April 21, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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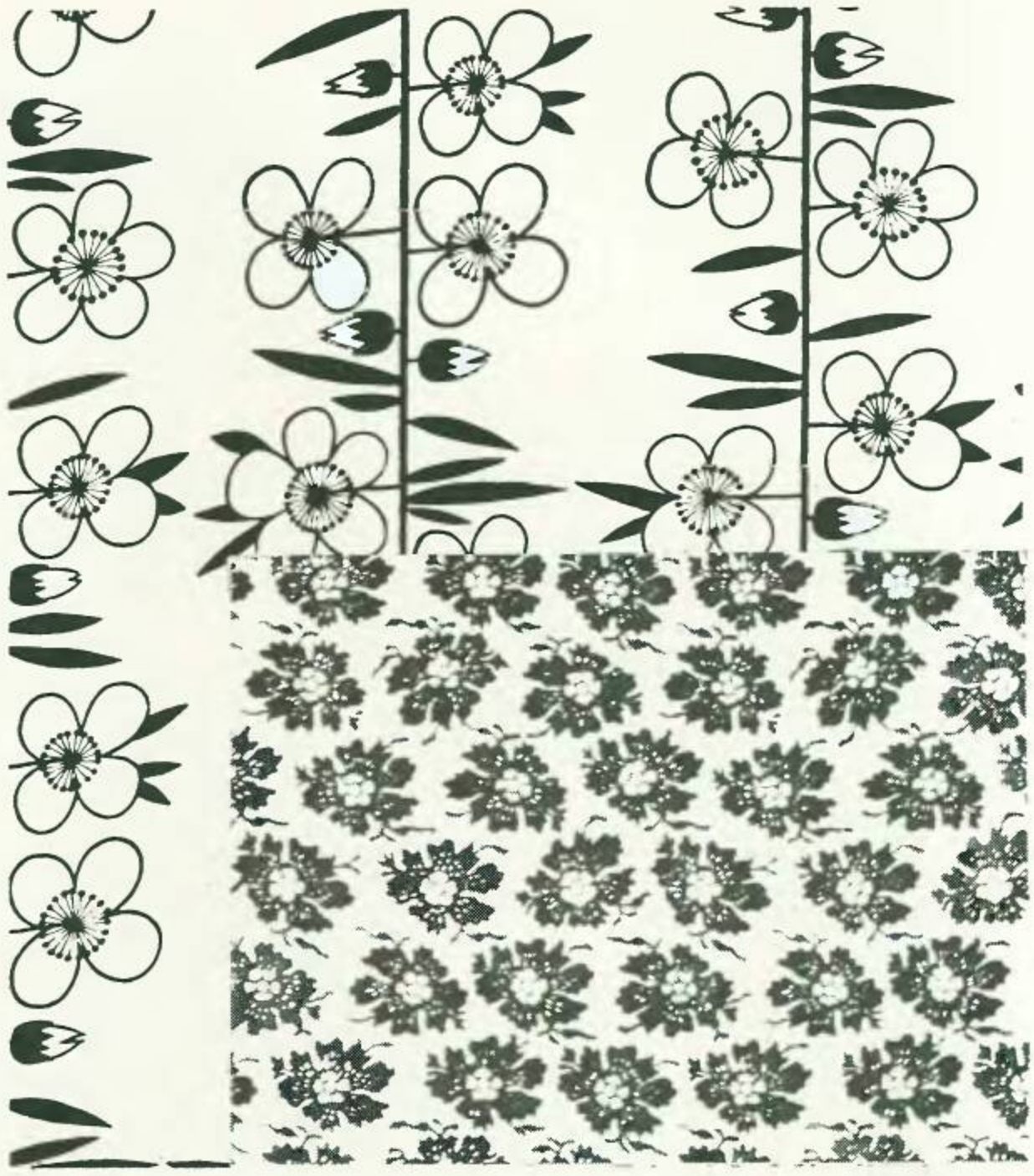
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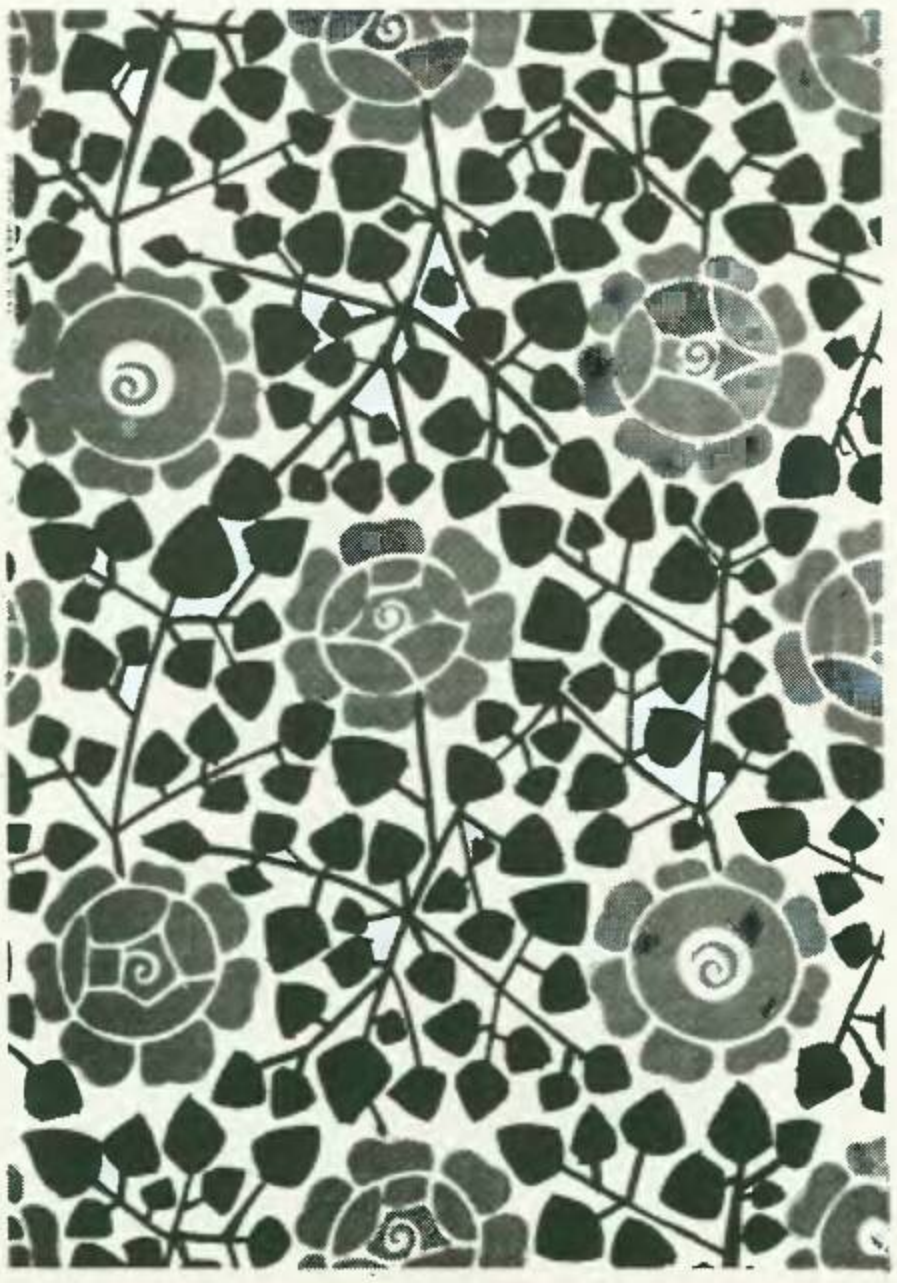
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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

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All 8 to 16, red or yellow. Matching shoe flats, 5 to 9, *6.00*

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model for Paris *Vogue,* combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist, prevents it from being a joy forever. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—You probably won't split your sides laughing at this Betty Comden-Adolph Green comedy about people trying to survive in Manhattan without money, and the score by Jule Styne may leave you unmoved, but the play is handsomely mounted, includes a couple of splendid production numbers, and has the valuable services of Sydney Chaplin, Orson Bean, Carol Lawrence, and Phyllis Newman. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—camelot: Love laughs at lox in this musical revival of that old *succès d'estime* "Abie's Irish Rose." With William Squire, Patricia Bredin, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **carnival:** Susan Watson has replaced Anna Maria Alberghetti as a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets she encounters while wandering in southern Europe. Her associates are Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. 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 Evans has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Martha Wright and Donald Scott. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

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

City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, April 19: "The Gondoliers." . . . ¶ Friday matinée, April 20: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 20: "Iolanthe." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 21: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 21: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 22: "Iolanthe." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 22: "The Gondoliers." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

APA Repertory Company—The final performances of a three-play repertory by a very good company. Sheridan's "The School for Scandal": Thursday, April 19, at 8:30; Sunday, April 22, at 3 and 8; Friday, April 27, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 28, at 7 and 10. . . . ¶ Chekhov's "The Seagull": Friday, April 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 29, at 3. . . . ¶ George M. Cohan's "The Tavern": Saturday, April 21, at 7 and 10; Tuesday through Thursday, April 24-26, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 29, at 8. (Folksbiene Playhouse, 175 East Broadway. AL 4-2211.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

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				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

Brecht on Brecht—Lotte Lenya, George Voskovec, Dane Clark, Viveca Lindfors, Anne Jackson, and Michael Wager in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (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.)

Bring Me a Warm Body—A play by Robert Dale Martin. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A Chekhov Sketchbook—A tramp on his way to Siberia, a dried-up deacon with a juicy wife, and a mild, henpecked husband are the roles that Joseph Buloff plays—and occasionally overplays—in an amusing trio of farces adapted from short stories by Chekhov. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Dear Liar—Jerome Kilty and Cavada Humphrey in a revival of the two-character comedy adapted by Mr. Kilty from the correspondence of G. B. Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (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.)

Fly Blackbird—A spirited musical comedy whose theme is civil rights for Negroes but whose tone is frisky almost throughout. Avon Long is especially frisky as the cagey father of the first Negro girl to run the student council at Sarah Lawrence. C. Jackson and James Hatch wrote the music, lyrics, and book. Their songs are varied and pleasant, and a lot of their jokes pay off. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Golden Apple—A revival of the John Latouche-Jerome Moross musical. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is especially good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

King of the Whole Damn World!—George Panetta's musical treatment of his play "Comic Strip." The music and lyrics are by Robert Larimer, and Tom Pedi heads the cast. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 4 and 8.)

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. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

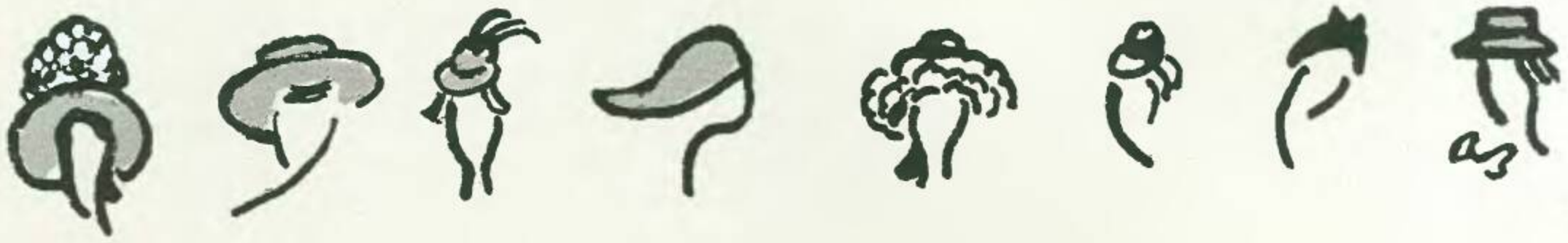
Red Roses for Me—Sean O'Casey's play. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

Rosmersholm—With Nancy Wickwire, as Rebecca West; Donald Woods, as Rosmer; Patrick Waddington, as Professor Kroll; and Bramwell Fletcher, as Brendel. All of them are admirable in David Ross's admirable production. (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.)

This Side of Paradise—An impressionistic play based on Fitzgerald's novel about undergraduate days at Princeton and post-graduate days among the débutantes, during and after the First World War. Paul Roebling, as Amory, and the other members of the cast perform ably under Herbert Berghof's imaginative and light-fingered direction. (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.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11:25. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Witches' Sabbath—Roy Poole in a play by Harry Granick. Opens Thursday, April 19. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. OR 9-1959. Opening-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

NOTE—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Starting with an evening performance at 8:30 on Tuesday, April 24, the company will present "A Midsummer Night's Dream" through Sunday, April 29 (two shows a day, at 2:30 and 8:30). Starting with an evening performance at 8:30 on Tuesday, May 1, it will go into repertory, through Sunday, May 13. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

UKRAINIAN DANCE COMPANY—A company of a hundred dancers, plus a symphony orchestra, appearing here for the first time. Presented by S. Hurok for a three-week engagement that starts Tuesday, April 24, and will run through Saturday, May 12. (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

DONALD MCKAYLE—With his dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, April 22, at 5.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Such stuff as dreams are made on. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2; on Saturday, April 28, at 11 and 2:30. Through Sunday, May 13. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 25-28, at 8:30, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 28, at 2:30. For tickets, call RE 4-1813.)

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, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A housing project (no transients) that offers de-luxe accommodations, such as wine with every course. Freddy Alonso's and Joe D'Orsi's dance bands keep up a perpetual chatter.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room, now the peaceful haunt of Bill and Midge Haggett, who trip a reasonably light fantastic, and of Betty Madigan, who hammers home a set of songs with young determination, will set these innocents free on Sunday, April 22, and return to its ventures into the revue form on Tuesday, April 24. Patricia Bright and Patricia Marand will be among the new population. Shows twice a night between Tuesday and Saturday, only at dinner on Sunday, and not at all on Monday. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Phil Wayne's cheery trio do the dance music. . . . ¶ A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre, where there's always something—usually Stanley Worth's little dance band—happening from apéritifs to curfew night after night. Another band fills in on Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Still another fair lady from London—this time Shani Wallis—is in the New World, some of whose mannerisms influence her career as balladeer. Her face is pretty, her accent is fetching, her outings are at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. Before, betwixt, and behind, Emil Coleman's ample orchestra and Mark Monte's small one weave yard after yard of dance music. On Wednesday, April 25, Miss Wallis will be succeeded by Enzo Stuarti, the surprise-package operatic tenor who did himself so handsomely on these premises last year. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Piano that contains absolutely no harsh irritants is presented (except Mondays) by Kurt Maier in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty and in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. . . . ¶ The stately *pied-à-terre* known as the Rendez-Vous is inhabited by the good-natured dance bands of Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)— Lenny Herman's diligent and docile dance band departs from the Grill on Saturday, April 21; Jerry Wald's orchestra arrives on Monday, April 23. The prize for the listener who can tell the difference has not yet been selected.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—It helps to take that handy phrase book to dinner and supper in the paragon Maisonette, for Georges Ulmer, the Danish tenor turned Frenchman, is amusing in every extant language, possibly including Esperanto. Chauncey Gray's orchestra, which has been pouring forth social-occasion dance tunes for a couple of lifetimes, is still at it, and Chiquito's rumba trio is also present. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, a small new *concours d'élégance* just across the way, a piano and violin range gently all the way from "Moon River" to Chopin, and from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns is the perfect spot to cry "Come into the garden, Maud," for the grounds of this beautiful Italian villa are permanently wrapped in moonlight. The major-domo is Gunnar Hansen's trio, to which one may listen from six to nine-thirty. No dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Ray Hartley, the young Australian who spends every night but Sunday from cocktails through supper in the leisurely Savoy Room, does piano that, no matter how relaxed, is pièce de résistance.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Uprooted denizens of Park Avenue still return, their damsels on their arms, to the scenes of their childhood—namely, the big Embassy Club (where Lazaro Quintero's and Roger Steele's bands do dance tunes in New York style) and the wee Knight Box (where Jani Sarkozi fiddles while the midnight oil burns). Both pleasure domes are closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room is to reopen on Monday, April 23, as a playing field for Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, a family of joshers who haven't been on a Manhattan stage for quite a while. The dance bands of Milt Shaw and Emery Deutsch will take care of the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ From five to twelve-thirty every day but Sunday, in Peacock Alley, Joan Bishop plies her piano with sweetmeats.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): People you know going on just as they would on their own front porch, even though there's a leavening of utter strangers. For one and all, Budd Gregg plays social piano from eight on. Warning: Mondays are Twist nights. . . . GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Peter Pans and Wendys who are planning never to grow up, plus a lot of genuine youngsters. The leading pro at this country club is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening and double piano with Wayne Sanders round about midnight; Bob Printz patrols his piano from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's home is indeed a castle, with all the perquisites pertaining thereto. His pianoforte, decisive with-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

out being domineering, is in operation from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin takes the stand on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the main roads to Rome. Nobody is more expert at threading the traffic than the management's elite corps of ambulatory violinists, who are on the move until all hours. Lest the night ever become silent, a brace of accordionists are likewise on the prowl. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): An excellent opportunity to be in Florence, now that spring is here. It is garnished with native dishes and native operatics. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, oboist, and basso profundo—is the mainstay of the sound department, up to and including the conducting of a minute troupe of opera lovers. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a minute dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi, the factotum, and his drink-to-me-only fiddle, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): King Henri IV's other château, glittering like a crazy Christmas tree. Through its delirious décor a violinist and a pianist make their way every evening but Sunday. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Not a bad little palace on the Danube, with the pertinent trimmings, such as zither (six to ten), Wiener schnitzel (all the time), and Greta Keller, who sings like a bird in one of those Vienna woods (ten to lights out). Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Implications of the Alhambra are everywhere to be seen, but the restaurant is as American as smog, and so is the drifting-and-dreaming piano of Conrad Monjoy, which begins at six and keeps on until midnight, or a bit later on Saturdays. A trio run by Eddie Lane plays for dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until one. No music Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco running close to riot. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this banqueting hall, Jules Kuti makes modest passes at the piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Metternich wouldn't recognize it, but people who like to cry into their wine at the sound of Austrian waltzes and songs seem not to mind the several anachronisms, architectural and vocal. The Parisian soprano called Vicky Autier is a truly glorious architectural anachronism, though. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Hungarian cookery and Hungarian revelry, the latter composed of Tibor Rakossy's songs of the heart, Lili France's fluttery balladry, and the earnest and ceaseless rumblings of zimbalons and fiddles. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians, who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner is at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park, giving it a professional touch from cocktail time to suppertime. His night off is Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The late, late edition of the *Wall Street Journal*, along with (from eight-thirty until perhaps two) hearts-and-flowers piano. George Feyer is again the house physician and florist. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar, piano, voice, and girl flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can go on far into the night. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Every once in a while, the prevailing calm is broken by a set of singers and dancers who like to do things the hard-as-nails Spanish way. The rest of the time, a piano is apt to brood out loud, but not very. In addition, on Saturdays and Sundays, there's tea dancing from two to seven. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The corner room of the Hotel Delmonico, and not so small that it can't accommodate a dinner for two, three, or four, plus the baby grand of Marty Berns, who uses it softly and well from six to one every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A neat little new dining room, where piano and guitar quietly think things over until, around dessert time, there's the first recital of ballads by Rita Dimitri, once of "Can-Can," whose manner is just-for-fun. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The tiny buttery of the Hotel Stanhope offers mural work that is literally an eye-opener all the time and, from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday, casual piano.

BIG AND BRASSY

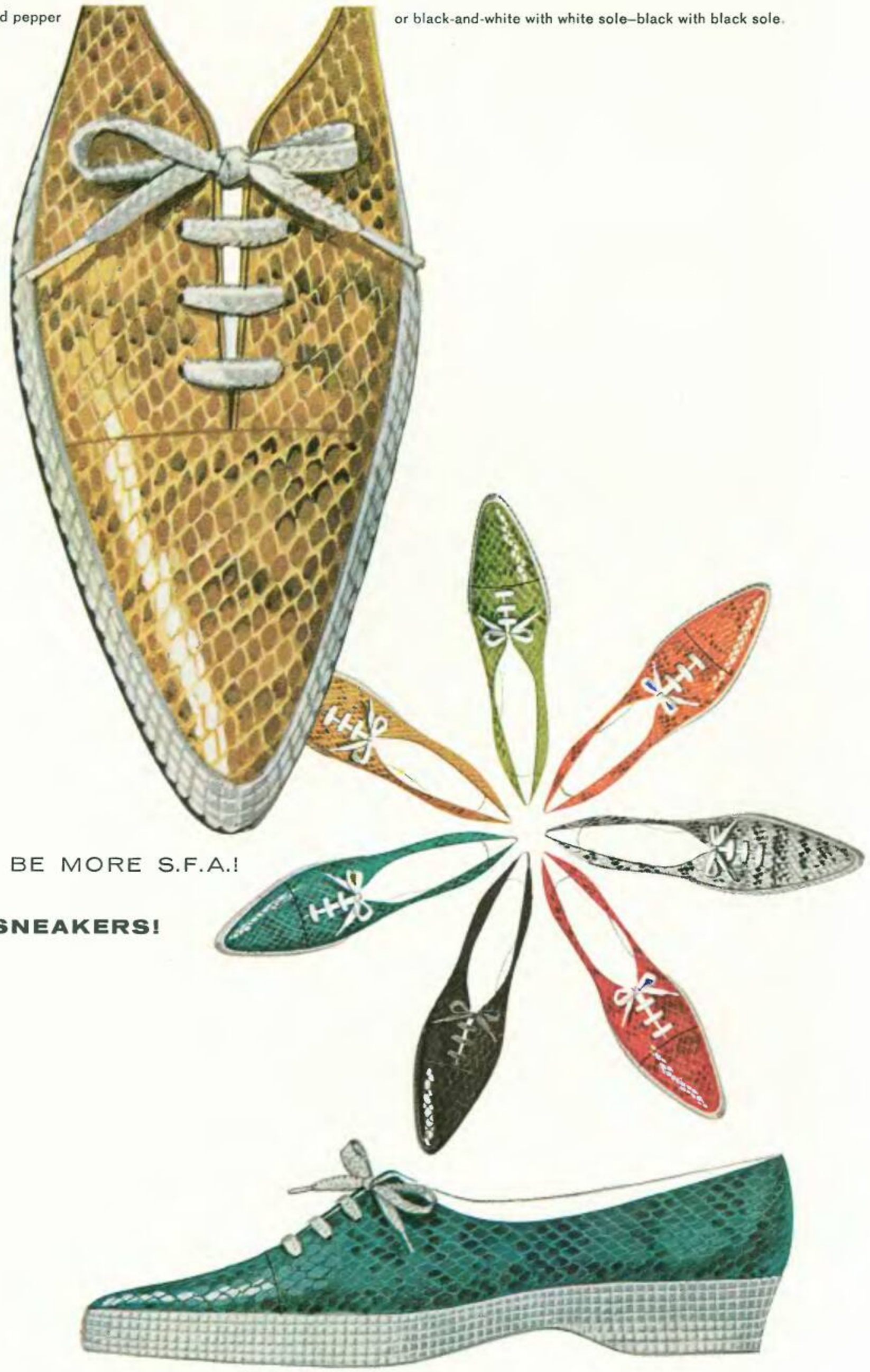
LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Since the female form is divine, the board of directors considers it only human to err on the side of abundance, and does. This paradise unlost also contains the Wallenda aerial ballet, a scofflaw juggler named Rudy Cardenas (it's the laws of gravity he violates), and Helen Traubel, a serene majesty even when she gets to the "St. Louis Blues." On Wednesday, April 25, Gene Barry (he used to be Bat Masterson) will start sitting in, so to speak, for Miss Traubel. This time his equipment will be dancing shoes instead of a gun. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Sufficient unto any night are the sight and sound of Peggy Lee, purring like a remarkably well-fed cat. No activity Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Man's inhumanity to man and politics' inhumanity to everyone absorb the thoughts of Dick Gregory, whose turn of phrase and of humor may make him our next Will Rogers any minute. Among his companions is Carol Sloane, whose wholehearted devotion to jazz song has already made her the first robin of spring. Otis Clements and Peter Daniels run the pianos. . . . ¶ In the lounge, every night but Saturday, Bobby Short restores life after dark to its golden age by pouring forth his wake-up-and-live piano and lyrics without stint. Sundays, he adds a five-to-eight preamble. Beverly Peer's bass and Dick Sheridan's traps are his aides. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Seven Come Eleven," Julius Monk's most recent revue, is a detailed explanation, couched in hundreds of well-chosen words and grace notes, of why civilization simply had to go. The mourners (all of them radiantly professional) are Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, ministering archangels of long standing, and a flock of blithe new cherubs—Rex Robbins, Donna Sanders, Steve Roland, and William Bogert. The music is the precocious pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): An earlier example of the Julius Monk revue. Its inhabitants are Freddie Weber, girl gallimaufry; Lovelady Powell, a Desdemona with a sly eye; and their mischief-loving guardians, Jim Sheridan and Dick Riddle. The keyboard work of Robert Colston and Robert Milrad is also available. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The Latin race—from a half-dozen Argentinian guitar-bearing gauchos to the Spanish Angel Mancheno, whose feet are shod in Mercury wings—is arrayed in battle dress, ready to die gracefully, gloriously, and garrulously on the altar of love. Between their sessions of song and dance, Pupi Campo's dance band calls upon the customers to be agile, too. The Sunday tea dances are works of art. . . . ¶ After ten, in a fine little den next door to the bar,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes often persuade the clients to join in. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): An optical (and often aural) illusion, that one has driven up in a growler to a Victorian music hall with a fair lady and is taking in London night life of 1900. A set of expert mummers from the Players Theatre of London is enacting this entertaining extravaganza. Fred Stone, the master of the revels, is unvarying perfection; Sheila Bernette and Archie Harradine are hot in pursuit of Mr. S.'s laurels. The timetable is Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five; and Sundays at seven-thirty. In the bar adjoining the stage, there's well-polished piano by Fred Silver from seven to nine and by Stan Freeman from ten-thirty until curfew. Closed Mondays. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St. (AL 4-0480): "Seacoast of Bohemia" is the name given by the "Second City" troupe—Barbara Harris, Alan Arkin (these two are apt to be on hand only for the late shows), Eugene Troobnick, Lynda Segal, Andrew Duncan, and Howard Alk—to its revue, but these gifted performers get far inland to some astonishing little byways and byplay. They turn up twice a night during the week and on Sundays, thrice on Saturdays. The late shows on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, are, they swear, impromptu and improvisational, and they are indeed performers who can keep such a promise. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Phyllis Diller, who knows a hundred ways of misspending life, is making conversation pieces out of all of them; Isobel Robins, a spring posy, is singing and joking in a manner that might well catch any young man's fancy; Adam Keefe, who is studying to be a madman, is being voted by his classmates the boy most likely to. Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames contribute a peripheral sort of music and a few heady songs. A new cast, led by Henny Youngman, who believes that old jokes are man's best friends but who tells them well, moves in on Tuesday, April 24. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti, an Old Condon Blue, is heading up a steeped-in-tradition band that has Sammy Price on piano. Sundays, though, are disorganized by Twist parties. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The band owned by Miles Davis, who's spent all his life at a progressive school, takes the stand every so often, and occasionally Mr. D. drifts onstage to find out what's up. J. J. Johnson, Hank Mobley, and Paul Chambers are part of the group. The other sounds come from Blossom Dearie, who accompanies her piano with the most appealing sort of pipings. She now has the backing of bass and drums. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Bill Evans, who is nothing if not a perfectionist, plays precise and pyrotechnical progressive piano in a trio that includes Chuck Israel on bass. Howard Reynolds, the new intermission man, plays the kind of piano that eminently belongs in a jazz room. No sounds of music on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): That great and good man, Dizzy Gillespie, removes himself and his band on Thursday, April 19, but another great and good man, Jack Teagarden, remains on duty. Thereafter, his band (which includes Don Goldie and Barrett Deems) will take turns with Gene Krupa's racket squad. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . ¶ Fridays and Saturdays the Twist goes on upstairs in the hayloft. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): For his engagement here, Gerry Mulligan is reverting to his old power complex (thirteen men strong), and few bands can match the exultant brassbound barrages that his group lays down. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The rest of the world seems far away from this cozy hero-sandwich conveyor belt. Stan Getz seems even farther away as his horn grows more limpid, lyric, and languishing. He has a quartet on hand. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jimmy McPartland is heading a pulmotor group of four in an effort to bring jazz back alive to a precinct in which it has been sometimes honored in the breach. Sundays are ceded to visiting minstrels from every sidewalk of New York. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Because the walls of 52nd Street are at last to come tumbling down about its ears, this celebrated institution will shut up shop—pending the discovery of new quarters—on Saturday, April 21. Among the honorable pallbearers are Danny Barker, Lee Blair, Johnny Windhurst, and Don Frye. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A trumpet too hot to handle by almost anyone but Wild Bill Davison is making it very warm for April. In his crew of fellow-thinkers are Vic Dickenson, Dick Wellstood, and Buster Bailey. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Modern Jazz Quartet, part mailed fist and part velvet glove, is always *magna cum laude*. Also on hand is Don Sherman, a freshman wit, to be sure, but one up at the head of his class. The M. J. Q. signs off on Sunday, April 22, and Nina Simone (a tempest-in-a-teapot pianist) brings her threesome in next evening. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Life here is indeed all beer and skittles during the extremely offhand courses in Early Americana. On Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, this conclave of deans is due: Buck Clayton, Jo Jones, Max Kaminsky, Russell Moore, Zutty Singleton, Cutty Cutshall, Eddie Barefield, and Garvin Bushell. Dancing. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): One of the fine temples of the fine arts. Sonny Rollins, whose solidly built abstractions never lose touch with reality, is the horn man of his new quartet, in which Jim Hall takes part. Their celestial music is supplemented by the activities of James Moody's sextet. On Tuesday, April 24, a complete change of cast takes place—Horace Silver's quintet (music for a nervous breakdown), Ray Bryant's trio (a hard and honest night's work), and Aretha Franklin (non-Christmas carols). On Sundays there are additional seminars from four to seven; on Monday nights drop-in artists do the work. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The Village Smiths here are Roy Haynes' trio (off Mondays) and Roland Kirk's quartet (off Tuesdays).

ART

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

YVONNE BACKUS—Small abstract bronzes; through Saturday, April 21. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

ENRICO BAJ AND GASTONE NOVELLI—Two Italians, the first showing assemblages and collages, the second abstract canvases; through May 5. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

ERNST BARLACH (1870-1938)—A loan exhibition of sculptures and drawings by the German artist; through Friday, April 20. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

THOMAS BLAGDEN—Semi-abstract landscape paintings; through Saturday, April 21. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

RALPH BLAKELOCK (1847-1919)—Paintings by Blakelock, supplemented by the works of such contemporaries as Albert P. Ryder and Louis Comfort Tiffany; through May 5. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS BOEHLER (1884-1961)—Late drawings by this Austrian-born artist; through April 30. (Artists', 853 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Closed mornings.)

LAWRENCE CALCAGNO—Abstractions based on nature; through Saturday, April 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Mobiles and stabiles, impres-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sively large in scale; through Saturday, April 21. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jean Chabaud—Abstractions by a young French artist; through Saturday, April 28. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Martin Chirino—Forged-iron sculptures by a Spanish artist; through May 5. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicolai Cikovsky—Landscapes, still-lifes, interiors, and figures; through Saturday, April 21. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Leon Dabo (1868-1960)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings; through Saturday, April 21. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Horia Damian—Non-objective oils by a Rumanian painter; through Saturday, April 21. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Enrico Donati—Abstract paintings done in a mixture of oil, sand, and other materials; through Saturday, April 21. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Lin Emery—Abstract sculptures; through May 4. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Max Ernst—Colorful, inventive new paintings and sculptures, marking the beginning of his seventy-second year; through Saturday, April 28. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Antonio Frasconi—Woodcuts and drawings of and about Bertolt Brecht; through Saturday, April 21. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Patrick Heron—Abstract oils by a British artist; through Saturday, April 21. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Dong Kingman—Twenty-five water colors (of New York, San Francisco, Hong Kong, Taipei, Paris, and Rome) by the Chinese-American artist; through May 5. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Paul Klee—Forty-two paintings and drawings (none of which has been shown here before) from the collection of Klee's son, Felix. For the benefit of the Rudolph Steiner School Scholarship Fund. Through Saturday, April 21. (E. & A. Silberman, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

John Laurent—Still-lifes and landscapes; through Saturday, April 21. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ernest Lawson (1873-1939)—Landscapes; through May 5. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Morton Lucks—Abstract paintings; through May 3. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Henri Matisse—Forty etchings of 1929; through Saturday, April 28. (Deitsch, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Edward Melcarth—Figure paintings and pictures of Venetian, New York, and other scenes; through Saturday, April 21. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—A ten-year survey of fifty-nine bronzes by the British sculptor; through Thursday, April 19. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Simon Moselsio—First one-man show in New York of non-objective paintings by an artist better known for his sculptures; through Saturday, April 21. (Juster, 154 E. 79th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures, most of them revolving around Greek legends; through May 19. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Closed noon to 2.)

I. Rice Pereira—Geometrical abstractions; through Saturday, April 28. (Amel, 63 E. 57th St.)

John Pike—Water colors of the Hawaiian Islands and winter in New York State; through Saturday, April 28. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Reginald Pollack—Semi-Surrealist, fanciful paintings; through May 5. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

George Rátkai—Semi-abstract paintings; through May 5. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dan Rice—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, April 21. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Dwight Ripley—Constructions, collages, and gouaches; through Saturday, April 28. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Kurt Schwitters—Fifty collages by one of the originators of the method; through May 5. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Raphael Soyer—An exhibition of drawings and water colors being shown in conjunction with the publication of his book, "A Painter's Pilgrimage;" through Saturday, April 21. (Crystal, 54 E. 58th St.)

George Tooker—Paintings; through Saturday, April 21. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Landscapes, figure studies, and portraits; through May 5. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

David Weinrib—Abstract sculptures in enamelled steel and painted wood; through Saturday, April 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jean Xceron—Abstractions, 1929-62; through May 19. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Taro Yamamoto—Large non-objective canvases; through Saturday, April 21. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Manoucher Yektai—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figures; through Saturday, April 21. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Modern French Paintings—Works by Cézanne, Renoir, Modigliani, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters, borrowed from museums and private collections. For the benefit of the Art Scholarship and Grant Funds of Brandeis University. Through Wednesday, April 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-fifth annual of water colors, gouaches, caseins, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States, plus the first exchange exhibition of London's Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours; through Sunday, April 22. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: "Abstract Painting in America 1903-23," an exhibition of sixty-five items by such gallery artists as Davis, Demuth, Hartley, and O'Keeffe; through Saturday, April 21.... **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Part II of a show called "The Continuing Tradition of Realism in American Art," with paintings and sculptures by, for instance, Richard Diebenkorn, Charles Burchfield, and Laura Ziegler; through Saturday, April 21. ... **willard**, 23 W. 56th St.: "Dynamics of Black and White," paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Morris Graves, Mark Tobey, Lyonel Feininger, Ezio Martinelli, and others; through Saturday, April 28. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—"The Selective Eye," an exhibition of small works by artists ranging from Modigliani to Jim Dine; though Thursday, April 26. (Anderson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **american federation of arts**, 41 E. 65th St.: Victor Pasmore, Kenneth Martin, Mary Martin, Anthony Hill, Stephen Gilbert, and John Ernest are represented in a travelling exhibition entitled "British Constructivist Art;" through May 7. (Closed Saturday mornings.)... **brandt**, 11 E. 57th St.: From Madrid, paintings by Rafael Canogar, Maximo de Pablo, Hernandez Mompo, Antonio Suárez, and José Vento; through Saturday, April 21.... **loeb**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Dufour, Lanskoy, da Silva, and other Paris artists; through May 26.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—English drawings and water colors lent from British collections. 1750 to 1850 is the period covered, and the artists include Constable, Turner, and Cozens. Through June 3.... ¶"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of turn-of-the-century precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and such) designed by the Imperial Russian Court jeweller. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty drawings by Frank Lloyd Wright—perspective renderings, elevations, designs for automobiles and coffee cups, and so on—make up a retrospective of his work

from 1895 to his death in 1959; through May 6. . . . ¶ Drawings from Brazil, France, Germany, Guatemala, Poland, and the United States, with examples by, among others, Redon, Picasso, Boccioni, and Miró; through Aug. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Thirteenth National Print Exhibition, comprising examples by about a hundred and twenty-five artists from every section of the country; through June 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Donnell Library, 20 W. 53rd St.—The theatre of Bertolt Brecht, Lotte Lenya, and Kurt Weill as seen in a display of photographs, drawings, posters, and other memorabilia; through May 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Figure Painting in America—the Last Five Years," an exhibit of works (by Robert Beauchamp, Lester Johnson, Richard Diebenkorn, and others), on loan from various galleries and collections; through Sunday, April 22. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Five large canvases by the French Cubist Fernand Léger, together with some hundred preliminary and related paintings and drawings; through April 29. . . . ¶ Large abstract paintings by Antoni Tàpies, one of the younger Spanish artists; through April 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Manuscripts, Letters, and Books of Henry David Thoreau," an exhibition commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his death; through June 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Abstract pieces by Dorothy Dehner, Jason Seley, Richard Stankiewicz, and nine other New York sculptors; through April 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Geometric Abstraction in America," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and hanging constructions, dating roughly from 1930 to the present, by seventy artists, including Stuart Davis, I. Rice Pereira, and Sidney Gordin; through May 13. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

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

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, April 19: "Elektra," with Gerda Lammers, Regina Resnik, Frances Yeend, Walter Cassel, and Karl Liebl. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 20: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Kerstin Meyer, Gabriella Tucci, and Laurel Hurley. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 21: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 21: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Helen Vanni, Carlo Bergonzi, and Theodor Uppman. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein directing—Performances of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" on Thursday, April 19, at 8:30; Friday, April 20, at 2:15; Saturday, April 21, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 22, at 3 (all with Adele Addison, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler and David Lloyd, tenors; Donald Bell, bass-baritone; William Wildermann, bass; the Collegiate Chorale; and the Boys' Choir from the Little Church Around the Corner). An all-Beethoven program on Thursday, April 26, at 8:30; Friday, April 27, at 2:15; Saturday, April 28, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 29, at 3 (all with Rudolf Serkin, piano, and the Westminster Choir).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Eleanor Steber, soprano; Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; Richard Verreau, tenor; Richard Cross, bass-baritone; and the Temple University Choirs. The final con-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cert of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday. April 24. at 8:30.)

SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—Alfred Wallenstein conducting the sixth in a series of seven concerts presenting a Beethoven cycle of orchestral works, this one with a trio composed of Isaac Stern, violin; Leonard Rose, cello; and Eugene Istomin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 23, at 8:30.)

A FESTIVAL OF BACH—Thomas Dunn directing the Festival Orchestra and Chorus in a performance of "The St. John Passion," with Judith Raskin, soprano; Shirley Verrett-Carter, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass-baritone; Spiro Malas, bass; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. The final concert of the series. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 20, at 8.)

UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY—John L. Baldwin, Jr., directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 27, at 8:30.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

TOWN HALL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC—A string-quintet concert, played by the Lenox String Quartet and Ralph Hersh, viola. The last in a series of programs. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 19, at 8:30.)

JOSH WHITE—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, April 21, at 8:30.)

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—A program of works by Mel Powell, Roger Sessions. Ralph Shapey, and Karlheinz Stockhausen performed by, among others, Valarie Lamoree and Bethany Beardslee, sopranos; Walter Trampler, viola; the Claremont Quartet; and the Galimir Quartet. The final concert of the season. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, April 27, at 8:30.)

MARTHA SCHLAMME—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday and Sunday, April 28-29, both at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERTS—The Dave Brubeck Quartet. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, April 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call LO 4-6990.)... ¶ John Lewis, Sonny Rollins' quartet, and the Contemporary String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, April 23, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Mets vs. St. Louis, Thursday, April 19, at 2.... ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 2.... YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Saturday, April 21, at 2, and Sunday, April 22, at 2 (doubleheader).... ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday. April 24-25, at 2.

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 28.)

HORSE SHOW—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 28-29.)

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

INDOOR POLO—The last two games of the season. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Saturday, April 21, at 8:30.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, May 31. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 21; the Toboggan Handicap, Monday, April 23; and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 28.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30, from Saturday, April 28, through Wednesday, May 30. (A train will leave Penn Station at 11 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday. at 1:30; through Thursday, May 3. The Laurel Handicap, Saturday, April 21.

TRACK—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Thursday, April 19.)... ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 27-28.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, May 19. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:43 and 7:06, and Saturdays at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA AND OPERETTA—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 21, at 11.)... BLUE HILL TROUPE: A performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 28, at 2:30. For tickets, call RE 4-1813.)

FOLK-SONG RECITALS—Josh White. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, April 22, at 2:30.)... ¶ Tom Glazer. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, April 26, at 2.)... ¶ Pete Seeger. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, April 28, at 2:30.)

BALLET—The Brooklyn Ballet Company presenting "Divertissement," "Spring Concerto," and excerpts from "The Nutcracker." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 28, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By JOY BERGMAN PRODUCTIONS: "The Tiniest Town in Mexico." (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Monday through Friday, April 23-27, at 1 and 2:30.)... CAVKAP PRODUCTIONS: "The Prince and the Pauper." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturday, April 21, through Saturday, April 28, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30.)... CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD: "Beauty and the Beast." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Saturdays and Monday through Friday, April 23-27, at 1 and 3.)... HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS: "Young Abe Lincoln." (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Saturday, April 21, and Monday through Wednesday, April 23-25, at 1.)... MERRI-MIMES: "The Littlest Tailor." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays and Monday through Friday, April 23-27, at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... MERRYMAKERS: "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Saturdays and Monday through Friday, April 23-27, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.)... MERRY WANDERERS CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Rapunzel." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Monday through Saturday, April 23-28, at 1 and 2:30.)... MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 6-3707. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30, and Monday through Friday, April 23-27, at 2.)... PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Scraps," Saturday, April 21, and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 24-25.... ¶ "Group Soup," Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Afternoons at 1 and 3.)... PEPPERMINT PLAYERS: "Ali Baba and the Thieves." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and Monday through Friday, April 23-27, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.)... ¶ "Sleeping Beauty." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Saturdays and Monday through Friday, April 23-27, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.)... PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "Alice in Wonderland." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday through Thursday, April 24-26, at 2:30.)... POCKET PLAYERS: "Emil and the Detectives." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 4-8312. Thursday through Saturday, April 19-21, and Monday through Saturday, April 23-28, at 1:30 and 3:30.)... ROCKEFELLER PLAYERS: "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesday through Saturday, April 24-28, at 1 and 2:30.)... TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Mr. Popper's Penguins," Monday, April 23, at 11.... ¶ "Tom Sawyer," Tuesday, April 24, at 11.... ¶ "The Enchanted Treasure,"

Friday, April 27, at 11 and 1:30. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400.)... VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS: "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Saturdays and Monday, April 23, and Thursday, April 26, all at 1 and 3; and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 24-25, and Friday, April 27, at 3.)... GIA WALLACE PUPPET THEATRE: "Punch and Judy" and "The Circus." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Astronomy in Color;" through April 30. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, April 19, at 12, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; Saturday, April 21, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Easter at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, April 23, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Tuesday through Friday, April 24-27, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; and Saturday, April 28, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In CENTRAL PARK: Little ones who wish to escape the gross realities of the big Zoo—elephants, hippos, lions, and that sort of thing—can now retreat next door into the familiar realm of Mother Goose. There's a Noah's Ark, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a storybook castle, and so on, plus an assortment of affable animals. (Daily 10 to 5. Except on Mondays, adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)... ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: Once again, the miniature menagerie is offering very small fry a bevy of animals that can be petted as well as admired. There are, for instance, lambs, ducklings, a crow, a myna bird, and an old friend, Punchy the Bantam Rooster. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

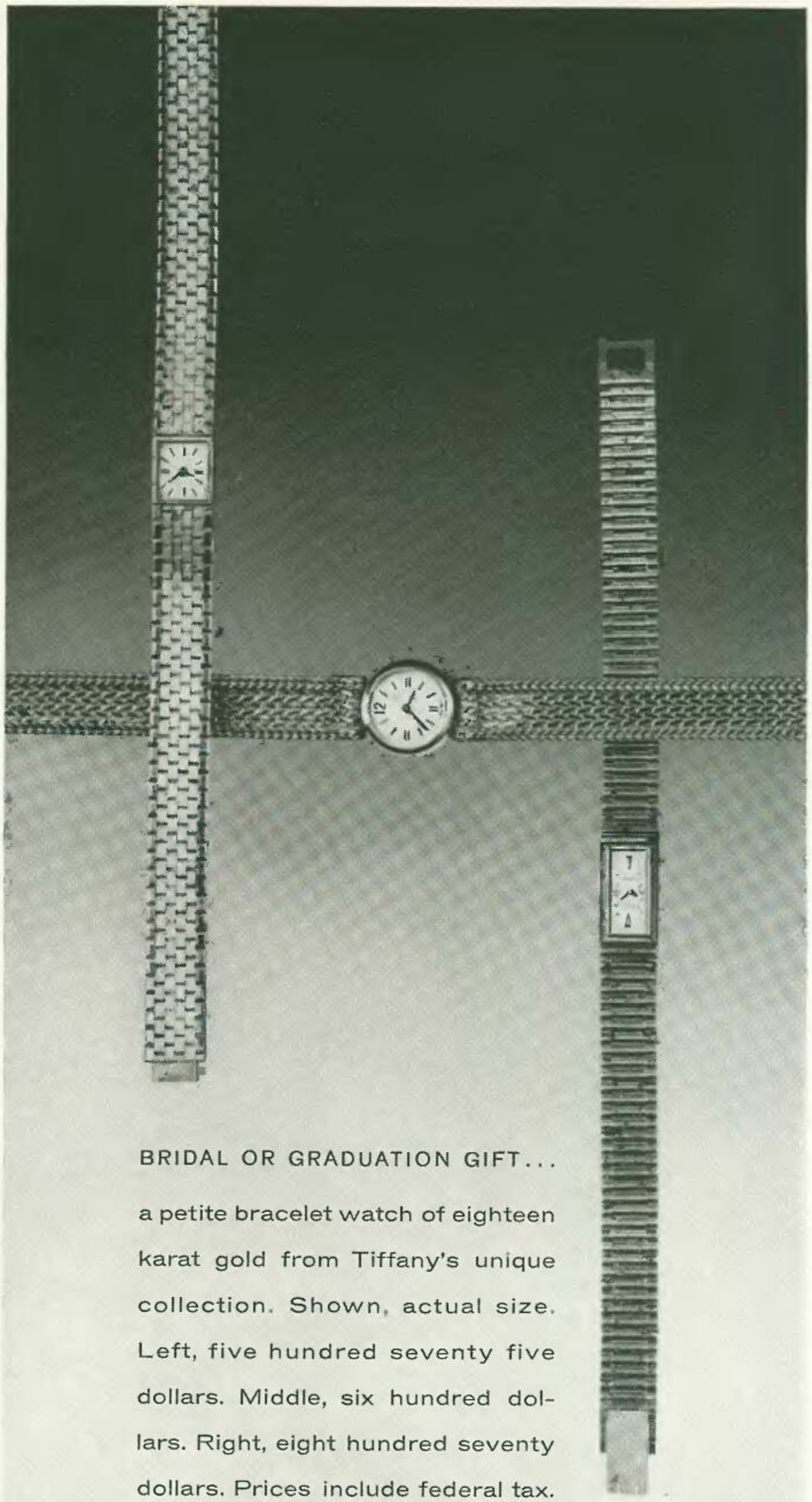
OTHER EVENTS

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

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW—New cars, including sports, luxury, and economy models, from manufacturers in the United States, England, France, West Germany, Italy, Sweden, the Netherlands, Japan, and Israel. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, April 21, through Sunday, April 29. Weekdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 8.)

FLOWER SHOWS—The annual Botanical Garden Easter display is featuring a Dutch bulb field and canal, the customary Easter cross of lilies, and hundreds of other spring flowers in the conservatory. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4:30; through April 30.)... ¶ The April Garden Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, April 25, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, April 21, at 1:45: French furniture, table porcelain and silver, decorative Chinese paintings, drawings and prints, tapestries, and rugs; from the estate of Fannie Brown and from other sources.... ¶ Tuesday, April 24, at 1:45: First editions and other literary material, from several collectors, among them the late Roland Bruce Barrett.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All Fall Down—A strenuous family free-for-all in Cleveland, where life can be as gloomy and funny as anywhere else. Superior acting by Angela Lansbury, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, Brandon deWilde, and even Warren Beatty. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

La Belle Américaine—A French comedy full of very old-fashioned and therefore brand-new gags, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. If it isn't offensive to say so, this is a picture for the whole family. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 24, tentative.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's—A comedy that never once touches reality, and a lucky thing it doesn't. Audrey Hepburn is the prettiest girl on the make that you could hope to meet and be cheated by, George Peppard is a young writer of easy virtue, and Martin Balsam is an alarmingly astute Hollywood agent. It's funny if you go thinking it will be funny, so go thinking it will be funny. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 19. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 24.)

The Day the Earth Caught Fire—If you like pictures laid in the future, in which the world either comes to an end or doesn't, you might try this one. Your flesh will either creep or it won't, and the English settings are attractive, up to the point where the Thames runs dry. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through April 20. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through April 23. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through April 23, tentative.)

La Dolce Vita—Modern Rome is the lively, if somewhat jaded, heroine of this handsome picture, and Federico Fellini, who wrote and directed it, doubles as her doting impresario and severest critic. Marcello Mastroianni, a wonderful young actor, heads a pretty wonderful cast that includes Annibale Ninchi, Alain Cuny, Anouk Aimée, and Yvonne Furneaux. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

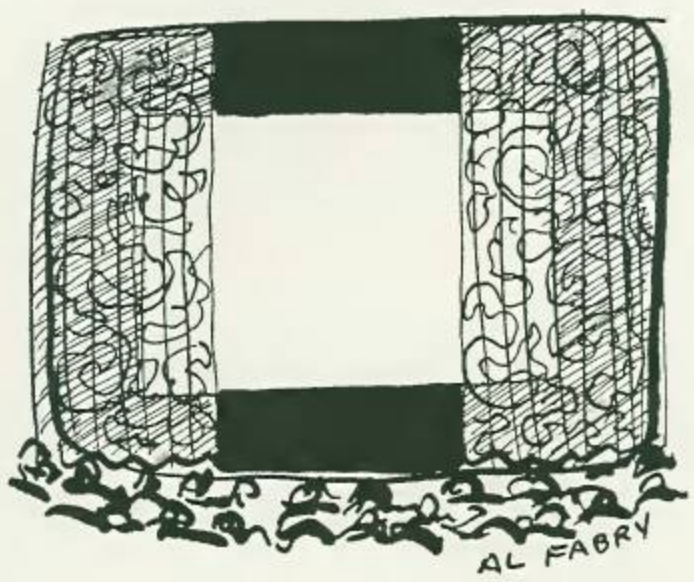
Judgment at Nuremberg—A long, honest, and often painful examination of the nature of accountability, told in terms of four Nazi judges on trial before an American military court. The almost too starry cast includes Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Maximilian Schell, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Daily at 2:15 and 8:15. Reserved seats only.)

The Kitchen—Blood, sweat, and tears, as a number of cooks quarrel their way through a few hours in the kitchen of what is surely not a very fashionable London restaurant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through April 24, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 25, tentative.)

Last Year at Marienbad—It is impossible to be sure what is happening from one moment to the next in this beautiful French film, which is a sort of ghost story about love, only without ghosts or love. Screenplay by Alain Robbe-Grillet and direction by Alain Resnais. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—Jeanne Moreau and the late Gérard Philipe play two attractive fiends bent on destroying virtue in the fashionable Paris set of which they are the ornaments. A dazzling adaptation, directed by Roger Vadim, of de Laclos's famously infamous classic. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through April 25.)

Lover Come Back—A nonsensical comedy involving mistaken identity, false advertising, woman-chasing, and other current social problems. Deftly enacted by Rock Hudson and Doris Day, who have come a long way, and by Tony Randall, who was already



there. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; starting April 24. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting April 24, tentative.)

Murder She Said—The great Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, an elderly amateur criminologist, in a charming and often witty adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Night—The brilliant Italian director Michelangelo Antonioni here studies a couple of upper-middle-class intellectuals who are so bored they could scream, if only screaming weren't so unattractive and exhausting. With Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through April 20. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting April 25, tentative.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney in eruption is a natural wonder well worth travelling miles to see. The unlikely setting for this successful farce is Berlin, and among Mr. Cagney's fellow-*farceurs* are Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, and Lilo Pulver. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 24, tentative.)

Only Two Can Play—An underpaid librarian in a small town in Wales can think of hardly anything except making love, preferably not with his wife, and since Peter Sellers is the troubled thinker, this turns out to be a very funny picture. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A Summer to Remember—Life through the eyes of a five-year-old. A Russian picture, humorous and occasionally sentimental, with a stunning performance by Master Borya Barkhatov, who looks like Carl Sandburg, only more serious. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through April 24, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 25, tentative.)

Through a Glass Darkly—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Ingmar Bergman and his usual troupe at their incomparable best. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

A View from the Bridge—Grim but enthralling family troubles in Red Hook, as taken from Arthur Miller's play and splendidly acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. WA 9-8037; starting April 25.)

Viridiana—The Spanish director Luis Buñuel gives a shattering account of how evil flows out of good. His camera has a Gothic gusto, and the picture is sometimes literally hair-raising, as well as always beautiful. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

West Side Story—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Friday, April 19-20, and Sunday through Wednesday, April 22-25, at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 24.)

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 24, tentative.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; April 19.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 20-23.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 23.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the tragic love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through April 21.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 20-21.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 23.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 24.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 19.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 20-21.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 25, tentative.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 24, tentative.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren written and directed by Jean Vigo. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; April 19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films directed by William Wyler—Through April 21: "Counsellor-at-Law" (1933), with John Barrymore and Bebe Daniels. . . . ¶ April 22-25: "The Good Fairy" (1935), with Margaret Sullavan and Herbert Marshall. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Jessica," Maurice Chevalier, Angie Dickinson.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Experiment in Terror," Glenn Ford, Lee Remick.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
ALL FALL DOWN.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Thursday and Friday, April 19-20, at 8:15; Saturday, April 21, at 2:30 and 8:15; Easter at 2:30 and 8; and Monday through Wednesday, April 23-25, at 11, 3, and 8:15. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 24 (tentative): **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French).
From April 25 (tentative): **THE NIGHT** (in Italian).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through April 23 (tentative): **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE;** and "The Pharaohs' Woman," Linda Cristal, John Drew Barrymore.
From April 24 (tentative): **LOVER COME BACK;** and "Six Black Horses," Audie Murphy, Dan Duryea.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 24 (tentative): **ONE, TWO, THREE.**
From April 25 (tentative): **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian); and **THE KITCHEN.**

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
ALL FALL DOWN.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Jessica," Maurice Chevalier, Angie Dickinson.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 20: **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE;** and "The Pharaohs' Woman," Linda Cristal, John Drew Barrymore.
From April 21: "King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (in Swedish).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MURDER SHE SAID.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 22 (tentative): "Forever My Love," Romy Schneider, Karl Boehm.
From April 23 (tentative): "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 23: **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE;** and "The Pharaohs' Woman," Linda Cristal, John Drew Barrymore.
From April 24: **LOVER COME BACK;** and "Six Black Horses," Audie Murphy, Dan Duryea.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
April 19: **L'ATALANTE** and **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** (both in French and both revivals).
From April 20: "Come Back, Africa" and "On the Bowery" (both revivals and both semi-documentary films).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
April 19: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S;** and "All in a Night's Work," revival, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.
April 20-21: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival; and **SHADOWS,** revival.
April 22-24: "Sergeants 3," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "The Last Time I Saw Archie," revival, Robert Mitchum, Martha Hyer.
From April 25: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE;** and "The Man Who Wagged His Tail" (in Spanish), Peter Ustinov, Pablito Calvo.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 24 (tentative): Prokofieff's "Cinderella," in a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.
From April 25 (tentative): **TORMENT** (in Swedish), revival; and "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival, Anita Björk.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 25 (tentative): "Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 24 (tentative): **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian); and **THE KITCHEN.**
From April 25 (tentative): "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), revival, Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through April 22: "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale.
From April 23: "Jules and Jim" (in French), Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through April 21: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.
From April 22: "The Magnificent Tramp" (in French), Jean Gabin.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 25: **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through April 20: **THE NIGHT** (in Italian).
From April 21: "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
VIRIDIANA (in Spanish).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 23: **HAMLET,** revival; and **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB,** revival.
From April 24 (tentative): **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT,** revival; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN,** revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 24: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S;** and "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.
From April 25: "Exodus," revival, Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 19: **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING,** revival; and "Romanoff and Juliet," revival, Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.
April 20-23: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.
From April 24: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).

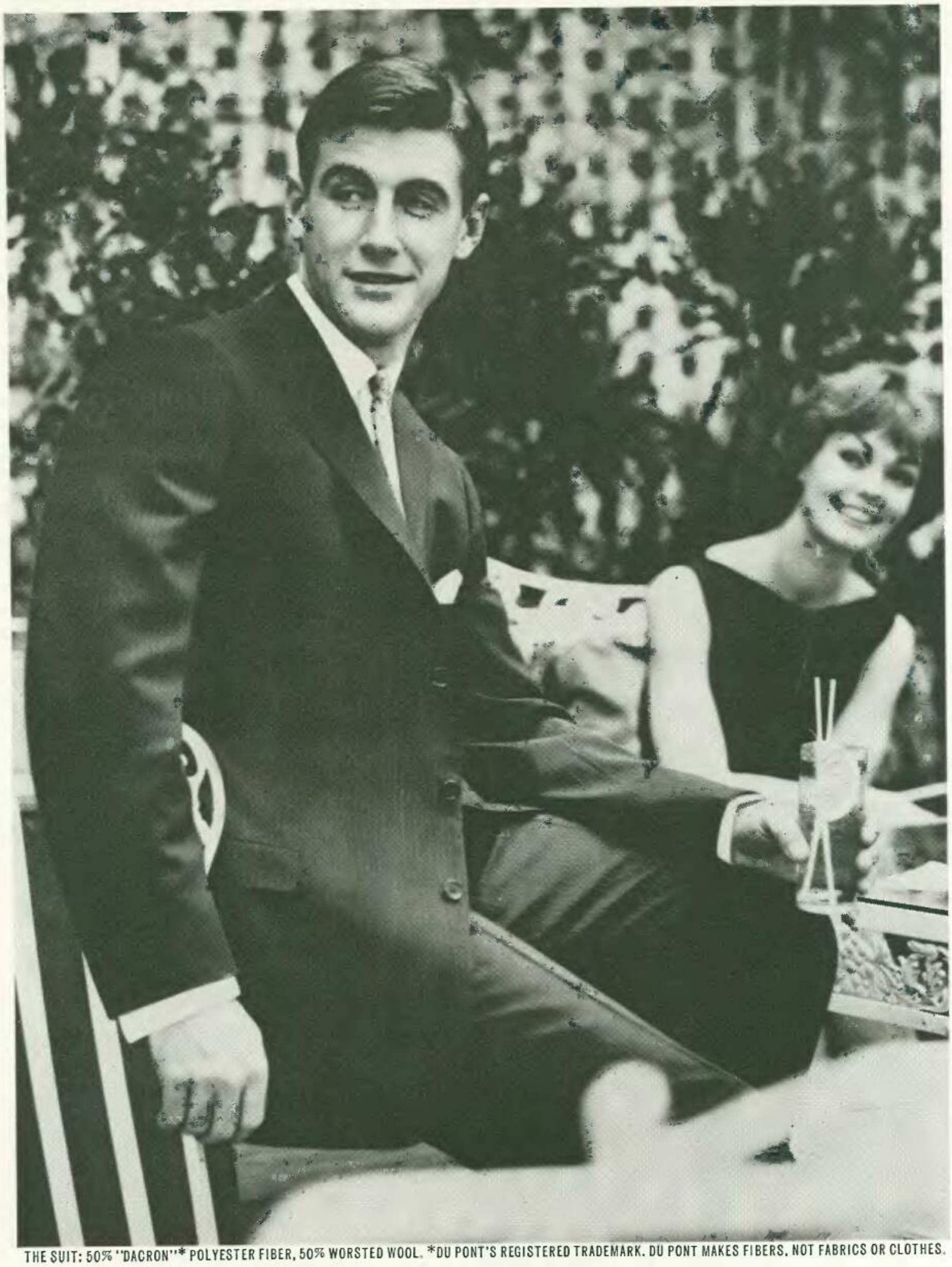
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through April 23 (tentative): "Pepe," revival, Cantinflas, Dan Dailey.
From April 24 (tentative): **LOVER COME BACK.**

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 24 (tentative): **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian); and **THE KITCHEN.**
From April 25 (tentative): "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), revival, Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
"King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through April 23 (tentative): **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE;** and "The Pharaohs' Woman," Linda Cristal, John Drew Barrymore.
From April 24 (tentative): **LOVER COME BACK.**





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Strike up the band for the Arrow oxford University Fashion shirt . . . *a tradition on or off campus. It's a most popular shirt with young men on vacation . . . on campus . . . or on the job. They like the soft roll of the authentic button-down collar. . . the cool, batiste oxford . . . the tapered look of Arrrow Mitoga fit. "Sanforized" labeled, 5.00. Arrow silk tie, 2.50. Also available, a youthful collection of "Lady Arrow" shirts, 5.00 up.*

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America's first gas turbine

They run on practically anything–kerosene, gasoline, diesel fuel or heating oi

Here's the story behind a remarkable new kind of car from Chrysler Corporation

Imagine a car that . . .

1. runs on almost any fuel that will flow through a pipe, from kerosene to diesel fuel, from gasoline to furnace oil—yet with fuel economy as good or better than you now get in a piston engine of equal performance . . .

2. has an engine that weighs less than a conventional V-8—yet the 140 horsepower it delivers to the driveshaft is equal in performance to a 200-hp piston engine.

3. is self-cooled by it's own air so you never have to worry about filling the radiator (there isn't one) or anti-freeze (none is needed).

4. has only one spark plug and only about 1/5 as many moving parts as conventional engines. Think what that can mean in reduced maintenance, and repair costs.

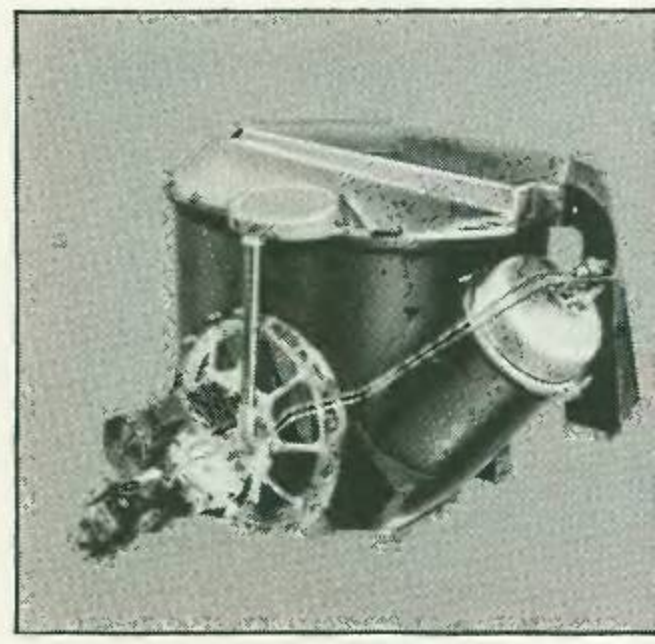
5. starts instantly, even in the coldest weather, and needs no warm-up.

What is a gas turbine car?

A gas turbine is something like a small-scale jet engine. Air is compressed and is then heated by the burning fuel in the combustion chamber. There, hot gases expand to drive the turbine wheels and deliver power to the wheels of the car.

How is it different from a piston engine?

For one thing, it's a much simpler engine in almost every way. It has 80% fewer parts. It is smaller, and lighter. Being air-cooled, the gas turbine requires no radiator or liquid cooling system. The electrical system is extremely simplified. *It has only one spark plug.*



***Chrysler Corporation's CR2A gas turbi engine** is 250 lbs. lighter than comparable V engines, has 1/5 the moving parts, starts stantly in coldest weather.*

How about performance?

The low-speed high-torque chara teristics of the gas turbine give unusually quick acceleration. As o automotive editor wrote after dri



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cars

g one of these cars, "To go, you
ess on the gas pedal. If you press
rd, hang onto your hat . . . I caught
y breath at the acceleration."
nother editor said "I clocked it
om a standing start to a true 60
ph in 8.5 seconds." A gas turbine
ted at 140 horsepower on the test
and provides performance com-
rable to that of a 200-hp piston
gine.

