

July 13, 1963

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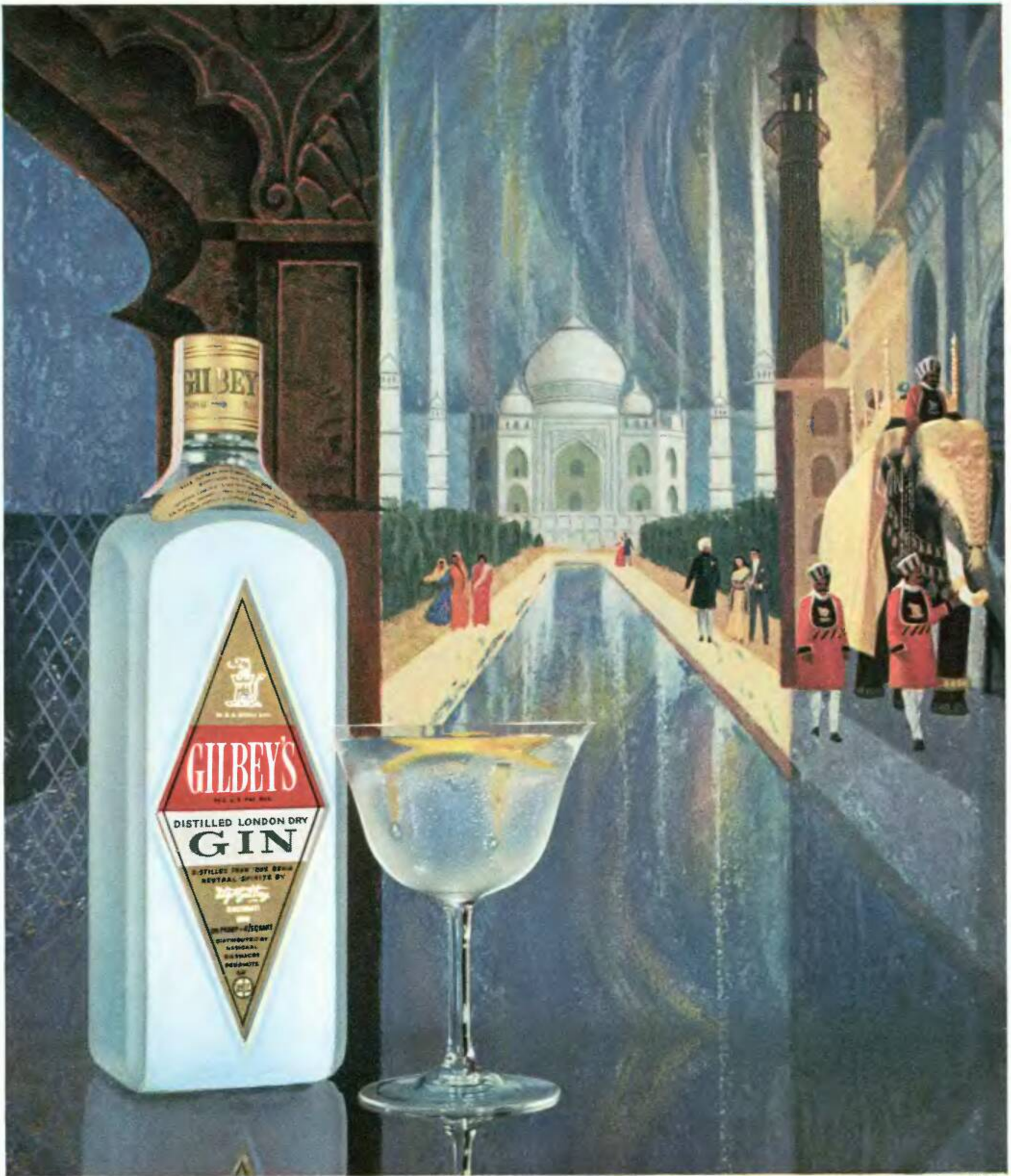
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NEW YORKER



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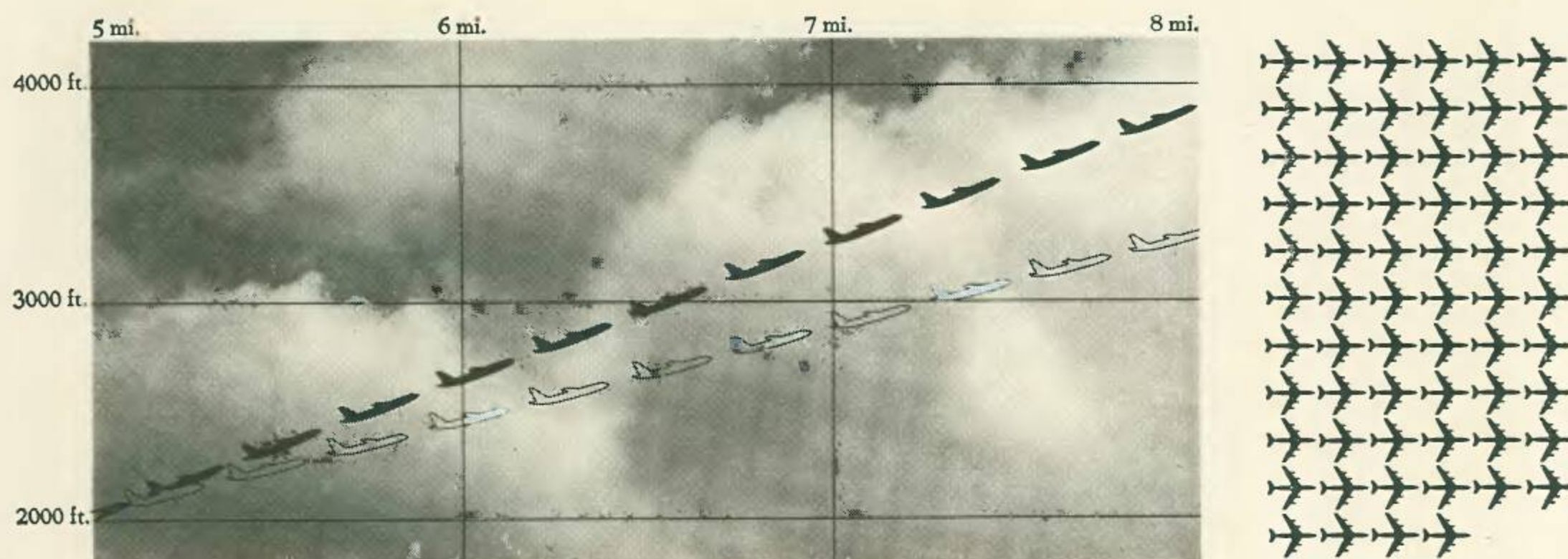
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

BEYOND THE FRINGE—Four fine English comedians in a revue that has humor, style, and splendid performances. The quartet consists of Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

DEAR ME, THE SKY IS FALLING—Gertrude Berg in an ingratiating role as a woman who likes to adjust other people's lives and suddenly discovers that this is a bad policy. Rather on the trite side, but still agreeable. Herman Shumlin is responsible for the lively direction of Leonard Spigelgass's comedy, and Will Steven Armstrong for the pleasant sets. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ENTER LAUGHING—Adapted by Joseph Stein from a novel by Carl Reiner, this comedy is made up of pretty thin material, but it is funny nevertheless. It's about a Jewish boy, wonderfully portrayed by Alan Arkin, who wants to escape from the world of commerce into the theatre. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, and Meg Myles are effective in various other roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEVER TOO LATE—Maybe there's only one joke in this comedy about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life, but it is a good one, and Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon tell it with spirit. The direction, by George Abbott, is brisk, and the author, Sumner Arthur Long, has supplied some highly diverting dialogue. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**MARY, MARY**: This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Biff McGuire, Patricia Smith, and Michael Evans are now in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**: Edward Albee's account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Nancy Kelly (substituting for Uta Hagen), Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Elaine Stritch, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

OLIVER!—Dickens' "Oliver Twist" in a loose adaptation for the stage by Lionel Bart, who also did the music and lyrics. The result is by no means as moving as the Master's novel, but there are several good production numbers. Clive Revill, as Fagin; Georgia Brown, as Nancy, the beloved of Bill Sikes; Paul O'Keefe, as Oliver; and David Jones, as the Artful Dodger, are all fine people to have around. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SHE LOVES ME—An adaptation of a romantic Hungarian comedy that first appeared here in 1940 as a movie called "The Shop Around the Corner." The songs (Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick), dances (Carol Haney), and book (Joe Masteroff) are pleasing, though not especially distinguished, but the performance, as directed by Harold Prince, is a model of style and taste. Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, and Jack Cassidy head the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. 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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| | | | | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |

TOVARICH—The Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, Red and White, reworked into a musical that hasn't much to recommend it except the performance of Vivien Leigh as a grand duchess. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. 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**: Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Jerry Lester (temporarily replacing Zero Mostel), David Burns, Jack Gilford, John Carradine, Raymond Walburn, and assorted cuties. (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**: Robert Morse plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (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**: Barbara McNair, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, in a Richard Rodgers show. On Monday, July 15, Howard Keel will succeed Richard Kiley, as 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. Closes Saturday, Aug. 3.)... **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF**: Kenneth Nelson (filling in for Anthony Newley) and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, ex-

cept Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

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

THE AMERICAN DREAM and THE ZOO STORY—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday evenings, July 11-12: "The Pirates of Penzance."... Saturday matinee and evening, July 13: "The Gondoliers."... Sunday matinee and evening, July 14, and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, July 16-17: "Patience."... Thursday and Friday evenings, July 18-19: "The Gondoliers."... Saturday matinee and evening, July 20: "The Mikado." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 4.)

BEST FOOT FORWARD—A revival of the 1941 musical. The book, which has to do with a movie actress at a prep-school dance, is sappy but cheerful; the songs still sound pleasant; and the boys and girls who play the scholars and their dates are a generally appealing and sporadically talented bunch. With Karin Wolfe, Edmund Gaynes, and Liza Minnelli. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:40. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—An exhilarating revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather a nuisance but no more pesky than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BRECHT ON BRECHT—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BRIG—A strong and merciless record, as convincing as a documentary, of a single day in a U.S. Marine Corps prison. The acting of almost everyone concerned, and the direction, by Judith Malina, couldn't be better. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CAGES—Two rubbishy one-acters with Shelley Winters and Jack Warden. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Betty Miller is the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and Carl Low is

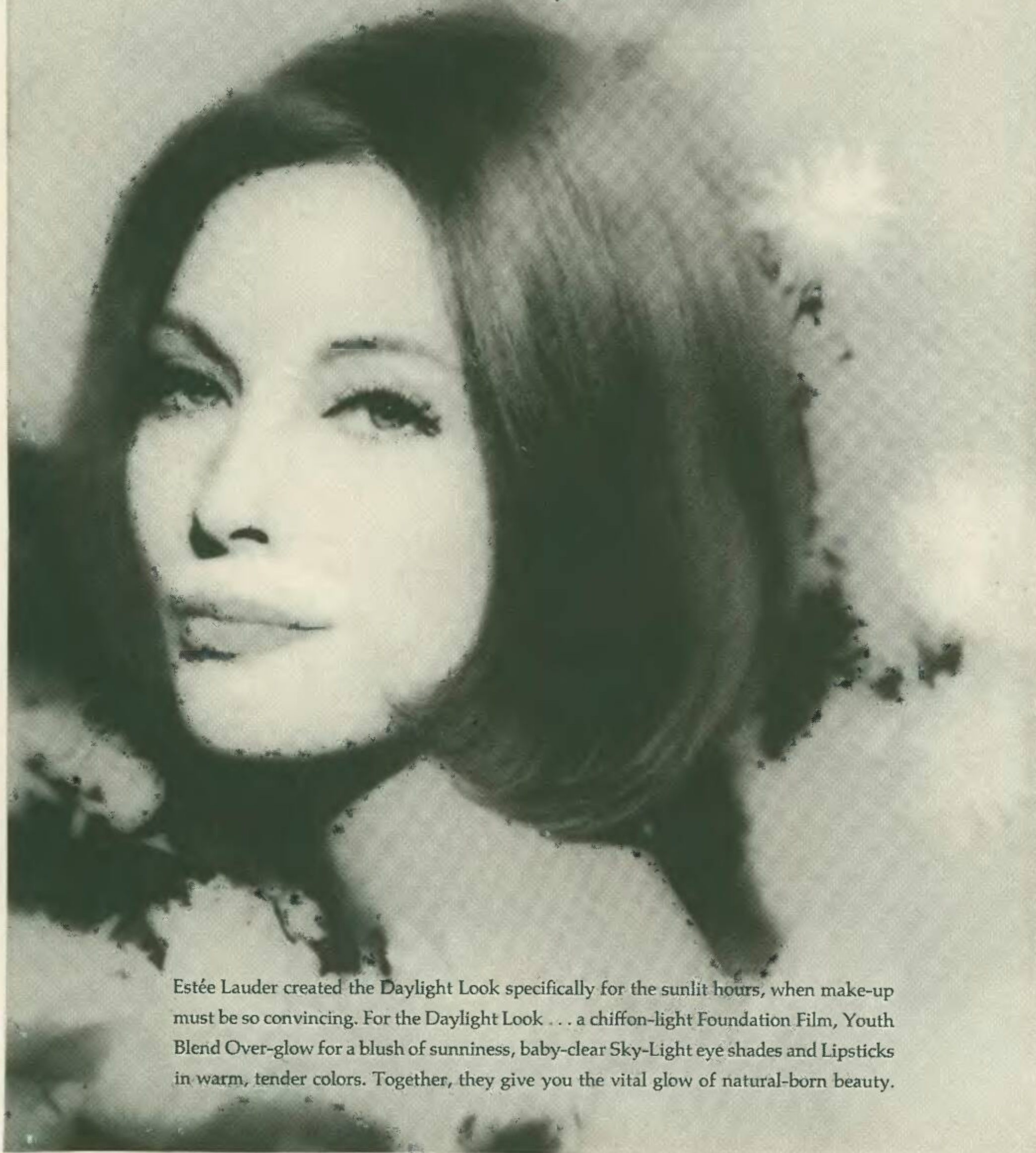
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsy. (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. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—Act I of this quite stylish revival is filled with echoes of other performances in other revivals, but Acts II and III have a charm all their own. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-1431. Thursday and Friday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Closes Saturday, July 13.)

THE PINTER PLAYS—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

RIVERWIND—A bright and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too. The comedy is supplied by a cast of seven, who also sing and do whatever acting and dancing are required. The setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE TYPISTS and THE TIGER—Milt Kamen and Janet Ward in a pair of bright comedies by a new playwright 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. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of "As You Like It," with Paula Prentiss and Richard Jordan. The second in a series of three plays by the company. Previews through Monday, July 15. Opens officially on Tuesday, July 16, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 3. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8:30.)

JONES BEACH MARINE THEATRE—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by Fritz Weaver, Robert Clary, and Elaine Malbin. Presented

by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

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

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Della Reese, a tremendous head of steam, is the singer in the Royal Box at dinner and supper. A Lester Lanin dance squad is around throughout the evening. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's small band makes small talk in the dignified Café Pierre. Renato Rossini, whose guitar always skirts the shores of the Mediterranean, is also on tap. Mondays, another band is the whole deal.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room rejoices all evening to the tune of Mark Monte's and Milt Shaw's dance hands, but pauses once a night during the week and twice a night weekends for a sheaf of songs by Betty Johnson. Closed Sundays. . . . Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court (which is silent Mondays and closed Sundays) from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin rosé* music in the Edwardian Room (which is silent Mondays) from seven to nine.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A vault of heaven, pink as can be, beneath which the band of Charles Turecamo, who usually estivates in the Hamptons, and the small group of Walter Kay keep their minds on their work (dance music) the whole evening long. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In Peacock Alley, a Meyer Davis trio does prancing music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The days of our childhood—giddy, chockablock, and ceaseless. The sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton sits in at the piano from five-thirty to eight, before taking leave for Downstairs at the Upstairs; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as harum-scarum double-deck pianists. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . .

IN BOBOLI, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (FR 9-3777): Cloak-and-dagger drama once or twice a night by such well-known villains as Scarpia, with more than incidental music by Puccini, Leoncavallo, et al. The maestro is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. Thursday through Sunday, he expands into a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays. . . .

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The court architect was Hans Christian Andersen. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. Through it drifts George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays. . . .

EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays... **MEDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): The leisure class is called to order at six every night but Saturday in an alcove of this pampered fish hatchery by Ralph Strain, whose piano makes life seem considerably more than bearable. Class dismissed at one... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A verdant little throne room, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte dissertations between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays... **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Ship of state is the mood. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano converses from five until one every evening but Sunday... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The small stage is too great a temptation for a set of Latin singers, dancers, and instrumentalists, who rise en masse to it now and then for some tribal ceremonies. Dancing, too, for the guests every evening, and on Sunday afternoons from two to seven... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Upper are most of the echelons on display here. Karl Inwald's piano is old-Wien without ever being old hat. Closed Sundays... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Roman holidays here don't end before early morning. Among the keepers of the late hours are Herman Honigsberg, past master of the fiddle, and his rout of musicians. Closed Sundays... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unmistakable soubrette, is singing the songs she used to sing upon the musical-comedy stage, even though she's retired to semiprivate life in her own minute *salle à manger*. Other music—accordion, guitar, and piano—can also be discerned in the gloaming. After ten-thirty, couples accustomed to taking up very little floor space can dance to the music of a trio. Closed Sundays... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with the bit in its teeth; the music (guitar) and its maker (José Luis Franco) are unalterably Spanish. No music Mondays... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti tones his piano down until it's almost subliminal. He's there from five to eleven. Closed Sundays... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio every night but Sunday, when solo piano fills in... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin is making one of his infrequent pilgrimages to New York. He's in the Regency Room cocktail lounge from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday, carefully constructing his own special fugues for piano.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Donn Arden has discovered a new never-never land (it *looks* like Camelot-on-the-Nile), and in it he has set a revue, "The Venus Touch," where nearly every prospect (which is usually dressed to the ceiling with young ladies) pleases. A reminder that life can be earthbound, and even earthy, is presented by the chatter of Jack Durant; the duets of François Szony and Nancy Claire remind one that ballet can be beautiful. 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): "Dime a Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, is a game of darts that wing their way to the designated targets lightly but accurately. Our winged friends are Gordon Connell, Lovelady Powell, Gerry Matthews, Carol Morley, Susan Browning, and Rex Robbins, and the game begins at nine and midnight every night but Sunday. The pit band is Steinways in the hands of William Roy and Robert Colston; supplementary piano issues from Carl Nor-

man in the lounge... **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dinner and supper are now, after twenty years, the preamble to the back-room activities, which involve, at the moment, Lenny Maxwell's young humor and the Wayfarers, a set of songbirds. Closed Sundays... In the lounge, after the theatre, Dudley Moore, of "Beyond the Fringe," plays jazz piano with a trio. Closed Sundays... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "To the Water Tower," which could just as well be called "To the Four Winds," is like its predecessors here in spirit (mockery) and scope (the whole U.S.A.), but it contains a new departure—a whoop-de-do play-within-byplay that can obligingly mean anything that one wishes it to. Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, Barbara Harris, and MacIntyre Dixon are the members of the cast. Tom O'Horgan's music, mostly on the harp, is the accompaniment. Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty... **THE PREMISE**, 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): A couple of pressing public problems are ironed out, sometimes with an exceedingly hot iron, by a cluster of players who are young but also earnest. All this comes across a set of footlights, and nothing harder than coffee is served the occupants of the half-dozen rows of theatre seats. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Money," a musical play with David Rounds, Barbara Quaney, Jon Stone, and George Coe, is the current coin of this realm, being cashed in at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays... "Life still hath one romance that naught can bury," say the eclectic lyrics of Mabel Mercer, though not necessarily in those mossy words. With the navigational aid of Sam Hamilton's piano, she cants her soliloquies after ten-thirty, in her celebrated bittersweet fashion in the DOWNSTAIRS. Closed Sundays... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): This England and its idiosyncrasies, private and political, are presented in revue form and with intent to kill by an extremely happy breed of men and women—John Bird, John Fortune, Eleanor Bron, Jeremy Geidt, and Carole Simpson—who, no matter how witty, always let one know that they mean what they say. A rather British dinner and supper menu is part of the accompaniment. The rest is Teddy Wilson's unmistakably jazz trio. Closes for the summer after Saturday, July 13... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Everything gets very south-of-the-border onstage at both dinner and supper. Emilio Reyes' band, which gives the customers, too, a chance to foot it fealty, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances, which go on for hours, are just as much by fury possessed... In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid... **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE**, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): The considerable virtues of the protean Kurt Weill are the entire substance of the evening. Will Holt, a folk singer and folk composer of considerable virtues himself, and Martha Schlamme, whose ventures into Weill are already inscribed in wax, are his interpreters. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Sundays at three and nine... **THE HOWFF**, 4 St. Marks Pl. (YU 2-0220): On tap now is a revue, "Rule Britannia?" with Irish folk singers Bobby Clancy and Sharon Cullen, and the English music-hall chirper Kay Britten. Roy Guest, the master of the howff, weighs in with Welsh folk songs and swatches of Dylan Thomas. Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Starting Tuesday, July 16, a new show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Miles Davis, sometimes deep in his horn and sometimes merely deep

in thought, leads a quintet that expounds the virtues of involuted dissonance; Blossom Dearie bends her small, still voice and her trio to the welcome task of blowing playful bubbles in the air. Sunday matinees from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A young folks' home for old (and new, too) folk music, of which Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee are the current exponents. Nina Simone and her trio are also available. Jazz sessions Mondays. . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): How the other half thinks that Greenwich Village lives, and maybe does. Among the crowd onstage are humorist Murray Roman and the Big 3, a newly minted folklore organization. They are all off Tuesdays. . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris, keeper of a Colonial drum-and-bugle corps, rambles along in the company of such men as Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, et Al. Dick, and Harry. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Sol Yaged's band, in which Dick Wellstood has found a home, is wishing it were in Dixie. Closed Sundays. . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The noise issues from the quartet of Gene Krupa, whose drums never get a chance to recuperate. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the place. . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie is winding his horn into shapes and sounds on the borderland of fantasy. His band is spelled by Kenny Burrell's quartet and by the Group (jazz singers). On Thursday, July 18, they'll all be replaced by the quartets of John Coltrane and Terry Gibbs. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular army is out of action. . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): This hero-sandwich foundry can keep good men (Bobby Brookmeyer and Clark Terry) down around the Holland Tunnel. Their quintet is worth the long journey into night. Closed Mondays. . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): An old Village meetinghouse given over to forward-looking musings. So many vanishing acts are booked that there's no use forecasting, but Thelonious Monk's quartet and Walter Bishop's trio are presumably on hand every night but Monday. . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones and his quartet can generally outspoke the ringside visitors. Closed Sundays. . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Martial Solal, the first French Algerian pianist to come this way, is not at all bound by any tradition. Two sidemen work with him. Howard Reynolds is the interlude pianist. No music Mondays. . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in this 52nd Street Memorial Institute; on Fridays and Saturdays he is joined by Danny Barker's trio. No music Sundays.

