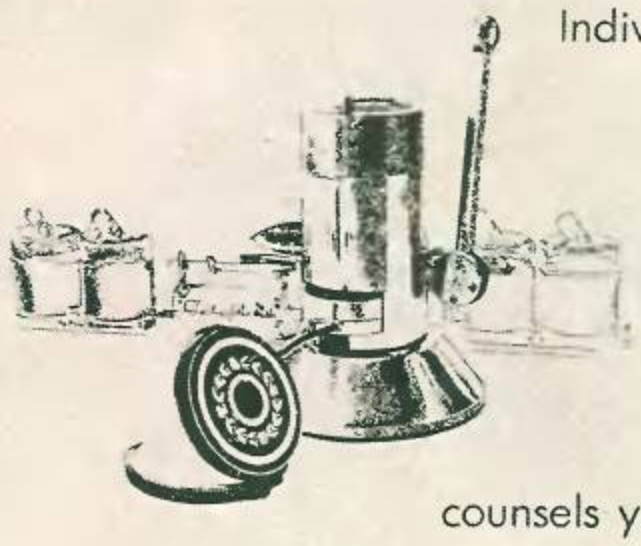
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

THE CAVE DWELLERS—A new comedy by William Saroyan, with Barry Jones, Eugenie Leontovich, and Wayne Morris. Produced by Carmen Capalbo and Stanley Chase, and staged by Mr. Capalbo. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE EGGHEAD—About an innocent liberal whose ideas haven't changed much since the days of Sacco and Vanzetti. Karl Malden and Phyllis Love have leading roles in Molly Kazan's play, and Eduard Franz, Biff McGuire, and Lloyd Richards also appear in it. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 26.)

I KNOCK AT THE DOOR—Aline MacMahon and Staats Cotsworth head the cast in a reading of Sean O'Casey's autobiographical work. Paul Shyre did the adaptation, and Stuart Vaughan is the director. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 9.)

LOOK BACK IN ANGER—The chief figure in this play by John Osborne is a young man who is down on everything and everybody, but he is an entertaining character for all his misanthropy. Directed by Tony Richardson, the cast includes Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. They are all splendid. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NATURE'S WAY—Herman Wouk's comedy about a young composer and his pregnant bride contains little jokes about practically everything under the sun, but they are not conspicuous for their wit or taste. The cast includes Orson Bean, Betsy von Furstenberg, Audrey Christie, Scott McKay, Robert Emhardt, and Edmon Ryan. Alfred de Liagre, Jr., is the producer and director. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ROMANOFF AND JULIET—Peter Ustinov wrote this fantasy about love and confusion in one of those mythical kingdoms, and his presence as its star is enough to get it over most of the dull spots. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Henry Lascoe, Natalie Schafer, and Fred Clark. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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

UNDER MILK WOOD—The late Dylan Thomas's dramatic poem has been given an elaborate production, employing some thirty actors and acres of scenery, but the lovely text is often buried under all these injudicious splendors. The cast, directed by Douglas Cleverdon, includes Donald Houston, Diana Maddox, Francis Compton, and Powys Thomas, and the sets and costumes are by Raymond Sovey and Kathryn Miller, respectively. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET—Cyril Ritchard is a miracle of style as a caller from outer space, and he is abetted by Edward Andrews as an overstuffed Pentagon general. Diana van der Vlis, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan are also on view. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

LONG RUNS—AUNTIE MAME: Rosalind Russell is the eccentric relative, and Polly Rowles, Ann Summers, James Hickman, and Peggy Cass help her out. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT:** Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr., in Eugene O'Neill's posthumous work exploring the tragedies of his youth. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

MONIQUE—A play by Dorothy and Michael Blankfort, based on a novel by Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac and starring Patricia Jessel and Denholm Elliott. Directed by Shepard Traube and produced by him in association with Stephen W. Sharmat. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

COPPER AND BRASS—Nancy Walker's comic genius is unfortunately not enough to rescue this tedious piece about the misadventures of a lady cop. Ellen Violett and David Craig wrote the remarkably unfunny book, and David Baker and Mr. Craig supplied the music and lyrics, respectively. The cast includes Benay Venuta, Dick Williams, Alice Pearce, and Alan Bunce. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEW GIRL IN TOWN—Thelma Ritter is enormously funny and Gwen Verdon is remarkably agile and lyrical in this musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs, most of which are admirable, are the work of Bob Merrill. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WEST SIDE STORY—The story of Romeo and Juliet has been restated in terms of a teen-age gang war in this generally impressive, if not completely moving, offering, for which Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the particularly fine dances. The cast, directed by Mr. Robbins, includes Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, Carol Lawrence, Mickey Calin, and Ken LeRoy. Oliver Smith designed the sets, and Irene Sharaff contributed the costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BELLS ARE RINGING: A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. One of the phones she answers is that of Sydney Chaplin, cast as a convivial playwright. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HAPPY HUNTING:** Something to do with love in Philadelphia and Monaco. The big news is that Ethel Merman is in it. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LI'L ABNER:** A portrayal of the dim-witted clodhoppers who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip. 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.) . . . **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 Helon Blount head the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. 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 has the part of Professor Higgins and Lola Fisher (filling in for Julie Andrews, who will return on Monday, Oct. 28) plays Eliza Doolittle. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (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.)

COMPULSION—An adaptation of Meyer Levin's novel about the Leopold-Loeb case. Frank Conroy, Roddy McDowall, Dean Stockwell, and Howard Da Silva are in a cast under the direction of Alex Segal. Presented by Michael Myerberg and Len S. Gruenberg. Opens Thursday, Oct. 24. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE SQUARE ROOT OF WONDERFUL—A play by Carson McCullers, starring Anne Baxter. Directed by George Keathley and produced by Saint Subber and Figaro, Inc. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 30. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

JAMAICA—Lena Horne and Ricardo Montalban in a musical with a book by E. Y. Harburg and Fred Saidy, music by Harold Arlen, and lyrics by Mr. Harburg. The producer is David Merrick, the director Robert Lewis. Opens Thursday, Oct. 31. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FAIR GAME—A comedy by Sam Locke, with Sam Levene, Ellen McRae, and Robert Webber. Presented by Joseph M. Hyman and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

staged by Paul Roberts. Opens Saturday, Nov. 2. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

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

Actors Playhouse—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, Oct. 25: "Carmen." (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.)

Phyllis Anderson Theatre—Chester Morris, Peter Cookson, and Nancy Wickwire in a revival of David Belasco's "The Girl of the Golden West." Previews Friday through Monday, Nov. 1-4, at 8:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 5. (Phyllis Anderson Theatre, Second Ave. at Fourth St. OR 4-1076.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—"Tevya and His Daughters," a play by Arnold Perl, based on the stories of Sholom Aleichem. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 5 and 8:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Roger Boxill. (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—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.)

Phoenix Theatre—Eva Le Gallienne, Irene Worth, and Max Adrian in Schiller's "Mary Stuart," adapted by Jean Stock Goldstone and John Reich, and directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Shakespearewrights—"Julius Caesar," directed by Philip Lawrence. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, 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, Scott Merrill, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

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 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Dancers of Bali—A company of forty-five, headed by Mario and Nguruh Raka and including the palace gamelan (native orchestra), from the village of Tabanan. A ten-day engagement that opens Thursday, Oct. 24, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 2. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30: "Les Sylphides," "Variations Classiques," "Sombreros," and "Gaîté Parisienne."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:30: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Le Beau Danube."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30: "The Mikado," "Harlequinade," and "Schéhérazade." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

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Geoffrey Holder—With his company (including Carmen de Lavallade), the William Hug Dance Company, and Daniel Nagrin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2:40.)

Carmen Amaya—With her company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Cilli Wang—A Viennese pantomimist, in a one-woman show. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Sunday and Monday, Oct. 27-28, at 8:30.)

The Best of Burlesque—A nostalgic reconstruction of famous skits, songs, and strip routines, narrated by Sherry Britton and featuring Tom Poston. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Fridays and Saturdays at midnight.)

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 probationary member of the Junior and Ivy Leagues, has dinner music until ten, and dancing after that to Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—That old-fashioned concept, the star system, maintains a foothold here. Incidental music, for talking through or dancing to, by Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room this season is a fairly luxurious diners' club, enhanced by the dance music of an orchestra headed by Joseph Ricardel and the ministrations of a flotilla of violinists, whose singing is only human but whose waltz tunes are divine. Closed Mondays.... ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is in the hands of Ted Straeter, fashion plate, tenor, pianist, and leader of men (glee club and dance band combined). There's more music, too, by Mark Monte's men. At dinner and supper, the center of attraction is Katyna Ranieri, a stately and authoritative nightingale who is so completely when-in-Rome that a pocketful of Basic Italian would be a great big help. 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.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays tea-with-cream music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and filet-mignon music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either abode.



Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Sammy Kaye's band, which believes that there is safety in moderately paced numbers, is spinning dance music most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a *cordon-bleu* pleasure dome, is where Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small ensembles play, play, play for dancing, except for the moments during dinner and supper when Ona Ainsley sings. She'll be there through Wednesday, Oct. 30; next evening, the return of Fernanda Montel, the couturiers' delight, chirruping her ditties about life in the upper-echelon and thin-ice brackets. All quiet 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)—Buddy Morrow's band keeps traffic moving at a gentle canter in the Café Rouge most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Among the season's débutantes is Anna Maria Alberghetti, a pretty child and something of a caroller, who has chosen the Empire Room for her coming-out parties. She's there at dinner and supper; Emil Coleman's and Béla Babai's bands produce decisive dance music the rest of the time. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Weekdays, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's Alt Wien group and Bernie Leighton's trio concoct dance music from eight until one; the Babai gypsy band takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

Note—The timberline lodge 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, if you snaffle a window-side table, see clearly why it's so hard to tell New York from a hole in the ground. 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 vineyard haven, evergreen and commodious as can be, where sedate piano is audible at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Addison Bailey is the author of this music during the week; Paul Morse is the Sunday driver.... **Little Club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. Kurt Maier does a dinner-and-supper piano obbligato. Closed Mondays.... **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Double piano (as good a nightcap as a double brandy-and-soda) is likely to show up around midnight, with Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders as the workers in tandem. But single piano (some of it by Ralph Strain), conversation, and class reunions are rife from about six to about daybreak. Closed Mondays.... **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, singing songs that are fraught with ambivalence; that is to say, (1) love is where you find it, and (2) you'd better put it right back where you found it. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong companion-at-arms, is her pianist; Don Evans, a keyboard man of infinite variety, performs as a soloist. The music starts at cocktail time; Miss Mercer starts around half past ten. Miss Mercer and Mr. Hamilton are off Sundays, when wit of a high order is supplied by the causeries of Stella Brooks, who takes the small world of sophistication apart and finds out what makes it sick. Don Evans is off on Mondays.... **Barberry Room**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar is a mass of mixed emotions (passion and nostalgia are prominent), patrols this hall of mirrors. His Latin fandangos run from nine to one. Closed Sundays.... **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The glory that was Rome brought fully up to date. Interwoven with the captains and the waiters is Teo Fanidi's mobile unit of string musicians, and after the theatre one or two people break into song. Closed Sundays.... **Gatsby's**, 873 First Ave., at 49th



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. (PL 5-1067): Three million dollars' worth of very pretty opulence, in the middle of which Fred Witmer plays bland piano at dinner and supper every night but Sunday, which is curfew. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A dandy game of hide-and-seek could be played among the suits of knightly armor the management has strewn about, but the big idea is just to eat, drink, and be wooed by the table-side violin of Norbert Faconi, who is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, an influential citizen who has had his effect on one or two generations of drawing-room pianists, demonstrates (from cocktails through dinner, and again from ten till one-thirty or two) that he is still a peer of his realm—a calm, collected, sanctuary sort of place. Mondays, Joel Forbes is his stand-in. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): Way out West, where Madison Square Garden begins, sits this reminder of night life back on the Eastern seaboard. After ten, the Lee Evans jazz trio (with the glorious Denzil Best on drums) gets the bit in its teeth, and there are séances by Donald Harvie, a humorist who suggests, more than anything else, a very young Noel Coward trying out for the role of Charley's Aunt. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Nighttime Spain as world travellers probably wish it really was. 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 peripatetic music and the songs, is French. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Little old Ruritania, full of happy villagers all busy cooking with gas, playing piano, violin, and zimbalon, or singing in French, English, Hungarian, and Ruritanian. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Wintertime, as well as summertime, the living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urbane eye could wish. The major punctuation is desultory piano from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **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 nine. 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. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Hubbell Pierce, who gives the piano in the bar a comprehensive memory course from five to ten every day, winds up his seminar on Saturday, Oct. 26.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis and Spouse, armed only with piano, bull fiddle, and two ragamuffin voices, are again putting that old devil sound barrier in its place. They fool around every night except Monday. On duty all the time are Carol Burnett, whose unhappy childhood (television) was spent sharpening an already acute set of wits, and George Matson, whose imitation of people and things is by no means a sincere form of flattery. Miss Burnett takes leave on Wednesday, Oct. 30; next evening, Phil Leeds starts presenting his comical *apologia pro vita sua*. The agile outfielders are the Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard. . . . ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's a rantipole session by the Lyons trio and the Davis family from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The town's most prepossessing assortment of *enfants terribles*—Ronny Graham, Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jenny Lou Law—gallivant through the third of Julius Monk's annual series of masques, a pint-sized Pandora's box of glee. The words and music are the darkling brain children of Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Viniver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding. The pit band is the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Mr. Monk's second habitat, an enterprise that is devoted to the seemingly artless merriment that thrives only when performer and audience are as one. On loan from San Francisco, Athens of the diminishing Golden West, are three rather special dishes: Lovey Powell, *diseuse*, balladier, and wit; Brooks Morton, pianist; and Tom O'Horgan, harpist and tenor. Manhattan supplies Warren Vaughan, who sings to his own piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Hot nights of catch-as-catch-can in the old Village. The principal catchers are Charlie Manna, who never tries to save time by telegraphing his punch lines, and Tony and Eddie, parodists whose choice of weapons is the harpoon. The music is Felicia Sanders' burning and yearning ballads, Jimmie Daniels' airy lyrics, and the jovial cacophonies of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A rare occasion—Ralph Blaine, of Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, and the firm of Blaine & Hugh Martin, whose ballads are Devonshire *crême de la crême*, is now chanting a few of his most celebrated collaborations in the small bar. Bobo Lewis, girl wit, is his sidekick. There are also those familiar faces, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, who never stray far from their twin pianos. Mr. Blaine is away Sundays, when there are silent movies; Mondays, when Miss Lewis is away, are amateur nights. . . . **LE CUPIDON,** 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): On the lowest level of this not quite bottomless pit, Bobby Short, once in charge of the dawn's early light, West Coast Division, is arising at a more prosaic hour (nine-thirty is his first session), but his songs and his piano still have that special four-wheel drive. He takes Sunday off. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): An awesome collection of fire power, going by the names of Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Pee Wee Erwin, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. In between times, the venerable Cliff Jackson is the professor. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Vanguard's new Geophysical Year, whose accent is on jazz, now offers Blossom Dearie, a daffodil with a piano, an antic voice, and Wendell Marshall and Osie Johnson as sidemen; the Sonny Rollins hard-bop quintet, in which Donald Byrd is involved; and the Stan Free trio. On Sundays, there are jazz concerts at 4:30 P.M., as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): In this corner, Dorothy Donegan, lightweight-championship boxer of the Western Hemisphere, goes fifteen or twenty rounds with a defenseless piano, and the resulting music is sometimes a Pyrrhic victory. Her trio starts around nine. Johnny Costa's trio, the pride of Pittsburgh, takes care of the rest of the rumble. There's also cocktail and dinner solo piano every evening. Sundays, other bands take over. . . . **BOURBON STREET,** 330 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8865): Turk Murphy's jazz band, which is doing its best to reproduce a way of life that flourished in the long, long ago, will finish pleading its case on Monday, Oct. 28. The following night, the Riverboat Five Plus Two will begin adding its own footnotes. The listening quarters provided are solid comfort. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Billy Maxted band is at home on this range, which has a distinctly Southern exposure. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Sturdy old troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Benny Moten, who believe that the jazz that Grandpa used to make was the best in the land. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam ses-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sions Mondays. . . . THE COMPOSER, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Eighty-eight keys seem hardly enough for Billy Taylor to jingle when he gets really wrapped up in his work. His modern trio alternates with the one owned by George Wallington, another eminent piano abstractionist. The Taylors are on leave Sundays, the Wallingtons Mondays. Their night starts at nine. 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): Good, solid, standard Birdland fare, than which there is nothing better. It's the Miles Davis and the Stan Getz quintets at the moment; as of Thursday, Oct. 31, it will be Dizzy Gillespie, his snorkel trumpet, his band, and his vast ambience. The Cal Tjader quintet will sign on the same evening. The regulars are around nightly except Mondays, when guest artists assemble to make jam. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar, Marian McPartland exhibits a nice change of pace and great enthusiasm for the new music. Her piano and trio set to at nine-thirty. No action Mondays. . . . MANNEQUIN, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): A neat little conservatory of good music, now home base for the trio of the graceful Barbara Carroll, whose piano thoughtfully endows the staccato involutions of modern jazz with a welcome dash of emotional content. Closed Sundays. . . . METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Murder will out every time, if Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and J. C. Higginbotham have anything to say about it. The victims are pop tunes of yesterday, and the butchery (completely in fun) is just about continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon hold an open forum with Zutty Singleton, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore. Very warm, all in all. even for Dixie. . . . JAZZ CITY, 157 W. 49th St. (CI 5-0890): The acoustics are off in a corner, muttering to themselves, so it's not always easy to hear precisely what intricate trickery the Slim Gaillard trio (which checks out on Sunday, Oct. 27) is up to. Gene Krupa's quartet arrives on Tuesday, Oct. 29. The performers don't perform until nine, which gives the acoustics a big head start. Mondays are set aside for visiting players. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A celebrated beer garden for children who are in town weekends. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, the boys involved in preserving old American landmarks will probably be Wild Bill Davison, Charlie Shavers, Tony Parenti, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, Conrad Janis, Gene Sedric, and Panama Francis. . . . VOYAGER ROOM, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): Up on the second floor of the Henry Hudson Hotel, there's solid-silver service by Bobby Hackett's magic horn, flanked by the output of such virtuosos as Buzzy Drootin, Ernie Caceres, and John Dengler. The sound effects are New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis, and little old New York. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . CAFÉ BOHEMIA, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Easy come, easy go is the rule of thumb here. The current timetable, which may or may not be worth the paper it's printed on, calls for the five-man posse led by Phil Woods and Gene Quill to move out on Sunday, Oct. 27, and for Roy Eldridge's quartet to stay on. Ben Webster should be joining the Eldridge group the next night. No doubt about two things, though: the foundry is closed Tuesdays, and a local statute of limitations bars any musical phrasing invented before Jan. 1, 1957.

ART

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

GALLERIES

LUIS ALBERTO ACUÑA—Oils by an artist from Colombia; through Nov. 9. (Galeria Sudamericana, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

LEO AMINO—Recent abstract sculptures, done in

FRED PERLBERG design in red, blue, pink or white. Sizes 7-15; 8-16. About $45. At Lord & Taylor; Filene's; The J. L. Hudson Co.; Marshall Field; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Hochschild, Kohn. Earrings by Eugene.



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plastic and bronze; through Friday, Oct. 25. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

KAREL APPEL—Abstract Expressionist canvases by a painter of the contemporary Paris school; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO—Polychromes (metal or wood sculptures with color added), plus paintings sculptured in wood, metal, and bakelite; through Nov. 9. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave.. at 78th St.)

MAX BECKMANN—Late portraits (1925-50) by one of the leaders of German Expressionism; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

E. BOX—Paintings of Victorian subjects; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

DORIS CAESAR—A loan exhibition of small bronze sculptures, mostly figures; through Nov. 23. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

MARY CALLERY—New sculptures, more varied in style than heretofore, plus a selection of her earlier ones; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

MINNA CITRON—Paintings; through Nov. 7. (Delacorte, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

CALVERT COGGESHALL—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

STEFANO CUSUMANO—Figures, still-lifes, and landscapes, broadly Abstract Expressionist in style; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

LAMAR DODD—Oils and water colors of Italy and the Near East; through Nov. 9. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS—Paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

ARNOLD FRIEDMAN—Paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Zabriskie, 32 E. 65th St.)

KARL KNATHS—Recent oils; through Nov. 16. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

JAMES C. LEONG—Paintings with an Oriental feeling and primarily concerned with figures; through Nov. 9. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

FLETCHER MARTIN—Water colors and oils; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

FELICIA MEYER—Landscapes, cityscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

LASZLO MOHOLY-NAGY—Paintings and other works in a memorial to one of the early Bauhaus masters; through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

HANS MOLLER—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 9. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

PIET MONDRIAN—A selection of the Dutch modernist's oils, including some rare early ones from as far back as 1900; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

EMIL NOLDE—Oils, water colors, and lithographs by one of the founders of the German Expressionist school; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

PICASSO—Paintings, drawings, and ceramics, dated 1954-57; through Nov. 9. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

PHILIP REISMAN—Realist paintings of Mexico; through Nov. 9. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

DAVID SMITH—Drawings and silver sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

KEITH VAUGHAN—Semiabstract paintings by an English contemporary; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

BEN WILSON—Paintings, mingling Expressionist feeling with a semiabstract design; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

THE AMERICAN VISION—PAINTINGS OF THREE CENTURIES—A loan exhibition of fifty-four works by American artists, ranging from John Singleton Copley and Charles Willson Peale to



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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EXPRESSIONISM—At the **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: German paintings, sculptures, and graphics by, among others, Oskar Kokoschka, Christian Rohlfs, and Ernst Barlach; through Saturday, Oct. 26.... **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Richard L. Feigen collection, including works by Max Pechstein, Ludwig Meidner, and other lesser-known Germans in the movement; through Saturday, Nov. 2.

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: A painting apiece by Georgia O'Keeffe, Max Weber, Stuart Davis, and others; through Saturday, Nov. 2.... **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The forty-fourth annual exhibition of the Allied Artists of America, containing paintings, sculptures, and drawings by members and non-members; through Nov. 3. (Daily, 1 to 5.)... **WILLARD,** 23 W. 56th St.: Early American sculptures in wood and metal—weather vanes, trade signs, decoys, and the like; through Nov. 9.

AMERICANS AND FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and sculptures by Hofmann, Soulages, Mathieu, and others; through Nov. 9. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Milton Avery; starting Monday, Oct. 28.... **DELIUS,** 24 E. 67th St.: "Nudes Through the Ages;" starting Monday, Oct. 28.... **DURLACHER,** 11 E. 57th St.: Robin Ironside and Osspi Lubitch; starting Tuesday, Oct. 29.... **FRIED,** 40 E. 68th St.: Group show; starting Monday, Oct. 28.... **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Gordon Grant; starting Tuesday, Oct. 29.... **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: Group show; starting Tuesday, Oct. 29.... **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: N. C. Wyeth; starting Tuesday, Oct. 29.... **NIVEAU,** 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Vlaminck; starting Friday, Nov. 1.... **SCULPTURE CENTER,** 167 E. 69th St.: Sahl Swarz; starting Monday, Oct. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.)... **TANAGER,** 90 E. 10th St.: Charlotte Park; starting Friday, Nov. 1. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.)... **WHITE,** 42 E. 57th St.: Andre Racz; starting Tuesday, Oct. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others.... ¶ American paintings and sculptures, dating from the eighteenth century to the present time and including recent acquisitions as well as works from the Museum's permanent collection. Among the artists represented are Homer, Marin, Pollock, and Noguchi. Starts Friday, Oct. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of twentieth-century German art, comprising paintings, sculptures, and prints by Lehmbruck, Kirchner, Klee, and others; through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and other Europeans; through Sunday, Oct. 27.... ¶ Primitive art of the South Pacific, including painted wooden figures, war clubs, and feathered masks, all probably done during the past hundred years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—The second section of an exhibit of recent acquisitions and works on loan is composed of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by twenty artists, among them Brancusi and Burri. The show has now been extended through Nov. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The fortieth annual of the Brooklyn Society of Artists, a group of Brooklyn and Manhattan artists that includes Lily Ente and John von Wicht; through Sunday, Oct.

27. . . . ¶ The first showing in this country of paintings, sculptures, and lithographs from Ein Hod, a village of artists in Israel; through Nov. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A memorial exhibition of works by the American painter Bradley Walker Tomlin, who died in 1953; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Abstract paintings and a thirty-two-foot mural by Stuart Davis; through Nov. 17. (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—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 12—Monday, Oct. 28, at 8: A new production of Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," staged by Peter Brook and with an English text by Henry Reese. Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, George London, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8: A new production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," staged by Herbert Graf. Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, Cesare Valletti, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Faust," with Hilde Gueden, Nicolai Gedda, Jerome Hines, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8: "La Traviata," with Victoria de los Angeles, Helen Vanni, Giuseppe Campora, and Leonard Warren. (A benefit for the Mizrachi Women's Organization of America; for tickets, call GR 7-4720 Mondays through Thursdays, 9 to 5:30, and Fridays, 9 to 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8: The company's première of Verdi's "Macbeth." . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:30: "La Vida Breve" and "El Amor Brujo." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:15: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8: The company's première of Mozart's "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:15: "Turandot." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:15: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2:30: "Faust." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:15: "La Traviata." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall—Thomas Schippers conducting on Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:45; Friday, Oct. 25, at 2:30; and Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:45 (no soloists); and Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3 (with Anton Kuerti, piano). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 1, at 2:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:45 (no soloists).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

AMPARO ITURBI—Piano, in an all-Spanish program. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

EARL WILD—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

LEONARD HUNGERFORD—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

BARYLLI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JOHN RANCK—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2:30.)

GEORGE COPELAND—Piano, in a fiftieth-anniversary concert. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

TOSHIYA ETO—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

BYRON JANIS—Piano. (Washington Irving High

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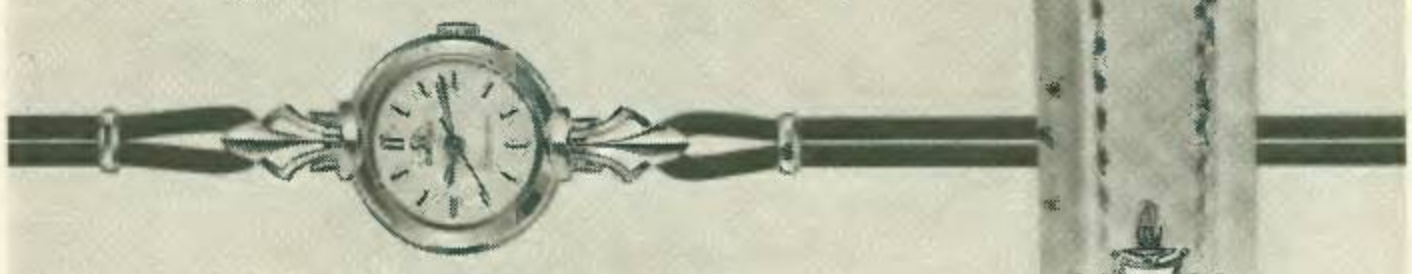
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Ω OMEGA

THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Inga Lind and Maxim Schur—A program of four new works for speaking voice and piano by American composers, performed by Miss Lind, Swedish actress, and Mr. Schur, pianist. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

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

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Oct. 25: Paoli Rosi vs. Johnny Busso, lightweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1: Spider Webb vs. Willie Vaughn, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 26: Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lehigh, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 2:** Army vs. Colgate, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Oct. 27, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 3: Rangers vs. Boston.

Horse Show—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 26.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 26.). . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 2.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Boston. The game will be preceded by a match between two teams of old-time Knicks. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 26, first game at 7:15.)

Racing—At **JAMAICA:** Weekdays; last day Saturday, Nov. 30. Through Saturday, Oct. 26, post time will be at 1:15; after that, it will be at 12:45. The Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 26, and the Gallant Fox Handicap. Saturday, Nov. 2. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.). . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays; last day Monday, Nov. 11. Through Saturday, Oct. 26, post time will be at 1:30; after that, it will be at 1. The Garden State, Saturday, Oct. 26. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia; starting Tuesday, Oct. 29, it will leave at 10.). . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Thursday, Oct. 31, through Tuesday, Nov. 12.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.)

FOR CHILDREN

Musical Play—"Dame Wiggin's Dilemma." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 11.)

Variety Shows—"The Littlest Circus," complete with clowns, acrobats, jugglers, magicians, a one-man band, a hurdy-gurdy, and people dressed up as animals, has a cast of six actors and dancers. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Saturdays at 12 and 2:30, and Sundays at 11.). . . ¶ "Aladdin," 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, Nov. 2, at 3.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—

The opening exhibition in the new Junior Museum is entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel" and is equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and push-button displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The solar system and its various planets, satellites, asteroids, comets, and meteors, not to mention its sputnik, are described in the current show, "Captives of the Sun." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)...¶Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

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

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶On Thursday, Oct. 24, from 9:30 to 10 P.M., WOR-TV will cover United Nations Day ceremonies from the General Assembly Hall. Dag Hammarskjold; a symphony orchestra, conducted by Hugh Ross; the Schola Cantorum; Margaret Harshaw, soprano; Belen Amparan, mezzo-soprano; Theodore Uppman and Fernando Corena, baritones; and Nicolai Gedda, tenor, will appear....¶Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Prose and Drama Readings—Saturday, Oct. 26: Bronia Stefan and others in a reading of V. R. Lang's verse play "I Too Have Lived in Arcadia."...¶Sunday, Oct. 27: Colette's "My Mother's House," read by Viveca Lindfors, Mildred Dunnock, and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:40.)

Morgan Library—An exhibition commemorating the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Marquis de Lafayette, made up of letters, maps, documents, prints, and paintings associated with the French hero during the American Revolution; through Nov. 30. (29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)...¶Letters, manuscripts, and first editions in a show covering the life of the nineteenth-century poet Ernest Dowson; through Nov. 23. (33 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

The Patron Church—A display of religious art, including scale models of contemporary churches and synagogues in the United States; a series of tapestries designed by such American artists as Abraham Rattner and Hans Moller; and modern ceremonial objects in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Jan. 5. (Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Ruth Draper—The shawls, coats, hats, and parasols used by Miss Draper for her characterizations are on view, together with other mementos of her stage career; through Dec. 1. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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.)—Saturday, Oct. 26, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century American furniture, including Massachusetts and Philadelphia pieces, Early American silver, English and American prints, and Oriental rugs; from the collection of the late Albert R. Whittier, Jr., and from other sources.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

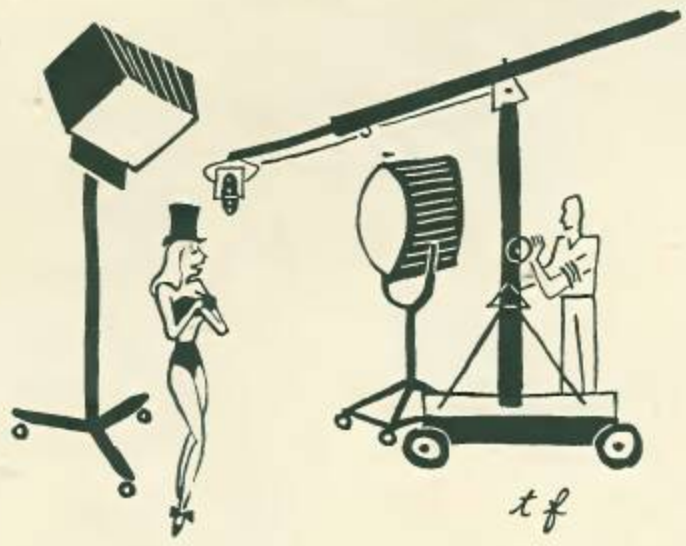
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

A HATFUL OF RAIN—Sound enough melodrama about a man who can't give up dope. Adapted from a play by Michael V. Gazzo and directed by Fred Zinnemann, the movie is slow in starting but winds up with plenty of excitement. Don Murray is the unfortunate addict, and Eva Marie Saint, Anthony Franciosa, and Lloyd Nolan support him skillfully. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 26, tentative.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 27-29.)

IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK—Five successful and deeply moving vignettes of life and love in the beautiful Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome. A film of charm, taste, humor, and sadness, with an outstanding cast that includes Giulia Rubino, Franca Valeri, Anna Maria Ferrero, and Vittorio De Sica. In French. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; Oct. 24.)

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON—Fun in the Paris Ritz, with Gary Cooper, cast as an aging roué, having the tables turned on him by Audrey Hepburn, the respectable cello-playing daughter of a Parisian private eye (Maurice Chevalier). Delightful and breezy, and directed and produced with gaiety by Billy Wilder. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

SILK STOCKINGS—Some of the old magic agility of Fred Astaire, complemented by the remarkable grace of Cyd Charisse. A picture based on another picture, called "Ninotchka," which later became a musical comedy—but



let's not pursue it down the alleyways of time. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian, the film has something to do with a lady commissar from the Workers' Paradise who finds Paris to her liking, and why shouldn't she? Much of the dialogue is in broken English. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 27-29.)

THE SUN ALSO RISES—Perhaps more fiestas and bullfights than are quite necessary, but Tyrone Power, Errol Flynn, Ava Gardner, Eddie Albert, and many others contrive to turn the book into an impressive film. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530.... ¶ 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; through Oct. 29.)

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. Wandering 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. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Oct. 30.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 29-30.)

HARVEST (1939)—A French pastoral piece, with Fernandel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 25.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (1944)—Vichy violence and scheming in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 29-30.)

THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA (1950)—An aging fugitive, Jean Gabin, having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Oct. 30.)

THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Oct. 26.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Seven new German movies, launching a film cycle being shown in conjunction with the Museum's exhibit of twentieth-century German art—Oct. 24: "Sky Without Stars."... ¶ Oct. 25: "The Confessions of Felix Krull."... ¶ Oct. 26: "Reaching for the Stars."... ¶ Oct. 27: "The Golden Plague."... ¶ Oct. 28-30: To be announced. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

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)
Through Oct. 30 (tentative): "The Helen Morgan Story," Ann Blyth, Paul Newman.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Oct. 24: "The Joker Is Wild," Frank Sinatra, Mitzi Gaynor.
From Oct. 25, at 8:30: "Pal Joey," Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Lila Motley Cancer Foundation. For information about tickets, call TE 8-7299.)

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

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Les Girls," Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Jet Pilot," John Wayne, Janet Leigh.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Oct. 24: "The Black Scorpion," Richard Denning, Mara Corday; and "The James Dean Story," a documentary film.
From Oct. 25: "The Amazing Colossal Man," Glenn Langan, Cathy Downs.

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

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"My Man Godfrey," June Allyson, David Niven.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Tin Star," Henry Fonda, Anthony Perkins, Betsy Palmer.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Time Limit," Richard Widmark, Richard Basehart.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Oct. 24: IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK (in French).
From Oct. 25: "Fedra, the Devil's Daughter" (in Spanish).



NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES



EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 29 (tentative): "Man of a Thousand Faces," James Cagney, Dorothy Malone; and "Doctor at Large," Dirk Bogarde, Muriel Pavlow.
From Oct. 30 (tentative): "Passionate Summer" (in French), Madeleine Robinson, Raf Vallone.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 29: THE SUN ALSO RISES; and "Back from the Dead," Peggie Castle.
From Oct. 30: "No Down Payment," Joanne Woodward, Sheree North; and "Portland Exposé," Edward Binns, Carolyn Craig.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 26 (tentative): "Fernandel the Dressmaker" (in French); and "Julietta" (in French), Jean Marais, Dany Robin.
Oct. 27-29 (tentative): "Man of a Thousand Faces," James Cagney, Dorothy Malone; and "Doctor at Large," Dirk Bogarde, Muriel Pavlow.
From Oct. 30 (tentative): "Passionate Summer" (in French), Madeleine Robinson, Raf Vallone.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Oct. 29: "Jeanne Eagels," Kim Novak, Jeff Chandler; and "Shadow on the Window," Phil Carey, Betty Garrett.
From Oct. 30: "The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown," Jane Russell, Keenan Wynn; and "Chicago Confidential," Brian Keith, Beverly Garland.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Colditz Story," Eric Portman, John Mills.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Oct. 28: "An Alligator Named Daisy," Donald Sinden, Diana Dors.
From Oct. 29, at 8:30: "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Waldemar Medical Research Foundation, Inc. For information about tickets, call OR 9-5765.)

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 29: THE SUN ALSO RISES; and "Back from the Dead," Peggie Castle.
From Oct. 30: "No Down Payment," Joanne Woodward, Sheree North; and "Portland Exposé," Edward Binns, Carolyn Craig.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Oct. 27: "The Mystery of Picasso," a documentary film.
From Oct. 28: "Cabiria" (in Italian), Giulietta Masina, François Perier.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Deadlier Than the Male" (in French), Jean Gabin, Danièle Delorme.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 29 (tentative): "Fernandel the Dressmaker" (in French); and "Julietta" (in French), Jean Marais, Dany Robin.
From Oct. 30: "Passionate Summer" (in French), Madeleine Robinson, Raf Vallone.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
SILK STOCKINGS.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Oct. 29: "Jeanne Eagels," Kim Novak, Jeff Chandler; and "Shadow on the Window," Phil Carey, Betty Garrett.
From Oct. 30: "The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown," Jane Russell, Keenan Wynn; and "Chicago Confidential," Brian Keith, Beverly Garland.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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27	28	29	30			

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

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 70th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Oct. 29 (tentative): "The Respectful Prostitute," revival, Barbara Laage, Ivan Desny; and "Lover Boy" (formerly called "Lovers, Happy Lovers!"), revival, Gérard Philipe, Valerie Hobson.
From Oct. 30 (tentative): To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 26 (tentative): A HATFUL OF RAIN.
Oct. 27-29: SILK STOCKINGS.
From Oct. 30: "Doctor at Large," Dirk Bogarde, Muriel Pavlow.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 29: THE SUN ALSO RISES; and "Back from the Dead," Peggie Castle.
From Oct. 30: "No Down Payment," Joanne Woodward, Sheree North; and "Portland Exposé," Edward Binns, Carolyn Craig.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 28: "Jeanne Eagels," Kim Novak, Jeff Chandler; and "Shadow on the Window," Phil Carey, Betty Garrett.
Oct. 29: "Sierra Stranger," Howard Duff, Dick Foran; and "Suicide Mission," a semi-documentary film.
From Oct. 30: "The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown," Jane Russell, Keenan Wynn; and "Chicago Confidential," Brian Keith, Beverly Garland.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Oct. 26: THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER (in French), revival; and "Beauty and the Beast" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
Oct. 27-29: A HATFUL OF RAIN; and "The Leather Saint," revival, John Derek, Jody Lawrance.
From Oct. 30: CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (in French), revival; and THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA (in French and Italian), revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 29 (tentative): "The Respectful Prostitute," revival, Barbara Laage, Ivan Desny; and "Lover Boy" (formerly called "Lovers, Happy Lovers!"), revival, Gérard Philipe, Valerie Hobson.
From Oct. 30 (tentative): "The Pride and the Passion," Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 30 (tentative): "The Virtuous Scoundrel" (in French), Michel Simon, Marguerite Pierry.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 28: "Jeanne Eagels," Kim Novak, Jeff Chandler; and "Shadow on the Window," Phil Carey, Betty Garrett.
Oct. 29: "Sierra Stranger," Howard Duff, Dick Foran; and "Suicide Mission," a semi-documentary film.
From Oct. 30: "The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown," Jane Russell, Keenan Wynn; and "Chicago Confidential," Brian Keith, Beverly Garland.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 26: "Fernandel the Dressmaker" (in French); and "Julietta" (in French), Jean Marais, Dany Robin.
Oct. 27-29: A HATFUL OF RAIN; and "Under Fire," Rex Reason, Henry Morgan.
From Oct. 30: "Stella" (in Greek), Melina Mercouri; and "Turn the Key Softly," revival, Yvonne Mitchell, Terence Morgan.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Oct. 29: THE SUN ALSO RISES; and "Back from the Dead," Peggie Castle.
From Oct. 30: "No Down Payment," Joanne Woodward, Sheree North; and "Portland Exposé," Edward Binns, Carolyn Craig.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Oct. 26: "Fire Down Below," Rita Hayworth, Robert Mitchum; and "The Brothers Rico," Richard Conte.
Oct. 27-28: "That Certain Feeling," revival, Bob Hope, Eva Marie Saint; and "Night People," revival, Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.
Oct. 29-30: CASABLANCA, revival; and TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT, revival.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Oct. 29: "Every Second Counts" (in French), Jean-Marc Thibault, Barbara Laage.
From Oct. 30: "The Silken Affair," David Niven, Genevieve Page.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Oct. 24: "That Night!," John Beal, Augusta Dabney.
From Oct. 25: "How to Murder a Rich Uncle," Charles Coburn, Nigel Patrick.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Perri," a Walt Disney nature film.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Sins of Casanova" (in Italian), Gabriele Ferzetti, Corinne Calvet.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"Jeanne Eagels," Kim Novak, Jeff Chandler; and "Shadow on the Window," Phil Carey, Betty Garrett.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 24: "The Seven Deadly Sins" (in French and Italian), revival, Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe; and "Pit of Loneliness" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Simone Simon.
From Oct. 25: HARVEST (in French), revival; and "Under the Roofs of Paris" (in French), revival, Albert Préjean.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
THE SUN ALSO RISES; and "Back from the Dead," Peggie Castle.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Oct. 27: "The Conqueror," revival, John Wayne, Susan Hayward; and "Away All Boats," revival, Jeff Chandler, George Nader.
Oct. 28-29: "Sierra Stranger," Howard Duff, Dick Foran; and "Suicide Mission," a semi-documentary film.
From Oct. 30: To be announced.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Oct. 29: THE SUN ALSO RISES; and "Back from the Dead," Peggie Castle.
From Oct. 30: "No Down Payment," Joanne Woodward, Sheree North; and "Portland Exposé," Edward Binns, Carolyn Craig.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Oct. 29: THE SUN ALSO RISES; and "Back from the Dead," Peggie Castle.
From Oct. 30: "No Down Payment," Joanne Woodward, Sheree North; and "Portland Exposé," Edward Binns, Carolyn Craig.

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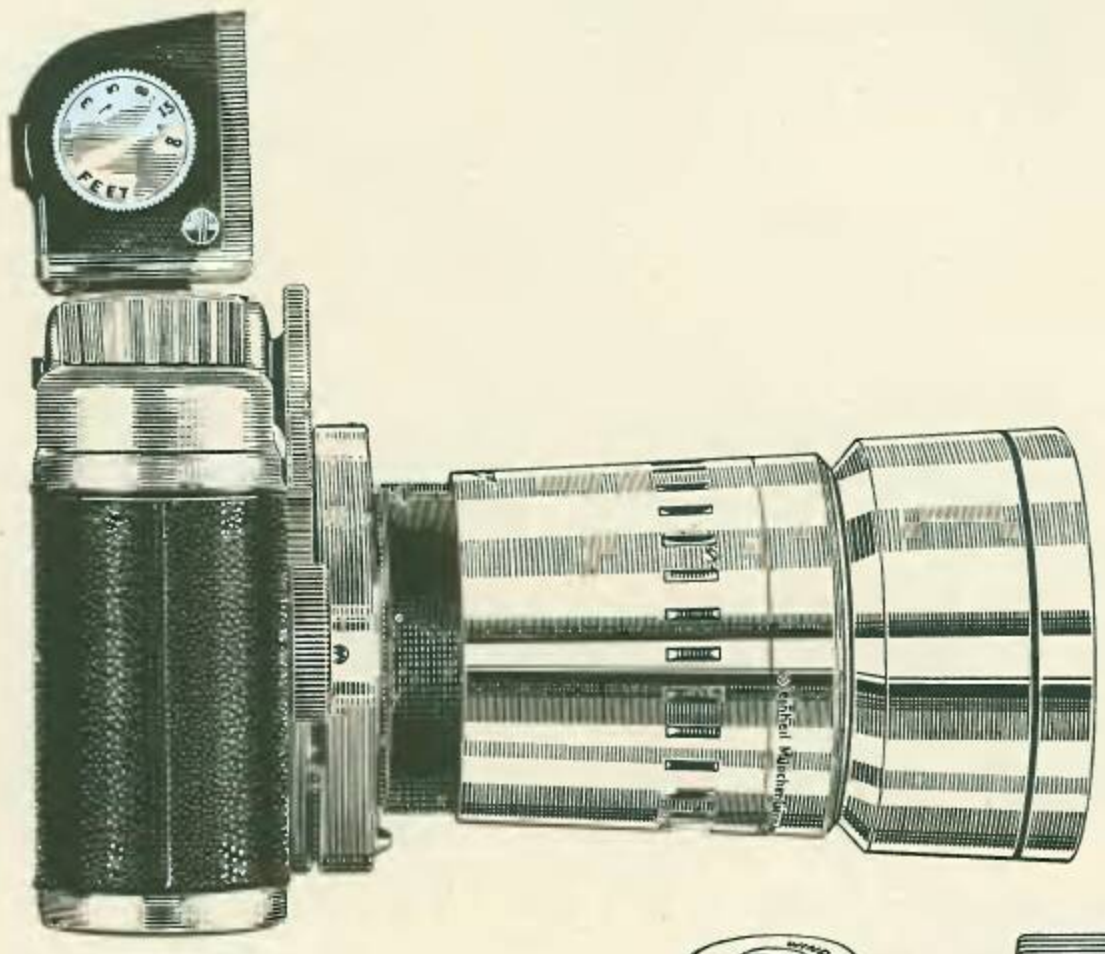
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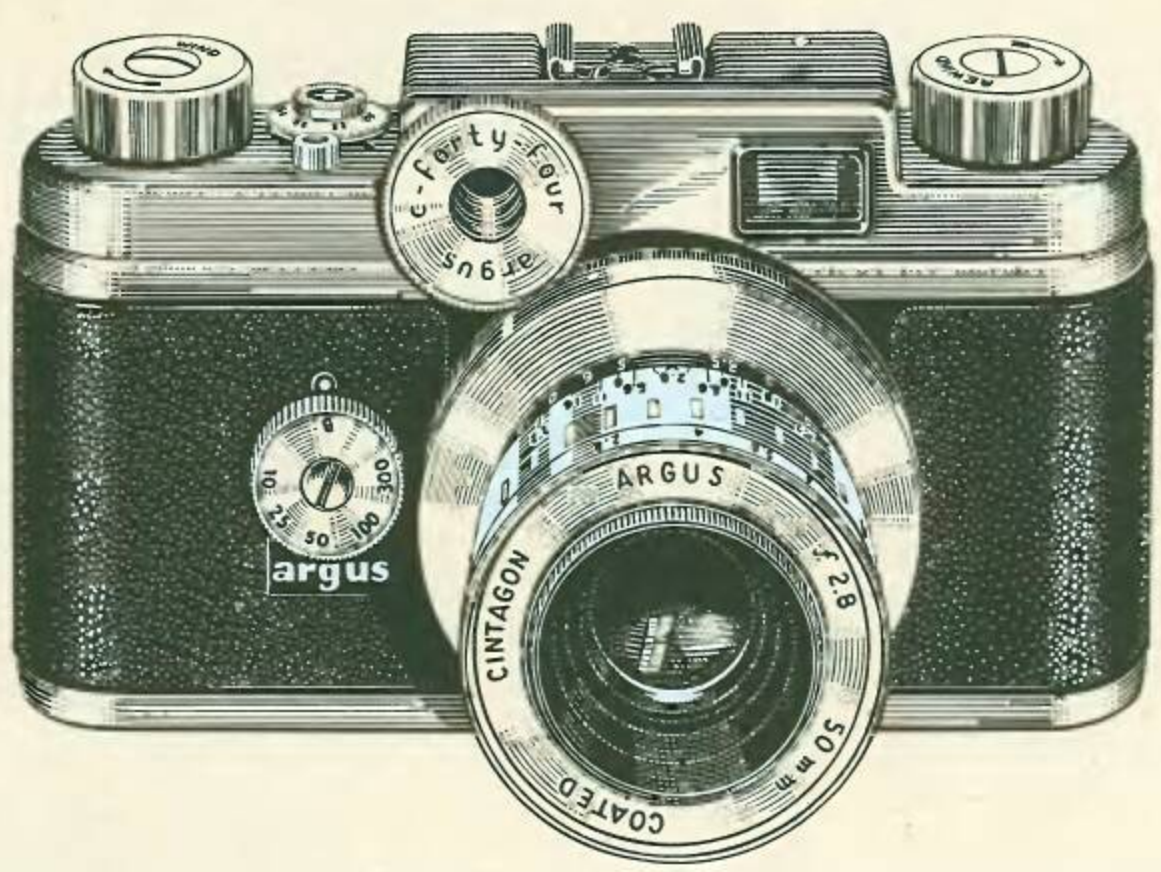
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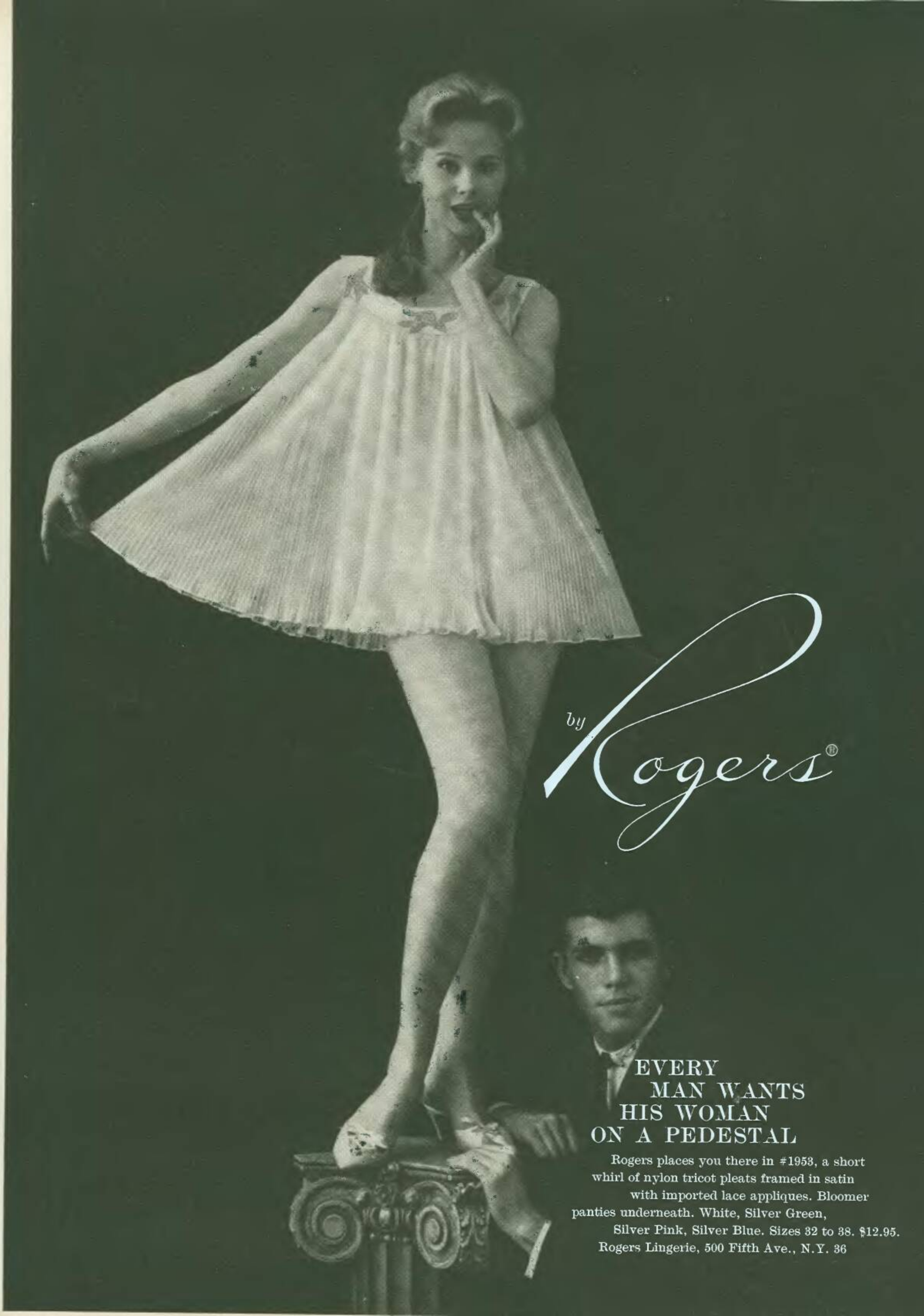
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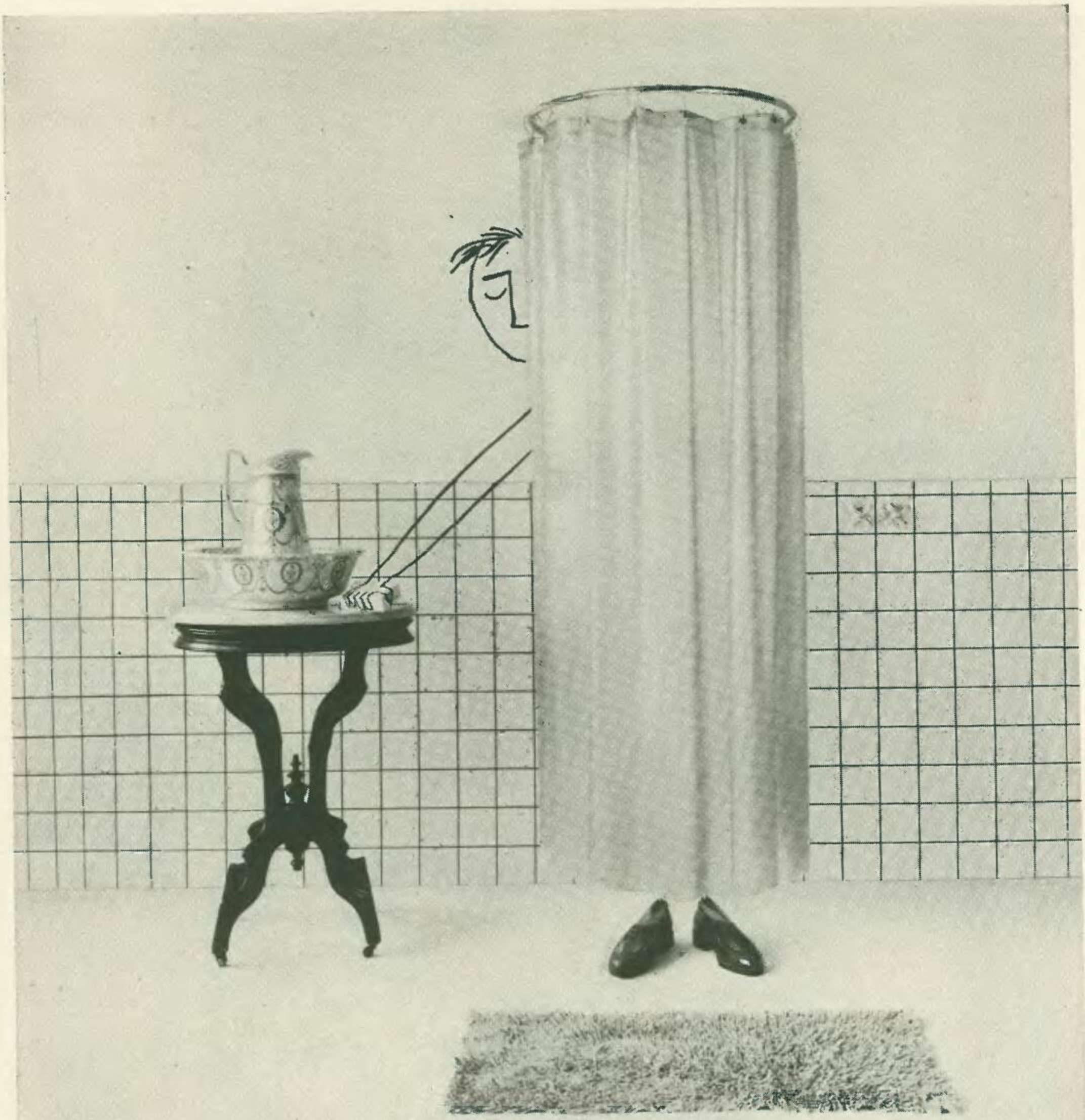
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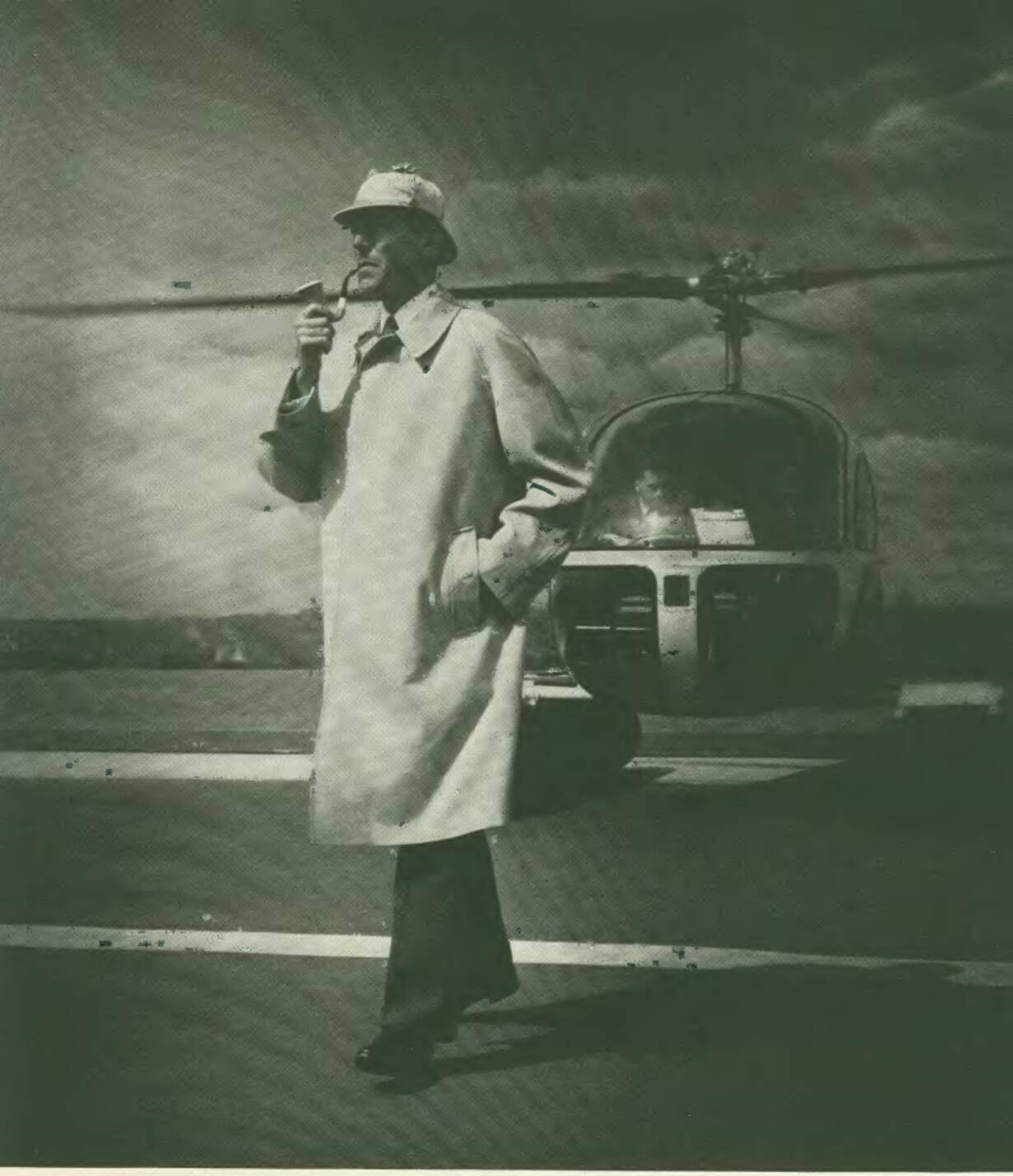
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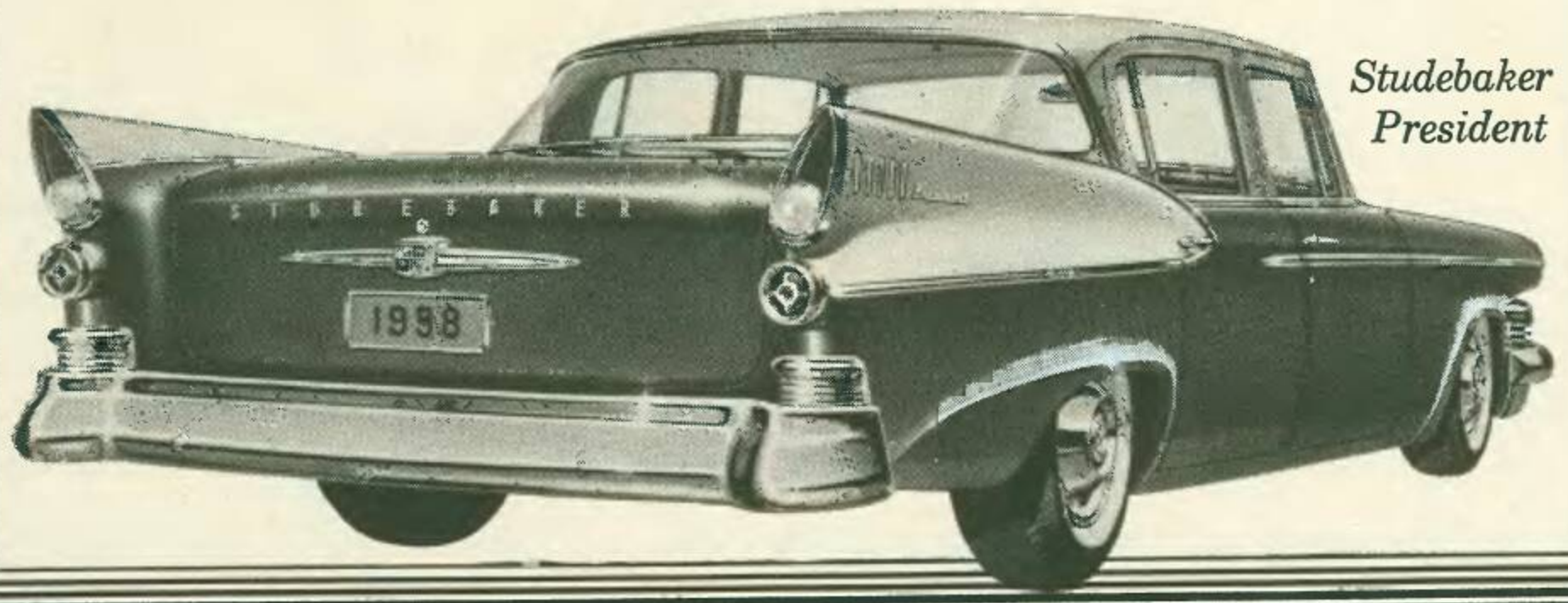
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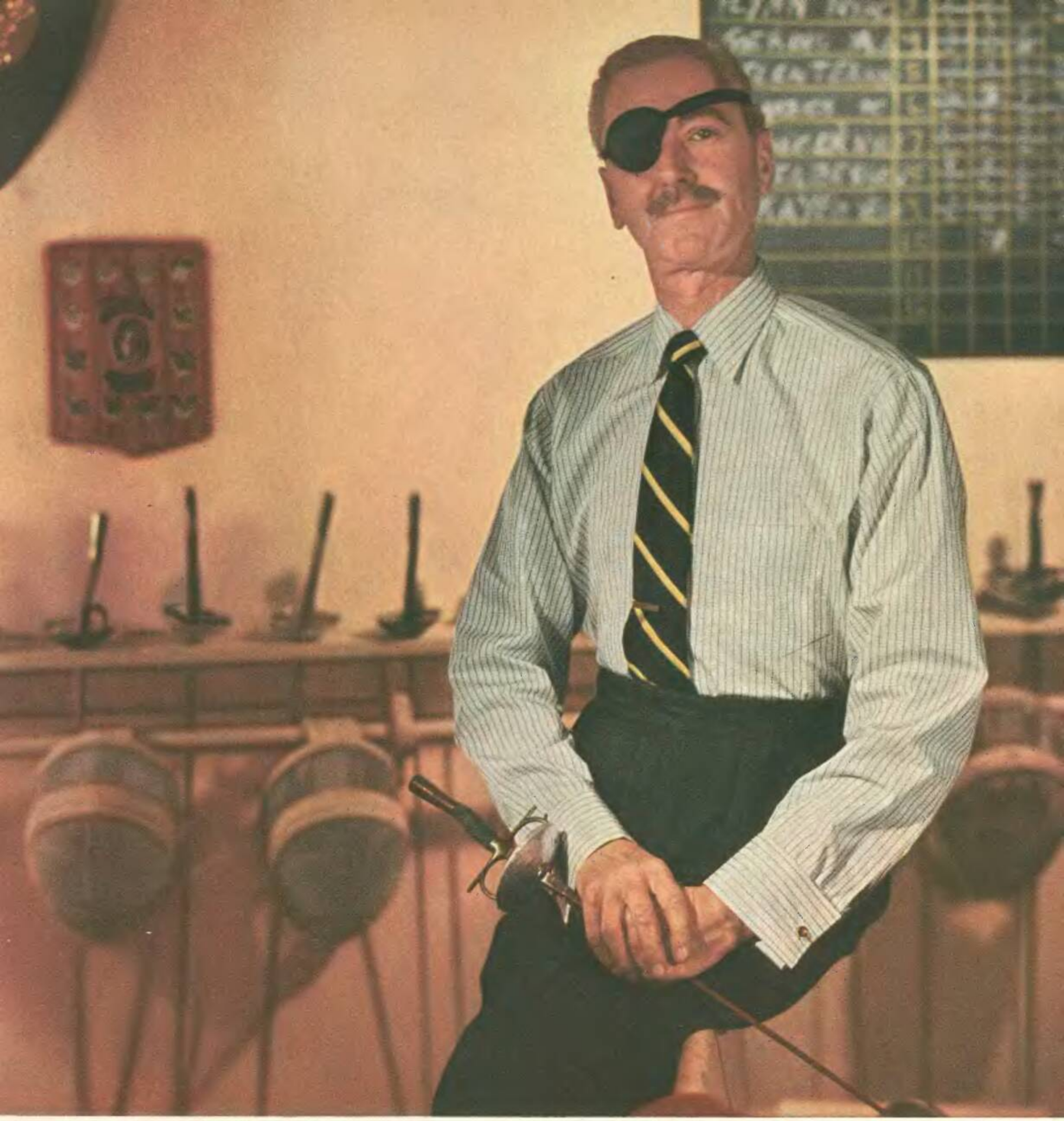


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—says Hathaway

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

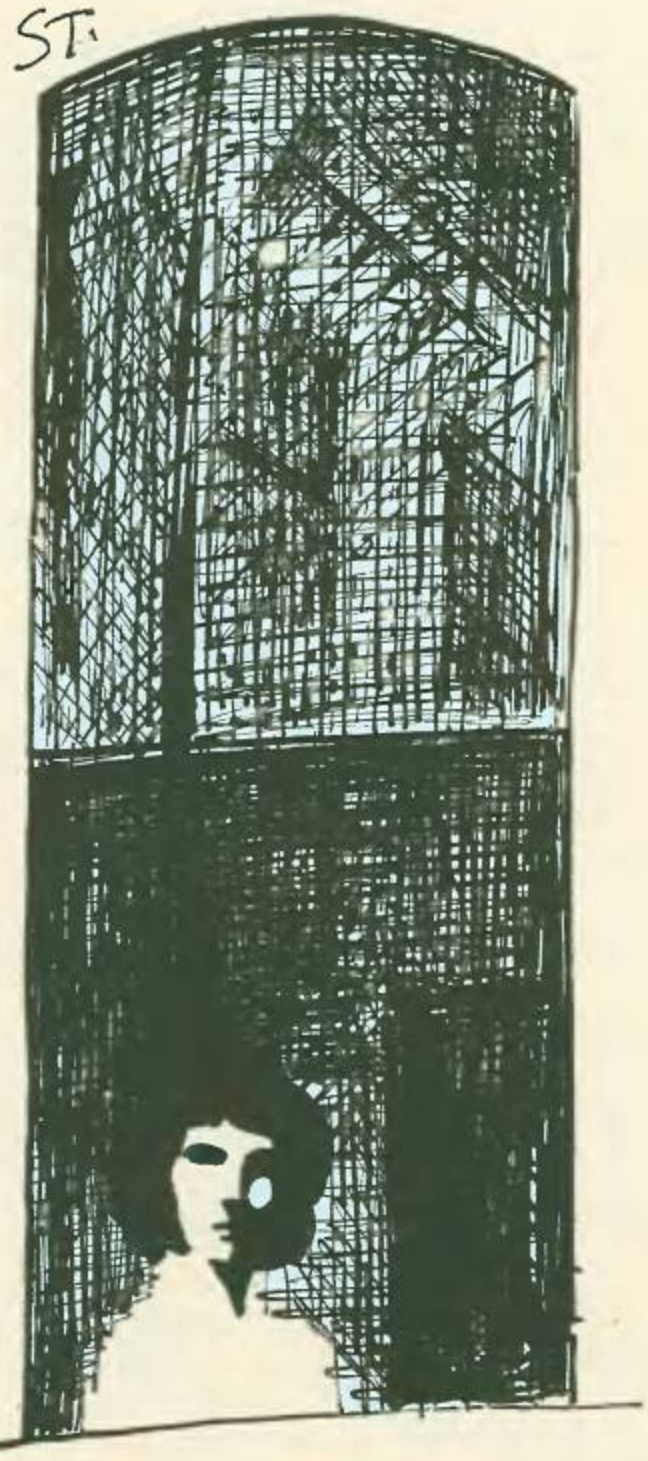
Notes and Comment

THE Russians, we understand, are planning to send a dog into outer space. The reason is plain enough: The little moon is incomplete without a dog to bay it.

Guest

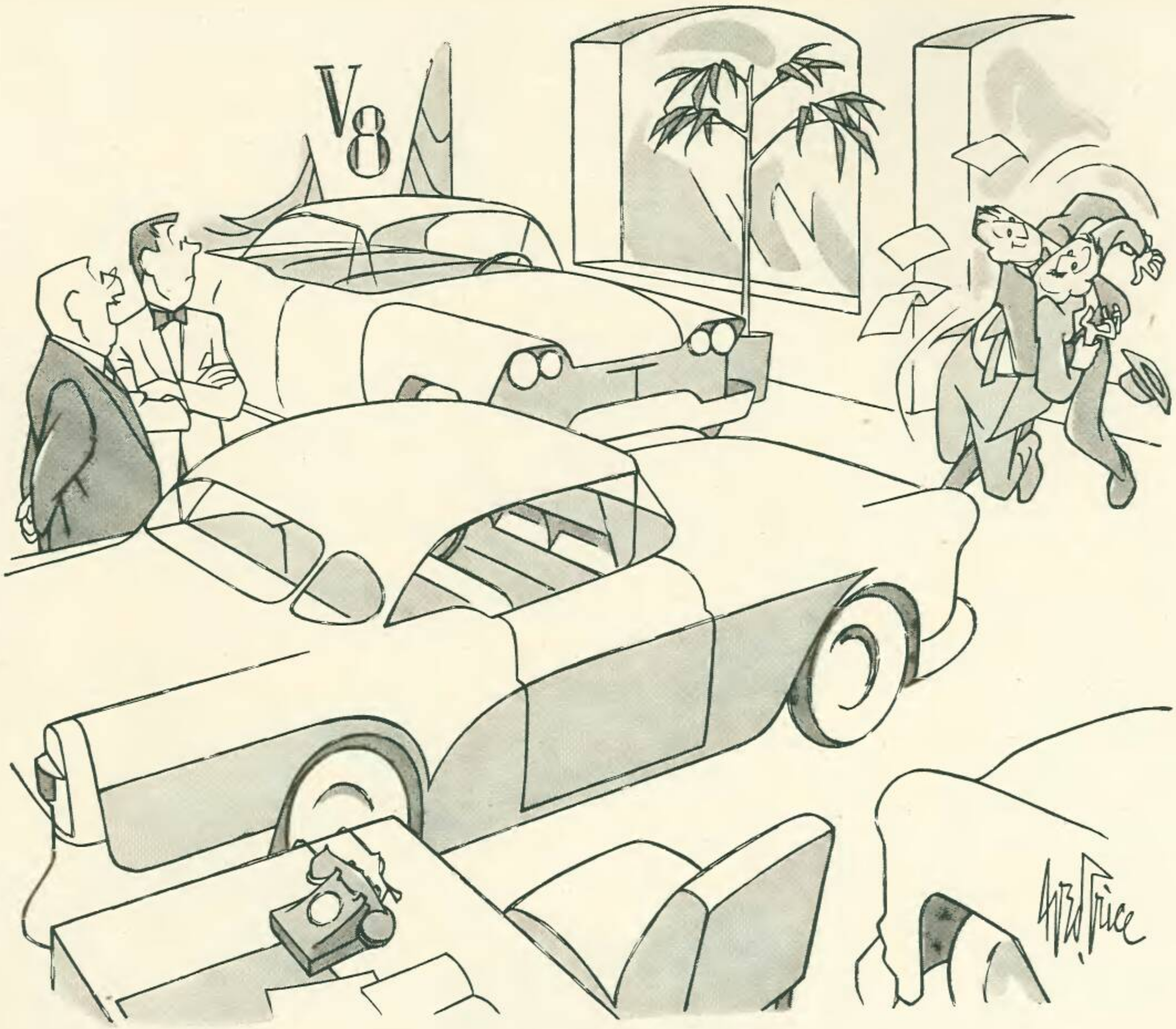
THE Pierpont Morgan Library, undoubtedly the most festive library in town, has merrily launched its black-tie season with an exhibition—partly loan, mostly home-grounds—commemorating the bicentennial of the birth of the Marquis de Lafayette. Cordially invited to the opening by the trustees, we as cordially attended, and, in the Reading Room, listened to a lecture entitled "The National Guest," by Dr. John H. Powell, whom Mr. Frederick B. Adams, Jr., the library's director, introduced as an ex-college professor, a former resident director of research at the Free Library of Philadelphia, a man who "has antennae stretched in all directions," and one who "has seen 'My Fair Lady' in both Des Moines and St. Louis."

