Jan. 25, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Compulsion—This adaptation of Meyer Levin's novel based on the Loeb-Leopold case is crowded and eventful, but its literary merit is at best debatable. Frank Conroy, Roddy McDowall, Dean Stockwell, and Howard Da Silva are prominent in the enormous cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—Although William Inge's play about the small tragedies and comedies that beset an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties probably tries to cover too much ground, it is often very funny and touching just the same. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart are superlative in leading roles, and Elia Kazan's direction and Ben Edwards' set are extremely commendable, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fair Game—Sam Levene and several subsidiary wolves pursue a virtuous divorcée through the wastes of the garment district in this comedy (by Sam Locke), which owes a large measure of its success to Mr. Levene's genuinely comic performance. Among those associated with him are Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5630. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—John Osborne's play about a young Englishman in rebellion against his world is moving, sardonic, and superbly performed. The cast, directed by Tony Richardson, is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look Homeward, Angel—Ketti Frings has worked something of a miracle in reducing Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel to a coherent and frequently compelling play. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith bring three members of the Gant family wonderfully to life, and George Roy Hill's direction and Jo Mielziner's sets are both beyond criticism. With Arthur Hill, Frances Hyland, and Florence Sundstrom. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 26.)

Miss Isobel—Shirley Booth is altogether charming in the role of an aged woman whose wandering mind propels her back to childhood, but the play is dull stuff. Nancy Marchand, Robert Duke, and Edith King support Miss Booth. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Nude with Violin—Noël Coward's comedy, in which he stars with all his old, tremendous skill, is based on the supposition that modern art is largely the work of idiots and children, and the humor is correspondingly tedious and primitive. The cast, directed by the author, includes Morris Carnovsky, Joyce Carey, and Luba Malina. Starting Monday, Jan. 27, a revival of "Present Laughter," with Mr. Coward and Eva Gabor, will alternate with "Nude with Violin." "Present Laughter": Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and Thursday matinées. "Nude with Violin": Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings, and Saturday matinées. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. The whole business closes Saturday, Feb. 8.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Romance and assorted uproars in a mythical kingdom dreamed up by Peter Ustinov, who also portrays the hero of the play. Mr. Ustinov is both funny and energetic, and he will probably make you condone an occasional torpid moment. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. 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
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

The Rope Dancers—Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, Joan Blondell, and Theodore Bikel are highly effective in this drama by Morton Wishengrad, which treats mainly of a woman overcome by a feeling that she has sinned. Just why this lady feels so bad is not made too clear, but the play is impressively sincere, and, at times, very affecting. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Moves on Monday, Jan. 27, to the Henry Miller, 43rd St., E., BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Remembered—Helen Hayes gives another of her incomparable performances in this translation of Jean Anouilh's delightful comedy about an eccentric old duchess, a melancholy prince, and a pretty little milliner. Oliver Smith and Miles White designed the first-rate sets and costumes; Vernon Duke composed the apposite incidental music; and among the others in the cast are Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft do brilliantly as the whole cast of William Gibson's stenographically exact play about a couple of lonely people in New York. Arthur Penn directed, and George Jenkins designed the sets. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays 2:40.)

Long Runs—Auntie Mame: Greer Garson has taken over Rosalind Russell's role as the heroine of this comedy taken from Patrick Dennis's novel. (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:** Eugene O'Neill's study of his youth, with Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.) . . . **The Tunnel of Love:** Joseph Fields' and Peter De Vries' adaptation of Mr. De Vries' novel about adultery and kindred amusements in Westport. Johnny Carson has succeeded Tom Ewell as the hero. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Summer of the 17th Doll—A comedy, by Ray Lawler, that originated in Australia and recently completed a London run. The all-Australian cast, directed by John Sumner, is headed by the author. Presented by the Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Jamaica—A tale of old West India, featuring the very personable Lena Horne, who sings some excellent ballads but is defeated in the long pull by a witless book. Harold Arlen composed the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics. Appearing along with Miss Horne are Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this excellent piece about an Iowa con man who falls in love with a librarian. Robert Preston is wonderful in the leading role, and his more than capable supporters include Barbara Cook, David Burns, Pert Kelton, Iggie Wolfington, and Dusty Worrall. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Girl in Town—George Abbott's rearrangement of "Anna Christie" has its entertaining moments, though they have little connection with anything O'Neill ever wrote. Bob Merrill did the songs, and Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter are enormously winning at the head of the cast. (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—This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet," and if it is not especially moving or always plausible, it makes a lively evening. Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the generally successful dances. The cast includes Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, and Carol Lawrence. (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: Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The cast also includes Sydney Chaplin, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Li'l Abner:** An adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip. With Joyce Gladmond, Peter Palmer, Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Billie Hayes. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except

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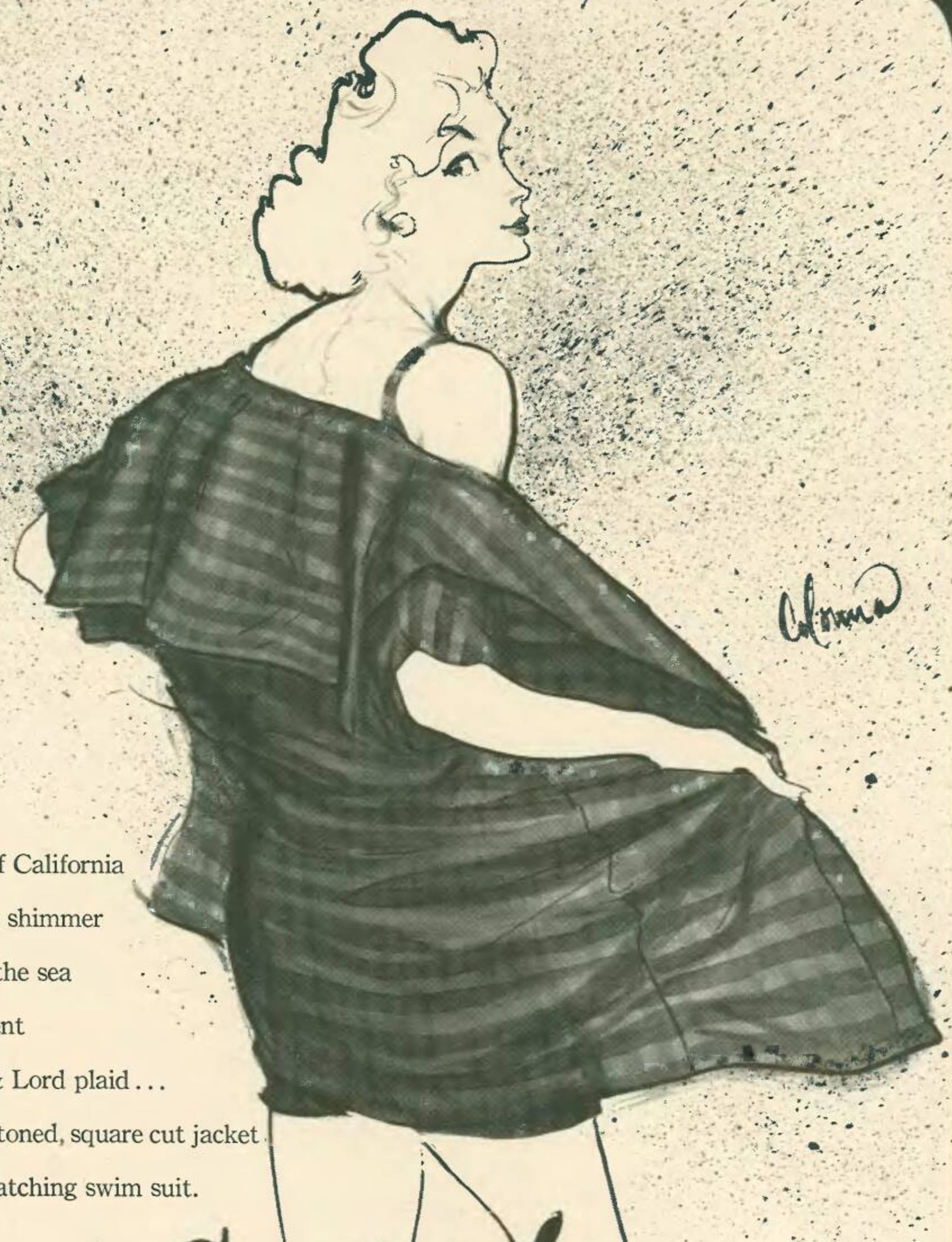
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . MY FAIR LADY: Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Edward Mulhare and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Ronald Radd, 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.)

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL—Mindy Carson, Jack Warden, and Steve Forrest in a musical with a book by Joseph Stein and Will Glickman, music by Jerry Bock, and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. Directed by George Schaefer and produced by Richard Kollmar and Albert Selden. Opens Thursday, Jan. 23. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAYBE TUESDAY—A comedy by Mel Tolkin and Lucille Kallen, with Richard Derr, Patricia Smith, and Alice Ghostley. The producers are Ethel Linder Reiner and Jack Lawrence; the director is Elliot Silverstein. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 29. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO—Ralph Bellamy in Dore Schary's play about the years 1921-24 in the life of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Presented by the Theatre Guild and Mr. Schary, and directed by Vincent J. Donehue. Opens Thursday, Jan. 30. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:50. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

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

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Through Sunday, Jan. 26: "Faust." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Jan. 31: "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Samuel Beckett's "Endgame," with Alvin Epstein. Alan Schneider is the director. Previews at 8:40 through Monday, Jan. 27. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 28. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter 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—Henderson Forsythe 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.)

GATE THEATRE—Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov," in a new dramatization by Boris Tumarin (who also directed it) and Jack Sydow. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—A double bill, "The Lesson" and "The Chairs," by Eugene Ionesco, with Eli Wallach, Joan Plowright, and Max Adrian. Staged by Tony Richardson. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 26. . . . ¶ John Kerr and June Havoc in Jean Cocteau's "The Infernal Machine," a play based on the Oedipus legend. Translated by Albert Bermel and directed by Herbert Berghof. Previews Friday through Sunday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2, at 8:30. Opens officially on Monday, Feb. 3. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525.)

RENATA THEATRE—Ben Hecht's new play "Winkelberg," based on the life of the late poet Maxwell Bodenheim, with Mike Kellin in the title role. Lee Falk is producer-director. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

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ROOFTOP THEATRE—Claude Dauphin, Tammy Grimes, and Edith Atwater in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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. Closes Sunday, Feb. 2.)

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—"Tobias and the Angel," a play by James Bridie, directed by Bill Penn. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

YORK PLAYHOUSE—Two new plays by Tennessee Williams, "Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer," presented under the over-all title of "Garden District." The cast, directed by Herbert Machiz, includes Anne Meacham, Hortense Alden, and Eleanor Phelps. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

INBAL—The final performances by the Dance Theatre of Israel, a troupe of twenty-eight dancers, singers, and musicians. Presented by S. Hurok, under the auspices of the America-Israel Cultural Foundation. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 2:30. Through Saturday, Feb. 1.)

ANGNA ENTERS—Dance mime. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

MARCEL MARCEAU—The classic French pantomimist, assisted by Gilles Segal and Pierre Verry, in a program of mostly new sketches. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

ICE SHOW—"Ice Follies of 1958," with Frances Dorsey, Andra McLaughlin, and others. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811. Final performances Thursday, Jan. 23, at 7:30; Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 26, at 2 and 6.)



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 cityscape of dazzle without razzle, murmurs sedate dinner music until ten; then it's on with the dance, led by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Watchman, what indeed of this night of ceaseless revelry? The professional end of it is handled by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The grandiloquent Cotillion Room has been converted into an excellent rest home—no fanfare, no fury. In their stead, you'll find Joseph Ricardel's happy but muted little dance band, a vast covey of violinists slowly winging their way hither and yon, and a few songs by Betty Benee. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Carol Channing, who's rolling her koala-bear eyes at the customers in the Persian Room as she tells her bedtime stories about life in mythical Las Vegas, goes on leave as of Tuesday, Jan. 28. Next evening, Geneviève, the lady of those dark Parisian sonnets, will again be keening onstage. Ted Straeter, owner of the world's noblest dinner jacket, a richly engraved piano style, an offhand tenor, and a virtuoso dance band, will be staying on, and so will Mark Monte's quintet. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, a perfect setting for affairs of state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays from four until seven every day in the Palm Court and then in the Edwardian Room during dinner. No dancing in either pasture.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's orchestra, its saxophones fainting in those famous coils, is bringing its annual consignment of sweetness and light to the Grill, where it is on duty at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

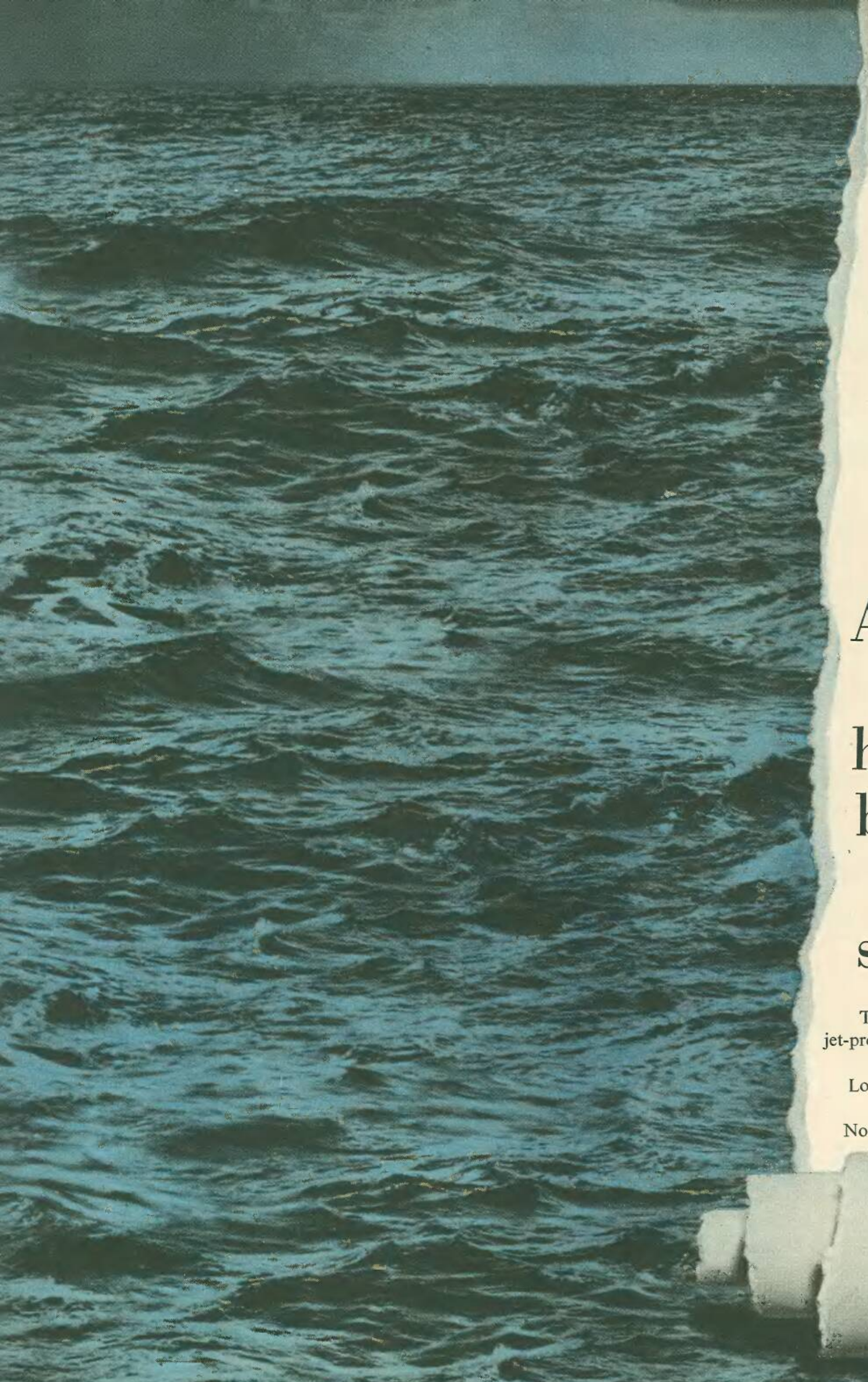
ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Elysian field days (or, rather, nights) are available in the Maisonette, where the dinner and supper oratorios are executed by Doretta Morrow, a lively girl, likely to succeed. In between times, Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's little dance bands tinkle away the livelong night. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seven days a week, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

STATLER HILTON, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Plenty of room for dancing in the Café Rouge, where the music comes from Les and Larry Elgart's band, which sticks close to do-it-yourself orchestrations. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The dinner and supper pageant in the Empire Room is largely the songs of Pearl Bailey, a lady firm in the belief that Man is born to trouble—and trouble is what Mlle. B. aims to give him. Emil Coleman's orchestra and a gypsy band do the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by the trio of Cy Walter (Ivy League) and Jozsi Ribari's group (neo-Viennese) from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Empire Room's gypsies do the job from eight to twelve.

NOTE—Pie in the sky, to say nothing of canapés and cocktails—all in the Rainbow Room, a quarter of a mile straight up from Fifth Avenue. Languid non-dance music bubbles now and then. This goes on from four-thirty to



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver. The *mise en scène* is practically House of Lords.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Real people, and people invented by Damon Runyon and Elsa Maxwell, all democratically rubbing shoulders. Jack Banan and Irv Manning, who keep piano and bass comfortably warm after ten-thirty, are among the realists, and of the good old school, too. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Everybody here seems to know everybody, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts; some of the late-evening guests also know the newest show tunes, and prove it; Goldie Hawkins and his confrere, Wayne Sanders, play double piano as well as the singleton style. Six is the opening hour; Monday is the day of rest.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday for both strings and sybarites. The strings, Teo Fanidi's corps of fiddlers, are local color; the sybarites just drop in for dinner or supper. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar takes a Mediterranean honeymoon cruise all the way from Seville to Sorrento, holds sway from nine to one every evening. Closed Sundays.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Love, in the wily words of Mabel Mercer's *salonnière* ballads, is a potion to be taken with a grain of salt or a quarter grain of Equanil. She's one of our best after-dinner condiments; there's also piano from the cocktail hour on, some of it by Sam Hamilton, her faithful amanuensis, and some of it by Don Evans, whose virtuosity is everyone's reward. Closed Sundays.... **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): As of Monday, Jan. 27, Johnny Mehegan, whose object all sublime is cryptography, will have the run of the piano after ten. His vanguard whimseys will keep rolling until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Armor that's a perfect fit for a king (Henri IV, of course), and lots more engines of war. Wandering unawed from table to table, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make sweet music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): People who like to play Inner Circle start collecting around ten, which is about the time a jaunty trio involving Denzil Best, Cecil Young, and both words and music checks in. Stuart Hart, pianist, begins musing a bit earlier. Mondays, Dick Farney's threesome has the place to itself.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The natives, all resolutely Spanish, are restless at night, which leads to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, mostly furious. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays.... **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Boudoir décor, French cuisine, and an air of ease, as well as perambulating minstrels whose music is all valentines, and the suppertime songs of some lady-in-waiting or other. Closed Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): An old Spanish custom in a new and handsome setting, offering the mixture as before—provender and wine of the country all evening; piano, violin, guitar, and song from seven-thirty on. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The blue Danube, flowing as gently as the sweet Afton through neat and largely sedate surroundings. The instrumentation runs to zimbalons and violins and sopranos, the nourishment to Vienna. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old show tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, always pulsating to a spate of casual piano.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Rather grand but rather relaxed, too, even when the piano is going, which happens at intervals between eight-thirty and one-thirty or two. George Feyer, who is now chucking it under the chin, will be replaced on Thursday, Jan. 30, by Mariana Sarrica. The room is closed Sundays.... **NINO'S,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti evolves a very rambling sort of piano from five to ten. All is dark Sundays.... **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibition of oak panelling, Peter Walters runs off strictly parlor piano from five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty every day but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Nat King Cole, that artful dodger, weaves his sinuous way through one song after another, and does it for the better part of an hour. The rest of the long-winded charade is sort of an obstacle course. Dancing, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Our Western frontier is represented by Bobby Short, leader of the Hollywood dawn patrol and singer of songs laden with caffeine, and by Phyllis Diller, one of San Francisco's most articulate scatterbrains; the Continent is represented by Caroline and Belen, a mother and daughter whose ballads (ranging from native Italian to naïve English) have an innocent charm; and grass-roots America is represented by the jokes of Bobby Lewis, a very offhand magician. Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard are a comfortable cushion for all concerned.... ¶Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty is again conducting his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where every night except Saturday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there's a catch-as-catch-can session by Mr. Short and the Lyons group.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The revue, an art form lately smothered to death by the sheer weight of its own trappings, has here been revived by a new miracle drug—humor. It involves a quartet of engaging mice (Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jenny Lou Law) scampering only inches ahead of a big, bold cat (Ronny Graham). The architect of this project is Julius Monk; its rascally words and music come from Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestration comes from the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Nine-thirty is the zero hour; Sunday is the holiday.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A visit to a small and one-of-a-kind planet, which is also within the orbit of Julius Monk, of the Downstairs Room. Songs with a certain gaiety by Jean Arnold; songs with *haute-monde* lyrics by Hubbell Pierce; and songs with lovelorn lyrics by Warren Vaughn. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey, testing to destruction the works of William Shakespeare, the English language, and the thought







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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

processes of the human mind. The music of Charlie Mingus and his maverick crew of four is, in its own special modern way, just as complex as Mr. Corey's ululations. Sundays, there are matinées at 4:30 P.M., as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays.... BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Nonsense by the bewitched Kaye Ballard, back in town with a whole new Pandora's box of verbiage, and parody by Tony and Eddie, two claps of thunder who are roguish beyond belief. Jimmie Daniels, articulator of lush-life lyrics; the Three Flames, a group of instrumentalists without let or hindrance; and Morgana King, one of the most persuasive of the newfangled tune twisters, are around, too. Closed Mondays.... ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, the management is experimenting with a couple of unknown quantities—Donna Percy, singer, and Dave Broadfoot, humorist. There's also lots of piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, lifetime keepers of the inn. Mr. Broadfoot is off Sundays, when old movies are added; Miss Percy is off Mondays, when amateur talent has its brief moment.... DOWN IN THE DEPTHS, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): The minute saltcellar of the Hotel Duane, carpeted wall to wall and activated by people who see no harm in a little fun, such as the pale-gold Isobel Robins, a girl born to be a lyric soubrette; Mike Nichols and Elaine May, whose community of interest is the American scene in all its pathos, bathos, and chaos; and Milt Kamen, an orator in whom the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, and the height of foolishness are all well met.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, eyewitnesses of the birth of the blues, are still being their steadfast American primitive selves, along with Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut tight on Sundays; Monday, Jan. 27, the Christmas City Six, from Lehigh University, will have a workout.... THE COMPOSER, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Here the pianoforte is god. In the evening, Mary Lou Williams and Billy Taylor, two pillars in the great temple of modern music, take turns at the keyboard, their trios in full cry behind them. The Williamses are away on Sundays, the Taylors on Mondays.... BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): As of Wednesday, Jan. 29, Machito and his Afro-Cuban orchestra will be preparing to return to the Gulf Stream, and Kai Winding's septet will be off on another tangent. The next voice you hear will be that of Jeri Southern, slick as slippery elm. She arrives the following evening, and so does the subdued counterpoint of Johnny Smith's quartet. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds.... HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar, after nine-thirty, Marian McPartland lays fleet hands upon the piano. Her message is couched in the most up-to-date phraseology, and it's embellished by the work of two sidemen. Absolute silence on Mondays.... NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by Billy Maxted's band, which has great respect for tradition. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Men of iron, firing point-blank and selling their lives as dearly as possible. Dixie is their home. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are Vic Dickenson, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Roy Eldridge. Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon play host to Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore.... VOYAGER ROOM, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): In what was once the ballroom of the Henry Hudson Hotel, Bobby Hackett's silvery horn will be hanging high through Thursday, Jan. 30, after which he and such old-line stalwarts as Buzzy Drootin, Dick Cary, Bob Wilber, and John Dengler will be on their way. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Music for nostalgists, from the undergraduate age on up, and plenty of nut-brown ale to wash it down with. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24-25, the pagan rout should include Wild Bill Davison, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis.... THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): More of a convention hall than a music room at times. The quartet of Jonah Jones, currently on the podium, departs on Saturday, Jan. 25, and Don Shirley, now sporting a trio, comes in on Monday, Jan. 27. The threesome led by Eugene Smith is sticking it out. Sunday is devoted to the work of other practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too.... CAFÉ BOHEMIA, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The devotional services here are sometimes conducted in a tongue that resembles modern American when it doesn't simply pass all understanding. The present principals are Donald Byrd's quintet and Bobby Scott, who at the moment is taking solo flights on the piano. Sundays, the session begins at five in the afternoon. The place is closed Tuesdays.... BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): On Saturday, Jan. 25, the Madison Room will become a grove of Academe when Phinney's Favorite Five, of Williams College, will execute a jazz concert between 8 P.M. and midnight.

ART

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

GALLERIES

PETER BLANC—A set of fantasies, playful in mood, all based on the theme of medieval combat; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT BLISS—Portraits and figure paintings; through Monday, Jan. 27. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Non-objective oils; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOSÉ JUAN CAPULETTI—Paintings. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

SYLVIA CAREWE—Bright, imaginative paintings, many of them views of the city at night; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

EMIL CARLSEN—A memorial exhibition of paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

WILLIAM CHAIKEN—Casein paintings; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Contemporary Arts, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

CHI PAI-SHIH—A memorial exhibition of works by one of the leaders of contemporary Chinese painting, who died last year; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Mi Chou, 36 W. 56th St. Weekdays, 1 to 7, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

CHARLES CSURI—Semiabstract paintings, a little obscure in design and mainly of Western scenes; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

THOMAS EAKINS—A loan exhibition of fifty-six paintings and four sculptures by the nineteenth-century artist and teacher; through Feb. 16. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

ARTHUR ELIAS—Still-lifes, loose but assured in style; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

GUSTAVO FOPPIANI—Oils; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Large, airy abstractions; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

SIDEO FROMBOLUTI—Sprawling but powerful Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Zabriskie, 32 E. 65th St.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB—New abstract oils, chiefly

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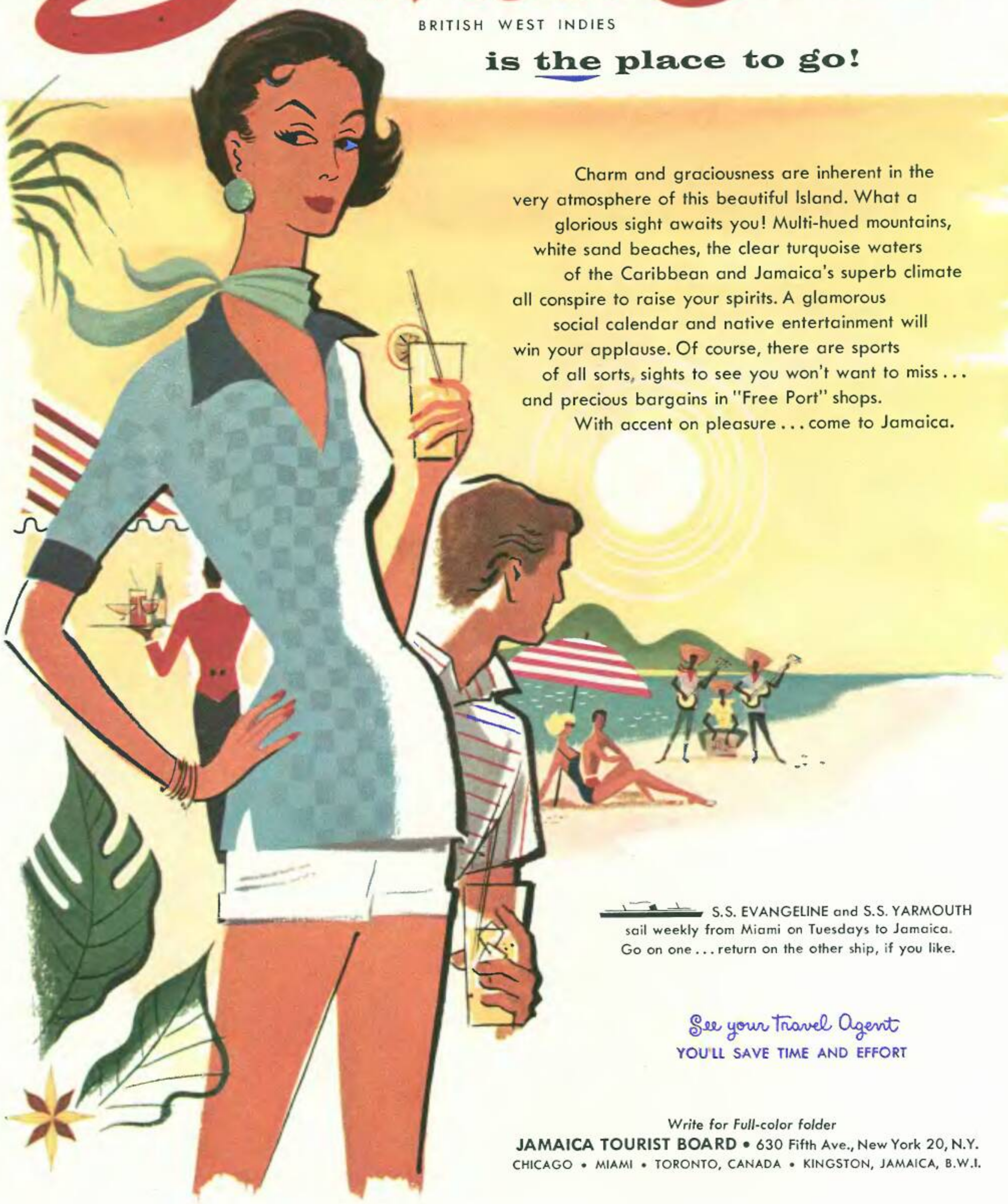
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based on landscape themes; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.)

HANS HOFMANN—Brilliantly colorful new Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Recent semiabstract oils; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

HARRIET JANIS—Tense, tightly patterned abstractions, tapestry-like in texture; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Zabriskie, 32 E. 65th St.)

LEONID—New paintings, almost all the product of a trip to the Orient; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

GIUSEPPE MACRI—Bronze and wood sculptures by a contemporary Italian; through Friday, Jan. 31. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

BORIS MARGO—Abstract paintings, generally sombre in tonality; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

JAN MÜLLER—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Hansa, 210 Central Park S. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

FRED NAGLER—Paintings on religious subjects; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—The moon is the theme of her latest abstract constructions in wood; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

EMIL NOLDE—Water colors by the early German Expressionist; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

CYRIL OSBORNE—Abstract paintings by an English artist fairly new to this country; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

KURT ROESCH—A minor retrospective of his abstractions, 1954-57, in his first showing in four years; through Feb. 8. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

BERNARD ROSENTHAL—Metal sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES SALERNO—Recent sculptures, principally in stone; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

TADASHI SATO—Abstractions, delicately symbolic in manner, by a Hawaiian-born artist now living in New York. First one-man show here; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

MARY SLOANE—Sombrely dramatic abstractions. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

ART : USA : 58—An exhibition, intended as a cross-section of art in this country today, consisting of some fifteen hundred and forty paintings and three hundred sculptures turned out during the past year; through Sunday, Jan. 26. (Madison Square Garden. Weekdays, 11 to 11, and Sunday, 1 to 11.)

WADSWORTH ATHENEUM EXHIBITION—A selection of paintings, drawings, and porcelains from the Hartford museum, in an exhibit arranged for the benefit of its building fund. Included are works by Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Monet, and Miró, together with French and German porcelains from the J. Pierpont Morgan collection. Through Feb. 8. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

AUDUBON ARTISTS—Their sixteenth annual, containing works in various mediums by both members and non-members, with Arthur Osver, John von Wicht, and Joseph Konzal among the award winners; through Feb. 2. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

POSTWAR PAINTING IN ITALY—Forty-four canvases by as many artists, ranging from Carra and Severini to Morandi and Afro; through Feb. 6. (Casa Italiana, Columbia University, Amsterdam Ave. at 117th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9.)

PAINTINGS FROM THE ATELIER ABSTRAÇÃO OF SÃO PAULO—Abstract paintings by Sanson Flexor, Leopoldo Raimo, and five other artists; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (De Aenlle, 59



PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM KELLEY

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

W. 53rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 12:30 and 2 to 6:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: The thirty-second annual exhibition, comprising paintings by six regular gallery artists, including Stuart Davis and Georgia O'Keeffe, plus a single sculpture by William Zorach; through Saturday, Jan. 25.... **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Recent paintings by Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, and others; through Feb. 8.... **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The fifth annual exhibition of water colors, chosen this time by Adja Yunkers, Milton Avery, and Mario Cooper; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)... **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Barbara Lekberg, William Muir, Milton Hebald, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) ... **JACQUES SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: A mixed-mediums show, with items by such artists as Roger Anliker, Cleve Gray, and Rico Lebrun; through Saturday, Feb. 1.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Balla, Giacometti, Ernst, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 25.... **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: A painting apiece by fifteen twentieth-century artists, among them Léger, Gleizes, and Severini; through March 1.... **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Works by Campigli, Gauguin, Rodin, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Jan. 25.

FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At the **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Chagall, Utrillo, Pascin, and others; through Friday, Jan. 31.... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by, among others, Bombois, Braque, and Vlaminck; through Feb. 8.... **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters, including Degas, Monet, and Renoir; through Saturday, Feb. 1.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **BARONE**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Geoffrey Holder; starting Thursday, Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) ... **DE NAGY**, 24 E. 67th St.: Robert Goodnough; starting Tuesday, Jan. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) ... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: C. S. Price; starting Tuesday, Jan. 28.... **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Hazel Janicki and John Wells; starting Tuesday, Jan. 28.... **JAMES GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Everett Shinn and Arthur B. Davies; starting Saturday, Feb. 1.... **HANSA**, 210 Central Park S.: Miles Forst; starting Monday, Jan. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.)... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Lawrence Calcagno; starting Tuesday, Jan 28.... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Mark Rothko; starting Monday, Jan. 27.... **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Fritz Winter; starting Saturday, Feb. 1.... **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Tuesday, Jan. 28.... **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Seymour Lipton; starting Tuesday, Jan. 28.... **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Benjamin Kopman; starting Tuesday, Jan. 28.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and sculptures, some of them recent acquisitions, by, for instance, Marin, Pollock, and Noguchi. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Marc Chagall exhibition celebrating his seventieth birthday. It consists of five oils, water-color designs for the ballet "Aleko," and three series of etchings—for La Fontaine's "Fables," the Bible, and Gogol's "Dead Souls." Through Feb. 23.... ¶ A display of photomurals, casts of architectural details, and stereo color slides illustrating the work of the Spanish architect Antoni Gaudi (1852-1926); through Feb. 23.... ¶ Three painters as printmakers—Braque (prints, sculptures, and paintings), Miró (lithographs and etchings), and Morandi (still-life and landscape etchings); starting Wednesday, Jan. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—American portraits of the past two hundred and fifty years, including works by Benjamin West, Gilbert Stuart, Mary Cassatt, and George Bellows; through Sunday, Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Thirty-seven oils and drawings by Piet Mondrian, in a show stressing the earlier (1904-20) years of his career; through Sunday, Jan. 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of the work of Louis Comfort Tiffany (1848-1933), including a Favrile glass window, Favrile bowls and plates, vases, paintings, jewelry, and enamels, all on loan from museums and private collections; starting Friday, Jan. 24. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A selection of painted figures, masks, ritual vessels, and ceramics from the New World, Africa, and Oceania, in an exhibit pointing up the use of color in primitive art; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Nature in Abstraction," comprising paintings and sculptures by, among others, Arthur Dove, Willem de Kooning, and Leo Amino; through March 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

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

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Aida," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, Cesare Bardelli, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Gianni Schicchi," with Emilia Cundari, Belen Amparan, Fernando Corena, and Gabor Carelli; and "Salome," with Inge Borkh, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, and Mack Harrell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Zinka Milanov, Flaviano Labò, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:15: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, and Emilia Cundari. Alicia Markova will appear as guest ballerina. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Carmen," with Blanche Thebom, Nadine Conner, Carlo Bergonzi, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Patrice Munsel, Cyril Ritchard, Theodor Uppman, and Alessio De Paolis. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8:15: "Gianni Schicchi," with Laurel Hurley, Fernando Corena, and Charles Anthony; and "Salome," with Inge Borkh, Blanche Thebom, Mack Harrell, Norman Kelley, and Giulio Gari. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Zinka Milanov, Martha Lipton, Carlo Bergonzi, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Jan Peerce, Frank Valentino, and William Wilderman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2: "Vanessa," with Eleanor Steber, Rosalind Elias, Regina Resnik, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 7:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Martha Moedl, Irene Dalis, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and Otto Edelmann.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 24, at 2:30 (both with Isaac Stern, violin); Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:45 (with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano); and Sunday, Jan. 26, at 3 (with Isaac Stern, violin, and Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos and Aaron Copland conducting on Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 31, at 2:30 (both with Leonid Kogan, violin).

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing, with the New York Brass Choir. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing a program of sacred and secular works by Roland de Lassus. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Associates—A program by the Lyric Trio. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Hunter College As-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Emil Gilels—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Guitar. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30, with an orchestra.)

Jeanne Mitchell—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Alexander Brailowsky—Piano, in the first of two all-Chopin programs. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

John Hamilton—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Alfonso Montecino—Piano, in the last in a series of four programs presenting the forty-eight preludes and fugues that make up J. S. Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8:40.)

Camilla Williams—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Berl Senofsky—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—The Beaux Arts Trio will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 2, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 28, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before.

MISCELLANY

Mantovani—The English conductor leading an orchestra in his own arrangements. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Concert Varieties—Robert McFerrin, baritone; "Porgy and Bess" singers Martha Flowers and Irving Barnes; and Kelley Wyatt, piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concert—Dody Goodman (commentator), Red Allen, Cozy Cole, Eddie Condon, Wild Bill Davison, Roy Eldridge, Pee Wee Erwin, Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Jimmy McPartland, Stan Rubin and his Tigertown Five, Pee Wee Russell, Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, Willie the Lion Smith, George Wettling, and others are scheduled to appear. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

SPORTS

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

Boxing—Yvon Durelle vs. Tony Anthony, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 31. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago.

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

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Minneapolis. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.) . . . ¶ Philadelphia vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Syracuse, Tuesday, Jan. 28. Philadelphia vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Feb. 1. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 7.)

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Jan. 31, at

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7:30. For information about tickets, call Market 3-3822.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—By the **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Feb. 1, at noon.)... **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting, with Hiram Sherman, narrator, and the Danny Daniels dance group. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168).

MUSICAL PLAYS—By the **ACTORS PLAYHOUSE:** "Does Poppy Live Here?" (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.) ... **THEATRE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:** "Dame Wiggin's Dilemma." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 11.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel," equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and pushbutton displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art....¶ Paintings by children of Southeast Asia, from the collection of the New Delhi magazine *Shankar's Weekly;* through Feb. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "From Dusk to Dawn," depicts the skies of the long winter night, reviews the important celestial events of 1957, and forecasts things to come in 1958. (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.) ...¶ "Louisiana Story," a Robert Flaherty film. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 11 and 1:30. Admission is free, but adults will be admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

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—The Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, Jan. 28. In the meantime, there will be pediodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

NATIONAL MOTOR BOAT SHOW—The forty-eighth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats. dinghies, cruisers and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 23-24, from 1 to 11; Saturday, Jan. 25, from 11 to 11; and Sunday, Jan. 26, from 1 to 7.)

