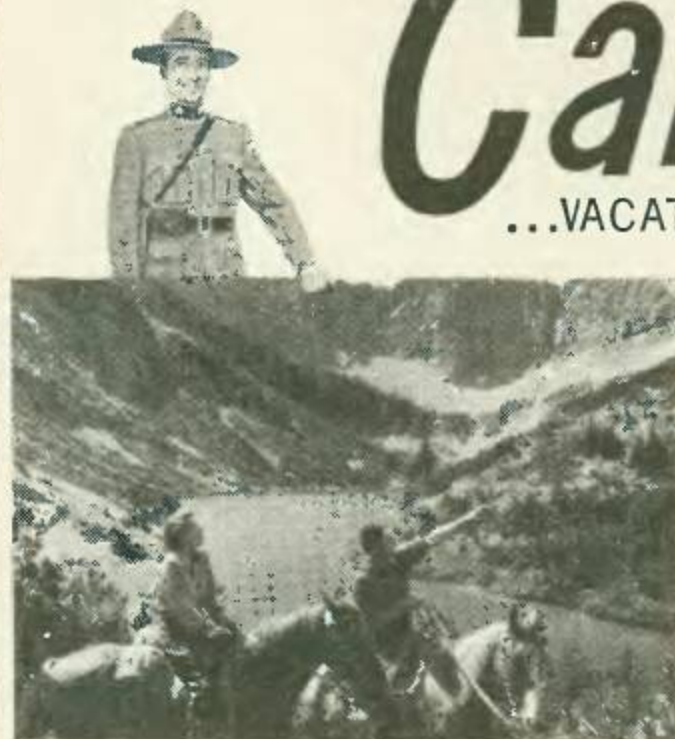
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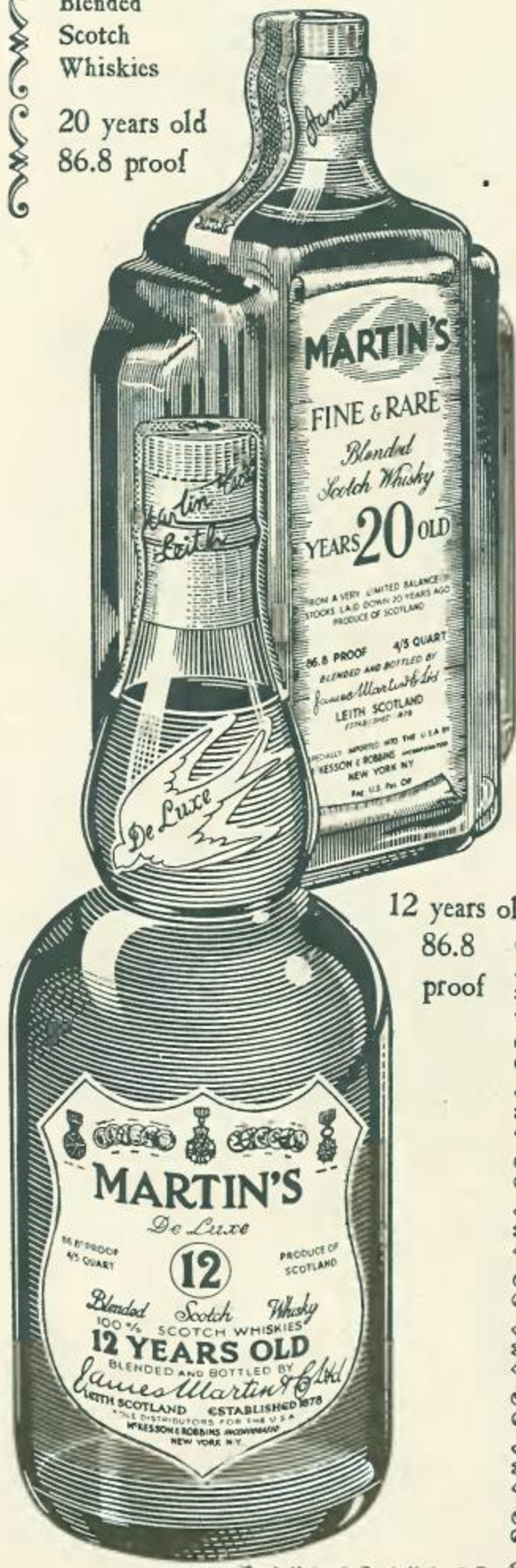
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syncopation, and it was flawlessly executed, like everything by everybody that is played at these concerts. Other composers featured this month have been the important young Italian Luigi Nono, the German Hans Henze, and the irrepressible French experimenter Olivier Messiaen, in an opus composed of birds' songs transcribed into ancient musical modes to avoid commonplace majors and minors, with diverting scholarly results. Parisians ceaselessly criticize what they call a general letdown now in the performances, audiences, and programs of their once famous big classic orchestras. The Domaine concerts appeal exclusively to lovers of extremely modern music; no one else could bear to listen to them. Their dodecaphony is so popular and the Petit Marigny so small that the same program is always given two nights in succession. The concerts receive fine critical notices and discriminatingly enthusiastic applause. These make them doubly rare in the Paris concert field today.

THERE is a retrospective of paintings of the late Nicolas de Staël at the Musée National d'Art Moderne, an unexpected and signal honor to him. This is the first de Staël show since his suicide at Antibes last year, at the age of forty-one. In those canvases that are his exhilarating last pictures, it is a revelation, for they were created in a style that was new to him (and, indeed, new to everyone else in contemporary art), that tragically failed to satisfy him, and that he refused to live for and pursue. There are perhaps two dozen of these canvases, which are major in their way. The paint is put on as soft and thin as milk, with no outline, with luminous colors (and, above all, with white), the objects or forms seeming sustained on a smooth fountain of color and talent. What he painted was no longer abstract, as in the former days, but contained positive, normal, recognizable objects and well-shaped female forms. There are three appealing female nudes—one blue, one orange, one gray. There is a magical still-life of black, red, and white bottles (collectors should covet it), and there is a green salad bowl with salad in it that is almost too dazzling in technique and brushwork. These final canvases of his have caused a commotion of admiration among artists here, and the greatest appreciation that de Staël ever had in France, unhappily given posthumously.

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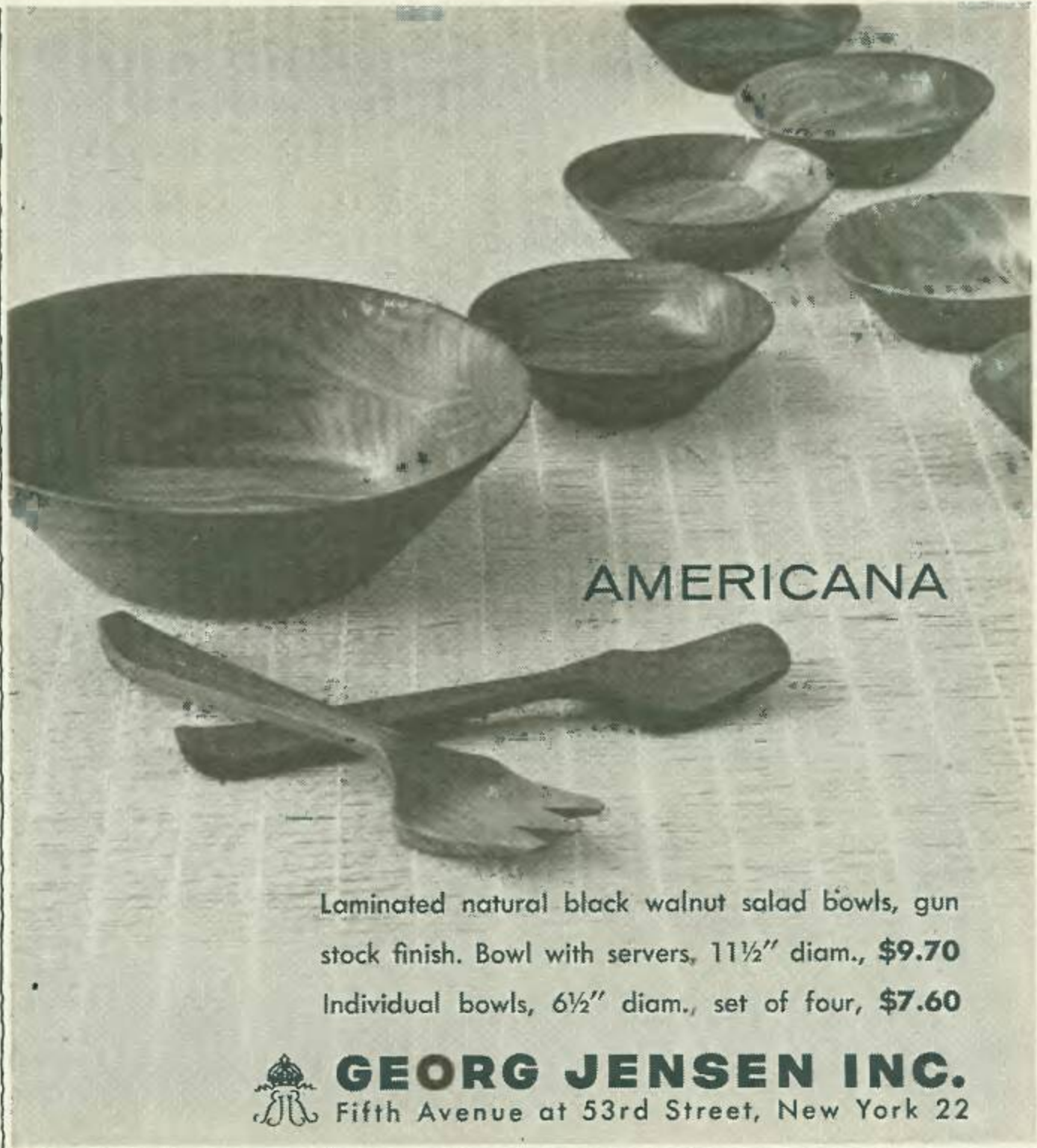


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mittee, which came to a head under the Mendès-France government in September, 1954, in relation to the fall of Dienbienphu—is about to enter its fourth week of fascinating confusion in the Palais de Justice. Even in modern France, no one has ever heard the like of the incredible statements made on the stand by the crowds of witnesses—ex-Premiers, ex-Ministers, Ministers now in office, ex-prefects of police, ex-Communist spies, ex-police spies, generals, colonels, high administration officials, deputies, and bureaucratic gossips. They have said that there was a plot against the Mendès-France government, that François Mitterrand, his Minister of the Interior, was guilty of the leaks, that Edgar Faure, his Minister of Finance, was guilty of them, and that Premier Laniel suppressed evidence of the leakage, to give a few samples. At the bottom of this heap is the little man who started it all—André Baranès, who looks like a long-haired indignant mouse in the prisoner's box, and who was either a Communist spy or a police spy, or both. Chief Roger Wybot of the Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire, spy specialists, said that his bureau's code name for the Baranès case and its extravagant complications was "Tritoxibara," short for "triple intoxication Baranès," and meaning that Baranès was spreading his poison in three directions—Left and Right politically, and over Allied relations generally. He also said that in ordinary police slang Baranès was said to be "eating with three sets of false teeth;" i.e., working for and being paid by the Communists, the Prefecture of Police, and the F.B.I. at the American Embassy here. At the summit of *l'affaire des fuites* is the distinguished-looking Jean Mons, who, as secretary of the National Defense Committee in 1954, was uniquely empowered to take notes on the Committee's meetings with Cabinet Ministers, and who is accused of negligence in having left these notes on the top of his desk, where they were copied by one of his assistants, Jean Turpin, for the use of another, Roger Labrusse. Both assistants, one fat, one lean, sit beside Mons in the box of the accused. They are a pair of crackpot *progressistes*, who thought they could stop the Indo-China war by passing state secrets to Baranès to give to the Communists. But Baranès also gave them to the handsome, brutal-looking Jean Dides, an anti-Communist *commissaire de police*, now become a perfect Poujade deputy. Though all witnesses naturally swear to tell the truth—and the important personages clearly



