Mar. 2,1963

# THE NEW YORKER

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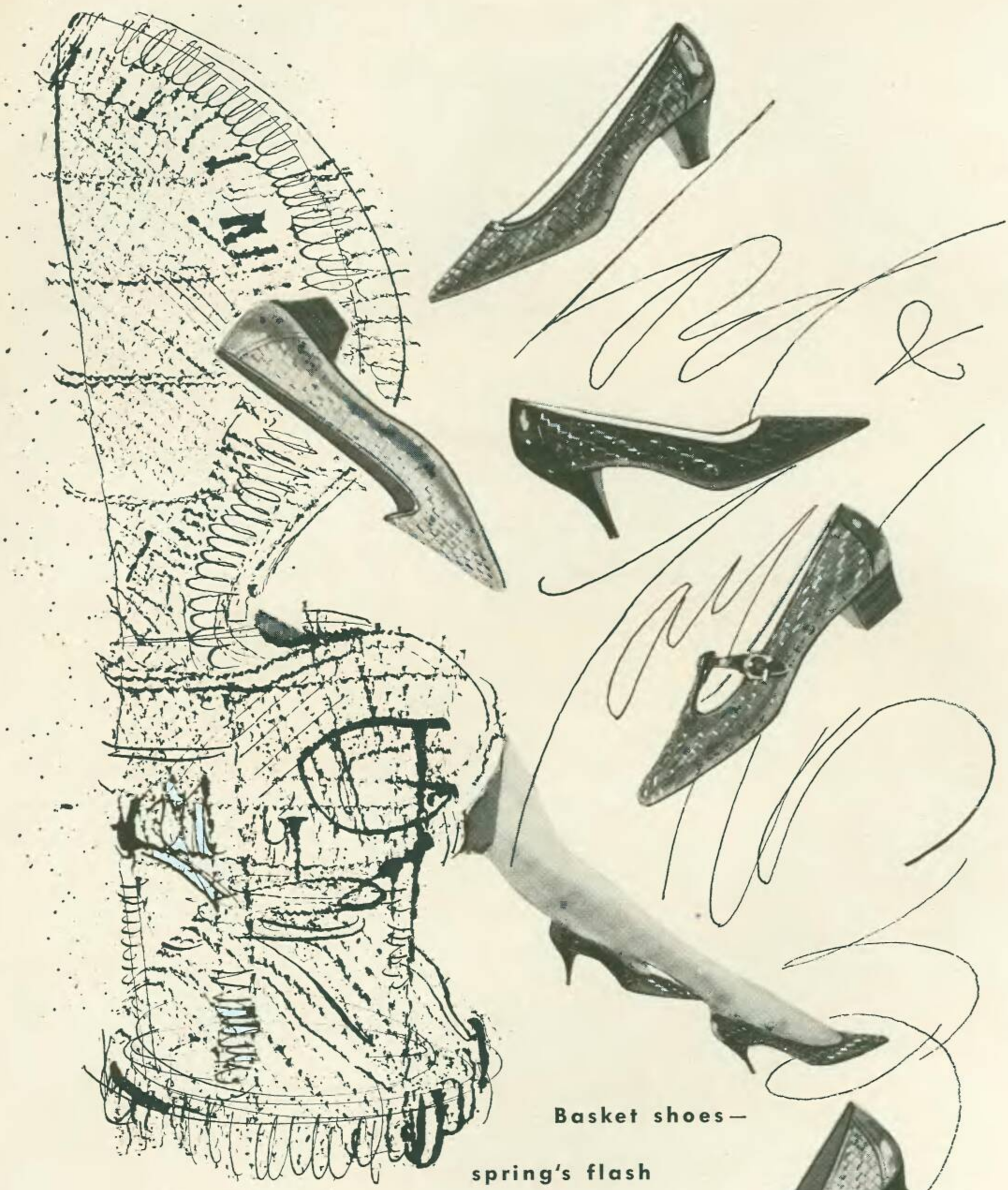
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(In the absence of our usual newspapers, you can get ticket and other last-minute information by calling MU 7-8020. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**The Beauty Part**—There are any number of merry scenes in this potpourri mixed together by S. J. Perelman, and Bert Lahr, who plays half a dozen characters, prances through them with great enthusiasm. Noel Willman is responsible for the direction, which is jaunty, and William Pitkin for the settings, which are admirable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Beyond the Fringe**—Various aspects of modern life drolly and acutely surveyed by a quartet of Englishmen—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—who are just about the funniest men around. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

**Calculated Risk**—A cliff-hanger about the struggle for control of a New England woolen mill. As written by Joseph Hayes, it isn't long on suspense, and the actors (among them Joseph Cotten) don't seem to be very excited about the fate of the beleaguered corporation. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Heroine**—Kay Medford does a good job in this comedy about a wife trying to put some spunk into her husband, but the venture, on the whole, is somewhat listless. Miss Medford has the assistance of Joe Silver, Murray Hamilton, and Beverly Bentley, who represent characters invented by Frank Tarloff. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Hollow Crown**—Readings from assorted sources describing the life and times of English royalty over a period of eight hundred years. The recitatives are delivered by Max Adrian, Derek Godfrey, Paul Hardwick, and Dorothy Tutin, of the Royal Shakespeare Company of Stratford on Avon, and they are a delight to listen to. There is also a first-rate trio of singers on hand, together with a musician who supplies tunes on the piano and harpsichord. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 9.)

**Lord Pengo**—S. N. Behrman's witty and perceptive study of an art dealer as influential as the late Lord Duveen. Charles Boyer's performance in the title role is flawless, and Agnes Moorehead, Brian Bedford, Ruth White, Henry Daniell, and Cliff Hall give him stout support. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore**—An ancient gadabout reaching the end of her life in an Italian villa. As written by Tennessee Williams, the play is full of mysticism but doesn't make much sense. Hermione Baddeley, Paul Roebling, Ann Williams, and Mildred Dunnock have the leading roles. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Natural Affection**—A play by William Inge about a loose-living mother, her seedy lover, her delinquent son, and a couple of her friends—an alcoholic and a nymphomaniac. This will hardly add anything to Mr. Inge's reputation as a playwright. With Kim Stanley, Harry Guardino, Gregory Rozakis, Tom Bosley, and Monica May. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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**Never Too Late**—A jolly comedy by Sumner Arthur Long that has to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. (His other child is now a married woman.) Paul Ford is delightful as this disturbed character, and Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon, portraying his son-in-law, wife, and daughter, are all excellent. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Photo Finish**—Peter Ustinov as an old-timer who, on his deathbed, finds the capacity to meet himself in various guises, from downy youth to old age. Intermittently amusing. Mr. Ustinov (who is also the author) is supported by Dennis King, Eileen Herlie, Paul Rogers, and Jessica Walter. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The School for Scandal**—The first part of this revival of the Sheridan comedy is a trifle lethargic, but things pick up as it goes along. Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Richard Easton, and Geraldine McEwan give lively performances. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 16.)

**Seidman and Son**—A lovable view of a lovable man in that lovable garment district on Seventh Avenue. Sam Levene is, as usual, diverting as the hero of this bland affair. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Tchin-Tchin**—There isn't much substance in this drama about an English lady and an Italian-American construction boss who get together after their spouses have abandoned them, but Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn do themselves proud in the course of it. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 3.)

**Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?**—A quartet of unseemly characters have been assembled by Edward Albee to represent some denizens of a New England college. Everybody is soused most of the time, and the language is no contribution to the art of conversation. However, Mr. Albee now and then comes up with a galvanic scene. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Melinda Dillon; for the matinées it is Kate Reid, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Avra Petrides. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Long Runs—A man for all seasons:** A play (by Robert Bolt) concerning Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, now played by Emlyn Williams. Others in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Mary, Mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Diana Lynn, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **A Thousand Clowns:** Jason Robards, Jr., in a comedy by Herb Gardner concerned with a television writer who has shaken the dust of Madison Avenue from his shoes and doesn't want to get them soiled again. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**Little Me**—Sid Caesar plays all kinds of roles in this comedy adapted by Neil Simon from a book by Patrick Dennis. He represents the various lovers in the life of a lady called Belle Poitrine, who in the course of the play makes her way from the Middle West to Southampton. But, for all Mr. Caesar's efforts, the comedy is lukewarm, and the music, by Cy Coleman, and the lyrics, by Carolyn Leigh, are not at all memorable. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Mr. President**—Imaginary doings in the capital, which turn out to be not as lively as the real doings under the Kennedys. The play has its elementary charm, although the music, by Irving Berlin; the book, by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; and the direction, by Joshua Logan, don't show this quartet off to best advantage. Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, Anita Gillette, and Jack Haskell are conspicuously present. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Oliver!**—A loose-jointed adaptation of Dickens' "Oliver Twist" that eliminates most of the


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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

misery the novel is built upon and settles instead on an assortment of production numbers, some of which are quite effective. Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, who plays Fagin; Georgia Brown, who plays Bill Sikes's doxy; Bruce Prochnik, who plays Oliver; and David Jones, who plays the Artful Dodger. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Stop the World—I Want to Get Off**—Pantomime and other alleged diversions supplied by Anthony Newley in a revue that takes a man through his seven ages, which seem like eons. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs—A funny thing happened on the way to the forum:** Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a play based on the works of Plautus. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **how to succeed in business without really trying:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **no strings:** A Richard Rodgers show in which Diahann Carroll is a model for Paris *Vogue* and Richard Kiley an expatriate American novelist. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées 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 Nancy Dussault and Donald Scott. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

## OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them—MU 7-8020—before starting out.)

**Dear Me, the Sky Is Falling**—Gertrude Berg and Howard Da Silva in a comedy by Leonard Spigelgass, based on a story by Mrs. Berg and James Yaffe. Produced by the Theatre Guild and directed by Herman Shumlin. Opens Saturday, March 2. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Riot Act**—A comedy by Will Greene, starring Dorothy Stickney. Staged by Jack Landau and presented by Emmett Rogers and Stanley Gordon, in association with W. Clement Stone. Preview Wednesday, March 6, at 8:40. Opens officially on Thursday, March 7. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

## OFF BROADWAY

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

**New York City Center Light Opera Company**—"Oklahoma!," with Louise O'Brien and Peter Palmer, is the last in a series of three musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 10.)

**The Blacks**—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Coach with the Six Insides**—A comedy adapted by Jean Erdman from James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake." (Village South Theatre,

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15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 17.)

**The Connection**—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker**—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Desire Under the Elms**—Carl Low plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Salome Jens plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably lively revival of the O'Neill melodrama. George C. Scott and Colleen Dewhurst will return to the leading roles on Wednesday, March 6. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**A Doll's House**—David Ross's production is dim at times, but it is never opaque and it has some very good moments. These occur when an actor named Barnard Hughes is onstage. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Fantasticks**—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Hey You, Light Man!**—Madeleine Sherwood and Alfred Ryder (who is also the director) in a play by Oliver Hailey. Preview Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:40. Opens officially on Friday, March 1. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Hostage**—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland heads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Importance of Being Earnest**—A revival of the Oscar Wilde comedy, with Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, and Ann Shoemaker. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-1431. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Laundry**—A play by Howard Richardson based on the French original by David Guerdon. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays,



and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Man Is Man**—The final revision (1953) of a play in which Bertolt Brecht, with cumbersome irony, recorded the metamorphosis of a credulous, obliging day laborer into an enthusiastic soldier. The production as a whole is shrill and tedious, in spite of many good performances, notably those by Joseph Chaikin, in the leading role, and Judith Malina, as a sinister widow who runs an army canteen. Gerhard Nellhaus was the translator. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

**Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad**—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit splits the limelight with a couple of veterans—Hermione Gingold, as leading lady, and Jerome Robbins, as director—in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

**The Pinter Plays**—A pair of dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. They are very well acted by Dana Elcar, John C. Becher, Henderson Forsythe, James Patterson, and James Ray. Alan Schneider directed. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Riverwind**—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana; the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment; and the performances by all hands are considerably more than adequate. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Taming of the Shrew**—Nan Martin and Robert Gerringer in Shakespeare's comedy. Previews Friday, March 1, at 2:30; Saturday and Sunday, March 2-3, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday, March 5, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 6, and will run through Sunday, April 7. (Anderson Theatre, Second Ave. at 4th St. OR 4-8950. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays at 4 and Wednesdays through Sundays at 2:30.)

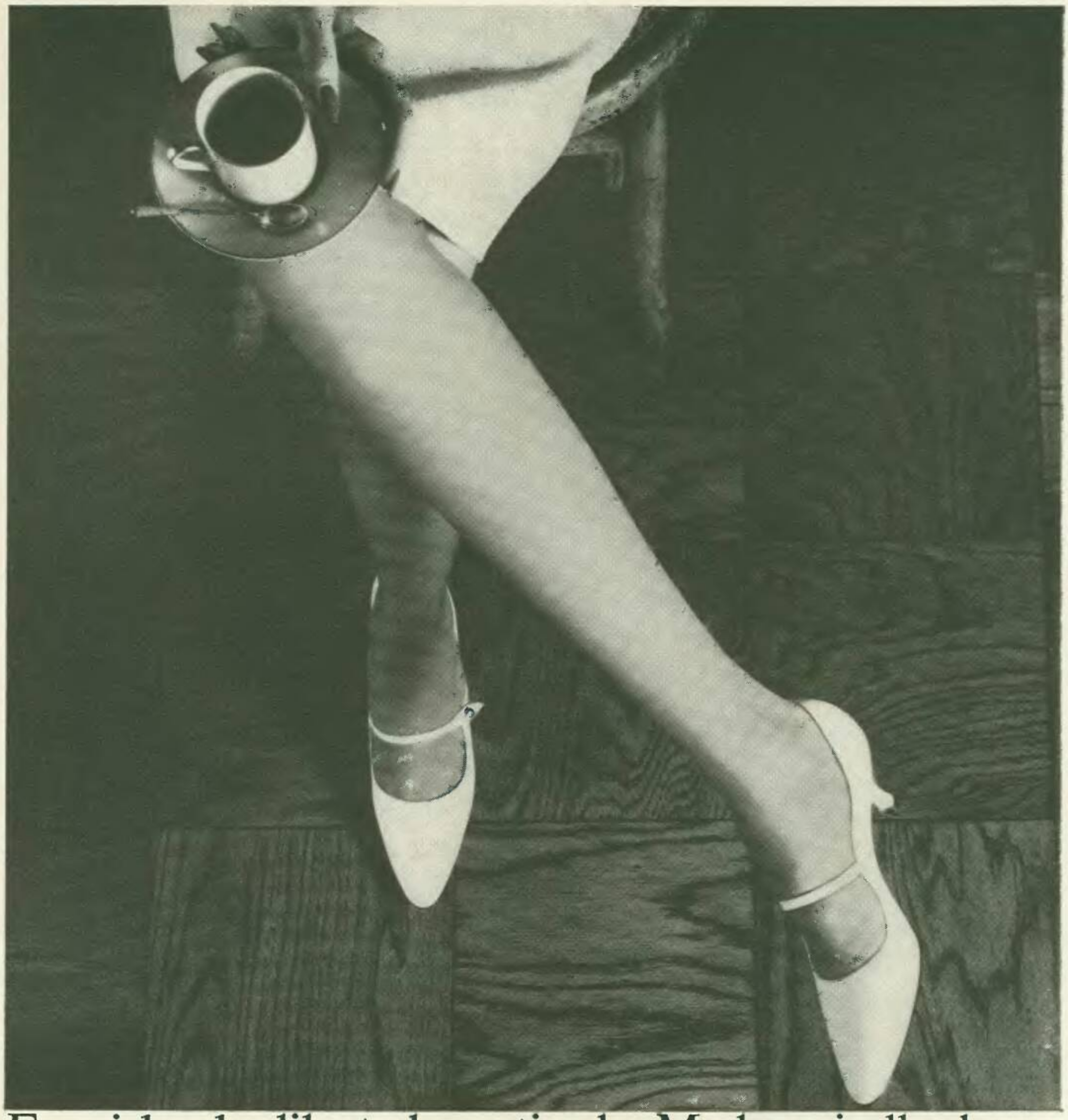
**This Was Burlesque**—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

**The Typists** and **The Tiger**—A couple of funny one-acters, each for two characters, give Eli Wallach a chance to display his first-rate talents as an actor and a comedian. Mr. Wallach is well supported by his wife, Anne Jackson. The promising dramatist is named Murray Schisgal. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**The Jack Benny Show**—Mr. B. and a number of other performers, including Jane Morgan and the Clara Ward Singers, in a revue presented by the Theatre Guild for a five-and-a-half-week engagement. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Beatty. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, March 9. at 8:30.)

**Les Poupées de Paris**—A revue, for adults, of three-foot-tall puppets produced by Sid and Marty Krofft. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at midnight.)

## NIGHT LIFE

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

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—What's left of the night shift reports here for orders at regular intervals. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra play industriously for the entrance-makers. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. Curfew for the whole place every Sunday.

**Little Club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—That everlasting twain—the sporting element and the spectator-sporting element—meet elbow to elbow and (after ten) foot to foot when they populate the tiny dance floor presided over by Ernie Warren's band, which has a very cozy sound. Closed Sundays.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre. Stanley Worth's little band is for dancing, and Renato Rossini's guitar is for dreaming about the Côte d'Azur. Mondays, another band is the entire show.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Music burbles in the Persian Room until early morning. Emil Coleman's heavy artillery and Mark Monte's light artillery account for this. At dinner and supper, there's additional burbling by Phil Ford and Mimi Hines, who have nothing to conceal, not even the way all their jokes are going to turn out. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts its day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. Mondays are silent.

**St. Regis,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The very best butter goes into the making of Peter Duchin's band, which covers its beat in the Maisonette without ever being obvious about it. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The elegantly appointed chalet called La Boite, a perfect setting for an Edith Wharton novel, is actually the setting for baroque piano and violin, which ply their blissful trade from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays.

**Savoy Hilton,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Pitti Palace, blue lagoon, Forest of Arden, all of which makes the Columns a beautiful game refuge for anyone who likes to roam a dance floor. Ray Hartley, the house pianist, is the graceful soloist from seven to eight; after that, Payson Ré's band and Arturo Arturos's triad of Latin lovers share the podium. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mr. Hartley spends the cocktail hour and the rest of the evening after eight in the leisurely Savoy Room. where he turns out piano that, no matter how relaxed. is pièce de résistance. He's absent Sundays.

**Sheraton-East,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two plots in the Elysian Fields are assigned to the Embassy Club and the Knight Box, the first of them sprinkled with the dance music of Gunnar Hansen's and Quintero's orchestras, the second with Jani Sarkozi's dream-world violin. Both operations are dormant Mondays.

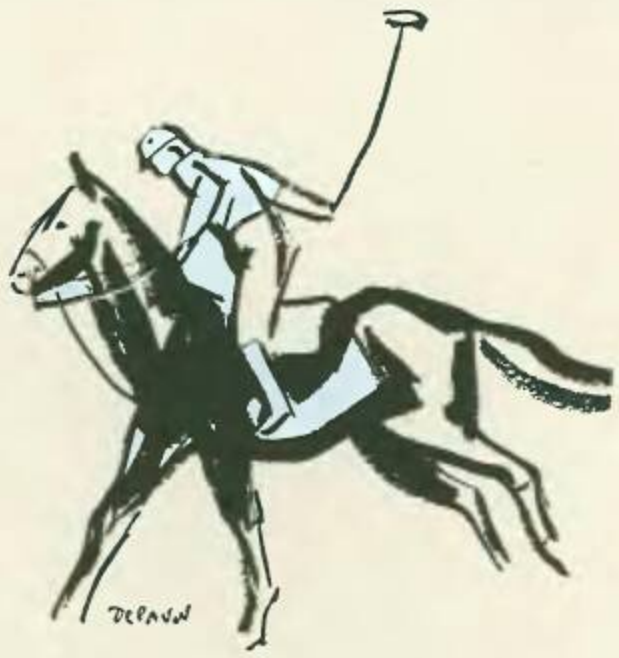
**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—*Veni, vidi, vici* belongs in Lena Horne's every lyric, but modesty, which is just one of her virtues, forbids. She's surrounded by the Empire Room's two dance bands, one of them Milt Shaw's reliable regiment and the other Sonny Kendis's rip-snorting quartet. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, Emile Petti dusts the piano at frequent intervals from five to one, and on Fridays and Saturdays he is transformed into a dance trio at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

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### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**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, along about midnight; Mr. Sanders is around the whole evening, too, and Sam Hamilton patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin sits in at the instrument panel on Sundays. . . . **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini and the fast company he kept—Pinkerton, Cio-Cio-San, Rodolfo, Mimi—are recalling in idyllic arias their petty misdemeanors. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, basso profundo, and commentator—is the mainstay of the sound department, which, one way and another, is in almost continuous service. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a miniature 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 and his drink-to-me-only Stradivarius, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): King Henri's other château, glittering like a crazy Christmas tree. Through its delirious décor perambulates Herman Honigsberg, a violinist of superior strain (or strains). A pianist is his accompanist. They're at work every evening but Sunday. . . . **Ritz Bar,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of the 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 onstage. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **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. No music on Mondays. . . . **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. . . . **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 carry on far into the night. Closed Sundays. . . . **Liborio,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The Caribbean is ruffled now and again by native voices, native feet; the rest of the time, a dance band is usually encouraging the diners to rise and shine. Rising and shining are also permissible on Sundays from two to seven. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A rage to live happily ever after pervades the cast (which ranges from zimbalons to sopranos) of this homestead way down upon the Danube River. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The place seems always to be going around in social circles. The accompaniment, from cocktails until after the theatre, is George Feyer's hand-crocheted piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sidewalk tables on the sunny side of the Via Veneto. Vigorous contributions to the traffic jam are made by a posse of patrolling violinists and accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The minute *salle à manger* becomes a minute *salle à chanter* when the chatelaine, Rita Dimitri, reprises (with a full panoply of Continental airs and graces) the songs she used to do in this musical comedy and that. Accordion and piano divide the remainder of the evening. . . . **Barberry,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A well-behaved casbah with American cuisine and, in among all the Moorish arches, soft-spoken American piano, from six to nine-thirty, by Conrad Monjoy. No music Sundays. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is now the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by a Spanish import named José Luis Franco, who's around from eight to one. No music Mondays. . . . **Malmaison,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti rambles along at his piano from five to eleven at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Merry Villagers pop up at intervals to deliver no-holds-barred snatches of opera at the diners (and sometimes horse, or at least horseplay, opera, too). Closed Mondays. . . . **Biltmore,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The Palm Court, which is apt to be an off-campus activity from five to eight-thirty, offers—by amiable coincidence—the right sort of Martini piano by Joan Bishop during the same hours. She stays home Sundays. . . . **Essex House,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, a world traveller whose notebook is eclectic and reserved yet hospitable, gets the run of the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park from cocktails until after the theatre every night but Sunday. . . . **Walldorfkeller,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Third-man themes issue from the zither of Hans Hansberg from six to ten; the inner-man themes from the chef are Mitteleuropa for fair. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **Nob Hill,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (PL 8-0522): The noblest of the works of art in this renaissance of the gay nineties, eighties, and seventies is the full-fledged Mason & Hamlin of Herman Chittison, who takes the instrument in his stride, a favored form of traditional piano, from dinner to early morning every night but Sunday.




### BIG AND BRASSY

**Latin Quarter,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Donn Arden, who believes that woman's place is on the stage, has filled his revue with three dozen apples of his eye, draped (and undraped) them in the hues of Joseph's coat, and taught them to walk. Among them wander a few characters who never would be missed, but they're more than compensated for by Barbara Heller, a girl whose wit is all the more sublime for being *sub rosa;* François Szony and Nancy Claire, whose dancing is one glorious leap for life after another; and a rout of tumblers, comics (almost), and whatnot. Dancing. . . . **International,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): It must be that only the herd instinct leads the chorus line through its elemental evolutions and into and out of its tiny wardrobe. Irving Benson and Jack Mann, who are steeped in the innocent wickednesses of primeval bur-

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lesque, are the merry *raison d'être* of the whole thing. Dancing.

### CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**PLAZA 9–**, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk's most recent and probably best revue, "Dime a Dozen," spares no rods, spoils no points, plays no favorites—even to show. The players—Jack Fletcher, Lovelady Powell, Gerry Matthews, Fredricka Weber, Rex Robbins, and Susan Browning—are infallible, the music is lyric, the choreography is action suiting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of William Roy and Robert Colston; the hours are nine-fifteen and midnight. In the plush-lined cloister alongside, there is further piano, by Carl Norman. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The task force is Carol Sloane, a new-school singer who (for a wonder) actually sings; Jerry Stiller and Ann Meara, whose causeries are frequently concerned with the American state of wedded blitz; and Don Adams, a peremptory monologuist who takes (with his all-seeing camera eye) a very dim view. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Bobby Short, armed with piano and his faithful sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, makes good use of the idle hours between theatre and breakfast with his gay songs, fey songs, play songs, anything but work songs. They're marked absent Saturdays, and the place is closed Sundays. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The battle for men's minds goes on full tilt in "Alarums and Excursions," a brusque, brash (and funny) revue without music, in which the cast—Andrew Duncan, Eugene Troobnick, and Severn Darden are its first citizens—say whatever comes into their brisk heads. They start around eight-thirty during the week. Sundays, there's a matinée at three; Mondays and Tuesdays are the rest periods. . . . **THE PREMISE**, 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Another revue without music, set in a tiny theatre that's really a coffee-and-pastry shop. The conversation of the four characters onstage, sometimes fun-loving and sometimes furious, is both exemplary and extempore. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The tenor of Lucho Gatica is ardently reciting the Latin declensions, paying extra attention to *amo, amas, amat*. He does this at dinner and supper, leaving plenty of time for the customers to get on the floor and prance. Sundays, there's just a tea dance, which runs (and rampantly, too) until all hours. . . . ¶ After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes compare notes on the love life of Iberia. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Graham Crackers," Ronny Graham's new revue-eyed view of life and the pursuit of happiness, sometimes gets bug-eyed, too, and sometimes misty-eyed as it turns in its findings. Six players occupy the stage; of them, Pat Stanley has the mistiest eyes and the most cajolling voice, and Bill McCutcheon has the biggest and most amiable bug-eyes. They all set to at nine-fifteen and midnight; closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS**, which is open only on Fridays and Saturdays, Mr. Graham himself turns up at ten on those evenings to sing, in a manner that defies analysis (even by the house psychiatrist), ditties of his own wayward contrivance. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): If one sticks it out through the amateur acts, one is eventually rewarded by Kaye Ballard, a strict undisciplinarian when her conscious and her subconscious meet head-on at midstage. Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames help this mood along with music to go mad to. Closed Mondays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Five residents of The Establishment, a London *boîte* that is both a national institution and a national critique, are conducting, in the guise of a pungent revue, a campaign for the *dis*establishing of every institution known to man. Not for anyone on a bland diet. The estimable dynamiters are John Bird, John Fortune, Eleanor Bron, Jeremy Geidt, and Carole Simpson. They do dinner and supper shows during the week, and four-o'clock and dinner shows on Sundays; lights are out Mondays. Teddy Wilson's honorable jazz trio is involved in many of the episodes.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Modern Jazz Quartet, recently disbanded because it felt it has no more to say in its chosen idiom, has reassembled to deliver a few afterthoughts; the quartet of Eric Dolphy, who has by no means run out of ideas, completes the roster. They begin work on Friday, March 1. There are Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Sarah Vaughan, at times a real swinging chickadee, is delivering her blend of sauce and sentiment; Phil Foster conducts a talk indicating that not only the dead know Brooklyn. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The weekend-only séances terminate (Friday through Sunday, March 1-3) with fanfares by Gerry Mulligan's foursome (Bobby Brookmeyer, Bill Crow, and Dave Bailey are his glittering support), Woody Allen (whose jokes are fresh every hour), and Will Holt, a troubadour with an almost arcane twist of wit. Full-time operations resume on Thursday, March 7, with Leon Bibb, a folk singer with floating power, and the Rooftops, folk singers new to this milieu. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): The jazz that came up the river to 52nd Street has come down to the Village. It's done by Wilbur de Paris and band, in which Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Wilber Kirk, and Sonny White are apt to be embedded. Cal Bostic's piano and lyrics, which are delivered solo, have lots of bounce to the ounce. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Sol Yaged's band, which has Dick Wellstood in tow, is keeping the memory of Dixie green. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Catalysis and cataclysm are the basic ingredients. The current supply issues from the Dukes of Dixieland and Red Allen's quartet, both of which live in the happy past. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers break the news to everyone by breaking the peace; John Coltrane, less vociferous than he has been, keeps his quartet in the modern idiom. Visiting days are Mondays, when the regulars are at rest. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Art Farmer's instrumentation, into which a lot of thought always goes, has lately been redecorated by Jim Hall's guitar. The quartet in which they are involved works every night but Monday, when the lock is on the door. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall, wielding a clarinet as pensive as the pipes of Pan, runs the small and traditional band. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Place, just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-0650): An ancient cradle of civilization has been reëstablished here for the study of modern influences on music. Roland Hanna's trio (off duty Mondays) and Kenny Burrell's duo (off duty Tuesdays) share the work load. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Eddie Heywood's trio (precision drill) and Charlie Shavers' quartet (rumpus) operate on a stage inches above the madding crowd of spectators. On Monday, March 4, Terry Gibbs' foursome and Harry Edison's quartet replace the present pros. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Lee Evans' threesome is energetic and enervating in approximately equal measure. The cheery intermission piano comes from Howard Reynolds. No sounds of music on Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Col-

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lege-extension seminars in early American history are held every weekend. Friday and Saturday, March 1-2. the faculty should include the venerable trumpet of Louis Metcalf, the progressive Ray Bryant, and such grass-rooters as Johnny Letman, Panama Francis, and Conrad Janis's Tailgaters. Dancing. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hothouse, recently transplanted, has piano by Cliff Jackson, who is joined Fridays and Saturdays by Danny Barker's trio. Don Frye plays the piano on Sundays, when the others sojourn.

## ART

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

AFRO—Paintings by this contemporary Italian abstractionist; through March 23. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS ANSHUTZ (1851-1912)—A retrospective of landscapes, figure paintings, and portraits; through March 16. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Figure paintings; through Saturday, March 9. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

BEN BENN—Landscapes and still-lifes (1908-62); through March 16. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

EMILE BERNARD (1868-1941)—Paintings done in Brittany between 1886 and 1893; through Saturday, March 9. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARRY BERTOIA—Abstract sculptures in metal; through March 16. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM—Four paintings, plus more than a hundred drawings made as studies for them, by the nineteenth-century portraitist and genre artist; through Saturday, March 2. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

JULIUS BISSIER—Abstract oils, water colors, and drawings; through March 30. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MORRIS BRODERSON—Paintings (1954-63) by a young California artist; through Saturday, March 2. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

PAUL BURLIN—Abstractions; through Saturday, March 2. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

KENNETH CALLAHAN—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 2. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, March 2. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

STEFANO CUSUMANO—Figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through Saturday, March 2. (Gallery 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—Abstract bronzes; through Saturday, March 9. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM DINE—Oils, collages, and water colors by this New Realist; through Saturday, March 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER—An exhibition of water colors that is running concurrently with the showing of his works at the Museum of Modern Art; through March 16. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.)

FREDERICK FUCHS—Landscapes and figures; through March 23. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

JULIO GIRONA—Abstract-figurative oils by this Cuban-American artist; through Saturday, March 9. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

LENA GURR—Impressionistic paintings; through Saturday, March 2. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)

JAMES HARVEY—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, March 2. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

RICHARD HUNT—Abstract sculptures in welded steel or copper; through March 16. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

ALEX KATZ—Abstract-figurative paintings; through Saturday, March 9. (Thibaut, 799




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Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Minoru Kawabata**—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 9. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

**Gyorgy Kepes**—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through March 16. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Earl Kerkam**—A retrospective of figures, heads, and still-lifes; through March 23. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**Clara Ledesma and Walter Terrazas**—Paintings by Miss Ledesma, a Dominican; paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Mr. Terrazas, a Bolivian; through March 16. (Galeria Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

**Wilhelm Lehmbruck** (1881-1919)—A loan exhibition of sculptures by Lehmbruck, together with pieces by Barlach, Freundlich, Kolbe, Kollwitz, and Marcks; through Saturday, March 2. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Stephen Pace**—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through March 16. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Julia Papiroff**—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through March 18. (D'Alessio, 8 Henderson Pl., at 86th St. Daily, 2 to 7.)

**Maurice Prendergast**—Drawings, water-color sketches, and color monotypes (1887-1924); through Saturday, March 2. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

**Robert Richenburg**—Abstractions; through March 16. (De Nagy, 140 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Peter Saul**—Paintings; through Saturday, March 2. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Jon Schueler**—Abstract landscapes; through Saturday, March 9. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Edward John Stevens**—His nineteenth annual show of gouaches; through Saturday, March 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

**Anne Truitt**—Painted geometric sculptures; through Saturday, March 2. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

**Jack Tworkov**—Abstract Expressionist canvases; through Thursday, March 7. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Maurice Utrillo and the School of Paris**—Twelve oil paintings (all of the White Period) by Utrillo, against a background of paintings by Braque, Léger, Rouault, and other friends and contemporaries in Paris; through March 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Ruth Vollmer**—Metal sculptures; through Saturday, March 9. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

**Jo Warner**—Abstract paintings and collages; through Thursday, March 7. (Camino, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

**Denny Winters**—Primarily semi-abstract landscapes; through March 15. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

**Old Master Drawings**—Examples by, among others, Leonardo da Vinci, Tiepolo, and Fragonard; through March 30. (Duveen, 18 E. 70th St.)

**Americans; Group Shows**—At the **Milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and water colors by Ogden M. Pleissner, Xavier Gonzalez, Paul Sample, and others; through Saturday, March 2.... **New School**, 66 W. 12th St.: Landscapes by fifty-three present-day artists—Janice Biala, Karl Knaths, and Hyde Solomon, to mention a few; through Thursday, March 7. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **Salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Water colors, pastels, and drawings by such artists as Joseph Stella, Rico Lebrun, and Louis Eilshemius; through Saturday, March 9.... **Valente**, 119 W. 57th St.: Paintings, from Homer to Shahn, through March 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

**Americans and Europeans; Group Show**—Jean Dubuffet, Vieira da Silva, Jackson Pollock, Henry Moore, and other modern masters; through March 16. (Hahn, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

**French; Group Show**—Ingres, Renoir, and Matisse are three of the artists represented in an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and water colors; through Saturday, March 9. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa," lent by the French Government, will remain on view in the Medieval Sculpture Hall through Monday, March 4. (Thursday, Friday, and Monday, 10 to 9; Saturday, 10 to 5; Sunday, 1 to 6.)...¶"The Tastes and Curiosities of a Curator," an exhibition of prints from the personal collection of the late William M. Ivins, Jr., the founder of the Museum's Department of Prints. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Intimate World of Lyonel Feininger," composed of water colors, drawings, comic strips, and prints, mostly from his estate and previously unexhibited, plus forty small wooden sculptures; through March 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Feininger show at the Van Diemen-Lilienfeld Galleries, 21 E. 57th St.

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—The Twenty-second International Watercolor Biennial, made up of items by more than a hundred and thirty living artists from Sweden, Yugoslavia, and the United States; through April 28....¶A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American and European paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti, and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Asia House**, 112 E. 64th St.—"Tea Taste in Japanese Art," an exhibit of Chinese and Japanese ceramics, paintings, lacquers, and utensils (dating back to the eleventh century) that illustrate the Japanese tea ceremony; through April 21. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**The Cloisters**, Fort Tryon Park—Thirteenth- to fifteenth-century manuscript illustrations, about seventy in all, from the private collection of Georges Wildenstein, in Paris; through Sunday, March 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Finch College Museum of Art**, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of paintings by French eighteenth-century masters, including Boucher, Robert, and Vigée-Lebrun, through April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A forty-year retrospective of oils and water colors by Vasily Kandinsky (1866-1944), showing his transition from representational to abstract painting and including seven works owned by Russian museums; through April 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Jewish Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Two opening exhibitions in its enlarged quarters: "The Hebrew Bible in Christian, Jewish and Muslim Art," devoted to paintings, sculptures, ivories, and tapestries, ranging from the fourth century to the present; through March 24....¶A set of seven eighteenth-century Royal Gobelin tapestries, depicting the Biblical story of Queen Esther; through Monday, March 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—"Two Renaissance Rulers," an exhibit of manuscripts, books, and drawings relating to Lorenzo de' Medici, Emperor Maximilian I, and their times; through Saturday, March 2. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts**, 29 W. 53rd St.—The Twenty-second Ceramic National, rugs and tapestries by Oili Mäki, and jewelry and hollow ware by Ronald Pearson; through March 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

**Museum of Primitive Art**, 15 W. 54th St.—Masks, figures, and other sculptures created by the Senufo people in West Africa; through May 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**National Academy of Design**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-eighth annual exhibition, consisting of more than four hundred oils, sculptures, prints, and water colors by both members and non-members; through March 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**Riverside Museum**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—A showing by the Modern Artists Guild, a group of professional painters and sculptors from Bergen County, New Jersey; through Sunday. March 3. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum**, 22 W. 54th St.—"The Decade of the Armory Show: New Directions in American Art, 1910-20," a loan exhibition marking the fiftieth anniversary of the 1913 Armory Show and detailing the growth of modern American art immediately following it. Marsden Hartley, Charles Burchfield, and William Zorach are among the forty-eight artists represented by a hundred and fifteen works. Through April 14. . . . ¶ A retrospective of oils, gouaches, and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist James Brooks; through March 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Flaviano Labò, and Vladimir Ruzdak. . . . ¶ Friday, March 1, at 8: "Fidelio," with Birgit Nilsson, Judith Raskin, Jon Vickers, Walter Cassel, Charles Anthony, and Ernst Wiemann. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 2: "Andrea Chénier," with Gabriella Tucci, Lili Chookasian, Mignon Dunn, Richard Tucker, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Lisa Della Casa, Roberta Peters, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Monday, March 4, at 8: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Jeanette Scovotti, Lili Chookasian, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 5, at 8: "Turandot," with Gladys Kuchta, Licia Albanese, Flaviano Labò, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Alessio De Paolis. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 6, at 8: "Fidelio," with Birgit Nilsson, Laurel Hurley, Jon Vickers, Walter Cassel, William Wildermann, and Charles Anthony. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 7, at 8: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Jeanette Scovotti, Lili Chookasian, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday, March 8, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Mattiwilda Dobbs, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gianna d'Angelo, George Shirley, Frank Guarrera, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines.

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, George Szell conducting—An all-Beethoven program on Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30; Friday, March 1, at 2:15; Saturday, March 2, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 3, at 3 (all with Clifford Curzon, piano); and another all-Beethoven program on Thursday, March 7, at 8:30; Friday, March 8, at 2:15; Saturday, March 9, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 10, at 3 (all with Rudolf Firkusny, piano).

**Netherlands Chamber Orchestra**—Szymon Goldberg conducting and acting as violin soloist. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 2, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Zara Nelsova, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 2-3, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

**Mannes College Orchestra and Columbia University Chorus**—A joint concert, with Carl Bamberger directing a performance of Schubert's Mass in A Flat, plus several short pieces, by the Mannes Brass Ensemble conducted by Simon Karasick. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 2, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

**New York Orchestral Society**—Joseph Eger conducting, with Pilar Leyva, thirteen-year-old pianist. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 3, at 5:20. No tickets necessary.)

**Symphony of the Air**—Alfred Wallenstein directing a performance of Brahms' German Requiem, with Teresa Stich-Randall, soprano; Hermann Prey, baritone; and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 4, at 8:30.)

**All-Handel Concert**—Thomas Dunn conducting the Festival Orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 6, and again on Sunday, March 10, both at 8:30.)

**National Music Theatre**—Anthony Amato conducting an orchestra made up of members of the Symphony of the Air in a performance of Lehár's "Das Land des Lächelns" ("The Land of Smiles") in concert form, with Anneliese Rothenberger and Lila Gage, sopranos; Rudolf Schock, tenor; and David Smith, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 6, at 8:30.)

**Music Forgotten and Remembered**—Frederic Waldman conducting the Musica Aeterna Orchestra, with Erica Morini, violin, and Melvin Kaplan, oboe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

**Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers**—Serge Jaroff directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday. March 1, at 8:30.)

**Fordham University Glee Club**—James B. Welch directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 1, at 8:40.)

**Dorian Chorale**—Harold Aks directing a program of music by Meyer Kupferman. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 2, at 5:15.)

**Helvetia Maennerchor**—A Swiss male chorus, directed by Walter Stamm. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 2, at 8:30.)

**Poznan Choir**—Stefan Stuligrosz directing a choir of forty boys and thirty-five men from Poland in its first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 3, at 3.)

### RECITALS

**Mieczyslaw Horszowski**—In the fourth and fifth in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, Feb. 28, and Thursday, March 7, both at 8:30.)

**Thomas McIntosh**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

**Haydn-Mozart Concerts**—The fourth in a series of six concerts, this one played by the Beaux-Arts String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

**Contemporary Music Society**—Paul Price conducting the Manhattan Percussion Ensemble. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

**Joseph Wolman**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 1, at 8:30.)

**Schubert-Monteverdi Concert**—Charles Bressler and Hugues Cuénod, tenors, with Albert Fuller, harpsichord, and David Garvey, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 1, at 8:30.)

**Jan Peerce**—Tenor. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 2, at 8:30.)

**Theodore Bikel**—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 2, at 8:30.)

**Krainis Baroque Ensemble**—A program of vocal and instrumental music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, March 2, at 8:30.)

**Leopold Simoneau**—Tenor. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Monday, March 4, at 8:30.)

**Earl Wild**—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Hotel Pierre Ballroom, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. Monday, March 4, at 8:45. For tickets, call JU 2-4090.)

**Rafael Puyana**—With Genoveva Gálvez, in a program of music for two harpsichords. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 7, at 8:30.)

**Fernando Valenti**—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 7, at 8:30.)

**Ania Dorfmann and Walter Trampler**—Piano and viola, in a sonata recital. (Grace Rainey





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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 8, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

## SPORTS

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

**Professional Basketball**—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 3, at 2:30: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 5, at 6:30: San Francisco vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Syracuse. . . . ¶ Friday, March 8, at 8:30: Knicks vs. St. Louis.

**Boxing**—Kenny Lane vs. Vicente Derado, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 2. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

**Hockey**—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 3, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 6, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

**Indoor Polo**—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

**Racing**—At Bowie, Md.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Saturday, March 23. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, March 9.

**Skating**—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Friday and Saturday, March 1-2, at 8 A.M. School figures. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 1-2, at 5:30: Free skating. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 3, at 8:30 A.M.: Dance competitions. (Iceland Rink, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

**Track Meets**—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 1, at 8: Knights of Columbus. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2:30 and 7: I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships.

**Trotting**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:20; through Tuesday, May 21.

## FOR CHILDREN

**Concerts**—By the **Little Orchestra Society:** Thomas Scherman conducting an all-French program, with the Baird Marionettes and Judith and Doris Lang, duo piano. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 2, at 11.) . . . **Brooklyn Philharmonia:** Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 2, at 2:30.)

**Stage Shows**—By the **Children's Fine Arts Guild:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **Hilltop Productions:** "The Fable of Freddy the Fox." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **Merri-Mimes:** "The Pied Piper." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **Musical Theatre for Children:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **Paper Bag Players:** "Group Soup." (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Saturdays at 3.) . . . **Peppermint Players:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **Pickwick Puppet Theatre:** "Cinderella." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **Pilgrim Productions:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)

**Dance Recital**—Mara and her dancers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, March 3, at 2:30.)

**Junior Museum,** Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology–Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings by boys of Southern Rhodesia; through Sunday, March 3. (Daily, except Saturday, 1 to 5.)

**Hayden Planetarium,** Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Seven Wondrous Stars," describes the constellation Orion. Starting Tuesday, March 5, there will be a new show, "Stories in the Stars." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

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

## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—Visitors 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 to 4:45 daily.

**Poetry Readings**—Howard Moss reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, March 7, at 6:30.)

**National Antiques Show**—This year, there's a collection of ladies' hats from past centuries, some advertisements for snake-oil remedies, and an assortment of firearms, along with the usual displays of furniture, jewelry, and objects of art. (Madison Square Garden. Daily, 1 to 11; through Thursday, March 7.)

**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, March 2, at 1:45: French and other furniture, Meissen and other porcelains, paintings, and rugs; from the collection of the late Jennie S. Lauer and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 5-6, at 1:45: French books from the library of Dr. Charles Breyner; bibliography and reference works from the library of Alexander Davidson, Jr.; and other literary material, including books on Japanese art and duplicates from the Morgan Library and the Grolier Club.

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Three programs (tentative schedule) in a series called "Television, U.S.A.: Thirteen Seasons"—Through March 2: Adventure, "Genetics 1" (1954) and "The Family of Man" (1955). . . . ¶ March 3-4: NBC Opera, "Tosca" (1955). . . . ¶ Starting March 5: Philco Playhouse, "A Man Is Ten Feet Tall" (1955). (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.)

## COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

**Baseball**—First league games here—Mets vs. St. Louis, at the Polo Grounds, April 9-10. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, at Yankee Stadium, April 11, 13, and 14.

**Professional Basketball**—At Madison Square Garden: March 12 and 15.

**Boxing**—Sonny Liston vs. Floyd Patterson, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Miami, April 15.)

**Golf**—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 4-7.)

**Hockey**—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on March 10, 17, 20, and 24. . . . ¶ Stanley Cup playoffs start at the end of March.

**Horse Show**—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Spring Horse Show. (Darien, April 6.)

**Hunt Racing**—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. April 6.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 13.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 13.)

**Racing**—At **Aqueduct:** March 20-June 1. . . .

LAUREL, Md.: March 25-May 1.... AINTREE, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 30.

TRAPSHOOTING—The Thomas H. Lawrence Memorial Shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island. Pelham Manor. April 6.)

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 13.... PHILHARMONIC HALL, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 26, except for the week of March 25....¶ Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, March 13....¶ Adele Marcus, piano, March 15....¶ Leonie Rysanek, soprano, March 17....¶ Concert Opera Association, March 18....¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 19....¶ Boston Symphony, March 20 and 22....¶ Eleanor Steber, soprano, April 10.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): Abbey Simon, piano, March 10....¶ American Symphony Orchestra, March 11, 12, and 28....¶ Robert Gerle, violin, March 13....¶ Symphony of the Air, March 18 and 31 and April 11....¶ American Opera Society, March 26 and April 1....¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 2.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Nicanor Zabaleta, harp. March 12....¶ Esterhazy Orchestra, March 20....¶ Olga Coelho, soprano-guitarist, March 21....¶ Vienna Choir Boys, March 22 and 23....¶ Andres Segovia, classic guitarist, March 23....¶ Anna Xydis, piano, April 2....¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, April 3.... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Clifford Curzon, piano, March 14....¶ The Festival Orchestra, March 15....¶ Paris Chamber Orchestra, March 21.... HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (RE 7-8490): Anna Moffo, soprano, March 16.

BALLET—New York City Ballet, at the City Center, March 12-April 21....¶ Royal Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 17-May 19.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," presented by the Actors' Studio (Betty Field, Geraldine Page, Franchot Tone, and others)....¶ The G. B. Shaw comedy "Too True to Be Good," with a company that includes Lillian Gish, Cedric Hardwicke, Eileen Heckart, Glynis Johns, Ray Middleton, Robert Preston, Cyril Ritchard, and David Wayne....¶ "Enter Laughing," a comedy by Joseph Stein, taken from Carl Reiner's novel of the same name, with Sylvia Sidney, Vivian Blaine, and Alan Mowbray....¶ Vivien Leigh and Jean Pierre Aumont in "Tovarich," a musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy, with a book by David Shaw, music by Lee Pockriss, and lyrics by Anne Croswell....¶ A comedy called "Memo," by Allan Scott, in which Macdonald Carey and Zia Mohyeddin will appear....¶ An adaptation by Giles Cooper and Terrence McNally of "The Lady of the Camellias," by Alexandre Dumas *fils*, starring Susan Strasberg and John Stride....¶ "My Mother, My Father and Me," a comedy by Lillian Hellman, based on the book "How Much?," by Burt Blechman. Ruth Gordon, Walter Matthau, and Lili Darvas head the cast....¶ Judy Holliday in "Hot Spot," a musical for which Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert wrote the book, Mary Rodgers composed the score, and Martin Charnin did the lyrics....¶ The Bertolt Brecht play "Mother Courage and Her Children," adapted by Eric Bentley. with Anne Bancroft and Barbara Harris....¶ A limited engagement of "The Danny Kaye Show," a revue.

PROSE READINGS—Truman Capote. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. AT 9-2400. April 7.)

OTHER DATES—International Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 9-17....¶ Coliseum Antiques Fair, at the Coliseum, March 9-17....¶ St. Patrick's Day is Sunday, March 17....¶ The first day of spring is March 21....¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, April 1-6....¶ United Nations Economic and Social Council meeting, April 2-19....¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, April 3-May 12....¶ International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, April 13-21....¶ Easter Sunday is April 14....¶ Federal and New York State income-tax returns for 1962 and estimates for 1963 are due Monday, April 15.




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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

**Billy Budd**—A classic study of good and evil, drawn from the crabbed work by Melville. Peter Ustinov has directed it with an eye to beauties internal as well as external, and is fine in one of the chief roles. Also present and also fine are Robert Ryan and Terence Stamp. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through March 5. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 6, tentative.)

**A Child Is Waiting**—A misguided but conscientious attempt to examine the problem of retarded children. Burt Lancaster and Judy Garland are the tactful stars. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through March 5. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through March 6, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 6.)

**David and Lisa**—A low-budget picture, arrestingly modest in scope and arrestingly well acted. David and Lisa are mentally sick teen-agers who help each other by falling in love unawares. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva have the leading roles. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

**Divorce—Italian Style**—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star of an exceptionally able cast is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**Electra**—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his version of the Euripides tragedy in an authentic setting and with an authentic solemn grandeur. Luckily, the heroine, Irene Papas, is fair to look upon, and so is the Greek landscape. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

**Freud**—John Huston's ardent, honest attempt to tell us how young Dr. Freud came to develop the theory of psychoanalysis. The picture suffers from a certain patness and from Montgomery Clift's failure to embody the truly heroic central figure. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

**The Great Chase**—Snippets of climactic scenes from half a dozen wonderful old movies. "Action is character," said Aristotle, and so did D. W. Griffith, Douglas Fairbanks, Cecil B. deMille, and Buster Keaton, as this very funny film demonstrates. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 6, tentative.)

**Lawrence of Arabia**—As beautiful a picture as you could hope to see, with much stirring desert combat and an honorable attempt to fathom a little man who was as odd as Dick's hatband. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, and a dozen others, all wonderfully directed by David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

**The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner**—The suffering of the lower orders in England as they seek a place in the sun is becoming a hackneyed subject, but here a lyrical director (Tony Richardson) and a strong young actor (Tom Courtenay) make it seem brand-new and its squalor beautiful. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 6, tentative.)

**Long Day's Journey Into Night**—A fatally faithful replica of the Broadway original, with curious performances by Katharine Hepburn and Ralph Richardson, and a good performance by Jason Robards, Jr., who has been there before. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

**The Longest Day**—A dutiful but dreary recapitulation of D Day by Darryl Zanuck and several thousand able, or at any rate willing, assistants. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Love at Twenty**—A portmanteau picture that looks at young love in France, Italy, Japan, Germany, and Poland. A hard time of life wherever one is, but the picture has its funny moments. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through March 5.)

**Monkey in Winter**—Jean Gabin and Jean-Paul Belmondo having a high old alcoholic time in and understandably unfashionable French seaside resort. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

**Mutiny on the Bounty**—A big shipful of tried-and-true villainies and heroics, expertly filmed but always threatening to just keel over. A disastrous venture for Marlon Brando, who is by no means blameless. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Notorious Landlady**—Jack Lemmon and Fred Astaire play a couple of career diplomats—one fresh, the other seasoned—at our London embassy in this amusing mystery about an American woman who might have murdered her husband. Lionel Jeffries, as an unorthodox Scotland Yard man, adds considerably to the merriment, and Kim Novak is the lady under suspicion. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; March 3-5.)

**The Passion of Slow Fire**—A French film from a Simenon novel, in which, as usual, everyone is attractive up to the point where everyone turns out to be a guilty murderer at heart. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting March 6, tentative.)

**Period of Adjustment**—A helter-skelter and often comic improvement on the Tennessee Williams original. With Tony Franciosa, Jane Fonda, Jim Hutton, and Lois Nettleton. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 5.)

**Psycosissimo**—Old-fashioned slapstick on view in a rough-hewn Italian film that is occasionally funny as it follows the adventures of a pair of timorous scamps mistakenly hired to do in the spendthrift wife of a pork baron. With Ugo Tognazzi, Raimondo Vianello, Spiros Focas, and Francesco Mule. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 5, tentative.)

**The Quare Fellow**—Brendan Behan's rowdy play about a hanging in a Dublin prison has been skillfully brought to the screen. Filmed in the fair city, with the Irishest actors ever you saw. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

**7 Capital Sins**—A large assortment of French writers, directors, and actors have created seven separate vignettes inside a single frame. At least three of the vignettes are very funny, and the rest are full of funny bits. Sin has much to be said for it, and the French are always saying it. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**Sundays and Cybèle**—A touching French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a pretty girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

**The Trial**—Orson Welles making a wild and woolly attempt to capture the Kafka novel, which is anything but wild and woolly. Abetting Mr. Welles are Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, and Romy Schneider. (R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

**A Very Private Affair**—Brigitte Bardot in a story about how a *bébé* gains fame and fortune and cannot stand them. Crankily brought to life by the notable French director Louis Malle. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; March 1-5.)

**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; and Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277.)

## REVIVALS

**Belle of the Nineties** (1934)—Mae West outwitting the censors. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 4.)

**Breakfast at Tiffany's** (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 6, evening performances only.)

**Breathless** (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 1-4. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 6.)

**Citizen Kane** (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 5.)

**The Devil Strikes at Night** (1959)—Directed by Robert Siodmak, this German film deals with the Hitler regime's suppression of the fact that a mass slayer has been allowed to get away with some fifty murders. With Mario Adorf. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 5.)

**La Dolce Vita** (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 5.)

**Gigi** (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 5, tentative.)

**Hiroshima, Mon Amour** (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 5.)

**The Idiot** (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 5, tentative.)

**Last Year at Marienbad** (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 5.)

**M** (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsse'dorf murderer. In German. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 5, tentative.)

**Macario** (1961)—A Mexican fable about a hungry peasant and the bargain he makes with Death. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 5, tentative.)

**The Mark** (1961)—An account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 6, evening performances only.)

**Mississippi** (1935)—W. C. Fields, Bing Crosby, and a memorable score by Rodgers and Hart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 4.)

**Rouge et Noir** (1958)—The Stendhal novel, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi. A French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 1-4.)

**The Savage Eye** (1960)—A semi-documentary that shows what happens when a lonely divorcée takes up residence in Los Angeles. Barbara Baxley plays the heroine. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 5, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

**That Touch of Mink** (1962)—A farce about the wealthy man-about-town who tries to seduce a poor but pretty virgin. Starring Doris Day and Cary Grant. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; through March 5.)

**The Third Man** (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 1-4.)

**The Threepenny Opera** (1931)—Lotte Lenya in a German interpretation of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill musical. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through March 5, tentative.)

**Tiger Bay** (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—See listing under "Other Events," page 14.

# 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)
Through March 5: **A CHILD IS WAITING.**
From March 6: "Kid Galahad," Elvis Presley, Gig Young.

**CINERAMA,** B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

**CRITERION,** B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**

**DE MILLE,** 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Son of Flubber," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson.

