April 20, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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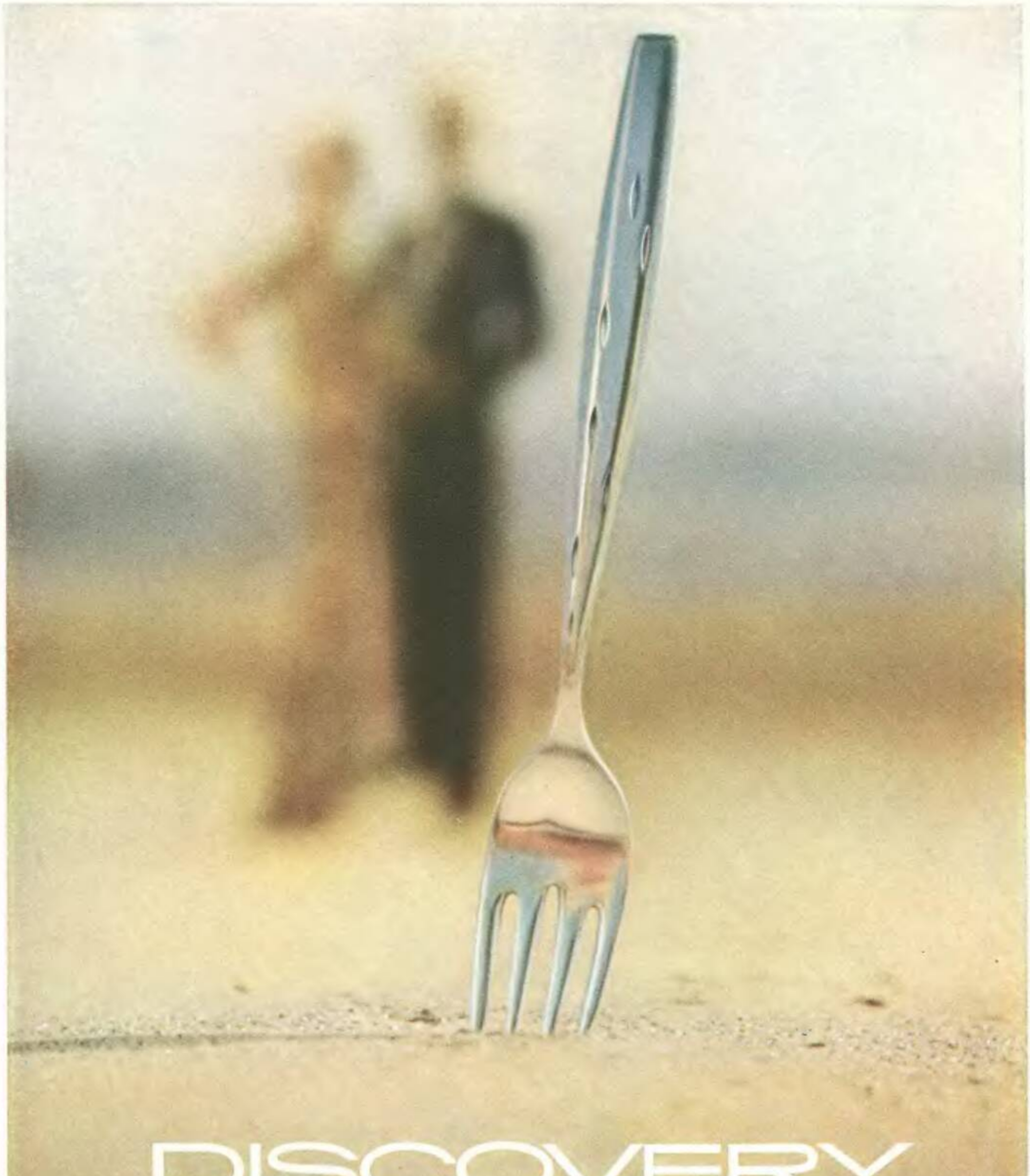

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Rosalind Russell is entrancing as the unorthodox heroine of this comedy, but it is just possible that the piece itself is a bit too arch to satisfy everybody. Adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Patrick Dennis, the play also has Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass in its cast. Reopens Monday, April 22, after a week's vacation. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of the biography of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle that he wrote in collaboration with Cordelia Drexel Biddle. Dealing with the eccentric head of an eccentric household, the play isn't as rewarding as "Life with Father" by a long shot, but it has its amusing moments. Walter Pidgeon plays Mr. Biddle and has the support of Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hole in the Head—Paul Douglas makes a remarkably engaging bum in Arnold Schulman's not very credible comedy having to do with the twin problems of operating a bankrupt hotel and bringing up a little boy. David Burns, Kay Medford, Joyce Van Patten, Lee Grant, and Tommy White appear in the cast, Garson Kanin directed, and Boris Aronson designed the set. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 21.)

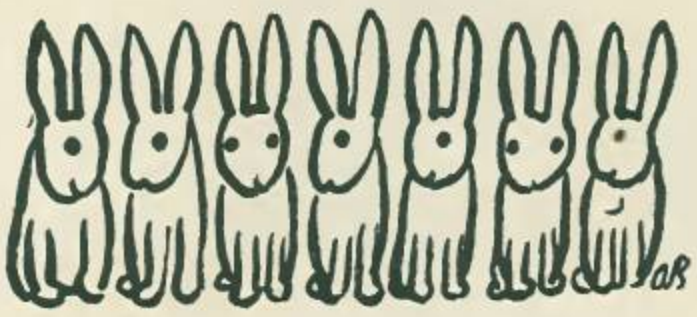
Holiday for Lovers—A bumpy ride around the tourist centers of Europe, with Don Ameche, Carmen Mathews, Audrey Christie, and George Mathews as the principal sightseers. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hotel Paradiso—Bert Lahr is superb in this frantic and generally uproarious farce that Peter Glenville has adapted from Georges Feydeau's and Maurice Desvallieres' French original. The excellent supporting cast includes Angela Lansbury, John Emery, Vera Pearce, and Douglas Byng, and Osbert Lancaster designed the highly ingenious sets. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Eugene O'Neill's monumental attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth makes an impressive and disturbing play. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., are all superb as members of the haunted family, and José Quintero's direction is brilliant. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Major Barbara—A really first-rate presentation of Shaw's comedy about poverty considered as a crime. Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Anne Jackson, and Eli Wallach head the cast, which Mr. Laughton directed, and the delightful sets were created by Donald Oenslager. (Morosco, 45th St. W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Orpheus Descending—Tennessee Williams' tragedy is about a young man and a sex-starved woman, and it is unlikely to enthrall many of his admirers. The production, however, is first-rate, with Maureen Stapleton and Cliff Robertson in the leading roles, a persuasive set by Boris Aronson, and suitable Southern costumes by Lucinda Ballard. Harold Clurman directed. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

The Potting Shed—Graham Greene's new play, a contemporary variation on the miracle of Lazarus, comes out, as you might expect, in favor of orthodox faith over rationalism. Regardless of your own affiliation, you can enjoy it purely as literate detective-story writing. All the performances are fine, especially Robert Flemyng's, Frank Conroy's, and Sybil Thorndike's. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Moves on Monday, April 22, to the Golden, 45th St., W., CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Separate Tables—Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are extremely efficient in both the plays that make up this Terence Rattigan double bill. The plays themselves vary in quality, the first being just about acceptable and the second very good indeed. The cast includes Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Tunnel of Love—A bunch of Westport cut-ups carrying on about adultery. Joseph Fields and Peter De Vries wrote the script, after the novel by Mr. De Vries, and the cast, which includes Tom Ewell, is estimable. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Uncle Willie—Menasha Skulnik is in the form that has always bewitched his disciples in this thin little comedy about a peddler who does his best to fix up everybody's life. The cast also includes Arline Sax, Norman Feld, and Edith Fellows. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 20.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—Cyril Ritchard is a miracle of style as a caller from outer space, and he is nobly abetted by Eddie Mayehoff, as an overstuffed Pentagon general, in Gore Vidal's excellent fantastic comedy. Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan also appear in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—Jean Anouilh's play about an aging French general and all the ladies in his life is undoubtedly the season's most civilized comedy. Ralph Richardson is splendid in the leading role, and Mildred Natwick, Meriel Forbes, and John Stewart support him admirably. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—the diary of anne frank: A Dutch girl's chronicle of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis. With Joseph Schildkraut, Gusti Huber, and Dina Doronne. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)... **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 Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **middle of the night:** Paddy Chayefsky's play about a man who falls in love with a girl half his age. Edward G. Robinson has a leading role, and his associates include Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **no time for sergeants:** All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Right now, Charles Hohman is the hero, and Rex Everhart and Arte Johnson are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday is an inspiration to us all in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Brigadoon—Helen Gallagher, Robert Rounseville, and Scott McKay in a revival of the Alan Jay Lerner-Frederick Loewe piece, which opened recently at the City Center and has been moved to 54th Street for a four-week extension. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 5.)

Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman's return to Broadway after a four-and-a-half-year absence is a fine thing for the local scene, even if her vehicle, something about love in Philadelphia and Monaco, doesn't amount to much. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse wrote the book; Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs; and the supporting cast, directed by Abe Burrows, includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—The clumping, dim-witted hillbillies who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip are well and truly represented here, but the musical can't be recommended to anyone who isn't an authority on the doings in Dogpatch. Written by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, the comedy has lyrics by Johnny

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on the terrace—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mercer and music by Gene de Paul, and was directed by Michael Kidd, who has done nicely with several dance interludes. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Shinbone Alley—Don Marquis's famous Archie and Mehitabel have been transmigrated into a musical comedy that would probably give their creator very little pleasure. However, Eartha Kitt makes a fine, handsome, and dissolute cat, and Eddie Bracken is occasionally quite appealing as the cockroach. Joe Darion wrote the lyrics and collaborated with Mel Brooks on the book; George Kleinsinger composed the music; Rod Alexander handled the dances; and Eldon Elder and Motley designed the sets and costumes, respectively. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Beatrice Lillie has had more inspired material, but she is still wonderfully funny and may be enough to make your evening endurable. Other performers include Billy De Wolfe, who assists her heroically with what comedy there is; Harold Lang and Helen Wood, who contribute some lively dances; and Jane Morgan, Micki Marlo, and Carol Lawrence, who sing their routine songs with commendable spirit. Raoul Pène duBois has designed some settings and costumes that will probably remind you, for better or worse, of the good old days. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—Damn Yankees: About a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. With Gretchen Wyler, Stephen Douglass, and Nathaniel Frey. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **The Most Happy Fella:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **My Fair Lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison plays Professor Higgins and Julie Andrews is Eliza Doolittle. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

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

The First Gentleman—Walter Slezak in Norman Ginsbury's London hit. Staged by Tyrone Guthrie and presented by Alexander H. Cohen and Ralph Alswang, in association with Arthur C. Twitchell, Jr. Opens Thursday, April 25. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

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

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"The Merry Widow," with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, and Melville Cooper, will play through Sunday, April 21.... ¶ The fourth in this season's series of five musicals will be "South Pacific," with Mindy Carson, Robert Wright, and Juanita Hall. Preview Tuesday, April 23. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 24, and will run through Sunday, May 12. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, April

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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19: "The Magic Flute," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—Two Jean Giraudoux plays, adapted by Maurice Valency: "The Apollo of Bellac" and "The Virtuous Island," with Martyn Green and Staats Cotsworth. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 56th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister, Alvin Epstein, and Paul Shyre. (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—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Jan Hus House—Louis Gossett heads the cast (Josh White, Jr., takes over for him on Sunday afternoons) in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 5:30 and 9:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—"Livin' the Life," a musical version of Mark Twain's Mississippi River stories. Stephen Elliott, Alice Ghostley, and James Mitchell head the cast; Dale Wasserman and Bruce Geller wrote the book; Mr. Geller is responsible for the lyrics; and Jack Urbont did the music. Previews Saturday, April 20, and Tuesday through Friday, April 23-26, at 8:30. Opens officially on Saturday, April 27, at 8. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525.)

Shakespearewrights—Presenting the American Savoyards in a Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, which will be resumed, after a brief respite, with performances of "The Mikado," starting Tuesday, April 23, and running through Sunday, April 28. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Gerald Price, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Saturday, May 4—Sunday evening, April 21: "Giselle," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaité Parisienne."... ¶ Monday evening, April 22: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Trois," "La Dame à la Licorne" (New York première), and "Le Beau Danube."... ¶ Tuesday evening, April 23: "Coppélia," "Don Quixote: Pas de Deux," and "Schéhérazade."... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 24: "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Trois," "Harlequinade" (New York première), and "Raymonda."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 25: "The Mikado" (New York première), "Pas de Deux Classique," "Harlequinade," and "Gaité Parisienne."... ¶ Friday evening, April 26: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux Classique," "Sombreros" (New York première), and "Le Beau Danube."... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 27: "Coppélia," "Don Quixote: Pas de Deux," and "Gaité Parisienne."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 27: "Sombreros," "La Dame à la Licorne," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "The Mikado." (Metropolitan Opera House. LO 5-3040. Opening-night curtain at 8; evenings thereafter at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—A heady concoction whipped up by Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées daily at 2. Extra performance Saturday, April 27, at 10 A.M. Through Sunday, May 12.... ¶ The doors open weekdays at 1 and 7, and Sundays at 1 and 6—and at 9 A.M. on Saturday, April 27—for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 24-27, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 27, at 2:30. For tickets, call TR 6-8833.)

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 landscape of almost awesome splendor, has dinner music until ten, at which hour Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band come aboard. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The biggest movie lot east of Coldwater Canyon, and one that TV will never be able to kill off. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's Latin band buzz like mad night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—At nine and again at midnight in the stately Cotillion Room, Lucille and Eddie Roberts, whose two minds beat as one, conduct a cheerful course in thought transference. Jane Morgan, the third house guest, approaches her ballads as though they were punching bags. In between, an orchestra headed by Joseph Sudy chortles away with grace and agility whenever Alan Logan's rumba group takes a breather. Closed Sundays.... ¶ A small outfit, practically 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)—Margarita Sierra, who is Spanish and flamenco to the core, sings as though she loves her work, which you are apt to do, too. She's on the dinner and supper menu of the Persian Room; Ted Straeter's high-spirited orchestra and glee club and Mark Monte's clutch of musicians are in gear the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another.... ¶ In the Palm Court, there is Leo LeFleur's string group at the cocktail hour. No dancing.... ¶ The LeFleur group is again in action in the Edwardian Room at the dinner hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's dance band is humming a bunch of familiar tunes in the Grill. It will

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

be succeeded by Sammy Kaye's orchestra on Monday, April 22. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, where pomp and circumstance are the inflexible order of the evening, is presenting Sheila Reynolds, a very new soprano, at dinner and supper. On Thursday, April 25, she will give way to the Maisonette's household pet, Julie Wilson. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari will continue to contribute their galloping dance music, which starts at eight-fifteen. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The divertissement in the ample Café Rouge involves Freddy Martin's big dance band, which believes that a little sugar is good for the system. On Monday, April 22, Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, temporarily without the old Maestro, will displace the Martins. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Juliette Greco, a dark lady of the sonnets, casts a spell over the vast Empire Room when, at dinner and supper, she sings about matters very close to her heart. She is preceded by the French composing-and-singing team of Varel and Bailly, plus seven male countrymen, Les Chanteurs de Paris, who might as well call themselves Les Chanteurs de N.B.C.-TV. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Mischa Borr's band function vigorously all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Weekdays, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the Alt Wien group led by Jozsi Ribari and the trio belonging to Bernie Leighton concoct sitting-down music from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one; Mr. Borr's orchestra takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

NOTE—The not too dizzying height known as the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and swatches of non-dance music, you can look down, if you have a window table, on everyone else. The address is 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 stylized Forest of Arden, evergreen and comfortable as can be, where Addison Bailey's sedate piano is audible at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Paul Morse subs for him Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. Bud Gregg does a dinner-and-supper piano obbligato to the talk-talk. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins, host, pianist, and news vendor, performs in the midst of the Southern-style country fair that occupies his neat restaurant. Wayne Sanders is his alter ego at the instrument. The music starts early and lasts late. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070). The strolling gypsies (Teo Fanidi is their ringleader) who play in this temple of Lucullus are a tidy lot, wholeheartedly devoted to the art of the violin rather than to fortune-telling. The music begins at seven and goes on until one, or even later. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The conversations on some of the tableside telephones make it seem like a capital-gains conference room, but there are also victuals, wine, and Renato Rossini's guitar, which is murmurous from nine to eleven and fiery Andalusian from then until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Three million dollars' worth of décor, in the middle of which Maxine Thomas, a circumspect newcomer, plays calm piano and sings calm songs. She does the dinner and supper stint every night but Sunday, when Sanford Gold is at the instrument. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle, now converted (with very little change) into a restaurant, is the home of Norbert Faconi and his violin, which operate in the best tableside manner after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The older

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21	22	23	24	25	26	27

inhabitants of this bar-and-grill all smile (in anticipation) when Cy Walter sits down at the piano, which he does from cocktails through dinner, and again from ten till one-thirty, or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): A segment of life upon the not so very wicked stage. Events here, which are on the posh side, begin at dinner; after ten, Hubbell Pierce joins in with polite words and music from behind his Mason & Hamlin, and a trio fills in his idle moments. Mr. P. is away Mondays, the trio is away Tuesdays. . . . **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. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Just the sort of place its namesake might have used for his more romantic wining-and-dining tête-à-têtes. The accent, from the kitchen to the strolling music, is French and environs. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE PERIGORD CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): By any name, it's still the Sherry-Netherland bar—comfortable, rambling, and lightly dusted with piano by Steve Weltner, a recent import from South America. This begins at dinner and goes through supper every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): "Blossom Time" all over again, but a much more soothing blend of violin, voice, and zimbalon than the Messrs. Shubert ever served up. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music with every course. It sounds most dulcet when Monica Boyar is singing and a six-man band is tootling Lehár. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at eight. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues, arranged in a manner conducive to conversation instead of mass participation. Someone or other is always at the piano.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Sammy Davis, Jr., a proven source of perpetual energy, can be an exhausting experience or an exhilarating one, depending on how much sleep you've had and how close your ear is to the ground (Broadway) he walks on.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis and Spouse (i.e., Calvin Ponder), by all means the slaphappiest couple in all Manhattan, are still front and center, singing their special brand of hey-nonny-nonny, and so is Tom Lehrer, Harvard's gift to mathematics, physics, and original wit—not necessarily in the order named. Also present are Ellen Hanley, whose voice is a constant reminder of far-off, romantic places and pastimes, and Dorothy Loudon, a wayward sprite who will take no nonsense from even our most popular Hit Parade songs. The eloquent background musings of Jimmy Lyons' restrained jazz trio and the piano of Bart Howard make everything sound its best. The Davises, incidentally, aren't there Mondays. Footnote: Orson Bean, another emeritus member of the Harvard school of fun, will replace Mr. Lehrer, and Bob Gibson, a folk musician, will replace Miss Loudon, on Monday, April 22. . . . ¶ In the front room, except Sundays, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's also a breakfast-with-the-Davises session, from 2 to 4 A.M., at which the Lyonses sit in. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, a tower of strength and a tower of Babel, is still whaling the daylights out of her ditties. There are also songs by Lurlean Hunter, a striking little Chicago oriole (she goes away on Wednesday, April 24), and jokes by Charlie Manna, who will have no truck with second-hand ones. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Words of wisdom, spoken almost entirely in jest. They were written mostly by Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery, and they are spoken by June Ericson, a pearl of great price, and her precocious playmates—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews. The occasion is the latest of Julius Monk's portmanteau revues, for which the pit band is the pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Three ladies of odd but beguiling quality in the shade of an astonishing new banana tree. They are Stella Brooks, conjurer of words and treader on clay feet; Blossom Dearie, home at last from Paris, with her artfully artless way of singing jazz, and Daphne Hellman, a lass with some delicate airs on the harp. The *padrone* is Julius Monk, of the Downstairs Room. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Bibi Osterwald, girl calliope and girl chatterbox, and Phil Leeds, a humorist who fortunately believes that easy does it, supply the major merriment. There are also the impassioned love songs of Felicia Sanders and the manic singing of Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels. It's best to go late and be prepared to stay late. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Matt Dennis, who writes and sings the sweetest stories ever told (the likes of "Violets for Your Furs"), plays fairly puissant piano and gets off a few neat witticisms too. This protean performance is accompanied by his trio. Sam Hamilton, the perpetual household painist, begins at nine-thirty, an hour before Mr. D., and both of them stay home Sundays; Hazel Webster, the cocktail and dinner pianist, stays home Mondays, and so does Jack Kelly's duo, a suppertime condiment. . . . **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): An elbow-rubbing sort of deal, but apt to be fun. Bobby Short, the perkiest troubadour of the night people, has his trio, his piano, and his Benzedrine ballads all working their heads off for him late in the evening. Sunday is his vacation time. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Jo Hurt, who hasn't sung hereabouts for quite some time, will bring her sunny disposition and her bantering lyrics back to town on Monday, April 22. Already in residence are Don Evans, whose suppertime piano is rife with handsome airs and graces, and Don Carey, the cocktail and dinner keeper of the keys, who also owns a tenor voice. Mr. Evans is at liberty Sundays, and Miss Hurt will be, too. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Familiar faces on the barroom floor: Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, who never stray far from their twin pianos, which are in action while the sopranos and jokesmiths are having their coffee breaks. Sundays there are silent movies, and Mondays are amateur nights.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

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

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Hot news from the Sunny South, presented in the customary rough-and-ready fashion. Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon are involved. In between times, the venerable Cliff Jackson is the interlude professor. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Carmen Cavallaro, whom a little bird has told

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about bop, is having a go at this art form with a trio; Ronnie Bright's triad is the other operator. Their music starts at nine, and there's also cocktail and dinner solo piano every evening. Sundays, extra hands occupy the podium. You'd better sit down front, or you'll get lost in other people's chitchat. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A few durable friends of the Chattanooga Choo-Choo assemble, under the jurisdiction of Billy Maxted, to talk over the good old days. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney de Paris (temporarily minus his leader, Wilbur de Paris) is keeping the home fires burning hot with the help of Cecil Scott, Benny Morton, Harold Hill, and Herbie Nichols. Don Frye is the solo pianist. On Sunday, April 21, the place will be turned over for the night to a passel of punsters from Colgate called the High Five; jam sessions Mondays. . . . THE COMPOSER, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Never mind the rumbling bar out front; the important thing is the back-room music. Some is by the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano is glittering Surrealism; the rest is by the newly built threesome of Eddie Costa. The first group is off Sundays, the second Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is at the piano from six to about nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Duke Ellington, the original "A" train himself, and his lifelong companions, who often sound like the best big band in the world. Another entry is the trio of Joe Castro, a pianist who thinks modern. The regulars are around except Mondays, when guest artists assemble to make jam. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar is a trio led by Bobby Scott, a pianist adept at several interesting aspects of the newest cast of thought but one who can also contribute rich and nourishing blues. It begins at ten. No action Mondays. . . . THE PLAYROOM, 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): The littlest music room of them all, and devoted mainly to the proposition that the old order is dead, long live the new. Cy Coleman, the music master of the establishment, and his trio are frequently in session. Closed Sundays. . . . METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Dixie, even in its most unreconstructed form, could never have been quite as unruly as this. Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, and Claude Hopkins are the prime movers in the barrage, which is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. weekdays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon hold an open forum with Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend contact with early times. Among the Old Guardsmen due on Friday and Saturday, April 19-20, are Jo Jones, Roy Eldridge, Tony Parenti, the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Johnny Windhurst, Andy Russo, Gene Sedric, Willie the Lion Smith, and Arvell Shaw. . . . VOYAGER ROOM, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): This fraction of the Henry Hudson Hotel is dedicated, between nine and one, to cotton picking, not woolgathering. The satisfying racket is the work of Bobby Hackett, that silver-tongued orator, and his five-man posse (Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres are among the deputy sheriffs). The intermission pianist is Charlie Queener, a fellow-thinker. Closed Sundays. . . . CAFÉ BOHEMIA, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers will depart on Sunday, April 21, but the quintet headed by Lee Konitz will be staying on. Closed Tuesdays.

ART

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

GALLERIES

HAROLD BAUMBACH—Abstract paintings derived from nature; through Saturday, April 20. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

BEN BENN—Solidly painted still-lifes and landscapes, mainly new, but including a few dating as far back as 1921; through Saturday, April 20. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

BYRON BROWNE—Abstract paintings and sculptures, the latter a new form for him; through Thursday, April 18. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LYNN CHADWICK—The first American exhibition of work by this modern British sculptor; through May 6. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

MAX ERNST—Oils and bronze sculptures; through May 17. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

FRED FARR—Sculptures, mixing Oriental with abstract influences; through May 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

GRAY FOY—Drawings, plus one oil, all almost miraculously meticulous in detail; through Saturday, April 20. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

XAVIER GONZALEZ—Delicately patterned paintings in tempera, mostly of industrial subjects; through Saturday, April 20. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Abstract oils; through Saturday, April 20. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

SARAH GRILO AND ANTONIO FERNANDEZ MURO—Non-objective oils by an Argentine couple; through Friday, April 26. (De Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Daily, noon to 6.)

CHAIM GROSS—Stone, wood, and bronze sculptures, plus a group of drawings; through May 4. (Duveen-Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

HANS HARTUNG—Cleanly arranged abstractions, more or less calligraphic in style, by one of the present-day Paris painters; through Saturday, April 27. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

FANNIE HILLSMITH—Semiabstract paintings, including interiors and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 27. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

SYLVIA SHAW JUDSON—Sculptures, mostly of animals and children; through April 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

ANDRÉ LANSKOY—A small retrospective (1926-56) of paintings by an artist of the contemporary Paris school; through May 4. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—His first New York solo show, consisting of bronzes, bas-reliefs, and drawings; starting Saturday, April 20. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MARINO MARINI—Paintings, sculptures, and graphic work by the well-known Italian artist; through Saturday, April 20. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

CHARLES E. MARTIN—Water colors, caseins, and gouaches painted on Monhegan Island; through Saturday, April 27. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

EZIO MARTINELLI—A single sculpture, together with related drawings in ink; through Saturday, April 20. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

ELIE NADELMAN—Sculptures and drawings in various mediums, plus etchings; through May 18. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

JULES PASCIN AND THE SCHOOL OF PARIS—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Pascin (1885-1930), supplemented by oils by Vlaminck, Dufy, Picasso, and others; through May 18. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JAMES PENNEY—Abstract landscapes, street scenes, still-lifes, and figures; through Saturday, April 20. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GABOR PETERDI—Landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 20. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

THOMAS PRENTISS—Still-lifes almost entirely, painted with trompe-l'oeil exactitude; through Saturday, April 20. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

ENRIQUE RIVERON—Brisk, colorful paintings by a contemporary Cuban artist; through Saturday, April 27. (Galería Sudamericana, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

WILLIAM RONALD—A Canadian abstract painter in his first one-man exhibition in this country; through May 4. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DAY SCHNABEL—Sculptures dated 1951-57;

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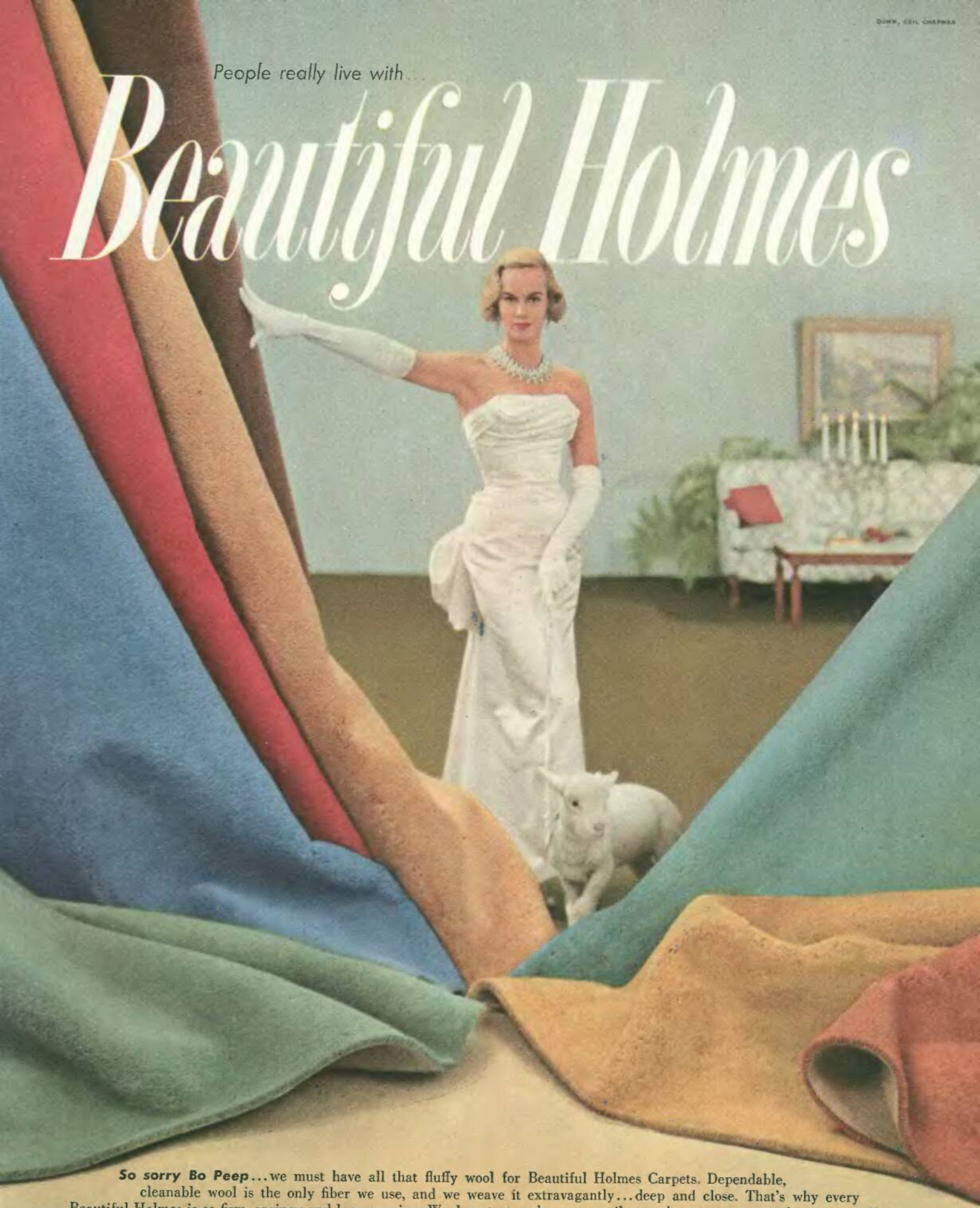

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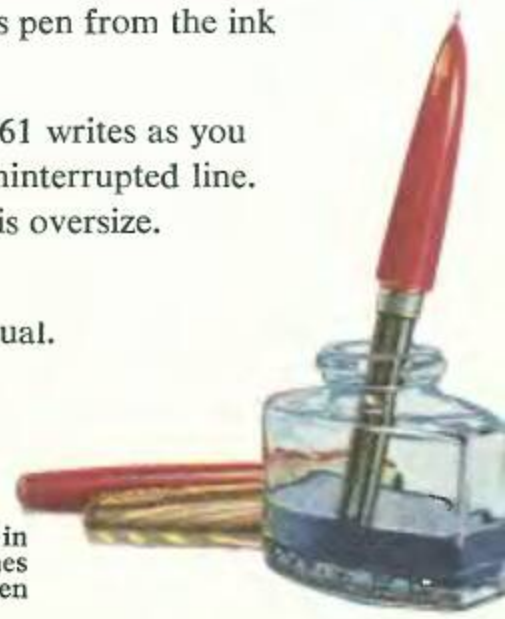

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, April 20. (Parsons. 15 E. 57th St.)

JOHN WHORF—New water colors; through May 4. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

JEAN XCERON—Paintings (1956-57); through May 11. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

AMERICAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY—The ninetieth annual showing of works by members of the Society, supplemented by a group of contemporary Japanese water colors; through Sunday, April 21. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Robert Gwathmey, Gregorio Prestopino, Joseph Hirsch, and others; through Saturday, April 20. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: A painting apiece by eight artists, including Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, and Robert Motherwell; through Saturday, April 20. . . . **MELTZER**, 38 W. 57th St.: Oils by, among others, Milton Avery, Sigmund Menkes, and George Constant; through May 18. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Isabel Bishop, Henry Koerner, and others; through Saturday, April 27. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The April offering contains fifty-six oils chosen by Franz Kline, Henry Varnum Poor, and John Koch; through Friday, April 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Kay Sage, Joseph Glasco, Leonardo Cremonini, Afro, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, April 20. . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures by Rodin; drawings and gouaches by Brancusi; drawings and pastels by Gauguin; and mobiles, wire sculptures, and sketches by Calder. Through Friday, April 19.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **GALERIE HERVÉ**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Flower paintings by Vlaminck, Renoir, Buffet and others; through Thursday, April 25. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: A loan exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, primarily of the school of Paris, collected by Louise and Joseph Pulitzer, Jr.; for the benefit of the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University. Through May 4.

AFRICAN ART—A show entitled "Abstract Forms in African Art;" through May 15. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: William Gropper; starting Monday, April 22. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Santomaso; starting Monday, April 22. . . . **THE CONTEMPORARIES**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Group show; starting Monday, April 22. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Gordon Russell; starting Tuesday, April 23. . . . **GALLERY 75**, 30 E. 75th St.: Léonor Fini; starting Monday, April 22. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Arthur Osver; starting Tuesday, April 23. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Monday, April 22. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: John Heliker; starting Monday, April 22. . . . **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Raymond Mintz; starting Monday, April 22.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Some seventy masterpieces of European art (by, among others, Titian, Goya, Cézanne, van Gogh, and Modigliani), lent by the São Paulo Museum of Art, in Brazil; through May 5. . . . ¶ Sixty-five Greek vases (principally Attic and dating from the early sixth to the late fourth century B.C.) from the Hearst collection, purchased last fall by the Museum. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Approximately fifty recent acquisitions (paintings, sculptures, and collages) by artists of the United States and Central and South America, including Hedda Sterne, Torres Garcia, and Max Ernst; through Sunday, April 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nineteenth biennial international water-color exhibition, featuring Italian and American artists; through May 26. . . . ¶ Twenty pieces of modern decorative Venetian glass designed by Jean Cocteau, Picasso, and others; through April 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—The second selection of 1956 International Guggenheim Award candidate paintings, plus eighteen regional winners and the international winner, Ben Nicholson's "August 56 (Val d'Orcia);" through May 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, April 22, from 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition entitled "New York School; Second Generation," made up of paintings, drawings, and collages by Elaine de Kooning, Robert Goodnough, Allan Kaprow, and other young artists; through April 28. (Open Thursday, April 18, from 1 to 5; Sunday, April 21, from 11 to 6; and Wednesday and Thursday, April 24-25, from 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Drive, at 103rd St.—Approximately eighty works by eighteen members of Group 256, which originated in Provincetown, Massachusetts, and includes on its roster such names as Henry Botkin, Seong Moy, and John von Wicht; through Sunday, April 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective exhibition of abstract oils, water colors, and drawings by Hans Hofmann; starting Wednesday, April 24. (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 18, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Heidi Krall, Kurt Baum, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, April 19, at 1: "Parsifal," with Margaret Harshaw, Albert Da Costa, George London, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 2: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Gianni Poggi, Leonard Warren, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Daniele Barioni, George London, and Gerhard Pechner.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Following a brief tour, the orchestra will resume its regular series of concerts at Carnegie Hall. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, April 25, at 8:45, and Friday, April 26, at 2:30 (both with Louis Kentner, piano). . . . ¶ Franco Autori conducting on Saturday, April 27, at 8:45 (with Camilla Wicks, violin).

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting a free concert, with Alice Merker, thirteen-year-old pianist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, April 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Sculpture Court, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, April 21, at 2.)

Orchestral Concert—Edwin McArthur conducting a symphony orchestra. (Medieval Sculpture Hall, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Sunday, April 21, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano; Blake Stern and Ray DeVoll, tenors; Mack Harrell, baritone; Lee Cass, bass; and two orchestras. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Friday, April 19, at noon. No tickets necessary.)

Centenary Singers—George Gansz directing, with Lewis and Jean Eley, violin. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 25, at 8:30.)

American Concert Choir and Orchestra—Margaret Hillis directing Bach's "St. John Passion," with Adele Addison, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Blake Stern and Richard

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Robinson, tenors; Kenneth Smith and Donald Gramm, basses; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Friday, April 26, at 8:30.)

HUNTER COLLEGE CHOIR AND RENSSELAER GLEE CLUB—A joint concert, with Anders Emile and Joel Dolven directing, and with Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ; an orchestra; and two bands. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, April 27, at 8:15.)

NOTE—On Easter Sunday, at 3:30, about a hundred choristers, directed by John R. Jones, will take part in a program of Easter music in Rockefeller Center's Lower Plaza. Phyllis Curtin, soprano, will be the soloist.

RECITALS

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Violin. A benefit for the Summer for Children Fund of the St. Seraphim Foundation. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, April 23, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 3-5900, Ext. 1203.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Guitar. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 23, at 8:40.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, April 26, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERT—Chris Connor, Max Roach's band, Don Elliott, J. J. Johnson, Tony Scott, Coleman Hawkins, Herbie Mann, Mat Mathews, George Wallington, Milt Hinton, and Buck Clayton are among those who are expected to be on hand. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 20, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

CALYPSO PROGRAMS—The Trinidad Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 8:40 and at midnight.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—A program of songs and dances of twenty nations performed by Vivian Della Chiesa and Leontyne Price, sopranos; Stewart Foster, tenor; Cesare Siepi, Gerhard Pechner, and Yi-kwei Sze, basses; Miklos Schwalb, piano; the Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos and Alfredo Antonini; and a number of choruses and ensembles. A benefit for LaGuardia Memorial House. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 24, at 8. For tickets, call LE 4-3048.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, April 18, at 1:30; Saturday, April 20, at 2; and Sunday, April 21, at 2 (doubleheader).... ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Monday and Tuesday, April 22-23, at 1:30.... EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, April 18, at 1:30; Saturday, April 20, at 2; and Sunday, April 21, at 2 (doubleheader).... ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Wednesday and Thursday, April 24-25, at 8.... ROOSEVELT STADIUM, Jersey City: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Monday, April 22, at 1:30.... YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, April 24, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday and Saturday, April 26-27, at 2.

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 27.)

HORSE SHOW—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 27-28.)

HUNT RACING—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 20.) ... ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 20.)... ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 27.)

RACING—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, May 28. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 20, and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 27. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday,

at 1:30, through Saturday, May 4. The Chesapeake, Saturday, April 20.

Track—Boston Marathon. (Starts in Hopkinton, Mass. Saturday, April 20.)...¶Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 26-27.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station; special train from Grand Central at 7:11.)

FOR CHILDREN

Operetta—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting a performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 27, at 2:30. For tickets, call TR 6-8833.)

Plays—By the **junior theatre**: "Raggedy Ann and Andy," a musical. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday through Friday, April 22-26, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.)... **traveling playhouse**: "Robin Hood," Wednesday, April 24....¶"The Enchanted Treasure," Thursday, April 25....¶"The Pied Piper," Friday, April 26. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Performances at 10:30 and 3.)

Variety Show—"Treasure Island," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a clown, a magician, and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 27, at 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Easter in the Heavens," is concerned with the relation of Easter and Passover to astronomy, and with the influence of the moon on human events; through April 29. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, April 18, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; Saturday, April 20, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Easter at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, April 22, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Tuesday through Friday, April 23-26, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; and Saturday, April 27, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.)...¶Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Children's Zoo—An opportunity for city children to learn how to adjust to such barnyard pets as lambs, ducks, rabbits, geese, and piglets. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

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

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—In addition to the customary cross of Easter lilies, the annual Easter show offers hundreds of other spring blooms and an exhibit, for children, of fairy-tale houses, rabbits, Easter eggs, and so on. (Daily, 10 to 4:30; through April 28.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 18, and Saturday, April 20, at 1:45: French and Italian eighteenth-century furniture; Georgian and old Continental silver; Meissen, Sèvres, and other porcelains; paintings, mainly by French artists; antique tapestries; and a group of Aubusson and Oriental rugs. From the estate of Marjorie Nott Morawetz and from other sources.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film has a tremendous cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday, April 20, and Monday through Wednesday, April 22-24, at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

BABY DOLL—Fun and games with some of the odd types who inhabit the backward areas of Mississippi. Written by Tennessee Williams, the picture was directed by Elia Kazan, and has the splendid services of Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 24.)

FUNNY FACE—A pleasant blend of song and dance in which Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn perform attractively as a jaunty fashion-magazine photographer and a model who is more interested in Existentialism than in clothes. Among its other virtues, the film includes some lush views of Paris and a covey of lovely fashion girls. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

THE GOLD OF NAPLES—Four stimulating episodes in the lives of some diverting residents of southern Italy. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, who also figures as an actor in one of the stanzas, this Italian film also includes in its admirable cast Sophia Loren, Totò, Paolo Stoppa, Silvana Mangano, and Pasquale Cennamo. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

THE GREAT MAN—In this sardonic exploration of the past of a defunct broadcasting hero, José Ferrer is at the top of an estimable cast that includes Ed Wynn, Keenan Wynn, and Dean Jagger. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

LUST FOR LIFE—A superb account of Vincent van Gogh's career, in which excellent use is made of the Master's paintings. Kirk Douglas is extremely persuasive as van Gogh, and Anthony Quinn is a creditable Gauguin. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

THE RED BALLOON—The hero of this brief and pretty fantasy is a small French boy who is pursued all over Paris by a balloon that regards him as its master. Written, directed, and produced by Albert Lamorisse, the film has the valuable services of M. Lamorisse's son, Pascal, as its leading actor. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

LA STRADA—An Italian film that tells the strange tale of a carnival strong man, a girl whom he has purchased from her mother to serve as his slavey, and a philosophic clown. Overlong but interesting. Anthony Quinn plays the strong man, Giulietta Masina the girl, and Richard Basehart the clown. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—This spectacular account of the life and times of Moses, as cooked up by Cecil B. deMille, makes the Biblical story look pretty stark. Roaming among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 2 and 8; Saturday, April 20, at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; Sunday, April 21, at 2:30 and 8; and Monday through Wednesday, April 22-24, at 9:30, 2:30, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

WE ARE ALL MURDERERS—A French film that inveighs against capital punishment with telling effect, and that gets a lot of melodramatic distance out of its polemics. Marcel Mouloudji, Raymond Pellegrin, and Julien Verdier, among others, help make the picture an absorbing affair. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 20.)

REVIVALS

ANIMAL FARM (1954)—A full-length animated cartoon, made in England, based on the George Orwell satire. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 19.)

THE BALLET OF ROMEO AND JULIET (1956)—A Russian item which offers a score by Prokofieff and the dancing of Galina Ulanova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 19. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. WA 9-8038; April 19-20.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; starting April 19, tentative.)

CINDERELLA (1950)—Disney's interpretation of the fairy tale. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through April 21. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting April 22.)

HARVEST (1939)—A French pastoral piece, with Fernandel. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; April 18, tentative.)