Who was the National Guest? Why, Lafayette, who in 1824, forty-seven years after he had come to this country, at nineteen, to fight in the Revolution, returned for a triumphal tour that encompassed all twenty-four states and lasted thirteen months. Of this Dr. Powell treated, admirably describing the Guest himself ("His long, earnest face showed nary a wrinkle in its angular planes; his big dark eyes were clear"); his innocent arrival (" 'Shall I be able to get a hack to a hotel?' he asked on board the steam frigate. His hosts only laughed. At the Battery landing, three thousand troops were drawn up . . ."); his passage through Connecticut, where "town after town delayed his progress," to Boston, where "every bell pealed, every gun boomed;" his trouble with schoolchildren's wreaths ("A wreath is a sore trial to a man who wears a wig"); his safari through Cambridge and Lexington and Concord ("Young Oliver Wendell Holmes saw him, and young Ralph Waldo Emerson"); his reception in Philadelphia, where he made the banker Nicholas Biddle take him to the "dismal hovel" of Hannah Till, "the freed colored woman who had cooked for him and for Washington;" and his visit to Fort McHenry, in Baltimore, where, at General Washington's old headquarters tent, newly set up, "the whole company wept as Lafayette went from trunk to writing desk, from piece to piece of Washington's command tent, sobbing 'I remember! I remember!' " To President Monroe's White House



we went with the subject of the evening; down the Potomac to Mount Vernon; to Yorktown, where "he was installed in the ruined house which had been Cornwallis's headquarters;" to Richmond ("Edgar Allan Poe saw him there"); to Monticello, where, between the tall columns of the white portico, Thomas Jefferson awaited him (" 'Ah, Jefferson!' cried Lafayette. 'Lafayette!' whispered Jefferson"); to Montpelier, where James Madison greeted him and "the famous Dolly, only fifty-seven, was charming;" back to Washington; then off on a tour, lasting six months more, mostly through the South but including Brooklyn ("Briefly he lifted a six-year-old boy in his arms, kissed him, and went on. The boy was Walt Whitman"); and to Washington again, and farewell. A moment later, we found ourself in the East Room, grandly sipping Dean's sculptured ices in the company of Junius and Henry Morgan; Sinclair Hamilton, the lawyer; Hans P. Kraus, the rare-old-missal merchant; Allen E. Foster, the collector of "Flight into Egypt" prints; Carl Otto von Kienbusch, the tobacco-and-armor man; Alexander O. Vietor, Yale's Curator of Maps; and Dr. Powell himself. "I was born in Ottumwa, Iowa, the home town of Edna Ferber," he told us.

We went back the next day to look at the exhibition—a splendid assemblage, selective rather than omnium-gatherum, of letters, other documents, books, maps, and prints, bearing chiefly on Lafayette's Revolutionary War period. His commission in the Continental Army, as a major general, is there, and a letter he wrote to General Washington after being wounded at Brandywine, and letters to him or his son from the first seven Presidents of the United States, but the letter we liked most was one that Ben Franklin wrote in 1782, in reply to a letter from Lafayette announcing the birth of a daughter, a seven-month child, and saying he want-



"Watch Brinkley carefully. He tried the soft sell. It didn't work. Now he's trying the hard sell."

• •

ed to call her Virginia, after one of the United States:

In naming our Children [Franklin wrote] I think you do well to begin with the most antient State. And as we cannot have too many of so good a Race, I hope you and Madame de la Fayette will go thro' the Thirteen. But as that may be in the common Way too severe a Task for her delicate Frame, and Children of Seven Months may become as Strong as those of Nine I consent to the Abridgement of Two Months for each; and I wish her to spend the Twenty-six Months so gained, in perfect Ease, Health and Pleasure.

While you are proceeding, I hope our States will some of them new-name themselves. Miss Virginia, Miss Carolina, and Miss Georgiana will sound prettily enough for the Girls; but Massachusetts and Connecticut, are too harsh even for the Boys, unless they were to be Savages.

"Lafayette didn't have much of a sense of humor," Mr. Herbert Cahoon, the library's Curator of Autographed Manuscripts and Later Printed Books, who got the show up, told us. "I wonder what he made of this."

Urban Salts

WE had occasion the other day to phone a friend who was due at the New York Yacht Club for some kind of meeting. The attendant in the meeting room said that our friend wasn't on hand but that, if we'd hold on, he'd check further. After a minute or so, the attendant was back with the following report: "Sir, the quartermaster at the door reports that your friend has not come aboard as yet."

Nice Clean Business

HOME is where you check your hat, especially if it's a restaurant run by the Stouffer Corporation, sometimes known as Mother Stouffer's, which goes in for Early American food, Early American décor, and a cozy banana-salad, Boston-baked-beans atmosphere, so we're glad to report that the new Tishman Building, at 666 Fifth Avenue, is, or will be, the repository of two big new Stouffer restaurants, one on the first and below-street-level floors, the other on the thirty-ninth, or top. The upper half of the lower shrine to Williamsburg club sandwiches and Southern pecan pie opened last week, the nether half will open next week, and the roof unit is scheduled for late February. Guess who, or whom, we had lunch with a few days before the opening! Mr. Vernon B. Stouffer, president of Stouffer's and son of its founder and foundress, the latter being (if we can believe a flood of releases sent out by the Late Gothic office of Mr. Benjamin Sonnenberg) the one who really started the ball—nineteen restaurants

in six cities, frozen foods galore, sales of over thirty million dollars in the last fiscal year—rolling, "when she set out her first slice of Dutch apple pie at the little lunch counter owned by her husband in Cleveland's downtown Arcade building thirty-three years ago, to sell buttermilk direct from his dairy farm."

We found Mr. Stouffer, a short man with a wholesome expression, on the below-street-level floor of No. 666, in a welter of workmen, cantilevered staircases, and mahogany Colonial panelling. "This is the Hudson River Room, one of five dining rooms on these two floors," he said, leading us into it. "We're going to have representative paintings of the Hudson River school here—a Thomas Cole and a couple of Innesses. The cocktail lounge will have a print of the frigate Constitution, and the men's grill will have prints of Civil War battles and Western paintings. We're sticking to strictly American fare, close to home cooking. When the thirty-ninth floor opens, we'll have eleven hundred and fifty seats, and we expect to serve seven thousand meals a day. We'll be open Sundays and holidays, so we ought to get the churchgoers and the window-shoppers. The traffic here is great. Let's take a look at the roof."

Up, in a lift placarded "This Elevator Has Not Been Officially Approved," Mr. Stouffer took us, along with Mr. Fredrick H. Thomforde, manager of the two new restaurants, and in no time we were gaping at a view of Central Park, the Hudson, the George Washington, Whitestone, Triborough, and other bridges, and LaGuardia Airport. "We'll have a nice dinner here from seven o'clock on," Mr. Stouffer said, "and maybe the right kind of music. We're trying some out. We don't want anything that is lush. Nothing garish. We like our places to be *friendly*. We don't believe in sticking people eight or ten dollars for a meal. Our average lunch check is a dollar thirty-five, and our average dinner check is two dollars and a quarter, so people can come several times a week, not just for anniversaries. This will be one of the highest public restaurants in New York. Look at St. Patrick's! A table right here would be tremendous, wouldn't it? What a view down there! Very inspiring, isn't it?"

"It sure is. *Very* nice," said Mr. Thomforde, and down we went, to hop a taxi with Mr. Stouffer for the Pershing Square Stouffer's, where a hostess greeted him by name and gave him and us a table in the men's grill. "I was born in Cleveland in 1901, and still live there," he said, over creamed turkey chowder. "I wrote a thesis on the creamery business—my dad's business—at the University of Pennsylvania, and also looked into the bus and cement-mixing businesses, but when Dad started a lunch counter, around the time I graduated, I joined him." He ordered some Stouffer's ham loaf with raisin sauce, butternut squash, and fresh snap beans, and said that expansion began a year or so later, in 1925, with a bigger restaurant in Cleveland and one in Detroit. "Pittsburgh and Philadelphia followed," he said, "and then, in 1939, New York, with this restaurant. We do over five thousand meals a day here. How about some sunshine cake à la mode with crushed strawberries for dessert? It's a dish Mother used to make."

Over coffee, Mr. Stouffer told us he has three children and three grandchildren, including a daughter named Deanette. "My wife's maiden name was Dean," he said. "I'm president of the Cleveland Zoo. In 1955, Frederick C. Crawford and I—he's head of Thompson Products—went on safari in Africa and brought back three giraffes, three elephants, and a couple of rhinos and hippos for the zoo. They needed these animals, because they had a new big-mammal house and no big mammals. I'm chairman of the Northern Ohio Opera Association. I do enjoy a good opera production—I really do. Orchestra, drama, and the singing! You get quite a good deal there. I don't enjoy this rock-'n'-roll stuff. I like fussing in the kitchen and diagnosing what went wrong with, say, the butternut squash. We have only women cooks, and the menus for all our restaurants are made up in Cleveland two or three weeks ahead. I'll tell you one thing—the difference between home cooking and chef cooking is in the gravies. We use lamb gravy for lamb and roast-beef gravy for roast beef. That gives a nice clean taste."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The favorite football cheer of the Horace Greeley High School, in Chappaqua, is "Fight, Quakers, Fight!," repeated three times.

Revolution

LESS than a year ago, we were privileged to attend the first meeting of the American Motor-Scooter Club, held al fresco in Washington Square. Though only about fifteen members showed up on that occasion, their ardor sufficed to convince us that motor-scootering was the coming thing hereabouts. This conviction has since been reinforced by the sight of an increasing number of quietly dressed, sober-looking scooterists of both sexes and a variety of ages darting amiably, by day and night, through the thick of midtown traffic. Final proof of the success that scooters have achieved in the local battle to get from one place to another without spending most of the journey standing still is the fact that Phillip Phillips, Inc., which started selling foreign motor scooters way back in 1953 and now boasts of being the oldest firm in town devoted exclusively to this activity, has just significantly expanded, moving its main showroom from the transportation hinterland of Broadway and 218th Street to the heartland of Broadway and Fifty-eighth.

We went up to the new Phillips showroom the other afternoon and stared our fill at a stunning display of bright-colored Italian Lambrettas and German Adlers, Progresses, and Bellas. We were encouraged to admire their fine points by a young Phillips factotum named Gene Pavey, who volunteered the information that he doubles as managing editor of *Scoot*, a thriving monthly magazine for motor-scooterists. "It's true that scootering in this country was pretty much started by eggheads, as a hobby or sport," Mr. Pavey told us, "but in the past couple of years it's turned into something serious. The fact is that scootering is the most economical and practical form of transportation available in New York today. In 1953, we were selling maybe one or two scooters a week; here and at our old stand uptown, we've sold as many as ten or twelve a day. People buy them right off the sidewalk, before we can wheel them into the salesroom. Why? Because they're fed up with the horrible big cars that American manufacturers turn out—what scooterists call tin cans. Too costly to buy, too cumbersome for heavy traffic, too hard to park, too expensive to maintain. Do you realize that the annual premiums for automobile insurance in New York are enough to pay *all* the expenses of operating a motor scooter for a solid year?"



But the reason that scooters are catching on so fast, Mr. Pavey said, isn't merely that they're comparatively cheap to buy (prices of new ones range

from $350 to $530, and of good second-hand ones from $175 to $300) and cheap to run (they'll travel from ninety to a hundred and twenty miles on a gallon of gas) but that they're so handy. "Scooters need a free space only about two feet wide," he advised us. "No matter how thick traffic is, you can nearly always find that much room to sneak along in. My wife and I can climb onto our scooter in front of our house, on East Eightieth Street, at 8:20 P.M. and be at a theatre off Times Square by curtain time. Try doing that in a taxi, much less in your own car! As for the parking problem, it hardly exists. You can park scooters almost anywhere without getting a ticket. In a metered area, the usual thing is to park them sidewise, between two parked cars. In theory, a scooter hasn't any right to be there, but the police seem to overlook it. Truth is, *nobody* seems to mind what scooters do. They're a kind of delightful toy that happens to do a car-size job."

Pavey had still another argument, besides savings and utility, in favor of scooters—that they have a tonic effect on one's emotions. "Driving around on a scooter, you can see New York, you can feel New York, and you're really with it," he said. "It's a completely different sensation from riding the stuffy, clogged subways and buses, or from driving one of those monstrous sealed-up tin cans." In the name of responsible journalism, we begged the managing editor of *Scoot* to name one or two drawbacks to scootering. "Maybe it's a drawback that they carry only two people," he said. "There'll never be a family scooter, though there might be family fleets of scooters. Then, too, scooters can't be used in just any weather. The worst hazards of scootering are rain, loose gravel, cold weather, and snow and ice. Our magazine is constantly campaigning for greater safety, in the form of bigger wheels on scooters and crash helmets on scooterists. The idea of having to wear a helmet may scare off a lot of potential scooterists, but we consider it the lesser of two evils. Dangerous as scootering looks, if you ask the police they'll tell you that scooterists rarely get into accidents. That's because most accidents are caused by careless or reckless drivers, and scooterists know they can't afford to be either." What about noise, we asked. Wasn't it true that in Paris and Rome the ceaseless snarl of scooters was driving the non-scooterists of those cities practically batty? "The problem of noise won't get serious here until there are a good many more thousands of scooters on the streets," Pavey said. "By then, I'm hopeful that we'll have licked the problem technically. This is more than a fad, it's a revolution, and I don't see how anything can stop it."

Pavey then offered to take us back to our office in—or, rather, on—his brand-new, bright-blue Adler, and a moment or so later, hanging on for dear life, we found ourself breezing down Broadway at what he told us was twenty-five miles an hour, though it felt like ninety. We wove our way through traffic like a snake through tenpins, and the effect on our emotions was everything he had promised—here, as if for the first time, was New York, and we were with it.



"It's not bad of the camel, but my wife always cuts my head off."

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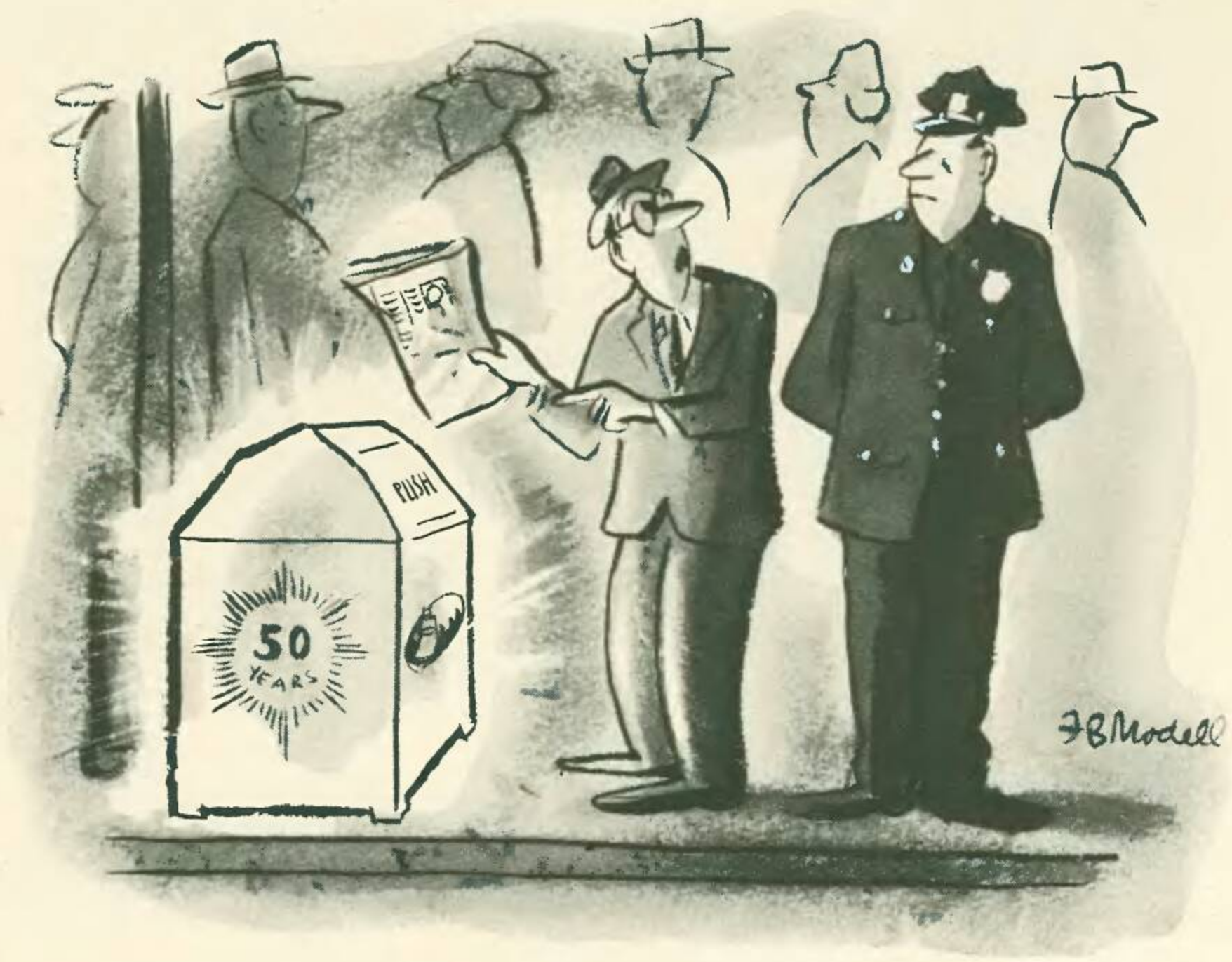
QUESTION and answer overheard at a party in Southport celebrating the fifth birthday of the host:

"Is your father dead?"

"Oh, no. He's still working."

Good-Natured Man

JOHN OSBORNE, the twenty-seven-year-old playwright whose "Look Back in Anger" has had the British upper-middle, middle-middle, and lower-middle classes hanging on the ropes since it opened in London, last year—and the Broadway bourgeoisie equally excited, if less hurt-feelinged, since it opened here, a couple of weeks ago—may well be, as local critics have said, "an eloquent spokesman for his irate generation," a man who "spews out . . . ferocities," and "not the man for temperate statements," but when we had a tomato juice with him at his hotel, the Algonquin, the other day, he was as mild and urbane as Sir Gladwyn Jebb, and, to our colonial eyes, every bit as upper-class. Elegantly dressed, aristocratic of feature, with curly Edwardian



"Is it all right if I drop this in here?"

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sideburns, he lit a slender pipe and said, "I've been here only a week. The longer I stay, the more I like it. The critics here seem more responsible, more literate, and more serious generally than in England. The audiences don't get as angry as in England. Of course, not many people here feel they're being got at. In England, some of them walked out, yelling things like 'Keep quiet!' At home, everyone got the impression that the play was very dreary and dull and turgid and boring. Here, they're inclined to laugh. They sometimes laugh in the wrong places, but they laugh."

We asked what kind of tobacco he smokes, and are happy to report it is Edgeworth. "Do you know it's only twenty cents here?" he said. "In London, it's eleven shillings—about a dollar and a half. I've been to a theatre every evening—I liked 'West Side Story' immensely, and also saw a couple of musicals I *didn't* like—and I'm writing a screenplay and rewriting an old play, but I'm rather taking a rest at the moment. I generally work at night. I spend the daytime worrying about working and then at night I work."

A beautiful young girl joined us, and Mr. Osborne introduced her as his wife, Mary Ure, who is the leading lady of "Look Back." "I've been too busy to see much here," she said. "I want to go to Brooklyn. In London, I was in 'A View from the Bridge' for six months, with a Brooklyn accent."

Mr. Osborne said that Miss Ure, who hails from Glasgow, had also played Ophelia and had appeared in Jean Anouilh's "Time Remembered," and that they had met when both were working at the Royal Court Theatre; she was in "The Crucible" and he was rehearsing for "The Desk of Satan." He was born in London and went to Belmont College, which he described to us as an obscure public (i.e., private) boarding school in Devonshire. "I hated the place," he said. "I left after four years, at sixteen; worked on some trade papers, such as the *Gas World;* and at eighteen got a job teaching English and arithmetic to the child actors in a provincial touring company. After six months, a local educational inspector inspected me, and I had to quit. I stayed on as assistant stage manager, and then began to act. I still do. I've been in five plays in the last eighteen months. I don't act in my own plays, though; one gets enough slung at one's head without inviting it two ways. I find acting a great relief from writing. When you're with actors, you have some sense of community. When you're writing, you're on your own."

Upon our soliciting a comparison between the American and the British theatrical worlds, Mr. Osborne said, "I think that, in a very superficial way, everything is a bit more panicky here. Reputations seem more at stake, perhaps because much more money is involved. In London, things are more relaxed. Success isn't quite so important. Or, at least, failure isn't so important. Let's put it that way. There's nothing like the ghastly business of going to Sardi's and waiting for the reviews. Of course, you'd have a long wait, as the English reviews don't come in until four in the morning. Here, if you have two flops in a row it's the end of the world."

We asked about fan, or non-fan, mail, and Mr. Osborne told us that in England he had received many unenthusiastic letters from colonels and bishops. "I usually answer them," he said. "I've been getting abusive letters internationally. I had one from British Columbia that simply said, 'Why don't you shut up?' My mother liked the play. Both my grandmothers are alive. One saw it on television. I *think* she liked it."

"It was thrilling when people walked out," Miss Ure said. "Exhilarating! But there were never more than three at one performance."

Calloused Green Thumb

A WESTCHESTER garden-club member of our acquaintance prepared an arrangement of chrysanthemums in a copper bowl as her contribution to a neighborhood flower show. While she was taking her work to the exhibit hall, the bowl began to leak so badly that she decided to leave the entire display with a plumber and ask the man to notify her as soon as he'd soldered the holes. In the tradition of his trade, the plumber forgot to remember her instructions; he took out the flowers, fixed the bowl, stuck the flowers back in, and delivered the resulting arrangement to the committee in charge of the show. The committee awarded it first prize.

AN OUT-AND-OUT FREE GIFT

WHEN Jimmy began to get out of hand, his father was both disturbed and bewildered. Anybody else, yes, but not Jimmy! They had always been so close! Closer, indeed, than Ned ever realized, for the perfectly correct picture he had drawn of himself as a thoughtful, considerate father who treated his son as though he were a younger brother could have been considerably expanded by his wife. Indeed, to realize how close they had been you needed to hear Celia on it, because only she knew how much of the small boy there still was in her husband.

Who, for instance, would have thought that the head of a successful business had such a passion for sugar? Yet during the war, when sugar was rationed in Ireland, Celia, who was a bit of a Jansenist, had felt herself bound to give up sugar and divide her ration between Ned and Jimmy, then quite a small boy. And, even at that, Ned continued to suffer. He did admire her self-denial, but he couldn't help feeling that so grandiose a gesture deserved a better object than Jimmy. It was a matter of scientific fact that sugar was bad for Jimmy's teeth, and anything that went wrong with Jimmy's teeth was going to cost his father money. Ned felt it unfair that in the middle of a war, with his salary frozen, Celia should inflict additional burdens on him.

Most of the time he managed to keep his dignity, though he could rarely sit down to a meal without an angry glance at Jimmy's sugar bowl. To make things harder for him, Jimmy rationed himself so that toward the end of the week he still had some sugar left, while Ned had none. As a philosopher, Ned wondered that he should resent this so deeply, but resent it he did. A couple of times, he deliberately stole a spoonful while Celia's back was turned, and the absurdity of this put him in such a frivolous frame of mind for the rest of the evening that she eventually said resignedly, "I suppose you've been at the child's sugar again? Really, Ned, you are hopeless!" On other occasions, Ned summoned up all his paternal authority and with a polite "You don't mind, old man?" took a spoonful from under Jimmy's nose. But that took nerve, and a delicate appreciation of the precise moment when Jimmy could be relied on not to cry.

Toward the end of the war, it became a matter of brute economic strength. If Jimmy wanted a bicycle lamp, he could earn it or pay up in good sugar. As Ned said, quoting from a business manual he had studied in his own youth, "There is no such thing in business as an out-and-out free gift." Jimmy made good use of the lesson. "Bicycle lamp, old man?" Ned would ask casually, poising his spoon over Jimmy's sugar bowl. "Bicycle lamp *and* three-speed gear," Jimmy would reply firmly. "For a couple of spoons of sugar?" his father would cry in mock indignation. "Are you mad, boy?" They both enjoyed the game.

They could scarcely have been other than friends. There was so much of the small boy in Ned that he was sensitive to the least thing affecting Jimmy, and Jimmy would consult him about things that most small boys keep to themselves. When he was in trouble, Ned never dismissed it lightly, no matter how unimportant it seemed. He asked a great many questions and frequently reserved his decisions. He had chosen Jimmy's school himself; it was a good one for Cork, and sometimes, without informing Jimmy, he went off to the school himself and had a chat with one of the teachers. Nearly always he managed to arrange things without embarrassment or pain, and Jimmy took it for granted that his decisions were usually right. It is a wise father who can persuade his son of anything of the sort.

But now, at sixteen, Jimmy was completely out of control, and his mother had handed him over to the secular arm, and the secular arm, for all its weight, made no impression on his sullen indifference. The first sign of the change in him was the disintegration of his normally perfect manners; now he seemed to have no deference toward or consideration for anyone. Ned caught him out in one or two minor falsehoods and quoted to him a remark of his own father's that "a lie humiliates the man who tells it, but it humiliates the one it's told to even more." What puzzled Ned was that, at the same time, the outbreak was linked in some ways to qualities he had always liked in the boy. Jimmy was strong, and showed his strength in protecting things younger and weaker than himself. The cat regarded him as a personal enemy because he hurled himself on her the moment he saw her with a bird. At one time, there had been a notice on his door that read, "Wounded Bird. Please Keep Out." At school, his juniors worshipped him because he would stand up for them against bullies, and though Ned, in a fatherly way, advised him not to get mixed up in other people's quarrels, he was secretly flattered. He felt Jimmy was taking after him.

But the same thing that attracted Jimmy to younger and weaker boys seemed now to attract him to wasters. Outside of school, he never associated with lads he might have to look up to but only with those his father felt a normal boy should despise. All this was summed up in his friendship with a youngster called Hogan, who was a strange mixture of spoiling and neglect, a boy who had never been young and would never be old. He openly smoked a pipe, and let on to be an authority on brands of tobacco. Ned winced when Hogan addressed him as a contemporary and tried to discuss business with him. He replied with heavy irony—something he did only when he was at a complete loss. What went on in Hogan's house when Jimmy went there he could only guess at. He suspected that the parents went out and stayed out, leaving the boys to their own devices.

At first, Ned treated Jimmy's insubordination as he had treated other outbreaks, by talking to him as an equal. He even offered him a cigarette—Jimmy had stolen money to buy cigarettes. He told him how people grew up through admiration of others' virtues, rather than through tolerance of their weaknesses. He talked to him about sex, which he suspected was at the bottom of Jimmy's trouble, and Jimmy listened politely and said he understood. Whether he did or not, Ned decided that if Hogan talked sex to Jimmy, it was a very different kind of sex.

Finally, he forbade Hogan the house and warned Jimmy against going to Hogan's. He made no great matter of it, contenting himself with describing the scrapes he had got into himself at Jimmy's age, and Jimmy smiled, apparently pleased with this unfamiliar picture of his grave and rather stately father, but he continued to steal and lie, to get bad marks and remain out late at night. Ned was fairly satisfied that he went to Hogan's, and sat there smoking, playing cards, and talking filth. He bawled Jimmy out and called him a dirty little thief and liar, and Jimmy raised his brows and looked away with a pained air, as though asking himself how long he must endure such ill breeding. At this, Ned gave him a cuff on the ear that brought a look of hatred into Jimmy's face and caused Celia not to talk to Ned for two days. But even she gave in at last.

"Last night was the third time he's been out late this week," she said one afternoon in her apparently unemo-



"And now, for two million dollars, who was Secretary of State under Rutherford B. Hayes?"

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tional way. "You'll really have to do something drastic with him."

These were hard words from a soft woman, but though Ned felt sorry for her, he felt even sorrier for himself. He hated himself in the part of a sergeant major, and he blamed her for having let things go so far.

"Any notion where he has been?" he asked stiffly.

"Oh, you can't get a word out of him," she said with a shrug. "Judging by his tone, I'd say Hogan's. I don't know what attraction that fellow has for him."

"Very well," Ned said portentously. "I'll deal with him. But, mind, I'll deal with him in my own way."

"Oh, I won't interfere," she said wearily. "I know when I'm licked."

"I can promise you Master Jimmy will know it, too," Ned added grimly.

At supper he said in an even tone, "Young man, for the future you're going to be home every night at ten o'clock. This is the last time I'm going to speak to you about it."

Jimmy, apparently under the impression that his father was talking to himself, reached for a slice of bread. Then Ned let fly with a shout that made Celia jump and paralyzed the boy's hand, still clutching the bread.

"Did you hear me?"

"What's that?" gasped Jimmy.

"I said you were to be in at ten o'clock."

"Oh, all right, all right," said Jimmy, with a look that said he did not think any reasonable person would require him to share the house any longer with one so uncivilized. Though this look was intended to madden Ned, it failed to do so, because he knew that, for all her sentimentality and high liberal principles, Celia was a woman of her word and would not interfere whenever he decided to knock that particular look off Master Jimmy's face. He knew, too, that the time was not far off; that Jimmy had not the faintest intention of obeying, and that he would be able to deal with it.

"Because I warn you, the first night you're late again I'm going to skin you alive," he added. He was trying it out, of course. He knew that Celia hated expressions of fatherly affection like "skin you alive," "tan you within an inch of your life," and "knock your head off," which, to her, were relics of a barbarous age. To his great satisfaction, she neither shuddered nor frowned. Her principles were liberal, but they were principles.

TWO nights after, Jimmy was late again. Celia, while pretending to read, was watching the clock despairingly. "Of course, he may have been delayed," she said smoothly, but there was no conviction in her tone. It was nearly eleven when they heard Jimmy's key in the door.

"I think perhaps I'd better go to bed," she said.

"It might be as well," he replied pityingly. "Send that fellow in on your way."

He heard her in the hallway, talking with Jimmy in a level, friendly voice, not allowing her consternation to appear, and he smiled. He liked that touch of the Roman matron in her. Then there was a knock, and Jimmy came in. He was a big lad for sixteen, but he still had traces of baby fat about the rosy cheeks he occasionally scraped with Ned's razor, to Ned's annoyance. Now Ned would cheerfully have given him a whole shaving kit if it would have avoided the necessity for dealing with him firmly.

"You wanted to talk to me, Dad?" he asked, as though he could just spare a moment.

"Yes, Jimmy, I did. Shut that door."

Jimmy gave a resigned shrug at his father's mania for privacy but did as he was told, and stood against the door, his hands joined and his chin in the air.

"When did I say you were to be in?" Ned said, looking at the clock.

"When?"

"Yes. When? At what time, if you find it so hard to understand."

"Oh, ten," Jimmy replied wearily.

"Ten? And what time do you make that?"

"Oh, I didn't know it was so late!" Jimmy exclaimed with an astonished

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look at the clock. "I'm sorry. I didn't notice the time."

"Really?" Ned said ironically. "Enjoyed yourself that much?"

"Not too bad," Jimmy replied vaguely. He was always uncomfortable with his father's irony.

"Company good?"

"Oh, all right," Jimmy replied with another shrug.

"Where was this?"

"At a house."

"Poor people?" his father asked in mock surprise.

"What?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Poor people who couldn't afford a clock?"

Jimmy's indignation overflowed in stammering protest. "I never said they hadn't a clock. None of the other fellows had to be in by ten. I didn't like saying I had to be. I didn't want them to think I was a blooming . . ." The protest expired in a heavy sigh, and Ned's heart contracted with pity and shame.

"Juvenile delinquent," he added patiently. "I know. Neither your mother nor I want you to make a show of yourself. But you didn't answer my question. Where was this party? And don't tell me any lies, because I'm going to find out."

Jimmy grew red and angry. "Why would I tell you lies?"

"For the same reason you've told so many already—whatever that may be. You see, Jimmy, the trouble with people who tell lies is that you have to check everything they say. Not on your account but on theirs; otherwise, you may be unfair to them. People soon get tired of being fair, though. Now, where were you? At Hogan's?"

"You said I wasn't to go to Hogan's."

"You see, you're still not answering my questions. Were you at Hogan's?"

"No," Jimmy replied in a whisper.

"Word of honor?"

"Word of honor." But the tone was not the tone of honor but of shame.

"Where were you, then?"

"Ryans'."

The name was unfamiliar to Ned, and he wondered if Jimmy had not just invented it to frustrate any attempt at checking on his statements. He was quite prepared to hear that Jimmy didn't know where the house was. It was as bad as that.

"Ryans'," he repeated evenly. "Do I know them?"

"You might. I don't know."

"Where do they live?"

"Gardiner's Hill."

"Whereabouts?"

"Near the top. Where the road comes up from Dillon's Cross, four doors down. It has a tree in the garden." It came so pat that Ned felt sure there was such a house. He felt sure of nothing else.

"And you spent the evening there? I'm warning you for your own good. Because I'm going to find out." There was a rasp in his voice.

"I told you I did."

"I know," Ned said between his teeth. "Now you're going to come along with me and prove it."

He rose and in silence took his hat from the hall stand and went out. Jimmy followed him silently, a pace behind. It was a moonlit night, and as they turned up the steep hill, the trees overhung a high wall on one side of the street. On the other side, there were steep gardens filled with shadows.

"Where did you say this house was?"

"At the top," Jimmy replied sullenly.

The hill stopped, the road became level, and at either side were little new suburban houses, with tiny front gardens. Near the corner, Ned saw one with a tree in front of it and stopped. There was still light in the front room. The family kept late hours for Cork. Suddenly he felt absurdly sorry for the boy.

"You don't want to change your mind?" he asked gently. "You're sure this is where you were?"

"I told you so," Jimmy replied almost in exasperation.

"Very well," Ned said savagely. "You needn't come in."

"All right," Jimmy said, and braced himself against the concrete gatepost, looking over the moonlit roofs at the clear sky. In the moonlight he looked very pale; his hands were drawn back from his sides, his lips drawn back from his teeth, and for some reason his white anguished face made Ned think of a crucifixion.

Anger had taken the place of pity in him. He felt the boy was being unjust toward him. He wouldn't have minded the injustice if he'd ever been unjust to Jimmy, but two minutes before he had again shown his fairness and given Jimmy another chance. Besides, he didn't want to make a fool of himself.

He walked up the little path to the door, whose colored-glass panels glowed in light that seemed to leak from the sitting-room door. When he rang, a

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pretty girl of fifteen or sixteen came out and screwed up her eyes at him.

"I hope you'll excuse my calling at this unnatural hour," Ned said in a bantering tone. "It's only a question I want to ask. Do you think I could talk to your father or your mother for a moment?"

"You can, to be sure," the girl replied in a flutter of curiosity. "Come in, can't you? We're all in the front room."

Ned, nerving himself for an ordeal, went in. It was a tiny front room with a fire burning in a tiled fireplace. There was a mahogany table at which a boy of twelve seemed to be doing his lessons. Round the fire sat an older girl, a small woman, and a tubby little man with a graying mustache. Ned smiled, and his tone became even more jocular.

"I hope you'll forgive my making a nuisance of myself," he said. "My name is Callanan. I live at St. Luke's. I wonder if you've ever met my son Jimmy?"

"Jimmy?" the mother echoed, her hand to her cheek. "I don't know that I did."

"I know him," said the girl who had let him in, in a voice that squeaked with pride.

"Fine!" Ned said. "At least, you know what I'm talking about. I wonder if you saw him this evening?"

"Jimmy?" the girl replied, taking fright. "No. Sure, I hardly know him only to salute him. Why? Is anything wrong?"

"Nothing serious, at any rate," said Ned with a comforting smile. "It's just that he said he spent the evening here with you. I daresay that's an excuse for being somewhere he shouldn't have been."

"Well, well, well!" Mrs. Ryan said anxiously, joining her hands. "Imagine saying he was here! Wisha, Mr. Callanan, aren't they a caution?"

"A caution against what, though?" Ned asked cheerfully. "That's what I'd like to know. I'm only sorry he wasn't telling the truth. I'm afraid he wasn't in such charming company. Good night, everybody, and thank you."

"Good night, Mr. Callanan," said Mrs. Ryan, laying a hand gently on his sleeve. "And don't be too hard on him! Sure, we were wild ourselves once."

"Once?" he exclaimed with a laugh. "I hope we still are. We're not dead yet, Mrs. Ryan."

The same girl showed him out. She had recovered from her fright and looked as though she would almost have liked him to stay.

"Good night, Mr. Callanan," she called blithely from the door, and when he turned, she was silhouetted against the lighted doorway, bent halfway over, and waving. He waved back, touched by this glimpse of an interior not so unlike his own but seen from outside, in all its innocence. It was a shock to emerge on the roadway and see Jimmy still standing where he had left him, though he no longer looked crucified. Instead, with his head down and his hands by his sides, he looked terribly weary. They walked in silence for a few minutes, till they saw the valley of the city and the lamps cascading down the hillsides and breaking below into a foaming lake of light.

"Well," Ned said gloomily, "the Ryans seem to be under the impression that you weren't there tonight."

"I know," Jimmy replied, as though this were all that might be expected from him.

Something in his tone startled Ned. It no longer seemed to breathe defiance. Instead, it hinted at something very like despair. But why, he thought in exasperation. Why the blazes did he tell me all those lies? Why didn't he tell me even outside the door? Damn it, I gave him every chance.

"Don't you think this is a nice place to live, Dad?" asked Jimmy.

"Is it?" Ned asked sternly.

"Ah, well, the air is better," said Jimmy with a sigh. They said no more till they reached home.

"Now, go to bed," Ned said in the hallway. "I'll consider what to do with you tomorrow."

Which, as he well knew, was bluff, because he had already decided to do nothing to Jimmy. Somehow he felt that, whatever the boy had done to himself, punishment would be merely an anticlimax, and perhaps a relief. Punishment, he thought, might be exactly what Jimmy would have welcomed at that moment. He went into the sitting room and poured himself a drink, feeling that if anyone deserved it, he did. He had a curious impression of having been involved in some sort of struggle and escaped some danger to which he could not even give a name.

When he went upstairs, Celia was in bed with a book, and looked up at him with a wide-eyed stare. She proved to be no help to him. "Jimmy usen't to be like that," she said wistfully, and he knew she had been lying there re-

gretting the little boy who had come to her with all his troubles.

"But why, why, why, in God's name, did he tell me all those lies?" Ned asked angrily.

"Oh, why do people ever tell lies?" she asked with a shrug.

"Because they hope they won't be found out," Ned replied. "Don't you see that's what's so queer about it?"

She didn't, and for hours Ned lay awake, turning it over and over in his mind. It was easy enough to see it as the story of a common falsehood persisted in through some mood of bravado, and each time he thought of it that way he grew angry again. Then, all at once, he would remember the face of Jimmy against the pillar in the moonlight, as though he were being crucified, and give a frustrated sigh.

"Go to sleep!" Celia said once, giving him a vicious nudge.

"I can't, damn it, I can't," he said, and began all over again.

Why had the kid chosen Ryans' as an excuse? Was that merely to put him further astray, or did it really represent some dream of happiness and fulfillment? The latter explanation he rejected as too simple and sentimental, yet he knew quite well that Ryans' house *had* meant something to the boy, even if it was only an alternative to whatever house he had been in and the company he had met there. Ned could remember himself at that age, and how, when he had abandoned himself to something or somebody, an alternative image would appear. The image that had flashed up in Jimmy's mind, the image that was not one of Hogan's house, was Ryans'. But it needed more than that to explain his own feeling of danger. It was as though Jimmy had deliberately challenged him, if he were the man he appeared to be, to struggle with the demon of fantasy in him and destroy it. It was as though not he but Jimmy had been forcing the pace. At the same time, he realized that this was something he would never know. All he ever would know was that somewhere behind it all were despair and loneliness and terror, under the magic of an autumn night. And yet there were sentimental fools who told you that they would wish to be young again.

NEXT morning at breakfast, he was cold and aloof, more from embarrassment than hostility. Jimmy, on the other hand, seemed to be in the highest spirits, helping Celia with the breakfast things, saying "Excuse me, Daddy" as he changed Ned's plate. He pushed the sugar bowl toward Ned and said with a grin, "Daddy likes sugar."

Ned just restrained himself from flinging the bowl at him. "As a matter of fact, I do," he said coldly.

He had done the same sort of thing too often himself. He knew that, with the threat of punishment over his head, Jimmy was scared, as well he might be. It is one thing to be defiant at eleven o'clock at night, another thing altogether to be defiant at eight in the morning.

All day, at intervals, he found himself brooding over it. At lunch he talked to his chief clerk about it, but MacIntyre couldn't advise him. "God, Ned," he said impatiently, "every kid is different. There's no laying down rules. My one told the nuns that her mother was a religious maniac and kicked the statue of the Blessed Virgin around the floor. For God's sake, Ned, imagine Kate kicking a statue around the floor!"



"Difficult, isn't it?" replied Ned with a grin, though to himself he thought complacently that that sort of fantasy was what he would expect from Kate's daughter. Parents so rarely sympathize with one another.

That evening, when he came in, Celia said coolly, "I don't know what you said to Jimmy, but it seems to have worked."

Relief came over Ned like a cold shower. He longed to be able to say something calm like "Oh, good!" or "Glad I could help" or "Any time I can advise you again, just let me know." But he was too honest. He shook his head, still the schoolboy that Celia had loved such a long time ago, and his forehead wrinkled up.

"That's the awful part of it," he said. "I said nothing at all to him. For the first time in my life I didn't know what to say. What the hell could I say?"

"Oh, no doubt you said something and didn't notice it," Celia said confidently. "There's no such thing in business as an out-and-out free gift."

—FRANK O'CONNOR

UNCLE HESS

Wriest of uncles, and most remote, Sam Hess,
Who named your tall daughter for the goddess
Minerva, whom all agreed she resembled
Till her car smashed with her and Olympus crumbled—
You had had enough of deities by then
(With neither of you as young as you had been,
And she some years a widow), for gods had proved
As mortal as anything that could be loved,
And lovable only as they seemed human.
Folks said they'd know that walk of yours in Japan,
But not what you would do next, who provided
A thermometer for the chicken shed
So the hens, if they chose, could read how hot
In the tin shade the latter day had got
And comfort themselves with knowledge. Whereas you deigned
To recognize your family, in the end,
Only on certain days when the air was right,
You were always, while not approachable, polite,
And wore your panama till the hour you died,
For the mad world must be kept mystified
Or it would bite. Canny and neat, whatever
You were was unmistakable, but never
Could be explained. And I wonder whether
Even now you would tell me anything more
Of every kinship than its madness,
If I could ask you, here, under your trees,
By your big house that watches the river still
Turning the cranky wheels of your mill
Before it twists toward Ohio around the bend
As though there were no questions and no end.

—W. S. MERWIN



"It's an authentic Gilbert Stuart, all right, but that's as much as I'm prepared to swear to."

A HAUNTING

IT was a beautiful, clear, starlit Halloween in the village of Blynford. Mrs. Walker, the doctor's widow, stood for a moment in the doorway of her cottage on High Street after seeing off her daughter Helena and her two little grandsons, aged five and seven, draped in sheets to affright the citizenry. Helena, laughing, excited, and haggard, had insisted on wearing a sheet also to be in the spirit of the unholy doings. The three of them trailed their sheets down River Avenue, through the circle of light cast by the lonely street lamp at the corner, and disappeared. Mrs. Walker sighed, envisioning the condition of the sheets on their return, and, sighing, drew a breath of the fresh, dark, chilly air. It smelled and tasted of apples, dead leaves, and wood smoke.

She shut the door and moved back into her own domain. It felt glorious to be alone. She moved about her pretty living room, looking at and even going so far as to touch the beloved possessions that seemed, in the silence, to have become hers again—the delicate Dresden china clock on the mantelpiece, the maple tip-top table, whose surface she had preserved from rings for so many years, the comfortable red corduroy chair beside the fire. Shabby as the chair was, she had not had it recovered, because it spoke so eloquently to her of her dead husband, David Walker.

Now she felt almost as if she could begin again that long, unspoken colloquy with him which had occupied her heart since his death, with an increasing satisfaction and feeling of communion. It was, she had been thinking before Helena's descent upon her, as though nothing one had loved in one's life were ever lost or could die; instead, through love one assimilated the loved one. The removal from her life of Helena and of her son Cole, at the times of their marriages, seemed to have brought her a renewed youth. And after she had recovered from the death of her adored husband, she had begun to feel that she was becoming stronger, braver—more, in fact, like David. It was true that nowadays she actually enjoyed sleeping alone in the house, whereas when David was alive and out on a night call she had always been apprehensive. She only wished she were sleeping alone in the house tonight, even if it *was* Halloween! She had often thought, whimsically and wistfully, that it would be nice to believe in spiritualism; she could not imagine any sight that would be more welcome to her than that of David Walker's darling ghost.

In her circuit of the living room Mrs. Walker suddenly confronted the whiskey bottle, half empty. The sight of it—ugly, redolent of evil—brought back to her the difficulties of her present situation and the problem of what to do about it. Angrily she snatched up the bottle and, going into the dining room, put it away in the cupboard of the sideboard, from which Helena brought it forth every evening before dinner.

From the dining room Mrs. Walker passed into her snug, bright, red-and-white kitchen and attacked the supper dishes. Helena had said she would do them, but Helena, of course, had forgotten. Mrs. Walker scraped and stacked the china, organized the glass, and then began by washing the silver in very hot suds and rinsing it in clear hot water.

The situation in which she had been placed, Mrs. Walker thought, was not fair; it was against nature. More than a month ago, Helena and the children had descended upon Blynford. Mrs. Walker was not surprised at receiving a visit, after hearing of the death, in an automobile accident, of Helena's recently divorced husband, Raymond Proctor—Mrs. Walker always thought of him as "that man." But there were certain alarming signs that Helena intended to make this visit permanent. Mrs. Walker had the feeling that her daughter expected something, some major contribution, from her. What? Mrs. Walker did not feel capable of a major contribution, financial or otherwise, and it was unfair to expect one of her.

She felt capable of the normal thing. She was delighted and joyful to receive a visit from her grandchildren. She was by old ties and shared memories glad to see her daughter, even though, as a daughter, Helena could never have been called a success. But this was all that should be expected, she thought, of a lady approaching the late sixties. Nobody should expect superhuman efforts of her. Her days of struggle were, or ought to be, over. She should not be expected to take on a whole family again on a permanent basis, or even a long-term one. But Helena had spoken lately of future events in Blynford in such a settled tone of voice that Mrs. Walker very much feared she meant to stay.

It was not fair, she repeated to her-



"One more remark like that, lady, and you'll never get to see this show."



"I keep having this dream where people are dropping my name."

• •

self while she rinsed the glasses in piping-hot water and held them up to the light, as she polished them, to see them sparkle. Helena had led a wild, headstrong, rebellious life, defiant of all advice. She had done what she pleased and married whom she pleased, and if now she was, perhaps, sorry, that was for her to come to terms with by herself, surely; she was a woman, thirty-two years old. In any case it was too much to expect an old woman, a grandmother, to turn to and supply a safe and secure haven, if that was what Helena had in mind; Mrs. Walker felt herself to be too old to be a mother except in what one might think of as the emeritus sense. Helena had made her bed—and a mighty strange bed it had been. Now let her lie in it.

The doorbell rang loudly, repeatedly. Mrs. Walker hurried, smiling, to the front door and threw it open.

Out on the doorstep, under the porch light, stood three minute ghosts in sheets and horrible masks. "Oooooh!" they roared menacingly. "Oooooh!"

"Oh dear, I'm so frightened," cried Mrs. Walker, throwing up her hands, at which the small spectres chortled with satisfaction. "Help, help! If I give you some nice cookies, will you go away and leave me safe?"

"*Yes*," replied one of the ghosts in an attempt at sepulchral tones.

A grown-up figure had been hovering about in the shadows outside the circle thrown by the porch light. As small hands came out from under the sheets to snatch greedily at the cookies on the plate that Mrs. Walker took from the hall table and passed, this figure stepped forward and said, "That's enough, children." Mrs. Walker and the grownup exchanged glances, amused, indulgent. The three obedient little spooks turned and, one after the other, went down the front paved walk, sheets trailing. One of them, perhaps impelled by some memory of mortal manners, turned halfway down and called back "Thank you."

"Not at all," Mrs. Walker returned, and shut the door.

When she had finished doing the dishes, she went back into her living room and sat down in David's shabby red chair. She folded her hands in her lap expectantly.

But the colloquy, the communion, would not begin. She was too conscious, she realized, of Helena and the children and their imminent return to feel alone with David. Bless him, *he* was always there, she thought; it was she who was scattered, distracted. He was always there, with his wonderful wisdom, courage, and gentleness; and with his less happy characteristics, too, for since the Doctor's death, Mrs. Walker had realized, with a kind of agony, that she loved him for his weaknesses as well as his strengths—his very restlessness and impatience, and even those qualities that she usually thought of as his appetites.

It came to her as she sat beside the little fire, readjusting the logs with the brass-headed tongs, that Helena was as though compounded of her father's least fortunate traits—she was *all* restlessness and impatience and appetites. Perhaps that was why there had always been that undeniable bond between Helena and her father. David, while deploring her excesses, had always been sympathetic to her, stood up for her, in a way that no woman, Mrs. Walker thought, could do.

Well, the poor child was paying for her recklessness now, Mrs. Walker reflected with a wave of pity. The divorce had been terrible for her, it was plain, and that man's death apparently devastating. Mrs. Walker could feel sorry for her daughter in the wreck of her youth, but she had a strong conviction that that ought to be enough. She began to wonder: If she told Helena that she expected a visit from some friend—Louise Cramer, for instance—would that push Helena into making some plans for herself?

There came another ringing at the door, and another delegation of tiny bogies was properly quailed before and supplied with cookies. Mrs. Walker stood in the doorway a minute watching them depart. Far down High Street shone a wavering beam from the flashlight of some other supernatural band on its nefarious rounds. "Ooooh," she heard her late visitors moaning, far down at Mrs. Townsend's house. The air was as cold and sweet as cider. All manner of small haunts were abroad.

Mrs. Walker returned to the chair beside the fire. Darling, she thought. She often apostrophized her late husband thus, in the course of her daily tasks or when she went to bed at night, and never felt the silence to be unresponsive. She poked the fire, and watched a scarlet coal break off the log and fall into the bed of soft gray ashes. She was beginning at last to feel really

alone. The room began to breathe for her, to be her own shell or casing. Darling, she thought again, confidingly. In a moment they would be together.

The front door burst open and in tumbled the little boys, pulling off their sheets, bright-eyed and flushed in the sudden light of the living room. "Grandma!" they cried. "Grandma! Look at my candy— Look at my cookies—"

Their mother stood leaning against the doorway. For all her excitement earlier at joining in the children's fun, she looked exhausted now—drained. Her face was waxy white against her dark hair. She held the sheet she had worn, crumpled up in her hand. "Boys," she said faintly. "Kiss Grandma good night now. It's long after your bedtime."

It seemed odd, Mrs. Walker thought, to hear Helena being a mother, giving sensible directions; it didn't seem like her. She kissed the cool, sweet faces of her little grandsons and hugged their sturdy, wriggling bodies. She felt, as usual, at cross-purposes with Helena. Why must they go to bed, when they'd just got home? But she knew herself to be, for once, in the wrong. "Do what your mother says," she said weakly. They saw right through her, of course, and clamored for more hugs. Mrs. Walker couldn't help laughing.

"Oh, *please*, boys," Helena said, in such a tone of voice that Mrs. Walker pushed them right away; of course, if she was going to appeal to the children's emotions . . .

It took some time to persuade the rosy, excited little boys up to bed, and no wonder, after their taste of importance: grown-up people quaking in their shoes before them, unaccustomed dainties urged upon them. But at length they had gone upstairs and, except for an occasional squeak, quieted down. Mrs. Walker sat on in her living room. Soon Helena would be down again to fracture its peace.

It was extraordinary, Mrs. Walker reflected, to watch the changes that took place in one's children after they married. This intense, emotional manner of Helena's, for instance—it was the living spit and image of that man's. Often had Mrs. Walker heard him say the most ordinary thing—ask one to hurry and get into a car—in such dramatic style. It was as if, she thought, after one's children left home their bringing up were continued by some other hand, by a stranger. Mrs. Walker sat gazing into the flames and visualizing her son Cole's new ways of saying and doing things—the little lip-twisting mannerism that was exactly his wife Elaine's, the way of pronouncing words like "hard" and "smart" "hord" and "smort." Of course, Cole was mad about Elaine, a red-haired girl from New Rochelle, who called her mother-in-law "Mother Walker."

Well, she reflected, a devoted husband and wife did tend to grow alike. Mrs. Walker smiled to herself, remembering how after her own marriage she had even tried consciously to imitate David. When she answered a telephone call from a patient in his absence—she had tried never to leave the house when David was out on rounds—and the patient stated his intention of calling later, she would reply "Good enough. Good enough," which was straight David Walker. Today, in her old age, there must be literally hundreds of traits—mannerisms, pronunciations, gestures—that once had been David's and were now so incorporated into her that they were bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. One could hardly blame the children, after all, if they took over traits from their marriage partners. But one couldn't blame oneself, either, for not admiring the effect when the traits themselves came from someone one would never have chosen. . . . Not that Elaine wasn't a nice enough girl. . . .



Steps were coming down the stairs, and in a moment Helena appeared round the bend at the landing. She still looked dark, tragic, and difficult. One must be one's most cheerful, one's most positive. One must consider mentioning Louise Cramer. "Well, dear," Mrs. Walker said as her daughter approached the fire, "how did the evening go? Did you cover much territory? The boys seem to have had a high old time. I hope you did."

"Mother," Helena said. "I want to talk to you."

At her manner Mrs. Walker's heart sank.

"Can't it wait, if it's something complicated?" she begged. "After all, you probably don't realize, the evening is well on." Then it occurred to her that perhaps Helena wanted to discuss plans; perhaps Louise Cramer could be brought in. . . . "But go ahead," she finished, "if it's really urgent."

"It's urgent to me," Helena said. She sat down opposite her mother in the other fireside chair. Her face, as her mother looked at it inquiringly, was pale and strained, with a little twitch to the cheek, which Helena had certainly never had before her marriage. "Mother," she said, "I'm haunted."

Mrs. Walker's concern exploded like a pricked balloon.

"My dear child!" she exclaimed. "Are you trying to make a Halloween joke?"

"This isn't any joke," Helena said.

IN DEFENSE OF SUPERFICIALITY

Respect all surfaces. The skater is
Safe until his superficiality
Fails. A bridge, the frailest,
Is better than the abyss. The green earth's pleasant,
Very pleasant, isn't it? Don't dig.
Friendship and love are surfaces. Respect them.

All surfaces are smooth seas, and the ship
Moves to music: the sea is shimmering strings,
The sun strums golden wires, and the wind sings.
All mariners must be dancers to such minstrelsy
Until the prow too curious probes too deep
And music ends and light ends, but the sea
Goes on and on and in the whirlpool's round
The dancers go on dancing without sound.

Accept this final bubble,
From one drowned.

—Elder Olson



"Well, that explains that big hello he gave me yesterday."

• •

She lit a cigarette as if her life depended on it. "Raymond haunts me," she said.

Mrs. Walker leaned back in her chair.

"Well, I suppose that's to be expected," she said. "I suppose one could very well be haunted by the memory of someone one's loved, who perhaps has treated one badly, shall we say—who has died and whom one still loves—"

"I didn't love Raymond," Helena said. Her face was contorted. "I hated him. He tortured me. I hate him now."

"My dear!" said Mrs. Walker.

"I don't care," Helena said. "I hate him. And he isn't dead for me. He haunts me."

"You must be speaking figuratively," Mrs. Walker said. "He is, after all, deceased. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

"Oh, Mother!" Helena said, with something of her old, girlhood manner. "Can't you ever grasp anything disagreeable? Must you always be so inhibited that you can't face facts?"

Mrs. Walker was, as in the old days, offended.

"I don't call imagining one is haunted a fact," she said.

"Suppose you let me tell you," Helena said. "Try to understand what it's like, will you? I've been through such hell."

"My poor child," said Mrs. Walker forgivingly.

"When I say Raymond haunts me," Helena said, "I mean he's *there*. His presence. Specially under cover. I mean, it's when I get under something, inside something, that I find he's there. When I get into bed at night, he's there beside me on the other pillow. He's there all night, under the covers with me."

Mrs. Walker hoped desperately that Helena would not go further in this description, at the same time that she began to entertain the most distressing doubts of her daughter's balance.

"You mean you feel his presence beside you, as, of course, you did for many years," she said.

"I mean I'm not alone," Helena said. "I can't be alone in my own bed, even now he's dead."

"It's nerves," Mrs. Walker declared.

Helena shrugged her shoulders.

"He haunted me tonight," she said. "When I was out there with my own little boys, as soon as I put the sheet over my head Raymond was inside it with me. He's always there. I can't get rid of him."

"I think you ought to see someone—who specializes in nerves," Mrs. Walker said delicately.

"I saw a psychiatrist before I came," Helena said. "He said I ought to take a positive attitude toward Raymond." Mrs. Walker nodded her agreement. "How can I take a positive attitude toward someone who ruined my whole life? I hate him. I've hated him for years."

"Well," said Mrs. Walker, "I do think you're being unreasonable, my dear child. After all, if you'll remember, you *would* marry Raymond Proctor. Everyone warned you against him—his moods, his drinking, his promiscuity. *I* warned you, if you'll recall, over and over. But you would marry him."

"All right," Helena said. "All right, I did. But it didn't take long before I hated him, I can tell you."

"But why did you stay?"

"Mother. You to say that. The children."

"You shouldn't have had children."

"Oh, I shouldn't have done anything!" Helena cried. "But I did."

"You can't wobble about like that, loving somebody one day and hating them the next, no firmness, no character, and expect—"

"Mother!" cried Helena. "I know! But I can't go on this way, never being rid of Raymond when the very thought of him is awful to me. I can't go on having him in my bed at night, under my umbrella, inside an elevator, in the bathroom when I shut the door, under my dress when I lift it over my head. . . . Mother!" Helena cried, throwing herself about in her chair. "Mother, help me!"

Mrs. Walker surveyed her daughter's distraught face, her hunched shoulders, her trembling hands.

"My dear child," she said quietly and earnestly, "I've given years of my life to trying to help you. I used to implore you to put some order into your life, to pick up your room, to do your homework on time instead of in the morning at breakfast, to keep appointments when you made them. I used to beg you," she continued, warming to her theme, "to go around with Ruth Mayor and the Jarvis girls, instead of those jazzy Harrisons. I warned you repeatedly against the wrong kind of man—that Peter Merrill, and the Gillette boy, and all the

others that you collected so assiduously. I warned you, let me repeat, again and again about Raymond Proctor. But did you ever pay any attention to my warnings—did you ever *let* me help you? Well, really, Helena, you must admit you didn't. Ever."

Helena Proctor leaned back in her chair as though spent. Slowly her face darkened. Its look of anguish and appeal turned to a more familiar stubbornness and recalcitrance. She allowed a pause to occur. When she spoke, it was to change the subject.

"I haven't told you about our wanderings tonight," she began, in a tone that, though bitter, had become conversational.

Mrs. Walker was much relieved.

"No, you haven't," she responded. "Do."

"We went down River Avenue ringing doorbells and tapping at windows," Helena said. "Then we turned in to Elm Street and went to all the houses as far as the millstream. Under our sheets," she added, and paused. "Almost everybody had treats for the children. Old Man Perkins just growled, though, and said 'Go away.' "

"He would," Mrs. Walker said, interestedly.

"Then we cut down the Long Farm Road to where it joins onto Harvest Street," Helena said.

"But there aren't any houses that way," Mrs. Walker objected.

"No. But we tapped on the windows of the Long Farm. The Widow Elkins came and gave the boys some marshmallows."

"That was nice of her," Mrs. Walker said coldly. "It must have been dark up her lane, hard to find the house. I understand she economizes on electricity."

"It wasn't hard for me," Helena said. "I used to spend so much time there as a child. Waiting outside in the car, for hours, when I used to go along with Daddy on his rounds."

There was a silence.

Terribly as she needed to be alone, Mrs. Walker refused to be the first to get up and leave the room. However, after a short pause Helena rose.

"I think I'll go to my downy couch," she said.

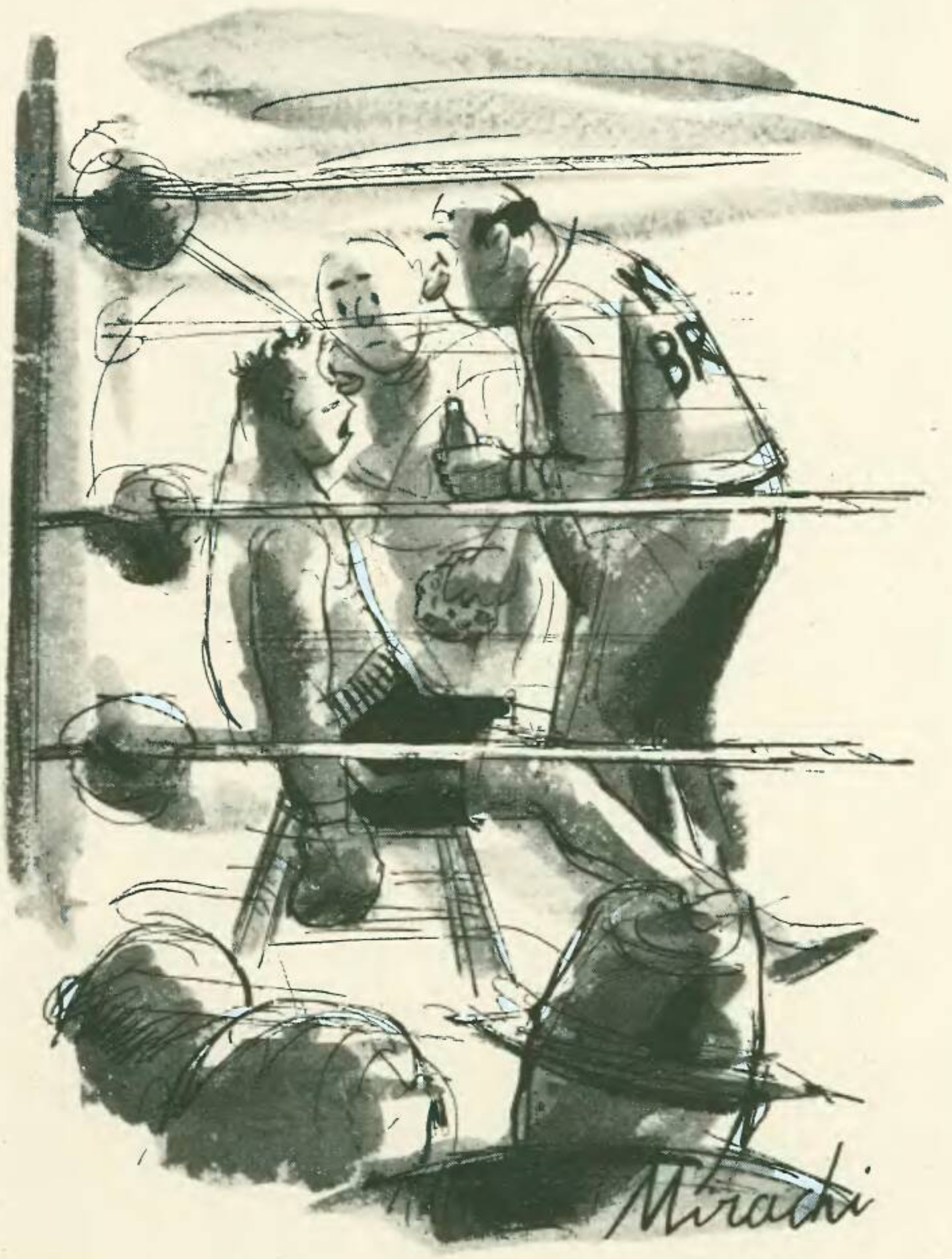
"Must you, dear?" Mrs. Walker murmured. "I hope you get a good rest. Try," she said, rallying, "to forget all these dreadful imaginings, try to forget the past, get a good sleep and start life afresh tomorrow. I always do," she said.

"Yes, Mother," Helena said. She got up from her deep chair, looked, as though blindly, about the charmingly furnished old room, and walked over to the staircase. As she went, Mrs. Walker, even in her agony, could not but notice how her daughter walked, with a gait vividly reminiscent of that man—the little way of throwing one shoulder forward as she stepped.

Helena turned just before she reached the stairs. "I think I'll take along some support," she said, going into the dining room. Mrs. Walker heard the cupboard door open and close. "And Baby makes three," Helena remarked, returning.

She went to the stairs and began to climb them as her mother watched. Tall, dark, pale, showing the ruins of her young girlhood's beauty, she seemed, her mother thought—with her whiskey bottle cradled against her hip and her head full of superstitious ravings—as though she were bent on destroying herself.

Mrs. Walker leaned to bury the remains of the fire in the soft gray ashes. She needed desperately to get to her own room. There was so much of the work of love to be done before she could recover from this night's shock. But that it could be done she had no doubt. Love was stronger than anything; even than the cruel damage of the appetites. Darling, she whispered in her mind, as she prepared to mount the stairs and join her husband. —NANCY HALE



"I'm beginning to think it's more than just good boxing. He's showing signs of genuine hostility."

•

"This venture . . . is a non-profit organization and I am sure we can make money."—*A football official quoted in the Montreal Gazette.*

Yeah, but can you make it hand over fist?

PROFILES

THE VOCAL MISSION—I

ON the evening of September 3, 1949, I attended a performance of Verdi's "Aïda" put on by the Vienna State Opera at the Theater an der Wien, and thus happened to hear the European début of a twenty-nine-year-old American singer whose name was practically unknown in Europe and very little better known in the United States. He had the role of Amonasro, King of the Ethiopians. A tall, imposing figure who strode across the stage in formidable style and used powerful and commanding gestures, this Amonasro quickly established himself as a definite personality. I well remember the collective gasp that went through the crowded auditorium as he finished singing "Suo padre!," in a beautifully resonant bass baritone with a highly individual timbre. When the lights went on at the end of the second act, in which Amonasro first appears, there was a flutter of programs as the audience hastened to look up the name of this unheralded new King of the Ethiopians. There it was—George London. After the third act, during which Amonasro is seen for the last time, Set Svanholm, who was singing the part of Radames that evening, pushed London out from the wings to take a solo bow, and the response of the opera-loving Viennese made it clear that in this man who could act as well as sing they had found a new star, whom they would long remember.

Self-assured and competent though London was onstage that evening, it seemed to me that now and then he narrowly avoided colliding with one or another member of the chorus. I didn't think much about it at the time, assuming that he was simply the victim of an inadequate rehearsal schedule—a not unheard-of weakness in Viennese opera companies. My surmise, it presently developed, barely scratched the surface of the actual situation. For one thing, it was not a question of an inadequate number of rehearsals; there had been no rehearsal at all. For another—and this is still a source of amazement in opera circles—London had never before sung the part of Amonasro, in *any* rehearsal or performance of the opera. The fact that he was so hair-raisingly unprepared, I learned later, was not entirely the fault of the management. After auditioning him, Franz Salmhofer, then the company's director, had asked offhandedly, "You've sung Amonasro, of course?," and London, reluctant to risk blowing his big opportunity by admitting that he had not, hesitated momentarily. "Fine," Salmhofer hurried on, taking the singer's silence to mean that naturally he had, just like any other experienced bass baritone. "Then you'll make your début in 'Aïda.'" The other members of the company had appeared together in "Aïda" many times, and so, what with one thing and another, there were no rehearsals, and London went on cold. "Only a *Lausbub* with American nerve could have done it," one of the cast assured him afterward.



George London

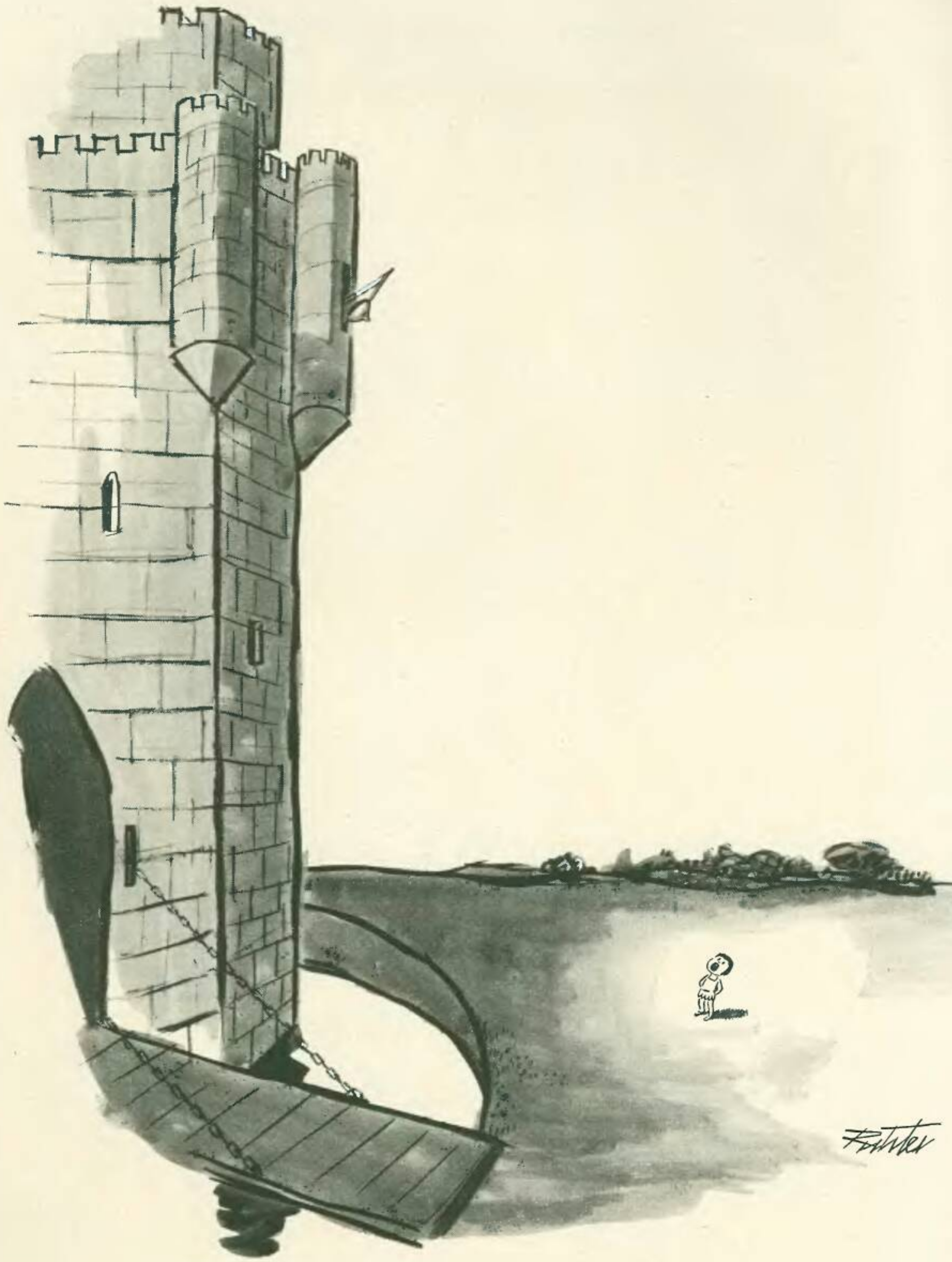
This haphazard European début was typical of the seemingly casual way in which London, who is scheduled to begin his sixth consecutive season at the Metropolitan Opera House next week, rose to fame as an opera singer. His way to the top, while neither especially short nor exactly easy, was rather unusual in its lack of singleness of purpose, particularly when compared with the slow, difficult, and dedicated struggle that opera singers traditionally go through. It was only six months before his Vienna début that he had decided to go to Europe to make a career for himself in grand opera—a decision he had reached after more than a decade of beating around the United States, Canada, and Mexico in a heterogeneous assortment of singing jobs, mostly unimpressive. Among other things, he had done a song-and-tap-dance routine in a touring-company presentation of a Los Angeles revue called "Meet the People;" trouped around the country with an ice show; appeared for a season as leading man of an operetta repertory company in Vancouver; sung in a California production of "The Desert Song" that had a brief run in New York; and spent two itinerant, rollicking seasons as a member of a vocal threesome known as the Bel Canto Trio. It was not until 1948, the year before he reached Vienna, that he gave his first solo recital—in Estherville, Iowa, where a respectable percentage of the town's six thousand seven hundred and nineteen inhabitants turned out to hear him.

During this period, London had studied singing under a number of teachers, but only on the now-and-then basis made mandatory by the peripatetic nature of his engagements and by the limited amount of money he was able to save up from them; no hint of a scholarship from some foundation—nowadays considered almost the birthright of any really promising young American artist—had ever come his way. Yet instantly, in Vienna, a knowing city where opera is concerned, he achieved a standing that many aspiring singers have spent a lifetime merely dreaming of.

FOR a while, on finding himself the new favorite of Vienna's opera lovers—who by no means hold it against a young singer if, in addition to having a remarkable voice, he happens to be romantically handsome and dashing—London gave every appearance of making the most of it, and of being something less than consecrated to the art that had carried him so far. Appearances can be deceptive, though, and people who knew him well in those days now believe that they were seeing just one side of a dual personality, in which, some of them maintain, the introspective pessimism of a Russian-Jewish ancestry is constantly at odds with the optimism of a California extrovert. Whatever its origins, there is no doubt about the duality, which, while it has not made life in general any easier for him, has proved an asset to him on the stage, since he has been able to transfer it successfully to the characters he portrays—notably Don Giovanni, in Mozart's opera, whom he makes equally convincing as a lighthearted seducer and a Faustian sinner driven to perdition by his desires.