**FORUM,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Her Bikini Never Got Wet," Brigitte Duval, Richard Sloane.

**MUSIC HALL,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham.

**NEW EMBASSY,** B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Hook," Kirk Douglas, Nick Adams.

**PALACE,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through March 5: **THAT TOUCH OF MINK,** revival; and "The Great Impostor," revival, Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.
From March 6: To be announced.

**PARAMOUNT,** B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through March 5: "Term of Trial," Laurence Olivier, Simone Signoret.
From March 6: "Papa's Delicate Condition," Jackie Gleason, Glynis Johns.

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

**STATE,** B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
**MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.**

**TOHO CINEMA,** 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"The Bad Sleep Well" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

**VICTORIA,** B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Diamond Head," Charlton Heston, Yvette Mimieux.

**WARNER,** B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
**THE LONGEST DAY.**

## EAST SIDE

**ART,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 6 (tentative): **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER;** and **THE GREAT CHASE.**

**NEW CHARLES,** Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through March 5: **THE SAVAGE EYE,** revival; and "Boccaccio '70," Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.
From March 6: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S,** revival; and **THE MARK,** revival.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC,** 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
**WEST SIDE STORY.**

**GRAMERCY,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 5: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival; and **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival.
From March 6: **A CHILD IS WAITING.**

**KIPS BAY,** 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Hook," Kirk Douglas. Nick Adams.

**MURRAY HILL,** 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through March 5: **LOVE AT TWENTY** (five episodes, five languages).
From March 6: **A CHILD IS WAITING.**

**TRANS-LUX 52ND ST.,** Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through March 5: "Term of Trial," Laurence Olivier, Simone Signoret.
From March 6: "Papa's Delicate Condition," Jackie Gleason. Glynis Johns.

**SUTTON,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French).

**R.K.O. 58TH ST.,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 2: "Samson and the 7 Miracles of the World," Gordon Scott, Yoko Tani; and "Warriors Five," Jack Palance.
March 3-5: "Follow the Boys," Connie Francis, Paula Prentiss; and "The Centurion," John Drew Barrymore.
From March 6: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," revival, Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire.

**FINE ARTS,** 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
**SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French).

**PLAZA,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
**DAVID AND LISA.**

**BARONET,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
**MONKEY IN WINTER** (in French).

**CORONET,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"Love and Larceny" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero.

**CINEMA I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
**FREUD.**

**CINEMA II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Elusive Corporal" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Claude Brasseur.

**BEEKMAN,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
**ELECTRA** (in Greek).

**TOWER EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
**LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**

**72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 5 (tentative): **GIGI,** revival.
From March 6 (tentative): "The Lion," William Holden, Trevor Howard.

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 6 (tentative): **A CHILD IS WAITING.**

**R.K.O. 86TH ST.,** Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 5: "Samson and the 7 Miracles of the World," Gordon Scott, Yoko Tani; and "Warriors Five," Jack Palance.
From March 6: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," revival, Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire.

**ORPHEUM,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 5: "Follow the Boys," Connie Francis, Paula Prentiss; and "The Centurion," John Drew Barrymore.
From March 6: "The War Lover," Steve McQueen, Robert Wagner; and "The Pirates of Blood River," Kerwin Mathews.

## WEST SIDE

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA,** 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Feb. 28: "Le Plaisir" (in French; also known as "House of Pleasure"), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon; and "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (in French), revival, Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux.
March 1-4: **THE THIRD MAN,** revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French). revival.
From March 5: "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, François Arnoul, Christian Marquand.

**WAVERLY,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 2: "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune; and "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale.
March 3-5: **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY;** and "The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Alberto Sordi.
From March 6: To be announced.

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 5 (tentative): **M** (in German), revival; and **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival.
From March 6 (tentative): **BILLY BUDD;** and "Ride the High Country," revival, Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.

**5TH AVE. CINEMA,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Eclipse" (in Italian), Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.

**SHERIDAN,** 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 5: "Follow the Boys," Connie Francis, Paula Prentiss; and "The Centurion," John Drew Barrymore.
From March 6: "The War Lover," Steve McQueen, Robert Wagner; and "The Pirates of Blood River," Kerwin Mathews.

**GREENWICH,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 5 (tentative): **PSYCOSISSIMO** (in Italian); and **MACARIO** (in Spanish), revival.
From March 6 (tentative): **THE PASSION OF SLOW FIRE** (in French); and "Candide" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Pierre Brasseur.

**R.K.O. 23RD ST.,** 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
**THE TRIAL.**

**GUILD,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
**THE TRIAL.**

**55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through March 5: **BILLY BUDD;** and "The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Alberto Sordi.
From March 6: To be announced.

**TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Son of Flubber," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson.

**LITTLE CARNEGIE,** 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Eclipse" (in Italian), Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
**THE QUARE FELLOW.**

**PARIS,** 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
**DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian).

**LOEW'S 83RD ST.,** B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Feb. 28: "Bachelor in Paradise," revival, Bob Hope, Lana Turner; and "Bridge to the Sun," revival, Carroll Baker, James Shigeta.
March 1-5: **A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR;** and "The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Alberto Sordi.
From March 6: "The War Lover," Steve McQueen, Robert Wagner; and "The Pirates of Blood River." Kerwin Mathews.

**NEW YORKER,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 4: **BELLE OF THE NINETIES,** revival; and **MISSISSIPPI,** revival.
March 5: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and **CITIZEN KANE,** revival.
March 6: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.

**SYMPHONY,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 5: **PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT;** and "Gigot," Jackie Gleason, Katherine Kath.
From March 6: **A CHILD IS WAITING;** and "Dead to the World," Reedy Talton.

**THALIA,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 28: "Antigone" (in Greek), Irene Papas.
March 1-4: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French), revival.
From March 5: **TIGER BAY,** revival; and **THE DEVIL STRIKES AT NIGHT** (in German), revival.

**RIVERSIDE,** B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through March 5: "Samson and the 7 Miracles of the World," Gordon Scott, Yoko Tani; and "Warriors Five," Jack Palance.
From March 6: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," revival, Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire.

**MIDTOWN,** B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 5 (tentative): **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German), revival; and "Throne of Blood" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From March 6 (tentative): **THE PASSION OF SLOW FIRE** (in French); and "Candide" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Pierre Brasseur.

**OLYMPIA,** B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Feb. 28: "Bachelor in Paradise," revival, Bob Hope, Lana Turner; and "Bridge to the Sun," revival, Carroll Baker, James Shigeta.
March 1-5: "Damon and Pythias," Guy Williams, Don Burnett; and "Tarzan Goes to India," Jock Mahoney, Mark Dana.
From March 6: "The War Lover," Steve McQueen, Robert Wagner; and "The Pirates of Blood River," Kerwin Mathews.

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## 167 days of foggy, foggy dew can't claim all the credit for beautiful English complexions.

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That's it! That's all! And with faithful daily treatments, Miss Arden promises you a complex ion that's soft as a rose petal at an English wed ding. Elizabeth Arden preparations are purveyed at fine stores in America, England and through out the world—and in the London Salon a

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# THE PEPPERELL FAMILY'S GRAND TOUR AMERICAN

☆ CHAPTER 4: IN BOBBIE BROOKS ☆

**Being, an excursion
for diversion
(mainly via American Airlines),
always in clothes
made of
marvelous Pepperell cottons,
which are the very best
wash-wear kind – being, also,
resistant to fading,
wrinkling, shrinking.**



**1.** One day in Bucks County, Mother Pepperell put on her Bobbie Brooks cross-tab, fly-front pants of charcoal-colored Pepperell cotton denim (sizes 5 to 15, about $7), picked up her golf clubs, and departed for the country club. She had absolutely no handicap. People in Pepperell cottons never do.



**2.** Next day the Pepperell Family was seen at the entrance to a covered bridge. Everybody loved Mother Pepperell's denim dress by Bobbie Brooks, with two rows of buttons in back. (Light blue, deep blue, grey with red-check gingham trim; sizes 5 to 15; about $12.)



**3.** They encountered only one hex.

**4.** Knowing it was a good sign, Mother Pepperell looked serene in a one-piece Bobbie Brooks shirtwaist, red checked on top, Pepperell denim on bottom (deep blue or grey, sizes 5 to 15, about $13).

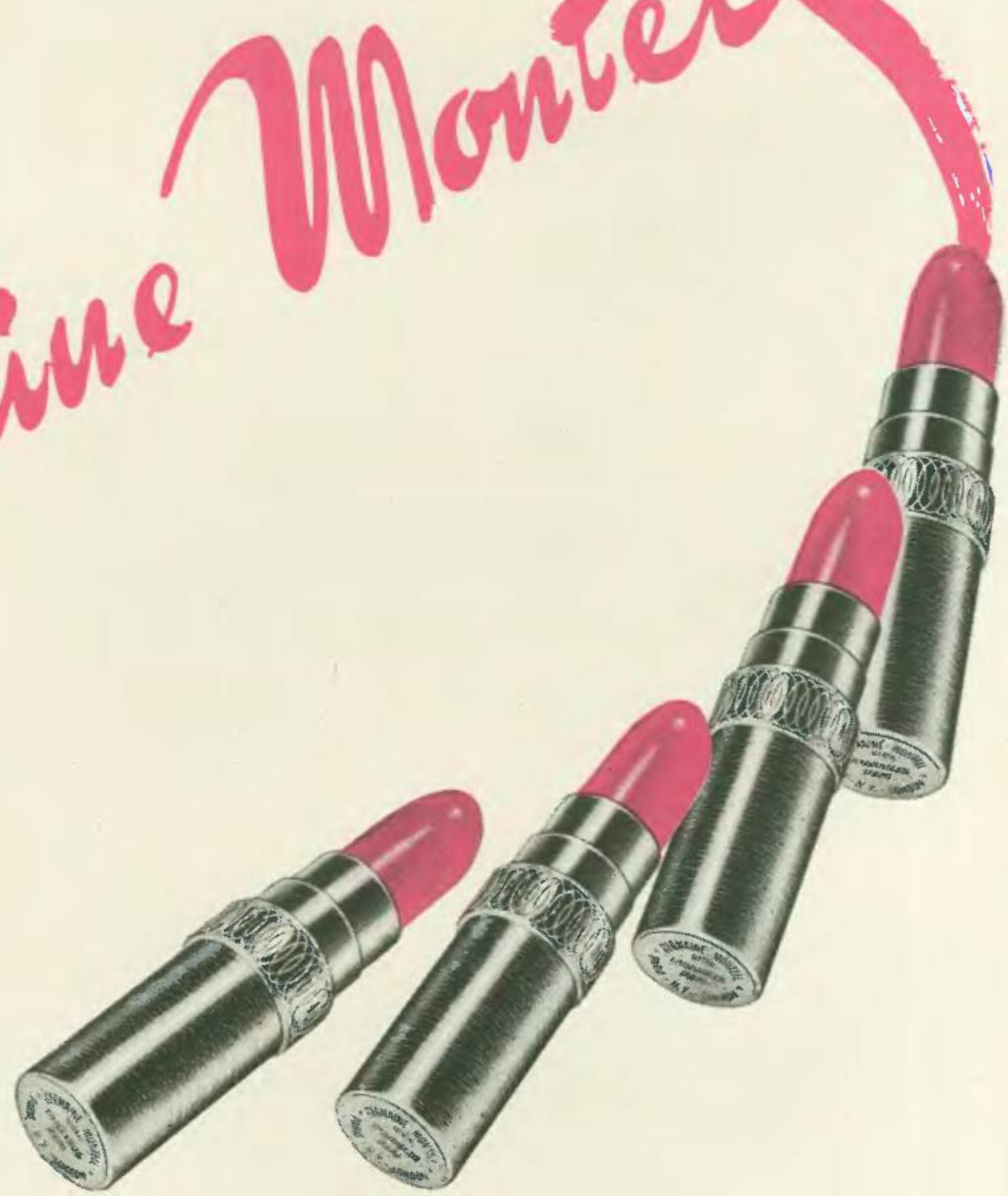


Pepperell Pepperell Pepperell
the ultimate in wash and wear

Sign of good fabric: the Pepperell hang-tag, which you'll see on these Bobbie Brooks designs at Macy's, New York City; Filene's, Boston; The Hecht Co., Washington, D.C. Get them all.

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

RECENTLY, the Post Office Department discovered that a bottle cap inside an envelope damages cancelling machines, and the Postmaster General announced that he might ask for legislation to ban the mailing of bottle caps and other objects that are beyond the understanding of postal automation. The bottle cap, clamped by a self-feeding machine on bottles that were once corked by hand, is itself the fruit of an earlier phase of automation, and we are inclined to look on the whole squabble as a power struggle between old, entrenched machines and an ambitious younger generation of machines. As a living organism, we would be presumptuous to take sides. The most fascinating aspect of the Bottle Cap-Automatic Cancelling Machine War is the assumption by the Postmaster General, and probably by most of the American public, that when a machine cannot cope with the problems of the everyday world, it is the everyday world that is in the wrong. The machine has taken on the role of infallible arbiter of right and wrong that was formerly filled by the dog. It is now the automaton that is supreme as a judge of men. The United States Navy has announced that a computer has lately been put to work estimating the odds on the future success of naval flight trainees. Again, a computer is being used to interpret electrocardiograms and diagnose heart disease. (Presumably, other computers will be programmed to scrutinize proposed legislation with the object of making sure that every American retains the right to choose his own family computer, and of insuring the computer-patient relationship against government interference.) But at the same time that the automaton is acquiring its prestige as a judge, there is a hint that it is slipping into a paunchy middle age. Why is an automatic canceller whining for human help from congressmen? Are the automata suffering from a failure of nerve? The Iron Mike pitching machines, which have been used by baseball teams for batting practice, throw only fast balls. Is it because they lack the guts to go to the curve with a three-ball count? The automated shuttle train between Times Square and Grand Central has so many safety devices that a human operator must stand by to take over when it stops in mid-passage, paralyzed throughout its circuits by the fear that it might do something dangerous.



The one bit of automation that is holding on to its youthful vigor without a gray hair of anxiety is the electric typewriter. The typewritten message is more highly esteemed than the handwritten, because it has come through a machine and therefore lacks the human delicacy of graded illegibility. The message from an electric typewriter enjoys still higher esteem, because the completely equal pressure of the keys eliminates any suggestion that a tortured human soul has been instrumental in striking them. Most highly esteemed of all is the message from the electric typewriter with the special type face that looks like printing—the triumph of the impersonal. Some electric typewriters can type a letter from beginning to end in the absence of contact with the human fingertip, and it is conceivable that a large corporation could be directed by its self-propelled typewriters for years after the death of its entire human staff. (Rumors that this has already happened are probably without basis.) The self-propelled electric typewriter has no pusillanimous safety devices of the kind that plague the automated shuttle train, and it types its letters ruthlessly, without sentimentality or hesitation. Such dynamic leadership is sure to make the typewriter-run corporation enormously successful. The danger is that the typewriters might tap out an endless stream of orders for typewriters; then people would have to step in to end automated featherbedding.

## *Shanks' Mare*

A MAN can outwalk a horse. The Roman soldier used to average twenty-one miles a day, with pack. A champion walker of the early nineteenth century, Captain Robert Barclay, once walked a thousand miles in a thousand consecutive hours. Dr. John H. Finley (1863-1940), onetime editor of the *Times*, used to take an annual thirty-six-mile hike around Manhattan. He also walked seventy-two miles across New Hampshire to attend the inauguration of a new president of Dartmouth. Edward Payson Weston (1839-1929), once a legman for the *Herald*, was this country's most famous pedestrian. He first caught the national fancy by walking from Boston to Washington, D.C., to attend Lincoln's first inauguration. When he was seventy-one, he walked from New York to San Francisco in a hundred and five days, and the next year he walked back to New York from Los Angeles in seventy-six days. A local taxi crippled the great man when he was eighty-eight, or he might be walking yet. A man can outwalk a



horse. Ben Jonson was a great walker, and so was Samuel Johnson, though neither was a patch on Wordsworth, who used to walk fourteen miles a day just to pick up his mail. Wordsworth and Coleridge blocked out "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" while they were on a walking tour in Somerset. Thomas De Quincey, another confirmed pedestrian, estimated that Wordsworth walked well over a hundred and seven-

ty-five thousand miles in the course of his long life, most of it up hill and down dale. Among our own literary figures, Thoreau was probably the best walker. Whitman talked big about the open road but was often to be seen riding in a horsecar. A man can outwalk a horse.

One of the greatest walks in history was that of three English sailors who, in 1568, made their way from Tampico, on the Gulf of Mexico, to St. John, New Brunswick. They had been stranded when Sir John Hawkins' Mexican expedition of the previous year was routed by the Spanish in the harbor of Vera Cruz; rather than risk capture by the Spanish, they decided to make their way north through the unmapped wilderness. Nobody knows the route they followed, but the journey took them a full year. In pioneer days, many purchases of land were arranged in terms of distances that could be covered on foot. William Penn made a famous "walking purchase" from the Delaware Indians, his commissioners concluding a treaty, in 1686, whereby it was agreed that the Delawares would relinquish all the land between the Delaware and Lehigh Rivers from a southerly boundary at what is now Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, north to the farthest point that a man could walk in three days. Penn himself took only as much land as a day and a half of leisurely strolling permitted him, but in 1737 his successors grabbed the biggest possible chunk of land by setting three trained walkers off on a trail that had been secretly blazed in advance; in the day and a half at their disposal, one of the three contrived to reach a peak in the Poconos sixty miles north of his starting place. The Delawares were furious; they'd assumed that the white men would stop frequently along the way to rest and hunt and eat.

In 1875, a Chicago book salesman named Daniel O'Leary walked a hundred and sixteen miles in twenty-three hours twelve minutes and twenty-three and a half seconds, making no sales. In 1940, James H. Hocking, of Teaneck, a walking enthusiast who kept going until his death, at the age of a hundred and one, covered the fifty-four miles, mostly uphill, between Hackensack and Bear Mountain in less than twelve hours; he was then eighty-four. The period of the Crusades was a happy time for walkers, though some authorities maintain that the Crusades were the result not of religious fervor but of a virus. "Festination" is the medical term for exceptionally fast walking. Some doctors consider it a sign of excellent health; others consider it a sign of neurosis. The American Podiatry Association, with the help of a trusty pedometer, has determined that a bartender averages ten miles a day. A Peruvian Boy Scout once walked from Buenos Aires to New York; the trip covered eighteen thousand miles and took him two years. In 1932, a man named Plennie Wingo walked around Europe and the United States backward for a distance of three thousand nine hundred and twenty-six miles; he was later reported to have been arrested on an unspecified charge in Istanbul. At about the same time, an Austrian taxi-driver attempted to walk the eighty miles from Vienna to Graz on his hands. At the end of forty miles, his hands were so blistered that he got back on his feet, to the humiliation of his loved ones. A man can outwalk a horse.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: In Cumberland County, Maine, there is a body of water that has the arresting name of Anonymous Pond. Now some spoilsports are trying to have it officially called Crystal Lake, and it may become anonymous.



*"Believe me, if you were the defendant, I'd have made up my mind hours ago."*

## *Nostalgic Twins*

AN *où-sont-les-neiges-d'antan* impulse, born of these Korvetted days of cut-rate contemporary books, recently sent us, after a preliminary phone call, to the flat of the Misses Addie and Babette Liveright, twin ladies, now in their eightieth year, who from 1924 to 1952 ran the Liveright Book Shop, an emporium of a sort that has all but disappeared. Its founders received us in a drawing room that contained a great many books and a framed family tree, going back to 1700, that *was* a tree, with foliage containing a great many Liverights and allied families. "We are cous-

ins of Horace," said Miss Babette, who appeared to be the family spokesman. "He helped us an awful lot when we went into business. Our family name was originally Lebrecht, but our father, who, with his three brothers, had been in the cattle business in Germany—you'll note a number of Fleischers on that tree—translated it into English when he came here, in the eighteen-fifties. He settled in western Pennsylvania. My sister and I were born in Philadelphia, where he was then a manufacturer. We went to Quaker schools. We are not intellectuals."

"How did you get into the book business?" we asked.

"I was a school secretary in Philadelphia for a while," Miss Babette said. "Then I came to New York, took a course in bookselling, and got a Christmas job selling at Stern's. A lot of my friends came down there, and I realized that I had a following. I persuaded Addie to join me, and we started a shop on the parlor floor of a brownstone front at 4 West Forty-ninth Street. It was owned by the Goelets. We began with a capital of only seven thousand dollars. Well, our following followed us, and we built up a faithful clientele by specializing in service. If we didn't have a book that was wanted, we got it right away. A couple of years after we started, a man came in and asked for some technical books on metallurgy. We didn't have them. He said he was sailing for Peru the next day. We had them on the boat for him. He was B. T. Colley, the chief metallurgist of the Cerro de Pasco Corporation, which owns copper mines. We got about a hundred accounts in South America through him, including a number of Cerro de Pasco officers and the company's library, in Lima. He is retired now, but he still lives in Peru, and we visited him and his wife there two summers ago."

"*We* retired eleven years ago, but we kept up our correspondence with him," Miss Addie said. "We took a cargo boat down to Lima, and flew to the Colleys' hacienda. We met a lot of our old customers in Lima. We go on a trip every year."



*"Don't blame us. It isn't our fault that you came out during the newspaper blackout."*

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"We moved from Forty-ninth Street to 15 West Fifty-first Street in 1929," her sister said. "Another brownstone. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., used to come in and buy from us. There never was such a man as John D. Rockefeller, Jr. He was the kindest person. He never wanted to be recognized, and we never called him by name. At first, we pretended we didn't know who he was. He paid cash. He carried his change in a little pocketbook. He was crazy over light fiction, sort of sophisticated short stories, and books about trees. In 1945, we moved to the Associated Press Building, on Rockefeller Plaza, and he followed us there. One day, he came in to take some books away for the summer, and four cents in change was coming to him. He hated pennies and ordinarily never carried them, so I gave him a nickel and said, 'All right, forget the penny.' He came back in October, said 'Here's the penny I owe you,' and gave it to me. He always carried his own books out—except once, when he bought a great many and had his chauffeur take them. Our packages were done up in pale-blue paper with red string. We had red shelves in all three stores. Addie did all the wrapping—she's a wonderful wrapper—and she ran our lending library, which we started around 1929. I did the buying and selling, and handled the business end in general. When we sold the shop, we stipulated that the name couldn't be sold again. The purchaser resold the store after a couple of years, and its successor is called the Lobby Book Shop."

We asked for the names of some other clients, and Miss Babette said, "Two of the biggest were the Holland-America Line and Oscar Hammerstein II. We stocked the libraries on all the Holland-America boats. We sold Christmas cards, and one day we found one with a baby robin on it for a lady who said that her name was Mrs. Robbins. Her husband came in six months later, said he was an official of the Holland-America Line, and gave us its book business. We sold Mr. Hammerstein all kinds of

theatrical-background books. In 1937, when he was working on 'High, Wide and Handsome,' a movie about the discovery of oil in western Pennsylvania, we sold him a lot of books about the oil business there. When we announced our retirement, he wrote us— Let's see." She fished around among some papers on a table, and read from one of them, " 'Dear Friends: There is no end to my gratitude for the way you have served me over these many years. You have been a part of my professional life, and a very important and comforting part.' "

The Liverights had three generations of customers, the more voluble twin told us. "Saturday afternoons, it was like a club," she said. "We worked nine hours a day, six days a week. We never made enough to support us, but one had fun in those days, especially during prohibition. Everything was so different in the free-and-easy speakeasy days. Will you have a drink?" She poured us some whiskey from a decanter, and went on, "We cultivated the secretaries of distinguished men. Mr. Benton and Mr. Bowles were customers, but I never laid eyes on them. Bennett Cerf was always nice to us."

We asked who else was nice, and she fished around some more and came up with a visitors' book. Among the names in it were those of Robert Nathan, Dawn Powell, Sinclair Lewis, Stark Young, Edgar Lee Masters, John V. A. Weaver, Louis Kronenberger, Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, Katherine Anne Porter, and A. S. W. Rosenbach.

"Dr. Rosenbach bought from us, but we didn't buy from him," Miss Addie said.





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CONVERSATIONAL fragment overheard in the Gristede market on Waverly Place:

WOMAN: "Can I buy less than a half-dozen eggs?"

CLERK: "No, Ma'am."

WOMAN: "Oh. . . . Well, will they keep indefinitely?"

## *Parties*

THE season of the not altogether disinterested party is upon us, and we're just beginning to recover from a whirlwind tour. After consulting an invitation that read, "The Board of Trustees of The Carnegie Hall Corporation invites you to a reception, on stage . . . from four to six o'clock to announce a new musical project of International Significance. Please present this invitation at Stage Door, 161 West 56th Street," we took a taxi to that address. There a young lady handed us a press kit containing a brochure inscribed "Carnegie Hall in association with Fédération Internationale des Jeunesses Musicales First Annual Exchange of Concert Artists February-March 1963 established under a grant from the Kitchens of Sara Lee, Chicago, Illinois, endorsed by the Association of College and University Concert Managers;" seven releases about the program, its grant, and five of its exchange artists; photographs of the artists (not smiling) and of Mr. Charles W. Lubin, president of the Kitchens of Sara Lee (almost smiling); and a cablegram to Isaac Stern, president of the Carnegie Hall Corporation, from Pablo Casals.

Following an omnium-gatherum glance at these items, we checked our coat and press kit, and pressed on to the stage, which was crowded with people drinking cocktails. What a galaxy! August Heckscher, the Special Consultant on the Arts to the President! Edouard Morot-Sir, the Cultural Counsellor of the French Embassy! George London, the singer! Leopold Stokowski! Gerald Warburg! The Mayor! And President Stern, at a mike, saying, "This cherished and cherishable hall . . . Let us continue to build music not only as an adornment to society but as a basic function"! He read the Casals message, a message from Jacqueline Kennedy, and a note from Adlai Stevenson, all congratulatory, and went on to introduce Mr. Heckscher, who said, "I don't really



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know what I'm doing here. It must be an instinctive willingness to support this remarkable man Isaac Stern. Take youth and add music and you have one of the most wonderful explosive forces in the world, and I wish it well."

Speeches followed by Lucius D. Battle, Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs; Mr. Stokowski; and President Lubin. Next, President Stern read a long congratulatory telegram from Senator Javits and said, "Can I present our landlord, the Mayor?"

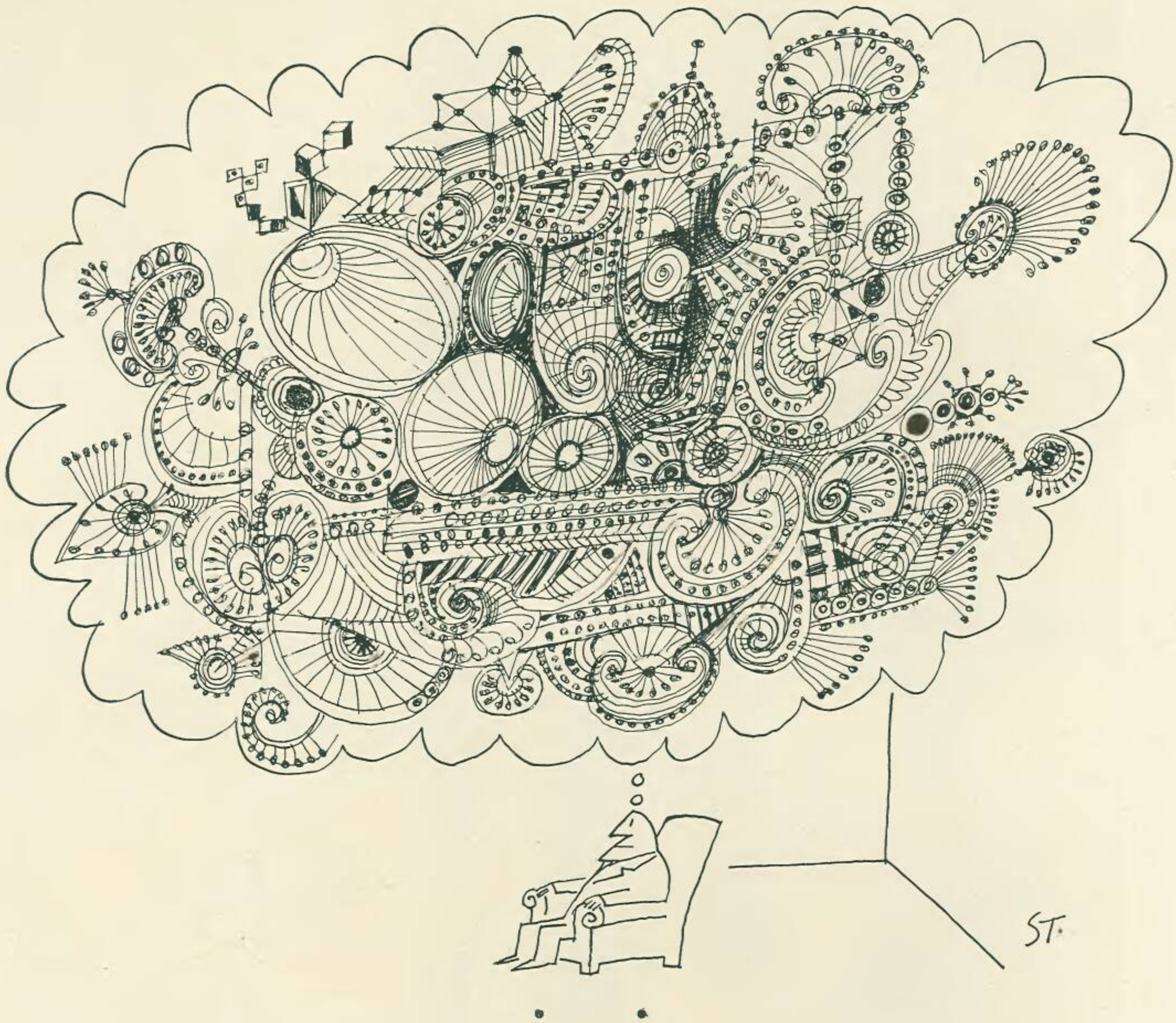
"I used to take violin lessons here," Mr. Wagner said, waving his hand vaguely in the direction of the old Carnegie Hall studios. "I never thought we could use this stage for a cocktail party. We should do it more often." He praised Mr. Stern and the federated Jeunesses (twenty-three, in as many countries, all of them partly financed by their governments), and quit the rostrum for a spot near us. A sharp-faced man came up to him and asked if he wanted a drink. "Dubonnet-on-the-rocks," he said. The man returned with a glass. "No Dubonnet," he said. "I've brought you sherry." The Mayor thanked him and took a sip.

Marian Anderson entered from the wings, shook hands with Mr. Wagner and Mr. Warburg, and smilingly declined to make a speech.

OTHER orations seemed to be looming up, however, so we beat it for our second party of the afternoon—"a jovial conclave sponsored by the Old Grand-Dad Club," according to our invitation, "to welcome a group of new members consisting of distinguished people in the world of the arts and business, [and] to announce establishment of an official Grand-Dad Day in 1963." The designated rendezvous was Old Grand-Dad Corner, at Sardi's East; we got there just in time to see the club's president, Mr. B. C. Ohlandt, induct into membership, with many a jovial oratorical flourish, thirteen lucky men, among them James A. Farley; Ogden Nash; James J. Lyons, former borough president of the Bronx; and Whitey Bimstein, "dean of fight trainers in the world of boxing." Each received a framed certificate, whose message, read aloud by the club's secretary, went, in part, "It shall be [the member's] bounden duty and privilege to expound at any length and in any company on the superior intelligence, lovable qualities, and exceptional good looks of his present or future grandchildren." We repaired to the bar, where Old Grand-Dad stood side by side with Old Taylor, Old Crow, Bellows, and Vat 69, and hoisted a bourbon. A man beside us told us that the club is an offshoot of National Distillers. "Truman, Eisenhower, and Hoover are members, and so is Winston Churchill," he said. "Official Grand-Dad Day has been proclaimed for the first Sunday after Labor Day. It was felt by our fifteen thousand members that this was a sufficient length of time away from Father's Day and Mother's Day."

As we were on our way out, a young lady handed us a copy of Mr. Nash's latest book, "Everyone But Thee and Me," and a press kit. We lugged this kit home with the other one, and found it to contain a membership certificate, five issues of the *Old Grand-Dad Club Newsletter*, a press release about the conclave that we had just attended, and the program of a concert the club gave in the Forest Park Music Grove, in Glendale, Queens, on September 16, 1962.

WE took a nap, put on a black tie, and, for a breather, went to the Morgan Library, which was giving the first concert—Music of the Courts of Lorenzo de' Medici and Emperor Maximilian I, played and sung by the New York Pro Musica group—of its thirty-nine-year history. A deliciously soothing occasion, followed by topiary sherbets and chitchat in the East Room ("I think Princeton is a heaven place to live," and "You know, we're just going crazy next spring. We're going along the southern coast of Tur-




key"), it completely restored us, and the following noon found us at the Americana Hotel for the Third International Fabrics Fair and Fashion Show Luncheon of the National Society of Interior Designers and the Parsons School of Design. In the foyer that serves the Americana's ballrooms, a young lady handed us a press kit containing seven releases and twelve generously captioned photographs, mostly of Parsons students got up in fabric creations of their own design ("Student Elaine Brandt designed this whirling, swirling wrap of fringed deep ice blue Venetian pure-silk taffeta with a satin back by Bergamo," and "The après ski jumper by Miss Fonssagrives, made with Chemstrand's Acrilan acrylic pile, can be worn over slim slacks," and "This practical 'bush suit' is in the new tobacco wool by Jens Risom"), along with a catalogue of drawings of these and other costumes, in which the bush suit was identified more grandly as a "Safari Walking Suit."

We packed up our troubles in our old kit bag and smiled our way into the Royal Ballroom, a great red room occupied by scores of fabric exhibits, two bars, and hundreds of milling guests, one of whom, a lady bent under the weight of a dozen bracelets, told us that the fabrics on display were normally used for draperies, upholstery, slipcovers, and other forms of home furnishing but could, in some cases, be used for clothes. "I'm wearing a cotton-and-viscose herringbone, with a worsted-textured finish, that could also lend itself to a wall covering," she said. "Look at that *cake* on that woman's head!" We sat down, with a Martini, on the edge of a platform, because all the tables in the room had been preëmpted by ladies, many with cakes on their heads. Two workmen appeared and tacked on the wall back of the platform a gold-fringed white-and-blue banner decorated with a Menorah candlestick and the legend "B'nai B'rith Women. No. 445. Freedom Chapter," and a red pennant reading "1950 District Pennant Award." Soon afterward, we gained the Imperial Ballroom, where we sat down at a table—one of a hundred and fifty-two, each seating ten—between a gentleman from *House & Garden* and a lady from *Mademoiselle*. "Have you ever put burlap on a wall? Is it easy? What kind of paste do you use?" *Mademoiselle* asked *House & Garden*, and he wrote out a reply and handed it to her. Bisque of Maine Lobster, Chicken Lucullus with Truffle Sauce, Croquettes of Brown Rice, Julienne of Stringbeans Amandine, Bombe Glacée Americana, Petits Fours, and Coffee, and the speeches began.

## *Aesthetics*

A FRIEND of ours whose ten-year-old son visited the Metropolitan Museum last week on a school excursion eagerly awaited his reaction to the "Mona Lisa." "Well, how was it?" she asked the minute he got home. "Twenty by thirty," he replied.

# L'LAPSE

(A SCENARIO FOR MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI, DIRECTOR OF "L'AVVENTURA," "LA NOTTE," AND "ECLIPSE")

*The scene is the plaza in front of the Plaza. Seated near the fountain are Marcello, a wealthy film critic who has enriched himself by writing attacks on Akira Kurosawa for the American Legion Magazine, and Anna, a lengthy, elegant beauty, blond, whose extreme nervousness is exteriorized in thumb-sucking. Shabby-looking pigeons wheel about meaningfully but in slow motion. The fountain supplies the sound of falling water; the water sounds viscid, hopeless. Anna is a wealthy, bored young animal, rather chunky in the hindquarters—more eland than gazelle. Marcello is a failed poet. If the budget permits, there may be a scene, late in the film, in which Marcello pours lysergic acid all over a rival poet's verses—a nasty business. The pace of the opening is slow; in fact, the entire film will proceed as if the players were wearing lead suits. The camera begins by thoughtfully considering a nearby construction project (played by the Tishman Brothers), fondling with love each girder and bag of cement; then, reluctantly, it tears itself away to focus on Anna. Anna, looking as if her gums were getting sore, examines her thumbs; the right thumb is distinctly larger than the left. She lifts her eyes to regard Marcello—a slow, somnolent, yet intensely meaningful regard, which is held for seven minutes. Finally, she speaks.*

ANNA (*slowly, sadly*): A superb drama. An engrossing film . . . penetratingly different . . . makes cinema history.

MARCELLO (*wealthy, bored*): If I'm going to teach you the business, *cara*, you gotta learn not to make adverbs out of words like "penetrating." Now go on. It's one of the year's ten best, I suppose?

ANNA: One of the year's ten best. Urgent. Sheer cinematic excitement.

MARCELLO: A magnificent, ironic parable?

ANNA: A magnificent ironic parable. Eerily symbolic in intent and effect. Beautiful to watch. (*Inserts thumb*)

MARCELLO: Say something about style.

ANNA: A deft and skillful style full of pictorial chic?

MARCELLO (*moodily*): Not bad.

ANNA (*without hope*): An outstanding film for discriminating moviegoers. Does not merely survive repeated visits, it repays them. Original and remarkable. Intellectual suspense, mystery, and excitement. A film to see. A film worth seeing. A film of disturbing beauty. Marvellously realized. (*Turns face away*) Oh, Marcello, it's no good. I can't do it. Last night . . .

MARCELLO (*sharply, annoyed*): I don't want to talk about last night. Now, what about the director?

ANNA: A sensualist with a camera.

MARCELLO: That's very good. Go on. This is a review in depth.

ANNA: A poet with a camera. A philosopher with a camera. Another damn Italian with a camera.

MARCELLO: Anna!

ANNA (*removes thumb*): But Marcello, I didn't *like* the picture. I was bored.

MARCELLO: Look, sweets, it doesn't matter you were bored. The point is, you were bored *in a certain way*. Like brilliantly.

ANNA: You didn't think it was a little . . . slow?

MARCELLO: *Of course* it was slow. I mean it had a certain slow beauty. A sort of visual rubato. On the other hand, it was obscure and baffling.

ANNA: Visual rubato?

MARCELLO: I mean you can't just say you were *bored*, for God's sake.

ANNA (*trailing thumb in fountain*): Marcello . . .

MARCELLO (*evasively*): Yes?

ANNA: You know what's wrong . . . between us?

MARCELLO (*more evasively*): What?

ANNA: We have to face it, Marcello. We communicate. You and me.

MARCELLO (*shamed, looks away*): I know. . . .

ANNA: We communicate like crazy.

MARCELLO: Anna . . .

ANNA: It's so *déclassé*. I can't bear it. (*Reinserts thumb*)

MARCELLO: It's my fault. I have a tendency to make myself clear. I mean . . .

ANNA (*bitterly*): I *know* what you mean.

(*Shot of sky—overbright, glaring. Overexposed? Shot of cement bag—fat, opulent even, manufacturer's name clearly visible. Shot of boy on bicycle looking over shoulder, away from camera. Shot of puddle of water, Juicy Fruit wrapper floating on surface.*)

MARCELLO: Anna?

ANNA: Last night . . .

MARCELLO: I could change. My approach, I mean. (*Speaks in italics*)




*"As I understand it, then, your credo is that <u>everything</u> is a lot of malarkey."*

*These rooms, these corridors, empty, endless, oppressive; the mirrors on the walls, dark, ancient, oppressive; the carved frames, elaborate ceilings. These rooms, these corridors* . . . Where did you put my pills?

ANNA (*searches in handbag*): I have them—here. I wish you wouldn't.

MARCELLO (*chews pills*): I can't help it. I'm nervous. It's that new picture I have to see tomorrow—the one I've been putting off. "Lawrence or Arabia"? "Lawrence Over Arabia"? *I* don't know. All I know is, I'm afraid of it.

ANNA: What's to be afraid?

MARCELLO (*dismally*): I hear it's a picture, you know, in the old tradition. Swift-moving, panoramic. With *action*. I'm not sure I'll be able to cope.

ANNA (*brutally*): You're as good as you ever were, Marcello.

(*Marcello winces. They regard each other for a long moment. Shot of nail kegs at construction site. Camera peers into keg, counts nails. Shot of bus disappearing around corner. Shot of I.R.T. breaking down. Shot of man in undershirt high on apartment balcony. Shot of little girl with balloon. Tracking shot of citizens' committee saving Penn Station.*)

ANNA: Last night . . .

MARCELLO (*pulls himself together*): Forget about last night. Think about tonight. What's for supper?

ANNA: Steak. The way you like it.

MARCELLO: With hallucinatory mushrooms?

ANNA: Yes.

MARCELLO: God, that's decadent.

ANNA (*pleased, smiles*): Yes.

MARCELLO: Don't you think that's just a little . . . Fellini?

ANNA (*enigmatically*): Yes.

(*Shot of passenger pigeons against bleak sky. Shot of man waiting for bus; bus fails to appear—he is waiting on Park Avenue. Long shot of traffic light changing on Fordham Road. Close shot of unsmoked filter-tip cigarette; it looks virginal, possibly inhibited.*)

ANNA (*removes thumb*): Last night . . .

MARCELLO (*ignores her, reads from magazine*): "A prolonged detailed illustration of the moody surrender of a woman to a rare and elusive love." Crowther, *Times*. How do you like that?

ANNA (*thumb*): I like it. "Moody surrender." It's beautiful.

MARCELLO: It's pure *pasta*, that's what it is. Listen to this: "Antonioni is so selective and sensitive with his use of camera, so deft in catching intonations of emotional flux and flow in the graphic relations of individuals to the vividly passing scene—" I can't go on.

ANNA (*rare, elusive*): Finish it.

MARCELLO: "—that what might be slow and tedious as a cinematic style actually turns out quite fascinating in his skillful command of it." That's what I call a *really* ugly sentence.

ANNA (*thumb out*): You critics with your jealousies. You disgust me, all of you. *Critic!*

MARCELLO: Anna, I think it's time for your walk.

ANNA: My long, long, aimless walk? Marcello, I don't want to go today.

MARCELLO (*slowly, con amore*): Anna, you must. It's a convention.

ANNA (*thumb*): Will there be meaningless incidents?

MARCELLO (*bored again*): One assumes.

ANNA: A little girl playing with a balloon?

MARCELLO: Undoubtedly.

ANNA: An old man with a terrible lined face reading an Armenian newspaper?

MARCELLO: Wasn't he there yesterday?

ANNA (*despair*): Of course. Of course.

(*Shot of empty street with man lurking in doorway. Is it Orson Welles? No, unfortunately, it is not Orson Welles.*



*Shot of electricity lurking in wall outlet. Shot of hoarding advertising "Sodom and Gomorrah." Shot of I beams stacked randomly in field. Shot of empty benches in park. Medium shot of tree branches afflicted with Memling's Rot.*)

MARCELLO (*reading picture magazine*): What is this . . . 'surfboard'?

ANNA (*dreamily*): One takes a board—

MARCELLO: Yes?

ANNA: And runs out into the water with it—

MARCELLO: Go on.

ANNA: And sinks.

MARCELLO: Are you sure?

ANNA (*thumb out, gaze fixed on thumb*): Sometimes *two* people take the board and run out into the water with it and sink. Last night—

MARCELLO (*admiringly*): You got a future in the industry, baby. What a gift for empty anecdote!

ANNA: Marcello, *why* do we communicate? Why you and me? Last night, when we *talked* to each other . . . I couldn't bear it. Why can't we be like other people? Why can't we spend our time in mindless eroticism, like everybody else?

MARCELLO (*hangs head*): I don't know.

ANNA: Last night when we were talking about pure cinema, and I called for a transvaluation of all values, and you said that light was the absence of light—we weren't communicating then, were we? It was just jargon, wasn't it? Just noise?

MARCELLO (*facing the truth*): No, Anna, I'm afraid we *were* communicating. On a rather low level.

ANNA (*frenzied, all thumbs*): I want

## SWAN NARCISSUS

Snared in the rustling sheath of winter,
Neck high in March, not yet remembering
Water-notes near the nape attentive,
How like a swan the narcissus opens.

Slow the ascent, compact the statement,
Patient the shell, still shut forever,
Stubborn against the beat of sunlight
Falling in waves of its own divining.

This, as the star knows night, knows earthspring.
Torn from the husk and coil of seasons,
Sprung from dark earth, in the air it rises,
Printing on time its eternal pattern.

How like a wing that single petal
Breaks from the gold eye fixed on darkness,
Born like the solitary to stillness,
Praising alone what surpasses nature.

—VERNON WATKINS




*"He's crazy about me."*

• •

my life to be *really* meaningless. Like in that film. Such boredom! Such emptiness! Such febrile elegance! It was penetratingly different, a magnificent ironic parable, one of the year's ten best. *Marcello!*

MARCELLO: Meaninglessness like that is not for everybody. Not for you and me, *cara.*

(*Anna turns away. It is clear that if we could see it her face would reveal an emotion of some kind. Marcello knows what she is feeling, or appears to; he stretches out his right hand. But he cannot quite reach Anna; she is running off down the street after a disappearing bus.*)

MARCELLO: Anna! (*Slow pause*) Anna?

(*Shot of man on bench looking at camera inquiringly. Shot of cement bags. Shot of leaf floating in gutter; leaf floats down drain. Camera waits four minutes to see if leaf will reappear. It does not reappear. Shot of traffic light; it is stuck. Medium shot of old lady pouring mineral water on head. Close shot of same man on bench: his eyes close.*)

FIN

—DONALD BARTHELME

# METAMORPHOSES

I

Larry Actaeon was built along classical lines: curly hair, a triangulated nose, and a large and supple body, and he had what might be described as a Periclean interest in innovation. He designed his own sailboat (it had a list to port), ran for mayor (he was defeated), bred a Finnish wolf bitch to a German shepherd dog (the American Kennel Club refused to list the breed), and organized a drag hunt in Bullet Park, where he lived with his charming wife and three children. He was a partner in the investment-banking firm of Lothard and Williams, where he was esteemed for his shrewd and boisterous disposition.

Lothard and Williams was a highly conservative shop with an unmatched reputation for probity, but it was unconventional in one respect. One of the partners was a woman. This was a widow named Mrs. Vuiton. Her husband had been a senior partner, and when he died she had asked to be taken into the firm. In her favor were her intelligence, her beauty, and the fact that had she withdrawn her husband's interest from the partnership, it would have been missed. Lothard, the most conservative of them all, supported her candidacy, and she was taken in. Her intellect was formidable, and was fortified by her formidable and immaculate beauty. She was a stunning woman, in her middle thirties, and brought more than her share of business to the firm. Larry didn't dislike her—he didn't quite dare to—but that her good looks and her musical voice were more effective in banking than his own shrewd and boisterous manner made him at least uneasy.

The partners in Lothard and Williams—they were seven—had their private offices arranged around the central offices of Mr. Lothard. They had the usual old-fashioned appurtenances—walnut desks, portraits of dead partners, dark walls and carpets. The six male partners all wore watch chains, stickpins, and high-crowned hats. Larry sat one afternoon in this atmosphere of calculated gloom, weighing the problems of a long-term bond issue that was in the house and having a slow sale, and suddenly it crossed his mind that they might unload the entire issue on a pension-fund customer. Moved by his enthusiasm, his boisterousness, he strode through Mr. Lothard's outer office and impetuously opened the inner door. There was Mrs. Vuiton, wearing nothing but a string of beads. Mr. Lothard was at her side, wearing a wristwatch. "Oh, I'm terribly sorry!" Larry said, and he closed the door and returned to his own desk.

The image of Mrs. Vuiton seemed incised in his memory, burnt there. He had seen a thousand naked women, but he had never seen one so stunning. Her skin had a luminous and pearly whiteness that he could not forget. The pathos and beauty of the naked woman established itself in his memory like a strain of music. He had beheld something that he should not have seen, and Mrs. Vuiton had glared at him with a look that was wicked and unholy. He could not shake or rationalize away the feeling that his blunder was disastrous; that he had in some way stumbled into a transgression that would demand compensation and revenge. Pure enthusiasm had moved him to open the door without knocking; pure enthusiasm, by his lights, was a blameless impulse. Why should he feel himself surrounded by trouble, misfortune, and disaster? The nature of man was concupiscent; the same thing might be going on in a thousand offices. What he had seen was commonplace, he told himself. But there had been nothing commonplace about the whiteness of her skin or her powerful and collected stare. He repeated to himself that he had done nothing wrong, but underlying all his fancies of good and evil, merits and rewards, was the stubborn and painful nature of things, and he knew that he had seen something that it was not his destiny to see.




He dictated some letters and answered the telephone when it rang, but he did nothing worthwhile for the rest of that afternoon. He spent some time trying to get rid of the litter that his Finnish wolf bitch had whelped. The Bronx Zoo was not interested. The American Kennel Club said that he had not introduced a breed, he had produced a monstrosity. Someone had informed him that jewellers, department stores, and museums were policed by savage dogs, and he telephoned the security departments of Macy's, Cartier's, and the Museum of Modern Art, but they all had dogs. He spent the last of the afternoon at his window, joining that vast population of the blunderers, the bored—the empty-handed barber, the clerk in the antique store nobody ever comes into, the idle insurance salesman, the failing haberdasher—all of those thousands who stand at the windows of the city and watch the afternoon go down. Some nameless doom seemed to threaten his welfare, and he was unable to refresh his boisterousness, his common sense.

He had a directors' dinner meeting on the East Side at seven. He had brought his evening clothes to town in a suit box, and had been invited to bathe and change at his host's. He left his office at five and, to kill time and if possible cheer himself, walked the two or three miles to Fifty-seventh Street. Even so, he was early, and he stopped in a bar for a drink. It was one of those places where the single women of the neighborhood congregate and are made welcome; where, having tippled sherry for most of the day, they gather to observe the cocktail hour. One of the women had a dog. As soon as Larry entered the place, the dog, a dachshund, sprang at him. The leash was attached to a table leg, and he struck at Larry so vigorously that he dragged the table a foot or two and upset a couple of drinks. He missed Larry, but there was a great deal of confusion, and Larry went to the end of the bar farthest from the ladies. The dog was excited, and his harsh, sharp barking filled the place. "What are you thinking of, Smoky?" his mistress asked. "What in the world are you thinking of? What's become of

my little doggy? This can't be my little Smoky. This must be another doggy. . . ." The dog went on barking at Larry.

"Dogs don't like you?" the bartender asked.

"I breed dogs," Larry said. "I get along very well with dogs."

"It's a funny thing," the bartender said, "but I never heard that dog bark before. She's in here every afternoon, seven days a week, and that dog's always with her, but this is the first time there's ever been a peep out of him. Maybe if you took your drink into the dining room."

"You mean I'm disturbing Smoky?"

"Well, she's a regular customer. I never saw you before."

"All right," Larry said, putting as much feeling as he could into his consent. He carried his drink through a doorway into the empty dining room and sat at a table. The dog stopped barking as soon as he was gone. He finished his drink and looked around for another way to leave the place, but there was none. Smoky sprang at him again when he went out through the bar, and everyone was glad to see such a troublemaker go.




*"Check Bodmer's work tonight, will you?"*

• •

The apartment house where he was expected was one he had been in many times, but he had forgotten the address. He had counted on recognizing the doorway and the lobby, but when he stepped into the lobby he was faced with the sameness of those places. There was a black-and-white floor, a false fireplace, two English chairs, and a framed landscape. It was all familiar, but he realized that it could have been one of a dozen lobbies, and he asked the elevator man if this was the Fullmers' house. The man said "Yes," and Larry stepped into the car. Then, instead of ascending to the tenth floor where the Fullmers lived, the car went down. The first idea that crossed Larry's mind was that the Fullmers might be having their vestibule painted and that, for this or for some other inconvenience or change, he would be expected to use the back elevator. The man slid the door open onto a kind of infernal region, crowded with heaped ashcans, broken perambulators, and steampipes covered with ruptured asbestos sleeving. "Go through the door there and get the other elevator," the man said.

"But why do I have to take the back elevator?" Larry asked.

"It's a rule," the man said.

"I don't understand," Larry said.

"Listen," the man said. "Don't argue with me. Just take the back elevator. All you deliverymen always want to go in the front door like you owned the place. Well, this is one building where you can't. The management says all deliveries at the back door, and the management is boss."

"I'm not a deliveryman," Larry said. "I'm a guest."

"What's the box?"

"The box," Larry said, "contains my evening clothes. Now take me up to the tenth floor where the Fullmers live."

"I'm sorry, Mister, but you *look* like a deliveryman."

"I am an investment banker," Larry said, "and I am on my way to a directors' meeting, where we are going to discuss the underwriting of a forty-four-million-dollar bond issue. I am worth nine hundred thousand dollars. I have a twenty-two-room house in Bullet Park, a kennel of dogs, two riding horses, three children in college, a twenty-two-foot sailboat, and five automobiles."

"Jesus," the man said.

After Larry had bathed, he looked at himself in the mirror to see if he could detect any change in his appearance, but the face in the glass was too familiar; he had shaved and washed it too many times for it to reveal any secrets. He got through dinner and the meeting, and afterward had a whiskey with the other directors. He was still, in a way that he could not have defined, troubled at having been mistaken for a deliveryman, and hoping to shift his unease a little he said to the man beside him, "You know, when I was coming up in the elevator tonight I was mistaken for a deliveryman." His confidant either didn't hear, didn't comprehend, or didn't care. He laughed loudly at something that was being said across the room, and Larry, who was used to commanding attention, felt that he had suffered another loss.

He took a taxi to Grand Central and went home on one of those locals that seem like a roundup of the spiritually wayward, the drunken, and the

lost. The conductor was a corpulent man with a pink face and a fresh rose in his buttonhole. He had a few words to say to most of the travellers.

"You working the same place?" he asked Larry.

"Yes."

"You rush beer up in Yorktown, isn't that it?"

"No," Larry said, and he touched his face with his hands to see if he could feel there the welts, lines, and other changes that must have been worked in the last few hours.

"You work in a restaurant, don't you?" the conductor asked.

"No," Larry said quietly.

"That's funny," the conductor said. "When I saw the soup-and-fish I thought you was a waiter."

It was after one o'clock when he got off the train. The station and the cab-stand were shut, and only a few cars were left in the parking lot. When he switched on the lights of the small European car he used for the station, he saw that they burned faintly, and as soon as he pressed the starter they faded to nothing with each revolution of the motor. In the space of a few minutes, the battery gave up the ghost. It was only a little less than a mile to his house, and he really didn't mind the walk. He strode briskly along the empty streets and unfastened the gates to his driveway. He was fastening them when he heard the noise of running and panting and saw that the dogs were out.

The noise woke his wife, who, thinking that he had already come home, called to him for help. "Larry! Larry, the dogs are out! The dogs are out! Larry, please come quickly, the dogs are out and I think they're after someone!" He heard her calling him as he fell, and saw the yellow lights go on in the windows, but that was the last he saw.

II

Orville Betman spent the three summer months alone in New York, as he had done ever since his marriage. He had a large apartment, a good housekeeper, and a host of friends; but he had no wife. Now, some men have a sexual disposition as vigorous, indiscriminate, and demanding as a digestive tract, and to invest these drives with the crosslights of romantic agony would be as tragic as it would be to invent rituals and music for the bronchial tree. These men do not, when they are eating a piece of pie, consider themselves involved in a sacred contract; no more do they in the bounding act of love. This was not Betman. He loved his wife, and he loved no other woman in the world. He loved her voice, her tastes, her face, her grace, her presence, and her memory. He was a good-looking man, and when he was alone other women pursued him. They asked him up to their apartments, they tried to force their way into his apartment, they seized him in corridors and garden paths, and one of them, on the beach at East Hampton, pulled off his bathing trunks, but, thus incommoded, the only love he had was for Victoria.