OPEN CITY (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground during World War II. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 18.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—No showings at the moment.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

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

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Strange One," Ben Gazzara.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"12 Angry Men," Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Tarzan and the Lost Safari," Gordon Scott.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through April 19: "Lizzie," Eleanor Parker, Richard Boone.
From April 20: "The Buster Keaton Story," Donald O'Connor, Ann Blyth.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
FUNNY FACE.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Abandon Ship!," Tyrone Power, Mai Zetterling.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
April 18: "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum.
From April 19: "Boy on a Dolphin," Alan Ladd, Clifton Webb, Sophia Loren.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
April 18: "Ten Thousand Bedrooms," Dean Martin, Anna Maria Alberghetti.
From April 19: "Fury at Showdown," John Derek.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Bachelor Party," Don Murray, E. G. Marshall.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 2:40 and 8:40; Saturday and Sunday, April 20-21, at 2, 5, and 8:40; and Monday through Wednesday, April 22-24, at 10:30, 2:40, 5:30, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Devil's General" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Marianne Cook.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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21	22	23	24			

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

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 24 (tentative): "Albert Schweitzer," a documentary film narrated by Fredric March and Burgess Meredith.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through April 21: "The Incredible Shrinking Man," Grant Williams, Randy Stuart; and "The Deadly Mantis," Craig Stevens.
From April 22: **CINDERELLA**, revival; and "Men of Sherwood Forest," Don Taylor.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 23 (tentative): "Tears for Simon," David Farrar, David Knight; and "Above Us the Waves," John Mills, John Gregson.
From April 24 (tentative): "Invitation to the Dance," revival, Gene Kelly, Tamara Toumanova; and "Svengali," revival. Hildegarde Neff, Donald Wolfit.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
April 18: "Voodoo Island," Boris Karloff; and "Pharaoh's Curse," Mark Dana.
April 19-23: "The Guns of Fort Petticoat," Audie Murphy, Kathryn Grant; and "Hellcats of the Navy," Ronald Reagan, Nancy Davis.
From April 24: "Men in War," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Five Steps to Danger," Ruth Roman, Sterling Hayden.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
LA STRADA (in Italian).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE GREAT MAN.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 21: "The Incredible Shrinking Man," Grant Williams, Randy Stuart; and "The Deadly Mantis," Craig Stevens.
From April 22: **CINDERELLA**, revival; and "Men of Sherwood Forest," Don Taylor.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE RED BALLOON (a French film without dialogue); and "The Lost Continent," an Italian documentary film on Indonesia and Malaya, with an English narration.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
LUST FOR LIFE.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
April 18 (tentative): **HARVEST** (in French), revival.
From April 19 (tentative): **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (in French), revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through April 23 (tentative): "Tears for Simon," David Farrar, David Knight; and "Above Us the Waves," John Mills, John Gregson.
From April 24 (tentative): "Invitation to the Dance," revival, Gene Kelly, Tamara Toumanova; and "Svengali," revival. Hildegarde Neff, Donald Wolfit.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 24: "Anastasia," Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
April 18: "Voodoo Island," Boris Karloff; and "Pharaoh's Curse," Mark Dana.
April 19-23: "The Guns of Fort Petticoat," Audie Murphy, Kathryn Grant; and "Hellcats of the Navy," Ronald Reagan, Nancy Davis.
From April 24: "Men in War," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Five Steps to Danger," Ruth Roman, Sterling Hayden.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through April 20: "Edge of the City," John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier; and "The Iron Petticoat," Bob Hope, Katharine Hepburn.
April 21-23: "Oh. Men! Oh, Women!," Dan Dailey, Ginger Rogers; and "Death of a Scoundrel," George Sanders, Yvonne De Carlo.
From April 24: "Battle Hymn," Rock Hudson, Martha Hyer; and "Mister Cory," Tony Curtis, Martha Hyer.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 23 (tentative): "Tears for Simon," David Farrar, David Knight; and "Above Us the Waves," John Mills, John Gregson.
From April 24 (tentative): "Invitation to the Dance," revival, Gene Kelly, Tamara Toumanova; and "Svengali," revival, Hildegarde Neff, Donald Wolfit.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 21: "The Incredible Shrinking Man," Grant Williams, Randy Stuart; and "The Deadly Mantis," Craig Stevens.
From April 22: **CINDERELLA**, revival; and "Men of Sherwood Forest," Don Taylor.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
April 18: "Voodoo Island," Boris Karloff; and "Pharaoh's Curse," Mark Dana.
April 19-23: "The Guns of Fort Petticoat," Audie Murphy, Kathryn Grant; and "Hellcats of the Navy," Ronald Reagan, Nancy Davis.
From April 24: "Men in War," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Five Steps to Danger," Ruth Roman, Sterling Hayden.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
April 18: "Edge of the City," John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier; and "The Iron Petticoat," Bob Hope, Katharine Hepburn.
April 19-20: **THE BALLET OF ROMEO AND JULIET**, revival; and "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin.
April 21-22: "The Barefoot Contessa," Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner; and "The Ambassador's Daughter," Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe.
April 23-24: "Battle Hymn," Rock Hudson, Martha Hyer; and "Mister Cory," Tony Curtis, Martha Hyer.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 23 (tentative): "Tears for Simon," David Farrar, David Knight; and "Above Us the Waves," John Mills, John Gregson.
From April 24 (tentative): "Invitation to the Dance," revival, Gene Kelly, Tamara Toumanova; and "Svengali," revival, Hildegarde Neff, Donald Wolfit.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 20 (tentative): "8 x 8," a Surrealistic film with Jean Cocteau and Marcel Duchamp.
From April 21 (tentative): "The Naked Eye," a documentary film on photography, narrated by Raymond Massey.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
April 18: "Voodoo Island," Boris Karloff; and "Pharaoh's Curse," Mark Dana.
April 19-23: "The Guns of Fort Petticoat," Audie Murphy, Kathryn Grant; and "Hellcats of the Navy," Ronald Reagan, Nancy Davis.
From April 24: "Men in War," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Five Steps to Danger," Ruth Roman, Sterling Hayden.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 20: **WE ARE ALL MURDERERS** (in French); and "Mademoiselle Gobette" (in Italian), revival, Silvana Pampanini.
April 21-23: "Woman of Rome" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida. Daniel Gelin; and "The Wild Oat" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
From April 24: **BABY DOLL**; and "Strange Intruder," Edmund Purdom, Ida Lupino.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through April 21: "The Incredible Shrinking Man," Grant Williams, Randy Stuart; and "The Deadly Mantis," Craig Stevens.
From April 22: **CINDERELLA**, revival; and "Men of Sherwood Forest," Don Taylor.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through April 20: "Edge of the City," John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier; and "The Iron Petticoat," Bob Hope, Katharine Hepburn.
April 21-22: "3 Ring Circus," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Lawless Breed," revival, Rock Hudson, Julia Adams.
April 23-24: "Love Me Tender," Elvis Presley, Richard Egan; and "The Wild One," revival, Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Young Stranger," James MacArthur, Kim Hunter.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"On the Bowery," a semi-documentary film.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 21: **CINDERELLA**, revival.
From April 22: "If All the Guys in the World" (in French), André Valmy, Jean Gaven.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Nana" (in French), Martine Carol, Charles Boyer.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE GOLD OF NAPLES (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
April 18: "Full of Life," Judy Holliday, Richard Conte; and "Seventh Cavalry," Randolph Scott, Barbara Hale.
April 19-23: "The Guns of Fort Petticoat," Audie Murphy, Kathryn Grant; and "Hellcats of the Navy," Ronald Reagan, Nancy Davis.
From April 24: "Men in War," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Five Steps to Danger," Ruth Roman, Sterling Hayden.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 18: **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival; and "The Wild Oat" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
From April 19: **THE BALLET OF ROMEO AND JULIET**, revival; and **ANIMAL FARM**, revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through April 23: "Battle Hymn," Rock Hudson, Martha Hyer; and "Mister Cory," Tony Curtis, Martha Hyer.
From April 24: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through April 20: "The Last Time I Saw Paris," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson; and "Interrupted Melody," revival, Eleanor Parker, Glenn Ford.
April 21-23: "Desert Legion," revival, Alan Ladd, Arlene Dahl; and "Bengal Brigade," revival, Rock Hudson, Arlene Dahl.
From April 24: "Men in War," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Five Steps to Danger," Ruth Roman, Sterling Hayden.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through April 21: "The Incredible Shrinking Man," Grant Williams, Randy Stuart; and "The Deadly Mantis," Craig Stevens.
From April 22: **CINDERELLA**, revival; and "Stagecoach to Fury," Forrest Tucker.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through April 21: "The Incredible Shrinking Man," Grant Williams, Randy Stuart; and "The Deadly Mantis," Craig Stevens.
From April 22: **CINDERELLA**, revival; and "Men of Sherwood Forest," Don Taylor.

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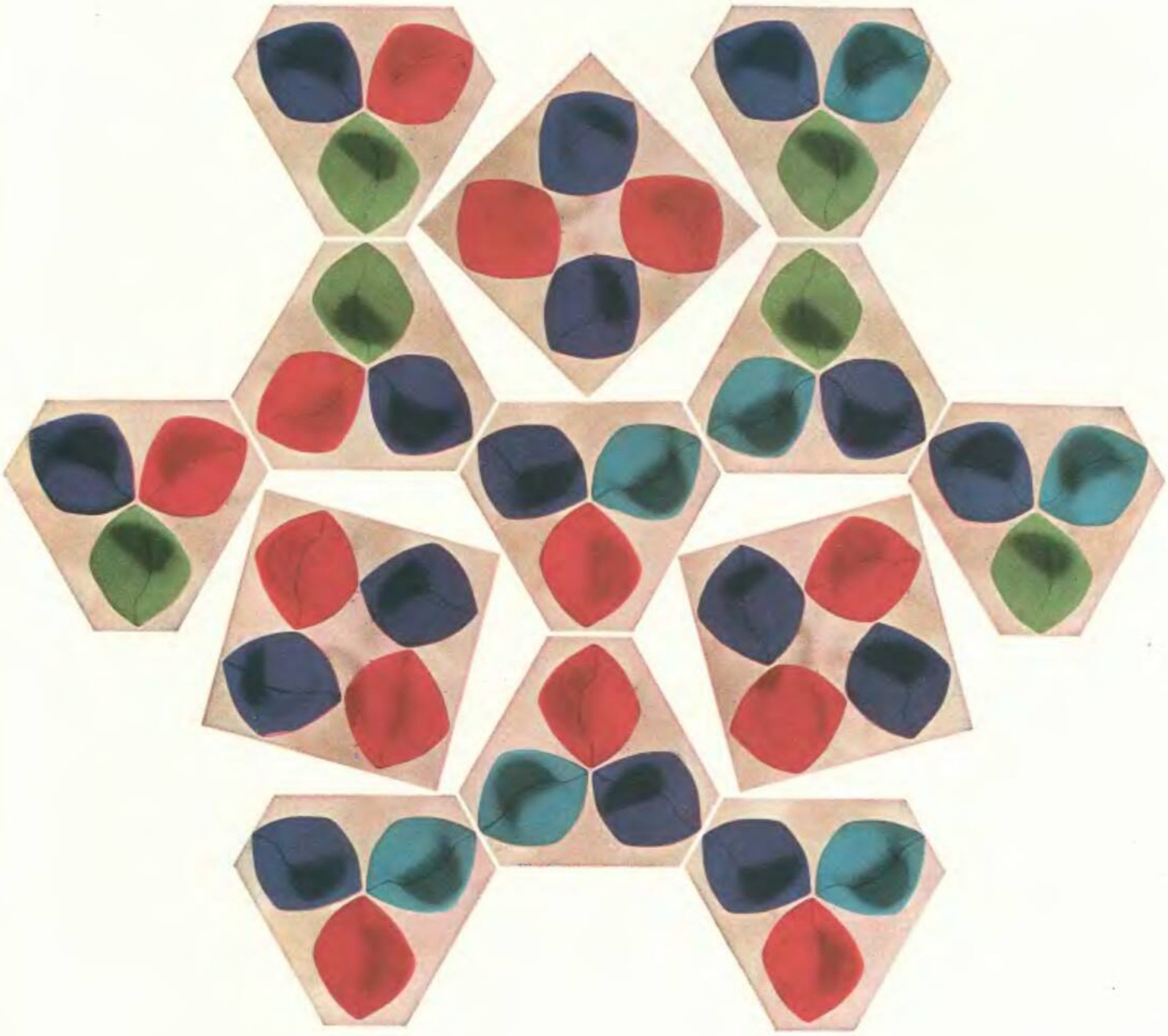

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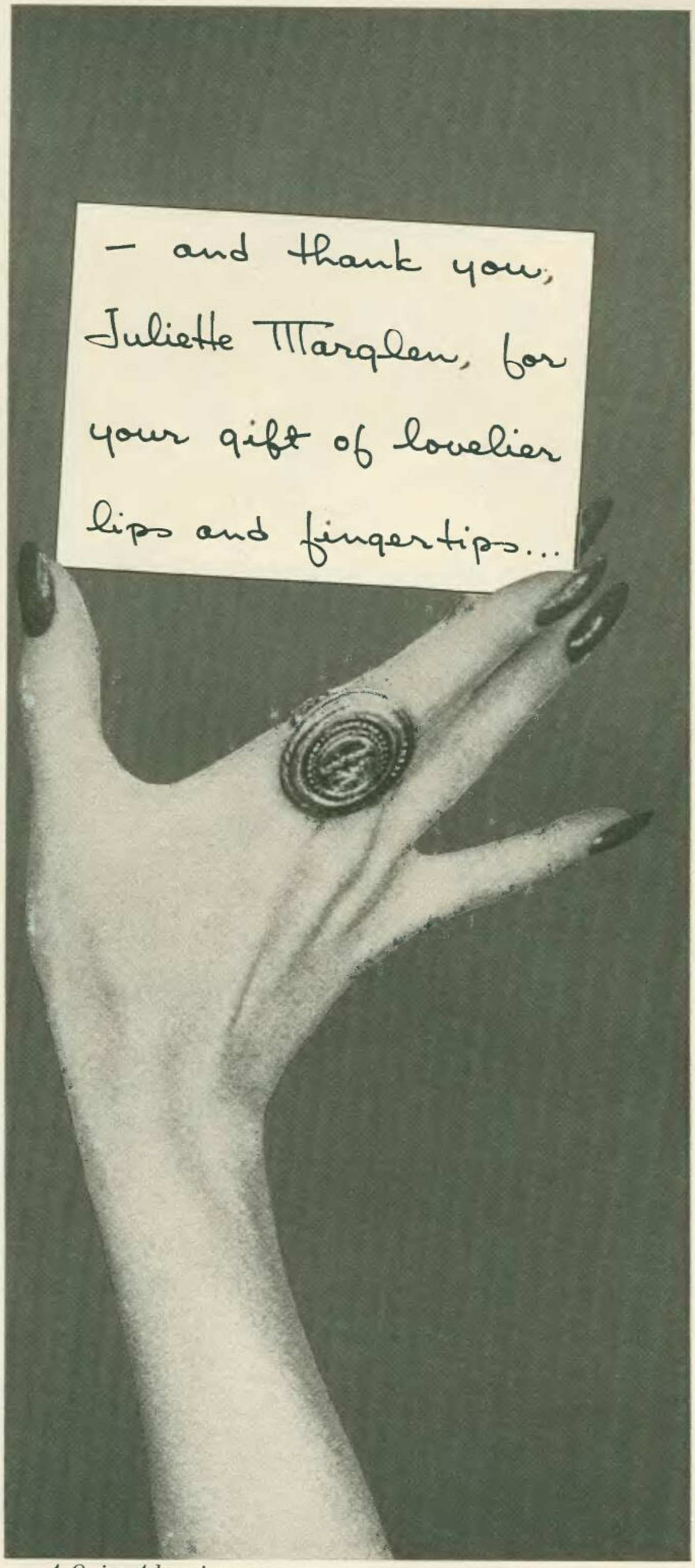

A Quiet Advertisement

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Cynthia . . . yours to love and cherish . . . Kirk's newest sterling pattern is slender, graceful and romantically lovely. 6-pc. place setting: flower-engraved, 37.50 plain, 35.00

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SPRING came at last, and we walked—where else?—along Spring Street. It was balmy and clear, and the sky was a thin, Manhattan blue. Two girls were playing potsy, and the gaming area, on the sidewalk, had been marked out with yellow chalk. A springy color, yellow, and full of reminders of birds who have returned because they like the weather here in the spring. We stopped for a while in the playground at the corner of Mulberry and Spring, and watched

a lady stir some chicken-noodle soup in a paper cup. She was stirring the cup of soup for a tiny, pink-cheeked lad in a baby carriage. He watched her stir the soup, and he smiled the smile of a boy who knows that he is about to be fed. The air was filled with brown rubber balls being tossed back and forth by boys in their shirtsleeves. There were bright shouts and bright smiles, and the weather seemed to be affecting everybody. "Nice warm day, isn't it?" a lady said to us. "Yes, Ma'am," we said. "Well," she said, "we have it coming to us, we have it coming to us. We've had a long wait this year." She, too, was tending a baby carriage, but she wasn't stirring chicken-noodle soup. Some old men were sitting on the benches in the playground, watching the kids play ball and watching the ladies with the baby carriages. Some of the men had their heads back and were dozing. We felt hungry, and dropped into a light, clean, beautifully tableclothed restaurant called Lombardi's, across the street from the playground. "How do you like the weather?" a waiter asked us. We said we liked it fine, and ordered a homemade antipasto, and some baked clams, and some *mozzarella* cheese, and some grapes. "The grapes come from South America," said the waiter. "They are seamless grapes—beautiful and very light green." We figured he meant seedless, and when they arrived, we dipped them in a bowl of cool water and admired their light-green color and springy taste. "It's been a long winter," said the waiter as we paid our check. "Everything's all right now. I'll take an hour off at four, and just walk around."

We left the restaurant and just walked around, and passed a spice store and a wine store, and we could smell cinnamon in the air, and vanilla. We passed the Pied Piper Press, and yarn houses, and a place that sold lemon powder, and in the yard of the Spring Street Presbyterian Church we saw a rosebush, with the buds peeping out tentatively. We passed a vegetable cart, and bought two eggplants. Two for a quarter. We could also have bought apples and bananas and tomatoes, but the eggplants were enough to carry. We passed Thurston & Braidich, importers of tonka beans, gum karaya, gum tragacanth, and gum arabic. We went into a wholesale doll store, and the man said he didn't have many dolls—dolls are a Christmas item—but he did have a beautiful doll blanket and a beautiful doll pillow, of deep-pink organza with embroidered ruffles, and pink roses, and stars of blue. He said that an eighty-nine-year-old lady who lives on Thompson Street, around the corner, had made the pillow and blanket. "The pillow has a cretonne center, and the lady's name is Josephine Giuseppa," said the man. We bought the pillow and blanket (one dollar), and soon found ourself, as we inevitably do, down by the water—along the Hudson, and then aboard a huge liner about to set sail. We went up to the boat deck and joined a group of passengers who were standing in the sun drinking Scotch-and-soda. They invited us to join them—it was that kind of day—and somebody made a toast to spring. We didn't ask where they were going, since it made no difference. The idea was to set sail in the sunlight. "Everybody is happy on a day like this," said a lady to us, clinking glasses. "Winter is over," said a man beside her. "*Bon voyage!*" we said to them. "Keep your eyes on spring." Then we walked home, with our topcoat over one arm.

Interim Home

A MUSEUM has to have a place to hang its hat, not to mention its Kandinskys, so the Guggenheim, having moved out of its home, on upper Fifth Avenue, pending the erection of Frank Lloyd Wright's great shell on the site, has been carrying on—comfortably, if not spectacularly—in a substantial house it has leased at 7 East Seventy-second Street. Thither we repaired last week, to inspect these interim quarters and an International Guggenheim Award exhibition of ninety paintings by seventy-two artists from twenty-three countries. We entered a lobby with a white marble floor enriched by inlays of mottled reddish and dark-

green marble, and gained the knowledgeable side of the Museum's director, James Johnson Sweeney, in a room dominated by the ten-thousand-dollar International Award winner—an abstraction by Ben Nicholson, the English painter.

"This was picked by a final jury of three European experts, who met for the purpose in Paris last November,"

Mr. Sweeney said. "Nineteen thousand-dollar prizes were awarded to paintings chosen by sectional juries. These pictures, along with seventy-six also selected for the show by the regional juries—four from each geographical section, in addition to the local prize-winning fifth—were eligible for the International Award, which, as it happened, didn't go to the English jury's first choice."

We took a long look at the United Kingdom's internationally snubbed local blue-ribbon number—"Jean and Still Life," by John Bratby. Jean, a naked lady with a mournful expression, was sitting at a kitchen table cluttered with a still-life arrangement of Corn Flakes, Shredded Wheat, Tate & Lyle sugar, and a profusion of other groceries.

"So busy with breakfast she didn't have time to dress," a man in a dark-blue beret said.

"Five Egyptian paintings were detained in Egypt because of the Suez trouble," Mr. Sweeney said. "Jean does have an Ancient Mariner stare, doesn't she? Her eyes kept following me around the room when we were hanging the pictures."

We went up a flight of marble stairs bordered with ivy and joined a bunch of art lovers that included Mrs. Henri Cartier-Bresson, two nuns, and Mr. Armand Erpf, a partner in the brokerage firm of Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co. Mr. Erpf, fully clad but with something of Jean's expression in his eyes, was gazing at "Ant-hill," an oil by Pierre Alechinsky, of Belgium, which only an abstract, or possibly abstracted, ant could have taken for home. "If you have two good pictures, you're a collector," he said to us. "I bought a Degas, a Miró, a Léger, a Ben Shahn, and a Max Weber a few years ago, and discovered, to my astonishment, that I was a collector."

We inquired what he thought of the Guggenheim's no-frame policy.

"In the case of many large paintings, the frame is an investment and the picture is a speculation," he said, rising above our question.

We rebuttonholed Mr. Sweeney and asked him for the dope on the house. He said it had been built by the late Oliver Gould Jennings in 1898 and was now owned by Mrs. Mildred Boos, who also owns No. 9, next door. "We needed a place in a hurry, and got this one on a sublease from Mrs. Ethel Brigham," he said. "This room used to be the ballroom. It had a crystal chandelier and a set of wall crystals, which we've stored and insured for ten thousand dollars. We've stored most of our paintings, too—over twenty-five hundred of them—in a warehouse. We *hope* we'll have storage room for all of them in the new building. We have twenty-one loan exhibitions out right now, including forty Kandinskys in Brussels and seventy-five of our top pictures at the Tate, in London. They'll go from the Tate to The Hague, then to Helsinki, then to Stockholm. Loan exhibitions are a big part of our business. Since we started them, four years ago, they've been sent to thirty-six states and the District of Columbia."

He took us on a tour of the house, and we ended up in a seventh-story penthouse.

"We do our conservation work here," he said. "The idea is to prevent damage on paintings from going any further. We cover disturbing bare spots. We don't disguise damage but keep it from obtruding."

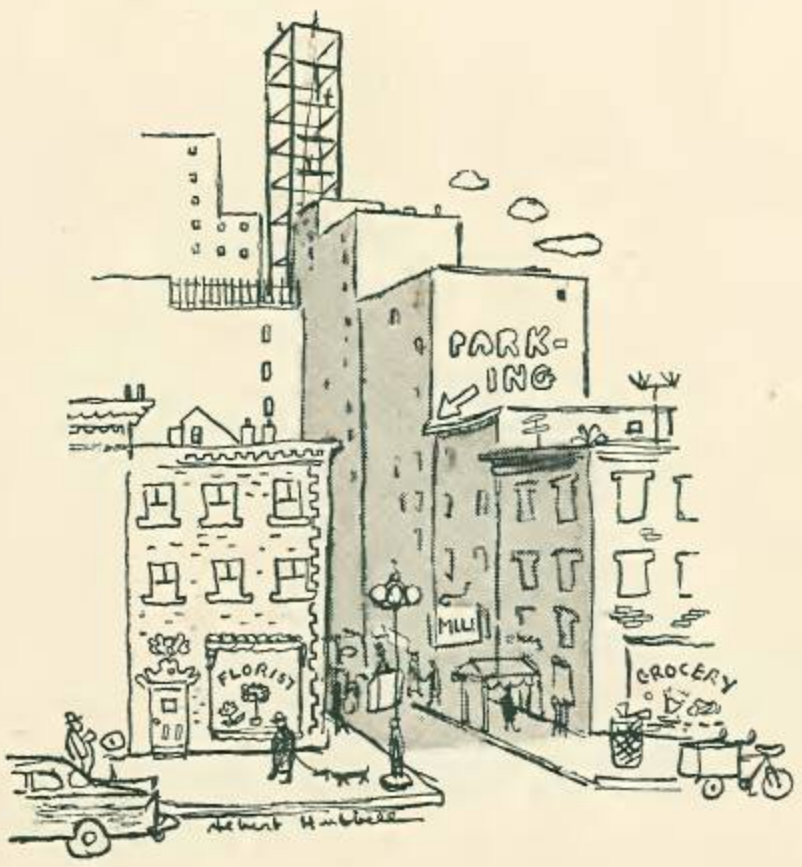
We thanked him and left, unobtrusively.

Splurge

A FRIEND of ours took his goddaughter to lunch in the Oak Room of the Plaza last Saturday, on her tenth birthday, and told her she could order anything she wanted. She did: cherrystone clams and a peanut-butter sandwich on rye.

Beauty and the Bank

A FINANCIAL outfit we'd like to do business with is the Bath County National Bank, of Hot Springs, Virginia. We got a case on the institution when a lady in Norfolk sent us a copy of a letter she'd received after closing out her account there, because she could no longer spend her summers in the Virginia mountains. "Dear Miss Joan," the letter runs. "We enclose your statement with all the checks we have paid in February. You may check your statement for outstanding checks before closing your account. We are surely going to miss seeing you this summer. And in missing you, we will think of you. Think of you mostly perhaps when the woods are white with dogwood in bloom and the air is heavy with the mixed scents of crab apple and honeysuckle or when our world is aglow with the beauty of a summer sunset, for we know how much you enjoy the beauty of our county, and how much you are going to miss these things. Sincerely, Bath County Bank."



Physiologist's Holiday

Q—Who was South America's first full professor of physiology?

A—Dr. Bernardo A. Houssay, pronounced "who sigh."

Founder and head of the Instituto de Biología y Medicina Experimental, in Buenos Aires, winner of a Nobel Prize in 1947 for his work in carbohydrate metabolism, and chairman of the Thursday-afternoon session of the recent New York Academy of Sciences conference on sulfas and diabetes, Dr. Houssay was in his room at the Taft Hotel the other day long enough for us to isolate him there. Against its yellow wallpaper he cut an impeccable silhouette. A middle-sized, owl-shaped man of sixty-nine, he wore a black suit, a graying mustache, and an air of Hispanic gallantry tempered by years of empiricism. "I begin to work at seven in the morning," he said. "I have no time. I work, I work, I work. Holidays, Saturdays, Sundays; I take no vacation in the summer. *This* is a holiday. I have come to this country eleven, twelve times. I regret that my visit must be so short. Had I time, I would visit lots of scientific institutes. I send the young men of Argentina here to learn science, but they will be importing politics, too. Good." Whereas in his profession he burns with a gemlike flame, in appearance he glows pinkly. He laid his good condition to having walked eighty or ninety blocks every school day between the ages of thirteen and sixteen. "I was," he explained, his brown eyes turning triangular, "*un chico precoz*—a precocious boy. I was industrious, and I had an excellent memory, which has since declined." His eyes subsided into nostalgic ovals. "At the

"O.K., but just one bong and out you both go."

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age of thirteen, when I had received my degree of Bachelor of Arts, I told my parents I would support myself. So I acquired a job with the French Hospital in Buenos Aires, a job that gave me room and board and two dollars and fifty cents a month, and attended the Pharmaceutical School, ninety blocks away. Having no money, I walked, until three years later I got my degree. Then I thought I should be a doctor, and became one. At twenty, I became assistant professor of physiology at the University of Buenos Aires. It is simple; I am the first full professor of physiology because I was the oldest. Now there are many. There were, in Argentina then, a number of colleges, but on the French and Spanish models—humanities, philosophy, practical medicine. Little research. My teachers, many of them, were trained outside, in Germany or France. There was influence in part from Italy, in part England, but mostly Germany and France. You had the same situation here. The American influence began to be felt on my continent in 1910, but strongly after the First World War. After 1920. Now I have many pupils from my country, Brazil, Europe, Canada. There are pupils of mine in New York City."

The Instituto de Biologia y Medicina Experimental was created by Juan Perón, quite unintentionally. "In 1943, I was professor of physiology in the Medical School of the University of Buenos Aires," Dr. Houssay continued. "When Perón declared himself, in effect, on the side of the Axis, I signed a declaration, with other professors, in favor of American solidarity and a constitutional regime. Within fifty minutes, it was all on the radio that I would be shot. Someone came to me and said I will be shot. I said, 'I will not.' They said, 'You will get out.' I said, 'No. I stay.' Nothing happened. I am one of the few persons never put in jail by Perón. But I was dismissed, of course, from my post. I rented a mansion and started the Instituto de Biologia y Medicina Experimental. Many people in my country, eighty or a hundred, gave me funds. Once, a truckload of test tubes was brought to me, and the driver said the charge was one peso. My landlord never asked for the rent. Your Rockefeller Foundation gave me equipment. American scientists subscribed to all the world's scientific journals for the Institute. This was very kind. Your National Institute of Health gave me some support for research we were doing. It is one craze of you Americans, to have all these associations. Perón—he would send me papers asking me to come and talk with him, but I thought, No. He was in politics and knew nothing of science, I was in science and cared nothing of politics."

We asked if it was true, as we had heard, that Dr. Houssay's students made themselves his personal guard and lined the streets to protect him. He pursed his scrupulous lips and replied, "No. It was not like that. There were things, yes. The prohibition of the mention of my name at the Medical School. It was supposed to be dangerous to be my friend. I remember once I in-

tended to lecture on the role of the pituitary gland in diabetes and was told I could not. I said, 'This is a medical lecture.' In the hall there, in the gallery, were thirty members of the police with the, ah, *ametralladoras*—machine guns—and the tear gas and two stenographers. Nothing happened. Only one thing—the car I arrived at the hall in was burned. The next day, when I was with the police about the car, they asked me what I had been doing and I said, 'Giving a lecture. You police have copies of it, perhaps with blank spaces.' The one bad thing about that period was that I could not form the young people. My country needs physiologists. Now the Institute is still going, as part of the Medical School of the University of Buenos Aires."

The present work of the Institute concerns many things, among them the general problem of metabolism and studies in endocrinology relevant to the cause and cure of diabetes, a disease whose immediate cause is a disturbance of the insulin mechanism but whose basic cause is in shadow. "In any part of the world," Dr. Houssay said, "between one and two per cent of people have diabetes, and it is getting worse. One, age is increasing, and, two, there is some heredity; that is, a cumulative effect. It is a sickness of the future. I do what I have always done—devote myself to the development of science and of young scientists. It is my one interest. I am an abnormal man."

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OVERHEARD in a Madison Avenue beauty parlor: "Put Mrs. Robinson in the bowl and blend her."

The Kindly Bite

OUR man Stanley, grasping a sheaf of yellow and white papers, burst into our office last Thursday evening and announced, in sepulchral tones, "I am a Daniel, lately escaped from the lions' den."

"What's got into you?" we inquired.

"I have seen a glowing palace transformed into a counting house," he went on relentlessly.

"You got any notes on this mishmash?" we asked.

He had, and here they are:

"Was passing down Lexington Avenue this afternoon, and came upon site of old Grand Central Palace. Closed eyes and thought of wartime days when I, semi-nude, went through Army medical examination in Palace. Remembered doctor reading *Daily News* comics while waiting to judge condition of draftees' hearts. Banished thought and sudden palpitations by opening eyes. Was confronted by three sandwich men advertising fact that quick assistance in making out income-tax returns could be had for five dollars nearby. Recalled that Palace is now Upper Manhattan office of Internal Revenue Service. Decided to take look inside. Glanced up main stairway from lobby and noticed that décor in expanses of first floor ran to pale green. So did complexions of many taxpayers swarming around information booth in lobby. Information booth morass of forms, supervised by harried usher in uniform. 'Could I leave this with you?' old lady in bombazine said to usher, proffering a return onto which a check had been clipped. 'Lady,' usher said, 'I don't have nothing to do with those things. You got to take them upstairs.' 'Bureaucracy!' said lady tartly. Found myself taken in hand by stout, red-faced gentleman, who seemed beside himself. 'Do you know what they just did to me?' he demanded. 'They got me down here not to discuss anything about current taxes. Oh, no! They got me down here to account for a rebate I got in 1952. They give you the money back, and then want to argue with you about whether you should have taken it. How do I know, I ask you, what happened in 1952? I barely know what happened in 1956.'

"Disengaged myself

"George's will is very simple. I get his money and Johns Hopkins gets his brain."

"Who in hell uses oil, anyhow?"

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from indignant gent and climbed stairs to first floor. Very crowded. Long lines of despondent-looking people lined up before counter leading to Information Department. Occasional oral outbreaks. Heard wisp of woman cackling, 'We stay here all day so the damned English can live like kings.' Heard another information seeker growling to neighbor, 'It's always the little ones they go for. The big ones have their lawyers and their accountants and the money to grease the right palms.' Neighbor nodded sympathetically. Sought out Information Department operative to find out how things were going in section. Was told all questions had to be cleared with W. J. McLaughlin, chief of administration, located on third floor. On way up in elevator, during stop at second floor, observed sign reading, 'DAR Branch.' Asked operator what DAR was doing in Palace. 'It ain't the old ladies,' he said. 'It's the Delinquent Accounts and Returns. Don't get in with them babies. They'll skin you alive.'

"Mr. McLaughlin turned out to be amiable type. Enthusiastic about work of Information Department. 'Up until a couple of nights ago,' he said, 'which was the last time we had a check, a hundred and fifty-six thousand people had been assisted by us. That is running ten thousand behind last year. We also had ninety-five thousand telephone inquiries about taxes. One marked change is the new self-help program that we introduced last year. Instead of having one agent for every client, we now have about one for every five. Under the self-help program, the client gets as much of the tax done as he possibly can, and only then does the agent step in to give him a hand.' Mr. McLaughlin presently said I ought to have a word with Mr. George Cocoros, in charge of Taxpayer Assistance Program.

"Headed for first floor again. Threaded way through morose taxpayers to Mr. Cocoros's desk. Fine-looking, upstanding fellow, nicely tailored in gray ensemble. Told me right off that he was having busy time of it. 'Maid's day off,' he said, 'so all the maids come down to get their tax returns fixed up. A lot of the people who are coming in are pensioners or people with annuities. We pride ourselves that no priest, no soldier, and no disabled person has to wait in line for our service. But what fakers we get! A guy was in with a big bandage on his finger and argued that he couldn't even write his name because of the injury. The way he was wiggling his finger around, I knew there was nothing wrong with it, but what could I do? Then we had a man who said he couldn't do anything about the tax return because he had drops in his eyes. He's got a hundred and five days in which to come here, so he picks the day he's got drops in his eyes. Usually, with the maids, there isn't much trouble in making out the return. Once we've computed it for them, they go to the ladies' room. I used to wonder why this happened all the time, and then one of our girls told me that they go there to unpin the cash for the tax. Right now, we've got seventy-five agents helping people figure out their taxes. That's a big staff, you'll admit.' Said it sure was, and headed for Lexington Avenue. Fell in with tall, glum taxpayer on stairway. 'You notice how neat and polite these Internal Revenue fellows are?' he asked. 'They keep them shined up that way. Same principle that's used by Willie Sutton and other high-toned burglars. They make it seem almost an honor when they fleece you.' Grabbed handful of forms from information booth, and proceeded to outside world."

In Memoriam

THE other evening, we were having a drink at the Grosvenor Bar, down at Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street, when an elderly lady, clutching a cane and the folds of a wine-red satin dress of ancient design, moved in beside us, creaked onto a barstool, and ordered a dry Martini. When the bartender brought the drink, the lady took a sip, grimaced, and turned to us. "I've been drinking these for many years, and I've never acquired what you might call a taste for them," she said. She grimly took another swallow, and we suggested that perhaps she might like some other concoction better. "Before dinner, one drinks Martinis," she said. "My husband insisted on that, even when his liver was at its worst. I often think how brave he was in keeping up his customs." She reflected awhile, and then remarked, "It's rather strange, but I'm beginning to think that this little sacrifice of mine to my husband's memory is very good for my appetite. One never knows, does one?" We agreed that one never does.

REPLY FROM A NON-COLONIST

LATELY I have found myself brooding about the preliminary stages of great voyages and pioneering adventures, and wondering how these undertakings were described in advance by the men who were to lead them. Did Columbus draw up a recruiting poster to attract sailors for his first voyage? If so, was it *specific* about his intentions and the estimated duration of the trip, and about accommodations below decks, messing arrangements, recreation, shore leave, opportunities for trade with local inhabitants, and the publication rights of future memoir writers? These questions have been gnawing at me for some time now—ever since I received a letter from Mr. George D. Krouse, of Vallejo, California, in which he invites me to become a pioneer sea colonist on a floating settlement in the South Pacific. I haven't answered Mr. Krouse yet, but this doesn't mean that I haven't been thinking about his offer. Every few weeks, in fact, I have picked up his letter and turned, with the resolute intention of making a decision, to its accompanying declaration form:

> I have decided to associate myself with those who are also interested in using their spare time in library research and in experimental work aimed at developing unconventional seacraft suitable for survival and balanced ecology in relation to the open Pacific Ocean . . .

I have even pencilled some notes on the margin, such as "Dietary Problems—Plankton? Cultured seaweed?," which indicate at least a dawning interest in balanced ecology. But I still can't make up my mind, and for that I'm inclined to blame Mr. Krouse more than myself. He simply hasn't given me enough information about his Wilrge (pronounced, he assures me, "will-urge") Research Association.

It is no accident, of course, that Mr. Krouse has picked me out as a man likely to be interested in unconventional seacraft. Some reflections of mine on the problems of crime detection in interplanetary space happened to be reprinted in the *Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, and there caught the eye of Mr. Krouse. Recognizing a forward-looking colonist's mind when he encountered one, he wrote to me, care of the *Magazine of F. & S. F.* (whose editor lives in Berkeley, California, not far from Wilrge headquarters), which kindly passed the letter on. Thus the link was forged.

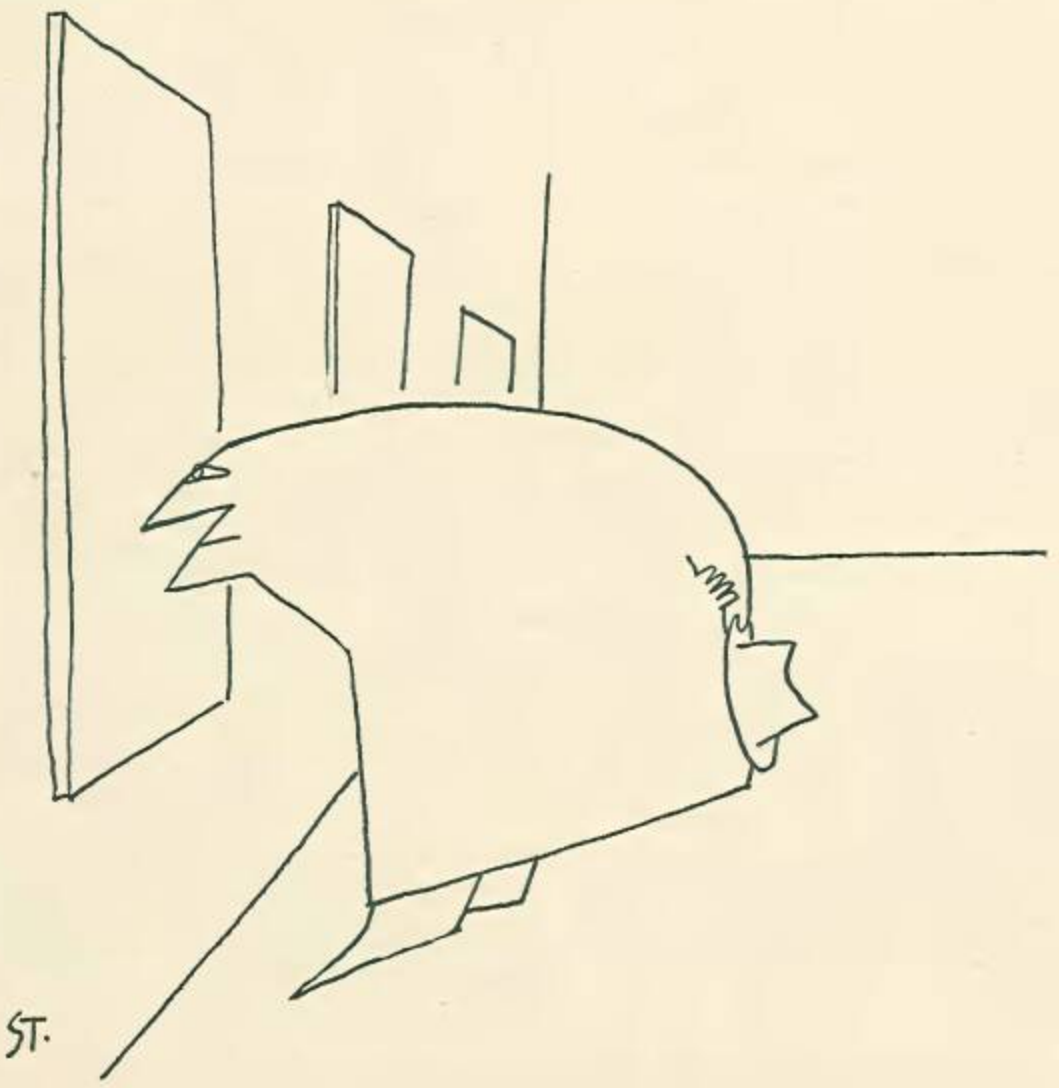
> We hope [Mr. Krouse's letter begins, without preamble] to develop Wilrge into a World Inter-Land Residents' Group Ecology, with first seacolony in the South Pacific area. The unconventional design of our floating homes, gardens and workshops is aimed at high stability in any weather: Bouyant [*sic*] bases conform to the pattern of waves and cushion up steady floors. Air-supported plastic domes offer protection from sun, salt-spray and rain. Wind and sun are used to power equipment. Etc.

This whole paragraph is typical of Mr. Krouse's niggardly way with facts. Almost every word in it raises more questions than it answers. For example, *where* in the South Pacific (an area of some thirty-six million square miles) does he propose to heave anchor? Just out of sight of land, within easy shopping distance of, say, Papeete? Or in less crowded waters, where we won't be distracted by anything except an occasional passing raftload of Scandinavian scientists? My postman, for one, will want to know, so that he can forward my periodicals. I am prepared to accept the need for some unconventionality of design in our floating homes and gardens; the pioneer sea colonist does not look for gravel paths and wide white staircases. But *what* are buoyant bases that "conform to the pattern of waves and cushion up steady floors"? An ordinary Kon-Tiki raft buoyantly conforms to the pattern of waves, but its floor, from all I read, isn't always steady, and sharks peer through the gaps between the balsa logs. A little more information here, please, Mr. Krouse. I'm a bit nervous, too, about those air-supported plastic domes. I am no scientist (except in outer space), but I have been under the impression that air can barely support its own weight, plus, from time to time, that of a little dust and pollen. I must assume that Mr. Krouse has licked this old problem, but if he can support plastic domes, then why can't he hang the whole sea colony in the air and cut down his overhead on all those floor-cushioners?

Most of all, though, my attention is held by the last word of the quoted paragraph—"Etc." Standing all alone out there, between two full stops, it may not be the shortest sentence ever written but it can't be far from the most pregnant. It has to cover the problem of anchorage. It must embrace agriculture, finance, cooking arrangements (it takes time to learn to cook by wind), type of government, relations with foreign powers, fishing rights, the sunburn problem, school curriculums, seasickness—all the hundred and one administrative details of sea colonization, which Mr. Krouse has presumably thought about and solved. Buried in there somewhere, too, are all the library research and experimental work I shall have to do if I sign the declaration form. "Etc." does not, however, cover Exports and Propagation. Mr. Krouse deals specifically with these subjects in his second paragraph:

> We need writers now to help in this development and later, as colonists, to produce additional value (fiction) for export to the mainlands. Also we expect difficulty in locating intelligent women willing to be founding mothers of the first Pacific seacolony. Science fiction writers have the communication medium most likely to reach such unusual women.

There is a dual appeal here that we science-fiction writers are going to find hard to resist. Not since Plato wrote his "Republic" has the status of imaginative thinkers in a group ecology been so clearly recognized. It's no small thing for a writer to have his product labelled as a valuable export, and inviting unusual women to become mothers is something that most men do not have the opportunity to do more than once or



twice in a lifetime. If there is a flaw in Mr. Krouse's agenda, it is that the additional value I am to produce for export is to take the form of fiction. Truth, I think, would find a readier market on the mainlands, at least in the early years of the sea colony. With titles like "I Was a Founding Mother," "Some High-Stability Problems in Floating Gardens," and "Our Penguin Ranch" at hand, it is prodigal for a writer to keep on turning out bizarre Martian romances.

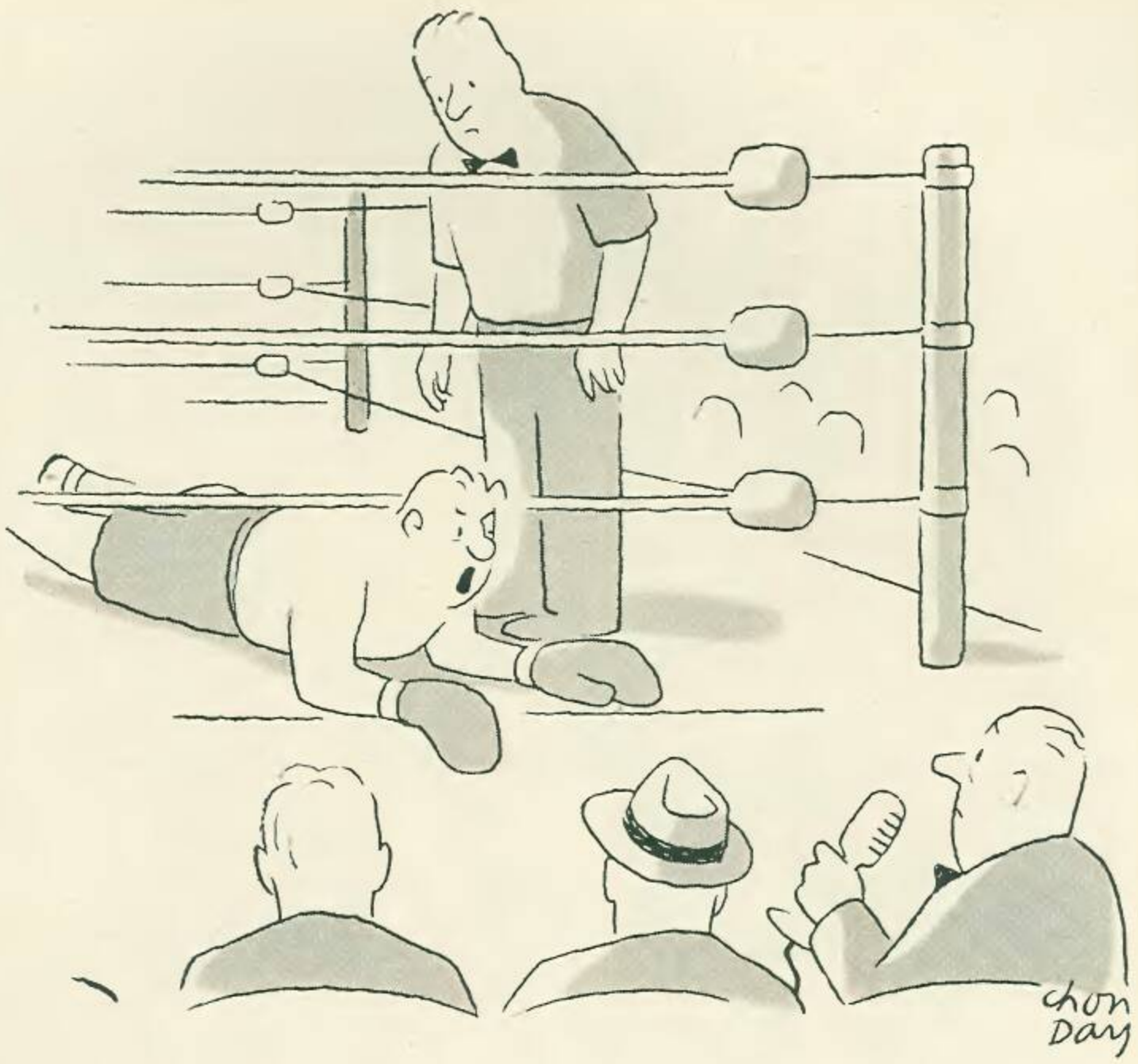
MR. KROUSE is absolutely right in his belief that science-fiction writers are in touch with unusual women. Our mailboxes are cluttered up with their letters every day, and our frustrated desire to make some adequate return to them for their friendly interest is something that we discuss frequently at science-fiction writers' conferences. Already my two typing fingers itch to be at work on a preliminary circular for Wilrge:

"Madam: May I appeal to you, an unusual woman, to associate yourself with our group in using your spare time to become a founding mother in the open South Pacific? We offer you high stability in any weather and nurseries on buoyant bases. Etc."