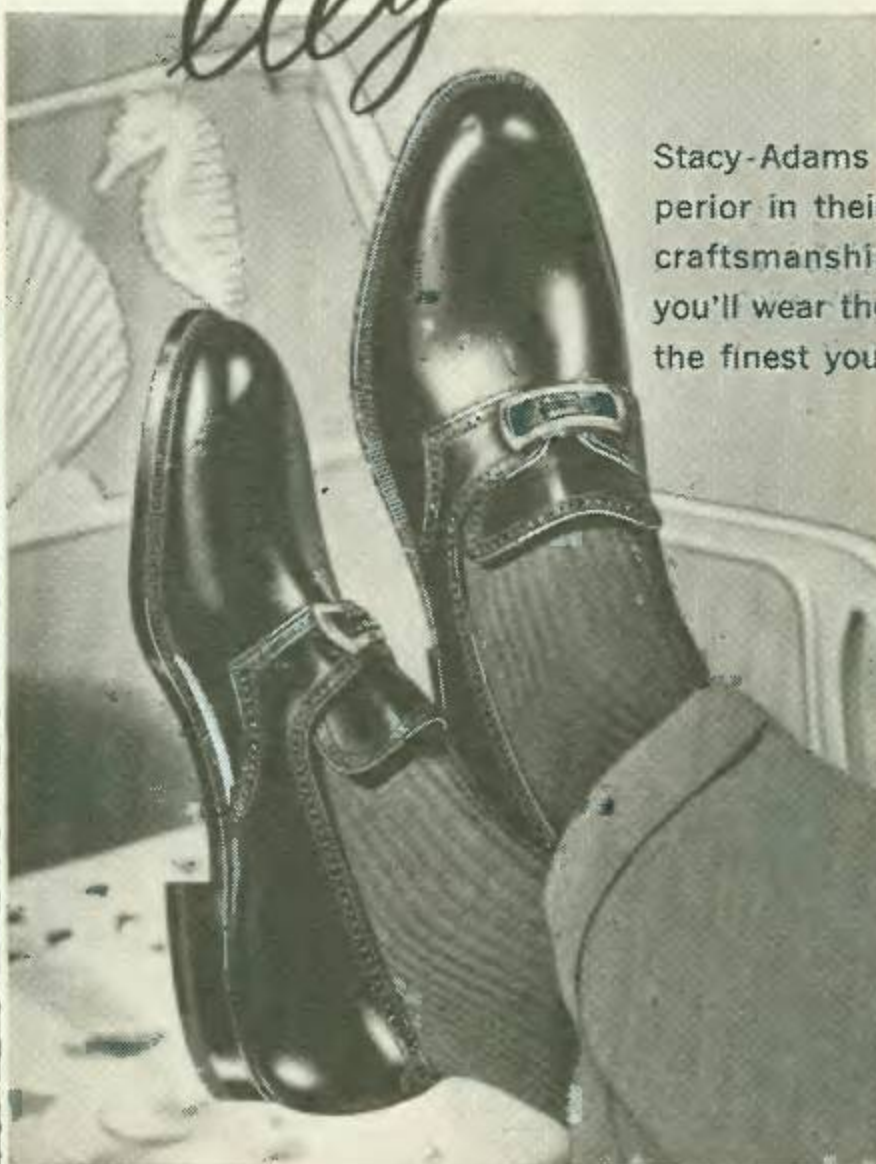
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do—hardly any two stories ever jibe, and the result is court dialogues marked by utter confusion and malaise, and often by fury and high- and low-class insults. Baranès' lawyer is Maître Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour, also a pro-Poujadist deputy. When Mendès-France, on the witness stand, accused him of identifying Mitterrand and Faure, who were not in the room, as guilty of the leaks, he said majestically, "I cannot allow this prosopopoeia." But another day, when Baranès, from the prisoner's box, called Mitterrand (the present Minister of Justice), then on the witness stand, a Communist spy, Maître Tixier-Vignancour only said sourly to his client, "Oh, shut your trap." The clearest witness was Mendès-France. He said that when his government took office, the outgoing Laniel government, its Ministers of Defense and Interior, and its prefect of police all failed to inform their incoming opposite numbers, including Mendès-France himself, that Premier Laniel had already suffered from defense leaks. On the witness stand, he said, "I shall never pardon M. Mons." Last Saturday, when this correspondent was in court, proceedings were temporarily suspended while the robed judge absented himself to greet, with proper formality on the Palais steps, witness Maréchal Juin, disappointingly attired in a blue pin-striped business suit, not his splendid uniform. On the stand, the Maréchal briefly stated his belief in the integrity of M. Mons. From the trial emerge two fundamental explanations of the difficulty of tracing the leaks today. Both are based on cannibalism. One is the dog-eat-dog habits of the rival French police services, seeking to gobble group prestige. The other is the old French political habit of eating opposition parties alive—as the ex-Laniel government tried to eat the new Mendès-France government—to strengthen one's own party. These anthropophagous practices have already half killed government in France. Nobody knows how *l'affaire des fuites* will end, or when.

—GENÉT

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THE ART GALLERIES

Antipodes



IT has often been remarked that there is no way of knowing where the lightning of artistic creativity is likely to strike next, but one of the regions that appeared to be best insulated against it is Australia. Spacious, prosperous, and as exuberantly extroverted as Texas, Australia, it sometimes seemed, just didn't need art, and as far as I know the last painter of international reputation it produced was the nineteenth-century Impressionist Charles Conder, who had a considerable vogue in Europe fifty or sixty years ago. Now there comes another, in the person of Sidney Nolan, a youngish artist from Melbourne (he is in his late thirties), who is having his first American showing at Durlacher, and though it's obvious that one man can't make a renaissance, Nolan has enough drive, spirit, and technical fertility to suggest the beginnings of one. Certainly his freshness of imagery and inventive resourcefulness are hard to relate to European influences, and they are much more likely to have derived from native sources.

I saw a little of Nolan's work last fall in London, where he was already something of a sensation, and there the emphasis was on two themes—the effect of the periodic droughts that sweep over the Australian cattle country and the adventures of the now almost legendary nineteenth-century back-country bandit Ned Kelly. In the current affair, other aspects of his work are included, and if these do not add appreciably to his stature, they at least indicate a widening of his interests. Thus there is a "Desert Storm," of a bare, red-soiled, heavily eroded stretch of desert, which, though a bit emphatic in treatment, testifies to his ability in the more grandiose forms of landscape, while in "Death of a Poet," a semi-Surrealist study of a bust in a bower of tree branches, he reveals a gift for gentler, more poetic imagery. Tentative as they are, "Southern Italy" and "Crucifix, Southern Italy," both products of a recent visit, are rich and warm in their tonality and show a perceptive approach to scenes and subjects that are far removed from his familiar ones.

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hold the most interest and reveal the most assurance, and of them, on the whole, I think I prefer the drought series, though the Kelly ones are immeasurably more dramatic. Ned Kelly was a bandit, or "bushranger," in the Jesse James tradition, with perhaps a touch of Robin Hood thrown in. Before he was hanged, in 1880, at the age of twenty-six, he ranged the wild country north of Melbourne, on the border of New South Wales, for several years, holding up towns and robbing banks and (traditionally) distributing largess between times, and in his brief but spectacular career he had the authorities in such a savage dither that when they finally got him cornered, in a small hotel in the town of Glenrowan, they set fire to the whole hotel, destroying a number of its sixty-odd other, innocent inhabitants in the effort to smoke him out.

Kelly had one piquant peculiarity: he wore a homemade steel casque and breastplate when abroad on his adventures, and with this in mind, and with the lurid history of his forays as a background, one can easily see that Nolan has a fine, bold story to deal with. He exploits it to the full, and for the most part with enormous gusto and authority. To be sure, he has a way of varying his attack that is disconcerting, and it's hard to reconcile the contrasts between the deliberate naïveté of pieces like "Wounded Bushranger" (in which, I'd judge, the idea was to portray the scene more or less as a fellow-member of Kelly's gang might have done it) and such carefully thought-out, deeply sophisticated, and almost Surrealist paintings as "After Glenrowan" and "Kelly with Horse," in which the bandit, his casque reduced to an ominous black rectangle and the eye apertures bright red and glaring like twin semaphores, is posed enigmatically before a deftly simplified landscape.

All these, however, make a marvelously effective—and also moving—commentary on a fantastic story, and the faults they have are the readily forgivable ones of honest excess, of too vivid imagery and too strong emotion. Yet it is excess, and largely for that reason I found the drought paintings more successful. If Kelly's swift tragedy calls for melodrama, the slower one of drought suffering restrains it, and though there's no lack of feeling in Nolan's portrayal of parched lands and half-skeletonized, desiccated animals, the expression is more contained and the emotionality more muted. I liked especially "Dried Carcass" (with its

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wizened, seamed flesh drawn back over the barren bones), the anatomically precise "Carcass of Ram," and—progressing toward the abstract—"Still Life with Carcass" and the handsome study of mingled dried bones and withered branches called "Apotheosis." Through all the work, there's a dignity of concept and an air of power and assurance that offer real promise for the future.

ANOTHER importation, but a more familiar one, is Kenneth Armitage, one of the acknowledged leaders of the new crop of British sculptors, who is showing at the Bertha Schaefer. His framework of style, allowing for the differences in medium, is as close, economical, and controlled as Nolan's is flamboyant and assertive. Indeed, it occurred to me that there is something almost puritanical about this artist's method, for indications of form and even of sex are held to a minimum—heads and arms mere nubs and knobs, the breasts that distinguish the female from the male reduced to tiny, cuplike projections—and it may be that somewhere in the contrast between this reticence and the savage forthrightness of the totemic images that make up his main influence (somewhere too deep for me to be able to get at, at the moment) is the secret of that aura of the enigmatic and unworldly his works possess. At any rate, there's a veiled quality about most of them; in "The Sentinels," for instance, the three figures stand huddled indistinguishably together, as if swathed visibly in night, and there is again something mysterious and vague in "Standing Women" and the effectively posed "Standing Figure" of 1955. I liked, too, for its sculptural rectitude and poise, "Seated Figure with Square Head," as well as the large, friezelike "Standing Group, II."

—ROBERT M. COATES

PHILATELIST'S PRAYER
AT TWILIGHT

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



THE French, people are always saying, are a funny race, and I can believe it when I study some of their most recent antics in the name of *haute couture*. This country has by now adopted the pared-down, high-waisted, Em-

pire line that was introduced (prematurely, it turned out) by the forward-looking Traina-Norell late in 1951 and then got a reëntry permit a couple of years afterward, when M. Dior tacked his label on it. (There appears to be nothing wrong with the dreamy M. Dior's timing.) Well, all right. But just as we're adjusted, we are told that this simple line needs softness and mobility, so now we have a number of French clothes that look sort of blowzy, and M. Dior is one of the worst offenders. He has put casual self belts high around suits and dresses of every description, which results in bulging folds up the bosom and down the stomach that really thicken the torso. Not only that, but lots of French dresses have extremely lofty surplice crossings that end just below one side of the bosom in a wild flare outward and sidewise, and lots of other dresses have immense gathered fullness all the way around south of this high waistband. Both these ideas toss the slim waistline for a severe loss. And some of the stark sheath dresses are now equipped (as a "softener" of line, mind you) with a pair of fat, full panels that are looped over the strapless décolletage in back and then dangle, to make sure that the body profile will be thoroughly clumsy. Funny race indeed! Patou has, it is true, done engaging things with an easy bloused look in dresses (the blouse effect ends at the hipbones), but Balenciaga and Givenchy go too

far when they make suit jackets that blouse under the buttocks and then add a bow—or is it a propeller?—there to emphasize the bedraggled look at the rear. I am, however, entranced by the relaxed air of the semifitted suit jacket that Balenciaga introduced long ago and that has now become almost universal. But it should be made by a custom house with a perfect fitter, or it can look *unintentionally* sloppy.

This crabbed beginning (which will never get me a Légion d'Honneur) doesn't mean, though, that my admiration for most of the clothes lately acquired from Paris by our top shops (such as Bergdorf Goodman, Bonwit Teller, and Carnegie among the custom houses, and Bendel among the ready-to-wear ones) is in any way affected. In fact, I consider them the most satisfactory imports I've seen since the war. Shall we join them in the drawing room?

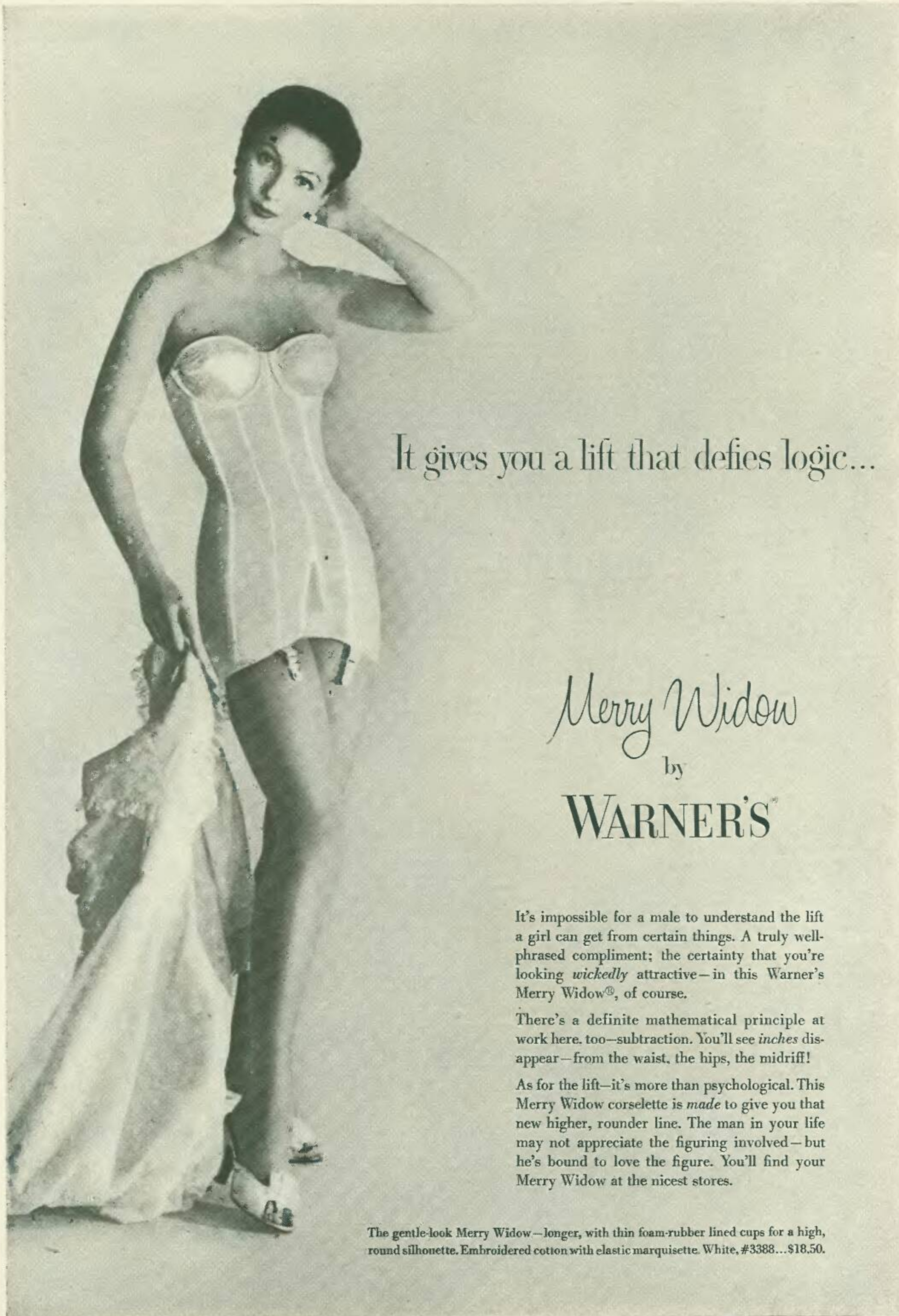
BERGDORF GOODMAN is showing both Dior's delicious semifitted brown-and-cream wool suit, with slits at each side of the hipbone jacket to make it curve outward below a mere hint of a

waistline, and his *Voyageuse*, a confection of black-and-white wool that includes a modestly indented jacket and his newest brainstorm, an amber chiffon blouse with a deep cowl that can make a hood to go over the head or a small hat. (Bendel is presenting versions of this in ready-to-wear.) Givenchy has contributed to the Bergdorf parade a two-piece suit of white cotton peppered with black wool. The wide back pleat of its short jacket is fastened with a button far out on each shoulder blade. Balmain's prize here is of mauve-and-white tweed. An inverted V cut out of the rear of its semifitted hipbone-length jacket reveals the belt of the dress, whose back is given a bloused look by means of an inverted pleat. Here, too (and also at Bonwit Teller), is Dessès's suit of black-and-blue plaid wool with a double row of buttons down the front; a self band starts at each side of these buttons and descends the bloused jacket to a buckle at its hem in back. This barely avoids sloppiness, in my opinion, yet everyone seems nuts about it.