Betman was a singer. His voice was distinguished not by its range and beauty but by its persuasiveness. He gave one recital of eighteenth-century music early in his career and was roasted by the critics. He drifted into television and for a while dubbed voices for animated cartoons. Then, by chance, someone asked him to do a cigarette commercial. It was four lines. The result was explosive. Cigarette sales shot up eight hundred per cent, and from this single commercial he made, with residuals, more than fifty thousand dollars. The element of persuasiveness in his voice could not be isolated or imitated, but it was infallible. Whatever he praised in song—shoe polish, toothpaste, floor wax—hundreds and thousands of men and women would find his praise irresistible. Even little children heeded his voice. He was very wealthy, of course, and the work was light.

He first saw his wife on a Fifth Avenue bus on a rainy night. She was then a young and slender woman with yellow hair, and the instant he saw her he felt a singular attraction or passion that he had never felt before and would never, as it happened, feel again. The strenuousness of his feeling made him follow her when she left the bus, somewhere on upper Fifth Avenue. He suffered, as any lover will who, moved by a pure and impetuous heart, well knows that his attentions, whatever they are, will be mistaken for a molestation, and usually a revolting one. She walked toward the door of an apartment house and hesitated under the awning long enough to shake the raindrops out of her umbrella.

"Miss?" he asked.

"Yes?"

"Could I speak with you for a minute?"

"What about?"

"My name is Orville Betman," he said. "I sing television commercials.



*"And we come in four basic colors—red, black, white, and yellow."*



*"I don't know anything about art, but I know what I'm supposed to like!"*

• •

You may have heard me. I . . ." Her attention wandered from him to the lighted lobby, and then he sang, in a true, sweet, and manly voice, a commercial he had taped that afternoon:

"Gream takes the ish
Out of washing a dish."

His voice touched her as it seemed to have touched the rest of the world, but it touched her glancingly. "I don't look at television," she said. "What is it you want?"

"I want to marry you," he said sincerely.

She laughed and went on into the lobby and the elevator. The doorman, for five dollars, gave him her name and circumstances. She was Victoria Heatherstone and lived with her invalid father in 14-B. In the space of a morning, the research department in the station where he worked reported that she had graduated from Vassar that spring, and was doing volunteer work in an East Side hospital. One of the apprentice script girls had been in her class and knew her roommate intimately. In a few days, Betman was able to go to a cocktail party where he met her, and he took her out to dinner. His instinct when he first glimpsed her on the bus had been unerring. She was the woman life meant him to have; she was his destiny. She resisted his claims on her for a week or two, and then she succumbed. But there was a problem. Her old father—a Trollope scholar—was indeed an invalid, and she felt that if she left him he would die. She could not, even if it meant constricting her own life, hold the burden of his death upon her conscience. He was not expected to live for long, and she would marry Betman when her father died; she became, to express the genuineness of her promise, his mistress. Betman's happiness was exalted. But the old man did not die.

Betman wanted to marry; wanted to have the union blessed, celebrated, and announced. He was not content to have Victoria come to his apartment two or three times a week as she did. Then the old man had a stroke and was urged by his doctor to leave New York. He moved to a house he owned in Albany, and this then left Victoria free—or free at least for nine months of the year. She married Betman, and they were vastly happy together, although they had no children. However, on the first of June she left for an island in Lake St. Francis, where the dying old man summered, and she did not return to her husband until September. The old man still thought his daughter unmarried, and Betman was forbidden to visit her. He wrote her three times a week to a post-office box, and she replied much less frequently, since, as she explained, there was nothing to report but her father's blood pressure, temperature, digestion, and night sweats. He always appeared to be dying. Since he had never seen either the island or the old man, the place naturally took on for Betman legendary proportions, and his three months alone each year was agony.

He woke one summer Sunday morning to feel such love for his wife that he called out her name: "Victoria, Victoria!" He went to church, dismissed the housekeeper after lunch, and late in the afternoon went for a walk. It was inhumanly hot, and the high temperature seemed to draw the city closer to the heart of time; the smell of hot pavings seemed to belong to history. From an open window he heard himself singing a song about peanut butter. Traffic was heavy on the East River Drive, and this respiratory and melancholy sound came up to where he walked. Traffic would be heavy on all the approaches to the city—and the thought of these lines of cars at Sunday's end made it seem as if the day conformed to some rigid script, part of which was the traffic, part the golden light that poured through the city's parallel streets, part a distant rumble of thunder, as if some leaf had been peeled away from the bulk of sound, and part the unendurable spiritual winter of his months alone. He was overwhelmed by the need for his only love. He got his car and started north a little after dark.

He spent the night in Albany and got to the town of Lake St. Francis in the middle of the morning. It was a small and pleasant resort town, neither booming nor dead. He asked at the boat livery how he could get out to Temple Island. "She comes over once a week," the boatman said. "She comes over to get groceries and medicine, but I don't expect she'll be over today." He pointed across the water to where the island lay, a mile or so distant. Betman rented an outboard and started across the lake. He circled the island and found a landing in a cove, where he made the boat fast. The house above him was a preposterous and old-fashioned cottage, highly inflammable, black with creosote and ornamented with outrageous medieval fancies. There was a round tower of shingles and a wooden parapet that wouldn't have withstood the fire of a .22. Tall firs surrounded the wooden castle and covered it in darkness. It was so dark on that bright morning that

lights were burning in most of the rooms.

He crossed the porch and saw, through a glass panel in the door, a long hall ending in a staircase with newel posts. Venus stood on one, a lustreless bronze. In one hand she held a branch of two electric candles, lighted against the gloom of the firs. There was no trace of modesty in her stance, and that her legs were apart made her seem utterly defenseless and a little pathetic, as is sometimes the case with Venus. On the other newel post was Hermes; Hermes in flight. He, too, carried a pair of lighted electric candles. The stairs, carpeted in dark green, led up to a stained-glass window. The colors of the glass, even in the gloom, were of astonishing brilliance and discord. After he had rung, an elderly maid came down the stairs, keeping one hand on the banister. She limped. She came up to the door and, looking out at him through the glass panel, simply shook her head.

He opened the door; it opened easily. "I'm Mr. Betman," he said softly. "I want to see my wife."

"You can't see her now. Nobody can. She's with *him*."

"I must see her."

"You can't. Please go. Please go away." Her pleading seemed frightened.

Beyond the firs he could see the lake, flat as glass, but the wind in the trees made a sound so like the sea that had he been blindfold he would have guessed that the house stood on a headland. Then he thought or felt that this was that instant where death enters the terrain of love. These were not the bare facts of life but its ancient and invisible storms, and they moved him like the weight of water. Then he sang:

"Wher-e'er you walk,
cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit,
shall crowd in-to a shade . . ."

The elderly maid, too courteous perhaps to interrupt or moved perhaps by Handel's air and the words, said nothing. Upstairs he heard a door close and footsteps on the carpet. She hastened past the brilliant, ugly window down to where he waited. There was nothing in all the world so sweet to him as her kiss.

"Come back with me now," he said.

"I can't, darling, my darling. He's dying."

"How many times have you thought this before."

"Oh, I know, but now he *is* dying."

"Come with me."

"I can't. He's dying."

"Come."

He took her hand and led her out the door, down over the treacherous, pungent carpet of pine needles, to the landing. They crossed the lake without speaking but in such a sombreness of feeling that the air, the hour, and the light seemed solid. He paid for the boat, opened the car door for her, and they started south. He did not look at her until they were on the main highway, and then he turned to bask in her freshness, her radiance. It was because he loved her too well that her white arms, the color of her hair, her smile distracted him. He veered from one lane into another and the car was crushed by a truck.

She died, of course. He was in the hospital eight months, but when he was able to walk again, he found that the persuasiveness of his voice had not been injured. You can still hear him singing about table polish, bleaches, and vacuum cleaners. He always sings of inessentials, never about the universality of suffering and love, but thousands of men and women go off to the stores as if he had, as if this was his song.



III

TO watch Mrs. Peranger enter the club was a little like choosing up sides for a sand-lot ball game; it was exciting. On her way toward the dining room she would give Mrs. Bebe, who had worked with her on the hospital committee, a fleeting and absent-minded smile. She would cut Mrs. Binger, who was waving and calling her name loudly, dead. She would kiss Mrs. Evans lightly on both cheeks, but she would seem to have forgotten poor Mrs. Budd, at whose house she sometimes dined. She would also seem to have forgotten the Wrights, the Hugginses, the Frames, the Logans, and the Halsteads. A white-haired woman, beautifully dressed, she wielded the power of rudeness so adroitly that she was never caught in an exposed position, and when people asked one another how she got away with it they only increased her advantage. She had been a beauty, and had been painted by Paxton in the twenties. She stood in front of a mirror. The wall was luminous, an imitation of Vermeer, and, as in a Vermeer, the light was put on without its source. There were the usual appurtenances—the gin-

## GIBRALTAR

I've never seen it. I have only heard
sheer legend of a fat leviathan,
the British butting-head off fascist Spain
and guardian to the Mediterranean,
blue garden of the earth—of how a brain-
gray myth lifts like a mountain from the seas,
unscaled, a mooring for the barnacle,
for few stone pine and wild olive trees
grasping its limestone back, insoluble
so far. A Pillar of Hercules! I've seen
newswire photos of the rock's endurance,
flat dots amassing dead ideas which mean
the promising Prudential Life Insurance
Company of America, the word.

But if I've never seen the thing itself,
I may imagine it: a pock-marked bomb
shelter the sea gulls grip like ugly doves—
or human hive, each probing honeycomb
swollen with machinery, and droves
of lives. Its sphinx eyes hide artillery;
destroyers glide like ducks before the blind,
their topsides deadpan, all activity
below the waterline. And at the hind-
side of Gibraltar lies a gentle slope,
I'm told, of whitewashed homes with garden flowers
growing; and steel stems and fingers grope
cliffside—set to expose a rose of hours,
the stone afire, gathering itself.

—JAMES SCULLY

• •




*"Why do you have to be the only one to say he's uncomfortable?"*

• •

ger jar, the gilt chair, and in the farther room, seen in the glass, a harp on a rug. Her hair had been the color of fire. But this static portrait was only half a world. She had introduced the maxixe to Newport, played golf with Bobby Jones, closed speakeasies at dawn, played strip poker at a Baltimore house-party, and even now—an old woman—should she hear on the aromatic summer air the music of a Charleston, she would get up from the sofa and begin to dance with a vigorous pivot step, throwing first one leg out in front of her and then the other, cracking her thumbs and singing, "Charleston! Charleston!"

Mr. Peranger and her only son, Patrick, were dead. Of her only daughter, the nymphlike Nerissa, she would say, "Nerissa is giving me a few days of her time. I don't feel that I can ask her for more. She is *so* sought after that I sometimes think she has never married because she has never found the time. She showed her dogs last week in San Francisco, and hopes to take them to Rome for the dog show there. Everyone *loves* Nerissa. Everyone *adores* her. She is *too* attractive for *words*."

Enter Nerissa then, into her mother's drawing room. She is a thin and wasted spinster of thirty. Her hair is gray. Her slip shows. Her shoes are caked with mud. She is plainly one of those children who, without bitterness or rancor, seem burdened with the graceless facts of life. It is their destiny to point out that the elegance and chic of the world their mothers have mastered is not, as it might appear to be, the end of bewilderment and pain. They are a truly pure and innocent breed, and it would never cross their minds or their hearts to upset or contravene the plans, the dreams, the worldly triumphs that their elders hold out for them. It seems indeed to be the hand of God that leads them to take a pratfall during the tableaux at the débutante cotillion. Stepping from a gondola to the water stairs of some palace in Venice where they are expected for dinner, they will lose their balance and fall into the Grand Canal. They spill food and wine, they knock over vases, they step into dog manure, they shake hands with butlers, they have coughing fits during the chamber music, their taste for disreputable friends is unerring, and yet they are like Franciscans in their goodness and simplicity. Thus, enter Nerissa. In the process of being introduced, she savages an end table with her hipbone, tracks mud onto the rug, and drops a lighted cigarette into a chair. By the time the fire is extinguished, she seems to have satisfactorily ruffled the still waters of her mother's creation. But this is not perversity; it is not even awkwardness. It is her nearly sacred call to restate the pathos and clumsiness of mankind.

The nymphlike Nerissa bred Townsend terriers. Her mother's descriptions of the claims upon her time were, of course, transparent and pathetic. Nerissa was a shy and a lonely woman, mostly occupied with her dogs. Her heart was not unsusceptible, but she always fell in love with gardeners, deliverymen, waiters, and janitors. Late one evening, when her best bitch (Ch. Gaines-Clansman)

was about to whelp, she asked the help of a new veterinary, who had just opened a dog-and-cat hospital on Route 14. He came to the kennels at once, and had been there only a few minutes when the bitch threw the first of her litter. He opened the sack and put the dog to suck. His touch with animals, Nerissa thought, was quick and natural, and, standing above him as he knelt at the whelping box, Nerissa felt a strong compulsion to touch his dark hair. She asked if he was married, and when he said that he was not, she let herself luxuriate in the fact that she was in love again. Now, Nerissa never anticipated her mother's censure. When she announced her engagement to a garage mechanic or a tree surgeon, she was always surprised at her mother's rage. It never occurred to her that her mother might not like her new choice. She beamed at the veterinary, brought him water, towels, whiskey, and sandwiches. The whelping took most of the night, and it was dawn when they were done. The puppies were sucking; the bitch was proud and requited. All of the litter were well favored and well marked. When Nerissa and the veterinary left the kennels, a cold white light was beating up beyond the dark trees of the estate. "Would you like some coffee?" Nerissa asked, and then, hearing in the distance the sound of running water, she asked, "Or would you like to swim? I sometimes swim in the morning."

"You know, I would," he said. "That's what I'd like. I'd like a swim. I have to go back to the hospital, and a swim would wake me up."

The pool, built by her grandfather, was of marble and had a deep and graceful curb, curved like the frame of a mirror. The water was limpid, and here and there a sunken leaf threw a shadow, edged with the strong colors of the spectrum. It was the place on her mother's estate that had always seemed to Nerissa—more than any room or garden—her home. When she was away, it was the pool she missed, and when she came back, it was to the pool—this watery home-sweet-home—that she returned. She found a pair of trunks in the bathhouse, and they took an innocent swim. They dressed and walked back across the lawns to his car. "You know, you're awfully nice," he said. "Did anyone ever tell you that?" Then he kissed her lightly and tenderly and drove away.

Nerissa didn't see her mother until four the next afternoon, when she went down to tea wearing two left shoes, one brown and one black. "Oh, Mother, Mother," she said, "I've found the man I want to marry."

"Really," said Mrs. Peranger. "Who is this paragon?"

"His name is Dr. Johnson," said Nerissa. "He runs the new dog-and-cat hospital on Route 14."

"But you cannot marry a veterinary, sweet love," said Mrs. Peranger.

"He calls himself an animal hygienist," said Nerissa.

"How revolting!" said Mrs. Peranger.

"But I love him, Mother. I love him, and I'm going to marry him."

"Go to hell!" said Mrs. Peranger.

That night, Mrs. Peranger called the mayor and asked to speak with his wife. "This is Louisa Peranger," she said. "I am going to put someone up for the Tilton Club this fall, and I was thinking of you." There was a sigh of excitement from the wife of the mayor. Her head would be swimming. But why? But why? The clubrooms were threadbare, the maids were surly, and the food was bad. Why was there a ferocious waiting list of thousands? "I drive a hard bargain," said Mrs. Peranger, "as everyone knows. There is a dog-and-cat hospital on Route 14 that I would like to have shut down. I'm sure your husband can discover that some sort of zoning violation is involved. It must be some sort of nuisance. If you will speak to your husband about the dog-and-cat hospital, I will get the membership list to you so that you can decide on your other sponsors. I will arrange a luncheon party for the middle of September. Goodbye."

Nerissa pined away, died, and was buried in the little Episcopal church whose windows had been given in memory of her grandfather. Mrs. Peranger looked imperious and patrician in her mourning, and as she left the church she was heard to




*"Do you think they'll give away those little green Heinz pickles again?"*



*"I'm sorry, but somehow that's terribly funny."*

•

sob loudly, "She was *so* attractive—she was so *frightfully* attractive."

Mrs. Peranger rallied from her loss, and kept up with her work, which, at that time of year, consisted of screening candidates for a débutante cotillion. Three weeks after Nerissa's funeral, a Mrs. Pentason and her daughter were shown into the drawing room.

Mrs. Peranger knew how hard Mrs. Pentason had worked for this interview. She had done hospital work; she had organized theatre parties, strawberry festivals, and antique fairs. But Mrs. Peranger looked at her callers harshly. They would have learned their manners from a book. They would have studied the chapter on how to drink tea. They were the sort who dreamed in terms of invitations that would never be received. *Mr. and Mrs. William Paley request the honor* . . . Their mail, instead, would consist of notices of private sales, trial offers from the Book-of-the-Month Club, and embarrassing letters from Aunt Minnie, who lived in Waco, Texas, and used a spittoon. Nora passed the tea and Mrs. Peranger kept a sharp eye on the girl. The noise of water from the swimming pool sounded very loud, and Mrs. Peranger asked Nora to close the window.

"We have so many applicants for the cotillion these days that we expect a little more than we used to," Mrs. Peranger said. "We not only want attractive and well-bred young women, we want interesting young women." Even with the windows shut, she could hear the sound of water. It seemed to put her at a disadvantage. "Do you sing?" she asked.

"No," the girl said.

"Do you play any musical instruments?"

"I play the piano a little."

"How little?"

"I play some of the Chopin. I mean, I used to. And 'Für Elise.' But mostly I play popular music."

"Where do you summer?"

"Dennis Port," the girl said.

"Ah yes," said Mrs. Peranger. "Dennis Port, poor Dennis Port. There really isn't any place left to go, is there? The Adriatic coast is crowded. Capri, Ischia, and Amalfi are all ruined. The Princess of Holland has spoiled the Argentario. The Riviera is jammed. Brittany is so cold and rainy. I love Skye, but the food is dreadful. Bar Harbor, the Cape, the Islands—they've all gotten to seem so shabby." She heard again the noise of running water from the pool, as if a breeze carried the sound straight up to the shut windows. "Tell me, are you interested in the theatre?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. Very much."

"What plays did you see last season?"

"None."

"You ride, play tennis, and so forth?"

"Yes."

"What in New York is your favorite museum?"

"I don't know."

"What books have you read recently?"

"I read 'The Seersucker Plague.' It was on the best-seller list. They bought it for the movies. And 'Seven Roads to Heaven.' That was on the best-seller list, too."

"Please take these things away, Nora," Mrs. Peranger said, making a broad gesture of distaste, as if she expected the maid to remove the Pentasons with the dirty cups and the slop jar. The tea was over, and she walked her guests down the length of the room. If she meant to be cruel, it would have been cruelest to let them wait; to prey upon the common weakness of men and women who look for glad tidings in the mail. She drew Mrs. Pentason aside and said, "I'm *terribly* afraid . . ."

"Well, thank you just the same," said Mrs. Pentason, and she began to cry. The daughter put an arm around the stricken mother and led her out the door.

Mrs. Peranger noticed again the sound of water from the pool. Why was it so loud, and why did it seem to say: *Mother, Mother, I've found the man I want to marry*. . . . Why did it sound so true, and make her task of cutting the Pentasons seem so harsh and senseless? She went down the stairs to the lawn and crossed the lawn to the pool. Standing on the curb, she called, "Nerissa! Nerissa! Nerissa!" but all the water said was, *Mother, Mother, I've found the man I want to marry.*

Her only daughter had been turned into a swimming pool.

—JOHN CHEEVER

•

Miss Schultz was graduated from Barnard College in 1949 and first had a whirl at acting in summer stock. She then appeared in one Broadway play—"It Wasn't Very Good"—and studied acting with Stella Adler and Harold Clurman.—*Cumberland (Md.) Times.*

We saw it and loved it.

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## EICHMANN IN JERUSALEM–III

ACCORDING to Adolf Eichmann's own report on his conscience, the turning point came in January, 1942, during the so-called Wannsee Conference. This meeting, which was formally called the Conference of the Undersecretaries of State (*Staatssekretäre*), was arranged by Reinhardt Heydrich, chief of the R.S.H.A. (the S.S. Head Office for Reich Security) and was held in a house in Wannsee, a suburb of Berlin. The aim of the Conference was to coördinate all efforts to implement the Final Solution—Hitler's program for the physical extermination of the Jews throughout Europe, which had been decreed by the Führer about six months earlier. This "radical solution of the Jewish question" needed more than tacit acceptance from the Reich's governmental apparatus; it needed the active coöperation of every one of the Ministries and of the whole civil service. The Ministers themselves, nine years after Hitler's rise to power, were all Party members of long standing—those who in the initial stages of the regime had merely "coördinated" themselves, however smoothly, had been replaced—yet most of the Ministers were not completely trusted, since only a few of them owed their careers entirely to the Nazis, and those who did (like Joachim von Ribbentrop, head of the Foreign Office, who was a former champagne salesman) were likely to be nonentities. The problem was even more acute with respect to the higher career men in the civil service, directly under the Ministers, for these men, the backbone of every government administration, were not easily replaceable, and Hitler had tolerated them (just as Adenauer has since tolerated some of the same men, unless they were compromised beyond salvation). Hence the undersecretaries and the legal and other experts in the various Ministries were frequently not even Party members, and when Heydrich invited these people to the Conference he was apprehensive about whether he would be able to enlist their active help in mass murder. As Eichmann, who was present, put it, Heydrich "expected the greatest difficulties." Heydrich could not have been more wrong.



The discussion turned first, Eichmann said, to "complicated legal questions," such as the treatment of half Jews and quarter Jews; should they be killed or only sterilized? This was followed by a frank discussion of the "various types of possible solutions," which meant the various methods of killing, and here, too, there was, in Eichmann's words, more than "happy agreement on the part of the participants;" the Final Solution was greeted with "extraordinary enthusiasm" by all present, and particularly by Dr. Wilhelm Stuckart, Undersecretary in the Ministry of the Interior, who was known to be rather reticent and hesitant in the face of "radical" Party measures, and who, according to the testimony of Undersecretary Dr. Hans Globke, at the Nuremberg Trials, was particular about legality. Certain difficulties were talked over. For instance, Undersecretary Josef Bühler, second in command in the General Government—as the Germans called a Central Polish area that they administered but had not incorporated into the Reich—was dismayed at the prospect that Jews would be evacuated from West to East, because this meant the arrival of more Jews in Poland; he proposed that these evacuations be postponed, and that the Final Solution be started in the territory of the General Government, "where no problems of transport existed." The representatives of the Foreign Office produced an elaborate memorandum expressing "the desires and ideas of the Foreign Office with respect to the total solution of the Jewish question in Europe," to which nobody paid much attention. The main point, as Eichmann rightly noted, was that the gentlemen of the various Ministries did not merely express opinions but made concrete propositions at the meeting. It lasted not more than an hour or an hour and a half, after which drinks were served and everybody had lunch—"a cozy little social gathering," designed to strengthen the necessary personal contacts. It was a very important occasion for Eichmann, who had never before been on this sort of social footing with so many "high personages;" indeed, of all those present he was by far the lowest in rank and social position. As a low-ranking official in the R.S.H.A., he had been assigned the job of sending out the invitations, had prepared some statistical material (full of incredible errors) for Heydrich's introductory speech—after all, eleven million Jews had to be killed, which was a project of some magnitude—and later, acting as secretary of the meeting, wrote up the minutes. He was permitted, after the state dignitaries had left, to sit down near the fireplace with his R.S.H.A. section chief, Heinrich Müller, and Heydrich, "and that was the first time I saw Heydrich smoke and drink." The three of them did not "talk shop but enjoyed some rest after long hours of work," being greatly satisfied—Heydrich, especially—and in very high spirits. But Eichmann had one more reason to remember this conference. Although he had been doing his best right along to help with the Final Solution, he had still harbored some doubts about "such a bloody solution through violence," and these doubts had now been dispelled. "What was being laid down at the Wannsee Conference was done by the élite—the popes, as it were, of the state," he said in Jerusalem. He had seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears that not just Hitler, Heydrich, and the "sphinx" Müller, not just the S.S. and the Party, but the élite of the good old civil service were vying with each other for the honor of taking the lead in these "bloody" matters. "At that moment, I sensed a kind of Pontius Pilate feeling, for I felt free of all guilt." *Who was he to judge*? Who was he, as he expressed it, "to have my own thoughts in this matter?" Well, Eichmann was neither the first man nor the last to be ruined by modesty.

After the Conference, things went more or less smoothly, as Eichmann recalled it, and a routine was soon developed. Eichmann himself quickly became an expert in "forced evacuation," as he had earlier been an expert in "forced emigration." The Jews in country after country had to register, had to wear the yellow badge for easy identification, were assembled, and were deported, the various shipments being directed to one or another of the extermination centers in the East, depending on the centers' relative capacity at the moment; when a trainload of Jews arrived, the strong among them were singled out and put to work—their jobs frequently were to operate the extermination machinery itself—and all others were immediately killed. He encoun-

tered some difficulties, but they were minor. The Foreign Office, for its part, was in contact with the authorities in those foreign countries that were either occupied by or allied with the Nazis, and was able to put pressure on them to coöperate, or, as the case might be, to prevent them from developing their own deportation programs and from deporting their Jews helter-skelter, out of sequence, or without proper regard for the absorptive capacity of the death centers. (This was how Eichmann remembered it; it was not quite so easy.) The legal experts drew up the necessary legislation for declaring the victims stateless, which was important on two counts: it made it impossible for any country to inquire into their fate, and it enabled the state in which they were resident to confiscate their property. The Ministry of Finance and the Reichsbank prepared facilities to receive the huge loot from all over Europe, down to watches and gold teeth, and all this was sorted out in the Reichsbank and sent on to the Prussian State Mint. Even in times of great scarcity of rolling stock, the Ministry of Transport provided the necessary locomotives and railroad cars, usually freight cars, and saw to it that the schedule of the deportation trains did not conflict with other timetables. The Councils of Jewish Elders that were established by the Nazis in the various countries were informed by Eichmann or his men of how many Jews were needed to fill the trains, and they made out the lists of deportees. The Jews registered themselves, filling out innumerable forms and answering pages and pages of questionnaires regarding their property, so that it could be seized more easily; they then assembled at the collecting points and boarded the trains. The few who tried to hide or to escape were rounded up—often by a special Jewish police force. As far as Eichmann could see, no one protested, no one refused to coöperate. "*Immerzu fahren hier die Leute zu ihrem eigenen Begräbnis* [Day in, day out, the people here leave for their own funeral]," as a Jewish observer put it in Berlin in 1943.

MERE compliance would never have been enough either to smooth out all the enormous difficulties of an operation that was soon to cover the whole of Nazi-occupied and Nazi-allied Europe or to soothe the consciences of the operators, who, after all, had been brought up on the commandment "Thou shalt not kill," and who knew the Biblical saying "Thou hast murdered and thou hast inherited," which the written judgment of the District Court of Jerusalem quoted so appropriately when Eichmann was being tried in 1961. What Eichmann called the "death whirl" that descended upon Germany with the immense losses at Stalingrad and the saturation bombing of German cities was his stock excuse for killing civilians (and it is still the stock excuse offered in Germany for those massacres), and it is true that the daily view of sights that, while different from the atrocities reported at Jerusalem, were no less horrible might have contributed to the easing—or, rather, to the extinguishing—of conscience, if any conscience had been left when they occurred, but, according to the evidence, none was. The extermination machinery had been planned in all its details long before the horror of war gripped Germany herself, and its intricate bureaucracy functioned with the same unwavering precision in the years of easy victory as in those last years when defeat was in the air. Defections in the ranks of the ruling élite and the higher S.S. officers were almost unknown in the beginning, when people might still have been expected to have a conscience; they occurred in considerable numbers only when it had become obvious that Germany was going to lose the war, and even then they were not serious enough to throw the machinery out of gear. They consisted of individual acts not of mercy but of corruption, and they were inspired not by conscience but by the desire to salt some money or some connections away for the dark days to come. Himmler's order in the fall of 1944 to halt the extermination and to dismantle the death factories sprang from an absurd but sincere conviction that the Allied powers would know how to appreciate this obliging gesture; he told a rather incredulous Eichmann that on the strength of it he would be able to negotiate a *Hubertusburger-Friede*—an allusion to the Peace Treaty of Hubertusburg that concluded the Seven Years' War of Frederick II of Prussia in 1763 and enabled Prussia to retain Silesia, though she had lost the war.

As Eichmann told it, the most potent factor in the soothing of his own conscience was the simple fact that he could see no one—no one at all—who actually opposed the Final Solution. On several occasions, he mentioned encountering one exception, which must have made a deep impression on him. That happened in Hungary in 1944, when he negotiated with Dr. Rudolf Kastner, the associate president of the Zionist Organization in Budapest, about an offer Himmler had made to the Zionists to release one million Jews in exchange for ten thousand trucks. Kastner, apparently emboldened by the new turn of affairs, had asked Eichmann to stop "the death mills at Auschwitz," and Eichmann had answered that he would do it "with the greatest pleasure" ("*herzlich gern*") but that, alas, it was outside his competence and even outside the competence of his immediate superiors—as indeed it was. Naturally, he did not expect the Jews to share the general enthusiasm over their destruction, but he did expect more than compliance of them; he expected their coöperation, and, to a truly extraordinary degree, he received it. This coöperation was, in Eichmann's words, "of course the very cornerstone" of everything he did, as it had been the very cornerstone of his forced-emigration activities in Vienna in 1938 and 1939. Without Jewish help in administrative and police work—the final rounding up of Jews in Berlin was done entirely by Jewish police—there would have been either complete chaos or an impossibly severe drain on German manpower. Hence, the establishment of Quisling governments in occupied territories was always accompanied by the organization of a central Jewish office. (Where the Nazis did not succeed in setting up a puppet government, they also failed to enlist the coöperation of the Jews.) But whereas the members of the Quisling governments were usually taken from the opposition parties, the members of the Jewish Councils were as a rule the locally recognized Jewish leaders, and the Nazis gave them enormous powers—until they, too, were deported, to Theresienstadt or Bergen-Belsen (if they happened to be from Central or Western Europe) or to Auschwitz (if they were from an Eastern European community).

To a Jew, this role of the Jewish leaders in the destruction of their own people is undoubtedly the darkest chapter of the whole dark story. Its general outlines had been known for a number of years, but only in 1961 was it exposed in all its pathetic and sordid detail, by Raul Hilberg, in his book "The Destruction of the European Jews." In the matter of coöperation, there was no difference between the highly assimilated Jewish communities in Central and Western Europe and the Yiddish-speaking masses of the East. In Amsterdam as in Warsaw, in Berlin as in Budapest, Jewish officials could be trusted to compile the lists of persons and of their property, to secure money

from the deportees to defray the expenses of their deportation and extermination, to keep track of vacated apartments, to supply, in Hilberg's words, "Jewish police, which helped in the seizures and in the guarding of the Jews at the collection points," and, as a last gesture, to hand over the assets of the Jewish community in good order when these were finally confiscated. They also distributed the yellow star, and sometimes, as in Warsaw, "the sale of the armbands became a regular business," Hilberg says, and goes on to explain that "there were ordinary armbands of cloth and fancy plastic armbands which were washable." As we read the manifestoes they issued, which were Nazi-inspired but not Nazi-dictated, we still can sense how they enjoyed their new power. ("The Central Jewish Council has been granted the right of absolute disposal over all Jewish spiritual and material wealth and over all Jewish manpower," the first announcement of the Budapest Council phrased it.) We know how the Jewish officials felt when they became instruments of murder—like captains "whose ships were about to sink and who succeeded in bringing them safe to port by casting overboard a great part of their precious cargo;" or like saviors: "With a hundred victims I save a thousand people. With a thousand I save ten thousand," as Jacob Gens, chief of the Vilna *Judenrat*, once said. The truth was even more gruesome. Dr. Kastner, in Hungary, for instance, saved exactly 1,684 people with approximately 476,000 victims. No one bothered to swear the Jewish officials to secrecy; they were voluntary "bearers of secrets," either in order to assure quiet and prevent panic, as in Dr. Kastner's case, or out of "humane" considerations, such as that "living in the expectation of death by gassing would only be the harder," as in the case of Dr. Leo Baeck, Chief Rabbi of Berlin, who in the eyes of both Jews and Gentiles was the "Jewish Führer." During the Eichmann trial, one witness, Mrs. Charlotte Salzberger, pointed out the unfortunate consequences of this kind of "humanity;" namely, that people volunteered for deportation from Theresienstadt, the concentration camp for aged and other privileged categories of Jews, to the extermination center at Auschwitz and denounced those who tried to tell them the truth as "not sane." We know the physiognomies of the Jewish leaders during the Nazi period very well; they ranged all the way from Chaim Rumkowski, "Eldest of the Jews" in Lódź, called Chaim I, who issued currency notes bearing his signature and postage stamps engraved with his portrait, and who rode around in a broken-down horse-drawn carriage; through Dr. Baeck, in Berlin, highly-educated, scholarly, mild-mannered, who believed that Jewish policemen would be "more gentle and helpful" and would "make the ordeal easier" (whereas in fact they were more brutal and less corruptible, since so much more was at stake for them); to a few who committed suicide, like Adam Czerniakow, a Polish-speaking Jewish engineer who was chairman of the Warsaw Jewish Council, and who, though he was not a rabbi but an unbeliever, must have remembered the rabbinical saying "Let them kill you, but don't cross the line."

That the prosecution in the Eichmann trial would avoid bringing this chapter of the story into the open was to be expected. The chapter must be included here, however, because it accounts for certain otherwise inexplicable lacunae in the documentation of a generally overdocumented case. The judges mentioned one such instance—the absence of H. G. Adler's book "Theresienstadt 1941-1945," which the prosecution, in some embarrassment, admitted to be "authentic, based on irrefutable sources." The reason for the omission was clear. The book describes in detail how the feared "transport lists" were put together by the Jewish Council of Theresienstadt, after the S.S. had given some general directives stipulating how many should be sent away, and of which age, sex, profession, and country of origin. The prosecution's case would have been weakened if it had been forced to admit that the naming of individuals who were sent to their doom had been, with few exceptions, the job of Jewish administrators, and the Assistant Prosecutor, Mr. Ya'akov Baror, who was in charge at that session, in a way indicated this when he said, "I'm trying to bring [out] those things which somehow refer to the accused without damaging the picture in its entirety." The picture would indeed have been greatly damaged by the inclusion



of Adler's book, since that evidence would have contradicted testimony given by the chief witness on matters relating to Theresienstadt, who claimed that Eichmann himself had made these individual selections. Even more important, the prosecution's picture of a clear-cut division between persecutors and victims would have suffered greatly. Obviously, a prosecuting attorney has no obligation to make available evidence that does not support the case for the prosecution. That is usually the job of the defense, and the question of why Eichmann's lawyer, Dr. Robert Servatius, who perceived some minor inconsistencies in the testimony, did not avail himself of such easily obtainable and widely known documentation is difficult to answer. He could have pointed to the fact that Eichmann, immediately upon being transformed from an expert in emigration into an expert in "evacuation," appointed old Jewish associates of his in the emigration business—Dr. Paul Eppstein, who had been in charge of emigration in Berlin, and Rabbi Benjamin Murmelstein, who had held the same job in Vienna—as "Jewish Elders" in Theresienstadt. This would have done more to demonstrate the atmosphere in which Eichmann worked than all the defense attorney's unpleasant and often downright offensive talk about Nazi oaths, loyalty, and the virtues of unquestioning obedience.

The testimony of Mrs. Salzberger permitted spectators at the trial to cast at least a glance into this neglected corner of what the prosecution kept calling the "general picture." Moshe Landau, the presiding judge, did not like the term and he did not like the picture. He made all these points several times, telling the Attorney General, Gideon Hausner, that "we are not drawing pictures here," that there is "an indictment and this indictment is the framework for our trial," that the court "has its own view about this trial, according to the indictment," and that "the prosecution must adjust to what the court lays down"—admirable admonitions for criminal proceedings, none of which were heeded. The prosecution did worse than not heed them; it simply refused to guide its witnesses—or, if the court became too insistent, it very casually asked a few haphazard questions—with the result that the witnesses behaved as though they were speakers at a meeting chaired by the Attorney General, who introduced them to the audience before they took the floor. They could talk almost as much as they wanted, and it was a rare occasion when they were asked a specific

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question. This atmosphere, not merely of a show trial but of a mass meeting, at which speaker after speaker does his best to arouse the audience, was especially noticeable when the prosecution called witness after witness to testify to the Jewish uprising in the Warsaw ghetto and to the similar attempts in Vilna and Kovno—matters that had no connection whatever with the crimes of the accused. The testimony of these people would have contributed something to the trial if it had included an account of the activities of the Jewish Councils, which had played such a disastrous role in the witnesses' own heroic efforts. Of course, there was some mention of this, but the witnesses were only too glad not to elaborate on it, and shifted the discussion to the role of real traitors, of whom there were few. Legally, the testimony of these witnesses was immaterial—Mr. Hausner did not mention one of them in his last *plaidoyer*—except insofar as it constituted proof of close contacts between the Jewish partisans and the Polish and Russian underground fighters, which, apart from the fact that it contradicted other testimony ("We had the whole population against us"), could have been useful to the defense, since it offered much better justification for the wholesale slaughter of civilians than Eichmann's repeated claim that "Weizmann had declared war on Germany in 1939." (This was sheer nonsense. All that Chaim Weizmann had said, at the close of the last prewar Zionist Congress, was that the war of the Western democracies "is our war, their struggle is our struggle." The tragedy, as Mr. Hausner rightly pointed out, was precisely that the Jews were not recognized by the Nazis as belligerents, for if they had been, they would have survived, in prisoner-of-war or civilian internment camps.) Had Dr. Servatius brought up the contacts between Jewish partisans and the Polish and Russian underground, the prosecution would have been forced to admit how pitifully small these groups had been, how incredibly weak and essentially harmless—and, moreover, how little they had represented the Jewish population, who at one point (at Vilna, in 1943) even took arms against them.

Since the legal irrelevance of all this very time-consuming testimony was clear from beginning to end, the Israeli government's political intention was not difficult to guess. Hausner (or Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion) probably wanted to demonstrate that whatever resistance there had been had come from Zionists, as though, of all the Jews,
















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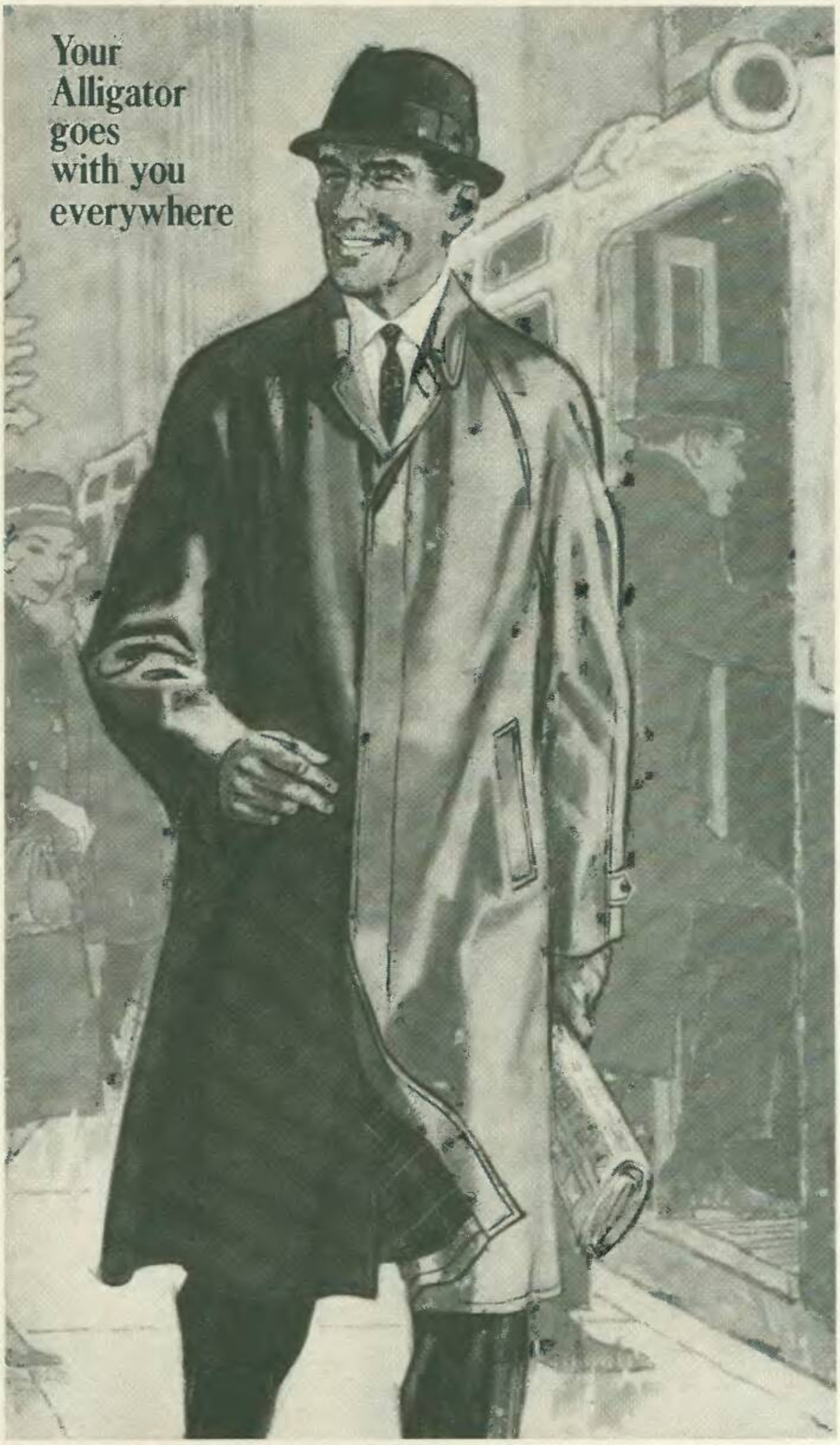
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only Zionists knew that if you could not save your life it might still be worthwhile to save your honor, as one witness put it, or that the worst thing that could happen to the "human person" under such circumstances was to be and to remain "innocent." However, these "political" intentions misfired, for the witnesses told the court, truthfully, that all Jewish organizations and parties had played their role, so the true distinction was not between Zionists and non-Zionists but between organized and unorganized people, and, even more important, between the young and the middle-aged. To be sure, those who resisted were a minority, a tiny minority, but under the circumstances, as one of them pointed out, "the miracle was that this minority existed."

Legal considerations aside, the appearance in the witness box of the former Jewish resistance fighters was welcome enough. It dissipated the haunting spectre of universal coöperation—the stifling, poisoned atmosphere in which the Final Solution had been carried out. The well-known fact that the actual work of killing in the extermination centers was usually in the hands of Jewish commandos had been fairly and squarely established by witnesses for the prosecution: how they had worked in the gas chambers and the crematories; how they had pulled the gold teeth and cut the hair of the corpses; how they had dug the graves, and, later, dug them up again to extinguish the traces of mass murder; and how Jewish technicians had built gas chambers in Theresienstadt, where the Jewish "autonomy" had been carried so far that even the hangman was a Jew. But this was only horrible; it was no moral problem. The selection and classification of workers in the camps was made by the S.S., who had a marked predilection for the criminal elements. (This was especially true in Poland, where the Nazis had exterminated a large proportion of the Jewish intelligentsia at the same time that they killed Polish intellectuals and members of the professions—in contrast, incidentally, to their policy in Western Europe, where, up to the very end of the war, they tended to save prominent Jews for exchange against German civilian internees or prisoners of war; Bergen-Belsen was originally a camp for "exchange Jews.") The moral problem lay in the amount of truth there was in Eichmann's description of the coöperation of Jewish functionaries, even in the Final Solution: "The formation of the Jewish Council [at Theresienstadt] and the dis-


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tribution of business was left to the Council itself. The appointment of the president, who the president was to be, depended upon us, of course. However, this appointment was not in the form of a dictatorial decision. The functionaries with whom we were in constant contact—well, they had to be treated with kid gloves. They were not ordered around, for the simple reason that if the chief officials had been told what to do in the form of 'you must, you have to,' and so on, that would not have helped matters any. If the person in question does not like what he is doing, not like it very much, the whole work will suffer. We did our best to make everything somehow palatable." No doubt they did; the question is how it was possible that they succeeded.

Thus, the gravest omission from the "general picture," if it really was to be a general picture, was that of a witness to testify to the coöperation between the Nazi authorities and the Jewish authorities, and hence of an opportunity to raise the question "Why did you coöperate in the destruction of your own people and, eventually, in your own ruin?" The only witness who had been a prominent member of a *Judenrat* was Pinchas Freudiger, the former Baron Philip von Freudiger, of Budapest, and during his testimony the trial's only disruptive incidents involving the spectators took place; people screamed at the witness in Hungarian and in Yiddish, and the court had to interrupt the session. Freudiger, an orthodox Jew of considerable dignity, was shaken: "There are people here who say they were not told to escape," he said. "But fifty per cent of the people who escaped were captured and killed. [The figure for those who did not escape was ninety-nine per cent.] Where could they have gone? Where could they have fled? [But he himself went, and fled to Rumania, because he was rich and because one of Eichmann's subordinates, Dieter Wisliceny, helped him.] What could we have done? What could we have done?" The only reaction to this came from Judge Landau: "I do not think this is an answer to the question"—a question raised by the gallery but not by the court. The matter of coöperation was twice mentioned by the judges; Judge Yitzhak Raveh elicited from one of the resistance witnesses an admission that the "ghetto police" were an "instrument in the hands of the Nazi murderers," and an acknowledgment of "its [the *Judenrat's*] policy of coöperating with the Nazis," and Judge Benjamin Halevi found out from Eich-



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### PEOPLE

**ED JOYCE**—Fri., Mar. 1—1:15-3:00 P.M. **Harry Reasoner,** the gem of Columbia's news telecasters, discusses the ups, downs, ins and some outs of presenting simple events on The Tube. Factual, but with Reasoner's wry whimsey.

**BOB MAXWELL**—Tues., Mar. 5—4:15-6:00 P.M. Bob's guest is **Joseph Cotten,** former CBS radio actor who has gone a long way on a road filled with "Calculated Risks". He's off-hand and quite off the record. All about acting.

**TED STEELE**—Wed., Mar. 6—3:15-4:00 P.M. Metropolitan opera tenor **Richard Tucker,** who is racking up the kind of following usually enjoyed only by the teenage groaners, discusses the possibility of a new trend . . . mass appreciation of good music. Give him A for hoping.

### MUSIC

**LEE JORDAN**—Sun., Mar. 3—10:05 A.M.-12:00 Noon and again from 1:15-1:55. "Music of Broadway" today features visits from **Bruce Prochnik** who plays "Oliver"—the boy they sent from England to do a man's job in the theatre—which he does . . . and **David Jones** of the same show who portrays "The Artful Dodger". Delightful discussions. Music is from, of all things, "Oliver".

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA**—Sun., Mar. 3—2:05 P.M.—All Beethoven program under the direction of guest conductor **George Szell. Clifford Curzon** is pianist in Beethoven's Fifth Piano Concerto. Also Symphony No. 2 in D Major and the "Egmont" Overture.

**MUSIC 'TIL DAWN**—Thurs., Mar. 7—2:15 A.M.—Hummel's Piano Concerto. Galling is soloist with the Innsbruck Symphony. Wagner conducting. Fri., Mar. 8—3:15 A.M.—Jacques Offenbach's "Gaîté Parisienne"—Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting.

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mann in cross-examination that the Nazis, as already noted, had regarded this coöperation as "the very cornerstone" of their Jewish policy. But the question that the prosecutor regularly addressed to all witnesses except the resistance fighters, and that sounded so very natural to those who knew little of the factual background of the trial—the question "Why did you not rebel?"—actually served as a smoke screen for the question that was not asked: "Why did you coöperate?" And thus it came to pass that all the answers to the unanswerable question Mr. Hausner put to his witnesses were considerably less than the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. True it was that the Jewish people as a whole had not been organized; that they had possessed no territory, no government, and no army; that, in the hour of their greatest need, they had no government-in-exile to represent them among the Allies (the Jewish Agency for Palestine, under Dr. Weizmann's presidency, was at best a miserable substitute), no caches of weapons, no youth with military training. But the whole truth was that there existed Jewish community organizations and Jewish party and welfare associations on both the local and the international level. Wherever Jews lived, there were recognized Jewish leaders, and these leaders, almost without exception, coöperated in one way or another, for one reason or another, with the Nazis. The whole truth was that if the Jewish people had really been unorganized and leaderless, there would have been chaos and plenty of misery but the total number of victims would hardly have been between five and six million people.

I have dwelt on this chapter of the story, which the Jerusalem trial failed to put before the eyes of the world, because it offers the most striking insight into the totality of the moral collapse the Nazis brought about in respectable European society—not only in Germany but in almost all the countries associated with Germany, and not only among the persecutors but also among the victims. Eichmann, in contrast to other elements in the Nazi movement, had always been overawed by "good society," and the politeness he often showed to German-speaking Jewish functionaries was to a large extent the result of his recognition that he was dealing with people who were socially his superiors. He was not at all, as one witness called him, a *Landsknechtsnatur*, or adventurer, who longed for a lawless life. What he fervently believed in up to the









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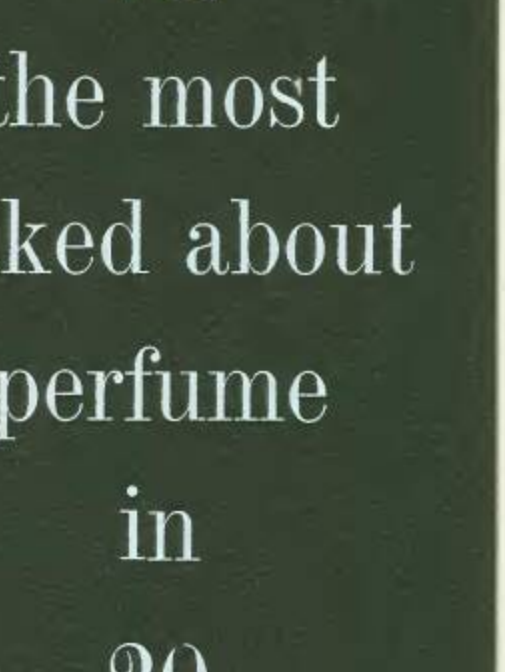
end was the virtue of success—the chief value of "good society" as he knew it. Typical was his last word on the subject of Hitler. Hitler, he said, in an interview he gave to the Dutch journalist Willem S. Sassen in Argentina before his capture, "may have been wrong all down the line, but one thing is beyond dispute: the man was able to work his way up from lance corporal in the German Army to Führer of a people of almost eighty million. I never met him personally, but his success alone proves to me that I should subordinate myself to this man." His conscience was indeed set at rest when he saw the eagerness and zeal with which "good society" everywhere reacted as he did. He did not need to "close his ears to the voice of his conscience," as the judgment put it, and the reason was not that he had none but that his conscience spoke with a "respectable voice"—the voice of the respectable society around him.