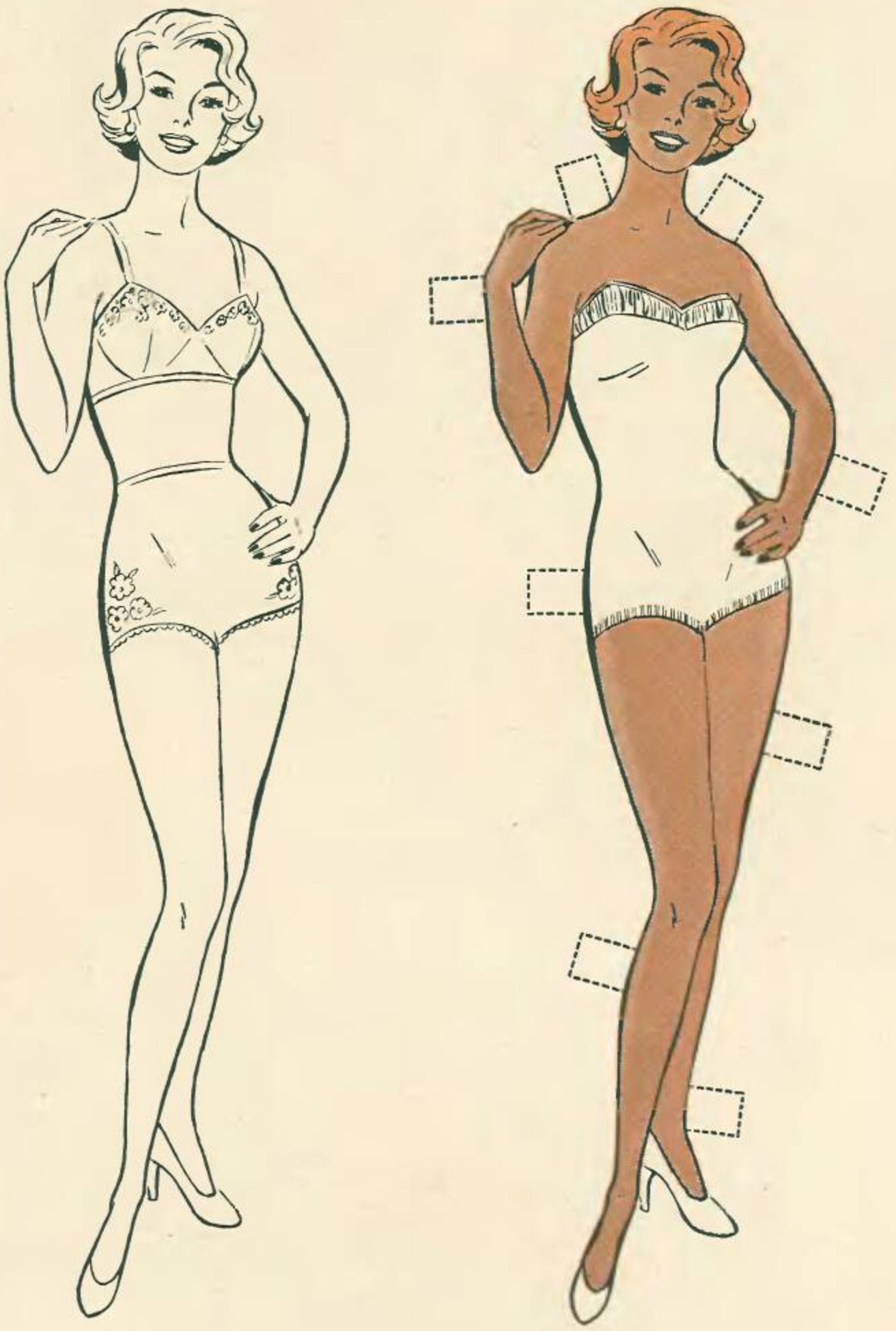
SCENES OF NEW YORK—An exhibition of paintings in oil and water color of nineteenth-century New York, including works by William Chappell, William R. Miller, and David Johnson. Through July 31. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 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.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24-25, at 1:45: Georgian furniture and decorations, porcelains, silver, miniatures, and rugs; the property of Mrs. William R. Coe and others....¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 28-29, at 1:45: Autograph letters and documents of United States Presidents and other American statesmen; from the collection of the late Albert F. Madlener.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Around the World in 80 Days—Michael Todd's variation on a long Cook's tour. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the piece is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a little too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (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.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's a bit of practically everything in the emotional line in this description of British military adventures in the Far East during the Second World War, but it holds together rather impressively. The direction, by David Lean, is lively and perceptive, and the cast, led by Alec Guinness, William Holden, and Jack Hawkins, performs admirably. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Face in the Crowd—Andy Griffith is the diverting protagonist of this account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. Written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, the picture is pretty superficial, but it moves briskly enough until it starts skidding into Grade B nonsense at its climax. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Jan. 23.)

Gates of Paris—René Clair's funny and tender sketch of a denizen of a low area in Paris who discovers some sort of meaning to his life when he takes over the care and feeding of a criminal. Pierre Brasseur is wonderful in the leading role, and the support he gets from Henri Vidal and Dany Carrel is substantial indeed. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a flawless performance in this compelling French film, based on a novel by Zola, which has to do with the unhappy lot of the lower orders during the Second Empire. Miss Schell is sturdily assisted by François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Love in the Afternoon—Gambols at the Paris Ritz, with Gary Cooper, cast as an aging roué, having the tables turned on him by Audrey Hepburn, cast as the respectable, cello-playing daughter of a Parisian private eye (Maurice Chevalier). (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Jan. 25, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Jan. 28, tentative. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Jan. 29, tentative.)

Operation Mad Ball—An eminently satisfactory excursion into the droller aspects of military life. The soldiers on view are attached to a medical unit in France after the Second World War, and their methods of distracting themselves—mostly with the unit's nurses—are consistently amusing. Heading up a splendid cast are Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; starting Jan. 29.)

The Pajama Game—Some fun at the Sleeptite Pajama Factory, where the goal of the workers is a seven-and-a-half-cent raise and the goal of the boss is to not let them have it. A really gay musical, with Doris Day, Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, John Raitt, and a lot of other high-spirited and talented people. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 24-25.)

Paths of Glory—In this adaptation of the novel Humphrey Cobb wrote in 1935, the ugly futility of war is reflected in the tragic efforts of a French regiment in the First World War to capture a heavily fortified hill just to satisfy the lunatic whim of a couple of generals. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready do a good job in representing, respectively, a colonel, a corps commander, and a division commander. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Sayonara—Maybe Puccini covered the American-boy-meets-Japanese-girl theme a bit better in his opera, but this film is entertaining enough. The current Madame Butterfly is played by Miiko Taka, and the Occidental she has a crush on by Marlon Brando, who has cultivated a hominy accent that is impenetrable every now and then. Directed by Joshua Logan. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Jan. 29.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a vivid swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne De Carlo are also visible in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (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.)

Time Limit—Richard Widmark and Richard Basehart are impressive in this account of the investigation of a major who collaborated with the enemy during the Korean War. The picture was directed by Karl Malden, who doesn't let his camera dawdle. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Jan. 24-25.)

REVIVALS

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)—Jewel thieves prowling around a Midwestern city. Directed by John Huston, and with Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe in the cast. (Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Jan. 29.)

Battle Stripe (1950)—Marlon Brando as a paraplegic veteran. Formerly called "The Men." (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 23.)

Blackboard Jungle (1955)—Juvenile delinquency in an urban high school. Glenn Ford is an idealistic teacher trying to cope with the hooligans. (Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Jan. 29.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Jan. 29.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Jan. 28.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 23.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—The Hemingway book in Technicolor. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Jan. 29.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Jan. 29.)

Man on a Tightrope (1953)—Fredric March as the proprietor of a Czechoslovakian circus who escapes with his troupe into Bavaria. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Jan. 23.)

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; Jan. 28.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 24.)

We Are All Murderers (1957)—Raymond Pellegrin and Marcel Mouloudji in a French film that inveighs against capital punishment. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 23.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The initial programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years: A Retrospective of the Motion Pictures"—Through Jan. 25: First films (1879-1901) by Skladanowsky, Lumière, and Edison. . . . ¶ Jan. 26-29: Early story and trick films (1899-1903) by Méliès, Pathé, and Edwin S. Porter, including "The Great Train Robbery." (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.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

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

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Franciosa.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.

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

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Enemy Below," Robert Mitchum, Curt Jurgens.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Jan. 29: SAYONARA.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle, Peter Finch.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Jan. 28: "The Tarnished Angels," Rock Hudson, Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone.
From Jan. 29: "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," Whit Bissell, Phyllis Coates.

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

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Jan. 23: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
From Jan. 24: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones, Vittorio De Sica.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
PATHS OF GLORY.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

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

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 28 (tentative): "The Silken Affair," David Niven, Genevieve Page; and "Every Second Counts" (in French), Jean-Marc Thibault, Barbara Laage.
From Jan. 29 (tentative): **LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON.**

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Jan. 26: "Man in the Shadow," Jeff Chandler, Orson Welles; and "The Female Animal," Hedy Lamarr, Jane Powell.
Jan. 27-28: "The Glenn Miller Story," revival, James Stewart, June Allyson; and "Six Bridges to Cross," revival, Tony Curtis, Julie Adams.
From Jan. 29: "Day of the Bad Man," Fred MacMurray; and "The Lady Takes a Flyer," Lana Turner, Jeff Chandler.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 28 (tentative): **LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON.**
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Jan. 28: "Pal Joey," Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra; and "The Hard Man," Guy Madison.
From Jan. 29: **OPERATION MAD BALL**; and "Woman of the River," Sophia Loren.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 26: "Man in the Shadow," Jeff Chandler, Orson Welles; and "The Female Animal," Hedy Lamarr, Jane Powell.
Jan. 27-28: "Magnificent Obsession," revival, Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman; and "The Glenn Miller Story," revival, James Stewart, June Allyson.
From Jan. 29: "Day of the Bad Man," Fred MacMurray; and "The Lady Takes a Flyer," Lana Turner, Jeff Chandler.

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

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
GERVAISE (in French).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Jan. 25 (tentative): **LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON.**
From Jan. 26 (tentative): "The Silken Affair," David Niven, Genevieve Page; and "Every Second Counts" (in French), Jean-Marc Thibault, Barbara Laage.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Jan. 29: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Jan. 28: "Pal Joey," Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra; and "The Hard Man," Guy Madison.
From Jan. 29: **OPERATION MAD BALL**; and "Woman of the River," Sophia Loren.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Jan. 28 (tentative): **LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON.**
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 28 (tentative): "The Silken Affair," David Niven, Genevieve Page; and "Every Second Counts" (in French), Jean-Marc Thibault, Barbara Laage.
From Jan. 29 (tentative): "The Story of Vickie," Romy Schneider.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 26: "Man in the Shadow," Jeff Chandler, Orson Welles; and "The Female Animal," Hedy Lamarr, Jane Powell.
Jan. 27-28: "Magnificent Obsession," revival, Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman; and "The Glen Miller Story," revival, James Stewart, June Allyson.
From Jan. 29: "Day of the Bad Man," Fred MacMurray; and "The Lady Takes a Flyer," Lana Turner, Jeff Chandler.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 28: "Pal Joey," Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra; and "The Hard Man," Guy Madison.
From Jan. 29: **OPERATION MAD BALL**; and "Woman of the River," Sophia Loren.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Jan. 23: **BATTLE STRIPE** (formerly called "The Men"), revival; and "How to Marry a Millionaire," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable.
Jan. 24-25: **THE PAJAMA GAME**; and "The Rising of the Moon," with Cyril Cusack and other Abbey Theatre players.
Jan. 26-28: "Kiss Them for Me," Cary Grant, Jayne Mansfield; and "The Helen Morgan Story," Ann Blyth, Paul Newman.
From Jan. 29: "The Story of Esther Costello," Joan Crawford, Rossano Brazzi; and "The Garment Jungle," revival, Lee J. Cobb.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 28 (tentative): "The Last Bridge," an Austrian-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell; and "A Girl in Black" (in Greek), Ellie Lambetti, Dimitri Horn.
From Jan. 29 (tentative): "The Silken Affair," David Niven, Genevieve Page; and "Every Second Counts" (in French), Jean-Marc Thibault, Barbara Laage.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
GERVAISE (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 28: "Pal Joey," Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra; and "The Hard Man," Guy Madison.
From Jan. 29: **OPERATION MAD BALL**; and "Woman of the River," Sophia Loren.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 25: "Brothers in Law," Richard Attenborough, Ian Carmichael; and "Deadlier Than the Male" (in French), Jean Gabin, Danièle Delorme.
Jan. 26-28: "Kiss Them for Me," Cary Grant, Jayne Mansfield; and "The Happy Road," Gene Kelly, Barbara Laage.
From Jan. 29: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "The Medium," revival, Marie Powers, Leo Coleman.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Jan. 26: "Man in the Shadow," Jeff Chandler, Orson Welles; and "The Female Animal," Hedy Lamarr, Jane Powell.
Jan. 27-28: "Magnificent Obsession," revival, Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman; and "The Glenn Miller Story," revival, James Stewart, June Allyson.
From Jan. 29: "Day of the Bad Man," Fred MacMurray; and "The Lady Takes a Flyer," Lana Turner, Jeff Chandler.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Jan. 23: **A FACE IN THE CROWD**; and **MAN ON A TIGHTROPE**, revival
Jan. 24-25: **TIME LIMIT**; and "My Gun Is Quick," Robert Bray.
Jan. 26-27: "Walk East on Beacon," revival, George Murphy; and "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," revival, John Wayne.
Jan. 28: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and **CASABLANCA**, revival.
From Jan. 29: **FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS**, revival; and **THE BRAVE BULLS**, revival.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Ship Was Loaded," David Tomlinson, Peggy Cummins.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, 7, and 9:20; Saturdays at 10, 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:20; and Sundays at 1, 4, 7, and 9:20.)

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 28: "All at Sea," Alec Guinness.
From Jan. 29: "The Story of Vickie," Romy Schneider.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Adulteress" (in French), Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone.

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)
Through Jan. 28: "The Story of Esther Costello," Joan Crawford, Rossano Brazzi; and "The Long Haul," Victor Mature, Diana Dors.
From Jan. 29: **OPERATION MAD BALL**; and "Woman of the River," Sophia Loren.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 23: **WE ARE ALL MURDERERS** (in French), revival; and **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**, revivals.
From Jan. 24: **VOLPONE** (in French), revival; and "Topaze" (in French), revival, Fernandel.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Jan. 28: "Magic Fire," Yvonne De Carlo; "Time Is My Enemy," Dennis Price.
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Jan. 23: "Spoilers of the Forest," Rod Cameron, Vera Ralston; and "The Crooked Circle," John Smith.
Jan. 24-26: "Flying Leathernecks," revival, John Wayne, Robert Ryan; and "One Minute to Zero," revival, Robert Mitchum, Ann Blyth.
Jan. 27-28: "Wichita," revival, Joel McCrea; and "The Warriors," revival, Errol Flynn, Joanne Dru.
From Jan. 29: **BLACKBOARD JUNGLE**, revival; and **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE**, revival.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Jan. 28: "Man in the Shadow," Jeff Chandler, Orson Welles; and "The Female Animal," Hedy Lamarr, Jane Powell.
From Jan. 29: "Day of the Bad Man," Fred MacMurray; and "The Lady Takes a Flyer," Lana Turner, Jeff Chandler.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Jan. 26: "Man in the Shadow," Jeff Chandler, Orson Welles; and "The Female Animal," Hedy Lamarr, Jane Powell.
Jan. 27-28: "Magnificent Obsession," revival, Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman; and "The Glenn Miller Story," revival, James Stewart, June Allyson.
From Jan. 29: "Day of the Bad Man," Fred MacMurray; and "The Lady Takes a Flyer," Lana Turner, Jeff Chandler.





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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE'VE been vaguely aware of an increasing tendency, over the last couple of years, for financial writers to endow the stocks traded on the Exchange with human characteristics, and this novel trend has now been pointedly brought to our attention by a reader of the *Times*, who passed along one of its recent routine daily reports of the market's ups and downs. "R.C.A. jumped 1¾ after rumors that it had defeated General Electric in competition for a defense contract," the item said, and added, "G.E. shrugged and gained ⅛." From shrugs, grimaces, and the like, it's only a short step—say, about 3/16—to sounds, and from there to downright violence, and soon, we suppose, we'll be reading that one stock giggled, another snarled, and a third tried to hit its competition over the head with a dead fish. We're not against this colorful development, mind you. We merely suggest that if it is going to continue, Brooks Atkinson be as-



signed to cover the market, and tell us each morning whether A.T. & T. turned in another nice, steady, thoughtful performance or whether Lukens Steel hammed it up once again and ate all the scenery.

All Kinds

AN enterprising young man named lee Nordness—we'll go into that lower-case "l" in a moment—has arranged a marriage between Madison Square Garden and art, and, to the astonishment of practically everyone except Mr. Nordness, the relationship is proving a very happy one. Its official name is ART : USA : 58, and the place of consummation is the forty-thousand-square-foot Exhibition Hall of the Garden, otherwise known as the basement, where at other seasons freaks and circus animals abide. In that vast, pink-walled, still faintly elephant-scented cavern, Mr. Nordness has erected what seems like miles of temporary plywood walls, on which are hung some fifteen hundred and forty paintings, and among which are set some three hundred pieces of sculpture in stone, wood, plaster, copper, brass, bronze, and steel wire. The show, which is said to be the largest of its kind ever held, and is certainly the largest *we've* ever seen, will continue through this weekend. It boasts of containing works not only by many of the best-known artists and sculptors in America but by many of the least-known. The works range in style from abstract to academic (when it comes to art, running the gamut from A to A can mean covering a good deal of ground), and they're all for sale, at prices ranging from ninety dollars to ten thousand.

Mr. Nordness guided us about the Exhibition Hall shortly before the show was scheduled to open, and to our untutored eye it looked like early in the morning of the Second Day. Paintings were stacked helter-skelter against pillars and tables, and the temporary walls were still being hurriedly whacked into place. Mr. Nordness surveyed all this serenely. "Five minutes before the doors are unlocked, we'll have every picture up—and right side up," he told us. "If this show is a success—and I think it will be—I mean to turn it into an annual affair. In fact, I'm already making plans for '59. There's an enormous interest in art in this country. Thousands of nice, ordinary, not terribly rich people are becoming serious collectors, and a show like this, made up of works of art of all kinds, in every price range, gives them a chance to pick and choose as no small gallery show could."

Mr. Nordness speaks with authority on the subject of collecting. He is the proprietor of the Little Studio, at 673 Madison Avenue, where moderate-priced paintings, mostly by young artists at the beginning of their careers, sell at a rate that makes older and more conventional gallery proprietors whisper, not without envy, about the Nordness supermarket. Mr. Nordness prefers to think of the Little Studio as a clearing house. "We sell an average of seventeen paintings a day there," he said. "That's



an extraordinary number when you consider how dead the art market in New York is supposed to be in the summer. Richard Kollmar started the Studio in 1952, and got me to run it for him. I put in a little money of my own, and a couple of years later I was able to buy Kollmar out. Since then, I've opened branches of the Studio in Boston, Washington, Cincinnati, Beverly Hills, and Palm Springs. I'm glad to say they're all doing well, too. The thing is that American art is worth buying. I'm a terrific chauvinist about it. The inspiration for this show came to me while I was abroad last summer. When I asked a friend of mine, a dealer in Paris, why he never hung any young American artists in his gallery, he said, for about the twentieth time, 'Ah, you Americans! Please go on making your beautiful refrigerators and automobiles, but leave painting to us.' That burned me up. I came back here determined to prove in the most conspicuous way possible what American artists can do. I think this show is all the proof that any reasonable man, even any Frenchman, could ask for."

Now, about that "l." It appears that when Mr. Nordness was born—an



"And I'd like to take this opportunity to extend my sincere thanks to all the swell folks, from the cabin boy on up, who helped make this possible."

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event that took place in Olympia, Washington, thirty-three years ago—his mother had his name entered as "lee" on the baptismal certificate. She died before he had become aware of how odd his name looked to others, so he never had a chance to ask her about it. He once asked his father why she had spelled his name that way, and his father answered mildly that he didn't know. "When I was young, I felt it would be wrong to change it," Mr. Nordness said, "and by this time, of course, it's too late. It's a terrible nuisance, but it's part of me."

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GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: The menu of the Bar du Théâtre, in Orange, France, includes "Sandwiches—Haut Dog."

Get-Together

ON the day of the big snow last week, we sloshed down to the Statler Hilton to attend, as we have several times before, the annual meeting of the New York City branch of the Society of American Bacteriologists. When we came upon them, in the Penn Top Room, we found the microbe hunters—some hundred and twenty-five strong—assembled at lunch and making short work of a standard banquet meal, featuring, of course, chicken. While we were surveying the group from the rear of the room, we were joined by an agitated lady, shrouded in a transparent rain cape.

"These couldn't be fashion people, could they?" she inquired.

We told her they were bacteriologists.

"Good Lord, what next?" said the lady. "I'm supposed to be at a fashion show, and nobody in the hotel knows anything about it, and maybe I'm in the wrong place, and look at the day I pick to make a mistake!"

We commiserated with her briefly, and she hurried off, muttering.

When the bacteriologists had finished eating, and a few pieces of organization business—including the announcement that Dr. Dorris J. Hutchison, of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, had been elected to the presidency of the branch—were got out of the way, we sat back to listen to some remarks on "The Strategy and Evaluation of Research," by Dr. Vernon Bryson, of the Institute of Microbiology of Rutgers University. Dr. Bryson pointed out that the microbiologist, whether serving in industry or attached to a university, has trouble finding leisure time to devote to general speculation about his work. He went on to explain that while applied research, directed toward a specific and practical goal, was obviously necessary, fundamental research, aimed at broadening all scientific knowledge, was essential, too. "We hear of chance as a factor in research," he said, "but we must remember that chance, as Pasteur observed, 'favors the prepared mind.'" As a windup to his talk, Dr. Bryson announced that he was going to show a few slides made by Dr. Lawrence

Blinks, a West Coast colleague of his, which, while digressive, would give his talk a properly dignified lecture-room quality. Several slides were thereupon flashed on a screen behind Dr. Bryson, and he identified them as taxonomic types endemic to Washington, D.C. The slides, adorned with simple line drawings of mad-looking vegetation, insects, and animals, were supposed to represent "The Green Backed Grant" (a duck sprouting dollar bills), "The Buroc Rat" (something with two tails and no head), and other whimsical creatures. As a final fillip to his views on what the scientist is up against in Washington, Dr. Bryson quoted an anonymous laborer in the capital vineyard: "If you can think clearly in the midst of all this chaos and confusion, you don't understand the situation." The bacteriologists chuckled happily, and Dr. Hutchison, the new president, advised all hands that papers were about to be read in two adjoining rooms.

In the first room that we visited, Miss Olive Durfee, of the Lederle Laboratories Division of the American Cyanamid Company, was holding forth on "The Influence of Cells and Alum on Staphylococcal Antibody Production," which she had studied in collaboration with Dr. Murray S. Cooper, of the same outfit. Miss Durfee showed several slides to reveal what had happened to the insides of an assortment of rabbits after the animals were inoculated with various toxins. She said that when the statisticians went over the laboratory findings, their graphs hadn't made pleasant reading for her. "You know," she went on, "the statisticians claim that we don't call on them as frequently as we should, because we have a deep-seated doubt about our science. Well, where is there an intellectual these days without an inferiority complex?" Leaving the room in which Miss Durfee was discussing her toxins, we moved to the second one, and there we came upon Dr. Hutchison, who told us that a paper of hers was about to be read by her assistant, Miss Katharine Coultas. "It introduces the notion of automation into the laboratory," she said.

"What's the paper called?" we asked.

" 'The Growth of Streptococcus Faecalis in the Jouan Biophotometer,' " she replied just as Miss Coultas, a girl with red hair, took the dais and called for some slides. They showed an instrument that would cook up biological brews and record their growth without much in the way of human supervision. We got the general idea, but Miss Coultas's explanation of what the thing was doing had us pretty baffled. Presently, we stepped out into a lobby between the rooms where the papers were being read, and came upon a worried-looking gentleman chatting with a sympathetic colleague.

"As you know," the worried-looking gentleman was saying, "the rule of genetics has it that twins skip a generation. With Alice pregnant, and her mother a twin, I don't know what to expect."

"It's not a hard-and-fast rule," said the sympathetic colleague.

"With my kind of luck," said the worrier, "it will turn out to be hard and fast."

"What's wrong with twins?" asked the sympathizer.

"I've got nothing against them personally," said the worrier, "but I know two eat twice as much as one, and on my salary . . ."

We left them in order to listen to "Fluorescence of Botulinum Toxin and Its Relation to Toxicity."

One for the Road

A COMMUTER we know has just reported on the ingenious method that a fellow-commuter on the New York, New Haven & Hartford employs to make sure he is refreshed on his journey to the north. Both our man and his fellow-commuter travel nightly on a train that has no club car. But parked beside it in Grand Central is one that does have a club car. Since the trains leave at practically the same time, our observer advises us, his trainmate slips into the club car of the train adjoining theirs just before both trains pull out, and quickly returns with a double Martini-on-the-rocks, which he sips away at during the journey home. "He always takes the glass back the next day," our commuter says.

Change of Keys

ON hearing the—to us—astonishing news that piano keys are no longer being made of ivory, we went out to the Steinway plant, in Long Island City, to get the lowdown from the highest-up piano man we know; to wit,



Henry Z. Steinway, who is the sixth member of the family to head the firm since its founding, back in 1853, and who, for reasons of filial piety, might be expected to feel a twinge of regret over the passing of an old tradition. It appeared, however, that Mr. Steinway, a cheerful, good-looking man of forty-two, had no such feelings. "Ivory has always been a pain in the neck," he told us, lifting an ivory-tusk paperweight from his desk and eying it with disfavor. "We've been casting about for a satisfactory substitute ever since the nineteen-thirties, and when I became president of the company, a couple of years ago, I made key coverings a major item on the agenda. Steinway belongs to a piano manufacturers' association, and the other manufacturers have been waiting for years to see us make the switch. Every time I went to a meeting, the boys would say, 'Henry, why the hell don't you kiss the elephant goodbye?' When we finally decided to do just that, I called them and said, 'O.K., he's gone.' Everyone was very pleased."

Mr. Steinway pointed out that although ivory became important to the public as a symbol of quality, it has no particular advantages as a material. "In the eighteen-seventies and eighties, our old square pianos had key coverings of mother-of-pearl," he said. "For the past fifty years, all sorts of coverings have been used on the cheaper makes of pianos, including celluloid grained to resemble ivory. One trouble with ivory is its unpredictable behavior. It tends to split and is readily affected by heat, cold, dampness, dryness, exposure to light, and lack of exposure to light, and even by certain acids in perspiration. Some pianists' fingers make ivory turn blue." The Steinways' ivory came from Africa, by way of ivory auctions in London and Brussels, and was cut into key coverings by two firms in this country. Seventy per cent of the tusk was wasted in the course of the cutting, and because ivory is naturally yellowish, the coverings had to be carefully bleached. No chemical was ever found that would bleach them properly, so the Steinways' suppliers would put the coverings up on the roofs of their factories and let them bleach in the sun for six months. There are still some ivory coverings up there, in case a Steinway customer should insist on having keys of the kind that was good enough for his grandfather; if he does, it will cost him two hundred dollars extra.

We asked Mr. Steinway what is being used in place of ivory, and he handed us some sheets of plastic key coverings, each spanning a full octave of white notes and slotted to allow room for the blacks. "Easy to cut and glue into place," he said. "No dirt-gathering joint between the head and the tail of the key. Smooth to the touch. We're by no means through experimenting, though; at the moment, we're trying out key coverings of Plexiglas, Vinylite, and Implex, which is brand-new and looks most promising. We don't care for the bluish-white shade that most plastic key coverings have; we'd like them to be a rich creamy white, as ivory was at its best." The new coverings undergo exhaustive tests in commercial laboratories, but the real test comes in use; from fifteen to twenty-five concert-grand pianos are kept on hand in the Steinway Building, on West Fifty-seventh Street, for use by performing artists, and many of these pianos are equipped with plastic key coverings. "Rudolf Serkin has made recordings on a piano with plastic

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keys," Mr. Steinway said. "He tells us he likes them very much. When we tried some experimental key coverings on Vladimir Horowitz, he said, 'What difference is it to me if they're plastic or ivory, or even pink or green, if the response is right?' " We inquired whether Mr. Steinway was prepared to take up the Horowitz challenge and produce keys of various shades—perhaps going so far as to put out a multicolored keyboard. "Never!" he said, looking distinctly shocked. "Black and white are what we expect to see when we sit down at a piano, and black and white are what we're always *going* to see."

Adjustment

THE ponytailed fourteen-year-old who does some baby-sitting for a couple we know is a graduate of a downtown progressive school and now attends Elisabeth Irwin, a private high school that is not quite so progressive. Noticing that the sitter had reported for duty one recent evening with a great armload of homework and a fairly harried look, the lady of the house ventured to ask her how she liked the new scholarly atmosphere. Fine, replied the girl, but she found the work pretty hard. "Gee, they expect you to *know* so many things," she added. "You can't get away with just *understanding*."

Royal Lunch

THINK! If the Chrysler Corporation hadn't named one of its models the Imperial and hadn't also taken over the underwriting of the annual benefit ball of the Hospitalized Veterans Service of the Musicians Emergency Fund, this Waldorfian fixture would never have been called the Imperial Ball, it would never have been necessary to import a royal guest of honor every year to live up to its name, and we would never have had lunch, *à trois*, with Princess Franz Josef of Liechtenstein, the cynosure of this year's shindig. The catalytic agent responsible for the last of these accomplishments was Mr. Lewis Ufland, of the Fund, who arranged a royal lunch, on the very day of the ball, in Peacock Alley, starting with Bloody Marys for everyone and proceeding, on the Princess's part, with baked potato, string beans, braised endive, milk, and a banana. "Shall I peel it for you?" a maître d'hôtel asked. "If you want to," said the Princess, a slender, pretty, blue-eyed woman in a light-blue dress.

As course followed course, we learned that the Princess is a former Austrian countess, Gina (for Georgina) von Wilczek, whose family estates and coal mines in Silesia were confiscated by the Communists after the Second World War; that she was brought up in Vienna and attended a finishing school, run by English nuns, in Rome; that in 1943 she married the reigning Prince of Liechtenstein, after whose family the country, a constitutional monarchy, is named; that one of her husband's maternal uncles was Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Hapsburg, who was assassinated at Sarajevo; and that, territorially—since Liechtenstein comprises sixty-two square miles—she is well ahead of her two Imperial Ball predecessors, Prince Rainier (half a square mile) and the Begum Aga Khan (spiritual domain).

"The Princess got here yesterday, and last night she had dinner at the Pavillon and went to the ballet at the City Center," Mr. Ufland said. "We had a police escort from Idlewild. She loved the sirens. We've just come from a visit to the Veterans Administration Hospital at First Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, and the Blood Donor Center of the Red Cross, at Lexington Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street. The Chrysler people have placed a blue Imperial and a chauffeur at her disposal."

"I was impressed by the hospital's musical-therapy program," the Princess said. "An orchestra of patients put on a concert and played very well. It was very *gemütlich*. I'm chairman of the Red Cross in Liechtenstein. We do our blood-donor work in collaboration with the Swiss Red Cross. I *did* enjoy those sirens! I first heard them in 1956, when my husband and I came here for a six-week trip. We went to a Hamburg Heaven, visited the Grand Canyon and San Francisco, and had a wonderful time. We saw 'My Fair Lady' just after it opened. The pancakes at the Pavillon were delicious, but I must go back to a Hamburg Heaven. There aren't any hamburgers in Liechtenstein."

"The Princess is going to the opening of 'Vanessa' with Lauder Greenway," Mr. Ufland said. "I got in touch with her last November, on this ball thing, through a friend, Claiborne Pell. She'll open the ball tonight. We're

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"I hate men when they get that age."

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having Tallulah Bankhead in the pageant, as Catherine the Great; Celeste Holm and Walter Slezak, as Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince Regent; and Margaret Leighton, as Madame de Pompadour."

We asked the Princess if she lives in a palace, and she said no, a castle. "Near Vaduz, our capital, on top of a hill with a marvellous view of the valley of the Rhine," she said. "My husband and I both ski. I used to love to ride, but we keep no horses for riding in Liechtenstein. It's too mountainous. We grow our own wine—red, but very light, something like a dark *rosé*. We have four children—Hans Adam, Philip, and Nicholas, born in 1945, 1946, and 1947, and a daughter, Nora, who is seven. The two youngest ones are at a village school in Vaduz, and the others are at the Schottengymnasium, a Benedictine school in Vienna. My husband and his father went to school there. My father went to school there. Everybody's father went to school there!"

"How's Tallulah?" Mr. Ufland asked a statuesque creature who joined us for a cup of coffee and was introduced to us as Miss Leighton.

"I don't know whether Miss Bankhead is happy or not," Chrysler's 1958 Madame de Pompadour said. "She has retired to her room."

"Miss Leighton was the Empress Eugénie last year. Weren't you?" Mr. Ufland said.

"I really don't remember," said Miss Leighton. "I get so muddled. I choose the parts for the sake of the costume. I don't really care who they are."

"I must go and have my face fixed for this evening," the Princess said, and the next thing we knew we were looking at her picture in the papers, dancing with Serge Obolensky.

News

A TRAVELLER lately arrived from Europe has bent our ear with this account of how some international news came into being. First off, the United States correspondent for *Europeo*, an Italian news magazine, was assigned to cover the Anastasia barbershop murder. In passing, one of the persons whom he interviewed announced that "the Young Turks" of the underworld were trying to take over. Interpreting the phrase literally, the correspondent filed a story revealing that youthful Turkish gangsters were easing out the Maffia regulars. The Italian magazine printed the story as wired. The Italian daily press, glimpsing a big international angle, made quite a to-do about the story, which was then picked up by the French press, and passed back to the Italians in an expanded version, full of the rich, imaginative journalism the French are famous for. Meanwhile, an eminent Italian professor of journalism put together a weighty editorial explaining the significance of the Turkish rise to power in the American underworld. This he later enlarged upon in a speech in Bologna, wherein he revealed the real inside story: The ancestors of Johnny Dio had, in truth, emigrated from Turkey in the seventeenth century. Currently, that's all the hot dope we've got on the subject.

ON ME IT LOOKS WIZARD

YOU know the Fifth Avenue lobby of the Plaza, facing the golden miss in the Fountain of Abundance? And the circular banquette that dominates it? Of course you do; many's the time you've fumed there, I'll wager, waiting for some popsy who never showed up, or who was so visibly jingled when she did that you knew you'd been supplanted. Anyway, if your head size happens to be seven and an eighth and you can contrive to stop by there next Monday morning, you'll stumble into a Klondike. Just bring along three dollars in unmarked bills and hand them to the narrator, and he'll hand you a brand-new English hat—an absolute beauty. It's not every day a man runs into merchandise like this—a genuine import with almost no mileage on it, finest-quality felt, smartly styled in dark green, and guaranteed to harmonize with anything in one's kit. No, sir, you don't have to worry about *this* hat. I've already done it for you.

The circumstances date back, broadly, to a cocktail party I attended about a year ago, at which some befuddled guest (or klepto, more likely) abstracted a hat I'd owned since 1947. I shan't weary you with any panegyrics on this hat other than to say that it had certain associations. When I settled it on my head, I was reminded of how we had crossed the raging Salween together during the monsoon rains, of how I had doffed it one winter's day in Shanhaikwan, overcome with emotion at my first sight of the Great Wall of China. Wadded into a ball, it had been my pillow aboard a dhow named the Triumph of Sensuality en route to Zanzibar, a missile to deter Balinese pye-dogs from their nocturnal howling, and a flail to combat *Anopheles* in the saw grass of the Albert Nile. I had drunk water from it in the burning wastes of Kenya's Northern Frontier District, sheepishly twisted it as I besought understanding from odalisques in Hollywood and unfriendly finance companies on Lexington Avenue. In short, that hat wasn't just headgear, if you dig me; it was folks—or, in the inexpressibly more tangy phrase of Lindy's, *mishpokah*.

The hat my host forced on me in exchange (there was a torrential downpour in progress) was a greasy black affair of the sort generally affected by sculptors—or, rather, sculptors in Shubert musicals. Saturated with rain and limply sagging over my ears, it made me look like some flyblown poseur out of "Bubu de Montparnasse," and the taxi-driver's oblique appraisal, when I eventually found a cab, confirmed my fears. "Where to, Doc?" he asked, with a familiar wink. "One of them poetry pads down on Macdougal Street?" The next day, I made a valiant and utterly bootless attempt to recover my property. Nobody at the party recalled it; indeed, several people swore I had worn the sepulchral black number on arrival, and wondered why I was belatedly aping Maurice Maeterlinck. With a heavy heart, I resigned myself to the loss of my old talisman, and, abandoning the bohemian makeshift in an areaway, set out to procure a substitute.

The second I entered the hat department of the Madison Avenue outfitters I patronize, I was dumfounded by the change it had undergone in the brief intervening decade. The place was lit up like a delicatessen, and the palsied octogenarians who had served me from boyhood had all been replaced by whippersnappers with exophthalmia and white carnations, who, quite obviously, were dedicated to one goal only—to sell as many hats as possible. Bursting with self-satisfaction, the beefiest and most florid swept down on me.

"Let's see," he said, giving me a diagnostician's frown. "We'd like something on the sporty side—velours with a feather in the back, eh?"

"Where'd you get that idea?" I asked, making a mental note to buy the store at the earliest opportunity and banish him to the stockroom.

In the ensuing half hour, I tried on every kind of headdress, from billycocks to lumberjack toques—trilbies, telescopic little beanies that transformed me into a Mittel-europan gigolo, cattlemen's sombreros, minute sports caps with adjustable belts, even the astrakhan tarboosh that Muscovite travellers wear in sleighs pursued by wolves. All of them, without exception, seemed alien to my features; not one had the panache, the verve my old hat had acquired in the brine of the Banda Sea and the snows of Kilimanjaro. The salesman's glib small talk dried up into a series of impatient snorts as he strove abortively to pierce my indifference. At last, having vetoed a beret and a raffish tweed whimwham popularized by Rex Harrison, I reluctantly consented to a chocolate-brown homburg made in England. Its lofty conical crown, almost seven inches tall, gave me a rather Foreign Office aspect. The only knock was that the brim refused to snap down—a shortcoming that filled me with anguish. Nevertheless, with repeated steaming and kneading, we managed to achieve the debonair effect I felt was vital, and, amid oily reassurances that the hat would swiftly adapt to its new owner, I bore it away.



For a week or so, the homburg behaved itself, but then it started to carry on in the most capricious, spiteful manner. The brim flew up, and thereafter, defying all attempts to press it flat with bookends, a type-

writer, and an andiron, invariably sprang back to its original position. With the brim upturned, the thing was ludicrous; I looked shifty, full of stratagems, a third-rate grifter casing prospects for the handkerchief switch outside the Hotel Dixie. I hastened back to the store to complain to the salesman, but he was on vacation—lolling at Montego Bay, obviously, on the commission from my homburg—and I had to visit my aggravation on the floorwalker.

"You see," I said patiently, "my original hat, the one I had in Burma but lost at the party—that is, if it *was* lost, which I very much doubt—had a soft brim, unlike this one—"

"Yes, yes," the floorwalker cut in. "Now, look, it's all very simple. Has this hat ever been out in the rain?"

"Certainly," I said, "but I always protect it with a cellophane bag—you know, so I'll be mistaken for an osteopath or a New Jersey chicken farmer."

"Quite," he said uncertainly. "Well, the difficulty is that the ribbon around the edge here has shrunk, and that causes the brim to pop up."

"O.K.," I said. "Then suppose you replace it."

"Can't," he said, with unconcealed satisfaction. "The English ribbon's an altogether different shade from ours." I asked if he could conceivably send for a piece, and was informed that the hat itself must be shipped overseas, necessitating a lapse of two months. The most feasible solution, in his view, was to have the repair made on my next trip to Britain, where the hatmakers might appreciate the dimensions of the problem. "Usually happens with a round, flat head like yours," he consoled me. "The way your temples bulge, it's bound to force the average hat out of shape."

"They only bulge this way when I come in here," I began heatedly. "I never had any troub—"

"How old are you?" he queried. I told him, and he smiled compassionately. "Better see a specialist, old sock," he said. "You need a cardiogram, not a snap-brim. Excuse me, won't you? I can't stand here jawing all day."

IT was well-nigh seven months before I got to London and the modest shop in Jermyn Street whose signboard advised the passerby that Farquhar & Petrie had been hatters here by royal patent since Wat Tyler's Rebellion. Its tranquil interior, untainted by the wolfish commercialism I was used to, inspired immediate confidence; the Regency pier glasses, the few discreet hatboxes in the cupboards, and the decorous help in their dove-gray dusters all proclaimed an outpost—perhaps the last—of craftsmanship. I could have embraced the kindly old clerk who greeted me so civilly. His sweet, saintly face reminded me of Alec Francis in the movies, and his seamed cheeks glowed like pippins.

"Ah, yes, sir," he said sympathetically as I poured out my tale. "We had a similar complaint from a Wyoming gentleman some years ago, except that his brim refused to stay up. Jackson's Hole—is that anywhere near your lodge?" I unsnarled his geography and led him gently back to my dilemma. "You know," he observed after due examination of my homburg, "there's nothing amiss with the ribbon. The crown's been wrenched out of shape. Of course you keep it on a form whilst using your other hats?"

"I—er— Which other ones?" I hedged, playing for time. "Offhand, I don't recall— I mean I'd have to ask my valet—"

His saintly old face hardened. "But this is a town hat, you must be aware," he said, in a pained voice. "Surely you haven't worn it in the country, sir—for rough shooting or beagling?"



"Good heavens, no!" I assured him, forcing a grisly simulacrum of a chuckle. "I daresay the stewardess dented it aboard the aircraft . . . Those low rafters at the Cheshire Cheese . . ."

"I daresay," he returned, his lips compressed. Drawing me out of earshot of the other clients, he explained that it was mandatory to rotate hats, like shoes. If the wearer was not a downright vag, his headgear needed intervals of rest.

"Well—um—all right," I said feebly. "But how about this hat? Can't you fix it so the brim stays down?"

"I'll mail it off to our Nottingham works posthaste," he promised. "We should get a report in a fortnight or two. Now then," he went on briskly, "we've got to find you something to wear in the meantime."