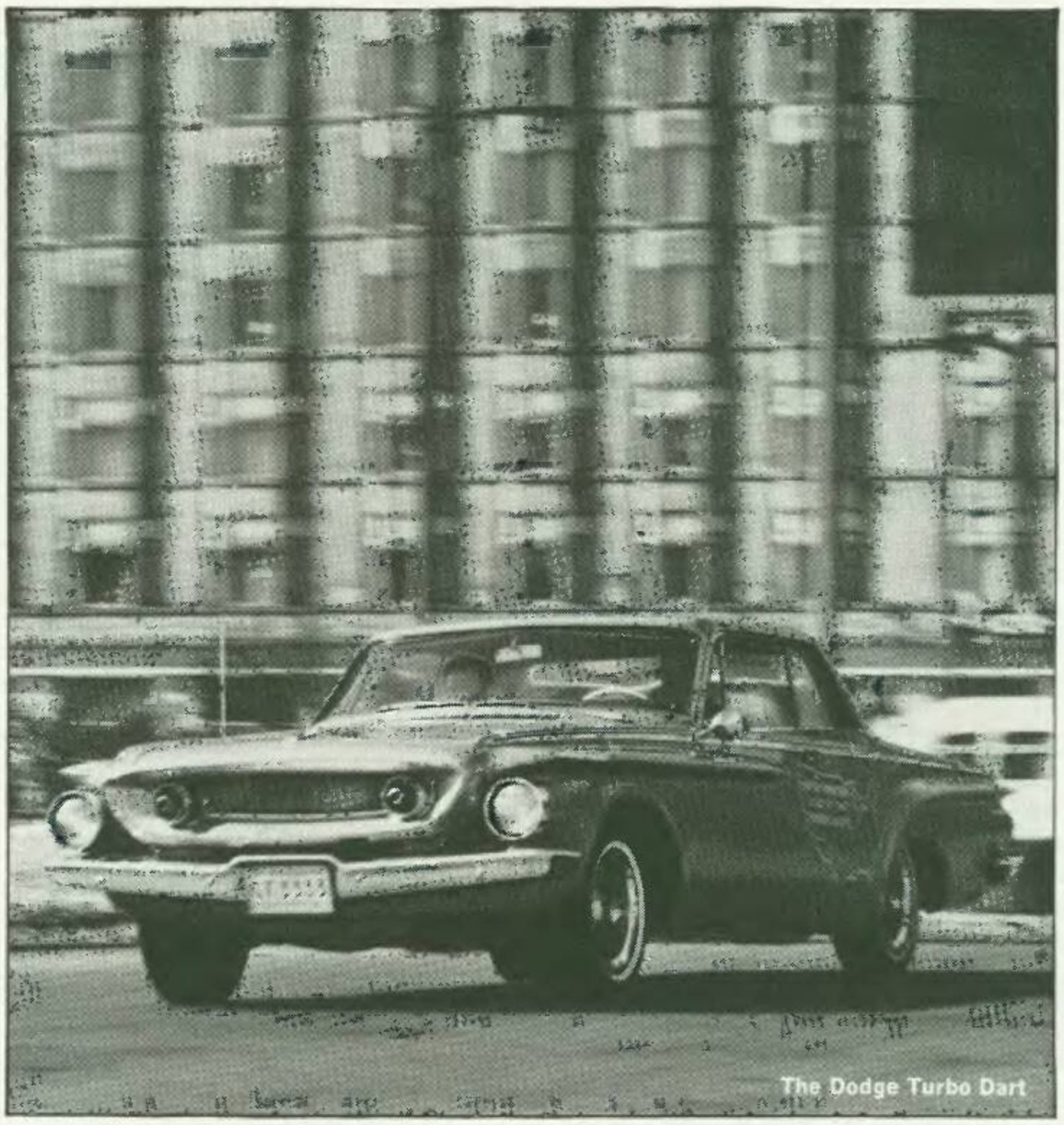
hen will they be available?

ood question. The Turbo Car, as
veloped by Chrysler Corporation,
a practical car today—but it is
ll probably a number of years
vay from mass production. Con-
mer interest in the car has been so
tense, however, that we have de-
ded to build 50 to 75 turbine-
owered passenger cars which should
available to selected customers
te in 1963.

The car of the future is almost here.



ey'd never seen anything like it. *At Chicago Auto Show, hundreds of thousands people got their first glimpse of this new nd of car for the future.*



3100 mile test run proves the TURBO CAR practical



In a cross-country test completed New Year's Eve, the Dodge Turbo Dart averaged 52 miles per hour under all driving conditions—from city traffic to turnpikes, through mountains and deserts.

Free Folder—"The Remarkable Gas Turbine Passenger Car."

The engineers at Chrysler Corporation answer your questions about this new kind of car for the future. Ask for it at your Chrysler, Dodge or Plymouth dealers.



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"The turbine engine is an automotive dream coming true . . ."
SYRACUSE POST-STANDARD

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SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF. SUN-TELEGRAM

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"There's good news for motorists and everyone else in Chrysler Corporation's progress report on its gas turbine engine"
CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

"What these gas turbines do . . . is truly remarkable"
POPULAR MECHANICS

"Biggest news in the industry"
FORT WAYNE NEWS-SENTINEL

See the **ANDY WILLIAMS SHOW** starring DICK VAN DYKE, with Ann Margret, Henry Mancini and Special guest, ANDY GRIFFITH; Friday, May 4, NBC-TV.

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"By Jove, they're coming over every day!"

Chap No. 1: Any idea why?
Chap No. 2: Hmmm. Matter of supply and demand, I suppose.

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Starting May 1, our Boeing 707 Rolls-Royce Jets will carry London and Europe-bound passengers across the Atlantic in magnificent maharajah style, Monday through Sunday.

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For Dunbar, Edward Wormley designs this tête-à-tête sofa to live long and lovingly with a family and its futures. Dunbar owners, grateful for its depth of perfection, inevitably grow into collectors. Write for "Dunbar Portfolio" of over 150 designs. $1.00. Dept. 34, Dunbar Furniture Corporation, Berne, Indiana.

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Micromatic Record Player with
10 YEAR DIAMOND STYLUS GUARANTEE



. . . the same precision mechanism as in Magnavox consoles! **Because discernible record and stylus wear are eliminated, the Diamond Stylus is guaranteed for 10 years!**

The Stereograph Deluxe—all components in one case; looks like fine luggage. Nothing to set up, just plug in and play—$125. Other models from **$69.90.**

Now—you can enjoy true Stereo-High Fidelity from a REVOLUTIONARY POWER TRANSISTOR PORTABLE!

No tubes to replace...no record or stylus wear...your records can last a lifetime.

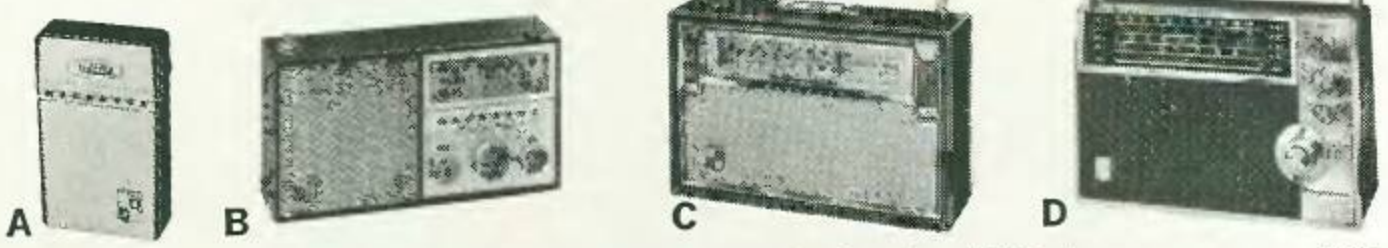
Never before—such deep, resonant bass—such beautiful, distortion-free music from a portable! The compact new Magnavox POWER TRANSISTOR AMPLIFIERS not only give 5 times the distortion-free power of ordinary tube amplifier portables—but also permit use of bigger, high-efficiency Magnavox speakers. You've never heard a portable sound so great!

It's the most reliable portable ever built—no chassis heat to shorten the life of components. The Micromatic Record Player is foolproof; cannot be jammed. In addition to the 10 year Diamond Stylus guarantee . . . **all parts are guaranteed for two years, and carry-in service for one year.**

Also, the only power-transistor PORTABLE RADIOS that combine FM—AM—Shortwave and Marine bands! Wherever you go, they bring you the rich, crystal clear beauty of FM music . . . exciting programs from the far corners of the world . . . Marine bulletins . . . plus the greatest selection of AM stations. Each offers a standard of excellence and tonal fidelity you expect and get only from Magnavox. Dealers are listed in your Yellow Pages.

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Magnavox
truly the finest . . . and your best buy on any basis of comparison

Select from a wide variety of beautiful styles and colors, from only **$19.95.**



A

B

C

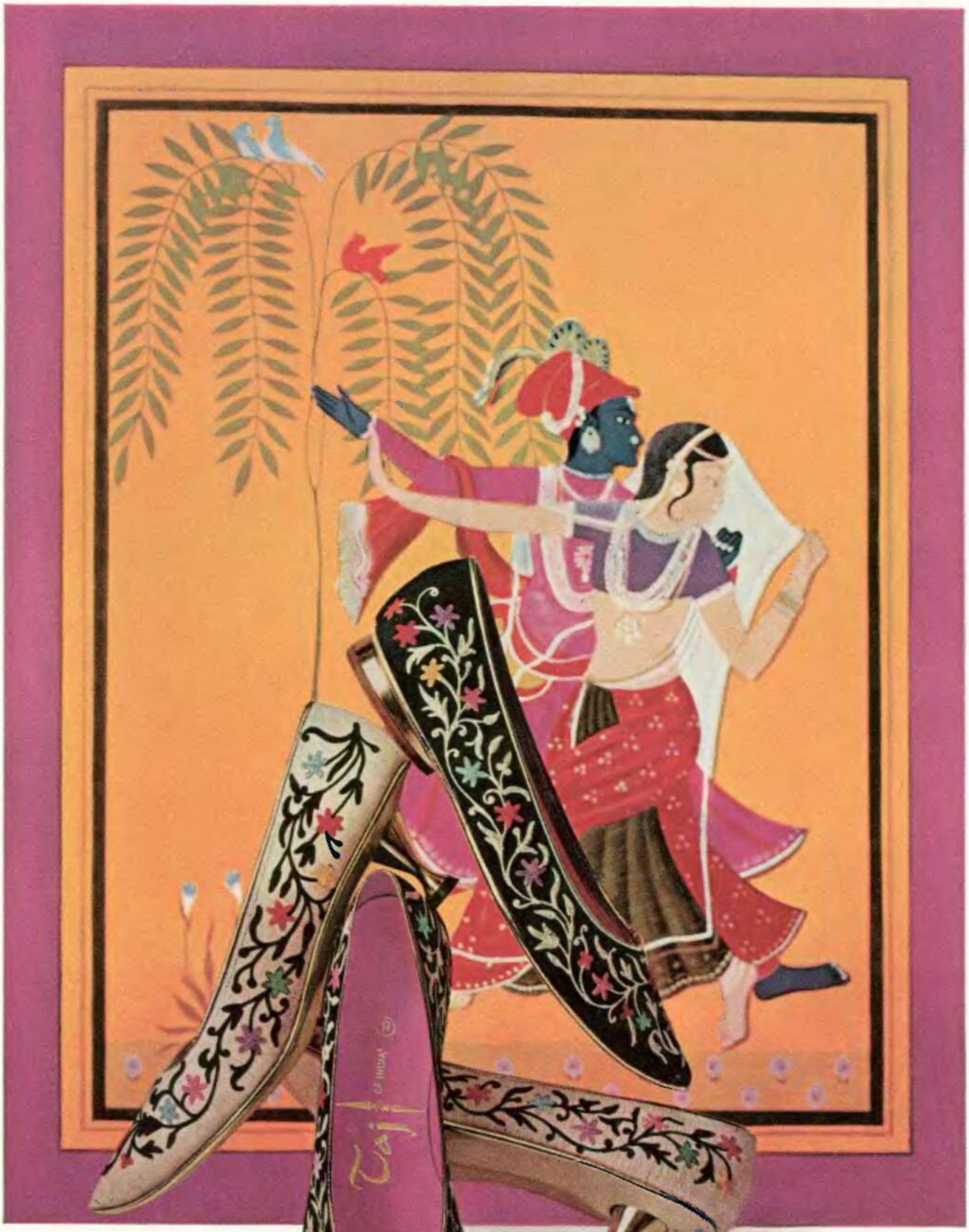
D

A. The Companion. Tiny, pocket-sized 8 transistor model with remarkable fidelity and station pulling power. With battery, earphone and carrying case—$24.95.

B. The Surfside. Most compact (6⅝" w, 3¾" h, 1⅜" d) noise-free FM, AM radio ever! Big set features and tonal beauty. 8 transistors. With carrying case, earphones, batteries—$59.95.

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D. The Celestial. Brings you thrilling FM, AM, Marine and world-wide Shortwave reception—$139.95. Same models with FM, AM . . . plus choice of either Shortwave or Marine band—$125.



Indian Summer dances in on golden soles. Here, Jasmine, one of a color-drenched collection of embroidered special-occasion shoes, natural or black handloomed Indian raw silk. On wafer flat heels, about 19.00
On curving brass heels, about 23.00

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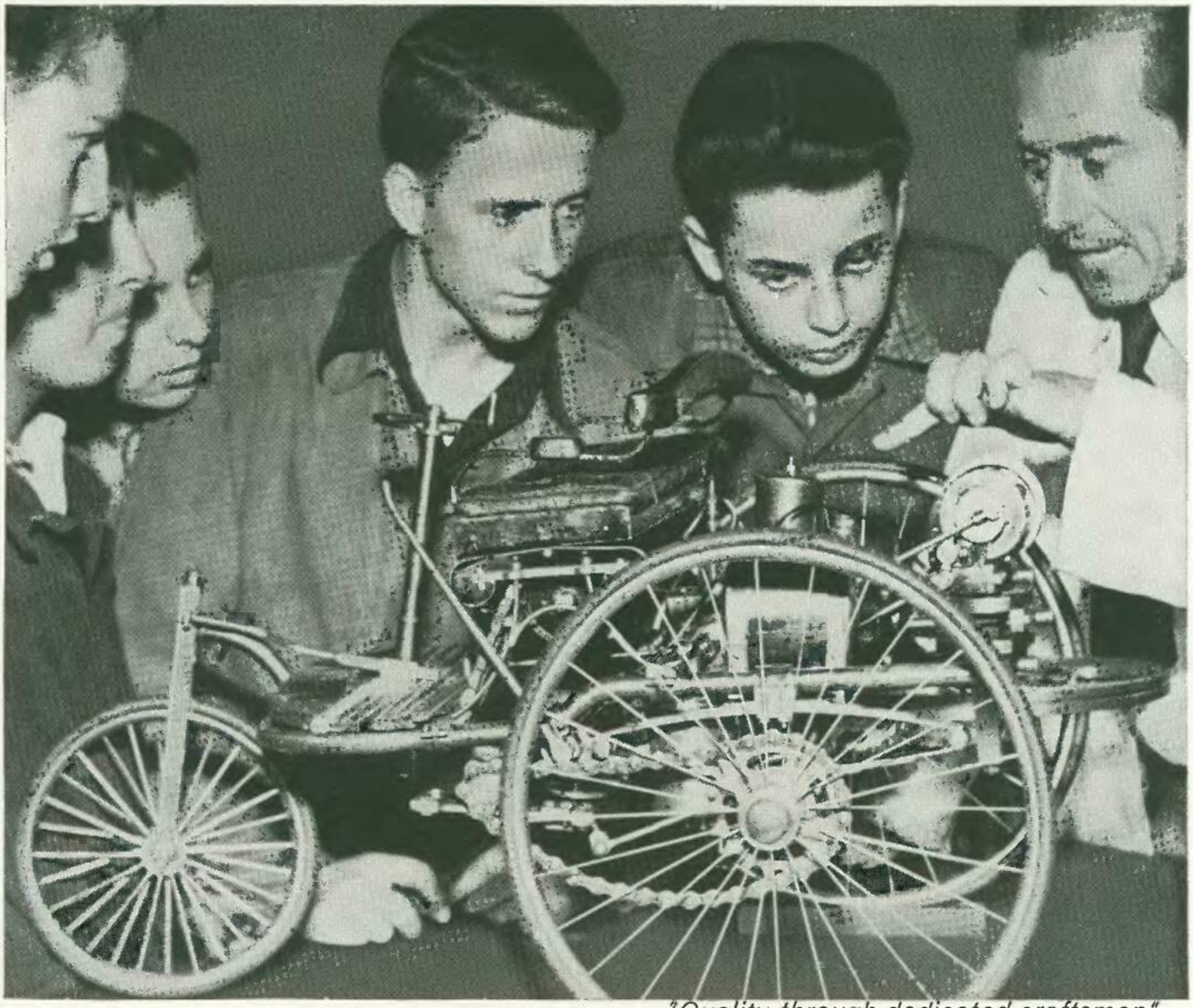
Introduction To India

With his business mission completed, this American executive and his wife are enjoying a fascinating tour of Bombay. △ Like so many prudent people, they appreciate the many advantages of doing business with First National City, *both* at home and abroad. (Our Bombay office was able to provide essential on-the-spot financial service.) Back in the States, each has an investment account at First National City. Their securities remain under the day-to-day supervision of a highly professional group of specialists in various phases of investment management. △ His is a portfolio earmarked for growth – composed chiefly of aggressive, common stocks with promise of a dynamic future. Hers is a more conservative program, planned for stability and made up of both stocks and bonds. *Your* securities will be in very good hands here too! Rely on First National City for sound financial guidance – whether you're in Bombay, Bogota, or back in your own backyard! One other thought – write us for a copy of our new booklet "SUCCESSFUL INVESTING IN THE 1960's & 70's". It's new, interesting. When you travel, of course carry FNCB Travelers Checks.

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"Quality through dedicated craftsmen"

THEY FOLLOW THE STAR

These intent young people are Mercedes-Benz apprentices. They are studying a scale model of Karl Benz' first automobile built in 1886. It took three of them 1,000 hours to make this true replica. There are 2,300 of these Mercedes-Benz apprentices in special factory schools at all times. They spend as much as 3½ years in rigorous training, learning to be fitters, mechanics, machinists, and —above all—perfectionists. The result of this training is the high quality of Mercedes-Benz automobiles for the benefit of each Mercedes-Benz owner.

Many of these apprentices are the sons and grandsons of Mercedes-Benz craftsmen. For here each job is a career, and a man's honor goes into his work.

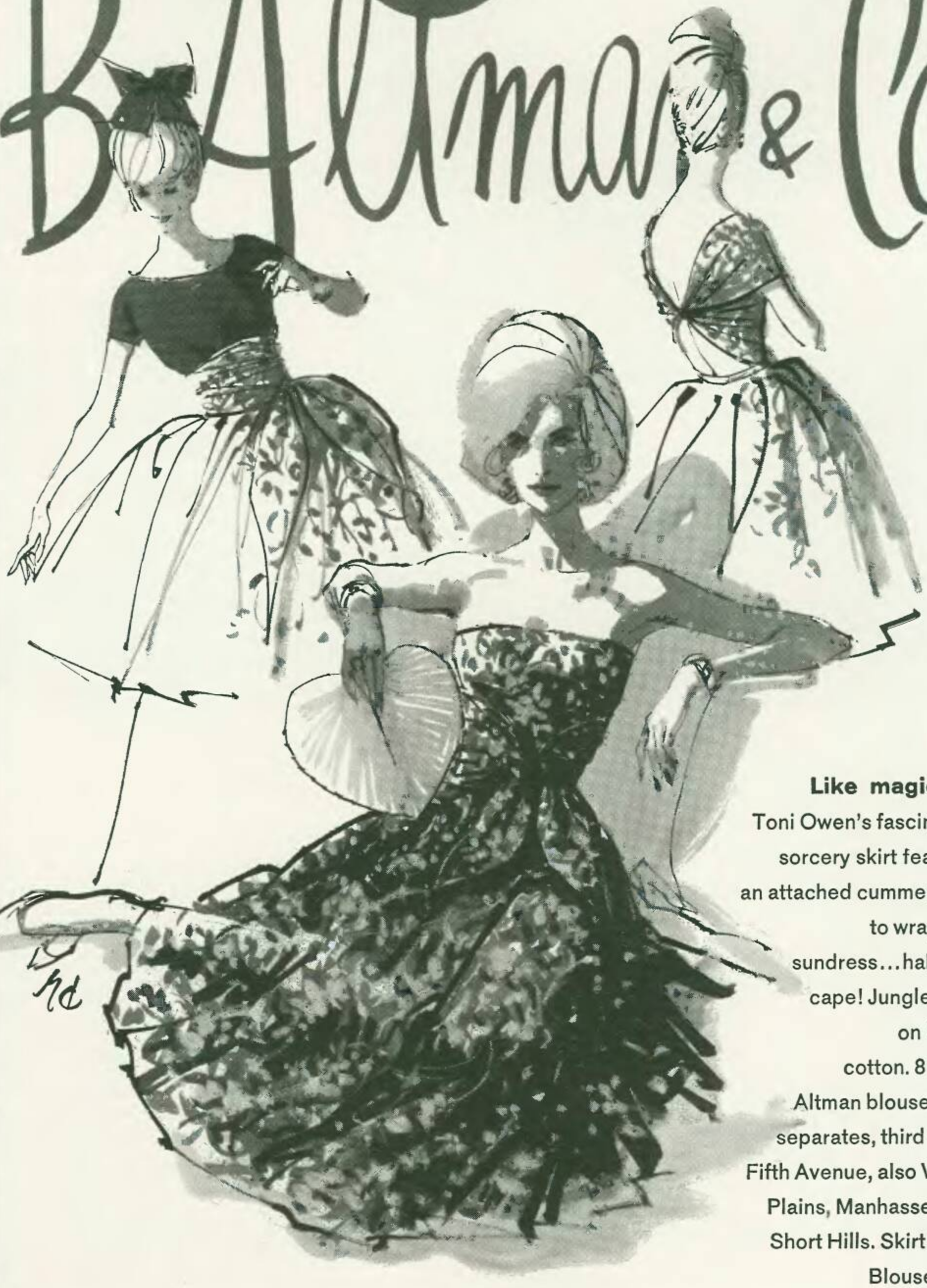
See these apprentices and an interesting exhibit of scale models, tools and other objects they have made by hand. Learn how they are being trained to steadily improve Mercedes-Benz quality. See the famous Mercedes-Benz cars at our display at the...

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW at the COLISEUM, April 21-29

MERCEDES-BENZ SALES, INC.
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Exclusive United States distributor
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Like magic . . .

Toni Owen's fascinating sorcery skirt features an attached cummerbund to wrap as a sundress...halter... cape! Jungle print on black cotton. 8 to 16. Altman blouses and separates, third floor, Fifth Avenue, also White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. Skirt **20.00** Blouse **9.00**



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT a time when most new technical accomplishments tend to fill the layman with a dim sense of distress, it is pleasant to come upon an invention that really does appear to promise great benefits for humanity. This invention is a television headset with a "viewing monocle," which was developed by Dr. A. Victor Stern, of the Hughes Aircraft Company. One straps it to one's head and runs around with it on, observing broadcasts through the monocle and the world through the other eye. This, obviously, is a big step forward from present television sets, which require the use of both eyes. Theoretically, at least, an adaptable viewer could watch the Ed Sullivan Show with one eye and read a novel—"Dead Souls," say—with the other. And once the viewer had become accustomed to this proceeding, further progress might be made. By placing the screen at the back of his head, where he could not see it at all, the skillful viewer might find it possible, with practice, to focus both his eyes and all his attention on the book he was holding. If it should prove feasible for *every* human being to sustain this experience for several hours at a time, without nausea or a sense of disorientation, then the most cautious prophet would hesitate to set an upper limit to the future accomplishments of mankind.

SO heartened were we by Dr. Stern's triumph that we undertook to develop an invention ourself, and with some little success. Our starting point was the clumsy chrome contrivance used to retain water in our bathroom washbasin. One pushed a lever in one direction, and a metal stopper seated itself in the drain. One pushed the lever in the other direction, and the stopper rose again. Now, the disadvantages of this gadget were two. When it was down, it did not keep water in the basin, and when it was up, it did not let water out of the basin with any celerity. Our first step, therefore, was to dismantle the apparatus and throw it away. Next, we engaged a skilled artisan to fashion us a sort of stopper, out of rubber, which fitted snugly into the orifice of the basin. When it was in place, not a drop of water escaped. When it was removed, the water rushed out with a rapid swirl that was wonderful to see. A length of brass chain, for attaching the stopper to the basin, so that it could not be lost when it was not in use, completed the device. We have applied for a patent, and are confident that the reader will shortly be able to find these stoppers, or "plugs," in better dime stores everywhere.

Spring Rain

AS the sky is pushed farther and farther away by the stiff-arms of this and that new steel frame, we sometimes wonder if what is reaching us is really weather at all. Whenever we have looked down at the street this spring, the perpetually raincoated figures have appeared to be marching, jerkily foreshortened and steadfastly downstaring, under a kind of sooty fluorescence bearing little relation to the expansive and variable light of outdoors. The other day, as if at the repeated invitation of all those raincoats, it *did* rain, and we ventured outdoors ourself; that is to say, we made our way down several corridors and shafts and into a broader corridor called Forty-fourth Street, whose ceiling, if one bothered to look, consisted of that vaguely tonic, vaporish semi-opacity old-fashionedly termed the Firmament. On this day, the Firmament, which showed as a little, ragged strip wedged between the upper edges of the buildings, seemed in a heavy temper. Water was being silently inserted in the slots between the building tops, and a snappy little secondary rain was dripping from marquees, overhead signs, fire escapes, and ledges. On the street itself, whose asphalt had emerged from the blanket of winter as creased and bumpy as a slept-on sheet, the water was conducting with itself an extravagantly complicated debate of ripple and counter-ripple, flow and anti-flow. It looked black but not dirty, and we thought, in that decisive syntactical way we reserve for such occasions, how all water is in passage from purity to purity. Puddles, gutters, sewers are incidental disguises: the casual avatars of perpetually reincarnated cloud droplets; momentary embarrassments, having nothing to do with the ineluctable poise of H_2O. Throw her on the street, mix her with candy wrappers, splash her with taxi wheels, she remains a virgin and a lady.



The breeze caught its breath, the rain slackened, and the crowds that had been clustered in entranceways and under overhangs shattered and scattered like drying pods. We went over to Fifth Avenue; the buildings there, steeped in humidity, seemed to be a kind of print of their own images, a slightly too inky impression of an etching entitled "Fifth Avenue, Manhattan, c. 1962."

No matter how long we live among rectangular stones, we still listen, in the pauses of a rain, for the sound of birds chirping as they shake themselves. No birds chirped, but the cars and buses squawked in deeper, openly humorous voices, and a trash can and a mailbox broke into conversation. CAST YOUR BALLOT HERE FOR A CLEANER NEW YORK, the trash can said, and MAIL EARLY IN THE DAY IT'S THE BETTER WAY, the mailbox beside it quickly responded. Both seemed to be rejoicing in the knowledge of their own inner snugness—of all the paper, folded or crumpled, addressed or discarded, that they had kept dry through the shower.

The façades of the buildings dark-

ened in tint, the lights within windows seemed not merely to burn but to blaze, and abruptly the rain was upon us again. In the instant before it fell, the air seemed full of soft circular motions and a silent cry of "Hurry!" Pedestrians hustled for shelter. The search converted Fifth Avenue into a romantic and primitive setting for adventure. Pelted, we gained the cave of Finchley's Tudor arcade, with its patio-red floor and plastic orange tree and California sports jackets, and, the next instant, ran on into the green glade of the Olivetti entrance, with its typewriter-tipped stalagmite. Finally, we lodged in the narrow but deep shelter of Brentano's leafy *allée* of best-sellers, and from there we observed how the rain, a gusty downpour now, had the effect of exquisitely pressing the city down into itself. Everything—taxi roofs, umbrellas, cellophane-skinned hats, even squinting eyebrows—conveyed a sharp impression of shelter, and as in a Miró painting the ovals and ellipses and lima beans of color sail across the canvas, so the city seemed a mobile conglomerate of dabs of dryness swimming through a fabric of wet. The rain intensified yet one more notch; the Fred F. French Building developed a positively livid stain along its bricks and the scene seemed squeezed so tight that it yielded the essence of granite, the very idea of a city. In an earlier century, we might have wept for joy.

And when the rain stopped at last, a supernaturally well-staged effect was produced in the north. Owing to the arrangement of the slabs of Rockefeller Center, the low, westward-moving sun had laid an exclusive shaft of light upon the face of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Like two elegant conical milk bottles, the steeples were brimful of a mildly creamy glow. We hastened toward the omen, but by the time we reached the site the sunshine had faded. Yet, looking up through the skeleton globe upheld here by the grimacing Atlas, we saw beyond the metal framework what was, patchy blue and scudding gray, indisputably sky.

•

EXHORTATION scrawled on an advertising poster in the B.-M. T.'s Forty-ninth Street station: "Ban the bomb! Save the world for conventional warfare."

Bond's Creator

IAN FLEMING, whose nine Secret Service thrillers ("Casino Royale," "Doctor No," "For Your Eyes Only," "From Russia with Love," "Live and Let Die," "Moonraker," "Goldfinger," "Diamonds Are Forever," and "Thunderball") have had phenomenal sales in this country and abroad (more than eleven hundred thousand hardcover copies and three and a half million paperbacks), was here for a weekend recently en route from his Jamaica hideaway to his London home, and we caught him on Sunday morning at his hotel, the Pierre, where he amiably stood us a lunch. He ordered a prefatory medium-dry Martini of American vermouth and Beefeater gin, with lemon peel, and so did we.

"I'm here to see my publishers and assorted crooks," he said. "Not *other* assorted crooks, mind you. By 'crooks,' I don't mean crooks at all; I mean former Secret Service men. There are one or two of them here, you know."

"Who?" we asked.

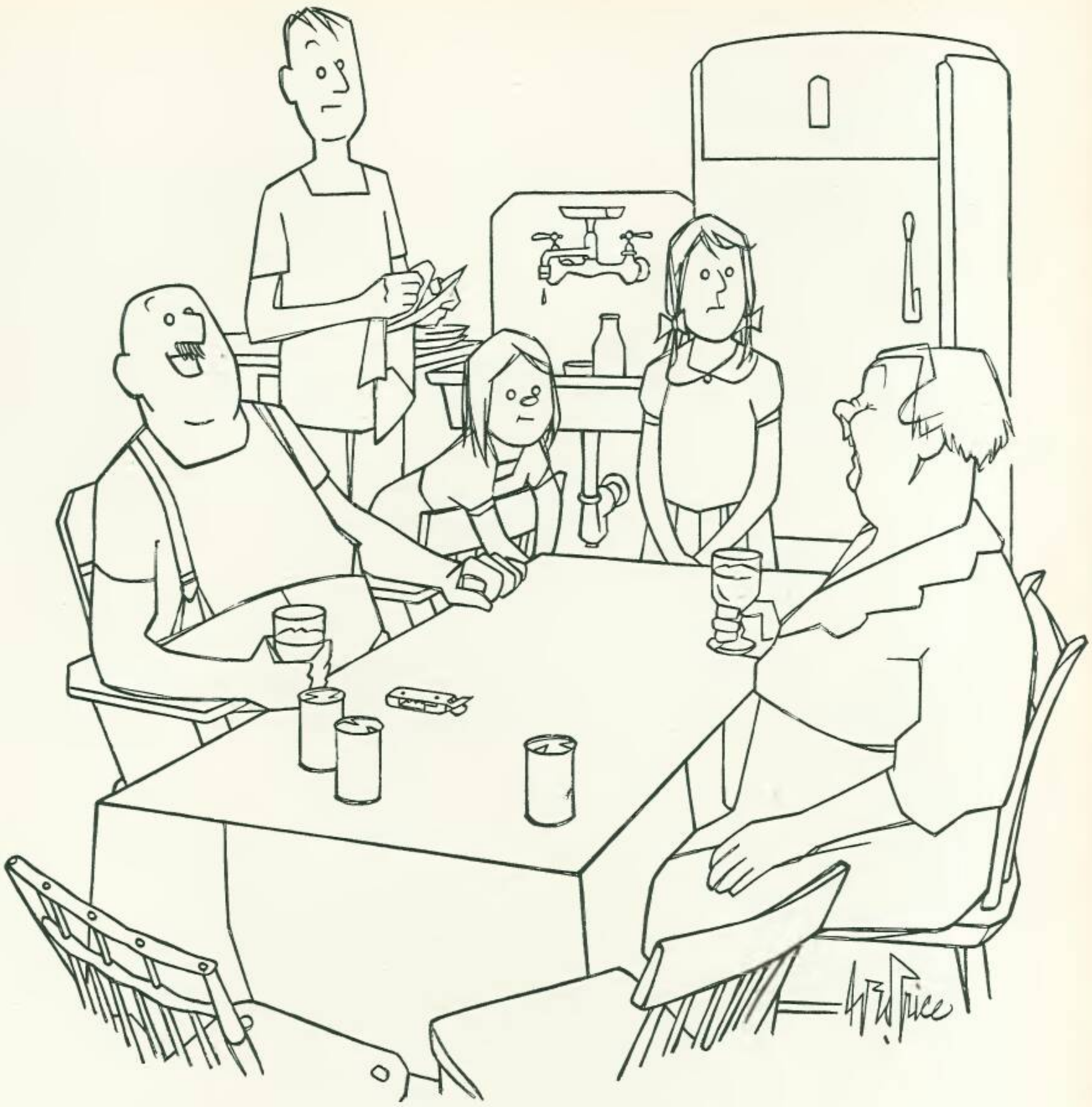
"Oh, men like the boss of James Bond, the operative who's the chief character in all my books," said our host. "When I wrote the first one, in 1953, I wanted Bond to be an extremely dull, uninteresting man to whom things happened; I wanted him to be the blunt instrument. One of the bibles of my youth was 'Birds of the West Indies,' by James Bond, a well-known ornithologist, and when I was casting about for a name for my protagonist I thought, My God, that's the dullest name I've ever heard, so I appropriated it. Now the dullest name in the world has become an exciting one. Mrs. Bond once wrote me a letter thanking me for using it."

Mr. Fleming, a sunburned, tall, curly-haired, blue-eyed man of fifty-three in a dark-blue suit, blue shirt, and blue-dotted bow tie, ordered another Martini, and so did we. "I've spent the morning in Central Park," he said. "I went there to see if I'd get murdered, but I didn't. The only person who accosted me was a man who asked me how to get out. I love the Park; it was so wonderful to see the brown turning to green. I went to the Wollman skating rink and saw all those enchanting girls skating around, and then I thought, This is the place to meet a spy. What a wonderful place to meet a spy! A spy with a child. A child is the most wonderful cover for a spy, like a dog for a tart. Do tarts here have dogs? I was interested to see that in the bird reservation in the Park there was not a single bird. There are no people there—it's fenced in, you know, with a sign—but no birds, either. Birds can't read."

Mr. Fleming lit a Senior Service cigarette and, in answer to some questions from us, said that he was a Scot, that he had been brought up in a



"This is definitely you, and not Jackie and not Grace Kelly."



"I like the way you wrinkle your nose when you laugh."

hunting-and-fishing world where you shot or caught your lunch, and that he was a graduate of Eton and Sandhurst. "I shot against West Point," he said. "When I got my commission, they were mechanizing the Army, and a lot of us decided we didn't want to be garage hands running those bloody tanks. My poor mamma, in despair, suggested that I try for the diplomatic. My father was killed in the '14-'18 war. Well, I went to the Universities of Geneva and Munich and learned extremely good French and German, but I got fed up with the exams, so in 1929 I joined Reuters as a foreign correspondent and had a hell of a time. Wonderful! I went to Moscow for Reuters. My God, it was fun! It was like a tremendous ball game."

He ordered a dozen cherrystones and a Miller High Life, and we followed suit. "I like the name 'High Life,'" he said. "That's why I order it. And American vermouth is the best in the world."

He added that he had been with Reuters for four years, and we asked what happened next.

"I decided I ought to make some money, and went into the banking and stock-brokerage business—first with Cull & Company and then with Rowe & Pitman," he said. "Six years altogether, until the war came along. Those financial firms are tremendous clubs, and great fun, but I never could figure out what a sixty-fourth of a point was. We used to spend our whole time throwing telephones at each other. I'm afraid we ragged far too much."

We inquired about the war, from which, according to the British *Who's Who*, Mr. Fleming emerged a naval commander, and he said, "I was personal assistant to the Director of Naval Intelligence, so I went everywhere."

We asked what he'd done after the war.

"I joined the editorial board of the London *Times*," he said. "I still write articles for it, and I'm a stockholder. And in 1952, when I was in Jamaica, Cyril Connolly asked me to write an article about Jamaica for his magazine, *Horizon*. It was rather a euphoric piece, about Jamaica as an island for you and me to go to."

We promised to go, and he said, "How about some domestic Camembert? It's better here than the French."

During this and the coffee, he reverted to the non-ornithological James Bond. "I think the reason for his success is that people are lacking in heroes in real life today," he said. "Heroes are always getting knocked—Philip and Mountbatten are examples of this—and I think people absolutely long for heroes. The thing that's wrong with the new anticolonialism is that no one has yet found a Negro hero. They're scratching around with Tshombe, but . . . Well, I don't regard James Bond precisely as a hero, but at least he does get on and do his duty, in an extremely corny way, and in the end, after giant despair, he wins the girl or the jackpot or whatever it may be. My books have no social significance, except a deleterious one; they're considered to have too much violence and too much sex. But all history has that. I finished the last one, my tenth James Bond story, in Jamaica the other day; it's long and tremendously dull. It's called 'The Spy Who Loved Me,' and it's written, supposedly, by a girl. I think it's an absolute miracle that an elderly person like me can go on turning out these books with such zest. It's really a terrible indictment of my own character—they're so adolescent. But they're fun. I think people like them because they're fun. A couple of years ago, when I was in Washington, and was driving to lunch with a friend of mine, Margaret Leiter, she spotted a young couple coming out of church, and she stopped our cab. 'You must meet them,' she said. 'They're great fans of yours.' And she introduced me to Jack and Jackie Kennedy. 'Not *the* Ian Fleming!' they

said. What could be more gratifying than that? They asked me to dinner that night, with Joe Alsop and some other characters. I think the President likes my books because he enjoys the combination of physical violence, effort, and winning in the end—like his PT-boat experiences. I think James Bond may be good for him after the dry pack of the day."

Mr. Fleming is married to a former wife of Lord Rothermere and has a nine-year-old son, Caspar, who is away at boarding school. "He doesn't read me, but he sells my autographs for seven shillings a time," his father said.

Bread-and-Butter Letter

ONE of our diplomats in West Africa has forwarded us a copy of the following note, which his young son sent to some people who had entertained him:

DEAR MR. AND MRS. SMITH:

I have seen several black and yellow spiders around recently. One of them got on me as I came back from the beach to your house. My father told me to knock it off because it was a baby taranchila. It is now living under your sofa. Thank you for a nice time. PETER

First Latimeria

A FEW mornings ago, we dropped in on Dr. Donn Rosen, Assistant Curator of Fishes at the Museum of Natural History, and found him hovering over his telephone and fidgeting in a scholarly manner with papers on his desk. Just minutes earlier, Dr. Rosen had got word that a preserved *Latimeria chalumnae*, or coelacanth, had arrived at Idlewild and was on its way to the Museum by truck. He was justifiably excited, since any specimen of *Latimeria chalumnae*, the only known living species of the Latimeriidae family of fish, is a prize, and this was the first to arrive in the Western Hemisphere. Until that morning, the Museum had had to get along with a plaster cast of a specimen that is in the Paris Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle.

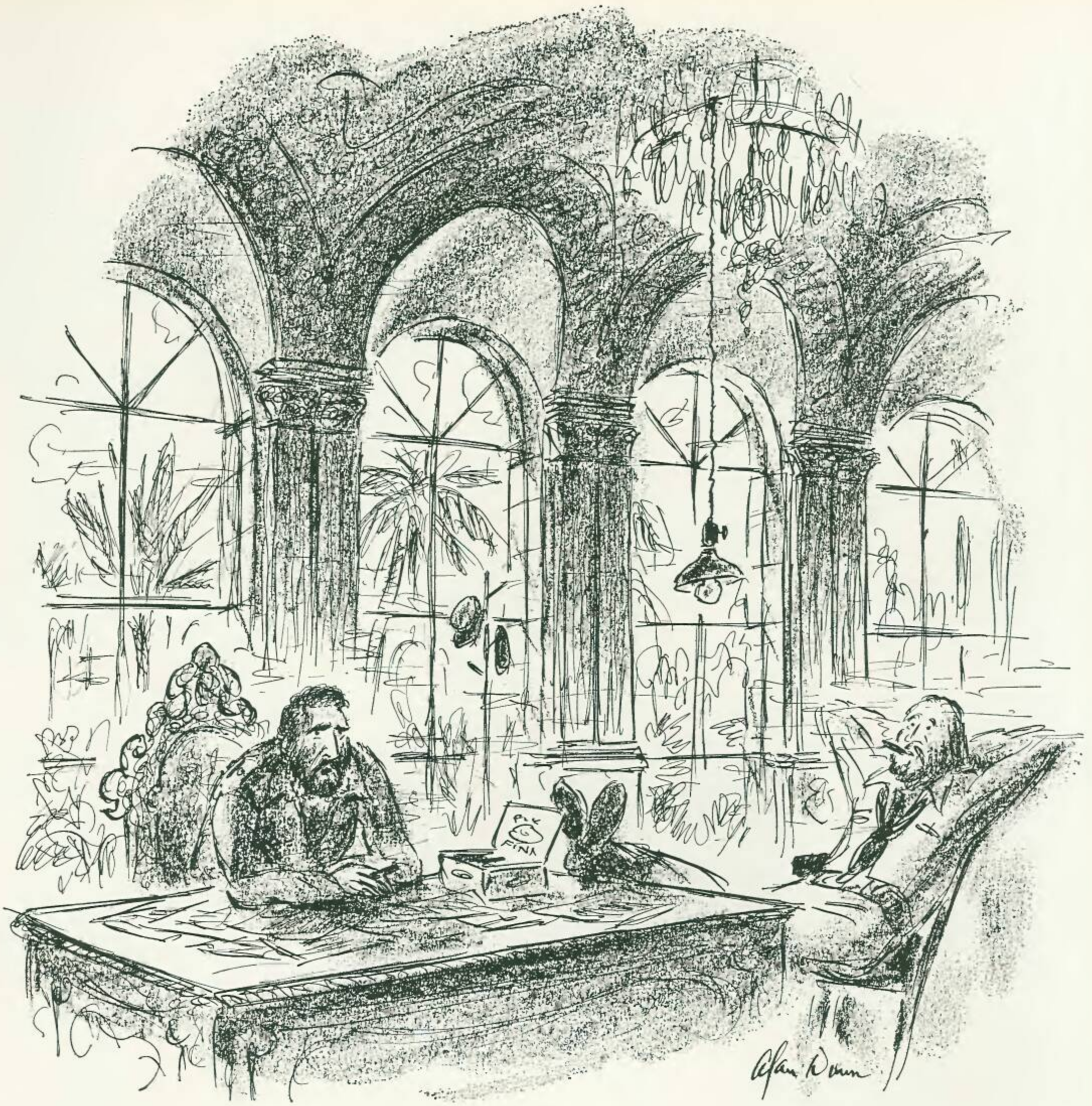
Before 1938, it was thought that the coelacanth fishes had become extinct at the end of the Cretaceous period, seventy million years ago. Then, in December of that year, Miss Marjorie Courtenay-Latimer, of the East London Museum, in East London, South Africa, was notified by a fisherman that he had netted a strange fish off the mouth of the Chalumna River. She went to the wharf where his boat was tied up, collected the fish, which had ripened unpleasantly during the wait, and took it back to her office. Later, she sent it to Professor J. L. B. Smith, dean of South African ichthyologists. Professor Smith identified it as a coelacanth and named the species *Latimeria chalumnae*, insuring that Miss Latimer's name would remain associated with the coelacanth long after her office had aired out. A second coelacanth was caught in 1952 off the Comoro Islands, which are between Africa and Madagascar, and Professor Smith swooped down in a South African military plane to make sure that this specimen was preserved thoroughly for anatomical study. Since then, thirteen more coelacanths have been caught off the Comoro Islands, but Professor Smith, having had plenty of chance to study the coelacanth's anatomy, has done no more swooping. Twelve of these later specimens became the property of the French government—the islands are an overseas territory of France—and were sent to the Paris Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle, where Dr. Jacques Millot and Dr. Jean Anthony have been dissecting them; the Natural History Museum's coelacanth came as a gift from the Comoro Islands. The anatomy of *Latimeria chalumnae* is of great biological interest, because the coelacanths are closely related to the extinct rhipidistians, which gave rise to the land vertebrates, although the coelacanths themselves gave rise to nothing except more coelacanths. At first, there was some hope that dissection of *Latimeria* would tell biologists all they wanted to know about the fishlike ancestors of man, but it soon became apparent that the coelacanths have many peculiarities of their own that could not have been present in the direct ancestors of the land vertebrates. This has dampened some of the early enthusiasm of the students of human evolution, but to the connoisseurs of fish anatomy these quirks make coelacanths all the more alluring.

It took almost three hours for *Latimeria* to make the trip from Idlewild to the shipping room of the Museum—an indication that living fossils fare no better than anyone else in getting from the airport to midtown Manhattan. In the shipping room, Dr. Bobb Schaeffer, Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology, had the crate opened, poked *Latimeria* with his finger to make sure that the specimen was firm and well preserved, and reported satisfactory results to Dr. Edwin Colbert, Chairman of the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology. (This was a busy day for Dr. Schaeffer, an authority on extinct coelacanths, since besides poking *Latimeria* with his finger he had to talk to the press and the Museum's publicity department, and prepare a talk for a seminar that evening on the evolution of fishes.) Shortly afterward, we wandered into the ichthyology laboratory, on the second floor, and found *Latimeria chalumnae* laid out in state in a sink full of a formaldehyde solution. The formaldehyde vapors were almost overpowering, and to reduce them the door to the lab had been propped open and a large electric fan placed in the doorway; this allowed visitors to the Hall of Petroleum Geology to enjoy *Latimeria* vicariously. *Latimeria* was a whopping specimen, fifty-three inches long, with the expression of an angry grouper and with fins that looked like long-handled garden trowels. It is the coelacanth's fins, known as "lobe fins," that have particularly fascinated the biologists; inside the fleshy handles of the trowels are bones and muscles of the same sort that in the rhipidistians gave rise to the arms and legs of land vertebrates. The ichthyology laboratory was not crowded, but as time went on, most of the staff of the Museum paid it a brief visit. (The formaldehyde vapors kept the visits short.) Dr. James Oliver, Director of the Museum, had been in earlier and left with a *Latimeria* scale, which he intended to have set in plastic for a paperweight. While we were there, Dr. Richard Zweifel, a frogs-and-lizards man, came in and clasped a fin in his hand. "I've shaken hands with a lobe fin! What a magnificent creature!" he said before he left. We also shook hands with the lobe fin, and also found the experience uplifting.



Dr. Rosen came in with Dr. Colbert and Mr. Louis Monaco, who is Secretary of the Vertebrate Paleontology Department and a skilled fisherman and amateur photographer. Mr. Monaco climbed up on the drainboard of the sink, snapped a few pictures of *Latimeria*, and frowned at it expertly. "From the shape, it must be a female. That's the way a female sea bass goes," he said.

Dr. Rosen conceded that Mr. Monaco might very well be right. He then



"Remember the good old days when there was always something to confiscate?"

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stretched out a back fin of *Latimeria* and noted a raspy covering of prickles on the bony stays of the fin. "Here, feel this," he said delightedly to Dr. Colbert.

Dr. Colbert put out a gingerly finger and muttered, "Yeah. Hmm."

Dr. Rosen told us he was very pleased with the state of his new acquisition, and added that, like all specimens of *Latimeria* except the first, this one had been caught by hook and line. It had a deep wound on the left side, probably from gaffing, he pointed out, but otherwise it seemed in fine shape. We agreed; to our eye, it was a better-looking fish than many of the ones used to decorate restaurant windows. The preservation and packing in the Comoros, we learned, had been done by Dr. Georges Garrouste, private physician to sixty-seven thousand Comoro Islanders. Dr. Garrouste received no pay for the time he spent on *Latimeria*, and even missed one of the nights of dissipation, listening to Mozart string quartets, that he permits himself every few months as a rest from his medical duties. Thanks to the excellent job Dr. Garrouste had done, Dr. Rosen noted, the Museum's *Latimeria* had arrived straight and untwisted, except for the last few inches of the tail. The bent-up tip of the tail excited a sportsman's gleam in Dr. Rosen's eye. "This might be the biggest *Latimeria* ever caught," he said. "The crate is one of Millot's crates, designed to fit the largest specimen in the Paris museum, and the tip of the tail had to be bent up to fit in."

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DIALOGUE overheard in a Greenwich Village sportswear shop:

"Have you any blue jeans in black?"

"Yes."

TWELVE CHASES ON WEST NINETY-NINTH STREET

EVERYBODY is running in New York; "the pace is fast," they say. What they are doing is chasing one another. Every one of them is either after somebody or running away from somebody. Once in a while, one of them manages, with careful timing, to do both at the same time. But on the upper West Side, between Broadway and Riverside Drive, the timing is only fair. On the 300 block of West Ninety-ninth Street, the residents chase each other up and down the steep hill that rises from the Drive to West End Avenue, and then, between chases, they rest, and sit on the front stoops or lean out of their windows and passively absorb the chaotic racket and motion of dogs, children, cats, fire engines, police cars, garbage trucks, moving vans, blocked and klaxoning cars, and rusty-wheeled grocery carts. Beat-up two-toned cars with North Carolina plates and cracked safety glass in the side windows park in broken-brown-bottle glass. Everything is cracked, knocked in, busted on West Ninety-ninth. Two buildings on opposite sides of the street in the middle of the block are Negro rooming houses, one high-class and one low-class. The other buildings on the block exclude Negroes but are open to examples of all the other groups that exist. When they chase, the people there usually pick out someone of their own type to go after; it is a rare sight to see a white chasing a Negro, or a Negro chasing a white. Even the children scattered about in front of the buildings ordinarily chase within their own groups. In one way, these barriers were attacked when a Negro named Ray fell twelve feet from a porch railing into a concrete-floored cellarway and broke his neck.

Ray lives in the low-class rooming house, where a torn, flapping canvas marquee proclaims its name—the Ritz. Across the street, the high-class rooming house, unnamed, displays only a neat red-lettered sign—"NO LOITERING IN THIS DOORWAY." The sign is obeyed, and altogether that building sustains a higher tone of amenities. Screams and violent threats are unusual, and among all the residents there is clear evidence of good taste in bathrobes and other nightdress, as everyone on the block verifies when a fire breaks out in the basement or in one of the rooms and firemen rout the inhabitants out into the night. (Within one year, five fires broke out in one rooming house. In the whole of the 300 block, there were over two dozen.) The nightdress and other comparisons can be made among the residents even though direct, inter-building, man-to-man relationships are, as has been noted, rare.

There is no way to examine all of these people at a given moment so as to construct a truthful and complete account of what is going on here. All that can be done is to take a sample of, say, three of these people: a wide-brimhatted man in his late forties named Benny, who runs an inefficient parking lot; a very thin young woman named Flo, with good-looking dark eyes; and a young cop who actually lives in the Bronx but has made himself at home in the neighborhood. Broken-necked Ray does not figure in the sample, but he is in this scene nevertheless; all those people on the block, forever riding up and down in the elevators or wandering up to Broadway twenty times a day for small, obscure purposes—all those people are in it. The trouble, of course, is that nobody stays put in this slice-of-life 300 block; people are forever leaking out at each end of it (and sometimes, as with the local juvenile delinquents, they cut out of the scene laterally, via the rooftops). Never mind. We have, all lined up, Benny, Flo, and the cop. These three sample people, taken as chasers and also as chased, can work into an arithmetical maximum of twelve relationships, twelve chases. Though we could never sort out *all* the people on the 300 block, we can exhaust the potential chases among our three.



WHAT is the thin-limbed young woman Flo doing on West Ninety-ninth Street this Sunday evening, arguing with Benny out in front of his apartment building? She doesn't even live on this street; she lives on Amsterdam Avenue. (Nothing is perfect; of the three sample 300-block people, two of them live elsewhere. It's nowhere *near* perfect.) Flo is a waitress in the Crosstown Bar, on West Ninety-sixth Street, another world.

"Come on up," Benny says. "Come on, Flo. I thought you wanted to come up."

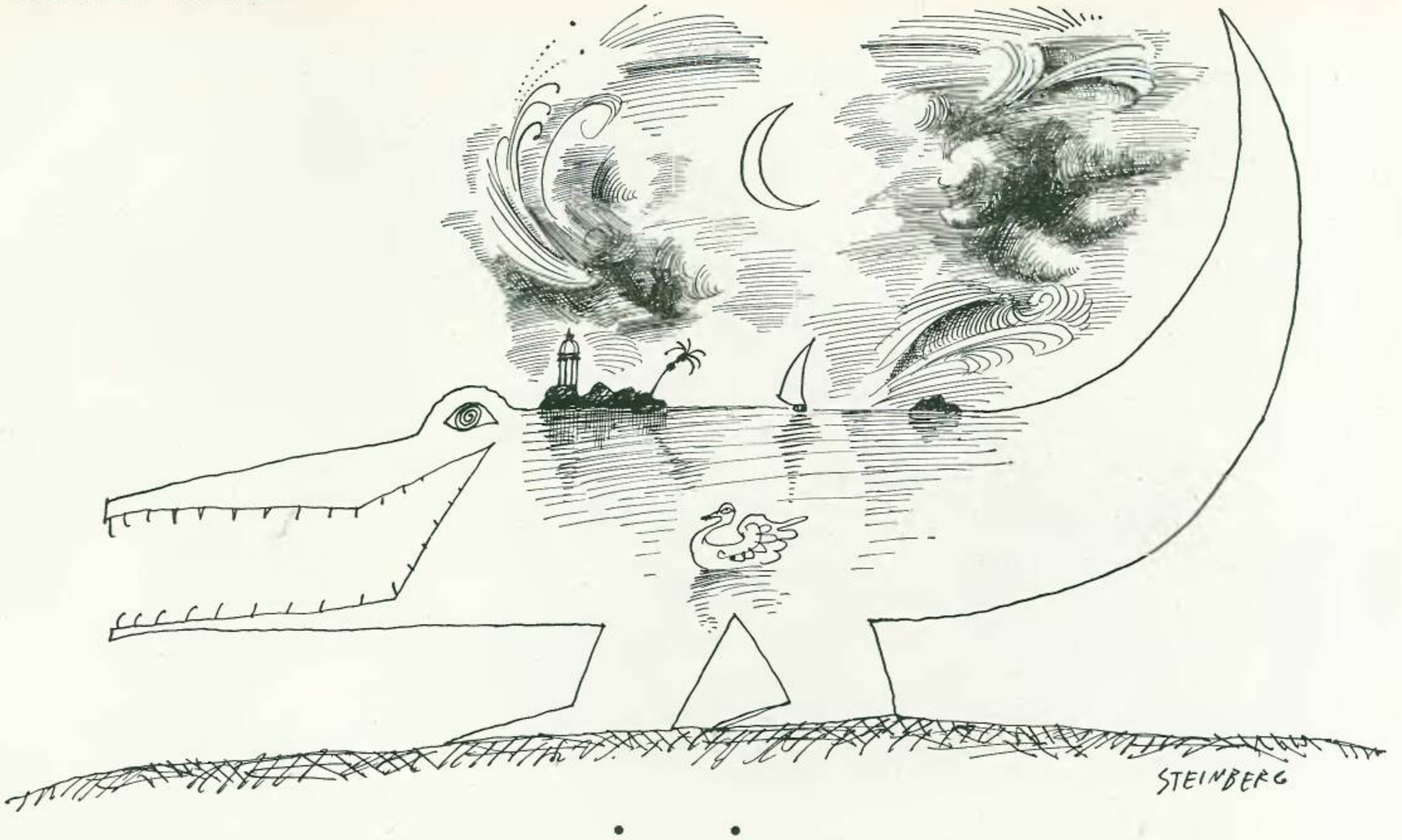
Flo looks out to the cars streaming along the Henry Hudson Parkway but doesn't focus her eyes on them. She's thinking. She says, "Don't rush me. You're always in a hurry."

"Already I know you six months and I'm in a hurry?"

"Yes, you're in a hurry."

There they go, they're chasing now. Flo is going up the hill toward Broadway. She heads for the Cake Masters bakery to pick up a loaf of seeded rye with which eventually to carry out a secret plan to end Chase No. 1 by making sandwiches up in Benny's so-called studio apartment (where the stove is on top of the refrigerator). As she goes into the bakery, she sweeps a glance over the throng of beanbag women customers, all under five feet tall, scarves over their hair, jumping up and down waving exploding coins in their fists, and she hears a strong, oily-voiced baritone singing out from somewhere in a ululating vibrato. Flo takes a pink ticket from the Takacheck machine just inside the door and glances at her number—44. She compares this with the changing number in the frame behind the counter—3. Flo, although of a stolid, unimaginative nature, has nevertheless absorbed from the circuslike variety in the city around her a certain resiliency when she finds herself in untoward situations, so that at first she hardly remarks the presence of a singer in the Cake Masters. This is a long-faced, rheumy-eyed singer with thatchy brown hair and bony red wrists and unstable lips, a gawky, sentimental bakery singer, with good strong lungs. "My Yiddishe Momme" and "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" he sings while Flo waits for her number to come up. When it does, she whispers to the baker, "Why is he singing?" The baker replies loudly, embarrassing Flo, "He wants to sing, let him sing, why shouldn't he sing?" He gazes in amused speculation into Flo's handsome dark eyes. "Let him *sing*, he wants to sing." All the jolting little women are asking each other the same question, "Why is he singing?" Flo thinks, If he is singing, he must want money. She whispers to the baker, "But does he want money?" The baker smiles at her and says, "Give him money, you got too much. He's singing. He asks nothing." Flo at this point begins to suspect a kind of existence beyond her own, but then she leaves the bakery with the rye bread, and the process is interrupted. Flo, almost unchanged, now returns to the 300 block, late for the chase with Benny.

Chase No. 1 continues. Benny is again chasing Flo up that 300-block hill, Flo running awkwardly on spike heels, jerkily twisting her elbows as she goes. Her lips are tight as she flounces past the open doorway of the Ritz, where the lounging Negroes eye her implaca-



bly. As she clicks past, she shoots a sharp look at them, a chastising what-are-*you*-looking-at look, but they don't mind the look; they have seen Flo before and they have seen her look before, too. At the Cake Masters, we discovered Flo to be of a square state of mind, yet ready to consider giving a bakery singer a tip for singing she did not enjoy (though she would remember it). Here she is now giving Benny a hard time, giving the Negroes a cold eye, flouncing up the hill like a girl of no substance, like some floppy suburban teen-ager. She gives Benny a hard time but she doesn't turn him off altogether, as one ought to expect. Flo, who insists on a bakery singer giving an account of himself, insists on logic and rightness. When one considers Benny's overripe gambit to Flo six months ago (a blizzardy evening, and Benny emboldened by a rare access of ambition: "Say, young lady, how about taking in a show after you get off work, and before that maybe some Chinese food at the Gung Ho?"), it is clear that Flo should have frozen him solid. But that is not what Flo did; she accepted him, conditionally, accepted a little of him. She goes on up past the areaway of an apartment house and stops. Benny runs up to her, and Chase No. 1 ends, statistically considering it. Flo is going to come to his apartment. Benny opens his hands outward in a gesture of hopeless generosity—anything-you-say-is-O.K.-by-me. Now Flo wonders why she ever set foot in this 300 block. Benny is too old and his nose is too big and he talks too loud. But she had nothing better to do, nothing at all any better.

"Come on up for a little while," Benny persists.

Flo realizes that going with Benny means nothing to her one way or the other. She is altogether uninvolved with him. "No," she says, her lips forming the word completely by chance; it could just as easily have been "yes" or "green." This refusal is so unemotional that Benny receives it unquestioningly. He turns and heads for home.

Chase No. 2 takes up as Flo uncertainly retraces her steps and follows Benny down the hill. They go Indian file, loping along. Just before the Ritz entrance, Flo hears a groan, and stops. She looks around. The Negroes on the steps of the Ritz are watching her. Benny, sensing he is no longer being chased, turns around. All the figurants turn to stone momentarily until the next groan releases them. High above them, his elbows leaning on a blue-and-white striped pillow on the window ledge, a pink-skinned, sallow-cheeked old man, immutable Cro-Magnon street watcher, gazes down, drawing no conclusions, one sight worth another—fat woman with shopping cart, nimble-footed television-set repossessors, jingling Good Humor man, busted Negro. Flo looks in every direction, trying to trace that groan, and notices this old man in his window, unblinkingly eying her, a gargoyle cemented to his window ledge. There is another groan. Flo peers down into a cellarway between the sidewalk and the wall of the Ritz. A man is lying down there.

She runs down the narrow stairs to him, and Benny runs up and peers over the railing at her, then looks up at the porch railing from which the man has fallen. Flo kneels beside the fallen Negro. "Where are you hurt?" she demands. The Negro mumbles. "Are you all right?" she demands more loudly.

"Of course he isn't all right," Benny interrupts. "He fell from way up here. We better call a cop."

Flo tugs at the Negro's arm. The Negro lies in sooty wetness. "Gimme a drink," he says. Flo clicks up the stairs and runs in her rag-doll run to the Ritz Negroes and commands in her thin voice, "Get some blankets, there's a man hurt down here!" Heads appear in Ritz windows, lounging Negroes stir, faces press against windows of parked cars; the gargoyle turns his head away from his late-afternoon-sun watching. Negroes clatter into the cellarway to help their fallen comrade, now moaning and cursing, as busy thin-legged Flo and useless wide-brimmed Benny run off (No. 3) to find a cop.

Flo runs blindly down West End Avenue, Benny protesting that they should go on over to Broadway. He will



"Perhaps you ought to leave the camping in the desert to the younger Minutemen."

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protest all his life; he has created a protesting existence for himself with this dark-haired, sharp-chinned girl—Benny the follower, the whiner, the pleader, would-be seducer of Ninety-sixth Street waitress, operator of lousy parking lot. He cannot even catch a cop to save a busted Negro that his girl found, Benny himself never having noticed a single fallen human being in all his humdrum life. ("But if somebody would just let me know what I'm supposed to do," Benny is always complaining, and shrugging, his hands outstretched in that gesture of facile generosity.) Then he puts his hand in the side pocket of his checked jacket, where he can feel the silky, grainy texture of some crumpled dollar bills. He thinks, Maybe I will give this money to the Negro. But Benny won't actually give the money, because later he will decide the city will take care of the Negro, Mother New York City.

Flo finds the cop, who follows her back to the Ritz and descends to kneel (in his turn) beside the fallen Negro. "How do you feel, buddy?" says the cop.

The Negro pronounces barely audible curses, velvet-caressing curses, in a sad, rambling, uninterested voice, as if someone else were doing his cursing for him and was falling asleep at the task. "Sons of bitches," he murmurs, "gimme a drink ma wine, man." He passes out, then passes in again.

The cop tests the articulation of the man's arms and legs. "How does that feel, buddy?" No answer.

Above, Benny and Flo and many Negro neighbors peer down, the Negroes according a preferred vantage point to Benny and Flo because of their central role in the diversion. Benny stands back, suddenly impatient of this intrusion into his plans by fallen Negro and cop-chasing, which anyway is done with. The victim is being attended by a city official. Good, thinks Benny, grasping Flo's arm, but even after six months she still acts as if he were a stranger molesting her. Has he not taken this girl to the Gung Ho, to movies at the Midtown, to Pizza Burger Pete's? Yet a little favor, a little friendliness like coming up to his place for a drink and sandwiches, becomes impossible. Benny now imagines the soft light of dusk in his room becoming dimmer; the two of them hear pigeons cooing, and the clapping of car tires over manhole covers, and the hum of weekend motorists on the Henry Hudson Parkway. But the cop shouts up at Flo, "Call an ambulance!"

Benny sees it is his and Flo's duty to call the ambulance, because they had called the cop in the first place. So now the cop is bringing them *his* troubles, chasing (No. 4) *them* with orders and demands. It is *their* fallen Negro now. But that's not true, Benny thinks protestingly. Still, nobody in the crowd offers to take the job from them, and Flo has already gone into the Ritz to telephone. Benny follows, as he follows all his life, to no purpose. Imperious Flo calls the ambulance: "Come right away! Man hurt, West Ninety-ninth." Negro residents crowd the doorway and the stairs and stare at Flo, who returns to the railing above the cellarway; the people make room for her. There is enough residue of respect for Benny, as Flo's associate, to warrant him a place at the railing as well. The ambulance arrives; two wiry Puerto Rican internes jump out, clatter out a stretcher, and exchange bursts of Spanish. They, too, test his bones and joints. Ray curses them in his phenomenally soft voice. The internes grab his shoulders and lift him up; Ray screams in a cruel, hopeless spasm, and they edge him onto their stretcher. Flo pulls away from the cellarway, and a Negro next to her says, "Thanks a lot for helping." She says, "I just hope those guys don't kill him." She goes off toward Broadway without looking back, and a few minutes later Benny follows.