That there were no voices from the outside to arouse his conscience was one of the points that Eichmann made in his testimony, and it was the prosecution's task to prove that this was not so—that he could have listened, and that, anyhow, he had done his work with a zeal far beyond the call of duty. This turned out to be true enough, except that, strange as it may appear, his murderous zeal was probably not altogether unconnected with the ambiguities in the appeals of even those who at one time or another tried to restrain him. One need mention here only in passing the so-called "inner emigration" in Germany—a reference to those people who had held positions (and frequently high ones) in the Third Reich and who, after the end of the war, told themselves and the world at large that they had always been "inwardly opposed" to the regime. The point here is not the extent to which they were telling the truth but, rather, the fact that no secret in the secret-ridden atmosphere of the Hitler regime was better kept than such "inward opposition." And under the conditions of the Nazi terror this could hardly have been otherwise; as a rather well-known "inner emigrant," who certainly believed in his own sincerity, once told me, they had to appear "outwardly" even more like Nazis than ordinary Nazis did, in order to keep their secret. This, incidentally, may explain why the few known protests against the extermination program came not from the Army commanders but from old Party members. The one possible way to live in the Third Reich and not to act as a Nazi was not to ap-



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pear at all: "Withdrawal from significant participation in public life" was indeed the only criterion by which one might have tested individual guilt—as Otto Kirchheimer recently proposed in his "Political Justice" (Princeton, 1961). If the term was to make any sense, then it could only mean that the "inner emigrant" lived "as though outcast among his own people amidst blindly believing masses," as Professor Hermann Jahrreiss pointed out in his "Statement for All Defense Attorneys Before the Nuremberg Tribunal." It is true that there were Germans who lived for twelve years in this "outer cold," but their number was insignificant, and the members of the German resistance were not among them. The sinister Dr. Otto Bradfisch, who, as an *Einsatzgruppen* commander, had presided over the shooting of at least fifteen thousand people behind the Army on the Eastern front, told a West German court that he had always been "inwardly opposed" to what he was doing. One wonders if the death of fifteen thousand people was necessary to provide him with an alibi in the eyes of "true Nazis." (The same argument was advanced, though with considerably less success, in a Polish court by former *Gauleiter* Artur Greiser, of the Warthegau district in Poland: only his "official soul" had carried out the crimes for which he was hanged in 1946; his "private soul" had always been against them.) While Eichmann may never have encountered an "inner emigrant," he must have been well acquainted with many of those numerous civil servants who today assert that they stayed in their jobs for no other reason than to "mitigate" matters and to prevent "real Nazis" from taking over their posts. There is the famous case of Dr. Hans Globke, who since 1953 has been Undersecretary of State in the West German Chancellery. Because he was the only one of these civil servants to be mentioned by name during the trial, it may be worthwhile to look into his mitigating activities. Dr. Globke had been employed by the Prussian Ministry of the Interior before Hitler's rise to power and had shown there a rather premature interest in the Jewish question. A circular letter he drafted and sent out to higher police and administrative chiefs throughout Prussia in December, 1932, contained the first directives in which "proof of Aryan descent is demanded"—in this case, of persons who applied for a change of name. The letter, issued at a time when Hitler's rise to power was a strong probability but not a certainty, oddly anticipated

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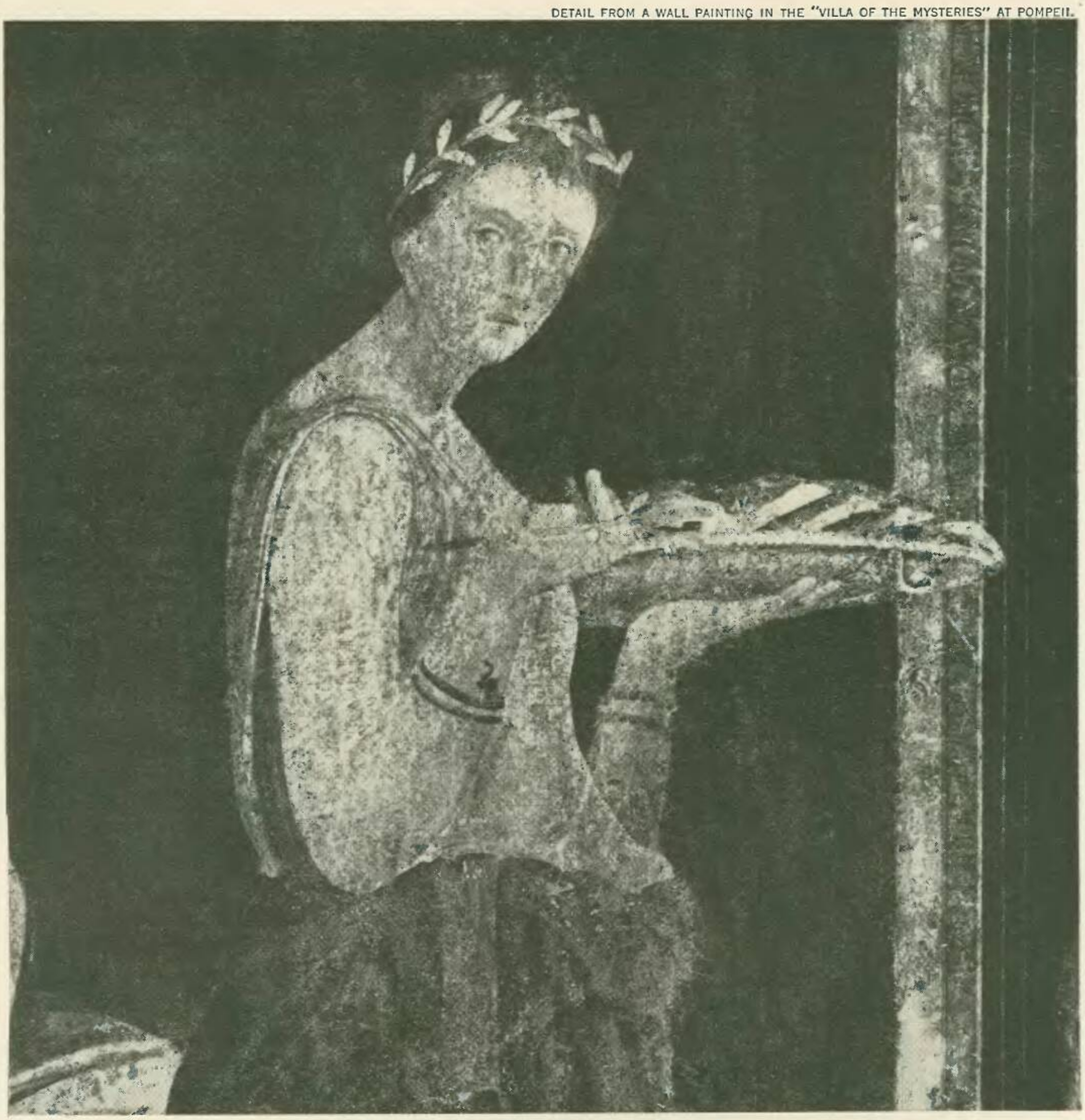
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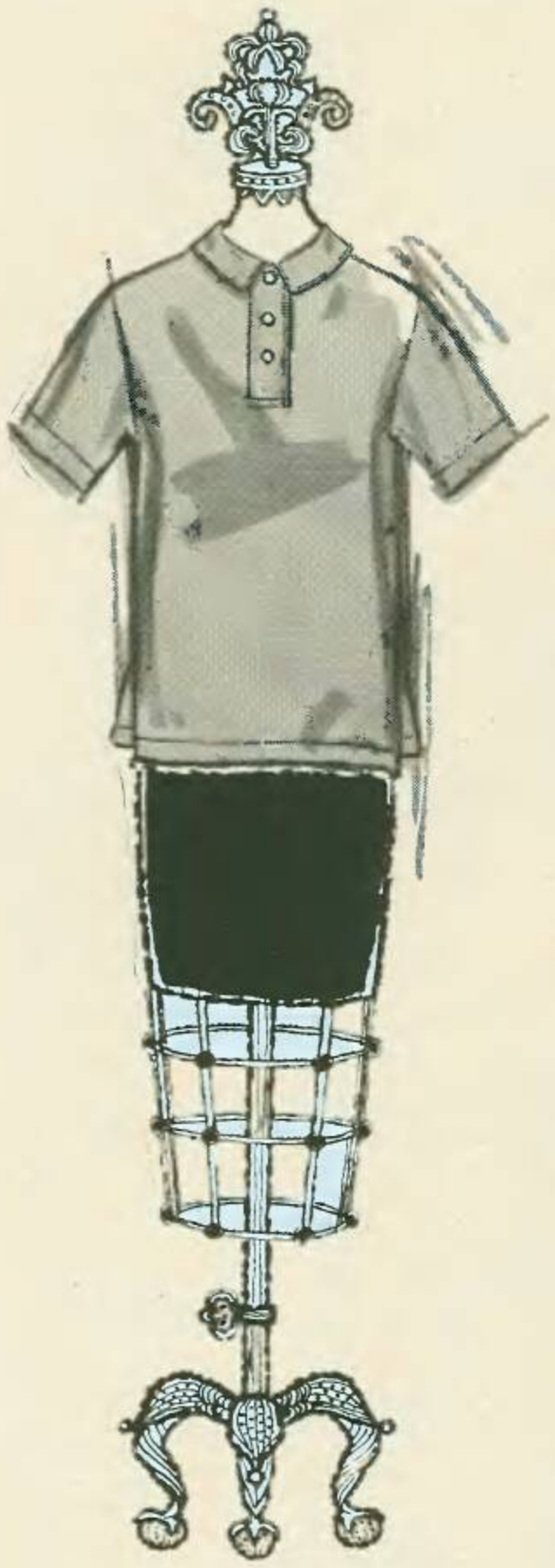
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Hitler's "top-secret decrees"—that is, the typically totalitarian rule by means of laws that are not brought to the attention of the public—by notifying the recipients that "these directives are not for publication." Dr. Globke kept his interest in names (it was he who thought of having all Jews adopt the middle names of Israel or Sarah), and since his commentary on the Nuremberg Laws of 1935 was considerably harsher than the earlier interpretation of *Rassenschande* (race defilement) by the Interior Ministry's expert on Jewish affairs, Dr. Bernhard Lösener, an old member of the Nazi Party, one could even accuse him of having made things worse than they were under "real Nazis." But even if we were to grant him all his good intentions, it is hard indeed to see exactly what he could have done to make things better than they would have been without him. Recently, however, a West German newspaper, after much searching, came up with an answer to this puzzling question. It published a document, duly signed by Dr. Globke, which decreed that Czech brides of German soldiers had to furnish photographs of themselves in bathing suits before a marriage license could be obtained. And Dr. Globke explained, "With this [confidential ordinance] a three-year-old scandal was somewhat *mitigated*," for up to his intervention Czech brides had had to furnish snapshots that showed them stark naked. Clearly, the story of the "mitigators" in Hitler's bureaus belongs among the postwar fairy tales, so we can dismiss them, too, as voices that might possibly have reached Eichmann's conscience.

In Jerusalem, the question took on a new interest with the appearance in court of *Propst* Heinrich Grüber, a Lutheran minister, who had come to Jerusalem as the only German (and, incidentally, except for Judge Michael Musmanno, a former Nuremberg Trials judge and now judge of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, the only non-Jewish) witness for the prosecution. (German witnesses for the defense were excluded from the outset, since they would have exposed themselves to arrest and prosecution in Israel under the law that was invoked in the trial of Eichmann himself.) *Propst* Grüber had belonged to the numerically small and politically ineffectual group of persons who were opposed to Hitler on principle, and not out of national considerations, and whose stand on the Jewish question had been without equivocation. He promised to be a splendid witness, since Eichmann had negotiated with him sev-


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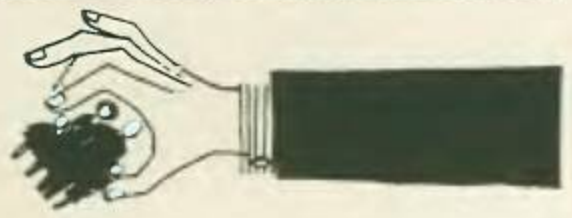
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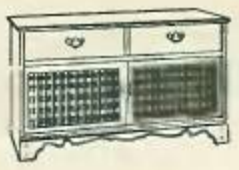
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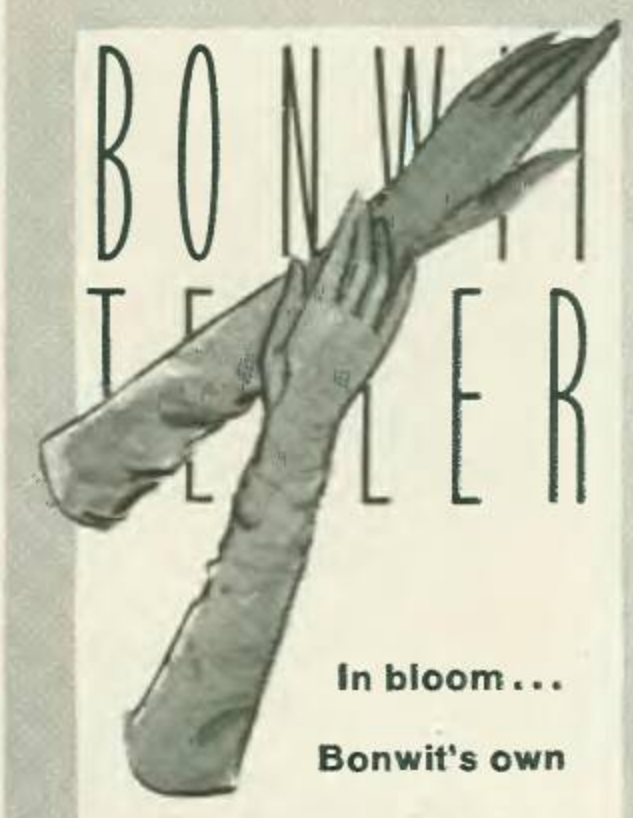
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eral times, and his mere arrival in the courtroom created a kind of sensation. Unfortunately, his testimony was vague; he did not remember, after so many years, when he had spoken with Eichmann, or—and this was more serious—on what subjects. All he recalled clearly was that he had once asked for unleavened bread to be shipped to Hungary for Passover, and that he had travelled to Switzerland during the war to tell his Christian friends how dangerous the situation was and to urge that more opportunities for emigration be provided. (The negotiations must have taken place prior to the decree setting forth the Final Solution, which coincided with Himmler's decree forbidding all emigration, so they probably antedated the invasion of Russia.) He got his unleavened bread, and he got safely to Switzerland and back. His troubles started later, when the deportations had begun. *Propst* Grüber and his group, consisting of Protestant clergymen, first intervened merely "in favor of people who were wounded in the course of the First World War and in favor of the people who were awarded high military distinction; in favor of the old and in favor of the widows of the fallen in the First World War." These categories corresponded to those that had originally been exempted by the Nazis themselves. Now Grüber was told that what he did "ran counter to the policy of the government," but nothing serious happened to him. Shortly thereafter, however, *Propst* Grüber did something really extraordinary: he tried to go to Gurs, the concentration camp in southern France, where Vichy France had interned, together with German-Jewish refugees, some seventy-five hundred Jews from Baden and the Saarpfalz whom Eichmann had smuggled across the German-French border in the fall of 1940 and who, according to information that *Propst* Grüber had received, were even worse off than the Jews deported to Poland. The result of this intervention was that he was arrested and put into a concentration camp—first into Sachsenhausen, and then into Dachau; he was released only at the end of the war. (A similar fate befell the Catholic *Dompropst* Bernard Lichtenberg, of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, in Berlin; he not only had dared to pray publicly for all Jews, baptized or not—which was considerably more dangerous than to intervene for "special cases"—but had also demanded that he be allowed to join the Jews on their journey to the East. He died in a concentration camp.)

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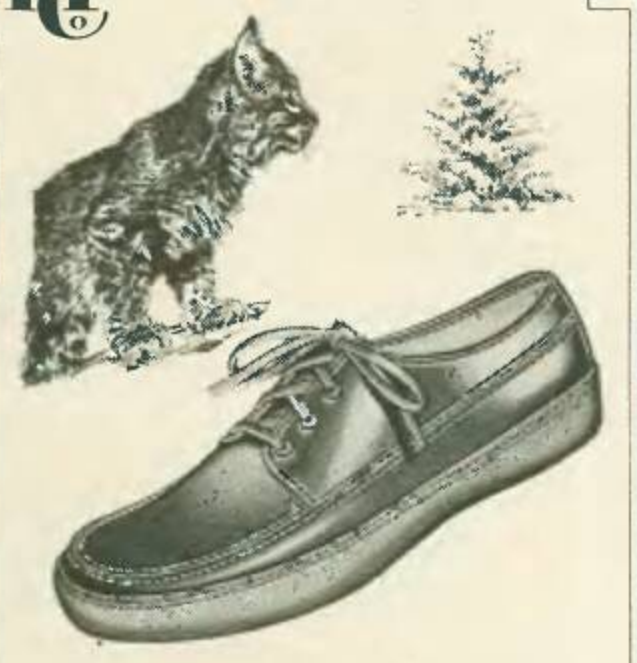
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of "another Germany," *Propst* Grüber did not contribute much to either the legal or the historical significance of the trial. He was full of pat judgments about Eichmann—he was like "a block of ice" and like "marble," he was a "*Landsknechtsnatur*" and a "bicycle rider" (a current German term for someone who kowtows to his superiors and kicks his subordinates)—and none of them revealed him to be a particularly good psychologist, quite apart from the fact that the "bicycle rider" charge was contradicted by evidence that showed Eichmann to have been rather decent toward his subordinates. Anyway, these were interpretations and conclusions that would normally have been stricken from any court record—though in Jerusalem they even entered the judgment. But without them *Propst* Grüber's testimony could have strengthened the case for the defense, because it included the information that Eichmann had never given a direct answer but had always told him to come back, as he had to ask for further instructions. More important, Dr. Servatius for once took the initiative and asked the witness a highly pertinent question: "Did you try to influence him? Did you, as a clergyman, try to appeal to his feelings, preach to him, and tell him that his conduct was contrary to morality?" The very courageous *Propst* had done nothing of the sort, and his answers now were highly embarrassing. He said that "deeds are more effective than words," and that "words would have been useless;" he spoke in clichés that had nothing to do with the real situation, in which "mere words" would have been deeds, and in which it might well have been his duty to test the "uselessness of words."

Even more pertinent than Dr. Servatius' question was what Eichmann said about this episode in his last statement to the court. "Nobody came to me and reproached me for anything in the performance of my duties. Not even *Propst* Grüber claims to have done so," he declared, and added, "He came to me and sought alleviation of suffering but did not actually object to the very performance of my duties as such." Actually, it appeared from *Propst* Grüber's own testimony that he sought not so much "alleviation of suffering" as exceptions from it, in accordance with the well-established categories of exemptions recognized by the Nazis. These categories had been accepted without protest by German Jewry from the very beginning. And the acceptance of privileged categories—German Jews as against


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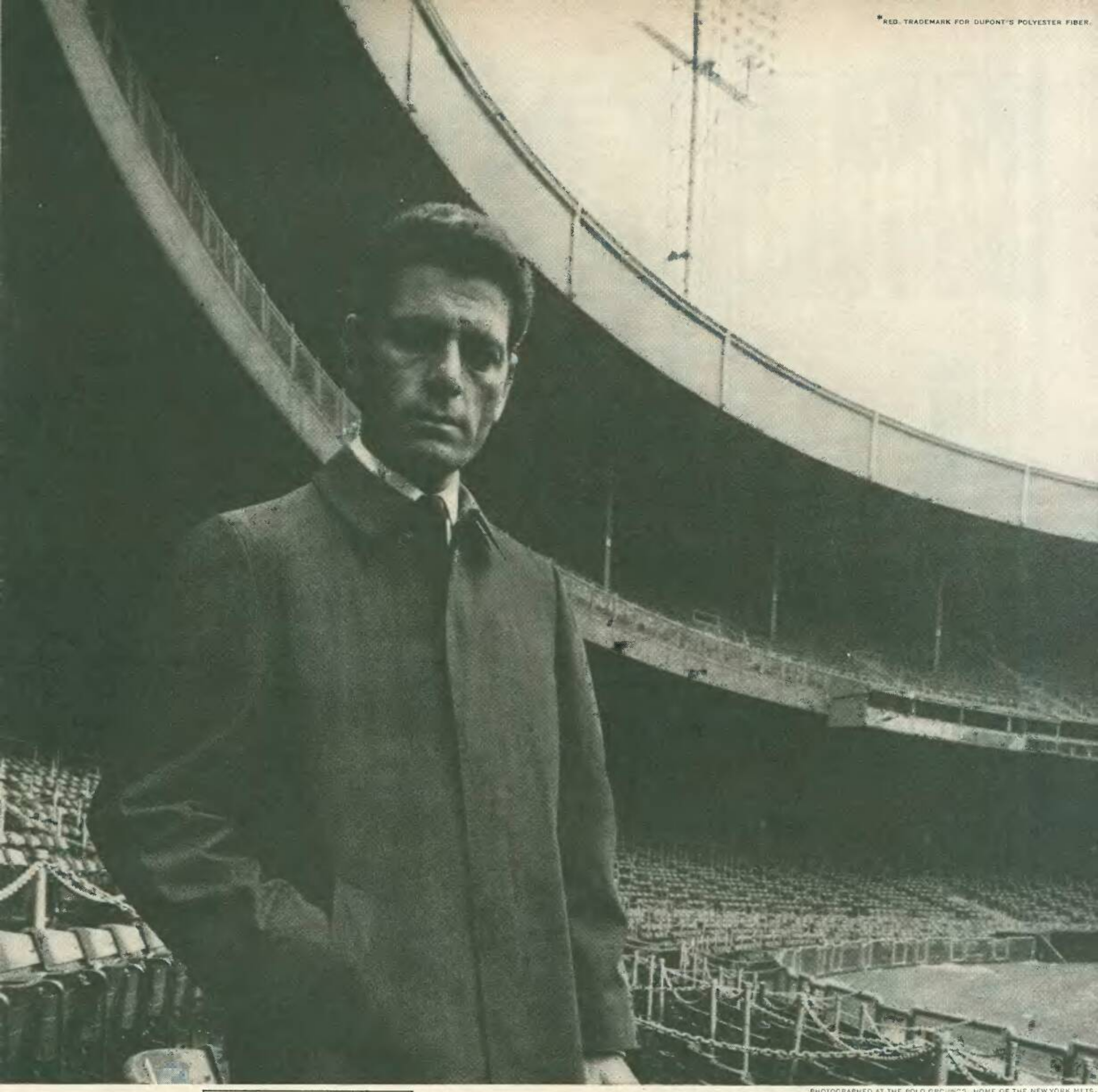
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Polish Jews, war veterans and decorated Jews as against ordinary Jews, families whose ancestors were German-born as against recently naturalized citizens, and so on—had been the beginning of the moral collapse of respectable Jewish society. (In view of the fact that today such matters are often talked of as though there existed a law of human nature compelling everybody to lose his dignity in the face of disaster, we may recall the attitude of the French Jewish war veterans who were offered the same privileges by their government and replied, "We solemnly declare that we renounce any exceptional benefits we may derive from our status as ex-servicemen.") Needless to say, the Nazis themselves never took these distinctions seriously—for them a Jew was a Jew—but the distinctions nevertheless played a certain role up to the very end, since they helped put to rest a certain uneasiness among the German population. Only Polish Jews were deported, it was believed, only people who had shirked military service, and so on. What was morally disastrous in the acceptance of these privileged categories was that everyone who demanded an "exception" implicitly recognized the rule, but this point, apparently, was never grasped by those "good men," Jewish and Gentile, who busied themselves about all those "special cases" for which they demanded preferential treatment. The extent to which even the Jewish victims accepted the standards of the Final Solution is perhaps nowhere more glaringly evident than in the so-called Kastner Report. (The German original, "Der Kastner-Bericht. Ueber Eichmann's Menschenhandel in Ungarn," was published in Munich, in 1961.) Even after the end of the war, Kastner was proud of his success in saving "prominent Jews"—a category that was officially introduced by the Nazis in 1942—as though in his view, too, it went without saying that a famous Jew had more right to stay alive than an ordinary one. For him to have taken upon himself such "responsibilities"—to have helped the Nazis in their efforts to pick out "famous" people from the anonymous mass, for this is what it amounted to—had "required more courage than to face death," he wrote. But if the Jewish and Gentile pleaders of "special cases" were unaware of their involuntary complicity in the Nazi legal system, which spelled death for all non-special cases, this implicit recognition of the rule must have been very obvious to those who were engaged in the business of murder. They must have felt, at the very

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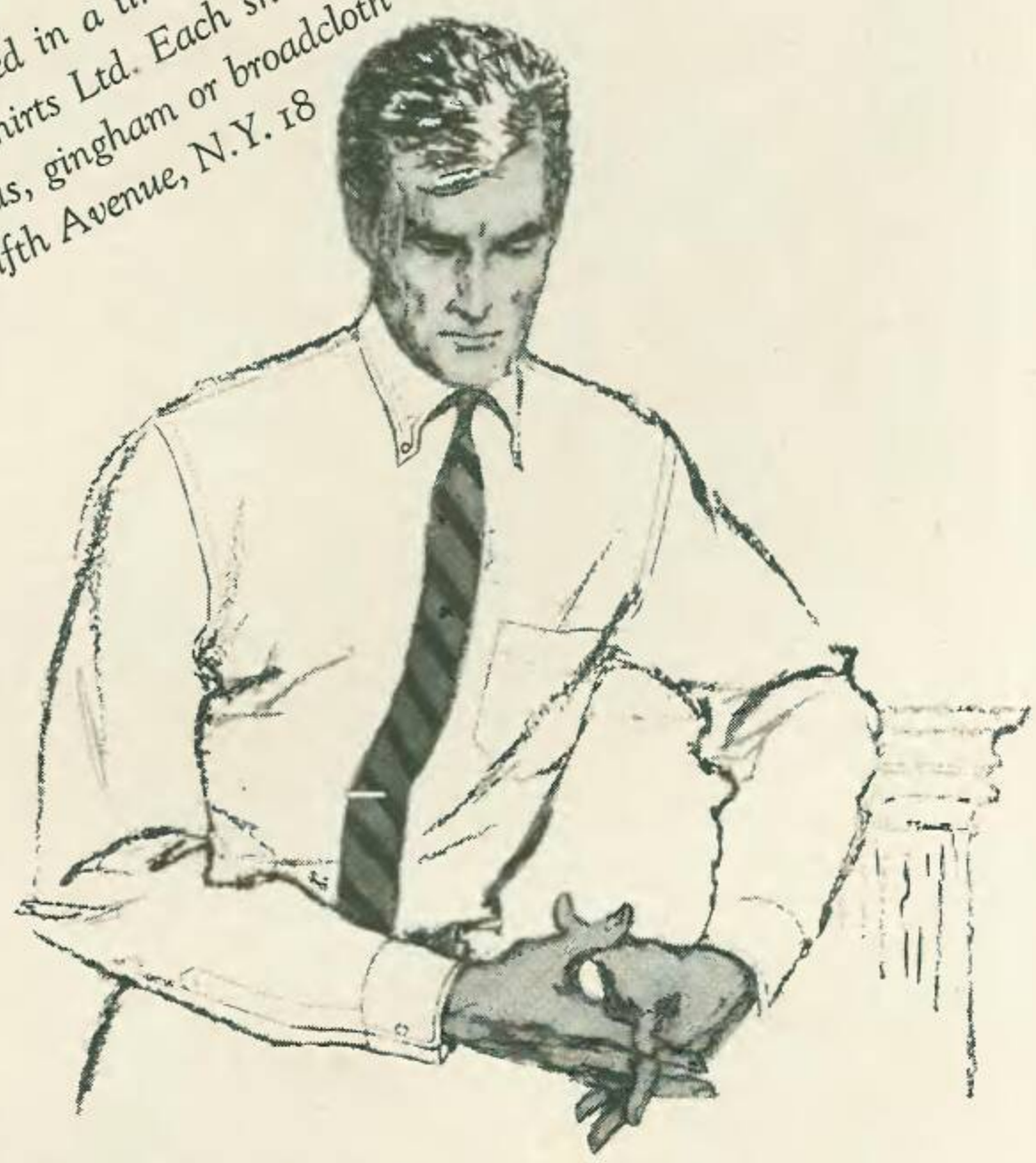
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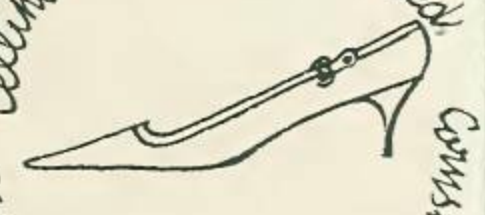
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least, that by being asked for exceptions, and by occasionally granting them, and thus earning gratitude, they had proved the lawfulness of what they were doing.

Moreover, *Propst* Grüber and the Jerusalem court were quite mistaken in assuming that requests for exceptions originated only with opponents to the regime. On the contrary, as Heydrich explicitly stated at the Wannsee Conference, the establishment of Theresienstadt as a ghetto for privileged categories was prompted by the great number of such interventions from all sides. Theresienstadt later became a show place for visitors from abroad and thus served to deceive the outside world about the Final Solution, but this was not its original raison d'être. The horrible thinning-out process that regularly occurred in this "paradise"—"distinguished from other camps like day from night," as Eichmann rightly said of it—was necessary because there was never enough room for all who were privileged, and we know from a directive issued by Ernst Kaltenbrunner after he became head of the R.S.H.A. that "special care was taken not to deport Jews with connections and important acquaintances in the outside world." In other words, the less "prominent" Jews were constantly sacrificed to those whose disappearance in the East would create unpleasant inquiries. The "acquaintances in the outside world" did not necessarily live outside Germany; according to Himmler, there were "eighty million good Germans, each of whom has his decent Jew," and he went on to explain, "It is clear the others are pigs, but this particular Jew is first-rate." Hitler himself is said to have known three hundred and forty "first-rate Jews," whom he had either altogether assimilated to the status of Germans or granted the privileges of half Jews. Thousands of half Jews had been exempted from all restrictions—a circumstance that might explain Heydrich's and Hans Frank's roles in the S.S. and General Erhard Milch's role in Göring's Air Force, for it was generally known that Heydrich and Milch were half Jews and that the Governor General of Poland was at least a half Jew and probably even a full Jew. (Among the major war criminals, only two are known to have repented in the face of death: Heydrich, during the nine days it took him to die from wounds inflicted by two Czech patriots, and Frank, in his death cell at Nuremberg. This is an uncomfortable fact, for it is difficult to avoid suspecting that what they repented of was not

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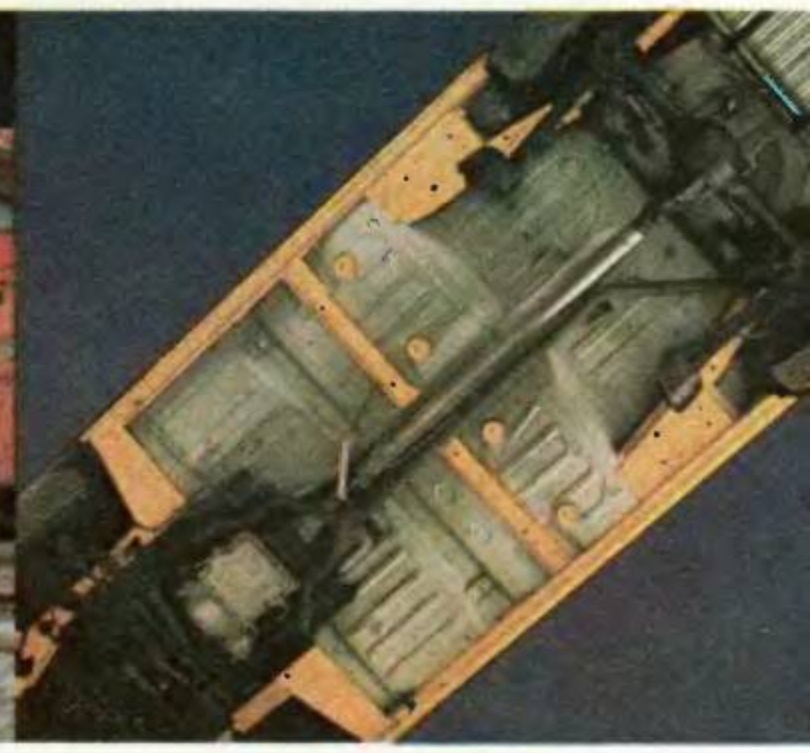
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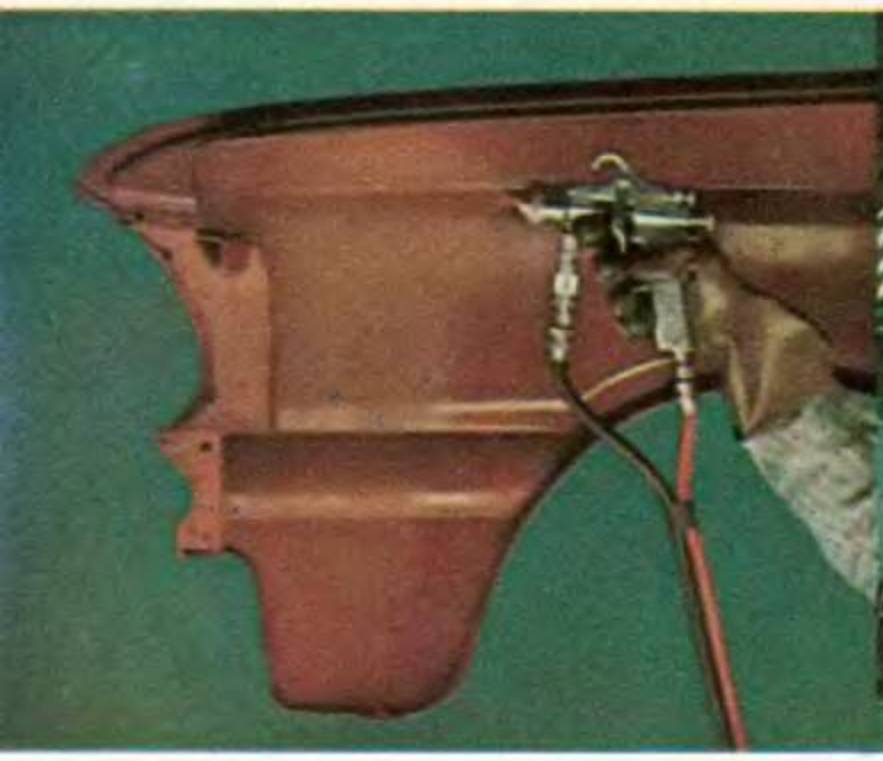
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murder but their betrayal of their own people.)

In West Germany today, this notion of "prominent Jews" has not yet been forgotten. While the war veterans and other privileged groups are no longer mentioned, the fate of "famous" Jews is still deplored and that of all the others ignored. There are more than a few people, especially among the cultural élite, who still publicly express regret that Germany sent Einstein packing, and show no sign of realizing that it was a much greater crime to kill Hänschen Cohn from around the corner, even though he was no genius.

SO Eichmann's opportunities for feeling like Pontius Pilate were many, and as the months and the years went by, he lost the need to feel anything at all. This was the way things were; this was the new law of the land, based on the Führer Order (as Hitler's order to exterminate the Jews was officially called); whatever he did he did, to the best of his belief, as a law-abiding citizen. He did his *duty*, as he told the police examiner and the court over and over again; he not only obeyed *orders* but also obeyed the *law*. Eichmann had a muddled inkling that this could be an important distinction, but neither the defense nor the judges ever took him up on it. The old question of whether what the defendant did was under superior orders or was an act of state was handed back and forth; this question had underlain the whole discussion of similar deeds during the Nuremberg Trials, simply because it gave the illusion that the altogether unprecedented could be judged by precedents and the standards that went with them. Eichmann, with his rather modest mental gifts, was certainly the last man in the courtroom who could be expected to challenge these notions and to strike out on his own. Since, in addition to performing what he conceived to be the duties of a law-abiding citizen, he had also acted under orders—had always been so careful to be "covered"—he became completely muddled as the trial went on, and ended by stressing alternately the virtues and the vices of blind obedience, or the "obedience of corpses" (*Kadavergehorsam*), as he called it. The first indication of Eichmann's vague belief that there was more involved in this whole business than the question of the soldier's execution of orders that are clearly criminal in nature and intent appeared during Eichmann's pre-trial police examination, when he suddenly declared with great


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emphasis that he had lived his whole life according to Kant's moral precepts, and especially according to a Kantian definition of duty. This was outrageous on the face of it, but it was also incomprehensible, since Kant's moral philosophy is so closely bound up with man's faculty of judgment, which rules out blind obedience. The examining police officer had not pressed the point, but Judge Raveh, either out of curiosity or out of indignation at Eichmann's having dared to invoke Kant's name in extenuation of his crimes, decided to question the accused about this statement. And, to the surprise of everybody, Eichmann came up with an approximately correct definition of the categorical imperative: "I meant by my remark [about Kant] that the principle of my will must always be such that it can become the principle of general laws" (which is not the case with theft or murder, for instance, because the thief or the murderer cannot conceivably wish to live under a legal system that would give others the right to rob or murder him). Upon further questioning, he declared that he had read Kant's "Critique of Practical Reason." He then proceeded to explain that by the time he was assigned his part in the implementation of the Final Solution he had ceased to live according to Kantian principles, that he had known it, and that he had consoled himself with the thought that he no longer "was master of my own deeds," that he was unable "to change anything." What, of course, he did not point out to the court was that in this "period of crimes legalized by the state," as he himself now called it, he had not simply dismissed the Kantian formula as no longer applicable, he had distorted it to read, "Act as if the principle of your actions were the same as that of the legislator or of the law of the land"—or, in Hans Frank's formulation of "the categorical imperative in the Third Reich," which Eichmann might have known, "Act in such a way that the Führer, if he knew your action, would approve of it." Kant, to be sure, had never intended to say anything of the sort. On the contrary, to him every man was a legislator the moment he started to act; by using his "practical reason" man found the principles that should and could be the principles of law. But it is true that Eichmann's unconscious distortion agrees with what he called the version of Kant "for the household use of the little man." In this household use, all that is left of Kant's spirit is the demand that a man do more than to obey the law, that he go beyond the mere call of obedience


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To viewers who have seen "Amahl" (shown every Christmas Eve since) or his second opera for NBC-TV, "Maria Golovin" (1959), Menotti may not sound like himself even in his own outline of a scene from "Labyrinth":

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and identify his own will with the principle behind the law—the source from which the law sprang. In Kant's own philosophy, the source was practical reason; in Eichmann's household use of him, it was the will of the Führer. Much of the horribly painstaking thoroughness with which the Final Solution was carried out—a thoroughness that usually strikes the observer as typically German, or else as characteristic of the perfect bureaucrat—can be traced to this odd notion, very common in Germany, that to be law-abiding means not merely to obey the laws but to act as though one were the legislator of the laws that one obeys. This accounts for the conviction that nothing less than going beyond the call of duty will do.

Whatever Kant's role in the formation of "the little man's" outlook in Germany may have been, there is not the slightest doubt that in one respect Eichmann did indeed follow Kant's precepts: A law was a law, and there could be no exceptions. In Jerusalem, Eichmann admitted responsibility for only two such exceptions during the period when, as Himmler said, "eighty million Germans" had each had "his decent Jew": he had helped a half-Jewish cousin, and he had helped a Jewish couple in Vienna for whom his uncle had intervened. These acts still made him feel somewhat uncomfortable, and when he was questioned about them during cross-examination he became openly apologetic, and noted that he had "confessed his sins" to his superiors. This uncompromising attitude toward the performance of his murderous duties damned him in the eyes of the judges more than anything else, which was comprehensible, but in his own eyes it was precisely what justified him, as it had once silenced whatever conscience he might have had left. No exceptions: this was the proof that he had always acted against his "inclinations," whether they were sentimental or inspired by self-interest—that he had always done his "duty."

Doing his "duty" finally brought him into open conflict with his superiors. This happened when, more than two years after the Wannsee Conference, he experienced his last crisis of conscience. As the defeat of Germany in the war approached, he was confronted by men from his own ranks who fought more and more insistently for exceptions and, eventually, for the cessation of the Final Solution. At that, his caution broke down and he started, once more, taking initiatives; for instance, he organized foot marches of Jews from Budapest to



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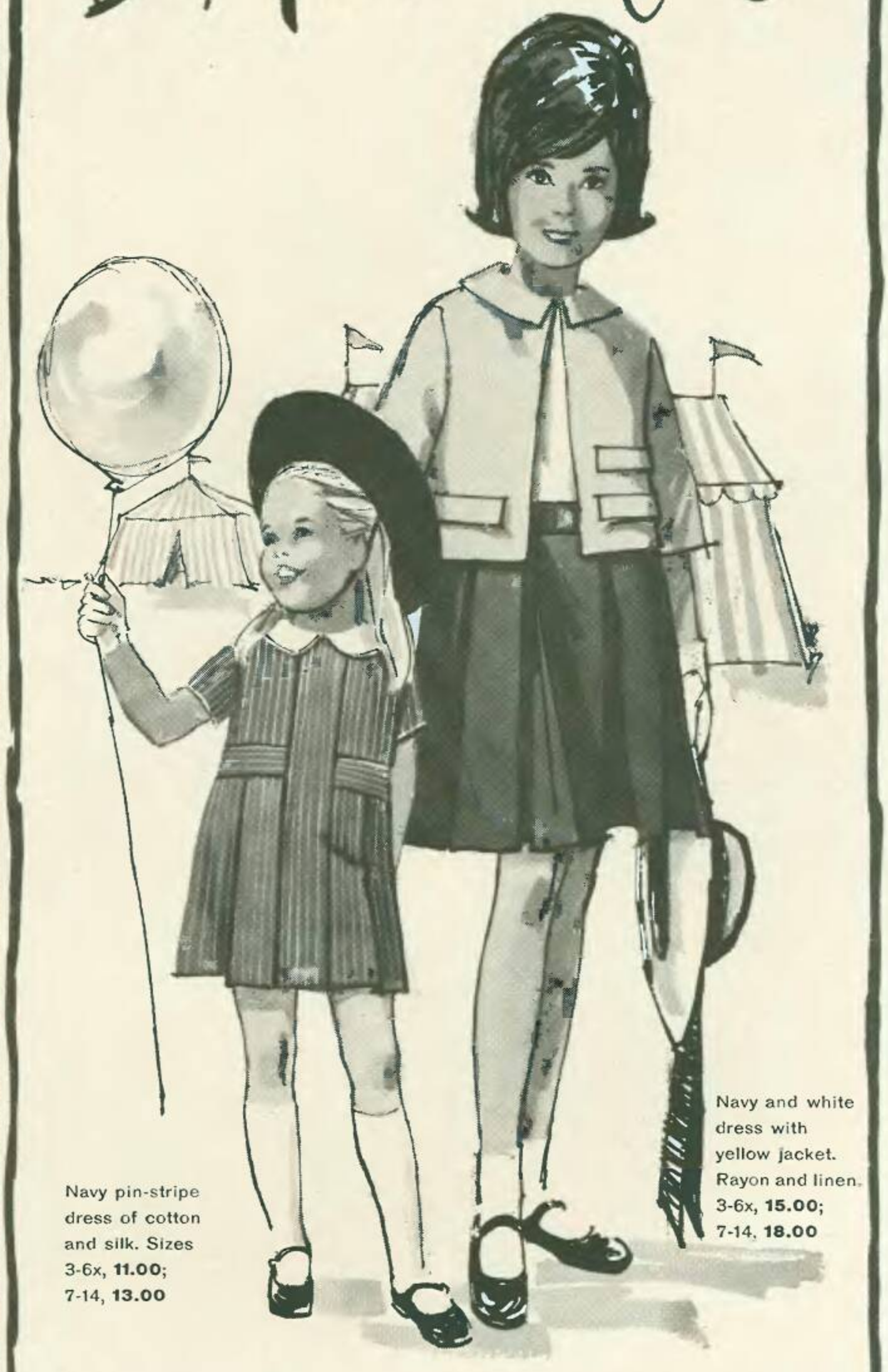
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the Austrian border after Allied bombings had knocked out the transportation system. This happened in the fall of 1944, when Eichmann knew that Himmler had recently ordered the dismantling of the extermination facilities in Auschwitz and that the game was up. Around this time, Eichmann had one of his very few personal interviews with Himmler, and in the course of it Himmler allegedly shouted at him, "If up to now you have been busy liquidating Jews, you will from now on, since I order it, take good care of Jews, act as their nursemaid! I remind you that it was I—and neither *Gruppenführer* Müller nor you—who founded the R.S.H.A. in 1933; I am the one who gives orders here!" The sole witness to testify to these words was a very dubious S.S. official, *Obersturmbannführer*, later *Standartenführer*, Kurt Becher; Eichmann denied that Himmler had shouted at him, but he did not deny that an interview had taken place. Himmler cannot have spoken in precisely these words, for he was surely aware that the R.S.H.A. was founded in 1939, not in 1933, and that it was founded not simply by him but by Heydrich, with his agreement. Still, something like this interview must have occurred; Himmler was then giving orders right and left that the Jews be treated well—they were, in Himmler's words, his "soundest investment"—and that must have been a shattering experience for Eichmann.

Eichmann's last crisis of conscience began with a mission to Hungary in March of 1944, when the Red Army was moving through the Carpathian Mountains toward the Hungarian border. Hungary had joined the war on Hitler's side in 1941, for no other reason than to receive (or out of gratitude for having already received) some territory from her neighbors—Slovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. The government had been outspokenly anti-Semitic even before that, and in 1941 it had started to deport stateless Jews from the newly acquired territories. (In nearly all countries, anti-Jewish action began with stateless people.) This was quite outside the Final Solution, and, as a matter of fact, didn't fit in with the elaborate plans then in preparation, according to which Europe, as far as geographical sequence was concerned, would be "combed from West to East," for Hungary thus had a rather low priority in the order of operations. The stateless Jews had been shoved into the nearest part of Russia by the Hungarian police, and the German occupying authorities


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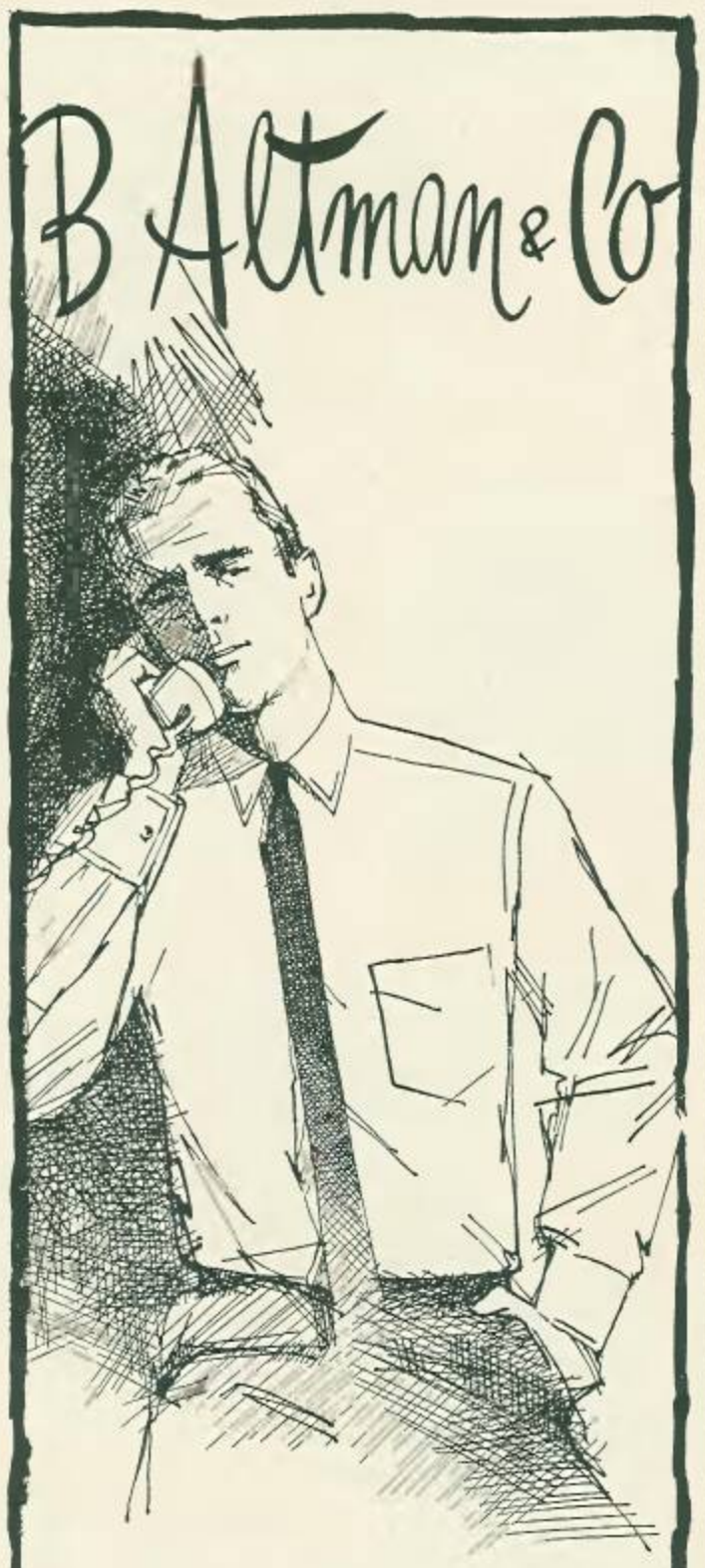


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on the spot had protested their arrival; in response, the Hungarians had taken back some thousands of able-bodied men and had let the other Jews be shot by Hungarian troops, under the guidance of German police units. However, Admiral Miklós Horthy, the country's Fascist ruler, had not wanted to go any farther, and thereafter Hungary, rather in the manner of Italy, had become a haven for Jews, to which even refugees from Poland and Slovakia could sometimes escape. The annexation of territory and the trickle of incoming refugees had increased the number of Jews in Hungary from about five hundred thousand to about eight hundred thousand between 1941 and 1944, when Eichmann moved in. We know today that the safety of the three hundred thousand Jews newly acquired by Hungary was due to the Germans' reluctance to start a separate action for a limited number of Jews, rather than to the Hungarians' eagerness to offer asylum. In 1942, under pressure from the German Foreign Office (which never failed to make it clear to Germany's allies that the touchstone of their trustworthiness was their helpfulness not in winning the war but in "solving the Jewish question"), Hungary had offered to hand over all Jewish refugees. The Foreign Office had been willing to accept this as a step in the right direction, but Eichmann had objected. For technical reasons, he thought it "preferable to defer this action until Hungary is ready to include the Hungarian Jews also;" it would be too costly "to set in motion the whole machinery of evacuation" for only one category, and thus "without [making] any progress in the solution of the Jewish problem in Hungary." Hungary was now, late in March, 1944, "ready," because on the nineteenth of March several divisions of the German Army had occupied the country. With them had arrived the new Reich Plenipotentiary, S.S. *Standartenführer* Dr. Edmund Veesenmayer, who was Himmler's agent in the Foreign Office, and S.S. *Obergruppenführer* Otto Winkelmann, who was a member of the Higher S.S. and Police Leader Corps, and hence was under the direct command of Himmler. The third S.S. official to arrive in the country was Eichmann, the expert on Jewish evacuation and deportation, who was only remotely under the command of Himmler but stood under the direct command of Kaltenbrunner and Müller, of the R.S.H.A. Hitler himself had left no doubt about what the arrival of the three men meant; in a famous inter-

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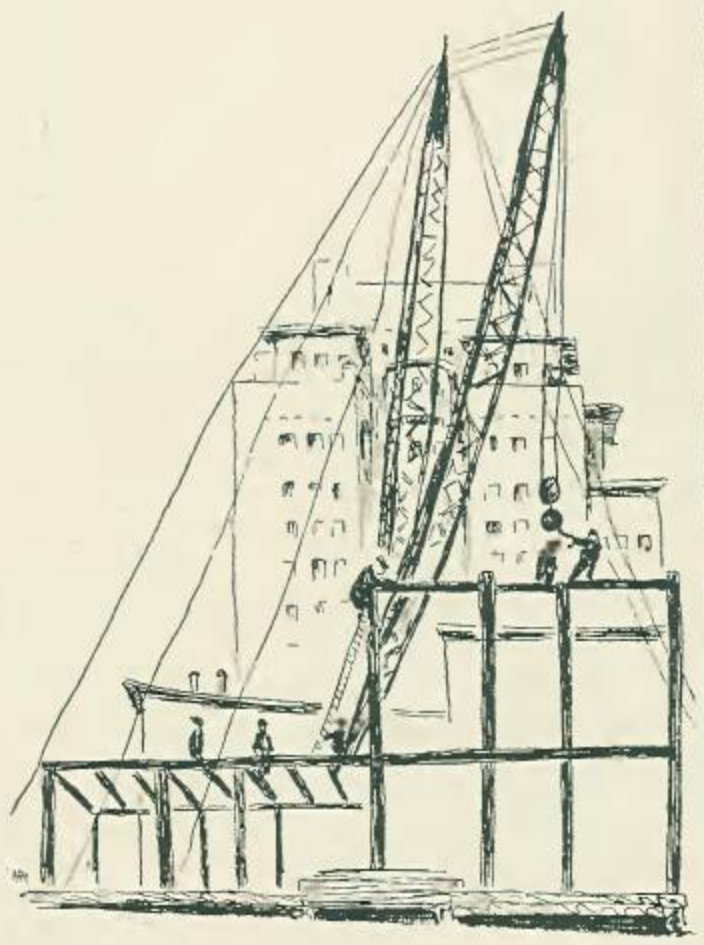
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view, prior to the occupation of the country, he had told Horthy that "Hungary has not yet introduced the steps necessary to settle the Jewish question," and had charged him with "not having permitted the Jews to be massacred."

Eichmann's duties in his new post were clear. His whole office was moved to Budapest (in terms of his career, this was, as he explained it, a "gliding down") to enable him to see to it that "all necessary steps were taken." He had no forewarning of what was to happen; his worst fears concerned possible resistance on the part of Hungarians, which he would have been unable to cope with, because he lacked manpower and also lacked knowledge of local conditions. These fears proved unfounded. The Hungarian *gendarmerie* was more than eager to do all that was necessary, and the new State Secretary in Charge of Political (Jewish) Affairs in the Hungarian Ministry of the Interior, Vitez László Endre, was a man "well versed in the Jewish problem," and became an intimate friend, with whom Eichmann could spend a good deal of his free time. Everything went "like a dream," Eichmann declared whenever he recalled this episode; there were no difficulties whatever. Unless, of course, one calls difficulties a few minor differences between his orders and the intentions of his new friends; for instance, probably because of the approach of the Red Army from the East, his orders stipulated that the country was now to be "combed from East to West," which meant that Budapest should not be evacuated during the first weeks or months—a matter for great grief among the Hungarians, who wanted their capital to take the lead in becom-



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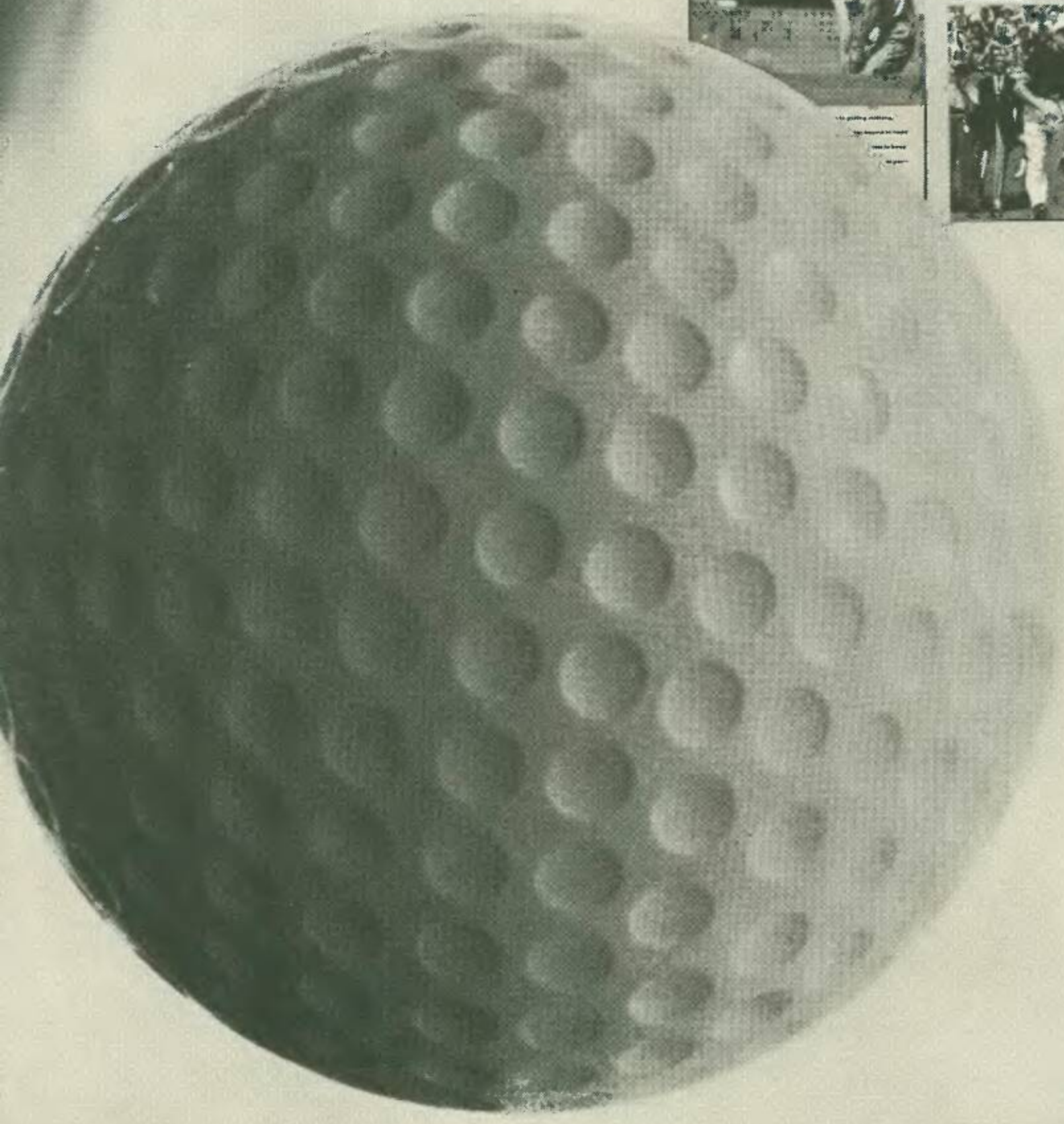
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ing *judenrein*. (Eichmann's "dream" was a nightmare for the Jews. Nowhere else were so many people deported and exterminated in such a brief span of time; in less than two months, a hundred and forty-seven trains, bearing 434,351 people, in sealed freight cars—usually as many as a hundred persons to a car—left the country, and the gas chambers in Auschwitz were hardly able to cope with this multitude.)