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all over town, in both American (in the Miss Carnegie custom collection, particularly) and French versions. Bergdorf has acquired Dessès's navy wool coat, on which the panel begins a couple of inches above the waist in back, as well as Heim's navy wool sheath dress, to which a circular panel is attached under a bow placed a bit below the shoulder blades and descends to the hem. Polka dots are rampant; at Bergdorf, there's Balmain's black-and-white polka-dotted tie-silk dress with a stiffened bell skirt that drapes up to a pouf and a bow in front of the left hip. There are also charmers for evening. One is Givenchy's startling dance dress of black peau de soie, with a prim round neck in front, a bouffant skirt, and suspender straps going down a back that is bare to the waist—very Triguère. Castillo, who designs for Lanvin, has sent over a delectable thing of brown-and-white satin-striped taffeta, full-skirted but taut through the middle, with gathered, puffed roundness across the chest and over the upper arms; the shoulders rise out of this as though from a bubble bath. Another dance-length dress comes from Balenciaga—of black lace with a shirred tunic top and a skirt that is all pleated tiers of lace. One more comes from Dessès—a dream in white organza with blue coin dots; the skirt of this is a mass of overlapping petals from the waist to the hem, and they undulate beautifully when the owner is in motion. For formal nights, Dior has thought up a triumphant ball gown of oyster-white faille printed with brown roses, the bodice strapless and the skirt bellling out behind, as well as several examples of his Directoire talent at its best—slender and tubular, and usually in combinations of black and white velvet, satin, and/or organza.

WHILE we are discussing formality, let us inspect some of the serene majesties in Bonwit's French collection. Lanvin-Castillo is responsible for many splendors around town; witness Bonwit's Grenada, a sheath of white-dotted orange organza that trails away in back. The puffy hem of it is wrapped in folds to make it even puffier around the ankles. And witness, next, a beauty of pale-gray organza, full-skirted and trailing in back, with a tiered white organza fichu. Here, in addition, is Dior's Empire dress of yellow organdie gathered above and below its high self belt; a typical bulky Dior overskirt is wrapped upward to cross on the stomach and reveal part of the

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slim sheath base beneath. The gauziness of the organdie makes up for the bulkiness of the gathers, and the length helps, too. Enchanting short chiffon sheath dresses, with self twists around the décolletage and long streamers under one arm, are the handiwork of Maggy Rouff and Patou. Then, there is Patou's beguiling dance dress of white lace with blue embroidery. This, though strapless, rises in a high arc on the chest, and gathered fullness is released from sapphire grosgrain bows before each hipbone and low on the spine. A dance-length invention is one of the most stunning simple dresses of the year. It's of black faille taffeta, and Grès has given it a deep oval décolletage in front, a deep V back veiled by two casual bows, and a melon-shape skirt that comes inward at the hem. This is also shown in a full-length version (which I like better), in navy or black faille taffeta, both here and at Bergdorf, Hattie Carnegie, and (in ready-to-wear) Bendel. Bendel, by the way, bought another prize entry in the breathtakingly simple classification—a Balenciaga of heavily ribbed black cotton. It has a sleeveless top that is U-necked in front and slashed into a deep V in back, and its wide bell skirt goes to the floor. A pair of seams runs downward and outward, front and back, across the skirt, and these seams are dotted with tailored bows of the cotton. That's all there is to it; it's only perfection, and it's ready-to-wear. You may well have heard about the Dior Caraco tops, which hang casually over dresses or make the tops of them. Bonwit has one of the most popular versions, in black alpaca. It comes down almost to the waist, and an inset belt fastens with a tailored bow just under the bosom. The whole Bonwit collection, both the salon's own ideas and the imported stuff, has the easy, joyous attitude that I've learned to expect here.

AT Hattie Carnegie, they also dote on Dior, and especially on his short-sleeved doll-waisted dance dress of black satin with pinched-in inverted pleats around the waist and a wide, off-the-shoulder décolletage. Also in favor here is his costume of olive-and-ivory printed silk—a straight box jacket, plus a dress with broad shoulder straps and a high encircling fold to achieve an Empire effect—and his dark wool dress that is draped up under one side of the bosom. Tailored buttons descend the front of both of these. His magnificent black-and-white formal Empire gowns are represented here by one that is strapless,

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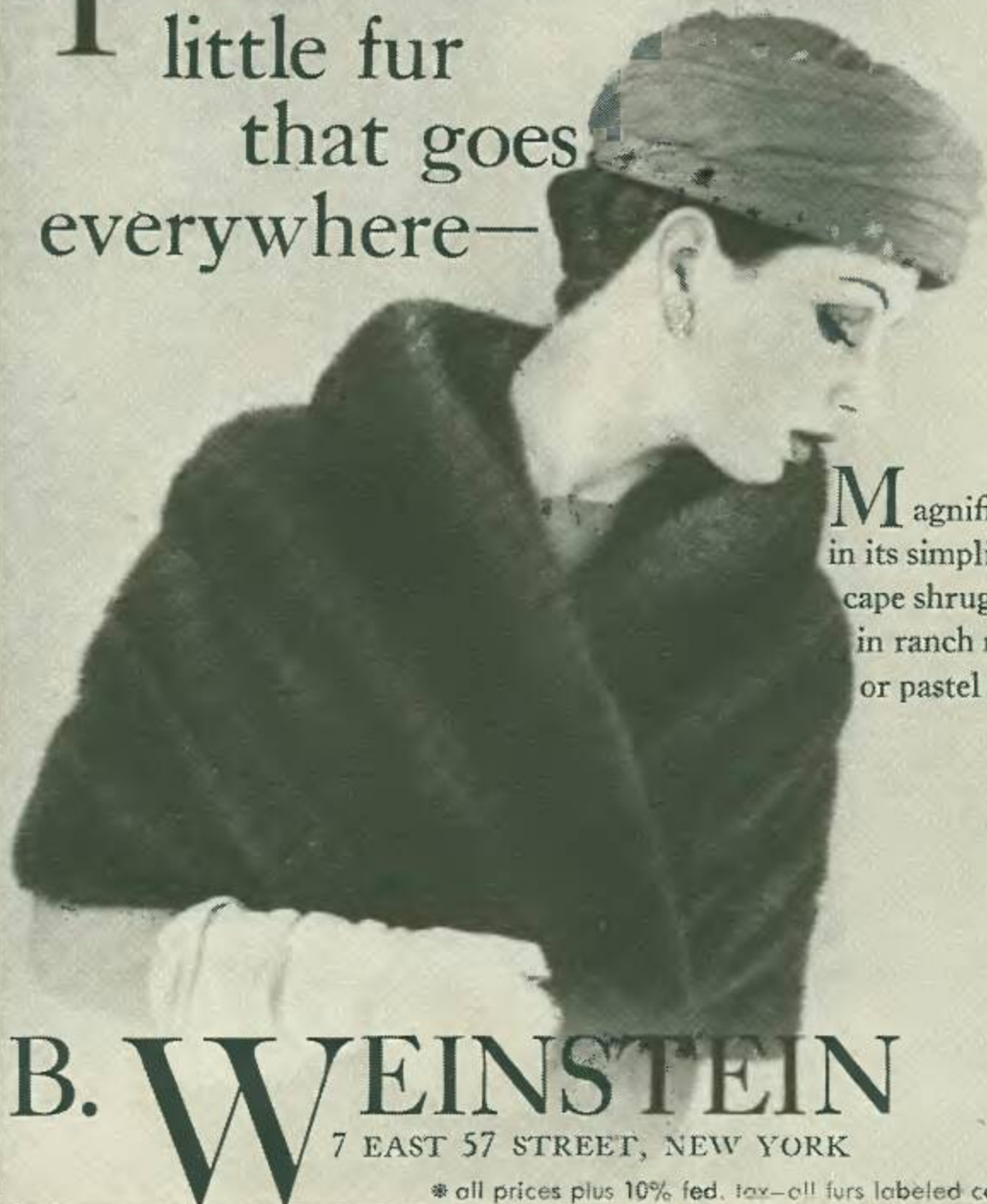
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with a band of black velvet arching up on the chest. Below is a horizontal band of white satin organza; then the velvet resumes a caressing journey down the body to the floor. In back, two full-length satin panels float from just under the shoulder blades.

THE custom designers on this side of the water know that the American woman is eternally dabbling in diets, girdles, brassières, and the slenderizing salons (that's where you see Everybody who is Anybody now). And they know that this hard-working creature will not buy anything but a dress that makes her figure look as naturally divine as dressmaker skill can manage.

The clothes that Mainbocher is turning out on East 57th Street are dateless (even if the wearers are not), and they can be worn from continent to continent and year to year with complete self-assurance. He has no truck with lines that distort the classic body structure. His waistlines are where God put them; suit jackets are either waist-length or curve out to end right on the hipbones. The closings are usually cut out to show his almost inevitable triple strand of pearls or his scarf treatments. A new notion of his this season is a separate scarf that matches the jacket lining and the blouse, and that ranges in size between an ascot and a stole (it comes down to the elbows). It is to be worn outside the suit jacket, but it can also protect bare shoulders from an onslaught of air-conditioning when the jacket is removed. He uses this scarf on a double-breasted suit of mauve tweed, and in this instance it matches the mauve-and-white gingham check of the lining and sleeveless, round-necked linen blouse. A black silk suit sports another such scarf in white eyelet-embroidered cotton. Mainbocher loves entire costumes of cotton. One is a three-piece business with a fish-net diamond pattern in sapphire blue on a white background. This involves a dress with his pet sleeveless, round-necked top, a straight, waist-length jacket with bow detail as trimming, and a sleeveless duster. Another duster, with short sleeves, appears in white shantung printed with small carnations; it's mated with a full-skirted dress of black crêpe. Short dance dresses, sometimes of white organdie, have bands of black figure eights going around skirts that are made puffy with unpressed pleats, and a band of the same sort produces an Order of the Garter diagonal across the trim bodices.

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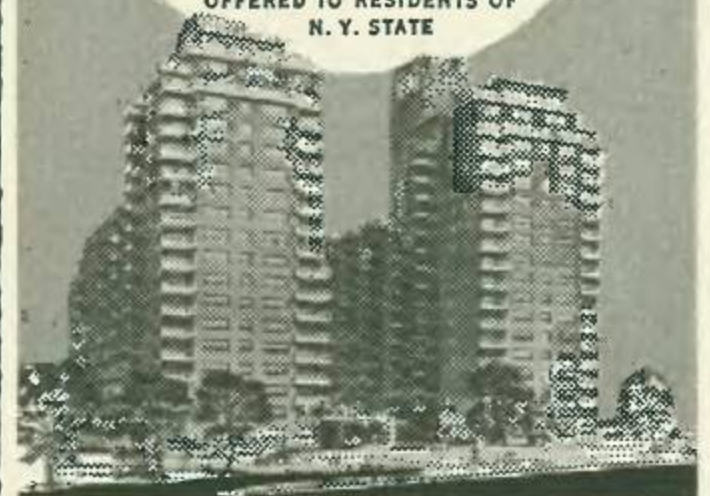
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Gold lace over beige linen is the basis of the flaring box jacket (it's got four slanting pocket flaps) that accompanies a black lace sheath dress with a gathered front peplum. In designing long, formal gowns, Mainbocher has acknowledged the revival of chiffon by whipping up a white chiffon sheath with white satin making bra detail on the front. This has a satin bustle in back and trailing satin sash ends; the chiffon stole that complements it is banded with white mink. But my favorite (spring being here and all) is of pale-green linen. This dress has wide shoulder straps and an easy, circular skirt. Embroidery and embroidered, appliquéd flower bands of an Empire sort go across the bodice, down the sides of the skirt, and down the straight, collarless jacket.

I'm always amused by women who travel with ten or twelve trunks. With six costumes from Mainbocher, you could be perfectly dressed anywhere in the civilized world. More than six, and I'd be tortured by the problem of making decisions.