ART

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

GALLERIES

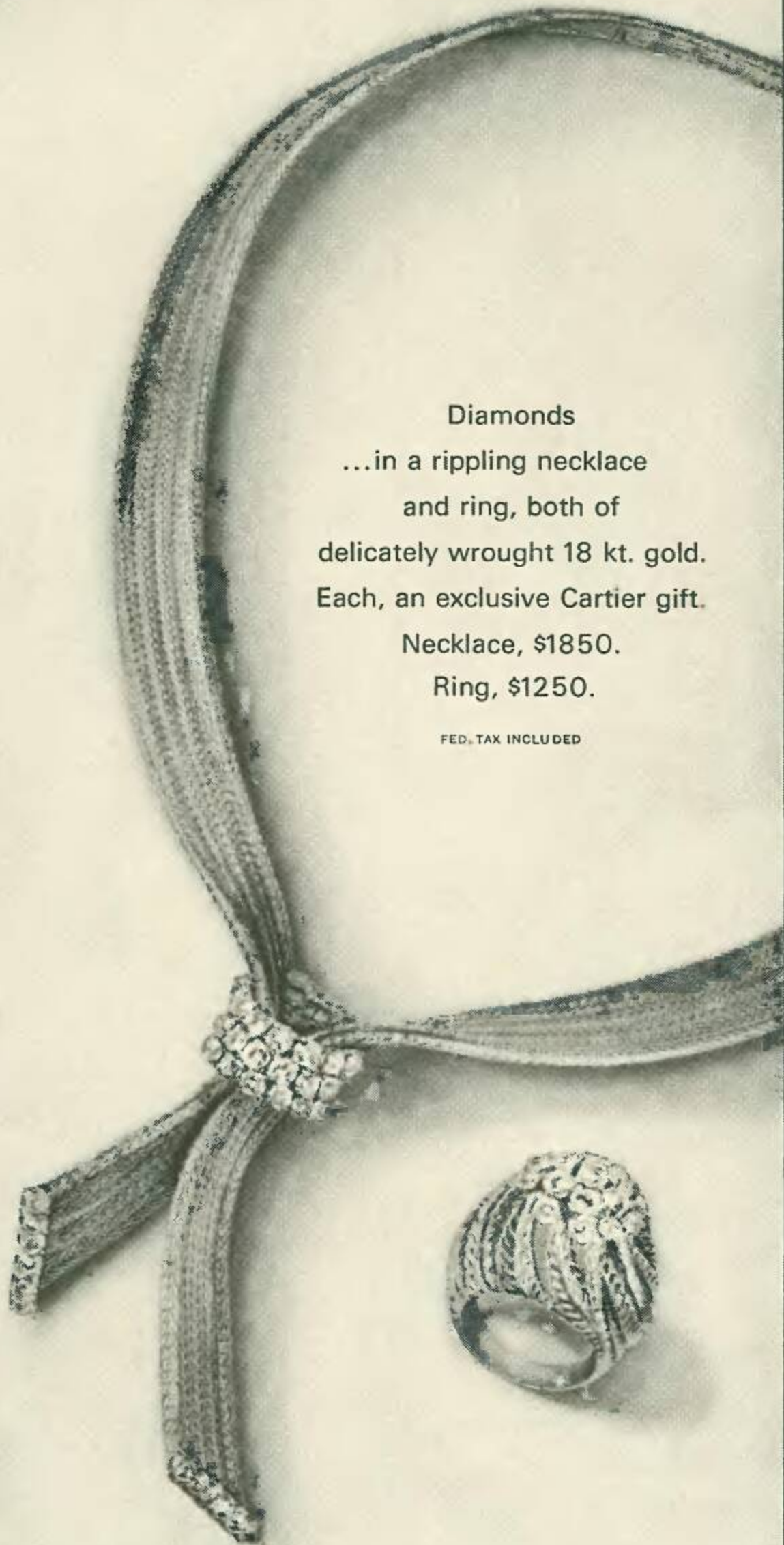
LYNN CHADWICK, HENRY MOORE, AND JACK ZAJAC—Sculptures and drawings; through Aug. 15. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

PAUL DELVAUX—Paintings by the Belgian Surrealist; through Friday, July 12. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ART DEALERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA—"Review of the Season: 1962-63," the first annual showing by forty-four of the member galleries. It consists of nearly three hundred American and European paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures, ranging in style from the Ashcan school to "pop" art. Through July 27. (Parke-Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Still-lives (paintings and sculptures) by twentieth-century artists, among them John Heliker, William Glackens, and Leonard DeLonga; through Aug. 2. . . **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ralph Blakelock, George Inness, George Luks, and others, plus sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Aug. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such artists as Edward Betts, Robert Sivard, and

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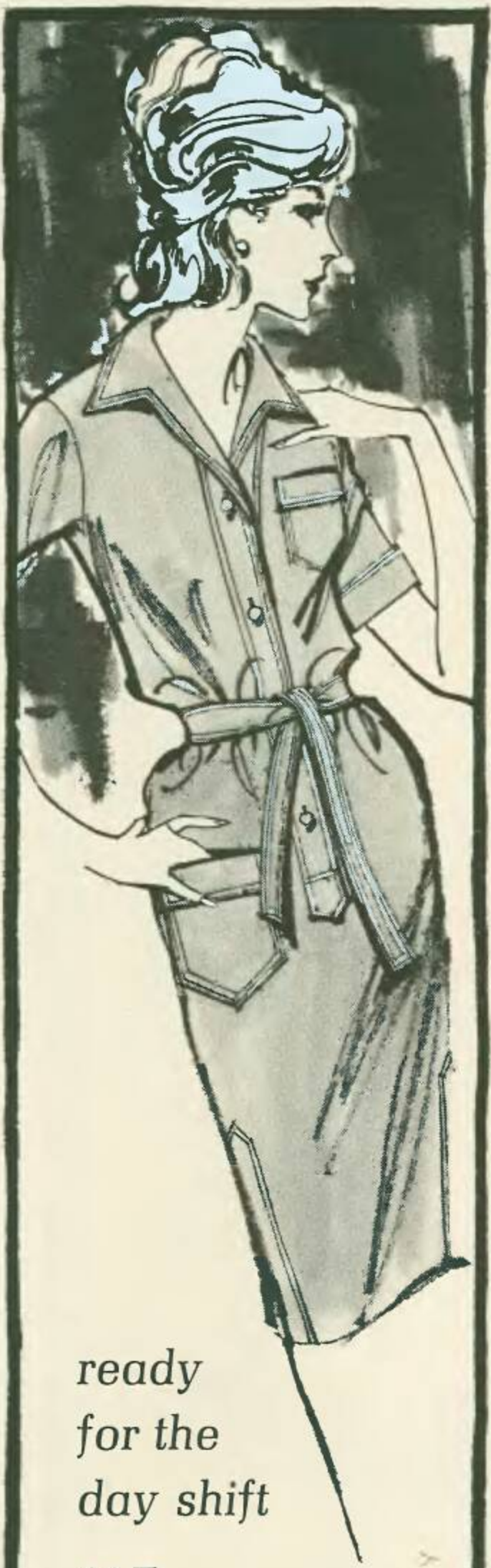
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Nathan Hale; through Aug. 30. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: John H. Twachtman, Ernest Lawson, Leon Kroll, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through July 31. . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Participants in a showing of drawings and water colors include August Mosca, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and Raphael Soyer; through July 26. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a showing of turn-of-the-century paintings; through Aug. 30. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Edward Dugmore, Lee Krasner, and Michael Lekakis; through July 26.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: "Sumer Is Icumen In," an exhibition of paintings by, among others, Maurice Prendergast, Odilon Redon, and Thomas Gainsborough; through July 26. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Gandy Brodie, and other painters; through July 31. . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such artists as Jannis Spyropoulos, Earl Kerkam, and Bernard Reder; through Sept. 21.

FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FINDLAY**, 11 E. 57th St.: Landscape paintings by Roger Mühl, Maurice Brianchon, Bernard Cathelin, and other School of Paris artists; through Aug. 2. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Contemporary paintings and sculptures by leading exponents of figurative art in France, among them Bernard Buffet, Bernard Lorrjou, and Paul Belmondo; through Aug. 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan exhibition of paintings from private New York collections, consisting chiefly of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures, by Renoir, Monet, van Gogh, and others; starting Friday, July 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures (bronze, marble, terra cotta, and plaster), drawings, water colors, and prints, dating from 1863 to 1917, by Auguste Rodin; through Sept. 8. . . . "Americans 1963," a fifteen-artist exhibit of paintings and sculptures. Among those represented are David Simpson, Chryssa, and Michael Lekakis. Through Aug. 18. . . . Paintings, drawings, and prints by André Derain (1880-1954); through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Gold of the Andes, Treasure of Peru," a display of some five hundred Incan objects (ponchos to ear ornaments), ranging in date from 200 B.C. to the sixteenth century and lent by Señor Miguel Mujica Gallo, of Lima; through Monday, July 15. . . . Eleven Spanish old-master paintings (by El Greco, Goya, Velázquez, and Murillo) from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Painting," comprising Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Notable Acquisitions of the Past Two Years" (manuscripts, drawings, printed books, and book-bindings) and "Eighteenth-Century Drawings from the Samuel H. Kress Collection;" through July 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Emergence: Student-Craftsmen," examples of work from six representative schools; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—The collection assembled by Robert and Lisa Sainsbury, of London, made up of items from around the world—Greece, Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, Oceania, Benin, Alaska, and so on; through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays

through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The permanent collection will be the main show until an exhibit entitled "Twenty-six American Artists from the Collection of the Whitney Museum and Its Friends" opens on Tuesday, July 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

LEWISOHN STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 11: Willi Boskovsky conducting and acting as violin soloist in a program of Viennese music, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano. . . . Saturday, July 13: Roger Machado conducting, with José Greco and his company of Spanish dancers, singers and instrumentalists. . . . Tuesday, July 16: Vladimir Golschmann conducting a Beethoven-Brahms program, with Christian Ferras, violin. . . . Wednesday, July 17: Vladimir Golschmann conducting, with Nathan Stutch, cello. . . . Thursday, July 18: Vladimir Golschmann conducting a program of Russian music, with Julius Katchen, piano. . . . Saturday, July 20: Skitch Henderson conducting and acting as piano soloist in an Irving Berlin program, with June Valli, soprano, and other soloists. (Lewisoahn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 10. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:06 P.M. over WQXR.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16.) . . . Haydn's opera "Foolish and Fickle," performed by the Karamu Opera Players, of Cleveland. (Tuesday, July 16; Thursday, July 18; and Saturday, July 20, all at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Erich Leinsdorf conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members in three all-Mozart programs. Friday, July 12, at 8: With Jeanette Scovotti, soprano, and Joseph Silverstein, violin. Saturday, July 13, at 8: With Joan Carlyle, soprano, and David Bar-Illan, piano. Sunday, July 14, at 2:30: With Jeanette Scovotti, soprano; June Genovese, contralto; Walter Carringer, tenor; George Hoffman, bass; and two choruses. . . . Tuesday, July 16, at 8: A chamber-music concert by the Juilliard String Quartet. . . . Friday, July 19: Charles Munch conducting the chamber orchestra in an all-Bach program; no soloists. . . . Saturday, July 20, at 8: Charles Munch conducting another all-Bach program, this one with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute, and Lukas Foss, piano. . . . Sunday, July 21, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing the chamber orchestra in an all-Haydn program, with Joan Carlyle, soprano; June Genovese, contralto; Nicholas Di Virgilio, tenor; George Hoffman, bass; and the Tanglewood Choir. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Folk and jazz concerts—Saturday, July 13, at 3:30, and Sunday, July 14, at 8:30: Pete Seeger. . . . Saturday, July 20, at 3:30: Herbie Mann and Chief Bey. (Lenox, Mass.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet in a program of German music, with Natasha Magg, piano. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, July 14, at 4.)

SOUTHERN VERMONT ART CENTER—The Newport Jazz All-Stars. (Manchester, Vt. Friday, July 19, at 8:30.)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN—The Claremont String Quartet. Saturday, July 13, at 3: With Charles McCracken, cello. . . . Saturday, July 20, at 3: With Gary Graffman, piano. (Pittsfield, Mass.)

NOTE—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 13: Marina Svetlova and André Prokovsky, Barton Mumaw, and Carmen de Lavallade with Donald McKayle and his company. . . . Starting Tuesday, July 16: England's



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SPORTS

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

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Mets vs. Los Angeles, Thursday and Friday, July 11-12, at 8, and Saturday, July 13, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Sunday, July 14, at 2 (double-header); Monday, July 15, at 8; and Tuesday, July 16, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Wednesday and Thursday, July 17-18, at 8. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, July 19, at 8, and Saturday, July 20, at 2.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, July 13: Joey Archer vs. Farid Salim, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20: George Benton vs. Allen Thomas, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

GOLF—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, Thursday through Sunday, July 11-14.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Braidburn Country Club, Florham Park, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, July 11-13.) . . . ¶ New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Knollwood Country Club, White Plains, Wednesday through Sunday, July 17-21.)

POLO—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30 and Fridays at 7. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS**, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 27. The Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 13; the Astoria, Monday, July 15; the Great American, Wednesday, July 17; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 20. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 13; the New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, July 17; and the Choice, Saturday, July 20. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

SOCCER—International Soccer League—Sunday, July 14, at 2:15: Dinamo vs. Belenenses and Wiener S.C. vs. Ujpest. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 17, at 7:30: Dinamo vs. Wiener S.C. and Valladolid vs. Ujpest. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **THOMPSON RACEWAY**, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, July 14, at 2. . . . **BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT**, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Saturday and Sunday, July 20-21, at 3.

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont, Saturday, July 13, through Saturday, July 20.)

OTHER EVENTS

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

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN—Will be observed from New York as a partial (about nine-tenths) eclipse, on Saturday, July 20, commencing at 4:41 P.M., with the fullest phase at 5:49.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

CLEOPATRA—The already famous epic, which looks like "Aida" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

DAVID AND LISA—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Two troubled children are affectingly portrayed by Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva is the doctor who helps. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE—An exceedingly funny farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

DR. NO—A slick thriller, not a second of which you need to believe. Based on the Ian Fleming original, with Sean Connery as the hard-boiled but ever so suave English Intelligence agent and Ursula Andress as the pretty girl he takes in hand. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 14.)

8½—A movie by a famous movie director, Federico Fellini, about a famous movie director engaged in making a movie and failing. Very fine. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES—A vivid re-creation of a gallant episode of the Second World War. The director is Nanni Loy, and the cast consists mostly of unnamed Neapolitans. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through July 16.)

HEAVENS ABOVE!—Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael play disrespectful but not at all dangerous ducks and drakes with the Church of England. Produced and directed by the Boulting brothers, who are funny and bright. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

HUD—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. A bleak, strong story, distinguished by the superb performances of Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA—David Lean has ably directed an enormous cast (Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, et al.) in this stirring chronicle of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero, who, like most of our heroes, is often unlikeable and still more often incomprehensible. The natural backgrounds—Jordan and Spain—are breathtaking. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

THE LONGEST DAY—Darryl Zanuck's conscientious reconstruction of D Day, which, for all its three hours' juggling with life and death, is never very moving. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

THE L-SHAPED ROOM—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy, and circling around their unhappy affair are Cicely Courtneidge, Brock Peters, Emlin Williams, and a dozen other skilled performers. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—A five-hundred-million-dollar spectacle about low deeds on the high seas and romance among the Minsky maidens of Tahiti. Marlon Brando with a B.B.C. accent is Fletcher Christian, and Trevor Howard is a devilish Captain Bligh. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

MY NAME IS IVAN—This Russian movie about a twelve-year-old boy who acts as a spy against the Germans is shocking, sad, and frequently quite beautiful. It could have been perfect if only those responsible for the script had not tried quite so hard to convince us of the

obvious—that war is undesirable. Kolya Burlaiev gives a remarkable performance in the title role, and Andrei Tarkovsky is responsible for the effective direction. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

SANJURO—A blood-and-thunder account of how virtue triumphs over evil in what purports to be nineteenth-century Japan but might as well be Graustark. Wittily directed by Akira Kurosawa, and starring Toshiro Mifune. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

SPARROWS CAN'T SING—Joan Littlewood's first crack at directing a movie, and it's a triumph. Comic carryings-on in the lower depths of London, with James Booth and Barbara Windsor as a couple of Cockney lovers who are also more or less husband and wife. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE—A beautifully photographed and acted French love story, whose principals are Hardy Krüger, as a war veteran suffering from amnesia; Nicole Courcel, as a nurse who loves him; and Patricia Gozzi, as the entrancing, dangerously amorous child who steals his heart. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 17, tentative.)

THE UGLY AMERICAN—Marlon Brando in perfect control of his great talent, in a robust and successful melodrama about diplomatic difficulties somewhere East of Suez. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8000; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; starting July 17.)

THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW—Hilarious hanky-panky in the London underworld, where Peter Sellers rules the roost and Lionel Jeffries proves a pitifully inept police scourge. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200. . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 16.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 12-15.)

BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhari, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 12-15.)

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938 (1938)—Kirsten Flagstad and W. C. Fields in a musical. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 16.)

BILLY BUDD (1962)—A rousing sea story, starring Peter Ustinov, Robert Ryan, and Terence Stamp. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 16.)

BRIEF ENCOUNTER (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 16, tentative.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 17.)

A COLD WIND IN AUGUST (1961)—The story concerns a tough stripper (Lola Albright) and a hitherto virtuous boy (Scott Marlowe) who fall in love. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 16, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

COMPULSION (1959)—Dean Stockwell, Bradford Dillman, and Orson Welles have joined forces in representing, respectively, a pair of killers and a defense attorney in this reenactment of the Loeb-Leopold case. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 16.)

FORT APACHE (1948)—Some high-toned Indians battling United States Army troops in the Custer period. Henry Fonda is the colonel. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 11.)

GENEVIEVE (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More brighten up this English film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 11.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

HORSEFEATHERS (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 16.)

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 16, tentative.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 17.)

A KIND OF LOVING (1962)—An English picture about how hard it is to be young and in love if one is also poor and honorable. Alan Bates, Thora Hird, and June Ritchie. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

ME AND THE COLONEL (1958)—Danny Kaye as a Jewish refugee fleeing the Nazis after the invasion of France. Curt Jurgens and Nicole Maurey give him a hand. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 16.)

PICNIC ON THE GRASS (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 12.)

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; July 13.)

SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 16.)

SHADOWS (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 16.)

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (1962)—François Truffaut wrote and directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 17, tentative.)

TUNES OF GLORY (1960)—A peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. Alec Guinness and John Mills are the adversaries. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 16.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through July 13: "The Girl Was Young" (1938), with Nova Pilbeam. . . ¶ Starting July 14: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), with Dame May Whitty and Margaret Lockwood. (Showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

- ASTOR**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Call Me Bwana," Bob Hope, Anita Ekberg.
- CINERAMA**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:45. Reserved seats only.)
- CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.
- DE MILLE**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
- FORUM**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Women of the World," a documentary film narrated by Peter Ustinov.
- MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.
- NEW EMBASSY**, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).
- PALACE**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor.
- PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
HUD.
- RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.
- STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.
- TOHO CINEMA**, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
SANJURO (in Japanese).
- VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Greenwich Village Story," Robert Hogan, Melinda Plank.
- WARNER**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"PT 109," Cliff Robertson, Ty Hardin.

EAST SIDE

- ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
DAVID AND LISA.
- NEW CHARLES**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 16: A COLD WIND IN AUGUST, revival; and "The Nudist Story," a documentary film.
From July 17: To be announced.
- ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
THE LONGEST DAY.
- GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 16: THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.
From July 17: THE UGLY AMERICAN.
- KIPS BAY**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 16: "55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.
From July 17: To be announced.
- MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
MY NAME IS IVAN (in Russian).
- 34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-6300)
From July 16, at 8:30: "This Sporting Life," Richard Harris, Rachel Roberts. (A limited number of opening-night tickets are available at the box office.)
- TRANS-LUX 52ND ST.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"PT 109," Cliff Robertson, Ty Hardin.
- SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
HEAVENS ABOVE!
- TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor.
- R.K.O. 58TH ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 16: "55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.
From July 17: THE UGLY AMERICAN; and "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," revival, Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty.
- FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE L-SHAPED ROOM.
- PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
DAVID AND LISA.
- BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
- CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
HUD.
- CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.
- CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
SPARROWS CAN'T SING.
- BECKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.
- 68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
DR. NO.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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

- TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through July 16: THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES.
From July 17: "The Nutty Professor," Jerry Lewis, Stella Stevens.
- 72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 16: BILLY BUDD, revival; and SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING, revival.
From July 17: To be announced.
- TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE LONGEST DAY.
- R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 16: "55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.
From July 17: THE UGLY AMERICAN; and "Play It Cool," Billy Fury.
- ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 16: THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES; and "In the Cool of the Day," Jane Fonda, Peter Finch.
From July 17: "The Nutty Professor," Jerry Lewis, Stella Stevens; and "Dondi," David Janssen, Patti Page.

WEST SIDE

- BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 11: GENEVIEVE, revival; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.
July 12-15: BALLAD OF A SOLDIER and ALEXANDER NEVSKY (both in Russian and both revivals).
From July 16: SHADOWS, revival; and "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers.
- WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 16: "55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner; and "The Sea Around Us," revival, a documentary film.
From July 17: THE UGLY AMERICAN.
- 8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 16 (tentative): I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING, revival; and BRIEF ENCOUNTER, revival.
From July 17 (tentative): SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (in French); and SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (in French), revival.
- 5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 14: DR. NO.
From July 15: "Run with the Devil" (in Italian), Antonella Lualdi, Alex Nicol.
- SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 16: THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES; and "In the Cool of the Day," Jane Fonda, Peter Finch.
From July 17: "The Nutty Professor," Jerry Lewis, Stella Stevens; and "Dondi," David Janssen, Patti Page.
- GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW; and A KIND OF LOVING, revival.
- R.K.O. 23RD ST.**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor.
- GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Women of the World," a documentary film narrated by Peter Ustinov.
- 55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)

"Greenwich Village Story," Robert Hogan, Melinda Plank.

- FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
8½ (in Italian).
- NORMANDIE**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 16: "To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham.
From July 17: To be announced.
- LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through July 16: "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film with an English narration.
From July 17: "This Sporting Life," Richard Harris, Rachel Roberts.
- CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Hand in the Trap" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel, Francisco Rabal.
- PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE-ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).
- LOEW'S 83RD ST.**, B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 16: THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES; and "In the Cool of the Day," Jane Fonda, Peter Finch.
From July 17: "The Nutty Professor," Jerry Lewis, Stella Stevens; and "Dondi," David Janssen, Patti Page.
- NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 11: FORT APACHE, revival; and "Two Rode Together," revival, James Stewart, Richard Widmark.
July 12-15 (last showing at 2:15): "Eclipse" (in Italian), Alain Delon, Monica Vitti; and "The Stranger," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young.
July 15, at 7 and 9:30: "Kismet" (silent), Otis Skinner; and "Ella Cinders" (silent), Colleen Moore.
From July 16: HORSEFEATHERS, revival; and THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938, revival.
- SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 16: COMPULSION, revival; and "The Stripper," Joanne Woodward, Richard Beymer.
From July 17: "A Girl Named Tamiko," Laurence Harvey, France Nuyen; and "The Courtship of Eddie's Father," Glenn Ford, Shirley Jones.
- THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 11: GRAND ILLUSION (in French), revival; and "The Bridge" (in German), revival.
July 12: PICNIC ON THE GRASS (in French), revival; and "Le Plaisir" (in French; also known as "House of Pleasure"), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.
July 13: ROUGE ET NOIR (in French), revival; and "The Safety March" (in Russian), revival.
July 14: "Cavalleria Rusticana" (in Italian), revival, Mario Del Monaco; and "La Traviata" (in Italian), revival, Lucia Evangelista, Giulio Gari.
July 15: A program of nine short films of the dance—"Swan Lake," "Pavlova Dances," and others.
July 16: TUNES OF GLORY, revival; and ME AND THE COLONEL, revival.
July 17: THE INFORMER, revival; and CITIZEN KANE, revival.
- RIVERSIDE**, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 16: "55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.
From July 17: THE UGLY AMERICAN; and "Play It Cool," Billy Fury.
- MIDTOWN**, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.
- OLYMPIA**, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through July 16: THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES; and "In the Cool of the Day," Jane Fonda, Peter Finch.
From July 17: "The Nutty Professor," Jerry Lewis, Stella Stevens; and "Dondi," David Janssen, Patti Page.



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Panama Canal is over-worked, we learn from the *Times*, and the Atomic Energy Commission is thinking of blasting a second waterway with nuclear explosives. This Isthmian engineering, we are assured, would be absolutely safe, and the bill for the job would come to four and a quarter billion dollars less than if ordinary charges were exploded. We're all for economy, but we're not quite certain that this is the moment for the radioactive kind. Perhaps our wariness is prompted by the thought that the blasting, according to the *Times*, would be a part of the Atomic Energy Commission's so-called Plowshare Program. That name gives us pause, and we're confident that it would do the same to the Prophet Isaiah if he were to make



the scene today. Where would that early, wrathful disarmer see any swords being beaten into plowshares or any spears being beaten into pruning hooks? Plowshare, indeed! But then, we suppose, the A.E.C. had little choice but to invent a clever handle for its projected good works; it isn't easy to sell the atom these days without a little fast talk. The catch phrase, however, doesn't happen to be one that we care to buy. It has a lulling effect, in our opinion, tending to divert people's attention from a clear and present danger. It lumps the atom's grim possibilities with its pretty ones, thereby creating a false sense of interchangeability and equality between the two. It offers us a daisy to pluck, the petals of which are the messengers of our fate. But we want no part of petal plucking—not when it comes to the atom. That's

one thing that had damn well better love us.

THE munificence of New York eventually jams the senses. Jackhammers and noon whistles merge into one great roar. The city's kaleidoscopic smells turn into a thick, odorless presence. And all that the eye sees is swell upon swell of faces. We know these things only because we escaped from the city last weekend to a small house on Long Island. The house stands on an ample rise. To its west, oaks and beeches troop down to the mouth of a shallow tidal river, which empties into the Sound. To its north there is a low, flat hummock, and to its east and south there are tilting fields. Coming suddenly to the country after a long spell in the city is like rising too quickly from the deeps; painful bubbles of awareness congest the senses. When we arrived, the grass seemed an acrid Cézanne green. The size of the sky was bullying. Silence blocked our ears. But after dark this confusion wore off, and we went and sat outside. It was warm and still, and in the next hour or so we were treated to a show of a kind that nature rarely has the patience for. It had style and an easy, selective pace, full of pauses and little climaxes. It began with sounds. In the salt meadow rimming the river, a clapper rail abruptly began scolding. Its song started with quarter notes and ended with sixteenths: *Tck tck tck tck tck tck tck tck tck tck*. It quit, started again, and quit, and during each interval it was softly parodied by the slow, slippered waves on the beach. A night heron, which that afternoon had been perched like a question mark on a mooring pile, waited until the rail was done, and squawked twice. Then we heard the long, relieved sigh of a high incoming jet, and seconds later a backwash breeze moved precisely through the trees from north to south, and was gone. The breeze, copying life, was the wind that stirs a crowd

when the guest of honor arrives. By now, the sweet smell of cooling grass had surrounded us. Another breeze passed sedately from north to south, sending a quick swarm of leaves across a half-moon, which was neither white nor silver but mother-of-pearl. The moon reappeared, a woman brushing the hair from her eyes, and the night heron squawked once more. Far out on the sand flats, feeding gulls fought.



Still another breeze passed, but this one had an unmistakable edge. The show, it announced, was over. Chilled, we got to our feet and walked to the slope above the river. The boles of the trees were black against gray-green meadow grass, and, down below, moonlight had caught the roof of a tool house, turning it into a silver tray. We went inside, leaving the door unlocked behind us.

