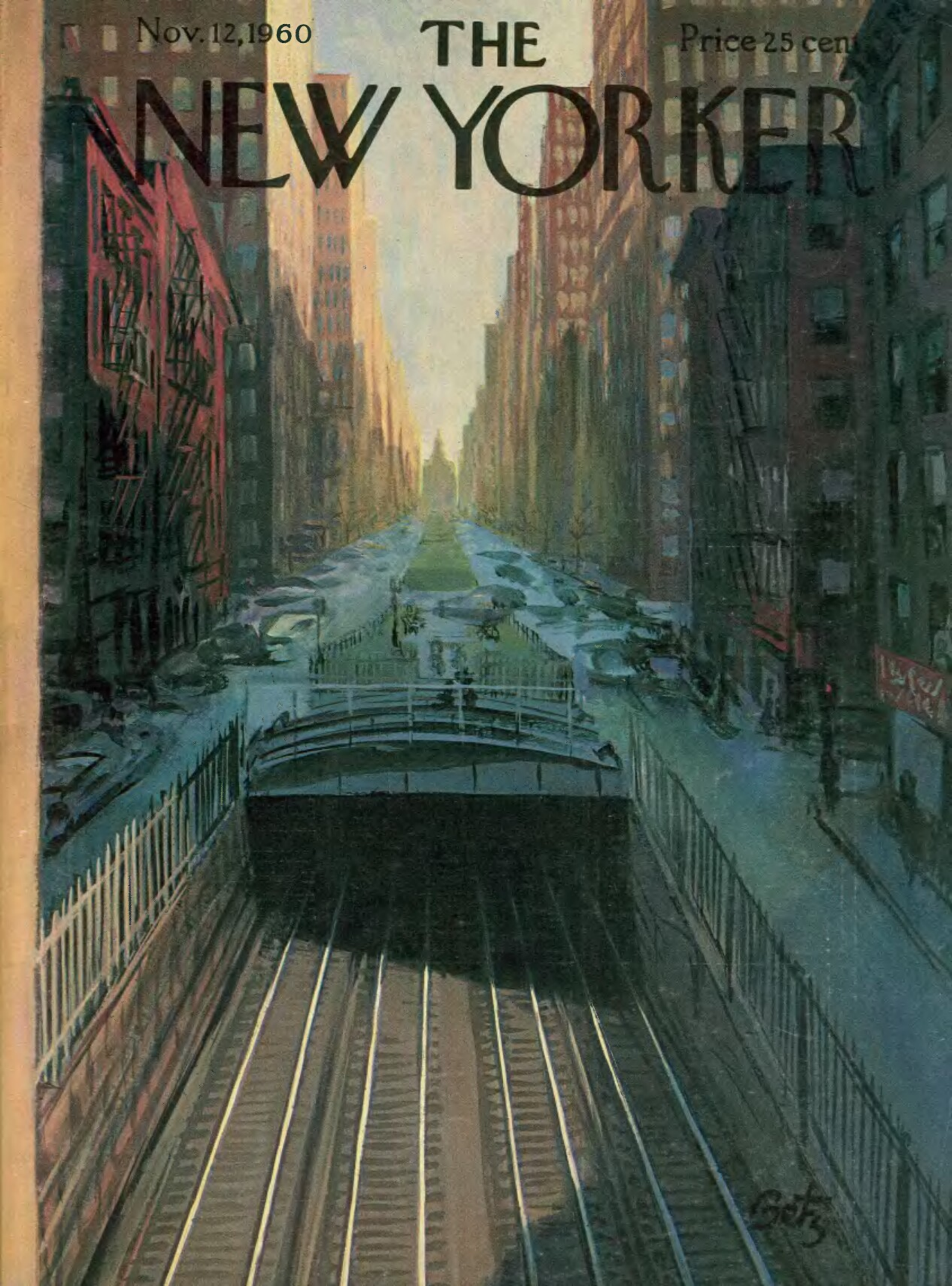
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Becket—Portraying, respectively, the Archbishop and the King in Jean Anouilh's dishevelled account of the twelfth-century struggle for dominance between Church and State, Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn employ such different styles that they never do blend their performances satisfactorily. Nor does Peter Glenville's direction succeed in weaving all the wayward strands of the play into a coherent pattern. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Best Man—Melvyn Douglas, Lee Tracy, and Frank Lovejoy are the main participants in this lively *drame à clef* by Gore Vidal, which deals with the backstage maneuverings at an unidentified Presidential convention. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A felicitous and funny divertissement in which two highly original comics spoof everything from modern drama to the P.-T.A. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Face of a Hero—A melodrama, previously exposed in a television version, that tries to make plausible the adventures of a Northern Blackstone who becomes a district attorney in a Southern town and proceeds to spread enlightenment all over the place. Jack Lemmon and many other estimable types have got themselves entangled in this one. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The 49th Cousin—Menasha Skulnik, the droll sprite from the Yiddish theatre, tackles the task of portraying a family ogre in this simple little domestic comedy, but the role is alien to his nature. Nevertheless, he is beguiling, and he gets warm support from Martha Scott, Marian Winters, Evans Evans, Gerald Hiken, and John Boruff. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Hostage—A sprawling play by Brendan Behan that is at once prankish, vulgar, and amusing as it describes the commotion in a Dublin brothel where a British soldier is being kept prisoner by the I.R.A. The direction has been capably handled by Joan Littlewood, and the cast, led by Maxwell Shaw and Avis Bunnage, is extremely competent. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4280. Moves on Monday, Nov. 14, to the Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W., CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Invitation to a March—The impressive talents of Celeste Holm, Madeleine Sherwood, Jane Fonda, Eileen Heckart, James MacArthur, and Richard Derr are not used to much purpose in this comedy by Arthur Laurents about life as it is lived on the dunes of Long Island's South Shore, but there are occasionally lively lines, and some of the situations are salty. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Rape of the Belt—Benn W. Levy's comedy is a variation on the theme of Heracles' celebrated struggle to wrest a royal belt from the Amazons. The play isn't overly sprightly, although it has its funny moments, especially when Joyce Redman is disporting herself as an Amazon gone berserk with military ardor. Constance Cummings, Peggy Wood, John Emery, Joseph Bova, and Philip Bosco are also effective. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—There are some strange characters on view in this drama, but Shelagh Delaney, the North Country English girl who wrote it a couple of years ago, when she was nineteen, has certainly infused them with life and put them into a convincing setting. The cast contains only five performers, and they are all excellent—Angela Lansbury, as a prostitute getting long in the tooth; Nigel Davenport, as her protector; Joan Plowright, as her daughter; Billy Dee Williams, as the daughter's colored seducer; and Andrew Ray, as the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. Miss Plowright is especially noteworthy in a very taxing role. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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A Thurber Carnival—Various emanations of the Columbus, Ohio, djinni compressed into a very cheerful revue. Astutely directed by Burgess Meredith, the medley has as its leading figures Paul Ford and, by golly, Mr. Thurber himself. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Toys in the Attic—Lillian Hellman's new play is a densely textured story about the ways in which sex and money undermine a genteel New Orleans family. Irene Worth, Maureen Stapleton, and Jason Robards, Jr., star in this fascinating, unsatisfactory piece of work. Robert Loggia will succeed Mr. Robards on Monday, Nov. 14. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Wall—Millard Lampell's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the Jews trapped in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. It has some strong scenes, but it tries to interest us so swiftly in so many people that we never get to know most of them more than casually. Among the prisoners in the ghetto are George C. Scott, Yvonne Mitchell, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—The Miracle Worker: Some seventy years ago, an Irish girl called Annie Sullivan taught a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller how to communicate with the world. William Gibson wrote the script, and his leading players are Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **The Tenth Man:** A nihilistic young lawyer is restored to life and love by an exorcism ceremony performed on a Jewish girl who is thought to be possessed by a dybbuk. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. Words by Paddy Chayefsky. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Bye Bye Birdie—A bouncy and diverting introduction to some fresh, feckless, and beguiling people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke are at the head of the cast, and Charles Strouse, Lee Adams, and Michael Stewart are responsible for music, lyrics, and book, respectively. The direction, by Gower Champion, is a triumph. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—Using leers as substitutes for laughs, this importation—from France via England—describes the antics of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal is an agile type, about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—As directed by George Abbott (who collaborated on the book with Jerome Weidman), this show about a snoopy parson given to exploring the haunts of sinners in old Manhattan is quite a tumultuous business, but it isn't very long on comedy. Maurice Evans heads the large and lively cast, and the play has some clever settings by Cecil Beaton. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—A jolly account of the ups and downs of a backwoods Colorado girl who strikes it rich by marrying a man with a silver thumb, goes on to crash Denver and French society with a hell of a bang, and eventually survives the sinking of the Titanic. As played by Tammy Grimes, the lady is a delight, and so, on the whole, is the show in which she figures. It has agreeable tunes by Meredith Willson, colorful sets by Oliver Smith, ingenious choreography by Peter Gennaro, and has been lovingly directed by Dore Schary. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—Fiorello!: A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia as Mayor of New York. Howard Da Silva and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées

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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . GYPSY: The career of Gypsy Rose Lee, from humble beginnings in vaudeville to ecdysiastic heights in burlesque. Ethel Merman plays Gypsy's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . THE MUSIC MAN: Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Bert Parks. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. Cl 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . MY FAIR LADY: A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Pamela Charles that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . LA PLUME DE MA TANTE: A Parisian revue in which Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and several lively girls explore the fringes of Surrealism. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . THE SOUND OF MUSIC: Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . TAKE ME ALONG: O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!," transformed into a musical. The performers include William Bendix, Sidney Blackmer, Robert Morse, and Eileen Herlie. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . WEST SIDE STORY: "Romeo and Juliet," restated in terms of a teen-age gang war. The cast includes Carol Lawrence and Allyn Ann McLerie. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 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.)

PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT—James Daly, Barbara Baxley, and Robert Webber in the new Tennessee Williams play. The producer is Cheryl Crawford, the director George Roy Hill. Opens Thursday, Nov. 10. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

UNDER THE YUM-YUM TREE—A comedy by Lawrence Roman, with Gig Young and Sandra Church. Directed by Joseph Anthony and produced by Frederick Brisson and Roger L. Stevens. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 16. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ADVISE AND CONSENT—A dramatization by Loring Mandel of Allen Drury's novel, with a cast that includes Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy. Presented by Robert Fryer and Lawrence Carr, in association with John Herman, and directed by Franklin Schaffner. Opens Thursday, Nov. 17. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

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

THE BALCONY—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THE CONNECTION—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

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DEEP ARE THE ROOTS—A revival of the Arnaud d'Usseau-James Gow play. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

DRUMS UNDER THE WINDOWS—Paul Shyre's third attempt to compress a Sean O'Casey autobiographical novel (Volume III this time) into a play. The results are sometimes fleeting, sometimes indelible, and there is enough rich round prose to fill the Irish Sea. Martyn Green, as the elder, reminiscing O'Casey, is first-rate, and so are his compatriots. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. Jerry Orbach, Kenneth Nelson, and Rita Gardner do superior work in the cast. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A.—Banalities shouted loud and clear, and jokes visible from afar, characterize this musical revue, which has, however, an altruistic cast. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

HEDDA GABLER—Anne Meacham in Henrik Ibsen's drama, translated by Michael Meyer. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

HERE COME THE CLOWNS—An unwise revival of one of Philip Barry's think plays, in which a group of vaudevillians ensconced in a cabaret attempts to find out why evil is always cheap and good is always dear in this world. Now and then, the cast sublimates its material. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE and THE ZOO STORY—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by a heretofore unknown American, Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Henderson Forsythe, Mark Richman, and George Bartenieff. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

LEAVE IT TO JANE—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. Eileen Brennan plays the heroine with marvellous style. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)



MAN AND SUPERMAN—A revival of George Bernard Shaw's play, presented by the Gate Repertory Company and directed by Matt Conley. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

THE MOUSETRAP—Agatha Christie's mystery thriller, which has been running in London practically since the birth of time. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

LA RONDE—Arthur Schnitzler's chronicle of ten consecutive seductions, neatly arranged to describe a complete circle. Some may take pleasure in the symmetry of the construction. Others may wish they had stayed home. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER—Oliver Goldsmith's bearded bag of tricks about mistaken identity, thwarted love, and other set pieces at an English country house. The production is directed by Stuart Vaughan, who admires pratfalls and swaying drunks, as well as his own vaudeville alterations of the text, and who causes his cast, which includes Gerry Jedd and Juliet Randall, to behave alternately in an overheated and anemic manner. The Phoenix repertory group's first offering of the season. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE PEDDLER—Nick (Sacco) and Bart (Vanzetti) are the heroes of this Big Bertha soap opera, opera, verse drama, and modern ballet, which, though based on the belief that the two men were *not* guilty, punishes them anyway. Many long minutes can be whiled away in examining David Ballou's almost four-dimensional set. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE THEATRE OF CHANCE—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Sundays at 8:30.)

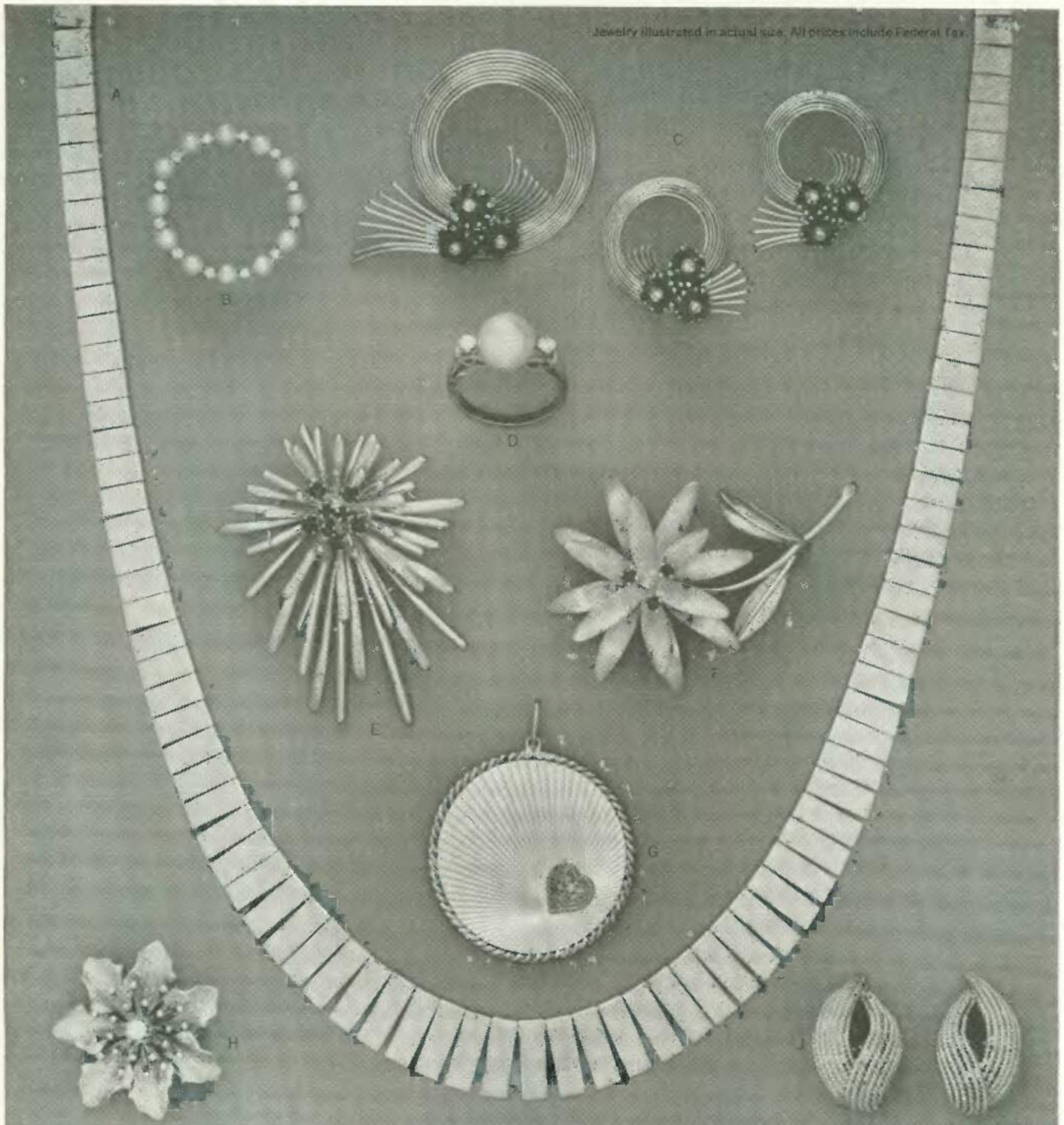
THE THREEPENNY OPERA—Ralph Henry Barbour didn't like it. In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Nov. 10: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 11: "Serenade," "Medea," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 12: "Interplay," "Prodigal Son," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 13: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 13: "Fanfare," "Medea," and "The Figure in the Carpet." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 15: "Fanfare," "Prodigal Son," and "The Figure in the Carpet." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 16: "Con Amore," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo" (première), "Variations from Don Sebastian" (première), and "La Sonnambula." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 17: "Swan Lake," "Illuminations," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 18: "Serenade," "Souvenirs," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 19: "Swan Lake," "Interplay," "Pas de Deux," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 19: "Con Amore," "Medea," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

ANTA PROGRAM—Two modern No plays ("The Lady Akane" and "Hanjo") by Yukio Mis-



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GEORG JENSEN INC

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hima, presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the second in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 2:40. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

NIGHT LIFE

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

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A goldfish bowl that, oddly, can be filled to the brim with champagne without having any effect whatever on the denizens. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra pipe the customers aboard.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—François Villon rides again, or "The Vagabond King," but without most of the rusty plot. The singers, five of them, are headed by Jimmy Carroll and Wilbur Evans, that jolly old King Cole, and the stage is the Cotillion Room, which affords no scenery except the customers' furs. Between showings, there's plenty of dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's polite followers are the dance musicians in the upper-bracket Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The happy talk of Ted Straeter's flowing pride of minstrels and the brisk persiflage of Mark Monte's little band make the Persian Room glow in the dark of night. At dinner and supper, there are songs by Lilo, an inexhaustibly noisy Parisienne and a gleaner of La Ville Lumière's horse-chestnut trees. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays in the Palm Court for the cocktail hour (four to seven) and in the Edwardian Room for the dinner hour. No dancing in either abode. . . . ¶ The stilly night in the Rendez-Vous, a good-looking rest home, is being mildly punctured now and then by the languid dance orchestras run by Maximillian Bergere and the almost legendary Nicholas D'Amico. They start at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Warren Covington, occasional trombonist and singer, occupies the Grill with a fifteen-man dance band that throws the good old Tommy Dorsey book at the customers. Local ground rules require that the boys do it ever so softly. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a remarkably easy way to live like a king, Gloria De Haven shows up at the dinner hour and again at the supper hour to demonstrate how Hollywood thinks songs should be sung. Milt Shaw's band and Walter Kay's trio fill the rest of the evening with cut-glass dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Rome of truly noble proportions is the scheme of the Columns, a moonlit terrace upon which dinner music begins at seven-thirty and dance music an hour later. Gunnar Hansen's and Charles Holden's little orchestras do the 3/4 and 4/4 honors. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There's room for the improvement of one's peace of mind among the widely spaced armchairs and tables of the Savoy Room, where Ray Hartley addresses a piano from cocktails through suppertime every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The sun sets on the local empire (the Embassy Club and the Knight Box) only on Sundays. The Club serves strutters' music by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band from eight-thirty or nine until one-thirty or two; the Box serves sitters' music by Jani Sarkozi's violin from eight o'clock on.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, the sonorous dance band of Emil Coleman, which in its time has launched a thousand débutantes, carols away whenever a smaller band, run by Theo Fanidi, is not performing. On the floor, at dinner and supper, there is big and awkward Frankie Laine, singer and (unless his lyrics are little white lies) muleteer and

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pursuer of the wild goose. Mr. Laine leaves Saturday, Nov. 12; Monday, Nov. 14, will be opening night for the three Kim Sisters, which is to say the Andrews Sisters of Korea and other faraway places, like Las Vegas. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, decorated to suggest an Elysian field, Michael Zarin's trio alternates with the orchestra of Ray Bari. The music is sedentary from six to eight-thirty, and dance-tune after that. Sundays, when the music is sedentary from six to eight, and then dance-tune until one, the Baris are by themselves.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a rooftop with a view, opens at four-thirty every afternoon but Sunday for cocktails, dinner, and non-dance music by a trio. The locale: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): The resident characters didn't come out of storybooks, no matter how improbable they may seem; they were all invented by the process of living in New York. Jack Banan's piano, which begins at eight, provides a sturdy, down-to-earth, on-the-beat counterpoint to all of them. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The playboys (j.g.) and the playgirls (j.g.) of the Western World at their decorous merrymaking, which is supervised by Goldie Hawkins, headmaster and pianist-in-chief. The order of the evening is this: Bob Printz on piano from five-thirty to eight; Mr. Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a team. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter brings out the best in his Steinway, situate on the nineteenth green of a course where it's always fair weather. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Joel Forbes is the Sunday performer. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday for strings, which are bowed and plucked by Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a squad of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine family dinner party in a combination concert stage, opera house, and dance hall. The head of the family is Aldo Bruschi, operator of piano, oboe, concertina, and basso profundo. Every week he stages miniature cloak-and-dagger valentines (by G. Verdi, R. Leoncavallo, G. Puccini, and such) from Tuesday through Saturday, runs a dance group from Thursday through Saturday, and accompanies the succession of singers who wander in and out of the spotlight. I.e., never a dull moment. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle keep that is 1066 and all that, plus a few moves to bring matters up to date, such as Norbert Faconi's tableside manner and violin. No music Sundays. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan



Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards (or their Argentine offshoots) at play, which is hard on the feet, vocal cords, and stringed instruments but generally easy on the ears. The theme is flamenco. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Malmaison,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The style to which we'd all like to become accustomed. The piano in the bar is run by Jules Kuti, who is on from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The House of Lords in a sociable mood. The court musician is George Feyer, whose piano is distributed from eight-thirty through suppertime. Closed Sundays. . . . **Barberry,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An old-established pump room, rebuilt into a Moorish town house, and a rather handsome one. The bar and kitchen remain American, though, and so does the leisurely music, which is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, with and without a bordure of violin by Richard Wilson. This goes on from six to midnight, and a trifle later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic portfolio, mostly British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **Luau 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): Skillfully sidestepping the native girl who is giving away *leis* by the armful, you press on into the interior of Polynesia, where a native restaurant and native musicians (the Polynesians seem to have been the inventors of the electronic ukulele) await you every night of the week. George Taylor, who's definitely from the mainland, plays piano in the bar every night but Sunday. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Trattoria* of style, without being obtrusive about it. The music, which is ambulatory, is provided by the voices and instruments of casual hillbillies from (where else?) the seven hills of Rome. Their work night is six to two. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Zambra,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A slice of life after dark in Madrid. The illusion is assisted no end by Fernando Sirvent's guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): First, second, and third Hungarian rhapsodies, sometimes simultaneously. The ceaseless ebb and flow of music is most successfully surmounted by the Old World tenor of Tibor Rakossy. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Stanhope Gate,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): From nine-thirty to one, this opulent little bar, a Joan Miró daydream, is in the charge of Renato Rossini, whose guitar makes Latin anything but a dead language. No music Mondays. . . . **Essex House,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who keeps making the grand tour, from Caracas to Europe and back, is spending this particular winter at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park. He's around from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, and Sunday is his day of rest.

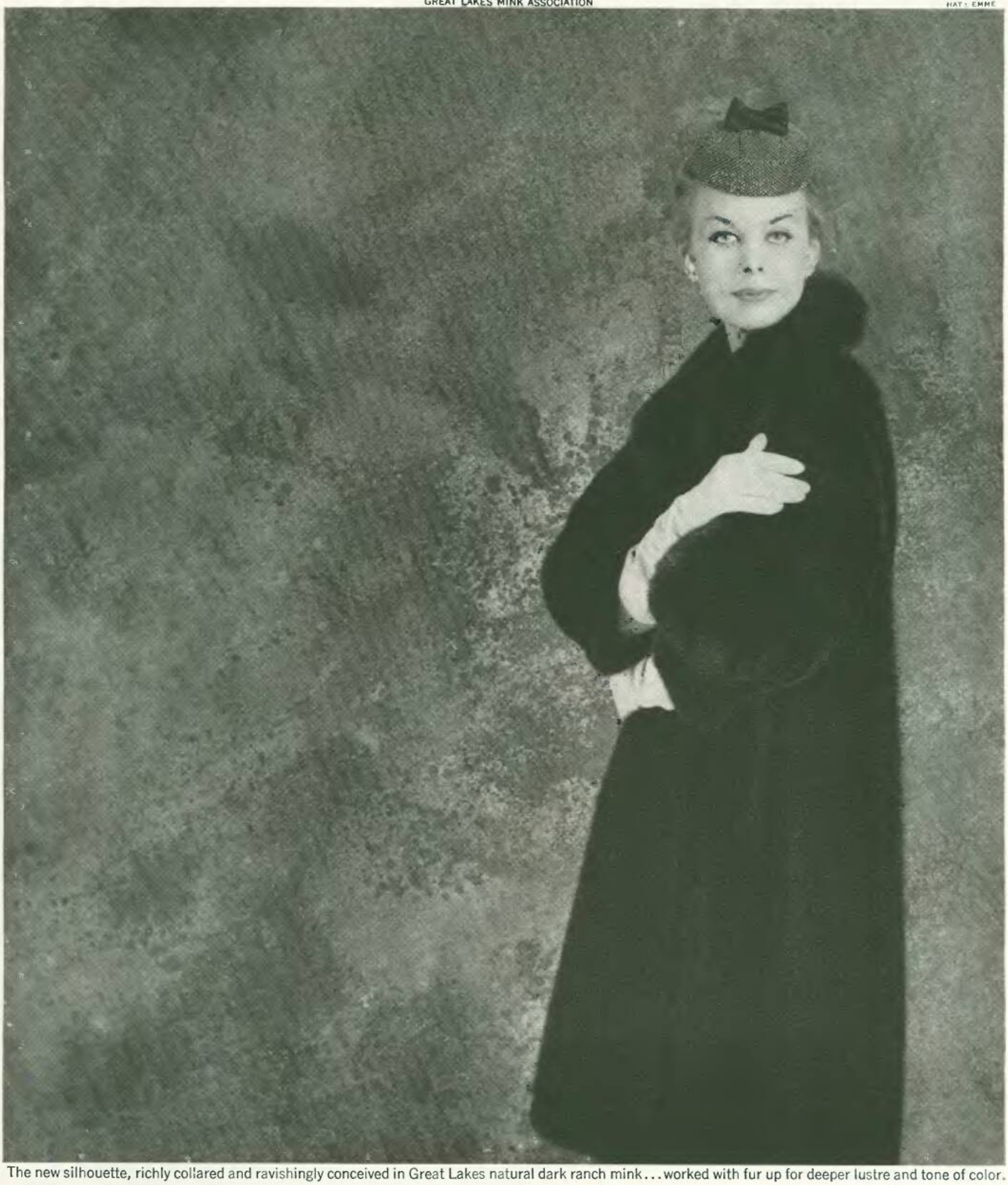
BIG AND BRASSY

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The management, deciding that one picture is worth a thousand words, has removed nearly all extraneous words from the tremendous revue that surges for nearly two hours across the stage. It has also, in its infinite wisdom, removed nearly all extraneous raiment from the cast's young ladies, as fine and healthy a set of Olympic athletes as this country has fielded in years. Dancing. . . . **Basin Street East,** 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Johnnie Ray, bravely fighting back his myriad tears, is still the most compulsive cheerleader-*cum*-balladier. His evangelism is resoundingly supported by the seventeen-strong band of Quincy Jones, which, though such performers as Melba Liston and Curtis Fuller are visible in its ranks, does not get the utmost out of its firepower when it is on its own. George Shearing's group of musicians, which year by year withdraws further and further into a dream world of its own, is also on hand. Closed Sundays. . . . **Copacabana,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joey Bishop, a conversationalist who can get very intramural about things like show business, is the incumbent court jester; the songs are sung by a raging torrent called the Four Lads; the choreography is executed—and that

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is the word for it—by eight lovely handmaidens who do not always believe in letting their left foot know what their right foot is doing. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The merriest town crier in a long, long time is Dorothy Loudon, an eloquent child in whom faith, hope, and charity are at low ebb; the most circumnavigating one is Irwin Corey, whose speech pattern suggests that he has been boiling the season's political demagoguery in a pot of glue. The lyrics are supplied by Maysa Matarazzo, a feline Brazilian who sings the language of love in Portuguese, French, and English. The background is the inventive Jimmy Lyons' trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and the garrulous piano of Otis Clements. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty's piano recites casual tone poems from six to eight, and the Lyons group does milkman's matinées. No music Saturdays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," which is Julius Monk's most recent and most pungent white paper on the state of the nation, pays its disrespects at nine-fifteen and midnight. The *farceurs* in the revue are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, and Gerry Matthews (Monk veterans all), as well as Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl. William Roy and Carl Norman make their two pianos sound like an orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Songs from many a hill and dale, many a highway and byway, sung and played by young Mr. Clark Allen, an American plainsman, and danced by Margarita Allen, a Latin flame thrower. This amiable enterprise is supplemented by the pianos of Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, whose variations on themes by Gershwin, Kern, et al. are seventeen-jewel. The pianos begin at nine, the Allens at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The viable tomfoolery is the work of Tony and Eddie, an almost too slapdash pair of mocking birds who rely entirely on recordings that other people wish they hadn't made; Tiger Haynes and his rambunctious musicians, the Three Flames; and Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor. The other dramatis personae are file-and-forget. Peter Daniels is at the solo piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Tun Tun, a Mexican Peck's Bad Boy, makes most of the noise in a semi-Spanish fandango that burbles its way across the stage of the back room, where the capers cut by the dancing customers are often worth the price of admission. Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three to eight. . . . ¶ Around ten, next door to the bar, the tense, eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata makes the alcove it occupies one of our best music rooms. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Through the lips of Mabel Mercer pass the most beautifully phrased songs in the world, by turn casual, impassioned, and bittersweet. Her dignified mountain fastness, high above the torrential freshet called the Roundtable, is also inhabited by Sam Hamilton, her almost lifelong pianist. Ralph Strain and his Roman-language piano are also part of the *mise en scène.* Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Rock-ribbed tradition, now upheld by the sunny disposition of Ralph Sutton's long-lost missionaries, among whom are Peanuts Hucko and Buzzy Drootin. During the intermissions, Bob Corwin keeps the keyboard warm as toast. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Two of the burning issues of the night—the Modern Jazz Quartet and Ornette Coleman's foursome—are being given equal time. The M.J.Q.'s most ardent defense of its mode of thought runs thirty minutes; Mr. C. makes his points with a bit more brevity. The net result: a full, rich evening. The two groups cease operations on Sunday, Nov. 13; Miles Davis brings his quintet here on Tuesday, Nov. 15, and Bill Evans' trio moves in that night, too. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Tyree Glenn's quartet is of two minds—let them eat dinner in peace, let them eat supper in a steady downpour. Also among those present is the Martin Denny trio, with orchestrations by the Hawaiian Chamber of Commerce, and Adam Wade, who sings mostly with his hands. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some real veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are whooping it up, and sometimes gagging it up, for the sake of that dear old Southland. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join up with Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The return of the golden age to this ancient chophouse. At ten, Marian McPartland, who's in high spirits these nights, lays cool hands on her piano. Her bass man, Ben Tucker, is a big help around the house. She and her trio take turns with John Bunch, a New Wave piano man, and his bass, Henry Grimes. No sounds on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Music to watch Grandma Moses to. The exhibit of primitives opens up at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman handle the day trick; the night job is handled by three batteries—Red Allen's sextet (off duty Mondays), Sol Yaged's fivesome (off duty Wednesdays and Thursdays), and Buddy Rich's collection of extroverts. . . . ¶ In a bird cage one flight up, on Saturday, Nov. 12, the Riches will also be disporting themselves. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The Broadway beat, which is elbow to elbow and dark to dawn. Herbie Mann's group, which has been studying the liberal arts in the Caribbean, is now augmented by four trumpets, for complete pandemonium. Also on deck: Earl May's trio and Charles Bell's foursome. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are out of action. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): An assembly line for people who are between sales conventions. Over and above their hubbub floats the rumpus set up by the quartet of Jonah Jones, who could blow the place to smithereens were he allowed to take the mute out of his trumpet. Harold Quinn's trio just fills up space. Action begins at eight. Sundays are assigned to irregular troops; that is, just about anyone with a union card. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The big city seems far away from this cozy hero-sandwich conveyor belt. Donald Byrd's quintet, which involves Pepper Adams, leaves Sunday, Nov. 13; on Tuesday, Nov. 15, Charlie Mingus will arrive with his quintet, a no doubt accurate forecast of what the future holds in store. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Cookouts every night but Monday by the Salt City Six, a collection of upstate hot potatoes. Sundays, there are five-o'clock matinées as well as soirées. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Festival time in an undeniably Village stage set. The celebration comes from the foursome graced by the solos and duets of Toshiko Akiyoshi's piano and Charlie Mariano's saxophone, as well as from John Handy's quartet. The Akiyoshi contingent is off Tuesdays, the Handys are off Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Way down yonder in a colossal cornfield, Max Roach's quintet is seeking new worlds to conquer, while Randy Weston's quartet is content to redecorate this one. Abbey Lincoln's voice cries havoc and heartbreak, and Leon Bibb's basso profundo makes a tremendous impression on America's store of folk song. All hands resign on Saturday, Nov. 12; the arrivals on Monday, Nov. 14, will be the Jazztet, in which Art Farmer and Benny Golson are the principals; Ernestine Anderson, girl tempest, girl caroller; and Mal Waldron's threesome. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): A cup that practically runneth over, what with the five-man squad of Dizzy Gillespie, a wise and witty man, and the eleven-man squad of Gil Evans, who paints the night air



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with a thousand symphonic colors. Mr. G.'s crew closes up shop on Sunday, Nov. 13; on Tuesday, Nov. 15, Thelonious Monk is due, and may even show up. If he does, he'll be one step ahead of an assisting set of tribesmen. Closed Mondays. . . . COMPOSER-EAST, 405 E. 52nd St. (PL 5-5992): Anyone opening an ear in here will wonder why, unless he happens to arrive when Barbara Carroll's well-tempered fingers are prancing in their state-carriage fashion back and forth on the Steinway, or when Johnny Mehegan is doing his modernized trigonometry on the instrument. He and the Carroll trio are there every night but Sunday. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Old wine in an old bottle. The tastings are held only over the weekends. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, the vintners will probably be Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Russ Bowman and his Finger Lake Five, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Claude Hopkins, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KAREL APPEL—Abstract Expressionist oils and gouaches by the Dutch painter; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

ANNE ARNOLD—Animal sculptures in wood and two large figure pieces in wood and stone; through Nov. 23. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

JEAN ARP AND SOPHIE TAEUBER-ARP—Sculptures, paintings, reliefs, and tapestries; through Nov. 30. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Landscapes and figures, done in broad, freely manipulated forms; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

RHYS CAPARN—Bronze sculptures based mainly on landscape and animal forms; through Nov. 26. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

LOVIS CORINTH (1858-1925)—A small, well-selected survey of portraits and portrait drawings by the German artist; through Dec. 3. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—Abstract bronze sculptures rhythmical in movement; through Nov. 26. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Oils, collages, and other works in a minor retrospective, 1943 to the present; through Dec. 3. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

STEPHEN ETNIER—Skillfully handled paintings of Maine and Nassau; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

MICHAEL FRARY—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figures; through Nov. 26. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

EMIL GANSO (1895-1941)—Nudes, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Washington Irving Gallery, Irving Pl. at 17th St.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB—Abstract oils; through Dec. 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JOSÉ GUERRERO—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 26. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

CHILDE HASSAM (1859-1935)—Paintings by this leading American Impressionist; through Dec. 3. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

CARL HOLTY—Abstractions; through Nov. 26. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT KEYSER—Abstract paintings based on a geometric approach to landscape; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

ANDRÉ LANSKOY—Paintings by a school-of-Paris artist; through Dec. 10. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

WALTER MEIGS—Semi-abstract landscapes, more notable for color than for form; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

BERTHE MORISOT (1841-95)—A comprehensive loan exhibit of about seventy paintings by the French Impressionist. For the benefit of the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children. Through Dec. 10. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

AUGUST MOSCA—Neatly simplified, sinuously patterned landscapes and other oils; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

ELIE NADELMAN (1882-1946)—Sculptures in wood and marble; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER—Interiors, figures, and landscapes; through Nov. 26. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

ABRAHAM RATTNER—Landscapes, paintings on religious themes, a series of gargoyles, and a self-portrait; through Dec. 3. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

GEORGES ROUAULT (1871-1958)—Paintings (dancers, clowns, landscapes) from his later years; through Nov. 26. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH STEFANELLI—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

SAHL SWARZ—Semi-abstract bronze figures in an abrupt change from his earlier manner; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

JOHN TUNNARD—Abstract landscapes in oil and gouache in his first show here in ten years; through Nov. 26. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER (1775-1851)—Water colors and drawings by the English artist, on loan from museums and private collections; through Dec. 10. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT VICKREY—A new set of nostalgically wistful, meticulous paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

JACQUES VILLON—Early prints and drawings; through Nov. 23. (Deitsch, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JO WARNER—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 24. (Camino, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

MARTHA WEBSTER—Paintings and drawings made on a round-the-world trip by an artist born in Glasgow; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4:30.)

CONSTANCE WHIDDEN—Semi-abstract and abstract paintings; through Thursday, Nov. 17. (Area, 80 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER (1834-1903)—A retrospective loan exhibition of more than a hundred oils and other works. Assembled by, and for the benefit of, the Arts Council of Great Britain. Through Nov. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

SCULPTORS GUILD—Their twentieth annual, composed of about seventy pieces (by Doris Caesar, Chaim Gross, William Zorach, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AFRICAN ART—Twenty-five tribes are represented in "Sculpture from the Congo," an exhibition containing masks, stools, goblets, cups, statues, ivory amulets, and so on; through Nov. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Philip Evergood, Robert Gwathmey, and William Gropper; sculptures by Alton Pickens; and a single large painting by Joseph Hirsch; through Nov. 26. . . . ARTISTS EQUITY, Hotel Seville, 22 E. 29th St.: The first in this season's series of membership shows is made up of paintings and sculptures by six artists, including Rudolf Baranik and Louise Nevelson; through Nov. 23. (Daily, 1 to 6.). . . CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: The November show consists of paintings selected by Vaclav Vytlacil, Robert Vickrey, and Adolf Dehn; through Nov. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.). . . STAEMPFLI, 47 E. 77th St.: Pictures by three California artists—Elmer Bischoff, Richard Diebenkorn, and the late David Park; through Nov. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Ben Shahn, Octave Landuyt, and Leonard Bas-

kin; through Nov. 22. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings by Arp, Gris, Schwitters, and other predominantly European modern masters; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: School-of-Paris painters—Appel, Dubuffet, de Staël, and others; through Saturday, Nov. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts of Denmark: Viking to Modern," an exhibition of art treasures from Danish royal and public museums and private collections, along with contemporary craft objects—furniture, silver, pottery, porcelain, textiles, embroidery, and glass; through Jan. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred modern European and American drawings, dating back to Seurat and van Gogh, from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Thirty-nine drawings and two etchings by the American artist Joseph Stella (1877?-1946), including studies of Brooklyn Bridge, figures, and portraits; through Sunday, Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Some hundred and forty Egyptian sculptures of the Late Period (700 B.C. to 100 A.D.) assembled from public and private collections; through Jan. 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5. and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The prize-winning painting by Karel Appel, together with a selection of candidate pictures, in the Guggenheim International Awards Exhibition, 1960; through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The Twentieth Anniversary Exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, featuring early and late works; through Nov. 27. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

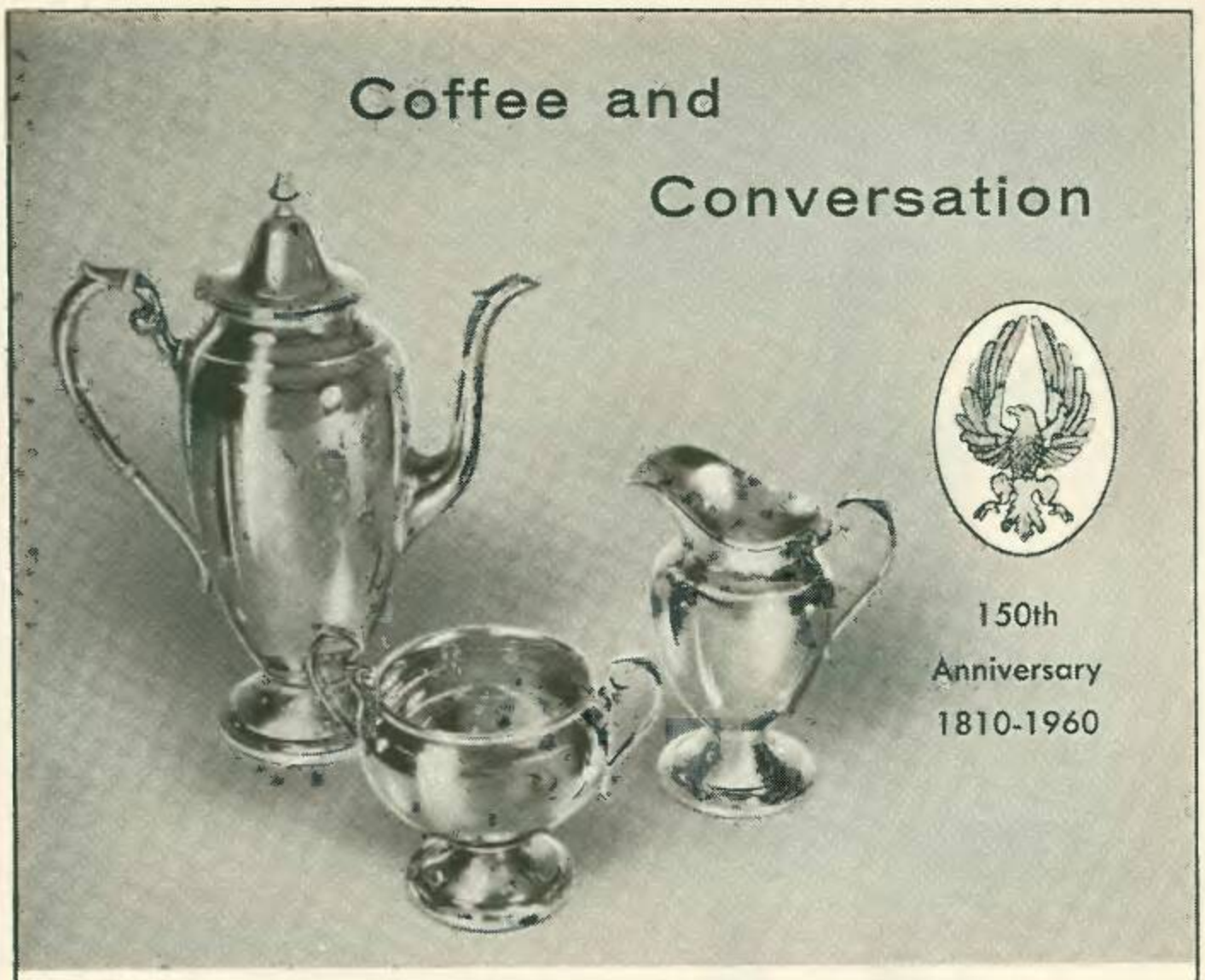
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A showing of paintings, drawings, and sculptures acquired during the past year, including works by John Sloan, Sam Francis, and Isamu Noguchi; through Dec. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

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 evening, Nov. 10: "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese, Laurel Hurley, Jan Peerce, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 11: "Nabucco," with Leonie Rysanek, Rosalind Elias, Cornell MacNeil, Eugenio Fernandi, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 12: "Madame Butterfly," with Gabriella Tucci, Helen Vanni, William Olvis, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 12: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Lisa Della Casa, Christa Ludwig, Cesare Siepi, and Kim Borg. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 14: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Brenda Lewis, Helen Vanni, Cesare Siepi, Brian Sullivan, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 15: "Carmen," with Jane Rhodes, Teresa Stratas, Nikola Nikolov, and Lorenzo Testi. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 16: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Mildred Miller, Cesare Siepi, and Kim Borg. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 17: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Kurt Baum, Mario Sereni, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 18: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, George London, and Barry Morell. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 19: "Aida," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Giulietta Simionato, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 19: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Helen Vanni, Eugenio Fernandi, and Lorenzo Testi. A benefit for the Mizrachi Women's Organization of America; for



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Aaron Copland conducting on Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 11, at 2:15; and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3 (all with John Corigliano, violin).... ¶ Carlos Chávez conducting on Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 18, at 2:15; and Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30 (all with Guiomar Novaes, piano; Laszlo Varga, cello; and William Lincer, viola); and Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3 (with Laszlo Varga, cello, and William Lincer, viola).

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Jean Casadesus, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Orchestra of America—Richard Korn conducting, with Benny Goodman, clarinet. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Sylvia Rosenberg—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Samson François—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.... ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30, the first in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.... ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30, the first in a series of five all-Mozart programs, with Walter Trampler, viola. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.... ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:15, a varied program. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:40.)

All-Vivaldi Concert—A program of chamber music played by Helen Kwalwasser and Felix Galimir, violins; Harold Jones, flute; and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call TR 3-5825.)

Charles Rosen—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Frank Glazer—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Doda Conrad—Bass, in Schubert's song cycle "Die Winterreise." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:45.)

Louis Kentner—In the fifth in a series of seven concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Judson Hall. 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The second concert in the series, this one by Ania Dorfmann, piano, and Pierre Fournier, cello. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

David Soyer and Harriet Wingreen—Cello and piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

John Solum—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:40.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of Renaissance music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Note—The Beaux Arts Trio will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 14, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Folk-Song Concert—Cynthia Gooding, Martha Schlamme, and others. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

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

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 10, at 9: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 11, at 7: Boston vs. Cincinnati and Knicks vs. Syracuse.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 7: Boston vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Los Angeles.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 9: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 12: Phil Moyer vs. Florentino Fernandez, welterweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19: Henry Hank vs. Gene (Ace) Armstrong, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—Saturday, Nov. 12 (all at 1:30): Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst.... ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca.... ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge.... ¶ Navy vs. Virginia, at Annapolis.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia.... ¶ Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse.... ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown.... ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven.... **Saturday, Nov. 19** (all at 1:30): Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence.... ¶ Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field.... ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge.... ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 13, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Racing—At **Aqueduct**: Weekdays; last day Wednesday, Nov. 30. Post time will be 12:30 through Saturday, Nov. 12; after that, it will be 12. The Idlewild Handicap, Friday, Nov. 11; the Frizette, Saturday, Nov. 12; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 19.... **Garden State Park**, Camden, N.J.: Daily at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 12. The Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 12. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)... **Laurel**, Md.: Thursday, Nov. 10, and Saturday, Nov. 12, both at 1, and Friday, Nov. 11, at 12:20. The Washington, D.C., International, Friday, Nov. 11.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Wednesday, Nov. 30.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic (Aaron Copland will conduct one of his own works), with William Warfield, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Nov. 12, at noon.)

Recital—Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, and Alexander Schneider, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 3. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Stage Shows—By the **Peggy Bridge Marionettes**: "Dick Whittington," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Veterans' Day at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.)... **Children's Theatre**: "Two Sisters." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **Pat Deane Productions**: "Christopher Fish." (Steinway Hall, 111 W. 57th St. Saturdays

at 12, 1:30, and 3. For tickets, call PL 3-2271.)... **KUKLAPOLITAN PLAYERS:** "Kukla, Burr and Ollie." (Kuklapolitan Room, Hotel Astor, 44th St. and Broadway. LT 1-2715. Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **MERRI-MIMES:** "The Emperor's New Clothes," Saturday, Nov. 12....¶"Alice in Wonderland," Saturday, Nov. 19. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Afternoons at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30; Sundays at 1; and Veterans' Day at 2:30.)... **PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS:** "The Wonderful Wheel," Saturday, Nov. 12....¶"Witches Are for Wearing," Saturday, Nov. 19. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Afternoons at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call WA 9-7407.)... **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Peter and the Wolf." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)...¶"Rumpelstiltskin." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 3.)... **PISCATOR PLAYERS:** "The King's New Clothes," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 12-13....¶"The Witch Who Wasn't," Saturday, Nov. 19. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Afternoons at 2 and 3.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Greensleeves." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Veterans' Day at 11 and 2.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "20,000 Leagues Above the Sea," studies the area presently being invaded by rockets and satellites. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Veterans' Day, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays and Veterans' Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.)...¶Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

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

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶Interviews with United Nations figures and films on General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30....¶Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND DRAMA READINGS—A group of actors, including Dina Merrill, Kenneth Whitlock, and Jack Manning, sponsored by Helen Hayes, in readings of Shakespeare's "Othello." (Helen Hayes Equity Group Theatre, 145 Bleecker St. For tickets, call PL 3-2310. Sundays at 8:45....¶Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)...¶William Stafford and Reed Whittemore reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

FLOWER SHOW—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 9:30 to 4; through Dec. 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, at 1:45: Part II of the Myron C. Taylor collection—Italian and French Renaissance furniture, French eighteenth-century furniture; Gothic sculptures and tapestries, della Robbia enamelled terra cottas, Old Master paintings, and Persian and Spanish sixteenth- and seventeenth-century carpets....¶Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 1:45 and 8, and Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 1:45: American and foreign autographs of historical interest, from the estate of Dr. Max Thorek.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



The Battle of the Sexes—Peter Sellers is enormously funny in this British comedy, distilled from a story by James Thurber, that has to do with the efforts of the head accountant of an old-fashioned Scottish firm to eliminate a young female efficiency expert. Robert Morley and Constance Cummings are Mr. Sellers' capable aides. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Nov. 15, tentative.)

Ben-Hur—This winning entry in the 1959 Oscar Stakes cost a lot of money to condition, and it certainly covers a lot of Near Eastern ground. Time: three hours and thirty-two minutes. Charlton Heston is up in the climactic chariot heat. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Chance Meeting—A taut, plausible thriller in the best English style, featuring a flat in a mews, the Tate Gallery, and what appear to be authentic interiors of Scotland Yard. A wanton lady is murdered and an attractive young artist is suspected of the crime, but there's more here than meets the eye. With Hardy Kruger, Micheline Presle, and Stanley Baker. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 11-13.)

The Entertainer—A rendering, in savage blacks and grays, of life among the lower orders. Laurence Olivier, playing the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer, is at the very top of his bent and makes every moment of the squalor to which we're subjected seem worthwhile. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour—A fine French film, directed by Alain Resnais and written by Marguerite Duras, that makes a strong plea for peace as it describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Photographed in Japan, the picture has in its principal roles Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada, who are superb. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

I'm All Right, Jack—Peter Sellers once again—this time as a shop steward in an English plant that is at sixes and sevens because of a lunatic management and a working crew that is just as balmy. A very droll British film, in which Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, Liz Frazer, and Richard Attenborough also figure admirably. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Picnic on the Grass—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this delightful assault upon practically all the conventions there are, including the convention that a picture should make sense. M. Renoir takes a pagan pleasure in nature and in the human animal in nature, and gives civilization, such as it is, a good drubbing. The scene is Provence, and the chief characters are a stuffy professor and a sexy peasant girl. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Savage Eye—Ben Maddow, Sidney Meyers, and Joseph Strick collaborated on this film, which was made on a budget of sixty-five thousand dollars. It proves triumphantly that money isn't everything, at least in the movie business. A semi-documentary, the picture shows what happens when a lonely divorcée takes up residence in Los Angeles after the breakup of her marriage. Her situation is indeed dismal as Mr. Maddow and his associates document the awful emptiness of her pursuit of happiness. Barbara Baxley plays the heroine, but most of the others on view are the kind of strange people that started frequenting the city when the angels departed. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 16, tentative.)

REVIVALS

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Nov. 11. On Monday, Nov. 14, only, the last showing will begin at 3.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Nov. 13-15, tentative.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 12, tentative.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 15, tentative. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Nov. 16, tentative.)

Rouge et Noir (1958)—The Stendhal novel, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi. A French film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 12, tentative.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 10.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films called "Americana"—Through Nov. 12: "St. Louis Blues" (1928), with Bessie Smith; and "Lights of New York" (1928), with Helene Costello and Cullen Landis. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 13: "Blonde Crazy" (1931), with James Cagney and Joan Blondell. (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)
"Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Nov. 15: "Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter.
From Nov. 16: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Nov. 10: "Surprise Package," Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor.
From Nov. 11: "Girl of the Night," Anne Francis, John Kerr.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Crowning Experience," Muriel Smith, Ann Buckles.

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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 Nov. 16 (tentative): **THE SAVAGE EYE.**

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Nov. 15: "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Bluebeard's Ten Honeymoons," George Sanders, Corinne Calvet.
From Nov. 16: "High Time," Bing Crosby, Fabian; and "David and Bathsheba," revival, Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 15 (tentative): **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "Nude in a White Car," Marina Vlady, Robert Hossein.
From Nov. 16 (tentative): "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Nov. 14: "Surprise Package," Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor.
From Nov. 15: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters.

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

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 15: "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Bluebeard's Ten Honeymoons," George Sanders, Corinne Calvet.
From Nov. 16: "High Time," Bing Crosby, Fabian; and "David and Bathsheba," revival, Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.

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

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Come Dance with Me" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Henri Vidal. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Nov. 13: "Confess, Dr. Corda!" (in German), Hardy Kruger.
From Nov. 14: "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Love Game" (in French), Geneviève Cluny, Jean-Pierre Cassel.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Nov. 10: "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
Nov. 11-15: "Where the Hot Wind Blows," Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand, and "Key Witness," Jeffrey Hunter, Pat Crowley.
From Nov. 16: "Frankenstein—1970," Boris Karloff; and another feature, to be announced.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 15: "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.
From Nov. 16: "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 15: "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Bluebeard's Ten Honeymoons," George Sanders, Corinne Calvet.
From Nov. 16: "High Time," Bing Crosby, Fabian; and "David and Bathsheba," revival, Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Nov. 10: "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
Nov. 11-15: "Where the Hot Wind Blows," Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand, and "Key Witness," Jeffrey Hunter, Pat Crowley.
From Nov. 16: "Frankenstein—1970," Boris Karloff; and another feature, to be announced.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
To be announced.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Nov. 10: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," revival, Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.
Nov. 11-13: **CHANCE MEETING**; and "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.
Nov. 14-15: "Désirée," revival, Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons; and "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!," revival, Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman.
From Nov. 16: "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire; and "Under Ten Flags," Van Heflin, Charles Laughton.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 12 (tentative): **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French), revival; and **I AM A CAMERA**, revival.
Nov. 13-15 (tentative): **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann.
From Nov. 16: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The World of Apu" (in Bengali).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Nov. 10: "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
Nov. 11-15: "Where the Hot Wind Blows," Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand; and "Key Witness," Jeffrey Hunter, Pat Crowley.
From Nov. 16: "Frankenstein—1970," Boris Karloff; and another feature, to be announced.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 15: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "Nude in a White Car," Marina Vlady, Robert Hossein.
From Nov. 16: "Expresso Bongo," Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms; and "Mating Time" (formerly called "The Bridal Path"), revival, Bill Travers.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Nov. 13: "Heaven on Earth," Barbara Florian.
From Nov. 14: "Belles and Ballets," a film made up of excerpts from six ballets performed by the Ballet de l'Étoile.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
PICNIC ON THE GRASS (in French).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 15: "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Nov. 16: "Frankenstein—1970," Boris Karloff; and another feature, to be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Nov. 10 (last showing at 3): "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason.
Nov. 10, at 7 and 9:30: "Gold Diggers of 1933," revival, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers.
From Nov. 11: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival. (On Monday, Nov. 14, the last showing will begin at 3. At 7 and 9:30, there will be showings of "Shors," revival, a Russian film.)

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 15: **CHANCE MEETING**; and "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.
From Nov. 16: "She Walks by Night," revival, Belinda Lee; and "Manon" (in French), revival, Cecile Aubry.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 10: "And God Created Woman" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.
From Nov. 11: "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.

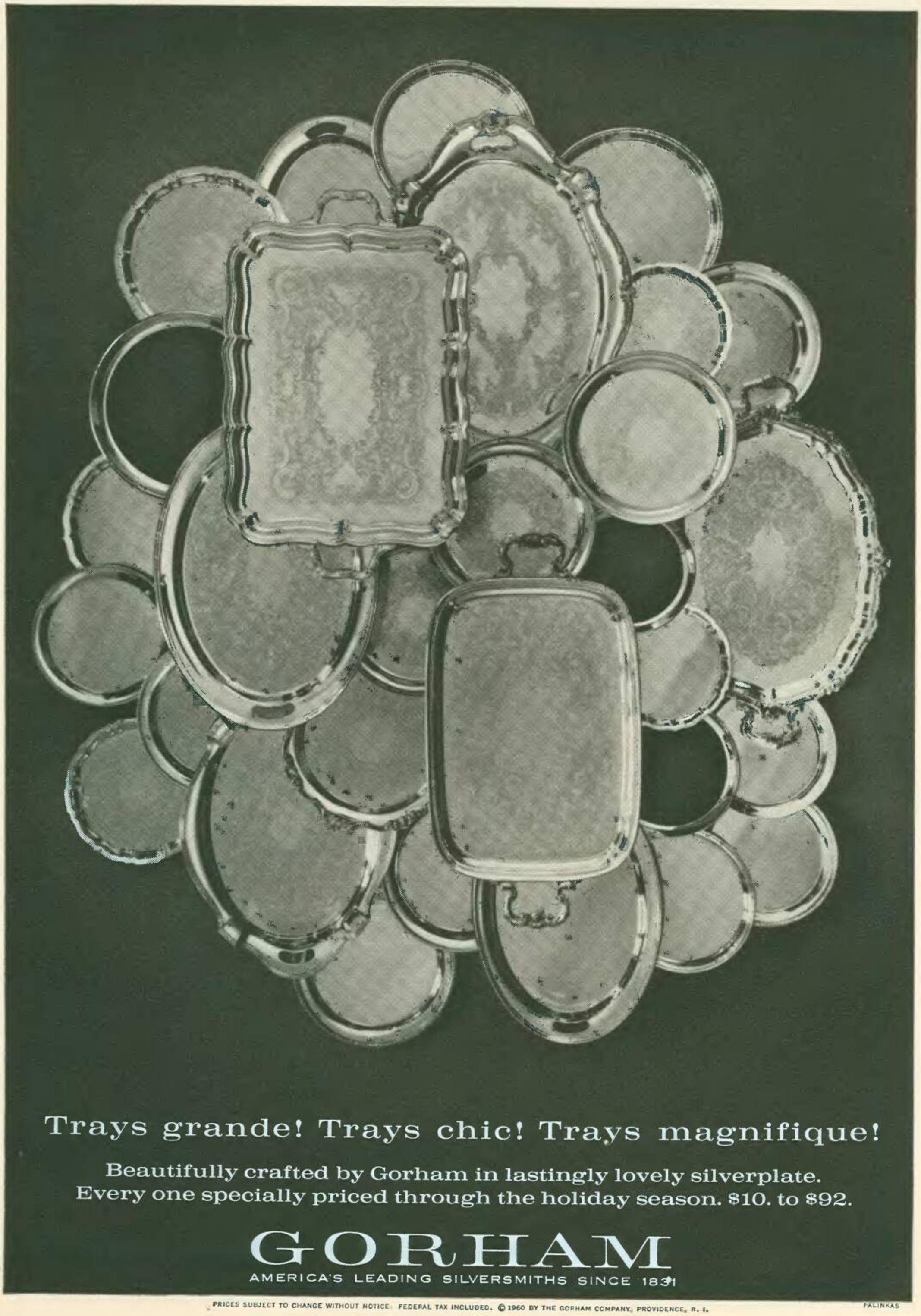
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Nov. 16: "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Bluebeard's Ten Honeymoons," George Sanders, Corinne Calvet.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 15 (tentative): **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**; and "Dreaming Lips" (in German), revival, Maria Schell.
From Nov. 16 (tentative): **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "Nude in a White Car," Marina Vlady, Robert Hossein.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Nov. 15: "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Nov. 16: "Frankenstein—1970," Boris Karloff; and another feature, to be announced.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Nov. 15: "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Bluebeard's Ten Honeymoons," George Sanders, Corinne Calvet.
From Nov. 16: "High Time," Bing Crosby, Fabian; and "David and Bathsheba," revival, Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.





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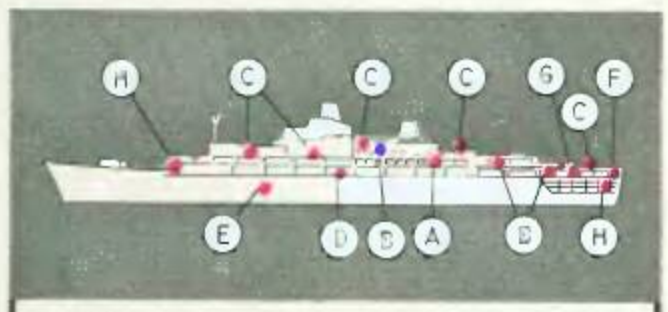
ORIANA is the first of two new superliners to join P&O-Orient's fleet of 16 fast passenger liners.

She carries 638 first, and 1496 tourist class passengers and is longer (804 feet) than two football fields. Yet she can sail *sideways* up to a dock as gently as you'd park a car.

Her cruising speed cuts almost *two weeks* off the record sailing time between the West Coast and Europe.

Five minutes after you step aboard you'll know why the Pacific has suddenly become the world's most comfortable ocean. There are 903 British seamen on *Oriana*—almost one for every two passengers. A steward is never more than a finger's wave away.

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A. Theater
B. Swimming Pools
C. Games Decks
D Silver Grill
E. 1st Class Restaurant
F. Stern Gallery
G. Tourist Ballroom
H. Children's Areas



Oriana has five open decks for sun and games and moonlit dances.

There is a fully equipped two-story theater—**(A)** on diagram at left—for movies and concerts. Three swimming pools **(B)** two in tourist and one in first class. And five open decks **(C)** for sun and sports.

In first class you can eat in a Grill **(D)** which has walls of silver coins. Or in a magnificent Restaurant **(E)** paneled in Brazilian Rosewood and glowing silks from Thailand.

Probably the most spectacular lounge afloat is in *tourist* class. The Stern Gallery **(F)** has a 130-foot sweep of windows overlooking the ocean. Just forward is a lovely 250-foot-long ballroom **(G)** that runs the full width of the ship.

How to plan your trip

The first thing to do is decide where you want to go. *Oriana* calls at Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, Egypt, Italy, Gibraltar and England on her maiden voyage. You can stop off along the way and return on another P&O-Orient liner. Or you can make the trip the first leg of a voyage around the world.

Next decide *how* you want to travel, in tourist or first class. Fares to England start at $731 tourist, $1170 first class. Then see your travel agent.

Note: Tickets for the maiden voyage are going fast. If you can't get exactly what you want, you can take your pick of two other exciting voyages on *Oriana:*

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Kandy dancers at Ceylon's fantastic Temple of the Tooth.

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In July, *Oriana* sails for England by way of Panama, Jamaica and Bermuda! Your fare can be as little as $403 tourist or $627 first class!

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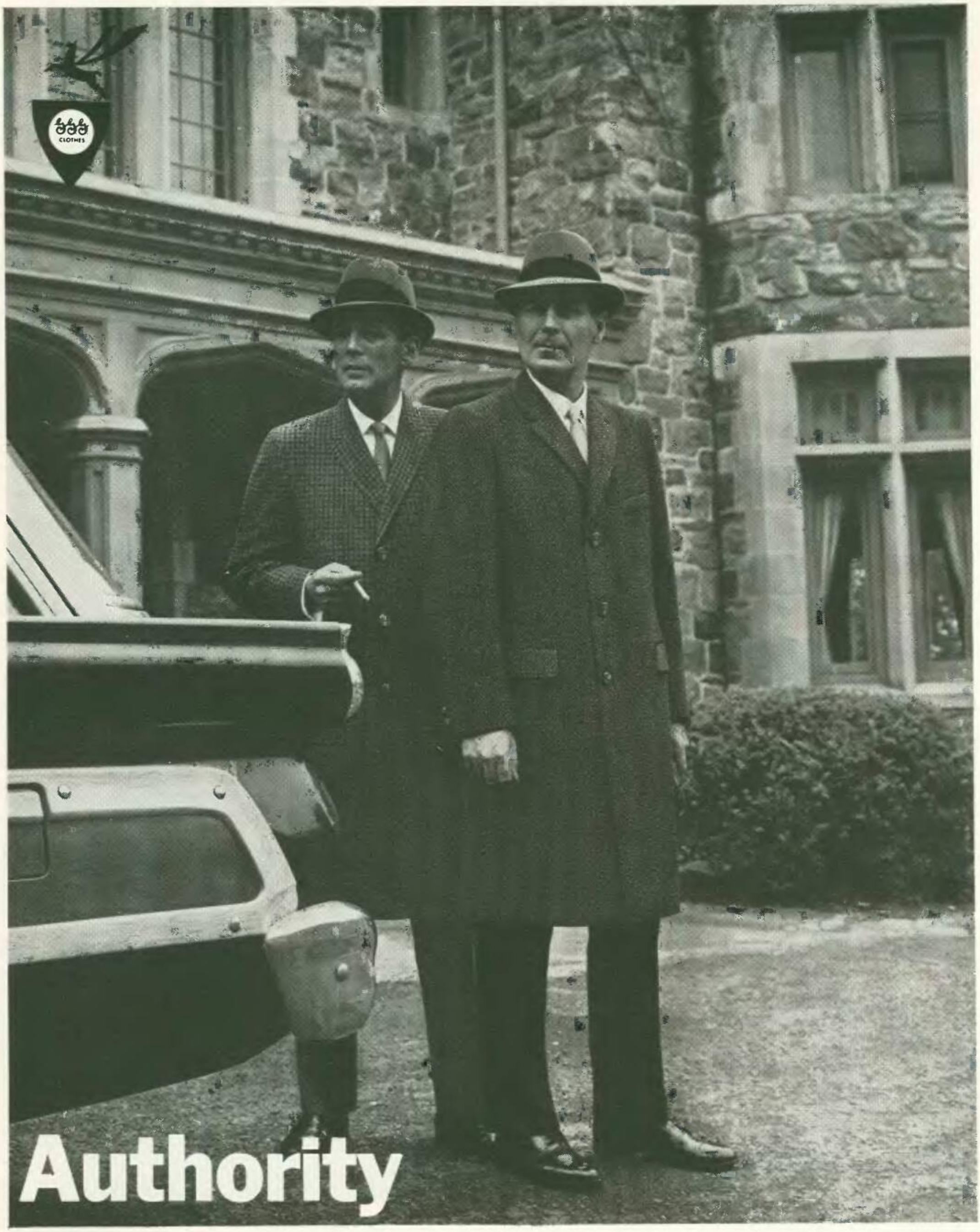
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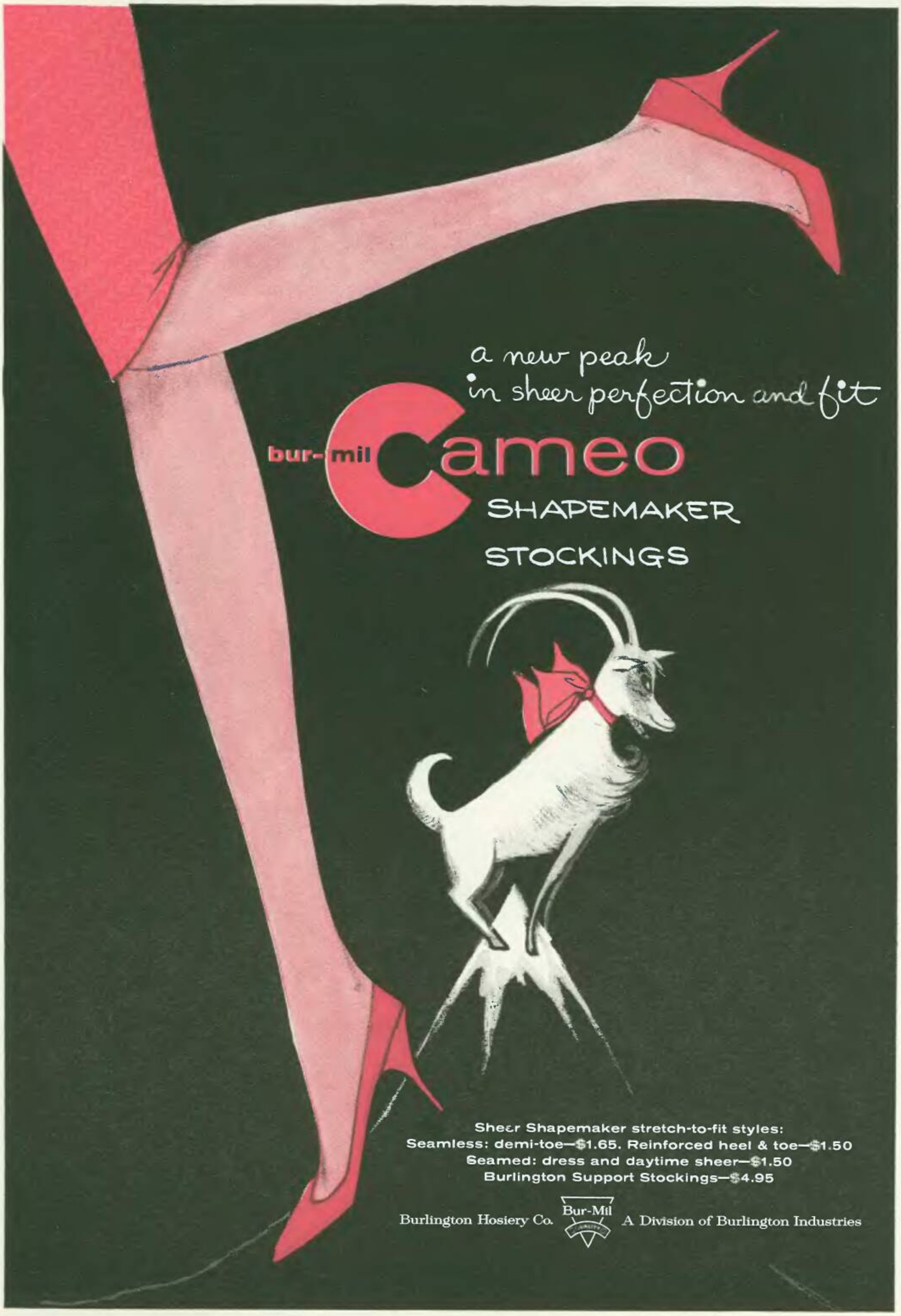
Five of the world's largest airlines are based in the United States...their Presidents* wear Cavanagh Hats

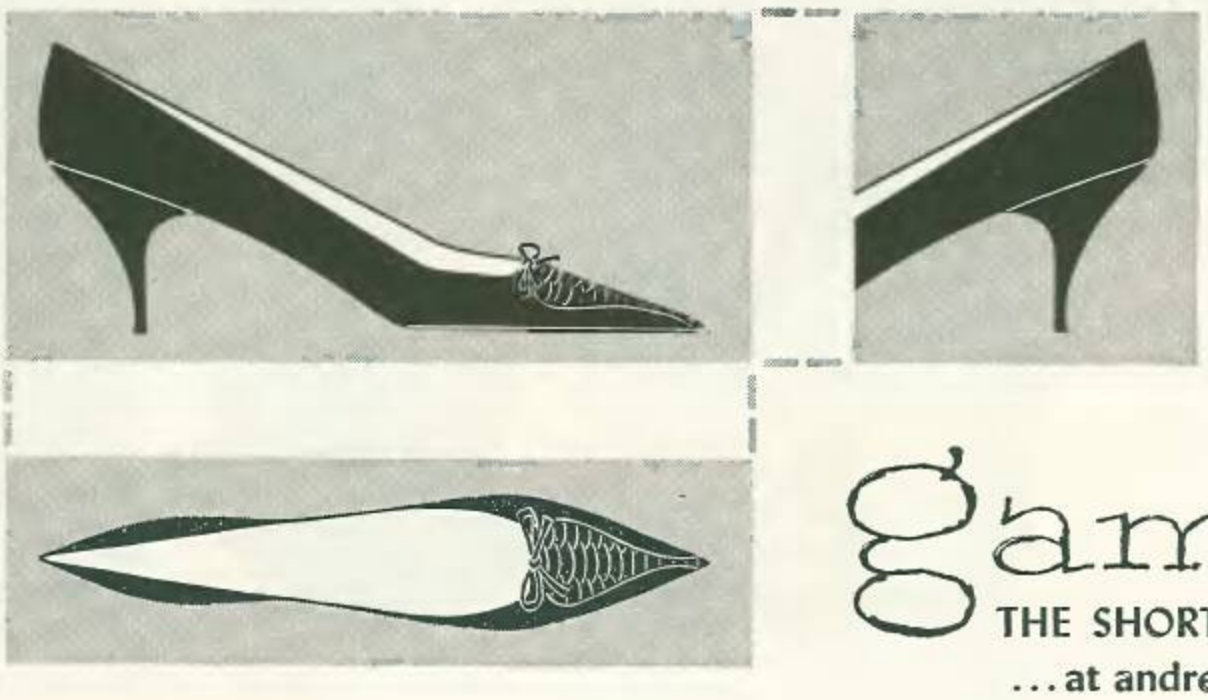
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FR-6 – CHINESE CEREMONIAL VASE. Shang Dynasty, 1523-1027 B. C. Original in bronze. Ht.: 12″. . . . . **$39.50** (shipped express collect)



HR-4–SMALL MEDITATING GIRL. By Hugo Robus, American Contemporary. Replica of model from which large version was created. Ht.: 9″ incl. base. **$37.50** (shipped express collect)



WC–GRECIAN URN. Greek, 5th Century A.D. Green Bronze Patina. Watertight liner. Ht.: 10¾″, Diam.: 9″. **$25.00** (shipped express collect)



FL-2 – DAVID. Michelangelo (1475-1564). Faithful reduction of the marble original at the Academia in Florence. Ht.: 25″ incl. base. **$75.00** (shipped exp. collect)



CI-1–THE HAND OF GOD by Auguste Rodin. Half-size reduction of original bronze at Carnegie Institute. Ht.: 22½″. **$75.00** (shipped express collect)



73–SAINT FIACRE. English. 15th Century. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original: Alabaster relief. Ready to hang. Ht.: 16″. **$10.00** **73-W –** Weatherproof. **$12.50** ($1.50 shipping, insurance for each)



JA-2–TORSO by Jean Arp. French. Private Collection. Original: Marble. Ht.: 12½″. **$35.00** ($2.00 shipping, insurance)



539B–BUST OF QUEEN NEFERTETE. 1350 B.C. Egyptian. Appr. 7½″ high replica of the original painted limestone. . . . . **$18.75** ($1.50 shipping, insurance)



VO-1–ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Leonard W. Volk. American (1828-1895). Private collection. Ht.: 13″. **$17.50** ($2.50 packing, shipping, insurance)



LC-1–HEAD OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER. By Leo Cherne. American Contemporary. Smithsonian Institution. Original: Bronze. Ht.: 13½″. **$17.50** ($1.50 shipping, insurance)



NH-65-ST–LLAMA. Peru. 1200-1532. Museum of Natural History. Original: Silver. Ht.: 2¼″. Reproduced in metal. . . . . **$2.75** (60¢ shipping, insurance)



100–HORSE. Chinese. 206 B.C.-220 A.D. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original: Bronze. Ht. 4″. Reproduced in metal. . . . . **$3.50** (60¢ shipping, insurance)



108 – RECLINING HORSE. Chinese, K'ang-Hsi period (1662-1722). Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original: Nephrite. Length: 8¼″. **$12.50** ($1.00 shipping, insurance)



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RB-1—HEAD OF ALBERT EINSTEIN. By Robert Berks. 1953. Original: Bronze. Ht.: 15".....**$37.50**
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AD-1—PRAYING HANDS. By Helen Liedloff from Dürer sketch. Original: Bronze. Ht.: 10½". **$37.50** (shipped express collect)



NH-33 — CHINESE VASE. 202 B.C.-220 A.D. Museum of Natural History. Original: Jade. Watertight liner. Ht.: 6½".....**$15.00**
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WOR-1 — BUFFALO. By Richard O'Hanlon (American Contemporary). Worcester Art Museum, Mass. Original: Stone. Height: 7⅜". Length: 14⅞".....**$37.50**
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L-1-2—CHINESE FIGURES. Ming Dynasty. The Louvre. Original: Bronze. Ht.: 8".....**$15.00** ($2.85 packing, shipping, insurance)



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13—STATUETTE OF A CAT. Egyptian. 600-300 B.C. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original: Bronze. Ht.: 7".....**$10.00** ($1.00 shipping, insurance)

FM-2—HORUS FALCON. Egyptian. 378-324 B.C. Original in black basalt at The Louvre. Ht.: 8". **$10.00**
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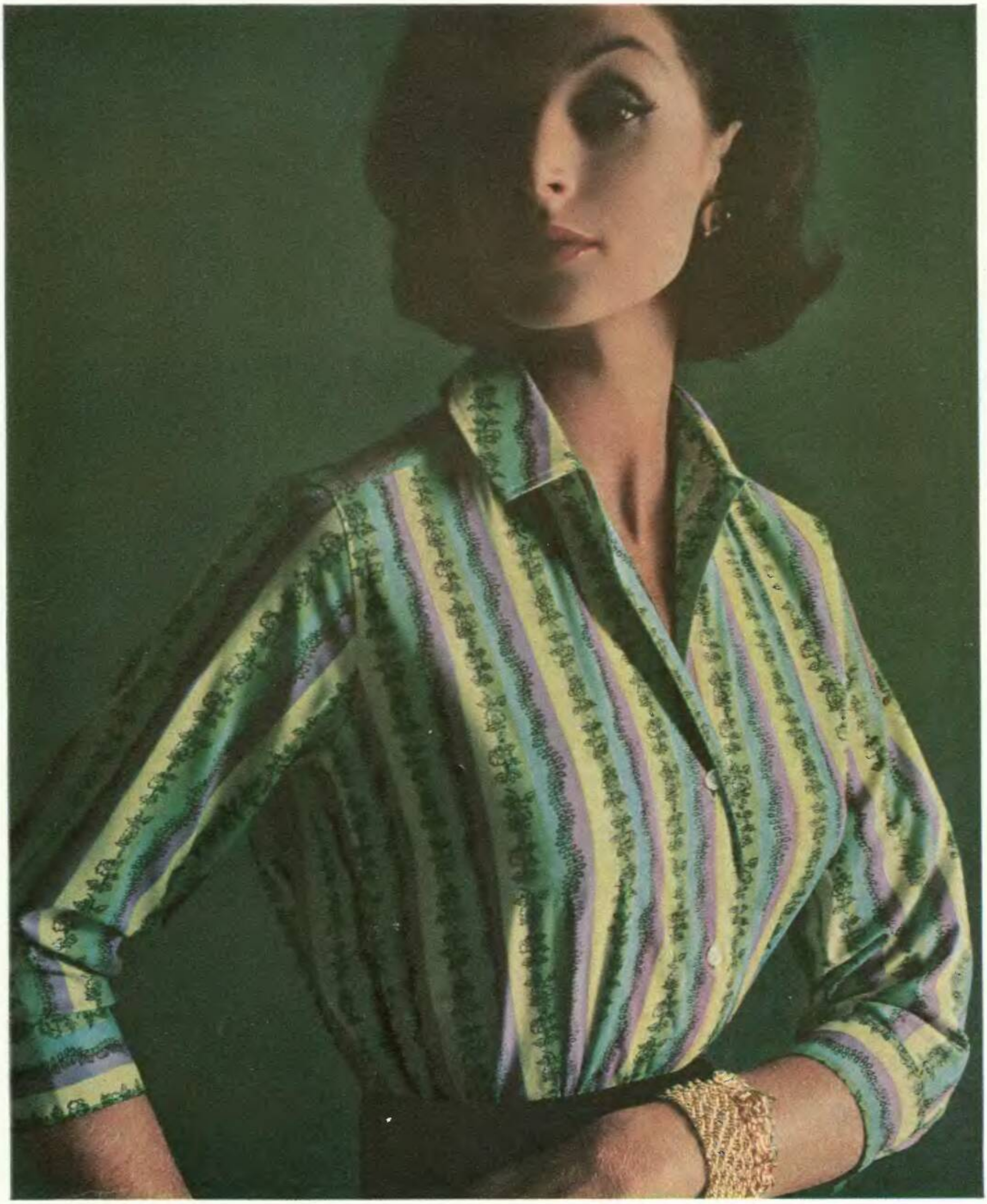
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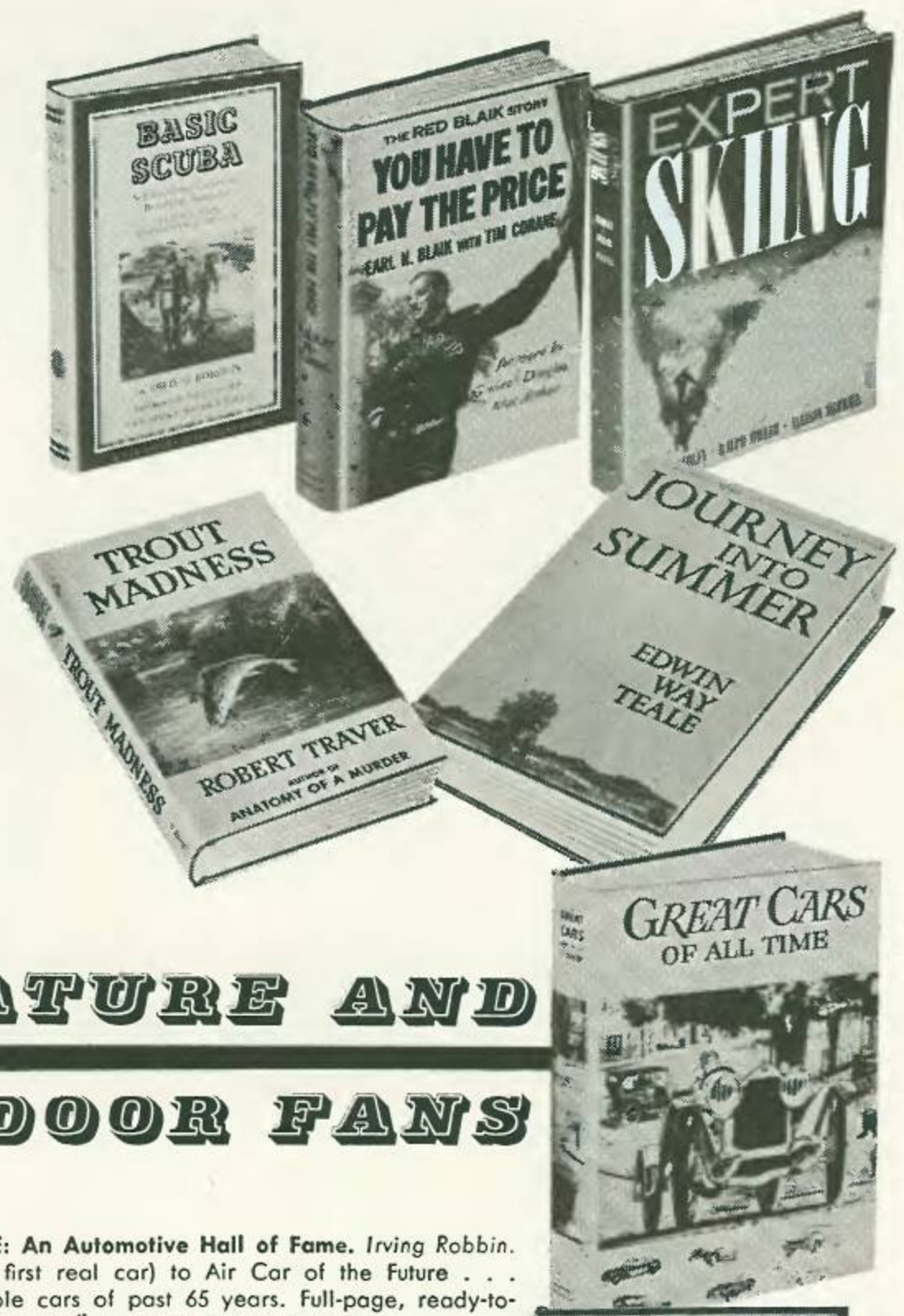
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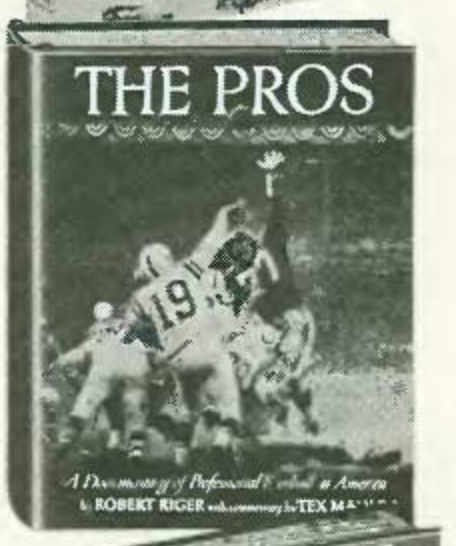
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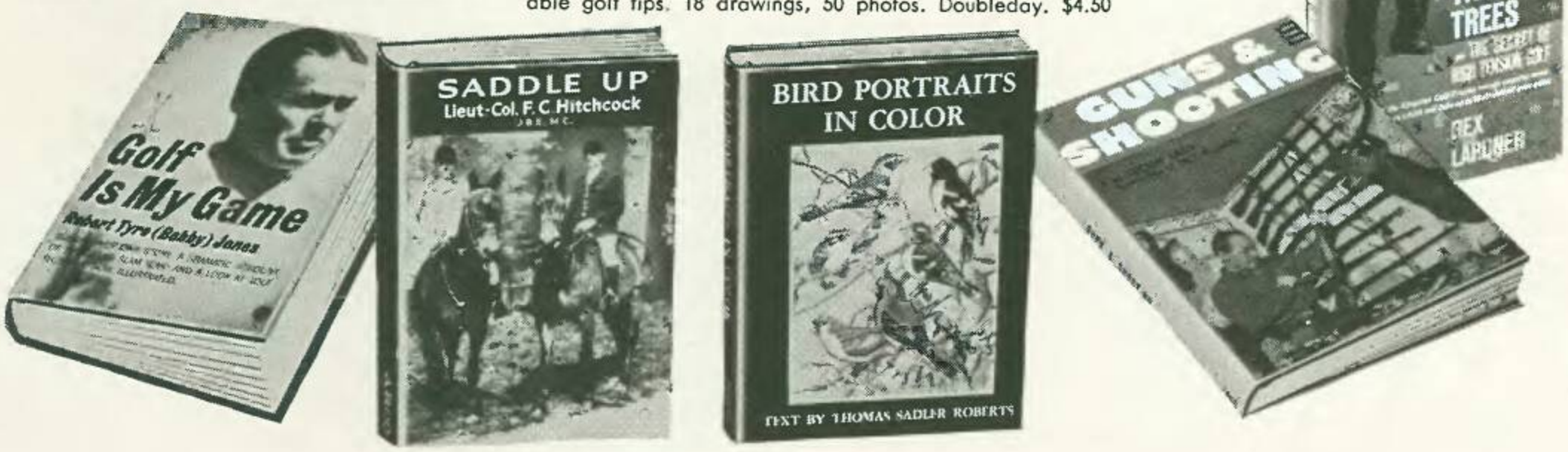
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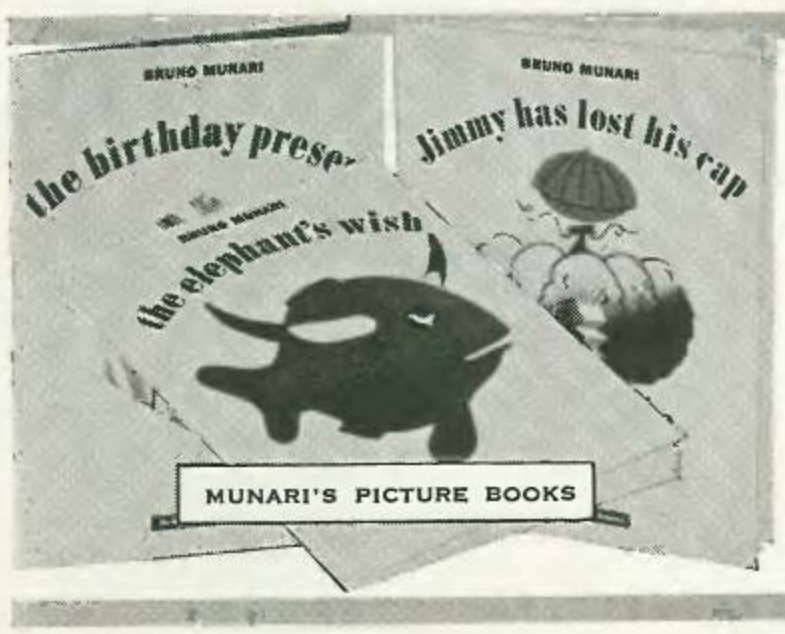
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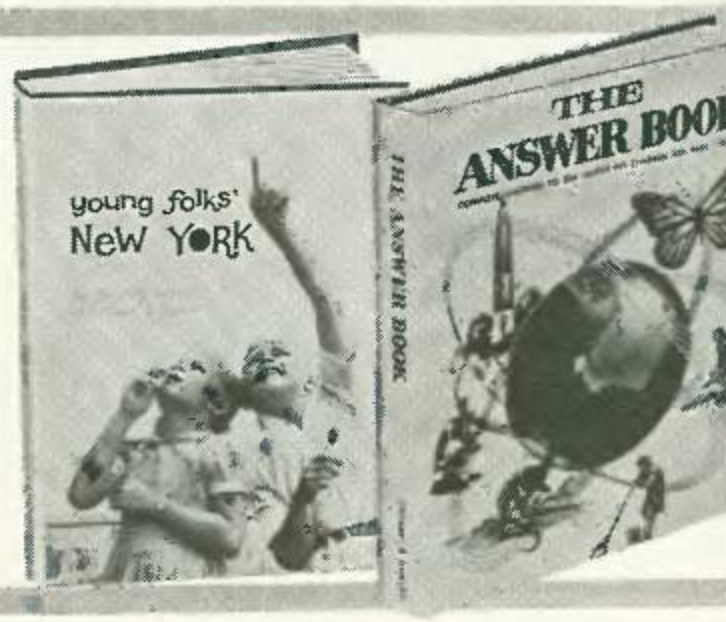


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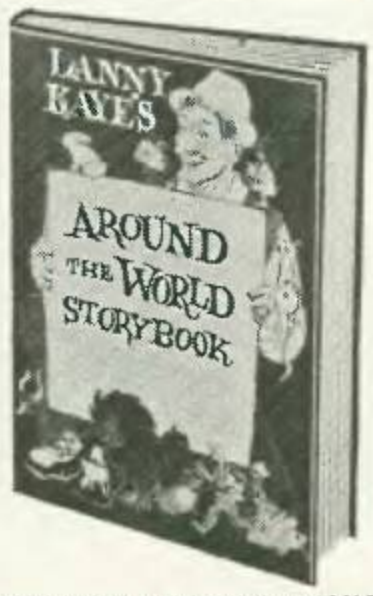
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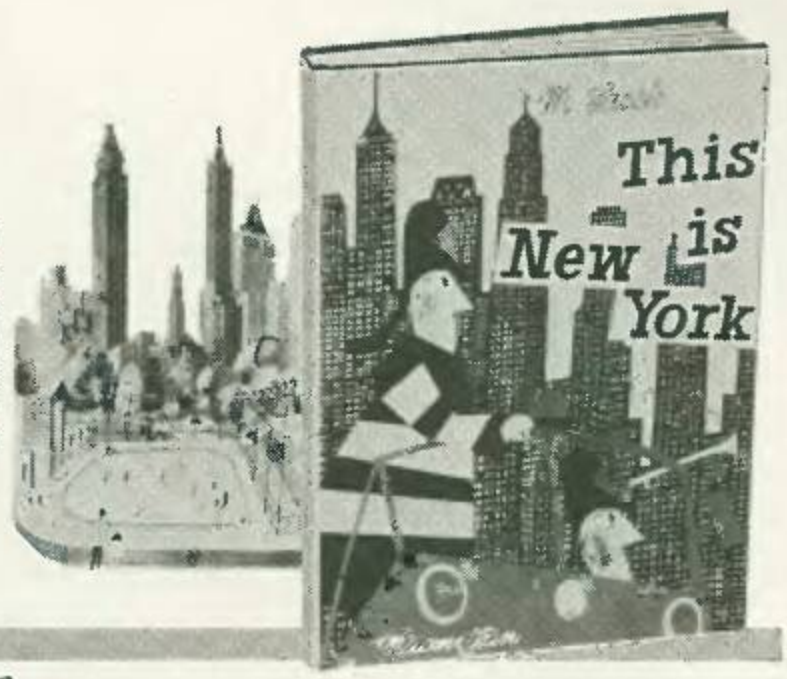


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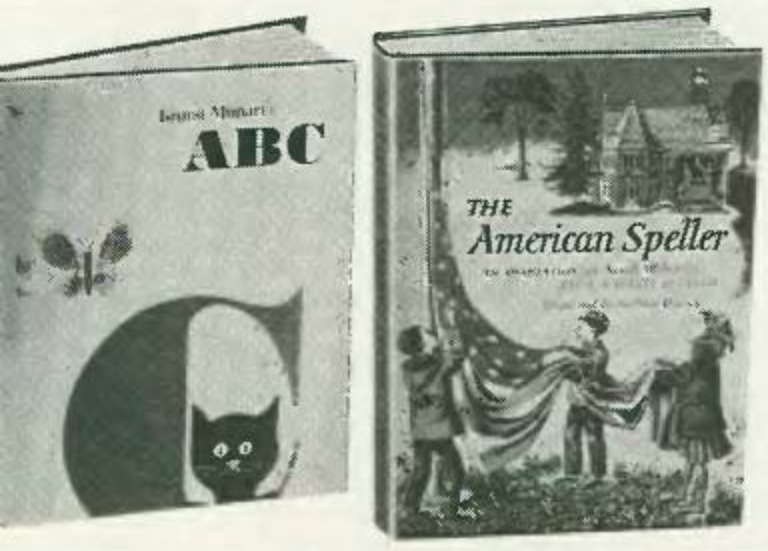
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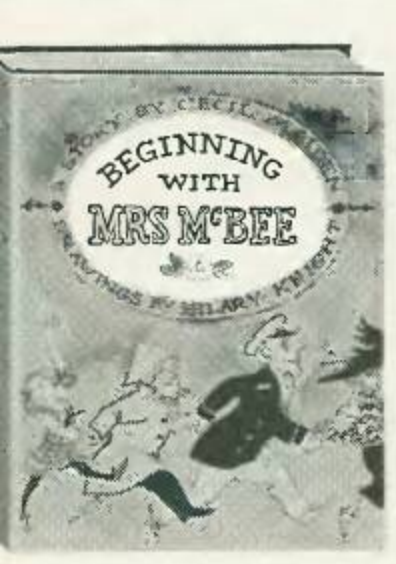
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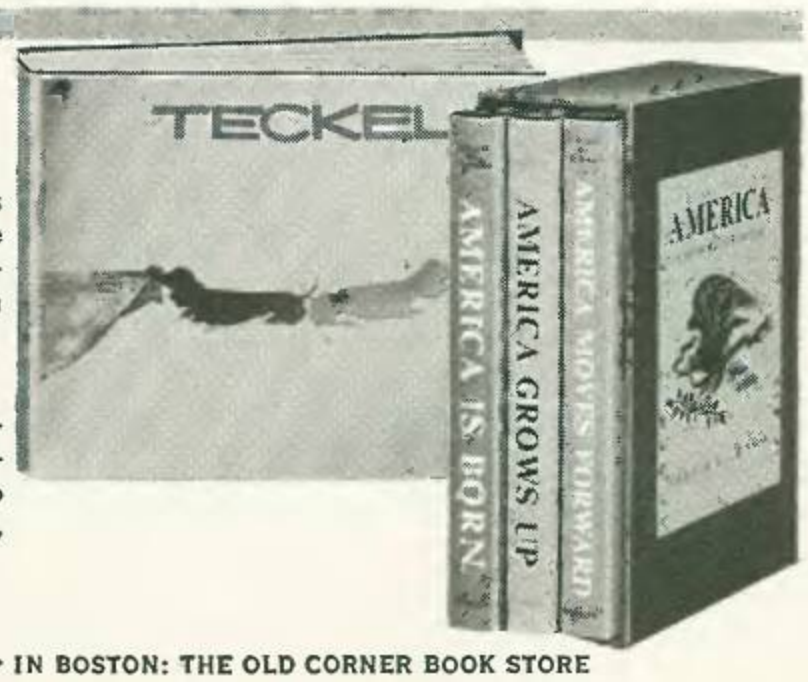
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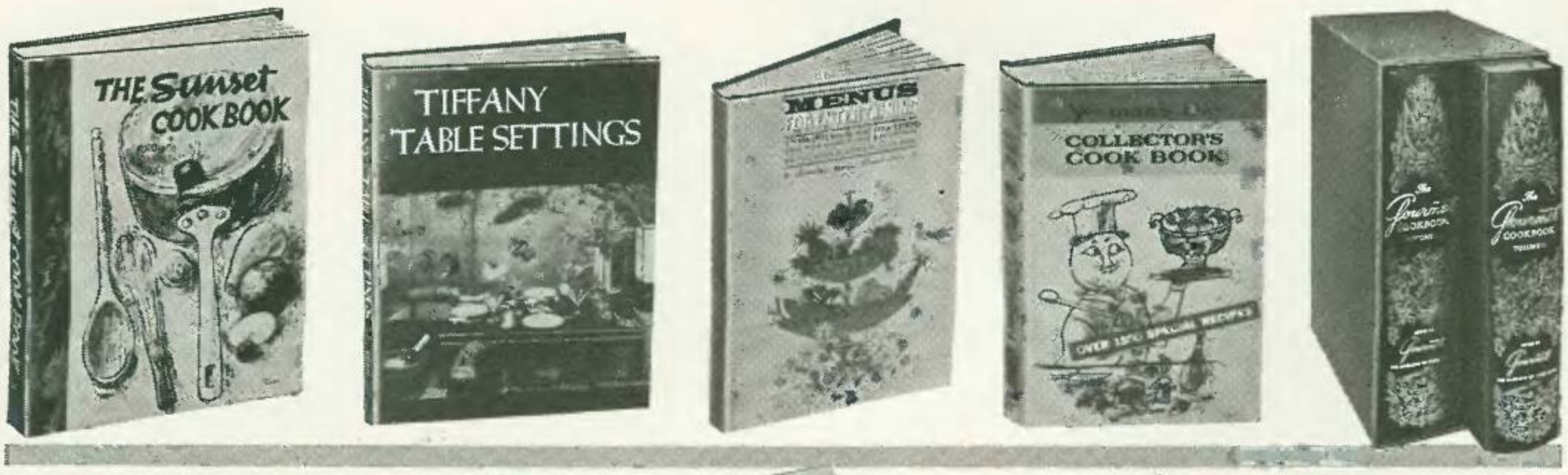




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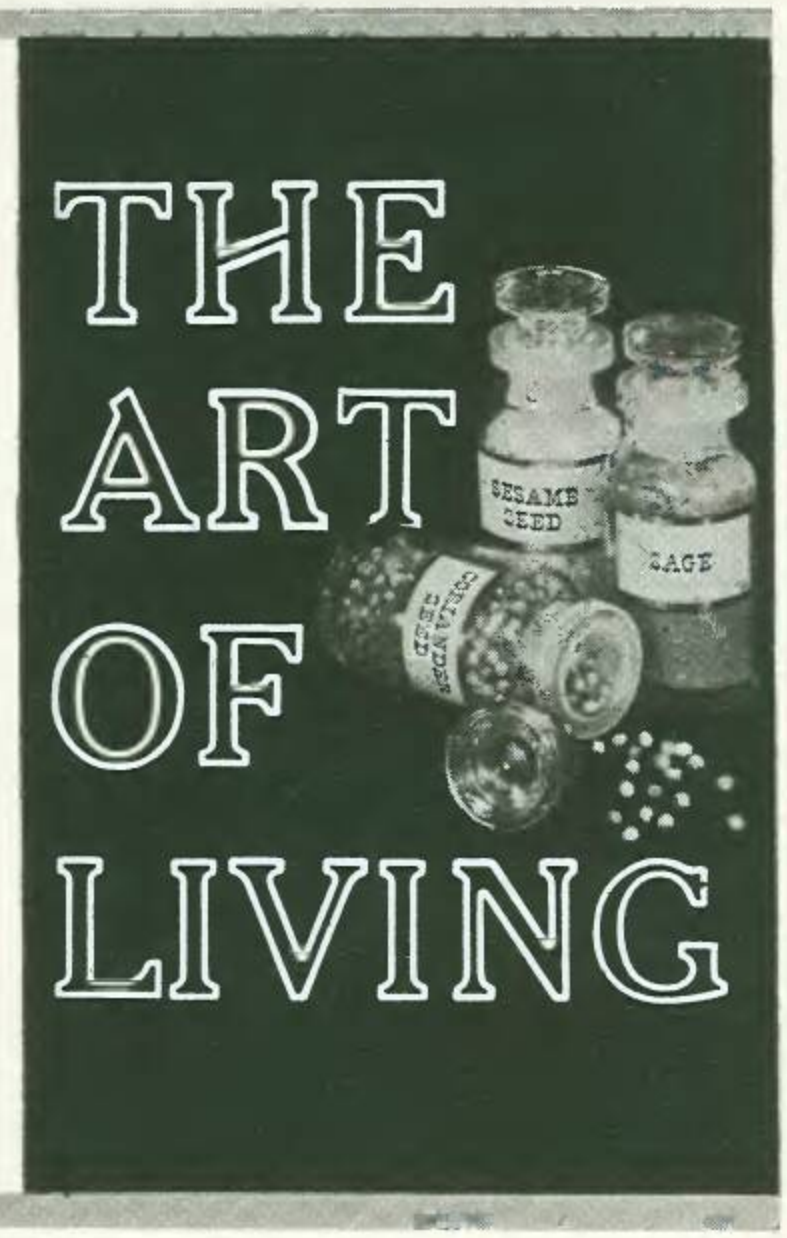
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SCIENTISTS have grown curious lately about the possibility of intelligent life on planets that circle other stars. To satisfy their curiosity, they have taken to listening on the radio for any broadcasts that may emanate from the deeps of space. If they hear anything, they mean to answer. It promises to be a curious sort of conversation. Suppose they detect signals from the vicinity of a neighboring star whose distance is, say, a modest fifteen light-years from earth. "Who's that up there?" they will call back, in considerable excitement. Then, presumably, they will unpack a few sandwiches and



sit down to wait. Fifteen years later, the query will arrive at its destination. And then another fifteen years will elapse before the earthlings hear the rejoinder, conceivably "Who's that down there saying 'Who's that up there'?" At this rate, whole millenniums will pass before the two planets have completed the mere formalities of introduction and can get down to serious conversation about conformity, or the parking problem, or the lamentable decline of spiritual values.