THE late Hattie Carnegie's deft, Francophile touch is abundant in her last collection. She, too, did some formal dresses of linen. One in white—high-necked, sleeveless, and buttoned primly down the back—has lace inserts descending the bodice and curving out on the hips. Printed cotton in shell pinks and browns makes another deceptively demure evening dress. Then comes drama. Item: a ball gown of sapphire organza, with short sleeves and a full skirt that is all U drapery from the hips to the hem on both sides. Item: a sheath of pink, mauve, and green silk in a tropical print, with a double box pleat going down the back from the moderate, strapless décolletage. Carnegie liked this double box pleat, which she overtly preëmpted from the French couture, on everything, and she usually started it just below the shoulder blades, to avoid thickness. Carnegie's coats in town tweeds often have this highly placed pleat to give them a Regency look, which is enhanced by the folded revers, the bottom halves of which are one with the body of the coats. Carnegie was also fond of a bolero fold at the waistline on coats and the dresses that go with them. A particularly nice costume of this kind is a straight coat of her oatmeal tweed (Hattie's taste was blond to the end, and you may be sure the tradition will be carried on) and a dress in a snaky silk print that has a similar fold to give it a two-piece look across the back. And there are

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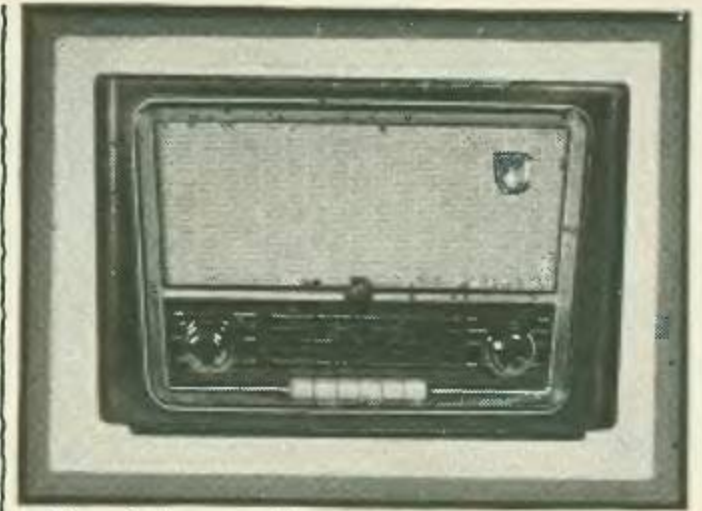
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those inimitable Carnegie suits. They nudge, rather than nip, the figure; some are loose in back and slightly pinched in front. And there is every manner of tiny, meticulous detail on her clothes—zigzags of self material down lapels, odd small pockets, and the like.

NOR can any pressure ruffle Sophie, of Saks Fifth Avenue, into doing anything that looks busy or warps the natural lines of the figure. Her new collection has a misty, cloudy quality—lots and lots of chiffons, sometimes shading from white to charcoal, and silk gauze to make linings and blouses for her trim suits. These suits are still nipped a bit at the normal waistline. (No Balenciaga semifit here!) I especially admired a jacket of a cocoa cashmere flannel over a matching U-necked dress. Then, there's a loose, straight coat of gray flannel, with buttons two-thirds of the way down the front and a back belt that catches in a couple of pleats. White-dotted gold surah makes the blouse and (this is a new whimsey) the belt of the matching flannel skirt. Sophie's clothes may be slim (though she always allows for a long-legged, easy stride) or full. An enchanting dress of sheer navy wool has a long basque top and a skirt that is stitched-down pleats to just above the knees; a horizontal band of the wool in basketweave formation takes over there, and more pleats swing out below. A tailored dress of black wool with a patent-leather belt has a skirt constructed of alternating knife pleats of black peau de soie and the wool. For evening, everything is delicate and buoyant. One dance dress is of shiny gray marquisette bearing a zigzag pattern of woven white dots alternating with white sequins. (Sophie can always make sequins ladylike.) There are quantities of chiffons (it's a tendency around town) and of small, garlanded floral prints. Sophie's cashmere sweaters keep on cropping up in new guises. A black one, to be worn over a black-and-white checked wool dress, is dotted with shiny black buttons; a manic, wildly colored one is all holes, like Swiss cheese, to reveal a contrasting cashmere sweater or a print blouse beneath it.

BERGDORF GOODMAN's own Leslie Morris is not at all smothered by the grandeur of the French imports. She is in favor of movement toward the sides and the back, and she uses the swaying motion of pleats to achieve her aims; fan pleats, accordion pleats, inverted cluster pleats, and so on animate her simplest



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clothes. A coat of black faille, with a set-in band of satin around the hips, has deep, deep inverted pleats hanging from behind the shoulders to give it a flowing motion. This coat is very boxy in back, and straight and narrow in front. Charcoal-brown wool makes a princesse dress with seven slivers of sunburst fan pleats set in here and there below the hips. And deep box pleats form the skirt of a two-piece dress of gray-and-white printed silk; solid-gray silk is used to line the pleats. Everything simple, nothing stark. Miss Morris seemingly reasons that the sheath does nothing for most women's hips (and is also getting to be too easy to duplicate in ready-to-wear), so she is snubbing it.

While we are in Bergdorf, we might as well look at Oona Brandeis's collection of French hats—nice and puffy, but by no means monstrous in size. Plenty of trim little pillboxes from Balenciaga; Dior's moderate little bowl of pale-blue linen straw; many hats with demure brims and bloused crowns; beautiful berets slammed down one side of the head. Where would the French be without berets? For *femme-fatale* evenings, I love Svend's toque, all black point d'esprit and coming down far enough to veil your mysterious, fathomless eyes.

THE simplest clothes that are made to order deserve all sorts of subtle touches to impart special interest, and Oldric Royce is a master at this. His suits (natural waistline) may have fan detail on the pocket flaps, for instance. And, no matter how slender a suit, there is easy fullness in back. For example, one of cream wool trimmed with self banding has two inverted pleats down each side of the skirt in back and a shorter one nestled between. For evening, Royce resorts to magnificence, such as a full-length dress of white poul-de-soie covered with brandy lace. Horizontal bands of the silk emerge across the décolletage and in the sidewise panel train that sweeps back from one hip to the floor. The skirt is draped up to this hip like a sarong. More ingenuous are his tricks with cotton brocade. A straight cocktail coat of oyster cotton has a bolero fold across the back to cover a sheath of the cotton. There are clusters of chalky beads around the deep U décolletage and scattered over the skirt. The bright-yellow taffeta detail at the neckline matches the lining of the coat. Royce is good at ombré effects, which I ordinarily loathe. His new stunt in this vein is a full-skirted formal dress of blue organza;

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the ombré look (in the zigzag points around the skirt and bodice) is accomplished with overlays of gray net.

MURIEL KING, a cheerful girl, loves life and people and going places, and the small, well-rounded collection she has designed for Stein & Blaine is particularly adventurous this season. (These clothes can be ordered in standard sizes or, at a higher price, done to your measurements.) She is noted for costumes that can be added to or subtracted from to make them suitable for a wide range of occasions, and they really work. A whole daytime wardrobe could be assembled from a combination of one beige and one black dress-and-jacket ensemble, or from a plain and a print one. Let's say that you start with a semifitted dress of beige Dupioni and a short, collarless, double-breasted jacket. You can vary this by putting a cord belt around the dress and string bows on the shoulders; by adding a capelet lined with black-dotted beige silk (this would also go with any basic black you ordered); by winding a stole lined with French printed silk around the shoulders or the hips or the waist; or by adding an apron of black cotton lace that flares blithely out in back and a fichu of black lace to make a dinner or dance dress of it. But you needn't stick to semifitted stuff like this. There is, for instance, a black silk ottoman coat that is nipped at the waist and flares widely at the hemline; pocket bands slant down from the hips to make a little belt in back. King's prints are perfectly lovely. A notable one is a black brocaded design on brown Swiss cotton. This makes a square-necked dress with black grosgrain bindings and a grosgrain belt that is high under the bosom and descends in back. Like most King clothes, this has a short jacket to cover it up for daytime.

ELIZABETH ARDEN's presentations are all ready-to-wear this season, but you won't meet them everywhere; they are designed for her alone by Count Sarmi, a custom man who has thereby distinguished himself in what to him is a new field. There are lots of good black silk crêpes at Arden. A simple gem is ringed by four one-inch bands of black faille beginning just under the chest and ending just above the hem. These bands dip slightly astern and are tied in little bows there. Sarmi's suits are of the semifitted type, and they appear in a great variety of fabrics, such as a blue-and-white tweed that I could swear has linen threads in it (the Count

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says no), and black alpaca, and Italian raw silk, and satin-finished silk that is a mass of flowers in Shocking, sapphire, and mustard. For cocktails and later, there's a dress of navy, black, or light-blue satin-finish crêpe, all with white dots, or of black crêpe with gold dots. It is V-necked in front, and folds slant down across the ribs to tie at the small of the back; the skirt is full. And Sarmi has contributed some especially nice dresses to the current mania for chiffon, often with a full skirt draped up to one hip and enormous panel folds descending from there. His colors are excellent; a dress in white has Kelly chiffon and dusty-blue satin intertwined with the white through the bodice and forming sweeping side panels, and companion dresses come in pale pink combined with two darker shades of pink or in two shades of gray combined with yellow. Crisper is a formal dress of white silk organdie with occasional charcoal polka dots. This has a stiffened bell skirt with soft fullness trailing down the back; the Empire top is of red chiffon twisted across the bosom and upper arms.

THERE is always something jaunty and something exciting about the ready-to-wear clothes Eleanora Garnett designs and makes in Rome for her New York shop, at 47 East 51st Street. Her coats are standouts this season, though it's hard to say why. They are voluminous but hang in nice straight lines, and they make wonderful costumes combined with her dresses, especially her silky printed cottons. A gray-and-white polka-dot dress with chalk-white accents down the pleats of the skirt goes with a coat of slate-gray cotton that is lined with the print; white pin-checked cotton makes a dress and the lining of the accompanying navy lattice-weave wool coat. Her suit jackets are likely to be classic and single-breasted, but she sometimes ornaments them (and her coats, too) with flyaway bolero folds of one sort or another. Then, for afternoon and evening, there are beautiful silk prints, some Oriental in feeling and some mosaics, such as one that is all mauves and blues. This she has turned into a dress to be worn under a coat of brown-and-blue ribbed wool with a belt



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that seems to be laced through the coat before it ends in a bow high between the shoulder blades in back. The Garnett prints wrap and wrap and drape and drape down a very long torso line and then cup under the buttocks (nothing baggy about them, though, for they cling there like nail polish), below which circular fullness sets in. More artful drapery appears on a black jersey dinner sheath topped by a sequin-embroidered coat of white wool with a golden chinchilla collar and cuffs. For evening, all the skirts are short, going smoothly down the hips but swirling enormously at the hem, or else ending in a harem drape, which is what happens to a dance dress of pearl-gray chiffon whose matching chiffon stole is banded with gray satin and adorned with roses.

I HOPE that this solves the problems of everyone for the moment. My Jackson & Perkins roses have got to go in the ground. —LOIS LONG

ABOUT THE HOUSE *Beds and Bedclothes*

HAVING been assured by furniture designers and manufacturers that ninety-five out of a hundred householders demand beds without footboards, I don't have to be told that, outside the antique market, very little provision has been made for the five unfortunates who, like me, despise the so-called Hollywood bed. (Don't they ever want to throw back the covers in Hollywood?) My own preference has led me to espouse the cause of the small minority with some zeal, and lately I have been trying to track down a bed suitable for a modern room and endowed not only with a footboard but with dignity and beauty. The fact that I have found it ought to give the Hollywood faction something to think about.

Edward Wormley has designed for Dunbar, 305 East 63rd Street, an unpretentious bed of such quiet composure that just to look at its simple lines is restful. Perhaps "adapted" would be a more exact word than "designed," because at first glance the piece seems to be the very counterpart of the old spindle bed that used to grace the chilly wastes of the spare bedroom in New England farmhouses. A second look, however, shows that the crosspieces at the head and foot, which were rigidly straight in the New England fore-runner, have been softened by a gently curving underside, that the spindles have taken on an equally appealing

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shapeliness, and that the legs at the foot of the bed have acquired an almost imperceptible outward curve—modifications that add up to a piece of furniture at once simple, serviceable, and unmistakably modern. The bed is made of beautifully matched dull-finished walnut or of mahogany, and costs \$173 in the twin size and \$195 in the double, through decorators, at the Dunbar showrooms. About six weeks are required for delivery.

NOW that I have got my foot in the bedroom door, I shall go on to speak of other furnishings calculated to improve a room that seems in constant danger of becoming traditionally lush or, in the hands of the moderns who put a pious and not altogether justified reliance in the bleaker aspects of plywood, of being made into the least livable room in the house. The sort of bedroom furnishings I plan to assemble here will probably please neither faction, not being formally archaic enough for the traditionalists or uncompromisingly functional enough for the sterner school. Anyway, on the chance that there are people who just want a room so cheerful and comfortable that having the flu in it, or paying bills, or sewing a button on, would be relatively painless, and in which drawing an easy chair and a book up to the fire becomes a sybaritic delight, I will report on furnishings likely to achieve such effects.

That Edwardian standby, the chaise longue—useful as it is—has at last become too frumpy even for the old-fashioned bedroom, and, of course, has long been banished, except in its severe Scandinavian manifestations, from the modern scheme of decoration. I am, therefore, particularly pleased to report on two new chaise longues, designed for Dunbar by the same Mr. Wormley who did the bed, that would wonderfully embellish any bedroom not wholly committed to period correctness or the austere contemporary. One of them, built on a low, substantial walnut frame, has a seat that slopes very gracefully from the middle (or just about where the under knee strikes) toward the foot, and a slightly tilted back with a deep foam-rubber cushion and a built-in foam-rubber headrest. This is a remarkably handsome piece of furniture, and as relaxing a couch as you've ever stretched out on. Complete with a foam-rubber pad, it costs \$470 in muslin. The other, a sort of cross between a chaise longue and a conventional sofa, is a smartly tailored



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that they would blend with any scheme of decoration. This costs \$200 in the single size and \$275 in the double.

ANYBODY with a problem about bedroom draperies and slipcovers should be sure to see the brilliant collection of new fabrics now being shown at Jofa, 45 East 53rd Street. Among the chintzes are such beguiling patterns as a combination of blue clover, Queen Anne's lace, and other field flowers on a clear lemon background, and big bouquets of zinnias, scabiosa, and larkspur on white. There are many other unhackneyed designs, and the prices range from \$3.75 to \$4.50 a thirty-five-inch yard. Then, a light-colored chintz has fat vertical garlands of greens picked out with pink morning-glories, English daisies, and white violets, at \$9 a forty-eight-inch yard. A sheer casement material of silk and fortisan has a design of life-size sprays of forsythia pigment-printed in fascinating color combinations, two of which—a clear forsythia yellow on a beige ground, and a delicate peach on a still paler pink—are utterly lovely. This costs \$8.50 a fifty-inch yard. A heavy cotton printed with a riotous allover design of wild flowers and grasses against a strong-colored background—mustard, moss green, brown, lemon, or dark blue—is another highlight of the showing (it is \$9.75 a forty-eight-inch yard), and perhaps I should mention, although it is against my better judgment, that Jofa is making quite a to-do over a large collection of pure-linen tartans, which are bound to please anybody who likes tartans.