None of this internal strife was apparent to the Viennese public, who, in the weeks and months following London's début, saw him, offstage, only in his blithe and carefree aspect. Black-haired and standing a conspicuous six feet two, he has a long, lean face with a high forehead, prominent cheekbones, a

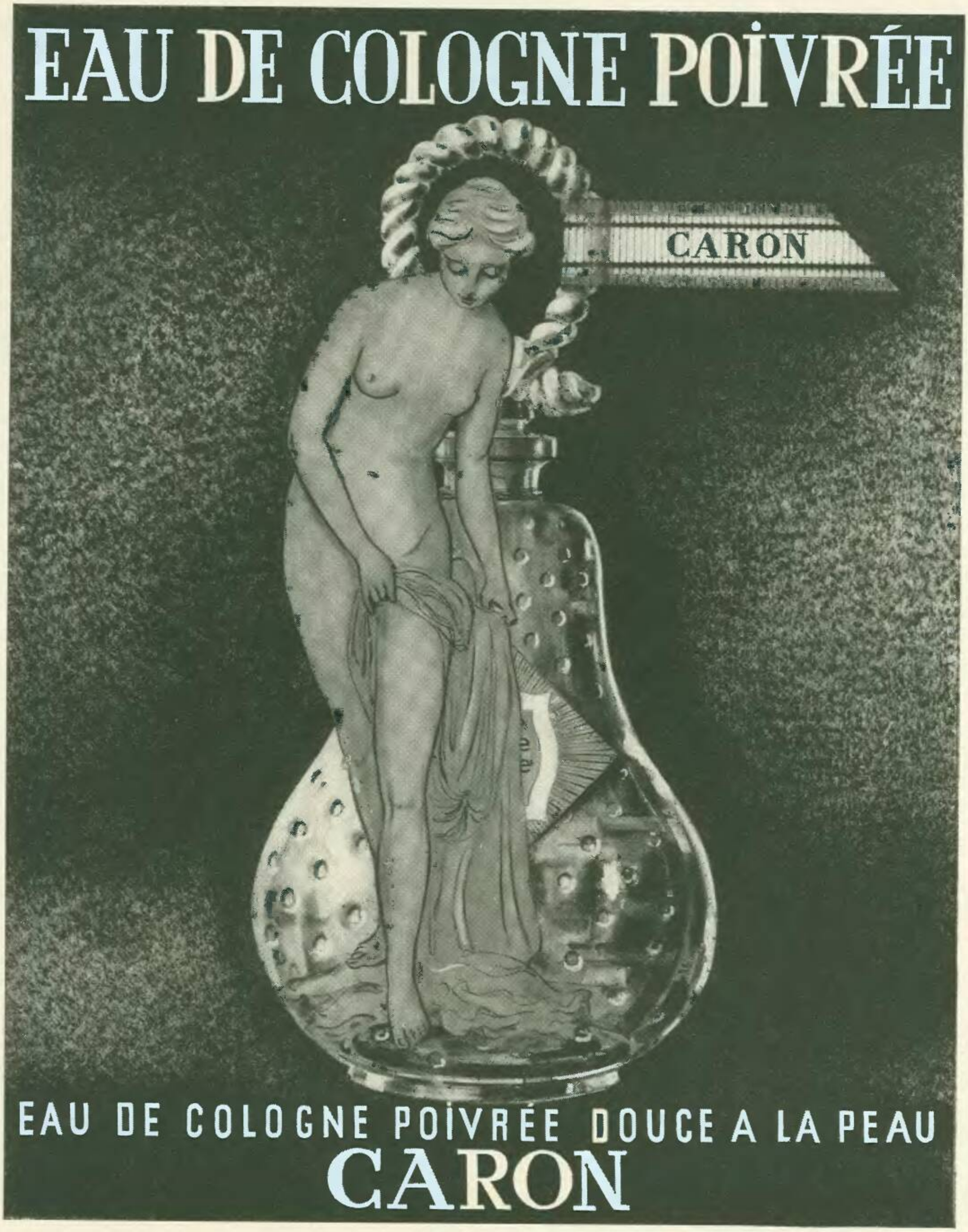
straight nose, and a full mouth, and he soon became a familiar sight as he tooled around town in a sporty light-gray Porsche. Finding it troublesome to fit his long legs under the wheel, he presently exchanged this car for a sky-blue Austin-Healey; this, in turn, was succeeded by a black Jaguar; and then came a cream-colored Mercedes-Benz 190SL. Somehow, as in the television commercials, an alluring young lady seemed to be a built-in accessory of each of these cars; at least, the idea was current in Vienna that when London traded in a car the young lady went with it and he got another with the new one. When he was billed at the Theater an der Wien, a special "London audience" would show up, consisting of attractive postgraduate bobby-soxers. But women of all ages were drawn to him, and while the younger ones carried on about "Georgie," the older ones sent him yards of still-warm *Apfelstrudel*—a delicacy that, in a thoughtless moment, he had publicly announced he was fond of. If, in that city where opera singers are demigods, he parked his car in a restricted area, he would not get a ticket but the policeman on the beat would—to the next London performance. Waiters in restaurants would recognize him and bring him extra-large portions, admonishing him to eat every last scrap, so he would have the strength to sing at his best. And, as proof positive that London had arrived, his fans banded together in the George London Music Club to pay him organized homage.



"Can Hubert come out and play?"

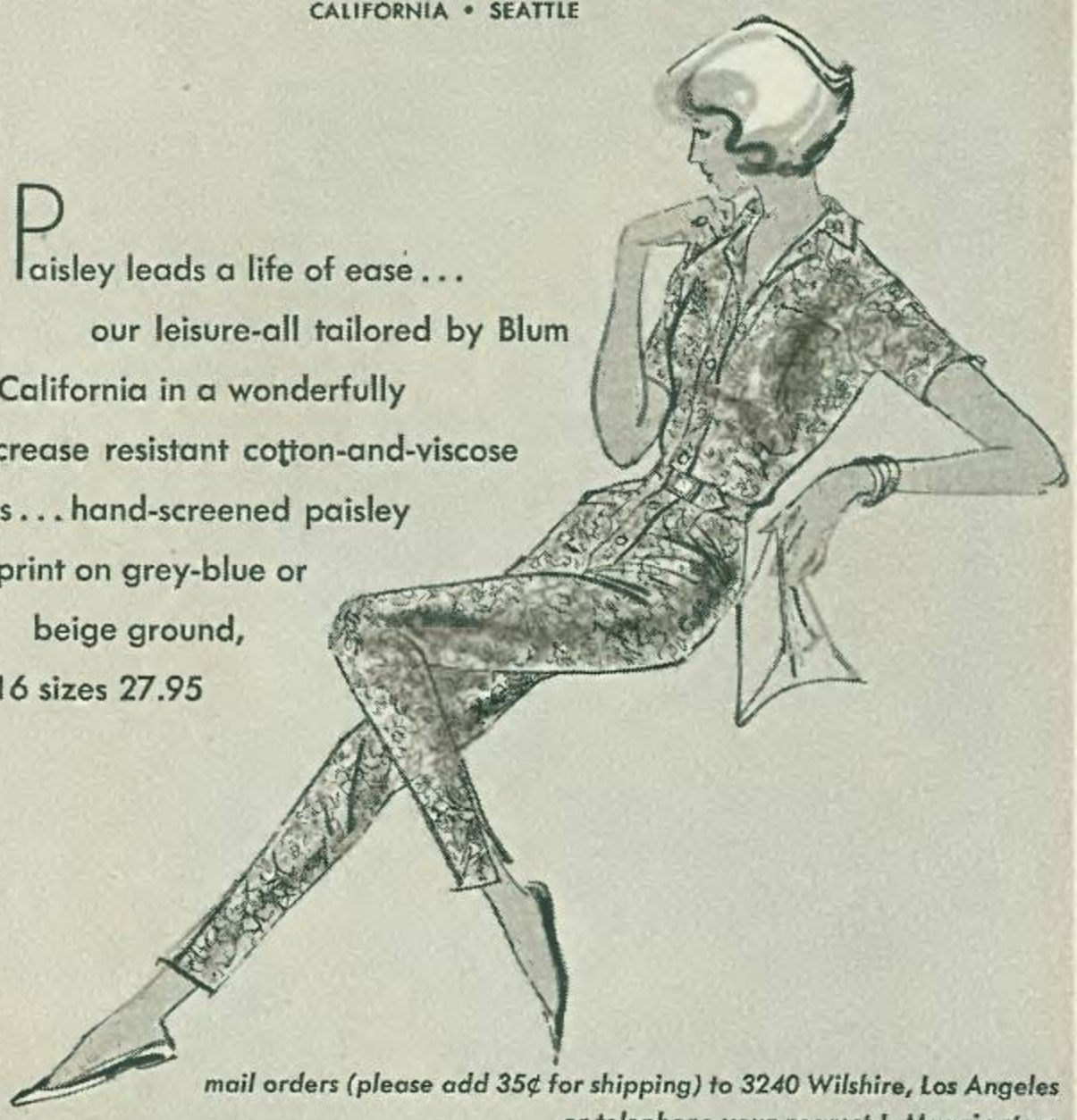
• •

In those days, London, alternately cocky and abject, exuberant and depressed, frequently exasperated his leisure-hour companions, but when he was working, he was consistently modest and disciplined—altogether a different sort of man—and his colleagues in the State Opera soon began to understand how he could have come so far and so fast. In a profession that has more than its share of artists given to displays of egomania and other irritating forms of temperament, he stood out as a dependable and considerate performer, and quickly came to be respected for his punctuality in showing up at rehearsals and for his almost courtly manners. (One impressionable diva has said they reminded her of the Rhett Butler she had seen on the screen.) He was, however, given to startling swaggering tenors and bird-brained sopranos with what came to be known among the members of the company as "London ideas." One pet London idea was—and still is—that opera singers have a mission in life, and he would earnestly lecture them more or less as follows:


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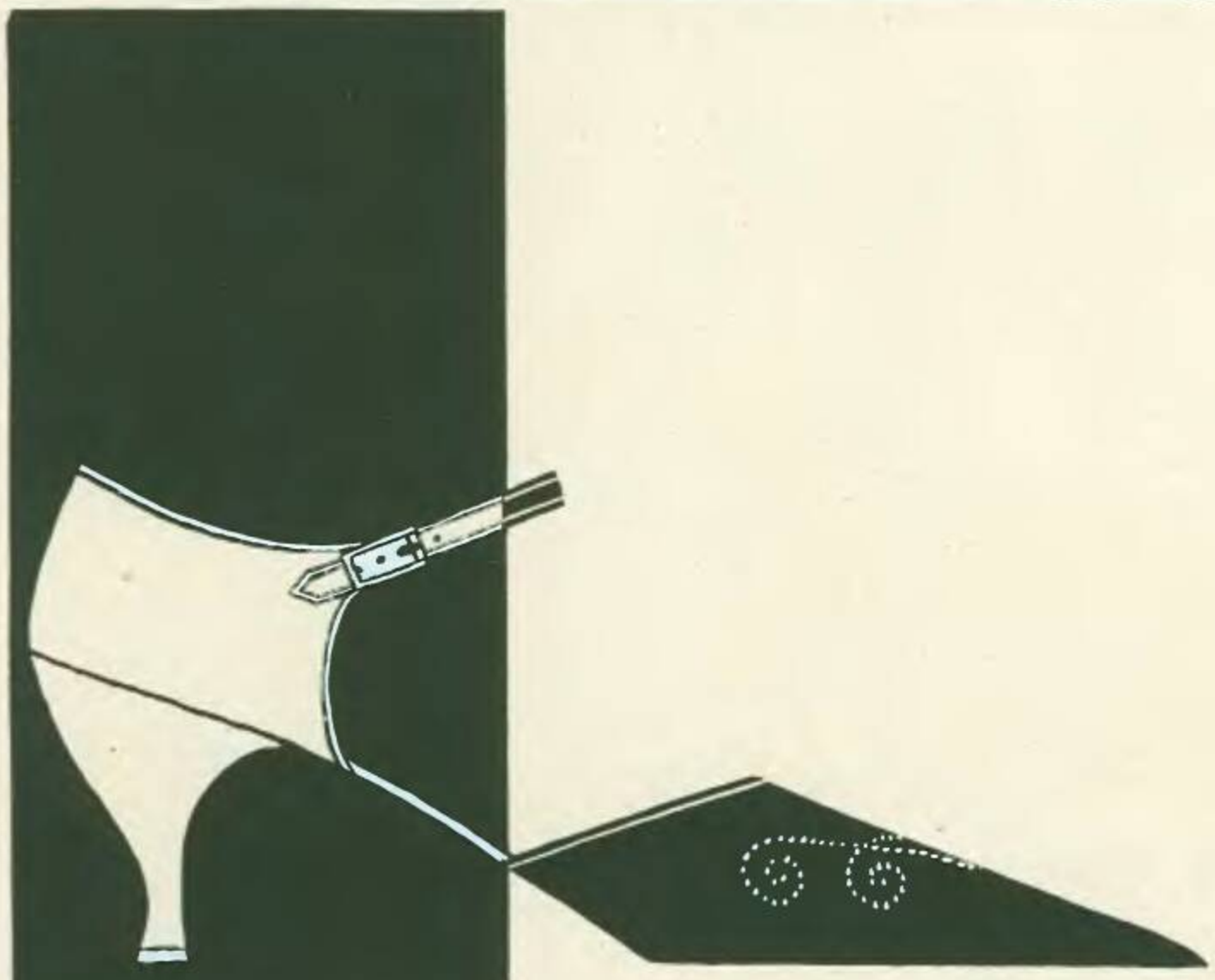
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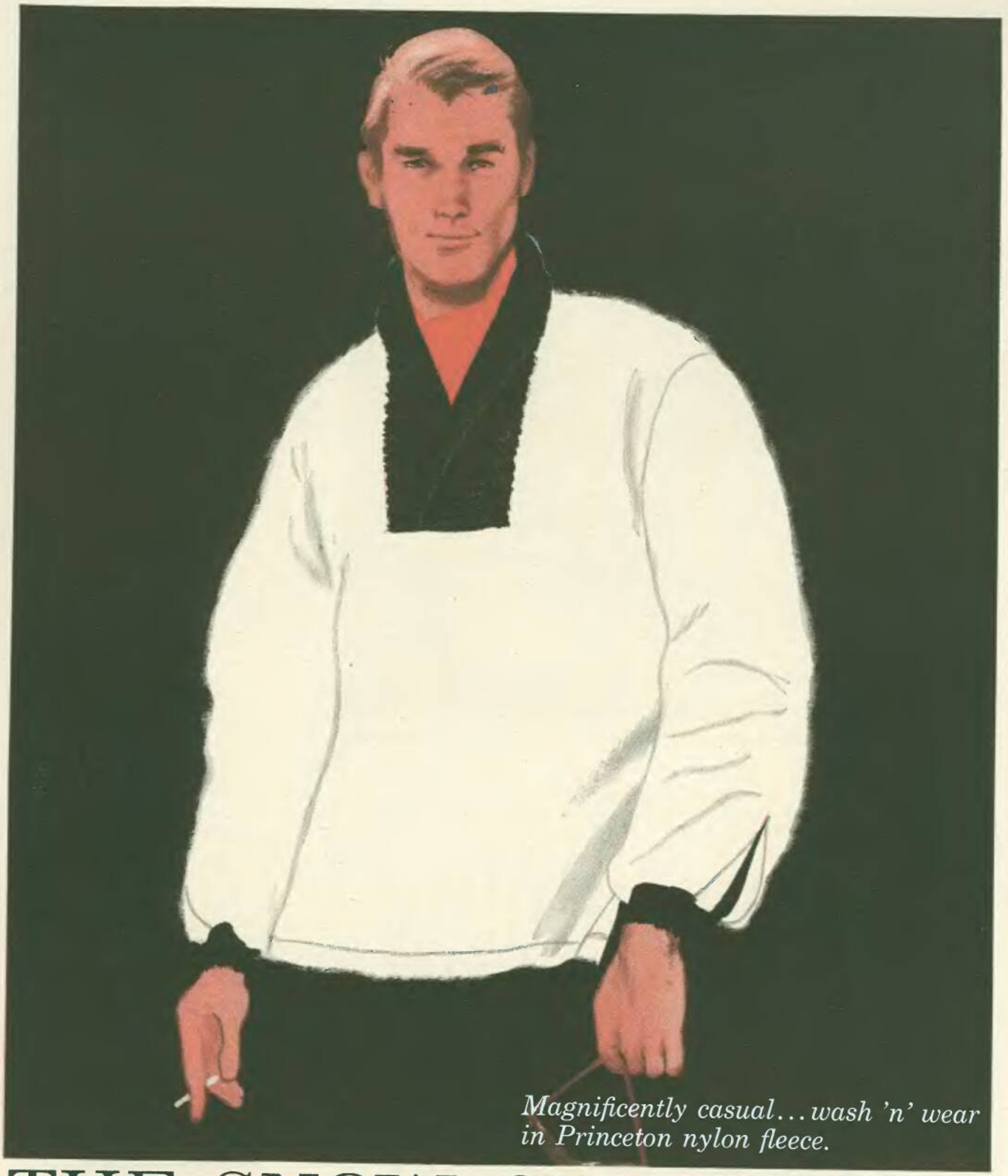


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Notwithstanding such setbacks, which are as frequent as might be expected, London's idealism has grown during the eight years since that first memorable season in Vienna. He seldom indulges in the conventional opera chitchat having to do with the comparative standings of singers in terms of applause and money and notices, but, instead, talks interminably about style, technique, and the future of the operatic art. He is as popular as ever in Vienna—indeed, he is one of only three or four members of the State Opera whose names on the program automatically sell out the house—but the city does not see nearly as much of him these days, for he now belongs to that tiny group of internationally celebrated singers who, in signing up for a season, are privileged to pick and choose among all the opera companies in the world—Milan's La Scala, New York's Metropolitan, and Bayreuth's and Salzburg's festivals, to mention a few of the greatest. Not long ago, he notified Wieland Wagner, a grandson of Richard Wagner and a co-owner, with his brother Wolfgang, of the Bayreuth Festspielhaus, that, owing to other engagements, he would be unable to sing there next summer, and Wieland replied, with truly Wagnerian portentousness, "Bayreuth can fulfill the great task left to it by a genius only when the few who are appointed by destiny for Richard Wagner's work will fulfill their duty. Bayreuth stands and falls with these few. You are one of the few blessed with the gifts to represent the characters of Wagner's work vocally, intellectually, and spiritually." In



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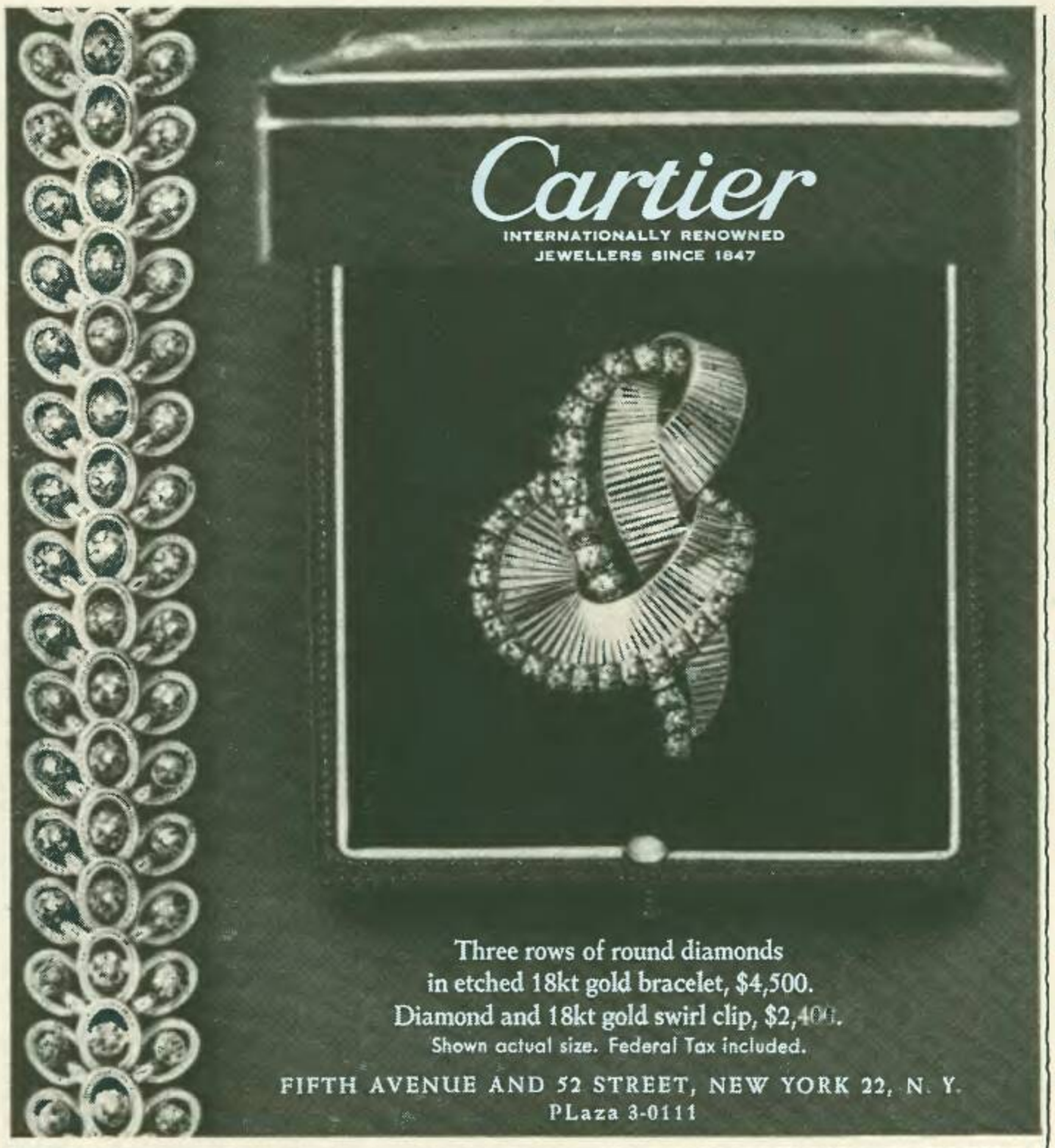
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his references to destiny and fulfilling duties, Wagner showed himself well aware of the chink in London's armor. London, however, reluctantly stood firm.

ONE engagement on London's already crowded schedule for next summer is an appearance in "Don Giovanni," with an all-Canadian cast, in Vancouver, the scene of his early celebrity as an operetta star. While he probably would not let this engagement alone keep him from Bayreuth, it is perhaps significant that he accepted it in the first place. In doing so, he almost certainly was motivated not by a desire to impress the city with his rise to a prestige beyond anything its repertory company could give him, but, rather, by a strong and abiding feeling he has for Canada, where he spent the first fifteen years of his life. He was born in Montreal on May 30, 1920, the only child of a couple who had emigrated from Russia to New York twelve years before. After spending some time here and becoming United States citizens (the wife, a fervent opera devotee, queued up regularly during the season for standing room at the Metropolitan), the pair moved on to Montreal, where the husband got into the millinery business, and before long was doing well. The family name was Burnstein, which George discarded in his early twenties, soon after he began thinking of a stage career; he switched to London, he says, because he liked the novels of Jack London and thought the name would be easy to remember.

London feels that he owes his interest in singing to his mother. During the years in Montreal, he recalls, her two most highly prized possessions were a Victrola and a collection of operatic records, and she employed them ceaselessly as a source of both entertainment and instruction. His earliest recollection of a singing voice is of Enrico Caruso's, and he remembers sitting for hours listening to the records of the great Italian tenor, who has been his idol ever since. Ice hockey is a big thing in Montreal, and George was proud when he landed a berth on his elementary school's team, but in 1931, when the Metropolitan began broadcasting its Saturday-afternoon performances, he braved his teammates' censure and dropped out, in order to stay close to the family radio. He was already a confirmed Wagnerian, and, to him, following the adventures of the gods and giants of the Ring cycle was far more enthralling than chasing a puck over

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the ice. Three years later, his voice changed to a low baritone, and he began imitating the gods and giants. "At fifteen, I became a prominent shower-bath baritone," he says. "I did everything wrong, I'm sure, and must have exaggerated atrociously. I had no high notes, no range, no pianissimo, no resonance, and my voice was heavy and cumbersome. But either I didn't realize all that or it didn't bother me. I just went on singing."

The depression, combined with the vogue for going hatless, had a disastrous effect on Montreal's milliners, and in 1935 the Burnsteins moved to Los Angeles, where Mr. Burnstein tried a number of other businesses, none of which was a marked success. He and Mrs. Burnstein live there still. George, a thin and hollow-chested lad who had been bedevilled every spring by hay fever (and still is), enrolled in the Hollywood High School, and soon his classmates were marvelling that anyone with his frail physique could possess such a deep and powerful voice—a voice he needed but slight urging to demonstrate. It earned him a place in the school glee club, but he was never even considered for a solo. Looking back on his high-school days, London feels that their high spot had nothing to do with singing but, rather, with Lana Turner, a dazzling fellow-student, who for a brief spell monopolized his mind and time. It was a one-sided passion; Miss Turner, who was then a devastating brunette, may not have noticed it, but for a couple of weeks the same peaked youngster occupied the seat beside her every afternoon when she sat sipping a soda in the ice-cream parlor at Sunset Boulevard and Highland Avenue, where she was eventually discovered by a movie talent scout. "I'd just sit and goggle at her," London says. "There was nothing else I could do. What would have been the use of asking her for a date? I was a skinny kid with no money. I didn't even have a jalopy, and anyone who's ever been in L.A. knows what that means." The frustrated suitor set about earning some money by delivering orders for the Golden Poppy Fruit Market, but by the time he had accumulated enough to be able to pick up Miss Turner's soda check without blanching, he found he no longer cared. His association with the Golden Poppy was the only non-singing job he has ever had.

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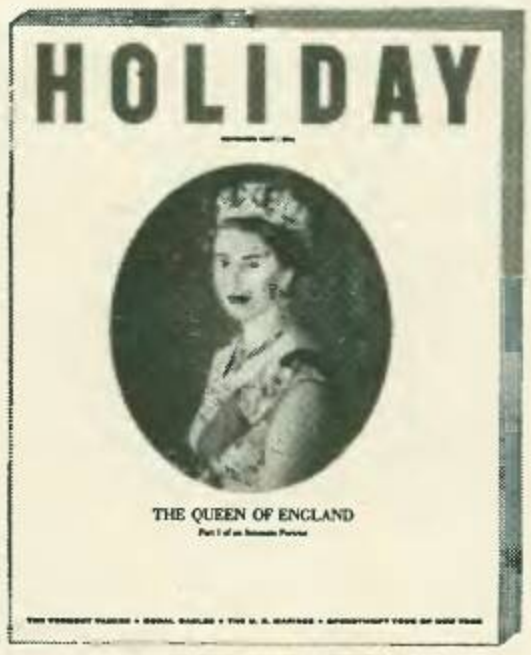


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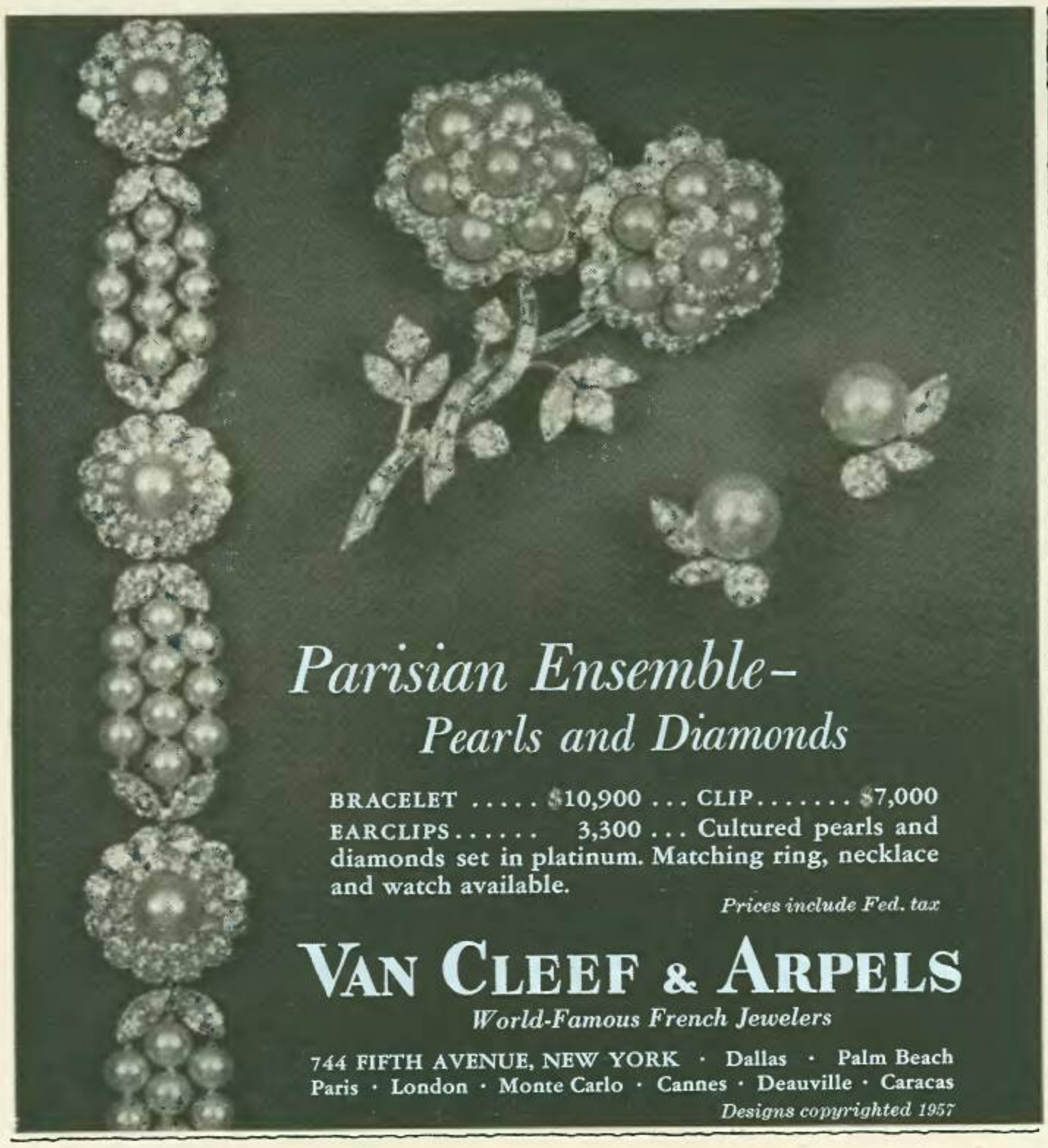
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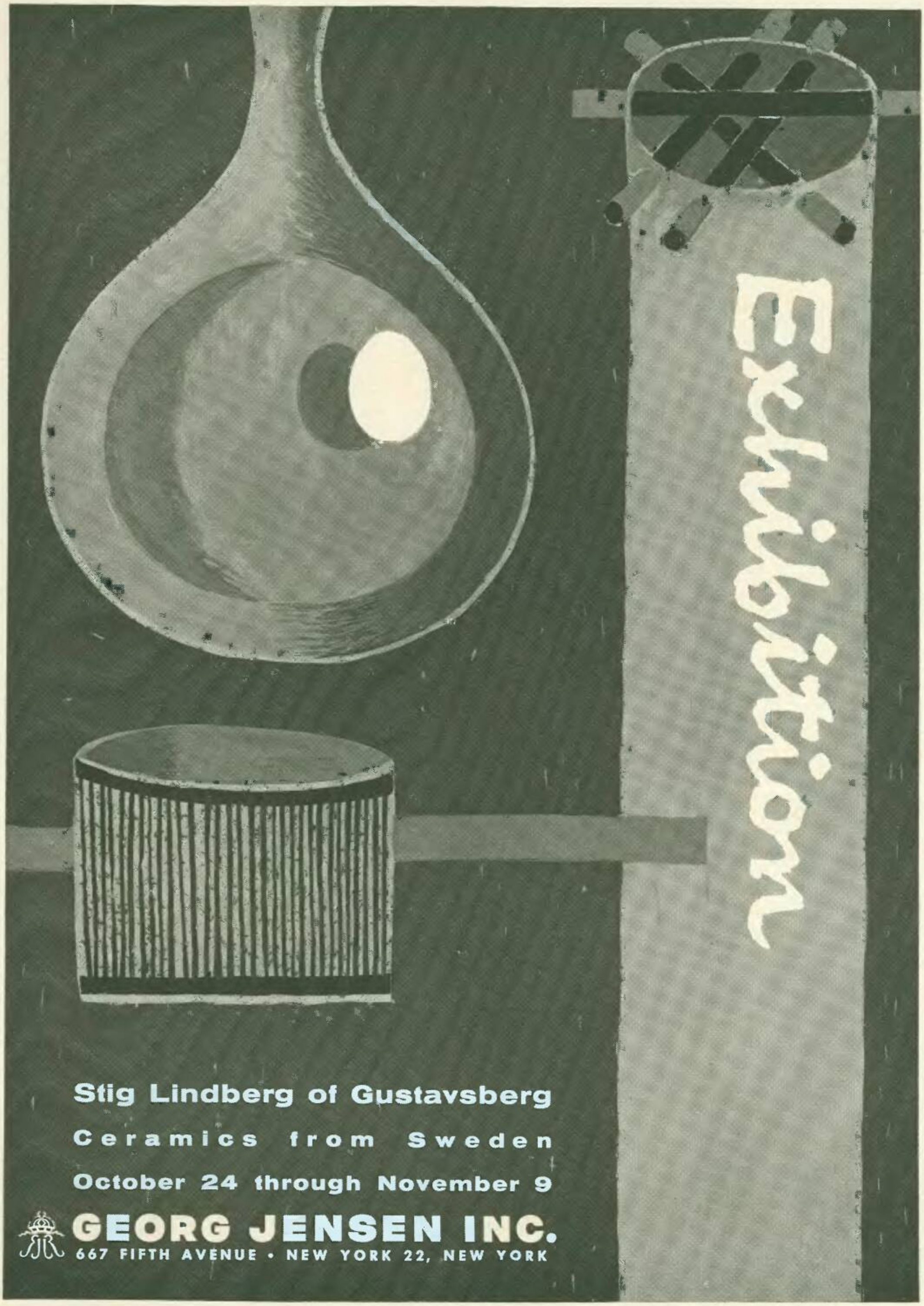
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early years of the silent films—dropped in for a visit, and George gaily shouted a leitmotiv at her. "My!" she cried, above the tumult. "That boy's got quite a voice, hasn't he?" When the room was quiet again, she told Mrs. Burnstein that she thought George might benefit from singing lessons. Come to think of it, she went on persuasively, she had a friend who was a singing teacher, and a good one. So, a few weeks later, George began taking singing lessons. Then, in the fall of 1937, after finishing high school, he signed up for a course in the opera department of the Los Angeles City College. The head of the department was Hugo Strelitzer, who had once been a prominent choral director in Berlin, and Strelitzer gave him a solid understanding of musical theory and vocal style, analyzed Schubert lieder for him, guided him through a series of small operatic parts, and advised him to sing, sing, sing, and just keep on singing. It was during this year, as London recalls it, that he began to think vaguely of becoming a professional singer of some sort. While studying with Strelitzer, London made a recording of Vincent Youmans' "Without a Song," which he plays back now and then. The youthful voice sounds undeveloped, of course, but other singers who have listened to it have remarked that the unmistakable London timbre is already there. In 1938, while he was still in college, London got a ninety-four-dollar-a-month job in the chorus of a Los Angeles opera company financed by the government as a W.P.A. project. He prefers not to dwell on the quality of the productions that this outfit put on, or of his own contributions to them, but he has a warm spot in his heart for the long defunct W.P.A. opera, because it not only obliged him to sing every day but served as a gateway to the art form in which, after many upsets and detours, he ultimately landed on his feet. In his first appearance with the W.P.A.—which, except for his static participation in glee-club tableaux, was his first appearance on any stage—he traipsed across the boards as a member of the *carabinieri* following the church procession in "Cavalleria Rusticana," and then and there fell under the spell of the theatre. In 1939, he made the transition to private enterprise by winning a job in the chorus of a production of Kálmán's operetta "Countess Maritza," in downtown Los Angeles, and when he was informed that he would be paid thirty-five dollars a week, he felt that he had arrived. The management then offered him an extra five


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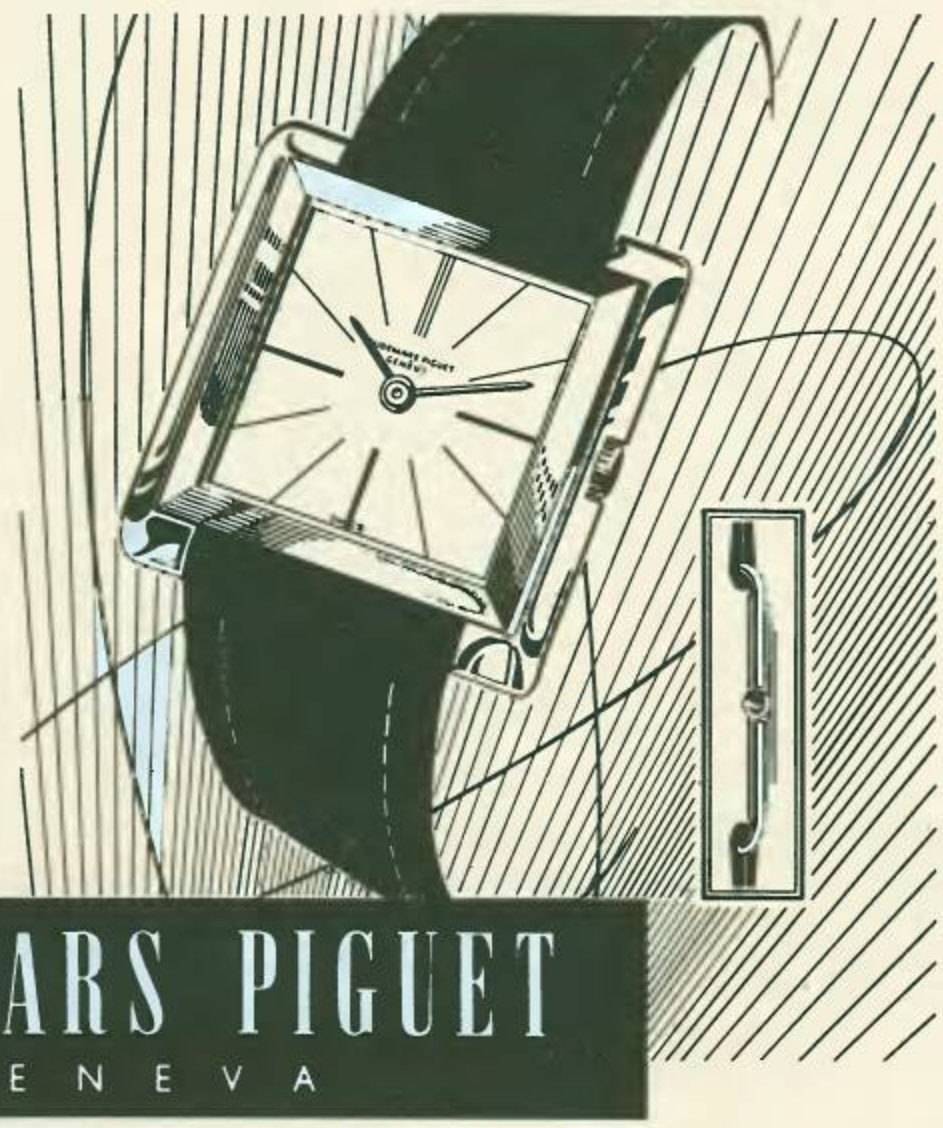


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dollars a week if he would wear tails, with the stipulation that he must provide them himself, so as soon as he had saved up forty dollars from his salary he bought himself a second-hand dress suit. It proved to be a sound investment. The show ran for eight more weeks, thereby reimbursing him for his outlay, and he wore the tailcoat in sundry theatrical enterprises over the next five years, until it finally disintegrated.

After "Countess Maritza" closed, London, still in Los Angeles, studied for a while under Nathan Stewart, an American baritone who, London says, has the most impressive top voice of any baritone he has ever known. Stewart, among other things, made it clear to London that, far from being a youthful prodigy—which was what some of the Burnsteins' friends had been calling him—he was at least nine parts youth to one part prodigy. In this, Stewart got strong support from Mrs. Burnstein, who was always her son's sternest critic during his formative years; although she is devoted to him as her only child, she has never taken a "my Georgie" attitude toward him as a singer. While London was studying with Stewart, he gave his voice additional workouts by singing on Friday nights and Saturdays in the Wilshire Boulevard Temple, a synagogue, and on Sundays at the Immanuel Presbyterian Church, several blocks away. His mother invariably went along to hear him, and when her practiced ear told her that he had sung badly, she, in turn, emphatically told him so.

IN 1940, Los Angeles responded so enthusiastically to the revue "Meet the People" that its producers were inspired to organize a road company of the show to tour the country, with New York as its final destination. Hoping to get a part with the second company, London went to see the show and was much taken with a scene, based on "The Grapes of Wrath," in which the young Tom Joad sang a mournful ditty entitled "There's No Lookin' Back." After learning to sing the number himself, he went around to the theatre where the road company was being assembled and rehearsed, and asked for an audition. He was told to "hang around," which he patiently did, though nobody paid any further attention to him for several days—in fact, not until the night before the new company, its cast complete, was to leave for San Francisco, the first stop on its schedule. Shortly after midnight, Henry Myers, one of the producers of the show, am-

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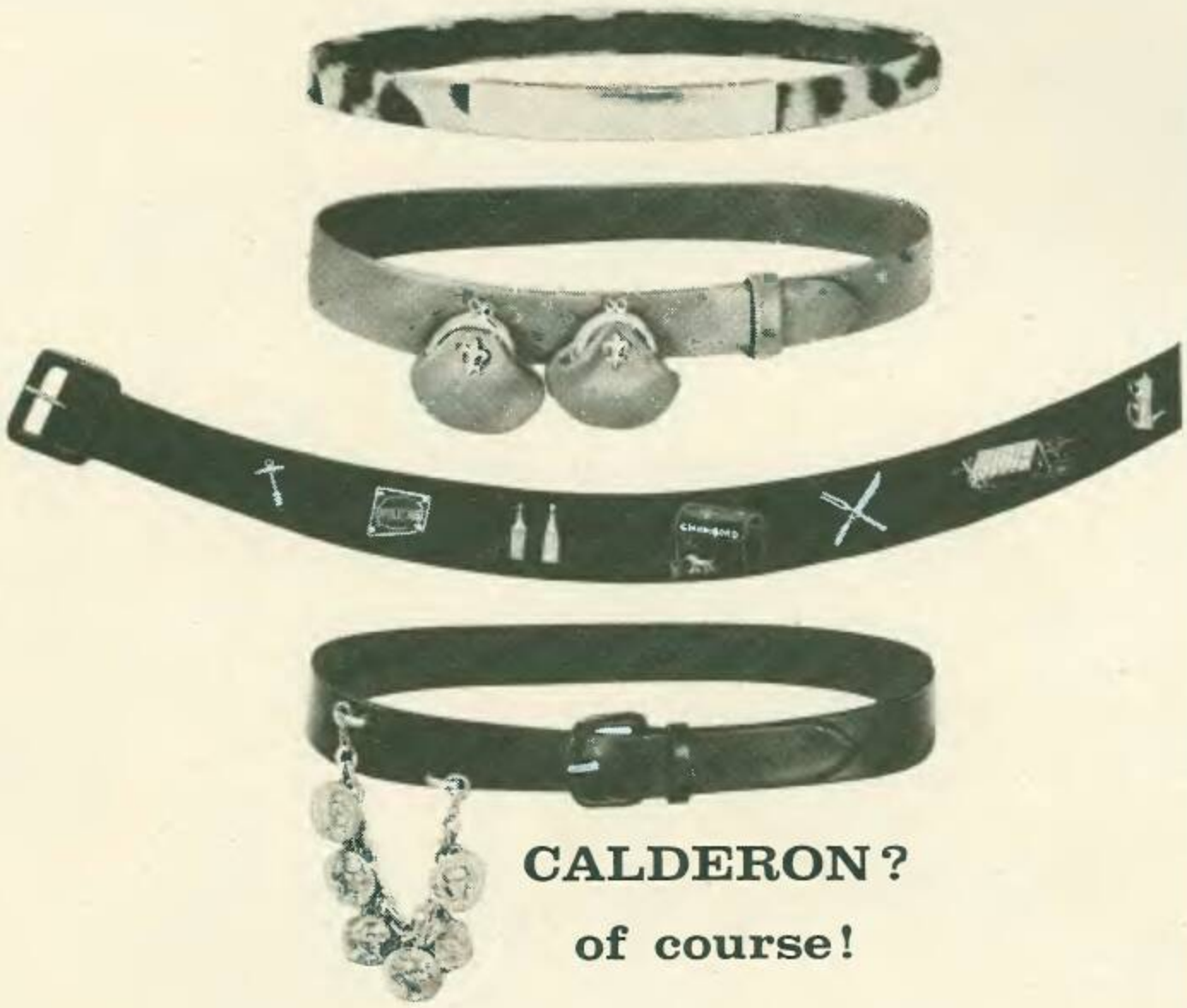
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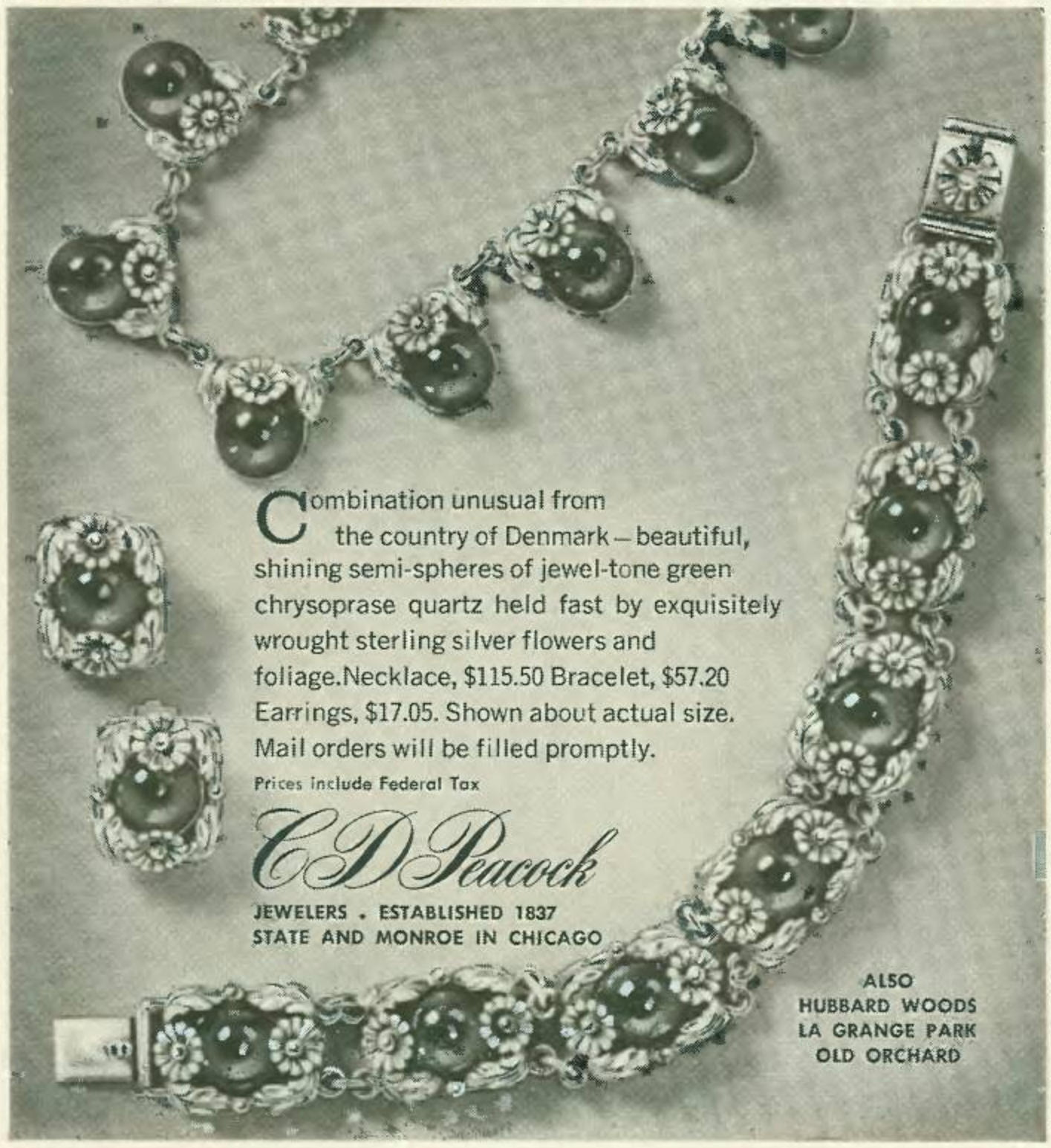
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bled up the aisle and, coming upon London, asked him what he was doing there. London replied that he was doing what he had been told to—hanging around to get an audition. Myers could hardly help admiring such tenacity, and, taking pity on the forlorn, scraggly youth sitting alone in the dimly lit auditorium, he rounded up his co-producers to hear him sing. "Here I was, at twelve-thirty in the morning, trying to impress half a dozen tough guys who were sick and tired of singers, and were through casting anyway," London recalled the other day. "I must have really put everything I had into 'There's No Lookin' Back.' At least, when I finished, they applauded. Then I sang 'Ol' Man River,' and, if I do say so, they went wild. Seven hours later, I was on the train to San Francisco, engaged to sing a couple of songs and do a little tap-dancing. My name wasn't on the program, but the critics there singled out my act and praised me anonymously."

In addition to appearing in his act, London served as a member of the company's chorus. He makes no apologies for his past adventures in the world of popular entertainment, and, as a matter of fact, he might have been happy to remain a part of that world if any real breaks had come his way in it. Not one to look down on Broadway from the eminence of Fortieth Street, he thinks the best of its tunes are superior to the music in most contemporary operas, and he recently took pleasure in recording selections from "Oklahoma!," "Carousel," "South Pacific," "Brigadoon," "Show Boat," and "My Fair Lady," along with two songs that are special favorites of his—Jerome Kern's "All the Things You Are" and Kurt Weill's "September Song." "Maybe the Broadway composers haven't mastered counterpoint," he remarked at the time, "but they have something to say, and in my opinion that's preferable to cerebral compositions wholly lacking in inspiration. What's more, the Broadway composers have a real public."

In Chicago, shortly before "Meet the People" was due to open on Broadway, the show was badly panned by the *Tribune* as leftish and amateurish. The producers got panicky and decided to "streamline" the production, stressing professional finish and playing down what many people had liked most about it—an element of unsophisticated charm. London, as an added starter whose more or less impromptu act made no pretensions to professional finish, was fired. Instead of returning home, how-



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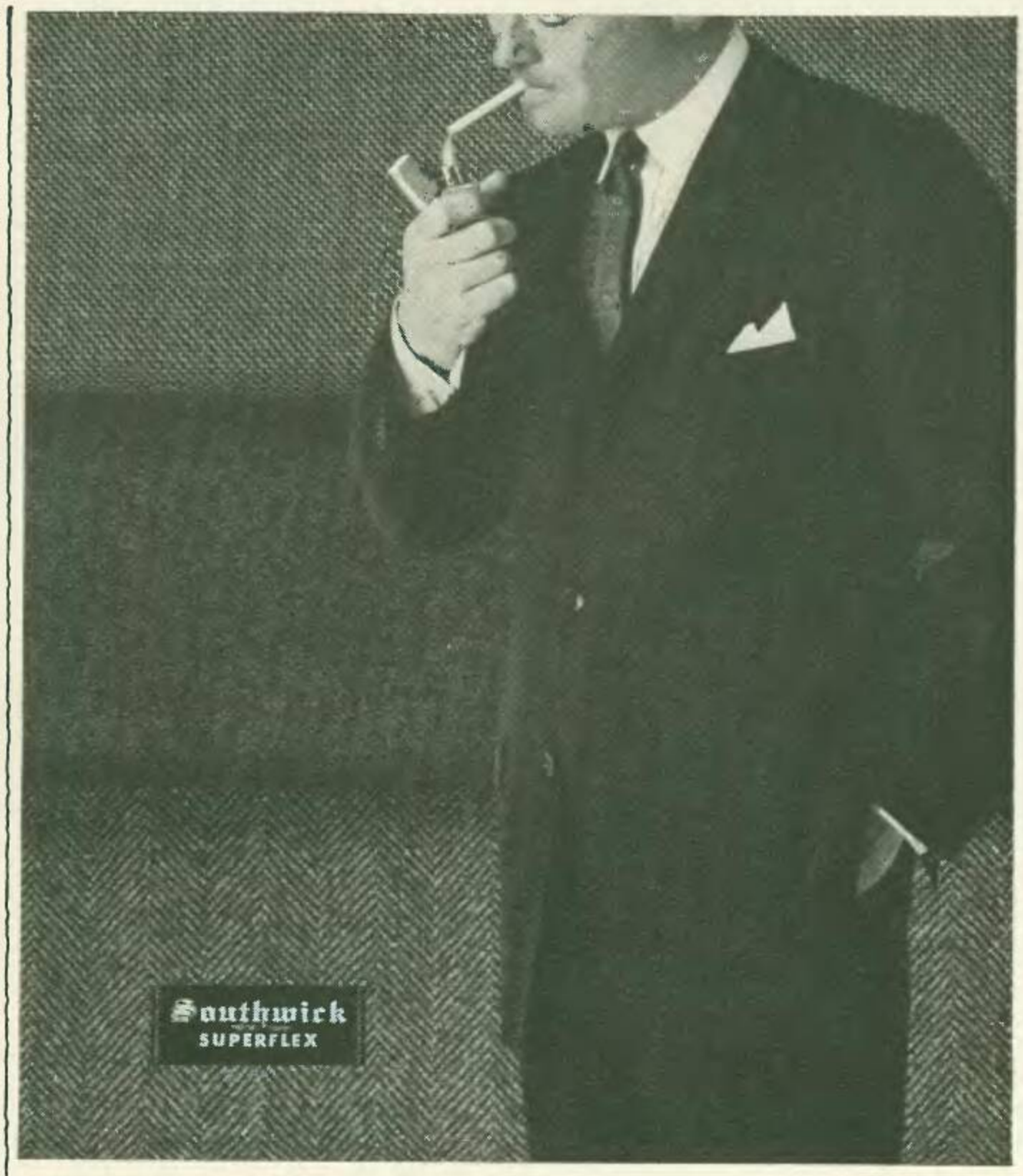
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ever, he came on to New York on his own, and made the beginner's customary disheartening round of agents' offices until his money ran out. Then, an utter failure, he hitchhiked back to California. "Painful as it was at the time, that trip to New York taught me a healthy lesson," he says. "I learned that I wasn't half as good as I'd thought I was—just as Stewart and my mother had tried to warn me. I was determined that from then on I'd study seriously."

For the next two years, London did study seriously—under Richard Lert, a German conductor who is the husband of the novelist Vicki Baum, and George Houston, an American stage director—as a member of a group of young singers at the American Music Theatre, in Pasadena. "Lert is one of the best musicians I've ever worked with, and Houston did a lot for me, too," London says. "Houston taught me how to move about on the stage. He convinced me that an opera singer must also be an athlete, and he got me to take riding and fencing lessons to develop my physique, which certainly needed a little developing at the time. I studied Ford in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' with him, and Figaro in 'The Marriage of Figaro.' He was a great guy, and I owe him a lot. He died a couple of years after we parted, and I still miss him." In 1941, London made a totally unnoticed operatic début under private auspices when he sang the small part of the Doctor in the third act of "La Traviata" in a one-night Hollywood Bowl production starring Jarmila Novotna and Jan Peerce. He followed this with two other roles—Monterone in a production of "Rigoletto" staged by the San Francisco Opera Company in San Francisco, and Marcello in "La Bohème," which the American Music Theatre put on in the Pasadena Civic Auditorium—and the critics ignored him completely. Meanwhile, he was earning a living of sorts by singing—in oratorios, in church choirs, in movie studios and radio stations, and as the baritone in a mixed quartet (the tenor, Brian Sullivan, has been an associate of his at the Metropolitan) that was part of a travelling something called "Ice Follies." One of his chores with the Follies was to skate around the arena during intermissions, picking up War Bond applications from members of the audience. The refrigerated stages on which the show was performed very nearly did him in; he contracted such a severe case of bronchitis that in the early part of 1943, when he was called up in the draft, the Army rejected him because of his run-



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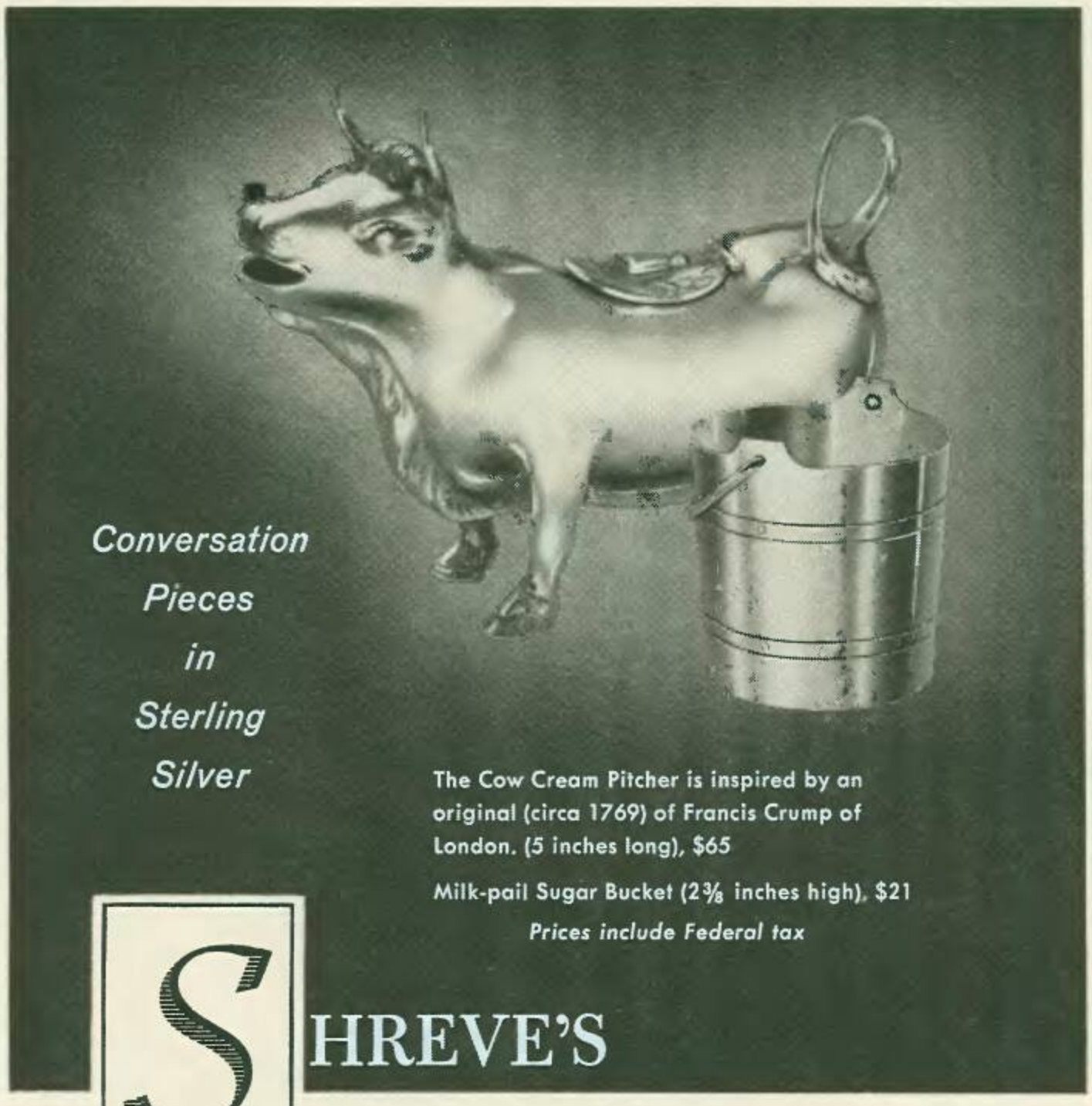
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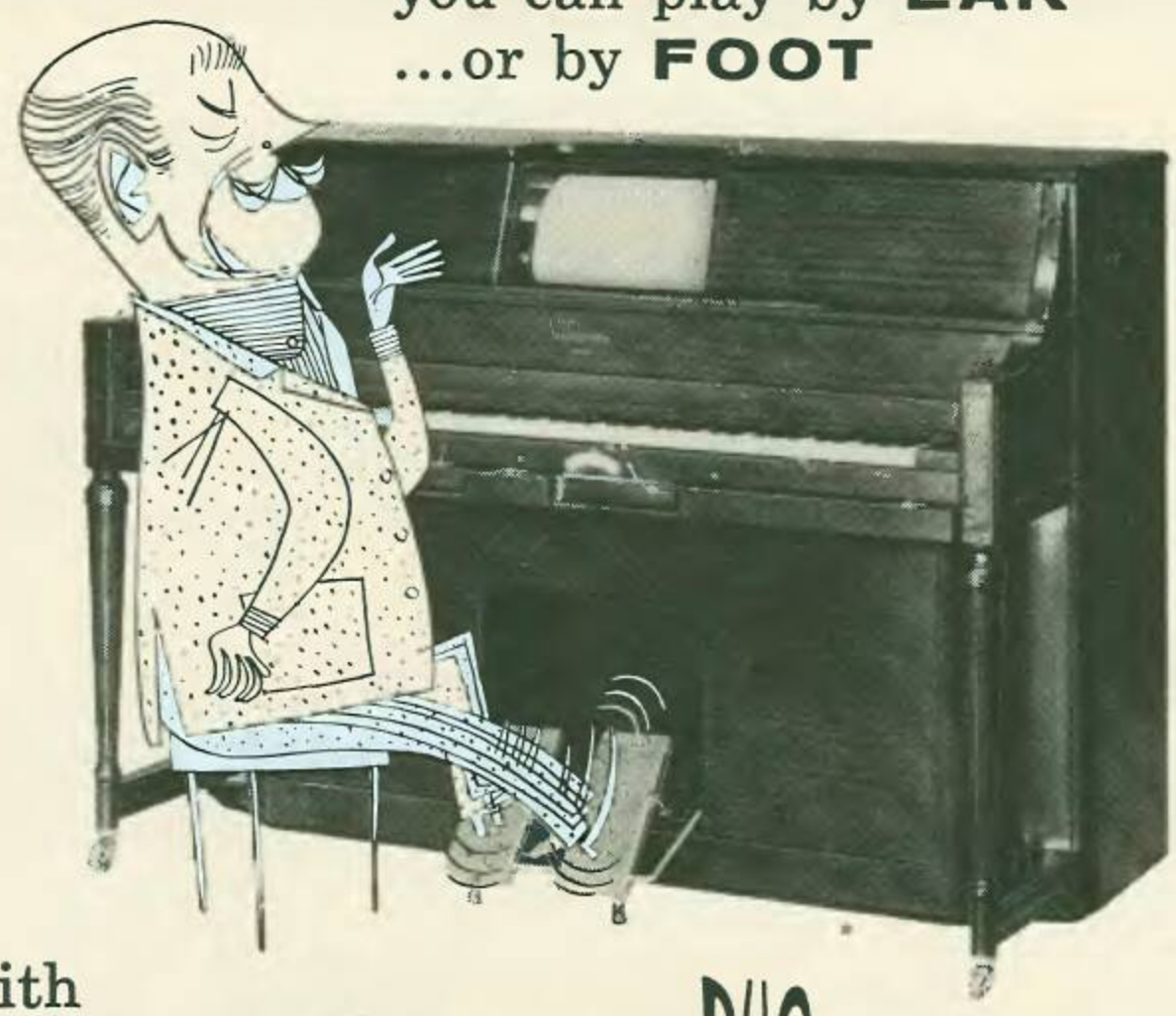
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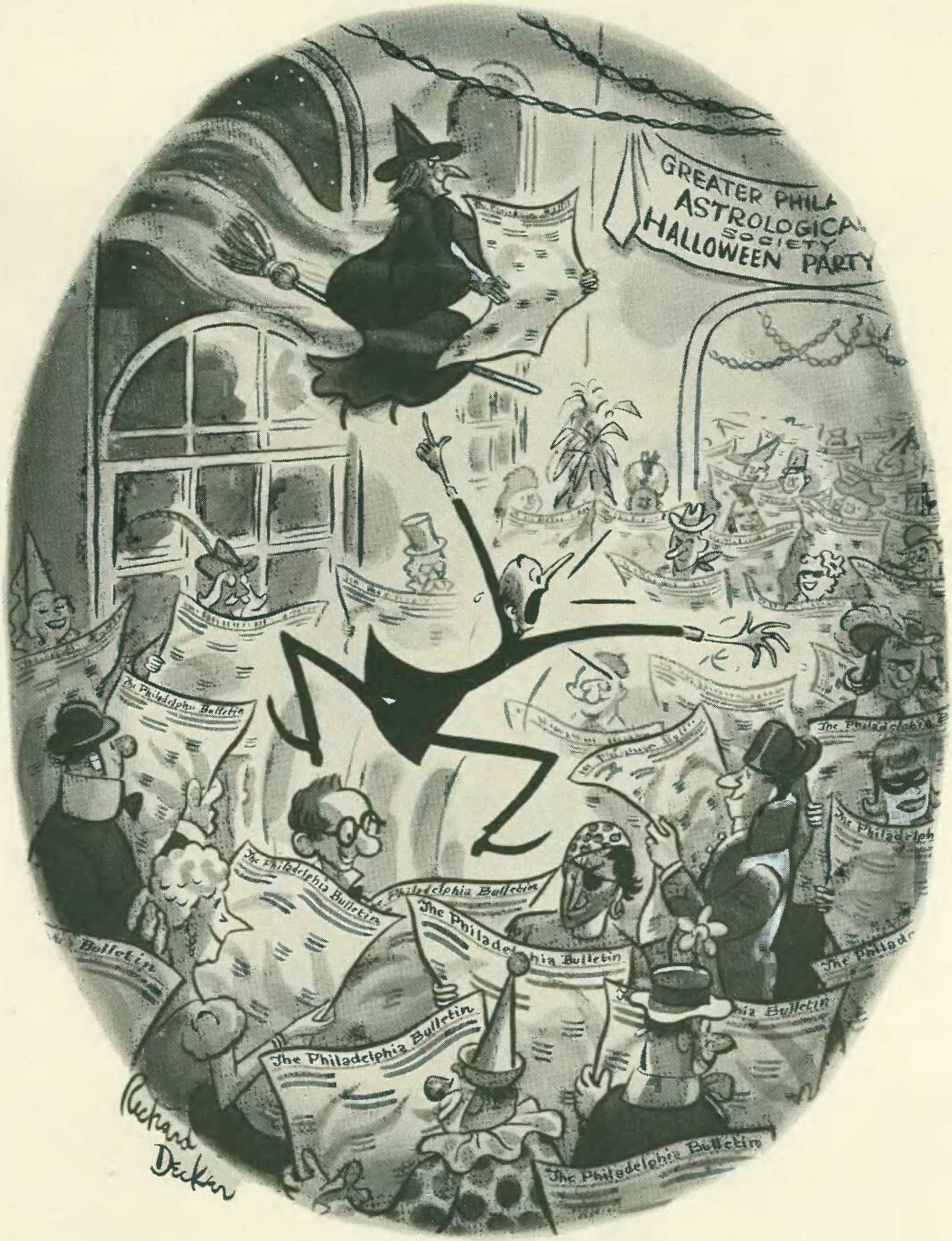
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down condition. For eighteen months, he couldn't sing a note.

By the summer of 1944, London had recovered his health sufficiently to sign a contract making him the leading man in Vancouver's forthcoming operetta season. He took a train north to the Canadian city, and when, riding in a cab from the station to his hotel, he saw his name spelled out in big letters on a billboard, memories of past disappointments faded. "It gave me a terrific thrill," he recalls. "For the first time since 'Meet the People,' I got to feeling pretty good about myself, and I decided to live up to my advance billing. I took my first pay check and went out and bought myself what I thought was a genuine Savile Row wardrobe—single-breasted dark suit, two-tone waistcoat, herringbone-tweed topcoat, royal-blue homburg, pigskin gloves. I grew a small mustache. All I lacked was a walking stick with a silver knob. When I walked down Georgia Street, I was quite a sight. Didn't have a penny left at the end of the season."

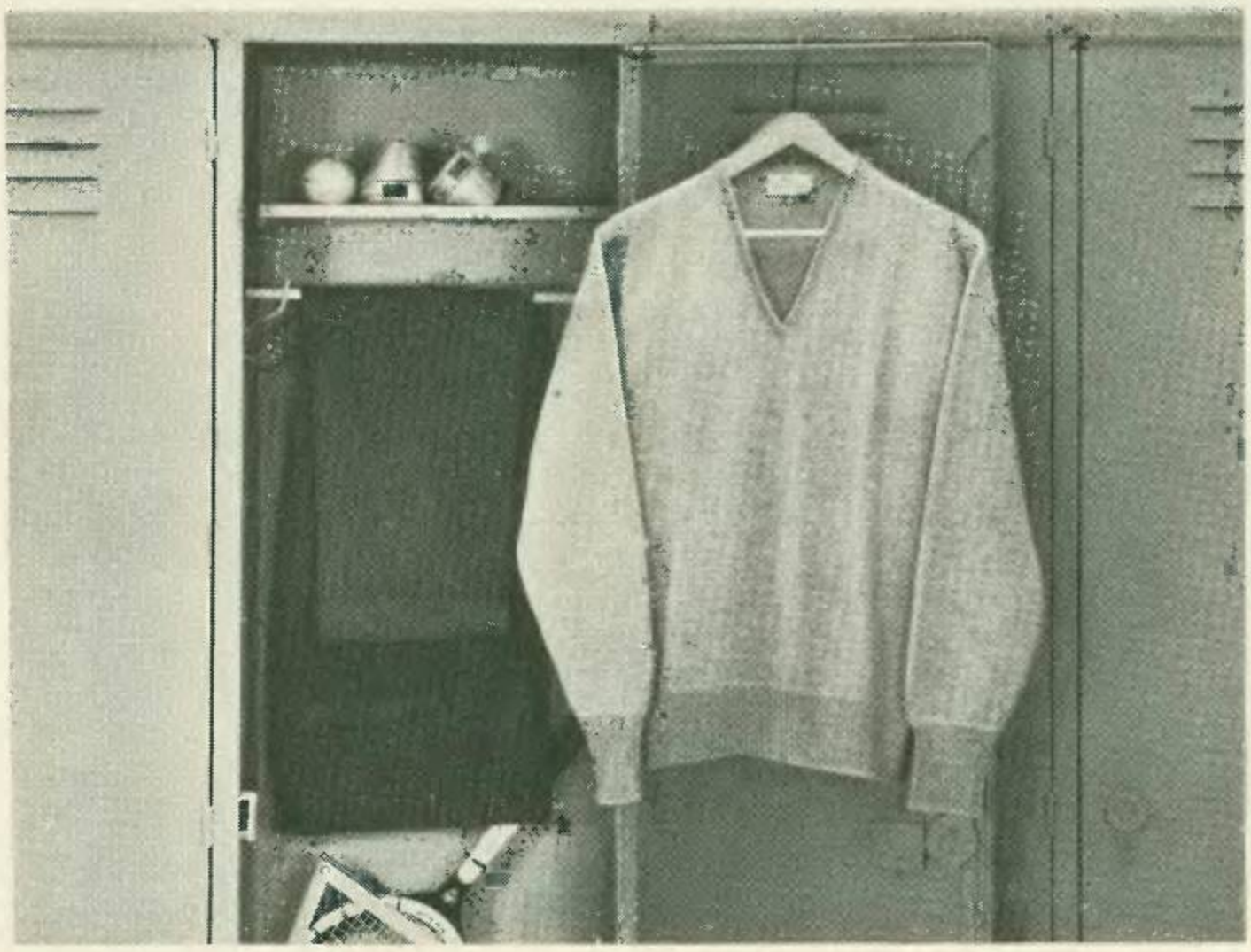
AFTER his extravagant Vancouver interlude, London returned to a necessarily more austere mode of living in Los Angeles, where he became associated with the Civic Light Opera Company, appearing in "The Gypsy Baron" and "The Firefly," in Los Angeles, and then, singing the part of Ali Ben Ali, in a road company of "The Desert Song," which in 1946 turned up in New York for a short engagement at the City Center. Manhattan critics gave the show mixed reviews but wrote with approval of London, and on the strength of their praise he was signed up as a potential concert artist by Arthur Judson, the head of Columbia Artists Management and a potent figure in the musical life of the nation. Judson advised him to accept no further commitments for a while and devote his full time to taking singing lessons, but London chose to accept an offer from Robert Shaw, the director of the Collegiate Chorale, to sing the baritone solo—an extremely exacting one—in the première of Paul Hindemith's musical setting of the Walt Whitman poem "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" at City Center. London admits now that he was in no shape vocally for the difficult assignment; he'd been singing too much and sleeping too little, travelling long hours, and studying only sketchily. On the night of the concert, his voice was tired when he went onstage, and, fearing that the audience might not be able to hear him, he



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began to strain. His mother had come East to hear him and was sitting out front, and when she did not come backstage after the performance, as was her custom, he knew that something had gone seriously wrong. "I went out to a restaurant with some friends to wait up for the papers," he says. "And when they arrived, the reviews were murder. Late as it was when I got to bed, I didn't sleep much. My mother came to see me early in the morning, and she really let me have it. She told me I'd strained so much that she'd hardly been able to hear me—that my voice had been throaty-sounding and had no resonance whatever. It hadn't carried at all. In short, I'd been a mess."

Just as when he had hitchhiked home from New York six years previously, London felt himself to be a failure. Again he had allowed himself to become overconfident; star billing in Vancouver and one good night at the City Center had gone to his head. Contritely, he borrowed some money from a benevolent uncle and paid a visit to the West Fifty-seventh Street studio of Enrico Rosati, a singing teacher who had had a hand in training the voices of a number of distinguished singers, including Beniamino Gigli and Giacomo Lauri-Volpi. Rosati listened unenthusiastically while London sang for him, and then told him curtly that he had "a lot to learn." He consented to accept him as a pupil, however, and during the next year London, living in a third-rate hotel on upper Broadway, did the best he could to learn a lot, singing scales and practicing solfeggio. Another pupil of Rosati's at the time was Mario Lanza, whom London had known in Los Angeles. Listening to Lanza sing brought back memories of London's Victrola-playing days in Montreal, for it seemed to him that his friend had a natural tenor voice second only to Caruso's—an opinion he still holds.