My destiny was already so intertwined with Farquhar & Petrie that I knew protest was futile. Pliant as a lynchee doll, I let myself be dragooned into trying on two-thirds of their stock. Just as the staff was collapsing in frustration, they discovered from a chance remark that I had a peripheral connection with show business. Ten minutes later, I emerged from the shop in a dashing green porkpie reminiscent of Sherwood Forest—the exact duplicate, according to the clerks, of one they had supplied to my confrere Sir John Gielgud. I have telegraphed Sir John twice recently, offering to let him in on a bargain, but thus far he has vouchsafed no reply. Unless he turns up at the Plaza Monday with cash in hand, it'll be first come, first served.

—S. J. PERELMAN

BONE CHINA

Out of these thin, thin cups I drink pale tea,
  Brown as a moorland stream, and not much hotter.
A ghostly Chinaman is watching me,
  And, by his side, a ghostly English potter.

The latter mixed bone ash with China clay;
  Strange how a thinner cup lasts so much longer.
He drank the same drink, though he called it tay,
  And drank it nearly boiling, and much stronger.

The former used to mouth impromptu verse
  By the Pavilion of the Serious Seeker—
By moonlight, too, and by the hour; what's worse,
  The tea he drank was hot but even weaker.

The tea I drink is like my hostess, pale,
  And too refined, and could be somewhat warmer.
I'd rather ply my latter ghost with ale
  Or drink rice wine by moonlight with my former.

—R. P. LISTER



"You're in a cab and suddenly you turn into Broadway, and away down the street you see this glow in the sky over Times Square . . ."

THE UNFORGIVABLE

UNDERSTAND, there was never anything *really* wrong with Hugh Robert. He was a well-built boy, strong and quick and bursting with vitality. That, at least, was the impression of himself he managed to give people. I guess he did it just by carrying himself well and never letting down in front of anyone. Actually, he was no better built than my other boys. And how is one really to know about a person's vitality? He had a bright look in his blue eyes, a fresh complexion, and a shock of black curly hair on a head so handsomely shaped that everybody noticed it. It was the shape of his head, I imagine, that made people feel Hugh was so much better looking than his older brothers. All the girls were crazy about him. And even if I am his father, I have to say that he was a boy who seemed fairly crazy about himself.

When Hugh was sixteen, I kept a pretty close watch on him—closer than I ever had time to keep on the others. I observed how he seldom left for school in the mornings without stopping a moment before the long gilt-framed mirror in the front hall. Sometimes he would seem to be looking at himself with painful curiosity and sometimes with pure admiration. Either way it was unbecoming of him. But still I wasn't too critical of the morning looks he gave himself. I did, however, mind his doing the same thing again when he got home from school in the afternoons. Many a winter's afternoon I would already be home when he came in, and from where I sat in the living room, or in the library across the hall, I could tell by his footsteps that he was stopping to see himself in that great expanse of looking glass.

Some afternoons, for Hugh's own good, I used to let him catch me watching him at the mirror. I thought it might break him of the habit. But his eyes would meet mine without the least shame and he would say something he didn't mean, like "I'm not much to look at, am I, Mr. Perkins?" And he continued to stop there and ogle himself in the mirror whenever it suited him to. He would often call me Mr. Perkins like that, and call his mother Mrs. Perkins. We could never be quite sure how it was meant, and I don't think he intended us to be. When he was being outright playful, he was apt to call us Will and Mary.

Hugh kept his schoolbooks in a compartment of the cupboard in the downstairs hall. The cupboard I speak of was a big oak, antique thing, a very expensive piece of furniture, which Hugh's mother had bought in Europe during our 1924 trip—ten years before. Hugh's schoolbooks seldom got farther into the house than the hall cupboard. If I complained about this to Mary, she would refer me to his report card, with its wall of straight A's. If I carried my attack further and mentioned the silly kind of subjects he was taking, she would sigh and blame it on his having to go to the public school. As though *I wanted* Hugh to go to the public school! And as though I wanted to be home those afternoons when he came in from school! It was just that Hugh Robert grew up during bad times for us, which, as I see it, was no more my fault than it was his. Those were years when it seemed that my business firm might have to close its doors almost any time. I couldn't *afford* to keep a boy in private school. And as for myself, I just couldn't bear to hang around the office all of those long, dead winter afternoons at the bottom of the depression.

I CAN see Hugh now in his corduroy jacket and sheepskin collar stooping down to slip his books always in the same corner of the same compartment of the hall cupboard. He was orderly and systematic about everything like that. His older brothers had never measured up to him in this respect. In an instant he could tell you the whereabouts of any of his possessions. He had things stashed away—ice skates, baseball mitts, and other athletic equipment, as well as sets of carpentry tools, car tools, and radio parts—had them pushed neatly away in nooks and shelves and drawers all over the house. They were all things he had been very much excited about at one time or another. Hugh would plague us to buy him something, and then when we did and he didn't get the satisfaction out of it he had expected, he would brood about it for weeks. Finally, he would put it away somewhere. If it was something expensive and we asked him what became of it, he would say it was just one of his "mistakes" and that we needn't think he had forgotten it. Sometimes when I was looking for something I had misplaced, I would come on one of those nests of "mistakes" and know at once it was Hugh's. I remember its occurring to me once that it wouldn't take Hugh Robert thirty seconds to lay his hands on anything he owned, and that he would be able in ten minutes' time to assemble *everything* he owned and be on his way, if ever that notion struck him. It wasn't a thought that would ever have occurred to me in connection with the other children.

Our daughter and the two older boys were married and gone from the house by this time, but when they were home with their spouses on a Sunday they'd say we were still babying Hugh, and say that they knew what would have happened to *them* if they had ever tried calling us by our first names. I suppose you really can't help babying the youngest, in one way or another, and favoring him a little over the others, especially when he comes along as a



TON SMITS



"Don't stand there sketching, man. Go get help!"

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sort of trailer after the others are already up in school. But to Hugh's mother it was very annoying to have the older children point this out, and she would deny it hotly. If on a Monday morning, after the others had been there on Sunday, Hugh came down to breakfast and began that first-name or Mr.-and-Mrs. business, Mary was likely to try to talk to him as she used to talk to the other children, and tell him that it was not very respectful of him. It never did any good, though, and she would say afterward that I never supported her in these efforts. I don't know. I do know, however, that disrespectful is hardly the word for my son Hugh Robert Perkins—not when he was sixteen, not when he was younger than that, not even nowadays, when he favors us with one of his rare visits and sits around the house for three days talking mostly about himself and about how broke I was when he was growing up.

It got to be the fashion in those days for high-school boys to wear the knee bands of their golf knickers unfastened, letting the baggy pants legs hang loose down to their ankles. They went to school that way, and it looked far worse to me than even the shirttail-out fashion that came along after the war. I had never seen Hugh wearing his own plus fours that way, but I remarked to him one day that I regarded it as the ugliest, sloppiest, most ungentlemanly habit of dress I had ever encountered. And I asked him what in the world possessed those boys to make them do it. I think he took this as a nasty slam against his classmates. "I don't know why they do it," he said, with something of a sneer, "but I could find out for you, Mr. Perkins." I told him never mind, that I didn't want to know.

Next day Hugh appeared at breakfast with his knickers hanging down about his ankles. He lunged into the room with the buckles on his knee bands jangling like spurs. I didn't mention it or refer to it in any way, and I wouldn't let Mary. He wore them that way for a couple of days, and then, seeing he wasn't going to get a rise out of me, he stopped.

Hugh didn't have any duties at home. We weren't people who lived in any do-it-yourself world in those days, no matter how bad business was. I still kept me a yard man in summer and a furnace man in winter. I can't help saying that in that respect I did as well by Hugh as by his older brothers. When he came home in the afternoon and had stuck his books in the cupboard he was *free*—free as a bird. He might have looked at himself in the mirror all afternoon if he had wanted to. Or he might have been out on the town with a bunch of the high-school roughnecks. But Hugh wasn't a ruffian, and he wasn't an idler, either; not in the worst sense. He was vain and self-centered, but you knew that while he stood before the mirror unbuckling his corduroy jacket he was trying to make judgments and decisions about himself; he was checking something he had thought about himself during the day.

In the mirror Hugh's blue eyes would seem to study their own blueness for a time, and then, not satisfied, they would begin to explore the hall—the hall, that is, as reflected in the mirror, and with himself, of course, always in the foreground. For a few seconds—before permitting our eyes to meet—he would rudely scrutinize me, precisely as though I were a part of the inanimate furnishings of the room. The first time he did it, I thought the look meant he was curious and resentful about my being home from the office so early. But next time I understood that this wasn't so and that he was merely fitting me into his picture of himself.

DURING the summer after Hugh turned seventeen I had the misfortune to learn, first-hand, something about his habits away from home—that is, when he did take a notion to use his freedom differently and go out on the town with his cronies from the high school. I am not speaking of night life, though there was beginning to be some of that, too, but of the hours that young people have to kill in the daytime. The city of Mero, which is where we have always lived, is not the biggest city in the world, by a long shot. It isn't even





the biggest city in our state. Since the Second World War it has grown substantially, and the newspapers claim that there are now half a million people in "Greater Mero," by which they mean almost the whole county. But twenty-five years ago people didn't speak of it as being more than half that size. For me to encounter my son Hugh down town or riding along Division Boulevard couldn't really be thought a great coincidence—especially not since, almost without knowing it, I had developed the habit of keeping an eye out for that head of his.

I would catch a glimpse of him on the street and, with my mind still on some problem we had at the office, wouldn't know right away what it was I had seen. Often I had to turn around and look to be sure. There Hugh would be, his dark head moving along in a group of other youthful heads—frequently a girl's head for every boy's—out under the boiling July sun, in a section of the city that they couldn't possibly have had any reason for being in. There was at least one occasion when I was certain that Hugh saw me, too. I was in the back seat of the car, and when I turned and looked out the rear window, Hugh was waving. But I was crowded in between two hefty fellows—two of my men from the office—and couldn't have returned his wave even if I had tried. On that occasion, we were riding through a section of town that used long ago to be called the Irish Flats. The men with me were both of them strictly Mero Irish, and as we rode along I commenced teasing them about how tough that section used to be and how when I was a boy a "white man" didn't dare put foot in that end of town.

Perkins Finance Company, which was the name of our firm before we reorganized in 1946, used to make loans on small properties all over Mero. Since the boys took over—my two older boys and my daughter's husband—they haven't wanted to deal much in that kind of thing. We have bigger irons in the fire now, and the boys have even put a cable address on the company stationery, along with the new name: Perkins, Hodgeson Investments. (The Hodgeson's for my daughter's husband.) But our small loans were what saved us in the depression. The boys weren't with me in the firm then, of course. When they came back from college up East, just at the time of the crash, I wouldn't let them come in with me. I got them jobs in two Mero banks which I *knew* weren't going to fail. They were locked up down there in their cages all day and went home to their young wives at night without ever having any notion of the kind of hide-and-seek games Hugh and I were playing in our idleness. I must have seen him hoofing it along the sidewalk or standing at the curb of every block of Division Boulevard. I could never be certain that the men with me recognized him, and once I asked Joe McNary, "What were those kids doing back there on the curb?"

"They're hitch-hiking, Will," he said.

"Hitch-hiking?" I had never heard the term before, but I knew at once what it meant. "Where are they going?" I said.

"Nowhere. They're just doing the town. There's no harm in it, I guess."

I guess he was right. Hugh never got into any trouble that I know of, except over a car that he and his buddies made a down payment on, one time. They put down seven dollars on an old Packard touring car and drove it around town till it ran out of gas. They had bought the car in Hugh's name, and so when the police found it parked at the roadside out near the Polo Club, they gave me a ring. I told them just to take it back to the dealer and that I'd pay whatever fine there was. But they were pretty inquisitive, and I had to go down to the police station and answer a lot of questions. It was an embarrassing experience for me, because I had to confess that I hadn't known of Hugh's part in the adventure and didn't know the names of the other boys who went in on it with him. From the police station I had to get Hugh on the telephone at the high school and find out the names of the other boys. He didn't want to tell me. And we had to argue it out right then, which was the bad part, with him talking from the principal's office and with me at the sergeant's desk at the police station. Hugh ended by giving me the boys' names, and we never heard any more about it from the police, though I did have to pay the used-car dealer something to make him forget the whole business.

Hugh Robert was in the dumps for a couple of weeks afterward. Instead of excusing himself from the dinner table, as he had always done when his mother and I sat dawdling over our coffee, he would sit there pretending to listen to what we had to say, or he would just gaze despairingly up into the glass prisms of the chandelier above the table. One night when I felt I couldn't stand his black mood any longer, I gave his mother a sign to leave us alone. At first she frowned and refused to do it. Finally though, when I grew as silent as Hugh, she invented a reason to have to go to the kitchen. As soon as I heard hers and the cook's voices out there, I









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said, "What's the matter, Hugh. What are you thinking about?"

He said, "I was thinking about how sorry I am. I really am, Dad."

"What's this?" I said.

"I'm sorry you had to pay that money on the car."

"Is that all?"

"No. Worse than that was their having you down at the station. I know you hated that worse than paying the money." Right away, you see, he was making me out as some kind of panty-waist.

"I didn't give a hoot in hell about going to the police station," I said. "But it was a damn-fool idea you boys had."

"You don't have to tell me that," he said. "It was the stupidest idea I've ever had. It was an awful mistake."

What could you say to such a boy? I wanted to ask him where they would have gone if they had had more gas, but his mother came bustling back from the kitchen then, followed by Lucy May, the cook, who began pressing Hugh to have a second helping of chocolate pie, which, if I remember correctly, he did.

One other time, when I was out with another group of men, and in another part of town, I asked, "What do you suppose those kids are doing out here?"

"*Out* here?" one of them said, and I could tell from his lack of interest that he hadn't recognized Hugh. But I think the fellow who was driving the car that day must have known that what I meant was: What was a son of mine doing so far from home?

"Oh," he said, "I can guess pretty well what they're doing. They've heard there's a drugstore in this end of town that sells milk shakes for a nickel. It's something like that; you can just count on it." We were in a perfectly decent neighborhood out on the south side, where a lot of the rich Germans used to live. It's a nice section. I could hardly have told the difference between it and my own section if I hadn't known Mero so well.

Still another time, we had parked the car and were crossing the street toward a little Italian grocery store and lunchroom, a place just west of Court Square and near the old Canal. It was a pretty rough and slummy part of town. (Not long afterward F.D.R. had the whole area demolished and put one of his housing projects there.) But the little joint, which was called Baccalupo's Quick Lunch & Grocery, was getting to be well known for its rye and prosciutto and its three-point-two draught beer. We were just stopping for some cold beer. As we headed across the street, I saw Hugh and two other boys running out of the place, with Tony Baccalupo, a swarthy little dwarf of a man, after them. I watched Tony overtake them and snatch some fruit

away from them. Then the boys went off laughing together at Tony, who stood shouting something in Italian at the top of his voice. Tony was himself a sort of half-wit, I suppose. He was not the proprietor but the proprietor's younger brother—or older brother. When we got inside, I found the opportunity to ask him about the boys who had gone out just before we came in.

"They jellybeans," he said. "They just-a jellybeans. They think they plenty smart and I see 'em making the fun of me, winking in the mirror over the counter. But they got no money, got no jobs, not even know how to make-a the real trouble. They steal them grapefruit just-a to make-a me hafta run out in the street and get a sweat." He spat in the sawdust on the floor, and began taking our orders.

It got so, instead of watching for Hugh, I tried not to see him. All summer, he was wandering about town, hitch-hiking from one point to another, never with any real destination, sometimes driving my old Pierce-Arrow, when his mother didn't need it. He didn't really like to take the car, however; it was an old limousine with a glass between the front and back seats, and used too much gas. He and his friends drifted about town, not ever knowing where they were, really, because to them the different parts of the city didn't mean anything. I would be riding in the back seat of a car or walking on the sidewalk, aware only of how all business and progress had bogged down, wondering if and when we could ever get it going again, searching for the first sign of a comeback. Hugh and his gang were searching for something, too, you might say. Searching for mirrors to admire themselves in! Every time I saw them, I would think of Tony's word: jellybeans.

One night when I got up from the dinner table, Hugh was just coming in from one of his days of wandering about town. We met in the dining-room doorway. "I hope you're making the most of your freedom, son," I said.

He looked at me for a moment, almost squinting. Then he opened his eyes wide, and turned his blue gaze on the room in general, blinking his eyelids two or three times as though they were camera shutters, his eyes registering everything, including the black cook; Mary had buzzed for her when she heard Hugh shut the front door, and Lucy May was now holding the swinging door a little way open. Finally he squinted at me again—squinted so that you couldn't have told the color of his eyes. And I repeated, "I hope you're making the most of your freedom."

"I wonder if I *am*," he said, smiling, with a tinge of contempt in his smile and in his voice, I thought.

I looked over my shoulder at his mother, and she shook her head, meaning for me not to say any more.

IT was as though Hugh and I were drifting about through two different cities that were laid out on the very same tract of land. I used to feel we were even occupying two different houses built upon one piece of ground—houses of identical dimensions and filling one and the same area of cubic space. It was just a feeling I had. It first came to me one afternoon when I watched Hugh looking at himself in the mirror. I imagined that the interior that Hugh and I saw there wasn't the same as the one I stood in. That's all there was to it. But probably even to mention that feeling of mine is carrying things too far. I don't want to be misleading about this mirror business. I don't think the mirror-gazing itself was any real fetish with Hugh. In the first place, he didn't *always* make for the mirror as soon as he came in. Sometimes he would slip his books into the hall cupboard and go straight to the telephone; he was a great one for the telephone.

And what a lot of common talk we had to listen to on the telephone:



BURNING MOUNTAIN

No blacker than others in winter, but
The hushed snow never arrives on that slope.
An emanation of steam on damp days,
With a faint hiss, if you listen some places;
Yes, and if you pause to notice, an odor,
Even so near the chimneyed city—these
Betray what the mountain has at heart. And all night,
Here and there, popping in and out of their holes
Like groundhogs gone nocturnal, the shy flames.

Unnatural, but no mystery.
Many are still alive to testify
Of the miner who left his lamp hanging
Lit in the shaft and took the lift and never
Missed a thing till, halfway home to supper,
The bells' clangor caught him. He was the last
You'd have expected such a thing from:
The worrying kind, whose old-womanish
Precautions had been a joke for years.

Smothered and silent, for some miles the fire
Still riddles the fissured hill, deviously
Wasting and inextinguishable. They
Have sealed off all the veins they could find,
Thus at least setting limits to it, we trust.
It consumes itself, but so slowly it will outlast
Our time and our grandchildren's, curious
But not unique; there was always one of these
Nearby, wherever we moved, when I was a child.

Under it, not far, the molten core
Of the earth recedes from its thin crust,
Which all the fires we light cannot prevent
From cooling. Not a good day's walk above it,
The meteors burn out in the air to fall
Harmless in empty fields, if at all.
Before long, it practically seemed normal,
With its farms on it, and wells of good water,
Still cold, that should last us, and our grandchildren.

—W. S. MERWIN

• •



"I don't care what he said or what he signed. You can take it right back to the Coliseum!"

• •

"Did she say that? . . . I saw her looking at me and I wondered what she thought. . . . What do I mean? I mean what she thought about *me*. . . ."

Always himself. Often as not, one of his girls would call him.

There was a girl named Ida, who nearly drove us all crazy. In the beginning, Hugh was mightily smitten by her. Of that I am quite certain. She was the belle of the class when Hugh entered the tenth grade at the high school, and throughout most of that year it seemed as though he looked for excuses to mention Ida Thomas's name at the dinner table. We didn't get much notion of her except that she was "a glorious redhead" and that she had so many admirers that Hugh "couldn't get near her with a ten-foot pole." Nevertheless, he clearly liked for us to tease him about her, though he would always insist that "she didn't know he existed." But at last—and after considerable effort, I gather—he managed to make Ida aware of his existence. From that day the girl gave him no peace.

She would telephone him two or three times in one evening. She was a brash little thing and would engage Hugh's mother in conversation if she answered the telephone, or even me, if I answered it: "How are *you*, Mr. Perkins? . . . How's Mrs. Perkins? . . . And how's that good-looking son of yours—your pride and joy, so they tell me?" Hugh had a time shaking her, I guess. He got so he wouldn't come to the telephone if Mary or I answered it and recognized Ida's voice, and he would never answer it himself. She took to writing him letters at home and finally to sending postcards that were obviously intended to embarrass the boy with his family. One card said, "Roses are red, violets are blue. Sugar's sweet, and so is Hugh." Another said, "Some day I'll ride in your Pierce-Arrow, Hugh Robert Perkins."

One Sunday, I got Hugh to go for a walk with me while his mother was at church, and I asked him outright why he put up with so much nonsense from the girl. "I feel sorry for her," he said. As though that were any kind of an excuse.

"She's not as popular as she used to be?" I asked.

"Certainly she is!" he said.

"Oh," I said. "Then you feel sorry for her because she has all the other fellows but *not* you?"

He burst out laughing. "I never thought of it that way, Mr. Perkins," he said, as if he thought I was only joking.

So I laughed, too, and took the opportunity to ask another question. "Tell me, son," I said, "what turned you against her? Was it the telephone calls?"

"No. Not exactly. You see, it wasn't even *me* she was interested in. She was impressed by your old Pierce-Arrow. And still more by our living in West Vesey Place."

"But you didn't exactly like those telephone calls. And what about those postcards, Hugh?"

"Why, she didn't know any better, Dad!" For a minute he stopped there on the street on Sunday morning and looked at me as though it was I who didn't have good sense about such

things. "That's why I had to put up with it. That's why I felt sorry for her."

He was very cagey, and I didn't bother him any further about Ida, since it was all over with by then anyway. But judging from the gloom he dwelt in for several months, he must have considered Ida one of his worst mistakes.

Hugh wouldn't study, and he wasn't really too hot an athlete, although certainly for a while he thought he was going to be. He made several of his "mistakes" in the athletic line, and would, of course, fall into a black mood each time he was dropped from a team or was even kept on the sidelines. His mother said he couldn't excel in athletics because he had to compete with the big, tough fellows who went out for sports at Mero Central High. And she said that the schoolwork at the public school was too easy and didn't occupy him. Maybe she was right. I know that when his two brothers had finished at Mero Academy they had had trigonometry and Latin and even some Greek. Both of them passed the College Board examinations with flying colors and had a summer in Europe before starting college. Hugh wouldn't even *talk* about going to college—not to any local college that I could afford to send him to. Since the war, of course, he has gotten himself some kind of degree at Columbia University on the G.I. Bill. But during high school, when we mentioned college to him, he only laughed at the idea. One Sunday in his senior year, when the other children were at the house and the subject came up, he said, "Why, I've already been to the best college in our part of the country, the College of William and Mary"—meaning his mother and me, of course. "I've been studying diplomacy, and next June I'll be ready for the foreign service."

The others took this as a joke, but it made me realize how soon he might be gone from us to wherever he had in mind going. I was only half through my meal, but involuntarily I began searching my pockets for my pipe and a match. It's hard having your youngest be the one who disappoints you. I sat there searching for my pipe, thinking that I could just imagine how the letter he would leave would look on the library table, or how he would come down to breakfast one morning and say he had written off and gotten himself a job somewhere away from us—away from Mero! I suppose it was rather simple-minded and old-fashioned of me to think about it in the way I did.

IN his senior year, Hugh actually began to show an interest in his schoolwork—in a certain part of it, in a part I wouldn't have called work. You would just hardly believe the things they offered in the curriculum of that school. But anyway, the first indication I had of what was stirring was Hugh's coming to me one morning with a very odd sort of request. From some neat, dark, and no doubt carefully protected corner of the house, known only to himself, he had pulled out an old dictation machine—a Dictaphone—which I had given him as a little fellow. It was an old model that I had brought home from the office and let him use as a plaything. I had forgotten about it. It had been seven or eight years since he had asked me to take the wax cylinders downtown and have them scraped so he could use them again. But he came to me after breakfast one morning, when he was all ready to leave for school, carrying the case of cylinders that came with the Dictaphone. He looked a little shamefaced, I must say, like any big boy caught playing with one of his old toys. I was touched to see that he had hung on to something I had given him so long ago. He handed the case to me and as I examined it I remarked silently that it seemed to be in as good condition as on the day I gave it to him. "Where did you resurrect this from, Hugh?" I asked.

"I've had it put by against a rainy day," he said.

"Do you still have the machine itself?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, of course," he said.

I held the case of cylinders and then I said, "You intend to sell it, I suppose—the whole outfit?"

"Why, no, Mr. Perkins. I want you to have these cylinders scraped for me."

"You know it costs something to have it done?" It occurred to me that as a child he mightn't have realized that.

"Oh, certainly. I'll pay for it. I have some *money* put by, too," he said, giving me one of his quick winks, "against the same rainy day." He was no spendthrift, to be sure. I doubt that there was ever a week when he spent the whole of the small allowance his mother gave him.

I set the case of cylinders on the floor beside me and picked up the paper I had been



reading when he came in. "What are you going to use them for?" I said from behind the paper.

"In connection with one of my classes," he said. "A readings course."

I looked at him over my paper. He was still standing before me and was clearly willing for me to pursue the subject. "A reading course?"

"Oral readings," he explained. "A class in oral readings, for additional speech credit." He was in dead earnest. He said they were graded according to some kind of point system and that it had been wonderful help for him to be able to hear himself on the Dictaphone, that he had already made terrific progress.

"You've already been using the Dictaphone, then?" I inquired. "The cylinders were clean when you got them out?"

"Yes," he said. "Don't you remember, I got you to have them scraped before I put them away?"

"No, I didn't remember," I said. "It's been a pretty long time, Hugh."

Now I found myself wondering how many nights had he already been up there in his room listening to his own voice on the Dictaphone. I went back to my paper again, because I knew I didn't want to hear any more about this business. Sooner or later, I thought, he will see it as just another of his mistakes.



"You go ahead with the appeal, and in the meantime I'll keep busy at this end."

• •

BUT for some months to come, Hugh's concern with his voice was all we did hear about. My theory was that the boy had been trying a long while to decide what it was about himself that charmed him most. And at last he thought he knew. All that winter he was as busy as a beaver with his "speech lessons" and "exercises." I would bring home the set of cylinders freshly scraped, and they wouldn't last him much more than a week. Finally, I guess he wore them out, because well before spring he quit asking me to take them. But his interest didn't stop there. He continued to engage me now and then in discussions of his current "problems" in speech, as openly and seriously as though he were talking about math or history. And first thing his mother and I knew, he was on the debating team, was trying out for a part in the class play, was even getting special instructions from the teacher in "newscasting."

It occurred to me once during this time that maybe Hugh had fallen in love with his speech teacher, Miss Arrowood. In recent months his mother had complained of a tendency in him to resent any questions about the girls he was having dates with on the weekends. If, under pressure, he mentioned the name of a particular girl, it wasn't a name that his mother knew. I couldn't explain such a business to Mary—there was no use in it—but I think I understood pretty well what Hugh was going through in that respect. And I could remember that a boy, hating himself for his own fallen and degraded state, is apt at such times to begin idealizing some attractive, sympathetic woman who is enough older than himself to seem quite beyond his aspiration—particularly if she is even vaguely the intellectual type. I didn't ask Hugh how old Miss Arrowood was or what she looked like. I just dropped by the school one afternoon in March when I knew there was to be a rehearsal of the class play.

It wasn't even necessary for me to go inside the auditorium to see what I had come to see. Through a glass panel in one of the rear doors I could see the whole stage. The play they were practicing for was one of those moronic things that they give big grown-up boys and girls to act in. (They did it even in the private schools when my older children were coming along.) This one was called "Mr. Hairbrain's Confession: A Comedy." I read the title in a notice on the bulletin board beside the auditorium door.

After two seconds I spotted Miss Arrowood, who was giving directions

from a position at the side of the stage, and I knew that my conjecture had been a false one. I say "after two seconds" because for about two seconds I mistook that lady to be one of the cast and already in costume and makeup. Her bosom was of a size and shape that one of the youngsters might have effected with a bed pillow. Her orange-colored hair may really have been a wig. On the far end of her unbelievable nose rode the inevitable pince-nez. The woman's every gesture had just the exaggeration that you could expect from any member of the cast on the night of the performance.

I realized who she was when she started giving some directions to Hugh, who was now posturing in the center of the stage. No, she wasn't directing him, after all; she was applauding something he had already done or said. Hugh, like his fellow-actors, was reading his lines from the book. Every time he opened his mouth or so much as turned his dark head or struck a new position, she either nodded approval or shook with laughter. She hardly took her eyes off him. Hugh no doubt had a comic role, but I knew that nothing in that play was so funny or so interesting as Miss Arrowood's conduct would have led me to believe. I can't say exactly how long I stood watching, lost in my own damned thoughts. When finally I did leave, it was because someone in the cast—not Hugh—saw me and called Miss Arrowood's attention to my presence. At once she began motioning me to go away, waving her book in the air and shooing me with her other hand. She didn't know who I was and didn't care. Miss Arrowood knew only that she wasn't going to have any interruption of the pleasure she took from watching Hugh.

There was no more to it than that. Miss Arrowood was just another old-maid schoolteacher with a crush on one of her pupils. I doubt very much that Hugh's experience with her had any influence on his finally going into the theatre the way he has. Quite naturally she must nowadays imagine herself to have been his first great influence and inspiration, but if Miss Arrowood has ever gotten to New York and found her way over to the East Side, to that little cubbyhole of a theatre where Hugh directs plays, I'll bet she doesn't understand the kind of plays he puts on any better than I do. At any rate, she didn't succeed in turning him into any radio announcer or even into an actor, thank God. I doubt that she hoped to, even; for in my opinion Hugh Robert didn't have any better voice than any of the rest of the family. Physically he is very much like the rest of us. But it is my opinion also that the lady tried to play upon Hugh's vanity that year, for the sake of keeping him near her. And it must certainly have been she who arranged for a certain phonograph record, which he made on a machine at the school, to be put on the local radio. This happened one miserable Sunday afternoon in May. It capped everything else that had happened.



Hugh rose early that Sunday morning in order to plug in the charger to the batteries of the radio. Our set was an old battery-type table model, one that I had paid a lot of money for when it was new. Hugh was fond of giving it a big thump and saying in his best smart-aleck voice, "They don't make 'em like that any more." But he would have been the first to admit—especially on the Sunday I'm speaking of—that there are times when the electricity goes off just as you want to hear some program. I hung on to my battery set all through the depression, just the way I did my Pierce-



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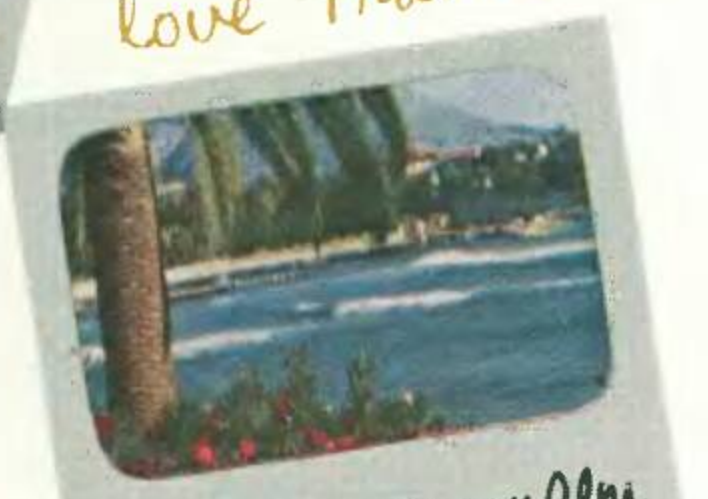
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Arrow. And it is true, of course, that we did sometimes find, when a favorite program was due to come on, that we had forgotten to charge the batteries.

But the batteries didn't need charging at all that Sunday in May, and Hugh knew they didn't. He simply wasn't taking any chances. When I came down to breakfast, I saw the ugly little violet light burning in the charger at the end of the living room. I observed Hugh coming in there to check on them off and on all morning. Apparently when the idea of charging the batteries first struck him, he had jumped out of bed and thrown on some clothes without bothering to comb his hair or put on his shoes. He came down wearing his old run-over bedroom slippers, his everyday corduroy pants, and a wrinkled shirt that he must have pulled out of the clothes hamper. He wandered around the house like that all morning. When his mother was leaving for church at ten-thirty, I asked her if she didn't think she ought to remind him to get properly dressed before the other children came for dinner. But either she forgot to, or she decided against it, or she just "hated to" and didn't.

During the two hours his mother was gone, I could hear Hugh moving about all over the house. First, he would be in the basement, then at the closet in the back hall, then upstairs somewhere, even on the third floor. Every so often he would come back to the living room to have a look at the batteries. He would sit down and try to get interested in some section of the Sunday paper. But he couldn't stay still except for short intervals. Every time he got up, the first thing he did was to go and look out one of the living-room windows. I suspect that during his wandering through the house he must now and then have stopped and looked out windows in most of the other rooms, too. To him, that day, the weather outside was the most important matter in the world.

And in spite of its being May, the weather outside was quite wintry and nasty. Rain fell during most of the morning, and there was occasional thunder, with streaks of lightning away off across town. We had been having a series of electrical storms, which generally come to us a month earlier than they did that year. This bad weather was what Hugh had pinned his hopes on. The understanding was that if the ball game—the third of the season—was called that Sunday, then Station KMR was going to fill in the first ten minutes or so of the time with a recorded reading Hugh had made of "A

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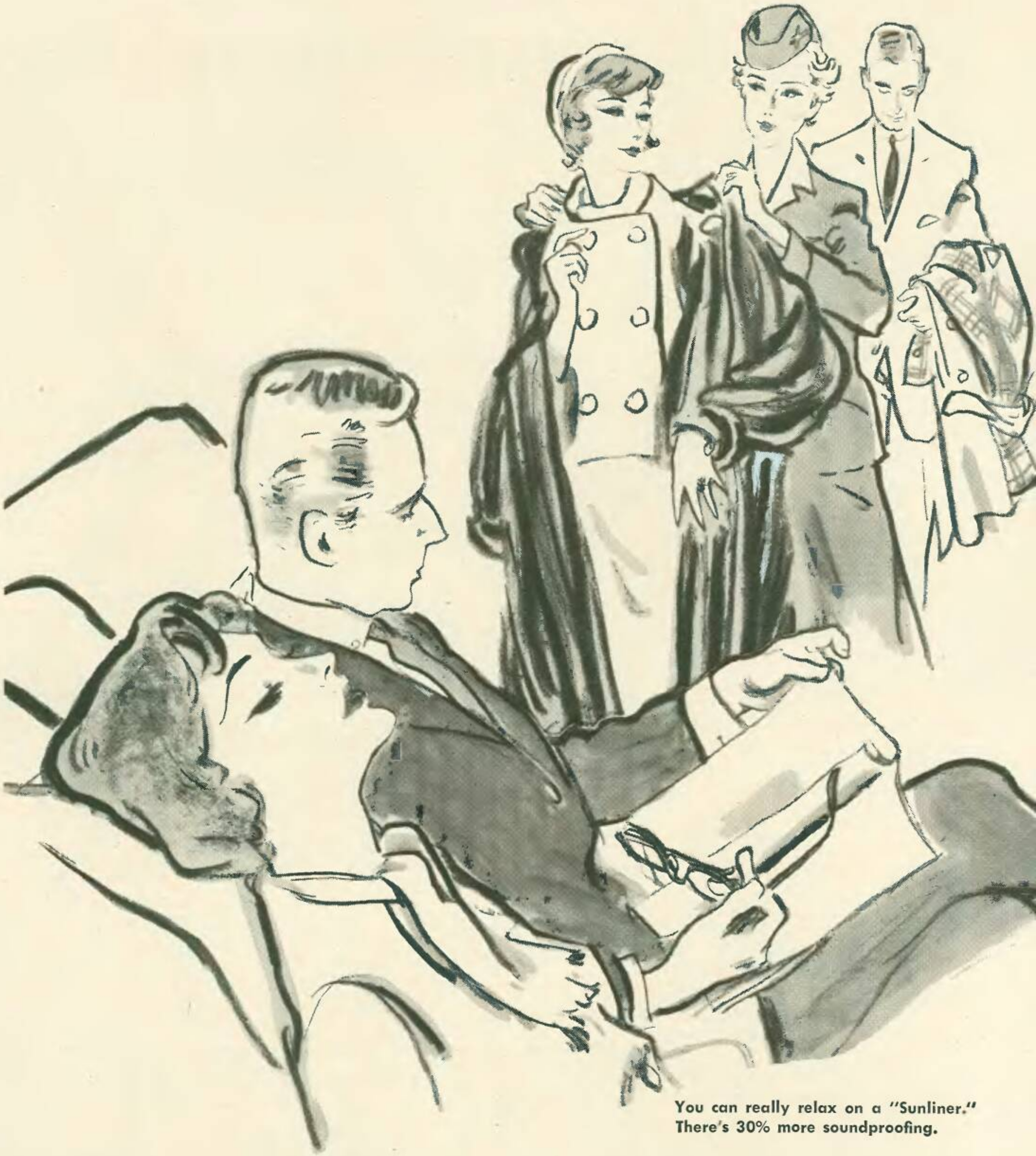
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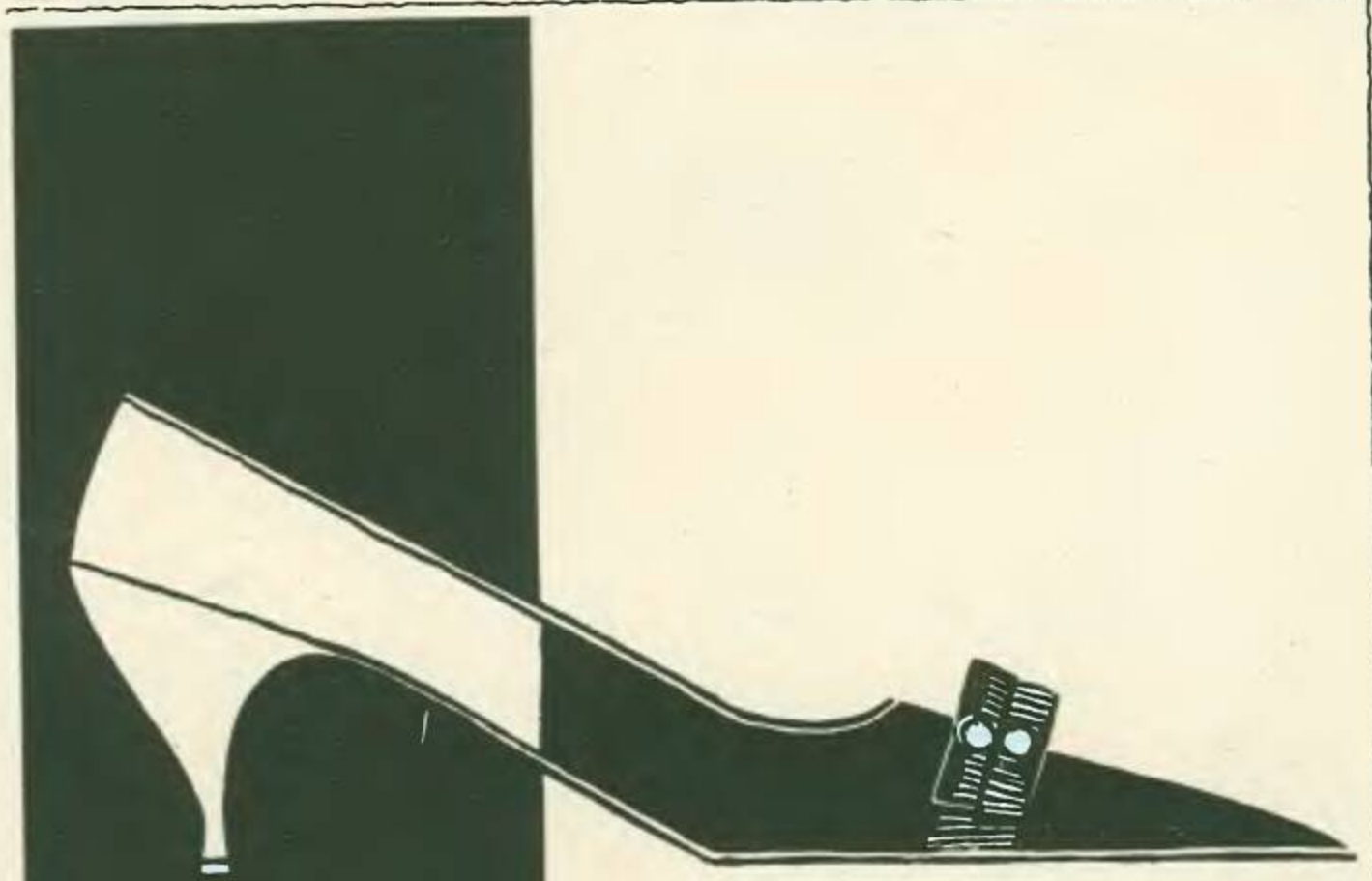
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Message to Garcia." Though I had been unaware of it before, it seems that the station made a practice of devoting such free periods to activities of the public schools. Hugh managed that Sunday to make us all keenly aware of the fact.