DAN COOPER, 15 East 53rd Street, has long had a reputation for his imaginative treatment of windows, and this season he has come up with no end of charming conceits, some of which are particularly suitable for a country bedroom. Perhaps because he hails from the South, Mr. Cooper seems to have a special flair for giving a warm room the illusion of coolness, and he has put this talent to good use in his summer window shades. While simplicity is the characteristic of all his summer designs, probably the simplest of the lot is made like an ordinary roller shade, but of a deliciously cool-looking striped material he designed himself. The stripes are a quarter of an inch wide, come in charcoal, brick red, or a soft blue-gray on off white, and are woven in heavy cotton, which makes a pleasantly austere window shade that at least gives the im-



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pression of lowering the temperature. Shades done on the same sort of roller but meant to temper the glare, rather than shut out the view, are made of fine, semi-transparent linens, in solid white or off white, or in geometric and floral patterns of neutral colors—gray, beige, soft blues, and such. Still another arrangement consists of vertical louvers of fine mesh or heavy linen set in a matchbox frame that fits neatly into the window opening. The louvers open or close, all together, at the touch of a fingertip. Some so-called Viennese shades, made of heavy white or solid-colored linen slightly shirred down the sides and scalloped at the bottom, are very practical as well as decorative. They pull up on cords to form a valance at the top, and are so simply constructed that they can be thrown into the washing machine with no misgivings. These are just a few of the Cooper notions for summer, which include designs that can solve almost any window problem. Since the shades are all custom-made, the prices vary a good deal, depending not only on the material used but on the size of the job, so you'd better discuss costs directly with Mr. Cooper.

UP to this point, I have reported on bedroom furnishings that are not too costly; now I shall throw caution where it is always thrown, and address myself to householders who demand elegance in the chambers they sleep in, no matter what the price tags say. Well, elegance is certainly one of the many virtues of the antique lighting fixtures to be had at Nesle, 151 East 57th Street, whose collection includes the best examples of eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century chandeliers, lamps, and candlesticks. Among the fixtures particularly suitable for an airy, luxurious bedroom—especially one with an eighteenth-century flavor—is a *tôle* chandelier in which a profusion of hand-wrought green leaves are enlivened by some three dozen white porcelain flowers. This graceful decoration, which conceals six candleholders, costs \$400, and matching side lights, each with two candleholders, are \$200 a pair. An even more ravishing chandelier is a small Louis XV fixture of *le style chinois*—a pagoda shape of red and gilt *tôle* strung with rock-crystal pendants and topped with a beautifully carved small Chinese figure in quartz. The price is \$840. Besides various other small chandeliers, of more or less the same period, Nesle has an unusually large collection of candlesticks in pairs,

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perfect for a dressing table or a mantel-piece. Among them are an extremely fine pair of apple-green and yellow Rockingham porcelain with Bristol prisms, made in 1820 and priced at \$360, and numerous Regency and Empire sticks in gilt and ormolu, which start at \$140.

SINCE none of the Nesle fixtures take into consideration the man or woman who wants to read in bed—or anywhere else, for that matter—I should, perhaps, bring to your attention a pinup lamp that is to be had, through decorators, at Finland House. One of the best lights of the kind that I have ever encountered, it consists of a double-jointed polished-brass arm, something like a crank, set in a swivel socket and capable of being turned in any direction. It was designed by Paavo Tynell, a fact that should make it unnecessary to emphasize that the brass and the workmanship are of the highest quality. Furnished with a shade of rye straw, natural linen, perforated brass, or perforated painted metal, it costs \$56.

MY conversion to bedsheets and pillowcases of nylon has, I admit, been slow and reluctant; I remained stubbornly convinced longer than most that linen and percale are the only guarantees of a good night's rest. Now, with the arrival at Lord & Taylor of some exceptionally pretty sheets and cases made of a very superior quality of Angel Crepe nylon, I am not so sure, and will concede that my previous indifference to nylon bed linen may be accounted for by my not having met up with a satisfactory nylon. There's no doubt about the new bedclothes at L. & T. being a satisfactory nylon, all right—seductively soft and silky, yet with enough body to avoid the slithery feel of some nylons. A plain-hemmed sheet, contour or regular, in white or delicate shades of pink, blue, yellow, or mint, costs \$10.95 in the twin size (72 inches by 108) and \$15 in the double-bed size (90 inches by 108). Matching pillowcases are \$6 a pair. Trimmed with bands of fine embroidery, the sheets are \$15 and \$20 in the same sizes, and the pillowcases are \$10 a pair. —S. H.

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MUSICAL
EVENTS

Near Miss



THE revival of Sir William Walton's opera "Troilus and Cressida," which opened the New York City Opera's spring season at the City Center on Wednesday night of last week, gave me the opportunity for some second thoughts about the work, and, though they do not

differ very radically from my first ones, they rest on the firmer ground of a more thorough acquaintance. "Troilus and Cressida" is without doubt worthy of a good many such thoughts, if only because it comes near to being a successful grand opera—something that is very rare nowadays. It is a far better opera, for example, than Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" and the works in this field by Benjamin Britten, and it is, in some ways, more interesting intellectually than the lighter-weight operas—more successful in their fashion—of Gian-Carlo Menotti. Its dramatic subject—a tragic conflict between love and the relentless circumstances of war—is noble, gripping, and eminently suited to operatic treatment, and its libretto, by Christopher Hassall, though occasionally somewhat wordy and prosaic, is not an unserviceable one. Its music comes to grips with the problem of dramaturgy in a manner that one seldom encounters in present-day operas. It is extraordinarily well written for voices, and invites the cast to sing, rather than asking it merely to recite, as so many modern operatic scores do. It is full of a sort of emotional thunder that derives unmistakably from the tradition of Richard Wagner—not a bad tradition, by the way. It is also very well constructed as a unit, having a consistency of style and a sense of continuity that make each successive scene part of a complex, symphonically organized whole.

With all these strong points, which might be emulated with profit by numerous other contemporary composers, it is strange that "Troilus and Cressida" does not quite come off, and the closeness to which it approaches real eloquence without ever achieving it is a

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persistent source of disappointment. The trouble, I am afraid, is that Walton's music, for all its complicated theatrical splendor and its moments of poetic charm, lacks, in the last analysis, the kind of sustained lyric inspiration that can sweep an audience off its feet. Wednesday night's performance, still showing much of the adroit and imposing stage direction that Margaret Webster gave the work at its première last fall, and ably conducted by Joseph Rosenstock, was about as fine a one as could be wished for. Phyllis Curtin, Jon Crain, Norman Treigle, Norman Kelley, Lawrence Winters, and the other members of the cast all sang and acted with dignity and, when the music called for it, with passion. Nowhere, however, was I able to lose my objective bearings sufficiently to become involved emotionally in what they were doing, and when the final curtain arrived I found myself still in the position of a passive spectator, completely unmoved, and engaged merely in adding up various virtues and defects in what I had witnessed.

ON Thursday night, I divided my time between the New York City Opera's performance of "Rigoletto" and the Philharmonic's concert under Guido Cantelli, at Carnegie Hall. The chief interest of the former event was the début of Aldo Protti, an Italian baritone, who, I understand, has a fairly impressive European reputation, and who was undertaking the title role of Verdi's opera for the first time here. Mr. Protti proved to have a resonant voice of very agreeable quality, and he bounced through the role with an amount of youthful energy that seemed slightly incongruous with his grizzled wig. His singing did not seem particularly sensitive when it came to the subtler dramatic nuances, but his purely physical equipment was substantial, and he had the confidence and authority that one looks for in an experienced artist.

Mr. Cantelli's program, of which I heard only the last half, was a curiously varied affair, evidently assembled in honor of the Easter holidays. The Westminster Choir towered over the Philharmonic at the back of the stage, lending a rather churchly atmosphere to the proceedings, and made a well-drilled contribution to the Verdi "Te Deum," the Brahms Rhapsody for Alto Solo, Male Chorus, and Orchestra, and the Monteverdi "Magnificat" for Seven-Part Chorus, Organ, and Orchestra. I could not get vastly interest-




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ed in all this, though I thought the Brahms work, in which Martha Lipton sang the solo part with dark intensity, was quite effectively performed. For one thing, it provided Mr. Cantelli with a chance to display his good qualities, which include a feeling for booming drama and sensuous orchestral tone. I am sorry to say that I found the Monteverdi "Magnificat" slightly boring, and it was not because this three-hundred-year-old composition is lacking in majesty but because the modern arrangement of it that Mr. Cantelli used—a concoction by somebody named Giorgio F. Ghedini—drowned all its original brightness and sparkle in a thick gravy of commonplace modern orchestral and choral effects. Seventeenth-century music was not, after all, designed for the mammoth choruses and instrumental ensembles that are fashionable today, and its translation into the idiom of the contemporary symphony concert is bound to result in a complete distortion of its delicate fabric. Someday I should like to hear a really reverent and conscientious performance of this "Magnificat." It would involve a dozen or so instrumentalists, one of those happy-sounding little baroque organs built according to the specifications of Monteverdi's own time, and a chorus of twenty or thirty good singers capable of presenting its lacy counterpoint with elegance and clarity. Until such a performance occurs, I should prefer to let Monteverdi's great work lie on the library shelves, safe from the depredations of arrangers.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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WHICH COLUMN ON PAGE 64 OF THE CHICAGO "SUN-TIMES" D'YA READ?

Richards likes Wade's aggressiveness and hustle, but he frowns on his baseline tactics. Gale, who would rather break up a double play than hit a homer, put Bobby Adams on the injured list a few days ago when he crashed into the veteran infielder.


Wade left the imprint of his spikes and Adams also developed a charley horse in getting his leg doubled up on the spill.

"There is no excuse for those tactics," said Richards. "You can take a fellow out of a double play without diving into him to injure him."—*Issue of March 21st, page 64, column 1.*

Manager Paul Richards brought a tackling dummy to training camp this spring and put it behind second base. The dummy, which was about the size of Phil Rizzuto, took a terrific beating.

"To hell with the base," Richards said to the runners as they went flying through the desert air. "You're out anyway. The object is to hit the infielder and bounce him so he can't make the throw to first base."

—*Same issue, same page, column 5.*



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THE Downstairs Room, a midtown cellar barely large enough for a ping-pong table and a set of electric trains but more than adequate for the agoraphobic night-club crowd, is, I was rather stunned to learn, the scene of a two-act revue that is put on twice every night but Monday. In a spectacular demonstration of economy, four performers—all of whom, by the way, have attained full growth—mix things up at one end of the room on a small triangular stage that somehow manages to find space for two pianists as well. "Four Below" is the title of the show, and it's at its best when it's set to music. The sketches (and one or two of the songs, I must say) are somewhat strained, but while they create dull stretches, the enterprise is saved by the fact that there are no long dull stretches; as in any revue of merit, the next act is on before you have time to brood over the last one. The cast is composed of two young women and two young men, and though they are all engaging, it seems to me that Dody Goodman, a comedienne, walks off with the honors. She accomplishes this principally by means of a first-act confession in song of her enthusiasm for the current dance known as the cha-cha, and a different sort of confession in the second act, when she gives what may well be the definitive interpretation of "Glad Rag Doll." The others are June Ericson and Gerry Matthews, both of them primarily singers, and Jack Fletcher, who, being primarily a patter man, is more at the mercy of the sketch material than his teammates are. Miss Ericson does an appreciative trilling of a perky Jerome Kern waltz, "Up with the Lark," and more good stuff comes along in the breezy first-act finale, "Third Avenue El," when the entire cast, again to a waltzing theme, makes the razing of that monstrous structure seem almost like a step in the wrong direction. The production has been directed with skill by John Heawood (who also devised the dances for that

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recent Broadway spoof, "The Boy Friend"), and supervised by Julius Monk, who also introduces the two acts in a manner peculiar to him and familiar to anyone who used to drop in at Le Ruban Bleu a season or so ago.

I SUPPOSE that this is as good a time as any to get right over to Le Ruban Bleu, where, among other things, a fledgling comedy team is making a determined, if only partially successful, effort to soar. One of the comedians, a young man named Gordon Polk, was the male vocalist with the Tommy Dorsey band the last time I heard it (before Jimmy Dorsey threw in his lot with Tommy), in the Café Rouge of the Statler. I don't know that I would have remembered him if it had not been for his interestingly erratic behavior on the bandstand, where he was given to twitching his head and leering at the female vocalist, and I am aware that you may find this something less than an imperative reason for dashing right over to see him now. Still, I am happy to report that his odd compulsions find richer expression in his new employment as a farceur. Mr. Polk, in fact, has the makings of an appealing clown, and with his talent for putting across a song (the act opened with his rhythmic declaiming of "On the Sunny Side of the Street") he is doubly armed for the perilous career he has chosen. The act, however, doesn't hang together quite right. His partner, Gene Wesson, is a knowing fellow who fits naturally into the traditional role of straight man, but his classically superior, even contemptuous, attitude toward his clownish teammate seems ill-taken, since Polk never scores an occasional triumph over his more worldly partner; he starts out beaten and he remains beaten. Then, too, Wesson takes up an endless amount of time revelling in a depiction of a ham actor. Getting back to Polk, though, it's my opinion that he has more ability as a performer than he suspects.