We sympathize with the waiting scientists. In a small way, we share their dilemma. Between us and our reader there yawns an abyss—not of light-years, to be sure, but of workdays. Between our writing and his reading, the world may have altered its face. He knows more than we can by a margin of several days, and we can never diminish his lead. Indeed, we have come to think of him as a very advanced sort of person altogether, who lives perpetually in the middle of next week. We envy him keenly just now. For him the waiting is over. He knows who is the new President of the United States.

WE have concluded that the Presidential campaign is of exactly the right length. We can see cogent reasons against shortening it; we couldn't stand the strain if it were to be extended by as much as two and a half hours. This is a purely nonpartisan declaration. As we write, the latest newspaper in front of us carries a headline reading, "NIXON PREDICTS WIN BY 'BIGGEST MARGIN,'" and another story in the same paper says, "Sen. John F. Kennedy faced East today after a last, stirring Western foray, and everything about his campaign had a we've-got-it-made air about it." We have no reason, therefore, to assume that the length of the campaign favored one man or the other. The principal complaints to be made about a good long campaign are that it *is* long and that it is distracting. So is opera. Any argument against distraction must be based on what it is that one is being distracted from, and how seriously. The answers, in the case of most Americans, are not much and not very. To have the attention distracted from personal affairs by public ones is not necessarily to be deplored. The good thing about a three-month campaign is that it gives the voter a chance to get interested in the candidates and to know them perhaps better than he knows anybody else who wasn't in his class in high school. The way a man reacts to a glass of whiskey thrown in his face by a woman or to being caught out in a bluff may be a better guide to how he will handle himself in office than a prepared statement of what he would do in a hypothetical emergency that is sure not to arrive in the precise form hypothesized. The men make their impressions, and the voters identify with them or fail to; it is important to us whether we like our leaders or don't. Even the physical "ordeal" that discoverers of the obvious often cite is not without some bearing on a candidate's qualifications; stamina will come in handy in a tough job. The candidates' wives lend a bit of ornament—or should, like the drum majorettes at a football game. They make it easier to estimate their husbands, too. It is an indispensable quality in a President to know a good thing when he sees it. Tastes differ, and the voter likes to know he is with a man who sees things the same way. (The female often votes for



a man who she feels would like her.) A snap election, called on a month's notice, may be all very well for Great Britain, where the parties hold annual conventions that provide ready-made platforms. Party leaders there are invariably men who have risen through so many years of service in Parliament that their public personalities are all too familiar; the leader of the victorious party automatically becomes chief of government. Both the issues and the men are so constant, in fact, that British campaigns might be cut back with profit from the present three weeks to one weekend. The ballot might be filled out at home, along with the football-pools coupon. But here, where the candidates are often new boys—backbenchers, like the Congressional Nixon and Kennedy and Harding, or men from outside politics, like Willkie and Eisenhower, or state governors—we need the long campaign to begin to get to know them. Harry S. Truman was President for nearly four years without having fought to be, but it was in the campaign of 1948 that he made himself known. After a candidate reaches the White House, we lose



"No? What kind of an answer is 'No'?"

•

him, in a sense. He goes behind a screen of protocol and speaks principally through press conferences, handouts, and White House sources. Nobody, with the possible exception of Mr. Khrushchev, calls him a barefaced liar or kids him about his makeup. He ceases to try to put himself over; he has the contract.

Kahlers

THE autumnal *furor bibendi* is on, canapés abound, and, thanks to an opportunity tendered us by Mr. and Mrs. Alexandre Tarsaidze to meet Mr. and Mrs. Woodland Kahler, of Paris, France; Littleton, New Hampshire; and Coonoor, India, at the Ermitage Restaurant for cocktails, we are in a position to report that the baby-elephant-sitter problem has been licked. "We always spend our winters in the south of India, in the heart of the elephant country, where I am bringing up a baby elephant named Bhagya Lakshmi, which means Lucky Queen of Wealth," Mrs. Kahler told us. "I've had her seven months; she's three years old and was caught in the jungle. She weighs eight hundred pounds, and you have to give her a bath twice a day. You also have to brush her quite a lot, because she breathes through her skin. She loves walking around my bathroom, which is fairly roomy, and she's so inquisitive that she keeps knocking perfumes off the shelf."

We asked Mrs. Kahler, who came here with her husband to celebrate the publication of his novel "Cravings of Desire," how her charge was getting along seven thousand miles away from its mistress. "Famously," she said. "I have a mahout to take care of her, and I also have a pet white rooster that sits on top of her, which keeps her perfectly happy. I may give her to Rainier when she gets bigger."

"Rainier who?" we asked.

"Rainier de Monaco," she said. "He has a nice zoo there. Now I'd like you to meet Cocoton."

She introduced us to a miniature greyhound sitting on her lap; its neck was encased in a high collar of imitation diamonds.

"Cocoton's collar was designed by Antoinette Behrs, a niece of Tolstoi's," Mr. Tarsaidze said, handing us a Jack Daniel's-on-the-rocks.

"I was born in Siberia, where my family had an estate, and at one time, in my twenties, when I was married to one of my earlier husbands, a Norwegian—I've had four—I bought a ranch in California," Mrs. Kahler said. "There was a dance hall for two hundred people to dance in and a swimming pool for two hundred people to swim in. I told that to Woodland when I married him, and he was skeptical. He said all White Russians talked that way, but Jack London's second wife, who was my neighbor in California, told him she hadn't been able to sleep at night because my guests made such an uproar, so he came to believe me. He is president emeritus of the Organisation Mondiale de la Culture, which staged the first interplanetary exhibition in the world in Paris, and he's very active in the American Vegetarian Union and the International Vegetarian Union. Also, he's foreign secretary of the American Natural Hygiene Society. We're both vegetarians. One reason I approve of elephants so highly is that *they're* vegetarians."

We turned to Mr. Kahler and learned that he was a Yale man, class of 1918, and had left New Haven early in his senior year to join the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps. We left for the Yale Club, where we had a date to play squash, and on the way to the locker room we stopped off, on an impulse, at the Clarence Day Room of Yale memorabilia. There, in the "History of the Class of 1918—Forty Years On," we noted that Mr. Kahler, in an autobiographical reminiscence, had recorded the fact that Mrs. K. had been chosen Mrs. Hygiene 1950 at a health convention in New York. Yale is the mother of men and of loyal husbands.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (COMPLETE GLOOM DIVISION): World Brotherhood, Inc., which has its headquarters in midtown Manhattan, has

changed its name to Council on World Tensions, Inc.

Tour

YOU can get in a rut living in the same city year after year and hardly ever looking up, so the other morning we decided to pretend we were a tourist. What would a tourist do? A tourist would take the Rockefeller Center Guided Tour. We went to the Tour Lounge, in the basement concourse of the R.C.A. Building, bought a ticket from a young lady at a desk, and joined a small group that during the next ten or fifteen minutes grew to seventeen—a couple of couples, a trio of ladies, three pairs of ladies and one of men, a single man, and ourself. A girl guide appeared, in uniform and cap of forest green and a charcoal coat, and introduced herself. "I'd appreciate it if you'd stand directly in front of me," she said. "Whenever I stop, my back will always be to the particular point of interest, so that everyone will see as well as hear." She proceeded to show us an aerial photograph of the Center and to enumerate a few statistics: sixteen buildings; fourteen and a half acres; building cost of a hundred and seventy million dollars ("the largest single building project ever to be undertaken by private capital"); over a thousand tenant firms, employing forty thousand men and women; two hundred thousand visitors a day. "The most fascinating aspect of my story is that Rockefeller Center stands on land we don't own," she said. "Columbia University owns it, and we pay over three million dollars each year for rent."

After an account of the site's history, starting with Dr. David Hosack's purchase of it in 1801, for five thousand dollars, and culminating with the late John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, rental of it, we all went up an escalator and through another indoor concourse to the lobby of the International Building. "In order not to be partial to any one nation, ancient Greece, where internationalism flourished to a high degree, was chosen as the model for this lobby," our guide said. "Its marble comes from Tinos, an island in the Aegean Sea. Although its copper ceiling measures sixty by eighty feet, if all the copper were scraped from it, it would weigh only one and a half pounds, and you could easily hold it in the palm of your hand."

"Oh, say!" said one of the touring ladies, and, again travelling indoors, we gained another lobby—that of the Italian Building. "The walls are of travertine limestone and came from the banks of the Tiber River," our guide said. "Most of us probably think of indirect lighting as modern, but it was derived from ancient civilization. Over two thousand years ago, the Romans used the same idea. They suspended troughs from the ceiling, and burned a refined type of tar and pitch in them, adding some resin to impart a pleasant aroma."

Next, on the roof garden of the French Building, seven stories up, we gazed across Fifth Avenue at St. Patrick's. "We have a number of roof gardens in the Center, so that people working in these giant skyscrapers can rest their eyes on nature's growth," our guide said. "Looking south, you see the Lower Plaza, which we consider the very essence of community spirit." She went on to sing the virtues of the annual sixty-foot-plus Christmas tree, the ice-skating rink, and Paul Manship's "Prometheus."

"Just who was Prometheus?" a lady asked.

"He was a Greek demigod who stole fire from the gods and passed it on to the people," said the guide, without batting an eye. "The gods punished him for this by chaining him to a mountain, but Hercules freed him."

Down we went, by elevator, to a subbasement, two stories below street



"Hello, Mr. Campbell? Chuck Oakley here. Remember that time you told me if I ever felt like giving up coaching, you'd always have a place for me in your company? Well . . ."

level. "You've seen some of Rockefeller Center's beauty," our guide said. "Now you're going to see beauty of a different order—that of forethought and efficiency." Trucks roared by us down a four-hundred-and-fifty-foot spiral ramp, and we learned that seven or eight hundred of them make deliveries there every day. "There are two stories below this one," the girl said. "No windows. A ventilating system brings a complete change of air every minute and a half. It costs over a thousand dollars a day to heat the Center."

Taking a service elevator in the sub-basement of the Maison Française, we emerged into a chrysanthemum-filled promenade. "We call it the Channel, because it separates the British Empire Building from the French Building," our guide said, and led us to the Eastern Air Lines Building. Presently, in an indoor concourse on our way back to the R.C.A. Building, she paused and said, "With our total daily population of two hundred thousand people, if we were incorporated as a city, we'd rank about fifty-eighth in population in the nation. We have twelve banks, twenty-five restaurants, our own post office, our own medical and fire-protection departments, and about two hundred stores, which sell everything from amethysts to zippers, but we must confess that we don't have a place to live in, a church, a jail, or a cemetery."

Years of non-sightseeing had taken their toll of us, and we dropped out of the tour at that point, but our companions pushed on, clear of eye.

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FOUND in a Chinese fortune cookie, a slip reading bleakly, "*Gesundheit!*"

Nichols, May, and Horses

HAVING read in the program of the show called "An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May" that Mr. Nichols had represented the United States on an Olympic equestrian team, we suggested last week that the partners join us at a session of the National Horse Show, at Madison Square Garden. When we met them at the entrance to the place, Mr. Nichols was quick to inform us that he hadn't been on any equestrian team in any Olympics, and Miss May told us that whatever interest she'd once had in horses had ended when she fell off one a couple of years ago on a Central Park bridle path and twisted all kinds of ligaments in her left arm.

"The horse was just walking," Miss May said, "and I kind of slid off him, and you should have seen the hurt look he gave me."

"Nobody ever falls off a walking horse," said Mr. Nichols. "You could fall down on the floor more easily than you could fall off a walking horse."

"Look," said Miss May, "I fell off this horse, and he was embarrassed and I was embarrassed, and so there. I had my arm in a cast for a long time."

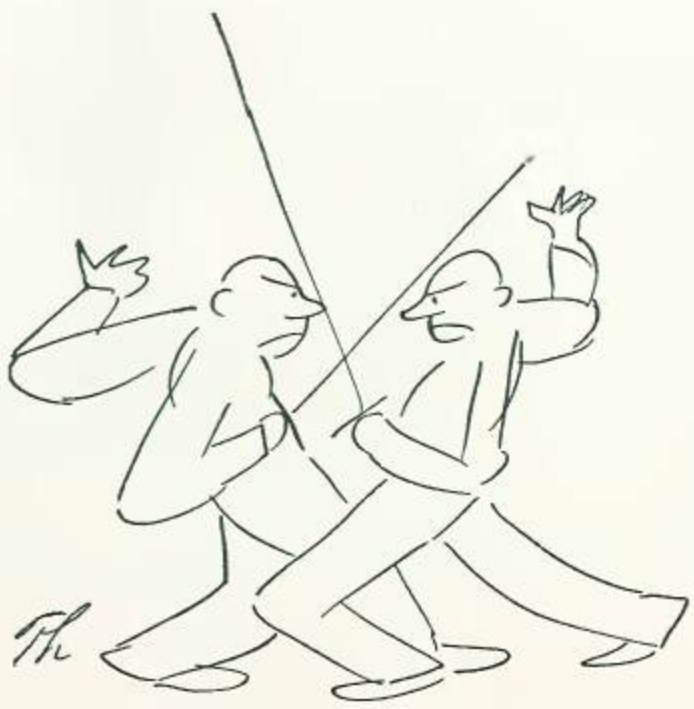
Mr. Nichols, a blond and most amiable young man of twenty-nine, conceded the fall, and Miss May, who is brunette, rosy, and ebullient, seemed pleased.

"Now, about this Olympic business," we said.

"Oh, that," Mr. Nichols observed. "You see, when the program said that Elaine is a distant cousin of Ed Sullivan—we're all cousins if you take it right back to Adam—I thought it would be only fair for me to look pretty distinguished, too. Actually, I've known quite a few horses in my day, and I've ridden in horse shows in Chicago. I don't want to put on any side, but I was an instructor at the Claremont Riding Academy, up on West Eighty-ninth Street, when I was going to high school in Manhattan."

"It was one of those Claremont horses I fell off," said Miss May.

Any further discussion of Miss May's traumatic experience in the Park was interrupted by Mr. Edward Bimberg, a horse fancier and official engaged in stimulating attendance at the Show. It soon developed that Mr. Bimberg had also, in his day, been an instructor at the Claremont. Horse riders, like horse-players, are a companionable crew, and in a jiffy we all went, arm in arm, down into the basement of the Garden to have a look at the horses stabled there. At the bottom of the ramp, we encountered a large gray horse, which was walking around, accompanied by a groom, in front of the area devoted to the beasts of the Dodge saddle-horse stables.



"Biggest in the country," said Mr. Nichols knowledgeably.

Miss May made a tentative pass at the muzzle of the big gray, and it blinked its great eyes and turned its head away.

"Imagine!" said Miss May. "I'm being rejected by a horse. This is a shattering experience."

We continued past orderly rows of box stalls until we came to one occupied by a splendid black animal that was being petted by a gentleman in a blue serge suit. The horse's lips were moving nervously, and Miss May proposed that we stick around until the gentleman was bitten.

"Horses will not bite you if you let them get the scent of you," said Mr. Bimberg. "Of course, if you exude salt in your palms, they will try to get it. They are crazy about salt."

"I think I'm exuding salt," said Miss May, backing away from the stall.

Not far from the nervous animal, we came upon a groom braiding the tail of a placid chestnut. Mr. Nichols pointed out that this would improve the horse's appearance and would help to ingratiate him with the Horse Show judges.

"Imagine!" said Miss May. "You get up in the morning, you have a nourishing breakfast, you say goodbye to the wife and kids, and then you spend the rest of the day braiding horses' tails." She was looking about reflectively when Mr. Nichols suddenly advised her that just beyond there was a man combing a tail with no horse attached, as indeed there was.

"Among the gaited horses," said Mr. Bimberg, "they are allowed to put on false tails."

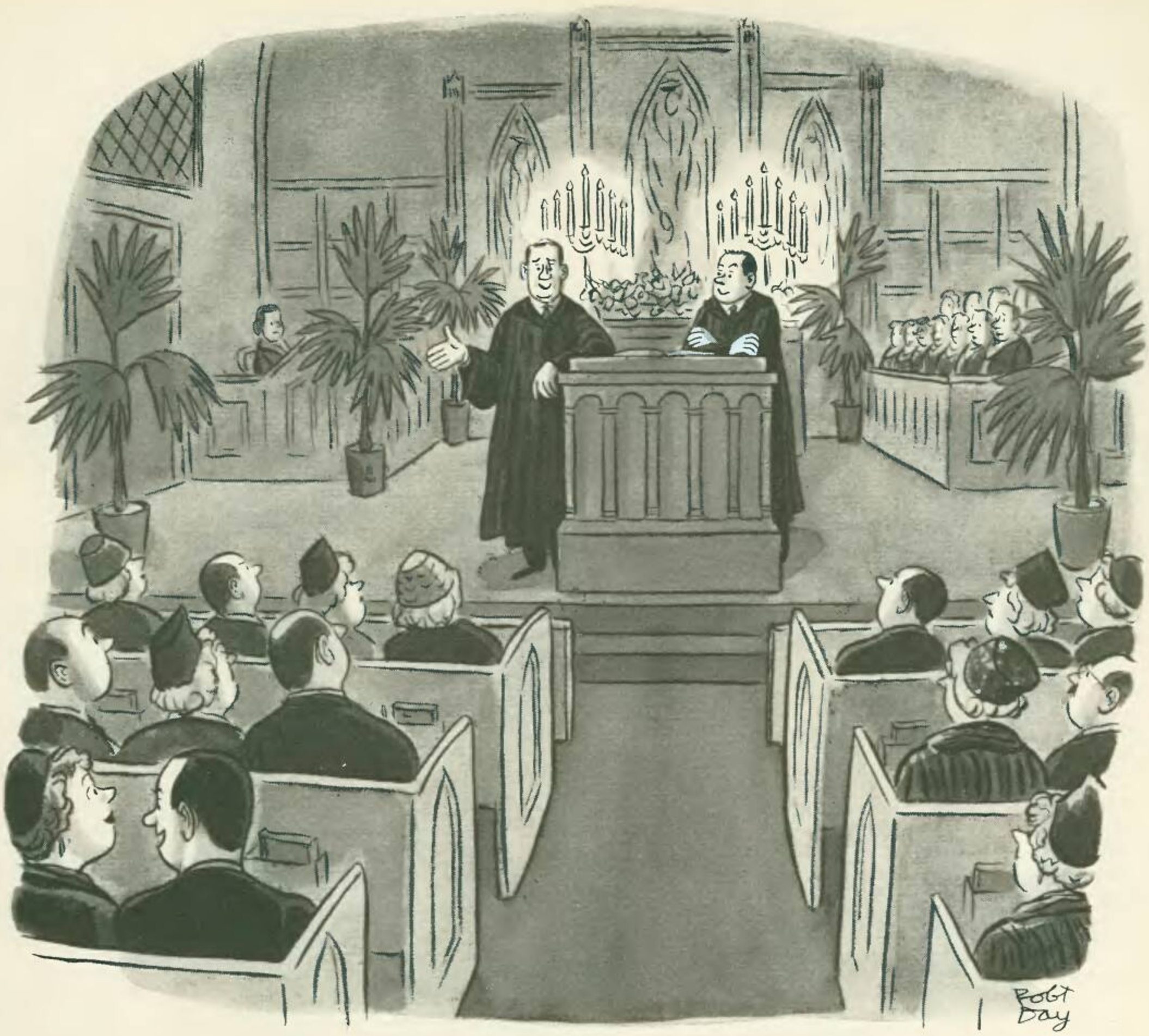
Mr. Nichols and Mr. Bimberg got into a perceptive chat about gaited horses, Miss May wandered off, and we went over to watch a jumper being prepared for a contest. When the party reassembled, somewhere farther along, Miss May was trying to outstare a brown dachshund, which was snarling. "He hates me," she said.

"Never look a dog in the eye," said Mr. Bimberg.

"If I sweat, I get bitten by a horse, and if I look, I get bitten by a dog," said Miss May dolefully.

We went on to watch a handsome bay having his front feet soothed in a whirlpool bath, and then made our way to the pressroom, where Miss May challenged Mr. Nichols to do his imitation of Audrey Hepburn's first entrance in "Ondine."

"Not here," he said. "Not here."



"Ah, the Huntley-Brinkley approach!"

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"You wouldn't believe this," said Miss May, "but my daughter Jeannie is a super rider, and she's only eleven. I was riding with her when I slid off that horse and hurt my arm. I love the outdoor life—like walking. I was surprised," she added unexpectedly, "to find all those horses being washed. I thought they just dusted them, or something."

"Give me a horse I can ride like a man," said Mr. Nichols. "Washed or unwashed."

Mr. Bimberg said that he'd like to oblige but the schedule of the show would not permit Mr. Nichols to demonstrate his equestrian skills.

"So now you'll *have* to imitate Audrey Hepburn," said Miss May. "You know," she continued, without pause, "I had a terrible argument about Shakespeare's sonnets with a man who interviewed us the other day. Just to make conversation, I said I hated them, and it turned out he loved them. But what can you do—just sit there?"

At the behest of Mr. Bimberg, we took our chums up to see some working hunters with lady riders in the main ring.

"I keep wondering whether I ought to buy a horse," said Mr. Nichols as the ladies and their mounts went through their expert paces.

"If you do, get one that really likes your scent," said Miss May.

Samaritan

A LADY who lives in Sunnyside recently set out for her bank, at Forty-seventh Street and Queens Boulevard, in the family Oldsmobile, which is a fairly formidable vehicle. It was her notion that she would park the car in the space reserved for parking under the elevated tracks of the I.R.T., which run along the center of Queens Boulevard, and continue on foot to the bank. As she was trying to manipulate the car into the parking area, with no great success, a gentleman got out of another car and said, "Now, if you'll just take it easy, we'll have you straightened out in no time." Standing in front of the Oldsmobile, he called out signals, and finally shouted, "And now reverse!" The lady obeyed, and found herself right back in the mainstream of traffic. Too polite to tell the kindly gentleman that she was trying to get into the parking area and not out, she drove on to her bank, parked in front of it, and was given a ticket.

THE YELLOW BERET

"MAYBE it's the same murderer," Mag said.

"*How* could it be the same?" cried Don. "Wasn't the other one down at the docks? Do you never look at the papers?"

To please him, she peered across the breakfast table at the *Irish Times* in his hand, but without her glasses the sun made one of everything on the table—plates, napery, and newsprint. Besides, she still thought it could be the same. Dublin was a small city for two murders in one night. Not that the North Wall, where the first one happened, ever seemed a real part of Dublin to her at all. Wasn't it jutting halfway into the English Channel? She had been out to the Pigeon House fort once, but for the rest she had only seen the long sea wall from the deck of the B. & I. boat—seen it sliding past as the steamship pulled out into the Alexandra Basin. Through the cranes and ship's rigging, the wide wharf could be seen narrowing into a place with no human habitations; nothing but coalyards, and warehouse yards, and the power station of Pigeon House, its windows lit by day as well as night with a cold inimical light. Then it narrowed again until it seemed only a promenade for birds, bollarded here and there and splattered with glaring white droppings. It was strange that a place where she had never been should be so vivid in her mind, but she could picture the exact place where it happened, a place where steps led down into the sea, senseless steps, more than half of them always under water, wobbly-looking and pale, with sometimes a wash of water, thin as ice, going over the top. Here it happened, surely? Not at the sea steps, not near the edge, but where, in an abortive bit of wall, an iron gate stood giving entrance or egress to nowhere. She saw the gate distinctly. It was reinforced top and bottom with rusty corrugated iron cut in jags. So vivid. Too vivid. In the sunny morning room, Mag felt cold.

Resolutely, she forced her mind back upon her own concerns. She'd soon have to call Donny. She glanced to see if the entrance card for his examination was still propped in front of the clock, and she looked around the room to make sure there was nothing else he was likely to forget—his pen, or the key of his locker in college. But as her eyes moved about the room, she became aware that Don was critical of her lack of attention and had perhaps been so for some time. "I hope we're not going to have a wave of crime!" she said.

" 'Wave of crime!' " he scoffed. "I told you there was no connection between the two crimes. You're as bad as the newspapers." But as he read on, he became more amiable. "I admit it's a disturbing business," he conceded. "It will have a very upsetting effect on the general public, I'm afraid!"

"I don't see why!" Mag cried. "I don't see why anyone should be upset—ordinary people, I mean; there's always a reason for these murders! Don't tell me they come out of a clear sky! I see no reason why people should be concerned at all about them. Take that girl at the docks. I'm sure what happened to her was only the end of a long story!"

"Not necessarily," said Don curtly. "As a matter of fact, they're looking for a Dutch sailor who only went ashore a few hours before the murder."

"But he knew her from another time ashore, I suppose, and—"

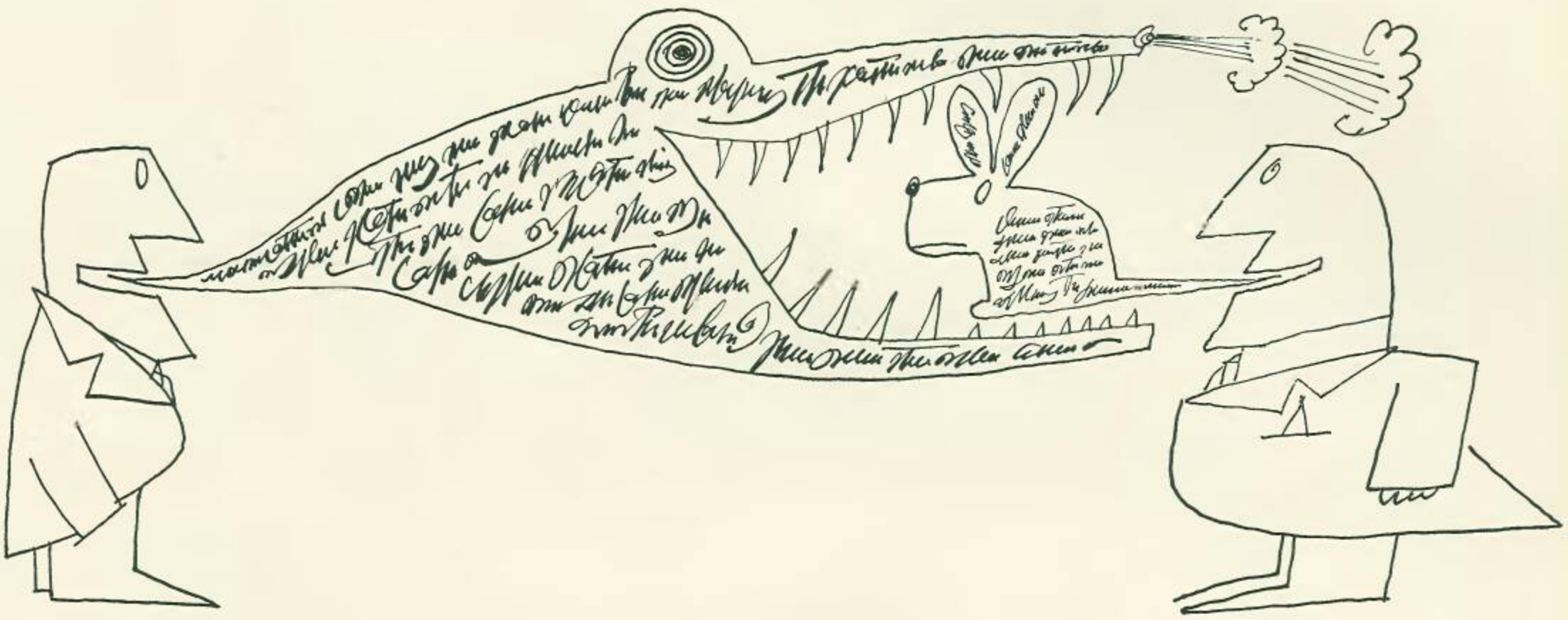
"Not necessarily."

Mag reddened. She hadn't understood that it might all have happened in that gateway, not only the murder but . . . well . . . it all.

"Oh!" she said slowly, repulsed, and then her voice quickened. "Oh, Don," she cried, "let's not talk about it. Let's not even think about it. You know how I feel about that kind of thing." It was not so much a feeling, however, as an attitude. She always maintained that they lived in a different world—she and Don and Donny—from the world where such things happened. To talk about that other world, or to think about it too much, could bring the worlds too close. Keep them separate was her instinctive cry. It wasn't easy, though. That occurrence at the docks still kept its grip on her own mind. There! The bleak wall and the purposeless gate were forming once more before her eyes. Only this time there was a figure of a man in the gateway, bending downward and with his back to her. Unrea-



"We doctors have our problems, too. For example, I have to be true not only to the Hippocratic oath but to the A.M.A. as well."



sonable relief flowed through her that his face was averted, for if he straightened up and turned her way his face would confront her—and with panic she realized that it would be a face she knew. How could that be? How could the face of a strange Dutchman be familiar to her? Then, as she feared, he turned, or half turned, until his eyes fixed on her, for his head seemed suddenly to be implacably set in its pose. It was as if it had no power to move, and yet within itself every cell of skin and every rib of hair quivered with a terrible motion, while the one enormous white whorl of the ear seemed to whirl like the patterned space about him. For the gateway had gone. Only when she saw the background against which he was outlined did she realize her foolishness. Van Gogh! The self-portrait! He was her Dutchman. Humbly this time and wholly attentive to him at last, she listened to Don reading out the details of the other murder.

"This other poor creature"—he nodded down at the paper—"this other poor creature was the soul of respectability—"

"It was a woman, too?"

"An elderly spinster," said Don. "A schoolteacher, I think it said." He bent and looked for verification to the paper. "Yes, a schoolteacher living in Sandford Road. Respectable enough address! Over fifty, too!"

But Mag rushed over and grabbed the paper out of his hand. "Over fifty? Oh, no, Don! No! Why didn't you tell me? That's terribly sad. I didn't realize. I thought it was another of those ugly businesses. Why didn't you tell me it was so sad? The poor creature!"

Don stared at her. "What's sadder about it than the girl on the docks?" he asked.

But Mag had got her glasses and was gathering up the pages of the paper. "Where is the front page? Was there a picture of the poor thing?"

"I don't think so," said Don. "There was a picture of that girl, though! She was only seventeen. A lovely-looking girl. Now that was what you might call sad! Oh, I know the sort she was, and all that, but she was so young. She had her whole life ahead of her. There's no knowing but she might somehow have been influenced for good before it was too late. And anyhow," he said limply, "the other poor thing—" He shrugged his shoulders. "She can't have had much of a life. She can't have had much to look forward to in the future. Lived alone, kept herself to herself—an odd sort, apparently. Say what you like, it wasn't the same as being seventeen!"

"Oh, stop it, Don. I can't bear it. You don't understand. To come to such an end after a lifetime of service." Mag was poring over the paper. "Yes! She was a teacher. To make it worse, she was a kindergarten teacher. Oh, the poor thing. I can't bear to think of it. The head was battered in—with a stone, they think—and bruises on the neck and back."

"Not a sex crime, anyway," said Don.

"Oh, Don, how can you? There's no question of anything like that! She was over fifty! Fifty-four. And several people have already come forward to testify to her character. She led a normal, regular—"

"Nothing very normal or regular about wandering the streets in the small hours!"

"Oh, you didn't read it properly." Mag consulted the paper again. "She was *found* in the small hours, but it was *done* before midnight. And it can't have been so very late either, or the morning paper wouldn't have a report of it! They haven't given the pathologist's report yet, but the police put the time between eleven and twelve. She wasn't found earlier because the body was dragged into someone's front garden!"

"Nice for those people!" said Don.

"How can you joke about it! Do you realize that if she had been left in the street, there might have been a spark of life in her when she was found—although it seems she wouldn't have been found at all until daylight only a couple coming home from a dance happened to step inside the garden gate."

"Nice for them, too!" Don said irrepressibly. "Oh, there's more about it in the back of the paper. They're looking for information that may lead to the recovery of a yellow beret believed to have been worn by the victim earlier in the evening."

Mag pressed her lips together. "Poor unfortunate girl! She little thought when she was putting on that beret—"

"It wasn't the girl! It was the other woman."

"The elderly woman? Are you sure? A yellow beret! It sounds more like what a young girl would wear, surely?"

"The old girl must have fancied herself a bit, it seems."

"Oh, Don, don't take that tone again, please. I'm certain it was simply a case of some fellow attacking her in the hope that she might have money on her. He probably didn't intend anything more than to stun her, but maybe she

screamed, the poor thing, and he got frightened and hit her again to keep her quiet. Maybe he didn't realize he'd killed her at all."

"Then why did he drag her into that garden?"

"Oh, I forgot about that."

"You forgot about calling Donny, too," Don said. He had got his hat and coat in the hall and was putting them on.

"Oh, he has plenty of time yet," said Mag. "All the same, I'll go right up now and call him before I do anything else," she said. At the door, she turned back. "Don't go till I come down," she said, quite without reason.

Or was it, she thought afterward, that even then, at the foot of the stairs, a vague uneasiness had already taken possession of her? Had she, all morning, been unconsciously aware of a silence upstairs, different altogether from the merely relative silence when the boy was up there but asleep? Certainly halfway up the stairs she looked into his room through the banister rail, and she was outrageously relieved to see that his bed had been slept in, although he was not in it.

"Oh, you're up?" she cried, talking to him, although she wasn't sure whether he was in the room, behind the door perhaps, taking down his clothes from the clothes hooks, or in the bathroom—or where? "Where are you?" she asked, when she saw he wasn't in the room. "Are you in there, Donny?" she asked outside the bathroom door. "Where are you, Donny?" she asked sharply, still addressing herself to him. But when she leaned over the banisters to know if he was downstairs, it was to Don she called. "Is he down there, Don?"

"Why would he be down here!" Don had come to the foot of the stairs. She thought there was an uneasy note in his voice. He started up the stairs.

"Why are you coming up?" she demanded.

Then she must have begun to cry, because he shouted at her. "Stop that noise, for God's sake, Mag! The boy probably stayed out last night. But what of it? If I had a pound note for every time I stayed out all night when I was his age!"

"But he didn't stay out! Wasn't he in bed when I brought up his hot jar last night?"

"He's gone out somewhere, then, I expect," Don said.

"Where? And when? I was down early. There wasn't a stir in the house—I didn't hear a stir till I heard you!"

Together they stood stupidly, one above the other, in the middle of the stairs.

"He must have gone out during the night, then," said Don.

"But why? And why didn't he tell us?" she said. "He knows I'm a light sleeper. He knows I never mind being wakened. Many a night before his other exams he came into my room and sat on the end of the bed to talk for a while when he couldn't sleep."

"Well, come downstairs, anyway," Don said, more gently. "There's no use standing up here in the cold. He didn't have a sign of drink on him last night, I suppose?"

"Has he ever had?"

In spite of anxiety that was creeping over him, too, Don was irritated by her righteous tone. "Look here, Mag," he said, "it wouldn't be the end of the world, you know, if he *did* take a drink! You can't expect to keep them off it forever. Moderation is all we can demand from him at his age."

But Mag set her face tight. "I'd never believe it of him," she said. "Not Donny!"

"Well, how else are you going to account for this?"

"Maybe he thought of something he wanted to find out before the exam. You know Donny! He'd think nothing of getting up and dressing again and going out to ask some of his pals—not like other fellows that would be too lazy and would leave it to the morning; Donny would never chance leaving it to the morning!"

"But if that was the case he'd have been back in an hour or so."

"Unless he stayed talking, wherever he went!"

"He would have telephoned!"

"In the middle of the night?"

They looked at each other dully.

"You don't suppose . . . he might have met with an accident or something?"

"I never thought of that," Don said.

Yet now it seemed such an obvious thought.

"Hadn't we better do something, so, just in case?" Mag said.

He went over to the hall table where the telephone stood.

"Street accidents are usually brought



POSSIBILITIES

Three pigeons down-swing
through a chimney of air
onto Black Tom—a rock
in the Sound's shallows, bare
but for gulls' dung
and clams' broken crocks.
There is no food there—

not even a flotsam weed
from high tide. No food.
Unless you're a rock-dove
that maybe eats rocks; or brood
of the Roc, and feed
on imponderables—plasm of
lost time, dreamt magnitude.

Time plasm. There's a neat
notion, if lunatic,
like— Who was it who said
our souls make an aspic
for the moon to eat?
He saw Man as aphid
in an ant-heap zodiac.

Well, who knows what stocks
of men the moon needs?
She does drag out of us
dreams, longings, certain tides
in the blood, paradox—
being Ishtar, libidinous,
and Dian, light-of-maids.

Maybe time's the stuff
a moon eats. The white
meat of desire, the dark
of regret, a meat
Universe had none of
till mind reached fore and back—
and, to immortals, sweet.

Something is ranching us!
We wax in numbers; all
our plagues, wars, genocides
don't dent the capital
stock, the increasing mass
cracking on all sides
our spherical corral;

and always we strew in wake
of the planet—and cast ahead—
cobwebs of time. To the moon,
maybe, or some dread
Draco? A chance we take,
till pigeons settle in
their pigeonholes for good.

—Peter Kane Dufault

• •



"Why stop with Red China? If you ask me, we shouldn't recognize anybody!"

• •

to Jervis Street Hospital, but I suppose all the hospitals have casualty wards. I wonder where I ought to try first?" His hesitancy left him, and confidently he put out his hand to take up the receiver. "I know what I'll do; I'll ring the police. That's the thing. They must get reports from all the hospitals." He turned to her. "Did he have his name on him, I wonder? Or any form of identification?"

When she didn't answer, he looked up. She had gone very white in the face.

He put down the phone. "Don't look like that, Mag," he said. "I'm sure he's all right. It was only to reassure you that I was phoning at all. We've got a bit hysterical, if you ask me. He'll breeze in here any minute. And look here, Mag, let me give you a bit of advice. When he does come back . . ."

But he saw that she was in no condition for taking advice.

"Don't ring the police, anyway," she said.

It was the way she said it, dully and flatly, that made him feel suddenly that whatever had come into her mind was out of all proportion to his own vague fears. "You're not keeping anything from me, are you?" he asked sharply.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "It's just that I don't think we ought to draw attention to him, in case—"

"In case he got himself into some scrape or other? What scrape could he get into?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said, "but it seems a bad time to draw attention to him—with all this going on . . ." She glanced vaguely at the newspaper.

He got her meaning at once, and his face flushed angrily. "You can't mean that! You just don't know what you're saying!" he said. "Your own son!"

"Oh, don't go on that way!" she cried. "You didn't listen to me. You didn't wait for me to finish."

He wasn't listening then, either. He was just staring at her.

"Oh, please!" Mag said wearily. "I only meant that he might be innocently involved, drawn into something against his will, or even accidentally, and afterward perhaps was afraid of the consequences. That was all I meant!" Then she looked up at him. "What did you think I meant?"

Each probed the other's eyes for a fear worse than his own.

"Might I ask one thing?" said Don bitterly. "Which of these killings is the one you think Donny is involved in? Battering in the head of an old woman? Or the other one?"

"You know right well the one I mean!" Mag cried. "How could he be involved in the other? Nothing on earth could justify killing that poor old creature."

Don gave a kind of laugh. "Well! You women are unbelievable. So you consider the poor girl on the docks was fair game. Bad luck if it should end as it did—bad luck for the *man*, that is to say! Tell me this," he said. "Just how did you think that anyone could be innocently implicated in a business like that? Your son, for instance!"

"I don't know!" Mag cried. "It's not fair to take me up like that. I didn't say I thought anything of the kind. I was only frightened, that's all. Any woman would be the same. You don't understand! What comes into one's mind at a time like this has nothing at all to do with the other person. It doesn't mean one thinks any the less of him. It's as if all the badness of the world, all the badness in *oneself* rushes into one's mind, and starts up a terrible reasonless fear. I know Donny is a good boy. And I know he wouldn't do any harm to anyone, but he might have been passing that gateway—"

"Down at the docks, in the middle of the night?"

"Well, how do we know what might

have brought him down there? How do we know where he is any night he's out, if it comes to that? He could have been passing that way just at the wrong moment and maybe seen something. Then who knows what might have happened!"

"But you forget he came home last night. We saw him! You went up and said good night to him, like you always do!"

She said nothing for a minute.

"I didn't tell you, because it seemed silly, but it wasn't quite like always," she said then, slowly. "His light went out as I went up the stairs. He put it out, though he must have heard me coming. I hardly noticed it at the time—I thought his eyes might be giving him trouble, after so much studying all the week. He put out his hand and took the hot bottle."

"Oh, come! You're making something out of nothing, Mag. And I think, anyway, there's something you ought to get straight in your mind," Don said. "Even if he were to walk right in the door this minute. It's just possible that a young fellow like our Donny might on occasion have some truck with a girl like that poor girl that was strangled, without it being necessarily taken that he be mixed up in her murder, but he couldn't be mixed up in her murder without it necessarily being taken that he had some sort of truck with her! Get your mind clear on that!"

Mag's mind, however, had unexpectedly cleared itself not only of that but of all fear. "Oh, I'm sure we are being ridiculous!" she cried. "I'm sure there's some simple explanation." She put her hand gently on Don's arm. "If it makes you feel better, dear, go ahead and ring the police, though." But when he said nothing, she spoke still more gently. "What do you really think?" she asked.

"I don't know what to think now!" he said roughly. "You've succeeded in getting me into a fine state." He moved over and stood at the window. Then he bent forward and looked down the street. "Well, well," he said. "They didn't hang him yet, anyway; he's coming down the road!"

"Oh, thank God! Let me look. Where is he?" She ran to the window, and then, when she had seen him with her own two eyes, she ran toward the door.

"Mag!" Don's voice was so peremptory she turned back, but instantly, as their eyes met, they were at one again and could seek counsel from each other.

"What will I say to him?" she asked.

But before either of them could utter a word at all, it was Donny with his smile who spoke to them—his smile that was always so open, and with a peculiar sweetness in it. "I suppose I'm in for it!" he said. "Or did you miss me? I thought I'd be back before you were awake." When they didn't answer, he reddened slightly. "I meant you to come down and find me as fresh as a lark." He turned to Mag. "Were you worried, Mother? I'm sorry. I'll tell you how it happened, but I hope you weren't worried."

"Well, it was mostly on account of your exam, Donny," Mag said vaguely, glancing at the pink card. "If it was an ordinary morning . . ."

Donny glanced at the card, too, and also at the clock. He went over and took up the card and put it in his pocket. "I mustn't forget this," he said. "It's a good job I came home. I'd have forgotten it. I wasn't going to come home at all but go right on to the college only for thinking about you and how you might worry."

"It was a bit late in the day to begin worrying about us then," said Don.

"I know! I know!" Donny cried. "I ought to have been home hours ago, only I got a darned blister on my heel. It hurts like hell, still. I ought to bathe my foot, but I don't suppose I've time. If it wasn't for knowing you'd have been in a state about me, I could have bathed my foot in the lavatory down at the examination hall. But then I'd have had nothing to eat, and I'm starving." Seeing some unbuttered toast, he picked it up and rammed it into his mouth.

"Oh, that toast is cold!" Mag cried. "Let me make some more."

But Don brought his fist down on the table. "Toast be damned!" he said. "Where the hell was he, that's what we want to know. Where were you? You don't seem to realize—your mother was nearly out of her mind."

"Oh, Don, what does it matter now!" cried Mag. "As long as he's back and everything's all right."

For, of course, everything was all right now. Only the absent son had been unknowable, and so capable of—well, anything. The real Donny, standing in their midst, was once more enclosed within the limits of their loving concept of him.

But Don could be so stubborn. "How are we sure everything is all right?" he said. "My God, Mag, but you have a short memory!" He turned to Donny. "Why didn't you tell your mother where you were



"See what I mean? Nobody gives a damn any more!"



"Would you care to take the helm, dear?"

going? You know she's a light sleeper, and you knew you needn't have been afraid of waking me—I'd never have heard you. Why didn't you do that? Why didn't you tell her what was going on?"

"Oh, Don, don't upset him," Mag said. "Look at the clock. He can tell us at supper tonight, and—"

"But there's nothing to tell!" Donny cried. "It'll sound foolish now. It would have been so different if I'd got back before you were awake. I only meant to go out for a few minutes in the first place, but the night was so fine—"

"Are you trying to tell us you just went out for a walk," Don said, "in the middle of the night?"

Missing the ironic note in his father's voice, Donny turned round eagerly. "Not a walk—I only intended getting a breath of air." He turned back to Mag. "I couldn't sleep after I went to bed. You know how it is before an exam! Well, after I was a while tossing about, I knew I'd never sleep. I knew the state I'd be in for the exam, so I got up and dressed. I thought I'd look over the books again for a bit, but then I thought I'd step outside the door and get a breath of air first. I had no idea of going for a walk—that hour of night! I only meant to stand at the door, or take a few steps down the road. But it was such a night! You've no idea. I just kept walking on and on, till I found myself nearly in Dundrum! I was actually standing on Dodder Bridge at Dundrum before I realized how far I'd walked! And there were the hills across from me when I leaned over the bridge—and somehow they seemed so near and—"

"You didn't go up the hills?" Mag cried.

"Well, as far as the Lamb Doyle's," said Donny. "I'd have liked to go on further, up by Ticknock, but it was beginning to get bright—not that it was really dark at all, but day was breaking. You should have seen the sky! I'd like to have stayed up there. But I had the old exam to think about, so I had to start coming down again. Oh, but it was great up there; I felt wonderful. I could feel my mind clearing and everything falling into place. But I don't suppose you understand?" he said, suddenly aware of their lack of comment.

"If only you'd come to my door, Son," said Mag.

"As if you'd have let me go, Mother! You know you'd have got up and come downstairs, and it would be cups of tea, and reheating jars, and remaking beds. You'd never have let me out! But that breath of air, and the exercise, was just what I needed. I felt great! But the good is well taken out of it now by all this fuss!" he cried, looking accusingly from one to the other of them.

Mag turned to Don. "Now! What did I tell you! He could have explained everything at supper."

"Let's have no more of it, so," said Don, and he took up his briefcase. "All I'll say is, it's a pity he didn't cut short his capers by an hour or so and save us all this commotion."

"I told you I got a blister on my heel," said Donny indignantly. "I would have been back hours ago only for that."

"The blister! Oh, let me look at it!" Mag cried. "The dye of your sock might get into it. You could get an infection. We'll have to see that it's clean and put a bit of bandage on it. Sit down, Son," she said, and as he sat down she sank down on her knees in front of him as she used to do when she tied his shoelaces for school.

"Wait till you see the bandage that's on it now," said Donny. "I came down part way in my bare feet—as far as Sandyford, where the bungalows begin. But people were stirring—milkmen, bus conductors, and that class of person, going to work—and I had to put on the shoes, but I wouldn't have got far in them only I found something to pad my heel. This!" he cried, and he rolled down his sock and pulled it up—a bit of sweat-stained, blood-soaked yellow felt.

"What's the matter?" he cried, as he saw Mag's face. Then he saw Don's. "What's the matter?"

Was it the texture of the cloth? Was it the color? What was it that made them know, instantly, that it had once been part of a woman's beret?

"Why are you staring at me?" he cried. He looked down at the bit of stuff. At the same time, he shoved his hand into his pocket and brought up the rest of the beret. "I felt bad about cutting it up," he said. "It looked brand-new. But I told myself that somebody's loss was my gain."

Mag and Don were staring stupidly at him.

"I suppose it wasn't all a yarn you were spinning us, was it?" asked Don at last. But he answered his own question. "I suppose it wasn't," he said dejectedly. And he walked over and took up the paper. "There's something you'd better know, boy," he said quietly. "You evidently didn't see the morning paper." He held it out to him, pointing to one paragraph only.

Donny read quickly—a line or two. "Is this it, do you think?" he asked then, with a dazed look at the bit of yellow felt.

"That's what we want to know," said Don. "Where did you get it?"

"I told you! I picked it up in the gutter, somewhere about Sandford Road. Oh, do you think this is it?" he cried again, and, letting the pieces fall, he ran his hands down the sides of his trouser legs, over and over again, as if wiping them. "Why didn't you tell me when I came in first?" he said, looking pathetically young.

But Mag began to laugh with odd,

gulping laughs. "Don't mind me, Son," she said, between the gulps. "I can't help it." She didn't see the warning look Don gave her. "It's from relief," she said.

Donny looked at her. He had not missed his father's look. Ignoring her, he turned to Don. "What did she mean?"

"Nothing, boy, nothing," said Don. "We were a bit alarmed, you must realize that. You wouldn't understand, I suppose. Someday you may. Parenthood isn't easy—it induces all kinds of hysterical states in people at times. Men as well as women!" he added staunchly, taking Mag's arm and linking it with his for a minute. "I mean—" he said, but irritation got the better of him. "Anyway, you've only yourself to blame," he said. "We were beside ourselves with anxiety—ready to think anything."



Donny said nothing for a moment. "But not anything bad?" He turned to Mag. "You didn't think anything bad about me? Why, you know me all through, Mother, don't you, like—like as if I were made of glass. How could you think anything bad about me?"

"Oh, of course I couldn't!" Mag cried, and she longed to deny everything—words, thoughts, feelings, everything—but all she could do was show contrition. "I was nearly crazy, Donny! You don't understand."

"You're right there!" he said. He slumped down on a chair. After a minute, apathetically he began to pull on his sock over his grimy foot. "I'd better go to my exam," he said.

"Your exam!" Don shouted. "Are you joking? Well, let me tell you, you can kiss goodbye to your exam. Don't you know you'll have to account for that beret being in your possession, you young fool? You don't think you can walk into the house with a thing like that—like a dog'd drag in a bone—and when you've dropped it at our feet walk off, unconcerned, about your business?" Suddenly Don, too, slumped down on a chair. "If you were safe in your bed where you belonged, we'd have been spared all this shame and humiliation."

"Shame!" Mag said. "Humiliation?"

Don gave her a withering look. "We'll be a nice laughingstock!" he said. "I can just see them reading about this in the office." He looked at Donny. "And your pals in the university will have many a good snigger at you, too. To say nothing of what view the university authorities may take of it. And they might be nearer the mark. It's not such a laughing matter at all. It's no joke being implicated in a thing like this. There's no end to the echoes a thing like this could have—all through your life! People have queer twisted memories. They'll never remember that you were innocent; they'll only remember that you had something to do with it. I'd take my oath that from this day you're liable to be pointed out as the fellow that had something to do with the murder of a woman." In malice he turned to Mag. "They'll probably get things mixed up, seeing they were both the same night, and think it was the other murder he was involved in!"

Donny didn't catch the last reference. He was thinking over what Don had first said. "God help innocence if everyone is as good at distorting things as you!" he said angrily.

"Well, it's no harm for you to be shown what can be done in that line," Don said. "I'd be prepared to swear you'll want your wits about you when you're telling the police about it. They'll need a lot of convincing before they believe in your innocence—or your foolishness, as I'd be more inclined to call it. It isn't as if you only saw the thing, or picked it up and hung it on the spike of a railing, as many a one would have done—as I'd have done, if it was me! Or even as if you picked it up and put it in your pocket and forgot about it, as maybe another might have done. But oh, no! You had to cut it up in pieces! How will *that* appear in the eyes of the police? And I must say I wouldn't like to be you when it comes to telling them about the blister on your heel! Those fellows have feet of cast iron. You couldn't blister them with a firing iron! I tell you, you'll wear out the tongue in your head before you'll satisfy those fellows about this. Oh, how did it happen to us!"

Mag ran over to him. "Don! I can't understand you!" she cried. "You didn't take on this bad when we thought—"

Don glared at her. "It wasn't me thought it but you!" he cried. "And if it was now, I'd know better what to think. He's only a fool—that's clear."

But Donny stood up. "I may be a fool, but I'm not one all the way through," he said quietly, calmly. "How is anyone to know about this? It was hardly light when I picked it up. There wasn't a soul in sight. Why should I go out of my way to tell about it? It was up to the police to find it, anyway. Isn't that what they're paid for? Whose fault is it if they don't do their job properly? That whole vicinity must have been full of them last night, with flashlights and car lights and the rest of it. If the beret was so important, why didn't they make it their business to find it? Why was it left for me? And why should I neglect my business because they don't do their business right? I'm going out to my exam!"

"Oh, but Son," cried Mag, "you could call at the station—or phone them! Yes, that would be quicker—phone them. And tell them you found the beret but that you had to go to your exam."

Donny sneered. "A lot they'd care about my exam. They'd keep me half the day questioning me, like Dad said."

"Not if you explained, Son," Mag said. "You could say you'd be available in the afternoon."

"As if they'd wait till then for their information, Mother! And if you think they would be prepared to wait till then, what's the need in my rushing to them now? No—I'm going to the exam."

"Oh, Son! Time might be of the greatest importance! Even if you were to miss your exam—think of what this might mean. It might lead to their finding whoever did it!"

Don had said nothing for some minutes. "It could lead them astray as easily," he said then. "I know them. They could lose more time probing Donny than it would take to find twenty murderers. It might not be a bad idea, Mag, for him to do as he says—keep his mouth shut!" He stooped and picked up the two pieces of felt and stared at them.

Donny put out his hand. "Give them to me, anyway," he said. "I've got to go." Absently, he fitted the two pieces together, till they made a whole. "I'll see later what I'll do," he said. Then he looked Don in the face. "But I think I know already," he said.

Hastily, Don took up his briefcase again. "I'll be down the street with you, Son," he said. "We have to consider this from every angle." At the door, he turned. "Are you all right, Mag?" he asked.

Mag wasn't looking at him. She was looking at Donny.

"Don't look at me like that, Mother!" cried Donny. "Nobody's made of glass, anyway. Nobody!"

—Mary Lavin

•

A kit of lubricants has been packed by a Milwaukee concern for use by householders, lobbyists, sportsmen and mechanics.

—*The Herald Tribune.*

Palm grease?



"Comrade Molotov, in recognition of your great services to the Soviet Union, you have been chosen for the honor of being the first man to be sent into outer space."

SOME PEOPLE, PLACES, AND THINGS THAT WILL NOT APPEAR IN MY NOVEL

1. The pretty girl at the Princeton-Dartmouth Rugby game. She wandered up and down behind the crowd that was ranged along the foul line. She seemed to have no date, no particular companion, but to be known to everyone. Everyone called her name (Florrie), everyone was happy to see her, and as she stopped to speak with friends, one man put his hand flat on the small of her back, and at this touch (in spite of the fine weather and the green of the playing field) a dark and thoughtful look came over his face, as if he felt immortal longings. Her hair was a fine dark gold, and she pulled a curl down over her eyes and peered through it. Her nose was a little too thick, but the effect was sensual and aristocratic; her arms and legs were round and fine but not at all womanly; and she squinted her violet eyes. It was the first half, there was no score, and Dartmouth kicked the ball offside. It was a muffed kick, and it went directly into her arms. The catch was graceful; she seemed to have been chosen to receive the ball, and stood there for a second, smiling, bowing, observed by everyone, before she tossed it charmingly and clumsily back into play. There was some applause. Then people turned their attention from Florrie back to the field, and a second later she dropped to her knees, covered her face with her hands, recoiling violently from the excitement. She seemed very shy. Someone opened a can of beer and passed it to her, and she stood and wandered again along the foul line and out of the pages of my novel, because I never saw her again.

2. Fiction is art, and art is the triumph over chaos (no less), and we can accomplish this only by the most vigilant exercise of choice, but in a world that changes more swiftly than we can perceive there is always the danger that our powers of selection will be mistaken and that the vision we serve will come to nothing. We admire decency and we despise death, but even the mountains seem to move in the space of a night and perhaps the exhibitionist at the corner of Chestnut and Elm Streets is more significant than the lovely woman with a bar of sunlight in her hair, putting a fresh piece of cuttlefish into the nightingale's cage. Our bearings are rudimentary, but surely sentimentality and picturesqueness have no place in our scheme, and so we will throw out, for example, that old crone who, in the autumn dusk, roasts and sells chestnuts on the steps of the Ponte Sant'Angelo on the east bank of the Tiber.

3. All parts for Marlon Brando.

4. The suburban cocktail party in a split-level ranch house, attended by one hundred and thirty people and reported upon, with unrelieved dismay, by the host. The Wollastons and the Playfields are the first to come, followed by the Thompsons, the Drums, the Hitchcocks, the Druids, the Travelers, etc. In the large and hairy chest of our host there seems to beat the heart of an embittered child; he regards all social forms, especially this party of his own, with such delicacy and revulsion. Across the patio he spies his wife, passing salmon eggs in sour cream, and wonders what has become of her beauty, her youth. What, indeed, has become of them all? When he first met her, she was standing on a hilltop in Duxbury, dressed as a bridesmaid, but now her shoulders are bent under a burden of civic responsibilities (P.-T.A., L.W.V., Library Committee, Hospital Fund, etc.) and her love affair with Rusty Gillis was a bust. His own affair with Sandra Polk has petered out, and turning his head suddenly to greet a guest (Bumps Trillig) he feels a wet leaf brush his cheek. Oh, where has it gone! He is the prisoner of a society where the violence and the ecstasy of life are crushed under a pall of conformity, status symbols, and mercantile psychology. Television is monstrous, Madison Avenue is evil, the New Haven Railroad is unsafe, and service in many restaurants these days is disappointing. That these his guests are men and women who have quarrelled and made love while dressing for his blowout, who share a vastness of memory and aspiration, and who are animated much more by loneliness than by boredom will never cross his mind. Before dressing he happened to glance at himself in a mirror, and what shocked him was no less than the discovery of his own mortality. He knew that time passed over the apple, over the rose, that time passed even over the old football in the coat closet, but he was astonished to find that time had passed over him. Why hadn't someone told him? What had become of that form that used to cause so much consternation at the edge of the swimming pool? Now, with his unsightly nakedness decently clothed, he stands by the bar, greeting his guests and thinking how boring and artificial it all is. And why go to or record a party if you can't get off the ground?

5. The dumb blonde, because she's no dumber than you, whoever you are.

6. The hour of Mr.



"I happen to find them very relaxing. Do you mind?"



"The break's at ten-thirty. Pass it on."

• •

Pilstrom's disgrace. It is late morning in some place like Westport, where a handful of people are waiting for the off-hour local to the city. Charlie Pilstrom, a lawyer in his thirties, joins the conversation, as always, with a sigh. He has not had enough sleep. He has been out to dinner five nights in a row. The schedule that faces him in the city is killing. He has twelve annual meetings in seven days. He is not a fat man but he has girth, and his clothing and the leather of his briefcase seem distended by the importance of their contents. While he is talking, the express comes down the tracks at a healthy clip, and the wind it hurls against the station walls opens the latch of Charlie's briefcase and scatters its contents up and down the platform like the leaves of autumn. His neighbors gather up his papers and return them to him, and these include: one peanut-butter sandwich in an envelope, one fresh roll of toilet paper, some yellow newspaper clippings announcing his engagement and marriage ("Vassar Graduate to Marry Law Student"), and a postcard of Buckingham Palace. His unimportance, his idleness, his loneliness, and his unemployment are all exposed, but the scene is invalid because of its maliciousness, and because couldn't most of us be equally exposed by a gust of wind, a lost button, or some other blackmailing turn of events? It's too damned small.

7. Almost all autobiographical characters who describe themselves as being under the age of reason, coherence, and consent; i.e., I mean I'm this crazy, shook-up, sexy kid of thirteen with these phony parents, I mean my parents are so phony it makes me puke to think about them and that's why I live in Mexico to keep away from these phony parents. If there's anything I hate it's phonies. My mother, she's got these phony friends and all this phony furniture and phony ideas and even my father's teeth are phony. It makes me want to puke. I'm very sexy, I don't know what it is, I must be very good-looking or something but I've had intercourse with seventy-three sexual partners although I sometimes wonder if it's all that important, I mean if maybe sex isn't a phony like my old man's teeth and *Time* magazine. I mean it makes me want to puke. And the God thing, my folks they've got this phony God thing, but what I want to tell you about now is this three-peso whore I'm living with and how she stepped into the meadows of my soul and all that jazz. *Out.*

8. All scornful descriptions of American landscapes with ruined tenements, automobile dumps, polluted rivers, jerry-built ranch houses, abandoned miniature-golf links, cinder deserts, ugly hoardings, unsightly oil derricks, diseased elm trees, eroded farmlands, gaudy and fanciful gas stations, unclean motels, candlelit tearooms, and streams paved with beer cans, for these are not, as they might seem to be, the ruins of our civilization but the temporary encampments and outposts of the civilization that we—you and I—shall build.

9. All such scenes as the following: "Clarissa stepped into the room and then

_____

_____

_____ " Out with this and all other explicit descriptions of sexual commerce, for how can we describe the most exalted experience of our physical lives, as if—jack, wrench, hubcap, and nuts—we were describing the changing of a flat tire?

10. All lushes. For example: The curtain rises on the copy office of a Madison Avenue advertising agency, where X, our principal character, is working out the exploitation plans for a new brand of rye whiskey. On a drafting table to the right of his fruitwood desk is a pile of suggestions from the art department. Monarchal and baronial crests and escutcheons have been suggested for the label. For a magazine spread there is a suggested scene of plantation life, with the long-gone cotton aristocracy drinking whiskey on a magnificent porch. X is not satisfied with this and examines next a water color of pioneer America. How fresh, cold, and musical is the stream that pours through the forest. The tongues of the brook speak into the melancholy silence of a lost wilderness, and what is that in the corner of the blue sky but a flight of passenger pigeons. On a rock in the foreground a wiry young man, in rude leather clothing and a coonskin hat, is drinking rye from a stone jug. This prospect seems to sadden X, and he goes on to the next suggestion, which is that one entertain with rye; that one invite

to one's house one exploded literary celebrity, one unemployed actress, one grandniece of a President of the United States, one broken-down bore, and one sullen and wicked book critic. They stand grouped around an enormous bottle of rye. This picture disgusts X, and he goes on to the last, wherein a fair young couple in evening dress stand at dusk on a medieval battlement (aren't those the lights and towers of Siena in the distance?) toasting what must be a seduction of indescribable prowess and duration in the rye that is easy on your dollar.

X is not satisfied. He turns away from the drafting table and walks toward his desk. He is a slender man of undiscernible age, although time seems to have seized upon his eye sockets and the scruff of his neck. This last is seamed and scored as wildly as some disjointed geodetic survey. There is a cut as deep as a sabre scar running diagonally from the left to the right of his neck, with so many deep and numerous branches and tributaries that the effect is discouraging. But it is in his eyes that the recoil of time is most noticeable. Here we see, as on a sandy point we see the working of two tides, how the powers of his exaltation and his misery, his lusts, and his aspirations have stamped a wilderness of wrinkles onto the dark and pouchy skin. He may have tired his eyes looking at Vega through a telescope or reading Keats by a dim light, but his gaze seems hangdog and impure. These details would lead you to believe that he is a man of some age, but suddenly he drops his left shoulder very gracefully and shoots the cuff of his silk shirt as if he was eighteen—nineteen at the most. He glances at his Italian calendar watch. It is ten in the morning. His office is soundproof and preternaturally still. The voice of the city comes faintly to his high window. He stares at his dispatch case, darkened by the rains of England, France, Italy, and Spain. He is in the throes of a gruelling melancholy that makes the painted walls of his office (pale yellow and pale blue) seem like fabrications of paper put up to conceal the volcanoes and floodwaters that are the terms of his misery. He seems to be approaching the moment of his death, the moment of his conception, some critical point in time. His head, his shoulders, and his hands begin to tremble. He opens his dispatch case, takes out a bottle of rye, gets to his knees, and thirstily empties the bottle.

He is on the skids, of course, and we will bother with only one more scene. After having been fired from the office



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2

where we last saw him, he is offered a job in Cleveland, where the rumors of his weakness seem not to have reached. He has gone to Cleveland to settle the arrangements and rent a house for his family. Now they are waiting at the railroad station for him to return with good news. His pretty wife, his three children, and the two dogs have all come down to welcome Daddy. It is dusk in the suburb where they live. They are, by this time, a family that has received more than its share of discouragements, but in having been recently denied the common promises and rewards of their way of life—the new car and the new bicycle—they have discovered a melancholy but steady quality of affection that has nothing to do with acquisitions. They have glimpsed, in their troubled love for Daddy, the thrill of a destiny. The local rattles into view. A soft spray of golden sparks falls from the brake box as the train slows and halts. They all feel, in the intensity of their anticipation, nearly incorporeal. Seven men and two women leave the train, but where is Daddy? It takes two conductors to get him down the stairs. He has lost his hat, his necktie, and his topcoat, and someone has blacked his right eye. He still holds the dispatch case under one arm. No one speaks, no one weeps as they get him into the car and drive him out of our sight, out of our jurisdiction and concern. Out they go, male and female, all the lushes; they throw so little true light on the way we live.

11. And while we are about it, out go all those homosexuals who have taken such a dominating position in recent fiction. Isn't it time that we embraced the indiscretion and inconstancy of the flesh and moved on? The scene this time is Hewitt's Beach on the afternoon of the Fourth of July. Mrs. Ditmar, the wife of the governor, and her son Randall have carried their picnic lunch up the beach to a deserted cove, although the American flag on the clubhouse can be seen flying beyond the dunes. The boy is sixteen, well formed, his skin the fine gold of youth, and he seems to his lonely mother so beautiful that she admires him with trepidation. For the last ten years, her husband, the governor, has neglected her in favor of his intelligent and pretty executive secretary. Mrs. Ditmar has absorbed, with the extraordinary commodiousness of human nature, a nearly daily score of wounds. Of course she loves her son. She finds nothing of her husband in his appearance. He has the best qualities of *her* family, she thinks, and she is old enough to think that such things as a slender foot and fine hair are marks of breeding, as indeed they may be. His shoulders are square. His body is compact. As he throws a stone into the sea, it is not the force with which he throws the stone that absorbs her but the fine grace with which his arm completes the circular motion once the stone has left his hand—as if every gesture he made were linked, one to the other. Like any lover, she is immoderate and does not want the afternoon with him to end. She does not dare wish for an eternity, but she wishes the day had more hours than is possible. She fingers her pearls in her worn hands, and admires their sea lights, and wonders how they would look against his golden skin.

He is a little bored. He would rather be with men and girls his own age, but his mother has supported him and defended him, so he finds some security in her company. She has been a staunch and formidable protector. She can and has intimidated the headmaster and most of the teachers at his school. Offshore he sees the sails of the racing fleet and wishes briefly that he were with them, but he refused an invitation to crew and has not enough self-confidence to skipper, so in a sense he chose













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to be alone on the beach with his mother. He is timid about competitive sports, about the whole appearance of organized society, as if it concealed a force that might tear him to pieces; but why is this? Is he a coward, and is there such a thing? Is one born a coward, as one is born dark or fair? Is his mother's surveillance excessive; has she gone so far in protecting him that he has become vulnerable and morbid? But considering how intimately he knows the depth of her unhappiness, how can he forsake her until she has found other friends?

He thinks of his father with pain. He has tried to know and love his father, but all their plans come to nothing. The fishing trip was cancelled by the unexpected arrival of the governor of Massachusetts. At the ballpark a messenger brought him a note saying that his father would be unable to come. When he fell out of the pear tree and broke his arm, his father would undoubtedly have visited him in the hospital had he not been in Washington. He learned to cast with a fly rod, feeling that, cast by cast, he might work his way into the terrain of his father's affection and esteem, but his father had never found time to admire him. He can grasp the urgency of his father's tasks, but he cannot grasp the power of his own disappointment. This emotion surrounds him like a mass of energy, but an energy that has no wheels to drive, no stones to move. These sad thoughts can be seen in his posture. His shoulders droop. He looks childish and forlorn, and his mother calls him to her.

He sits in the sand at her feet, and she runs her fingers through his light hair. Then she does something hideous. One wants to look away, but not before we have seen her undo her pearls and fasten them around his golden neck. "See how they shine," says she, doing the clasp as irrevocably as the leg iron is welded to the prisoner's ankle.

Out they go; out they go; for, like Clarissa and the lush, they shed too little light.

IN closing—in closing, that is, for this afternoon (I have to go to the dentist and then have my hair cut)—I would like to consider the career of my laconic old friend Royden Blake. We can, for reasons of convenience, divide his work into four periods. First, there were the bitter moral anecdotes—he must have written a hundred—that proved that most of our deeds are sinful. This was followed, as you will remember, by nearly a decade of snobbism, in which he never wrote of characters who had less than sixty-five thousand dollars a year. He memorized the names of the Groton faculty and bartenders at "21." All of his characters were waited on hand and foot by punctilious servants, but when you went to his house for dinner you found the chairs held together with picture wire, you ate fried eggs from a cracked plate, the doorknobs came off in your hand, and if you wanted to flush the toilet you had to lift the lid off the water tank, roll up a sleeve, and reach deep into the cold and rusty water to manipulate the valves. When he had finished with snobbism, he made the error I have mentioned in Item 9 and then moved on into his romantic period, in which he wrote "The Necklace of Malvio D'Alfi" (with that memorable scene of childbirth on a mountain pass), "The Wreck of the S.S. Lorelei," "The King of the Trojans," and "The Lost Girdle of Venus," to



"If you've got to go, that's the way to go."

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name only a few. He was quite sick at the time, and his incompetence seemed to be increasing. His work was characterized by everything that I have mentioned so far. In his pages one found chestnut venders, alcoholics, scarifying descriptions of the American landscape, and fat parts for Marlon Brando. You might say that he had lost the gift of evoking the perfumes of life: sea water, the smoke of burning hemlock, and the breasts of women. He had damaged, you might say, the ear's innermost chamber, where we hear the heavy noise of the dragon's tail moving over the dead leaves. I never liked him, but he was a colleague and a drinking companion, and when I heard, at my home in Kitzbühel, that he was dying, I drove to Innsbruck and took the express to Venice, where he then lived. It was in the late autumn. Cold and brilliant. The boarded-up palaces of the Grand Canal—gaunt, bedizened, and crowned—looked like the haggard faces of that grade of nobility that shows up for the royal weddings in Hesse. He was living in a *pensione* on a back canal. There was a high tide, the reception hall was flooded, and I got to the staircase over an arrangement of duckboards. I brought him a bottle of Turinese gin and a package of Austrian cigarettes, but he was too far gone for these, I saw when I sat down in a painted chair (broken) beside his bed. "I'm working!" he exclaimed. "I'm working. I can see it all. Listen to me!"

"Yes," I said.

"It begins like this," he said, and changed the level of his voice to correspond, I suppose, to the gravity of his narrative. "The Transalpini stops at Kirchbach at midnight," he said, looking in my direction to make sure that I had received the full impact of this poetic fact.

"Yes," I said.

"The passengers for Vienna continue on," he said sonorously, "while those for Padua must wait an hour. The station is kept open and heated for their convenience, and there is a bar where one may buy coffee and wine. One snowy night in March, three strangers at this bar fell into a conversation. The first was a tall, bald-headed man wearing a sable-lined coat that reached to his ankles. The second was a beautiful American woman going to Isvia to attend funeral services for her only son, who had been killed in a mountain-climbing accident. The third was a white-haired, heavy Italian woman in a black shawl, who was treated with great deference by the waiter. He bowed from the waist when he poured her a glass of cheap wine, and addressed her as 'Your Majesty.' Avalanche warnings had been posted earlier in the day. . . ." Then he put his head back on the pillow and died—indeed, these were his dying words, and the dying words, it seemed to me, of generations of storytellers, for how could this snowy and trumped-up pass, with its trio of travellers, hope to celebrate a world that lies spread out around us like a bewildering and stupendous dream?

—John Cheever

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Richard Bland Lee was one of three commissioners appointed to supervise the construction of public buildings destroyed when the British burned Washington in August 1814. In 1815, he was appointed commissioner to adjudicate claims arising from the destruction that took place as a result of that fire. President Monroe appointed him judge of the Orphans Court in 1819, a post he filled until his death in 1827. He is buried in the Congressional Cemetery in Washington.

"Use your brakes instead of your horn."
—*Leesburg (Va.) Loudoun Times-Mirror.*

We've had our brakes on the whole time.

PROFILES

WHY FIGHT IT?

ART and commerce, it is generally assumed, are forces as inexorably opposed as weight and buoyancy. A successful commercial dealer in works of art, for whom these forces apparently defy natural law by pulling in the same direction, therefore lives permanently in a state of paradox. In fact, an ideal art dealer should probably be something of a paradox himself, and on this count Sidney Janis, the leading dealer in what is currently by far the most favored style of contemporary American painting—Abstract Expressionism—qualifies superbly. For one thing, Janis, a former vaudeville hoofer and shirt manufacturer who never went to college and has no formal art education, is considered one of the most scholarly and historical-minded of New York's horde of art dealers. For another, although Janis—a small, wiry, dapper, soft-spoken, engaging man—has the reputation of being an art merchant as shrewd, unsentimental, and calculating as any frontier horse trader or Stock Exchange specialist, he is noted for his open-faced simplicity and naïve enthusiasm in defending a picture's artistic merit or place in art history, and for the patient, bland earnestness of his efforts to educate the unenlightened to his point of view.



Sidney Janis

However contradictory his nature, the commercial results that Janis has achieved during his dozen years in the art business are such that Alfred H. Barr, Jr., the Museum of Modern Art's director of collections, recently called him "the most brilliant new dealer, in terms of business acumen, to have appeared in New York since the war." The works of the painters—European as well as American—whom he has chosen to specialize in have appreciated in price to a remarkable extent. His first exhibition at his gallery on East Fifty-seventh Street, which he opened in the autumn of 1948, consisted of nineteen oils by the French Cubist Fernand Léger, some of which were priced at less than a thousand dollars. At the show, Janis managed to unload only two of them—a circumstance that turned out to be a stroke of good fortune, because several years later he sold all the others for anywhere from ten to twenty times their price in 1948. (At present, many of them would bring upward of forty thousand apiece.) Two months later, he presented a show of Kandinskys, of which he sold none. Kandinskys are now worth up to forty times what they were then, which is more than can be said for the shares of General Motors. A small oil by Braque that would have cost about four thousand dollars when Janis first exhibited it, in 1949, would now fetch something like eighty-five thousand.

The price performance of the ten modern Americans for whom Janis acts as exclusive agent has been almost equally striking, and in isolated cases even more so. Alphabetically listed, the ten painters are Josef Albers, William Baziotes, Willem de Kooning, the late Arshile Gorky, Adolph Gottlieb, Philip Guston, Franz Kline, Robert Motherwell, the late Jackson Pollock, and Mark Rothko; all of them are Abstract Expressionists except Albers, a painter of precise rectilinear figures in the Mondrian style. Certainly the best known, up to now, are Pollock, the devotee of Rorschach-like black splotches and wild swirls of color, which are dripped, rather than painted, on canvases often left partly bare, and de Kooning, who now paints pure abstractions but who created his greatest sensation a few years ago with a series of semi-abstract paintings of wild-eyed, blowzy women. But the eight others are only slightly less celebrated; the critic Kenneth Sawyer wrote in a recent issue of the *Evergreen Review* that the Janis group of painters makes up "a veritable pantheon of contemporary Americana." To return to a more mercenary note, over the past decade the works of every one of the artists have at least tripled in value, while those of several have gone up eight- or tenfold. Pollock is a case unto himself. Whatever may happen to his reputation in the future, he has already taken a permanent place in the annals of art-world finance. Until about 1950, Pollock was struggling to make ends meet, often using pictures as barter with grocers and butchers, and as late as 1952 his paintings were available by the dozen at prices ranging from two hundred and fifty to a thousand dollars each. Famous as Pollock became before his death, in the summer of 1956, no canvas of his was sold during his lifetime for more than eight thousand dollars—a figure that would be impressive enough were it not for what has happened since. Early in 1957, American art's bastion of conservatism, the Metropolitan Museum, bought Pollock's huge "Autumn Rhythm," and when the price—roughly thirty thousand dollars—inevitably leaked out, it set off a bidding stampede for Pollocks of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions. One of the odder tribal rituals of the art world is the pricing of pictures according to acreage, on the assumption, seldom questioned, that a canvas eight feet long and five feet high—abstract or not—is automatically ten times as valuable as one of equal quality measuring two feet square. In Pollock's case, there were some fifty drawings and small oils available to slake the collecting public's sudden thirst, and all were quickly sold, some for more than twenty thousand dollars, but aside from "Autumn Rhythm," no estate-sized canvases were, or are, available, for the simple reason that Pollock's widow and heir, Lee Krasner Pollock, has so far not chosen to make them available. A few fairly big ones have changed hands between collectors at prices reportedly ranging from sixty to eighty thousand. In two instances recently, the owner of a medium-sized Pollock has been vainly offered a hundred thousand for his prize. In Janis's professional opinion, it is only a matter of time before a number of Pollock's works



"We're really not much for 'Tosca,' but it's the only night we could get a sitter."

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are actually traded at that figure, or higher.

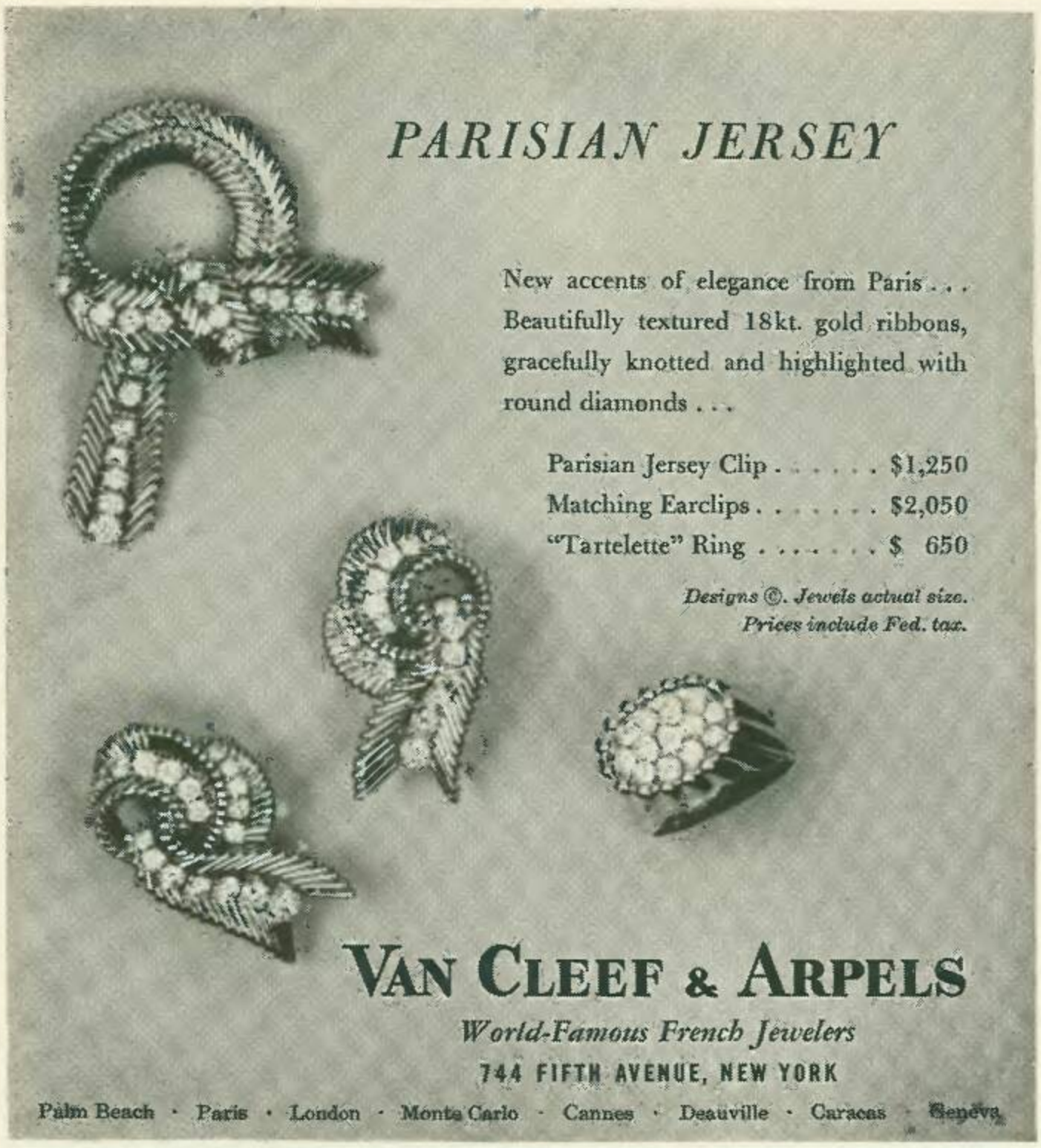
In the light of Janis's experiences, one might get the impression that art prices never go any direction but up. They do, of course; to cite a particularly hair-raising example, "The Tambourine Girl," by the English portraitist John Hoppner, brought the equivalent of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in 1914 and only ten thousand a single generation later, in 1944. According to historical precedent, prices usually reach a peak soon after a popular artist's death and then slide back somewhat, so Pollock prices should ease in time. In fact, the economic hazards of Janis's business are as great as those of any other; his apparently effortless commercial success must be attributed in part to his luck or foresight in choosing to enter the field at the beginning of one of the lushest decades the art business has ever seen. His method of operation with European artists (none of whom he represents exclusively) is simply to buy their works—for the most part in France and Switzerland, which he visits for two or three months every summer and a couple of weeks every winter—at the best prices he can get, and then offer them for resale at a markup in New York. He has bought both wisely and plentifully; for example, his gallery collection, which he keeps separate from his private collection, contains about half of all the Arps that are for sale anywhere, and he claims to have a virtual world corner on the Mondrian market. With his living Americans (that is to say, all his Americans except Pollock and Gorky), he follows the usual procedure of charging a commission of thirty-three and a third per cent on all sales—a figure that outsiders sometimes find scandalously high but that is generally accepted as equitable in view of a dealer's overhead expenses, which include gallery rent, advertising, exhibition catalogues, shipping expenses, and high-premium fire and theft insurance.