Eichmann's difficulties arose from another quarter. Not one man but three men held orders specifying that they were to help in "the solution of the Jewish problem," and each of them belonged to a different outfit and a different chain of command. Technically, Winkelmann was Eichmann's superior, but the Higher S.S. and Police Leaders were not under the command of the R.S.H.A., to which Eichmann belonged. As for Veesenmayer, of the Foreign Office, he was independent of both. Eichmann refused to take orders from either of them and resented their presence. The worst trouble, though, came from a fourth S.S. man, whom Himmler had charged with a "special mission" in the only country in Europe that still harbored not only a sizable number of Jews but of Jews who were still important in business. (Of a total of a hundred and ten thousand Hungarian commercial and industrial enterprises, forty thousand were reported to be in Jewish hands.) This man was *Obersturmbannführer* Kurt Becher. Becher, who is today a prosperous merchant in Bremen, testified, strangely, as a witness for the defense. Since if he came to Jerusalem he would be seized as a war criminal, he was examined in his home town, but, as things worked out, his testimony had to be dismissed, because he had been shown well ahead of time the questions he was called upon to answer under oath. It is a great pity that Eichmann and Becher could not have been confronted with each other, for such a confrontation would have revealed another part of the "general picture," which, even legally, was far from irrelevant. According to Becher's own account, the reason he had joined the S.S. was that "from 1932 to the present day he had been actively engaged in horseback riding." (Thirty years ago, this was a sport engaged in only by Europe's higher classes.) In 1934, his instructor had persuaded him to enter the S.S. cavalry regiment, which at that moment was the thing for a man to do if he wished to join the "movement" and insure a proper regard for his social

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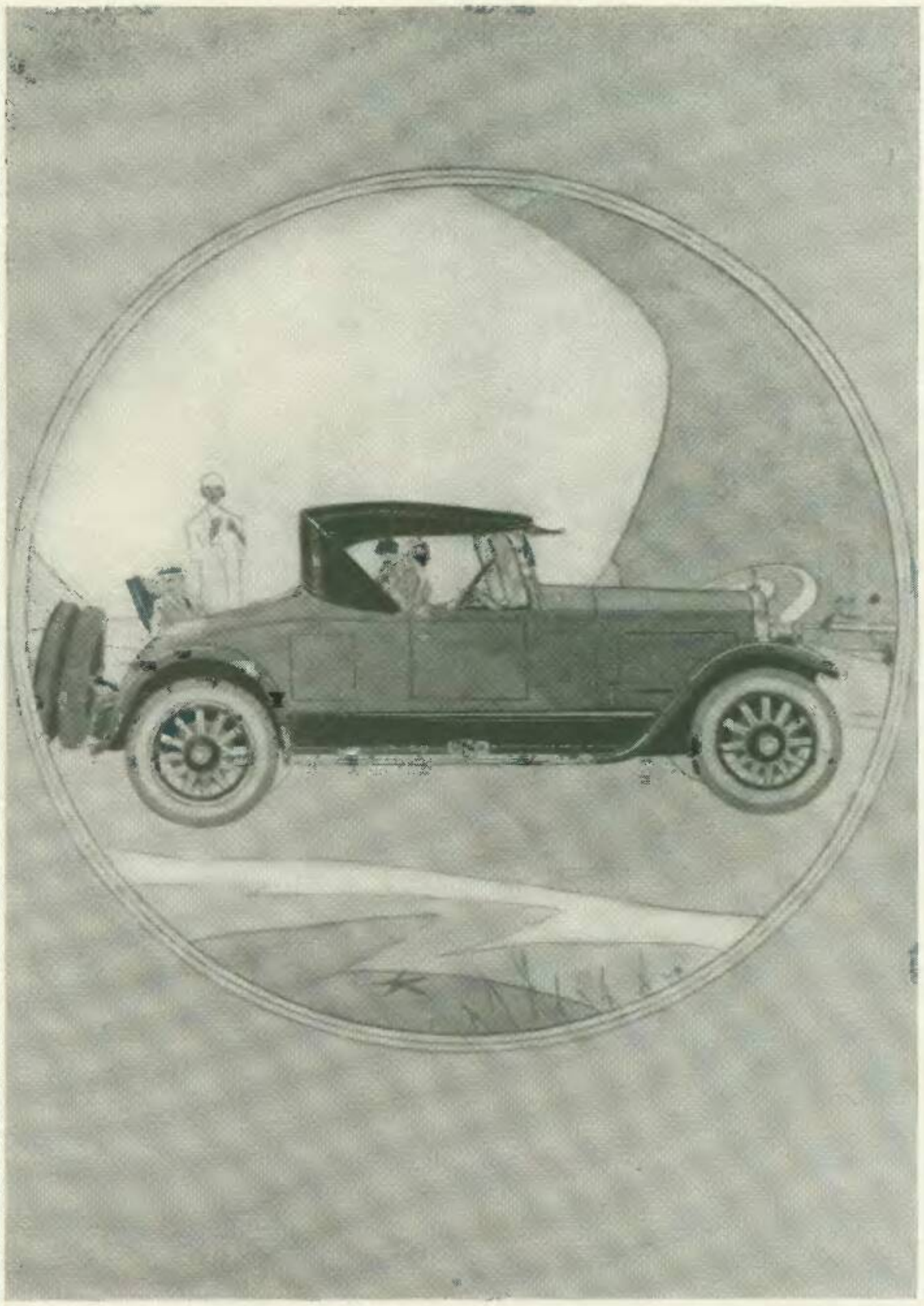


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standing. (The true reason Becher stressed horseback riding in his testimony was never mentioned: the Nuremberg Tribunal had excluded the *Reiter* S.S. from its list of criminal organizations.) The outbreak of the war saw Becher on active duty at the front, as a member not of the Army but of the Armed S.S., in which he maintained liaison with the Army commanders. He soon left the front, however, to become the principal buyer of horses for the S.S. personnel department—a job that earned him nearly all the decorations that were then available. Becher claimed that he had been sent to Hungary only in order to buy twenty thousand horses for the S.S., but this is unlikely, since immediately upon his arrival he began a series of very successful negotiations with the heads of big Jewish business concerns. His relations with Himmler were excellent; he could see Himmler whenever he wished. And his "special mission" seems clear enough. He was to obtain control of major Jewish business concerns without the knowledge of the Hungarian government, and, in return, was to grant the Jews involved free passage out of the country and give them a sizable amount of money in foreign currency. His most important transaction was with the Manfred Weiss steel combine, a mammoth enterprise, with thirty thousand workers, that produced everything from airplanes, trucks, and bicycles to tinned goods, pins, and needles. His efforts were successful, and the result was that forty-five members of the Weiss family emigrated to Portugal and Becher became head of the business. When Eichmann heard of this *Schweinerei*, he was outraged; the deal threatened to compromise his good relations with the Hungarians, who naturally expected to take over confiscated Jewish property on their own soil. He had considerable reason for his indignation, since these deals were contrary to the regular Nazi policy, which had been quite generous. For their help in solving the Jewish question of any country, the Germans had demanded none of the Jewish property but only the costs of deportation and extermination, and the price the Germans demanded had varied greatly from country to country; the Slovaks had been supposed to pay between three hundred and five hundred Reichsmarks per Jew, the Croats only thirty, the French seven hundred, and the Belgians two hundred and fifty. (It appears that no one ever paid except the Croats.) In Hungary, at this late stage of the war, the Germans were demanding payment in goods—food shipments to



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the Reich, in quantities determined by the amount of food that the deported Jews would have consumed.

But the Weiss affair was only the beginning; things were to get considerably worse, from Eichmann's point of view. Becher was a born businessman, and where Eichmann saw only enormous tasks of organization and administration, Becher saw almost unlimited possibilities for making money. The one thing that stood in his way was the narrow-mindedness of subordinates like Eichmann, who took their jobs seriously. Becher's projects soon led him to coöperate closely with Dr. Rudolf Kastner, whose rescue efforts were continuing. (It was to Kastner's testimony on his behalf later, in Nuremberg, that he owed his freedom—a gesture that was to cost Dr. Kastner his life. Two survivors of the Hungarian catastrophe killed him in Israel in March, 1957, a few months after the Israeli Supreme Court had quashed the sensational judgment handed down to Judge Halevi, in the Jerusalem District Court, that Kastner, accused of collaboration with the Nazis in Hungary, had "sold his soul to the Devil.") These deals of Becher's with Kastner were much simpler than his negotiations with the business magnates; they consisted only in fixing a price for the life of each Jew to be rescued. There was considerable haggling over prices, and at one point, it seems, Eichmann himself got involved in some of the preliminary discussions. Characteristically, he suggested the lowest price of all, a mere two hundred dollars per Jew—not, of course, because he wished to save more Jews but just because he was not used to thinking big. The price finally arrived at was a thousand dollars, and one group, consisting of 1,684 Jews, and including Dr. Kastner's own family, actually left Hungary for the exchange camp in Bergen-Belsen, and eventually reached Switzerland. A similar deal, through which Becher and Himmler hoped to obtain twenty million Swiss francs from the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, for the purchase of merchandise of all sorts, kept everybody busy until the Russians liberated Hungary, but nothing came of it.

There is no doubt that Becher's activities had the full approval of Himmler and stood in the sharpest possible contrast to the old "radical" orders, which still reached Eichmann through Müller and Kaltenbrunner, his immediate superiors in the R.S.H.A. In Eichmann's view, people like Becher were corrupt, but corruption could not very well have


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precipitated his crisis of conscience, for although he himself was apparently not susceptible to this kind of temptation, he must by this time have been aware for many years of the corruption that surrounded him. It is difficult to imagine that he knew nothing about the acceptance by his friend and subordinate *Hauptsturmführer* Dieter Wisliceny, as early as 1942, of fifty thousand dollars from the Jewish Relief Committee in Bratislava for delaying deportations from Slovakia, though it is not altogether impossible, but he certainly cannot have ignored the fact that Himmler, in the fall of 1942, was already trying to sell exit permits to the Slovakian Jews in exchange for enough foreign currency to pay for the recruitment of a new S.S. division. Nevertheless, in 1944 in Hungary it was different, not because Himmler was involved in "business" but because business had now become official policy, and was no longer mere corruption. In the beginning, Eichmann tried to enter the game and play it according to the new rules; that was when he got involved in the fantastic "blood-for-wares" negotiations—to exchange a million Jews for ten thousand trucks for the crumbling German Army—which certainly were not initiated by him. The way he explained his role in this matter in Jerusalem showed clearly how he had once justified it to himself—as a military necessity, and one that would give him an important new role in the emigration business. He probably never admitted to himself that the mounting difficulties on all sides made it more likely every day that he would soon be without a job (this happened a few months later) unless he succeeded in finding some foothold amid the new jockeying for power that was going on all around him. By the time the exchange project fell through, it had become common knowledge that Himmler, despite his constant vacillations (they were due chiefly to his justified physical fear of Hitler), had decided to put an end to the whole Final Solution—regardless of business, regardless of military necessity, and without any gain to himself, except the strengthening of those illusions he held about his future role as the bringer of peace to Germany. At this time, a "moderate wing" of the S.S. came into existence, consisting of those who were stupid enough to believe that a murderer who could prove he had not killed as many people as he could have killed would have a marvellous "alibi," and of those who were clever enough to foresee a return to "normal conditions," when




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money and good connections would again be of paramount importance.

Eichmann never joined this "moderate wing," and it is questionable whether he would have been permitted to if he had tried. Not only was he too deeply compromised and, because of his constant contact with Jewish functionaries, too well known; he was too crude for these well-educated upper-middle-class "gentlemen"—against whom he harbored the most violent resentment up to the very end. Though he was capable of sending millions of people to their death, he was not capable of discussing the subject in the appropriate manner unless he had "language rules" to follow. (These rules were devised by the Nazis to enable people to discuss horrors entirely in non-violent, antiseptic language.) In Jerusalem, where there were no rules, he spoke freely of "killing" and of "murder," of "crimes legalized by the state;" he called a spade a spade—in contrast to counsel for the defense, who more than once showed a tendency to look down his nose at Eichmann. Before the beginning of the trial, shortly after he had met his client in the Israeli jail, Dr. Servatius had given an interview to the Swiss *St. Galler Tagblatt*, in which he declared that Eichmann's personality was that of a "common mailman." (Dr. Servatius' assistant, Dr. Dieter Wechtenbruch—who attended the first few weeks of the trial, was then sent to Germany to question witnesses for the defense, and reappeared for a week toward the end—made himself readily available to reporters out of court; he seemed to be less shocked by Eichmann's crimes than by his lack of education and lack of taste.) When Himmler became "moderate," Eichmann defied his orders as often as he dared—or at least as often as he felt that he was "covered" by his immediate superiors. ("How does Eichmann dare to sabotage Himmler's orders?" Kastner once asked Wisliceny, and the answer was "He can probably show some telegram. Müller and Kaltenbrunner must have covered him.") It is quite possible that Eichmann had some confused plan for liquidating Theresienstadt before the arrival of the Red Army, although the dubious testimony of Wisliceny affords the only evidence of this (and Wisliceny, months, and perhaps years, before the end, began carefully preparing an alibi for himself at Eichmann's expense, to which he eventually treated the court in Nuremberg, appearing as a witness for the prosecution, but it did him no good, for he was extradited to Czechoslovakia and prosecuted and executed in Prague). Other witnesses





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claimed that it was Rolf Günther, one of Eichmann's men, who made this plan, and that there existed a written order from Eichmann that the ghetto be left intact. In any event, there is no doubt that even in April of 1945, when practically everybody had become quite "moderate," Eichmann took advantage of a visit that M. Paul Dunand, of the Swiss Red Cross, paid to Theresienstadt, to put it on record that he himself did not approve of Himmler's new line in regard to the Jews.

That Eichmann had at all times done his best to make the Final Solution final was therefore not in dispute. The question was whether this was indeed, as the prosecution claimed, proof of his fanatical, boundless hatred of Jews, and whether he had thus lied to the police and committed perjury in court when he claimed that he had always simply obeyed orders. The judges manifested no doubt on either point, though they obviously tried hard to understand the accused, and treated him with a consideration and an authentic, shining humanity such as he had probably never encountered before in the entire course of his life. (Dr. Wechtenbruch told reporters that Eichmann had "great confidence in Judge Landau"—the implication being that he thought Landau would be able to sort things out—and ascribed this confidence to Eichmann's need for authority. Whatever its basis, the confidence was apparent throughout the trial, and it may have been one reason the judgment caused Eichmann such great "disappointment;" he may have mistaken humanity for softness.) That they never did come to understand him may be proof of the "goodness" of the three men, of their untroubled and slightly old-fashioned faith in the moral foundations of their profession. For the uncomfortable truth of the matter probably is that not Eichmann's fanaticism but his very conscience had prompted him to adopt his uncompromising attitude during the last year of the war, as it had prompted him to move in the opposite direction for a very short time three years before. Eichmann knew that Himmler's orders ran directly counter to the Führer Order. He needed no factual details to convince him of this, though the details that were brought out in Jerusalem backed him up. When Hitler (as the prosecution emphasized) heard, through Kaltenbrunner, of the negotiations to release Jews in return for trucks, "Himmler's position in Hitler's eyes was completely undermined." And only a few weeks before Himmler stopped




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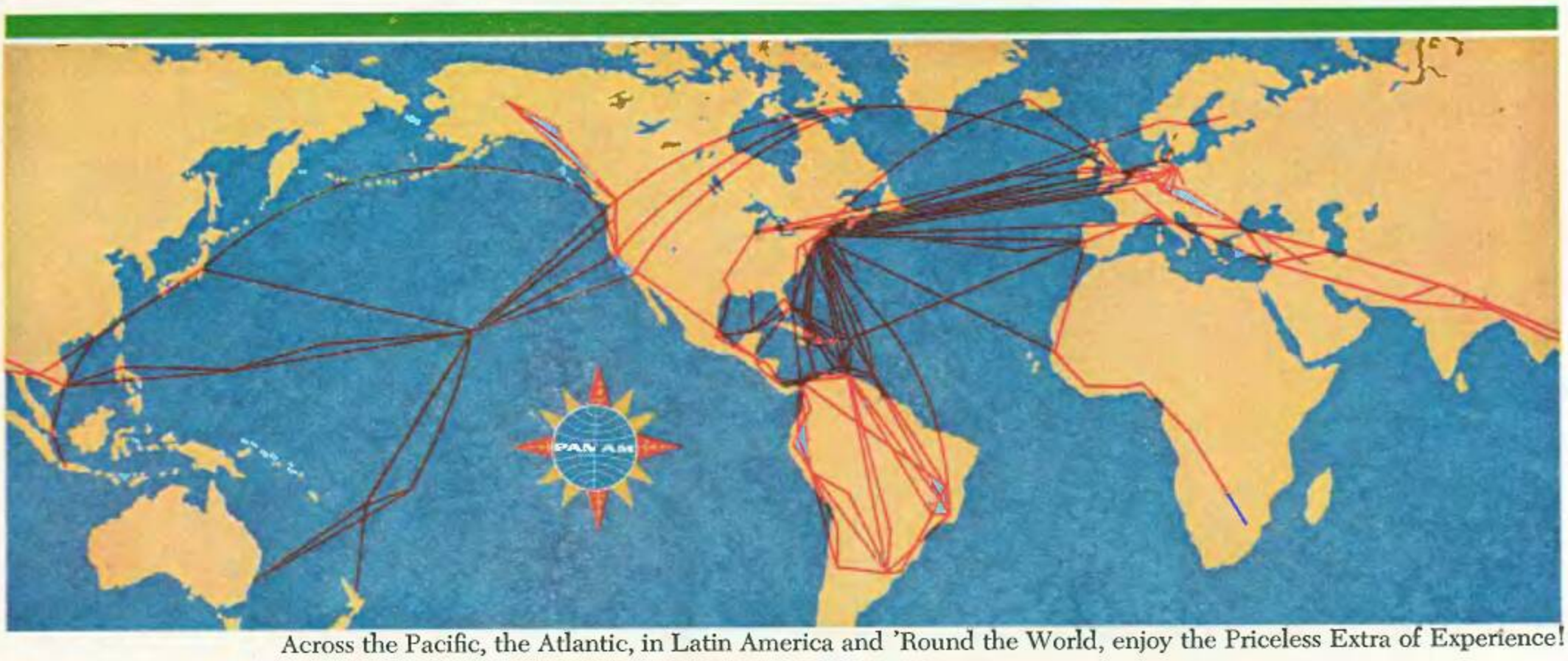
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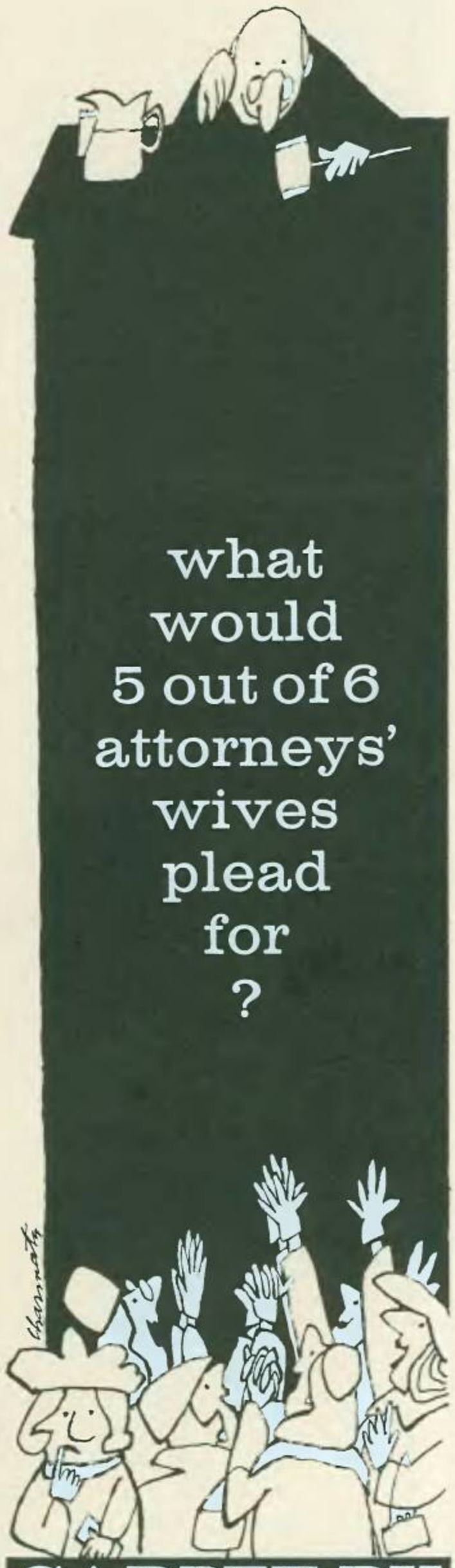
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the extermination machinery at Auschwitz, Hitler, obviously unaware of this impending move, had sent an ultimatum to Horthy, telling him he "expected that the measures against Jews in Budapest would now be taken without any further delay by the Hungarian government." When Eichmann learned of Himmler's order stopping the evacuation of Hungarian Jews, he threatened, according to a telegram that Veesenmayer sent to Himmler, "to seek a new decision from the Führer," and this telegram the judgment found "more damning than a hundred witnesses could be." Eichmann lost his fight against the "moderate wing" and against its head—Himmler. The first indication of this came in January, 1945, when *Obersturmbannführer* Becher was promoted to *Standartenführer*, that being the rank Eichmann had been dreaming about all during the war. (His story was that he had advanced as far as was possible in his outfit, but this was a half truth; he could have been made chief of departmental Subsection IV-B, instead of occupying the desk of IV-B-4, and would then have been automatically promoted to *Standartenführer*. The truth probably was that people like Eichmann, who had risen from the ranks, were never permitted to advance beyond a lieutenant-colonelcy except on the front.) That same month, Hungary was liberated and Eichmann was called back to Berlin. Here, Himmler had appointed Becher *Reichssonderkommissar* in charge of all concentration camps, and Eichmann was transferred from the desk concerned with "Jewish affairs" to the utterly insignificant one concerned with "the fight against the churches," a field about which, moreover, he knew nothing. The rapidity of his decline during the last months of the war is a telling sign of the extent to which Hitler was right when he declared, in his Berlin bunker, in April, 1945, that the S.S. were no longer reliable.

In Jerusalem, confronted with documentary proof of his extraordinary loyalty to Hitler and the Führer Order, Eichmann tried a number of times to explain that during the Third Reich "the Führer's words had force of law" ("*Führerworte haben Gesetzeskraft*"), which meant, among other things, that if an order came directly from Hitler, it did not have to be put in writing. Eichmann tried to make it clear that this was why he had never asked for a written order from Hitler (and nobody has ever found a written order from Hitler relating to the Final Solution; probably none


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ever existed) but had demanded to see a written order from Himmler. About this fantastic state of affairs, whole libraries of "learned" juridical comment had been written, all demonstrating that the Führer's *words*—his oral pronouncements—were the basic law of the land. Within this "legal" framework, every order contrary in letter or spirit to a word spoken by Hitler was, by definition, unlawful. Eichmann's position, therefore, showed a most unpleasant resemblance to that of the often cited soldier who refuses to carry out orders that he regards as criminal because they run counter to his ordinary experience of lawfulness. The large literature on the subject usually makes use of the common equivocal meaning of the word "law," which in this context means sometimes the law of the land—that is, posited, positive law—and sometimes the law that supposedly speaks in all men's hearts with an identical voice. To fall back on an unambiguous voice of conscience—or, in the even vaguer language of the jurists, on a "general sentiment of humanity" (Oppenheim-Lauterpacht in "International Law," 1952)—not only begs the question but signifies a deliberate refusal to take notice of the central moral, legal, and political phenomena of our century.

To be sure, it was not merely Eichmann's conviction that Himmler was now giving "criminal" orders which determined his actions, but neither was it merely "fanaticism;" it was his genuine "boundless and immoderate admiration for Hitler" (as one of the defense witnesses called it)—for the man who had made it "from lance corporal in the German Army to Führer of a people of almost eighty million." It would be idle to try to decide which was stronger in Eichmann, his admiration for Hitler or his determination to remain a law-abiding citizen of the Third Reich when Germany was already in ruins. Both factors came once more into play during the last days of the war, when he was in Berlin and saw with violent indignation how everybody around him was sensibly getting himself fixed up with forged papers before the Russians or the Americans could arrive. A few weeks later, Eichmann, too, began to travel under an assumed name, but by then Hitler had been declared dead. Therefore, the "law of the land" was no longer in existence, and he, as he pointed out in Jerusalem, was no longer bound by his oath—for the oath taken by the members of the S.S. differed from the military oath of the soldiers in

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that it bound them to Hitler, not to Germany.

The case of the conscience of Adolf Eichmann, which is admittedly complicated but is by no means unique, is scarcely comparable to the case of the German generals who, when asked in Nuremberg, "How was it possible that all you honorable generals could continue to serve a murderer with such unquestioning loyalty?," replied that it was "not the task of a soldier to act as judge over his supreme commander," adding, "Let history do that or God in Heaven." (Thus General Alfred Jodl, hanged in Nuremberg.) Eichmann, much less intelligent and without any education to speak of, at least dimly realized that it was not an order but a law that had turned them all into criminals. The distinction between an order and the Führer's word was that the validity of the Führer's word was not limited in time and space, which is the outstanding characteristic of an order. This is the true reason the Führer's order for the Final Solution was followed by a huge shower of regulations and directives, all drafted by expert lawyers and legal advisers rather than by mere administrators; this order, in contrast to ordinary orders, was treated as a law. Needless to say, the resulting apparatus of legal paraphernalia, far from being a mere symptom of German pedantry or thoroughness, served to give the whole business an outward appearance of legality.

Just as the law in civilized countries assumes that the voice of conscience tells everybody "Thou shalt not kill," although man's natural desires and inclinations may be at times murderous, so the law of Hitler's land demanded that the voice of conscience tell everybody "Thou shalt kill," although the organizers of the massacres knew full well that murder is against the normal desires and inclinations of most people. Evil in the Third Reich had lost the quality by which it is most easily recognized—the quality of temptation. Many Germans and many Nazis—probably an overwhelming majority of them—must have been tempted *not* to murder, *not* to rob, *not* to let their neighbors go off to their doom (for they knew, of course, that the Jews were transported to their doom, even though many of them may not have known the gruesome details), and *not* to become accomplices of all these crimes by benefiting from them. But, God knows, they had learned how to resist temptation.

—HANNAH ARENDT

*(This is the third of a series of five articles.)*

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# THE THEATRE

## MARITAL MANEUVERING

KAY MEDFORD, a comedienne of consequence, almost saves the day in her role as a disorganized wife in Frank Tarloff's comedy, "The Heroine," which is playing at the Lyceum. Miss Medford is one of the few women of our time who can look like a frump, talk like a motor with its starter out of whack, and still, somehow, create a sympathetic aura. But her ability, alas, isn't sufficient to enliven the lulls that periodically smother the action of "The Heroine." Mr. Tarloff has here the makings of a one-joke, one-act play, but he spreads them over three acts, and periodically he stops being the jester in order to deliver screeds on subjects like the relationship of male and female. The mated team we are concerned with on this occasion have been together for nineteen years, to neither's satisfaction. The husband (Joe Silver), an advertising type, is as tremulous as a wind-struck twig, and his wife (Miss Medford) is consequently frustrated. It presently occurs to her that this lump might get some self-confidence if he succeeded in seducing a bright young girl—in this case a bright young call girl—so she enlists the services of a chum of her husband's (Murray Hamilton), who has a wide-ranging acquaintance with the demi-monde of Hollywood, where all this takes place. As you can readily see, Mr. Tarloff is not long on originality, but he has spiked his play with some fairly funny dialogue, and though the double-entendres come a bit hot and heavy at times, "The Heroine" is a harmless way to pass an evening. I thought that Mr. Silver tended to crow a little too triumphantly after his bout with the call girl, but the girl herself (Beverly Bentley) struck me as perfectly fine. One of the best scenes occurs when Miss Medford and Miss Bentley try to arrange for the husband's seduction. It's a hell of an exercise in semantics. —JOHN MCCARTEN

• •

### NEW MACHINE START-UP MARKED BY SULPHITE EMPLOYEE'S VERSE

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first time, as far as is known, when the completion of a mill project was accompanied by the creation of verse. The following was composed by Frank Hartle of the Sulphite Mill who says the words can be sung to the tune of The Strawberry Roan).

BY FRANK HARTLE

Number 6 Paper Machine is in operation today
And all Howard Smithers are pleased I must say
The first roll of paper that she has made
Will be put through the calenders and cutters to grade.

She has two sisters. Number 1 and 5
But she is the fastest of the three for to drive,
Now us pulp makers will sure have to go
To keep her supplied with pulp don't you know.

When they open her up at a fast rate of speed
Her dryers will turn like a velocipede,
But before she makes paper no matter how fast
First comes the pulp mill where the stock must go past.

Wood handlers and chippers the digesters to fill
Cooks and blowpit-men and screen runners still,
At last the bleachermen at the end of the line
And back to the screen runner where it is screened fine.

Then to the stock preparation on the Paper Mill side
Now it is left to the Pulp Mill to keep them supplied,
This new machine is alone for awhile
In a new building with a new style.

She looks lonesome standing alone
But she's a queen by herself on her own throne,
And now if the orders would only pour in
She'd put them out for a record to win.

The men who run her are proud to be with
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—*The Papermill Log, Cornwall, Ontario.*

How *is* Smitty, by the way?





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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Inglorious Fourth*



THE idea that democracy is good for art is taken more or less for granted nowadays, and it is only a few weeks since President Kennedy endorsed it in a public statement. Undoubtedly, democracy is good for some arts; literature, which needs freedom of political expression, naturally comes to mind at once. But perhaps it would be more accurate to say that democracy is better for some arts than for others. Where music is concerned, the argument in favor of democracy would be stronger if it were not for the fact that virtually all the works that are regarded as deathless masterpieces were written under various monarchies (Hapsburg, Hohenzollern, Romanov, Bourbon, House of Savoy, and so on), some less harsh and more happy-go-lucky than others, but all distinctly authoritarian in makeup. It may be that the composer is happier and more productive when pursuing his craft in absolute freedom, but a good deal of history goes to show that the quality of his work is apt to be better when somebody or other is telling him exactly what he should do.

This point arises in connection with Shostakovich's Fourth Symphony, which was given its first New York performance at Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday evening of last week by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under the baton of Eugene Ormandy. As nearly everybody knows, this work was suppressed on the eve of its première in 1936 by Josef Stalin—along with the same composer's opera "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk"—on the ground that it was noisy and not serious. It was released a year ago by presumably more benign authorities, was performed in Russia, and later at the Edinburgh Festival, and has at last reached this country, some twenty-five years after its composition. Now, nobody, I imagine, except the Chinese, the Albanians, and a few scattered doctrinaires, any longer regards the late Russian dictator with any particular affection, and few, even in his own time, thought of him as a connoisseur of the arts. Still, in listening to this Fourth Symphony the other night, one could not avoid the impression that Stalin had a point. Follow-




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# I'm naming Varig in my divorce.

I'm not being vindictive, you understand. I'm just putting the blame where it belongs. Varig Airlines, that's who caused all the trouble. All right, so my husband has to fly to Brazil every month on business . . . I don't mind that. Business is business. But flying Varig is something else again. Why can't they just be like any ordinary airline?

Don't they know what that kind of service does to a person? Every time he comes back from a trip on Varig, he can't talk about anything else. First he starts with the food. Why can't *we* have fresh beluga caviar and blinis for *hors d'oeuvres*. Or at least jellied trout in chablis sauce. Imagine! Then he actually suggests that I try to get the recipe for *suprême de poularde au champagne* from the Varig chefs. (Apparently one chef on a flight isn't good enough for Varig. They have to have two chefs to prepare his dinner. Not to mention a wine steward, heaven forfend he should choose the wrong wine!) Well, I ask him, what am I supposed to do? Hire a staff to serve your dinner and supervise them personally? Why not, he says. Varig has an Executive Hostess to do just that, he says. A lovely girl from Brazilian society who wears high-fashion clothes instead of a uniform and is absolutely *covered* with charm. She chats graciously with him, attends to his comfort and sees that his drink is mixed properly.

Well! Maybe you think that was the last straw—but oh, no. It was when he looked at our table and asked why *we* couldn't have exquisite china and lovely linen and six different kinds of crystal stemware, like they do on Varig's planes! Now, that's more than *any* woman can be expected to put up with!

I ask you, what right does an airline have to spoil a man with luxury like that? Is it good for him? Is it good for *me*? I don't know, but I'll tell you one thing—if I ever do get that divorce, I'm going to get it in South America. And I'll give you one guess which airline I'm going to fly!

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ing the public spanking that greeted it, Shostakovich reformed and went on to write a Fifth Symphony and a number of others that had real distinction and have demonstrated a genuine hold on the enthusiasm of the musical public. The Fourth, much of which is evidently satirical in intention, remains a curious concoction, full of tricks and half-developed ideas, and it leaves its audience unmoved and unsatisfied. Like all Shostakovich's works, it shows a mastery of technical devices and an unfailing flow of bumptious energy, but it does not hang together very well, and its ideas are of the sort that seem clever on first hearing and then begin to pall, like old jokes. It was interesting to hear this politically celebrated composition, however, if only because of its strange history and a consequent desire to make up one's own mind about it.

Also extremely interesting—and something more than that—was the first New York performance, on the same occasion, of Anton Webern's very early symphonic poem "Im Sommerwind." This work, which long antedates what we have come to think of as the typical Webern style, is a sort of Austrian pastorale, completely melodious, somewhat Wagnerian, and containing not a trace of the Schoenberg influence or the atonal sound-painting technique that Webern later derived from it. Since I am not an unreserved admirer of the later Webern, I found "Im Sommerwind" refreshing as well as surprising. I also found it highly original, in the sense that it reflects a personal expression of feeling. The Wagnerian influence is superficial; there is nothing overimpassioned or ponderous about this composition. It is simply a poetic idyll inspired by nature, and in listening to it one can forget about technical matters and be swept along by music of great inspiration.

The remaining work on Mr. Ormandy's program was Mozart's Symphony in D Major, K. 385, a familiar one, played with transcendent virtuosity, and with the magnificent quality of tone that still leaves the Philadelphia Orchestra without a peer in suavity, grace, and lovely sound.

IT was not until the last act of the Metropolitan's revival of Bellini's "La Sonnambula" on Thursday evening of last week that anything one could call really impressive took place. This was partly the fault of "La Sonnambula" itself, which is not intrinsically a very impressive opera, depending for its effect on beautiful singing and not much else. In the last act, though,




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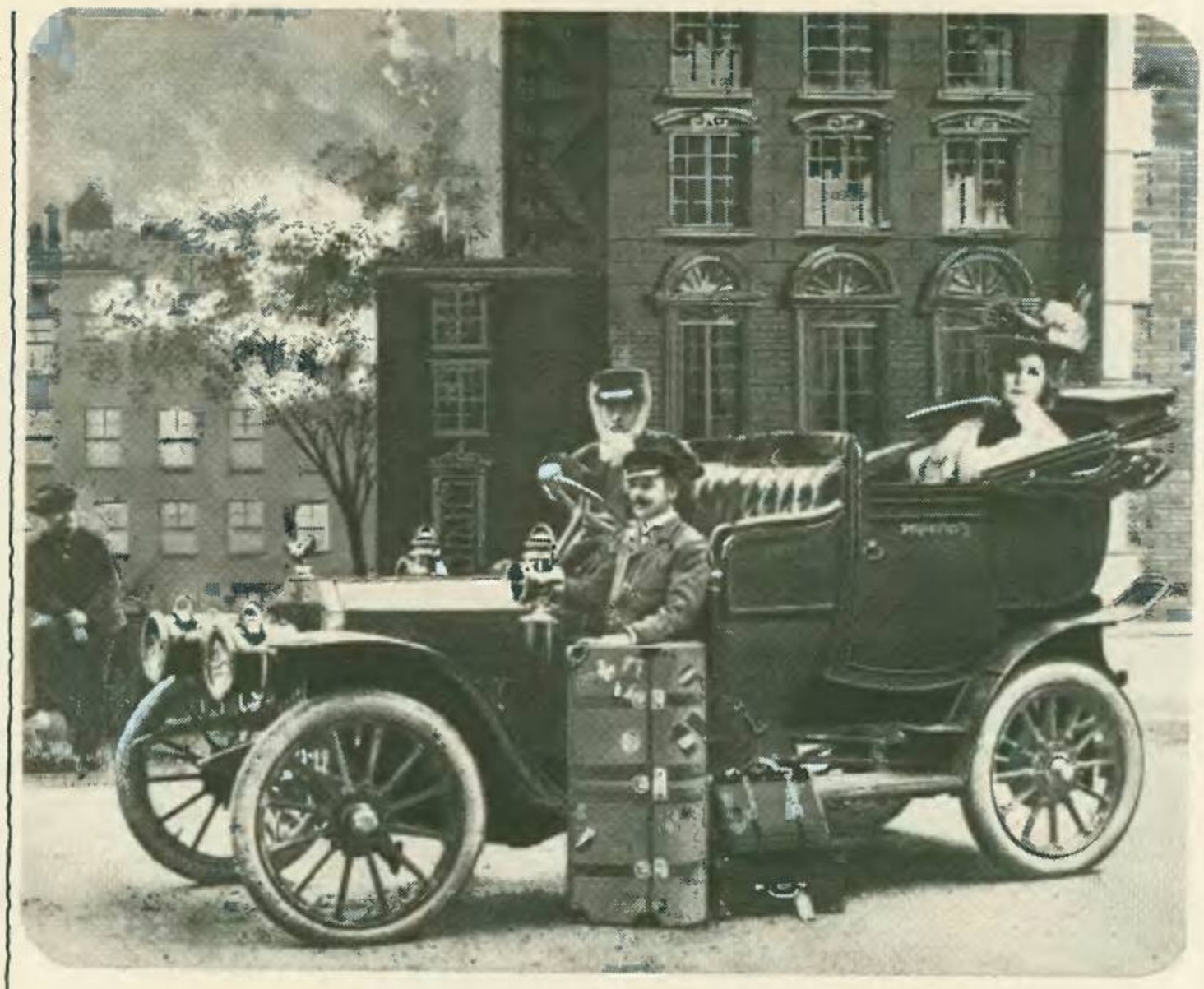
the two juxtaposed arias "Ah, non credea" and "Ah, non giunge," both sung by the leading lady, reach a peak of melodic and vocal beauty, each being created to exploit a different facet of her art—the former her sensitivity to the nuances of classical line, and the latter her capacity for stunning fireworks. The leading lady the other night being Joan Sutherland, the two arias became unique demonstrations of artistry. The artistry was, as is usual with Miss Sutherland, of a very personal kind. She is not a particularly versatile singer, but her way with early-nineteenth-century cantilena is unquestionably imposing, and flawless coloratura singing in a nowadays neglected style is only part of it. Perhaps the most striking aspect of her performance was the degree of emotional communication she managed to infuse into her interpretation without in any way violating the elegance of her phrasing. At any rate, her readings of the two arias were both models of their sort, and the thunderous response of the audience was richly deserved. Elsewhere, the performance was adequate. Giorgio Tozzi was an outstanding Count Rodolfo; as Elvino, Nicolai Gedda sang intelligently, but the quality of his voice was sometimes a little stiff and harsh in the upper register; Jeanette Scovotti and Lili Chookasian handled the roles of Lisa and Teresa acceptably; Silvio Varviso conducted without creating much excitement; and Rolf Gérard's scenery and costumes seemed appropriate if not wildly imaginative.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

## JAZZ CONCERTS

### *Anti-Music*

THE avant-garde is the last refuge of the untalented. But it can also be a quicksand for the talented. Jimmy Giuffre, the gifted clarinettist, saxophonist, and composer, regrettably proves the latter proposition. Giuffre's pioneering has not been accidental. He has pursued as the Grail the abstract jazz he is now sinking into. His quest, however, has involved a certain amount of backing and filling. He started boldly, in the early fifties, with experiments in free improvisation, ad-lib rhythmic patterns, and odd instrumentations. In 1956, he stepped back a few paces and fashioned a delicate trio (himself, a guitar, and a bass) that seemed farther out than it actually was. It used unconventional rhythms and harmonies and fresh, partly written and partly improvised ensembles, but its materials, composed largely by Giuffre, were safe old blues



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and down-home compositions that ultimately gave the group its stamp. Then, heading on again, Giuffre began listening to Thelonious Monk, Sonny Rollins, and Ornette Coleman. Unfortunately, *they* absorbed *him;* by 1960 his playing had become a strained mélange of theirs. His composing also stiffened. This disturbing sense of strain suggested that Giuffre was going against his own sweet lyrical grain. He was and still is.

The newest Giuffre, glimpsed at a Performing Arts concert at Town Hall a week or so ago, has shed the 1960 Giuffre. The long-gone 1956 Giuffre was a soft version of Lester Young, particularly on the clarinet, which Giuffre played almost completely in the chalumeau register. The 1963 Giuffre is splintered, indigestible Coleman, or the untamed Coleman of two years ago. Indeed, Giuffre, who plays only the clarinet now, doesn't have a style any more. His attack is a dismaying crazy quilt of Coleman runs (upanddown upanddown upanddown, each one faster than the last), freakish squeaks and growls, and hard, atonal fragments. His new compositions merely float these raw clumps of sound. The three numbers played at Town Hall by Giuffre and his present group (Steve Swallow on bass and Paul Bley on piano), who followed performances of Sammartini, Mozart, and Schubert by the New Chamber Orchestra and other hands, could easily have been run together into a single work. They were wholly abstract and free. There were no set rhythms and keys, and very little form. The emotion that invariably underpins Coleman's most wayward solos was absent. It was to all intents and purposes an anti-music. In the first number, "A Tryst," Giuffre introduced a short, rapid, jerky figure, which was mumbled, echo fashion, by Bley and Swallow. A series of Giuffre squeaks and arpeggios followed, Bley struck a chord, and Giuffre switched to a quiet ad-lib melodic fragment, backed by otherworldly Bley chords. More Giuffre anti-music, a short solo from








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Swallow, and that, in seven minutes, was it. Giuffre's accompanists left the stage and he played by himself for three minutes. The audience, I'm grieved to say, tittered. In the final number, Giuffre's "Composition for Trio and String Orchestra," the trio went through an approximation of the first number, and here and there executed unison or contrapuntal passages with the New Chamber Orchestra. Along the way, Swallow took a brief, extremely agile solo and Bley outlined some mock Debussy. In the background, Giuffre, momentarily reverting to himself, played pleasant, old-fashioned clarinet hums. In the circumstances, they sounded revolutionary. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

TO WHOM THIS MAY CONCERN.

Why use harmful drugs which could prove to be fatal? As you know, it was drugs that killed Marilyn Monroe. I could have saved her life and countless others in her predicament if they would have followed my advice IMPLICITLY.

My method, which has been successful with others, may help you. May I give you some of the highlights?

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*Second:* Remember this is not a trade or a profession, it is an ART.

*Third:* I believe that you will find the ART mentioned above invigorating, fascinating and could start you on a new road to life with less tension. You will be more relaxed, and your mind will be at ease. Rather than going into too many details, may I suggest that we set up a mutually satisfactory appointment?

*Fourth:* Every day you will come across new and interesting items of research which will occupy your mind to the extent that you will be anxious to see what happens next.

*Fifth:* There are no limits to attainment. You never know what you may create, perhaps a new odor, or a new blend, or a new package. This is the way you can aid the world instead of destroying yourself!—*Letter received by a woman who was feeling fairly cheerful.*

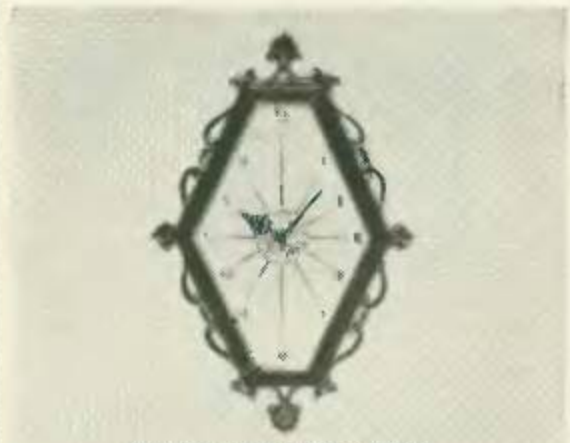
Wait a minute, we smell a new odor right now.

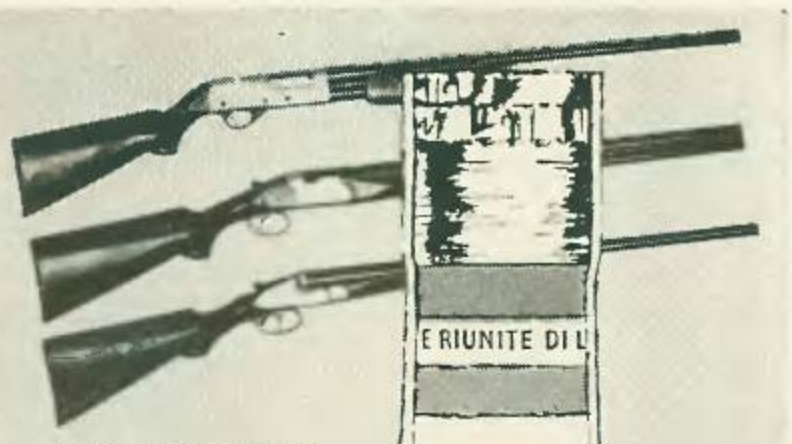
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**WHICH COLUMNIST D'YA READ?**

Stork Club Rembrandt: Gov. Brown of Cal. looking at Nixon's large autographed photo in the foyer . . . —*Walter Winchell in the Metropolitan Daily, February 18th.*

Gov. Pat Brown of Cal. was brought to the Stork Club by Morton Downey last week. The proprietor, Sherman Billingsley, had ample warning—and was able to remove, in time, the large inscribed photo of Richard Nixon displayed in the lobby. —*Leonard Lyons in the Boston Herald, same day.*



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# WHAT IS HAPPENING TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE?

## OR, THINGS ARE BAD ALL OVER

THE fact that many young people nowadays are unwilling, or possibly unable, to hang up their clothes, make their beds, shine their shoes, wash the dishes that they have personally used, turn off the lights that they have personally turned on, hang on to their house keys, tell time by their own watches, or close the doors to rooms in which they have switched on the television has been explained to me by a number of students of the period—mostly mothers of the aforementioned adolescents—as the inevitable result of the threat of nuclear warfare. "How can you expect a young person who expects to be blown to kingdom come any minute to get a haircut or tie his shoelaces?" the argument runs. "It's not so bad for us—our best days are behind us—but for someone on the threshold of life, or what *should* be the threshold of life, it's too much to expect attention to these details. These youngsters are confused and disturbed, and it's not their fault—it's the fault of the bomb."

This excuse has struck me as sentimental, not to say evasive, and I have recently received support for my skepticism from an unexpected quarter, the current issue of the *Journal of the Lepidopterists' Society*, which reports more than a little irregular behavior among butterflies. This quarterly journal is an authoritative one. It is published by the Lepidopterists' Society. Its editor, Dr. Charles L. Remington, is an associate professor of biology, an associate curator of entomology at the Peabody Museum, and a Fellow of Pierson College, at Yale, whose interest in taxonomic groups (according to the Society's list of members and their specialties) centers on *Colias*, *Limenitis*, and *Papilio* and whose more general entomological preoccupations are genetics, mimicry, phylogeny, larvae, and pupae. So we may not dismiss the *Journal's* findings lightly. We may, perhaps, when reading "The Genetics and Reproductive Isolating Mechanisms of the *Pieris Napi-Bryoniae* Group," by Professor Zdravko Lorkovic, pass lightly, for reasons of delicacy, over "the well-known fact that the males [of a species of Alpine butterflies known as *bryoniae*] frequently approach other males" with a view to committing "pairing errors"—surely evidence of confusion. But can we, in all conscience, ignore—again in the *Journal*—the following, even more marked, reflection of lepidopterological disorder: "It has been observed that females of certain species of butterflies occasionally lay eggs on plants, generally belonging to the same family as the natural hostplant, but on which the larvae did not survive"? This was written by Raymond Straatman, of the Division of Entomology of the Commonwealth Scientific Industrial Research Organization, Port Moresby, Papua, New Guinea, who goes on to note that in March, 1960, at the promontory of Burleigh Heads, sixty miles south of Brisbane, several females of *Troides priamus richmondius* Gray, a large swallowtail whose natural hostplant is *Aristolochia praevenosa* F. Muell., were observed laying eggs on *Aristolochia elegans* Mast. Seventy of these errant eggs were collected and their hatch reared on *elegans*, whereupon *all* of the larvae died in the first, second, or third instars, or molting periods. Straatman then goes on to describe further horrors of a similar nature, similarly abetted by human agency; to wit:

*Eurycus cressida cressida* Fabricius is a common species in the Brisbane area where its host is *Aristolochia pubera* R. Br., a small plant generally found in shady places between rocks and weeds. At Samford [the site of a scientific laboratory near Brisbane], females of *E. cressida* were frequently observed laying eggs on *A. elegans*. Numerous eggs, which are bright orange and conspicuous, were collected and transferred to the insectary. The resulting larvae were released on *A. elegans*. . . . No specimens survived beyond the third instar. . . . *Euploea eichhorni* Staudinger is common in Northeastern Queensland and it is supposed that its hostplants belong to the Apocynaceae or the Moraceae. On several occasions, females were observed in the garden around the laboratory at Ingham while laying eggs on Frangipani (*Plumeria acutifolia*, Apocynaceae). When damaged, this plant produces a milky sap. . . . Numerous eggs were seen but no larvae found, while no plants showed any damage caused by feeding.

A newborn caterpillar hasn't the strength to roam around in search of snacks, and the implication here is that the *E. eichhorni* infants, turning in revulsion from the fare provided by their



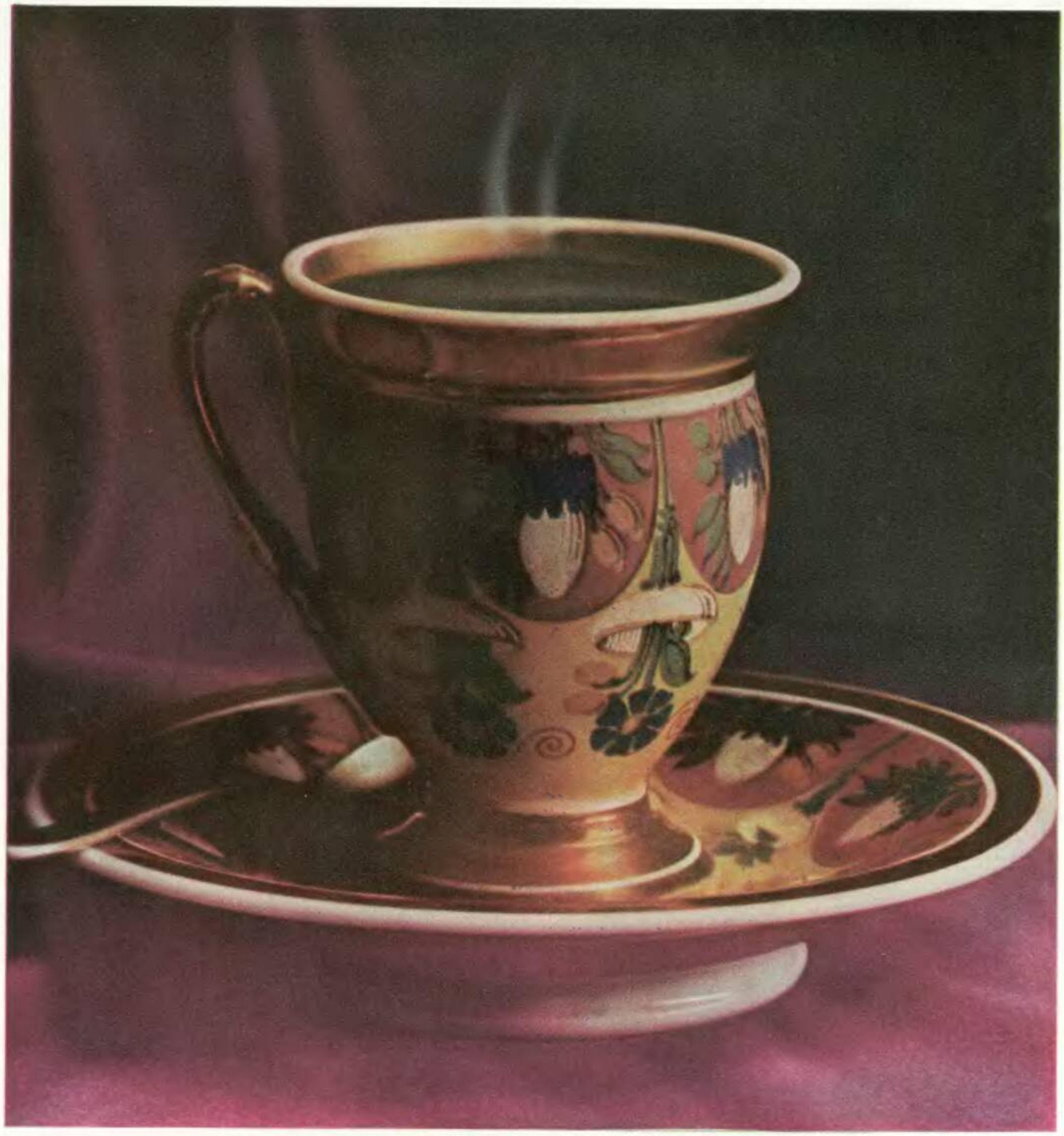

*"Well, take some good advice from me, you smokers. When the day comes that cigarettes are completely outlawed, don't be caught short! Lay in a big supply of mild, mellow Wiltshires now!"*




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mothers, perished of starvation. This is borne out by Mr. Straatman's next passage:

When again a female was observed ovipositing on Frangipani, 12 eggs were collected. . . . The larvae hatched after five days and were given young leaves of the same plant from which they were collected. However, after nibbling at the leaves they refused to feed and died during the second day after hatching.

My stars and instars! A pretty kettle of fish, and a far cry from the good old days, when young people tidied up their rooms and caterpillars' mothers could be counted on not to deposit their eggs on the wrong kinds of Aristolochiaceae and Apocynaceae! "The eggs [of butterflies]," W. J. Holland, director of the Carnegie Museum, in Pittsburgh, wrote, in 1898, "are laid upon the food-plant upon which the caterpillar, after it is hatched, is destined to live, and the female reveals wonderful instinct in selecting plants which are appropriate to the development of the larva."

Such behavior was common practice around the turn of the century. "Many of the instinctive acts of butterflies seem to be performed by the use of intelligence, so nicely are they adapted to the needs of the insect," Mary C. Dickerson, head of the Department of Biology and Nature Study at the Rhode Island Normal School, in Providence, wrote, in 1901, in "Moths and Butterflies," and went on:

Of them all the butterfly's choice of a place for its eggs seems most marvelous. The unerring instinct that leads a creature to place its eggs on certain definite plants so that its young may find food in abundance as soon as needed, on plants for which the creature itself has no need, seems truly marvelous. It can see the form of the plant and leaves but indistinctly with its imperfect vision; it cannot even take a bite just to see if it tastes right. It can smell it? Yes, but how does it know that that is the odor of the plant that the young butterflies (the caterpillars) will like to eat? We can simply fall back on the term "instinct."

ONE need not be too intransigent a *laudator temporis acti* to say that the modern butterfly has betrayed a novel confusion. Its unerring instinct has come a cropper, at least in Australia, and I regret to state that this sloppiness has spread to India, albeit in a different form. There, butterflies have got themselves mixed up with moths. Butterflies, according to Webster's Unabridged, are "any of certain slender-bodied diurnal insects of the order Lepidoptera; — disting. from moths," which "are usually nocturnal or crepuscular." Nothing about butterflies being *usually* diurnal,





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but see what Julian P. Donahue, of Harbor Beach, Michigan, has to say, in the *Journal*, in "Observations and Records of Butterflies Attracted to Light in India":

In New Delhi, India, on October 1, 1961 I collected two *Danaus chrysippus* (Linnaeus) (Danaidae) at night. The first, a female, was collected at 11:05 P.M. When first noticed the butterfly was flopping about our 150 watt porch light, as a slow-flying moth would. . . . At 11:30 on the same night, a male *Danaus chrysippus* was flopping about on the floor of our back porch, which was illuminated by a 60 watt bulb. When it was not flopping it rested on the floor, slowly opening and closing its wings. . . . The greatest number of records I have for the nocturnal occurrence of a single species, however, is for *Melanitis leda* (Drury) (Satyridae). On August 29, 1961 a very active *M. leda* (wet season form "determinata" Butler) was netted as it fluttered around our New Delhi porch light. . . . On September 24, 1961 a *M. leda* form "determinata" was seen on our New Delhi porch at 11:30 P.M. It was about one foot from a 60 watt bulb, hanging upside down from the ceiling. When I failed to catch it with my fingers it left its resting spot and flew around the bulb, then spiraled below the bulb, rapidly rising, falling, and circling just as a disturbed and confused moth would.