THERE is another new male comedy team—Paul Mazursky and Herb Hartig, who for a while used to bill themselves as "Igor & H."—downtown at the Village Vanguard, and although they, too, have their lapses, they're a first-rate pair. They poke fun at the movies, television, and the like—and why not?—but their spirit of mockery carries them beyond these things and into, for one example, a frighteningly funny colloquy between the bullying janitor of a Greenwich Village rookery and a pa-

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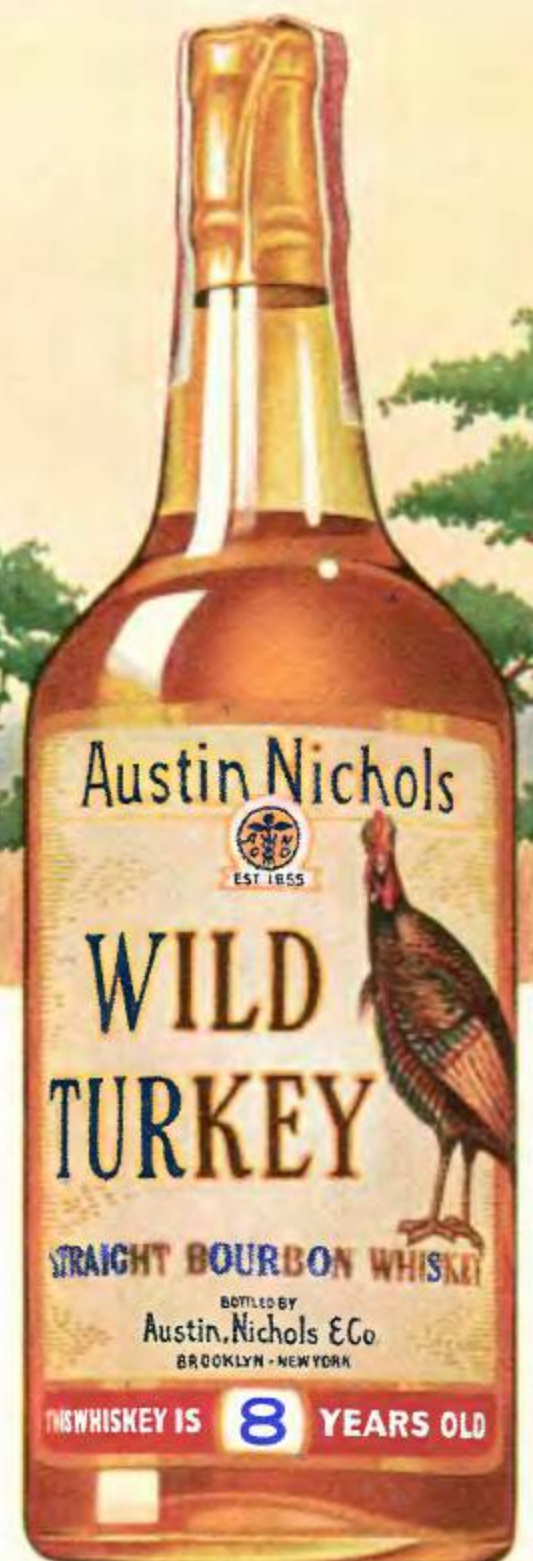
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thetically amenable would-be tenant, and, for another, into a demonstration of countless dishonest methods of winning a lady's favors. Even while letting fly at the more standard targets, they display an original style, as in their nonsense about a giveaway television program for gifted youngsters—"Raoul Dufy 'calcominnies'!" is one in the long list of prizes with which they seduce the little viewers. Hartig is a bland young man with a terribly sincere manner, and Mazursky is an odd fish with a habitually glazed look of good will. Both men are reasonably adept at comic dialect, but here again, the dialects they employ are not very often the familiar ones. Also on hand is an exotic dancer (not an Exotic Dancer, merely an exotic dancer) and singer named Maya Angelou, who, in a manner that vacillates entertainingly between the intense and the casual, presents jazz numbers and pieces that sounded to me as though they had their origin in the West Indies.

MONIQUE VAN VOOREN, an alarmingly pretty and shapely blond bundle, is making her local singing debut in that home for articulate mannequins, the Maisonette of the St. Regis. Not that Miss Van Vooren is overly articulate—what with a little French and a little English (she hails from Belgium, by way of Broadway and Las Vegas), a musical tone here, and an affectionate, gaminlike growl there, she manages to convey all that is necessary without distracting one's attention too greatly from her elegant figure. She has a truly delightful sense of humor about the whole business that, coupled with a very innocent air, makes her seem doubly attractive. I can't, for the life of me, remember much about the stuff she dished out. . . . Up in the Cotillion Room of the Pierre, a French singer named Lilo, who will be best remembered as the leading lady of "Can-Can," is disporting herself in a fancy act that calls for several changes of costume and the assistance of a mixed quartet hidden behind a screen. A petite and cushiony blonde, Lilo waxes sentimental over Paris, *l'amour*, and the Seine, but a kind of gutter vitality breaks through just often enough to give you a clear, hard picture of *les réalités*.

—D. W.

TOKYO, March 5 (AP)—A U.S. Air Force C-47 cargo plane crashed into the side of famed Mr. Full today—and its two pilots walked away uninjured.—*The Post*.

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BOOKS

A Talkative Something-or-Other



THE traditional Englishman of Gallic fiction is a naïve chap who speaks bad French, eats tasteless food, and is only accidentally and episodically heterosexual. The sole tolerable qualities ever allowed him are to be earnest, in an obtuse way, and physically brave, through lack of imagination. When I began reading "The Quiet American," in its British edition, on a plane between London and New York last December (Viking has just now brought it out in this country), I discovered that Mr. Graham Greene, who is British, had contrived to make his Quiet American, Pyle, a perfect specimen of a French author's idea of an Englishman. I had bought "The Quiet American" at the waiting-room newsstand, on the assurance of the young lady attendant that it was good light reading. Pyle is as naïve as he can be and speaks French atrociously. He dotes on bland horrors in food: "A new sandwich mixture called Vit-Health. My mother sent it from the States." (In American, I think, a thing like that is called a sandwich spread.) Pyle's choice of idiom convinced me that he is a thinly disguised Englishman. But I was impressed by the *toupet* of Mr. Greene, sneering down at Pyle from the gastronomic eminence of a soggy crumpet. A British author snooting American food is like the blind twitting the one-eyed. Finally, Pyle says he has never had a woman, even though he is thirty-two. He is earnest, though, in an obtuse way, and physically brave, through lack of imagination.

This exercise in national projection made me realize that Mr. Greene, the celebrated whodunist, trapped on the moving staircase of history, was registering a classical reaction to a situation familiar to me and Spengler. When England, a French cultural colony, outstripped the homeland after Waterloo and the Industrial Revolution, all that remained for the French to say was "Nevertheless, you remain nasty, overgrown children." The Italians of the Renais-

sance said it to the French, and I suppose the Greeks said it to the Romans. It is part of the ritual of handing over.

When Greene undertook the composition of Pyle's sparring partner, he had more difficulty. He had already presented one basically English type as a Quiet American. Now he had to have somebody to contrast him with unfavorably—an Articulate Englishman. Such a person is a contradiction in popular-fiction terms, like a scrutable Oriental. To produce one, Greene had to defenestrate all the traits by which a whodunit reader identifies an Englishman—the tight upper lip, the understatement, the cheerful mask of unintelligence skillfully exploited to confuse the enemy. I needed a full thirty seconds in the company of the result—Fowler, the correspondent in Saigon of a London newspaper published in a grim Victorian building near Blackfriars Station—to see that Greene had run out at the turn.

Fowler is a sophisticated MacTavish. He knows French writing from Pascal to Paul de Kock and speaks the language like a native, although not necessarily of France. He has brought with him from Bloomsbury, of all places, the gustatory savvy of a Prosper Montagné: "I sat hungerless over my apology for a

chapon duc Charles." (He has, in fact, an edge on Montagné, who includes no such *plat* in his "Grand Livre de la Cuisine.") He is as active sexually as a North African jack and has a taste in women unaffected by the flicks, which glorify convex Marilyns and Ginas. Fowler prefers flat women with bones like birds, and he likes them to twitter on his pillow while he smokes opium. He associates informally with foreign-language-speaking people. None of these, especially the last, is a traditional British characteristic. Yet Fowler, from the moment I laid eyes on him, which was at about the time the takeoff sign flashed "FASTEN SAFETY BELTS—NO SMOKING," had a familiar air, like a stranger who resembles somebody whose name you can't remember.

Suddenly I made him. He was a mockup of a Hemingway hero—*donc* an American, *donc* One of Us. Fowler is not a Hemingway hero by Hemingway, of course. He is nearer the grade of Hemingway hero that occurs in unsolicited manuscripts. "What distant ancestors had given me this stupid conscience? Surely they were free of it when they raped and killed in their paleolithic world" is a fair example of Fowler in his jungle gym of prose. But he can also bring the beat down, quiet and sad, for contrast. Like "Ordinary



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The man who stated the exact nature of our current paradox, and in such exact language too, later fell afoul of the censor: for writing another book, a book about his own adventures, some parts of which the censor called disgusting. His works were burned. He was hounded and persecuted. When he died, it is possible, although not proven, that he was a suicide.

THE FAMILY into which he was born was named Rousseau, he was given the Christian name Jean-Jacques, and this happened in Switzerland, in Geneva, on the twenty-eighth day of June in the year 1712. The family was French, its residence in Switzerland having been established because of an enforced exile from France begun at the time of "the religious wars." Paterfamilias, Isaac Rousseau, was a watchmaker. Materfamilias, Suzanne Bernard, was the daughter of a minister; and she died in childbirth; and Jean-Jacques, who was the second son, "was brought up in a haphazard fashion, his father being dissipated, violent and foolish."

Jean-Jacques was hypersensitive (lawsamassy, who isn't?) but he got none of the affection which modern psychiatrists say that people should have, especially when people are just children. Also, he read books intended for people far above his age, and that increased his sensitivity and resulting sentimentality.

It was in 1750 that, after years of painful struggle, he won a prize for an essay in which he propounded the paradox that made him famous overnight: *So-called progress in letters, in society, indeed in civilization, has only served to pervert the innate goodness of man.*

WITHIN THE NEXT ten years he wrote the books that were to make him one of the most famous writers of his time, indeed of all time. In 1755 he wrote a Discourse which attacked the institution of private property; in 1761, in *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, he insisted that the family, the primitive unit, triumphs over the wickedness of modern society; in 1762, in the book called *Emile*, he showed how man is able to preserve his fundamentally good instincts; and, in the same year, in *The Social Contract*, he insisted that man was

born free and now is in chains—but can regain his lost heritage.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau died, in Paris, in 1778. He had been writing his Confessions ever since 1762; and the book now called *The Confessions of Jean-Jacques Rousseau* swept his fame around the world and down through the ages.

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life goes on—that has saved many a man's reason." Original but not gaudy. I hyphenated him Bogart-Fowler *sur le chung* (a bit of Indo-French I soaked up from Greene). There are aspects of Bogart-Fowler that lead me to think he may be an American by birth, although probably a naturalized British subject. His familiarity with the minutiae of American life that irritate him hint at a boyhood spent in a town like Barrington, Rhode Island. When he thinks that Phuong, his bird-boned baby doll, is about to marry Pyle, Fowler wonders, for example, "Would she like those bright, clean little New England grocery stores where even the celery was wrapped in cellophane?" Perhaps, when he was a child, he tried to eat the cellophane.

Maybe Fowler's father, a vicar, left Rhode Island because of a broken home, taking young Bogart with him, although he knew the boy was not his own son—a situation always rich in potential traumata. Back in Bloomsbury, he imparted to the little changeling an implacable hatred of milk shakes, deodorants, and everything else American. There—but this is again a hypothesis—Bogart-Fowler may have got a job writing readers' letters to a newspaper published in a grim Victorian building near Blackfriars Station, and then Fourth Leaders about the wiles of chaffinches, which have bones like birds.

"Good chap, that," the old Press Lord had said, with a wintry smile, as he spread Marmite on his fried beans Maison du Coin Lyonnaise and read the Fourth Leader. "Make a jolly good foreign correspondent." I had often wondered how some of my British newspaper friends got abroad.

I stopped there, though, because I have never been a man to let a hypothesis run away with me, and considered another possibility—that Fowler, born British, had merely been the Washington correspondent of the newspaper near Blackfriars long enough to take on a glaze of loquacity. If so, when had he got out of the Press Club bar in time to shop for celery for his wife? He had a wife; it says so in the book.

I found, as I read at Mr. Greene, that Fowler's pre-Saigon past interested me a lot more than what happened to him after he got there. Where, for instance, had he learned his distaste for reporters who asked questions at Army briefings? Had he perhaps been not a reporter at all but a press-relations officer with Montgomery? In Saigon, he gets his information from a sick Eurasian assistant who comes around to his

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digs every evening to share a pipe. Greene leaves the newspaper part of Fowler's past a mystery, such as where he had learned what was a proper chapon duc Charles and what was an apology for one. Had Fowler, during this obscure period, discovered that "good little French restaurant in Soho" that is as hard to verify as the Loch Ness monster? And where is it? Yes, Fowler's past is a blank, except in one department. He tells Pyle that before coming to Saigon he had forty-odd plus four women, of whom only the four were important to him, especially one in a red kimono. On Topic A he is a Talkative Englishman, native or naturalized.

At that point, I fell into one of those short, deep airplane sleeps, ten minutes long, that you hope have been longer, and, waking, found my hand where I had left it, around half a glass of Scotch-and-soda.

The book was open at the same place: Fowler telling the Quiet American about sex:

"One starts promiscuous and ends like one's grandfather," he says. (Dead, I thought, anticipating the next word, but it wasn't.) "One starts promiscuous and ends like one's grandfather, faithful to one woman" was the complete sentence. Fowler has *had* his fun; now he is a moralist. "We are fools," he concedes, "when we love." Still, he never leaves the Quiet American in any doubt about who of the two of them is the bigger fool. Poor old Q. A. Pyle, cold-decked by Mr. Greene, never suspects that Fowler is an American, too. Greene has fixed it so Pyle doesn't read fiction, except Thomas Wolfe, and Fowler is not in Wolfe. Pyle takes Fowler for a Legit Brit., the soul of honor. That is why he trusts him.