The thing writes itself. It would be legitimate, I think, to end this letter with the temperate appeal that forms the third, and last, paragraph of Mr. Krouse's own letter:

I sincerely hope that your current evaluation of your experience can provide motivation for your personal interest in our seacolony project.

But I am getting ahead of myself. It will be time enough to think of sending out circulars after I have signed the Wilrge declaration form, and this, I have just decided, I cannot bring myself to do. Not only must I promise all my future spare time to balanced ecology but I must also subscribe to the proposition that "I understand I will be responsible for supplying or securing loan of all supplies & equipment that are required in any research I elect to undertake." That strikes me as a bit unfair. Mr. Krouse may argue that if there is any particular piece of equipment I don't feel ready to supply, all I have to do is not undertake the research for which it is required. Superficially, I suppose, he's in the right; I could always start on some very small, inexpensive project, such as a method of quick-freezing jellyfish. But once you start researching, you never know where it's going to lead you. My bet is that Krouse himself began in quite a small way, roughing out a design for a houseboat for himself and the boys, and then suddenly found that he was the admiral of a sea colony. The last thing I want is to end up with a couple of windmills and a whole stack of helical gearing on my hands.



"I heard that remark!"

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No, Mr. Krouse, it won't do. If I answer all the subsidiary questions on this declaration, Wilrge is going to have a lot more information about me than I have about Wilrge. All it has divulged to me is a post-office-box number. There ought to be more give-and-take about the matter. The organization is welcome to my address, and I don't resent "Phone," "Age," "Born in," and "Male or Female." But "Major Studies" is something else again. Why should I reveal that I graduated, or very nearly, in Logic, Metaphysics, and Greek History down to 404 B.C. when I have no means of judging the demand for these subjects in a high-stability group ecology? Or take "Aptitudes, hobbies, training, experience of possible value in Wilrge (pronounced willurge) research." I can catch fish of moderate size (provided I can secure loan of supplies and equipment), and I know the principle of Archimedes. Also, as far as experience of value in the design of plastic domes goes, I could at a pinch put down, "Some knowledge of greenhouses." But I won't. I can't see why I should strip myself naked before a man who hardly bothers to lift the hem of his cloak. Come out into the open, Krouse!

One thing I will do, though. Right at the end of the declaration form is the phrase "I DO (DO NOT) live near the ocean or near a river that empties into the Pacific." I'll give him that one. I (DO NOT). I live near the Thames, a river that empties into the North Sea, carrying with it ships, mud, garbage, unusual women, old automobile tires, and—very soon now, I fear—one uncompleted, unsigned declaration form from the World Inter-Land Residents' Group Ecology Research Association.

—H. F. ELLIS

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Then it begins to happen! Perhaps a child has a sore throat, the car won't start or has a flat, an owl has come down the chimney and is perched on a picture frame, glaring at you with a diabolical expression. You get a call telling you that guests are arriving a day sooner than you thought.

As the day progresses, you stub your toe. You get a run in your last pair of stockings (you had been meaning to buy more). Little crises like these may ruin your day if you lose your sense of humor.—*Oklahoma City Oklahoman.*

Depends on the size of that owl.

"Bon appétit!"

THE AMBASSADOR

HENRY APPLEGATE liked familiar objects. Although his view of shaving was no different from that of most men, once he got down to it he rather enjoyed the process of working up lather in the meerschaum mug that had served two generations of Applegates before him. With time out for wars and minor trips, the mug had been in constant use since Grant's first year in the White House. It had accompanied Grandfather Applegate through the decades of his lacklustre service as a diplomat, and Henry's father had had it even longer. When the boys' turn came— But Mark and Ben, neither of whom was old enough to shave, had already announced that they would use electric razors. The mug, if it remained intact, would then attain the status of an heirloom. Henry liked the feel of it.

He had not got around to shaving until it was almost time for lunch. Gwen must have known how late he had turned in, and she had let him sleep through most of the morning. Nice of Gwen. Nice also of Gwen to have left him alone with Lucy so soon after dinner last night. As always, she had sensed when Lucy wanted to talk. It was not that Lucy talked any less freely to her mother; she had just grown used to trying things out on her father, to begin with. The boys did it the other way around.

Home on her first Easter vacation from college, Lucy had had a lot to say. Her French teacher had a beard, exactly the kind that Frenchmen are supposed to have. The Dean of Women was a sweetie pie. Ancient History was all right, but no more than that—much too superficial. There were saddle horses to be had not too far from campus, but the rates were absolutely criminal. She had been to Boston only four times since Christmas. You were simply strapped without a car. She was in love. The real thing, this time. He was a senior at Harvard, and his parents didn't understand why he should be studying to become an art critic—but Henry would. In fact, Henry would give him a job at the museum next year—yes? Alan was a wonderful-*looking* boy, though he could use an inch or two more in height. Make that three. She wished he'd learn to ride a horse. Didn't Henry think that criticism could be *creative*?

They had spent half the night talking in front of the open fire. Later in the day, Henry thought, he would have to get the boys out of the house and give Gwen a chance to be alone with Lucy, too. He would take the boys down to the old quarry and let them use the .22. They would like that. He dried the meerschaum mug and put it back in the cabinet.

Gwen came in, a little breathless, and handed him a shirt. "Quick, put it on," she said. "Anton's here. Out in the driveway with Lucy and the boys."

"Damn. I thought he'd crossed us off his list for good," Henry said. "How long has it been? Two years? Two and a half? I don't want this kind of shirt. I'm not going anywhere."

"*He's* dressed to the teeth. Including the teeth, in fact. Brand-new set—all white. Brand-new suit—tropical worsted. Brand-new Cadillac—robin's-egg blue. And all paid for. In cash. It was one of the first things he told us. Henry, where would Anton get that kind of money? Something crooked?"

"Not necessarily."

"Smuggling? You remember all those postcards from South America? Smuggling people across the border, you think? I'm sure it's something crooked."

"Not necessarily," Henry said. "If we give him a good enough lunch, perhaps he'll tell us."

"I wish he'd phone ahead before he shows up at mealtime. I asked him to, once, years ago. He said I'd only go to a lot of trouble and prepare something elaborate. I couldn't tell him it's more trouble this way."

"You could have. It wouldn't have made much of an impression."

He went to the bedroom to get a different shirt. Gwen followed him. Through the window they could see the driveway.

"My, that is a car," he said. "Is that what they call robin's-egg blue?"

"Henry, if he's involved in something crooked— Are you still in some way responsible for him?"

"I was never responsible for his morals. All I signed was a document affirming that he would not become a public charge. And even that's run out by now, I think. Does that car look as though he were on the point of becoming a public charge? *Your* cousins may all become public charges. Not mine. Why, at this rate he'll be running around in a Continental soon. Do you remember the times he walked here from the bus stop? Let's go down before the boys take his car apart."

The boys were playing with the knobs and buttons on the dashboard.

"Lucy thinks he's in some kind of awful racket," Gwen said. "She told me so downstairs."

"And she, of course, would know."

"Oh, I'd just hoped he'd never come again."

"So had I," said Henry. "But he's here."

AS a child, Henry had loved to hear his grandmother tell stories about Prague, where she had been born and, to some extent, bred. Even then, he had been vaguely aware that the stories did not always hold up (his grandfather had been third, not first, secretary at the American Consulate), but that did not make them any less absorbing. A mettlesome Czech patriot who shared her countrymen's traditional view of their neighbors to the south, she had been the first person Henry heard say, "If you have a Magyar for a friend, you don't need an enemy." After her death, there had been no one who wanted to keep up a correspondence with the brother she had left in Prague, let alone with his issue through the generations. Henry had not known he had a second cousin until a social worker named Mrs. Platt came to see him at his office in the museum. That was a couple of years after the war.

Anton was then in a displaced persons' camp somewhere in the American Zone of Germany. He had left Prague after the Communists took over, and he wanted to come to the United States. Mrs. Platt felt that he was an exceptionally deserving case. For one thing, he had spent most of the war years in German concentration camps. That he had survived at all was due to his skill as a goldsmith and watchmaker; the camp officials had kept him alive and busy, repairing watches and working on gold taken from Jews. It was to his credit, too, that he could not get along under the current regime in Czechoslovakia.

Mrs. Platt's agency had power to act only if Mr. Applegate or some other American citizen was willing to provide a guarantee that Anton would not become a public charge. Just a formality, she said. Red tape. The agency would assume full responsibility. Through its connections, it would have no trouble at all in finding work for a skilled goldsmith and watchmaker. Anton spoke good English; he had been studying it from the time he was a

small boy, always with the idea of one day coming to America. It was a matter of giving a man, a young man still under thirty, a chance to start life over again.

Henry sent his affidavit the following day, and received acknowledgment of it at once. Then he heard nothing until, two years later, Mrs. Platt telephoned him at his office. The young man was on Ellis Island, she said. The red tape had all been attended to. There was a job for him with a reputable jewelry firm, one of whose senior partners, a German Jew, had himself lived under Hitler. A furnished room with a fine Czech family, in Yorkville, had been secured, and the rent paid for a month in advance. Mrs. Platt was going out to the Island now. She thought she'd bring Anton back to her office late in the afternoon. Would Mr. Applegate like to meet him there?

Henry said he would indeed. Since it was Friday, he thought it might be pleasant if he drove Anton out to his place for the weekend. Anton could take possession of the furnished room on Monday.

"That would be fine," she said. "That might be just the thing."

When Henry arrived at her office, shortly after five, she came out to meet him in the waiting room. "He's in there," she said. "I wanted a word with you first. He's— not what you'd call communicative. Maybe I haven't found the right approach. He does speak English. He— Good heavens, he looks like you! You could pass for brothers. Twins, if he weren't younger. And you're only cousins."

"Second cousins."

"Remarkable. Well, he's in there. He seems eager to start working. He wants to change his name from Havranék to Byron. Anthony Byron. I guess it's all right. Anybody who's spent four years in places like Neuengamme and Buchenwald is entitled to any name he likes."

"Did he tell you why they put him in a camp in the first place?" Henry asked.

"We haven't talked about it," she said. "Let me see, now. The original arrest was made in Hamburg. Anton— Anthony—was representing his Czech firm there. I think he was accused of arranging to help a Jew escape. Then, once they had him, that was it. They found him useful. He made trinkets for the S.S. men, worked on watches. Maybe you'll find him more willing to talk. Please don't press him."

"I wasn't going to."

"Oh, I'm sorry. You wouldn't, of course. I was just doing my professional duty. Would you like to meet him now?"

They went in. Mrs. Platt had not exaggerated. Anton could easily have passed for Henry's brother. His eyes were on the same level, and for Henry it was like looking into a mirror that made him appear ten or twelve years younger. Somebody, he thought—the great-grandfather they shared, or somebody—must have spawned the mightiest genes on either bank of the Moldau. For all he knew, it gave Anton a turn to catch a glimpse of himself as a man of forty. The resemblance diminished, though, when Anton opened his mouth. He had a full set of teeth made of a dull metal alloy. He wore an ill-fitting, unpressed suit of a material that had begun to fade in irregular patches. Everything he owned was in a cardboard valise not much larger than a briefcase. He would not let Henry carry it.

DOWNSTAIRS, the combined effect of that suit and that valise made Henry a bit self-conscious about his car, which was an Oldsmobile less than two weeks old. It had never been rained on. Henry still had that Oldsmobile the morning, three years later, when Anton showed up in the blue Cadillac. By then, it had run many thousands of miles and its fenders bore the marks of Lucy's course in driving, but it was in showroom condition the day Anton first saw it, and he took a long look before he got in. He asked, "Are you rich?"

"I'm afraid not," Henry said.

"In Europe, if you owned nothing only this car, you would be."

His accent was just slightly reminiscent of what Henry remembered of his grandmother's. Besides the Czech, there seemed to be a little German in it, and some British. There were no "th" sounds and no "w"s. And he had a number of expressions that he might have picked up from the Americans who supervised the D.P. camp; "rakeoff" was one.

Driving up Fifth Avenue, Henry made a few attempts to call his cousin's attention to a notable building, a landmark, a store window. Anton barely glanced at each. He did not crane his neck at the Empire State. He uttered a faintly nasal "Mmm" as they passed Radio City. Somewhere Henry had read of the emotional torpor that often settles permanently over people who have spent many years in concentration camps. The writer had compared it to accidie, the sloth that loomed in some monastic theologies as not only the deadliest of the seven deadly sins but the source of all the others. Henry thought of it that afternoon as the possible cause of Anton's apparently total lack of interest in the City of New York. Later, it seemed more as though Anton were making it a point of honor not to let Henry see he was impressed. "Mmm," he said in response to a comment about the Metropolitan Museum.

Farther uptown, he did incline his head a little as they drove by the museum of which Henry was curator. He even asked what the duties of a curator might be. Henry told him, and, in a burst of relief at this first sign of mild interest, went on to describe how the staff had gone about establishing the authenticity of a Tiepolo etching—rather an involved process. Anton said, "So I suppose part of your income is the rakeoff from the dealers."

Henry turned his head to look at him. Anton was not smiling.

"No," Henry said.

"No?"

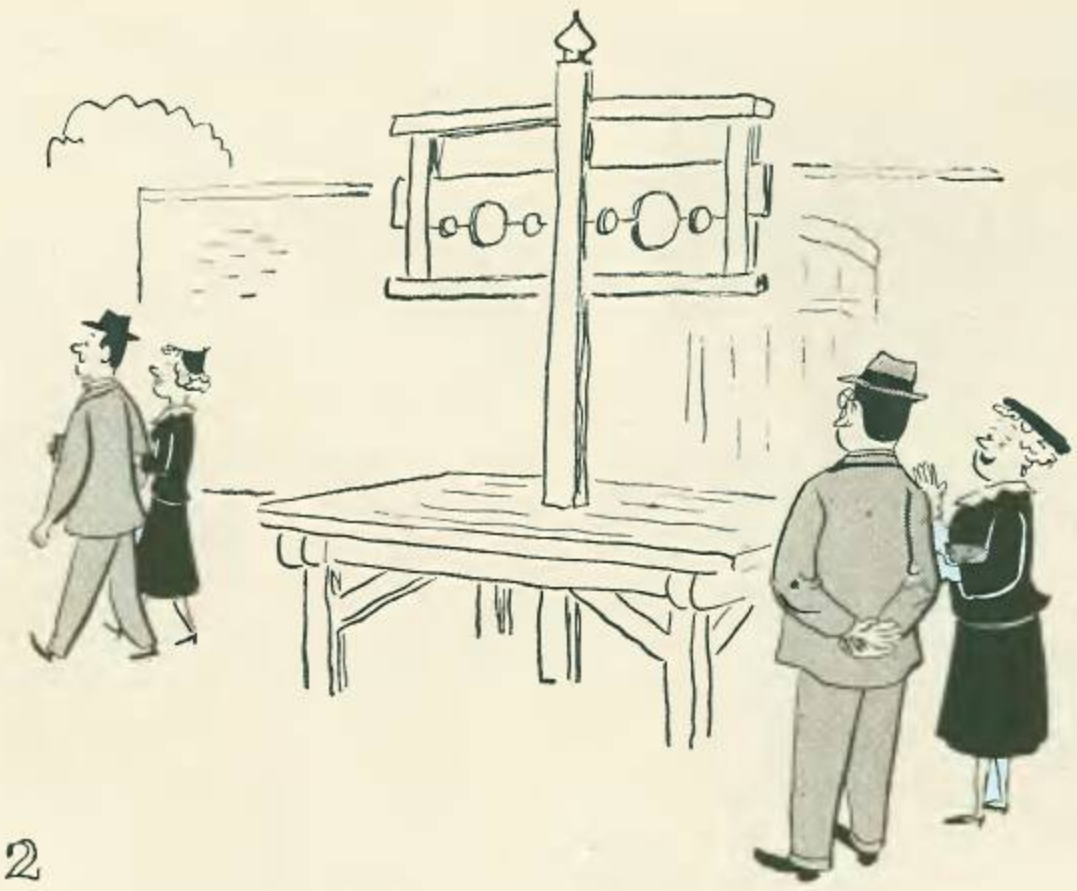
"No."

"You buyed this car out from the salary they pay you?"

"Yes."

"Mmm," said Anton.

To reach the Applegates' house, which was in a village called Brandy Point, in the Highlands of the Hudson, they had to cross the river. Henry wondered whether it would be more interesting for his guest to go over



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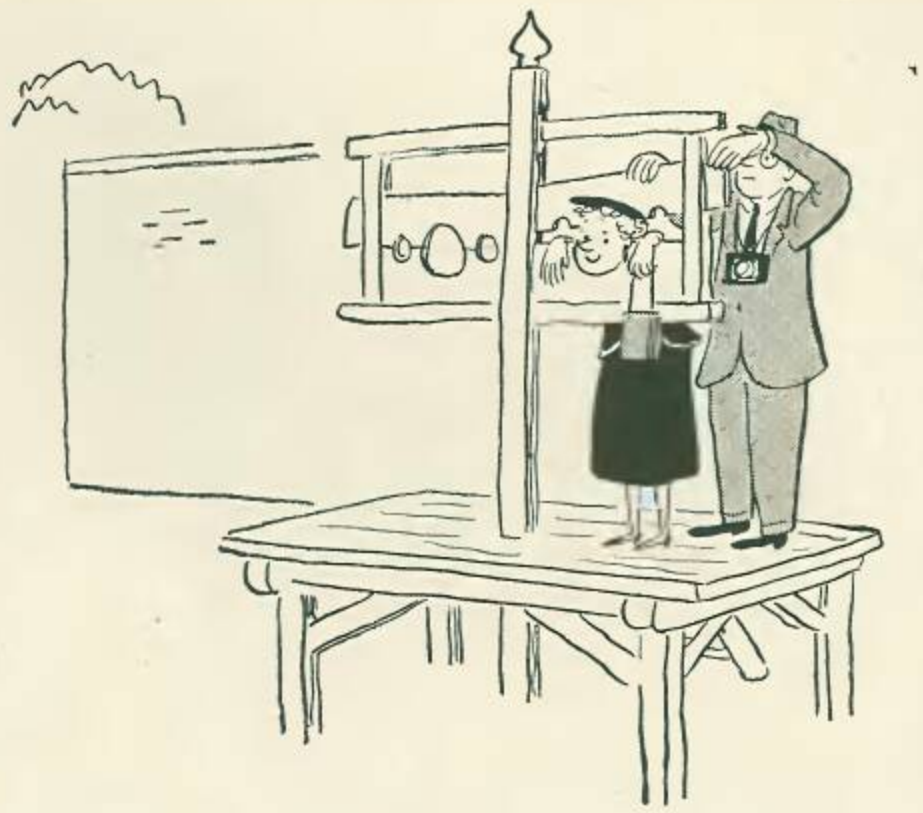

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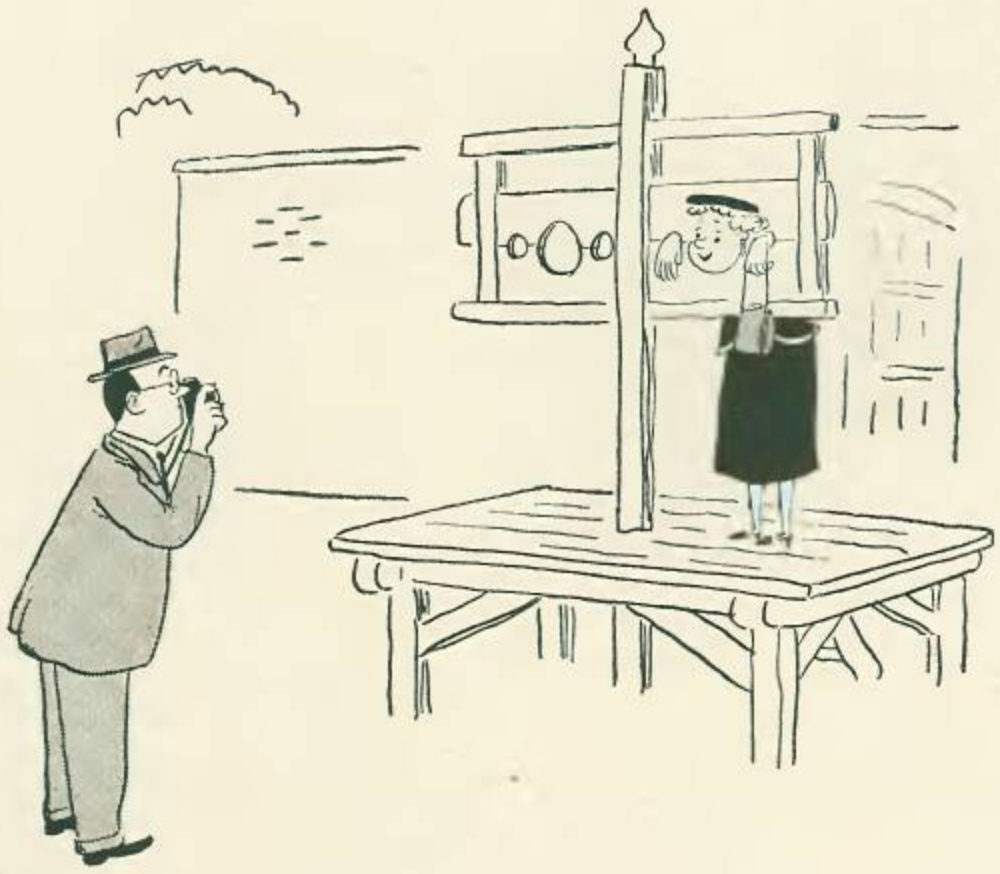

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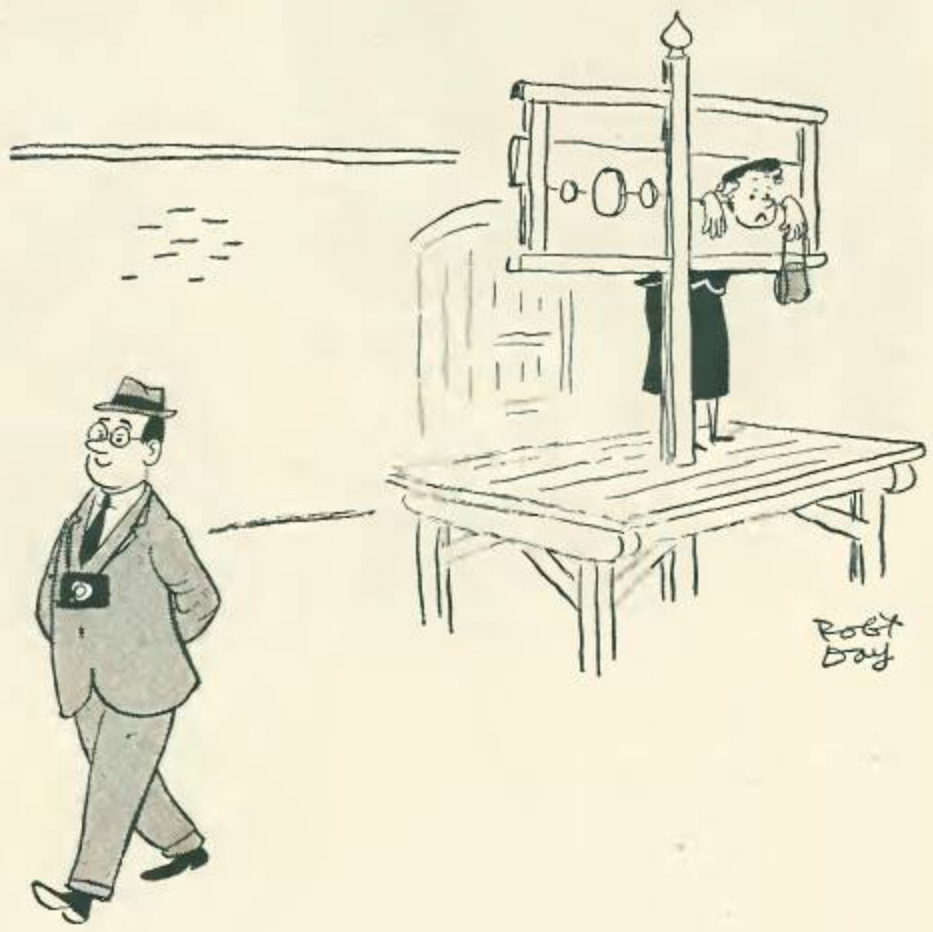

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by ferry or across the bridge. From the ferry Anton might have got a more leisurely view of Manhattan, but Friday-evening traffic on the George Washington can be something of an experience, too. They took the bridge. Anton did not consider the traffic worthy of remark, but he did ask how much Henry had paid at the tollgate. Then he wanted to know when the bridge had been built and what it had cost. Henry gave him the approximate date and made an estimate in the tens of millions.

"But this means the bridge have been paid for already," Anton said.

"Maybe several times over. I don't know. There's maintenance, of course."

"So where goes all the money?"

Henry gave him a moderately well-informed account of the workings of the Port of New York Authority.

"I mean who gets rich from all the half dollars?" Anton asked.

"Why, I don't believe anyone does, really."

"No?"

"No."

"No rakeoff, you don't think?"

"No."

"Mmm."

Some miles north, on the Palisades across from Yonkers, Henry stopped to give Anton a view of the river, and offered to put a dime into one of the telescopes mounted there, but Anton declined. "How far you live from the city?" he asked.

"A little over twenty miles."

Anton transposed miles into kilometres in half the time it would have taken Henry. "And you are sure that is safe from atom bomb?" he asked.

"No, I'm not sure. I like to think so—hope so, let's say."

"Wind could bring the radioactive up the river between hills."

"Wind could also blow it out to sea. That's what I'm counting on."

"You do not worry?"

"Not often."

"Mmm. You were in the war?"

"Yes."

"Army?"

"Navy."

"You have been bombed?"

"Just once. Off Okinawa."

"Did it hit?"

"No."

"You were on big ship?"

"Aircraft carrier. Pretty big."

"Those ships are nice and clean," said Anton. "That is the way to fight in the war. You live to tell."

He doesn't feel like staring across at Yonkers any more, Henry thought. And I don't feel like telling him about the Lexington and the Wasp. All right. I had an easy time in the war. Let it go at that.

They were both quiet during the rest of the drive to Brandy Point. Henry

"If you ask my opinion, I think she's on the make."

• •

wondered whether that nasal "Mmm" was a noncommittal sound or one of active disbelief.

As they pulled into the Applegates' garage, Anton looked at the station wagon in the other space. "Yours?" he asked.

Henry nodded.

"You do trucking?"

Before Henry could begin explaining the uses of a station wagon, Anton's eyes were fixed on the house. It was a white frame house, well built by Henry's father shortly after Henry's birth. Set on top of a hill that sloped down to the river, it received its shelter from a remarkable group of trees, which enjoyed great local celebrity by reason of size and age. Because of the trees, there was just one other house visible from any of the windows, and only part of its roof, at that. A family of raccoons lived in the large elm behind the garage. The flagstones in the terrace probably had some salt content, because Henry had seen as many as five deer licking them at once. The squirrels and the chipmunks liked them, too.

"In Europe," said Anton, "a man who owned two cars would have a house made from stone. Or brick."

Gwen and Lucy met them at the door. The boys were down in the basement, Gwen said, with a snapping turtle they had caught beside the pond. Lucy offered to take Anton's valise, but he would not hand it over. Lucy was fifteen that year—a tall, slender, awkward, lovely child. She played the piano a lot and wrote poetry. Henry doubted whether any one of the poems could be described as good, but each had a line or two that surprised and delighted him.

At dinner, Anton wanted to know why, in a house supplied with electric lights, candles were used to eat by. Somewhat to Henry's surprise, he accepted Gwen's answer without making the nasal sound. In fact, he made it again only when they settled down to coffee in front of the fire. He said it was foolish to waste wood in a house with central heating.

"He's right," said Lucy, though usually it was she who insisted on having a fire. (She could not take her eyes off Anton. She and Henry had been talking about him only a few weeks before; afterward she had found a book about German concentration camps and had spent an afternoon reading every word of it. Images based on the nightmare photographs had cropped up in two of her poems.) "Now he's going to write his people in Czechoslovakia and tell them how foolish we are."

"I have no people in Czechoslovakia," Anton said.

"No parents?" She had been told not to question him, but the words slipped out.

Anton did not appear to mind. He said, "My father died when I was little boy. My mother was killed when the Russians cannoned the village."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Lucy said.

"Is all right. I did not like her very much."

"You must have," she said. "Everybody does. Most everybody."

"Not most everybody," Anton said. He seemed to be amused. His smile showed the upper row of the dull metal teeth. "Do you remember the Ten Commandments? He tells you must honor your father and your mother. He tells nothing about you must honor your son and your daughter. Why? Because people honor their children without somebody tells they must. To like your father and your mother, this must be Commandment. If most everybody liked his father and his mother, it would not have to be Commandment. You understand?"

"I suppose it's one thing to honor them and another to like them," Lucy said. She kept winding her watch, rather nervously.

"Don't do that, dear," her mother said. "You'll break it."

"Then I will fix," Anton said.

He stared into the fire, and talked a little about how he happened to learn watchmaking. As a trained goldsmith, he had at first been put to work at his own trade in the Neuengamme camp.

For the most part, his job consisted of making rings and other negotiable jewelry out of gold taken from the mouths of inmates, dead or alive. This was a private, local enterprise, and Anton remained for a time under the protection of the S.S. man in charge of it. But then the government placed the camp on a sounder bookkeeping basis, and there was a steady fall in the supply of gold that could be held out for local use. So Anton and another young man in the shop decided to learn watch-repair work under an old Jew, whom they kept alive out of their scanty food rations. In due course, Anton and his friend, Otto Pflaum, were transferred to Buchenwald as expert watchmakers. There were thousands of watches to repair at Buchenwald, though their owners no longer had use for them.

"He did a bad thing there, my friend," said Anton. "You see, he was the messenger. He carried the watches from our shop to the office of the *Untersturmführer*. And when he was not sure he had did good job, he changed the tickets. And that put the responsible to somebody else, and so two watchmakers got hanged for sabotage. Fifty with the strap and then hanged."

"Hanged?" Lucy repeated.

"Yes. With rope. And almost I was third, but they let me go with the fifty and some other things. Very trickful man, Herr Otto Pflaum. From all the people I knowed, the first to go to America. Rich now, I hear. Someday I will meet with him."

"What will you say?" Lucy asked.

"To Otto? I will say good morning, how are you, glad to see. Show me how to get rich, I will say."

"That's all? To *him*?"

"What else? What you think, Miss? I am the Graf Monte Cristo? Revenge? No, no. If I responsible Otto, then why not the *Untersturmführer*? Why shall I not responsible the *Hœuptsturmführer*? Or the *Obersturmbannführer*? No, no. I live. Otto lives. He has mark like this on his arm, but he lives. So I say him good morning, how are you, glad to see. Show me how to get rich." He pushed his sleeve up, and on his forearm there was a tattooed number so large that it reached from his wrist halfway to his elbow. It was a number in the millions, Henry thought, or at least in the hundreds of thousands. The first two figures were in red, the rest in blue. Henry's eyes turned to Lucy. Her fingernails were dug deep into the flesh of her thin arm. He tried to think of something to say, but Gwen was quicker. In her subject-changing voice, she said, "How could he have got rich in so short a time? With taxes as they are."

"Anybody can make money in this country," Anton said. "What is rich? A million dollar? I will have that."

"That'll be nice," Gwen said.

And so the rest of the talk, that first evening, was devoted mostly to the tax structure. Henry could answer some of Anton's questions easily enough, but many were well beyond a layman's competence. Lucy went upstairs, and after a while Gwen suggested that the adults go, too. Anton was taken to his room and shown where things were. He stopped as he passed the window.

"You left the bicycles out," he said.

"It's all right," Gwen said. "It isn't going to rain."

"Will they not be stealed?"

"No."

"That is what I meaned," he said. "One million dollar. Anybody can get rich in this country. You are a country of innocent."

Henry was in his pajamas before he remembered to say good night to Lucy. She was lying awake in bed.

"He looks so much like you," she said. "All those things could have happened to you."

"But they didn't. Go to sleep, girl. It's late."

"Why are his teeth made of metal?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "Go to sleep. He'll be all right now. We'll help him."

IN the morning, Anton said he wanted to go back to New York. He would not say why, and he insisted. Henry of-

A FLOCK OF GUINEA HENS SEEN FROM A CAR

The lute and the pear are your half sisters,
The mackerel moon a full first cousin,
And you were born to appear seemly, even when running on
guinea legs,
As maiden-formed, as single-minded as raindrops,
Ellipses, small homebodies of great orbits (little knots
at the back like apron strings),
Perfected, sealed off, engraved like a dozen perfect
consciences,
As egglike as the eggs you know best, triumphantly
speckled . . .
But fast!
Side-eyed with emancipation, no more lost than a string
of pearls are lost from one another,
You cross the road in the teeth of Pontiacs
As over a threshold, into waving, gregarious grasses,
Welcome wherever you go—the Guinea Sisters.

Bobbins with the threads of innumerable visits behind you,
As light on your feet
As the daughters of Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street,
Do you ever wonder where Africa has fled?
Is the strangeness of your origins packed tight in those
little nutmeg heads, so ceremonious,
partly naked?
Is there time to ask each other what became of the family
wings?
Do you dream?
Princess of Dapple,
Princess of Moonlight,
Princess of Conch,
Princess of Guinealand,
Though you roost in the care of S. Thomas Truly, Rt. 1
(There went his mailbox flying by),
The whole world knows you've never yet given up the secret
of where you've hidden your nests.

—EUDORA WELTY

"You're not fit to worship the ground I walk on!"

• •

fered to drive him there, but he refused, with finality. All he would accept was a ride to the bus stop. There he took the Applegates' address and phone number. "Soon," he said, "I will give signal of myself."

When Henry got home, Gwen said, "The thing that frightens me about him is that he practically never changes his expression. Did you notice that? He's all twisted up, poor fellow."

"So would I be," Lucy said, almost harshly. "So would you, if you'd been through all that."

"Yes, darling. Yes, of course." Gwen turned to Henry. "Please call him next week and see that he's all right, won't you?"

Henry promised he would call.

On Monday, he got the telephone number from Mrs. Platt, and in the evening he rang up the Czech family in Yorkville. But Anton had already moved away. He had given no reason, the man who answered said, and had left no forwarding address.

On Tuesday morning, Henry called Mrs. Platt.

"Yes, I know," she said. "I just talked to him at the jewelry place. Apparently, he wants to be on his own. I didn't press him for his address, but I told him the immigration people would have to know. He said he would notify them at once. I guess we can always reach him at Wright & Schindler's, where he works. But I think I'd leave him be for a while—wait till he gets his bearings. Funny boy."

Just how much Anton wanted to be on his own, the Applegates found out the following week, when they got his first letter:

DEAR HENRY:

Here is ten dollar. It will I believe pay for my automobil ride to Brandy Point and for my room and for the meals. It is out from my first salary. So you see I pay my way so I will not be a public charge or your charge. Thank you for lending me this money. I consider it a lending. Mr. Schindler says he likes my work. I will see you in the future.

With high regards I remain,
ANTHONY BYRON

About a month later, just before lunch on a Sunday, Anton showed up in Brandy Point. He had walked the two miles from the nearest bus stop. He had acquired a new pair of shoes and all sorts of other new clothing. He would not hear of taking his ten dollars back. As a matter of fact, he had brought Lucy a box of candy, as payment, he said, for the lunch he knew the Applegates would want him to eat. Again, all he would accept was a ride back to the bus stop.

THESE unannounced visits of Anton's, always on Sunday, continued for something less than a year. He never failed to bring a small gift in exchange for his lunch, and he never appeared when the Applegates had guests. Gwen thought he reconnoitred the terrain first and, when he saw a strange car in front of the garage, simply took the bus back to New York. From time to time, she professed to see an improvement in what she called his general attitude. Gwen, who came from Indiana, had great faith, not always shared by Henry, in the healing powers of life in the United States.

She was jubilant when Anton turned up on the day before Christmas and put in several hours helping the children with the tree. After the tree had been trimmed, and the presents (among them were two, originally intended for Henry, that now carried Anton's name) heaped under it, she succeeded in persuading him to spend the night. The gifts were to be opened on Christmas day after dinner.

The next morning, Henry came down late. Everyone else had had breakfast, and Gwen had started to prepare a turkey for the oven. When Henry had finished eating, she said, "I'm glad you slept well last night. We had trouble. Lucy. I guess you didn't know they stayed up after we turned in."

"Who stayed up?"

"Lucy and Anton. They were up till half past one. About half past three, I thought I heard her crying in bed, and I went in there, and sure enough. She still hadn't had a wink of sleep. He'd been talking about the camps again."

"Damn, I've told him not to," Henry said. "I've told him what it does to her."

"This time, he must have gone on and on. He told her about a boy who was forced to watch while his father—Oh, you can imagine the sort of thing. And he showed her his back. She says it's just a mass of scars from that whipping. She felt them. All rough, up and down his whole back. I had to stay with her most of the night. If he'd only talk to you, instead. Or me. Or even the boys. They've heard him talk, and it doesn't seem to affect them much. They like him. He did a beautiful job of fixing the brakes on Mark's bicycle."

"They're not Lucy. And they haven't read that book or seen those photographs. Is he with her now?"

"They're all down in the basement," Gwen said.

"One of these days, I'll have to tell him to go to hell."

"No, don't," Gwen said. "But I wish he'd do his talking to you or me. Lucy isn't equipped to handle it—not yet. Last night, it just broke her down. She kept wanting to know if anything like that could happen here. To you, mostly. She kept saying how much he looks like you. It was starting to get light when I finally got her off to sleep."

Henry went down to the basement. The boys were playing ping-pong, and Anton was sitting with Lucy on the old porch swing that Henry had rigged up near the hot-water tank. ". . . like a sandwich," Anton was saying. "First the bodies, then the mix of lime, and then more bodies . . ."

"Lucy, your mother wants you up in the kitchen," Henry said. "She thinks it's about time you learned how to stuff a turkey."

"Right this minute?"

"Yes."

She looked at him and saw that he meant it. He waited till she was gone, and then he said, "Anton, remember my asking you not to talk to her about the camps?"

"I remember. I do not understand why not."

"I explained it to you then. She takes it hard. Much too hard, harder than you'd think. She was up most of the night. She cried. She's very fond of you, you know. She imagines all those things being done to you and it's almost more than she can stand. If the—"

"All those things are true. They happened. I saw."

"Of course they're true. And Gwen wants to hear about them, and so do I. But—"

"You want Lucy should live in fairyland? Lucy is not child."

"In some ways she is," Henry said. "In others she's a remarkably intelligent young lady and you can talk to her about anything you like. If you'll just leave the camps out of it. Gwen and I—"

Anton broke in again. "You mean she is young lady, young gentlelady, and too high"—he stopped for a moment in search of a word—"too high and too good to hear the bad things I say. So. Is easy. I stop talking."

He walked past Henry and up the stairs. Henry followed him slowly part of the way. He heard Anton's voice in the kitchen, and the voices of Lucy and Gwen. They were all casual, even gay; they were discussing the turkey. Fine, Henry thought. We'll wait till after dinner and then soothe such hurt feelings as may show.

The boys called after Henry, begging him to play ping-pong. He went back down, and played for the best part of an hour.

When Henry and the boys went upstairs, Anton was gone. He had taken off without his dinner and without having said goodbye to anyone in the house. Gwen and Lucy had assumed he had returned to the basement.

Henry and Mark drove to the bus stop on the chance of catching him there, but the bus had passed ten minutes before.

"What a goofy thing to do," Mark said.

SEVERAL times during the next few days, Gwen asked Henry to call Anton at Wright & Schindler's; they still did not know his home address. Henry decided not to. The truth was, he looked forward to a whole series of Sundays without Anton. And when he got them, he enjoyed them. It took three months for his conscience to catch up with him. Then he called Wright & Schindler's only to find that Anton no longer worked there.

He tried Mrs. Platt.

"I thought you knew," she said. "I'm afraid he lost that job."

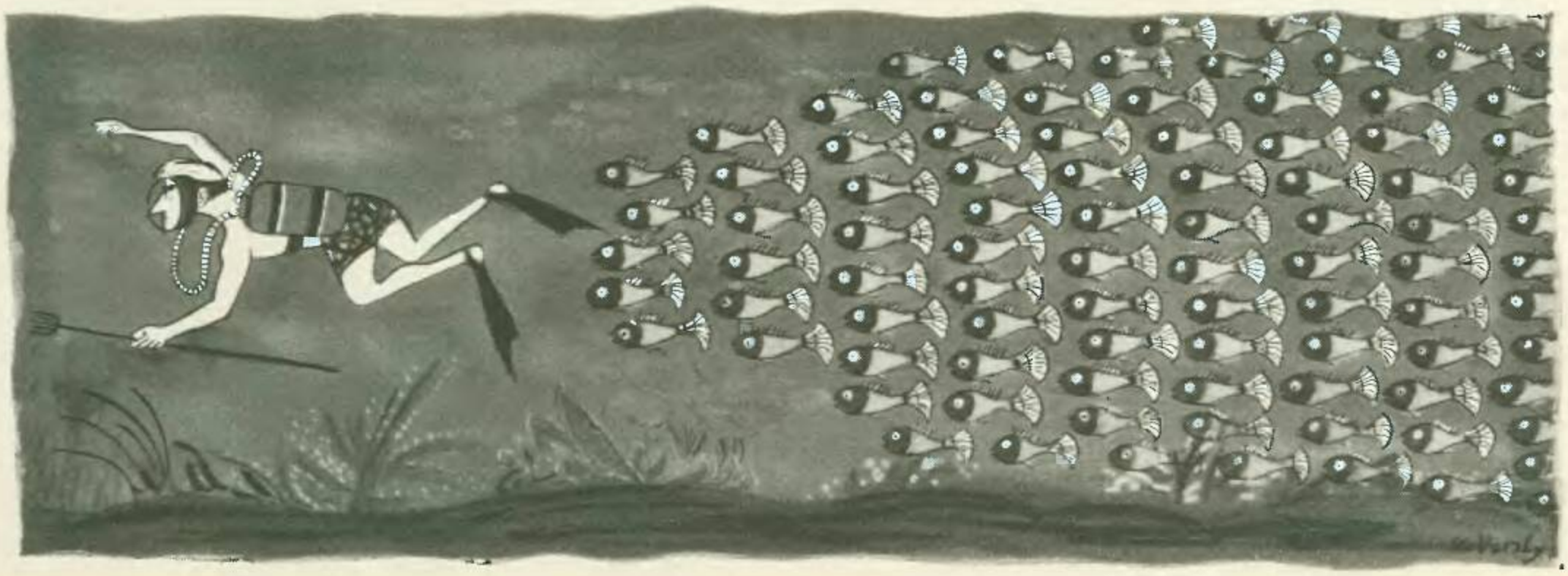
"I didn't know."

"Well, it was quite some time ago. Mr. Schindler rated him pretty high, and felt sorry it had to end that way. But it seems the other workers got together and said if your cousin didn't leave, they would, in a body. They threatened to take it to the union. Personally, I don't see what they could have based charges on. All they'd say to Mr. Schindler was they didn't want to work in the same room with him. They said he was surly, wouldn't answer them, made the place unpleasant. That isn't anything for a union to act on. Mr. Schindler tried to tell them about the awful things in Germany, but it didn't help. Did you find him as unpleasant as all that?"

"He's not the jolliest of companions," Henry said.

"So, practically overnight and entirely on his own, he found another job that paid much better," Mrs. Platt said. "But he quit that one, and now he's in business for himself. Just what it is, I don't know. He's on the road a lot. Maybe that's why he hasn't been going to see you. He checks in with the immigration people all right. I wouldn't be too concerned. He seems well able to look after himself."

Whether or not Anton was able to look after himself, he did spend a lot of time on the road. A month or two after the conversation with Mrs. Platt, the Applegates got a card postmarked Rio de Janeiro. It was a view of Sugar Loaf Mountain, and on the back Anton had written, "Grietings, A. Byron." After that, there were cards from Mexico City, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Havana, and Des Moines, always with



the same words: "Grietings, A. Byron." The only time Anton varied the formula was when he sent one from Buenos Aires. That one said, "This city is not so inosent. Not enough Americans, too many from Europe. Respectfully yours, A. Byron."

Between the time the card came from Havana and the time the one came from Des Moines, a fat man named Stephen Osička called on Henry at his office. Mr. Osička said he had gone to school with Anton in Prague. Someone, writing from Prague, had mentioned that Anton had finally got to this country, and Mr. Osička was eager to see the boy for old times' sake. He had traced Henry through Mrs. Platt's agency. She no longer worked there, but the other people had given him Henry's address. He was disappointed to find that Henry could not give him Anton's. Henry advised him to try the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization.

Instead of taking his leave at that point, Mr. Osička leaned back in his chair and lighted up a pipe. "I will do that," he said. "And if they won't tell me, I will hear some other way. Anton is the kind of man you're bound to hear about, don't you think? Now that he's here, I lay money he's going to make good in a big way. He's going to be a big man, like all his teachers said. A big, important man. Mr. Applegate, do you know who wrote the best piece of music about America? A Czech. Anton Dvořak. Do you know the name of the man who could teach you more about the American Indians than anybody? Aleš Hrdlička. A Czech. Anton is going to do something big like that. That's the kind of man he is. Don't you agree?"

"Perhaps," Henry said.

"When we were Sixth Class—that's like maybe second-year high school here—Anton started a club. The Five, he called it. There were only five of us in it, so that was the name. The Five. We were supposed to help poor boys who needed a certain book or a pair of soccer shoes—even a suit of clothes. It was all in secret. The boys never found out where those things came from. Don't you think that's fine? It was all Anton's idea. He did the organizing, too, all of it. The rest of us just went along."

"Did he really do that?" Henry asked.

"He did more. Anton didn't give only things. He gave from himself. Of himself. Which is correct?"

"Of himself."