Ambassador Seydoux

RECENTLY, we called up M. Roger Seydoux, the French Ambassador to the United Nations, and he cordially invited us to lunch at his apartment, on Park Avenue. When we arrived, Mme. Seydoux and an ambassadorial aide received us in a large, light sitting room containing a striking assortment of paintings, many of them abstract. We commented on these, and Mme. S. said they had been lent by Mr. and Mrs. John deMénil, of New York and Texas. "Mrs. deMénil is a cousin of mine," she said. "I am lucky to have American relatives." The Ambassador appeared, a fine-featured man in his middle fifties, and, as we sat down to a meal that Carême, Escoffier, and Joseph Donon would surely have ap-

plauded, obligingly acceded to our request for an account of his life and times.

"Public service is no novelty in my family," the Ambassador said. "My grandfather was a counsellor of embassy, my father was Deputy Director of Political Affairs in the Foreign Office, and my brother is our Ambassador to NATO." He went on to say that after graduating from the University of Paris, with degrees in law and political economy, he became assistant to Jacques Rueff, the French financial attaché in London, for a couple of years, and then, in 1933, went to Morocco as deputy director of the private staff of the French High Commissioner. "Morocco appeared to me a kind of paradise," he said. "I have a special feeling for Morocco."

M. Seydoux also has a special feeling for the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques, in Paris, of which he became Secretary-General in 1934. "It's a private school of great reputation that trains high civil servants," he said. "It was founded by the political writer Emile Boutmy and others in 1871. During the Second World War, it was sealed by the Germans at the beginning of the Occupation; I was its director at the time, and we managed to open a branch in Lyon, and another in Algiers—just before the Americans landed there. There was a move to put it under state control, but we resisted that, and accepted a *mariage de raison* with the University of Paris, of which it is now

a branch—the Institut d'Etudes Politiques."

In 1946, M. Seydoux, who was awarded the Croix de Guerre for military gallantry in the war, became private secretary to Léon Blum, then Premier, and in 1950, after holding several UNESCO posts, he came to New York as Consul-General. Washington followed (head of the Information and Cultural Services of the Embassy), and, in 1954, Tunisia, where he served, sequentially, as Minister Delegate, High Commissioner, and Ambassador. After that, from 1956 to 1960, he was Director-General of Cultural and Technical Affairs in the Foreign Office. "Tunisia was an exhausting post," he said. "The situation changed every day. There were strikes and riots, with your own compatriots often against you. This is peculiarly painful. It was a foretaste of Algeria, and in 1960, when I became Ambassador to Morocco, there was somewhat the same feeling. The French took over the habits of those countries, and they were not always the best habits. But they are very beautiful countries, and the people are fundamentally nice. After your worst difficulties with them, you sit down and have lunch with them."

We got up from lunch, where our worst difficulty was to refuse a second helping of very thin pancakes, and, over coffee in the sitting room, learned that our hosts have two sons, fifteen and sixteen, at school here, who feel that their parents move around too much. "We

impose on them a regime that is not easy," their father said. "They are forever being 'new boys' at their schools. But we love New York, and Southampton, where we have rented a bungalow. The whole world passes through New York, and especially the U.N., and the traffic is much worse in Paris."

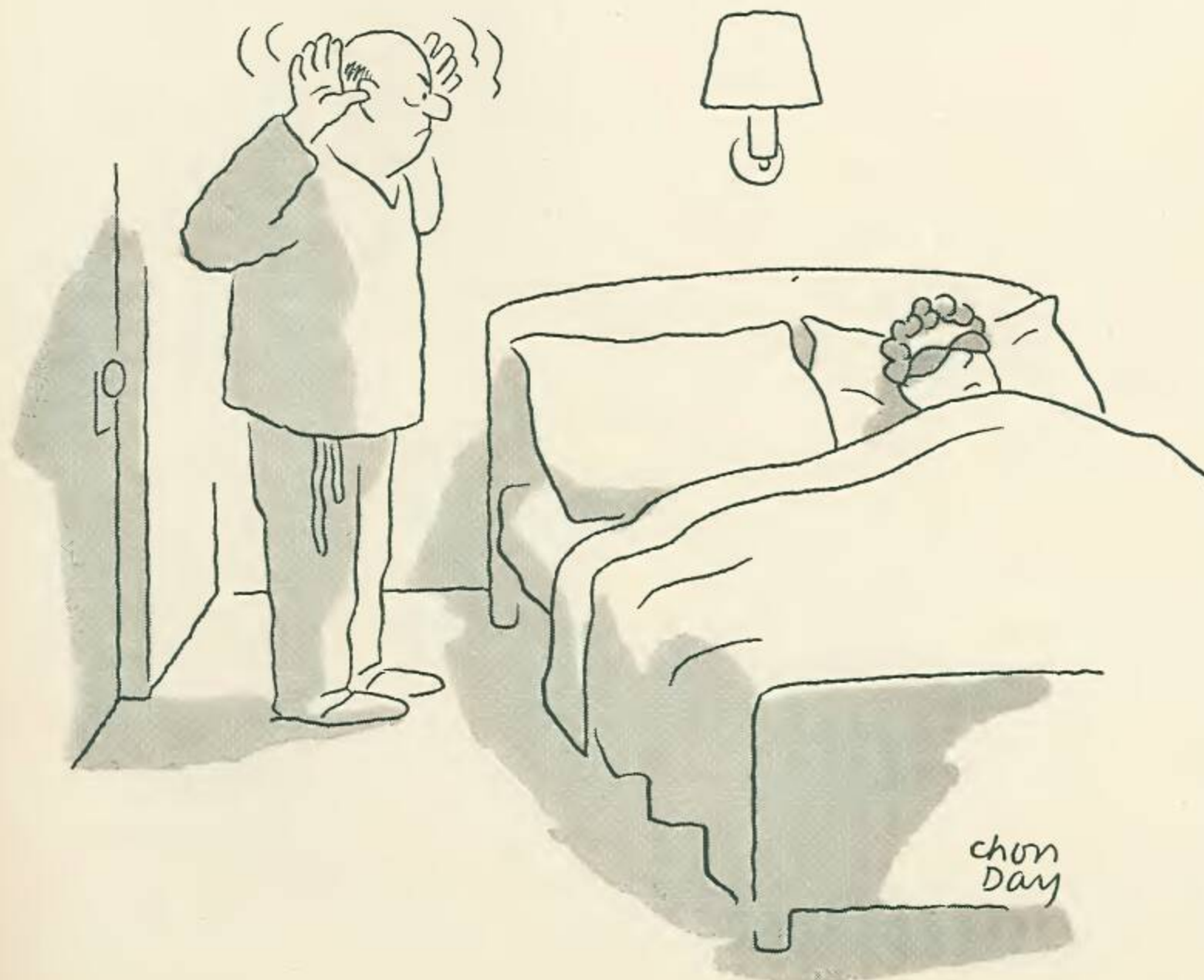
"You have the feeling here of being close to Europe," Mme. Seydoux said.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE: This summer will witness the birth of a pulp magazine called *True Divorce*.

Cinema Underground

IF the mark of a true artistic avant-garde is being both angry and hungry, then the forty-odd members of the Film-Makers' Coöperative certainly qualify. The Coöperative is the chief spokesman for what is unofficially known as the Underground Cinema, a group of independent makers of experimental movies, and the chief spokesman for the Coöperative is a forty-year-old film-maker named Jonas Mekas, a lean, ascetic-looking man who speaks with a soft Lithuanian accent and writes with the passion of a born polemicist. Most widely known for his fanatically partisan "Movie Journal" in the *Village Voice*, Mekas spends most of his time making movies and fostering the Underground movement from the above-ground offices of the Film-Makers' Coöperative, in a fourth-floor loft at 414 Park Avenue South. When we read in Mekas's column that the Coöperative had cancelled its Monday-midnight screenings of members' works at the Bleecker Street Cinema, we dropped down to his headquarters to find out whether the action was the result of anger or of hunger.

"Neither," Mr. Mekas said. "Frankly, the theatre's management was ashamed of us. They wanted a clean, proper repertory theatre, and they said we were disorganized, unsophisticated, and anarchistic. It's true, we are. Also, they completely disliked our films. We've made a new arrangement, for Monday-evening programs at the Gramercy Arts Theatre, and that should be happier." Mekas added that the Bleecker Street screenings, like an earlier series of programs at the old Charles Theatre, made an average profit of eighty dollars. "We shared this among the film-makers, according to the length of their films," he said. "The creator of a five-minute film of pure poetry might get five dollars, but this is more than he would have got



before the Coöp was formed, last year. The commercial distributors would never touch our films. None of us can support ourselves by making films. Some have regular jobs, some have odd jobs, but many of the most talented don't want to give up the time, and don't have jobs at all. One of our members has produced a fifty-minute feature for only three hundred dollars. How? I think he steals his film. Of course, everyone is in debt."

To emphasize the collective penury, Mekas waved a hand around the crowded loft, which contained a few elderly desks; two walls of floor-to-ceiling metal racks bulging with film cans, old press releases, and back issues of *Film Culture* (which Mekas publishes and which also loses money); a battered couch; two movie projectors; some film-editing equipment; and several live film-makers, who, we learned, wandered in and out all day to chat, use the equipment, and occasionally sleep on the couch. The sleepers, Mekas explained, were "between apartments."

After introducing us to a couple of absolutely broke film-makers, Mr. Mekas said, "Not all the problems are financial, of course." A city ordinance requires anyone using a camera tripod on the street or in a public park to get a permit; the Underground film-makers look on all licenses as instruments of government censorship and wouldn't get one even if they could afford it. (Some can't even afford a tripod.) "If you don't have a beard," said Mekas, who doesn't, "the police will usually leave you alone." One of Mekas's own films, "Guns of the Trees," includes a scene of a young man defacing the façade of a midtown Fifth Avenue bank. "We rehearsed nearby, on a less crowded street. When the scene was all blocked out and the actors were cued, we raced around the corner, held back the pedestrians, shot one minute of film, and jumped into a getaway car. It was more like a bank robbery than a location shot. Another film-maker wants to shoot a scene in a supermarket, but he's waiting until he can afford a better suit." To earn a little extra suit money, some film-



"Good Lord, no! I'm just returning a repaired typewriter."

makers hold unlicensed, benefit screenings of their films in their own apartments, which tend to be lofts on the lower East Side. "The lower East Side is full of film-makers," Mekas said. "Sometimes it seems as if every street has someone shooting on it."

One unsympathetic critic has dismissed the Underground Cinema as no more than "home movies with pretensions," but Mekas says that in the course of economizing with hand-held cameras, natural lighting, and staccato editing the film-makers have discovered new effects and now seek them for their own sake. The results range from "poetic" color and motion studies to blunt documentary denunciations of Society and the Bomb, but most share a total disdain for the traditional manner of storytelling on film, and also for the "self-consciously arty" experimental films of the twenties and thirties. "Sirius Remembered," a twelve-minute silent 16-millimetre color film by Stan Brakhage, one of the best-known of the independent film-makers, is listed in the Coöperative's catalogue thus: "A dead dog decays in four interrelated, dreamlike sequences." It can be rented for ten dollars.

The Underground, we were told, feels that since it has survived critical disapproval, industry neglect, and audience mockery, the only thing that might possibly shake its composure now is success—such as a piece of the hundred and fifty thousand dollars that the Ford Foundation will divide among fifteen "creative film-makers" next winter.

Ken Jacobs, a film-maker who wandered in during our discussion, and described himself as "just thirty and very angry," isn't worried. "Anyone 'safe' enough to get a Ford grant ought to be working in Hollywood anyway," he said. And a nineteen-year-old film-maker named David Brooks, who keeps track of the Coöperative's growing collection of rental prints, showed more concern over a classic organizational problem. "We started as a *salon des refusés*," he said. "But we don't have enough room on the racks for every print that comes in, and we don't want some university or film society to pick its first film out of our catalogue and get one that we think is just awful. So Jonas and I have had to start turning down some films. But only the really impossible ones."

We asked if he wasn't afraid that the Coöperative itself might become part of the Establishment.

"I'm terrified of it," Brooks said.

Mekas nodded and smiled.

Ken Jacobs looked angry.

SIGN in the window of a Provincetown novelty shop: "Houdini's Impossible Trick—Easy to Do."

New President

THE director of one redoubtable repository is seldom the president of another, but this dual distinction has been achieved by Mr. Frederick B.

Adams, Jr., who has been director of the Pierpont Morgan Library since 1948 and recently succeeded the late Irving S. Olds as president of the New-York Historical Society. Before we go any further, let us say that the hyphen in the Society's name is not, in the Society's opinion, optional. "The Society was founded in 1804, and in those days 'New York' had a hyphen," said Mr. James J. Heslin, the New-York's director, who, with Mr. Adams, received us *in situ* the other day. "It so appears in our name."

"We all make a great effort to see that the hyphen is put in," Mr. Adams said.

"After George Washington, who died before the Society was founded, all Presidents of the United States have been members, with the exception of Calvin Coolidge," Mr. Heslin said. "However, Coolidge posed willingly for an oil portrait to be included in our Gallery of Presidents. Gladstone and Bismarck were members—I don't know just why."

We recalled, from our dazzled childhood, a large and irrelevant collection of Egyptian antiquities, ranging, in one category, from mummies of cats to three enormous mummies of sacred bulls, and we asked about it.

"Dr. Henry Abbott, a British physician who lived in Egypt for many years, brought a collection of Egyptian art and antiquities—over eleven hundred pieces—to New York in 1853," Mr. Heslin said. "He exhibited it at the Stuyvesant Institute and offered it for sale for sixty thousand dollars, which was considerably less than what it had cost him. The Society bought it, in 1860, for thirty-four thousand dollars. It attracted a great deal of attention for decades, and additions were made to it in 1890 and 1907 by bequest and gift. In 1937, the entire collection was lent to the Brooklyn Museum, which subsequently bought it. The Society's constitution provides that its object 'shall be to discover, procure, and preserve whatever may relate to the natural, civil, literary, and ecclesiastical history of the United States in general, and of this State in particular,' but in its early days there *was* no other museum in New York, and it was felt that the only way certain things could be saved for the public was to get them here."

"The Society used to take the whole field of art history for its province," Mr. Adams said. "In 1858, it accepted thirteen massive marble seventh-century-B.C. bas-reliefs from the palace of Sar-

danapalus in Nineveh as a gift from James Lenox; they were kept in the basement for seventy-nine years, because they were too heavy to put anywhere else, and then they were sent, along with the Egyptian antiquities, to the Brooklyn Museum, which subsequently bought them, too. Another remnant of the art-museum era is still here—the Thomas J. Bryan collection of nearly four hundred paintings, some of them American, but most of them European, from the Byzantine school on." Mr. A. went on to inform us that Bryan, a Philadelphian and an 1823 Harvard graduate, collected art in Paris for twenty years and returned to New York with something he called the Bryan Gallery of Christian Art. "He later gave the pictures to the Society, and made additions by gift and bequest," Mr. Adams said. "They were the first big European art collection here; some of them are quite good indeed."

"Mr. Bryan was a bachelor," Mr. Heslin said. "He had a French valet who turned out to be a woman in disguise, but the Society feels sure that Mr. Bryan never suspected her sex. Did you know that the Society once tried to have the name of the United States changed to the Republic of Allegania? A committee was formed in 1845 to push the idea, but nothing came of it."

"For some time, we've been trying to concentrate on the acquisition of material in the fields of New York City and New York State," said Mr. Adams, who has been a Society trustee since 1948. "Our library contains nearly half a million printed volumes and the fourth-largest collection of eighteenth-century newspapers in the country. We're rich in United States naval history—manuscripts, books, prints, paintings, relics, and so on—and we've just become

richer, since Mr. Olds, in his will, has given us *carte blanche* to select what we want from his notable holdings in that field, along with a choice of his furniture and silver. I can't imagine a more thoughtful or generous bequest. It even includes a fund to take care of the material."

"Lots of writers use our reading room," Mr. Heslin said. "About sixty-five books a year are researched, or partly researched and partly written, there. Walter Lord, Cecil Woodham-Smith, and James T. Flexner have been steady visitors. We have twenty-three floors of stacks. Allan Nevins and Samuel Eliot Morison have consulted them. The library is a kind of listening post;

we always know what volumes of American history are in the works."

Golden Boy

UNSETTLING note received by a lady of our acquaintance from a nine-year-old nephew:

DEAR AUNT GRACE:

I had a wonderful birthday last week. I got a lot of money. Your money was unique.

Bevy

LAST Thursday, at the Americana Hotel, after twice taking an elevator to the wrong floor, we landed in the second-floor lobby leading to the Princess Room. We had been invited there by the R. T. French Company, of 1 Mustard Street, Rochester, New York, to watch a "Bevy of Beauties"—five Miss Universe contestants—demonstrate how easy it is to ignite charcoal with Justrite Fire Starters. Justrite Fire Starters are so harmless, we were told, that they can be safely eaten by a small child. The Princess Room and an adjoining terrace were occupied by a bevy of photographers, waiters, and public-relations people; a smiling, red-faced fireman; a Cub Scout; and a Boy Scout—all drinking, eating, or just waiting for the main attraction. Five charcoal grills had been set up at the southern end of the terrace, and opposite them were four other grills—more elaborate ones, on which a chef was preparing assorted international specialties, including hot dogs. A large supply of red and aqua water pistols lay on the terrace ledge.

We sat down at a terrace table and disencumbered ourselves of a hot dog and a tiny pancake sandwich. "That's a Snitzelbank Surprise," said the man sitting across from us as he aimed his camera at us and focussed it. "I caught my arm in the elevator door on the way up here," he added cheerfully.

We had barely congratulated him on his escape when a pretty, dark-haired girl wearing a chef's cap and a banner that identified her as Miss Germany tripped on the terrace threshold, recovered, and came out, followed by Miss Israel, Miss Norway, Miss England, and Miss Ireland, a last-minute substitute for Miss Italy, who had missed the plane from Rome. The girls lined up behind the five unlit grills, and a man representing the French Company introduced them, imparted to us their chest, waist, and hip measurements in centimetres and inches, and announced that the Cub Scout and the Boy Scout would





"Mischa! You're really asking for a midnight knock on the door!"

judge which girl lit the best fire fastest. A number of men on the terrace leaped from their seats and struggled among themselves for a better view of the contest.

When each of the potential Miss Universes had lit a kitchen match and touched it to the Fire Starters scattered through her charcoal, the Scouts began to pace solemnly up and down, peering into the flames that sprang up in the grills. "The judges must have come to a decision by now!" the master of ceremonies cried several times, but he was wrong. Finally, the Boy Scout pointed to Miss Germany, who turned out to be the only contestant who couldn't speak English.

"Lean over the grills a little more, girls!" a photographer shouted. "Smile!" he cried to the Boy Scout, without success. "Hey, Cub Scout! Move in closer," he directed.

Pictures were taken, and then more pictures, as the girls shot out the fires with water pistols, while the fireman hovered nearby.

After being interviewed, through an interpreter, by a reporter from N.B.C., Miss Germany was led with the other girls to a table at the far end of the terrace. The dictatorial photographer pursued them and returned to the grills with Miss Israel, whom he ordered to light a match and smile. A chaperon ran up to him and said that Miss Israel might hold the match and smile but that she might not *light* it and smile. The photographer lost the argument.

"You were great judges," the master of ceremonies said enthusiastically to the Scouts, who continued to have difficulty smiling.

A window-washer several stories

above our table spilled water on our head and on the remains of our Snitzelbank Surprise while we were watching the fireman finish extinguishing the fires; he emptied the coals into a barrel labelled "Tin Cans Only."

As we left, the man at our table was trying to take a picture of a moth that had flown out onto the terrace from the Princess Room.

COLLOQUY overheard the other sweltering afternoon on a Madison Avenue bus:

FIRST YOUNG MATRON: "I'm getting so tired of having all our meals in the bedroom."

SECOND YOUNG MATRON: "In the bedroom?"

FIRST YOUNG MATRON: "That's where our air-conditioner is."

A LEAVE-TAKING

SHE had not even finished dressing when he arrived. She had meant, of course, to take especial care with her appearance but had slept, instead, right through the morning—probably from the exhaustion of the last few days. When she awoke, there was barely time to take her shower and put the coffee on—not even time to make her bed. It was only because his train was a little late that she managed to get into her clothes before the doorbell rang.

He had taken a train that got him to town about noon; it was the only possible one, on Sunday. The day before, when he telephoned her from the country, he had said, "I'll leave the car with May and the children." It was one of the things she had wondered about when she put the phone down, trying to discover what position he had taken with May. It had been a short and comfortless conversation, because the telephone at his summer house was on a party line. And yet, she thought, if he had something definite to tell her he could have driven to another town, called from a drugstore. She had by then passed two days of silence and suspense—he had left town on Wednesday to talk the whole business out with May—and the overstated nonchalance of the telephone conversation made her frantic. "But can't you tell me anything?" she cried, as he prepared to

hang up. After an admonishing silence, he had said only, "When I see you on Sunday."

She finished buttoning her dress and pushed her feet into a pair of sandals before she opened the door. Her face still glistened from the shower, her uncombed hair hung down her back, secured at the neck by a frayed ribbon; these things, absurdly, were uppermost in her mind as she turned the doorknob.

He, on the other hand, was neatly dressed in a light summer suit; his collar and tie had admirably withstood the long journey in a hot train. He seemed a little browner, and his eyes were bright and slightly reddened as though he had slept badly. He came in without speaking, and she closed the door after him. He was holding a briefcase, which he put down in a corner of the tiny hall. When she turned from closing the door, he said her name, and put his arms around her with such intensity of feeling that she had no time to raise her own and stood within his embrace as if she did not submit to it. Love, however, was too strong for her, and she moved her cheek against the side of his head. I will have to know soon, she thought, what he has agreed to do.

"I left the coffee on," she said, unclasping his arms and stepping aside. She went into the kitchen without glancing at him, and turned the gas off. He came

and stood in the doorway. She still could not look at his face, which she knew must explain everything to her. "Shall I make you some lunch?" she asked.

"Just coffee."

She was lifting down the cups and saucers. "If you take the coffee in, I'll bring the tray." He stood back to let her pass, and she went into the living room and put the tray on a table in front of the sofa. "Thanks. Oh, not there; that won't stand heat—yes, there, on the tile." Sitting on the sofa, she poured his coffee and her own, and they drank in silence.

"You haven't had breakfast, then?"

She looked at him now, over the rim of her cup. "I only just woke up." In case that should sound unfeeling, she added, "I was exhausted." She was suddenly reminded of her appearance. She put her cup down and raised her hand to her head. "I haven't even done my hair."

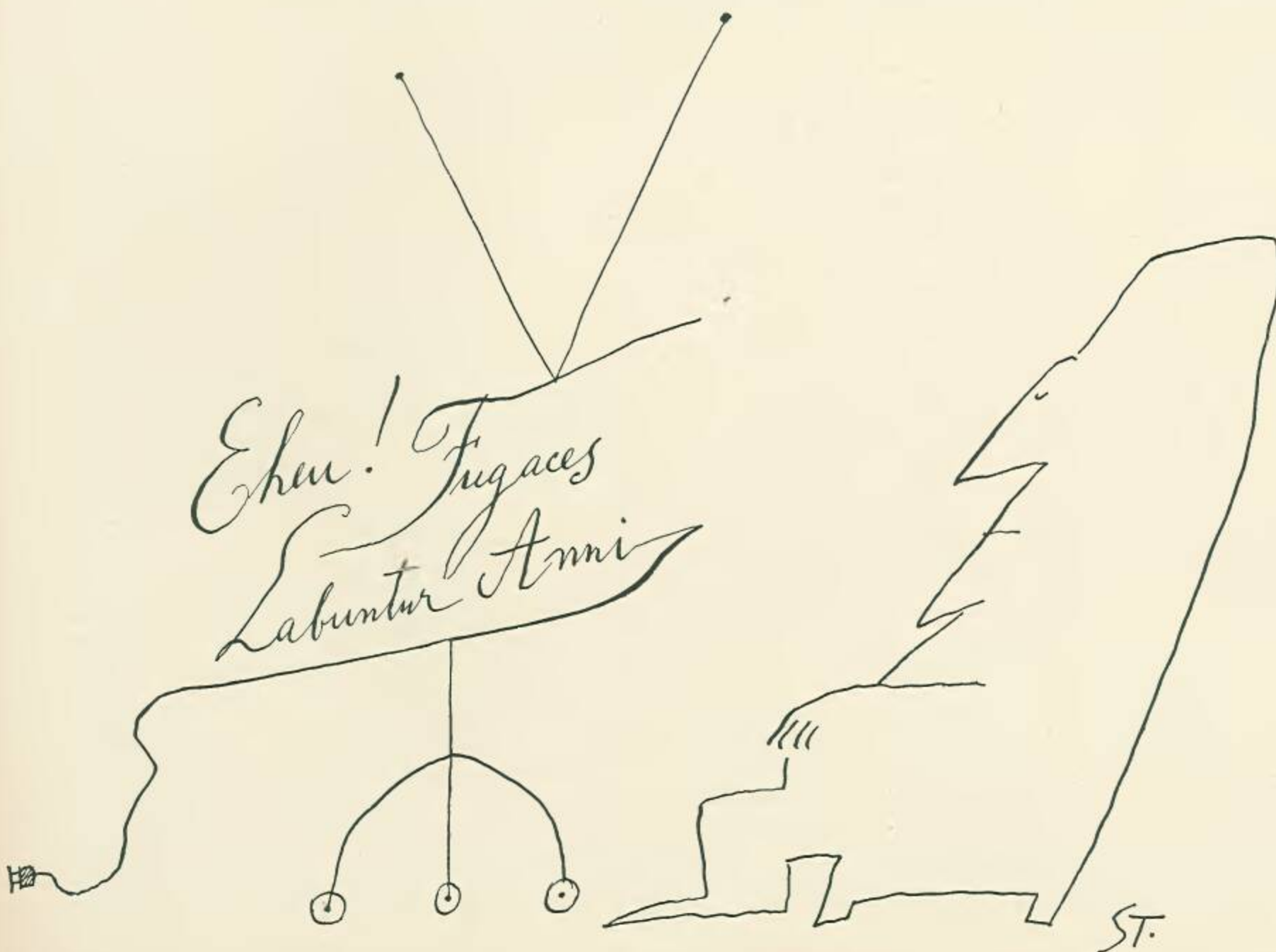
"It doesn't matter," he said.