A dealer's raison d'être is, of course, to sell works of art, and sell them Janis does. Most of his European purchases move out of his gallery almost overnight, and his American painters are so popular with collectors that most of them cannot, or will not, produce fast enough to meet the demand. Collectors plead with Janis to reserve for them the next work of, say, de Kooning or Kline that comes into the gallery, regardless of what it may look like. In the interests of fairness to all, he refuses such requests, and also refuses to notify one collector before others when a canvas does come in; sales are made on a first-come-first-served basis. As for the painters, some of them have become so well-to-do that their output is governed not only by their inner necessity but by a far more mundane force, the income tax. Toward the end of the year, their production may slow to a walk. This situation causes Janis mixed emotions; as a lifelong idolator and friend of artists, he is naturally happy to see them well off, but at the same time it pains him acutely to think of the masterpieces that may go unpainted because of the inexorable approach of April 15th. "Bill de Kooning is still working hard these days," Janis remarked unhappily one day last month, "but I'm afraid he may knock off for a while when his accountant tells him what bracket he's in now."

IT is not easy to isolate the attributes that enabled Janis to catapult himself within a decade to a place near the



© Caron, 1959





top of the local art-dealing world. (Actually, in terms of the international art market, which is still centered in London and Paris and is accustomed to trading in Old Masters at prices ranging from half a million dollars to upward of a million, Janis is a promising upstart.) Artists, collectors, and other dealers generally agree that he is tough but fair, entirely lacking the financial unworldliness that marks some of his more daringly experimental colleagues. Thomas B. Hess, executive editor of *Art News* and a critic so unswervingly worshipful of the reigning contemporary American style that one artist has called it "Abstract Hesspressionism," feels that Janis's greatest assets are an intense personal interest in his subject—he had been an art collector for nearly twenty years before he opened his gallery, a museum adviser for fifteen, and a writer on art for nearly ten—and an instinctive business caution that makes him shy away from promising but unproved artists. Others feel that this is not the whole story. "He isn't as shrewd as they say," one of his artistic friends maintains. "His main quality is a willingness to learn. He used to argue with me all the time, and the arguments would always end up with me saying, 'Sidney, you don't know anything about art.' Three days later, he would know more than I did about whatever we'd been arguing over."

Another of the paradoxical things about Janis is the fact that he is that self-contradictory creature, a cautious member of the avant-garde. As a dealer, he has always shown a preference for moving in on an established talent rather than risking his money or reputation on a new one. All his Americans had solid reputations before he took them on; the only trouble was that most of them were not selling very many pictures. Pollock, Motherwell, Baziotes, and Rothko had been shown at Peggy Guggenheim's avant-garde gallery, Art of This Century, during and right after the Second World War, when the Abstract Expressionist movement was just getting started; Gorky had been shown by Julien Levy (and later by Samuel M. Kootz); de Kooning, Kline, and Albers by Charles Egan; Guston by Peridot; and Gottlieb by Karl Nierendorf and Kootz. These were the dealers who took the lead (along with Betty Parsons, who was Pollock's representative from 1947 to 1951); Janis, who did not represent any Abstract Expressionists until 1952, clearly does not deserve to be listed

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Dagger in sheath, c. 1600, hilt and guard of bronze gilt with shells. Metropolitan Museum of Art, gift of W. H. Riggs, 1913.

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with them as a pioneer. Nor does he aspire to be; proud of his prudent sense of timing, he thinks of himself chiefly as a purveyor of the recognized, and feels that criticizing him for not being a pioneer is irrelevant.

Even though Janis operates in a business known to have its quota of ruthless raiders, he is not considered one of them. Generally speaking, his painters have gravitated to him not because he lured them with flattery or promises but because they decided on their own that he could sell their works at good prices. He is in the happy position of having a solid nucleus of customers right in the family—a brother, a sister, and four brothers-in-law who are all affluent, all interested in modern art, and all deeply respectful of his advice on the subject. However, the Janis clientele ranges far beyond the limits of his family. Most of the leading art museums are on his list, and so are many of the country's leading collectors of modern paintings, among them Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Block, Mr. and Mrs. William A. M. Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Heller, Joseph Hirshhorn, Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III, Governor and Mrs. Nelson A. Rockefeller, and Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney. During the past couple of years, his customers have also included a number of leading European collectors, for the American Abstract Expressionists are now in great demand in Europe—particularly in England, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland. (In a striking reversal of the customary direction of transatlantic artistic influence, the Americans are now acknowledged to be shaping the styles of many European painters.) Janis's most celebrated clients are undoubtedly the Nelson Rockefellers, whose collection includes at least one large work by each of the Abstract Expressionists he represents. Janis describes Rockefeller the collector as not only "exceptionally receptive to advanced ideas" but so adept at hanging big canvases that any gallery would be delighted to have him around as a handyman.

Janis's knack for selling pictures is undoubtedly related to his ability to explain their importance in the history of art and, at the same time, to communicate his own enthusiasm for them. In accomplishing these ends, he has a tendency to let himself go; the unwary businessman who, confronted with one of Janis's Picassos or Pollocks, mutters "Do you call that thing art?" is likely to be rewarded by a crushing three-hour "Yes." When the divine fire has de-



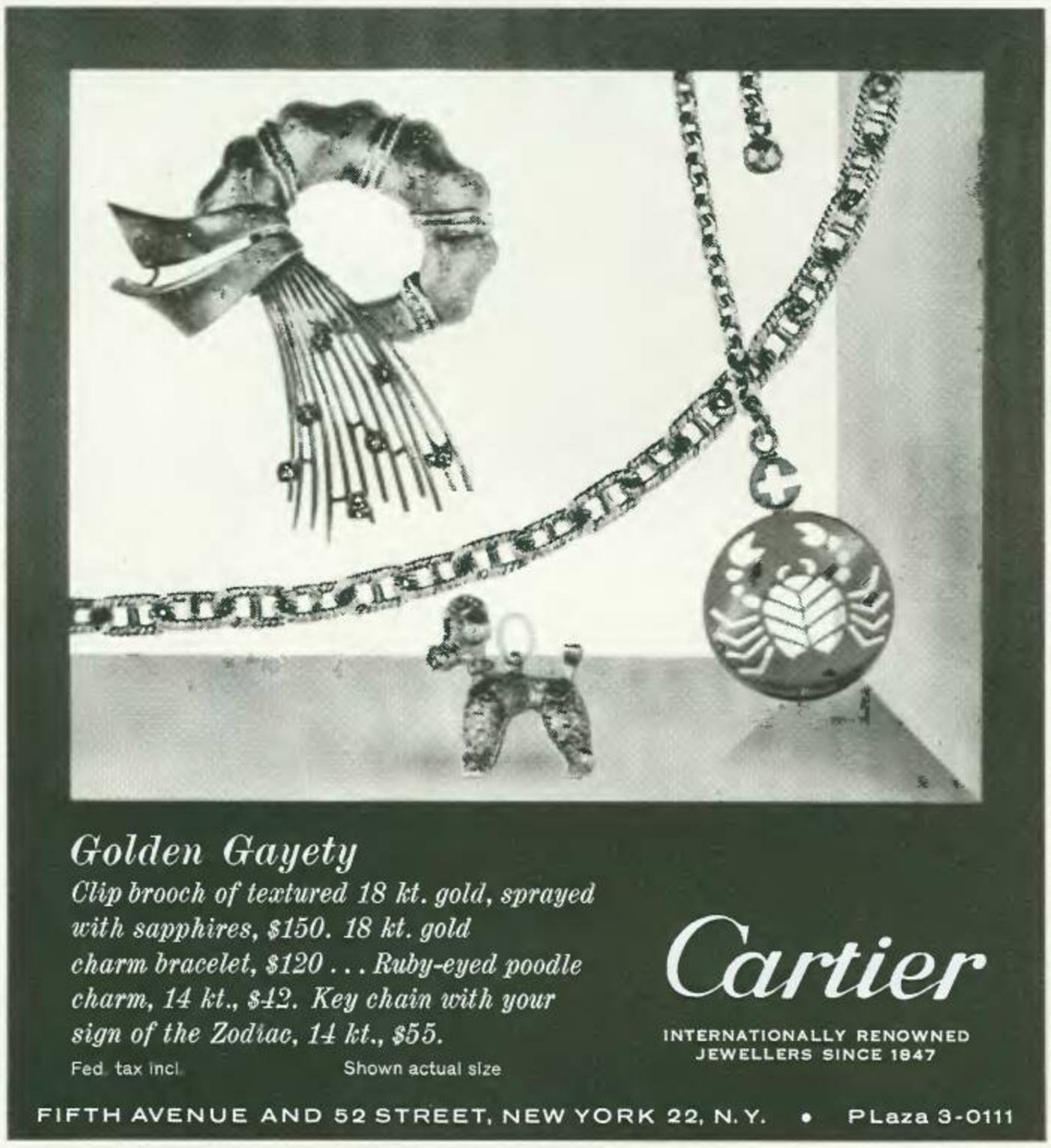
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scended on Janis, his eyes tend to glaze over slightly, his breathing becomes irregular and shallow, and the words pour out of him in a kind of singsong, as if they were beyond his conscious control. "The influence of European painting, especially Surrealism, on American Abstract Expressionism is not to be minimized," he may say when in this trancelike state. "Consider the situation during the Second World War, when so many European painters—Léger, Mondrian, Ernst, Masson, and others—were in New York as refugees. Motherwell took part enthusiastically in Surrealist activities. Pollock came under the influence of Masson. Much later, after the war, Masson travelled from his home in Aix-en-Provence to Basel to attend the first Pollock show in Europe. After seeing it, he is reported to have said, 'I've been struggling all my life, and now this man has done it.' Pollock, Masson thought, had found the new image." The phrase "new image" is a great favorite of Janis's and occurs often in his dissertations.

Janis concedes that he sometimes gets a bit insistent in his efforts to convert people to modern art. "When I first went into the art business, a friendly colleague advised me never to lecture a client or I'd lose him," he recalls. "I try to follow that advice, but I backslide occasionally." These days, though, he seldom has a chance to backslide; clients whip out their checkbooks before he can get a lecture fairly started. "It took collectors a while to get the feel of the new image, but they've finally got it, all right," he says. It seems possible that in historical retrospect Abstract Expressionism will not appear "difficult" at all; with its emotional rather than intellectual appeal, and its insistence that previous cultural education is not a prerequisite to appreciation, it may turn out to have been—in terms of relatively quick acceptance by the collecting public—one of the most easily accessible of advanced styles. Even the *Saturday Evening Post*, which in September, 1957, was gleefully comparing the works of the Abstract Expressionists to some paintings done by a chimpanzee named Betsy, has apparently undergone a conversion; a year or so ago it published a serious appreciation of Abstract Expressionism by one of the movement's foremost boosters, Clement Greenberg. There are signs that some of the artists themselves are beginning to feel accepted to the point of ennui. A while back, *Art News* ran a symposium of essays by abstract artists on the topic "Is There a New Academy?," and some of the



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artists felt obliged to answer in the affirmative. "The avant-garde terrain has been occupied by the main army with its fine generals and efficient clerks," wrote the painter John Ferren, ruefully. "We are all, young and old, making a really demanded and exportable product. . . . The square unbelievers are less and less upon the face of the land, and those that remain are obviously uncultured."

Even some of the remaining square unbelievers have lately been getting into the act. One of the current art boom's staunchest supporters (and an odd one, considering various congressmen's loudly expressed views on modern art) is the United States government, which, through its tax laws, allows the donor of a painting to a museum or other tax-exempt institution to deduct its full value on his income-tax return and to pay no capital-gains tax on it, even though he may retain certain lifetime rights to the work. Suppose a man buys a painting for a thousand dollars and keeps it for a few years, during which its value, in the opinion of art experts accredited by the tax authorities, goes up to seven thousand. He then contributes it to a museum. Assuming his top tax bracket to be sixty per cent—a moderate enough estimate—he has saved forty-two hundred dollars in taxes by deducting the gift, and has thus cleared a net profit of thirty-two hundred dollars, tax-free, on the whole transaction. True, if he simply sells the picture for seven thousand, he clears forty-five hundred after paying the twenty-five-per-cent capital-gains tax, but by making the donation he gets his name engraved on a plaque under it in the museum; furthermore, since many museums are happy to enter into an agreement under which their benefactors may periodically borrow back their donations, he still has the picture on his own wall much of the time, to impress his friends with his advanced taste and to remind himself of his munificence. Indeed, it is easy to surmise that there may be some collectors of Abstract Expressionist paintings whose chief concern is not artistic merit at all; a cynic might even imagine that a woefully square unbeliever could learn to react to a successful painter's swirls, blobs, or splashes in the same way that he previously reacted to the less enigmatic markings on a certificate of I.B.M. common. Janis, however, stoutly maintains that his clients usually understand and appreciate the pictures they buy—even when, like one collector living in Italy, they do business with him by means of terse cables, indistinguishable





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from instructions to a stockbroker, that read simply, "GET KLINE" or "BUY GORKY AT MARKET."

CULTURALLY, Janis's life to date has been a sort of rags-to-riches story; financially, it has been riches almost all the way. Finding the business world almost ridiculously easy to beat from the first, he directed his ambition to other goals. He first became cognizant of modern art about forty years ago, shortly before he opened a downtown business to which he gave the elegant name of M'Lord Shirts Company. The son of a celebrated amateur cakewalk dancer, champion roller-skater, clothing salesman, and *bon vivant*, he was born in Buffalo in 1896, went to local public schools, and, in his late teens, danced professionally on a vaudeville circuit called Gus Sun Time, where he and a partner demonstrated the latest dance steps, such as the hesitation waltz and the one-step. When the First World War broke out, he did a wartime stint in the Navy as an airplane mechanic, and then, returning to Buffalo, he went to work for his older brother Martin, who owned a chain of shoe stores. He first began going to art galleries while on shoe-business trips to New York. "It was a nice, free diversion that you could enjoy in the daytime," he has said. In 1925, he moved to New York, married a New York girl—Harriet Grossman, better known both then and now as Hansi—and opened M'Lord, with the assistance of his wife, who acted as bookkeeper and amanuensis. Janis's strategy during his first few years in business was to offer not an assortment of shirt styles, like most of his competitors, but only a single number—an everyday white shirt with the revolutionary attribute of having not one breast pocket but two. At clothing-trade conventions, his rivals would appear followed by caravans of porters carrying display cases, while Janis would breeze in with a single brown envelope in hand. When asked "Where's your line?," he would simply tap the envelope in a confident, one-up way. During the Florida boom, it occurred to him that the market down there was worth exploiting, and on his first trip south he sent back so many orders for two-pocket white shirts that his wife thought he was making them up as a joke.

Spurred by this quick success, Janis, who was now able to visit the New York galleries regularly, rather than as a transient, plunged into art collect-

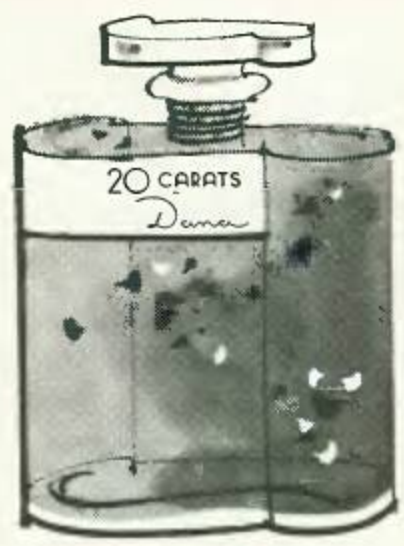
ing. His first purchase was a Whistler etching, which he bought in 1925; a year or so later he turned in the Whistler, along with some cash, for a small Matisse oil. The Matisse went the same way in 1929, when he applied it against the cost of his first really expensive (or, as the art world would have it, "important") acquisition—Picasso's famous "The Painter and His Model." All this time, M'Lord was continuing to flourish (by a remarkable stroke of timing, Janis pulled in his Florida credit lines just before the boom went bust), and Janis was continuing to buy paintings, nearly all of them by School of Paris moderns. The Janises led a modest suburban existence, first in Sunnyside, Queens, and then in Mamaroneck, putting most of the M'Lord profits into art rather than into more conventional investments; indeed, until recently Janis has never owned any common stocks, or any other Wall Street equities except some oil-royalty rights that he once bought from an art dealer as a soothing gesture after refusing to buy any pictures from the man. The Janises have two sons—Conrad and Carroll, who were born not long before their parents decided to give up the suburbs, in 1932, and take a large apartment at 25 Central Park West.

M'Lord's charmed life continued through the stock-market crash and into the depression, when people seemed to be more eager than ever for two-pocket shirts, however empty the pockets might be. As a consequence, during the thirties Janis was able to devote less and less time to business and more and more to becoming a figure in the art world. In 1934, chiefly on the basis of his collection, which was coming to be talked about as outstanding, he was appointed to the Advisory Committee of the Museum of Modern Art; that same year his collection was shown publicly for the first time, opening at the Walker





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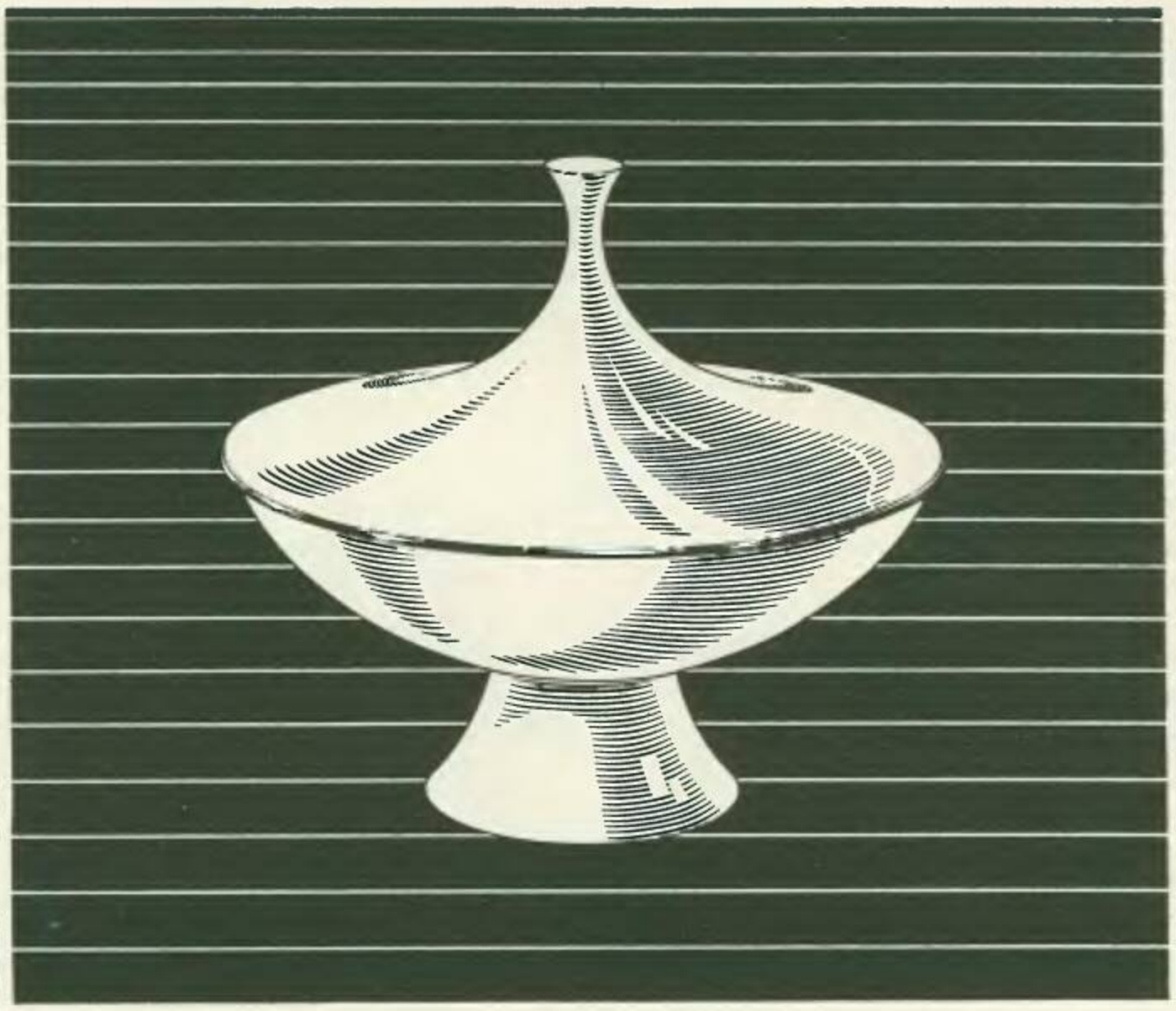
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Art Institute, in Minneapolis, and then touring a number of museums around the country. It was impressive indeed, including six Picassos, three Klees, two Légers, a de Chirico, a Matisse, a Gris, a Dali, a Mondrian, a Gorky, and—undoubtedly the most "important" of the lot—Henri Rousseau's "The Dream," the last and perhaps the best painting by the French primitive, in which a long-tressed nude is reclining on a sofa in the middle of a luminous jungle, stretching out an arm entrancedly toward a snake charmer and an assortment of benign-looking birds and beasts.

"The Dream," which Janis bought early in 1934 at Knoedler's, in New York, from the collection of the Paris dealer Ambroise Vollard, for a sum that he prefers not to mention and perhaps also not to think about, was destined to be something of a problem at 25 Central Park West. It is nearly ten feet by seven, and whenever it was moved to a loan exhibition, as it quite often was, it had to be lowered out a window. Conrad Janis, who was a youngster at the time, recalls that during one of these descents it got caught by the wind and went soaring skyward, like a kite. In its place in the Janis living room, it affected the two boys on both an artistic level and a cautionary one. "*I* used to dream about *it*," says Conrad Janis. "Carroll and I were hell-raisers, I'm afraid, and we used to toss footballs and baseballs around the living room. Father still thinks that there's a football mark on 'The Dream,' but there isn't. The mark is on another painting. I'd rather not say which one." Janis kept "The Dream" until 1954, when he sold it, reportedly for more than a hundred thousand dollars, to Nelson Rockefeller, who gave it—without qualifying for tax advantages by waiting for its value to increase—to the Museum of Modern Art, where the public may search it for Freudian imagery and football marks at will.

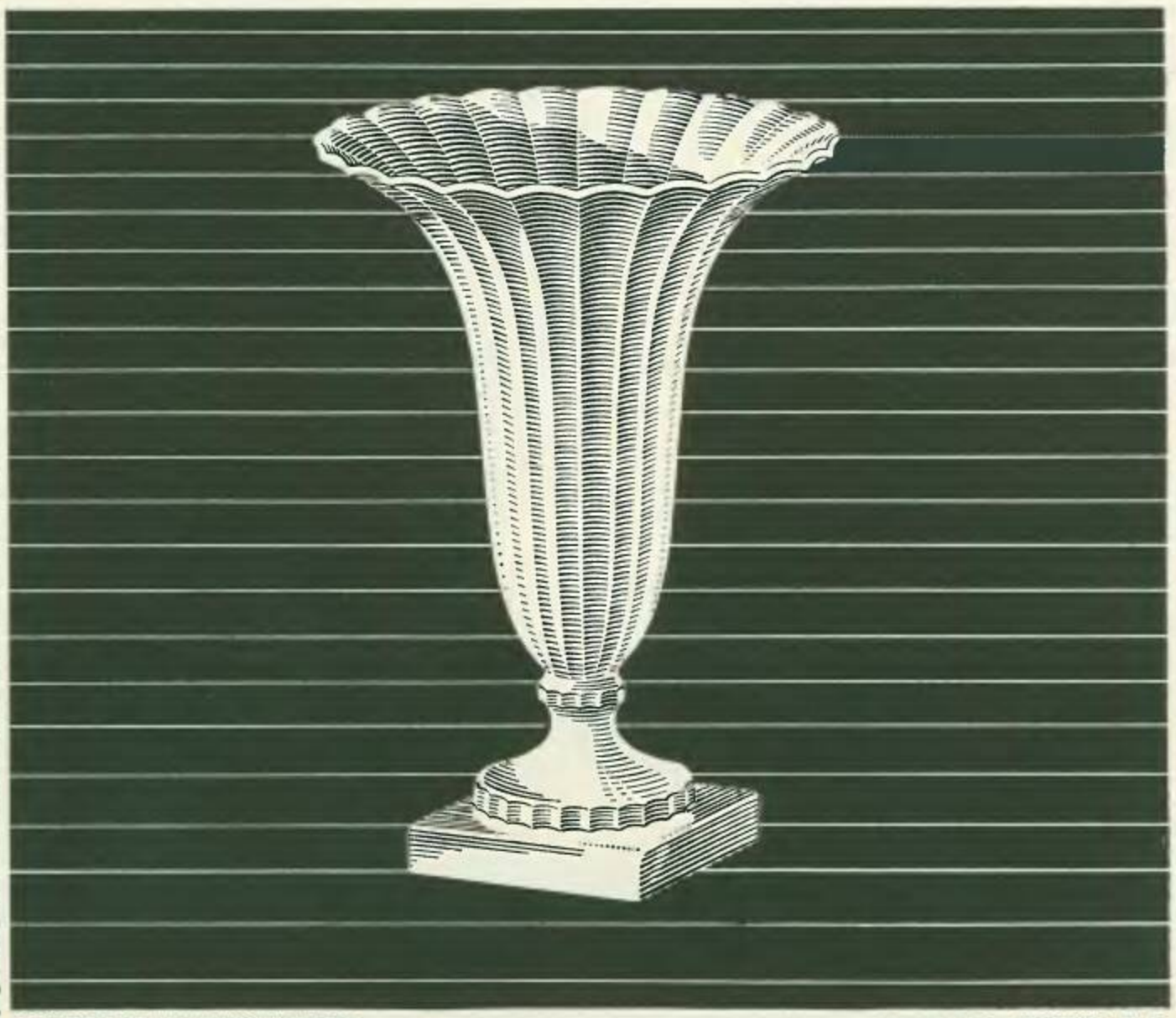
"The Dream" did much to influence the direction of Janis's art-collecting career; by quickening his interest in primitive painting, it led him into an intense association with American folk art. During the mid-thirties, things were running so smoothly at M'Lord that he needed to do little more than answer his mail; catching the spirit of the time, when the obscure and the neglected were receiving recognition on every hand, he began to devote himself to searching, by subway and station wagon, for unknown and untutored American painters of fresh and unusual tal-



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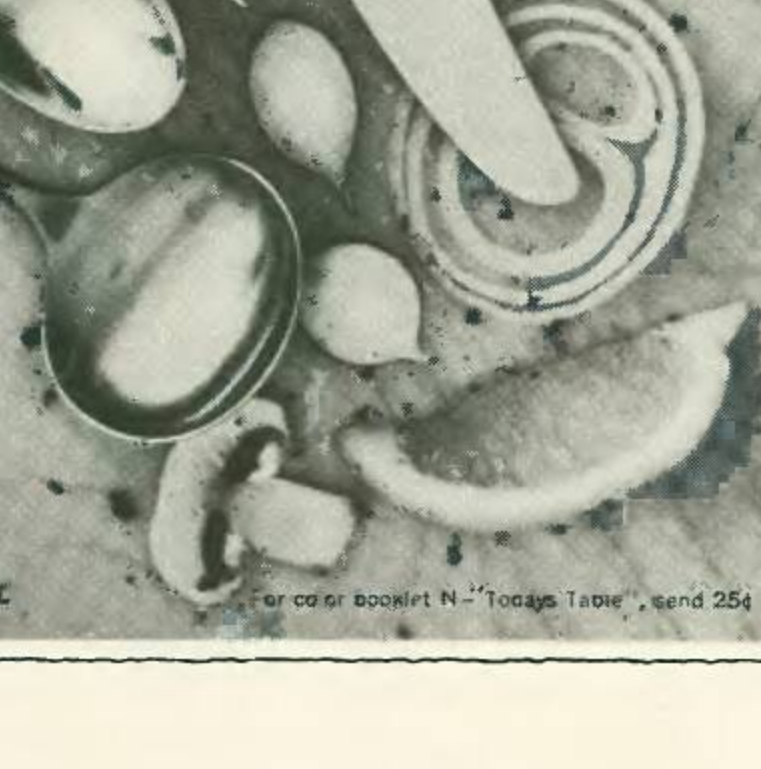


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ent. "Sidney was really a fanatic about it," one of his old friends said recently. "I remember once I told him that I knew of somebody's laundress, in Connecticut, who had taken to painting. He went up there the next day to look at her work." Janis was soon clocking thirty-five thousand miles a year in his quest for primitive artists. "Having picked up the scent of talent, he was like a terrier at a badger hole," Alfred Barr says. When Janis dug out a badger, he would either buy the fellow's pictures outright or act as his unpaid agent. He was particularly inclined to follow the latter course with painters who were naïve not only in their artistic styles but in their ideas of the art market, as in the case of a Chicago laboring man who had never sold a painting and whose asking price was a hundred thousand dollars a canvas. One who priced her works considerably more modestly—at four or five dollars apiece—was Grandma Moses, who in those salad days of her painting career was called Mother Moses, although she was nearly eighty. Mother Moses was, of course, known to, if not properly appreciated by, the art world before Janis found her, but he can legitimately claim to have discovered a good many other primitives, including Patrick J. Sullivan, a West Virginia steel-mill worker; William Doriani, a former operatic tenor whose paintings Janis first admired at a Washington Square outdoor art show; and Morris Hirshfield, a retired Brooklyn slipper manufacturer who painted with something of the haunting directness of Rousseau himself. Hirshfield, however, was critical of Rousseau. Invited to the Janis apartment, he peered intently at "The Dream" and then said, "Shrubs. Good shrubs. But the lady—she's too swollen. I can fix her up for you." Janis hastened to prevent what would have surely been at least a historic collaboration.

In 1939, when he was coming to be spoken of as a Columbus of art, Janis decided that he had made enough money in the shirt business to enable him to devote all his time to writing and lecturing on art, and he accordingly closed out M'Lord. That fall, the Advisory Committee of the Museum of Modern Art put on a show entitled "Contemporary Unknown American Painters" and consisting of thirty-one pictures; of these, eight were owned by Janis. The show, incidentally, was the first New York appearance of Mother Moses, but it enjoyed only a mild critical success. In 1942, Janis reached the first of two pinnacles of fame as a Columbus when he



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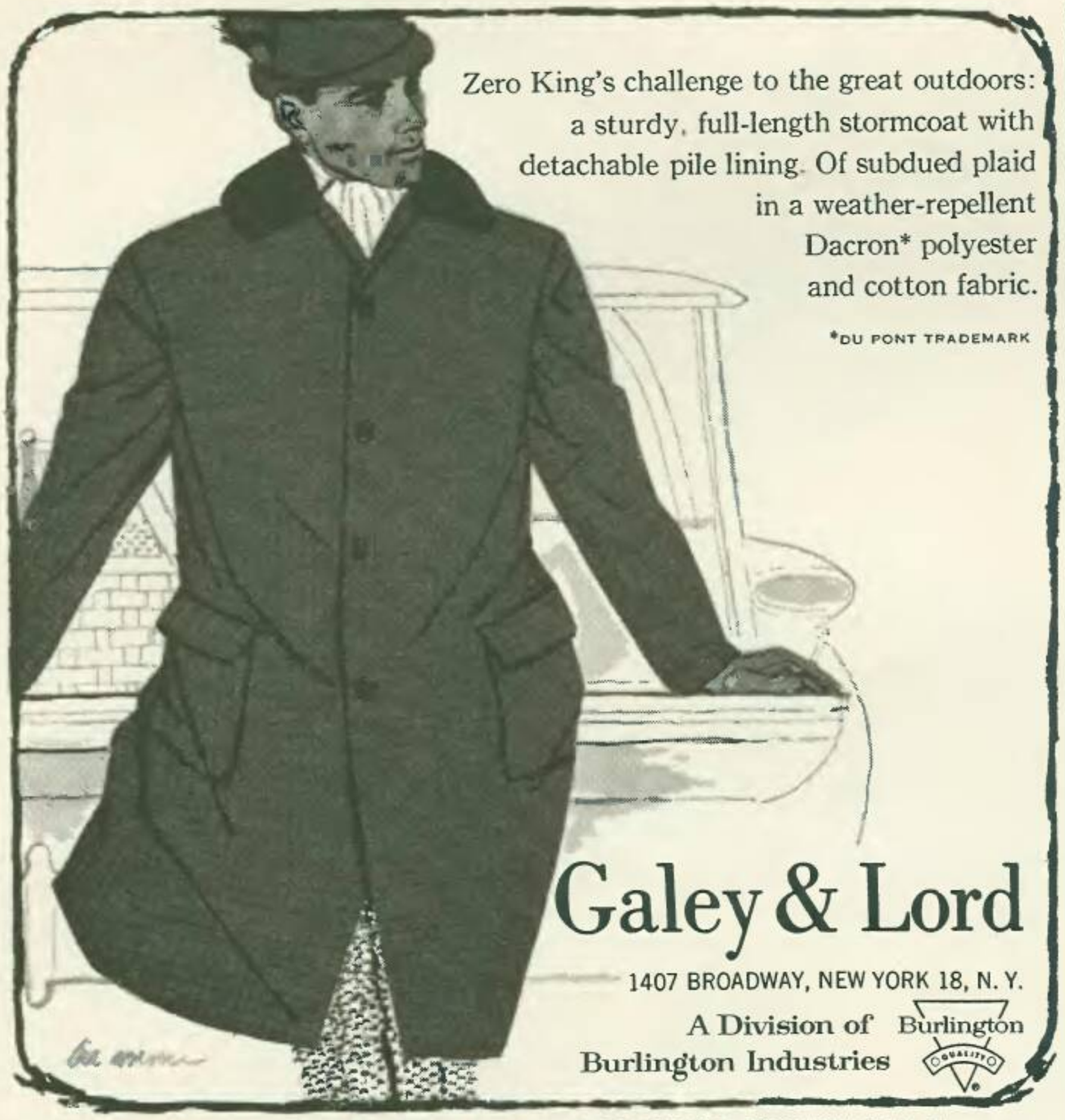
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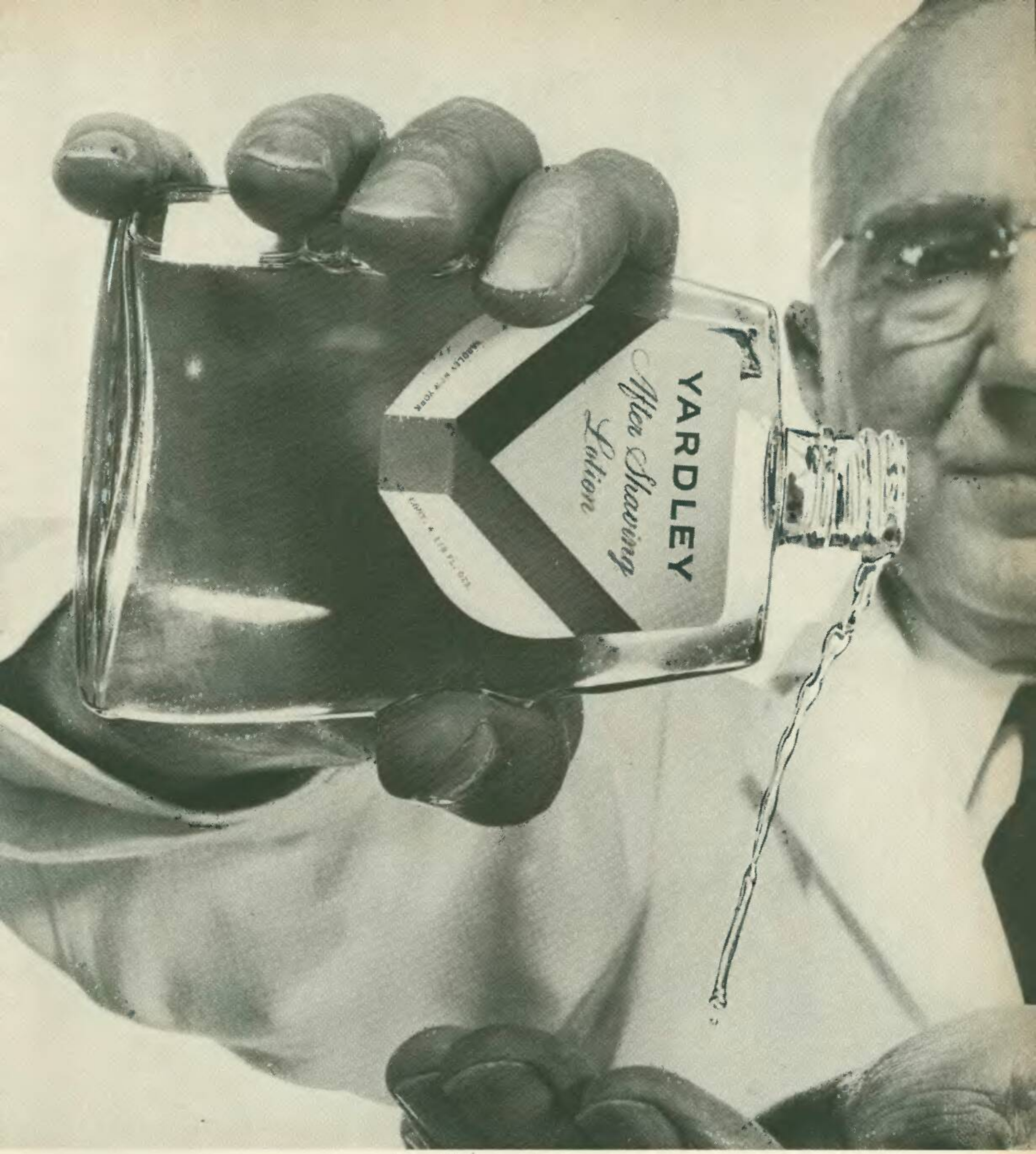
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made his début as an author, with the publication of "They Taught Themselves," and the following year he reached the second, when the Museum of Modern Art presented a one-man show of Hirshfield with an accompanying "visual analysis" by Janis. "They Taught Themselves" included reproductions of many of the paintings Janis had found on his travels, together with biographical accounts of the artists and a good deal of earnest explication of the paintings. "A book as fresh and exciting as the lives and works of the artists represented," the *Times* called it. Barr contributed an introduction, in which he wrote, "Sidney Janis has brought to his work . . . a tireless zeal which makes me think at times of the artists whose paintings he so admires." The Hirshfield exhibition, while it created a considerable stir, was greeted with a good deal less than universal approbation. It was, in fact, one of the most hated shows the Museum of Modern Art had ever put on, partly because of Hirshfield's pictures and partly because of Janis's "visual analysis." The latter, which had something of the relentlessness of a Janis lecture, consisted of photographs and texts mounted on the walls beside the pictures, along with an elaborate system of threads connecting the points made in the text with the parts of the pictures under discussion—"as if Hegel were pausing to demonstrate a lollypop," Howard Devree wrote in the *Times*, pretty well summing up the critical reaction. "Obviously, it is the pictorial nonconformity, the innocent originality of Hirshfield's work that challenges certain writers on art," Janis countered gamely in a letter to *Art Digest*, "and the more conservative the scribe, the more fantastically does he pour his vitriolic diatribes upon the head of the painter." Janis has since made this point even more pungently by declaring, "Intellectuals tend to resent the intrusion of the self-taught."

For all the vigor of his defense of Hirshfield, Janis was already shifting his preoccupying interest to a very different kind of art. A new wind was blowing through American painting in the early forties, and he was a sensitive weather vane. Pollock, still virtually unknown, was painting his first abstractions in his studio on East Eighth Street; a few blocks away, Gorky was sharing a studio with a promising fellow—more or less an apprentice, though a year his senior—named de Kooning; and Peggy Guggenheim was beginning to make gallery habitués, if not the general public, aware of the stirrings of a new



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American movement. Janis managed to be in the thick of it by virtue of the fact that he was working on a new book, to be called "Abstract and Surrealist Art in America," and the research for it put him in touch with practically all the new painters in this country. He was also in frequent touch with many famous European artists, among them Léger, Mondrian, Max Ernst, and Marcel Duchamp, who were by then living in New York as refugees. He found the mocking, highly sophisticated spirit of French Dada and Surrealism as much to his liking as the simplicity of Hirshfield and Mother Moses, and before long he was using his son Carroll as a prop in a Surrealist scheme. In the autumn of 1942, Janis, along with Miss Guggenheim, Katherine Dreier, James Johnson Sweeney, and other noted art figures, was a sponsor of a giant International Surrealist Exhibition for the benefit of French War Relief, held at the former Whitelaw Reid mansion, on Madison Avenue (now the headquarters of the Catholic Archdiocese of New York and the publishing firm of Random House). Duchamp, another of the show's sponsors, gave it a Dada touch by stretching a full mile of string back and forth, up and down, and at assorted angles across the mansion's ballroom, in such a way that a spectator innocently approaching a painting or sculpture was likely to be enmeshed. Still not satisfied that the effect was sufficiently disconcerting, Duchamp asked Carroll, who was not quite eleven at the time, to get some friends together and bring them to the opening equipped with any kind of athletic equipment they liked. "Pay no attention to anyone," Duchamp told Carroll. "Just play all evening." Only too happy to comply, Carroll rounded up a group of his classmates at the Little Red School House, and at the opening the youngsters blithely threw balls, skipped rope, and played hopscotch. If any guest ventured to suggest that they leave, the children merely answered, "Mr. Duchamp told us we could play here"—an easement from which there was no appeal, because Duchamp was carefully not present. Janis *père* has since spoken of the occasion as marking the summit of Dadaism and Surrealism in America. "The children created an atmosphere of incongruousness," he said not long ago, with only the faintest trace of singsong. "Duchamp's maze was, in essence, a mental cobweb that had to be cleared away before you could understand the pictures. All in all, it was a high moment in American culture."



"Abstract and Surrealist Art in America," which was published in the fall of 1944, consisted of a series of essays on artists then living in the United States, along with statements by the artists themselves and reproductions of their works. Although Janis had not then even thought of setting up as an art dealer, he showed remarkable forehandedness in having included in the book all the American painters he now represents except Guston and Kline, who were neither abstract nor Surrealist artists at the time. (Guston was a highly successful representational painter, and Kline was doing Rouault-like landscapes.) Pollock, Rothko, Baziotes, and Gorky were classified by Janis as Surrealists, and Albers, de Kooning, Gottlieb, and Motherwell as abstractionists; in his introductory text the author roundly called the abstract movement "a revolution in esthetics unequalled in the history of man." Coming a bit more than a year after his controversial annotations of the Hirshfield exhibition, "Abstract and Surrealist Art in America" launched Janis on his second rough critical ride. Most reviewers wrote it off as merely factual rather than evaluative, or else they panned it outright. The worst panning, which appeared in the *Nation*, was by Clement Greenberg, a critic who was later given much of the credit for the popularization of Pollock. "Almost the sole merit of 'Abstract and Surrealist Art in America' is that it prints the names and reproduces, among other things, the paintings of several advanced artists whose work deserves to be better known," Greenberg wrote, going on to say that he found the text "lamentable," a "compost of exalted prattle . . . and irresponsible pronouncement," and—perhaps the unkindest cut of all—"not new."

Janis was able to take these and other strictures pretty well in stride—possibly in part because the book sold well—and two years later, in collaboration with his wife, he brought out another volume, entitled "Picasso: The Recent Years," which dealt with Picasso's life during the German Occupation and reproduced the work he had done in that period. (Mrs. Janis is co-author, with Rudi Blesh, of two other books, one a history of early jazz called "They All Played Ragtime," and the other an ap-

preciation of de Kooning.) The Picasso project finished, Janis devoted himself for a time to lecturing, writing articles on various painters for such magazines as *View* and the British *Horizon*, and thinking about the possibility of opening an art gallery.

JANIS entered the art business partly out of economic necessity; by 1948 he had lived for nine years on savings and book royalties, and his resources were considerably depleted. His older son, Conrad, had begun supporting himself in 1942, at the gratifying age of fourteen, by getting a leading role in the Chicago company of "Junior Miss," but there remained Carroll and Mrs. Janis to be provided for and an art collection crying out to be expanded. "I had the books off my chest, and it was time to be getting back into business," Janis says. "I decided that this time I was going to do something I loved. Even so, I had misgivings about losing my amateur standing in the art world." The proximate cause of his opening a gallery was the sudden decision of Samuel Kootz, who for some years had been doing business on the fifth floor of 15 East Fifty-seventh Street, to move out and show paintings only at his apartment. (Kootz has since reversed this decision, and now shows in a resplendent gallery at 655 Madison Avenue.) Janis bought Kootz's furnishings, took over his lease, and acquired some additional space from the Betty Parsons Gallery, on the same floor. In the art world of 1948, East Fifty-seventh Street was still the main drag for New York art dealers, so Janis could not have acquired a more resounding address. Having determined not to put any part of his private collection on sale, he spent the summer of 1948 in Europe buying up, largely with borrowed money, an initial stock that included works by Picasso, Klee, Mondrian, Kandinsky, Schwitters, Giacometti, Arp, and Brancusi, and in September of that year he opened the doors of the Sidney Janis Gallery to the public.

Unlike M'Lord, the Sidney Janis Gallery did not flourish from the very first; not until its third year of operation did it begin to show a profit. One reason for this was that the modern-art market was in a dead spot. "There just wasn't much activity at the time," Janis recalls. "Even Joe Hirshhorn, the uranium king, was between fortunes." Another reason was that Janis's museum and writing experience had left him with a headful of ideas for shows that were more intellectual than com-

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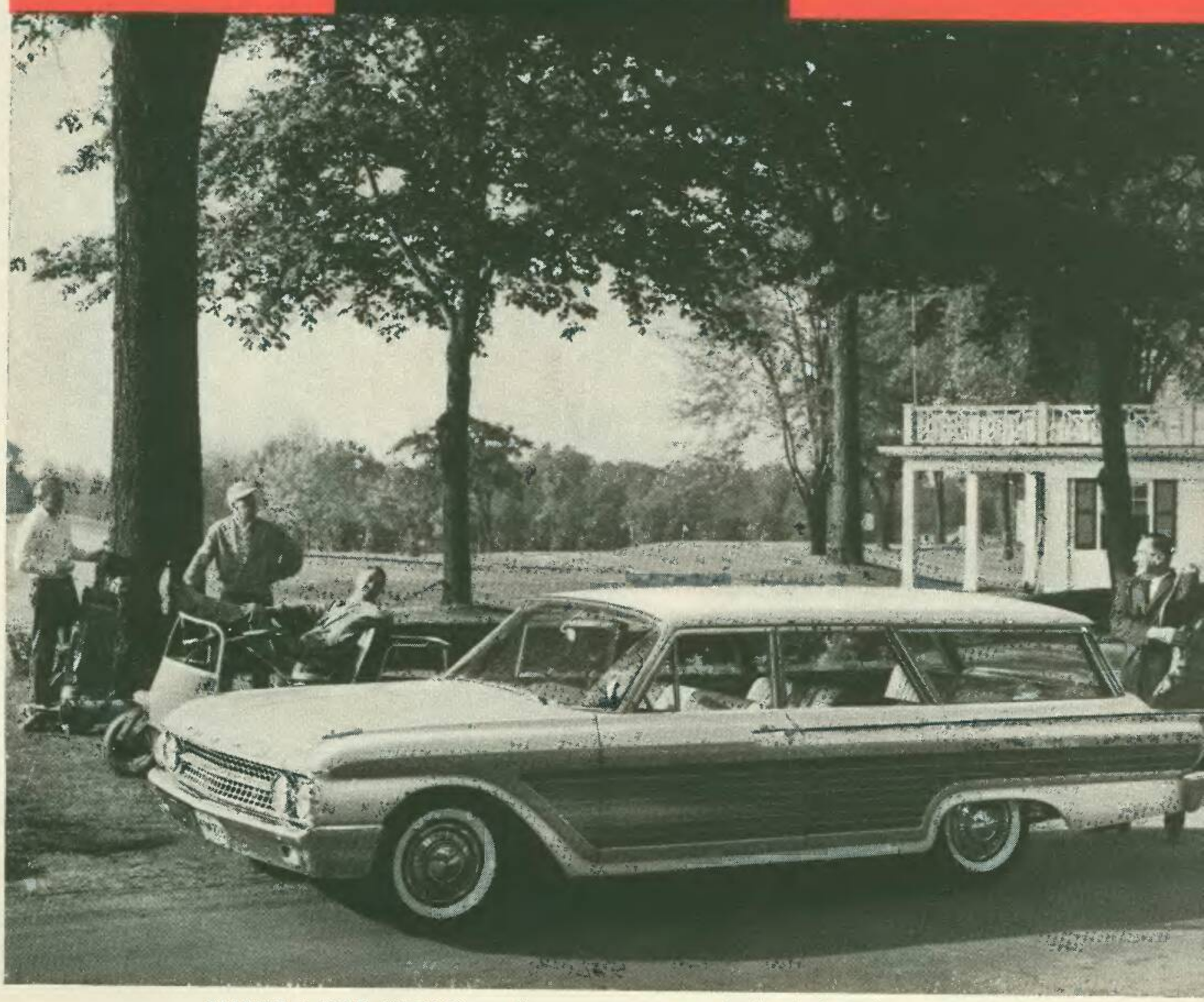
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mercial in conception, and at the outset he tended to realize those ideas on the walls of his gallery. (Eventually, this proved to be a sound tactic, because his shows gave him a reputation as a dealer with something of a museum director's lofty disdain of the market place.) One such show consisted entirely of works done in 1913, to demonstrate the importance of that year in the annals of modern art; another was a comparison of advanced painters in France and America; another compared and contrasted the works of artists who were husbands and wives; and still another, called "Challenge and Defy—Extreme Examples by Twentieth-Century Artists," was a roundup of the most outrageous artistic flights Janis could find, including two horrendous Salvador Dalis and a replica of the porcelain urinal that stirred up such an aesthetic ruckus here in 1917, when Duchamp straight-facedly submitted it to an exhibition as a work of art. The "Challenge and Defy" show stirred up its own ruckus—small but satisfactory—in the art journals. In these "idea exhibitions," as Janis called them, most of the works on display were borrowed, and not for sale, which meant that Janis had to bear the expenses of shipping and insurance without the hope of any return except in the form of publicity. Since he was not, after all, running a subsidized museum, late in 1950 he knuckled down, put idea exhibitions aside for the moment, and scored his first big coup with a show of the French Fauves. The Fauves had not been much bought in the United States, but Janis, using methods that may or may not have had anything to do with the selling of two-pocket shirts, made them so attractive to American collectors that he was soon briskly disposing of them for three and four times what they had cost him in Paris a few months earlier. Before long, Janis found himself a consistently successful dealer in the French modern masters. He continued to stage "idea exhibitions," although less frequently, one of the splashiest being a Dada show, in April, 1953, arranged by life-of-the-party Duchamp, who kept his franchise this time by arranging for an eccentrically printed catalogue, on thin tissue paper, that was sent out to the gallery's mailing list crumpled up to suggest a piece of wastepaper.

Meanwhile, Janis was rather gingerly approaching the Abstract Expressionists. In his first year as a dealer, when he did not represent any artists exclusively, he had presented solo shows



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of two Americans—Lucia Cristofanetti and Evsa Model—both of whom painted representationally. As late as 1951, his stable of Americans contained only half a horse—Albers, whom he shared until 1952 with the Egan Gallery—and it wasn't an Abstract Expressionist horse at that. But borrowed works by the Abstract Expressionists were constantly cropping up in his group shows. In 1950, Gorky, de Kooning, Kline, Pollock, and Rothko were all represented in his exhibition comparing American and French painters. As a result of that display, the Galerie de France urged Janis to round up a representative collection of American vanguard art, which was shown in Paris early in 1952. The first group show of postwar Americans to be presented in Europe without financial backing from this country, it included Albers, Baziotes, de Kooning, Gorky, Guston, Kline, Motherwell, Gottlieb, Pollock, and such other abstractionists as James Brooks, Mark Tobey, and Bradley Walker Tomlin. The reactions in Paris—in rather striking contrast to the generally ecstatic response that greeted the Museum of Modern Art's similar show when it toured Europe in 1958 and 1959—ranged generally from lukewarm to downright hostile. Not one picture was sold. "In a word," Janis says, "it was too early."

At the time his group show opened in Paris, Janis consented to take on Pollock—a move that, in retrospect, suggests a small but ambitious manufacturer consenting to take on a contract with General Motors. Whatever claim Janis has to being one of the amazingly numerous discoverers of Pollock's talent rests on the fact that he included the painter in "Abstract and Surrealist Art in America," rather than on their late-starting commercial association. But even with its late start the association did not at first prove profitable. Janis's first Pollock one-man show, presented in November of 1952 and consisting of twelve new oils, was a critical success but a business flop; it was only in 1954 and 1955 that a slow increase in interest among collectors began to be noticeable, and there was never a waiting list for Pollock's work during his lifetime.

De Kooning, whom Janis had met back in the thirties and had come to admire increasingly over the years, joined the Janis Gallery not long after Pollock did. Like Pollock, he was a commercial dead weight at first, even though his work was highly rated by influential critics. Again like Pollock—indeed, like most of the other Abstract



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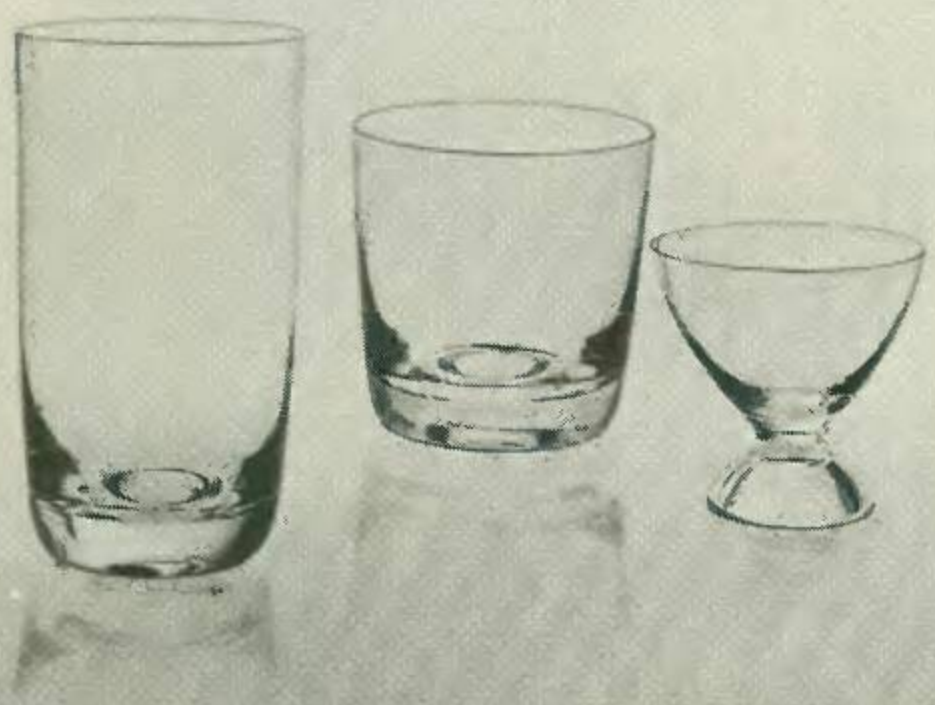


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Expressionists—de Kooning had lived through years of poverty while waiting for recognition, supporting himself off and on as a handyman, house painter, and commercial artist. The story of how de Kooning finally began to sell is a little fable on the ways of the modern-art market and its similarity to the markets in other commodities. In March, 1953, Janis put on a show consisting chiefly of examples of the highly unflattering vision of modern woman that was then de Kooning's obsession. Two paintings were sold, one of them to the Museum of Modern Art, but all through 1953 and 1954 de Koonings continued to be available at moderate prices and in quantity, and de Kooning himself was broke. Then, in May, 1955, a free-swinging attack on contemporary painting and writing signed by Huntington Hartford, the A. & P. heir, appeared as a full-page advertisement in the *Times* and several other newspapers. A square unbeliever if there ever was one, Hartford concentrated his fire particularly on de Kooning; characterizing "Woman I," the first of the painter's series of goggle-eyed charmers, as "a nightmare," he went on to quote *Art News*, which had reproduced the painting in various stages of completion and had commented, "The stages of the painting . . . are neither better nor worse, more or less 'finished' than the terminus. Some might appear more satisfactory than the ending, but this is irrelevant." Hartford demanded, "What kind of double-talk is this?" He would seem to have had a sharp point there, but to art collectors who read the ad the point was apparently "Buy de Kooning." Within two months, Janis's supply of de Koonings was exhausted, and there has been a waiting list for the painter's work almost ever since. A year ago last May, a show of twenty-two



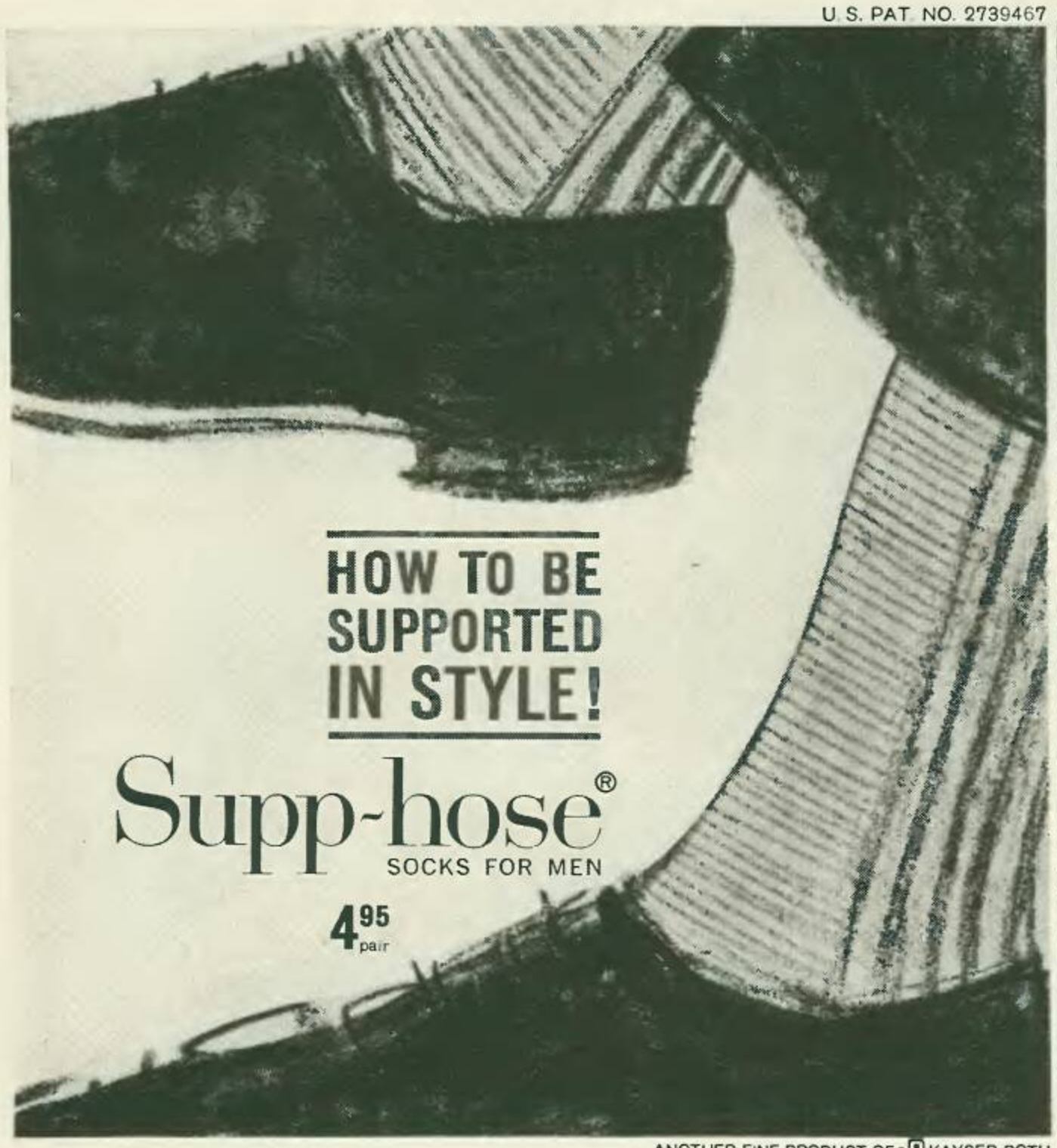


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de Koonings, representing three years' work, was quickly sold out at up to fourteen thousand dollars per painting, with the lot bringing well over a hundred thousand. No doubt de Kooning was destined for life in the upper tax brackets anyhow; the fact that he was rocketed into them by a brisk critical drubbing might seem to throw a rather unflattering light on collectors of modern American painting, who, like the classic dumb consumer of national legend, apparently respond to publicity quantitatively rather than qualitatively. Janis is not a bit upset by this and considers the Hartford episode just a case of the wrong means leading to the right end.

The real explosion in Abstract Expressionism, however, was set off by Pollock's death in an automobile accident near his home in Springs, Long Island, in August, 1956, and the Metropolitan's purchase of his "Autumn Rhythm" six months later. It is a commonplace of the art market that a well-known artist's work goes up in price when he dies, because the supply is abruptly cut off, but in Pollock's case the resulting upsurge had a somewhat macabre touch, which was typified, perhaps, in the behavior of a railroad executive who in December of 1955 had committed himself to buying two large Pollocks through Janis. During the eight remaining months of Pollock's life, the railroad man, who had not yet made any payment, may have begun to get cold feet; at any rate, he ignored a series of letters and telegrams from Janis insistently asking him where the pictures should be shipped. Finally, Janis wrote that he was cancelling the sale, but he received no response to that message, either. So the matter rested until the week after Pollock's death, when Janis got a long-distance call giving shipping instructions and asking for immediate delivery of both canvases. But the executive was too late. The two Pollocks are now in the Ben Heller collection.

So great was the force of the Pollock boom that it touched off a big upturn in the sales and prices of the other Abstract Expressionists, just as a sudden run-up in one important issue can set the mob on the Stock Exchange floor to whooping and bellowing and pushing up the prices of dozens of other stocks. In his own subdued way, Janis is still whooping and bellowing, and over the past couple of years his American painters, rather than his Europeans, have come to constitute the bulk of his business. (On the morning of the opening day of a Kline show last spring, there was a line of customers on the sidewalk



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outside 15 East Fifty-seventh Street waiting for Janis to unbar the door; when he did, the fifteen Klines on display were quickly snapped up at prices that ranged upward from eight thousand dollars. Kline is reported to have commented, modestly but a bit disconcertingly, "I don't know why people pay so much.") Janis's collecting clients, however astronomical the prices they have paid him may have been, are presumably happy about their purchases, considered as investments. In September, 1958, to celebrate his gallery's tenth anniversary, he got out a catalogue containing reproductions of seventy-five of the most notable works, both European and American, that he had sold during his first decade. Not entirely for the fun of it, he figured out how the value of the works in 1958 related to the prices the collectors had paid for them; the ratio came to about four to one.

THE Sidney Janis Gallery consists of five modest-sized rooms, painted, for the most part, in chaste neutral shades of gray. Three of them are exhibition rooms, one is reserved for filing, secretarial, and storage space, and the fifth is Janis's private office. In addition to Janis, the gallery staff consists of a receptionist-secretary, a handyman, and Mrs. Janis, who acts as assistant, and who has herself become something of a figure in the art world, largely because of her writing. Janis is to be found in his office—generally wearing a bow tie and an imported silk shirt with *one* pocket—some fifty or sixty hours a week. His betweentimes and afterhours recreations are tennis, which he plays with a stubborn competence at one or another of the few remaining public courts hereabouts, and ballroom dancing. He dances—with the flair of an ex-professional, and often with professionals as partners—three or four evenings a week, and, in addition, he keeps up with the latest trends by going to at least one dancing class a week. His favorite dancing spots are the Palladium and Roseland, in Times Square—particularly Roseland, which, he says, has lots of floor space, a noble old tradition, and excellent Latin-American music, although he admits that it is no place to run into art-world personalities.

The Janises left 25 Central Park West in the late thirties, and have since lived in a five-room apartment at 1 West Eighty-fifth Street, surrounded, and at times almost engulfed, by their private art collection. (Both of the Janis boys are now married and have children of their own; Conrad has become well

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known not only as a stage and movie actor but as a Dixieland trombonist, and Carroll is an instructor in art history at Columbia and Hunter.) Furnished mainly with well-worn pieces of no particular style or distinction, and often cluttered with unhung canvases, the place has the single-minded look of an artist's studio—but what an artist! Or, rather, what artists! "You know, it's exciting to me to look at my own pictures again, even after just one day," Janis told a visitor one day recently as they entered the apartment. "In the old M'Lord times, when I'd go away on business and not see any exhibitions for a couple of months, I'd build up a really ravenous appetite for them." In the front hallway, there were drawings by Gorky and Dali, a nude by the French artist Victor Brauner, and an abstraction by Mrs. Janis, who, like practically everybody associated with the modern-art world except Janis, takes a crack at painting now and again. In one of the two bedrooms, Hirshfield's "Lion" was hanging on a wall and a large de Kooning was leaning against it; the other bedroom contained various small things, including a profile of Duchamp torn from a piece of tissue paper, set under glass, and signed "*Marcel dechiravit pour Hansi.*" A corridor curtained off from the large living room was brightened up with small works by Delaunay, Schwitters, and Picasso, and larger ones by Macdonald-Wright, Arp, and Dubuffet. The living room proper held the heart of the collection. The wall at one end was dominated by a big canvas entitled "The Football Player," by the Italian Futurist Boccioni, and also displayed three small ones by Mondrian, two by Picasso, and one by Léger; the space beside the windows was occupied by works of Klee, Kandinsky, Schwitters, and Mark Tobey, while, out of a dark corner beyond, Dali's "Illuminated Pleasures" and de Chirico's "Evangelical Still-Life" fairly leaped to meet the visitor. On the wall opposite hung another Mondrian and a small early Pollock. At the far end of the room were the two pictures that, since "The Dream" is gone from Janis's collection, probably deserve to be called its stars—Picasso's "Still-Life with Guitar" and his "The Painter and His Model." To one side of them, incongruous but certainly eye-catching, stood an old-time cigar-store Indian, which, Janis said noncommittally, his wife had picked up at auction a while back. Of "The Painter and His Model" he said, "Gorky was so crazy about that picture it became an albatross around his

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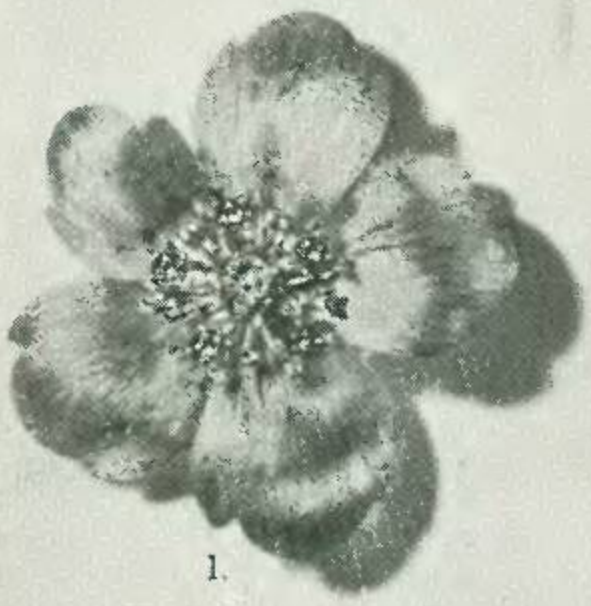
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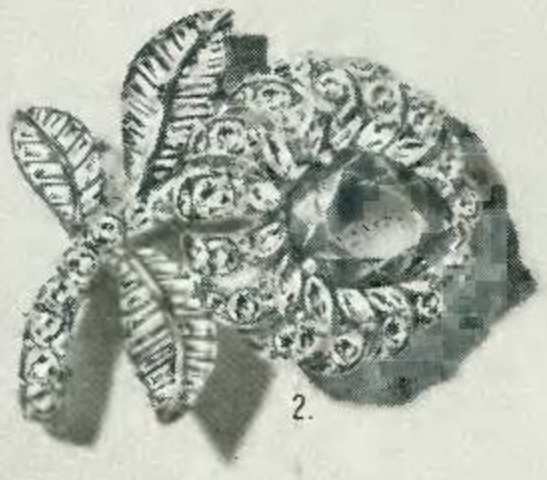
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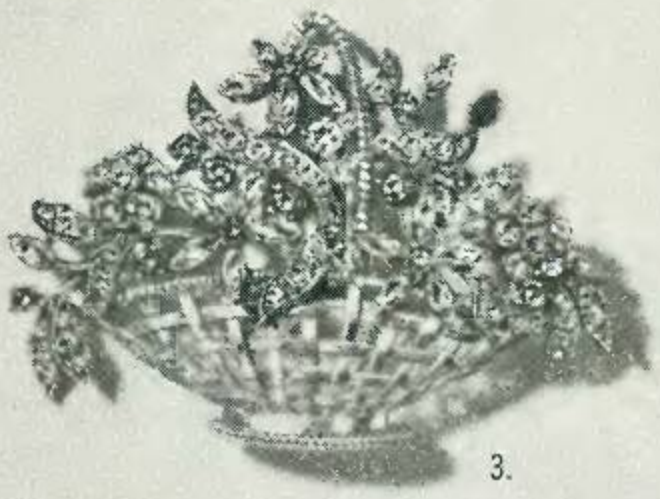
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neck. He kept painting it over and over, unconsciously, for five years. He'd come up here and look at it, then just walk away in dejection. 'What can anybody do after that?' he'd say."

Janis went on to explain that what was hung in the apartment represented only about half of his private collection. He still owns most of his American primitives, but the majority of them are rolled up and stored; when he feels the time is ripe, he may transfer them to his gallery collection and offer them for sale. "Right now, there's a strong pendulum swing away from primitives toward the more abstract things," he said. "That's a healthy condition—why fight it?" The caller remarked on the paucity of Abstract Expressionists visible, and Janis said that he had several more of their works—a Gorky, a de Kooning, a Kline, a Tobey, two Clyfford Stills, and a large Pollock—but that these were out on museum loan or else put away. At present, he does not, however, own anything by Baziotes, Gottlieb, Guston, Motherwell, or Rothko, and he conceded that the preponderance of Europeans in his private collection has led some people to conclude that his interest in Abstract Expressionism is chiefly a commercial one. "Not only that," he said, frowning a little as he strolled away from the Picassos, "but they carry the argument further. They say that if I admire Mondrian and his precise geometry so much, then I can't possibly like the uninhibited spontaneity of the Abstract Expressionist. They couldn't be more wrong. It's a matter of being able to take the step from one generation to the next without rejecting the older one. Both styles are equally valid art."

On a shelf under the Arp, the Dubuffet, and the Macdonald-Wright was a collection of small metal objects that in the context of the paintings were even more startling than the cigar-store Indian. They included a clock with two shapely and entirely representational maidens draped over it, a vase formed of a woman's torso, and an ashtray with a trim little nude reclining daintily at one side. Janis accomplished the conversational shift to these objects without the slightest grinding of gears. "This is Hansi's collection of *art nouveau*," he said. "Actually, I bought much of it myself; every time I go to Paris I bring her back half a dozen pieces. Look at this nude being seduced by the Devil. See, you take the Devil's head off, and it's a perfume bottle. The flowing curvilinear folds in the skirt worn by this girl are characteristic of *art nouveau*, and so is the asymmetry of the tray with

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the girl at one side. Some of these pieces are better than others, of course. The *art-nouveau* movement was a turn-of-the-century phenomenon throughout much of Europe. In Germany, *art nouveau* was called *Jugendstil*, and in England the Yellow Book movement was connected with it. But there I go. Lecturing again!"

IN the past two or three years, Janis has come to be spoken of as a dealer in "modern Old Masters," and the prestige of his gallery has increased to the point that stalls in his stable are eagerly sought by many painters. He has also received two compliments that went far beyond anything a dealer could normally expect. In February, 1958, the Hetzel Union Gallery, of Pennsylvania State University—which, like any other gallery, generally confines itself to the output of artists—presented "An Exhibition in Tribute to Sidney Janis," showing not only paintings by the eight American artists then in his stable but a selection of his exhibition catalogues, and last winter Bennington College put on a show of Janis catalogues and nothing else. Wanting a note on Janis and his work for inclusion in their own catalogue, the Hetzel Union people, who may not have been reading the *Nation* in 1945, asked Clement Greenberg to write one. In addition to having roasted "Abstract and Surrealist Art in America," Greenberg had since examined the contents of Janis's gallery more than once with an air that struck its owner as a bit abrupt and skeptical. The relationship of the two men was, after all, the somewhat strained one of an author and his most contemptuously adverse critic, and consequently Janis was a little apprehensive about what Greenberg might write for Hetzel Union. He need not have worried; Greenberg came through with nothing less than a stunningly unreserved appreciation. " 'Abstract and Surrealist Art in America,' " the critic now allowed, had been "one of the very first books that so much as noticed the 'movement' which . . . a few painters in New York were beginning to constitute." Turning his attention to the Janis Gallery, Greenberg said that its owner had "made of his place a kind of museum-*cum*-seminar," first showing the modern European masters "in a depth and variety, as well as with an exertion of taste, that no formal museum in the country was able to match," and later presenting the Abstract Expressionists in such a convincing way that he had made it easier for the art world "to take them

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with the importance to which the quality of their achievement entitles them." Summing up, Greenberg wrote, "I shall always be grateful to Sidney Janis for all that I have learned, and continue to learn, in his premises." The essay, alas, arrived too late to be included in the catalogue; the best that could be done was to print it on a separate sheet and insert it between the pages. But the fact that it arrived at all, and said what it did, was enough to give Janis almost as much pleasure as he could derive from a couple of hours spent getting a rich but unenlightened businessman in tune with the new image. —JOHN BROOKS

•

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[*Communication received by a resident of Peter Cooper Village*]

Most of the birds here at Peter Cooper Village "earn their keep" by helping to rid trees, shrubs, and bushes of damaging insects. In return for their feed, birds help keep Peter Cooper Village green, comfortable, and attractive all year 'round. No wonder they're called "fine-feathered friends." At this time of year, most of our "friends" have migrated or will leave soon for warmer climates.

Definitely not in this category and certainly not fine-feathered "friends"—according to sanitary standards—are pigeons.

And, as many residents have noticed, the pigeon population of Peter Cooper Village has risen noticeably in recent months. The nuisance aspects of pigeons are well known. They tend to create unsightly conditions. Buildings, cars, window sills, walks, benches, and other areas are adversely affected.

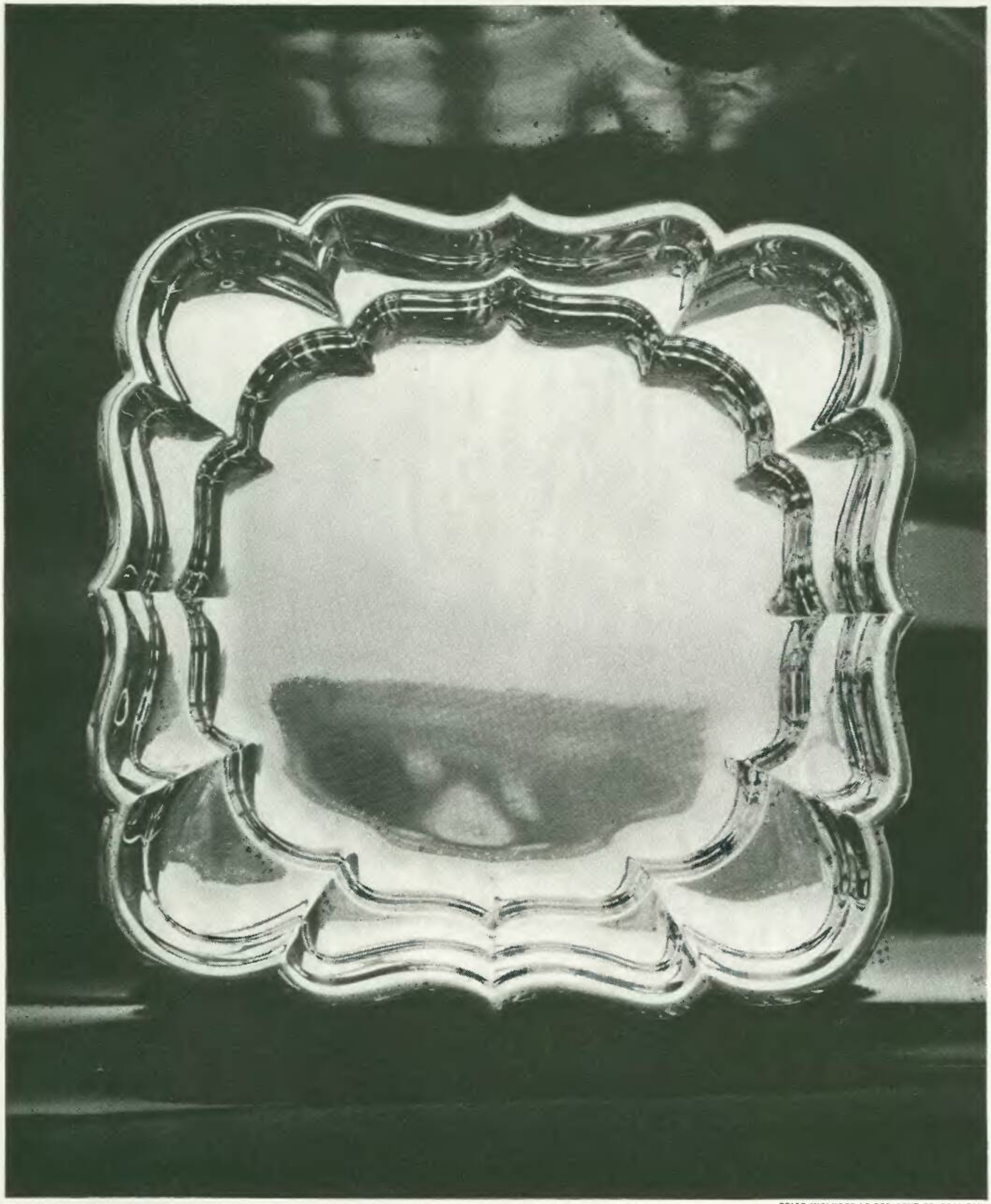
From a sanitary standpoint, pigeons are far from "fine-feathered." They carry parasites which have been known to get into apartments after roosting on window sills. These parasites create a health hazard. In other words, unlike most other birds, pigeons do not do their part to make Peter Cooper Village more attractive. On the evidence, the opposite is true.

It is rather shortsighted, then, to encourage pigeons by feeding them. Food meant for other birds simply attracts destructive pigeons, squirrels, and vermin. What's more, birds are fed according to nature's plan, and feeding by residents, while an understandably humane action, simply upsets nature's delicate and remarkable balancing forces.

The best way to control the problem and maintain sanitary and attractive surroundings is through a restoration of nature's own balancing forces. The feeding of birds and squirrels, even though motivated by understandably human impulses, upsets this balance and should be stopped to help keep Peter Cooper Village a clean and attractive community in which to live.

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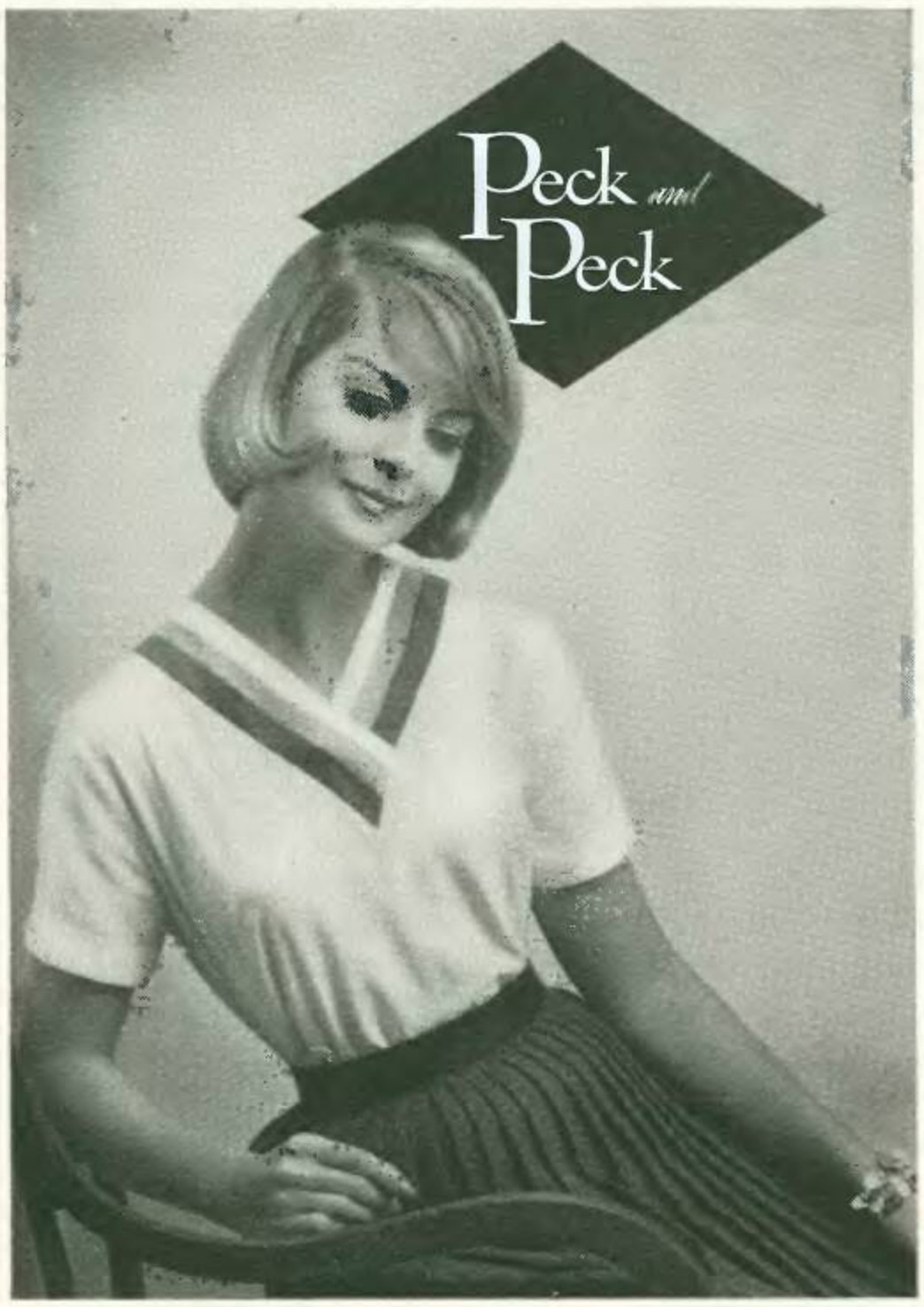
IT FLOATS

MEREDITH WILLSON, who knows more about corn than Henry Agard Wallace, is happily responsible for the songs and lyrics of the musical comedy called "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," at the Winter Garden. Once again, as in "The Music Man," he is entertaining us with the sort of muscular rhythms he learned about when he was a flutist in John Philip Sousa's band, and the lines he has invented to accompany his brassy airs are simple, amiable, occasionally witty, and dear to an innocent heart such as mine. You may remember that Mr. Willson put "The Music Man" together with practically no assistance. This time, he has been aided by Richard Morris, who supplied the book. The plot of "The Unsinkable Molly Brown" is rather roughhewn, and the transitions between the scenes—and there are many of them—are not always as smooth as they might be. Moreover, the second act drags in spots. But who is going to quibble about technicalities when a jolly item like this comes along? You can't have a picnic without ants, so let us go ahead and concentrate on the pleasurable aspects of the play. Immediately brought to mind is Tammy Grimes, a fantastically energetic young lady whose face more or less resembles a sickle moon and who is boxlike in construction. Miss Grimes, playing the unsinkable Molly, struck me, at first glance, as being a cross between the gentle Glynis Johns and the rowdy Nancy Walker, but she soon established herself with me as a rare performer in her own right—at once outlandish, eccentric, and lovable, and quite capable of lining out Mr. Willson's melodies with a nice appreciation of the composer's intent. As our heroine, Miss Grimes gets around as much as Elsa Maxwell. She proceeds from a Tobacco Road environment in Hannibal, Missouri, to a saloon in Leadville, Colorado, and from there to a tony neighborhood in Denver, and then makes her way to France and back home to Leadville. At the outset of her journeying, she is the illiterate daughter of a bibulous Irish immigrant (Cameron Prud'homme) and is given to playing the hoyden with a trio of fur-capped brothers. But the girl has ambition, and when she drifts away from the old homestead and alights in Leadville as a barmaid, it isn't long before she has attracted the attention of Johnny Leadville Brown (Harve Presnell), and after some pleasant backing and filling in which she is torn between avarice and true love she finds herself in the best of all possible worlds when her sweetheart proves to have a hell of a knack for finding gold and silver in the surrounding hills. And on we go to all the other places I've mentioned, with Miss Grimes determined to make her way socially, and Mr. Presnell (who has a most excellent baritone) stringing along just to keep her happy. The songs we hear as we whisk about—I might single out "Belly Up to the Bar, Boys," "I'll Never Say No," "Are You Sure?," "If I Knew," "Up Where the People Are," and "Dolce Far Niente"—are all worth hearing, and the cast does well by them. The sets, by Oliver Smith, are uniformly attractive—particularly effective are his renditions of a Monte Carlo club and of the drawing room of a Denver mansion of half a century ago—and the costumes, by Miles White, are beguiling. There is also some arresting choreography by Peter Gennaro.

Having been so sympathetic toward practically everything about "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," I must point out, reluctantly, that the climactic scene, in which Molly puts down a panic in a Titanic lifeboat and brings her fellow-passengers safely to shore, is



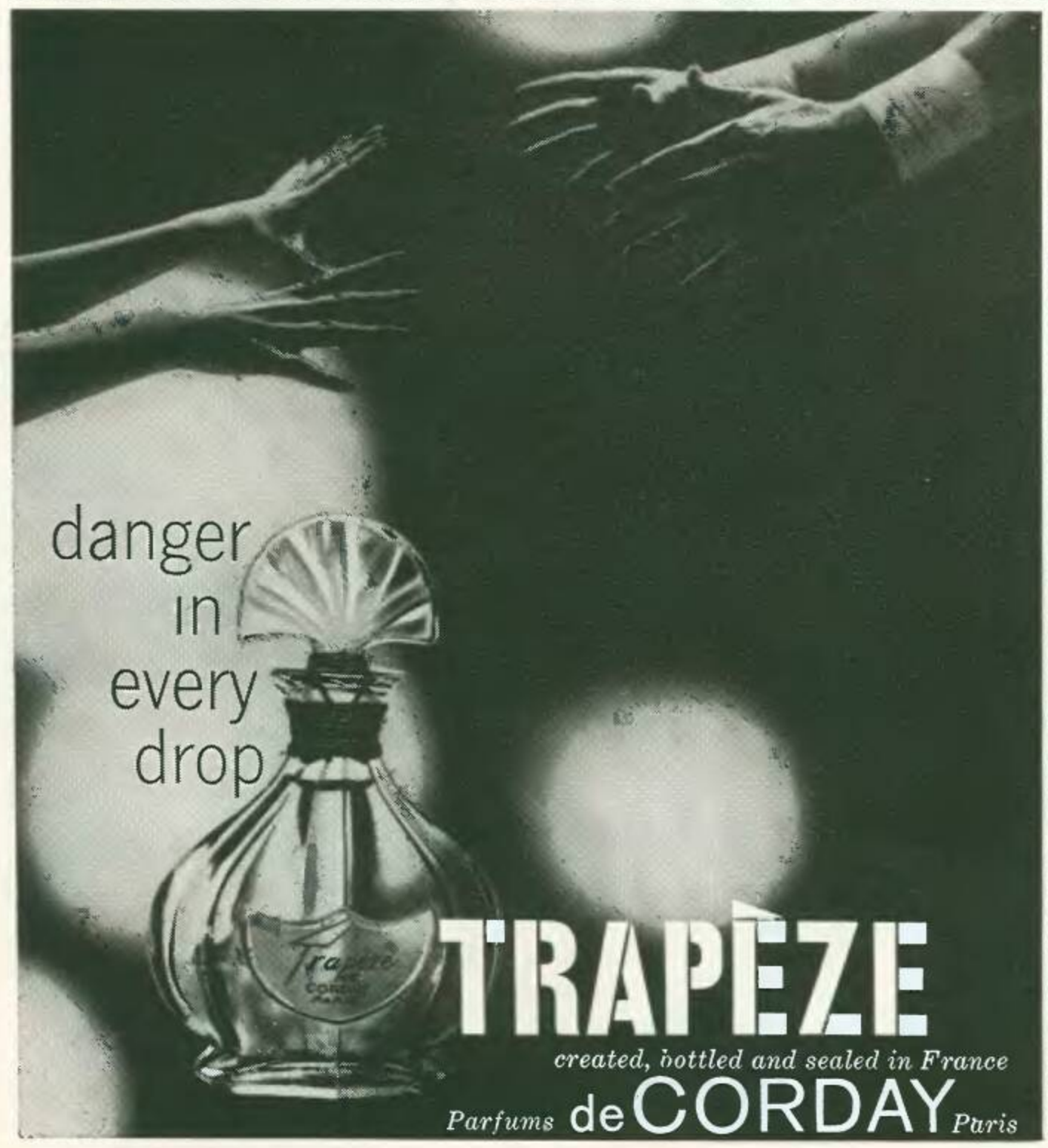
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dealt with summarily and to no particular purpose. As you may know, there was really a lady such as the one Miss Grimes portrays, and she did indeed display a noble character in the midst of the Titanic disaster. I'll bet, though, she wasn't as diverting as Miss Grimes would have us believe. Nobody could be.