"Examination time, he stayed up nights after nights to help us through," Mr. Osička said. "Examination is a much more serious thing in Czechoslovakia than it is over here. I can tell. I watch my nephews. In Czechoslovakia, now they have doctors, lawyers, scientists whom Anton helped. He would be one of these, too, if his mother could have sent him to the university. Well. The main thing is, he's here. He'll make good. Don't you agree?"

"Yes," Henry said.

Mr. Osička presented his business card, which identified him as part owner of a printing establishment in Queens. Henry understood him to say that the plant was run by Old World craftsmen, and was equipped to meet the museum's most exacting requirements.

"MY sainted grandmother once puzzled me by defining a Magyar as a person who enters a revolving door after you but manages somehow to come out in front," Henry said to Gwen that night. "If that's so, and I doubt it, Mr. Osička must be at least part Magyar. Granted that he had a business reason for wanting to butter me up, how much of what he said about Anton would you say was true?"

"I think it was all true," she said.

"The secret club? The examinations?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if Lucy saw all that. God knows I didn't. Did you?"

"Glimmerings of it, every now and then," she said. "Once, he told me about an old blind teacher he used to visit as a boy. But when I remarked how thoughtful that had been of him, he quickly explained that the man's sister served marvellous pastry. I'm not sure he would have thought it necessary to make that explanation to Lucy. I wish I could have helped him more."

"You tried. We all tried, one way or another."

"My way wasn't good enough," Gwen said. "Nothing would satisfy him but the kind of response he could always get from Lucy. He seemed to find a species of fulfillment in reducing her to tears. I guess I'm not a crying woman, Henry. He probably put it down to callousness. Should we have let him go on talking to her?"

"No."

"Money was the only other thing I've known to give him satisfaction. He used to produce his bankbook the way some men take out snapshots of their first-born. Not that he ever opened it for inspection. Do you think he's really going to make a lot of money?"

"No," Henry said. "How could he?"

"I wish we'd been able to help him more," she said.

NOW, at Easter, as Henry and Gwen went out to meet Anton in the driveway, Henry remembered her having said that. She no longer feels so protective, he thought. Gwen had never minded before when someone stopped in just before a meal. She loved unexpected guests. But now, by turning up in this preposterous robin's-egg-blue Cadillac, Anton had proved that, at least financially, he could look after himself. He had parked his car in the dog-leg of the driveway, right alongside the aging Oldsmobile. "Hello, Anton," Henry said. "Good to see you again. Mark! Ben! Hop out of that car before it runs away with you."

Anton wore a chocolate-colored suit, impeccably pressed. He smiled with his new white teeth. "Let them play," he said. "Ben, please give me the small package from the glove place."

That would be his present, in payment for the lunch to come, Henry thought. But Anton did not hand it over at once, as he used to. He carried it into the house and put it on the mantelpiece.

Lunch was uneventful. They talked about air travel, the Spanish language, hotel accommodations. Anton's English had become somewhat more idiomatic, but his accent remained much the same. There was no mention of his running off two Christmases before. They had their coffee around the fireplace, and he took the occasion to present his gift. It was a gold cigarette box, beautifully made.

"No," Henry said, "it's much too—"

"Is all right. I made it," Anton said.

"Still, I wish you—"

"Is all right. Please. It is very little to give for your affidavit. It is nothing."

Then, ostensibly as an afterthought, he pulled a couple of wristwatches out of his pocket and gave them to the boys.

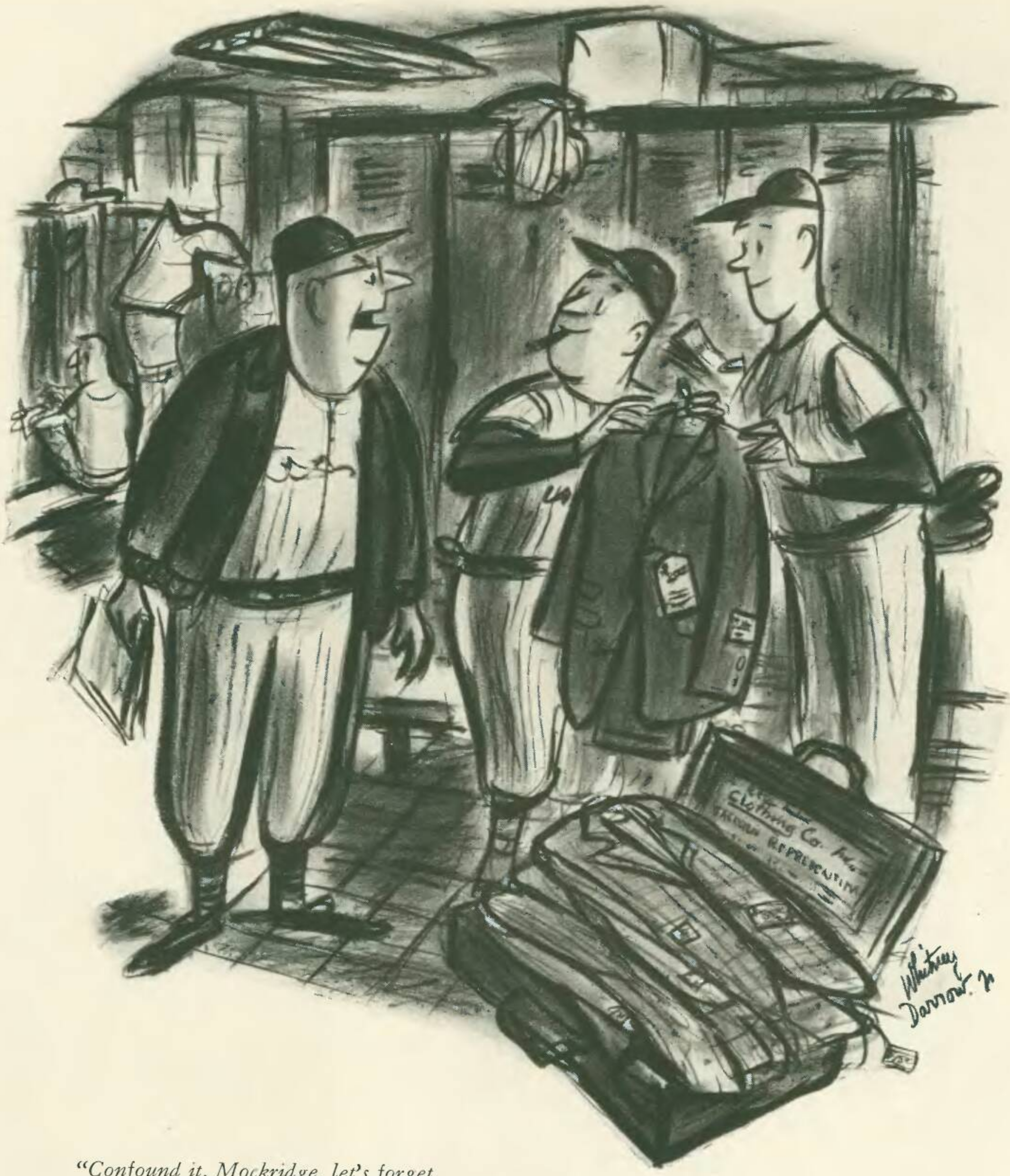
"No, Anton," Henry said. "You can't do that."

"Please. They are not good watches. In two, three months, they stop running. Can't be fixed. That is truth. When they stop running, the boys can take them in parts, see what made them go. Only toys. Is my guarantee they will stop in two, three months."

"Will they really?" Henry asked.

"I guarantee. That is my business. I import those watches."

"From where?" Lucy asked.



"Confound it, Mockridge, let's forget
our off-season job and get our mind back on baseball."

• •

"Not from Switzerland." Anton laughed.

Lucy said, "But if they're really no good, who buys them?"

"Americans," he said, and laughed again. "Americans buys anything. Good watches, bad watches—anything. Long time ago, I tell you you are a country of innocent."

"I'm no innocent." She was eighteen and high up on the Dean's List, and she did not wish to be called an innocent. As Anton continued to laugh, she said, "What's so innocent about buying a watch in good faith? That could happen anywhere. I should think you'd want to import decent watches while you were at it." Then she recalled that she was a hostess, and added, "You know, I've never seen you laugh so much before. Your teeth look very nice, much nicer than those metal ones."

"They look like my own teeth before they get knocked out," he said.

"*Knocked* out?" Lucy said.

"At Buchenwald, when they thought

I was sabotage. I did not tell you?"

"No," Lucy said. "Not about that."

"It did not hurt so bad after the first three, because the conscious stopped. So I was without mind for hours. It hurt more the next week, when they put cotton in my ear and lighted it with candle." He smiled at her.

"You never told me that, either," she said.

Henry knew that voice. As a child of five, she had broken her thumb, and the way Henry learned of it, she had walked into his study just after her fall and said, in that same tight voice, "Look, Dad, there's something wrong with my finger."

Anton's laugh was hearty and resonant. "See?" he said. "Little red mark here? Some of it under the hair. That was very painful, more worse than the teeth. I tried to make the conscious stop and I could not. I thought of such many funny things. Someday I will tell, if your father will let. I think is all right, Henry, yes? Lucy is big college girl now. No innocent, she says. Lucy is smart now—smart Yankee. I sell undecent watches to the smart, decent Yankees, like Lucy, and they sell them at higher price to the stupids in Peru, Nicaragua. Everybody happy."

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings about the watches," Lucy began. Her voice had not changed.

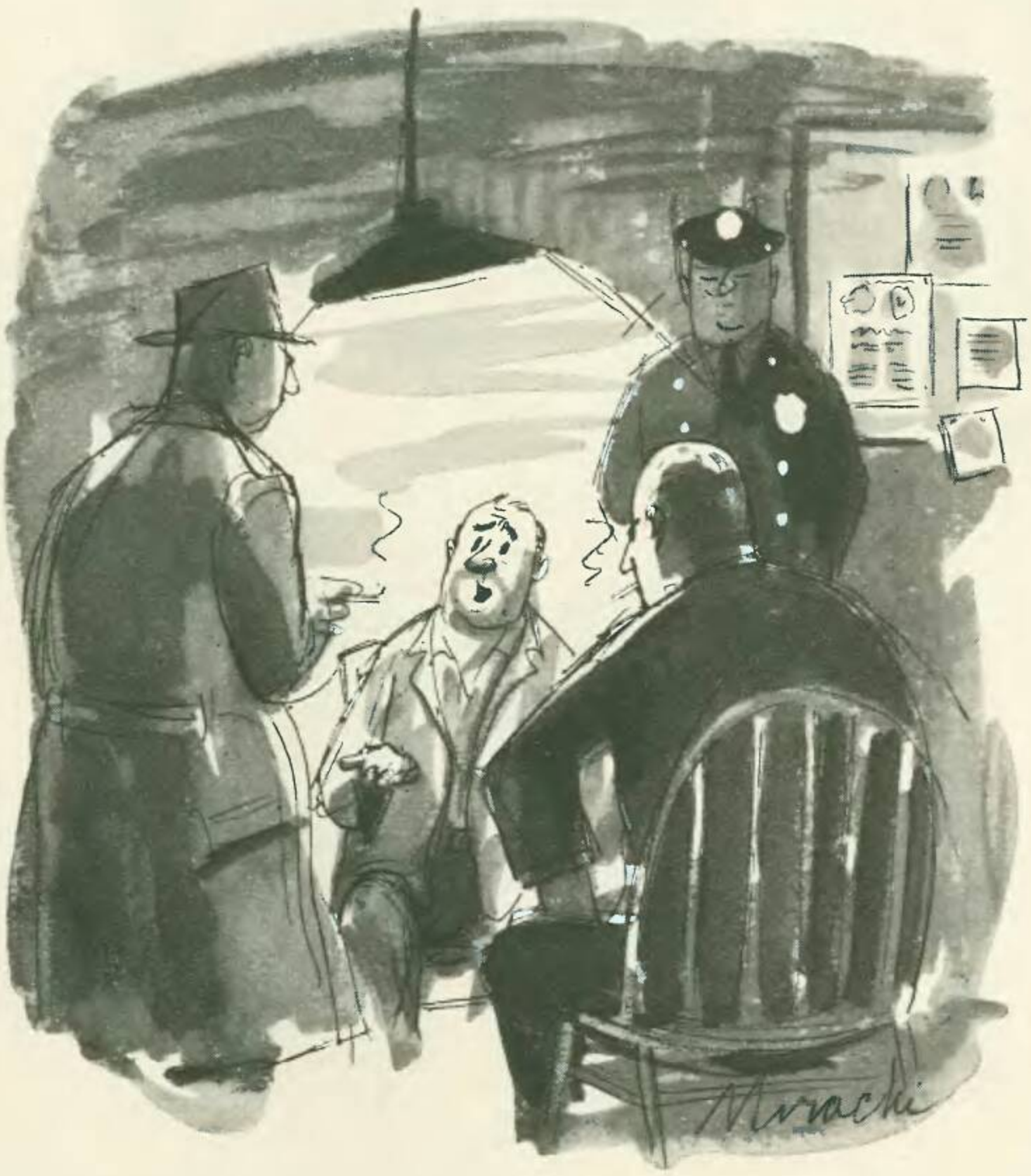
Abruptly, Gwen began to clear the dishes. She made Lucy help her. The boys had gone off with their watches. Anton smiled again. He *is* happy, Henry thought; for the moment, he *is* happy, the conqueror left in possession of the field. I've got to get him out of this house, away from Lucy. "I'm going to take a walk," he said. "Want to come along?"

"Yes," said Anton. "Is nice out."

The chocolate suit would not have stood up in the woods, so Henry took him out on the road. They turned north. Anton said he had never been that way before. Henry said nothing. They had walked about half a mile when Anton stopped to look at a house.

"Who lives there?" he asked.

"Old lady. Miss Holbrook. Her father made hairpins."



"Could I skip that question and come back to it later?"

"Now, that is a house. Big. Stone. That is what you should build."

"I like mine."

"You are angry," Anton said. "You are angry because I tell bad things to Lucy. You wish to keep her still living in fairyland. You wish to keep her sweet young lady—innocent. But you make mistake. I do not do the harm to her. You do the harm. You do the bad harm to Lucy."

"What bad harm have I done Lucy?"

"You try to keep her sweet young lady, very high. Must not sell undecent watches to nice American people. Is all right to know the life, but only from the books. From museums. Do not listen to the crazy man tell truth."

"Put it any way you like," said Henry. "I've asked you twice before not to talk to her about the camps, and now I'm asking you once more."

"I talk to anybody about anything I want."

"Not to her, you don't."

They turned to face each other.

"You damn fool," said Anton. "You know what happened in my country to the sweet young ladies? When the Russians come, the smart girls know what to do. They cut their hair crooked. They dirty up their face. They go to bed, put typhus sign on door. Not the sweet young ladies. They wait. They put hands in their sweet young lap and wait. Pretty soon—"

"Shut up now," Henry said. He took hold of the chocolate lapels and dug his knuckles into his cousin's chest. "Shut up!" he said again. And he thought, Let him hit me first, and then . . . But Anton made no move. Impassive, he waited until Henry let go of the lapels. Then he turned and, at his normal pace, walked back toward the house.

He was out of sight around the bend of the road before Henry started back, too. Henry tried hard to imagine what would be said or done when he got home. He could not. By the time he reached the next-door driveway, all his anger was gone. He could not imagine what Gwen would say, or Lucy. He wondered what to do about the gold cigarette box. At the foot of his own driveway, he was nearly struck by the blue Cadillac as it made a sharp turn south and bolted down the road to New York. —EDWARD NEWHOUSE

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Woolcott's Second Reader. The Viking Press 1937.—*Catalogue of Harry S. Friedman, White Plains.*

Whatever became of Woollcott's Second Proofreader?

PROFILES

EVOLUTION OF AN IRON-TOED BOY—I

Richard Barstow

RICHARD BARSTOW, the director and choreographer of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, is widely thought to be the most versatile man in show business. Besides engaging in his annual exertions for the circus, in which he is aided by his sister Edith, he has choreographed a lively string of Broadway and Hollywood musicals; directed the Westbury Music Fair, a summer theatre-in-the-round on Long Island; put together the giant industrial shows "Motorama" and "Powerama" for General Motors; danced as a vaudeville headliner, both in his childhood and later; played the drums in an Army band; and performed as a high diver at a public beach in Juan-les-Pins—a role for which he was not notably well equipped, being unable to swim and, in fact, having to be hauled out of the water on a pole after each dive. In various non-show-business intervals, he has functioned very ably as an arc-welder, a salesman of frozen sweets and popcorn, and an employee of the New York Post Office, where he rose rapidly to a position of high trust in the mail-sorting division. Barstow is proud of all his jobs, and often mentions modestly that he arc-welded the majority of the trash baskets currently on view in the Chicago municipal parks. During this stint, he fell into the habit of working his initials into the containers, and he usually visits the parks for a typical artist's inspection whenever he is out that way. Recently, while down on his hands and knees examining the bottom of a trash basket in a rubbish-strewn reach of bush country near the Lincoln Park Zoo, he was accosted by a deeply suspicious policeman. No man to complicate an awkward situation, Barstow leaped up and sprinted like a deer toward the Loop.

Over the years, Barstow has got himself into a great many bizarre professional jams, and he is apt to find himself in quite a few more. The fact is that he is a creature of impulse and can be talked into almost anything. His accession, in 1927, to the title of World's Champion Long Distance Toe-Walker is a case in point. At the time, Barstow was nineteen years old and was appearing as a toe dancer at the Metropolitan Theatre in Boston, having gained a powerful reputation in this difficult medium while performing in the chief vaudeville houses of this country and Australia. The period was an unsettled one—the heyday of entertainments both freakish and ribald. Women who were naked except for costumes of tropical birds danced for pay. Men otherwise normal sat for weeks in lonely mulishness on top of flagpoles, and rocking-chair contests and dance marathons sounded the competitive pitch of the nation. Watching Barstow's genuinely stunning gyrations, the editor of a Boston newspaper was inspired to hold a "contest," in which the young vaudevillian would tiptoe over the hallowed cobbles of the city in a race against distance. The existing record, of two miles, was held by a girl who had gone all to pieces with success, taken to drinking spiked beer, and finally defected to burlesque.

Barstow readily agreed to the promised hullabaloo, which the theatre manager said might soup things up at the box office. The editor's paper then began a shrill program of mendacious publicity, with front-page pictures of Barstow "in training" (a patent impossibility, because he was doing four shows a day at the Metropolitan), drinking carrot juice (a concoction he abhorred and had successfully avoided since birth), and "limbering up" (another obvious humbug, since he had been totally limber for years). When the great day arrived, the manager let him off two matinée performances, and he showed up at Symphony Hall, the starting point, where the newspaper had posted two doctors, one of them a foot specialist, as well as several nurses and such emergency gear as plasma, adrenalin, a stretcher, and an ambulance. (A mortician in full pickup rig, who had apparently been summoned by a prankish reporter, was dismissed, as striking perhaps too macabre a note.) A heart-warming crowd had turned out. At the appointed hour, somebody fired a gun, and Barstow, with a pedometer strapped to one leg, started off along a prearranged route, from which traffic was diverted during the gaudy event. He walked a mile and a half, to wild outbursts of applause, and then leaned against a lamppost, looking decidedly pale. "The cobblestones were killing me," he says. Just as he seemed on the point of collapse, the ambulance screamed up and the doctors gave him an intravenous snack. Thus invigorated, he took another hitch at it. Altogether, he walked four and a half miles, wearing out three pairs of shoes. Concern was expressed at the finish when the new champion, his leg muscles paralyzed by the prolonged strain, was unable to get down off his toes. The doctors said they had never seen a case exactly like it. At length, he was conveyed in the ambulance to the theatre, but when it came time for the evening performance, he was in the reverse predicament of being unable to stand up. The manager, at first inclined to be sore, was mollified when Barstow appeared onstage in a wheelchair, to be greeted by a cheering full house.

Now forty-nine, Barstow has a markedly youthful appearance, with crew-cut blond hair, clear, untroubled blue eyes, and a wide and trusting smile. Physically, he is still in ballet condition—his slight, supple, graceful figure lean and hard—probably because he is forever dancing, whether he is in his

"You're going to have to make up your mind and you're going to have to make it up right now. Do you want a cellar or do you want a swimming pool?"

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apartment, on East Fifty-fourth Street, or in transit on the sidewalks, or busy on some job, which may be anywhere. Having a violent distaste for conventional garb, he usually wears an approximation of dancing attire—slacks that lace up the sides, a polo shirt, and exercise shoes—and, when outdoors in extremely cold weather, a thin, wrapped-around topcoat. Although one of Barstow's waspish friends has suggested that facially he is reminiscent of Stan Laurel, in the aggregate he bears a strong resemblance to Fred Astaire. The incongruity of this artistic sprite loose on a circus lot has been remarked by many; it is perhaps analogous to filming "The Afternoon of a Faun" in an abattoir. Circuses in general are manned by hearty types, particularly when it comes to roustabouts—a notoriously casehardened society, some of whose members have found it expedient to jettison the names of their youth and adopt such anonymous handles as Beeswax, the Grouch, Nasty, and Pig Guts, and are carried thus on the payroll. A few, unusually skilled with tools, have succeeded in sandpapering themselves entirely free of fingerprints. With these and all other circus folk, of low echelon and high, Barstow gets along splendidly. The circus respects a man who knows his job, and Barstow's manner—authoritative, impatient, verbose, deeply sarcastic, frequently furious, sometimes gentle and kind—has never left any doubts about his professional knowledge. Often, after a scolding session, he feels that he has wounded certain individuals, and he makes amends by buying them presents. On one such occasion a couple of seasons ago, having classified a uniquely tough roustabout as belonging among the lower vertebrates, he later came around with a potted plant. The man, who in an earlier career was thought to have left a trail of mischief unparalleled in the field of misdemeanor, stared at it for several seconds and then observed, with simple eloquence, "Jees-us Christ!" The gift was so strikingly inappropriate that he has admired Barstow ever since. He and the rest of the circus people realize that Barstow will treat them all equally, whatever their station. In fact, Barstow's democratic approach to vituperation even includes the animals. He has been known to administer some pretty brisk dressings-down to creatures like giraffes and chimpanzees. One time, while tutoring Modoc, an elephant, and Ann Mace, a very toothsome showgirl, he blew up and yelled, "Hold it, you dunces! *One* of you is on the wrong foot!"

WHEN a newcomer joins the circus, the prevailing attitude of his reception is one of "What's he ever done?" To be honored, he must have a record of achievement—the more varied and eccentric the better. On this basis, Barstow qualified brilliantly at the time he joined Ringling's, in 1949. He had been in show business almost continuously since the age of seven, although none of his forebears on either side of the family, so far as he knows, had ever been connected with the arts. He himself became a professional dancer because he was born with a misshapen left foot. Both his father and his mother were English. His father, Thomas, who was the manager of a London woollen mill, emigrated to Boston in the eighteen-nineties and married Ada Mary Hatton, who had come over from Liverpool with her family a short time before. After a brief stretch in the Massachusetts mills, he began to find wool a confining bore, so he moved to Ashtabula, Ohio, where he got a job as a train engineer and steamed out to see the world, devoting special attention to northern Ohio. Richard was born in 1908, the youngest of seven children—three sons and four daughters. He was still an infant when his father was killed in a railroad accident near Cleveland. As has often been noted, emergencies make heroes; some people discover qualities of greatness in themselves when trouble looms. Barstow's mother was preëminently one of those who, like Scarlett O'Hara and

unlike Ashley Wilkes, spit in the eye of adversity. Penniless, untrained for employment, and with seven children to support, Mrs. Barstow swore that if hard work was all that was needed, she would bring up her brood to take their places in the world. She did so with unflawed success, and the children, departing from the melodramatic line of her era, petted her and treated her as a family idol up to the day she died, in 1952.

Mrs. Barstow's first move was to Seattle, where, she had heard, the climate was bland, calling for little in the way of heat, and where she had a few relatives. Collecting a subsistence there by taking in laundry, she installed her children in school and beguiled an unmercenary orthopedist, a Dr. Griener, into laying out a course of foot and leg exercises for Richard. After the first interview, Griener said, "Now, son, I must tell you the truth. Your foot will be greatly improved, but you may always walk with a limp." "Sir," replied the boy, with true English punctilio, "you are a liar." Still sure he was right, Dr. Griener patted the patient's head, said, "That's the spirit," and left. He had reckoned without taking into account one of the truly dogged resolves of modern times. Barstow, who was five at the time, climbed out of bed and lit into the exercises as if he were training for the Olympic Games. High on Dr. Griener's list was "foot writing," in which the boy was supposed to seize a pencil between his toes and write on a pad on the floor. Within a few weeks, he had become astonishingly proficient at this secretarial oddity, and he still makes use of it today. Barstow writes a beautiful foot, the letters firm, round, and neat; he finds it convenient thus to take notes, which he quite naturally calls "footnotes," while his hands are occupied with arranging cardboard figures on a desk for the purpose of choreographing a number. At six, fully healed, and with his character stiffened by misfortune, he had one driving motive: to prove that he could move about as nimbly as any other child of his age in Seattle. Somehow, this demonstration, to him, appeared to center on dancing.

Barstow's chance came early. Across the street from his home was a dancing school operated by a Mme. Leppar, a haughty figure who wore a pince-nez and carried the ritual staff for bonging out the count. Barstow's sister Edith, an elfin blond girl a year older than he, made a practice of staring hungrily in at the dancing-school window, as Ben-

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NASSAU

and the BAHAMA ISLANDS

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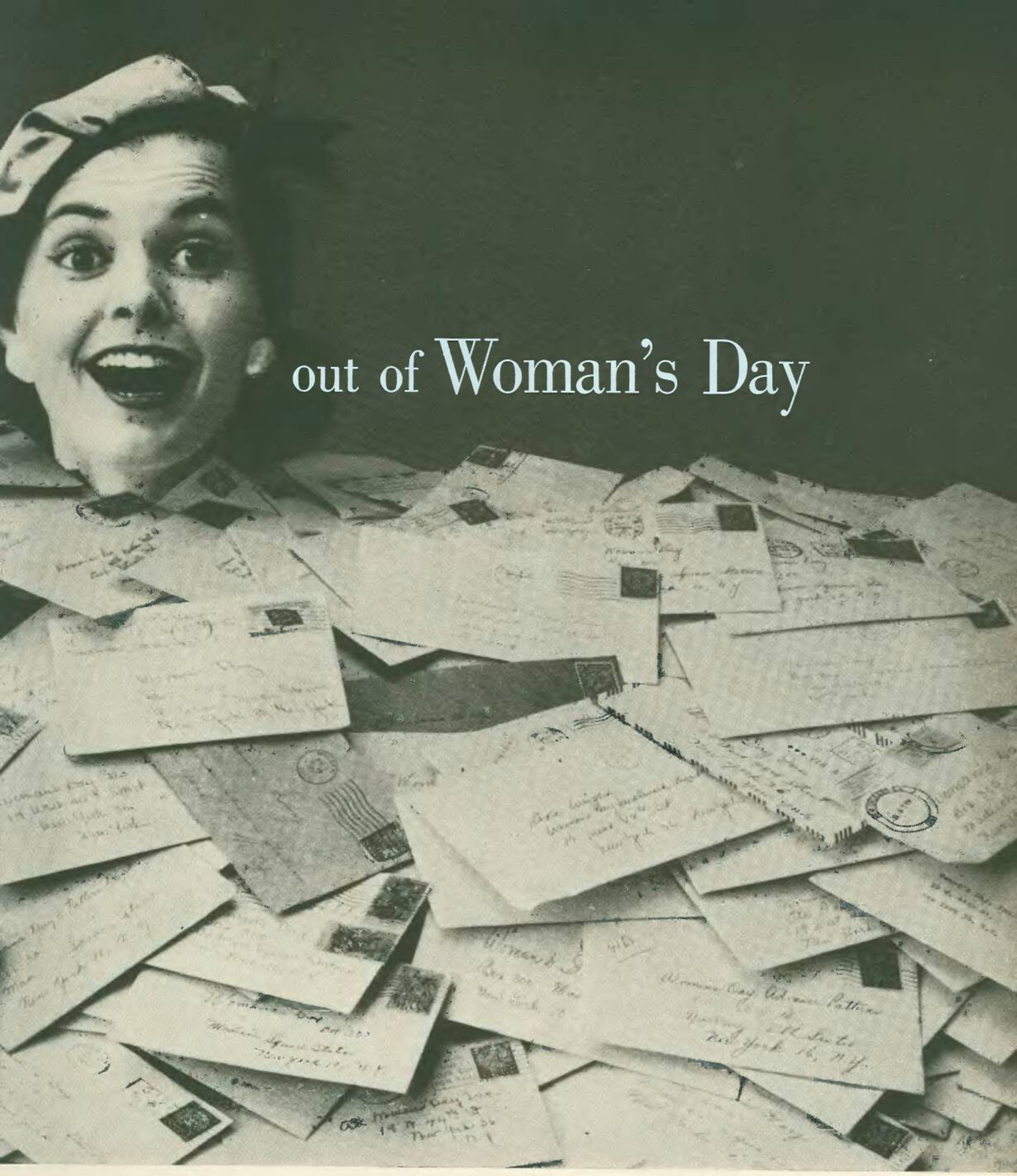
jamin Franklin had eyed the loaves in a Philadelphia bakery. Each day after school, she crossed the street and dreamed of flitting in gauzy synchronization with the paid enrollment inside. At length, becoming a little restless under the scrutiny, the proprietress charged out to investigate. "What is it you want, child?" she asked. When Edith replied that she wanted to dance but hadn't any money, Mme. Leppar said, "Anybody who wants to dance that badly doesn't need money. *Entrez!*" From then on, immediately after learning a new step the girl would race home and teach it to Richard and her three sisters. (The two oldest boys thought dancing beneath their elderly dignity.) Of these, Richard showed the most skill. It was manifest from the start that he had natural talent, but all the young Barstows profited from Mme. Leppar's academy, and Mrs. Barstow, who recognized an opportunity when she saw one, went so far as to obtain a staff, with which *she* began bonging out the count.

Mme. Leppar had unwittingly admitted a Trojan horse to the premises. At the time, a great trend toward amateur entertainment was beginning. Neighborhood cinemas in most cities were reinforcing their often meagre film fare with the antics of gifted cutups who lived in the vicinity. These starry-eyed extroverts competed for prizes, which Mrs. Barstow shrewdly envisioned as a source of family income. She laid out her campaign with a strategic genius that would have done credit to Genghis Khan. Her shock troops consisted of Richard and his four sisters, billed professionally, or amateurishly, as "The Five Barstows." Performing in local theatres, this dancing combination was so patently superior to anything else on the stage, including Mme. Leppar's pet students (who had previously garnered a number of worth-while awards), that it always carted off the main prize of the evening. But this was by no means all. There were lesser prizes, Mrs. Barstow began thinking, so she split her main force into splinter groups—"The Three Barstows," "Dick and Edith," "Four Tiny Tots," and the like—and these went ahead and tried for whatever other awards were lying around. By working the mathematical law of permutations and combinations, she managed to make a clean sweep on most evenings. "We were cordially detested by all the other amateurs in Seattle," Barstow says today.

Mme. Leppar finally solved the problem of her waning prestige by adhering

...and she's up to her

As you know, WOMAN'S DAY has always received fantastic numbers of letters and requests from its readers. But don't think we aren't excited to be getting literally *thousands* of unsolicited letters and postcards telling us how much they like the new WOMAN'S DAY. Here are some typical comments: "Flabbergasted when I saw all the improvements, because I had



neck in fan mail!

thought the magazine couldn't possibly be improved." "January issue terrific." "Superior to many of the higher-priced magazines." "The new issue surpasses all the rest by far." "New format is beautiful." "A wonderful job." "Gets better and better." "Couldn't stop reading it." *We've made a new woman out of* WOMAN'S DAY, *and they've never loved her so.*

the A&P magazine

to the old slogan "If you can't lick 'em, jine 'em." She began to mention the Barstows in her advertising as having *all* been trained at her conservatory. This was fine with Mrs. Barstow, who had decided to turn pro and go after the big money. She stitched up a great pile of costumes and in the spring of 1917, as soon as school was over for the year, she took her crew on the road as "The Five Barstows," having wangled sixteen weeks on the Junior Orpheum Circuit—a group of movie-*cum*-vaudeville theatres in the Northwest. By this time, incidentally, Barstow's two brothers had felt calls to labor in other vineyards. One became a politician, eventually rising to the eminence of state senator in Minnesota, and the other wound up with an exceptional kind of radio program, psychic in tone. From early youth, this brother, Thomas, Jr., had been able to sense things denied to the average mortal. He had what was called "second sight," which in his case proved far more valuable than twenty-twenty vision. A Seattle radio station hired him to conduct a program on which he told people where to find articles they had lost. "A Mrs. Hurlbutt writes in to ask, 'Whereabouts did I lay that pesky ant spray?'" he might read as he opened his morning mail while on the air. "Mrs. Hurlbutt, you just look on the top shelf of the basement cupboard, and your troubles will all be over." (And usually, with the irresistible urge to comedy that sets broadcasters apart from their fellows, he would add something like "But the ants' troubles will only be starting, hey?") Confounding the skeptics, he proved to be right as often as not. As his fame grew, he branched out into making general predictions, about things like elections, weather, depressions, wars, and fashions, and then hit on a popular new line—foretelling the sex of unborn infants. The station kept careful statistics over a period of time and then announced, with excusable pride, that in the matter of births he had batted a shade better than .750. A few years later, having presumably scrutinized the omens and detected an imminent upsurge in the printing business in Seattle, he quit the radio station and became a printer.

The Five Barstows were an immediate hit on the Junior Orpheum Circuit. Edith, a brilliant dancer before she reached her teens, was the real star of the quintet. (Still a leading dance expert, she now serves as choreographer for television shows like Dave Garroway's and Frankie Laine's when

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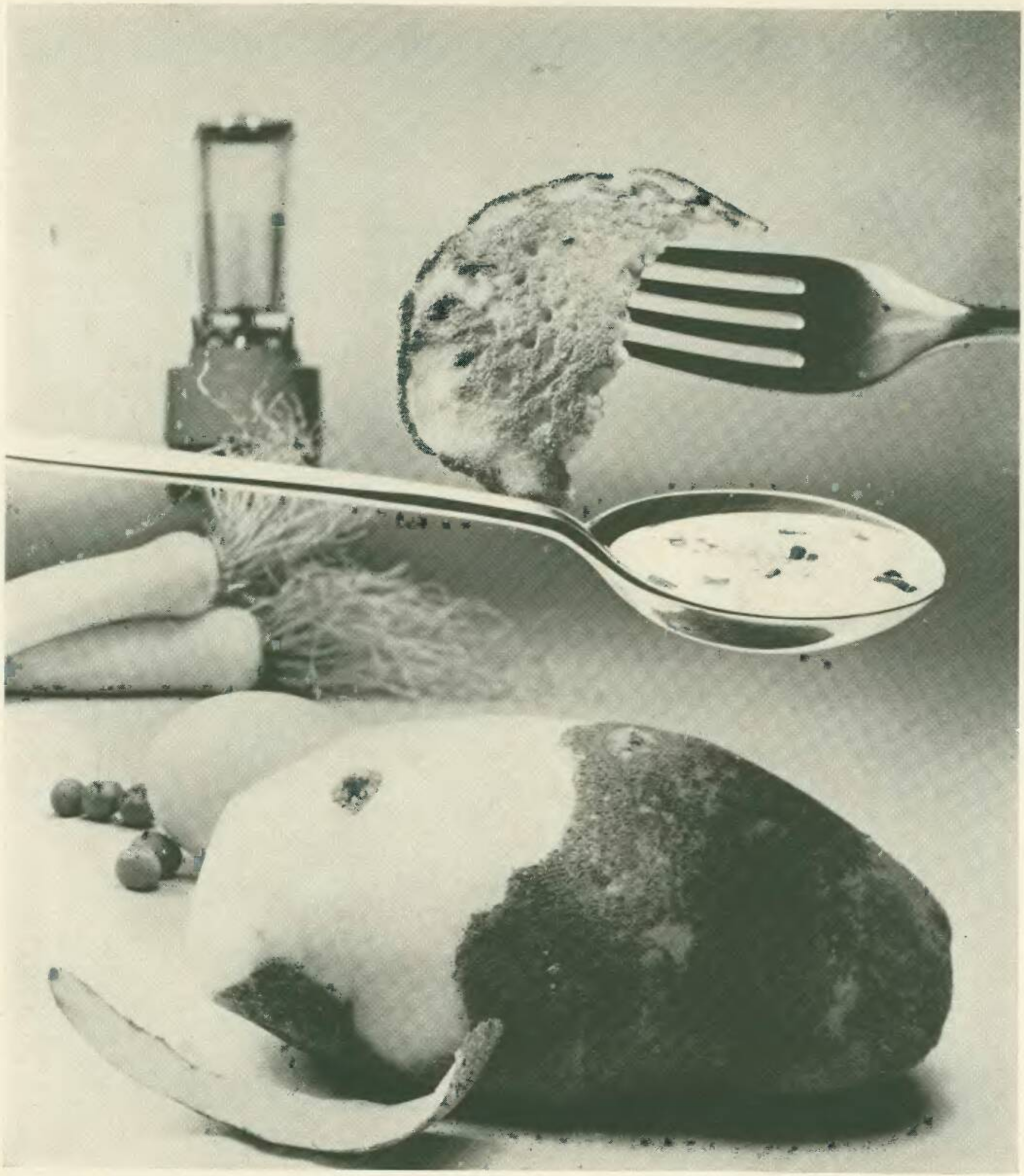
she isn't busy with her circus work.) Richard functioned as a bumblebee, in a costume of yellow silk with black fittings. He was a precocious child, and he incessantly offered advice on showmanship to everybody backstage—even to performers who had been in the business for forty years. "Dick told them what was wrong with their entrances and exits, and so on," one of his sisters says. "He was really something of a nuisance." To augment the troupe's regular pay, Mrs. Barstow hit on a novel idea—another link in her continuing chain of strategy. She introduced a bit in which Edith did a difficult toe dance in unpadded ballet slippers and then passed one of the slippers through the audience, hoping to get it padded with contributions. These were always forthcoming, and if they included items of doubtful cash value, Mrs. Barstow remained philosophical. She was slightly less composed when the Five Barstows began to suffer from attrition. First of all, in 1919, the oldest sister, Alice, got married, and then there were four. This was a blow, but, like any able commander jarred by a setback, Mrs. Barstow realigned her forces and retired to a previously prepared position. With the Four Barstows, she won an engagement at the Gem Theatre, in Great Falls, Montana, and after that the quartet joined Billy and Marie Maine's Road Company—a tabloid, or "tab," show, specializing in brief revues—and went on tour through Texas and Oklahoma. Things were going very nicely by 1920, when sister Claire got married, and then there were three.

Barstow remembers this as a period of multiplying duties. As the sisters dropped out one by one, more and more labor was heaped on the remaining members of the team. The boy did a great deal besides dance. The Maines' outfit had omnibus skills. It was apt to put on a revue one day, a comedy the next, and a melodrama the day after that. At one point, Barstow performed with distinction—winning acclaim in a critical column, though not by name—as the stern half of a skin act, or capering zebra, and another time, continuing his anonymity, he was the feet end of a sawed-in-two man. There was a certain disparity in the latter act that was almost instantly picked up, with boos, by a sophisticated Texas audience, since Barstow, still a youngster, had the small feet of a child, while the other half, a full-grown man, had a head somewhat larger than that of the average adult. According to a local reviewer—a wildcatter on the side—the



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composite looked "uncommonly odd." When the Maines' troupe put on plays with small casts, Barstow took off into the audience with popcorn, peanuts, and ice-cream cones. He became adept at the ripe old dodge of scattering a few peanuts in a bag and blowing the rest of it full of air to suggest an overflowing portion.

With her group reduced virtually to commando strength, Mother Barstow was by now reeling, but she fought on, determined to be remembered for, if nothing else, a gallant delaying action. Barstow believes that the only time she ever seriously considered theatrical surrender was when sister Ann, the third to turn apostate, quit to become a handicapper at a horse track. But that was some years later, in 1923. At the moment, travelling through Texas and Oklahoma, playing in barns and shacks, and even in tents, with oil wells pumping outside on the lawn, the Three Barstows refined their art. Like any ambitious mother, Mrs. Barstow insisted that her children get an education. She read to them endlessly backstage, but, peculiarly, her favorite form of instruction was the inspection of factories. "I don't like to sound immodest, but I believe I am uniquely posted on the inner workings of the American industrial plant," Barstow said recently. Fresh vistas for this branch of learning were opened in the spring of 1922, when, after the tour of the Southwest, the act moved to Chicago to play a succession of club dates for the Elks and others. Mrs. Barstow accompanied her children through all the factories in town, then led them on side excursions to places like Gary and Hammond, Indiana. Barstow recalls this phase of his childhood as a dizzy montage of whistles, intermeshing gears, ladles spilling ore, belts turning wheels, and bottles being stoppered.

As if Barstow had not had enough bad luck with his extremities, in 1922 he suffered a serious accident to his right leg. Riding in a taxicab, he was exercising his feet, as was his custom, when a folding seat came crashing down and cracked his shinbone. Wearing happy looks that Barstow interpreted as a prelude to amputation, several physicians at the hospital where he was taken recommended immediate surgery. But the boy, showing his characteristic stubbornness, overrode them, and, as a compromise, they put his leg in a cast "for a minimum of a year." They also said, with great positiveness, "You will never dance again." Richard was carted home to the modest flat his mother had taken, and was propped up

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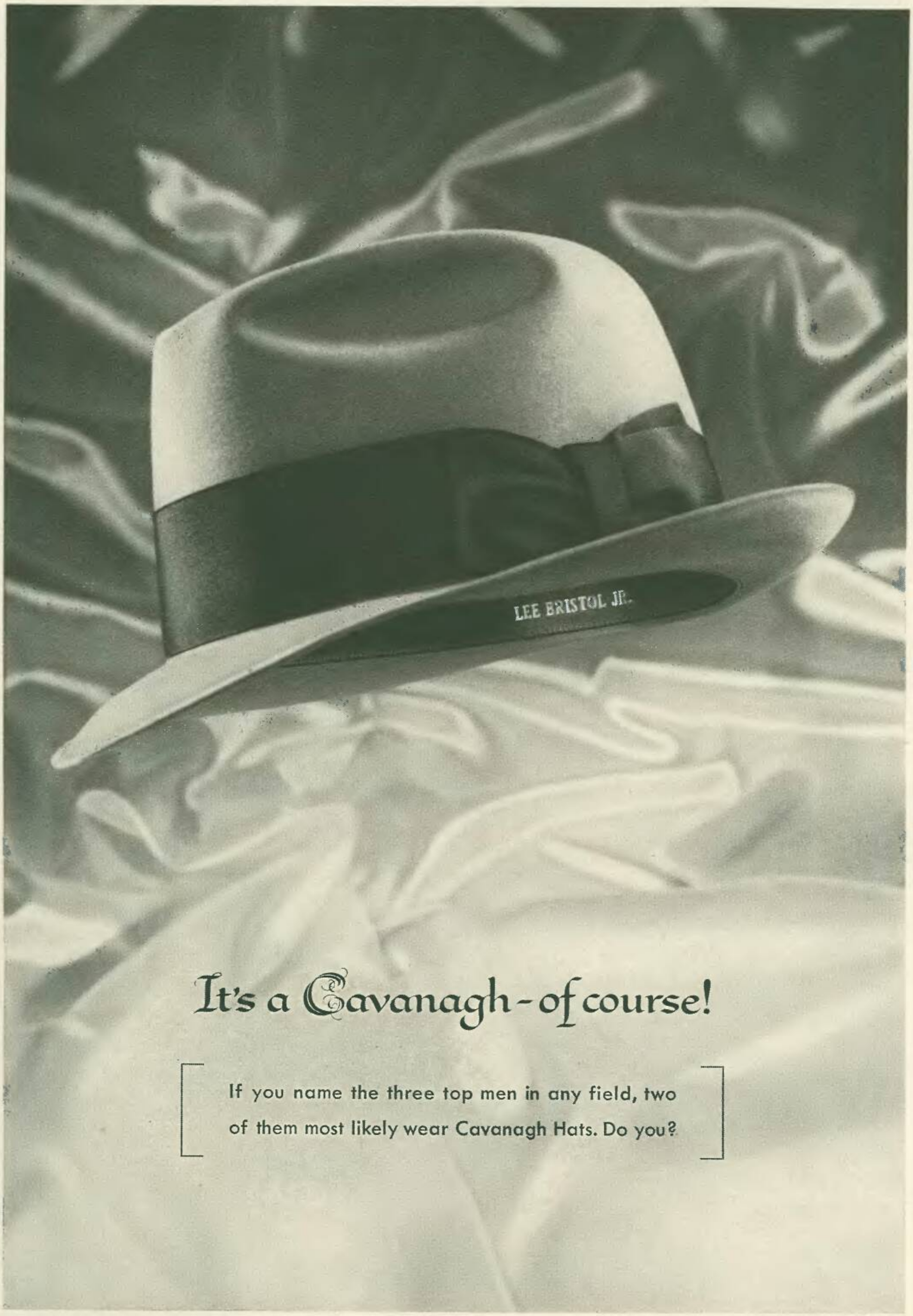
facing a window that looked out on a soot-stained court and a row of mediocre trash bins. Mrs. Barstow, undaunted as ever, got a job as a seamstress, and his remaining unmarried sisters carried on as a duo in the floor show of a restaurant called the Marigold Gardens, appearing with a frisky young dancer named Lucille le Sueur, who later changed her name to Joan Crawford. Barstow endured the cast for a couple of months; then, while the others were out, he got a chisel and a hammer and dissected it. An excellent beach being only a block away, he limped down for a dip, but he didn't quite make it to the water. Instead, he fainted and lay for several hours on the sand before someone realized that he wasn't merely sleeping. The police called an ambulance and took him to a hospital, where it was found that while his leg appeared undamaged, he was suffering from third-degree sunburn. Within a few days, he was home and practicing once more. Within a few months, he had signed on with Edith (Ann having by then abandoned show business for the turf) to appear at a Chicago night club called the Midnight Frolic.