"Let me do it while you have your coffee. It won't take a minute." She started to rise from the sofa.

"No, don't go," he said, taking her hand. She sat down again, still watching him. He held her hand in both of his for a moment, and then pressed it against his mouth and burst into tears.

She let him put his head on her breast, withdrawing her hand so that she could take him in her arms. She leaned back on the sofa, slightly breathless from his

weight and from the pressure of his head, which was quite hard. In spite of the discrepancy in their ages, she felt protective—almost dispassionate—as she held him and moved her hand consolingly up and down his shuddering spine. She also regarded him with a certain amount of vulgar curiosity—she had never seen a man weep before, and was young enough to consider it a monument in her experience. In addition, she was unable to rid herself of the notion that he wept for what he was about to say. Relieved of speculation, she found herself invested, instead, with the kind of momentary self-possession that is summoned up in a doctor's waiting room. She breathed, through the



salt smell of his hair, the steam of the coffee and even regretted that her cup must get cold. Her eyes, up-tilted by her attitude, rested on the pale-green wall opposite her. She reflected that in love one can only win by cheating and that the skill is to cheat first. (Having coveted neither the advantage nor the skill, however, she had no justification for disputing—as she did—the defeat that confronted her.)

He raised his head and shifted his position so that he, too, leaned back on the sofa, although his shoulder still pressed on hers. He held her right hand in his own, and with his left felt for his handkerchief and blew his nose. He closed his eyes, frowning, and she could see that he was studying how to begin. She tightened her clasp on his hand and said kindly, almost politely, "Don't worry. Just tell me."

He opened his eyes and sat up a little. "How good you are," he said.

This struck her as the sort of compliment one pays to a child, to encourage its behavior in the desired direction. It comforted her not at all that her judgment of him should remain thus pitilessly detached—that she saw him, perhaps, more clearly and with less admiration than ever before. The insight was useless to her, trapped as she was in the circumstance of love. She knew that sitting there with her hands clasped about his and her eyes on his face she represented, accurately, a spectacle of abject appeal. In any case, it was a habit of hers—possibly through the fear of loss—to appear most propitiating when she most condemned.

"Nothing has been decided," he said, putting away his handkerchief with a faint air of getting down to business. "I can only tell you what we feel about it."

At the word "we," she lowered her eyes and kept them fastened to the design of interlocking fingers in her lap. Aware of having somehow blundered, he had already lost the place in his text; it was asking too much of her that she should prompt him.

After a pause, he said abruptly, "I



"Gee, Captain, this soup is terrific!"

think I told you I no longer loved my wife."

"Yes," she said.

"I only said that once, didn't I?"

"Several times," she answered, unaccommodatingly.

"Several times, then," he agreed, with a touch of impatience. "In any case—I see now that I shouldn't have said that. I mean, that it wasn't true."

She thought that the digressions in the minds of men were endless. How many disguises were assumed before they could face themselves. How many justifications made in order that they might simply, please themselves. How dangerous they were in their self-righteousness—infinately more dangerous than women, who could never persuade themselves to the same degree of the nobility of their actions.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked her.

"Men," she said absently.

Taken aback by the plural, he stopped to assemble his thoughts once more. She was not being very encouraging, lowering her eyes and offering him monosyllables in this way. But there was no reason why she should encourage him, and he reminded himself of that; he was nothing if not fair.

"Why did you say it, then?" She looked up briefly. "If it wasn't true?"

He said slowly, "I thought it was true

when I said it. I'm trying to say that I don't feel quite the same—I mean, not as I did."

She was silent, watching her fingers uncurling from his and the tiny white dots on her blue dress waver with the trembling of her knee. The words seemed so loud that she thought their echo could diminish only over a lifetime, would go on sounding within her forever: "Not as I did." "Not as I did."

"I would always care about you," he went on, now anxious to be understood, as it were, once and for all. "But it can't be as it was. . . . I'd like to think we can go on being fond of one another, that you can think of me as someone who . . ." He paused for a moment and then continued, unconscious of irony, "who showed you what love is." He withdrew his hand from her slackened grasp and lifted her chin so that she looked at him. "Darling, please. Please try to understand."

"I do understand, I do really," she said earnestly—almost in a tone of reassurance. "It's only that I cannot bear it."

He withdrew his hand and leaned forward with a little sigh, his elbows on his knees. Having been compelled to look at him, she now could not stop doing so. When he turned back to her, he was unnerved by that intent, expectant stare. Spreading one of his palms

DEAR MEN AND WOMEN

(IN MEMORY OF VAN WYCK BROOKS)

In the quiet before cockcrow when the cricket's
Mandolin falters, when the light of the past
Falling from the high stars yet haunts the earth
And the east quickens, I think of those I love—
Dear men and women no longer with us.

And not in grief or regret merely but rather
With a love that is almost joy I think of them,
Of whom I am part, as they of me, and through whom
I am made more wholly one with the pain and the glory,
The heartbreak at the heart of things.

I have learned it from them at last, who am now grown old
A happy man, that the nature of things is tragic
And meaningful beyond words, that to have lived
Even if once only, once and no more,
Will have been—oh, how truly—worth it.

The years go by: March flows into April,
The sycamore's delicate tracery puts on
Its tender green; April is August soon;
Autumn, and the raving of insect choirs,
The thud of apples in moonlit orchards;

Till winter brings the slant, windy light again
On shining Manhattan, her towering stone and glass;
And age deepens—oh, much is taken, but one
Dearer than all remains, and life is sweet
Still to the now enlightened spirit.

Doors are opened that never before were opened,
New ways stand open, but quietly one door
Closes, the door to the future; there it is written,
"Thus far and no farther"—there, as at Eden's gate,
The angel with the fiery sword.

The Eden we dream of, the Eden that lies before us,
The unattainable dream, soon lies behind.
Eden is always yesterday or tomorrow,
There is no way now but back, back to the past—
The past has become paradise.

And there they dwell, those ineffable presences,
Safe beyond time, rescued from death and change.
Though all be taken, they only shall not be taken—
Immortal, unaging, unaltered, faithful yet
To that lost dream world they inhabit.

Truly, to me they now may come no more,
But I to them in reverie and remembrance
Still may return, in me they still live on;
In me they shall have their being, till we together
Darken in the great memory.

Dear eyes of delight, dear youthful tresses, foreheads
Furrowed with age, dear hands of love and care—
Lying awake at dawn, I remember them,
With a love that is almost joy I remember them:
Lost, and all mine, all mine, forever.

—JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK

upward on his knee in an apparent appeal to common sense, he met her eyes and said, reasonably, "My dear, we have to come to terms with this."

"Yes, to terms," she said. "But whose terms—isn't that the point?"

"Don't." Bending forward again, he took a sip of his cold coffee. "I hate to hear you talk like that." He did not know how to show her that she was simply adding, uselessly, to an already difficult situation. After a silence, he asked, "Do you have anything to drink?"

She got up and put the cups and saucers back on the tray. "Is Scotch all right?" She went into the kitchen, and in a few moments reappeared carrying a bottle and a glass full of ice. He saw that her hand shook as she set the glass on the table.

"You mustn't exaggerate the importance of this," he told her.

She let him take the bottle from her and fill the glass. "But it does seem rather important," she answered, apologetically. She sat down again and watched him drink, so obviously awaiting his next pronouncement that he took an extra sip of whiskey to gain time.

"Yes," he went on. "It seems—is—

frightful, if you like. But darling, I mean that you have everything ahead of you. At your age, this isn't a—matter of life and death."

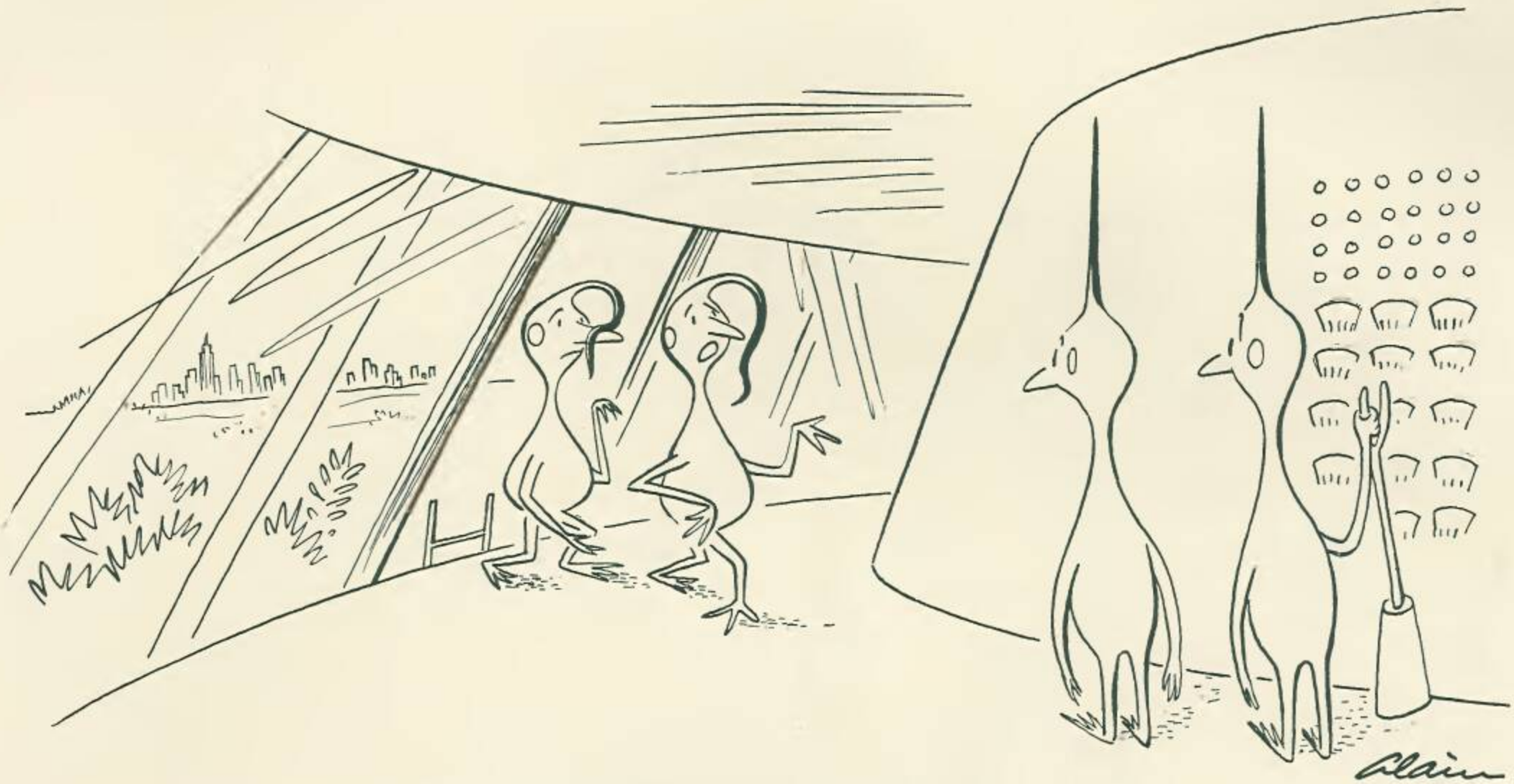
She thought that it would, in fact, be easier to die than to get used to being without him. (But that, perhaps, was not a fair way of putting it, since it is really easier to die than to do almost anything.) The possibility of taking her own life was, however, something to be held in reserve, like a pain-relieving drug that can only be resorted to in extremity. It interested her to think that her words and actions would then assume an authority they could never command so long as there remained the possibility of their repetition; it seemed hard that one should have to go to such lengths to make one's point.

If, on the other hand—as he suggested—she was merely beginning a

series of similar experiences, she could scarcely feel encouraged. She sensed that she would never learn to approach love in any way that was materially different, or have the energy to go in for more than a little halfhearted dissembling. Up to this, she had led a life sheltered not from rancor and mistrust but from intimacy; nothing could convince her that this first sharing of her secret existence, more significant even than the offering of her person, represented less than it appeared to. That circumstances might oblige him to withdraw from her she perfectly understood; that he actually felt himself to be less committed appalled her. It confounded all her assumptions to find that something so deeply attested could prove totally unpredictable.

She remembered her uncombed hair. Startling him, she got up quickly from the sofa and went into the bedroom. She stood at the dressing table, releasing her hair from the knot of ribbon, and then, with her hand on the hairbrush, stared into the mirror. After a moment, forgetting what she had come for, she sat down on the side of her unmade bed, propped one elbow sidewise on the pillows, and leaned her jaw on her hand.





"It isn't so much the heat out there. It's the humidity."

When he appeared in the doorway, she made a small explanatory gesture with the hairbrush, which still dangled from her right hand, then reached across and replaced it on the dressing table. He leaned for a moment against the doorframe, and when he came into the room she curled her legs up on the crumpled sheets and drew back on the pillows, allowing him to sit at the foot of the bed. They passed, in this way, some minutes of that hot afternoon. Both had the sensation of leaving behind them, simply by changing the scene, the antagonism in the living room.

At last he reached out and took her hand again, as though needing for a little longer to be in touch with her. He frowned into space, and only turned his head when she spoke.

"Tell me," she asked him, in a voice that was now shaken and fatigued, "what we are going to do."

The hand holding hers opened briefly and closed again. "There aren't many possibilities. . . . We shall see less of each other. Not meet at all, perhaps." Incongruously, he added, "I will hate that."

After a pause she repeated, as if he had not answered her, "Tell me what to do."

He lowered his troubled, abstracted look to her head. "You could go abroad for a while," he said. "That might help."

They looked at each other. Her hand grasped his convulsively. "Tell me," she insisted, almost whispering,

"something that won't be hard, or lonely."

"My dear," he said. Even to him, it was inconceivable that her love should not be reciprocated. In compassion, he kneaded her fingers for a moment with his own. "What should I tell you? How happy I've been with you? How many things you've done for me? That, in a way, you've brought me back to life?" He let her hand go so that she could lie back on the pillows, and stretched himself exhaustedly along the foot of the bed with one arm beneath his head. Staring at the ceiling, he said, "I owe you everything."

This admission seemed to her to set the seal on the dissolution of their love: total indebtedness could only be acknowledged where no attempt at repayment was contemplated. She closed her eyes on some sustained crest of pain. Tears of desolation moved haltingly from the corners of her eyelids and disappeared into the hair above her ears. She was scarcely aware of shedding these tears, drawn as they were from weakness and the accessible surface of grief; no such ready means of human expression could give the real nature of sadness.

"I think I should go home," he said listlessly.

"Why?"

"We're just exhausting ourselves, like this. . . . Let's hope we can see things more clearly tomorrow."

She gave a small regretful smile, her eyes still shut. "I think I must hope to see them less clearly." She felt him sit

up and lower his feet to the floor. She opened her eyes as he rose and came round the bed to stand beside her.

"If I leave," he said, "you might get some sleep."

"Stay a minute," she said, still with that faint smile. She put her hand up to the now creased edge of his jacket. "I'm going to be so unhappy when you go, and I want to postpone it."

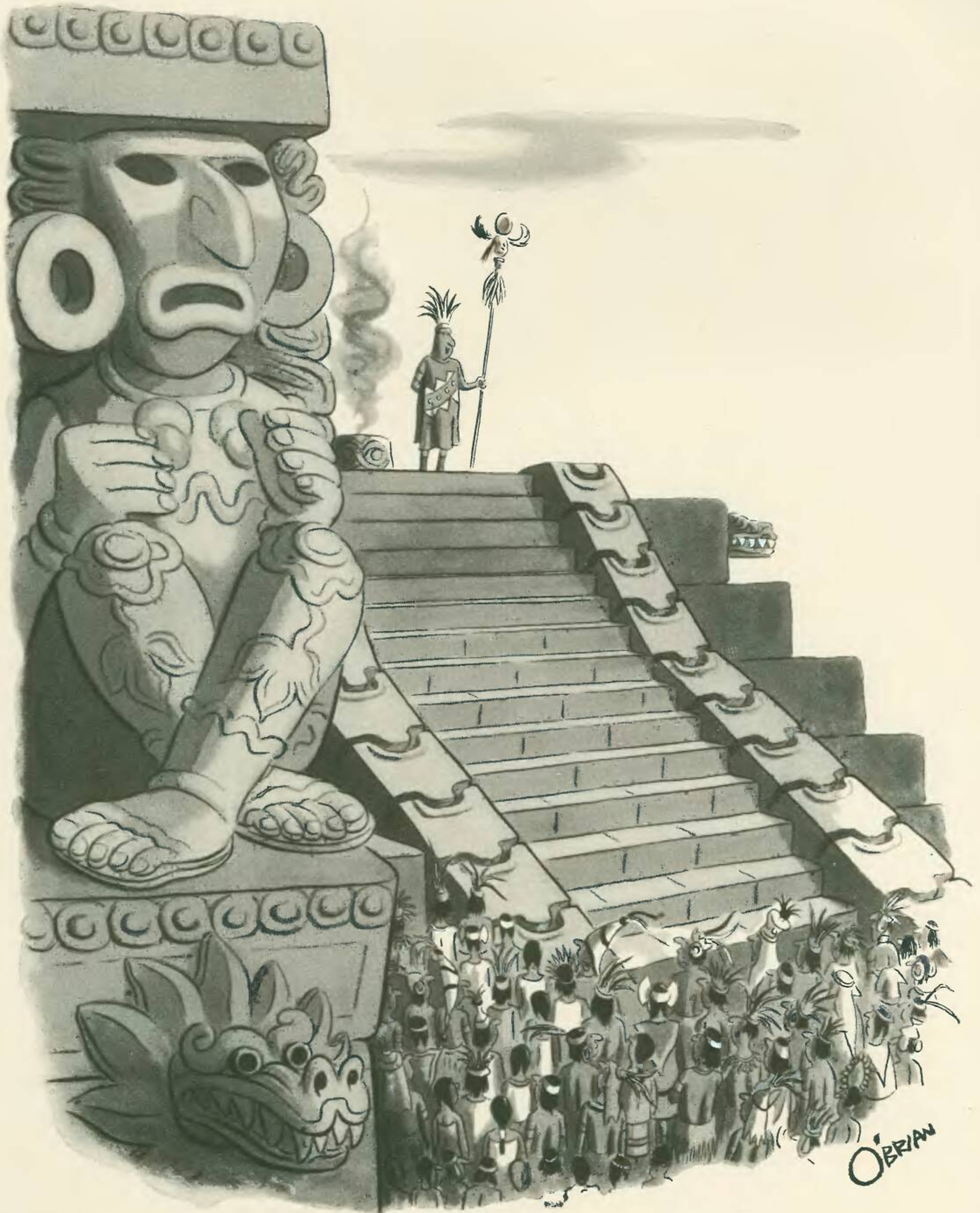
He sat down again, on the edge of the bed. Ineptly, he smoothed back her hair, and then drew his finger along the wet mark between her eye and ear. With an air of helpless simplicity, he said to her, "I'm sorry."

"My love," she said, in the same hushed voice. "It hurts me so."

"I know, I know." His fingers passed irresolutely down her head and began to spread out the tangled hair on her shoulder. "I know," he said again, half to himself. "It isn't easy."

He looked at her with such bewilderment that she raised her hand and laid it for a moment on his shoulder before letting it fall, hopelessly, across her body. After that she lay perfectly still, with her eyes on his face. This submissiveness and the slow familiar movements of his hand only served to emphasize the constraint of their attitudes. Neither of them spoke; the stillness in the room was the passionless, critical silence of a sickroom. He lifted her hand aside and unfastened the belt of her dress as gently and carefully as if she had had a serious accident, and he was ministering to her.

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD



"Your contributions to the fund for the new wing to the High Priests' Tabernacle have been gratefully received. The Passion Fruit Festival was well attended, and we thank those Virgins who gave of their time to make it a success. Keep up the good work, Virgins. For the young marrieds there will be a meeting at the volcano's edge at the next full moon."

MYOPIA

I am walking up a pavement of hexagonal cement sidewalk tiles. On one side, there are trees that grow in a strip of dirt between the sidewalk and the curb. On the other side, there is a black iron fence around the yard of a Victorian house. The upright spikes of the fence are spears, their fleur-de-lis points at the level of my eyes. The sharp tips make my lids squinch involuntarily, and to avoid them I walk near the trees. Then the sidewalk tilts. I throw my weight on the balls of my feet to hold back, but the fence draws me nearer. The sharp iron points pass so close that the regular succession of their tips is reflected in my eyeballs. My hand raises itself to protect my eyes, but my balance is gone. I am going to fall. My feet are off the ground and I am moving in an arc through the air toward the inverted iron hearts. The spikes flow past so near that all I can see is their upright, black knife blades. In terror, as the points touch my eyes, my lids close. The fence ends, and I fall through space to wake with my face on the smooth sheet of the bed I sleep in.

I HAD this recurring nightmare regularly in my early adolescence. Then, one night when I was thirteen or fourteen, I opened a door and saw something that I believe must have been the most upsetting sight possible. It did not consciously upset me at the time. Some shutter in my brain closed before I closed the door. I turned and went back down the hall I had come up, as though I had seen nothing. My mind, by some process I do not understand, swallowed whole, without awareness, what my eyes had seen. Nevertheless, it swallowed it. I can remember now what I saw. I do not know when the sight returned or what called it back. I know only that at the time it vanished, leaving no result that I was conscious of, and that after a long period, when events had separated me from it, the memory came back.

Up until the night I opened the door, I remembered my dreams. Soon after, I ceased to recall them. I still dreamed, but my waking consciousness concealed from itself what sleep revealed. If the recurrent nightmare of the iron fence awoke me, I recognized it. But if any other nightmare broke my sleep, I forgot what it was about by morning. And of all the other dreams I had during the night I remembered nothing.

So long as my dreams had stayed in my consciousness, they had not interested me. After they vanished, I longed

to know what I was concealing from myself, and I listened with great interest to the dreams of others. One morning, my mother related, to her horror and my delight, her dream of the night before that she had cooked me and my brother in a large frying pan and eaten us. Did I dream such things? Another time, she told how, after she had gone to sleep, she had found herself at the edge of the sea. In front of her, a narrow plank, no wider than a board in the living-room floor, stretched straight to the horizon. The voice of the Devil told her that she had to walk the plank all the way across the ocean or she would be his, and as she started to walk she could see endless little blue fiends laughing and grabbing up at her from the sparkling water on either side.

Shortly after I ceased to remember my dreams, I became nearsighted. My self-protecting unawareness apparatus was so efficient that I myself did not discover my inability to see; it had to be pointed out to me. In mathematics class, my last year of junior high school, I was unable to read the equations to be copied down from the blackboard, but I assumed that the hardness of the chalk and the smallness of the teacher's handwriting, not my eyesight, was the trouble. Our seats in class were arranged by our grades, from the front row to the back, and I was always near the back. One day I asked to be allowed to sit at a front desk when there was work to be copied. The teacher gave me permission, but he told me that if I could not see from my regular seat I should go to an eye doctor, I must be nearsighted. I told this to my mother. A visit to an oculist was arranged. The next week, I put on glasses.

My psyche and body did not allow themselves to be fooled so easily. They had more tricks up their sleeve in the effort they had begun toward blindness. With upsetting rapidity, my eyes adjusted themselves. Inside of a year, they saw no more through the concave lenses than they had seen without them, and my glasses had to be made stronger. My mind, too, set to work to shut out my immediate surroundings. I began to read. I do not mean that I read more

than before. Until then, I had never read a book for pleasure. That year, my mother went to work at an office job in the daytime, and my brother and I had fallen out. I belonged to no one, and I tried to give myself to reading. My eyes pored over printed pages as continually as though reading were a part of their effort to shut out the visible world. The books that I liked I started over again as soon as I finished them. They were often beyond my comprehension, but my wanting more from them made me capable of giving more of myself to them. I read from the time I came home from school until supper, and from supper until I went to bed. The afternoon hours passed as though none of the events that took place during them existed. When Mother came home from her job and began to cook supper, I was impatient if she called me away from my book. Reading, I saw nothing that went on around me. It was the same as when I slept, and one minute it was night and the next minute morning. But what I read did not disappear the way my dreams did. Also, in retrospect, I seemed to know what had gone on around me while I read, and to know it more clearly than if I had observed it. It was as though some-

one had written that down and I had read it, too. From not looking, I began to see.

AT one time, my mother's family had money. It vanished when I was twelve years old. Until then we had lived in the homeplace, which had been built by her father. During that earlier period, my mother had long hair, and after she had washed and dried it she used to lie down on the leather couch in the living room and

allow me to brush it for her. I loved to look at her. Her beauty was the one unquestioned fact of my childhood, and to me her possession of it was completely fulfilled as she rested her head on the upward-curving end of the couch, with her hair hanging over the edge, rising and falling beneath the movement of the brush.