"THE RAPE OF THE BELT," now on view at the Martin Beck, is an archly naughty comedy by Benn W. Levy, in the course of which the author prankishly sets forth what might have happened when the Greek strong man Heracles took on a parcel of Amazons while performing the ninth of his twelve labors. The labor in question required Heracles to get possession of the Amazons' royal belt, and according to tradition, the task was a tough one, since the Amazonian matriarchy was made up of females as fierce and sinewy as wildcats. Mr. Levy doesn't string along with this concept. The Amazons he introduces us to are sweet, gentle, and enchanting maidens who like peace and who giggle happily over the success of the canard about their prowess in arms that they have spread in order to scare off potential invaders of their realm. This is a mildly comic switch on the usual version of the legend, but its drollery becomes a trifle thin when it is stretched out over three acts. Among the devices that Mr. Levy employs to advance the action of his comedy, which has been directed by Albert Marre in a rather leisurely style, are a couple of booths, placed to left and right of the proscenium, in which are framed what purport to be busts of Hera and Zeus. The busts look properly marmoreal, all right, but it turns out that they are really Peggy Wood and John Emery sprayed to the nines with some sort of makeup. Off and on, as Heracles (Philip Bosco) is adventuring among the Amazons, they bicker mundanely about their marital situation, and especially about Heracles, who is Zeus's son, having been conceived by the god in an off-limits romp with an earthly matron. Hera, it seems, thinks the boy worthless, and is dead set against his succeeding in his labors. Zeus, on the other hand, is puffed up with paternal pride and willing to give the lad all the help he can. Meanwhile, on the main stage, Heracles and his chum Theseus (Joseph Bova) are encountering all kinds of obstacles in their dealings with the Amazons, who are charming, hospitable, and hopelessly pacifist. The throne of the ladies' kingdom is shared by a couple of lovelies

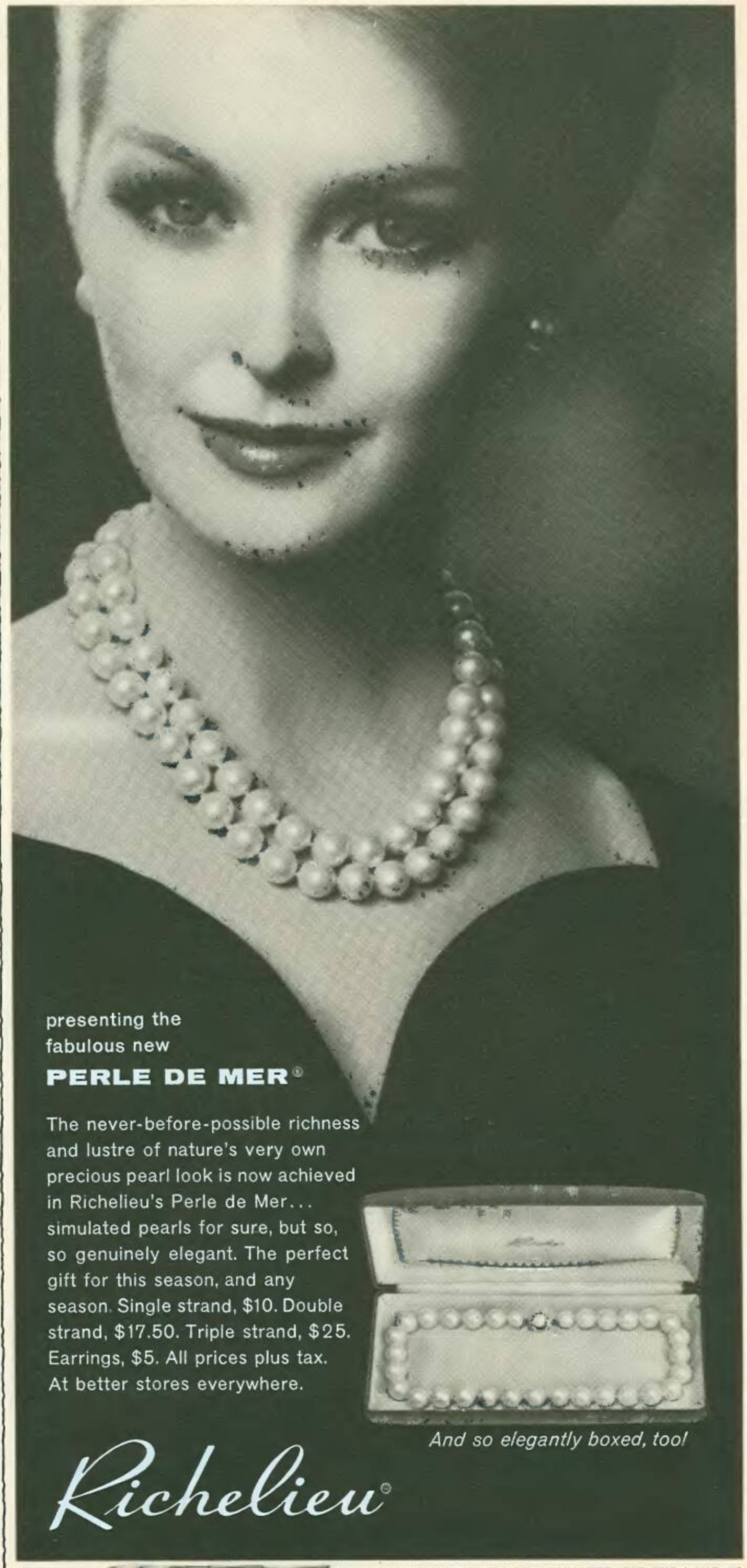
(Constance Cummings and Joyce Redman), and as time goes by, the boys, as you might expect, grow mighty fond of them. But Hera, the old spoilsport, becomes sick and tired of the billing and cooing, moves into the body of Miss Redman, and soon has the Amazons organized for military action against Heracles and some Greeks he has brought along with him. This makes for a rousing clatter in the third act, though prior to that the comedy tends to dawdle along loquaciously. But if the play is something less than stimulating, the acting is, for the most part, very agreeable, Miss Redman being especially entertaining in her transformation from a mild little beauty into a fire-breathing hellion. The play has been admirably costumed by J. Michael Travis, and the settings and lighting, by Paul Morrison, are highly effective.

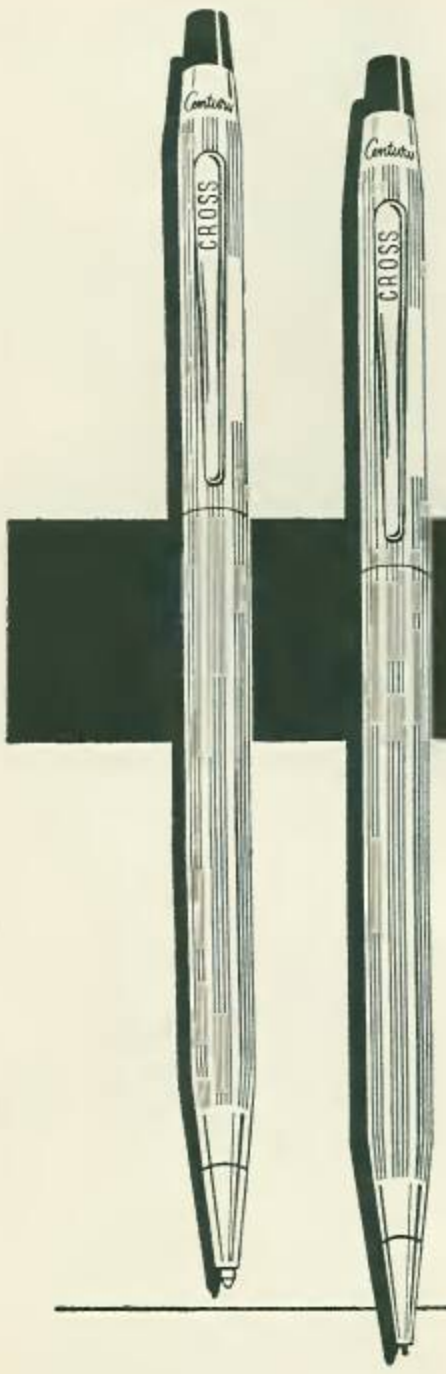
—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Juggernaut

AN old baggage like Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" needs special handling. Indeed, that she is still around is surprising. The last effort of a gifted hack (a "lightweight," in E. M. Forster's gracious eyes), the play is an erratically done mixed grill. It is a farce whose nonsense depends on attenuated mistaken identities, comic Elizabethan-type names like Jack Slang, Pimple, and Tom Twist, and predictable slapstick. It is a drawing-room comedy in which the epigrams have platitudinous feet and the jokes a kind of *Reader's Digest* dash. It is too long, too improbable, and full of barely realized types. Aside from simply *being* an eighteenth-century artifact, it provides only distant, almost second-hand echoes of its times. For all that, "She Stoops to Conquer" has long been, along with "Horatius" and "A Son of the Middle Border," the burden of schoolboys, who in later years remember merely something about misplaced jewels and hanky-panky in a midnight garden. It has also become a period vehicle for actors with shapely legs, big stomachs, hearty laughs (most stage laughs resemble a bell without a clapper; politicians often do better), and the ability to amass thunderheads of mock rage, and for actresses with comely bosoms, eyes that roll out of sight, and a gift for dialects. Nonetheless, the production at the Phoenix of "She Stoops to Conquer," which represents the first effort of the season by that theatre's repertory group, is not so much a vehicle for the company





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as a sluggish and unmanageable juggernaut.

If your recollections of the play are restricted to stolen jewels and midnight gardens, perhaps these few sentences will refresh you. The action occurs largely at Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle's country mansion, sixty miles from London. Mr. Hardcastle wishes to marry off his daughter to Charles Marlow, the son of an old friend. Making an exploratory visit, Marlow mistakes the house for an inn and Mr. Hardcastle for an innkeeper, on the word of Tony Lumpkin, Hardcastle's dissolute stepson. The confusion begins. Marlow is a dab with trollops but tongue-tied with ladies, and his first interview with Miss Hardcastle is static. Miss Hardcastle, hearing of Marlow's more relaxed side, disguises herself hopefully in rustic dress and speech. Further confusion. A subplot involving Miss Neville, who is Miss Hardcastle's cousin, and George Hastings, Marlow's friend and travelling companion, flickers on simultaneously. The prankish Lumpkin compounds the confusion. Finally, everything settles into focus and happy matches are made all around. Under Stuart Vaughan's direction, the cast goes at these bombosities in a strangely off-center manner. Mr. Hardcastle (Albert Quinton), bewigged and bespectacled, represents old age and affronted pompousness with slightly sagging knees and fluttering elbows. He is underweight as well. Tony Lumpkin (John Heffernan), fat to Goldsmith, thin to Vaughan, spends the evening racing fitfully around the stage, like a whippet with a sore leg, making the starchy grimaces of someone who hasn't the minor art of the rubber face, and speaking in a singsong yer-don't-mean-it-does-yer dialect. Young



Marlow (Donald Madden) and Hastings (Ted van Griethuysen) are perfect only in their makeup, which suggests an eighteenth-century miniature to a T. Miss Hardcastle (Gerry Jedd) and Miss Neville (Juliet Randall) are least bothersome of all. Miss Jedd, despite a somewhat matronly appearance, has an infectious smile, and Miss Randall the sort of prettiness that is far more attractive than beauty. But Vaughan's notions extend even further. Apparently he feels that pratfalls and gout are still comically bolstering, and, more important, that the play's bawdiness occurs in the wrong places. Stingo, the landlord of the Three Jolly Pigeons, a pub frequented by Lumpkin, admiringly says to his best customer, "Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant—damn'd mischievous son of a whore." Vaughan reads it "damn'd mischievous son of a—never mind." At Marlow's and Miss Hardcastle's first meeting, Marlow-Goldsmith remarks, "True, Madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths have least of it in their bosoms"—a variation on a Voltaire bon mot. Vaughan pads this out as vaudeville. Marlow pauses awkwardly after "bosoms," Miss Hardcastle hides her face in embarrassment, Marlow blurts out "breasts," Miss Hardcastle shudders, Marlow explodes with "hearts," Miss Hardcastle laughs. The sets, by Peter Wingate, are impressionistic affairs suggesting intricately carved woodwork and mullioned windows and are assembled out of what appears to be glossy cardboard.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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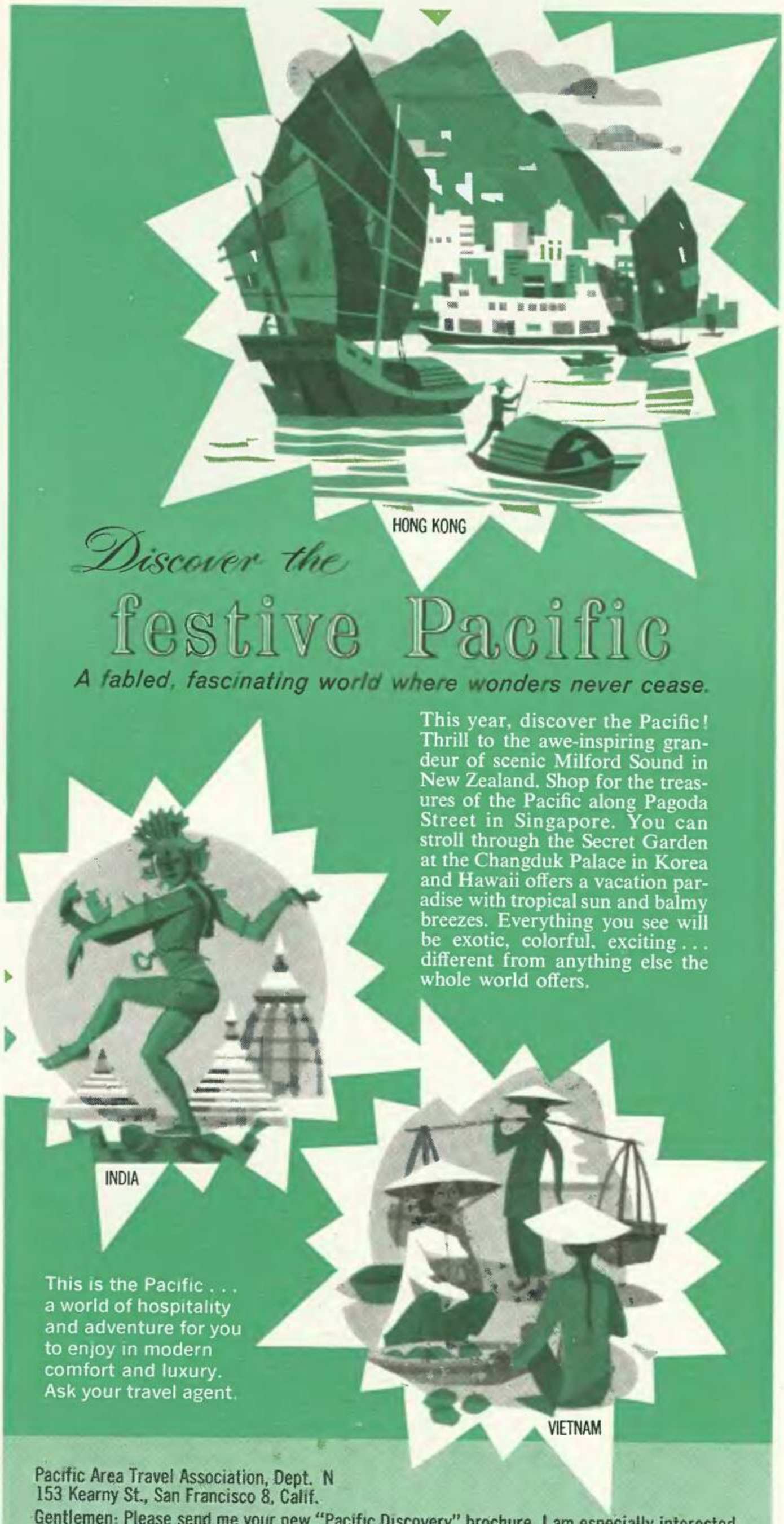
H. C. Malik, PAA sales rep in New Delhi, recently went on a sales prospecting trip into India's Punjab. He reported, "I had my message delivered to several villages by beating of drums. The message was, in part, 'Pan American, the world's most experienced airline, has now appointed Mr. Malik as a special rep to contact and assist all passengers in Punjab . . . if you intend to make any travel, please drop a postcard to Pan American Airways in any language and you will be assured individual attention."—*The Travel Agent.*

Postcard, hell. Ratty-ratty-boom!

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MAYS LANDING, N.J., Oct. 22 (UPI)—Those tracks near Mays Landing, N.J., were probably made by a rabbi and not the Jersey devil. Officials investigated reports of weird noises and unusual tracks in the area. Trappers decided the tracks were made by a big hopping rabbi and not the Jersey devil as some shaky residents suggested.—*U.P.I. dispatch.*

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FOOTBALL

The Boys vs. the Men



CONFUSION reigned last Saturday in Palmer Stadium, where Princeton was at home to Harvard, and at Yankee Stadium, where Army was at home (so to speak) to Syracuse, and thus the week-end's major matches in this sector of the globe were not even reasonable facsimiles of what had been expected. Princeton won, all right, 14–12, but more by accident than by the design that had been laid down for it, and Army, contrary to regulations, won, 9–6—mostly by will power, an item never tabulated by the collectors of statistics.

The confusion in Palmer Stadium was the work of the young men of Princeton, who couldn't decide who was their own worst enemy—Harvard or themselves. (In the opinion of impartial observers, it was even money, and take your choice.) Part of the confusion derived from a seeming effort to confuse Harvard; instead of the customary backfield—Kornrumpf, Henrich, MacMurray, and either Sullivan or Scott, men against whose maneuverings Harvard could be presumed to have been coached—there was a series of backfields in which such performers as Loud, Hagstrom, Goldman, and Iseman, who in general serve by only standing and waiting, spent a large portion of the afternoon. As the score implies, Harvard was not overwhelmed by these innovations, so Princeton came up with further novelties, like sending an ineligible man downfield on a pass play, and sending in an ineligible substitute. The second of these misfeasances brought about Harvard's first touchdown, on the very next move. This put Harvard up against its one difficult decision of the day—should it safely and sanely kick the point after touchdown and attain a 7–7 tie, or should it run or pass the ball with the hope of boosting the score to 8–7? Harvard, a small and courageous band, is a gambler (it beat Columbia with the same gamble earlier in the season), and Bartolet, who has been spelling Halaby at quarterback ever since Ravenel was damaged, weeks ago, threw one of the least successful passes of his career. He threw two better ones later on, for a total of eighty-five yards and a touchdown that

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put Harvard, nearly at the end of the afternoon, behind by no more than 14–12. (Another Princeton novelty—bowling over an opponent from behind after a play has ended—had offered Harvard the opportunity.) Bartolet had no choice this time—it was two points or defeat—and Princeton knew it. Bartolet let fly another pass, but one Princetonian deflected it from its trajectory and another Princetonian gathered it in. As one Harvard man said to another, there's no poetic justice.

THE confusion in Yankee Stadium was of a different order, and the reason for it was that the giants who populate the front lines of Syracuse and Army could just about always tell who had the ball and where he thought he was going with it. And there were giants in the Stadium. We've become accustomed to seeing giants in Army uniforms—this was, after all, the team's thirty-fourth visit to the Stadium—but not many of us are accustomed to the size of Syracuse linemen, for Syracuse has not been in town since 1954. Well, one of its men is twenty-four years old, and there are ample seedings of twenty-three- and twenty-two-year-olds. Bright college years along the Mohawk Valley! Like Princeton, Syracuse was expected to carry the day, and, like Princeton—though a bit more expensively—it fumbled its chances away, but nearly all of the game was the sort of football that comes from men of distinction in their calling, and none of it was either dull or impromptu. It was so well done, in fact, that the only flaw in the perfect defense against the perfect offense in the whole first half was a field goal by Blanda, an Army back upon whom this department gazes with whole-cloth approval. It was his fourth and his most useful field goal of the season, since Army won by the three points it scored. The finish couldn't have been bettered in the professional leagues—three minutes to play, fourth down and ten yards to go, Syracuse's Gilburg dropping back into kick formation but throwing a pass, Army's Zailskas spearing it and whipping thirty yards toward the Syracuse goal, Army's running game carrying to within a couple of feet of that goal, Syracuse holding the line at that point until time ran out. —J. W. L.

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Somebody been reading Zola?

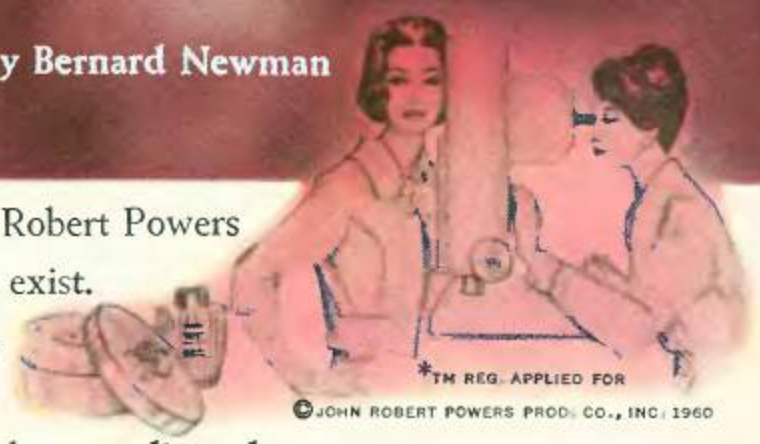
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MORE than three decades ago, Le Corbusier won an international competition for the Palace of the League of Nations, but official opinion was then so frightened of modern architecture that his design was turned down in favor of a more conventional one, which embodied neither the achievements of the past nor the promise of the future. Today, in the heart of Paris, Le Corbusier, in the person of his colleagues and disciples, has achieved belated recognition in the design of Unesco House, the new group of three UNESCO buildings fronting on the Place de Fontenoy. By an ironic slip of history, these buildings have received the official stamp of approval at the moment that Le Corbusier is moving at right angles to the direction he was taking in the twenties. Both his belated triumph and his sudden regression indicate that the modern movement has reached a critical point in its development. Contemporary architecture, mirroring the state of the world itself, is in a state of irresolution and division. One wing, headed by Mies van der Rohe, builds air-conditioned Ice Palaces for virginal Snow Queens; another, headed by Le Corbusier, constructs romantic grottoes where the Tristans and Isoldes of our age may quaff not love potions but nuclear poisons in murky solitude; a third, led by a living American architect who shall be nameless, fabricates visibly acrobatic tents for disabled circus performers.



In view of all the errors committed in designing the United Nations buildings in New York, one hoped that this new headquarters for the educational, scientific, and cultural activities of the U.N. would be full of redeeming features. The designing of the Paris UNESCO buildings seemed a providential opportunity for the modern movement to pause and sort out its gains and reckon with its failures—a time to regroup its forces, bring up its baggage train, restore discipline, and tear off all the tattered shoulder patches that had once served for identification and recognition. The moment had come, in short, for the modern architectural leaders, no longer a group of hot rebels, to accept the responsibilities of government. The thirty-year campaign for an architecture based on contemporary technology and interpreted by wholly contemporary designs had resulted in an easy and apparently complete victory. This came not so much through the unqualified merits of the new as through the defects of the old, especially the palpable irrelevance of Gothic, Classic, and Renaissance forms to the daily needs of our age. Under pressure from their students and their prospective clients alike, the architectural schools all over the world had abandoned the old, imitative routines and thrown the past out the window. What opposition now exists to an architecture grounded in contemporary needs comes almost entirely from within—from the New Brutalists of Detroit, Chicago, and London, with their faked mechanical forms and their indifference to human responses; from the Neo-Libertarians of Milan and Rio, who go in massively for whimsey and mistake it for liberty; and from the Old Guard moderns themselves, who faithfully repeat the well-tried errors of a generation ago without realizing that they are no longer forgivable as experiments or necessary as identifying trademarks. The slickest opposition to sound contemporary expression comes, though, from the modish little coteries whose leaders, "exterior decorators" rather than architects, like their Parisian colleagues in *la haute couture*, strive desperately to bring out a new "sensation" each season.

Perhaps no one architect, though, is strong enough to restore order and give the younger generation a fresh sense of their destination, as Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright did in the eighteen-nineties, as Walter Gropius and Le Corbusier did in the nineteen-twenties. And it would be perilous to rely upon any dominating personality, since it is partly because of the overblown egos of the onetime leaders, too vain to acknowledge their palpable mistakes, that the movement is in such a confused state. Careless plans, tricky elevations, technological exhibitionism, wasteful gadgetry, and deplorable craftsmanship have all paraded as marks of originality—as if it were not far easier to be original and bad than original and good. But the three men who designed these UNESCO buildings gave one at least

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some reason to hope for something better. By now, it could be expected that their collaboration would cancel out the weaknesses of modern architecture and establish the continuity and integrity of modern form by continuing to widen its base. This meant moving from new materials and structural forms to an architecture capable of embodying the historic, the organic, the persistently human. Their mission now, surely, was not to embalm unsuccessful modern forms but to continue to develop all that was functionally sound and to restore in contemporary garb much that had been too hastily and dogmatically thrown out. Of these three men, Marcel Breuer, originally a Hungarian, began his career in the Bauhaus, but never sluggishly settled down into a formula; Bernard Zehrfuss, a Frenchman, must—if I may judge from his monumental concrete shell, the huge new exhibition hall in Neuilly—be classed as a New Brutalist; and Pier Luigi Nervi, an Italian, is easily the dean of architectural engineers throughout the world, a daring experimenter with concrete shells who retains an essentially classic sense of form that would have delighted his distinguished French predecessor Auguste Perret. Behind these men stood a panel of eminent architects who approved their plans—Gropius, Lucio Costa, Sven Markelius, and Ernesto Rogers. Here was the team, and here the kind of building, that could have undertaken the revision of stale formulas and the elimination of sterile clichés—changes that were both long overdue. Where but in serving UNESCO would one find such a challenge to accept the new task of our time—that of selection and assimilation, after a grand century of experiment? Who could have picked a more likely team of architects or hoped for a better opportunity? Both the purposes of UNESCO and the ample site seemed to encourage a fresh attack on old problems. But the need did not create the desirable response. The opportunity that the UNESCO buildings and the ample site offered has been largely muffed; it is only by comparison with buildings of such elephantine mediocrity as the new School of Medicine, in the Rue des Saints-Pères, that Unesco House seems worthy modern buildings. Yet the failure is an instructive one. Perhaps all the mistakes of the modern movement had, for once, to be patiently assembled in one set of buildings to be recognized for what they are. The result is a Museum of the Antiquities of Modern Art and Architecture. In this museum, the scholarly curators have, as



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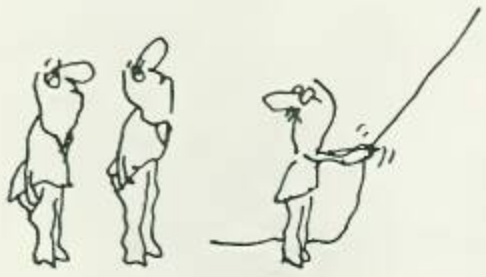
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if for historical completeness, preserved the mediocre, the bad, and the excellent, and have placed them all on view at once. As one would expect of such resourceful artists, there are not a few admirable features, but there are also many specimens, still glittering with alleged newness, that should long ago have been consigned to the rubbish heap of architectural failures. Of those particular souvenirs of the modern movement, one may use Chaucer's words: "There's nought so deadde as a deadde love."

THE three UNESCO buildings occupy a large, rather irregular block of seven and a half acres in a still comely district on the Left Bank, directly across the Place de Fontenoy from the great École Militaire. The long semicircular front of the Secretariat Building, which in ground plan is a huge Y, flanks half of the Place de Fontenoy, a semicircular open space designed by Jacques-Ange Gabriel in the eighteenth century; the remaining half of the Place, which, unlike the UNESCO block, is intersected by an avenue, is occupied by ponderous government offices (the Ministry of the Merchant Marine and the Ministry of Labor and Social Security) of uniform height. When the general plan for this part of Paris was conceived, the avenue was still the unit of design, and the block was a continuous wall of houses, by law uniform in height and appearance, though on occasion, as in the case of the École Militaire, precise ranks of trees might replace the wall of buildings, presenting a uniform leafy green façade that underlined the rectangular order of the buildings. This geometric severity and formal symmetry have characterized all the new quarters of the inner city since the seventeenth century, and the lesser buildings form a modest pedestal for the important public ones, whose domes and towers alone dominate the sky line. To keep within that order without embarrassing the special needs and functions of our own time offers a difficult problem. But I think that the UNESCO architects would have done better for their clients if they had accepted that challenge and translated into adequate modern terms the conditions the municipality laid down. Instead, they have turned the original concept of subordinating routine structures to socially significant ones upside down; they have made the characterless office building, the Secretariat, conspicuous and have converted the deservedly conspicuous public building, the Conference Hall, into a background figure. In making this choice, they have

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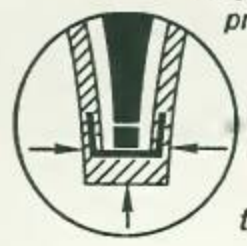
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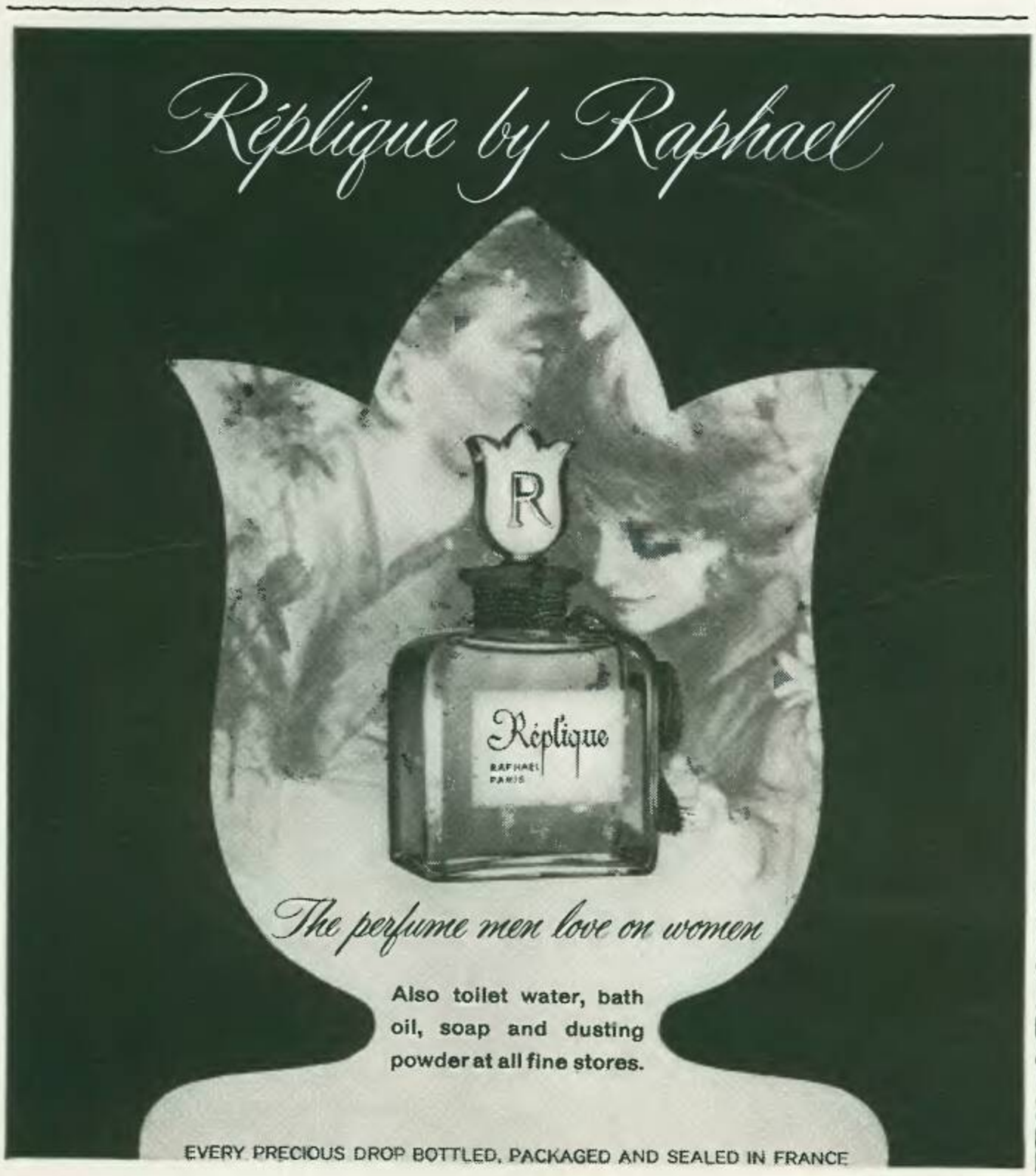
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deserted the past without contributing a more valid form to the future.

The biggest UNESCO building, the Secretariat, is the southern terminus of what one might call the "modern axis" of Paris, which runs at right angles to the grand axis from the Louvre to the Arc de Triomphe. This new axis begins across the Seine, on the Right Bank, at the Palais de Chaillot, and has for its focal point that audacious steel obelisk the Eiffel Tower. The Palais de Chaillot, in a sort of castrated classic that was still officially acceptable in the thirties, is now, ironically, a museum of modern art, whose collections were once more happily shown in the old Palais du Luxembourg, and already its architecture, looking far more seedy and moldy than the honest classic of the seventeenth century, casts a premonitory shadow that suggests what the UNESCO buildings may look like a generation hence. From the seventh, and top, floor of the Secretariat, this axis is as clear and elegant as it would be in a Beaux-Arts drawing, though only someone who can pass through walls and walk on water could follow it on foot. In compliance with a now obsolete eighteenth-century formalism, the main façade of the Secretariat—the two prongs of the Y, which curve to form an arc—follows the curve of the Place de Fontenoy. This building contains no less than seven hundred offices. The stem of the Y extends deep into the UNESCO site, and near the end of it a passageway turns abruptly southwest, almost at right angles, to join the Secretariat with the Conference Building, which in ground plan suggests a keystone. Off to the east end of the site is the third, and by far the smallest, of the three edifices, the Delegations Building, which is a perfect square in ground plan and which stands by itself. The point at which the three wings of the Y-shaped Secretariat meet forms the principal entrance, on the Place de Fontenoy side. This scheme neither conforms to the old block pattern of Paris nor establishes a better order based on free-standing buildings; rather, it has the effect of turning the site into an aesthetic void, filled chiefly with unrelated, if physically connected, structures and scattered objects of art, which are disposed almost at random about the open spaces. Visually, the curving glass façades of the Secretariat hog the show and spoil the possibilities of the rest of the site. They demand attention without evoking admiration. Most of the open space corresponds to the scraps left by a cookie cutter when the cookies are lifted out. Strangely, the only parts of

this complex that are properly related and subordinated are the series of car parks. Instead of providing one large area, the designers have intelligently distributed the automobiles in three smaller zones. This is in happy contrast to the usual sprawling Sahara of parked cars one finds in our own country.

Such an over-all layout would be successful only if the main building overwhelmingly captured and captivated the eye. But since the one structure that might have achieved this—the Conference Building—is hidden away in a corner, the whole scheme must stand or fall on the success of the Secretariat. That structure lacks the lordly emphasis of height that makes a few other office buildings—such as the Daily News Building and the Seagram Tower—effective, and, likewise, the sculptural form and the rich texture that made some of the earliest office buildings, like the Monadnock and the Schiller Buildings, in Chicago, and the Wainwright Building, in St. Louis, so handsome and effective. Instead, it is a repetitive void of glass, outlined in concrete and aluminum frames. In a structure as small as the Delegations Building, the repetitive anonymity of the Secretariat's office façades can be accepted, all the more because the trees and open spaces supply what the design does not, but the unbroken sweep of the Secretariat provides no interesting play of light and shade, no change of form, no modulation except what is offered by the *brise-soleils* or by the accidental changes of surface produced by its raised or lowered Venetian blinds. The result constitutes a sad if wholly unconscious caricature of the bureaucratic process.

By what blind compulsion did the architects of these buildings, and their client, the United Nations, repeat, with lamentable faithfulness, the basic error of the U.N. complex in New York—the mistake of letting the office building dominate the whole composition and virtually conceal the Conference Building? Perhaps our era of paperwork and processing, of manifolding and rubber-stamping and filing, constrains even the liveliest of creative minds from considering any departures from standard administrative practice. The Secretariat carries into architecture the fatal limitations of the bureaucratic mind. If architecture is essentially the creation of space, as Bruno Zevi eloquently demonstrated in his recent book on this theme, then plainly the designers of the UNESCO complex were uninterested in architecture, for, except in their treatment of the parking lots, they muffed all the many opportunities presented



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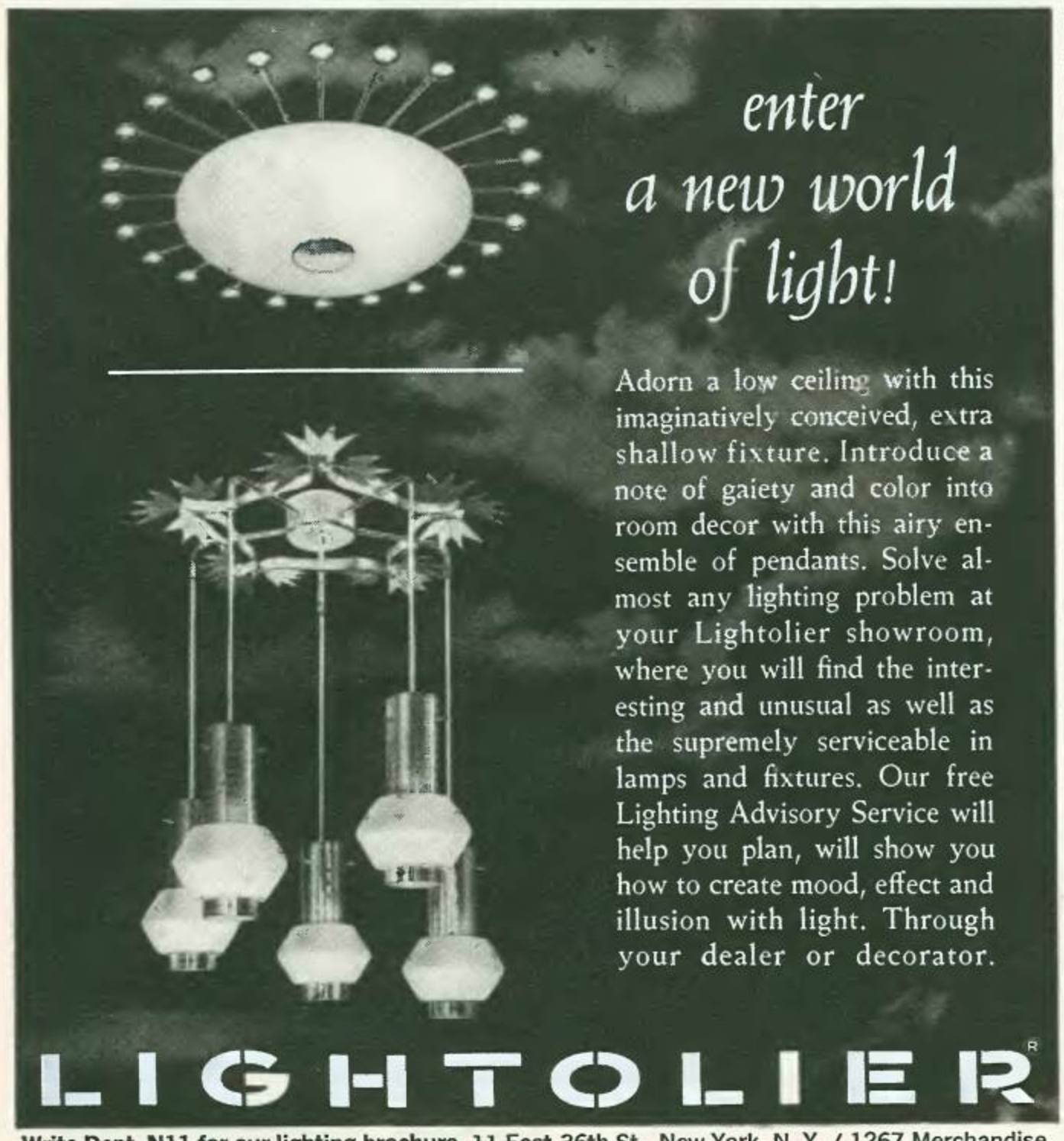
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them to give spatial order and unity to this whole composition. What the artists have triumphantly done is to assemble in one group of structures all the clichés of not only the last thirty years but the last century. Here we have the metal skeleton and glass wall (Paxton, 1851), the all-glass office building (Reliance Building, Chicago, 1891, and Mies van der Rohe, 1922), the *bâtiment en pilotis* (Le Corbusier's Swiss Pavilion and Maison d'Habitation), the *brise-soleil* (Le Corbusier and Niemeyer, Brazil, 1935). But in their totality they add up to zero, somewhat like the Stuttgart Exhibition Siedlung of the twenties, for the art of site planning and architectural composition, which alone could have brought them to life, seems wholly lacking. As experiments, all these new forms originally were admirable, for they enlarged the working vocabulary of the modern architect and opened possibilities that had hardly existed in a purely masonry architecture. The only thing wrong with automatically repeating these forms today is that they are no longer experiments. Some of them have failed and should be discarded; others must be used circumspectly, with a scrupulous attention to human requirements, never for the sake of looking "modern." These forms were conceived in terms of function, but they have now been reduced to tricks of decoration, or to symbolism without functional justification.

The most glaring misapplication of modern technical facilities is the indiscriminate use in the Secretariat of the all-glass wall. Except under the strictest discipline, this wall has proved to be an architectural nonentity, often an aberration, and it would have been relegated to a minor place long ago if architects had not foolishly clung to it as an easily identifiable symbol of progressive form. Unfortunately, practical men of affairs have sanctioned this hothouse mode of construction, functional only for forcing plants, because—alas!—glass is cheap, and a glass wall, if first costs alone are considered, is the least expensive way of sheathing a building sufficiently to make it seem habitable. This initial cheapness takes no account of later bills for heating and cooling, for cleaning and lighting, for extra insulation. As for habitability, only the north façade of a building can tolerate a maximum area of glass, as Breuer himself so adroitly used it in the offices of the Beehive department store, in Rotterdam. Even then, an excess of glass must be paid for in higher heating bills in the winter. But full exposure in-

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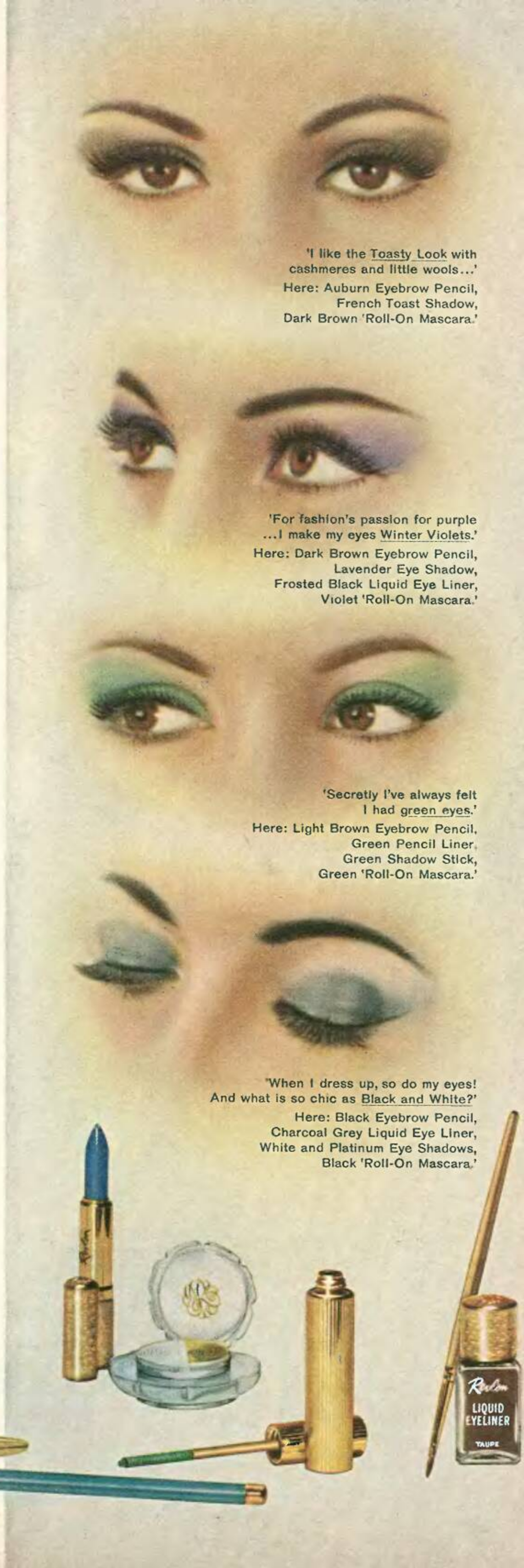
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doors to the sun, even in the latitude of Paris, comes under the head of cruel and unusual punishment. If one wants to keep cool in summer behind a yawning area of glass, one must forfeit the virtues of a window, including the pleasure of opening it and seeing through it; if one wants light, one must forfeit most of the virtues of a wall—privacy, seclusion, contrast, and comfort. Walls that are windows and windows that are walls cannot fulfill one function without spoiling the other. The careful disregard of this simple theorem has become almost the equivalent of a diploma in modern design.

Curiously, the architects of the Secretariat had at least a glimmer of this antipathetic relationship, for they provided sliding glass panels in the windows, which permit the air to flow freely and the full sunlight and its bacteria-killing ultraviolet rays to enter. (Glass obstructs these rays.) Not only that, but they erected vertical fins and horizontal overhangs—doing duty for the old-fashioned cornice—that extend beyond the glass walls and break the force of the sun when it becomes too hot. Beyond these buffers they hung horizontal bands, perhaps three feet high, composed of a new kind of glass that is supposed to diminish the heat rays and yet permit ultraviolet rays to pass through. In other words, the building boasts sunglasses, which have the sort of blackish tint you might give a glass of water by adding a spoonful of ink. Unhappily, they and their metal attachments give a blurred look to the façades that face the sun. (The north side of the building, which faces the Place de Fontenoy, naturally needs no sunshades and has windows that are set in more conventional stone frames.) But even these sheltering devices are insufficient in the morning or late afternoon, when the sun is not far above the horizon. On hot, sunny days, the offices, by all accounts, are decidedly uncomfortable. In America, the quack remedy for this mode of planning would be a costly system of air-conditioning backed up by Venetian blinds. But in the Secretariat only the rooms at ground level and in the basement are air-conditioned, so in some offices both Venetian blinds *and* curtains have been added to insure a modicum of comfort. In short, the architects have had to fabricate five coverings—two of glass, one of concrete and travertine, one of plastic or metal slats, one of textiles—most of which need to be cleaned frequently. What is worse, this tortuous scheme has aesthetic shortcomings as well as practical de-

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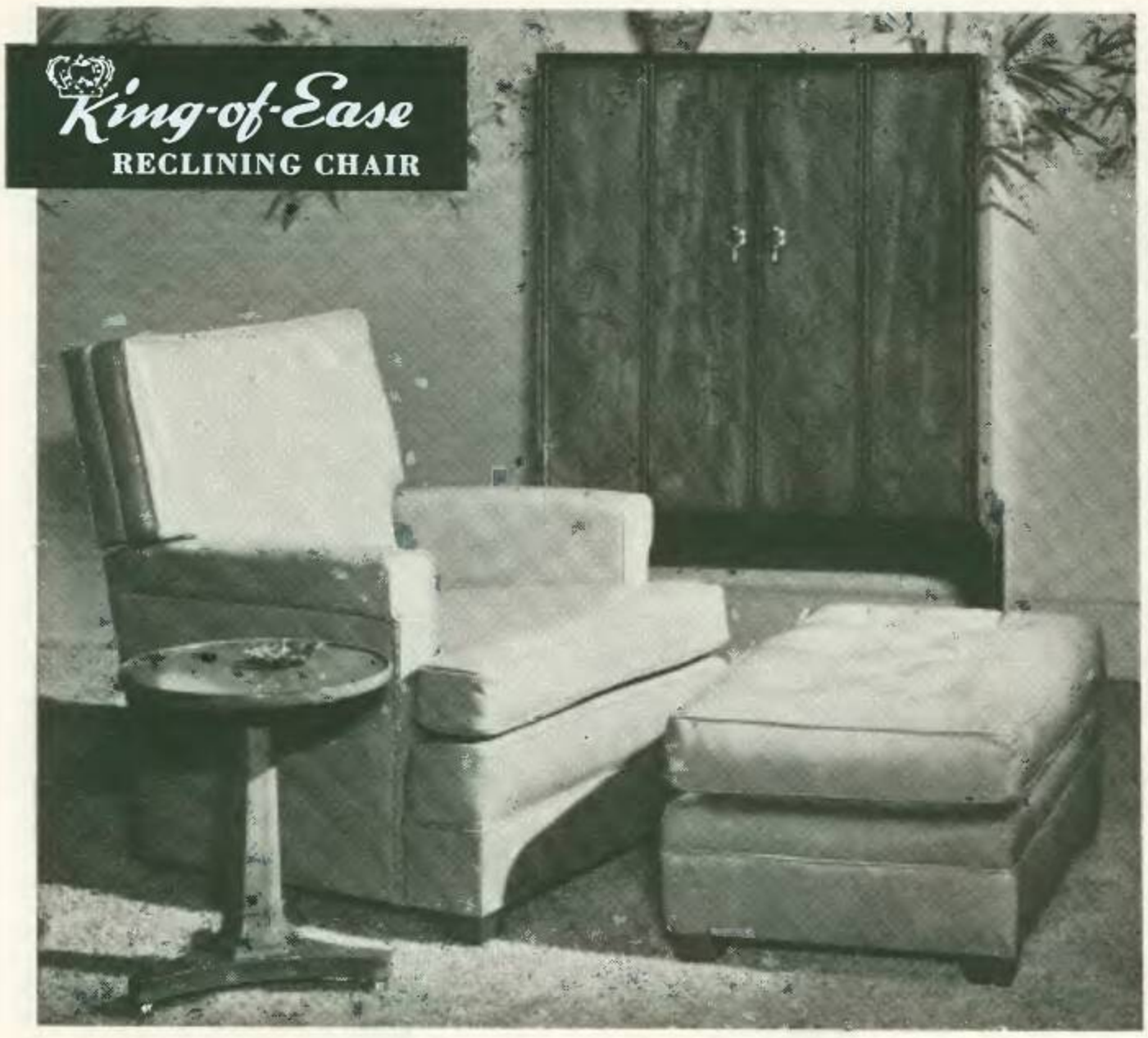
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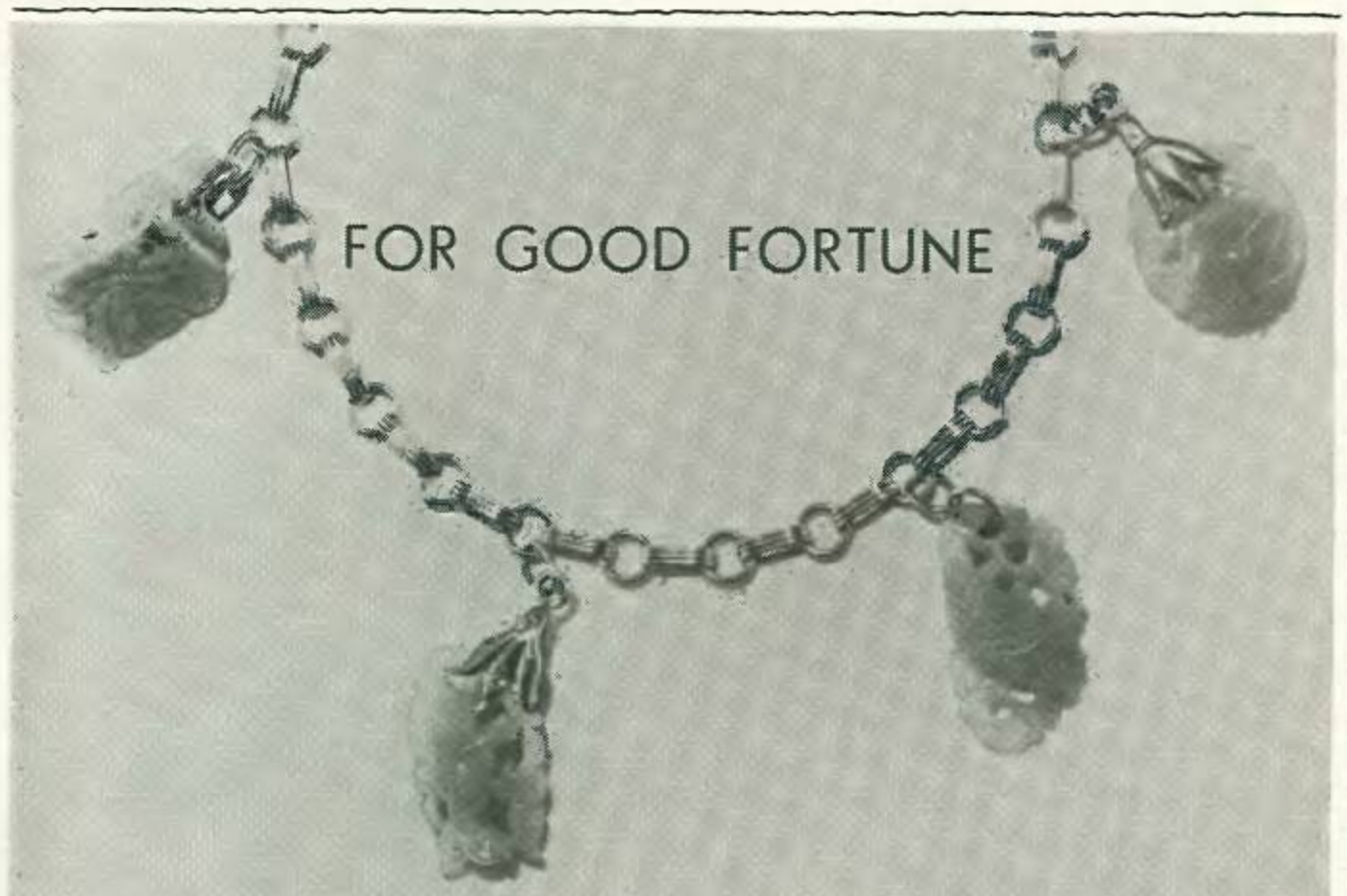


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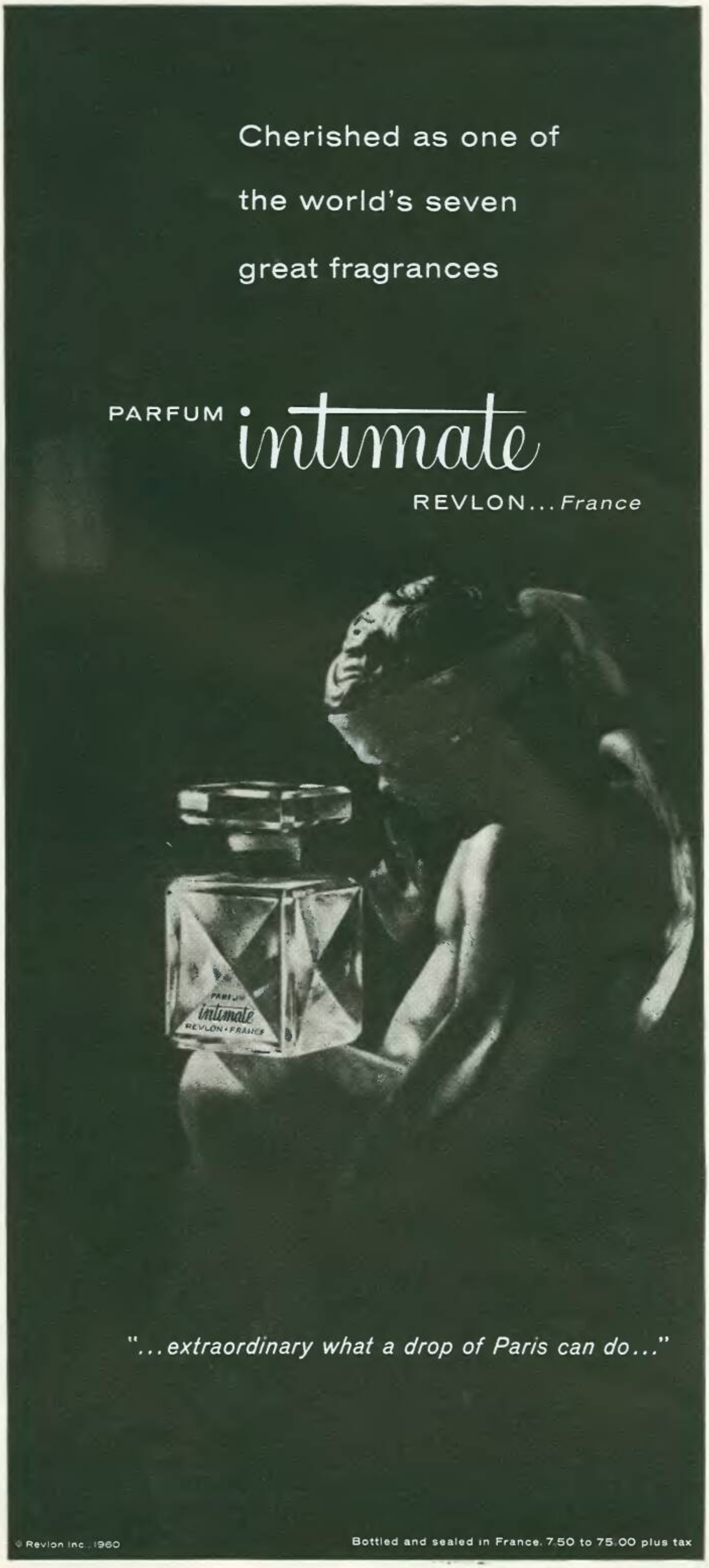
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fects. Apart from their fussy structural appendages, the ceiling-to-floor windows reveal, to the viewer outside, the usual litter of any office—the wastebaskets, the portfolios, the legs of the tables and of the stenographers. Glass below the level of a table serves no purpose as a medium for natural illumination, unless UNESCO officials, like little boys with the comics, like to lie on the floor to read their reports. By clinging to the now battered cliché of the all-glass wall, the architects have come no further along than the Victorian parlor, with its multiplicity of architectural petticoats, shutters, lace curtains, shades, and drapes. The technical means of compounding these errors are as contemporary as nuclear weapons, but the result itself is empty of either practical or aesthetic justification. Such purposeless architecture is perhaps a fitting prelude for even more purposeless collective extermination.

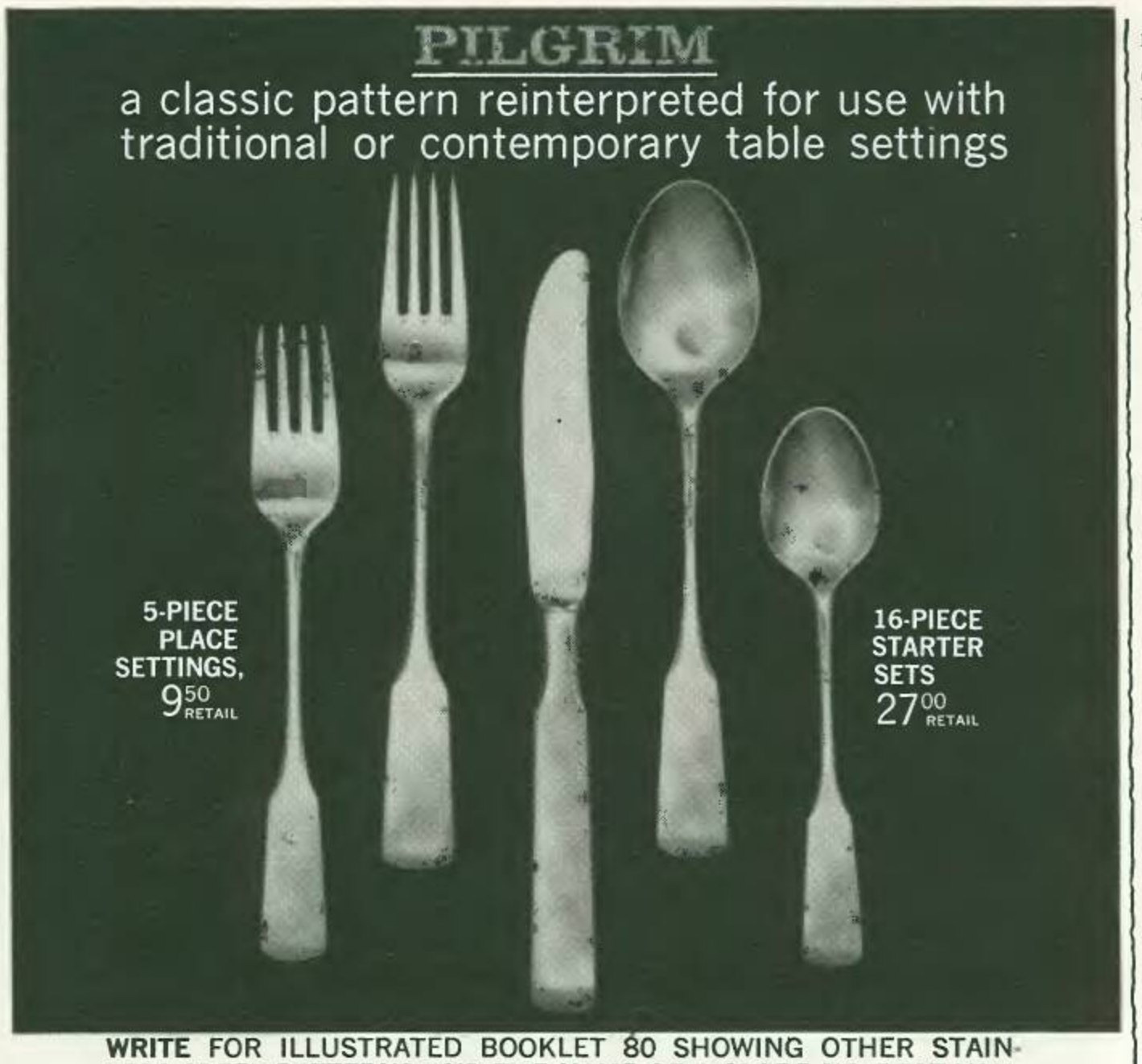
For seasonal changes and daily use, traditional masonry buildings are often superior to glassed-in enclosures. This perhaps explains why not a few modern architects coyly prefer to live in old-fashioned buildings instead of the ones they foist on their clients. Despite these patent disadvantages, buildings of steel and aluminum using a maximum amount of glass sheathing, easy to prefabricate, to build quickly, to tear down precipitately, have become the hallmarks of modern form, in Paris, Geneva, Genoa, and Athens, in Chicago, Caracas, and Mexico City, and these ill-conceived structures vie with the automobile in making life in cities disagreeable, inefficient, and oppressive. Glass is the one material that the modern mind has not apparently seen through. Hence the architecture of our time dangles dangerously between two contradictory extremes—the hothouse of glass and the windowless cave of concrete, the first fit only for growing plants, the second only to house a nuclear reactor or the cowering victims that await a nuclear holocaust. Neither is acceptable for permanent human habitation, and failure to play off one against the other in traditional fashion in the same structure results in an absence of contrast between light and shade, between innerness and outerness, between enclosure and openness, that is too often aesthetically deadly. The resulting flatness and dullness then incite the architect to meaningless caprice, as a host might seek to save a dull party by practicing parlor magic or standing on his head. The freedom to use new constructional methods and

new materials, which should give an immense range of choice to the architect, has instead produced a blind conformity to stock patterns, erected everywhere without regard for the site, the climate, the orientation, the outlook, the practical functions, or the desperate human embarrassment that results from ignoring these matters. Here, as in so many other phases of our life, we have turned a permission into a compulsion.

Among the other stale tags of once-modern modernism on exhibit in the UNESCO complex are the *pilotis* that support the Secretariat. In this form of construction, the many slim vertical columns that form a steel or concrete cage give way at the ground floor to a limited number of heavy columns, which, like the strong man at the bottom in a balancing act, lift the whole structure above the ground. Le Corbusier calls the use of *pilotis* a "liberation" of buildings from the earth, and, indeed, buildings so constructed do seem, from some angles, to float in the air, confronting the viewer not with a solid wall but with glimpses, between the *pilotis*, of verdure and vistas beyond. But since the architects of the Secretariat have almost completely enclosed this "liberated" space with glass walls, the aesthetic justification for using *pilotis* does not hold. Admittedly, within the building the *pilotis* form a striking corridor, giving almost the effect in perspective of a new-fangled triumphal arch as one walks down the middle. But while these gigantic forms permit reception desks and various kinds of magazine-and-postcard stalls to be freely disposed about the ground floor, they also march into the reference library and clutter up its all too narrow quarters. It appears, then, that the principal value of *pilotis* in the Secretariat is to "liberate" space at the ends of the building to provide room for extra motorcar parking. As for the Y plan of the building, the very fact that its curved façade fronts every point of the compass makes it forfeit the special virtue free-standing buildings might boast—that of being effectively oriented and arranged for comfort, and for easy circulation. The Y plan makes the Secretariat as hard to get one's bearings in as the Pentagon, so that, with good reason, the receptionists provide each visitor with a slip showing the layout of the whole group of buildings and the floor plan of the main building, on which the position of the room he is bound for is carefully checked. Each wing of the Secretariat has been assigned an identifying color of its own, which is



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repeated on a plaque beside the door of every room, but the interiors might be a little less cold and a little easier to identify if the doors, or their trim, or the walls of the corridors also bore the identifying color.

Unfortunately, the very form and size of the Secretariat have induced a uniform mass treatment of its parts, and the need for countering the atmosphere of a large-scale bureaucratic organization by interpolating small-scale units in which easy association and social intercourse can take place has been ignored. Here again the oversights and missed opportunities in the Secretariat in New York were forgotten. Take the restaurant and the cafeteria on the top floor, one of the few points at which the almost uniform window pattern is happily broken. These rooms are bright and pleasant, but they are dedicated to mass feeding (again a parallel with the Pentagon), which is perhaps why my French friends in UNESCO took me to an admirable restaurant in the neighboring quarter, instead of letting me feast solely on the view from the Secretariat. My guide boasted that the cafeteria is the most modern in Europe, and this probably means that it is equipped with electric stoves, which no self-respecting cook will use, and with steam tables, to enable quantities of food to be cooked long enough ahead of time to become stale and tasteless. (That is what "modern" usually means.) But even in America there is rebellion against mass feeding, and in some of our big offices rooms have been made over—with refrigerator and stove, and sometimes radio or television—to enable the lower echelons to eat their own food under more casual and sociable conditions, at a less pressing noon-hour tempo. A score of such kitchenettes, scattered over a building as big as the Secretariat, would have released the top floor for other purposes, such as the social functions of the upper echelons or the growing demands of the library, already crowded and constricted in its present *piloti*-infested quarters downstairs. Unless the small unit and the intimate scale are respected at every turn, world organization might become another name for totalitarian automatism, which would betray all its noble hopes. Perhaps the most unkind thing one could say about the Secretariat is that the architects, with their unrevised clichés and stereotypes, have succeeded in making it look like any other office building in any other place. They have glorified all too faithfully the bureaucratic look. The great human enterprise on which UNESCO has embarked

is not reflected in this structure and site layout, and receives little aid from its manner of execution.

The ultimate effect of casting about for visible abatement of the bureaucratic look would probably have been to create a more interesting façade—one with the liveliness that has been achieved, precisely by a careful regard for social relationships, in Harvard's new Quincy House. In a desperate effort to save the Secretariat from utter dullness, the architects have produced an external decoration that comes close to architectural comedy. This is provided by free-standing fire stairs, set in open space beyond the outer walls. The stairs, which are spiral, the steps fanning out from a central vertical column, are a picturesque device, but their sole safeguard is a fragile handrail. Anyone who has climbed a spiral stairway in a cathedral tower knows that going down is even more difficult than going up, though the solid walls that encase it are reassuring, and one may pause without danger of vertigo or stumble without the prospect of slipping under the railing to one's doom. True, these fire stairs were meant only for firemen, but even the noble *pompiers* of Paris are human. A concrete version of these stairs had already been constructed with conscious playfulness by Le Corbusier, in the Marseille Unity House, and now we shall probably find similar forms burgeoning everywhere, to take the place of the cantilevered floor as a symbol of the veritably modern. But this new cliché should be scotched before it does any real damage to life or limb. All in all, both the central concept of the UNESCO building and the site plan that derives from it hardly deserve a passing mark, even after the most lenient examination. The Conference Building, on the other hand, deserves scrutiny and a large measure of commendation, which it shall later receive in these columns—all the more because it suggests, in addition to its own architectural merits, what could have been a sounder setting and a handsomer design for the whole UNESCO group.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

(*This is the first of two articles on the new UNESCO buildings in Paris.*)

•

Dr. William L. Whitson, vice president of the Martin Co. in charge of the Denver Division which is producing the Titan intercollegiate ballistic missile, went back to school this week.—*Denver Post.*

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NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XXII—CHARLESTON, S. C.

ALT., 10. Pop., 70,174. Only a Charlestonian intent upon being ostracized, or worse, would make she-crab soup with a he-crab. Charlestonians make she-crab soup with the same tender, loving care they lavish on their children and their gardens. They are liberal about the ancillary ingredients of she-crab soup—the she-crab soup can have a tomato base or a milk base, and various kinds of delicious greens can be thrown in, and mace or Worcestershire or sherry may be included—but they draw the line when it comes to putting in a he-crab. Charlestonians know that the she-crabs have the roe and that the roe imparts the flavor to the soup. Knowledge of this sort, firmly held, can sustain people during troubled, changing times, and the ladies of Charleston's Old Guard are sustained.

The Old Guard is difficult to define. Some students of Charleston claim that one is a member of the Old Guard if one had a Charlestonian grandfather and has lived in Charleston for seventy-five years. Others set the residence requirement at fifty years (the Charlestonian grandfather is, of course, mandatory), but in certain quarters this is considered a laughable, if not dangerous, notion. Still others claim that the Old Guard is directly descended from persons who settled in Charleston between 1670 and 1720, when the she-crabs were first separated from the he-crabs. In any event, members of the Old Guard know who are members and who are not, and people who are not know they are not. People who maintain social relations with the Old Guard but are not themselves members are known as the Group. The Group is nothing to sneeze at, but it is not the Old Guard. Everybody who does not belong to the Old Guard or the Group just lives in Charleston.



The ladies of the Old Guard are militant; they leap into action with terrifying swiftness when word reaches them that an old oak tree is about to be chopped down or an old house dismantled. When nothing like this is happening, they spend a good deal of time sewing ante-bellum garments for use in concerts by the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals. Most of them are members of at least thirty cultural organizations, and their afternoons are filled with cultural pursuits. They love poetry. It is often said that the Old Guard forms its collective opinions without recourse to the spoken word, by passing from one member to another some arcane signal, totally unintelligible to outsiders, including the Group. However, it is also said that the Old Guard, or at least its female division, hangs on the telephone a great deal, especially in the mornings, and that its opinions are formed and its stands taken after lengthy gabfests. A newcomer to Charleston who qualifies for the Group is abundantly entertained by the Old Guard for six months. He is invited everywhere, and then is left strictly alone for a year. This is known as the "settling-out period," or "shake-down." Newcomers who have been wined and dined and asked to cocktail parties (Charleston cocktail parties, unlike cocktail parties elsewhere, *end;* they are subdued, and are over at a definite hour) are often bewildered and feel neglected at the close of the first six months, when they sit around waiting for the phone to ring. But it will not ring for a year, and it may never ring again. The Old Guard places its most treasured seal of approval on the professions of the law and medicine. The clergy follows. Yet the clergy can never be too sure of itself, even though its connections are generally above reproach. The Old Guard expects a great deal of its pastors. It is considered bad form for a pastor to pass up a cocktail party, and it is assumed that he will make a continuous round of calls. If, after the shake-down, the telephone doesn't ring, a pastor would be well advised to investigate another city. The Old Guard does not frown upon businessmen—provided, of course, that their businesses are successful ones. Insurance people are well thought of in Charleston. The Negroes buy a great deal of insurance, and need all they can get.

The male members of the Old Guard hold fast to their time-honored ways. Large numbers of them live in what are known as Charleston single houses (the piazzaed front of the house faces not on the street but on a private garden stretching back at right angles to the street, and one must enter the garden to reach the front door) in the area known as South of Broad. Charleston lies on a peninsula separating the Ashley

and the Cooper Rivers; Broad Street is less than a mile from the tip, or Battery, and Fort Sumter, a household word, is clearly visible from the Battery. There is a heavy concentration of Old Guard houses South of Broad, but they are by no means confined to that area. A good many of the Old Guard live North of Broad, but not too *far* North. Too far North and one starts running into other Charlestonians. The men of the Old Guard leave home at some point in their lives—perhaps to go to college or visit the Louvre—but they generally come home again. The Old Guard men eat a hearty breakfast, frequently including shrimp. The Charleston shrimp are creek shrimp, tiny and succulent. A Charleston gentleman finishes his breakfast about nine and strolls to his office. At ten, he meets other gentlemen for coffee. The phrase "coffee break" is inadmissible, but it's a coffee break just the same. It is known simply as "coffee." Charleston gentlemen conduct some of their most intricate financial business during coffee. They then return to their offices and think about Fort Sumter until lunchtime.

Lunch is a vast affair; it is eaten at two o'clock, and at home. More often than not, it will include she-crab soup. The ladies of the house try to be home for lunch with their husbands; they have been on the phone all morning, setting the tone, and are preparing for a strenuous afternoon of good works. The men bring home news of the day.

"Saw the Mittredges getting into their car this morning. She was wearing garden boots. They must be in town," the husband may say.

"Her mother was a Manning," the wife will reply.

The Charleston gentleman returns to his office at four-thirty, and remains there until six, thinking about Fort Sumter.

Supper is at eight, and is a light repast—some sandwiches and a salad—prepared by the servants, who have departed. Few servants sleep in.

"Saw the Mittredges getting out of their car this morning," the husband may say at supper. "They must be in town."

"I heard about it from Polly Elizabeth," the wife will say. "I *was* aggravated today by Shirley Anne. She insisted that not only the first edifice of St. Philip's but the second as well was built of wood. I insisted it was brick, started in 1710 and finished in 1733."

"You are entirely correct," the husband will say.

"You would think that she would

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know the *simpler* historical facts," the wife will say. "What really upsets her is that the first edifice stood where St. Michael's now stands. It hurts her pride, I suppose."

"I told you I saw the Mittredges, didn't I?" the husband will say.

"You did," the wife will say. "Her mother was a Manning."

Over weekends, many of the she-members of the Old Guard find themselves swept up in a continuous round of charitable activities, and the men head for the Carolina Yacht Club or the Charleston Club, or go hunting. They are back home in time for a big breakfast on Monday morning.

THOUSANDS of male Charlestonians do not eat their lunches at home. "There is a newer element that just cannot find the leisure to get home for lunch," an elderly Charlestonian said recently. "They eat near their factories or places of employment. The city is changing. I am actually finding it difficult to distinguish between accents—the uptown talk from the downtown, the Johns Island from the James Island, the McClellanville from the Georgetown."

Visitors to the city always ask to see the Citadel, a military college, which is easily located, and Catfish Row, which is not. "My feeling about Porgy," a Charlestonian remarked not long ago, "is that Porgy belongs to all of us, and is everywhere. That dear little man in his goat cart! I find that if you point to an alley and say 'Catfish Row,' visitors are perfectly satisfied and return North happy." Some guides insist that the authentic Catfish Row is a small aperture not far from the remodelled Dock Street Theatre, a thriving community playhouse, on a sedate street of Old Guard houses, Group houses, and houses. "It must be Catfish Row," they say, "since Porgy's Shop is right over *there* and the Goat Cart is right across the street." Both of these establishments are gift shops. Caucasian.

—Philip Hamburger

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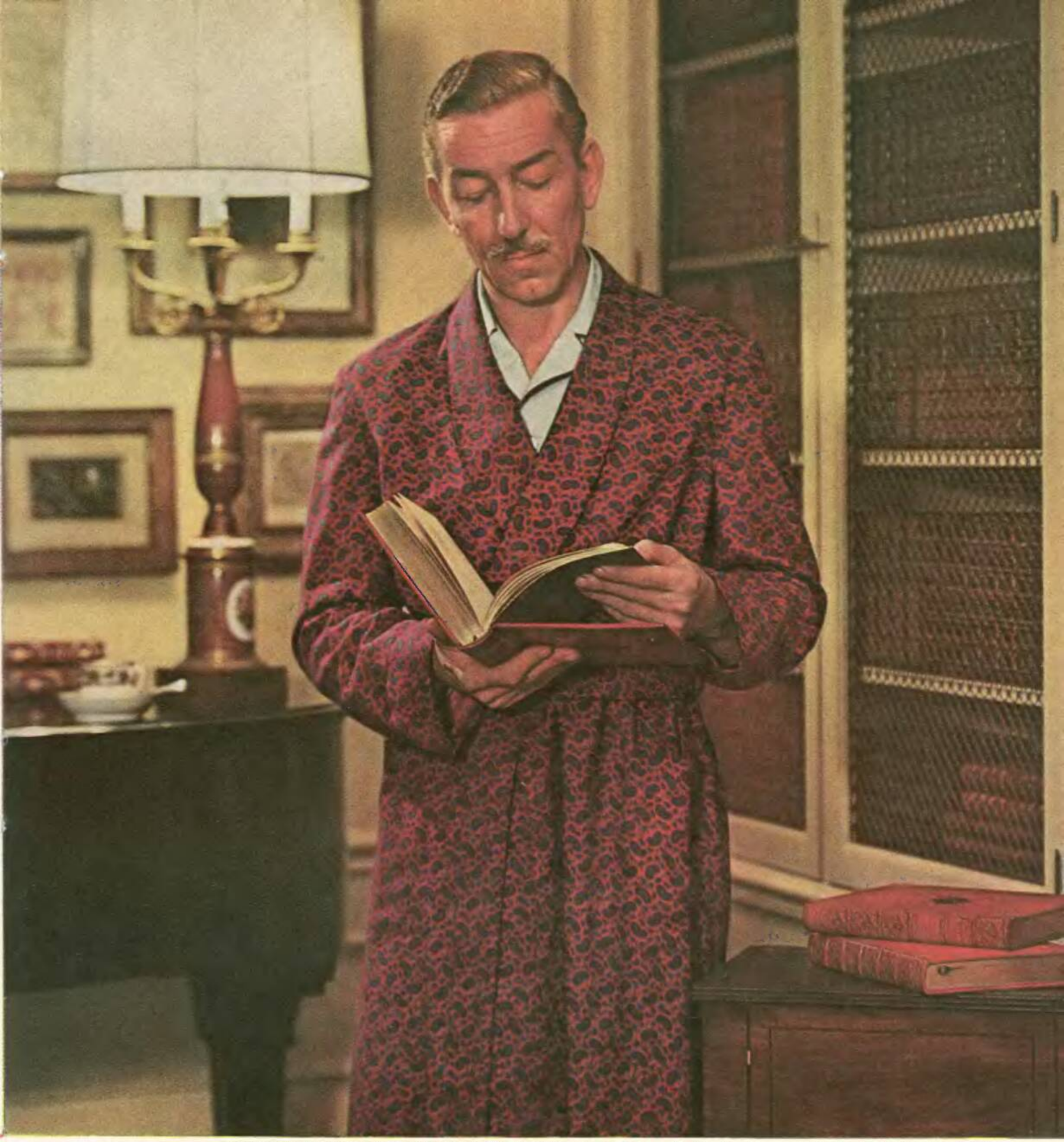
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LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 2



FOR several reasons, none of them agreeable, this present week is being called *la semaine algérienne*—in Paris, at least. In the recent sudden stampeding of French public opinion toward its old, impatient vision of peace, the Algerian problem has now become the dominant national concern for France; for the survival, possibly, of the Fifth Republic; and certainly for the verbal genius of President de Gaulle to solve and finally give his clear answer to. The painful significances contained in this Algerian Week started Tuesday, November 1st, the sixth anniversary of the beginning of the Algerian rebellion, which began almost privately, at two o'clock in the morning, with some first shots fired in the Aurès escarpments of the Atlas Mountains. Far away, in Paris, M. Mendès-France was the head of the French government, which, understandably, was not greatly worried by this rebellious skirmish. So Wednesday of this week was the day when the skirmish, which has survived a dozen or more French governments, entered its seventh year as a continuous war. Tomorrow, Thursday, there opens at the Palais de Justice the trial that has already been dubbed the *procès des barricades*, which will intensify the emotions of the diminishing group of the extreme Rightists, who demand that Algeria must remain unindependent, unautonomous, and purely French Chief among the sixteen civilian insurgents who will appear in the prisoner's box is M. Pierre Lagaillarde, deputy from Algiers and mainspring of the bloody insurrection of last January 24th, when the *ultras* set up their barricades in the center of that city in rebellion against the distant authority of the French government and, more locally, against General de Gaulle's then recent declaration for Algerian self-determination. In the melee, twenty-four French people were killed. Also on Thursday, M. Jacques Soustelle, leader of a brand-new anti-Gaullist Right Wing integrationist party, which he candidly calls the National Front for French Algeria, will be holding a suburban caucus with his best-known followers, mostly former high Fourth Republic politicians like Georges Bi-

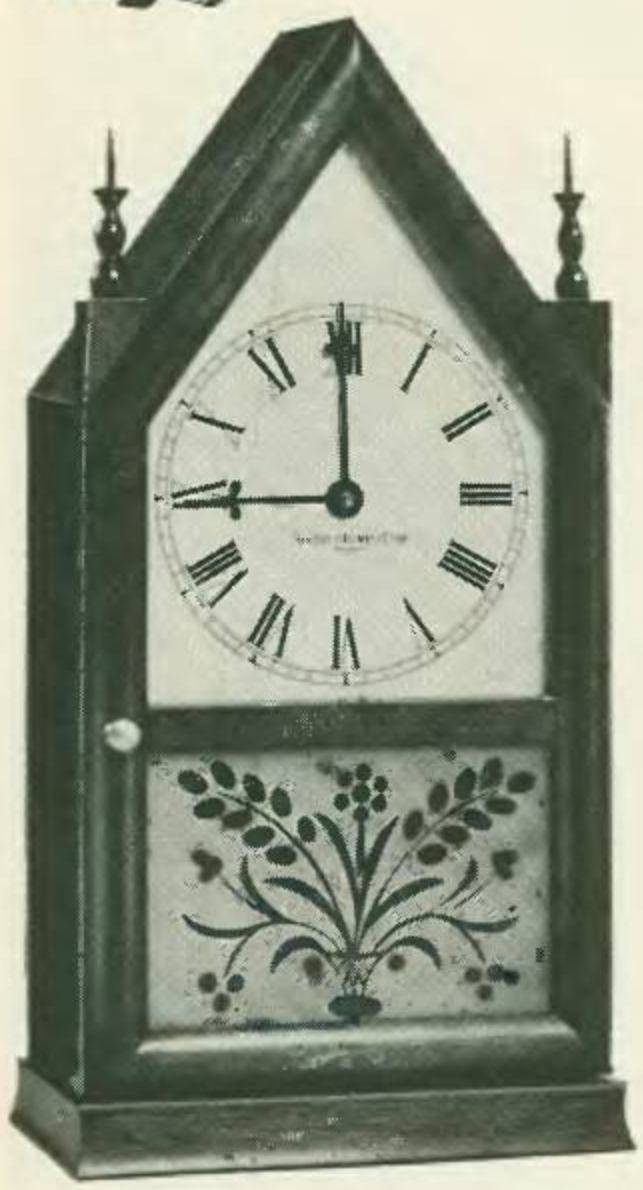


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dault, Maurice Bourgès-Maunoury, and Robert Lacoste. In order to appreciate all these incredible confusions now going on here, it must be recalled that Soustelle was the leading brainy figure behind the other Algiers insurrection—the one of May 13, 1958—which put de Gaulle into power in the first place; was chief of the Gaullist Parliamentary party, the Union of the New Republic; and was also de Gaulle's appointee as Minister of Information. Then, last February, de Gaulle dropped him from his government as a malcontent, after which the U.N.R. ejected him into limbo, where he has found other anti-Gaullist companions.

To all intents, the week will end on Friday night, when President de Gaulle will address his uneasy country in a televised allocution. France is waiting to listen to him with critically acute hope and a certain preliminary sense of alarm, anxious to see how well, at this perhaps crucial moment, he will be able to do for himself in his accustomed literary outflow of echoing, magnificent, though not always communicative, language. Now, according to the French, is the time for the General to communicate—now, when pragmatic faith in him has started falling, even though he is still master of France, with its citizens, and even history, once again waiting to hear him speak. It is true that he has been talking briefly, off and on for the past few months, in the conscientious majestic appearances that he has made in the countryside and in towns all over the land—a bareheaded, aged patriot still offering the more intelligent glories of France to provincial, often humbly chauvinist crowds, who have cherished his words and his appeals for national greatness and strength as they listened under their umbrellas in the rain. "*Aidez-moi, Français!*" he demanded in an appeal he made in one Alpine town, and was loudly reassured by cheers—as, indeed, he was almost everywhere. In another town, he spoke scornfully of "those persons who pretend to appraise the management of France—politicians, trade-union men, military men, journalists, and others." Certainly the journalists have a score to settle with him, as have millions of literate republicans all over France who also believe in free speech and, like the journalists, resent his regime's too frequent suppression of the liberty of the critical faculties of the press—on Army security orders, of course, of course, of course. Talking in the Midi city of Menton, and again pursuing the topic of how France should be run and

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by whom, he declared, "The control of France belongs to those who have been made responsible for it, and it thus belongs, *par excellence*, to me. I say this without any beating about the bush." Not since Louis XIV's declaration "*L'État, c'est moi*," at which no one in those times dared smile, have the French as a nation smiled so broadly as at de Gaulle's paraphrase. He has now been nicknamed Général Moi in the weekly satiric papers. Since the Menton speech, *Le Canard Enchaîné*, which is always against any government, and especially de Gaulle's, has been running a political gossip column entitled "La Cour," written in an uproarious take-off on the grand style of the court memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon, which the *Canard* has illustrated with a wonderful caricature of de Gaulle dressed up like the King, with a nose the size of a Versailles chandelier.

De Gaulle was called to power two and a half years ago by what seemed destiny—plus an enormous majority in a referendum—as the one man in France who might perform the miracle of bringing his country back to something like its old portrait. He has made France once again rich, sound, prosperous, handsome. Only in one major way, as the French deplore, has the miracle failed to come off—in Moslem Algeria. Part of the loyalty and hope still felt for de Gaulle lies in the fact that now, as then, there is nobody else of his pure and patriotic height visible on the French landscape. In fact, there is no one in sight at all, of any experienced quality, who has not already failed at what de Gaulle has not yet succeeded in completing. The only real fear here among the general public and the Parliament is that he might abandon them under criticism and disappointment, and retire again to Colombey-les-Deux-Églises and his solitary study of history, leaving them with no one fit to command—the replica of their situation when he came into it.

OF M. Jules Roy's much discussed brief book "La Guerre d'Algérie," published a fortnight ago, one literary critic here said, in grave appreciation, "It has taken six years of the Algerian war's death and tears for such a voice to be heard." Actually, two fraternal voices—one French, one Algerian—rise from its author, Roy being, like his friend Albert Camus (to whose memory he dedicates the book), a *pied noir*, or blackfoot, which is colonial slang for those white French born in North Africa. It is this dual identity, like a double

Fair ladies and honest gentlemen, a bid for your most gracious attention!

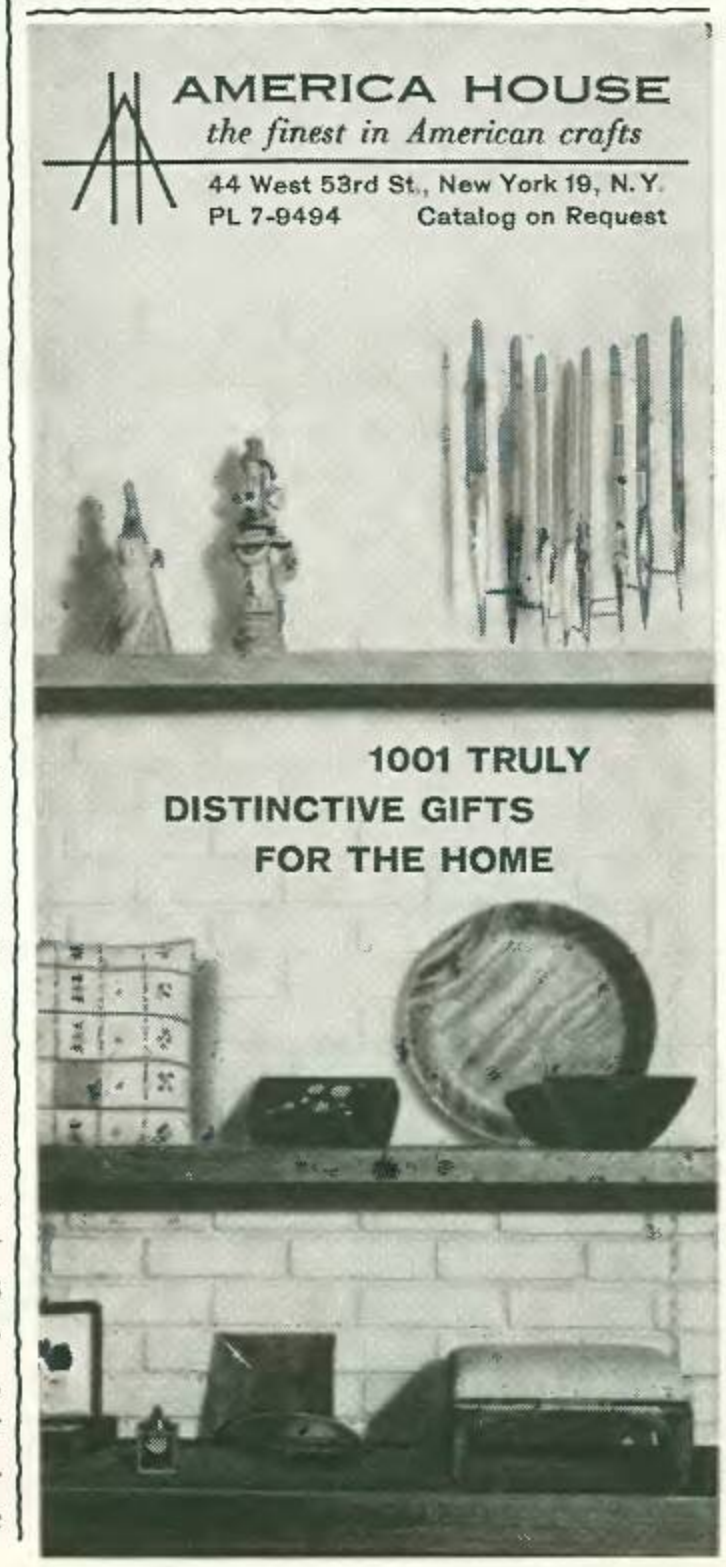
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slice of racial knowledge and human emotions, and this French brain, familiar since childhood with the Arab mind, that give Roy's book its impact as the most moving condemnation to date of the war and the most authoritative simple explanation of its cause; together, these qualities have already brought it an enormous reading public at this moment of high tension in the Algerian problem. It was partly in memory of Camus that Roy felt forced to visit the Algeria of his youth this summer, where he crossed the damaged countryside "escorted by ruins and spectres"—the burned native villages and the roadside encampments of homeless, hungry Arabs. "I had to go to see it all in order to explain where it seemed to me the truth lay, provided I could find it," he writes.