THE Negroes watch Benny depart as if he were the mayor of West Ninety-ninth Street—the mayor of West Ninety-ninth Street who has lost his girl. He sees the cop about to get into a police cruiser at the top of the hill. Benny chases (No. 5) him to ask where Flo might have gone—if she has gone to the police station to make a report, or something. Benny gets no information here, and goes on up to the end of the 300 block before the cop yells after him and chases (No. 6) him calling, "Hey, wait a minute." He wants to know the exact time the victim was found in the cellarway. But even this small usefulness Benny cannot produce. His watch is not working—not wound, probably, or just clogged. The cop lets him go. Benny gazes along the street hoping for the sight of a black skirt, thin legs. If it hadn't been for the cop, I could have caught her, he thinks. Still, the cop *had* come to him for information—important information. He glows a bit. He is of *some* consequence. He crosses West End Avenue and goes down to the Albert Liquor Store, source of Ray-toppling Gallo. Benny tells the proprietor of having found the busted Negro—"Probably saved his life," he boasts. A general conversation ensues on the subject of hard falls. Ben-

ny is looking for the girl, but he buys a bottle of J. W. Dant anyway.

Flo returns to the 300 block, where the Negroes welcome her. "Let the lady pass," they cry. After a round-the-world trip along escaping-from-Benny West End Avenue up to 100th Street, and then down unknown who-are-those-people-in-the-window-watching 300 block of 100th Street, she comes with relief into the safe, known world, past the firemen's memorial, to Ninety-ninth Street. She knows she has found a home away from home in this place where the ambulance she had summoned has only just rolled away with damaged Negro aboard, Ray enthroned inside with Puerto Rican attendant cooling him with a palm fan, Ray waving a hand to all faithful subjects outside, and these Negroes, having been blessed by Ray, and by his rescue mollified, now retreat into their welcome-to-the-North furnished cages in the Ritz. Flo looks up at the façade of the Ritz, the bottles of beer, cartons of orange juice, cans of evaporated milk littering the sills. It's not good enough, she thinks, mumbles aloud; she isn't precisely sure what that means. The rooming house is included, and so is Benny, and Ray falling down drunk into the cellarway is in it, too. Somebody is responsible, she thinks; the nearest representative of organizing forces is that cop. So she chases (No. 7) off after him. She wants to make a general complaint.

UP the hill she goes. "Where's that cop?" she asks her new Negro neighbors. "Where's the cop?" the Negroes repeat to one another. A tall Negro girl in a thin red flower-printed dress, with a gold cap over one front tooth, and auburn-dyed hair, and high Indian cheekbones, grins at Flo and says, "What do you want that cop for, honey? Can we help you some way?" But Flo clicks up the street alone. She finds the cop leaning on the police-car door. "That ambulance took an hour to arrive," she complains.

The cop says, "Lady, anybody in this whole city calls in with even a stomach ache, anything, we got to rush to him, and you can figure it takes a lot of ambulances, a city this size, and this being Sunday, and a hot Sunday, with people out in the parks and in the streets. We get a lot of calls, and there's just so many ambulances to go around. That boy there, he'll be all right."

"What is your name?" Flo demands, these being the only words she can think of by way of explaining that she really wants to saddle him with the responsibility of having made none of it good enough: the dirty hot street not good enough, the hot-roast-beef and steam-table-pastrami waitress job not good enough, soggy-brained Ray fallen in that cellarway not good enough, and Benny—my God, Benny, he's not good enough, either— But that isn't the cop's fault, none of it is the cop's fault, leave him alone, the poor guy; this won't be his only case today. "Never mind," she tells him, and goes off toward Broadway.

The cop says something to his colleagues in the police car and then follows (No. 8) Flo across West End Avenue. She passes a group of Haitians, shadowy French phrases echoing up and down the 200 block. The cop catches up. "If you want my name, I'll give it to you," he tells her challengingly. "Never mind," says Flo. "I didn't mean to bother you again."

Benny returns to the 300 block with his bottle of bourbon and stops to talk with a Ritz resident, a tall, gangling Negro with a beret, Charlie Chan mustache, and thick-lensed horn-rimmed glasses, who says, "Ray he fell right off this railing like a sack of meal and nobody heard him till you came along, he could have died down there you hadn't heard him call out and then go on down there to see what it was." Benny modestly shakes his head; he doesn't know what to say, and he wonders why Flo has run out on him like this. Why could he never get the girl to come home with him? Why? Nothing worked out. He returns to the chase.

The cop is leaning on the door of the synagogue at the corner of West End Avenue; he raises an indolent finger at Benny. "Who is that girl friend of yours?"

"Ah," Benny replies, pained, the memory of her too much for him to communicate in a word. He wants to put out his two hands there in front of him like *that* and force her to appear—boing—right there where he can take hold of her. Women always have somewhere else to go, Benny thinks.

"She wanted to take down my name," the cop says aggressively.

"So what do you want me to do about it?" says Benny.

"Well, what does she want with my name? She going to report me?" asks the cop.

"I don't know what she's going to do. Me, I'm the last person you should ask what she's going to do. You want



"All the kids in Advanced English—<u>that's</u> who call it a Boob Tube!"

to talk to her again? I'll tell you something, *I'd* like to talk to her."

"Let's find her," the cop suggests. They go off together, looking for her, an unspoken threat eating into the cop's silver-badge mind, his chief receiving an unfounded report of neglect of duty or of cruelty to fallen Negro, as if *he* had pushed the Negro into the cellarway. The cop and Benny (the lover) go after (No. 9) Flo and find her in a drugstore on Broadway having a Coke.

"I won't report you for it," she tells the cop, having decided that the cop is slightly responsible for nothing being good enough; he deserves a little needling. (And here is Benny again, she thinks.)

"For *what*?" says the cop. "What won't you report me for?"

Flo won't tell him what it is. She won't tell the cop what he wants to know, nor will she go up to Benny's place for the drinks and sandwiches. It is too late to do that, though she has nothing else to do. Her plans lead through a white blank into tomorrow's table-waiting at the Crosstown Bar, unless, by good fortune, another fallen citizen should be lying in her path for her to retrieve. "I don't want to know your name," she tells the cop, absolving him and then sending both him and Benny away as if she owns the drugstore. The cop goes out, ready for a quiet stand in front of the cigar store half a block down Broadway, where life is both more colorful and more peaceful than on the cross streets.

Benny goes out with him. They get only to the corner before Flo chases (No. 10) after them. "What hospital did that hurt man go to?" she asks the cop.

"Roosevelt Hospital," he replies.

Benny says, "What, you still worried about that fellow? He'll get the best care in the world, best care in the world. Right, Officer?"

The cop says, "Do me a favor, the next time you hear something like that, somebody groaning, take my advice, just keep on walking, save yourself a lot of trouble."

"But he would have died," Flo protests.

"They never die," the cop says. "You can't kill them as easy as that."

He goes off and leaves outraged Flo in the incapable hands of wide-brimmed Benny, who is wondering how he is going to make off with her, how to make the most of her anger. "Come on up to my place and cool off a little," he suggests. Flo is indecisive. A chink appears in her armor. Patience, thinks Benny. But I'll put my foot in it again, thinks Benny, remembering the time he had brought her some carnations while she was at work and she had stared at them as if she had never seen a flower before in her life, saying, "I don't like carnations!" Another time, during a walk in Riverside Park, he had grasped her hand in what was supposed to be an affectionate gesture, but he had done it too abruptly, it had been too grabby there in the juvenile-delinquent dusk of the park, and she had simply been scared, briefly but sharply. All he had ever succeeded in doing was to wait until she finished work so as to take her to a movie. Now he has two cases of beer in his kitchen, and this bottle of bourbon. He is all ready for her. They walk together down West Ninety-ninth, past the two Chinese laundries, Benny keeping his mouth shut for fear of ruining everything. She's not the only broad in this town, he tries to convince himself. Springily he walks along, clapping his perforated brown-and-white shoes down on the concrete. Anyway, he thinks, he is *with* Flo. She isn't looking at him, doesn't adjust her pace to his—he can sense that, he is not insensitive to such tips of bad news. "Bought some *bourbon*," he says tantalizingly, pulling the neck of the bottle from his coat pocket so that she may see it. "Good for you," she says. There is no use in his kidding himself, he thinks; she is really lost to him. What has happened, he wonders. She was on her way up to his place, then a man falls into a cellarway, and now she might as well



FIRST READER

When you go home, you may ask your parents to get you a Second Reader.
—*McGuffey's First Reader.*

Sun goes lime in a throng of oak.
Oh, in the coffee-roasted acre
where Jip pulled Bess in Robert's cart,
brave Ponto has buried my years
and years. The shade by the wall
is innocent of children. "Run, Nat,
and fetch the eggs. John can run
as fast as Rab, can you and Fanny?"
Another boy, for a brief chapter,
could run, run in wind
as loose as the bark of his clothes, and grow
so slowly he took long root
in the dandelion noon and the damp
mushroom earth of the parish night.
"Kate, will you help James fly
his kite? It will be great sport."
Why, this boy in the breezy chapter
could kite his sport in wild great
flights of fancy friends whose mothers
with their citrus hands and biscuit purses
waited like evenings in the propped doors
of Fords with front open windshields.
"There is a bee shut in a flower.
Hattie saw a rat and Nero
tried to catch it, but Ben White
frightened Lucy with his whip."
And Ponto has taken my early book
and buried all its primer leaves
in a field of stern time and harvest,
where Frank, the lame boy, plays
to Rose on his willow-pipe
and that running boy is good to his mamma
and Papa lets him ride on Prince.
Oh, I have turned those mulched pages
again and again to find his windy
name—but always there is one
page missing. "This is the last
lesson in the first book."

—Paris Leary

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be on another planet. Suddenly Flo is talking to him: "I'll have a drink with you; let's go to a bar somewhere." Benny understands nothing at all. They turn back, he takes her arm, and they go to a bar at 100th Street and Broadway to have Manhattans. Before they finish their first round, Benny orders another. Flo sighs a why-did-I-start-*this* sigh. Later, outside, Benny tries to pull her along with him; she resists, becomes angry, and then Benny becomes ugly and drags her a little way down Broadway. "Waste of *time!*" he shouts at her. Flo jerks away and runs down the street, past the cop, who calls out, "Where's the fire?" She stops, points accusingly, and she and the cop, in unrehearsed concert, move toward oncoming, lumbering Benny, on his way into another of his inconsequential disasters. Benny turns away from them, from secure and civilized Broadway, and runs (No. 11) down West Ninety-ninth Street, heading for home.

ON the 300 block the old-man gargoyle leans on his pillowed elbows and gazes, with the stone lions in the cornices, blankly down to the warm asphalt of the darkened street. Empty garbage cans, one inside another like Dixie cups, are piled up before each building; a broken lamppost leans stupidly at the end of the street, and abruptly, with all the others on the street, it lights up. Benny walks along disgruntled, wondering what to do with his bourbon and his cold beer. Only three residents of the Ritz are on the stoop now. One is the whiskered, bereted one, who looks up and says formally, "Evening."

Benny pulls himself out of his vindictive trance, stops, and says, "Any word about our friend?"

"Busted his neck," says the bereted one. "What they said there at the hospital. We called. He ought to be all right, though."

"That's pretty rough," says Benny. "Well, I hope he—he comes out of it, comes through it all right."

"We hope so, too."

"Well, good night," Benny says uneasily. The three residents all reply, "Good night." Benny goes on down the hill.

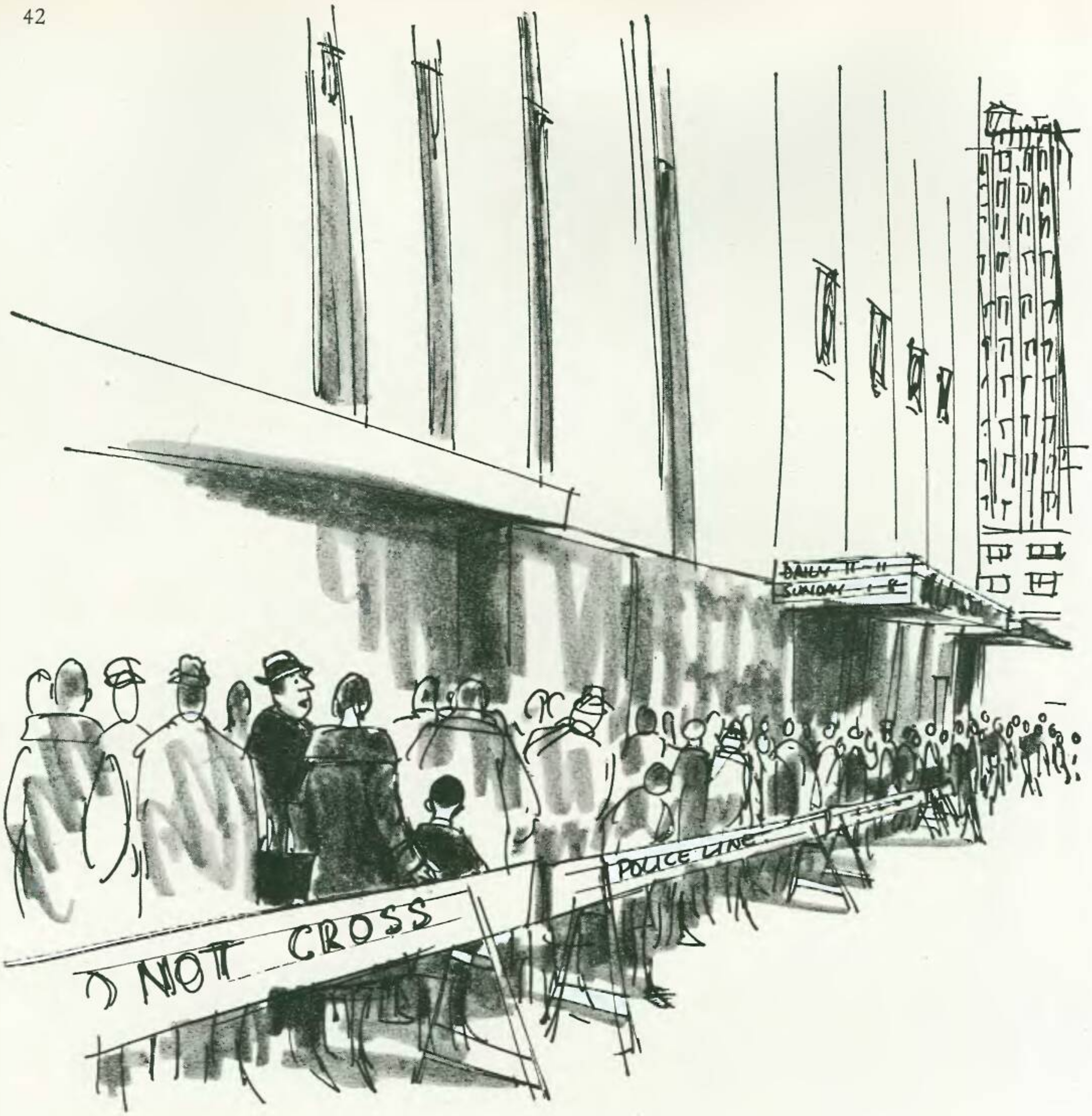
When he gets to his building, he looks back to the Ritz marquee flapping in the warm wind, then gazes out at the red neon Spry sign on the Jersey shore. Then, as if chasing were the easiest thing in the world, he thinks his way back up (No. 12) to Broadway, where Flo, like a wise guy, has called the cop on him—*him*, Benny, who is greeted good evening by all the people on the street. And she already *agreed* to come up here, he says to himself once more. What did that busted Negro have to do with them? But now he knows how to handle her; he sees himself, as in a dream, striding right up to Flo and that cop, and he hands the cop a five-dollar bill. Thank you, Copper, he says. You've done your duty, Copper. Then Benny takes the girl's arm, and the two of them stroll along the street, everybody saying hello, and then they go up to his place and open up that bottle of bourbon.

—ROY BONGARTZ

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MONROVIA—Council reports on resolutions opposing communism, nuclear testings and improvements on Olive Avenue will head action at the City Council meeting tonight.—*Pasadena (Calif.) Star-News.*

Busy days, busy days!



"I didn't say we were going for Edwin's sake. I merely said I thought Edwin would enjoy it."





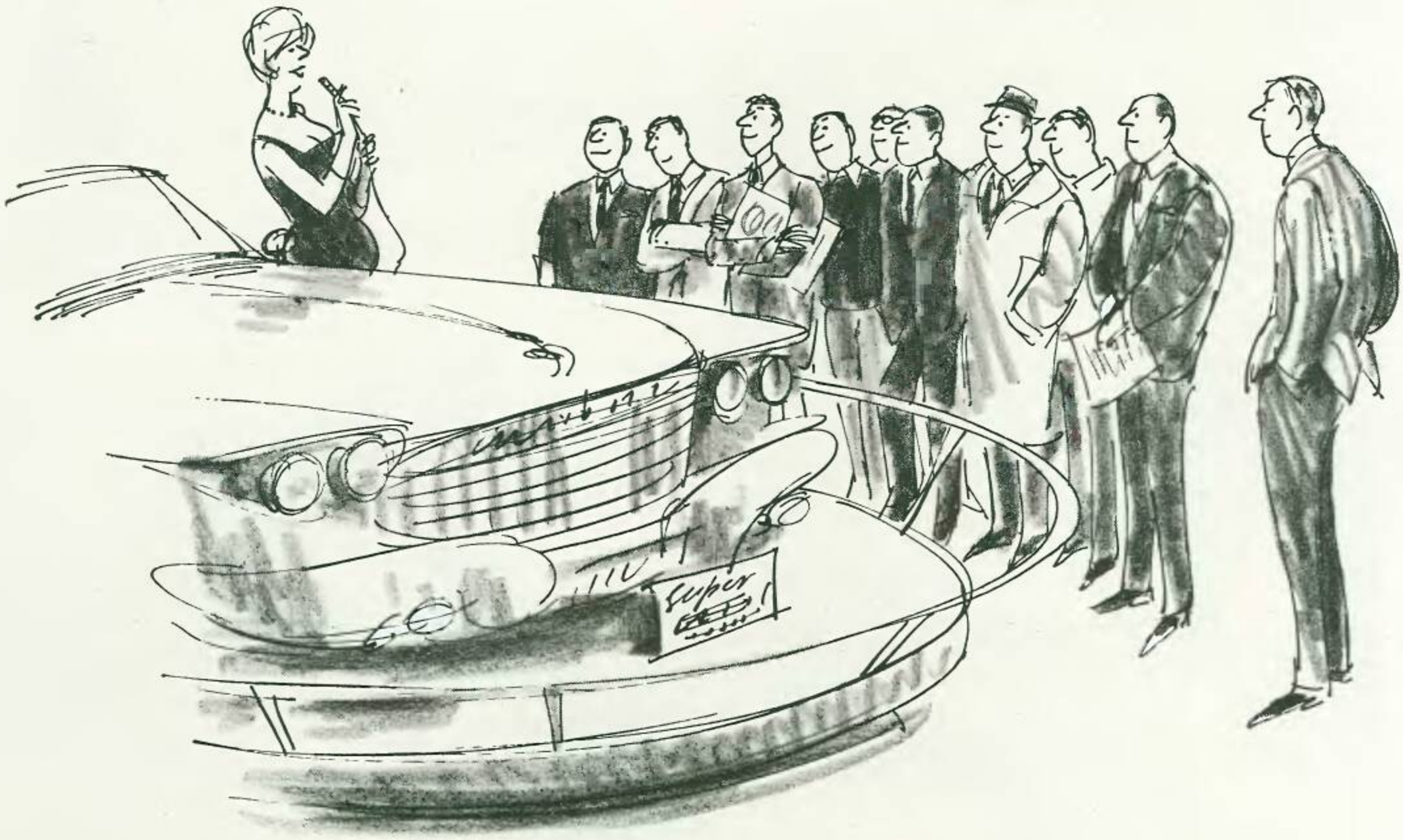
INTERNATIONAL AUTO SHOW



"Try to forget the idea of 'transportation' and think of this as a gay companion."

"I sold one of those in 1940 for twenty-five dollars."





"You will want to experience the acceleration of the fuel injection plus twin carburetion, with the all-new four-speed gearbox developing up to three hundred horsepower at forty-five hundred r.p.m. . . ."



"Frankly, we think of the two-passenger limit as a plus."

"I <u>beg</u> your pardon."



"*There's* your $11,565."



"*Then, you see, the children could have the Volks.*"



"*Let's see Detroit's latest contribution to world culture.*"

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

THE ALIEN

"DID you read this, Igo?" my Uncle Paul asked at dinner in the autumn of 1937. "Another speech and Hitler can put Austria in his pocket tomorrow. I know the university, and it's ninety per cent Nazi."

"A lot of Socialist propaganda," said my father.

My mother's brother Paul, who lived with us in Vienna and was twenty-six, a medical student, and generally avant-garde in his thinking, liked taking extreme positions in order to prick my father—forty-two and an accountant—to his most predictable platitudes.

"You're talking about a handful of lunatics," said my father.

"We Jews are a remarkable people," Paul said. "Our neighbor tells us he's getting his gun out for us, and we sit watching him polish it and load it and train it at our heads and we say, 'He doesn't really mean us.' "

"So what should we do? Go and hide in the cellar every time some raving lunatic in Germany makes a speech?"

"We should pack our rucksacks and get out of this country, that's what we should do," Paul said.

"And go to the jungle, I suppose, and live off coconuts. According to your brother, Franzi," my father said to my mother, "every time a raving lunatic in Germany makes a speech, we should go and live off coconuts in the jungle."

"Is something awful going to happen to us?" I asked my mother, aside.

"Let's hope not," my mother said.

I tried to imagine something happening so awful that we would have to pack up and leave. I imagined my father getting ill again and having to go to the hospital, but he looked very well, sitting up there arguing with Paul.

The next March, four days after my tenth birthday, Hitler took Austria. After my father had been thrown out of his job, he went every morning, as punctually as he had left for the bank, to make the rounds of the consulates and embassies, trying to find some way to get us out of the country. He got me onto the list of children that made up the first transport of Jewish children to leave Austria for England, in December, 1938. He hovered around my mother and me while we were packing my rucksack. "She can take my best crocodile belt, if she likes," he said.

"Igo! The children have to carry their own luggage, and we've been asked to pack as little as possible. And anyway, she can't use your belt. Do sit down."

I was grieved for my father, because he was in our way and because I could not use his belt, and I went and sat on his lap and let him tell me the story of Rikki-tikki-tavi, the mongoose, and his fight with the snake, although I knew it by heart. It is the only story I remember my father ever telling me, and I think that was the last time he told it.

My parents followed me to England in March, on a domestic-service visa, and went to work as cook and butler in a household in a small village in Kent, but by 1940 we were separated again. A wartime directive closed that section of England to "aliens of hostile origin" over sixteen. I was then twelve years old and so could stay on with the foster family with whom I had been living, but my parents had to find a job farther inland, in Sussex, until another directive from Whitehall ordered the internment of all male aliens of hostile origin over sixteen. Two policemen fetched my father, and he was taken to a camp on the Isle of Man.

My parents had two Viennese friends, Kari and Gerti Gold, who worked as cook and butler for a family in the pleasant Surrey town of Allchester, and my mother wrote to them of her unhappiness at having my ailing father way in the North and me in the South, where the bombs were falling, and she would not even be able to come to me if anything happened. The Golds suggested that my mother and I come to Allchester, where there was a helpful committee for Jewish refugees from Hitler Europe, who would surely find a job for her and a place for me to live nearby. My mother gave notice at her job and sent for me.

I was sick in the train all morning. In Allchester, we went straight to the lodgings that Kari had found for us—a narrow little room at the head of the stairs. My mother made me lie down and sat by me and read me "David Copperfield." We ate pears out of a paper bag, and it was cozy and nice. We did not know that my father had become so ill the authorities had declared





"He must be an only dog."

• •

him a friendly alien and given him his release papers, and that he was even then travelling toward Allchester.

My father had only the address where the Golds worked to connect him with us. He arrived at the house late in the evening, as they were preparing to go to bed, and he looked so tired and ill they made him come into the kitchen and gave him a cup of coffee. They wrote on a piece of paper the address where my mother and I were staying. My father got lost in the blackout of the strange town and stopped a policeman to ask the way, and the policeman arrested him for being an alien of hostile origin out on the street after the curfew and took him to the police station, where he entered the offense in my father's alien's registration book—so that subsequently my father was called in for questioning every time he changed his job or address. Then the policeman himself walked my father to our lodgings.

I was asleep in the narrow single bed and did not know until I woke up the following morning that my father was back. My mother later told me that my father had ten shillings left from his railway fare and that she had about ten shillings and one pear left in the paper bag. They sat on the edge of the bed all night and cried together.

The next morning, my mother took me to the office of the Refugee Committee. Mrs. Dillon, the head of the Committee, took me home to Adorato, the house where she lived with her older sister, Miss Douglas, and found a job for my mother as a cook-housekeeper with a family I shall call MacKenzie. My father was harder to place. He stayed in the little room at the head of the stairs, and Mrs. Dillon found him gardening work by the day.

My mother tells me a story that I seem to have chosen to forget, for I want nothing to spoil my infatuation with that formal, gentle town. Its Georgian and Victorian houses stand amidst lawns, birdbaths, rock gardens, flower beds, all enclosed by high rose- and ivy-covered walls. The first year, my father worked as assistant gardener in a small park belonging to a woman I shall call Mrs. Lambston. Mrs. Lambston kept a donkey to amuse her children in the school holidays. During the term, the donkey helped pull the manure and take garbage down to the bonfire. My mother says that one day Mrs. Lambston thought the donkey had a cold and told my father to unharness the poor dear and pull the cart himself. My mother swears that this is what brought on the hemorrhage that laid him up in the Allchester County Hospital, just back of Adorato.

But it had never taken much to bring on my father's illnesses. When I was quite a small child, I remember going to see him in the hospital, laid out flat in a white bed without even a pillow, his pale, peaked nose pointing at the ceiling. I was always surprised, when he came home, to see him upright, wearing his usual navy business suit.

Throughout my childhood, whenever I least expected it, my father got ill, always, it seemed to me, when there was some excitement my mother had planned for us—a birthday party, a visit to my grandparents in the country. She would meet me at the door as I came back from school and say, "Now *you* must be my friend, darling—they have taken Daddy away to the hospital," and we would have to go down into the blue dusk and bitter cold streets and take a tram across Vienna to see my father in a hospital room. My mother would go about for weeks with a pale, small face. And always my father would get better and come home. My mother would cook him special diets and fetch him his bicarbonate of soda.

After my father came out of the Allchester hospital, Mrs. MacKenzie invited him to stay with them, so that my mother could look after him. The MacKenzies lived in an Elizabethan water mill belonging to the National Trust—Mr. MacKenzie was an architect. On Sundays, when I came out to visit my parents, we all had our dinner in the living room, whose walls, floor, and ceiling were warm-colored unvarnished old wood, at a great, heavy oak trestle table. That was a magnificent table, at which there was room for the four MacKenzie daughters, their young friends, an ancient grandmother, a simple-minded cousin, and, as often as not, some friends of Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie—architects, writers, and ballet dancers, come to rest up from the nightly shock of

the London blitz—and there was room, too, for the refugee cook, and the cook's daughter, and the cook's sick husband.

I was in love with the whole MacKenzie family, and could have been in a state of happiness those Sundays had it not been for the presence of my father, who was always turning to my mother to have her translate what people were saying to him, and never understood the jokes going around. If the twins, who were fifteen, got the giggles and started my mother, sitting next them, off, Mr. MacKenzie, at the head of the table, seeing the three helpless, would pass the plates round the other side, but my father would put on his mock-amused face and say, "Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-haaa, very funny." I blushed for him, just as I had in Vienna, when he would come home in the evenings into the *Herrenzimmer*, where my Uncle Paul was studying his medical books and my mother was playing the piano, and put on his mock-sentimental face and go, "La-la, la-la, la-laaa," until my mother closed the piano and got up. Now my mother stopped laughing and said she must go and look after her dessert in the kitchen.

Mrs. MacKenzie said, "Mr. Groszmann has been in one of those ridiculous internment camps and he has been rather ill, but you're better now, aren't you? I think you're getting your color back."

"What?" said my father, turning to me for a translation and answering in German, "Not much better. All these wooden steps are hard for me, and I think the air out here is too damp to do anybody any good. Tell them."

"He says he is much better, thank you," I said, blushing painfully, "and he thanks you very much for letting him stay in the mill with my mother."

AFTER a few weeks, my father did get stronger. Mrs. Dillon found him a new little room in Allchester and, when Mrs. Lambston refused to have him back, persuaded Miss Douglas to let him work in our garden, which he did, three days a week, until he became ill again the following spring. I was coming up the hill from school, and I saw Mrs. Dillon holding the front door open, waiting for me. She had a handkerchief balled up in her hand. She made me come into the drawing room and sit down on the sofa, and she sat down beside me and patted my hand. She said my father had had a stroke, right at the bottom of the garden, and they had taken him to the County Hospital. "Your mother is with him." Mrs. Dillon kept stroking my hands with her handkerchief. "Poor darling," she said.

"I'm all right," I said, embarrassed by her sympathy, which I did not feel I deserved, for my eyes were dry and my heart beat steadily.

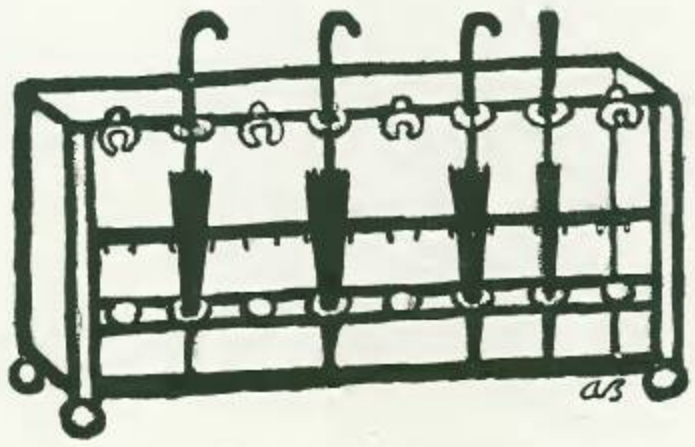
"Such poor, cold hands," murmured Mrs. Dillon. "Come sit closer to the fire and I'll build it up warm and nice for you."

"I always have cold hands," I said.

At night, they had the maid bring me hot chocolate to have before the fire, and Miss Douglas said to Mrs. Dillon, "We'll send him magazines. Mary, don't forget to make up a package of old *Punches* and *Tatlers*."

When they thought I had gone up to bed, Mrs. Dillon told Miss Douglas, who had been out of the house at the time, what had happened. "It seems he had just finished the lawn and was going to put the machine away, poor thing, because when I found him he was lying in the path outside the tool shed and he had lost all control of himself, poor man."

I stopped listening outside the door and went up the stairs to my room. The picture of my father lying in the path in the state Mrs. Dillon had described



fixed itself in my mind, and was to return later, often, and particularly when I was talking with him face to face.

The next day, I went to the hospital straight from school. My mother was waiting for me in the corridor outside the ward, and she smiled, because she was so pleased to see me, though her face was a high red color and her eyes were shining wet. "That terrible hat they make you wear," she said, smoothing my hair under the panama with the school ribbon. "Dr. Adler says Daddy is doing very well. I don't want you to be frightened if he doesn't recognize you, or says anything strange. It's all the medicines he's been getting. I just want you to stay a minute. Oh, and darling, I don't know whether they told you. Daddy's left side is paralyzed, which often happens after a stroke. The doctor says there's a good chance it might disappear completely. Come along. For just a minute."

My mother walked in front of me into the huge hospital ward and around a screen. Gerti and Kari were standing at the foot of the bed in which my big father lay neatly under the hospital blankets. I could see the hump of his feet. My mother walked around to the right side of the bed. She sat down on a chair and leaned her sad red, smiling face over his pillow. "Here she is, in her terrible school hat," my mother said in her bright, ordinary voice. "Daddy has been asking for you all afternoon."

My father's eyes looked straight up at the ceiling. His face was white and he was frowning, seemingly preoccupied with the struggle to free his right hand

A LATE SPRING

Childheart, time alone is not enough.
Life waits. Oversized snowflakes start to fall
Past the spring deadline. . . .

This morning, driving home for Easter,
I saw two mares the color of burnt chestnuts
Browsing in a sloping meadow.
Ankle-deep in the fresh snow,
They walked awkwardly about in it, and hesitated—
Sore-thumb, Negro horses in a world of light,
A mirage of low-lying cotton blossom
Cushioning their hooves.

You could almost hear
Lost gods breathing in the earth. . . .
And, one following the other, sway-backed,
They nudged the soft snow,
Their flexible lips and barely opened teeth
Seizing the sweet grass, the withered needle-stalks,
The roots shaken with water and dirt
Torn from a long sleep.

—JAMES SCULLY



"We can't go on like this any longer. I'm falling in love with the waitress."

• •

from under the blankets. My mother helped him get it out. The hand looked bloodless, white, and soft, as if even the nails were soft. He waggled the fingers impatiently toward the headboard behind his pillow. He said, "Tell her to come out. She should come out from behind there." He seemed to be trying to turn his head to look behind the headboard.

"She's right here. Look. Come forward, where Daddy can see you," my mother said to me.

I stepped up until my face was between his face and the ceiling. His mouth twitched. He began to cry with the right side of his face without the left side moving. When he stopped crying, he was looking right at me, and he said, "If it's Miss Douglas behind there, she should come out."

I looked at my mother in horror. She said, "Come out from behind there, Miss Douglas."

My father relaxed. In a minute, he said in a conversational tone, "Franzi, before I forget, the papers are in a niche behind the stove in the *Herrenzimmer*. The rel . . . rel—papers." He lay frowning in puzzled irritation at the lost word. "The rel . . . the rel—those papers," he said, waggling his impatient fingers.

"The release papers, yes," said my mother. "They are all right."

"They want to see them at the police station," said my father.

"I'll take them."

My father closed his eyes, exhausted.

"Go outside," said my mother, "and wait for me."

As I turned away, I noticed the weight of Kari's hand on my shoulder and knew that it had lain there all the time. When I looked back, I saw my mother tuck my father's hand under the sheet. The right side of my father's face had begun to cry again.

My mother went to see my father every day. She did the MacKenzies' housework in the morning and got their lunch and then took the bus into town and stayed with him till five. Then she took the bus back to cook dinner. Thursdays and every other Sunday, which were her days off, she stayed all evening.

One day, she was massaging his paralyzed left foot and felt a slight curling of the toes. Dr. Adler said it was a good sign. This doctor was Jewish, too, but not a refugee. He was fat and old and had a square, grizzled head. He patted my mother's arm and said she was a good woman and told her to try and take it a little easier. "Have a little holiday for yourself once in a while," he said.

My mother asked me to visit my father in the hospital for those hours she could not be there, and I wondered while I sat beside him that I should be feeling nothing but excruciating boredom. Later, when he was better, it seemed all right to bring a book.

"What are you reading?" my father asked.

"It's homework. In a way."

My father said, "I don't want to stay in the hospital any more. I wish your mother would take me home."

"You know you can't climb the wooden steps at the mill. You'll have to stay here until you are better."

"I'm not going to get better as long as I have to stay here. The nurses don't understand when I talk to them. I

asked your mother to write to your Uncle Paul. He studied medicine in Vienna. Vienna has the best medical school in the world."

"Firstly, Paul never got finished with his studies, and secondly, he is now in the Dominican Republic doing farm work. What would he know that your doctor here doesn't know?"

"These English doctors don't know anything."

"They're good enough to look after a hospitalful of English people," I said, and then bent quickly to kiss the rude words away. My father's skin felt unpleasantly chilly, flaccid under my lips. It grieved me that I didn't like to kiss him and I kissed him again. "You'll feel better soon," I said.

He looked for a moment as though he might be going to cry, but he only said, "Look!," and moved the fingers of his left hand lying on top of the blanket ever so slightly.

"There, you see," I said. "You couldn't have done that a few weeks ago, could you?"

"No," said my father. He lay quietly.

I surreptitiously picked up my book.

My father said, "The doctor recommends physical therapy. Paul once took a course in therapy in Vienna."

I said nothing.

My father said, "The doctor didn't even come to see me today."

"Because you're getting better. He doesn't have to come and see you every day."

"So, if I'm better, why can't your mother take me home?"



"By the way, have you heard of a movement to put Senator Goldwater's head on Mount Rushmore?"

"Because she will have to give notice to the MacKenzies and find a room for both of you," I said, with my irritation rising again. "She'll have to go to work for both of you, won't she? So you will have to stay here till you can look after yourself."

"You could come and look after me," said my father.

"And what about school?" I had been fourteen in March, which was the legal school-leaving age, and I did not want to think about this.

"After school you could come," he said.

"And what about homework? And what would you do for the rest of the day? Who would get your meals for you?"

"You and your mother could manage if you really wanted."

"Daddy!" I leaned forward and looked into his face, and I was trembling. "Promise me something. Promise you won't tell Mummy that you don't want to stay in the hospital. It will only make her worry more. Will you promise? For me. I mean, there's nothing she can do about it."

"She can take me away," said my father. "Are you going to read again?"

"I'm just looking at my book."

"Are you angry with me?"

"No."

"Franzi!" said my father.

"There's Mummy," I said, and hid my book.

My mother came smiling between the beds down the long ward, kissed me, and sat on a chair at my father's left side. She massaged his hand, and told us stories. "Did you hear the explosion around nine o'clock last night? Well, it was a stray bomb, and it fell right at the end of the MacKenzies' field—a direct hit on Mr. MacKenzie's vegetable marrow. It broke all the west windows. We spent all morning cleaning up the mess."

"Franzi," said my father, "did you write to Paul?"

"Not yet. I will bring pen and paper tomorrow, and we will write the letter here."

My father avoided my eyes and said, "When are you going to take me out of the hospital?"

"As soon as the doctor says you are well enough. Lore, did

Germaine Monteil



on smart lips everywhere—because it is the best!





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you tell your father about the school concert?"

"We are having an end-of-term concert, and I'm going to play the Mozart fantasia."

My father looked at me and said, "You can borrow my best crocodile belt to wear for the concert."

"But it's much too big for me," I said, "and besides, it's a man's belt."

My father had begun to cry. "Look, Franzi," he said. "That's all I can do," and he wiggled his fingers on the blanket.

MY mother found a job as cook in Harvey's restaurant. The kitchen was in the basement, and there was a grating in the pavement for a skylight. I would see the steam coming up by the time I walked to school. On the way home, walking with a friend, I would say, "Down there is where my mother works."

She found a room on the London road and fetched my father home from the hospital. He was dressed in his good herringbone suit from Vienna. The pants hung like gray elephant skin around his thin legs, and the collar of his shirt stood away all around his neck. His face had the sick no-color of a plant that has sprung up in a cellar. He had shaved, but small islands of white stubble stood on his upper lip and his left cheek. He smiled his embarrassed one-sided smile and he frightened the new landlady, who asked my mother to move after two weeks.

They moved to a house just around the corner from Adorato, called Clinton Lodge, which Mrs. Dillon had bought for refugees who were having trouble finding places to live; at that time people did not care to have German-speaking aliens in their houses. She rented the front bedroom to my parents and the rest of the house to five other refugees.

My father quarrelled with everybody, though for my mother's sake he was forgiven much. One night, I went over to warm up the supper my mother had prepared for my father before going to the restaurant. She was out playing the piano for a Viennese singing teacher. Mrs. Bauer intercepted me in the hallway. "I wish you would get your father out of the kitchen. Mrs. Katz and I want to get our supper and set the table. I've asked him to move, but he pretends he doesn't hear me."

My father was sitting at the kitchen table with his notebook, ink, pencils, and erasers spread around him. The doctor had said he could not do any more gar-

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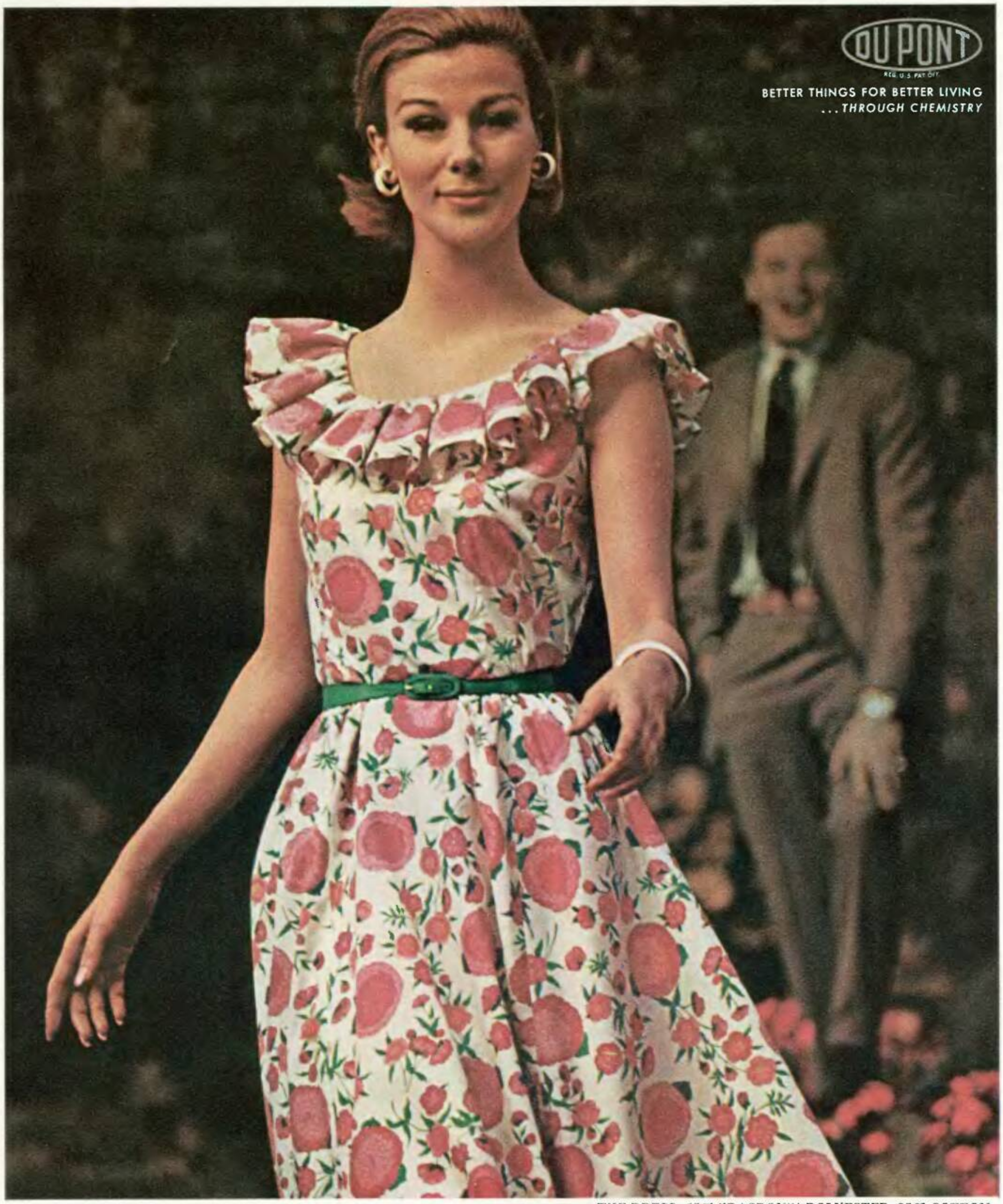


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dening, and he was taking a correspondence course in English accounting, writing the answers in his bad grammar, meticulously underlined in red.

"Hello, Mrs. Katz. Hello, Daddy. Come into the drawing room. They need the table out here."

"I need the table, too," said my father.

"Come on, Daddy, I'm taking the dishes inside," I said, in the irritable voice that had become habitual with me when I spoke to him. I wondered how he was going to disentangle the partially paralyzed left leg that was twisted as if it did not belong to him around the chair leg, but I thought, He manages all day when I'm not here, and walked away into the drawing room.

Presently I heard him limping after me down the hall. "I can't eat anything tonight," he said.

"You can at least try, can't you? The doctor says you've got to eat."

"The doctor, the doctor—always the doctor," said my father.

"Why didn't you let them have the table for their supper when they asked you?"

"I have as much right to the table as they have," he said.

"But you have no right to make things harder for Mummy. She works nine hours in the restaurant and three hours playing the piano, to make extra money, and when she comes home she has to listen to complaints and make excuses for you. You never think of her, do you?"

"I think of her. I think of her," said my father, with his head drawn back from my yelling. His vest jacket stood away from his collapsed chest. "I'm not feeling well tonight," he said.

"So don't think about how you feel all the time. Think of all the thousands of people who are being killed every day."

"What's that to me?" said my father.

"Daddy! What would you rather have—your health or the end of the war?"

"The end of the war and my health," said my father, with a faint smile.

"No, but seriously, Daddy! Say someone gave you only one wish: either the war will be over tomorrow and you will be ill for a year or you can be well tomorrow and the war will last another year. Which would you have?"

"I want to be well," said my father. "So, are you angry? Why are you angry?"

"I'm not angry."

"Take this away, please," said my



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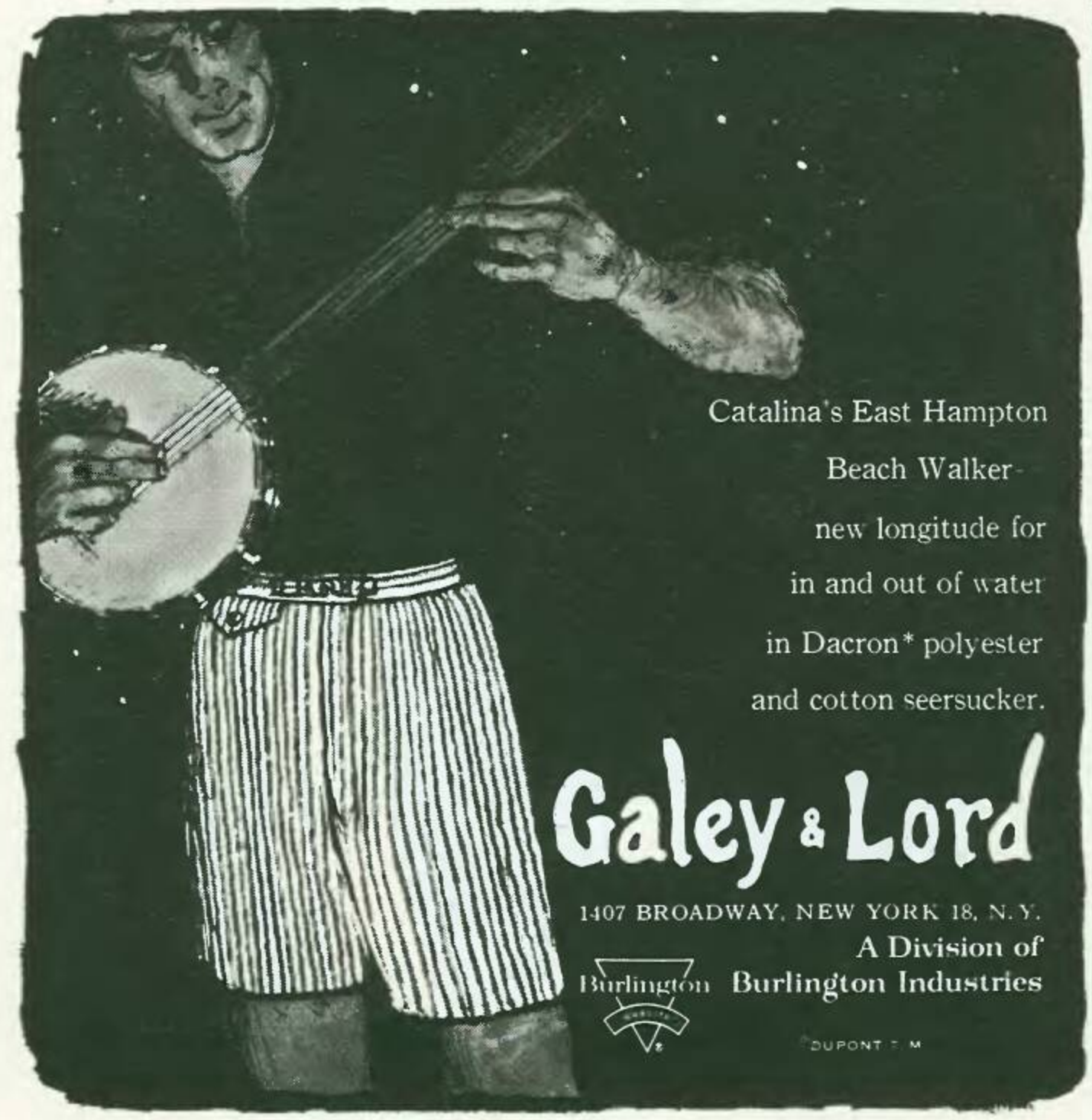
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father, looking miserably at the piece of meat loaf speared on his fork.

"Not until you've eaten at least what's on your fork."

My father put the forkful into his mouth, and vomited.

Mr. Katz helped me take my father upstairs, and I helped him to bed. He lay exhausted and smiled embarrassedly with his half face. I sat on the edge of the bed and massaged his left hand. "You're better now, aren't you?"

"Yes. Are you going to stay with me till your mother comes?"

"Of course. Do you think I would leave while you are feeling ill? Show me how you can move your fingers."

My father wiggled his left fingers for me.

"You want to go to sleep?"

"Yes," he said.

"Daddy," I said, "let's not tell Mummy about your being sick. All right?"

"All right."

But when my mother came home, I met her at the door and said, "Daddy vomited. Mr. Katz helped me take him to bed and when I came back Mrs. Katz had cleaned everything up. You don't have to go up. He's asleep now."

"Maybe I will just go up and look at him."

I set supper on the kitchen table for her, and when she came down I said, "Mrs. Bauer and Mrs. Katz wanted to cook their supper, but Daddy wouldn't let them have the table."

"And you had an argument with him about it?"

"How can you even argue with him? Sometimes he doesn't make sense any more. Sometimes I say something to him and what he says isn't an answer to what I said at all. It gets me so angry."

"Darling, he is ill. Imagine you were afraid you were going to be sick any moment while someone stood arguing with you."

"But I get so angry," I said.

"Well, try not to. He is ill, and you are young and well. Don't argue with him."

"I can't promise."

"Try," said my mother.

"I've put on coffee. Anybody want coffee?" asked my mother when we joined the others in the drawing room. "Katzerl, I hear you helped Lore clean up after Igo. You are very good."

"Oh, well, he was feeling bad tonight, poor man."

"I'm going to put up a little card



THE ERA OF THE HARDBOILED EGGHEAD

Yesterday, an egghead was thought to be a fragile thing. Cradled in ivy, easily cracked, and all runny inside. ■ That was yesterday. And yesterday is a lifetime ago. ■ Today, we are learning the difference between a tough mind and a thick skull. Today, we are on our way to becoming a nation of eggheads — the hardboiled kind. Intelligent. Worldly. Aware of our need to know. Resolved to firm our mental muscles. ■ Today, people are spending a billion a year on books. We have twice as many adults in classrooms as youngsters in high school and college. Washington is jingling with Phi Bete keys. The bright marketing man is fast replacing the fella with the bright smile. Today, people are talking about bombs as well as bosoms . . . stocks as well as stockings . . . diplomatic moves as well as movies . . . philosophy as well as fluff. ■ And America's newest hero is not a ballplayer or actor, but a man brave enough and brainy enough to fly a complex spacecraft. ■ Yet too few of us who are supposed to have our finger on America's pulse have felt this new, quickened beat. Too much that is published, as someone said, gives the illusion of reading without ruffling the surface of the mind. Too much reporting resembles a depth study of a ripple. ■ It is the purpose of The Saturday Evening Post to meet the challenge of our times. We intend to be a leader in the intellectual revolution that is sweeping America — not merely carry a spear. More penetrating articles. More significant fiction. More incisive reporting. ■ We are well equipped to lead. First, the Post is a text magazine which can — and does — devote as many as 12,000 words to a subject. Second, the Post is a free-lance magazine which looks outside more often than inside for the best reporter to do the job. Third, while the Post is read by millions, we are not so concerned with numbers that we dare not run mind-stretching matter at the risk of losing a few readers. We believe that intelligent readers need The Saturday Evening Post, and that advertisers—all advertisers—need the intelligent reader. ■ You are invited, as reader or advertiser, to join the vanguard of the new American revolution. Welcome, all hardboiled eggheads.

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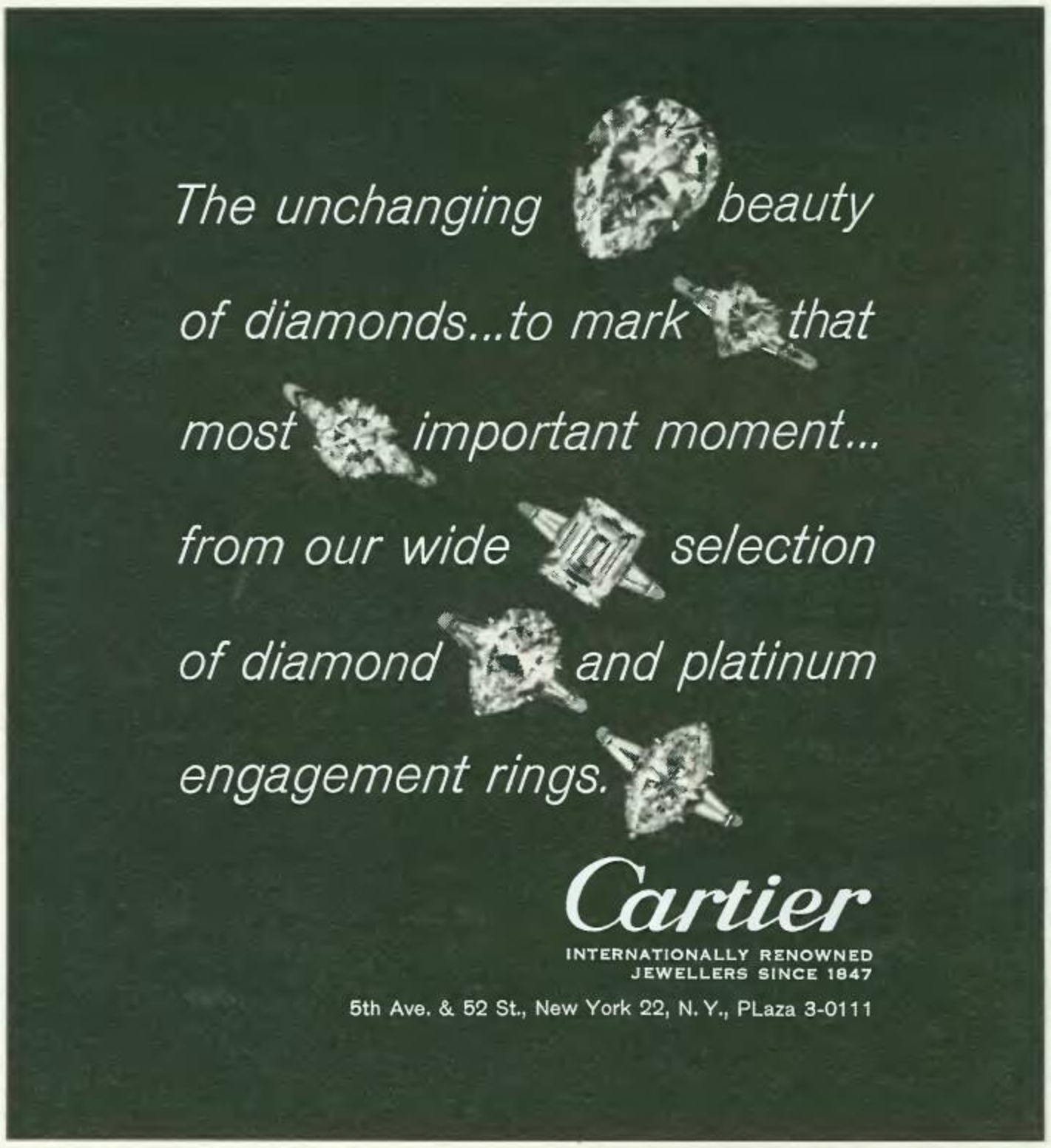




table so tomorrow he can work upstairs," said my mother.

"All right, all right, don't worry about it. Sit down, will you, and rest yourself. Aren't you tired?"

My mother sat down and stuck both feet out in front of her and let her arms hang down the sides of the chair. She had pulled her hair over her eyes like a rag doll's.

"Franzi!" Mrs. Katz cried. "Franzi, you clown, you look horrible. Stop!"

"You wanted to see how tired I am," said my mother.

"Come on, Mummy!" I said. Everyone was laughing so that we did not for a while hear my father's terrified voice calling "Franzi!" from upstairs.

I ran up with my mother. My father was sitting in his bed, and the upper part of his body heaved as if he were having to drag up each breath from some deep source inside himself. "I can't breathe," he gasped.

"Swing your feet out and you can sit more comfortably." She sat down beside him. "You'll feel better in a minute. You know how these attacks pass."

Between his heavings, my father said, "That doctor says I don't have asthma. You see I do."

"He says it's nervous asthma. Sit quietly and it will pass."

"It's asthma," said my father. "I've seen my mother have asthma, and I know what asthma is like."

"You see you're already better. A few moments ago you couldn't even speak. You want to lie down?"

"Yes."

But as soon as my mother had helped my father back into bed and covered him, he sat up again and swung his legs over the edge of the bed and gasped in a shocking way. "Open the window," he said.

"But if it's asthma, opening the window won't help," I said.

"Open the window," my mother commanded. She put a blanket over my father's lap, and presently he got better and she helped him back into bed and put a pillow behind him.

He said, "Stay with me."

"But you haven't even had your coffee, Mummy."

"I will later."

"But Daddy is better now."

My mother said, "Darling, didn't you say you had to get back to Miss Douglas's at nine? It's almost half past now."

While I was getting on my coat, my father was saying, "I wish you would write to Paul about my asthma. These



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English doctors don't understand my case."

"I'll write tomorrow," said my mother.

"You aren't going down again tonight, are you?"

"I'm going to stay right here and go to bed. Look, I'll show you how tired I am." She pulled her hair down over her eyes and stiffened her legs and let her arms hang rag-doll fashion.

When I looked in on my father the next day, Mrs. Bauer was in despair in the kitchen. "He's laid supper on the kitchen table. He laid it at noon today!"

"It's for your mother," said my father when I went upstairs to argue with him. "You said I never think of her, but you see I do."

"But you can't monopolize a kitchen table all afternoon and evening in a house where there are five other people."

"Franzi has as good a right to the table as anybody else," said my father. "Why are you putting on your hat? Aren't you going to stay with me?"

I had turned toward the wardrobe mirror to fix my hair under my school hat.

"Why are you angry with me?"

I did not answer. In the mirror I saw him coming up close behind me.

"Would you like to have my crocodile belt for your own?"

"Mind!" I said, stepping away from the mirror as if to get a better distance, but it was really to force him to back away, and though I knew even at that moment that his feet were not quick enough to realign themselves, his failing to move infuriated me so that I turned and put a hand against his chest and pushed. Astonished, I saw the astonishment on his face as he felt himself keeling over, falling, it seemed to me, with infinite slowness. He struck the foot of the bed with his shoulder and slid almost gently to the floor.

"You couldn't help it," said my mother, who had arrived downstairs in time to hear the thump and came running. "You probably didn't know he was behind you."

"I didn't," I said.

"And you couldn't step out of the way fast enough, Igo, could you?"

"I couldn't," said my father.

"YOU think he is well enough to go to work?" my mother asked Dr. Adler when he came to give my father his weekly checkup.

"Well, how do you feel?" the doctor asked my father and patted him on the knee.

My father sat with his shirt open. He

"You might say I am 247 years old!"

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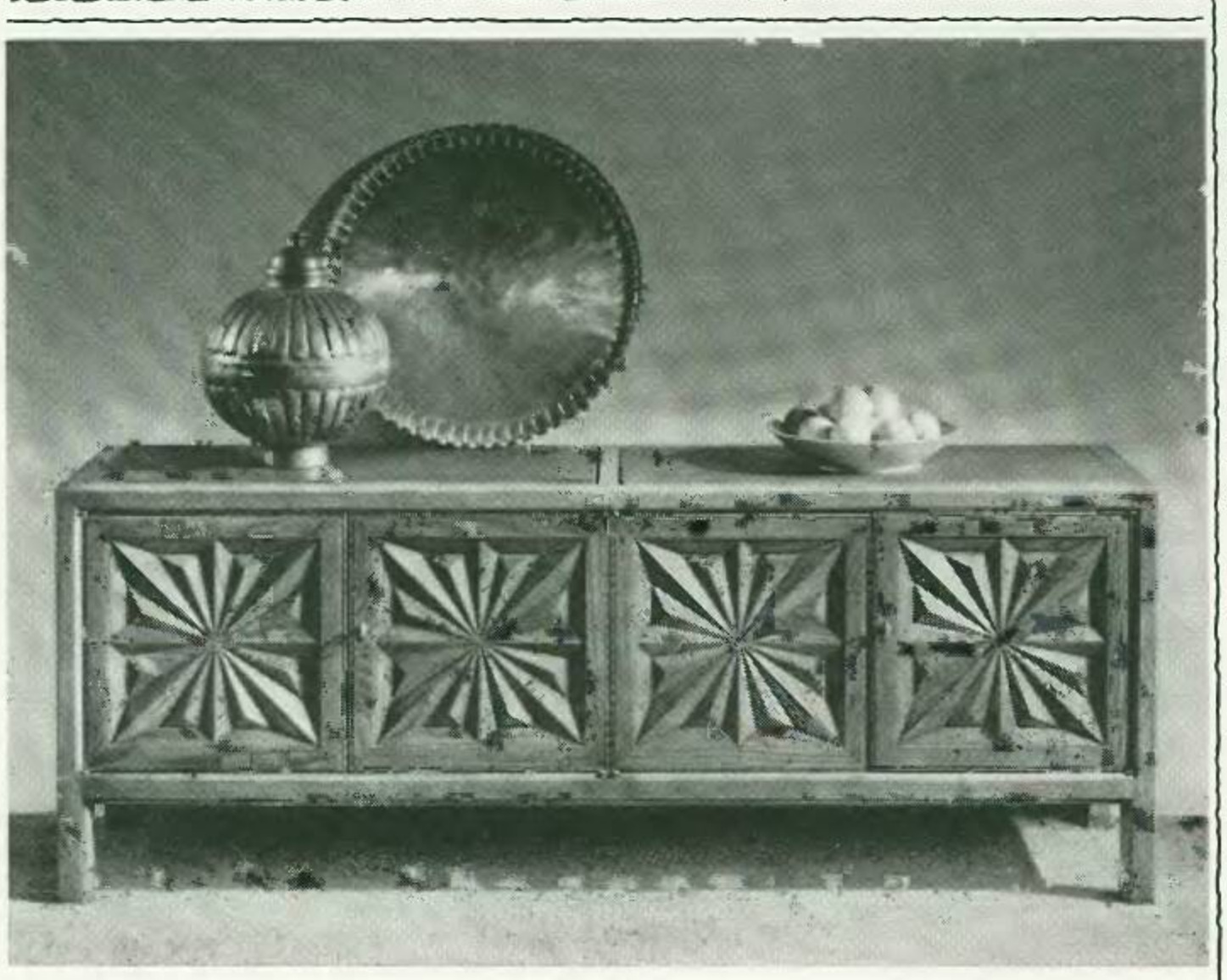
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lifted his right shoulder and turned his palm out in a questioning gesture. He smiled embarrassedly and looked at my mother.

"He walks better, don't you think?" said my mother.

"He does, he does," said the doctor.

"I just wish he ate more."

"You must eat more," said the doctor to my father. "Eat, eat," and his right hand made motions of putting food into his mouth while he nodded encouragingly.

My father lifted his right shoulder and turned his hand out.

"You be a good fellow," said the doctor, and patted my father's knee. "You've got a wonderful little wife to look after you. And I don't want *you* to get too tired, either," he said to my mother at the door. "Get some rest, now."

"Did you hear what the doctor said? You're supposed to rest," I said to my mother.

"I'm going to," she said. "I'm going to the kitchen right now to have a cup of coffee."

"I'll make it. You sit down. Look at the way you're sitting, as if you're ready to jump up any moment. Only half of you is on the seat."

"That's the only half that's tired," said my mother.