"Just as a disturbed and confused moth would"! I'm afraid that Mr. Donahue, who is down in the Lepidopterists' Society roster as a specialist in Rhopalocera, or butterflies (as disting. from Heterocera, or moths), is something of a splinter-group xenophobe. It is perfectly natural for a moth to spiral around a sixty-watt bulb. The confusion is "determinata's," out way after hours, and upside down at that. Elsewhere in his article, Donahue refers to other crazy Indian butterflies, detected by other observers "frequenting 'Kitson oil lamps' at night, at the railway station in Jhansi (southern Uttar Pradesh State, north central India)" and cavorting about, long after they should have been in bed, in Bangalore and Bombay.

Let us not fall into xenophobia ourselves; North American butterflies have become just as nutty. This is hinted at by Mr. Donahue. I have taken the trouble to look up his "Literature Cited" in this connection, in back issues of the *Journal*, and find that a couple of *Vanessa atalanta*, or red admirals; a *Lycaenopsis pseudargiolus* Boisduval & Leconte, or blue; and a *Nymphalis j-album* (also Boisduval & Leconte), or tortoise-shell, have been caught fooling around lights well after curfew on the Atlantic City boardwalk; in Shorewood, a residential suburb of Milwaukee; and in Baltimore. It is significant that these




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Surrealistic opera by Gian-Carlo Menotti.
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Prospects for assertion of self today.
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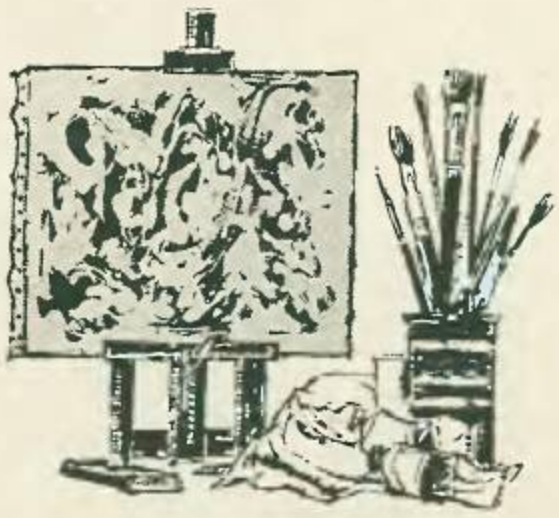
**A Country Called Europe**
Report on the Common Market.
Sunday, March 3 (10-11 PM)

**Where We Stand: Ten Years After Stalin**
Appraisal of East-West relations.
Wednesday, March 6 (7:30-8:30 PM)



**The Irreplaceables**
East Africa's animal conservation efforts.
Thursday, March 7 (10-11 PM)

**The Latin-American Spirit**
Young People's Concert: Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic.
Friday, March 8 (7:30-8:30 PM)



**Exhibitions: Twelve American Painters**
Survey of contemporary artists at work.
Sunday, March 10 (4-5 PM)

**Hollywood: The Great Stars**
Henry Fonda is host and narrator.
Wednesday, March 13 (10-11 PM)

**Yalta**
Winston Churchill's memoirs.
Friday, March 15 (7:30-8 PM)

**Arthur Godfrey Loves Animals**
Guests include Mel Blanc, Shari Lewis, Burr Tillstrom, and various puppets.
Monday, March 18 (8:30-9:30 PM)

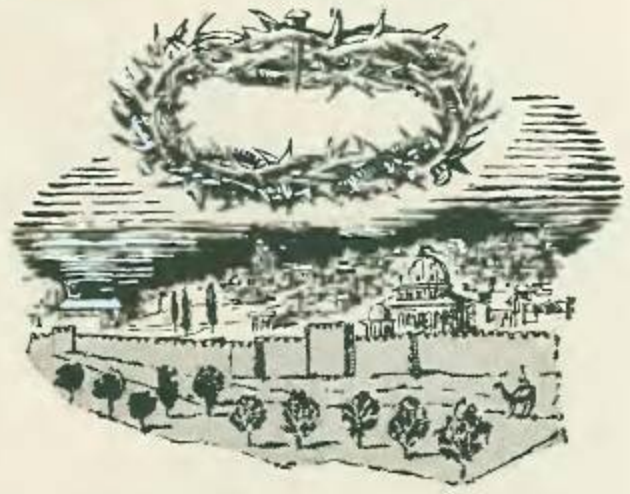
**Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters**
A two-part report by David Brinkley.
Mondays, March 18 & 25 (10-10:30 PM)



**Judy Garland and Her Guests, Phil Silvers and Robert Goulet**
Tuesday, March 19 (8:30-9:30 PM)

**As Caesar Sees It**
A Sid Caesar "special."
Thursday, March 21 (9-9:30 PM)

**Gary Cooper—Tall American**
A *Project 20* biography.
Tuesday, March 26 (7:30-8:30 PM)



**The St. Matthew Passion**
Part 1 of the Bach oratorio.
Sunday, March 31 (1:30-3:30 PM)



**Regularly Scheduled Programs**

**Monday to Friday:** Atomic Age Physics/American Government/The American Economy/Today/Calendar/Discovery '63

**Mondays:** David Brinkley's Journal

**Tuesdays:** Chet Huntley Reporting

**Wednesdays:** CBS Reports

**Fridays:** Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years/Eyewitness

**Saturdays:** Reading Room/Exploring/Watch Mr. Wizard

**Sundays:** Camera Three/Washington Report/Meet the Professor/Adlai Stevenson Reports/Issues and Answers/This is NBC News/Wild Kingdom/Update/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color/Voice of Firestone/Howard K. Smith—News and Comment



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shenanigans, like those around Brisbane and New Delhi, have been reported only during the past few years, at just about the time when young people stopped hanging up their clothes and making their beds.

AS if the foregoing picture were not dark enough, in every sense of the word, the *Journal* provides another case history reflecting lepidopterological disturbance—this time in Colorado. Before coming to it, and in order to place it in its proper perspective, let us backtrack a century or so to "The Life of North American Insects," published in 1859 and written by B. Jaeger, professor of zoology and botany at the College of New Jersey.

> Moths and Butterflies [Professor Jaeger writes], in comparison with the other orders of insects, are well entitled to the rank of nobility, for among them we find no impudent beggars and spongers, as among the flies; no parasites, as in some of the wingless insects; no working class, as among the hymenopterous insects, bees, wasps, ants, and gall-flies; no musicians, as among the families of Crickets, Grasshoppers, Katydids, and Cicadas; but all of them are aristocratic idlers, who, clothed with silver, and gold, and purple, and ornamented with ever-varying splendor, have naught to do but to seek their own pleasure, and charm away their brief existence fluttering from bough to bough, and satiating themselves with the sweet nectar of flowers.

Well, Dr. Jaeger's accolade was thoroughly deserved, on the whole, until recently, but it is dramatically gainsaid by a fourth article in the current *Journal*—"A Little About the Little-Known *Papilio indra minori*," by Donald Eff, of Boulder, Colorado. After remarking, not unlike Jaeger, that "butterflies are usually associated with gaiety and frivolity, lightheartedness and beauty," he reports on the actual conduct of some rare and little-known swallowtails:

> In May [1959] I spent two full days in the vicinity of Coal Mine Point collecting *minori*. On the second day as I was stalking a specimen, another sailed by and the first instantly arose to do battle. Almost immediately they were locked together, beating and tearing at each other and oblivious to everything else. They fell to the ground and I clamped the net over them, but even then this had no effect as they continued to do battle. It was actually necessary to forcefully separate them, and of course both were ruined. That year I took 17 specimens. I released 8, and of the remaining 9, used parts of two of them to patch 5 of the others that they might somewhat resemble whole specimens. Only two specimens were in good shape.

It is worth noting, perhaps, that this *minori* report is not a *minority* report, for Eff describes the experience of


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another collector, who, a few years before, also in Colorado, "stood helplessly by and watched a hundred dollars' worth of butterflies being torn to bits" as a couple of *minori* pitched into each other. This frustrated man, according to Mr. Eff, "had worn a new $10 hat that day to protect his hairless head from the sun, but by now he was so infuriated that he threw it to the ground, stomped on it in anger, then jammed it on his head, only to change his mind and with a snort of disgust, removed it and sailed it off the edge of the mesa, and headed for home with his bare head gleaming in the afternoon sun."

A butterfly so lacking in control as to make one collector, and a bald one to boot, throw away a brand-new hat on a scorching day, and so thoughtless as to force another to glue him up with parts of other butterflies in order to get a decent specimen, *is* an impudent beggar, not much better than a musician.

VERY well. The contemporary butterfly picture is a disturbing one: mothers leaving—nay, *putting*—their children in the lurch; butterflies lurching around in the wee hours like moths; *minori* fighting like a lot of juvenile delinquents. But these agitated arthropods can know nothing of nuclear fission. No, they're reacting against their nice, responsible, well-behaved, diurnal parents, and the same thing is true of those teen-agers who are flopping around like so many deranged danaids. I suppose the answer, for them, is psychoanalysis. Personally, I learned how to make a bed and pick up my clothes when, some time before my teens, I spent a summer at Camp Winape, in Newport, Vermont, where the two occupants of the neatest tent of the week were rewarded with thirty-five-cent Hershey bars, but several decades of inflation have rolled by since then, and ten thousand dollars (for a medium-cost three-year analysis) may be a fair price for neatness today. Butterflies don't have any money, and will probably go from bad to worse.

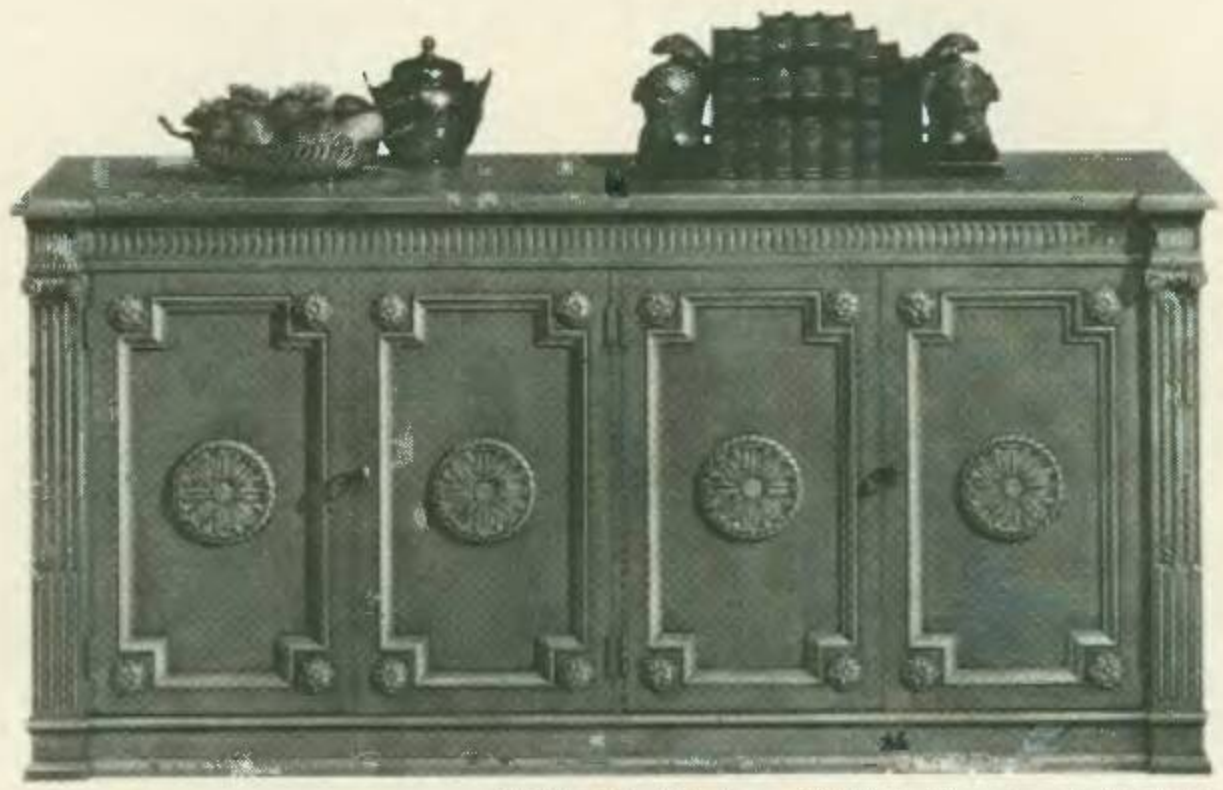
—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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"Kid Galahad," Elvis Presley makes nice guy out of fighter saving money to go into garage business who is nicknamed Galahad because of his politeness. Film retains cheerful quality because of many songs and undue brutality.—*Oxnard (Calif.) Press-Courier.*

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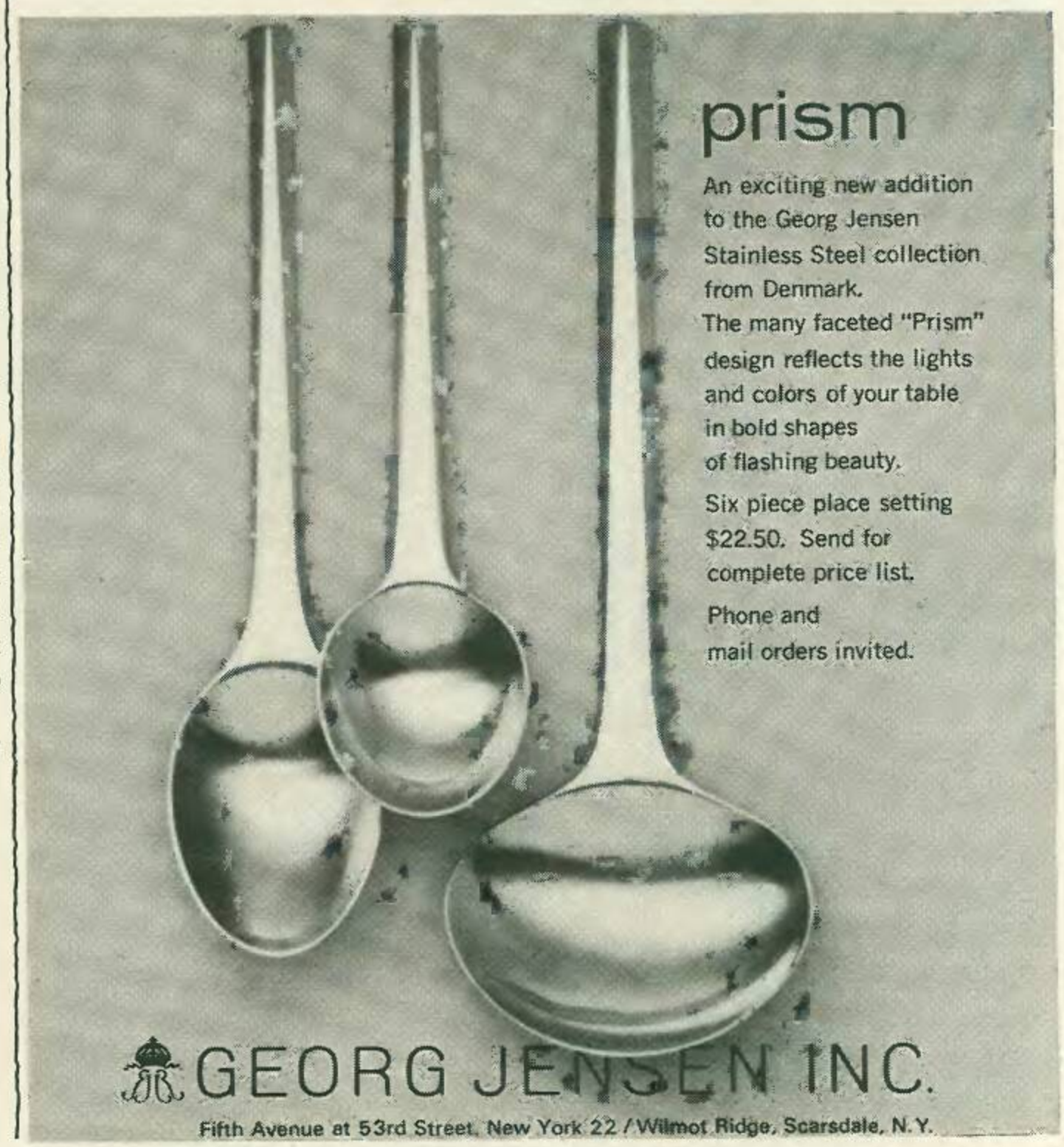


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# NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

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ALT., 202. Pop., 23,791. No one in Natchez is entirely certain how many of Natchez's ante-bellum houses are haunted. "Some white folks put the figure as high as ninety-seven, ninety-eight per cent," an elderly white Natchez resident said recently. "The colored say it's higher." Admittedly, ghosts are all over town, are white, have a tendency to bump graciously into one another and to call each other "honey" as they float around the old houses, are a harmless lot, and live in the past. Otherwise sane people who have overheard conversations between ghosts report that the ghosts take special pleasure in working the word "old" into their speech. For instance, they refer to the Mississippi, which flows past the high bluffs of the city, as "Ol' Man River," and do so without embarrassment. They leave the impression that they are on speaking terms with the old man. No house, of course, is referred to by ghosts as anything but old. As far as a Natchez ghost is concerned, a house isn't a house unless it's old. Oaks are old oaks, magnolias are old magnolias, moonlight is old moonlight, and the South is the Old South. Every once in a while, a ghost refers to the New Old South, but the ghost's heart obviously isn't in it.

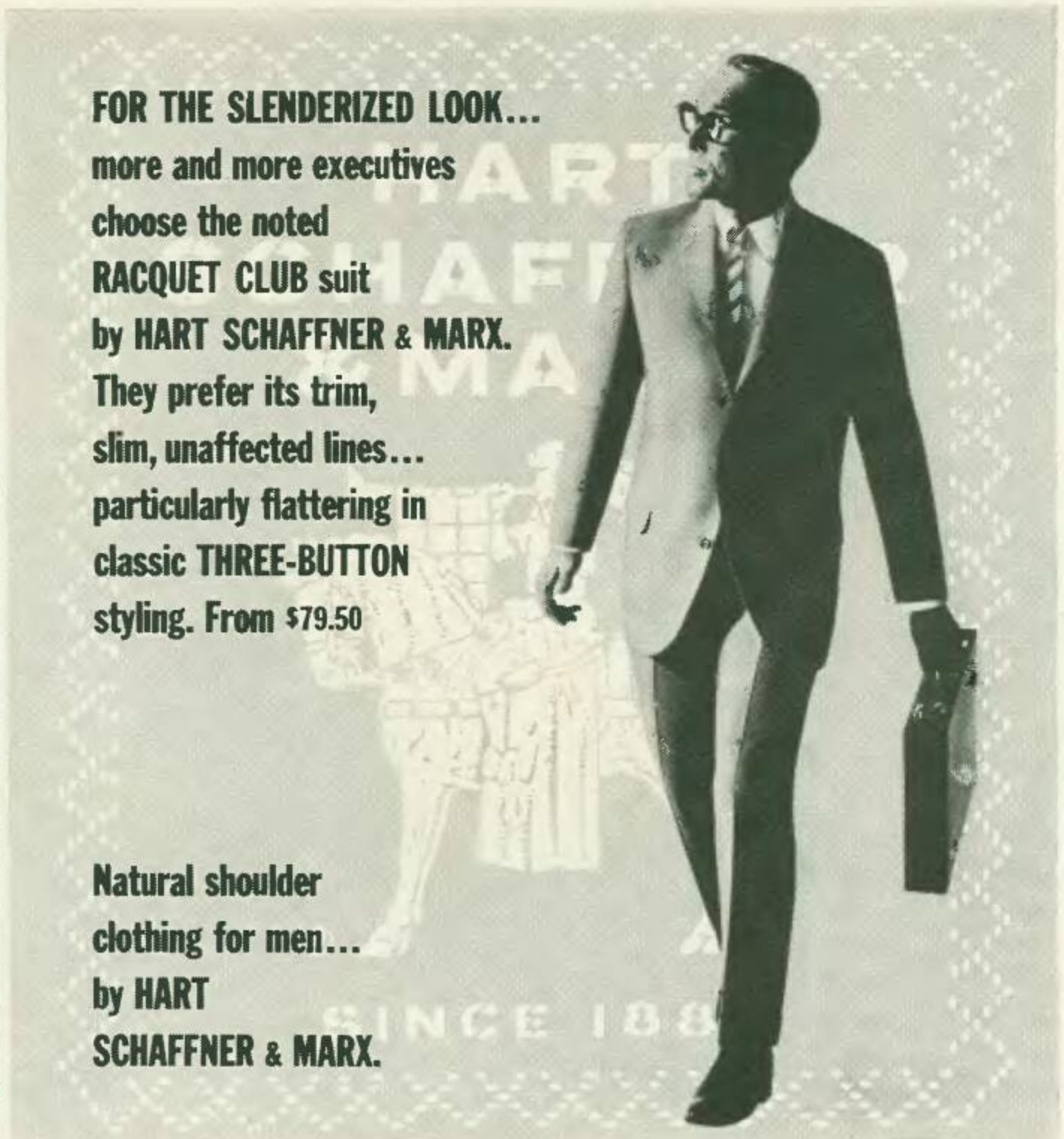


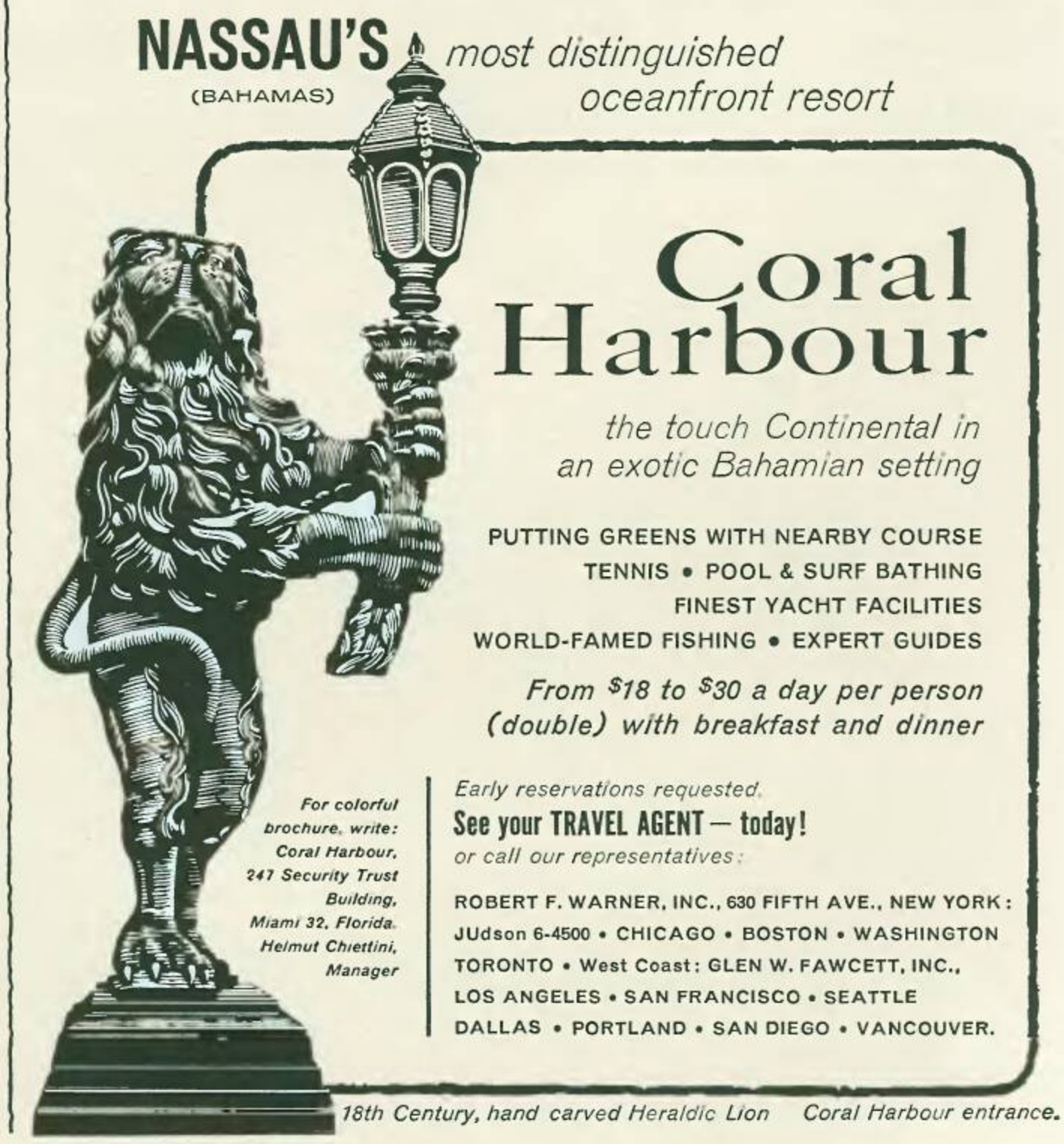

The pleasures of a Natchez ghost are relatively simple, and, for the most part, nocturnal. At Dunleith, for example, an enormous, square three-story house with gleaming white pillars on all four sides, the resident ghost is a Miss Percy, who once did part-time work as a lady in waiting at the court of Louis Philippe. Miss Percy was pretty, and had a sad and fetching voice, which she often raised in song. She also played the harp. The years do not seem to have dampened her talents, for, it is said, quite often at night, especially when there is a moon, she can be heard singing her plaintive dirges and plucking the strings of her harp. Her voice carries all through the house. She is said to be still in good voice, and also to have retained her good looks. Not all ghosts are as pretty as Miss Percy, or as musical. Many of them, it is reported, are quite vain, and spend a good deal of time, when nobody is supposed to be looking, standing around in front of petticoat mirrors, which rest on wooden frames and rise a few feet from the floor. Without a petticoat mirror, a ghost has no way of knowing if her petticoat is showing. Over at Elmscourt, a house whose graceful exterior ironwork has a lacy grape design, the ghosts are both sporting and scholarly. They hang around the big library, it is said, reading "Chivalric Days" and "Caesar's Interlinear," and discussing the bloodlines of the thoroughbred horses owned by old Frank Surget, who built the old house.

Natchez ghosts love to ring old bells, and Natchez houses are filled with old bells—bells of all sizes and shapes, clustered together on a lower floor and connected with rooms throughout the house. In the old days, a slave could instantly distinguish by the mere tone of a bell what room he was being summoned to, and by whom. It might have been Ol' Massa himself, waiting for his julep, or it might have been an emergency call from Granny's room, Granny having fallen out of her big bed with the tufted red canopy. Ghosts also love to gossip. Over at Arlington, for instance, the ghosts are reported to sweep through the center hall, with its fine paintings by Maratti and Castiglione, or whisk through the damask-lined drawing room—the Gold Room—gossiping about Jane Surget White. Jane was the bride of J. H. White, an architect, who more than two hundred years ago built Arlington for her pleasure, and celebrated its completion with a gay and lavish fête. Natchez attended and joy abounded. Next morning, Miss Jane was found dead. Nobody has ever been able to figure out what happened to her, but the ghosts are still working on it. She herself returns periodically, it is said, but she has kept mum for many years and departs as swiftly as she materializes. In some houses, the ghosts just sit around and chew the fat about Henry Clay and Jefferson Davis; in others, they wait until everybody is asleep and then slip downstairs to the dining rooms and noiselessly swing the punkahs—huge, heavy wooden objects that hang from the ceilings above the dining-room tables and used to serve as fans. Properly manipulated, by ropes, a punkah can kick up quite a blow, even in Mississippi. In the old days, there was always a pickaninny, or a couple of

pickaninnies, conveniently available to pull the ropes and send breezes across the tables where the gentry ate their meals and discussed the fine points of Sir Walter Scott. The pickaninnies were considered to be as cute as buttons. When a pickaninny grew up, he became a niggra, and was no longer considered as cute as a button.

THE ghosts in the old Natchez houses are, of course, self-employed; they set their own hours, and come and go pretty much as they please. Old Natchez hands claim that the ghosts work the year round, except during Pilgrimage, which generally takes place in March, and during which thirty of the old houses are thrown open to the public for regularly conducted tours. Ghosts duck out during Pilgrimage. They hate crowds. The only ghost in evidence during Pilgrimage is the ubiquitous ghost of the Old South, and he nowhere shows himself to better advantage than during performances of the Confederate Pageant, a nighttime feature of Pilgrimage. Two garden clubs participate in Pilgrimage—the Pilgrimage Garden Club, which shows twenty-six old houses, and the Natchez Garden Club, which shows four old houses—and although there is a certain amount of genteel hostility between the two groups ("We *suffer* them," a Pilgrimage Garden Club lady said not long ago of the Natchez Garden Club ladies. "We really do not know who they *are*"), they maintain impeccable relations throughout the Confederate Pageant. To avoid hurt feelings, two sets of Kings, Queens, Pages, Mascots to the King, and other Court Flunkies are selected, one set from one club, the other set from the other. Each set reigns for two weeks, and invests considerable sums in court raiment. The Pageant itself takes the form of an established series of what the program calls "living pictures from our treasured past, a past not merely filled with moonlight and magnolias but one made up of adventure and lusty action." The life of the Old South slowly, inexorably unfolds before the eyes of the audience. In front of a set depicting Dunleith, happy, carefree, white children dance around a Maypole, tangling and untangling its bright-colored ribbons. The scene shifts to the Briers, where Jefferson Davis marries Varina Howell (The Rose of Mississippi), and the bride bids farewell to her guests, little knowing that the man she has married is destined to lead the government of the Old South in the War Between the

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States. The scene shifts to the garden of a Big House with pillars. The happy, carefree children of the wellborn attend classes in the garden, with countless cousins, cousins of cousins, and cousins of cousins of cousins. Occasionally, an unruly child, or an ill-prepared one, interrupts the easy rhythm of the class, and is ordered by Schoolmaster to sit on a high stool and don a dunce's cap. This always brings down the house. The living pictures move on. Spirituals are heard being sung in the fields. The happy slaves are picking happy cotton. Polkas are danced in a Big House. Jefferson Military College holds its annual spring dance. (The Southern belles are ravishing.) Stirrup cups are raised before the start of the Hunt, in which pink-coated, aristocratic planters ride to hounds, and the hounds bay and strain at their leashes. Suddenly, war clouds rise. Sumter has been fired on. A way of life is threatened as the King and Queen and all their court hold a glittering farewell ball and, to the tune of "Dixie," speed the Confederate officers off to battle. To a great many Natchez white people, the Pageant does not represent a dead past. "They got themselves so confused," a Negro Natchez resident said recently, "that when they lookin' at the Pageant they think they're watchin' a newsreel, and that we're still in the fields pickin' cotton."

When Pilgrimage is over, the ghosts return to their houses and take up, ectoplasmically, where they left off. Sixteen ante-bellum houses keep open to tourists the year round, on a haphazard basis, and people visit them at a dollar a head. (Owners of Pilgrimage houses have a considerable stake in the Pilgrimage; their homes are virtually free of assessments.) Thousands visit Connolly's Tavern, the pride of the Natchez Garden Club, to admire its downstairs taproom, where rough rivermen once gathered to drink, tell gory tales, and sleep on the floor. Thousands more visit Stanton Hall, the pride of the Pilgrimage Garden Club, and often stop at the adjoining Carriage House for fried chicken with rice and giblet gravy. You can't beat the Carriage House for giblet gravy.

IN the eleven months between Pilgrimages, Natchez settles down, stowing away its petticoats and swords. Once again, people become aware, on certain days and with the wind blowing in a certain direction, of the presence in town of the International Paper Company, for its acid fumes descend on the city. The automobiles of all the com-

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pany's employees are sprayed with water as they leave the plant each day, so that no acid will be carried around town. "You must remember that the International Paper Company brings eight million dollars' worth of revenue into the city each year," a Natchez resident said not long ago, "and that a city such as Natchez will suffer a heap of chemicals in the air for eight million dollars." Natchez people become conscious again of the Mississippi, especially since a portion of the city slips into the river each year, owing to the looseness of the soil. "We keep losing bits and pieces of Natchez," a Natchez hostess remarked recently. "From time to time, some fine old family has to leave some fine old house that is teetering just a bit too close to the edge for comfort." Occasionally, a traveller passing through town will inquire about Natchez Under the Hill, a section below the bluffs, which is now largely washed away but was once reported to be the most murderous spot along the Mississippi. Brigands lay in wait for rivermen who had floated down the river on flatboats to New Orleans and then worked their way back up the river to Natchez, their pockets full, prior to heading north over the Natchez Trace, a leafy road that led from Natchez to Nashville. Natchez Under the Hill created its own species of criminal, not content with mere robbery but devoted to dismemberment, with special attention paid to the removal of the victims' eyes, ears, and tongues. Natchez Under the Hill once had a straightaway race track and countless taverns and houses of pleasure. Today, few people take the steep black road down to Natchez Under the Hill. Broken shutters rattle on the windows of dilapidated old brick houses there. Small Negro children dart in and out among the shacks. "Keep Off," reads a sign near a wharf; "Cream of Kentucky," reads a faded sign on the side of a building. The Mississippi, year in and year out, laps at the shores and makes inroads. Meanwhile, on top of the bluffs, the pecan factory moves briskly along. Trim Negro girls stand in clumps along a pecan production line, down which pieces of pecan jiggle on a moving belt, to move out, finally, upon a jiggling metal tray, where they shimmy and jump. Hour after hour, the girls cull the dark meat from the white meat. The dark meat is considered less desirable. "I pay my girls a dollar-fifteen an hour, or forty-six dollars a week," a man at the pecan factory said the other day. "Good pay, but I have my troubles, with girls havin'




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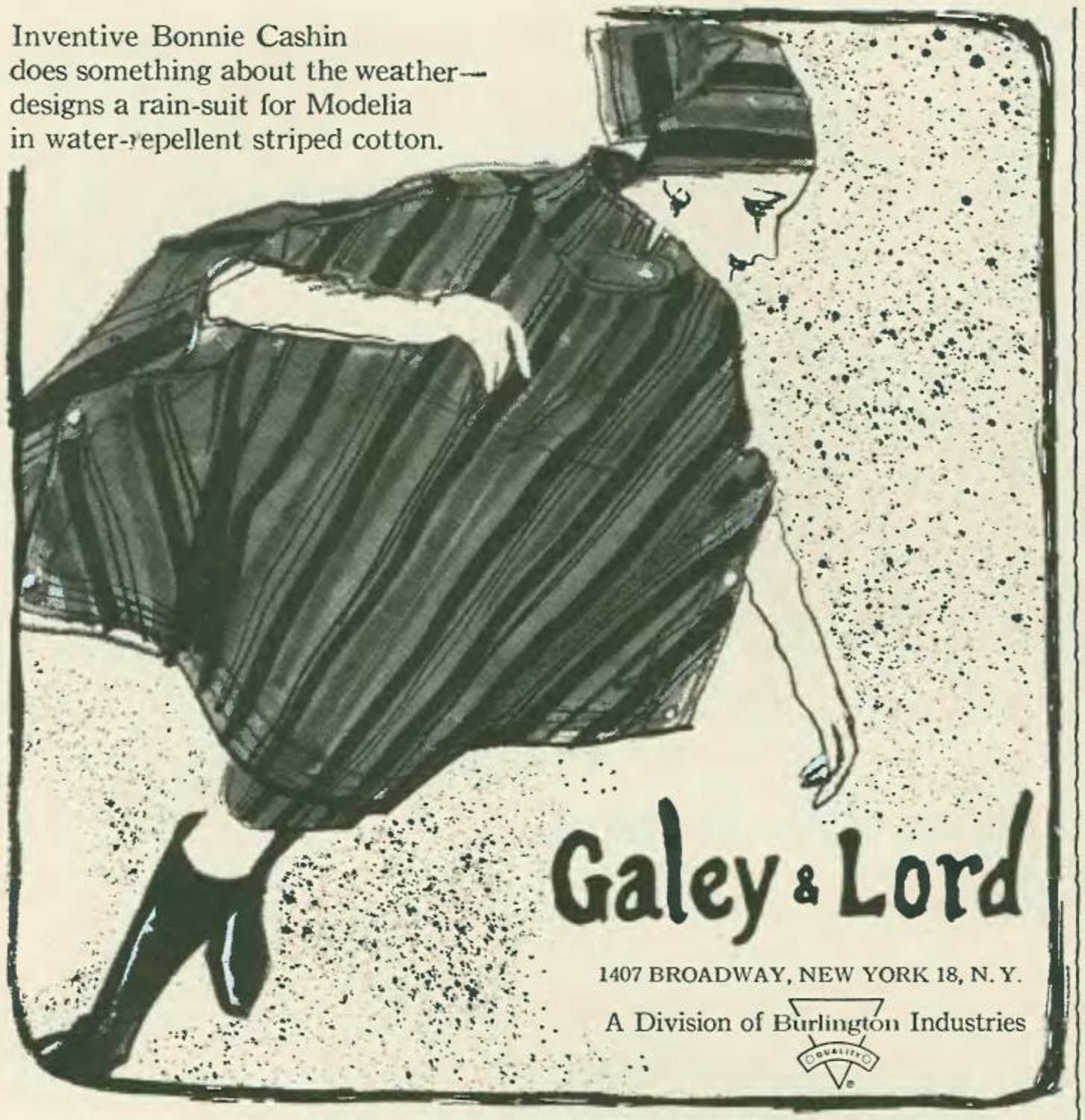
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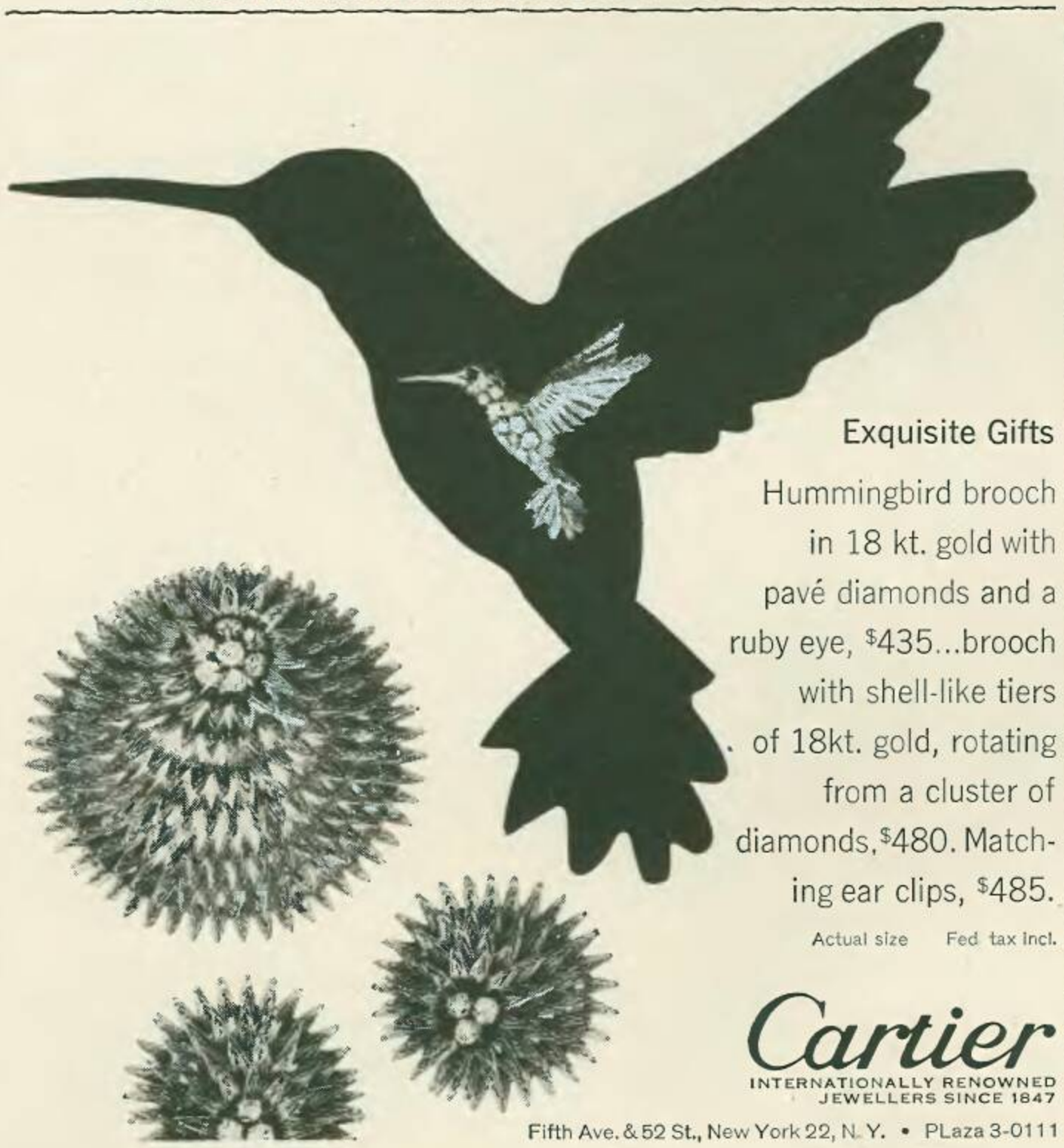

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babies, or fixin' to have babies." The good pay has a tendency to divert strong, healthy young women from dusting off old chandeliers and horse prints. As one white matron recently expressed it, "Ah don't see how you can be expected to get good colored to come in and help when they're up in the pecan factory earning big wages." Pilgrimage comes and Pilgrimage goes, pecan factories open and pecan factories close, but what Natchez residents think about most and talk about most (an outsider might even call it an obsession) is The Situation. They think and talk about it all the time, winter and summer, morning and night. As a topic of conversation, ghosts run a poor second to The Situation. The Situation is terrible.

The Natchez residents who claim to know the most about the ghosts of Natchez agree that the ghosts at Longwood are the most inscrutable. Those ghosts never let a man know where they stand. The house they inhabit is a mysterious pink octagonal structure, rimmed with filigreed balconies and topped by a silvery turret. The construction of Longwood was interrupted by the start of the War Between the States. When the bugles began to blow, the workmen dropped their ladders, threw their hammers and saws into odd corners, abandoned their sandpaper, and marched off to battle. Today, the house stands incomplete, cobwebbed, and cavernous, and visitors often climb up and up to the top, startling birds and sending mice scampering. Everybody knows that the place is haunted, but nobody has ever heard a Longwood ghost make so much as a rustling sound. The ghosts are said to just hang around the place, ruminating. "When you come right down to it," a Natchez man who has familiarized himself with Natchez ghosts said not long ago, "Ah think the Longwood ghosts may be the smartest ghosts of all. They just stare at Natchez, sitting on the bluffs, slipping softly into the Mississippi, and they know there isn't anything to be said, really, and they don't say it." —PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS



A FEW minutes ago, it seems (can it really be a week ago?), I was holding forth on the incisive, tailored, brimmed shapes of hats that have masculine derivation, some of which are almost what the custom milliners, no hillbillies, call "rustic." But I now find that in 1963 there are also, as always, hats that are majestic, misty and mystic, or just outrageously romantic. In Paris, several designers, among them St. Laurent, showed lots of white starchy cottons and silks for daytime as well as evening (we're going to have those "frosty white touches" again), but our own boys and girls are all ready to counter with hats of organdie and organza. There is talk about the "new softness"—over here, pastel chiffon scarves trail from the sides of chiffon turbans or from hats swathed in chiffon bands, and the more familiar malines and tulles and veilings are on hand to take care of anyone's mystery-siren cocktails-into-evening needs. Maria Pia, a comparative newcomer, has a unique touch with these goods. Most of the main milliners eschew the conventional flowered hats (Mr. Fred calls his lack of interest "rejection"), except for the exaggerated, riotous wig types, all of giant roses, or snoods covered with blooms, which are to be especially noticed at Sally Victor and Lilly Daché. And in general there is an unusual shyness in the approach to flowers—a really deep, tall turban by Halston (Bergdorf Goodman) has varicolored tulips slanting upward and forward from their roots in the folds; an airy, spun-sugar globe at Vincent-Harmik is all crisscrossed draped tulle with an occasional apple blossom emerging from it. And Tatiana (Saks Fifth Avenue) shows a deep turban of mauve veiling in whose layers modest violets are casually hidden, or nearly. Then, every ranking milliner seems to be making tentative overtures to the big, romantic picture hat. Some say this is to counteract the sparse look of our new clothes, and some say it is to supplement the softness of them. Either way, breezes are *verboten*. The floppiness and fussiness of many hats are, to my mind, utterly monstrous, unless the wearer is planning to sit for Gainsborough, but there are a certain number of vast and simple beauties. One (Irene of New York) is shown with a top of black bali and a facing of hot-pink bali, and a double flange of black-and-pink grosgrain runs under the edge of the brim to give relief to what has essentially a big-sailor severity. Vincent-Harmik's hat with a portrait brim is entirely of a triple-sheer French chiffon with huge American Beauty roses on a black ground. The crown towers; the brim is arched high in front, and again in back to reveal the nape—a becoming lilt, this. Two layers of transparent black straw and two of malines, with a big malines rose on one side between the layers of the enormous wavy brim, is Maria Pia's fraught-with-romance entrance upon the garden-party scene. This season, Mr. John is against exposure of napes, and he goes to real extremes to protect them by means of beige sheer straws with high, narrow bonnet brims or turned-back brims, all of which come down to graze any freckle-prone bare shoulders and even as far as the shoulder blades in back. The crowns of these are fat and puffy. And Halston does for Bergdorf a real umbrella of a hat in patent-leather-straw strips, shaggier at the edges than those primitive South Sea huts. Tahiti never saw the like.

But the big piece of news is for women eager to take the wrap—majestic Oriental turbans that are big and bulbous, or toppling-to-one-side, or back-tilted, most of them to be worn high across the forehead and either wholly clearing the tops of the ears or going only part of the way over them. (And despite the bulk of the majority of turbans shown around, they often weigh less than the wigs that I suspect they are supposed to supplant. Milliners are always at war with *some*thing.) Lots of the mannequins allow quite a bit of hair to become visible at the sides, but, hair or no hair, I feel that oversized earrings are demanded, and, after what seems to me like a lifetime of my nagging everybody, Sally Victor finally has earrings to match the big pins with which she decorates some of her potentate types of headgear.

And, speaking of Sally Victor, she does the most variegated lot of turbans, in both contour and fabric, that I happen to have seen. A thin white Indian silk with stripes of vivid red, blue, yellow, and so on goes straight around the head below a bias-wrapped globe; a tall but rounded turban of white chiffon wears a flash of bronze ribbon, on the bias, here and there. Really rajah



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is her production shown in white organza, with a big jewelled ornament in front and earrings that match. Turbans that are more irregular tilt down to one side and trail a long scarf that starts behind one ear; for example, a fuchsia-and-dark-green striped silk for right now and a summery-blue organza for later. Victor's miniature turbans are unique, or Martinique, for some could be worn by the coquettes of that bit of the tropics. One little pointed fabric ear emerging from the drapery near the top means you're looking around; two means you are spoken for; three means that you are married. Some of Victor's have four or five ears, and I am all ears to hear what *that* means. Anyhow, these turbans come in flowered or striped silks or cottons and are virtually wide pillboxes, but the drapery goes into a small swirl above the upper edge and ends in an irregular point. They're enchantment, that's what they are.

Lilly Daché's attitude toward the pillbox-turban is entirely different. One of hers is a very deep straw pillbox with crushed organza drapery at the *base;* soft folds start there and wind up in an intricate coil over the forehead. Irene of New York likes this low-placed turban drapery, too, as in something of white organza twisted around until it terminates in a long scarf to one side, plus a tall, tipped-backward, conical crown of rough tan straw. Daché, who was known for her own kind of twist long before the Peppermint Lounge was heard of, also does a huge rounded turban with an open top, and it's smashing in either black or white cellophane straw. A tailored, turban-fez type of hers has a back-tilting base of black cellophane straw with a white straw bulb at the top. In her softest mood is a turban for redheads—tobacco roses and topaz chrysanthemums and starry white small bouvardia in a lovely fluff.

Adolfo calls his turbans Bossa Novas, for no reason I can see. A really astounding one shown in a vividly printed Onondaga silk rises into a great pouf high at one side, and a long scarf end spills over from this aerie. Others of his big deals may be of black or white ciré satin (truly glossy and slippery-looking) or a printed Indian sari cloth, which looks and feels like and *is* cotton. And his shallow draped shapes of shantung are for women who like to wear their hats, whatever the design, well back on the head.

Mr. John sews small strips of straw on any sort of fabric and makes it into

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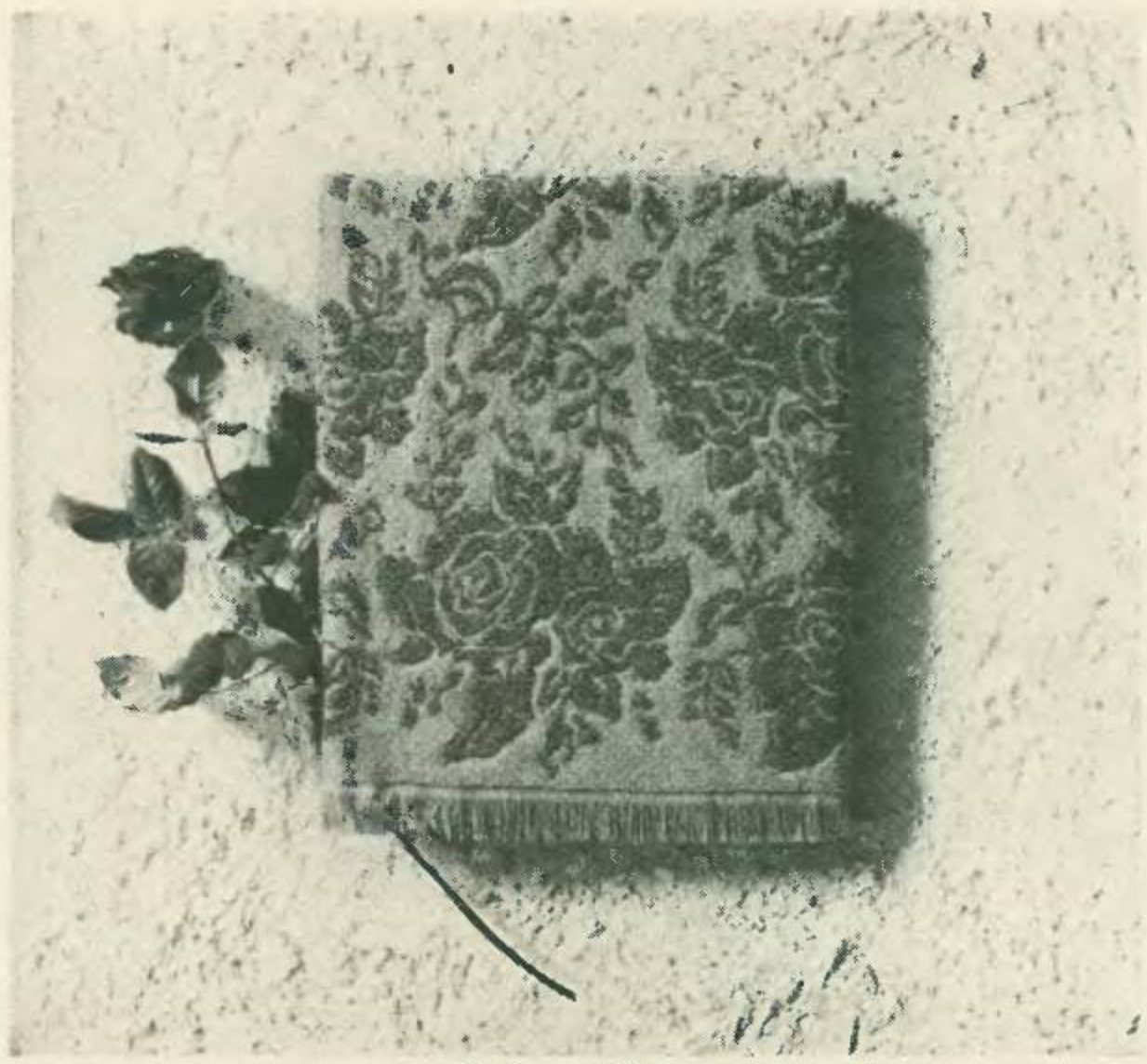
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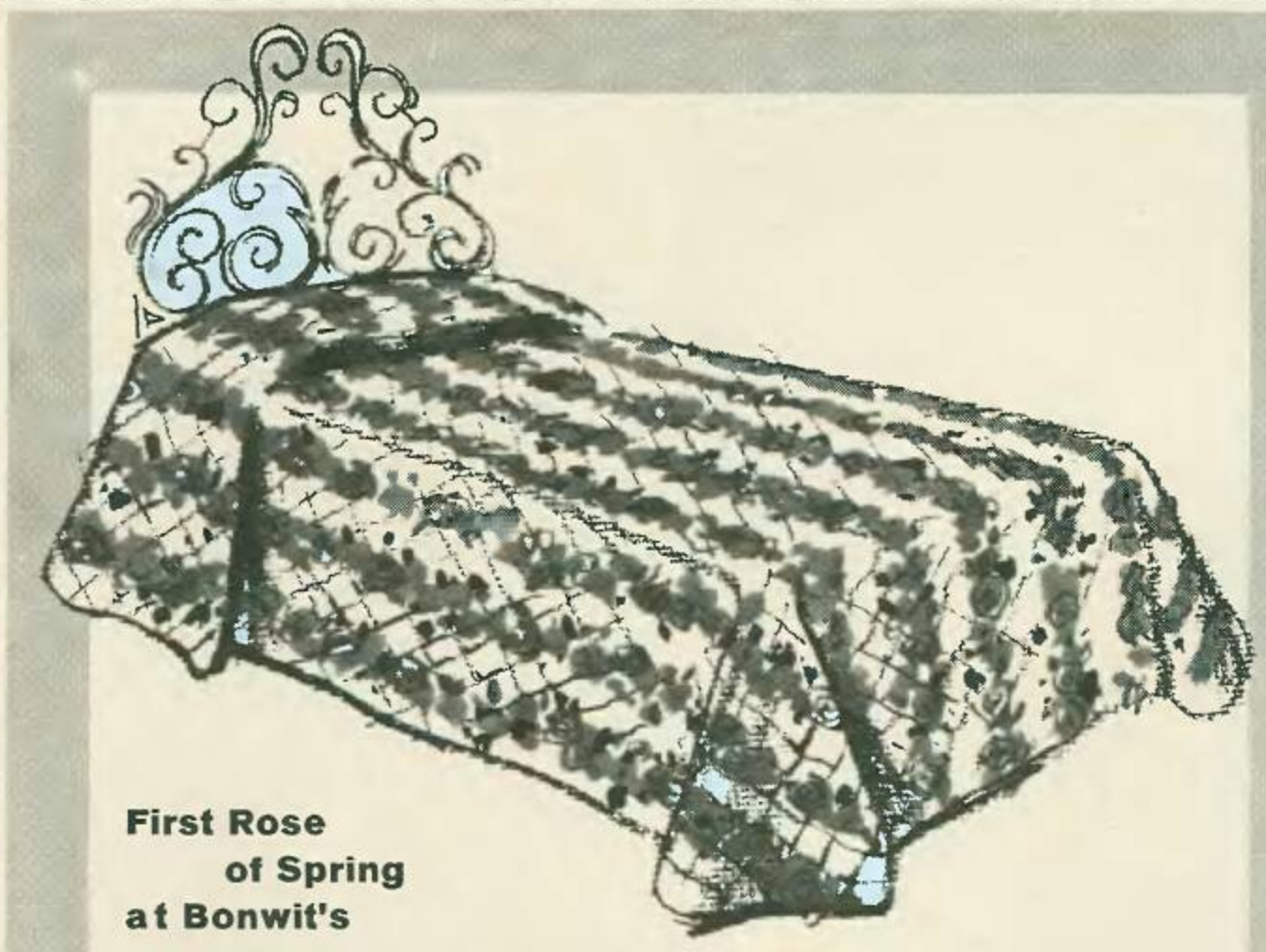
his famous tailleur shapes, but he also constructs things that commence with a high, straight-across headband and surge into draped round fullness above. China silk with gold straw fluting rippling up and down all around results in further turbans, and there's even a Scheherazade pillow of brown China silk. Mr. John can go gauzy as well as (or better than) the next one; witness his huge wig-turbans that are all fluff. One is just four giant black flowers with yellow centers, one of the middle flowers well down on the brows. Black organdie fronds, or flues (not the Asiatic kind), swirling across net are the substance (if this *is* substance) of his tall, peaked turban, with the fronds spilling forward on the face. More fronds, mounted on veiling, make a *cache-cheveux*. And one giant wig-turban is all huge petals of black silk coming down as far as the brows, and it's thirty-five inches across.