His book's simple account, in the first person, is enriched by his feelings, mostly sadness and anger, at what he sees, is told, or remembers. A third-generation *pied noir* on his mother's side, he was brought up south of Algiers on her family's modest farm, where the menfolk had died, mostly of overwork or malaria, in clearing the marshland to plant their grapevines. They were helped to prosperity by the ill-paid Arabs, whom they called *les ratons*, the rats—a filthy, inferior, stupid, animal-like race (he was taught), whom, as he recently heard in Algeria from today's embittered, alarmed French whites, including his own sister-in-law, "our error has been to treat with too much humanity." Roy's first, and indeed final, conclusion about the truth, backed by pages of anecdotes and painful conversations with both races, is that simple "social injustice"—the white men's con-



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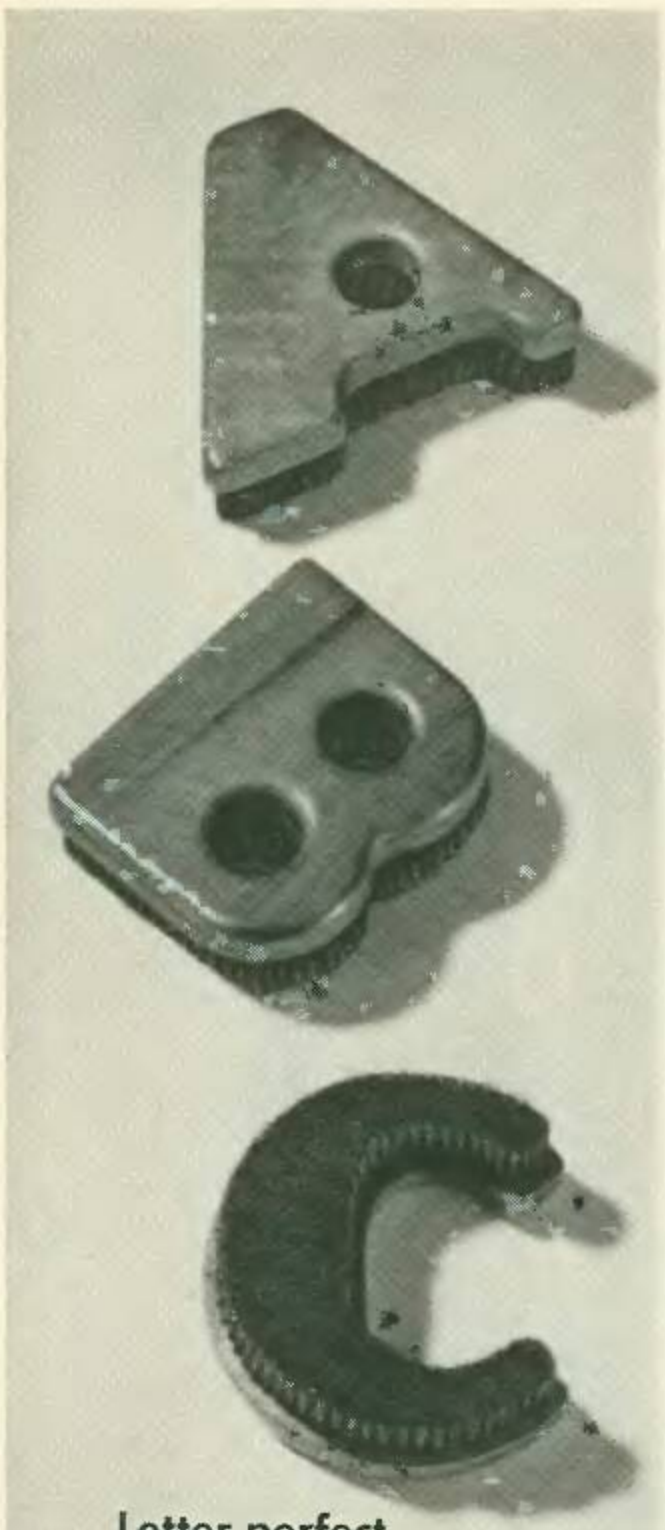
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tempt, tyranny, psychological cruelty, and greed—"opened the road to the Algerians' rebellion." In his travels to Toudja, a Kabyle district where there are three times as many women alive now as men (an insight into the *fellaghas*' war losses); to Sakiet, of terrorist memory; and to Bône, where French military barbed wire drapes the suburban hills on which an olive tree marks the site of St. Augustine's birth, he accumulated the jigsaw facts that make up his tragic picture of the civil war there today. In the face of the modern, mechanized French Army, the rebels are "unseizable, like dust," fleeing or fighting across familiar ground. Everywhere there are some Arabs who work as menials or spies for the French Army—for pay, to feed their families, or from demoralization or cowardice in so long and cruel a war. The Arab women are made of harder stuff in their racial loyalty; "an Antigone dwells within each one of them." Work is scarce, grainfields are wasted, and the fig trees, without cultivation, have become barren. Everyone helps pay for the war that all suffer from, either with a pittance of monthly dues forced from each poor Arab family for the F.L.N. Army under threat of someone's throat being cut or with heavy contributions gladly paid by rich white farmers or industrialists to prevent their property from being destroyed. The Arab policy of terrorism against whites and other Arabs is the rebels' horrifying and inexpensive way of waging war and proving that their rebellion still exists, because on the military level, Roy says, the F.L.N. Army is beaten today. However, the rebels' determination for national independence is still victorious. The only military aim left to the F.L.N. now is to create insecurity, which forces France's army of half a million men, costing a ruinous two million dollars a day, to remain in North Africa in a war of so-called pacification, "with their boots full of blood." Roy sees the conflict as a civil war between unequal and dissimilar members of mankind, with a chasm between them of a thousand years in their civilizations and weapons—opponents unrelated by anything except their struggle of wills.

The last part of the book could be called "Dialogue with a Captain," who is a French officer of harsh, high intelligence, a man of arms devoted to his cause with the passion of a crusader because he believes it noble and just—"the defense of the Occident," the great, civilized West. This dialogue is the crux of the book, a vivid, multiple-paged an-

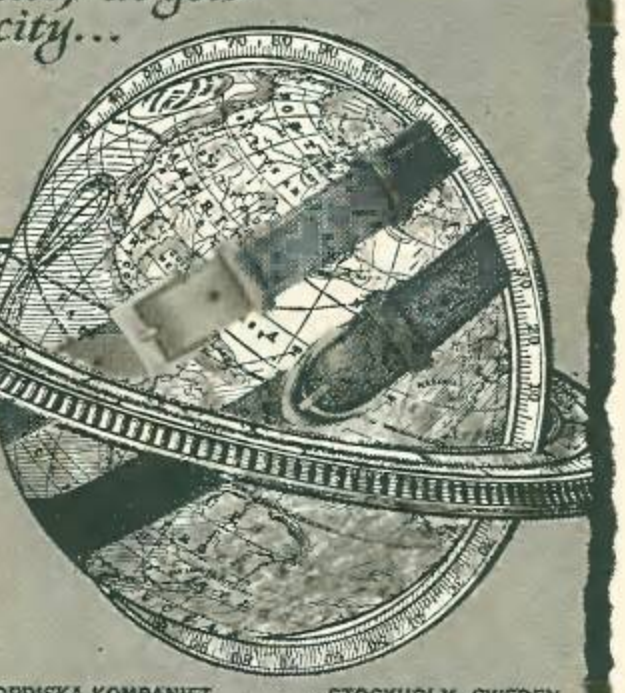


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alysis by two military men of opposing political and social minds (for Roy served in the French Air Force for twenty-six years and fought as a colonel over Germany and in Indo-China). It is a basic dialogue between an Army *ultra*, or patriotic French Fascist, and a French intellectual liberal. It takes place dramatically in the captain's nocturnal fighting post, a control tower overlooking part of the electrified barbed-wire barricade that seals off Algeria at the Tunisian border so as to intercept and electrocute any Algerian night fighters slipping in from their camps in Tunis, though often enough it captures only wild boars or hares—"roasted, the captain said." In his finale, Roy declares, "The only way to stop this war is to negotiate—on condition that each of the adversaries abandon part of his pretensions." He ends his labors on the Algerian truths with a tender, reproachful invocation of his close friend Camus, who he thinks could have handled the matter better, saying, "You could have saved me all this by returning [to Paris from the country] by train on January 5th, as you wrote me you would, instead of leaving by car a day earlier." It will be recalled that Camus and Michel Gallimard, the son of his publisher, lost their lives in a motor accident on January 4th, en route to town. —GENÊT

•

1925 . . . TWO FAMOUS TRIALS

The trials of John T. Scopes and Colonel "Billy" Mitchell attracted more attention than any other legal proceedings in U.S. history. Scopes was arrested in Dayton, Tenn., for violation of the state law which forbade the teaching of the theory of evolution. He was defended by Clarance Darrow and Dudley Field Malone. Scopes was convicted and fined $100, but the verdict was eventually reversed by the Tennessee Supreme Court. William Jennings Bryan, who served as one of the prosecuting attorneys, died soon after the trial.

A court-martial was held for Colonel Mitchell who advocated expanding the air force and made predictions of air power that have since come true. He accused the military high command of "incompetency, criminal negligence and almost treasonable administration of national defense." He was found guilty and suspended for five years without pay or allowances. Later, President Calvin Coolidge restored the allowances and granted him half pay, but upheld the suspension. Shortly afterwards, Colonel Mitchell resigned from the army.

This was the year that Kraft came out with colorful half-pound packages of American, Pimento, Swiss, Brick and Limburger cheeses.—*From a Kraft publication.*

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



AS I have toured the custom salons, inspecting beautiful furs—by the likes of Rainer and Esther Dorothy and Partos—that are, in the main, beyond my means (Partos is *such* sweet sorrow), I have been bothered by the way so many customers try on the delectable offerings. Rigid and unbending, they face the mirror as though it were a firing squad, the coats drooping straight from the shoulders; the garments might as well be on hangers. In my book, furs should nestle, huddle, envelop, and protect the lucky wearer, who, it is to be assumed, isn't eternally going to just *stand* there but might even *do* something. So please try fooling around with the collars to see how they'll look in various poses (and most collars have many), and try wrapping the coats around you, and sitting in them, so that you can see what fun those big investments are. It simply isn't fair to most of the things I shall be getting around to in a minute to let them merely dangle.

EMERIC PARTOS, of Bergdorf Goodman, has gone all out for what he calls the "horseshoe" silhouette (it could also be described as a turtle-backed one), which starts narrow, often as high as the ear lobes, and billows smoothly down sloping shoulders, widens at the mid-section, and curves in at the hem. Often, coats or capes with this line have, atop them, separate mentonnière collars, many of them seven inches deep, that cuddle up to the chin and then slant toward the tips of the shoulders to continue that horseshoe line. These collars could do a lot for that cloth coat of yours; since everything here is custom, no one has to have sable all the way down. Alfred Rainer hints at this horseshoe line in an extra-de-luxe coat of black Russian broadtail that arches out on the hips, where three small bands of braid emphasize the width (of the *coat*, that is). This is lined with the darkest of vertically worked ranch mink. The same mink, horizontally worked, makes the facing inside the closing and on the big shawl collar. And when it comes to manipulating furs, never underestimate the magnificent Partos, who has created coats using the widest skins extant—two mink or sable skins, welded together in an arcane manner to produce horizontal bands that are six inches or more across. These are mounted on chiffon to make them lightweight; the indentations top and bottom emphasize the width.

For the sporting life, there are many beautiful inventions. *Numero uno* is Hattie Carnegie's all-purpose travel coat, of mink sides in every imaginable mutation. (I saw it in Diadem, which is Devonshire cream in hue, but Autumn Haze, white, and many others are available.) The sides are sent to Greece to be sewn up, and they return looking like a bolt of cloth, which is then cut like cloth, too. The pointed collar at each side of the square of satinwood buttons that makes the closing can be turned up to the rear (it's backed with fur) or hooked to accomplish a turtleneck closing. For that matter, *all* Carnegie collars are infinitely adjustable. To be merciful for once, such a coat comes to $935, *taxe comprise*. Esther Dorothy was a pioneer in doing the car coat. Hers has a deep vent in back (covered by an overlap) that extends above the waistline and is secured below by a single button. When the owner sits, she unbuttons this vent and spreads the coat out on each side of her. Dorothy is also the perpetrator of the biggest pockets around, some of which (placed very low) are all of fifteen inches deep. A full-length coat of cheetah with buttons down the front embodies both the vent and these pock-



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he sings very dirty songs in some spot down in the Village."

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SPANDEX





a ***Low-back 'New Dimension' Merry Widow®*** *with front zipper, Lycra back, Antron® nylon front, nylon lace contour cups, elastic of nylon-spandex-polyester, #1308. White, Black or Red Pepper. $16.50.*

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Imagine! A control girdle that's ⅓ lighter, ⅓ cooler than those you're used to!

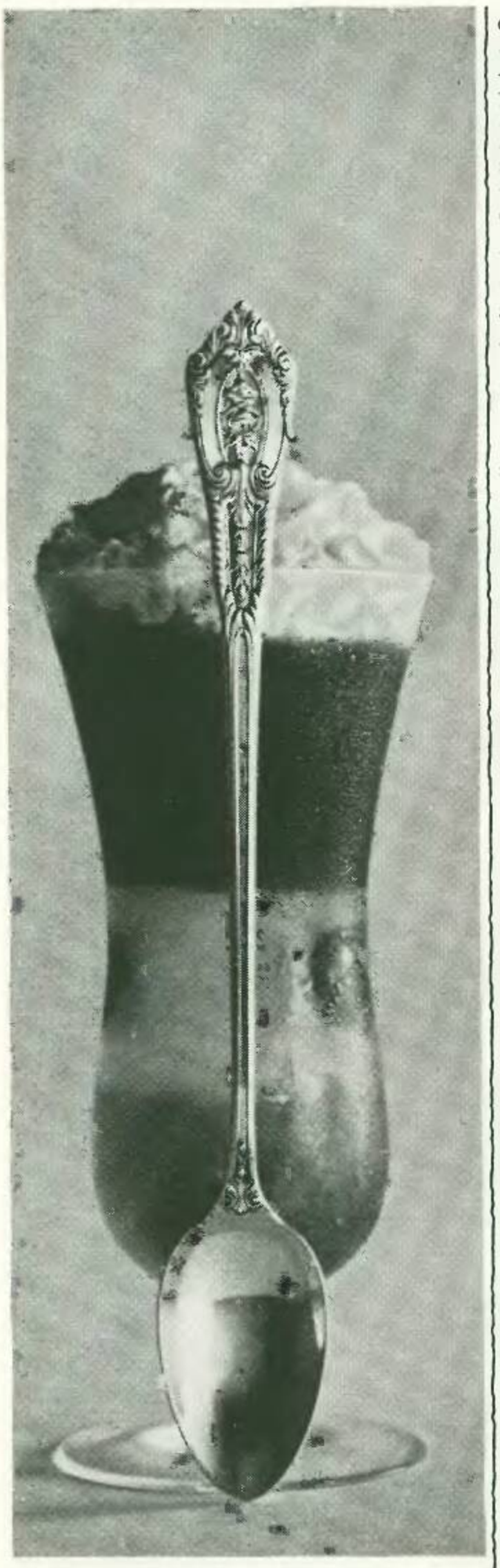
The shape of things to come is right on this page! Your days of "heavyweight" slimming are over! The elastic in Warner's® 'New Dimension' girdle gives all the control you want, yet weighs ⅓ less than the ordinary kind. It's made of Lycra®, you see, the extraordinary new elastic fiber that Warner's and DuPont worked hand in hand to develop.

What's more, your 'New Dimension'™ will keep its "life" far longer than other girdles or bras—because Lycra resists the perspiration and body oils that sooner or later ruin conventional elastics. And, light and lovely as it is, your 'New Dimension' launders easily and can be machine-washed!

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WALLACE STERLING

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ets, plus two sharp fins projecting from the sides of the vent to impart a Cadillac look in profile. At Alfred Rainer is a Brooks Brothers sort of raincoat (I happened to see it in poplin) whose nutria lining barely shows underneath the cuffs. And at David is a brand-new nutria mutation (minks aren't the only animals that flock together any more) in a bright-gold color they call buttercup. This results in a really fancy greatcoat with a high, standup collar and huge pockets well back on the hips; the skins, all slightly ombré, produce a series of big oblongs. It's $764.50.

Just let me remind you once more to start your Christmas hinting this instant, inasmuch as very nearly everything under discussion this week is made to order, and then let us be off on a shop-by-shop hurdle race. To wit:

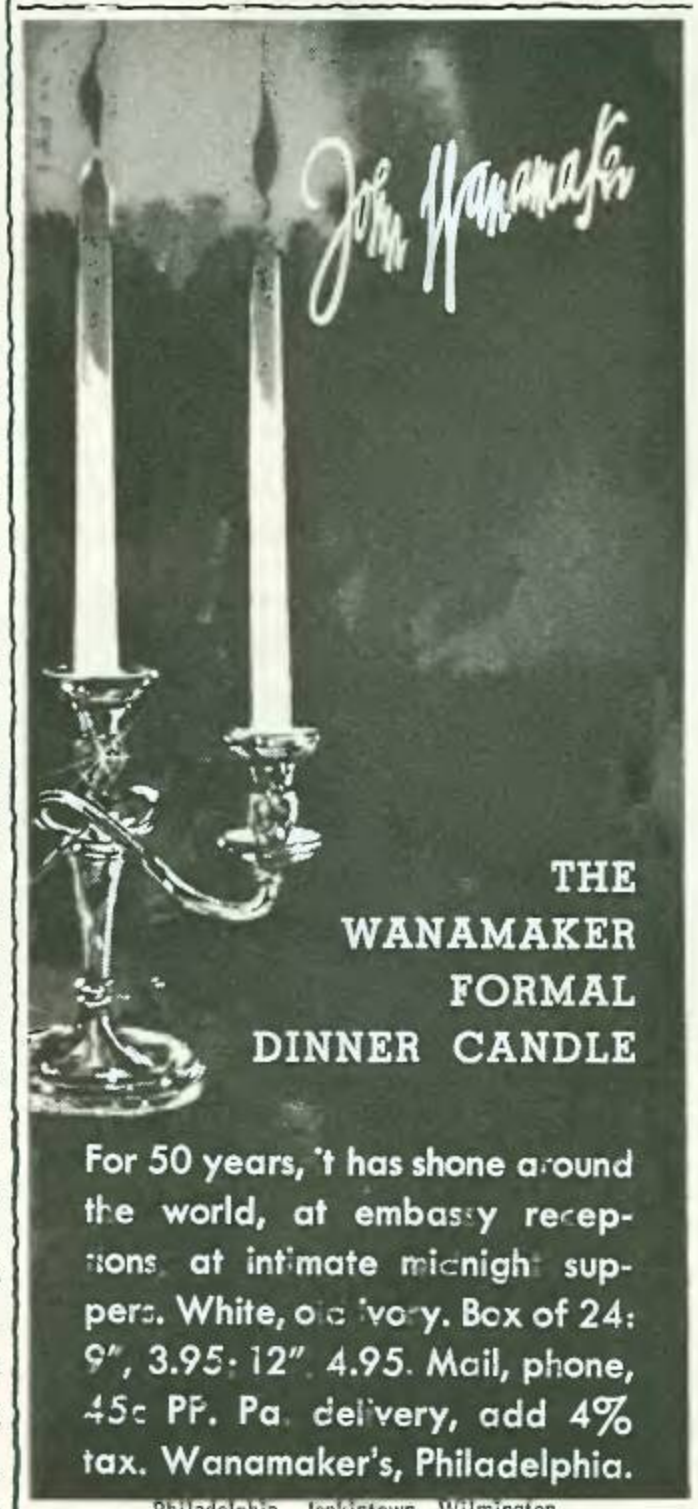
Partos has designed some of the most marvellous structures since the Parthenon, and much more flexible. To start with the informal cuts, Autumn Haze mink is arranged for stadium afternoons by being made three-quarter length and outfitted with two huge buttons, four slanting pocket flaps, and (down each shoulder) a wide band like an oversized epaulet. This mink also does a trench coat (the sash belt is placed very low indeed, though) with big, bulging soufflé pockets. And there's a whole suit of river otter bleached an oyster white. The semi-fitted jacket has a concealed closing, and the straight skirt has little gathers on the waistband. Ocelot, the skins upside down so that their taupe-to-black markings will be more noticeable, makes a straight, just-above-knee-length coat with another concealed closing and a turtleneck collar. All these are great, but it was the more majestic Partos confections that really knocked me out. The horseshoe line I've mentioned and the mentonnière collar (ditto) are combined in a typical Partos coat of Lutetia mink, the skins horizontal to add to the barrel look. It ends with a small band collar, and gathers below the trim yoke in back provide extra roundness. Over the head can go that separate collar I was talking about—up to the chin and the ear lobes and then slanting outward in a smooth line. Next, a cape of pale Russian lynx has a huge pointed collar, and another cape is of Russian sable. Then there is Somali leopard, the skins worked round and round in wide stripes. Double-breasted buttons go down the front, and a strange but effective trick at the hem is a band, five inches wide, that flips out at the sides because of in-



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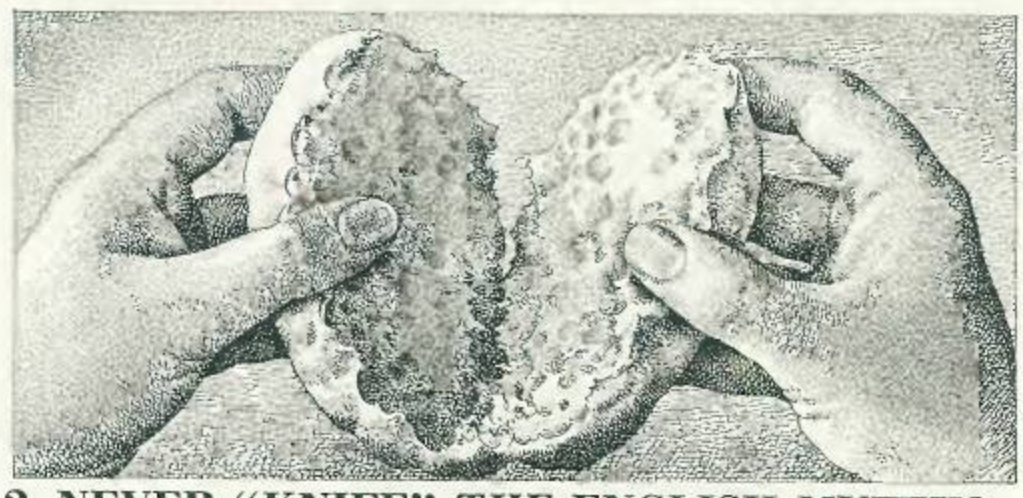
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Pull gently apart *just before toasting*, turning it slowly as you pull. You may puncture edge beforehand. Pre-sliced or machine-split muffins lose freshness, texture!



3. PUT THE HALVES IN YOUR TOASTER

See that wonderful surface texture of hills and valleys you've created by *pulling* the halves apart? They toast to golden perfection, eager to soak up melting butter.



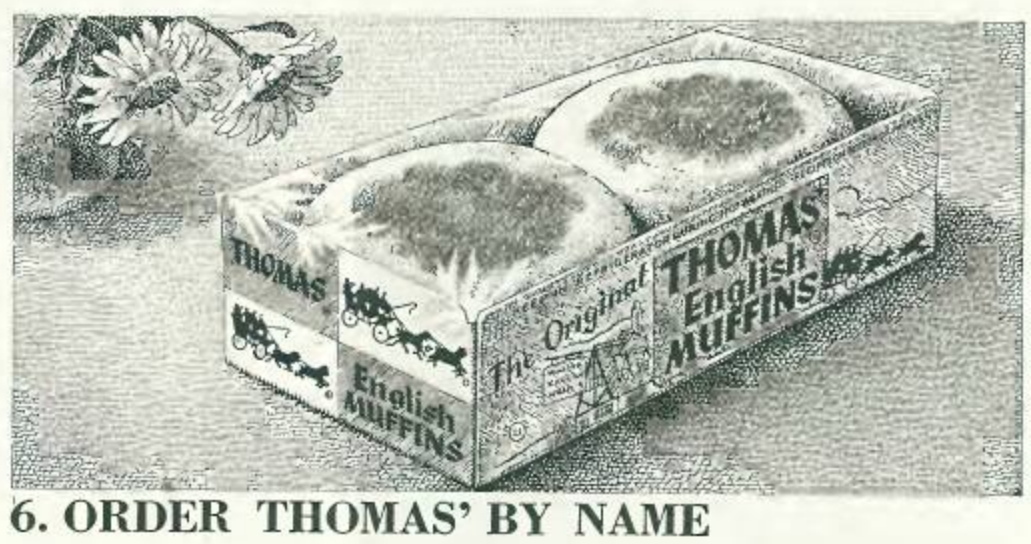
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...by serving Thomas' English Muffins with aforementioned butter, jam, jelly or marmalade . . . or under a couple of yellow, yolk-spilling eggs!



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Thomas' English Muffins are available in grocery stores and served at restaurants and luncheon counters when specified...by name. *Well worth specifying!*

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verted pleats there. Another Partos achievement is his austere monastery mood. In evidence is a coat of black Alaska seal with a swathed, across-the-throat cowl and one button under the chin. Below this, a soft panel widens toward the circular hem. A coat of black Russian broadtail has a black sable mentonnière over it. And a grandiloquent tubular gown of white satin is covered by a short-sleeved robe of black Alaska seal that falls to the floor. Bergdorf also presents ready-to-wear separate collars (to top a suit or a coat) that are artfully shaped to hook around the neck in turtleneck style. One of white mink is $198, one of Russian lynx is $220, and so on.

CAPUCCI, of Italy, did the designs for David Furs, so they are both elegant and capricious. Among the flat skins in service here is a parchment broadtail, which goes toward the making of a seven-eighths coat; natural sable circles the neck and descends the side closing to the hem. Broadtail dyed an antique bronze (it's darker in the indentations) is full and straight, with kimono sleeves and a wide back. More than a hint of Tibet appears in a robe of brown Persian. Oyster satin an inch wide outlines the collarless neck and the dropped shoulder seams. And then, presumably for the hell of it, David shows a grease-monkey suit (it's two-piece, though) of Somali leopard. The tapered pants descend from a black suède waistband, and black suède outlines the collarless, waist-length jacket and makes the bands over the patch pockets; a huge Somali buckle fastens the waistband. You don't *have* to have the pants; the jacket is magnificent by itself. Another monkeyshine is a two-piece hostess outfit of rabbit. (This time, I could skip the top.) A full, gathered skirt that goes to the floor is all five-by-six-inch oblongs of alternating purple and copper rabbit, and the sleeveless top is of purple rabbit; $182.50. One of the really luxurious furs is Azurene mink (almost white, with a violet cast), which is put to use in a most beautiful coat. The collar is a deep shawl in back, and it zooms up and over the shoulders to become imperceptibly one with the coat down the front. And there is tourmaline mink, in a coat with a deep, pointed collar that starts at each side of the top button; jutting pockets on the hips emphasize a taper down to the hem. David, like Partos, rejoices in that monastic look. A coat of dark ranch mink has a collar high across the throat and a skirt that is gathered on at the waistline; a full-



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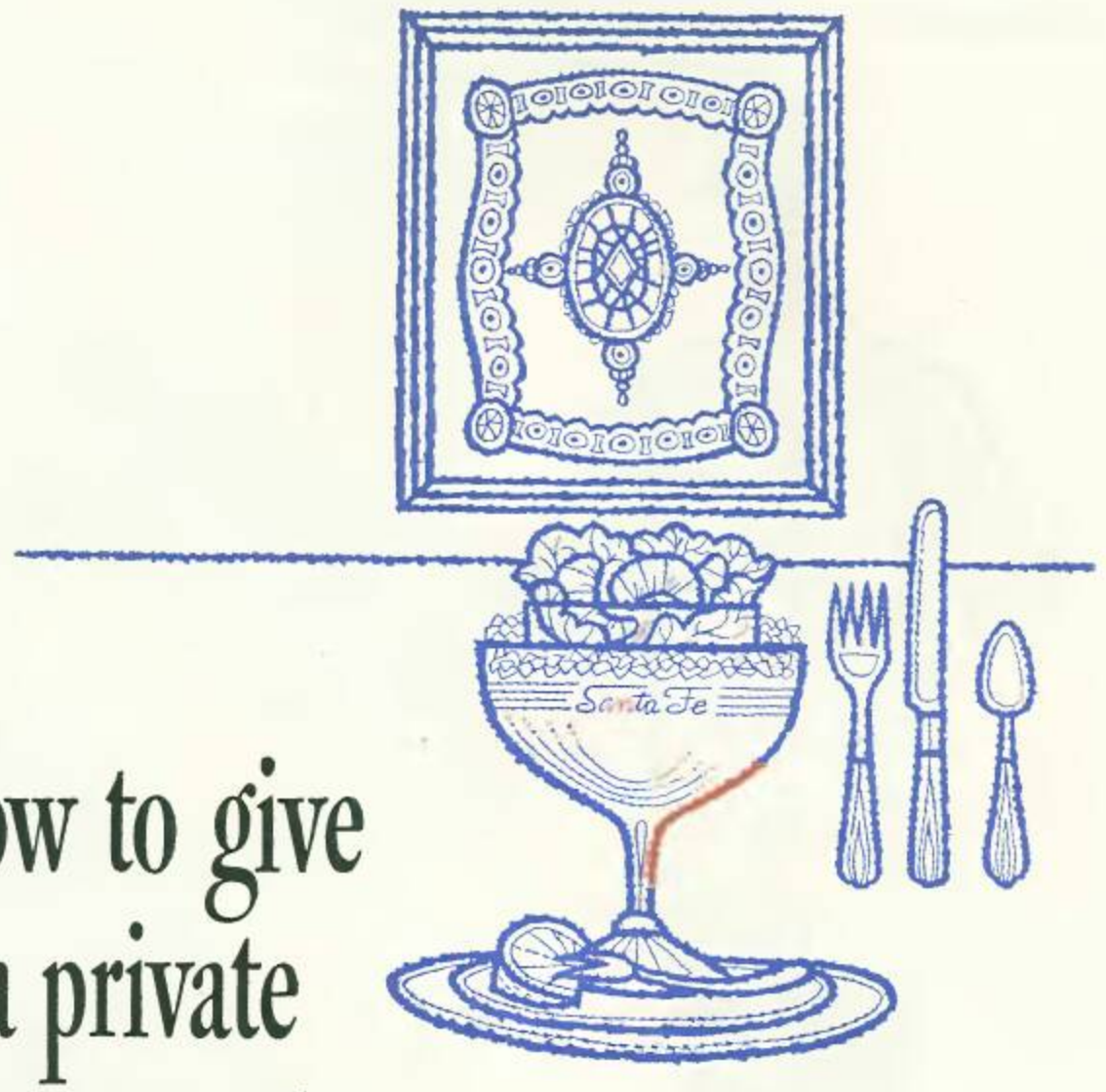
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MIAMI TOKYO KYOTO OSAKA YOKOHAMA

length coat of ranch mink has a tuxedo front and a cape collar that drops as far as the waist in back. Among the other stuff are jackets of shaggy Russian lynx that are suitable for from-sports-to-evening. Then comes a less useful outfit, of black Russian broadtail, whose narrow, ankle-length skirt is slashed to the knees in front; the waist-length sleeveless jacket has revers and a waistband of white mink. As for the small furs, one of the loveliest—and most wearable, too—is dawn mink (a rose beige, what else?), which ends up as a jacket that is hip length in back and has a cape front.

THERE are few tricks but many treats at Alfred Rainer, where simple, intercontinental elegance (I love phrases like that) is the rule. One perfectly dulcet coat is done in black Alaska seal or Russian broadtail. The main idea of its composition is this: the slightly standup collar crosses to one side and is then fastened with black taffeta bows (in the case of the broadtail) or double-breasted buttons (the seal). Another seal has a broad back, a semifitted front, and a band collar that slopes away from the nape. A fancier version is of black mink worked round and round; two grosgrain bows make the side fastening, and a ten-inch hem of black-dyed Russian sable froths at the bottom. The smaller furs here are titillating, too. There are cardigans, for instance, in the Chanel tradition. One of black Russian broadtail is lined with white Russian ermine, and there are pocket flaps on the wide horizontal band of the broadtail that goes around the hips; another is of black mink with braid edging, plus braid on the pockets; another, of a heavy Austrian knit, has a nutria lining and brass buttons. This last is $247. Also among the small furs is a dark ranch mink, which creates a straight stole with an ingenious sleevelet loop inside for anchorage. And almost any woman would love a two-skin sable neckpiece with little jaws at each end ready to clip onto lapel or neckline and stay put in any number of ways; $440.

THE Carnegie mood has always been one of deceptive, what-have-I-*said*? nonchalance, and those mink-side coats referred to earlier are only part of the story. The Carnegie elves have evolved a masculine polo coat of Autumn Haze mink with three vast pearl buttons down the front under the turnover collar; other accoutrements are the slanting pocket flaps and a back belt,



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which has one button, to hold in the fullness of the coat. For football outings we get jaguar, worked horizontally, with the black-marked backs producing decisive wide lateral lines. This coat is lined with black nutria, to ward off the chillth. Then comes Canadian beaver dyed bright gold, in a coat with wide horizontal bands and pockets at the side front. It's broad and sort of dolman, with no more than apologies for sleeves. Another entry in this tailored collection is a hip-length jacket of white Persian. This gets a Johnny collar, cuffs of white mink on the just-below-the-elbow sleeves, and a slightly flared back. Alaska seal does a coat with a typical Carnegie collar—a high shawl with little indentations in front of the shoulders. (The same collar appears on a dilly of Russian broadtail.) The skins are horizontal, and pockets are set in the seams at both sides; ribbon cording is used between the skins to make the separations more noticeable. Many are the minks around here, and Blue Iris, in a gunmetal hue, is particularly effective. It creates a classic coat that can be belted in with a self sash. A shortie of tipped sable, the skins worked up and down, has a deep cape collar lined with the brocade that lines the coat; the cape back cups under the elbows. And there is a straight, long four-stripe sable stole to wrap up almost any costume.

ESTHER DOROTHY came to fame by making a lady of flagrantly dyed furs, and she still has them, such as navy and red American broadtail, either of which she employs for a straight coat with bone buttons all the way down to the hem and a lining of white muskrat. Bottle-green American broadtail is the basis of a suit with a wraparound skirt and a hip-length jacket that is slit at the sides; $1,375. And that red broadtail is the genesis of a full-length beauty with that deep, car-coat vent in back; $1,100. India lamb dyed a lush caramel is given a sash belt and huge pockets. Caramel Persian broadtail gets another such belt, of broadtail; nutria is the makings of the big buttons down the front, the wide revers, and the low, saddlebag pockets, which are fifteen inches deep. Here you will find, too, an ingratiating box jacket of young white mink sides, among whose adornments are a low square of buttons and a round, wide-eyed ranch-mink collar ($550), and a cardigan of Autumn Haze mink gills with a knitted corded binding ($500). All the while, just the same, Miss Dorothy is still thinking about extravagant



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furs. Russian crown sable goes into a stunning coat with a portrait collar (backed by sable; like most Dorothy collars, it can be turned up and continue to look lavish from the back, too). That heavenly Azurene and Diadem head a grand galaxy of minks, and Russian broadtail is converted into an all-on-the-bias coat with a big, standup collar, which can be dropped to show plenty of necklace, chest, and shoulders. There are coats as well that are distinctly dolman in cut. Another Miss Dorothy device is around again—curved bands, three inches wide, of black Persian mounted on heavy black lace, which shows in one-inch strips between the bands. This ends up as a collarless, wraparound piece of elegance that is definitely *not* all-purpose in its aims.

THE small wraps and the stoles at Saks Fifth Avenue are particularly lovable. A thoroughly youthful evening cape of Empress chinchilla is three skins deep below the collar, which flares wide from the neck and is decorated by a little black velvet bow at its base. (This should be nice in Russian sable, too.) Russian ermine appears as a hip-length charmer with short bell sleeves. The skins go horizontally across the front, turn diagonal on the sleeves, and are straight up-and-down in back. Saga Norwegian fox is the main ingredient of a less pretentious gem of a cape-stole, the stole ends being deep ovals. Very long straight stoles can be of tan lynx (fun, this), of tipped Russian sable three skins wide, or of Somali. As for long coats, a particularly splendid one of jaguar has a collar of Canadian otter that is backed by more jaguar. At this point, I was ready to swear that no matter *what* artistry could be brought to bear on mink, I would remain unmoved, but then Saks showed a coat of Autumn Haze with the skins worked in four easy scallops around it. The hem is likewise gently scalloped, and a little indentation at the back of the collar carries out the scalloped theme. Then, Russian broadtail is handled in crisp, tailored fashion (the Sophie influence permeates Saks) for (1) a little suit jacket, nipped in at the waist below an almost-dolman armhole and surmounted by a ring collar of sable, and (2) a coat-dress with box pleats starting at the hips below the long torso.

THOUGH Stein & Blaine is noted chiefly for the more luxurious furs, it wields a deft hand on less formal ones as well, three river-otter delights being



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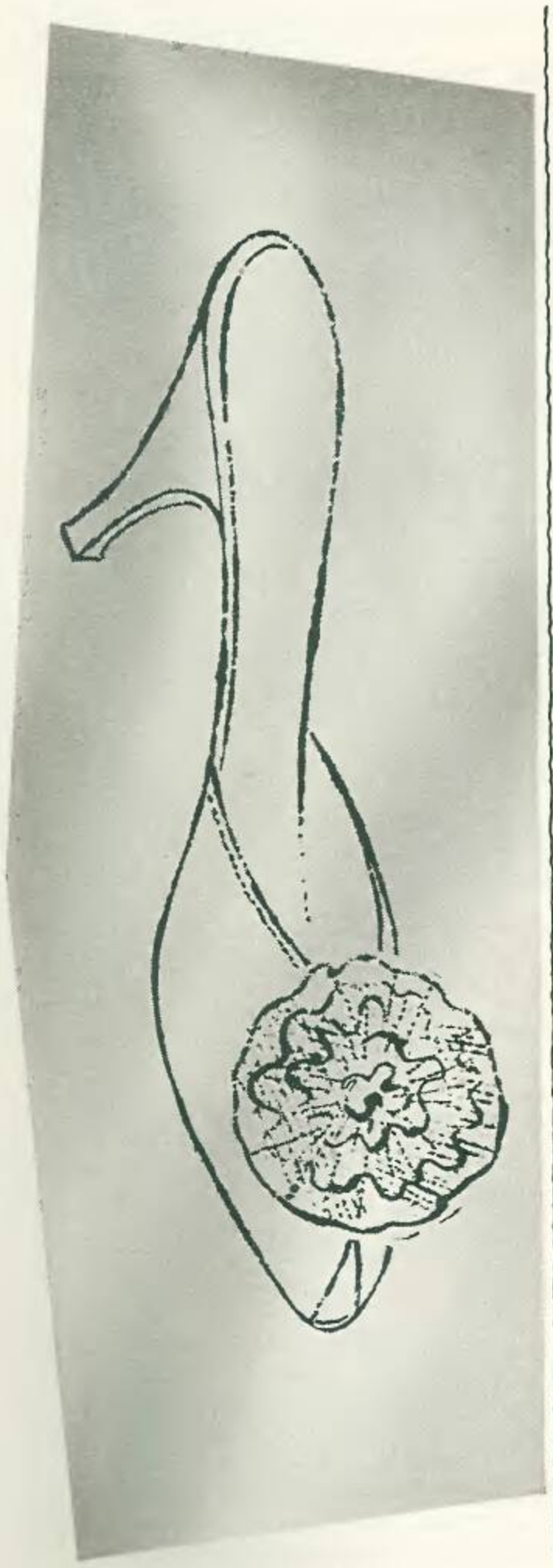
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three cases in point. One, a pale beige, is completely lined with Diadem mink, which emerges from inside as a good-sized cape collar and as more modest cuffs. The others are a new pale greige called Pearl. The first is the simplest of double-breasted reefers, with plain revers and slanting pockets (throw away that polo coat!); the second has a small, flat collar of Arcturus mink, beneath the back of which are deep tucks that are released at the shoulder blades. Seal or nutria does a Balenciaga adaptation (the barrel shape has been removed) with lapels, big bone buttons to the hem, dropped shoulders, narrow sleeves, and very low patch pockets; black Alaska seal does a similarly enveloping affair with a flat ring collar of Somali leopard and bands of leopard across the patch pockets. In the hi-de-ho category is a truly sweeping coat of dark ranch mink. The skins are worked horizontally, and the coat swirls out to a really full hem. There's a standaway band collar, and the sleeves, which are also very full, are bell-shaped. S. & B. is equally good at pared-down lines; witness a slim, three-quarter tunic jacket of black Russian broadtail with self buttons. Standard equipment for this includes a convertible collar, low patch pockets, and shirring across the low back yoke as well as on each side of the yoke in front to give the thing practically a smock look without interfering in the least with its slimness. Small jackets and capes of mink are given a bubble look in back by virtue of the little gathers below the collar and by virtue of the puffy way they are turned under at the hem. I particularly liked them in Blue Iris and Blue Orchid (which is brown with a blue cast). Natural Russian sable imparts the final fillip to this collection in a coat with a wide portrait collar that can be hooked into turtleneck formation. A shrug of natural sable comes forward over the elbows before sling-stole ends take over in front.

LET us hope that somewhere among all these treasures we discover a furry friend to make life in the asphalt jungle more amenable. —Lois Long

•

Any boat that will plane in 3 inches of water and take the punishment we gave it would seem to be a good special-purpose craft. There are no projections beneath the hull, and it hauls easily on a trailer.

A few trips to the skeet range or a few rounds of hand thrown clay targets can change that.—*Washington Post & Times Herald.*

A few swift blows with an axe can work wonders, too.

A&F

Fireside Mates

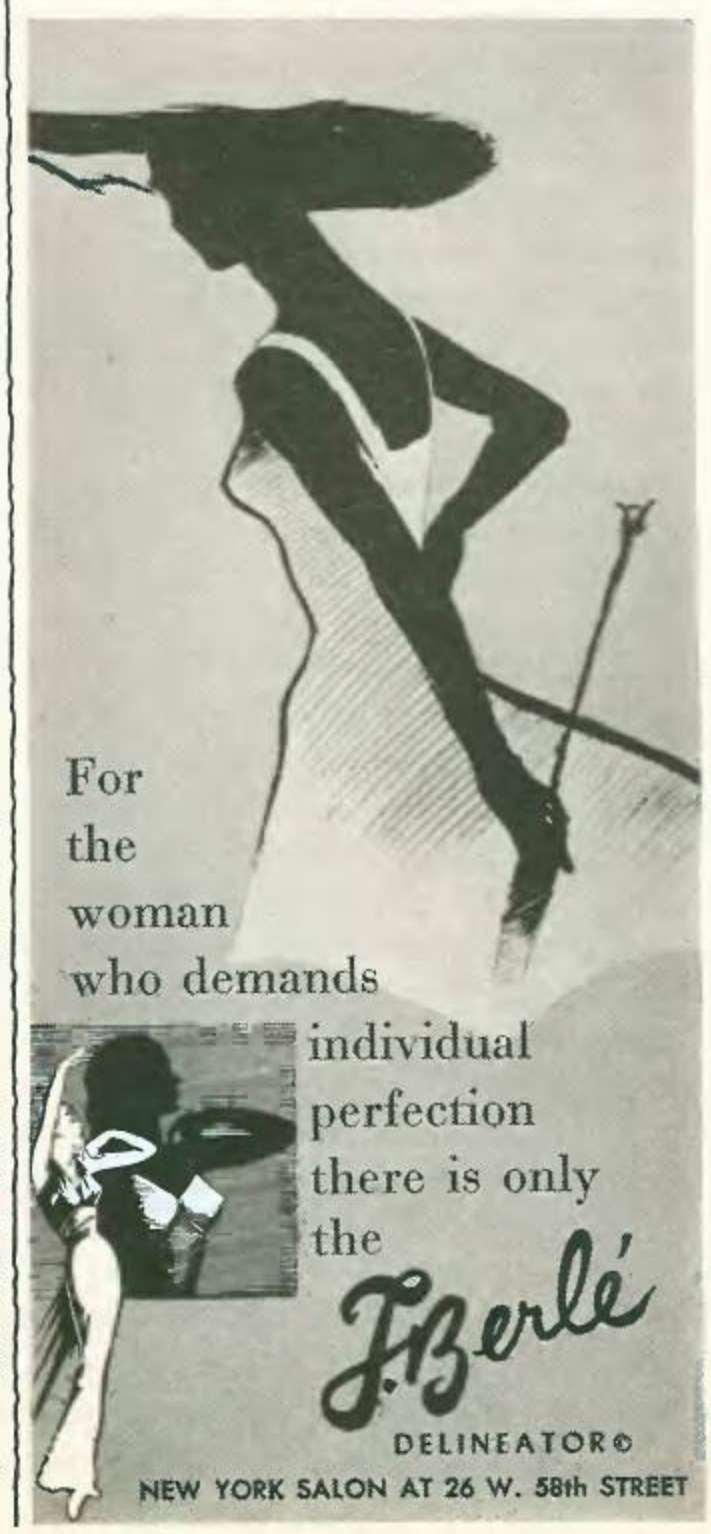


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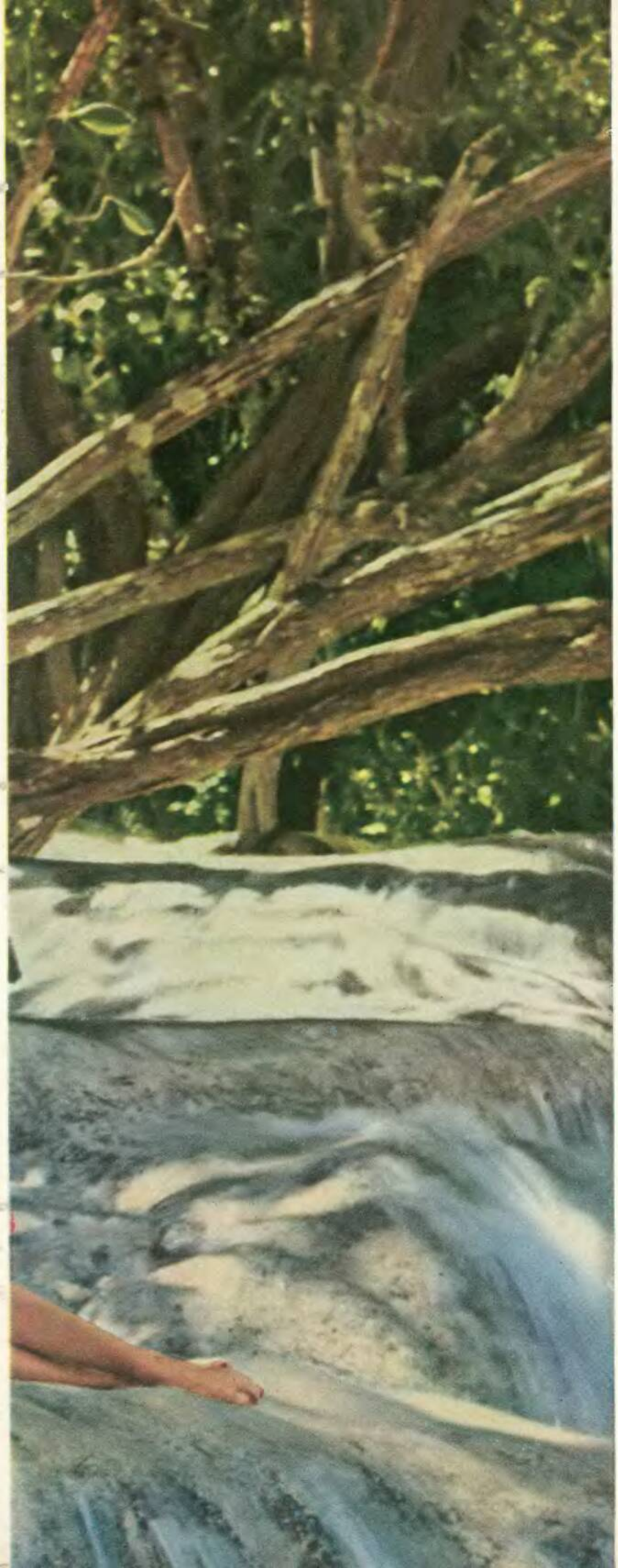
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Baron Wrangell—the man in the Hathaway shirt.

Hathaway's new muted stripe—woven in the cause of restraint

MEN'S SUITS and ties will be quieter than ever this winter. Hathaway salutes this blessed trend with a new *muted* stripe—a quiet little contribution to the cause of restraint.

Go into any store that keeps up the great tradition and take a close look at this Hathaway shirt. You'll see that each stripe is actually three pencil-thin lines—and that the blue yarn is interwoven with the white. It is this cunning weave that mutes the stripe so subtly—an effect no dye could ever give.

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For store names, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or telephone OXford 7-5566 in New York.

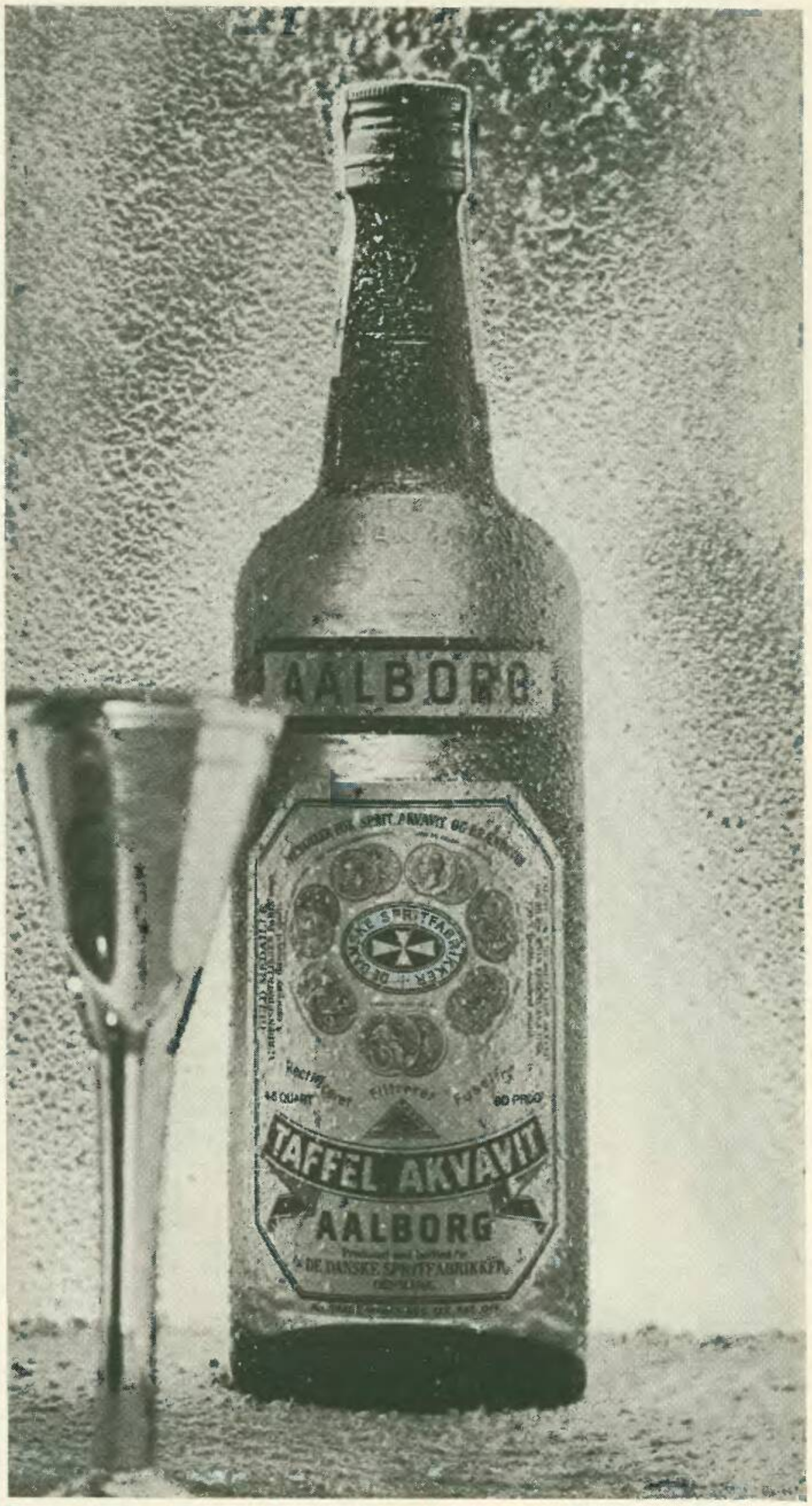
THE ART GALLERIES

Variety Show



ONE of the best things about the art galleries in New York is the range and catholicity of their showings. In Paris the exhibitions are almost exclusively French, and if they turn occasionally to the past, it's still the French past that they mainly focus on. In Italy the emphasis is more heavily on contemporary work, but again the major concern is with native artists. London, save for a few dutiful bows toward the Continent, is equally insular. Here alone, it seems to me, can one not only hope but expect to get samplings from everywhere, and it's probable that nowhere else in the world would a list that included such diverse and simultaneous attractions as a loan show of the French Impressionist Berthe Morisot's paintings, another of the Anglicized American James McNeill Whistler, and still another of the German painter Lovis Corinth be taken—as we do here—for granted. The first two, moreover, are full-scale affairs, with seventy paintings in the Morisot (at the Wildenstein) and over a hundred items—drawings, water colors, and other works as well as oils—in the Whistler, which is at the Knoedler Galleries. The Corinth collection, at the Frumkin, though considerably smaller, is in its way almost equally interesting. Twenty pieces are included, all portraits or studies for portraits, and they reveal an aspect of his work that till now has been little known here.

Corinth, born in 1858, was a decade ahead of the generation of true Expressionists. He was apparently a rather methodical man, slow to mature and a bit conservative by nature, plagued, too, by illness, and so not one to succumb easily to the pyrotechnics of the younger men, such as Marc, Nolde, and Kirchner, who were most active in the movement. Though he was in his later years a leader of the Berlin *Sezession* group—formed in support of the Expressionists' idol, Edvard Munch, in his feud with the Berlin Academy—he stayed pretty much on the fringe of things stylistically. Essentially, he remained Impressionist to the last, using the resources of Expressionism principally to enrich his pigmentation and



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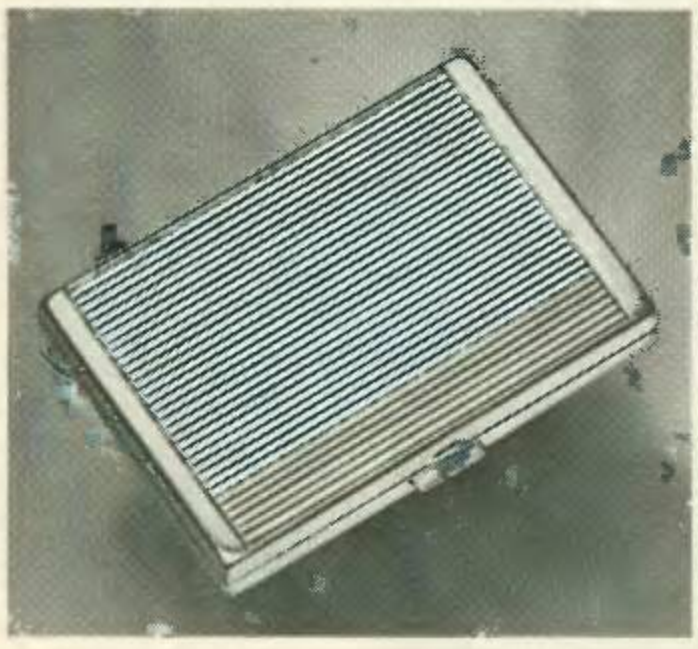
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heighten his tonalities, and the main body of his work, while it has power, lacks the verve of the others'.

In his portraits, however, this temperate approach was an advantage, for it enabled him to introduce a degree of emotionality into his treatment while still showing a fair amount of traditional deference to the image, and as a result the best pieces in the current exhibit—the "Portrait of Friedrich Corinth: The Artist's Uncle," gaunt-faced, wary-eyed, and slouching; the more animated "Portrait of Charlotte in a Yellow Blouse;" and so on—have a feeling of warmth and understanding that goes beyond mere surface interpretation. Corinth's touch was not always unerring. "The Artist's Daughter Wilhelmine, with a Ball" is not only clumsy in design but wooden in atmosphere, and "The Meal of Oysters: Mrs. Corinth at Table" is far from convincing, too. I liked, though, the charmingly solemn-eyed, neatly posed study of the artist's two children called "Thomas and Wilhelmine," as well as the more freely handled "Portrait of the Painter Artur Degner," while the full-length study called "The Black Hussar" is an exercise in swaggering flamboyance indeed.

ONE fixed fact about the history of art is that nothing is ever fixed. No one ever stays put in it for long; the man who's down in one generation is up in the next, and it was probably inevitable that Whistler, adored at the turn of the century and forgotten afterward, should now be coming back to our attention. To my mind, though, there's more hopefulness than substance in this revival, for the truth is that Whistler remains a definitely minor figure—almost determinedly so; as the current exhibition reveals, he had everything he needed save the sole quality (which only he could have supplied) that would have made him a major one. He had impeccable taste, but as the history of art has shown, from Tintoretto on down to Renoir, good taste is not necessarily an ingredient of greatness. He had enormous facility and a deft technique, but so have a good many others, including a number of commercial artists. He had wit, but that often is a handicap, and he had a fine lack of patience with established techniques, but it never led him much beyond mere impatience. What he lacked was a feeling of philosophic purpose strong enough to give coherence and direction to his talents, and for this reason principally his work, for all its smoothness and sheen, lacks the depth of feeling that is the mark of true greatness.

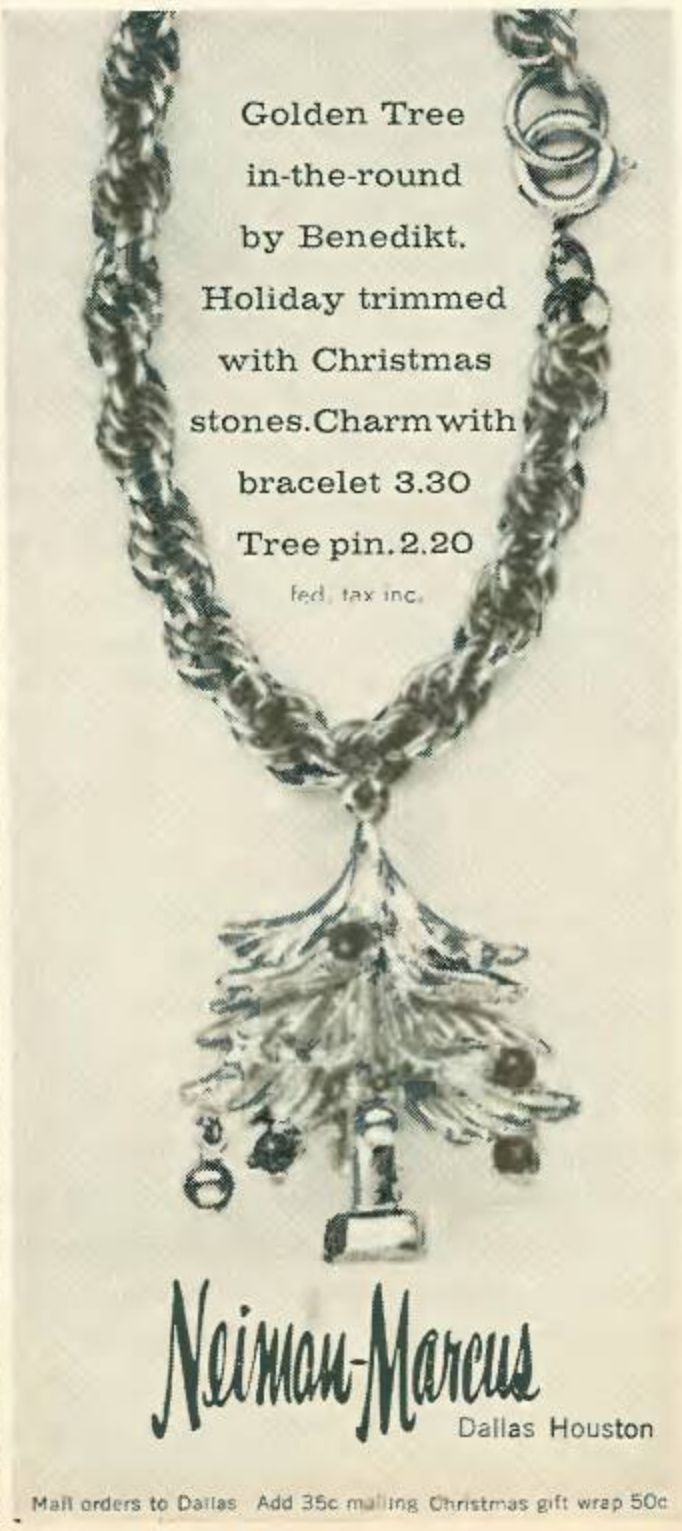
It's no accident, then, that the Im-

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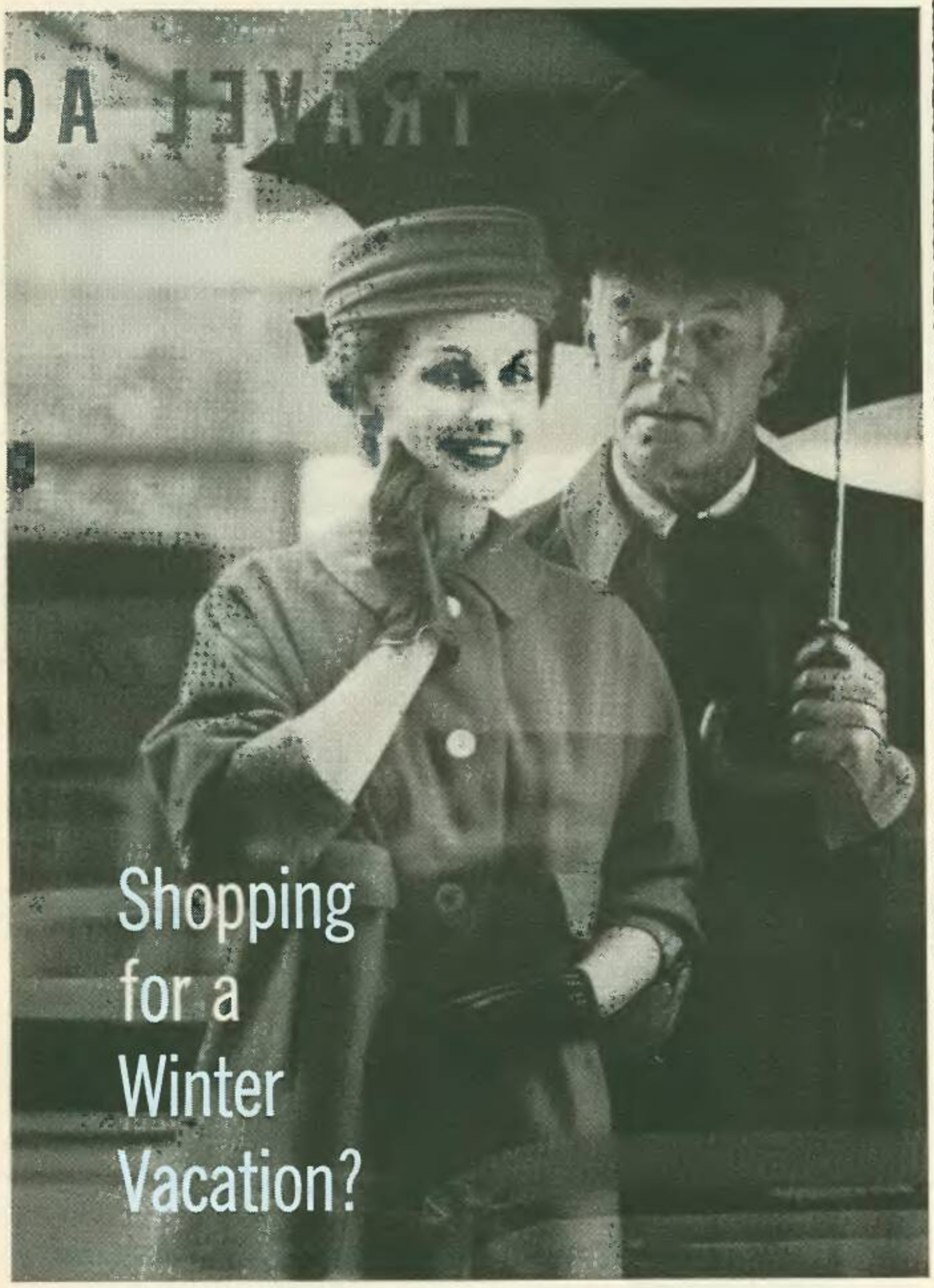
pressionists passed him by. Though in many of his paintings he anticipated some of their techniques—most notably in "Nocturne in Black and Gold: The Falling Rocket," the one that precipitated his famous and disastrous suit against Ruskin—it was largely a surface resemblance, and budding Impressionists went back beyond him to men like Constable and Turner for their inspiration. Yet he was a perceptive and certainly an industrious artist, and one thing the show (the first such really comprehensive assemblage of his works, incidentally, to be held here in nearly half a century) reveals in good measure is the range of his influences and the assiduity with which he cultivated them while adapting them to his own purposes. His fondness for the Oriental is well known. This is another respect in which he anticipated the Impressionists, and this influence appears here and there throughout the exhibition—overtly in the treatment of the kimono-clad girl in "Design for a Mosaic," for example, and more subtly in such others as "The Yellow Room" (in which the opened Japanese parasol bull's-eyes the whole composition) and the calmly linear and delightful "Nocturne in Blue and Green: Chelsea." Until one recalls that Whistler was fleetingly a disciple of Courbet, however, it's surprising to find neatened references to that roughhewn master in the early beach scene called "The Coast of Brittany," and there are touches of the Pre-Raphaelites he was occasionally at war with in the portrait head of a flowing-haired girl called "Lily," and hints of Hals in the unusually direct, freely brushed "A Chelsea Girl" and "A Corsican Child."

A suggestion even of an interest in Pompeian paintings appears in his canvas of three classically robed girls called "Symphony in Red," and the fact that he ranged so far afield in search of stylistic inspiration seems to me not to his discredit but an indication of a healthy inquiringness that I hadn't related to him before. There were times, in addition, when, the subject suiting him, he could go a good deal deeper than the mere surface of it. Too many of his portraits are "arrangements," as he himself called them, and nothing more. But "Arrangement in Grey and Black, No. 2: Thomas Carlyle," for all its contrived pose, has a certain dignity, and "Arrangement in Yellow and Grey: Effie Deans," an imaginary portrait of the heroine of Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," is both graceful and tender. He seems likewise to have truly loved the Thames, near



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whose banks he lived most of his life in London, and his paintings on this subject, together with those about that other love of his, the calm sea, are always evocative. So far I have spoken only of his canvases, but a good part of the exhibition is given over to his etchings and other black-and-whites, and since he was above all a master draftsman these are well worth investigating.

BERTHE MORISOT's life, from all accounts, was a thoroughly happy one. Happy in her marriage (to Manet's brother, Eugène), happy in her friendships, which included most of the leading literary and artistic figures of her time, she was probably happiest of all in her gifts, and the rounded serenity of her career is reflected in the continuous cheerfulness of her painting. She was one of those to whom Impressionism "came naturally," for it offered precisely the freedom and fluency in the development of the image that her nature required, and the exhibition at the Wildenstein reveals that she was able to exploit it with an almost unequalled combination of delicacy and assurance.

In the seventy-odd canvases that make up the collection, the range is from a group of early landscapes—"Chaumière en Normandie," "Rivière de Pont Aven à Rosbras," and so on, done when she was studying under Corot and painting, it seems dutifully, in his manner—to a series of flower and figure studies of 1894, the year before her death. Once Morisot had shifted from Corot to Manet, and so to Impressionism, women became her main subjects—women sewing, reading, primping, gossiping; women with or without their children but always cozied, so to speak, by the warmth and freshness of nature—and despite this limitation in subject matter she brought to it enormous penetration and richness of understanding. The standard of selection throughout the show is almost too high to permit individual listing, but I admired especially the silvery, pale "Jeune Femme en Gris Étendue," the charming, casual "Eugène Manet et Sa Fille au Jardin," and the later, glowingly colorful "Dans le Jardin." —ROBERT M. COATES

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SUITE NO. I
FOR ORCHESTRA
Walter Piston (1894-)

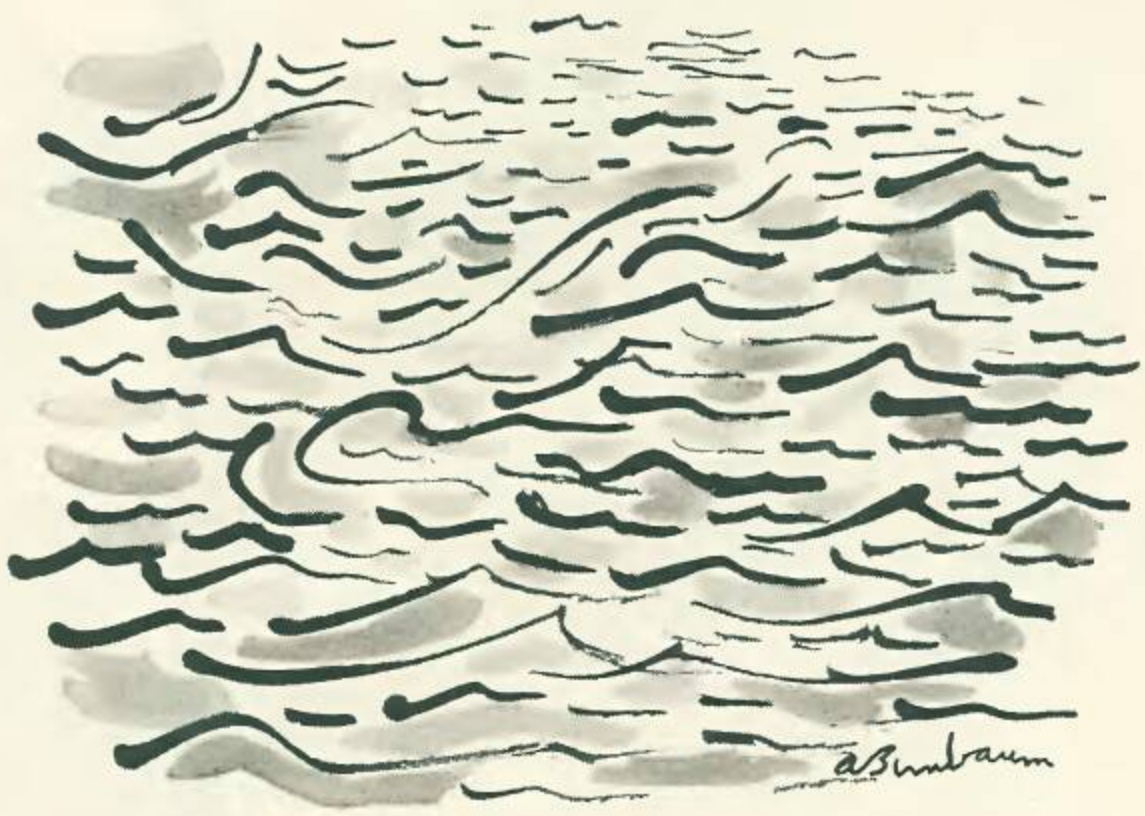
Composed in 1894, at a comparatively early period in Piston's career, this work was . . . —*Hollywood Bowl Magazine.*

Well, you know Piston—didn't take him long to get going.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

UP THE SEAWAY

ALTHOUGH the comparatively humble length of the St. Lawrence River puts it in a class well below that of the more prominent rivers of North America, it handily outranks the grandest of them in the matter of the company it keeps—the Great Lakes and the Atlantic Ocean. Some of its more enthusiastic chroniclers, not content with this distinction, have sought to add the whole of the Great Lakes system to the St. Lawrence by establishing its source as the St. Louis River, which flows into Lake Superior at Duluth, in upper Minnesota—an aggrandizement comparable to calling Long Island Sound part of the Harlem River. But the St. Lawrence needs no such dubious claims to bolster its importance. Only seven hundred and sixty miles long from its generally acknowledged source, at the eastern end of Lake Ontario, to its expansive mouth, which is ninety miles wide where it pours into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the river drains an area of more than half a million square miles, carrying not only the entire outflow of the Great Lakes but most, if not all, of the runoff from the slopes of the Adirondack, Green, Notre Dame, Shickshock, and Laurentian Mountains. Moreover, compared to its longer rivals it is a strikingly well-mannered river. Unlike the Mississippi, for example, which periodically splashes all over the countryside and gathers speed until it is raging along twenty-five times faster than it flows when in a peaceful mood, the St. Lawrence, for the most part, patiently keeps to the banks cut out for it by the last ice age and rarely more than doubles its rate of progress.



Through the years, however, the singular virtues of the St. Lawrence have only served to sharpen the annoyance caused by its rather commonplace defects—three sets of shallow, rock-snagged rapids in its upper reaches that prevent its navigation, especially upstream, by anything much besides fish. Except for these few barriers, there is fairly clear sailing from the Atlantic all the way to the Great Lakes. The first white man to be irked by the St. Lawrence was the first white man to see it—Jacques Cartier, who sailed up its inviting estuary in 1535 in the hope that it would lead him to the Orient. When it led him, instead, to the impassable rapids a bit upriver from what is now Montreal, Cartier took one look and decided to seek the Northwest Passage elsewhere. During the following century and a half, other explorers—most notably Samuel de Champlain, Robert de La Salle, Louis Jolliet, and Père Jacques Marquette—mapped out the rest of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes beyond, no doubt grumbling bitterly about the intervening rapids. It appears that they shared to a man Cartier's hope that the river would provide a navigable route to the riches of Cathay (Jean Nicolet, an aide to Champlain and the discoverer of Lake Michigan, always carried a mandarin robe in his canoe, just in case), but by the end of the seventeenth century everyone who had had anything to do with the river would have been happy to settle for a clear, deep-water route to Lake Ontario.

Over the next hundred years or so, the Canadians, who enjoy sovereignty over more than seven-eighths of the St. Lawrence's length (the rest of it—the western tip—constitutes a hundred-and-fourteen-mile segment of the border between the United States and Canada), built some shallow canals and a few primitive wooden locks to bypass the worst of the rapids, but it wasn't until the middle of the nineteenth century that anything approaching a modern waterway was in operation—a fairly elaborate canal-and-lock system with a channel nine feet deep. Our Midwest was developing with such a rush, though, that by the time this improvement was complete there was more river traffic than the canals and locks could take care of. The Canadians went back to work, and in the early nineteen-hundreds they completed a network of twenty-two locks connected by forty-one miles of canals, affording a fourteen-foot-deep passage for more than a hundred and fifteen miles of the river's length—from just above the westernmost rapids, near Ogdensburg, New York, to Montreal. Meanwhile, the Great Lakes were being opened up for navigation. Niagara Falls, the terrible barrier between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, was circumvented by the Welland Canal, and Lake Huron and Lake Superior were connected by canals and locks at Sault Ste. Marie. These waterways were periodically improved and enlarged, until by the early thirties they could accommodate vessels drawing twenty-two feet. By then, too, a channel thirty feet deep had been dredged all the way from Montreal to the Atlantic, so the works around the rapids were once again outdated.

As far back as the late eighteen hundreds, or while the fourteen-foot channel bypassing the rapids was still under construction, there had been a good bit of talk, mainly in Canada, about opening up a once-and-for-all passage—a Seaway, as it came to be known—deep enough for the largest ocean-going vessels to sail clear through to the Great Lakes. The reaction, particularly on this side of the border, was instant and outraged. American railroad interests were the most outspoken opponents of the project, but there were also outcries from domestic coal companies, railway workers, coal miners, private utilities (a public power project was part of the proposal), industrialists fearful of a glut of cheap imports, Atlantic and Gulf Coast ports, and, in time, any number of Midwesterners who, inspired by Colonel Robert R. McCormick, felt that it was all a conspiracy to open up the Great Lakes to the British Navy. Ultimately, this disparate bunch, two hundred and fifty organizations strong, got together

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and formed one of the century's most powerful (and most innocently named) lobbies, the National St. Lawrence Project Conference, which proceeded to block the plan for better than fifty years. Ignoring appeals to their dormant public spirit made by every President from Wilson on, the members of the Conference managed to persuade their federal representatives to smother any bill even hinting at a St. Lawrence Seaway, and a treaty with Canada, signed by President Hoover and supported by President Roosevelt, that was intended to provide for such a project was quietly left unratified. It was therefore with some confidence that in 1950 the chairman of the Conference, a vice-president of the Republic Coal & Coke Co. named Carrol B. Huntress, promised his associates, "They shall not pass!"

Scarcely four years later, however, the lobbyists were all but trampling each other in a frantic dash to get aboard the Seaway bandwagon. The old alliance had fallen apart overnight, because, in the words of one historian of the project, Professor T. L. Hills, of McGill University, "for the first time in the history of the Seaway battle, big business was vitally interested in the Seaway." In this instance, the adjective "big" is practically an understatement, for the business referred to was the steel industry of the United States, and what had kindled its interest in the Seaway was the recent discovery of incalculably valuable iron-ore deposits in the wildernesses of Quebec and Labrador, three hundred miles north from the mouth of the St. Lawrence. As the *Times* has observed:

> Of all the industries and groups anticipating big benefits from the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway, the United States steel industry has the highest hopes and perhaps the most justification for them. The most informed estimates predict that the rich iron ore from the barely tapped ore fields of Quebec and Labrador will constitute at least 30 per cent of the entire Seaway traffic.

Fortunately for the Seaway's backers, Professor Hills noted, "George Humphrey, of the M. A. Hanna Company [which has a substantial interest in the deposits], who also at one time opposed the Seaway, now as Secretary of the United States Treasury helped to organize the battle for approval." It was no contest. On the basis of dollar-for-dollar transportation costs, the pro-Seaway rallying cry might well have been "Two if by land, and one if by Seaway."

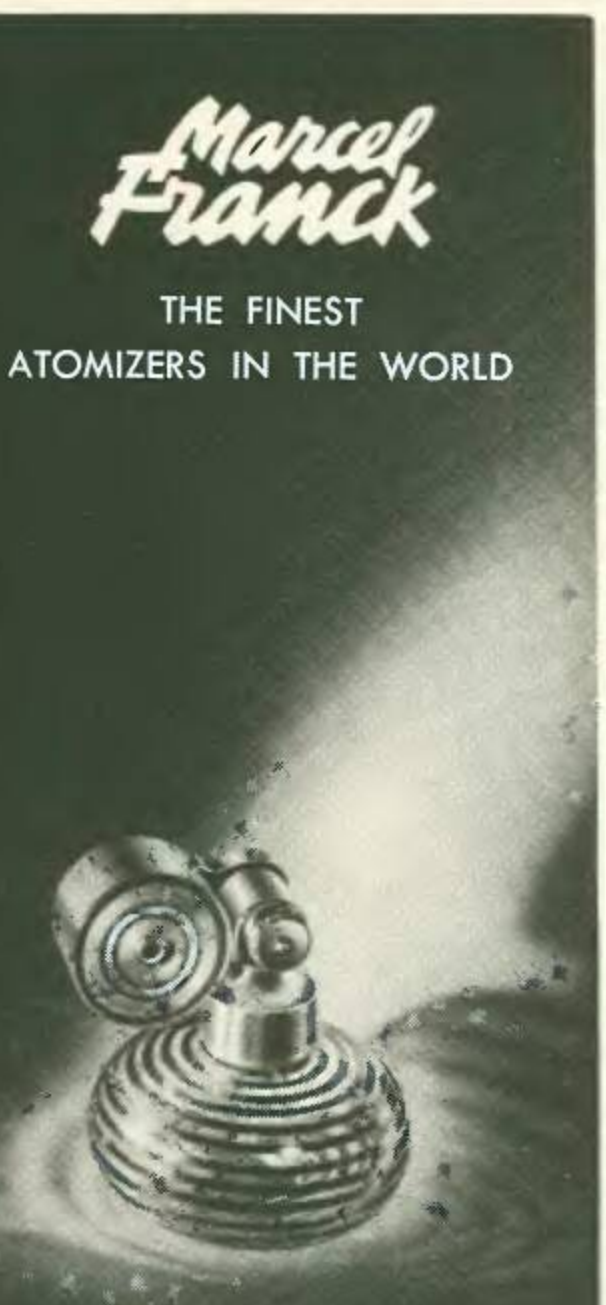
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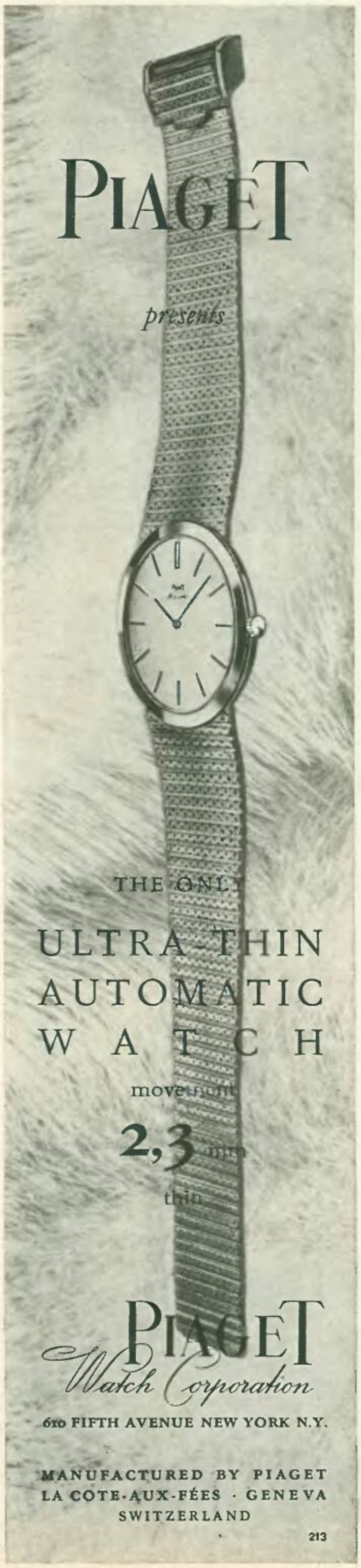
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after President Eisenhower took office, Congress passed legislation providing for this country's participation in the building and maintenance of navigational and hydroelectric-power facilities along the international section of the St. Lawrence. The plans for the Seaway proper—there were also to be a hydroelectric-power dam, a spillway dam, and a control dam, all of which ultimately cost six hundred million dollars, this sum being equally divided between the two countries—called for a passage, a hundred and ninety-two miles long and twenty-seven feet deep, from Montreal to Lake Ontario, requiring the construction of forty-five miles of canals, with seven locks (five built by Canada and two by the United States), at a total cost of nearly half a billion dollars. Unlike most public projects, this one was completed six months ahead of schedule, and on April 25, 1959, after four and a half years of around-the-clock work, the Seaway opened for business.

HAVING spent a good part of my youth near and on the Great Lakes, but being wholly unfamiliar with their outlet to the ocean, I decided, after the Seaway had been in operation for several months, to see if I could return to the Midwest by way of the St. Lawrence and, in the process, get a good look at the Seaway. After calling one local steamship line, I learned that ships that make port here rarely go into the Seaway. Accordingly, I turned to the St. Lawrence Seaway Development Corporation, at Massena, New York, the federal agency in charge of the American part of the venture, to see what help I could get there. In time, I was connected with its acting administrator, Martin W. Oettershagen, who said that one way to make such a voyage and at the same time get a close-range view of the Seaway would be aboard one of the Great Lakes freighters. "Lakers, they're called," he went on. "They carry bulk cargo—coal, grain, and ore, for the most part. But it may be a little early to get a balanced picture of the operation. My suggestion would be to make the trip now, and then look in on us again after we've got a couple of seasons under our belt." I agreed to that, whereupon he mentioned a number of shipping concerns that I might get in touch with, and then said, as an afterthought, "You know, I've been up and down the entire Seaway many times—on foot, and in tractors, cars, and trucks—but I haven't yet been through it afloat. If you get passage on a laker, let me know, and I'll try to join



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you for at least part of the trip. It would be a great treat for me."

Within the hour, I was able to tell Oettershagen that as far as I was concerned the trip was all set, for it happened that I had had to call only one name on his list—the Canada Steamship Lines, in Montreal—in order to get passage on a laker. I had been put through to T. R. McLagan, the president of the company, and he had said he would be glad to arrange for me to sail the Seaway aboard his namesake, the T. R. McLagan, which was one of the very largest lakers afloat. After explaining that the McLagan was then on its way down the St. Lawrence to Seven Islands, the port where all the Labrador ore is shipped out, McLagan had advised me to fly up there at once, if I could make it. "The boat will be starting back from Seven Islands sometime tomorrow afternoon or evening, bound for Toledo with a cargo of ore for the Armco Steel Corporation, in southern Ohio," he said. "I'll notify the captain—Andrew Allen, who's also commodore of our fleet—to expect you. It should be a fine trip." When I reported this conversation to Oettershagen, he said that he couldn't manage such a whirlwind departure but that he did think he could join the ship at the first lock and spend a few hours aboard.

I hastily made reservations, packed, and left for the north. Seven Islands, which I reached by air, via Montreal, the following afternoon, proved to be a town situated not on seven islands, or even on one, but on the north shore of the St. Lawrence about seventy-five miles from its mouth. The town has the finest natural port on the entire river, yet until the Labrador mines were opened no one frequented it much, except for a few hundred fishermen and their families, who lived there. Today, Seven Islands has a population of better than ten thousand, practically none of whom—or so I was assured by a taxi-driver who took me on a brief tour of the place—have any use for it. It was easy to see why. A low, flat crescent at the eastern end of Seven Islands Bay, the town consists of sand, a few scraggly bushes and wizened pines, several jauntily modernistic public buildings, and hundreds of little shiny-new houses standing nakedly in the dust. The driver, an *habitant*, who adopted a garlicky sort of English for my benefit, flung up both his hands and told me, "In the summer, it is sand, sand, sand—and black flies. And in the winter"—he turned, and grimaced horribly—"it is cold. It is cold sufficiently, fifty degrees below the zero, and the world is



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snow—snow below the foot, snow above the head."

The T. R. McLagan, which we reached a moment later, proved to be a far more impressive spectacle than her port of call. Measuring seven hundred and fifteen feet from her bluntish bow to her rounded stern, and with a beam of seventy feet, she had a brick-red hull surmounted, forward, by a small white three-deck superstructure and, aft, by a deckhouse supporting a fat black-white-and-red striped stack; between these two bits of housing her main deck stretched out for better than five hundred feet, an expanse broken by nothing but a score of two-foot-high hatch covers. Boarding the vessel, I was met on this great deck by a stout, round-faced man in his late fifties, wearing a blue windbreaker, gray trousers, and a tan cap pulled down over his eyes. He introduced himself as Hector Murray, the McLagan's first mate, told me we would be on our way a little after suppertime, ordered a nearby deckhand to get my gear from the wharf and stow it in Stateroom No. 1, and then led me forward to meet the captain. I followed him up a ladder on the forward superstructure to the second, or forecastle, deck, where, next to three window boxes of petunias made fast to the rail, we found Captain Allen. A tall, erect, well-set-up man in his middle sixties, with pale-blue eyes, reddish eyebrows, and white hair, and wearing a dark-khaki uniform and a cap with a generous helping of scrambled eggs on the visor, he extended a large, freckled hand to greet me and then, spotting a dead flower in the nearest box, pinched it off. "My back porch," he said, with a pleasant, upcurving smile.

Looking aft from the porch to the captain's back yard, I remarked on the vastness of his domain, and he nodded and said, "A lot of boat, all right. Only three per cent of the world's vessels are this big. We can carry twenty-five thousand tons of cargo, and, with the weight of the boat itself, that gives us a displacement of forty thousand tons. But we haven't sailed fully loaded yet, because they haven't finished dredging some of the channels the whole twenty-seven feet. When they do, we'll go through with twenty-five and a half feet maximum, which is about six inches better than we can do now. With all this boat, we like to have at least eighteen inches of water under us."

I asked the captain about the essential differences between a laker and an ocean-going vessel of the same size. "Well," he said, "it's primarily a mat-



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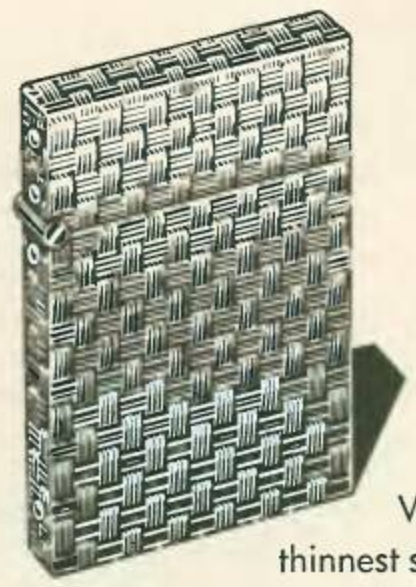
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ter of being able to navigate shallow-draft ports and channels. That, and rough water. We get our share of bad weather, all right, but being as how the Lakes don't have those big, heaving swells, like on the ocean, we're not faced with the racking, sagging, and hogging that a deep-sea ship is. The salties—that's what we laker men call them—are built different, so they'll stand up to those terrible strains. They have to be deeper and broader for their length than us. We'd break in two in the first bad ocean storm, but in here we're highly practical. Why, we carry three times the cargo that a salty with our draft does."