"Oh, Mummy! Why do you have to play for those singing lessons? Mrs. Dillon says you wouldn't have to pay the one pound ten a month for my schooling. The Committee would pay it."

"But I want to pay it. And I like to play the piano."

"And why did you tell the fire-warden you would watch one night for Daddy as well as one night for yourself?"

"Because Daddy can't get up every time the siren goes off and walk around the streets at night."

"But they wouldn't expect him to. You could get a certificate from Dr. Adler."

"Darling, that's not the point. We're refugees. It's important for us not to shirk anything we can do. You see, they even suspend our curfew for the nights we are on duty."

"But the doctor said you are supposed to rest. You're doing too much."

"Darling, would you really like to help me?"

"Yes."

"Then don't nag me. I promise you if I feel I am getting too tired I will stop playing for the singing lessons. All right?"

But I could no more stop nagging my

mother than she could stop jumping, and that week Mrs. Bauer had the flu and my mother volunteered to do her fire-watching for her. I went into the bathroom and cried about it.

I watched my mother in those days the same way I watched my father, imagining their bodies under the skin, rather like the intricate anatomical drawings I remembered from Paul's medical books, only with moving parts. I used to imagine things going wrong. Remembering how in Vienna my father had always fallen ill when I did not expect it, I kept myself in a state of constant alarm. I kept expecting calamities as if this would prevent them from happening. While I lay in bed at night, whenever I remembered during the school day, and always on my way over to Clinton Lodge, I invented awful things that might be happening to my father, precisely where, and in every circumstantial detail. In this way I created a sort of intimacy with my father's continuous malaise and can imagine as if it were a memory out of my own life the afternoon he spent in the men's room at the local milk office, afraid to come out in case he had to vomit again. It was his first day there as a file clerk. He told my mother, and my mother must have told me, that by the end of the morning he was feeling very ill. A girl was explaining the filing system to him when he began to retch. He said, "Excuse me," and stumbled among the chairs toward the door of the men's room. The door was locked from inside. My father thought, Please, don't let me be sick here, knowing the girl's surprised eyes were watching at his back, and then toppled backward as the door opened into his face. "Whoa, there!" said the man coming out, and put a hand up to steady my father, who pushed past him into the lavatory and locked the door. Afterward, he felt better, though his legs trembled and his body was heaving the way it did when he was going to have an asthma attack; he quickly pushed up the window. The cold air turned the perspiration icy on the exposed surfaces of his face, neck, and the backs of his hands. He concentrated, as if listening to the complex of violent and terrifying sensations, wondering if he was about to have another stroke. Someone outside rattled the doorknob. He rattled again and again, and went away. My father was breathing more quietly. He washed his hands under cold running water, thinking he could go back into the outside office, when he suddenly retched. All afternoon, people came to the door and went away again. At half past five, when everybody had left, my



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father let himself out and came into the street. He was afraid he might collapse; he wanted to, but instead he kept pushing himself blindly forward. Then he turned a corner and saw my mother and me coming down the hill toward him.

I had met my mother on my way back from school, walking rapidly, with her coat thrown around her shoulders. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing, darling. I'm going for a walk."

"A walk? Have you eaten?"

"Not yet. I just thought I might go a little way to meet your father, and, darling, let's not have an argument about it. It's his first day at work."

"But Daddy's all right. The doctor said he could go to work. You don't have to worry every minute you don't see him."

"I don't worry. That's him now." She stopped, listening to the slurping footsteps and the tapping of a stick around the corner.

"That's not Daddy. That's an old man," I said, and saw him come into sight—my father, with his cane—and I blushed deeply. "Oh, I thought you meant that old man over there on the other side of the street. That's who I thought you meant."

My father had stopped to breathe at the bottom of the hill. His raincoat collar was turned under behind his neck, and he was unbuttoned.

"Igo!" my mother called.

He saw us and his one-sided, wasted face beamed. There was egg stuck to his badly razored left cheek.

I turned back with them, up the hill, but my father seemed unable to move his left leg. He stopped.

"Maybe we should take a taxi," said my mother, "but it's only two blocks. It seems silly. You see that holly over the wall? We'll walk that far and then we'll rest again. You remember, Igo, in Vienna, Lore always had enough of walking within a block of our house and started crying, 'I want to be home *now!*' Here is the holly. Rest, Igo. Are you all right?"

The upper part of my father's body heaved profoundly with each breath.

"There's a taxi," said my mother. "But it's only a block and a half now. Now let's make it as far as Miss Douglas's gate."

MY father worked in the milk office for a month. One Sunday morning, while I was dusting in Miss Douglas's drawing room, he had another stroke, in the bathroom at Clinton Lodge, falling against the door, which

GO GO GO















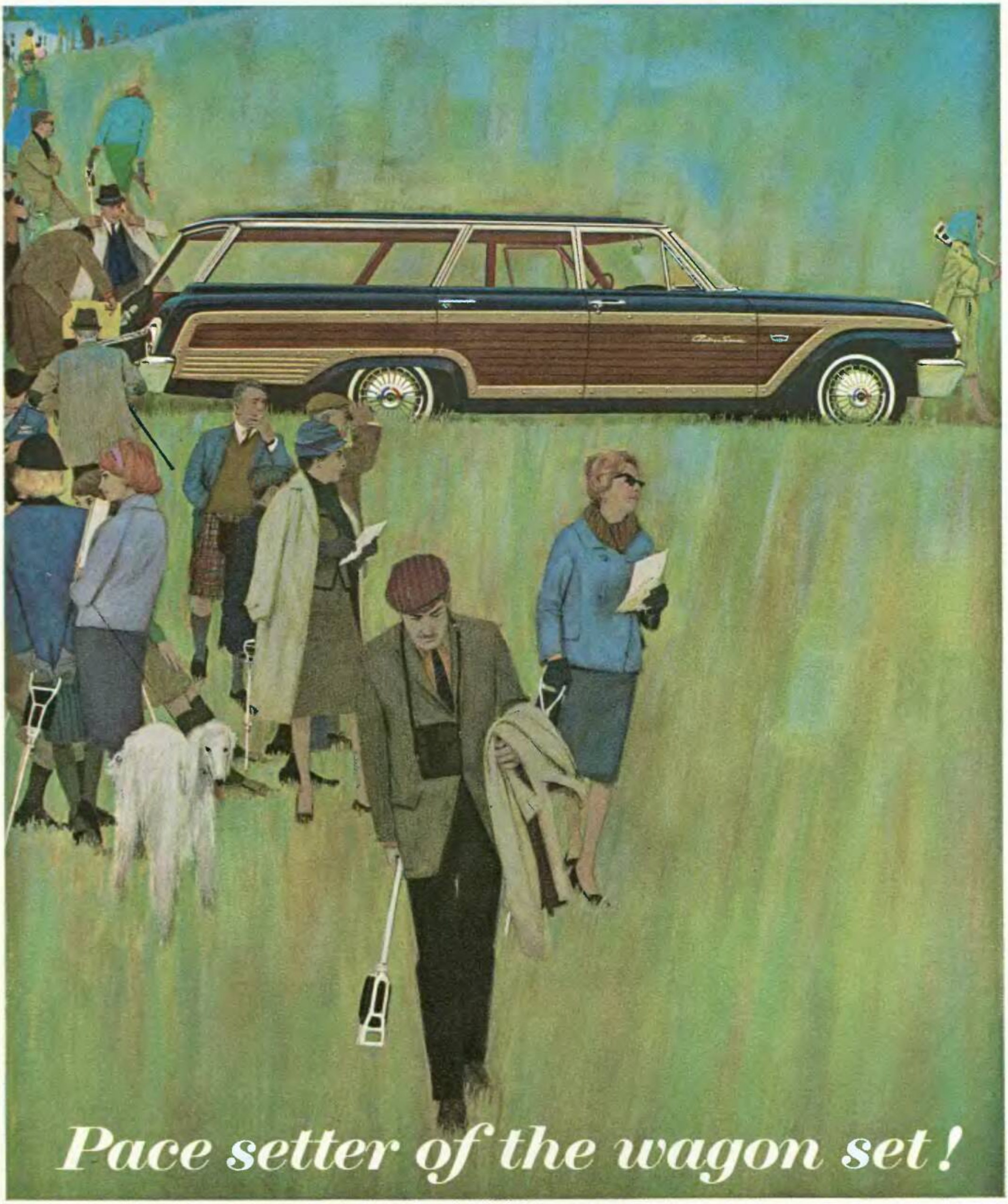
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was locked from the inside—a circumstance I had failed to imagine, and at a moment when I had forgotten to think about him. It was almost a relief for the next weeks to have him definitely ill, and to be able at any moment of the day to think of him safe in a hospital.

One evening, just as my mother had hung up her coat and taken off her shoes and put the kettle on for a cup of coffee, a man rang the front doorbell and asked for her.

He smiled at my mother. "You Mrs. Groszmann? The doctor wants you to come over to the hospital, Ma'am."

"Is my husband very bad?" asked my mother, finding her coat to put around her shoulders.

The man held the door. We hurried alongside. "Lucky you live so near the hospital," he said.

"Yes. Yes, we are lucky," said my mother.

"Cold," said the man. "Only a quarter to nine, and looks like blooming midnight."

A cruel wind blew across the open courtyard between the porter's lodge and the huge hospital doors. It whipped the skirts around our legs. Inside, the elevator was on the ground floor, chained open, and there seemed to be no one in attendance, so we ran up the stairs. The doors of my father's ward were closed. A nurse, who looked hardly older than I, came out.

"Nurse," said my mother, "I'm supposed to see my husband."

"Not now, you can't. It's not visiting time now."

"Where's Sister?"

"Ooh, I don't know where she is," said the little nurse, looking up and down the empty corridor. "She'll be along, I expect. I have to go to work in this other ward." She went on her way.

My mother opened the door. The only light came from the faint blue lamps down the center of the ceiling, but we could make out the hump of my father's knees in his cot. My mother started toward him. There was a strange man lying in my father's bed. He opened his eyes, saw us, passed his tongue over his lips, and closed his eyes again.

Sister was already walking toward us, with the young nurse coming behind, her hands clapped over her mouth and giggling. "Mrs. Groszmann, your husband has been moved to another ward. I left a message at the porter's lodge. Silly of them."

"How bad is he?" asked my mother.

"Nurse here is going to work in your



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husband's new ward, so you go along with her."

We followed the nurse through a maze of corridors that led to the older buildings. I remember how her head bobbed up and down before us, and how she drew her hand along the wall and swung around the corners.

There was a strange Sister waiting for us outside this other ward. "Is that Mrs. Groszmann? Mrs. Groszmann, the doctor would like to see you."

"How is my husband?"

"If you'll wait in here, nurse will bring you a chair."

We were shown into a bare little cloakroom. A mufti coat and a Sister's scarlet-lined cloak hung on pegs. On the wall were notices: "Please Turn Out the Lights." "The Hospital Is Not Responsible for Property Left in This Room."

"I wonder what happened to the chair," said my mother.

I went to stand in the doorway, looking out into the blind corridor with its bare electric bulb reflected in brown linoleum and in the shining yellow oil paint of the walls. A door opposite was thrown open, and I saw a kitchen, steam rising over a sink, a nurse sitting on a table swinging her legs. Someone was laughing. The door closed.

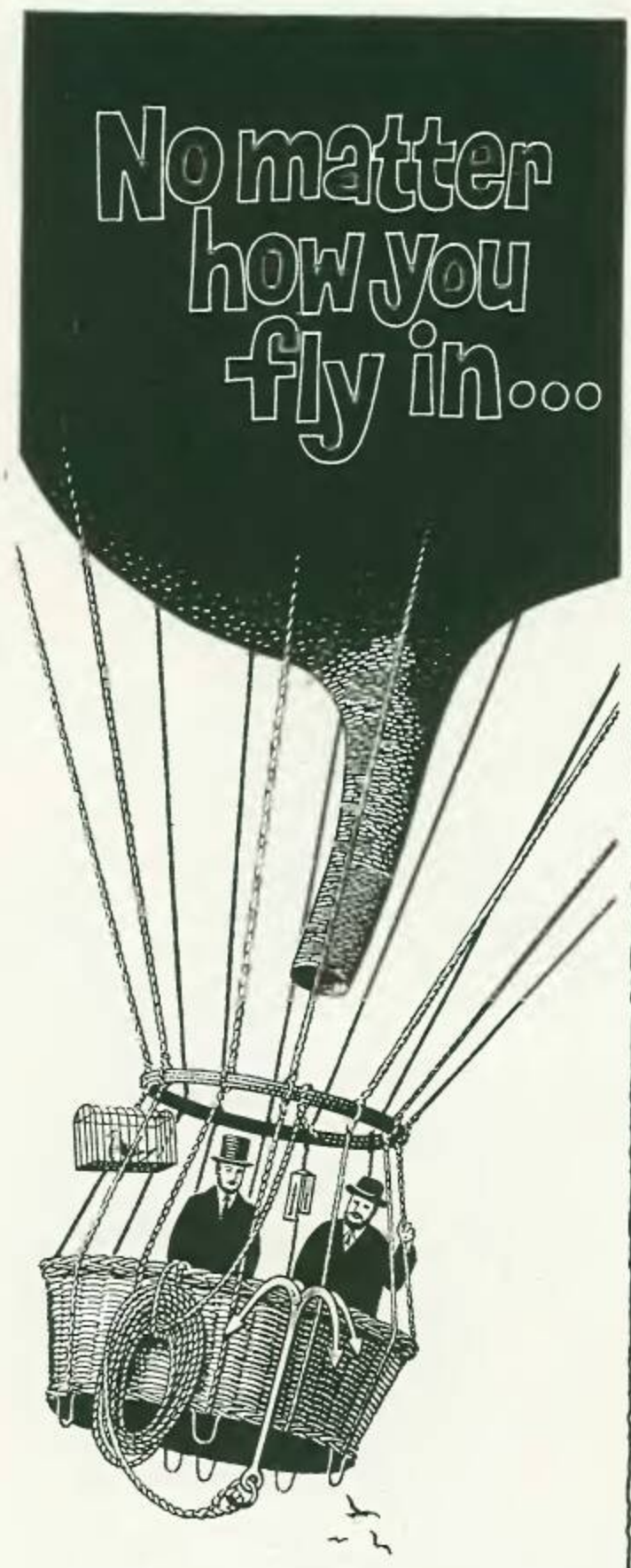
There were people coming toward us—the Sister, and a young doctor I did not know. I pulled back into the room. They passed the door and then stopped. They were talking just outside. I could see the doctor's sleeve. The sleeve disappeared, and then the doctor was in the room with us. "All right, you can go in to your husband now," he said.

"How bad is he, Doctor?" my mother asked.

"He had another stroke, and he was calling for you all afternoon. We're surprised he's still alive. He's got a heart like an ox" is what I thought the doctor said, and I looked at him in amazement. I had the impression that he was shouting at my mother. "Dr. Adler left word that you could stay the night. Sister here will make the arrangements, and I'll be on duty. You can call me. Or call Sister. You'll be all right."

My father lay stretched on a bed with his head in a net of tubes and bottles and tanks. His eyes showed slits of the white eyeballs. I wondered if he was dead, but then I saw there was a small, furious pulse beating at the base of his throat.

"Here's a chair," said the Sister, "and you can take one from that bed. I'll be at the desk in the corner, behind the



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screen, if you need anything. Would you like a nice cup of tea?"

"Yes, Sister, please," said my mother. "You are so kind."

"That's right. You make yourself comfortable. The night always seems long."

"Mummy," I whispered, "what does the doctor mean about Daddy having a heart like an ox?"

"I think he said 'oxheart.' That's a medical word, though I don't just know what it means."

The little nurse who had shown us the way came with a cup of tea for my mother. "I put sugar in, and I never even asked you."

"I don't take it usually, but this will be lovely," my mother said.

"No, you wait. I'll get you another. Always do everything wrong, that's me." She bore the cup away, and that was the last we saw of it.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Twenty-five minutes to ten. Darling, why don't you go home? You have exams coming."

"And you have to go to work. I'm staying as long as you're staying."

I shifted on the hard chair. The man in the bed next to my father's raised himself on an arm and slapped his pillow. Behind him the great room was full of the impatient movements of bodies looking for relief, and of noises—coughing, snuffling, and a small sound something between a whimper and a laugh. The ward was getting hotter, and the heat and the noise joined into one swelling roar, and I jerked myself out of sleep. "What time is it?"

"Five minutes to ten."

Around midnight, my mother took an envelope out of her purse and began to write on it, smiling to herself.

"What are you writing?"

She passed it to me. It said, "W D Y G H?"

"What?" I asked.

"It says, 'Why don't you go home?'"

"Lend me the pencil." I wrote, "I'm S A L A you're S."

My mother smiled and put the envelope back in her purse. At half past twelve, my father opened his eyes and asked what day of the month it was. My mother called the nurse, and the nurse called the Sister, who brought the young doctor. They took his pulse and touched his cheek and stood around the bed, but he lifted his right hand with the old impatient gesture and brushed them all away. My father had put off dying for that night.

When we came out of the hospital, the streets were turning a weird electric blue. Trees and houses were collecting

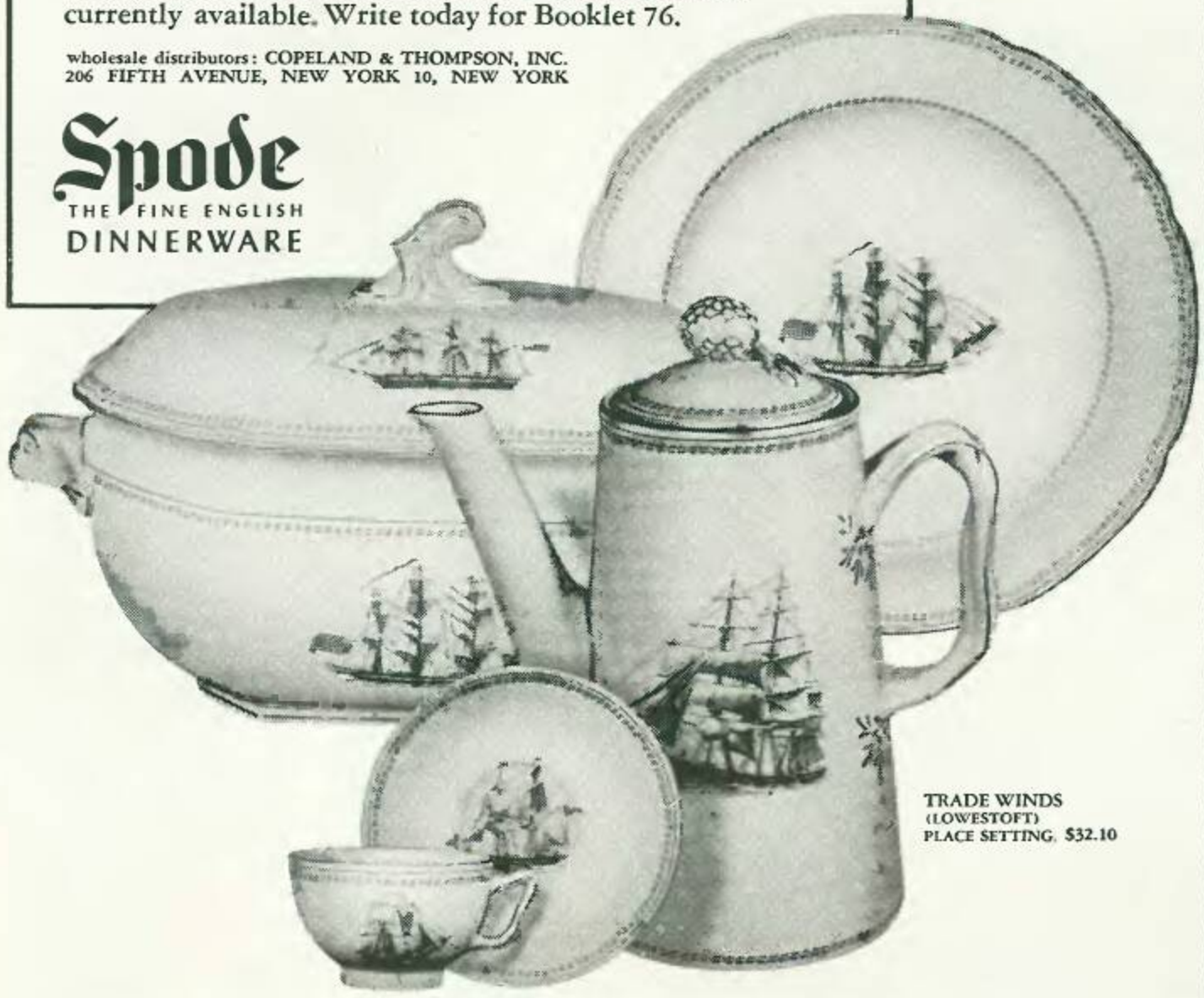


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their bulk and outline. It was very cold. The milkman at the corner was rattling the empties. He touched his cap to us.

I looked at my mother and saw that there were tears running down her face. "Darling, I promise you something," she said. "If Daddy dies, I won't be unhappy any more." Now that she had begun to talk, she began to sob. "I'll cheer up very quickly, I promise. You won't have to worry about me any more. It's just that now he is so poor."

I considered the probability of my father's dying, with terror, because I might have no tears for him and the emptiness of my unnatural heart would be exposed to my mother and proved to myself.

But it seemed my father was not going to die, after all. He began to get better—to sit, to walk again, and to want my mother to take him home.

One day, old Dr. Adler turned up at Clinton Lodge.

"Is my husband worse?" cried my mother. "I only left him an hour ago."

"No, no. Nothing like that. Could I come in? I was just leaving the hospital and wanted to see you a moment. Maybe you would make me a cup of coffee, too? Your husband is doing very nicely and we're going to be sending him to a convalescence home soon. I've been talking to Mrs. Dillon, of the Refugee Committee, and it's being taken care of."

"Ah, how good you all are!" said my mother.

"We were also talking about you, and both Mrs. Dillon and I think that you should take a holiday."

"Maybe when my husband is better—"

"Mrs. Dillon has been in touch with Mr. Harvey, where you work, and they want you to take a week off beginning this Friday."

"Thank you, but I don't think I can afford, right now—"

"Here's the address of a house that belongs to one of the doctors on the hospital staff," said the doctor. "He and his family are going to be away for a week, and they want you to go and stay there. There's a German housekeeper, who will look after you. Here is the bus schedule. I've marked Friday afternoon. . . ."

I visited my mother on Sunday and found her shelling peas. "I thought you were going to rest!" I said.

"I'm resting," said my mother. "Darling, it's very unrestful for me to have to sit doing nothing."

"Why don't you at least sit in the middle of the chair."

"I forgot. But really I'm rest-



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ing. Didn't I sit in the drawing room this morning, Mrs. Hubert?"

"Yes, after you swept the upstairs and made the beds," said the old housekeeper.

"But I'm feeling much better," said my mother. "Darling, you will go and see Daddy in the convalescence home, won't you?"

"You're not supposed to be thinking about Daddy while you're on your holiday!" I shouted, almost in tears. "Rest!"

When I got home that night, I heard Mrs. Dillon talking on the telephone in the dining room. "He's quite impossible and they don't think they can keep him. The servants say he's always calling and then he talks to them in German," she was saying. I knew she was talking about my father. "And the other patients are complaining they can't sleep, because he calls for you all night." Then I knew it was my mother she was talking to. I leaned my head against the door and cried.

My mother came back that night and took my father home to Clinton Lodge.

After that, it seems to me, I spent less time there. Miss Hughes, my headmistress, had taken the girls who were going on to the university on a day's excursion to Oxford to see the colleges, and I came back in love. Mrs. Dillon spoke to me. She asked me if I didn't think that perhaps at the end of the year, when I got my school certificate, I should leave school and help my mother. "But I'm going to go on to the university," I said. I could see that Mrs. Dillon did not understand about the still, green grass and arched stone quadrangles, the stacks in the Bodleian, the students in black gowns riding their bicycles down the High to their next lectures. I tried to explain it to her. Then I was in the middle of my examinations.

EARLY in June of 1944, my father was back in the hospital. It was the week of the landing of the Allies on the French beaches. We told him about it, but he did not hear.

Then one night, my father died. I had one short, harsh paroxysm of grief, and even afterward I found I was able to produce a creditable pain in my chest by recalling how my father had wanted to amuse me with the story of Rikki-tikki-tavi, and to lend me his crocodile belt on all the important occasions of my life, and how he had wanted to make me a present of it the day I pushed him onto the floor.

My mother and I sat in her room. Mrs. Katz brought our meals on a tray

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and stayed to talk—about how good my mother had been to my father, and how she had nothing to reproach herself with, and how this must be a comfort to her now.

My mother shook her head and said, "Not so good. Not as good as you all think. You don't know how often I lay in bed, with him right beside me, and my hands like this." My mother interlaced her fingers and pressed them passionately together. "How I would long for him to be allowed to die, for his sake, but not for his sake only. For Lore's and for my sake."

"But that's only natural," Mrs. Katz said. "You didn't want him to suffer."

"Oh, I don't blame myself for that," my mother said. "I will tell you what I can't forgive myself. You remember when he came back from his first day at the milk office, he was so ill he could hardly move his leg? I wanted to take a taxi up the hill to the house, but I kept thinking how silly to take a taxi for just two blocks, and I made him walk."

"It's all over now," said Mrs. Katz, for my mother had begun to cry, her face shrunken and red.

"I could have taken a taxi for him," said my mother. "It wasn't even the money. I was afraid the taxi-driver would think it silly for just two blocks, and our being refugees. I made him walk those blocks uphill because I was afraid of looking silly to the taxi-driver. I'll stop in a minute," said my mother, sobbing out of the depths of her chest. "I promised Lore that if Igo died I would cheer up quickly. And you will see, I will."

One Sunday, about a week after my father's death, I came back to Clinton Lodge and found the fat doctor having a cup of coffee with my mother. "Are you ill?" I asked her.

"Goodness no. Dr. Adler was so kind as to be worried about me."

"I was just passing the house on my way home from the hospital, and I thought I would look in on your good mother. She was making herself a cup of coffee and I asked her to give me one. As a friend, you know. As a doctor, I should tell you that you have no business taking so much caffeine." He tapped her on the wrist with a forefinger. "I suspect you drink altogether too many cups of coffee, and it's not good for your nerves."

"My nerves *have* been playing me tricks lately," said my mother. "You can't think what incredible mistakes I've been making at the restaurant. Poor Mr. Harvey! Yesterday I put salt in the peas twice, so today I put none in the potatoes. Don't go to Harvey's for lunch



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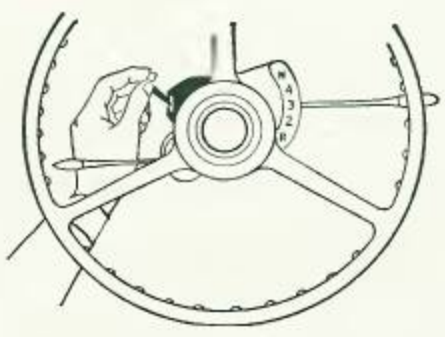
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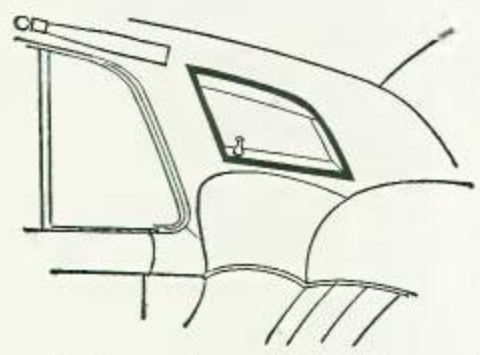
The rake of the front seats is *individually* adjustable. The driver can sit erect for a commanding view of the road while his companion reclines. Each has his own set of arm-rests which adjust to suit his fancy.

The seats are as cozy as club chairs. You *nestle* into them. They are cov-



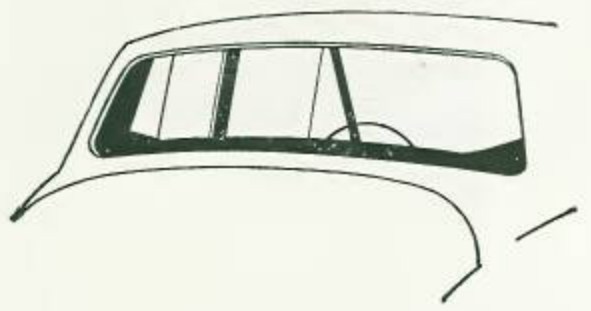
ered with the same English leather used on seats in the House of Commons. Eight hides are used—enough to make 128 pairs of shoes.

There are two illuminated vanity mirrors in niches in the rear quarters of the Rolls-Royce. Ladies may thus



perfect their make-up in privacy before leaving the car.

Here you see the rear window defroster. Or, rather, you do *not* see it. It consists of a heating element of 1,360 *nearly invisible* wires moulded



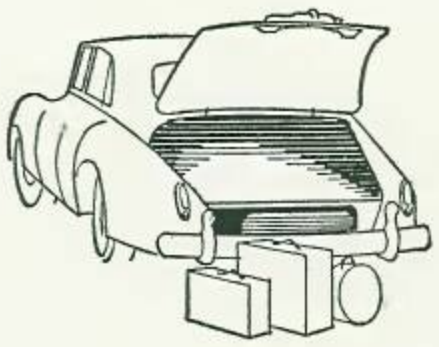
into the glass—wires finer than a human hair. At the flick of a switch, mist and frost are cleared electrically.

Much of the interior is surfaced with French walnut which has been hand-polished by English craftsmen. Notes are made on the hue and burl of the walnut used in each car, and are filed under your serial number. If a portion of the wood should ever be damaged, it can be matched flawlessly in grain and finish.

The Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud II—$15,655 P.O.E. (Slightly higher in Alaska and Hawaii.)

The gas tank cannot be opened without the driver's consent. *You* unlock it electrically from a button on the dash. And you should never run out of gas. A green light on the instrument panel starts winking when your supply dwindles to the last three gallons.

Your luggage rides here in carpeted seclusion. It can never be soiled by the spare wheel, which occupies a *separate*



compartment under the luggage. You can test the air pressure in the spare through a special port without removing the tire.

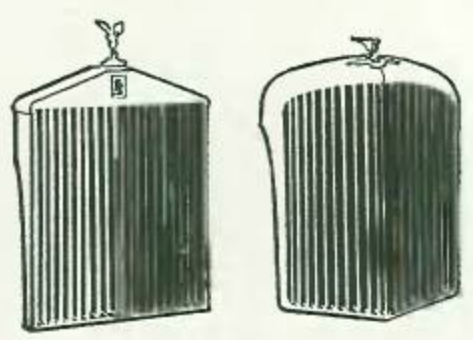
Under a hatch in the wheel compartment you will find an assortment of cadmium-plated tools and replacement bulbs. They rest in a fitted case of *sponge rubber*—further evidence of Rolls-Royce's obsession with peace and quiet.

Corrosion is held at bay by a plating of chromium or cadmium on every nut, bolt, washer and cotter pin. Even the tail pipe is chromed.

A dictating machine, an Espresso coffee maker, an electric razor, a bed, a telephone, and water for washing are available as optional extra conveniences.

The *basic* convenience of the Rolls-Royce is, of course, its magnificent riding qualities. Even at 100 m.p.h. (laws permitting) you have a feeling of sublime safety. Yet the 4700-pound car is delicately maneuverable.

The power-assisted steering is, according to Robert Glenton in the *Sunday Express*, "as delicate as the plop of a pearl into a glass of champagne. . . ." The power brakes will halt the car squarely from 100 m.p.h. without a tremor. And there are *three* independent brake linkages—two hydraulic and one mechanical. In the unlikely event that one linkage should fail, the others automatically keep the car under perfect control.



Here you see the only difference between the Rolls-Royce and the Bentley—their radiator design. In all other respects they are identical motor cars. The Bentley costs $300 less because its radiator is simpler to make.

If you would like to try driving a Rolls-Royce or Bentley, write or telephone any dealer on page 78. Or write Mr. Norman C. Miller, Executive Vice President, Rolls-Royce, Inc., Room 465, 45 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 20, N. Y.



"Sutton East" ties, designed for the discriminating man

Our exclusive "Sutton East" ties were created by us to fulfill the needs of the man who wants a tie that expresses his individual personality and manner of dress. In our "Sutton East" collection you'll find such ties superbly fashioned from luxurious striped silks. Predominating shades of blue, red, black and silver. **5.00**

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tomorrow, because they're serving shepherd's pie made with unsalted potatoes."

"I promise not to come to Harvey's if you will promise someday to cook me a real Viennese dinner."

"Wiener schnitzel," said my mother. "Any time you like."

In the middle of that week, my mother said, "You'll never guess what I did today. I bought myself a new dress. I left the restaurant half an hour early, went to the bank, took out twenty shillings, and went and bought myself a pink dress."

"How do you mean pink? A sort of pinkish gray, you mean?"

"Pink," said my mother. "It was the only pretty dress in the shop and I put it on to see how silly I looked, but then I took down the knot in my hair and did it more loosely, like this. Look, you see—there is still a wave, and the pink brings out the red lights. It looked very well on."

I was pretty sure she was kidding me. "So where is it?"

"It's being altered for me. Now I can't even take it back. I told them to go ahead, and I'll have it for the weekend."

That weekend, Dr. Adler came and had Wiener schnitzel with us. My mother wore the pink dress. It was very pink, and I watched the doctor to see if he thought it strange, but he was in great spirits and said my mother looked like a girl. Her face had a high color; her eyes were too bright. After dinner, we went into the drawing room and she sat across from the doctor, making jokes and laughing in shrill, harsh bursts in her throat. Later, the doctor asked her to come for a stroll around the block.

On Monday, Mrs. Dillon was waiting for me by the front door of Adorato. She asked me to come in a moment. "Come into the drawing room. Sit here on the sofa." She sat down beside me.

"Has something happened?" I asked in alarm.

"Well, no, I don't think so. Not yet. Guess who came to see me at the refugee office? Mr. Harvey. He's worried about your mother."

"Why is he? Mummy is all right. I haven't seen her laugh so much in years."

"Well, that's what seems to be the trouble. Mr. Harvey says she is a changed person. He says even when things were worst she was always conscientious about her work, and now all of a sudden she doesn't seem to care. He says she keeps making mistakes ev-

Where to see ROLLS-ROYCE

You can see the Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars advertised on page 76 at the following dealers. Or, write your nearest distributor (*).

ATLANTA, GA., Spreen Motor Co., 500 West Peachtree St., N.W.
BALTIMORE, MD., General Pontiac Corp., 3200 Reisterstown Rd.
BERKELEY, CALIF., British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd., 2655 Shattuck Ave.
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF., Coventry Motors, 9334 Wilshire Blvd.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA., O. Z. Hall Motors, Inc., 3001 North 26th St.
BOSTON, Foreign Motors, Inc., 1686 Commonwealth Ave.
BURLINGAME, CALIF., British Cars of Burlingame, 65 California Dr.
CHICAGO, Imperial Motors, Inc., 721 Green Bay Road, Wilmette
CINCINNATI, Charles Raymond, Inc., 3813 Montgomery Road
CLEVELAND, Salter Automotive Imports, Inc., 16222 Chagrin Blvd., Shaker Heights
DALLAS, Overseas Motors Corp., 808 N. Harwood
DENVER, The Kumpf Motor Car Co., W. 12th Ave. and Acoma
DETROIT, Falvey Motor Sales Co., 22600 Woodward Ave.
*FORT WORTH, Overseas Motors Corp., 2824-30 White Settlement Rd.
GREENVILLE, S. C., Judson T. Minyard, Inc., 533 N. Pleasantburg Dr.
HONOLULU, HAWAII, Universal Motor Company, Ltd., 410 Atkinson Drive
HOUSTON, Houston Motor Corp., 2955 Kirby Drive
INDIANAPOLIS, Schaler-Waters, 2000 North Meridian
KUTZTOWN, PA., Nick Ciliberti Pontiac, 601 E. Main St.
LA JOLLA, CALIF., Seaside Buick, Inc., 1030 Torrey Pines Rd.
*LOS ANGELES, Peter Satori Co., Ltd., 325 W. Colorado St., Pasadena
LOUISVILLE, Koster-Swope Imports, 3712 Frankfort Avenue
MEMPHIS, Pryor Oldsmobile Co., 2525 Summer Ave.
MIAMI, Waco Int. Salon, 1301 W. Flagler St.
MILWAUKEE, WISC., Milrace Motors Ltd., 122 Green Bay Road, Thiensville
MONTEREY, CALIF., British Motors of Monterey, 777 Del Monte Ave.
NASHVILLE, TENN., E. Gray Smith, 1405 Broadway
NEW HAVEN, CONN., Nelke Motor Co., 214 and 226 Whalley Ave.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Sport Cars, Inc., 840 St. Charles Avenue
NEWPORT BEACH, CALIF., Roy Carver, Inc., 1400 West Coast Highway
*NEW YORK, J. S. Inskip, Inc., 304 E. 64th St.
OAKLAND, CALIF., British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd., 294 27th St.
PALM BEACH, Taylor Imported Motors, Inc. 1314 So. Dixie Highway, W. Palm Beach
*PASADENA, Peter Satori Co., Ltd., 325 W. Colorado St.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., Keenan Motors, Inc. 3900 North Broad
PHOENIX, ARIZ., Stewart Motors 800 North Central
PITTSBURGH, Motorfair, 2033 Saw Mill Run Blvd.
PORTLAND, ORE., British Motor Car Distrs., Inc. 1638 W. Burnside St.
PROVIDENCE, J. S. Inskip, Inc., 776 Elmwood Ave.
RENO, NEV., Wm. Harrah's Modern Classic Motors, 130 North Center St.
RICHMOND, VA., Mooers Motor Car Co., 1114 North Blvd.
RIVERSIDE, CALIF., Al Pernett Imported Cars, 1521 8th St.
SACRAMENTO, CALIF., Oxford Motors Limited, 15th & "I" Sts.
ST. LOUIS, Gruet Motor Car Co., 4733 McPherson Avenue
ST. PAUL, MINN., Schneider Motors Co., Pleasant at Kellogg St.
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., Scarritt Motors, Inc., 555 Skyway Boulevard South
*SAN FRANCISCO, British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd., 1200 Van Ness Ave.
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF., Butts Buick Inc., 315-321 State St.
SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Van Curler Motor Co., Inc., 123 Washington St.
SEATTLE, British Motor Car Distrs. Inc., 620 Spokane St.
TUCSON, ARIZ., Precision Motors, Ltd., 3512 E. Speedway
WALNUT CREEK, CALIF., British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd., 2679 No. Main St.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Flood Pontiac Co., 4221 Connecticut Ave., N. W.
WILKES-BARRE, PA., Lewis Wolfe, Inc., Gateway Shopping Center, Kingston Branch

ery day. He told her the restaurant just can't afford to go on like this, and she laughed in his face."

"What's going to happen, then?" I asked. Panic settled back into my chest.

"He says he doesn't know what to do. Today she forgot to light the oven under the roast and they had to take it off the menu. He says he took her aside to talk to her seriously, but she blew right up in his face. He says he never in his life heard her shouting before. She said why can't she take it easy, like all the other people do all the time. He wants me to talk to her, but I think maybe you should. You can talk to her. You tell her she must be more careful and not make so many mistakes."

My mother was in the kitchen at Clinton Lodge. "Roast chicken and cucumber salad," she said, "and not for Mr. Harvey and his customers but for you and me. Roast potatoes, too. Take off your coat."

"How are you doing in the restaurant?"

"Fine," said my mother.

"Are you still making so many mistakes?"

"What do you mean, mistakes?"

"The way you were telling Dr. Adler?"

"Sit down and eat before everything gets cold. Other people make mistakes," she said. "Everybody does. Mr. Harvey ruined a whole fish dinner once. He told me so himself."

"Maybe you make too many mistakes."

"Did Mr. Harvey say something to you?"

"No. Where would I see Mr. Harvey? He came to see Mrs. Dillon. I mean, it's just that you should be a little more careful, and not make so many mistakes. And he says you're not even sorry. He says you didn't light the fire under the roast today and that the restaurant can't afford to go on like this. Maybe if you stopped drinking so much coffee. Mummy!"

My mother's face was paling and shrinking before my eyes. Her mouth darkened to a red, sore look, with little unevennesses like lines up and down her parted lips. Her eyes increased in size as they filled with tears. She looked into her plate and put down her fork. When Mr. Katz came in with a friendly good evening, my mother got up and went out to the scullery. I heard her clattering the dishes, and in a little while she went upstairs and closed the door.

In the weeks that followed, my mother kept herself to herself. The

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brandy is Cognac . . . and
only *some* Cognac is V. S. O. P.

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REMY MARTIN
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Rare, indeed, is the superb quality
that distinguishes Remy Martin
V.S.O.P.—Very Superior Old Pale.

PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN
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No Cognac of lesser quality than
V. S. O. P. is permitted
to bear the Remy Martin label.

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world, this is the
Cognac of connoisseurs.



COGNAC THIS GREAT
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sound of a sudden voice could make her cry; we were all afraid to speak to her. She did not entertain the doctor again. She has told me that the hardest work she ever had to do was in those weeks, when she focussed every nerve, every minute of the day, to hold on to herself, because the moment she relaxed she could feel herself altogether scattered.

I watched her strained face surreptitiously. I don't know at what point I realized that the calamity for which I was set was not going to occur. My mother was making jokes and laughing again in her old way, from the chest, and with her head thrown back. She talked to the people who came to visit. Whenever she mentioned my father, which she did easily, I would look around for a book. My mother told everyone the story of how she had made my father walk up the hill instead of taking a taxi. She still tells it to me once in a while, but it is only quite lately that I have told her that the time my father fell on the floor in front of the wardrobe mirror it was because I pushed him with my hand.

—Lore Groszmann Segal

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From Meiji Shimbun, a publication of a restaurant-social club operated by United States military forces in Tokyo*]

Matsumori's Notebook

By K. Matsumori

"Mrs. Thompson danced for joy when I present her the license for the space flight." Mr. Enos said. "This is my first dream of the New Year."

What is your dream on the secondth of January? Reforming the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act at all hazards! Invite her to the Meiji Club frequently this year, but the lord Harry!

You wonder why she prims her lips and ice politeness at table, is she still sore at you about the water gilding Waterbury of Christmas gift? It was your last error of the first water.

Taking a glass she was taken by surprise with some ice roll in it. This is one of our manager's water plans to ice the decision for "E" banner club. How does she like these home made ice rolls?

Peeping her face through a hole in the ice, you verify she shows no indications of coup d'etat. She melted and breaks the ice.

•

Oresta Chappell, janitor at the terminal unit of the Postoffice, has received an award of $15 and a certificate of award for his suggestion to improve the postal service, Postmaster J. Roy Moncus announced yesterday.

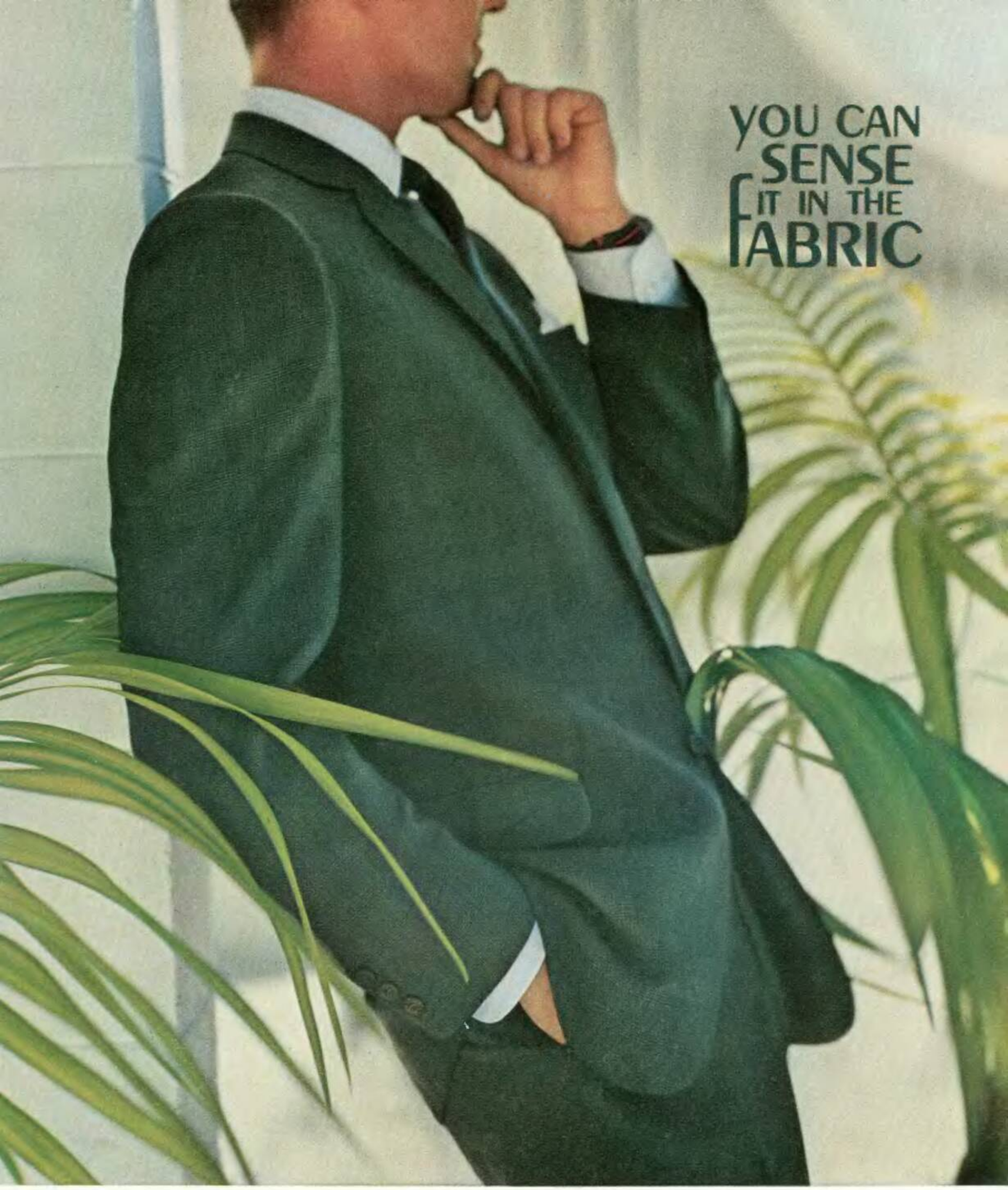
Chappell's suggestion concerned improving house cleaning procedures at the terminal by installing a light in the janitor's room.—*Birmingham (Ala.) Post-Herald.*

That's our kind of man—goes right to the heart of a thing.



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Bay City, Mich.	May Clothing
Beaumont, Tex.	The Man's Shop
Bethlehem, Pa.	Orr's Dept. Store
Birmingham, Ala.	Pizitz
Bordentown, N. J.	Seidel & Magowan
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.	Riverside Men's
Carteret, N. J.	Price's Men's Store
Champaign, Ill.	Jos. Kuhn & Co.
Chapel Hill, N. C.	The Hub
Charlotte, N. C.	Belk Bros.
Charleston, W. Va.	Kaufman Bros.
Chicago, Ill.	Gassman's
Chicago, Ill.	Karoll's Men's
Chicago, Ill.	Morris B. Sachs
Clayton, Mo.	Greenfield's
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.
Clinton, N. C.	Ed Fleishman & Bros.
Columbia, S. C.	Lourie's
Columbia, Pa.	John Eichhorn
Corpus Christi, Tex.	Fedway
Dallas, Tex.	Sanger-Harris
Dallas, Tex.	Copeland's Clothes
Denver, Colo.	Denver Dry Goods
Durham, N. C.	The Hub
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Fayetteville, N. C.	Ed Fleishman & Bros.
Fort Worth, Tex.	Monnig Dry Goods
Galveston, Tex.	E. S. Levy & Co.
Gastonia, N. C.	Warren Gardner's
Harrisburg, Pa.	Stark Bros.
Houston, Tex.	Battelstein's
Kansas City, Mo.	Emery-Bird-Thayer
Kansas City, Mo.	The President Shop
Kenosha, Wisc.	Iserman Bros.
Laredo, Tex.	Brand of Texas
Laurel, Md.	Stewart Men's Clo.
Lincoln, Neb.	Gold & Co.
Little Rock, Ark.	Gus Blass
Lowell, Mass.	Newman's
Lynchburg, Va.	Edward's
Manhattan, Kans.	Stevenson's
Martinsville, Va.	R. G. Atkins
Middletown, Ohio	Worthmore Clothes
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Schmitt-Orlow
Nashville, Tenn.	Cain-Sloan Co.
Newark, N. J.	Larkey's
New Brunswick, N. J.	Jacobs Shirt Co.
New London, Conn.	Fedric
New Orleans, La.	La Biche's
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche
New York, N. Y.	Weber & Heilbroner
Norwood, Ohio	Steinberg's
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Parks Midwest
Orange, Tex.	Fournet's
Orlando, Fla.	Bate's Men's Store
Pensacola, Fla.	Leed's, Ltd.
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Prairie Village, Kans.	Jones Prairie Village
Richmond, Calif.	The Young Men's Shop
Ridgewood, N. J.	John Franks
Roanoke, Va.	Davidson's
St. Louis, Mo.	Greenfield's
San Diego, Calif.	Marston's
Scranton, Pa.	Scranton Dry Goods
Seattle, Wash.	Bon Marche
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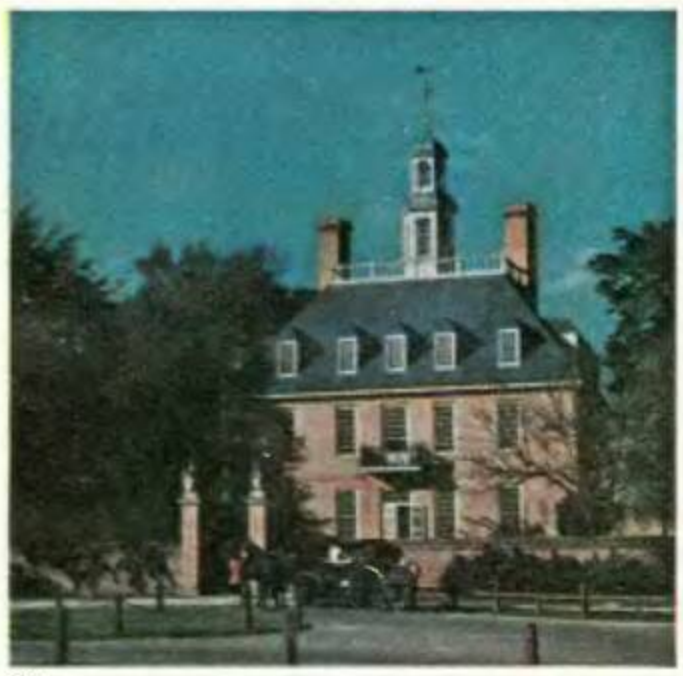
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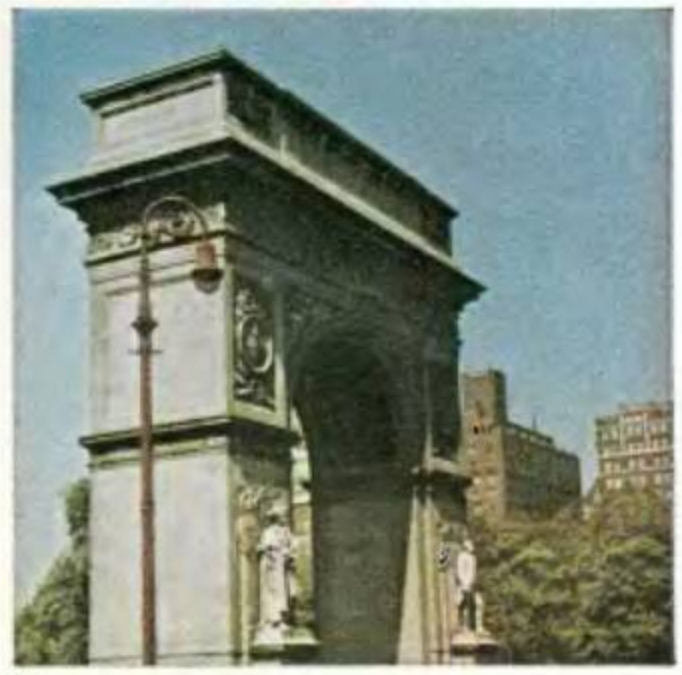
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Just for fun—take this United Air

(Clue: You are only a few hours away from any of these cities via United)

Here's how you play the game. Just for fun see how many of these 18 famous vacation centers you can correctly identify. Then compare your answers with those listed at the right to see how well you've done.

A score of 15 to 18 shows you know your way around (time to try that special vacation your travel agent is saving). A score of 11 to 14 ranks you as a savvy traveler (you'll soon make the top group with the help of your travel agent). A score under 11 suggests you're missing much of the stimulation and excitement of travel (get to know your travel agent better).

No matter how you score, there are still many vistas to explore—ask your travel agent about them soon.

And ask your travel agent to make jet reservations for you on United . . . the Extra Care airline.

1. **Washington, D. C.**—The Washington Monument is but one of many capital wonders.

2. **Miami**—Shows, sea and sunshine await you on this fabulous beach.

3. **Las Vegas**—Gaiety lives in this glittering desert fun festival.

4. **Los Angeles - Hollywood**—Stars' homes, sunshine and expansive entertainment here.

5. **Salt Lake City**—See the famed Great Salt Lake here in the beautiful mountain-bounded City of the Mormons.

6. **Portland, Ore.**—The Rose City, gateway to spectacular coastline and mountains.

7. **San Diego**—World-renowned zoo, fishing and golf compete for your time here.



4



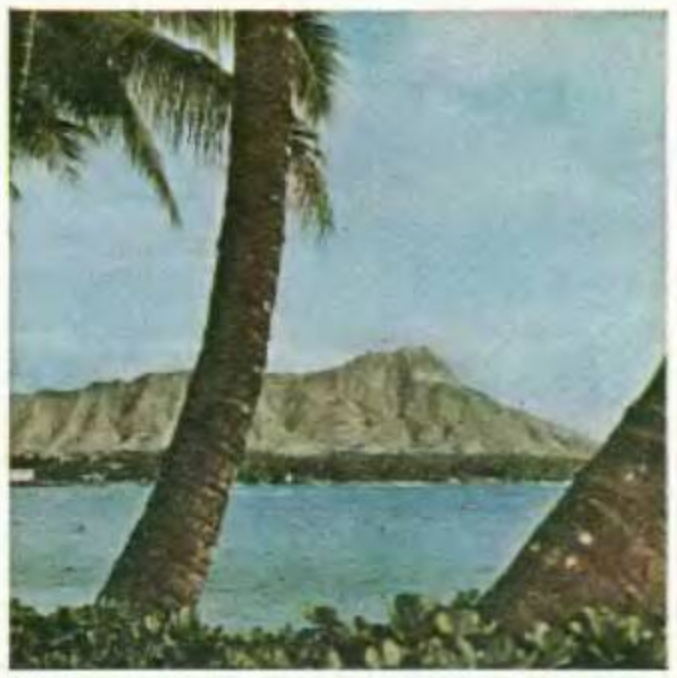
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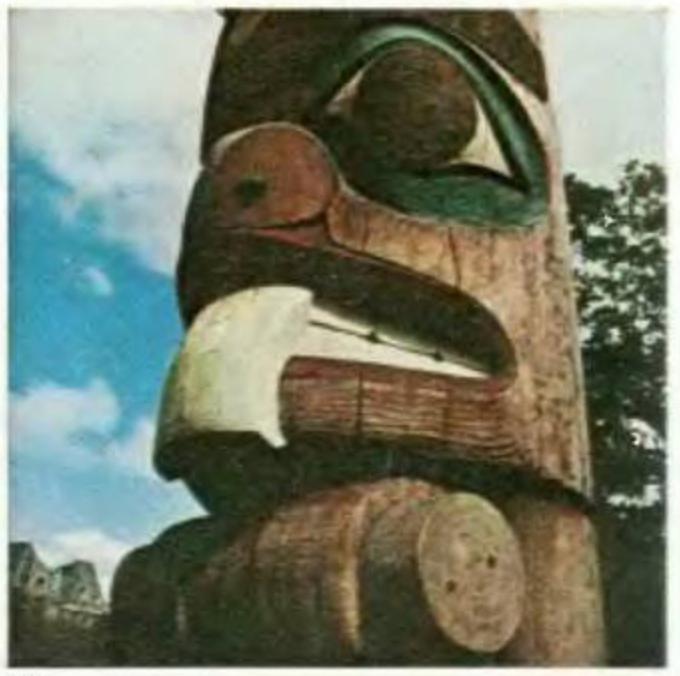
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18

Lines Vacation Quiz

8. **Boston**—Fine New England cooking puts spice in a vacation here where our nation rose to liberty.

9. **New Orleans**—Wander along the banks of the majestic Mississippi, entranced by this bit of Old France.

10. **San Francisco**—Telegraph Hill's famed Coit Tower is but one of thousands of San Francisco's famous sights.

11. **Hawaii**—Beautiful Waikiki Beach symbolizes the Islands' multitude of things to do and see.

12. **Vancouver, B. C.**—Enjoy superb scenery, towering totems, and all the beauty and charm of this fascinating city swept by delightful breezes from the sea.

13. **Williamsburg, Va.**—Colonial fans will find a home in this restored village of George Washington's day.

14. **Seattle**—This "space needle" rises above Seattle's 1962 World's Fair where tomorrow's space age is yours today.

15. **New York City**—Few streets in the world compare with Fifth Avenue—marching uptown from the Washington Square Arch.

16. **Denver**—In nearby Rocky Mountain National Park or other scenic areas there's outdoor recreation "par excellence."

17. **Chicago**—Theater, art, night life, plus professional sports—all in the Windy City.

18. **Philadelphia**—The Home of Independence offers numerous modern charms.



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Kathy and Casey at the bat

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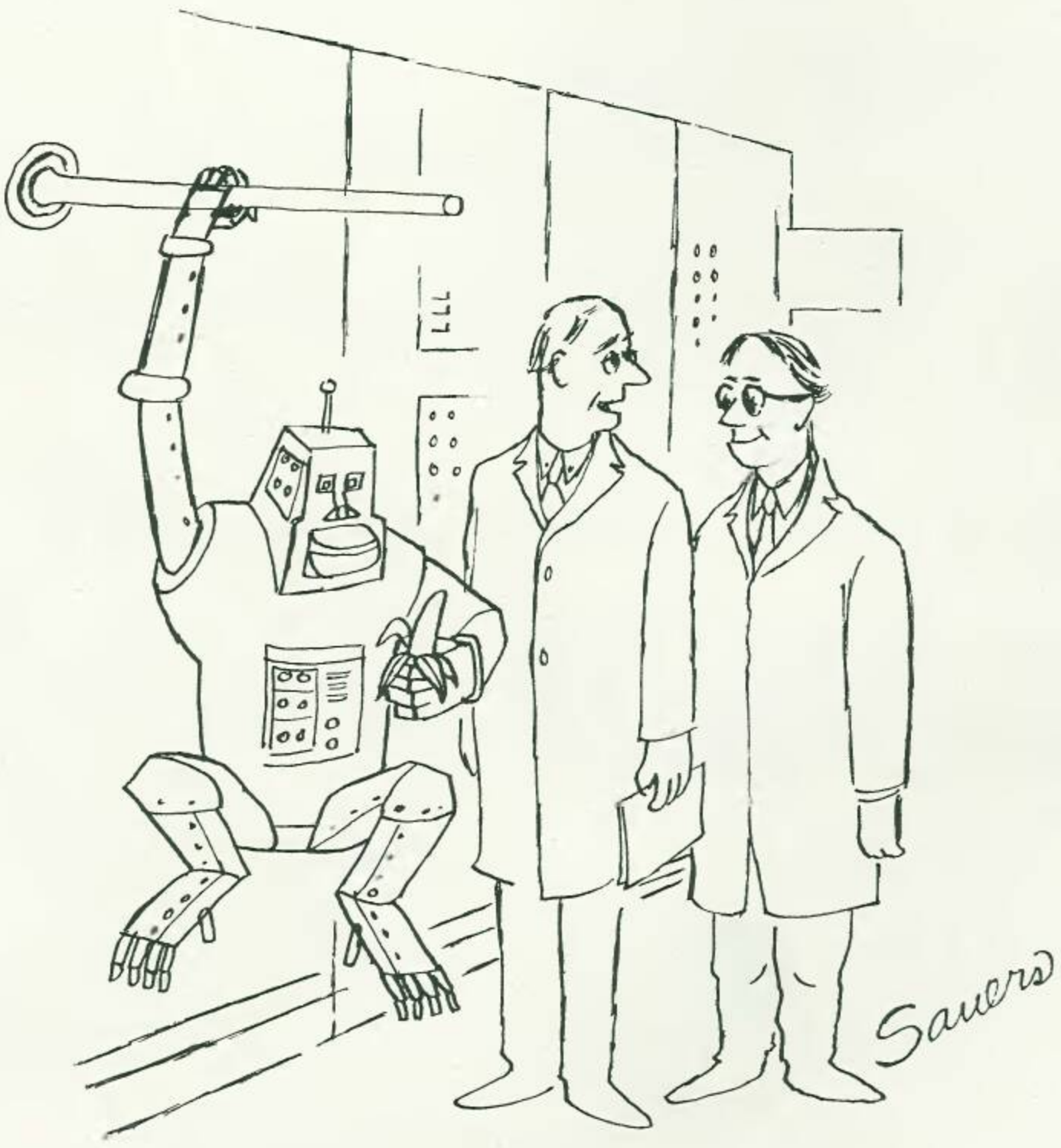
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THE THEATRE

INTRAMURAL

WASTING time is an occupational hazard of my profession, but that hazard assumed such dimensions at the Morosco last week that it scared me. The item on display, which vacated the theatre after four performances, was called "Venus at Large," and it attempted to satirize, with the utmost archness, the lives of some of the people the syndicated columnists concentrate on as earnestly as William Tell concentrated on the apple. Written by Henry Denker, who only last season was as serious as all getout in an offering that dealt with Freud's first celebrated case, "Venus at Large" presented a high-busted Hollywood actress who, to the dismay of her West Coast employers, had lately come from the smog to Manhattan to prove herself as a Method actress. She had taken up residence with her agent and his wife in what was described as "the best suite in one of the best hotels on Central Park South." The living room of this suite, where all the action took place, was designed by Donald Oenslager, and was so flamboyant that it made one long for the chaste décor of the Mills Hotel, while its occupants, as they went gibbering about, made one long for the kind of funny folk Kaufman and Hart invented in "Once in a Lifetime," a really droll description of Hollywood folk and their preoccupations. One of the main points of "Venus at Large" was whether the heroine, who had little to recommend her aside from her rather extravagant physical dimensions, would win the hand of an eminent dramatist so perceptive he could see that under the embonpoint the Hollywood cutie was all heart. As Mr. Denker went along, he slapped his thigh over jokes about his heroine, who resembled Marilyn Monroe; his hero, who resembled Arthur Miller; the heroine's agent, who was a Presbyterian but otherwise resembled any theatrical agent; a TV performer called Jack Carr, who cried a lot and resembled Jack Paar; a Hollywood producer, who resembled all his kind; and a Method actor, who resembled anybody in tight dungarees. Mr. Denker, the old slyboots, called his heroine Olive Ogilvie, which was reduced to "O. O.," and thus equated with a couple of other sets of identical initials.

After watching the performers stumble through the first two acts of "Venus at Large," I decided I had had enough of Mr. Denker's special brand of humor, so I can't tell you how the thing resolved itself. Still, there is this to say for the affair—the performers all tried hard, and it let us get a glimpse of Ernest Truex, who can make even the most dismal guff sound jolly, in the role of the producer. The other prominent participants in the drama were David Wayne, who portrayed the agent; William Prince, who was the dramatist; Joyce Jameson, the O. O. in question; Robert Yuro, the Method actor; and Jack Bittner, yet another dramatist, bearded like the pard or Paddy Chayefsky, who turned up long enough to announce that Miss Jameson was not earthy and would not do for him. At this juncture, may I warmly recommend to Mr. Denker that he scurry back to the couch? —JOHN MCCARTEN



"We've come a long way, eh, Professor?"