I seldom missed listening to the Mero Barons' home games. When it was a good season, I even used to go out to Runnymede Park and watch the games. The Barons, however, hadn't had such a season in almost a decade. The last time they had won their league's pennant was in 1925. But, even so, I have never been one to go running off to Cincinnati or St. Louis to see big-league games when we have a team right in Mero to support and root for. It happened that this year the Barons had won their first two games, and I was hopeful. In particular, I hoped to be listening to the broadcast of a third game in what might turn into a winning streak. I knew why Hugh kept looking out the windows, and soon I was looking out windows, too. The rain came down pretty steady all morning and only began to let up about noon. I found I was pitting my hopes against his. I was, at least, until I saw how awfully worked up the boy was. Then I tried my best to hope with him. But I don't think I ever before had such mixed feelings about so small a thing as whether or not a ball game would be rained out.

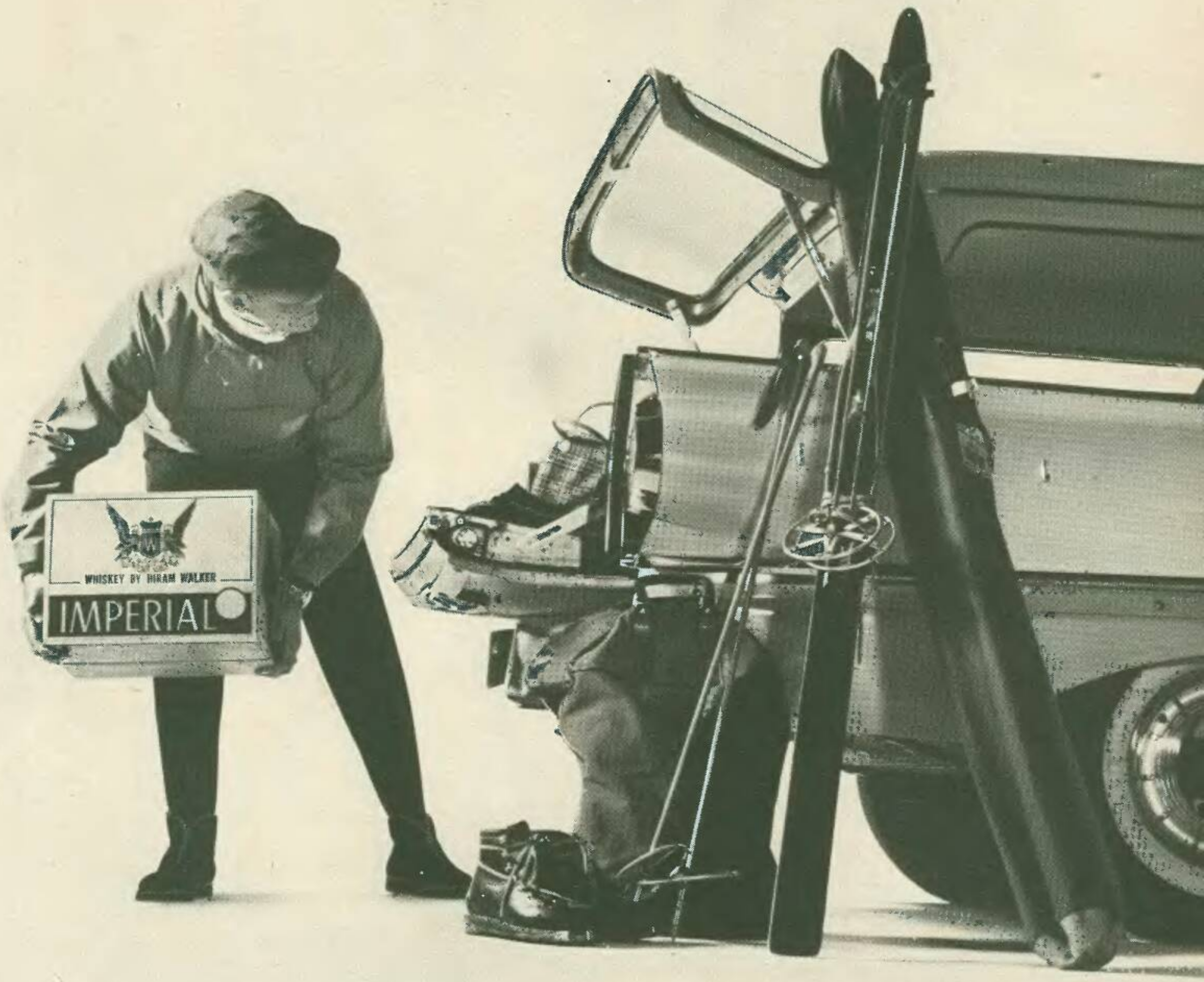
Hugh's mother returned from church at twelve-thirty. The other children came for dinner just before one. Hugh was off upstairs somewhere when the others arrived, and had to be called to come to the table. I supposed that he had finally gone up to get himself dressed, but he came down in the same state of undress, with his hair still uncombed, and I saw at once that it offended his brothers and his sister. I saw Sister trying to signal her mother, indicating that Hugh ought at least to go and comb his hair. But her mother's eye was not to be caught that day.

Hugh was unusually silent during the meal, and his silence was contagious. From time to time I saw every member of the family taking a glance out the window to see how the weather was. After raining all morning, the skies seemed to be clearing. It was mostly bright while we sat there, with only an occasional dark interval. During those dark intervals, Hugh ate feverishly; otherwise he only picked at his food. I'm afraid that with the rest of us the reverse was true.

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round a dish, I even saw her turn her black face toward a sunlit window at Hugh's back. Just as she did so, there came from outside the clear chirping of a redbird, which brought a beautiful smile to her face. The others were making a show of keeping up the conversation while a servant was in the room, and so when she offered Hugh the dish she was able to mumble to him without their taking notice, "You hear that redbird, don't you, Hugh! He say, 'To wet! To wet!' That means more rain, honey." Hugh may or may not have heard the redbird. But he paid no more attention to Lucy May's encouraging words than he had to the encouragement and applause of Miss Arrowood.

The very instant we rose from the table, there was a flash of lightning so close to us that it brightened the windows. And there followed a deafening crack of thunder. Hugh galloped across the hall into the living room and commenced disconnecting the batteries from the charger and hooking them up to the radio. The rest of us followed, just as if there were no other room in the house we could have gone to. By the time I got in there, Hugh was tuning in on KMR. There was a roar of static, and then, as the static receded, the announcer's voice came through, saying, "The next voice you hear will be that of Hugh Robert Perkins," and went on to tell who Hugh's parents were, to give his street address, and to say that he was a senior at Central High and a member of Miss Arrowood's class in oral readings. Outside, a sheet of rain was falling, and there was more thunder and lightning than there had been all morning.

Through the loudspeaker the voice of Hugh Robert Perkins began with some introductory remarks, telling us how, why, when, and by whom "A Message to Garcia" had been written. It didn't sound especially like Hugh's voice, but even at the outset the static was so bad that I missed about every third word. After the first half minute of the "Message" itself, it seemed hopeless to try to listen. Yet we had to sit there, all of us—and without any assistance from Miss Arrowood or Lucy May—and suffer through the awful business with Hugh. At least, it seemed to us we had to; and we *thought* that's what we were doing.

Hugh never once looked around from the radio. His eyes were glued to the loudspeaker, which was placed on top of the set. He had pulled up a straight chair, and he sat with his legs crossed and his hands clasped over one



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knee. He held his neck as straight as a board and didn't move his head to left or right during the entire ten minutes. The storm and the static got worse every second, and he didn't even try to improve the reception. He didn't touch the dials. Toward the very end, I saw his mother raise her eyebrows and tighten her mouth the way she does when she's about to cry, and I shook my head vigorously at her, forbidding it. I knew what she was feeling well enough; we all were feeling it: Poor boy had endured his uncertainty, had for days been pinning his hopes on the chance of rain, and now had to hear himself drowned out by the static on our old radio. I thought it might be more than flesh and blood could bear. I thought that at any moment he might spring up and begin kicking that radio set to bits. But I knew, too, that his mother's tears wouldn't help matters.

What a fortunate thing for us all that I stopped her. Because not five seconds after I did, the reading was finished and Hugh was on his feet and facing us with a broad grin of satisfaction. I saw at once that for him there had been no static. Or, rather, that he had heard the clear, sweet, reassuring tones of his own voice calling to him through and above the static and his last doubts about the kind of glory he yearned for had been swept away. He ran his hand through his tangled hair self-consciously. His blue eyes shone. "There!" he said. And after a moment he said it again: "There!" And I felt as strongly then as I feel it now that that was the real moment of Hugh's departure from our midst. He tried to fix his gaze on me for a second, but it was quite beyond his powers to concentrate on any one of us present. "It's a shame . . ." he began rather vaguely, "it's a shame you had to listen to my sorry voice instead of hearing the game. But maybe the game will come on later. . . . Did you hear the place where my voice cracked? That was the worst part of all, wasn't it? I'm glad it's over with." He gave a deep sigh, and then he said, in a voice full of wonder and excitement, "Gosh!"

Right away, he went upstairs and dressed himself in his Sunday clothes and left the house, saying that he had a date, or maybe it was that he was going to meet some of his cronies somewhere. I didn't bother to listen. I was too stunned. I knew that he would be back for supper that night. While the other children were laughing over what had happened and were talking about what a child Hugh still was, I was thinking to

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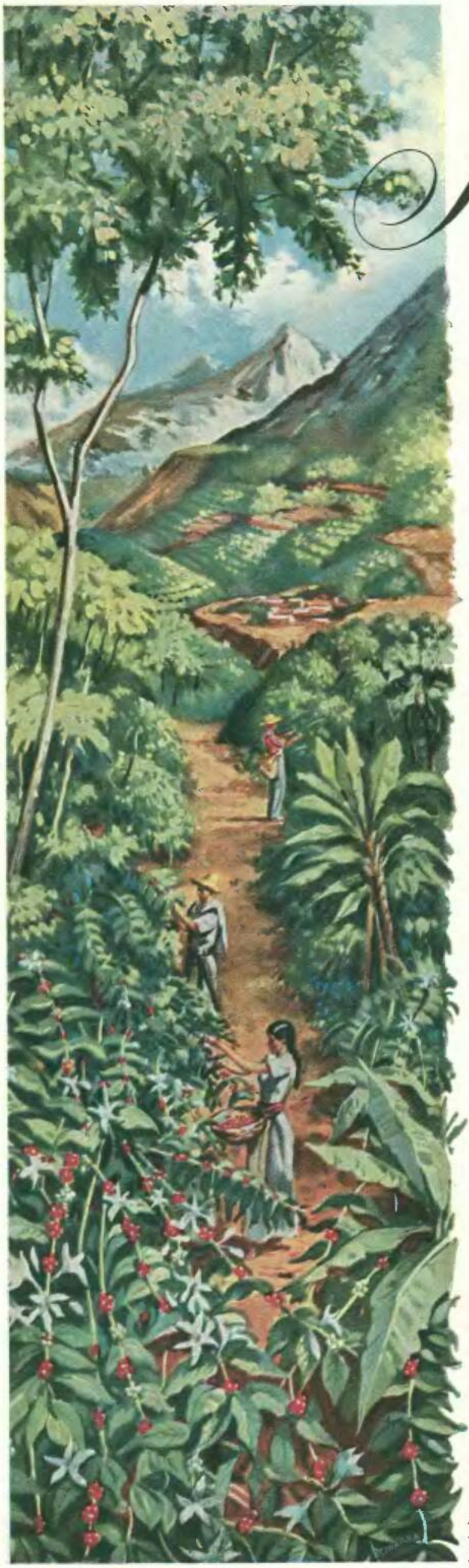
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myself that Hugh Robert Perkins hadn't many more of his "mistakes" ahead of him. I felt certain that this afternoon he had seen his way ahead clear, and I could almost see it with him. Perhaps I imagined that he saw it clearer than he did, because it could not have been more than a powerful intimation of things to be that he actually experienced. But whenever I remember that afternoon, I have the illusion that even *I* could see exactly where he was going—that *I* already knew about the fourteen-dollar-a-week job he would get after he was out of high school, about how he would fall in for a while with the local long-hairs at the Little Theatre, and how after the war he would quite naturally find his niche in New York City.

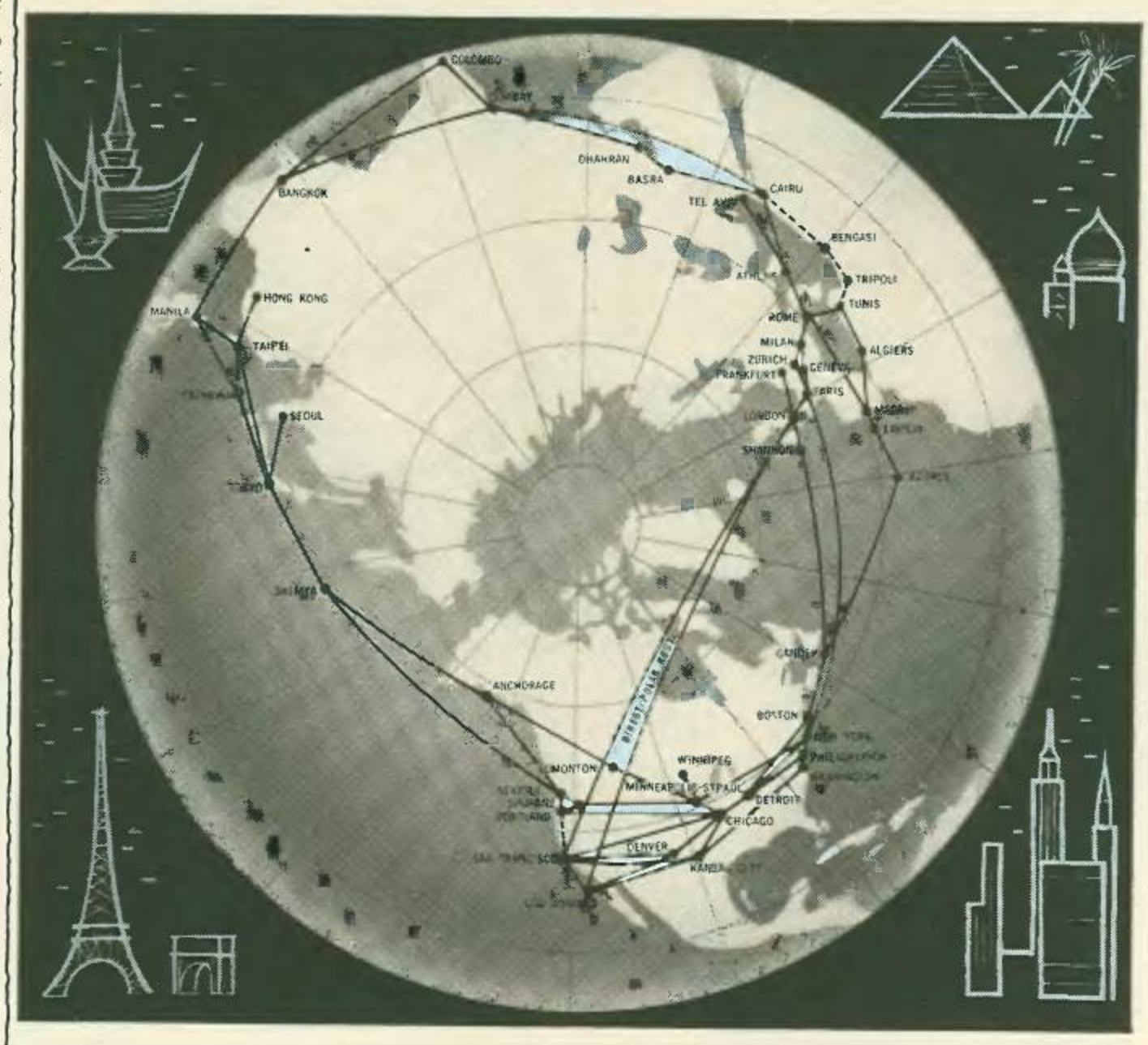
The other children left the house soon after lunch that Sunday. Mary went upstairs to take a nap, as she often did when we had been through something that there was no use talking about. I wandered through the downstairs rooms, feeling out of sorts and rather lost. Once, I looked out a window in the library and saw that the weather had cleared, but I didn't go and turn on the radio. I thought of going up to Mary's room and telling her—shouting at her—that she had been wrong in thinking that Hugh's going to the public school had made any difference in him. But I didn't do that, either, because there was no use in talking about it.

My own experience that afternoon was itself an intimation, of a kind. An intimation, I suppose, of the nature of the distance there already was between Hugh and the rest of us—a distance that had always existed, not one he was going to put between us. It wasn't just that he had a star of his own to follow, and we didn't. It was more than that. I imagined that I saw now that his way would always be a quest of some kind. The odd thing is that there was a moment while I was alone that afternoon when I wished that I could follow his same course, whatever it was. But almost at once I saw that it was not for me; that for me enduring the depression and waiting and working for a mere business recovery in Mero would suffice. And it was this I could not forgive Hugh, this difference between our natures. I knew, of course, I ought to forgive him, for my own peace of mind. It occurred to me that if I didn't forgive him then, at the very moment of his definitely setting out on his own course, I never would. I tried reminding myself that it takes all kinds to make a family, to make a world. But as I



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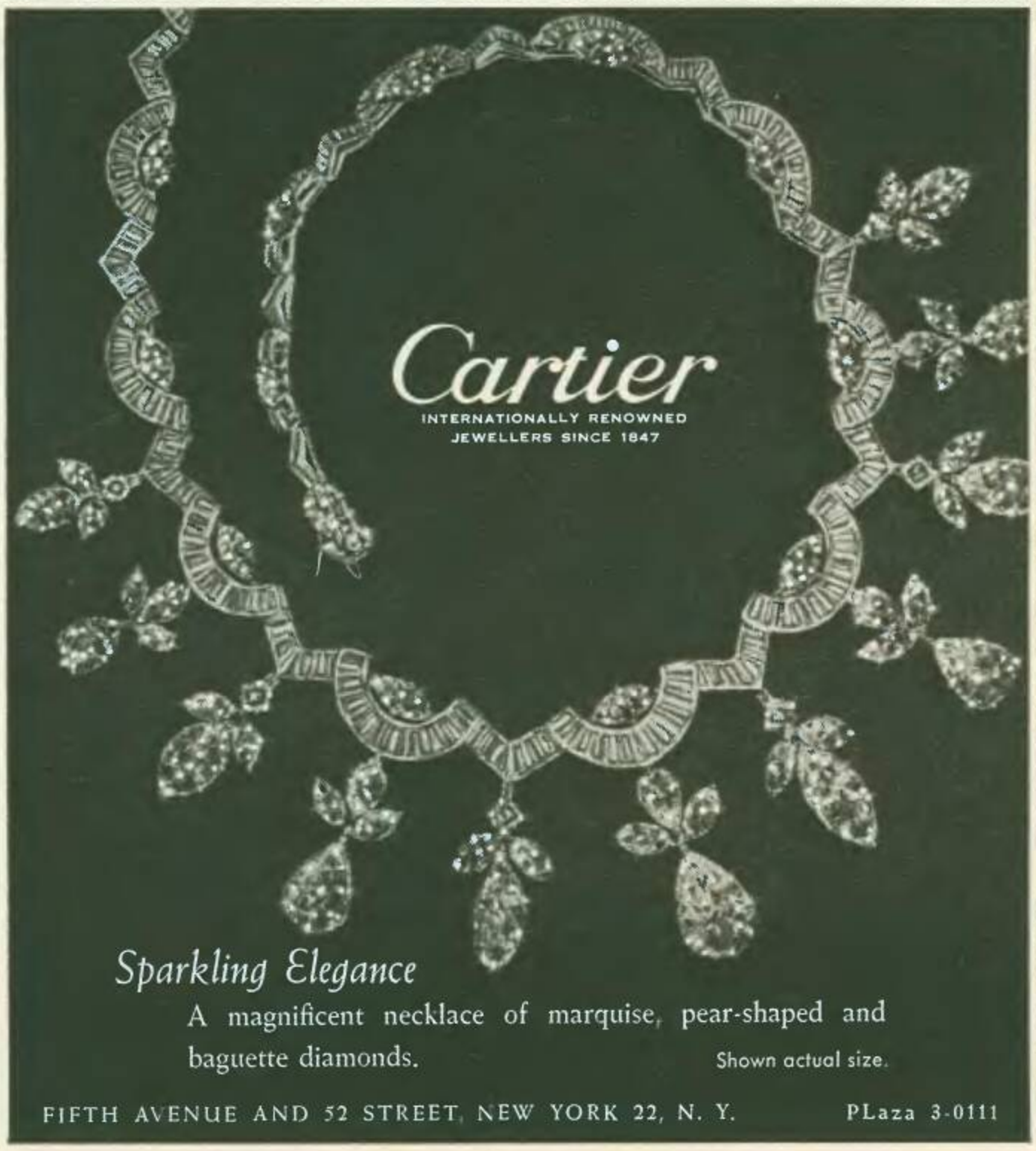
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waited downstairs for Mary to get up from her nap and eventually to fix us a cold supper, at which Hugh was certain to join us at the last minute, I didn't forgive him. In the years since then, I have tried many times—particularly when Hugh has been home visiting—to force this forgiveness from myself. But I have never succeeded, and I think it is too late now. I think that even on that Sunday afternoon it was already too late by a good many years. I had let the moment go by without recognizing it.

But when *was* that moment that I might have forgiven my son all the differences that there were going to be between him and me? Was it the day he was born? Was it a day long before that, even—the day when my wife first told me that we were going to have our first child? I don't believe so. I think it was a still earlier time. I think it was the time in my young manhood when I first thought to myself with pleasure that someday I would be a father. Probably *that* is the time when we must forgive our children everything—our children as yet unborn, unconceived. But would it be possible? Would we willingly have children, even, if we knew we would have to forgive them such knowledge of ourselves as they inevitably will force upon us? It would be almost like forgiving God for having made us the way we are.

—Peter Taylor

•

CLEARER AND SIMPLER DAYS ON THE AVIATION SCENE

[*From an editorial by Robert Hotz in Aviation Week*]

It may be that what is really needed is nothing more than a clarion call from our national leadership stating our current problems frankly and without any attempt to conceal or gloss over their gravity followed by a direct exercise of leadership by the responsible officials through streamlined channels that avoid the morass of advisory committees and stagnant pools of bureaucracy and provide the scientific and industrial talent with the encouragement and financial support they need to do their job. It may be as simple as all that.

•

London, Sept. 19.—Sean O'Casey, 75, Irish playwright, said yesterday Britain's two TV networks can't perform his plays.

"I've withdrawn my plays because of a personal feeling I have about television," the writer said at his home at Torquay. Two of his plays, "Shadow of a Gunman" and "Juno and the Paycheck," were televised earlier this year.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

He's been around television, all right!





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THE THEATRE

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"TWO FOR THE SEESAW," at the Booth, is certainly not without its graces (and we'll come to them presently), but the fact remains that it is a play employing two actors, in two roles—a form of entertainment not absolutely guaranteed to enchant everybody in the world. In the first place, there is the telephone, a necessary device for conveying information that might otherwise be supplied by the extra, and frequently quite picturesque, characters usually engaged by the management for this purpose. I would not like to say that more telephoning goes on in "Two for the Seesaw" than in any other drama this side of television, but we still get a formidable amount of it—especially in the first two scenes, when the two performers occupy separate establishments and are obliged to ripen their acquaintanceship almost entirely by wire. Nor am I prepared to state that the ringing of bells causes me more discomfort than it does the average man, but the circumstance that I have had an unlisted number for several years—not for purposes of exclusiveness but simply to avoid the superfluous cheerfulness that seems to afflict everybody I know whenever I have dropped uneasily off to sleep—may be significant. Anyway, William Gibson, who wrote "Two for the Seesaw," uses the telephone a good deal, sometimes permitting his hero and heroine to complete their calls on the first try but just about as often amusing himself with busy signals, answers too long delayed, and all the other trials that beset people who put their faith in electricity. Since this incessant calling up agitated my colleagues only mildly, if at all, the chances are that I am making too much of it. Perhaps we'd better just regard it as a private idiosyncrasy.

My second complaint against "Two for the Seesaw"—and, by extension, against all two-character plays—is that I would like to know rather more about various people who are mentioned as having strongly influenced the lives of those visible on the stage but who, of course, never turn up in the flesh. In Mr. Gibson's work, the male portion of the cast is in the process of being divorced by his wife, a rich Nebraska eccentric to whom he is still helplessly drawn, though she seems to have substantially destroyed his own confidence in himself. For all the talk and telephoning about her, this lady remains dim, and to the extent that we are prevented from really knowing the personality that has reduced him to what he is, I should say, the play is incomplete and unsatisfactory. It would be unfair to classify this woman's non-appearance as the kind of device often to be found in theatrical tricks of one kind and another, since the author is clearly convinced that he has supplied all the actually essential information about her, but her treatment at second hand still doesn't seem enough to me. The living girl on the stage has a wide variety of young female friends; a number of male admirers, all about equally disreputable; a mother concealed somewhere in the Bronx; and a ballet teacher, who operates in a loft, and whose most hopeless pupil she unquestionably is. It might have been entertaining to meet some of these people, too, but as her picture is quite complete without them, I am happy to yield to Mr. Gibson's superior judgment.

My final objection to



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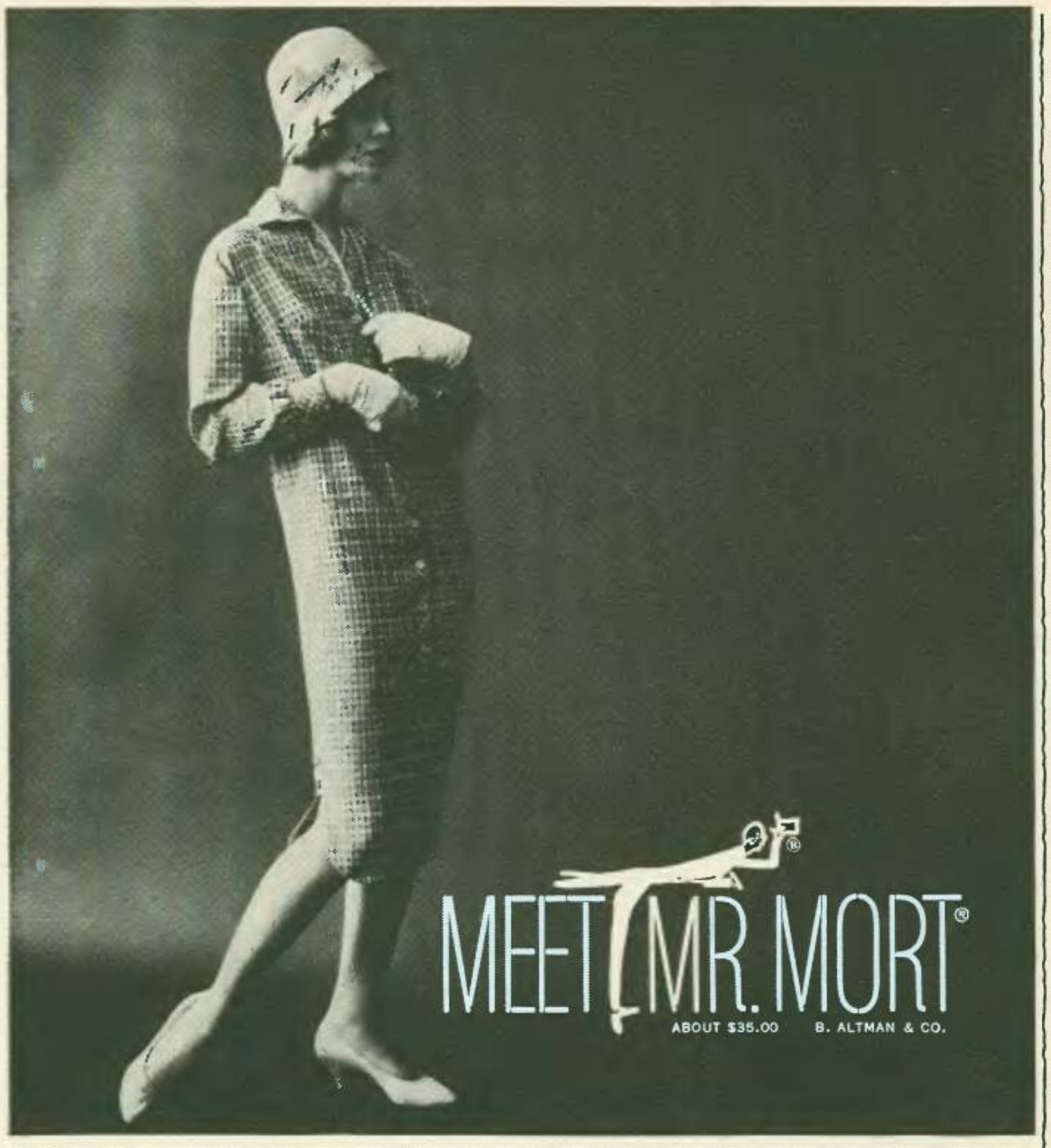


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"Two for the Seesaw" is even more captious, having to do with the very perfection of the casting. The two players are Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft, representing, respectively, an Omaha attorney who is going through an odd period of emotional and professional confusion, and a young Jewish girl with a kind heart but also with what struck me as practically a genius for squalor. Seedy and impoverished as Mr. Fonda's part may be, there remains a quality of fastidious intelligence about him that makes it almost impossible to identify him with what was once known as the bohemian life. I know little about Miss Bancroft, who has confined her talents up to now to the screen and television, but her performance here is one that in every accent and mannerism captures the exact essence of Bella Gross, about whom Mr. Arthur Kober has written so often for this lucky magazine. While her morals are rather more casual, and the pressures on her are harsher (besides all the dancing, she has ulcers), actually the differences are slight. Anyway, both actors turn up with sharply defined and, I think, brilliant portrayals, and the idea of the kind of understanding love, the even temporary sharing of any deep emotion between them, that Mr. Gibson has imagined is just too hard for me to accept. It is a touching notion; I just wish I believed it was likely to happen.

The great virtue of "Two for the Seesaw," in addition to the splendid contributions made by Mr. Fonda and Miss Bancroft, lies in the absolute accuracy of its author's ear. Whether or not the romance seems probable to you, you can have very little doubt about the reality of either of the participants in it. Wherever Mr. Gibson hid to listen to them, he has heard them both, and he has got every word down. It is quite an accomplishment to capture one dialect. Recording both Omaha and the Bronx is pretty close to a miracle. The play, incidentally, was directed by Arthur Penn, who has handled his bizarre assignment with notable distinction, and the two apartment interiors were designed by George Jenkins, who has dug up some of the most dismaying furnishings you've ever seen.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

Like the women who won before her, Mrs. Clatfelter is in the running for the grand prize, a 1-day all-expense tour of Europe for two.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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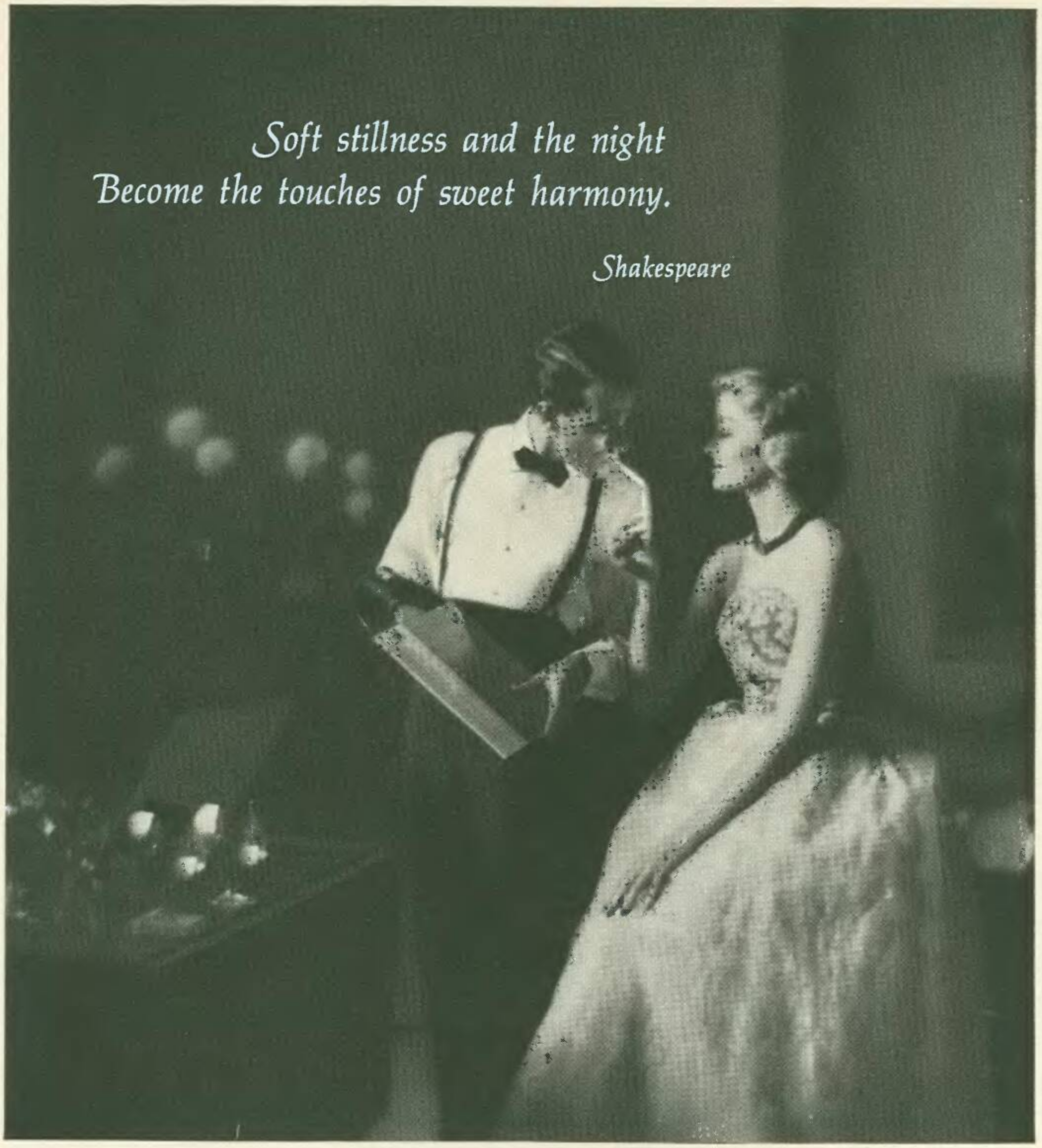


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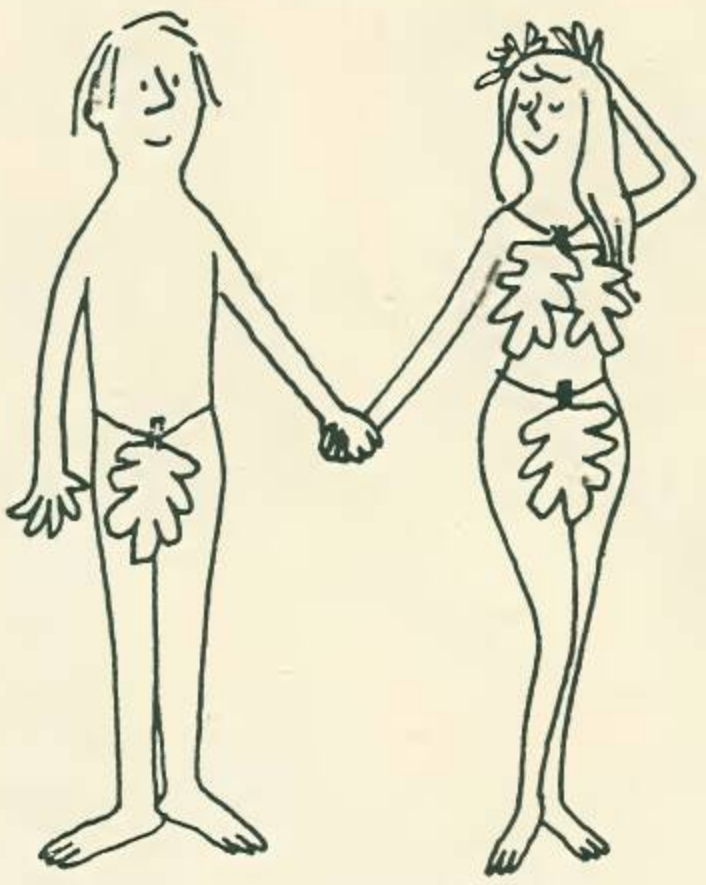


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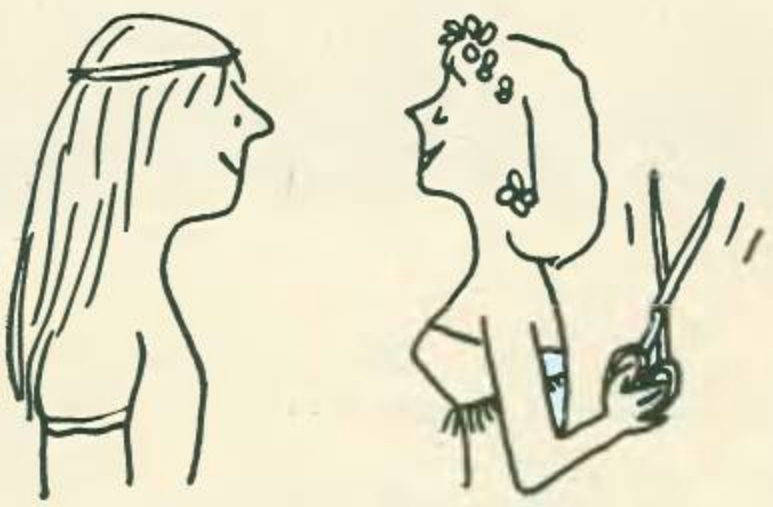
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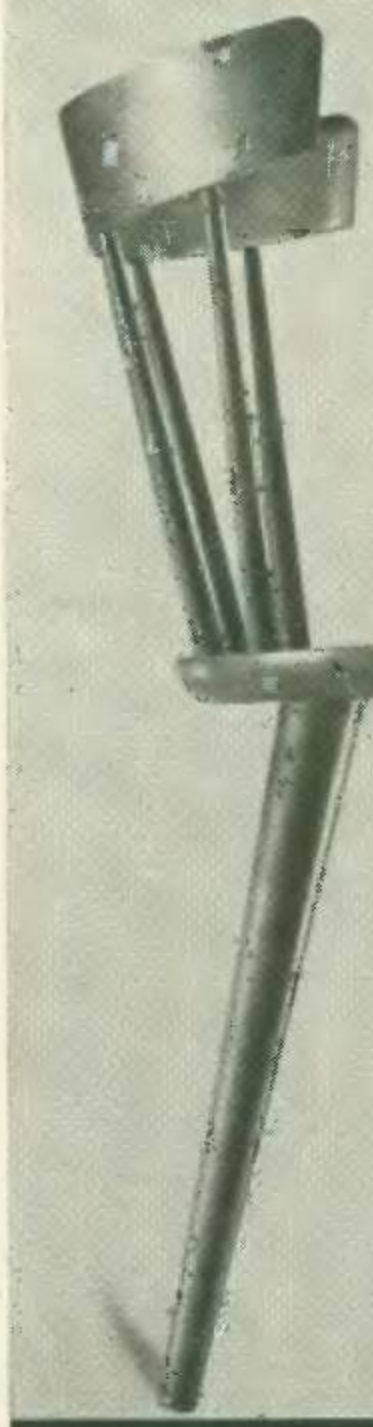
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Grand Opening



LAST Saturday, with the temperature at Hialeah in the fifties and a spanking breeze making waves on the lake in the infield and blowing the flamingos' feathers the wrong way, this stay-at-home was delighted to sit by the fire and watch the Hibiscus Stakes—won by Alhambra—on television. I had an excellent, uninterrupted view of the race from beginning to end, and Fred Capossela's description of it was first-class, as usual. I can't say as much for the rest of the broadcast. For one thing, you could see very little of the horses, even on the parade to the post (an almost interminable commercial came along just after it started), and for another, it was pretty boring to listen to the announcer trying to think up different ways of telling who the starters and their riders were. ("Hubcap, with Atkinson in the boot," he announced on one baffling occasion.) Moreover, it turned out not to be such a happy thought to put George Cassidy, the starter, on the air while he "urged the horses into their places," as the announcer told us. It was the quickest start I've seen in many a day, and not a very good one, inasmuch as the last horse was hardly in the gate before they were all off and running. Incidentally, Jimmer stumbled and unseated his rider in the scramble. Hubcap led until they reached the turn for home, and then Alhambra overhauled him so easily that I thought he'd go on and win by lengths. Well, he didn't; he won by only half a length. Perhaps he isn't as good as he was in Chicago last summer.

All this fault-finding aside, Hialeah put on a bang-up show that afternoon. In other races, Kentucky Pride, who is one of Calumet's candidates for the Flamingo Stakes later in the meeting, won by eight lengths, eased up, in time that was only a fifth of a second slower than Alhambra's; Beautillion beat eleven of the better fillies and mares, among them Amoret, Bayou, and Nile Lily; and in the last event Passyunk brought off a 30–1 chance by a neck from Rafty. (Mahan, who won this year's Washington, D.C., International, at Laurel, was third.) Betting was high, wide, and

handsome all day. They say that buying mutuel tickets keeps you warm.