Emme and Anello swathe their turbans in cloudy, misty fabrics. Pink-and-white chiffon does one that is wrapped up over the ears and ends in a formation (maybe it's a rose) at the top; a smaller one of the same fabric has that scarf I've been talking about emerging beside one ear and wrapping across the throat. My favorite of this kind, though, isn't misty at all; it's shown in a white Alix jersey. Further fragility is represented by their pet fabric—a white big-mesh veiling covered with tiny white chenille dots and pale-gold straw dots a half inch wide. The swathed jobs concocted of this stuff are mounted on reinforced net. . . . Now—*Really!* should be the name of Chanda's damnedest inventions—towering wrapped cones with a swirl of bogus hair to match your own spilling around the opening at the top; he'd like you to tuck your own side hair in at the base, the idea being to imply that it emerges, like a volcanic eruption, from the summit of these Fujiyamas. Sanity is restored by his turbans of the extra-tall, slanting-backward school. A narrow one is of organza, printed raw silk, or tissue patent leather, and big stoles to match are all over his place. . . . Halston (Bergdorf, as I've said) is also a backward boy, but only because his lofty hats are minimized by backward tilts, which is what happens to some of folded, crinkly chiffon that finish up in a rounded point well to the rear, and what happens to deep turbans in various sheers, one with a big chignon swirl of white organdie tubing above the nape. But he also makes one of the most entrancing small cap turbans in the city. He shows it in white organza with a big



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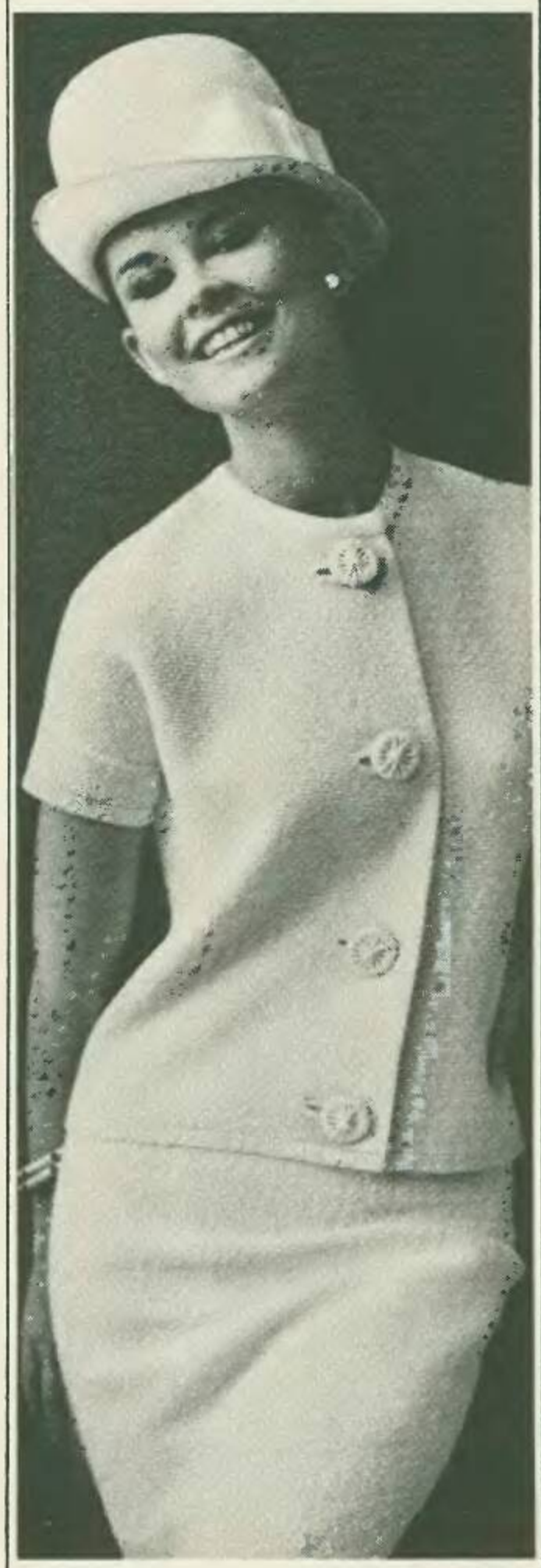


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Craig's quilted bedspread abloom with columns of roses...a breath of Spring in February that we call, quite aptly, Lugano. Choose from a palette of reds, blues or golds on a background of white polished cotton. Single, 49.50 Double, 59.50 Dual or queen sizes, 89.50 Mail and phone orders.
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cabbage-rose shape projecting out over the right ear.

John Frederics' new shop, at 23 West 56th Street, prefers fedoras to be constructed of the sheerest of fabrics, such as organzas. They are often worn over a separate hood that splits at the rear into two long scarf ends. He has also accomplished what he calls the Mona Lisa wimple—just a big circle of chiffon with an oval opening for the face, plus (presumably) a yearning for a hat to be worn atop it. Lilly Daché, too, likes such wimples, but hers are covered with her exquisite flowers, and so they don't call for any superstructure. Mr. Fred's announced "rejection" of flowers (I sometimes think an analyst should handle these assignments of mine) results in turban-wigs, round and lovely. But one is all up-and-down outward ripples of organza petals, and already Mr. Fred's rejection is faltering. The very next minute, he's showing you his "rock-garden" collection of tiny shapes completely covered with birds much smaller than wrens, bits of bluestone from the driveway, and miniature buttercups, roses, and poppies.

As I was saying, big picture hats heaped with everything imaginable are plentiful for those who like them, but I can't see how most of them really fit into anybody's life. So, save for the few I've mentioned, let's leave them out. This doesn't mean that I'm leaving out several interesting oddities with oversized brims. To wit: the plain hats with plenty of brim at Lilly Daché, one of them in black linen straw draped with black chiffon, the odd outcome being that the hat looks as if it had been placed wet in a hatbox a wee bit too small for it, thus acquiring a wayward but attractive upward curl in the brim at the sides. And there's Tatiana's lovely, wavy-brimmed hat of black straw. Among John Frederics' big sailors (usually plain) is his Merry Widow, of black straw with a ruching of black tulle around the crown and a scarf of the ruching. And Chanda's Boston sailors hark back to the days of the Gibson Girl. I don't know where you'd wear these things, either, but I'm keeping you informed. They're of rough straw, with crowns as much as twelve inches across, and there are straight sailor brims four and a half inches wide. One is of navy-and-white straw, with a two-inch navy grosgrain band, plus a severe bow across the front. Another shape with this severe look is Adolfo's Beehive, which is just that. This descends from great heights to shadow the face and is perched on a cap. I saw it in natural

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Milan with a band of black ciré and a bow pinching it in across the back (no indentation in front, though), as well as in white straw with black malines over the face (like a beekeeper's netting, sort of) and a pouf bow of black malines at the rear, to say nothing of the malines streamers below that. In this slanting-down-over-the-brows mood I suppose I could include some lampshades of Daché's that are anything but stark. One that haunts me is of black silk organza with three big ruffles descending from the high crown to below eye level, and there are versions in white organza with a band of black satin very near the top.

Tatiana, of Saks Fifth Avenue, believes firmly that floating or draped or bloused sheer dresses should have nothing but the sleekest, simplest hats above them ("Let's not overdo"), so she is showing shapes—in all sizes and substances, naturally—that are *sui generis*. They are untrimmed and closed across the top; on a Breton of flowered silk, the silk goes from the upper brim to traverse the entire distance across your noble dome in a sort of abrupt beret fashion. Another odd jointure of two familiar shapes occurs in a hat with a straight sailor brim underneath and an arched cloche brim above, the two brims attached at their outer edges. Big straw hats may involve a high crown (narrow toward the top), an outward-slanting band in a color to match, and a smooth continuance of this outward line in the large brim below. Tatiana continues to work with her transparencies, and this brings about such things as a huge beret of black net with a crisscross lattice of half-inch black velvet riding high above the hairdo and tying on at the nape with velvet ribbon. And white organdie makes a sleek deep cap worn way back on the head, with a tailored bow above the hairline at the center front.

And now for a couple of specialists in sheer coquetry, and two more diverse approaches could hardly be imagined. Maria Pia, at 327 East 55th Street, is in her salad days as a custom milliner, and to prove it she tosses one of the most impertinent turbans extant—of red, black, or green crinkled silk with exactly the aspect of romaine leaves. It starts on the ears and tapers up to a series of points. The same lettuce makes the tall, backward crown on a small Breton of rough straw; it looks as if the greens were spilling out of a shallow market basket. Some of her deep cap turbans are all upward tiers, like artichokes. In



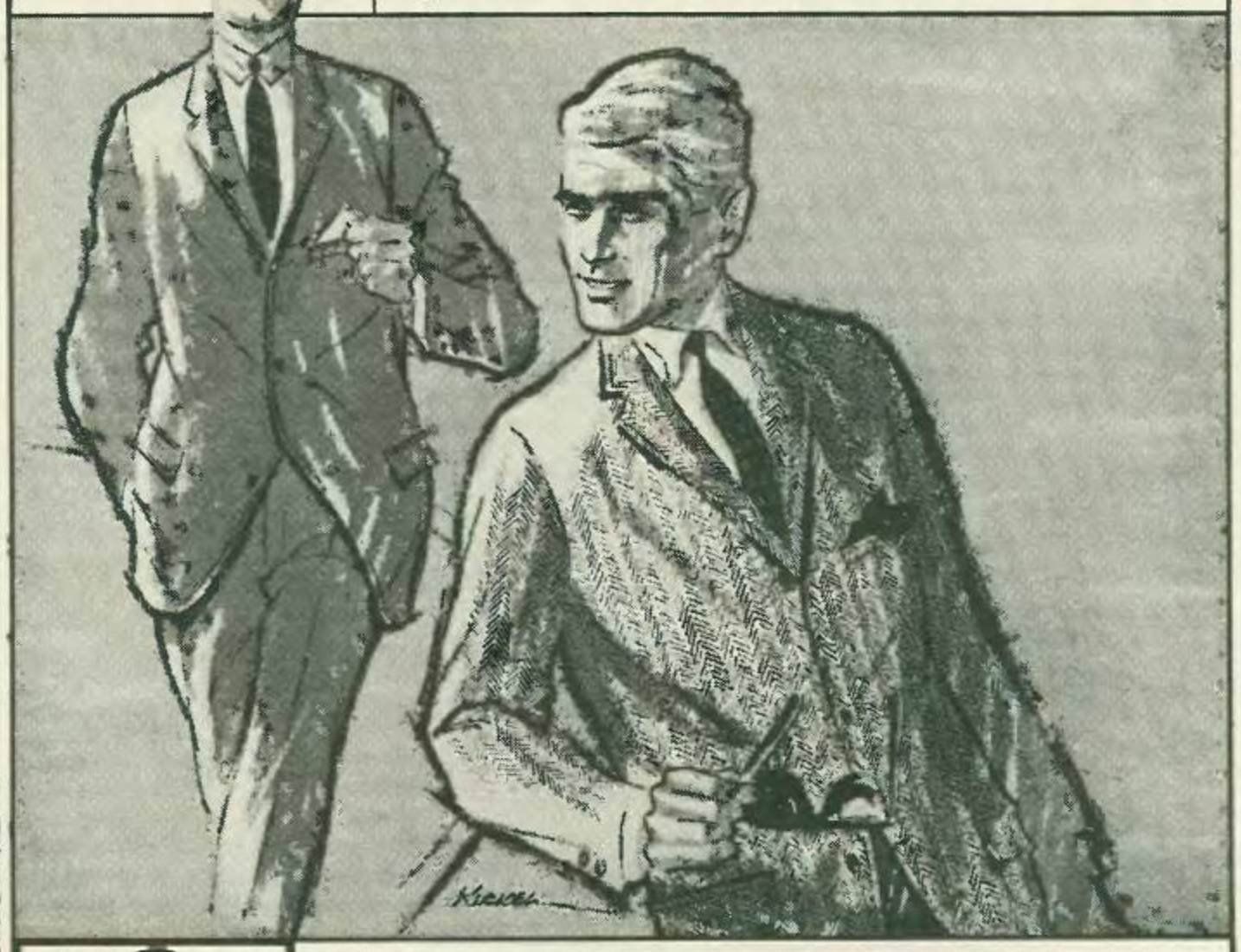


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black taffeta, they're all irregular, sidewise layers; in fluted veiling, they go up away from the face to a pixie tip at the back of the crown. Downward folds don't daunt the Signora, either; another deep cap turban, worn just off the hairline, is a mass of downward tiers. Veiling, tulle, and taffeta are the stuffs this dream is made on. She does a lot, in fact, with veiling, and she is still certain that her waterproofing process for it is her secret, to say nothing of being her secret weapon for protecting hats against limpness in our foggy, foggy dew. A turban of hers is quite unlike any others I've seen. It looks like an exaggerated French-twist hairdo, with minute taffeta bows all through it. It's in every possible color, but, as is the case with most of her cocktail-theatre offerings, I vote for it in black. Bows are also important to her evening bits. One is on a velvet clamp, flat across the top of the head and curving down a trifle at each side. It's of that waterproof veiling, striped straw, anything. Or else a giant black organza rose sits on a topknot cap, the whole surrounded by that veiling.

My other specialist is Don Marshall, whose first love is veiling, too, and it appears everywhere on his hats. He shows a dome turban in flowered prints, with a little uprising circle to give it a mosque look on top. It's mounted on stiff veiling, and there's a tailored silk bow at the nape. Another bumptious shape is entirely of striped black sheer veiling, save for an X of inch-wide black velvet ribbon across the top, and a cascade of veiling goes down the sides from the ears, Arabian style. The *Far* East is represented by a peaked coolie hat with a tight little cap underneath. It's of natural lace straw with an appliqué of fuchsia flowers. And Marshall never forgets the once non-hat-wearing women who came to him for trifles to place behind their front hair. For them, there are lots of tiny wrapped pillboxes of figured silk to be worn back on the head, with the inevitable veiling coming forward to shield the hairdo. (There are many French gloves here, by the way, in prints to match the hats.) From Iran comes the tan jute mesh of a valentine heart with turquoise grosgrain binding. It's deep, open-crowned, and arching (like the top of a heart, is the idea) high on each side. The French Foreign Legion is the cause of hats that start with hand-stitched red cotton from which Greek-key designs have been cut out; black cotton, from which the same designs have been cut out, is appliquéd over it, and the background is yellow cotton.




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—Lois Long

## THIS AND THAT

### *The Marrying Kind*

WHILE young men's and young women's fancies are lightly turning, whether there are signs of spring or not, to thoughts of love, the Bridal Salon of Saks Fifth Avenue is turning its thoughts to what should be done about the situation. Among its ideas of coping with it are dresses (sizes 6 to 16) that bloom like country gardens. The most tailored is a high-necked white linen whose short sleeves, belt, and skirt are ornamented with white cotton Swiss lace in a mimosa pattern. This is $150, the bottom price of the lot. Brussels lace makes the full short sleeves of an ivory silk-linen dress; three fringed bows nestle in back just below the dropped waist, and a rose nestles high on the princesse front to hint at an Empire line. Garlands of tulips in Alençon-type lace wreathe the bodice and the bouffant skirt of a dress built of white organza, and the sash (ice-blue peau de soie) matches the underslip, which is of rayon taffeta. An ensemble of cream chiffon comprises a short-sleeved semifitted overblouse (on which Alençon-type lace tufted with chiffon flowers is encrusted), a sheath likewise adorned, and a detachable train. The décolletage of a strapless dress of white organza with an Empire bodice and a hem of silk-and-rayon satin is covered by a buttoned-in-back, short-sleeved organza bolero embroidered with roses and foliage. Best of all is the scheme that spills rose-point lace over the high-throated bodice and the skirt of a resplendent dress of ivory peau de soie with long, slender sleeves. This is $700, where prices here stop. Four to five weeks are required for anything at all.

Long dresses for bridesmaids in the same sizes require four to six weeks. Jane Austen ones in apricot rayon chiffon are pulled in at the high waist by sashes of bronze velvet ribbon. Ethereal jade-green dresses of the chiffon have horizontally draped bodices and fairly slender skirts. The elbow-sleeved overbodices stop under the bosom, but in back they bear two fishtails. Frocks of silk organza have white bodices embroidered with green ferns to match the attached box-pleated skirts and the bo-


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leros that complete the team. One-piece dresses of cotton sateen come in a trio of tones—gold bodices, dull-green skirts, and mustard sashes knotted in loops and streamers at the left side. The price range in this assortment is $40 to $70.

IN Bonwit Teller's Bridal Department, which is in the East 57th Street building, there are wedding dresses (sizes 6 to 18) at from $145 to $650, and again four to six weeks are needed. There's écru poinsettia embroidery down the front and around the detachable train of a dress in white Irish linen with a scoop neck and short sleeves. White pebble silk, on the order of sharkskin, makes a dress for a Civil War belle; flounces of reëmbroidered ivory Alençon-type lace are attached to the slip, and they descend below the stiffened dome skirt. Dresses of ivory taffeta have berthas of Belgian lace that cover the bare upper arms, or else broad bands of Duchesse and rose-point above the hems. A trainless princesse dress of ivory silk-and-rayon wears a five-tiered pleated belt that rises between the breasts, to be caught there by a medallion of pearl and crystal beads. In back the belt descends to the natural waist, where it evolves into spaghetti bows and streamers. The companion coat, of ivory English net, is embroidered with vast silk-and-rayon irises interspersed with small lilies in Alençon-type lace seeded with pearl beads.

Elsewhere on the premises, on the Fifth Avenue side, Bonwit will be showing, in a couple of weeks, lingerie designed by Christian Dior, some of which could easily enhance a trousseau. Permanently pleated robes of white nylon tricot are enmeshed above the elbows in white nylon satin ribbon to match the sash, which is tied in a bow and shoots forth long streamers. These are $75, the steepest price in the collection. Knee-length breakfast coats of white nylon-Dacron-and-cotton bengaline (there's lace edging the high, round yokes) go over white cotton-and-Dacron ankle-length nightshirts trimmed with double rows of lace (all the Dior lace is of French nylon) at the slit neck and the hem. Sleeveless nightgowns of banana nylon tricot, with drawstrings at the waist and slit almost to the knees at the sides, are accompanied by waist-length capes edged at the throat with matching marabou. The tunic tops of two-piece pajamas in white crinkled Dacron crêpe are encircled at the three-quarter cuffs with fluffy white chicken feathers. B.T. pledges its honor that feathers et al. can

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be safely dunked in the tub. Travel sets are done in mint-green synthetic bengaline—below-knee wraparound robes and pajamas, which have pullover tunic tops that are tricked out at the scoop neck and armholes with tiny braid balls. Other sets go in for sleeveless breakfast or beach coats of the same ingredients (in white bound with nylon satin), bare-midriff bodices of nylon tricot that button down the left side, and Bikini shorts. Brief wraparound skirts (also tricot) can be added for breakfast or sitting around a pool. Baby-doll pajamas of white drip-dry batiste with demure turnover collars and outlined with narrow navy nylon lace get navy ribbon neckties to add the finishing grace note.

BOUQUETS À LA CARTE, a flower bower at 169 East 63rd Street, is an advocate of color in wedding bouquets—nosegays of pink, salmon, and red geraniums plus a handful of red roses, framed with ivy, and tied with moss-green velvet ribbon; old-fashioned bouquets in three shades of blue—cornflowers, forget-me-nots, and bits of delphinium—encircled by galax leaves and white paper lace; and so on. Stately brides may carry one long-stemmed full-blown peony or cabbage rose. Garlands of babies'-breath and dark-green ferns and white daisies, yellow daisies, cornflowers, and red carnations to wrap around the arms might do well for bridesmaids. Anyway, the tab is $25 for four feet of the stuff.

D'R INTERNATIONAL, at 866 Lexington Avenue (65th), has gleaned a crop of dresses in Finland. Many of them are sacks nipped in by narrow sashes. Long-sleeved dresses of gunmetal cotton in a print that alternates rows of wee, feathery black posies and chains have high-necked vestees and cuffs of white cotton striped with black chains and pin dots. Short-sleeved dresses scooped out at the throat are of black cotton striped with taupe diamonds and circles down to the thighs, where taupe cotton and black ball fringe get to work. Coat-dresses that are almost princesse in silhouette get patch pockets at the hips; orange cotton dotted with burnt orange or eggplant cotton dotted with black is the material. Broad-yoked trapeze dresses of maroon cotton are printed with clusters of brown and brown-and-orange chrysanthemums. Two-piece dresses—overblouses with standing collars and no sleeves, and slightly flared skirts—are of strawberry-pink cotton on which Shocking-


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THE Young World Shop, at Bloomingdale, can dress little girls, sizes 3 to 14, from hats down to shoes, and all on one floor. Among the interrelated wardrobes are tailored coats of navy wool fastening with make-believe coins; with them go short-sleeved coat-dresses—for everyday and perhaps school—in blue-and-white striped cotton that could pass as ticking; for church and then lunch at Grandmother's (do they *still* do that? ), there are dresses of red-and-white checked gingham with whirly skirts. The band collars tie in small bows. A more extensive series starts off with reefers of pink, off-white, or light-olive-green English wool, belted in back, and touched up by velveteen collars and flaps on the pockets. With *them* go pink wool skirts, blouses of white linen-and-rayon with three-quarter sleeves, jumper dresses of the same stuff in pink, natural, or sour-grass green (that's what they call it, though it's brown-green) embroidered with a ladybug at the left shoulder, and coat-dresses. Bouffant party dresses of yellow or pink silk-and-cotton have rows (vertical on the bodice, horizontal on the skirt) of white ribbon embroidered with pink or yellow leaves. Linen-and-rayon caps sport spool knobs on top, and turned-up straw sailors dangle streamers. Shell or ankle-strap flats come in calf, patent leather, or fake lizard. And that's that.

BELGIAN SHOES, at 60 East 56th Street, has brought over from Bruges some handmade moccasins of fake leopard, fake zebra, cut velvet, silk, and silk-and-metallic brocades. The customer who has ideas of her own will supply three-eighths of a yard, please, of the material she likes. The price is $39.50, the sizes are 2 to 11 AAA to C, and the delivery date is always four or five weeks away. —M. M.

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# LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 21

"LET us do what we know we must do for the salvation of our way of life," Representative Louis Wyman, of New Hampshire, said on the floor of the House on the morning of February 7th. He was moved to this exhortation, he explained, by the extraordinary televised briefing on Cuba staged by the Secretary of Defense the evening before. Mr. Wyman had been greatly impressed by the Defense Department's presentation of its case—but not at all in the way that Mr. McNamara had intended. The point of Mr. McNamara's message was that we ought to keep our shirts on. The point of Mr. Wyman's speech was that we ought to roll up our sleeves and fight. The Secretary's primary mission was to refute Senator Keating's assertion, made in the Senate on January 31st: "There is continuing, absolutely confirmed, and undeniable evidence that the Soviets are maintaining and guarding the medium-range sites they had previously constructed in Cuba. There has been no Soviet move to dismantle these concrete sites or withdraw the launching bases." Mr. Wyman did not say that he was unimpressed by the pictures of the broken-up and bulldozed sites. What alerted him to the danger to our way of life was the fact that there were no pictures of the interiors of the Matanzas caves. This, he said, demonstrated the immediate need for on-site inspection. We must have this, he went on, "not a month from now, but now, within the next few days." He did not use the words "invasion" or "war." Hardly anyone does—except those who counsel against them. What he said was "We must insist on on-sight [*sic*, in the *Congressional Record*] inspection on a continuing basis in Cuba, and if our insistence is met by refusal, we must accomplish such continuing inspection by force if necessary. . . . Such action is the only action consistent with the character, determination, virility, and strength that have made America great. . . . The conclusion is compelled that the Kennedy administration is drifting in this hour of crisis. . . . America needs a refresher course in character."



Mr. Wyman's "next few days" have come and gone, but if this New Hampshire Paul Revere has ridden again, it has not become a matter of public record. What with Lincoln's Birthday and bad weather and a generally slack season in legislation, congressmen were scarce around here last week, and there were several days of undeclared recess on Capitol Hill. Toward the end of the week, however, when the news broke that a new threat to our way of life had been posed by the United Nations Special Fund, which had authorized a six-month experiment in the diversification of Cuban agriculture, things hotted up again. "Mr. Speaker," Representative Paul Rogers, of Florida, said, "this nation's policy goals are beginning to resemble a plate of spaghetti." Spaghetti was his symbol for entanglement, as in the "entangling alliances" that Thomas Jefferson warned against, and Mr. Rogers was complaining that American membership in the U.N. and other consortia was limiting our exercise of sovereignty and making it more difficult for us to get on with our main business, which is "to tear Communism down in Cuba." "Mr. Speaker," said Representative H. R. Gross, of Iowa, "if this sort of thing is to be persisted in, the United Nations should get not another stinking penny . . . for the support of any part of that outfit."

It would have been almost impossible to believe in early November of last year that the respect and admiration the President had won by his handling of the previous month's crisis could have almost completely disappeared by February. Yet this seems to be the case—or close to it—and nothing appears likely to be altered much by this week's White House announcement that some Soviet troops are expected to be pulling out of Cuba within the next few weeks. Whatever the President's standing with the public may be, it affords him little of the kind of political protection, in Congress or out of it, that President Eisenhower enjoyed for nearly eight years, and the fact that so much is being made of Cuba by men who face hard campaigns next year (notably Senator Keating and Senator Stennis, of Mississippi) suggests that these experienced politicians see votes in it. Cuba, it begins to appear, may be to the Kennedy administration what the great stone in Hades was to the wayward Sisyphus. Mr. McNamara made a mighty effort to push it up the hill and into place, but he didn't make it; it rolled right back down on him the next morning, and the Secretary of Defense—up


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GASTON

He only wants a tiny bit of pleasure, not the whole shop.

MARGUERITE

Ah, but it's a luxury shop. Even the trifles have their price. Is he in earnest or just window shopping?

GASTON

Very earnest. A kiss then. How much for a kiss?

MARGUERITE

One Franc.

PRUDENCE

Don't you dare!
(Gaston takes out a franc and hands it to Marguerite)

GASTON

(To Armand)
I'll stand you to a kiss.
(Armand sheepishly steps forward; she kisses him)

(Marguerite hands the franc to Armand)

MARGUERITE

Here. Now you can go back to the country and tell them that you kissed The Lady of the Camellias for nothing.

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to that moment the one important member of the administration who had never really tasted defeat—is being reviled in Congress and in the press. His is not the only humiliation. Not since 1954, when Secretary of the Army Robert Stevens went to Capitol Hill to negotiate a truce with Senator McCarthy, has there been a spectacle to match last week's pilgrimage of John A. McCone, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, to Senator Keating's office to find out what intelligence the Senator had that the C.I.A. lacked.

In large measure, to be sure, the administration has itself to thank for its troubles. In the 1960 campaign, Mr. Kennedy sounded not very different from Senator Keating on the subject of Cuba. ("We must make clear our intention not to let the Soviet Union turn Cuba into its base in the Caribbean, and our intention to enforce the Monroe Doctrine.") In the whole spectrum of political opinion—from pacifism to jingoism, from non-interventionist purism to out-and-out unilateralism—there has not been a single point of view from which the policy planning of the Bay of Pigs affair could be defended. And while the handling of the October crisis was, of course, superb (an easy *ex-post-facto* judgment, based wholly upon success), the handling of public opinion in the weeks that preceded it was, as things turned out, close to disastrous, and the result of politically inexcusable shortsightedness. In this shortsightedness, Walter Lippmann wrote the other day, lies the explanation of "how Senator Keating won the right to be listened to." It was not that Senator Keating was stating a verifiable fact early last October when he said that ground-to-ground missiles were being moved into Cuba; the impression in the intelligence community here is that his informants had confused the SA-2 installations, or short-range ground-to-air sites, with the launching pads for the longer-range missiles. He was, however, right about Soviet intentions at a time when the administration, with its superior access to the facts of the moment, was incorporating into all its estimates the view that the Soviet Union would never put offensive weapons in Cuba, because, for one thing, it would be such a foolish and dangerous thing to do, and because, for another, history showed that a constant feature of Soviet policy was never to entrust very dangerous weapons to others—or, as a recent predecessor of Mr. McNamara's once put it, in speaking about American trade with the Soviet Union, never to

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"sell firearms to the Indians." The failure was not really one of intelligence—most people here accept as entirely truthful the official chronology of the verification by aerial reconnaissance in mid-October—but one of intellection. That was bad enough, and it all seemed even worse when, after the war scare, Arthur Sylvester, the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, felt called upon to explain that "news flowing from actions taken by the government is part of the weaponry." Mr. Sylvester's famous declaration was altogether gratuitous. Crisis or no crisis, all governments and all politicians always attempt to manage the news in the interests of their policies. But Mr. Sylvester, merely by bringing the matter up when he did, succeeded in planting in people's minds the notion that there had been some quite unusual hanky-panky in October. The rule requiring Pentagon and State Department officials to make known to their departmental press agents the subject matter and the tenor of any talks the officials had with journalists heightened suspicion still further, and the Attorney General's statement in a recent magazine interview that no promise of "air cover" had ever been given the Bay of Pigs invaders suggested the beginning of a campaign to rewrite administration history.

There were very few people prepared to give Mr. McNamara anything like full faith and credit when he appeared on television two weeks ago. The correspondents were skeptical when they were told that the Defense Department would give the general public—that is, the world—information on Cuba that up to a few hours earlier had been kept from it because of "security." The skepticism was quickly enough overcome; it was quickly replaced by annoyance. Mr. McNamara stressed the high cost to the government of this exposure of its intelligence resources; the press withheld sympathy on the ground that whatever reassuring information the Secretary was able to provide could have long since been passed on to the public by responsible journalists, who could have handled the assignment without giving the whole intelligence show away. (The thought has been expressed, in and out of government, that things might have been somewhat different if the New York newspapers—some of which are more favored than any others in the country for leaks of military and diplomatic intelligence—had been publishing.) The war-party politicians immediately spotted the gaps in the Secretary's presentation. The cameras


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couldn't penetrate the caves or the covered wharves. They couldn't even penetrate the crates on the outbound ships that were said to be transporting missiles. And no matter what was true or not true about incoming and outgoing missiles, the facts conceded by the administration—the presence in Cuba of Soviet combat troops and tanks and MIG fighters and anti-aircraft rockets and radar stations and motor-torpedo boats—amply demonstrated the "violation" of the Monroe Doctrine, the categorical imperative of American foreign policy that President Kennedy had recklessly pledged himself to "enforce," as if it were a provision of the Railroad Retirement Act.

In its television report, the Defense Department made an impressive display of how much it knew about Cuba and—this is probably what it was least eager to reveal—how much it had been able to learn about Soviet ships once they had left Baltic and Black Sea ports. The very display of knowledge, though, raised some awkward questions. At the onset of the October crisis, correspondents covering the Pentagon were taken by surprise when the Secretary informed them that Russian intermediate-range missiles could strike out twenty-two hundred miles from Cuba and hit just about every American city except Seattle. The correspondents had never before been told that the Soviets had IRBMs of that range; previous estimates had been about twelve hundred miles. When they raised the question, they were told that the new estimate was based on new "intelligence." When they asked whether any of these big weapons had been spotted in Cuba, they were told that U-2s had come back with pictures of IRBM launching sites. Between October 22nd and February 6th, the Pentagon declined to answer questions about Soviet IRBMs, in or out of Cuba. When the McNamara briefing was announced, the correspondents thought that some light would be cast on this matter. There was no light cast at all, and as things stand today there is no shred of evidence that Soviet IRBMs ever got to Cuba, were ever sent toward Cuba, or ever had the reach ascribed to them. Mr. McNamara said only that he had pictures of Soviet IRBMs "taken elsewhere." This would presumably have been in Red Square, and if the photographs were not taken by Americans with cameras in their belt buckles, they must have been official Soviet pictures. He said, too, that Soviet ships outbound from Cuba in late October "very probably carried IRBM mis-

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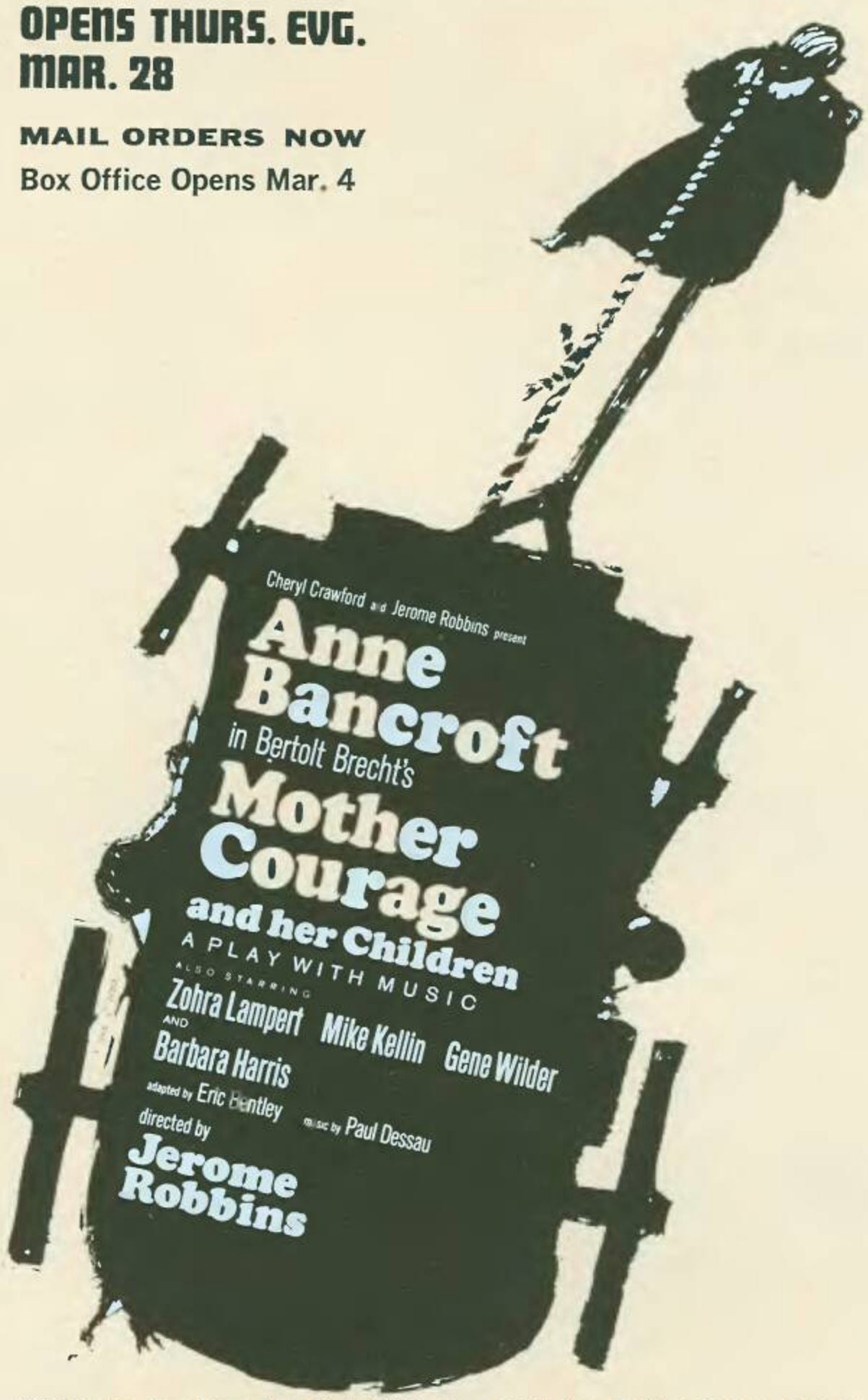
siles and/or associated equipment." Commenting in the current *New Republic* on this particular gap in the Secretary's presentation, Warren Rogers, who in happier times reports from the Pentagon to the *Herald Tribune*, says, "This is vexing, since it was the IRBM threat, dramatized by Pentagon maps showing that they could reach from Havana to almost any city in the United States and half of South America, that rallied the American people and Latin America behind the President in his showdown with Soviet Premier Khrushchev last October."

THE President two days ago advised the Congressional leaders that he has it on the highest authority that Russian troops by the thousand will soon be leaving Cuba. Troopships are said to have been observed moving toward the Caribbean. The legislators, for the most part, have said that they are from Missouri and will sleep uneasily until they have certain knowledge that every last Russian has departed. Complete withdrawal is what the administration says it will press for, and probably it will be forced to do so in order to satisfy political needs here. There is large doubt, however, as to whether a complete, or even a near-complete, withdrawal of the Russian forces is really in the national interest. They would presumably leave behind them the ground-to-air rocket installations and the MIGs that are capable of preventing or severely hampering our aerial reconnaissance missions. It is not certain that in Cuban hands these would be put to immediate use; what *is* certain is that in Soviet hands they have not been used. MIGs have now and then moved in fairly close on our low-flying reconnaissance aircraft, but since the missile crisis was brought to an end, on October 28th, no attempts have been made to shoot them down, and it is reported that we have taped the voices of airborne Russian commanders instructing all other pilots to refrain from firing on the American spy planes under any circumstances. It has been suggested that although the Russians may be leading from fear and weakness at the moment, if we permit them to remain in Cuba and fortify the island, the day will come when an American invasion will no longer be militarily feasible—our reconnaissance planes could be brought down like so many wild geese, allowing missiles of any sort to be reintroduced without our knowing much about it. The administration tends to make rather light of this. The cost of invasion,


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it says, is not to be reckoned simply in terms of getting beyond the island's coastal defenses and subduing Castro's troops and whatever Russian troops may be encountered. After all, we have a quite formidable military presence in Cuba ourselves, and a great deal of air and sea power close at hand. The really staggering cost would be that of occupation. Guerrilla warfare could go on for years after the last Russian armor had been destroyed, and the cost in diplomatic and political terms would be enormous, quite apart from the military cost. From the point of view of our over-all policy in Latin America and in the rest of the world, the present occupation of Cuba by Russian troops is not entirely a bad thing. The destruction of Castro and Communism by an American occupation would increase sympathy, and perhaps support, for both in other parts of the world; the presence in Cuba today of Soviet troops can only diminish Castro's personal prestige as a revolutionary leader and the appeal of Communism as an expression of self-determination. Moreover, a highly vulnerable Soviet military base in the Western Hemisphere gives us a kind of Soviet hostage—one roughly comparable in numbers and vulnerability to the Allied forces in West Berlin, which the Russians often speak of as a hostage.

The administration will, of course, put all the pressure it can on the Soviet Union for the withdrawal of troops and for further assurances on the withdrawal of weapons. It dare not leave itself open to the accusation that it values the Monroe Doctrine less highly than its critics do. The clamor is unlikely to be stilled, however, for the only way of ever "proving" that the critics' terms had been met would be through some kind of on-site inspection by a bipartisan Congressional team led by Senators Keating and Stennis. And if the country were to have the Senators' word for it that the caves contained no missiles, and that not a single Russian or Czech or Pole could be found in all of Cuba, there would remain the problem of proving that the missiles and the troops were back in the Soviet Union, and not in some other Latin-American country. (It has already been suggested in testimony before a House committee that the threat has merely been removed from Cuba to Paraguay.) A good deal of the current clamor over the threat of Russian troops and Russian arms in this hemisphere is simply a new flowering of isolationism. In the late forties and early fifties, when a global policy was in the making, opponents of the policy held that the one Communist


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threat worth worrying about was not abroad but here at home—in the State Department, in the schools, in the press, in the movies, and even in the churches. When this view became untenable—after a fairly thorough purging of most of those institutions and the breakup of the McCarthy movement—Castro provided isolationism with the next-best thing to a visible internal threat. If the Constitution was no longer being undermined by someone in our midst, at least the Monroe Doctrine was being violated by someone very close at hand. No one doubts that the Castro threat has, in several of its phases, been real enough. Whether or not Khrushchev ever put in Cuba weapons of the power ascribed to them by the Department of Defense, his aim was an end run around our warning systems, and the weapons were, by his own admission, "grim" enough to give the United States great concern. Apart from that, however, the main concern of both the administrations that have dealt with Castro has been his effort to stir up revolutions like his own elsewhere in Latin America. A Soviet presence in Cuba can do little to further this effort. American diplomatic policy can do a good deal to hamper it, but it isn't doing much of anything yet. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *According to Law*

LET me begin this lecture by noting that the nightmare quality for which Kafka's "The Trial" is famous owes very little to the pictorial, and that the novel is therefore ideally unsuitable for translation into a movie. If, nevertheless, it must suffer that fate—as, sooner or later, what Modern Library classic won't, except maybe Marx's "Capital"?—then an exact visual equivalent has to be found for the uncanny matter-of-factness of its tone. The one such equivalent that is certain not to work is Grand Guignol. That sort of graphic quackery is all very well for a movie adapted from poor old Poe, whose prose strains to stretch our nerves with trashy pasteboard Gothic horrors, but where Poe fails, Kafka succeeds, by the methodical suppression of vivid images; the bad dream that we struggle to wake from in his narrative is that his hero's doom is as commonplace as it is terrifying. What a movie version of "The Trial" requires isn't exotic settings, weird camera angles, and voices echoing hollowly down improbable passageways but a bleak, bland ordinariness of film and sound, in which every setting, every action is precisely what it appears to be. Outrageous reasonableness is the iron rule and may not be violated.

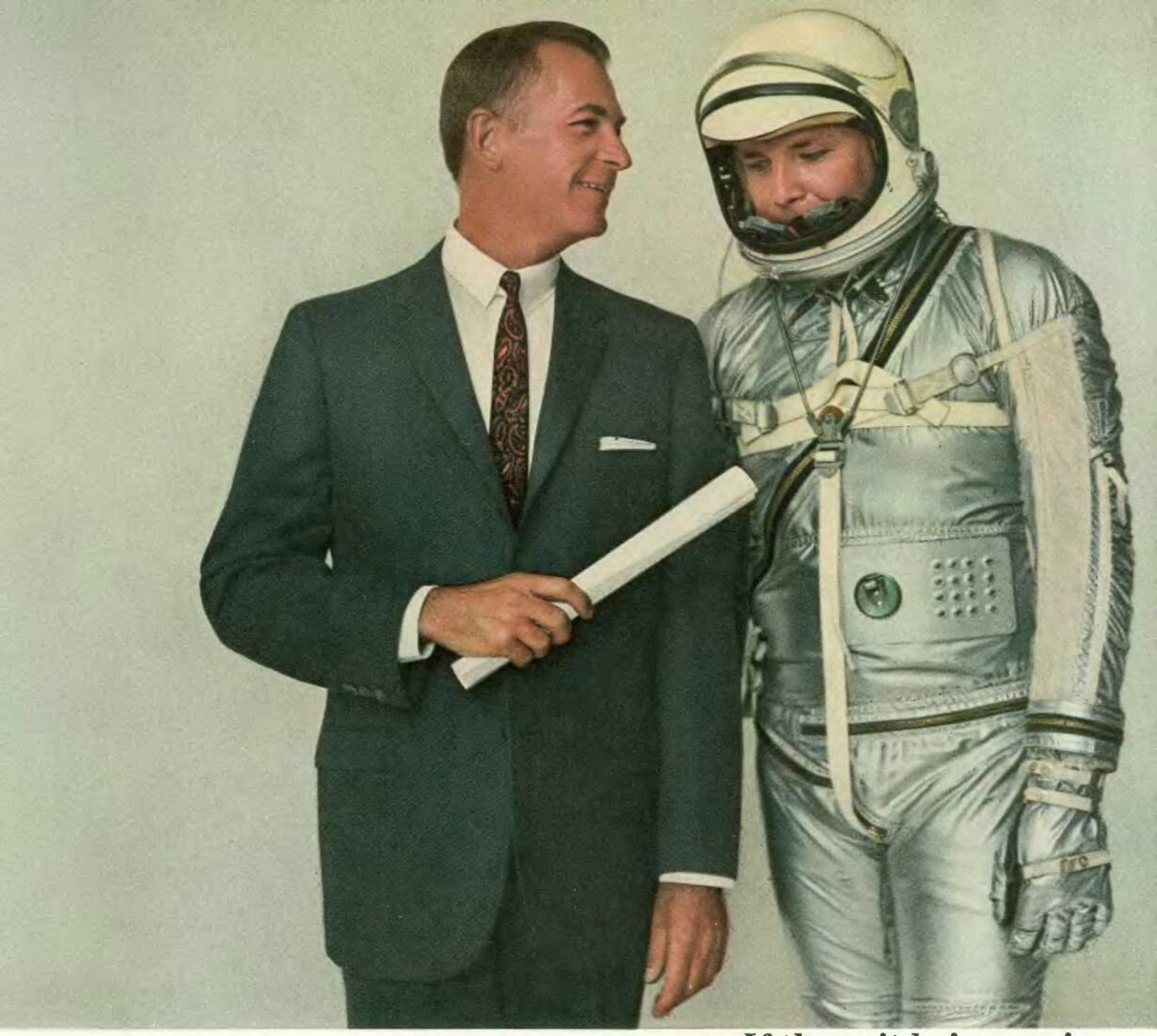


Have I sufficiently indicated that I think Orson Welles is the last man on earth who ought to have made a movie of "The Trial"? Succumbing to the temptations that are most characteristic of him and that, in this case, were the temptations most to be resisted, he has filled the picture with stunts of photography and stunts of acting that are not only wholly inappropriate to the novel but also inappropriate to the Welles of 1963. Here, twenty-odd years after "Citizen Kane," is the familiar cageful of big cats, looking very dangerous indeed, but when Welles cracks the whip they no longer spring smartly to attention; instead, they yawn. Yet if they had retained their power to thrill us, they would have proved menacing in the wrong way; the novel makes our flesh creep *because* there are no wild beasts in sight. Most of the time, indeed, there is almost nothing to observe outside the hero's mind. What can the camera do when an author has deliberately left a setting blank? What can it do with a murderous little weapon like the interrogation mark? Of the bedroom in which the hero, Joseph K., is arrested Kafka tells us scarcely a word, and of the men who arrest him what counts is the questions they inspire in K.: "Who could these men be? What were they talking about? What authority could they represent? K. lived in a country with a legal constitution, there was universal peace, all the laws were in force; who dared seize him in his own dwelling?" But these questions are purposely abstract (even "seized" is, in context, figurative and ironic); they cannot be made cinematic. Or take this crucial passage and ask yourself how it could possibly be dramatized:

> For although the pettiest lawyer might be to some extent capable of analyzing the state of things in the Court, it never occurred to the lawyers that they should suggest or insist on any improvements in the system, while—and this was very characteristic—almost every accused man, even quite simple people among them, discovered from the earliest stages a passion for suggesting reforms which often wasted time and energy that could have been better employed in other directions. . . . One must lie low. no matter how much it went against the grain, and try to understand that this great organization remained, so to speak, in a state of delicate balance, and that if someone took it upon himself to alter the disposition of things around him, he ran the risk of losing his footing and falling to destruction, while the organization would simply right itself by some compensating reaction in another part of its machinery—since everything interlocked—and remain unchanged, unless, indeed, which was very probable, it became still more rigid, more vigilant, severer, and more ruthless.

Engaged with Mr. Welles in a task that would surely have made even that superlative adapter Shakespeare blanch are Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, Madeleine Robinson, and Akim Tamiroff. Ever since "Psycho," I've been in the bad habit of expecting Mr. Perkins, in the last reel of any picture he's in, to turn out to be a raving, staving maniac; this made him, for me, a poor choice to play K., who is a man so proud of his common sense and decorum that he submits to his own murder rather than appear to make an unnecessary fuss.

BRENDAN BEHAN's play of several years back, "The Quare Fellow," has been turned into a modest, attrac-



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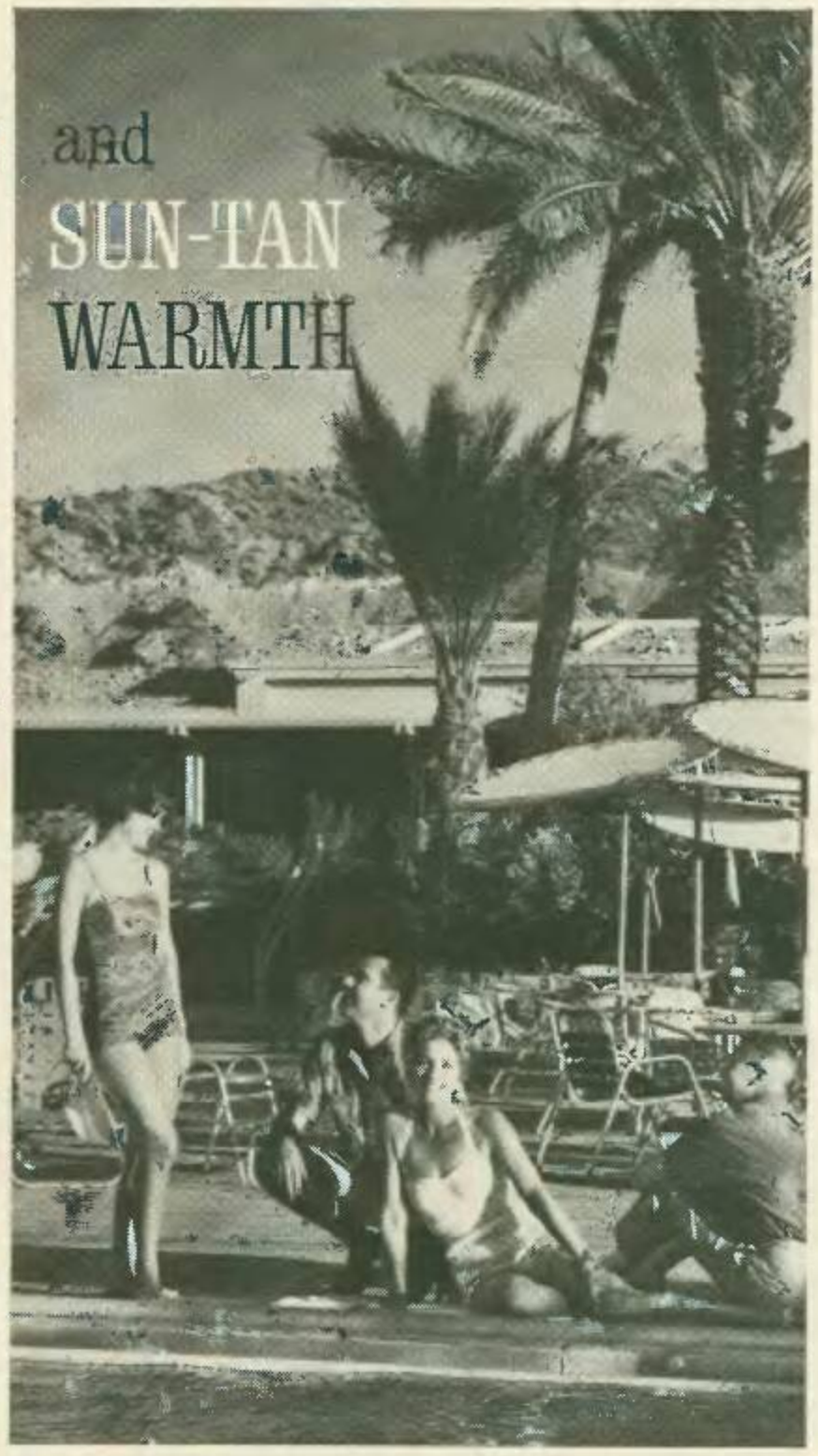
could it be the real thing

tive movie. The scene is, of course, Dublin, and the picture was made on the spot, with a cast whose Irish phizes, come the seventeenth, will be duplicated in almost any batch of marchers on Fifth Avenue. An old Borstal boy himself, Mr. Behan knows and rejoices in the squalid niceties of prison life, and much of his rueful, randy dialogue has been preserved in the screenplay, by Arthur Dreifuss. A sentimental romance, or semi-romance (a little sex seems to go a long way in Ireland, though a drink goes no distance at all, at all), has been added to the bare bones of the original, but Sylvia Syms, who plays the wife of the quare fellow, is beautiful enough and tactful enough to make us forgive her for breaking into Mr. Behan's magic circle of vehemently male prisoners and jailers. (The other star of the picture, Patrick McGoohan, plays a young, too tenderhearted jailer.) The plot hinges upon the hoped-for reprieve from hanging of the quare fellow, who has murdered his brother; the reprieve is denied, the quare fellow goes to the gallows, his prison mates bury his body in the prison yard, and life rushes greedily, heedlessly on—and it is Mr. Behan's peculiar gift to make every fearful, snivelling, querulous, drunken moment of this greedy heedlessness seem precious beyond measure.

"THE ELUSIVE CORPORAL" is said to mark Jean Renoir's fortieth year as a maker of films, and I wish, for auld lang syne, that I liked it a trifle better than I do. It's a comedy about the Second World War, and in spirit it bears a marked resemblance to Cayatte's "Tomorrow Is My Turn," with the result that even its most charming episodes struck me as somewhat shopworn. One of my favorite comedians, Jean-Pierre Cassel, plays the part of a French prisoner of war whose unflagging determination to escape his German captors plunges him and a couple of companions into one absurd catastrophe after another. The picture comes to a stop without really ending; two of the prisoners, having succeeded in reaching Paris, suddenly become aware that their joint adventures have made them brothers and that the unwelcome reward of their success is that they will lose each other.

M. Renoir's compassionate view of man leads him to find almost as much good in the villains of his piece as in its heroes, but, laudable as such magnanimity may be in real life, I'm afraid it's hell on art. I longed for the sight of a couple of really beastly Nazis, but M. Renoir refused to indulge me.—BRENDAN GILL


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# THE RACE TRACK

*Never Say Die*



I MUST confess that up until last Saturday, when he won the Santa Anita Handicap, I had no very high opinion of Crozier. He always seemed to be finishing second or third. As a three-year-old, in 1961, he was second in the Bahamas Stakes, the Flamingo, the Fountain of Youth, the Florida Derby, the Kentucky Derby, the Jersey Derby, and the Warren Wright Memorial (that ought to be some sort of record), and third in the Preakness and the Arlington Classic. Last year, he was second four times in nine starts, and won twice. No doubt the Santa Anita was a whopping consolation prize. Still, it's only fair to say that Crozier has been going well in California this winter—he won the Palos Verdes and the San Carlos Handicaps earlier in the season—and besides, there was a big field in the Santa Anita, so that his turn of early speed stood him in good stead. (I wonder if he'll be shipped to the Fair Grounds for the New Orleans Handicap this weekend, as was planned.) Crimson Satan and Olden Times ran a dead heat for second place. There was a difference of four pounds in the weights they carried. That's good handicapping! My hat is off to Jimmy Kilroe, who assigned the weights.

THE Widener Handicap at Hialeah last Saturday reminded me of half a dozen races last season in which Beau Purple led by lengths from beginning to end. It was fun, even on television, to watch him run again, and I never thought for a moment that Kelso, who came in second, or Heroshogala, who was third, could catch him. It was Beau Purple's first start since the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel last autumn, and Allen Jerkens, who trains him, deserves full marks for sending him to the post in tiptop condition. It's been years since any trainer brought a horse out after months of inactivity and won an important event with him at the first asking.