OFF BROADWAY

Lady from the North

WHEN the lights went down on the first act of David Ross's production of "Rosmersholm," at the Fourth Street, the other night, it seemed to me that Nancy Wickwire, as Rebecca West; Donald Woods, as Rosmer; and Patrick Waddington, as Professor Kroll, had given little indication that they could ever do what would be required of them later on. I was dead wrong. Miss Wickwire at first seemed just drawing-room chilly, and not the driving, driven, mysterious woman who has attained composure; Mr. Woods was colorless; and Mr. Waddington was blustery, with nothing much underneath. They were so remote that it was hard to see them as people at all, and when Bramwell Fletcher, looking like Beerbohm's caricature of Ibsen, entered, as that ragged troll Ulric Brendel, he appeared to bring life as well as humor into a museum. But I now see that Mr. Ross and his actors were absolutely right. Ibsen is one of the most austere of playwrights, and it is not fitting that the audience should get on in-

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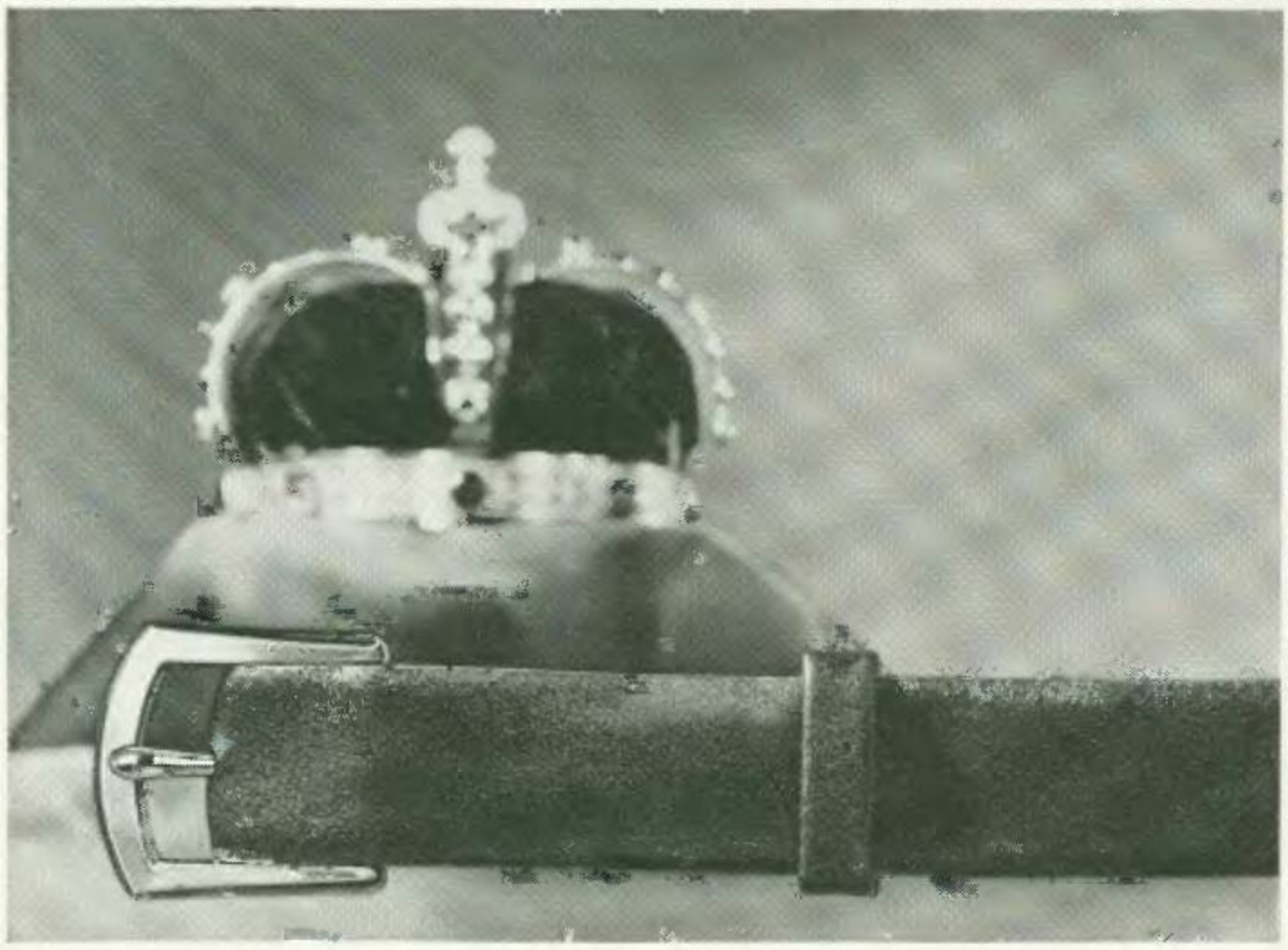


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timate terms with his characters immediately. Mr. Ross never breaches that austerity; there is not a fake effect in the show, for all its theatricality.

At the outset, Miss Wickwire gives no clue to her reserves of power and her depth of feeling, or to her control. Her shocked and mysterious withdrawal in the proposal scene is the first crack in her composure, and then, slowly and completely, she comes apart, her intensity always increasing and never letting down. Ibsen is rarely more convincing than he is in this scene, when Rebecca first cries out for joy at the thought of marrying Rosmer and then draws back in horror, partly in the realization that she has been offered exactly what she has been scheming for and therefore cannot accept it. It is only in her scene alone with Rosmer, at the end of the play—when she has told him of her passion for him that has masqueraded as idealism, and has assumed total responsibility for Beata's suicide and everything else that has gone wrong—that she becomes gentle and feminine, and not a bit mysterious any more. It is a fine performance. Donald Woods plays the weak, unworldly, trusting Rosmer quietly, but he manages to make the nobility of the man, in both senses of the word, clear and strong enough to explain his influence on Rebecca. A man like that could change a woman like that. Mr. Fletcher's Brendel couldn't be better from start to finish, and one reason his last scene is so heartbreaking is that he plays it with no awareness of his own pathos; he is just as wry and jaunty when he begs for a castoff ideal in Act III as he was when he begged for eight crowns and a castoff coat in Act I. As Mortensgaard, the left-wing editor and cynical politician—a role in which subtlety could easily go by the board—Barnard Hughes is subtle and totally effective. Joan Croydon is adequate as Mrs. Helseth, although I must say she seems awfully genteel and slender for that gossipy housekeeper and plot machine. The final scene, by the way, in which she tells us in awestruck tones what we already know is happening, is as superfluous as ever, but I guess Mr. Ross was right not to cut it; somebody has to be onstage when the stage lights go off and the house lights come on. Mr. Waddington's Kroll gains in conviction scene by scene—and how dreadful it is that Professor Kroll, with his hatred of freedom and reform, his belief in discipline and convention, his stiff-necked, bigoted rejection of Rosmer and Rebecca and all their ideas, should be

right about everybody, although he is wrong about everything! When he shouts at Rebecca that she has taken over God's prerogative in destroying Beata to bring fulfillment to Rosmer, I realized for the first time that "Rosmersholm" is a classical tragedy, and that the God she defied could have been an Athenian god of the fifth century B.C. The action takes place in a little more than forty-eight hours, and yet it always moves at an acceptable rate of speed (perhaps this is as much Mr. Ross's doing as Ibsen's); two days are all that is needed to reveal and interpret the past, to reveal the characters to themselves and to each other, and to make their tragic end seem inevitable.

The translation, by Carmel Ross (the producer's wife), avoids cloudy William Archer-Gothic, in which nothing really gets said, and yet, correctly, is a bit stiff and archaic. "Rosmersholm," unlike "The Sea Gull," is very much of its period, the eighteen-eighties, and deals with ideas—freedom and democracy, the emancipation of women, sexual frankness—that were then startling all Europe. (Kroll's "You are not really emotionally involved" is a bad slip, however.) Charles Bailey has done a particularly effective set of Rosmer's drawing room, making the stage of the tacky theatre-in-the-round seem elegant.

—Edith Oliver

•

Bill Bender reports unusual interest in the volume number of the University Hospital Star, just celebrating its 15th anniversary. . . . A nosy reader wondered why the 15th volume of a publication should be labeled Volume X, and so did the editor, Mrs. Jean Hesselgrave. She checked back, discovered the first VII years of the Star were all labeled Volume I. Writes she: "So it wasn't until we were seven years old that we started Vol. II." . . . Obviously this compounds the problem, for, as any schoolchild knows, VII from XV is not X, but XIII. Equally obvious is the fact that addition and subtraction in Latin is becoming something of a lost skill.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It's a lost skill in *any* language.

•

Q. What is the best way to notify friends that a man has legally adopted his wife's young daughter by a previous marriage, and that the daughter will henceforth bear his name?

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Next question.



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THE RACE TRACK

Full Steam Ahead



WITH so many tracks going full blast—Aqueduct, on Long Island; Laurel, in Maryland; Gulfstream, in Florida; Keeneland, in Kentucky; and Fort Erie, in Canada, not to mention Lincoln Downs, in Rhode Island; Shenandoah Downs, in West Virginia; Sportsman's Park, in Illinois; and Tanforan, in California—the horses are spread pretty thin. There are hardly enough of the better older ones, loosely called the handicap division, to go around. That's one reason there were only seven starters in the Excelsior Handicap at the Big A last Saturday. Actually, it was a two-horse affair, Hitting Away and Up Scope racing ahead of the others throughout the mile and a furlong. It was exciting, too, for they went at it hammer and tongs all the way, and you expected one of them to crack before they reached the stretch. I thought Hitting Away, who must lead or he won't try, would be the one, but fast as Up Scope is, he could never get his head in front, and Hitting Away passed the winning post nearly a length to the good. Of course, with the track damp, Hitting Away was running over the sort of footing he likes, and he likes Aqueduct, too; his best performances last year—in the Withers and the Dwyer—were there. Manassa Mauler was third. I was surprised that Yorktown didn't go in the Excelsior; it looked like pie for him, since he'd beaten four of the runners in the Campbell at Bowie last month. Oh, well, if he'd run and won, he'd probably have to carry more weight in the Grey Lag Handicap a week from Saturday. Maybe that occurred to his stable.

I DIDN'T see another Primonetta in the Prioress Stakes the other afternoon. (She won the race a year ago, you may remember.) Annie O., Primonetta's stablemate and, like her, a daughter of Swaps, showed high speed but couldn't hold it, and Some Song and Leapfrog passed her in the stretch to finish one, two. But the season's young yet, and Annie O. may go better next time. Anyway, I daresay horseplayers won't forget that afternoon, because



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after a well-played number named Mr. Bimbo won the first race, the next eight favorites were beaten.

Not altogether unexpected, but still the worst sort of news to his aficionados, of whom I'm one, is the mishap to Jaipur. As you've probably heard, he bruised his right hind heel during the running of the Gotham Stakes, and although the injury isn't serious, his stable doesn't know how soon he'll run again. It hopes to have him fit and ready for the Belmont Stakes, on June 9th. From all accounts, Jaipur didn't take a wrong step after the Gotham, but, following a slow gallop three days later, the swelling developed. Burt Mulholland, his trainer, thinks the colt bruised his heel on the hard ground underneath the thin layer of mud on the track. Of course, Jaipur isn't the first three-year-old to have something happen to him in his first race of the season. In fact, if I were to start mentioning names, I could go on for hours. No doubt there will be a big field for the Wood Memorial this weekend. Who'll win? Your guess is probably better than mine.

ENDYMION, who will take Jaipur's place for his stable in the Wood, had been scheduled to go to Laurel for the Chesapeake Stakes last Saturday, but it's just as well he didn't, because Greek Money won as he pleased by more than five lengths and set a new track record of 1:43⅘ for the mile and a sixteenth. Sidluck, who was third in the Gotham, finished fourth.

While we're on the subject of three-year-olds, horsemen returning from the South say that Cyane, who picked off the Futurity last year in a photo finish with Jaipur and Sir Gaylord, has grown into as big and handsome a colt as you'd care to see. He wintered at Camden, South Carolina, and he has engagements in the Withers, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes.

WEATHER REPORT: At Keeneland one morning last week, horses worked in a driving snowstorm.

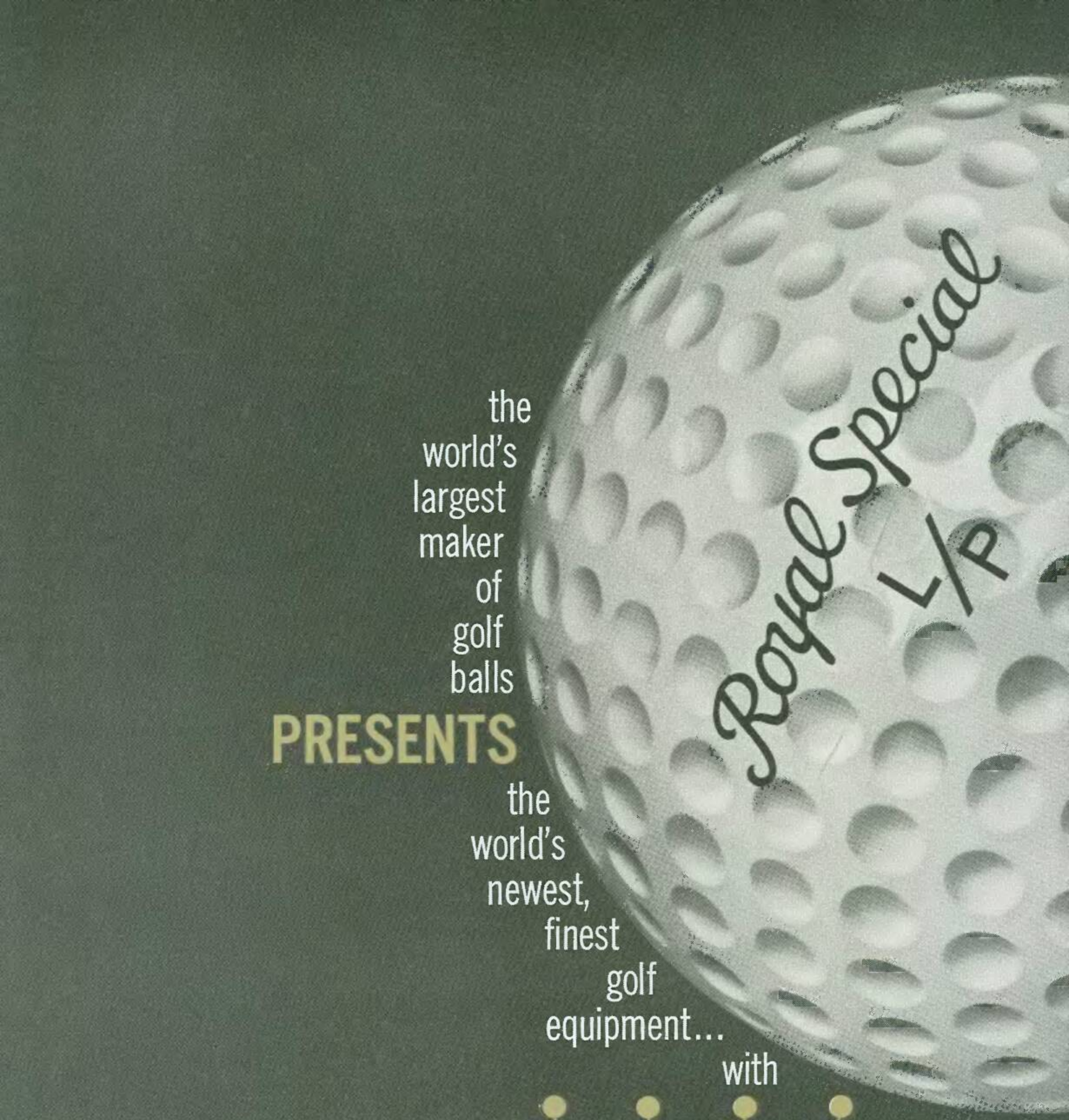
—AUDAX MINOR

•

"I frankly prefer the old dictionary, speaking not only as a teacher, but as a writer. Granted, language changes. But I don't see any great advantage in trying to hurry it along that way. They accept anything, because it is used.

"I don't know what would happen to the teaching of composition if you tried to follow that principal."—*Mark Schorer, quoted in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Quick! Follow that principal!



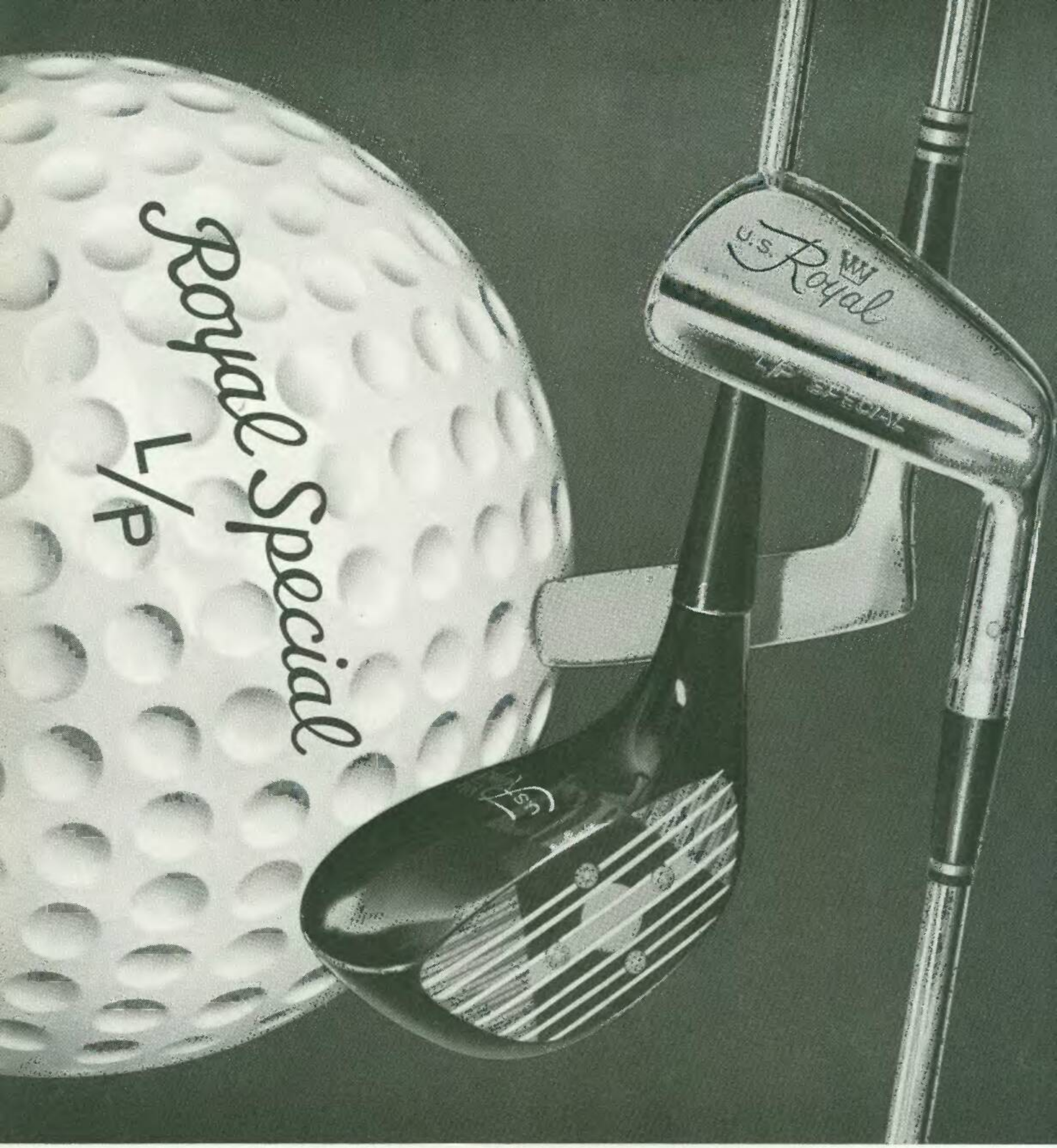
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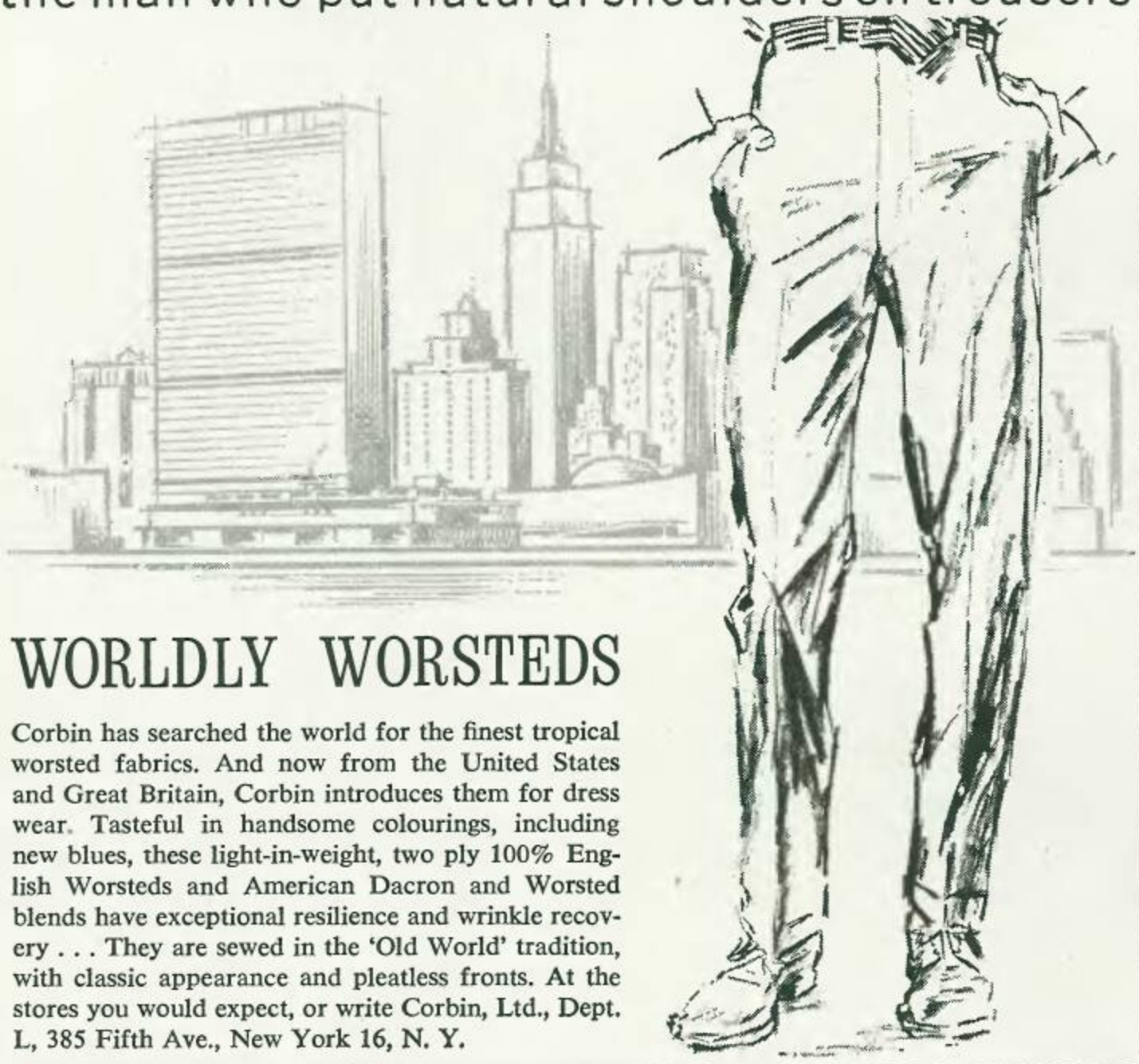
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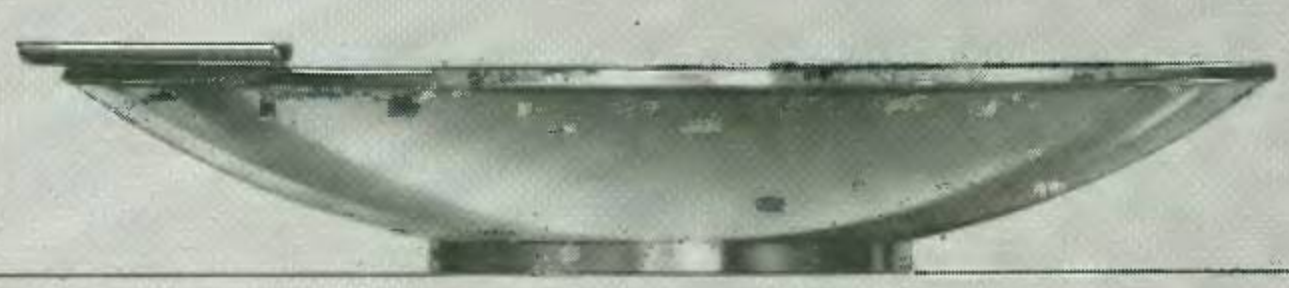


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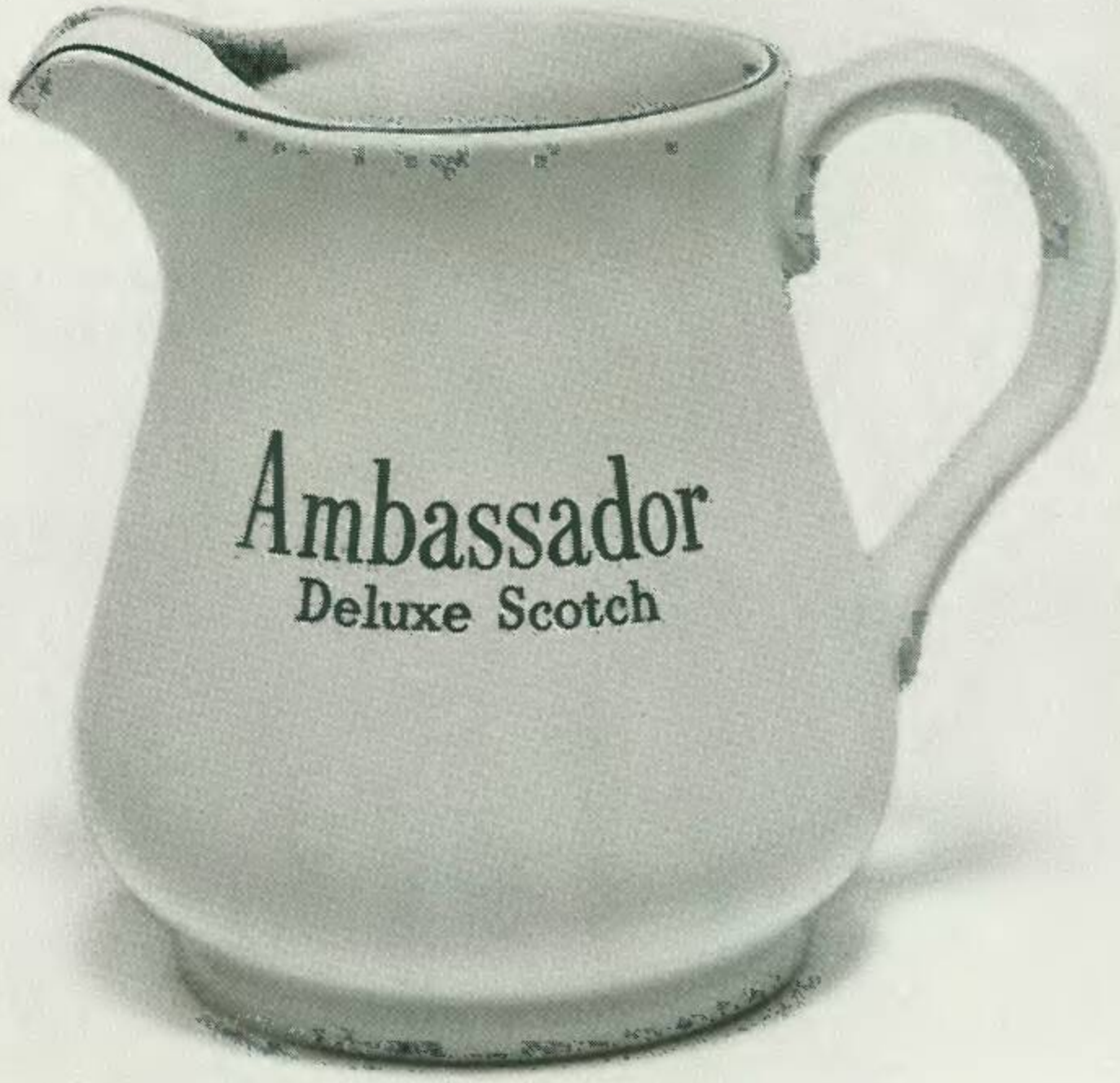
Novelties



EXPERIMENTATION of one sort or another seems to be the keynote for this past week. For some years now, sculptors have been trying, in their own devious ways, to infiltrate the precincts of painting—on the one hand, in their increasing tendency to compress the three-dimensionality of sculpture into the flat form of the relief, and, on the other, in their efforts to expand sculpture, traditionally more or less monolithic in structure, to include the spatially more wide-ranging forms that can be fitted into the field of painting. (Giacometti, with his strolling figures disposed casually on a flat plaque, was one of the innovators in this direction, and we've a more contemporary example at the moment in Henry Moore's "Girl Seated Against a Square Wall," in his exhibition at Knoedler.) And in the persons of the contemporary Spanish artist Antoni Tàpies, at the Guggenheim Museum, and the American Enrico Donati, at the Staempfli Gallery, we have two painters who are trying—tentatively, to be sure—to invade the domain of sculpture. They both do this, first, by building up—"weighting," so to speak—their surface textures by the inclusion of sand, plaster, and similar ingredients along with their pigments, and then by incising them here and there to emphasize the feeling of depth. They are not alone in their endeavors along these lines; there are others working in the same direction, and fundamentally the whole thing seems to me the expression of a dilemma peculiar to the modern artist, who, cramped though he may feel by the rigid two-dimensionality of abstraction, has nowhere to turn save to representation (dread word!) or to simulation of the three-dimensionality of sculpture. It occurs to me that the two groups might be said to be moving from opposite directions toward similar ends—the sculptor trying to dissolve the literalness of the specific image into a more generalized concept, the painter trying to give more body to his already generalized references, yet both working to preserve some balance between abstract and concrete suggestion, a job that is not so easy as it may appear to be.

The problems involved and the processes of their solution are most clearly

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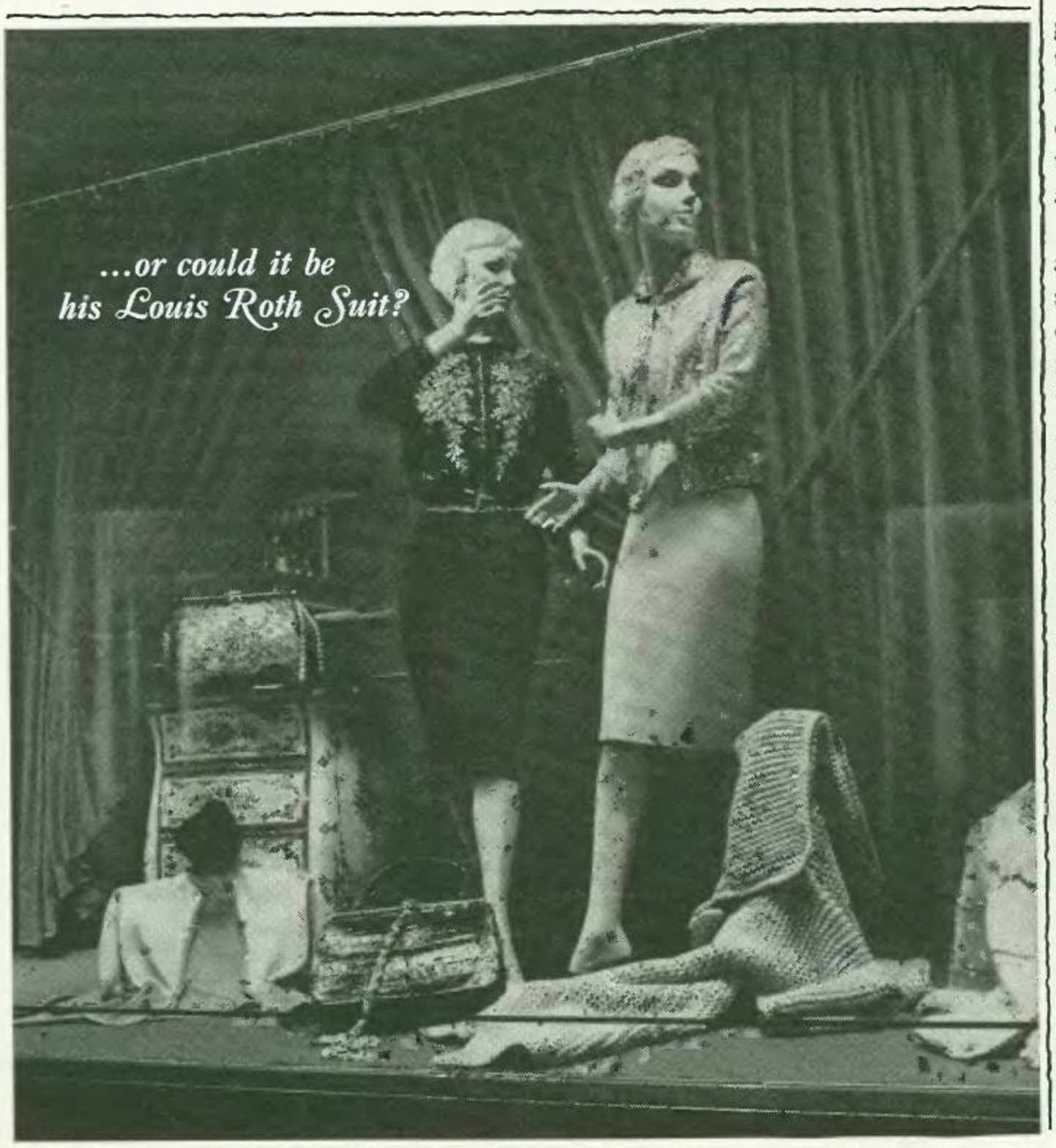




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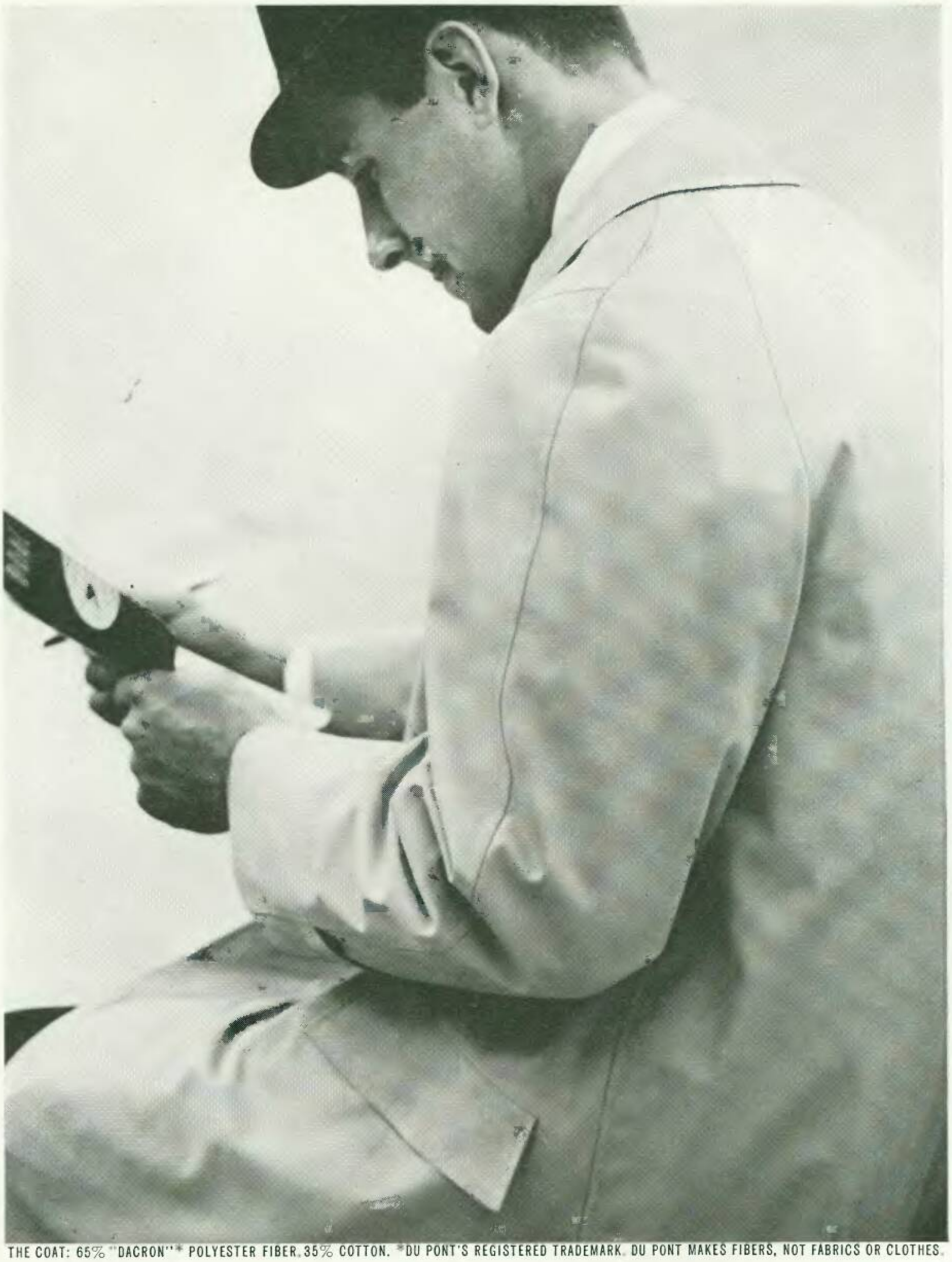
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illustrated in the Tàpies affair. This, a loan showing, is a retrospective of some fifty paintings and other works, covering the artist's development from 1945, when he was in his early twenties (he was born in 1923, in Barcelona), to the immediate present, and it reveals a good deal of casting about by him before he settled down to his current, established style. Curiously, one of the earliest canvases on view, "Relief Painting," dated 1945, of a woman's head drawn in—as in finger painting—on a ground of thick impasto, is strongly suggestive of his present production. If this one example is typical of the work he was doing at the time, the phase could hardly have been of long duration, for next year we find him experimenting with collage (see "Blue Space" and "Newspaper Cross"), while a couple of years after that, in such pieces as the spidery black-and-white "Ink and Charcoal" and the compositionally more involved "Dream Garden," an oil, he appears to have succumbed to a sudden and fairly explicit admiration for his fellow-Catalonian Joan Miró. This was followed—to me bewilderingly—by a brief excursion into the representational, and it was not until the middle nineteen-fifties—in such pieces as "Black Cross on Gray" and "Painting: Burnt Sienna"—that he began concentrating on the textural effects that have since preoccupied him. Color, too, tends to disappear at about this time, or to be reduced to a monochrome, and the mood becomes abruptly—and, I'm afraid, excessively—sombre.

Compositionally, the late work is also a bit repetitious, the design growing sparser and more arbitrary as the size of the canvases grows larger, and I feel that in reaching for the portentous the artist has arrived instead at the monotonous. This is not to say that he doesn't have power, and a brooding quality which at its best—as in the nicely balanced "Relief Over Black Space"—can be commanding. He displays, as well, a daring in his willingness to risk all—to build a whole painting, as it were—on a minimal framework of design, as he does in the huge diptych called "Dark Space," where the entire expanse of the slate-gray canvas hangs on a hemstitch of brusque, brisk strokes of pigment—gray, too—zigzagging straight down the middle.

In the main, though, his work is too muted, too reticent, even too hesitant, for full effect, and I found the Donatis much more to my liking. These are all recent works, and although they are done in the same technique, and so have much the same ambiguous appearance,



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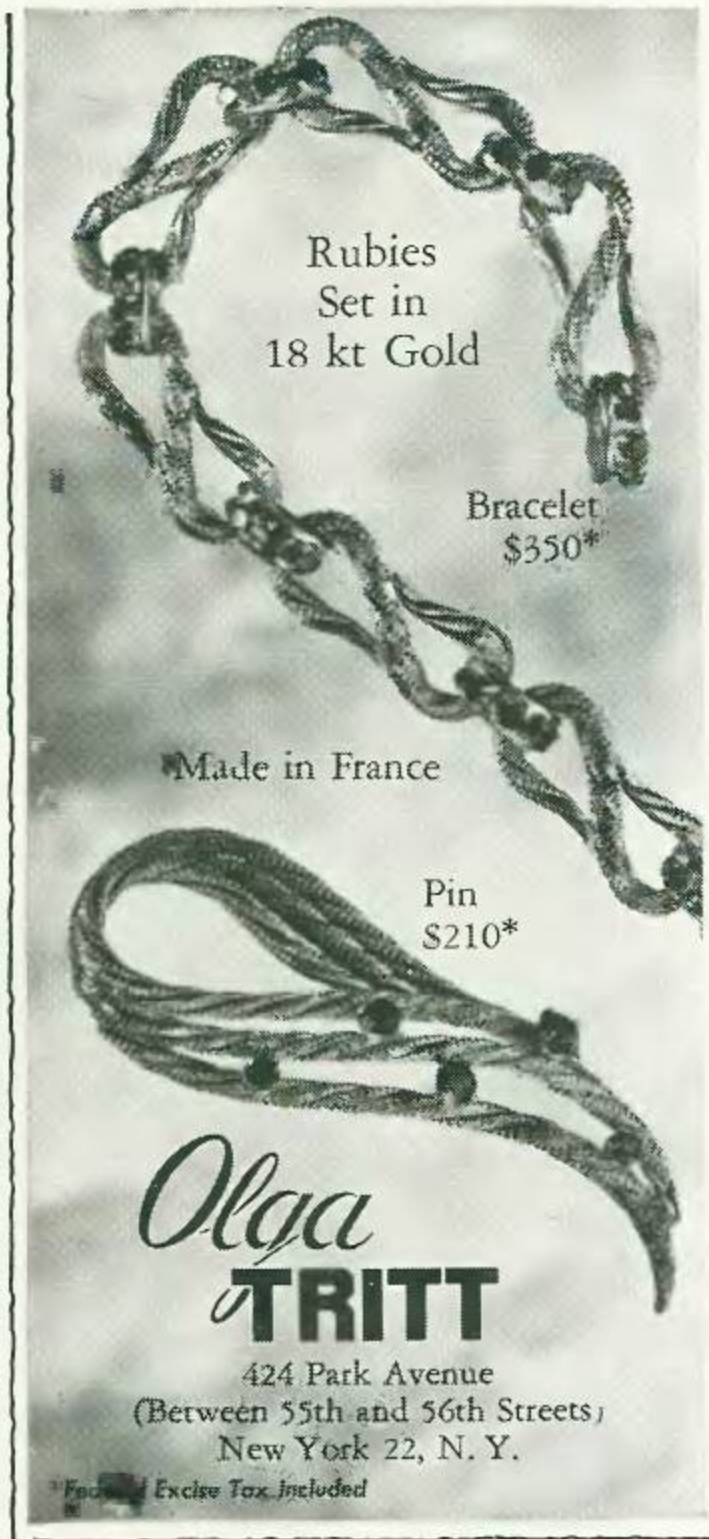
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as Tàpies'—half of having been painted and half of having been cast in a shallow mold—they seemed to me, first to last, to be the more successful. Donati, too, has had periods of vacillation and varying direction—including, as I recall, a Cubist as well as an Abstract Expressionist phase—and, to be frank, the last exhibition I saw of his, two or three years ago, appeared to reveal him as still a little uncertain technically. Now his work really glows, both in terms of color—for he proves, abundantly, that pigment can be mixed with intrinsically grosser materials (once again, sand, plaster, and so on) and still retain its brilliance—and, more importantly, in its basic assurance.

The mood here is confident, even triumphant, and (to return for a moment to the relation I spoke of between the concrete and the abstract developments of the fundamental picture concept) there is an almost unfailing sure balance between the primary image or concept and its abstract ramifications. There are moments of clumsiness, as in "Love Song," with its two rather ponderous stylized figures, and in "Red Ice" his generally fine feeling for compact design wanders. I liked, though, enormously, "Bird's Eye," yellow over-all, and weighted effectively by a pebbly cluster of darker forms at the bottom; "Eannatoum's Victory" and "Victory Wall," the first done all in blacks, ranging from the slaty to the truly Stygian, and the second a granitic gray, its surface spattered with reds, as with blood; and, perhaps the most impressive of all, the gray, red, and golden "Imperial Seal." The show closes this Saturday.

TWO other innovators—in their day, at least—remain to be mentioned. These are Max Ernst, with a set of new paintings and sculptures, at the Iolas, and Kurt Schwitters, a group of whose collages are being shown at the Janis. There is very little really new in art. Cubism goes back to African Negro carvings, and Chinese ideographs are the essence of pure abstraction. Even collage, if one wants to be finicking, has its antecedents, if only in the cigar-band ash receivers of Victorian days. I think, though, that there is danger of being too finicking, and I cling to the notion that collage as an art form is one of the few truly modernly invented styles. Schwitters, who died in 1948, was certainly the most indefatigable and imaginative of its early practitioners. Even now, after all the embellishments that have been added to the method, he remains practically peerless in the





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field. The affair at the Janis contains fifty-odd pieces, all small, and all, as usual, composed of the tiny tessellated fragments of labels, bus tickets, box tops, cigarette packages, and other oddments that he collected so assiduously. Trashy stuff, one might say, but in Schwitters' hands the little fabrications manage to be witty, allusive, and almost unerringly impeccable in design—to the extent that one finds oneself poring over them as one might over a series of etchings or miniature paintings.

Max Ernst was one of the founders of the Dadaist and, later, the Surrealist schools. Now entering his seventy-second year and no longer the campaigner for new ideas that he once was—why should he be?—he reveals himself to be fully as fertile and imaginative as ever, and perhaps even more accomplished in point of sheer craftsmanship. His sculptures (note particularly the adroitly asymmetrical "In the Streets of Athens," fashioned somewhat like a standing bas-relief, and the grim helmet-headed "Oedipus") are more crisp and compact in their statement than before. The paintings, which range literally from heaven to earth in subject, are as effortlessly expert in their handling as paintings can be. I liked especially "Where Cardinals Are Born" (in which the sun is a minute circular stained-glass window), the poetic "Night Flight," and the fluttery, feathery yellow "Where Canaries Are Born." —ROBERT M. COATES

•

BRITISH TOTS' PARENTS FACE HAZARDS SQUARELY

[*Muriel Bowen in the Tatler & Bystander*]

The children's party season is in full swoop. Teenage dances have greatly increased in number this year and Mrs. John Puxley gave a bang-up one at Welford Park, in Berkshire (*pictures on page 193*). It was for her sons, James and Charles—two very composed young men and excellent hosts. Mrs. Puxley told me: "It is such a relief that so many came—I kept running to the telephone all day to people who said they could not make it because of flu or the condition of the roads." Nevertheless the hazards were faced squarely. Mr. & Mrs. John Gilbey brought Arabella and Christopher, skidding through a hedge ("fortunately our own") as a forerunner to party fare. Lady Goschen found her car would not go forwards or back on the ice and I came on her inspecting the road with a torch. Fortunately though she wasn't marooned for long. It was a night of incidents. Emma de Pret-Roose, travelling with her father Mr. Michael de Pret-Roose, saw her first road accident: a lorry overturned in a ditch; while Mr. Duncan Simmons transporting Raymond had his car slither backwards down a hill.

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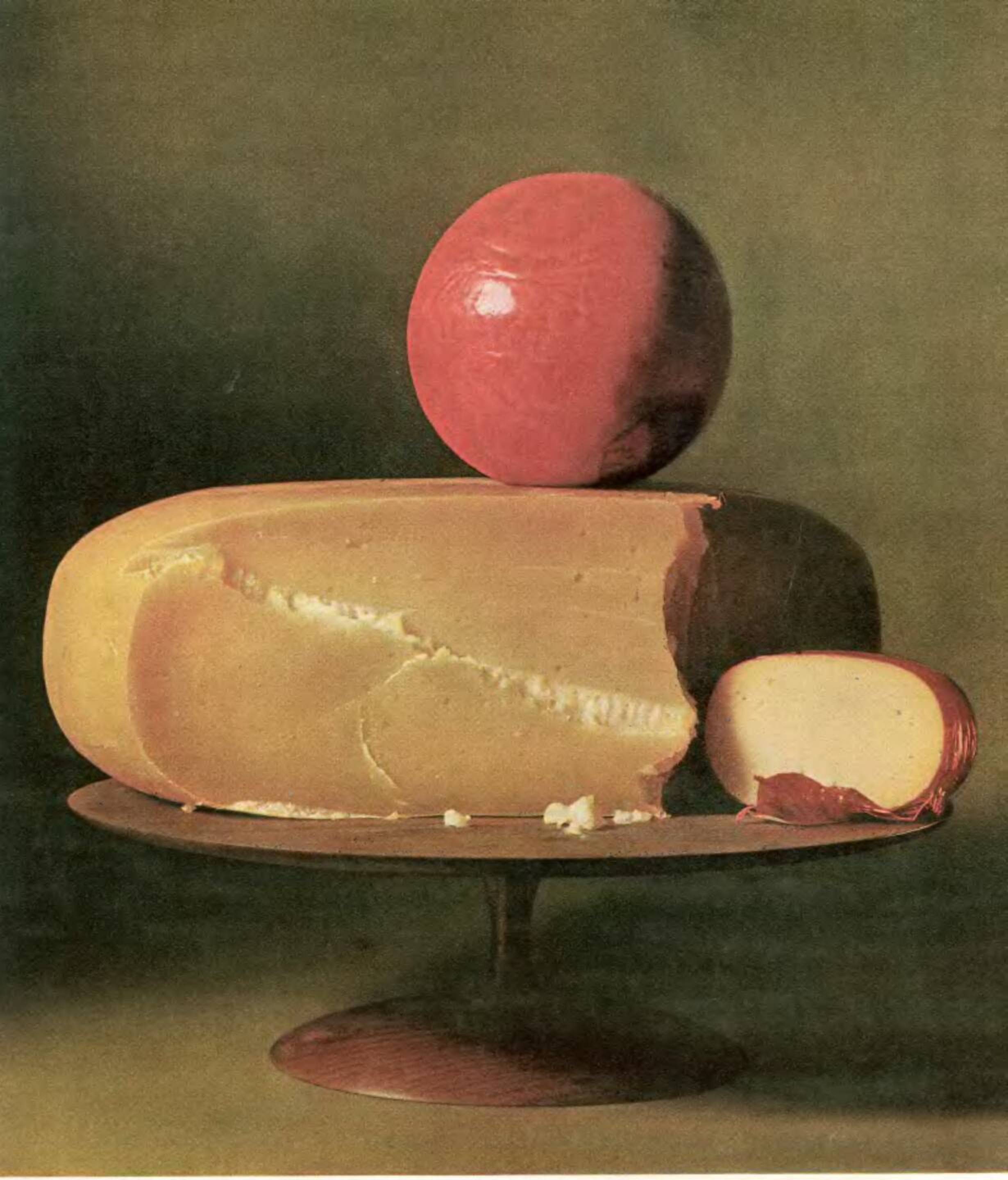
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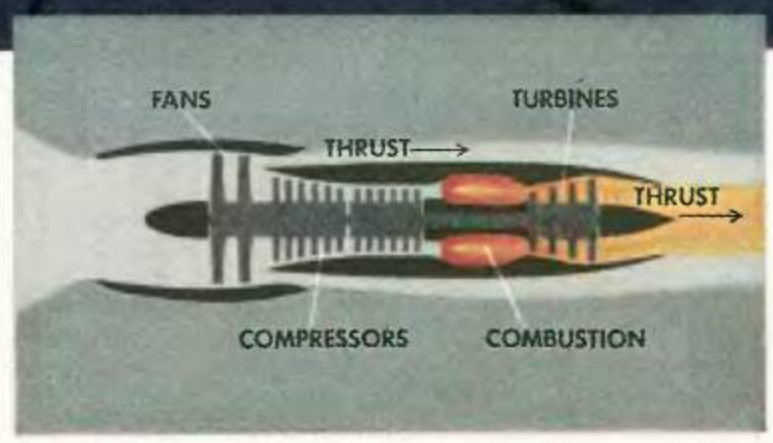
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

MR. SNOWDEN AMONG THE PEOPLE



IN Canada's eastern Arctic, there is a place called Ungava Bay. It is a huge inlet—latitude sixty degrees—projecting southward from the Hudson Strait, between Hudson Bay and the Labrador Sea. Three hundred Eskimos live along its four-hundred-and-fifty-mile shoreline, and until just a few years ago they lived very much as their ancestors had lived for several thousands of years before them. They hunted caribou and fished for seal, and when they ran out of food they picked up their tents, packed them on their dog sleds, and moved to new hunting grounds either upriver or on the coast. Not many Canadians knew of their existence, and those who did felt little concern for them; it was assumed that if they could even survive in that far-off and forbidding area, they must be getting along all right. Over the years, the white man did bring to Ungava the Hudson's Bay Company, the gun, the motorboat, the missionary, a lot of disease, and, in the brief summers when the ice melts in the bay and on the rivers that flow into it, a bit of wage employment. The Eskimos were tolerant of the white man, and even amused by him, but they continued to speak their own language, to eat raw meat and fish, and to ignore Anglo-Saxon ideas of morality and sanitation. "Eskimo" is an Indian name, meaning "eater of raw flesh." The Eskimos' own name for themselves is "Innuit"—"The People"—and it has not been for very long that they have known that any other people existed on this earth.

Yet times were changing for the Eskimos on Ungava Bay, as for all Canada's eleven thousand Eskimos. Some of the white man's products began to have a strong appeal for them—notably tea, tobacco, guns, and textiles—and in order to buy these they devoted more and more time to the trapping of animals whose furs the white man wanted to buy in exchange. Of these animals, the white fox was for a while the most valuable—at one time the Hudson's Bay Company would pay over forty dollars a skin—so the Eskimos trapped a large number of white foxes. Then, in the depression, the price of a white fox dropped to two and a half dollars, and from that day to this it has never recovered enough to keep pace with the rising price of the white man's goods. Also, while this change was going on, the caribou, the Eskimos' chief source of food and clothing, mysteriously began to vanish, perhaps because too many caribou were being shot and too few of their newborn calves were surviving. With the threatened extinction of that staple there came the possibility that the Eskimo himself might soon become extinct. In 1953, the Canadian government, motivated both by alarm at the Eskimo's plight and by a new awareness of the economic potentialities of the Far North, established a Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources, and since then there has been an all-out effort, led by the new department, to give the Eskimos every aid that an aroused government can contrive—from free false teeth to price protection for their handicrafts—to help the People jump, literally for their lives, into the modern world.

One late winter afternoon not long ago, I set out for the Arctic to observe this effort at first hand. I boarded a Canadian DC-4 commercial transport plane on its weekly scheduled flight from Montreal to a tiny settlement in the Province of Quebec named Fort Chimo, almost a thousand miles north, on the Koksoak River, not far from where it empties into Ungava Bay. I was bundled up against the cold of the Arctic winter in long red underwear, a flannel shirt, a heavy sweater, an old ski suit, two pairs of socks, gloves, ski boots, and a wool parka with a fur-trimmed hood, and I was the only woman among the sixteen passengers aboard the plane, which had half of its seats folded back to accommodate cargo and blue sacks of Her Majesty's mail. I was accompanying Donald Snowden, chief of the Industrial Division of the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources, and one of his assistants, Paul Godt, who is head of the Coöperative Development Section of the division, on an inspection trip to the Ungava region, where since 1958 they have been carrying out the most ambitious pilot project in Canada's program to make the Eskimo once again self-sufficient.

I had first heard of Ungava only a few months earlier, when I had met Snowden in New York. At the time, he had just returned from a trip to the area, and could talk of nothing else. Snowden, like most of the other members of his department I was eventually to meet, is youthful (he is thirty-three), tough, and imaginative, and conveys an immense impression of dedication. He is a big man with reddish hair and brown eyes, and when he gets excited his eyes sparkle and he is apt to pound the table—as often as not scattering a huge pile of half-smoked cigarettes that have been accumulating in an ashtray as he has talked. "I have the most delightful job in the whole government," he told me. "I love the North, and I also love to be in on the beginning of things. Our field of operations takes in more than a million square miles, and the people at the top of our department are willing to experiment." At Ungava, he explained, the Industrial Division's two main objectives had been to find new sources of cash income for the Eskimos and to develop a form of community life for them, with the hope that

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if the project turned out to be feasible, it could be extended to Eskimos in other parts of Canada. By now, he said, things were going so well for the Ungava Eskimos that the Industrial Division had started to reduce its staff at the bay and was preparing to turn the new industries over to the Eskimos. The latter, he went on, were learning how to produce commercially three indigenous products—timber, fish, and handicrafts—the timber, black-spruce logs, which are floated down the rivers to Ungava Bay after the late-spring thaw; the fish, a beautiful salmonlike variety that the Eskimos call *ilkalupik* and the other Canadians call Arctic char, which is now being served in restaurants as far south as Chicago and New York; and the handicrafts, crocheted articles and sealskin objects made by Eskimo women, which are beginning to sell vigorously in shops throughout Canada and the States.

On our trip, we would first stop overnight at Fort Chimo, and then go on by small plane to a new Eskimo community that was being established on the George River, a hundred miles to the northeast. When we had parted in New York, Snowden had said, "This will probably be my last trip to Ungava. Now we know it works, I'll have to go on to other things. But I have a very special feeling for the place, particularly the George River, because it was the first of our projects, and I love the people there. By the way, bring a good pair of sunglasses and dress warmly. The temperature will usually be somewhere between freezing and zero."

NOW, below our plane, the Quebec landscape was an unremitting black-and-white, with no visible human habitation of any sort. After a while, the black appeared scratchy, and I guessed that the trees were becoming lower and sparser. Every once in a while, I would spot a river—a long strip of solid white. Paul Godt, a tall, thin, prematurely gray man with a gentle manner and a worried expression, who spoke slowly, with an accent, began to tell me a bit about himself. He was born in Denmark, he said, and had arrived in Canada ten years before as a student. At home, his family had all worked in coöperative enterprises of various kinds, so when he decided to stay on in Canada and become a citizen, he naturally pursued the family interest in coöperatives. Godt struck me as the exact opposite of his mercurial chief. The two of them began talking about the Eskimo fishermen of the George River and their catch of Arctic char. The



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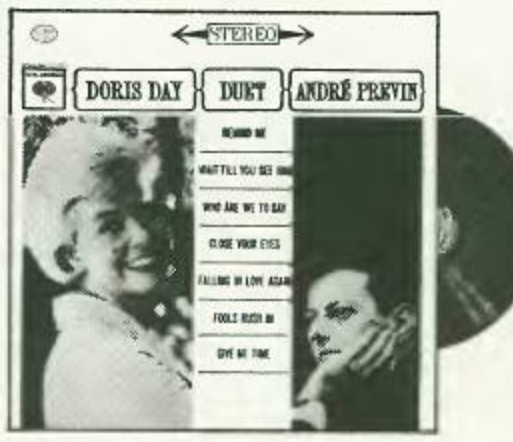
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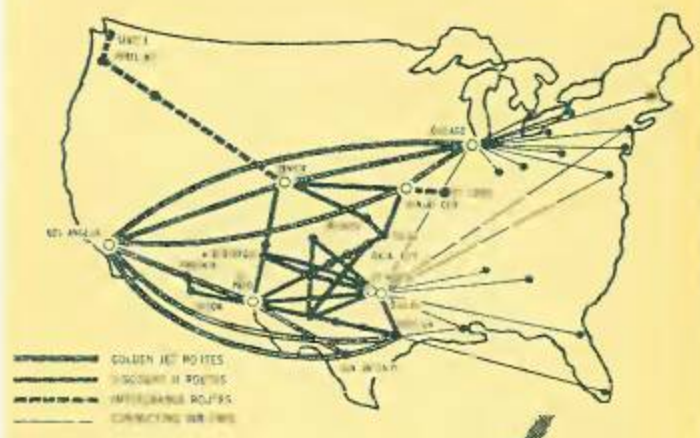
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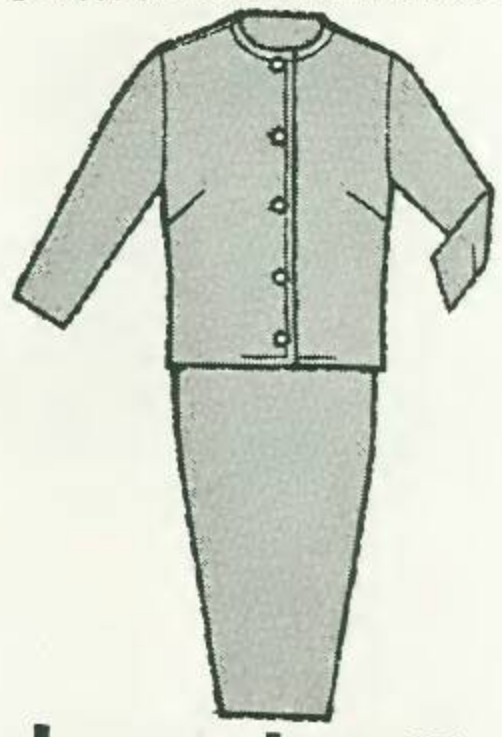
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night before, in a restaurant in Montreal, I had eaten broiled char, and it had tasted delicious—like salmon, only richer. Snowden said, "The Eskimos at the George River were feeding all those beautiful, beautiful fish to their dogs, and were fascinated to hear that people in the South would pay money to eat char. To us, by the way, the South is southern Canada, and when a person leaves the North, he goes Outside. The Eskimos thought the whole idea that people would go out of their own houses and pay for food prepared somewhere else utterly ludicrous. Arctic char retails for a dollar and a quarter a pound in the South, and from the beginning we've marketed it as a luxury item. It's a glorious emerald green when it comes out of the water, and five minutes later it turns a light silvery pink. When we first asked the Eskimos how many char they thought they could catch in a season, they had no idea, and, to complicate things further, we had no common unit of measurement. We were meeting with the whole George River population—about a hundred people—in an Eskimo tent, something like twelve by fifteen feet square and eight feet high. I said, 'Could you fill this tent?' 'Oh, yes—ten times over,' they replied. Then we had to figure out how many fish we thought the tent could hold. The first year, they caught sixteen thousand pounds of char, and the next year it jumped to twenty-five thousand pounds. After the Eskimos have brought the char in from the bay in their small boats, the fish are quick-frozen in a little plant we have helped the Eskimos build at the mouth of the George River, and are shipped south by freighter."