My mother seldom went out. The people she dressed up for were her brothers and sisters and their wives and husbands, and the women who came to the house to play bridge. She also dressed up when she, my brother, and I





"Oh! What a disgraceful position for a Harvard man to be in!"

went driving on Sunday afternoons with a man who had been a friend of hers before her marriage and had begun to see her again after she divorced my father. But her dressing up for these drives seemed more of a convention, more a part of Sunday and less connected with people, than it did on the days when the women came to the house for their bridge games. She played her part of mother so well that it filled the picture for me. I never thought that any section of the picture was missing, or that there was any other part for her to play. Now, however, I began to realize that there was some of my life that I could not share with her, and I saw how small and oddly shaped a bit of humanity our family was. Vaguely, I realized that I had been aware of only a fragment of my mother's possible existence and that she herself was fulfilling only a fragment of it; she was not just my mother but a woman like other women.

In the evenings when she was fixing supper and I was poring over my books, I saw her with a new awareness, as though she were someone I had never seen before, or as though I were a person other than myself. The beauty that I had taken for granted from my childhood was there. But, despite my nearsightedness and the book in front of my nose, I recognized the "double chin" and "middle-age spread" so often referred to in her conversations with my aunts. I saw the enlarged pores on her cheeks where the makeup was never

fully removed, and the briefly exposed heaviness of her thighs when she sat on the edge of the bed and removed her stockings. Her clothes, I realized, were the clothes that women choose out of a desire for each other's approval, not those they wear to enhance a beauty necessary to someone who loves them. Her looks were changing, day by day, year by year, and it seemed to me that the life we were living, and not merely the passage of time, was the cause of the change. I felt an urgent sense of loss. Suddenly I wished with all my heart that she would remarry.

My nearsightedness made me see other things. The first day that I put on glasses, every object became simultaneously clearer and farther away. The distance from my head to my feet increased so much that I walked awkwardly, like someone on stilts. Nevertheless, down on the sidewalk, beside my sharply focussed shoes, I discovered cracks that I had not seen before. At school, I caught sight of moles on the necks and chins of my classmates, all the way across the room from me. And in the movies I noticed that the nose of my favorite actress moved up and down like a rabbit's nose when she talked. In time, I probably would have become accustomed to these details and have lost interest in them, but my eyes adjusted themselves to my glasses so rapidly that the details began to disappear while I was still unused to them. As they faded, I made an effort to keep them in

focus. When I raised my eyes from the pages of my book or from my desk at school, where I usually lay my cheek an inch or two from the sheet of paper I was writing or drawing on, it was with an interest in particulars that I had not possessed before. I no longer took appearances for granted.

I began to look objectively at other members of my mother's family, too. Now that the family had lost its money and the homeplace had been sold and torn down, Mother did not see her brothers and sisters as constantly as in the past. But the family still met frequently, usually for Sunday-night supper, and on these visits to the houses and apartments of my various aunts and uncles I saw that none of them felt at ease in any house except his own, just as I had not felt at ease when we used to go to their houses from the homeplace. Then I had seen only that their lives differed from the life that was lived in the house where they had all been brought up. Now I saw that their lives also differed from and resembled each other's, and, presumably, the lives of other people elsewhere. They could be recognized and judged not only by how they deviated from that one no longer existing norm but objectively, in themselves. They were not just my relatives, they were a small number of the human beings who make up the world.

Like Molière's M. Jourdain, who discovered that all his life, without knowing it, he had been speaking *prose*, I discovered that all my life, without knowing it, I had been living among *people*.

As we went to the houses of these aunts and uncles for Sunday-night supper, I also began to see more of my cousins. There were five girls and seven boys among my first cousins, and many more once and twice removed. I did not become intimate with them, but I saw their rooms, their schoolbooks, their yards, and met some of their friends. The cousin I liked most was a girl, several years older than I was. Even before we had left the homeplace, she had come face to face with the things I was having my first objective glimpses of, and I had sometimes seen her there crying and talking to my mother about her troubles at home. Her features were delicate and sensitive, and I thought of delicacy and sensitivity as beautiful. But exactly these traits were now plucking out her beauty, the way she plucked out her eyebrows. She wore her hair combed straight back from her forehead, leaving her face bare. Her expression was at the same time a confession and a defiance, and in her eyes I could see reflections of the

disapproval and frustration that were enclosing her on all sides. From the conversations of my aunts, I knew that she was "wild," that when she was "like that"—meaning that she drank—her mother "couldn't do a thing with her." Her features were as delicate as ever, but they had become set, like a mask, from behind which the lost face of happiness looked wildly out of the small openings of her eyes. Her glance moved too quickly in its search for approval or disapproval. Her pleasure in being agreed with was too open. And sometimes I was embarrassed by the intensity of her friendliness.

One Sunday night, as she was telling me how much she liked me and how she used to fight with another of my girl cousins for the privilege of taking care of me when I was a baby, I realized that what I saw in her face was the permanent change from happiness to unhappiness. I had seen the temporary change often—in my mother, in my brother, in myself, in everyone. But I had never before been aware of the profound and visible difference that results when the belief in happiness gives way to the realization that happiness is no longer possible.

To counteract the loss I saw in my cousin's face that night, I searched the features of my aunts and uncles for some sign of the gain that would take its place. But what I saw did not make me feel that the loss was justified. I was like a child who is ignorant of war judging returning soldiers. What they had fought for meant nothing to me—only the marks their losses had imposed upon them. My uncles no doubt had striven against conformity, but they sat motionless in their chairs, as if they had been placed there by someone else. The expression in their eyes was that of husbands who are powerless to speak of what interests them, except when it happens to coincide with the interests of their sisters and wives, or when they escape. Their belts curved comfortably around their heavy waists. They looked trapped—creatures whose basic desires had been anticipated and satisfied before they could pursue them, and who had become aware, too late, that other desires had gradually been substituted for their own.

And what of my mother and aunts, who seemed to control the situation? While their brothers and husbands sat and waited, they moved rapidly about the house, chattering and preparing supper. In their small figures, dressed and aproned for Sunday, and in their practical movements, there was nothing unfamiliar or impersonal. They seemed

somehow smaller, as though after the loss of the homeplace they had shrunk to the dimensions of the bungalows and apartments they lived in, and had also, by a concentration of energy, drawn down the size of the world. Their eyes accepted what was around them, taking it in without subjecting it to interpretation, but also without admitting the existence of anything farther away.

At supper, the women helped the men's plates, putting another heaping spoonful on each after they had been told that it was enough.

We ate at the dining-room table, with a crocheted tablecloth and Sunday dishes. Midway in the meal, the conversation touched on Mother's friend, who had taken us for a drive that afternoon. He had been asked to supper but had been unable to come.

Suddenly, one of my uncles turned his face to me and said, "Tell me, Donald, how'd you like to have a new papa?"

I was watching and listening. I longed to hear a discussion of this subject, which I would never have brought up. But wearing glasses, instead of making me feel conspicuous, made me feel that I was invisible, and a question directed to me came as a surprise.

"I wouldn't mind."

No one believed me. I had blushed as though I were lying. And, besides,

what I had said was not their idea of what children feel about their parents' marrying again. Mother was sitting next to me. From my lowered eyes I could see two small white scars on her neck just below the hairline, where she had had two moles removed after her hair was bobbed. She did not for a moment think that I was sincere. While she was assuring me that I need not worry, that she had no intention of marrying anyone, the cousin I liked, who was watching me, said, "I think Donald means what he says. I really think he does."

Mother and my aunts were wearing their good shoes that evening. They slipped them off while they ate, and after supper, when they forced their feet back into the tight, conventional shapes, their expressions were like the expression I had seen earlier in my cousin's eyes. I was not capable of thinking that their view of life was not large enough to contain it, and that by clinging to what was familiar to them in a world that had changed so much since they were young they were trying to distort and squeeze life into a conception that fitted it no better than their shoes fitted their feet. Yet they accepted their clothes as they accepted their morality, out of a sense of conformity rather than out of a sense of beauty or fitness. And later, when they took off their shoes in the living room to try each other's on, I



"Stop the presses!"

AS I WAS GOING TO SAINT IVES

As I was going to Saint Ives
In stormy, windy, sunny weather,
I met a man with seven wives
(The herons stand on the swift water).

One drinks her beer out of his can
In stormy, windy, and bright weather,
And who laughs more, she or her man?
(The herons stand still on the water.)

One knows the room his candle lit,
In stormy, lightning, cloudburst weather,
That glows again at the thought of it
(Two herons still the swift water).

His jealous, wild-tongued, Wednesday's wife—
In dreepy, wintry, wind-lashed weather
—What's better than that ranting strife?
(Two herons still the roaring water.)

There's one whose mind's so like his mind
In streaming wind or balmy weather,
All joy, all wisdom seem one kind.
(The herons stand in the swift water.)

And one whose secret mazes he
In moon-swept, in torrential weather
Ransacks, and cannot find the key
(Two herons stand in the white water).

He'll think of none save one's slim thighs,
In heat and sleet and windy weather,
Till death has plucked his dreaming eyes
(Two herons guard the streaming water).

And when to Saint Ives then I came
In fairest, rainiest, windiest weather,
They called his shadow by my name.
(The herons stand in the quick water.)

And the one whose love moves all he's done,
In windy, warm, and wintry weather,
—What can he leave but speaks thereon?
(Two herons still the swift water.)

—DANIEL G. HOFFMAN

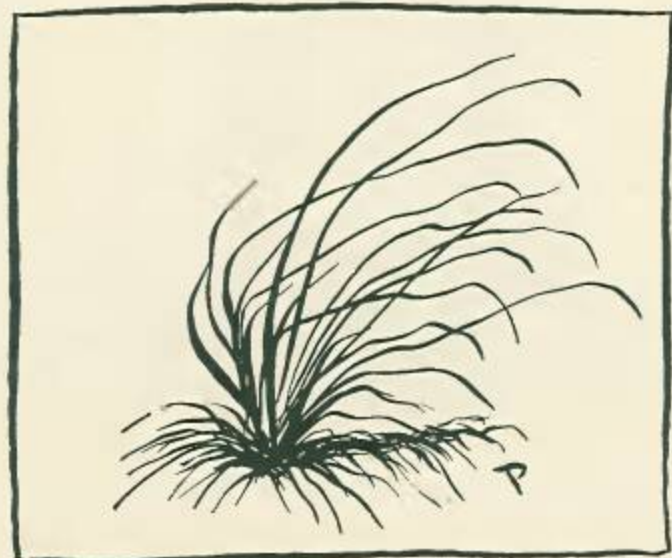
was impressed by the shapes of their feet, narrowed into hard and bunioned grotesques.

NO doubt I did not reason my family's morality out of their appearances so much as I lent to their appearances what I felt about their lives. Nevertheless, at the same time, an optimistic excitement welled up inside me. I saw more and I felt more. But my feeling of possibility was not the result of my discovering other people and other ways. And my new sensations did not lead to new beliefs, but crowded inside me and made a jumble of the emotions and beliefs already there, the way the last of my permanent teeth, now coming in, crowded and made a jumble of my other teeth, previously straight.

In the absence of people, I sometimes shared my excitement with objects. I used to sit and stare for long periods at the cover of *Story* magazine, so directly and unquestionably plain, with its straight black lines of sans-serif type on dull orange paper, listing the titles and authors of the stories and nothing else. From my being interested in this magazine and finding in it the names of authors whose books I took out of the library, my reading had begun. I had never read any of the classics most children read; I hop-skip-jumped straight from the stories to the avant-garde novels mentioned in the advertisements. Since I knew no one who read the books I did, the cover—so different from the

illustrated covers of most magazines, and even from the typographical covers of the *Atlantic* and *Harper's*—was, in a way, the friend with whom I shared literature, and I used to sit and stare at it, trying to penetrate its character. Just looking at it strengthened my feeling that the world was more wonderful than the people around me understood, and that they did not ask nearly enough of life.

While this feeling was growing, another important change was taking place beneath it. I was becoming accustomed to seeing things habitually in a way different from the people around me. By concealing from consciousness what I had seen that night, my psyche had made it unnecessary for me to judge by others' moral standards when I had no standards of my own. Now the disparity between my observations and those of other people slowly forced me to form judgments. I looked at everything with



openly curious and accepting eyes, and when my conclusions conflicted with other people's, I did not know how to dismiss my own. It upset me if I found myself at odds with my mother. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that the life around me was being made ugly by circumstances when it did not need to be, and that she and her family, out of an ununderstandable idea of security and morality, were aiding the distorting circumstances. It was as though they all had heard the Devil say "walk a narrow plank straight across the ocean or you will be mine," and all of them, by accepting the challenge, were unwittingly on the Devil's side. They made the attempt, they failed, and they condemned each other's failure. Whereas, I felt that the wrong was to accept the challenge, and condemned the attempt.

This change of attitude took place in me so naturally that I was not aware of what was happening. I knew that I disagreed with the people around me, and that the disagreement was not a matter of generation, for my brother agreed with them, sometimes vehemently. He became as concerned with security and morality as my mother, whereas security seemed to me to be the limiting of possibility, and a morality based on security to be immoral. In a short time, without outward change, I became a different person and—for practical purposes, according to the standards of the people around me—totally amoral.

I began to feel guilty. I could not see

why I was wrong, but I could no more feel right than I could in R.O.T.C. class at school when I was the only one in the platoon out of step. I needed to deny either myself or the people I loved, and I had not the cowardice to do the one or the courage to do the other. My nearsightedness had taught me to look with artificial sharpness at the things around me, but the self-protecting unawareness on which it was based did not allow my sharp-sightedness to come close to myself. Neither did it allow me to be aware that I was unaware. The weakness of my vision seemed to affect only what was at a distance. My glasses were made stronger at the end of the first year and again at the end of the second. The lenses remained thin, not nearly strong enough to be distorting, and I wore rimless frames with wire-thin metal temples that my mother told me were not noticeable. Nevertheless, I took them off when I looked in the mirror. My sense of being at odds with the people around me had created, beneath my other feelings, a dissatisfaction with myself as pervasive as my unawareness, and I could not dismiss my apprehensions.

I did not sleep well at night. The backs of my knees jumped with "growing pains," and it must have been during this time, while I was unaware of them, that my dreams took on the monotonous, semi-frustrated quality of everyday events that was to characterize them later and to keep me interested in the more violent dreams of others. My unknown nightmares probably retained the visual quality they had had earlier. Nearly ten years would pass before I would wake up having dreamed the sentence "More sins are committed in the name of righteousness than in the garden." A short while after the time I am writing about, however, I began to awake remembering a new recurring dream that throws some light on my protective self-deception. I was in the old family homeplace. Because there were guests, I was sent from my usual bedroom, at the back of the house, on



"Well, here we go again. Another discussion about the meaning of 'as is.'"

the ground floor, to sleep in a room at the end of the upstairs hall. In reality this room had been empty, but in my dream a blond bed from another room on the second floor, used by my cousin Carl, was there. From the far corner of the room, steps went up into the attic, where the ghost Bloodybones lived, and I was afraid to go near the room after dark. It was lit by a dim, newspaper-shielded lamp when I arrived. In the bed an unrecognizable form lay, covered head and all by the bedclothes. Hastening with fear and cold, I undressed and slipped beneath the covers, joining my body to the shape there, in warm and sensual oblivion. Then I awoke.

I COULD write now, as I came to remember it years later, what I saw that night I walked up the hall and opened the door. But not only was that scene not a part of my life at the time, but a simple description of it would give a misleading impression.

Certain events, like certain words, take on a false emphasis when written down. They convey, from conventions of time and place, meanings they do not have, and fall into categories, as misleading as they are convenient, that

permit us to discuss events too upsetting to examine individually.

The moment arrives in autobiography when you ask yourself at what point you must start concealing in order to reveal, at what point you must start lying in order to tell the truth. The answer probably is: at the same point at which you became blind in order to see and ignorant in order to know.

Also, it is possible that what I remember as having seen that night was not merely forgotten during the time it disappeared but was transformed in some way so that, despite its seeming unacceptableness, it became acceptable. I can only trust my instinct of what is true and of what to say. What I saw is best said by what I have written here. After all, my glasses are bought from other people. They are made, like the categories of language, to serve a general need. But my blindness is my own.

—DONALD WINDHAM

A Fair, like Caesar's wife, must be all things to all men.—Robert Moses speaking at the dedication of the Press Building, Flushing Meadow.

That's Plutarch, as told to Paul the Apostle.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

AN EDUCATION IN GEORGIA~I

BY May 17, 1954, when the United States Supreme Court declared racial segregation in public education unconstitutional, most Southern states had already desegregated their state universities, some voluntarily and some under a prophetic series of Supreme Court rulings on the practical inequality of "separate but equal" education. After the 1954 decision, some of the states had to pretend that the Negroes attending their universities with whites did not exist; otherwise, a good deal of the oratory of the late fifties would have been impossible. In 1957, for instance, when Governor Orval Faubus, of Arkansas, decided that the enrollment of a dozen Negro students in Central High School in Little Rock would result, as surely as election follows the Democratic nomination, in a breakdown of public order, the University of Arkansas had been integrated for nine years. Jimmie Davis promised the voters of Louisiana in 1959 that he would go to jail before allowing a Negro to attend classes with whites, and was elected governor on that platform, in a state whose university had been integrated for eight years. And a year later, when the Louisiana legislature passed a whole string of bizarre bills designed to prevent even the token integration of the New Orleans public schools, four hundred and twenty-five Negroes were attending the New Orleans branch of Louisiana State University.

In the states of the Deep South where no Negroes attended white universities before 1954, the first assault on segregation came in higher education, and came after the battle lines were drawn, with the result that it was considered as much of a threat to the system as if it had come in the grade schools or the high schools. The Negro students involved had none of the anonymity of those who had integrated the universities of Arkansas, Louisiana, Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, nor were they blurred by inclusion in a group, like the teenagers in Little Rock or the four first-graders in New Orleans. One after another, they became famous, but only

for two or three weeks, their names, in some cases, fading so quickly from the news that many people now find it hard to keep them straight: Autherine Lucy, at the University of Alabama; Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes, at the University of Georgia; James H. Meredith, at the University of Missis-



sippi; Harvey Gantt, at Clemson College, in South Carolina. Student Heroes of a strange new kind, they were famed for no achievements in athletics or scholarship but merely for showing up to attend classes. Their presence was the test of the desegregation order, whether the test resulted in successful defiance, as in Alabama, where Autherine Lucy was expelled after three days for accusing the university administration of complicity in the riots that accompanied her arrival, or in peaceful compliance, as in South Carolina, where the state authorities decided in advance that upon Harvey Gantt's admission to Clemson order would be self-consciously maintained. Nowhere was the test more decisive than in Georgia, where Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes, two Negroes from Atlanta, entered the state university, in Athens, in January of 1961. During their first week at the university—which began in relative calm, was climaxed by their both being suspended "for their own safety" after a riot, and ended with their both returning to the campus, under a new court order—Georgia abandoned its policy of all-out resistance and accepted desegregated education.

According to the lawyer for the

plaintiffs, an Atlanta Negro named Donald Hollowell, the University of Georgia case was "the case that turned the state around and allowed them to start, or at least to *see*, what was in the other direction." Few would disagree with his belief that the enrollment of Charlayne and Hamilton in the university was the turning point for Georgia, being accomplished in a way and at a time that made it inevitable (a word formerly scorned and now almost popular in Georgia) that the state would move forward rather than backward. The walk out of the Deep South mentality has been accelerated a good deal since then by a federal-court ruling against the County Unit System, which formerly made Georgia the only state to elect not only its legislature but its governors, senators, and congressmen by a voting

system designed to favor the rural voter, and the atmosphere in Georgia now is far different from what it was when Charlayne and Hamilton showed up in Athens on a cold Monday morning two and a half years ago. Among the Student Heroes, Charlayne and Hamilton have another distinction, too. They are the first to have completed their education, or at least their undergraduate education. Since both entered the University of Georgia after completing the first half of their sophomore year elsewhere—Hamilton had gone to Morehouse, a private Negro men's college in Atlanta, and Charlayne to Wayne University, in Detroit, during the year and a half it took them to get into Georgia after first applying for admission—they graduated this June, both in good standing and Hamilton as a Phi Beta Kappa. As a reporter then based in Atlanta, I had covered both the week-long trial that resulted in their admission and the events that followed their arrival on campus in 1961, and this spring, ten weeks before Charlayne and Hamilton graduated, I returned to Georgia from New York, where I had been living, to see how integration had worked out at the University of Georgia—whether or not the Student Heroes had ever be-

come simply students. And because this question involved not only the university's attitude toward them but their attitude toward the university, I began by trying to find out how these two young people had happened to become Student Heroes in the first place. Both had always been considered perfectly cast for the role. Good-looking and well dressed, they seemed to be light-complexioned Negro versions of ideal college students—models for an autumn Coca-Cola ad in a Negro magazine. Both had attended Turner High School in Atlanta, and Charlayne, a slim, attractive girl with striking hazel eyes, had edited the school paper, had been crowned Miss Turner, and had finished third in her graduating class. The valedictorian that year was Hamilton, who had been president of the senior class and, as a promisingly shifty halfback, co-captain of the football team. Since Charlayne and Hamilton had been such unlikely targets for abuse from the start, and had eventually been joined at the university by several other Negro undergraduates, the situation, looked at from a distance, seemed rather heartening. None of the stories from Georgia about school integration had mentioned any violence done to the pioneers. They had dealt instead with the peaceful integration of public schools in Atlanta and the admission of Negroes to Georgia Tech in September of 1961 without even the pressure of a court case. The atmosphere was such that Emory University, a private school in Atlanta, had been able to desegregate its nursing school voluntarily and was planning the integration of its medical school, having already chosen Hamilton Holmes as its first Negro medical student. But I knew from occasional communications I had had from Charlayne and Hamilton since they entered the university that the general progress of the State of Georgia of-

ten did not seem closely related to the day-to-day problems facing the first Negroes at the University of Georgia. I was reminded of this again by Charlayne's reply to a letter I wrote her announcing my plans to revisit the campus. "Well, this is Brotherhood Week in Athens," she concluded, with characteristic irony, "and I'm going out to stand on the street corner and wait for an invitation to lunch."

ATLANTA, called the Dogwood City on the city-limits signs, claims to have the most beautiful spring in America, and on my first day there the claim seemed justified. It was a warm March day, and in the heavily wooded residential sections the white dogwood blossoms were already coming out. Downtown, I saw another rite of spring. Some Negro students—like all students, Negro students are always more likely to protest in the spring—were picketing the

Henry Grady Hotel, on Peachtree Street. The pickets, who also included two or three white students, were protesting the white-only policy maintained by the Henry Grady and most other Atlanta hotels. One sign read, "No Room at This Inn." Another, more to the point in a city that prides itself on being concerned chiefly with commercial competition, read, "Dallas, Houston, and Miami—Why Not Atlanta?" To anyone who had lived in Atlanta in recent years, it was a familiar sight. The students, solemn and neatly dressed, were walking slowly up and down Peachtree, careful to stay the correct distance apart. Two or three Atlanta policemen, who had been assigned to make certain that the incident could be reported as having resulted in "no incidents," stood in the shade of the hotel, but few of the passing shoppers gave the pickets a glance. I had watched the students picket department stores and movie theatres in At-



"That sign needs a little rewording."

Atlanta two years before, and it occurred to me that they would have little left to picket after the restaurants and hotels were desegregated—a move that seemed inevitable. (The word had always had some currency in Atlanta, even when it was not used in the rest of the state.) The hotelkeepers were already under pressure from businessmen, the editors of the newspapers, and members of the city administration, all of whom kept pointing out that hotel segregation might be costing Atlanta millions every year in convention business, plus a possible World's Fair. The progressive *Atlanta Constitution*, which had only urged reasonable negotiations during previous demonstrations, had just come out flatly for desegregation of the hotels. Race relations in Atlanta, it seemed to me during my stay there, had taken on a faintly Northern flavor, with a lot of talk about brotherhood and the fine relations between the races, and great satisfaction at having schools that were technically integrated but did not actually have many Negroes in classes with whites. The last race story I had read about Atlanta was on an essentially Northern topic—housing. The story, which concerned the erection of wooden barricades by the city across two streets between a Negro neighborhood and a white neighborhood that felt itself threatened by infiltration, even had a Northern ending. A judge of the state superior court—not a federal judge—ruled that the roadblocks were obviously racial barriers and were therefore unconstitutional, and he ordered the blemishes on Atlanta's image removed, whereupon the white homeowners, announcing that they had nothing against Negroes, decided to move out of the neighborhood as a group.