Murray offered to show me to my quarters, and led the way inside the forecastle deckhouse. We passed through a comfortable, well-furnished lounge containing an enormous television set and, facing it, an oil painting of the Griffon, a galleon that La Salle built on Lake Erie in 1679, and down a passageway, where Murray opened a door and ushered me into one of a pair of passenger staterooms. He told me that the captain's accommodations were on the other side of the vessel, that he and some of the other officers were quartered on the deck below, and that the crew, numbering twenty-five, were scattered fore and aft. The dining rooms—one for the captain, one for the officers, and one for the crew—were back in the poop deckhouse, he said. When he had gone, I looked around what was to be my home for the next few days. I had been prepared to make do with a hammock slung in a boiler room, but instead my quarters, painted pale gray and carpeted wall to wall, contained twin beds, a double chest of drawers, two easy chairs, a table, a large ottoman, and three good-sized windows, and boasted a foyer with two closets at one side and a sparkling tile bathroom at the other. It promised to be a fine trip indeed.

AT seven-thirty that evening—after the endless belts of a ship-loading machine had finished pouring a record cargo of 24,670 tons of high-grade, non-Bessemer iron ore into the McLagan's six holds—the lines were cast off and we sailed out of the bay past six dusk-green islands (Cartier, who named the place, apparently mistook a headland for a seventh island) and into the St. Lawrence, which is seventy miles wide at that point. The entrance to the Seaway lay nearly five hundred miles to the southwest. At the time, I was on the top deck, in the wheelhouse—a pale-green, semicircular, window-enclosed



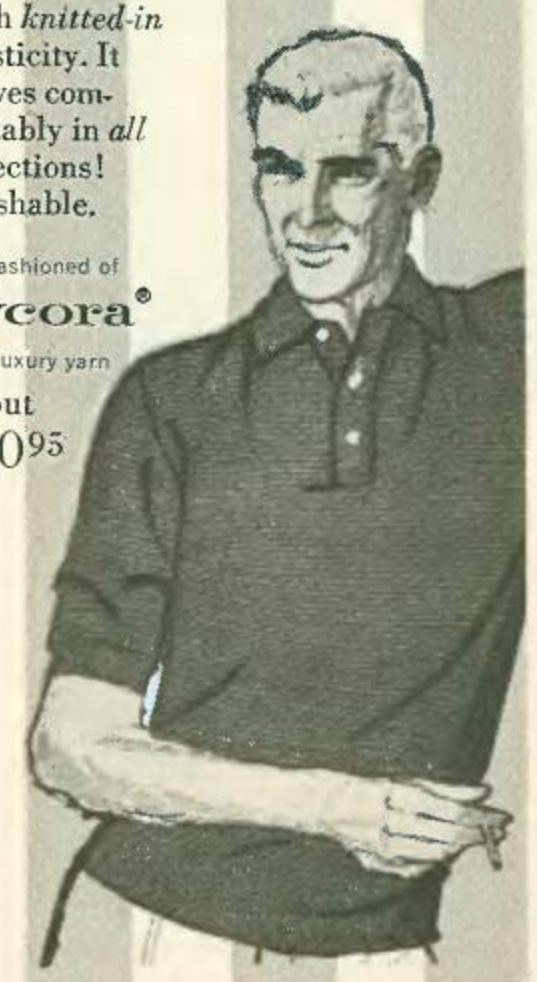
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room containing a low platform on which was mounted a large oak wheel. This was flanked by a smaller, automatic-pilot wheel and a magnetic compass, and elsewhere in the room were an engine-room telegraph, a radar set, a direction finder, a depth sounder, two wall dials indicating the speed and direction of the wind, a panel of switches and buttons for shipboard intercommunication, another one for lights, whistles, and alarms, a radiotelephone, and, to one side of the wheel, a large chair with a high leather seat, for the captain's comfort. Aft of the wheelhouse proper and separated from it by a glass door was the chartroom—a long, narrow chamber with a large metal chest-table at one end, a gyrocompass in the middle, and a leather settee at the other end.

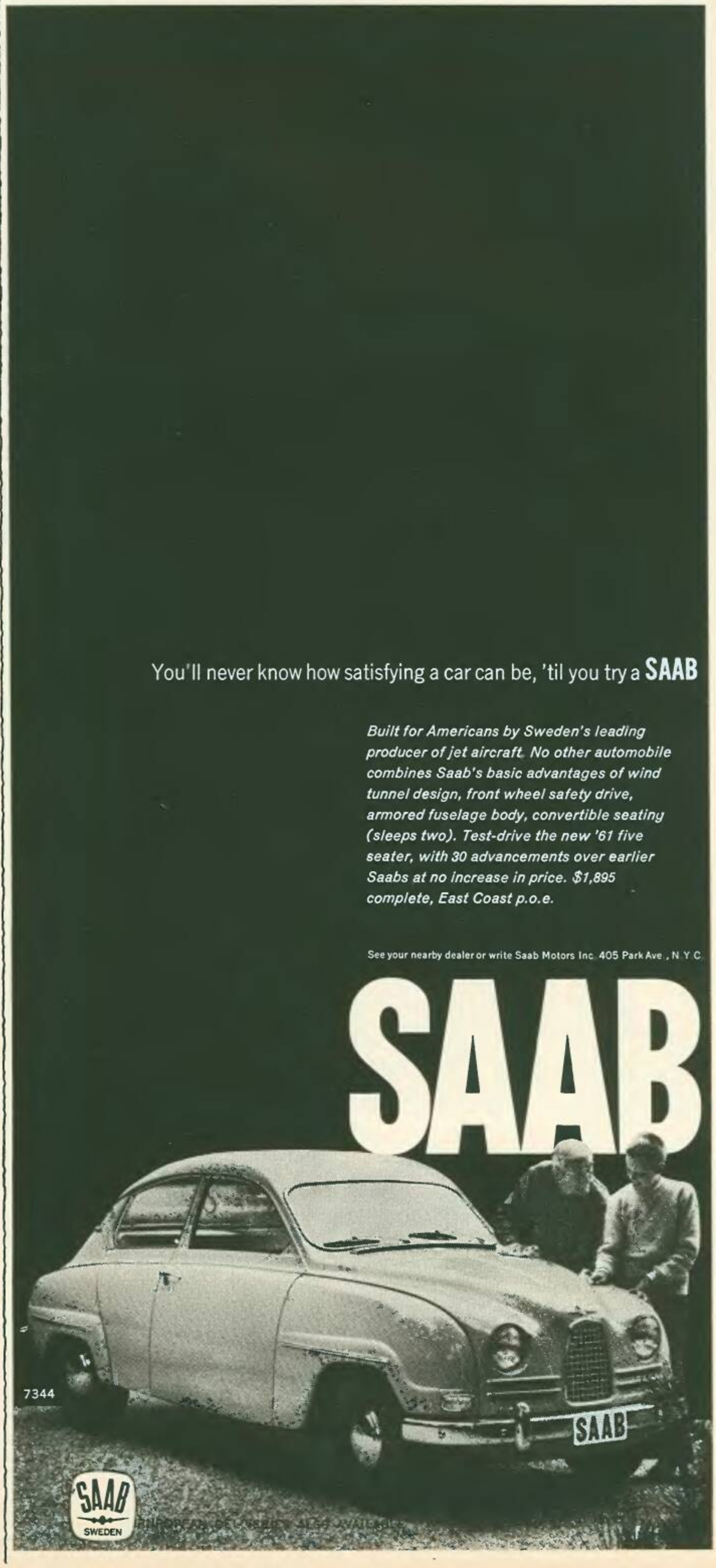
Shortly after we had cleared the outermost island, Captain Allen gave the wheelsman, a stocky, red-headed youth, a compass reading of two hundred and nineteen degrees, and set the telegraph at "Full Ahead," which meant, he told me, a cruising speed of seventeen miles an hour. (The term "knots" isn't used on inland waters, I discovered.) In a pinch, he said, the McLagan could do twenty. A couple of minutes later, he called my attention to a vessel heading toward us, a mile or so away. To me, it was a mere blur in the twilight, but Captain Allen said it looked to him like the George M. Humphrey, an ore boat belonging to the National Steel Corporation and named after the chairman of National's board. "One of the biggest lakers," he remarked. "It's five feet shorter than we are, but five feet wider."

The oncoming vessel's master evidently had as acute an eye as the McLagan's, for a minute later the radio crackled and a voice said, "This is the George M. Humphrey, the George M. Humphrey, calling the T. R. McLagan. Come in, McLagan, on Channel Five, please."

Moving over to the radiotelephone, Captain Allen switched a dial and picked up a hand receiver. "Hello, George M. Humphrey, George M. Humphrey, this is the T. R. McLagan on Five," he said. "How were things up in the Seaway, Captain?"

"I'd like to get ahold of the damn fool that built the lousy rotten place!" shouted the voice at the other end, with a violence that made me jump. "We made it through, all right, but it was nip and tuck. I don't know who patterned it out, but it sure wasn't anybody who'd ever sailed a boat. Tell me, Cap, how do you feel about it?"

"If I told you the truth, they'd take



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the phone off the boat," Captain Allen answered, with a grin. "I've made the round trip five or six times now, but I can't say I'm getting to like it any better. It's wicked when there's a wind. Those salties are all over the place."

"I hope it blows them into the goddam bushes," the captain of the Humphrey said. "Then maybe they'll stay to home, where they belong. Well, take care, Captain, and good luck. We all need it. The Humphrey out."

Startled by the no-uncertain-terms note of this exchange, I asked Captain Allen what was wrong with the Seaway. "Everything a man can think of," he answered heatedly. "It's a riling kind of place. I've been sailing the lakes and rivers and canals from here to Duluth for forty-eight years, and I say I've never seen anything to beat it. I don't believe there's a man on these waters—from deckhands on up—who don't feel the same. Now, I'm Canadian. I was born and raised in Canada and lived all my life here. But I've got to say that the only part of the Seaway that makes any sense is the part the States built. Our locks are just downright miserable. They're designed bad, and the operation of them is worse. Whoever laid them out—especially the approach walls—didn't seem to know that they meant to put boats into them. Why, it's like going into the mouth of a vise. And, besides that, they put the channel on the wrong side of the river. The old canals and locks were on the north side, and that was far better, because the current was easier. On the south side, the water doesn't seem to know which way it's going."

Turning to one of the windows, the captain fell silent—as much to calm himself, I thought, as to scan the horizon—but when at length he continued, he was still anything but calm. "Besides that," he said, "these salties—most of them old tramps dug up out of bone yards and given a lick of paint and a hodgepodge of a crew—have been creating all manner of hardship for the rest of us. Every time I see one of them, I need an aspirin. They're all over the place—running aground, smacking into locks, scaring every sober man out of his socks. Deep-sea captains are used to having plenty of water below and around them, and a lot of them have never navigated in canals and locks. Sometimes—particularly when the wind's blowing—they're too scared to move at night, and at dusk they're just as apt as not to drop their hooks in the middle of the channel, turn off their radios, and snarl up the works. That causes a lot of delay, and so does the fact that they don't know how to get through locks. For one thing, they don't have the proper equipment—no landing booms to put linesmen ashore, no constant-tension winches to keep the lines taut and the vessel secure in the lock. Some of the delays are really bad—especially at the Welland Canal, up there by Niagara. Why, it was operating nearly at capacity even before the Seaway opened and let in all these tramps. We used to get through there in ten, eleven hours, but now we're being held up as much as two days. That costs money. It takes several thousand dollars a day to run this boat. Just compare that to what it takes to run a ship like one I heard about the other day—a British salty sailing under the Liberian flag with a Chinese crew that was getting sixteen dollars a month per man. Why, our deckhands get four hundred. Then again, consider the toll setup. Most of those salties are coming in light and going out loaded with whatever cargo they can scrape up for themselves—usually general cargo, like hides, machinery, salt, sulphur, medicine, that sort of thing—but they're seldom loaded to capacity. Well, the toll depends on the tonnage of the vessel and the kind and weight of cargo. You can bet that it would take several salties to equal the toll for the McLagan on this trip—better than eleven thousand dollars for one-way transit. Yet it takes a salty longer to clear a lock than it does the McLagan. I tell you, it's a bad business all around. Well, anyway, I'll be retiring at the end of next season, so I'll be out of it."

Captain Allen lapsed into a glowering silence, which lasted until Murray came in to stand his watch. Then he warned both the mate and the wheelsman to keep a weather eye out for salties, bade the wheelhouse a general good night, and departed. I asked Murray if the captain really intended to retire, and he shrugged. "I wouldn't blame him," he said. A little later, he took me into the chartroom to let me have a look at the McLagan's course for the next several hours. Switching on a small lamp above the table, he leaned over a large navigational map and ran his heavy forefinger along a pencil line extending diagonally across the river from Seven Islands to Father Point, a hundred and seventy miles upriver and on the south shore. "Off there is where we pick up our first pilot, who'll take us as far as Quebec," he said.

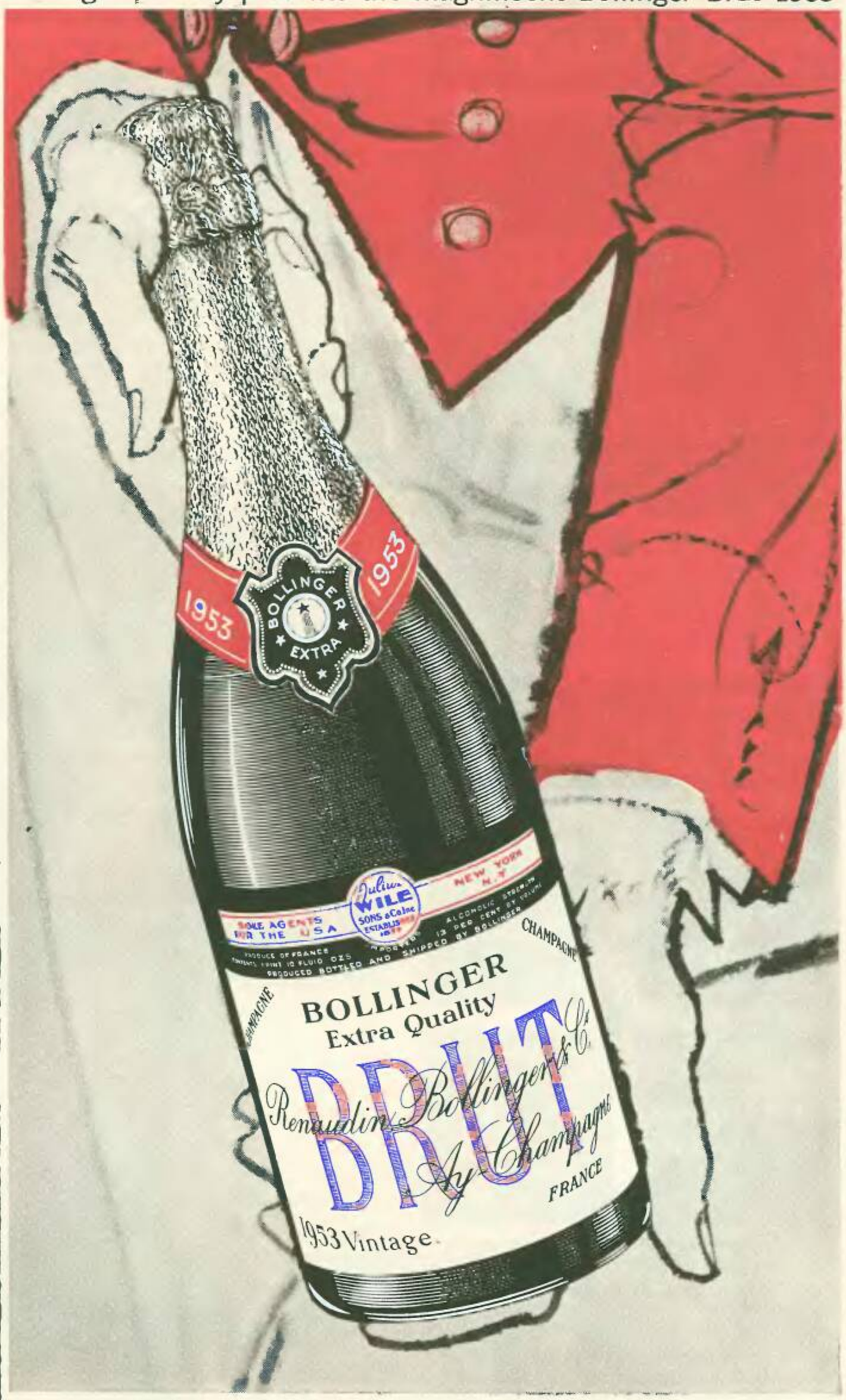
I expressed surprise at hearing that pilots were necessary, and Murray said, "It's the law of the river. You have to

have one, like it or not, from the Point on up. We'll pick up four this trip, one at Father Point, one at Quebec, one at Trois Rivières, and the last one at Montreal. The pilot handles the boat on the river, and the captain runs it through the Lakes, canals, and locks. Sometimes, though, a captain will even take over on the river. For instance, the first time we put in at Montreal on our way up here, this was the longest boat that had ever gone in there. The pilot looked scared to death, so Captain Allen took command. When he waved off the tugs, the pilot looked like he was going to faint dead away. But the captain brought her in, neat as you please, and tied up without a scratch."

Murray went on to say that we would be out of sight of land for most of the night, so a few minutes later I, too, said good night and stepped outside to go below. Something strange about the night brought me up short, and I soon realized that it was the water, which was no longer black, as it had been when I last looked at it, but blue and flecked with ridges of pale green. Then, overhead, I saw the cause—the northern lights were stretching upward in great tattered streamers of luminous green. It was a reminder that I was as close to the latitude of Greenland as to the latitude of Times Square.

AT six-thirty the next morning, after breakfasting in the captain's dining room aft, I took a brisk two-block walk forward to the wheelhouse, fighting my way through a buffeting head wind, which, I saw from the indicator when I arrived, was blowing at an average speed of forty miles an hour, with gusts of up to fifty. We were now running within a couple of miles of the south shore, which fell flatly back from the riverbank to some low, bluish hills in the distance. The river was less than half as wide as it was at Seven Islands, but there were still twenty miles of wind-whipped water between us and the north shore. Directly off our port beam was a small cluster of red, green, and blue roofs, a silvery steeple, and a white lighthouse—Father Point, said Captain Allen, who was lounging in his high chair. Behind us, and speedily wallowing our way, was a small black pilot boat, and within ten minutes we were joined by its passenger—a diminutive gray-haired, gray-mustached man who was wearing neither a uniform nor the polyglot outfit one might expect of a riverman but a neat gray business suit, a white shirt, and a dark-blue tie. Despite a heavy French accent and a marked facial resemblance to Fernandel, he

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turned out to be named George Koenig, and he explained that everyone in that area—even the Smiths, the Kellys, and the MacTavishes—was a Canuck. Unobtrusively taking over, he gave the wheelsman a compass reading that swung the McLagan's prow toward the north shore, invisible in the distance.

The captain retired to his quarters, and I remained behind with Koenig and the wheelsman. The pilot and I were chatting of this and that when, a little upstream from Tadoussac—and almost five hundred miles from the Atlantic—he pointed ahead and said casually, "A whale." At first, I thought this was some sort of mariner's jest, but then I saw what he was pointing to, and it was indeed a whale—a dark, glistening arched back and a vaporous spout of water—perhaps three hundred yards in front of us. Once I had recovered from my astonishment, I said that surely it must be one of the smaller species, but Koenig emphatically assured me that it was a blue whale, and that blue whales are the largest creatures on earth. "A couple of years ago," he added, "one that washed ashore near Father Point measured over a hundred feet long. The water along here is a thousand feet deep, you know." Within the next hour, we raised two more blue whales, a seal bobbing along perkily not fifty yards off our starboard beam, and a school of at least a hundred milk-white dolphins, which sewed a flashing seam across the river a few hundred feet dead ahead.

Traffic on the river was heavy, made up of diverse craft, some of which were highly specialized. Among them were several *goélettes*—hundred-foot wooden boats with high, rounded bows and two-story deckhouses astern—which are employed mainly to transport pulpwood from logging docks to the paper mills that dot the length of the river. Now and then, we saw a canaller—a boat of around two hundred and fifty feet and somewhat resembling a laker in design, but with a more rounded bow. The type was developed expressly for negotiating the old fourteen-foot canals, and, according to Captain Allen, who dropped in while the pilot and I were discussing canallers, they are a dying breed. "I understand that since the Seaway opened, a third of them have been laid up," he said. "They're impractical now. They can't carry more than twenty-five hundred tons, and they're slower than the Second Coming." Along the way, we also passed a few lakers, ranging from a minimum of two hundred and fifty feet to almost the length of the McLagan. And, of course, there were always the salties—from



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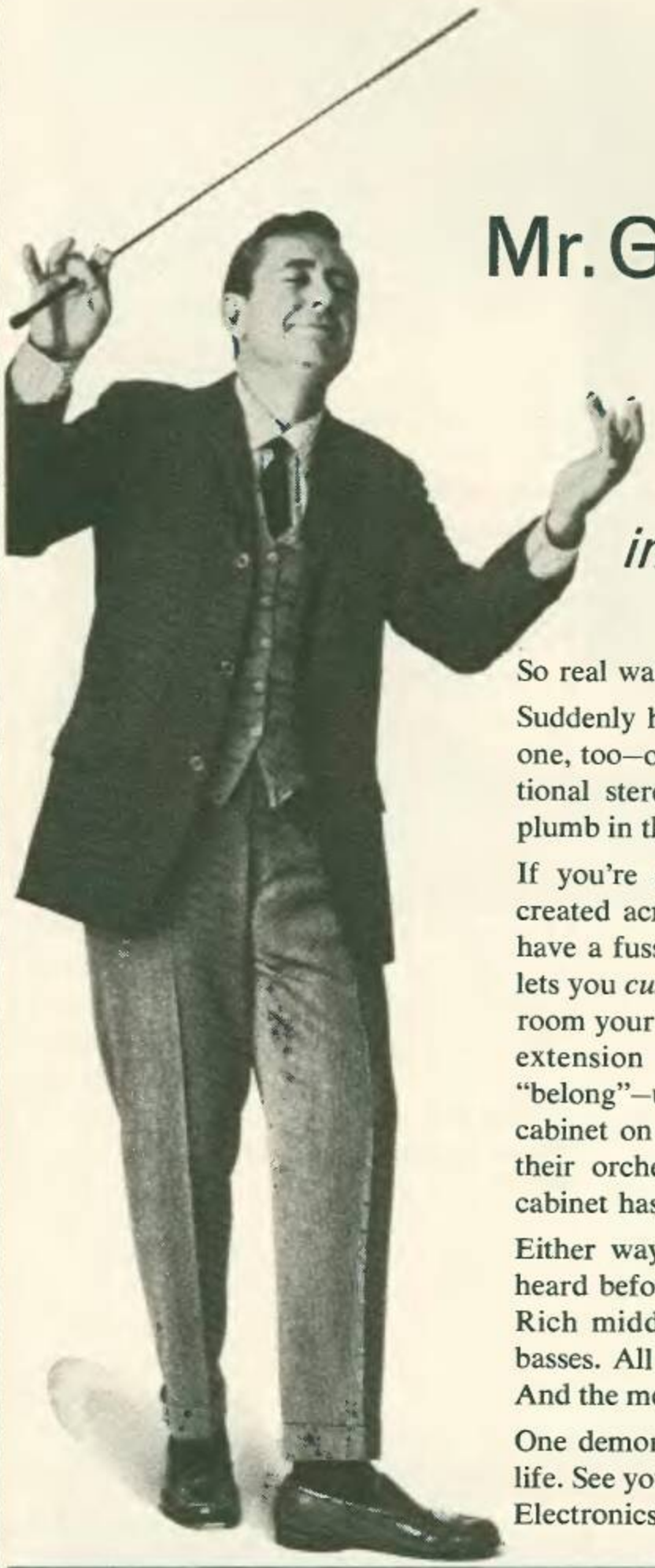
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such far-flung ports as Liverpool, Haifa, Copenhagen, Panama, Glasgow, Monrovia, Belfast, Stockholm, Hamburg, Naples, Bordeaux, and Rotterdam. I wasn't surprised to see my companions observing them with conspicuous disdain.

It was dark by the time we came abreast of Quebec, rising in lighted tiers for better than a thousand feet to the turrets of the Château Frontenac. Ahead of us lay a placid hundred-and-sixty-mile stretch of the river, and then we would reach Montreal and the beginning of the actual Seaway. Along this stretch there would again be nothing of interest to see at night, except possibly the lights of three towns—Trois Rivières, the largest newsprint-producing center in the world; Sorel, a shipbuilding community; and Contrecœur, which in pre-Seaway days was the main transshipment point of the old canal system. The salties ended their upriver run there and unloaded their cargo, which was then picked up by the canallers. Since we were due to reach the Seaway early the next day, I turned in soon after dinner.

ALTHOUGH I hadn't given much thought to what the entrance to the Seaway would look like, I felt slightly let down when, at a little after eight in the morning—a bright, fine day—the McLagan sailed slowly and ponderously into it. Lying off the south bank of the St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal, which was clearly visible in the early-morning sunlight, the entrance, perhaps a hundred yards wide, was nothing more than an almost imperceptible division in the river. On our port side was an undistinguished earthen embankment and on our starboard side a parallel earthen dike—forty feet wide at the top and sloping thirty feet down to the water—that separated the Seaway from the main stream and stretched out ahead of us as far as the eye could see. That's all there was to it, except that half a mile ahead of us the vast span of Montreal's Jacques Cartier Bridge provided an impressive background. Captain Allen, however, was looking at none of these things. Planted firmly by a window on the starboard side of the wheelhouse, he was staring grimly down the entrance canal in the direction of the Seaway's first lock—the St. Lambert—a mile or so ahead. As we drew near it, I distinguished the outlines of the approach wall—one of those that Captain Allen had spoken of so unflatteringly earlier in our journey. Three thousand feet long, made of concrete, and designed to help vessels



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ease into the lock, the wall was superimposed on the side of the dike, and on its top—a fifteen-foot-wide concrete surface—was a row of mushroom-shaped bollards for making a vessel fast with a rope or cable. The first two-thirds of the wall ran straight toward the lock, but at the far end the remaining third veered to the left, at a ten-degree angle, and met the mouth of the lock on the diagonal. This arrangement provided a nook that an incoming vessel could pull into while an outgoing vessel squeezed past, but Captain Allen found no comfort in the accommodation, because of the angular way it was laid out. The McLagan would have to winch itself past that sharp corner, and he dreaded it. A quarter of a mile from the near end of the wall, he said "Starboard" to the wheelsman, and the bow of the McLagan began slowly to swing around. Down on the main deck, Murray and two deckhands were readying one of the McLagan's forward landing booms, with which men are put ashore in a small wooden seat, and as the bow veered in toward the wall and the captain stopped the engines, Murray swung the boom out twice, lowering first one of the deckhands and then the other onto the top of the wall. He then threw them a lightweight heaving line tied to a large loop at one end of a mooring line—an inch-thick wire cable attached to a winch on the main deck forward. Hauling in the heaving line, the men grabbed the loop of cable and flung it around the nearest bollard, and Murray started the winch to wind the cable in and draw the bow slowly forward and toward the wall. Meanwhile, a couple of crewmen aft were waiting to go into action with a second cable as soon as the stern was close enough for the landing booms to swing them ashore. The two forward deckhands kept moving their line from one bollard to the next, and after a while one of them ran back along the wall to help the men aft, drawing the stern in. Finally, came the big moment when the bow touched the concrete. The meeting, although it seemed gentle enough, produced a sudden puff of smoke and a grinding, abrasive roar. Captain Allen winced. "Wouldn't you think they'd have the kindness to put some fenders there, to keep us from tearing our hides off?" he said. Pointing to the section of wall still ahead of us, he went on, "Just look at the blood that's been left behind." The blood was varicolored—great blotches of paint scraped from the hulls of many ships. Leaving a good bit of its own hide behind, the McLagan

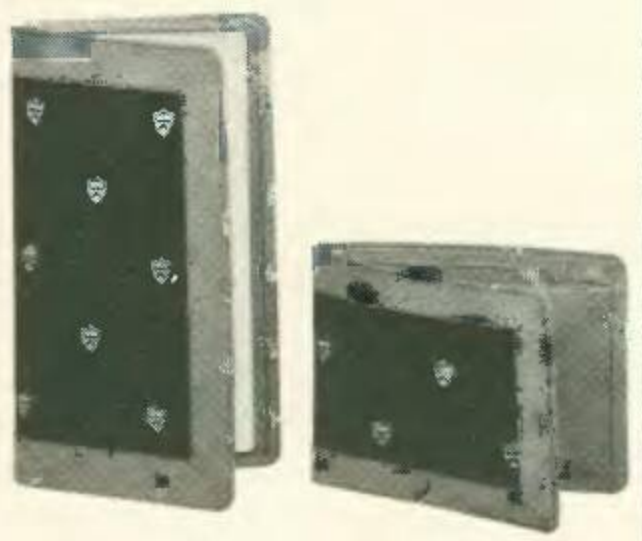
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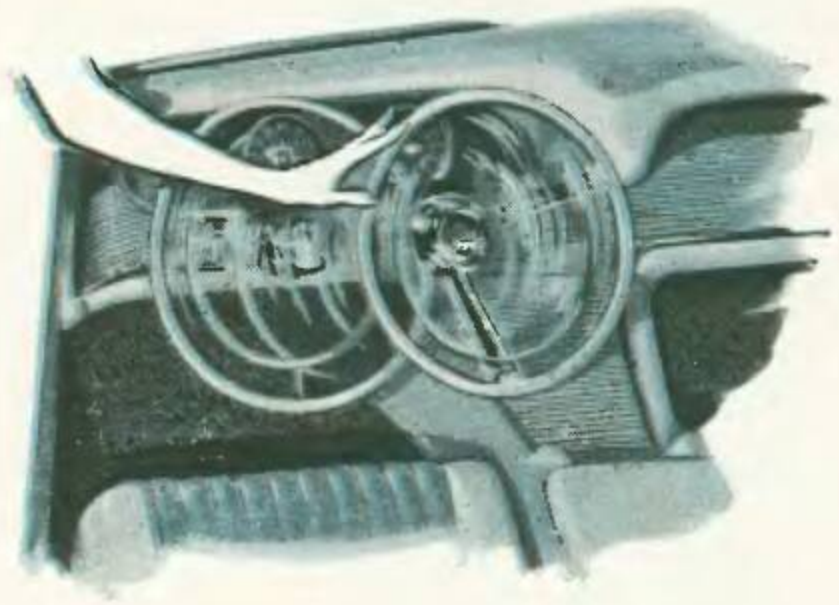
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crunched ahead, pulled along by the winches, until it reached the angle and a sign reading, "Limit of Approach." The captain glared down at the sign. "Limit of Patience they should call it," he said. "That knuckle in the wall, where it swerves off into the lock—it just beats all. If the wall was straight, or even curved, we could get in here in one piece. This way, we don't have a chance. There's no way to get around that knuckle except to scrape around it. I tell you, the boats that have to go through this Seaway aren't going to grow old gracefully."

We were now some three hundred feet from the lock. A pair of massive black gates, like double doors, each forty-five feet wide and rising twenty-eight feet above the waterline, blocked its entrance. On our port side, a low, prowlike structure extended from the lock a couple of hundred feet down the canal, toward us. Above and beyond the gate rose some masts, which the captain's river-schooled eye identified as belonging to two canallers going through the lock together. A moment later, the masts slowly sank until just their tips were visible, and I knew that the water level in the lock was being lowered. "That pair of canallers will be coming out soon now," the captain said, subsiding into his chair. Scarcely had he made himself comfortable when the gates swung inward, and the Northcliffe Hall and the Joseph Medill Patterson—both canallers, as predicted—sailed out of the lock and down the canal past us. As soon as the way was clear, a red light on the approach wall turned green, and Captain Allen said, "Here we go, into the mouth of the vise." Rising, he went to the intercom panel, picked up the receiver, switched a knob to Murray's post, and called, "Hello, hello—you there, Hec?" After listening briefly, he said, "O.K., let's nip around this knuckle."

The captain's choice of verb hardly described the maneuver. The enormous vessel—its engines on "Dead Slow" and its winches pulling it forward from bollard to bollard—ground agonizingly, foot by foot, along the wall, around the knuckle, and then along the slanting wall, until, at last, its prow slipped into the entrance of the lock. At that point, Captain Allen gave the order to cast off aft, and put the telegraph on "Half Astern," and, with the forward line still fast, the stern gradually swung away from the wall until the boat was perfectly aligned with the lock. At a command from the wheelhouse, Murray then cast off forward, and the captain, shifting the telegraph



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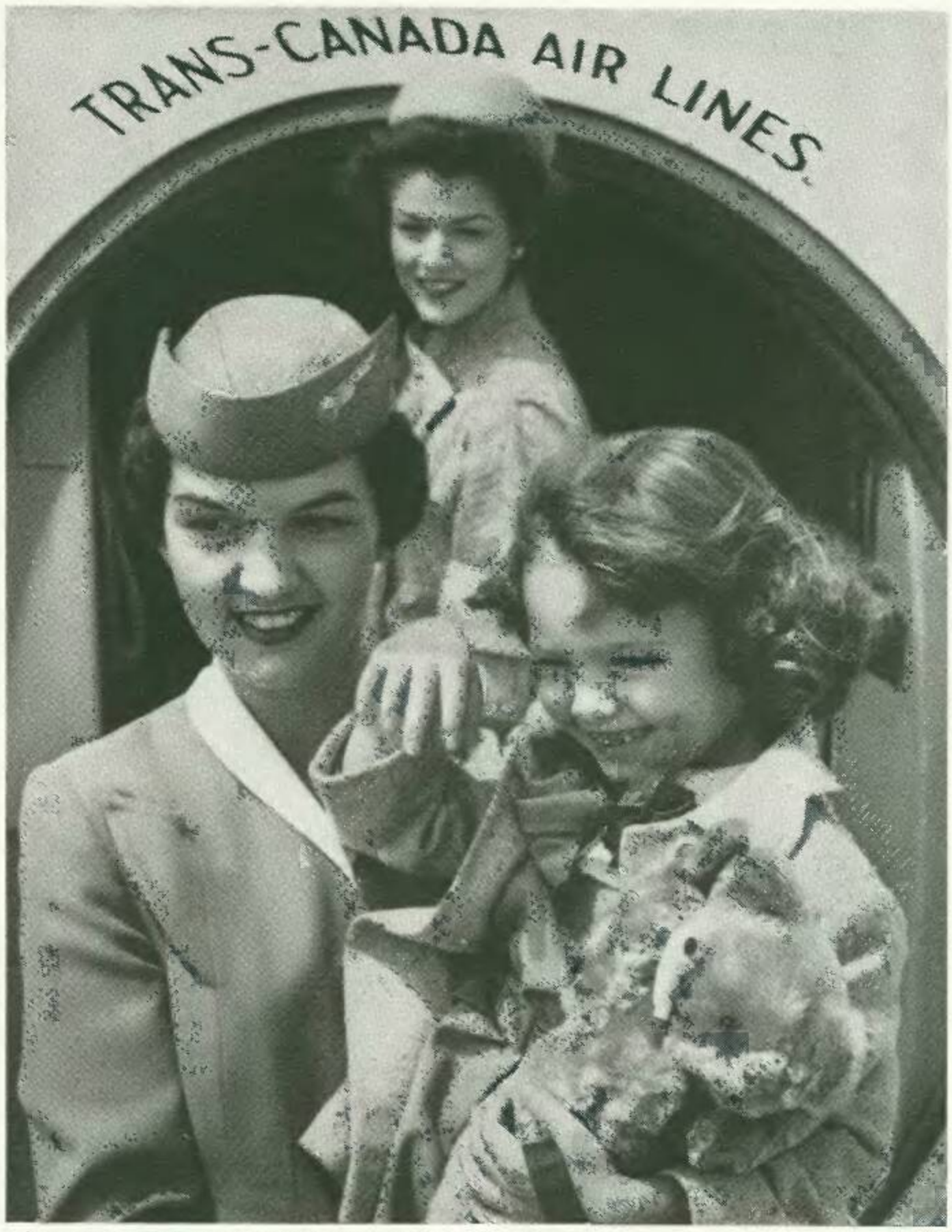
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to "Half Ahead," watched with set jaw as the McLagan eased into the lock. Halfway in, he moved the telegraph to "Slow Ahead." As the bow came abreast of a marker indicating that he had a hundred feet more to go before reaching the far gate, he changed to "Half Astern;" on reaching a fifty-foot marker, he called for "Slow Astern;" and, twenty-five feet farther on, at a command to "STOP" inscribed on both sides of the lock, he put the telegraph on "Stop." There was something like sixty inches of clearance on either side. Men on the locks quickly fastened the McLagan's cables to the bollards there. "That's it, as far as we're concerned," the captain said. "The rest of the lock-in is up to the lockmaster." He pointed to a man above us on the port wall who was walking backward and gesturing toward him, in the manner of someone guiding an airplane into position. At that moment, the lockmaster made a sign something like that of an umpire calling a player safe, and the McLagan simultaneously came to a halt a mere twenty feet from the upper gates of the lock. Looking aft, I saw the huge gates we had passed through slowly swing shut, and we were locked in—twenty-seven minutes, by my watch, from the time we had been given the green light.

Going out on deck, I leaned over the side to watch the water enter the lock. Enter it surely did, for the vessel began to rise, but the only evidence of the inrushing torrent was a few desultory swirls here and there. Soon the main deck was level with the sides of the lock, which looked like nothing more than a concrete slot, eight hundred feet long and eighty feet wide. Its appearance, of course, was deceptive, for somewhere an intricate mechanism was smoothly controlling the flow of water into the slot. In a matter of twelve minutes the McLagan had been raised nineteen feet.

Oettershagen, the Seaway man I had talked to, had said he would try to join me at this lock, but no one was waiting for us there except the fourth pilot. (The two other pilots had come and gone in the meantime.) This one was Paul Desgroseilliers, a middle-aged riverman, with a bristling mustache, who was wearing an unornamented uniform and amber sunglasses, and was to be with us through the rest of the Seaway. I had about given up on Oettershagen when, just as the gates were ready to be opened, a car roared up to the lock and stopped, and a tall, hefty man, with a mass of pure-white hair brushed straight back, jumped out, waved to the driver, trotted over to a stilelike ladder amid-



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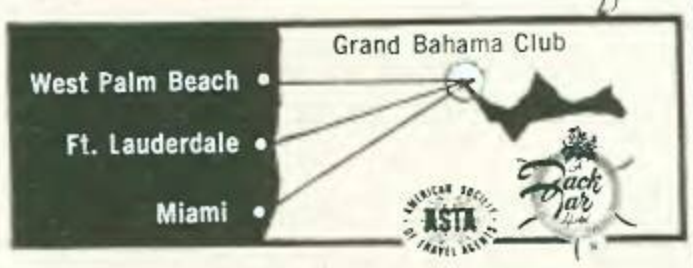


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ships, and scrambled up it with the agility of a deckhand. The car bore the name of the St. Lawrence Seaway Development Corporation, so I realized that here was my man, and went over to him and introduced myself. Oettershagen, who is in his late sixties but looks a good dozen years younger, pumped my hand vigorously and exclaimed, "It's great to be aboard!" Waving his other hand fore and aft, he went on, "What a spectacle these lakers are—what a grand spectacle! More than five thousand vessels have transited the Seaway already—canallers, domestic and foreign freighters, pulp boats, naval vessels, and yachts, all the way from twenty-footers to Queen Elizabeth's Britannia—but none of them can touch a boat like this."

As the McLagan eased out of the slot without touching either wall, twenty minutes after locking in, Oettershagen said, "Look at that! You can almost touch the lock on either side—imagine! Do you realize that it's like driving an auto into a garage with an inch and a half to spare on each side? Not to mention that on water and with a boat this size the job is immeasurably more complex."

Oettershagen and I retired to the chartroom, where he took a folded map from his inside coat pocket and spread it out on the table. A good eight feet long, it showed every important detail of the Seaway. "This is the first part of the Seaway, called the Lachine Section," he said. "It's thirty-one miles long, and it circumvents the Lachine Rapids. The Canadians spent over half of their entire outlay on this part of the job, a lot of it to modify four bridges along the route. The Soulanges Section is next, sixteen miles; then the Lake St. Francis, thirty miles; the International Rapids, forty-seven miles; and, last, the Thousand Islands Section, sixty-eight miles."

When Oettershagen had put his map away, I mentioned some of the complaints I'd heard about the Seaway, and he nodded wearily, as if they were an old story to him. "As I see it," he said, "a good part of this anti-Seaway feeling is unwarranted. Now, I'd be the last to deny that there *are* kinks in the line, but I'd also be the first to insist that they'll be straightened out before long. For instance, it's quite true that the pilots lack experience—particularly when it comes to handling salties, which they aren't used to—but I'm firmly convinced that they'll get the hang of it soon. It's also true, I'm afraid, that there have been unexpected delays, and that most of them are the fault of the

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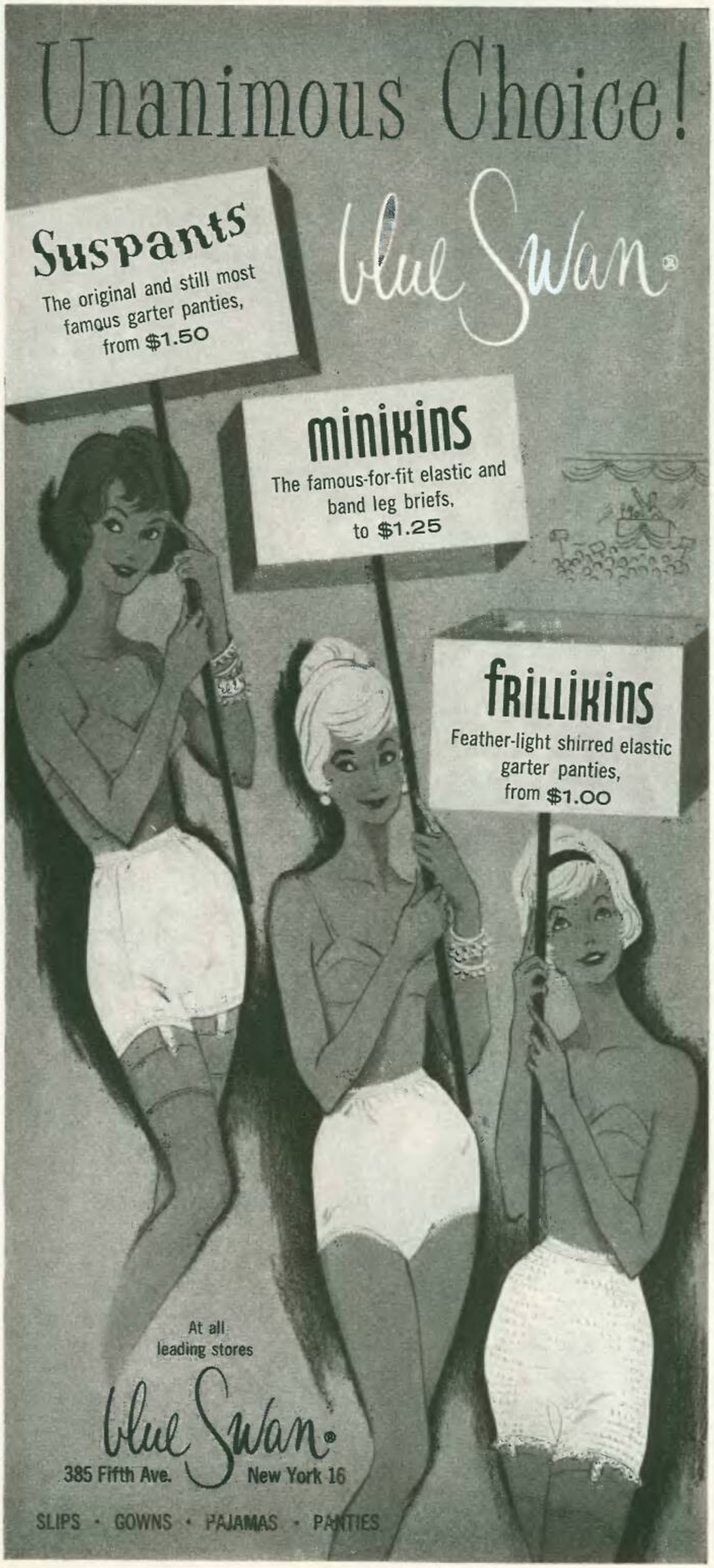
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salties. However, in my opinion foreign shipowners are going to get busy and train their crews in locking techniques. To my mind, the one really justifiable complaint that won't be cured simply by practice or common sense is the one about the Welland Canal. They say it is holding up traffic, and it is. Again, though, *something* can, and most certainly will, be done about it. I feel that it will have to be doubled in the very near future, by enlarging some of the locks, even though it will cost a hundred and fifty million dollars—or so they say. I realize, too, that a lot of the laker captains on this run—maybe even *all* of them—are unhappy with the setup. As I see it, though, what they're really complaining about is simply that the Seaway exists at all. For them it just means longer runs, more locks, more channels, more trouble, and less open water—which is what they like best of all."

NOW that Captain Allen had successfully put the St. Lambert Lock behind him and was proceeding up a section of the Seaway called the South Shore Canal, Oettershagen and I entered the wheelhouse, where I introduced the two men and stood listening as they exchanged bits of information and gossip about their common concern—the Seaway. As they were talking, a black laker appeared in the distance, headed toward us. I had learned from the map that this part of the canal had a minimum bottom width of three hundred feet, so I assumed that the two vessels would give each other a moderately wide berth, but instead both the McLagan and the approaching laker—the Transtream, the captain said—kept solidly in the middle. When the two vessels were no more than a couple of hundred yards apart, the Transtream gave a toot on its whistle, meaning "I intend to pass to your port," and Captain Allen sounded an answering toot. But still neither boat changed course, and when they were a mere couple of hundred *feet* apart they were still zeroed in on each other. A moment later, though, Captain Allen gave the order "Starboard," and the Transtream's captain evidently duplicated the order at the same instant, for the two boats veered apart. As they came abreast—separated by fifty feet of water—they were lying parallel to each other but at a slight angle to the axis of the canal, so that the McLagan's bow was pointing obliquely at the northern bank and the Transtream's toward the southern. As the McLagan's bow cleared the other's stern, Captain Allen called for port, and



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again the Transtream's master must have simultaneously done the same. Now the two vessels, still parallel, slowly wheeled almost as a single unit back across the axis until the directions of their bows were precisely reversed. As soon as their sterns were clear of each other, both boats resumed their courses and sailed on—one straight up the middle of the canal, the other straight down. I asked Captain Allen why, since the canal was both wide enough and deep enough to permit it, it was not used as a simple two-lane thoroughfare. "For one thing," he said, "these boats don't steer so good at this speed—about six miles an hour along in here. More important, though, is that boats with blunt bows like this one have a way of pushing a wall of water ahead of them. If the boat's near to the dike, the water that's trying to rush back doesn't have as much room on the dike side as on the other side, so it tends to push the bow out. Of course, that swings the stern in, and if the propeller gets close to the bank, it'll suck it away."

Two miles below the second lock in the Lachine Section, Captain Allen cut the McLagan's speed down to a mile and a half an hour, explaining that it took quite a distance to stop the boat (better than six miles, from full speed), and soon we were again inching in toward an approach wall. The gates of this lock were open and we had a green light from the start, so we were able to lock in without stopping, although the deckhands were again busy on the wall with the mooring lines and bollards. "On my first upbound voyage through the Seaway, I tried to go into this lock without putting out any lines," the captain recalled. "I'll never do *that* again. Just as I got the bow in the lock, it swung a mite to port. Well, sir, the water displaced by the bow poured back on the starboard side, and the boat sagged right over and walloped the port-side wall. Sheared off six rivets just behind the bow."

This time, the McLagan locked in with all her rivets intact, and fifteen minutes later and thirty-four feet higher she moved out of the upper gate—past two lakers that were moored at the upper approach wall, waiting their turn—and thence into the Overland Canal. In this section of the Seaway, no dike is needed, its place being taken by the strip of land, nowhere more than a few hundred feet wide, that separates the canal from the river. Across this strip, the St. Lawrence was generally visible, and in it, as we moved along, I saw a wooded island with cascades of white water frothing around it—part of the Lachine Rapids. One

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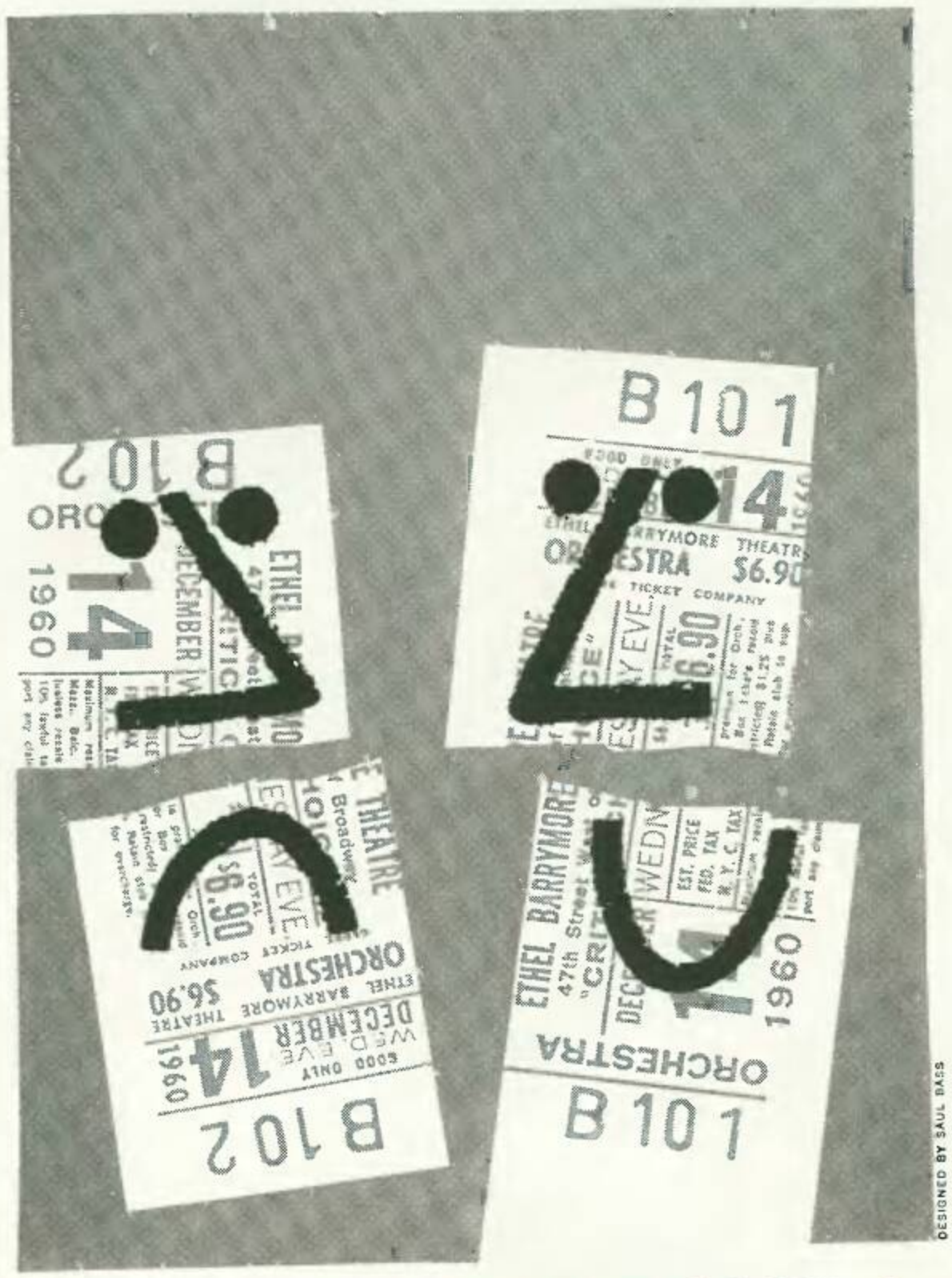
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glimpse of those rapids, which drop some fifty feet in a mile and a half, was enough to convince me that Cartier had been no fool. In the course of the next five miles, we passed under the Honoré Mercier Bridge and a bridge carrying the tracks of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and then came alongside the ramshackle Indian village of Caughnawaga, where several plump Iroquois matrons with a scattering of plump Iroquois children stood in a line on a retaining wall, staring at us balefully, or so it seemed. Oettershagen said that the inhospitable expressions undoubtedly reflected their resentment at a court decision allowing a chunk of their land to be expropriated for the Seaway. Not far past the village, we entered Lake St. Louis. Captain Allen told me that the lake was fifteen miles long, and then he pointed out a narrow inlet at its eastern end. "That's the old Lachine Canal," he said. "Some skippers still use it from time to time. There's one heading for it now—see, off to starboard? It's the Teakbay, a canaller that's lately been hauling grain to Montreal. She'll have only a couple of feet on either side of her in there, but I guess her master doesn't mind that so much. I daresay they ought to get through with all their hide on."

As the McLagan neared the western end of the lake, which marks the beginning of the sixteen-mile Soulanges Section, I spotted another caldron of boiling water off to starboard, and when I called Oettershagen's attention to it, he told me it was the Cascades Rapids—the first of a series that drops the river more than eighty feet in about seventeen miles. We were about to skirt them by way of a sixteen-mile canal and two locks, the Lower and the Upper Beauharnois, he said, and added that if I would look straight north I could see the mouth of the Ottawa River, a tributary flowing down from Grand Lake Victoria, in the Laurentian Plateau.

As Captain Allen eased the McLagan into the approach to the first of these locks, it seemed for a moment that the boat was going to slice the approach wall, on our port side, for he swung the bow in at a thirty-degree angle to it. But it soon developed that he was playing the vessel against the current pouring down from the mouth of the Ottawa River, which when our bow was no more than ten feet from the wall suddenly swung our stern around far enough to line the McLagan up parallel to—and only a couple of feet from—the wall. The linesmen were then put ashore, and the boat was tied up without a scratch. "What canalman-

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ship!" Oettershagen cried. "Don't you love to see an artist at his job?" A few minutes later, we witnessed some rather less skillful canalmanship, on the part of a black salty out of London, which came in to tie up behind us. Apparently unaware of the current from the Ottawa, the salty's master brought his ship in straight, and the down-flowing water caught the stern and swung it around so sharply that it hit the south wall with a bruising thwack. Oettershagen shuddered and turned away. "It may take that fellow more time than I thought to learn the ropes," he said.

We were soon through the lock and in a three-quarter-mile connecting channel leading to the Upper Beauharnois Lock, and after locking in and out without incident, we entered the Beauharnois Canal. Five hours later, we emerged into Lake St. Francis, which is thirty miles long and constitutes the third section of the Seaway. The course here was marked by buoys, and, following the channel, we arrived at the lake's western end just as dusk was falling. In order to leave the lake, we had to skirt the south shore of Cornwall Island—named after the nearby Ontario port city—and as we did so, Oettershagen observed that we had just crossed the international boundary and were now entering the forty-seven-mile International Rapids Section, where the border between the United States and Canada lies approximately in midstream, through what were once the worst rapids in the whole river. "This part right here is the South Cornwall reach," he said. "The river was pretty narrow and fast along here until we got started on the Seaway and dredged and excavated ten million cubic yards of stuff to deepen and widen it enough to slow it down. We reduced the speed from as much as ten feet a second, in spots, to just about four feet a second."

We passed a sheer bank of clay that rose wanly in the dark on the south shore, and Oettershagen waved a hand at it, saying, "Now, *there* was a nice job. That once jutted way out into the river. It was called—" He stopped abruptly, looking abashed, and said, "That's funny. I know the name of that place as well as I know my own. Something Point—what the devil is it?" He gave up with a shrug and went on, "Anyway, we lopped off close to two million cubic yards there, just to give the current room to spread out." Frowning back at the bank as it disappeared in the night, he scratched his chin and muttered, "What *was* its name?"

Oettershagen turned to face forward again, and cheered up instantly at the

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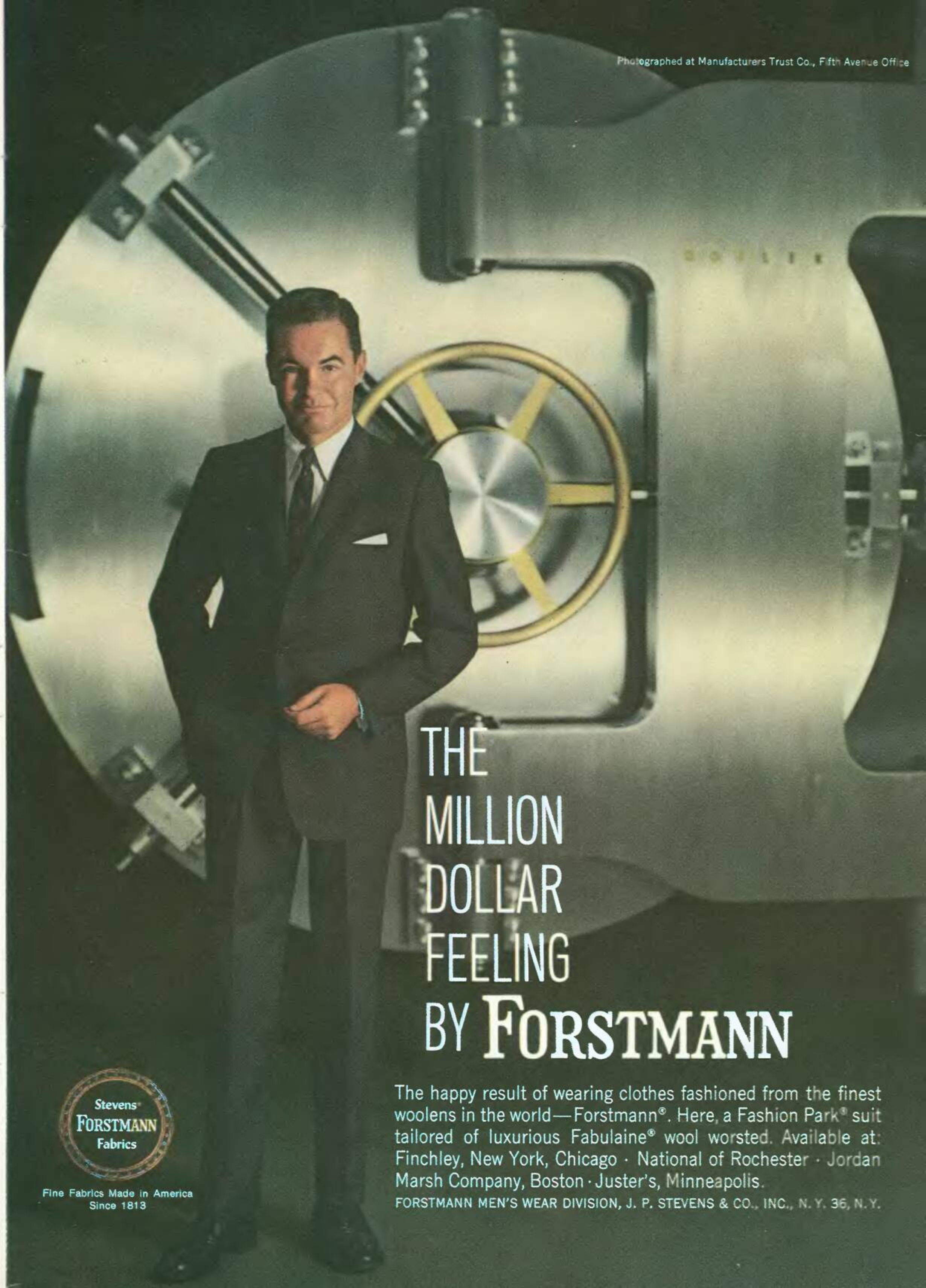
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sight of a high-level suspension bridge arching over the river a thousand feet ahead. "The International Bridge," he announced. "That's a concrete-and-steel story of real international coöperation. The Canadians built the substructure, we put the superstructure on it, and the whole job went off without a hitch." Near the south ramp of the bridge were two brightly lighted factories—a Reynolds Metals aluminum plant and a Chevrolet foundry. They were both new, Oettershagen said, having located there to avail themselves of the low-cost electricity provided by the St. Lawrence Power Project. He went on to explain that the Power Project was independent of the Seaway but had been undertaken in conjunction with it by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario (HEPCO) and the Power Authority of the State of New York (PASNY). "The power dam is off there to the right a couple of miles," Oettershagen said. "If it hadn't been for the Power Project, the Seaway would have cost a lot more than it did. In the old days, the St. Lawrence fell more than ninety feet as it roared through the International Rapids. But there aren't any rapids there now. Hepco and Pasny drowned them for us. Besides the power dam, they put up a spillway dam and a control dam, and with those three they created an artificial lake—Lake St. Lawrence, it's called—covering a hundred square miles and as much as a hundred feet deep in places, sinking the rapids far under water and concentrating the drop in the river at one spot, the power dam. Two locks were built to lift shipping up to the level of the lake, and they're all we need along here. We used to need half a dozen."

A short time later, we arrived at the first of these two locks, which was built by the United States and named after the late Bertrand H. Snell, an upstate congressman who had long advocated modernizing the St. Lawrence. Oettershagen and I went out to watch the lock-in. The lock was brightly lighted, and I could easily see why Captain Allen preferred its approach wall to the Canadian variety. Instead of the exasperating knuckle, this wall curved gently toward a long, straight corridor leading directly into the lock, and thus enabled a captain to line up his vessel with the entrance from a good distance away. Moreover, wooden fenders—twelve-by-twelve timbers—were strung all along the wall at the waterline, and they had obviously served their purpose well, for there wasn't a drop of ship's blood to be seen. Aided by these blessings, Captain Allen

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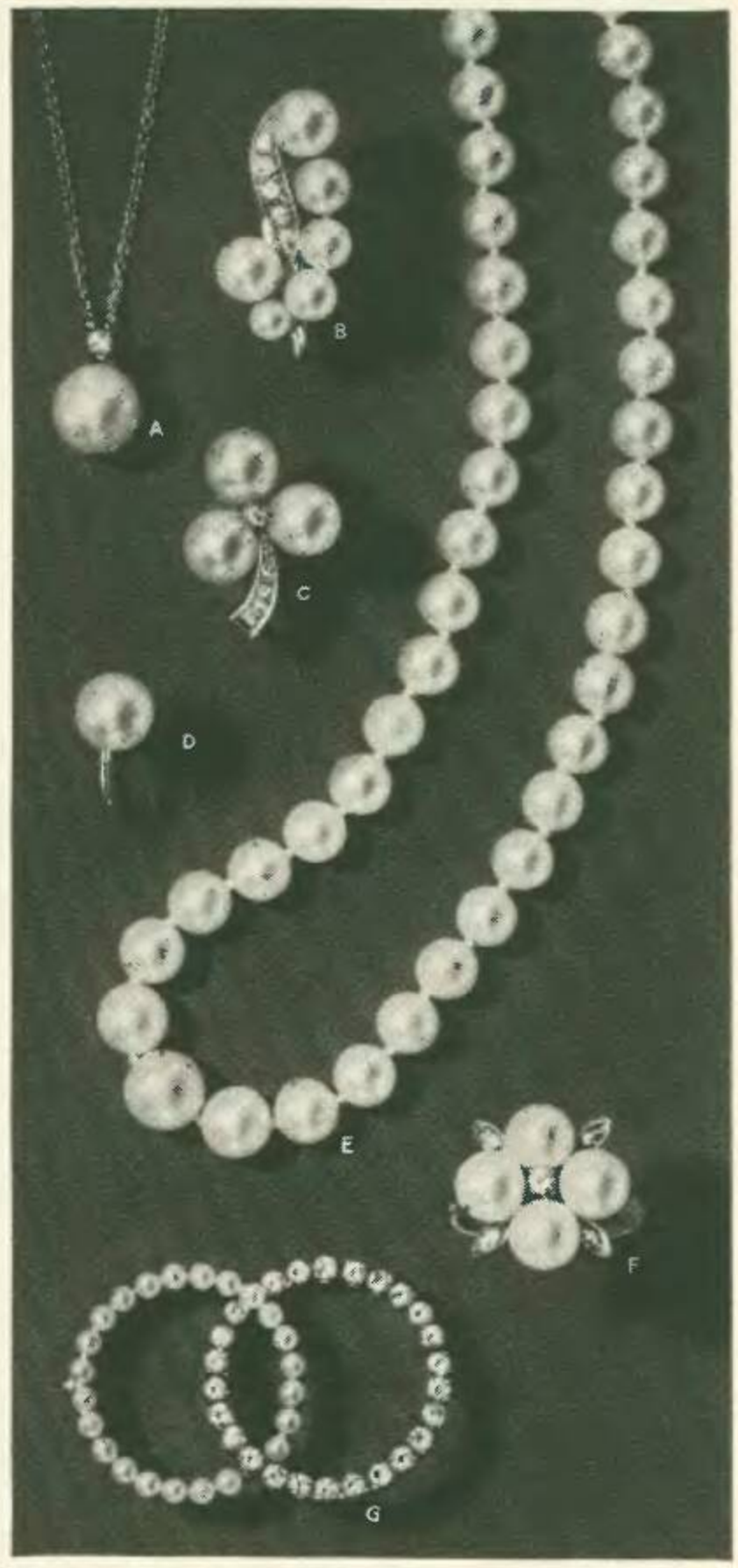
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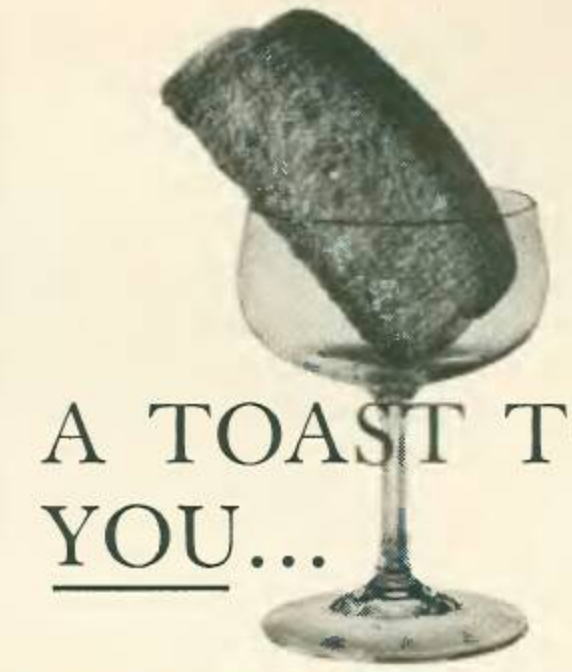
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brought the McLagan in with dispatch—in about half the time it had taken him to get into the other locks.

The temperature having dropped with the sun, Oettershagen and I went back to the wheelhouse. "I'm glad you're here," the captain said to my companion. "There's something I'd like to show you." He flicked a switch in the ceiling, and at once the beam of a powerful searchlight swung through the darkness ahead. In a moment or two, it had settled on something that looked like a red oilcan over near the start of the upper approach wall. "I don't mean to be a bother," the captain said, "but that nun buoy is out too far when we're coming down to this lock. It's the same at your other lock, too. The way it is, we've got to squeak in at an angle instead of coming in parallel to the wall, because the channel isn't straight. If a gust of wind should happen along before we got the stern in, why, we could end up in the mud without trying a bit. I hear that nearly happened to one of the other big boats—the Menihek Lake, I believe it was."

Oettershagen studied the scene thoughtfully and then nodded. "I see what you mean, Captain," he said. "I'm glad to hear about that. I'll have it looked into first thing tomorrow, and if we can possibly do it, I promise you we'll trim that angle." He took out a small notebook, jotted something in it, and put it away. "Just a reminder on that buoy," he murmured to me. "Nobody knows this business like these old-timers."

Peering out at the dark sky and darker water, Oettershagen told me we were in the Wiley-Dondero Ship Channel—named after Senator Alexander Wiley, of Wisconsin, and Representative George A. Dondero, of Michigan, the co-sponsors of the Seaway Act. "Almost all our work was done right here," he went on. "Actually, the channel is only ten miles long, but it was a fierce job—took us four years. We ran into some pretty intractable stuff—gumbo clay that turned to mush in warm weather and into a solid mass in cold. We had a tight schedule, so the men had to work around the clock, fair weather or foul—and foul it can get up here, with the temperature falling to forty below and an average of five feet of snow a year. Those were hard days. Tractor treads and gear assemblies froze stiff, excavated dirt froze solid in truck hoppers, and we couldn't mix concrete, because it would have frozen even as we poured it. We had to devise new methods every step of the way. For instance, we kept the treads and gears free by going over them periodically



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with blowtorches. We sprayed the hoppers with an insulating film and kept them warm by diverting the exhaust from the trucks' engines back through a network of tubes installed in the sides of the hoppers. As for the concrete, handling that turned out to be more like cooking than construction. We had to heat the ingredients before mixing them and then spray the retaining forms with live steam just before the mixture was poured."

Breaking off at the sight of a spattering of lights ahead, Oettershagen said that we were coming to the second lock, named the Dwight D. Eisenhower and known locally as Ike's Dike. At a little before 1 A.M., the McLagan locked in. Oettershagen thanked Captain Allen for his hospitality, gave me a vigorous handshake, and, when a couple of deckhands had put a ladder in place for him, clambered up it to the top of the starboard wall. He stood there while the McLagan was raised forty feet, and then, as we got under way after only an eight-minute halt, walked alongside us for a bit. Suddenly he stopped, cupped his mouth with his hands, and shouted to me, "That piece of land we cut off—it was Raquette Point!"

THREE hours later, at the first streak of dawn, I stumbled from my cabin back up to the wheelhouse to watch us approach the Iroquois Lock, on the Canadian side of the river, a few miles east of Prescott, Ontario, and Ogdensburg, New York, which lie on opposite banks. We were swiftly raised the meagre five feet necessary there, and headed on upstream. An hour after that, we passed the two towns and entered the resort region of the Thousand Islands, a fifty-mile reach in which the St. Lawrence widens out to as much as ten miles. The islands themselves (actually, they number around fifteen hundred) range from small, barren outcroppings of granite to the verdant forty-eight square miles of Wolfe Island. All in all, the St. Lawrence in this area struck me as having a rather overtended, primped look; the islands' precise lawns and formal gardens are a little too right as settings for vacation homes, even when these homes were not just prim little ranch houses but spacious chalets, gingerbread Victorian mansions, and even a couple of immense (and unoccupied) castles. However, the stream of workaday vessels passing through, and booming out their I-intend-to-pass-to-your-port warnings, gave the place a sort of raffish balance.

At ten-thirty that morning, we reached Tibbett's Point, marking the



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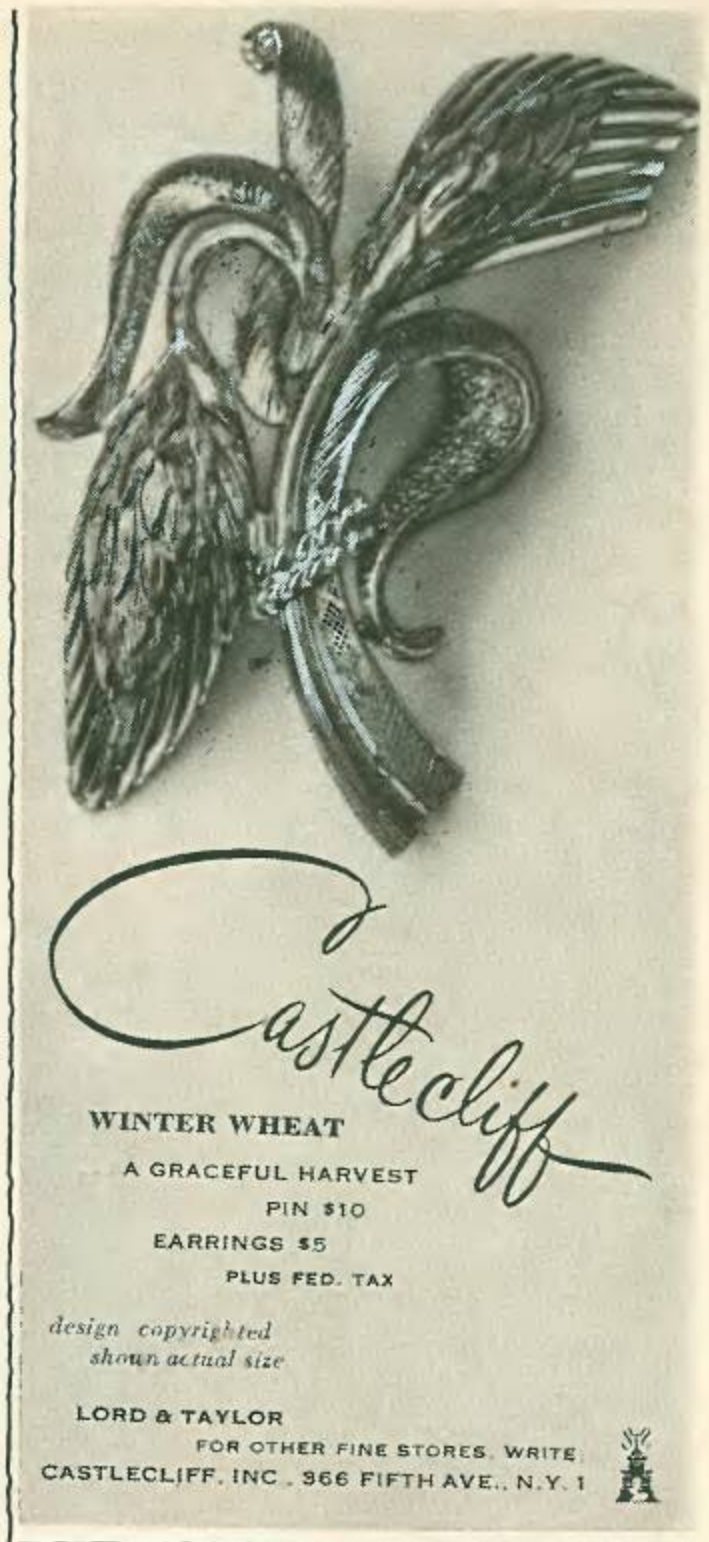


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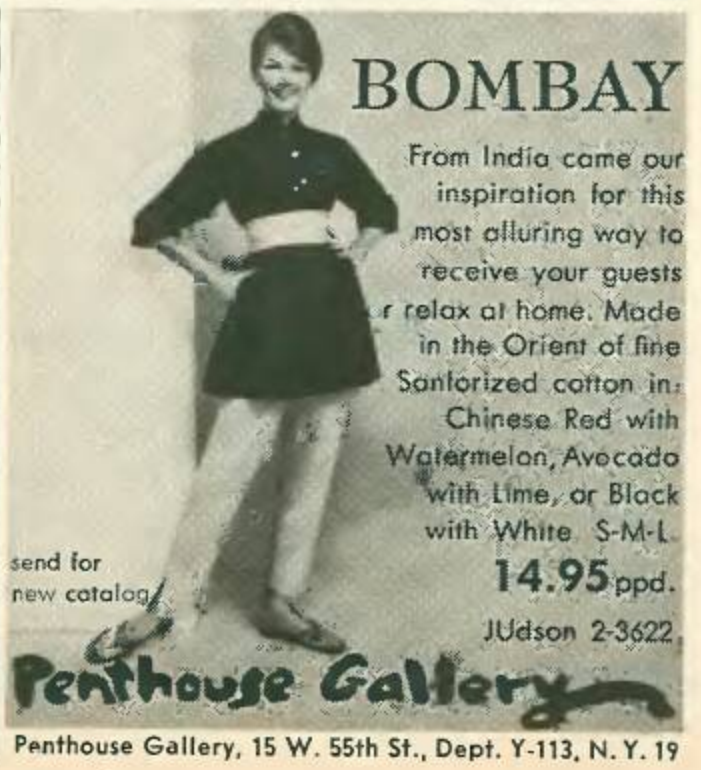
end of the St. Lawrence. The water was calm as we sailed into Lake Ontario, but a light haze prompted the captain to resort periodically to radar—mainly, I gathered, as a precaution against errant salties. The two-hundred-mile voyage across the lake turned out to be as placid as the lake itself, though, and we arrived at Port Weller, the entrance to the Welland Canal, shortly after nine that night. The present (and fourth) Welland Canal, which has been incorporated into the Seaway, dates back to 1932. Twenty-seven and a half miles long, it runs north and south across the neck of Canadian soil that separates Lake Ontario from Lake Erie. The Niagara Falls are ten miles to the east. In mounting the Niagara escarpment, the canal rises through eight locks, three of them double, for a total of three hundred and twenty-six feet.

Luckily, the lengthy delay here that everyone aboard had been apprehensive about failed to materialize. To be sure, we had to wait three hours before being admitted to the first lock, but this was taken in good part all around, particularly after it was learned—from listening in on the canal dispatcher's radiotelephone conversations with several fuming captains—that there was a hold-up of twenty hours or more for down-bound vessels at the other end. On our way through the canal, we passed a good number of these, among them still another Canada Steamship Lines canaller—the Lethbridge; as this one slid by, Captain Allen went to the door to wave, and the master of the second boat returned the greeting. "I sailed on the Lethbridge for two years," Captain Allen told me. "She was my last canaller before I went to the lakers, eleven years ago. And back in the twenties I was first mate on her sister ship, the Kamloops. The captain of the Kamloops, William Bryan, was a good friend of mine. He helped me get a boat to sail—my first command. A canaller named the Maple Heath she was. Well, the first season I was on the Maple Heath the Kamloops went down all of a sudden in Lake Superior. It was in December of 1927, and there was a hard gale, with ice and snow and screaming winds, and she just slipped under and disappeared. They never did find her—and only a few of the twenty-two men aboard. Those few—eight or nine—were found ashore, frozen to death. I guess I knew most of them."

Captain Allen stared sombrely at the Lethbridge until she was out of sight, and then said, "Oh, it happens often enough. The Lakes can be bitter. Take what we call the Big Storm, back in



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the fall of 1913. In one day, thirty-two boats were lost, with two hundred and fifty people drowned. Why, eleven of those boats went down with all hands, and some of them—the Regina, the Wexford, the Carruthers, the Price—were brand-new six-hundred-footers. That was three years before I came over to C.S.L. At the time, I was first mate on the James Reed, a tug owned by the Reed Wrecking & Towing Co., in Sarnia. That's where my wife and I live today—just across the St. Clair River from Port Huron, Michigan. Well, anyway, I can tell you that there wasn't any shortage of work for the James Reed after that blow. It wasn't the kind of sailing a man has any stomach for, though."

While the captain was on the subject of the old days, I asked him how he had got started in boats. "As a boy, I lived up on Manitoulin Island, in Georgian Bay," he said. "There were thirteen children in the family, and we all had to go to work at an early age to help out. I had six brothers, and the oldest one left home when I was ten and went to sea, and I remember thinking that was quite something. He got to be captain of a salty before he retired. Lives in San Francisco now, and my wife and I went out there to see him a while back. It was the first time I'd set eyes on him in fifty-two years—ever since the day he went off to sea. If I'd known then what I know now about the salties, we might not have got along as well as we did. Well, as I was saying, I thought he was quite something then. So when I was fourteen I got a job as a deckhand on the Bothany, an old wooden freighter that hauled anything she could get anywhere. That was in 1911. The next season, I was made a wheelsman. And a few months later—it was at noon on July 12, 1912, I remember it like it was yesterday—we were headed through the St. Clair River flats on our way from Badgerly Island to Welland, Ontario, with a cargo of gypsum stone, and I was at the wheel. We were just approaching the Curry, a laker out of Cleveland, when the City of Mackinaw, an iron side-wheeler out of Detroit, came up behind the Curry and tried to pass her—against all the rules. She sucked the Curry's stern in, causing her to swing over—the Curry had lost her rudder, it turned out—and cut us right in two. Well, sir, that Bothany went down like the stone it was loaded with. We lost one man, but the rest of us got off all right. Since then, somehow I've never been able to sink another boat."

Fourteen hours after entering the



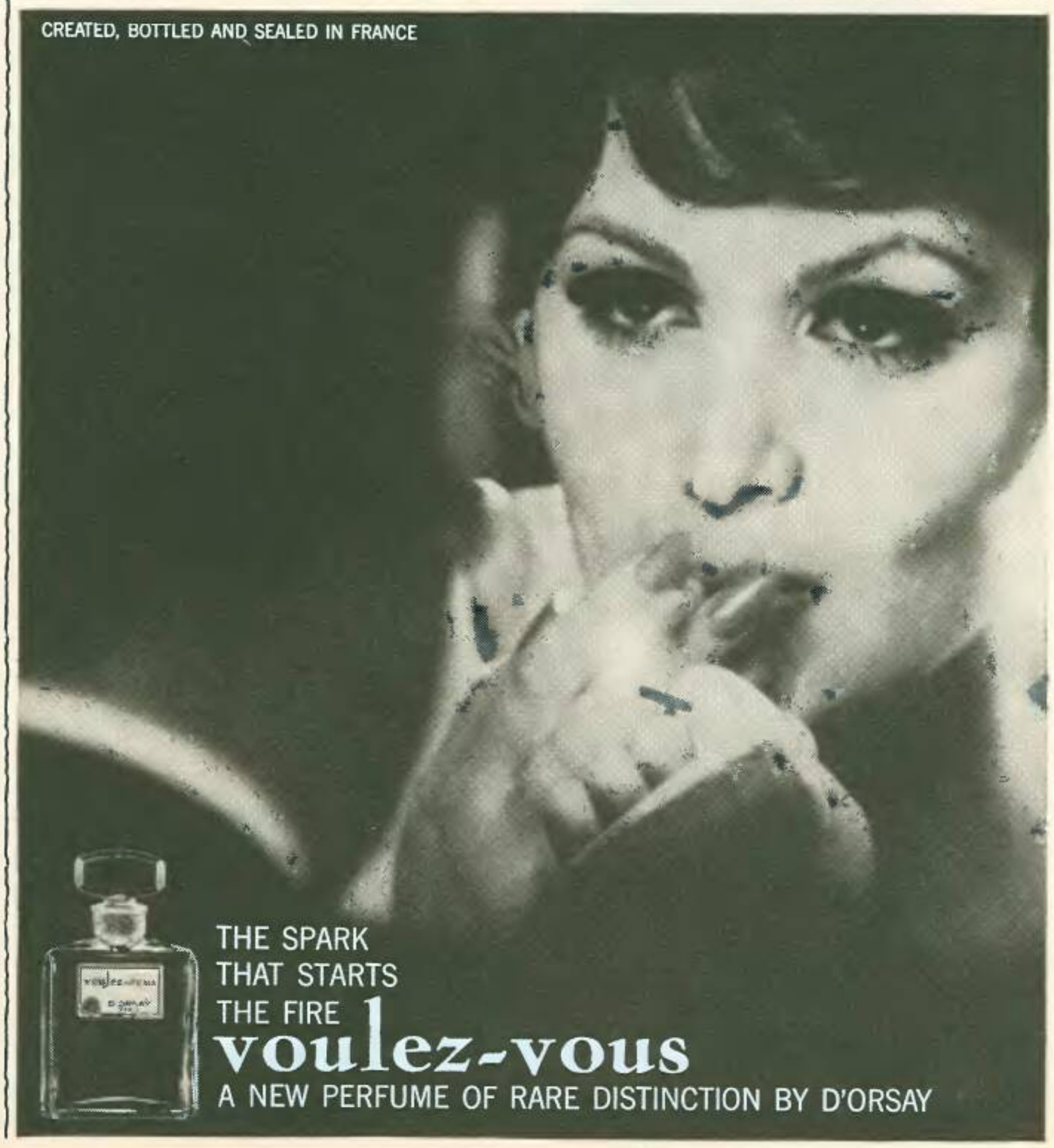
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Welland Canal, the McLagan sailed through Port Colborne, at its southern end, past eighteen stalled victims of the downbound delay—eight lakers, four canallers, and six salties—and out into Lake Erie. We were now five hundred and seventy-two feet higher than at the start of the voyage. The two-hundred-and-fifty-mile passage across Erie, which was just as tranquil as the crossing of Ontario, took sixteen hours, and at dawn the following day, when I made my way to the wheelhouse for the last time, I found that we had all but reached our destination; the McLagan was idling off the mouth of the Maumee River, outside Toledo, four and a half days and eleven hundred miles from Seven Islands. Within an hour, the vessel was tied up at the Lakefront Ore Dock, where four immense unloading machines stood ready to transfer her cargo to several hundred waiting ore cars.

After returning to my cabin to pick up my bags, I looked for Captain Allen in order to say goodbye. I found him in his office off the lounge, gold-rimmed spectacles perched at the end of his nose as he looked over some documents. I asked him where the McLagan was headed for next, and he said that his orders had just come through, instructing him to pick up a load of coal at another dock in Toledo and take it to Hamilton, at the western end of Lake Ontario. His orders ended there, but he was fairly sure that the next step would be to proceed, unloaded, back down the Seaway to Seven Islands for another cargo of ore. "It'll be down the river, up the river, through one vise after another, from now till the freeze," he said. "If you ask me, it's a good thing the St. Lawrence freezes over for a few months every year."

HAVING promised Oettershagen not to leap to any conclusions about the Seaway after one trip so early in its career, I put the subject aside when I returned to New York, except for following what the newspapers had to say about it. Over the next several months, these added up to a fairly rosy picture. For one thing, the Seaway carried 20,500,000 tons of shipping during its first year, and while this was 4,500,000 tons short of what had been hoped for, it was a good deal more than enemies of the Seaway had predicted. For another thing—and I knew this would make Captain Allen happy—Canada and the United States had passed new legislation that will require the captains of salties to learn the waters between Montreal and Lake Ontario or

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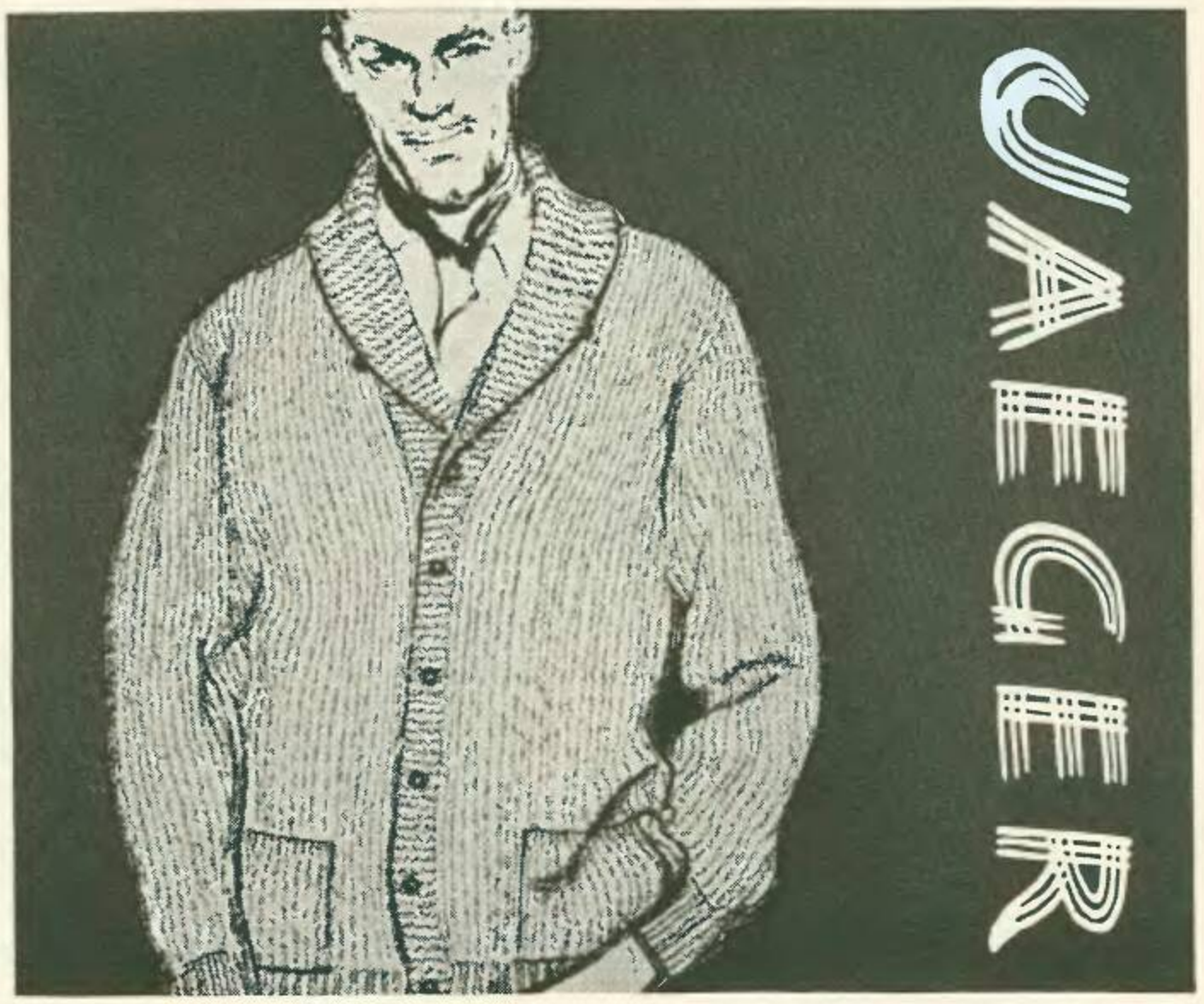
get someone aboard who knows them. The ocean-going vessels were also ordered to equip their ships with landing booms, and to cease and desist from dropping anchor whenever and wherever they pleased. Moreover, the approaches to the locks in the Seaway have been gradually improved with wood-and-rubber fenders, I learned, and the facilities in the Welland Canal have been enlarged. There were also cheering news stories to the effect that a good many of the Great Lakes ports and channels have been deepened to accommodate both salties and lakers, and that this has resulted in a new venture—excursion boats that haul tourists around the Lakes and even into the Seaway itself, to give them a look at the parade.

Reflecting on all these changes a week or so ago, I had a talk with Captain Allen aboard his new flagship, the Murray Bay, which was tied up in Montreal Harbor. "She was commissioned last spring," he told me. "She's a lovely boat! The biggest thing on the Lakes—seven hundred and thirty feet long and seventy-five feet wide. Because of Seaway limits on size, that's as big as they'll ever come. She handles pretty much like the McLagan, but with her being fifteen feet longer and five feet wider, she doesn't lock as fast. We've got only two and a half feet to spare on each side in the locks, and that means we have to be on an absolutely straight line when the nose goes in. With all that boat, the slightest shift in wind can mean trouble. And these big ones don't bounce so good."

I asked him if he was finding it easier, after a year of practice, to get through the canals and locks.

"Well, the Seaway people are learning to run things better," he answered, after a moment's hesitation. "For one thing, they're faster at locking you in and out. And they finally got around to putting in a few wood fenders and some rubber cushions to help us bounce. But it's not enough yet. The approach at St. Lambert is still cement all the way, except for a rubber shield at the knuckle. You don't see so much cement dust flying nowadays, and we get to keep a little more of our hide. They also fixed up the Welland Canal some, by building piers at the ends of each lock. That way, we can tie up when another fellow's in the lock ahead, and as soon as he comes out we can slip right in. The delays there haven't been anywhere near as bad as last year."