"The George River Eskimos formed the first Eskimo coöperative in Canada," Godt said. "They bought the fishing boats, freezing machinery, and other equipment, with twelve thousand five hundred dollars borrowed from the department's Eskimo Loan Fund. That was more than two years ago, and they have already paid back twenty-five hundred. On this trip, I'm going to hold the annual meeting of the cooperative. Coöperatives are a logical development in the North, since they make it possible for the Eskimos to work for themselves rather than for the white man, once they have some capital, and we've made that available to them. A couple of years ago, there were no Eskimo coöperatives; now there are thirteen, scattered all over the North. The one at the George River is going to sell its black-spruce logs, which have been cut under the direction of



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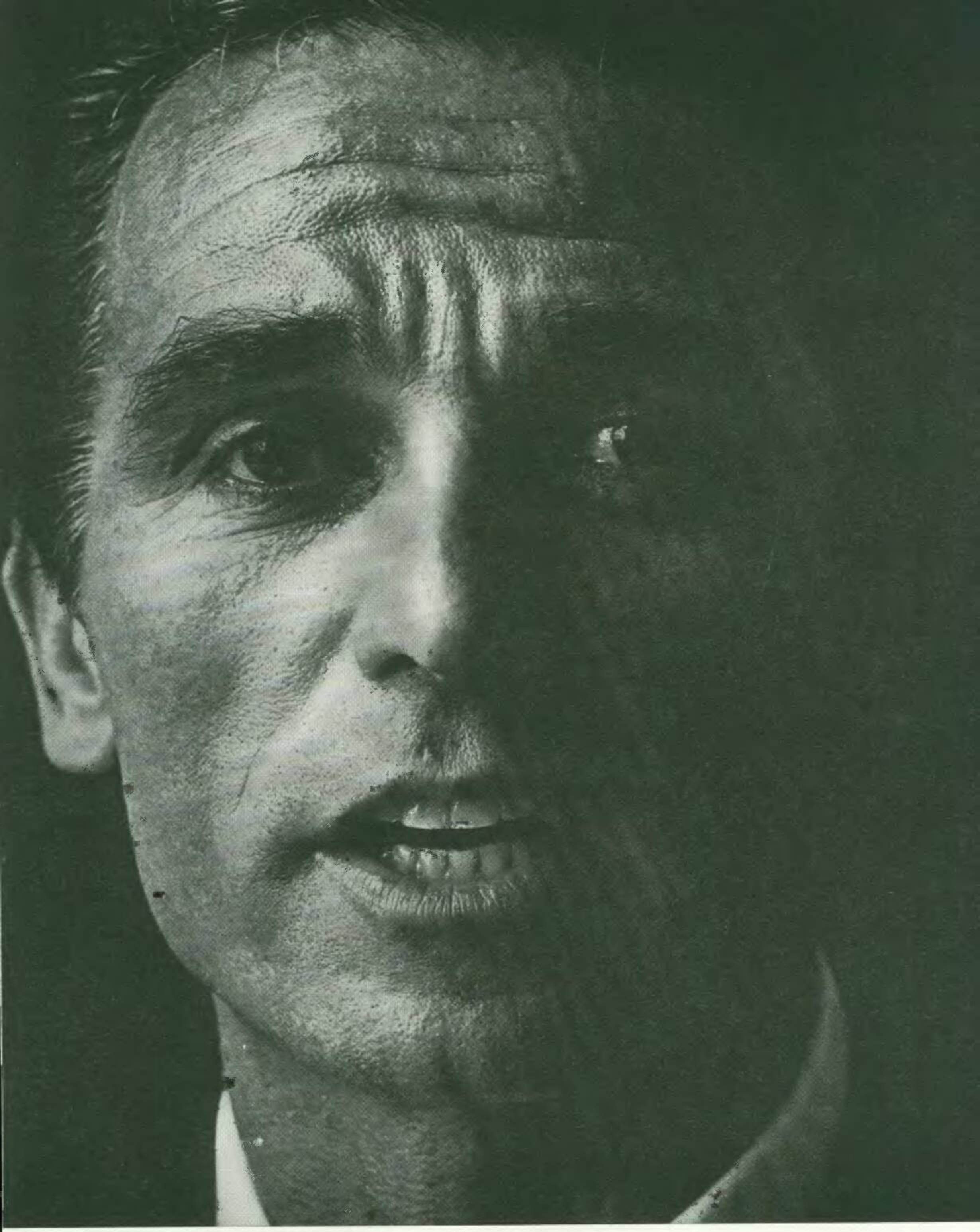
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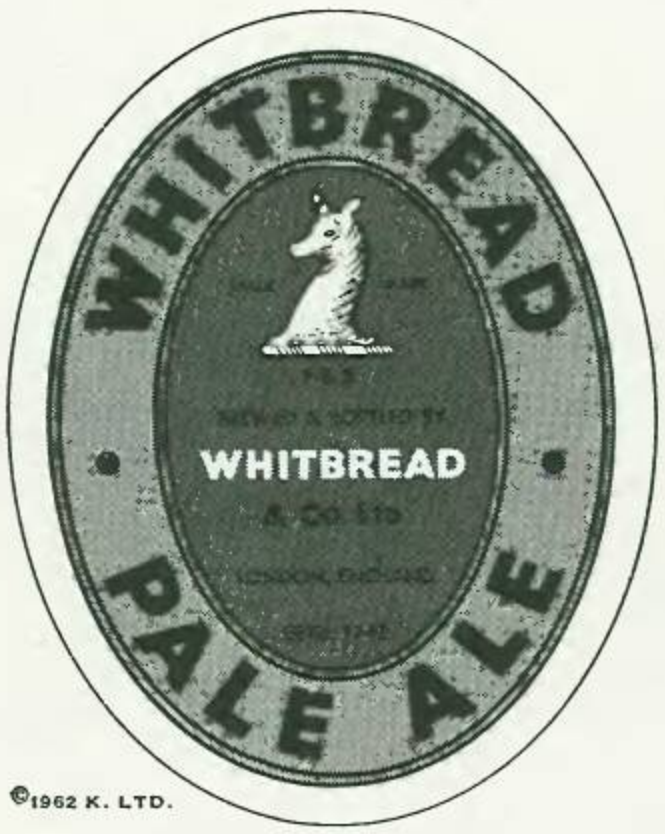
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one of our men, named Max Budgell, to the government for the first school to be built in the area, and the women there have been very busy producing handicrafts. A group of Eskimos at Port Burwell, about a hundred and fifty miles north of the George River community, have a coöperative that not only deals in sealskin, fish, and handicrafts but runs the first Eskimo retail coöperative store in the Arctic. We keep talking to the George River people about starting a retail coöperative store, but so far they are still buying their staples at a Hudson's Bay Company outpost, run by an Eskimo named Willi Imudluk."

"Fort Chimo sounds like a town," I said, "but I'm not really clear about what's on the George River."

"Right now, when we talk about the George River, we are referring to a community hall on that river twelve miles south of where it runs into Ungava Bay," Snowden told me. "Our plan calls for a permanent settlement around the hall, with year-round houses for the Eskimos, who now lead a seminomadic existence in tents, made of canvas stretched over wooden frames. The only permanent habitation in the area now is the Hudson's Bay Company outpost."

I said it sounded to me as if there had been a remarkable change in the Eskimos' lives in the past three years or so.

Snowden agreed. "When I made my first trip to Ungava, in 1958," he said, "the housing was inadequate, the nutrition was terrible, the t.b. rate was high, and the only way the Eskimos could earn any cash was by trapping, by working for a few white tourists who went there to fish, or by stevedoring during the summer months, when supply boats put in at Fort Chimo. Many people had warned us that the Ungava Eskimos had become so used to handouts—first from the Americans, who had an air base at Chimo during the war, and later from our government in the form of relief payments—that they wouldn't take on any responsibility. The Eskimos told us they wanted to earn money, but they had a reputation as no-good slackers. Not a very promising outlook, eh? We had no precedents, but I always feel that there is a solution to every problem. When I first went to Ungava, I thought a fellow named Stanley Annanack was the laziest Eskimo I had ever met. This year, he caught more fish than anybody else on the George River, and now he's planning to put up a house for himself."

I asked Snowden and Godt to tell me about some of the other Eskimos I'd be



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meeting. "Well, among the first will be George Koneak, our interpreter," Snowden said. "The whole Ungava thing would never have worked without him. I don't speak Eskimo, which is a very difficult language, with several dialects, and very few of the Eskimos around Ungava speak English. You'll like George. He has a delightful sense of humor. It's so easy to fall into a misunderstanding, especially when you've been talking continuously for five or six hours. Because Eskimos think in terms totally different from ours, George not only has to translate, he must carefully rephrase everything we say. It makes him both Eskimo and non-Eskimo, which must be quite confusing. Until the end of the nineteenth century, the Canadian Eskimos had no written language that we know of, but around that time, when most of the Eskimos had become Christians, Anglican missionaries in the eastern Arctic worked out a system of representing Eskimo syllabic sounds by geometric forms—circles, different arrangements of triangles, and little hooks and crooks. You might suppose that having at least *some* kind of written language would be beneficial, but actually the effect of the syllabics has been to isolate the Eskimos. Until very recently, practically nothing had been printed in syllabics except the Bible and the prayer book, and very few outsiders could understand the syllabics. Soon, as we've told you, there will be a school on the George River, and then the Eskimos there will learn English. Meanwhile, George Koneak is truly an indispensable man."

WE had been travelling so peacefully over the quiet land, which was now darkening, that I was startled by our landing at Fort Chimo. I saw Snowden and Godt slip on the parkas they had been carrying, and while I was still struggling with the zipper on mine, we disembarked onto a snow-covered landing field. Ahead was a low building where bare electric bulbs, garish in the Arctic twilight, illuminated a small group of Eskimos who stood silently watching our arrival. Directly in front of me my two travelling companions had been surrounded by a welcoming party of men in parkas. I stood a little apart, feeling very much alone, and suddenly aware that although I might still be on the North American continent, I was certainly on foreign soil. Everyone was shaking hands and talking.

"George! George Koneak!" I heard Snowden shout, wringing the hand of a handsome young Eskimo of medium

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The Prince tried to remonstrate. After all, Armstrong hadn't even designed Palatial Corlon in those days. But in vain, for all he could say was "Brek-ek-ek-ex-Koax-Koax," which was nicely Aristophanetic, but hardly made the point.

Today, Armstrong does make Palatial Vinyl Corlon, and a very palatial floor it is, with the classic beauty of marble and shimmering with golden tracery.

The Princess, as soon as she heard the good news, wrote to us (as you are welcome to do) and asked for a list of the stores in her area that have Palatial Corlon. We also sent her (as we will gladly send you) a book of special color schemes to help her decorate right royally with this resplendent new vinyl floor.

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height, with shining black hair; green eyes; freckles; high, flat cheekbones; and a turned-up nose. "By God, but it's good to see you!"

"We been waiting long time, Don," George Koneak replied, with a tremendous grin. "Good to see you, too, it sure is." I was introduced in rapid succession to Koneak; to Sam Dodds, the senior Northern Service officer at Fort Chimo, who was a large, pleasant man wearing a Scottish tam; and to Dodds' young assistant, Keith Crowe. Then I was hustled onto the front seat of a truck. Crowe slid into the driver's seat, and Snowden, Godt, Dodds, and Koneak piled into the back with the luggage. "There are no hotels in Chimo," Crowe said, speaking with a British accent. "You'll be staying tonight with my wife and me and our two little girls." We were bumping down an icy road lined with small one-story wooden houses. Crowe told me that Chimo now has a population of about three hundred, mostly Eskimos, and that although its history as a settlement goes back to 1830, when a Hudson's Bay Company post was opened there, it has really just been completed as a modern Arctic community, with schools, a post office, and a government health center.

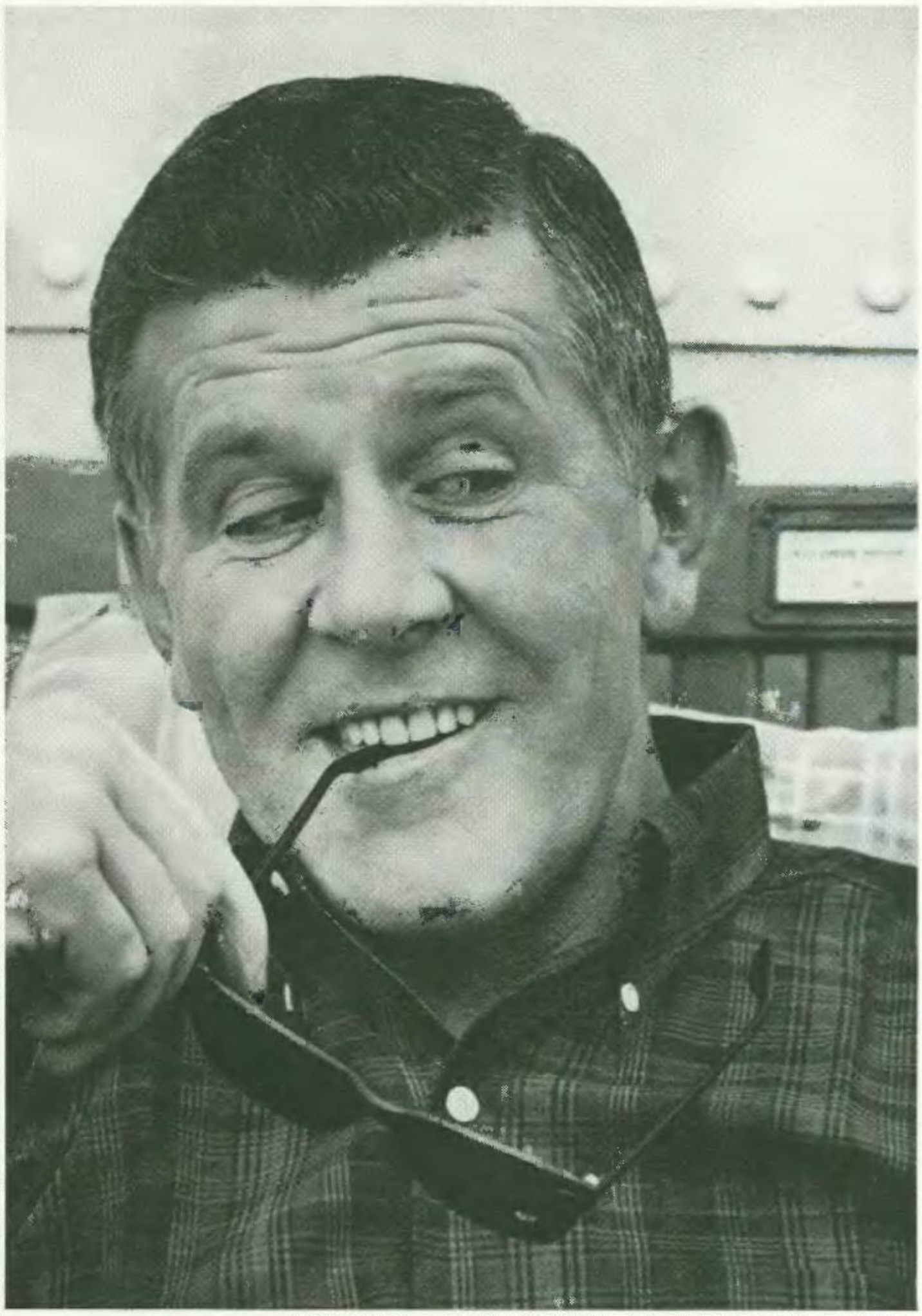
After a brief stop at Sam Dodds' house—a prefabricated bungalow—where I said good night to Snowden, Godt, and Koneak, and promised to be ready for an early start for the George River the next morning, Crowe took me around the corner to a similar bungalow, where he introduced me to his wife, Edna, a beautiful Japanese-Canadian girl with long black hair. When I had peeled off my parka and boots and settled down in an overstuffed chair, she brought in a steaming pot of coffee and a platter of freshly baked jelly doughnuts. Her husband presently produced a guitar and sat down to strum it while he sang in a strange, guttural language filled with "k"s and "g"s. "That's Eskimo," he said, and translated the song he had just been singing:

> "With twenty-two ammunition
> I'm going to shoot you,
> You big owl.
> Then I'm really going to eat you up.
> You'll be cooked in jig time."

I was feeling as warm and secure as if I were in a housing development in a New York suburb, when, suddenly, an unearthly howl penetrated the house from the still, cold air outside.

"Wolves?" I asked, with what I hoped was nonchalance.

"Dogs," Edna Crowe said quietly. "You'll get used to that sound, and anyway it usually doesn't last more



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than ten minutes. By the way, don't be surprised if you see small children throwing stones at the dogs. They aren't pets here. We teach our children to protect themselves as soon as they can stand up. A two-year-old was killed by dogs at Frobisher Bay, on Baffin Island, two summers ago."

I slept that night in a sleeping bag that had been stretched out on an aluminum chaise longue in the Crowes' spare room. The next morning, I awoke to see two pairs of black eyes gleaming at me through a crack in the door. They belonged to the Crowes' little girls, who, when I joined the family at the breakfast table, were busy dipping toast into their eggs. After breakfast, I left them and went next door, to a prefabricated cottage that served as the Northern Affairs office. Here I found Snowden, Godt, George Koneak, Sam Dodds and his wife, and a number of Eskimos. Mrs. Dodds told me that when she had heard I was coming along on the trip, she had arranged to supply me with a vital item of northern wearing apparel—a pair of waterproof sealskin boots, which would be ready for me when I landed at the George River. I now noticed that everyone in the office was wearing knee boots of rough blackish leather with a gray fur band at the top; they were tied with bright-colored cord, and had rounded soles, like moccasins.

George Koneak had gone into the next room, and now he shouted to us to join him. We found him sitting in front of an enormous gray short-wave radio transmitter. "*Ahailaa, ahailaa!*" he called into the mouthpiece. There was a crackle, and then a rough voice answered "*Ahailaa, ahailaa!*"

"That's Willi Imudluk, at the Hudson's Bay Company outpost on the George River," Snowden explained to me. He turned to Koneak and said, "Tell him we're leaving immediately and to have the dog sleds waiting. We'll land on the river ice above the outpost."

There was some conversation in Eskimo, and then Koneak looked up from the set. "They been waiting, all of them," he said. "They setting out right now for the river." To me, he added, "They got your boots."

Snowden, Godt, Koneak, and I climbed into Crowe's truck with our luggage, and in less than five minutes we had pulled up beside a single-engine, ski-equipped plane standing in a snowy field. We got out of the truck, and I was introduced to the pilot, a thin, sandy-haired man named Al Falby. Then, after he had jumped onto a small

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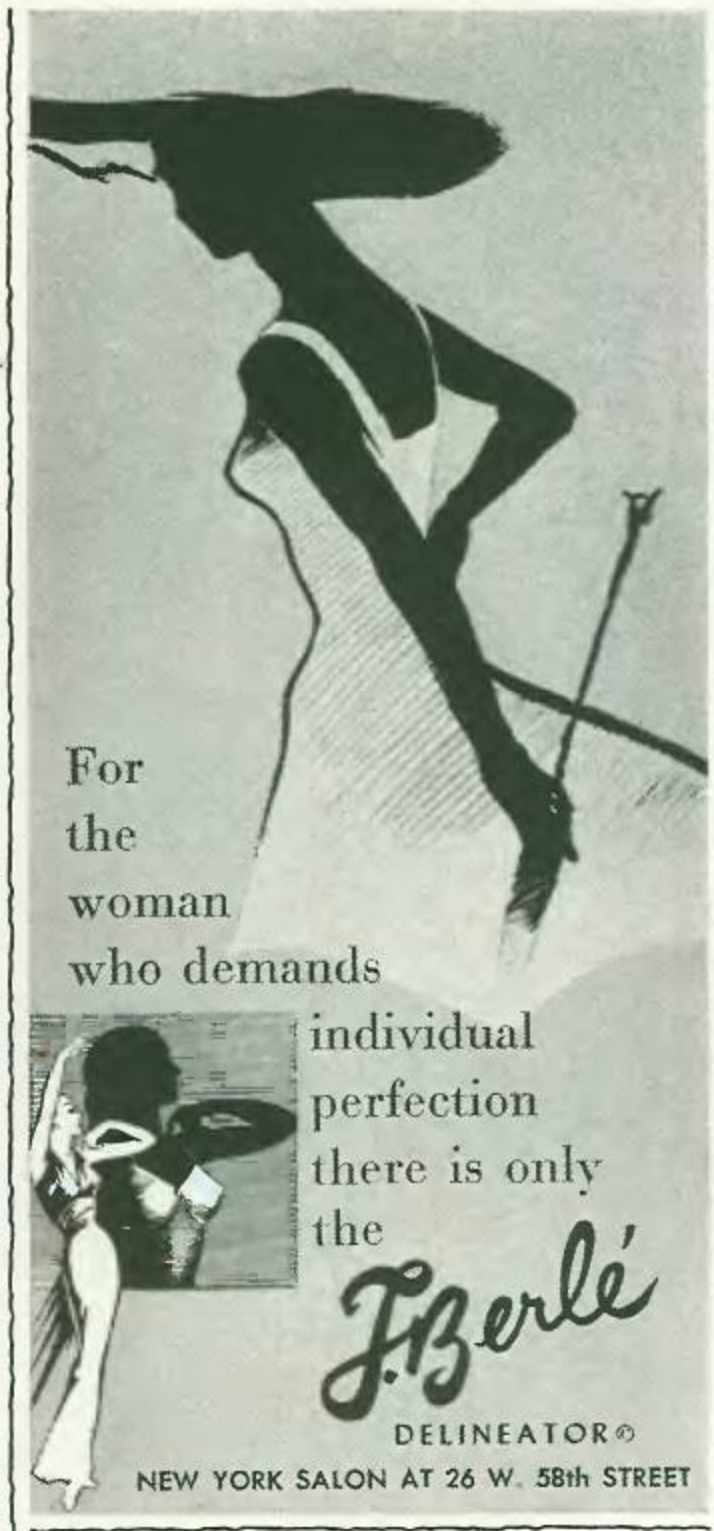
tractor and pulled the plane around into position for takeoff, he started loading the luggage. "This is a Norseman, Canada's most famous bush airplane," he told me. "It's done more to open up the Arctic than any other machine. The snow now is wet, with no bottom, but with our skis and shock absorbers, we can take the jolt of landing under really bad snow or ice conditions."

A young and pretty Eskimo girl joined us, carrying a small bag. She had smooth, rather flat features, and was wearing a parka, a flowered calico dress, cotton stockings, and rubber boots. When I smiled at her, she smiled shyly in return.

"Mary has been in hospital here in Chimo, and we are taking her home to the George River," Snowden said. "Often, when a plane goes to these remote places, it takes Eskimos going to or from hospital. The only other way to get to the George River now is by dog sled, which means four days of hard travel. Eskimos who come to Chimo by sled for provisions usually have eaten them up by the time they get home. Chartering this plane from the private air service that runs it, by the way, costs a dollar and fifteen cents a mile, which can come to four or five hundred dollars a day, and if we don't use the plane on a given day, we are still charged for two hours' flying time—at a hundred and fifteen dollars an hour. So we must move fast."

I remarked to Snowden that I should think Mary must be cold in her flimsy cotton dress, and asked why she didn't wear something warmer. He told me that all the women wore dresses now; in the past they had worn caribou leggings, but the early missionaries had taught them that it was wicked for females to go about in trousers.

We climbed into the plane, and my companions ranged themselves on wooden benches running along both sides of the plane's small cabin, and propped their feet on luggage. I was told to sit up front with the pilot, so I could see better. After briefly studying a map of the Ungava Bay region, Falby taxied a short way through the snow, cranked something over his head, pulled on a wheel at his knees, and we rose into the air, heading east. Looking sidewise through the Plexiglas nose of the plane, I saw that Chimo, which had seemed a sizable town the night before, consisted of a few roads lined with cottages, a little church, a scattering of other buildings, and a small waterfront on the Koksoak River, with miniature wharves. At the edges of the rough field we had just left were several tents of



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gray canvas, with smoke coming from stovepipes at their tops. Eskimos stood outside them, looking up at us. Except for patches of black woods on some low hills, Chimo was encircled by white snow and ice.

I looked at the instrument panel. We were cruising at a hundred miles an hour, three thousand feet above the ground, in a white haze through which the sun shone dimly. Snowden leaned forward and, raising his voice above the roar of the engine, called out the names of rivers as we passed over them—the Koksoak, the False, then the Whale. "In summer, there are white whales at its mouth!" he shouted as we crossed the last. "Before too long, we hope to catch some to process for dog food!"

To the north, the hills levelled off into a vast expanse of white, stretching unbroken to the horizon. The pilot glanced at it. "Ungava Bay," he said. "Frozen."

IN an hour, the land became much hillier. As the plane began to descend, George Koneak tapped my shoulder and pointed down to two faint lines across the snow. "Dog-sled tracks!" he shouted. "We're at the George River!" The plane banked, and I saw a clump of people standing on a white, smooth-looking strip of river ice. Tiny figures of dogs sprawled nearby, with the lines from five long, narrow sleds spread out around them. We flew low over the stretch of river that was to serve as our landing strip while Falby took a good look, and then we turned, flew back, and came in for a landing. We bumped along the ice that had appeared so smooth from above, stopped, turned, and taxied over to the waiting group.

Shouts of welcome greeted us as the cabin door was opened. Our baggage was thrown out, and I crawled out after the others and jumped to the ground. Snowden and Godt were immediately surrounded by smiling men with black hair and ruddy brown skin, wearing bright-colored cloth parkas and sealskin boots. The Eskimos came over, one by one, and shook my hand, nodding and smiling. One of them—a powerfully built young man with an air of authority, who was dressed in a spotless bright-blue parka with red-and-yellow trim—handed me a pair of sealskin boots and pointed to my feet. "This is Willi Imudluk," Snowden said. "He wants you to put the boots on right now." I sat down on my bag and tried them on while everyone stood around, smiling. They fitted perfectly. There was a deep "*Aa-ah*" from the men, and



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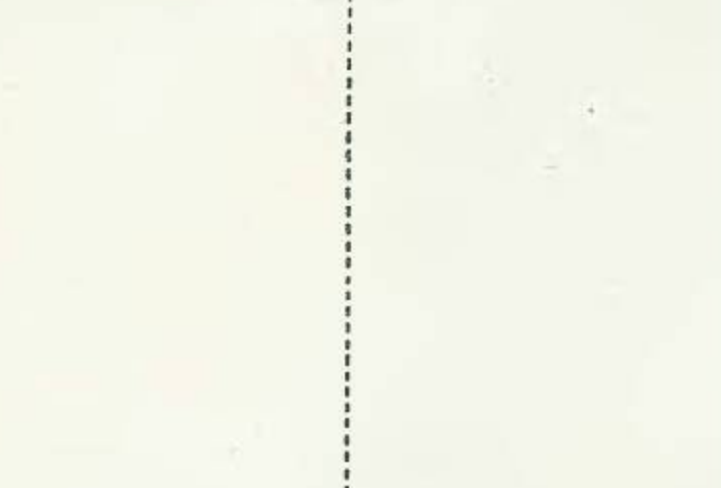
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Willi reached for my old ski boots and popped them into a wooden box attached to the front of a sled. As he did so, Falby called down from his cockpit that he would be getting along, waved his hand, and was gone, his plane climbing until it disappeared over the hills.

By that time, our luggage, including large bundles of groceries that Snowden had brought from Montreal—mostly fresh fruits, vegetables, and eggs—had been lashed to the sleds. The Eskimo men ran their hands over the sleds' cargoes, found a spot that seemed neither hard nor fragile, and motioned to Mary and me to sit down there. I saw that Mary sat sidewise, holding the lines that bound the baggage with one hand, and I did the same. Snowden and Godt had already started off on two other sleds, and Koneak was on one behind us. Everyone else had put on dark glasses to protect his eyes from the harsh glare of the bright sun on the white snow, and I slipped on mine. A husky, rather tall Eskimo, who had been introduced to me as Elijah, was standing beside our sled. Suddenly, he shouted "*Oo-it!*" at his dogs, and as, with a mighty jerk, we started to move, he ran along beside us and jumped gracefully onto the front of the sled. I soon found that my safest bet was to ride astride the luggage, as if I were on a horse, for we had climbed the bank of the river and were following a trail that was narrow and wildly irregular. The sled—or *komatik*, as the Eskimos call it—was perhaps eighteen feet long but only about sixteen inches wide; its steel-faced wooden runners were fastened to squarish wooden crosspieces, about eight inches apart, by means of leather thongs that enabled the sled to give with the stress of travelling over uneven terrain. At the front of the sled was the large covered box containing my old boots; in this the Eskimo ordinarily keeps his food and, when he is out hunting, his ammunition. The reins, or traces, were narrow, grayish straps of sealskin. Each team consisted of five or six dogs in a fan-shaped hitch, with the lead dog in the center, on the longest rein.

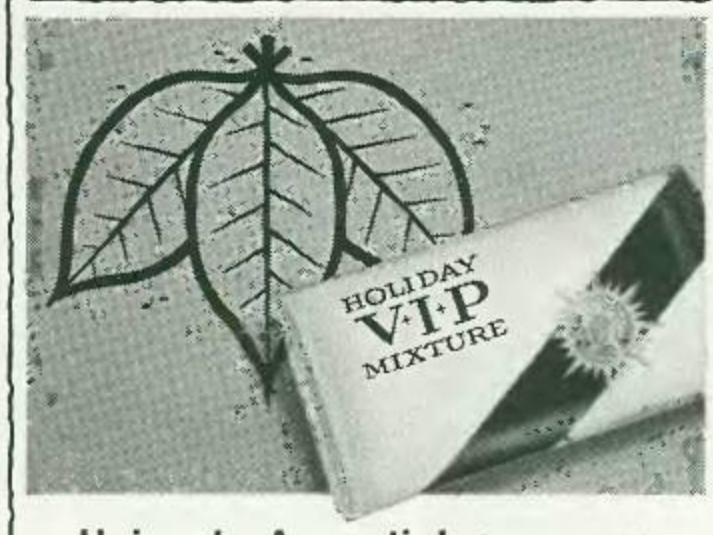
When I recovered from the first shock of the jolting ride and found that I was still hanging on, I began to look around me. The trail was never wider than a foot and a half, and I had to lift my feet frequently to keep them from dragging on the bumpy ground or to avoid trees and bushes, not to mention our driver, who was continually leaping to the ground to keep the sled from running off the path, or to shove it across deep fissures in the rough trail. As I



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NO. 4 IN A SERIES: THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT AIR TRAVEL IN THE JET AGE



Is bigger better?

Thoughts on the subject of airline leadership. (Is relative size important to you in your seat?)

We suspect that several myths exist on the subject of airline leadership. In many fields of activity, size is important. In others, it is not. Some say that the largest airlines are more dependable, more progressive, that they offer more and better service. Some say they don't. (We say it's really a matter of wanting to.) Let's have a look and see.

David and that other chap, Goliath

To illustrate things along the way, we're going to use facts about the airline we know best. (Our favorite airline, at that.) Therefore, let us give you a short (very short) briefing before we begin.

Today Braniff serves 60 cities over 18,438 route miles in North, Central and South America, carried 2,298,000 people last year (delightful people!) and has 5,500 employees. (Also delightful people, we think, and anxious to serve you.) That makes Braniff fairly big—not huge or biggest, but substantial. 7th largest, in passengers carried, in the U. S.; 10th largest in the world. (End of briefing.) Now back to the discussion.

On-time performance is one good index of dependability, to begin our list. The CAB keeps month-to-month tabs on airline punctuality, and Braniff regularly vies for first place with an airline three times its size and another that is considerably smaller. Most airlines do rather well, we'd say — all things, including weather, taken into consideration. Usually around 85% of all Braniff flights are on time to within 15 minutes of schedule. (We do confess that at this writing Braniff has led the field more months than any other airline since they started keeping score.)

Keeping ahead of the Joneses

As to progress, most of the major airlines — large and smaller — have made contributions to aviation development. We'll illustrate with a few of our "firsts" we're particularly proud of.

Braniff was the first airline to equip all its planes with Automatic Direction Finders . . . the first airline certificated to use ILS (Instrument Landing System) . . . the first to equip passenger flights to South America with airborne radar . . . built the first VOR radio navigation system in South America . . . designed and operated the first combination coach and first class airplane (now copied all over the world).

One first we're fond of, that doesn't mean much to anyone else, was developing JATO (Jet Assist Take Off) to assure maximum take-off reliability in the thin air of high altitude airports. (The one we serve at La Paz, Bolivia, lies at 13,398 feet.)

Another first that does mean a lot to a lot of people is our system-wide electronic "brain" reservations network, the first in the world. (It could handle 6,000,000 reservations a year, with the greatest of ease.) Still another: the first Economy Coach flights in airline history — back in 1948.

Have we proved our point: that you don't have to be the biggest airline in the block to lead the way?

Next?

Safety is a matter easily disposed of. All—repeat, *all*—certificated scheduled airlines are safe. To begin with, they must meet strict government standards. Those standards are high, but we have yet to find an airline of stature that doesn't exceed them by a country mile, on general principle. If you'd like to see what we mean, come visit our 38-acre maintenance base in Dallas sometime. (People from all over the world do.) Or just drop in on the scheduled airline nearest at hand.

Friendship on a high plane

More and better service? Now here we have another matter. Personalized service isn't something you can just crank out. And this is important to you. You occupy just one seat; you may not care whether the airline you fly fills 10,000 or 10,000,000 other seats. What happens in *your* seat is what counts; your comfort, your food, the dependability of your trip. A smaller airline may be in a little better position to be personally and directly interested in what happens in your particular seat, too. We know that's true on Braniff. On Braniff, for example, if you have a special diet or a craving for something specific, all you have to do is notify us. (Give us time to get to the store, of course.)

To illustrate further, let us tell a story that came to our attention recently. A Braniff reservations agent in San Antonio, a young lady, discovered that a certain sergeant's wife was in the hospital and needed to send their 2- and 4-year old children to their grandparents in Wichita. Could Braniff see that they got there? Yes, Braniff could. (The young lady, on her own, without any instruction from us, took it upon herself to take them personally — kind of a natural neighborly act for Braniff folks.)

That sort of thing happens on every airline. But we are inclined to think it happens just a little more often on an airline Braniff's size. Particularly on an airline exactly like Braniff. Come along sometime and see.

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looked down into these huge cracks, I began to realize what Falby had meant when he described the snow as "wet, with no bottom." Elijah had to exert enormous strength to keep the sled steady and moving forward, but he seemed tireless. As we approached a particularly steep uphill stretch, he hopped off to reduce the strain on the struggling dogs, and I decided to do the same. To my consternation, I immediately sank several feet into the snow. It was only with a great effort that I was able to pull myself back onto the sled, while Elijah and Mary waited patiently until I was settled again. From then on, whenever we reached an incline I was torn between a desire to help the dogs and the dreadful certainty that if I did, there would be a delay, not only for us but for everyone behind us, while I floundered in the snow. (Later, I found out from George Koneak that the reason the Eskimos never sank in the way I did was that they kept their knees bent as they moved, which gave them a forward and not a downward thrust.) On our right, now, were low bushes and hills, and on our left massive hunks of broken ice, like pieces of a giant jigsaw puzzle, choked the broad river channel. The silence was broken only by Elijah's shouts to the dogs: "*Ha-rah!*" when he wanted to go left, "*Owok!*" when *he* wanted to go right, and "*Aa-ah!*" when he wanted the dogs to stop and let the team in front pull ahead. From time to time, the team behind would surround us, and the dogs' mouths, great red jaws open, tongues dangling between enormously sharp teeth, would be an inch or two from my legs. Despite the shaggy animals' otherwise benign appearance, I was by no means tempted to reach out and pet them; instead, I would swing my legs up onto a high spot on the luggage until we had pulled away. The air was clear and warm, and I pushed back my parka hood and prepared to relax, but just at that moment the dogs began to bark, and we pulled up in front of a little white building with green trim, perched on the riverbank. We had arrived at Willi Imudluk's Hudson's Bay Company outpost. The dogs lay down in the snow, and we all hopped off the sleds.

The outpost consisted of two small, old-fashioned wooden buildings, much sturdier than the prefabricated structures at Chimo. In the larger building, before which we had pulled up, Willi lived with his family; the smaller structure, about seventy-five yards away, was the Hudson's Bay Company store. As we entered Willi's house, we passed through a vestibule in which several

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freshly killed and rather bloody animals and birds were lying about, and found ourselves in a square kitchen that contained a big wood-burning cookstove. Several Eskimo women in cotton dresses and sealskin boots came forward, and we all shook hands. We followed Willi into a second room, where an old lady with gray hair and very bright eyes was sitting on an iron bed smoking a cigarette, while a round-faced child played on the floor. I was told that the old lady was Willi's mother. We shook hands with her and with the child, who was Willi's four-year-old daughter; she was big for her age, and was dressed in corduroy pants, sealskin boots, and a little pink jacket. There was a stove here, too, giving out so much heat that we quickly removed our parkas, and in one corner stood a large gray short-wave radio, the twin of the one in the Northern Affairs office at Chimo. Everyone except the little girl was smoking a cigarette, and every so often one or another of the Eskimos would produce paper and tobacco and roll a new one.

I asked who had made my sealskin boots, and Willi's young wife came forward. After I had complimented her on their workmanship, Snowden whispered to Koneak to ask the price. After some thought, Willi replied, through Koneak, that ten dollars would be about right. Now Snowden launched a discussion of a recently completed logging operation, with Koneak translating back and forth, and each group waiting quietly through the translations. Soon a lively conversation began among the Eskimos, and after listening attentively Koneak turned to Snowden. "At the end of logging, everyone short of food, especially the dogs," he said. "Fifteen dog teams eat seven hundred pounds of dog food in two nights. They so short of dog food, Don, they come back after they cut twenty-five hundred logs instead of three thousand." Willi said something further, and a look of surprise crossed Koneak's face. "So they come back here and get on radio and order one thousand pounds of dog food from Hudson's Bay store in Chimo, and tell Rube, the storekeeper, to have it flown over. It costed them eight dollars and ten cents each, but they only get eight hundred pounds, because two Eskimos just back from hospital Outside, who were waiting at Chimo to come home here, are sent on plane."

Snowden looked first astonished and then angry as he listened. He slammed his fist on his knee, and said, "By God, that's the first time Eskimos have ever chartered a plane on their own, paying out their own money, and look what



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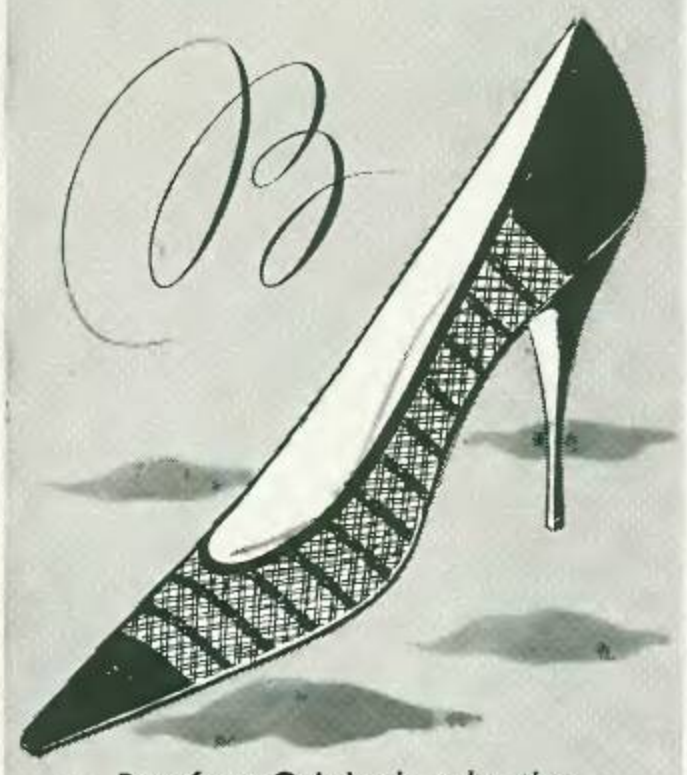
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happens! The Health and Welfare Department should not have taken up the space, since those two people were presumably well and could have waited a day or two longer. The government should reimburse the Eskimos for that two hundred pounds." While Koneak was translating these remarks, Snowden turned to Godt and me. "Anyway, it is kind of a milestone in their economic independence, eh?" he said.

Koneak said, "They running short of dog food again, so they want to see if they can catch some seals, which will give enough meat so they don't have to order more."

When the seal hunt had been agreed on, it was time for lunch. Snowden produced some cans of sardines from the stock of groceries we had brought, and we all sat down in the kitchen on wooden benches before a table on which had been piled some big, circular loaves of what looked like raisin bread, about an inch and a half thick. "I love this bannock," Snowden said, breaking off a large chunk. "It's non-rising Eskimo bread, made in a frying pan. The more you eat of it, the more you want." I hadn't felt hungry, but I ate a whole can of sardines, along with some bannock and tea. Afterward, we all walked down to the store. It consisted of one room containing a counter and several rows of shelves neatly piled with staples: matches, baking powder, powdered milk, tea, candles, rope, cartridges, chewing tobacco, cigarette tobacco and papers, lard, thread, luncheon meat, and a few cans of Johnson's baby powder. Godt showed me some tokens, made of a special alloy, and ranging in value from five cents to a dollar, that are used as a medium of exchange by the Hudson's Bay Company. When we had finished our inspection, we went outside and settled down on the steps of the store, sunning ourselves. Meanwhile, the Eskimos were packing the several heavy components of the short-wave radio from Willi's house aboard the sleds for the twelve-mile trip in a downriver direction to the George River community hall, so that we would have a means of communication while we were there. "Our project would never have worked without these radios," Snowden said. "If Willi had known how to work this one a year ago, his first wife might not have died. The radio had been taken apart and stored at the community hall for the winter, and although he had no idea how to operate it, when his wife became very ill he went down to the hall and tried to put the set together by himself, in the hope that he could call for help. Last summer, we taught him to run it. All the

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ON the trip to the community hall, I again rode with Elijah. The Eskimos smoked as they drove along, and those who weren't handling the reins shifted from sled to sled and gossiped quietly. When we had been driving downhill through low woods for about an hour, skirting the edge of the river, and occasionally dismounting to let the sleds move more freely across difficult spots, I heard the dogs ahead barking furiously, and we came out into a clearing, where the three sleds ahead of mine had halted before an enormous hill, which the dogs were apparently unable to climb with their heavy loads. The Eskimo drivers began rehitching the teams so that the strongest dogs could lead the way up the hill and pull the weaker ones behind them. All the passengers had dismounted, and I could see Snowden, Willi Imudluk, and some of the others well started on the climb on foot. I followed, knowing that however long the ascent took the others, it would take me twice that long. I discovered at once that not only did I sink down two or three feet at almost every step but whenever I did find a surface frozen hard enough to hold my weight, my sealskin boots, with their smooth, rounded soles, had no grip. Halfway up the incline, I had to stop, clinging by my fingers to ice on sheer rock while my feet slipped around helplessly. My clothes were stifling, and I was so exhausted that I fought back a desire to put my head down and go to sleep. I shall die here—the sooner the better, I thought, and felt only a faint surprise at my weak instinct for self-preservation. Then my feet found lodging, one on top of the other, on a quarter-inch rock projection, and since I could move nothing but my head, I raised that and looked around. Elijah, several yards away to my left, was motioning to me to cross over to where he was. I tried to move, and instantly slipped several inches. The prospect of sliding to the bottom of the slope was so appalling that I dug my fingers frantically into a piece of tundra moss and hung on. Elijah inched toward me, holding out his right hand, and I finally let go of the tundra moss with my left and shakily reached over to grasp his fingers. Slowly we moved sidewise, until I was off the glazed surface onto which I had blundered. I completed my climb alone, sinking gladly into the soft snow, since I could at least move through it, however slowly. Every few minutes, as I stopped to catch my breath, I peeled off a piece of clothing, until, on reaching



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the top, I was down to my new Viyella shirt, bought a thousand years ago in New York.

Elijah had gone on ahead, so I hopped onto another sled that was waiting at the top of the slope. In a moment, Paul Godt joined me, and we moved off. At five o'clock, the sun went down, and it was suddenly bitter cold. When I asked Godt how much longer our trip would take, he looked at the sky, then peered at the trees, and, having apparently spotted a few landmarks, said, "I have taken this trip only once before, but I would judge—yes, I would really say we must be about halfway from the Hudson's Bay outpost to the community hall. Another two and a half hours will do it." It took three. After dark, the cold penetrated from every direction. The trail now took us down the center of the river, winding in and out among massive icy boulders. The only sounds were the scraping of the sled runners on the ice and the barking of the dogs. The night light was a beautiful deep blue. When I had begun to think we were going on forever, we turned a bend, and I could see the outlines of a large log building ahead, with smoke coming from a pipe on top. We had arrived at the George River community hall.

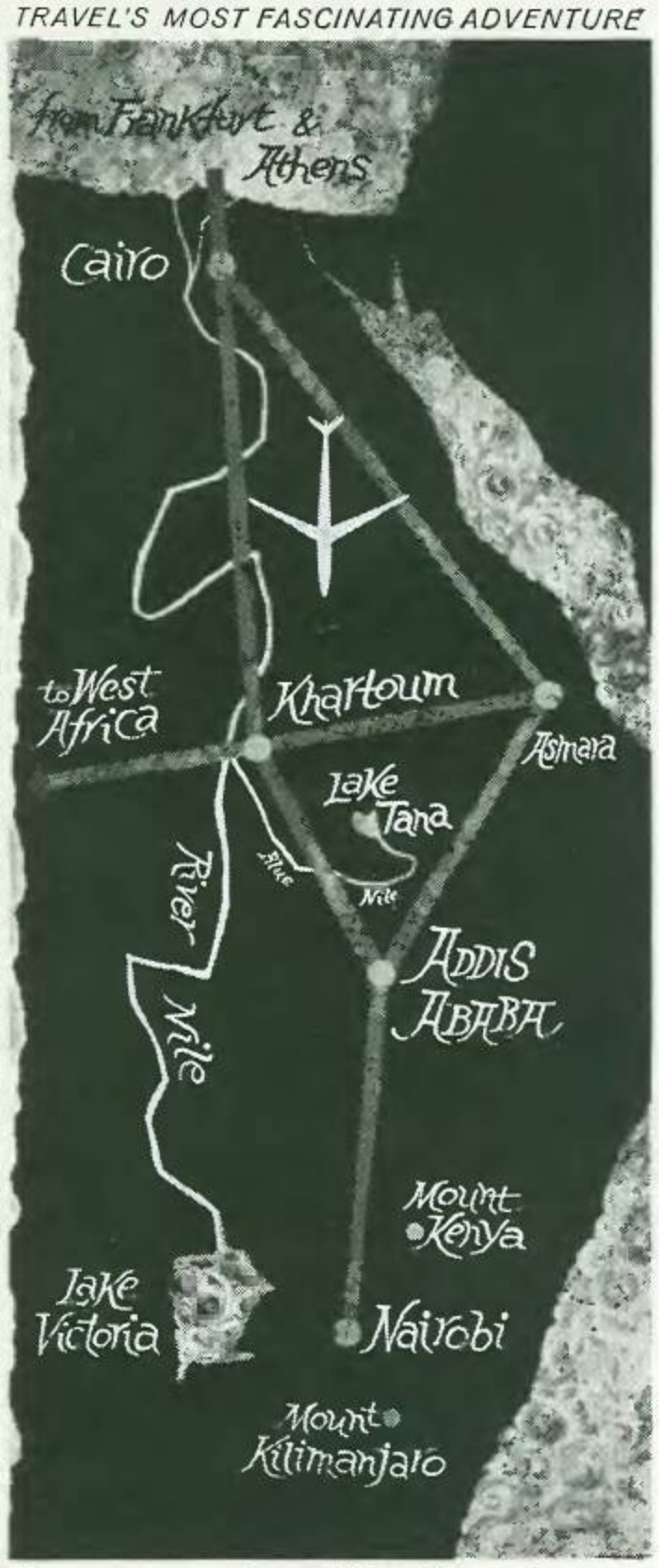
We climbed the last hundred yards, up the riverbank, on foot. More Eskimos were waiting to shake hands. There seemed to be dozens of them waiting—men, women, and children, all smiling—and when the last toddler had shaken my hand, a tall, quiet man with black hair turning gray introduced himself, in a reserved, courteous manner. He was Max Budgell, the Northern Affairs Department projects officer who had come in a month before to direct the logging operation here.

The Eskimos had been swiftly unloading the luggage, and now they disappeared silently on the empty sleds. We followed Max Budgell through a small vestibule and into a large room where green fish nets and dirty white animal pelts hung from the rafters. Beyond was a smaller room, with a slanted roof. We went in, and, by the light of a kerosene lamp, I could see a stove made from an old gasoline drum, a wooden table under one of two unshaded windows, and shelves lined with dishes and canned food. The only other pieces of furniture were several tree stumps—used as seats—and two tubular beach chairs. This was the kitchen, which, at night, was also to be my bedroom. After a dinner prepared by Snowden, we turned in. I slept in a government-issue sleeping bag, which I

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laid out on an air mattress. The men spread out their bedding on the floor of the big room, and the last sound I heard that night, and for the next couple of nights—like taps—was George Koneak blowing up his air mattress in the other room.

NEXT morning after breakfast, nine Eskimo men and several boys arrived by sled from across the river and walked quietly into the community hall. The group was led by a stocky Eskimo with high cheekbones and a black mustache on a long upper lip, who slowly settled himself into the one metal beach chair in the community hall's large room. His face was deeply lined, and I guessed that he was in his late fifties. Traditionally, Eskimos live in family or household units, with several tents near one another; in every such group there is usually one man who is recognized as the leader. In this group—whose tents were now scattered from nearby, across the George River, to points as far as a hundred miles away—it was this man, George Annanack. Snowden brought in a chair from the kitchen and sat down opposite Annanack, and Koneak perched on a box between them to interpret. The other men either sat on the floor or squatted on their heels (a position the Eskimos seem to be able to maintain for hours) or found places on boxes and crates. Koneak told us that most of the men had gone out to catch seals, fishing through holes in the ice, and that it had been agreed that there could not be a formal meeting until they had caught enough to feed the dogs.

George Annanack spoke, in a deep, soothing voice. Koneak translated: "How are they liking the char?"

Snowden replied that "they"—the people in the South—liked it very much, and that soon all of the previous year's catch would be sold.

When this information was relayed by George Koneak, there was a low "*Aa-ah*" of satisfaction from the Eskimos.

Snowden talked about a proposed salmon fishery at Chimo, and suggested that the George River coöperative might soon start a brook-trout fishery. "Do you remember our telling you about the big government and the little government?" he asked. "Well, the little government says that trout has to be filleted, with the head taken off—not left whole, like the char."

He turned to me while George Koneak was translating. "The Eskimos have a great fondness for the Queen," he remarked, "but they understand only



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that the federal and provincial governments are the big one and little one, and that the name of the whole thing is Canada. We're lucky that George Koneak is a creative translator. He knows that they know things I don't think they know, and that they don't know things I think they do know. Sometimes a few words from me will require a ten-minute translation."

Several women now came into the room, the older ones bent slightly forward, the heads of the children they were carrying in their parka hoods peeping out over their shoulders. Snowden passed around photographs he had taken during the fishing season the previous summer, and the Eskimos looked at their own images with grave interest. Next, he showed them a picture of the Eskimos at Cape Dorset, on Baffin Island, who in the past two or three years have begun to receive worldwide attention for their magnificent graphic prints that are made either with stencils cut from sealskin or with carved stone blocks.

"George River has the first Eskimo coöperative anywhere in Canada," Paul Godt said, and when George Koneak translated this, the Eskimos nodded with pleased smiles. "The third-oldest is the one at Cape Dorset. Now, at Dorset, they have a little bakery, where an Eskimo and his wife bake bannock and the Eskimos buy it, and in the summer they have tents where people from Outside come and camp."

Snowden put in, "At Dorset, the coöperative has recently hired a white man to work for it. Many white men have hired Eskimos to work for them, but at Dorset the Eskimo people are the white man's boss." The George River Eskimos laughed heartily.

After several other matters had been discussed briefly, George Annanack suggested that we call a recess until after lunch, when the rest of the men would be back from sealing. As the group made its way out, I asked Koneak how he had happened to learn English.

"I can read it, but not write it," he said. "I was living a hundred fifty miles north of here, near government radio station at Cape Hope's Advance, and one of the radio operators, H. B. Sabean, a great man, who is now a doctor working in hospital in Halifax, taught me English. I taught him Eskimo, and he learned to write in syllabics, too. That time—1942 and 1943—I was twelve, thirteen. I saw him again when he came back to Arctic five or six years ago on government medical ship, the C. D. Howe, that comes every summer. I haven't seen him ever since, but we

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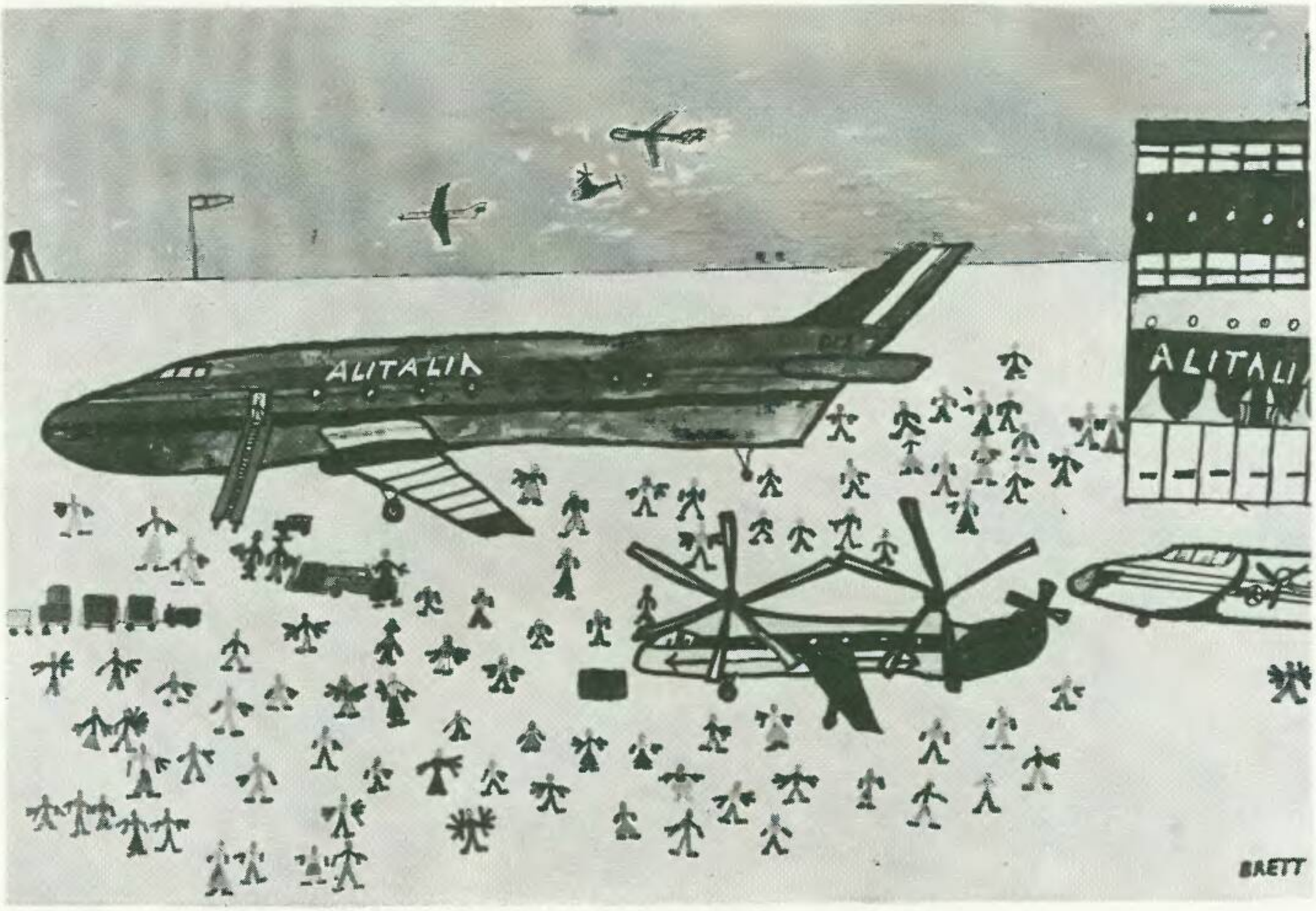
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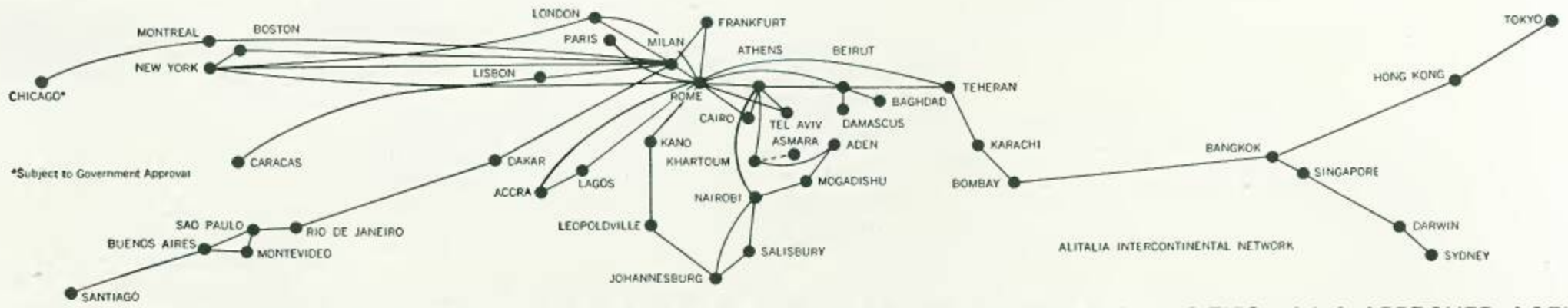
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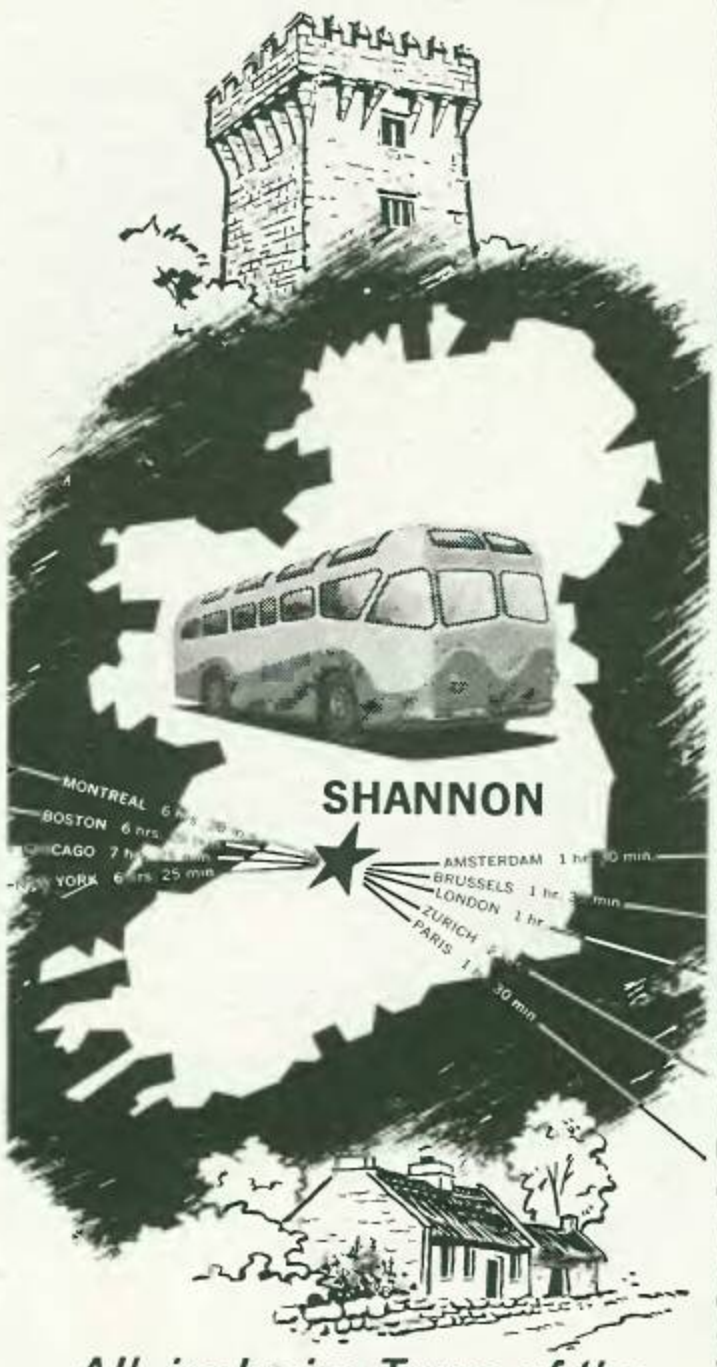
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still write each other, and year before last, when he was in Arctic, I was talking to him on the radio."

Snowden explained that the C. D. Howe puts in at all the small settlements it can reach in the summer, to give medical examinations and treatment. "It's aircraft, though, that have done most to improve our medical service," he said. "Substantial Northern communities, such as Chimo, have health stations with government nurses—Joe Ross is the one at Chimo—but for major treatment, such as that for t.b., the patients are now flown out either to a hospital at Hamilton, Ontario, or to one at Roberval, Quebec. It's a great sorrow for the people to be separated from their families, but our department's Welfare Division does a good job of keeping the families informed. Formerly, when an Eskimo went Outside to hospital, the patient's family thought he was going to die, and they might not hear a word to the contrary for two or three years. Now the family is kept informed of the patient's progress—and Eskimos nowadays nearly always come back from hospital with good clothing and good reports of their treatment."

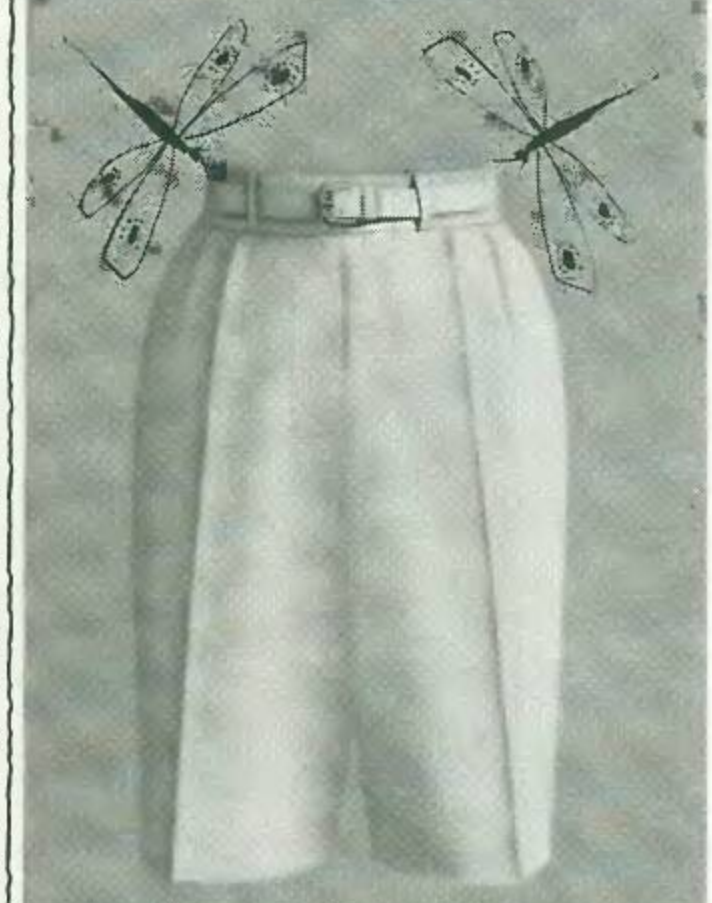
While we were eating lunch, I remarked that I had never seen such a crowd of chain smokers as these Eskimos.

Koneak laughed. "Eskimos love tobacco," he said. "When they run out of cigarettes, they smoke butts, and when they run out of butts I have seen them slash their pockets out where the tobacco was and chew the cloth."

AFTER lunch, Snowden found a large galvanized pail and began brewing some dehydrated soup he was planning to serve the Eskimos between the afternoon and evening sessions; he put me to work stirring instant chocolate pudding in a giant red-and-white dishpan. At three, we heard the barking of dogs, and from the window I could see long, thin lines of sleds and dogs moving across the river and up the bank toward us. All told, over a hundred Eskimos were coming from their tents across the river. The dwellings belonged to about fifty Eskimos who had been living in the neighborhood all winter. Now, Budgell told me, the tents were bulging with friends and relatives who had come for the meeting. But the main group was made up of the twenty-eight men who were members of the George River coöperative, and their families.

When all the men and women had gathered in the large room of the com-

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munity hall, with the older children playing outside and the younger ones playing around the grownups' feet, Max Budgell began a discussion of the recent logging operation along the river, and of the failure to cut the full quota of logs.

George Annanack, who had again seated himself in the beach chair, said, "I think I should not have held the men from working Sundays."

"Airplane pilots have to rest," Snowden replied. "Otherwise, they get careless and have accidents. It's the same with others. Now, I want to say that we are very pleased at the way the people have worked and done things at the George River."

There was a murmur of pleasure, and a deep, musical "*Aa-ah*" from the men.

George Annanack said he was very glad to hear Snowden say this. "When you first came, we doubted whether the coöperative business would work," he went on, "and now it looks as if it wasn't bad at all. Also, if you people hadn't come, it wouldn't be very good living here."

"This was a new thing to us, and we didn't always know how it ought to be run," Snowden replied. "But now, because the people have worked so hard here, the government thinks this is the way it should be done in other places, too."

"We are very pleased about that," George Annanack said, "but we are worried about the Max—that he will be transferred—and we wonder what the next man to come here will be like. Max is not only a good person but also he knows a lot about the work."