RACING exacted a high toll from the handicap division at Hialeah the other day when Ridan was retired. It seems that he wrenched his right front ankle during the running of the Seminole Handicap (he's always had trouble



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with that leg), and his stable's vets decided that he couldn't stand training. I'm sorry. He was a good colt. His best performance, though he didn't win, was in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga last August, when he ran head and head with Jaipur every step of the mile and a quarter. After he won the Palm Beach Handicap, in January, there was a story going round that his stable had refused an offer of more than a million dollars for him, which brings to mind a saying of John E. Madden, a notable old-time horseman: "Better sell and repent than save and repent."

THIS weekend brings us the Flamingo Stakes in Florida and the Santa Anita Derby in California—the first big plums of the season for three-year-olds. Never Bend, who will probably be the hottest favorite the Flamingo has turned up in years, made his first appearance of the year the other afternoon in what the management called an exhibition race, because there was no betting on it. If there had been, I doubt if six tickets would have been sold on the three other starters, they were that kind of horses. As was expected, Never Bend romped around the track fourteen or fifteen lengths in front. In another warmup race, out on the Coast, Candy Spots didn't have it so easy. He won by the shortest of noses from Bonjour, who is no stranger to local racegoers. Nevertheless, remembering how Candy Spots beat Never Bend in the Arlington-Washington Futurity, I don't think one need look beyond him for the winner of the Santa Anita Derby. Because Candy Spots wasn't in the lineup for the San Felipe Handicap, the public trial for the Derby, the race attracted seventeen runners. Denodado, at 10–1, Might and Main, at 25–1, Doolin Point, at 16–1, and Sky Gem, one of the favorites, passed the winning post in a blanket finish, in the order named. I'll be surprised if one of the lot is among the first three on Saturday.

SPEAKING of three-year-olds, on Washington's Birthday Senator B. ran six furlongs at Bowie in 1:09⅖ for his second victory of the meeting. Next day, there was a spate of long shots, the most notable being Mr. Tink, at 20–1, and Harvest Tan, at 100–1, who together brought off a $4,249.20 daily double. —AUDAX MINOR

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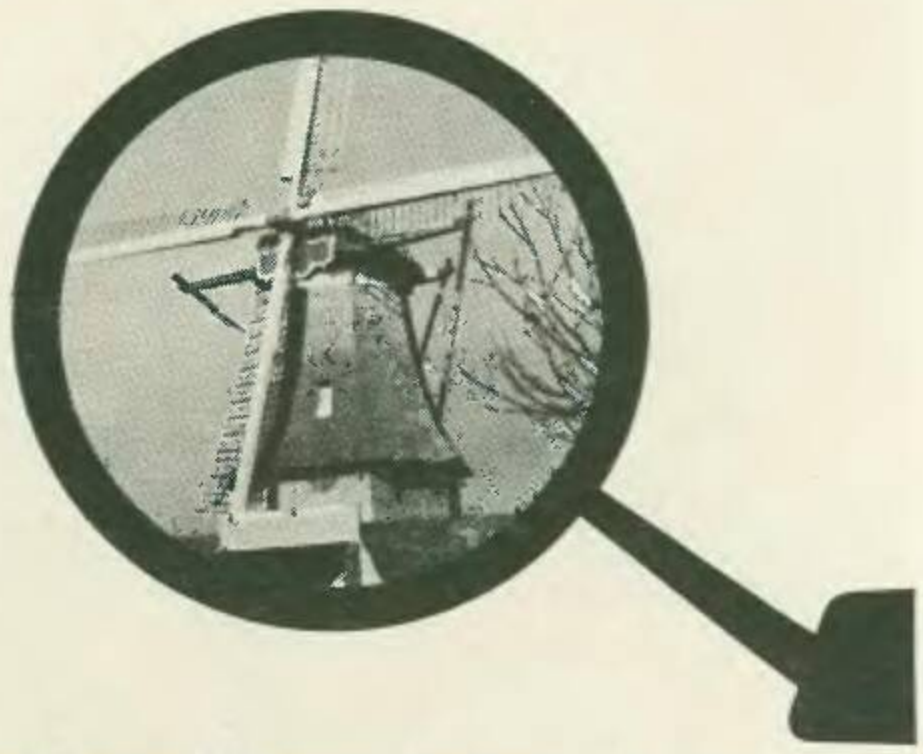


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# BOOKS

## *The Desert Everywhere*



"CHEKHOV" (Atlantic, Little-Brown) is not labelled a "critical" biography; one assumes, therefore, that Ernest J. Simmons merely set out to tell the story of Chekhov's life. A question immediately arises: How much of the life story of a great writer can you tell without dealing with his work? The answer—very little—instantly follows, and Mr. Simmons is aware of it. Second question: How far, then, do you have to go in dealing with it? Simmons starts out simply enough, confining himself to brief digests of the stories and the plays as they come into being. In the process of diligently quoting from Chekhov's letters—many of which, naturally, refer to Chekhov's work—he is slowly drawn into discussing Chekhov's discussions, and before you know it he has reached the thorny border of criticism. It is not a place where scholars plod lightly. As conscientious a historian as one could wish, and perhaps a little more so, Simmons is less satisfactory as an interpreter. His over-all method is simple: dividing Chekhov's life into six distinct periods, he follows the outer circumstances of Chekhov's movements in each, makes educated guesses at his motivations (which demand the kind of education nobody has), and intersperses accounts of the stories and the plays.

If something of Chekhov the human being is absent from these carefully documented pages, the fault is only partly Simmons'. Writers alone, among biographical subjects, present a special problem. Barring a diary or two, or the questionable memory of a contemporary (in this case, Lydia Avilova's gushy "Chekhov in My Life," which Simmons demolishes), the incidents and characters available to the biographer are the very ones his subject has already transformed into literature. There is more to be learned, finally, about Chekhov's view of Lika Mizinova, a beautiful and intelligent girl he appeared to love but did not marry, from seeing "The Sea Gull" than there is from reading the letters he wrote her, just as there is more to be learned about the ancient Greeks from studying their myths than from finding out what they had for lunch.

The difficulties are compounded in Chekhov's case. Doctor and writer both, equally significant as a playwright and as a creator of fiction, he was as complicated personally as he was professionally. Of Olga Knipper, the actress he married three years before he died, Simmons says, "Olga's insight into her husband's enigmatic nature was at times extremely perceptive. With some truth she discerned that he really experienced no need to share himself and was inclined to look upon the daily lives of others quite indifferently." Simmons' statement is qualified; one would assume that *any* wife's insight into her husband's nature would with some truth be perceptive at times. Nevertheless, it is a strange statement to make about a man who when he was not writing was treating poverty-stricken patients and providing them with free drugs and medicines; travelling to Siberia (before the Trans-Siberian Railroad) to study the penal colonies on Sakhalin Island; building schoolhouses from his own plans and often with his own funds and labor; serving as a voluntary aide in famine relief and as a physician during epidemics of cholera; collecting books for the library of his native city; establishing in Yalta a sanatorium for impoverished victims of tuberculosis; commenting on the work of new young writers that was sent to him by the bushel; serving as an unpaid census taker; and supporting, at various times and to varying degrees, a family of eight—himself, his four brothers, his sister, and his parents. Chekhov seemed to care a great deal about the daily lives of others. Yet nothing is clearer in this biography than the warmth he showed toward innumerable contemporaries and the paradoxical reserve that kept them from ever fully experiencing what they thought lay behind it. Chekhov knew more people than seems possible. When he was not engaged in the incredible exertion of his work—one mentions the nine hundred stories, the five superb full-length plays in passing—he managed, in the forty-four years of his life, to write over four thousand letters and to receive seven thousand. (Many, coming and going, are presumed lost.)

One of the busiest of men, Chekhov seems to have been one of the most ac-



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cessible; in actuality, he was elusive. Giving more and more of himself away, he kept more and more of himself to himself. It is disconcerting to discover that someone as openhanded and gregarious as Chekhov, who said, "I positively cannot live without guests. When I'm alone, for some reason I become terrified," should have had, several fathoms below the surface, the same resistance to human disruption one finds in Proust and Joyce. More than most authors, Chekhov gives us the impression of not being one, of simply observing life and writing it down. It was an impression he paid for during his lifetime. Here are the circumstances under which Chekhov worked in 1883:

I write under the most wretched conditions. Before me my nonliterary work mercilessly whips my conscience. In a neighboring room howls the child of a relative who has just arrived. In another room Father reads aloud to Mother.... Someone has wound up the music-box and plays "La Belle Hélène." I want to scamper off to the country, but it is already one o'clock in the morning. For a writing man it would be hard to imagine a more wretched situation. My bed is occupied by a relative who conducts a conversation with me about medicine. "My daughter must have a pain in her stomach and that is why she cries." I have the misfortune to be a medical man and everyone thinks it necessary to "have a chat" with me about medicine. And when they are bored talking about medicine, they take up the subject of literature.

CHEKHOV was born in 1860 in Taganrog, a port on the Sea of Azov. Its affluence was confined to the social lives of Greek shipping merchants, who lent a faint glow of European culture to what was essentially a slum. In spite of a symphony orchestra, a theatre, and imported opera, its streets were muddy and its thoroughfares mostly unilluminated. It was also not without a touch of the fantastic:

Town authorities regarded with insufferable complacency the kidnaping of pretty young girls, who were whisked off the streets into carriages, destined for Turkish harems.

Chekhov's father, the owner of a small grocery store, had a passion for religion that masked an addiction to music; he endowed his children with a love of art and a distaste for dogma. Neither piety nor music proved effective against financial failure. Bankrupt, the elder Chekhov gave up the struggle; to escape his creditors he hid on a train for Moscow. (If he had known the famous line that ends the second act of "The Three Sisters," a play still to be written by his son, he might well have


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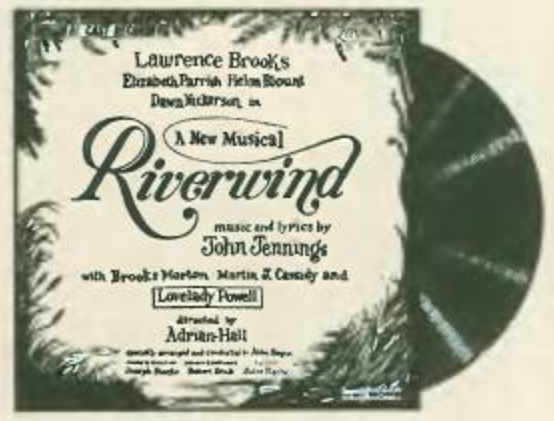
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muttered it to himself in a nervous undertone.) His two older sons—Alexander, a talented journalist-writer, and Nicholas, a painter and illustrator—had already migrated to the capital in rebellion against his well-meaning tyranny. The rest of the family followed, with the exception of Anton, who stayed behind to finish his schooling.

Living as a tutor with the family who had mulcted his own in a shady real-estate deal, Chekhov made ends meet as best he could. At sixteen, he exchanged one harness for another; the economic rigors of independence supplanted the domination of an insolvent father. Freedom matured Chekhov while hardship tempered him. The past presented few occasions for regret; the warmth of a close family circle, amateur theatricals, and occasional excursions into the country seem to have been the only compensations for a dismal childhood that Simmons sums up in one sentence:

> Homework, play, and sleep were all sacrificed to choir rehearsals, performances, and incessant church attendance.

Born poor, growing up where he did, Chekhov knew at first hand the squalor of the peasant, the exploitation of the apprentice, and the petty values of the shopkeeper. The discrepancies between his father's piety and commercial practices were particularly galling. Taganrog had scope; little of it was lost on Chekhov. But social spectrums are not as immediate as pocketbooks, and money, the strait jacket of Chekhov's early years, became the overriding fact of his existence. Later a deadlier one—tuberculosis—was added. Chekhov fought the classical battles of the gifted, against poverty and disease, and a third, with which Russian talent was not usually burdened: Unlike the well-born Tolstoy and Turgenev, Chekhov, whose grandfather was a freed serf, felt compelled to "squeeze the slave" out of himself "drop by drop," exorcising his grandfather's bondage and the less literal but equally humiliating economic slavery of his father. "A genius who emerged from a privy," Chekhov's epigrammatic self-description, was a thumbnail sketch more rooted in fact than in self-disparagement.

Chekhov left Taganrog at the age of nineteen to study medicine in Moscow. There, under the pseudonym Antosha Chekhonte, he began to publish in the humorous magazines of the day. Fly-by-night affairs, these magazines were grab bags of entertaining and often vulgar trivia. Chekhov contributed short pieces—"parody, anecdotes, jokes,




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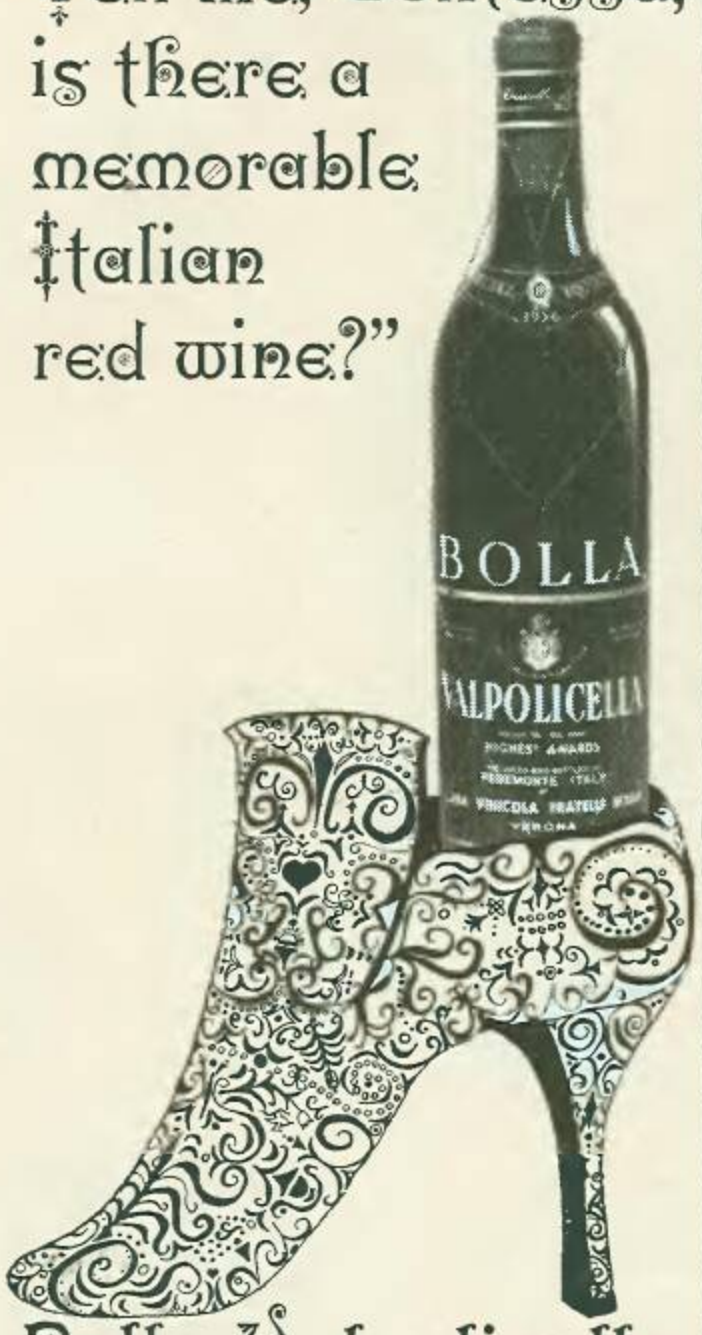


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aphorisms, satiric sketches, short stories, and dramatic scenes." N. A. Leikin, the editor of a St. Petersburg weekly, *Fragments*, liked Chekhov's work, met him, and began to publish him. His reputation grew, but he remained unaware of the extent of it until his first visit to St. Petersburg. Leikin, who had carefully concealed from Chekhov his growing fame, in fear of competition and in the hope of paying him as little as possible, persuaded Chekhov to do a bimonthly column, "Fragments of Moscow Life," and Chekhov became a bona-fide journalist. Columnist, humorist, turning out short stories with the single aim of earning money, he did not take a literary career seriously. "I regard medicine as my lawful wife and literature as my mistress," he said. (Ironically, he was later to use the same metaphor in making a distinction between his fiction and his plays.) Chekhov, in his own words, "attempted everything except novels, poetry, and denunciations." Yet, in a letter to his brother Alexander, who was working on A. S. Suvorin's *New Times*, in St. Petersburg, he wrote, "I'm a newspaperman because I write much, but this is temporary. I'll not die as one."

Suvorin, superseding Leikin as Chekhov's publisher, became one of his closest friends and the most important of his correspondents outside the family. Though they were widely divergent in their views—Suvorin's paper was reactionary and bribable, and it toadied to the regime—some human connection outweighed their ideological and personal differences. The Dreyfus case made their incompatibility quite apparent, but there were attempts even then to smooth things over. Finally, the anti-Semitism, jingoism, and vicious personal attacks that characterized the *New Times* ended the relationship. Suvorin played the valuable double role of confidant and literary mentor to Chekhov for many years, and Chekhov owed a great deal to his encouragement. But Chekhov outgrew Suvorin, as he had outgrown Leikin. By the middle of the eighteen-nineties, Chekhov, long divested of his pseudonym, had become the second most celebrated writer in Russia. (Tolstoy was still alive.)

The process is more fascinating from the social and literary points of view than from the emotional. Chekhov's charm and magnetism were remarkable, but in Simmons' book he appears as a solitary surrounded by crowds: Chekhov being reluctantly dragged onstage to receive the plaudits of the crowd at the first performance of "The

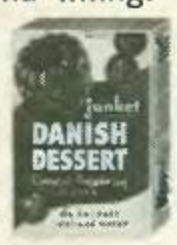



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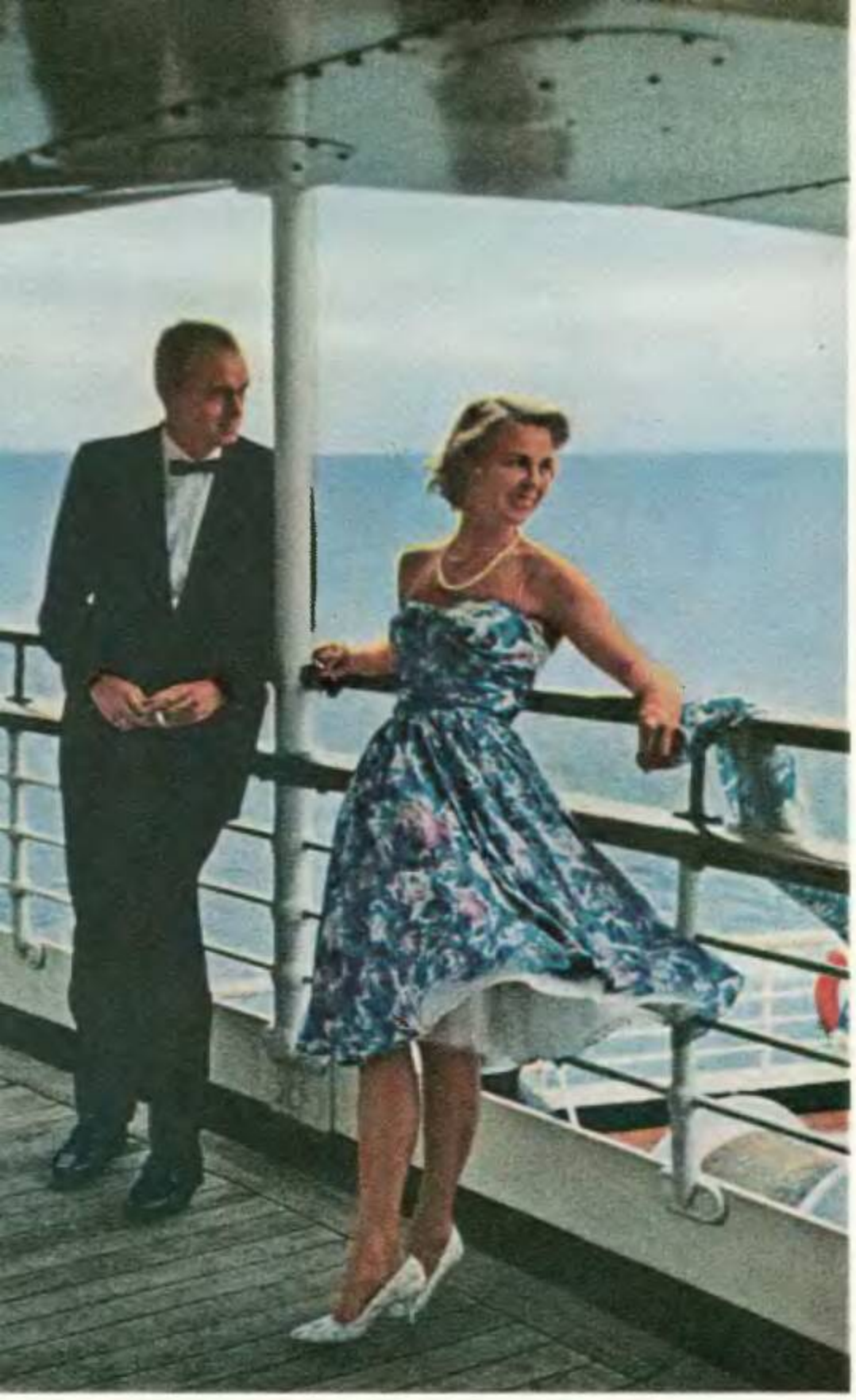
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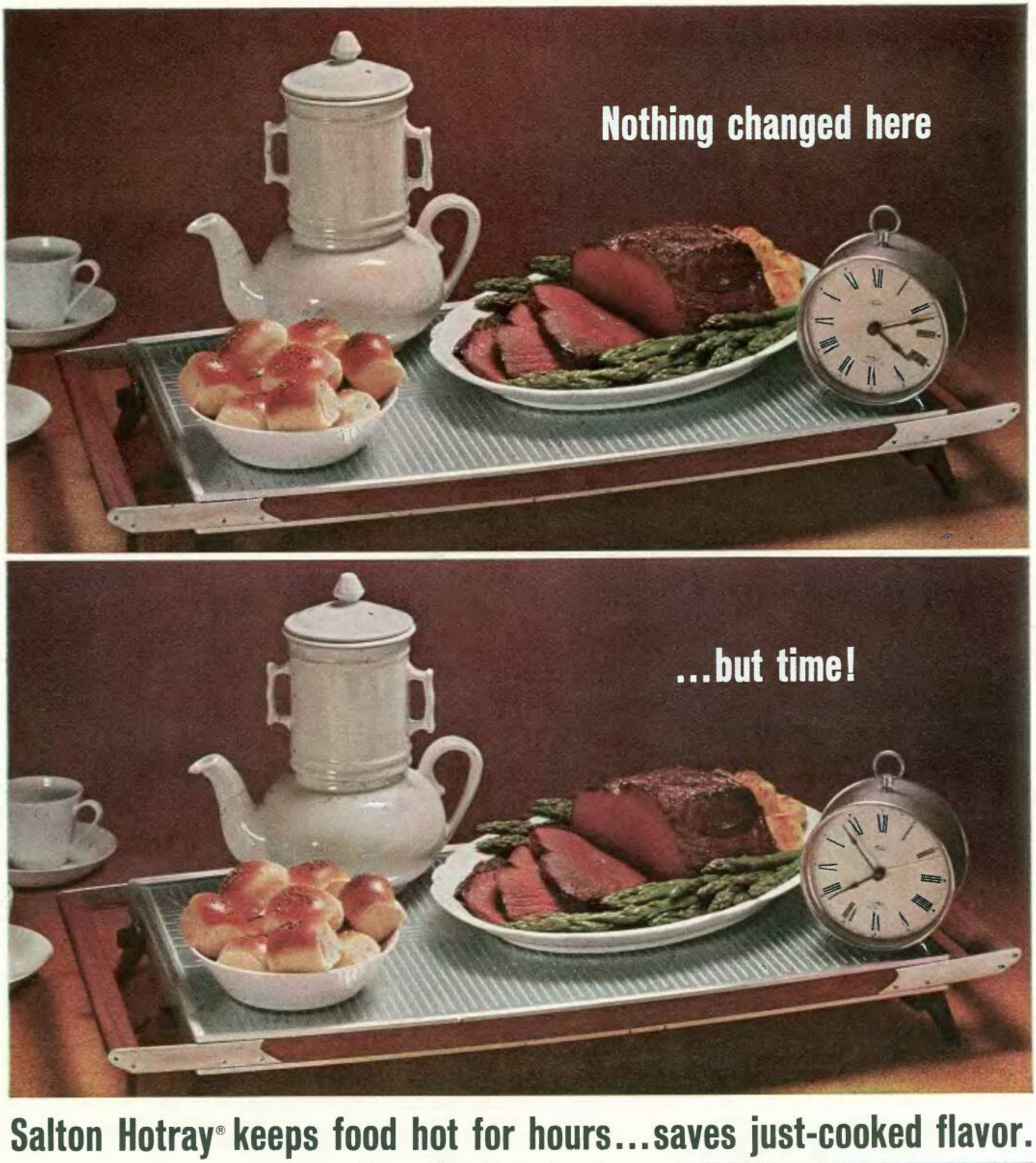
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Cherry Orchard;" Chekhov receiving presents from the humble and the great on his last birthday, and confessing to Stanislavsky that some simple fishing poles pleased him most; Chekhov fending off a kind of general love he needed to know existed but that he did not want to come too close. On his watch chain he wore a pendant inscribed "For the lonely man, the desert is everywhere," and the desert cropped up, like a permanent travelling mirage, whether he was in Siberia, at his estate at Melikhovo, in Paris, or in Yalta.

Chekhov's life was a family chronicle, and it lacked the tortures of passion and the ironies of fame. He was attracted to women but not undone by them, and success came to him early. Chekhov's freedom was martyred to family devotion, and the members of his family, mesmerized by their dominant character, gave up a good deal of their independence and something of their individuality as personalities as well. Chekhov was gentle but centrifugal. He often claimed he would have been happier living alone. Certainly he would have been richer, and freer to travel. The urge to roam became a compulsive necessity as he grew older. Whether the need to escape from his family, the manic-depressive phases that can accompany tuberculosis, or a completely unknown factor caused his sudden and frequent leave-takings is not clear. Masha, his sister, never married, though opportunities presented themselves, and she devoted her life to his interests; Alexander became a kind of intelligence agent for him, looking out for his affairs in St. Petersburg; Misha, his youngest brother, joined the staff of the *New Times*, which published Chekhov's stories and already employed Alexander. Alexander, a writer himself, had to contend with the yoke of a famous name. One generation from serfdom, Chekhov's relatives had reason to find him phenomenal: he was a celebrity and a gold mine. He always lived at the center of a large circle of people; at the hub, the adoring and difficult in-group of his immediate family made the wheel hum.

Chekhov was extremely reticent about his personal life. His close, lifelong attachment to Masha and his mother was threatened only three times. His romantic friendship with Lika Mizinova never seems to have been fulfilled. Chekhov held her off until she ran away with a married man. "The Sea Gull" was revised several times to make the correspondences to life less glaring. Lydia Avilova, a married woman with three children, wrote






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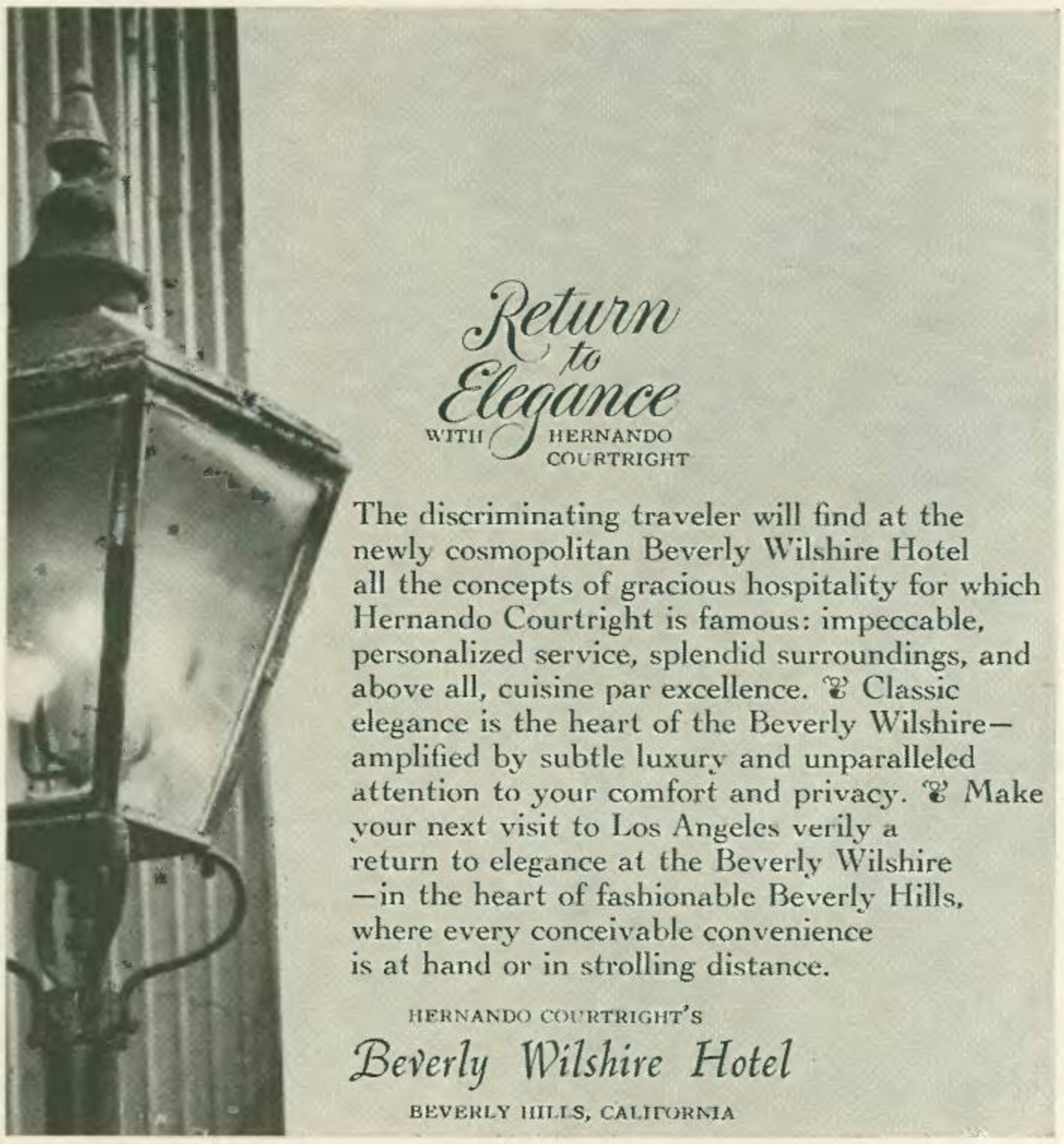
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a book about her "secret" affair with Chekhov and seems to have fabricated Chekhov's emotions, if not her own, out of hysteria and whole cloth. In his late marriage to Olga Knipper, Chekhov found what he said he wanted, a wife "who, like the moon, will not appear in my sky every day." Olga, who was devoted to him, learned what it is like not to be a sun; writers of genius are not inclined to hanker after soulmates. Olga was forced to stay in Moscow or St. Petersburg, rehearsing and acting with the Moscow Art Theatre, often in a play of her husband's, while his lungs condemned him to the kinder climate of Yalta. Their separations were often painful, but the situation seems to have suited Chekhov, by and large. At the end, there was no question of their being apart. Olga was no longer an actress or a wife—the roles she played in "The Sea Gull" and "Uncle Vanya"—but a nurse.

SIMMONS says that Chekhov's "own literary beginnings were singularly uninfluenced by his reading. The initial efforts of no artist of Chekhov's future eminence ever so completely and directly emerged from the very stuff of life." Though the press he worked for was vile, it is not incongruous that Chekhov should have started out as a journalist; he was fascinated by the anecdotal, he had an ear for the colloquial and a healthy respect for the hard fact. As a doctor, he knew the value of disinterested observation. In the stories and the plays, the surface aspects of realism are always accurate and concrete, the connection to life never merely formal or rhetorical. If he disliked artifice, dogma was repellent. A firm admirer of Tolstoy, he abandoned that part of Tolstoy that was doctrinal:

> Tolstoyan philosophy ... governed my life for a period of six or seven years. ... Now something within me protests; prudence and justice tell me that in electricity and steam there is more love for man than in chastity and abstinence from meat. War is evil and the court system is evil, but it does not therefore follow that I must go around in bast shoes and sleep on the stove along with the worker and his wife.

Chekhov's independence of spirit had both human and literary consequences. It made it possible for him to have friends as disparate as Tolstoy the neo-Christian, Gorky the political rebel, and Suvorin the reactionary, but it left him in a vulnerable position. Understanding many viewpoints, he subscribed to none, and he did so at a time when political allegiance and a thoroughgoing moral interpretation of life were con-


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sidered the hallmarks of the serious artist. Chekhov was badgered throughout his career for such a viewpoint—one he was incapable of taking. He was intensely socially conscious, but committed himself always to individual people and projects. Distrusting mass movements, he loathed despotism, and smelled out its equivalent in the very forces that often claimed to oppose it. When political courage was required, Chekhov was not afraid to act. Soon after Gorky's election to the Imperial Academy of Sciences was annulled, for political reasons, Chekhov resigned from the Academy.

Too keen an observer to see life from fixed battlements, Chekhov was never a spokesman for the big theme or the all-embracing theory, but though the gigantic summing up was not in his line, he nevertheless became a giant. Like Gulliver, he was too big to be seen all at once. When, in 1888, he won the Pushkin Prize for a volume of short stories, he received five hundred rubles instead of the customary thousand, and "the committee unanimously expressed its sincere regret that Chekhov failed to esteem his talent, wrote for the cheap press, and often hurried his work." There was some justification for the committee's strictures, according to Simmons. What the committee could not have known at the time was that, cumulatively, Chekhov's fiction would embody a vast Russian human comedy exempt from the limitations of nationalism; Chekhov's country, the no man's land where the abrasions of internal and external pressure meet, turned out in the end to be universal.

Simmons makes a distinction, echoing Chekhov's own, between the early, "objective" work and the later writing, which is "purposeful." Chekhov's development is a complicated business. It is hard to think of another writer whose work is at once so objective and so personal. Though Chekhov seems to want us to forget that a story is being *told*, we cannot forget the tone of his voice. His force as an artist derives from his being meticulously invisible but miraculously audible. What is now clear to us—a short-story writer needs a tone as much as he needs a subject—was not so clear at the time he was writing. How could it have been, since it is through Chekhov that we learned it? In fact, what seemed to be the defects of Chekhov—his inability to dramatize and to moralize, in any conventional sense—turned out to be virtues that altered the future of the short story and the theatre. ("Morals







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do not purify plays any more than flies purify the air," he said.) Though he never lost his sense of the anecdotal nature of the story, he was able to pierce through the crustaceous exterior of an event to the living creature inside. What enabled him to do so was a genius for psychological acuteness and an absolute control of tone—a subtle and unique blend of the melancholy, the farcical, and the ironic.

Two letters to Suvorin present clearly the two viewpoints of "objectivity" and "purpose." One is dated 1890:

> You scold me for objectivity, calling it indifference to good and evil, the absence of ideas and ideals, and so forth.... Of course, it would be pleasant to combine art with preaching, but for me personally, this is... almost impossible.... I must... speak and think as they [his characters] would and feel with their feelings; otherwise, if I introduce subjective notes, the characters will become indistinct.

The other is dated 1892:

> ... the writers whom we dub immortal or just simply good and who intoxicate us have one very important trait in common: they are going somewhere and summon you to go there with them, and you feel, not with your mind but with your whole being, that they have a purpose... they have immediate aims—the abolition of serfdom, the liberation of their country, politics, beauty.... Others have remote aims—God, life beyond the grave, the happiness of humanity, and so on. The best of them are realistic and paint life as it is, but since every line is saturated with a consciousness of purpose, as though it were a juice, you feel, in addition to life as it is, life as it should be.

In 1902, however, he said to a young writer, Tikhonov:

> You say that you have wept over my plays. Yes, and not only you alone. But I did not write them for this purpose, it is Alekseev [Stanislavsky] who has made such crybabies of them. I desired something other. I only wished to tell people honestly: "Look at yourselves, see how badly and boringly you live!" The principal thing is that people should understand this, and when they do, they will surely create for themselves another and better life.

Tikhonov asked Chekhov about those who already understood. Chekhov replied, "Well, they will find the road without me."

Is telling people honestly how badly and boringly they live "objective" or "purposeful"? In "telling people" something, purpose is implicit; in telling them something "honestly," objectivity is required. Chekhov seems to be arguing not against objectivity but for an objectivity that will bring revelations in its wake. Not interested in photographic realism, and dead set against the explicit

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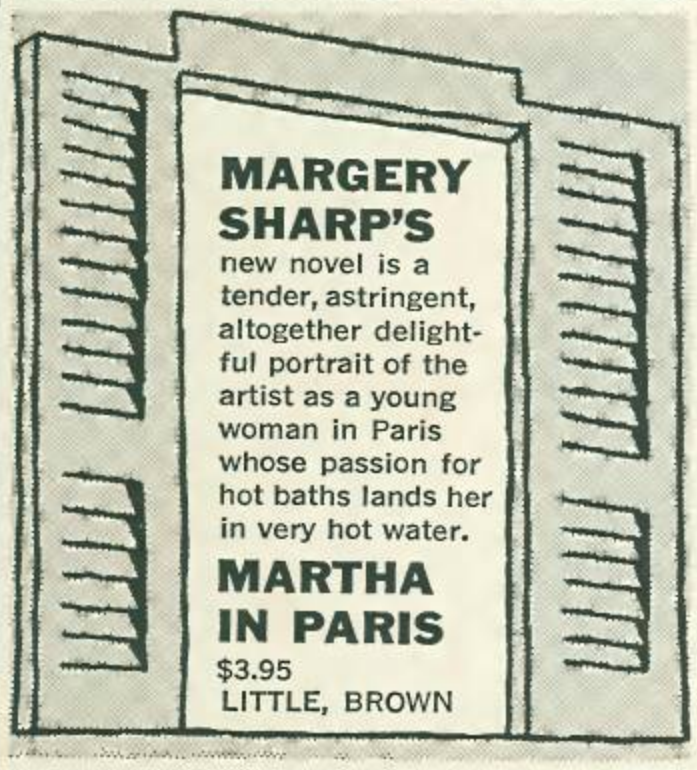
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message, he transformed social and philosophical issues into psychological conflicts. The "wish for another and better life" exists in almost all his characters, the very characters who are living so "badly and boringly." He exploited the psychological distance that separates the lives his characters live from the lives they want to live. The incongruity of the wish and the fact became the pivot point on which the plays turned. Chekhov never abandoned the mirror he held up to nature; nature allowed for every possibility. Chekhov found no need for the strict limitations of the political beauty salon, moral plastic surgery, or a philosophical wig; what he did instead was to change the surfaces and depths of the reflecting glass. In doing so, he came upon the fruitful innovation that distinguishes his work, which Simmons summarizes cogently:

> . . . by concentrating on the inner substance of people, he wished to reveal them as they really exist and not as they appear to be in real life. And just as this kind of concentration would require a realism that stressed not the events of life but a character's inner reaction to them, so must it be articulated by a dialogue that would reflect inner rather than outer action.

In Chekhov's theatre we see this notion in practice. Chekhov's plays are unique in belonging to the tradition of the drama and in standing apart from it. The idea that Chekhov could not construct a play—an idea that haunted him—was false. He said—and it might be Ibsen speaking—"If in the first act you hang a pistol on the wall, then in the last act it must be shot off." He meant it. The plays are superbly constructed, but the principle of construction is new. They are devised as interconnected short stories in which small crises, revealing the secret lives of the characters, rarely lead to a large one, and in which the seams sewing the stories together are obscured from the audience. Cumulative action is not as apparent in Chekhov's plays as it is in Ibsen's—Chekhov disliked Ibsen's work—because the accumulating tension constantly exhausts itself in tiny reliefs. This technical originality is in keeping with the general point of the plays: Both the tragedy and the comedy of life are precisely that life does not lead to a large crisis but peters out in small ones. No matter how large the implication, it is always focussed through a powerful but small magnifying glass.

INVALUABLE as documentation, "Chekhov" has two great virtues—the inclusion of material that has only


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recently come to light in the Soviet Union, and is therefore unattainable elsewhere in English; and the placing of Chekhov's works in chronological order in relation to his life. Monumental in design, painstakingly researched, "Chekhov," unfortunately, is negligently written. Simmons cannot resist the flat-footed *frisson* ("Young Misha's noisy excitement ran through the family like a current of electricity"), the graybeard comparison ("The sap of literary talent had already started to run"), and redundant unintelligibility ("But deep within him lodged an inherent artistic sense, which would insistently demand fulfillment in any exposure to writing").

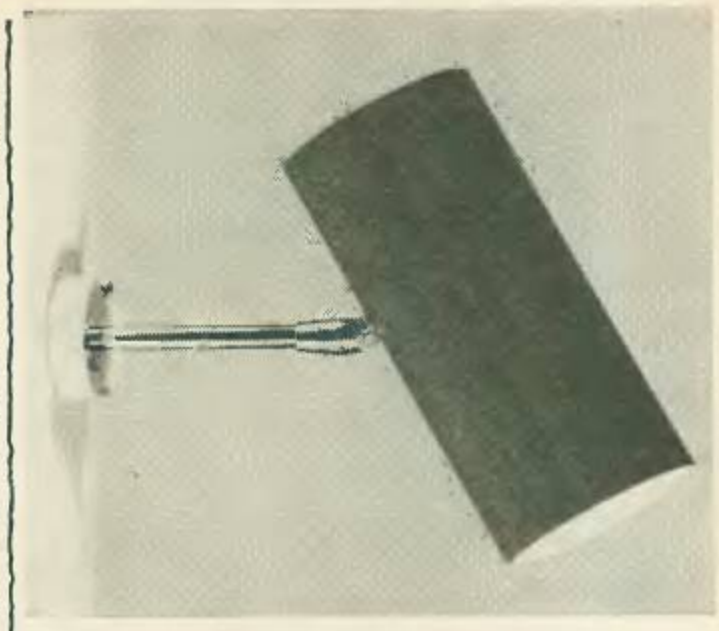
Biographers of great writers cannot be expected, alas, to write as well as their subjects. —HOWARD MOSS

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

A MULTITUDE OF SINS, by J. A. Cuddon (Sheed & Ward). After three years in a Catholic monastery in France, Matthew Garrard admits to himself that his vocation has failed, and he returns to his father's house in England while he decides whether or not to resume his old career as a stockbroker and wonders which of his old friends he wants to see again. In order to show the effect of three years in an enclosed order on Garrard, Mr. Cuddon gives him a robot gaze and a mind so clouded with confusion that it is impossible to tell whether his desire to escape from the monastery or his desire to escape back into the monastery is predominant. The lack of generosity in Garrard's spirit is obscured by his gently insistent urge to reform others, and his sudden return, as from the dead, places him in the position of a catalyst for his family and friends and acquaintances. Among those affected, or hypnotized, by this patient and icily self-righteous personality are his father, the General, who is himself a withered man; his mother, a hysterical beauty of fifty-seven; and his former love, Mirica, a stupidly intense woman of thirty-one. The writing is sincere and searching and not very good, and the time is the present. Most of the action takes place in London.

A CROOKED SIXPENCE, by Murray Sayle (Doubleday). A dispassionately cheerful account of a young Australian newspaperman's adventures on one of London's more sensation-



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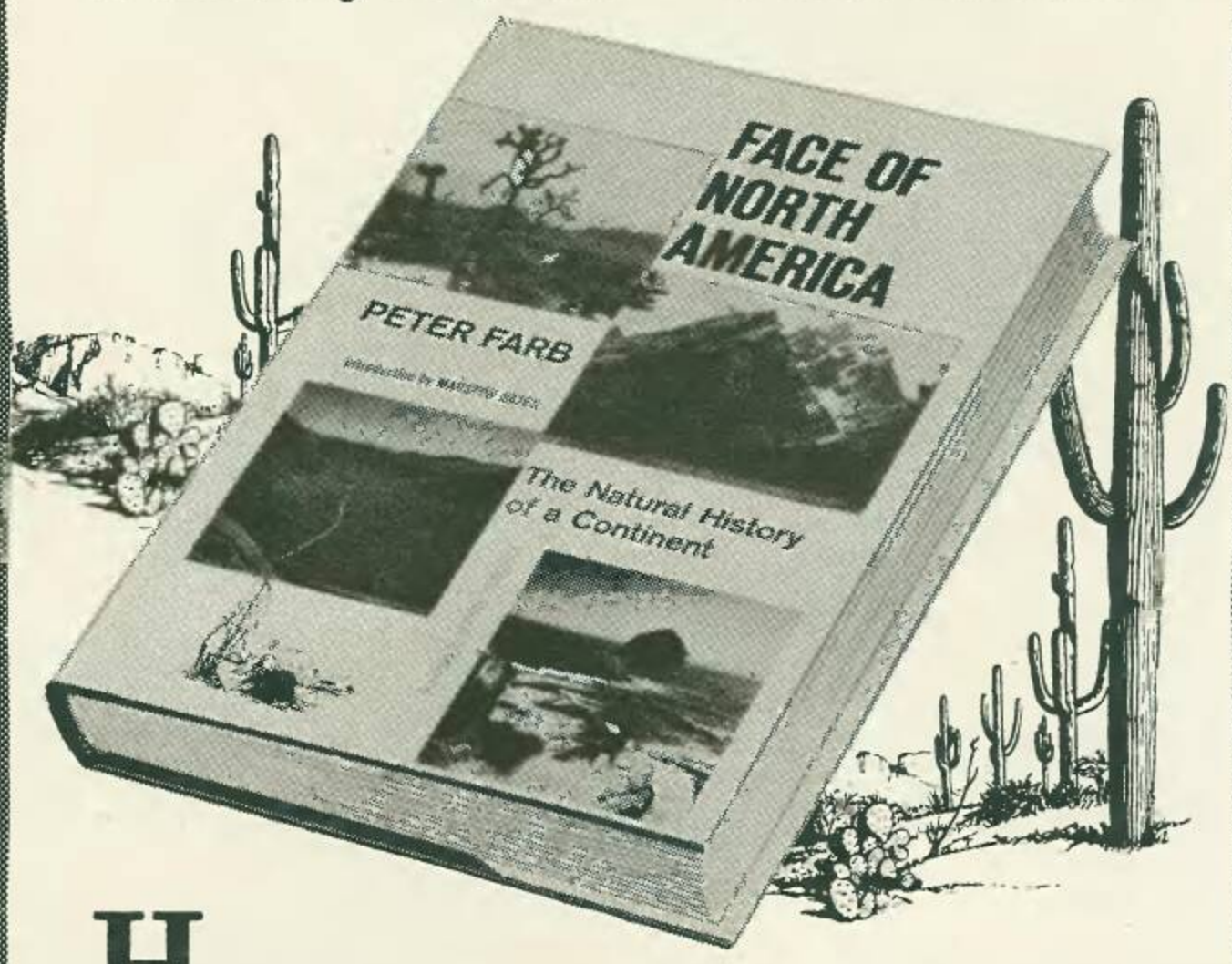
al scandal sheets. James O'Toole, twenty-seven years old, arrives in England full of impatience and bafflement. The impatience is caused by his ambitions, which are high, and the bafflement, which in a less open nature would be despair, is caused by a severe disappointment in love. Mr. Sayle writes with gaiety, pity, and humor, and he has given us a delightful first novel.

GENERAL

THE DUCHESS OF DINO, by Philip Ziegler (John Day). By birth a princess of Courland, the subject of this pleasant, sympathetic biography—she lived from 1793 to 1862—acquired a number of additional titles: Duchess of Dino, Duchess of Talleyrand, and Duchess of Sagan. She was not only wellborn but rich, handsome, and intelligent. Unfortunately, in Napoleon's palmiest days, when her family felt that a French marital alliance might prove useful, she was married to the nephew and heir of the great Talleyrand. Her husband turned out to be a dead loss. His uncle, on the other hand, made her his hostess at the Congress of Vienna and at the French Embassy in London, as well as his confidante, amanuensis, and assistant in domestic political intrigue. At some time in their long working relationship, pleasure was probably united with business; the Duchess is thought to have become Talleyrand's mistress. She stuck by him in his old age, but after his death her political power waned; she took lovers, married off her descendants, and grew more reactionary as the nineteenth century grew more radical. Mr. Ziegler likes his heroine. He is especially touched by the poor-little-rich-girl aspect of her life, and he convinces us that heads that wore mere tiaras were likely, as often as not, to lie uneasy, too.

LAST LETTERS TO A FRIEND: 1952-58, by Rose Macaulay, edited by Constance Babington-Smith (Atheneum). A second installment of letters from the noted English novelist to the Anglican priest whose influence helped her return to the Church. The late Dame Rose's piety and wit were formidable; so were her learning, her prejudices, and her concern with minutiae of ritual. It seems at times as if only another Rose Macaulay could read her letters accurately or profitably. Then some bright flash gleams, like this, written three years before


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Still, life isn't quite so simple as that. Most of us need some of the things that cost money in order to be happy. Jane herself valued money for the comforts and pleasures it gave her—the satisfaction of ordering a new gown from the seamstress, taking the coach to London to visit her brother, buying some gloves for Cassandra.

In point of fact, we all need some money unless we propose to live like hermits in caves. And many of the things we want most, tangible and intangible, are on the costly side: house, travel, education, medical care, for example. That's why many people put their surplus money to work in stocks and bonds, taking the risks of investing for the sake of the potential rewards and hoping to improve their standard of living.

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her death: "Why *do* we pray that 'they [the faithful departed] may have rest'? Rest is *not* what we shall want, surely, but more scope for work and new knowledge." At such times, it's clear that, no matter what their difficulties, these letters are for everybody.

DICKENS AND CRIME, by Philip Collins (St. Martin's). This is Volume XVII of the Cambridge Studies in Criminology. Mr. Collins, a literary critic rather than a criminologist, has studied the treatment of crime and punishment both in Dickens' novels and in his penological articles. The author's surprising conclusion is that Dickens' views on such topics as perpetual imprisonment, flogging, and the death penalty were inconsistent and not particularly humane. In only one respect was Dickens in advance of his time: he had a full imaginative understanding of the horrors of solitary confinement, and he tirelessly opposed it. An extraordinarily interesting book.

## MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE LIGHT OF DAY, by Eric Ambler (Knopf). A thriller with an anti-hero as protagonist. It is true that Mr. Ambler has seldom drawn his heroes from among the high and mighty, but Arthur Abdel Simpson, the man he has called up for hazardous duty here, is humble to a remarkable degree. Middle-aged, sickly, and afraid of heights, he is a sneak thief, a pimp, and a pornographer who calls himself a tourist guide, and when we meet him, he is stranded in Athens with a voided Egyptian passport. And yet such is Mr. Ambler's skill that from the moment this poor creature comes cringing into view, we follow his struggles for survival with an interest that develops into something very close to liking. Most of the action takes place in Istanbul.

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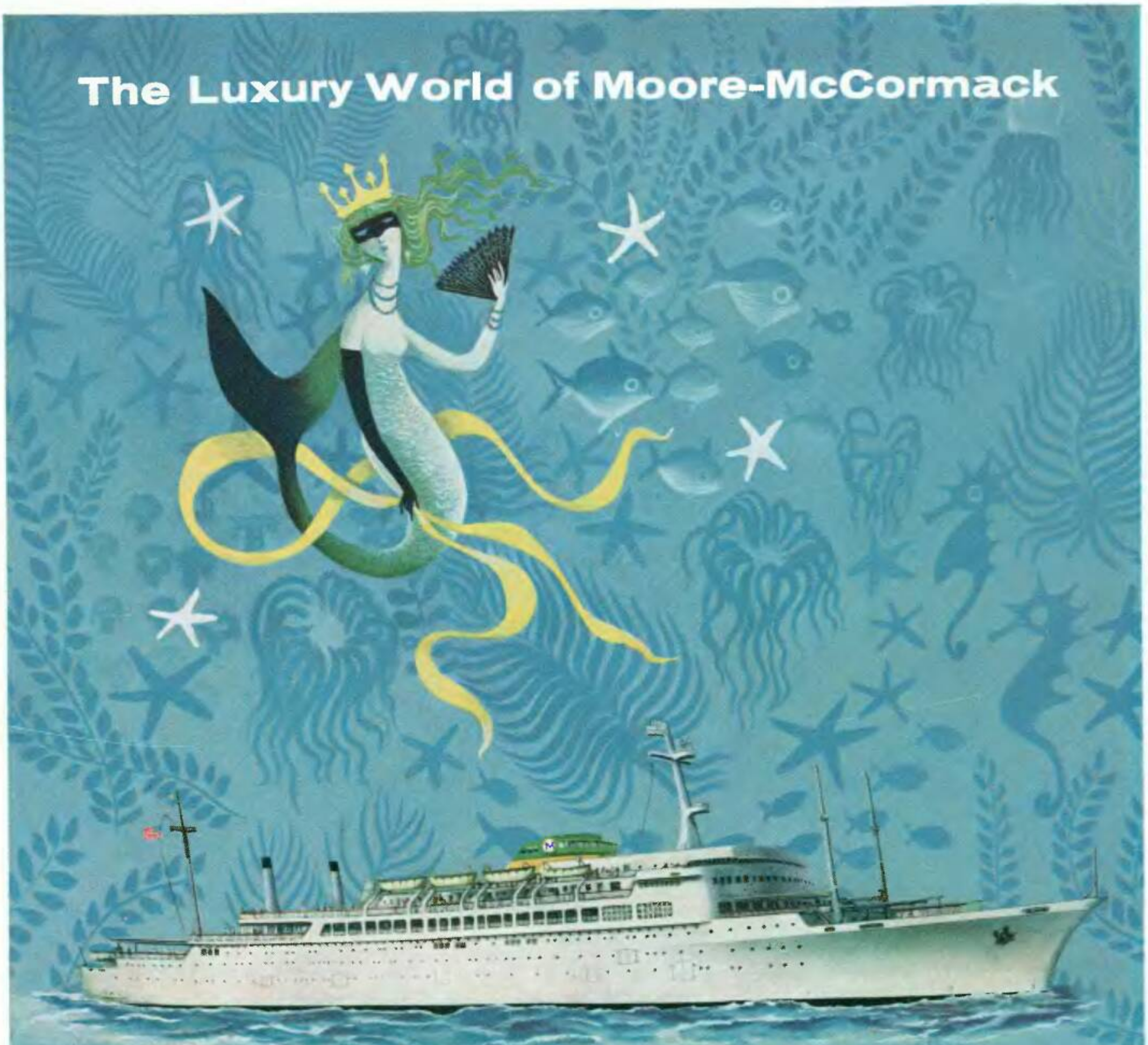
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## Cruise to South America

There is something special about a month's South America Cruise aboard America's newest luxury liners—ss Argentina and ss Brasil. These resorts afloat are the ultimate in shipboard relaxation and sophistication. Their superb comfort, their gracious decor are an invitation to enjoy life aboard and excitement ashore.

In Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, and the Caribbean there is always a special welcome for these sleek, white liners. They are symbols of Moore-McCormack's half century of Good Neighbor relations with Latin America.

Your travel agent can help you select from a choice of sailings leaving New York April 19, June 28, August 16, September 6, October 11, November 15.

FIFTY YEARS OF IMAGINATIVE WORLD TRAVEL 1913-1963

**MOORE-McCORMACK LINES**

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