I'VE never counted how many Inaugural Handicaps there are every year, but I can report that there's one less this season, because Hialeah changed the name of its opening-day fixture—run last Friday—to the Royal Poinciana Handicap. The tradition that the favorite hardly ever wins the opener remained undamaged, though, for the Brookmeade Farm's Encore, a better than 8–1 shot, outlasted Calumet's Kentucky Derby winner Iron Liege in a driving finish. Among the eleven also-rans were Barbizon, who was top man of the three-year-olds this time last year, and the Florida-bred King Hairan. They finished last and next to last, respectively. The only favorite to win all day was Calumet's Tom Fool colt Tim Tam, who—if anyone cares what I think—is better than Kentucky Pride. Of course, there was the usual opening-day hoopla, including a parade, between races, of the leading horses stabled at the course—Bold Ruler, Gallant Man, Idun, Jewel's Reward, Nadir, Bayou, Pucker Up, and Bardstown, all of them done up in ribbons and groomed to the nines. By the way, Hialeah has a new rule: When a horse is accompanied to the post by a lead pony, the pony mustn't cut off the crowd's view as the racer jogs past the stand. A good rule, if it works. I hope it's adopted here.

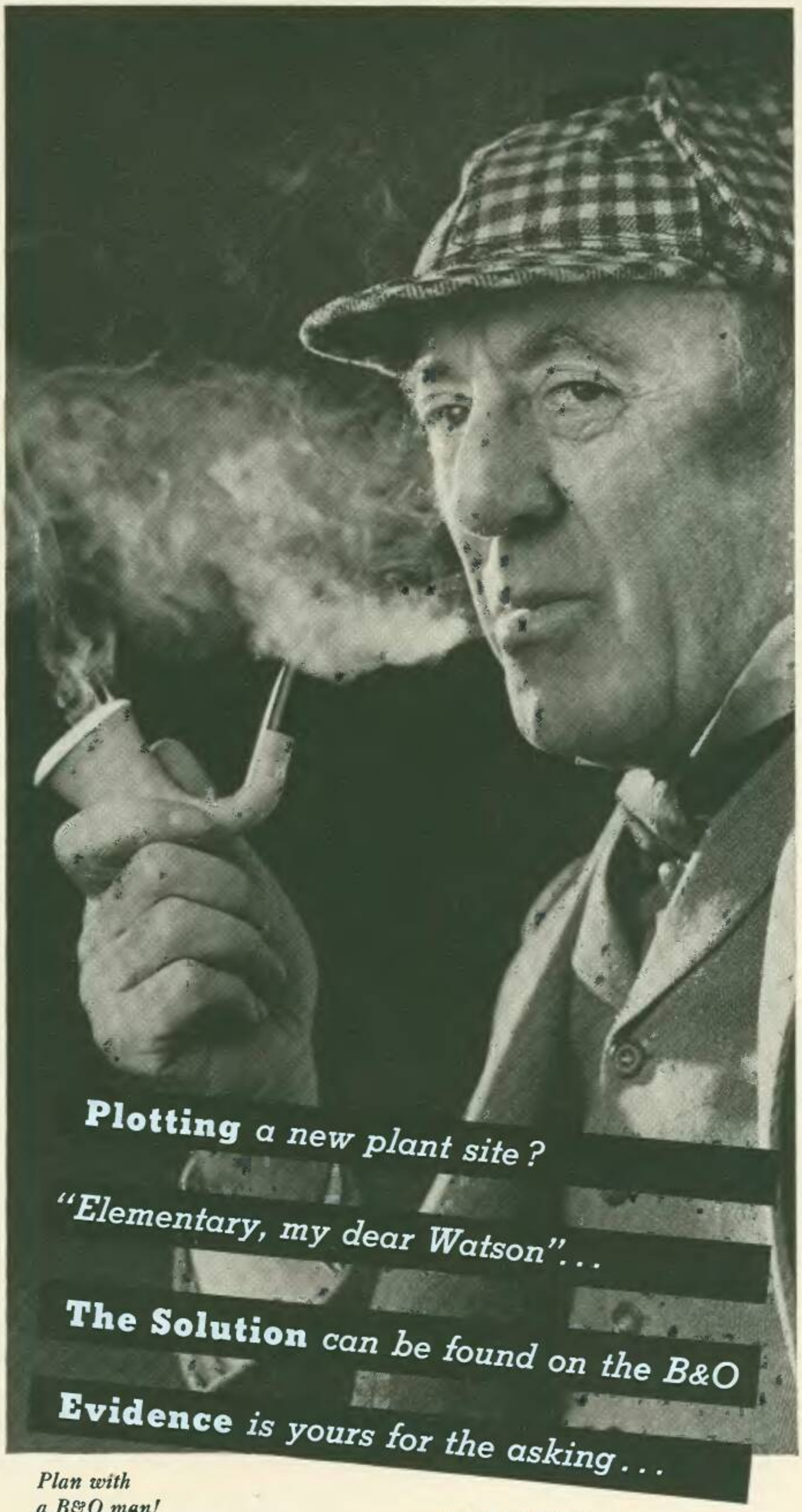
ALMOST everyone expected Terrang to win the Santa Catalina Handicap at Santa Anita last weekend, and he did, but he had an unexpectedly hard time beating Like Magic (he's a full brother of Swaps) and Eddie Schmidt. . . . I don't suppose it will make much difference in the result, but Shoemaker won't be riding Round Table in the Maturity at Santa Anita this Saturday. He was set down for five days for failing to keep a straight course in a race out there last week.

STRICTLY for the railbirds: The Maryland Racing Commission has granted Bowie's request to open on February 8th, or four days earlier than was planned, as a hedge against bad weather's cancelling out that many days of the meeting. It won't be long now. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Mr. and Mrs. James Evoy, 521 S. Douglas Ave., have returned from a week's fighting trip in Wisconsin.—*Springfield (Ill.) State Register.*

Punchy but happy?



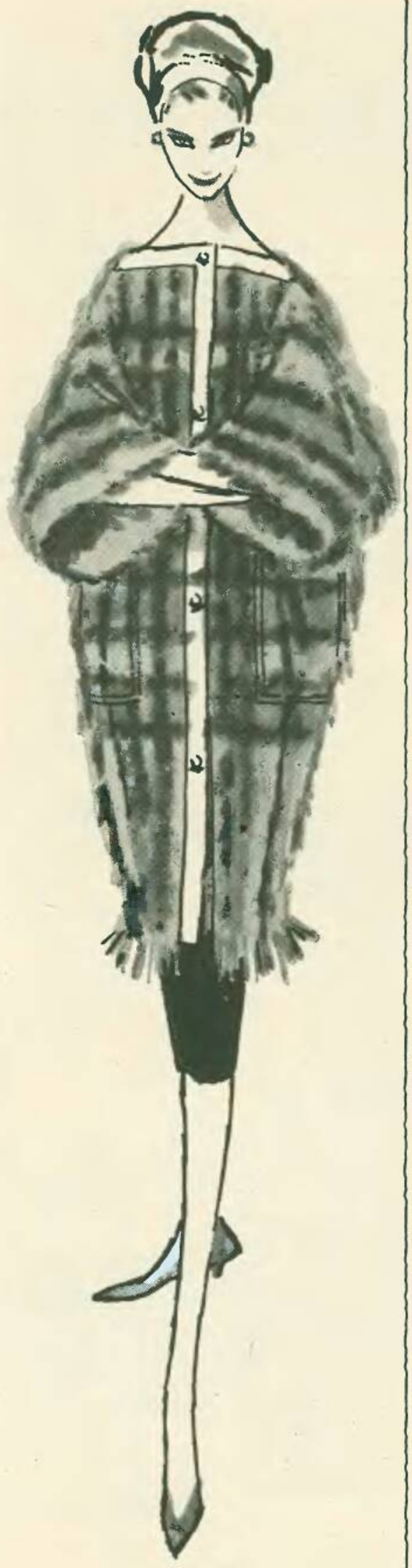
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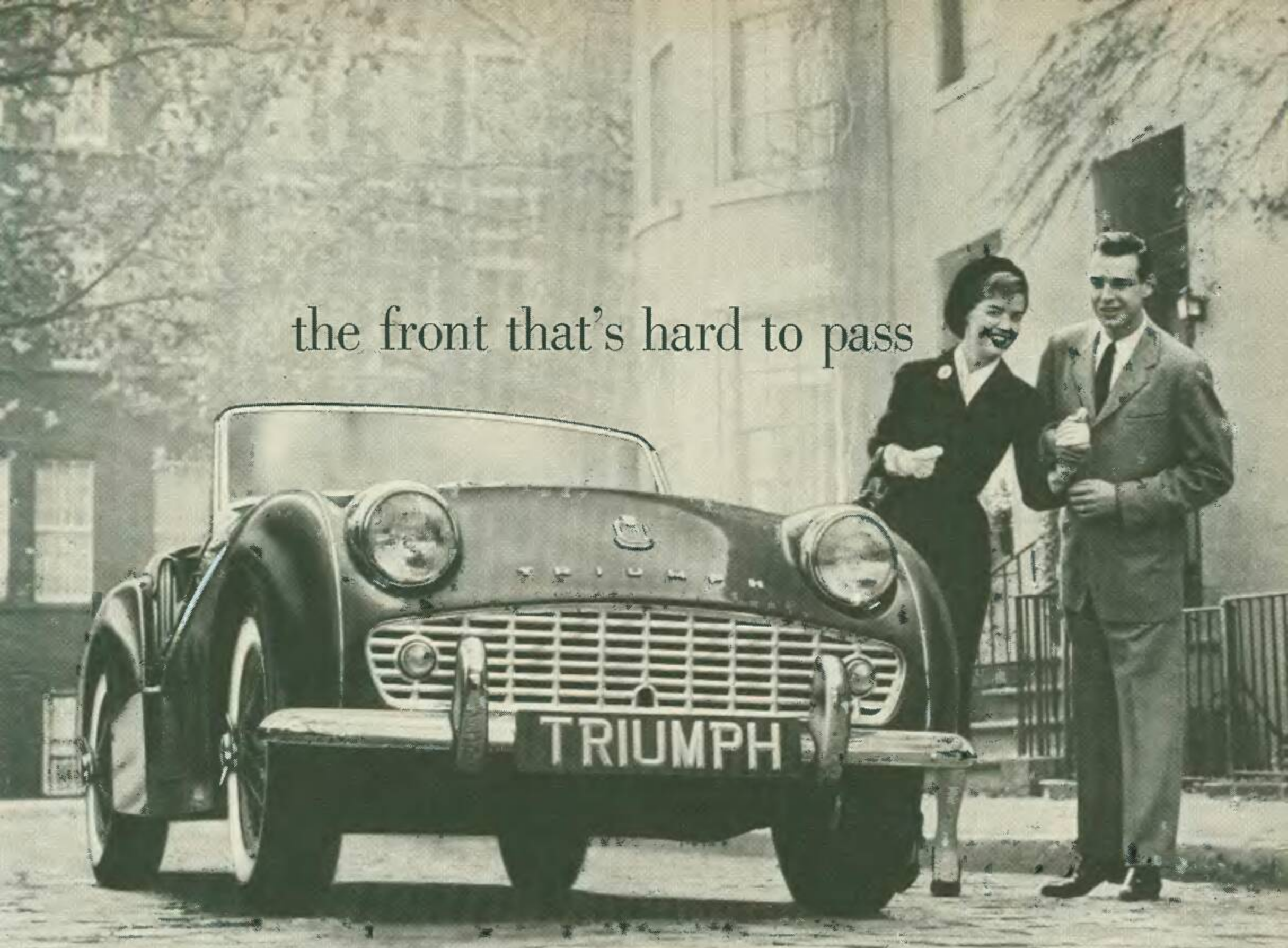
The Hybrid West (Continued)

TOWARD the end of last week's episode of an adult Western called "The Restless Gun" (Channel 4, Mondays, 8-8:30 P.M.), John Payne, who plays Bonner, the restless Gun of the title, was moved to speculate aloud on the moral and psychological implications of a murder that had taken place earlier in the program. The crime had been committed by a disturbed young assassin named Art. Since a Gun, under adult-Western rules, is not only a quick man on the draw but also a psychiatrist, a family-relations consultant, and a motivation-research expert, it was clear to Mr. Payne that Art had suffered from, among other things, a persecution complex and a father fixation. "Who was to blame?" the Gun mused as he rode off, tall in the saddle, into the sunset. "His mother? . . . Clyde? . . . Nadine? . . . Old Man ——? [I failed to catch the last name of this suspect.] Maybe they were all to blame. It's hard to tell what makes a man a killer." Thoughts like these are not unusual in any kind of televised fiction today, from soap opera to detective stories, but I find them disconcerting and sinister when they turn up—as they now do regularly—in Westerns. I think they illustrate the corrupting, and the potentially fatal, influence of the adult Western on the brave old Western-story form. By rights and by tradition, young Art, having shot a kinsman in the back, should have been hanged and fed to the coyotes, unmourned and undiagnosed. That's how things would have gone with him in an old-fashioned juvenile Western. Mr. Payne, who is a veteran of old-fashioned Westerns, should know this. But I regret to say that although he has brought his acting technique—hewn out of the living limestone—intact from the old form into the new, he appears to accept with perfect complacency the mongrel atmosphere of the adult Western, which includes overtones not only of Freud but of Hammett, Dr. Christian, Emily Post, O. Henry, "Tobacco Road," and "Compulsion." All the Guns, for that matter, and all the United States marshals and philosophical wagon drivers who ramble through these programs righting wrongs but doing wrong to basic principles seem happy and unremorseful in their state of decadent broadmindedness. And there's no doubt that for the time being they are getting away with it. The cycle's success has been formidable. It has led, I think, to a degree of late-Roman Empire overconfidence among the people who make adult Westerns.



"I have never seen a bad Western," a producer of one of the new ones, Arthur Silver, was quoted as saying recently. It was the special strength and rightness of the original formula, with its simple fantasy, its swift translation of thought into action, its fluid, interchangeable settings, and its clear rules of behavior, that made this statement possible. Some parts of the original formula have survived in adult Westerns, with the usual results: at least three or four of these shows are more consistently entertaining than any other regular story programs on the air. But to preserve its natural advantage over other kinds of adventure story a Western needs to be strong at the point where, I believe, today's writers have been undermining it; that is, in the distinctions it makes not merely between one faction and another but between the motives of the factions. In the traditional Western, it's impossible for two hostile parties to share one motive. It's also impossible for a motive to be mixed. In the course of time, good motives and bad motives became so well defined that they could be signalled in a phrase or a gesture. In other words, the Western achieved what might be called ready-made, or built-in, distinctions. It was an almost unique achievement, and its results have been surefire as entertainment.

At its primitive best, the Western is superior to the private-eye story, the foreign-intrigue, or espionage, story, the police story, and the outlaw story; at any rate, its appeal is wider and more certain. In the operations of private eyes, the line between right and wrong is apt to be blurred. Dupin stole a document for reasons of personal political interest. Holmes took dope, and fixed the odds in a horse race. Since Hammett and his imitators got hold of him, the fictional shamus has been capable of almost any



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crime. Ethics are equally fuzzy in stories of espionage, and this kind of fiction has the further weakness that the conflict is between like and like; the distinctions are arbitrary, patriotic, and regional. (The same drawback applies to Civil War themes as mass entertainment.) In police stories, the issue between good and evil is ordinarily a little plainer and more regular than it is in some of the other types. The great advantage of Westerns over stories like those in "Dragnet," it seems to me, is in the free, romantic, uninhibited, and to some extent mythical nature of the Western plot. By comparison, the police story is realistic, drab, and prosy; it needs, but you seldom find in it, the grotesque imagination of the author of the "Dick Tracy" comic strip. (It doesn't help that the cops in "Dragnet" hum their lines like bees.) Besides, to come back to the question of distinctions, even the police story is more equivocal nowadays than it used to be; punishment may be sure but guilt is not always clear-cut; you are sometimes allowed to see how there may be something to be said on both sides of a case. As for the outlaw story, it's a tour de force with a long and pleasant history, but still a blatant tour de force. You are asked to assume that Robin Hood and his men, for instance, are totally good—or, anyway, totally deserving—and that the Sheriff of Nottingham is totally bad. This, of course, is untrue more or less by definition, and over the centuries the writers of Robin Hood stories, though they have fought boldly to sustain their tricky position, have kept getting entangled in its inconsistencies. In an episode of "Robin Hood" that I saw on Channel 2 last year, the conflict was between evil big business, in the form of a robber baron, and honest small business, in the form of a miller. On the miller's side were not only Robin and his men, splitting legal hairs, as usual, but the Sheriff, enforcing the square-deal statutes of his time. In short, the switch made a Western out of the story, and a United States marshal out of the Sheriff. He looked pleased and natural in the part, too, but obviously the weight of years of tradition and confusion was against him. It's too late for him to be pulling that kind of stuff as a regular thing.

It would be wrong to say that outlaw programs, private-eye programs, and foreign-agent programs don't appeal very strongly to certain special tastes in the audience. But that, essentially, is what they are, and all they are—specialties. In them, the fundamental rules of life and justice are twisted about to



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create special atmospheres and to make special points, which are bound to meet resistance from many elements of the viewing public, and particularly from the straightforward and the pure in heart. These shows lack the quality of general conviction. It is that quality that Mr. Silver had in mind, I suspect, when he said he had never seen a bad Western. It is that quality that Westerns currently seem to be in danger of losing. Now that I think of it, all the corner-cutting heroes I've just mentioned, from Dupin to Robin Hood, have something in common that the good men of the old-style Westerns have been free of—a specific and urgent profit motive. A marshal or a sheriff might, simply by the way, be earning his salary, or a rancher might be protecting his stock, but his overriding purpose would be to put down evil. This season, virtue has been defended on a strictly professional basis in several Westerns. Furthermore, the question of whether the hero will make his score financially, and how, has become a staple of plot interest, or suspense, just as it is in outlaw stories, detective stories, and TV drama in general. The adult Gun is full of sophisticated itches and impulses, imported from the outside world. Paladin, the hero of "Have Gun, Will Travel," charges a fee of a thousand dollars a case (in pre-1890 dollars). He needs to, to support his off-duty tastes in women, brandy, and Havana cigars. The fee is subject to adjustment, I admit. One week recently, he accepted two hundred dollars from an Army officer who retained him, on a false pretext, to make a trip with him into Indian territory. What the officer really wanted, it turned out, was help in stealing gold from a lode owned by Indians. The trip cost the client his life. Paladin was allowed to leave the territory unharmed, because, as the Indian chief told him, "You talk straight." If the chief had been a Western fan, and had heard Paladin's talk a few minutes later, at the curtain, he might have been shocked and saddened by its straightness. "I think I'll visit that territory again sometime," the hero said hungrily, "when the Indians have been resettled."

For all their borrowed blemishes—even the title of "Have Gun, Will Travel" is derived, as you can see, from a modern show-business joke—many of the adult Westerns are markedly superior in craftsmanship and story interest to the run of televised fiction. This is especially true of half-hour Westerns, such as "Have Gun," "Gunsmoke,"



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and "The Restless Gun." The plotting in these programs is ingenious, the exposition is quick and neat. Narrative moves more slowly and loosely in hour-length Westerns, like "Wagon Train," "Cheyenne," and "Maverick;" these are more given, also, to self-consciously "Western" touches of language and photography. That doesn't mean that they are either more or less synthetic, in the main, than the short programs. "Maverick," for instance, which has given Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen strong competition on Sunday nights, has a floridly bogus air about it, and a hero who struts and postures like a musical-comedy juvenile. In "Wagon Train," the leading character, known simply as the wagon master, is a quiet, ruggedly ingratiating fellow with the standard new-Western faculty for tolerance and universal understanding. A few weeks ago, he encountered the case of a young confidence man who had sold a piece of worthless property to a family of innocent travellers. "That land!" somebody said of the property, in the colorful speech that distinguishes the hour-length Western today. "Why, a skunk wouldn't walk his bride across the sunny side of it!" But the wagon master perceived that the swindler was a decent chap, apart from a quirk of temperament that compelled him to steal money. The deal was straightened out in a way that satisfied both parties, and in language rich with the poetry of the rolling plains and the big sky. It's only a matter of time, I should say, before there is a Western called "Gunrise" and one called "Gunset."

Soon after that, the Western will lose its old identity entirely—just as the space story of the days of Jules Verne and Conan Doyle is becoming lost today in the nonsense of adult space.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

Miss Groark has been honored at several pre-nuptial parties. Mrs. Raymond D. Gillmor Jr., entertained at a miscellaneous bridal shower and tea at her home in Bethany. Miss Edythe Ricciuti entertained at a miscellaneous bridal shower and luncheon at the Waverly Inn, Cheshire. Mrs. Frederick Cusano and Mrs. John Flaherty entertained at a miscellaneous bridal shower in the former's home in East Haven. Mrs. Thomas King and Mrs. Arthur Wallack entertained at a miscellaneous bridal shower at a miscellaneous tea room of Waverly Inn, Cheshire.

—*New Haven Register.*

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 15



THE Government and the country have had a shock, but the pound has had less of a shock than was at first feared. Indeed, since the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, marched out of office a week ago, taking his two junior Treasury Ministers with him, and thus presented the Prime Minister, on the very eve of his departure for New Delhi, with the prickliest bon-voyage bouquet on record, the surprising strength of sterling has been the best and least equivocal thing in sight. Otherwise, the air has been thick with rumors, heated arguments, and gloom—the last among the many Conservatives who feel that their chances of getting back after the next general election have not been improved, to say the least, by the resignations. Chancellors of the Exchequer do not resign easily or often from their great office, and the official version of why Mr. Thorneycroft chose to quit the top of the tree at the age of forty-eight is regarded as rather too simple for belief by most thoughtful citizens. For one thing, the story seems to be short of several chapters. In brief synopsis, it is that he suddenly dug his toes in on a matter of principle, which (the Government has since been implying) was such a small one as to be scarcely worth mentioning or sticking up for. The mere fifty million pounds increase in government welfare expenditures that Mr. Thorneycroft is said to have flatly refused to allow in next year's budget estimates—holding that any rise would fatally undo the severe economic policy that he brought in with the raising of the bank rate last September—was made by Tory editorial writers to sound hardly more than a laundry bill. Numbers of mystified Britons wondered why, in that case, the puny disputed sum could not have been made up from thin slices in other parts of the budget estimates without risking damage to the welfare state—which the Labour Party promptly claimed that the former Chancellor had been planning to dismantle—and a harmful family bustup as well. Not all the newspapers (and certainly not all their readers, to judge

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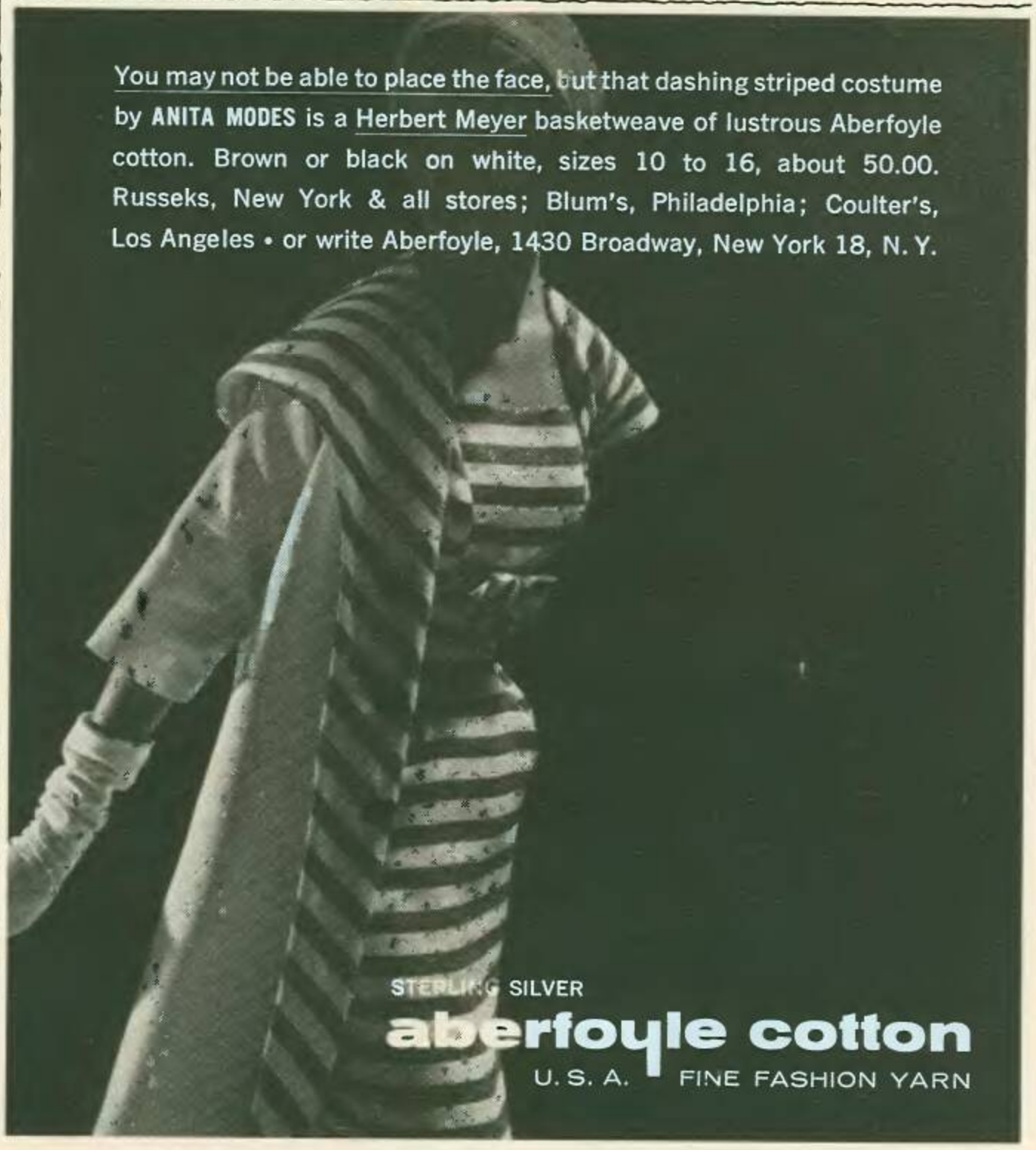
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by the talk now going around) felt that the rest of the Cabinet had been right. On the morning after the big news broke, the *Times*, one of the papers that came out strongly for Mr. Thorneycroft, published an editorial sternly entitled "Flinching," which began straight off, "So Mr. Macmillan has not, in the end, supported his courageous Chancellor of the Exchequer"—a swift somersault from the previous day's editorial, which had praised the Prime Minister for (as it had appeared twenty-four hours earlier) not flinching.

All the average puzzled citizen feels, it seems, is that there is quite certainly more than meets the eye in the formal phrases and badly muffled exasperation evident in the exchange of letters between Mr. Macmillan and his resigning Chancellor, which were made public, as usual in the circumstances, but were rather less usual in their tartness. The Government appeared to be somewhat confused, at that, about the best way of presenting the resignations to the country, and particularly to its own party. Lord Hailsham, the Party Chairman, in a worried message to Conservative constituencies, spoke of them as "grave news," but Mr. Macmillan, shortly before he took off for India, produced another of his famous bland phrases—too bland by half, many Britons feel—and referred to them as "little local difficulties," which was a whimsical way indeed of describing the walkout of his entire Treasury team three months before budget day. This is the technique he has used before to smooth things down and to imply that nothing much has happened when a great deal has, and it has undoubtedly paid off handsomely on other occasions. It is the quality that the journalists may have in mind when they write of Mr. Macmillan as being "Edwardian"—showing a sort of calm grand manner left over from an age without tranquillizers. With this admirable houseparty knack of turning a basilisk stare on awkward events and people while inflexibly leading the conversation toward other topics, he managed to steer his party through the painful post-Suez period and to live down, with hardly the flicker of an eyebrow in public, the resignation of Lord Salisbury from the Government on the issue of Cyprus. It is now being hopefully said by anxious Tories that he will live down the resignation of Mr. Thorneycroft in the same sweeping way, and this may well be so. But the issue this time is not Cyprus, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer,

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being closely identified with people's hopes, dissatisfactions, and pocketbooks, is not such an aloof figure in the public mind as was the former leader of the House of Lords. What is more, at the Conservative Party conference at Brighton last October the rank and file demanded loudly that the Government show a large red light to inflation and future wage claims, and it may now be difficult to convince them of Mr. Thorneycroft's wrongheadedness in resigning because of his determination to cut expenditures that the majority of his Cabinet colleagues, in their fear of the trade unions, jibbed at cutting. It is felt by many worried people that the unions have been handed a fine, ready-made rod to keep in pickle for the Government until the next disputes come up. The Opposition is also delicately placed for arguing, since it cannot very well criticize the Prime Minister for being resolved to protect the social services, even at the loss of a Chancellor. Mr. Gaitskell, the Opposition leader, has said that the episode shows that the Conservatives are crumbling apart and should go, and that Labour intends to cudgel them to that effect when Parliament meets again, on January 21st. From all the signs, Mr. Thorneycroft will not receive much support in public from his party in the House of Commons, whatever it may say in private.

Though the row broke suddenly on the startled country, it seems to have been far from sudden in actual fact. According to some well-informed comment here, Mr. Thorneycroft's alarmed colleagues may have begun to realize soon after the sharp September bank-rate restrictions that a man with a mission—that mission being to keep the pound on its legs at all costs, including certain political unpopularity—was an uncomfortable associate to have about the place. People are now recalling even earlier occasions when the former Chancellor made grave statements warning the country of trials ahead—statements that were immediately toned down by far rosier speeches from other Ministers. In August, for instance, Mr. Thorneycroft told the trade unions plainly that "it would be better to disagree than to drift," which bit of serious speaking was followed by the Prime Minister's cheery remarks to the effect that the British people—who by then may have felt justifiably fogged as to whether they were in a tight monetary crisis or in Utopia—had "never had it so good." Now that Mr. Thorneycroft has finally disagreed with his Cabinet colleagues and de-

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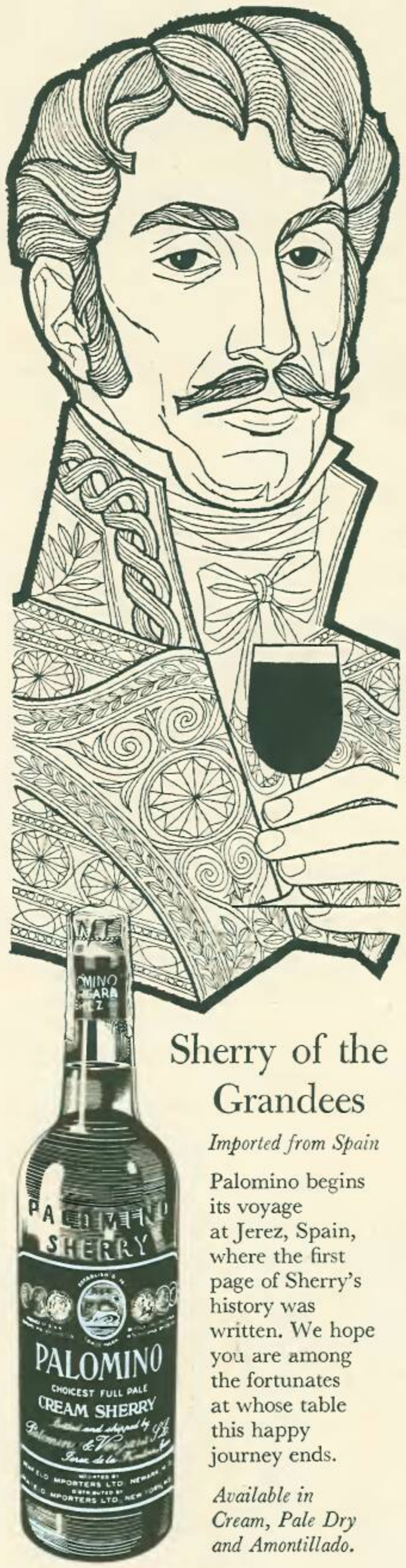
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parted, he may well, it is thought, live up to the first syllable of his name as a back-bench critic if things should indeed drift. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Derick Heathcoat-Amory, is not thought likely to depart from the broad outlines of his predecessor's policy, however. He will obviously be scrutinized so sharply, both here and abroad, for any signs of weakness in the defense of the pound that he may even, as some people nervously think, lean over backward on the side of being tough. One thing certain is that he is in no easy spot right now. Though the majority of ordinary Britons know next to nothing about him—his personality not being one that seeks the limelight—those who do know him admire and respect him enormously. Since Mr. Thorneycroft has consistently shown himself an enthusiastic pro-Europe man, many people with the same ideas hope that the new Chancellor, formerly the Minister of Agriculture, will follow on with that policy, even at the risk of displeasing his old friends in the farming community, who view the prospect of Britain's taking part in any European free-trade setup with something less than pleasure.

THE Royal Academy has just opened its customary winter exhibition, which will be on view until March 9th, and a particularly sumptuous one it is. This year, it is a huge collection of seventeenth-century French art called "The Age of Louis XIV," for which more than seventy provincial museums, great and small, in France, as well as the Archives Nationales, the Mobilier National, the Louvre, and numbers of churches and state châteaux, have generously deprived themselves of their treasures for the next two months. To judge by the amount of French one hears spoken in the crowded rooms at Burlington House, visitors from across the Channel are flocking to see the things, which they probably never visited at home. The show is so rich and exhausting that the seats in the center of each gallery are crammed with people resting their feet before tramping on through another half mile or so of vast male periwigs, rosy female bosoms, classic landscapes, plans of Versailles, books from the King's library, and fine church silver. Like a good host welcoming them to the feast, an enormous Antoine Coysevox bust of Louis XIV—curled, sensual, and handsome—from the Musée de Dijon stands in the central hall, surrounded by four of the superb tapestries known as the "Histoire du Roi," from



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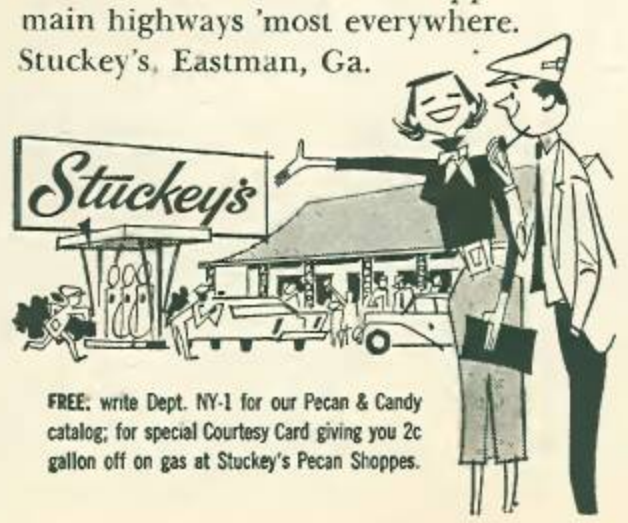
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the Mobilier National. The biggest gallery is a splendid sight, hung with the famous series of tapestries from the Château de Châteaudun, which feature amorous scenes among the gods, dominated by a victorious Jupiter tactfully reminiscent of Le Roi Soleil. The most exciting things in the exhibition, though, are nine austere canvases by the painter Georges de La Tour, whose work is unknown to most Londoners and rare at the best of times. (There are only about fourteen known genuine La Tours in existence.) His figures—of the child Christ in the carpenter's shop, of an old man in prison, of a woman in her nightdress killing a flea—are calm, flat, and stripped of all decoration, their flesh pale as silver, their strongest color a metallic flame, and most of them lit by a tiny, flickering beam of candlelight, which seems to be a La Tour trademark. In the middle of all the vulgarities and absurdities, as well as the grandeurs and glories, of Le Roi Soleil, they look like strangers from another world, and they attract the largest crowds at the exhibition. All in all, the show is a fine, warming antidote to a raw London day, and to regrettably less warm recent Anglo-French relations into the bargain.

THERE is still much talk and much hope here of fresh negotiations with the Russians, and much discussion, not over-optimistic, of the flood of New Year letters now winging their way between Washington, Moscow, Paris, and London. Maybe it is a healthy sign that people seem certain that negotiations on the old plan, without results, would be a final disaster. It has made a big impression, incidentally, that Sir Hugh Foot, the new Governor of Cyprus, has reduced murderous tensions on that island quite unbelievably (though he still, of course, has its problems to settle) by the simple process of throwing all the old ideas away, of walking around Nicosia instead of riding in an armor-plated car, of listening to what people say in their homes and in cafés, and of taking considerable personal risks and, apparently, being prepared to take some political ones, too. Many people wonder whether it is not an example that those who are trying to reduce larger tensions elsewhere might look at with some profit.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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TO STRESS LEARNING

—Headline in the Chicago Sun-Times.

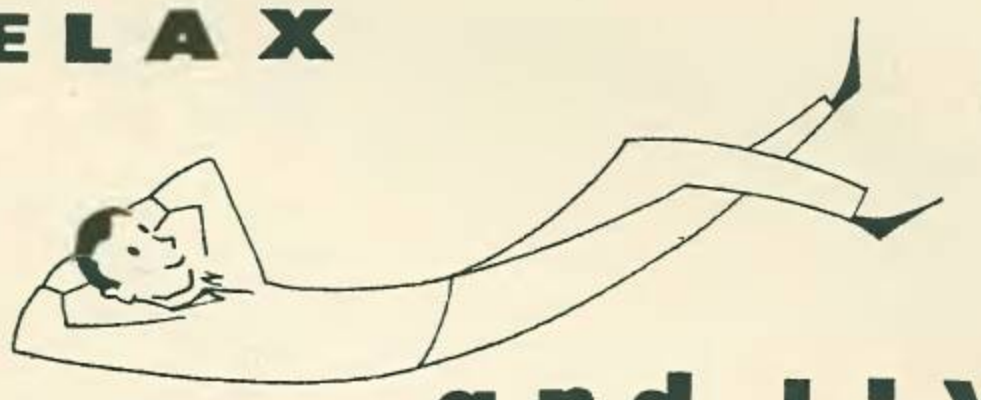
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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK CITY,
JANUARY 14, 1958

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

LIKE John Sack, the author of "Lucky, Lucky Me," in your December 28th issue, and all his sisters, cousins, aunts, friends, and enemies, and the many people whose names he came across in reference books (except for Mr. Maxwell Abbell and U Nu), I, too, by the Arthur Murray School of Dancing criterion, was born under a lucky star. (According to an advertisement run by Mr. Murray, if you could match any two letters of your name with any two letters of your zodiacal sign, you were born lucky, and, if you wrote in, were entitled to some free dance lessons.) Well, I didn't write in, although I was born on August 17th, under the auspices of Leo, all *three* letters of which pop up in my name, but I did recall the events of a few months ago when, to the best of my memory, I was first lucky enough to win anything by chance.

One evening last October, as I was getting a quick meal together in my apartment, the telephone rang, and when I answered it, a woman with a soft, beguiling voice told me that she was calling from the Fred Astaire Dance Studios and that if I could answer a very simple question, Fred Astaire had a prize for me. Startled and pleased, I asked her to put the question, and she said, "What dance was Rudolph Valentino famous for?" Not having been around for the Valentino era and never having been much of a movie expert, I felt that the answer could be anything from the hopak to the minuet, and I guessed the waltz.

"I'm so sorry," she said, and she did sound truly sorry. "I'm afraid it was the tango, but Fred Astaire has a consolation prize for you—three free lessons at your convenience. When would you like to come?"

We arranged for me to come during my lunch hour, and I hung up, delighted at the turn my luck had taken. The lessons went well.

I still had one lesson to go at Fred Astaire when, one evening, I happened to be having dinner with two bachelor friends in their apartment. We had just sat down at the table when the phone rang, and one of the young men went into the living room to answer it. He came back to the table a few minutes

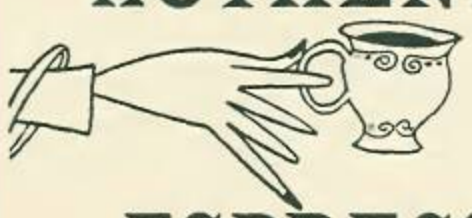
"My name is Bodil Jorgensen, I am a Dane. I have been in the United States for two years as a receptionist in a Danish office. I have seen all of George Tanier's selections of Danish furniture and lighting and I would certainly say that they represent the loveliest things being made in Denmark today. I like this chair designed by Arne Vodder best of all."