The Atlanta Negro community has traditionally been led by the wealthy businessmen who run the insurance companies, banks, and real-estate offices on Auburn Avenue, and by the presidents of the six private Negro colleges that make up Atlanta University Center, and it has long had a considerable middle class, whose level of prosperity and education is the highest in the Negro South. Negroes have registered freely since 1944, when the white primary was declared unconstitutional, and in the last two mayoral elections in Atlanta the candidate who was elected did not have a white majority. But even though Atlanta was a relatively enlightened city—"too busy to hate," a former mayor used to say—it had achieved little integration by the late fifties. The traditional leaders of the Negro community, usually called the Old Leader-

ship, seemed to have settled into the belief that the white businessmen, always called the Power Structure, would take care of everything in time if the boat remained unrocked and the voting coalition remained unbroken. "Atlanta was comparing itself to Mississippi and saying how enlightened it was," says Whitney Young, Jr., the executive director of the National Urban League and a former dean of the Atlanta University School of Social Work. "Nothing was really integrated, not even the library or the buses, but the people were beginning to believe their own press clippings—even the Negroes." Early in 1958, to make a study of just what had been done in Atlanta toward equality for the one out of every three citizens who was a Negro, Young and several other Negroes, most of whom were in their forties and most of whom had their headquarters on Hunter Street, in the newer Negro district, rather than on Auburn Avenue, started an informal group called the Atlanta Committee for Coöperative Action, or A.C.C.A. The editor of the study, which was published eight months later under the title "A Second Look," was Carl Holman, who was then an English professor at Atlanta University Center's Clark College, and is now the public-information officer for the Civil Rights Commission in Washington. From 1960 to 1962, Holman was also editor of the *Atlanta Inquirer*, a lively weekly founded during the Atlanta sit-ins by him and some other Negroes who were fed up with the cautious policies of Atlanta's Negro daily newspaper. By the time "A Second Look" was published, it had the backing and financial assistance of the Old Leadership, and it immediately became a guide to the action that was needed. The younger men, working through existing organizations whenever that was possible and forming new ones when it wasn't, initiated the action, pulling the Old Leadership behind them—the pattern that integration activities in Atlanta have followed ever since. The man from the A.C.C.A. group who was most concerned with school integration was Jesse Hill, Jr., the energetic young chief actuary of the Atlanta Life Insurance Company, which is the second-largest life-insurance company in Georgia and one of Auburn Avenue's most solid institutions. In 1957, Hill, who was a member of the education committee of the local chapter of the Na-

tional Association for the Advancement of Colored People, had enlisted the help of two or three other Negro leaders in an attempt to desegregate the Georgia State College of Business Administration, in Atlanta. Georgia State had the advantages of being a city college with no dormitories, which obviated travel and rooming problems, and of having night sessions. "In those days," Hill told me when I visited him in Atlanta, "people hesitated to send a seventeen-year-old kid into that hostility, and we were working mainly to get older people to try for the night school. Frankly, we did some real campaigning. We tried to enlist some of the people in our own office, for instance. We got three girls to apply, and we won our court case, although the judge didn't order the plaintiffs admitted. By that time, the state had investigated the girls who were applying and found some illegitimate births and that kind of thing with two, and so they could have been turned down on so-called moral grounds. Also, the state passed a law that said nobody over twenty-one could start as an undergraduate in a Georgia college, which eliminated the third girl and, of course, ended any chance of having older people apply for Georgia State."

In 1958, working quietly (in anti-integration laws passed after the 1954 decision, Georgia strengthened its laws against barratry, or incitement of litigation), Hill and some of the other younger men compiled a list of outstanding seniors in the city's Negro high schools and began to approach those whose academic records were so good that a college would have to find other reasons for rejecting them. Hill talked to about a dozen students, some of whom agreed to consider Georgia State and some of whom were more interested in the University of Georgia or Georgia Tech or the state medical college at Augusta. Ultimately, either because something in their backgrounds made them vulnerable to one kind of attack or another, or because of a final unwillingness to go through with it, none of these actually applied. Then, in June of 1959,



Hill found Charlayne and Hamilton.

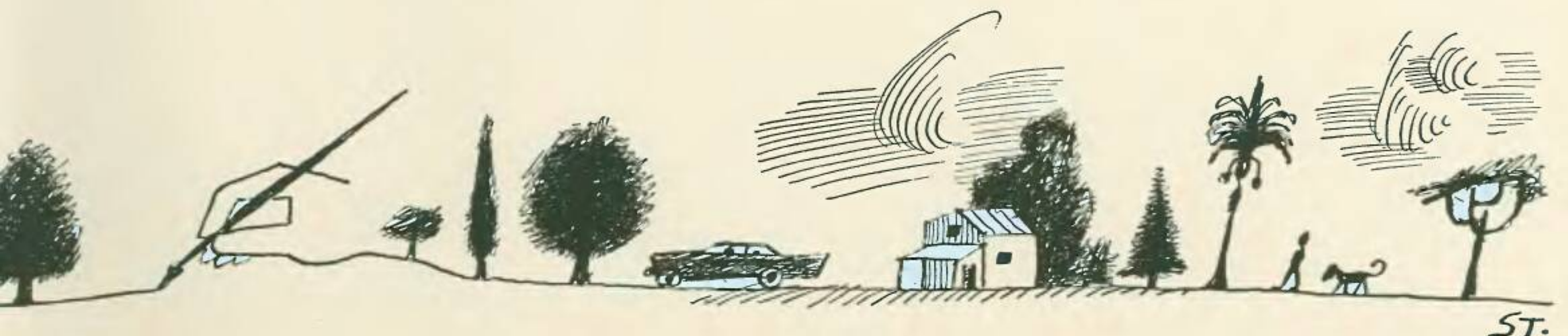
"Ordinarily, this is a selling job," Hill told me. "You have to go seek out and work with these people and do quite a bit of selling. That's how it's been with the other kids at Georgia and those at Tech and all. But not Hamilton and Charlayne. They had an almost normal desire to go to the University of Georgia—as normal as you could expect from a Negro in a segregated community. They both knew something about the school; Hamilton had followed the football team, and Charlayne knew all about the journalism school. They were almost like two kids from Northside." Northside is a formerly all-white high school in Atlanta's best residential district, and it may be a sign of progress that one of the Negro freshmen at Georgia Tech last year actually *was* from Northside, having entered it as one of the nine Negro seniors who integrated Atlanta high schools in 1961. "Hamilton Holmes was on the list," Hill went on. "But I really didn't have to recruit those kids; they almost recruited me. They knew just what they wanted. I took them over to Georgia State. We were after a breakthrough, and we had a good chance there. The judge had retained jurisdiction in the case, and Georgia State had plenty of vacancies, because of this age law. The *Atlanta Journal* had run pictures of almost empty classrooms. That was important; after all, the University of Georgia kept Charlayne and Hamilton out for a year just by saying they were overcrowded, and it sounded pretty legitimate, on the face of it. Anyway, Charlayne and Hamilton wouldn't hear of going to Georgia State. Both of them wanted to go to Georgia. Why they wanted to go I'll never know, but it happened that that was the right thing. It got straight to the heart of the matter. I think the Governor might have closed Georgia State or the Atlanta high schools if they had come first, but Georgia, with all those legislators' sons over there, and the way everybody in the state feels about it, was different. He wouldn't dare close it."

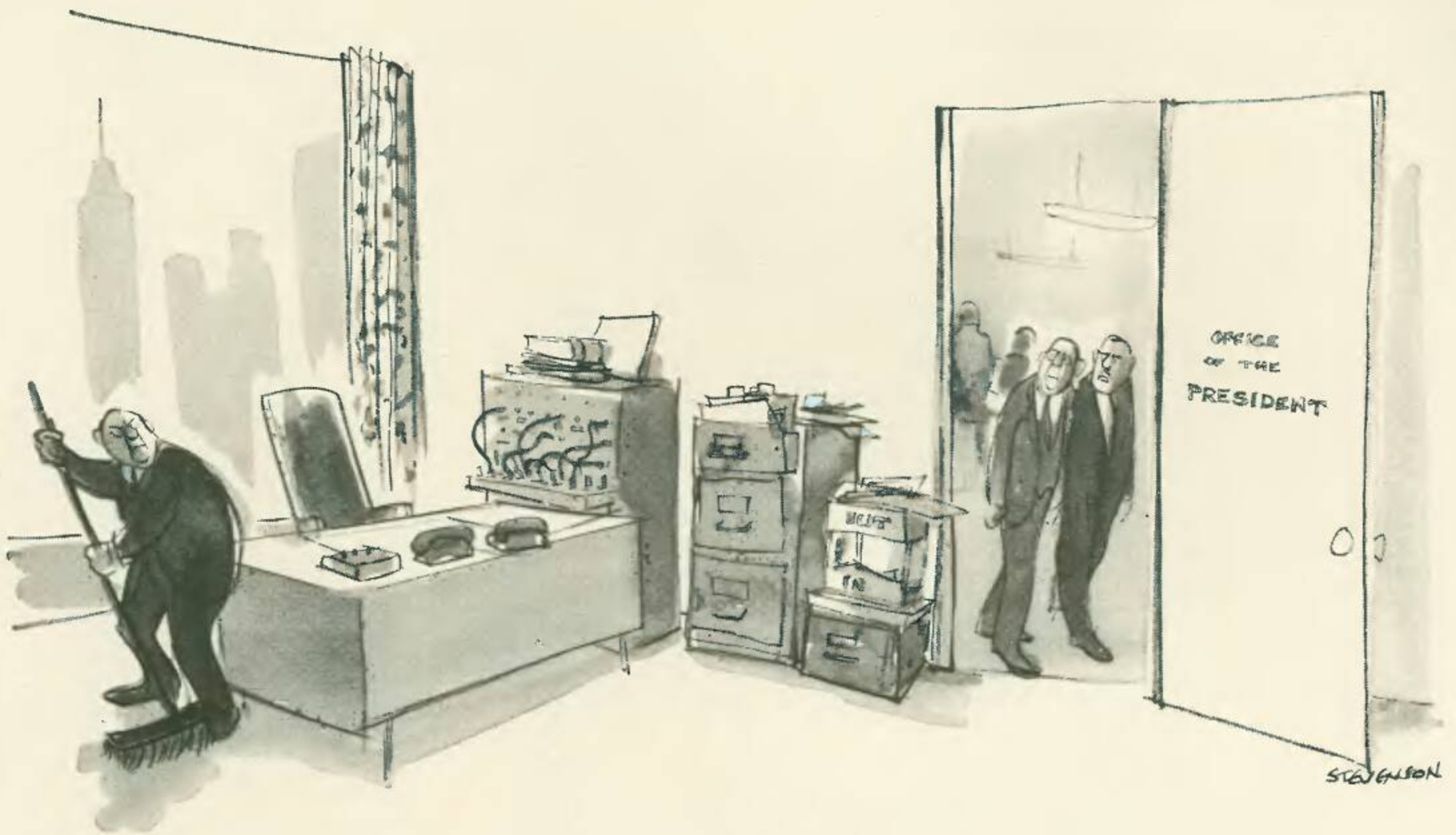
Once Charlayne and Hamilton had decided to go to Georgia, Hill set out to do battle again with the system that had defeated him in the Georgia State case. He fired the first volley of letters and phone calls through the facilities of *Atlanta Life*, and then got the local N.A.A.C.P. chapter to put up the money for the legal expenses that were necessarily incurred before the litigation got far enough along to be eligible for aid from the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense & Educational Fund, Inc. (a separate corporation from the N.A.A.C.P. itself, and usually called the Inc. Fund, or the Ink Fund). Hill had to make a lot of long-distance calls to find the Turner High School principal, whose signature was required on the application forms and who had left for the summer. Hill went to the Fulton County Courthouse with Charlayne and Hamilton, towing their pastors along as references, and was passed from judge to judge until the clerk of the Fulton County Superior Court finally agreed to certify that both of the young people were residents of the State of Georgia—documentation that the federal court ruled was adequate without the addition of alumni recommendations, which were formerly required and which, naturally, were not easy for Negro applicants to obtain. Hill, Holman, and Young met with Charlayne and Hamilton to warn them of what to expect from Georgia admissions officials and Georgia students. "I had sent for application blanks and a catalogue and hadn't got them," said Hill. "We wanted to make sure we had them in time. Like most places, the University of Georgia has Negroes to do the cleaning up, and one of the janitors got application blanks and catalogues for us. Every time we took a step, we double-checked. I must have written a hundred letters to the university; they wouldn't tell you anything. Don Hollowell checked every letter. We had to certify it and send it registered mail, receipt requested. Anything that got lost, that was the end of that for another year. It was just like pulling teeth. Carl Holman checked and dou-

ble-checked the applications. We didn't leave anything to chance. And still, it took a year and a half."

The energy was provided by the same men who had published "A Second Look." In the first weeks after Charlayne and Hamilton applied, the A.C.C.A. group even maintained a nightly patrol of Charlayne's house. (Atlanta has always had more bombings than Southern cities with otherwise less progressive race relations; there were a dozen in the twelve months prior to public-school integration.) Support from the rest of the Negro community varied greatly. Some members thought that Georgia Tech or the Atlanta public schools would be a better place to begin. Others believed that it was rather early to begin anywhere. "A lot of people were opposed to this," Hill told me. "They said, 'These people are going to take reprisals on us. There'll be a loss of jobs, and all.' During the Georgia State case, one leader of the Negro community said, 'Why'd you take those unwed mothers over there?' After Charlayne and Hamilton applied at Georgia, he said, 'Why'd you take those two fine kids over there?' All we ever got from the older leaders was 'You're going to mess up some kids.'"

JUST why "two fine kids" like Hamilton and Charlayne should want to go to any Southern white college is a question that is often asked in the North, where many people take it for granted that a Negro student would go to jail for the right to eat a dime-store hamburger but must have an elaborate motive for going to a formerly all-white school. Most white Southerners have already settled the question to their own satisfaction. They believe that the students are chosen by the N.A.A.C.P.—hand-picked by one of the crafty operators from New York, where all evil finds its source, and probably paid handsomely for their services. The New York-based N.A.A.C.P. conspiracy remains a strong vision to most white Southerners, even though it should be apparent by now that if the N.A.A.C.P.





"He'd really be a great executive if he could learn to delegate responsibility."

had a tenth of the resources and efficiency they credit it with, segregation would have been eradicated years ago. As for Negroes in Atlanta, when they talk about why Hamilton went to the University of Georgia they usually begin by mentioning his family, and especially his grandfather, Dr. Hamilton Mayo Holmes, who is an Atlanta physician and the family patriarch. Hamilton is not only a third-generation college graduate; he is also a third-generation integrationist. His grandfather, his father, and one of his uncles filed suit to desegregate the Atlanta public golf courses in 1955, and, through a 1956 Supreme Court decision on their case, the courses became the first integrated public facility in Atlanta. I had spent some time with Hamilton's father, Alfred Holmes, during the integration in Athens, and on one of my first days in Atlanta this spring I arranged to talk with him at his office about both his son and his father. Alfred Holmes, who is known in Atlanta as Tup, is a short, chunky man with a breezy manner and a cheerful, chipmunkish expression. He seems to know everybody on the street, whether it is Hunter Street or Auburn Avenue, in Atlanta, or Hancock Street, in Athens, where he worked for six or eight months as an embalmer early in his career. Almost everybody he sees gets a cheery "How you makin' it?" or "You makin' it O.K.?" Strictly Hunter Street in philosophy himself, Tup Holmes shares an

office building there with the Atlanta *Inquirer*, the law offices of Donald Hollowell and his associates, the local branch of the N.A.A.C.P. (which disturbed some of the Old Leadership by moving there from Auburn Avenue not long ago), the Southeastern Regional Office of the N.A.A.C.P., and a school for beauticians. Holmes has been in several businesses, mostly selling one thing or another, and the office he ushered me into—a small one—was devoted to the sale of real estate and insurance. Having assured him that I was making it O.K., I asked him about Hamilton's decision to go to the University of Georgia.

"The aggressiveness of the family might have influenced him, but Hamp's a steady sort of boy," Holmes said. "He's always thought deeply and on his own. Jesse Hill asked if I would mention Georgia to Hamp, because he was just about perfect, with his grades and his personality. That's all I had to do was mention it; before I could do anything else, he had already talked to Jesse. I went down to Athens once or twice, and I tell you he's two different people when he's there and when he's in Atlanta. He lives for Friday afternoon, when he can come home. There's really no one in that town for him to talk to, and he's not the kind to do much visiting. He sticks to his lessons. He made up his mind he was going to make those crackers sit up and take notice. You know, I travel around the state quite a bit in

my business, and sometimes I talk in the high schools or the churches. I didn't realize for quite a while what a hero this boy is to those people in the backwoods. When I'm being introduced to a group of people, sooner or later the man introducing me gets around to saying, 'This is the father of Hamilton Holmes.' And they say, 'You mean the Hamilton Holmes up at Georgia? Let me shake your hand.' I think he means so much to those people because of his grades. The white man in the South has always accepted the Negro as his equal or superior physically, because he figures we're not far removed from the jungle and we've had to do physical work for so long that our muscles have got hard. But the whites never have accepted us as their equal or superior mentally. They have always said that the Negro is only good for plowing. Well, Hamp is destroying all those myths. He's made the Phi Kappa Phi honor society, you know, and we hope he'll make Phi Beta Kappa. When those people in the backwoods see those A's, they stand up. That's why he means more to them than James Meredith, or even Charlayne."

After we had talked a while longer, Holmes said, "Well, if you're going to get in to see Daddy, we'd better get over there. If you come after eleven-thirty, there's so many patients you can't get near the place." On the drive from Hunter Street to Auburn Avenue, where Dr. Holmes has his office, Tup Holmes

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told me about his father, whose prowess as a doctor, a golfer, and a speaker makes him almost as popular a subject for conversation in the Holmes family as Hamilton. "My daddy's a real scrapper," Tup Holmes said. "He ran away from home when he was twelve to go to school. He was from Louisiana. The backwoods. And I mean the real backwoods. He worked in the sugar mills in New Orleans and went to school at night in a small school that's now part of Dillard. Then he worked his way through Shaw Medical School, in North Carolina, and came to Atlanta to practice—that was in 1910. He's a real scrapper. Daddy was a pioneer on this golf-course thing. It required a lot of courage on his part, especially considering all the training and inhibitions of his generation. You have to remember that when he was coming up he would have to tip his hat and move to the side every time he saw a white lady on the street."

When we arrived at Dr. Holmes' office, on the fourth floor of an old building, it was half an hour before his office hours began, but six or eight patients were already sitting in the waiting room, watching television. They hardly looked up as Holmes and I walked into the Doctor's office, where a nurse from the treatment room, adjoining, told us to make ourselves comfortable until the Doctor arrived. Dr. Holmes' office was a small room, containing an old-fashioned desk, a refrigerator, a day bed, a floor safe with a filing cabinet on top of it, and two or three tables. Almost every flat surface was covered with golfing trophies, and the walls were covered with a staggering collection of plaques, pictures, and framed prayers. There were several religious pictures, some family pictures, and numerous plaques from golf organizations and fraternities. In one frame were three glossy prints of Hamilton and Charlayne and a letter from the Half Century Alumni Club of Shaw University. The wall decorations also included a chart showing the postal zone of every street in Atlanta, a sports award from radio station WSB for a hole-in-one made on January 1, 1961, and a cardboard reprint of the Prayer for Physicians by Maimonides. Between a plaque signifying life membership in the United Golfers Association, which is the Negro equivalent of the U. S. Golfers Association, and a poem about medicine from the Fifty Year Club of American Medicine hung an eye chart.

After a few minutes, Dr. Holmes bustled in. A jolly man, shorter, chunk-

ier, and darker than his progeny, he had a tiny gray mustache and a tiny gray goatee. Since he also had tufts of gray hair on the sides of his head and more tufts of gray hair for eyebrows, he looked like a tiny Uncle Remus. He wore a three-piece blue suit, a diamond stickpin, and a watch chain. When Dr. Holmes heard that I was there to ask about Hamilton, he could hardly wait to begin.

"I trained my children from infancy to fear nothing, and I told my grandson the same thing," Dr. Holmes said. "I told him to be meek. Be meek, but don't look too humble. Because if you look too humble they might think you're afraid, and there's nothing to be afraid about, because the Lord will send his angel to watch over you and you have nothing to fear. I'm glad Hamp has faith; you have to have faith. Science is not enough; you have to have more than science. You have to know the Lord is watching over you. Hamp is a religious boy and he's a natural-born doctor. He's wanted to be a doctor since infancy. I told his mother before he was born, I said, 'You just think on medicine and if it's a boy maybe the prenatal influence will make him a natural-born doctor.' And she did think on it, and sure enough, that's what he is, a natural-born doctor."

Dr. Holmes talked a bit about his own practice. "I've been practicing medicine here for fifty-three years, and I'm busier now than I've ever been," he said. "I come in at eleven-forty-five and I stay until four-thirty or five. I come back at seven and stay till ten-thirty or eleven. I don't much like to work past eleven any more. I try to treat everybody as an individual. Once, a lady came in and said, 'You sure took a long time with that last patient,' and I said, 'O.K., if you want, I'll hurry on you.' She said, 'Don't hurry on me. Oh, no!' Well, I treat them all like individuals, but I still see fifty or sixty patients a day. I work every day but Wednesday and Sunday. I play golf on Wednesdays, and on Sundays I go to church. Then I play golf."

I asked Dr. Holmes if his game was still as good as the trophies indicated.

"I beat nearly everybody I play with, young and old alike," he admitted. "They say, 'I'm waiting for you to get tired.' I tell them they better beat me now, because I'm not going to get tired. I'll be seventy-nine on the fourth of April, but not an ache, not a pain, not a stiffness in the joints. Not a corn, not a callus, not a bunion on my feet. And my memory is as good as it was



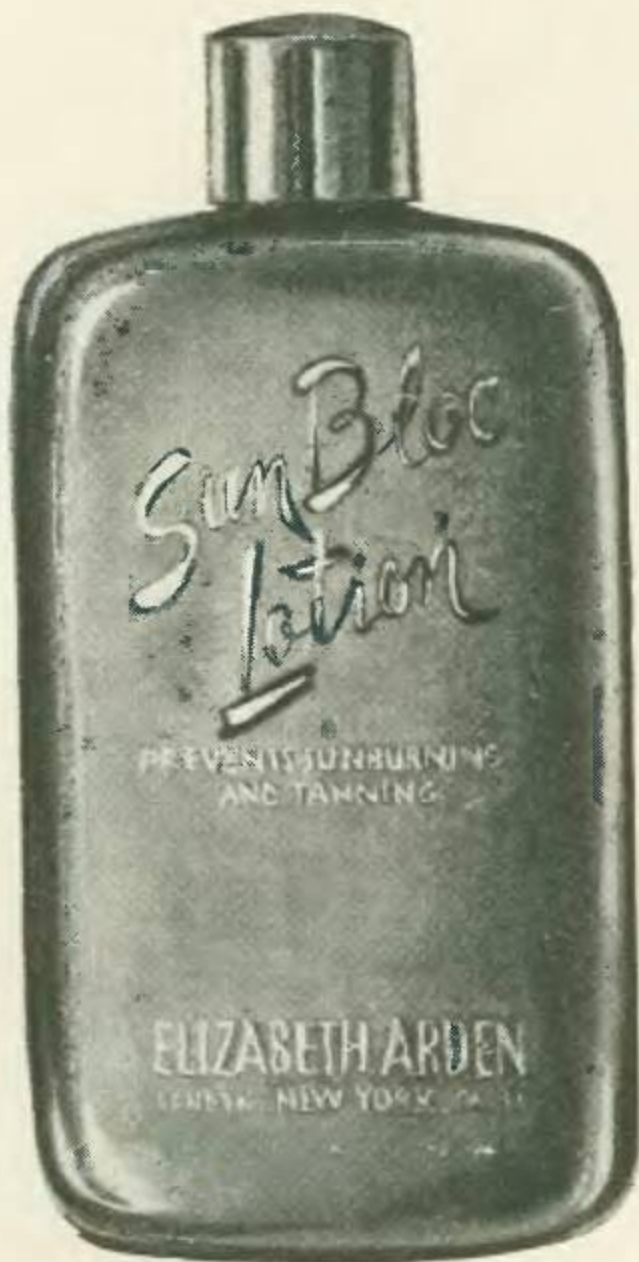


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fifty years ago." And Dr. Holmes stretched his muscles and his joints to demonstrate their efficiency. I certainly had no reason to doubt it, or to doubt his memory. ("Hamp's granddaddy is quite a character," Charlayne told me a day or two later. "He called up once and said he'd decided Hamp and I should get married, and he'd give me any kind of convertible I wanted for a wedding present. He hadn't consulted Hamp, of course. I explained to him that Hamp and I were more like brother and sister, and that Hamp had a girl. But he said we would just have to get married, because we'd have such smart children.")