Being slight and rather spindly, though tough and nimble, Barstow kept running into trouble with officers trying to enforce the child-labor laws. (Edith, more mature for her years, was generally accepted as sixteen, the minimum age for a full-time professional worker.) This was a nuisance, especially since nobody in Texas or Oklahoma had appeared to care whether the children were eight or eighty. Mrs. Barstow put the boy in long pants and maintained an empty, oversize trunk backstage with the lid open. At the first sign of a suspicious intruder, she would cry "Snoopers!" and her son would dive into it. If the intruder turned out to be an officer and asked where Barstow was, she usually said, with motherly pride, "Richard's down at the corner saloon." The boy got by without being pinched. Among the last bits of intelligence he and his sister gleaned about the Midnight Frolic during their stay there was that the night club's owner—known to them simply as Mr. Brown—was really Al Capone. Barstow recalls the late thug as a man of exceedingly sweet and gentle disposition—natty, unprofane, and generous—who referred to them as "the kids" and fell into the habit of dropping by their hotel and driving them to work. He was frolicsome and enjoyed engaging them in pillow fights, in which



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they belabored him with murderous zest. Mr. Brown's car was of outstanding interest to the Barstows. It had steel shutters that rolled up, covering the windows—possibly to keep out the sun, they figured. During one ride, the shutters shot up suddenly, and there were several chilling explosions. "Great heavens! What's that, Mr. Brown?" cried one of the children, and their host replied, "Somebody shooting rabbits in the park. They oughtn't to let them hunt in the park that way. Somebody might get hurt." Capone finally gave each of the children a handsome piece of jewelry. Barstow still wears his—a diamond ring—more or less as a good-luck charm.

The Barstows' contribution to the Midnight Frolic show was chiefly toe dancing. Edith was both handsome and expert, while Barstow was able to execute a bewildering variety of maneuvers, including the difficult "Russian steps," in which the dancer squats with arms folded across his chest and flings his feet out in front of him alternately. "What other people did dancing on the soles of their feet I did on my toes," Barstow says. It was antics of this sort that led to his becoming almost a fixture in Ripley's "Believe It or Not" cartoons. Ripley dubbed him the Iron-Toed Boy and presented him to an oddity-starved public doing an assortment of his specialties—standing supported by just one toe wedged in the neck of a Coca-Cola bottle, landing on his toes after leaping from the top of a piano raised eight feet above the floor, perching on his toes atop Indian clubs, toe-tap dancing up a flight of stairs. (In a later installment, Ripley made the singular assertion that the Iron-Toed Boy had "walked 35,000 miles on his toes." This was certainly a revelation to Barstow, even when he added in his tramp through Boston, but he thanked Ripley for the plug and charged ahead after other records.)

To the deep regret of Al Capone, after some nine months at the Midnight Frolic, Barstow and his sister were hired away by Joe E. Howard, a songwriter ("I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," "Goodbye, My Lady Love"), who was putting together an act called "The Toy Shop," with a cast of forty, which would open at the Palace, in New York, and then tour B. F. Keith's vaudeville circuit. Howard paid the Barstows a total of a hundred and fifty a week, but even in the face of this staggering sum Mrs. Barstow did not feel that she could conscientiously forgo making all her children's costumes. In

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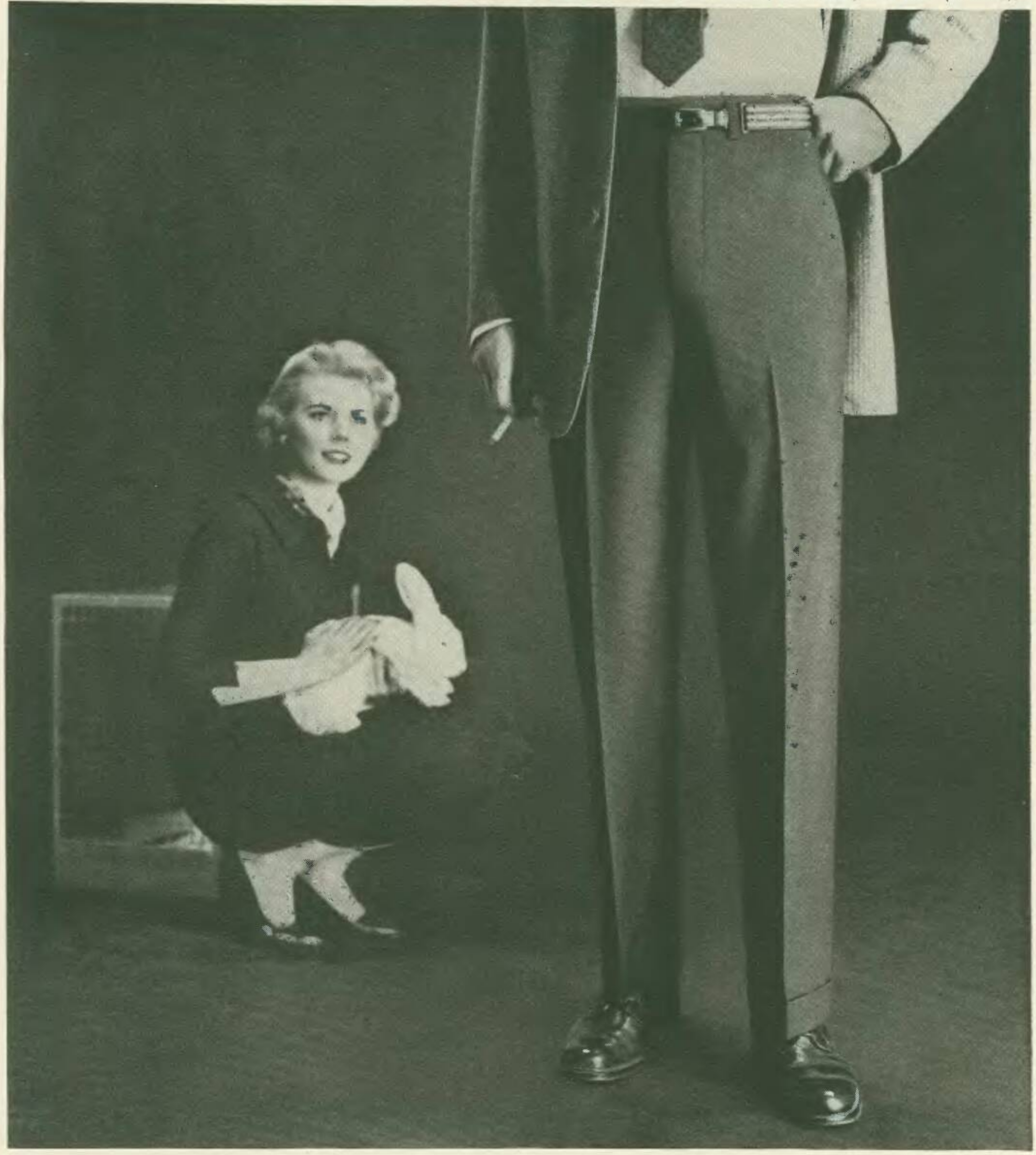

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

fact, she now began teaching her skill to her daughter, and today Edith makes all her own clothes, including her winter suits. A few years ago, she astonished the show world by designing and putting together a steel-mesh afternoon frock. Drawing on the knowledge gained in his trash-basket period, her brother handled the welding.

Barstow demonstrated early that, notwithstanding his other gifts, he was a conspicuously incapable custodian of the family's money. His mother, busy with sewing and bookings, made a couple of disastrous attempts to pass this responsibility along to him before throwing it up as a bad job and handing it over to Edith. The first time Barstow was at the controls, he seized the opportunity to rush out and buy a nice present for everybody in Howard's act; in the second experiment, he concentrated his eleemosynary fire on his mother and Edith. Their first intimation that all was not well came when a burly man appeared at their hotel and said, "Good morning, Madam. Where shall I put the parrot cage and the Swiss music box?" Before they could stop him, Barstow had loaded them up with such quantities of personal finery and bric-a-brac that they had to seek a moratorium on the rent. Once, many years later, Edith found herself so crushed by television commitments that she felt impelled to let her brother have another go at the books. Barstow spent ten thousand dollars in two weeks. Since then, Edith has made no further gestures of this kind, and, in fact, keeps him on a modest allowance. Even so, she frequently runs into trouble. Last summer, while Barstow was directing the Westbury Music Fair, he gave his cast an unusually acidulous day of instruction and then, feeling contrite, invited them all out to an ice-cream parlor. As his contrition gathered steam, he led the company across the street to a bar instead. "Just order what you want, kids," he told them. The following fifteen minutes, which saw both chorus and principals scrambling for highballs, crème-de-menthe frappés, straight gin, and Zombies, greatly resembled the eighteenth-century French bread riots. When the smoke cleared and the last actor had been disengaged from his glass, Barstow was presented a bill for a hundred and thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. Edith bawled him out, but not very severely. "On the basis of past performance, it could have been far worse," she said.

At times when Barstow is scheduled to talk business with someone, his sister

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tries to coach him beforehand. She exercises special caution if he is going to see John Ringling North, who, with his brother Henry, owns the Ringling circus and is devastatingly astute about contracts. After Barstow and his sister had completed their first season directing the circus, he ran into North in a New York restaurant, and North said, in a fatherly way, "Well, Richard, what did you think of the job? Would you like to try it again?"

In a typical burst of enthusiasm, Barstow replied, "It was so much fun I'd do it again for nothing."

A few weeks later, North summoned him for a conference. Informed that he and Edith were being offered their jobs back, Barstow, having been carefully rehearsed, said, "Fine, and here's how much we want."

"Why, Richard!" North interrupted, with a surprised look. "I thought you told me you'd do it for nothing."

"I did," Barstow said. "But my sister Edith feels that since we're going to be paid, we'd like more than we got last year."

IN 1926, the same delicate question of money—an increase in pay—took the Barstows from Howard's "Toy Shop" to Australia, where they joined the otherwise all-British cast of a musical called "Mercenary Mary." Its producer had seen them in the Howard show in San Francisco and had thrilled to their extraordinary tap-and-toe gymnastics, and he offered them nearly double what they were getting. After the opening night, in Melbourne, the show's billing was changed to feature the Barstows, whom a local critic, in a frenzy of admiration, described as "worthy of Pavlova." This, plus the pay, was so richly gratifying that after "Mercenary Mary" closed, the Barstows stayed on in Australia for a year to do other shows and to enjoy the unbridled plaudits of a people whose new, raw culture was not yet clotted with inhibition. It was a happy interlude, marred only by the fact that Barstow at one point took an excursion to Fiji and disappeared into the bush. For some time, he had been manifesting a species of scholarly greed in his attitude toward show business, wheedling the other players on each bill to stay after hours and teach him their specialties; it was perhaps a mutation of his infantile urge to tell seasoned professionals how to perform. If the reports of old-timers can be believed, he was again a thundering nuisance, but he managed to absorb some intensely useful data. He had

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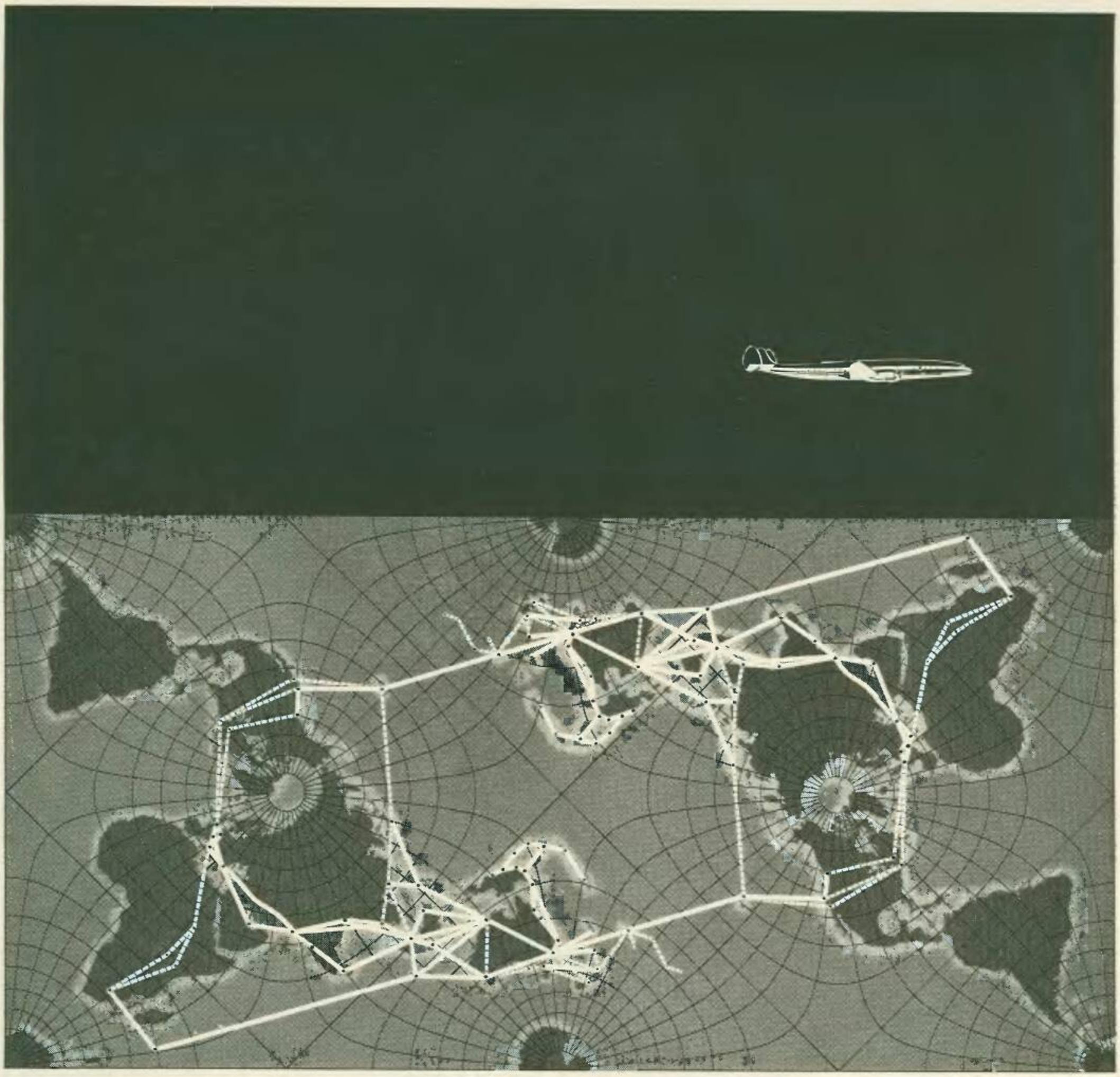
learned in this way to ride a unicycle, hurl throwing knives at a soubrette, juggle a set of dishes, do a series of flip-flaps, operate a ventriloquist's dummy, and play beanbag with a seal. And now, in Australia, he was overcome by a desire to hurry to Fiji and learn the native drum rhythms. The trip proved to be a frost. For one thing, practically nobody on the island knew exactly what he was talking about. This included the resident sun-baked English, whose general reaction was summed up in the well-conceived phrase of one of their number: "Fellow's probably barmy." Also, there was reason to suspect that a band of Fiji guides he engaged for a safari took it all as a sporting good joke. Guides and Barstow tramped for two days through an almost, to him, impenetrable thicket, but they never got near any drums. He returned discouraged, leg-weary, and much galled by burs. It was noted that for some weeks he seemed content simply to work on his own numbers.

On getting back to the United States, the Barstows did vaudeville for a while in Paramount theatres on the West Coast and in Publix theatres on the East Coast. Then, in 1927, they signed on for an engagement at the Kit Kat Klub, in London, with Sophie Tucker. In a condition of affluence, the Barstows spent a thousand dollars on a whopper of a black velvet backdrop—a cyclorama sixty feet long, covered with star dust—for their act. They had checked in at the Regent Palace Hotel, and after the new drapery was delivered to them there, they took it out in the corridor to examine it. A ten- to fifteen-knot breeze was blowing down the corridor, as is customary in such English buildings, and most of the star dust blew off, to sift impartially through the establishment. For about a week thereafter, Barstow played a little game. Spotting people on the street with star dust sprinkled over their clothes, he would step up and say, "How do you like the Regent Palace Hotel?" It was mystifying; nothing like it had been seen in London since Sherlock Holmes performed his feats of deduction to the amazement of Dr. Watson.

After the Kit Kat Klub, the brother-and-sister act appeared in London musical shows and then toured the French Riviera, stopping for a long engagement at the Casino in Cannes. It was during this tour that Barstow did his stint as a high diver in Juan-les-Pins. He protested to the promoter of the act that he could neither dive nor swim, but the man, who had admired his agility



Qantas in a Quincuncial World

Ever since man heard that the world is round he has been trying to get it flat again so it will fit in the bookcase.

Now, when you make a round thing flat something has got to give; distortion results and Greenland ends up bigger than Australia, which is a pity. For most purposes, like driving out to The Lake for the week end, ordinary maps are perfectly good. However, when you plan a trip around the World (by Qantas, let us say) what happens? You run off one side and have to pick up on the other. Poor show.

The Quincuncial (kwin-kun-shul) Projection avoids this by placing two North Polar Projections of the World side by side, one of them upside down. This works out fine as long as you keep your mind on just getting from one point to another and don't get nervous because there are six South Poles and two of everything else including Qantas routes. Don't try to make do with just half the map because things simply won't work out. Take our word for it.

If this is too confusing, we suggest that you either get a globe or book a flight around the World via Qantas Super-G Constellations and connecting airlines. Whether you fly 1st Class or Tourist, the scenery is splendid, the service exceptional, and the seats soft. Ask your travel agent, or any Qantas or BOAC office for details. If you'll write Qantas, Union Square, San Francisco, we'll send a round-the-world planning kit.

Australia's Overseas Airline

QANTAS

on the stage, was insistent, and Barstow hated to hurt his feelings. His diving was a sensation, featuring some beautiful turns from a forty-foot board. Barstow quit when there was loose talk of enrolling him for the Olympics; he thought it would be in bad taste to have a man on the swimming squad who was unable to swim. In Monte Carlo, the Barstows met the King of Sweden, and there Edith exhibited her financial genius at its best when the King commanded her to give a performance; she sent round an inquiry as to how much he might be willing to pay. Finally, friends persuaded her to dance for him free. Shortly before the Barstows returned to this country, after two and a half years abroad, they were extolled in a newspaper as having danced before more royalty than any other American act.

During the next few years, as the jazz-drunk twenties gave way to the broke and hungover thirties, the Barstows played in American night clubs and vaudeville houses, often being headlined at the Palace; appeared in musical shows; and made foreign tours. Sometimes when the Barstows were on the road, their mother elected to stay behind, usually in a flat she had in Chicago, but occasionally she trouped with them, as she invariably had in their younger days. The Barstows remember occasions when she and Milton Berle's mother joined forces to prepare tea and edibles for their progeny on hot plates set up in a dressing room. A typical vaudeville bill of the stunned era that followed the wild spree was one at the Capitol, in New York, in 1930, which featured Milton Berle, Eddie Duchin, and the Barstows. And again, in 1931, at the Paramount: Bing Crosby, Barto and Mann, Frances Faye, and the Barstows. But the lusty old institution was sickening for the end. One of the more melancholy notes in "Vaudeville," Joe Laurie, Jr.'s, voluminous work on the subject, in discussing business at the Palace, relates: "In 1935 it really got worse. . . . Again a change of policy to vaude and pics, and the last show of that was September 25, 1935, with Clara Barry and Orville Whitledge, Carl Freed and his Harlequin Harmonicans, Helene Reynolds and her Skating Sweethearts, Clyde Hager, and Dick and Edith Barstow."

IN the summer of 1936, the brother and sister hit on the novel idea of taking a vacation. Barstow is not positive, but he believes it was the first formal holiday they had had since 1914. They went to a resort on a lake near

A well-seasoned traveler's guide to Tabasco

Italy

Home of Fine Arts... and the art of fine cooking

When the art-lover's eye has feasted on the Venetians, the Florentines, the Sienese and Etruscans, he is ready to feast on Italy's foods, each a work of art in itself.

One evening at a restaurant recommended by friends, the proprietor suggested the *Scaloppine al Marsala*. With obvious pride, he placed before me a veal platter giving forth an irresistible aroma.

There was something hauntingly familiar about its flavor. "Do I, perhaps, detect a touch of Tabasco?" I asked.

"Entirely possible," smiled my host. "We Italians know the liquid pepper seasoning from your country. It's much more full-flavored, aromatic and even-spreading than common ground pepper."

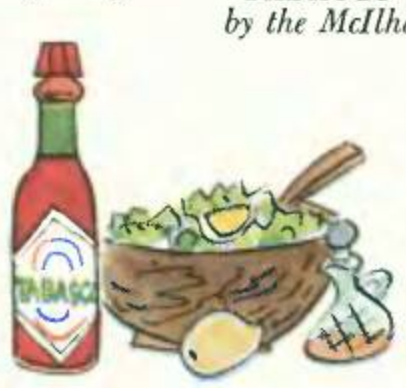
"If you could visit Avery Island, Louisiana, as I have," I explained, "you would know the reason. There, those bright red peppers are aged and mellowed in ancient casks till they reach liquid perfection."

"How lucky you Americans are to have Tabasco* so handy!" he exclaimed. "Do you use it often?"

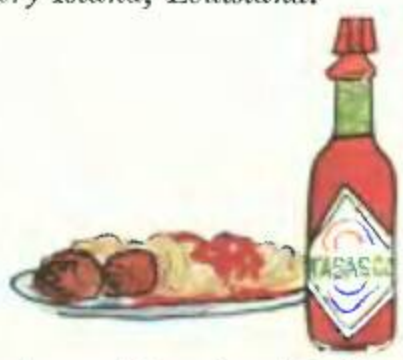
"Indeed," I assured him. Then I told him some typical dishes in which American cooks use Tabasco.

**TABASCO is the registered trademark for the pepper sauce made by the McIlhenny Company, Avery Island, Louisiana.*

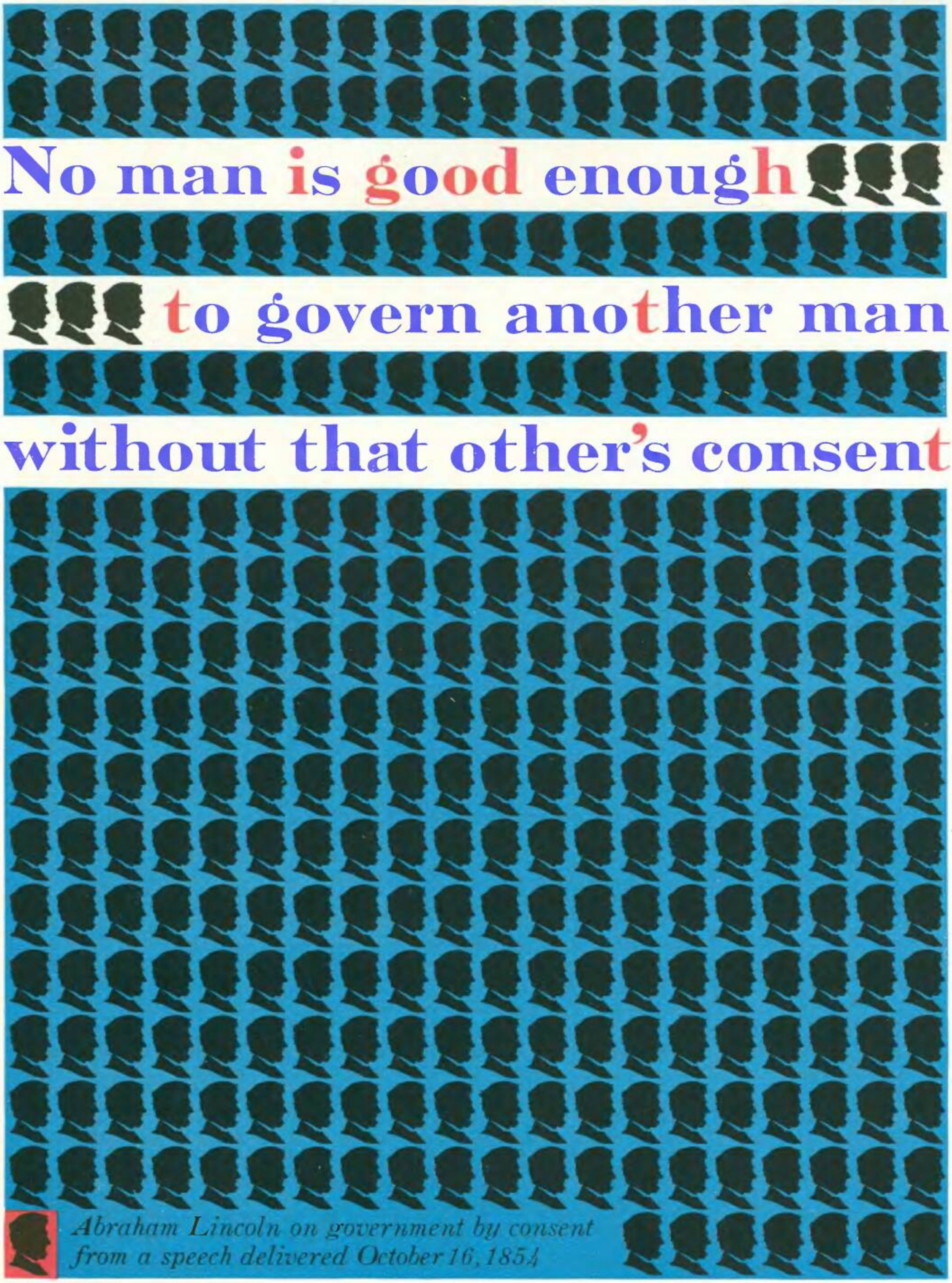
Minestrone Soup — American Style — Add 1 can water to 1 can vegetable soup. As soup is heating add ⅛ teaspoon Tabasco. Before serving, sprinkle each portion with Parmesan Cheese.



Neapolitan Green Salad — Dress your favorite salad greens with olive oil, vinegar, salt and Tabasco. For added interest, include olives, diced celery, carrot strips and anchovies if desired.



Meatballs and Spaghetti Italiane — For that gourmet touch, mix ½ teaspoon Tabasco with meat and salt, then form into balls. Just before serving, add a dash of Tabasco to the spaghetti sauce.



Meadville, Pennsylvania, and entered, incognito, into the organized gaiety there. It was remarked by all the young people what really excellent dancers the brother and sister were—almost professional. Edith had a brief but lively romance, and both learned to play golf and tennis. It was a gala time, but it proved disturbing to at least one of them. After a month, when they left to fill an engagement at the Miami Biltmore, Edith discovered that her thoughts, instead of dwelling on provocative smiles across the footlights, were lost somewhere in the summer laughter of Pennsylvania. She had tasted the simple life and found it flavorful. She quit, stored the trunks of theatrical gear that she had used constantly for more than twenty years, and returned to Meadville. So sharp was her recoil from professional glamour that she took a job as a receptionist in a local beauty parlor; she herself had been an object of glamour since childhood, and now she wished to join the paying crowds in the seats. The work suited her, and she enjoyed listening to the town gossip and joining her stage-struck colleagues in venturing guesses about the probable character of remote idols like Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire. Her brother, continuing in the business in which they had rubbed shoulders with such people, changed his format slightly, abandoning toe dancing for tap, ballet, light comedy, and even songs; he appeared as a featured act at the Radio City Music Hall, then filled engagements in Chicago—at the Chez Paree and, with Eddie Duchin, at the Palmer House. Toward the end of this last date, the manager of the Palmer House shows, Miss Merriel Abbott, asked him to stay on and help her choreograph some difficult numbers in the forthcoming presentation. Barstow did so, and now believes that this was the chief turning point of his life. Miss Abbott at length persuaded him to quit dancing, which he admitted he was beginning to find stale, and turn his talents entirely to choreography. "You've got too many ideas for a dancer," she told him. "It's time you showed other people how to dance."

During the next five years, working with Miss Abbott, Barstow demonstrated that he indeed had ideas in abundance—many of them very distantly related to dancing. He rose to the position of associate producer, and he believes that, for a space, he was drunk with power. His choreography at the Palmer House drew international attention, and he branched out as a writer, a stager, a director, and a number of other things. He prepared material for such

performers as the Hartmans, Dorothy Shay, and Evelyn Knight, and for the peeled amazon, Lois De Fee, he conceived a turn, called "King Size," that brought her quick renown, since it hinged on showing her naked, a popular costume of the time. Then, in 1940, he was summoned to Hollywood to supervise a chorus of dancers that Miss Abbott had sent out there for a film—a musical epic starring Fred Allen and Jack Benny. Barstow's début in the movie capital was puzzling, but it set the pace for future appearances he made there. In a room packed with producers and their kinfolk, in subordinate posts, he patiently explained the routines he had devised. "You're close, know what we mean, Barstow?" they told him, in the graceful idiom of the region. "The first step's colossal—second and third, maybe—but we need the fourth like we need a hole in the head." Barstow worked out several variations; then, with a professional cunning born of years in vaudeville, he returned to the pattern he had offered in the first place. "That's *it!*" they cried. "Barstow, you're a genius!"

With one triumph of this sort following on the heels of another, Barstow quite naturally considered that at last he was progressing on schedule to his foreordained niche when the war broke out. He returned to Chicago and, while waiting for his draft number to come up, ran all the service-center shows in the city, but he felt that that was not enough, so he attended a welding school at night. He graduated *cum laude*, with a diploma to prove it, and got a part-time job in a war plant. His first assignment was to weld four legs onto stools that were meant to stand beside sailors' bunks. Somehow, he couldn't seem to make all four legs come out the same length; try as he might, the stools rocked. It was one of those blind spots that occur now and then to haunt most virtuosos, and complaints began to pour in from the Fleet. The plant took Barstow off stools and put him in trash baskets, where he shone with distinction.

After some months of welding, Barstow was inducted into the Army as a private. He has since said that he was a natural-born soldier, but he concedes that the military life involved certain trifling annoyances. Notably, he was made the butt of much affectionate tomfoolery. His friends agree that there existed sharp differences between Barstow and the average G.I., who was boisterous, sportive, unaesthetic, and given to such amusements as stalking the neighborhood girls and swilling beer in the saloons. While his colleagues were

Roads Scholar

The traffic situation is so bad wherever you go these days, they've revised that old saying to read "all the world loves a mover." And a mover is what Joseph C. Ingraham is—a reporter whose fast-moving stories in The New York Times about traffic make traffic move faster tomorrow than it did today.

Joe Ingraham has been a reporter for more than 30 years. He started while still in college, working nights and summers to make his way through Northwestern and then Ohio State. It may be that his early years as a medical student help him in his present job of diagnosing traffic ills.

Joe first tangled with New York City traffic in 1924. He worked first for the New York City News Association, then for the New York World. He joined The Times in 1930. Working the police beat, he soon had a reputation for having covered every district in the city.

As traffic increased and its problems mounted, Joe found himself more and more involved in it. By 1945 he had become a specialist in traffic. In 1952 he traveled 10,000 miles—many on foot—to do a notable round-up of traffic problems and solutions in a dozen major U. S. cities.

This led to his writing a book on the subject, "Modern Traffic Control," which today is used as a text practically everywhere that traffic administration is taught. His clear, authoritative reporting on traffic matters has won numerous awards.

On The Times staff all over the world you will find many editors and reporters like Joe Ingraham. Specialists in their fields, they join talents to produce every day a newspaper that is lively, informative, fascinating to read. They put more into The Times. You get more out of The Times. Enjoy it every day.

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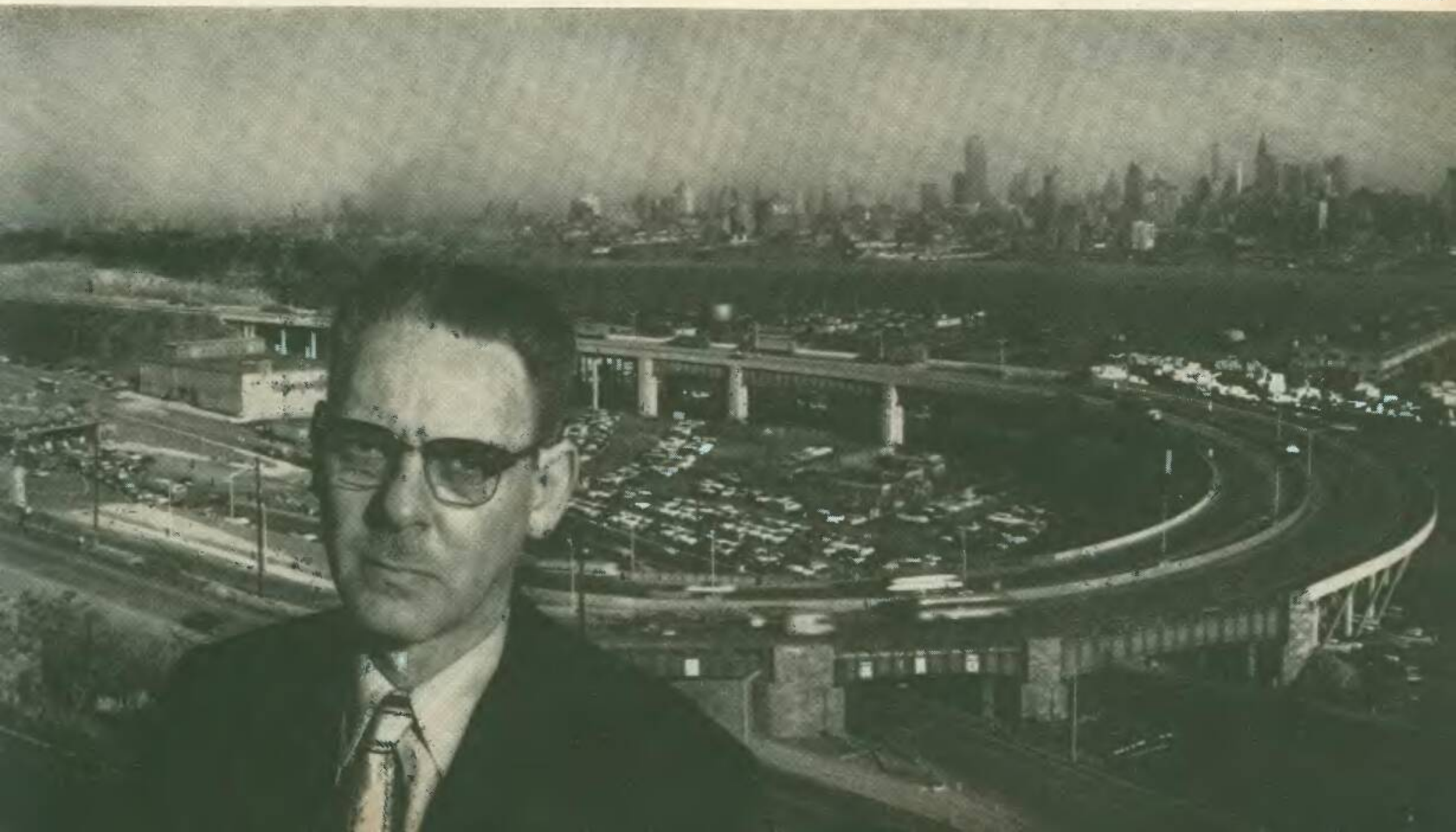
Arnold Newman



engaged in these activities, Barstow was apt to be gathering a bouquet for his table at mess. Even so, he became a prime favorite. As a typical sample of their indulgence, his companions nailed his shoes to the floor one night after he had gone to sleep. At the earsplitting racket of reveille, he leaped out of bed and into his shoes, and then fell forward on his chin. The score was evened when, with reluctance, pleading ignorance, he joined them in trying out as dancers for a camp show. After several of his comrades-in-arms had made sorties of passable skill, Barstow took the floor and flashed into a routine of such dazzling brilliance that they were left stunned. Thereafter, they exhibited him with belligerent pride, pitting him against unfortunate rivals from other camps and units, and would scarcely tolerate even a mention of dancing by outsiders.

Not long after being inducted, Barstow was sent to Camp McCoy, in Wisconsin, and there, working under a Captain Vance Schwartz and with a buddy named Mickey Sharp, he put together a big War Bond musical called "It's the McCoy," which among Army productions of its kind was exceeded in size only by "This Is the Army." Barstow, in addition to writing much of the material for the show, directed, staged, and choreographed it, and Captain Schwartz, who knew a gold mine when he saw one, arranged for him to be given a more or less free hand. So the musical was sent off on a tour of the Middle West, with Barstow dancing in most of its numbers, playing the drums in its marching band, and having an all-round picnic. He received several admiring commendations from high brass and government officials.

The only trouble was that Captain Schwartz had to exercise the ingenuity of a combat general to keep Barstow from being hauled off to war. There was, for example, the occasion of Barstow's first, and only, appearance on the rifle range. He had never before fired so much as a cap pistol, but when the rifle instructor pointed out the targets, he knelt down and scored nine bull's-eyes in a row. Word of this developing disaster reached Captain Schwartz on about the seventh hit, and, pale and dishevelled, he ran onto the field, yelling, "Get Barstow out of here before they put him on a ship!" Barstow left, but by then his performance had won him an expert-marksman's medal. The musical draftee seemed uncommonly adept at everything, including K.P., so the smartest maneuver was obviously to keep him in consecutive programs of

Jim Whipple — CAR LIFE

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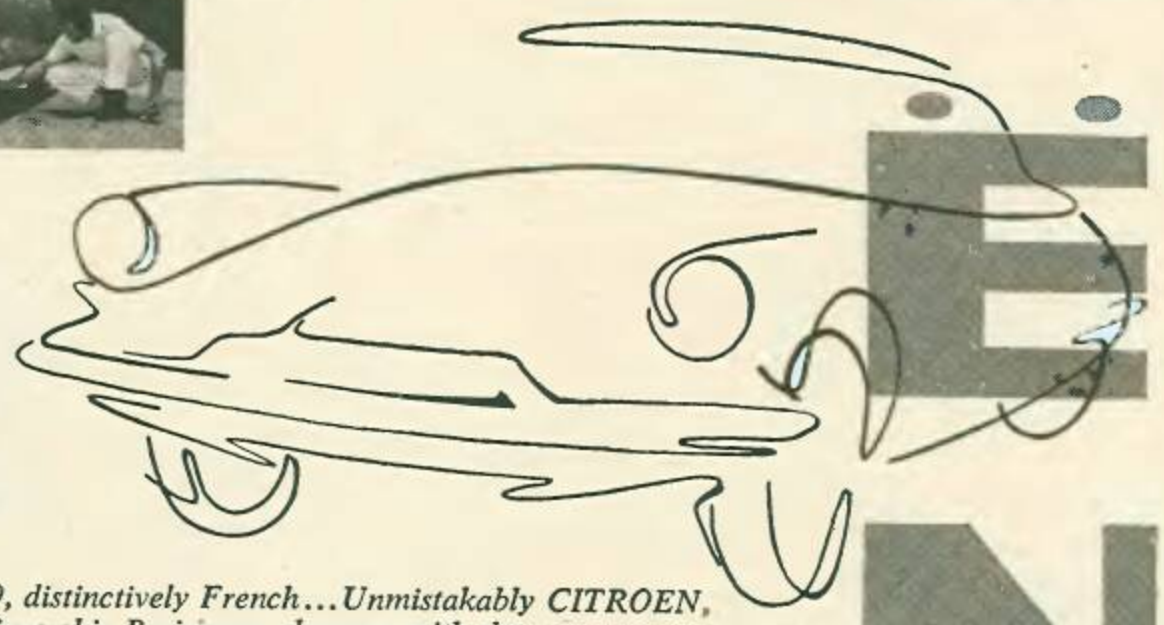

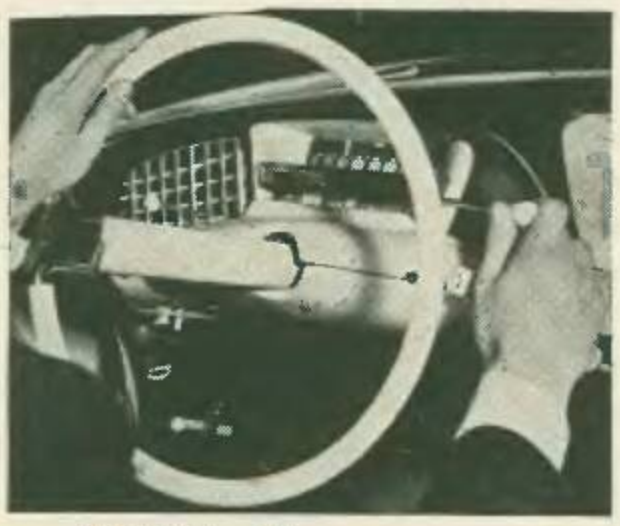

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training, with the dark hint that he was being prepared for something pretty special—perhaps the relief of General Patton. Altogether, Barstow completed six courses of basic training, and he understandably feels that he was among the best-trained soldiers of the war. Still, he had a few narrow squeaks. Three times he was standing in line at the railroad station, awaiting a carrier to the battlefront, when a messenger sprinted up with a reprieve jammed through by Captain Schwartz. For his own part, Barstow was saddened not to get into a combat area. He believes that proper attention to dancing, with a consequent deëmphasis on shooting, might somehow have cleaned up a number of messy situations both in Germany and in the Far East.

WITH the coming of war, Barstow's sister Edith had quit her beauty operations and found a job doing microfilm work for the Army, in Chicago. At the same time, she began helping Miss Abbott with the Palmer House shows, taking her brother's place. After the armistice, when Barstow was mustered out, he joined her at the Chicago hotel, but he was distraught and uneasy. The truth is that, as a soldier on the road back from Wisconsin, he needed rehabilitation; he was suffering from war nerves. In quick succession, he had been a welder, a theatrical entrepreneur on a massive scale, an expert marksman, and a career trainee, and he found civilian life, even in the supper rooms of gold-plated hostelries, a trifle drab. He missed the explosive imminence of the call-up and the steadying hand of Captain Schwartz. During the next three years, he reeled off a series of employments that might have proved totally therapeutic to an ex-G.I. of lesser accomplishments. While Edith went into television, staging the Chicago programs of both Dave Garroway and Wayne King, he worked as choreographer for the St. Louis Municipal Opera and then, wandering eastward, for George Abbott's "Barefoot Boy with Cheek;" for a revival of "Sally," with Willie Howard; for a revival of Noel Coward's "Tonight at 8:30," with Gertrude Lawrence; and for several John Murray Anderson productions. But he felt the need for a complete change of tempo—a tonic that Anderson, a man of perception, decided to supply. For several years, Anderson had spent part of each winter staging the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, which, for better or worse, was growing steadily more lyric and less acrobatic. "Dick," he said, in the

"I'll take this one. Hiram is such an honest name."

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fall of 1948, "I want you to choreograph the circus for me this next season."

"Fine, fine," replied Barstow, instantly eager. "I've never seen a circus."

In Sarasota, at the Ringling winter quarters, they were walking together over the lot and Anderson was expounding certain lore of the medium when Barstow spied a giraffe and was seized with an inspiration for a number. He ran and fetched a frilly skirt, which he attempted to drape over the animal's hindquarters. With a look of extreme distaste, the giraffe sighed, gathered its considerable rear hoofs in a kind of windup—the species' prelude to mayhem—and kicked Barstow solidly in the stomach. Unconscious, he sailed thirty feet. As one of the Ringling officials remarked, contriving a tidy little joke, Barstow's career with the circus had got off on the wrong foot.

—Robert Lewis Taylor

(This is the first of two articles on Richard Barstow.)

•

THE MODERN NAVY HAS A SECOND THOUGHT

[Notice 11014, United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.]

6 March 1957

USNA NOTICE 11014
From: Superintendent
To: Distribution List
Subj: Tennis Court Nets, preservation of

1. *Purpose.* To caution as to need for care of tennis court nets.

2. *Information.* There have been many cases where tennis court nets have been torn down and damaged by children. Nets have been replaced recently and there have already occurred such instances of damage.

3. *Action.* Parents will instruct their children to stay off tennis courts unless they are under instruction and supervision.

4. *Cancellation.* When contents have been noted; for record purposes, 30 April 1957.

W. R. Smedberg, III
J. C. Toth
By direction

12 Mar 1957

USNA NOTICE 11014
From: Superintendent, U. S. Naval Academy
To: Distribution List
Subj: CH-1 to USNA NOTICE 11014 of 6 March 1957, Subj: Tennis Court Nets, preservation of

1. *Purpose.* To promulgate pen and ink change to subject NOTICE.

2. *Action.* In paragraph 3 of subject NOTICE insert the word "PLEASE" between "will" and "instruct."

3. *Cancellation.* This NOTICE is cancelled when action has been taken, and for record purposes 30 April 1957.

W. R. Smedberg
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By direction

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CUCKOLDS, CATS, AND COCKROACHES

AMONG the characters who move with lunatic velocity through "Hotel Paradiso," at the Henry Miller, are M. Boniface, a smallish, desperately gallant man who is afflicted with a terribly plain wife; his best friend, M. Cot, a portly, bearded specimen who is married to a beautiful young woman but somehow prefers to devote his evenings to investigating haunted houses; M. Martin, who, for reasons deeply embedded in the plot, loses the power of coherent speech whenever a thunderstorm comes up; this man's four identical daughters, who will remind sufficiently senile observers of Mary Miles Minter, a classic adornment of the silent films; Cot's nephew Maxime, a schoolboy, whose knowledge of sex is limited to the information in his textbooks; and Victoire, a French maid, who is prepared to offer him more practical instruction. We first meet all these variously obsessed people on a spring afternoon in 1910 in the living room of the Boniface residence, just outside Paris—an apartment of singularly ferocious design, especially in the matter of wallpaper. The action here is mainly expository, it being necessary to explain, among other things, why Boniface feels it no more than his simple duty as a gentleman to seduce his friend's wife, why the lady lends herself so agreeably to this project, and, above all, why that night is going to find virtually all of them guests at the Hotel Paradiso, a den of almost inconceivable iniquity, also rumored to be infested with ghosts. This act contains a reasonable amount of indelicate conversation and a couple of preliminary wrestling matches, but on the whole it is tranquil, and even comparatively rational.