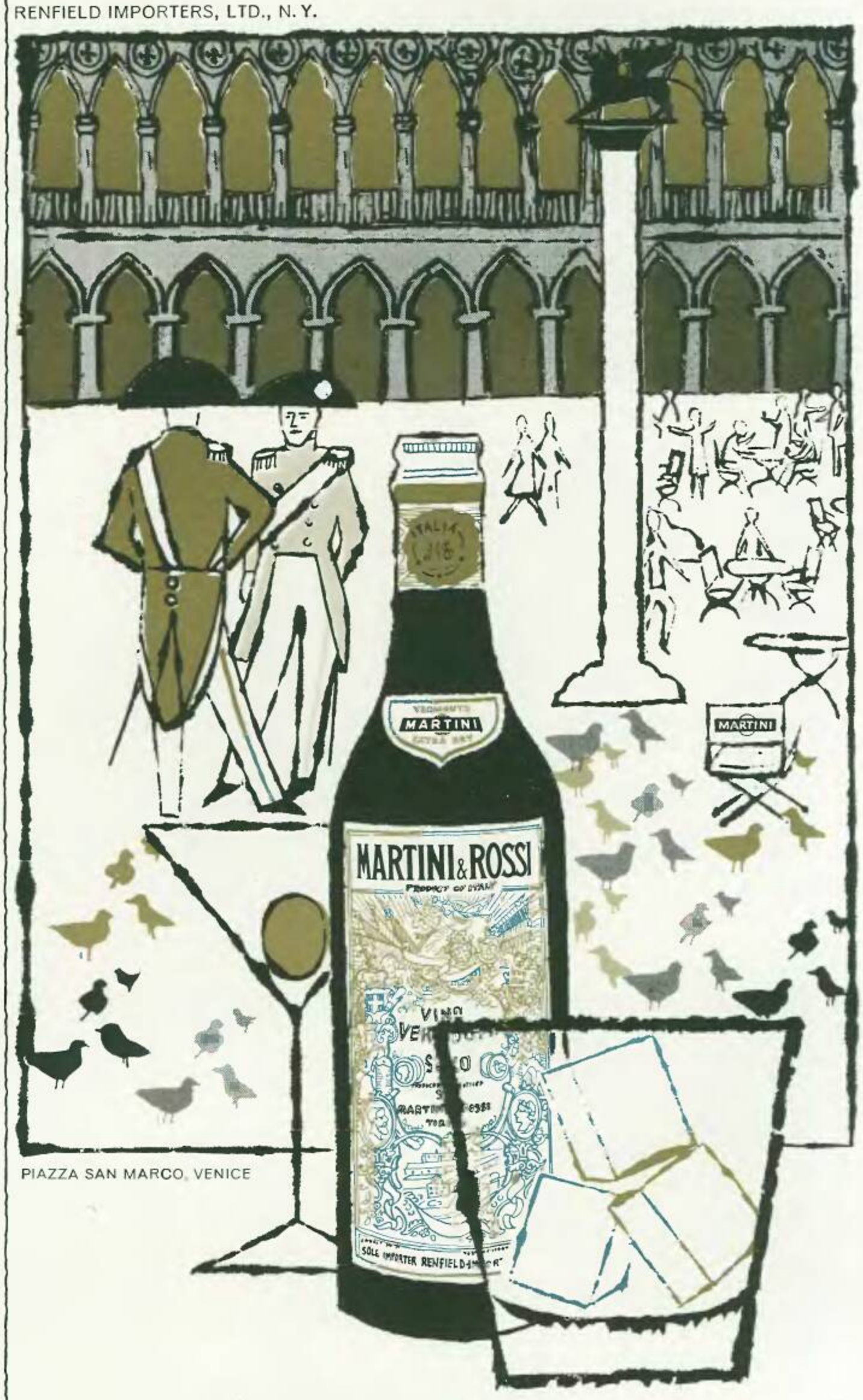
"Max must soon go to help other Eskimos, but we are going to send you the best man we can find," Snowden replied. I noticed that several of the women were bottle-feeding their babies, using a varied assortment of containers to which nipples had been attached. One little boy was sitting in a corner blowing his cheeks in and out, and another was playing with a balloon. Suddenly, everyone moved away from the door, and I saw an elderly blind woman being gently led into the room and seated.

"This year, we are going to try to fill the freezer with char three times," Snowden said. "The man who ran the freezer last year, Leo Bereza, will be back. Just before Leo comes, he is going to get married, but he is going to leave his new wife behind, and come here to do this."

"Why should he leave her behind?" George Annanack asked.

"Here you just put your wife in the

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kayak or on the sled, and away you go," Snowden explained, "but he would have to pay for her trip and food, and it would cost a lot of money."

"If I were him, it would not matter the cost, I would bring her anyway," George Annanack replied.

"Leo will be the only man of ours here this summer," Snowden said. "We said that at the start we would give lots of help, but now you are well started, and we have to go someplace else, and can't send the same number of people all the time."

"The young people should hear this and remember, when the time comes to take care of themselves," Annanack said, nodding.

Snowden explained that since the government would have only one man at the freezer, the Eskimos must choose someone to work with him and learn how the machinery was operated. To Koneak, Snowden added, "They may think that it is a bad thing for us to talk about leaving, but the day will come when they will be completely on their own, and that will be a good day for them." He paused while George translated.

"*Ouga!*" George Annanack exclaimed, and several others cried out, too.

George Koneak turned to Snowden. "He says, 'No!'" Koneak translated. "He doesn't think all of your people should leave. The time will come when one of us could run the fishery, which would be good, but not now."

"We know that day is not here yet," Snowden went on, "but it is a lot closer than it was several years ago. We didn't even know then what kind of freezer was needed for char." He told the group about a plan to start a salmon coöperative among the Eskimos at Fort Chimo, and asked if anyone wanted to sign up for it. The Eskimos are expected to belong to only one cooperative at a time, and only one man, a visitor who came from the Whale River and was not a member of the George River group, indicated his desire to join the new one. He came forward and signed his first name, in syllabics, on a paper that Snowden handed him, and they shook hands. "Congratulations!" Snowden said. "You may be the first member of a new coöperative."

It was seven o'clock, and everyone was restless. The small children, after playing placidly for several hours, were now beginning to wail. Snowden announced that it was time to eat, and Paul Godt brought the pail of hot soup and some bowls into the big room. The



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Eskimos moved up shyly and took bowls, and when they finished the soup, the chocolate pudding was served. Then Snowden distributed chocolate bars to the children and oranges to the adults. While they were eating these, Koneak told Snowden that a woman named Lavina, who was sitting in a corner of the room, was very sick. Snowden and Koneak went over and talked with Lavina, a pale, drawn-looking girl with lovely straight features and a sad expression, and found that she had recently had a miscarriage and still had not recovered. Her mother was now with her, but her husband, who had also been ill, was in the hospital Outside. "We will try the radio at nine," Snowden said. "We'll get word to the health station at Chimo and let Joe Ross tell us what should be done."

Several young girls retired to the kitchen to wash the dishes, and the meeting resumed. The men were sitting on boxes in a tight circle, and the women, across the room, rocked their babies and watched. Now Paul Godt began handing out mimeographed sheets of paper, two to each man. One sheet was printed in English, and was headed "George River Eskimo Coöperative." The other was in Eskimo syllabics, and its heading was:

ᑯᐅᐊᐸᓕᑎᐳᐅᑲᑎᒋᓂᖅ ᑲᒋᓯᐊᔪᐳᐊᒥᑐᔪᖅ

Koneak explained that the symbols meant "To the Co-op Members of the George River." The papers were copies of the coöperative's financial statement—the first thing of its kind that any of the Eskimos had ever seen. The statement reported that since its founding the coöperative had received twenty-two thousand dollars for forty thousand pounds of char. Eight thousand dollars of this had been used to pay the fishermen for the char; the men working at the freezer had been paid wages of four thousand dollars. After other expenses, there was a profit of four thousand dollars. The Eskimos struggled hard to understand unfamiliar concepts, especially those involved in the "other expenses," and Snowden and George Koneak struggled to explain such items as "advertising" and "freight." It seemed especially difficult for the Eskimos to understand why the Royal Bank of Canada had charged them eleven dollars to handle their checks. "That amounts roughly to three cents a check," Godt said. "The bank has to hire people and put up a building, and has to pay for these things." He explained that the twenty dollars spent for office supplies had bought, among other things, the loose-leaf ledgers in which the coöpera-



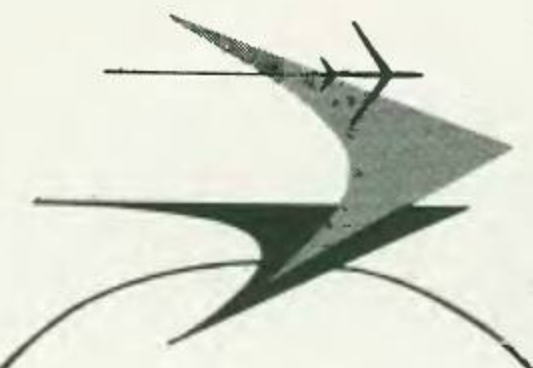
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tive's records were kept. "Next year we can just buy new sheets of paper," he said, holding up a notebook and showing how it worked. He explained that a three-hundred-and-forty-six-dollar expense for "Storage" was for keeping fish in a freezer in the South until it was sold, and that a ninety-nine-dollar "Advertising" expense was for "a card we printed to put in restaurants to show that here was something new." A thousand dollars in commissions paid to a fish broker in Montreal for marketing the char in the South was a puzzler to the Eskimos, who couldn't understand why the broker was entitled to five cents for every dollar's worth of fish he sold. "That's because he knows how to sell it, and we don't," Godt said. Of a ten-dollar incorporation filing fee, he said, "That's to the little government in Quebec for allowing us to form a business. That has to be spent only once."

Finally, Snowden introduced the Eskimos to the concept of interest, as he explained a five-hundred-and-nineteen-dollar interest charge on the ten thousand dollars still due on their government loan. He began tentatively, "You have known us for more than three years, and we want to know if you trust us."

There was an immediate response to this, and Koneak said, "They trust you."

"All right," Snowden continued. "They may find this hard to understand, but I'll try to explain it. In the South, if I want to buy a house, I probably won't have enough money, and I'll have to borrow some. For all the money I have to borrow, I have to pay at least six cents for every dollar, probably more. Sometimes, when people in the South need money very fast, they have to pay as much as sixteen cents for the use of every dollar. So the big government has the Eskimo Loan Fund, and all Eskimos who borrow from it pay only five cents for every dollar, which is less than many white people pay to borrow money. They may wonder why anyone charges to lend money. Well, sometimes someone borrows and can't pay it back, and there still must be money enough to lend out to other people."

"So the coöperative is doing pretty good to only have to pay five cents," Paul Godt added. Then he took a deep breath and explained the distribution of the four-thousand-dollar profit. "Half went to the members, and half was used, in the name of the coöperative, to help pay off the loan on the freezing plant, so that you will own it," he said. "Elijah, for instance, got twenty-four dollars and fifty-six cents in cash. Actual-

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ly, Elijah's share of the profits was twice that amount, but the other half pays back the government." He turned to George Koneak and said, "I know this is very hard for them to understand, but try to explain it."

George Koneak sighed. "It *is* very hard to understand," he said, and began the long explanation to the other Eskimos.

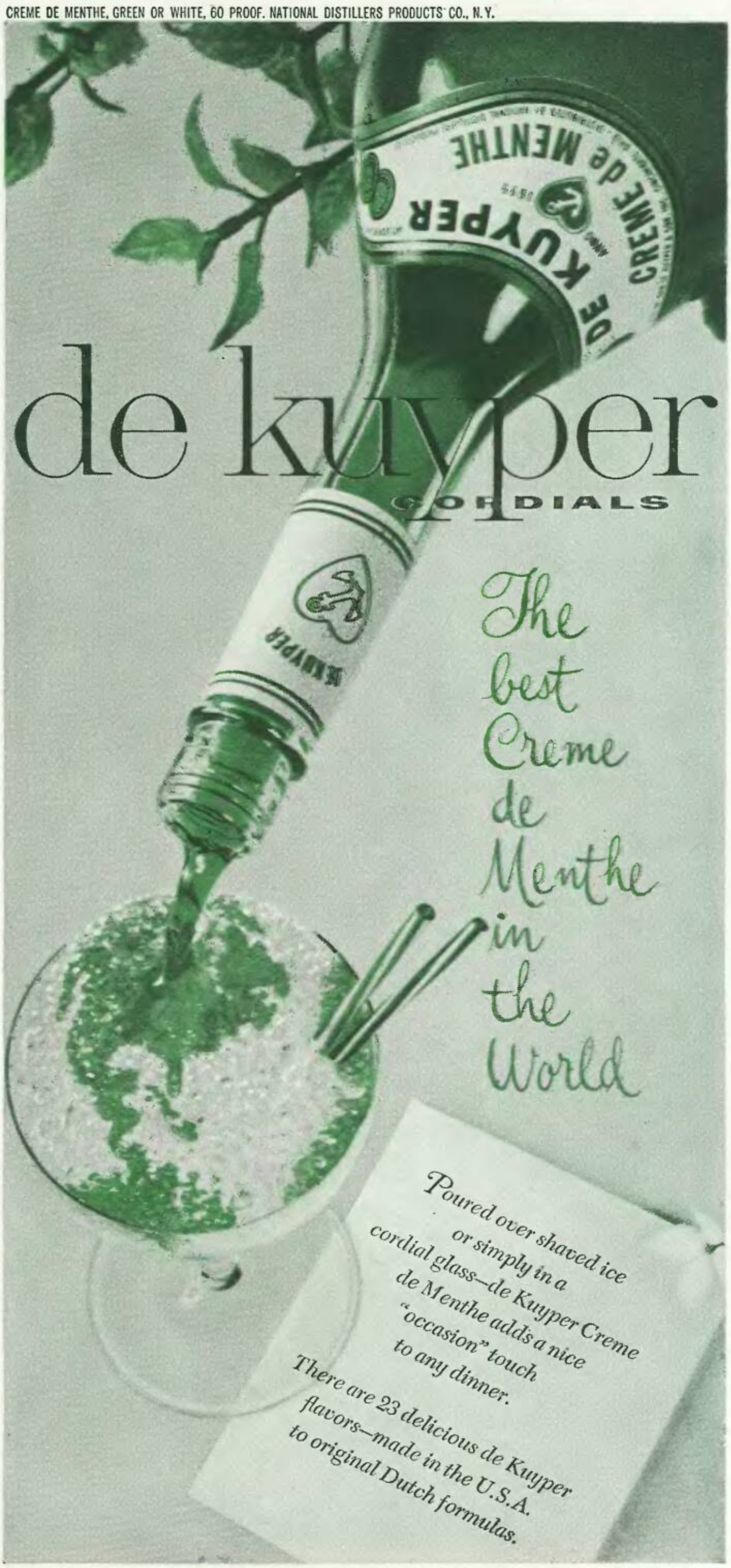
At nine o'clock, Snowden brought the meeting to an end, and as the Eskimos slipped away on their *komatiks*, he talked to Chimo over the radio about Lavina, the sick woman. Word came back that Joe Ross wanted her brought out on the first plane that could get into the George River area; however, at the moment weather conditions were poor at Chimo, and no planes were taking off.

After we had washed our supper dishes, Max Budgell put fresh wood in the stove, and Snowden asked Koneak to tell us a story. Our lamp was out of fuel, and the ghostly white patches of the windows gave us our only light.

Koneak leaned back in his beach chair and lit a cigarette. "I can't talk the story the way my dad did, but I'll try," he began. "A little before my dad's time, four families went out in kayaks to hunt walrus around an island called Akpatok, way out in Ungava Bay. They waited so long for walrus that the bay froze over. They couldn't use their kayaks, and the ice was too thin in places for them to walk back to the mainland, so they had to stay for winter. They got a few seals, and then they were starving. Some of the hunters were very wild, and they were all very carefully afraid of each other. Maybe someday some of the men die by a knife, or a harpoon, or a clump on the head. Two of the families were in north end of island, two were in south end. One day, a father at south end go out to hunt, and his son and cousin stay home. When father come back, he say, 'I failed again.' Cousin say quietly to son, 'Don't holler. We're going to kill him and boil him and eat him and get a few days' more life.' Cousin stab him, and he have a few holes in back, and he knew he gonna die. So he lying down all the time, and say to son, 'You may as well get water for me for the pot.' Son dying of starvation, and father and son died at same time, so cousin got two meats at same time, and ate it up, heads and all."

I shuddered, and Max Budgell poured me a cup of hot tea.

Koneak rolled another cigarette and lit it. "Just then, lady from north end came down to other tent at south end





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and said, 'Last night we had very nice food—a human baby.' Nobody answered. Then she said, 'On my way down, I thought I saw a fox.' After she left, man from that tent walked out to the snowbank where she said fox was, and saw a polar-bear house. He crawled in and killed the bear, so he and his wife and son, a quite small boy, had meat, but it was eventually gone, and they were in the same position of being hungry. The boy slept very carefully right next to the mother, ever since he heard about the baby, and one day woman come down again and say, 'I wish I could eat that boy.' The boy heard that, too. Then the boy's father killed his wife and cooked her, but the boy says, 'I'm not hungry. I'm not going to touch what you eat.' And that night, after everyone sleep, the boy walked out and disappeared. That boy started from Akpatok Island and spent a whole month on the ice of Ungava Bay. At same time, my mother's father had been wandering a whole month on the ice with my wife's grandfather. These people were not hungry at all. They had found seal and whale, and one day they seen the boy's tracks. They seen his tracks for three days, and on the fourth they walked right up to that boy. He tells them what happened and that he walked out from being scared of being eaten. So he survived. These people took him along, and after a while they came to shore and walked home. The boy grew up to be a man, and that man died only fifty years ago." He paused. "That soon."

AT nine o'clock the next morning, when I went outside to brush my teeth, I was surprised to see that the *komatiks* were already moving across the river ice toward me. I soon learned that the Eskimos were in a hurry to get the day's meeting under way, because they had run out of dog food again, having had a poor catch of seals the day before, and would have to go hunting again that afternoon.

"Our main business today is an election," Paul Godt announced after the hundred or so Eskimos had gathered in the hall. "Two years ago, we elected five men as the board of directors of the coöperative. Now it is time for another election. We will not vote for all the directors each time, because then they might all be new and wouldn't know much. We will elect only one new director now."

George Annanack began to speak, slowly and emphatically. "The five people elected were supposed to guide the



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fishermen and tell them how to work together," Koneak translated, "but he was the only one who could talk to the people. The others didn't do anything. He is hoping it will work out better."

"The idea of having five is that if something is wrong you can talk together and go to the plant and decide what to do," Godt explained. "One man alone who does not like what is being done might not be right, and then what is decided might be wrong. This year, one new man will be elected, and next year and the year after you will vote for two men. It's complicated, but let's give it a try." He passed around small slips of white paper. "First, each man should put down the name of the man he thinks should be removed from the board. After that, we will elect a new man to the board for a three-year term, and after that the board will vote for a president."

The men looked very serious, and some took their slips of paper to the other side of the room to write on them, printing each syllabic character with great care. Godt put a hat on a box inside the circle of men, and they dropped their papers in it. Koneak read the names to Godt, who announced that a man named Johnny Baron had been eliminated from the board. Three men were then nominated to take his place, two of them being Elijah, my sled driver, and Stanley Annanack, a handsome brown-haired man with green eyes, who was George Annanack's nephew. "I would hate to have to choose between two men as good as Stanley and Elijah," Snowden remarked as more slips of paper were passed out. When the votes were counted, Stanley Annanack had been elected a director, with fifteen votes. "He got the most, so let's give him a hand," Godt said, and after Koneak had translated, everyone clapped, while Stanley grinned. Max Budgell congratulated Stanley, who turned his head aside in pleased embarrassment. Then, while everyone else sat and smoked, the five directors of the George River Eskimo Coöperative assembled, with Paul Godt, in the far corner of the room to elect their president.

I asked Snowden why the women didn't participate in the meeting. "The coöperative has no women members," he said. "There is nothing to prevent them from becoming members—although under Quebec law they could not hold office—but this is considered men's business. At the first election, we tried to suggest that the various families be represented on the board of directors and that the president need not be the



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same one every year, but they know exactly what they want." Now Godt announced that George Annanack had been reëlected president, getting three votes out of five. Everyone clapped, and Annanack looked pleased.

The board members resumed their places, and Snowden sat down facing George Annanack. I had never seen him look so serious. "Ever since we first came here, we have been talking about the possibility of people coming to live together in one place," he began. "We know that much of the sickness of the children and older people comes when they are living in tents and are wet, and we know that when children and older people, especially, live in houses, they don't get sick."

He stopped. Now, as George Annanack spoke, Koneak translated. "He said that before he has been moving around in so many different places," Koneak said, "but now he is not so young, and would like to get settled in one place."

"In other places, hunters and trappers live in houses in winter and go out to hunt and follow their lines in spring and summer," Snowden said.

"So that way, if people are getting together in the same place, that would be a good idea," George Annanack said.

Snowden said, Eskimo-fashion, "*Aah.*" I noticed that he was beginning to phrase his sentences the way George Koneak did, and he often nodded slowly, Eskimo-style. "Now, Willi wrote to me this winter," Snowden continued. "I had asked him, when people came to his store, to find out how many were willing to spend their own money on houses. There were three."

When this had been translated, there was an abrupt sound—"*Ouga!*"—from the men, and they all began to talk to Willi, who was sitting on the floor with his back against the wall, hugging his knees. Koneak listened to what they were saying to Willi, then turned to Snowden, and said, "They all think you have their names for houses already!"

Snowden was so absorbed in his subject that he did not immediately catch Koneak's words, and he went right on. "There were some who said they didn't want to move when we asked last year, and we said, 'That's fine,' because each man must make up his own mind." Then he did a sort of double take, turning to Koneak. "They've *all* decided they want to live in houses here?"

"We'll ask each one," said Koneak, and Paul Godt, carrying a pad and pencil, started around the circle with Ko-



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neak, asking each man what he wanted to do.

"Tell them it's their own decision. It's not what we want but what they want," Snowden said.

Thomas Etok, a small, wily-looking Eskimo who, Snowden told me, had been the leader of the previous year's opposition to permanent houses, put his name down for one, and Snowden and Godt looked surprised. Koneak said, "Thomas Etok say he didn't agree last year *never* to come. This winter he knew all the rest were planning to move, and that leave him all alone on the Korok River, and he say if he's left alone, he'll ruin himself. That's why he joins."

"All of them!" Snowden exclaimed. "Well, this is a surprise!"

Now Snowden again began talking very seriously to George Annanack. There was total silence, and the men watched Snowden's face intently while Koneak translated. "The government wants to make sure that never again does anybody starve to death, as people did before. To make life better, the government must work with those people who no longer live off the land. The George River people have worked very hard these last two years, but to build houses costs a lot of money. A man must get his own logs and put them through the sawmill, and he must build his own house. That is what a man must do." He was speaking now in a curious rhythm, and Koneak was rocking back and forth on his box while he translated. "But later a special man from the big government will come in who knows how to build houses, and he will help the people. He will come not just this year but for several years, because we can't build all the houses in one year. The government will pay for some of the things that go into the houses—for windows, doors, doorframes, and roofing, and for a good wood stove for every house, with an oven so the women can bake bread and roast meat, and for a toilet, which must be in a separate place, and for a sink. It should not be as hard to build the houses as it was to build this community hall, because there will not be so many logs to lift."

There was a long sigh from the Eskimos.

Snowden continued to eye the group very seriously. "I know that everyone who said he wanted a house is going to want one right away, but this year we have enough money for only six."

There was another long "*Aa-ah*" as this was translated.

"Three years ago we were strangers, but now we are friends, eh?" Snowden



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said. "The government doesn't want to decide who should build first. You must decide among yourselves."

It was agreed at once that the two families, of which Elijah's was one, who had first pitched their tents on the site of the George River settlement should have the first two houses. There was confusion about the four other houses, and a great roar of laughter went up when Koneak jokingly suggested that the matter be decided by means of a wrestling match. At last, Snowden said, "It seems to me that there is one man who is independent, because he already has a house. Willi Imudluk has no reason to want anything for himself, so I wonder if you would let him be the one who finally decides which people need houses worst of all. But before that, you should talk this over among yourselves, and we should not be nearby when you do."

Max Budgell asked to be heard. "After the community has begun, more of your people will move in from other places," he said, "and you must form a group that will be responsible for keeping the community clean, for fire protection, and for protection of the water supply." He looked stern. "A community of houses that is not run properly produces sickness worse than in tents. But I am quite sure that won't happen here. And when the community starts, the children must have a school." He stopped, and when he spoke again, he seemed to be talking to himself. "If they don't, they are lost."

Now Budgell led the men outside and staked out for them, in the snow, the approximate dimensions of a house. When they had all watched him do this, they leaped on their sleds and set off down the river to their seal-hunting grounds.

SNOWDEN had instructed the Eskimo women to bring their handicraft output to the hall after lunch, so that he and Godt could pay them for the various objects, which would then be shipped Outside for sale. At two o'clock, the hall was filled with Eskimo women in bright-colored head scarves, their children either riding along in their parkas or tagging behind. Each woman carried her work in a sugar or flour sack, or a corrugated box or plastic bag. Snowden and Godt sat at one side of the room while the women came forward, one by one, and handed over handsome crocheted caps and belts and marvellously fashioned sealskin birds and animals. After Snowden had examined each piece carefully and put a price on it, Godt wrote out a check for the



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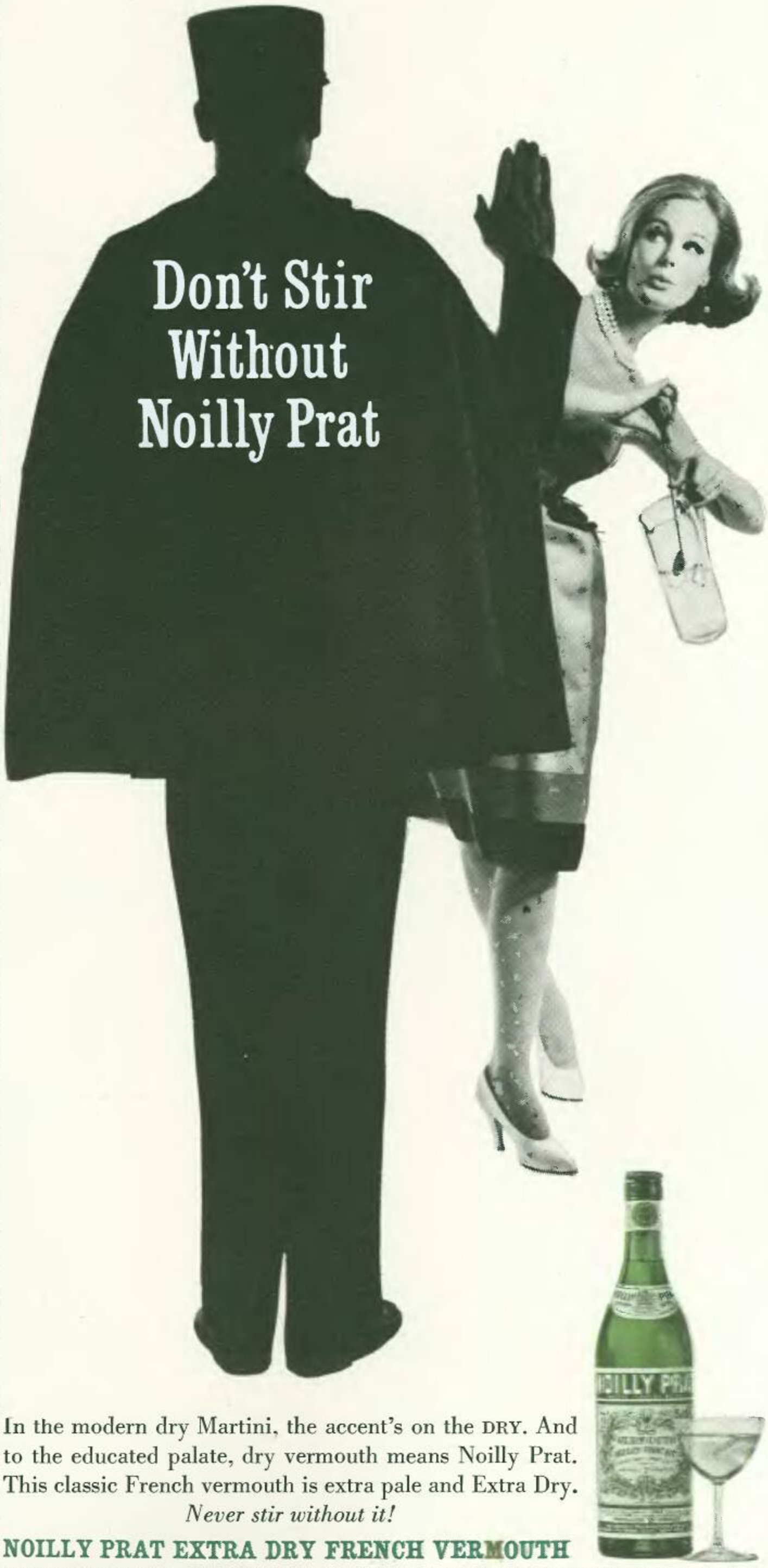


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total value of each woman's work. "We double this price for retail sale in the South, to cover the handling costs," Snowden explained to me. "We never turn down their work at the start, for then they might get discouraged. First we buy the article, and then, if necessary, we explain what's wrong."

I watched Godt write out a check for seventeen-fifty for a delighted teen-age girl who had made two bright-colored belts, three hats with tassels, and five miniature animals, and another check, for fifteen seventy-five, for Jessie Snowball, an attractive deaf girl, who had also done exquisite work. Next, Jessie's mother, Dorothy, a sprightly middle-aged lady, presented her creations; when Snowden praised them, she did a little jig, which made everyone laugh. I was surprised to see the sick girl, Lavina, sitting against the wall. Snowden walked over to her and gently took her bag of handiwork. He lifted a stuffed-fur bird from a fur nest to reveal four stuffed-fur baby birds, and said admiringly, "Oh, for Pete's sake, look at this!" At this praise, Lavina smiled and put her hand over her mouth in embarrassment. She had also made a pair of children's slippers, several fur hats, and a shapeless fur pocketbook, this last being clumsily constructed, with a zipper at the top. Snowden showed me the purse and said in a low tone, "This is an example of what we don't want. She has tried to make something she thinks will sell in the South. We have to be careful, though. The women cry easily, and so do the men." He had not been careful enough. Lavina, sensing that the bag was not right, leaned back against the wall with tears rolling down her cheeks, and she would not be cheered by the check, for sixteen seventy-five, that Snowden handed to her.

After the women had gone, Max Budgell remarked that Dorothy Snowball, who had several children besides Jessie, had never got married. "And now she has just adopted a little boy as insurance in her old age," he said. "Not through legal channels, but simply by means of an agreement with his parents. The women often marry late or not at all, sometimes because their parents won't let them leave home, and sometimes because they simply don't want to. The woman belongs to the man she marries, just as his dogs do, and she has definite and stern duties. She must make his boots, look after his tent, and keep his clothes in repair. Actually, I think Eskimos are much more considerate of each other and their children than we are. The harder life is, the more cheerful they become—sometimes



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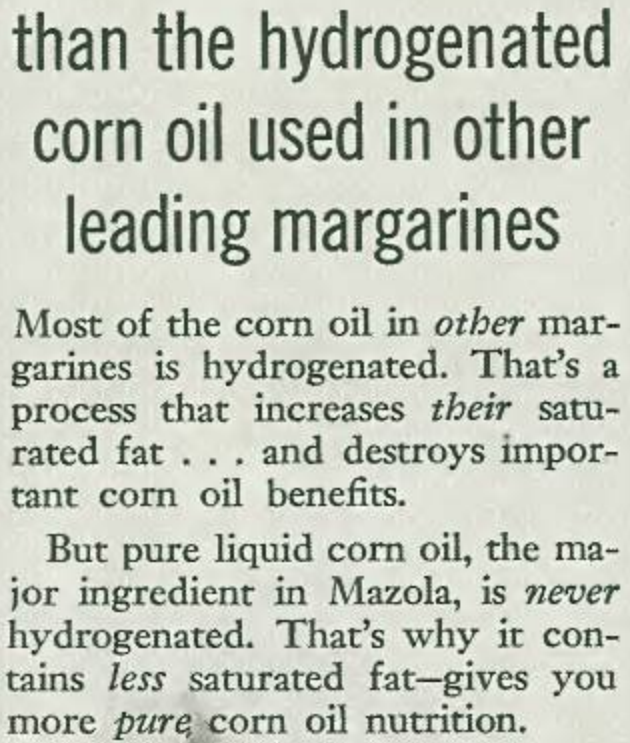
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it's unbelievable—and they possess a natural courtesy at all times. Then, the younger Eskimos have a great respect for their elders. In the old days, when parents became too infirm to travel or work, and were eating food without making any return, the young people would have to leave them behind—sometimes in a snowhouse and sometimes not—but always without food or fuel, since death would come quicker that way. Now they are able to take good care of them.

"Their habits and ways of thinking are not like ours. Illegitimacy, for instance, means little to them," Budgell continued. "A lot of the children are by white men, and that isn't frowned on, either. Anyway, there is never a homeless child. No matter how desperately poor the Eskimos are, they will always take in children. When an Eskimo girl has an illegitimate baby, she has a stock answer for the missionaries who tell her how terrible that is. 'If God didn't want me to have it, He wouldn't have sent it,' she says. Last month, when I was out logging with George Annanack and some of the younger men, we were sitting around talking one evening, and George put his arm fondly over one young man's shoulder and said, 'This chap has given me a baby!' I found out that the fellow had fathered a child born to George's daughter. George spoke of the baby with great fondness and there was certainly no suggestion of outrage, or even a wish that the young man should marry the girl, then or later. Just a normal, pleasant occurrence."

I asked whether the Eskimo women now went to the hospital to have their babies.

"Most babies are born at home," he said. "There are several midwives in each group. When a male child reaches the age of hunting—about eight—the proceeds of his first hunt go to the midwife who delivered him. If the child is a girl, the first thing she makes with her hands—a pair of mittens, usually, or perhaps boots—is given to the midwife."

I asked Budgell if it would be possible to see an Eskimo tent. The men would not return for the final meeting for several hours, and we set off on foot across the river and then walked up a trail into a wooded area. As we reached the top of an incline, Budgell pointed upward, and I saw, high in a tree, an Eskimo dog hanging by his back feet, quite dead. "The Eskimos will use his fur for sleeping gear and for the trimming on parka hoods," Budgell said. Walking on, we came to a clearing containing three Eskimo tents, near which was an open platform on posts six



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feet above the ground. This, Budgell explained, was where the Eskimos stored meat and whatever else they wanted to keep from the dogs. "They don't have much food to store, actually," he said, "but live from day to day, hunting that day for that day's food." I was curious to know if the Eskimos still ate raw meat. "They love raw caribou, and ptarmigan, and fish," he replied. "When I was logging with them last month, I didn't eat too much of it, but when the Eskimos sat down to raw caribou, they ate it to the bare bones." He laughed. "As for ptarmigan, I remember that one day I went into the cooking tent to speak to one of the Eskimo girls we had brought along to prepare meals. Her back was toward me when I came in, but she turned around when I spoke to her, and her face was covered with blood from ear to ear. I thought her throat had been cut, but she had just been enjoying a little snack of raw ptarmigan."

We were standing now before one of the tents, and Budgell knocked on its wooden door, which was about four feet high and was hinged to its wooden frame on an inward slant, which made it slam shut behind us. The structure itself was shaped something like a circus tent, with fluted rather than angled corners. Daniel Snowball, one of the older men I had seen at the community hall, ushered us in. We shook hands with him and his wife, a plain, strong-looking woman, who had been sitting in a corner plucking ptarmigan, and with his attractive daughter, who was working on a pair of sealskin boots, using an *ulu*, a small knife with a wooden handle and a sharp, rounded blade. The temperature in the tent must have been over seventy, maintained by an oil-drum stove with a thin pipe that went through the canvas roof. I noticed that the roof was speckled with little black holes, made by sparks from the stove. "It must leak like a sieve in wet weather," I said. Budgell nodded. "It does," he said. "They will probably make themselves a new tent this summer. They'll buy about sixty yards of cloth, which will cost forty or fifty dollars, and stitch it on a hand sewing machine—something most of them carry with them."

I estimated that the tent was about fourteen feet long and eight feet wide. The stove was in the center, and around the four walls were wooden bunks, or sleeping platforms, about three feet above the rough plank floor. The platforms were lined with spruce boughs, over which caribou-skin robes had been spread, and on top of these were eiderdown quilts covered with bright calico. Budgell explained that the bunks were



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unusually wide because the Eskimos sleep with their heads toward the tent walls and their feet toward the stove. On a shelf between two of the wooden poles that supported the tent were a radio and two books. Noticing my interest in the books, Daniel Snowball handed them to me to look at. They were Protestant prayer books, printed in syllabics. Snowball's wife, who had settled down again to tackle the pile of ptarmigan, sat near a table that held pots and pans and enamel cups. Budgell inquired about the Snowballs' food supply, and Daniel Snowball told him he had shot six ptarmigan on his first hunt that morning, and so many in the afternoon that he hadn't bothered to count them.

The sunlight that filtered through the canvas, together with the heat from the stove, made me feel as if I would suffocate. It was a relief to shake hands again and then get out into the ice-cold air. As we began to walk back toward the community hall, Budgell asked, "Have you ever noticed how much the Eskimos shake hands?" I said that I certainly had. "That's an Eskimo custom," he said. "If I went to Chimo and came back again the same day, we would all shake hands when I left, and we would do it all over again when I came back."

I had noticed that the ground around the tents we had seen was filthy, and remarked on it. "The time of the thaw is when these communities become terrible," Budgell said. "Most of the people come down with gastroenteritis every spring. But spring housecleaning is very simple here. The Eskimos just move out—it takes them about two hours to pack for a move that may last four years—and let the rains wash through. The spring breakup starts about the first of May, and soon there are eighteen hours of sunlight every day. The snow melts and runs into the sea—not in a flood but in trickles. The ground is saturated, and water runs continually, day and night. No planes can get in or out, because they can't land on the ground, which is too soft, or on the water, which is covered with melting ice. By the end of June, except for small patches, there won't be a flake of snow on any of this land—just black rock and gray caribou moss."

As we climbed up the riverbank and back to the hall, I asked how he thought the Eskimos would adapt to the radical pattern of living in fixed communities. He hesitated, and then said, with great passion for such a quiet man, "Their true hope for survival is through education. As the caribou and other game dwindle, their hunting skills are



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dwindling, and they simply cannot live as they used to. They depend more and more on store-bought goods, and their kids, through lack of training, won't be as good hunters as their fathers were. All we can expect to do with the present flock of youngsters, because the time has been so short, is to teach them English and the three 'R's."

ONLY the men attended the final meeting of the George River co-operative, which started at about eight o'clock that night. It was bitter cold and already dark when they arrived, and shortly after the discussion began, the lamp faded and went out. We sat in the blackness, the only light coming from the frosted windows and the red glow of cigarettes. Occasionally, a match or a cigarette lighter would momentarily illuminate a face. The Eskimos had an announcement to make: They had picked Stanley Annanack to help at the freezer. George Annanack said, "We have picked him for three reasons: he will take very good care of the equipment; he is not afraid to talk up to anybody; and he is not a deep sleeper and can work all night."

Snowden asked if the Eskimos had decided who should have the four unallotted houses. "We have left that up to Willi," George Annanack said.

Willi began to speak slowly. "I suggest that the first of the four houses go to George Annanack," he said. "The second should go to old Sam Annanack and his wife, Stanley's parents, for when the people go to the Hudson's Bay outpost for Christmas, these two are always left behind. Stanley Annanack has six very small children, so he needs the third house, and Ned Imudluk, who lost his wife last year and also has quite a few small children, besides a very old mother-in-law, should have the fourth."

Snowden turned to Koneak. "They realize that they are all going to have houses later on, don't they?" he asked.

"They understand, Don," Koneak said. "No complaints."

Now someone found fuel and relit the lamp. Snowden, Koneak, and Willi Imudluk were lying on the floor with their heads propped against some boxes, and, as usual, George Annanack was sitting in the central spot, in the beach chair. Snowden began to discuss the future community, explaining that the houses should not be too far from the school, and that there should be room for a seal-oil shed and for stores. "Remember that most of your supplies will come in by water, so you should be able to get to it and back easily," he went



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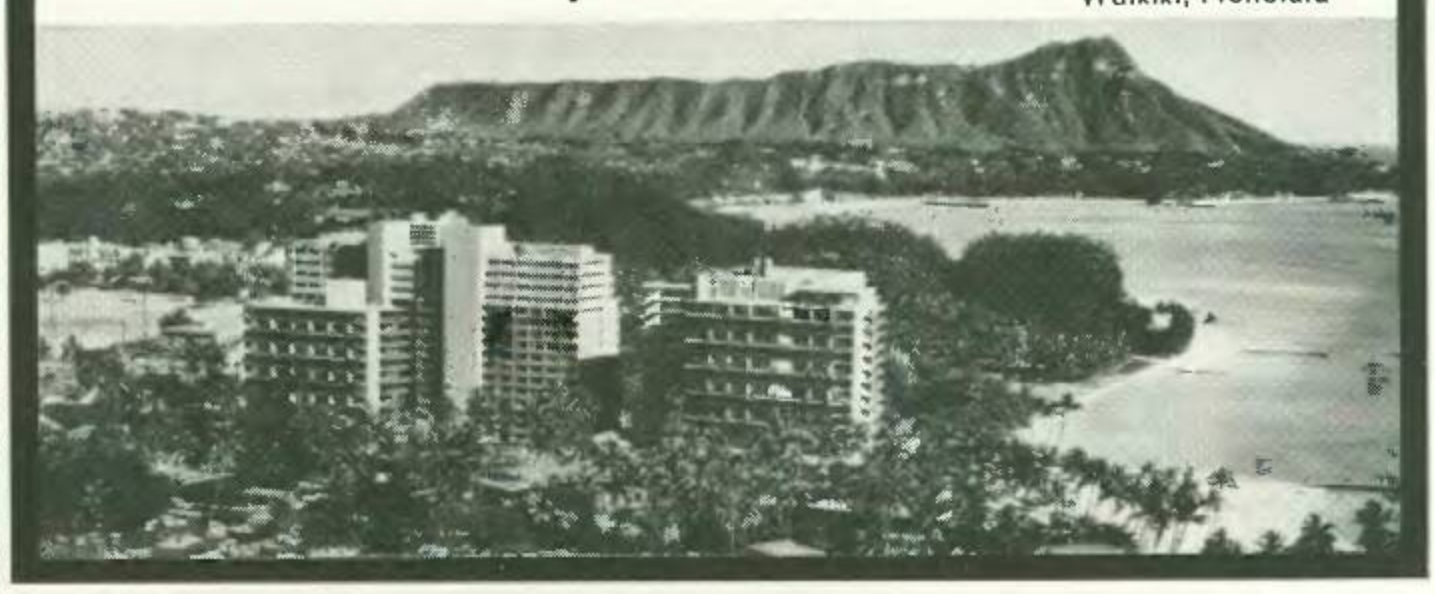
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on. "And you should build on land that is well drained and gets reasonably dry in the summer. Also, the water supply has got to be protected. The dogs must be put in a compound, so that they cannot contaminate the water supply and bring illness and disease. I know people don't like to do this with their dogs, but it must be done."

I heard the low, musical voice of George Annanack. "I have been thinking of the dogs for a long time," he said. "If we put the dogs on chains, they will be suffering more than I can stand. So I think the compound is a lot better, for in there they are free to walk around and will not howl so much."

George Annanack spoke again, and Koneak turned to Snowden. "George Annanack wants to know something, Don. They are looking forward to seeing you again, and they want to know if you are coming from now on."

Snowden sat up, and slowly shook his head. There was a deep murmur.

Koneak said, "Now they know this is the last time. They are sorry to hear."

Snowden looked disturbed. "I'm going to try to get back sometime, because I like it here," he said, in a low voice. "But we have to move on to other places."

Stanley Annanack spoke. Koneak listened, and then said, "They feel very, very sorry. This new thing you people brought, what nobody had never thought before, turns out well, and they are very pleased."

Snowden seemed deeply moved, and cleared his throat several times. After a moment, he addressed Koneak. "All over the world, there are men who speak different tongues who are trying to talk to one another," he said. "You have made it possible, George, for all of us and your people to speak together. I think that's as important as anything that has been done in the whole project." He insisted that Koneak, who was embarrassed, translate this for the other Eskimos.

There were approving nods. Then came the voice of George Annanack, very deep and quiet. Koneak listened, and turned his head toward Snowden. "He says there could not be any better help than they have got from you people, because now they don't have to leave their own country. You people were to the Eskimos as their own." He paused, and then he said slowly. "We will remember you forever and ever."

Suddenly, the room was bursting with the sound of voices. Everyone was calling out, "*Nokomik! Nokomik!*" It was the Eskimo word for "Thank you."

—Edith Iglauer

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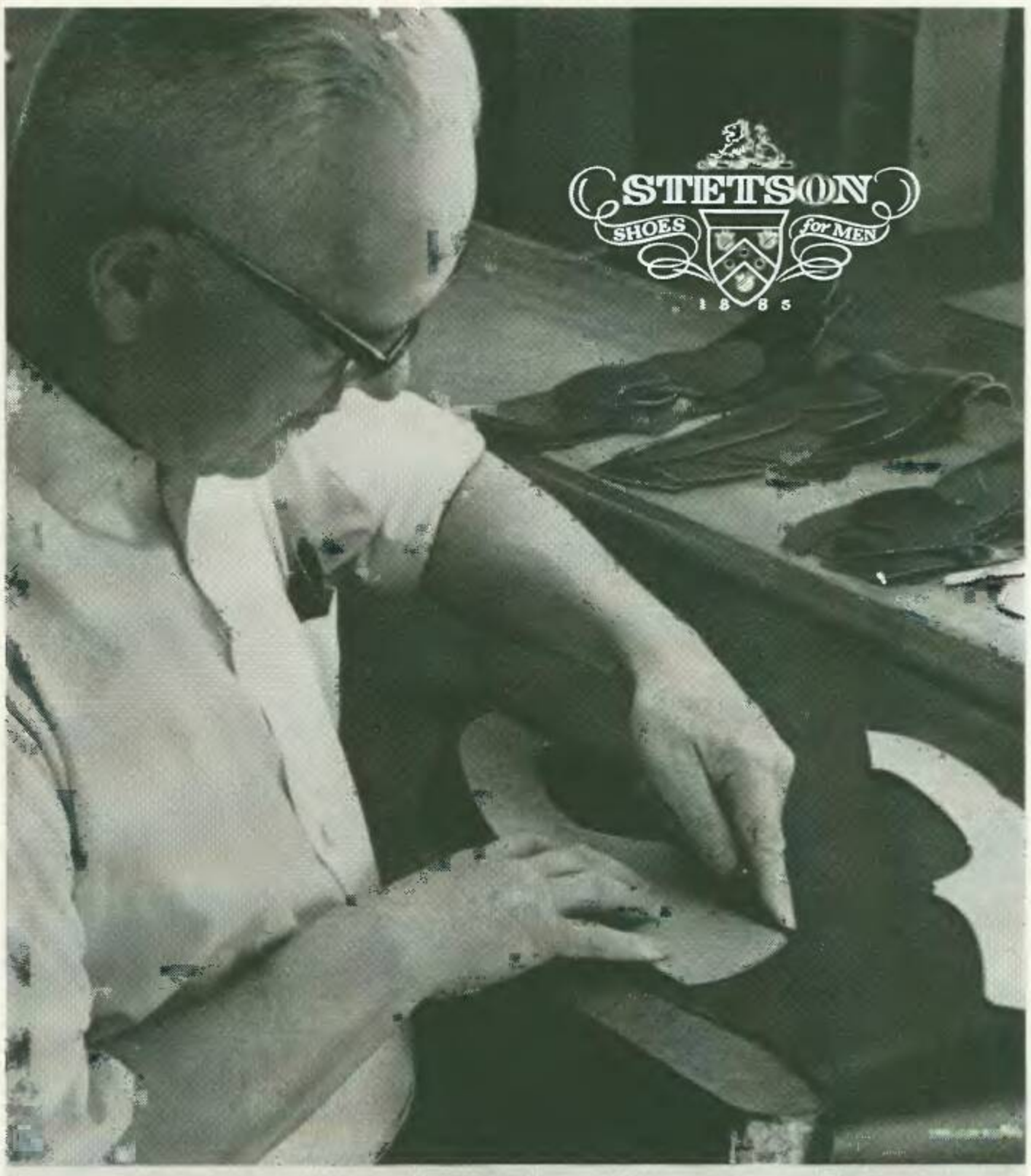
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AWAKENED

WHAT happened to me one morning not long ago probably happened to a lot of other people. Or, if it didn't, it could have, for certainly I'm a normal enough sort—nine to five; early thirties; one wife, two kids; each year a little more money, but never quite enough; two weeks at the seashore in August, the rest of the time in a New York apartment. Our apartment happens to be on the lower East Side. We have enough room, and the rent's not much. My wife, of course, wants to move to the country. "This is a hell of a place to bring up children," she says. And she's right. But there we are. I don't want to move, because it seems such a complicated and permanent thing to do; and so the seasons pass, and there we are. I could go on forever telling you how normal I am, and telling you of my few idiosyncrasies, which, I suppose, make me even more normal—like the bicycles. We ride bicycles around the city, my wife and I, for no better reason than that it's convenient. Each bike has a child's seat on back—I take the five-year-old and my wife takes the baby. And as long as I'm going to talk about a morning, I should probably tell you what an average morning at our house is like. Frankly, it's not so hot. To begin with, we're always behind schedule. I ride my daughter to kindergarten on my way to work, so she has to be ready before nine, and urging a child of five to hurry through breakfast is like trying to hurry water out of a gallon jug; the more you shake it the slower it pours. My wife is cross in the mornings. Some people say they're cross until they have their first cup of coffee, but that's not her problem. She's just plain cross from the moment she wakes up until, as far as I know, the very second before I walk in the door at night. At night, she's fine. As I said, I could go on forever, but I think you get the picture.

On the morning I'm speaking of, the first thing I knew was that I was awake and that it was raining hard. I could hear it splashing on the sill. Because there's never much light at our bedroom window, which gives onto an alley between buildings, and because it was raining, I couldn't place myself in time. I sensed that my wife was awake, and I grew tense, fearing it was very early, and knowing how cross she would be, being wakened, if it really was. But then, oddly, I didn't sense the fury that comes to me from her—through the sheets, I guess—because when it's there I know it right away without being



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told. I sensed in her another feeling, one of apprehension. Had we horribly overslept? Was it already late in the morning of a dark day? Only then did I become aware of the sound, though actually I must have been hearing it all along, because certainly it was the sound that awakened me. It was the steady, high-pitched wail of an air-raid siren. I looked at the clock and saw that it was only six-thirty. Why the air-raid siren at this hour, I thought. "Do you hear it?" asked my wife. "Yes," I said, purposely curt, though I knew she wanted to be reassured. She was listening intently. It came—a steady, blaring, high hum—through the rain, through the walls, through the gloom at the window, right into bed with us. And while I listened to it, refusing to say anything more to my wife, I slipped back to the edge of sleep and hung there, teetering slowly in the sound.

I don't know how long I hung there—a minute, perhaps longer—when through the sound I became conscious of a low thundering, a thumppp, thumppp, thumppp, that went straight to my bowels. It sounds silly now to say it, now that I realize it was nothing more than a heavily loaded truck slamming over the cobbles on Second Avenue, but then, at that second, I thought it was gunfire, anti-aircraft fire—God knows, I'd heard it often enough in the movies. And the two sounds, the still wailing siren and the thumps, combined in a hot sickening mixture at the pit of my stomach. I'm told that this feeling comes from adrenaline being secreted into the system to prepare the body for a crisis. Well, my body was prepared. I wasn't yet wholly awake, but I was fairly swimming in adrenaline. My mind said, quite calmly, I recall, Well, it's happened, it's finally happened. I framed those words, while behind them loomed the boundless, unspoken, and crushing thought that this had, all the time, been coming, and that I'd known it, that I'd lived my life worrying about unpaid bills and my wife's temper in the morning and that it had all been for nothing.

Now what do I do, I wondered. I thought of the bicycles. It had been one of my daydreams that when the alert sounded and the terrified millions swarmed onto the bridges, bringing all traffic to a standstill, I and my family would ride out of the city on our bicycles, picking our way carefully between the jammed-up cars, each of us with a knapsack of canned goods and plenty of fishing tackle. But then I remembered that my wife's bicycle was across town being repaired. So that was out. There was nothing to do, then, but lie back and

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wait. These thoughts, of course, took only a few seconds, but by then my stomach was almost back to normal, my vision of missiles racing toward the city erased by the preposterousness of the whole idea. But still, I wasn't sure, and when my wife asked, "What was that?" I answered her as completely as I could. "I don't know," I said.

I GOT out of bed and went to the window, naked and shivering. I could see nothing but the heavy rain falling between the buildings, and yet the siren steadily droned on. I went out into the living room and across it to windows that look over a graveyard—a remnant from a time when land on Manhattan wasn't so dear that a man couldn't afford six feet of it. The rain fell there through the bare trees, on the marble, and on last year's brown grass. Across the graveyard, and through a wrought-iron fence, we have a view of East Second Street. I was searching for a single sign from the outside to tell me that I was crazy. But the street was empty; there was only the siren and the rain. It occurred to me that at times like this one should not stand at a window. I hugged myself, against the cold. Then a man came into view, hurrying along under an umbrella. I heard again the rumbling, farther off, but the man didn't lift his head or change his pace. It must be all right, I thought. A taxi swept down the street and stopped in front of a house with a stone stoop. The driver hopped out and ran up the steps through the rain. Was that strange? Why did he do that? I was really cold now; our windows don't fit well, and I could feel the damp chill coming from the outside and going through me. I went back into the bedroom and switched on the television. At first, as I went by two or three blank channels, there was nothing but a surprisingly bright light. Then I came to a picture of a man looking out from the screen and talking. I don't recall a word he said, but his tone was bored, reassuring. I switched again, and got another man in the same pose, teaching something, I think. It was really all right! But why was that damn siren sounding? I climbed back into bed and mumbled something to my wife about its being a test.

"Well, it's a hell of a time to have a test," she said crossly.

"Yes," I said, and tried to fall back to sleep.

That's all there was to it. After an interminable time, the high siren's wail ran down the scale and growled to a stop. Later that day, I read in the *Post* that two air-raid sirens on the lower East Side had somehow been triggered by the excessive rain.

The point is this: For a moment that morning I thought, I really thought, even though it may have been partly a dream, that I and my family, and all of New York, for that matter, were at any moment going to be blown to bits. And there was nothing, nothing in the world I could do about it, lacking my wife's bicycle, but lie back and wait. In fact, I hadn't even thought to say goodbye.

—PETER WOOD

• •

RHINOCEROS

I have never seen that beast,
with his snout bearing a pagoda
and his eyes like little fragments
and his haunches carrying hills
with them. His teeth, I have read,
are monuments, and his heart colder
than a key in winter,
though he sweats from pores round as goblets
and full of swamps.
The white hunters have killed him
a thousand times over.

I think of myself walking toward him
and preaching a love of creatures,
leaves in my palm, or a loaf of sugar,
and his great horn still,
the knees waiting,
and between us, like birds,
a twittering hope,
or merely the pause
between monster and monster.

—ADRIEN STOUTENBURG



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LETTER FROM ROME

APRIL 12

SHORTLY after I arrived here, some weeks ago, an old friend of mine, an American who has lived here for a long time, remarked that a lot of things had changed in the nine years since I'd left Rome. "After the war, there was a lot of political excitement in the air, but the pace of life was slow and easy," he said. "Now no one gives a damn about politics, except the politicians, and the pace has become a gallop after material goods. For the first time in my life as an American in Italy, I feel like an effete Athenian among ancient Romans." It is certainly true that today's Romans are apathetic toward the political situation. Not even Premier Amintore Fanfani's much discussed "opening to the Left"—the formation of a new governing coalition, based upon assurances of support from the Socialists—has caused much excitement, though it is actually the most revolutionary political development of the sixteen years since the Christian Democrats came into power. In forming his new government, Fanfani has turned his back on his old allies, the Liberals, whose party is now associated almost exclusively with the interests of big business, and risked everything on the word of Pietro Nenni, the wily old Socialist leader, who has promised to back the government if it carries out its announced intention of nationalizing the production of electric power and doing something about Italy's ever-present unemployment problem. But these matters seem to excite hardly anyone, and the reason, as my friend pointed out, is that Italy is enjoying a solid business boom. It is hard for people to concentrate on the ins and outs of coalitions when everybody is trying to get rich and when conditions are so good that practically nobody has to struggle to survive. For the first time in the country's history, *il benessere*—Italy's equivalent of a chicken in every pot—seems to be truly within reach.



The most obvious sign of this boom is Rome's fantastic traffic problem. No one knows what to do about it. The city has issued license plates for more than five hundred thousand cars, and it often appears that all of them are trying to use the same street at the same time. The swarms of motor scooters and bicycles that I remembered have been replaced by even larger swarms of tiny Fiats, whose drivers seem to be fanatically engaged in day-long Dodgem games without rules and with nothing at stake but their lives. Of all the world's large cities, Rome, with its spidery network of narrow, irregular streets, its cluttered piazzas, its monuments and ruins, and its abrupt hills and winding river, is perhaps least suited to the automobile age. "Where are we going to put all these cars?" a recent article in the daily *Paese Sera* inquired. "Rome risks being stuffed full from one day to the next; complete immobility in her main arteries, which even now are unable to cope with the increasing rhythm of traffic, threatens to become a reality at any moment." The story goes on to predict that people will soon have to resort to rafts—bought, like their automobiles, on the installment plan—and pole their way to work along the Tiber.

Despite constant acrimonious criticism in the press ("CITY AND STATE INERT AGAINST THE INCREASING CHAOS" was a typical recent headline), the authorities have probably done as well as could be expected with an impossible situation. A network of new roads has been built to accommodate the vehicular tides flowing throughout the city, and every street, every avenue now has its forest of traffic signs. That old nemesis, the traffic cop with his book of tickets, is becoming an all too familiar figure. (Foreigners, especially tourists, are gently treated. Instead of a ticket, they usually receive a little blue slip printed in four languages, in which they are welcomed to Rome, "the most cherished goal of international tourism," informed that they have violated a provision of the highway code, and assured that "the communal authorities are quite convinced that this infringement was unintentional and wish you a very happy stay in Rome.") However, there are few stop lights at intersections, and the burden of deciding who has the right of way remains with the driver, who usually shoulders it with sang-froid and a terrifying indifference to the consequences of error.

The main system that has been

adopted to keep traffic flowing is the basically simple one of moving everyone in a circle to the right. Unfortunately, in Rome this doesn't always work; the driver often arrives within sight of his destination only to run up against the disheartening little blue sign with a white arrow pointing off to the right, and, upon obeying it, becomes enmeshed in another tangle of one-way streets and dead ends, or trapped in a jammed piazza between a church, a fountain, a public building, and a national monument, until at last, by a system of trial and error, he escapes, sometimes finding himself back at his original starting point. Furthermore, one-way streets in Rome have a habit of changing their direction (along with their name) every eight or ten blocks, and until one becomes used to it, it can be unnerving to find oneself heading directly into a wave of cars coming the opposite way. The local traffic system may have its drawbacks, but no one could deny that there is a certain competitive zest to driving here that is absent from our own large cities.

THE triumph of the automobile, with all that it implies in the way of an industrial boom, is, of course, not merely a Roman but a national phenomenon. Indeed, Rome itself has benefited less from the boom than many much smaller towns. Rome is still primarily a city of civil servants and store clerks, and the average income here is lower than it is in many other Italian cities. Nevertheless, the earnings of the average Roman have more than doubled in the past six years, and the superficial evidences of the new *benessere*, which actually radiates from Milan, are all readily visible here in Rome. In addition to automobiles, people are buying radios, television and hi-fi sets, washing machines, and refrigerators. Shopwindows are filled with goods, and despite the relatively high price of everything they display, the stores are doing a brisk business. There are now several American-style supermarkets, plus a couple of laundromats, and it is considered chic to be seen in them. Good restaurants have always prospered in Rome (Romans rarely entertain at home in the evening, preferring to make an excursion en masse to some favorite culinary spot, where the food is likely to be superb and astonishingly cheap), but today the city's theatres and night clubs are also thriving. This is regarded as an extraordinary step forward, since the *real* Romans have a centuries-old reputation for wangling free theatre tickets and for being able to nurse a single



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sweet vermouth through an entire evening at a ringside table in the most fashionable club in town. Reluctance to waste money on either entertainment or art has always been characteristic of this city, in which everyone knows someone who knows someone who has a cousin who works in a Ministerial office and can get it for you free. Few were the plays that ran more than four weeks in Rome in the old days, but now a mere four-week run of anything is considered a failure. And nothing about the new Roman affluence has impressed me as much as the now common sight of an entire middle-class family out on the town and drinking whiskey at a dollar or more a shot in a fancy *boîte*.

Despite Italy's high birth rate and the difficulties of emigration, there is less unemployment, and consequently (another sure sign of better times) everyone is complaining about the servant problem. Domestics, it seems, are harder to find than ever before, demand more money, want to live in homes of their own, and are joining a labor union. The current practice is to import young men from Sardinia and train them to domestic service, but they rarely remain with their first family more than a year. Only wealthy Roman households can afford to pay a servant more than fifty dollars a month, and that is a lower wage than even a minor store clerk gets these days. "Wherever social and economic justice occur," an impoverished Roman nobleman recently confided to a friend, "there life will become a little less gracious." It seems difficult either to disagree or to sympathize with him.

The most striking aspect of the pursuit of *il benessere* is its identification in the Roman mind with the American way of life, usually as it is reflected on local movie screens and in popular picture magazines. Stores and other businesses now frequently advertise their wares in English, and unlimited installment buying is the order of the day. American fashions and American crazes are adopted immediately and wholeheartedly—often to an extent that would be considered embarrassing at home. *Il* Twist is red hot, but it has by no means driven out the rock 'n' roll combos—consisting of young men with pompadour haircuts and named something like "I Crazy Boys"—that are standard fixtures in all the night clubs. Practically every musical television program is modelled on the Ed Sullivan Show. American words, phrases, and bits of slang have crept into the Italian language; I recently overheard a young

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Roman buck greet a friend he was meeting for an apéritif with "*Buona sera*, man, *che fai per il* weekend?" As a local movie critic recently pointed out, even decadence, which was once a Roman specialty, now follows the American model. "Take Fellini's 'La Dolce Vita,'" he said. "The corruption is entirely American, from the madness of the news photographers in heartless pursuit of sensationalism to the little girl at the seashore who always wants to play the jukebox. And, in the orgy scene, what is the pièce de résistance? An American strip tease, of all things. Tiberius would have blushed for shame!"

Physically, too, quite apart from the network of new roads and the ever-present sight of clogged traffic, the city has changed a great deal. Of course, the center of Rome, with its famous landmarks, has been defended from the real-estate speculators (they are as prevalent here as elsewhere) by stringent laws designed to guarantee the city's historical integrity, but in the outlying residential areas there is chaos. Along the Via Cassia and on Monte Mario, in sections that used to be open countryside dotted with small private villas, great slabs of terraced apartments now rise, piled carelessly on the hillsides, like children's bright-colored blocks; the Parioli, once a quiet, fashionable quarter, has become a tangle of streets and crowded villas; and to the south serried rows of institutional-looking buildings, the apartment houses of the new bourgeoisie, march across barren acres of upturned brown earth toward the Alban Hills. Rome has become a city of builders, on a scale not even imagined since the time of the Caesars.