Charlayne, unlike Hamilton, is rarely explained as the logical result of a family tradition. In fact, even at the age of eighteen, when she entered the University of Georgia, she seemed remarkably independent. "She's always wanted to be out front," I was once told by her mother, a pretty, retiring woman who works as a secretary in a Negro real-estate company. "When she was a little girl, I never had to get after her to do her lessons, or anything. She's just always been that way." Charlayne's poise during the first days of integration was occasionally attributed to her having spent her eighth-grade year as one of only a few Negroes in an integrated Army school in Alaska, where her father, Charles Hunter, a career Army chaplain, was stationed. Now retired, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, he was often the first Negro to hold whatever post he was assigned to, but the extent of his influence on Charlayne is not certain. He and Mrs. Hunter separated after the year in Alaska, and Charlayne, who had previously gone for long stretches without seeing her father while he was overseas, rarely saw him after that, for she returned to Atlanta to live with her mother, her two younger brothers, and her grandmother. Charlayne's father is a Methodist minister and her mother is also a Methodist, but Charlayne became a Catholic when she was sixteen. At Georgia, Charlayne continued to look at things from a point of view of her own. In fact, because she was a journalism student, she had a kind of double vision for those two and a half years. During her first week or two at Georgia, she sometimes seemed to be watching the reporters watch her integrate the university, occasionally making notes on both phenomena for one of the articles on the integration she was later to write for the *Atlanta Inquirer*. According to Carl Holman, who, as editor of the *Inquirer*, had also found that covering the integration news often meant observing his

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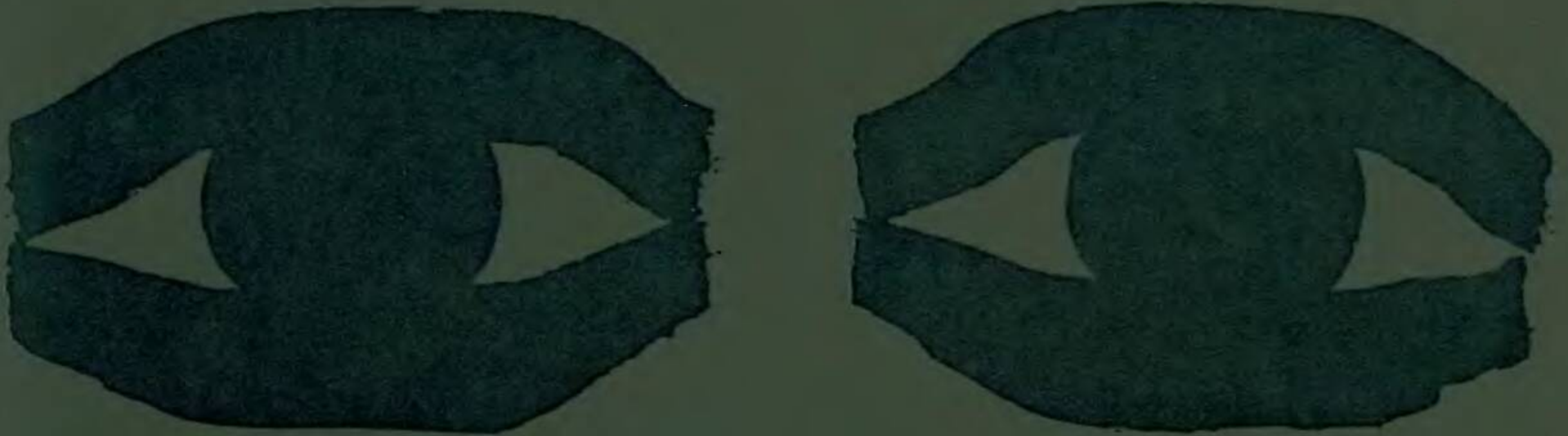
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own activities, "It gave her a detachment she might not have had otherwise. Hamilton has the views of the average citizen on the subject; that is, he regards reporters as just as dangerous as anyone else. But Charlayne was always studying them, and I think it made her feel better that they were around."

One day last March, while Charlayne was at home for several days after her next-to-last round of final examinations at Georgia, she and I met for lunch at a restaurant on Hunter Street, and I found that she was still able to see her experience as a news story. Although she had always received more attention in the press than Hamilton, she assured me that Hamilton made a better study. "He's consistent and I'm not," she said. "He knows what he wants and where he's going and how he's going to get there. We're a lot different. For instance, he can't wait for Friday. He comes back to Atlanta every weekend. He has a girl here, and his family. I think my mother and brothers are great, but that's the only reason I come home at all. I'd just as soon stay in Athens and sleep or read. Hamp's very uncomfortable there. For one thing, he's not crazy about white people. And he loves Atlanta. I guess I'm just as comfortable there as I am anyplace else. Hamp and I were sort of rivals at Turner, but we usually agreed on big things. I wanted to go to journalism school, and I had considered Georgia, but not really seriously. It seemed such a remote possibility. I had just about decided to go to Wayne, for no special reason except they had a journalism department and had answered my letters and I wanted to go to school away from home. When Hamp brought up Georgia—I think it was while we were posing together for a yearbook picture—I said sure, I'd like to go. It seemed like a good idea. I can't stress enough that I didn't ponder it. I guess it always was in my mind that I had the right, but Hamp and I never had any discussions about Unalienable, God-given Rights. We just didn't speak in those terms. It sounded like an interesting thing to do, and in the back of my mind I kept thinking this would never really happen; it was just something we were doing. I guess at that stage of the game we thought that anything we wanted to do was possible. Each step got us more involved, but we didn't think of it that way. We just went step by step, and it seemed kind of like a dream. When we got together with Jesse Hill and Hollowell and Carl and Whitney Young, they thought we ought to go to Georgia State. It also had journalism courses, and I really didn't know



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the difference. Negro kids don't know anything about white colleges. We figured if it was white it was good. We picked up applications at Georgia State, but neither one of us really liked the place; the catalogue showed they really didn't offer much. We went out on the steps and stood around, and Hamp said, 'I want to go to Athens. That's the place to go.' And he pointed right in the direction of Athens. I said, 'I'm with you,' and they said 'O.K., you'll go to Athens.' I think a lot of it was Hamp's having always taken an interest in the Georgia football team."

ONE reason for the dreamlike quality of the eighteen months that followed was that, except for two or three hearings they had to attend, Charlayne and Hamilton were merely spectators of the complicated maneuvers that Jesse Hill and Donald Hollowell—eventually joined by Constance Baker Motley, associate counsel of the Inc. Fund—were carrying on with the state. Charlayne and Hamilton regularly submitted applications, which were regularly turned down, usually on the ground of a space shortage, and all they had to do to be rejected again was to submit their college transcripts each semester. They did have to appear in federal district court in Macon, in the summer between their freshman and sophomore years, but at that time Judge William Bootle refused to order them into the university through a temporary restraining order, ruling that they had not exhausted their administrative remedies. He did, however, schedule a December trial on a motion for a permanent injunction. Under Judge Bootle's orders, Charlayne and Hamilton both went to Athens for admission interviews that November. At these, Charlayne was treated politely, and Hamilton, appearing before a three-man panel, was asked such questions as whether or not he had ever been to a house of prostitution or a "tea parlor" or "beatnik places"—questions that, Bootle later noted in a judicial understatement, "had probably never been asked of any applicant before."

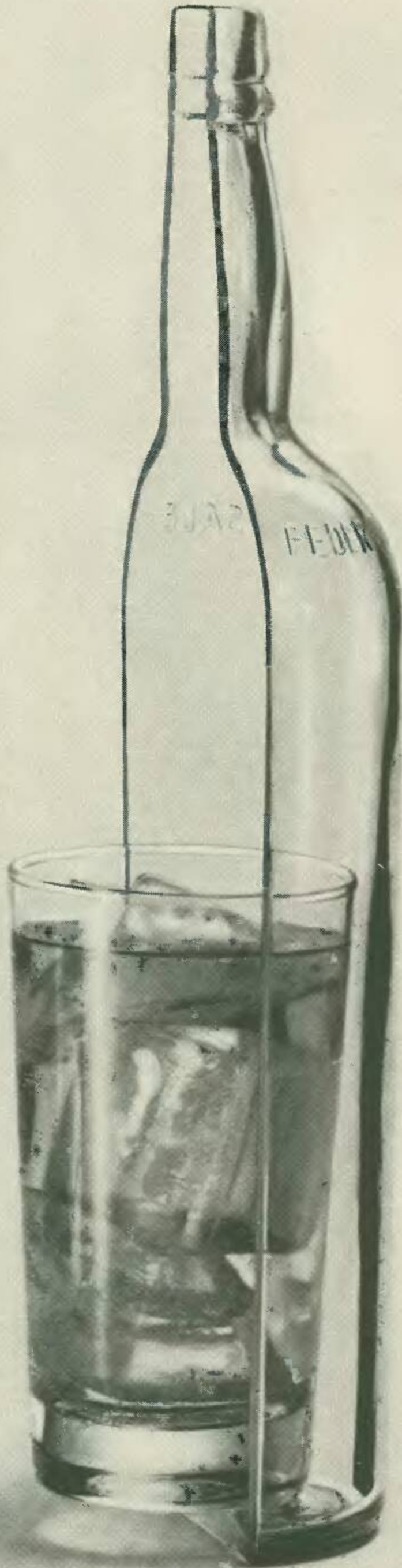
All-out stalling is not an ineffective strategy, as Southern white strategies against integration go. It worked well against the first Negro who tried to get into the University of Georgia—Horace Ward, who sued for admission to the law school in 1952. The stalling went on until 1957, by which time Ward had stayed out of school for a year or

so, had then been drafted, had served in the Army, and had finally entered another law school, so that a federal judge ruled the case moot. The possibilities of carefully managed stalling are demonstrated in a sentence from the decision that eventually ordered the university to admit Charlayne and Hamilton. "Plaintiffs have already prosecuted one appeal through administrative channels which required 122 days for final administrative action," Judge Bootle wrote. "If plaintiffs were required to appeal from defendants' failure to admit them each quarter for which they made application for admission, they would probably use up the normal four-year college attendance period before securing any final administrative action." Some federal judges in the South, as a matter of fact, probably would never have ended the stalling, since the reasons given for rejecting Charlayne and Hamilton always sounded plausible enough. And such delaying tactics, even if it could be assumed that they would end sooner or later, forced applicants either to stay out of school, which Charlayne and Hamilton, ambitious and anxious to get started, would obviously not do, or to enter another college and complicate their problems by applying as transfer students. Indeed, Georgia admissions officials said they were very much concerned about the credits Charlayne and Hamilton might lose if they transferred in the middle of the year from colleges that divide the school year into two semesters to a



college that, like the University of Georgia, divides it into three quarters. (The summer session constitutes the fourth quarter.) Shortly after Charlayne and Hamilton applied, Georgia began to accept transfer students only when they fell into certain categories, supposedly based on whether a transfer was necessary for the con-

tinuation of a student's program, and Charlayne never seemed to be in the right category. Also, after a year and a half of college life among friends, both students found the idea of facing the hostility of the University of Georgia much less appealing than it had seemed following high-school graduation, when Georgia had sounded like a good idea and also like something a long way off. This was especially true of Hamilton, who went to Morehouse, the most highly regarded of the Atlanta University Center colleges. An alumnus of Morehouse—Charlayne's father is one—is always called a "Morehouse man" by Atlanta Negroes, who are proud of A.U.'s



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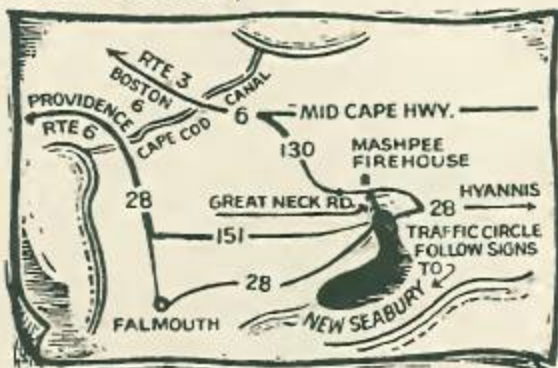
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School of Social Work, and of Spelman, its girls' college, but especially of Morehouse. During a visit to see Hamilton's mother in March, I asked his brother Herbert, who is a freshman at Morehouse, how he thought Hamilton compared Morehouse and Georgia, and I was assured that Hamilton preferred Morehouse in every respect but one: he thought Georgia's science facilities were superior. Herbert seemed concerned lest I get the impression that anybody could be happier somewhere else than he could be at Morehouse. The mantelpiece of the Holmes house had almost as many trophies for Hamilton's achievements as a regular student at Morehouse and Turner as for his being a Student Hero at Georgia. There were a trophy that he had received for being the outstanding freshman football player at Morehouse; a Turner High valedictorian trophy; the National Newspaper Publishers Association Russwurm Award for "making possible a richer conception of democratic principles [at Georgia];" a trophy from Turner for excellence in math; two trophies for his attendance at Georgia from Alpha Phi Alpha, the fraternity that Hamilton joined at Morehouse; and a plaque from the Turner High School P.-T.A., given to Mr. and Mrs. Holmes.

Hamilton's mother, Isabella Holmes, turned out to be an articulate, attractive woman with a gentle voice, which added force to, rather than detracted from, what she said. She had grown up in Tuskegee, Alabama, where her father edited one of the trade magazines published by Tuskegee Institute, and where she had met her husband while both were students at the Institute. When Mrs. Holmes mentions integration, she is almost always talking about the integration of blind and partly sighted children into regular classrooms—a pioneer project in Atlanta that Mrs. Holmes, as a sixth-grade teacher, has been taking part in for several years. "Hamp was supposed to go to Morehouse through the early-admissions program the year before he got out of Turner," Mrs. Holmes told me. "He had a four-year Merrill Scholarship that paid full tuition. But that summer he decided he didn't want to give up his senior year at Turner, and later he decided on Georgia. Then, I remember the day the judge's decision was handed down after Hamp had been at Morehouse a year and a half. I saw that the judge said they didn't have to enter that quarter, or even spring quarter. And since I knew how much Morehouse meant to Hamp, the first thing I said was that he wouldn't be letting anybody



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down if he waited until fall. He surprised me. He said, 'No, I've got to go now.' Hamp doesn't do much talking, and sometimes you don't know what he's thinking. It's lonely for him down in Athens. It's particularly hard for a boy who's from a large family. With four others, there's no such thing as isolation in this house. You'd think some students there would make overtures to a boy in a situation like that. It's hard for me to believe that nobody would bother, unless the boy was objectionable. I guess I'll never understand. He got so low last spring, when he saw the other boys playing baseball on the lawn and all, that I wanted him to come home for a while. He wouldn't hear of coming home. If Corky King, the Presbyterian minister there, hadn't started having him over to dinner every week, I don't know what would have become of him. I sometimes wish one of my other boys, Gary, the one who's in college in Charlotte now, had gone instead of Hamp. They could have run him over with a truck and not bothered him. But Hamp is very sensitive in many ways."

I knew that the family had been subject to harassment after Hamilton applied, and I asked Mrs. Holmes about this.

"We had quite a time here with the phone," she said. "I think they had the phone tapped, because they cut in on conversations, and if you left it off the hook it would cut off and go dead, and you couldn't call out. We complained to the phone company, and they gave us a private number, but before I even knew the number myself—they sent it by mail—the calls began coming in on that one. They would start about the time I got in from work and go through the night. Sometimes, when we left the phone off the hook, we'd have to cover it with something, because they would just keep talking. And I hated to be without the phone. And I was afraid about somebody passing by. I think I even imagined things when I got into the car and put my foot on the starter. I also wondered about jeopardizing other people if somebody passed by and threw something. I did wonder sometimes if it was worth it."

HAMILTON spent most of his final spring break this March filling speaking engagements—a function he had left pretty much to Charlayne during their first two years at Georgia. "I'm getting around a little more," he said when I finally got him on the phone, late that same week. "But with me the studies still come first." He went on to say

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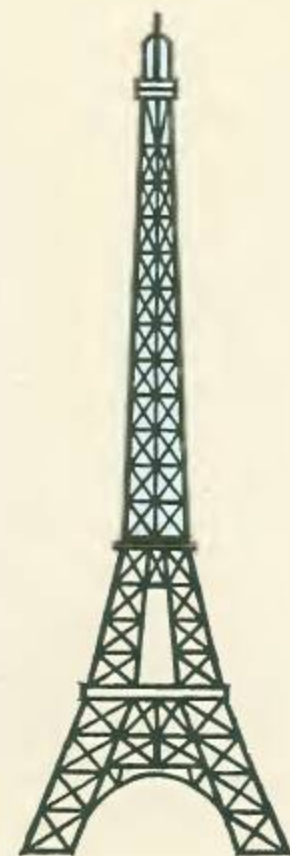
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that he was scheduled to speak at the Emmanuel Baptist Church in Atlanta that Sunday, and I arranged to meet the Holmes family there.

Sunday was another beautiful spring day in Atlanta. It was, in fact, Safe Boating Sunday in WSB-land, the radio announcer said as I drove over to Emmanuel Baptist, a neat, new red brick church in the middle of a red brick Negro housing project in the southeastern section of the city. Hamilton's father was chatting with friends in the vestibule when I arrived, and he led me down to the first row, where his wife and his father were already seated. Dr. Holmes looked as natty as he had in his office, wearing a blue suit with a light pin stripe, a blue tie, his diamond stickpin, and, hanging from his watch chain, a medallion, which, he told me a few minutes later, was one of Tup's golf awards. "I have a lot of them of my own, but I like this one," he explained. "It looks like a gold dollar. Tup got it in Chicago in 1940 or 1941."

That was enough to turn the conversation to golf.

"About the only time I leave town is for golf tournaments," said Dr. Holmes. "I used to go to a lot of medical meetings, but I'm getting tired of them. I play in three tournaments a year, usually—United Golfers Association tournaments, in the senior division. I usually shoot in the low eighties."

"He kills those old men," Tup Holmes said proudly. "He just kills them. But he hasn't been able to shoot his age yet. It's all mental. He gets a thirty-six or thirty-seven on the first nine and then he gets to thinking about it and he blows it on the back nine. He gets nervous."

Dr. Holmes acknowledged that Tup was the best golfer in the family when he was in form—he won the national U.G.A. in 1947, in Philadelphia, and again in 1958, in Pittsburgh—but said he was able to beat him occasionally. "In the seniors, I win first place sometimes, second place sometimes, and sometimes third place, although not often," he went on. "The seniors are for men over fifty, and you have to remember that I didn't have a golf club in my hands until I was fifty. Some of those other fellows are experienced."

I reminded Dr. Holmes that even though he had a late start, he'd had twenty-nine years of experience, and he just smiled and turned toward the pulpit, for the service was about to begin.

According to our programs, the church was holding its Annual Youth Day Observance, on the theme of

"Christian Youth and Their Spiritual Challenge in an Emerging Age of World Freedom," although the bulletin board on the lawn outside had said merely, "9:30—Sunday School. 10:45—Hamilton Holmes." About half an hour after the service was scheduled to begin, Hamilton walked out on the platform with four girls. He looked about the same as when I had last seen him, almost two years before, except that some extra weight accented the start of the heaviness around the jaw that seems to be a Holmes characteristic. He was, as usual, well dressed, wearing an Ivy League-cut blue summer-weight suit, a rep tie, and a white button-down shirt, and he had a tiny Alpha Phi Alpha pin in his lapel. As Hamilton shifted in his seat through the first part of the service, his face had the serious look that most people at Georgia had interpreted as a scowl. The service, conducted by



the four girls, proceeded through an opening hymn, a responsive reading, the morning hymn, a scripture lesson, the morning prayer, a selection by the youth choir, a statement of purpose, several selections by the Turner High School choral ensemble, the collection, and the doxology. Finally, one of the girls introduced Hamilton, calling him "a militant and pioneering young speaker who has symbolized and portrayed in his own actions and character the fight for human dignity and first-class citizenship." There was one more hymn, and then Hamilton rose to speak.

Putting on a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, he read from a prepared text entitled "Higher Education and the New Negro"—Hamilton's favorite speech topic. He began by outlining advances in science, in industry, and even in housework—advances that had eliminated many traditional Negro jobs. There was, he went on, an increasing need for highly trained workers, and that need could be filled by the New Negro, "who realizes he is just as good as any other man . . . not the Negro sitting passively around waiting for his rights to be handed to him on a silver platter." Hamilton said that movements like the sit-ins had opened doors but that the Negro must be prepared to go through them, and that his greatest drawback was his lack of education. "Ours is a competitive society," he continued. "This is true even more so for the Negro. He must compete not only with other Negroes but with the white man. In most instances, in competition for jobs and status with whites, the Negro must have more training and be more qualified than his white counterpart if he is to beat

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him out of a job. If the training and qualifications are equal, nine times out of ten the job will go to the white man. This is a challenge to us as a race. We must not be content to be equal, education- and training-wise, but we must strive to be superior in order to be given an equal chance. This is something that I have experienced in my short tenure at the University of Georgia. I cannot feel satisfied with just equalling the average grades there. I am striving to be superior. I have found that I *must* be superior in order to be accepted as an equal. If the average is B, then I want an A. The importance of superior training cannot be overemphasized. This is a peculiar situation, I know, but it is reality, and reality is something that we Negroes must learn to live with."

That was, I thought, a pretty good summary of Hamilton's philosophy at Georgia—what his father would call "making those crackers sit up and take notice." As Hamilton sat down, a man in the congregation said, in a sonorous voice, "Richly spoken, richly spoken." He turned out to be the minister of Emmanuel Baptist, Benjamin Weldon Bickers, and he came forward at that point to take over from the girls and introduce some guests, including three students from integrated Atlanta high schools. He also introduced Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, and Hamilton's sister, Emma, who had joined the family after singing in the Turner chorus, and two or three more Holmeses, and then somebody reminded him that he had neglected Dr. Holmes. Bickers not only introduced the Doctor but asked him to say a few words.

Dr. Holmes, still beaming over Hamilton's speech, popped right up and turned around to face the congregation. "Brothers and sisters," he began, "I assure you that it is a pleasure to be here. I always hoped I would be able to live long enough to see this young man stand as he stands in the community and in his daily deportment. It gives me a thrill, and I thank the Lord I lived long enough to see it. And to have such a *fine* boy! He does not smoke or chew; he does not drink beer, wine, or liquor. I told him when he was a little boy, 'Never live long enough to smoke or drink.' As a result, here he is. It did me good to hear him philosophize, to go step by step through what the New Negro needs. It did me good, and I thank the Lord I lived long enough to hear him." The congregation was nodding in approval. Dr. Holmes digressed briefly to talk about another grandchild, a girl who had gone to Elmira College, in upstate New York, as an exchange



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student from Spelman and had immediately become the star of the choir. "I'm glad I took the Biblical advice not to let your riches pile up where thieves and robbers can get them but to deposit them in your children," Dr. Holmes went on. "I'm proud of this boy. And we don't want him to stop. We want him to get his M.D. or his Ph.D. or whatever D. he wants. He might be too smart to practice. He might have to teach. But we want him to have everything he wants. It's a pleasure to be here."

As Dr. Holmes turned and sat down, there was the shuffling and murmuring of a congregation that wanted to show approval but knew better than to clap in church. Just as I thought I might have witnessed my first Negro church meeting in the South that had only one collection, Mr. Bickers announced that he was going to collect Hamilton's honorarium right there, and passed the plate again.

ALTHOUGH Hamilton's family has long been active in community affairs, the only one of his relatives professionally involved in race relations is his uncle, Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was destined by Dr. Holmes to be the family lawyer but ended up as a Congregationalist minister instead. A small, cheerful man, and the most direct heir to the patriarch's jolly eloquence, Oliver Holmes is the associate director of the Georgia Council on Human Relations. In 1956, the Council grew out of the Georgia Interracial Committee, which was founded right after the First World War to start some communication between white and Negroes, meeting as equals. Among the early participants in the Georgia Interracial Committee was Oliver Holmes' mother—Hamilton's grandmother—who, as one of the first Negro registered nurses in the South, was, before her death, a prominent member of the Negro community. "Mama used to go have her tea and cookies once a month," Oliver Holmes recalled when I visited him at the organization's headquarters in Atlanta. "And we'd say, 'Well, Mama, you've had your tea and cookies now, and next month you can go have your tea and cookies again.' But I think it actually did do some good. It kept the lines of communication open, and they could have closed easily in those days."

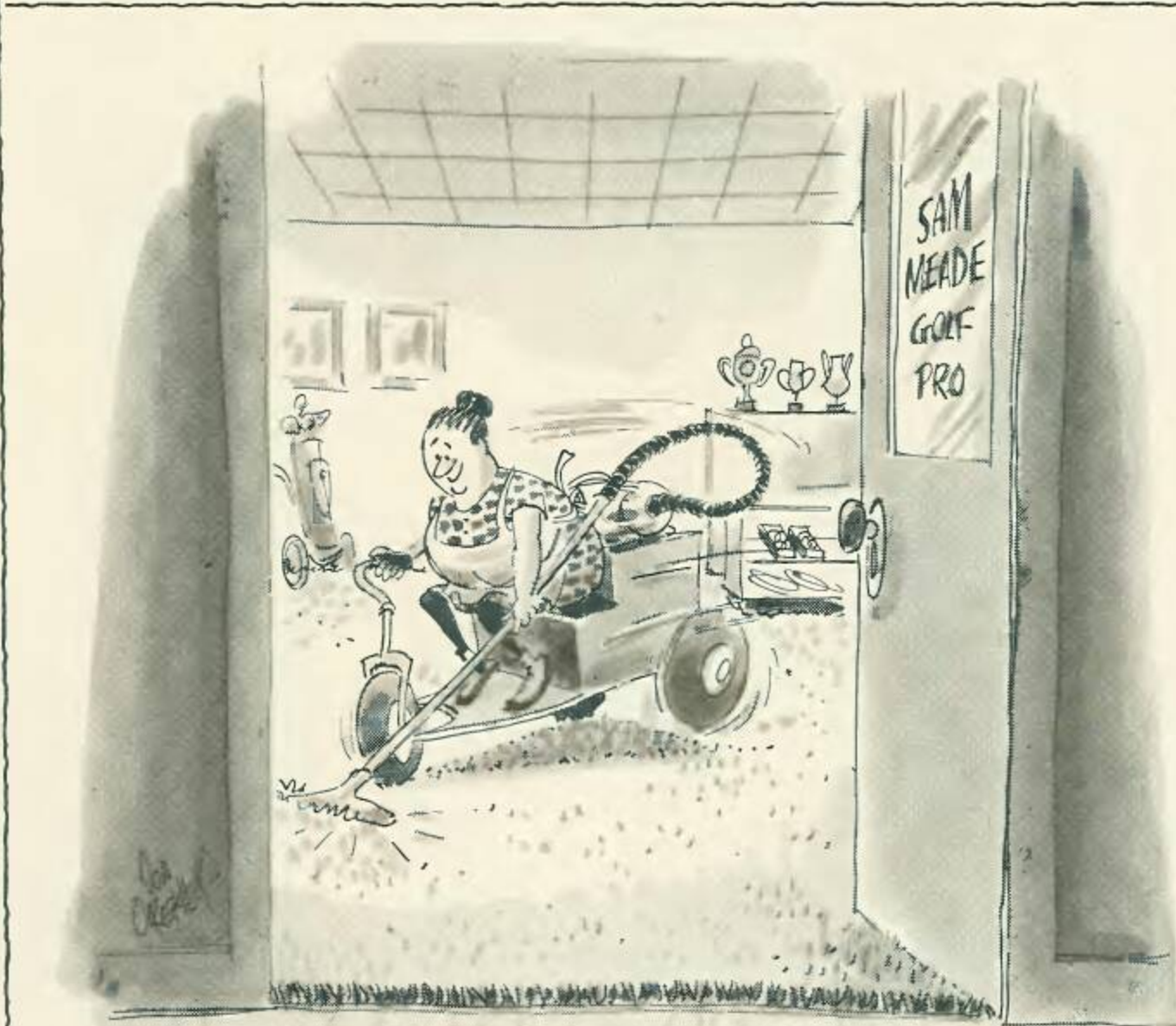
I had first met Oliver Holmes two years before in Savannah, where he had become pastor of the First Congregational Church in 1959, after several years of preaching in Talladega, Alabama. While he was in Talladega,



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he had organized the area's first N.A.A.C.P. branch, but, he said, the most important case was a criminal one, rather than one involving civil rights. It came up when "a drunken Negro cabdriver, in a one-eyed car with no brakes, in the rain, hit and killed two white policemen who were harassing a couple of college kids who were parked there by the side of the road doing a little light necking." Holmes went to Birmingham and came back with a young Negro defense lawyer. "They said if a colored lawyer came there to defend that boy, he'd be lucky not to get the chair himself," said Holmes. As the case turned out, the cabdriver got only five years for manslaughter, because the policemen had been on the wrong side of the road, and the accident was, despite his condition and the multiple handicaps of his car, not his fault. "Everybody in the town was just as happy as could be," Holmes told me. "The Negroes said, 'Our lawyer got that boy off with five years,' and the whites said, 'Despite that little nigger, we put that boy away for five years.' When it came time that he was eligible for parole, we went up to see him at the state prison farm and he said, 'Don't you bother me about any parole. I'm driving a tractor and I got more money in my pocket than I ever had and I don't want to leave. When my time is up, I'm going to ask for an extension.' Yes sir, *everybody* was happy about that case."