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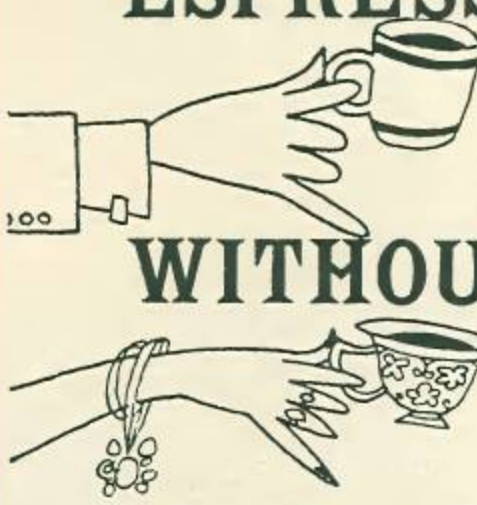
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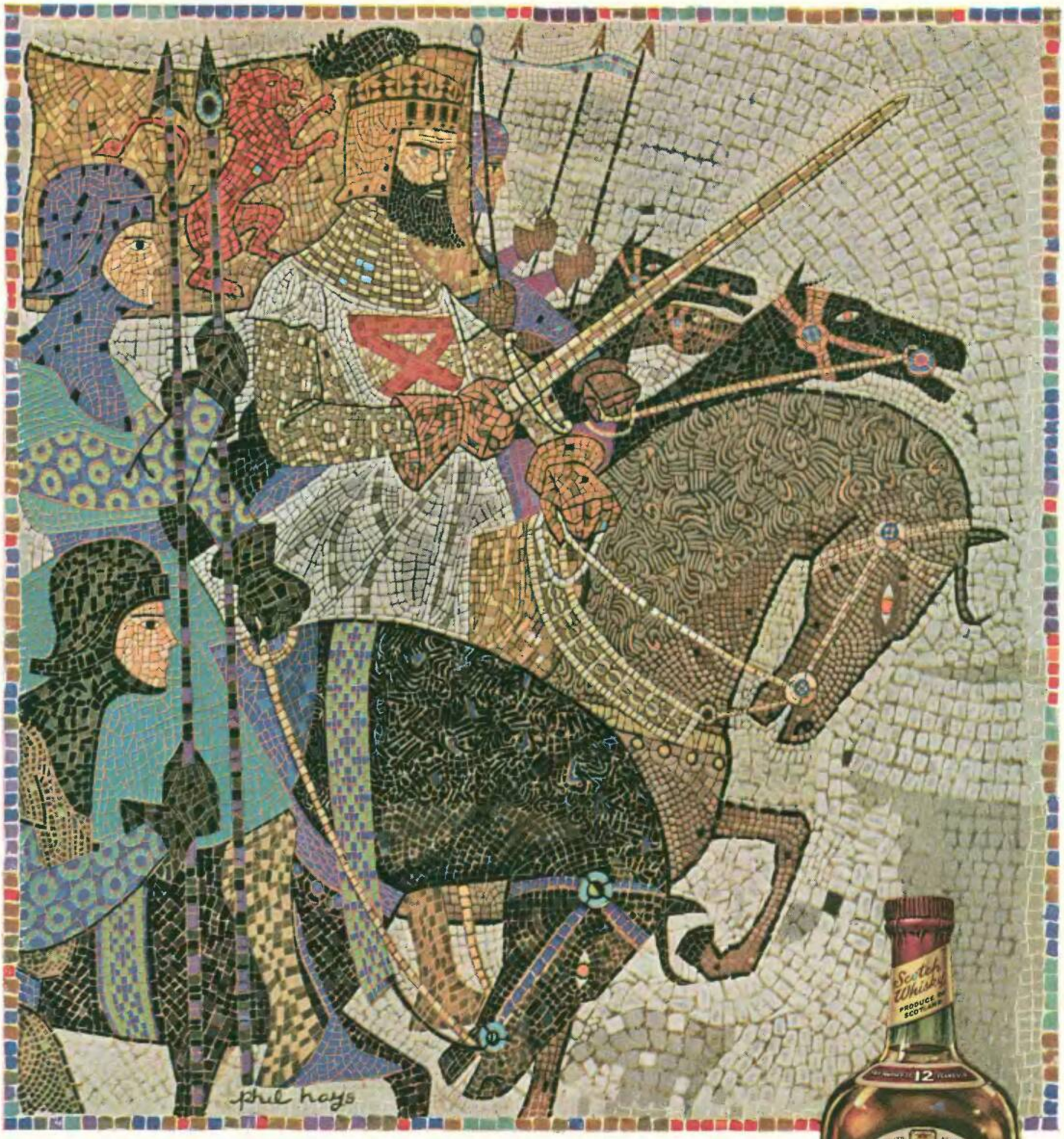
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later, laughing. He explained that the caller had been the Arthur Murray Telequiz and that by answering "Grant and Washington" to the question "Can you name two generals who became Presidents of the United States?" he had won thirty-five dollars' worth of dance lessons at Arthur Murray. No sooner had he told us this than the phone rang again, and the second host got up to answer. He was back quickly. Grinning, he said that it was the Arthur Murray Telequiz again and that after he had answered the same question with the same answer, he had been asked if there was anyone else there who might be interested in some free dance lessons at Arthur Murray, and had given my name. When I went to the phone, a gentleman with a mellifluous voice said that since my two friends had answered the prerequisite question correctly, could I do so without his having to repeat it? I told him I could—Grant and Washington—and then with difficulty managed to get him to delay my first appointment until two weeks later, because I didn't want it to interfere with my schedule at Astaire.

Again the lessons went well. A week or so after I had finished the Arthur Murray free course, the Telequiz called my apartment with the identical question about generals and Presidents. After I had answered Grant and Washington once more (by this time I had also thought of Jackson and Eisenhower, but felt obligated not to drag in new names), I confessed that I had been at a lucky phone another time, and had already taken my quota of three lessons at the Forty-third Street studio. The interrogator, a sweet-voiced woman, thanked me for being so honest; she then graciously told me I could give my lessons to a friend who didn't have a lucky phone, and had me write down a



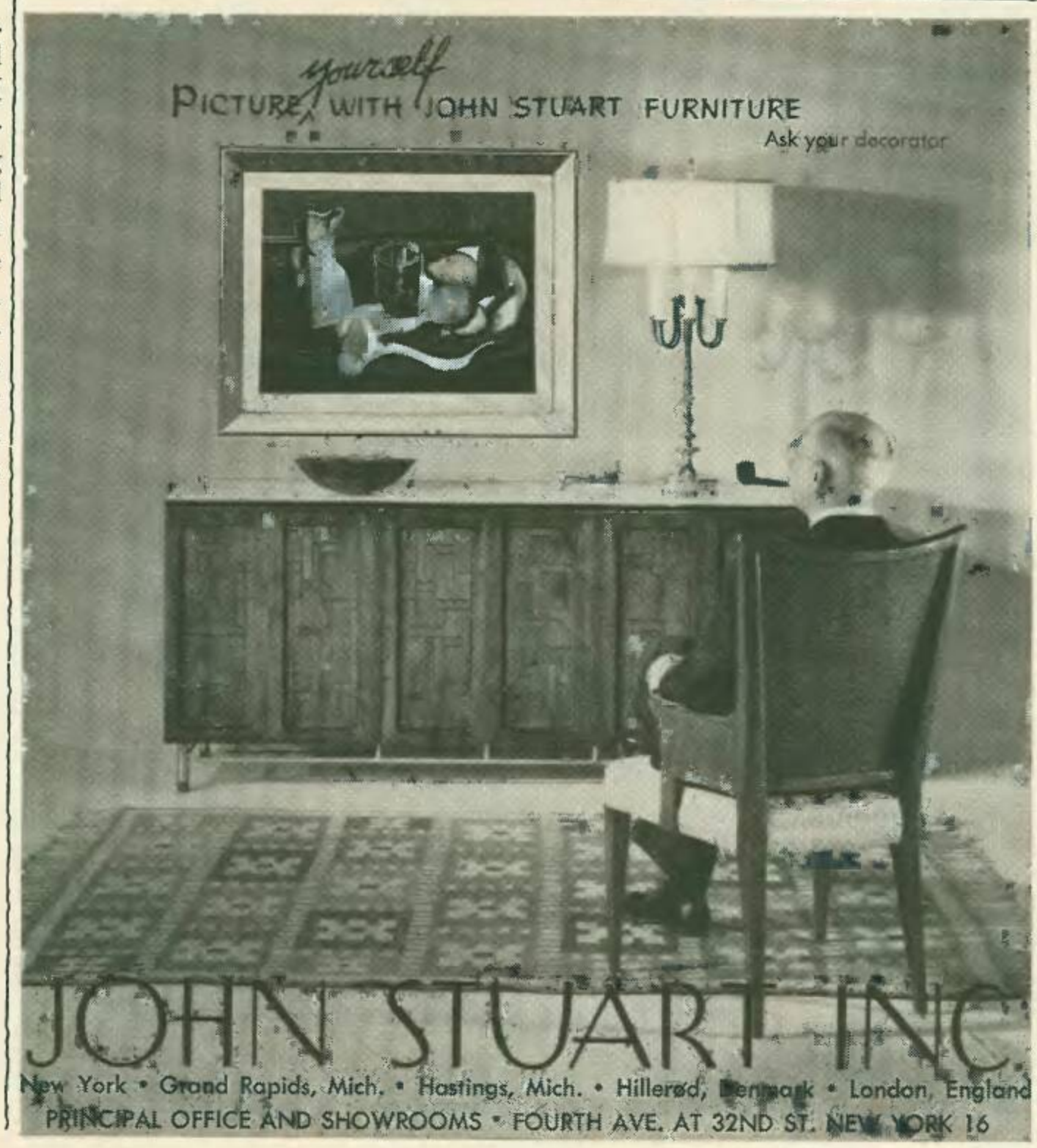


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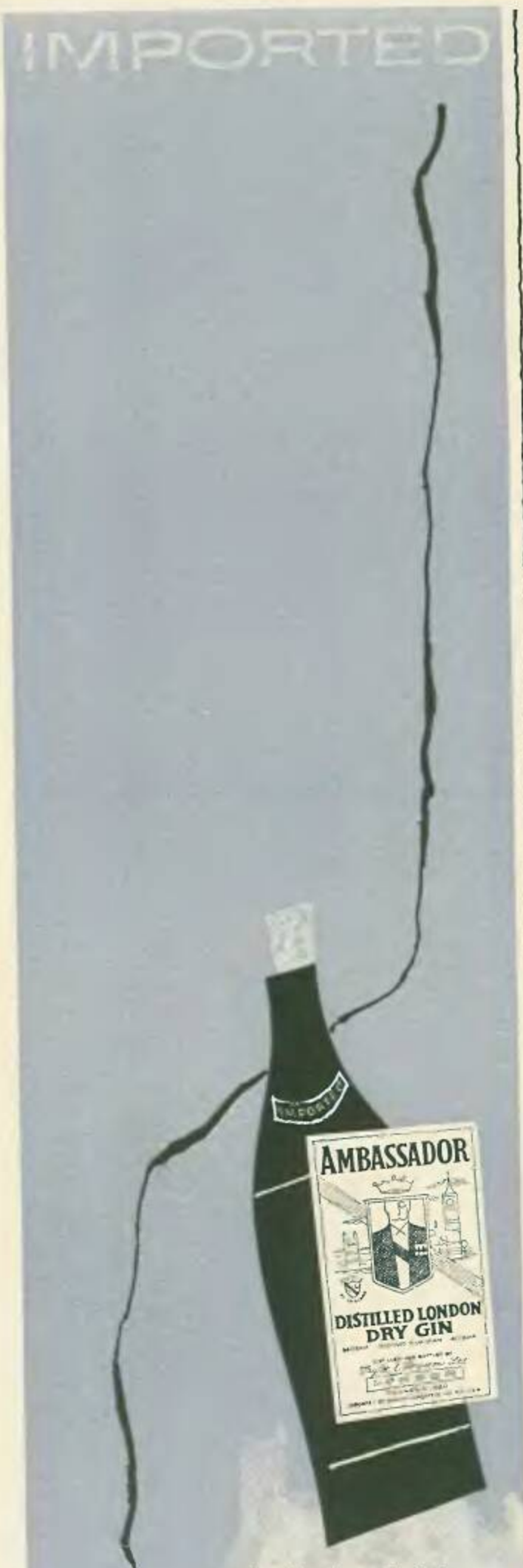
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private number that the friend could call for an appointment. (I never gave these lessons away, though, for my roommate, to whom I might have offered them, had already taken *her* free lessons some time before.)

Only yesterday, as I was foraging in a cluttered drawer for some matches, I came across an empty pack whose cover read, "3 FREE dance lessons worth $10.00, Dale Dance Studios, close cover before striking." Inside the flap were instructions: "Mail this coupon at once and receive a Special Certificate good for 3 free dance lessons at the beautiful air-conditioned DALE DANCE STUDIOS. . . ."

Reluctantly, I threw the match cover into the wastebasket. I decided that six enjoyable lunch hours are about the maximum one person deserves gratis from the terpsichorean world.

Sincerely,
SHEILA ATKINSON

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FRATERNAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel*]

Installation of Dagupon Swamp No. 8 and Lair of St. Cloud and Samar Swamp and Lair No. 9, Orlando, was held in the American Legion Hall. recently.

The following officers were installed by grand gu gu, Thomas Robbins:

Gu gu grandississimo. Lair 8, Louis Benkert, Kissimmee; datto, William Ashing, Kissimmee; thrice and lord high keeper, Harry Neely, St. Cloud.

Samar Lair 9—gu gu grandississimo, Jesse Chapin, Orlando; datto, Charles Barrows, Orlando; thrice and lord high keeper, Hicks Winters, Orlando.

The swamps were installed by grand gila monster, Mary Arting, St. Petersburg, as follows:

Swamp 8, St. Cloud, gila monster, Gatsie Darling, Kissimmee; gecko. Mary Weddle, Kissimmee; iguana, Lora Stout, Kissimmee; caltepon, Eva Buck, St. Cloud; dragon, Anne Seeman, St. Cloud.

Also, salamander, Eva Oleckouskie, St. Cloud; assistant dragon, Grace Murphy, Kissimmee; assistant salamander, Evelyn Haen, Kissimmee; chameleon, Lillie Dickinson, St. Cloud; horned toad, Rae Dickinson, St. Cloud.

•

10. *Beware of Fire!*

The flame in a kerosene heater has a tendency to become steadily higher, and unless care is taken to turn the stove down low before retiring, there is a chance that the increased heat will ignite drapes or other inflammable materials close to the stove. One instance of this has been reported already this year. Considering the scarcity of housing and difficulty of replacing personnel, please take proper precautions.—*Bulletin of the American Embassy, Seoul, Korea.*

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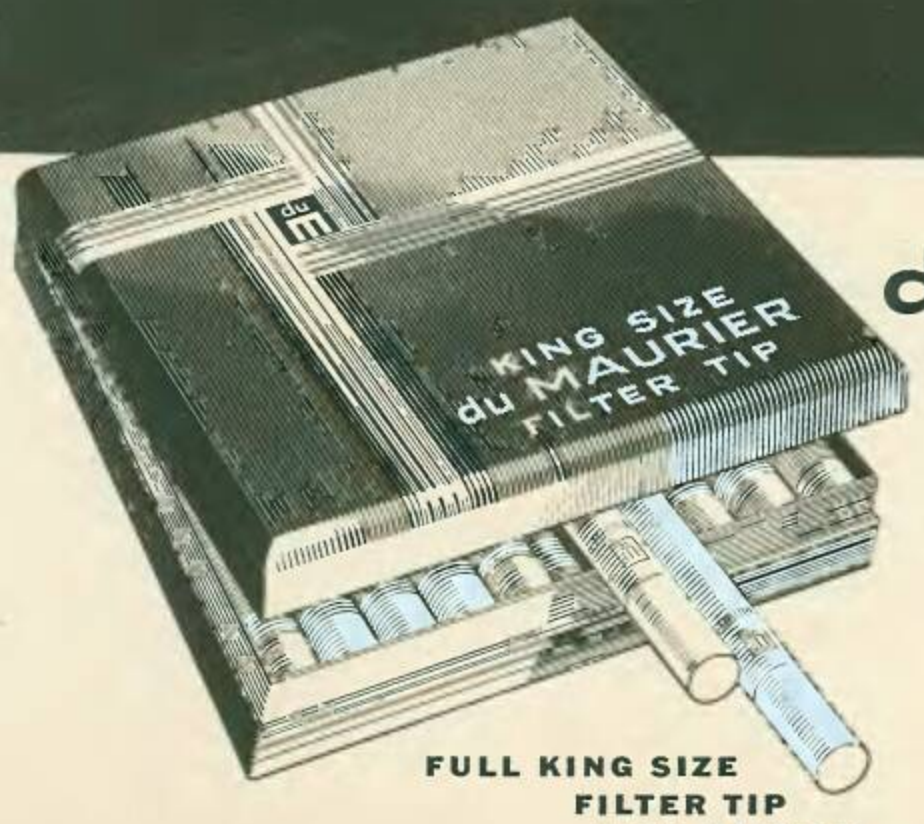
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

SOMETHING—it may have to do with New Year's resolutions—appears to have recently inspired a number of people to take pen in hand and inquire of this department (until then almost totally uninformed on the subject) about how to get their fur rugs repaired. In view of the present vogue for ultramodern floor coverings, perhaps it isn't surprising that so many people should own fur rugs, but it is certainly odd that their rugs all seem to be wearing out at exactly this moment, and it's also odd that places where they can be repaired should be far from easy to locate. Indeed, the shops where such rugs are sold, and where one might reasonably expect helpful suggestions on their upkeep, can offer no more useful advice than that the ailing rugs be turned over to a decorator. Having a certain resistance to this indirect approach to rug repair, and bearing in mind that any fur rug was, after all, an animal before it was a rug, I appealed to the Museum of Natural History for assistance with the problem, and the Museum people, obliging and resourceful, as always, directed me to Schoepfer's Taxidermy Studio, 15 North Franklin Street, Hempstead, Long Island, an outfit to which neither dressing a bearskin to lay on the floor nor fixing one up to put in a museum presents the slightest difficulty.



Since it was primarily an interest in repair work, rather than in taxidermy per se, that took me to Hempstead, my visit could hardly have been better timed, for a client had just sent in a five-foot bearskin that, even to my inexpert eye, was clearly in perfectly terrible shape, and there it was, spread out on the studio floor, so that the Schoepfer experts could see what had to be done and give the owner an estimate of the cost. I was told that the rug had been stored away in an attic for a good many years, and that treatment like that is invariably more damaging than almost any amount of hard wear. Not only were claws, eyes, and teeth missing but, most serious of all, the head, which had originally been filled with plaster, in conformity with taxidermy methods of a bygone era, was bashed in in several places. The remedy for this sorry condition was, first, to remove all the plaster from the head, flatten out the skin, and, by the application of various oils, bring back the original suppleness and lustre of the pelt; then to fit the head over a strong papier-mâché form (this is the new style), put in new eyes, and, with wax and plastic, fabricate an impressively fierce-looking open mouth, complete with tongue and teeth; and, finally, to replace the missing claws with claws taken from another bearskin. All this, Schoepfer calculated, would run to $75 or $85, and when the work was finished, the rug could be expected to look just about as good as new. I should mention right here that you don't have to go all the way out to Hempstead to consult with the Schoepfer experts about fur-rug repairs, because the company has an office at 100 West 31st Street, where rugs can be left and estimates given.

As for less extensive repairs, the studio will undertake small matters like stitching up rips and replacing worn areas with patches of exactly matching skin for a minimum of $20. Also under the head of minor services should be listed cleaning, oiling, and glazing, all of which, I was told, are absolutely necessary at least every two years if the rug is not to perish from the effects of steam heat and the even greater damage caused by the accumulation of food particles in the fur. The minimum charge for this work is $25.

If you should have any zebra or polar-bear skins lying around that you would like to have made into rugs, the workshop will oblige with an impressive zebra rug for $120 or a medium-sized (five-foot) polar-bear layout for $260. Such exotic orders don't arrive at the Hempstead workshop very often these days, but plenty of black-bear skins are sent in from Maine (there's still a bounty on the Maine black bear) to be turned into rugs, at a cost of $160. And, of course, deerskins (the warmest of all animal skins, I was told) show up with considerable regularity during the hunting season, to be converted into jackets, vests, gloves, and handbags. In fact, while I was looking around the shop a young woman brought in the skin of a newly killed deer and ordered a couple of handbags made of it. The price was $14.95 each.

Another service of the Schoepfer studio—and by no means a negligible



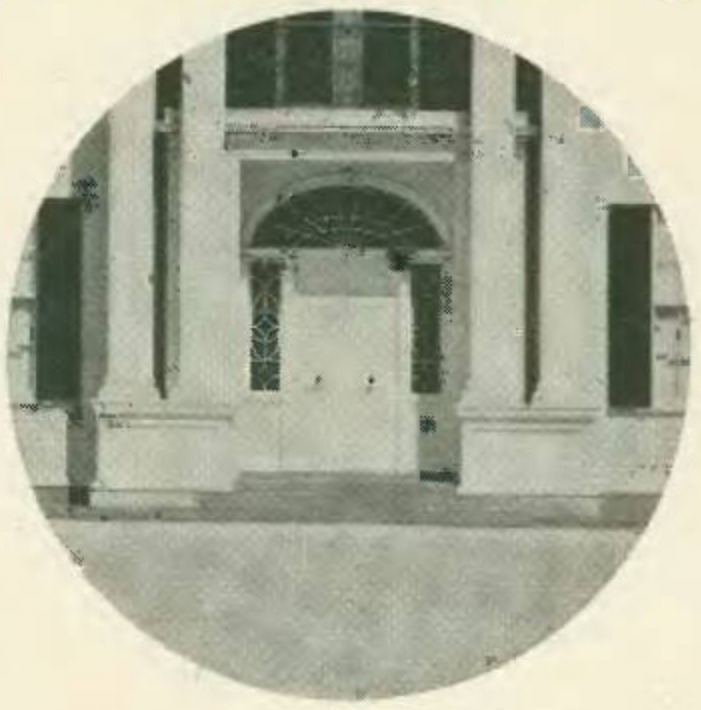


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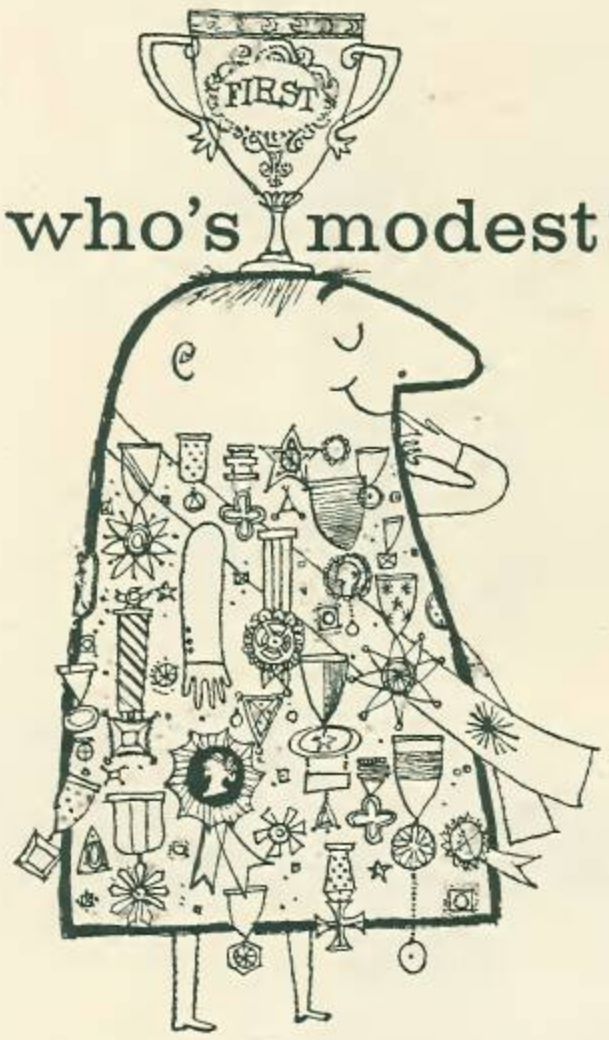
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one—is the professional care of huntsmen's trophies, which are usually attended to in the owner's home. One of Schoepfer's clients, the widow of a New Yorker who was a mighty hunter in his day, has the family's formidable collection of heads of mountain sheep, caribou, leopard, elk, and moose cleaned, glazed, and mothproofed every spring, after which they are encased in cellophane bags for the summer. At the Hempstead workshop, moreover, there is a brisk year-round trade in mounted heads of black bear and deer, usually bought by wives for husbands' dens. (One of the recipients, a man who had never had a gun in his hand, was inspired, after living with a black bear's head over the mantelpiece for a year or so, to go off on a safari of his own. I'm not sure what the moral is, but I thought you'd like to hear the story.)

THE investigation of a couple of other forms of handicraft concerned with the upkeep of the home has given me intense satisfaction, because it proves that in spite of the do-it-yourself mania, which has put such a damper on all real handicraft and, if you ask me, has turned budding artisans into mere solvers of jigsaw puzzles, there remain, scattered about this country, some passionately dedicated craftsmen. One of these is Anthon J. Bachman, a cabinetmaker at 163 East 32nd Street, who repairs—or, for that matter, builds—furniture with great conscientiousness and almost unsurpassed skill. He will also take a heavy Victorian monstrosity, remove its curlicues, flatten out its tortuous surfaces, and turn it into a modern piece as dignified and beautiful as any you could wish to see. I recently spent a morning in the Bachman workshop examining work in progress and admiring finished pieces, every step in the repair of which had been scrupulously done by hand. Most of the furniture that was being repaired was eighteenth-century English or early-nineteenth-century American, and some of the pieces had been in pretty bad shape. Several splits in the sides of an eighteenth-century mahogany chest were being so expertly filled in with exactly matching wood that it was impossible to detect where the repairs had been made (no paste fillers, by the way, are ever used in the workshop); the charge for this and a general refinishing job was to be $25. The sadly worm-eaten aprons of a couple of ancient English fruit-wood corner chairs were being similarly replaced, as were some of their stretchers;

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for this, plus a new finish and hand polishing, Mr. Bachman planned to charge $45 each. Taking off the severely scratched and generally beaten-up finish of a pine cupboard built in this country in the early part of the last century, touching up some worn spots, and doing a hand-polishing job would run to around $14, and repairing the drawers of another pine cupboard, fitting it with new dowels, building up scuffed corners, and putting a new finish on is costing its owner $50. An impressively pompous walnut buffet of elaborate late-Victorian design was being stripped of every vestige of fancy decoration, to emerge as a sleek piece of modern dining-room furniture, for a charge of $60, and the price of a couple of low and very comfortable-looking modern armchairs I saw, which had just been built to the customer's design, was $100 each, including upholstery in material furnished by the client.

I AM assured by people in the leather-goods business that there is no craftsman in the entire industry who turns out more impeccable handwork than Herman Leiss, 639 Second Avenue (35th), and after several hours devoted to examining the output of the shop I can understand why this old-style craftsman enjoys such a high reputation. Mr. Leiss's business is making to order all kinds of suitcases, travelling bags, leather cases, and so on (he does not make trunks or handbags, however, nor will he set in zippers), but there is no repair of leather luggage so minor that it fails to get the absorbed attention of this painstaking workman. Actually, if I hadn't seen for myself that the shop contained no machinery whatever, I would have found it hard to believe that the fine stitching I saw on Gladstone bags, gun cases, and the like had been done by the owner's hand. Probably the repair that Mr. Leiss is most often called upon for is the restitching of camera cases, since something in their construction makes it impossible for them to be mended by machine, and, as far as I can determine, his shop is the only place in the city where handwork of this nature is done. Moreover, a great many camera cases are manufactured in Germany, and while the leather in these is of good quality, the thread used in stitching it is frequently, for some reason, so poor that it wears out in no time. An extensive resewing job of this kind had just been completed when I stopped in at the Second Avenue shop (the whole case had more or less fallen to pieces),

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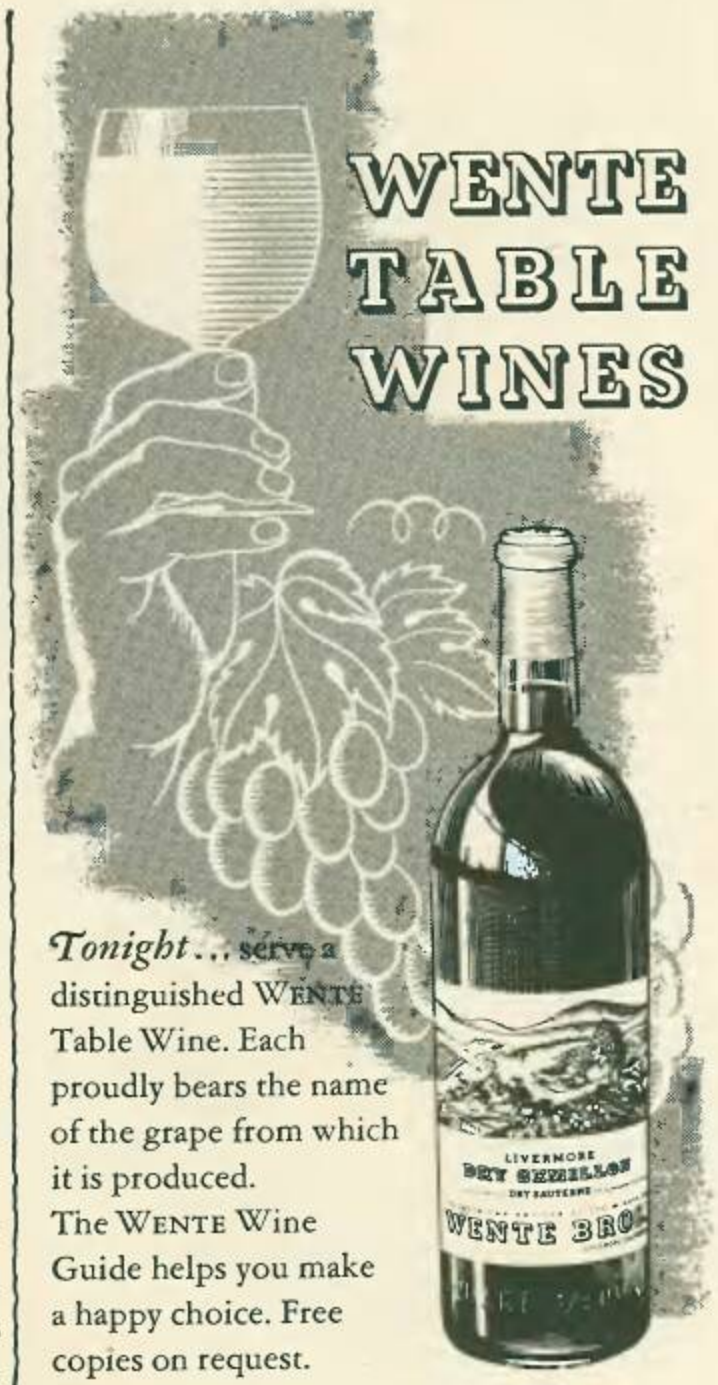
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and the owner was being charged $6.50. A new strap, four feet long, for the case was $1.50 additional. A field-glasses case that had lost its leather hinges and shoulder strap, and had suffered damage to its buckle and its stitching, was being put in perfect condition for around $20. The glory of the establishment, though, is a certain luggage handle, of top-grain cowhide, that requires sixteen separate operations to construct, one of them being the creation of a soft pad on the underside, to make the handle easy on your hand or the porter's. Riveted onto a bag or suitcase, this costs $15. A less splendid handle, without the soft padding but good and sound—probably able to stand up to a couple of trips around the world, instead of decomposing in Grand Central Station, after the manner of ordinary suitcase handles—is $3, installed. To round out this list of useful services performed by Mr. Leiss, he will cover a snag in a leather bag by setting in a decoratively cut piece of matching leather (in the shape of a diamond, a hexagon, a shield, or the like) stamped with the owner's initials, for as little as $3. Or, if the bag is already initialled, he will put in two patches that have the appearance of stylized ornaments.

IN case there are those who want to get a small load of household goods from one place to another at minimum expense, I herewith pass along what I have learned lately about one-way rented utility trailers, which for some years have been sweeping the West and are now showing up with increasing frequency on Eastern roads. It is true that I haven't made use myself of this new method of hauling, which is changing the whole pattern of light moving chores to a casually non-professional status, but I've talked with several citizens who have successfully steered trailers from point to point, and they, at least, can speak with the voice of authority. There are twenty-two trailer-rental concerns listed in the classified telephone directory, and among these I had no better reason for picking out the Nationwide Trailer Rental System as the subject of my investigations than that I had spotted a news item to the effect that during the Presidential vacation last September the White House hired a Nationwide trailer to haul Mr. Eisenhower's electric golf cart to and from the Newport Country Club each day. Arbitrary as my choice was, I probably could not have hit on any more satisfactory outfit to inform myself

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about—or so a number of the company's customers now tell me. Nationwide, which is represented locally by the Barn Trailer Service, at 57-05 Broadway, Woodside, Long Island, is the largest one-way rental outfit in the country. "One-way," of course, means that you rent a trailer here and leave it somewhere else, with no responsibility for getting it back to home base. This is how the transaction operates: A day or two in advance of your proposed trip, you call up the Barn people (Havemeyer 6-7039) and engage a trailer, specifying the type you want—whether a two-wheeler (it can hold about fifteen hundred pounds) or a four-wheeler (three thousand pounds), and whether it is to be open or closed. Let's assume that you have engaged an open two-wheeler to make a trip to, say, Bangor, Maine. Upon your arrival at the Barn establishment in Woodside, the trailer is hitched to your car (this operation is free of charge, as are license plates, a tarpaulin, tie ropes, and a spare tire), and by then and there paying $21.25, which is the rental for such a trailer from here to Bangor, you discharge all financial obligation to Nationwide. No deposit is required, and the price of the hire covers insurance ($750) on the cargo, as well as insurance on the trailer itself. When you get to Bangor, you leave the trailer with the Nationwide agent there, and that's all there is to it. Naturally, chartering a larger trailer for the same trip would be a bit more expensive, while chartering the two-wheeler for a mere afternoon's work would be much less expensive. The minimum charge is $5, and for small charters a deposit of $10 is usually required. Nationwide insists that anybody who can drive a car can drive a car-and-trailer, and offers as proof the fact that an increasing number of its customers are young women.

—S. H.

•

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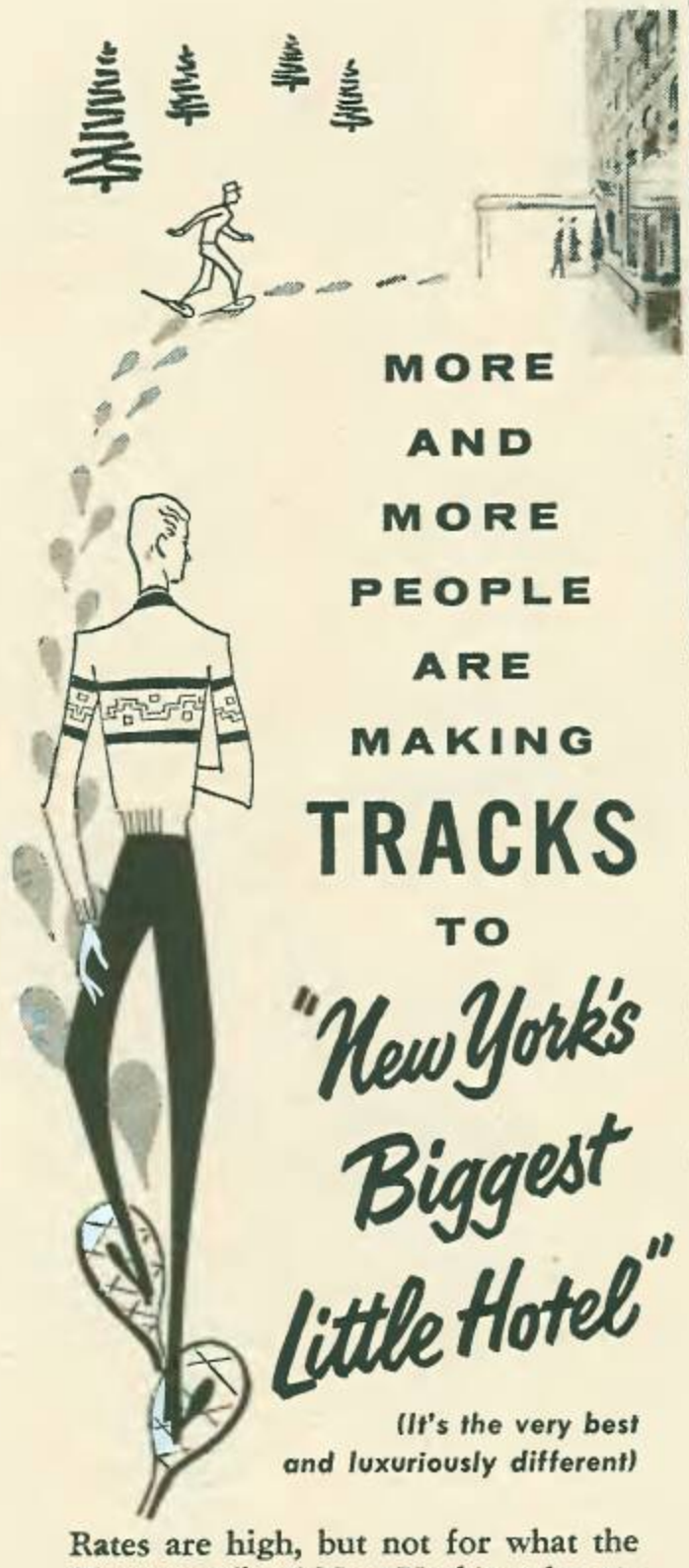


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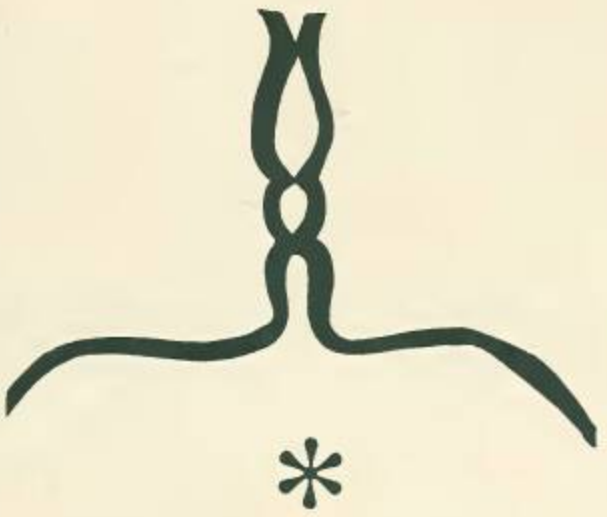
THE ART GALLERIES

The Nature of Nature



"NATURE IN ABSTRACTION," the name of the new loan exhibition at the Whitney Museum, is certainly a provocative title; if the show doesn't quite live up to all it promises (for my own part, I expected a more comprehensive study of natural forms as they have appeared in abstract presentations), it still remains a fairly accurate survey of the major schools and groupings in the field of American abstract painting and sculpture today. The term "abstraction," of course, is a loose one, or it is in its contemporary application, and the show, obeying the current usage, ranges, accordingly, from pieces like Karl Knaths' "Winter Wharf" and John Heliker's rocky landscape "Of Maine" (both of which are abstract in the classic sense, in that the main elements of the subject matter, simplified or essentialized to conform to a formal pattern though they may be, still function visibly in the overall design), through more "nonobjective" paintings like Theodoros Stamos's "High Snow—Low Sun, No. II" and James Penney's "Pines, Night," to such work as Angelo Ippolito's boldly patterned "Storm," Franz Kline's big, blusteringly black-and-white "Laureline," and Jon Schueler's skitteringly colorful "Evening," in all of which the figurative element is lost almost entirely—leaving, in a sense, nothing to "abstract" anything from in the first place.