During such moments of respite from their strenuous regimen as Rosati allowed them, London and Lanza began preparing for a concert tour that the Columbia Artists Management was arranging. In 1947, Rosati pronounced the young men fit for the tour, and they set out with the American soprano Frances Yeend, who was better known than either of them. They were billed as the Bel Canto Trio, and they travelled from coast to coast and from Newfoundland to Mexico. As the biggest box-office attraction, Miss Yeend received forty-five per cent of the take; Lanza, being a tenor and thus commanding a higher price than a baritone,



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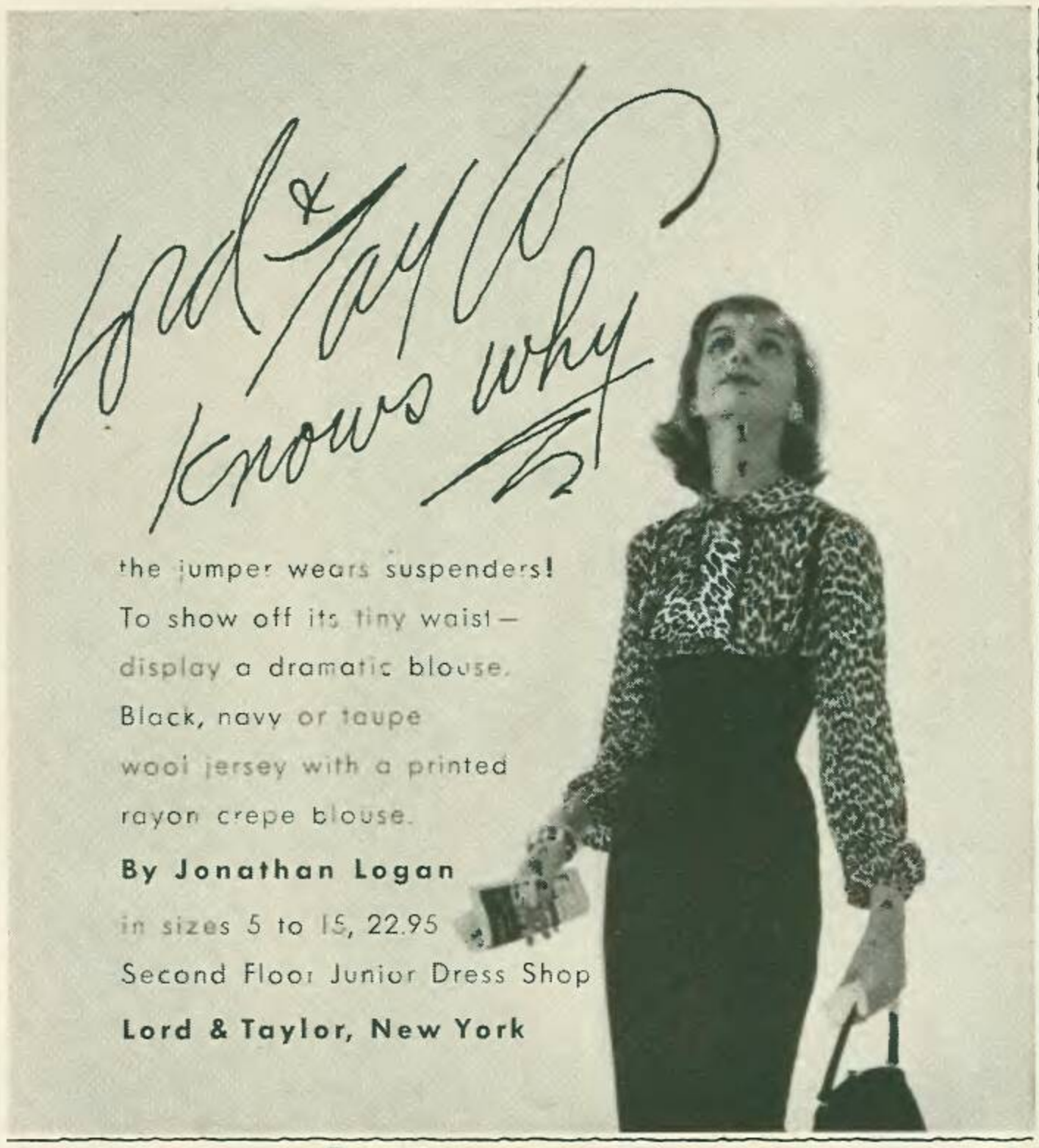
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got thirty; and London had to content himself with the remaining twenty-five. The Trio performed duos and trios, to piano accompaniment, and each member had two or three solo specialties, London's being the serenade, "Vous qui faites l'endormie," from Gounod's "Faust," and Leporello's aria "Madamina, il catalogo," from "Don Giovanni." By and large, the critics praised the trio, and all went well as long as the singers were on the concert platform. Things were not so smooth offstage. "As far as Miss Yeend was concerned, the way Lanza and I behaved left something to be desired," London said not long ago. "He and I overate, overdrank, overslept, and just generally overdid things." The personal difficulties of the three singers were aggravated by the fact that Lanza refused to go anywhere by plane, although their schedule was a tight one; Miss Yeend and their accompanist usually took a plane to the next stop, to set things up for their appearance, and she was often kept wondering uneasily if they would all be together in time for the concert, while Lanza and London—the latter preferred the easygoing companionship of his friend while travelling—trailed along by train or bus. Once, Lanza and London slept late, missed a through bus to Mexico City, and had to take a local jitney, which, as it stopped in one hamlet after another, became laden with mothers vainly trying to hush squalling babies, and men whose baggage included quite a lot of livestock. It was fearfully hot, and Lanza and London slaked their thirst with a few bottles of the *vin du pays*, after which they burst into full-throated song, to terrific ovations from their fellow-passengers. The singers reached Mexico City just in time for the concert, but both were hoarse, and Miss Yeend's expression was steely as she took her bows with them on the platform.

At the end of the tour, Lanza signed a movie contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and the next season, when the Bel Canto Trio set out once more, Mario Berini, who is now a successful publishers' representative and has a hand in, among other things, the export of comic books, succeeded him as its tenor. It was in the course of this tour that London, taking advantage of a hole in the ensemble's schedule as it travelled through Iowa, stopped off at Estherville to give his first solo recital. He was rewarded with a check for three hundred dollars and enough applause to prompt him to sing several encores, including "Ol' Man River"—a number

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that, over the years, has almost become his trademark. The train he had to catch to rejoin his colleagues was due to leave early the next morning, half an hour before the local paper came out. Being eager to see what the Estherville music critic would have to say about his performance, he was delighted to learn, when he got to the station, that the train was running about thirty minutes late. He went over to the newspaper plant and fidgeted around until the press started to roll, then grabbed the first copy that came off it and hurried back to the station, arriving there just as his train pulled in. Seated in his roomette, he opened the paper nervously and read the review of his concert. It was a rave, which should hardly have surprised him, inasmuch as few critics in towns the size of Estherville write anything but raves about visiting musicians with any standing whatever in their profession. But if, as seems likely, London was aware of this, he refused to acknowledge it to himself, and nowadays he insists that none of the enthusiastic reviews he has since received in metropolitan newspapers all over the world have given him quite the satisfaction and sense of accomplishment he derived from the praise of the Estherville critic as his train sped across Iowa that fall morning of 1948.

POSSIBLY the Estherville feat of bringing off a successful evening as a solo artist—a new experience for London—had something to do with his next, and decisive, step, or it may have been merely a case of his having reached the age when telling oneself that tomorrow is another day begins to have a hollow sound. In any event, by the time he returned to New York from his second tour with the Bel Canto Trio, he had resolved that he would put revues and other musical froth behind him, and make an unrelenting effort to become a grand-opera and concert singer. He had learned the roles of Mozart's Figaro, the Mephistopheles of "Faust," the Escamillo of "Carmen," and the four baritone villains of "The Tales of Hoffmann" during the preceding winter, and had sung them with the New Orleans Opera, but he felt that he needed further practical training on the stage, and concluded that unless he were to deviate from the course he had mapped out for himself, his chances of getting it in this country were slim. In arriving at this conclusion, he was squarely facing the facts, for, while the United States is rich in facilities for teaching singing, it has few, if any,



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small, unpretentious permanent opera companies that are in a position to take young singers on as apprentices. Moreover, all of this country's opera companies, large or small, have very short seasons, by Continental standards, and must offer the best talent they can afford at every performance if they are to have any hope of getting by financially; even the Metropolitan, proud of its "long" season of twenty-four weeks, would almost inevitably run into worse financial trouble than it already has if it were to open its doors to novices. In Europe, on the other hand, many provincial cities have opera companies, subsidized either by the state or by the community, and there the season runs from early September to late June. In this more leisurely atmosphere, the perils of experimenting with unknowns are by no means as great.

With luck, London thought, he might persuade the management of one of these provincial companies to give him a job, in which case he would have an opportunity to sing—and learn a lot about—many roles during the ten-month season. To prepare himself for his assault on what he expected would be the lesser bastions of European opera, he took some lessons from Paola Novikova, a well-known Russian-American soprano who had turned from singing to teaching some years before. (Her husband is Werner Singer, who was accompanist for the Bel Canto Trio during London's second year with the group.) At the same time, he studied the dramatic aspects of the title role of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" under Georges Doubrovsky, a Russian-American bass baritone who had sung in operas in this country and abroad with the late Feodor Chaliapin, the Russian basso who is rated by most authorities as the greatest Boris of all time. Mme. Novikova, as painstaking in her teaching methods as she was uncompromising in her artistic convictions, wouldn't even consider discussing Boris's musical aspects until, with her help, he had learned the meaning and proper pronunciation of every word of Pushkin's original Russian text.

In June, 1949, after four months of Mme. Novikova's stern tutelage—during which he had turned down an offer by the New York City Opera Company to sing various roles at City Center, because, as he puts it, "I wanted to make my New York entrance through the front door"—London withdrew what little money he had in the bank, paid his bills, and, forfeiting four solid months of singing engagements, boarded the



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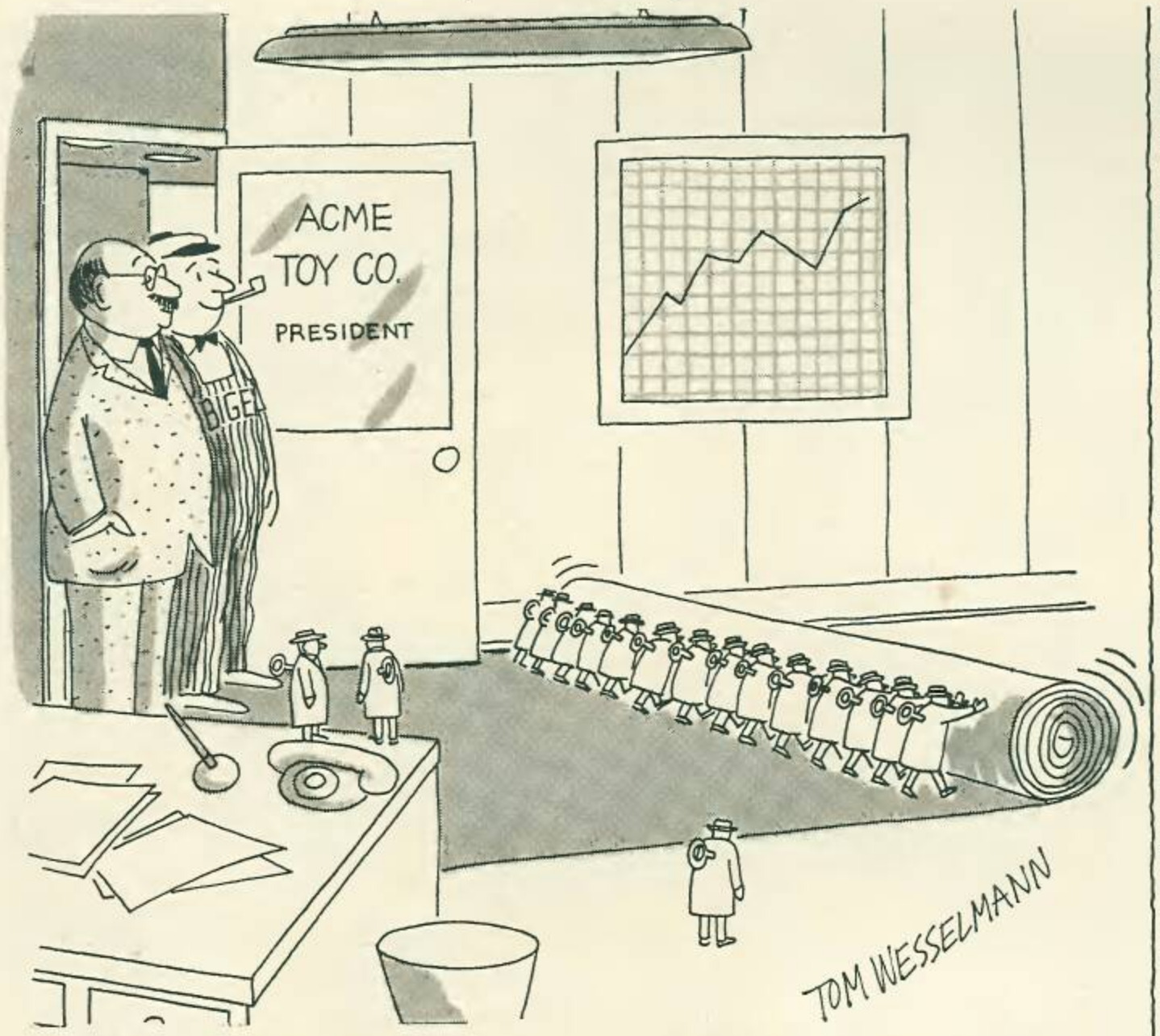
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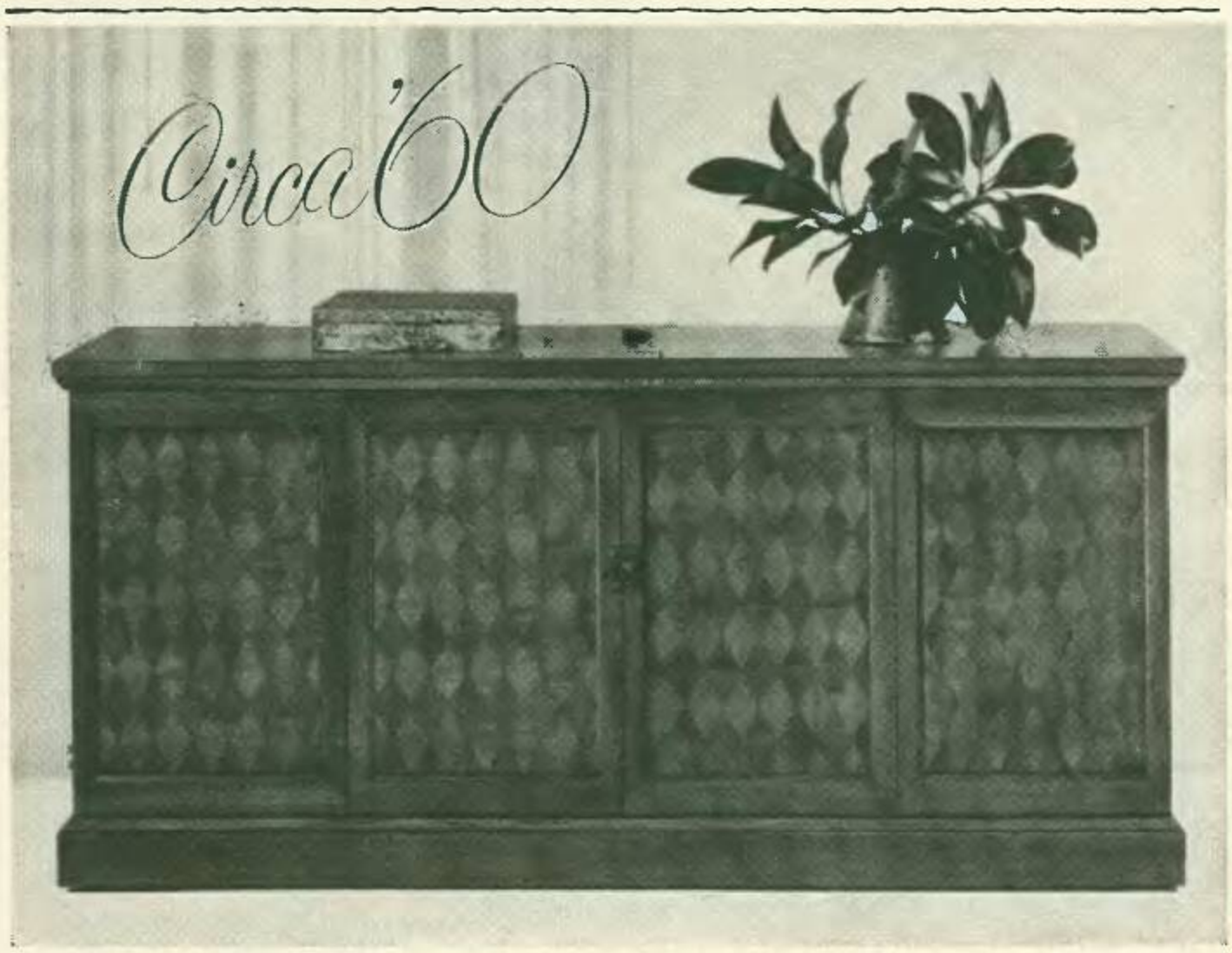
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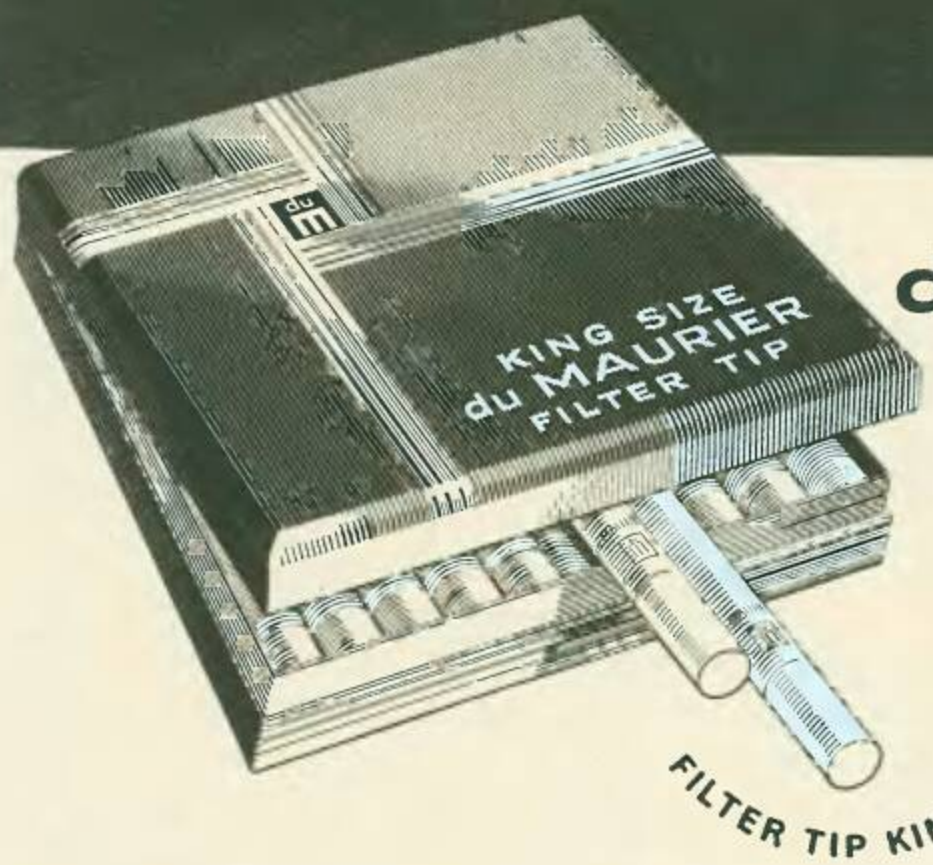
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Caronia, bound for Le Havre. As far as material possessions went, he was travelling light—in his cabin were two suitcases and a well-worn overcoat (instead of starting out with a royal-blue homburg, he had started out with no hat at all)—but he had great ambitions, if somewhat less soaring hopes, and a relative mastery of the operatic parts he had sung in New Orleans and studied under Mme. Novikova.

Before leaving New York, London had been given a letter by an acquaintance named Leo Taubman, an accompanist, to the latter's brother, Martin, an impresario with offices in New York and Vienna, who was spending some time in Paris that summer. London called on him there and, in a small Montmartre studio overlooking the roofs of the rest of the city, sang a sample aria for him. Taubman was not expecting anything much, having agreed to listen mostly as a courtesy to his brother, but within a matter of minutes he began to suspect that he had a find on his hands. When London reached the end of his aria, Taubman asked him to sing another. London proceeded to sing for more than an hour, ranging over the major part of his repertory. At last, Taubman indicated that he had heard enough, and, to London's amazement, offered to become his European manager and proposed that they hop on a train the next morning for Brussels, where the Vienna State Opera was appearing, and see if they couldn't wangle an audition. This was a dizzyingly far cry from the small provincial company that London had hoped might be willing to accept him, but he could see no harm in trying, and eagerly accepted Taubman's invitation. The next day was hot and dry, and London's hay fever began to act up. He sneezed all the way to Brussels. For a while, Taubman eyed him nervously, and then, as the uncontrollable sneezing continued, he slumped back in his seat, resigned to the probability that the audition, assuming there was one, would be a fiasco.

The Vienna State Opera was playing in Brussels' Palais des Beaux-Arts, and that evening Taubman and London were in the audience listening to Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," with Irmgard Seefried, Sena Jurinac, Paul Schöffler, Erich Kunz, and Peter Klein in the leading roles. London, having made Figaro one of his specialties, was, of course, entranced. "That was the Mozart I had long dreamed of but had never heard," he said afterward. "I felt that I would gladly work for that company for noth-





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ing." When the performance was over, Taubman asked Karl Böhm, one of the company's leading conductors, if he would be willing to listen to a young but, in his opinion, singularly promising American, just off the boat. It was after midnight, and Böhm, who had listened to many false alarms just off the boat, was tired, but he respected Taubman's judgment, so he shrugged, sat down, and told London to go ahead. Böhm's air of being put upon swiftly vanished and he leaned forward in his seat when London, his long legs planted squarely beside an accompanying piano, began to sing Boris Godunov's monologue, in Russian. Halfway through the selection, a door at the rear of the auditorium opened and Seefried, Jurinac, Schöffler, Kunz, and Klein tiptoed in and stood listening. At the conclusion of the aria, they applauded spiritedly. So did Böhm. Taubman thereupon told London, "You've just received the greatest ovation of your career to date." With some difficulty, London refrained from saying that Taubman didn't know how right he was.

The next day, London met the director, Salmhofer—the encounter that culminated in the classic misunderstanding over the candidate's qualifications to sing the part of Amonasro. Their meeting began as an audition, at which London sang the death scene from "Boris Godunov." He had been singing only a minute or so when he was dismayed to see Salmhofer lower his head and clasp his cheeks in his hands. "Then he started wagging his head from side to side, and whenever I'd pause I could hear him mumbling to himself," London recalls. "I was about to blow my top. I was sure I couldn't be *that* bad." London was therefore completely floored when, at the end of the audition, Salmhofer offered him a contract. While it was being drawn up, he managed to pull himself together enough to ask Taubman, who had been sitting beside Salmhofer during the audition, how he accounted for the director's peculiar behavior while listening to a voice he had evidently enjoyed. A seizure of some sort, perhaps? "No, no," Taubman replied. "He was shaking his head in astonishment, and he kept murmuring over and over again, 'God, what a voice!' "

After pocketing his contract and learning that he would make his début in a part he had never learned, London spent the rest of the summer in Salzburg, getting acquainted with King Amonasro. When word of the Montmartre and Palais des Beaux-Arts audi-







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tions and their outcome got around, quite a few people said London had had a lucky break. He himself prefers to sum up the episode as "a meeting of preparedness and opportunity."

FOLLOWING his first season in Vienna, London was engaged to sing with the Glyndebourne Opera at the Edinburgh Festival. Early in September, on the day of his last performance at Edinburgh and four days before he was due to appear again in Vienna, he received a telegram from Wieland Wagner, inviting him to visit the Bayreuth Festspielhaus for an audition. While London's position is now such that he can regretfully decline a summons to Bayreuth, at that time the telegram had the effect of a command. He hustled off by train and plane to Munich, where Wieland Wagner's chauffeur picked him up and drove him to Wahnfried, the home of Richard Wagner, in Bayreuth. There, for the first time, London met Wieland and his brother, Wolfgang, who told him they were thinking of holding the audition the following morning. London, however, felt a cold coming on, and asked to be heard at once. The Wagners agreed to this proposal, so twenty hours after London had taken his final bow at Edinburgh, he stepped out onto the stage of the Festspielhaus. "It was one of the great moments of my life," he says. "Here I was, at last, in the Valhalla of my youthful Wagnerian dreams. Down in front of me was the vast, almost dark auditorium, with all those rows of seats. I inhaled deeply, and began with Wotan's Farewell, from 'Die Walküre.'"

En route from Edinburgh to Munich, London had made plans for an extensive audition, just in case, and he got one. After the Farewell, he sang Hans Sachs' "Wahn!" monologue from "Die Meistersinger;" Wolfram's Evening Star aria, from "Tannhäuser;" Wotan's "Abendlich strahlt der Sonne Auge," from "Das Rheingold;" and the prayer of Amfortas, from "Parsifal." Wieland Wagner proved to be even more enigmatic in his reactions than Salmhofer had been. He did not shake his head or mutter, but became downright inscrutable. At the end of the audition, he said gravely, "Thank you, Mr. London," and, keeping the young singer wriggling on the end of his hook, invited him to come along with the rest of them to the Eule, or Owl, which has been a musicians' hangout since the first festival was held in Bayreuth, back in 1876. By the time they got there, London's cold had caught up

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with him; ill and worn out, he became thoroughly depressed by what he took to be his host's attempt to let him down gently. The walls of the Eule are decorated with photographs of many of the great artists who have performed at Bayreuth, and as London glanced about at them, the thought that now he would never join their ranks made him feel even worse. While the Wagners enjoyed a midnight snack, they chatted pleasantly enough about singing and singers but said nothing about the singing of the singer who was sitting in their midst, sniffling and doing the best he could to swallow the food in front of him. When the meal was over, his hosts accompanied him in silence to the Bayerischer Hof, where, after politely bidding him good night, they left him.

At seven the next morning, London's telephone rang. It was Wieland, who was in the lobby and wanted the singer to join him for breakfast, at once. Groggily, London dressed and went downstairs, where he found Wieland himself looking drawn and fatigued. In the dining room, Wieland drank two cups of black coffee while London sat waiting for the axe to fall, and then, leaning back in his chair, said, "Mr. London, I've been up all night thinking about you. I've searched all over Europe for someone to sing the three Wotan parts in the Ring next summer. Mr. London, you are the answer to our prayers." This was far more than London had bargained for. He had heard stories of singers who had done permanent damage to their voices by attempting those big, exhausting Wagnerian parts too early in their careers, and he knew that vocally he was not ready to tackle them for a series of performances, even if he was up to singing them in auditions. But the offer was such a flattering one—and so exhilaratingly different from what he had expected to hear—that for a moment he was tempted to accept it on the spot. He managed to down the impulse, however, and asked for a few days to think things over. Returning to Vienna, he wrote Wieland, after some painful soul-searching, that he didn't feel he was yet up to singing Wotan in the festival. Wieland wired in reply, "*Ich bin erschossen*" ("I've been shot"), and resumed his pleading with London, who finally yielded to the extent of agreeing to sing the part of Amfortas, the King of the Grail, in "Parsifal."

London made his Bayreuth début as Amfortas in July of 1951, and he remembers it principally because it marked the first of many times he has sung

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under Hans Knappertsbusch, who soon became his favorite conductor. A tall, red-faced, elderly man, whom many people consider the outstanding contemporary Wagnerian conductor, Kna, as he is widely known, has been a fixture in Bayreuth for years and has a reputation among musicians in European orchestras for short rehearsals, a clear beat, leisurely tempi, and a gruff humor. In conducting "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, where a stopwatch is used to time the duration of each act, he has been clocked as the second-slowest of the twenty-two orchestra leaders who have ever conducted the opera there; he occupies this niche in musical history by virtue of a performance in which he took eighty-one minutes to get through the third act alone—an achievement surpassed only by Siegfried Wagner, Richard's only son, who dawdled over it four minutes longer. (The speed record for the same act is held by Clemens Krauss, who breezed through it in sixty-nine minutes.) London presently learned that it was Knappertsbusch who, after hearing him sing the villains' parts in a Vienna performance of "The Tales of Hoffmann," had suggested him to Wieland Wagner as a candidate for the part of Amfortas—thereby demonstrating a remarkable gift of musical discernment, since it is difficult to imagine two more dissimilar parts. "At that first 'Parsifal,' I stood behind the curtain during the prelude and listened to the orchestra," London said later. "I couldn't see Kna, but somehow I could actually feel his personality—almost his physical presence. I've since sung Amfortas under other good conductors, but I always miss the spirit of Knappertsbusch when he isn't there. I can't explain it—it's like the genius of a great painter communicating itself to you from a canvas." Showing a correspondingly high regard for London's talents, Knappertsbusch, who has conducted more than two hundred performances of "Parsifal," calls him the best Amfortas he has ever worked with.

In 1950, a year before London made his Bayreuth début, Rudolf Bing, the general manager of the Metropolitan, heard him sing at a performance in Vienna. The next spring, after having dropped the baritone Robert Merrill, which left the company short an Amonasro, he offered London a contract, employing none of the suspense tactics the singer had become accustomed to. London signed it, and that fall, on the evening of November 13th, he entered New York through the front door in the guise of Verdi's King of the

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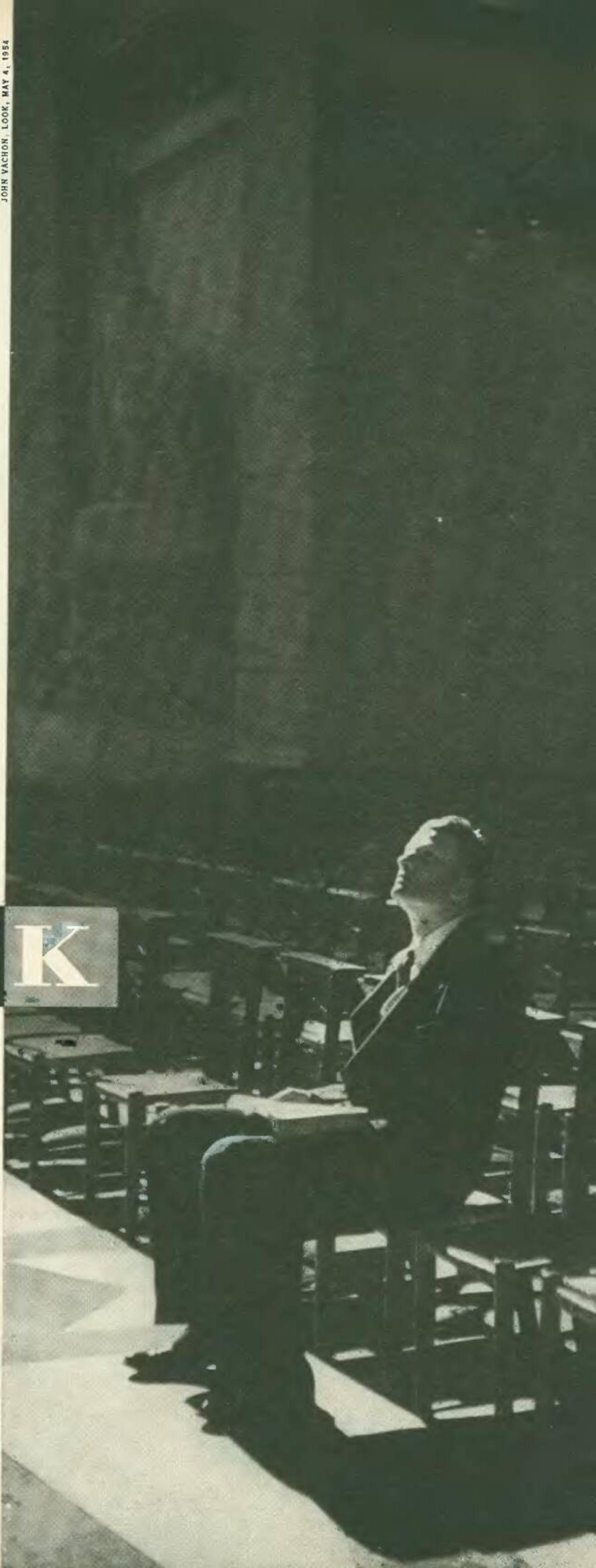


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Ethiopians. Manhattan opera audiences are not, as a rule, as demonstrative as Viennese audiences, but the people who heard London in his début at the Metropolitan were as appreciative, after their fashion, as the people who had applauded his European début in the same role two years earlier, and Virgil Thomson, reviewing it in the *Herald Tribune* the next morning, wrote, "Last night he [London] took his place among the greatest singing actors we have any of us known." London sang Amonasro seven times during his first season with the Metropolitan. In February, he went to Milan, in an attempt to make a complete sweep of the world's three operatic centers with a smash-hit début at La Scala, and managed only to lend a touch of verisimilitude to an otherwise almost too pat success story by turning in a miserable performance as Pizarro in Beethoven's "Fidelio." Apparently, it was a case of miscasting, for which London had only himself to thank, since he insisted on singing the part against the advice of Martin Taubman, who warned him that its vocal range was not suited to his abilities. London, who was in one of the obdurate moods that were commonplace in his younger days but have lately become much fewer and milder, refused to take any blame for it, attributing the failure instead to the conductor, the orchestra, the acoustics, the members of the audience, who, he declared, "don't understand good singing," and to the fact that he was required to wear a hat in the role, which muffled the sound of his voice. He said it was "like singing into a pillow." Time has softened the blow and broadened London's perspective, and he recently conceded that Taubman had been right in trying to steer him away from the part. London no longer sings Pizarro—the role is too implausibly melodramatic for him to project himself into it, he says—and although he has been invited to return to La Scala, he has so far begged off, on the ground that the Metropolitan's schedule conflicts with La Scala's.

IN the summer of 1955, the feminine contingent of the George London Music Club in Vienna was surprised, and possibly more than a little miffed, to learn that London, with no preliminary public flurry, had got married—not to one of his sports-car companions but to a mother of two sons by a former marriage, who was born in Germany and brought up in Paris, where she was then living. Her name was Nora Schapiro. For a while, a splinter group talked





of switching the club's allegiance to an up-and-coming German bass baritone, but the London forces held firm and won the day, and the next spring, when Mrs. London gave birth to a daughter, Marina, the club sent its best wishes. London has accepted domestication gracefully, and when he is in New York, where the family has an apartment on the upper East Side, his principal diversion is playing ball in Central Park with his wife's two sons—Andy, twelve, and Philip, nine. Gone are the days of the Porsches and Jaguars; in Manhattan, he takes taxis, and when he is in Europe he drives, or is driven around in, a prosaic Citroën—"a married man's car," he calls it, with a faint hint of surrender in his voice.

With three children to look after, Mrs. London ordinarily remains in New York when her husband takes to the road in this country, but she is present at nearly all his Metropolitan appearances, and always goes abroad with him if he plans to be there for any length of time. The whole family goes to Europe in May and returns in September. Some years ago, Mrs. London studied singing herself, and in one way or another she has learned enough about the intricacies of the art to make her husband value her views. When she goes to an opera he is singing in, she visits his dressing room during the intermissions but offers no opinion about how things are going onstage; after they get home, she waits until he has brought up the subject and has analyzed his own performance with as much detachment as an artist of his moody extremes is capable of. Finally, he asks her what she thought of it, and she tells him. She is one of three critics—all women—who do not review operas professionally but who command at least as much of his respect as many who do. "George is rarely satisfied with himself these days," Mrs. London says. "I understand that some years ago he often refused to listen to criticism, but it's just the opposite now—provided he has confidence in the judgment and good faith of the critic." Friends of London's who have known him since his frequently headstrong early days in Vienna are in general agreement that his marriage was a milestone of his career in more ways than one; only since then, they feel, has he achieved real maturity and stature, to say nothing of stability, both as an artist and as an individual.

The two other critics whose unpublished views London greatly respects are his mother, who spends several weeks with him here every winter, and Mme. Novikova, the teacher who made him



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learn to sing the part of Boris Godunov in impeccable Russian. Mrs. Burnstein attends all her son's performances while she is in town, and, according to Mrs. London, he still accepts any expression of disappointment from her as a sign that something is really amiss with his singing. As for Mme. Novikova, London resumed his lessons with her when he signed up with the Metropolitan and became a resident of Manhattan, and he has continued to study with her ever since. He believes that he owes more to her than to any other teacher and, as a tribute to her thoroughness, he recalls an incident that occurred when he first sang the part of Boris Godunov in Vienna, in December of 1949. The city was occupied by the four Allied powers at the time, and after the performance he was visited backstage by a deputation of Soviet officers, who smilingly pumped his hand and—he thinks—praised him, in Russian, for having done such a fine job with their native language. Presently, there was a pause; his callers were waiting expectantly for him to acknowledge their tributes. The pause lengthened to embarrassing proportions, and finally the officers, their faces stormy, turned and left. London had no way of making them realize that while he could pronounce faultlessly—and knew the meaning of—every word in the part, he was utterly at a loss when it came to speaking or understanding Russian in any other context. When London is singing at the Metropolitan, Mme. Novikova is often present, as one of the most sharply observant members of the audience, and since she has a number of students in Europe whom she crosses the Atlantic to teach, she is frequently able to keep an eye, and an ear, on him there. At his performances, on either side of the Atlantic, Mme. Novikova, a slight, small woman, always gets a seat down front, and although London can't see her he is acutely aware of her presence. Afterward, she makes her way backstage to his dressing room. "If I haven't done well, I hear about it," he says. "She's the teacher, and I'm the pupil." —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. London.)

•

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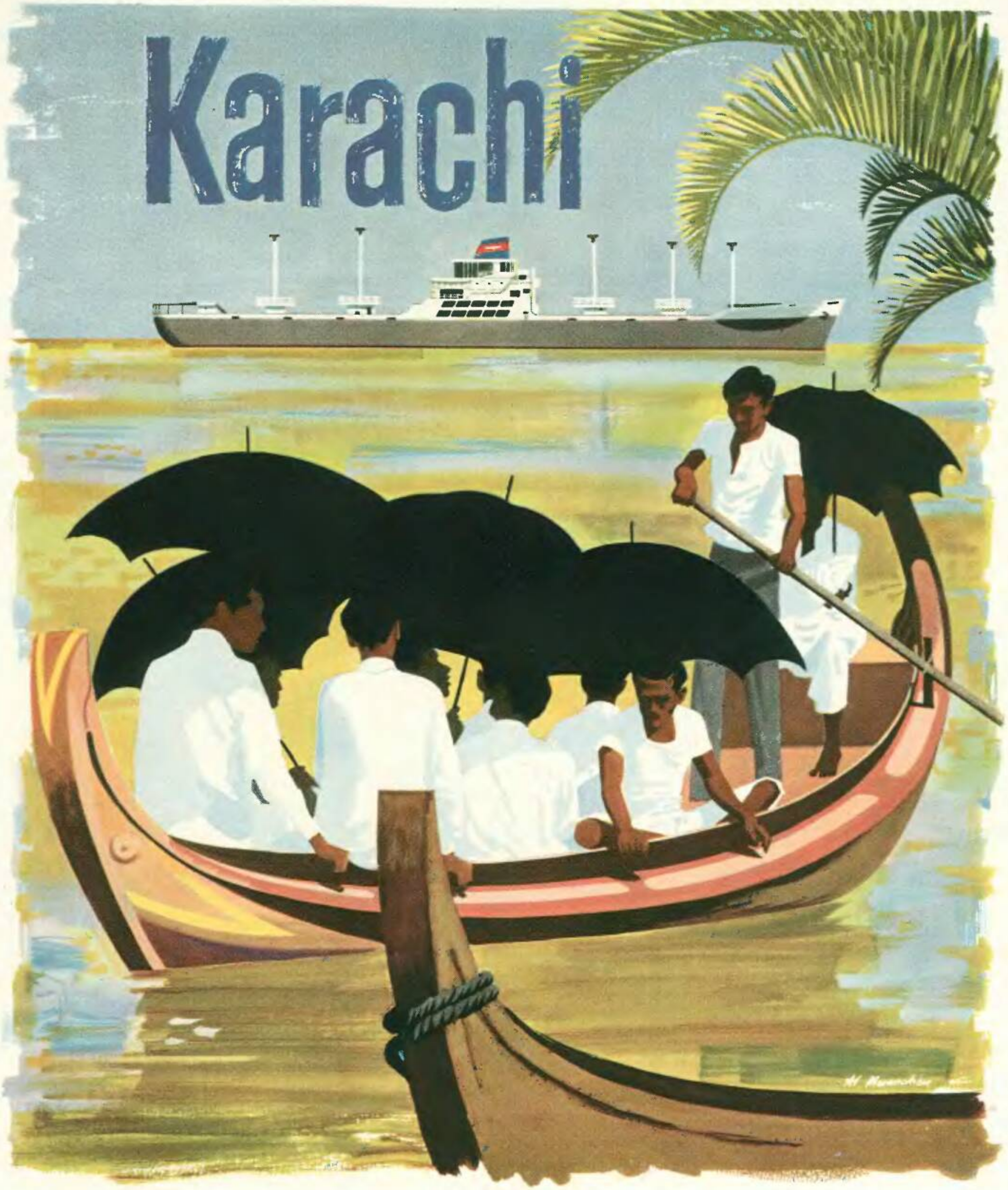
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THE THEATRE

LLAREGGUB, SERUTAN, GUMSHOE

IN spite of the immediate and passionate canonization that followed Dylan Thomas's death in 1953, his work, I suspect, has remained an enthusiasm of the comparatively few. This is partly because he was not always fortunate in his admirers, and much that has been written about him has been extremely forbidding, presenting him as a kind of boozy mystic, wholly intelligible only to highly sensitive, and preferably suffering, spirits, and partly it is because of certain genuine difficulties inherent in his poetry, which deals with exotic images and characters in language that often calls for the assistance of a glossary. It is a pity that these barriers—one merely foolish, the other not really formidable—should have come to operate against the acceptance of a magnificent writer, and I wish I could report that the production of his dramatic poem called "Under Milk Wood" that opened last week at the Henry Miller had done something to eliminate them. I'm afraid, however, that the effect will be almost precisely the reverse. The piece was originally subtitled "A Play for Voices," and it was intended for presentation on the radio. In its current form, it has taken on the extra dimension of a play for the stage, complete with scenery, costumes, putty noses, crêpe hair, and, most lamentable of all, actors who in far too many cases seem to have found the inspiration for their performances in the lesser but still ruthlessly bizarre clowns of Shakespeare.

I have no idea whether Mr. Thomas ever imagined any such extended and scrupulously detailed treatment of his script, but I am sure he would have been dismayed by the result. The poem opens with a speech by a narrator, representing the author, in an odd, enchanting minor key:

> To begin at the beginning:
> It is Spring, moonless night in the small town, starless and bible-black, the cobble-streets silent and the hunched, courters'-and-rabbits' wood limping invisible down to the sloeblack, slow, black, crowblack, fishingboat-bobbing sea. The houses are blind as moles . . . or blind as Captain Cat there in the muffled middle by the pump and the town clock, the shops in mourning, the Welfare Hall in widows' weeds. And all the people of the lulled and dumfound town are sleeping now.

This lovely use of words, strange but precise, goes on, but presently we hear the voices of the people of Llareggub too—asleep and awake, living and dead, lovers, lechers, drunkards, idiots, children, ghosts—and the sound is sometimes sad, sometimes merry, sometimes beautiful, sometimes just grotesque. Polly Garter, who has known so many men, can only sing of "Little Willie Wee, who is dead, dead, dead;" Captain Cat remembers Rosie Probert, "the one love of his sea-life that was sardined with women," and the "Seas barking like seals,/Blue seas and green,/Seas covered with eels/And mermen and whales;" Mrs. Organ Morgan tosses sleepless beside her mate, who is snoring "no louder than a spider;" Mr. Pugh giggles as he dreams of cooking up "a fricassee of deadly nightshade, nicotine, hot frog, cyanide and bat-spit for his needling stalactite hag and bednag of a poker-backed nutcracker wife;" the little children sing "Put him in the river/Up to his liver/Quick quick Dirty Dick" as they play their innocent kissing games. It is fascinating to read this rich, unearthly composition, and I'm sure it would be just as entrancing to listen to disembodied voices delivering it over the air. The play is not, however, for the theatre, at least in the kind of treatment it has been given at the Henry Miller. The eye is too busy with the cavortings of funny-paper caricatures, with elaborate and mobile scenery, and with high-spirited demonstrations of the art of acting; the ear has little opportunity to catch the poet's voice, muffled, as it often is, by intensely "literary"



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readings. The basic mistake, I suppose, was to attempt to give concrete visual form to something that the author was wisely content to entrust to the imagination, and the effect is not unlike that of coming on wildly inappropriate illustrations in some children's classic. The motives were probably excellent, but the results are deplorable.

The cast is composed of thirty-three men, women, and children, who play a total of sixty-eight parts. Of this multitude, I was particularly impressed by Donald Houston, who, as the narrator, a role not much shorter than Hamlet's, speaks with charm, grace, and considerable distinction; by Diana Maddox, remarkably touching in her lament for Little Willie; by Francis Compton, as Captain Cat; and by Powys Thomas, Guy Spaull, Catherine Dolan, Alastair Duncan, Lisa Daniels, and Joan Newell, in a collection of assignments I won't try to disentangle here. Douglas Cleverden's direction permits some elocution and posturing that seemed excessive to me, but otherwise he has handled a staggering task with great ingenuity, and the sets and costumes, by Raymond Sovey and Kathryn Miller, respectively, are commendable, always presuming that sets and costumes were a good idea in the first place.

"NATURE'S WAY," Herman Wouk's highly moral but almost completely tasteless venture into comedy at the Coronet, offers little jokes on practically every topic apt to agitate people who live in penthouses. According to a fragmentary and only partly legible list on the margin of my program, the subjects that arouse him include obstetrics, modern art, homosexuality, income taxes, yoga, interior decoration, decadent Southern playwrights, titled nymphomaniacs, tranquillizing pills, the states of Arizona and Texas, British theatrical criticism, incest, television, dumb blondes, saxophone players, and psychiatry. It is a tribute to Mr. Wouk's enormous energy and determination that he is able to produce at least one quip about each of these matters in approximately the time it takes a satellite to zip once around the world. (Unaccountably, there are no jokes about that, or possibly I just didn't hear them.) The whole enterprise, I guess, is a demonstration of the sad fact that strong moral indignation, unassisted by any real detachment or urbanity, can easily be the deadly enemy of humor. "Nature's Way" succeeds in being funny only on very

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rare occasions in the course of the evening, and then usually on the fairly primitive level of the sight gag (six square feet of brick wall collapsing on fat man in a cummerbund, pregnant young woman doing pushups, same girl smacking her husband with a Teddy bear). In adapting his novel called "The Caine Mutiny" to the stage, Mr. Wouk showed a good deal of promise as a serious playwright, preoccupied just about equally with melodrama and ethics. Semi-sophisticated comedy, however, calls for different, if not necessarily higher, skills, and in these, at least on the basis of the evidence submitted at the Coronet, he seems so far to be almost wholly lacking.

The story told in "Nature's Way" is earnest and complex, and what it is supposed to prove escapes me utterly. A young composer who has just had his first Broadway success is living in a decorator's paradise of an apartment with his young wife, who is about to have a baby, though they have been married less than six months. She is a simple girl, preferring *Saturday Evening Post* covers to Picasso, but she is bright enough to discover that his accountant has made a hundred-thousand-dollar error in their joint income-tax return, so that they actually owe the government only fifty thousand dollars. That is still a lot of money, though, and, for one reason and another, he decides to slope off to Naples with his collaborator, a dainty morsel named Mr. Voles, and write another hit. This leaves his bride alone to deal with her obstetrician, who is against anesthesia but for calisthenics; her



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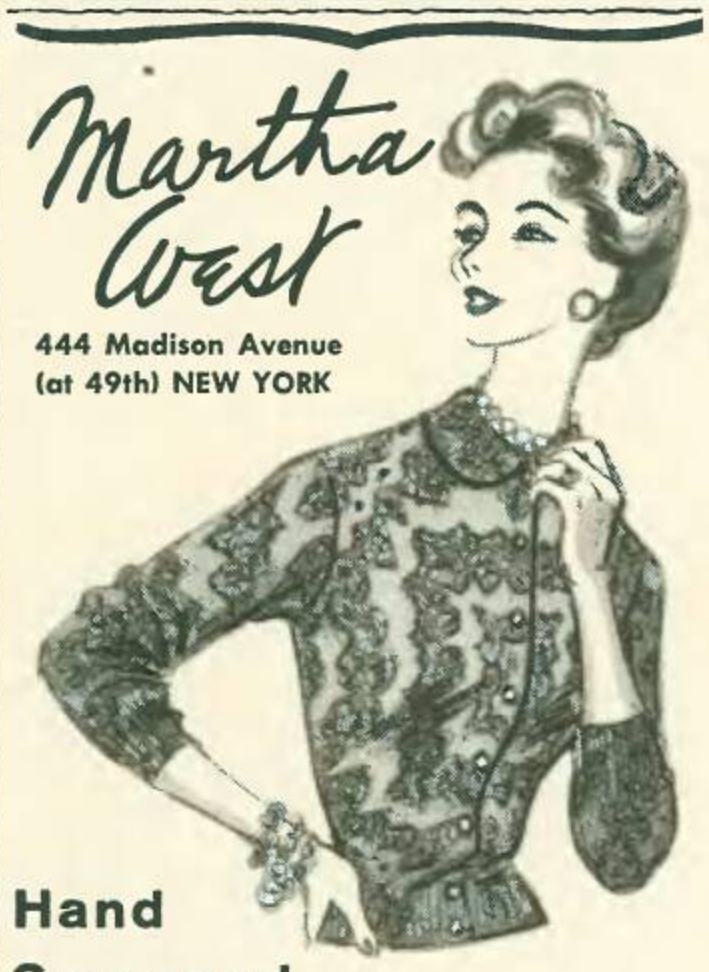
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mother, a hearty female cowhand who drops in from Arizona; and a virtuous Broadway producer, who, as it happens, rather likes cows himself. In a little while, the hero returns, and since he has been preceded by rumors about a beautiful but notoriously horizontal princess, he is frostily received. He and his partner have brought back the new play, which, in the course of an audition, turns out to be a terribly unhealthy work, full of dark borrowings from "Picnic" and "A Streetcar Named Desire." Fortunately, the collaborator, who presents the synopsis, is sedated to the point of idiocy at the time, and his real character, as well as that of his work, is soon abundantly clear to everybody. At about this moment, the wall falls in on one of the potential backers, the baby is delivered by a homosexual waiter, and everything is all right and it is time to go home. I suspect that the thought lurking dimly at the back of Mr. Wouk's mind is that modern high-speed society is apt to corrupt the young artist but that it needn't, as witness the rich but immaculate careers of Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein. This is just a guess, though, and yours will do as well.

The players assembled for this cryptic romp include Orson Bean, as the composer; Betsy von Furstenberg, as his wife; Audrey Christie, as her mother; Scott McKay, as the collaborator; Edmon Ryan, as the producer; Robert Emhardt, as the obstetrician; and Joe Silver, as the helpful waiter. All of them have their engaging mannerisms, and occasionally these shine through, clear and triumphant, in spite of the script, and also in spite of Alfred de Liagre's direction, which seems to be trying to compensate for the absence of wit by an almost appalling volume of sheer sound. Donald Oenslager's set, however, is both funny and awe-inspiring, a wonderful combination when it works.

ON the whole, "Copper and Brass," a musical entry at the Martin Beck, has the air of being a cold, damp, and malevolent conspiracy against Nancy Walker, whose misfortune it is to head the cast. The book ground out by Ellen Violett and David Craig is concerned with a young woman who is advised by a career-guidance service to join the Police Department, does so, and presently finds herself involved in all sorts of embarrassments, among them a romance with a clarinet player who presides over a basement hangout patronized chiefly by juvenile delin-





quents. This story may seem to offer possibilities, but in fact it is just tedious and fairly idiotic, and the writing is extraordinarily glum and heavy-handed, even as musical-comedy librettos go. The music, composed by David Baker, is uninspiring, and the accompanying lyrics, supplied by Mr. Craig, are unhappily quite appropriate, being softly fatuous when the mood is sentimental and simply grisly when fun is in the air. The dances, invented, in a manner of speaking, by Anna Sokolow, are exercises that, practically without exception, you have seen done much better many times before. A characteristic number exhibits a stageful of rather elderly schoolchildren in blue jeans engaged in their tribal prancings, and another shows a group of decently preserved antiques re-creating the statelier measures of their youth, when the turkey trot and the bunny hug were all the rage. The scenery, provided by William and Jean Eckart, and the costumes, provided by Alvin Colt, are more satisfactory, having at least some flavor of style and humor and originality, but in this department, too, it is hard to ignore the similarity to other, brighter, and considerably more expensive works. The supporting players include Benay Venuta, Alice Pearce, Alan Bunce, and Dick Williams, who are all, of course, experienced and competent performers, but who are seldom able to do much with their lacerating material, and the members of the ensemble, representing, for the most part, policemen and hoodlums of both sexes, have a defiant hilarity that I found both admirable and sad.

In these dolorous circumstances, not much can be expected from even so ferocious a talent as Miss Walker's, but she does her pale, unearthly best, and now and then, principally when she is allowed to escape from the script and into pantomime, the results are gratifying. The lovely, familiar business with the entangling fur neckpiece is there, and we see again unquestionably the greatest one-woman Laocoön ever to writhe across the American stage. There is a fine, grim sequence that has our heroine adapting herself, with hideous insouciance, to the contours of a modern chair, and another, substantially indescribable, in which she finds herself on the roadbed of the Holland Tunnel and, majestically halting traffic with an upraised arm, brings about a series of collisions that echo back to the Jersey Meadows. And always there is the sullen fixity of expression, broken occasionally by a mirthless smile, that conveys such volumes of derision, fury,

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and, much more horribly, love. Miss Walker is a superb and chilling comic. The fact that the theatre has nothing better to offer her than "Copper and Brass" strikes me as melancholy indeed.
—Wolcott Gibbs

•

OUR UNOBSERVANT AUTHORS

My own debt to him [Ring Lardner] was very large. The first edition of the present work, published in 1919, brought me into contact with him, and for the second edition, published in 1921, he prepared two amusing specimens of the common speech in action. At that time, and almost until his death, he made penetrating and valuable suggestions. His ear for the minor peculiarities of vulgar American was extraordinarily keen. Once, sitting with him, I used the word *feller*. "Where and when," he demanded, "did you ever hear anyone say *feller*?" I had to admit, on reflection, that the true form was *fella*, though it is almost always written *feller* by authors. But never by Lardner. So far as I can make out, there is not a single error in the whole canon of his writings. —*From "The American Language," by H. L. Mencken, page 425.*

I wished before the day was over that I was hittin' in the catcher's place, because the fellers down near the tail-end of the battin' order only had to face him three times.—*From "Horseshoes," in "Round Up, The Stories of Ring W. Lardner," page 258.*

Some o' the fellers tried to laugh, but it hurt 'em.—*Ibid, page 264.*

I was gave some cross looks on the bench and I shouldn't of blamed the fellers if they'd cut loose with some language; but they didn't.—*Ibid, page 267.*

You fellers never got acquainted with him and you ought to hear the dope to understand the letter.—*From "My Roomy," in "Round Up, The Stories of Ring W. Lardner," page 327.*

The fellers might get up four or five times a night and shut off the faucet, but he'd get right up after 'em and turn it on again.—*Ibid, page 330.*

Of course he'd have all the lights turned on, and that was bad enough when a feller wanted to sleep . . .—*Ibid, page 331.*

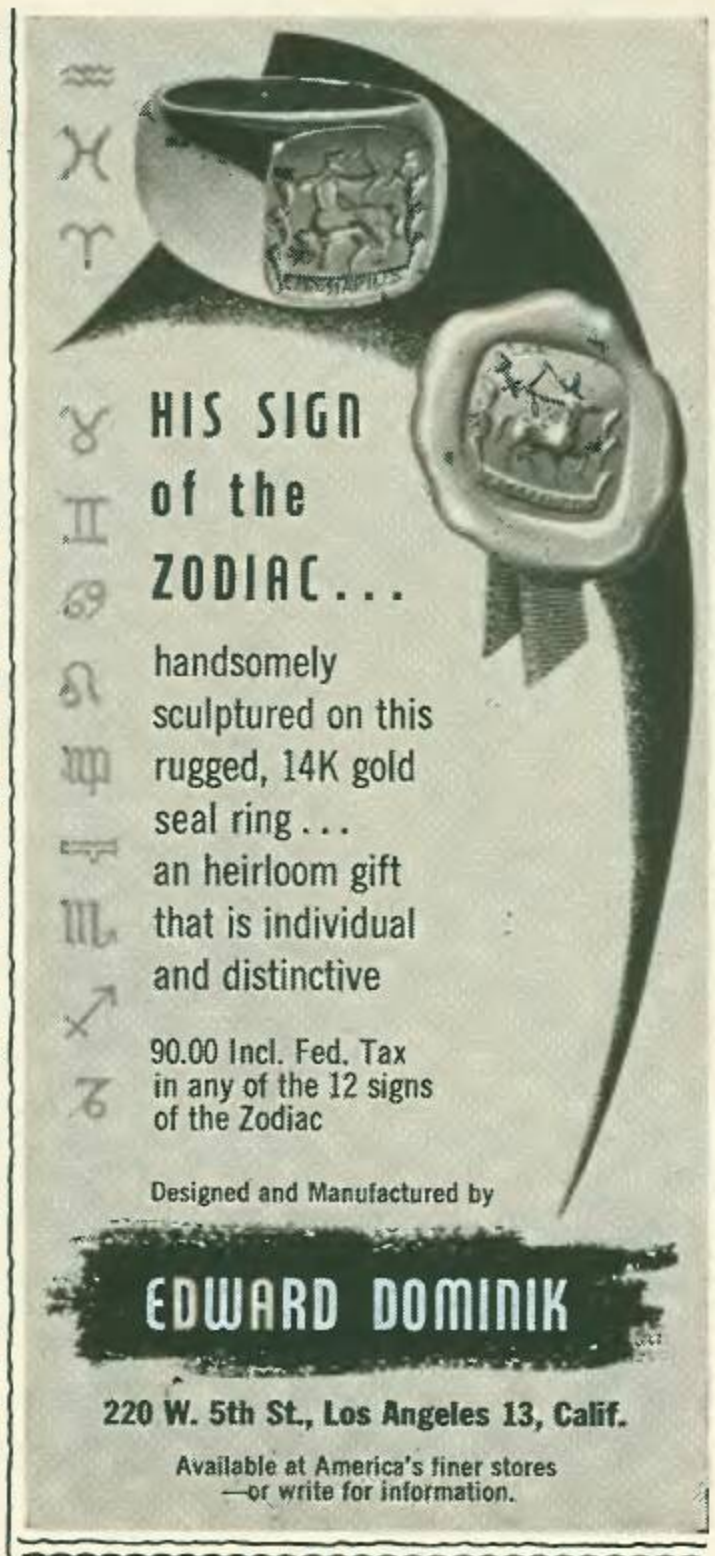
"Pay day wouldn't do me no good," he says. "When I'm all squared up with the club and begin to have a pay day I'll only get a hundred bucks at a time, and I'll owe that to some o' you fellers."—*Ibid, page 334.*

They give me a great big room at the hotel in Pittsburgh; so the fellers picked it out for the poker game.—*Ibid, page 337.*

"Well," he says, "if I can't play no more I want to go to sleep, and you fellers will have to get out o' this room."—*Ibid, page 338.*

I made quite a speech to the fellers, tellin' 'em how he'd cried when he left us and how his heart'd been set on gettin' married on the series dough.—*Ibid, page 345.*

That's all of it, fellers; and you can see I had some excuse for not hittin.
—*Ibid, page 346.*

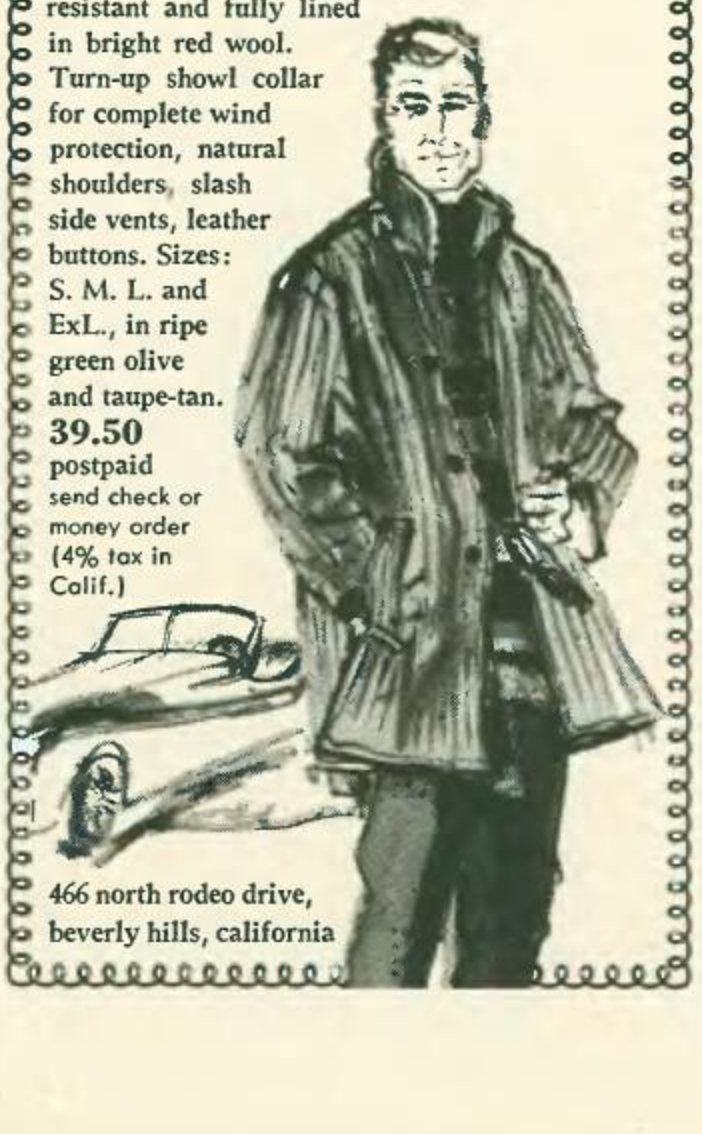


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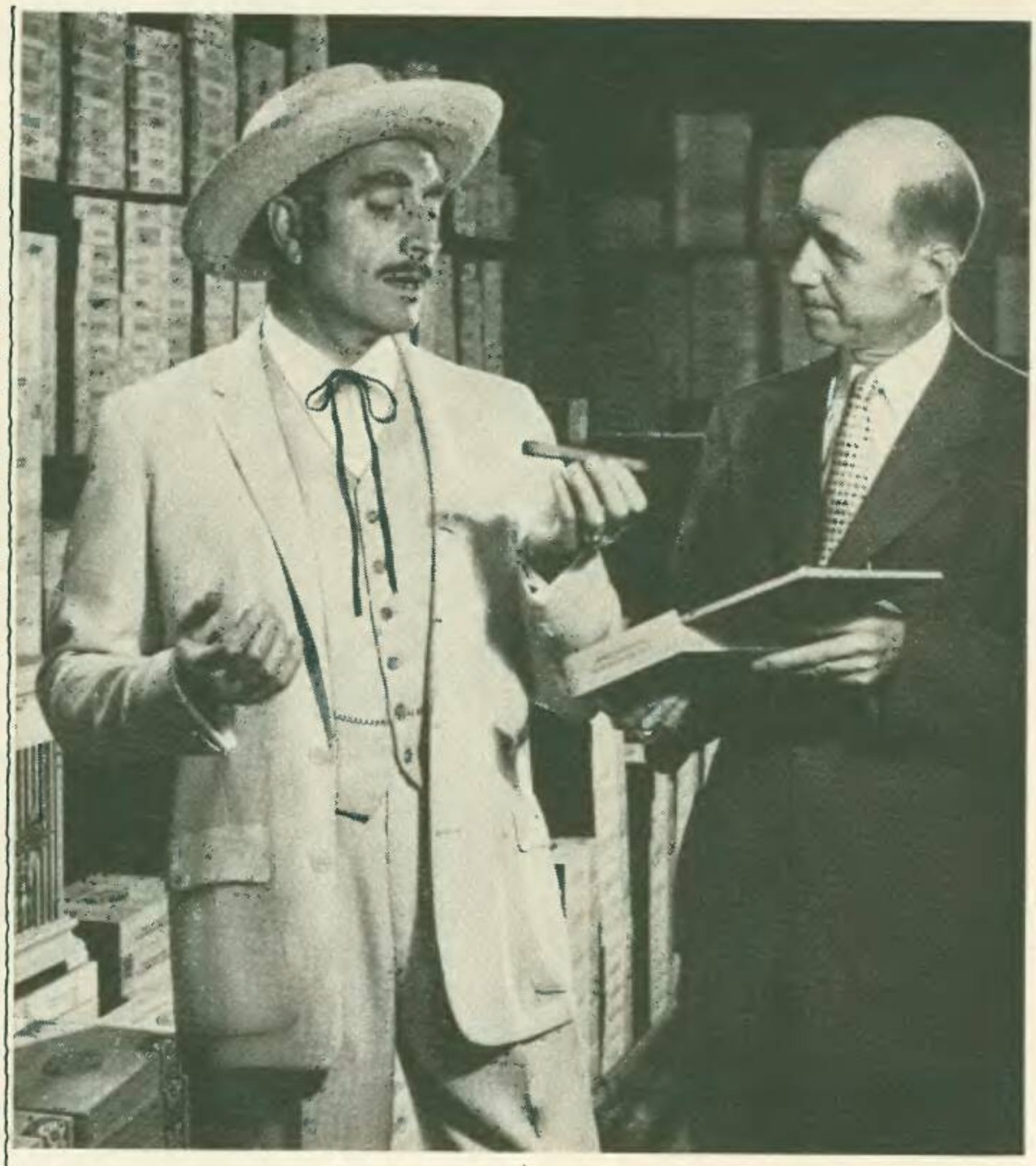
FOOTBALL

Small-Town Boys



THE American passion for organization rarely takes a day off. Now that there has been a realignment of allegiances in the East, mostly as a result of the establishment of the Ivy League, someone has come along with an idea for a grouping to be called the Big Eleven, which will absorb Eastern teams of the sort that the name suggests. It won't represent any balancing of power, though, which is one of the notions back of other leagues—the Ivy, the Big Three, the Little Three, the Yankee Conference, and whatnot. Since the Big Eleven will include Army, Navy, Pittsburgh, Penn State, and Syracuse, it will be easy to pick the first five teams in the group every year. Where a squad like Colgate, even at its best, which it is not this fall, will wind up in this company will be just as easy to pick. Colgate has been leading a double life for quite some time—half its matches with teams of the Big Eleven type, half with the Ivy League. Half of its life has been a feverish one, especially of late (Illinois 40, Colgate 0; Rutgers 48, Colgate 6); the other, or Ivy League, half has been a charmed one. Even this season, after graduation and the Asian flu had done their damage, Colgate was able to come from behind at the last minute to beat both Cornell (14–13) and Princeton (12–10)—an undefeated Princeton, at that. Colgate, whose major possessions are a dogged persistence and a vast willingness to profit by the mistakes of others (Princeton, let it be said, was never more generous), appears able to get along with a few burly line-buckers, no breakaway runners, almost no passers, and almost no punters, and there are times when it seems to have solved the problem of how to lift oneself by one's own bootstraps. It has yet to face Army and Syracuse, but the rest of its remaining games should be a pleasure.

What will happen to Princeton, which has the Ivy League's best collection of line-buckers, breakaway runners, passers, and punters, is another matter. It may be late November before the team can pull itself together; it may be next October. One of the basic troubles (all told, there appear to be fifteen or twenty of them) is a disinclination to hold on to the ball when the



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107



player running with it is tackled; there is a further disinclination to hold on to it when it is being passed from one man to another. Another fault is a disinclination to do any original thinking when the team is inside the enemy ten-yard line. No finer three-lane royal road to ruin has ever been devised.

THE upstate town of Hamilton, which is where Colgate lives, is no metropolis, and neither is the New Hampshire town of Hanover, where Dartmouth, now the pride of the Ivy League, lives. Dartmouth, whose winning streak is now at seven games (if you count last fall's activities), went to Worcester over the weekend to engage Holy Cross, one of the Big Eleven's lesser members, and, like Colgate, came from behind in the final quarter to win, 14–7. Dartmouth goes to New Haven next weekend to play Yale, and to New York the weekend after that to play Columbia. At the moment, token resistance is being arranged for by both these hosts.

Lehigh, another small-towner, has a winning streak of eight games (again, if you count last fall). The eighth victim, which fell last Saturday, by a score of 13–7, was Rutgers, lately the demolisher of Colgate. Up in the Lehigh Valley, anyone will tell you that Danny Nolan, Lehigh's quarterback, would be All-America if he played for a really good team, which, come to think of it, is exactly what Lehigh is. Out in the Pennsylvania Dutch country around Lancaster, where Franklin and Marshall is, anyone will tell you that George Darrah, Franklin and Marshall's best ballcarrier, would be All-America if *he* played for a really good team. In its class, Franklin and Marshall is a good team, and was an unbeaten one up to last Saturday, when it had the misfortune to have to stand off both Asian flu and the still unbeaten team from Tufts, whose home is the Massachusetts town of Medford. Teams like Franklin and Marshall (sometimes called the Diplomats, a name that requires a recollection of American history to understand) and Tufts have fairly private lives. A gathering of five thousand customers at F. and M.'s stadium, Williamson Field, where trees grow right alongside the playing field, is considered par or better. George Darrah was good, all right, but Paul Abrahamian, Tufts' pet ballcarrier, who has led a fairly private life himself since he went from the Olympic Games to Tufts, was better (Tufts 14, F. and M. 7). Afterward, according to an operative of mine who likes to follow



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small-town football and the football careers of Olympic athletes (he used to go West to watch Bob Mathias play football), there was subdued revelry in the public rooms of the venerable but comfortable Hotel Brunswick, and hardly a mouse was stirring after ten. The town, the hotel, and the Pennsylvania Dutch specials on the menu aren't quite as picturesque as life was in "Plain and Fancy," but my operative likes it the way it is, and he thinks you would, too. —J. W. L.

•

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•

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[*From the Albuquerque Tribune*]

In reading the letters appearing in the Public Forum lately, I have noticed the aversion of public minded individuals to signing their names at the conclusions of their letters.

Is it not strange that those who profess the greatest love of individual expression are those who refuse to give that individuality by attaching their names to their convictions? In my opinion, nom de plumes are but attempts to mask authorship of statements better left unsaid.

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HEIRLOOM FOR A RANCH HOUSE

HELEN stepped out of her taxi when it reached Third Avenue, and, marvelling at the warm, bright air of an autumn morning, walked along the sidewalk to the nearest antique shop. It was her birthday, and John, her husband, had given her fifty dollars, with instructions to spend it foolishly. She hadn't much hope of finding anything she wanted in the store. After all, most antique shops were filled with the residue of Early American or Victorian life, and in this there would hardly be anything relevant to her past—to a childhood that had been lived on the other side of the world, in China, at now extinct Protestant missions. But she periodically felt a need to be among old things, even if they meant nothing to her personally.

She walked into the store, adjusting her eyes to the dim light, and the proprietor, a small, bespectacled man in black, came forward, but when she told him that she just wanted to browse around, he left her to herself. She stopped first at a long table and fingered a Colonial plate with a faded pattern of violets on it. If only she could have something tangible like this, she thought—some one thing of her own that had survived the China years, even if it was no more than a blue rice bowl. She could hold it in her hands and say, "This was with me as a child."

As it was, there was nothing but her memory to testify that she had even had a childhood. Sometimes, as she stood in the living room of her ranch house on Long Island, she felt that she was born grown-up, behind a picture window, in the midst of Paul McCobb furniture. Anything she recalled of that other world seemed improbable when she considered it in her present surroundings. She knew the events of that world well enough, but she had lost all sense of having participated in them.



Helen walked now along the narrow aisles, touching odds and ends of unknown pasts—a Wedgwood vase, a music box, a brownish landscape in a gilt frame. She picked up a wide-mouthed yellow pitcher, the exact color of the cream it must have poured for generations of breakfasts, and she pictured it tipping above a bowl of blueberries. She put it down and walked on, then paused in a dusty corner beside an old rocking chair and ran her hand over its smooth, curved back, inadvertently setting it in motion. Up and down across a creaking floorboard the chair rocked slowly, like a stiff old man nodding in reminiscence: "Yes, that's the way it was. Yes, just like that." Helen shivered. It was a ghostly thing for an old and empty rocking chair to be doing, and she put her hand out to stop it.

And then she heard the clock. Its ticking had a slow, hollow beat. There was something curious about this sound—something strangely familiar. She turned, and in a moment she found herself following the sound to the back of the store. It wasn't a clocklike tick at all, she thought; it didn't even sound mechanical. Each beat was deliberate—as if a person were measuring it.

Helen was trembling as she came to a table filled with dirty glassware. In the center stood the clock, an elaborate Victorian piece surrounded by brass cherubs and encased in a glass dome. It wasn't at all what she had expected, although she couldn't have said what that was. Certainly not cherubs. Helen walked slowly around the table, trying to understand her excitement.

It was the glass case that produced the hollow tone, she decided. She closed her eyes and listened. The sound seemed to come from a great distance. She gripped the edge of the table. Somewhere this had happened before. She had listened just like this, soaking up into all of her body a similar sound. Only, it had not been a clock then; it had been a bell. And suddenly she knew exactly where it was. She could feel the summer morning growing up around her on the Chinese hillside, and she could smell the infinitely old smell of the Buddhist temple.

Helen opened her eyes and found the proprietor of the store looking at her over the thick black rims of what seemed to be an unusually large pair of glasses. "You like the clock," he said. It was not a question; it was a positive statement. "You can have it for forty-five dollars."

For a moment, Helen stared at the proprietor's glasses, as if she were using them to get his words into focus. It had not occurred to her to buy the clock, but, with a surge of gratitude to John, she knew there was nothing else to do.

She smiled. "All right. I'll take it."

She would go quickly to some place where she could sit down alone with the clock and not be interrupted. She would listen, and experience it all again.

HELEN walked out of the store with the clock, wrapped in brown paper, under her arm. She took a cab

to Central Park. There she found an empty bench beside a pond. Sitting down, with the clock at her side, she leaned back. She would start at the beginning, before she had even heard the bell, and she would take the trip up the Yangtze River to what had turned out to be her father's last mission station. She was eleven years old on that trip; her mother had been dead two years, and during those two years her father had been shifted from mission to mission. He had seemed hardly aware of the moves. Already he had withdrawn into some private, more important world, from which he seldom emerged except to proclaim the Protestant faith—or, rather, to defend it, for the tone of his voice always implied he felt it was under attack.

For the six days on the river boat going up the Yangtze, her father had left her alone most of the time, and now, as she listened to the hollow thumping of the clock beside her, she found herself remembering each of those days. She could even smell the river. It wasn't just the top of the Yangtze you smelled; it was all the way down to the bottom—the deepest and oldest part.

She had spent day after day on that trip trying to draw sketches of the riverbank as it gradually slipped by. She had drawn women washing clothes at the water's edge. She had drawn men with their trouser legs rolled up, wading in the rice fields. But her picture was always just bending women and walking men and a wide space for water. No matter how hard she tried, she could not get down on paper what the river meant to her—its serenity, its timelessness. One day, she crumpled up her paper and dropped it in the water. And she cried. There was an American woman who tried to comfort her. Since her mother's death, there had always been women clucking hopefully around the fringes of her life and her father's—not that he ever noticed them. This particular woman stood by the rail with her and watched her paper being sucked up by the mustard-colored water.

"If you keep practicing," she said, "when you grow up, you will be able to draw just what you see."