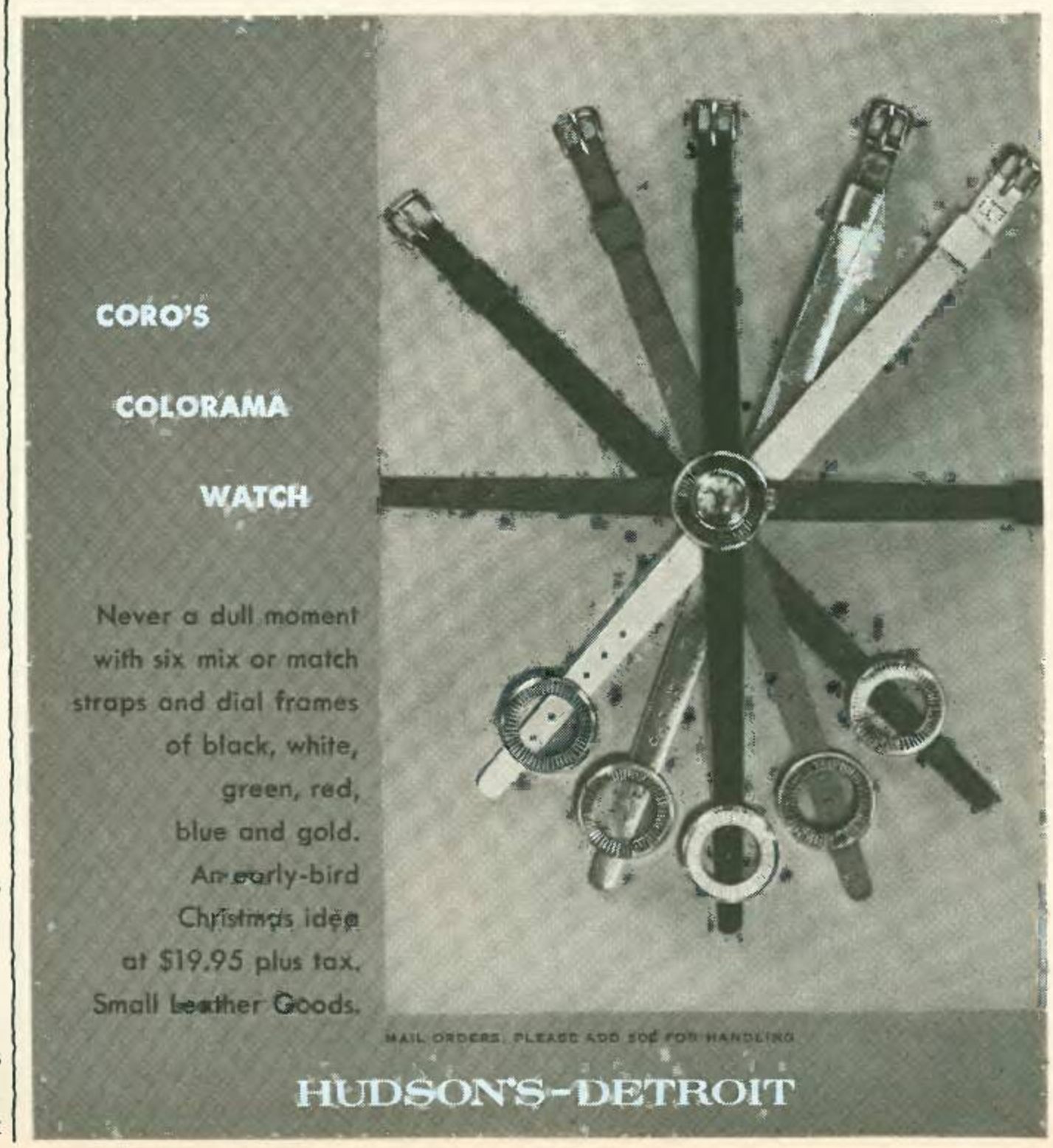
Pausing again, Captain Allen asked if I recalled the misplaced nun buoys that he had pointed out to Oettershagen at the Snell Lock, and when I said that



British gentlefolk swear by these

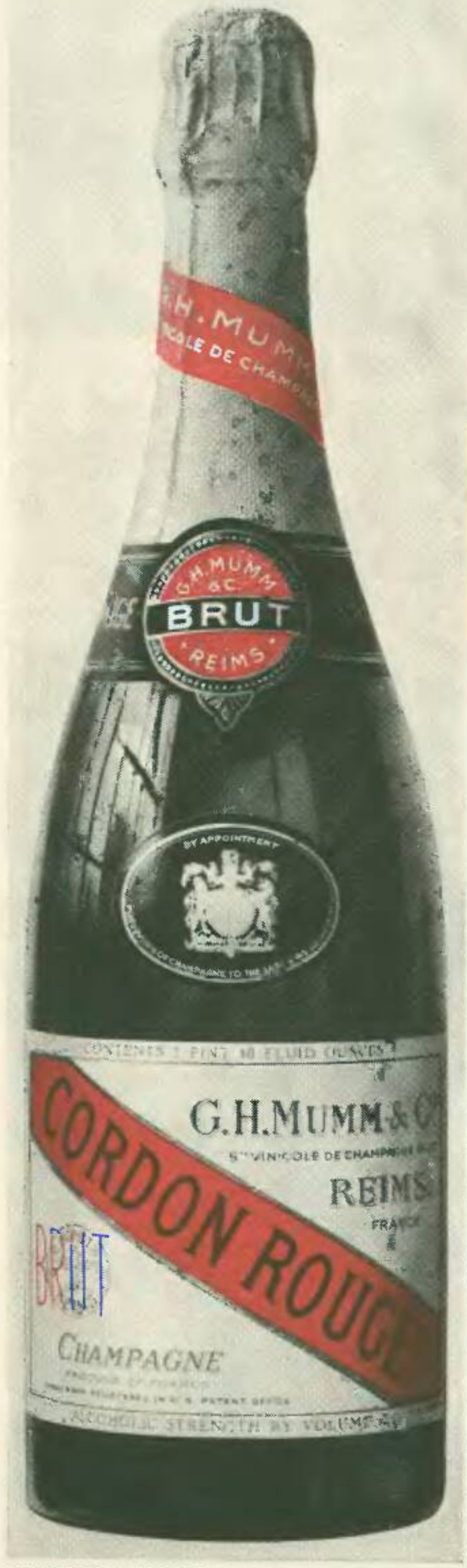
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I did, he went on, "They took care of those, too. They dredged the corners off the channel and shifted the buoys back toward the wall. No trouble now. We can slide right on in. There aren't as many salties around, either. Most of the tramps went back to the bone yards, and a lot of the others just decided they didn't like it in here. For instance, the Grace Line cancelled its Seaway run after losing a million dollars on it last year. The salties that come in now are bigger, and that seems to just make it easier for them to get in the road. I keep my aspirin handy. But the real trouble is that no matter what's done, the two biggest problems will be with us—the current is still wicked, and the approaches are still a nightmare. I haven't heard any kindly remarks about the Seaway among the men who sail it. For myself, I can't say I feel much different about it, all in all. Maybe it's a little improved, but not enough to bother with."

Recalling what he had said the year before about retiring, I asked how he felt about winding up his career with this season. "Well," he said, "the fellows upstairs seem to want me to stay around for another year. I haven't made up my mind yet, but my guess is that I will. I might as well round out my half century on these waters, Seaway or no Seaway. You can't tell. I might even get to like it."

—Richard Harris

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THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

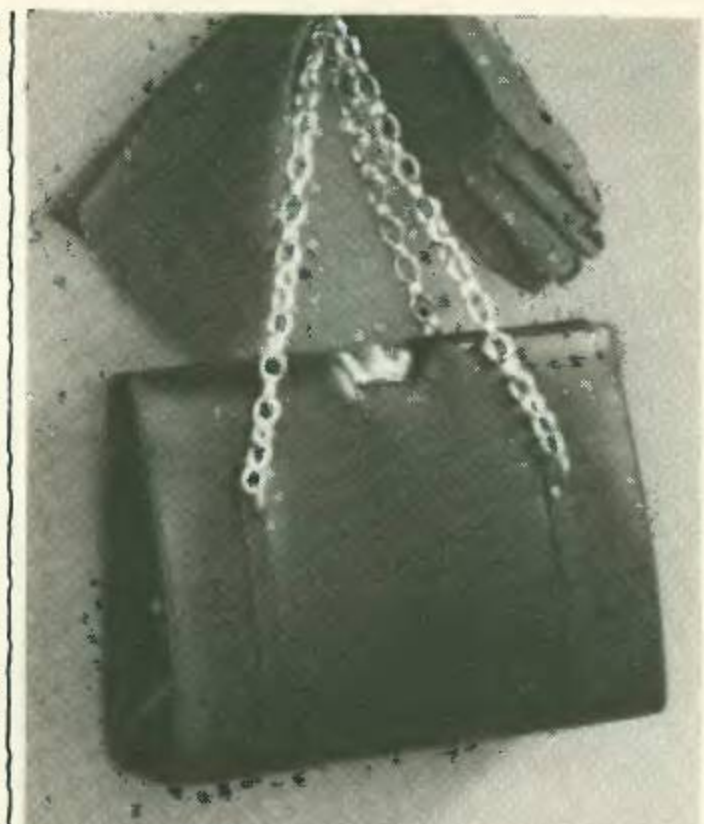
Is it a fading of clay
That does it? The weightless dead?
They, quicker than ever; we,
Still slow, rhythmic, connected,
However unwillingly?

They are simply more spirited.
They lift, sing, are able to play—
Their meaning unlimited
In that long room, as free
As we dreaming in bed

Unready to waken. They
Did not hesitate, nor could,
To die, and were not happy
Leaving. Few so mad
To go from the sun early,

Of their own choosing. Made
To remain, held, by
Our hard, fettering need,
They keep us company
Who stand more solid in their shade.

—Jon Swan



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THE HENRY JAMES PAPERS

WHEN I first matriculated at Cambridge University as a graduate research student, some five and a half years ago, I knew exactly what I intended to study. I intended to study the later novels of Henry James there in England, where he wrote them. By a profound analysis of his style, I was going to settle once and for all, I hoped, the long-argued question of whether James in his last years was an old master or an old impostor.

In this ambitious plan I was not alone. At a conservative estimate, at least two hundred other young Americans, not to mention several Englishmen and a stray European or so, were at that moment also taking notes on "The Ambassadors" and "The Golden Bowl," and planning their doctoral dissertations on the later works of James. The number has since increased. A friend of mine who sits on the Degree Committee of the Faculty of English at Cambridge told me recently that in my time, out of all the prospective research students in literature, only one in twenty wanted to do his thesis on Henry James. Now, he says, it's about one in six, including practically *all* of the Americans who apply. To borrow (a scholar's privilege) the phrase of Stephen Potter, James is very likely the most O.K. author of the twentieth century. It's a kind of distinction to have studied him even if you didn't learn anything.



Five years ago, of course, I had no idea that the competition for James was so severe. I was simply another full-grown but innocent American—intoxicated with literature, proud that my country had produced a novelist as complex and subtle and widely admired in Europe as Henry James, and eager to associate myself with this towering figure on any terms. It was only gradually, during my first few months at Cambridge, that I discovered how many associates James already had.

There was F. O. Matthiessen, who had taken the later novels (*my* novels) and written a definitive book on them called "Henry James: The Major Phase." There was young Michael Swan, right there in England, who had made his attachment to James before he was twenty-five. (I was already twenty-five.) There was Leon Edel, the brilliant professor at New York University, who knew all about James's life—far more than James seems to have been aware of himself—and who had written or edited five books on the great man and his work. (I had written one slim "appreciation.") There was F. W. Dupee, who knew all about James's life, too, and who had written or edited three books. There was Simon Nowell-Smith, of London, who had written prefaces, and whose specialty was collecting literary anecdotes about James. There was Gerard Hopkins, nephew of the poet, and master analyst of James's style. And these were only the great ones. In a card file I still own, I've got listed eighty-two learned articles, by eighty-two Ph.D.s, on the subject of James's later novels alone, and my list is far from complete.

I was horribly discouraged as I slowly became aware of all this. The further I got into James, the less I could find that there was left to write. My supervisor wasn't much help, either. "Come see me when you've finished your first chapter," he told me at our first interview. "I can't do anything for you until then. James is not, I rejoice to say, one of my specialties." Seeing my depressed face, he added, more kindly, "Even if he were, I couldn't possibly find you a topic. Not in this era of mass scholarship. Finding some new trifle to write about is two-thirds of your job as a research student." And he gave me a glass of sherry.

A GOOD many people were giving me glasses of sherry that term, which is one of the pleasures of being *in statu pupillari* at Cambridge. The senior tutor of my college did even better. He invited me to his house for midday dinner one Sunday in December, just after Michaelmas Term ended. Naturally, we had a glass of sherry before sitting down.

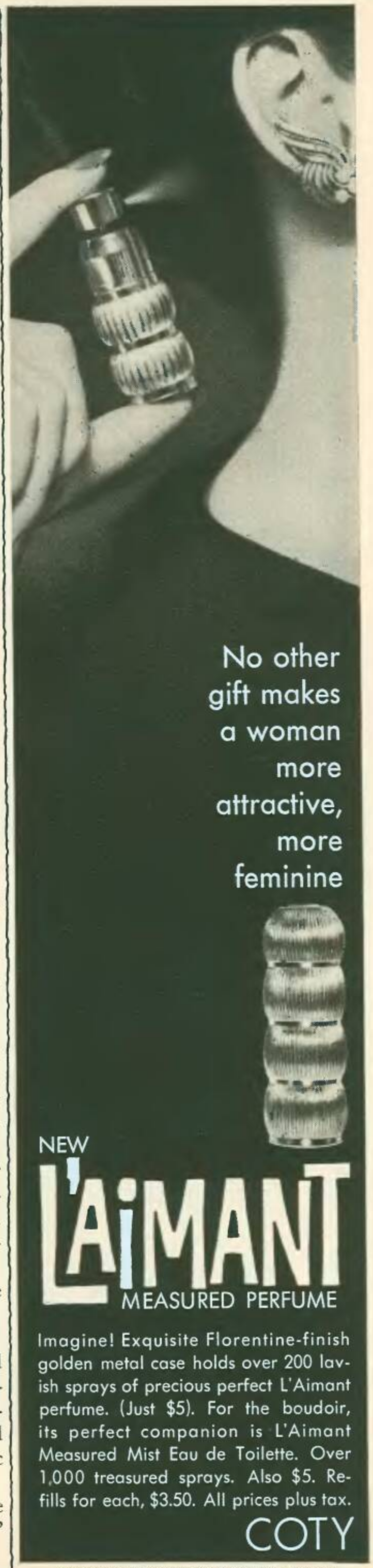
"Well, Perrin," he said, handing me my sherry, "how are you getting on? Work going all right?"

"Actually, not quite so well as I could wish, sir," I answered bravely, meaning that it was not going at all, and flattering myself that in this restrained phrase I was catching the authentic English note.

"I think someone told me you're doing a dissertation on Henry James?"

"Yes, sir."

The senior tutor lit his pipe, using



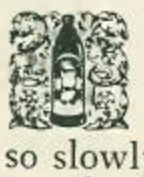
How to drink a turkey...



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a match the size of a small chair leg. "I used to know James when I was a boy," he said, in a tone that was either really offhanded or an excellent simulacrum of offhandedness. Not being able to decide which, I played my answer safe.

"Golly, sir, I envy you," I, as Henry James would have put it, humorously wailed.

The senior tutor looked pleased. "Yes, he was a great friend of an aunt of mine in London. Sometimes, when I stayed with her during school holidays, he'd be there, too. I remember once, when I was about fifteen, having to walk with him down to the post office. He talked the whole way, and I didn't understand a word he said. Funny fellow."

"But a *brilliant* novelist, sir."

"That's a portrait of my aunt," the senior tutor went on, nodding at a painting over the fireplace. "She was very good to me when I was a boy."

I think I would have recognized the painting as a Sargent even if its subject's nephew hadn't promptly volunteered the information. I looked with considerable interest at the little gray woman whom Sargent had painted. But I couldn't help thinking that we were getting pretty remote from revelations about Henry James.

The senior tutor was watching my reactions in a penetrating, head-bent way he had, and now he proceeded. "You know," he said, "my aunt lived to be almost eighty, and when she died, I was her sole heir."

I didn't see myself saying "Congratulations, sir," so I said nothing. He lit his pipe with another enormous match, and continued, "I went through her papers after she died, in 1937, and among the rest I found a bundle of letters from Henry James. She was a great saver."

"My God, sir, how wonderful! What did you do with them?" I almost shouted.

The senior tutor puffed away. "Why, nothing in particular. My wife and I read a few of the letters at the time, but they appeared to be purely domestic in their scope, and then the war came along and we rather forgot about them. But your coming to lunch somehow put my wife in mind of them, and this morning she went up to the boxroom and found them. There seem to be more than I had remembered."

He picked up a shoe box from a window seat, where I hadn't even noticed it, and handed it to me. "Glance at them, if you like," he said, and strolled

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off to give his wife a hand with dinner.

I stood goggling after him for a minute. Then, with an almost sacramental gesture, I opened the shoe box, which was heavy, and looked inside. It was stuffed neatly but tightly with substantial-looking letters tied in packets of about ten. One of these I tugged out and untied. I took the top letter out of its envelope and gently unfolded it. It was dated, in a hand that I had seen often enough in facsimile, "Lamb House, Rye, Jan. 12th, 1912." I started reading.

DEAR FANNY [it began]: I take the Sunday P.M. train up . . . and am due at Victoria at 6:55. I shall want above all after my grimmish Joannine fortnight, immediate Conversation. and should I find you—the purest font of it in all the great town—were I to come to you that very same Sunday evening, the 14th? If not, we will cast about—but I shall be so fresh at that first ecstatic hour.

In this, I recognized the authentic note of the Henry James who once went out to dinner a hundred and seven times during a single winter. Even if I hadn't, the letter was signed, "Ever your old H. J."

People always seem to describe their mental states in terms of physical reactions—sinking feelings in their stomachs, tensings of their spines, tinglings in their scalps. My reaction to this, one of the two or three profoundly ecstatic experiences of my life, was a near-cessation of physical activity. I could hardly taste my food when we sat down to dinner, and would much have preferred not to eat it. I will swear that my eyes took in less light and my ears less sound than normal. The senior tutor seemed to be talking at me from some considerable distance. But I listened intently.

"Well, Perrin," he asked when he had finished carving, "do you think these letters would really have any interest? My wife feels they do, but on the whole I incline to disagree with her."

"Oh, *yes*, sir," I said, hoping I wasn't shouting. "Those letters have a great deal of interest. I think they're clearly publishable, and I suspect they're also salable. Henry James is an awfully important author."

The senior tutor looked dubious. "I don't believe I'd care to sell them," he said. "Nor do I quite see why anyone would want to publish them. After all, who on earth would read that sort of thing?"

So I told him about a little book *I'd* read, called "Three Letters from Henry James to Joseph Conrad," published in London in 1926. Lest he object that his aunt wasn't Joseph Conrad, I hur-



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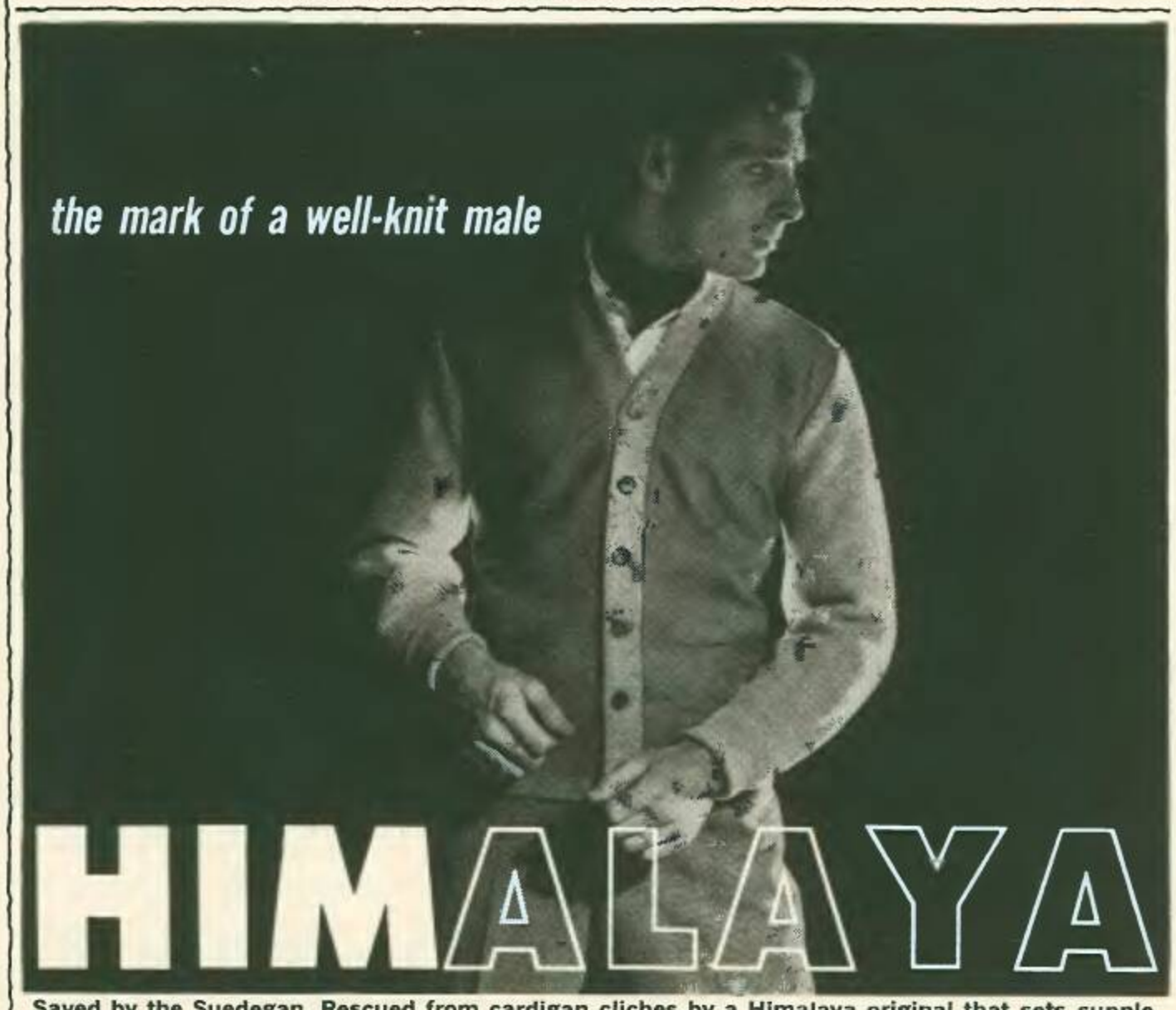
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ried on to tell him about "Letters of Henry James to Walter Berry," published by Caresse Crosby at the Black Sun Press, in Paris, in 1928. I mentioned "Henry James: Letters to A. C. Benson and Auguste Monod," brought out in London by Elkin Mathews, and in New York by Scribner, in 1930. I artfully referred to a magazine article I'd read just a couple of weeks before, called "An Unpublished Letter of Henry James." (It was a letter to an actress named Marion Terry, and not at all epochal.) If it had been in existence at the time, I would have cited, item by item, Leon Edel's definitive list of a hundred and seventy-two books, pamphlets, and magazine articles that print one or more previously unknown James letters and that derive some or all of their raison d'être from that fact.

"This is all very interesting," the senior tutor said when I finally ran out of breath. "Incredible, to be quite honest. But I shall think most seriously about what you have told me."

"Would you be willing to let me read the letters meanwhile?" I asked, as casually as I could manage. "Whatever happens to them, they ought to be sorted and catalogued, and I would count it an honor to do so."

"Mm-hm, I see no harm in that."

"In fact, we were hoping you'd want to," his wife added, speaking for practically the first time. "I think my husband's aunt was a more distinguished woman than he seems to realize, and these letters may well have some historical interest." She smiled at me in a friendly way. "You must let me give you tea when you come over to work on them."

I took off in wild academic glee, full of Brussels sprouts and custard tart though I was. I could already see the little book or, at any rate, the very long article that would result from my editing of the letters, and my consequent assured place in the Jamesian bibliography. With enough footnotes, the letters might make do as my actual dissertation as well. And phrases like "grimmish Joannine fortnight" just naturally engender footnotes—good solid ones that do not stop with identifying Joanne and dating the fortnight but that go on to explain, with some bits of what we academics call *facetiae*, what was so grim about it and her.

There would be pages and pages of such footnotes. I could see them all. Leaving out the unfortunate Joanne, I'd already found in the few letters I'd had time to look through (1) a ribald remark about a woman, apparently of

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social prominence, named Ottoline, (2) a mild dig at Hugh Walpole, (3) two references to a mysterious Constance F., alias "our Gorgeous and Glorious one," and (4) a dog known as "the awful Albino monster." I could have written a footnote about *him* then and there, as I walked back to college.

It is, indeed, this kind of elaborate documentation that we scholars love most. The typical Ph.D. candidate doesn't have daydreams of working out a neocritical theory that will account for the sexual element in John Donne's shorter lyrics (hardly a scholarly thing to work out, at best); he dreams of discovering Chaucer's will in some old records office, and publishing it, or of stumbling on an unedited manuscript of Marlowe's in a castle loft, and editing it. Such activity is certain to produce not only a book but a book that will be talked about and reviewed and even read, a book that will require a long, delicious preface by the scholar himself. Scholarship—at least, literary scholarship—is essentially parasitic, and suitable hosts have been in short supply for a long time.

THE next day, humming like an Aëdes mosquito, I set joyously to work, counting the letters and arranging them chronologically. It was exciting work. I made an important discovery almost at once. My senior tutor's aunt, I found, had kept the letters in their original envelopes, of which there were some ninety, bearing postmarks from 1906 up to within a couple of months of James's death, in 1916. This fact had, naturally enough, led the senior tutor and his wife to suppose that there were also about ninety letters. But I soon discovered that, beginning around 1910, his aunt had taken to stuffing several letters in one envelope, and there were actually a total of a hundred and thirty-four holograph letters. I could, at that point, have safely vanished with forty-four of them (worth, apart from their literary value, between ten and twenty-five dollars apiece on the open market), and I even thought about doing so; but of course I hoped, in due time, to be allowed to depart with the whole collection, and so put the idea by as unworthy.

Instead, I worked happily away on the catalogue, finding ever more references to Constance F., the Gorgeous and Glorious one, and I continued, on the occasional days when my senior tutor came home for tea, to impress on him the urgency of getting the letters into print. Once, I remember, when I



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was suggesting that publication would be only fair to his aunt, he ducked his head in annoyance. "They are, after all, private letters, Perrin," he said. "I'm not sure that I am not betraying my aunt's trust in even letting you read them. 'Significant' or not, they perhaps ought to be burned." I said no more about what his aunt would have wished.

A couple of days later, however, I managed to get hold of my supervisor, out of term though it was, and even though I still had no first chapter of a thesis to show him. Up until then, I had confided in no one about the letters, fearing that news of them would bring swarms of hungry scholars roaring up from London and Oxford to snatch them from me. But to my supervisor I told the full story, which he followed with open, almost drooling mouth, and then I asked him how I should proceed.

"I know your senior tutor only in the most casual way," he said. "But I do know that he's a scholar of the old school. I shouldn't push him, if I were you. In the first place, it's hard for him to believe that anything so recent really matters. If the letters were from Herodotus, or even Milton, he could see their importance at once. But a mere novelist who flourished during his own lifetime—that's another matter. Secondly, Perrin, if he *should* become convinced of their interest, there's no real reason why he should give them to you. He might well decide to edit them himself. Or he might prefer to turn them over to someone who has, shall we say, a somewhat more durable connection with the University."

"In other words, there's no hope for me at all," I blurted, sinking at once into despair. It crossed my mind that I had picked a poor confidant. An active supervisor in his forties can always *make* James one of his specialties.

"Of course there's hope for you," the supervisor said reassuringly. "I simply mean that you must give the man time to digest the idea that there is another Henry James besides the stammering old bore he remembers. We digest slowly in Cambridge. I think he may very well give them to you in the end." He smiled. "After all, they've been waiting for you twenty years, just like Sleeping Beauty. Have a glass of sherry."

Chastened, a little suspicious but still hopeful, I went back to my cataloguing, which I finished a few days before Christmas. The day after it was done, I had a conference with the senior tutor

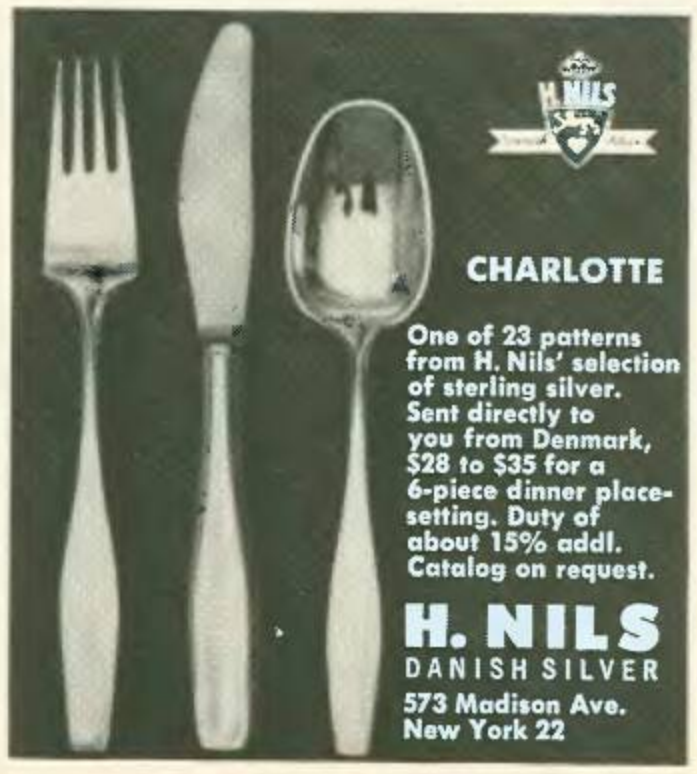


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in his office at college. As a thank-you present for all the tea, I took him a copy of Elizabeth Robins' "Theatre and Friendship," a plump volume subtitled "Some Henry James Letters." He barely glanced at it, thus wasting my ingenuity in getting hold of the second, or Popular, edition.

"Perrin," he said, "I've discussed the problem of these wretched letters with one or two Fellows of the college. They feel, as I do, that it would be rash to proceed without further information. One of them has agreed to make inquiries for me in London. Perhaps you had better come see me again about the middle of next term."

"Yes, sir," I said.

UNABLE to contemplate the idea of two months' steady waiting, I left Cambridge the same week, bound for the Continent, and eventually wound up spending a grimmish, solitary fortnight in Marseille. My dreams were troubled with visions of footnotes, all by me, and book reviews, all favorable.

It was no better when I came back to Cambridge, at the beginning of Lent Term. By day, I forced myself to sit in the English Faculty Library taking notes on scholarly works about James, and at night I continued to dream. When I had taken notes on about forty books and something over three hundred learned articles, I presented myself in the senior tutor's office again, a trifle haggard, and twisting a hypothetical cap in my hands.

He stood up as I came in, which was a bad sign. He always did that when he wanted you to leave quickly. "Perrin, I'm sorry about this," he said. "Those letters turn out to be of some considerable interest. I can still hardly credit the report. If I do anything with them—and I have not yet made up my mind—I'm afraid I shall have to call on someone with greater experience than your own. But my wife agrees with me that you must feel free to quote them in your dissertation. There would even be no objection to your quoting an entire letter. I'm sorry we can't do any better than that."

I had learned long ago that the senior tutor was not a man with whom you plead, and I didn't try pleading now. I went back to my rooms and gave myself four glasses of sherry (all I had), and felt sad and rather noble about the forty-four letters I'd refrained from taking. What the senior tutor really meant, I decided, was that he didn't care to give these English letters to a



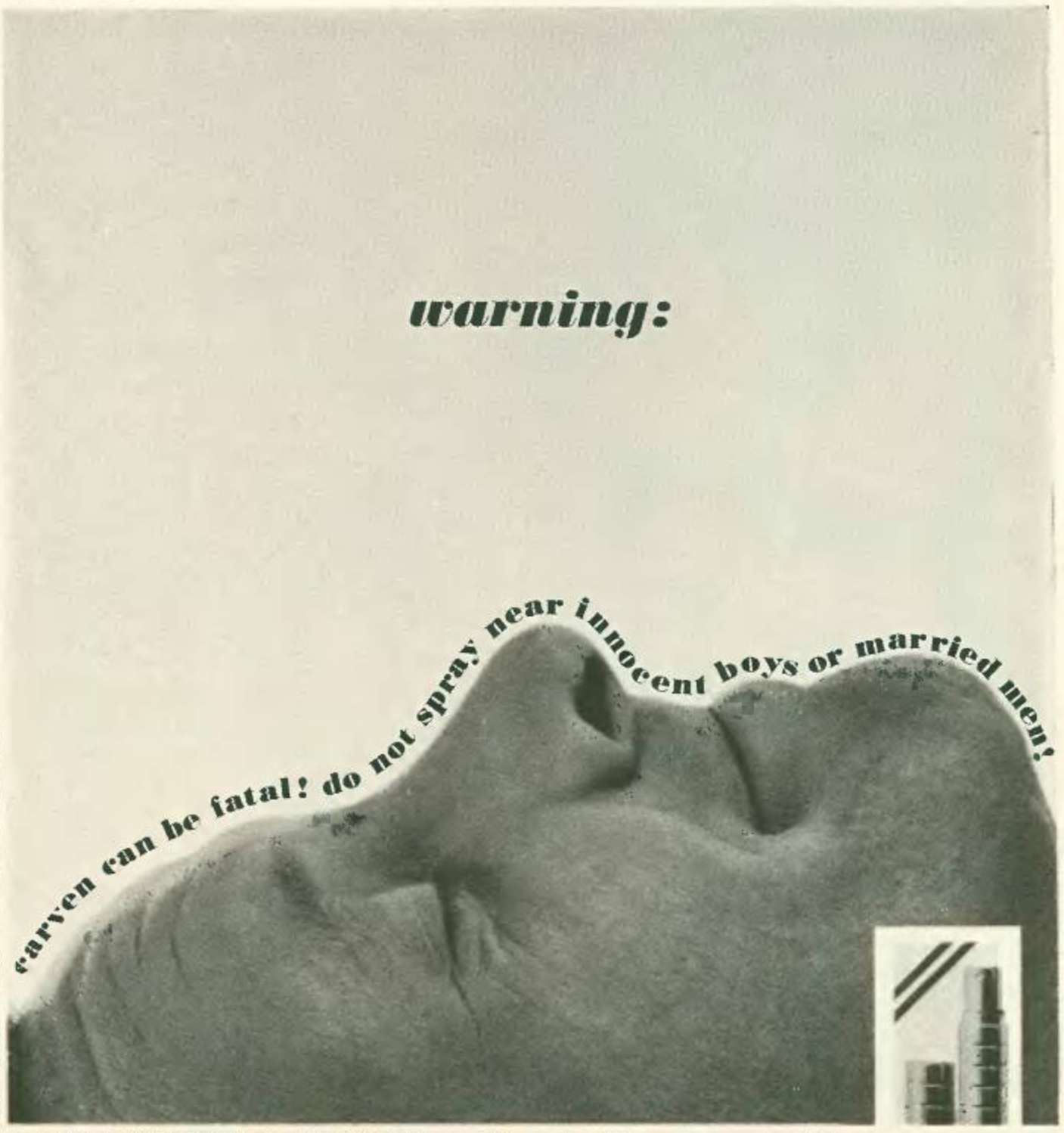
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brash visiting American who would bear them off in triumph to New York and probably wind up presenting them to Columbia. And I didn't really blame him. The situation was itself so Jamesian—all he really needed was a homely niece whom I should have had to marry in order to gain possession—that I couldn't but understand. I wondered sadly if my supervisor would get them in the end (and if he would have the nerve to tell me), or whether it would be the man in London.

AT the end of the Easter Term, it was myself I bore off to New York, grant run out and dissertation not even begun. Two years passed before I finally found a little morsel of James not yet so chewed over by learned teeth that I couldn't gnaw one more sliver of scholarship out. I thought about the senior tutor's aunt's letters only on rare occasions, when I wanted to feel sad and noble.

Then, a couple of years ago, I went back to Cambridge to write my long-delayed dissertation. Practically my first social engagement was the senior tutor's annual sherry party for new and returned students.

"Well, Perrin," he greeted me, "it's good to see you back. Get yourself some sherry."

I did, and he followed me over to the sideboard. "Do you remember those letters of my aunt's that you catalogued?" he asked.

I nodded dumbly.

"They've gone to America," he said, laughing as if it were some kind of joke between us. "Leon Edel—do you know him?—has carried them off to New York. I believe he's considering them for a new collective edition he has in—ah—'the works.' Your countrymen are certainly tireless scholars, ha-ha."

It's not the ending Henry James would have used. But then James was not a very good scholar. As a matter of fact, he wasn't even a college man.

—Noel Perrin

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Liszt and the Gimmick



FRANZ LISZT'S mammoth "Faust" Symphony, which was performed last week by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic, is only occasionally revived today (its last previous presentation here that I remember was that of the late Dimitri Mitropoulos, five or six years ago), and when it is, it is invariably shown to be a period piece. But if it is not a great symphony, or even a very good one, it is nevertheless a work of considerable historical interest. Among mid-nineteenth-century composers, Liszt was exceeded as a technical innovator only by Hector Berlioz, and the "Faust" Symphony is filled with devices that must have struck Liszt's contemporaries as extreme novelties and that unquestionably influenced the work of many subsequent composers. It embodies the whole spectrum of chromatic harmony that we know more intimately from the contemporary operas of Richard Wagner. It exploits thoroughly that musico-literary gimmick the leitmotiv, which Wagner was then also beginning to use, as one of the basic dramatic ingredients of the Ring cycle. It has the repetitious, episodic structure that later became a marked characteristic—and perhaps a weakness—of the symphonic music of Tchaikovsky, and, indeed, there are parts of it that sound almost as if Tchaikovsky might have written them. Its initial theme, as was pointed out last week in a program note by Edward Downes, contains all the notes of the chromatic scale, and thus constitutes what is known to present-day atonalists as a tone row. Still, as I have said, it is a rather weak composition, and in listening to it the other afternoon I was reminded of one of my pet theories: that technical innovators—in the field of music, at least—are seldom great artists, and great artists are seldom technical innovators. This theory, I realize, runs counter to some of the holiest tenets of modern composers, who are apt to regard "breakthroughs" in the technical field as the primary purpose of their work, but I stick to it just the same.

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technical devices) and in the vast discrepancy between what modest musical ideas there are and the formidable and pretentious framework on which they are hung. I do not deny Liszt's genius as a minor lyricist (on the order of, say, Edvard Grieg or Henri Wieniawski) or as a composer of delightfully flashy virtuoso piano pieces. I think highly of his "Mephisto Waltz," his Polonaise No. 2 in E Major, his symphonic poem "Les Préludes," and many another item in the semi-popular repertory. But in the "Faust" Symphony his gifts, to my mind, are stretched too far. Melodies that might have served beautifully as the basis of a salon piece are stuffed and padded to fill out a musical structure of epic proportions, and the resulting necessity for endless repetition and rather trite passagework ends in boredom.

I have nothing but admiration, however, for the manner in which Mr. Bernstein conducted the "Faust" Symphony. Its unabashed flamboyance seems to have a special attraction for him, and he presented the work with control, logic, and a fine feeling for its moments of singing melody. The other composition on the printed program was Bach's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 2, in E Major, the solo part of which was played with exemplary style by the French violinist Christian Ferras. The afternoon began with an unannounced performance of the "Urlicht" movement from Mahler's Second Symphony (with Jennie Tourel as mezzo-soprano soloist), done in memory of Mr. Mitropoulos, who died the day before while conducting a rehearsal at La Scala.

ON Tuesday evening, the NHK Symphony Orchestra of Tokyo (the initials, I am informed, stand for "Nippon Hoso Kyokai," meaning the Japan Broadcasting System) stopped off at the Assembly Hall of Hunter College in the course of its world tour to give New Yorkers an idea of the state of Western symphonic music in Japan. The state seems to be very good indeed, and though it was a novelty to see a full symphony orchestra consisting entirely of Japanese, it needed only a little reflection to remember that Japan has long been involved in a remarkable process of Westernization in many fields and that her people have always shown the sort of genius for discipline and organization that is apt to flourish in symphonic undertakings. The evening's program included Chopin's First Piano Concerto and Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, along with two compositions by the

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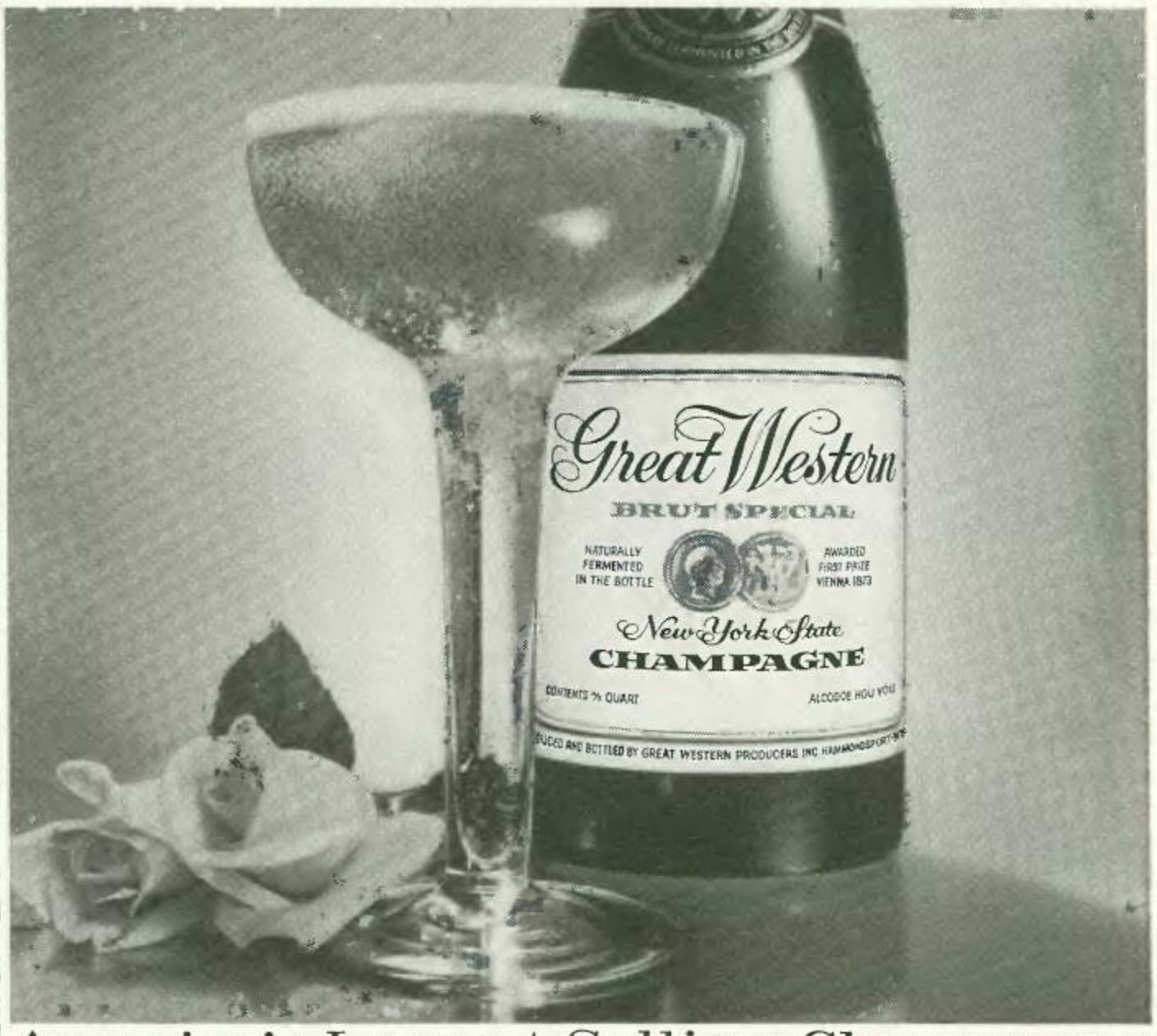


Japanese composer Yuzo Toyama, which represented a fusion of Western and Japanese musical idioms and turned out to be quite engaging. The soloist in the Chopin concerto was a sixteen-year-old pianist named Hiroko Nakamura, who appeared demurely in a kimono and proceeded to charm her audience with a really astonishing display of virtuosity, playing not only with great technical competence but also with a very refined and perceptive command of phrasing. The only Westerner on the stage was the orchestra's conductor, a German named Wilhelm Schüchter, who obviously had everything under sound, musicianly control. The orchestra itself proved to be a sensitive and notably homogeneous ensemble, with a lovely, transparent string tone and with well-integrated woodwinds and brasses. It was not, perhaps, quite as aggressive and brilliant as the finest Western orchestras, but its playing was always scrupulous and beautifully balanced. As a critic will, I looked carefully for lapses that might indicate something less than complete understanding of the intricacies of a mode of musical thought that until recently was foreign to Japan, but I couldn't find any. The NHK Symphony does not speak Western music with a Japanese accent. It performs it admirably, and with a delicacy that might be envied by a good many American and European orchestras.

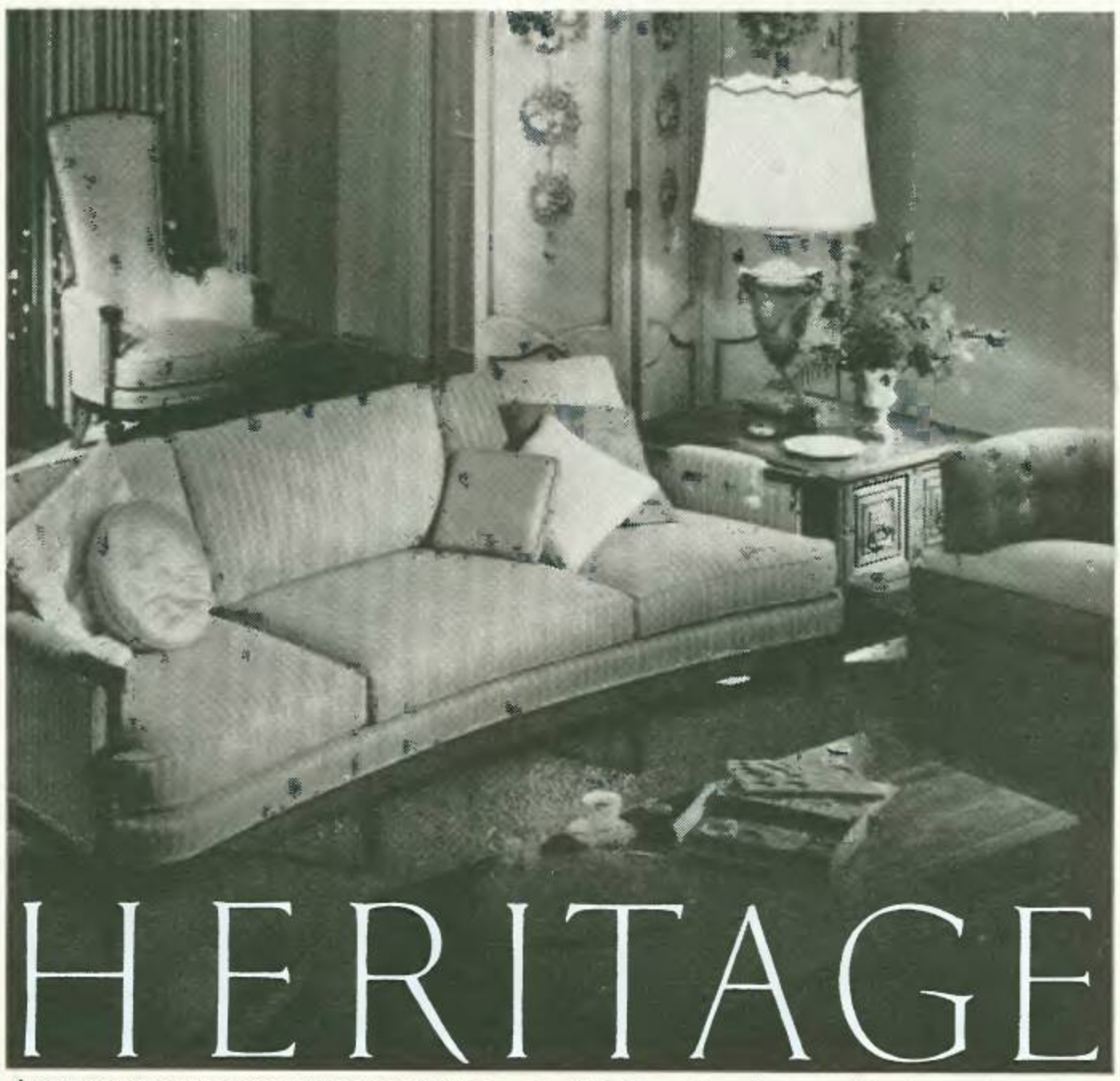
AFTER checking up on the Japanese, I got to Carnegie Hall in time to hear the last part of Mahler's Fourth Symphony performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy. It is unfair, of course, to base a report on the comparative snippet of the work that I heard, but in what I did hear, Mr. Ormandy's tempos were terribly rushed and his approach to the nostalgic and complicated Mahler style was a little peremptory. The last movement of the Fourth Symphony has elements of dreamy fantasy and grotesquerie that were, it seemed to me, entirely overlooked, and though Camilla Williams sang the soprano solos quite nicely where Mr. Ormandy's tempos permitted clear articulation, and the or-



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chestra played as superbly as it always does, there was a lack of the peculiar personal flavor that I look for in the finest Mahler performances.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

Check List

THEM DIRTY BLUES: THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET (Riverside 12-322). Jazz, like all arts big and small, has a new enemy—overexposure, a twentieth-century mastodon that has emasculated or simply destroyed such jazz forms as Dixieland, boogie-woogie, and big-band swing. (The big-band era collapsed for economic reasons; even so, it disappeared at a propitious time.) The aspect of jazz that is now threatened with complete transparency is the blues, one of jazz's unique gifts to Western music. Several years ago, the blues began to be broadcast widely by three very different groups—the rock-and-rollers, who use the blues progression in everything from glutinous slow numbers to laggardly rhythmic exercises; the "country" and "urban" blues singers, such as Lightnin' Hopkins, John Lee Hooker, and Muddy Waters, who are enjoying a modest and unexpected revival; and the so-called hard-boppers, who are the most vociferous of all because they include some supercharged musicians and because, unlike the rock-and-rollers and the old-time blues singers, who remain a subspecies, they are beginning to find broad public acceptance. The hard-boppers, who are led by such men as Horace Silver, Art Blakey, and Cannonball Adderley, first appeared six or seven years back as energetic admirers of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. Then, with an apostolic fervor, they discovered the blues and its first cousin, gospel music. They converted these materials into a brittle, nervously rhythmic music, which they sanctimoniously declared had "soul" and "spirit," not to mention "funk," a venerable Anglo-Saxon word one of whose original meanings was a strong smell or stink. Every record the hard-boppers now issue includes two or three blues or gospel numbers, as well as the word "funk" or "funky" somewhere on its jacket. This passion for supposedly fundamentalist blues, which is both a reaction to cool jazz and a sociological declaration of independence (the hard-boppers are al-

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most all Negroes), is fine except for one thing—despite the endless soul and spirit obviously being shovelled into these funky blues by their performers, the listener remains completely unmoved. The reason is simply that such blues are specious and vulgar imitations of what is, at its best, a wholly intuitive and unselfconscious music. This ardent deception pervades the Adderley quintet's new record. (Its first, a similar effort made on location on the West Coast, has sold over fifty thousand copies, an astonishing number for a jazz record.) Present with Adderley, who has become the unofficial Pooh-Bah of the funky movement, are his brother Nat on cornet, Bobby Timmons or Barry Harris on piano, Sam Jones on bass, and Louis Hayes on drums. The leader, an alto saxophonist, is a buttery, verbose version of Charlie Parker, while his brother is a Gillespie-Clifford Brown admirer who generally begins his statements with an immediately arresting phrase and then excitedly puffs himself all out of shape. The main emphasis in the record is applied to a medium-tempo gospel number, "Work Song," and to the record's title number, a slow seven-minute blues. The gospel number has an infectious melody (all gospel songs do) and the blues a grim restlessness. One of the hardest tasks for any musician is to make his goose pimples epidemic; usually, as is the case with the Adderley brothers, he is the only victim.

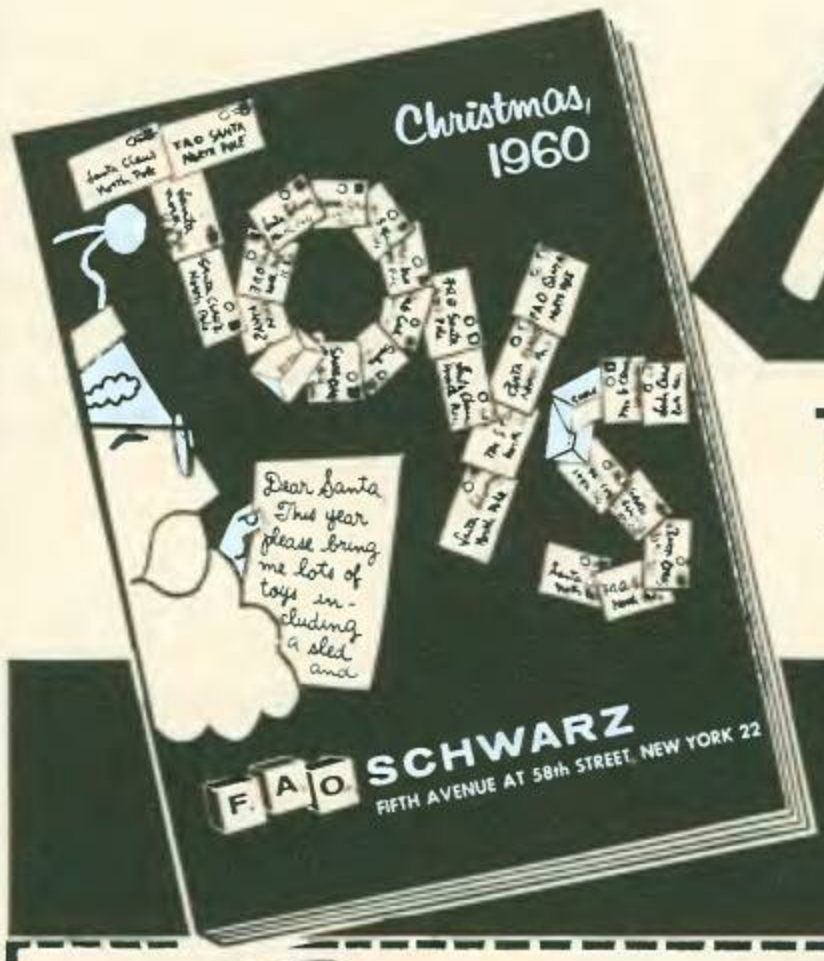
YES INDEED! CLAUDE HOPKINS WITH BUDDY TATE AND EMMETT BERRY (Prestige/Swingville 2009). A first-rate demonstration, by largely middle-aged men, of how to be genuinely funky without even trying. Indeed, there is more straightaway eloquence in this record than in all the ten-foot stack of recordings made by the hard-bop school. The instrumentation (trumpet, Berry; tenor saxophone, Tate; piano, Hopkins; bass, Wendell Marshall; drums, Osie Johnson) and the materials (a long slow blues, a gospel number first used in the thirties, a standard, and several numbers with blues derivations) are strikingly similar to those of the hard-boppers. There is, however, no further resemblance; this is poised, jointless jazz. Tate is one of the great blues performers. Inspired by Herschel Evans, whom he replaced in the old Basie band, he has a bulbous, almost double-chinned tone, a loose vibrato, and a locomotive sense of rhythm, no

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matter the tempo. His solos are apt to be constructed of sponge-rubber blurts, short, whispered phrases that often fade into echoing tissues of breath, and long, arching smears singularly reminiscent of the field hollers of a century ago. (This throwback, instinctive to Tate, is what the funky boys ape.) Not an imaginative improviser, Tate uses the same phrases and patterns repeatedly, but each is charged with an infinitely appealing urgency and emotion. Berry, another Basie alumnus, with a totally different attack, is also one of the consummate blues soloists. He employs a narrow, somewhat bitter tone (which becomes almost bilious when he uses a mute), simple, statuesque phrases, and almost no vibrato. His unfailingly logical solos are quarried and blocky and depend as much for their lyricism on silence as on notes. The two men, displaying the attraction of opposites, work together perfectly. Tate's fluidity is contained by Berry's taciturnity; Berry's Vermont qualities are shaken up by Tate's garrulity. The rhythm section, led by Hopkins' galumphing, Sunday-school piano, gives the record's two best numbers—"Willow Weep for Me" and "Empty Bed Blues"—an irresistible slomp-slomp-slomp movement, over which Tate, who hasn't a firm bone in his body, does back flips, swan dives, and jackknives while Berry just rides the wind. An essential record.

THELONIOUS ALONE IN SAN FRANCISCO: THELONIOUS MONK (Riverside RLP 12-312). Alone, and with his defenses down, Monk takes ten vessels—three blues, four standards, and three of his own tunes—and serenely fills them with all-thumb chords, runs that don't run but scramble, wit, and dodgem rhythms. The mixtures he invents for "Everything Happens to Me," "Remember," and "There's Danger in Your Eyes, Cherie" are classic instances of how to lift the faces of old melodies without in the least altering their flavor, while the blues, when not oblique and congested, wander off into stride piano, as if Monk were appreciatively tipping his cap to his forebears. His audible foot is the best rhythm section he's had in years.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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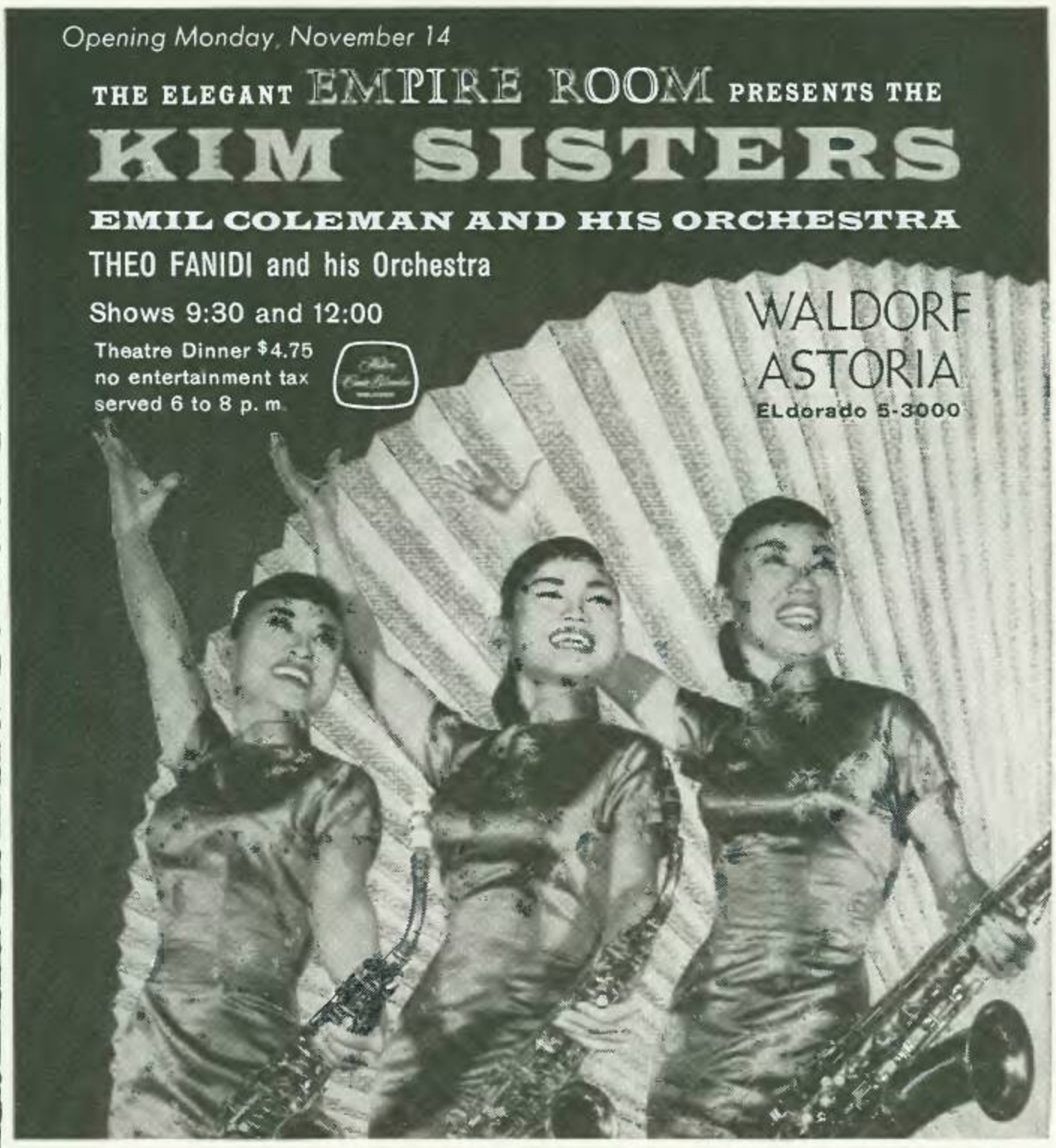
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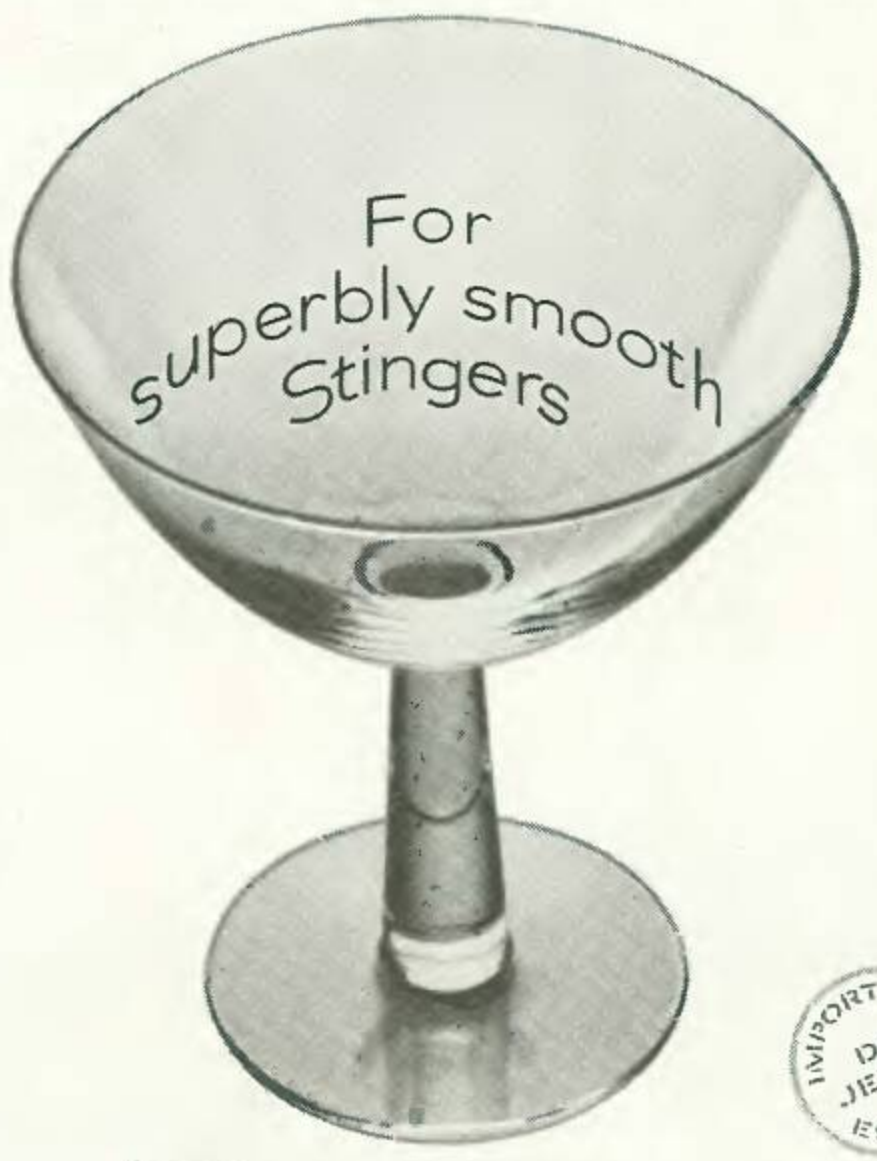
B.B.



IN a famous phrase, the greatest of twentieth-century poets summed up women as "engines of delight," and it is in the course of embodying this not altogether satisfactory compliment to the sex that Brigitte Bardot has earned her fame. She incarnates a male fantasy at least as old as Lascaux, and to those of us who devoutly attend her rites—I have yet to miss one of her pictures, and I defy flood, fire, or the silliness of the pictures' plots to make me do so—it suffices that she exists and can be printed on film, like a flower or a dolphin or any other perfect, natural thing. Few members of her cult would wish her to be able to act well or dance well, for the degree to which we would then be obliged to perceive that she had *worked* at becoming what she is would cast a terrible pall of effort and calculation over what should remain playful and, to pay a compliment as equivocal as Yeats's, divinely mindless. The last thing we want to discover about the wood nymphs whom nature, a notorious taker of chances, now and then prankishly turns into flesh and blood is that they are thereby doomed to endure the needs of mere human beings, including the ignoble need of making good. There are millions of ambitious women in the world, many of them beautiful, but they serve no playful purpose in our imaginations because, alas, they are real, they have problems; like us, they have to get up in the morning and strive to succeed at some more or less difficult task and perhaps fail. Proper goddesses get up when they please and neither strive nor fail.

Still, the doom of ambition is hard to escape. Nearly always, it appears that it isn't enough to be divine; one must try to be a divine Sarah. In my time, more than one perfect young goddess has turned into an imperfect young actress before my very eyes, and I've been hoping against hope that Miss Bardot would not succumb to this temptation. Her latest picture—"Come Dance with Me"—is reassuring. In it, Miss Bardot is more intensely and exclusively B.B. than ever. She is spread before us like a feast and—true mark of a goddess—is never for a moment







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not ours. Even when the exigencies of the plot require her to embrace her ardent bridegroom, those marvellous eyes of hers tend to flicker over in our direction, and if anyone suggests that it is the director behind the camera that she is looking at, and not us, I choose to disbelieve him.

The picture is based on a *qui-l'a-fait* called "The Blonde Died Dancing," and a pretext is maintained from start to finish that the audience will be interested in finding out who the wicked murderer is. A host of suspicious characters thrash their way through the long-drawn-out action like so many snakes in a pail, but it is the resilient B.B. that matters, and at regular intervals the progress of the plot is halted while she gets unself-consciously into or out of her clothes. The ardent bridegroom is played by Henri Vidal, and the tough cookie who gets murdered is played by Dawn Addams. We are given a glimpse or two of what may be authentic Parisian low life, and a certain amount of comedy is provided by Noel Roquevert, as B.B.'s rich and incessantly bewildered father, but I have to admit that this picture is really only for Old Believers, and if you have been able to resist B.B. in the past, you will be able to resist her in this one as well. *Tant pis pour vous.* —Brendan Gill

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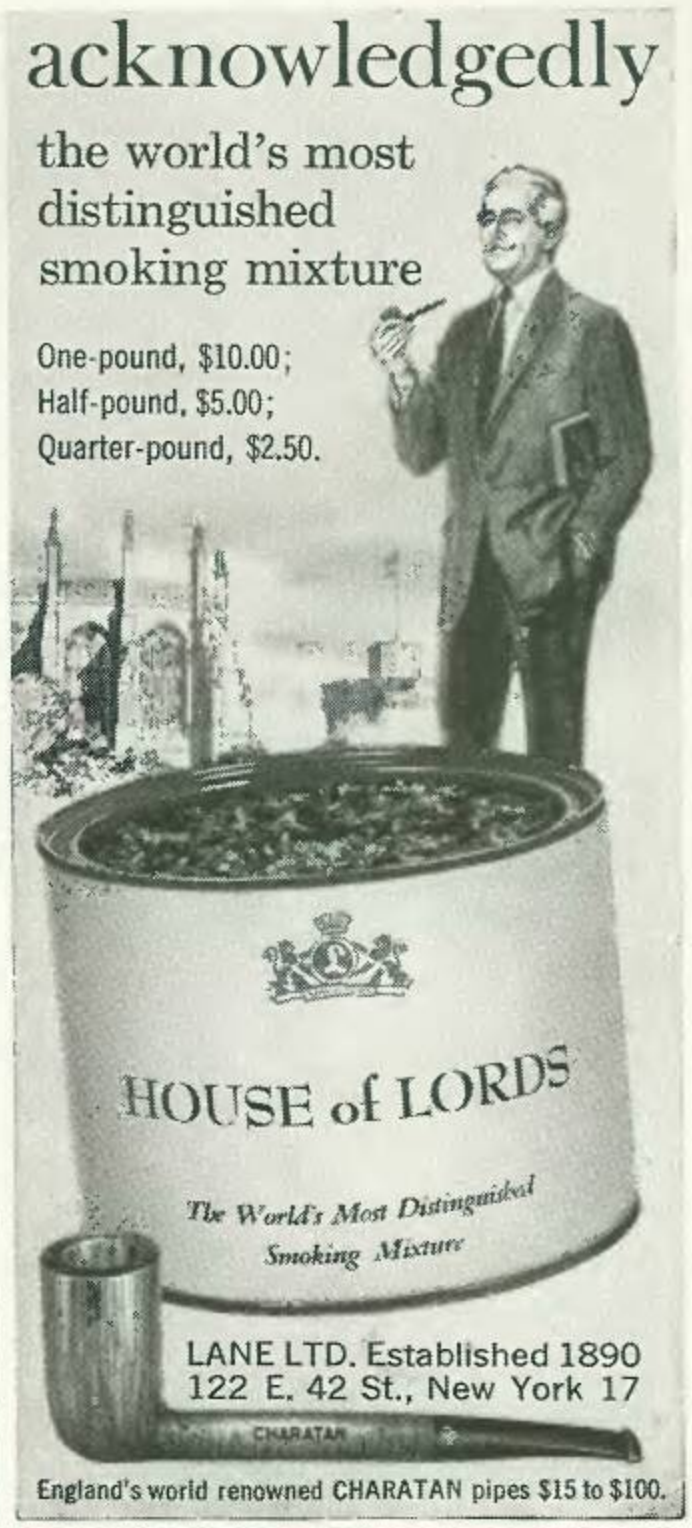
The beginner should be warned that some of the words and symbols in the latter part of [Section] 0 are defined only later, in the first seven chapters of the text, and that, accordingly, he should not be discouraged if, on first reading of [Section] 0, he finds that he does not have the prerequisites for reading the prerequisites.—*From the preface of "Measure Theory," by Paul R. Halmos.*

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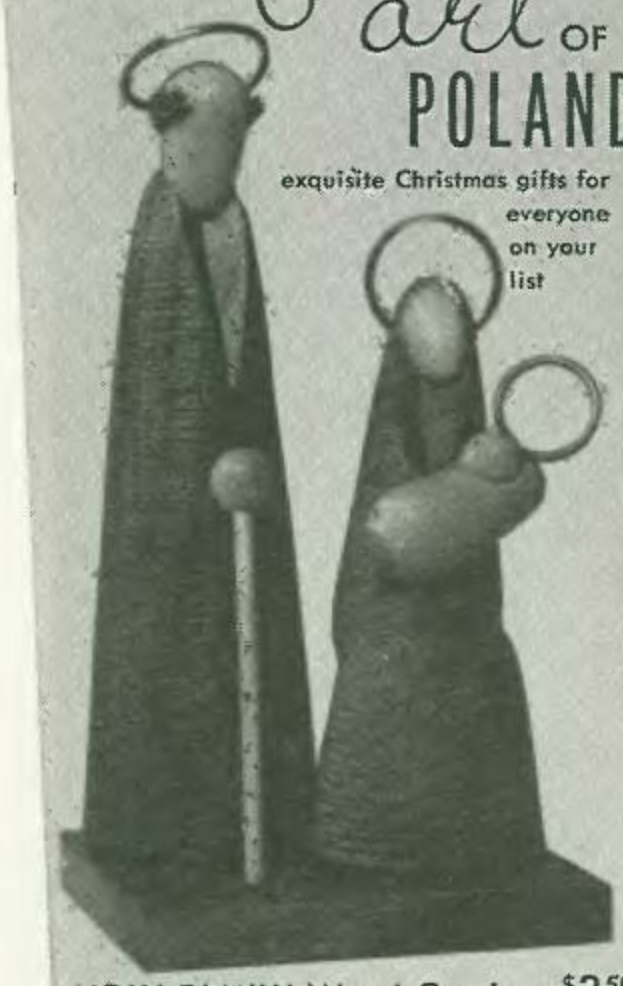
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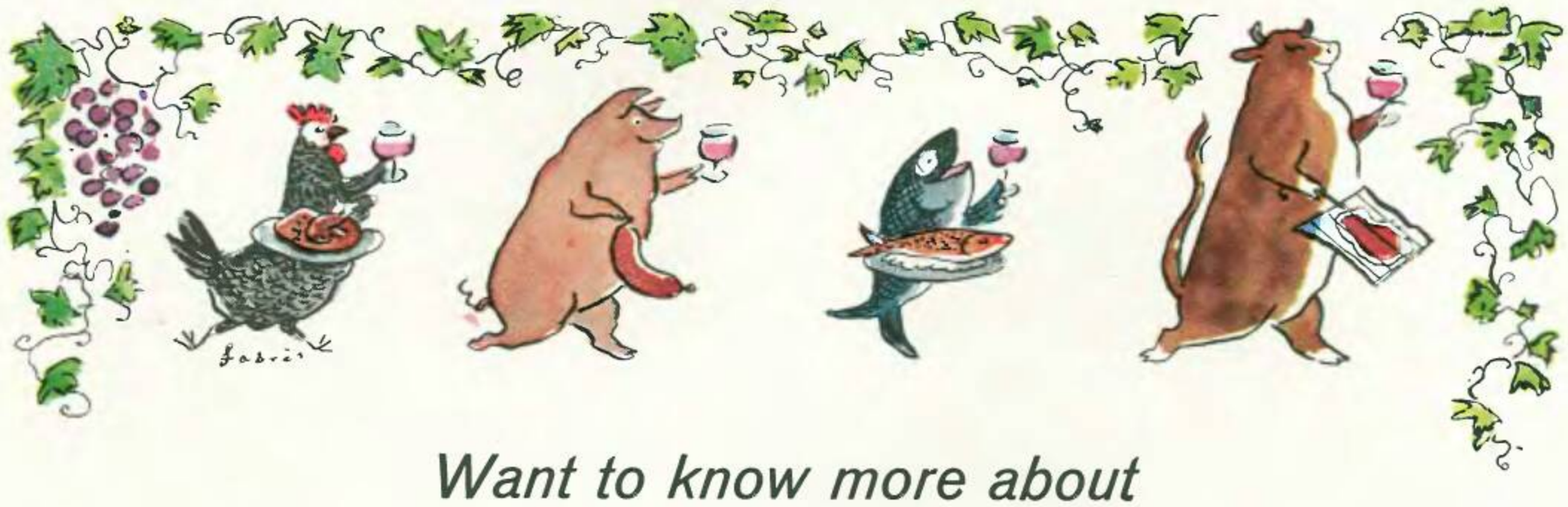
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LETTER FROM MADRID

THIS morning, under the window, the three everlasting boys have begun their daylong game of soccer; the ball thuds occasionally into one or another of the small gardens about, the gates squeak, somebody protests from an upper window, but the game goes on. Soccer, here called *fútbol*, has Madrid in a trance; the local club, Real Madrid, or Royal Madrid, is champion of Europe for the fifth successive year, and the three boys break off their game only to go down to the stadium to catch sight of the players after practice, as they drive away in their Mercedes and M.G.s. Maids are calling across from garden to garden, or singing raucously in the small washhouses. (In Madrid, either you have a maid or you *are* a maid.) They form a small, separate, gossipy race, like the watchmen, or *serenos*, who clump about at night with sticks and bunches of keys, opening doors for latecomers. Occasionally the boys call for water, and a maid carries it out to them. Madrid water is supposed to be the best water in the world. Thanks to the rocky soil and the altitude, it has a tangy mineral taste; foreigners are supposed to get drunk on it. Suddenly, a barrel organ appears, mounted on a neat fringed car tugged by a donkey. The organ crashes into a *pasodoble*, and the boys run over to listen. People come out of the houses, carrying children, and coins clink into the pouch on the donkey's harness. Two small girls from next door go off to see if they can borrow a baby. The city is child-mad. "Just put your baby down anywhere," say Madrileños. "Somebody will bring it up." The organ-grinder leaves, and is replaced by a man selling balloons. The maids are now singing the *pasodoble*, all independent of one another. *Plunk!* goes the football. As I leave, I bump into the knife grinder, who calls every day, even though, on the average, he gets no more to sharpen than a pair of scissors a week.

Out on the street, like a small allegory of Spain, a priest and an Army officer are waiting for the bus; eventually it lumbers up, and the three of us nudge our way on and pay our one peseta eighty céntimos (about three cents). Two women coming from the market are carrying on a shouted conversation across the bus, through the standing men. Farther down the aisle, a Guardia Civil sways with the rest of us, in his mold-green uniform and flattened tricorne hat, which still have the power to make Spaniards shiver with the memory of the Civil War. Uniform hats have a sinister effect on the faces under them, and this tricorne seems to underline the coldness and cruelty in the long, thin Spanish face. Probably the man hangs up his hat when he is off duty and goes to work as a mason or a carpenter, since most working Spaniards nowadays need two or three jobs to keep going. A man standing beside me is reading *Arriba*, the Falangist newspaper—dull, gray, doggedly faithful to the regime of General Franco, and unwaveringly bland about the state of the world, a great deal of the news of which it neglects to print. Even its football reports are without passion. We blunder past the American Embassy, a neat white locker of a building that Madrileños call *el palomar* (the dovecote), and reach the cafés and shops of the Calle Serrano, where the younger and smarter people go to be seen. Although it is not yet noon, and lunch is at least three hours away, the cafés are half full. The Calle Serrano has a conspicuously well-groomed look—the women are cast in a cool, immaculate mold, and the men are sleek, shaved to the bone, and oddly anonymous behind their sunglasses, which they wear even at night—but the chic of the extravagant leather-and-linen stores has not yet quite eliminated a cubicle-size egg store or a dingy, windowless *marmolería*, where marble is cut and shaped. (Madrid abounds in small, single-minded enterprises. A *candelabrería* makes and repairs cut-glass chandeliers, a *guitarería* does the same for guitars, a *chamarilería* deals in nothing but rags.) A small woman in black is arguing with the bus conductor over her change with such graphic vehemence of expression that the whole bus smiles to itself; anger electrifies the Spanish language. We turn around a great monument, the Puerta de Alcalá, left there by Charles III, toward the end of the eighteenth century; it is so vast in its setting that there seems hardly room to pass. Heavily monumented as Madrid is, the scale of its statues is never quite right. Small squares bulge with giants on horseback; the broad Plaza de Colón reduces the figure of Columbus in its center to the proportions of Tom Thumb. A judicious shifting would improve the city no end, but, as Spaniards say at least sixty times a day, "*No hay remedio*" ("What can you do?"). By now, we are in the center of the city, and the traffic has thickened; in Madrid, however, traffic still does not have the terrifying violence of traffic in most large cities but remains good-humored and accommodating. Parking is not yet a problem. Since there are no suburbs, cars go around and around, rather than in and out. I shoulder my way off the bus and start to walk up the broad Paseo de la Castellana, the spine of the city, under the trees. The post-office clock begins its long, chiming preamble to striking noon.



In the shade, people are dawdling and drifting—maids, old men, and occasional soldiers in oversize mud-colored uniforms and huge boots, looking as if they should be anything but soldiers, which is natural enough, since military service is compulsory. An old

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man in a black beret sleeps deeply on a stone bench. Pigeons are on the scrounge. I stop to buy the newspaper *ABC* at a kiosk well draped with Spanish comic books, French and German papers, and copies of *Life* and *Time* (Spaniards refer to them as *Leafy* and *Teemy*), and then make my way to the café where I am to meet a friend—a painter named Verdejo—at noon, but I do not hurry, since it is unlikely that he will be less than half an hour late. Madrid runs on human time.

The café is cool and gloomy; after the sun, it is difficult to see. Two old men are playing chess by a window. Others are reading newspapers or writing. The place has a quiet, panelled dignity; once the haunt of intellectuals and bullfighters, it is now used mainly by old men, who talk interminably about its past; by young people, who are curious about its reputation; and by painters, who generally remain loyal to their bars. Drinks in Madrid cost more than they did, but the Spanish painters of the moment have become successful, and are richer than they were. I catch hold of the headwaiter, who is so old that he confuses the dead and the living in his mind. He scratches his nose and greets me with the uncertainty of those who know too many people. Has the painter Verdejo been in or left a message? The words and the name take some time to dawn, but, yes, he remembers painfully, Verdejo was here a short while ago, and I must be the gentleman he was to meet, and, yes, he said that he would be about half an hour late. I tell the headwaiter I will have a glass of beer outside, and prepare to wait for Verdejo at least an hour.

The café is more or less in the center of Madrid, and yet the air is quiet enough to allow insects to be heard; the cars whiz rather than roar. The buildings roundabout are gracious, courtly, and bosomy, with large wrought-iron gates and a wealth of trees; the middle part of the city looks like a fat Spanish provincial town, and one can easily imagine horses clattering into the courtyards. In the past twenty years, the city has been spreading to the north, leaving its old selves behind like worm casts. The new part looks more South American than anything else; it is spacious, broad-avenued, and slightly inhuman, with huge, card-house apartment buildings set in dusty, unfinished lots, and new glass-fronted stores and cafeterias. Off to the south and west, the old town, with its narrow, crooked, cramped streets, gaslit at night, and its peasant joviality, straggles unevenly around the



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grubby, graceful Plaza Mayor. The three sections do nothing more than coexist; their architectural attitudes seem forever irreconcilable. Only the vast blue sky of Castile holds them together. One is always aware of the sky—brilliant, intense, wider than any other sky in the world. Under it, the buildings seem to be adrift, the squares and monuments gently afloat.

I take a table near the walk, to watch the people pass. The flow is punctuated regularly by meetings, handshakings, and embraces; all Madrileños appear to be related. The faces suddenly change from graven passivity into flashing lighthouses of zest, and just as suddenly subside. An old woman goes from table to table selling lottery tickets. "*Ultima hora, ultima hora!*" she calls, but the injunction moves nobody. The walkers gawk at me; I gawk back. In Madrid, walking and lounging are the two great estates of being. Those who walk look at the loungers, and those who lounge look at the walkers. Every now and again, a walker will stop and become a lounger, or a lounger get up and walk; the loungers are the fixed points, the walkers the moving context.

All this probably emanates from the fundamental pointlessness of Madrid, which is really a kind of Brasília of yesteryear. In 1561, Philip II decided to make Madrid the capital of Spain, because of its defensibility; it is set in the middle of the arid plateau of Castile, 2,372 feet above sea level, two hundred and twenty miles from the nearest sea, and very close to the geographical center of the peninsula. From the air, it looks like a vast overnight camp that has sprawled and stayed; it has no large river to give it a necessary shape, no essential activity to give it a character. Even so, it has been growing tremendously. When the Civil War ended, in 1939, and Madrid set out to rebuild itself, it had a little over a million people; twenty years later, in July, 1959, its two-millionth inhabitant was, as Spanish has it, "given the light." Agricultural workers seep in from the provinces to find jobs in the building trade, which sporadically has been hard at it putting up large developments to house the workers who keep coming in from the provinces to find jobs in the building trade, and so on. The people in the rest of Spain bitterly resent this costly, floating city, set down where no city should sensibly be—there is no doubt that Barcelona would make a much better capital, or even Valencia or Seville—and they resent it not only because they have to feed it and supply it (prac-

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tically everything eatable comes in from the provinces by truck, through the night, and the fish drivers compete in a continuous mercantile Grand Prix for performance bonuses) but also because they have to wait unendurably long for every kind of official permission to come from the capital, which houses all the government Ministries and the head offices of the banks and industries. The old people in the provinces reputedly shake their fists in the direction of Madrid, their Mecca of frustration, before going to bed. Nevertheless, what Madrid says goes.

A YOUNG waiter rushes across with my beer, fifteen minutes after I asked for it, and I turn to the newspaper. *ABC* has the largest circulation (about eighty thousand) of Madrid's three morning papers, and is monarchist in outlook. It attends to present events with the air of a faithful butler who hopes someday to come into a legacy, yet, like practically all Spanish papers, it lacks any crisp sense of immediacy; it has a limp, month-old air. Free, independent reporting is unknown in Spain; the news is heavily censored, and events that might in any way reflect on the stability of the regime are simply not mentioned. (Editions of foreign papers that carry comment detrimental to Spain are seized by the police.) *ABC's* life lies in its stylistic extravagance; it quivers with rhetorical flourishes and metaphorical flights, especially on the sports and obituary pages. Today's front page singles out some recent remarks by the British Foreign Minister: "England and Spain have many common interests. For example, last year, three hundred and fifty thousand English holidayed in Spain, and it seems reasonable to try to better relations between the two countries." The newspaper adds a shy, pleased comment.

In 1945, as the Second World War ended, the British gesticulated angrily in Franco's direction before they hung up their rifles, and on March 4, 1946, Britain, France, and the United States issued a joint declaration based on the hope that "leading patriotic and liberal-minded Spaniards may soon find means to bring about a peaceful withdrawal of Franco, the abolition of the Falange, and the establishment of an interim or caretaker government under which the Spanish people may have an opportunity freely to determine the type of government they wish to have, and to choose their leaders." Now, however, the weather in the outside world has changed considerably, and General



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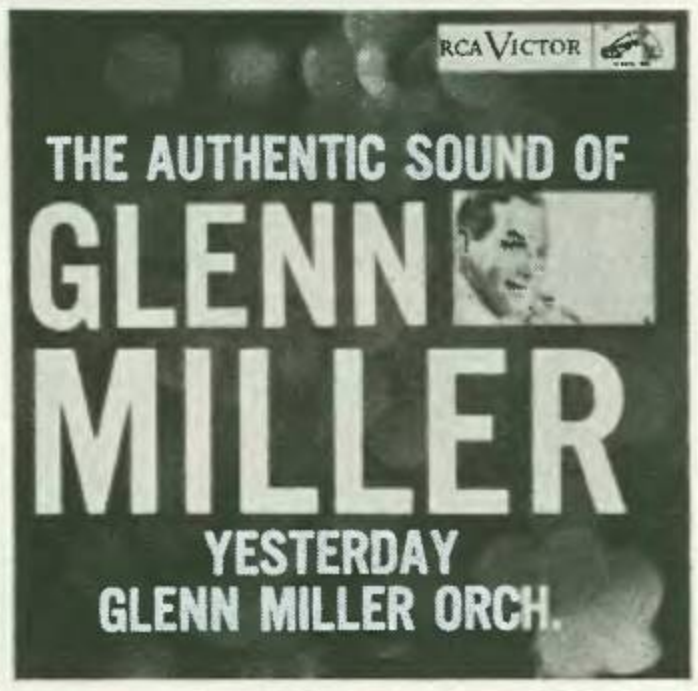
Franco receives a lot of cordial visitors. The United States maintains a handful of important military bases in Spain, and last December President Eisenhower drove amicably through Madrid with General Franco and was goggled at admiringly by thousands of Spaniards, who had not seen so substantial a foreign personage in ages. (Absolute moral values scarcely belong in international politics and economics. For every tourist who feels queasy about setting foot in Spain there are hundreds who rush in with gusto. So do we grow used to the relative nature of things.) General Franco patiently waited out the years of his disfavor abroad, and now he can lay claim to having been the original anti-Communist. He has hated the Communists ever since they fought against him in the Civil War, and in his eyes the Western powers have come around to his point of view, waking up a few years ago to find him their staunch ideological ally, if a strange bedfellow.

In Spain itself, not much has changed; since 1939 the country has been a dictatorship under the direct rule of General Franco—a police state, with no civil rights and no legal political opposition. Its economy lags drastically behind that of the rest of Europe, and even though Spaniards are capable of absorbing poverty more cheerfully than any other people, the fact remains that the vast majority of the population of thirty million are miserably poor. Political imprisonment continues in waves, and there is active censorship of books, films, and newspapers. The summing up of Spain grows sorrier as it grows longer, and yet, given all these disagreeable political realities, Spain has a vivacious, warm, and thriving personal life to it, a gaiety, a spontaneous joy; it is far from cowed. Spaniards regard themselves as conspirators happily brought together by a common enemy; no attack on the regime from outside ever approaches in virulence the denunciations they make in private. "What do you think of Franco?" asks a foreign correspondent of a Madrid reporter. "Sh-h-h, we can't talk here," the reporter replies, looking nervously around the bar. "Let's go somewhere else." After skulking across Madrid, they reach a deserted garden in the Retiro Park. "Well?" says the correspondent. "Sh-h-h!" whispers the reporter. "You see—*I like him!*" The most puzzling fact of all is that Spaniards have endured General Franco for twenty-one years and have been able, for all their passionate intensity, to shrug him off.