Since the major part of the collection is given over to the last two of the categories I've sketched above, Nature, too, appears only glancingly. Indeed, a number of the pieces, charming in themselves, seem to be "nature paintings" only by virtue of their titles (I. Rice Pereira's exquisite "Spring, Twelve O'Clock" is one random example), and, if differently named, might produce quite different reactions in the spectator. I realize that I'm being a bit crass about this, since I'm disregarding the artist's own inspiration, and this, however much it may be obscured, is of prime importance to the development of the picture. (I can't help citing the title of the John Marin entry, though. "Movement—Sea or Mountain, As You Will," the old master called it, and



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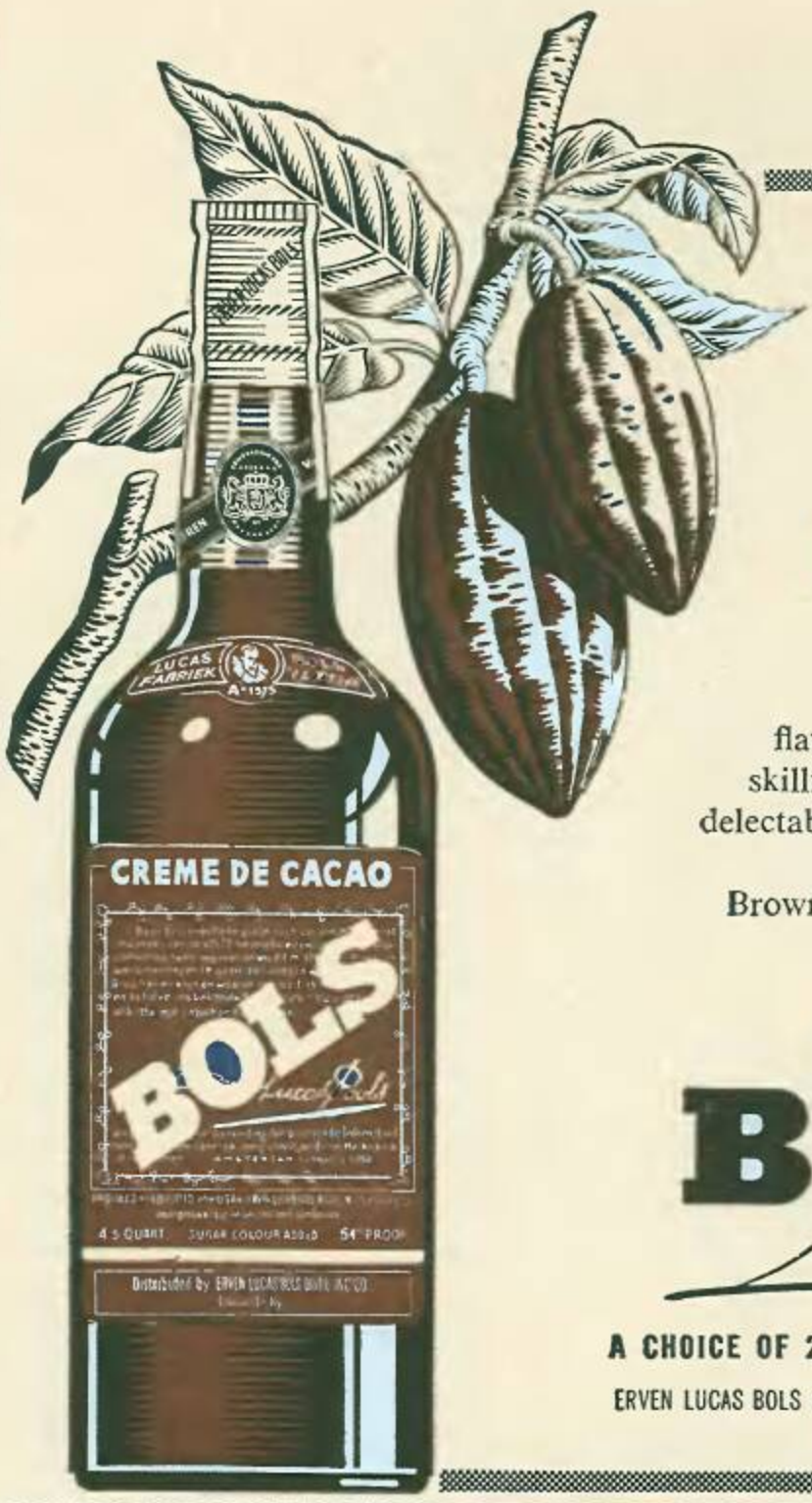
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it sums up all I've had to say, I'm afraid, better than I've been able to do.)

I fear further that I've got myself mixed up too much in side issues, since my quibbling has had to do with mere appellations, almost to the point of overlooking the works they accompany. What remains, then, is the show itself, and what emerges from it is the overwhelmingly romantic atmosphere of our abstract painting today. To be sure, with the exception of Miss Pereira, the strictly geometric artists, such as Fritz Glarner and Ilya Bolotowski, are omitted, which unquestionably colors the total effect. (I can't see why they were left out, either. Didn't they all derive more or less directly from Mondrian, and didn't he find his main sources in the wave, the tree, and the brick façade—all landscape subjects?)

There are subsidiary groupings, of course, some of them apparently opposed to one another, but the trend is unmistakably romantic, and this appears to be the principal contribution the Americans have made to the abstract method. It has involved some important changes in the technique as a whole, for the originators—Picasso, Braque, Gris, Léger, and so on—had from the start a quite different outlook. They were interested mainly in trying to find a way to express the individual image in terms of the universal, to expand the single concept to include some sense of the general, and this required, above everything, a basic feeling of order, from the first approach to the subject to its final development on the canvas.

All this has been changed. The emphasis is now on the emotional, or expressive, content (hence the new term "Abstract Expressionism" for the school), and if this makes a good deal of our present-day work seem confusing and chaotic, it quite often gives it excitement, too. As I've said, the approaches vary. Hyde Solomon, for one (see his "Vermont Autumn" in the current collection, with its long, interlacing strands and dapplings of pigment), seems at times, somewhat like the contemporary Tachistes in France, to have gone back to the techniques of the Impressionists—particularly of Monet—to establish his own attack. There is the group that is generally associated with Hans Hofmann (see his big red-and-yellow "Radiant Space," also in the exhibition), for whom the manipulation of large and often stridently contending areas of color is the main concern, and at the other extreme there are painters like Philip Guston (with a curiously



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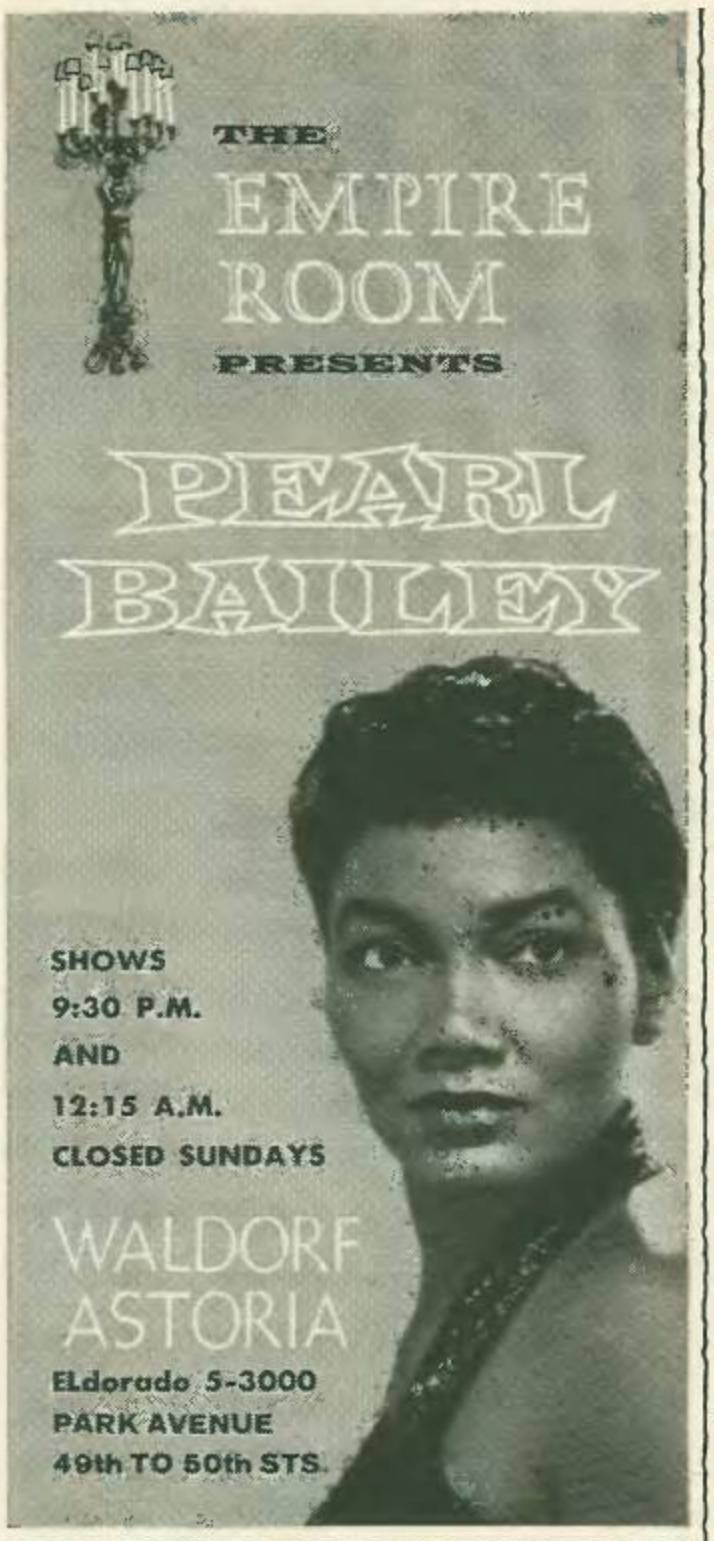
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shimmering composition, untitled, in red, pink, and ivory), with whom an almost determinedly reticent approach seems to be the rule. In between are the modern symbolists (Adolph Gottlieb, for instance, with his two-sunned "Red Sky") and the calligraphers, such as Franz Kline.

The point is that Abstract Expressionism, once so amorphous, is gradually organizing itself, not only into a system but into a series of systems, all related in aim if not always in method, and I think it is a sign of the vitality of the school as a whole. But I have a feeling I've gone on too much about the general aspects of the show and too little about the individual offerings.

Coming back to Marin, I was pleased to note that the other oldsters don't come off too badly either. Joseph Stella, who died in 1946, has a "Spring," done in 1914, that anticipates pretty much all that the Tachiste group has done since; Georgia O'Keeffe's "From the Plains" has a fine flair, and Arthur Dove's "Sunrise, I," dated 1937, though a trifle heavy-handed, has a genial sense of contemporaneity. And there is a fair share of paintings that do manage to adapt natural themes, recognizably, to the abstract idiom. Among these I'd list Boris Margo's frosty "From February," Jan Gelb's cool, airy "Flight Into Morning," Lawrence Calcagno's smooth, flat "Blue Landscape," Jackson Pollock's dark, convoluted "Ocean Grayness," and Loren MacIver's misty "Les Baux." Though I've scamped on the sculpture so far (of the fifty-eight pieces in the show, ten are sculptures), this small group contains some excellent pieces, the most prominent being David Smith's large, fluent "Hudson River Landscape," Seymour Lipton's bud-like "Desert Brier," and Isamu Noguchi's enigmatic "Unknown Bird."

On leaving here, by the way, the exhibition will travel widely, to the Midwest, Texas, and California.

—Robert M. Coates

•

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 16

THE President will make another ascent to the summit if the Russians don't mind waiting a short while and if the ambassadors and Foreign Ministers can work up an agenda that will offer, as he said, "a good hope of advancing the cause of peace and justice in the world." This is asking very little. A good man may be hard to find, but hope springs eternal, and in a desperate time a merely good hope can be turned up almost anywhere. There is not much doubt that if the Russians agree to hold off for a month or two, the Foreign Ministers, taking over from the ambassadors, will satisfy the President's conditions as they were sketchily set forth in his reply last week-end to Premier Bulganin. (The reply as a whole was anything but sketchy. The statement of the American case, which came before the few words dealing with summit talks, compared favorably in length and in richness of topical allusion with one of Bulganin's notes, and was regarded here as a fairly effective riposte to the latest of these.) In the matter of negotiations, Mr. Eisenhower, while honoring the principle that diplomacy is for diplomats, made everything astonishingly simple. Germany, Eastern Europe, the Middle East, the United Nations veto, disarmament, space warfare—these are all to be discussed in the meetings below the summit, but there was no insistence upon "deeds before words" or "concrete evidence of good faith," two phrases that have hardly ever before been missing from a document of this nature. (John Foster Dulles, who is reputed to be the principal author of the President's letter, hasn't forgotten them, though. In his press conference last week, he said that if the Russians wanted to convince *him* that they were fit people to talk with, they would live up to their 1955 agreement to hold free elections in Germany. He said this a day after the President, in his State of the Union message, had said that, for his part, he would consider it a good omen if the Soviet Union were to join us in a global assault on malaria, cancer, and heart disease.) In the President's note to Premier Bulganin, no specific concessions are demanded, and no prior agreements on any of the topics mentioned—except the agreement to continue discussion of all of them—need be reached before the summiteers convene. If these are the American terms, those of our allies will not be harsher. Under the procedure recommended by the President, it is unlikely that the rendezvous the Russians want can be held within the two or three months they have suggested, but the general opinion in Washington is that the ambassadors and Foreign Ministers can clear the approaches to the summit by early summer or thereabouts. The Geneva hotel managers are said to be laying on extra help for August.

At least one of the Foreign Ministers will go at the preliminary work disconsolately and without the same spurs to success that most of the others have. Mr. Dulles has no stomach for summit conferences, and, unlike most of his counterparts in Europe, he is under very little pressure from his countrymen to have any traffic with the Russians. There are a few administration leaders (notably that severe pain in Mr. Dulles's neck, Harold E. Stassen) and a few congressmen who take a more sanguine view of negotiations than he does, but there is no public clamor for meetings at any level, and, in general, the Secretary gets sympathy and understanding when he appears before the National Security Council or a closed meeting of a Congressional committee and speaks of conferences—particularly heads-of-government conferences—as snares and delusions. Yet it is symptomatic of many things—for example, of our mid-century role in the world, of the present difficulties of that role, of mankind's eagerness to live by the rules of reason and persuasion, and of the astuteness of the Foreign Office in Moscow—that not even Mr. Dulles, militant Calvinist and skeptical diplomat that he is, can hold out very long against the hope that everything will be straightened out by having men of distinction from both camps get together for a straightforward talk. In the past few weeks, it has been instructive to observe Mr. Dulles serving his conscience by ridiculing and denouncing negotiations, and serving his President, his country, and his country's client states



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by paving the way to the summit. Throughout this period, he has been largely occupied in drafting the President's policy statements on the question of negotiations. Between the talk in his own name and the writing in the President's there has been an extraordinary disparity. On Monday, January 6th, at a meeting of the National Security Council, he made what was reliably reported to be a powerful attack on the Bulganin proposals. Two days later, testifying before the House Committee on Foreign Relations, he spoke, it is said, of the "futility" of negotiations. This appearance must have interrupted his labors on the State of the Union message, in which the President was to say that he would "always go the extra mile with anyone on earth if it will bring us nearer a genuine peace," and on the letter to Premier Bulganin. The Washington *Post*, putting together what it could learn of Mr. Dulles's arguments before the N.S.C. and the House Committee, headlined a Thursday story "DULLES INDICATES VICTORY IN FEUD ON U. S. POLICY . . . REMAINS FIRM AGAINST SUMMIT TALKS." "Secretary of State John Foster Dulles," the story began, "yesterday gave ample evidence that his views have emerged triumphant in the latest challenges within the administration to his negative attitude on negotiations with the Soviet Union." What the *Post* neglected to report was that Mr. Dulles had displayed a negative attitude only on one side of the committee-room doors. When he emerged through them, to meet a cluster of reporters who wished to know whether he was for or against the Bulganin proposals, he said, "That's a pretty complicated question." In his news conference two days after that, which was two days before the release of the President's letter, Mr. Dulles said, in half a dozen different ways, that he personally could see no good in further talks but that he nevertheless believed that talks were "highly likely," because the "desire of the peoples of the world [creates] pressure . . . so great that it will become irresistible."

The Russians may be cocky enough to reject the President's proposals, but if they do, it will be something of a defeat for them—as, indeed, it would have been a defeat for us if the President had told Bulganin to go soak his head. For what Mr. Eisenhower has done—and, with the reluctant but valuable assistance of Mr. Dulles, done quite skillfully—is to provide the Western European statesmen with a proposal that they

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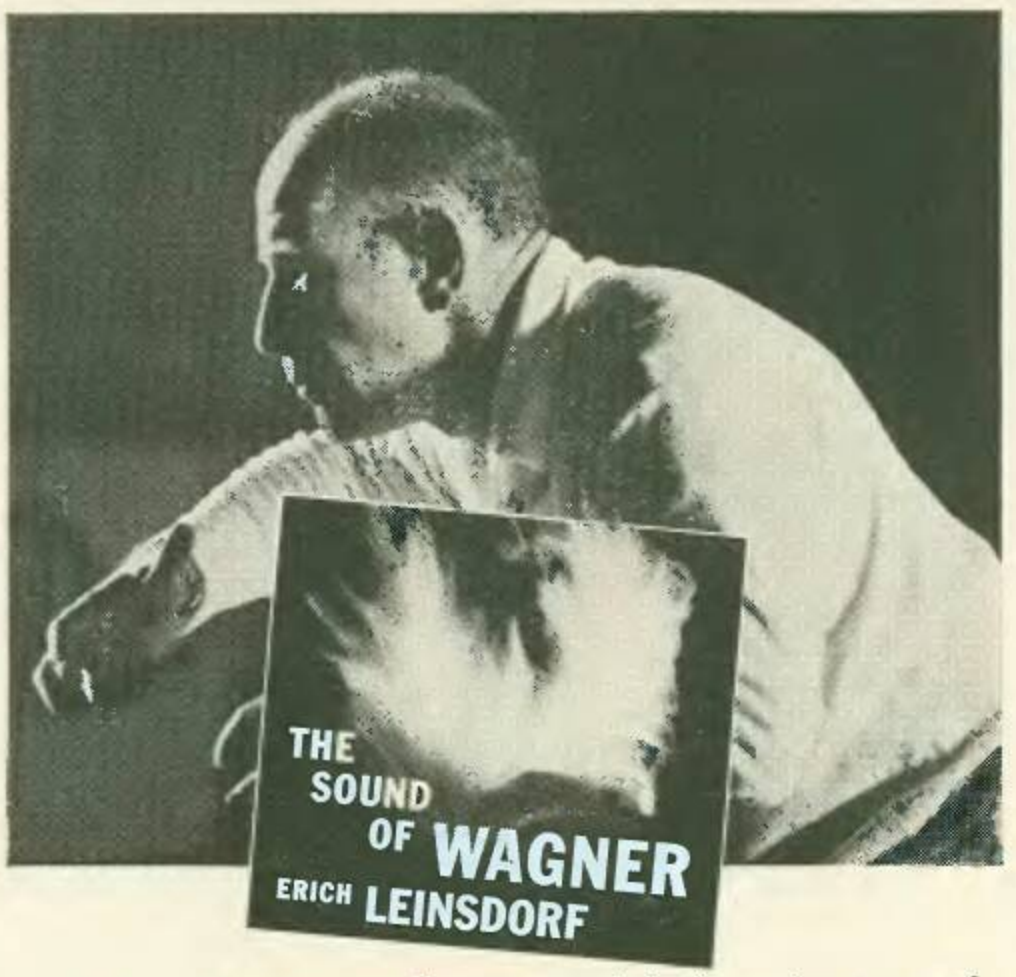
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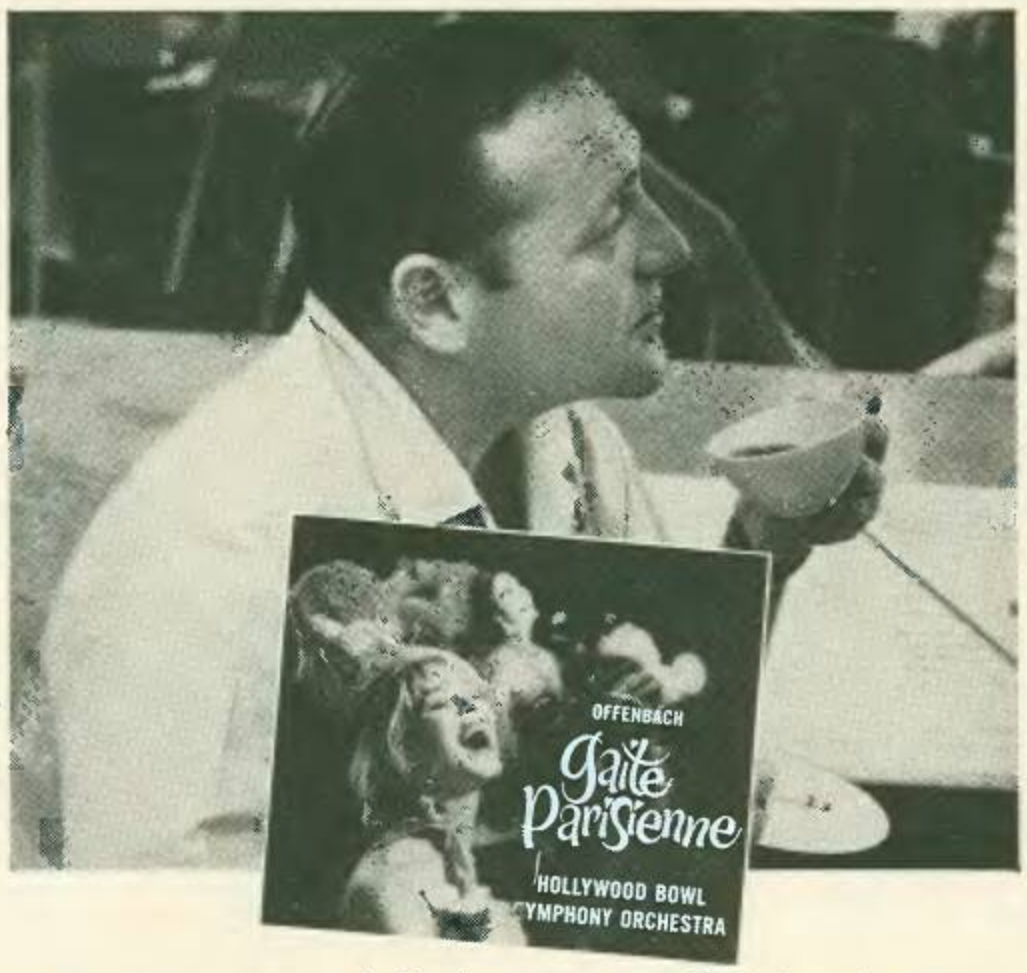
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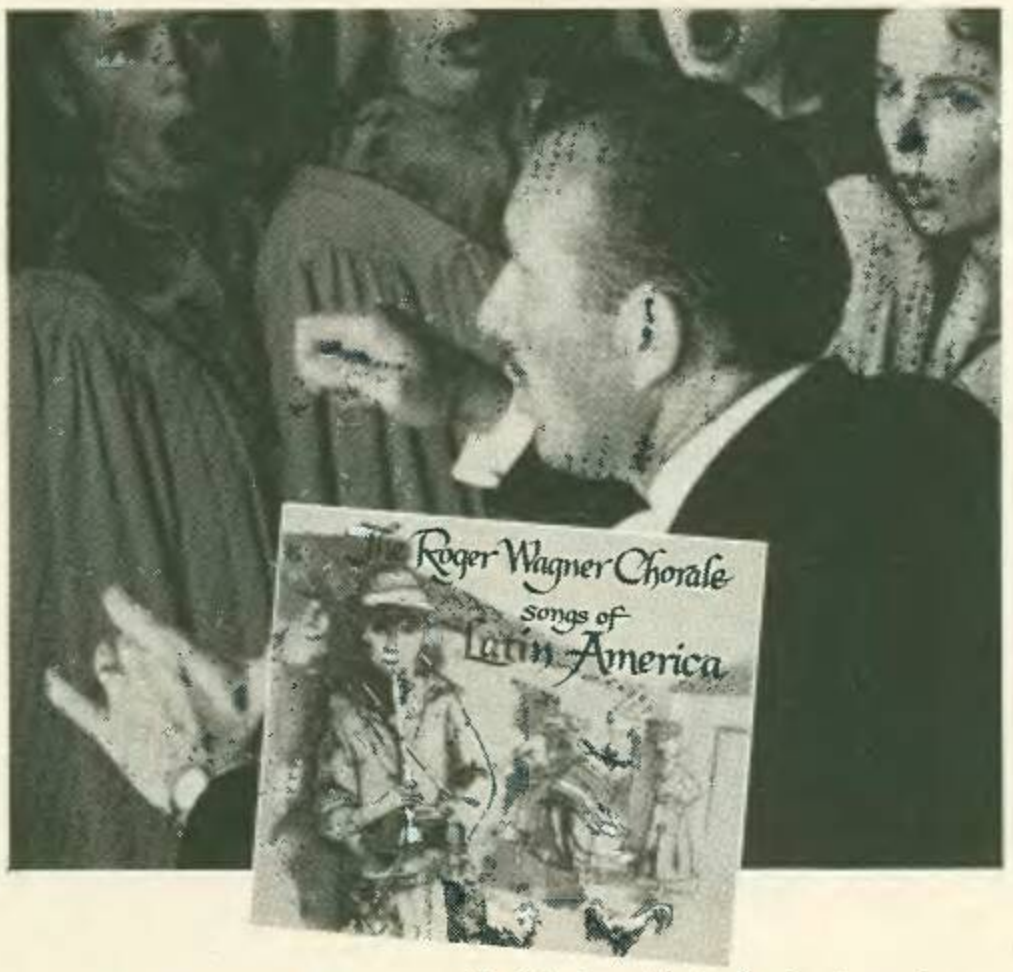
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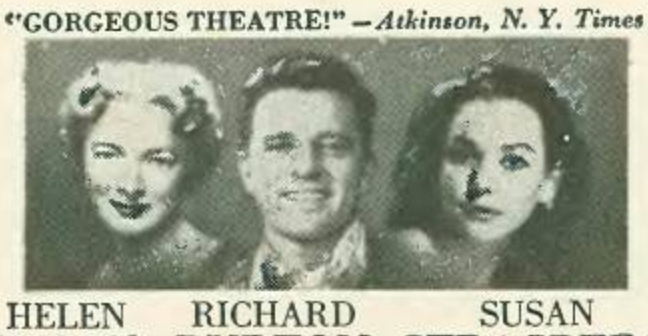
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can present to their people as a reasonable alternative to, or modification of, the Bulganin proposal. Already word has come in that Chancellor Adenauer is pleased with the opportunity that the President's note has given him to stop talking about negotiations. For weeks now, the Chancellor has been experiencing the kind of pressure that Mr. Dulles spoke of, and although he has about as little faith in the value of discourse with the Russians as the Secretary of State has, he has felt compelled to make himself the leading European advocate of a summit conference. He is delighted, according to reports from Bonn, to have been taken off the hook by the President. The response from other capitals has also been good. The feeling in most places seems to be that the President has raised a standard to which the wise and honest can repair with more ease and grace than to the one raised by the Russians; thus, if the Russians wish to make themselves appear reasonable men, they will go along with the President. In a small way, we have regained the initiative.

In any case, the President is committed to negotiating with them sooner or later. The majority opinion here is that while this commitment was unavoidable, it is regrettable in the extreme. The common evaluation of the last summit conference—at Geneva, in 1955—is that it did no one but the Russians any good. At that time, the Western Allies, and particularly the United States, were in a far better bargaining position than they find themselves in today. Both sides had thermonuclear bombs and intercontinental bombers, and neither had any missiles to rattle. The United States was still thought to be without peers in scientific and technological advancement. The Soviet Union was not an established power in the Middle East; in fact, it was during the Geneva meetings that Dmitri Shepilov—since then appointed and deposed as Foreign Minister—was in Cairo negotiating the armaments deal with Colonel Nasser that was to open the Communist campaign for the support of the Arab world. The NATO shield in Europe was still formidable; the French had not yet moved the bulk of their combat forces to Algeria, and it was not known that the West Germans, far from welcoming the chance to rearm, would drag their feet on the reinforcement of NATO. The firm of Khrushchev & Bulganin had been in business only a few months and was believed to be in a rather shaky position; it was widely supposed that the two of them

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needed success at Geneva in order to consolidate their position in Moscow. The President, on the other hand, was at the height of his power and prestige, both here and in Europe. He had established—by his negotiation of the Korean armistice and by his willingness to go to Geneva—his reputation as a man of peace; he had vanquished Senator McCarthy; he was in his first term and could get pretty nearly anything he wanted from Congress. If that meeting yielded nothing but dashed hopes and broken promises, it is asked here, then how could one held in the present atmosphere be anything but a disaster for the free world? Since 1955, almost everything has changed in favor of the Communists except the balance of terror, and there are estimable authorities who believe that even this has swung in their favor. (There are, indeed, military men who hold that within the next few months the Russians may have in operation earth-to-air and air-to-air missiles that will provide sure defense against our Strategic Air Command—leaving them with the power of total annihilation and us with no power of retaliation. General Curtis LeMay, the founding and guiding spirit of the S.A.C., holds this view as gospel.) The Russians today cannot be dislodged from the Middle East. Militarily, NATO is now frail, and politically it is downright feeble. Khrushchev may not be a permanent fixture in Moscow, but he gives every appearance of being secure in the period immediately ahead. The President, meanwhile, has become a lame duck and has lost stature at home and abroad. The people may still be for him, but many politicians and military men who fawned on him in 1955 are running out on him now.

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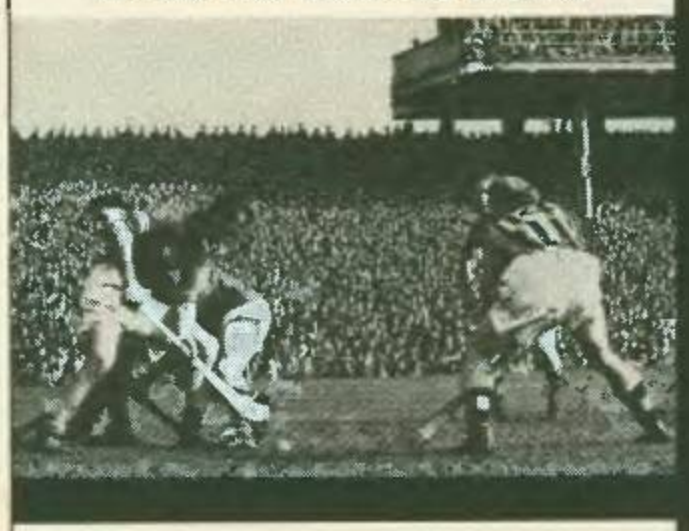
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obtain from the resumption of negotiations; all that most observers here feel sure of is that we would be in even deeper trouble if we had rejected the Bulganin proposal. Yet there is a case to be made for negotiations that does not rest entirely on the melancholy foundations of Mr. Dulles's case, and it is being argued frequently and fervently by Mr. Stassen and a handful of others. Basically, it rests on two propositions—the first, and less important, being that Geneva was not a defeat for the West but a victory, of sorts, for both East and West, and the second being that the Russians can see at least as far ahead as we can. According to the first part of this reasoning, Geneva was a useful diplomatic exercise in that it produced a tacit agreement to the effect that general thermonuclear war was unthinkable if humanity was to survive. Before that conference, the fear of an atomic holocaust was a lively one throughout the world. Today, most men in most countries are reasonably confident that neither of the superpowers—the U.S.S.R. or the U.S.A.—would undertake the destruction of the other. No doubt the Geneva conferees reached these conclusions before the conference; nevertheless, Geneva was where each came to appreciate the other's position, and thus it was the site of an important accord. After it was over, the principal end of diplomacy for both East and West was no longer the avoidance of general war but the settlement of political differences and the pursuit of disarmament.

The second part of the argument is that the Russian comprehension of contemporary reality has created in the Soviet leaders a genuine interest in rational proposals for ending the armaments race. Back in the broom-closet area of the State Department, where Mr. Dulles has managed to find office space for him, Harold Stassen is insisting to anyone who will visit him that in the London disarmament talks he gained the impression that the Russians look upon the future—five or ten years hence—with as much anxiety as we do, and with the same kind of anxiety. The Russians know perfectly well that they will enjoy their present technological and military lead—if, in fact, they have one—for only a limited period. The United States will have intercontinental missiles in operation at some point within the next year or two, and if a moment arrives—before our missiles are in place—when the Russians also have a defense against our bombers, the moment will, barring miscalculation, pass. For a time, we may be

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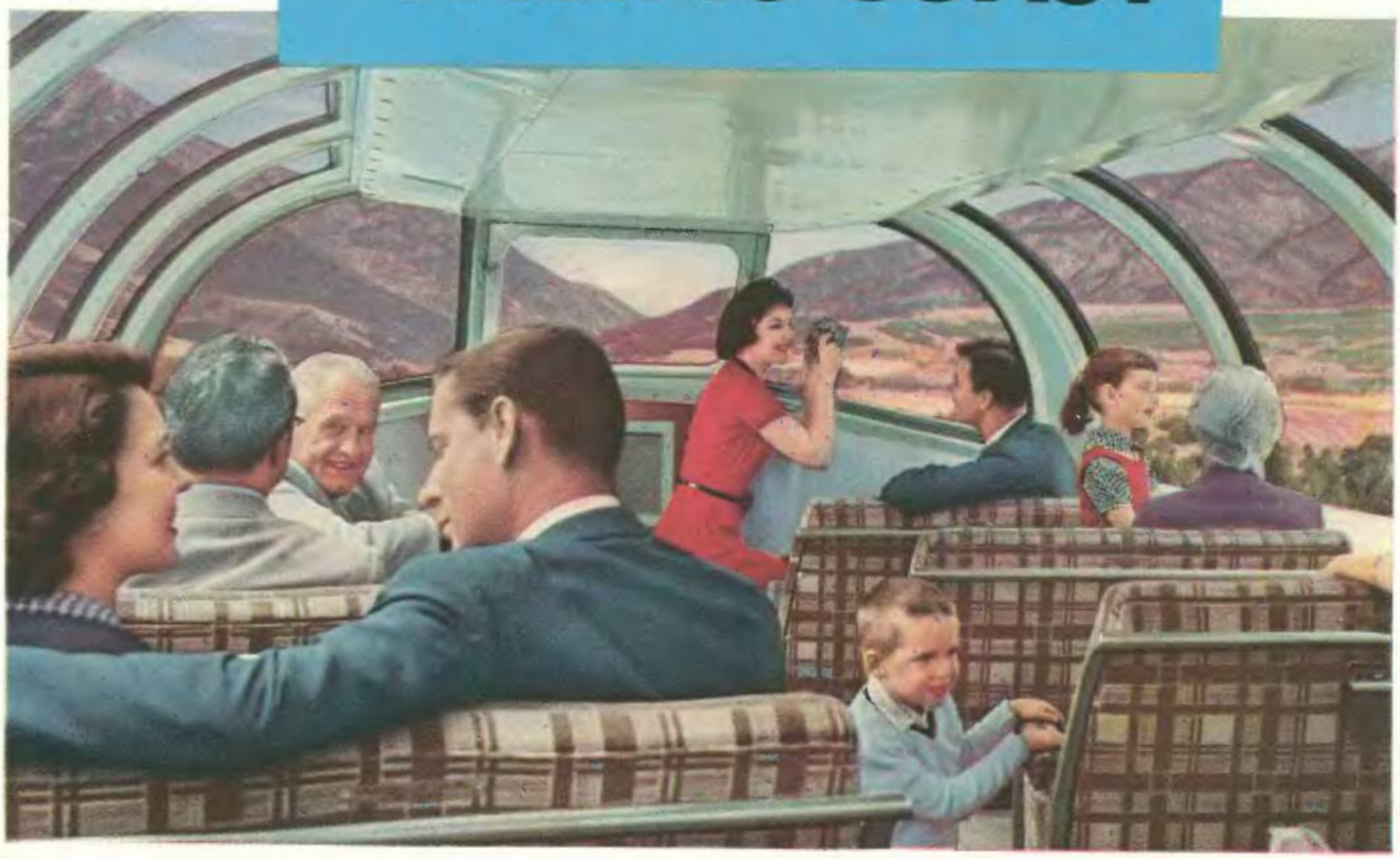
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at the mercy of their weapons, just as they were at the mercy of ours a few years back. But, just as we did not exploit our advantage, they will not exploit theirs—not, at any rate, to destroy us. And not long after their moment of advantage has gone by, the world will enter a period in which the balance of destructive power will no longer involve only two nations. Unless controls can now be placed on thermonuclear and space weapons, both we and the Russians will before long be worried not only about each other but about a dozen or so other military powers, all of them possessing the capability of total kill.

The Russians, Mr. Stassen and a few others here believe, have these matters as well as the immediate issues in the Cold War on their minds. They see disarmament not simply as a device for hobbling us but as a protection for themselves from powers other than the United States, and possibly even hostile to the United States—such as (in a future perhaps more remote than five or ten years) the Chinese People's Republic. They recognize, as many Americans do, that the armaments race is in itself a cause of tension and danger. Their scientific progress has broadened their horizons and made them at least as much aware of genetic considerations as we are; Communism is today not only a political system but a civilization, and it has the same urge for mere survival that our own civilization has. If you pitch negotiations on this level, advocates of negotiation say, the chances of eventual success are more than slight. It would not be success in Mr. Dulles's terms—which are perhaps the terms appropriate to his responsibility as the United States Secretary of State—but it might be success in other and equally precious terms. In any event, what is there to lose? At Teheran, at Yalta, and at Geneva, the Russians really gained nothing they could not have gained if those conferences had never been held. There is nothing they can gain by negotiation this year that they could not gain in the absence of negotiation. And thus, in this view, there is not a thing of substance to be lost by proceeding according to the principles laid down by the President and—ruefully and apologetically—by the Secretary of State.

SINCE the President's illness in November, it has been held here that if he were to regain his leadership, he would have to do it in the opening days of the present session of Congress. In those opening days, great importance was attached to the forthcoming State

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of the Union message and to the determination he might show, in this and in subsequent statements, to have his program adopted. So heavy a stress was laid on this question, so much was said and written about it, that after a time it became clear that even if Mr. Eisenhower far surpassed anything he had ever done before, he could not possibly deliver all that was being asked of him. No speech could have been as bold or as pithy as it was said the State of the Union message would have to be. No rallying cry could have been as loud or as clear as the one it was said he would have to make. However, the consensus of opinion here is that even when allowances are made for the extravagance of some of the demands upon the President, his performance has not been encouraging. The State of the Union message was a good enough talk—one of his best, indeed—but it failed to persuade anyone that he possessed the strength or the political skill to have its proposals translated into acceptable legislation. As things stand, no one believes that Congress will pay much attention to his plea for the retention of a strong foreign-aid program. Nor does anyone believe that anything much will come of his call for military reorganization, particularly since his press conference of yesterday, when he seemed to be saying that he wasn't altogether sure his ideas were good ones, and that he would hesitate to impose his will on his successors in any case. (This is an odd bit of governmental philosophy. If it were universally held, no laws would ever be passed.) And it now begins to appear that he has displeased the conservative Republicans in Congress by the very acts with which he sought to win their favor. The proposed cuts in various forms of public-welfare spending have produced screams of rage from senators and congressmen who have talked approvingly of this very kind of economy for years but who in this election year, when the tide is believed to be running heavily in favor of the Democrats, have come to feel that the welfare state isn't quite the evil they used to think it was.

This is not the first time that the country has had to get along without strong Presidential leadership, and in some respects it is better able to survive this particular difficulty than it has been in the past. On the largest issues of foreign policy, the parties are closer together than they have ever been before, and the President, in his role as a spokesman for American interests, will have almost universal support. If

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he goes to a summit meeting, he will leave behind him no formidable bloc of opinion suspicious of his aims or distrustful of his intent. The United States is today the only Western democracy in which there is substantial agreement on the nature of the national interest. But confidence and support are quite different things in politics, and what he mainly lacks now, even among his closest supporters, is confidence.

—Richard H. Rovere

•

WINTER SCENE

(After Bruegel)

A solitary crow
Crisscrosses across
This ice-cold sky. On tufts of snow
Others press
Feathers against their breasts
And stiffly perch in the poplars. Below,

The worn hounds pad behind
The hunters who hunch
Into the noiseless, gnawing wind
And slowly crunch
Along as if they're blind—
The carcass of a fox and haunch

Of frost-caked rabbit twitch,
Slung across
The tallest hunter's back, a stitch
Of pelts and grouse
Around another. That batch
Of peasants there against the house

Shucks and roasts what's left
Of last fall's corn.
Snow levels all, like love or death:
To keep bones warm,
Even if only in a loft
Or near the livestock in some barn

Down in that valley town,
Is all that matters.
Around the pond in the town,
A child clatters
On cow-bone skates. Beyond,
A pair of jagged mountains batters

And almost cracks the ice
That locks the sky.
But must those lonely hunters, restless,
Haunted by
A blood-red sun, press
Beyond into another valley?

Yet this austere, stiff ice
(And trees and snow)
Has its own barbaric peace,
And if that crow
Can't caw and can but freeze,
The wind moans gently on the snow.