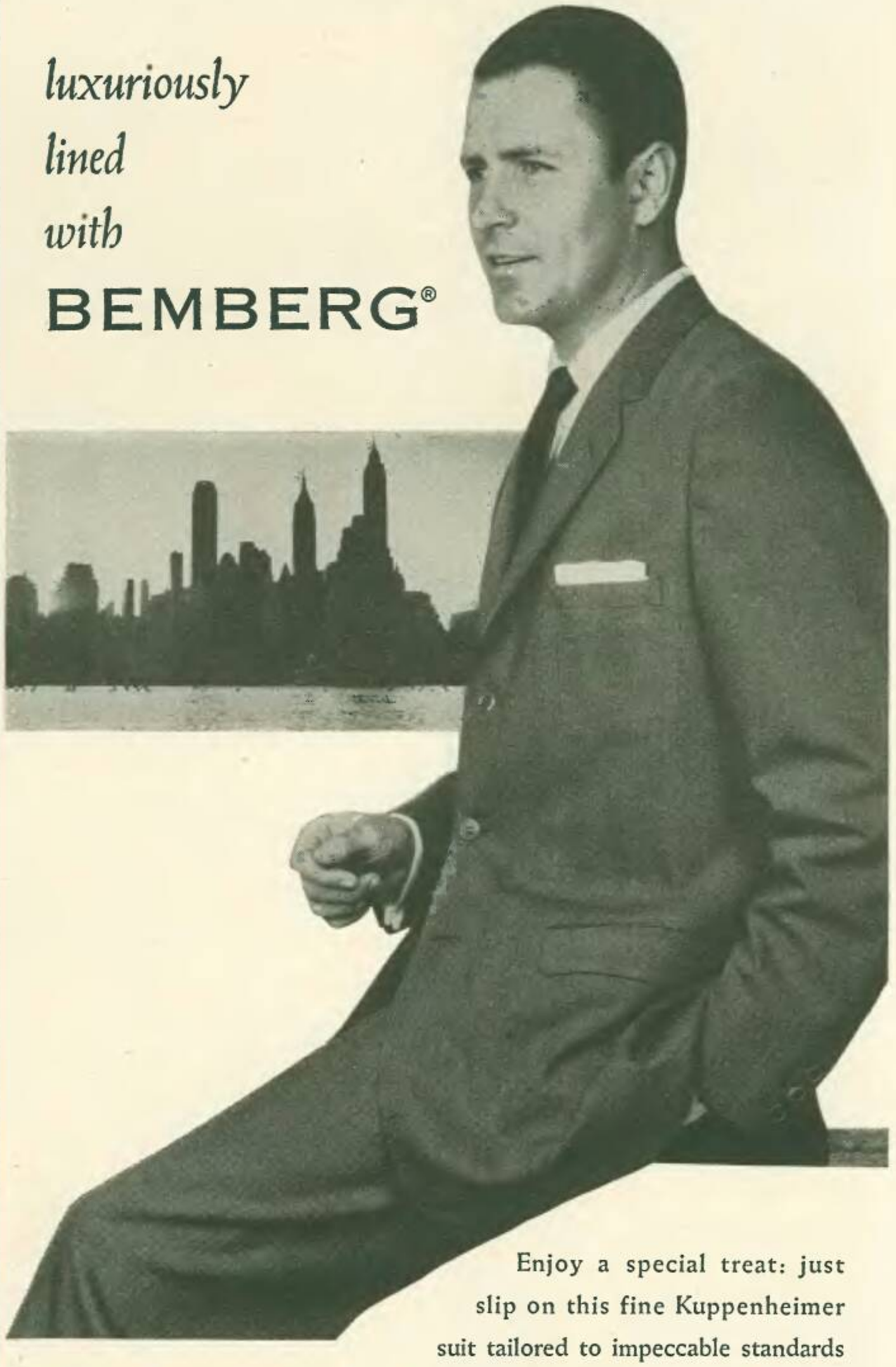
Helen did not look at her. She went on staring down into the river, at the washboard pattern of the muddy waves spreading away from the boat. When I am old enough to draw, she thought, it will be too late. I won't even be here.

The slats of the park bench pressed in hard ridges against Helen's back. She picked up the clock and walked over to

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a willow tree at the edge of the pond, and sat down on the ground beside it. The only sound was that of the clock, and how paradoxical it was, Helen thought—propelling time forward even while it was turning time back. In front of her, as in a Chinese water color, the faintest outline of the willow tree was reflected in the pond, and Helen was on the Yangtze again. It was the night they arrived at their mission station.

The moon had been warm and alive that night, turning the dirty river into a ripple of gold and all the ragged little houseboats into soft violet shadows. Helen stood at the front of the boat, waiting for it to dock, and somehow feeling that this place was going to be different from the others. She first heard the bell as she stepped onto the dock. The moonlight and the sound of the bell drifted down from the hills together. The bell had a deep, deliberate rhythm. It would strike once, and the note would linger in the valley, and before it had quite faded away, the bell would strike again, so that the sound was always there.

IN the mission compound, the bell was closer and clearer. The second week they were there, Helen's amah took her to see it. They went up a country road and a hill littered with buttercups and boulders toward the Buddhist temple, and with every step the bell became louder. Halfway up the hill, the amah sat down on a stone to rest her tiny, bound feet.

"Does it always ring—day and night, all year?" Helen asked.

"Always."

"Has it never stopped?"

"Never," the amah said. "Through my father's life, my grandfather's, and his father's before him. Through floods and famines and wars."

Helen, looking down at the clock, in its brown wrapping, remembered the sudden love that had swept through her for this woman who could answer so firmly and so quickly. Her brevity had been a relief, and Helen had not been able to help comparing it with her father's loud and lengthy pronouncements of his faith.

"Will it always ring?" Helen asked. "Always and forever?"

The amah stood up. "Always," she said. "*Chang . . . chang.*"

They approached the temple through a courtyard, where they came upon the most enormous hog Helen had ever seen. It lay on the ground under an umbrella, which had been placed carefully to protect it from the sun. Its head and feet were engulfed in the fat of its great



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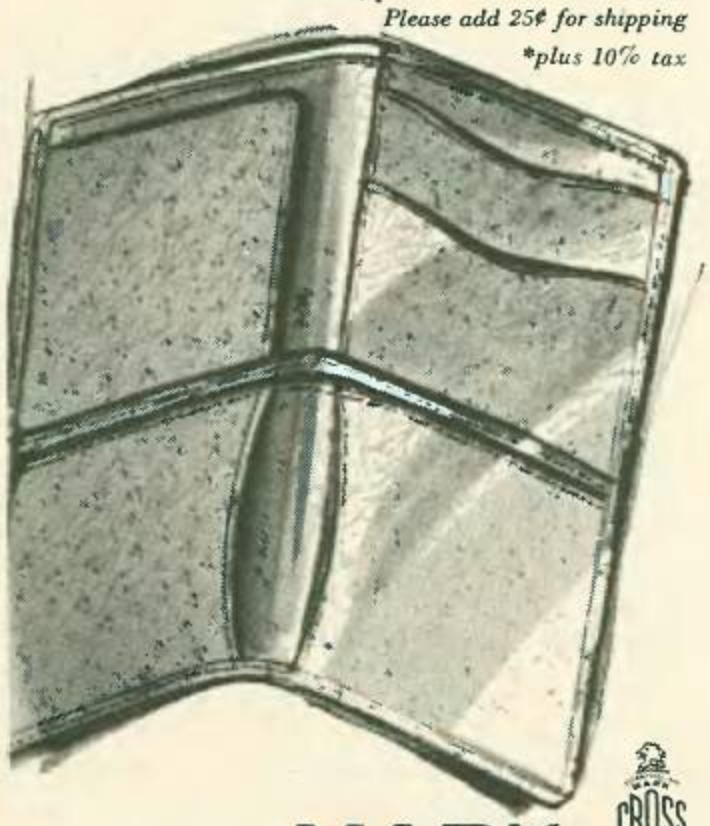
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body; its tiny eyes stared through a thick white film.

Helen stopped. "It's blind," she said.

The amah nodded. "Blind and old. It cannot move. They feed it here." She had to lean over and shout in Helen's ear to be heard above the bell. "Here all life is precious. Life is safe."

They walked around the hog to a small pool, where a crooked gray fish, with a hump on its back, swam slowly in smaller and smaller circles. "Old," the amah said as they passed. "Safe."

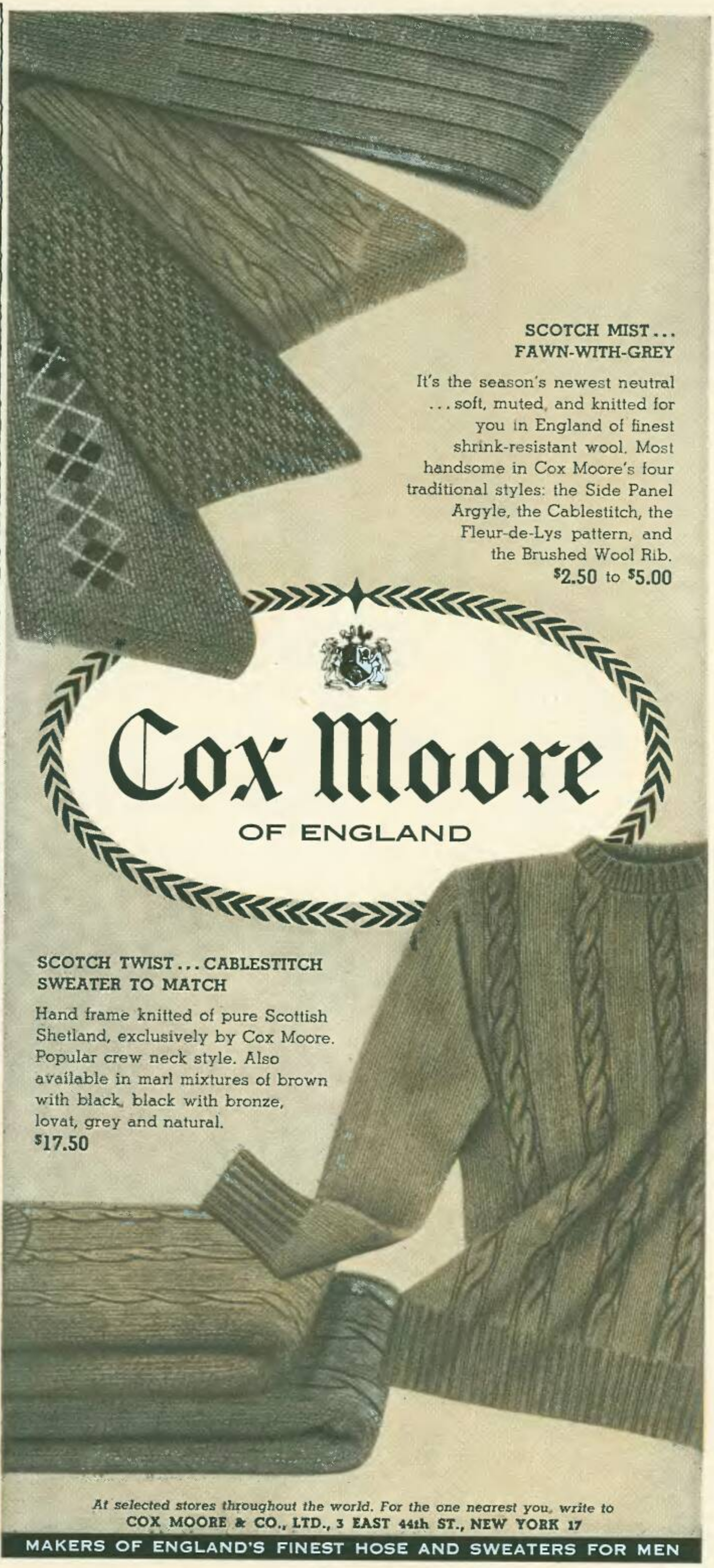
They went, then, through an open archway into a vast anteroom. And there was the bell. It hung—huge and heavy—in the center of the room. Helen thought it looked as if some giant out of a myth should ring it, but, instead, beneath the bell stood a thin, white-robed monk, looking more like a cabbage butterfly. The monk swung an immense log, suspended horizontally by chains from the ceiling, against the bell, and then he waited. Just before the sound died away, he swung the log again. Sometimes he disappeared from the room through a doorway leading to the interior of the temple, but he or another monk was always standing by the log in time for the next stroke.

It was strange about the sound of the bell. There in the room, it was loud, but it was not deafening. You didn't seem to hear it with your ears at all. You heard it with your whole body. "Always," the amah had said. "*Chang . . . chang.*"

AFTER the visit to the temple, the bell ran through Helen's days and linked each day with the day before and the day to come. She was happier than she had been at any time since her mother's death. She was so happy that one morning she was about to tell her father how she felt. But that was the morning she noticed his shouting for the first time.

It happened at breakfast. Her father, about to say the blessing, folded his hands and looked down at the red persimmon and the fruit knife on the plate before him. Through the open windows the temple bell could be heard. Suddenly, Helen saw her father's hands tighten until the knuckles stood out white. Then, raising his voice, he did not ask the blessing, he demanded it.

After that, for the rest of the summer, he never lowered his voice for anything. He threw his words out as if he were pitting them against an enemy in some terrible competition. His prayers were loudest, and came without warning. He ordered the bell at the mission



chapel to be rung twice as often, and doubled the number of prayer meetings. At each meeting, he roared at the small group of patient faces before him. When he stopped to catch his breath, the sound of the Buddhist bell would sift into the chapel and incite him anew.

Helen watched her father's war against the Buddhist bell with a curious kind of compassion. As she thought about it now, sitting beside the willow tree in Central Park, she wondered at the maturity of her feeling. She had not been angry—only sorry for him—when he commanded that the windows on the bell side of the house be kept closed. She had known it would make no real difference. Not war or famine or flood, the amah had said.

On the day of her father's defeat, the windows were open. It was during a dreadfully hot spell at the end of the summer, when any air that was moving came from the hills, and her father had not objected to the open windows. Again, they were at breakfast. Whether it was because of the stillness of the air outside or the tension of the air inside, the Buddhist bell seemed particularly loud. Helen's father looked pale and drawn, and she decided to help him through the meal by playing a game with him, and raising her voice as he did. She suggested that they play the Bible game—a turnabout recitation of verses—which her father had instituted years before as a mealtime diversion.

They both started out confidently enough. The trouble came between turns. During the moment after one of them had finished reciting and before the other began, the bell moved in. It was soon apparent that the only way to play the game was to start your verse quickly, just before your opponent was through speaking. Faster and faster they went, each jumping onto the tail of the other's verse. Helen's mind scrambled madly. When she was not able to think of a verse in time, she shouted anything, trying to make it sound like Biblical language. Her father did not notice. In his fierce determination to be ready, his fingers gripped the edge of the table; his eyes fixed unblinkingly on a little jar of ginger marmalade. He did not even notice the servants, filing into the room and standing silently against the walls.

Suddenly, her father jumped up and crashed his fist on the table. He rushed over to a window and, leaning out, flung his verse at the temple on the hill.

"*Be still,*" he thundered, "*and know that I am God!*"

Then he turned and ran out of the house.

A few minutes later, the bell of the



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mission chapel began to ring. Soon the ringing became frenzied. The clangor went on and on, now stopping for a moment, then continuing more wildly than ever. Still sitting at the breakfast table, Helen imagined her father at the bell rope—jerking it, and shaking, and perhaps weeping, and then pausing to listen.

WITHIN a month, her father was recalled by the mission board. He and Helen left the valley and came to America to live with an aunt of hers in New Jersey. After her father's death, a few years later, Helen went on living with this aunt, going through high school and college, shaping herself to a pattern that at first seemed strange but soon became as commonplace as the corner drugstore. Gradually, the familiar things of her childhood grew unfamiliar, and at last there was no link between the two worlds. Until today.

Helen looked at the pond in front of her. Two mallard ducks had settled themselves in the water-color reflection of the willow tree. Abruptly, even though she had meant to stay longer in the city, she wanted to go home. She wanted to take her day quickly with her while it was still intact. Picking up the clock, she started along the footpath, half pretending it was a Chinese hillside with a Buddhist temple at its top. When she reached Fifth Avenue, she hailed a cab.

"Pennsylvania Station," she said. If she had a sandwich at the station and took the next train, she could be home in an hour and a half.

When Helen was in her own living room again, she looked around her with sharpened interest. The room was lovelier than she had realized—the soft-gray walls, the white woodwork, the cherry-red chair, the dry cattails in the vase before the fireplace. She unwrapped the clock and placed it in the center of the mantel. Then she stood back and appraised it. It looked just right, as if it were her own personal heirloom, she thought. And so it was—a Victorian clock whose hollow sound had brought back the bell of an ancient Buddhist temple of her childhood.

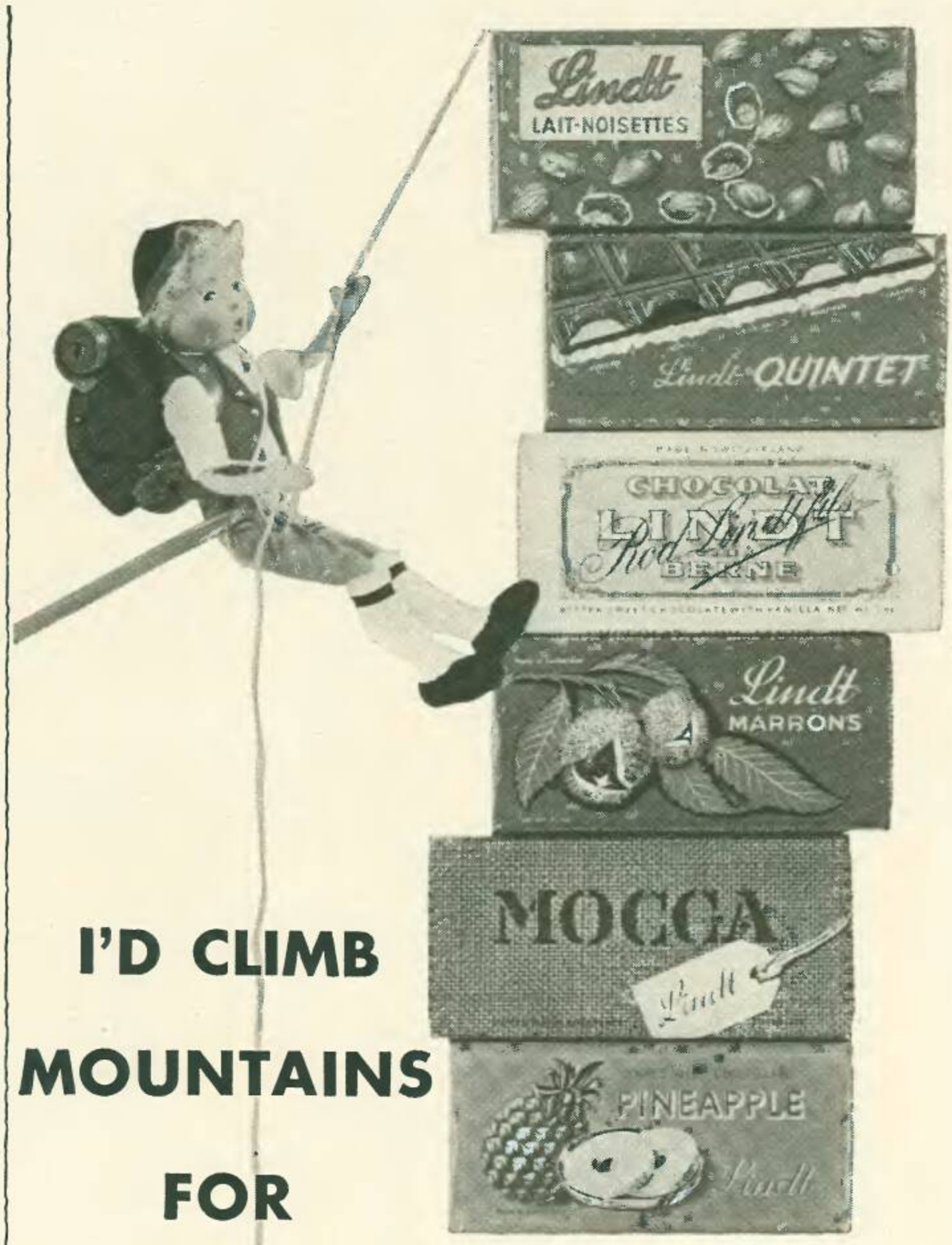
—JEAN FRITZ

•

WELL PRESERVED

DAVENTRY, ENGLAND (CP)—Arthur Gardner was digging potatoes when he dug up a hen's egg. "It must have been turned into the ground last June when the potatoes were planted," he said. "It seems quite fresh."—*Edmonton (Alberta) Journal.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE STUDY OF SOMETHING NEW IN HISTORY

IN every war but one that the United States has fought, the conduct of those of its service men who were held in enemy prison camps presented no unforeseen problems to the armed forces and gave rise to no particular concern in the country as a whole. In some of those camps—among them British camps during the Revolution, both Union and Confederate camps during the Civil War, and Japanese camps during the Second World War—our men were grievously treated, and fell victim to starvation and disease, yet there was no wholesale breakdown of morale or wholesale collaboration with the captors. Moreover, whatever the rigors of the camps, in every war but that one a respectable number of prisoners managed, through ingenuity, daring, and plain good luck, to escape. The exception was the Korean War. As everybody knows, twenty-one of the Americans captured as members of the United Nations forces decided to remain with the enemy—the only time in history that American captives have chosen not to return home because they preferred the enemy's form of government to our own. What was even more shocking—for, after all, the twenty-one men could be regarded as ideological cranks—was the fact that roughly one out of every three American prisoners in Korea was guilty of some sort of collaboration with the enemy, ranging from such serious offenses as writing anti-American propaganda and informing on comrades to the relatively innocuous one of broadcasting Christmas greetings home, and thereby putting the Communists in a favorable light, because such broadcasts had to include a report of good treatment at their hands. Then, when the war ended and the prisoners began to return, it became clear that some of them had behaved brutally to their fellow-prisoners, and for a time the newspapers carried reports of grisly incidents in the prison camps, including the murder of Americans by other Americans. (The most notorious offender, perhaps, was Sergeant James C. Gallagher, who was convicted by a court-martial of killing two seriously ill fellow-prisoners by throwing them out into the snow.) Furthermore, during the entire Korean conflict not one of our men escaped from a prison camp. And, finally, to mention another calamity that might not, on the face of it, seem to point to any moral or disciplinary weakness among the prisoners, thirty-eight per cent of them—2,730 out of a total of 7,190—died in captivity. This was a higher prisoner death rate than that in any of our previous wars, including the Revolution, in which it is estimated to have been about thirty-three per cent.

All in all, regrettable things happened in the prison camps of North Korea, and the public has been inclined to attribute them solely to the cruelty of the Communists and, in particular, to the mysterious technique known as brainwashing. The officials involved, however—in the Defense Department and especially in the Army, which, because of the nature of the operations in Korea, supplied more than ninety per cent of the American service men who fought there—could not accept an explanation as simple as that. For one thing, there was evidence that the high death rate was due primarily not to Communist maltreatment but to the ignorance or the callousness of the prisoners themselves. For another, the prisoners, as far as Army psychiatrists have been able to discover, were not subjected to anything that could properly be called brainwashing. Indeed, the Communist treatment of prisoners, while it came nowhere near fulfilling the requirements of the Geneva Convention, rarely involved outright cruelty, being instead a highly novel blend of leniency and pressure. If our prisoners had behaved strangely, then, the explanation was bound to be a complex one.



"You paid forty bucks for <u>this</u>?"

That some of them were behaving strangely had become evident surprisingly early in the hostilities—at 11:55 A.M., Greenwich time, on July 9, 1950, to be precise, or only four days after our ground forces first engaged the enemy in Korea—when an American Army officer, taken prisoner some forty-eight hours before, made a nine-hundred-word broadcast in the enemy's behalf over the Seoul radio. Purportedly speaking for all American soldiers, this man said, among other things, "We did not know at all the cause of the war and the real state of affairs, and were compelled to fight against the people of Korea. It was really most generous of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea to forgive us and give kind consideration for our health, for food, clothing, and habitation." Service authorities were dumfounded—parts of the state-

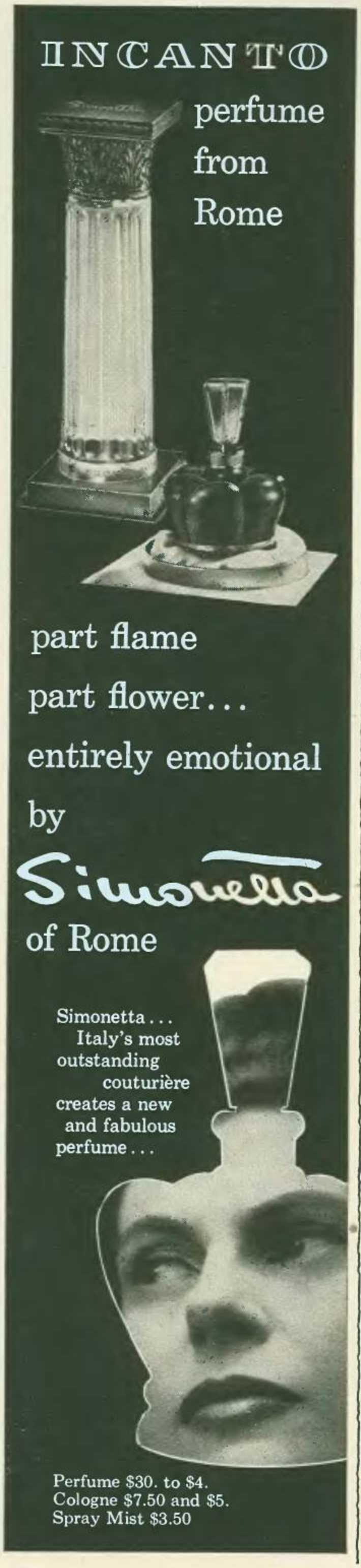
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ment, of course, were actually treasonable—but a tape recording had been made of the broadcast and there was no mistaking the officer's voice. Within a few weeks, many statements of this sort were picked up by American listening posts in the Far East, and the Army immediately began collecting data for a formal study of the behavior of our Korean prisoners of war in all its aspects—medical, psychological, propagandistic, and legal. The study turned out to be a massive one—it was not completed until July 29, 1955, two years and two days after the signing of the armistice at Panmunjom—and as it went along, its findings produced a serious dispute within the armed services concerning the degree to which a captive might collaborate without being ultimately answerable to his government. In May, 1955, to resolve the dispute, the Defense Department set up an Advisory Committee on Prisoners of War, composed of five civilians and five retired generals and admirals, which thereupon conducted an intensive three-month survey of all the prisoner-of-war problems that had arisen in Korea. On August 17, 1955, shortly after the committee had turned in its report, President Eisenhower issued the following six-point Code of Conduct for members of the armed forces in combat and captivity:

I am an American fighting man. I serve in the forces which guard my country and our way of life. I am prepared to give my life in their defense.

I will never surrender of my own free will. If in command I will never surrender my men while they have the means to resist.

If I am captured I will continue to resist by all means available. I will make every effort to escape and aid others to escape. I will accept neither parole nor special favors from the enemy.

If I become a prisoner of war I will keep faith with my fellow prisoners. I will give no information or take part in any action which might be harmful to my comrades. If I am senior, I will take command. If not I will obey the lawful orders of those appointed over me and will back them up in every way.

When questioned, should I become a prisoner of war, I am bound to give only name, rank, service number, and date of birth. I will evade answering further questions to the utmost of my ability. I will make no oral or written statements disloyal to my country and its allies or harmful to their cause.

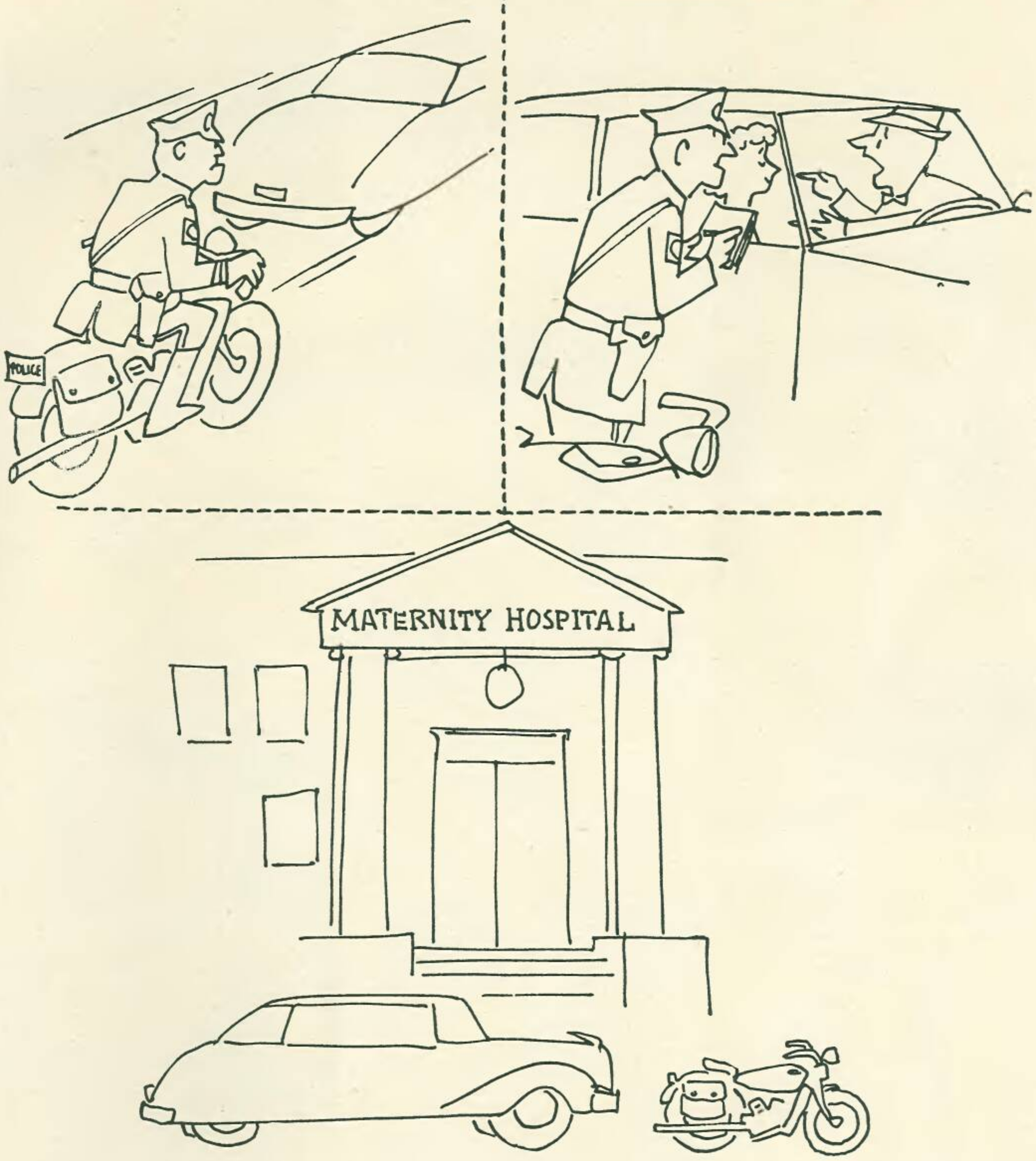
I will never forget that I am an American fighting man, responsible for my actions, and dedicated to the principles which made my country free. I will trust in my God and in the United States of America.

Like the events in Korea that inspired it, the Code of Conduct was unprecedented—the principles of conduct pre-





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scribed for our soldiers had always been covered in regular training manuals, and no other President had found it necessary to restate or clarify them—and it has led, in each of the services, to unprecedented courses of training designed to teach our service men how to survive captivity, and not buckle under it.

BEHIND all this lay the Army study, and not long ago, feeling that the study itself constituted a neglected bit of American history, I went down to Washington to find out what I could about it. When I got there, the Army Information Office suggested that I see Hugh M. Milton II, Assistant Secretary of the Army for Manpower and Reserve Forces, who had been directly in charge of the study, and had later become a member of the Advisory Committee. Mr. Milton, I was told, would give me a general idea of what the Army had discovered, and then would pass me along to other officials, who would fill in the details. When I called at his office in the Pentagon, Milton, a tall, dark fifty-nine-year-old Kentuckian, offered me a chair, sat down at his desk, and plunged into his subject.

The Korean War, he told me, marked the first time in history (this phrase, it seems, is bound to keep occurring in any discussion of the prisoner-of-war situation in Korea) that the American Army had been confronted by an enemy who attempted to manipulate the minds of prisoners, thus extending what might well be called combat tactics into the prison camps. Soon after the propaganda broadcasts from our men began, the Communists revealed that they had other tricks up their sleeves. In February of 1951, small groups of American captives began returning to our lines, and in the course of investigation by counter-intelligence officers it was discovered that they had been heavily indoctrinated and had come back prepared, with the aid of propaganda leaflets, to put pressure on our troops to desert. (These men were closely questioned, and provided the Army with its first direct information about the Communists' way with prisoners.) Meanwhile, back in the States, people were receiving letters from prisoners that harped on a single theme—the hope for an early restoration of international peace—and that sounded wholly unlike the men who had unmistakably written them. Then articles by captive G.I.s praising life under Communism started appearing in newspapers in India, North Africa,

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Indonesia, and elsewhere. It was clear, Milton said, that all these acts were part of a highly coördinated Communist scheme to demoralize both our fighting men and our civilian population, and, at the same time, to win over the diplomats and nationals of non-Communist countries. "The articles and statements by our soldiers got around," Milton said. "One of them—something to the effect that the Communists were nice fellows and we were warmongers—was even reprinted as a United Nations Security Council document in 1950, when Jacob Malik, of the Soviet Union, headed the Council. But what was probably worse was the effect those statements had in neutral countries. You can imagine what a problem it was for our government to refute such lies—backed, as they were, by the names, and even photographs, of American soldiers—in the hinterlands of Asia, say, where the free way of life has such a tough ideological struggle anyway. It is hard to tell how much damage those soldiers did."

This sort of thing—American troops turning renegade in such large numbers, and apparently so casually—was unthinkable, Milton went on, and yet it was happening. The Army, in puzzlement, resolved that if we ever got those men back, every one of them would be put through a series of searching questions about his experiences after capture and about the Communist techniques of handling prisoners. "The resulting Army study was the first in history to go into the background and prison experiences of every American soldier captured during a war," Milton said. "Some of my colleagues will be telling you about its mechanics and its conclusions, but I will say this much: After it was completed, we knew a great deal more than we had known about Communist methods and about the way our men reacted to them. No limit was set on the length of the men's answers to our questions, and all told they must run to several million pages. The data is extremely valuable, and it may be unique in the world. From it we learned, among other things, how the Communists managed to persuade most of the captives to attend classes where Communist theory was drummed into them. The Army calls this 'indoctrination.' The alternative term, 'brainwashing,' has become a catch phrase, used for so many things that it no longer has any precise meaning—and, as you'll find out, a precise meaning is necessary in this case. We also learned about the special Communist uses of interrogation. Interro-



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gation is a legitimate method of trying to elicit military information, of course, but the Communists used it not so much for this as to produce a state of mind that would be vulnerable to indoctrination—in other words, to change a man's political views and obtain his collaboration. The Communists rarely used physical torture—you'll hear more about that as you go along—and the Army has not found a single verifiable case in which they used it for the specific purpose of forcing a man to collaborate or to accept their convictions. The enemy did, however, apply many forms of mental pressure and physical hardship—withholding food, medicine, and hospital care, for example—and, of course, using such techniques to change political views is not only illegal by all the recognized codes for prisoner handling but completely contrary to the basic tenets of humanity. But say what we will, condemn it as we like, it is a cold, hard fact of Communist practice. It may sound trite, but if America is going to survive, Americans must learn to cope with this practice."

I asked Milton if he could estimate the percentage of prisoners who had collaborated, and he replied, "If we use as a standard the committing of some perhaps understandable act of 'technical' collaboration, such as broadcasting Christmas greetings to relatives at home, the percentage might run as high as thirty per cent. One man in every seven, or more than thirteen per cent, was guilty of serious collaboration—writing disloyal tracts, say, or agreeing to spy or organize for the Communists after the war." He sat back for a moment in silence. Then he said, "Make no mistake about it, the results of the Army study were distressing. And the most distressing thing we found is that the men needn't have yielded. Just as they needn't have died in such great numbers. But why don't I let the specialists who took part in the study tell you about those things? Then, when you've finished talking to them, perhaps you'd like to come back, and I can tell you something about what the study taught us in terms of the future."

THE next man I called on was Major General Arthur G. Trudeau, a trim, florid, energetic officer, who was Assistant Chief of Staff of the Army in charge of G-2 at the time I saw him and who has since been promoted to lieutenant general and assigned as a corps commander in Korea. As head of what amounts to the Army's detective bureau, he was naturally much



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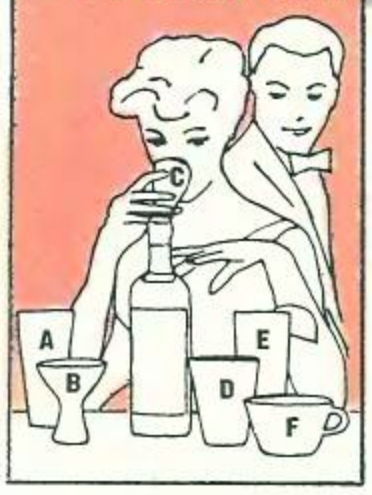
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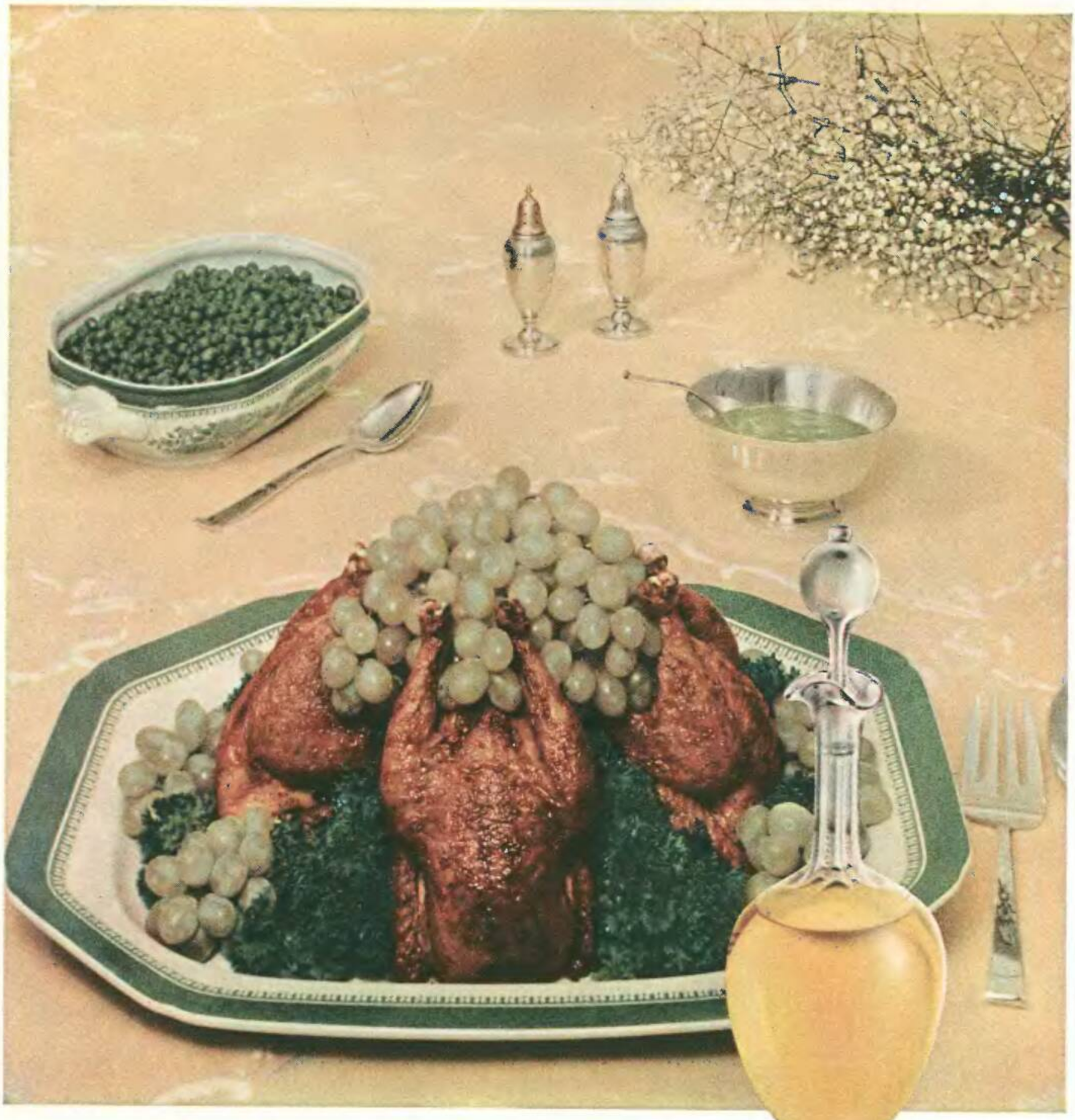
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concerned with the Army study, and he proceeded to tell me exactly how it had been conducted. "Well, to begin at the beginning," he said, "as soon as it became clear that a number of Americans were collaborating, it also became clear that we would have to make a complete investigation of the whole period of every man's imprisonment. What else could we do? Here was an attempt to subvert thousands of our men, and on the surface, at least, it seemed as if it might be succeeding. The security of the country and the security of the service demanded this exhaustive investigation, and, of course, we knew from the start that it would be a tremendous job."

During and after the Korean War, the General went on, a total of 4,428 Americans—31 Navy men, 200 Marines, 224 members of the Air Force, and 3,973 Army men—were released, or otherwise made their way back, from Communist territory. There were three groups of them. The first—650 men—was a heterogeneous batch, including those who had either evaded capture altogether or had escaped before being sent to a prison camp, those who had been liberated by our combat advances, and those who had been sent back to our lines by the Communists for propaganda purposes. Except for the last, the men in this group had little information to give, since none of them had ever reached permanent prison camps and many had been absent from their own lines for only a day or two. The second group—149 men—consisted of prisoners released in Operation Little Switch, a transfer of sick and wounded made in April, 1953. The third group—3,629 men—returned in the course of Operation Big Switch, the mass repatriation in August and September, 1953.

The Army handled the return to the States of all Big Switch repatriates, General Trudeau told me, and for this purpose it had nine transports at the embarkation port of Inchon. The men were brought there from the repatriation center, in Panmunjom, by bus or helicopter, depending on their physical condition, and those who were seriously ill were thence flown at once to Japan. The rest were housed in barracks on what had been a Japanese Army post in Inchon, where they were cleaned up and deloused, issued new uniforms, and given a thorough medical checkup. They were not allowed to mingle with other members of the armed forces—a precaution the Army took both for the sake of security and for the sake of the men themselves, since psychiatrists had



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advised that it would be best for them to get used to freedom gradually. The Communists released our prisoners in dribs and drabs over a period of more than a month. As soon as enough repatriates collected at Inchon to make a shipload, one of the transports would sail for San Francisco, and it was during the three-week journey across the Pacific that the men were put through the rest of their processing, which had two unique features—a general psychiatric examination and an intricate interrogation concerning the techniques of Communist indoctrination and the degree to which the men had succumbed to them.

Aboard each transport was a Joint Intelligence Processing Team, consisting of seventy-two specialists—counter-intelligence officers, doctors, psychiatrists, lawyers, and administrative workers—who had been drawn from all services, although Army personnel predominated. (A tenth team, based in Japan, took care of those prisoners who lived in Guam, Hawaii, the Philippines, and other areas west of the American mainland, or who had to be evacuated to Japan for hospitalization.) It was the counter-intelligence men who did the interrogating. From the prisoners who had returned earlier, the Army had learned that the Communists were warning our men they would be subjected to intensive and, it was implied, brutal questioning by American authorities, and it was plain that if our interrogation was not tactfully handled—if the Communist line was confirmed even in only this one respect—wavering Americans might easily turn into anti-Americans. "Hence, our interrogators were instructed to be as understanding and sympathetic as possible," General Trudeau told me. "And that is what I think they were."

Before asking a man any questions, the interrogator would explain that all returned prisoners were being interrogated as a matter of routine, and would point out that, under the Uniform Code of Military Justice, an individual is not required to make any statement that will tend to incriminate or degrade him, that he may, if he chooses, make no statement at all, and that anything he does say may be used against him. The interrogation proper was divided into three phases. Phase I called for a brief biography of the returned prisoner. Phase II consisted of seventy questions—each in several parts, and, in all, covering forty pages of a questionnaire—about the man's prison experience. The General told me that these questions were carefully phrased. A man was not asked point-blank whether

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he had collaborated; instead, he was asked for many particulars about his imprisonment—details that, when put together by experienced counter-intelligence men, would provide a straightforward and unemotional account of what he had actually done in prison, and what had been done to him, and would reveal whether he had yielded to indoctrination entirely or in part, or had associated, perhaps innocently, with collaborators, or had been completely anti-Communist. Phase III dealt with military information that the prisoner might have picked up—the different military roles played by North Koreans, Chinese, and Russians during the war, for instance, or the location of enemy bridges, bunkers, and airfields.

There were six psychiatrists aboard each ship, along with a clinical psychologist and four enlisted men who had been either social workers or psychologists in civilian life. During the voyage home, each prisoner had at least one hour-long psychiatric interview, and the psychiatrists, too, General Trudeau told me, did their best to make the men comfortable, usually starting off with a short speech along these lines: "I am Dr. So-and-So. I'm a psychiatrist. My talking to you is only a regular part of the medical examination every returned prisoner is getting. We realize that imprisonment is a difficult thing and that it can cause certain problems. So, first off, we wonder if you have any problems we might help you with. Secondly, we're interested in getting a broad view of prisoners' problems in general, so that we can be of the most possible help to your buddies who will be repatriated after you. Perhaps the best way to start is for you to tell me a little bit about yourself—your home, and what you used to do, and so on."

After the man had described his background and his civilian life, the psychiatrist would ask him how long he had been in Korea before he was captured, whether he had been with a good outfit, what the capture was like, how he had felt about it, and what he had thought was going to happen to him in enemy hands. Usually a good, compact chronological account was obtained in this way, and the psychiatrist could then bring the talk around to what had actually happened to the man in the prison camp. That, of course, was the heart of the interview, and the psychiatrist would often ask the man to elaborate on details of psychological interest. For example, if the man remarked that he had felt pretty blue for weeks after the march to the prison camp, the doctor would try to get to



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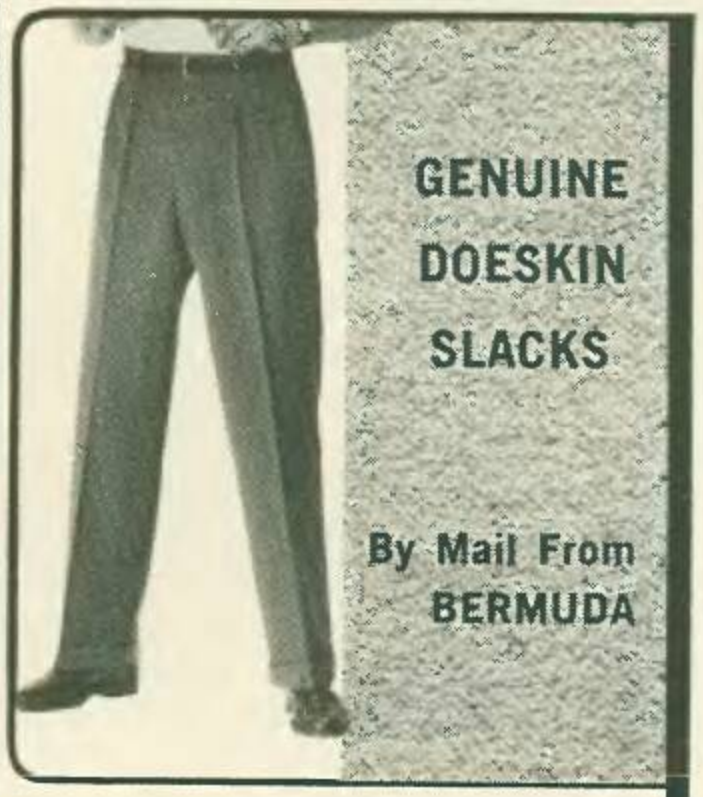
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the bottom of his feeling, and it might develop that, say, he blamed himself for not having lent a hand to one of his wounded buddies, who subsequently died. Naturally, in these interviews the psychiatrists came by a great deal of information—not all of it true—but the Army emphasized that what it wanted from them was not any opinion this might lead them to form about a man's guilt or innocence but clues to the state of mind that determined his actions. In seeking these, the psychiatrists attached great importance to the feelings a man described himself as having toward his fellow-prisoners and his captors; to his attitude toward the interview itself; and to whatever plans he mentioned for the future. For instance, a man who said that he planned to take up life right where he had dropped it on joining up was generally tagged as immature and unrealistic, for ordinary life is never the same after a term in prison camp. ("One of our psychiatrists used to illustrate that well with an anecdote," General Trudeau said. "His orderly had been a P.W. in Germany in the Second World War, and after the Allied victory this man's one thought was to get to Paris. There wasn't any transportation, though, and he had to sit in Germany for a month, slowly getting adjusted to life as a free man. Any former prisoner has to relearn almost every detail of that life, and later on the orderly told the psychiatrist that that month was the best thing that had happened to him during the war.") Some men, the psychiatrists found, were fluent and completely at ease during their interviews, and often said that prison life had been tough but bearable. Others had a hard time expressing their feelings, and still others had lost all contact with reality, like the returned prisoner who, when asked why he had not tried to escape, said: "Well, there was trouble if you left camp, because you had to find a Chinese soldier to bring you back. They wouldn't let you back inside the camp unless a Chinese soldier brought you. And sometimes you couldn't find a Chinese soldier."

In addition to the individual interviews, the psychiatrists held as many sessions of group psychotherapy as they could on the voyage home. Each group consisted of fifteen men, and the emphasis was not on the past but on the here and now, with the psychiatrist guiding the discussion more actively than he probably would have with civilian patients. The men were urged to think realistically about the future; they were warned that while they could expect to



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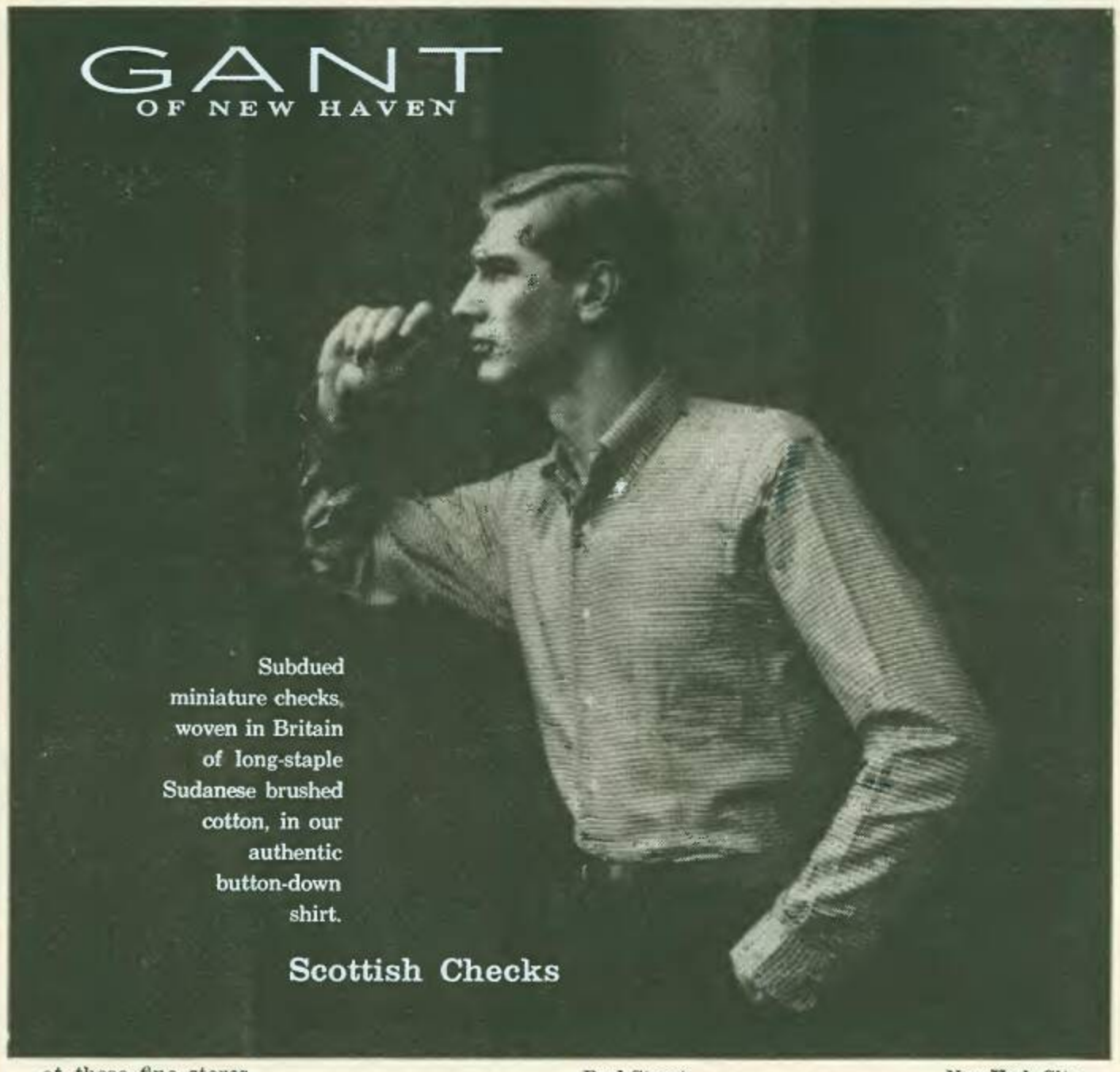
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be treated as heroes when they got home, they would not be treated as heroes for long, and that then, however unlikely it seemed, the prison camp, where all decisions were made for them, might occasionally seem preferable to the place in which they found themselves.

On the basis of the psychiatric interviews and the group sessions—as well as the results of Rorschach and sentence-completion tests, administered by the psychologists—the psychiatrist prepared a brief report on each man, and this, together with his biography and the completed questionnaires, was put into a personal file that was started for him by the processing team.

BY September 15th, all nine shiploads of repatriates had arrived at San Francisco, and there the Navy, the Air Force, and the Marine Corps took charge of their men and files, while the Army men and their files were turned over to the Sixth Army commander, whose headquarters is in that city. All the Army repatriates were given thirty-day leaves, and each of them was then reassigned to the post nearest his home. Meanwhile, each man's file went, for copying, to the commanding general of the appropriate Army Area (the country is divided into six such areas), since the Army felt it wise for its top commanders to have some advance data, good or bad, on the repatriates who would be serving under them. Then the files were sent to the Department of the Army, in Washington, and there, in October, 1953, they were turned over to G-2. "At this point, our study really began," General Trudeau told me. "We had assembled our material, but the job of analyzing it lay ahead of us. This occupied scores of experts for over a year, and the man-hours of work unquestionably ran into the millions."

The first task, which kept twenty people in a special section of G-2 busy, often as much as eighteen hours a day, for over six months, was simply one of cross-referencing names. Each repatriate had named many other prisoners as having committed acts, good or bad, in the camps. Some of the files contained hundreds of names (one had nearly a thousand), and every reference to every prisoner had to be copied on a separate sheet and put into the file of the man it concerned. Establishing the validity of the statements that prisoners had made about each other was perhaps the most critical part of the Army study, General Trudeau told me. "Anyone who has had experience in correlating the reports of wit-



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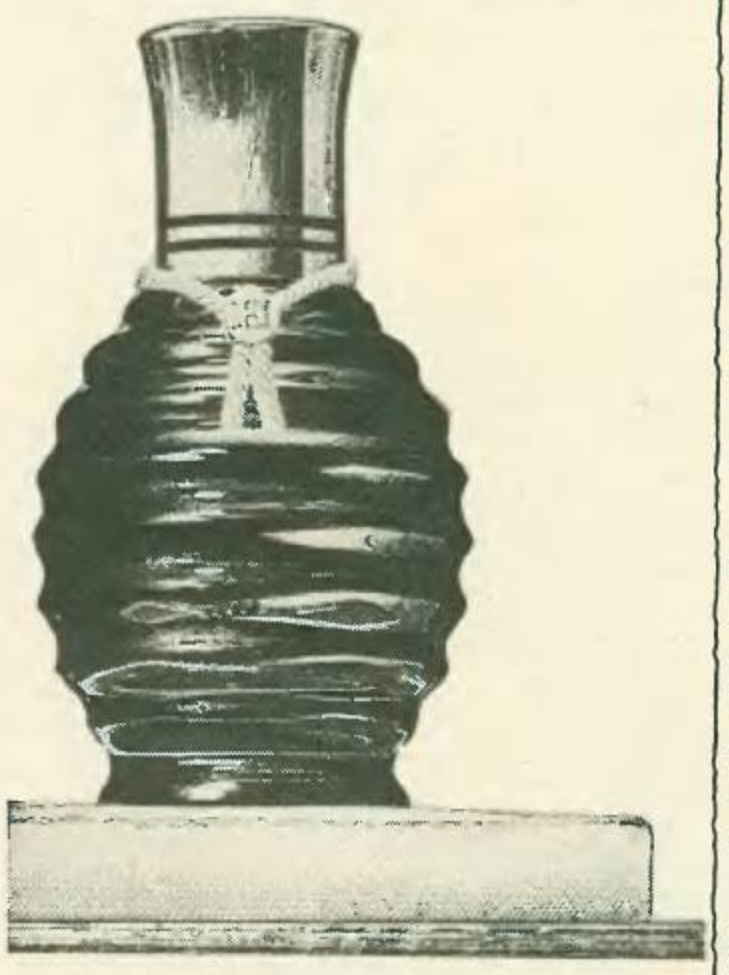
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nesses—even the witnesses of a street fight—will understand how delicate a job this was," he said. "Opinions differ, and errors of judgment occur among even the most scrupulously honest observers." It was all the more difficult, of course, to determine the truth about what happened in a prison camp, where the men had often banded together in little cliques, and were vengeful and guilt-ridden, in addition to possessing a full measure of human frailty—even to the point of lying about others in order to help themselves.

G-2 set up firm standards to guide its workers, I learned. "For example," General Trudeau said, "a low rating was given to unsupported statements that a man was an informer or a Communist. If a man said he had seen another man sign propaganda documents, it was necessary to assess his credibility as a witness in the light of what others said about him, as well as in the light of what others said about the man he was denouncing. Naturally, if we had taken the statements of two collaborators who knew each other as our only basis for judgment, those men would have emerged as two of the greatest heroes of the Korean War." The search for verification frequently led an investigator a merry chase. If a man said that his statement about another man could be supported by a certain red-haired lieutenant, the investigator would have to drop everything and try to locate the file of the red-haired lieutenant by following clues in other prisoners' files or by going through Army personnel records for a man corresponding to his physical description. Once the red-haired lieutenant's file was located, it was checked for confirmation of the first man's statement. If none was found, the lieutenant had to be interviewed in person, wherever he was. Thus another fact might be pinned down. There were many instances in G-2's research of tracking down anonymous red-haired lieutenants or their equivalent.

"Among the things we attached great importance to," the General went on, "was the information a man gave us about what offices he had held in camp, and what his duties and privileges had been. Broadly speaking, the more he yielded to the Communists, the higher the position he held, though his food and shelter weren't necessarily better. By the time of the Big Switch, the early returnees and the Little Switch men had given the Army the names of many men accused of various kinds of collaboration. Our interrogators kept these names in mind while questioning the Big Switch men, and their reaction to

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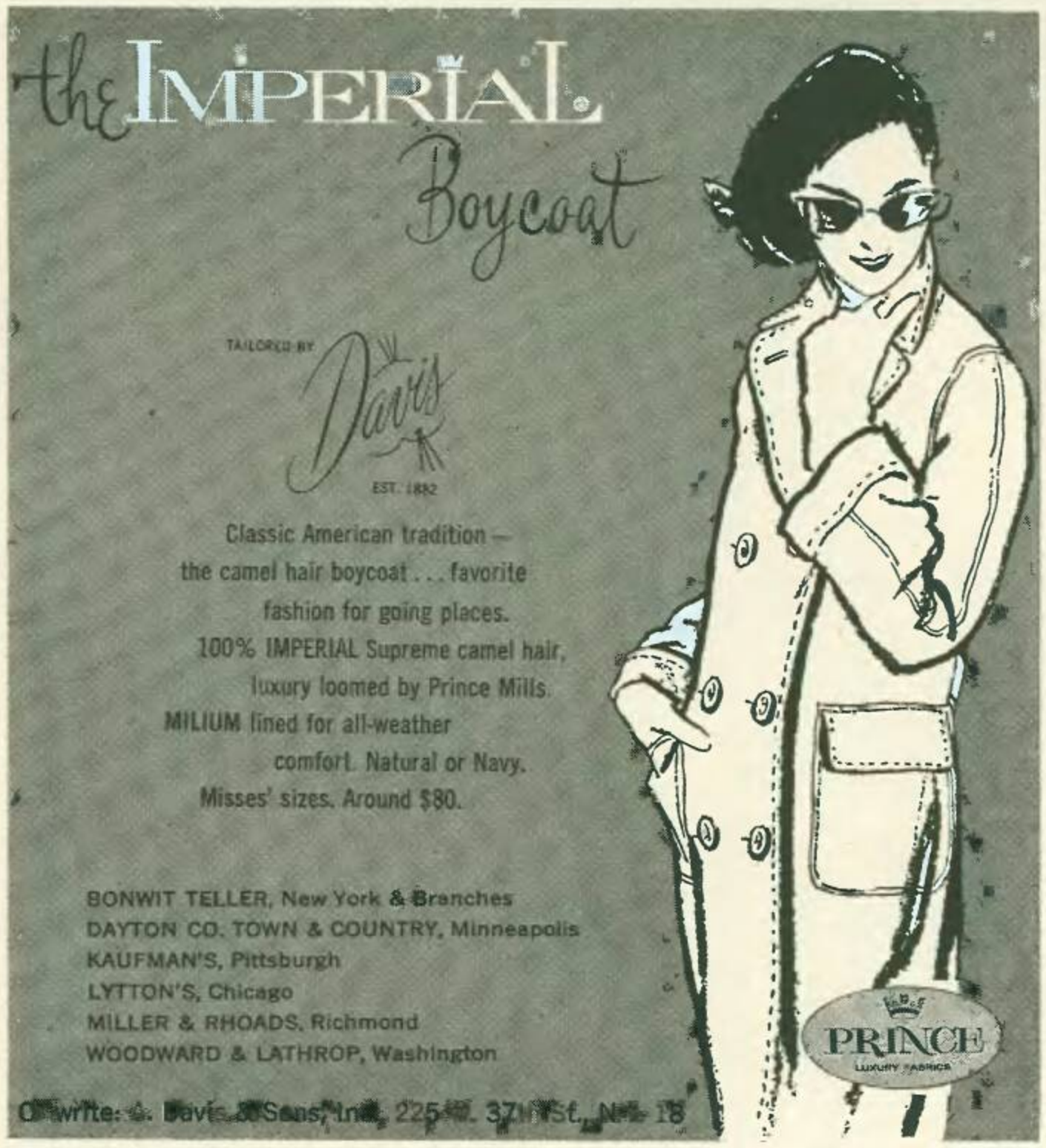
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them was another criterion. Take the case of a prisoner who had been at a heavily indoctrinated camp, where there was a lot of collaboration. If he said nobody was a collaborator, or named only one or two men, the interrogator would question him again, going over the same ground more thoroughly, and if he still suppressed the names of major collaborators, there was a good chance that he was one himself."

There had been 3,323 Army men involved in operation Big Switch, and when the cross-referencing and the preliminary evaluations were completed, early in 1954, 1,679 of them, a trifle over half, had been discharged, and summaries of their files were sent to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. In the opinion of the Army, two hundred and ten of these cases warranted further investigation, and it so informed the F.B.I. As for the men who remained in service, two hundred and fifteen of them were still suspected of serious offenses. "Here at G-2, we were in an extremely difficult position," the General told me. "Naturally, the national security was never out of our minds for an instant, but we also had to be sure we were doing justice to the men themselves. The last thing in the world we wanted was to prejudice, without due cause, their service careers or future lives. As far as those still in the Army today are concerned, we try to see to it that they are not treated in any special or disparaging manner."

General Trudeau went on to give me an idea of the sort of evidence that had piled up against the two hundred and fifteen men. One of them, a sergeant, had said in his psychiatric interview on shipboard that he regarded the Chinese Communists as dishonest savages, and totally untrustworthy. Later, it was found that this sergeant had been named as a collaborator by a hundred and eighty-five fellow-prisoners, and that in propaganda broadcasts he had declared he could never say enough for the Chinese Volunteer Forces in Korea; their humane treatment, he said, had saved his life, and (far from being savages) they had given him food, comfort, and peace, and had operated their prison compounds along the restful lines of a summer camp. Some of his fellow-prisoners reported that the sergeant had announced publicly that he would sacrifice his American citizenship, if necessary, to fight for Communism; moreover, they asserted that his improper distribution of food had contributed to the death of some men from malnutrition. Approximately eighty-





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five additional statements, also derogatory, were deemed to lack sufficient support for inclusion in the sergeant's record, largely because the men who made them had misspelled or shortened his last name. Incidentally, the General said, the figure of a hundred and eighty-five was about average for derogatory statements made about any of the two hundred and fifteen. One, though, had over eight hundred such statements made about him.

In the spring of 1954, the two hundred and fifteen cases were turned over to a carefully selected team of intelligence officers, combat officers, and legal officers, who put in more than six months on further investigation of them. "This group applied all the standards of the preliminary study, but even more rigorously," General Trudeau told me. "We procured additional evidence, too—a transcript of every propaganda message sent out over every Communist radio station in eastern Asia during the Korean War, for instance, and copies of all the Communist documents distributed among the United States forces in the combat line, some of them written by the men whose cases were under review—but what was most important was that the cases were being reassessed in the light of the experience of these mature and specially trained officers. The two hundred and fifteen cases were those of men who seemed to have erred. Just how plausible did their excuses seem to these officers? And how did the excuses hold up when viewed against the men's own actions? For example, if a man said he had acted as he did for the good of another prisoner, was it actually the other prisoner who benefited or was it the man himself? In these cases, Army Intelligence went out and personally interviewed every former prisoner, in service or out, who had made a derogatory statement about a suspect. Evaluation, though very, very complex, was possible."

After deliberation, the officers in the G-2 group recommended that eighty-two of the two hundred and fifteen cases be considered for trial by general court-martial. (The rest were either cleared or dealt with by administrative action, such as separation from the service.) But the weeding-out process did not stop there; the remaining cases, before being approved for trial, had to be reviewed, serially, by the Army's Board on Prisoners of War Collaboration, which had been set up early in 1954; the Assistant Chief of Staff, G-1; the Assistant Secretary of the Army for Manpower and Reserve

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Forces (Mr. Milton); and the Assistant Secretary of Defense in Charge of Manpower. Any one of these could withdraw the recommendation for trial, and at the end of the review only forty-seven cases were approved for general court-martial. The file on each of these was then sent to the appropriate Army Area commander, for with this officer rested the ultimate decision as to whether a man should actually be brought to trial. Of the forty-seven men, fourteen have faced a court-martial. Eleven have been convicted.

I asked General Trudeau if I might see what a returned prisoner's file looked like, and he had one brought in. It was a formidable-looking stack of paper about as thick as an unabridged dictionary and topped with a blue paper cover. The sheets in it were of various colors and sizes, and the whole was held firmly together at the top with an adjustable metal fastener. "This isn't an especially thick file," General Trudeau said. "Some are close to two feet thick, though others—on prisoners who were taken very late in the war or who had no derogatory information lodged against them—are less than an inch thick." It was against the Army's security rules for me to examine the file myself, so the General, leafing through it, told me about it. The three-phase Intelligence questionnaire, plus summaries of Phases II and III, took up eighty-odd pages. Then came the psychiatric evaluation, statements other prisoners had made about this man, and, since these statements were mostly derogatory, a special follow-up report by Army Intelligence agents. The file also included copies of enemy propaganda leaflets that the man had signed, transcripts of broadcasts he had made, copies of reports on him collected by government agencies other than the Army, and sworn statements made by the man himself.

BY this time, I was eager to learn about the Communist methods of indoctrination and interrogation, and for this I went to Colonel Willis A. Perry, then G-2's Deputy Assistant Chief of Staff for Zone of the Interior Operations, which is the section charged with security matters; he is now a brigadier general, serving in California.

"Indoctrination was an extremely complex process," he said. "Perhaps the best way to start telling you about it is to take a brief look at how the Communists acquired the prisoners in the first place." The war, Perry reminded me, could be divided into three phases. The

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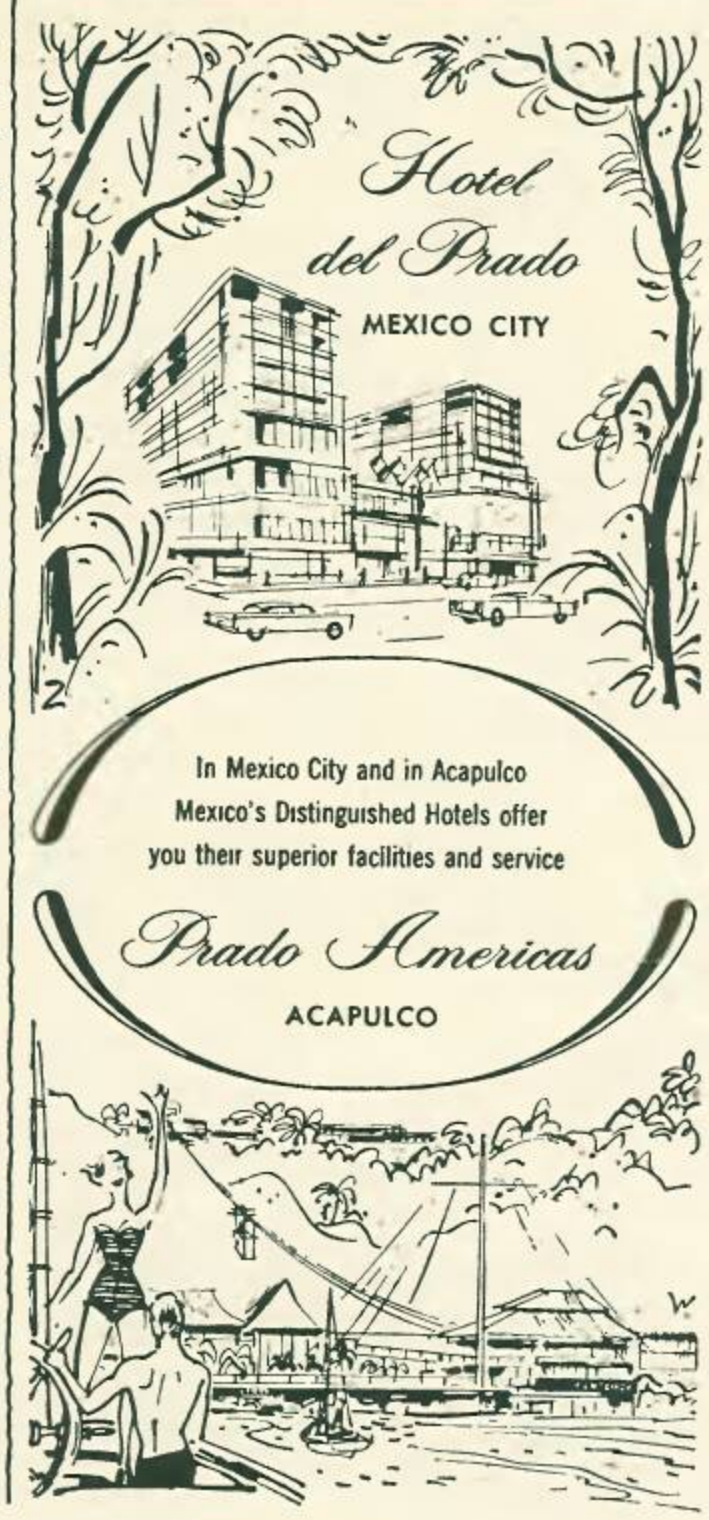
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first was the initial Communist aggression, which started on June 25, 1950, and in about three months had all but wiped the peninsula clean of defenders. The second was our counterattack, which by the late fall of 1950 had very nearly cleared the peninsula of aggressors. Then, in November, the Chinese Communists entered the war, with masses of men, and our troops retreated to the middle of the peninsula. It was there, in the vicinity of the former demarcation line between North and South Korea, that, beginning in January, 1951, the third phase of the war was fought—an inconclusive series of actions that lasted for more than two and a half years. During the first phase and most of the second, the North Koreans were the enemy, but then, with the North Korean Army virtually destroyed, the Chinese ran the Communist side of the war. Most of the American prisoners, Colonel Perry pointed out, were captured early in the war—in the first or second phase or the first few months of the third. Of 6,656 Army men known to have been in prison camps, all but four hundred and sixty-three were taken prisoner in the first twelve months. This meant that most of the captives were in Communist hands during practically the whole war.

The North Koreans and the Chinese handled prisoners in entirely different ways, the Colonel said. In the early months of the war, the North Koreans often shot soldiers they could have taken prisoner, or shot prisoners in the combat area, simply because they did not want to bother with them. They were almost completely unequipped to deal with prisoners. There was little food to give them, and no place to put them. When the North Koreans did take prisoners, they might parade a column of them through the streets of their towns in triumph, and then, not knowing quite what to do next, herd the men into temporary holding camps on the fringes of the combat area, where the living conditions were very bad. The North Korean Army had none of the usual permanent compounds far behind the lines. In this period, there were many of what the Army calls "well-documented combat-type atrocities." When the United Nations troops advanced in the fall of 1950, they came upon the bodies of murdered prisoners, their hands tied behind them, bullet holes through their heads. "Not a method of handling prisoners, not brainwashing, not indoctrination or an effort to secure collaboration—just an atrocity," said Perry.