A week ago, I sat in this same café

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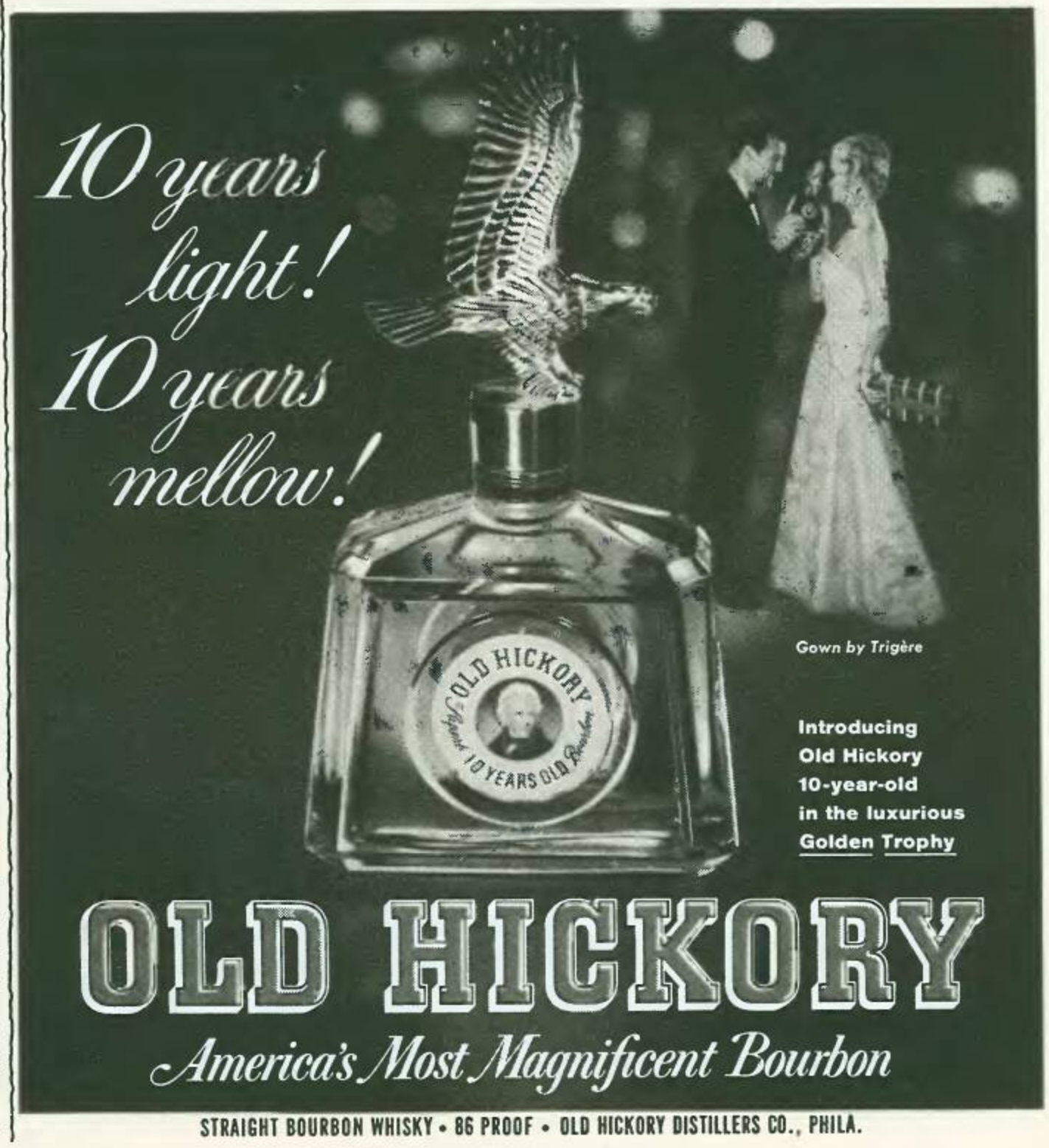




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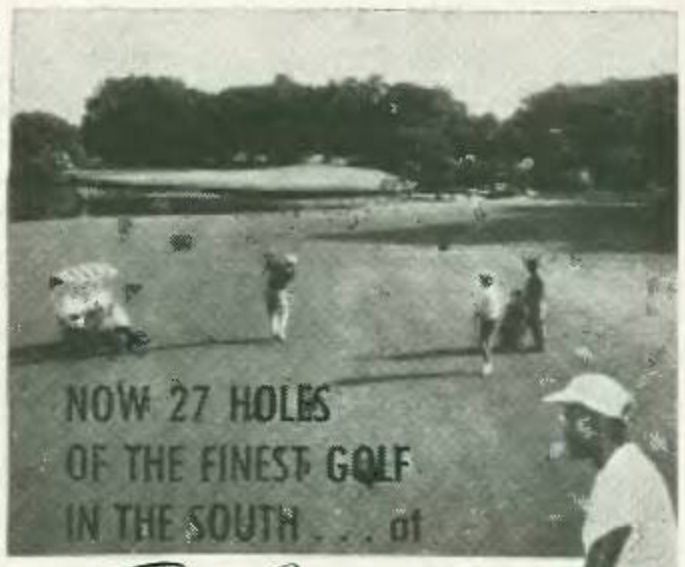
talking with a middle-aged surgeon, a shrewd, spry man with whom I occasionally play tennis, and I asked him to tell me why Spain still sat obediently under General Franco's thumb.

"You got me on a good day," he said. "Yesterday I was very sad. Tomorrow is a holiday, and so I would be flippant and cynical. Today you let me win at tennis, so I will tell you the truth."

This I doubted. The truths and pronouncements of Spaniards form a great morass of contradiction; like the battery of Spanish proverbs, they pin down in a stray moment a whole that, in its shifting turbulence, can never be pinned down. Anyway, heartened by the tennis, my friend proceeded to answer my question seriously, and at length.

"I am glad you are not an economist or a sociologist," he said. "Otherwise, you would collect endless statistics on Spain, which would all lead to disastrous conclusions, and then you would begin saying, 'What Spain needs is this' and 'What Spain must do is that,' and you would be lost, because we would not do it. You cannot get anywhere without understanding our character, the way we are. You must have noticed how much we talk—we stay up till three every morning talking. We have *sobremesas* [an odd Spanish word that means just sitting around talking after meals] twice a day. Besides, we meet friends in cafés before lunch and before dinner, and we talk until our faces hurt. You see, for us talking is a kind of illusory action. We have no freedom of speech in a constitutional sense, so we indulge ourselves in speaking freely past the danger point, and now talk is our substitute for doing *anything*. We talk away our love affairs, the books we could have written, the revolutions we should have organized. You see, we are all paralyzed. Our Civil War shocked us to a point where we *dread* action. It was so fratricidal—no, suicidal—that after it we were unable to feel anything. You saw it as a war of ideologies; for us it was a war of allegiances. We all fought it in our own heads, and we all lost, with the exception of Franco. And everything that has happened since is *our* responsibility, because we have let it happen.

"In Spain, we could never be democratic, as the United States is. No two of us can ever agree. Look at our history, particularly the history of the Republic, and you will see that we have never been capable of collective action; we have only moved through the influence of persuasive individuals, who have



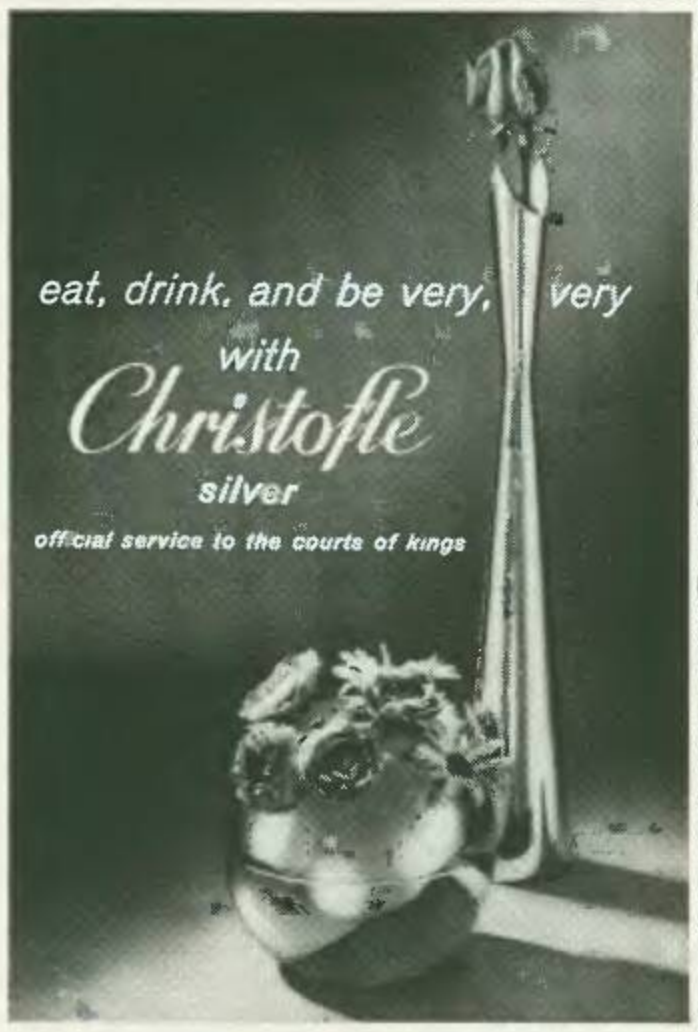
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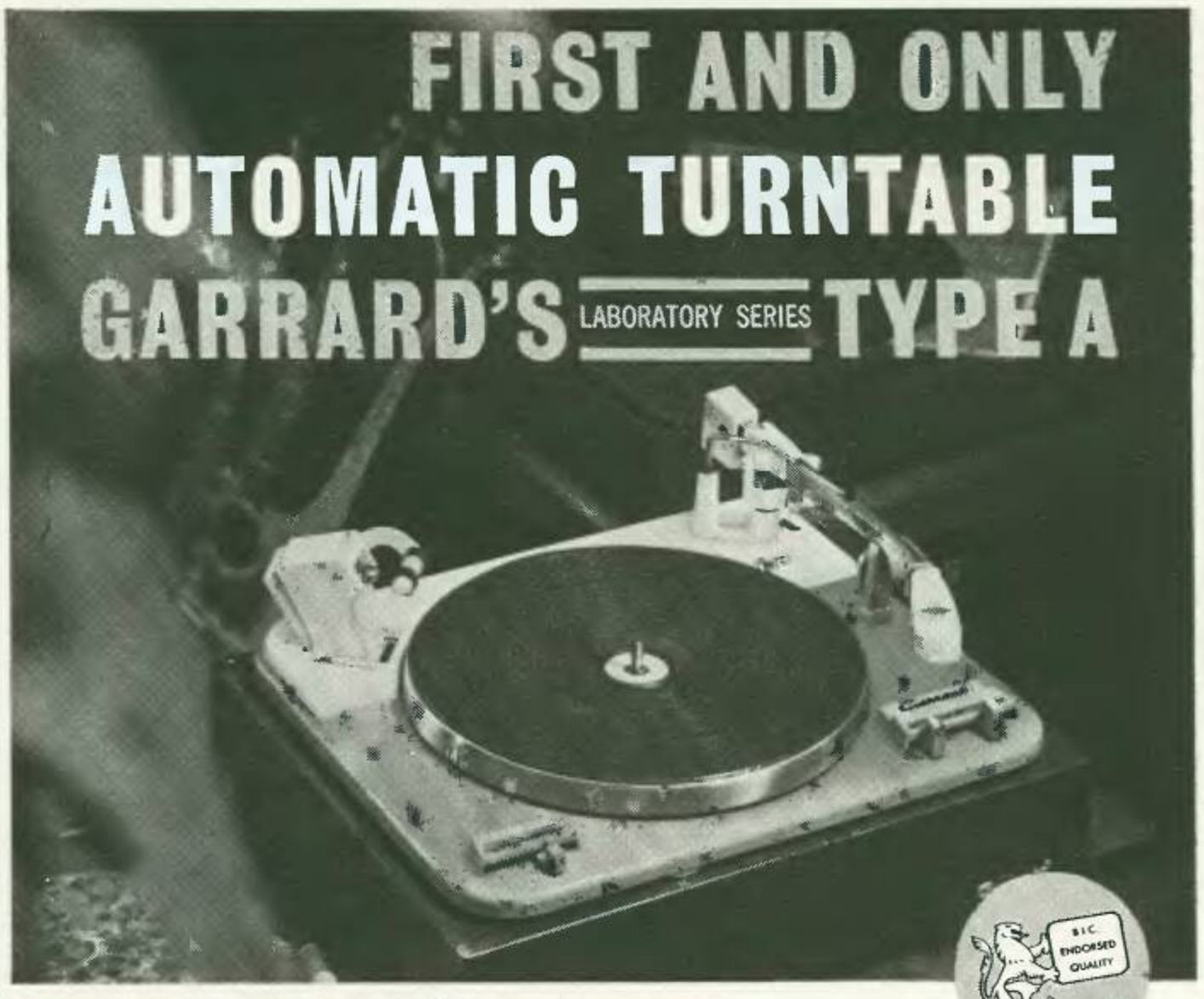
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always generated even more persuasive opponents. We grow up with polarities. We are Catholics at the beginning, and then we turn on the Church and become savagely anticlerical, although our good friends—our brothers, even—are priests. Then we become atheists (you know that old Spanish joke, 'I'm an atheist, thank God'), but our whole manner of looking at things remains Catholic—our sense of sin, our feeling of doom, our moral rigidity. The enormous weight of the past of Spain hangs over us, and we ridicule it and try to live extravagantly in the present, but we never get rid of our cumbersome destiny. We laugh at everything and find everything laughable, and are sentimental about our families and our dogs, and yet at the same time we are proud and violent and cold and cruel. Often, when nobody is looking and when I am upset, I kick my dog, and the next minute I comfort him. You know, too, how authoritarian we are, and yet we hate authority. We are Don Quixote and Sancho Panza at once. We take everything seriously and can no longer be serious about anything. We are all these things and yet no one of them, except at odd moments. To the inside of our backbones we are anarchists. In Spain, you cannot speak of masses—we are thirty million separate people. You see how impossible it is for us to want anything? Whatever happens is quite enough for us! You think that Franco has done enough to unite us against him? You forget that Franco, too, is a Spaniard. He does not have intelligence; he has more—he has a peasant's intuition, which never fails him, and he has been trained as a soldier. He does not act; he reacts. When something goes dangerously wrong, he puts his finger in the wall. Another hole—another finger! He has never had any policy, and so we have had nothing to oppose; since he has given us no future, we have noth-





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ing tangible enough to alter. We just go on. You see, he is our doom, and against him we discover ourselves, but only personally. And he does hold us together; without him we would have to decide *ourselves* what we want, and that we are incapable of doing."

"But now a whole generation has grown up in Spain without the memory of the Civil War," I said.

"True enough," the surgeon replied, "but the Spain they have grown up in has been so dingy, so cramped, so confused that all they want to do is to leave it. Or, if they stay, they want only more money, more pleasure, more cars, more movies. They don't know how to think, and we have neither encouraged nor inspired them. We no longer have any heart for a struggle. We have only our families, our friends, and our work. I know that we sound ludicrous, but, my dear fellow, we are tragic."

POLITICAL speculation in Spain is a kind of game that the gentlemen are supposed to play after dinner. The talkers remain as distinct from their convictions as chess players from their chessmen; they have played together for a long time, and know one another's game. The political opposition to Franco is intelligent, but it has splintered into many factions. The Communists make much capital out of Franco's hatred of them, but they prefer to wait until things get worse. The Socialists have been the most active party and, of late, the most frequently imprisoned. The six or seven small democratic parties keep looking for a common platform, but they are bound together mostly by despair. The Catholic Action Party has been outspoken, but it gets little support from the workers, to whom it addresses itself; they feel they have nothing to gain from joining anything, and a great deal to lose. The monarchist parties have turned into bands of steady hopers. Odd groups left over from the Republic flicker away. But since none of these parties exist legally, and since arrests quickly follow any signs of overenthusiasm, the stand taken by any of them is doomed to be largely theoretical. The Falange, or Fascist party, though it still stands solidly behind the regime, and in a sense *is* the regime, is no longer as personally favored by Franco as it once was. It is not just that the Falangists are clumsy and heavy-handed; for Franco to be identified now as head of the Falange is what we would call bad public relations, something to which



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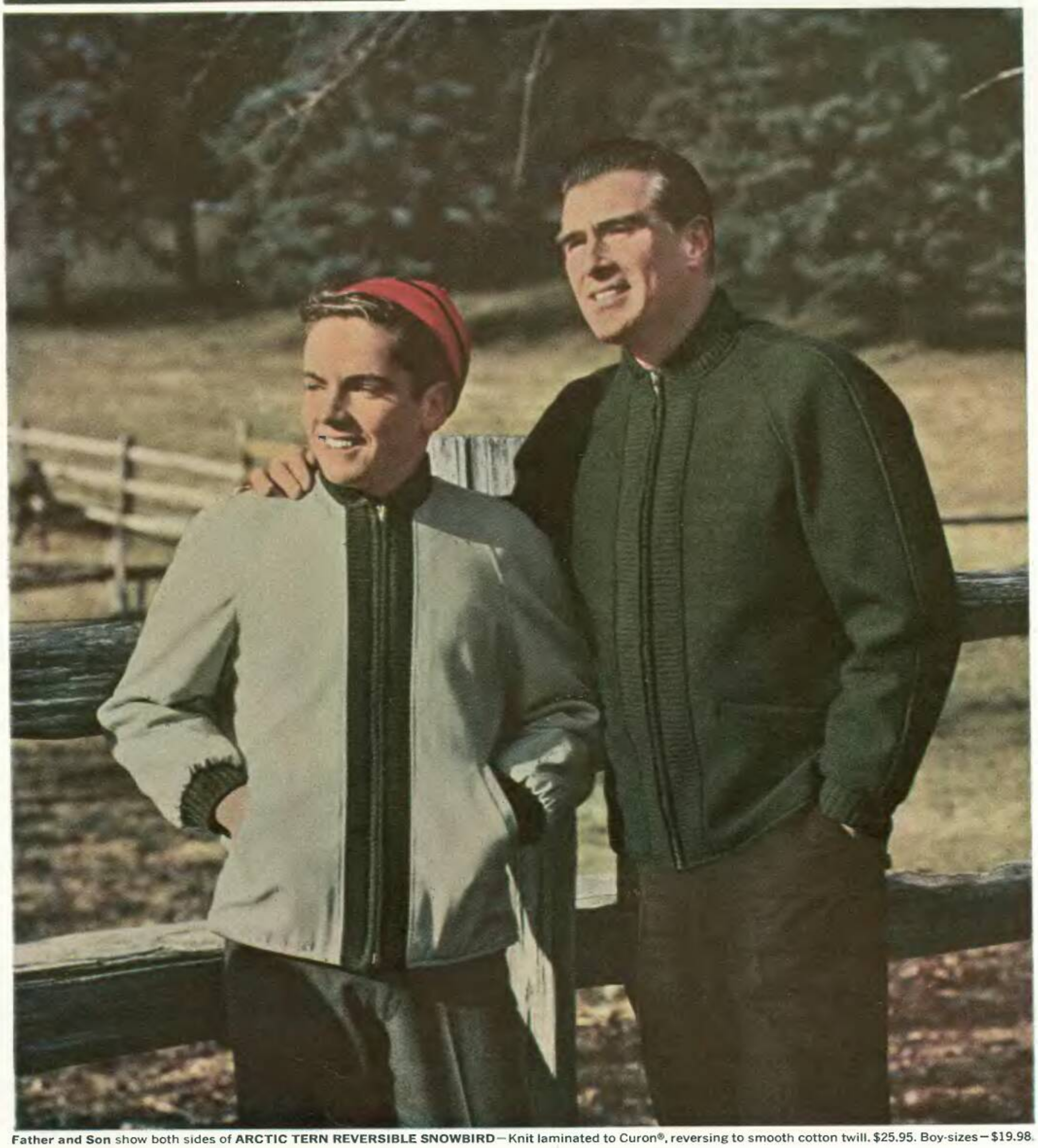
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the General has recently shown himself to be surprisingly sensitive.

Actually, one of the most influential groups in Spain is not a political party but an organization called Opus Dei, which was founded in 1928 by a rich Spanish priest, José María Escrivá de Balaguer, and has since mushroomed all over the world. Its aim is to exercise a pervasive influence for good, and it has had tremendous success in Spain because its manner of action is much more intelligently fitted to the Spanish situation than that of the political parties. The workings of Opus Dei are shrouded in Masonic secrecy, but it is thought to have about ten thousand members, most of them intellectuals—professors, editors, publishers, priests, economists, professional men, Cabinet Ministers, students. Full-fledged members, or *numerarios*, take vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and most of them turn their earnings over to Opus Dei. In theory, it aims at a blend of spiritual and professional perfection; members are expected to remain in the world, devoting their professional energies to a religious end. ("Never go into details of your apostolate unless it be for someone else's benefit," cautions its handbook, *Camino*, which was written by its founder, and reads like an odd blend of Lord Baden-Powell and Nietzsche.) Priests are not at all predominant in Opus Dei; infiltration into, not withdrawal from, the world is the plan. Recruiting goes on with an evangelical directness reminiscent of the Oxford Group. There is money aplenty and, by now, a substantial amount of power. Opus Dei has control, more or less, of a chain of cinemas, a publishing house, a literary magazine, most of the public-information agencies, the evening paper *Madrid*, the Supreme Council of Scientific Research, and the Banco Popular. Even beyond that, its influence, through certain individuals, is very strong. In Franco's present Cabinet, the Minister of Commerce, Alberto Ullastres, is a full member, and three other Cabinet Ministers are sympathizers. It would seem that Opus Dei has the ear of Franco, if only because he can count on the incorruptibility of its adherents. In a Spanish Cabinet Minister, incorruptibility is something.

Madrileños have taken to crediting Opus with control of everything from soccer to the weather. The group professes no political aims—in itself a comment on the impotence of political parties here. Its loyalties appear to be close to the Right, and, like the Church, it is certainly planning to sur-







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being wasted on fruitless building, agriculture was in the doldrums, and industry was hopelessly encumbered by government controls. Then, quite suddenly, in July, 1959, the Minister of Commerce, Ullastres, announced the beginning of a new stabilization program, to create "hard" money and to restore a favorable trade balance. At the same time, Spain became a member of the European Economic Community and got promises of support from the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and various private banks in the United States. Madrileños smiled wryly. Ullastres made enthusiastic speeches about his New Deal; meanwhile, bank credits were cut, small industry took a hard knock, and unemployment rose. Yet, bit by bit, exports began to pick up, the trade and payment balances began to show positive, and the peseta began to stay firm. The government went through the motions of withdrawing some controls from industry, and then actually did remove some of the obstacles to foreign investment. As time passed, the plan fulfilled itself to the letter; in July of this year Spain had an almost incredible foreign credit of three hundred and fifty million dollars, and the more economically sophisticated European countries have been loud in their praise.

On paper, everything looks fine, but in order for this stabilization to have any meaning it must be followed by what economists call "reactivation," and for Spain this is another matter. To get close to anything resembling a market economy, where people make things and consume them and the country prospers, Spain must practically begin again. The labor laws need vigorous revision, for clumsy labor syndicates now wield the power that the workers themselves should have, and there is no free employment. Government agencies still





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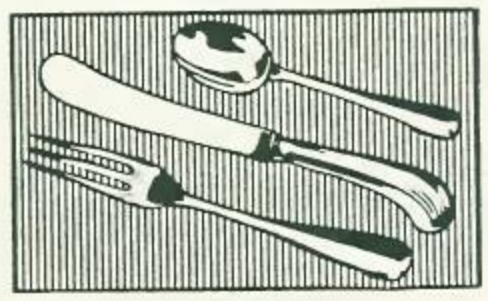
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bear down heavily on industrial organization. Building has come to a standstill, since, for the sake of creating hard money, government spending had to be controlled. Moreover, many of the more powerful Spanish businessmen are opposed to a competitive economy and to the coming of foreign capital, since it would trim their profits drastically. It is easy enough to see coolly what needs to be done in Spain, and even to insist logically that it must be done, but the moves are so drastic, so full of liberal implications, that Franco is unlikely to let them be made in any earnestness. It suits his book much better to slip gently back into inflation, which is more immediately palliative. A bouncing economy needs a reliable future; because Franco refuses to grant one, nobody else cares to take a chance on it. With the country waiting for a change as a seismographer might wait for an earthquake or a saint for a miracle, no one feels much like investing in anything, even in time. And if the economy falters again, Franco is cheerfully confident that the money will come from somewhere. It always has.

General Franco's method of running Spain has been to give every man his ear but none his voice. He remains bland, owlish, and apparently adaptable; the about-turns in his public pronouncements would shame a candidate for an obscure office. He picks favorites and favorite groups, programs, and policies as it suits him, never allowing himself to become closely identified with any one of them for long, never letting any one of them grow too strong. As Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and in view of his relations with the Church, he needs no party. The Church gives his regime an appearance of respectability and solidity; the regime, in return, gives the Church freedom to pursue its activities. An enlightened Spanish priest, though—and there are many—is in an even more difficult position than an enlightened layman; the weight of authority, temporal and spiritual, is apt to make his enlightenment an insupportable burden. As for the Army, it has long ceased to be an army in a military sense. Along with the police, it forms the symbol and agency of Franco's absolute power, yet its own power is neither succinct nor clear enough to allow it to act for itself, or for interests other than Franco's; it remains anxious and obedient. By judiciously doing and saying practically nothing, Franco has kept the air about him quivering, or at least stirring, with possibility. As long as he may move, he makes it difficult for anyone to be con-

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vinced that he never will. "Nobody could *be* like that," Spaniards say, "but Franco is."

SINCE Franco exists and is accepted as a kind of Fate, Spaniards have diverted their passions into their personal lives, and they have an astonishing appetite for diversion; they are quite prepared to go *en famille* to anything at all—cinemas, football matches, bullfights, cockfights, jai alai, races of all kinds—and they go not as spectators or fans but as critics. If a team plays well, they clap their appreciation; if a bullfighter is lethargic or incompetent, they jeer and whistle. The judgment, they feel, is in their hands. They grumble and applaud in the movies, which most of them attend once a week. (In Spain, there is one cinema seat for every 7.4 people, or more than twice the percentage in the United States; the films are mostly American, censored, and dubbed—apparently by a small group of Spaniards, since Marlon Brando and Fred Astaire turn up with identical voices.) The theatre is moribund; the plays that run are domestic farces, funny enough but endlessly reiterative and full of family jokes. One theatre puts on bowdlerized Tennessee Williams. ("A puzzling man," the critic for *ABC* has remarked.) Civic culture is not Madrid's strong point; it has preferred to stay personal. The hunger of Spaniards for sport and competition can be oddly gruesome; this spring the city staged races in the Retiro Park for wheelchairs, complete with timers, judges, cups, and, of course, invalid drivers.

A while ago, a friend of mine arrived in Madrid eagerly predisposed to see a bullfight after some months in New York of bullfight movies, bullfighters' biographies, and learned articles on bullfights in glossy magazines. We went, on a Sunday afternoon, to Las Ventas, the larger of Madrid's two bull rings, and settled ourselves in the *barrera*—in the shade, where seats cost about eight dollars each. Twelve or thirteen thousand people, mainly German, Scandinavian, and English, filled the ringside seats. The upper terraces were sparsely sprinkled with Spaniards, who quickly moved down when the fight began. The plaza was no more than half full. The *corrida* itself proved not so much mediocre as indifferent; the bulls were substantial and brave enough, but they tired quickly, and the matadors, all of them veterans, mostly stayed aloof, not really trying to dominate or control the bulls. Although enough of the ritual gesture of the art was left to let any

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visitor say squarely to his diary, "I saw a bullfight," everything—bulls, matadors, spectators, and weather—seemed heavy with ennui, and the afternoon, yawning and dwindling out, scarcely raised a whistle. Bullfights are like melons, an implacable Spanish proverb maintains; you never know what they are going to be like until you get inside. To judge by that *corrida*, melon growers cannot be too enthusiastic over the analogy.

The bullfight, as an institution, is having difficulties. It still hits high points; one afternoon last May, during San Isidro, Madrid's week of fiesta, Antonio Ordoñez, the indubitable No. 1, fought coolly and majestically, in pouring rain, and cut two ears. (Madrid, arrogantly, never awards more for a great performance, while lesser rings in the provinces will give a bullfighter ears, tail, and hoof on good days.) The rest of the week was unrelieved tedium—road-company bullfighting. Nothing is sorrier than a bad or indifferent bullfight; irritation replaces catharsis. A bullfighter, to be good, needs a limited, intense, knowledgeable crowd that understands bulls and is able to encourage a matador beyond himself and keep him true. When Manolete was fatally gored, in 1947, he had, singlehanded, set impossibly high standards; he had worked closer to the bull, claimed greater fees, and acquired a more heroic public personality than any bullfighter before him. Unfortunately, succeeding generations of bullfighters—and their managers—have tended to think more of money, publicity, and a prolonged career than of the purity of their art. In so tenuous, finely balanced, and personal an art, love must come before money. Instead, safety first is now the motto of most bullfighters; they live to fight another day. A few, like Ordoñez, are devoted and absorbed enough to take trouble; they are still, from time to time, inspired—the occasions are not predictable—and, from time to time, gored.

Tourists have to share the blame. They were shut out of Spain from 1936 until 1947, and could not travel easily until much later, but they now pour in, hot after the romantic image of Old Spain—bullfights, fiestas, flamenco dancing, wineskins, and windmills. (Actually, Spain goes to less bother for its tourists than any other country I can think of. Old Spain has not been cynically contrived, like Olde England.) The bullfight is high on the list of Spanish Experiences, and the tourists and the international set have, together, kept

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bullfighting in full swing. It is quite easy for the shrewd matador appearing before several thousand palpitating foreigners to fight with a flourish, to look graceful and brave, without working the bull or running much risk; the foreigners' applause will drown the jeers and whistles of the Spaniards. Without tourists, the onetime national fiesta would continue on a smaller and purer scale; it cannot become a business, or even a regular spectacle, without succumbing to shady practices, which abound, and losing its soul. The best bullfights happen in the provinces, at local fiestas. There, Spaniards attend with passion; in the cities, they go wistfully two or three times a year, when they can afford it, to see if it is *really* as bad as they fear. Many times, in the café, I have listened to indignant, day-long conversations about the decline of the bulls, which are usually led by a little wizened monkey of a man who was once a member of Manolete's *cuadrilla*. "When *el maestro* was alive," he growls, "the ring was a church, not a counting house, and we worshipped the bulls and cried as we killed them. Look at these *toreros* nowadays. They're scientists and robbers, and the *público* applauds every time they take off their hats! Far better to have rubber bulls with motors in them. We have disgraced ourselves. Manolete would have wept for shame!"

Some days after I had taken my New York friend to the bullfight, I asked him to come with me to a nighttime soccer match—a European Cup semifinal between Real Madrid and Barcelona, its sharpest Spanish rival. We arrived twenty minutes early—allowing time to rent cushions (the seats are of concrete) and to settle ourselves—but the stadium, which holds upward of a hundred and twenty-nine thousand people with surprising grace and ease, was already overflowing, and it was difficult to speak above the steady, muted screech of the crowd. There was not a German or a Scandinavian in sight. The game was breathtakingly fast, brilliant, clean, and spectacular, and the crowd was hungrily attentive. Madrid won by three goals (scored by an Argentine and a Hungarian) to Barcelona's one (scored by another Hungarian), and the city was in a state of limp joy. Diners and waiters replayed the game over soup; bus drivers discussed it with policemen at red lights. Not long afterward, Real Madrid went on to win the final, in Glasgow, and when the team returned in triumphal procession from the airport, a crowd almost as vast as the





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one that had turned out to look at President Eisenhower roared its joy. The euphoria in the city quite obliterated any anxiety over U-2 and the failure of the summit. "Yes, yes," people said, "but *we* won the Cup."

At the moment, football rivets the attention of the greater part of the Spanish people—even small provincial towns throb with it—for nothing else allows them to feel so justifiably superior to the rest of Europe. Real Madrid is a valuable property. It plays numerous friendly games all over Europe, for a fee of between thirty and forty thousand dollars a game, and has been able to buy star players from just about everywhere. Its regular team includes Hungarians, Brazilians, Argentines, and Uruguayans, but only one Madrileño. The stadium is soon to be enlarged to hold a hundred and sixty thousand; at the moment, it seldom has a crowd of less than ninety thousand. In Madrid, the players are as newsworthy as the British Royal Family in England; if the wife of one of them has a child, the news gets a headline in the press. Newspaper reports of games are meditative, heroic, poetic; *Marca*, the sports daily, recently noted the weight lost by each player during a game, and added, for the more thorough readers, the total weight loss of the team.

Just after the failure of the May summit, General Franco, as a gesture of sympathy to his friend President Eisenhower, cancelled two football matches that Spain was due to play against Russia. He has done many worse things, but nothing recently that has brought him such unpopularity, for he did away with a chance to solidify Spain's prestige in the one area where the country has made a perceptible dent in the outside world. When, as a result of this action, the European Football Federation threatened for a time to ban Spain from international competition, the people howled. It was a grave slip on Franco's part. Football has steadily and successfully diverted the attention of the multitude from political realities, and he should have known better than to mix the two things.

BY now, an hour has passed, and the café is full to its edges, but there is still no sign of Verdejo. I decide to give him fifteen minutes more. Two or three friends have passed, and one has given me his card, with a new address. (Spaniards exchange calling cards as readily as they shake hands. After two or three parties, you are left with the makings of a small professional direc-

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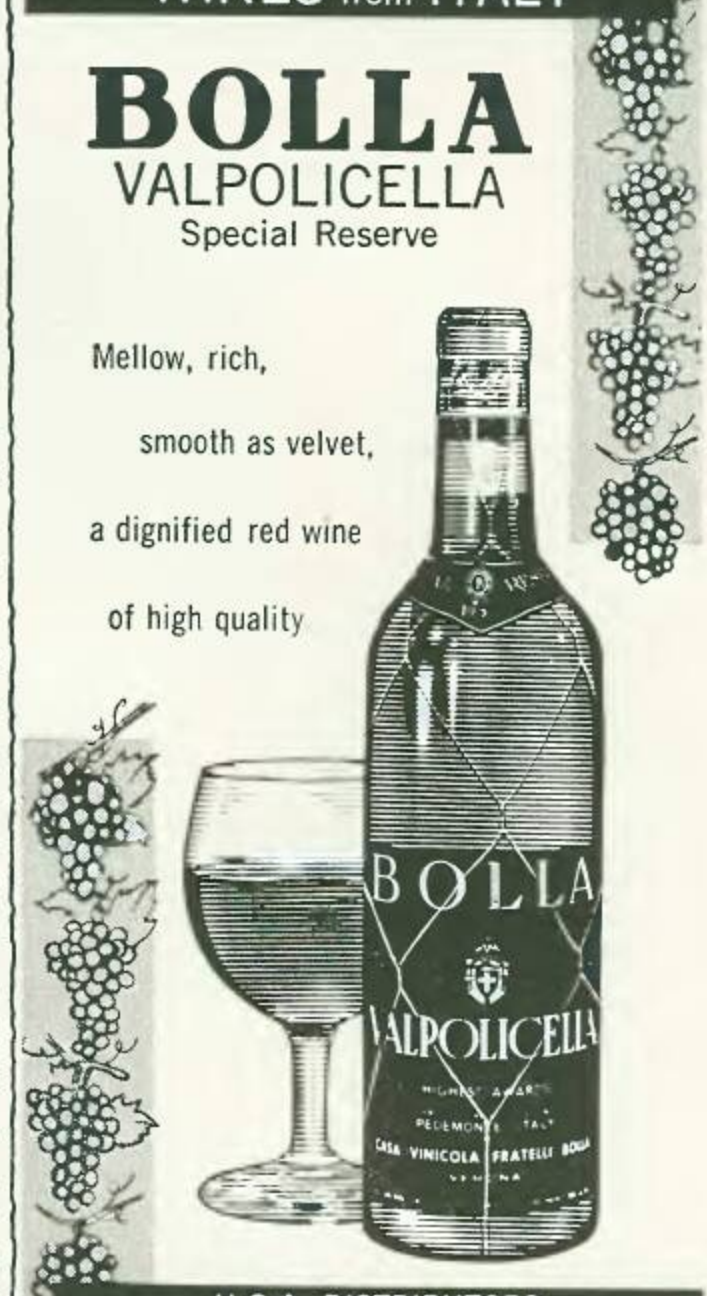
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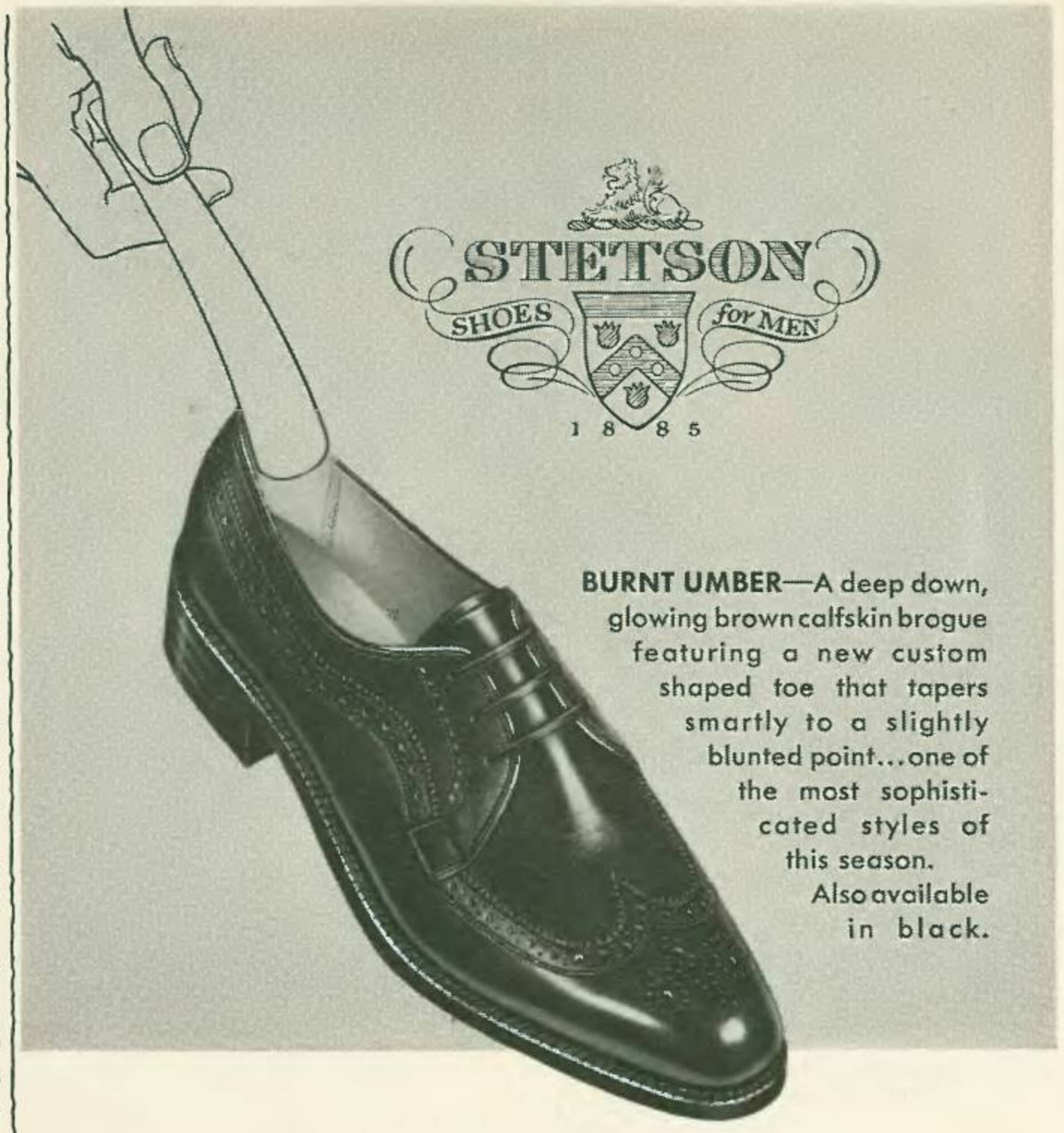
tory.) Although it is easy enough in Madrid to find doctors, plumbers, bullfight tickets, and business connections in the ordinary way, no Madrileño would ever dream of doing so; he consults his cards and his friends for a direct personal connection. "I think my brother-in-law could help you," someone is likely to say. Or "It happens that a cousin of my wife's is in charge of that office." Or "Do mention my name." Everyone in Madrid must mention everyone else at least once a week. Obligations and favors form a kind of currency, like unwritten IOUs, and every Spaniard, since his personal honor is involved, will go to endless trouble to find connections for his friends. To countries with a higher degree of bureaucratic sophistication, Spain seems hopelessly corrupt; Spaniards retort that these countries are inhuman. Loyalty to friends, they argue, is infinitely more valuable than loyalty to a system.

"It must be hard on those people who don't know anybody," I remarked to a lawyer recently.

He looked at me oddly. "*Everybody* knows *somebody*," he said.

There is, however, another side to the coin—less human, less innocent, less jovial. It would be foolish to imagine that General Franco runs Spain single-handed, especially since Spain prickles with a steady resentment. His personal power is impressively final, but as it deploys itself downward, it has to be administered by floating legions of police and bureaucrats, and maintained by inspectors, motorcyclists, and street-sweepers. General Franco appears in public in a wide range of uniforms, and, in consequence, each minion on duty wears something of his sinister aura. Since nobody has been able to lick Franco, a great many people have joined him, propelled by either ambition or greed. The payoffs of public position are not to be sneezed at, and the sharpness of moral responsibility has been rubbed away by the passage of time. In government offices, the portrait of the





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Caudillo looks down benevolently on his servants; even he can hardly be aware of the multiplicity of sins that are committed in his name.

In the swirl of traffic, two boys on bicycles are riding in file, with a chandelier tinkling and swaying on a long pole slung between them. They balance with an airy nonchalance; it looks easy. A German with a briefcase asks if I am using the other chair; I say that I hope to be. Just at that moment, Verdejo arrives, mopping his bald head (Spaniards seem to go emphatically bald at a stroke) and smiling. I remind him that he is late, but he merely spreads his hands, and then sits down and claps for the waiter.

"Bring us a bottle of Valdepeñas and a melon at once," he tells him, and then says to me, "Listen, I have had the most emotional morning. I have been with an American in the Prado, and he has bought a very large painting of mine. This is what I am celebrating."

"But at the moment you have no paintings." I had been in his studio only a few days previously, and I recalled its dramatic bareness.

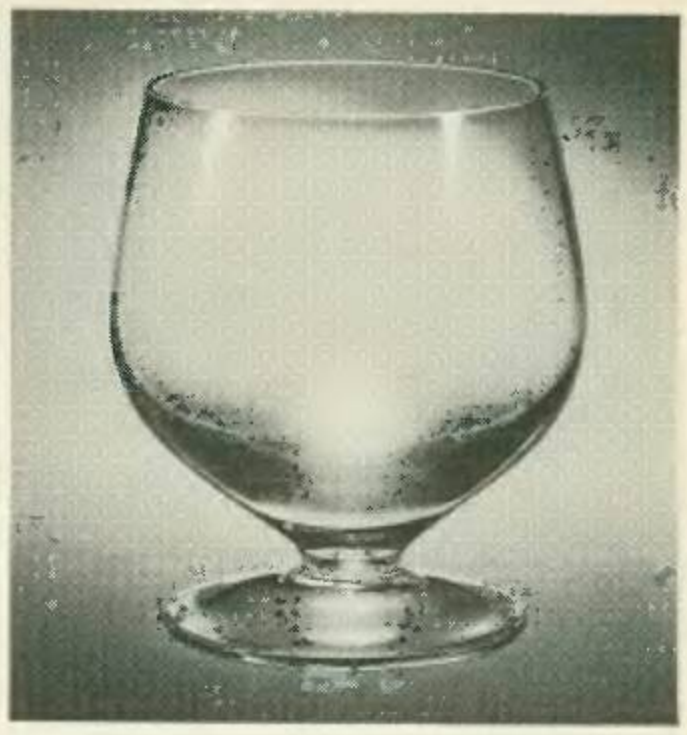
Verdejo waves his hand. "He is coming to the studio in two days. I have described the painting to him, and I see it myself so clearly. Two nights of work . . . What's more, he is taking me to the bullfight this afternoon—you, too, if you wish—and later to dinner. And I have just given him an hour's lecture on Goya. The Prado should employ me. I can even describe the paintings in the cellars. You know, it is an iceberg, that museum; the bulk of it is in the cellar. So we will all go to the bulls, no?"

"I was thinking of going to the football."

"Ca, you have no soul, you insult us. But listen. You must explain to me about Americans. This one is mad. All he does is talk about Spain, how beautiful Spain is, how human Spain is, how he wants to give up everything—his *negocios*—and live in Spain. He must be an *idiota!* Who would *want* to live here, in this terrible city? We have no *mystique*, no meaning, no money, no art, no music. We are all peasants and liars. All we have is long tongues and discontent; thin, frustrated men and fat, placid women. By all means, let us *give* Spain to the Americans."

"Where would *you* go?" I ask him.

"Go? Oh, we wouldn't go. We must stay here and see that nobody changes anything. You worry about Franco? *Pouf*, he is a hangnail, a carbuncle; he will pass. You keep saying we have to



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change; everybody tells us we're bound to change. Why should we? We are of inestimable value. We know how to live better than anyone, and that's what this American wants from us. Look at us here. We're sitting here in the sun, aren't we? We're going to the bulls, aren't we? I've sold a painting that I haven't painted—is that not brilliant? And here comes the melon and the wine—is that not a miracle? You don't understand that we live by miracles. Am I not always telling you about *el milagro español*? My poor friend, why should you always be wanting us to make sense? Do miracles make sense?"

I spread my hands. We give each other up, as we always do.

Verdejo takes out a small silver pocketknife and begins to slice the melon. "Did I ever tell you?" he says. "In Spain, we have a most amusing saying that has it that melons are like bullfights—you never know what they're going to be like till you get inside. Wine?" —ALASTAIR REID

•

AFTERTHOUGHTS

The hills nearby were dappled with the warmth of an autumnal mosaic; and beyond, the mountains lay, solemn, in a soft blue mist, nestled around the rock which Champlain named the Lion. Time hesitated a moment and a bronze disc fell almost gently over the seal of the small vault embracing the gifts of today and the prophesies of tomorrow.

Keyes poem rang out like a trumpet call and the cadence of the Battle Hymn rolled away through the granite and beyond the draped and bedecked walls.

A small boy waited patiently for interminable seconds for a gentle old man to pick up a key from a pillow . . . the beginning, the ending, and a talisman to the vaults which are the keepers of the palimpsests of the past, the present and the future.

For a few minutes in the time of a rushing multitude gathered from many places, a man spoke of the mountains of the moon and the mysteries of the spaces beyond, of flight into the firmament.

Vignettes, diverging into a rushing panorama of grand design, diffusing into the mind, to be cherished, to be withdrawn from their secluded niches from time to time as the years will go toward the day when the time capsule will be opened and the prophesies read.

Who will be there then? Who will read and smile at the temerity of the past? Who will reflect on the quiet moment when the relics were sealed? They will be hoary heads who will remember and recall those who were and are not. And perhaps there will be the young and vigorous who will remember, though they did not see. And they will look up to the hill beyond the river and above, and will say: "That's the old National Life Building."—B.L. —*Barre-Montpelier (Vt.) Times-Argus.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Room to Spare



OFFHAND, I can't remember when a fifty-thousand-dollar handicap was won by a wider margin than Divine Comedy's in the Roamer Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday (actually, it was eight lengths, but it looked like twenty) or when a more moderate lot of three-year-olds ran for such a purse. But what can you expect at the end of the season? Divine Comedy was mildly fancied for the spring classics, and he did finish fourth in the Preakness; later on, his form was no great shakes, but in the Roamer he was pounds the best. Following the leaders for three-quarters of the mile and three-sixteenths, he romped around them on the stretch turn, and it was all over. For the record, Ouija Board took second money by a nose from Counterate, and Divine Comedy's time of 1:55⅘ lowered the course mark for the distance by four-fifths of a second. Shoemaker, who rode Divine Comedy, had three other winners during the afternoon. The Roamer, first run off in 1944, was named in memory of a gallant little gelding that old-timers like to talk about. According to the late Walter S. Vosburgh's "Racing in America, 1864-1923" (the author was handicapper to the Jockey Club for nearly half a century), Roamer had a most remarkable career. He ran at a time when racing had hardly recovered from the suspension of its activities between 1909 and 1912, and the class of horses he met may not have been as high as it could have been, but he made a mark that really stands out. He campaigned for seven seasons (1913-20), starting ninety-eight times, winning thirty-nine races, and collecting $98,828 in stakes and purses. He won the Saratoga Cup, the Saratoga Special, the Travers Stakes, and the Carter, the Aqueduct, the Yonkers, the Queens County, and the Merchants and Citizens Handicaps—most of them under high weights. And while we're on the subject of handicaps, in the middle of last week Quiz Star led all the way in the Knickerbocker, the last stake race of the year over the turf course at Aqueduct, winning by six lengths. He, too, was ridden by Shoemaker.



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Wrong-Horse Harry was saying the other day, "That boy certainly moves a horse up."

HEIGH-Ho! The Washington, D.C., International is here again. It will have its ninth running at Laurel in Maryland on Veterans' Day, and racers from England, Ireland, France, Italy, and the Soviet Union will go up against this country's Bald Eagle, who won the International last year, and Sword Dancer. Our bright new star Kelso won't be on the team. He has never raced on grass, and anyway, I am told, he is being reserved for the Gallant Fox Handicap at Aqueduct a week from Saturday. As for the English horses, my adviser on foreign affairs has this to say: "Apostle has some good form but is not very reliable. Prolific, however, is a different proposition. Being unfashionably bred and slow to develop, he was not entered for our [English] classics. Yet he has had some stiff questions put to him, and has answered them all quite impressively. He comes from a game, consistent family and will go the distance easily, and, indeed, would not be troubled by another two furlongs. But though I shall be disappointed if Prolific does not perform creditably, I must admit this is not a vintage year with us. The French, on the other hand, think they are enjoying a vintage year, and if they are right (and I think they are), your runners have more to fear from France than from England. The Italian horses might be dangerous, too. What with their films, their dresses, and their horses, the Italians are distinctly up-and-coming."

Ireland's entry, Farrney Fox, was beaten by Prolific for the Queen's Vase at Ascot last summer, but on that occasion he gave Prolific twenty-five pounds. At Laurel, he'll give him only four. The French pair, Puissant Chef and Hautain, finished one, two in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris last month, which, of course, entitles them to a high rating. Italy's contributions—Rio Marin, a colt, and Santa Severa, a filly—finished down the course in the Arc de Triomphe, which was run in very soggy going. Since then, both have galloped well on a fast track. The U.S.S.R. has sent Zabeg, a three-year-old colt, and Zadorny, a five-year-old, but hasn't provided any record of their past performances.

MEMO on what's in a name: Good Move made one in the Selima Stakes at Laurel last weekend and brought off an 18–1 chance.

—AUDAX MINOR



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BOOKS

The American Wasteland?



"THE WASTE MAKERS," by Vance Packard (McKay), is a hodgepodge jeremiad bewailing an assortment of actions, tendencies, and attitudes the author finds economically wasteful and morally debilitating. By means of his favorite rhetorical device, manic extrapolation—reckless projection of past trends into future catastrophes—he tries to persuade us that his assortment will destroy the United States. The evils Mr. Packard discusses are incommensurable and of such different qualities that only a blanket word like "waste" can cover them, and even that may be skimpy. Some matters he mentions (soil erosion, for one) have troubled us for a while, and work has been done toward dealing with them—not enough, but more than Mr. Packard's book admits. Others, though new, like purveying frozen goods to be heated in disposable plastic containers, are too unimportant for the large, dire implications Mr. Packard descries in them. And others—especially the rotting of our moral fibre—are imaginary.

Mr. Packard's arguments are untidy, but one can, with effort, make out what he is saying. He is saying that our economy is overabundant, that American manufacturers produce more goods than Americans need, and that in order to sell new cars, new furniture, new houses, and new whatever, they are compelled to promote waste. They must either persuade prospective purchasers that their adequate possessions are outmoded or, by manufacturing goods that fall apart quickly, make sure that nothing stays adequate for long. Some exceptionally sly manufacturers, Mr. Packard says, do both. To make Americans want their junk, manufacturers rely on advertising, which Mr. Packard calls "one of the great instruments of social control operating in the United States." (He must be the only man not selling advertising who believes anything that fancy.) Thus, in sum, the consumer is hornswoggled and taught to like it—a process that is destroying his character.

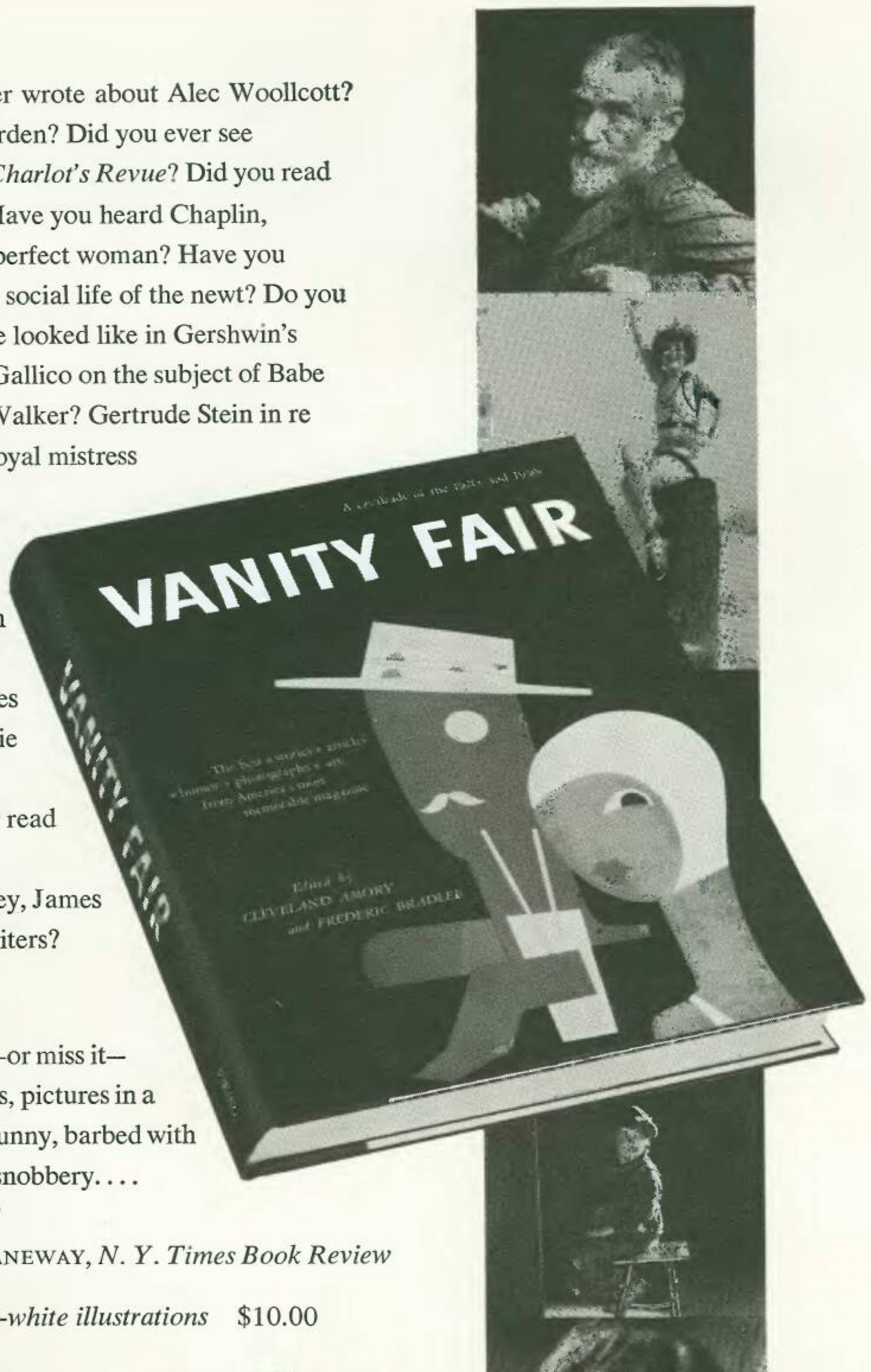
After Mr. Packard has erupted this theme, he begins his specifics by belaboring the American automobile industry, which has been so thoughtfully, and deservedly, abused in recent years that there would seem to be nothing new to say about it. There isn't. Mr. Packard tells us that American cars have been ugly, expensive, and fragile. He says that manufacturers try to make consumers buy new ones before the old ones have worn out and, if possible, to make each family buy two. Next he arraigns, on similar counts, manufacturers of kitchen equipment, washing machines, television sets, furniture, carpets, and the like. He denounces prepared and semi-prepared foods; in Mr. Packard's dialectic, women who thaw rather than hull peas are invariably hurrying off to bridge games, never to P.-T.A. meetings. Then he agonizes about people's reckless habit of buying everything on time, and about the appallingly high rates of interest they pay. And so on, through his own inventory of extravagance and carelessness, from using credit cards to discarding empty beer cans. Much of what Mr. Packard reports is true—so true that his readers all know it. Yet he presents the familiar—the fact, say, that postwar automobiles were overblown—as if he had discovered it. Poets succeed when they make common experiences, like falling in love, seem absolutely brand-new, and perhaps Mr. Packard wishes to create some such effect, but it hasn't come off. His enunciation of the obvious becomes a stylistic peculiarity that makes one lose confidence in him, as one would suspect the competence of a guide who kept proudly repeating that he knew who was buried in Grant's Tomb. Numbers of economists have been thinking seriously—if, so far, inconclusively—about the nation's affairs, but one would never know it from reading Mr. Packard's book. He quotes copiously, but



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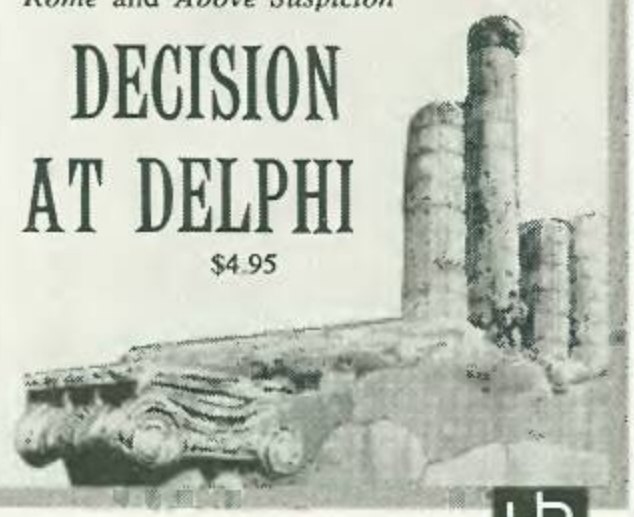
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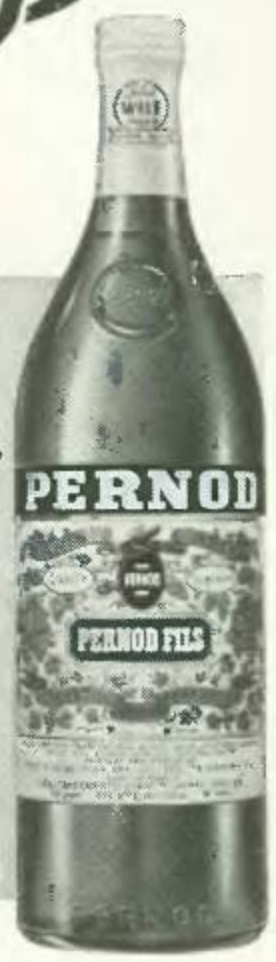
HARCOURT, BRACE

practically never from anybody who deals in "maybe"s or "partly"s or any of the other cautious words so necessary in talking about humanity. He prefers to cite overwrought amateurs like himself; staff members of that estimable organization, Consumers Union, condemning particularly revolting products; and businessmen and advertising men, writing in trade magazines of their plans to sell and sell and sell. These last read like villains' soliloquies in ten-twent'-thirt' melodrama—"At last! I have her in my power!" The reader may recall, if Mr. Packard doesn't, that they really did not.

In order to write with angry certitude, Mr. Packard must ignore not only the endless debates among experts about, for example, the wisdom of easy consumer credit but also the moderating, charitable second thoughts that occur to almost anybody who is trying to figure out what other people are up to. All newspaper readers are aware that, since the Second World War, most Western nations, by a combination of industrial growth and political decision, have redistributed income among their populations; the working classes have more money. One does not have to assume, as Mr. Packard does, that dishonest advertising has made them go shopping; at least some of the people enjoying flashy new cars must have always wanted them. The vulgarity of the Robber Barons expressed itself monumentally, while the vulgarities of the new rich are more widely diffused and so, perhaps, even more evident. Genteel complaints like Mr. Packard's have been emanating from England lately, some from Tories but most from intellectual Socialists who feel that factory workers watching television are not their idea of a Left Utopia. But before we share Mr. Packard's and the Left intelligentsia's militant gloom, we ought to remember that the mass buying spree is only ten or twelve years old; as we would not, in all prudence, predict the future of so young a child, perhaps we ought not predict the future of so brief a trend.

Mr. Packard is always happy to make terrifying predictions. He is worried, as are all sensible people, about the depletion of America's natural resources, and he points out, quite reasonably, that if we are so prodigal as not to reclaim outworn metal objects, including beer cans, we will use up our ores faster than we should. Our waste of minerals and land and timber and water is frightful as it is; Mr. Packard doesn't need to exaggerate it. Our birth rate has

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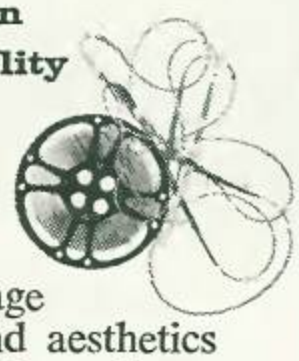
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been high in recent years—a pity, Mr. Packard says, for all those babies crowd the rest of us and consume our resources at a fearful clip. Within a century—manic extrapolation, like sleight of hand, moves very fast indeed—Mr. Packard says, our population, if it continues to grow as it has, will equal China's. This is no cause for rejoicing, since, by his calculations, our teeming nation will be destitute of raw materials, and our plight could be not merely horrid but hopeless. Mr. Packard predicts that while we have been goofing, the undeveloped nations that now sell us raw materials will have achieved such nice industrial balances that they will have no extra iron or petroleum for sale. A man who can create this much disaster out of old beer cans and new babies has a gift, though not for social science.

Nor, I think, for moral judgment. When Mr. Packard charges that Americans are buying, being sold, and—to his way of thinking—shamefully wanting things they don't need, he automatically estimates what they do need. It does not occur to him that his opinions about what strangers should own are no more valid than the fantasies of appliance salesmen. In a chapter called "The Changing American Character," he states that Americans are developing new, bad traits, including "pleasure-mindedness, self-indulgence, materialism, and passivity." How can he tell whether Americans are more self-indulgent than they used to be? Old photographs and menus suggest that between the Civil and First World Wars our forebears ate like pigs. I have the impression that Wilson was the first really skinny president after Lincoln.

Mr. Packard's authorities on our moral decline are as assertive and as unconvincing as his sources on mass production and economics. He cites a survey two American psychologists made "several years ago." They were looking into the attitudes of eighteen hundred students in ten countries, and they found that American students were interested, to quote Mr. Packard, in "the material aspects of their existence to the exclusion of most other concerns." The same survey found that "Mexicans, in contrast, were aglow with idealism." It is cheering to read such a happy description of our Good Neighbors, but it doesn't seem proof enough for the inferences Mr. Packard apparently wishes us to draw—that Mexican society is juster and nobler than ours, or even that it is becoming so. Mr. Packard

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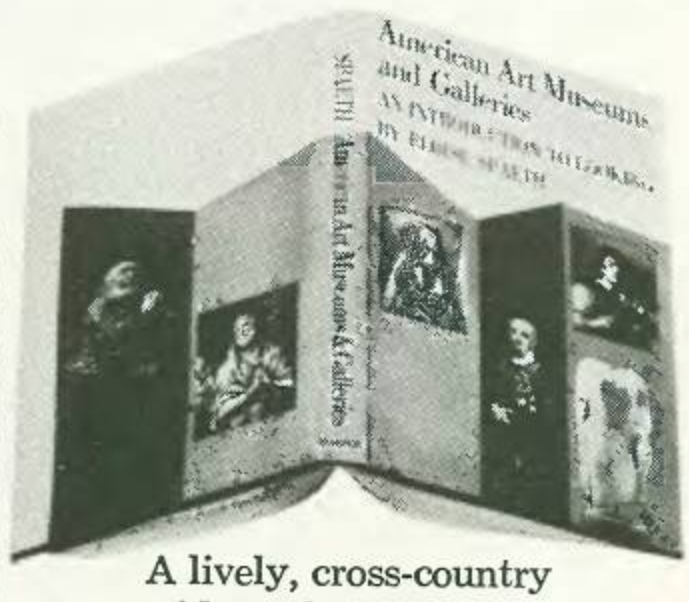
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is upset by what he regards as a new phenomenon—the overriding interest young Americans display in their careers and their families—and for which somebody has coined a new word, "privitism." Nobody he quotes seems to remember that letting individuals pursue their private purposes—simple solvency or success, showiness or saintliness—was part of the original concept of the United States. Perhaps we can no longer afford to value private goals so highly. The subject is worth debating, but not in Mr. Packard's terms; the question is one of national need and not one of accommodating our behavior to please some citizens' moral prejudices.

Mr. Packard suggests one practical remedy for all the ills he mentions: If you find a product unsatisfactory, complain to its manufacturer. His other prescriptions are various and unimpressive. They include frugality, pay television, higher taxes, and humility—though toward what or whom isn't clear. Perhaps the least satisfactory is a program of national character therapy through the spare-time pursuit of art; instead of driving around in our horrible new cars, we should take up hobbies like flower arranging and madrigal singing. It is hard to believe that the practice of art by the untalented builds moral fibre or that the proliferation of amateur oil paintings is more desirable than the proliferation of leaky washing machines. —Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Tender and Violent Elizabeth, by Henri Troyat, translated from the French by Mildred Marmur (Simon & Schuster). M. Troyat tells the story of Elizabeth, nineteen years old and the only child of Amelie and Pierre Mazalaigue, who own and manage a small hotel in the French ski resort of Mégève. Elizabeth, who is naturally willful, does not understand that she cannot have her cake and eat it, too. When her lover, Christian, disappoints her, she marries Patrice, whom she does not love, but even when married she cannot say a final goodbye to Christian until she has done about as much damage to herself and to others as she can possibly do. M. Troyat's descriptions of provincial hotel life are charming and entertaining, and all his characters are well realized and have life, but this book is clearly only another installment in the author's series of novels about the

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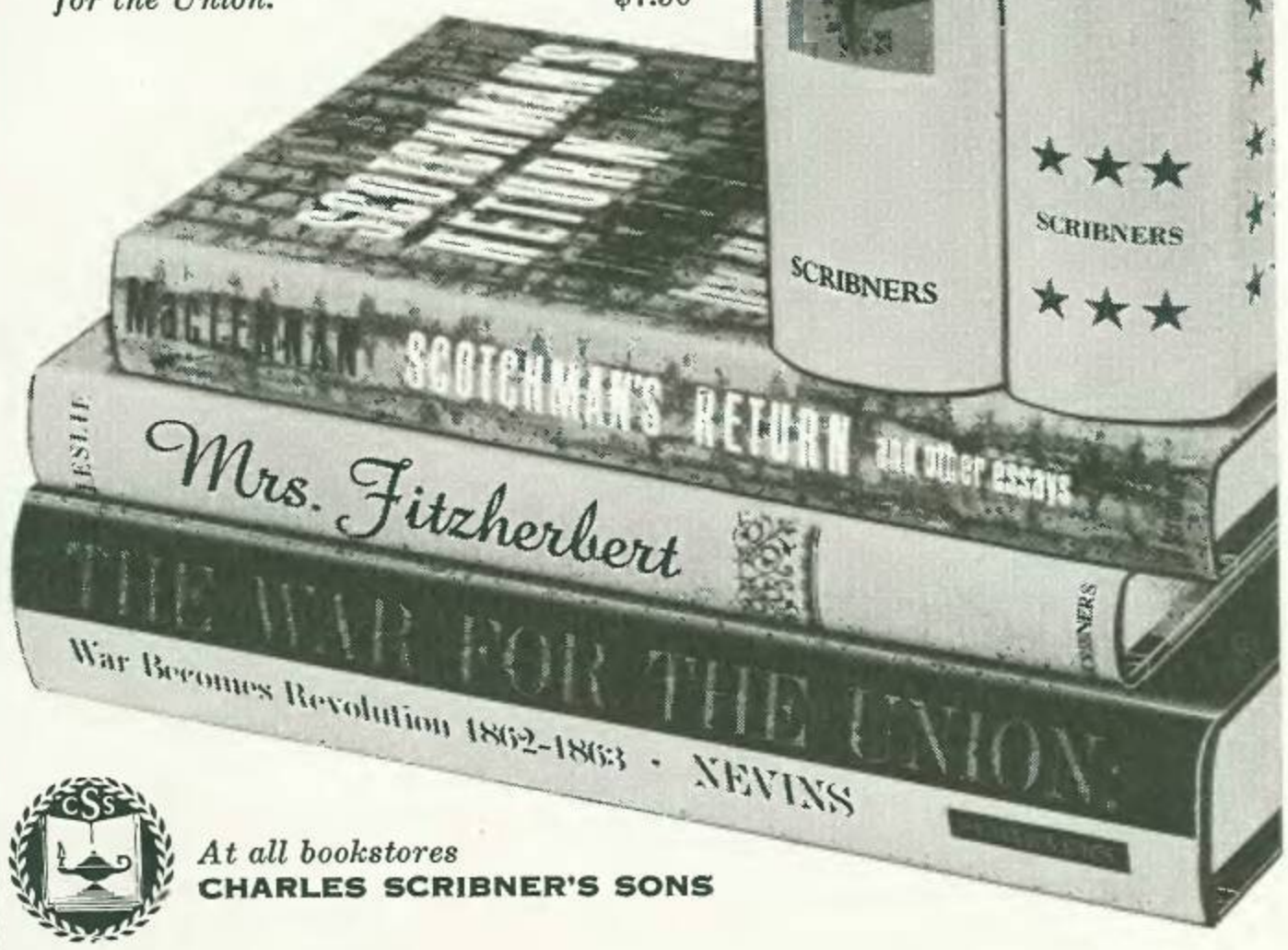
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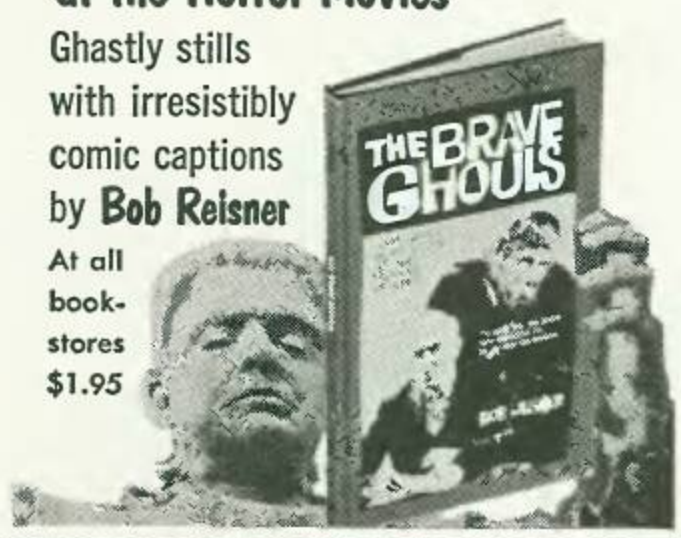


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Mazalaigues, and not, as the reader has the right to expect, a complete novel in itself. The ending comes at a meagre and unnatural point in the story, and the last few pages read as though M. Troyat were hurrying through them as quickly as possible in his impatience to get started on his next volume. The time is the early nineteen-thirties.

A NIGHT IN COLD HARBOR, by Margaret Kennedy (Macmillan). This vividly romantic novel of the early nineteenth century is set in England, mainly among people of good circumstance, and describes the events that lead up to the sudden disappearance of an unlikely pair of companions—a small, poor, illegitimate boy and the distinguished, persecuted man who has appointed himself the child's guardian, protector, and guide. The story begins in a ramshackle hut; proceeds quickly, through flashbacks, into its main course, which flows through great estates and noble mansions; and finally turns back to the hut, where the mystery that is the heart of the plot is solved in time for a comfortable ending.

I SWEAR AND VOW, by Stefan Olivier, translated from the German by Helen Sebba (Doubleday). A story of two surgeons—one competent, the other incompetent—in a big city hospital in West Germany. Mr. Olivier spends most of his energy on the sensational, and even macabre, aspects of his material, but there is evidence now and then that he is a better writer than he allows himself to be here. The translation is clumsily colloquial. A Literary Guild selection.

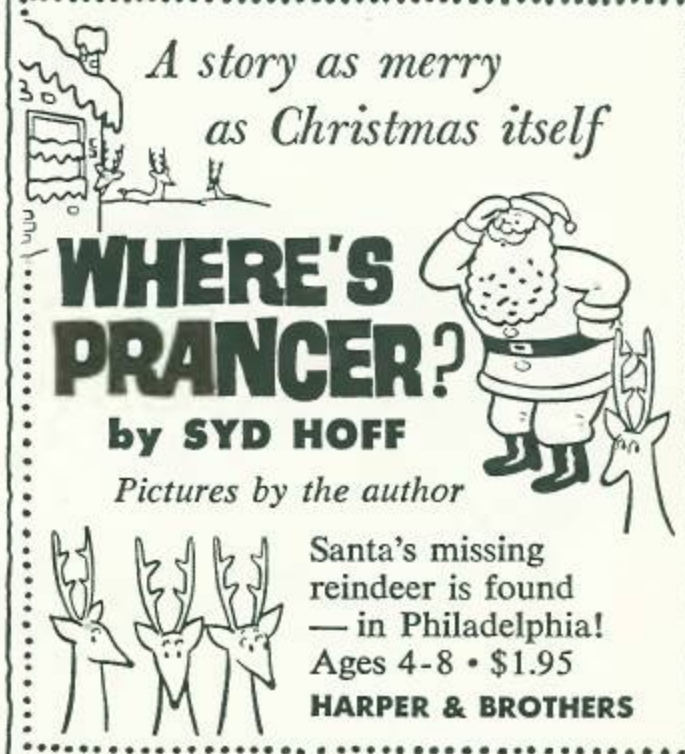
THE GO-AWAY BIRD, by Muriel Spark (Lippincott). In this collection of pleasant, impressionistic short stories, Mrs. Spark seems less concerned with the people she is writing about than with the mildly ironic point she intends to make about them. The title story, set partly in a British colony in South Africa and partly in England, describes the life of an attractive young woman who is doomed to bad luck in spite of her courage and high spirits. Other stories tell of a talented young Scotsman who chooses to live as he pleases at any cost; of a ghost who haunts her murderer; and of an avaricious little London woman who likes power almost more than she likes money.

NOTE: "Stories from *The New Yorker*," a selection, by the magazine's editors, of forty-seven stories that have appeared in these pages during

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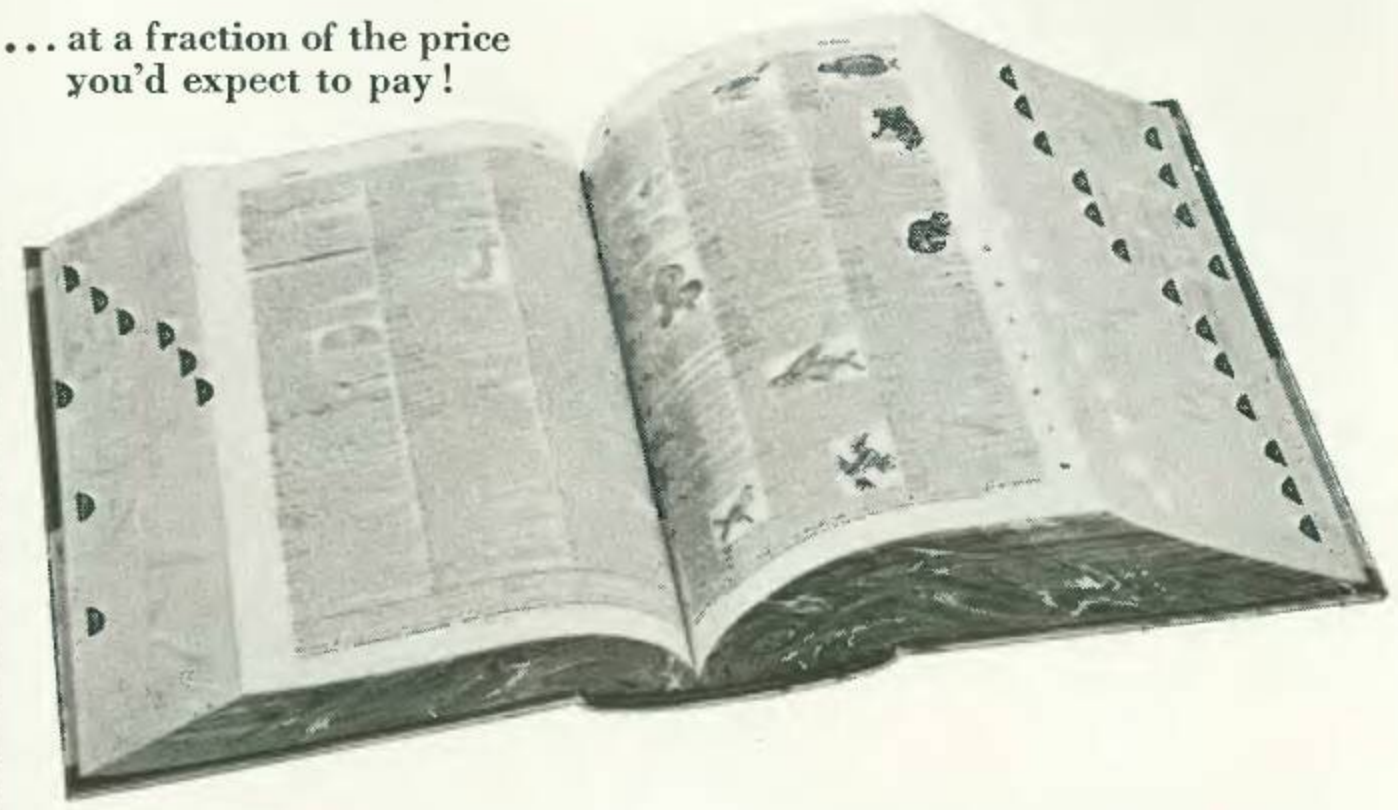
GENERAL

THE WHITE RAJAHS, by Sir Steven Runciman (Cambridge). A history, by an outstanding medievalist, of a modern feudal state. Sarawak, a principality on the northwestern coast of Borneo that is almost the size of England, was presented by the Sultan of Brunei to an English adventurer and was ruled by him, by his nephew, and by the latter's son for just over a hundred years. These are the white rajahs of the title: James Brooke, who founded the raj in 1841; Charles Brooke, who extended the borders of Sarawak and tamed its piratical inhabitants; and Charles Vyner Brooke, who ceded his inheritance to the British Crown in 1946. It is a measure of the character and competence of the Rajahs Brooke that the history of Sarawak during their century of rule was, in a popular sense, largely uneventful. For though Rajah James and Rajah Charles and Rajah Vyner were men of very different natures, they were alike in their affection for Sarawak and in their refusal to exploit its people for gain, to Europeanize them, or to Christianize or "civilize" them (indeed, Rajah Charles once tartly suggested to a visiting missionary that "those who wish to improve the human race commence in the West"), with the result that their rule was a model of enlightened despotism and one that set a standard of peace and prosperity from which (Sir Steven intimates) Sarawak has since declined. A solid and authoritative work. Illustrated with photographs and maps.

A PASSAGE TO ENGLAND, by Nirad C. Chaudhuri (St. Martin's). This miraculously perceptive and charmingly written book grew out of a series of radio talks that its author delivered on the B.B.C. in 1955 after a stay of five weeks in England. Mr. Chaudhuri, who had worked for All-India Radio, brought to his visit a formidable knowledge of European thought and art. He also brought something rarer—a remarkably attractive and original personality. He feels so decidedly himself—a middle-aged, bookish Hindu—that he can consider strangers without making odious or dogmatic comparisons. His tolerance and intelligence produce fascinating comments, whether he is explaining how impressive the welfare state looks to a visitor from India, where

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lifelong poverty and incurable disease are commonplace, or, more entertainingly, contrasting a ride on a bus in England, where nobody talks to anybody, with a similar ride in India, where strangers are expected to treat each other like dear friends. Though Mr. Chaudhuri stresses the differences between East and West, his book will help the reader toward an unsentimental appreciation of both.

THE PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER, by Morris Janowitz (Free Press). Dr. Janowitz, a sociologist at the University of Michigan, takes a scholarly look at the military profession, and particularly at those of its members who hold policy-making jobs. He does not think that civilians are likely to lose control over the Army, Navy, and Air Force, but since voters and their representatives have to give the orders, he believes that we all ought to know who our generals and admirals are. How did they get their jobs? How do they live? What do they do? Why do they do it? How do their activities fit in with what the rest of us do? After reading Dr. Janowitz's book, one realizes that most of our notions about the military are left over from the Civil War. (It's odd that the professional soldier has remained practically unknown while our library shelves have been filling up with dissections of the advertising man and the corporation vice-president.) Dr. Janowitz finds that our soldiers are growing to resemble civilians, using persuasion instead of barking commands, and coping with a constantly changing technological puzzle too complicated for technologists. Their professional attitude is steadily becoming more intellectual and critical. And—a point that worries him considerably—he feels that they have to put up with frustrations of several kinds. All Dr. Janowitz's findings are weighed and measured with care, his conclusions are advanced cautiously, and the limitations of his factual raw material are kept firmly in mind. This is a brilliant, original work, whose virtues greatly outweigh its principal shortcoming—that it's written not in English but in Sociology.

THE GREAT TRAVELERS, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Milton Rugoff (Simon & Schuster). An anthology in two volumes (totalling nearly a thousand pages) that shows us the world through ninety-five pairs of delighted, disgusted, or downright dumfounded eyes. Some

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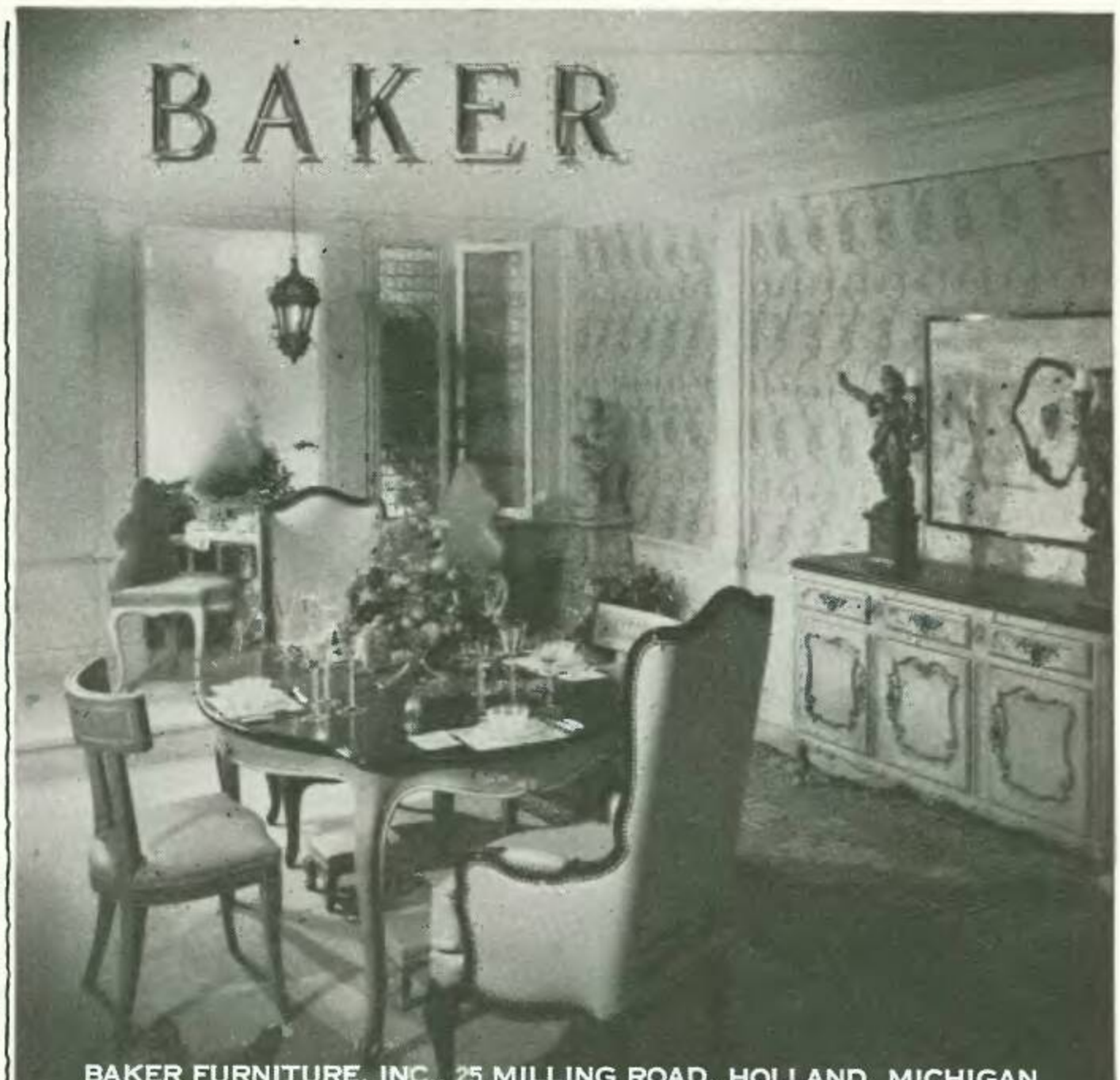
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of Mr. Rugoff's selections are, unavoidably, only too familiar (Marco Polo on the Old Man of the Mountains, the final entries in Robert Falcon Scott's Antarctic journal, a chapter from D. H. Lawrence's "Twilight in Italy"), and some are merely fashionable (Henry James on Saratoga Springs, Anna H. Leonowens on her life at the Siamese Court, Lawrence Durrell on Cyprus, Alistair Cooke on Florida). There is, however, much else: Thomas Coryat (whose early-seventeenth-century "Crudities" is one of the truly great travellers' tales) marvelling at the Venetian use of forks; William Beckford "languishing away in a minuet" with a young Portuguese nobleman "and never taking our eyes off each other;" the wandering Persian Abu Taleb Khan sickened to discover that "the English go to bed nearly naked and use the same sheets for a fortnight together;" Josiah Gregg on life as it really was on the Santa Fé Trail. It should be added that most of the contributions, though torn from sizable books, are given at sufficient length to do their authors justice, and that Mr. Rugoff seems to have seriously immersed himself in this enormous field. Photographs, and a large map of the world that can be removed for comfortable reference. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE WORLD OF VENICE, by James Morris (Pantheon). "Memphis, Leeds and Léopoldville are all bigger and all livelier," the author, an English journalist who lives in Venice, observes of his adopted home. "Genoa handles twice as much shipping. There is a better orchestra in Cincinnati, a better newspaper in Manchester, a better university in Capetown; and any week-end yachtswoman, sailing her dinghy at Chichester or Newport, will tie you as practical a knot as a gondolier." But Venice has, Mr. Morris (like countless others) feels, its singular charms, and in this report—a spirited jumble of history, portraiture, and hearsay—he joyfully enumerates them in all their singularity. Illustrated with drawings, maps, and many fine photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A MARK OF DISPLEASURE, by Elizabeth Hely (Scribners). Mrs. Janice Watson, a Scotch lady, takes a couple of sips from a bottle of cough medicine during a concert in Edinburgh and



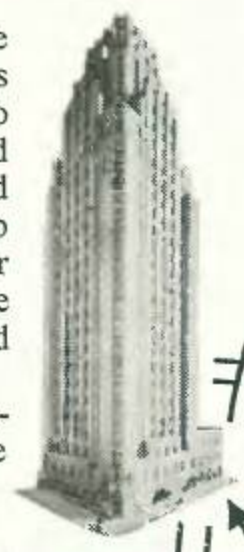
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DEVIL'S DUE, by Maurice Procter (Harper). The police of Granchester, under the direction of Detective Chief Inspector Martineau, continue to combat the local mobsters, most of whom take orders from a gangster named Dixie Costello. The important crimes under consideration are a bank robbery and a couple of murders. As adversaries, Costello and Martineau—the one as dedicated to civic shenanigans as the other is to civic virtue—are fairly matched, being equally shrewd at spotting each other's tricks, and equally silky or rough, as the occasion demands. Mr. Procter is one of the best of the British detective novelists. His manner is as unruffled and just as convincing as that of an honest policeman giving evidence, and he is frequently quite funny.

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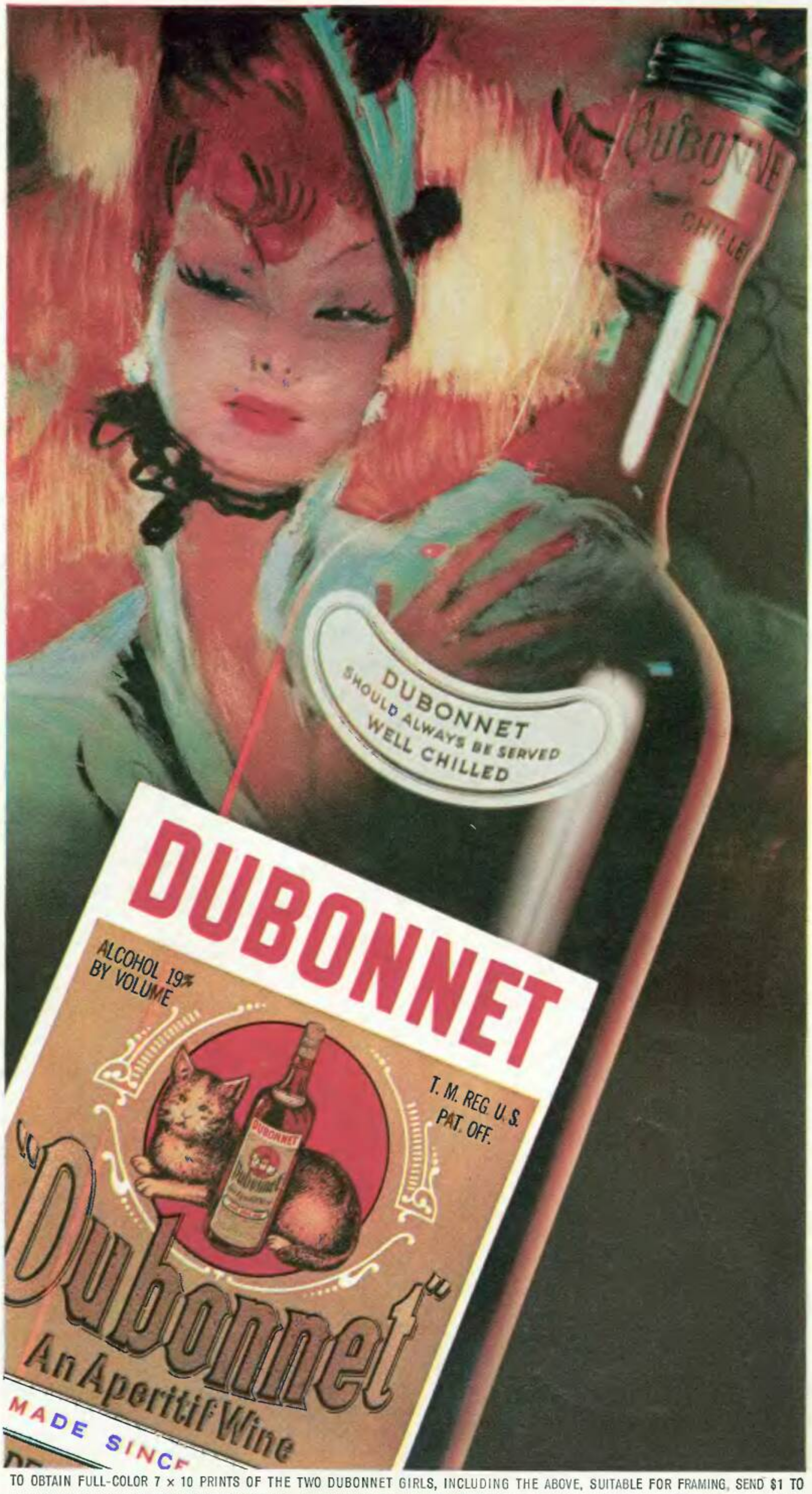
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