I wandered downstairs to the lounge bar, dragging "The Quiet American" with me. It was slow, but it was all I had, because I was making the trip on short notice and the other books on the stand had looked even less promising. I had a copy of the *British Racehorse*, but I had read through that early and lent it to one of the hostesses, who said she thought the Aly Khan was cute. Between drinks and dozes, I gnawed away at the novel, as though it were a gristly piece of apology for a chapon duc Charles, until at an unremembered point I began to wonder when Greene himself had realized that a possible second American had infiltrated his Eastern Western, and if that was the sort of thing that made him mad at us. Reading a bad book is like

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I signalled to the Aly Khan's fan for a fourth drink. The book was written in imitation American, too—brutal, brusque sentences tinkling with irony, not at all like Fourth Leaders about chaffinches. Does Greene ever get homesick for Lewis Carroll?

"They pulled him out like a tray of ice cubes, and I looked at him."... "Death takes away vanity—even the vanity of the cuckold who mustn't show his pain."... "I was a correspondent; I thought in headlines."... "She was the hiss of steam, the clink of a cup, she was a certain hour of the night and the promise of rest." The last quote is a switch to the poetic, but it is an *American* style of poetry—simple, dynamic, full of homely, monosyllabic comparisons. It reminded me of a lyric I used to sing:

You're the cream in my coffee, you're the salt in my stew,
You're the hiss of my and the bliss of my Steamy dreamy of you.

Poor old Greene was in the position of the Javanese politician who told a correspondent he hated the Dutch so specially hard because he could think only in Dutch.

Mr. Greene's irritation at being a minor American author does not justify the main incident of the book, which is a messy explosion in downtown Saigon, during the shopping hour, put on by the earnest but unimaginative Pyle in collaboration with a bandit "general" in the hope of blowing up some French officers. (The French postpone their parade, and the explosion merely tears up women and children.) When I reached that point, most of the way through, I had had breakfast and was trying to kill the two last deadly hours before Idlewild. I thought I might as well finish the book so that I could give it to the hostess, a brunette from Rye, New York.

I SHOULD perhaps explain here that the book begins with Pyle in the morgue. That is the big gag: A Quiet American. It then goes on to the events that led up to his arrival there. The trouble that starts immediately and keeps on happening is known technically as Who Cares? Near the three-eighths pole, it appears that Pyle, who is a cloak-and-dagger boy attached to the Economic side of the American Legation, is helping the bandit get plastic, which can be used in the manufacture of bombs as well as many other

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things. I figured the bandit was fooling naïve young Pyle. Not at all. Pyle knew all about the bombs and the contemplated explosion. So did the whole American Legation. The Minister must have O.K.'d it. The way Mr. Greene, through Fowler, tips the reader to this is Fowler is in a café and two young American Legation girls are there eating ice cream—"neat and clean in the heat," a pejorative description for Fowler, who is a great sweat-and-smell man:

They finished their ices, and one looked at her watch. "We'd better be going," she said, "to be on the safe side." I wondered idly what appointment they had.

"Warren said we mustn't stay later than eleven-twenty-five."

The two girls go out, and a couple of minutes later the big bomb goes off.

All the Legation personnel had been warned.

At this point, I, as startled as Fowler, remembered something—a miching little introductory note in the front of the book, about how all the characters are fictitious. I turned back to it, not bothering to follow Fowler out of the café and into the horrors of the square, to which I knew he would do stark justice—brusque, brutal, ironic.

"Even the historical events have been rearranged," the part of the note I wanted to see again said. "For example, the big bomb near the Continental preceded and did not follow the bicycle bombs."

Greene was, then, writing about a real explosion, a historical event, which had produced real casualties. And he was attributing the real explosion to a fictitious organization known as the United States State Department. If the State Department had promoted the historical explosion, I thought, it was a terrific news story and a damned shame. We needed a new State Department.

But whether it had or hadn't, anybody who read the book would wonder whether the State Department was engaged in the business of murdering French colonels and, in their default, friendly civilians. In France, which is traversing a period of suspicion, rapidly approaching hatred, of all foreign governments, the effect would be particularly poisonous when the book was translated. I knew that Mr. Greene, like James Hadley Chase and Mickey Spillane, is a great favorite of French readers of whodunits. ("Not for a long time have Anglophobia and anti-Americanism been so much at work in Paris," Stephen Coulter of the *Sunday Times* wrote lately. "It is a rooted French po-

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litical axiom: 'When in trouble blame the foreigners.'")

Then I remembered something else. In Paris, where I had been until the day before I began my plane passage, I had noticed, without much interest, that *L'Express*, a bright new newspaper, had already begun the publication of a new serial: "Un Américain Bien Tranquille," by Graham Greene. The serials in Paris newspapers are generally translations of fairly stale books, and they are frequently retitled to appeal to French taste. I therefore had assumed the feuilleton in the *Express* was a book Greene wrote years ago (but of which I had read only a review) about an American who has an affair with an Englishwoman and is punished for the sacrilege. The *Express*, a tabloid, was crowded for news space even at sixteen pages, a format it had struggled for two months to attain. It is a universal belief among French editors, however, that a newspaper must have a feuilleton. The readers demand it, and read it more faithfully than anything else in the paper. I could imagine the *Express's* hundred thousand readers getting to the two-neat-girls installment and then asking their friends at lunch, "Tu l'as vu dans *l'Express*? C'est les Amerloques qui ont fait sauter deux mille français sur des mines atomiques en Indochine." People everywhere confuse what they read in newspapers with news.

L'Express is only a weekly now. "Un Américain Bien Tranquille" was an irresponsible choice for the editors, but they needed circulation desperately. They didn't get it. *L'Express* went two hundred and forty-five numbers before it gave up its struggle to survive as a daily, and it still annoys me to think that a sixteenth of each of at least a hundred was devoted to Mr. Greene's nasty little plastic bomb.

There is a difference, after all, between calling your over-successful offshoot a silly ass and accusing him of murder. —A. J. LIEBLING

VERSE

THE centenary of Heine's death, early this year, was not celebrated in America in any marked way. In Germany, the definitive edition of the poet's letters, including three volumes of learned commentary, appeared, and two studies of his thought and feeling are currently available in England. The single biographical study of the poet published here this winter is not a new work but a reissue of Antonina Vallentin's "Heine: Poet in Exile" (Doubleday), which dates back to

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1934. Mme. Vallentin's life of the poet gives evidence of solid literary research, but her tone and approach show traces of Stracheyan methods, today a trifle dated, and she does not have Strachey's light hand.

The influence of Heine on poetry in English has long since been absorbed, so that little of it is perceptible today. A. E. Housman was the chief link between the poetry of the "Buch der Lieder" (1827) and English lyricism of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, but Pound, somewhat later, recommended Heine (along with Sappho and Villon) to the attention of the imagists. Heine's power, an anonymous critic in the *London Times Literary Supplement* has said recently, of creating the most poignant effects from a handful of conversational German and the common experience of unrequited love was and continues to be a kind of miracle. Housman took over not only Heine's simplicity and directness of language but Heine's wit, which could be warm and cold in turn. Many of Heine's songs, in spite of their seeming casualness, are epigrams in the classic manner; even effects of pathos are brought off by the very neatness and balance of the syntax, and a brilliant pointedness and condensation are everywhere evident. Auden, MacNeice, and, currently, John Betjeman have profited from Heine's example. At the moment, however, the tendency of the contemporary lyricist is to break away from Heine's miniatures into larger frames. Out of their great sorrows, modern poets tend to make more and more elaborate and extensive songs.

Heine himself, of course, was quite capable of enlarging his form at the demand of his material; from "Die Nordsee" on, a freedom that we would call experimental illuminates the work of his middle and late periods. The author of "Lorelei," as Mme. Vallentin points out, was Germany's first satirist, and he invented the *Zeitbild*, the poem that mirrors everyday settings and events. Born in Düsseldorf while the city was still occupied by Napoleon's troops, Heine experienced in his youth the spread of German reaction (Mettelnich called him "this detestable writer") as well as a growing hostility to the Jews. Exiled under official ban, he found himself, in Paris, appreciated by a society that welcomed international elements; he became a friend of Balzac, of Gérard de Nerval, of Wagner, and of Marx. Like Byron (I am still quoting the British critic), he was fascinated throughout his life by "the poetry of

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politics”—summed up for both men in the word “freedom.” His life vacillated between extremes of courage and of abject disorder, but his basic clear-sightedness made him reject the dominant falsehoods of his own day to the extreme of foreshadowing some of the sounder attitudes of our own. Cruelly caustic, intensely skeptical, he nevertheless kept alive, even in his tragic later years, a fund of mischief and of warmth; neither poetry nor prose became artificial under his hands. Mme. Vallentin’s account of the complicated European situation whose reactionary as well as falsely romantic tendencies Heine opposed is full and vivid, and it is a pity that her book lacks an index.

AMERICAN satirists, at the moment, are few and far between, and when they do turn up, their line of attack is likely to be oblique rather than direct. Josephine Miles, for a good many years and in three books, has shown a satiric gift of the most subtle kind. That this gift has been nourished by a California background makes it all the more rare; Miss Miles teaches at Berkeley. Her new book, “Prefabrications” (Indiana University Press), is principally focussed upon details of day-to-day life—those details that it is almost impossible for a poet of any time or place to get at without showing signs of pressure and strain. Miss Miles writes with ease and with insight about the parking lot, the motel, the Los Angeles high school, the building project, the supermarket, and the service station. Through some delicate imaginative adjustment, the intermittences of the heart and the clear light of the intellect become involved with these locales. Miss Miles is able to produce *Zeitbild* of a true kind, because to her the spirit comes first. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

THE WICKED VILLAGE, by Gabriel Chevallier (Simon & Schuster). A whimsical, frequently coy account of the naughty words, thoughts, and deeds of the inhabitants of Clochemerle, that cheerful Beaujolais village previously celebrated by M. Chevallier in “The Scandals of Clochemerle.” The book starts with the death of the old curé of Clochemerle, who loved his people as much as he loved their wine, but after this solid first chapter M. Chevallier meanders away into interminable reminiscence, some of it mildly scandal-

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ous, some merely gossipy, but all very intimate-sounding and all part of a story that possibly might mean something to us if we could see it as a whole, undistracted by the ceaseless winks and nods and nudges of its overactive author.


SQUADRON AIRBORNE, by Elleston Trevor (Macmillan). A fine, tidy, stiff-chinned novel that describes a heroic week in 1940 at a small R.A.F. fighter-plane base in southern England. Mr. Trevor shuttles back and forth with a rare ease between his officers and enlisted men, all of whom speak an intense technical jargon that rises now and then to a kind of queer, metallic poetry. The battle scenes, though marvellously hot and complicated, are invariably clear and purposeful.


THE HORSE SOLDIERS, by Harold Sinclair (Harper). This Civil War novel is based on a daring and successful six-hundred-mile foray, known as Grierson's Raid, that was made by a brigade of Union cavalry through the heart of Mississippi in 1863 for the purpose of destroying the main Confederate supply route to besieged Vicksburg. Marlowe's Cavalry, as the brigade is called here, is, however, composed of dull, garrulous men who speak an early-American dialect invented several decades ago in Hollywood.

SHADOW OF THE MONSOON, by William Manchester (Doubleday). Spike, Katie, and Peter are involved in a triangular love problem that arises and is solved in India, where the costumes and the scenery and the weather are all so extravagant that even the meanest events taking place there assume some sort of air, although it may be, as in this case, only an air of unimportance. Spike is an American biologist, a handsome independent crusader in the cause of public health. Katie, also an American, is rich and pretty, and Peter, her English husband, is poor and, what is worse, a complainer. As their story works along, Mr. Manchester's wisdom in placing them all at such an exotic distance grows steadily upon the reader.

THE FALL OF A SPARROW, by Nigel Balchin (Rinehart). In this English novel, a sweet-mannered, weak man goes about ruining himself with childish thoroughness while his friends stand by lamenting his fate and their inability to save him from it. The picture is pathetic, but it is an ordinary one, containing no sur-

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prises. It seems strange that Mr. Balchin should not have found some more combative material to engage his talent.

GENERAL

THE DISCOVERY AND CONQUEST OF MEXICO, by Bernal Díaz del Castillo, translated, with an introduction and notes, by A. P. Maudslay (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). A distinctively handsome new edition, and the first English version ever to be made generally available in this country, of what all scholars agree is the most detailed and, apart from Cortés' own official reports, the most accurate first-hand account of the Spanish overthrow of Montezuma and the Conquest of Mexico. Written in the fifteen-sixties, it is, from its early lines ("I am now an old man, over eighty-four years of age, and I have lost my sight and hearing, and, as luck would have it, I have gained nothing of value to leave to my children and descendants but this my true story") to its last ("Guatemoc and his captains were captured on the thirteenth day of August at the time of vespers on the day of Señor San Hipólito in the year one thousand five hundred and twenty-one, thanks to our Lord Jesus Christ and our Lady the Virgin Santa Maria, His Blessed Mother. Amen"), a work of ingenuous self-revelation and irresistible charm. Irving A. Leonard, professor of Spanish-American History and Literature at the University of Michigan, contributes a useful biographical introduction. Decorations by Marshall Lee.

PASSPORT TO PARIS, by Vernon Duke (Little, Brown). The ability of the White Russians to colonize wherever they go is engagingly detailed in the autobiography of one of the most talented of them. Mr. Duke began his career as Vladimir Dukelsky, writer of middling to excellent orchestral and ballet music, not long after he began his colonizing in 1920, when it became expedient for his family to forsake its native Russia. In setting up much happier cherry orchards on the Riviera and in London, Paris, Tin Pan Alley, Palm Beach, and Beverly Hills, Mr. Duke has had the part-time assistance of many fellow-expatriates—Diaghilev, Prokofieff, Massine, and Balanchine among them. Like any old-line Russian novel, this biography is one patrician name after another, and the décor is patrician, too. "It's pleasant to walk

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into a drawing room and hear a duchess playing Poulenc instead of canasta" is a fair sample. But that is not all. The man who devised "April in Paris," "I Can't Get Started with You," and the score of "Cabin in the Sky"—to give a quick view of the variety of his musical moods—has always been a hard worker, whether as ballet man, musical-comedy man, Coast Guard petty officer (Sid Caesar was his most unlikely underling), or social lion. He is a warmhearted man, as his accounts of his friendship unto death with George Gershwin and Prokofieff make quite clear. And he is an observant man, as his minute critiques of theatre people, Park Avenue people, the American girl at the marrying age, and himself also make quite clear. Were he ever to abandon the movies and Broadway, he could with ease become the most entertaining, the most informed, and the most literate columnist in town.