The following one, however, takes us to the Paradiso and into realms of confusion far beyond any poor power of mine to describe. Boniface and Mme. Cot arrive and are assigned a room, but their rapture is momentary, at best. The furniture collapses; people drop in for tea; at one point somebody bores a hole in the doorjamb against which Boniface happens to be leaning, an experience he appears to find at once horrifying and strangely exhilarating; and at another he considers it expedient to hide in the fireplace and emerges in blackface. Altogether, they have a fairly trying evening, and things aren't much better elsewhere in the hotel, M. Cot, on the prowl for spooks, being visited with no fewer than four of them, in the shape of the little Martin girls, who look very horrid indeed in their white nightgowns; and Maxime and Victoire, if you remember who they are, being sadly put to it to discover a chamber not already occupied by his relatives or her employers. Appropriately enough, the night ends with the arrival of the police, who bundle all of them off to the police station. The last act, naturally, is devoted to straightening everything out, a task that is accomplished with a rapid-fire ingenuity barely distinguishable from black magic.

As you have probably been informed, "Hotel Paradiso" was written in 1886, by Georges Feydeau, who composed thirty-eight similar farces in the course of his career, and the current adaptation is the work of Peter Glenville. While in my opinion the piece at the Henry Miller is rather less successful than "The Matchmaker," which explored much the same vein but managed somehow to combine an odd literary charm with its madness, I still think it is very funny for the greater part of its length and well worth the attention of those who have no objection to skillful horseplay, however primitive its level.

As Boniface, Bert Lahr gives a magnificently comic performance, his interpretation of a man unexpectedly bitten from behind by a steel drill being particularly worthy of note, and Angela Lansbury, as Mme. Cot, suggests a disreputable Gibson Girl—a difficult and hilarious achievement. Of the others, I especially admired John Emery, as Cot; Vera Pearce, as Mme. Boniface; Douglas Byng, as the strangely afflicted Martin; Carleton Carpenter, as Maxime; Sondra Lee, as Victoire; and Horace Cooper, in the infinitesimal and almost speechless role of a ducal patron of the Paradiso. Mr. Glenville's direction, a job roughly comparable in intricacy to that of coaching a professional

football team, is superlative, and Osbert Lancaster's sets, containing, I should say, more doors than the gentlemen's room in a railway station, are masterpieces of farcical design.

IT seems likely to me that the late Don Marquis would regard "Shinbone Alley," a musical comedy based on some old writings of his about a cockroach and a cat, with very mixed emotions, in which dismay would perhaps predominate. I think he would be gratified to see how much of his material the adapters considered worthy of preservation practically intact, and how smoothly, on the whole, the stuff came out, and I imagine he would admire Eartha Kitt, who, while probably not precisely what he had in mind when he created the dissolute but indomitable cat named Mehitabel, is still remarkably decorative, spirited, and surely as feline as a mortal girl can be. On the other hand, I'm afraid that, as a humorist of rare taste and perception, he would be distressed by the dismal vulgarity of most of the additions that have been made to his work; that he would be saddened to note that Archy, a terrible pest but still a bug of strong and sardonic opinions, has been depicted, in general, as a sentimental bore who loves Mehitabel and wants to reform her, instead of as the supercilious observer who reported on her behavior with the chilly detachment of a social worker and intermittently suspected that she was planning to eat him up; and, above all, that he would be depressed, though doubtless not altogether surprised, to discover that it is just about impossible to give a single anecdote the form and substance of a play. These opinions so confidently attributed to Mr. Marquis are, of course, also essentially my own. I felt, in short, that while it was nearly always agreeable to look at Miss Kitt, and while it was entertaining to listen to her when her mood bore some resemblance to the Mehitabel I used to know and love, the rest of the proceedings had a curiously melancholy and desperate air. The whole thing, I thought, should never have been attempted. It is a matter of very small concern to me what Broadway talents choose to do with characters like Li'l Abner, but Archy and Mehitabel are a little outside their range, and I wish they could have been persuaded to let them alone.

The details of the production at the Broadway needn't detain us long. Almost no effort has been made to disguise Miss Kitt as a cat, beyond holding her human clothing to a minimum,

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or Eddie Bracken as a cockroach, and this, I guess, is the only intelligent solution of that problem. The matter of comparative size, both between the principals themselves and in respect to the objects surrounding them, is somewhat more vexing. The bugs and animals, that is, are indistinguishable, but when properties like pencils and typewriters are introduced, they are scaled in relation to cockroaches rather than cats, while wardrobe trunks and fireplaces are done in reverse. It is a rather baffling effect, emphasizing for me the basic idiocy of the whole operation, but it may be that I am just looking for trouble. The plot, as I've noted, is fundamentally a single joke (Mehitabel's amiable inability to reject any tom that comes along), and, except for an interlude involving a cat who also happens to be a Shakespearean actor, I suspect it of not being a terribly funny one. The lyrics, again as noted, are O.K. when they are duplicates or close paraphrases of the Marquis originals, but otherwise they are pretty flat or tasteless, or both, although the opening-night audience was clearly enchanted with one called "Flotsam and Jetsam." The music is good enough, or at least Miss Kitt frequently succeeds in making it seem so, and the dances have the proper back-fence abandon, if you can ignore one interminable and fuzzily pretentious ballet that would certainly have unseated Mr. Marquis's reason. The artists chiefly responsible for all this turbulence are Joe Darion, who wrote the lyrics and collaborated on the book with Mel Brooks; George Kleinsinger, who furnished the music; Rod Alexander, who staged the dances; and Eldon Elder and Motley, who designed the sets and the costumes, respectively. The beasts and insects supporting Miss Kitt and Mr. Bracken include Erik Rhodes, Ross Martin, Jacques D'Amboise, Allegra Kent, Gwen Harmon, and George S. Irving. They are *toujours gai*, kid, as Mehitabel was so fond of observing. —Wolcott Gibbs

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A mistaken impression has been given to many custodians and teachers that some chalkboards can be washed because of the material that forms the backing for the chalkboard. Following such erroneous advice cannot but result in costly experience. Any chalkboard can be washed as chalkboards are normally washed without damage to the backing; that isn't the point. The question is should the chalkboard be washed.—*Illinois School Board Journal.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Bundle of Nerves

IF you are still bubbling over about the Gotham Stakes at Jamaica last Saturday, I would advise you to count to ten and have another look at Mister Jive's past performances before you go off the deep end for him in the Wood Memorial and the Kentucky Derby. To be sure, he came through like a good one, and the race itself was as exciting as could be. The point is that most of the runners he beat were not among the best three-year-olds you're going to see this season, and also, the Gotham was a hurly-burly affair. Besides (and this is more important), Mister Jive is a light-bodied, nervous fellow, hardly the sort likely to stand the stress and strain of such races as the Wood and the Derby. At saddling time for the Gotham, he sweated profusely in the paddock, a sure sign that he was very much on edge. It's only fair to say, though, that he ran well. Conserving his energy, he moved into a contending position on the turn for home, took the lead halfway down the stretch, and won by a couple of lengths from Promised Land, who beat him in the Governor's Cup at Bowie several weeks ago. (That day, Mister Jive gave Promised Land twelve pounds; in the Gotham, Promised Land had to give Mister Jive four.) For the record, Clem was third. King Hairan, the winner of the Swift Stakes the previous Saturday, was first to show in front of the pack, but he gave way to Moon Crazy, who, in turn, was passed by High Sparkle, the biggest thing of his age I've seen this year. These three all seem to be sprinters, and not very impressive ones at that. As for Ambehaving, the favorite, he was slow to begin, as usual, and consequently had to race most of the way far out, beyond the middle of the track (a horse loses a lot of ground doing that). When he started to put in his best efforts he was blocked, and he wound up sixth. On the whole, it wasn't a happy afternoon for Shoemaker, who had come from California to ride Ambehaving; he accepted mounts in four other races, and the best he could do was get two of them home second. Woodhouse had three winners, one of them Mister Jive.

The beginner's-luck story is usually a popular one, and in racing it's prac-

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tically surefire. Well, Mister Jive is owned by a Toronto businessman named John L. Appelbaum, who up to a couple of years ago had no more than a passing interest in what we like to call the turf. Then, one day, a friend suggested, half in jest, that he go into the horse business, and Mr. Appelbaum, quite as casually, said he would if his friend would buy him some runners. Weeks later, the friend, who was Vern Martin, an Ontario horseman, returned to Toronto from the Keeneland sales with five yearlings and told Mr. Appelbaum to take his pick. As the tale goes, Mr. Appelbaum looked the lot over, pointed to a bay colt by Mr. Music out of Joy Forever, and said "I'll have that one." He named the animal Mister Jive and turned him over to Bud Carter, a young Canadian, to train. To date, Mister Jive, who cost $2,000, has won seven of his sixteen starts and $81,800 in prize money. No doubt he'll go well at the New Woodbine this summer, but, not having been foaled in the Dominion, he isn't eligible for the Queen's Plate. Too bad.

A RACE I am looking forward to with almost as much calmness as I felt toward the Gotham Stakes is this weekend's Wood Memorial. Most of the colts who were in the Gotham will run for it. The one notable addition will be Bold Ruler, Jim Fitzsimmon's big horse. He has trained well since his return from Florida, and since he stands out above all the other three-year-olds hereabouts, I don't expect he'll have much trouble winning. He'll be odds-on, however. After the Wood, his next engagement will be in the Kentucky Derby, on May 4th, but let's not make any predictions about that one yet.

FROM time to time, I've reported on the unusual markings of some of our racers. Well, the most interesting example I've seen in a long time is on a three-year-old named Play Pilot. Just above his right hip joint he has a perfect St. Andrew's cross. The colt hasn't won so far, but I suppose he might on St. Andrew's Day, which falls on November 30th, the last day of the New York season. —AUDAX MINOR

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Blizzard-like weather moved in from the southwest along about midnight last night, and those who sleep light said there were high guests starting about midnight and reaching a peak around 2 o'clock this morning.—*Monmouth (Ill.) Review Atlas.*

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BEFORE CROWNED HEADS

WHEN I was a boy of seven, I began taking piano lessons from an elderly lady who lived a block from our house, in a small college town in South Dakota. She and her husband had recently moved from a farm to a white one-story cottage with a screened porch so buried under a tangle of massed vines that when entering one seemed to be going into a cool jungle. Inside the house, this impression was strengthened by an odd clammy smell that hung perpetually upon the place. The dark-green window shades were never more than a third raised, and the living room was crammed with ponderous, thickly varnished wooden furniture. In every corner and in front of the windows, ferns and potted plants squatted on stout pedestals, and the walls were adorned with sombre brown pictures of ancestors and landscapes. Even the top of the upright piano was crowded with family pictures, set on a velvet runner depicting a forest scene.

My teacher, a kindly woman whose eyes had been nearly squeezed shut from her constant smiling, could not have been over five feet tall, and she would welcome me into her parlor like a tiny creature from a fairy tale. She taught me to read music—the Every Good Boy Does Fine of the treble clef and the Good Boys Do Fine Always of the bass—and she assigned lessons from little books of songs about games, such as skipping rope and hopscotch. While I hesitantly picked out the melodies of these pieces, she would sit beside the piano in a small rocking chair and nod patiently, her head to one side, her tiny black eyes sparkling. When the lesson was over, she always gave me a cookie that tasted strangely cold and musty, like the smell of the house itself. I would take one small bite and then pretend to save the rest for my walk home.

I SUPPOSE my parents must have decided that my musical education was proceeding in too leisurely and haphazard a manner, for after several years I was suddenly sent to Helge Sogn Schleswig. Mrs. Schleswig and her husband had only recently arrived in this country, and she spoke English with such a heavy accent that I had considerable difficulty understanding her. She was Swedish, and all that I knew about her—all that anyone seems to have known about her—was that she had played in Europe before crowned heads. It was always said that way—"crowned heads," never "royalty" or "kings and queens." Later, I learned that she had given command performances before both Gustaf V and George V, and that it was while she was studying in Germany after the first of these triumphs that she met her husband, a violinist.

They lived in an apartment house, in rooms that were as stark as the rooms of the white cottage had been crowded; a grand piano, three armchairs, and a settee were the only pieces of furniture in their living room. And instead of having the familiar musty odor, the apartment was light and warm and smelled always of cigarette smoke.

When I presented myself at Mrs. Schleswig's door for the first time, she extended her hand and said "How do you do?" as formally as if I were an adult. She was tall and blond, and so regal in her bearing that I could not look at her without being at once reminded of her past associations with crowned heads. She was friendly, but her smiles were only a slight upward tightening of the mouth, and her blue eyes never seemed to lose their penetrating quality.

"Show me how you play," she said when I had removed my jacket.

I chose my most impressive selection—a piece not part of a book but separate, with its own cover, like sheet music. It was called "The Pony Ride," and I played it through with only a few mistakes.

The final notes had not died away before she said, "You do not sit right!" She waved me off the piano bench and sat down herself. "So," she said. "Look at my back. It is straight. Do I hunch all over the keyboard like this, picking out the notes with my nose? No. Straight!" Her eyes bored into me to see whether I understood. "Now," she said, "I am going to play this piece, 'The Pony Ride.' I want you to watch my hands." I watched them. They were very clean hands with long fingers and short nails. When she had finished, she turned

to me. "Well, what did you see?"

I stared miserably at the keyboard. "I don't know," I said.

"The fingers are curved," she said. "We play on the tips of the fingers, not all flat out like this—like you play. On the very tips of the fingers we play, with the wrist flat. See? Absolutely level from the knuckle to the elbow."

She got up and went out of the room, returning in a moment with two pennies. "I am going to play 'The Pony Ride' again. Look." She placed a penny on the back of each wrist and then played the piece. Neither penny moved a hairsbreadth. When she had finished, she contemplated me in silence for a moment, then rose and, putting the pennies on my wrists, told me to play the piece again. But I could not play three notes before one of the pennies would clatter onto the keys or drop and roll away across the floor.

During the rest of the first lesson, I did scales, attempting to pass my thumbs under my hands without rolling my wrists or straightening my fingers. At the end of the lesson, she took hold of my hands and asked me to look at them. "They are dirty," she said. I was surprised, because although my fingernails were not exactly clean, my hands looked all right to me. I suppose I seemed embarrassed, for she added with unexpected gentleness that one should always wash the hands before playing the piano. I was, furthermore, to cut the fingernails so short that they would not click on the keys when I played on the very tips of the fingers.

As I put on my jacket, she wrote a note to my mother, telling her what book I was to buy and what my first assignment was to be. This book was the Edition Peters' "Die Ersten Studien für Klavier," published in Leipzig. Mrs. Schleswig had arranged with the music store downtown to stock it, so the next day I began what turned out to be nearly three years of intensive drill on nothing but scales and exercises. Compositions like "The Pony Ride" and "Skipping Rope" were laid in the bottom of the piano bench, and no other little songs or story pieces ever took their place. I went from one collection of finger drills to another, each more difficult than the last, each originally published in Leipzig.

WHEN Mrs. Schleswig first came to town, there was a flurry of mothers transferring their offspring to the care of the Swedish lady who had played before crowned heads. Each of the several housewives who had until

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then served as the town's musical mentors lost pupils to her. It wasn't long, however, before many of these pupils were back with their previous teachers, for Mrs. Schleswig made no compromises with local taste or customs. Her pupils gave no recitals at which parents and friends could hear their children perform, and have cake and coffee afterward. Mrs. Schleswig never openly condemned the other piano teachers, but she made it clear that her pupils had years of careless or downright incorrect habits to unlearn. There were weeks when I did nothing but work on scales in the left hand alone, so untrained were my fingers, accustomed only to the "ump pa ump pa" or the "ump pa pa" of the little marches and waltzes I had been playing for several years.

Although there was prestige in being Helge Sogn Schleswig's pupil—for it was assumed that only the most serious, the best students, continued with her—my mother, too, would have been happy to have me change teachers. Her friends gave me flattering looks when they heard that I was studying with Mrs. Schleswig, but then they would inevitably ask me to play for them. "That's just it!" my mother would exclaim. "He's studied for years with the best teacher and he can't play a single piece of music. Up the scale and down the scale—but ask him to play anything anyone can bear to listen to, and he can't do it."

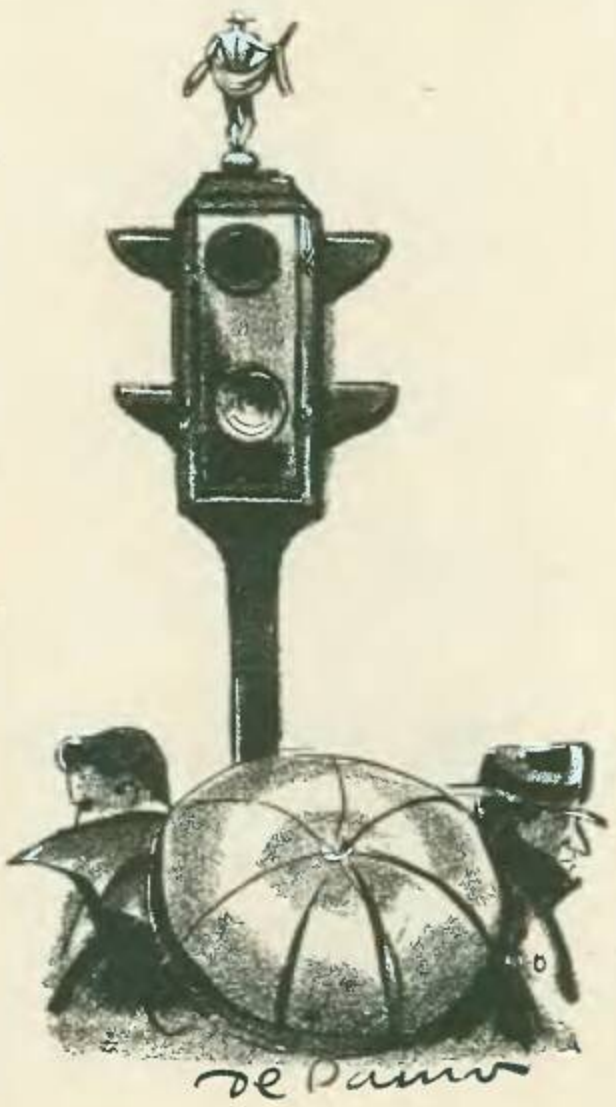
A long discussion invariably ensued during which my mother and her friends would agree that if one's goal was to be a concert pianist, then such training was probably absolutely essential. But, they would conclude, if one simply wanted to learn to play the piano, what was the good of it?

I would defend Mrs. Schleswig hotly, though at my age I must have sounded ridiculously pompous as I parroted her favorite maxims. I don't know why, but I had thrived under her training. Not that I was making phenomenal strides—my ability seemed to be only average or very little better—but I worked hard and promised to become a competent player. Above all, I responded to that ideal of perfection which she pressed upon all her pupils. I did not want to play well by provincial standards; I wanted to play well by *real* standards—by the standards of the Edition Peters of Leipzig, and of crowned heads.

I REMEMBER quite well the exact combination of events that finally betrayed me. In the first place, the re-

lationship between Mrs. Schleswig and me became as informal as she ever permitted her relations with her students to become. Not only had I responded to her ideal of perfection but I was an eager listener to all her tales about the glory of study in Germany, the great teachers she had had, and the student life she had known. I could easily envision narrow, mist-filled cobblestone streets through which bands of dedicated young music students laughed their way to outdoor cafés, or the poverty-stricken rooms in which they gathered to play music and discuss life. I pictured small, Gothic concert houses, in front of which the nobles descended from their carriages, while the spirits of the great masters brooded over all. Everything she described seemed incredibly wonderful to me. Even the tone of sadness that often crept into her voice as she reminisced served only to render the scenes more poignant and more vivid.

Also, I began to play music—first some Bach and then, in exciting succession, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven. As I progressed through the easier works of these masters, Mrs. Schleswig treated me with still greater consideration. She had never condescended to my youth, but now she began to criticize me by appealing to my own judgment. I remember the first time she let me finger a passage my own way; she did not entirely approve, but admitted that the fingering I had worked out was at least permissible. It was an exhilarating experience, and I became surer of myself. I began to think that although I could never, of course,



dream of equalling even the average European student, and so never hope to have a concert career, I might somehow be able to make the piano my lifework.

At about this time, a friend of my parents moved out of town and left me a carton of sheet music, most of it dating back to the First World War. My father was especially fond of that collection, and for him I would run through such pieces as "The Alcoholic Blues," "Hello, Central, Give Me No Man's Land," and "There's a Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway." I couldn't really play this kind of music—the exact rhythms always seemed to elude me—but I enjoyed the catchy tunes and hilarious lyrics, as well as the bizarre cover art. In this collection I found an oversized piece of music, eight pages long and printed on heavy paper. It was "The Wedding of the Winds," a valse-concert then being acclaimed, the cover said, as "the Classic Hit of the Continent." On the cover, too, a couple danced dreamily over what seemed to be a cobblestone street; behind them was a *Biergarten* full of gay students raising beer mugs and hugging fat, laughing girls under lanterns strung out between the trees.

I couldn't play this one right, either. I couldn't quite catch the lilt I knew the waltz should have, and the piece had been made superficially difficult by the introduction of elaborate, tinkling runs and syncopated inner voices. I resolved to take the music with me to my next lesson, not only because I wanted Mrs. Schleswig to play it for me but because I was sure she would be as pleased with the find as I was. She probably knew the music, I thought, and had heard it in its authentic setting. In any case, she could certainly tell me all about it, and I felt that we would be drawn even closer together in our pursuit of a common goal, that I would experience at last, even if at second hand, the excitement of foreign scenes and fabled student life.

THE lesson seemed interminable, and I played badly. Mrs. Schleswig maintained a cold silence through most of the half hour. Once or twice she stopped me completely and made me sit a minute in silence before allowing me to begin again. "You do not even think what you are doing today," she said in great disgust at the end of the lesson, and gave me the same assignment to prepare for the next one. As I was hesitating over showing her

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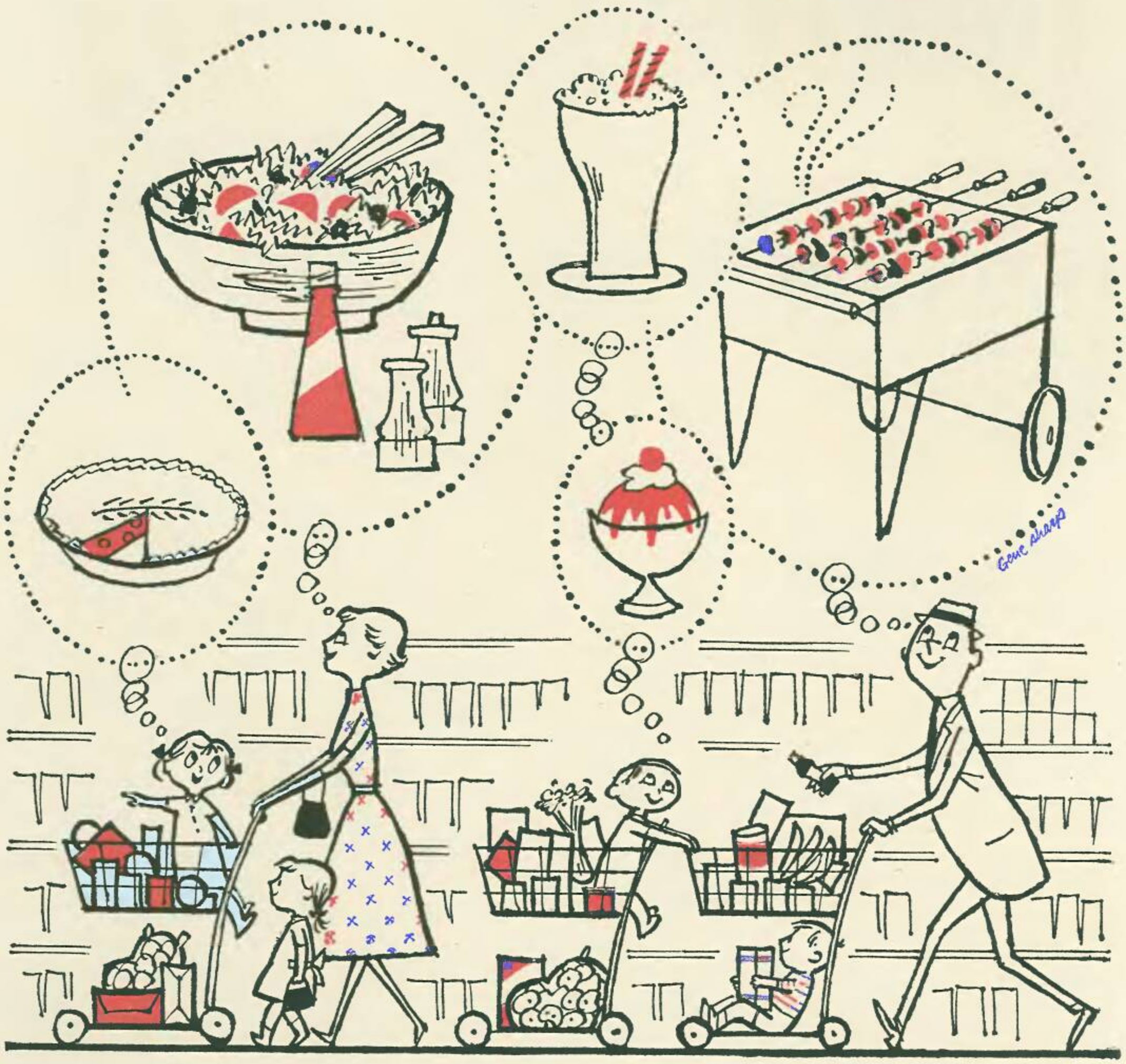

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"The Wedding of the Winds," she began to talk to me, seriously but not severely.

"You do very well," she said. "You are my good pupil, but the better you do, the harder you must work. There is a danger of reaching a plateau, of learning to do well, but not learning to do perfect. It is the last push which is the hardest. When we think we have mastered a piece, then the work truly begins. Then we must start all over again and perfect the piece. Is that not so?"

"Yes," I said. "I understand."

It was an awkward moment. She was expecting me to go, but I could not leave. I didn't want to walk home through prosaic Dakota streets, after her mild reprimand, without establishing that the great world of student life in Europe and I had had secret conclave. I wanted her to know that, however poorly I played, I, too, realized there was a greater and more intensely devoted world elsewhere, and that I also idolized it. "See what I've found," I said.

"What's that?" she asked, and when she saw it, I knew at once from her faint smile that she had recognized it. "Where did you get this?"

I told her, and then I asked her to play it for me.

"But you can play this," she said.

"No, I can't," I said. "I can't get the lilt of the waltz right."

She hesitated, and I had a premonition that playing the piece would move her into private memories, adult memories, of her life before I was even born, and that I would not be able to share the moment with her.

"You know how these waltzes go," I said earnestly. "With a sort of lilt to them, like Strauss."

She looked at me and then actually laughed—a little laugh, but I had never heard her laugh before, and I think I blushed.

"You are right," she said. "Only the Germans and the Austrians really know how to play these pieces."

"Won't you play it for me?" I asked.

"But I am not German."

"I know, but you studied in Germany," I said.

She looked as though she might laugh again, but caught herself in time. "Well, I will try," she said, and began the waltz. She played it beautifully, with just the lilt I knew it should have. The cover scene came suddenly to life—the couple dancing, the students carousing, the gay lanterns strung out between the trees, and the music sounding in the dis-

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tance. These are people with music in their blood, Mrs. Schleswig had once said, and I could almost feel that I had been born with music in mine. I couldn't make the music sound like this, but this was how it sounded in my head, how I felt it in my body. I watched her fingers tinkling over the keys, and I resolved that I would study and study and study, that I would devote my life to music, until it permeated and surrounded me as completely as it did the German students and Mrs. Schleswig herself.

Suddenly, she stopped in the middle of a phrase, and half rose from the bench. "I cannot play it," she said. She turned, closed the music, and handed it back to me. "I cannot play it," she repeated.

I must have looked as though I had been struck dumb. "But it was just right," I said, astounded.

"I do not want to play it," she said. "It is such— such—" She gestured disdainfully and strode to the other side of the room. "It is such cheap music. It is the cheap music, you know, of the cafés."

I started to protest, but I didn't say what I knew to be true—that she had been surprised and pleased to see the music, and that it *had* moved her, if only briefly, into private memories. Her sudden laughter and the way she had played the little waltz revealed to me how deeply she had been stirred. I was sure that she had stopped playing only because of her strong sense of professional duty, and all at once I realized that I had somehow misunderstood her, that, indeed, I had probably misunderstood the entire basis of our relationship to each other and to the mysterious world of music—a world in which only perfection counted. I knew then that what I was going to say would only reveal the extent of my ignorance, but I felt I had to defend myself.

"I'm sorry," I said, and my face was burning hot. "It said 'valse-concert' on the cover."

"Oh, that," she said. "It means— well, they just put that on. You will understand later." She opened the door for me. "I am sorry, too, but that sort of music is like popular music over here. It is played in just cheap places—you know?"

I hurried out and walked slowly down the hot, dusty street, feeling that whatever had been bred in my blood, it was at least not music, and that Beethoven and Haydn, whose works I carried in my hands, were as unattainable to me as the strange world of poverty-stricken music students who gathered in one another's rooms in old German towns to argue about music and about life, the world of the tall Swedish lady who had surrounded herself with an aura of perfection and who played before crowned heads.—DEAN DONER

• •

THE PEASANT

Six times faster than the fool can weep,
His passions trick him. When he's dry,
The urban peasant kills his tender sheep,
Which, softly, on his pillow, pass him by.

This much Manhattan does. The bulky swain,
In Harris tweed, takes more than can be borne,
Until he howls at night because his brain
Is undervalued and his nerves are worn.

He counts his goods or counts the throats of sheep
Or murmurs to his soul, "My soul, be still."
But there's no gully deep enough to keep
The helpful yearlings that his passions kill.

An average man, the pavement where he walks
Is tough and bearable, but every night
The city slicker on his pillow balks
Before the switch that must turn out the light.

Barefoot and trembling, he will not be held
Accountable for murder in his sleep;
"It is not I," his country cousin yelled,
"Who cut the gentle jugulars of sheep!"

—LEONARD WOLF

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says BEATRICE LILLIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATSTON-HESSE

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THE ART GALLERIES

Peripheral

WITH something of a wrench, I broke away last week from the established gallery route (Fifty-seventh Street and points north) and went farther afield in search of material—in one instance as far as the Newark Museum, to see an exhibition called "Early New Jersey Artists, Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries." I went there because I'd been told it was a major effort, involving several years of research into the state's local history, always a tangled subject (a grand total of eleven hundred and eighty-two practicing artists were discovered to have lived there during the period, of whom an even hundred are represented), and, in some cases, still more difficult labors in tracking down and assembling such paintings and other works as could be located for the collection. Besides, I just like local history.

I can report that the show is a considerable success in that department, and a fair one as an assemblage of art. There are a few slight, and I suppose unavoidable, defects in this regard. As the catalogue points out, New Jersey was largely a rural region in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and so once one is past the very early portraitists, mostly of the journeyman variety, the tendency is a bit monotonously toward landscape—plus, in the later sections, an occasional venture into genre. New Jersey, for some reason, did not produce many really major artists during the period, and though the entrance requirements to the collection appear to be cheerfully liberal (as I got it, a man didn't have to be born or to spend his career there—he just had to live and paint there for an appreciable time), there are not many "great" names on the roster. Catlin, Audubon, Inness, Inman, Moran, and Heade are about all that I recall, and some of these are suspect in the role of true New Jerseyites. Sculptors, too, are at a minimum, and only a half dozen are included, none of them remarkable. Yet for all that, some charming pieces are scattered here and there. The Inness, one of his rustic scenes, "Home from Pasture," is excellent, and so are the loomingly panoramic "Lower

Manhattan from Communipaw," by Thomas Moran, and the very Hudson River School but handsome "Greenwood Lake," by Jasper Francis Cropsey. Of the work of the less well-remembered figures, I liked Thomas Buchanan Read's "Portrait of Joseph Morris Ward," a charming study of a boy in a red velvet jacket, wading, as well as John James Barker's romantically rustic "East Entrance to Rahway, New Jersey" and the sunny dune scene, by Herman Hartwich, called "Hot July Afternoon."

The show abounds in discoveries of another sort. New Jersey claims to be the home of the earliest American professional portraitist, John Watson, a Scot who settled in Perth Amboy soon after the turn of the eighteenth century, and whose "Portrait of Governor William Burnet" starts the show off chronologically. As the collection also reveals, both the Civil War general George B. McClellan and Charlotte Julie Bonaparte, Napoleon's niece (who lived with her father, Joseph, in Bordentown, after their flight to this country), were New Jersey artists. The first is represented by a quite passable "New Jersey Landscape" and the other by a conventionally wistful portrait of a lady backed by weeping willows, called "Cora Monges." The landscapes and genre pieces should not be dismissed lightly, either—the one giving, in its perhaps repetitious but pleasant way, a conception of what the region looked like before industrialization overspread so much of it, and the second (see, for instance, Henry Inman's "The Newsboy" and William Page's "The Young Merchants") an idea of the life that went on there.

TO Brooklyn next, and the Brooklyn Museum's nineteenth biennial water-color exhibition, which, as has been the custom in recent years, is divided into two groups, one American and one foreign. The visiting nation chosen for this year was Italy—an indication of the rapidly growing interest in the art of that country—and both groups are rather large, with two hundred and twenty-three items in all on display, two or three each by some fifty-five Italians and one apiece by ninety Americans. This makes for a fairly exhaustive survey, though, fortunately, not an exhausting one, and as I went through the show I was interested to note the differences in the work of the two national groups.

There are not so many as might be imagined, or at least there are few ma-

jor ones. In a sense, a new International Style seems to be developing, based in this country perhaps more directly on German Expressionism and its parallel, Fauvism, and abroad in part on much the same sources but also on several intermediary influences, such as Tachism and even Futurism. The net result, though, in both cases is something that can loosely be called Abstract Expressionism; it's this that largely dominates the show, and the differences I discovered are mainly the subtler ones of mood and manner rather than of styles.

Broadly speaking, I'd say the Italians are more volatile and more varied in their experiments with form—more intent, too, on the picture pattern alone—while the Americans, generally, are less dashing, less adroit superficially, and, in a way, more thoughtful. Thus, although the foreign group represents an almost bewildering assortment of technical approaches—from, say, the sticklike patterns of Umberto Milani through Capogrossi's buglike ones to Giacomo Manzu's more realistic, big-figured "Young Woman Reclining"—the prevailing feeling is light and almost impersonal, and not until one turns to the Americans does one come upon direct philosophic commentary. This attitude is apparent in Ben Shahn's ironic "Goyescas" and such deeper moralizing as Gregorio Prestopino's "Track Gang," while even among the abstractions the emotional suggestions are stronger and more various, ranging from Victor Candell's vivid "Disaster" and the chill, wintry "Rocky Coast," by Mary Heisig, to the eerie and sinister "Launching Site," by John Hultberg.

But, as I've suggested, these are mainly matters of nuance, and I don't want to insist on them. The fact is that both groups are excellent, and the Italian section is given further interest by the number of relative unknowns, of whose work I liked especially Achille Perilli's dark, reticulated "Trip to the Interior," Piero Garino's bright "Trees," and, perhaps the best of the lot, Fabrizio Clerici's lacy, delightful "Mirage of an Oriental City." On the American side, I'd cite Antonio Frasconi's deftly simplified "Pennsylvania Mine," Seymour Franks' cascadingly patterned "No. 1, 1954," and Karl Schrag's big, almost Pointillist "Dark Tree, Dark Water."

ONE can see quite a lot of art nowadays in the space of two or three blocks in the area around St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. Forced out of the

Village by the rising rents and other changes, the younger artists have been moving increasingly in that direction in recent years (to the point, indeed, that one dealer in artists' materials has opened shop on Third Avenue), and now more and more galleries are springing up. These are mostly coöperative affairs, run, staffed (on a turn-and-turn-about basis), and, of course, financed by the artists themselves, so the appointments are apt to be sketchy, the hours limited (to give everyone more chance for painting), and the atmosphere easy-going. The Tanager, which opened five years ago, at 90 East Tenth Street, is the oldest. But the others—the Camino, the March, and the Fleischman, all clustered on East Tenth, and the James, on Twelfth—are pretty well established, too, and if you're game for poking into old hallways and climbing ancient stairs you will get a fairly good glimpse of what the youngsters who may make the future are doing at the moment. (The Tanager, at its outset, was showing Hans Hofmann, Willem de Kooning, and many others who are "uptown" artists now.) The March was closed the day I was down there, and the exhibition at the Fleischman, of paintings by Dic Carlyon, will have closed by the time this appears. His work, largely landscapes and Abstract Expressionist in style, seemed decidedly uneven. Yet a certain inventiveness was apparent, as in "Dunkirk Harbor & Sun" (the sun a quick spiral of reddish-ochre pigment). Lowren West, at the James, is a trifle slapdash in his general approach, with a tendency toward the dramatic that is not sustained by his content. But the Camino has an exhibition of abstractions—large, densely patterned, and varying between leaf and cloud motifs—by a young Californian named Bart Perry that is interesting indeed; while Nora Speyer, at the Tanager, also showing mainly landscapes, is completely in command of both subject and medium. I liked the bright, nicely spaced "Yellow Landscape," as well as the hazy but effective study called "Figure." The show closes this Friday.

—Robert M. Coates

•

Jim Weerts and Cliff Peart, former track stars at L-P and Hall, respectively, placed in a meet Saturday for Northwestern. The Cats lost to Purdue, 57-46.

Weerts, whose parents have moved to Davenport, Ia., was second in the high hurdles and third in the low hurdles. Peart was third in the hospital.—*La Salle (Ill.) News-Tribune.*

Where you *really* go over the jumps.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

A SLIGHT CASE OF OBSCENITY

THE criminal career, attractive as it is to some, has never had any overwhelming appeal for me. Education at my mother's knee and learning to be a gentleman the hard way, in a good English school, have set up inhibitions against all the more obvious offenses, and I cannot hope to overcome them at my age. I would sooner earn a modest competence in almost any other field of endeavor than burglary, pickpocketing, or obtaining money by false pretenses. Coupled with a love of books and a fitful impulse to gamble, this attitude long ago led me into the trade of publishing—not a major industry, perhaps, from the financial point of view, but a decent and (for those who like reading) an absorbing one, whose leaders enjoy some slight social position among their fellow-citizens. As a publisher—the offices of my firm, Martin Secker & Warburg, Ltd., are in London—I have spent much of my business life dickering with authors and their agents, planning the printing and binding of books, and attempting to sell them to the public. In all this, I have been reasonably successful. My life has been busy and enjoyable, and up to three years ago, at least, whatever legal hazards I encountered from time to time were strictly commercial—of a type familiar to those responsible for the conduct of reputable commercial enterprises. Now and again, a case of libel or infringement of copyright or breach of contract would come my way, but never anything remotely connected with the law in its criminal aspects.

In the light of such a background, the question might well be raised of how it happened that one day in 1954 I found myself in the Old Bailey, London's Central Criminal Court, about to face a criminal charge before a judge and jury—of how I, with my definite dislike of crime and no consuming urge for the limelight, had become the principal figure in a courtroom through which have passed many of the most conspicuous felons in the land on their way to prison, or even the gallows. Since retiring from the role of an alleged criminal, I have given the matter some attention, and, in doing so, have made some interesting discoveries. There's nothing to touch a trial in the Old Bailey for increasing a man's knowledge of the law while introducing him to hitherto unsuspected facets of his own character.

The charge I faced was reasonably grave—that I "had published an obscene libel; to wit, a book," which is an offense of the variety known as a misdemeanor. Though a misdemeanor is less serious than a felony, which covers acts like murder, rape, and blackmail, being found guilty of such an offense can, under English law, land a man in prison for quite a stretch and fine him a sum large enough to purchase a nice house and garden in the country. Since in the United States being found guilty of an offense comparable to the one I was charged with normally carries with it no penalties other than pecuniary, American friends of mine, sympathetic though they were, tended to underestimate the perplexities and perils that surrounded me, and a few even went so far as to ask why I had not insured my firm against this business risk—an inquiry so remote from the actual situation as to be almost unanswerable.

The English are a polite and tolerant people in most respects, but every so often they go berserk and start prosecuting persons deemed to have offended conventional moral standards, and, in the cold summer of 1954, among the victims of one of these periodic onslaughts were five publishers who had issued books that shocked many of their fellow-citizens. I was one of the five, and I was not happy about it. For while in England we stop short of hanging those who publish obscene books, it is naturally considered a pretty low thing to do, and there's no guarantee that a man's friends will rally round and congratulate him after a verdict of guilty is returned against him. If he happens to be a member of a good club, or a Mason, or in a position of trust, he may well find a polite request for his resignation in the next morning's mail. After all, a conviction on a criminal charge is not taken lightly in England or anywhere else. And why should it be? Like any other individual whose aim is to make illegal profits out of the baser appetites of his fellows, the purveyor of genuine pornography should get it in the neck.

The difficulty, of course, is with the term "obscenity." No one can define precisely

"I never can remember. Which one of us can't stand shad roe?"

N° 5 - BOIS DES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N° 22

PERFUMES - TOILET WATER - EAU DE COLOGNE - SOAP - BATH POWDER - TALC

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

what is or is not obscene. Is the Bible obscene? Is Shakespeare? Of the latter, to be sure, the great Dr. Bowdler had no doubts. Is James Joyce's "Ulysses" obscene? American customs officials were certain it was until a few years ago, when a judge informed them otherwise. The history of censorship in England and the United States is starred with the names of famous books that have got their publishers into hot water. Perhaps the most celebrated of all the English cases were two involving Henry Vizetelly, who, to start things off, was fined a hundred pounds in 1888 for publishing a translation of Emile Zola's "La Terre." (True, the translation was a remarkably poor one, but they didn't claim to be nicking him for that.) Then, the following year, Vizetelly was sentenced to three months in prison for bringing out a new edition of Zola's works; quite a fuss was raised in his behalf, but he landed in the jug just the same. In 1898, Havelock Ellis had a terrible time with his book "Sexual Inversion." A dealer who was brought to trial for selling a copy of it let him down by pleading guilty at the last moment, and Sir Charles Hall, the Recorder of London, remarked, "You have acted wisely, for it would have been impossible . . . to persuade anybody that this book is not filthy and obscene."

Since the furor over Ellis, the authorities have had a go at all sorts of well-known books. In the twenties, the bonfires burned brightly for a while, inconsiderable as they seem to us now in view of the Nazis' *expertise* in this field. Radclyffe Hall's "The Well of Loneliness" was suppressed, and novels, poems, and paintings by D. H. Lawrence were attacked. In 1932, the extraordinary Count Potocki de Montalk was prosecuted on the basis of some poems he had written. Asked by the judge what punishment he thought he deserved, the defendant replied, "My Lord, I think I deserve to be sentenced to several years in Buckingham Palace." Instead, he got six months in Wormwood Scrubbs Prison, and despite an appeal, the sentence stood. So the game went on, while publishers steered nervously among the treacherous shoals. Then came the war, bringing more important things to worry about, and, after it, a lull in censorship activities, leading many to assume that the authorities were now regarding John Bull, toughened by battle and bombing, as at last grown up enough to be permitted to choose his own reading matter, free from their supervision. This was certainly what I assumed, but I did so

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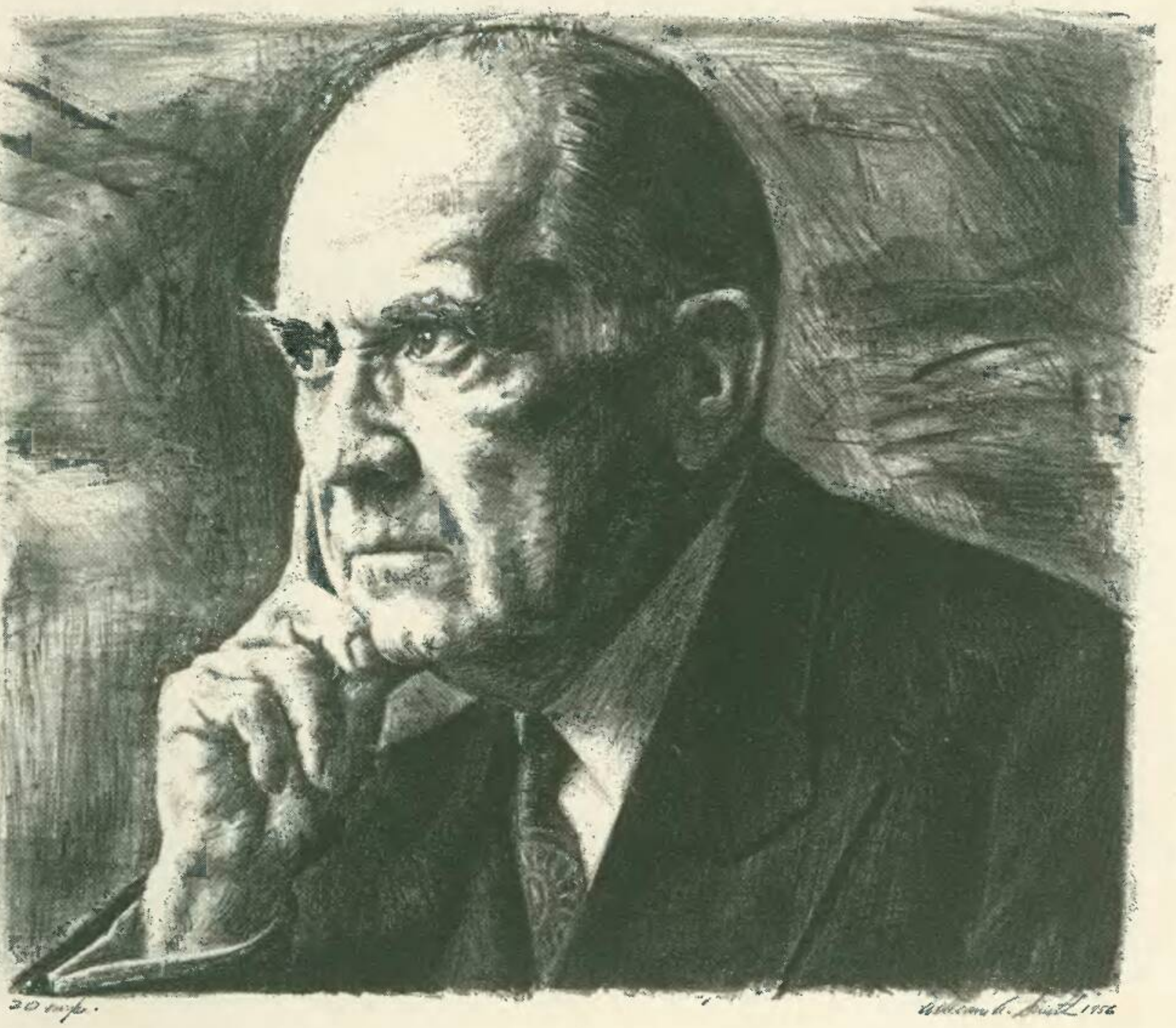

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without a clear appreciation of what boredom can effect in the mind of a young policeman born and stationed on the Isle of Man.