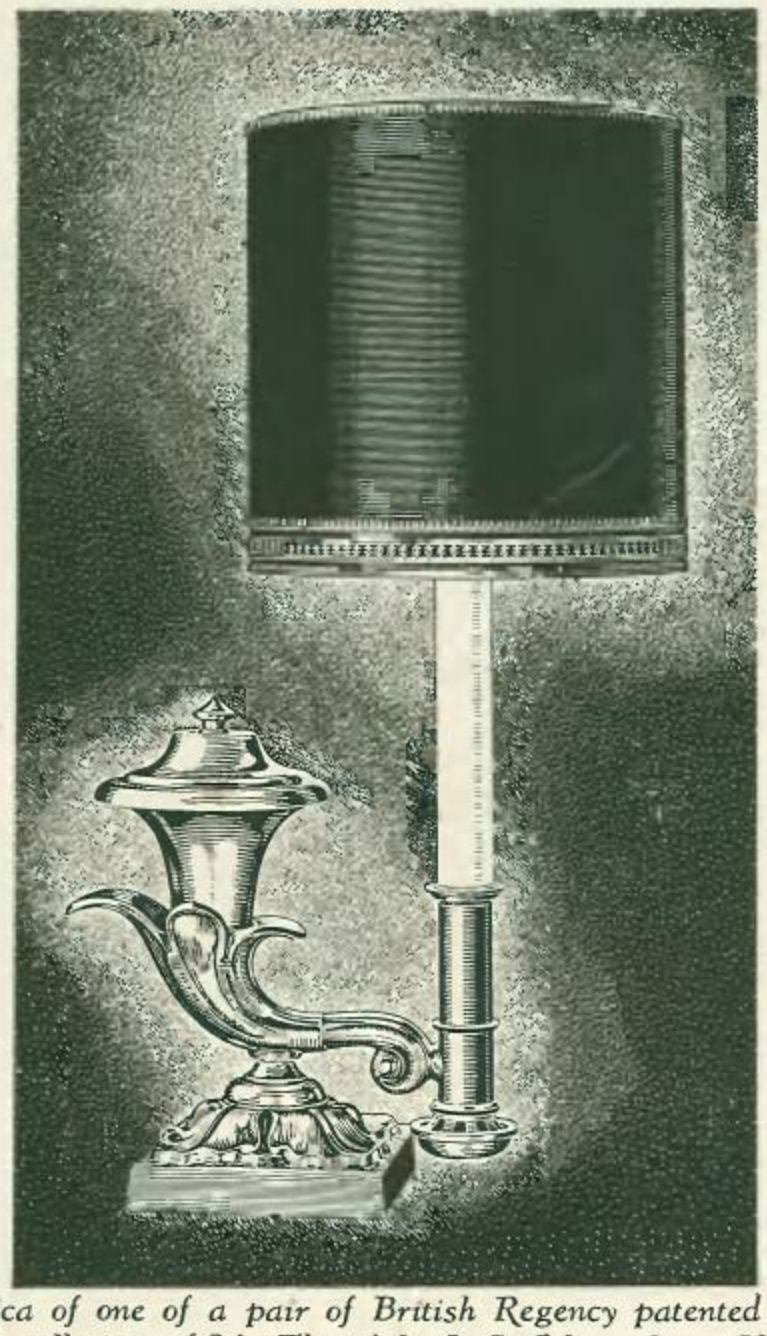
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(According to official figures, 1,036 Army men were victims of this sort of atrocity; when the prison-camp death rate was computed, they were not included.) Word of this naturally spread through the United States ranks, and atrocities came to be generally expected upon capture.

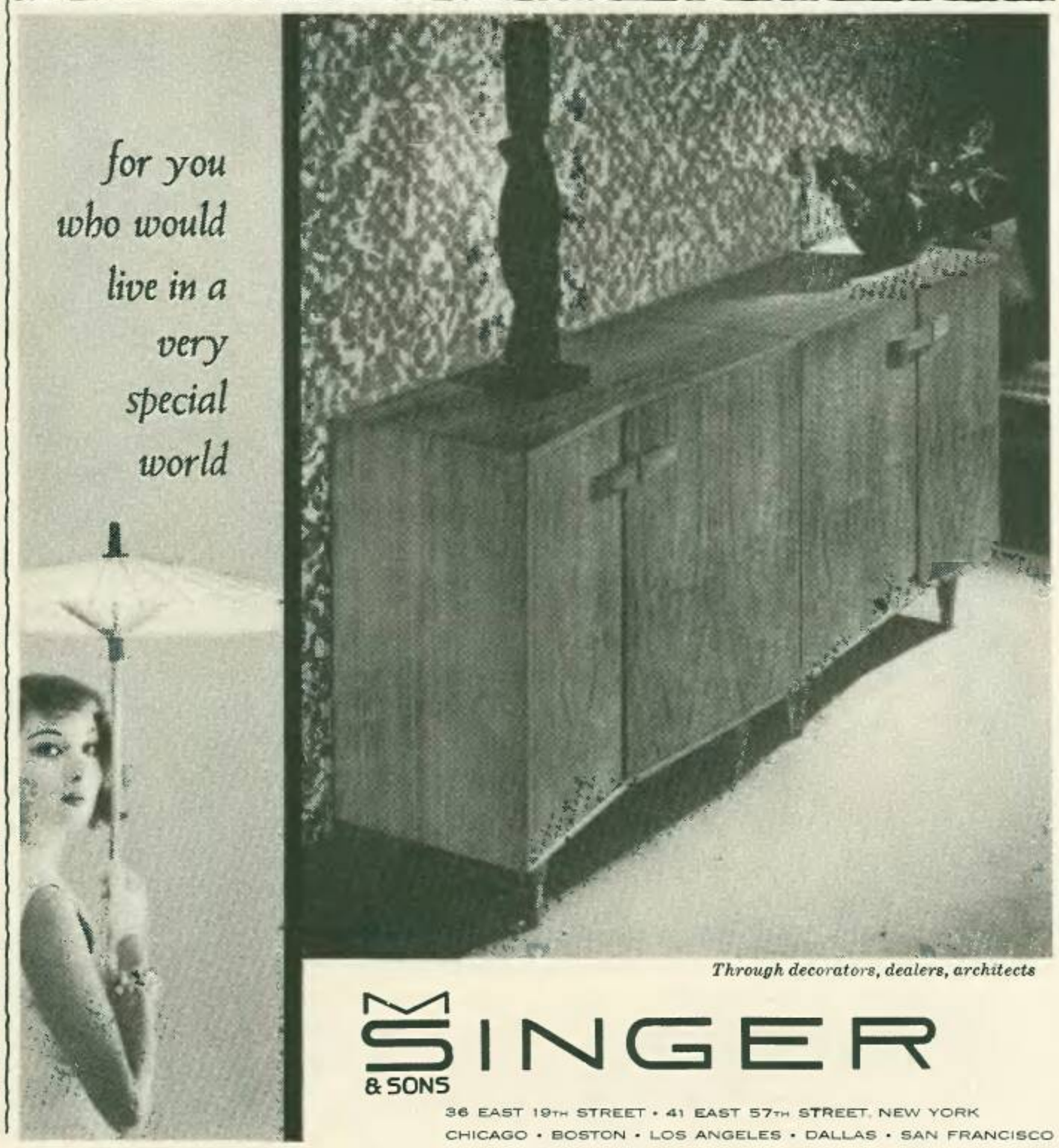
When the Chinese entered the war, everything changed; they did not ordinarily kill prisoners, no matter what the combat situation, and it is known from captured documents that Chinese field commanders were expressly told to show prisoners that China had a "lenient" policy toward "liberated" soldiers. As a matter of fact, Chinese captors often greeted their prisoners with a smile, a handshake, and a cigarette. It confused our men to receive this welcome instead of the expected bullet in the head. "When a Chinese came up and offered a handclasp to one of our soldiers, it threw him right off balance," Perry remarked. "And then and there, the process of indoctrination began."

In January, 1951, three months after the Chinese entered the war, Colonel Perry went on, they started moving prisoners into the first of a string of eight permanent camps well behind the fighting front, along a seventy-five-mile stretch just north of the Yalu River. Here the prisoners were classified for indoctrination, and here the Chinese they saw most of were English-speaking interrogators and political instructors—two groups who constituted a distinctive element of the Chinese Communist armed forces. In age, they ranged from twenty to forty-five; their backgrounds were predominantly civilian, and though they wore standard Chinese uniforms, they looked like civilians. Many of them had learned their English at colleges in the United States, or so they said, and though their command of the language ranged from the colloquial to the textbookish, even the least fluent of them got their meaning across to the prisoners. Quite a few of them were familiar with such matters as Jackie Robinson's batting average and the landmarks along U.S. Highway No. 1. The two groups enjoyed a favored status in the Chinese military hierarchy, being burdened with almost no routine duties. The more important of the two to the prisoners were the political instructors. Each instructor had the power to order or remit punishment, to facilitate a man's going on sick call, and to lighten or increase camp duties. He combined within himself many of the functions that our Army delegates to the Education and Troop



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Information Branches, the Inspector General's Office, the Chaplain's Branch, and Special Services, and it was he who was chiefly responsible for the subversion of our men's loyalties.

The first thing that the Chinese tried to do was to find out everything they could about the captives. They were interested in military information, of course, but they were even more interested in making converts, and the point of much of their interrogation was to determine which men were the best prospects for conversion. "As soon as a prisoner reached camp, he was put through an initial questioning," Colonel Perry told me. "Then he was ordered to complete a detailed questionnaire, on paper with the false heading 'International Red Cross.' He was told that the Chinese Red Cross needed the information in order to let his next of kin know that he was a captive. The questions included his father's occupation, the family income, his own educational background—all sorts of things that would give the Chinese a line on his social and economic status. Other questionnaires, more and more detailed, followed. And then the prisoners were asked to write autobiographies. Some wrote as many as three. The data in those questionnaires and autobiographies constitutes the largest fund of information about the American soldier ever acquired by an enemy. There is no reason to suppose that the weaknesses and strengths, the gullibility and the power of resistance shown by our military personnel are not at this very moment being carefully studied in Peiping and Moscow."

All this material enabled the Chinese to pick out the most promising candidates for indoctrination. Colonel Perry showed me a translation of a captured document—a Chinese field guide for interrogators—which gave me some insight into the Communists' thinking. "The prisoners most coöperative in working with us will be chiefly young enlisted men of higher quality," it stated. "They will accept our way of thinking and have the courage to speak and speak actively. . . . We may ask them to write according to the subjects we present to them, but in their own way. In this way, they are allowed to express themselves freely and more information can be obtained." From each of the autobiographies, enemy intelligence officers extracted bits of information that, in their opinion, showed that the writer would be especially susceptible to a certain aspect of Communism—a Negro's allusion to racial discrimination in the

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United States, for instance, or an account of family financial struggles by the son of a coal miner—and thereafter these matters were invariably brought up in indoctrination or interrogation sessions with that man.

On the basis of the captives' response to the original interrogation and the questionnaires, the Communists divided them into "progressives" and "reactionaries." The latter were men who would give nothing more than their name, rank, serial number, and date of birth, or who refused to give even those; violently hostile men, who in some cases physically attacked or spat upon their captors; and men who were outwardly friendly but who the Communists felt were inwardly unfriendly and would do their best to sabotage the indoctrination program. The reactionaries were of all ages, ranks, and educational, economic, and military backgrounds, and so were the progressives, though "the most susceptible," as the Colonel put it, were usually between eighteen and twenty-four, had superior intelligence but not much formal education, and came from lower-income groups, urban or rural. When the indoctrination program got under way, the reactionaries were segregated in units within the camps or were sent to other camps, where reactionaries predominated; in these latter camps little or no indoctrination was tried. In the so-called progressive camps, however, the Chinese instituted a full-scale indoctrination program.

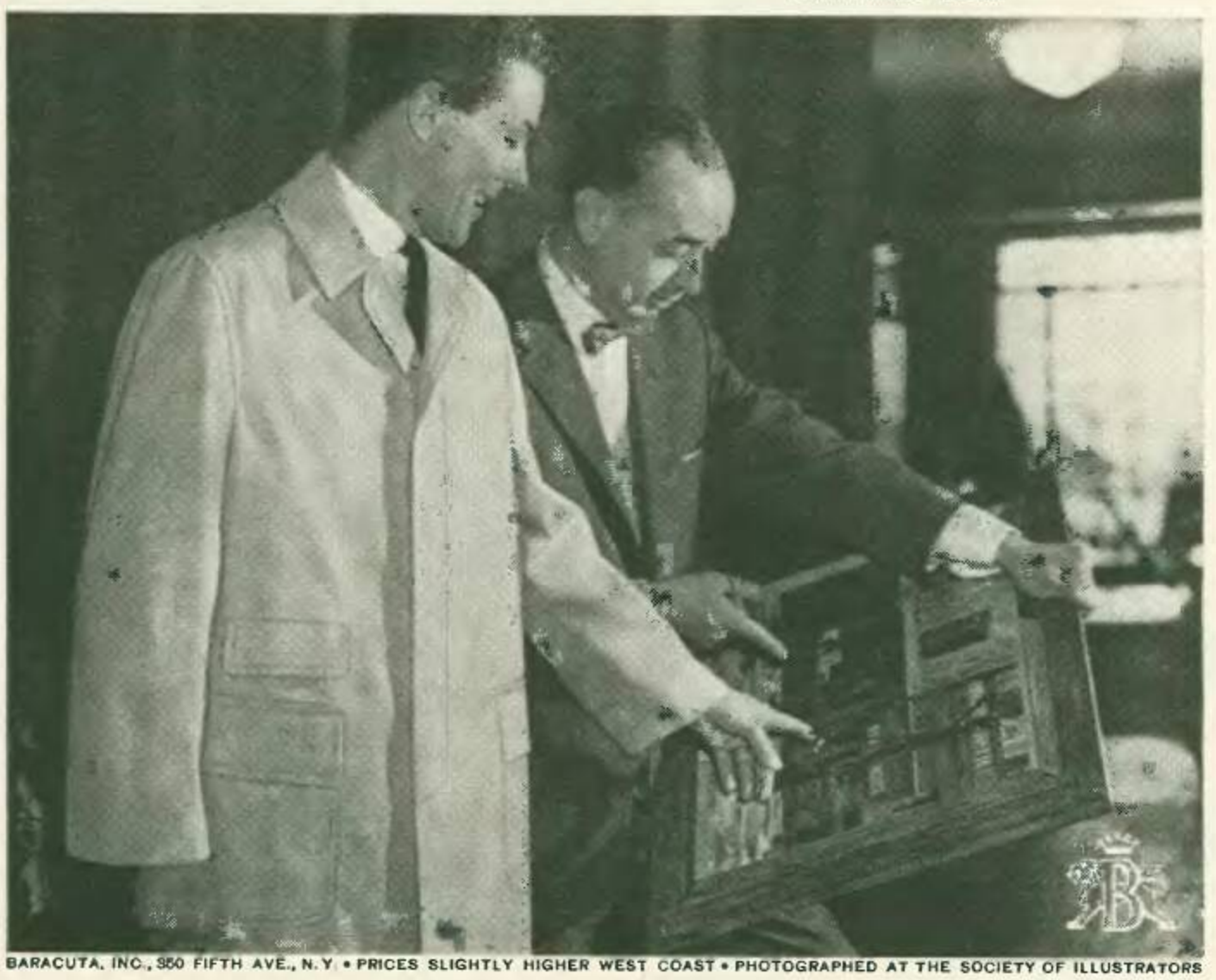
I asked Colonel Perry whether the reactionaries had been made to suffer for their resistance to the Communists, and he shook his head. The Army study showed the death rate among reactionaries to be only slightly, if at all, higher than among collaborators, he said. He told me of one American who had been taken prisoner by the Chinese after he had run out of ammunition. His captors asked him his opinion of General George C. Marshall. "General George C. Marshall is a great American soldier," he replied, and a rifle butt knocked him to the ground. The question was repeated. So was the answer, but this time he wasn't knocked down. He had won his battle. The Communists were testing his resistance, and felt that they now knew what sort of man he was. They respected him, apparently; he was not struck again. After three years in prison camp, during which he unwaveringly rejected everything the Communists stood for, he was repatriated, his principles intact. The Communists described men like him to the other prisoners as "ignorant, stub-



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born professional soldiers." The reactionaries were given hard-labor details but otherwise were left alone. The hard labor kept them busy, often improved their health, and helped them to preserve a sound mental outlook. The progressives, on the other hand, were given little work to do, and were almost never left to themselves. They were forever being urged to study. The emphasis in their camps was on re-education, and it often happened that boredom at having nothing to do except dip into Communist textbooks drove a prisoner to become interested in what he was studying. As an example of how readily some progressives absorbed the Communist point of view, along with a lot of half-digested economic theories, Colonel Perry showed me an article from a camp paper put out by collaborators. It was headed "A Wised-Up G.I.," and it read:

My name is ——— ———. I've been in the army seven months, and I'm glad that I'm one of the liberated G.I.s because I've learned how my government has tricked me and my friends and family.

Fellows, look at these figures for income tax for 1939 which was 16% and 1946 which was 57%. Can you understand why they jumped so fast? Why must we pay taxes like that for capitalists?

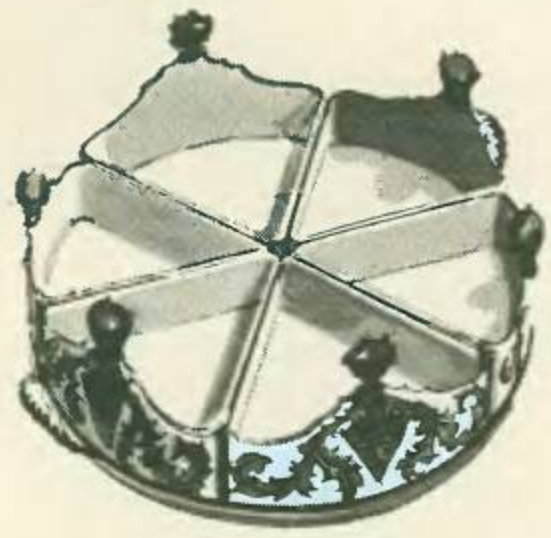
Capitalism is no good. We want a government like the Soviet Union and China, don't we, fellows?

At present, we must all learn and learn well. And, as soon as we have got home, we must clean out the capitalists and make up our own People's Government. We must do our part for its realization so that we won't be deceived again by men like Truman and MacArthur.

In January and February, 1951, this soldier wrote letters home stating that his Communist captors were treating him nicely and that he was being well fed. At the time of the repatriation, however, men who were prisoners in the same camp reported that he had died later that year, apparently from malnutrition.

Colonel Perry went on to tell me something about the actual techniques of indoctrination. As the Army defines it, he said, indoctrination is an effort to change a man's viewpoint by manipulating his thoughts and actions while he is still a thinking individual. That last phrase is very important. Some of the people who appear before Communist courts have obviously been completely broken; that is, they have ceased to be thinking individuals. The process used on them, whatever it is, and only that process, can be called brainwashing, the Army believes. Indoctrination, a far milder thing, is simply persuasion under controlled conditions and aimed at a

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specific result—in this case, making converts and, if possible, evangelists, who would later accept espionage missions in the States, or else spread the Communist word here openly. In March, 1951, intensive indoctrination was begun in the first permanent prison camp along the Yalu, and it spread to others as they were established.

The organization of a Chinese prison camp was simple. The officers and enlisted men among the prisoners were segregated but were treated in much the same way. They were grouped into companies—usually between three and seven of them—averaging two hundred officers or enlisted men each; a company was divided into three or four platoons, and a platoon, in turn, into three or four squads. It was around this lowest unit, with six to fifteen members, that most of the camp routine revolved; in a progressive camp, the members of the squad attended classes together, studied together, and held discussions together. The Communist administration of the camp had a military as well as a political division, both under the supervision of a camp commander—a man the prisoners rarely saw. As a rule, prisoners also had little to do with the purely military men, whose chief duty was to guard them, and who seldom spoke English, but they had plenty to do with the interrogators and political instructors.

On an average day in one of the progressive camps, the Colonel told me, the prisoners rose at seven in the morning and went to bed at seven in the evening. Five of the twelve waking hours—from nine in the morning until noon, and from two to four—were spent in listening to lectures or holding discussions. These activities usually took place in a room in one of the larger buildings. (In one camp, they were held in what had been a village schoolhouse before the Chinese carried out a wholesale removal of the villagers.) Behind the instructor hung a huge flag showing the Communists' white dove of peace on a red ground, below the English words "Grand Rally in Support of World Peace." In mild weather, classes were moved out-of-doors. The rest of the time the men had pretty much to themselves, although they could never tell when a political instructor or an interrogator might drop around, and they ordinarily used it for recreation or just lying around, or, in some cases, voluntary study sessions. Prisoners who wanted extra time for study would be excused from bed check until nine o'clock, and might spend these two hours in the camp library. The libraries, which were

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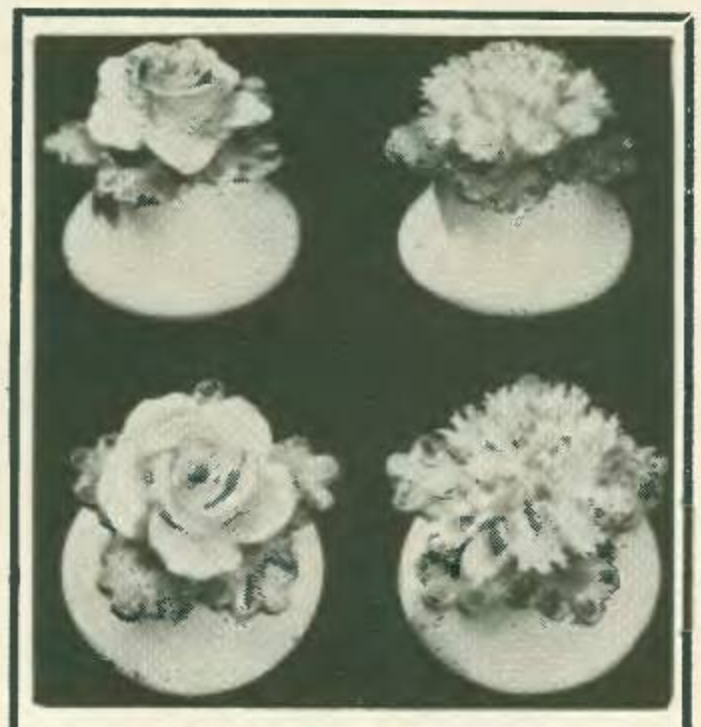
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open from six to nine, were stocked with Communist reading matter in English—including Cominform journals, Communist Party publications, theoretical works by well-known Marxist writers, and the like—as well as with fiction by such non-Marxists as Tolstoy, Victor Hugo, Dickens, Upton Sinclair, Erskine Caldwell, and John Steinbeck. The post of librarian, along with that of classroom monitor and camp-paper editor, was one that trusted progressives vied for.

The indoctrination program was divided into two phases, the first of which Army psychiatrists call "mind-conditioning." Its aim was to make the prisoners hate America. They were told that the South Koreans had attacked the North Koreans as a direct result of machinations by President Truman and Syngman Rhee, that these machinations had been instigated by Wall Street capitalists intent upon starting a third world war in order to raise prices on the stock market, and so on. When, in the opinion of the political instructors, the prisoners were ready for it, they moved on to what our psychiatrists call the "suction" phase. Here the emphasis was on the idyllic way of life in the "new democracies" and on the merits of Stalin and Mao Tse-tung.

The chief techniques used to spur on indoctrination were psychological, and there were three of them: repetition, harassment, and humiliation. (There were other spurs, too, the Colonel told me, among them the Communists' capricious handling of prisoners' mail, but he added that one of his colleagues would tell me about that.) Of the three, repetition was probably the least severe. Prisoners were required to learn or even memorize certain material, and were examined on it day in and day out, week after week. Until they had mastered it, they were allowed to read nothing else. Many of the reëducated Americans, the Colonel told me, had not gone beyond the fifth grade, but when they returned to the United States, they could recite long passages from the writings of Lenin and Stalin, and could argue the merits of Communism with some of our best-trained Army interrogators.

The technique of harassment was used on all the men—even on fawning progressives. The most trifling offense, deliberate or not, could set it in motion. Suppose a prisoner failed to answer a question in class. He was ordered to camp headquarters and given a long lecture on the grave necessity of paying attention to the instructor. And



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this was only the beginning. That same prisoner would be called to headquarters again, perhaps at midnight, for another lecture. The next day, he might be in the latrine when he was summoned, in haste, for a third lecture on his shortcomings. Then he would be aroused at two o'clock the following morning, and once again his offense would be discussed. The Chinese knew that this treatment deprived the prisoners of what they wanted above everything else—to be left alone. According to the Army study, most prisoners felt that if they complied with the enemy's demands at the time, they would be left alone thereafter, but they learned that this never happened. Harassment not only continued but increased.

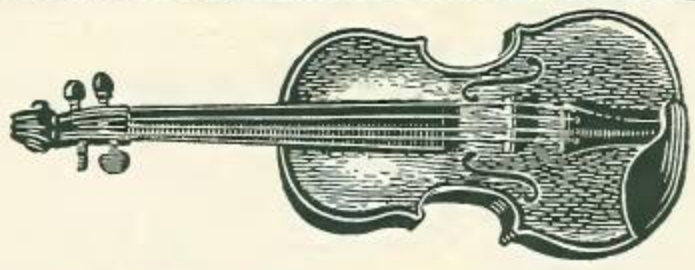
Of the three tactics, humiliation did the most psychological damage to our men. Although Chinese camp commanders told the prisoners immediately after their capture that they would not be humiliated, they were humiliated whenever the Communists chose. Colonel Perry gave me an example. During indoctrination class one day, a prisoner pointed out that if South Korea had started the war, it was odd that by the end of the first day of combat the North Koreans were at the gates of Seoul, forty miles south of the border. The instructor was furious. "You are a stupid, ignorant fool," he said. "Everyone else in the class knows the South Koreans started the war. Why don't you?" But the prisoner was obdurate. He demanded an answer, whereupon the instructor ordered the entire class to stand up and to remain standing until this man abandoned his objection. After some hours of this, the other prisoners began to mutter against the man, and he capitulated. The incident did not end there, however. The next day, he had to compose and read to the class a long criticism of his own conduct, concluding with an apology to the class and to the instructor, and for four or five days afterward he had to repeat his self-criticism and elaborate upon it. His classmates were ordered to criticize him, too, and did. Then he was made to criticize his classmates. This sort of thing, of course, is one of the principal Communist methods of bringing about chaos in a group's relations, and it was used in most Chinese villages shortly after the Communists captured them; in the prison camps, as elsewhere, it led naturally to the establishment of an informer system. The step from confessing one's own offenses to informing on one's associates is an easy one, after a man has



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done enough of the former. A comment frequently made by returned prisoners was that they could not rely on anybody. "One of the primary duties of any Army man who is taken prisoner," said Colonel Perry, "is, and always has been, to escape. The informer system effectively thwarted this. During the entire Korean War, there was not a single successful American escape from a permanent prison camp. It was the first war in United States military history of which this can be said."

I asked the Colonel if he would tell me a little more about the way the Communists used interrogation to promote conversion to their cause, and he said that, like their technique of indoctrination, their form of interrogation was something new in American experience. While there is no provision in the Geneva Convention that prohibits or limits interrogation of prisoners, he went on, there is a provision that the prisoner is bound to give no more than his name, rank, date of birth, and serial number. The Communists ignored this, and they also ignored a provision that stated "No physical violence or mental torture, nor any other form of coercion, may be inflicted on prisoners of war to secure from them information of any kind whatever. Prisoners of war who refuse to answer may not be threatened, insulted, or exposed to unpleasant or disadvantageous treatment of any kind." To be sure, no prisoners were shot or tortured if they did not coöperate at interrogations, but they did undergo mental pressure and, unlike most of the prisoners who did not take to indoctrination, a certain amount of physical violence. "The Army defines torture as the application of pain so extreme that it causes a man to faint or lose control of his will," said the Colonel. "The bastinado, the Iron Maiden, the rack, the water dropping unceasingly on the head, bamboo splinters stuck under the fingernails and ignited—these are forms of torture. Many of the repatriates complained that they had been kicked, or slapped, or kept in cramped quarters, or stripped in cold weather, or forced to stand in water—any number of things like that—but the Army does not regard any of these as torture. They are uncomfortable, and they cause stress, but it is stress of the same general order that a combat soldier undergoes, and a prisoner is expected to be able to endure such stress." The Colonel added that as far as threats and insults went, the prisoners received them constantly. "All the insults that go with harassment and humiliation," he said. "And, in

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addition, threats. The threat of non-repatriation, for instance. Also, it was standard procedure for an interrogator to lay a pistol on the table at the start of each session."

The interrogation sessions were usually held in the camp headquarters building, in a room near the office of the commandant. These rooms, as our men learned sooner or later, were equipped with various listening and recording devices, and with one-way-vision mirrors. Women assistants kept a record of each interrogation, and of the date each man was to return for his next one. The room was never closed; interrogation went on around the clock.

Colonel Perry gave me an account of what had actually taken place at the initial interrogation of one returned prisoner. He was escorted to the headquarters building by a progressive and turned over to a Chinese staff member, who took him into the interrogation room. There he was given a seat opposite the interrogator at a table covered with United States Army manuals and folders stamped "Secret" and "Top Secret" in English. The interrogator announced that he would like to talk first about personal matters, and, saying "Now we visit," he smilingly laid his pistol on the table. A woman brought in a large folder with the prisoner's name on it, and the interrogator said this held considerable information about the prisoner; riffling through it, he read out the prisoner's name, rank, serial number, and Army unit. Then, closing the folder, he took up some of the other documents he had on his desk. These, he told the prisoner, were secret reports, sent from the United States by Communist friends, that presented evidence that the American people did not want the war in Korea to continue. The interrogator casually told the prisoner a number of things about the prisoner's own outfit and other front-line units, and about the United States Army in general. This was to make him feel that it hardly mattered what he told, since the enemy probably already knew it all. The interrogator tried to give the impression that the prisoner himself was of no importance and had been summoned to headquarters only as a matter of routine. After a while, the interrogator asked a few questions about the man's unit, and, when the latter said he could not remember, dismissed him. Meanwhile, the recording machines had been taking down the prisoner's words, and his reactions had been observed through the mirrors. This had, of



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course, been only the first of many interrogations.

Interrogation sessions varied in length. Some were brief, others went on for hours, and the length did not necessarily depend on the amount of information a prisoner could or would give. The idea was to keep him off balance. Some of the men were released after ten minutes' questioning, only to be summoned again an hour later. Now and then a prisoner was kept for an unusually long time simply to induce others in his squad to talk freely, and so be released sooner. The interrogator spoke harshly to some men in order to create fear not only in that man but in his comrades.

At the end of a session of questioning, the interrogator would frequently give the prisoner a personal-history form similar to the one he had been given when he arrived at the camp, or ask him to write an autobiography. He would be left alone in the interrogation room to work on this assignment for as long as he liked. If the interrogator did not think the result was satisfactory, he would have the prisoner work on it some more. Some men wrote as many as five hundred pages about their lives, their families, their friends, and their relationship with the Army, and these documents were faithfully studied, so that the interrogator could go deeper and deeper into the prisoner's character and past life. The record kept of each session, which included chance remarks dropped in the interrogation room, was used to check the accuracy of the prisoner's written statements about himself, statements that other prisoners made about him, and his statements about them. Some prisoners were interrogated more than fifty times during their captivity, and a man's chances of sticking to a false, or cover, story could be just about ruled out as a practical possibility.

"Too many of our men decided to handle the interrogation their own way, and that got them into trouble," the Colonel said. "Suppose a man tries to argue about Communism with the interrogator. He is attempting something that many of our highly trained diplomats have been unsuccessful at. If he takes it upon himself to determine what is unimportant militarily and to give information on that, he is trifling with the lives of his comrades on the line. Captured documents show many occasions when information that prisoners thought insignificant profited the enemy enormously. Even answering so innocuous-sounding a question as 'Where did you get on the truck?' could tip off the



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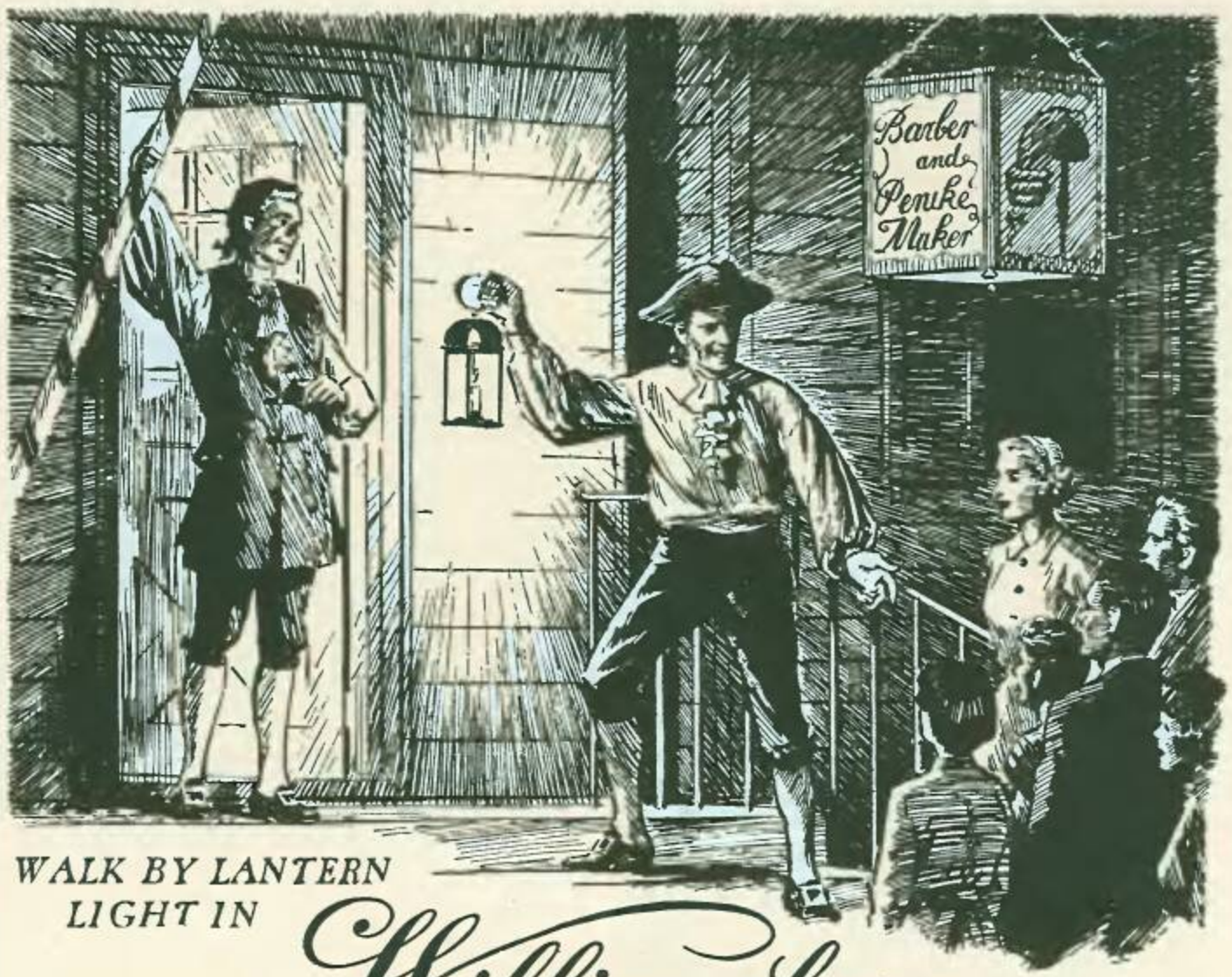
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Chinese, who were largely air-blind in the Korean War, to a previously unknown troop-assembly point. And giving false answers is no better. Prisoners have resorted to falsehood in every war in history, and the Intelligence system of every Army has sure means of detecting it. Some very experienced officers have tried it without success, so it would be folly to urge the average prisoner to attempt it." In addition, the Colonel said, telling falsehoods to the Chinese Communists had unusually serious consequences. Under the Communists' very stringent disciplinary code, the punishment for a lie is out of all proportion to the offense, as Westerners see it; indeed, in China today lying is often punished by death. There are a few cases in the Army records of physical torture or death inflicted on prisoners, and this was always the result of lying or committing other violations of Chinese civil or military law. "The Army has no hesitation in saying that a prisoner should stick firmly and honestly to his name, rank, serial number, and date of birth," the Colonel said. "In the long run, as Korea proved, it's his best protection."

As a result of its study, Perry continued, the Army believes that Communist indoctrination in the prison camps had three aims: propaganda, the control of prisoners with a minimum of difficulty, and, finally, the conversion of these prisoners to Communism—or, at least, to acquiescence in the possible rightness of the Communist position. The program appears to have achieved its first two aims. In the case of the third, its success may reasonably be doubted, though it will take some time to determine precisely how much it accomplished. "In any event," the Colonel said, "the great lesson we learned is that the enemy program was by no means irresistible. Its success depended absolutely on our men's compliance. Perhaps half a dozen times during the war, there were instances of organized mass resistance on the part of our prisoners. In one camp, they refused in a body to march carrying Communist flags. Each time, the prisoners won, and were not even punished. It had to be so. There is no way of compelling a group, by any sort of mass psychological pressure, to do something it says firmly it won't do. Under such circumstances, mass resistance always wins."

The Turks, Colonel Perry said, provided a spectacular example of mass resistance to psychological pressure, and of other kinds of resistance as well. Two



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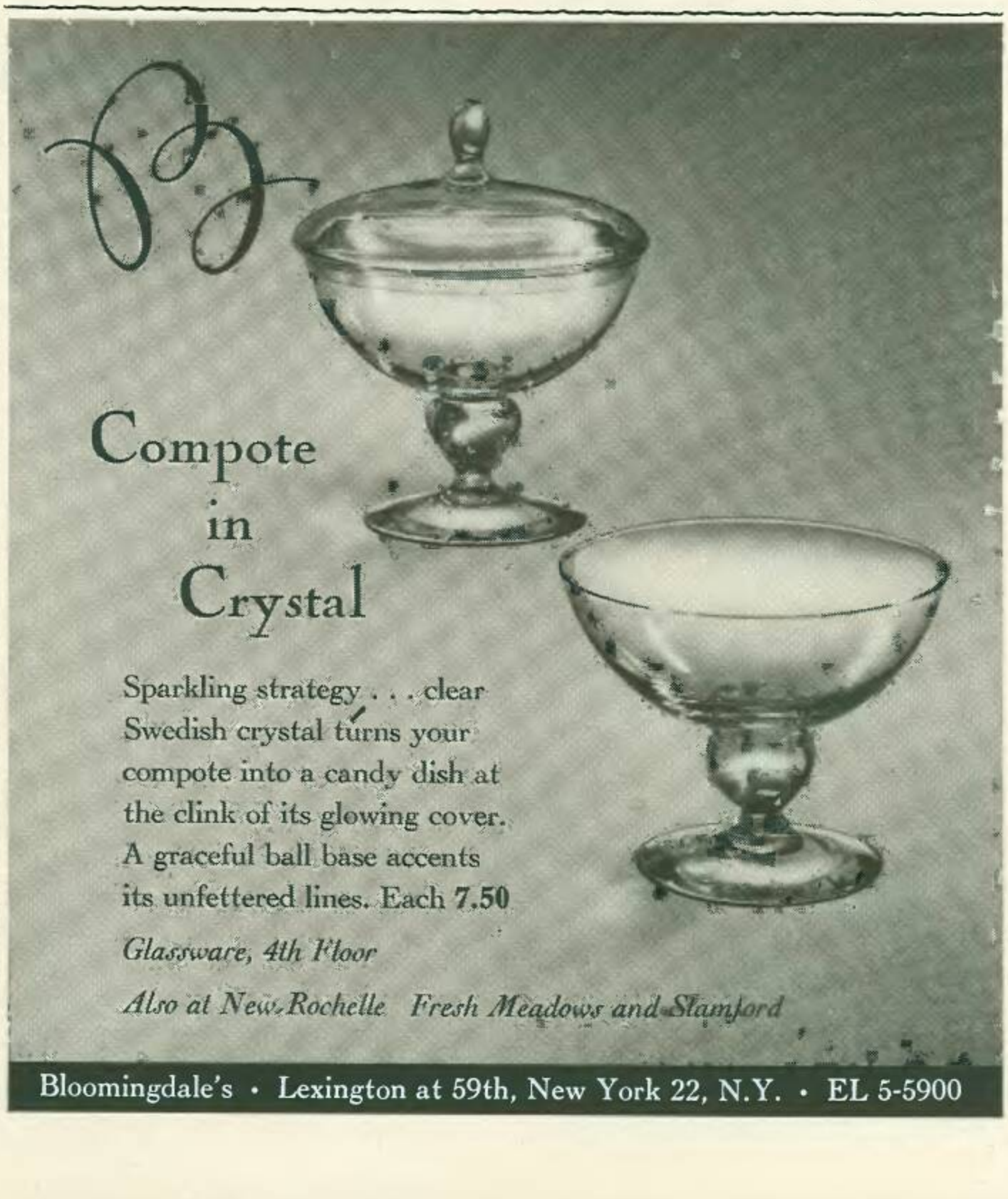
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hundred and twenty-nine Turkish soldiers were captured during the war, and they withstood indoctrination almost a hundred per cent. The secret of this achievement was discipline and organization, the Colonel declared. In prison, the Turks maintained their chain of command unbroken, and were able to present a completely united front to all pressure. To illustrate this, the Colonel read to me part of a Turkish officer's account of his prison experience, given to one of our interrogators. "I told the Chinese commander of the camp that I was in charge of my group," the Turkish officer said. "If he wanted anything done, he was to come to me, and I would see that it was done. If he removed me, the responsibility would fall not on him but on the man next below me, and after that on the man below him. And so on, down through the ranks, until there were only two privates left. Then the senior private would be in charge. They could kill us, I told him, but they couldn't make us do what we didn't want to do. Discipline was our salvation, and we all knew it. If a Turk had questioned an order from his superior to share his food or lift a litter, the way I understand some of your men did, he would literally have had his teeth knocked in. Not by his superior, either, but by the Turk nearest to him. The Communists made attempts to indoctrinate the Turks, acting through a Turkish-speaking Chinese, but they failed almost completely, and eventually gave up."

Turkish discipline led to another magnificent achievement, the Colonel went on. Though almost half of the two hundred and twenty-nine Turkish prisoners were wounded when they were captured, not one died in prison. "It is a remarkable record," Colonel Perry said, "and all the more so by comparison with our own. At Death Valley, one of the temporary prison camps established by the North Korean Communists in the early days of the war, where the sick and wounded poured in for weeks in a ghastly stream, the Turks lost not a single man out of a hundred and ten, while we lost four hundred to eight hundred out of fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred. When a Turk got sick, the rest nursed him back to health. If a sick Turk was ordered to the hospital, two well Turks went along. They ministered to him hand and foot while he was there, and when he was discharged, they carried him back to the compound. The Turks all shared their clothing and their food equally. When the Communists did the cooking for the



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camp, two Turks were dispatched to bring back food for the group, and it was divided in equal portions down to the last morsel. There was no hogging, no rule of dog eat dog."

ONE of the officials on my list was an Army doctor, and I was looking forward to hearing what he had to say about the American death rate, but first I went to see Colonel Charles M. Trammell, Jr., then special counsel to G-2 and now a civilian lawyer, who was going to describe for me the Communist attitude to the Geneva Convention's regulations on such matters as mail. Colonel Trammell, who had been the head of the group that planned the counter-intelligence phase of the processing of returned prisoners, started off by saying: "Of course, you have to remember that neither the Chinese nor the North Koreans have signed the Convention. The prison commanders sometimes said they were following it anyway, and sometimes said they were not, depending on which position suited them better at the moment, but they never really abided by it. Among the provisions they violated were those requiring that church attendance be permitted, that the dead be buried with the words of committal used in the religion of the deceased, and that regular visits to the camps by members of the International Red Cross be arranged. But I won't even try to catalogue all the violations. An interesting official dossier might be made of them sometime, however. Right now, let's stick to mail. There you'll see the characteristic attitude of the Communists toward the entire Geneva Convention."

The Communists made no effort, the Colonel said, to comply with the Convention's basic provision regarding mail, which states that every prisoner, as soon as possible following capture and not more than a week after his arrival at a camp, shall be allowed to write directly to his family, and also to the Central Prisoners of War Agency provided for in Article 123 of the Convention, notifying both of his capture, his whereabouts, and the state of his health. After these initial letters, the Convention states, prisoners are to be allowed to send and receive letters and cards—these to be conveyed by the most rapid means at the disposal of the captors, and never intercepted or delayed for disciplinary reasons. The Communists did not observe these provisions, either. They were highly capricious about both sending out and delivering mail, and a prisoner whose experience was fairly

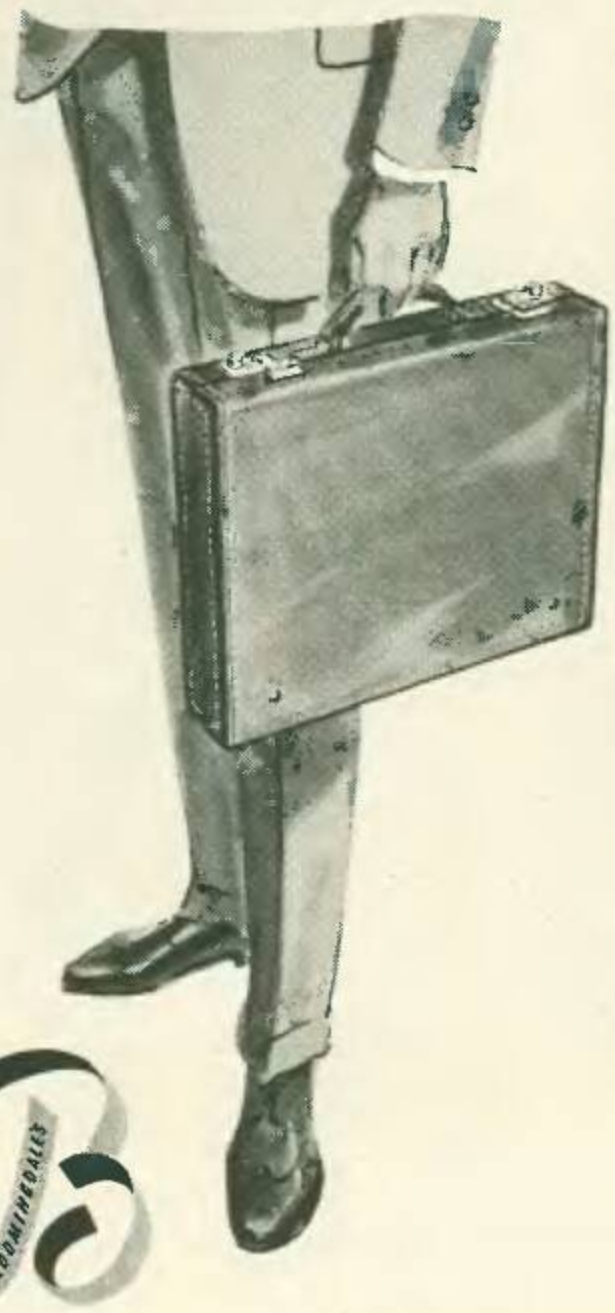
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typical reported that one morning the Chinese gave him fifty-four letters—almost half the total he received during three years in captivity. Most of the letters the prisoners did receive, including those sent by airmail, were from two to six months old. Of the letters written by prisoners, only a small fraction ever reached their destination. One prisoner learned on his return that out of a hundred and fifty letters he had sent, only twenty-six had been received. The likelihood that a letter would actually be sent increased with the amount of material it contained that was favorable to the Communists. Almost all the letters that reached the United States, in fact, contained propaganda of some sort, and those addressed to important persons or organizations were clearly given priority over those to lesser persons, including the prisoners' immediate families. As for letters that did not arrive, one group of prisoners, sent out on a work detail, came upon several hundred of them dumped in a drainage ditch by the side of a road.

"Of course, the Communists did nothing so crude as to let the prisoners know they were withholding or destroying mail," Colonel Trammell said. "But it was noticed that many of the prisoners who coöperated did receive mail from home in less time. Mail in Communist hands became an instrument of persuasion, and as knowledge that it was being used as one spread among the men, the strength of the weapon increased. Mail was never processed in the ordinary way, in fact; it was used purely and simply to manipulate prisoners. Letters from home help the morale of prisoners in many ways, not the least being that they are tangible evidence of shared memories, hopes, and concerns. It exactly suited the Communists' purposes to disrupt such communication—to isolate each prisoner and make him feel insecure. This was done subtly, of course; the line was not completely severed, but the letters were thoroughly screened. Those that would most disrupt a man's peace of mind—complaining letters or letters with depressing news—were let through. Since the prisoner was bound to feel that any complaint from someone safe and free, at home in the United States, was wholly unreasonable, this screening was very effective."

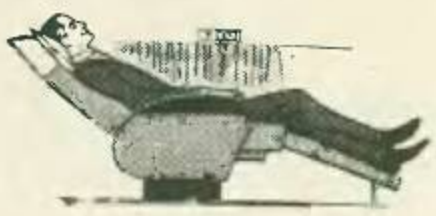
Mail from home was not censored in the usual way, Colonel Trammell said; that is, no phrases were cut out of letters—a fact that lulled prisoners into believing there was no censorship. Instead, if the contents of a letter did not



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suit the Communists' purposes it was simply destroyed. Prisoners who protested about a dearth of mail were given various answers, none so farfetched as to sound unreasonable. One was that mail that had reached North Korea had been destroyed by United States bombing raids; another was that Americans were too busy with their own affairs to write, and another that the United States Army had not forwarded any letters. If a prisoner protested frequently, or if it was obvious that he was disturbed over his lack of mail, a Communist staff member would have a friendly chat with him about his problem, offer to investigate, and later hand over a few letters, often winning him over. To many of the prisoners, in their isolation, the Communist explanations for the scarcity of mail seemed logical, and some of them began to feel bitter indeed toward the United States Army and Air Force, and perhaps even toward their families.

NEXT I called on the doctor—Major Clarence L. Anderson, a tall, dark-haired thirty-two-year-old man, who was then on temporary duty in the Pentagon. (He is currently attached to the Letterman Army Hospital, in San Francisco.) Anderson himself was captured by the Chinese on November 3, 1950, at Unsan. After his repatriation, nearly three years later, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his heroism in rounding up the wounded there and administering first aid to them, and for his refusal to leave them when the unwounded members of his battalion pulled out in retreat. In the weeks that followed his capture, he was marched along Korean roads with columns of other prisoners, pausing at temporary holding camps on the way. Then, in January, 1951, he was assigned to the first permanent prison camp, situated in an evacuated portion of the Yalu River town of Pytok-tong. Later known as Camp No. 5, this camp eventually became the headquarters of the whole Chinese prison system, and it was notorious as a center of highly intensive indoctrination. During the first months of his captivity, Major Anderson was allowed by the Communists to move freely among the camp compounds and give medical attention to prisoners. Consequently, his knowledge of conditions among the prisoners was much wider than that of most captives, who knew only the men in their own squads.

The death rate among American prisoners, I knew, was highest in the

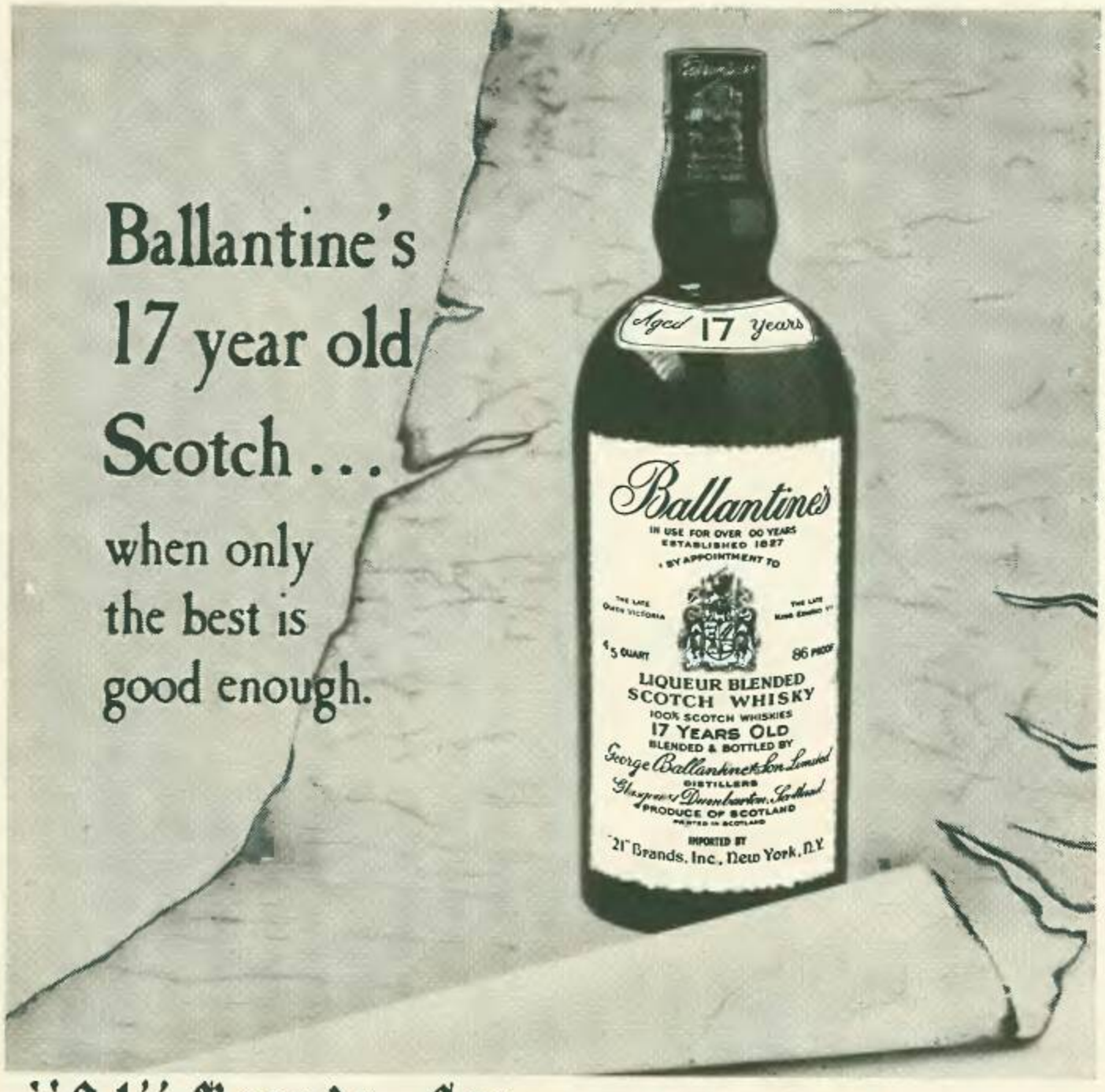


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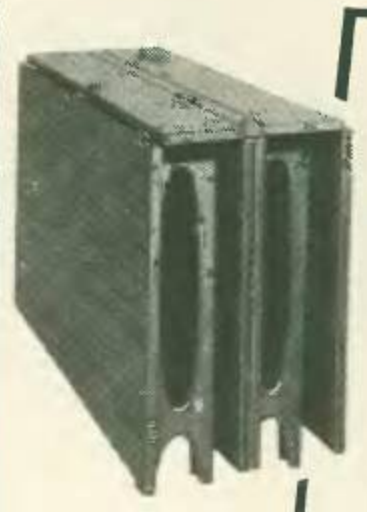
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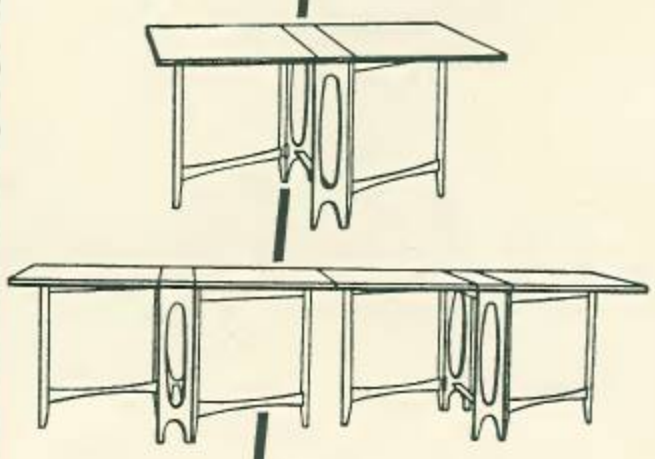
early days of the war—of the 2,634 Army captives who died, ninety-nine and two-thirds per cent died in the first year—and I had, of course, heard that the Army felt the deaths to be the result less of Communist maltreatment than of the shortcomings of our own men. After capture, many of the men appeared to lose all sense of allegiance not only to their country but to their fellow-prisoners—a lapse that psychologists have accounted for, in part, by the fact that all prisoners are initially in a state of shock. "While this may be an explanation, it is not an excuse, and the Army does not consider it one," I had been told.

Now Major Anderson bore out what I had heard. "It is a sad fact, but it is a fact, that the men who were captured in large groups early in the war often became unmanageable," he said. "They refused to obey orders, and they cursed and sometimes struck officers who tried to enforce orders. Naturally, the chaos was encouraged by the Communists, who told the captives immediately after they were taken that rank no longer existed among them—that they were all equal as simple prisoners of war released from capitalist bondage. At first, the badly wounded suffered most. On the marches back from the line to the temporary holding camps, casualties on litters were often callously abandoned beside the road. Able-bodied prisoners refused to carry them, even when their officers commanded them to do so. If a Communist guard ordered a litter shouldered, our men obeyed; otherwise, the wounded were left to die. On the march, in the temporary camps, and in the permanent ones, the strong regularly took food from the weak. There was no discipline to prevent it. Many men were sick, and these men, instead of being helped and nursed by the others, were ignored, or worse. Dysentery was common, and it made some men too weak to walk. On winter nights, helpless men with dysentery were rolled outside the huts by their comrades, and left to die in the cold."

What struck Major Anderson most forcibly was the almost universal inability of the prisoners to adjust to a primitive situation. "They lacked the old Yankee resourcefulness," he said. "This was partly—but *only* partly, I believe—the result of the psychic shock of being captured. It was also, I think, the result of some new failure in the childhood and adolescent training of our young men—a new softness." For a matter of months—until about April of 1951, Anderson said—most prisoners displayed signs of shock, remaining within



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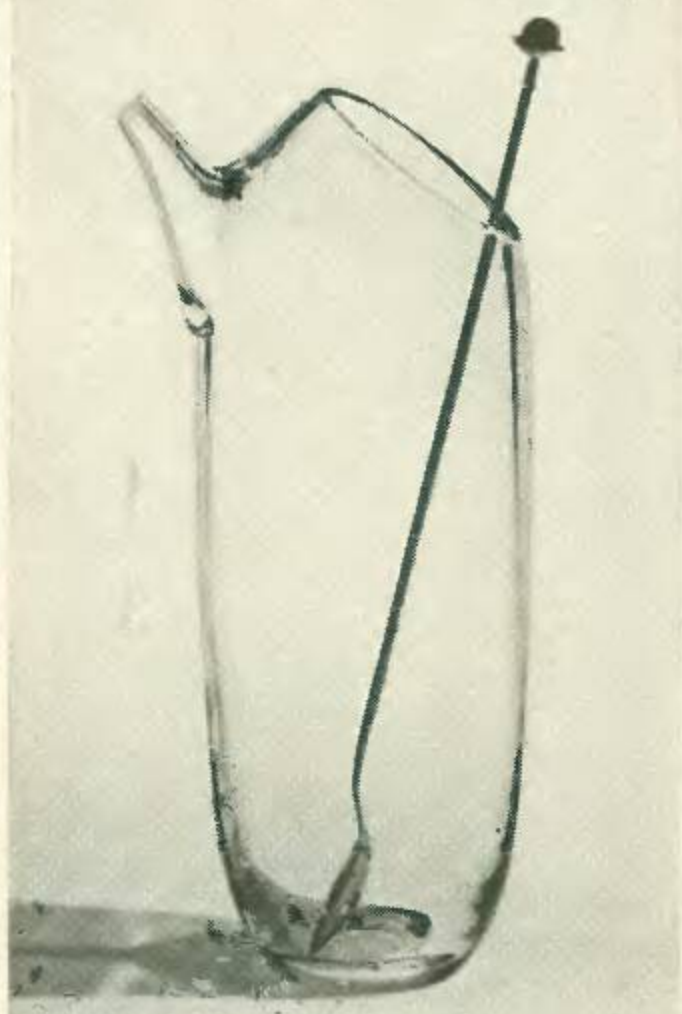


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little shells they had created to protect them from reality. There was practically no communication among the men, and most of them withdrew into a life of inactivity. In fact, very few seemed to be interested even in providing themselves with the basic necessities of food, warmth, and shelter. The Chinese sometimes gave prisoners a chance to go up into the nearby hills and bring down firewood, but the men were too lethargic to do it. The whole routine of Army life collapsed. One prisoner could not challenge another to act like a soldier, because too often the other man would say he wasn't a soldier any more. As Anderson and another doctor made their daily rounds, the one way they could even begin to arouse a sense of responsibility in the men was by urging them to act not like soldiers but like human beings—to wash once in a while, to keep their clothes and their quarters moderately clean, and to lend each other a hand sometimes. This very weak plea, Anderson said, was the only one to which there was any response at all.

The prisoners' attitude was not "What can I do to help myself?" but "What can be done to help me?" The doctors saw it in practically every hut they visited. Although the Communists had segregated the officers, each compound still had a senior noncommissioned officer, who, if he had exercised control, could have improved the lot of the entire group. "Let me show you what I mean by a healthy prisoner organization," the Major said. "If things had been done right, the men in a squad or a platoon would have got up at a specified time in the morning at an order from their senior member, washed, and lined up for chow. They would have eaten indoors or out, depending on the temperature, and then cleaned up the area, gathered wood, and got water. Each man would have seen to keeping his body and his clothing free of lice by squeezing the insects between two fingernails—an important and time-consuming task. In a properly run unit, men would have been detailed to look after the sick—wash their clothes, give them water, prevent them from lying in one position too long and getting bedsores, and scrounge better food for them. In the Korean prison camps, a man's thigh muscles, apparently because of poor diet, would often contract so the knee was bent, and he sometimes could not rise after a night's sleep. A little massage would have corrected this, and it could have been done by the other men in the hut. It usually wasn't. Anything that keeps



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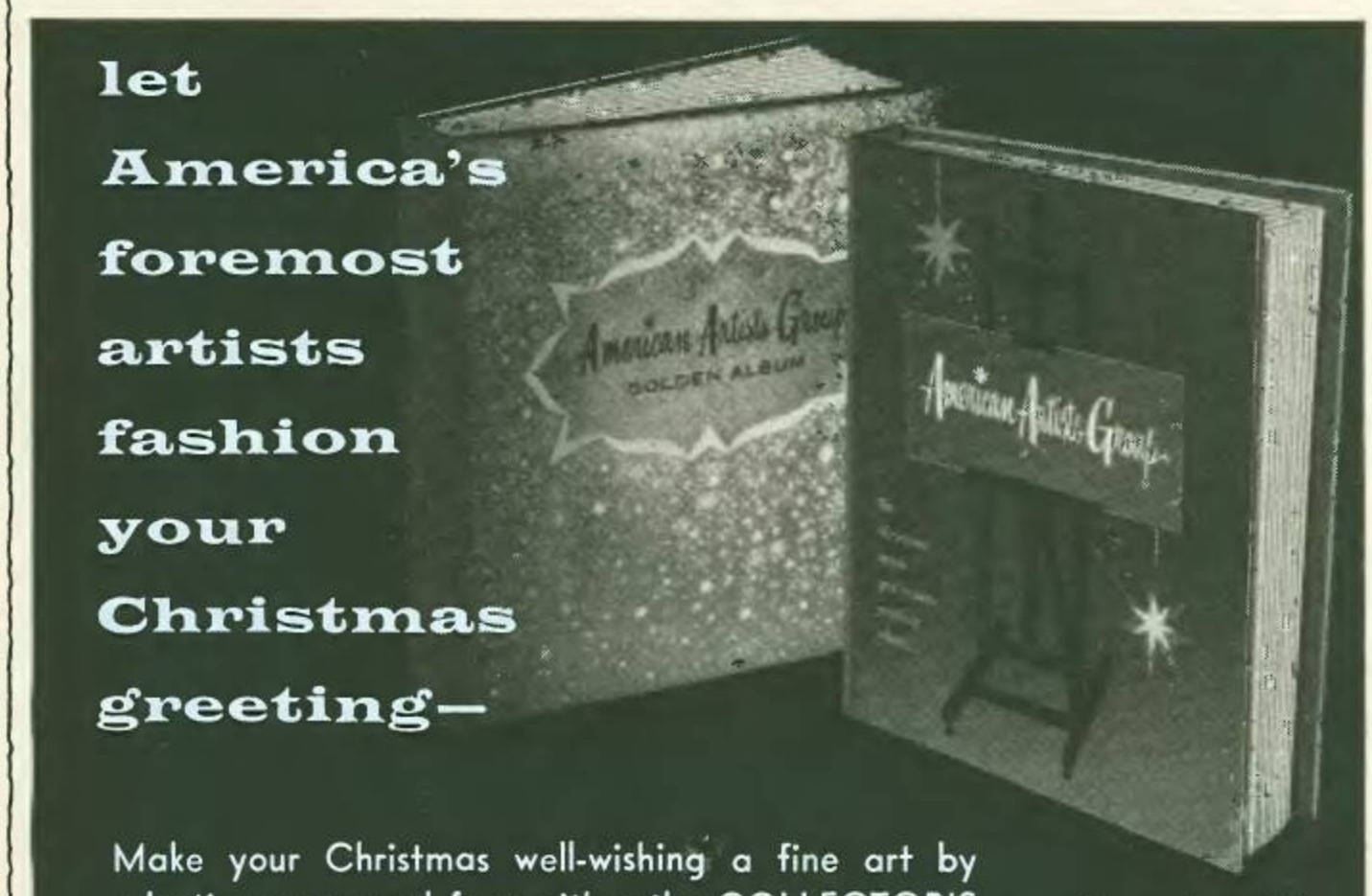
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prisoners occupied, gets their minds off themselves, is good for them, so the leader of a well-run outfit would have organized calisthenics and sports, and got the men to make chess and checker sets. If this sort of disciplined program had been carried out, our prisoners would have maintained their identities as loyal American soldiers and would have functioned as such. Captivity is a miserable situation under the best of conditions, but in Korea it could have been much easier than it was. If we had had proper organization, many of those who returned would not be haunted, as they are, by nightmares of guilt. And, of course, more of us would have returned."

Major Anderson told me that the Army's daily combat ration is thirty-five hundred calories, and that early in the war the prisoners, by his estimate, were getting twelve hundred. This is an inadequate diet, he said, but not a starvation one. In the main, the North Koreans gave the prisoners corn or millet, which was boiled in the usual Korean manner—in an iron pot hung over a fire—and these cereals contained very few proteins, minerals, and vitamins. The lack was sometimes aggravated, as it happened, by the prisoners themselves. "During the worst early days," the Major said, "the enemy gave us a few soybeans. They contained more protein than anything else we had, but the men disliked them, and thought they caused diarrhea. When they did, it was only because they had been insufficiently cooked, as some of the more intelligent men tried to make plain. Nobody believed them, and the men complained so much about the beans that the Chinese stopped giving them to us. This left a big gap in our nutriment. If our organization had been better, we would have had regular cooks among the prisoners. The cooks we had were volunteers, and they made no effort to prepare the beans properly. If the men complained, those cooks just quit." Anderson said that in his opinion most of the deaths from malnutrition—and malnutrition ranked right after pneumonia and dysentery as the chief cause of death—were the result of a deficiency of proteins, minerals, or vitamins, rather than a calorie deficiency, and that almost all cases of malnutrition were aggravated, if not actually caused, by the prisoners' disinclination to eat unfamiliar foods. Not long after the Chinese put the system of permanent camps into operation, the food improved in both quality and quantity, eventually reaching a level of twenty-four hundred calories, which was pretty



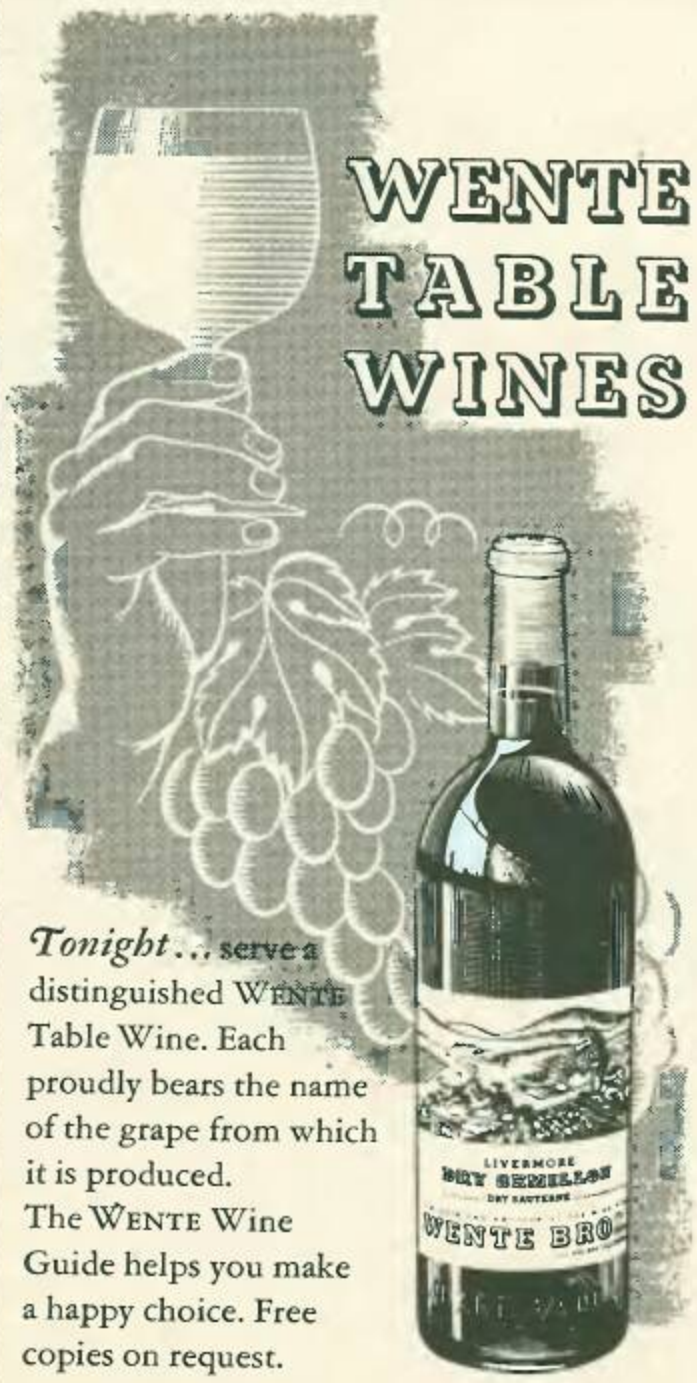
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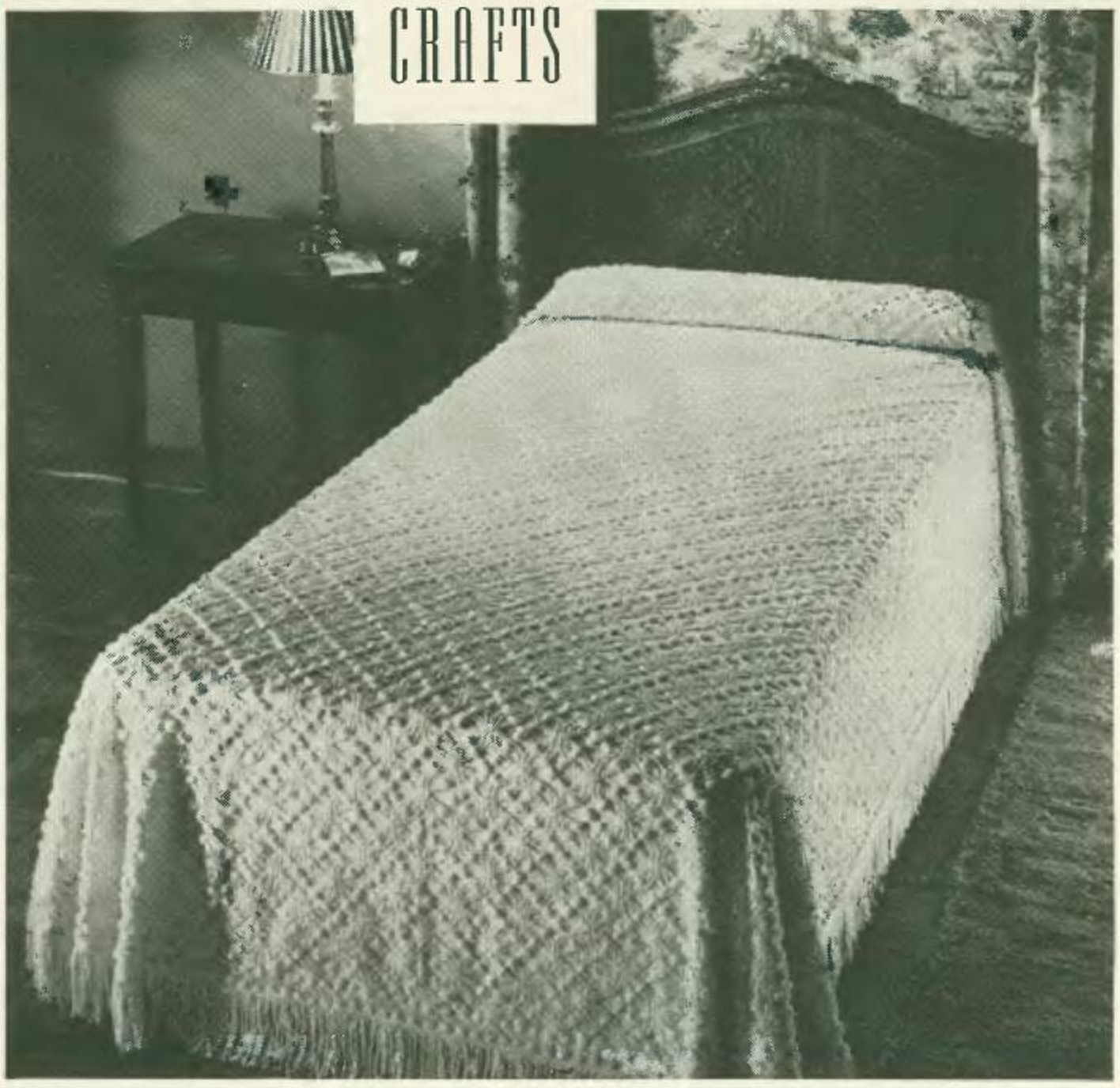
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well maintained till the end of the war.