All this building and earning and buying and selling seems to go on, and to be growing, quite independently of what the government does or doesn't do. *Il benessere* has become a state of mind, a goal—something that every citizen now feels entitled to achieve and therefore avidly pursues. Naturally, in this climate of "anything goes" there have been some abuses and a few spectacular scandals. The most recent one, which began to come to light last winter as the result of a parliamentary investigation, has to do with the construction, still incomplete, of Rome's new airport on a marshy tract at Fiumicino, a few miles north of Ostia. This case has a flavor that is typically Roman, because so many of the people caught up in it are linked to one another by ties of family and friendship as well as by business interests. At the center is the curious figure of an Air Force

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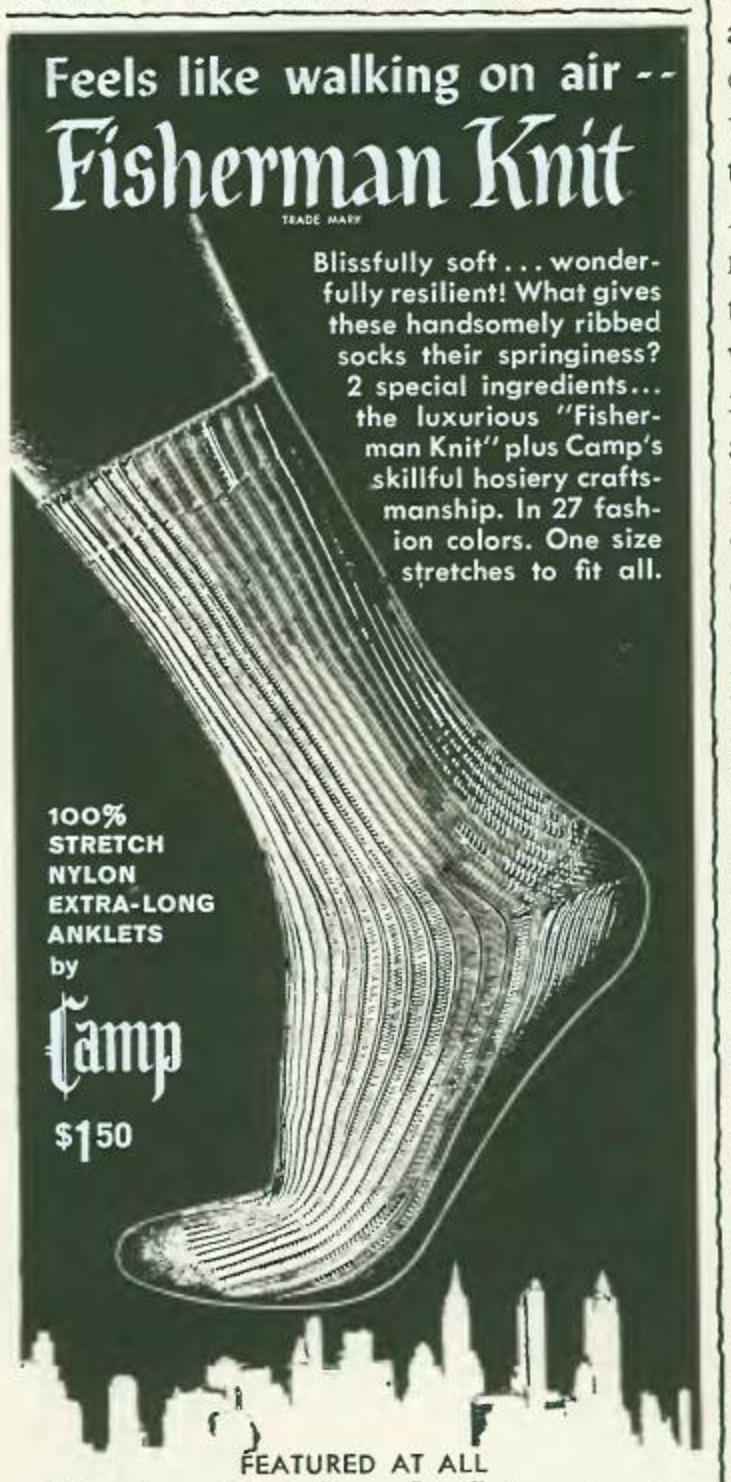
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colonel named Giuseppe Amici, whose family seems to have had an interest in the swampland chosen for the airport. In 1951, Colonel Amici, then a major, was appointed by the Ministry of Public Works to supervise the construction of the airport, and, according to the recently published parliamentary inquiry into the matter, for seven years he was apparently in complete charge, accountable to no one, spending money and assigning building contracts as he pleased. During all that time, the Colonel was either a partner or a large investor in several building firms that were doing a handsome business with the airport. The result is that the new airport, whose cost was originally estimated at twenty-four million dollars, has already cost nearly fifty million and will probably cost forty-odd million more before it is finished. However, it is when one begins to unravel the thread of family connections that the Fiumicino affair becomes fascinating and characteristic. The private secretary of a Cabinet Minister in charge of certain aspects of construction at the airport is the cousin of a building contractor's wife, who happens to be in business with the Minister's wife; the Cabinet Minister who appointed Colonel Amici to his post has as *his* secretary an Air Force general, who also happens to be the Minister's brother-in-law; Mrs. Amici goes into business with the wife of an important official in the Ministry of Public Works; Arturo Amici, the Colonel's son, forms a business partnership with Anselmo Fusari, the Colonel's driver, who, in turn, invests large sums of money in two business concerns holding contracts with the airport. The voluminous parliamentary report begins to read like one of Stendhal's Italian novels—a feudal tale of characters linked by the interests and irresistible attractions of blood. "It is a picturesque quadrille," the writer Eugenio Scalfari observed in a series of acid articles in the independent weekly *Espresso*, "a saraband of wives, cousins, ex-dependents, in-laws, split into opposing ranks that meet, quarrel and make up, vary the projects, change the direction of the airstrips, make and unmake prices and contracts." Scalfari goes on to ask, "Are we faced with an isolated episode, however scandalous and grave? Or are we faced with the crisis of a system and its institutions, which are evidently unable to function and to defend themselves from private interests?" In a long, bitter editorial, *L'Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican newspaper, commented, "There is nothing to say—public and private morality have been

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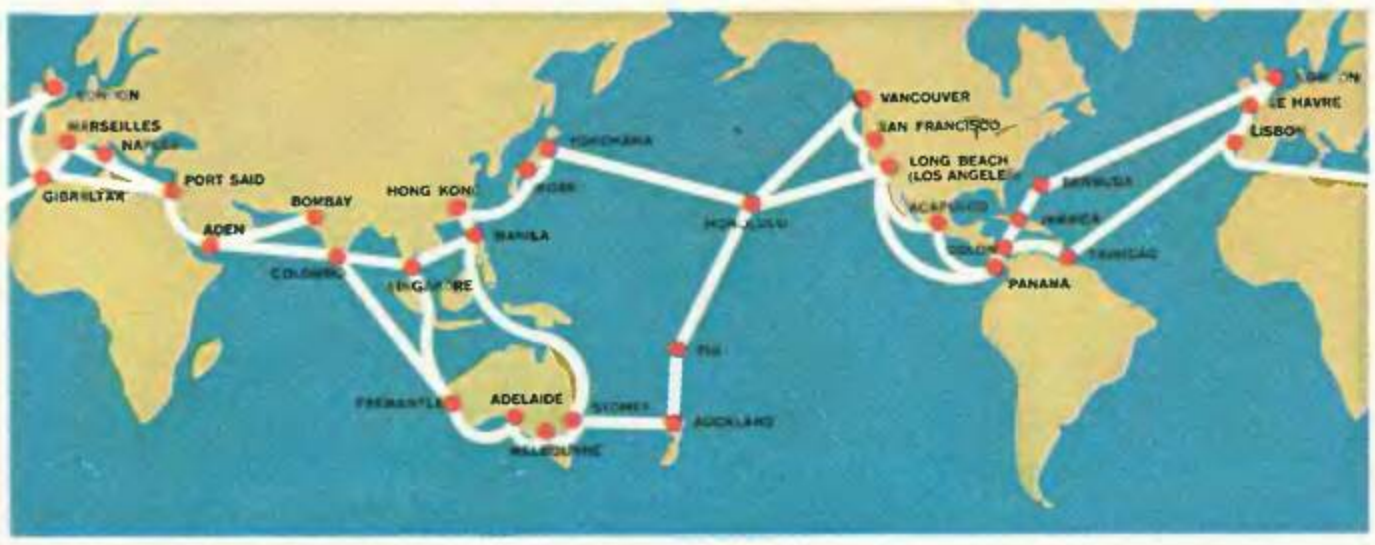
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GP

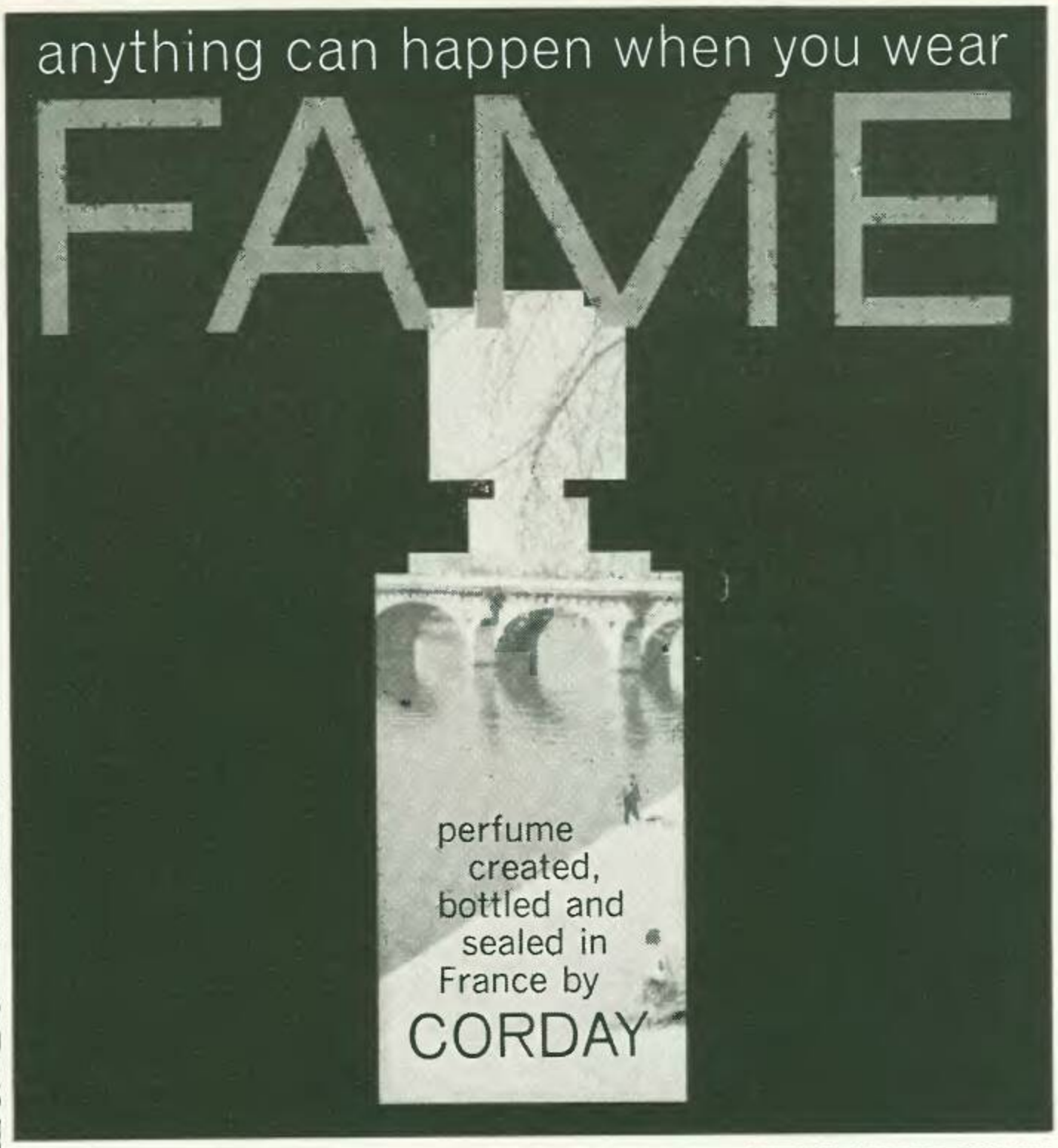
GRAND PRIX BY PONTIAC

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deeply wounded." Despite the extreme seriousness of these views, very few people in Rome believe that anything will ever really be done about the Fiumicino scandal. The consensus among the more cynical Romans seems to be that the case will die away in time and be forgotten, and that if it ever should reach the courts, the accused will doubtless know how to protect themselves, procrastinating and throwing up a dense smoke screen of documents to confuse the issue. The celebrated Montesi case, it is pointed out, has been nine years in the courts and is yet to be resolved.

NORTHERN Italians have always regarded Rome as a pleasant, if lethargic, place to live—a city of parks and monuments and sunlight, a place to loaf in but not to remain too long in. "I always go to Rome with joy in my heart, but I always leave it with relief," a Milanese industrialist told me not long ago. "Do you know, I had to make eighteen different trips to the same Ministry last week merely to get one routine permit approved! In Rome, one either goes mad or falls asleep." To such familiar criticism the Romans remain indifferent, and it seems unlikely that, for all their pursuit of the fast lira, they will ever renounce their leisurely view of life. The shops still roll their steel shutters down from one o'clock until four in the afternoon, the parks and open-air cafés remain crowded with well-dressed people simply sunning themselves and staring placidly at the world passing by, meals never take less than two hours, and no public function ever begins on time. This is not to say that the Romans aren't pursuing *il benessere*, but it is at their own disorganized, amiable pace, which is not to be confused with simple lethargy. The productivity of the Roman movie industry, which now turns out about two hundred full-length films a year, provides one instance of the city's vitality.

The most interesting new development in Italian movies has been the sudden rise of a handful of young, combative, highly intellectual directors, whose films, dealing uncompromisingly with poverty, social injustice, and crime, are being very well attended by the public and hotly debated in the press. Of these men, one of the most successful has been a thirty-nine-year-old novelist, poet, critic, translator, scenarist, and professional philologist named Pier Paolo Pasolini. Quite apart from his talent, Pasolini, a thin, intense, soft-spoken, bespectacled man, is apparently blessed with a genius for arousing controver-



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sy. He has just made his first film, "Accattone." Its release was held up for a while by government censorship, and it has since been attacked and defended by various officials, literary men, and celebrities in general, and is now making a great deal of money. Filmed at a cost of about a hundred and thirty thousand dollars, it earned more than twice that amount during the first three weeks of its local run.

Pasolini's subject matter, which he has already explored at length in two best-selling novels, "Ragazzi di Vita" and "Una Vita Violenta," is the sordid, brutal world of the Roman *borgate*—a world where grace and hope have yielded to extreme cruelty and indifference, and a resignation that goes beyond despair. The *borgate* are squalid suburban communities—shantytowns, many of them—inhabited by more than two hundred thousand people, whom Pasolini himself describes as a sub-proletariat. Hardly anyone succeeds in escaping from the *borgate*, and the few who do are soon replaced by others—the poorest of the peasants who are today flocking to the city from the country villages in the hope of finding jobs. Pasolini was born in Bologna, but he has lived in Rome for the past twelve years and obviously knows his background well. When he first moved here, he was penniless, and the people he lived among then are the people he portrays in his books and in his movie. "The world of the *borgate* is pre-Christian," he says. "It has been preserved by the structure of the Papacy, which imposed itself upon this culture and froze it protectively in time. The face of it is baroque, but the understructure is simple; it is built not on love but on a code of honor." "*Accattone*" means "beggar," in the most literal sense, but it has a nastier connotation, implying something of the thief, of the hustler—something underhanded and mean. In the movie, it is the nickname of a small-time pimp, whose sole ambition is to have a girl who will be able to keep him in style—dress him flashily, and buy him cars and jewelry. It is the only way he can envision escaping the hunger and poverty he has known all his life, but he is undone by his inability not to love the one creature he can exploit. The part is beautifully played by Franco Citti, a young nonprofessional (there are no professionals in the cast) with a round, tough, but extraordinarily sensitive face, something of a cross between Brando's and Belmondo's, that exactly renders the character's weakness, sloth, and sensuality but also strongly conveys an inner vitality and a capacity for irony and fero-

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ciously honest introspection. "We're all a bunch of bums, we're all done with, they've all shoved us aside!" he says. "We only count if we have a thousand lire in our pockets. Without that, we're nothing." It is not a cry of despair but a hard statement of truth.

Like many young Italian writers, Pasolini had worked for the movies from time to time, but "Accattone" gave him his first chance to direct. Knowing nothing of technical matters, he made rough sketches beforehand of each scene as he saw it in his head, consulted with his camera crew, and then simply went ahead and shot it, never making more than two or three takes of any one episode or varying the position of the camera. The result is a stationary, brutal directness that complements the subject matter. The film is full of the sights and sounds, the heat—even, it seems, the smells—of the *borgate*. And the language spoken is not merely *romanaccio*, the dialect of the slums, but a language created by Pasolini—an odd, poetic blending of pure Italian with words and phrases of authentic slang. It will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to translate.

It is hard to understand why the film should have been so bitterly denounced. It is neither pornographic nor immoral, nor does it grind any political axes. It blames no one and attacks no one. Pasolini has been accused of being a Communist, of being a second Jean Genêt, and of wanting to be the Italian Rimbaud, but he thinks of himself as a crusading moralist who in his work has chosen to impose a morality on a world that has none. (In "Accattone," he uses the music of Bach to underline the dreary squabbles of his pimps and prostitutes, thus reminding everyone of the essential beauty of humanity beneath even the most bestial veneer.) His next film is to be called "Mamma Roma," and it will be another projection of his special world. The protagonist will be played by Anna Magnani, perhaps the most authentic Roman of them all.

—WILLIAM MURRAY

•

Applying the limestone mixture at this time will probably not increase blooms in 1962 as bloom buds are already formed by this time. The improved growth in 1962 will allow the formation of bloom buds which will bloom buds which will bloom bloom in the spring of 1963. You cannot be impatient in gardening.—*Washington Daily News.*

Or in writing, either.

Cora



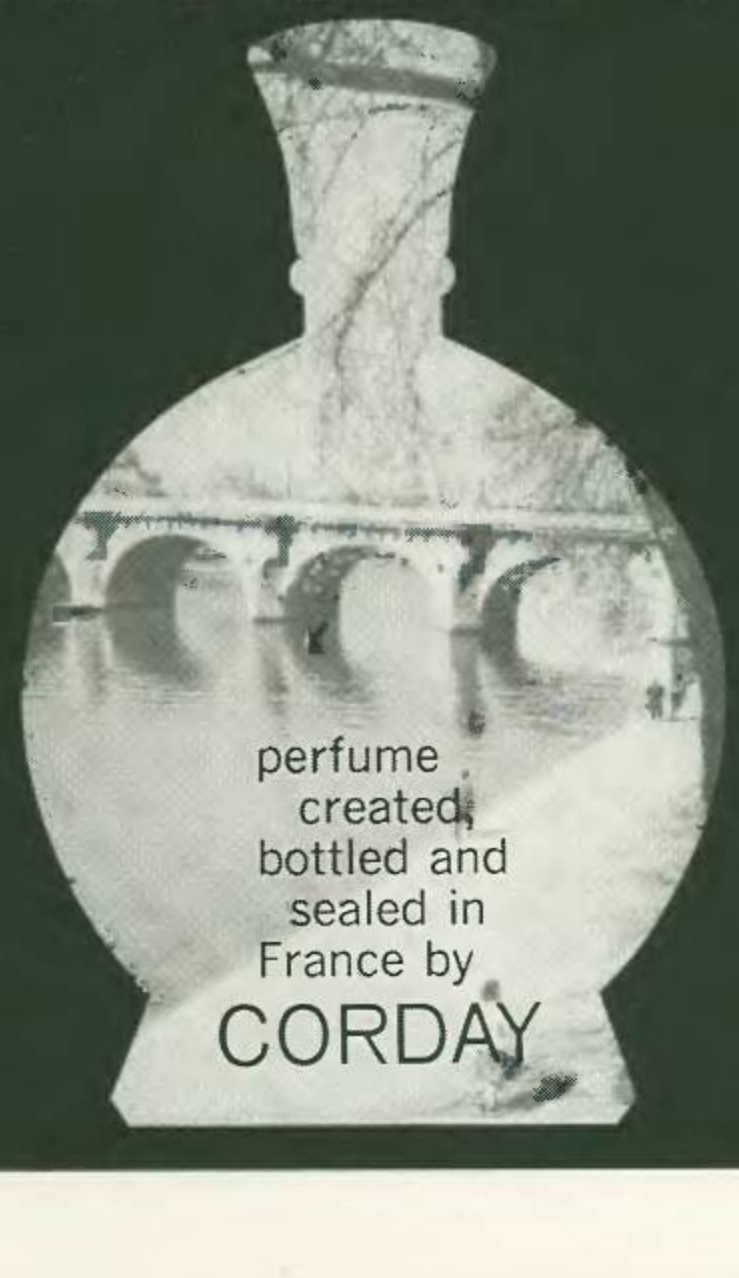
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DON'T be put off by the first ten or fifteen minutes of "All Fall Down." It's a good picture and almost a *very* good picture, and the opening scenes, which display Warren Beatty as a young male animal so charged with crude sexual magnetism that every woman he encounters, from warmhearted prostitute to sex-starved schoolteacher, goes straight off her rocker into his arms, have practically nothing to do with the picture's real subject; they appear to have been shot, if Hollywood will forgive my cynicism, as a salacious come-on, useful for advertising purposes and perhaps for building up Mr. Beatty as the latest of those sub-verbal priapic figures that are a fashionable literary convention in our time and have as little to do with life as—well, as the warmhearted prostitute or sex-starved teacher. (I have it on excellent authority that the last sex-starved teacher passed away quietly in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, in 1937.) The honorable truth is that "All Fall Down" is a study of the bruising give-and-take of a middle-class American family, which, though it knows it is on a long day's journey from bad to worse, is unable to bring the journey to a stop until at least one innocent victim has been sacrificed.

The skillful screenplay, by William Inge, is based on a novel by James Leo Herlihy and is in some respects more original than the original. Much of the novel is in the form of excerpts from the notebooks of a teen-age boy, and back of it hovers the ghostly presence of Holden Caulfield ("Actually she's got all kinds of these really sensational flaws that nobody in their right mind would change"), and even of Penrod, for the setting is an old-fashioned residential district of Cleveland, not far from the Tarkington country; in the picture, the boy, his older brother, his mother, his father, and the thirty-one-year-old "old maid" from Toledo who becomes the boy's heart's desire are presented to us first hand and at full length, and a formidable company of lovers and haters they make. Angela Lansbury is superb as the mother, whose possessiveness has driven her older son to loathe and fear her, and Karl Malden is equally good as a deceptively mild, cranky, alcoholic father. If

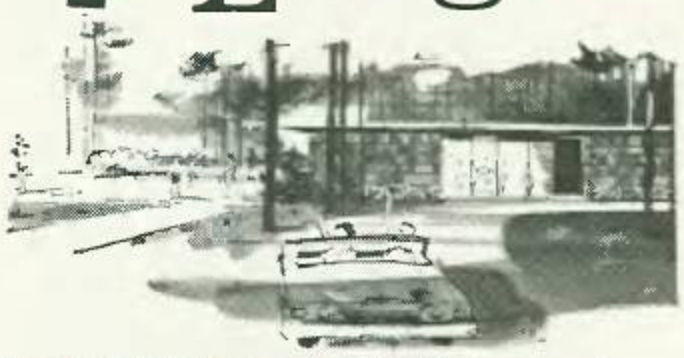


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Warren Beatty has been permitted to overact the role of the older brother, I prefer that to his previous practice of not acting at all. Brandon deWilde is touching as the younger brother, and Eva Marie Saint acts with great intelligence and delicate high spirits the part of the distinctly young old maid. Since the acting is so exceptional, it's only fair to assume that the real hero of the occasion is the director, John Frankenheimer. How I wish that he and the producer, John Houseman, had been fastidious enough to scrap all that young-stallion nonsense at the start of the picture!

"Experiment in Terror," with Lee Remick and Glenn Ford, had me terrified in a twinkling, but once that twinkling was past and I perceived that several thousand more twinklings lay in store for me, I became quite brave and therefore restless. A thriller must seem to move like lightning, and it's just about impossible to keep abreast of lightning for a hundred and twenty-three minutes. The plot is adequate—a criminal attempts to force a pretty bank teller to become his accomplice in a daring robbery by threatening her and her sister with bodily injury if she refuses; the girl turns to the F.B.I., and the F.B.I. starts hunting down the criminal, about whom nothing specific is known except that he has asthma—and the photography is first-rate, offering us plenty of stirring night-and-day and up-and-downhill shots of San Francisco, but the resolution is inevitable and not very surprising, and, for all the picture's great length, Miss Remick doesn't even get a chance to fall in love or be fallen in love with. Glenn Ford, who ought to have fallen for her, is too busy being a good F.B.I. man, the chump. Medical men may be interested to know that in the climactic scene—a prolonged chase through a crowded ballpark—the criminal, though an asthmatic, manages to outdistance scores of F.B.I. agents and policemen, all of them presumably in perfect health. When finally shot down in the pitcher's box, the poor chap is full of bullets but only slightly winded.

Jean Cocteau's "Testament of Orpheus" is an oddity. M. Cocteau not only wrote the testament but stars in it, playing himself to the hilt, and since he is an exceedingly handsome man, and since, moreover, he evidently takes great pleasure in his handsomeness and in the sound of his beautiful voice uttering his own beautiful lines, the picture becomes a sort of gentle, tiresome leaf-

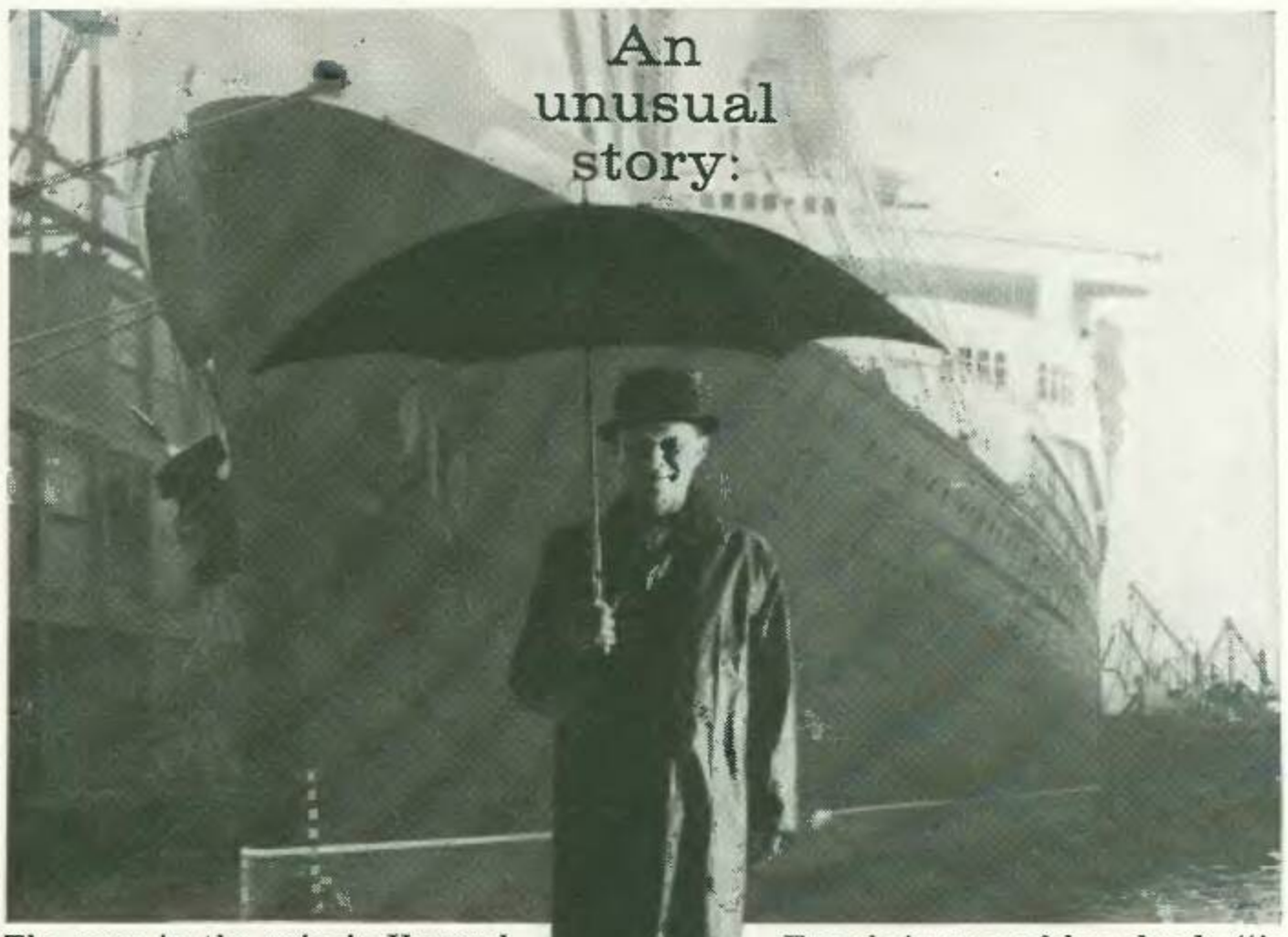
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ing through of Cocteau scrapbooks. One is moved by the old poet's preoccupation with death; one is also irreverently amused to note that the old poet is preoccupied most of all with the question of his resurrection, which he enacts several times, in several modes, thus outdoing the Person with whom, perhaps not by chance, he shares initials. Among the many famous friends of Cocteau who are to be glimpsed in the picture is Picasso, looking, as usual, imperturbably immortal.

A SHORT film on Nazi concentration camps, directed several years ago by Alain Resnais and called "Night and Fog," is playing at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse, along with a revival of Resnais's "Hiroshima, Mon Amour." The brilliant young director François Truffaut has called "Night and Fog" the most important picture in his life, artistically, politically, and in every other way. It is certainly a powerful and terrible document, which all the living owe it to all those dead to keep available, in the freshness of its horror, forever. —Brendan Gill

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[*From the Chicago Economist Newspapers*]

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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On Friday night, the Cincinnati Symphony paid a visit to Carnegie Hall under the baton of its current conductor, Max Rudolf, and nearly everybody in town who takes a critical interest in such things was present to see what it could do. The program, as usual, was designed to show precisely that, consisting of Haydn's Symphony No. 44 in E Minor, Brahms' Third, a new work for piano and orchestra by Norman Dello Joio, and Roussel's Second "Bacchus et Ariane" Suite. The orchestra's



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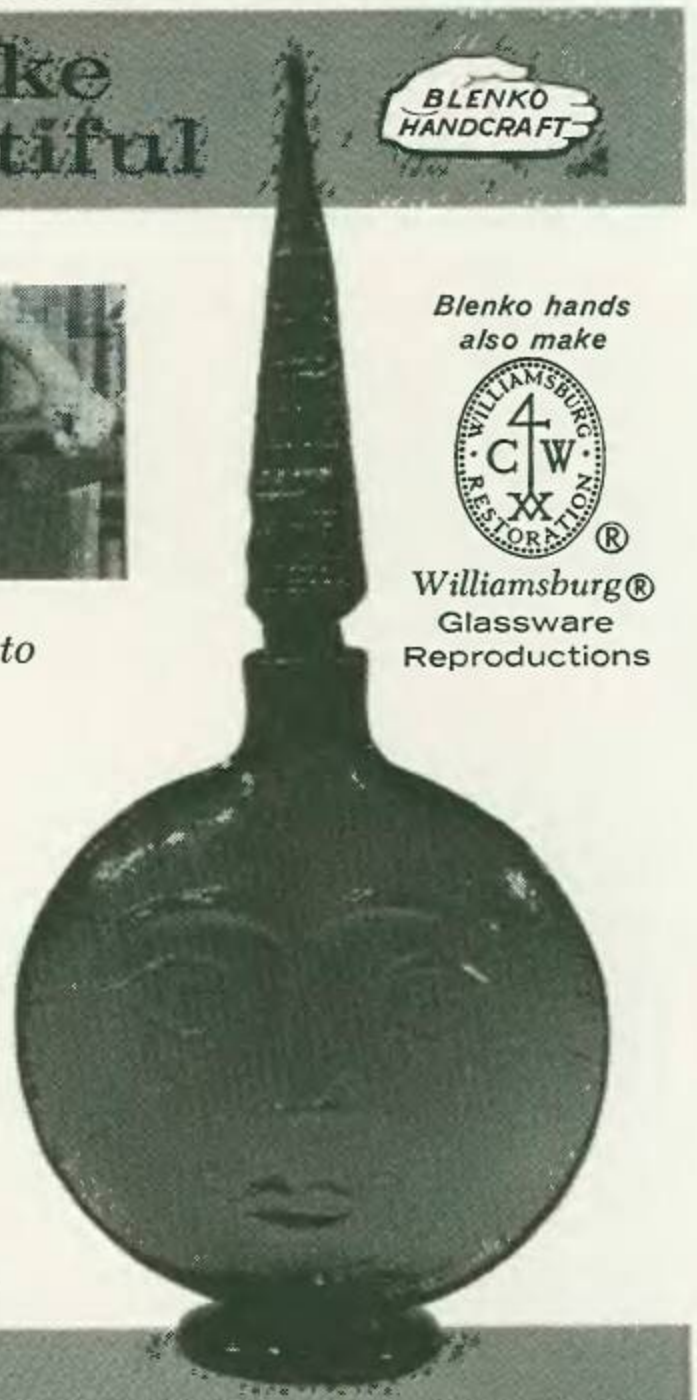
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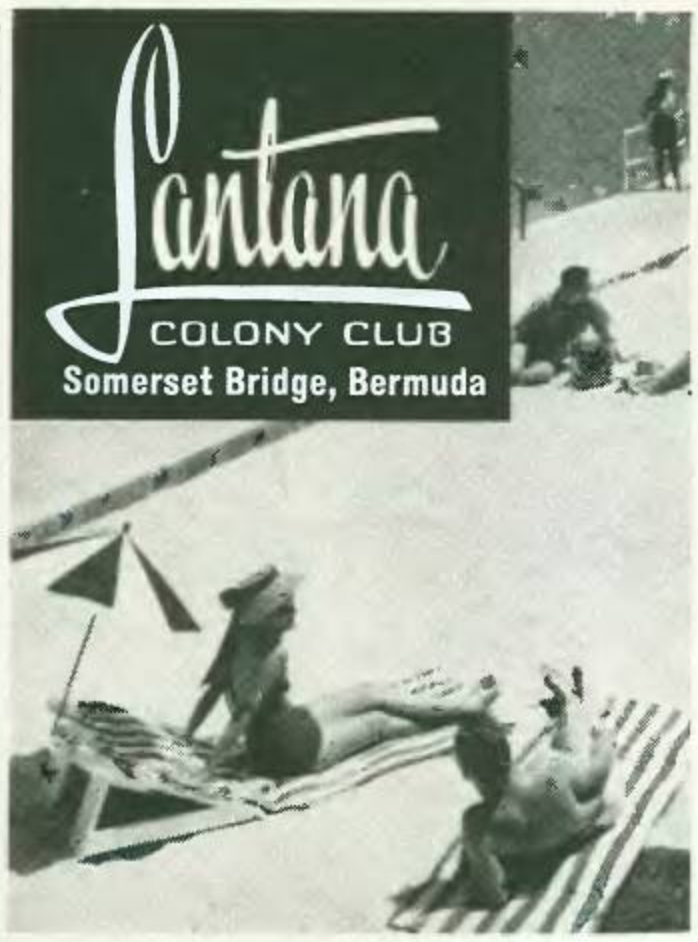
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performance of these items made it clear that, although it may lack the specialized virtuoso attainments of such remarkable ensembles as, say, the London Philharmonia and the Philadelphia Orchestra, it is in every way a first-class organization. It is, of course, an old and long-respected institution—the pride of a city that is, per capita, one of America's most deeply dedicated to music—and its playing has the sort of authority that reflects a mature tradition. Its brasses are particularly fine, and the ensemble work of the horns and trombones, especially noteworthy in pianissimo passages, is exemplary. Its woodwinds, though not perhaps quite as striking as the brasses, are nevertheless of excellent quality, and its strings produce a vigorous and substantial, if not overwhelmingly transparent, tone. Mr. Rudolf, who is a systematic and steady maestro, rather than one given to magical insights or flights of great inspiration, conducted with admirable technical competence. I thought his Haydn a little rough and heavy, and his Brahms a little rigid, though both were painstaking and respectable. But later on, when he got around to Mr. Dello Joio's piece, which is called "Fantasy and Variations for Piano and Orchestra," he seemed to become caught up in the uninhibited spirit of the work and to achieve a real demonstration of headlong virtuosity. In this he was undoubtedly assisted no end by the young American pianist Lorin Hollander, who played the solo part with really striking brilliance, and by Mr. Dello Joio himself, a composer who is not above the kind of gallantry it takes to write something in which a virtuoso can glitter. An ovation followed this work, and was, I felt, richly deserved. Mr. Hollander, whom I have not heard play any other kind of music, at least proved himself to be a master of pianistic thunder and lightning, and an artist who greatly stimulates one's interest in his potentialities. And Mr. Dello Joio seems to have created an ebullient, engaging, and thoroughly effective composition.

THE events I attended earlier in the week were operatic. On Monday night, the Little Orchestra Society, under Thomas Scherman, revived Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," in concert form, at Town Hall. The only really notable feature of this performance was the singing of a young coloratura soprano named Lucille Kailer, as Zerbinetta. Miss Kailer has, as yet, a voice of comparatively small calibre, and also has less stylistic polish than she may someday develop, but she got over all the

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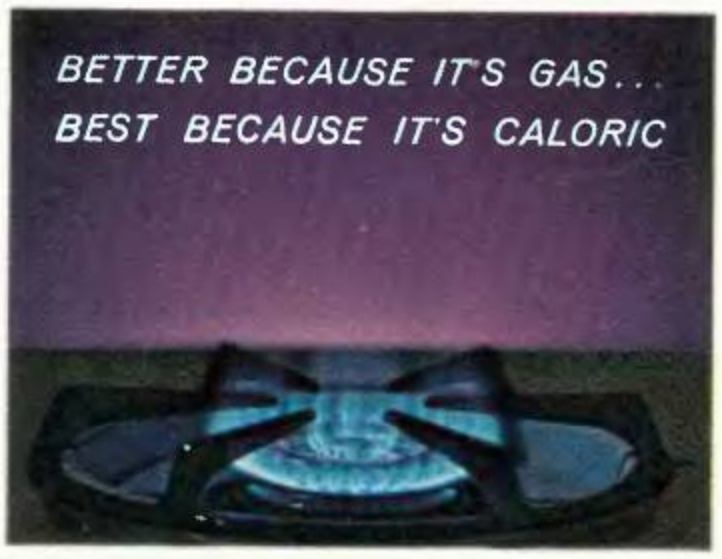
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hurdles of Zerbinetta's big aria without a hitch and with a considerable amount of charm—a feat that, as all "Ariadne" enthusiasts know, requires some doing. Though I did not consider the remainder of the production very impressive, I must say that I would go anywhere at any time to hear any kind of performance of "Ariadne," just to experience some of the utter deliciousness of Strauss's score.

THE performance of Rossini's "La Cenerentola" put on by the American Opera Society in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday night was a different matter. It was one of the Society's more brilliant productions. Its cast, with few exceptions, was superb, and if I have from time to time been critical of Nicola Rescigno, who does most of the group's conducting nowadays, I found his way with this frothy *opera buffa* more agreeable than usual. Obviously, the work had been rehearsed with remarkable thoroughness, since nearly all the pitter-patter of Rossini's delicate ensembles emerged clearly and accurately. Moreover, all the elaborate *fioritura* of the principal parts (this is virtually a coloratura opera, with coloratura basses and tenors as well as sopranos) was expertly and, in some cases, memorably set forth. Ezio Flagello and Fernando Corena, both of whom are not only agile singers but able *farceurs*, did nobly with the parts assigned them (the comic ones of Dandini and Don Magnifico), and so did Elizabeth Carron and Edith Evans with theirs (the two evil sisters). Charles Anthony was vocally a bit uncontrolled as Don Ramiro, but was still good enough to carry his part off with fair conviction. The big event of the evening, however, was the New York début of the admirable Spanish mezzo-soprano Teresa Berganza, whose sombre good looks and relaxed, modest demeanor won the audience almost before she had sung a note. When she did begin to sing, she revealed a voice of extraordinary qualities. It is not a tremendously large one, or one of great brilliance of timbre, but it has an enormous range, reaching from the contralto to the high soprano register, and is produced throughout with the utmost evenness and with hauntingly expressive powers of dramatic inflection. Its accuracy of intonation is virtually absolute, its flexibility is startling, and its habits of phrasing are invariably in good taste. I should like to hear Miss Berganza again, and no doubt, in view of the fervent applause that greeted her, I shall have the opportunity to do so.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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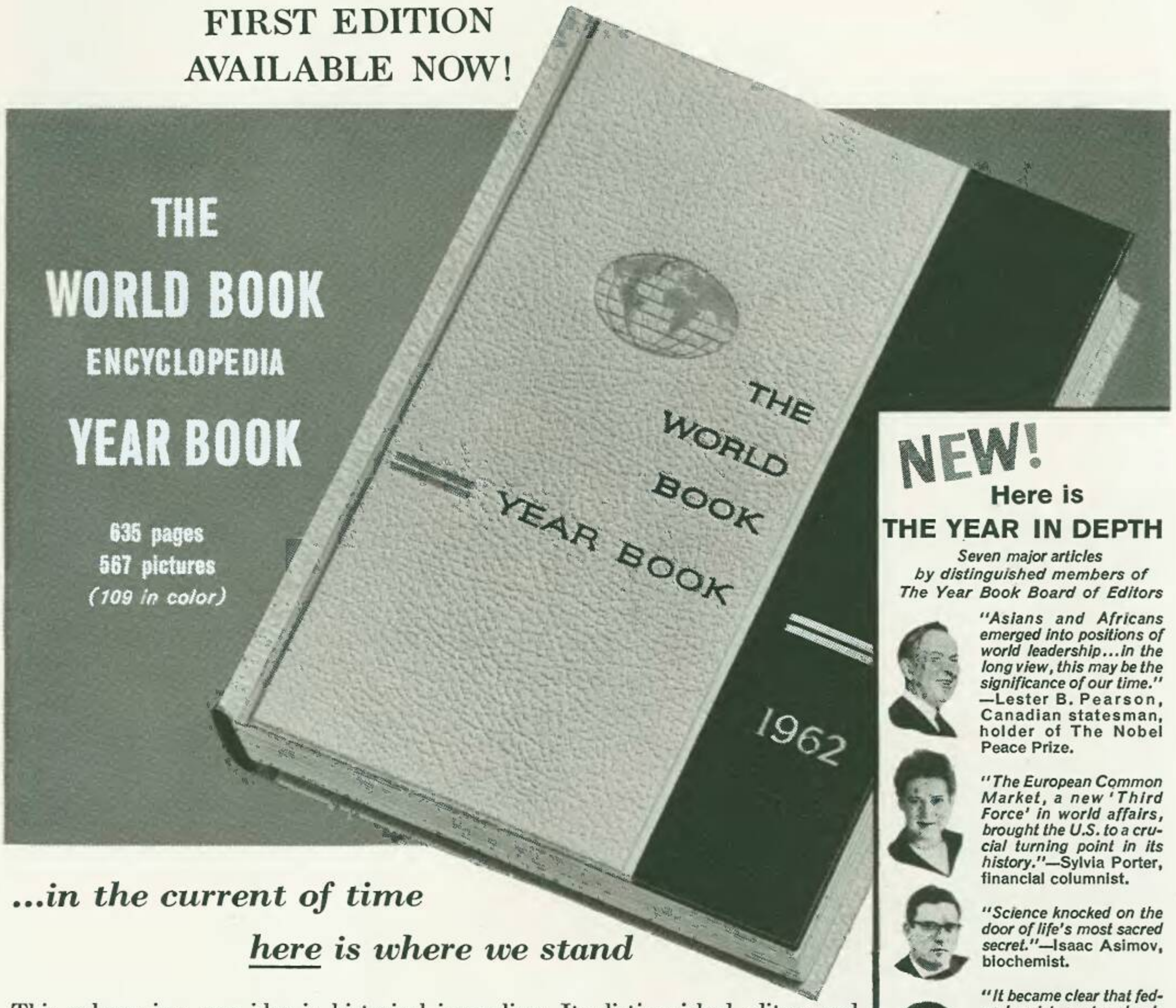
SOME men spend their lives assiduously celebrating themselves, only to plummet into oblivion after death. Others pass their days in contented obscurity and then, because of an unaccustomed act—a book, a deed, even a saying—become immortal. An excellent example of a nobody who didn't live long enough to discover that he wasn't one is William Hickey. Born and buried in London (1749-1830), Hickey, whose father was a successful Irish London attorney, spent a third of his life as a run-of-the-mill playboy, a third in amassing a decent, undistinguished fortune as a Calcutta lawyer, and a third in lonely, disabled retirement. But in 1809 Hickey sat down in his modest house in Beaconsfield and began an account of that life, prefacing it with these disarming words: "Such a production cannot be in any way interesting to those unacquainted with me, and indeed, not very much so even to my most attached friends. Besides, there are many low and indelicate anecdotes related, and many gross and filthy expressions used, by no means suited to meet the eye of any chaste person. . . . Should, however, those pages at any time fall into the hands of strangers, be it remembered, that I retraced the following circumstances of my life, solely for my own amusement, and to fill up some tedious hours that would otherwise have hung heavy upon my hands." In the next year or so, Hickey dispelled tedium by writing—in a small, even hand—a seven-hundred-and-forty-two-page volume, which measures seventeen by eleven inches. It began with his birth and was abruptly left off at 1810. For over a century, the book—and Hickey—passed quietly through private hands. Then, between 1913 and 1925, four volumes, minus the indelicate and filthy, were drawn from the book, and Hickey rose from the dead. (Like most *bons vivants*, Hickey wasn't as earthy as he claimed; he managed, however, to frighten his first editor.) Now Peter Quennell, the indefatigable English biographer and antiquarian editor, has put together an unexpurgated one-volume edition of Hickey's book—"The Prodigal Rake: Memoirs of William Hickey" (Dutton)—which covers the first thirty-four (and the liveliest) years of his life.

The results do not match Boswell, as some English commentators believe, but they are certainly the equal of, say, Goldsmith. Hickey was an unprepossessing middle-brow whose prose was knotty pine at best. He is dull when his subject matter bores him, and abstract—even platitudinous—thought throws him. Moreover, the tenor of his narrative never varies; a description of a meal is delivered in the same voice as an account of a bloody brawl. But Hickey had one inestimable quality—total recall, and a special kind at that. (Hickey claims that all his journals and papers were destroyed in a hurricane twenty-seven years before he began his book.) For he was that eternal type who could have told you fifty years afterward what Pericles wore during his funeral oration, what the weather was like, how long the speech was, and who was and was not in the crowd, though the contents of the address might have escaped him. Nowadays, this wonder walks the streets with his head stuffed full of telephone numbers (used and disused), timetables, batting averages, Olympic records, the number of miles to the gallon he got in his 1936 Cord, and how much Andrew Carnegie was worth when he died. Thus, Hickey tells us that exactly two hundred and forty pipes of wine were taken aboard his ship at Madeira on June 30, 1782 (a pipe equalled two hogsheads, or about one hundred and five gallons); that he went "dashing away" from London in a post chaise on the morning of the second of January, 1782, "at the rate of nine miles an hour toward the western extremity of our sea-girt island;" that his dear friend Bob Pott wore, during an arm-in-arm stroll with Hickey in St. James's Park one summer day in 1772, "a white coat, cut in the extremity of *ton*, lined with a garter-blue satin, edged with ermine, and ornamented with rich silver frogs; waistcoat and breeches of the same blue satin, trimmed with silver twist à la hussar, and ermine edges;" that he himself invited no more and no less than thirty-eight guests to a sumptuous dinner at the Bull Tavern, on Shooter's Hill, the nineteenth of June, 1781; that his father paid fifty guineas for a box, or "nunnery," in Westminster Abbey at the coronation of George III, in 1760;



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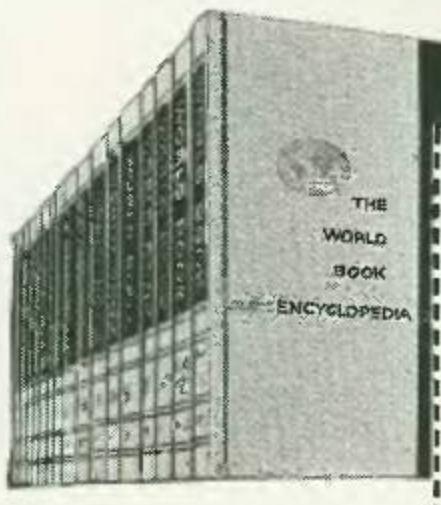
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and that a Captain Pritty said to him, at nine o'clock on the evening of January 1, 1769, at Pritty's house in Dover, when Hickey suggested that he and his companions must be on their way, "Damn me, if ever I saw such milk sop poor devils as ye are. What's got into the present race! There is not an ounce of proper spirit about them. Gad so, when I was of your age, I'd as soon have hung myself as lost a week in that sink, Deal. No, damn me, I'd have run up to Lunnun, and at least had a night on't; but you wishy-washy soft masters, fresh from mammy's apron strings, have no nounce. Damn me, there's nothing in ye; no, nothing in ye."

After a time, the sheer mass of these statistics on the eating, drinking, dressing, and travelling habits of the eighteenth-century middle classes (the lower classes and the nobility were out of Hickey's ken; he ignored the first and was ignored by the second) begins to envelop us. Rowlandson and Hogarth and Gillray held maliciously entertaining mirrors up to their times, but Hickey makes us almost *experience* the stifling summer heat in the noisy, noisome London of 1770, the terror of being on a rudderless, mastless, waterlogged ship in a hurricane off Sumatra, his grief when his beloved common-law wife, Charlotte Barry, dies of a mysterious fever in Calcutta. (The book is filled with fascinating medical information—descriptions of the cruel and blundering attempt made to inoculate him against smallpox when he was seven; his use of mercury for venereal disease; the emotional unbalance of a man who has fits of fright at the sight of frogs and cats; the case of an old soldier of fortune who from habit dresses a minor wound on his ankle with brown paper, vinegar, and brandy, and dies of gangrene.) At the same time, we grasp a way of thinking that, though frequently ignorant and heartless, had an innocence and a placidity that have disappeared from the Western world. In the eighteenth century, men lived perhaps forty or fifty years, yet they rarely hurried; we are expected to live twice as long, yet kill ourselves with haste and worry. The conduct of Hickey and his friends was relaxed; guilt, despite the Calvinists and Dr. Johnson, was more or less quiescent. Consider this classic eighteenth-century scene, set in an inn in Margate. Despite its ribaldry, oddly offset by Hickey's romantic anatomical language, it is marvellously innocent:

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twelve years old; at which [her] mother was greatly enraged. My brother, regardless of her anger, continued his nonsense, swearing the young one's bosom had already too much swell for a nun [she was en route to a convent school], and that no canting hypocritical friar should have the fingering of those little plump globes (clapping his hand upon Miss's bosom). The mother was indignant at these insinuations [superb understatement!], hiccuping out her entreaties that he would cease to use such indecent language and action before her innocent child. "Innocent," echoed my brother, "oh, very innocent to be sure; but she knows a thing or two. However, I'll take her to bed with me and ascertain how matters are." In his endeavor to lay hold of her, he fell [dead drunk] upon the floor in a state of insensibility; and then it was we had him carried to his room. Mother Kelly became vociferously wrathful, bestowing some tolerably vulgar abuse upon us all. Rising from her chair, she staggered to her daughter, whom she seized rudely hold of, and made her exit.

Hickey's associates, few of whom were churchgoers, were stoical about life because they had come to terms with death. It was never far away, and there are countless instances in his book of sudden and premature death. Each one is mentioned not coldly or indifferently but with a kindly shrug, and no more. Best of all is the portrait of himself. Hickey was a short, composed, lively-looking man, with a generous nose and a deep chin. It doesn't really matter whether we like him, and often we don't. He was a dreadful if unconscious snob, a drunk, a lecher, dishonest, selfish, shallow, sometimes a bore, and a Philistine. The only literary figures in the book are Shakespeare, a hack named Tom Vaughan, and—inadvertently—Dr. Johnson, whose Dictionary Hickey consulted in the middle of the Indian Ocean when a member of the crew used a strange slang word; Johnson failed him. But there Hickey stands, good and bad, when we finish his book. An incomplete man? Yes. An incomplete portrait of such a man? No.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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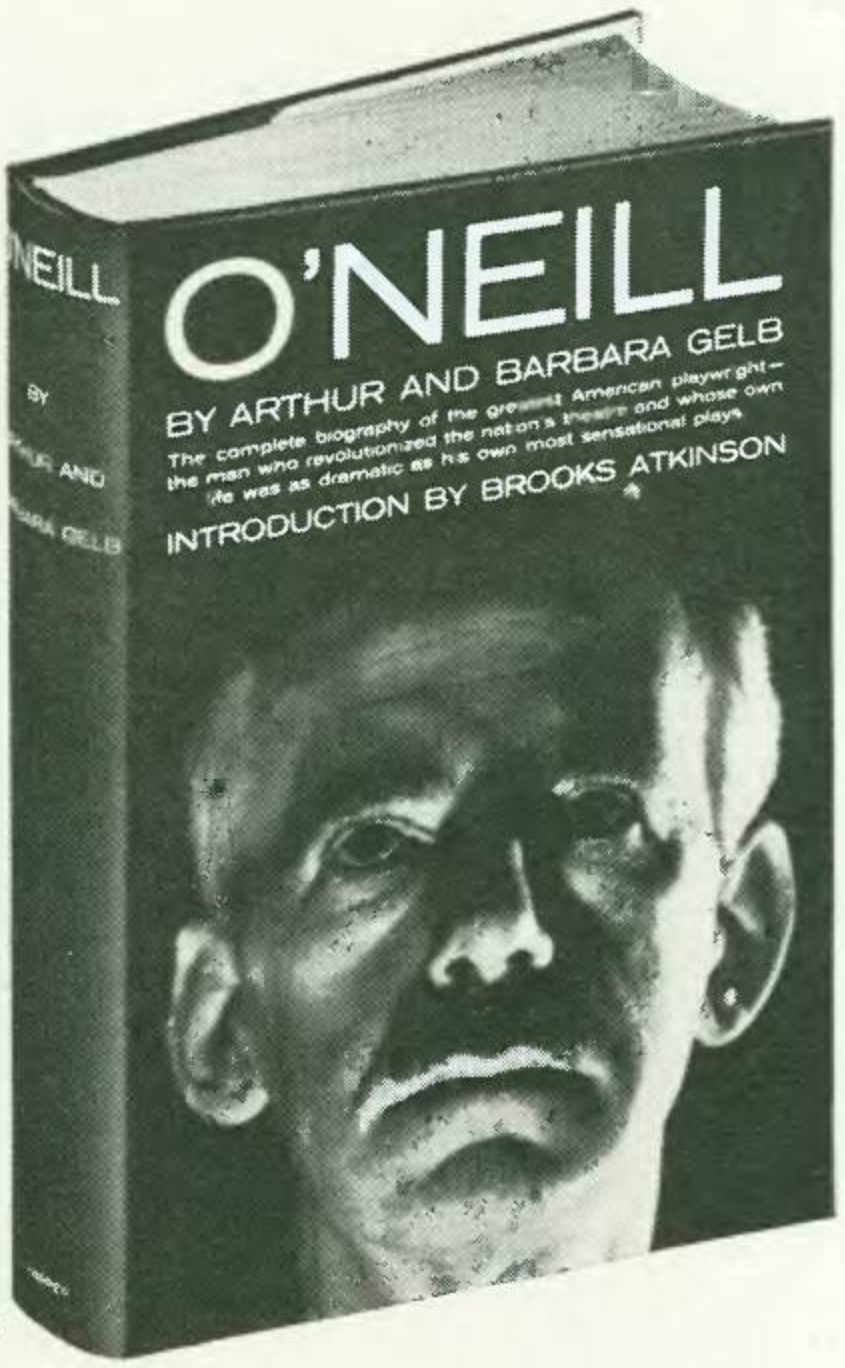
NIGHTWATCH, by Nicolette Devas (Harcourt, Brace & World). This unusually pleasant and well-written novel, which concerns a handsome, scheming art dealer, a beautiful, forlorn young divorcée, and the divorcée's steady and completely admirable suitor, is set in London, for the most part. Mrs. Devas is a delightful writer.

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST, by Ken Kesey (Viking). An

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almost-novel, made up largely of symbols and a rapid shuffle of black-and-white vignettes, that documents the to-the-death struggle in a state mental institution between a sadistic female nurse (conformity, bigness, inhumanity) and a huge, shrewd gambler and vagabond (individuality, courage, humanity) who is one of the patients. The narrator is an even huger half-caste American Indian (common man, caught in the squeeze), and the writing is paste-pot colloquial.

GENERAL

THE LAST DAYS OF THE BRITISH RAJ, by Leonard Mosley (Harcourt, Brace & World). A brilliant, fascinating, and, though wrathful, enormously entertaining history of the transfer of power from Great Britain to the states of India and Pakistan. In the years since 1947, this event has become a mythical paradigm of statesmanship, wisdom, and dignity; Mr. Mosley's history is written to contradict the myth. He argues that the partition of India, with its accompanying massacres and the ill will that lingers between the two successor states, was unnecessary. He blames the inadequacies of the men who are considered the heroes of independence—Mountbatten's impatience, Jinnah's suspiciousness, Gandhi's hairsplitting, Nehru's arrogance, Sardar Patel's ambition—and the laziness, spite, and stupidity of many less well-known figures, English, Hindu, Moslem, and Sikh. Curiously, most of Mr. Mosley's facts are not in dispute; they have simply been interpreted differently. Perhaps he is holding men to higher standards than they can achieve—if we could assess history accurately, all monuments might be smaller by half. Right, wrong, or somewhere in between, Mr. Mosley's honest, vivacious book is as welcome as salad after mutton; it cuts a lot of sentimental grease.

HARRIET SHELLEY: FIVE LONG YEARS, by Louise Schutz Boas (Oxford). Married at sixteen, discarded at nineteen, a suicide at twenty-one—such was the life of Harriet Westbrook Shelley, the poet's first (and prettiest) wife and the first of his several loves. Her life, it need hardly be said, was miserable, but it was also singularly eventful. The years with Shelley, though brief, were blissful (they inspired "To Harriet: 1812," and it was she to whom he dedicated

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"Queen Mab") and electric with purpose (Irish independence and the reclamation of the Tremadoc Embankment) and travel (Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Sussex, London). But when they ended—and they ended almost overnight, with Shelley's instant and uncontrollable passion for Mary Wollstonecraft—there was nothing except debts, duns, malicious gossip, and parental estrangement, and at her death she was (for the third time) pregnant, as the result of another of Shelley's momentary caprices. Mrs. Boas's heart goes out to poor Harriet, but she has managed nonetheless to keep her head, to give Shelley his due as well as his lumps, and the result is a thoroughly satisfactory and completely absorbing portrait. Illustrated.

A CHOICE OF ORNAMENTS, by Nicolas Bentley (Taplinger). A kind of autobiography in the form of an anthology. Or, to put it another way, a collection of fragments—from novels, stories, biographies, poems, essays—in which Mr. Bentley has sensed some likeness to his own notions, behavior, personality, or experience. The mirrors of the author's conception of himself are an extremely varied lot—Arnold Bennett, Thomas Carlyle, Disraeli, Sacha Guitry, Samuel Johnson, Maugham, Ben Hecht, Plato, Ben Shahn, Ouida, Shakespeare, Mark Twain—but the result of their enforced collaboration is, most happily, as successful as it is unusual.

PRIVATE YANKEE DOODLE: BEING A NARRATIVE OF SOME OF THE ADVENTURES, DANGERS AND SUFFERINGS OF A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER, by Joseph Plumb Martin, edited and with an introduction by George F. Scheer (Little, Brown). This book was first published in 1830, when its author was an aged Revolutionary War pensioner. By that time, the events that Martin describes—the campaigns from the Battle of Long Island through the Siege of Yorktown—had begun to ossify into heroic unreality. In Martin's mind, however, the war was still vivid, and, by some mysterious process, the wild, observant, merry soldier boy he had been took charge of the old man's pen. In a plain, peppery style, Martin wrote an enlisted man's personal history that is worth its weight in gold—and certainly worth tons of other histories.

BETWEEN FRIENDS: LETTERS OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL AND OTH-

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When Xerxes and his army were trying to cross from Asia Minor into Greece in 480 B.C., the roughness of the water repeatedly broke the ropes joining their pontoon bridges. Then Xerxes had the Hellespont scourged with 300 lashes and tossed in a conciliatory libation, a golden bowl, and a Persian sword. And so the army had a safe crossing—because while Xerxes was taking those measures, his soldiers were rebuilding the pontoon bridges more securely.

The stock market is a little like the Hellespont. Cursing and cajoling has no effect on it at all. Neither does propitiation. But the practical man who accepts its changeable nature and plans accordingly can be its master. Just as a general should read weather reports, an investor should read the financial pages of his newspaper, which are the weather reports of the market. And the general must be prepared to change his tactics and the investor his holdings whenever a change seems necessary to achieve his aims.

The stock market is always subject to change without notice. That is its nature—and its fascination.

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ERS, edited by Padraic Colum and Margaret Freeman Cabell (Harcourt, Brace & World). A selection of letters beginning in 1915, when a young editor named Sinclair Lewis wrote to Cabell rejecting the manuscript of "In the Flesh," and ending in 1922, with a triumphant letter from Garrard Glenn, the lawyer who had just successfully defended "Jurgen" against charges of obscenity. Some of the correspondence is the familiar trivia of writers buttering each other's scones (Lewis praising the "extraordinary beauty" of "Jurgen," Cabell communicating his "profound and high enthusiasm" for "Main Street"), but other letters are of great interest: Cabell writing Burton Rascoe that Alfred Knopf is "after all non-literary;" Rascoe attacking Pound as "a half-imbecile with some talent;" Scott Fitzgerald describing the "extraordinary" novel, "The Beautiful and Damned," that he has just completed; H. L. Mencken concluding that Zelda Fitzgerald "talks too much about money." Golden days, even if most of the swans, including Cabell, are now recognizable as geese.

THE VICTORIAN VISION, by Margaret M. Maison (Sheed & Ward). A study of religious controversy in Victorian England as seen in the novel, a form that all parties infiltrated. Here, along with a few serious works like "Jude the Obscure," are acres of trashy novels, classified by doctrine: High Church parables in which boys who refuse to be confirmed are scalped by Red Indians; Low Church tracts in which High Church clergy are "surpliced vipers;" Roman Catholic romances of redeemed Magdalens; anti-Catholic fantasies of wicked Jesuits eaten alive by rats; earnest dramas of lost faiths and home-brewed ones. Dr. Maison has a sense of humor, and she has read hundreds of books so that we will never have to.

NOTE: "The Tunnel Under the Channel" (Simon & Schuster) is an expanded version of Thomas Whiteside's report for this magazine on the attempts that have been made to build an underwater passage between France and England.

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Congratulations to Judge and Mrs. Frank Samansky upon the passing of the Bar Examination by their son Leonard, who is also the son of Mr. & Mrs. Max Wahl.—*Emanu-El Messenger.*

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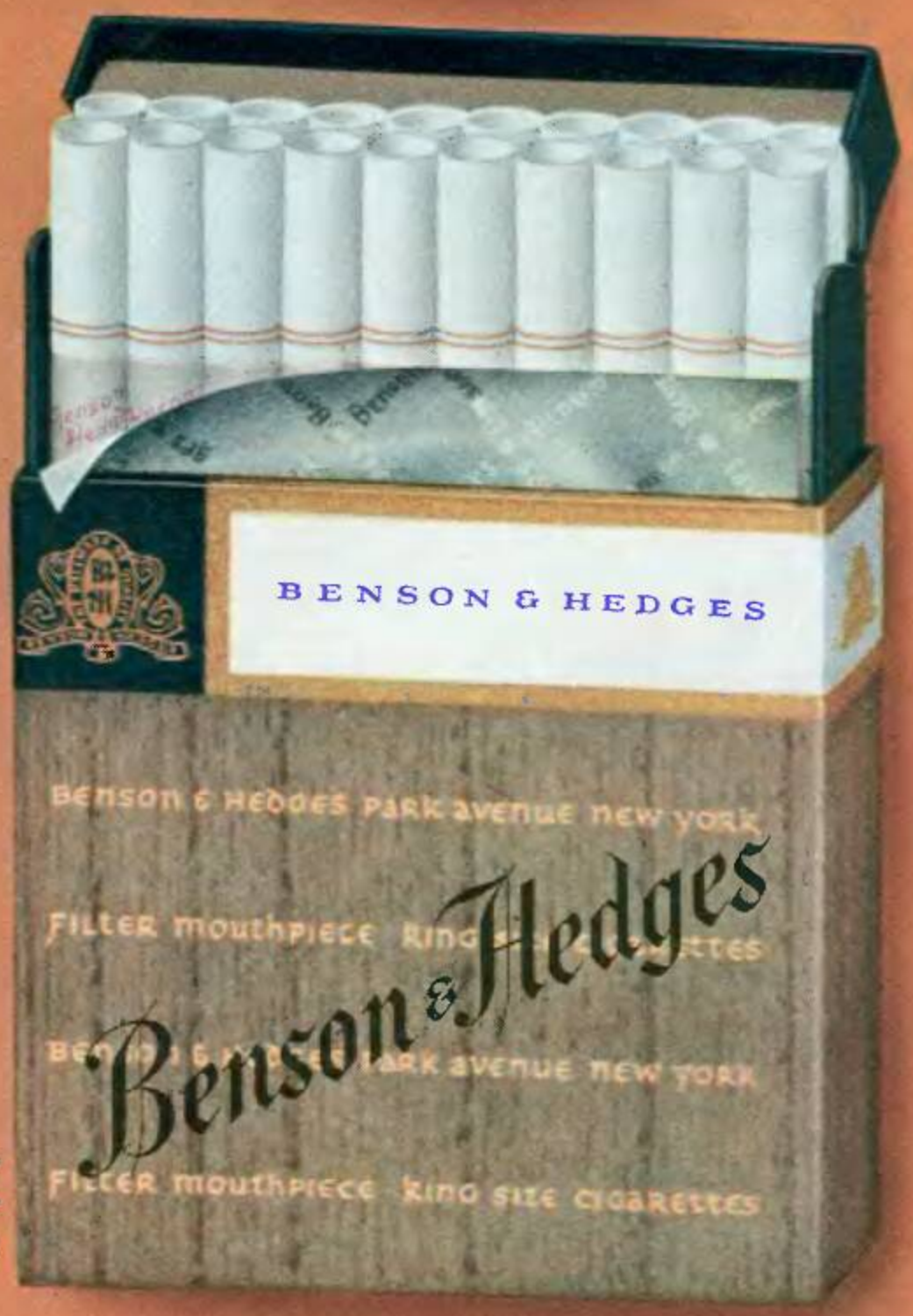
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