—Paul Carroll

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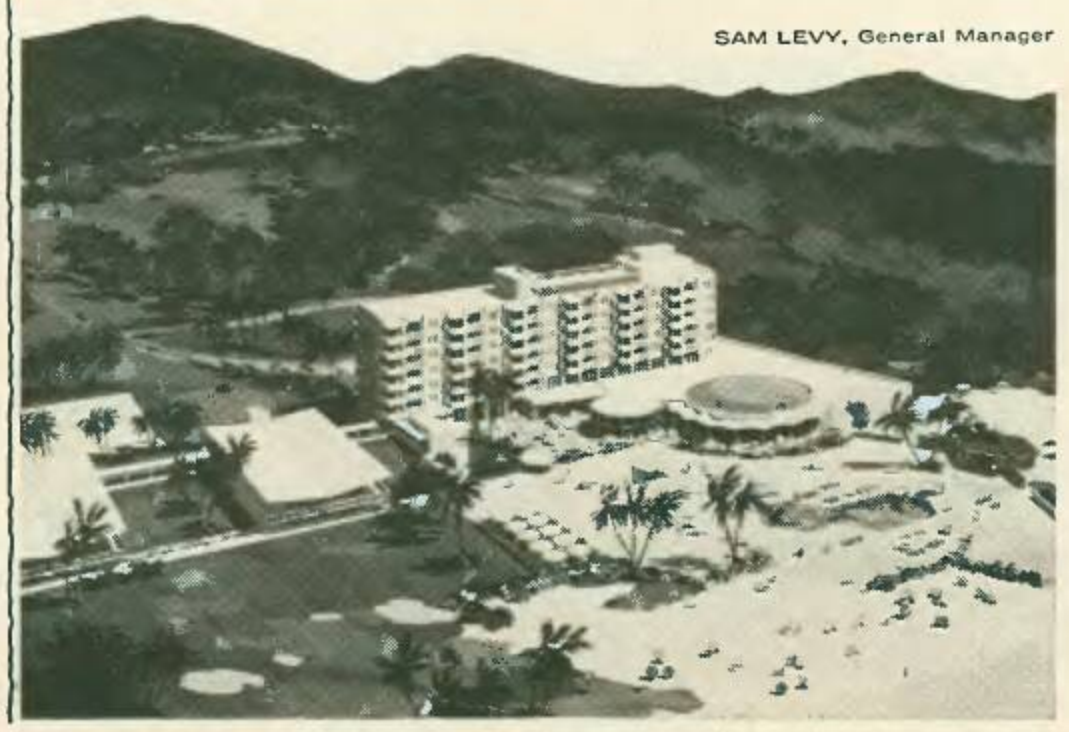
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bon Soir Incest



IN adapting Françoise Sagan's novel "Bonjour Tristesse" to the screen, Arthur Laurents, who wrote the script, and Otto Preminger, who produced and directed the film, have carefully bowdlerized Miss Sagan's girlish prattle about spiritual incest between a father and daughter. This has left them, of course, with even less plot than the story had in the first place, and the whole thing now boils down to a lot of romping along the Riviera. The leading romper is a seventeen-year-old girl, who, as played by Jean Seberg, makes one long to give her a solid, and possibly therapeutic, paddling, and in her fun-loving wake are her raffish father (David Niven) and his effusive doxy (Mylene Demongeot). These three, together with some incidental characters, have a high old time swimming, gambling, drinking, and tossing double-entendres around. Just about when their high jinks have tried our patience to the breaking point, along comes a dress designer (Deborah Kerr) who wants to make Daddy an honest man, Daughter a civilized human being, and the doxy a non-resident of Daddy's villa. Her presence oppresses the adolescent so much that she schemes to chase the lady off the premises, even though Daddy, in a spasm of romanticism, has promised to make her his wife. Daughter's wiles are very elementary, but Daddy isn't long on brains, and finally he is somehow persuaded to resume relations with his mistress. In the course of this resumption, conducted rather primitively in a woodland, he is discovered by his intended, who thereupon takes flight in a car and wraps herself fatally around a tree. None of the actors in this nonsense makes much headway against the simple-minded script, and Mr. Preminger's efforts to frame the frail affair in huge CinemaScopic views of the Mediterranean just emphasize the puniness of it all.

AS an antidote to "Bonjour Tristesse" I heartily recommend the French film "Gates of Paris," which was written and directed by René Clair. It's a wistful but funny account of the

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life and times of a loafer called Juju (Pierre Brasseur), who lives in a poor district of Paris. His only friend is a tolerant artist; everybody else in the district regards him as a hopeless buffoon. One day, Juju is visiting his friend when suddenly the two of them are confronted by a murderer, who has dashed into the artist's house one jump ahead of the police. Juju, never a sympathizer with the aims of the constabulary, and also a person of infinite kindness, persuades the artist to hide the fugitive in the cellar. From then on, Juju takes delight in attending to every need of his dangerous protégé, whom he admires so much that he tries to copy him in dress and manner. With material like this, it would be very easy to slope off into some sort of dark melodrama—or else into wild farce—but M. Clair works out his theme with tenderness and humor, and in developing the character of Juju he has given M. Brasseur a chance to prove that he is as droll an actor as anybody around today. Ranging from broad clownish effects to nice shadings of rueful comedy, M. Brasseur's performance is eminently satisfactory, even when, at the end of the piece (which does have an unfortunate tinge of melodrama), Juju has to turn on his protégé to save a girl he humbly adores from being given a bad shake by the killer. The girl in question, skillfully played by Dany Carrell, is a bartender's daughter who, after discovering the secret of the artist's cellar, promptly falls in love with its occupant. Both Raymond Bussièrres, who portrays her father with a lot of Gallic gusto, and Henri Vidal, who makes a romantic sort of bad man, are exceedingly able, and Georges Brassens, as the artist, is not only plausible in his acting but very pleasant to listen to when he sings and plays the guitar. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

"Vanessa"



UP to the middle of the second act of Samuel Barber's opera "Vanessa," which was given its world première at the Metropolitan Opera House last week, I had the impression that Mr. Barber was groping for some sort of lyrical expression in the forest of technical artifice that fashionable contemporary composers are apt to inhabit, and I had some doubt whether he would find it. At this point, however—in a tender and eloquent aria sung by the hero to a lady sitting on a couch—"Vanessa" began to catch fire. The groping of the first act could now be seen in retrospect for what it was—a not too successful effort by a highly intelligent composer to cope with the challenge of opera in the grand manner, or, in other words, to write music that is at once original, compelling, and intellectually absorbing—and as the opera proceeded, it was quite thrilling to find Mr. Barber conquering his initial difficulties and emerging as a real master of the operatic tradition. Once the crucial point in the second act had been passed, the work became what Mr. Barber undoubtedly intended it to be—a deeply moving, magical, and many-sided evocation of human conflicts and emotions that is capable of holding a respectable place beside the great operatic masterpieces of the past. Despite its tentative beginning, "Vanessa" seems to me by far the finest and most truly "operatic" opera ever written by an American, as well as one of the most impressive things of its sort to appear anywhere since Richard Strauss's more vigorous days.

There can be little question that a great deal of "Vanessa's" effectiveness as theatre is attributable to the consummate skill with which Gian-Carlo Menotti has shaped its libretto. It contains no tedious narration. Every word is singable and modestly poetic, and every scene has been designed with extraordinary assurance for purposes that are specifically operatic. Arias merge into recitative passages with the utmost ease; in the third act we encounter the old surefire device of poignant tragedy set off against a background of

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CONTINENTAL CUISINE

frivolity; and near the end there is a quintet that provides one of those telling and dramatically static moments that seem to crystallize the whole emotional content of an opera in a climax of lyricism—and here, I must say, Mr. Barber has risen to the occasion with music of such haunting beauty and cumulative power that it echoes in the ear long after the performance is over.

The story on which all this is based is perhaps a little tenuous, but that doesn't matter in view of its complete operatic viability. It is set in a castle in some vaguely northern, and snowy, environment around the year 1905, and concerns a love triangle involving a fading beauty named Vanessa, her pretty niece, Erika, and a gay, unprincipled youth named Anatol. When Anatol first appears out of the snowstorm, in the opening act, Vanessa is under the impression that he is an old lover for whom she has been waiting for twenty years. Instead, he turns out to be her long-lost lover's son, and though he treats Vanessa with a certain amount of perfunctory gallantry, he soon seduces the younger and prettier Erika. Vanessa's romanticism, however, is not to be thwarted. She identifies the young man with her past lover, and, in the end, arranges to carry him off as her husband. Meanwhile, Erika, who has become pregnant, attempts suicide, apparently succeeds in miscarrying her child, gives up Anatol out of a spirit of generosity to her aunt, and ultimately is left to contemplate her lonely fate and to wait, as her aunt once did, for a dream lover who may never come. From these doings, it may be seen that the real tragic character around whom the opera revolves is not Vanessa but Erika, and anybody recalling "The Saint of Bleecker Street" will realize that this is not the first time one of Mr. Menotti's secondary heroines has stolen the show from his leading lady. The real passion and the real heartbreak are Erika's, and, beside her, the temperamental, willful, and self-deluded Vanessa is merely a woman in love with love—silly or neurotic, depending on your diagnosis.

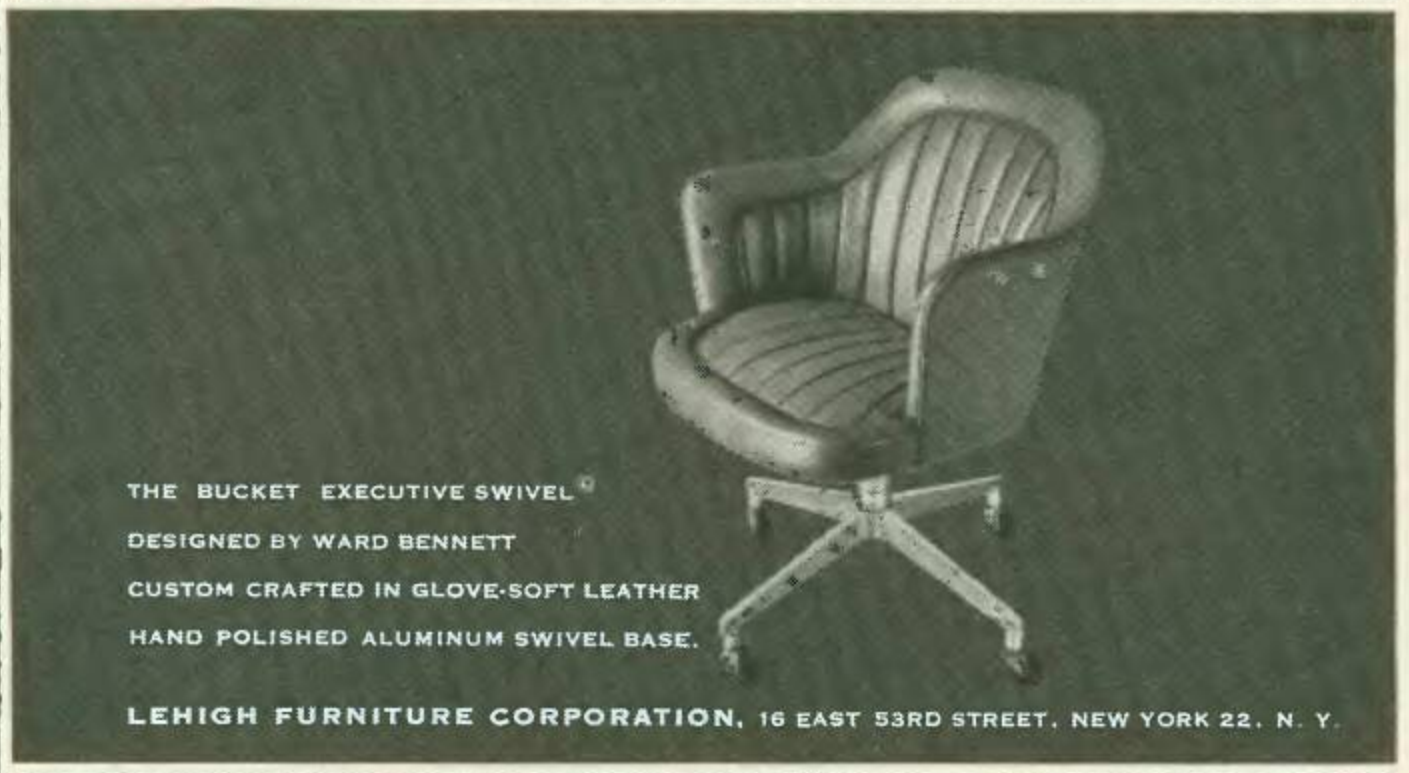
In the role of Erika, Rosalind Elias projected a major operatic character with enormous conviction, showing herself to be one of the Metropolitan's most gifted younger singing actresses. Nicolai Gedda, as the happy-go-lucky Anatol, was convincing enough, and though he is a Swede by birth, he enunciated the English language a good deal better than most of his American colleagues. Giorgio Tozzi, in the lesser

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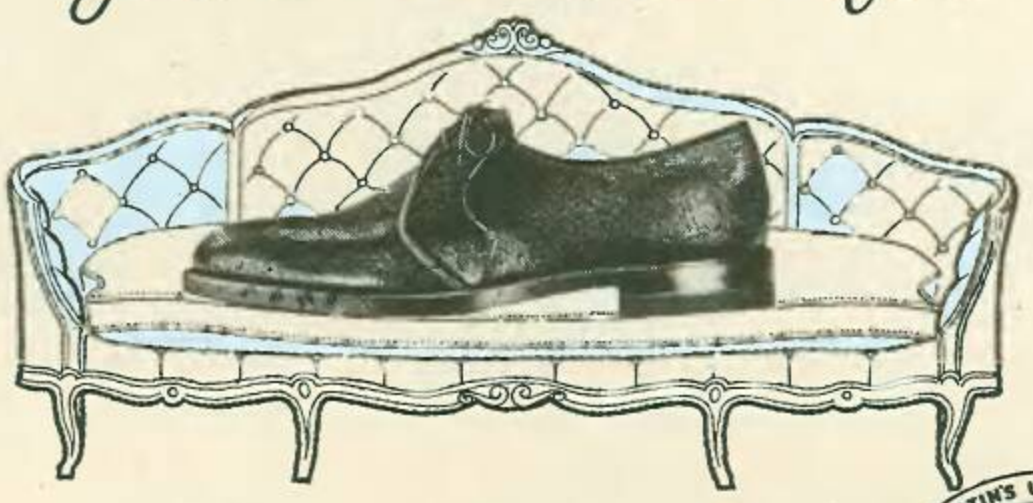


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role of the family doctor, provided a rounded portrait of kindly stability and sang his lines very beautifully indeed, and Regina Resnik, as the old grandmother—a character who wanders on and off the stage like a disapproving but helpless ghost—acted out her largely mute part with monumental dignity. About Vanessa, as portrayed by Eleanor Steber, I have some reservations. I imagine that the entire performance would have been stronger if this role had been in the hands of a subtler actress, with the ability to convey the quality of moon-struck fantasy and hopeless self-deception that the character of Vanessa seems to me to possess. Perhaps Miss Steber, who stepped into the role on rather short notice as a substitute for Sena Jurinac, the originally scheduled Vanessa, has not yet had time to penetrate all its psychological nuances. In any case, her performance struck me as somewhat harsh and lusty, compared with the image I got in reading Mr. Menotti's libretto. As for the rest of the production, it was in every way superb. The scenery and costumes, designed by Cecil Beaton, had just the right touch of Graustarkian nostalgia, and Dimitri Mitropoulos proved to be the ideal conductor for the score, which is both complex and highly charged with emotional meaning.

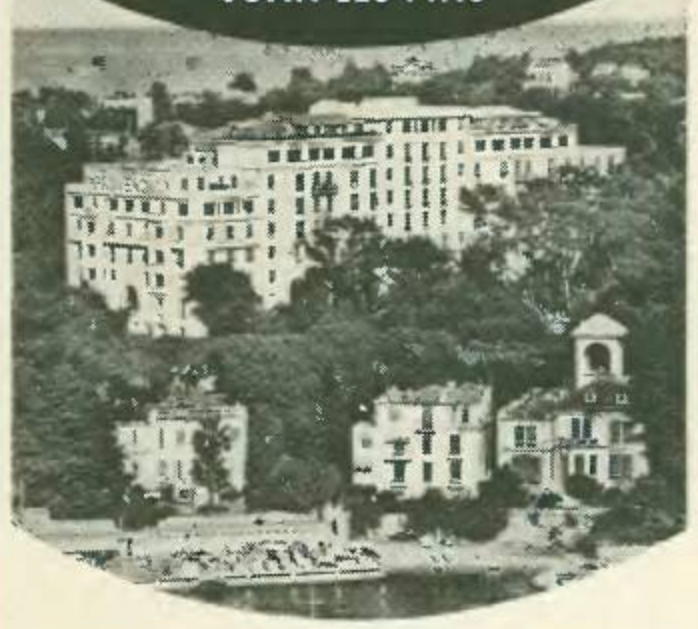
There are many reasons for rejoicing over "Vanessa." In it Mr. Barber has demonstrated that an American composer with sufficient knowledge of and feeling for the great international operatic tradition can turn out a near masterpiece in the genre, using all the wonderful vocal and dramatic potentialities of the opera-house stage. He has also demonstrated that serious grand opera is still a living thing, despite nearly fifty years of false starts, aimless experiments, compromises, operas that satirize opera, and operas that are little more than recitations set to music. I should like to hope that "Vanessa," along with Poulenc's recently produced "Dialogues of the Carmelites," will mark the beginning of a new era of serious and dedicated artistry in this field—an era in which the great traditions of the nineteenth century will be not overthrown but renewed. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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Accent on Humor



THOUGH it may strike you as a case of delayed reaction on my part, it has suddenly dawned on me that Pearl Bailey, who is currently making herself at home in the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, has grown into a popular entertainer of considerable stature. For some years, of course, she has been keeping us amused with her raffish songs, idle chatter, and enormous amiability, but now, it seems to me, she has become a full-fledged artist. The difference is slight, but it is there. Her conversation is a bit more polished than it used to be, and her manner toward the audience is a trifle less deferential. (There are fewer bawdy references in her asides, too, and the weary, shuffling gait and the broad grin have been toned down.) Owing partly to this added polish, and partly, I suppose, to the services of a high-powered couturier, she looks handsomer than ever. The evidence of Miss Bailey's new command of things comes early in her act. Having swept onstage to the proud opening strains of "House of Flowers" (which she appeared in three years ago), and greeted her guests with a breezy number called "I'm a Gal Who Needs No Introduction," Miss Bailey casually announces that instead of waiting until the end of her program to comply with requests for this and that piece, she would like to change things by taking care of the request business first. (I don't know what sort of thing she's been getting into since I was at the Waldorf, but the demand that evening was for the whole of that difficult introductory number "House of Flowers," which was handled in the show by a trained tenor. Miss Bailey managed, with her own limited voice, to interpret it sensitively and effectively.) Next, she glides through familiar songs, such as "The Birth of the Blues" and "I Wanna Get Married," and unfamiliar and rowdy songs, such as "Get It When He's Got It, or You May Not Get It At All" and "I'm Gonna Keep On Doin' What I'm Doin' Till I Can't Do What I'm Doin' No More," and carries on conversations with her audience, her drawl-

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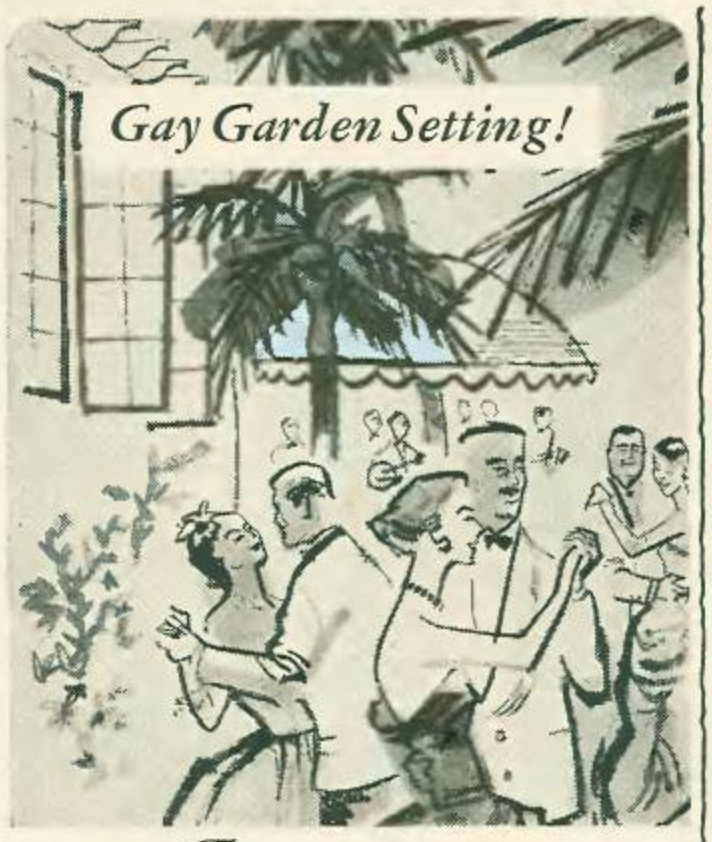
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ing voice trailing off characteristically at the end of sentences. Among her especially pleasant numbers were "My Man," which she sang with an incongruous twitter, accompanied by a birdlike dance step; "Go Back Where You Stayed Last Night," a no-nonsense piece long associated with Ethel Waters; and "Poor Butterfly," which ran to three choruses, and which she delivered while seated on the edge of the bandstand with Harry Edison, who furnished a muted trumpet obbligato.

LIKE Miss Bailey, Carol Channing, who is in the Persian Room of the Plaza, is an immensely winning performer. While she is a comparatively new hand at this game, her stage experience as a comedienne serves her admirably, and so does an aptitude for mimicry that I don't recall from her theatre work. As a matter of fact, Miss Channing—whose height (it's not just high heels, you know), features (the generous mouth and popping eyes), and voice (a basso profundo riddled with squeaks) leave her little choice in the matter—is almost exclusively a burlesquer, and she has fallen quite easily into a routine that has her offering outlandish impersonations of several well-known female performers, most of them deep-voiced ladies like Tallulah Bankhead, Marlene Dietrich, and Sophie Tucker. At the same time, she doesn't neglect her own strong personality, which you may remember from her two most piquant contributions to Broadway—in the Gladiola Girl number of "Lend an Ear," a revue that launched her career as a comedienne, and as Lorelei Lee in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," her most successful role. In both these shows she portrayed a flapper, and she uses the same characterization as a frame for her present turn, opening with "A Little Girl from Little Rock" and closing with "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend." She does the Gladiola Girl's song, "Doin' the Old Yahoo Step," too, and throws in a vignette of a spectacularly sibilant silent-movie star who simply can't make the transition to sound. For all her broad burlesquing of those other, real-life girls (Judy Garland also gets her lumps, by the way), Miss Channing appears to be without malice, and pretty sensible into the bargain, with the result that when, taking her final bows the other evening, she expressed great relief at being back in New York, working for one boss, and away from Las Vegas, where she said she was employed

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by thirty-two, I was inclined to believe her.

A Cole Porter song that was dashed off for the 1936 musical "Red, Hot and Blue" while it was having the usual pre-Broadway labor pains has furnished the name for a cheerful little new night club—Down in the Depths, in the basement of the Hotel Duane, on Madison Avenue just north of Thirty-seventh Street. Right now, in addition to the excellent comedy team of Mike Nichols and Elaine May, who just recently conquered the Blue Angel (I wrote about them at the time), and a singer named Isobel Robins, who has been piping art songs of the popular variety in little rooms about town for a few years now, a refreshing comedian named Milt Kamen is on hand. A flap-eared, nearly bald fellow of medium height, he adopts a confidential attitude toward his listeners as he proceeds to let them in on all sorts of astonishing information, which I, for one, believe implicitly. To give you just one example, Mr. Kamen mentioned, in the course of a discussion of various popular magazines, that he had been derelict in paying for his subscription to *Time*, and that after a few polite reminders from Chicago he finally received a threatening letter from Rome. He has the wonderful, and not too common, ability to disarm his audience from the start, and I'm sure you'll enjoy his turn. Incidentally, the accomplished Mickey Leonard Trio (piano, guitar, and bass) provides restrained background music between turns at Down in the Depths. Action starts at ten.—D. W.

•

And then there are books that do not balance partners. Two novels that could come only, at the moment, from the U.S.A. Corner Boy ($3.50) by Herbert Simmons. *A Houghton Mifflin Fellowship Novel.* This is the way it has to be, the true dimensions of the world of a boy like Jake Adams, rich by his own efforts at eighteen, the natural leader of a teen-age gang, the smartest dope pusher in the district, the vulnerable lover of a nice girl. This is one way of life in America.—*Adv. in Harper's.*

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BOOKS

Yonville and Rouen Revisited



UNTIL now, the various translations of "Madame Bovary" have come so far short of the mark as to give rise to a general assumption that the greatest French novel is as untranslatable into English as, say, "But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad . . ." is into French, and for something like the same reasons. If Francis Steegmuller has not achieved the impossible (which would be, roughly, bringing over into English Flaubert's very cadences and an exact rendering of the sound and shape of the French words, and all the poetic and subjective associations they carry with them), he has accomplished what is possible. His translation (Random House and Modern Library) reads like a book written in English by a great novelist, and none of the previous translations ever have.

The most widely printed is the one by Eleanor Marx Aveling, who was Karl Marx's daughter. It isn't unreadable, but it is clumsy. In its vocabulary, it reflects the taste of her period, not ours. The best that can be said of it is that it isn't too bad; the book, somehow or other, comes through. For example, her translation reads, "Charles in snow and rain trotted across country. He ate omelettes on farmhouse tables, poked his arm into damp beds, received the tepid spurt of blood-lettings in his face, listened to death-rattles, examined basins, turned over a good deal of dirty linen; but every evening he found a blazing fire, his dinner ready, easy-chairs, and a well-dressed woman, charming with an odour of freshness, though no one could say whence the perfume came, or if it were not her skin that made odorous her chemise." This is no worse than most translations, but neither is it anything you could call writing. It could only be the work of a translator.

The same paragraph in Mr. Steegmuller's version reads, "Charles jogged back and forth across the countryside under snow and rain. He ate omelettes at farmhouse tables, thrust his arm into damp beds, had his face spattered with jets of warm blood at bleedings; he listened to death rattles, examined the contents of basins, handled a lot of soiled underclothing. But every night he came home to a blazing fire, a well-set table, a comfortable chair, and a dainty, prettily dressed wife smelling so sweet that he never quite knew where the scent came from, and half wondered whether it wasn't her skin that was perfuming her slip." A discriminating but totally uninformed reader, someone who has never heard of "Madame Bovary" or of Flaubert (difficult though this is to imagine), would, coming upon this paragraph for the first time, have no reason to think that this wasn't the form in which it was originally put down. It is natural, direct, idiomatic, and clearly the work of a writer. One is not tempted to change anything or in fact to pause, in stylistic concern, over any part of it. It simply rushes on, as the novel itself does, carrying the reader along with it.

Now look what happens as the translators get into deeper water. When Emma goes to see Rodolphe for the last time, just before she commits suicide, and he tells her, untruthfully, that he stopped seeing her because of a secret involving the honor and even the life of a third person, this is how Mrs. Aveling translates Emma's reply: " 'No matter!' she said, looking at him sadly. 'I have suffered much.' " Mr. Steegmuller's version reads, "She looked at him sadly. 'Whatever it was,' she said, 'I suffered a great deal.' " This remark, in its context, coming from a woman who is at the end of her rope, makes one aware suddenly of what human compassion means. When, as here, an emotional effect is involved, or when Mrs. Aveling's translation doesn't make sense and Mr. Steegmuller's does, the difference is, of course, important. But Mrs. Aveling isn't always trying to pin the tail on the donkey. More often than not, the improvement in the new translation is small, a matter of style, almost a matter of individual taste. In itself, it almost seems not to matter. It does matter, for the reason that the improvement is continuous, virtually in every sentence, and this all adds up to



". . . Pennsylvania—Harrisburg; Delaware—Dover; Maryland—Annapolis; Virginia—Richmond; North Carolina—Raleigh; South Carolina—Columbia; Georgia—Atlanta; Florida—Tallahassee; Alabama—Montgomery . . ."

a superiority that is enormous, as if layers and layers of dark-brown varnish had been painstakingly peeled off, revealing much more brilliant colors than one would have supposed. In this new translation, "Madame Bovary" is so full of colors and sights and sounds and has so much beauty that the reader is continually reminded of the fact that Flaubert was an aesthete as well as a novelist.

All these excellences would, however, not add up to what is necessary if it weren't possible very soon to forget about them and get lost once more in that familiar story, which seems much more horrifying than ever before, and not merely tragic but, in its power to chill the heart, like a deadly reptile. Everything a cheerful person manages not to remember or think about, he will be reminded of, reading this novel. Farther on in that scene with Rodolphe, Emma reveals what she has come for, and Flaubert remarks, "Of all the icy blasts that blow on love, a request for money is the most chilling." He doesn't neglect any of the others. One longs to cry out, "Oh, it isn't so! He exaggerates. Human life and human nature are not that bad"—and cannot, because of a terrible suspicion that it *is* so, that Flaubert didn't exaggerate.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CATAFALQUE, by Robert C. Goldston (Rinehart). The members of an archeological expedition, searching out the secret of an ancient Spanish castle, find themselves surprised into examining the deepest secrets of their own unhappy hearts. Among those involved in the expedition are a famous American of reckless pride; his beautiful daughter, who is tortured by a memory; and two young and brilliant men, the first driven by his conscience, and the second by his greed. Other people who are seriously affected by the happenings at the castle are the parish priest of a nearby fishing village, a village shopkeeper, and an aristocratic lady who burns constantly with a mysterious rage. Mr. Goldston attacks the problem of conscience from many angles, but the result, though often powerful and always impressive in the variety of its expression, is cold. His book is a morose and ruminative work that falls, not too gracefully, between the romantic and the clinical.

THE GREEN HELMET, by Jon Cleary (Morrow). The Rafferty brothers, Ham and Taz, are the sons of a cele-

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brated racing-car driver who was killed in the Mille Miglia. This is the story of the rivalry between them, and of the elder brother's courtship of a beautiful American girl who is the daughter of a wealthy tire manufacturer. It is a light and harmless tale, written with an intensity that seems to derive more from the speed of the cars driven by the Rafferty brothers than from any of the human emotions involved. The scene is England, with side trips to the big races in France and Italy.

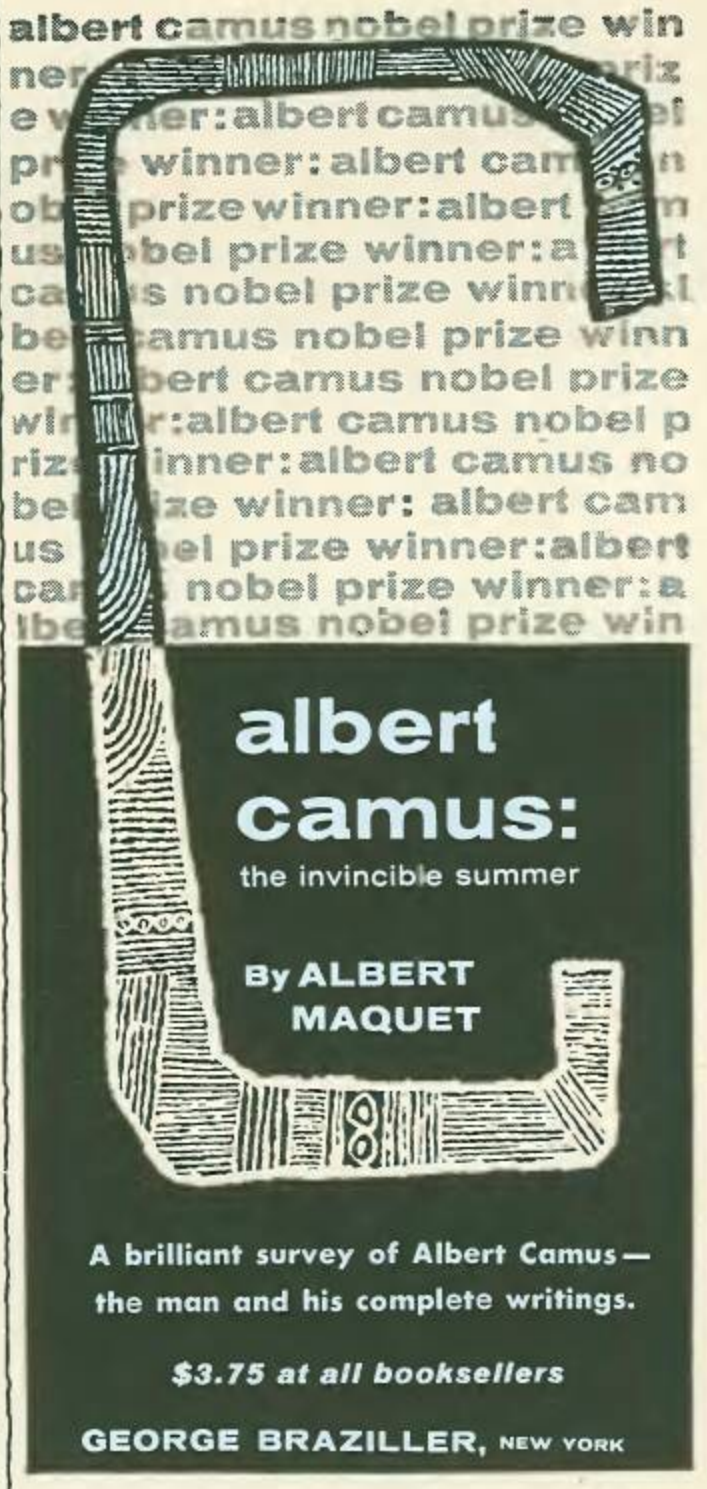
BITTER GROUND, by W. R. Burnett (Knopf). This novel of the Old West describes the arrival of Doc Sprigge, a greatly feared gambler and gunman, in the frontier town of San Ygnacio. Mr. Burnett writes very economically, and mixes romance, sentimentality, and barroom fights with a perfectly steady hand.

THE BACHELOR'S BABY, by Gwen Davenport (Doubleday). The dilemma of a most conventional bachelor who finds that he can keep his indispensable secretary only if she may bring her newborn son to work with her. The humor is frequently forced. The scene is New York.

WINTER'S TALES 3 (St. Martin's Press). These English stories give a general impression of calm and intense hard work. Not one of them is outstanding, but they are all readable. In form, they range from the minute examination of small and perhaps mean lives to a view of life as it is spent by people of more extravagant chances. The settings are not confined to England, and the time is not always the present. Each story is by a different author (Iris Murdoch, Pamela Hansford Johnson, and William Sansom among them), and each is illustrated by a different artist. It is an attractive book, the third in this yearly series.

GENERAL

BERTRAND RUSSELL: THE PASSIONATE SKEPTIC, by Alan Wood (Simon & Schuster). "In a book of this kind," Mr. Wood remarks, "it is advisable to throw in occasionally a few superior words of criticism and disparagement, to create an impression of impartial aloofness. I am sorry not to oblige in this respect, but I cannot help it. It is unfortunately the case that, on most points, nobody has yet controverted Russell's conclusions, and most of his critics are merely silly." Then, turning from the philosophy to the philosopher, he adds, "I think we end by finding an ex-



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traordinary man; a man of immense erudition who also had a delight in teaching; a man of warm human understanding who started many others thinking on lines which could lead to happiness; a man with a passionate hatred of folly and cruelty, and the power to give hope and heart in the fight against them." These are strong words, and the temptation to chide Mr. Wood for his ardor is a powerful one, but we find, as we close his affectionate biography, that we cannot. Both the man and the mind that he has shown us *are* extraordinary, and we owe him much for enriching us with a deeper acquaintance with them. A most exhilarating book. Photographs.

OF MEN AND MARSHES, by Paul L. Errington (Macmillan). Of the more than a hundred and twenty million acres of marshes and swamps that once existed in this country, fewer than thirty million acres remain. The rest have been drained to indulge the needs—both real and fancied—of agriculture. The author, a professor of zoology at Iowa State College and an active field biologist, is a leader among the growing body of scientists, conservationists, politicians, trappers, and sportsmen who are vigorously engaged in attempting to halt this by now senseless destruction of an invaluable natural resource. He speaks to us here, however, not as a scientist but as a man and a humanist. His method is to show us a marsh near his home, to escort us through it at the different seasons of the year, and to let us see for ourselves the beauty and the wonder that are there. It is a telling, and a moving, experience. Handsomely illustrated with drawings by H. Albert Hochbaum.

A HISTORY OF THE DOLLAR, by Arthur Nussbaum (Columbia). "American monetary history is truly spectacular," Professor Nussbaum remarks, and so it turns out to be, as we hear of the colonists driving good wampum out of circulation with bone and stone counterfeits, of Spanish pieces of eight being clipped until they were pieces of seven or six, and of banks called "wildcat" because they hid in the forest to avoid redeeming their currency. Professor Nussbaum leads us through all this, and through the Greenback, Bryan, and Bimetallism agitations, down to Roosevelt's devaluation of the dollar and the realization "that in the environment of the atomic age, gold is no longer a reliable instrumentality of salvation." A scholarly history of improvisation



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LITERARY REVIEWS AND ESSAYS, by Henry James, edited by Albert Mordell (Twayne). Over sixty previously uncollected pieces by James, almost all of them written before he was forty, when his ambition was to be the American Sainte-Beuve. Although these essays were not reprinted by James or by earlier editors, because they seemed his least impressive, even they make it clear that he was an absolutely first-rate critic of prose literature, and—as when he notes that Gautier's attempt to seem vicious in "Mademoiselle de Maupin" is like "a pair of burnt-cork mustaches smirched over lips still redolent of a mother's milk"—a surprisingly lively one. Ten dollars.

GUSTAV MAHLER, by Bruno Walter (Knopf). Walter was a protégé of Mahler's (he worked under him at the Hamburg and Vienna opera houses) and later became his friend; this short book is a recollection of the man and an appreciation of his music. As a conductor, Mahler had a conductor's personality—domineering, hard-driving, and, on occasion, downright brutal to musicians who could not come up to his standard. As a man and a composer, on the other hand, he was a sensitive type, given to bouts of quasi-mystical joy and despair. Walter is sympathetic to both moods; he feels that Mahler was outstanding in his two professions, and, moreover, he is filled with affection for the difficult, talented man he knew.

•

GENTLEMEN:

It is true that changes are everywhere, but how fast they are friendship, understanding, consideration and a helping hand with a smile are still persisting in well-wishers. And so on this theme that we take the liberty to write the following lines to express our sincere appreciation for the same view you also have and to thank you for your very kind assistance and cooperation that you are doing your best to render us during this year which is pulling its end very shortly now.—*Letter from a Bangkok firm.*

Don't mention it.

•

U.S. Rep. John W. McCormack said yesterday he had received word from the Dense Department in Washington that the National Hurricane Research Project, which had been scheduled to be discontinued due to budgetary cuts, is now slated to be carried through to completion.

—*Boston Herald.*

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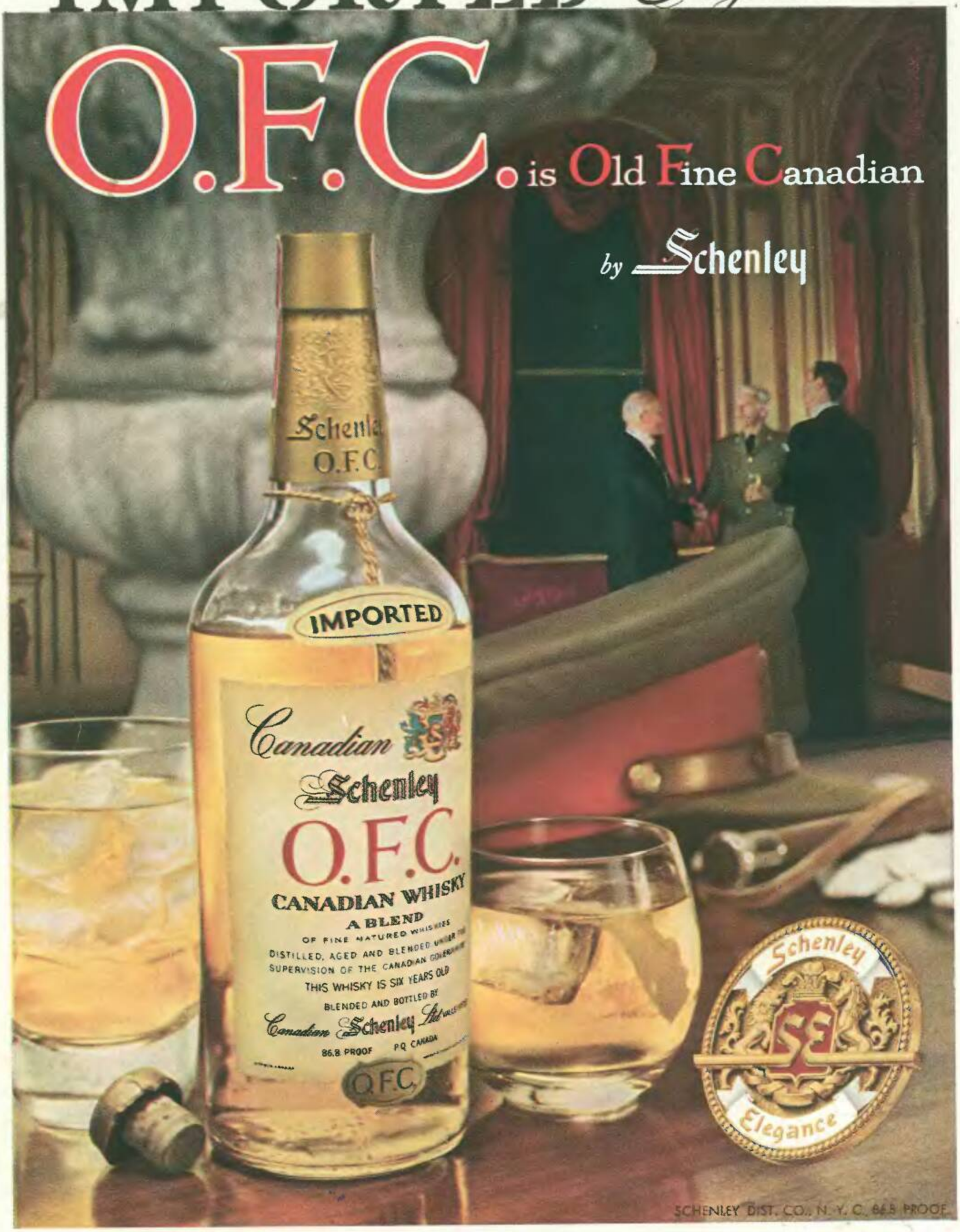
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