I asked Anderson about housing conditions in the camps, and about clothing. He said that since most of the camps had formerly been villages, the prisoners were housed in thatched huts. These had mud walls and were usually divided into two rooms. Some of the windows had glass, and some did not. The rooms were small, and prisoners slept on the floor—sometimes in a space per man half as wide as an upper berth in a Pullman. A single electric-light bulb in one of the rooms was the only illumination, and heat came from a stove in the cellar that sent hot air through flues beneath the floor—a simple version of the radiant heat now fashionable with our architects, though in Korea it sometimes had the disadvantage of making the floor too hot to lie on. That wasn't a common complaint in winter, though, particularly when the temperature fell to thirty or forty degrees below zero. At Camp No. 5, the huts were in a valley that in winter got only three hours of sunshine a day. The summers, however, were pleasant—rather like summers in the Adirondacks, Anderson said—and prisoners were then allowed to swim in the Yalu. Clothing, on the whole, was adequate, and the prisoners probably suffered less from lack of it than from any other cause. There was an issue of clothing two or three times a year, and generally the total issue for the year consisted of three shirts, three pairs of shorts, three pairs of socks, one quilted winter uniform, and two cotton summer uniforms. Other winter clothes, issued somewhat irregularly, were quilted overcoats, fur-lined leather-and-canvas boots, and hair-lined caps. In cold weather, summer uniforms were often worn under the quilted clothing for greater warmth. Socks wore out first, and until new ones were issued the prisoners improvised foot wrappings from any cloth they had.

One of the worst problems in the camps, Anderson told me, was an illness known, at least in Camp No. 5, as "give-up-itis." "You could follow its progress all too easily," he said. "First, the sufferer became despondent; then he lay down and covered his head with a blanket; then he wanted ice water to drink with his food; next, no food, only water; and eventually, if he was not got to and helped, he would die. You could actually predict how long it would take. If you didn't get to him within three weeks, he was a goner; if you got to him sooner, he could usually be saved. But in a camp of three thousand men, which was what we had at the start, and with only a few doctors, it

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was hard to locate all these cases." I asked Anderson whether it was the younger or the older men who tended to succumb to give-up-itis, and he said that as a rule it was the younger. The treatment was to force-feed the man and then drag him upright and compel him to move his limbs. Sometimes a man was choked till he consented to take food. If he spat it out, it was scooped up and put back in his mouth. Only if he agreed to sit up and eat something would the doctor take his hands off him. Thereafter, he was carefully watched, and if he continued to eat and to move about a little, he was usually all right in ten days. "One of the best ways to get a man on his feet to begin with," the Major said, "was to make him so mad by goading him, or even hitting him, that he tried to get up and beat you. If this happened, the man invariably got well."

Major Anderson said that after repatriation he and four other Army physicians who had been prisoners were called in to advise the Surgeon General's Office on methods by which Army personnel could in the future be better prepared to face internment in a Communist prison camp. The doctors all agreed that by far the greatest error of our troop-training program had been to teach the men that Americans are "the best-cared-for soldiers on the globe." "An American soldier goes into the field with comforts that the majority of the world's population doesn't have even at home," said Anderson. "What he was not told in the Korean War was that if he was captured the comforts would vanish into thin air. Why, during those early marches in Korea I saw sick prisoners lying down at the side of the road and waiting to be picked up by an ambulance. They thought that just because our Army had ambulances for picking up straggling prisoners, the Communists would have them, too. Well, they didn't. When you're a Communist prisoner, such comforts do not exist. It should be explained emphatically to our soldiers that people have always got sick, and through the centuries most of them subsequently got well without elaborate care or extensive medication." One of the first things that all five doctors noted in the camps was the reaction of the average prisoner to the lack of ordinary field and hospital comforts. He seemed lost without a bottle of pills and a toilet that flushed. In order to survive under prison conditions, a man must often consume things that would normally be repellent, such as wormy indigenous foods and dirty water; he needs to realize that he will die a lot

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sooner from starvation than he will from ailments that he might possibly get as a result of eating unpleasant things. "The prisoner in a camp has to be ready to live like an animal," Anderson said. "Plenty of people, including our enemies, live that way. If it means the difference between life and death for our men, the policy of teaching them to live like animals should be adopted without hesitation or apology." In essence, the doctors felt that the Army should maintain the high standard of living of its soldiers in the field but at the same time should make its trainees understand that upon capture their comforts may abruptly disappear, and teach them how to make do with practical, if disagreeable, substitutes.

THE majority of the American prisoners in Korea yielded in some degree to Communist pressure. No matter how they rationalized this, they knew that it was wrong; they knew that they had betrayed their better natures, and violated the ideals under which they had been reared. Consciously or unconsciously, they were burdened, as Major Anderson had said, with guilt—perhaps the most corrosive emotion that the human spirit has to bear. I discussed this matter, and the psychology of prisoners in general, with Major Henry A. Segal, a psychiatrist in the Army Medical Corps who has since returned to private practice. The Army felt that Major Segal, as chief of the Neuropsychiatric Consultation Service at Walter Reed Army Hospital and, before that, chief of psychiatric personnel on the Joint Intelligence Processing Teams, knew more than anyone else about the psychological condition of the returned prisoners. He had personally conducted psychiatric interviews with eighty of them; he had later studied the files of eight hundred more, in an attempt to isolate emotional factors that might have produced collaborators or, on the other hand, resisters; and he had reviewed psychiatric reports on a total of fourteen hundred cases that were considered to be possibly in need of hospital treatment.

The Army psychiatrists had drawn certain general conclusions about the returned prisoners, Segal told me, and one was that the incidence among them of psychiatric disorders requiring hospitalization was no higher than that of the country as a whole. This is not to say that the men did not show the effects of their imprisonment. They did, and markedly. For one thing, they displayed much less than the average amount of interest in their environment;

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their outlook was a noticeably restricted one, and they expressed few, if any, demands or desires for the present, or plans and thoughts about the future. They discussed their lives in an extraordinarily flat and unemotional way, using stock phrases over and over. Their apathy was not like that seen in psychotics, who are often abject; the returned prisoners were capable of response, but their reaction time had been measurably slowed and they showed only a limited capacity for elaborating the ideas they expressed. Beneath this apathetic surface, however, they were turbulent, ready to be extremely aggressive, to tear into something in a rage. The Rorschach tests given the men during the repatriation processing clearly showed this latent aggressiveness. One description that repatriates frequently gave of a certain blot was that it represented two men ripping something apart, perhaps another man's chest, from which they were removing his heart. Among the words that came out repeatedly in the sentence-completion tests were "blood," "fire," and "hand grenade."

The fantastic amount of fraternizing with the enemy in the Korean prison camps was in strong contrast to the hatred that American prisoners had felt toward the Japanese in the Second World War. The Japanese, who wanted no Americans in their Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, treated captives with physical harshness, thus solidly banding the men together against them. The Chinese, on the other hand, subtly controlled the prisoners' resentment, transferring it from themselves to other objects. Often, in fact, a prisoner's resentment was ultimately turned against himself. Most returned prisoners expressed sincere gratitude for the way the Chinese treated them, although the conditions they had lived under were far worse than anything they had previously known. When they talked about politics, they often used the word "Socialism" rather than "Communism," thus showing a significant emotional identification with the enemy's point of view, and many of them said that while Socialism might not work in the United States, where the people are for the most part well off to begin with, it was a good thing for China and other less advanced nations. As further evidence of the success of the Communist techniques, Segal told me that most of the repatriates came home thinking of themselves not as part of a group, bound by common loyalties, but as isolated individuals. This emerged in their response to questions about what

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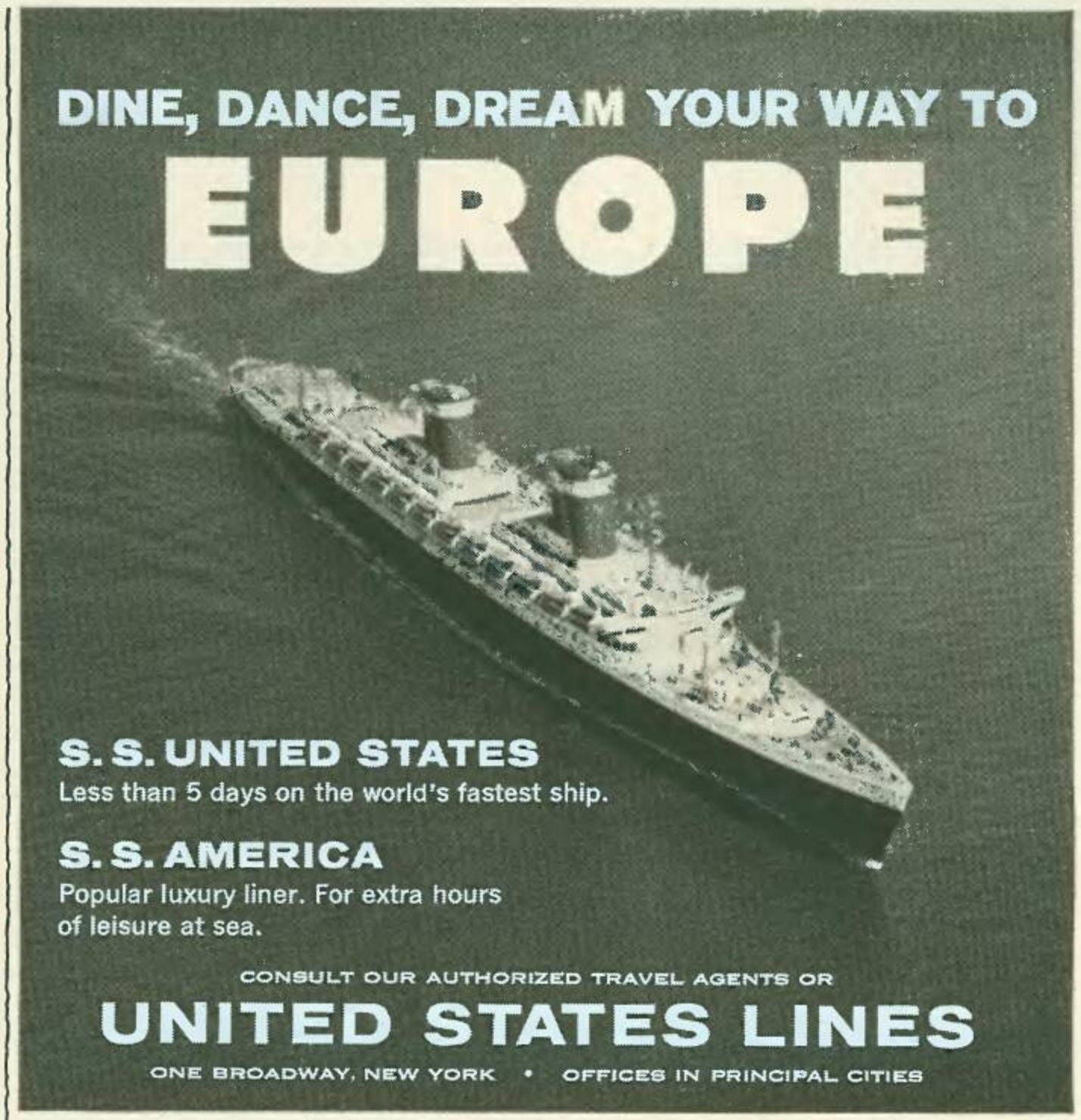
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their service outfit had been. Where the Turks, for example, said proudly, "Third Company, First Regiment, Turkish Volunteer Brigade," or whatever it may have been, the Americans were likely to respond with the number of their prison camp and the company or platoon they had belonged to there.

As Segal saw it, the prisoners fell into six categories. Three of these, together comprising about thirteen per cent of the total, came under the general heading of hard-core collaborators. The first of the three consisted of men with little capacity for enduring stress, who capitulated early in the game. Reaction to stress, Segal told me, was a highly individual matter. One of the collaborators, by his own admission, gave information to the Communists after thirty-five minutes of not very intensive questioning. "They said they had ways of making me talk, so I talked," he explained. Another man, who had said nothing throughout his three years of captivity, explained, "I was told not to communicate with the enemy, so I didn't." Prisoners in this first group lacked the moral stamina to resist even the minimum of emotional discomfort. They were, in ordinary language, cowards; there seems to be no other word for them.

The second group of collaborators might be labelled opportunists. They would inform, sign petitions, and make broadcasts for the sake of the tangible benefits they were told they would receive—freedom to walk outside the camp compound, an egg or two, cigarettes. "They were also given power over the other men, prestige, and the approval of their captors—very important rewards to such persons," said Segal. "During a psychiatric interview, one of them was talking of his ability to expound Communist doctrine. 'The Communists told me I was a young Lenin,' he said, and as he remembered this, his face lit up." Despite their acts of collaboration, these men appeared to have no deep-seated convictions about Communism and no real understanding of its techniques. Upon their release, interestingly enough, many tried to continue in the role of informer, approaching high-level officers in our own Army with offers to give information about other repatriates.

The third, and smallest, group of collaborators consisted of those who actually accepted Communism. In general, they seemed to be men who, for one reason or another, had been unable to form any strong attachments or loyalties in their past lives. "The simplest way to define this group," said Segal,



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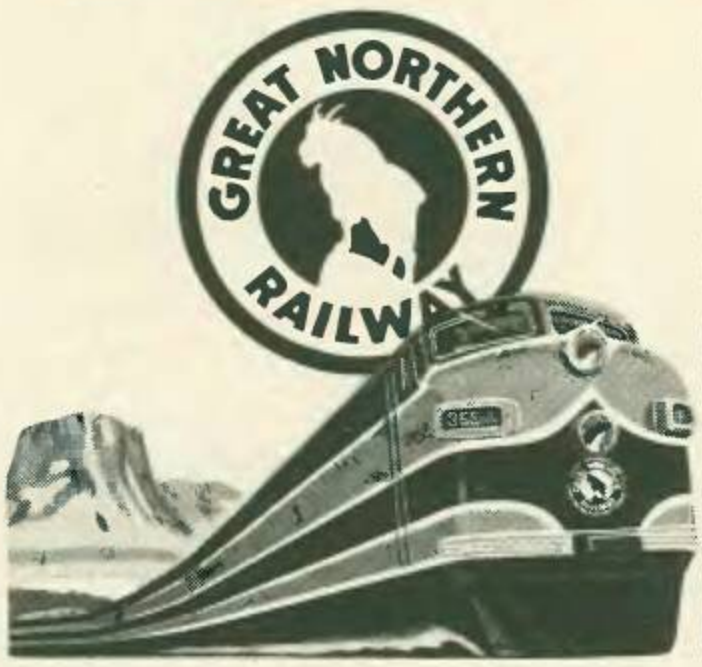
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"would be to say that they were the sort of men who say to themselves, 'I'm just a kid. I don't know where I'm going. I don't know whether people actually like me. Will I ever really be a success?' Because they were uncertain of themselves and unsatisfied with what they had been so far, they were willing to become part of a system as different as possible from the one that had produced them."

The fourth large category, and the one that included the overwhelming majority of the prisoners—three out of four, in fact—consisted of men who chose what seemed to them to be the line of least resistance. In the absence of group discipline, they tried to substitute a form of protection of their own making. They complied outwardly with the Communists' less extreme demands, and some of them signed petitions and made broadcasts, but these were relatively harmless. On the whole, this group refused to do anything obviously traitorous. Among the prisoners, outward compliance was known as "playing it cool." The men who played it cool believed that the Communists would be more lenient to them—a complete fallacy, as time proved. "The motive behind much of what the men did was their erroneous anticipation of what might happen to them if they didn't do it," Segal told me. "I must sign this or I will be tortured, they thought. If only it could have been pointed out to this group that their attitude was not realistic, and if they could then have based their behavior on reality, rather than on fantasy, the entire camp experience would have been easier for all of them. Playing it cool was what made the Communists' system operate. Without it, the Communists would have been powerless."

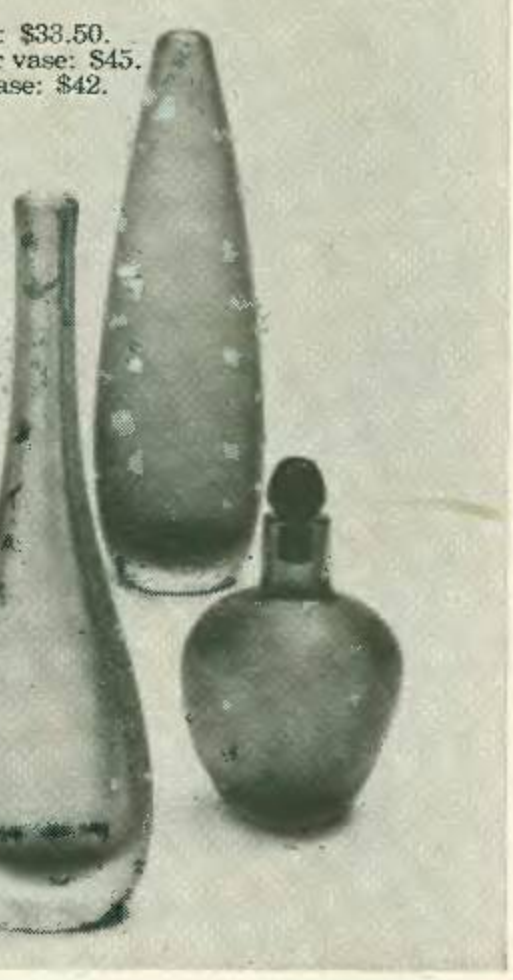
The reactionaries, who, like the collaborators, numbered about thirteen per cent, were divided by the psychiatrists into two groups. The first, and smaller, of these consisted of individuals with a long history of unwillingness to accept any kind of authority—men with bad behavior records in our own Army, who in prison camp simply followed their old patterns. As resisters, they were not effective; they might, for example, bullheadedly set fire to a barracks, even though it was they themselves who would suffer for it. The other group of reactionaries, numbering about ten per cent of all prisoners, was made up of the mature, well-integrated individuals who knew how to use their intelligence constructively, how to work with all types of men, and how to influence these men in order to attain

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a goal of importance to them all. "These were the true heroes of the prison camps," said Segal. "Men who were manly enough to refuse to submit to indoctrination, who refused to accept favors from the Communists, and who maintained their integrity and personal honor throughout their captivity."

From Major Segal I heard a bit more about why the Army is careful to make a distinction between brainwashing and indoctrination. Brainwashing, he said, is a process that produces obvious alteration of character, as in the case of Cardinal Mindszenty. Whether the change is accomplished by hypnosis, drugs, physical torture, extreme psychological pressures, or some combination of these is not known, but clearly the subject ceases to be the person he was before. The indoctrination used in the camps, Segal went on, was aimed at manipulating the character a man already had, taking advantage of its weakest points. If he seemed the type who would give in to harassments or threats, he was harassed or threatened. If he would respond to flattery or reward, he was flattered or rewarded. The rewards were small, Segal remarked, and the degree to which they were increased never matched the growing demands made upon the man who had yielded; the collaborator was never paid in full. "Unfortunately," he went on, "the distinction between brainwashing and indoctrination is not clear in the public mind. The general conception, I'm afraid, has been of Communist techniques so irresistible that no prisoner could keep his integrity in the face of them—indeed that no people could hold out against such an enemy. This is what distresses me so much about the popular use of a word like 'brainwashing.' When a phenomenon that we do not completely understand occurs in our society, we are apt to give it a name indicating that there is something magical about it, something beyond the reach of man's powers of comprehension. 'My goodness!' we say in effect. 'Look at this! You can remove a man's brain and wash out what's in it, and wash into it whatever you want, just as if it were a tape recorder!' The terrifying implications of the term undermine the will to resist. Actually, there is nothing even novel, let alone mysterious, about much of the Communist process of indoctrination. If only our men had understood indoctrination, they could have defeated it.

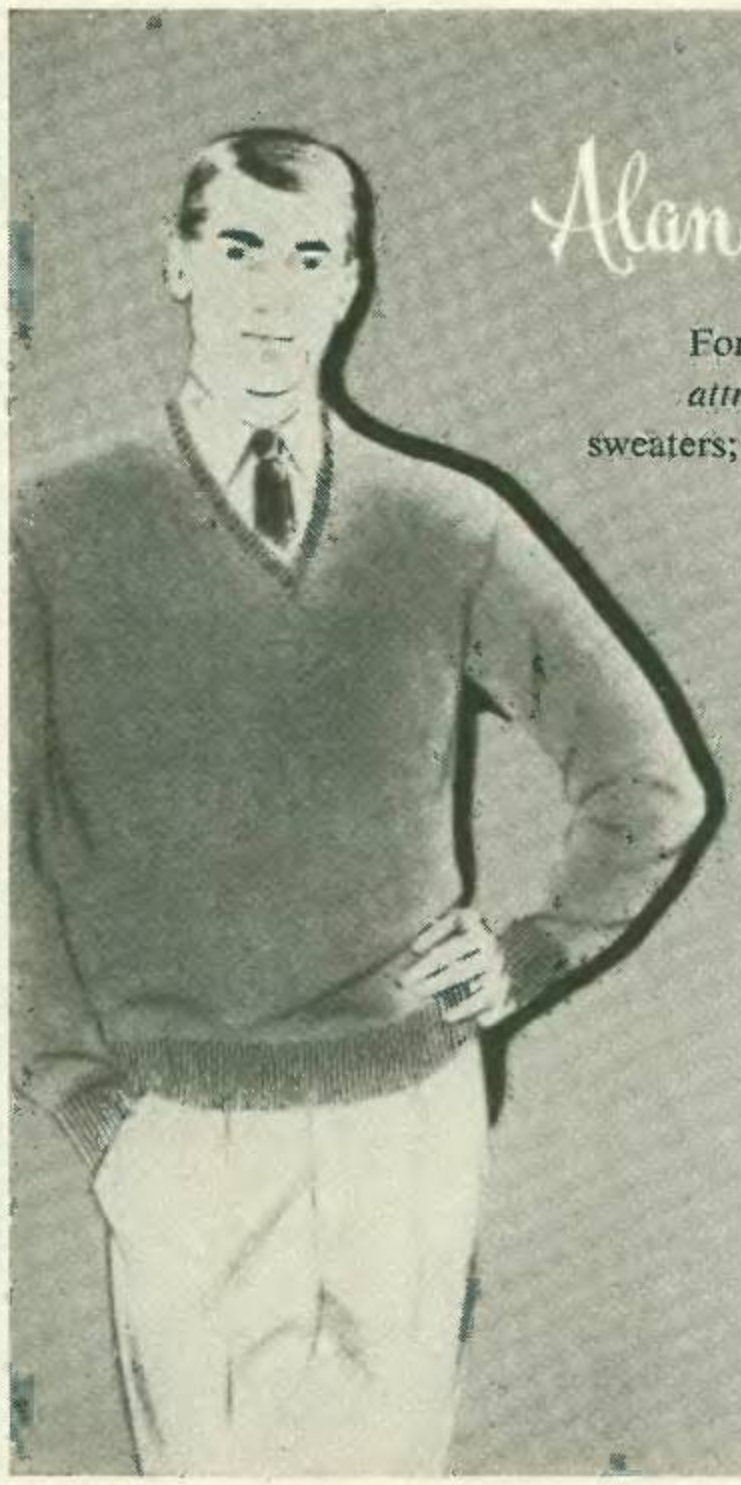
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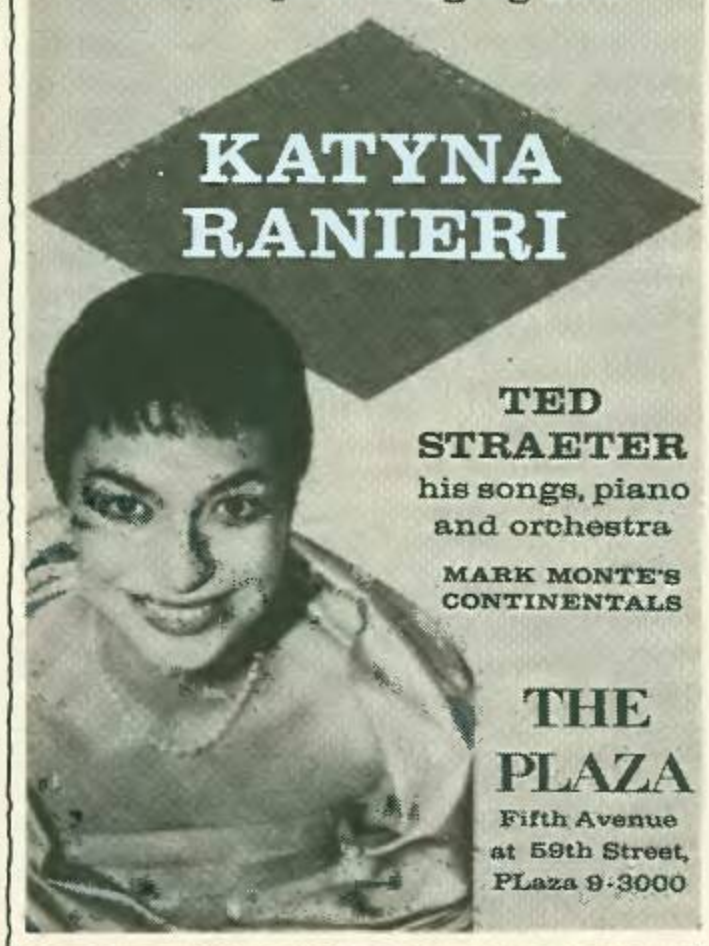
line. What did a particular call mean—a flanking movement, a retreat, an attack? Sometimes a bugle was blown in the dead of night, around the time when attacks were generally launched, and then no attack came. Quite a few of these calls apparently meant nothing, but not understanding them put our men at a psychological disadvantage that was a real handicap to them in combat. One of our generals heard about this, and he got troops returning from the front lines to describe the various calls, even the ones that seemed to mean nothing. By correlating them with what had actually happened in the line each time a call was heard, he was able to decode them. They proved to be an easily recognizable set of signals, and once the information as to what each one stood for was disseminated among our troops, the calls completely lost their menace, and even became a help to us in combat. If we could do away with all the awe and mystery surrounding indoctrination, that, too, would lose its terror."

Segal believes, as the other officers do, that silence is the most effective countermeasure to indoctrination. "Talking is always the first step toward collaborating," he told me. "Once a man starts talking, there is no escape from more talking. And the more he talks, the greater his guilt and anxiety become, and the less able he is to cope with the normal stresses of prison life. His whole personality tends to disintegrate. He knows he has done something wrong, and his conscience will not let him rest. The 'mental torture' offered by certain collaborators as an excuse for their conduct was not necessarily inflicted by the Communists. In most cases, it could have more accurately been termed self-torture. On the voyage home, many men said, 'If I had known what yielding was going to mean eventually, I would never have done it in the first place.'

"If I knew a man was to become a prisoner," Segal went on, "I would like to say to him, 'First, your own best chance for survival lies in your not talking. And, second, your *buddies*' best chance for survival lies in your not talking.' I would see to it that the man was packed full of arguments as to why he must not talk. A good many of these would be examples from the case histories of men who had talked. If a man doesn't talk, he can't incriminate himself. Or anybody else. Or give information. Or be duped. The best way to maintain silence, and loyalty, I would tell a future prisoner, is by joining with other soldiers to preserve discipline and

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give and receive help. Survival is an absolute impossibility for one man without the support of the group, and the way a man behaves is, to a large extent, dependent on how the group permits him to behave. When *esprit de corps* and discipline are good, men are brave and resistant, and the reverse is unalterably true. This is elementary. But in the Korean War, some Army men seemed to forget it. Once a man starts talking, the picture is black. He has to keep asking himself constantly, 'What did I say? Is my story still straight? Did I implicate So-and-So? Should I confess to this false crime? If I do, will my buddies understand? If I do, will I become a criminal?' And yet a man *can't* stop talking. Having once yielded to pressure, he is psychologically more vulnerable to future pressures. Invariably he goes on."

Segal reflected for a moment or two, and then said, "Let's look at the talking from the other side of the fence—the Communist side. We know from the returnees' accounts that once a man refused to talk he was pretty much let alone. The Communist attitude seemed to be 'The hell with him; he's not worth the trouble.' But those who yielded were forced to yield more and more. The Communists never stopped pumping them, because their own system never stops pumping *them*. It demands and demands, and enlarges and reënlarges its demands, as if to prove to itself every day that its followers are still faithful, and haven't deviated an inch from the accepted line on which they were examined the day before. The system itself is paranoid. It's so suspicious that it demands checks and rechecks on what was said a month ago, a week ago, even an hour ago. Communists are repressed and frightened people. The captor in Korea was in exactly the same position as the captive, except that he was farther along on the assembly line. He had his responsibilities to the system, and if his fulfillment of them was called into question he was terrified. A ridiculous incident that took place in one of the prison camps illustrates this. After an indoctrination session, a G.I. was walking away from headquarters between two political instructors, one of whom was expounding some Marxist doctrine. When he finished, the prisoner said, pointing to the other man, 'But your friend here told me different.' For a moment, the two Communists stared at each other. Then both started running back toward headquarters as fast as they could, each, presumably, intent on preventing the other from denouncing him as a deviation-

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ist. Such conduct is understandable only when you realize that the basic psychological aim of Communism, the aim that is at once its greatest strength and its greatest weakness, is the utter isolation of the individual from his fellows—a really diabolical strategy. One of the big problems the Communists faced in the beginning, when they were organizing their government, was how to keep their people strictly loyal to the Party line. It was a police problem, but it would have required one policeman per person, and anyway who would have policed the policeman? The problem seemed insoluble. So what did the Communists do? They simply evolved a means of isolating every person emotionally from every other person, permitting each to turn only to the system for guidance and friendship. This was, in its way, a brilliant maneuver. It created a new kind of police force—a completely effective one that operates around the clock without a hitch and requires no salary. Some of the seemingly absurd demands of the Communists in the Korean camps make sense in the light of this psychological objective. Now and then, a Communist would bawl out a G.I. violently for some trivial offense, such as not brushing his teeth. The G.I. would be puzzled, and rise meekly before everybody and confess that he hadn't brushed his teeth. It seemed too foolish a thing to take a stand on. But once a man had humbled himself, even about something as meaningless as this, the Communists found it easier to get him to criticize himself and other prisoners on more important grounds. The men did not realize that acceding in these matters was subtly alienating them from each other and making them emotionally dependent on the system, until at length it became the only source of either praise or blame."

WHEN I saw Mr. Milton again, he said, "By now, you have a broad picture of the conditions that necessitated the setting up of the Code of Conduct, and you know something about what caused these conditions. As you can see, the picture isn't a pretty one. But it has its compensations. For one thing, the Army has met a Communist enemy for the first time, and that has given us a good insight into Communist methods of handling prisoners. We have learned that they play no favorites. What they did to us they do to their own people. Now that we know what they do, we've found that the Army's training and previous standards of conduct, while essentially right and proper, did not go far enough.

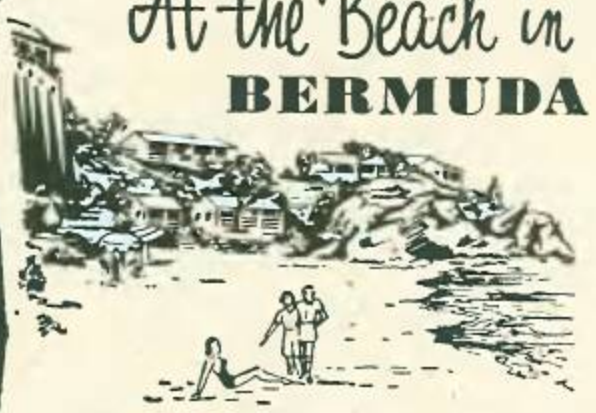
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We have therefore taken additional steps to prepare the men for the kind of thing they encountered in Korea, and we are confident these will be helpful. I also ought to say at this point that after we had learned more about the Communists' handling of prisoners and had begun to understand it, we were very pleased that so many of our men had stood up so well, when they had nothing to fall back on but their own staunch characters and our insufficient training."

Milton told me that while the Army is still concentrating, first and foremost, on producing a healthy, hardy, well-disciplined, and properly motivated soldier who will avoid capture—a captured soldier has naturally failed in his primary purpose, which is to destroy the enemy—it has changed its policy on telling men what to do in case of capture. In the past, there was strong resistance among the authorities to giving them such information; the argument against it was that if a man knew what to do he was more likely to surrender. The Korean experience and the changing nature of warfare in general have, the Army feels, made this argument an outmoded one. With greater mobility of troops in combat and with the increased use of paratroopers, the risk of capture has mounted. Reasoning in the old way, it is felt, is like arguing that a sailor should be forbidden to learn to swim because his superiors want him to stay with his ship until the last possible moment. Suppose an enemy torpedo dumps him into the water and he finds himself six feet from a life preserver? Figuratively speaking, this occurred too many times in the Korean prison camps.

"Experience has shown that the Communists will humiliate and debase anyone in their hands," Milton said. "The soldier's best defense against this treatment, of course, is his own raw courage. But the Army now realizes that a man's nerve can be greatly stiffened if he is taught exactly how his captors will go about trying to break that nerve. Their step-by-step undermining of loyalty will be made much more difficult if our troops are forewarned. Returned prisoners have agreed that one of the best possible defenses against Communist tactics would be mental preparation. That sounds elementary, yet it is a new concept, resulting from a new set of international conditions and from the new experiences we had in Korea. Our service men in prison camps must work together as disciplined units to resist the enemy's demands—mentally and morally. They may be deprived of sleep, food, and medical attention in a prison camp, and they

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should expect this and have the will to live while these things are lacking. If there's nothing else to support life, they must not balk at whatever food and drink—however unpleasant—the enemy offers them. They should have some familiarity with nutrition, first aid, and preventive medicine. On the spiritual side, *esprit de corps* and a feeling of comradeship are great aids to morale. So are faith in democracy and adherence to religious beliefs. Many of the men said that in prison camps these intangibles were of greater help to them than anything else. Now, much more than in the past, such things bulk large in Army training."

A number of measures have been taken as a result of the prisoner-of-war study. Perhaps the most important are based on the President's six-point code, and deal with the education of the whole Army in the proper conduct of troops after capture. "Many of the men who collaborated in Korean camps pleaded innocent of misconduct on the ground that they had acted on orders from their superiors," said Milton. "One of the hardest things to make clear, both legally and logically, is that a man has a loyalty to discipline but also an independent loyalty to his country. The two should be reconciled, and they must be reconciled if our men are to cope with a devious enemy like the Communists, who, naturally, try to see to it that orders favorable to their own ends will be issued by weak officers and that weak men will obey them. With our new program, the Army feels that this reconciliation between the two kinds of loyalty can be accomplished." In connection with this program, the Army has issued a basic pamphlet explaining Communist indoctrination and interrogation methods in detail and suggesting simple ways to render them ineffective, and has also prepared several training circulars and films presenting techniques that will help men trapped behind enemy lines to evade capture or, if they are captured, to escape. Tackling the problem from another direction, the Army has instituted a group replacement policy, known as Operation Gyroscope, whereby units, instead of individuals, are rotated in assignments at home and abroad. This, it is believed, enables a soldier to identify himself more strongly with his unit, and thus greatly increases his loyalty to it; the unit should consequently be more effective in combat, and also, if any of its members are captured, they should be more able to resist pressure in a prison camp.

The Army has decided to adhere to its policy of authorizing prisoners to give



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the enemy nothing more than their name, rank, serial number, and date of birth. This decision was reached after months of investigation and soul-searching as to the best course to follow, both practically and ethically. "You can argue about such things till doomsday, but the Communist challenge has got to be met," said Milton. "And it's got to be met in an American way—no compromise with evil. If this means that our troops must withstand emotional pressure and psychological pain, then, for the good of the country, these must be borne. If the Communists alter their methods to include physical torture, that, too, must be endured."

The Army, Milton went on, wants as many people as possible to think about these matters. "Overcoming Communism is not simply an Army problem," he said. "It's a truly national problem. And don't forget—the battle against Communism is waged largely at the level of the individual, and the earlier the preparation the better. The Army would like to see every American parent, teacher, and clergyman work to instill in every one of our children a specific understanding of the differences between our way of life and the Communist way of life, and, even more important, give every child, in the blunt, old-fashioned spirit, a firm regard for right and an abiding distaste for wrong. The Army's period of training is too brief to make changes in the habits of a lifetime. By the time a young man enters the Army, he should possess a set of sound moral values and the strength of character to live by them. Then, with Army training, he may become something very close to military perfection—the ideal citizen soldier."

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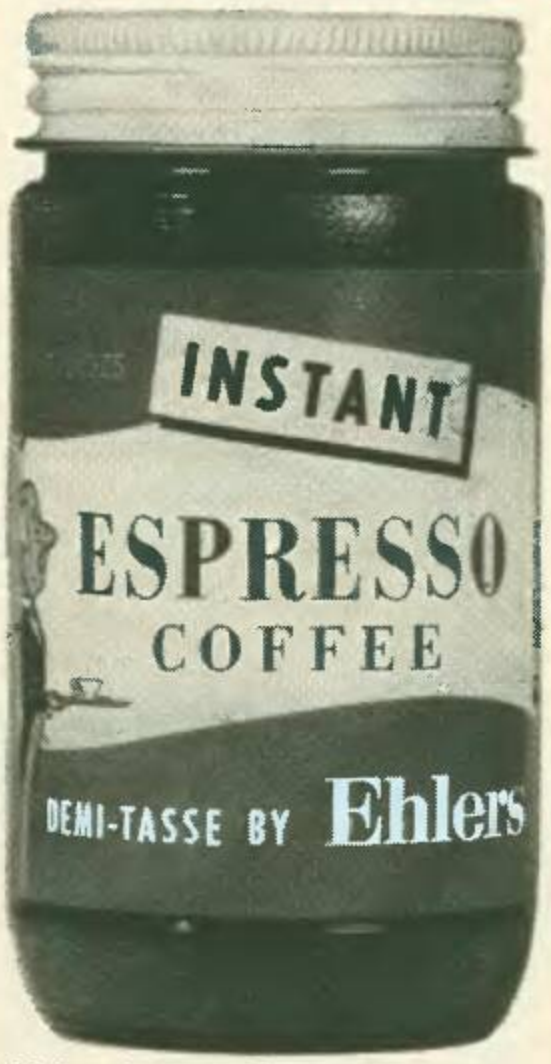
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THE RACE TRACK

All the Winners



IF it weren't for Bold Ruler, there wouldn't be much to say about the Queens County Handicap at Jamaica last Saturday. However, the occasion gave the Wheatley Stable colt, who is trained by Jim Fitzsimmons, an opportunity to show himself at his best, and when Bold Ruler is at his best, any old race he's in becomes important. While it wasn't as dazzling a performance as his Vosburgh Handicap at Belmont a fortnight ago (fun is fun, but no horse can go on breaking track records all the time), it was still noteworthy. The distance was a mile and a sixteenth, and he carried a hundred and thirty-three pounds, giving as much as twenty-three pounds to his opponents, yet he took the lead in the first few strides out of the starting gate and went on to win as Arcaro, who rode him, pleased. It was sheer delight to watch him run. Promised Land, who surprised everyone by winning the Lawrence Realization Stakes at Belmont several weeks ago, took second money easily from Greek Spy, the winner of the Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs last June, and the other starters—Manteau, Oh Johnny, and Go Lightly—were down the course. Tick Tock, who ran second in the Vosburgh, was a late scratch. Big Ed Christmas, his trainer, said, "My fellah like to got pneumonia from the breeze Mr. Fitz's colt made the last time they met, and I can find softer spots for him." As matters stand at the moment, Bold Ruler isn't likely to have much opposition in races up to a mile and a furlong.

THE close of Belmont earlier in the week proved to be as pleasant as it was interesting. The regular meeting ended on Monday, with George Widener's Rare Treat winning the eighty-seventh running of the Ladies' Handicap. The way she made up ground in the last quarter of the mile and a half stamped her as one of the better stayers of her sex and reminded everybody a lot of Stymie, her papa. The two days of the United Hunts that followed were nice, too. Neji, of course, was the star. The week before, he had given an inkling of how good he was by winning the Grand National

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Steeplechase from Independence, His Boots, and Shipboard, who was voted the best jumper of 1956. In the Temple Gwathmey Handicap, Neji outdid all previous efforts, not only carrying a hundred and seventy-three pounds but cutting nearly three seconds off the course record for two miles and a half and winning by seven lengths from Ancestor, his stablemate. Shipboard was third. The first time around the course, Dromond and Ancestor led the dozen starters; then Neji moved up and took command two fences from home, and the rest was a cinch. It was the third Gwathmey in a row for Mrs. Ogden Phipps, who owns Neji; he won it in 1955, too, and Ancestor obliged last year. Neji, a seven-year-old gelding by Hunters Moon IV, has won fifteen of his thirty-seven starts and $233,740 in prize money. He is not a big horse, as jumpers go, but he has that rare combination—great strength and high quality. By the way, Neji is the first racer to win a steeplechase stake in this country under as much as a hundred and seventy-three pounds, but Diogenes Checkpoints tells me that Jolly Roger, Greentree's famous jumper, carried the same weight in the Gwathmey in 1927. He was beaten by Fairmount, who carried a hundred and seventy. There were giants in those days.

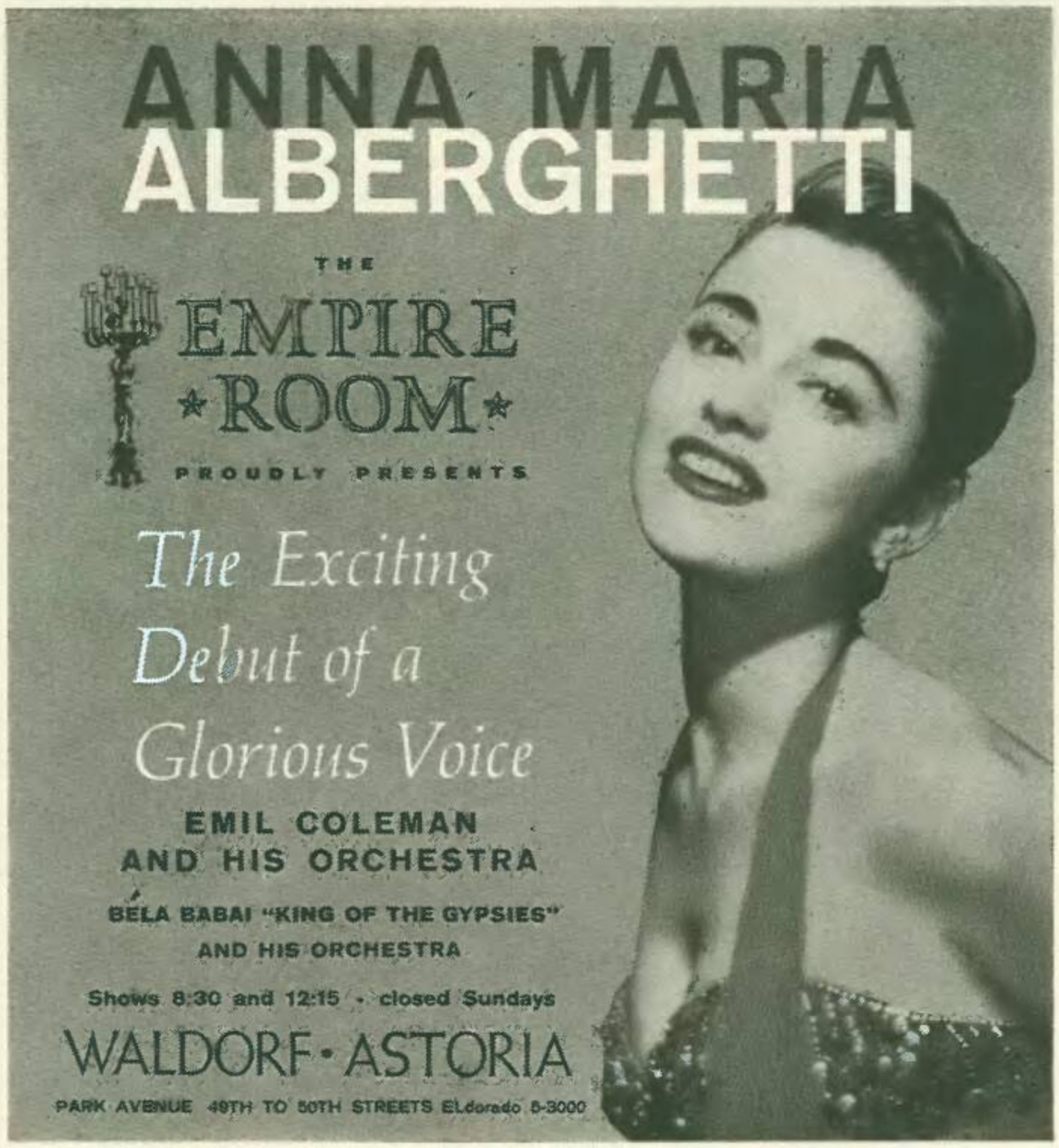
NOBODY, I'm sure, really expected anyone but Idun to win the Gardenia Stakes for two-year-old fillies at Garden State Park in Jersey last Saturday. She did it, all right, leading from beginning to end of the mile and a sixteenth and finishing lengths in front of Craftiness, Meant Well, and a dozen also-rans. It was her seventh victory in seven starts. Hartack, who rode her, was quoted as having said after the race that she was the best filly he ever rode. In the circumstances, it was the conventional thing to say, but the chances are that it's true. I believe she could beat all the colts. Be that as it may, she won't try it in the Garden State Stakes this weekend. Her next appearance probably will be in the Frizette, for fillies of her age, at Jamaica next Wednesday. As for the Garden State, Jewel's Reward ran so well in the Champagne that one might look farther and fare worse.

—AUDAX MINOR

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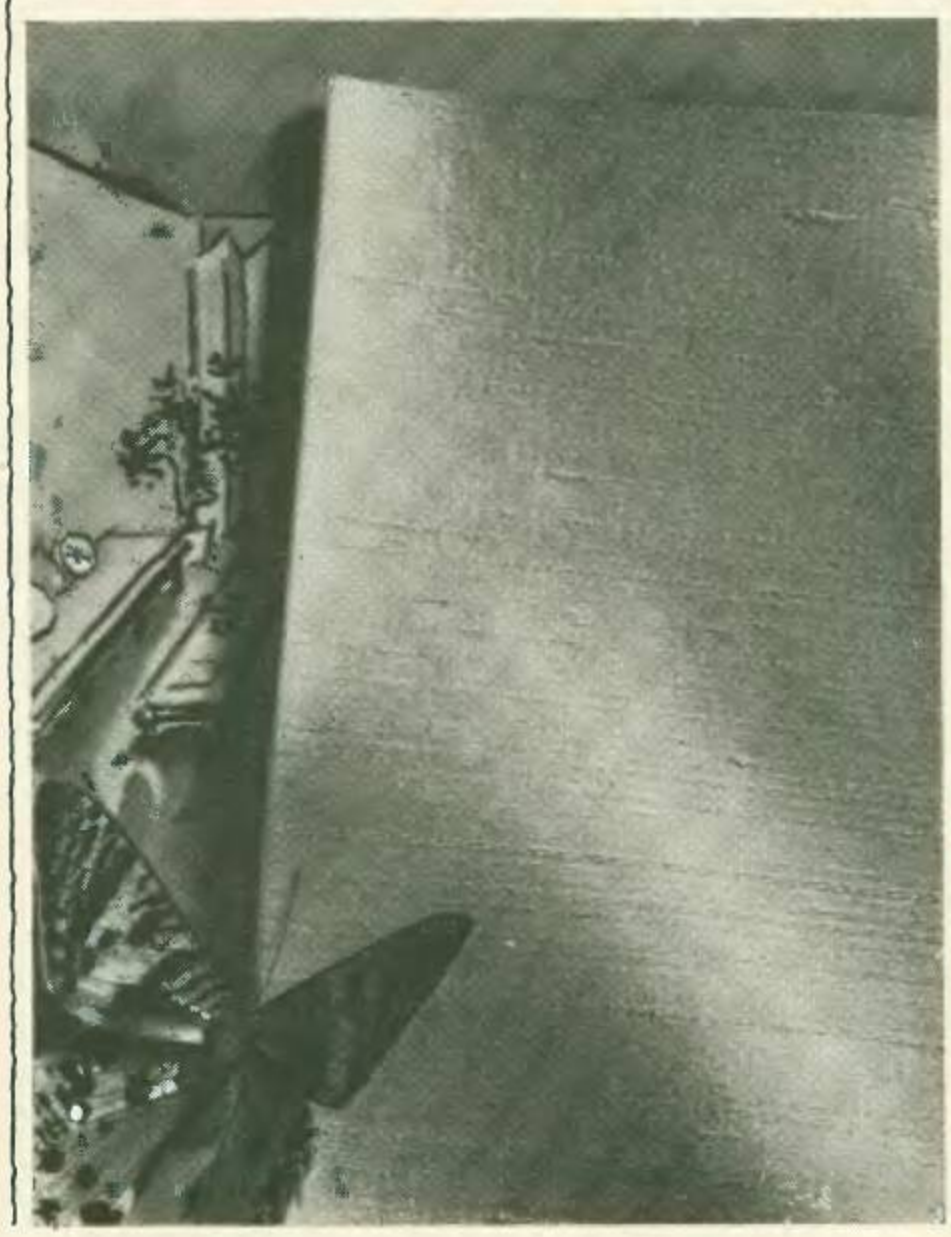
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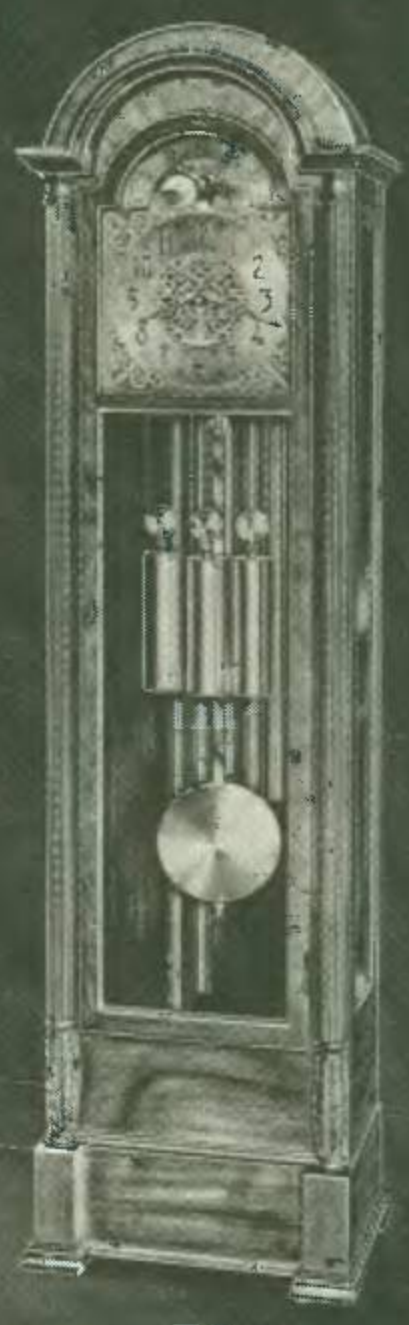
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LETTER FROM AMSTERDAM

October 2

ALTHOUGH most of its trees were chopped down for firewood during the last winter of the Second World War, Amsterdam, at least in the summer, is a green city. Now autumn has set in, and along the canals the leaves of the remaining elms and of the beeches that have been planted since the war are beginning to go brown and to fall unhurriedly on passing barges, on the backs of gliding ducks, and on their own reflections in the green-brown water. This is a flat, low city, built below sea level, like almost every town in Holland, and at this time of year, as the rain drifts in from the sea nearly every day, one begins to be affected by the pent-up feeling that Amsterdam sometimes gives—a feeling enhanced by the tight girdle of canals and by the rigid faces of the people. Moreover, one begins to understand why the Dutch are so interested in forms of "release," and why they have been driven to great navigational and imperial exploits. In some parts of Amsterdam there are smells of coffee and spices—nutmeg, ginger, and pepper—which provide a pungent reminder of the city's once far-flung interests. There are also the smells and the steam that pour forth from the large breweries, as well as the signs that hang outside the hundreds of taverns and cafés, which remind one only of the high quality of Dutch gin and beer and of how much of them seem to get drunk every day.



Amsterdam is called the Venice of the North by many guidebooks, but Amsterdamers prefer to call Venice the Amsterdam of the South. During the war, the canals were the scene of much surreptitious civic merrymaking—many an unwary German went for an unexpected midnight swim—but now they have once again become merely the main roads for the city's commercial traffic, and a source of humor only in that regularly, once a week, somebody drives a car or a bicycle into one of them and has to be fished out. Unlike the Venetian canals, most of the Amsterdam waterways are flanked by streets, although a number of buildings in the oldest part of town rise directly from the water. The principal canals, dating back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were laid out in a series of concentric half-moons through the city, joined here and there by intersecting waterways; on a map, the city seems to be an expanding sequence of semicircles, with the Singelgracht, the outermost of the old canals, as its rim. Since the streets in the center of town are very narrow, it is fortunate that the canals are there. Rubbish and garbage are dealt with by canal barge, and so are tourists—in cleaner, more streamlined craft, complete with quadrilingual students as guides. From time to time, plans are put forward to fill in a canal, in order to make room for the ever-increasing number of cars, but the opposition is invariably loud and strong.

Like most cities, Amsterdam is an exaggerated and intense version of itself at the five-o'clock rush hour. First of all, there are bicycles everywhere. It isn't surprising that most Dutchmen's reminiscences about wartime life at some point involve a bicycle—how they prevented a German from stealing it, how they removed its tires and rode it on the wheel rims to make it less desirable, and so on. In fact, the Dutch will tell you that the one good thing that Hitler—meaning the German administration—did in Holland was to abolish the tax on bicycles. And bicycles remain untaxed. There are roughly nine hundred thousand people in Amsterdam, and roughly half a million bicycles, plus perhaps a hundred thousand motor scooters. During the rush hour, bicycles—sometimes carrying two or three people—crowd the narrow streets and collect in huge throngs at traffic lights. It seems to be a matter of pride among the cyclists never to set foot on the ground at a red light; the idea is to jiggle the handle bars back and forth in an effort to stay upright or, if all else fails, to hang onto a stopped automobile or streetcar. The Amsterdam cyclist thinks nothing about riding forward; what he *is* vain about is his ability to ride backward. The old fixed-gear bicycle is best for this. It is not uncommon for a cyclist to dart confidently into a chink in a traffic jam, find his way blocked, instantly reverse direction, and then charge back in at another opening, like a trout in a rapids. Recently, a race from a central point in the city to a suburb was held between a bike, a car, and a tram. The bicycle won.

Holland has no automobile industry of its own, and the presence downtown of all sorts of imported cars—Mercedes, Volkswagens, Morrises, Austins, Peugeots, Simcas, Citroëns, and Fiats, plus a sprinkling of Swedish Volvos and an

occasional Hispano-Suiza—gives the city a cosmopolitan air. As for American cars, they are most generally found in the southeast part of the city, a kind of *nouveau-riche* Washington Heights, which is frequently referred to as the *koudaardappellen*, or cold-potatoes, district, because its inhabitants have gone in so heavily for ostentatious new cars and television sets that they have to eat leftovers for dinner. While there may be room for American cars in the broad streets thereabouts, there is certainly little room for them in the old part of the city, especially since a streetcar usually takes up the whole center of the roadway. Amsterdam streetcars have the right of way over all other traffic, and are cheap, safe, and quiet. They are mainly notable for the fact that on weekdays each has a small mailbox fastened to its stern; half the crowd at a streetcar stop is usually waiting to post letters.

IF Amsterdam is having trouble accommodating its cars, it is having far more trouble accommodating its people. One hears about the housing problem as soon as one has made Dutch friends. Among some people, it has produced twelve-year engagements; among others, who reason that a *fait accompli* will raise them a notch or two on the waiting list, it has produced overnight marriages; and among still others, who have found that simply being married isn't enough, it has produced children, as extra inducements. A family with a room to spare will rent it to a homeless couple or to a student, and thus do a good deed and help pay its own rent at the same time. In fact, the Dutch on occasion strike a stranger as being too possessively kind; they are often deeply offended when their advances are spurned. Soon after I arrived here, some friends invited me to drop in at their house every night after dinner; thinking that simple politeness had given rise to an exaggeration of hospitality, I went only once or twice. The other day, I found that they were hurt by my failure to come every single night, and thought that I had stayed away because their English wasn't good enough. These people have a Chinese girl student as a lodger, and it almost seems that nothing gives them more pleasure than for her to be ill in bed, so that they can make tea for her and read to her and submerge her in books and candy.

The housing problem is partly one of economics, but in larger measure it is one of land—the scarcest commodity

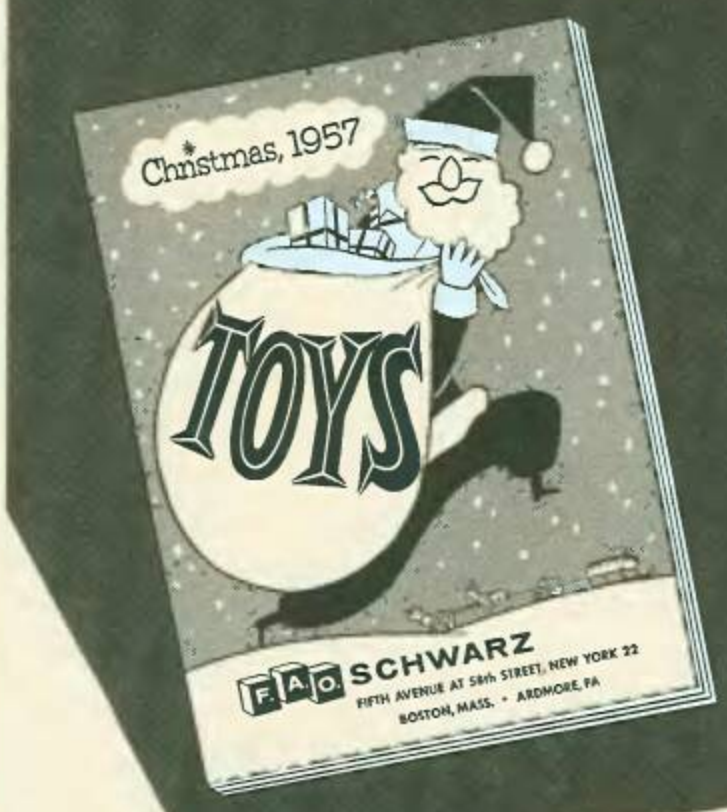
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in Holland. With more than ten million people crowded into something under thirteen thousand square miles, the country is the most densely populated in the world. The Dutch are no longer principally farmers and fishermen; at least thirty per cent of them live in towns of more than a hundred thousand people, while forty-three per cent of the employed population works in some kind of industry. As the industrial nature of the country grows, so do the cities. But growth is difficult for most cities, because of the ground on which they are built. Since they are below sea level, the peat topsoil is marshy, and in order to build it is necessary to establish a firm footing with a thick layer of sand, and then sink piles for the buildings to rest on. In the old days, wooden piles were used, but subsurface water rots them, with the result that buildings take on an alarming stagger, and nowadays most of the piles are of concrete. The millions of cubic metres of sand needed for a new development have to be barged in from great distances, and although barges are the cheapest form of transport, the sand ultimately costs a lot of money; also, as time goes on, it is increasingly hard to obtain. There are traditional difficulties of life in Holland, but in Amsterdam, they are multiplied by the fact that there are no available sites within the old city, and whole new areas of peat have to be reclaimed for the city to spread out on. The rings of canals constructed in the seventeenth century made for an efficient city but a confined one. Happily, they also made for a beautiful city, being lined with houses whose varied gables and detailed ornamentation are peculiar to Amsterdam. The fronts of the houses were built to lean forward a little, partly to counter the perspective that makes a house seem to be leaning backward when looked at from below, and partly because the Dutch have always built their houses with narrow and perilously steep staircases, which means that all bulky furniture has to be lifted in through the windows. This is done by a block and tackle suspended from a beam that always juts out from the roofpeak.

By 1875, the city had grown beyond the Singelgracht, and began to spread haphazardly. No one had the good sense to continue the half-moon plan. A new quarter that sprang up to the south, toward the River Amstel, came to be called De Pijp (The Pipe), because of its narrow, dank streets. This sort of civic negligence made subsequent generations of Amsterdamers see to





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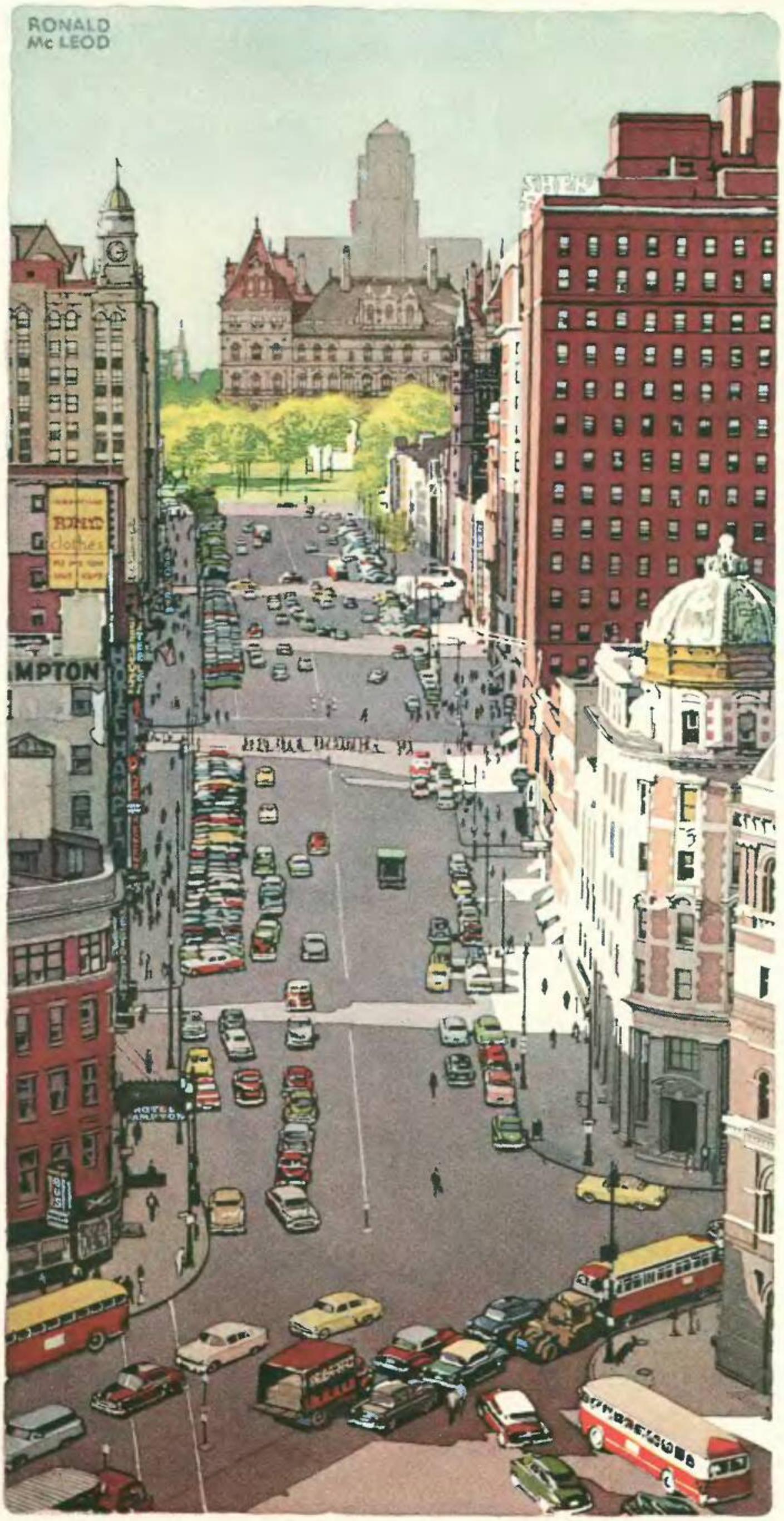
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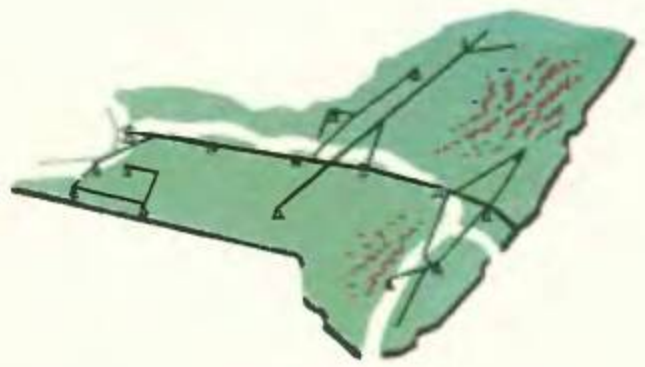


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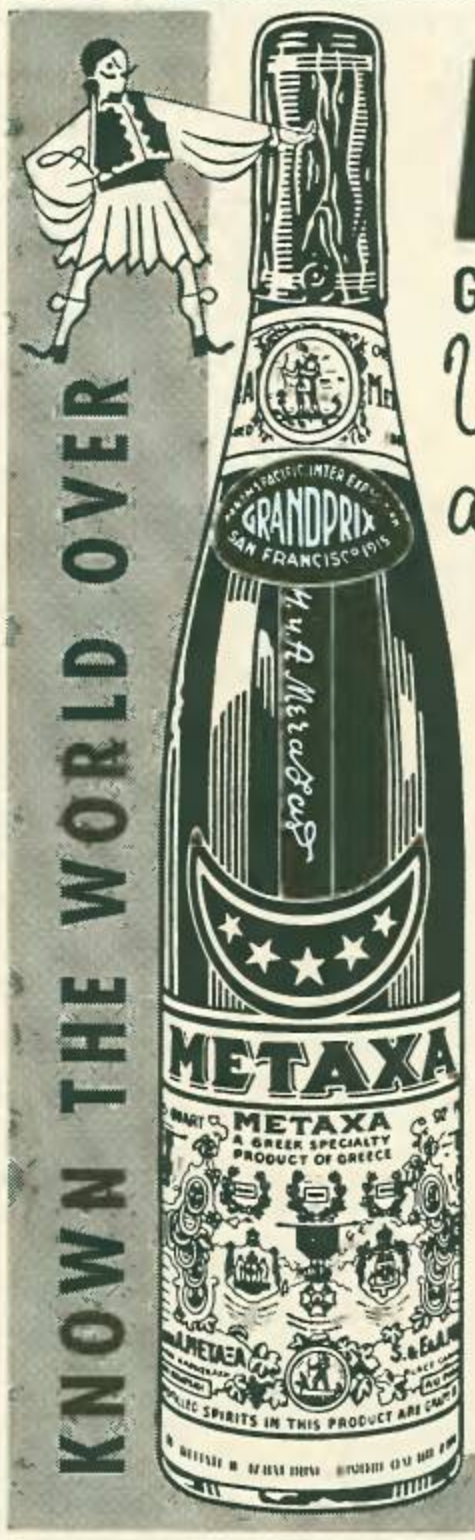
it that this sort of thing didn't happen again. Between the two World Wars, new sections of the city were built farther south, and these have broad, curving avenues that are lined with solid, respectable-looking apartment houses. The general effect is rather drab and hygienic, but what with the many trees, the hordes of children wheeling about on roller skates, and the big windows that let plenty of light into the householders' snug rooms, one realizes that general effects are largely for strangers, and that Amsterdamers who manage to get apartments in this area must be fairly contented. Certainly the houses in the oldest part of the city that are still lived in—most of the attractive canal houses are now offices—are, for all their atmosphere, dark and cramped. Some five thousand people live on houseboats moored in the canals of the city, where they stare from their windows at the tourists in sightseeing boats, and keep their muslin curtains tightly drawn against the curiosity of people walking along the canalbank. At the canal's edge, ducks bob for fish and small boys use their wooden shoes as toy boats. There is little sidewalk life, such as one finds in warmer cities, but fastened to many second- and third-floor windows are small mirrors, in which the tenants can watch the passers-by on the street or canal below without seeming nosey. The people of Amsterdam don't have much cash to spare for entertainment.

AN Amsterdam newspaper costs about a nickel, but it isn't likely to provide much entertainment. Its layout is extremely prim, and the few photographs it contains are either newspaper-artistic or naïve, rather like family snapshots. Two of the largest papers, *Het Vrije Volk* and *Het Parool*—with circulations of two hundred and ninety thousand and a hundred and forty thousand, respectively—are Socialist, or at least Left Wing. But then Amsterdamers are apt to tell you—with either wonder or disgust, depending on their own politics—that Amsterdam is a Red city. In the last municipal election, three years ago, the Communists got thirty per cent of the vote—an estimated seven per cent of it from Party members. The Communist newspaper, *De Waarheid*, has a circulation of some eighty thousand. Here, as in France, the Communists are very much a bread-and-butter party. A Dutch acquaintance of mine who works in a bank put it to me this way: "Everybody knows that the other parties have

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proved over and over that they can't fulfill their promises. The Communists haven't yet had a chance to show that they can't do what they say they can. So some people—and there are a lot of discontented people in Amsterdam—think we should give them a chance." Since the Hungarian revolt, however, Communist support has diminished, probably as much among Party members as among the discontented voters, who seem to share the general Western European opinion that Russia is an awful bogy but not a force that is likely to overwhelm them immediately. Indeed, the Dutch, like the French and the Italians, have come to be increasingly cynical about the power struggle between the United States and Russia. While most of the newspapers here have been very understanding about America's domestic difficulties—especially in relation to the Little Rock conflict—they maintain a cool and sardonic attitude toward American foreign policy. In general, the Dutch deplore its lack of sophistication and the blarney and propaganda associated with some of its gestures—such as the arms shipment to Jordan. And there is a profound cynicism about Mr. Dulles and his perpetual good tidings. The average Dutchman feels that American power is accompanied by so much ignorance and Russian power by so much arrogance that he might as well ignore both and worry about matters nearer home.

Twelve years after the war, the Dutch are still bitter about the Germans. This feeling is nothing that makes newspaper headlines, but many Amsterdamers will not hesitate to tell you how they feel, or to recall for you how, among other grievances, they had sometimes to walk fifty kilometres into the country for half a pound of butter, and then very likely had it taken from them before they reached home. I came to Holland from the South of France, and to do this is to make instructive comparisons in politics and political geography. The Riviera was subjected to a nominal Italian occupation during most of the war, and then experienced for a brief while the harsher grip of the Germans. Now Italians and Germans are to be seen in every town there, and they are welcome as long as their wallets hold out. But the Netherlands has neither the sun nor the *carpe-diem* attitude of Provence. It has a common border with Germany for over two hundred miles—roughly two-thirds of its total land frontier. Moreover, Amsterdam is a North Sea port, a Rhine port, and a port connected by river and

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canal with central Europe; indeed, in a sense it is a German port. Much of Holland's trade is still with Germany. But while the Dutch are willing to deal with the Germans commercially—as one of my friends sadly observed, the mark is powerful, and the mark often speaks louder than memory—they show no desire to have them around. Last year, when, for the first time since the war, a large influx of German tourists turned up here, there were many incidents. Vituperative slogans were chalked on streetcars, buses, and the walls of the Stock Exchange. In some restaurants, Germans were refused service. When Rommel's former chief-of-staff, General Hans Speidel, was appointed commander of the NATO land forces in Central Europe, the Dutch wryly remembered their five years of enforced cohabitation with the German Army and the joy with which they had at last seen that Army smashed and driven out of Holland. Yet because the Dutch are a people who take things deeply to heart but say little, the only vocal protest against Speidel's appointment came from the Communist members of Parliament, which was a good thing for the General, since the members of the other parties—Catholic, Labor, and Anti-Revolutionary—felt bound to tell the Communists to shut up. Still, when General Speidel visited Holland recently, he took care to arrive unheralded, and was gone before most people were aware that he had come.

AMSTERDAM may still have little use for Germans, but it is an open city to practically everybody else. Partly through trade, partly through its casual hospitality, it has people of every race, and in the five-o'clock rush, Chinese, Indonesians, and Africans pour forth along with the Dutch from offices, factories, and warehouses. In bars and teashops, one overhears conversations in French, English, Danish, and Portuguese. From the East Indies, the Dutch brought back a taste for Indonesian food—and also wives and children. Many Dutch have Indonesian blood, and in Amsterdam, at least, pure Indonesians live and work under no racial cloud whatever. In the Zeedijk, a narrow, twisting street that runs toward the docks from the Central Station, there are dives and dens—with names like San Francisco and Shanghai—of the sort one associates with an Eastern port. Half-open doors and divided bead curtains reveal plump, middle-aged barstool *kippertjes* (a word that is, in both senses, the equivalent of the French

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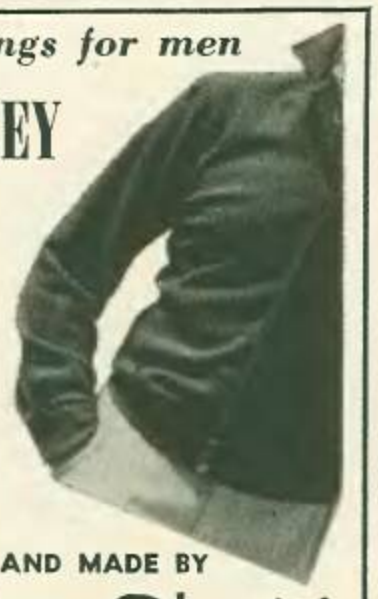
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"*poules*") and exude cooking aromas that might have wafted all the way from Java or Sumatra. Dutch food is similar to German and Swiss food—plain, heavy, and solid—and the many Indonesian restaurants here, with their cheap, exotic menus, are extremely popular. However, apart from the food, apart from the shops crowded with Oriental bric-a-brac that eventually finds its way into so many Dutch living rooms, and apart from an occasional belly dancer in an otherwise sedate night spot, the Dutch seem to have pretty well resisted the Easternization that one would expect after centuries of contact with the Indies. In their own restaurants, the Indonesians retain their cheerfulness and spontaneity, but on the streets their faces are set in the rigid mask that is so characteristic of the Dutchman.

Despite the religious severity of the Dutch Calvinists, Amsterdam has for centuries been a refuge for the persecuted, whether Mennonites, Anabaptists, Jews, Puritans, or Huguenots. In 1701, a Frenchman wrote a guide to Amsterdam, and in it the following dialogue takes place:

"*Dites-moi, je vous prie, si vous le savez, combien de sortes de Religions il y a dans Amsterdam?*"

"*Non, Monsieur, je ne croy pas qu'il y aye un homme au monde qui puisse vous le dire; parce qu'il y vient des Gens de toutes les Nations, & qu'il y en a toujours qui font des Religions à leur mode, & qu'ils nomment la Religion des honnêtes Gens . . .*"

On a yellow houseboat in the Herengracht, the canal on whose banks the wealthiest of the seventeenth-century merchants once lived, are the offices of some *honnêtes gens* from Pennsylvania—the Bible Club Movement of Philadelphia. Run by two young ladies, one American and one Dutch, who organize Bible classes for children, it has been there since 1949—a visible sign not only of the Philadelphians' anxiety about Amsterdam's soul but of the city's housing shortage. It is a warm-hearted oddity in a city where the churches are the most imposing buildings—the tallest and, in a way, the coldest. Most are open only for a few hours on Sunday, and in this they appear to reflect the Dutch religious feeling: very reserved, even hidden, so that one is almost prepared to believe it doesn't exist. After a while, you realize that if you can't walk into a church and look at the monuments, as you can elsewhere, the reason is not so much that the Dutch keep

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religion for Sundays as that they keep it very much to themselves. The subject came up while I was visiting a friend of mine and his wife here, and they told me, with a touch of embarrassment, that religion is never talked about in Holland, any more than family matters are, or the Royal Family—whom the Dutch regard very much as they do their own families, to be honored, respected, and hardly ever discussed.