THE officer in question had graduated from a police college at the top of his class, surpassing the records of earnest students from all over England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland. On joining the police force of his island home, he found the dearth of prosecutable crime intolerable. In the late summer of 1953, seeking an outlet for his energies, he visited a local bookshop and there discovered two novels—one of them published by my firm—that he judged an affront to decency. A local action followed, the books were condemned, and the bookseller who had sold them was fined a trifling sum. Since the incident occurred during the silly season, it attracted a mite of attention in the great London dailies, which may explain how a zealous Home Secretary was alerted to the probable existence, theretofore unsuspected, of pornographic volumes on the lists of reputable publishers. In any event, he took action.

Though, as I have indicated, my publishing record was unsullied in matters of this kind, I had a smattering of information about the subject before my troubles came upon me, and should have known well enough how to conduct myself. Yet around the first of the new year, a few minutes after Sergeant K. and Detective-Constable B., from Scotland Yard, knocked at my office door and found me at my desk, I made the mistake of losing my temper. I cannot offer the excuse that I was taken by surprise. The two gentlemen from Scotland Yard had considerately advised me of their coming. Nor were they impolite. They sat facing me across the desk, quietly smoking, and inquired whether I had published "The Philanderer," by Stanley Kauffmann—an eighty-thousand-word novel by an American writer that had appeared in New York a few months earlier under the title "The Tightrope" and that was one of the two novels responsible for the outraged sensibilities of the policeman on the Isle of Man. "Why do you want to know?" I asked unpleasantly, and they replied that they had "reason to suppose" the book was obscene.

It would be hard to state a point of view more delicately. My visitors didn't say they had read the book themselves, and found it filthy. They didn't even state unequivocally that they had read it at all. There was more the suggestion

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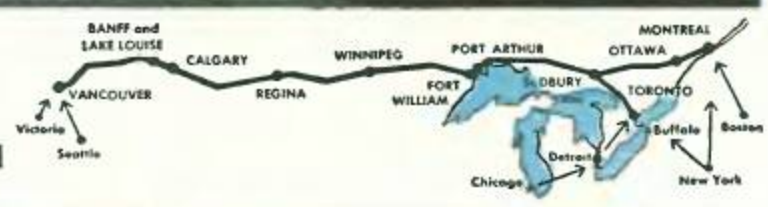

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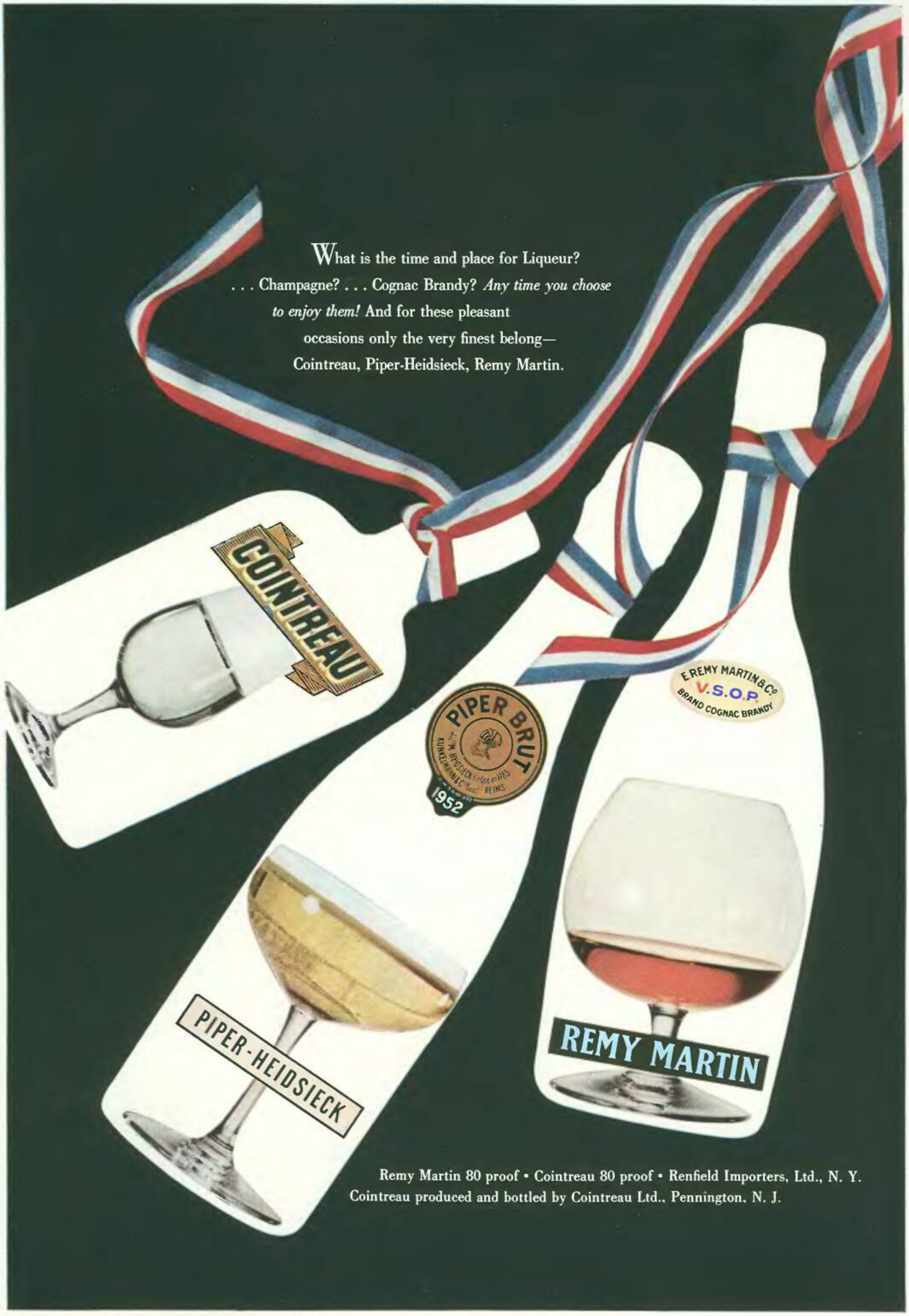

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that friends of theirs—members, perhaps, of some study group engaged in surveying the contemporary American novel—had come unexpectedly upon "The Philanderer" and had mentioned casually to them over a drink that it did not appear to measure up to the strictest canons of decency. This opinion they were passing on to me for what it was worth, confident that I would know how to deal with a potentially embarrassing situation that irked them and their friends no less than it did me and my associates. For a moment, I was almost persuaded that here was a storm in a teacup, and I thought of offering to slip five pounds to each of my callers, with a promise to withdraw the book from circulation. But then the urge to appeasement passed—fortunately, no doubt—and was succeeded by a lively sense of irritation. "I don't think it's obscene," I said indignantly. "I wouldn't have published it if I had thought so. If you attack it, my firm and I will defend it with all the force at our command."

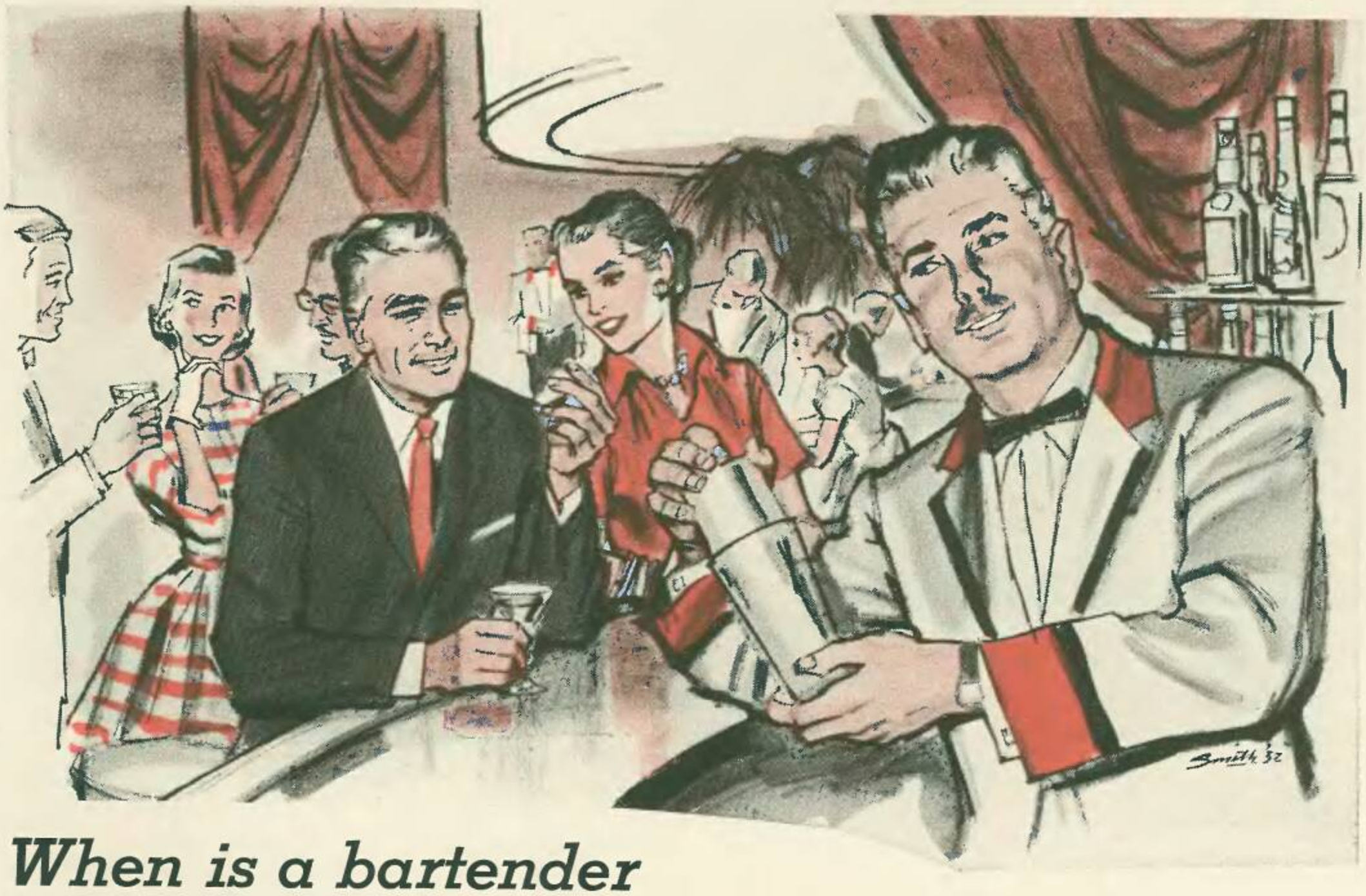
So there it was, out in the open—a challenge to the Director of Public Prosecutions, the man without whose say-so no criminal proceedings of any importance can be started in England. His representatives, Sergeant K. and Detective-Constable B., looked hurt—rather like a family doctor and a specialist who have just jointly advised a patient to give up smoking, only to be informed by the patient that on the contrary he plans to go right on smoking and has decided to step up his drinking as well. They stiffened, and asked a lot more questions, most of which I thought irrelevant. But there was one question the answer to which interested them very much indeed—"Do you take full responsibility for acceptance of 'The Philanderer' by your firm, or was another director or editor involved?"—and to this, as if warned by some sixth sense, I replied noncommittally.

The weeks went by, with no further word from Sergeant K. and Detective-Constable B. or their superiors. I sailed to New York on business and returned; winter gave way to spring. Meanwhile, of course, my associates and I consulted our legal advisers—Oswald Hickson Collier & Co. Mr. Thurston Hogarth, a partner in that firm and a man experienced in all problems relating to the publication of books, read "The Philanderer" and told us he had thoroughly enjoyed it. It was, he stated, a good novel, with a strong moral flavor, though, unfortunately, he felt himself bound to advise us that

it contained passages liable to shock the susceptibilities of magistrates and juries. If we were brought to trial, he continued, it would be a near thing, and we would have to hope the Crown would be as much in doubt about the strength of its case as he was about the strength of ours.

IT may be as well to give at this point a brief description of the novel that became the centerpiece of a case now firmly established in English legal history under the title of "Regina v. Warburg." The book opens with the hero, Russell Conrad, in the bedroom—indeed, actually in the bed—of Suzanne, a beautiful blond model. Their affair has been ardent, but is clearly coming to an end, and Conrad is annoyed because Suzanne has given him the brush-off before he's ready to do the same by her. Conrad has a lovely wife, whom he adores, and who adores him. He's an intelligent idealist, reasonably well heeled, with a splendid career in public-relations work opening before him. His trouble is that he can no more stay away from the girls than a drunkard can keep off the bottle. In describing Conrad's jobs and amours, Kauffmann, an accomplished writer, presents a down-to-earth picture of the manners and morals of New York society. He shows the hero as racked by conscience in contemplating his infidelities and frightened at the prospect of being found out by his wife and of the divorce that he expects will follow. Kauffmann also gives a good clinical analysis of the childhood origins of Conrad's compulsion to get into bed with any good-looking woman who gives him the eye, and, ranging himself firmly on the side of the angels, deprecates the man's behavior as brutish, unsatisfying, and unlikely to bring him advancement in his career. At the end of the novel, we leave Conrad starting on a fine new job but limbering up also for another set-to with the fair sex, which the shrewd reader can guess will put paid to his job, his marriage, and all his other bright hopes.

If from this description "The Philanderer" sounds more like a moral tract than a candidate for the obscenity stakes, the fault is mine. The author's insight into the art of seduction and his ability to make his female characters behave as (regrettably) they so often do in real life are worthy of admiration, and the intelligent reader will find much in this book to divert him as Conrad slides enjoyably toward destruction. Such was the novel that caused all the hullabaloo and provided agreeable mat-



When is a bartender not a bartender?

Joe Biersman holds down the noon to eight shift at the Blue Star bar. Big, genial, well liked, Joe mixes drinks that satisfy the country club set, draws beer with a low collar for the locals. Hasn't missed a day on the job in years.

But don't get the idea that Joe is a bartender... Joe lives on the old Hick's place outside of town. Hadn't been farmed for years, so the bank sold it on easy terms. The house is rather run down, but it's low rent, a good place for the kids, and a cheap vacation for his relatives. Joe raises some vegetables, sells his standing hay to a neighbor, and has a lot of time for fishing... All of which, in the annals of the U.S. Census, make Joe a farmer.

Joe is a part of the farm problem which politicians deplore at election time. He has one of the 1,453,393 part-time and residential farms that earn less than $1,200 a year; but represent 30.4% of all U.S. farms, account for only 1.7% of farm sales, and give *average* farm income a black eye.

ON the other hand, there are also 1,289,653 farms in this country with sales above $5,000—27% of the farms, with 78.7% of the total sales!

So if you want to sell farmers, you first have to find farmers who can buy. And nowhere will you find farm family

buying power packaged more selectively than in SUCCESSFUL FARMING.

This magazine is published for one type of farmer—the volume producers of corn, grains, livestock, milk, poultry, and eggs. The average farm cash income of SF farm subscribers has been about $10,000 a year for the past decade.

Like other people who are doing well, SF farm families are living better. They have been building new homes, remodeling and repairing at a higher rate than urban families. And they are buying new furniture and furnishings. When necessary they often drive long distances to make major purchases.

AREN'T SF families reached by other media? Of course they are, but not in the same way. Because for more than fifty years, SUCCESSFUL FARMING has been helping the country's best farm families earn more and live better; and has more influence with its audience than any other medium.

To find more quality customers and to balance national schedules, you need SUCCESSFUL FARMING. Any SF office can show you why.

MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY, Des Moines...
with offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Atlanta, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

ter for discussion during the summer of 1954 in literary circles and among the clubs of Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Garrick Street.

IN May, 1954, summonses were served on the five publishers singled out for prosecution. The case of the company that had published the other novel consigned to the flames on the Isle of Man went to trial first, and proved uneventful. The various defendants named as representing the firm merely pleaded guilty before a magistrate, who imposed fines on them ranging up to thirty pounds apiece, and the proceedings were reported halfheartedly in the press, since newspapers are well aware that their readers are less than enthusiastic about cases in which the accused fails to provide them with the excitement of a conflict.

The case against "The Philanderer" came next. Before moving on to a further consideration of my battle with the Crown, I should explain that a London publisher charged with issuing an obscene book is ordinarily tried, without a jury, in his local municipal district by a so-called stipendiary magistrate—one of a body of men not inclined, on the whole, to give a book (or a burglar) the benefit of any doubt. In the event, however, that the publisher doesn't like the look of his district's magistrate, he can, provided he's prepared to stand the racket, demand a trial at the Old Bailey, where the costs are higher, the penalties if convicted are greater, and the newspaper accounts are more prominent. There a High Court judge and a jury of twelve will see what they can do for him.

Determined not to follow our competitor's course, my associates and I began building up our defense in earnest. Under the English system, the members of a law firm, known as solicitors, prepare a case and then submit a "brief" of it to a barrister—an independent lawyer privileged to plead in court—whose highly paid services they enlist on behalf of their client. Accordingly, Oswald Hickson Collier & Co. had engaged and briefed a barrister, Mr. Rodger Winn, to plead my case, and we now had a conference with him to discuss the strategy to be followed and the evidence to be submitted. After assuring us that he thought the novel an excellent one and that, like Mr. Hogarth, he felt that it had a strong moral flavor, Mr. Winn became more specific; a certain passage toward the middle, he said—a sordid scene in the hero's childhood—might be held to exceed the per-

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possess the art of pleasing with delicacy.

Jane Austen

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missible limits of good taste and would, in his opinion, tend to result in a verdict of guilty. (To the best of my recollection, this passage was not one of the many the prosecutor later read out in court in a nasty voice as examples of the generally unwholesome character of "The Philanderer.") Despite his foreboding on this one point, however, Mr. Winn advised a plea of not guilty, and informed us that the novel was one that any intelligent man might read with pleasure and profit, that it stood head and shoulders above the kind of book with which such prosecutions were usually concerned, and that he had some hope of our acquittal. (My mood was such that I estimated the odds at six to four against.) He then expressed the belief that any chance we might have of such an outcome would be all but lost if we pleaded before a district magistrate, and he therefore recommended that we reserve our defense and elect to go to trial before a judge and jury sitting at the Old Bailey.

Consequently, on the morning of May 26th, my colleagues and I drove to Clerkenwell County Court, Duncan Terrace, London, N.1, with the intention of reserving our defense. It was a nice day, and I had no inkling of what was about to happen. As of that moment, two summonses, and only two, had been served in our case—one against my firm, which is a limited, or incorporated, company, and the second against the printers of the book, also a limited company. There was no summons against its author, who was living in the United States and was consequently unavailable. Significantly, there was no summons against any individual—a circumstance that is, of course, to be attributed to the evasive answer I gave Sergeant K. and Detective-Constable B. when they asked me if I would take full responsibility for my firm's acceptance of "The Philanderer." This lack of an individual defendant was obviously not to the liking of the Director of Public Prosecutions (I'll call him the D.P.P. hereafter), who derives little satisfaction from prosecuting abstract entities such as limited firms. One can't put abstract entities in the dock, between warders, to plead guilty or not guilty in hypothetical voices through abstract lips. Instead, their counsel speaks for them. True, they can be fined if convicted, but they can't be deprived of their gray flannel suits, dressed in prison garb, locked up for six weeks or six months, and exposed to the indignity of being pushed around by guards. To achieve all this

in the present instance, the D.P.P. needed a flesh-and-blood publisher—a body, with nothing abstract about it. In fact, he needed me. By making a concrete example of me he might hope to serve warning on the whole fraternity of publishers and put a stop to that unhealthy trend in literature which, from Shakespeare on, has been the bane of all proper-minded citizens.

It was stupid of me, I can see now, not to have been prepared for trouble as I entered the police court that fine May morning. I knew that only the previous day Sergeant K. and Detective-Constable B. had again presented themselves at my office—on this occasion during my absence—to subpoena all the company's correspondence in connection with the publication of "The Philanderer," and that the letters, showing that I had personally handled the negotiations from start to finish, had been turned over to them by a frightened secretary. In consequence, the D.P.P. now had access to the body he so wanted to exhibit in the dock. But, as I say, the significance of this was not apparent to me at the time, and as I chatted with my colleagues in the large and dreary hall of the magistrate's court, what primarily worried me was the fact that Mr. Winn had not yet shown up. When he finally arrived, he greeted us briefly and disappeared into some secret chamber of the building. Emerging a few minutes later, he beckoned me over and, in the firm but kindly tone of a banker informing a client that the mortgage on his house is on the verge of being foreclosed, told me that a personal summons was about to be served on me. Would this, he asked, in any way alter the policy we had decided to adopt?

I confess that I was scared—not visibly so, perhaps, for the bruise to my nervous system had not yet had time to swell up and turn purple, but really scared, just the same. Confusedly, I wondered what my wife's reaction would be if she were present. I contemplated going over and asking my colleagues' advice. But I soon perceived that this was a decision that would have to be all mine. "Well," I asked Mr. Winn, in a final effort to avoid making it, "what do you suggest?"

"In view of the fact that you have let it be widely known in advance among the members of your profession that you intend to demand trial before a judge and jury," Mr. Winn replied, "I think it would be rather pusillanimous if you should change your plans now that you are personally in-

volved." This rather lengthy sentence, although it penetrated but slowly into my bemused mind, finally exploded there with a deadly effect. Pusillanimous, my thoughts ran—in other words, cowardly. Yes, somewhat cowardly, perhaps, but also somewhat prudent, quite a lot safer, much less worrying, and a good deal cheaper. A fine of possibly fifty pounds for a quiet plea of guilty here before the magistrate instead of maybe ten times as much after a public trial in the Old Bailey, to say nothing of a prison sentence of— But my mind rebelled at the consideration of a prison sentence, whatever its duration.

As I stood there with Mr. Winn, gazing distractedly at the unbeautiful ceiling, I almost decided to take the pusillanimous way out. If I did, I reasoned, the case could begin that very morning, and would be over within twenty-four hours. No waiting, no apprehension, no more time spent on preparing a defense, no possibility of deep regret. The words "I'll take what's coming now" were on my lips, but what I said was "We'd better go to the Old Bailey as planned, hadn't we?"

The case still had to be taken before the magistrate, but nothing of much interest came of this, except for the moment when an aide of some sort made his way to where I was standing bashfully at the rear of the courtroom with my colleagues, and presented me with a sheet of paper that bore the word "Summons" at its top. At this I stared in a dazed manner, as at some poisonous snake with head reared to inject its venom, until the aide indicated that I was no longer an entirely free agent but was to accompany him to another part of the courtroom, where, separated from my supporters, I faced the magistrate while formal evidence was given. The prosecuting counsel, Mr. Mervyn Griffith-Jones, made a few remarks designed to show that "The Philanderer" was a work fit only for the bonfire; Mr. Winn, at no greater length, conveyed the impression that in his view the novel should be on every family's living-room table; and the magistrate sat fingering a copy of the book, in which numerous slips of paper had been inserted, presumably to mark passages he regarded as controversial. Mr. Winn concluded by saying that I desired to reserve my defense and be tried in the Central Criminal Court, a procedure to which the magistrate agreed, and after that I was headed straight for the high jump at the Old Bailey.

But not rapidly, for now came a month of waiting—an ordeal made all

the more difficult to endure by my wife's repeated and caustic criticism of the laws relating to obscenity. Nor was the tension in any way relieved by the fearful consideration shown me by my co-directors—an attitude utterly foreign to them in the normal course of business, as any man with co-directors will instantly appreciate. Friends in the publishing business, thinking to amuse, promised to visit me regularly in prison and bring me interesting books to read; even the first time someone got off this alleged jape, I regarded it as a doubtful source of cheer. I made a few inquiries about how the score stood on obscenity trials at the Old Bailey during the past quarter of a century, and what I learned was discouraging; as far as I could discover, not a single publisher had walked out of the dreadful building uncompromised. One thing, though, buoyed me up—my conviction (to use a perhaps unfortunate word) that "The Philanderer" was definitely not an obscene book, and would not be ruled one if I was lucky enough to have it passed upon by an enlightened jury. My wife contributed another grain of comfort by insisting the novel was so dull that no jury, enlightened or otherwise, would be able to finish reading it, but since this view reflected harshly on my abilities as a publisher, I was not able wholly to accept it.

IN due course, the anguish of suspense was put behind me, the day fixed for the trial arrived, and, on the morning of Tuesday, June 29, 1954, accompanied by my wife, I set out from our home to appear as a defendant before a judge and jury representing London's Central Criminal Court in the Old Bailey's No. 2 Courtroom. "Old Bailey" is a name of sinister association in the annals of London—a name adopted from the street on which the court building stands, well up on the side of a gentle slope that five centuries ago was topped by a gibbet. (The name of the street itself is said to be a corruption of "ballium," an open space enclosed by fortifications—here referring to part of the wall around old London—but rival theories abound, and I have no wish to dogmatize on a matter of etymology.) Although this modest eminence is to some extent concealed today by a jumble of houses, shops, and offices, it is still noticeable to anyone who approaches St. Paul's Cathedral from Fleet Street or from the vicinity of Blackfriars Bridge, and in the old days it stood out as a landmark—a highly suitable location for a gallows, permitting people all

over the surrounding countryside to see that the full penalty of the law was being exacted. A place of evil portent indeed, and most unsanitary in former times, when, according to a sixteenth-century description of it, "there was a large cistern with divers cocks which received the waste water of the prison Ludgate for the use of the neighbouring inhabitants." The first of the four Old Baileys that have occupied the site was completed in 1539, when the adjacent Newgate Prison, an institution dating back to the eleventh century, became so crowded that trials could no longer be conducted there. Newgate Prison (rebuilt) was still close at hand in Dickens' day, to receive criminals committed to it from what was by then the third Old Bailey. By the beginning of this century, however, the prison was no longer in general use, and both it and the Old Bailey that Dickens knew were torn down and the present stone-faced courthouse took their place.

The hideous Old Bailey of today has a façade about a hundred and fifty feet wide, on which columns, windows, and allegorical figures of the female sex struggle for predominance. The structure is surmounted by a dome, and the dome is surmounted by the respectable, if hackneyed, figure of Justice, sword in one hand, scales in the other. Over the entrance, in letters of a size impossible to ignore, is carved the admonition "Defend the Children of the Poor and Punish the Wrongdoer." Proceeding inside, the visitor mounts a broad flight of marble stairs to a long gallery, from which doors open out into the building's four courtrooms. Along the walls of the gallery, some twenty feet above the floor, is a frieze made up of such inspiring inscriptions as "London Shall Have All Its Ancient Rights," beneath a vigorous painting of the bombardment of the Old Bailey by the Luftwaffe, and "Moses Gave Unto the People the Laws of God," beneath an obese Moses in a bath towel descending from Mount Sinai with the tablets. Other embellishments include representations of Learning and Labor (male) and of Truth and Art (female), and the thrusting of the Magna Carta on King John is naturally a lively feature. All in all, the interior may be said to conform to the highest standards of the public-lavatory style of decoration beloved by the Edwardian era.

Word had got around that a supposedly respectable publisher was to be tried on a criminal charge, and by the time my wife and I reached the Old Bailey an enormous crowd was jostling about

the side entrance to the building, hoping to get seats in the courtroom. (By "enormous" I do not mean a throng such as is required to fill Carnegie Hall or Yankee Stadium; I have in mind a mere hundred or so persons, which is a trivial number, whether in England or the United States, at times when a notorious murder case is scheduled but rather impressive—far too impressive, I felt that morning—when a case having to do with a book and its publisher is the only entertainment in prospect.) No more than a handful of the would-be spectators were finally admitted, for in English courts the number of individuals considered adequate to fulfill the requirement that "justice may be manifestly seen to have been done" is small.

My wife naturally had bought a new hat for the occasion. She looked both lovely and anxious—something that all women of character can manage with ease. I wore a smart but sober double-breasted suit; while ruling out a boutonnière as too flippant, I had nonetheless selected a lively tie, to indicate that I regarded the proceedings without undue apprehension. My associates and legal advisers were waiting for me in the gallery, and followed close behind as, with my wife's arm in mine, I moved on to the No. 2 Courtroom—a large chamber, something like a hundred feet long, sixty feet wide, and forty feet high. Its walls are panelled in dark wood up to about twelve feet from the floor level, the rest being painted the color of cream, and its furnishings consist of chairs and benches upholstered in padded green leather on which, picked out in gold, are the arms of the City of London and its motto, "*Domine, Dirige Nos.*" Looking around after taking a seat in the rear of the courtroom, I saw that another trial was in progress, and I identified without difficulty that ill-omened rectangular structure known in England as the dock, within which an accused person—at that moment a weedy fellow in his thirties—sits while the evidence is being heard and stands when he is to be informed of his fate.

The dock appears to be an institution blessedly unfamiliar to Americans. In its original form, it was called a "bail-dock," and it is thought to have made its first appearance in 1610, when a section of a room in the Old Bailey where prisoners were housed was partitioned off by a spiked fence to create a pen in which a defendant could be isolated during his trial. A few years later, one James Goodman, conscious of his guilt

or skeptical of the ability of the judge and jury to discern his innocence, leaped over the spikes and escaped—a feat of physical prowess that, sitting there in No. 2 Courtroom, I admired him for but felt unequal to rivalling. The name of this wretched fixture comes from the Flemish "*dok*," meaning "bird cage" or "rabbit hutch." The form "dock" was first used by English writers—Ben Jonson, among others—during the seventeenth century, but it is not included in Samuel Johnson's "Dictionary of the English Language," published in 1755; it was popularized, if that is the appropriate verb, by Dickens in "Oliver Twist," and since then it has become a generally accepted part of the language. Recently, there has been a growing agitation for the abolition of the dock, on the ground that it prejudices a prisoner's defense, and the proposal has been made that, except when testifying, defendants should sit with their legal advisers, as they do in American courts. Any organization dedicated to its abolition can have my contribution for the asking.

The judge presiding in the Old Bailey's No. 2 Courtroom that morning was Mr. Justice Stable, a name so dear to me now that I find it impossible to believe I heard it for the first time less than three years ago. I had made hurried inquiries about him in the gallery, and a hushed babble of knowledgeable voices had left me with only two pieces of solid news—that in his younger days he had been a steeplechase rider who had won many races, and that he was essentially a country type, rather than an urban one. Considering this information as calmly as the circumstances permitted, I decided that on balance his background was a handicap.

THE case before mine had reached the point where Mr. Justice Stable was delivering his summation to the jury. The defendant, I gathered vaguely, stood accused of knocking an old woman over the head in her shop and stealing a few pounds out of the till. At the end of the summation, the jurors retired to consider their verdict. Then the Judge rose, the rest of us rising with him, and after declaring a brief recess left the courtroom. Immediately, an animated buzz of conversation broke out, while counsel, witnesses, and police officers connected with the previous case also left the room. Now the awful moment was imminent when it would be my turn. An officer of the court began walking purposefully in my direction. My cheeks felt hot and my legs

wobbled as he drew near. Defeating an urge to flight, I stood up and helplessly indicated my readiness to do his bidding. And so, as he took me in tow, I was firmly separated from an anxious wife, from colleagues exuding moral support at every pore, from the whole comfortable world of people who had not been accused of a criminal offense, and was led by my warder into the dock. I had arrived at my finest hour—or, depending upon the point of view, my most infamous—with the whole complicated apparatus of the Crown prepared to do its best to see to it that I didn't leave the courtroom without an indelible stain on my character.

It developed that for the time being my presence in the dock was desired only for the formality known as "surrendering to bail," or proving to the court officials that I was present and available to stand my trial. The judge's great chair, with the royal arms on it, was still empty, as were the twelve seats in the jury box, for the jurors who were to decide my case had not yet arrived. Once I had duly established my presence and availability, I began to feel conspicuous standing there alone in the dock, so I turned and started to descend a flight of stairs leading from the rear of the dock to some cells where prisoners, unable to raise bail, are kept pending trial. Halfway down, a warder stopped me and began running his hands over my body. It was the first time I had ever been frisked, and I was far from pleased with the experience.

The warder then accompanied me down to the cell level, where we stood chatting for five minutes or so, and then he ordered me back to the dock, saying that my trial was about to begin. I ran upstairs and took my place in the exceedingly hard Windsor chair provided for the likes of me, with a warder on either side. The jurors—nine men and three women—filed into the jury box, and I cast a searching eye over them, as, indeed, I continued to do at very frequent intervals while the trial was in progress. A nicer lot of individuals I had rarely seen gathered in one place—or so it seems to me now. What I primarily wanted to determine about them just then, of course, was whether they were confirmed readers, resolved not to allow themselves to be deprived of enjoying good literature by the meddling of a narrow-minded censorship. Looking over those twelve men and women, I could not be sure, although I found myself wondering if one or two of them had ever learned to read at all. As a matter of fact, juries at the Old Bailey

are not blue-ribbon juries but, in general, are made up of men and women who are liable to look first at the racing page, the gossip columns, or the fashion news before turning their attention to the more serious sections of their newspapers.

After a suspenseful pause, everybody stood up while Mr. Justice Stable made a dignified entrance and proceeded to the great chair. Then everybody bowed, and he seated himself in it. There's not much question but that an English judge in full rig, towering above the mere mortals in his court, is a figure to strike terror into the heart of the most hardened criminal, and I may say that I, a far from hardened case, was scarcely put at ease by Mr. Justice Stable's appearance. The late George Orwell wrote in his little-known book of essays "The Lion and the Unicorn," "The hanging judge, that evil old man in scarlet robe and horsehair wig, whom nothing short of dynamite will ever teach what century he is living in, but who at any rate will interpret the law according to the books and will in no circumstances take a money bribe, is one of the symbolic figures of England." While I had no reason to suppose that Mr. Justice Stable was a hanging judge, and was convinced beyond all doubt that he would in no circumstances take a bribe, in the form of money or anything else, my main concern was with another aspect of his nature. What mattered to me, and what I didn't know about the man sitting there, bewigged and berobed, in the great chair, was whether *he* was aware of the century he was living in and, if so, of the truism that the indecencies of yesteryear are the commonplaces of today.

But I had little time to wonder about this, for almost at once the Clerk of the Court, facing me across the room, demanded, "How do you plead—guilty or not guilty?" I was ready for him, having been informed by a friend familiar with such proceedings that the two essentials of a successful defense against a charge of obscenity are a good lawyer and a strong belief in one's own innocence. Now I was prepared to put the second requirement to the test, and in a voice that reverberated through the courtroom I fairly shouted my plea: "Not guilty!" Maybe I overdid it a trifle, for the jurors looked startled, but lawyers who were present told me afterward that I had brought it off pretty well, considering my lack of practice.

At this moment, to the obvious consternation of the prosecution, the Judge ordered me out of the dock, saying,

"Many distinguished men have sat in the dock at the Old Bailey before you, but I do not consider it—and I am sure, members of the jury, you will agree with me—a suitable place for you in this trial." The jurors radiated delight at being consulted by so eminent a personage almost before the case had begun. They would do nothing, their bewildered smiles indicated, to harass the Judge in his conduct of the case. In some bewilderment myself, I stood up. I did not exactly run out of the dock, but in a jiffy I found myself seated beside Mr. Hogarth in the well of the court. I now had a much poorer view of what was going on, since the dock is strategically placed to overlook nearly every quarter of the room, but I felt incomparably more at ease. My rising spirits were soon somewhat dampened, however, when the young mug who had occupied the dock before me was brought back into the courtroom from the cells to hear the verdict of the jury that had tried him. These twelve good men and true also returned, from their temporary confinement in a jury room, and stood below the dock to be asked their verdict. It was one of guilty, and Mr. Justice Stable thereupon imposed a sentence of seven years at hard labor, adding some blistering remarks about the prisoner's moral turpitude—an episode that put me into a thoughtful humor.

THE trial began, and the prosecuting counsel, Mr. Griffith-Jones, opened for the Crown by telling the jury that the two defendant companies—publisher and printer—were firms of good standing, against which nothing was known, and that the defendant who had just left the dock was a man of the highest integrity, with an unblemished record. "Then why, in heaven's name," I muttered under my breath, "put me to all the worry and expense of defending myself? Why not place a copy or two of 'The Philanderer' in the dock and let it go at that?" These observations at the start of Mr. Griffith-Jones' opening address were about the only ones he made with which I was able to find myself in even approximate agreement. Soon, I must admit, I took a cordial dislike to him, as he went on to express his views in no uncertain manner concerning the depraving influence of Mr. Kauffmann's novel. I looked up at the Judge to see how he was taking it. Sitting aloft and unruffled, he was beaming down with an angelic smile while Mr. Griffith-Jones continued to direct his stream of vitupera-

tion at the jurors, who were either interested or putting up a good show to that effect.

After Mr. Griffith-Jones finished speaking, he produced a sheaf of typed copies of a list of passages from "The Philanderer" to which the Crown took exception, and said that he intended to distribute them among the jurors. Mr. Winn rose from his seat to object. The Judge sustained the objection, and then, turning to the jury with an agreeable smile, said, "Would you mind reading it *from cover to cover*? Read it as a book. Do you follow? Not picking out bits that you think have, shall we say, a sort of immoral tendency, but read it as a book. Do not discuss it with your friends and relations, because they may not appreciate the legal tests that you ultimately have to apply."

So far, things certainly seemed to be going in my favor. There was to be no short cut for the jurors; they would have to discover for themselves what the Crown called "the objectionable passages" by reading the whole eighty-thousand-word text. At least some of them, I suspected, might come to share the point of view of the gold-digging heroine in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," who, after reading as much as she could manage of Cellini's "Autobiography," complained that there were far too many pages between the juicy bits. I did not feel any excessive sympathy for the jurors in having this homework imposed upon them, since in an obscenity trial there's precious little else for a jury to do but listen to two speeches and a summation. No long hours are spent attentively listening to and weighing evidence, for in England—at least as far as the defendant is concerned—not much evidence beyond one's name and address is allowed in cases of this sort. The uninstructed might imagine that the publisher of the book would have a chance to explain to the jury what impelled him to accept the manuscript in the first place, and that the author, if available, would be called to explain why he wrote it as he did. Nothing of the kind. At my request, Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, the editor of *Punch*, was in court during my trial. As a discerning reviewer, he would have been capable of analyzing the book for the benefit of the jury, and, as an old friend of mine, he might have felt inclined to add a word or two about my upright character. My defense counsel naturally attempted to call him, but was not permitted to. So Mr. Muggeridge sat amiable but gagged, a ghost witness from start to finish. The reason for this odd

state of affairs, competent lawyers have told me, is that the *intention* of authors and publishers facing a charge of obscenity is held to have no legal bearing on their guilt or innocence, and the views of critics on the merits or decency of a book are not admissible in evidence. So be it. But if such is the case, as long as there remains no precise legal definition of obscenity—and it would be impossible to draft one, since obscenity is a question of taste, not fact—the misdemeanor of writing and publishing an obscene book is a crime that can only too easily be committed by well-meaning persons with no awareness whatever that they have done something illegal. It is a ludicrous situation, perhaps, but one that now makes my blood run cold whenever I'm about to sign a contract for a manuscript. In any event, the jurors in the No. 2 Courtroom spent only a couple of hours that June 29th and were then each given a copy of "The Philanderer" and sent home to read it. Adjourning the case until the following Friday morning, the court rose, and we all went our respective ways. Back at my desk during the ensuing two-and-a-half-day interlude, I found it remarkably difficult to apply myself to my duties as a publisher.

ON the second, and final, day of the trial, at which, after Mr. Winn and then Mr. Griffith-Jones had presented their closing addresses, the Judge would deliver his summation, an even larger crowd clamored for admission. The word now going around was that for the first time in a generation a publisher was giving the Crown a run for its money, and the betting odds in London clubs were said to be three to two in my favor. Of course, no one could say with any degree of certainty which way the jurors would lean, however favorable the Judge's summation might be, since no previous London jury had been given a good novel to read in years, and (likely enough) the experience might numb their faculties of comprehension and reason. No official record exists of the two final speeches; the authorities apparently do not regard such oratory as worthy of preservation, and have instructed the court stenographer to take down only the evidence and the judge's summation. My own view of the speeches at my trial is simple to the point of crudeness. Mr. Winn, in my estimation, put forward a masterly and subtle defense of "The Philanderer" and of its publisher, working in telling references to the necessity for freedom of publication and the value of

literature to society, while Mr. Griffith-Jones, on the other hand, used every trick of the mob orator to bring about my downfall, banging on the table, sneering, quoting the most succulent passages he could find, and, in general, giving a ham performance comparable to that of a third-rate villain in an old-fashioned melodrama. I speak with all the objectivity of a man who has put his shirt on the favorite only to see a rank outsider about to nip him at the post.

Despite my low opinion of Mr. Griffith-Jones' tactics, I must say that when, at last, he lifted up the skirts of his gown and resumed his seat, I felt it was not a moment too soon; a few more sallies and perhaps he'd have had the jury rushing out of the box to lynch me. Now the case moved along to its climax as Mr. Justice Stable began his summation—a summation that has since become a classic and that was used a few months later by a New York publisher and his wife as their Christmas-card message. I believe I am now being wholly objective when I say that it packed just about as much common sense on a difficult theme into a relatively small space as could well be expected. Delivered with the help of only a few notes, it appeared to be unrehearsed. The jurors loved it, for the learned Judge treated them as adults, even taking it for granted that they were avid and intelligent readers. As for me, I enjoyed it then and I've enjoyed it ever since. Whenever I have half an hour to spare, I pick it up and read it through with unvarying admiration.

Near the outset of his summation, the Judge disclosed to the jury that sex is essential to procreation, and hence to the continued existence of the human race. He said this was not his fault, or the fault of the members of the jury, or (by implication) of the author or publisher of "The Philanderer." The fault, if there was one, he declared, would have to be attributed to the Creator of life, so the jury might just as well overlook it. Indeed, he went so far as to suggest that the important role assigned to sex was nothing to worry about, and should be accepted without dismay by all decent, law-abiding people. From this solid beginning, he went on by degrees to make some sound remarks about the function of literature, with particular reference to the novel. He considered it reasonable that a novelist writing in the twentieth century should hold up a mirror to the society of his own day, precisely as the great Victorians—Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, and others—held it up to the society of the nineteenth century. An

American novel could be expected, he thought, to give a picture of contemporary America, and in his view "The Philanderer" might well "depict the lives of people living today in New York" and "portray their speech and their attitude in general towards this particular aspect of life." And he asked benevolently, "If we are going to read novels about how things go in New York, it would not be of much assistance, would it, if, contrary to the fact, we were led to suppose that in New York no unmarried woman of teen age has disabused her mind of the idea that babies are brought by storks or are sometimes found in cabbage patches or under gooseberry bushes?"

By this time, the prosecutor must have been feeling that the sooner the court adjourned for lunch the better. But the Judge had another rod in pickle for him before we were given a break. He had already asked implacably, "Are we to take our literary standards as being the level of something that is suitable for a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl? Or do we go even further back than that, and are we to be reduced to the sort of books one reads as a child in the nursery?" And to these rhetorical questions he had given the simple answer "Of course not." Now, turning to the issue of whether, as the Crown had contended, books like "The Philanderer" would poison the minds of teen-agers, he said, "But is it really books that put ideas into young heads, or is it Nature?"

The court then adjourned, and my wife and I went out to lunch together. I was comparatively optimistic. At least some of the jurors, I assured her, would realize that "The Philanderer" was a serious work, and not a mere piece of nastiness; perhaps they would convince the unbelievers, if there were any, that I was not the stuff of which pornography-mongers are made. When the session resumed, the Judge took up this thought almost as if he'd been lunching at our table. "You may agree that it is a good book, or a bad book, or a moderate book," he told the jury. "It is at least a book. It is the creation of a human mind." I could have embraced him, it was so precisely what I felt.

Soon after this, Mr. Justice Stable stopped. In all, he had spoken for something like an hour. It was by no means too long for me. To listen at the close of such a disagreeable ordeal to the wisdom of Nestor, the charm of Cicero, and the forcefulness of Demosthenes is a boon rarely vouchsafed a man in these times. The Judge smiled sweetly at the jurors, as much as to say, "I've done my part to perfection; now it's your

turn." The jurors left the box, and I stood up, stretched, and walked over to sit by my wife, in a side-aisle seat, while they considered their verdict.

By now, I felt confident. But unfortunately, at this late stage in the game, my wife, who had borne all the earlier anxieties with the stoicism of a Spartan mother awaiting the return of her son from battle, suddenly lost her nerve. She began to tremble, and as the minutes passed, her alarm became increasingly manifest. She appeared to feel that there must be something wrong because, in view of the forceful summation and the sterling character of her husband, the jury had failed to pronounce a verdict of not guilty without even bothering to leave the box.

After fifty minutes, back came the jurors. It was nearly four o'clock. The courtroom buzzed with the confused sounds made by any largish group of people waiting for something dramatic to happen. Mr. Justice Stable looked at the jury. The foreman rose and faced him. My throat was dry.

"Are you agreed upon your verdict, members of the jury?" demanded the Clerk of the Court.

"We are," said the foreman.

"How do you find the defendant—guilty or not guilty?" demanded the Clerk of the Court.

"Not guilty!" the foreman replied, in a resolute voice.

There was no cheering, but most of those present seemed pleased.