HELEN KELLER: SKETCH FOR A PORTRAIT, by Van Wyck Brooks (Dutton). This short book is less a biography than a song of appreciation, for the author approaches Helen Keller and her life as a critic approaches a work of art. Mr. Brooks first shows us the little girl who was a self-tortured prisoner of darkness, not certain what she was in rebellion against, and then tells how she was gradually led into the world of meaning and perception by her great teacher, Anne Sullivan. He writes the familiar story in much of its astonishing detail—how Miss Keller developed her sense of touch so that, for instance, she can distinguish a Yankee twang from a Southern drawl by lightly putting her fingers on the throats of the speakers, can tell a red rose from a white, and can distinguish tigers from panthers in the zoo by merely grasping the bars of the cages—but what he is more concerned with here is the extraordinary originality of her mind and the fusion in her thinking of human understanding and spirituality. The book is part straight narrative, based on Miss Keller's autobiographical writings and the writings of others, and part a collection of excerpts from Mr. Brooks' diaries—observations and anecdotes that are the fruit of a twenty-year friendship. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE CASE OF COLONEL PETROV, by Michael Bialoguski (McGraw-Hill). Vladimir Mikhaelovich Petrov is the



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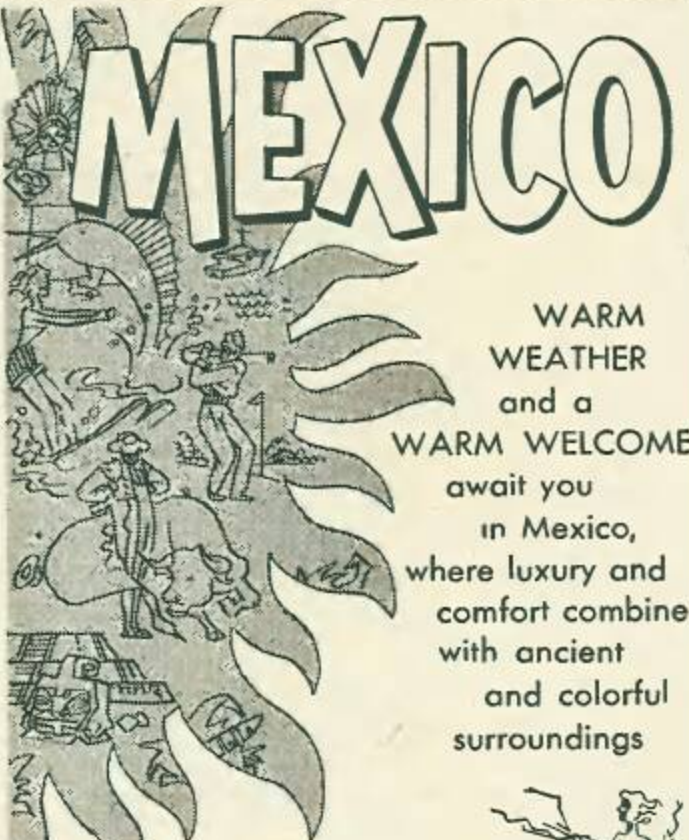
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former Soviet Consul in Canberra who defected in April, 1954, thereby becoming a highly important prize for the West in the Cold War. It turned out, as Australian Intelligence had suspected, that he had been head of the M.V.D. in Australia, and he has had many enlightening things to say about Russian espionage and the Secret Police, in general, and the disappearance and subsequent activities of Messrs. Burgess and MacLean, in particular. Mr. Bialoguski, a young Polish doctor who escaped from the Russians during the war, went to Australia, and became a voluntary Counter-Intelligence agent, says that he was largely responsible for Petrov's defection, and this book is an account of how he performed that delicate operation by posing as a dupe of the Communists, worming his way into Petrov's confidence, and working on Petrov's secret misgivings about the Soviet regime. A fascinating spy thriller, and one that throws light on some very murky recesses in recent history. Photographs.

NOTES OF A NATIVE SON, by James Baldwin (Beacon). A short collection of essays composed by a young Negro novelist for various magazines and dealing with such subjects as the movie "Carmen Jones," the protest novel, Harlem, life in a Paris jail, and the author's own past. Mr. Baldwin writes a good, jaunty, metaphorical prose, and he is at his best in the autobiographical pieces, where he relaxes and allows his language its natural stride. Elsewhere, however, he tends to clothe his thinking with the repeated and melodramatic use of words like "skull," "web," "darkness," "monster," and "cage." The lachrymose photograph of the author on the dust jacket has little to do with the positive and lively cast of his book.

THE GOLDEN HORIZON, edited and with an introduction by Cyril Connolly (University Books). "Golden" is perhaps too rich a word to describe the cold collation of stories, essays, and poems assembled here by the co-founder and editor of *Horizon* to epitomize that departed magazine's spirited service (1939-1950) to the humanistic arts and sciences. It is, however, an undeniably generous spread, and one that with the help of Gerald Brenan's "A Short Life of St. John of the Cross," Arthur Waley's translation of a Chinese story called "Mrs. White," Dylan Thomas's



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"Fern Hill," and the Princesse E. De Polignac's "Memoirs" achieves an admirably high protein count.

THOMAS HARDY'S NOTEBOOKS, edited and with an introduction and notes by Evelyn Hardy (St. Martin's Press). The first publication of the contents of two scrappy little tablets in which, between 1867 and 1927, the novelist jotted down engagements, pasted newspaper clippings that struck his fancy, copied curious lines from old church registers, and scribbled an occasional rough piece of description ("A still morning: objects were as if at the bottom of a pool") for possible use in a story. A footling, if not downright indecent, example of literary scavenging for which Miss Hardy (no kin to her victim) deserves anything but encouragement. Illustrated with photographs, among them two pointless views of rural England.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ, by Leonard Feather (Horizon). The distinguishing feature of this most attractively packaged compendium is a biographical directory, the first of its kind ever attempted, that identifies more than a thousand jazz instrumentalists, singers, and composers, including such far-flung Rampart Street paraders as Henri Renaud (33 Rue Dauphine, Paris 6, France) and Goesta Theselius (Stockholm, Sweden). There is also a short but adequate chapter on the origin and evolution of jazz, a lucid analysis of its nature, a number of interesting photographs, a reasonably satisfactory discography, and the inevitable "Glossary of Terms Used by Jazz Musicians." Duke Ellington contributes a cheerful foreword. Ten dollars.

NOTE: Farrar, Straus & Cudahy has published "Affairs of State: The Eisenhower Years," by Richard H. Rovere, a record and discussion of political events from 1950 to 1956. Many of the chapters first appeared, in somewhat different form, in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

EXIT CHARLIE, by Alex Atkinson (Knopf). As everybody knows, people connected with the theatre, especially actors, are a very delicately balanced bunch, but it isn't often that anybody gets around to knocking off the leading man on opening night. This, however, is just what happens in this book about an English repertory company in the



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provinces, and it makes a very entertaining story, since, in addition to having been a player once himself, Mr. Atkinson is an unusually agreeable writer. Recommended.

POSTMARK MURDER, by Mignon G. Eberhart (Random House). Mrs. Eberhart is, of course, one of the most thorough and ingenious plotters in the trade, and this work is a nice example of her powers. The story has something to do with a murderous conspiracy to kidnap a child heiress who speaks almost no English; there are a great many suspects and an almost equal number of apparently unshakable alibis; and, altogether, those who like their mysteries intelligently complicated will probably enjoy this one very much.

DEATH IN THE WIND, by Edwin Lanham (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Lanham, who wrote the excellent "Death of a Corinthian," knows a lot about small boats and storms, and he brings both subjects very successfully into this story of murder on the Connecticut coast. The plot has something to do with a killing that takes place during a hurricane, and it contains a satisfactory amount of mystery, violence, and romance. Actually, though, the atmosphere is the thing.

WIDOW'S WEB, by Ursula Curtiss (Dodd, Mead). Annabelle Fennister is a terrible girl, and plenty of people think that she has knocked off her husband. They are just about ready to prove it, too, but everything is a good deal more tangled than it looks, and in her closing pages Miss Curtiss provides one of the real surprises of the year. A for ingenuity, B-plus in practically all other departments.

That isn't all Mrs. Lockridge wants to know. "Will you tell me how to get the shell off a hard-cooked egg without keeping it under cold water until the egg cools? No cookbook I have tells how." Our Isabel McGovern who is in charge of the Herald Tribune kitchen says to neatly shell a hard-cooked egg, cool quickly in cold water and the shell will peel easily after it has been cut with a knife or cracked.—*Clementine Paddleford in the Herald Tribune.*

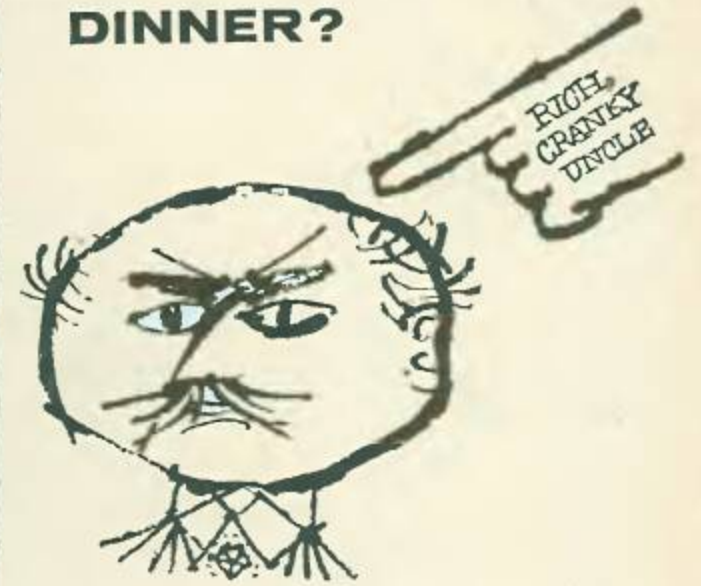
Next question, Mrs. Lockridge.

The Princeton basketball team finished its home season with a loss to Columbia and a string of hard luck.

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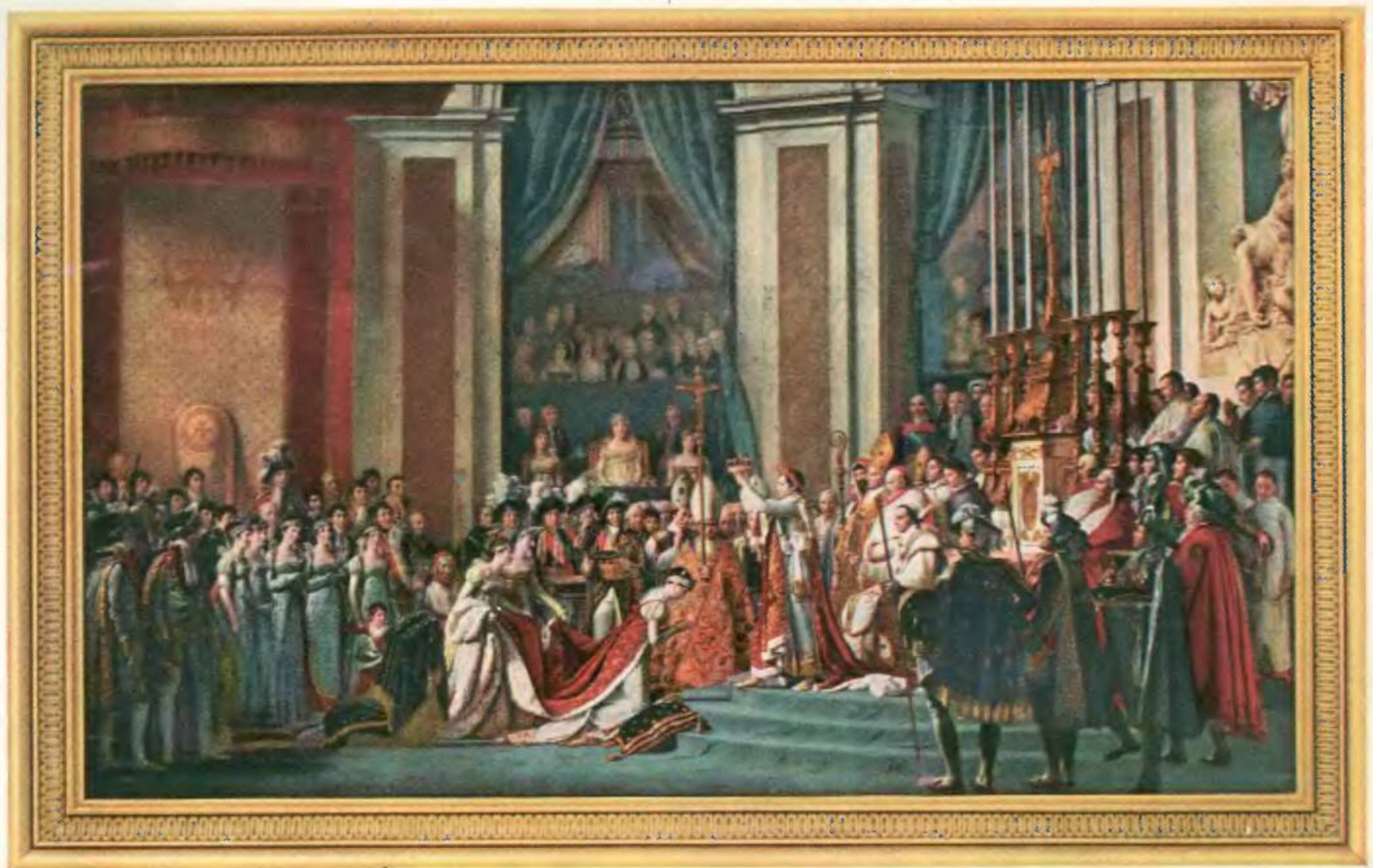


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