Because of the Dutch distaste for gossip (one of the Amsterdam newspapers had a gossip column for a while but had to give it up for lack of worthwhile gossip), there is perhaps too little discussion of some matters. My friends were loath to talk about this reserve, although they were Amsterdamers, with more detached views than might be found in the provinces. The effects of the silence and constraint are seen at their worst in country villages—especially those where the more severe religious sects have a hold. There it is not uncommon for the dominie of a church to forbid all such entertainment as dancing, films, and plays, and sometimes even cycling or riding on streetcars on Sundays. In Amsterdam, rumors circulate (though hardly to the point of reaching the newspapers) of scandals in some country districts—of villages where young men and women live together and get married only after a child is born, and of districts where such ghost-story characters as white witches can still be seen. In many ways, for all its coziness, primness, and well-ordered landscape, Holland is a mysterious country, and when one has seen enough of the sturdy, phlegmatic faces of the Dutch it becomes quite easy to imagine all sorts of curious things bubbling below the surface. For instance, in Amsterdam itself this summer there was a strange series of fires, occurring for the most part in places of public entertainment, such as theatres and dance halls; four weeks ago, a large modern cinema was nearly destroyed by fire at one in the morning. In the privacy of their living rooms, people have been talking about incendiarism and religious fanaticism, and some of them





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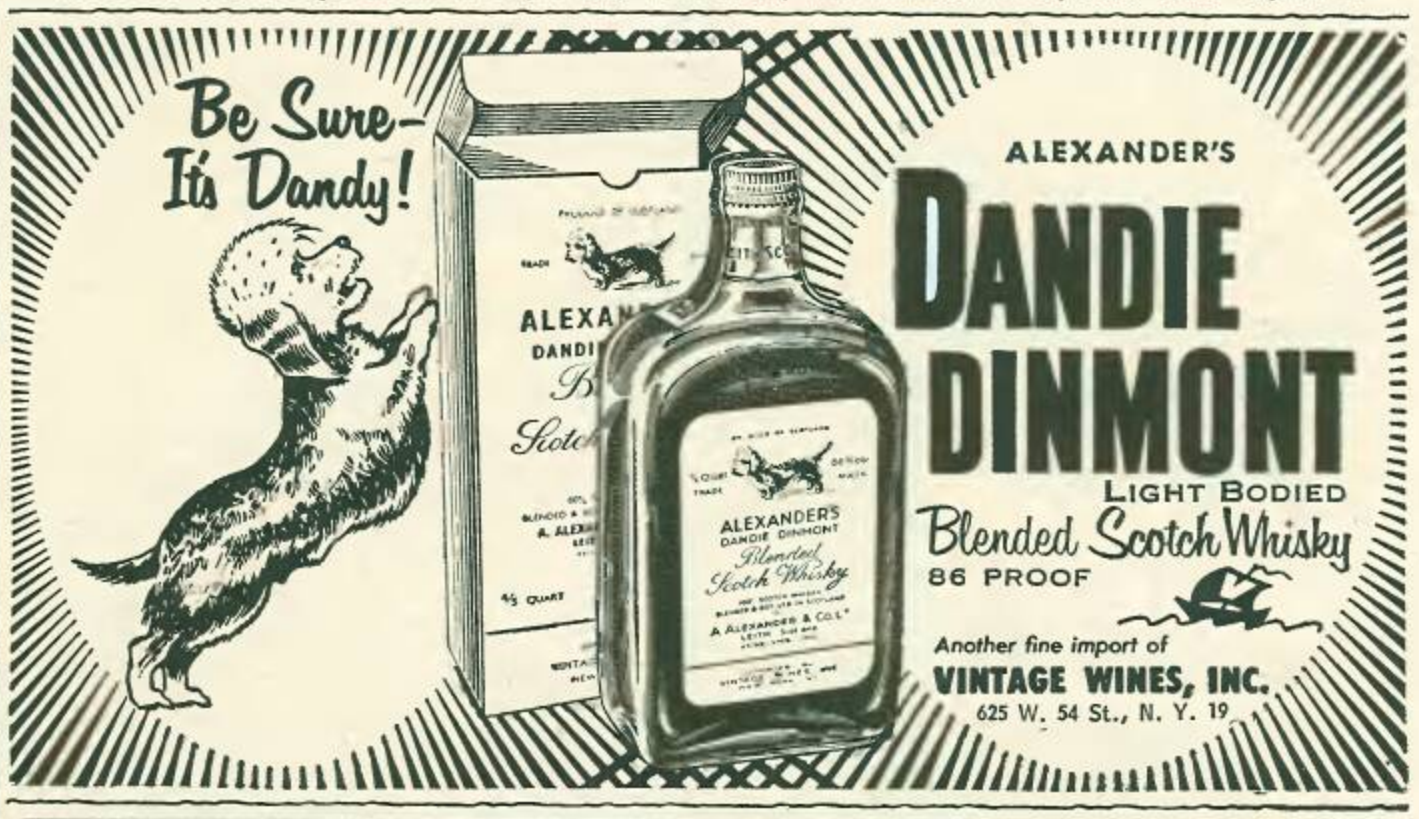


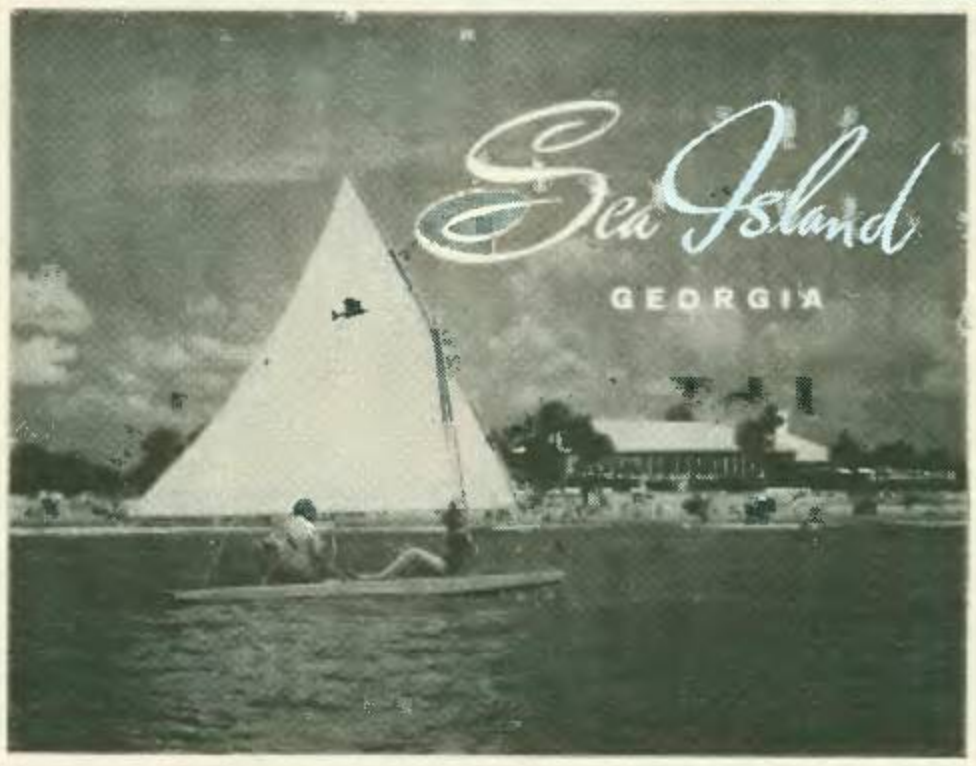
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feel that a little more talking about such matters in public wouldn't do the country any harm.

ON September 15th, the summer-tourist season came to an end; the floodlighting of special buildings was switched off, and the heating in hotels and restaurants came on. As far as one can make out, it was a successful season. At any rate, Amsterdamers have now stopped moaning about the number of Americans crowding the shops in the Rokin and the Kalverstraat, and have been going to see what their own more limited incomes can buy there. And they have at last been able to beat their way into the Stedelijk Museum, where an exhibition called "Europa 1907" was running until three days ago. The museum is a beautiful one, and the exhibition—of work done by both great and minor European artists in that year—was splendidly stimulating. There were fine pictures by Matisse, Max Beckmann, Monet, and Picasso, but for many people the hit of the show was a tiny, sodden brown landscape by Piet Mondrian, painted before he boxed himself in with colored squares.

Although American, English, and Canadian servicemen on leave are still around, there are fewer of them, and Dutch shopkeepers and café proprietors can forget their English until next spring. And winter has other consolations, too. There will be skating on the canals, and Amsterdamers are already trying to get tickets for the Concertgebouw Orchestra concerts. The orchestra was at the Edinburgh Festival this summer, but it is back now, and, in fact, gave a special concert the other night, before the beginning of its regular season. The way it played Stravinsky's "The Firebird Suite," and the way the audience responded to its playing, made it clear how strongly the Dutch feel about music. Hours of radio and television time are devoted to "new arrangements" by light orchestras, to which the Dutch listen with marvellous solemnity; in the cafés and restaurants one hears everything from Vivaldi to Afro-Cuban merengues; every church tower and municipal building seems to have a fine set of chimes. While the Concertgebouw Orchestra was away, the Concert Hall was filled with chamber music, and when the chamber-music players were silent, there were always the street organs, which can be found on practically every corner—gaudy instruments with names like Goliath, baroque exteriors, and interiors stuffed with wooden pipes and a limited num-

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ber of perforated pianola sheets. Although the police department has a musical inspector who auditions the organgrinders and sits in judgment on their repertoire, what they produce is more noise than music, but it is certainly noise with a beat. Beginning with, say, "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree" and ending with "Que Será, Será," a song made popular by Miss Doris Day (a woman, by the way, with configurations that the Dutch esteem most highly), the grinder churns his machine through half a dozen tunes, all in the same tempo, while his mate shakes a tin cup at passersby and skillfully catches the coins that are dropped from windows. Outwardly, the people of Amsterdam are very charitable. They will fumble in their purses for a coin to give the organ men, but privately they don't mind telling you that the organs make them sick, and that they would just as soon see the last of them.

One of the most popular summer exhibitions was installed at Schiphol, Amsterdam's airport, where the Netherlands and six other nations had got together to put on a show called "Het Atoom." Every day of the summer, from June 28th to September 15th, crowds of interested Dutch poured into the exhibition buildings to see models and demonstrations designed to show them what matter is, what the atomic nucleus consists of, and how nuclear fission takes place. The Dutch are proud of the fact that it was on lines laid down by the Dutch physicist Hendrik Antoon Lorentz, in the theory of electrons he propounded at Leiden in 1893, that Einstein (with whom he once collaborated) worked toward the formula $E = mc^2$—a formula, incidentally, that stared down, in all its monolithic intractability, from one wall of the main exhibition shed. In Euratom, the European atomic pool, the Dutch are probably pulling more than their weight at the moment. It is not generally known that after the war the Netherlands possessed a great deal of refined uranium; in 1939, the Dutch scientist Hendrik A. Kramers, of Leiden University, had had the idea that the stuff might have a significant future, and he persuaded the government to buy five tons of it from the Belgian Congo. It was stored on a wharf in a suburb of Rotterdam. When the Nazi troops entered Holland, the uranium was strewn on the ground along the waterfront and covered with a thin layer of dirt and sand. The Dutch and Germans walked over it unwittingly for the five years of the Occupation. Then it was shovelled up and separated



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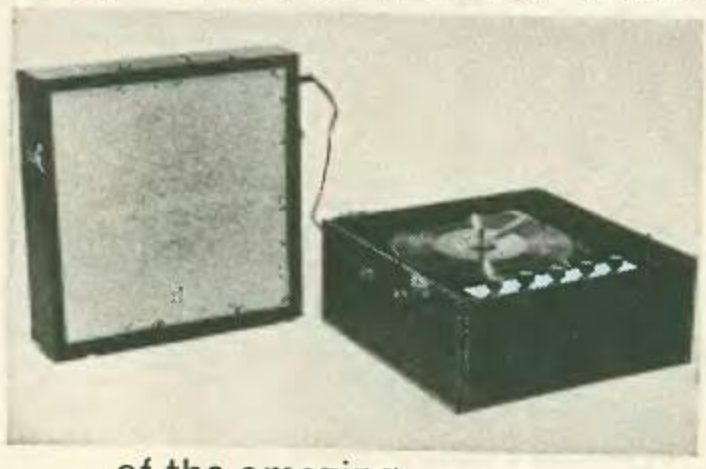
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FOR relief from science and the bustling everyday life of Amsterdam (when Descartes lived here in 1631, he complained that everybody was so involved in commerce that there was nobody to talk to), I went one afternoon to see Muiderslot, a little castle, ten miles from the city, that was once the residence of the Counts of Holland. Apart from being a place where civic and government dinners are often held, it is a favored spot for Dutch sightseers, although the day I was there only a small, end-of-season party shuffled around behind a student guide. I had the good fortune to be taken to Muiderslot by Mr. Ton Koot, who is both secretary of Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum and curator of the castle. We drove out on a flat, fast road, built across a new polder. "It's all very well for us to be making land all the time," said Mr. Koot, in the course of explaining some of the permanent difficulties of Dutch life. "We are famous for it. But most people don't realize that we are also losing land. Holland sinks about six inches every hundred years, and the creeping sea and its salt are always at work. As of now, we have lost more than we have gained."

The castle was built in the thirteenth century, on the border of the County of Holland, though actually on land belonging to the Bishopric of Utrecht. Every now and then, a bishop would saddle up, marshal his knights, and besiege the castle. Once he had taken it, it seems, he usually managed to do no more than eat dinner and have a night's sleep before the current Count of Holland was back to take it away from him. Mr. Koot has restored Muiderslot so that it looks the way it did in the seventeenth century, when it was the home of Pieter Corneliszoon Hooft, son of an Amsterdam burgomaster, and the writer who brought the Italian pastoral verse form to Holland. Hooft wrote sonnets and a history, modelled on Tacitus, of the first twenty years of Holland's war with Spain. He was also a notable entertainer; his salon included the diplomats, playwrights, and bluestockings of Holland's greatest era. With considerable pride, Mr. Koot

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showed me around the rooms, in which almost every object had had to be searched out and brought from somewhere else in Holland—tile floors; upright but comfortable furniture; carpets, paintings, and tapestries; and marble-pillared fireplaces. High in one tower was Hooft's study—the tall writing desk at which he used to stand, and on it his pen and ink and sand. From one of the windows, I looked down at the seventeenth-century garden, now bright with marigolds. Then Mr. Koot took me to another window. "Yssel Meer, once the Zuider Zee," he said, pointing out over the masts of a couple of yachts and barges. "It is completely enclosed now, and full of fresh water. Today, the big ships come into Amsterdam through the North Sea Canal, but in Hooft's time they came through the Zuider Zee. Every day, sitting at this window, he watched the pride of the Dutch East Indies fleet sailing out to the Orient or returning to Amsterdam laden with silks and spices. One day soon, all that will be land, except for a few canals. Farms, housing developments. In any case, no more East Indies fleets. In a way, it's a shame that those days are over. There's very little adventure in a housing development. As Hooft might have said, land is all right for cows, and fresh water is good for drinking, but salt water is the best for sailors."

—ANTHONY BAILEY

•

Her father had died soon after she was born and her mother, Mrs. Lydia Lopez Torres, had married another man also named Torres. by whim she had two more children.—*The Herald Tribune.*

A semicolon would be better, in place of that last comma.

•

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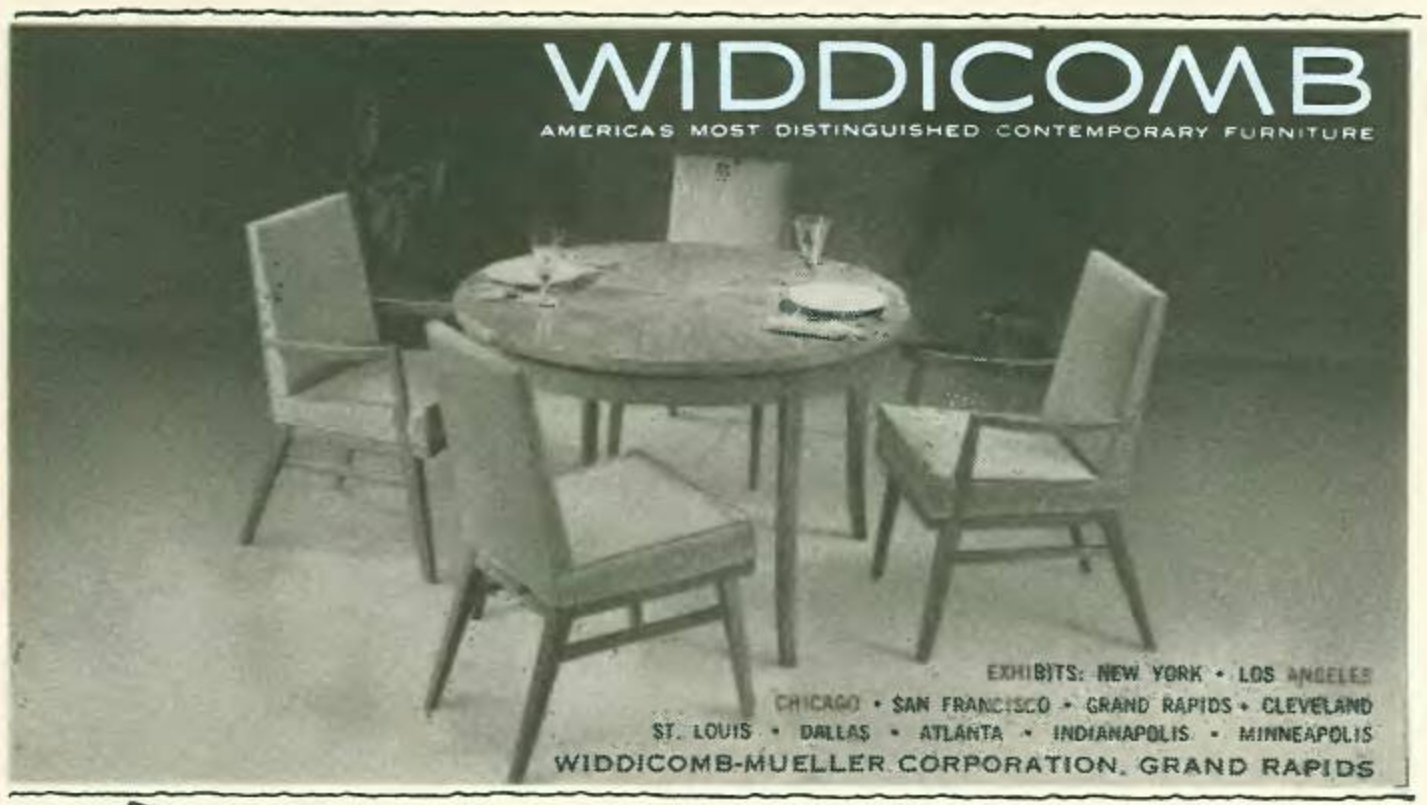
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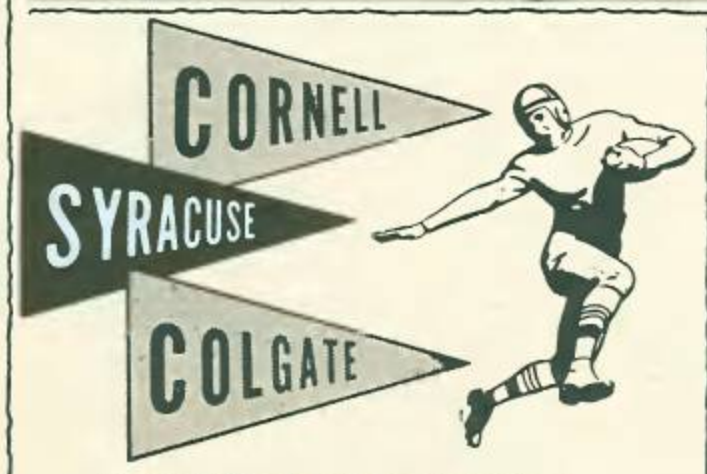
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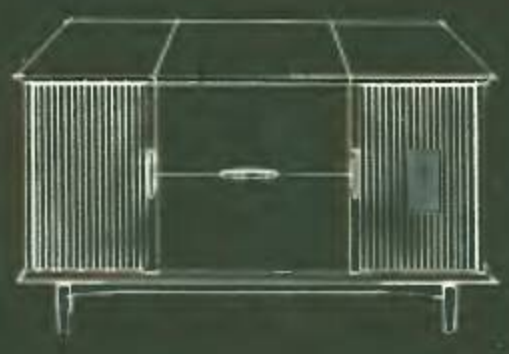


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After They've Seen Paree



MANUEL DE FALLA is remembered by concert and ballet audiences primarily as a composer of bright, sometimes rather flashy scores, in which the folk idioms of his native Spain are mixed with elements fashionable in Paris in the early years of this century—elements derived from his association with such figures as Debussy, Ravel, and, later on, Stravinsky. People who like to put composers in categories usually describe him as an Impressionist, by which they mean that his music makes its appeal through striking colors and textures of sound and through the use, for descriptive and evocative purposes, of exotic rhythms and melodies. (To be sure, his rhythms and melodies, being Spanish, may not have seemed exotic to him, but they seemed so to audiences outside Spain.)

This is certainly true of the music de Falla wrote under the influence of the French Impressionists and during the Diaghilev period in Paris, and such well-known works of his as the ballets "El Amor Brujo" and "El Sombrero de Tres Picos," as well as that charming little quasi-opera "El Retablo de Maese Pedro," are, in essence, Parisian, even though they contain vigorous undercurrents of Spanish folklore. It is not true, however, of his early opera "La Vida Breve," which was resuscitated for one of its very infrequent performances last week by the New York City Opera Company at the City Center. This work, written in 1905, before de Falla went to Paris, produces an entirely different effect, and in listening to it I could not help speculating on what might have happened to the composer if he had remained aloof from French influences. It contains a great deal of identifiably Spanish music, especially in the quite stunning sequences of ballet and flamenco singing at the beginning of the second act, but elsewhere, both in the handling of voices and in the chromatic structure of its harmony, it echoes the music of Richard Wagner, who was one of de Falla's youthful idols. The result is by no means displeasing, for the hearty Wagnerian idiom permits de Falla a sort of emotional intensity that one does not find in most of his subse-

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quent work. The opera is not particularly sophisticated; its plot, concerning a jilted woman who dies of grief following her lover's wedding, is pretty tenuous, and de Falla, who was only twenty-nine when he wrote "La Vida Breve," had obviously not yet entirely mastered the art of delineating human character through music. Nevertheless, there are moments of heartfelt lyricism in the opera that bespeak real genius and seem to promise a future as a major composer in this field that de Falla never achieved.

Sung in Spanish, the production at the City Center enlisted some imported Spanish soloists, as well as a number of Spanish dancers, and all of them performed very creditably under the baton of the Spanish maestro José Iturbi, who was making his début here as a conductor of opera. Consuelo Rubio, the mezzo-soprano who sang the part of the ill-fated heroine, showed herself to be the possessor of a rich, powerful voice—a little dry in its upper reaches but otherwise lush. Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Richard Wentworth, as her grandmother, lover, and uncle, respectively, made the most of their somewhat limited roles, and Hernan Pelayo, a flamenco singer, added a pleasantly authentic touch to the Spanish solos in the second act. The dancers, led by Carola Goya and Matteo, provided a spirited and engaging Spanish-style ballet, and Jean Dalrymple, who staged the work, thereby making *her* début as an operatic *régisseur*, handled things in a simple and direct manner that made one suspect she might do well to try her hand at some more opera, to which she brings an experienced theatrical eye.

As a curtain-raiser to "La Vida Breve," the company presented the ballet "El Amor Brujo," which, as I have indicated, was composed by de Falla during his Parisian period. The score, containing such familiar and effective passages as the "Ritual Fire Dance," glittered, under Mr. Iturbi's baton, with all the brilliant orchestral virtuosity that one would expect. I am afraid, however, that as a production the ballet fell rather flat by comparison with "La Vida Breve." Perhaps in the stamping and posturing of the dancers who performed it there were subtleties peculiar to the Spanish dance that escaped me, but I found it, on the whole, a fairly tame bit of pantomime in a vein that has been far more strikingly exploited by such popular figures as Escudero and Carmen Amaya. Gloria Lane, standing at the side of the stage, undertook the vocal commentary provided for by the











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score, and sang very well indeed. But the pantomime itself, involving a gypsy girl whose dead lover's ghost attempts to bedevil her new romance, seemed unimaginative and a little tiresome. I have an idea that the principal trouble with "El Amor Brujo" as a stage work is something that is apt to afflict creations in which folk and classical traditions are at odds with each other. Like "symphonic jazz," which is neither symphonic nor jazz, it appears to involve two irreconcilable arts, and to lose the main virtues of both. At any rate, it struck me as neither a very good ballet nor a very good example of popular Spanish dancing.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

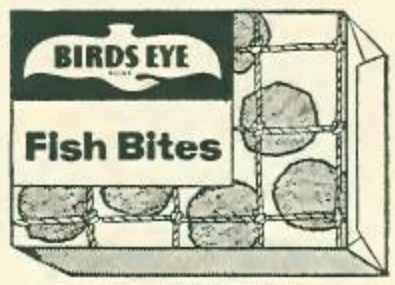
Stress and Strain

ONE of the leaders of an increasingly fashionable school of modern jazz called—with equal opacity—"hard bop" or "funky" is Horace Silver, a thin, hard-working pianist, composer, and arranger of twenty-nine, who resembles an inverted, rapidly jiggling fishhook when he plays. In an ambitious new recording, "The Stylings of Silver" (Blue Note 1562), Silver, in company with Art Farmer on trumpet, Hank Mobley on tenor saxophone, Teddy Kotick on bass, and Louis Hayes on drums, demonstrates a good many of the rules and regulations of the movement. Its firmest is the homage the school, which also includes such men as Sonny Rollins, Art Blakey, Max Roach, and Donald Byrd, gives the blues. Many of the compositions they play are straight blues or are based on the blues, and they usually sound as if they were attempting to resurrect the hot, grainy quality of old blues singers and pianists like Blind Lemon Jefferson and Jimmy Yancey. To this end, the hard-boppers employ a heavy or sharply accented beat, a florid, staccato attack, and a hardness of timbre that is in direct contrast to the soft, inky sounds of the cool school, through which many of them have passed. (Few of Silver's cohorts, though, have shaken off one habit of the cool school—an affected boredom that is sometimes more noticeable than the music itself.) The instrumentation of the funky school is generally the one Silver employs, and its structure is time-honored—opening and closing ensembles, in which unison writing is often paramount, that form a container for the solos, which are occasionally of great length. In fast tempos, these methods are apt to produce



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a metronomic feverishness that reminds one of the early Lunceford band. In slow tempos, curious things happen: the rhythm section, apparently unable to sustain a relaxed beat, frequently slips into a disconcerting, ticlike double time behind the soloists, while the horns, seemingly incapable of developing the logical melodic flow of, say, Coleman Hawkins, tend to blurt and stagger. These peculiarities, combined with a sameness of dynamics and voicings, can result in a queer contradiction—the anxiety and energy the musicians devote to their work flattens out the very bearishness they seek into a rigid monotony.

One of the six selections on the record is a standard tune. The others, by Silver, are the most arresting pieces, melodically and structurally, that he has written. The complex and ingratiating melodic figure of "Soulville," a minor-key blues, is spun out over a chorus of three twelve-bar sections, which is broken by an eight-bar bridge. Another blues, "Metamorphosis," has a remarkably long chorus (sixty-one bars) and a sixteen-bar bridge. Several of the tunes slip engagingly in and out of two-beat and beguine rhythms. Silver is a gifted pianist. His style, a first cousin to Thelonious Monk's, involves spare, reiterated, single-note right-hand figures that sometimes have the woodpecker tenacity of certain boogie-woogie patterns. They are offset by cautious little bumping figures in the left hand. All the musicians play with their customary zest, except perhaps Farmer, who occasionally sounds, as in "No Smokin'," as if he were trying to eat a vast number of peanut-butter sandwiches in a very short time.

FARMER can be heard to far better advantage in the "Hal McKusick Quintet" (Coral CRL-57131), which contains the best work he has yet set down. In the past year, Farmer has



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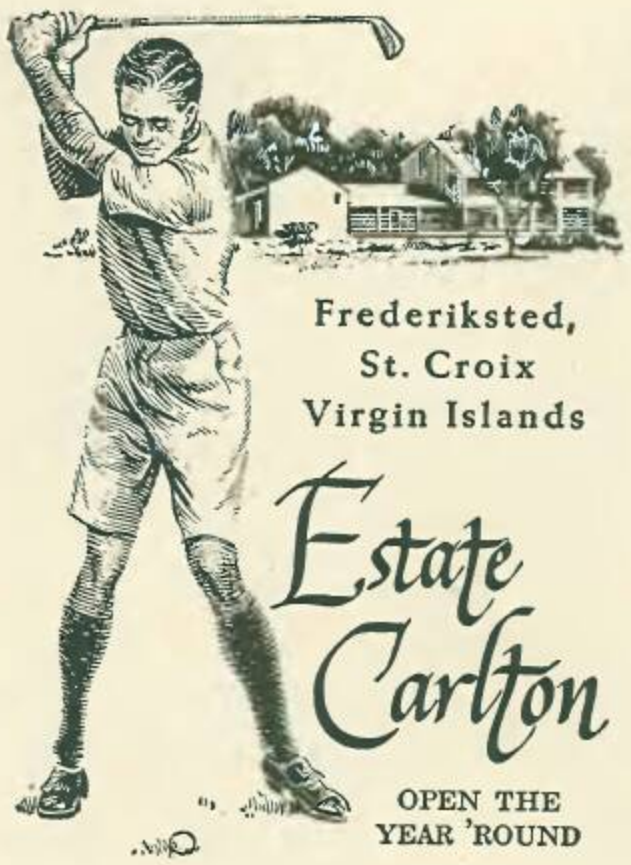
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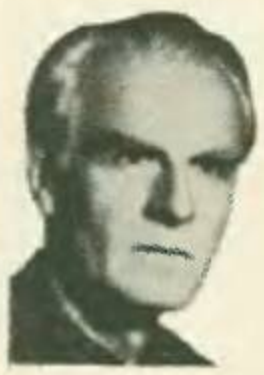
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become one of the few genuinely individual modern trumpeters. (Nine out of ten modern trumpeters are true copies of Dizzy Gillespie or Miles Davis.) His playing is an offshoot of the work of Davis as well as of that great Ellington alumnus Rex Stewart, and offers a round, chamois tone that stiffens only slightly in fast tempos, a highly selective variety of notes, each of them given equal thought, and a technique that is just about flawless. Together with McKusick, an alto saxophonist and clarinettist who bears a refreshing resemblance to Benny Carter (nine out of ten modern alto saxophonists are true copies of Charlie Parker), he plays ten selections, four of them new tunes and the rest standards. In most of them, Farmer and McKusick, accompanied by an excellent rhythm section (Eddie Costa on piano, Milt Hinton on bass, and Gus Johnson on drums), move easily through partly contrapuntal ensembles that are most effective in "For Art's Sake," in which Farmer uses a mute and McKusick the bass clarinet, a deep, soothing instrument that has an irresistible lowing quality. All of the solos are superior, but Farmer takes an unforgettably poignant break at the start of his solo in "Gone with the Wind," first pausing for a couple of beats and then launching into a gentle, seven-note figure that has the motion of a slow and graceful dance.

CAPITOL has released a delightful record, "Gotham Jazz Scene: Bobby Hackett and His Jazz Band" (Capitol T-857), by a group that offers the unusual instrumentation of cornet (Hackett), E-flat horn (Dick Cary), clarinet and baritone saxophone (Ernie Caceres), vibraphone and clarinet (Tom Gwaltney), and a rhythm section of piano, bass, tuba, and drums. The group handles Cary's ingenious arrangements with unflagging wit and vigor. Half of the eleven tunes are Dixieland numbers whose partly arranged ensembles give them a taut and tidy air. Two numbers—slow, richly textured pieces, full of dark voicings—are similar to some of the work done eight or ten years ago by the celebrated Miles Davis-Gerry Mulligan group. "In a Little Spanish Town" is a cheerful, stomping spoof, in which the principal ensemble figure, a souped-up version of the original, is delivered jointly by the tuba and a clarinet. It is punctuated several times by a wild bebop figure—from a tune called "Salt Peanuts"—played by the rest of the band.

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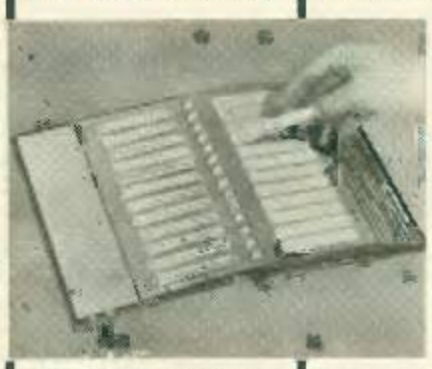


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All the numbers are classic demonstrations of the way inspired ensemble passages, no matter how tightly structured, can send a soloist flying exuberantly into space. Hackett, who is often a blurred version of Bix Beiderbecke, has never before displayed such fire and bounce on records, and Cary, who has become a first-rate practitioner on his horn—a muffled cross between a French horn and a trombone—does a solo in a long and rambling rendition of "Tin Roof Blues" that is a perfect combination of lazy, soaring figures and nimble runs. Everyone else follows close behind.

STUFF SMITH, the demonic and venerable jazz fiddler, can be heard in "Stuff Smith" (Verve MG V-8206), in which, accompanied by Oscar Peterson on piano, Barney Kessel on guitar, Ray Brown on bass, and Alvin Stoller on drums, he proves, by sounding alternately like a hip bee and a Viennese waltz, that he has lost none of his appealing madness and astonishing rhythmic sense. There are six selections, two of them by Smith.—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

THE MARRIAGE OF MANKIND

At times when on my couch I lean
With lovely Phyllis by my knee,
There flashes on an inward screen
A peopled earth of her and me.

I see a wakened Africa
Play Scrabble in primordial tongues
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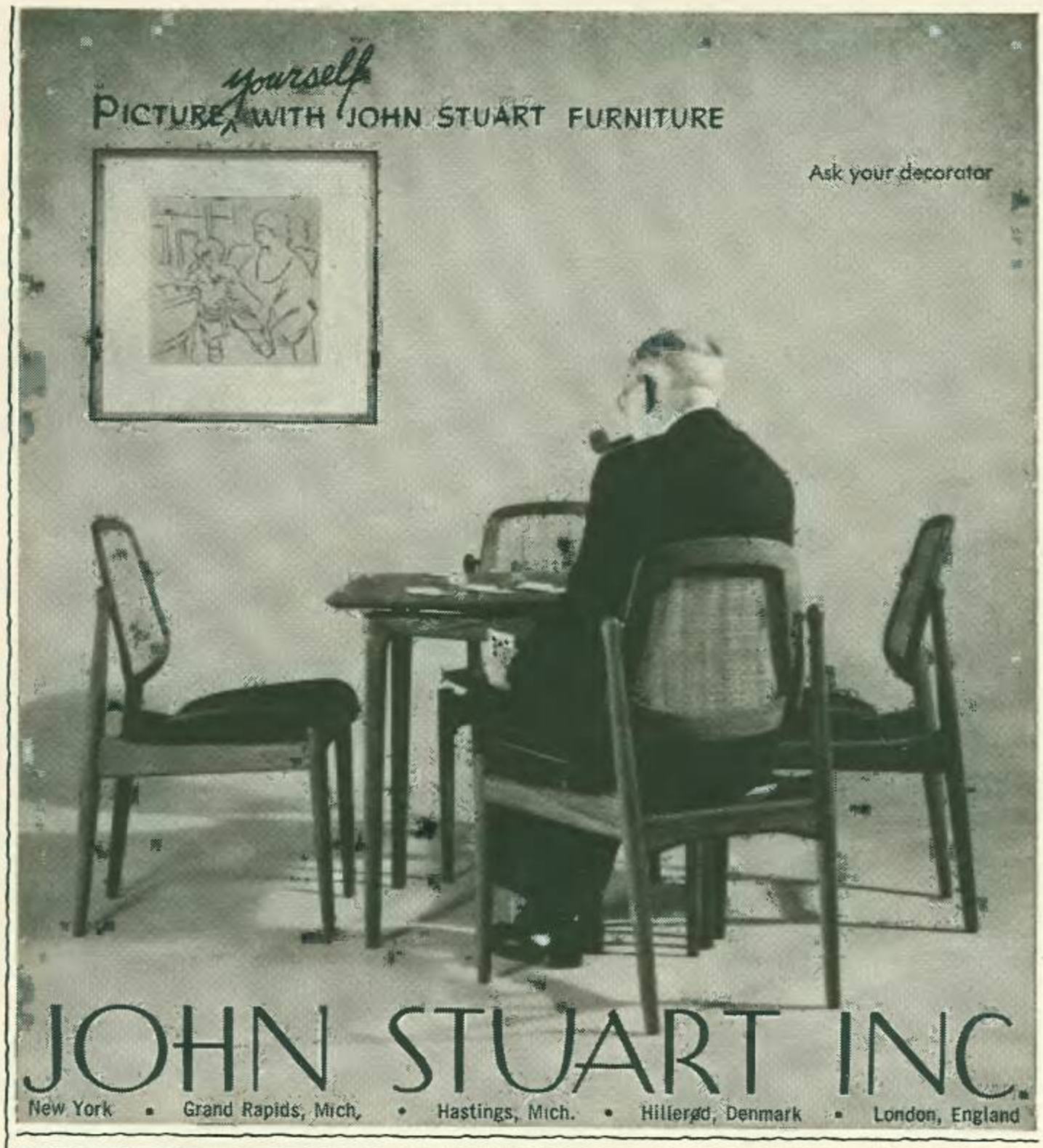
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The rest, a weakness for light verse.
—H. P. F.

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BOOKS

The New Rand Atlas



"I TRUST," writes Ayn Rand in a postscript to her new novel, "Atlas Shrugged" (Random House), "that no one will tell me that men such as I write about don't exist. That this book has been written—and published—is my proof that they do." Miss Rand was wise in not leaving the matter entirely to trust, for the fact is that many of her characters *do* put a strain on credulity. These range from a businessman hero who "moved as if he had a cape floating behind him in the wind" to a tough political speaker who refers to his opponents as "doubting smarties." Indeed, the farther one penetrates into this eleven-hundred-and-sixty-eight-page novel, the harder it becomes to share the author's conviction that whatever she sees fit to include in a work of fiction—even a published work of fiction—must necessarily exist in life as well.

Apparently Miss Rand set out to write a novel of social prophecy, something like "Nineteen Eighty-Four." But while Orwell based his predictions upon the nature of the police state, the lady who gave us "The Fountainhead" has based hers upon—well, it is hard to say. Miss Rand's villains resemble no one I have ever encountered, and I finally decided to call them "liberals," chiefly because I can't imagine whom else she might have in mind. In her vision of the future, then, the liberals have brought the world to a sorry plight. America is plunged into a catastrophic depression, caused by the government's infernal meddling with the economy, and most of the other nations of the world have become People's States, whose inhabitants are actually grubbing up roots to keep themselves alive. The last sparks of industrial competence are concentrated in the minds of two dozen—at most—American businessmen, who manage to hold the globe aloft in spite of the best efforts of governments everywhere to bring it down. One of these stalwarts is a lady. Her name is Dagny Taggart, and she is irresistibly alluring to all competent businessmen. "Tell me what a man finds sexually attractive," remarks one of them, "and I will tell you his entire philosophy of life." Moreover, she is an absolute whiz at running a transcontinental railroad.

Her brother, James Taggart, is another sort of creature altogether. Although president of the corporation, he reveals just enough knowledge of railroads to justify entrusting him, under the watchful eye of some experienced person, with the sale of tickets for a roller coaster. Therefore he lets Dagny do all the real work, while he takes all the credit. He represents the liberal businessman, and, like all liberals, he really hates life, deep down, and longs to destroy things, including his own railroad, so he collaborates with Washington. Again like all liberals, he has a moist, shapeless mouth, which twitches repulsively as he utters such liberal catch phrases as "Money is the root of all evil" and "Money can't buy happiness."

By this time, since most of the country's businessmen are talking in this vein and Washington is hellbent on strangling industry with regulations, it is not surprising to learn from Miss Rand that things look black. Just how black becomes apparent when Dagny motors through Wisconsin to investigate for herself, accompanied by a brisk industrialist named Rearden, whose entire philosophy of life is such that he finds her sexually attractive.

"What I'd like to see," said Rearden, "is a billboard."

. . . she smiled. "But think how often we've heard people complain that billboards ruin the appearance of the countryside. Well, there's the unruined countryside for them to admire." She added, "They're the people I hate."

At last, in Michigan, they come across an inhabited house. It is occupied by a woman who is "bent and swollen, barefooted, dressed in a garment of flour sacking" and a man who refuses ten dollars because "We don't use no money. . . . We just trade things amongst us." Bidding a hasty goodbye to these victims of liberalism, Rearden and Dagny drive on, only to catch sight of "a man moving slowly, contorted by the ugliness of a physical effort beyond the proper use of a human body: he was pushing a plow by hand." Even the horse, it appears, cannot survive where liberals flourish and billboards disappear.

To make matters still worse, all the competent industrialists, upon whom Dagny depends, begin deserting their



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enterprises and vanishing. Determined to get to the bottom of this mystery, Dagny pursues one of them by plane to a valley deep in the Rockies. Although the valley floor seems only a mass of boulders, Dagny bravely descends, passes *through* the boulders, and crash-lands in a green meadow. When she returns to consciousness, she is in the arms of John Galt, a brilliant and handsome young man who airily explains that the boulders were only an illusion created by "refractor rays"—a remark I thought worthy of Swift—and that this hidden valley is a refuge from the liberals. Here the industrialists have established a Utopia where each goes about his business, free of the meddling and incompetence of the outside world. Galt's contribution to the valley has been the protective ray screen and an equally Swiftian device, a generator that draws static electricity out of the air and converts it into useful power. I am speaking, of course, of Tom Swift. Unfortunately for Galt, his philosophy, like Rearden's, is such that he can't take his eyes off Dagny, and when she decides to return to the world for the sake of Miss Rand's plot, he follows, and thus falls into the hands of the liberals. They are delighted. With the country tumbling into ruins around their ears and armed marauders laying waste to whole states, they offer him the post of Economic Dictator. He curtly declines. The desperate liberals, including Dagny's brother, are completely at a loss before a man like Galt. So they torture him.

"We want you to take over! . . . We want you to rule! . . . We order you to give orders! . . . We demand that you dictate! . . . We order you to save us! . . . We order you to think! . . ."

This sort of thing doesn't accomplish much. The electronic torture machine breaks down before Galt does (no fooling, these liberals can't do *anything* right), James Taggart goes out of his mind, and the Utopia branch of the N.A.M., revolvers drawn, dashes to the rescue, scattering terror and confusion through the ranks of the liberals.

"God damn you!" yelled the [liberal] chief, seized a gun with his left hand, and fired at the deserter.

In time with the fall of the man's body, the window burst into a shower of glass—and from the limb of a tree, as from a catapult, the tall, slender figure of a man flew into the room, landed on its feet and fired at the first guard in reach.

"Who are *you*?" screamed some terror-blinded voice.

"Ragnar Danneskjöld."

I forgot to mention Danneskjöld, because he is only a pirate. Anyway, John Galt and Dagny escape from the

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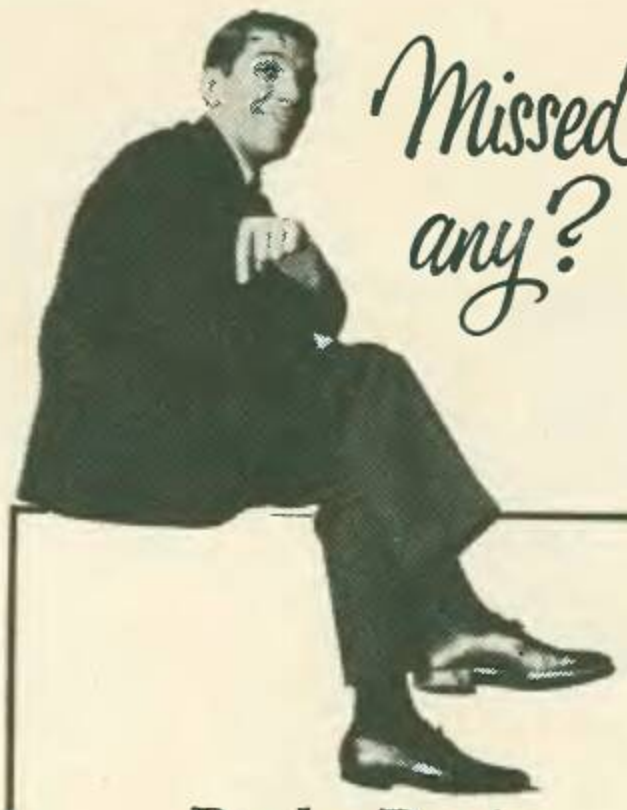
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doomed world of liberalism and return to the valley of unfettered enterprise. Here we find old Judge Narragansett, the legal arbiter of this Utopia, seated at his library table and whiling away a dull evening by rewriting the Constitution of the United States.

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Then, as the novel draws to a close, we come upon John Galt and Dagny once more, embracing on a mountaintop. Apparently they are now satisfied that the bulk of the globe's two billion or so incompetents, having starved to death, will at last know better than to fool around with businessmen, for Miss Rand closes on a note of hope:

"The road is cleared," said Galt. "We are going back to the world." He raised his hand and over the desolate earth he traced in space the sign of the dollar.

In spite of the assurance offered by Miss Rand in her postscript, I'm afraid I find all this a little hard to believe. And while it is nice to learn from the same postscript that "the only philosophical debt [she] can acknowledge is to Aristotle" and that she is dedicating the book to a young "intellectual heir" named Nathaniel Branden, who wrote her a fan letter at the age of nineteen, it would have been nicer still if she had explained why she felt impelled to write "Atlas Shrugged." After all, to warn contemporary America against abandoning its factories, neglecting technological progress, and abolishing the profit motive seems a little like admonishing water against running uphill.

—DONALD MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TWELFTH STEP, by Thomas Randall (Scribner). The subject of this long, pseudonymous first novel is alcoholism. Its chief characters—a middle-aged civil servant, a young suburban housewife, a salesman, a ravaged party girl, and a bartender and his wife—are alcoholics. So, for that matter, is the author. He introduces us to his plausibly varied cast at a "drying-out" hospital somewhere north of Boston, and we follow them, after their release, back into the environment—domestic, business, and social—that contains the sources of their affliction, and thence through their plausibly varied efforts to respond to the salvation

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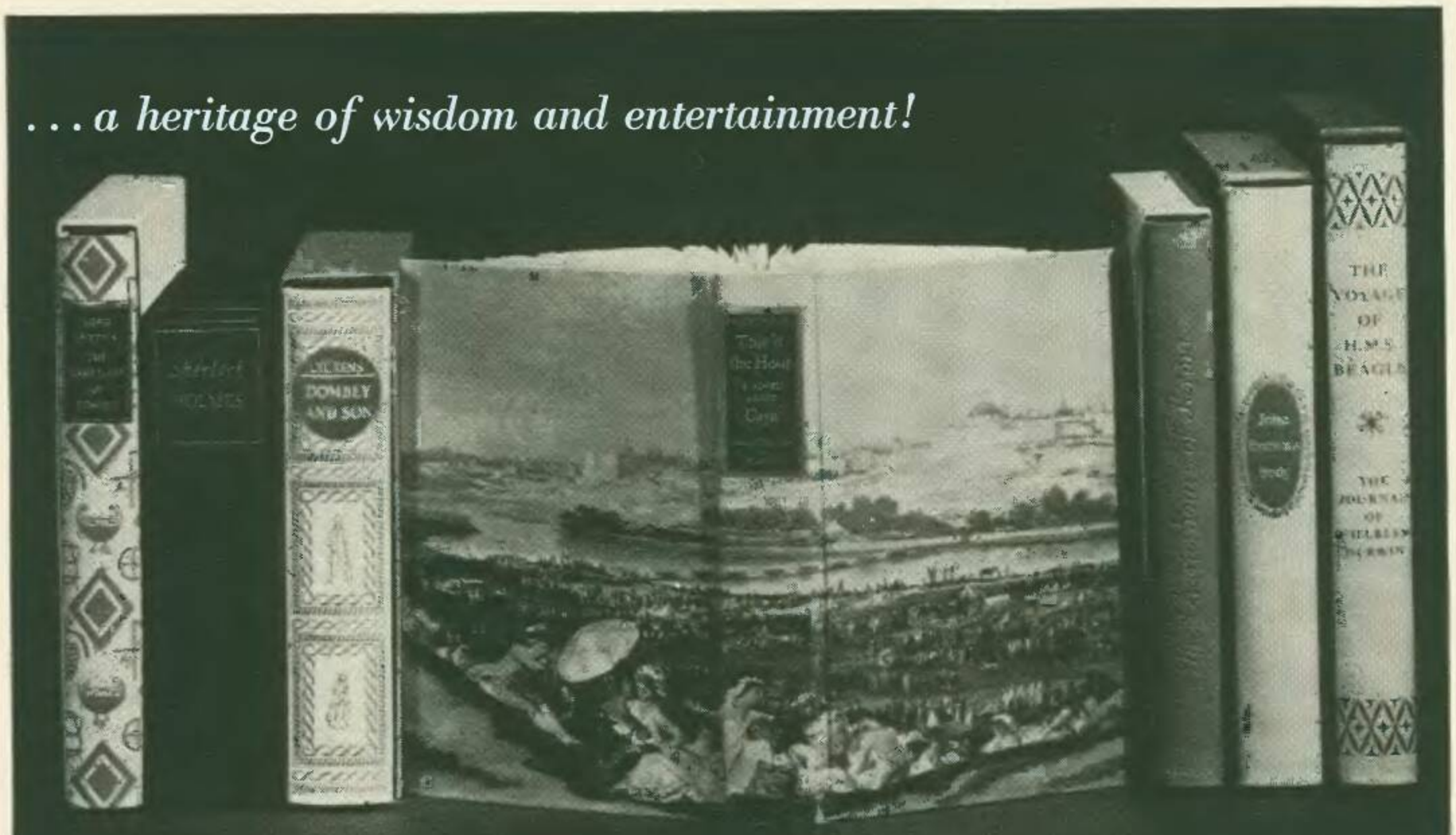
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THE WISE CHILDREN, by Christine Weston (Scribner). Mrs. Weston writes carefully of well-born middle-aged twins—Delia Dalton, who is widowed and a semi-saint, and Frances Hight, who is divorced and an alcoholic—and of their complex past relationships with their husbands and their present relationships with each other and with Delia's children, Veronica and Nick. But she reveals the skeletons in the family closet—adultery, martyrdom, jealousy, and vengeance—with such unvarying dead-march solemnity that the moral solutions at the close of the book seem only to bounce hopelessly off what has come before. The scene is New York City, Connecticut, and Maine.

THE GOD BOY, by Ian Cross (Harcourt, Brace). A rather telling novel about an eleven-year-old New Zealand boy who goes through a terrible experience—his mother murders his father—and comes out in one piece, partly with the help of God and partly through plain spunk. Mr. Cross, a New Zealander himself, is expert at his occasional slapstick comedy, but he has made a mistake in writing his entire book in the gee-whizz style of his hero, who is the narrator. The result, by and large, is neither ingenuous nor particularly readable. A first novel.

THE KILLING-GROUND, by Elleston Trevor (Macmillan). Cautiously sentimental, this precise, uncluttered, and wholly conventional documentary deals with the costly adventures of a small British tank troop in the Normandy invasion and the ensuing capture of Falaise.

GENERAL

THE SHAKESPEAREAN CIPHERS EXAMINED, by William F. and Elizebeth S. Friedman (Cambridge). Two noted cryptographers, operating with professional wariness, vigorously reëxamine the old question of who wrote Shakespeare's plays. The authors (Colonel Friedman was head of the government cryptographic bureau that broke the Japanese "Purple Code" just before Pearl Harbor, and Mrs. Friedman was chosen by the International Monetary Fund to set up its system of se-

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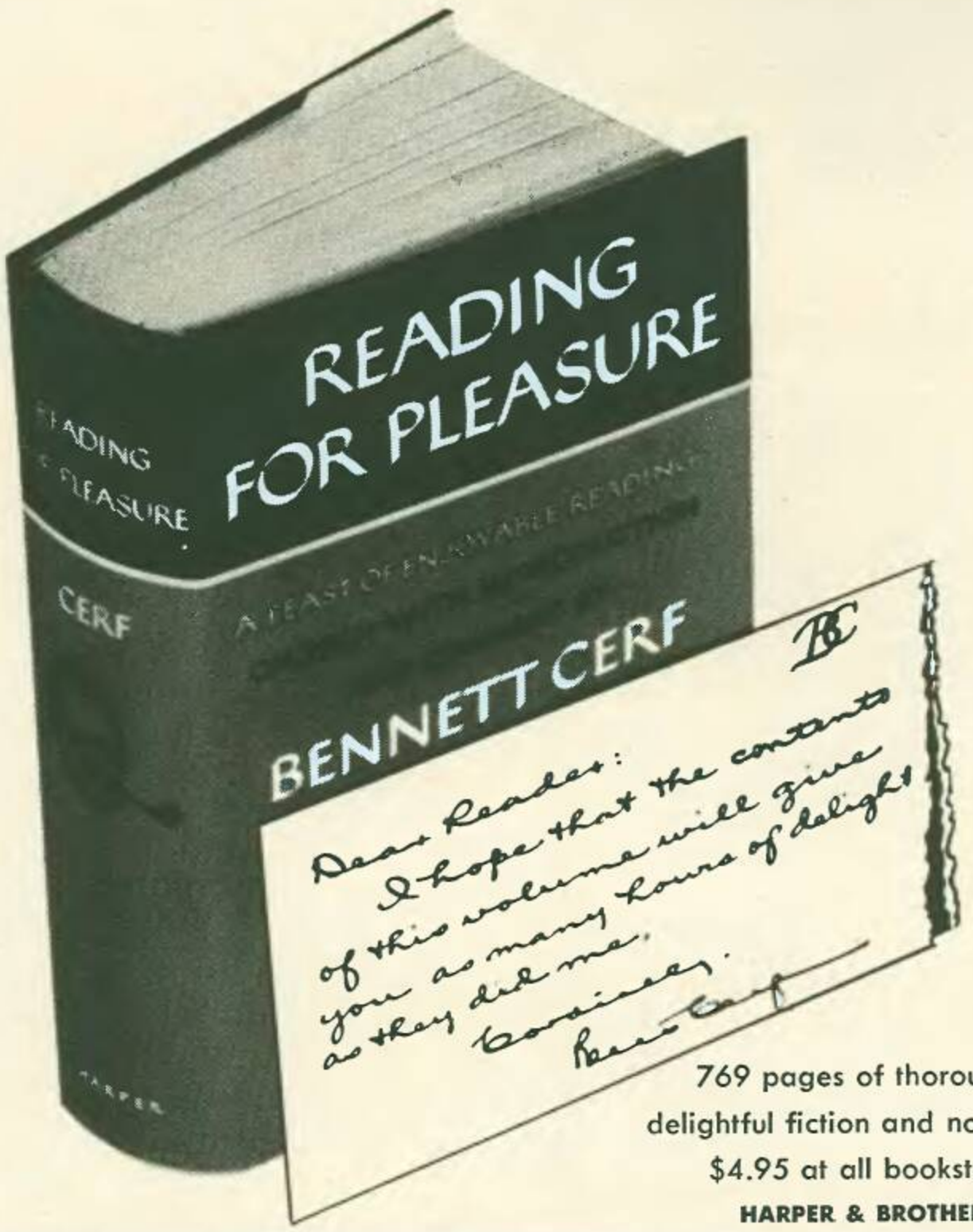
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cret communications) analyze the claims of the many, many decipherers who have professed to find secret messages in the texts to the effect that someone else—Bacon, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, the Earl of Oxford, and so on down a long list—was the true author. The various systems used by these sleuths—string ciphers, anagrams, magic numbers, acrostics, and the celebrated Biliteral Cipher, which was invented by Francis Bacon himself and has caused most of the trouble—are minutely scrutinized and assayed. In the end, all are rejected, and we are left to conclude that Shakespeare wrote those plays himself. The authors maintain an unruffled calm and lack of bias throughout, but they write with a wicked wit that betrays their amusement at the kind of person who must find mystery where mystery is not. Illustrated.

600 MILLION CHINESE, by Robert Guillain, translated from the French by Mervyn Savill (Criterion). The author of this book, a French journalist who worked in China both before and after the Second World War, revisited the country two years ago, in response to Chou En-lai's famous open invitation at the Bandung Conference. His report is fairly lengthy and contains many startling observations. Naturally, he was shown what the Chinese Communists wished him to see, but he declares that to anyone who knew the old China the changes are amazing—from trivial ones, such as the fact that he travelled a thousand miles into the heart of the country before he saw a single fly, to changes of more consequence, such as the new industriousness of the people, their greatly improved appearance in health and dress, and the rapid progress being made toward the abolition of poverty. While he gives a sober tally of the achievements of the Communist regime, he also recognizes the toll that ceaseless, subtle, soul-eroding propaganda has taken; in China today, it would seem, there are no more individuals. M. Guillain ends his book with the chilling prediction that in twenty years China will be one of the most powerful military and industrial nations on earth, and that its masters will command a population of one billion robots.

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through its long medieval degradation as a sideline of "barbers, bathkeepers, executioners, mountebanks, and sow-gelders," to its recent (only since the eighteenth century) triumph as a science. Instructive, entertaining, and full of delightful details, the book's only flaw is its rather sketchy discussion of the great surgical innovations of the past fifteen years. An introduction by the late Oliver St. John Gogarty, and many fine contemporary illustrations. Ten dollars.

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF JOHN JAY CHAPMAN, edited and with an introduction by Jacques Barzun (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). John Jay Chapman (1862-1933) has been out of print for nearly thirty years, and he was out of step and out of fashion throughout the whole of his life. Time has done nothing to bring him to heel, but the fault is ours, not his. Wherever we turn in his work—"Honesty is the greatest luxury in the world, and the American looks with awe on the man who can afford it, or insists upon having it," or "True criticism means an attempt to find out what something is, not for the purpose of judging it, or of imitating it, nor for the purpose of illustrating something else, nor for any other ulterior purpose whatever," or "The race question certainly puts each of us to the alternative of becoming a great deal holier, a great deal kinder, a great deal deeper in character, or else of being brutalized to some extent"—it is only too painfully clear that he is still decades ahead of us. An important, and deservedly humbling, reëncounter.

THE WHITE MOUSE, by Russell Braddon (Norton). The story of Nancy Wake Fiocca, the Australian wife of a rich Marseille industrialist, who became a leader in the French Resistance—first as the operator of an escape route for downed Allied fliers and later, after training in England, as an officer in a Maquis band. The author, a British journalist, tells us that his instructions from Mrs. Fiocca (whose husband died in a Gestapo torture chamber) were: "Don't you dare write me one of those miserable war books full of horror. *My* war was full of laughter and people I loved." Mr. Braddon has done his witless best to comply with this asinine order. Photographs and a map.

WILLIAM GLACKENS AND THE ASHCAN GROUP, by Ira Glackens (Crown). Although this book, writ-

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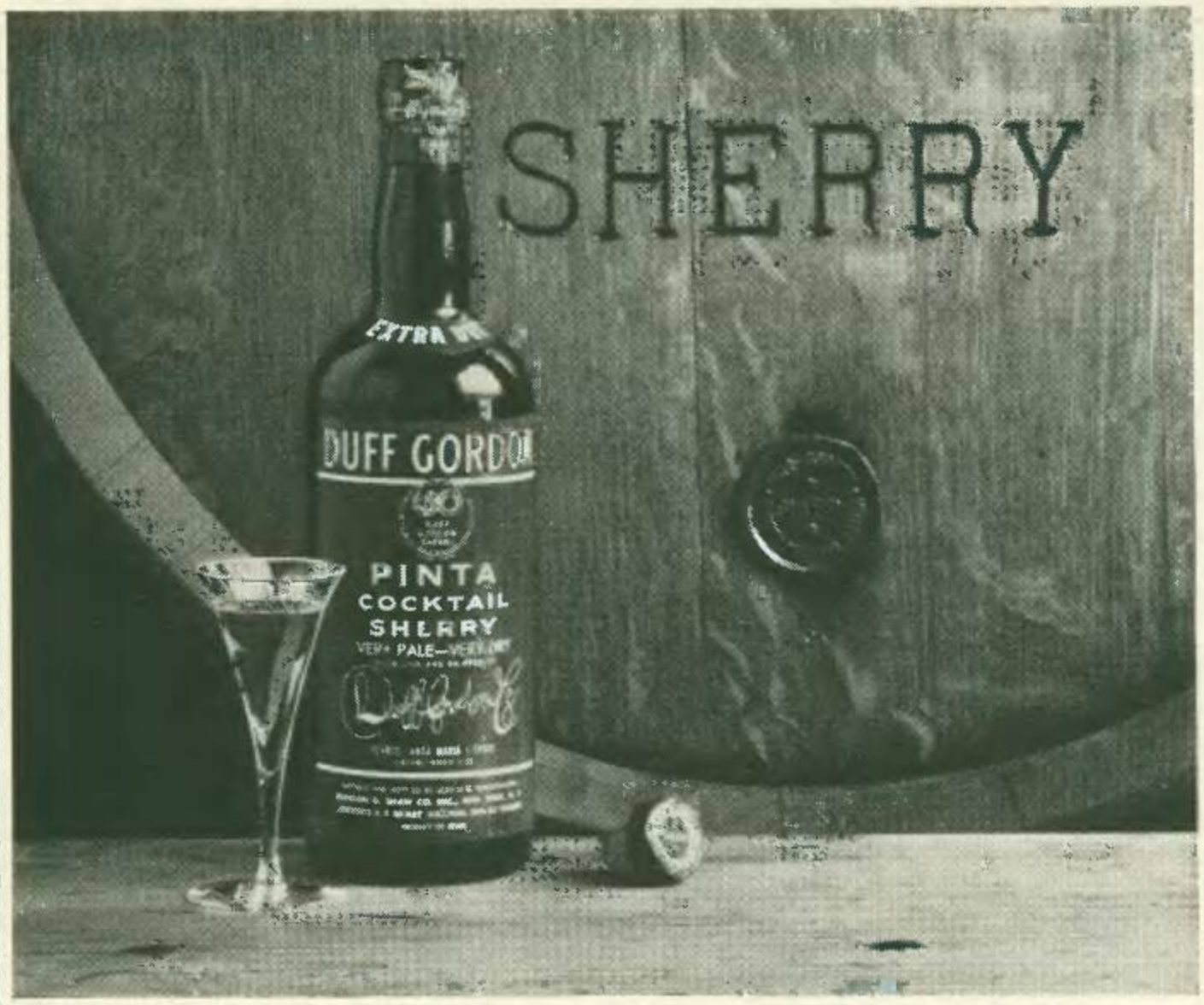
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ten by the artist's son, bears the rather ponderous subtitle "The Emergence of Realism in American Art," it says almost nothing in the way of critical evaluation about either Glackens' own painting or that of the rest of the Sloan-Shinn-Luks-Henri group. Instead, it is an account—lively, intimate, yet agreeably unsentimental, and backed voluminously by letters, snapshots, random sketches, and the like—of life in both the Glackens ménage and the Glackens artistic coterie. Hailing mostly from Philadelphia, Glackens and his friends raised an artistic stir in New York that was matched only by the gusto of their off-duty activities, and while Glackens' letters occasionally hint at the difficulties in his day-to-day work, there always seems to have been plenty of merriment afterward; indeed, the tales that the author (a youngster at the time, but a perceptive one) tells of the painters' high jinks indicate that in the decade or so before the First World War the artist's life in New York had all the sparkle one associates with Montmartre. Fifty-odd reproductions, six of them in color.

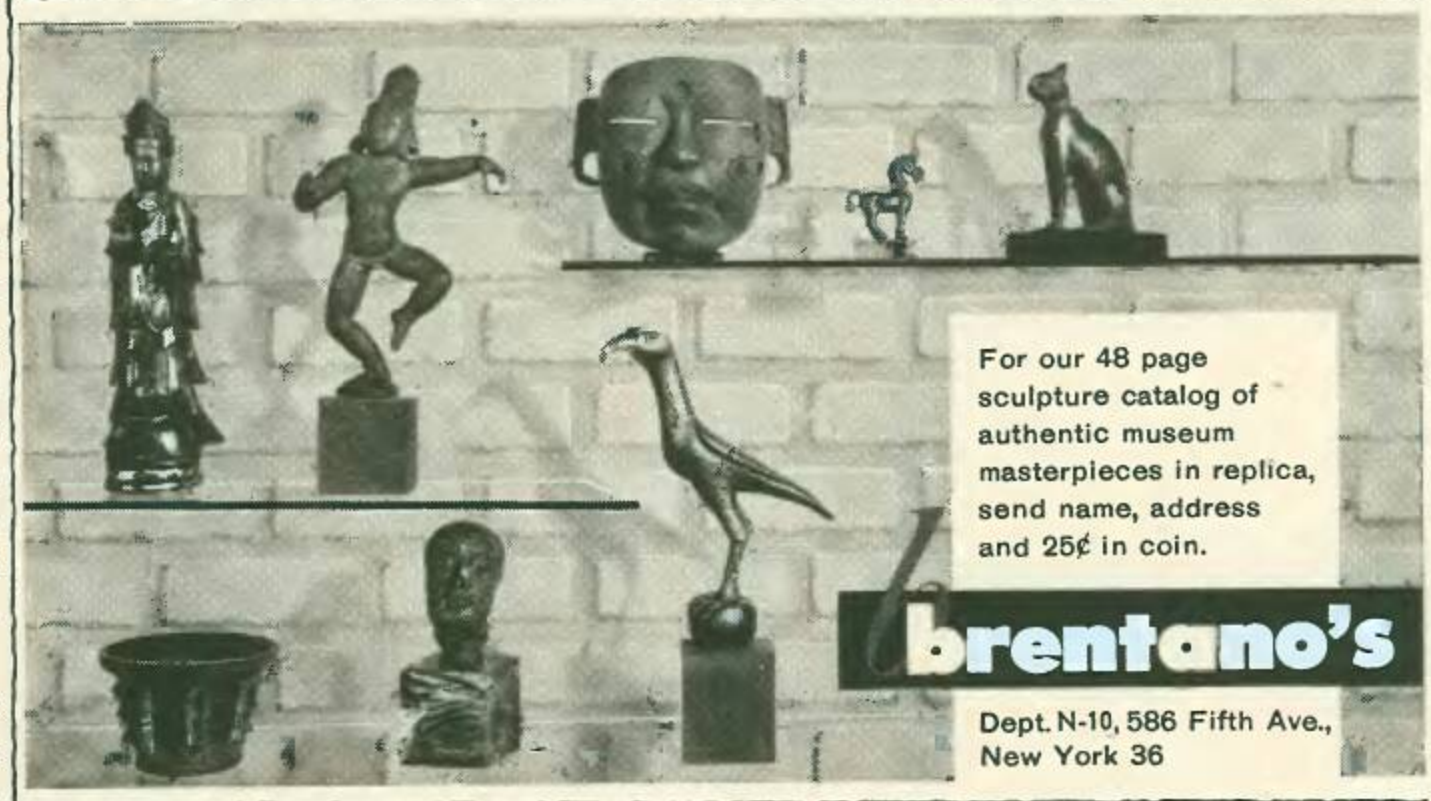
WHITE MAN, LISTEN!, by Richard Wright (Doubleday). This book consists of four finger-shaking lectures that the author, as self-appointed spokesman extraordinary for the colored peoples of the world, has delivered before various recent cultural assemblies in Italy, Germany, Sweden, and elsewhere in Europe. That Mr. Wright is correct in calling white supremacy a rash and wicked anachronism is undebatable, but the ungainly blend of intellectual jargon and strident emotionalism in which he has draped his message reduces it to the level of a street-corner harangue.

MAN'S WESTERN QUEST, by Denis de Rougemont, translated from the French by Montgomery Belgion (Harper). A volume in the World Perspectives series, this book interprets Western civilization as a quest, mostly for progress, and suggests ways of reconciling it with the Eastern Tao, or Way. Opening with a quotation from Ramakrishna and closing with one from Minerva, via Homer, the book follows no logic in setting down the ideas that pour out of the author's brilliant and jam-packed mind. Among other things, it touches on the Jewish origins of Columbus, the development of Hindulike castes under Hitler and Stalin, and the Docetist heresy implicit in



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some of the new physics. There are three pages of "synoptic diagrams" that leave confusion worse confounded.

NOTE: "Nightcrawlers," a collection of cartoons by Charles Addams, many of which appeared originally in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Simon & Schuster. . . . Under the title "The Relic," Knopf has published a collection of poems by Robert Hillyer. A large number of them were first printed in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

PRACTICE TO DECEIVE, by Richard and Frances Lockridge (Lippincott). The Lockridges, who are almost as industrious as Erle Stanley Gardner and certainly more courteous toward the English language, have turned their attention to a tidy little murder in a motel in upstate New York, which is, of course, Captain Heimrich's territory. The victim has had three husbands, all, naturally, suspected; a hurricane supplies a good deal of upset as well as what appears to be an unbreakable alibi; and the Captain's romance with a female decorator is reasonably unobtrusive. The authors have produced more fascinating puzzles, but their admirers will probably be content.

IF DEATH EVER SLEPT, by Rex Stout (Viking). Well, in the end, all the suspects are assembled in Nero Wolfe's office, and the fat man, assisted by Archie Goodwin, tells the long-suffering police who did the shooting. The dialogue is still crisp and genial, the plot is workmanlike, and the girls are as pretty as they ever were, but somehow or other Mr. Stout seems to be getting into a rut.

•

LONDON, OCT. 9 (AP)—The Moscow radio made a special note tonight of a new point on the schedule of places its space satellite will cover. Three hours after the list of cities for the next two days' schedule had been completed, Moscow resumed the transmission with a short note: "It will also pass over Little Rock at $636 Moscow time on Friday."—*The Times.*

Sounds more like capitalist time.

•

The players were all smiles, but were noticeably nervous at all the attention given them as they got into open convertibles for the trip to County Stadium, where they disbursed.—*The News.*

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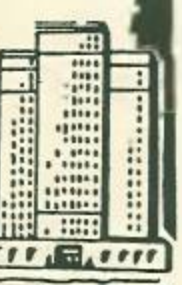
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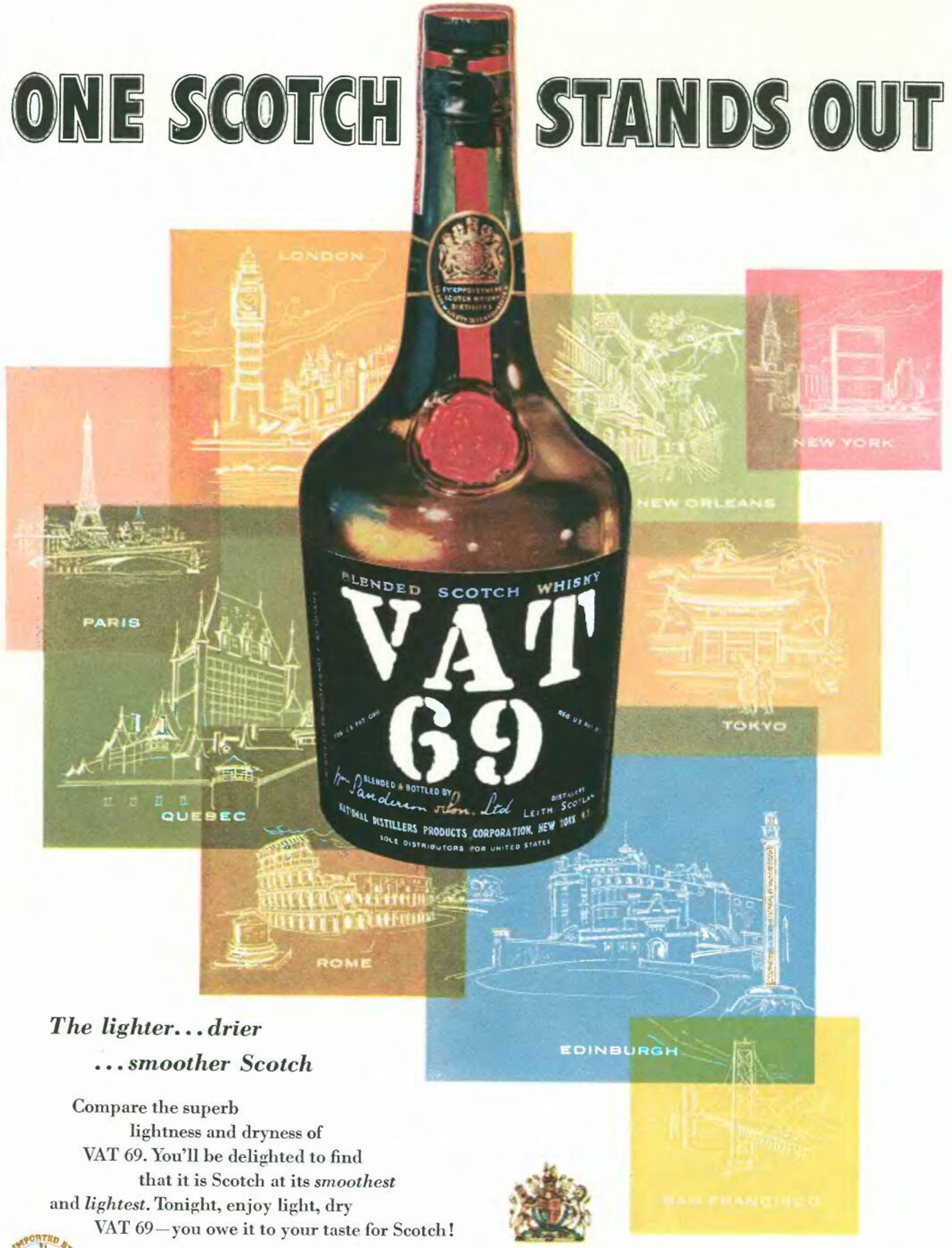
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