THE case of "The Philanderer" was over, and I walked out of the Old Bailey a free man, to celebrate our triumph with a bottle of champagne. The verdict was headlined that evening and the next morning in an immense variety of London and provincial newspapers. The London *Times*, in an editorial paternally headed "A Wise Approach," observed, "The duty is laid on us, as civilized people, to preserve balanced judgment when confronted by the unfamiliar and the unpleasant in literature. Mr. Justice Stable has helped in this by discouraging a witch-hunt against publishers, which would be as capricious in its justice as witch-hunts traditionally are." This appeared to be the general view. Authors and publishers naturally rejoiced that freedom—or so they imagined—had been restored to them. Letters of congratulation arrived on my desk in a steady trickle from abroad—from Denmark, France, India, Brazil, New York, and the great state of Texas. One of them quoted Edmund Gosse's remark "Let us say we would rather see English literature free

than decent." I wondered whether this was not going a bit too far.

I began to feel heroic. Had I not challenged the full might of the Crown and won, striking a blow for literature and liberty that would resound through the ages? Probably I began to boast; I noticed my wife eying me narrowly more than once. But soon a new batch of summonses was delivered—against three other publishers, making a total of eight—and from then on I experienced no difficulty in controlling any tendency to brag. The D.P.P. might have lost a battle, but he was determined to win the war. While my struggle had definitely achieved something, in that it enabled an English judge to express, for the first time in English legal annals, a sensible attitude toward the difficult problem of obscenity in a statement worthy of a place beside the statements of Judge Bok and Judge Woolsey in the United States, the law itself, of course, remained unchanged, and the risks as great as ever. The publishers who came after me were obliged to follow the example I had set, for the magistrates refused to hear any more such cases, on the ground that in the light of current public opinion it would be preferable to have them tried before a jury. Thus ejected from the relative privacy of the lower courts, the defendants had no choice other than to appear in the much more widely publicized arena of the Old Bailey, where the judges who presided at their trials, far from emulating Mr. Justice Stable, required them to sit in the dock throughout the proceedings, with a warder on either side. They had their lunch down in the cells with the other prisoners, gallantly carving up the indifferent fare with a spoon rather than a knife. For them, it was all very grim from start to finish.

Two months after my acquittal, in the case that immediately followed mine, the judge, in his summation, courteously but decisively contradicted almost every point made by Mr. Justice Stable. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and the judge fined the publisher five hundred pounds, adding ominously that he had considered imposing a six-month prison sentence. On this, any comment of mine would be superfluous, and perhaps in contempt.

—FREDRIC J. WARBURG

•

In Yale's more sprightly circles 25 years ago John ("Sleepy") Hall, '24, was as honored for his banjoing as Pudge Heffelfinger was for football.—*Life*.

Make it 33 years ago and we'll buy it.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Psychopath and Dull Normal

IN turning his play "End as a Man" into a movie, called "The Strange One," Calder Willingham has narrowed the range of his vision somewhat; on the stage he engaged in an enfilading attack upon the hideous customs and horrible students at a Southern military college, but in the picture he simply draws a bead on one twisted character in that institution. Mr. Willingham gets his man, all right, but in the process he bypasses the ferocious satire on drum-and-bugle halls of learning that made "End as a Man" so incisive. This is not to say that "The Strange One" is an entirely flaccid enterprise. As a matter of fact, Ben Gazzara, portraying a sadistic heel whose cruel connivings make a shambles of the morale of the cadets, quickly arouses a hatred of himself and all his works, and sustains it throughout the picture. But the theme of the play—that military pedagogy can create the perfect breeding ground for social monstrosities, particularly in Southern areas bruised by memories of the Civil War—is gone.

Still, if we are willing to forgo the fine dramatic forest Mr. Willingham originally created in favor of a glimpse of a distorted tree, "The Strange One" is absorbing enough. The plot has to do with Mr. Gazzara's efforts to destroy a fellow-student, whose father (Larry Gates), an Army major, is the executive officer of the college. As a corn-pone Machiavelli, Mr. Gazzara succeeds in involving an assortment of cadets in his schemes, among them an amiable and foolish roommate (Pat Hingle), a dim-witted football player (James Olson), and a couple of freshmen (George Peppard and Arthur Storch). I was inclined to think that some of the actors representing undergraduates seemed a little long in the tooth, and I found Mr. Storch's depiction of an unmanly type too broad for belief, but I must say that the cast, under the direction of Jack Garfein, who also directed the stage play, wrings a good deal of melodrama out of "The Strange One." By way of a nice bit of feminine relief from all the uniforms, Julie Wilson, as a

strumpet, turns up periodically, apple in hand.

"THE BACHELOR PARTY," adapted by Paddy Chayefsky from one of his television plays, strives to demonstrate that no matter how lousy things are at home, a man is well advised to put up with his lot and quit dreaming of carefree romps with some delectable babe. As usual, Mr. Chayefsky is interested in ordinary people, and every now and then he makes them sound funny and appealing, but there are quite a few stretches in "The Bachelor Party" that sound as if Mr. Chayefsky had no more selective feeling for dialogue than a court stenographer, and several of the lumps of padding necessary to transform his short television effort into a movie are uncomfortably evident. The story Mr. Chayefsky has to tell is simple in the extreme. An impecunious young man, having learned gloomily that his wife is going to have a baby, and wanting to get his mind off his own problems, joins some friends in celebrating the coming marriage of a pal. During a night on the town, mostly spent in Greenwich Village, all hands come to the realization that while far fields look ever greenest, he is happiest who dwells at home. The last time I saw this message, it was embroidered on a Victorian sampler, where it seemed more pertinent than it does in the movie.

Directed by Delbert Mann, "The Bachelor Party" has a highly capable cast, in which Don Murray is the troubled prospective father, and E. G. Marshall, Jack Warden, and Carolyn Jones figure prominently.

"THE YOUNG STRANGER" is the story of an adolescent who is all mixed up because his father, a movie executive, doesn't have time to pay much attention to him. Another thing that worries him is the fact that his mother and father don't get along any too well. When the boy becomes involved in a brawl at a theatre one night, the father refuses to believe his account of what happened, and this generates a lot of added tension at home. There isn't much more than that to "The Young Stranger," but the story is told without hokum, and the acting is satisfactory in all respects—particularly in the case of James MacArthur, who plays the title role. After all the juveniles, delinquent and otherwise, that Hollywood has inflicted upon us, Mr. MacArthur is indeed refreshing. —JOHN MCCARTEN

MUSICAL EVENTS

Light Week

WITH the Philharmonic and the Metropolitan Opera Company both away on tour, the flow of major musical doings dwindled sharply last week, and the situation caused me to attend a couple of events that I would not ordinarily have covered. One of these was a revival of Franz Lehár's durable operetta "The Merry Widow," which was presented at the City Center on Wednesday night, and the other was a performance of Arthur Honegger's oratorio "King David," given by the Oratorio Society of New York on Thursday evening in the basement auditorium of Temple Emanu-El, on Fifth Avenue. Of the two works, "The Merry Widow" struck me as the greater and more enduring masterpiece, though "King David" is undoubtedly one of Mr. Honegger's strongest compositions and has at least the virtue of sustaining one's absorption in its Biblical subject. Perhaps the chief difference between them—aside from the obvious fact that they represent two quite unrelated categories of musical expression—is that Lehár's score contains many fine old tunes that can stand by themselves as poetic crystallizations of lighthearted emotions, and are therefore memorable, whereas the music in Mr. Honegger's Old Testament oratorio is purely illustrative and atmospheric, and means very little divorced from the drama it ornaments. I realize that this comparison is somewhat unfair in view of the wide disparity of purpose between the two composers. Still, to my mind, Lehár has succeeded in writing some real music, where Mr. Honegger has contented himself with providing some exotic and barbaric musical backdrops. At any rate, my emotional state as I listened to "King David" was distinctly tepid and intellectually detached, while in "The Merry Widow" such familiar melodies as "Vilia," the all-male cancan that I can identify only as "Girls, Girls, Girls, Girls," and the famous waltz actually induced a mood definable as gaiety and sent me home refreshed and happy.

As a production, "The Merry Widow" is, I am afraid, not quite as glittering as some productions I have seen

"IT'S GREAT STYLING," people everywhere are saying about the cars of Chrysler Corporation. They praise the new low lines, the huge new view, the distinctive ride-steadying fins. This 4-door hardtop is a PLYMOUTH BELVEDERE Sport Sedan.

"IT'S GREAT ENGINEERING," they say of the brilliant new Torsion-Aire ride. No lurch when you start, no dive when you stop, no lean when you sweep around curves. It's on all 5 cars. The model shown at left is a DODGE SIERRA station wagon.

"SUCH EASY HANDLING," so many remark in response to the extra convenience and efficiency of Pushbutton TorqueFlite—Total-Contact Brakes—*Full*-Time power steering—Airliner-type V-8 engines. At right is a DE SOTO FIREDOME convertible.

"IT'S THE TOTAL NEWNESS," others say, in recognition of the fact that in no other cars today can you find so much that's new and good. The 4-door hardtop to the left is a CHRYSLER WINDSOR—the *luxury* car right down in the *medium* price field.

THE FIVE CARS of The *Forward* Look are *the newest new cars in 20 years!* At right: the IMPERIAL 2-door SOUTHAMPTON. With an excellence that puts it in a class apart, Imperial is the first choice of the world's most discriminating car buyers!

You hear it everywhere

THE SWITCH IS ON

to the cars that are new all through!

In over 30 years of building cars, we've never heard such enthusiasm, so fast, so freely given. Never have we heard people so clear in their reasons for switching to these five new cars.

They like the luxury of length and lowness—they like the glamorous sweep of fins, and marvel at the extra stability they give. They like the advanced new suspension-system, Torsion-Aire, that puts a luxurious layer of deep-pile comfort between rider and the roughest of roads.

They find more things to like—more reasons to buy—than ever before. And we think that *you* will, too.

Today, right now, let the spirit move you—the wonder and excitement of driving a car that's truly *totally new*—from Chrysler Corporation.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION — **THE *FORWARD* LOOK**

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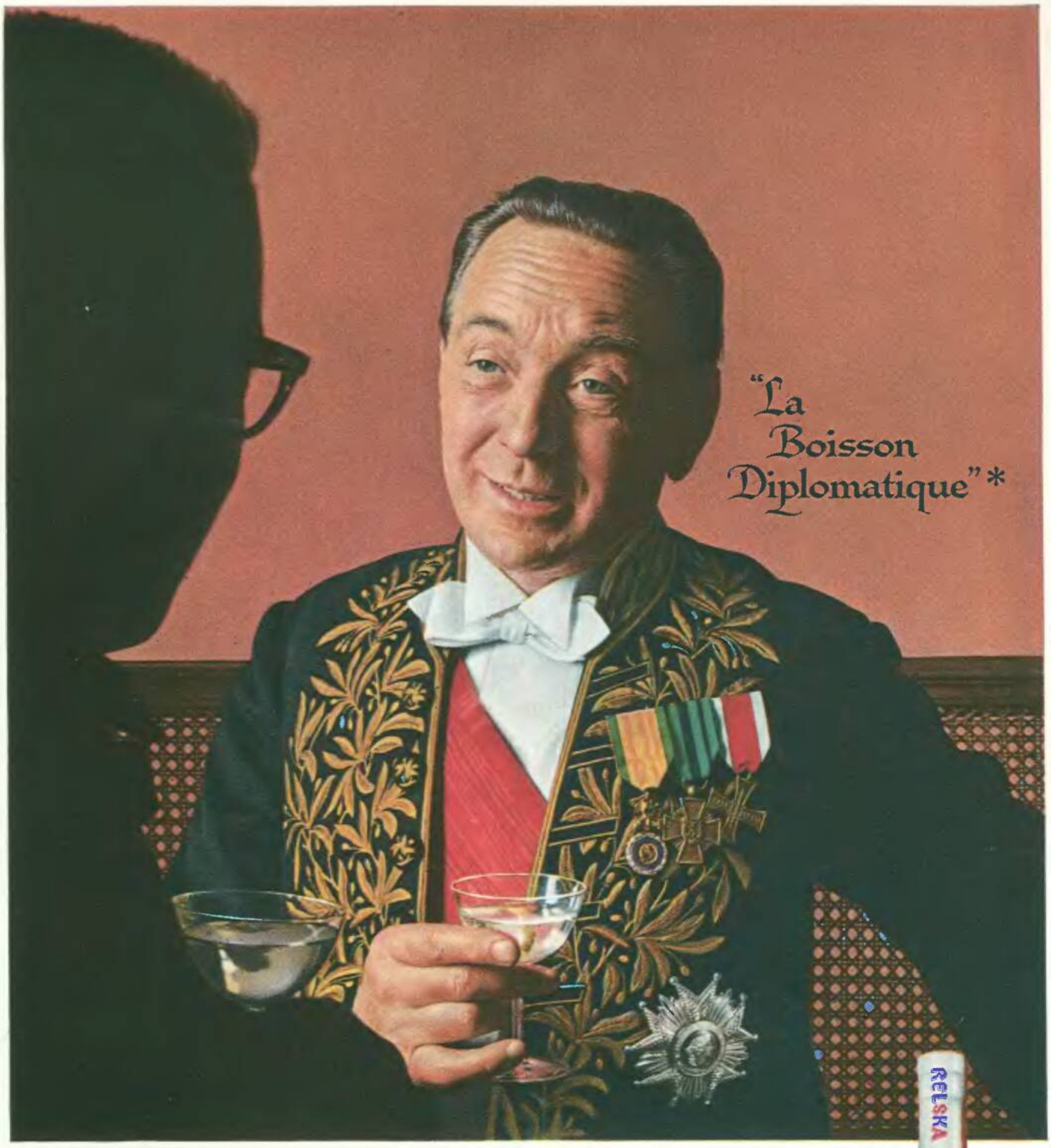

At the Académie reception in Paris, the Director-General said to me, "For a first-time visitor, you reveal uncommon awareness of our treasures. This vodka you admire could only be our hallowed Relska. For there is no liquor taste."

"Relska is now an American treasure, too," I said. "Popularized by our diplomatic corps."

"Undoubtedly!" he agreed. "Before Washington and Lafayette were born, Relska was prized as *the diplomatic drink.*"

* **"THE DIPLOMATIC DRINK"** (in Paris or *anywhere*). In a dry martini, collins, rickey, with fruit juices . . . Relska is reassuringly discreet – there is *no liquor taste.*

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The World's Most Honored Vodka

CONSISTENT WINNER OF THE HIGHEST INTERNATIONAL AWARDS

80 and 100 Proof. Made from Grain by L.Relsky & Cie, Cockeysville, Md., U.S.A.

in the past. The vocal abilities of Marta Eggerth and Jan Kiepura have weathered considerably, to put it mildly, during the thousand-odd performances of the work they have sung since they first appeared in it on Broadway, nearly fifteen years ago. There are, however, some very pleasant ballet sequences, choreographed by George Balanchine, in which Mary Ellen Moylan and Michael Maule dance with stunning virtuosity; there is Mr. Melville Cooper, who can't sing at all but whose sloping eyebrows and indestructible urbanity always add an indispensable ingredient to things of this sort; and, finally, there are the tunes, which, under the spirited baton of Michael Kuttner, emerge with real Hapsburg insouciance and bounce.

I should perhaps say a word about the performance of "King David," which was in every respect an excellent one and which was scrupulously directed by William Strickland. The Oratorio Society is undoubtedly one of our best-trained large choruses, and it sang the difficult music well. The same can be said for the soloists—Valarie Lamoree, Thilde Beuing, and Howard Jarratt—and for the narrator, Adolph Anderson, who told the story of the work with suitable solemnity.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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GLASSES

I wear them. They help me. But I
Don't care for them. Two birds, steel
hinges,
Haunt each an edge of the small sky
My green eyes make. Rim-horn impinges
Upon my vision's furry fringes;
Faint dust collects upon the dry,
Unblinking shield behind which cringes
My naked, deprecated eye.

My gaze feels aimed. It is as if
Two manufactured beams had been
Lodged in my sockets—hollow, stiff,
And gray, like mailing tubes—and
when
I pivot, vases topple down
From tabletops, and women frown.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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PARIS, APRIL 8—(UP)—QUEEN ELIZABETH ARRIVED TODAY TO BEGIN AN APRIL-IN-PARIS VISIT THAT INSPIRED THE WARMEST WELCOME THE FRENCH HAVE GIVEN ANY ROYAL FIGURE SINCE THEY GUILLOTINED THEIR OWN QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE.—*Dispatch received by the Akron Beacon Journal.*

They'll never top that one.

TABLES FOR TWO

Some Music Rooms

THE number of our night clubs may be dwindling, but more and more music rooms are cropping up to keep things in some sort of balance. At a time when jazz in all its forms is enjoying such extensive popularity, the advantages of the music room are obvious; all you need is a small stage, a piano, and one or more of the many fine musical groups that seem to be available. One result of this disarmingly casual arrangement is that the jazz units on the small stage are likely to come and go like mice. Take the Café Bohemia, for instance—a tidy shoe box in Greenwich Village that I dropped into on a couple of recent evenings. On my first visit, I ran into the Ronnie Bright Trio (piano, bass, and drums) and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, a quintet. A week later, I found the trio gone and the Blakey band alternating with the Miles Davis Quintet. Right now, I understand, the Davis crew has vanished, while the Messengers are still making their appointed rounds. Bright—to go back to the beginning—is an engaging performer who is apparently dedicated to no particular school of jazz, though in general he does employ modern techniques; the style of his playing, while not noticeably eclectic, varies a lot, according to the mood of each piece he tackles. The Messengers, a vibrant bunch (their news is conveyed by piano, trumpet, sax, bass, and drums), take their lead from Blakey's exuberant drumming; the night I first heard them, the opening number of one set was a stimulating treatment—rhythmic and exceedingly free—of Dizzy Gillespie's "A Night in Tunisia," which ran to almost half an hour. As for Miles Davis, a unique avant-garde trumpeter who works with piano, sax, bass, and drums, he's a mature artist who depends too much on the microphone for my taste, though I admit he produces some of his subtlest effects by his use of this foolish apparatus. At any rate, he tootles away in an arresting manner, using a mute a good part of the time, and I heard him transform such disparate numbers as Cole Porter's "All of You" and Thelonious Monk's "Around Midnight" into gems

that bore the imprint of his own musical personality. The drummer in the Davis quintet—a young man known as Philly Joe Jones—is versatile and exciting to listen to in his own right, but, oddly, his playing is a bit too heavy when heard against the ensemble work of the others.

To move on to other music, other rooms, Bobby Scott, a youthful pianist with a multitude of fresh ideas but no easily classifiable style, can be found these nights on the bandstand within the oval bar of the Hickory House. Supported by a bassist and a drummer, he strays along some fascinating new musical byways with strong and richly figured playing. Among the other things that he produced during the hour or more I sat up with him was a memorable ballad, "That's All," which offers so many harmonic and rhythmic possibilities that I imagine it will become (if it hasn't already) standard material for jazz groups.

AT street level, above the Fifty-first Street cellar called the Downstairs Room, where the revue "Son of Four Below" is rounding out the 1956-57 theatrical season in its own winning manner, the Downstairs management has opened the Upstairs at the Downstairs. This is a fairly small place, dominated by a long bar and simply but presentably decorated. As a matter of fact, until recently it was an undistinguished neighborhood saloon, and the other night I got a good deal of pleasure out of imagining the discomfiture of a former patron who might happen to come sloping through the door while a golden-haired harpist named Daphne Hellman was at her pleasant work on the small platform. When Mrs. Hellman is off doing other things, you can listen to the throaty singing of Stella Brooks and to the nicely modulated, swinging jazz of a duet consisting of Blossom Dearie, on piano, and Jimmy Stutz, on bass.

SOME girl singers new to my eyes and ears have shown up here and there during the last few weeks. In the Empire Room of the Waldorf, there is Juliette Greco, a slender French brunette with pert features and a somewhat tousled appearance, who murmurs and growls her way through a collection of Gallic stuff while an accordionist (indispensable equipment for French singers), reinforced by four other musicians, squeezes out an accompaniment. Preceding Miss Greco on the stand are the Chanteurs de Paris, seven young men in powder-blue outfits,

who are under the guidance of two older men in conventional tuxedos—one the choral director and the other the piano accompanist. They're a flashy lot. . . . Over in the Persian Room of the Plaza, a Spanish soprano named Margarita Sierra postures dramatically as she slides her tiny but attractive voice through a standard repertoire in which such selections as "Malagueña," "La Paloma," and "Cielito Lindo" pop up. A small and pretty girl, becomingly gowned in a black lace affair with lots of ruffles and a slit skirt, Miss Sierra, I thought, was a rather welcome change from most of the singers we've been getting lately in hotel rooms. . . . Downtown at the Village Vanguard, a statuesque young woman named Lurlean Hunter is offering skillful deliveries of American standards, but her efforts seemed studied, and I felt that her dragging rendition of "Little Girl Blue" almost succeeded in bringing this nice old Rodgers and Hart piece to a standstill. —D. W.

•

DEAR SIR:

It is lack of sodium fluoride in the drinking water for immunity of dental caries. Taking too much sugar will alter the ratio of calcium and posphate that in the blood then disturb the process of calcification. The above two factors are the most important causes for causing dental caries amonng the people who live in Brasil.

How to prevent dental caries.

To eat balanced food, and brush your teeth thoroughly, above all to see your dentist to have a periodical oral examination is the most significant.

Choose a good dentist.

A good dentist has to have the following requirements:

1. Education and intellect are used to help the dentist to get good diagnosis and judgement in order to select the best method and material for his patient's variated oral conditions.

2. Morality. A dentist must do what he has to do, work accurately scientificly dentist also has to pay the very symphathy with every patient.

3. Skill. A skillful dentist may make the good looking anterior teeth for you. But the most important thing is to have a good cephalic, orbital and digital coordination for working in patient's mouth.—*Letter received by a lady in São Paulo, Brazil, from her dentist.*

And a chair with a view.

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> Meanwhile the Coast and Geodetic Survey office in Honolulu reported that Mr. Vsevidof on the Aleutian island of Unmak was belching smoke yesterday after lying dormant for 200 years.—*Albany Knickerbocker News.*

Another case of a government agency exceeding its authority.

BOOKS

The Man with the Big Stick

IN the nineteenth century, we Americans were fighting Indians, fighting our Civil War, building railways, and taking little note of the outer world. Now, in the mid-twentieth, we are grappling with that world everywhere. This drastic change can perhaps never be fully explained, but Howard K. Beale's "Theodore Roosevelt and the Rise of America to World Power," recently published by the Johns Hopkins Press, should be a help. Roosevelt was active at a crucial point during the change, and he was vastly influential. This study of his diplomatic style therefore throws plenty of light on the subject. At the same time, it creates new mysteries. Roosevelt is shown as a statesman of great ability and, occasionally, of prophetic vision, yet his turn-of-the-century attitude toward certain aspects of international relationships can hardly be reconciled with our present-day attitude toward them. This is especially true of Western relations with Asia and Africa. When we look backward from the crises that beset us now in places like Egypt, China, and Korea, we can scarcely imagine ourselves seeing them as Roosevelt did. So we must conclude that our group mind has changed since his time. Beale's portrait points this difference up.

Beale's book is a work of scholarship and is not designed as entertainment. It has nearly two thousand footnotes tucked away in the back. But it unfolds its story so cleanly and straightforwardly that it seldom palls. It is rather like the text of a play. It describes almost nothing, but the characters—mainly the hero—are revealed plainly through their words and actions. Roosevelt's strongest point as a diplomat, one comes to feel as one reads the book, was his charm, which derived from both his vitality and his seasoned tact, or his skill at face-saving. Of his dealings with Kaiser William II he wrote, "Where I have forced him to give way I have been sedulously anxious to build a bridge of gold for him. . . . In other words, where I have had to take part of the kernel from him, I have been anxious that he should have all the shell possible, and have that shell painted any way he wished. At the same time I have had to speak with extreme emphasis to him on more than one occasion." Roosevelt acquired some of his tact in his career as a politician, and some was an outgrowth of his family background, which helped him and Mrs. Roosevelt to live the Presidential life naturally. "Out of their comfortable sense of being at home in a mansion that has overawed most occupants," Beale writes, "the Roosevelts brought a fullness of enjoyment that the White House has rarely known. The President's residence became the home of warm-hearted people with great capacities for friendship. . . . Without this setting in which to conduct business with representatives of foreign powers, Roosevelt could not have handled his foreign policy in the manner that became Rooseveltian." Roosevelt had manners, but he couldn't abide empty formalities, and, as we all know, he was blunt and vigorous in his speech. He never avoided the cold truth, but his warmth took the chill off it.

He engaged in highly personal diplomacy. He was on informal terms with some of the world's monarchs, including King Edward VII and Kaiser William II, and with many of the world's Cabinet Ministers. (He didn't always think well of them; he said of Lord Londonderry that "this man has no more brains than those of a guinea pig, he was obtuse as a lamp post, I might as well have talked to the chair opposite us.") Roosevelt cultivated out-of-office—in fact, out-of-doors—relationships with the ambassadors in Washington. Of this endeavor Beale writes:

> Roosevelt's informal hikes, rides, and swims on which he took the personal representatives of the heads of foreign governments were famous. Roosevelt got keen amusement out of taking the pompous younger brother of the Kaiser in immaculate riding clothes for a two-hour ride through the rain and mud of a Rock Creek storm until the mud-besplattered.

drenched Prince was a sorry sight. Prince Henry proved sportsmanlike. Some, on the other hand, took it grimly. Some like Sir Michael Herbert and Sir Mortimer Durand had not the physical vigor to take it at all, though Sir Mortimer tried. For those ambassadors who could, however, there was an intimacy in diplomacy based on hikes, swims, and tennis with the head of the state that was unusual and useful. Speck von Sternburg, the German ambassador, and Jules Jusserand, the ambassador of France, played tennis, swam the icy Potomac in springtime, scrambled through the mud of Rock Creek Park, and scaled cliffs with an exuberant president.

The exuberant President had his cronies in the foreign services of other countries, whom he had come to know when he was a young man in the eighties and nineties, and he did not hesitate to try and get them appointed ambassadors to Washington. He failed with Sir Cecil Spring Rice (Springy), despite all the pressure he put on the British. He succeeded, though, with Baron Speck von Sternburg (Speckie). Von Sternburg was permitted the unusual honor of presenting his credentials at Oyster Bay, where Roosevelt was in residence, and was kept there overnight and taken riding, target-shooting, and tramping in the Long Island woods by his host. Oyster Bay, where Roosevelt withdrew in the summertime, was important in his diplomacy. During the Portsmouth Conference, which ended the Russo-Japanese War, the envoys of both sides went there to consult with him. This conference was perhaps the crowning triumph of the Roosevelt style. By the time it took place, in 1905, Roosevelt had developed intimate contacts with the main European capitals and with Tokyo, and he played on these like a skilled musician, achieving harmonies that amazed the world audience. Most of the world's statesmen, apparently, thought Roosevelt would fail, and most seem to have proclaimed his success a contribution to the general welfare. Beale traces all the tactics—including reaching the Czar through the Kaiser, reaching the Japanese through the British, and so forth—that helped bring it off. But throughout these intricacies, one feels, the moving force was Roosevelt's personality.

The main theme of Beale's book is Roosevelt's furtherance of American "expansionism," or "imperialism," toward the Pacific and Asia, and, to a lesser degree, the Caribbean and South America, a course he embarked on with a handful of close associates, mostly well-educated Northeasterners like himself—Henry Cabot Lodge, Brooks and Henry Adams, John Hay, and Captain Alfred T. Mahan, among others. These

men worked closely together, supporting each other by speeches, writings, and Washington maneuvers, and their influence was much greater than their numbers or the popularity of their ideas would imply. Roosevelt's own influence was supreme, of course, and he may well have been the most powerful man in the world. "Permit me to observe," Hay once said lightly to him, "that your planet seems to be in good working order." Beale therefore devotes much time to analyzing Roosevelt's tendencies and their effect on the expansionist movement. For one thing, he shows us, Roosevelt had some almost purely intellectual convictions about expansion, and these were helped along by his imperialist friends in America and Europe, among them Rudyard Kipling. Then there was his fierce national pride and his belief that whatever America did was right. There was also his innate pugnacity, expressed in everything from his love of a fight to his love of a big Navy; Roosevelt "gushes over war," William James said, "and treats peace as a condition of blubber-like and swollen ignobility." Finally, and most interesting from the viewpoint of our time, there were his ideas on race and "civilization." Roosevelt looked on the white peoples as superior and in duty bound to spread their civilization. He felt it was a good thing "that France should be in Algiers, England in the Soudan, and Russia in Turkestan." He differentiated between the white peoples, though, inevitably thinking the Anglo-Saxons more superior than the others, and sometimes doubting that the Russians should be classed as civilized at all. He had a very high regard for the Japanese, and he often thought of them as among the civilized, too. But he was contemptuous of their neighbors the Chinese, whom he compared, along with the Filipinos, to the Sioux, Comanche, and Apache Indians (his experience of our own West must have influenced his racial ideas a good deal). He also placed all the peoples of the tropics among the uncivilized. These were in need of discipline now and then, he thought, for they were unreliable in their dealings; "you could no more make an agreement with the Colombian rulers than you could nail currant jelly to the wall," he said. Beale points out, however, that Roosevelt didn't have the ordinary racist's notion that these failings of the lesser breeds were irreparable, or destined. He felt that they came from bad environments and would eventually be overcome by an

upward struggle, like the one that had raised Anglo-Saxon culture from its origins in the European swamps. Until this happened, though, the failings existed, and the civilizers must combat them, with or without the consent of the civilizees. In discussing Roosevelt's treatment of the Philippines, Beale says:

What Roosevelt could never comprehend was the nationalist aspirations of the Filipinos. He wanted to give them "civilization" and "liberty" as his father, out of a sense of *noblesse oblige*, had given charity and moral precepts to the poor of New York City. This desire was benevolent on his part. Hence the Filipinos that opposed it were in his mind opposing what was right; hence they were wicked. . . . Roosevelt was sincerely shocked that the Aguinaldo nationalists should hate "their fellow-countrymen who have had the good sense and genuine patriotism to realize that the true interests of the islands lay in the American government." To compare Aguinaldo with George Washington Roosevelt found preposterous. Roosevelt compared him instead to Benedict Arnold. The irony of it was that the group in this country that were themselves most nationalistic could not comprehend that "backward peoples" might develop nationalist tendencies and might prefer liberty to efficient government by a "superior race."

These ideas of Roosevelt's, as we read about them, seem fairly close to those of some European imperialists even of today—Winston Churchill's, perhaps. But they do not seem close to our ideas in this country. Few Americans think that way now, or at least few American politicians talk that way and keep on being elected. This fact gives Roosevelt's world views, as set forth by Beale, a dated quality, and we marvel at how much our basic values have changed since his day. We can also compare America's roles then and now on the world stage, and speculate on what has happened in the meantime.

Roosevelt's most lasting work was probably in the Pacific. By and large, this was done in the eighteen-nineties, when he was still only Assistant Secretary of the Navy. With Lodge and Mahan, he intrigued behind the Secretary of State's back to annex the Hawaiian Islands. The connivers won President McKinley over and finally achieved their end in 1898. As for the Philippines, Roosevelt decided to take them almost on his own. He maneuvered Dewey, a daring man he could count on, into command of our Asiatic squadron. Then his own superior, Secretary Long, carelessly went home early one day, and Roosevelt got busy. "He sent a momentous cable to George Dewey [ordering him, in case of war with Spain, to take the offensive in the

On the terrace...

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Philippines]. He issued instructions to the European and South Atlantic squadrons where to rendezvous, if war broke out. He ordered commanders all over the world to keep their ships filled with the best possible coal. He bought all the coal he could buy in the Far East." Long was horrified when he learned of these orders, and never left Roosevelt in charge again. But the work had been done, and the Philippines were soon taken. Ever since then, they have been the main outwork of our system in the Pacific, as the Hawaiian Islands have been its central bastion. Without these Roosevelt arrangements, we could have had no Pearl Harbor and—by the same token—no V-J Day.

In the case of Japan, Roosevelt seems to have been dealing with something he didn't understand well. Between 1900 and 1905, his feelings toward Japan changed from hostility to great friendliness, much as our feelings toward her have changed between V-J Day and now, and for much the same reason—fear of Russia. As Roosevelt grew friendly to the Japanese, his mental processes demanded that he promote them into the ranks of the "civilized," which he did, though not without misgivings. Since Japan was "civilized," he apparently had no qualms about letting her subjugate Korea, though we were under some obligation to prevent this. (Japan's seizure of Korea was brutal, and its occupation was brutalizing to the inhabitants.) Roosevelt built Japan's prestige up and played her against Russia, in the hope of achieving a balance of power in the Orient. The balance *was* achieved, but just momentarily, for Japan would not act as Roosevelt hoped she would. She followed her selfish interests as she, not Roosevelt, saw them; she switched round to coöperating with Russia; then she became militaristic, and in time the Pacific War followed.

Roosevelt favored Russia at the start of his Presidency, for he then considered her an agent of civilization. But the writings of Captain Mahan and Brooks Adams helped to change his views radically by pointing out the latent power conflict between the Russians and ourselves. After that, his attitude toward them was almost in line with our own. His dealings with Russian diplomats helped turn him against them. "No human beings," he wrote in 1905, "could be quite as untruthful, as insincere, as arrogant—in short as untrustworthy in every way—as the Russians under their present system." He also had prophetic insights about Russia. He foresaw her

revolution and the burgeoning of her climb to the status of world power. But he could think of no way to halt it. His frustration was like ours, but the problem did not, of course, appear so urgent to him.

China, to Roosevelt's mind, was hopelessly chaotic and uncivilized. This may seem odd to us, and it certainly seems odd to Beale, but we should remember that it was the view of almost the whole Western world. The Manchu dynasty was the titular ruler of China while Roosevelt was active, but it was on its last legs. Europe's imperialists had long assumed that they could best deal with China through treaty ports and gunboat diplomacy, and Roosevelt fell in with their ideas, approving the suppression of the Boxer Rebellion. Beale argues that, in his later negotiations, after he became President, Roosevelt should have dealt with representatives of the "new spirit" in China—the intellectuals and nationalists who had begun to struggle against the Manchus in Sun Yat-sen's movement and otherwise. But he doesn't explain how this might have been done, and his suggestion sounds impractical. The representatives of the "new spirit" were being hunted by the Manchus, and it would hardly have been tactful, for instance, to ask them to the Portsmouth Conference, as Beale suggests. Besides, China's "new-spirit" men of those days were not her "new-spirit" men of today. Mostly, they got involved with the Kuomintang, the party of Sun Yat-sen and later Chiang Kai-shek, and their standing with Mao's Communists is often bad. If Roosevelt had set a precedent for dealing with "new-spirit" men, we would, one imagines, have been involved with a bewildering stream of Chinese Kerenskys for the next half century. Our lasting entanglement with Chiang Kai-shek, a "new-spirit" man of the twenties and thirties, seems proof of the dangers in such a course. It is true that America's, and the West's, policies toward China have failed badly. But the only mistake we can surely point to is our putting pressure on the Chinese in the first place and goading them into the chain of revolutions that made them so formidable. Since he was an expansionist, Roosevelt must share the blame for this. Yet the European imperialists would almost certainly have done the damage without him.

Roosevelt's views on India and Egypt were imperialist pure and simple. He thought it was good for the British to have a firm grip on those countries,

and he was against relaxing the grip. In 1910, when he was no longer President, he visited Egypt and lectured the British there against slackness in dealing with the Egyptians. His words were acclaimed by British imperialists but resented by British liberals and, presumably, by many Egyptians. And they were quite out of line with the future actions of his own country, which since then has sought, under Franklin Roosevelt and Eisenhower, to put an end to British colonialism. Much of the world's current anti-Americanism is probably the fault of our inconsistency on the colonial issue, a fault to which Theodore Roosevelt contributed greatly, since he advocated a strong, definite policy without making sure that the country would follow him.

There is a good deal in Beale's book about Roosevelt's work in other regions, too, including Latin America and Europe. In Latin America, he did much to strengthen the Monroe Doctrine. In Europe, he really went to town with his personal diplomacy; his friends were in the capitals of the Western, "civilized" world. Reading about this, one feels that he was a great influence in our intervention in the two world wars and our participation in concepts like NATO. The latent Atlantic Community was a real, intimate thing to him, almost an extension of his family.

The "great-man" theory of historical causes does well in this book, and theories like the economic-determinist do badly. Roosevelt paid attention to economic motives, Beale says, but his tendency was to use them, not be used by them. While putting pressure on China, he tried to make a group of American financiers who were about to sell the Chinese government a railway concession at a tremendous profit hold on to it for the benefit of American prestige in the Orient. This was dollar diplomacy in reverse, Beale points out, and the bankers did not go along with it. Before they made up their minds, though, J. P. Morgan had twice steamed out to Oyster Bay in the Corsair. That's how things were done in Roosevelt's world. You got the fellow in and talked to him.

—CHRISTOPHER RAND

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A HAUNTED LAND, by Randolph Stow (Macmillan). Mr. Stow, an expert and very talented young writer, devotes his first novel to an account of an Australian family of children

separated by the death of their mother and doomed by the maniacal loyalties of their father. The atmosphere is melodramatic and so is the action, but the characters are real, and it is possible that in his next work Mr. Stow will stop forcing his people to masquerade as victims and let them have the freedom, or license, to be the human beings they are inclined to be. The time is early in the nineteen-hundreds.

FRIENDS AT COURT, by Henry Cecil (Harper). Mr. Cecil's writing has charm, intelligence, and humor, but this tale about a nice, ambitious young lawyer's fight to win a tricky case has a heaviness about it, perhaps because too much time is spent in and around the courts. There is an occasional unconvincingly romantic interruption from the young woman the lawyer hopes to propose marriage to. An English novel.

FAIR WITH RAIN, by Ann Head (McGraw-Hill). A light, cheerful, unpretentious story of a family living in a town in South Carolina. The mother of the family, who tells the story, describes her eldest son's engagement and marriage and her daughter's introduction to the sadder side of young love.

GALLERY OF WOMEN, by Bernard Glemser (Random House). Robert Crane, an unmarried middle-aged English novelist living in New York, tells about the women in his life. They include a beautiful but feather-brained American some years older than himself; a glamorous, poverty-stricken German refugee; and an intense young woman, pretty and rich, in whom he is interested mainly because she is the daughter of his first love. Mr. Glemser brings a good deal of emotion to his work, but it never succeeds in being more than barely readable.

GENERAL

A CITIZEN LOOKS AT CONGRESS, by Dean Acheson (Harper). This short, gracefully written essay is based on a series of lectures that the author delivered not long ago at the University of Virginia. It is a wise and worried examination of some of the present operational weaknesses of Congress, particularly in relation to foreign affairs. Mr. Acheson contends that in this area Congress is an unwieldy and diffuse instrument, largely because more and more of its important business is transacted through a bulging, time-consuming system of overlap-

ping committees (in 1955 there were two hundred and thirty-one in the two Houses), which are rendered even less effective by their bipartisan—and thus conciliatory—make-up. The result, of course, is an extraordinary amount of shapeless talk. (Mr. Acheson estimates that he spent one-sixth of his four-year term as Secretary of State testifying before Congressional committees, and that of the eight solid days he was up before a joint committee investigating General MacArthur's recall from Japan perhaps an hour was devoted to the dismissal itself.) The real danger, however, is the increasing tendency on the part of the often inevitably half-informed congressman (who must speculate intelligently on everything from nuclear defense to what is going on in Tito's head) to oversimplify foreign policy by personifying nations and by using scapegoats (in the manner of McCarthyism) to cover up our failures abroad. In his last chapter, Mr. Acheson recommends, with a kind of gloved desperation, that the committee system be thinned and tightened, and that Congress direct itself more toward pure fact-finding and a constructive examination of those facts. A humble and timely study of a paramount problem.

THE KERSTEN MEMOIRS, by Felix Kersten, translated from the German by Constantine Fitzgibbon and James Oliver, and with an introduction by H. R. Trevor-Roper (Macmillan). From 1940 until 1945, Dr. Kersten was personal physician to Heinrich Himmler, the chief of the Gestapo and the S.S. in Nazi Germany, and this book is an enlightening, if decidedly gloomy, record of many of the conversations he had with Himmler during those years. Although Dr. Kersten was by no means a yes man (Himmler was totally dependent on him for the relief of crippling, chronic abdominal pains), he knew exactly how far he could go argumentatively with his patient, and as a result what we have here is a series of taut but always polite debates on such subjects as anti-Semitism, Masons, the English aristocracy (Himmler regarded it as an admirable, self-perpetuating social system), and women (he planned to organize in Germany after the war a sort of controlled matriarchy of "Chosen Women"). The portrait of Himmler that emerges from all this is frightening. Insanely dedicated (he

told Dr. Kersten he would shoot himself on the spot if Hitler so ordered), selfless, and rather learned, he was apparently a dangerous and soupy romantic, who, though responsible for wholesale human slaughter, was able to ask the author on a hunting trip, "How can you find any pleasure . . . in shooting from behind cover at poor creatures browsing on the edge of a wood, innocent, defenseless, and unsuspecting?" Much of Mr. Trevor-Roper's introduction is a defense of Dr. Kersten, who, for one reason and another, fell into disrepute after the war, despite the now proved fact that he used his unique position with Himmler to save innumerable people, including sixty thousand Jews who had been condemned to death shortly before the war ended.

DESTINY AND GLORY, by Edward S. Wallace (Coward-McCann). A diverting account of the exploits of William Walker (whose fleeting conquest of Nicaragua gave him the distinction of being the only native-born American ever to become the head of a foreign sovereign nation) and of the several other less successful filibusters who enlivened the eighteen-fifties by interpreting the concept of "manifest destiny" as an invitation to help themselves to any part of Latin America that wasn't nailed down. It is usual to look back on these latter-day freebooters as simple adventurers, and Mr. Wallace willingly concedes that the motive of the men who followed them into the jungles was rarely anything loftier than greed, but by reminding us that the freebooters themselves and their underwriters at home were almost all Southerners or pro-slavery Yankees, and that their shenanigans followed closely on the pistol-point creation of Texas and its admission to the Union as a slave state, he most persuasively relates his wild and woolly story to the consuming problem of that unhappy period. Contemporary drawings and an endpaper map.

A WEEKEND IN SEPTEMBER, by John Edward Weems (Holt). Around noon on Saturday, September 8, 1900, a tropical hurricane struck Galveston, Texas (pop. 37,000), and within a few hours the low-lying island city was overrun by the raging waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Toward midnight, as the water began to recede, one of the survivors remarked to a group of friends hud-

dled in his ruined house, "I'll bet four or five people were drowned in this storm." The next morning, at a meeting of leading citizens, a priest figured that the toll might be in the neighborhood of five hundred. On Monday morning, the Houston *Daily Post* put the number of dead or missing at a thousand. "First reports are often exaggerated," Mr. Weems tells us, "but this one fell far short. . . . The best estimate and the one accepted by most people is that 6,000 lost their lives in Galveston and possibly as many as 2,000 died in other coastal areas that night." It was the most devastating storm in the history of North America, and Mr. Weems' calm, lucid, and sometimes very moving account of that dreadful visitation must be ranked with the best of the many recent documentaries of disaster. Photographs and an excellent end-paper map.

THE NUDE: A STUDY IN IDEAL FORM, by Sir Kenneth Clark (Pantheon). Probably no one else alive today writes about art with Sir Kenneth's precise combination of intelligence, urbanity, and erudition, and certainly his talent has nowhere been better applied than in this volume. He has the courage, rare among critics, to admit that portrayals of the nude inevitably have a measure of erotic appeal, but he does not let this aspect of the subject overshadow the immensely more significant consideration of the nude as a compositional problem and as an expression, over the centuries, of varying concepts of grace and beauty. Proceeding from the early Greek statues of Apollo (perhaps the purest examples of ideal form in history), through the differing emphases in Gothic and Renaissance work, right on down to the intellectualizations of Picasso and Matisse, he manages, with no sacrifice of smoothness or clarity, to include a great deal of cogent commentary on the moral and philosophical background of each period. This is an important book and a fascinating one, and the illustrations—almost three hundred of them, in black and white, carefully selected and admirably tied in with the text—do much to illuminate it.

LEIGH HUNT'S LITERARY CRITICISM, edited by Lawrence Huston Houtchens and Carolyn Washburn Houtchens (Columbia). A splendidly edited batch of Hunt's essays, culled from periodicals, together with a long "essay in evaluation" by Clarence

DeWitt Thorpe. Hunt, with his comments on poetry in praise of Devonshire cream and on the "Originality of Milton's Harmonious Use of Proper Names," is surely the tiniest of English critics, but he had flashes of considerable perception, shredding Pope's "Homer," rescuing Euripides from Professor Schlegel, and using as touchstones Tennyson's "Mariana" and Suckling's "Ballad on a Wedding." A thin soup, to speak Hunt's language, but very tasty and surprisingly nourishing.

GUIDE TO JAZZ, by Hugues Panassié and Madeleine Gautier, translated from the French by Desmond Flower, and with an introduction by Louis Armstrong (Houghton Mifflin). An unintentionally diverting compendium of the critical opinions and prejudices of M. Panassié, the indefatigable French critic and aficionado who published his first book on jazz almost twenty-five years ago. Included here, among other things, are hundreds of biographical sketches of well-known and unknown jazz musicians, definitions of musical terms used in jazz, and brief histories of popular songs associated with jazz, the whole being laced with enough spirited pettifoggery to make the solemn see red. Mr. Armstrong's short introduction appears to be an almost untouched example of one of the most happily ungovernable prose styles of our day. Photographs and a selected discography.

NOTE: "A Nostalgia for Camels," a series of reports from Asia by Christopher Rand, has been published by Little, Brown. Of the eleven pieces in the book, eight first appeared in this magazine, in a somewhat different form.

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CHICAGO (UP)—The strip between the two sides of Chicago's new Calumet Expressway will be planted with roses.

According to the American Municipal Association, the rose bushes are designed to act as a net to catch cars hurtling off the road. They will reduce the glare of headlights, act as a snow fence, prevent U-turns and absorb traffic noises.—*Sarasota Herald-Tribune.*

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•

A sport shirt—a work shirt—a just-have-fun shirt! That's the original Valhalla Brynje. It moves as you move, does what you do, goes where you go.—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

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