While Holmes was in Talladega, he found time to make trips to Atlanta for golf, and he was in the foursome that tested the public golf course on the segregation issue in 1955. "When we first went out there to make the test, they were a little surprised," he said. "I went up to the window and asked for four tickets, and the man said, 'Tickets for what?' I told him, 'For whatever you're selling them for.' And he said he couldn't sell us any tickets, because the course wasn't open to Negroes. I told him that was what I thought—just testing. After the Supreme Court decision, we went out to play, and we figured somebody had better stay home, in case something happened. So we finally convinced Daddy that as long as he held the purse strings, maybe he'd better stay home. He didn't want to. He sure is crazy about golf, and he was just as excited as he could be about this. My brother Tup was really up for this game, with the press out there and everything. I think he had been practicing for it; he shot a thirty-eight on the first nine. I had been stuck out in Talladega with-

out much chance to play and my game was a little off, and maybe I was a little nervous."

When Holmes moved to Savannah, he found that the public golf course was available to Negroes only one day a week, and then did not permit them access to such facilities as the rest rooms and the snack bar. Those were conditions that would put any Holmes off his game, so Oliver Holmes worked out a plan with the mayor whereby the course was at first open to Negroes two days a week, with the use of all facilities, and then, a couple of months later, was completely desegregated. The golf-course desegregation worked out so smoothly that the mayor appointed Holmes to the Park Board, which put him in a good position to work on the integration of the parks. While he was in Savannah, he also worked with the mayor to get the library quietly desegregated and headed the N.A.A.C.P. negotiations committee that,



with the aid of a year-long boycott, effected the desegregation of the lunch counters in downtown Savannah department stores. When a human-relations council was formed in Savannah, Holmes was the logical choice for co-chairman. "We usually try to have co-chairmen, to insure the participation of both races," he told me. "It's always easy to find a Negro co-chairman but sometimes not a white. So I was the co-co-chairman for a while." Holmes eventually decided to leave the pulpit for a full-time job with the Georgia Council, which, he said, "does a little troubleshooting around the state." He went on to explain, "We try to see if we can't get the whites and Negroes to sit down and talk. We try to stress reason rather than force."

When I visited Holmes in Atlanta, he had just returned from a little troubleshooting at Jekyll Island, a state-owned resort whose facilities Negroes believed to be not only separate but distinctly unequal. "They have a sign up at the Negro end saying 'Site of Proposed Golf Course,'" Holmes said. "They've been proposing that golf course for three years now. The first time I tried the white golf course, they put out a sign, 'Closed for Watering.' I never heard of a course being closed for watering. You just turn on a hose and water it. Finally, they said they did not allow Negroes to use the course." Holmes had then started appearing before the State Park Commission to argue for the desegregation of Jekyll Island. "I saw the Director of State Parks at this hearing," Holmes went on. "He said he lived down in

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Albany, and he asked me, 'With all this trouble down there, how do you explain it that I've got a hundred and sixty Negroes working for me, and they're just as happy as they can be? They tell me so.' I explained it. I said, 'You got yourself a hundred and sixty of the biggest liars in the state of Georgia.'"

Holmes said that the rest of the Holmes family had always been active in civil rights in one way or another. "My father has always been active in the N.A.A.C.P. in a financial way," he told me. "He's never had time for any other. Of course, since he met golf he's never had time for much of anything. Hamp's daddy always thought he was entitled to what other people were entitled to, and, unlike some Negroes, he always spoke out. In fact, he always shouted it from the rooftops." Oliver Holmes had arranged for Hamilton to make a speech to the Savannah Human Relations Council the weekend before and had gone along to introduce him. When I told him that I had heard Hamilton speak at Emmanuel Church, and had unexpectedly heard a speech from Dr. Holmes as well, Holmes laughed and said, "I've been asked to preach twice since I left the ministry, and both times I took my daddy with me. Both times, they asked him to say a few words after the sermon, and both times he gave a better speech than I did. He really killed me. The second time, the fellow behind me said right out loud, so I could hear, 'That's the one who should be preaching.' I told Daddy next time I got an invitation I wasn't going to tell him about it. When I heard that he spoke in the church where Hamp spoke, I said, 'I hope he didn't kill Hamp like he killed me.'"


ALTHOUGH Hamilton's high-school record indicated that he was likely to have an outstanding academic career at Georgia, he was found unqualified before he went to court, and not, said the officials, because he was a Negro. Shortly before the trial in Athens federal court in December of 1960, at which I first met Charlayne and Hamilton, the university Registrar and Director of Admissions, Walter Daner, having considered the interviews with both students, wrote Charlayne that she would be considered for admission the following fall—there was no room for transfer students in her category before then—and wrote Hamilton that he had been rejected on the basis of his interview. Hamilton, the Registrar said, had been "evasive" in answering the questions put to him by the three-man panel, and had left its members in



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"some doubt as to his truthfulness." As Hollowell later brought out in the trial, these were almost exactly the same reasons that a special interviewing board had given eight years before for deciding that Horace Ward was unqualified to be a lawyer and should therefore be rejected by the University of Georgia Law School. (Ward had gone on to Northwestern Law School, had returned to join Hollowell's office in Atlanta, and must have derived a good deal of satisfaction from assisting Hollowell and Mrs. Motley in the trial, not to mention escorting Hamilton into the admissions office to register a month later.) The charge of untruthfulness was based on Hamilton's having given a negative reply to the board's question of whether or not he had ever been arrested. The admissions office, Danner said in court, just happened to know that Hamilton had once been fined and had had his license suspended for speeding, and the office considered that an arrest.

Before the trial, Mrs. Motley and three assistants spent two weeks going through the Georgia admissions files, which had been opened by court order. By comparing the treatment given Charlayne and Hamilton with that given other students, they had no difficulty in demonstrating that the whole business was a subterfuge, that the only real category the university had was white, and that the interviewers were less interested in Hamilton's speeding ticket than in the impossibility of stalling him any longer by claiming that the dormitories were overcrowded, since university rules permitted male students to live off campus after their freshman year. In any event, the housing problem was not so acute that the university had to refrain from sending a dean of the agriculture school to upstate New York that year to recruit students for its food-technology program. Moreover, the interview that had been considered so important in Hamilton's case was given to some students *after* they were already attending the university. The university, then, had been double-dealing for a year and a half, and it was instructive to see the double-dealing presented as a legal defense by a state that had vowed open resistance to integration. In the effort to correct the false notion that the South has a monopoly on bigotry, the equally false notion has been created that the North has a monopoly on hypocrisy, and I had often heard it said that "in the South at least everybody knows where he stands and people are honest about it." According to this way of thinking, the resistance promised on the campaign stump by politicians should



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have been continued in court by state officials. But the university officials I listened to for a week in Athens, testifying about their overcrowded dormitories and their administrative problems, sounded less like Southerners fighting a holy crusade than like Long Island real-estate brokers trying to wriggle out of an anti-discrimination law. After one has spent a few minutes listening to a desegregation trial, the reason for this shift becomes clear. It is a simple matter of law. In federal court, where the case must be tried, the issue has already been decided: segregation in the public schools is unconstitutional. The only possible defense is that segregation does not exist. When politicians say they will resist integration "by all legal means," they can only be implying that they will try to prolong litigation by any available dodge, since the issue has already been settled by all legal means. In Georgia, in 1960, a trial had to be held. It was demanded by what had evolved into a ritual of combatting integration even when it was obvious that the combat would do no good.

In a state whose highest officials were declaring daily that there would be no integration, a state that had a law on the books establishing that funds would be cut off from any school that was integrated, a state whose governor had promised in his campaign that "not one, no, not one" Negro would ever attend classes with whites in Georgia, Omer Clyde Aderhold, the president of the University of Georgia, had the following exchange with the state's own lawyer, B. D. Murphy:

MURPHY: Now I'll ask you if, as an official of the University of Georgia for the period you have stated and as President of the University of Georgia since 1950, do you know of any policy of the University of Georgia to exclude students on account of their race or color?

ADERHOLD: No sir, I do not.

MURPHY: Do you know of any policy to discriminate against Negro applicants?

ADERHOLD: I do not.

MURPHY: Have you ever had any instructions from the Chancellor of the University System or the Chairman of the Board of Regents or anybody else to exclude Negroes as applicants to the University of Georgia?

ADERHOLD: I have not.

MURPHY: Have their applications, so far as you know, been considered on the same basis as the applications of white people?

ADERHOLD: On exactly the same basis, as far as I know.

The Chancellor of the University System was Harmon W. Caldwell, a respected former president of the uni-

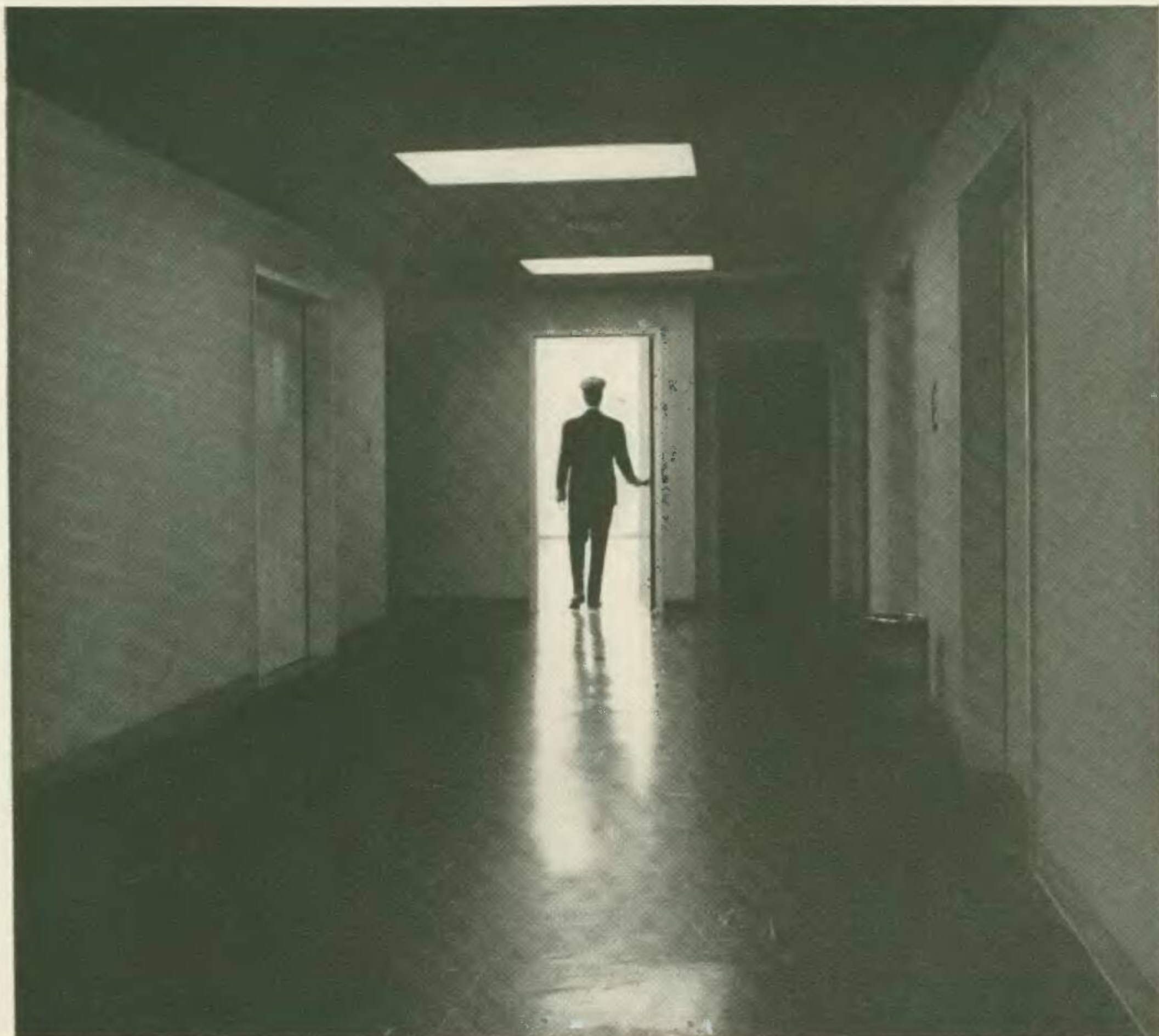
versity. He had sworn in the Horace Ward trial that he would recommend admission of a qualified Negro, and now he had to read in court a note he had sent to Aderhold on that subject. The note, attached to a letter requesting Caldwell to use his influence to get a white girl into the university, had been found in the admissions files by one of Mrs. Motley's assistants. It read, "I have written Howard [Howard Calloway, a member of the Board of Regents] that it is my understanding that all of the dormitories for women are filled for the coming year. I have also indicated that you relied on this fact to bar the admission of a Negro girl from Atlanta. . . ."

Although the spectacle of Aderhold and Caldwell in court was a particularly sad example of what The Ritual

can lead to, it was by no means unusual. In one brief, Georgia's lawyers denied "the existence of any policy, practice, or custom of limiting admission to the University of Georgia to white persons." Nor was this form of defense restricted to higher education, where it sounded relatively plausible. Early in the case that brought about the integration of the Atlanta public schools, the defense claimed that the schools were not actually segregated; it was mere chance that resulted in there being all Negro teachers and students in some schools and all white teachers and students in others. At some point in every higher-education case, Mrs. Motley, who has handled practically all such cases for the Inc. Fund, always asks the university registrar what she calls "the old clincher": Would he favor the admission of a qualified Negro to the university? The registrar, often a strong segregationist himself, has to answer yes, as Danner did during the Georgia trial, and face the newspaper stories the next day that begin, as the *Atlanta Journal's* began, "The University . . . registrar has testified in Federal Court here that he favors admission of qualified Negroes to the University."

When I mentioned this to Mrs. Motley one evening in New York before I made my return trip to Georgia, she said, "It's not funny, really. The system is based on people getting on the stand and telling the truth. But people who talk about their respect for tradition and integrity and the Constitution get involved in one lie after another. They're willing to break down the system to keep a Negro out. In Mississippi, university officials got up on the stand and said they had never even discussed the Meredith case. They do the same kind





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of thing in voting cases. People are denied the right to vote not because they're Negroes but because they didn't dot an 'i' or interpret the Constitution correctly. This is one of the most serious by-products of segregation. The people get a disregard for the law. They see supposedly important people get up day after day on the stand and lie. The reason the whole thing seems funny to watch is that you spend all that time proving something everybody already knows."

To anybody who had sat through the trial in the Athens Federal Building—to the reporters, who sat in the jury box, or to the university and town people, who segregated themselves by race the first day or two, even though they were in a federal court, and only gradually got used to sitting wherever there was a place—it was no surprise to read Judge Bootle's decision that "although there is no written policy or rule excluding Negroes, including plaintiffs, from admission to the University on account of their race or color, there is a tacit policy to that effect," and that the plaintiffs "would already have been admitted had it not been for their race and color." However, Bootle's decision, issued one Friday afternoon in early January, 1961, a month after the trial ended, did contain one surprise; it ordered the students admitted not by the following fall, as had been predicted, or for the spring quarter, beginning in March, but, if they so desired, for the winter quarter, for which registration closed the following Monday.

If the entire conspiracy against the State of Georgia had indeed stemmed from the intricate machinations of a foreign-looking man in New York, he could have picked no better place than the University of Georgia for the first confrontation, so it was ironic that this, the most cunning maneuver of all, was the result of two local accidents—the accident that the University of Georgia case got through the courts faster than the Atlanta school case, which had been filed two years earlier, and the accident that two seventeen-year-old high-school students happened to prefer the University of Georgia to Georgia State, probably because of the football team. There is no doubt that by 1961 the atmosphere in Georgia had benefited from the dismal example of other Southern states, and that the movement to keep the schools open, even with some desegregation, had spread from its normal base, consisting of housewives, to the ordinarily timid businessman. The open-school movement became almost respectable after a fact-finding commission, cre-

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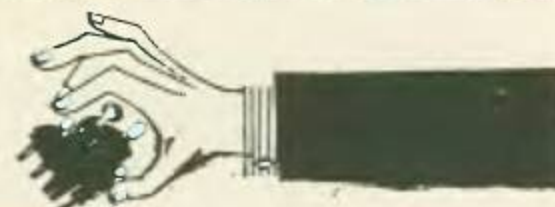
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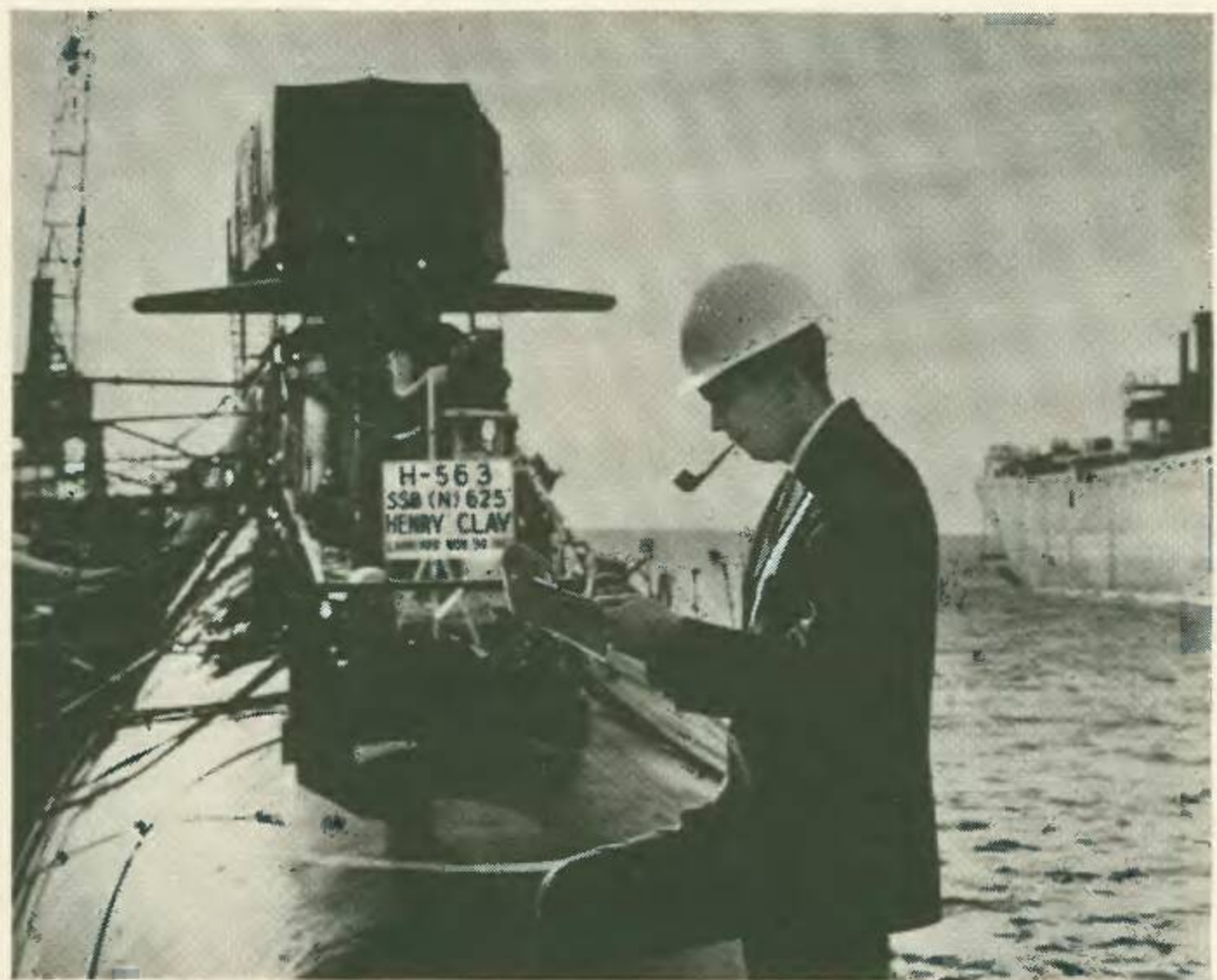
ated by the Georgia legislature, more or less as a part of The Ritual, to gather opinion on segregation around the state, had submitted a surprising majority report urging that each community be given a choice of whether to close its schools or submit to desegregation. Still, most observers thought that if the first test came in the Atlanta high schools in September of 1961, as was expected, the result would be about the same as the result in New Orleans the year before. The Georgia legislature, dominated by representatives of the rural counties, might have enjoyed closing the Atlanta schools, or at least harassing them, in the name of the folks at home. Closing the University of Georgia, where many of the legislators had gone to school, was a different matter. The university, ninety per cent Georgian, customarily had students from every county—no slight achievement in a state with a hundred and fifty-nine counties—and its graduates often went right back where they came from. The spell of the university was once explained to me by William Tate, its dean of men, who has been there for forty years and exchanges more affection with the university than any other man in the state. "When integration came, the university was the one institution that could weather it," Tate said. "There came a time when the people of the State of Georgia wanted the university not to close. A lot of people in the state love the university, and the university has always been tied up to the state. We usually have people here from every county—though sometimes we fudge a little to get one from Echols County or some little bitty place like that. We also have five hundred agricultural-extension workers and home-demonstration workers spread out all over the state. Our agriculture people have borne the brunt of shifting from a cotton economy to diversified farming. Ernest Vandiver, the last governor, was a graduate of the university. Carl Sanders, the present governor, is a graduate of the university. Both United States senators—Talmadge and Russell—are graduates of the university. Herman Talmadge's son is here and he is the fourth generation of Talmadges to attend the university. Richard Russell went here; his father was a trustee; his uncle was here. Why, he was the fourth Richard B. Russell here. I went down to speak in Greenville not long ago, and nine graduates came to hear me speak. Nine graduates right there in Meriwether County. It's not that way with Tech. The engineers don't drift back to these little old counties. There's not a soul in Meriwether County who gives

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a damn what happens to Tech. When this thing happened, I bet a lot of folks said, 'Hell, I get griped up a lot with that university. The students don't behave so well. I don't like the football. But it's a pretty good old university. It's helped us. They've done the best they can. They got their feet on the ground. And my granddaddy went there. I'll help them out.'"

If, by chance, there was a politician in Georgia at the time who would not have agreed with Dean Tate's interpretation, he could look at the record. The only political defeat of Eugene Talmadge, a Georgia graduate and one of the South's most adroit demagogues, came when he meddled with the university. That was in 1941, when the Board of Regents refused to fire a dean whom Governor Talmadge suspected of integrationist sympathies. Talmadge installed a new Board of Regents, which fired the dean, but a good number of angry teachers left as well, and the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools suspended the accreditation of all Georgia's public colleges and universities—called the University System—because of the political interference. In the next campaign, fought largely on the education issue, Talmadge could not shout about race loud enough to avoid an overwhelming defeat by Ellis Arnall, a liberal. Accreditation was restored, and a simple lesson was learned—that the voters of Georgia cared more for their university than for their segregation.

Although, as was later revealed, Governor Vandiver had advisers who thought he should make the gesture of going to jail before permitting the university to admit Charlayne and Hamilton (he had, after all, promised "not one, no, not one"), there was never much doubt about what the Governor would do or how the legislature, then gathering for its annual session in Atlanta, would react. On the day Charlayne and Hamilton registered, Vandiver finally announced that he would have to cut off the university's funds, because the law required him to, but that he would ask the legislature to change the law. (The university planned to declare a five-day "holiday" while this was being arranged.) He must have been thankful that Judge Bootle enjoined him the next day from using the law, for this move provided him with the opportunity to rail against the tyrannical federal judiciary for doing something he would otherwise have had to do himself. Later, Vandiver offered the legislature his alternative

to resistance: repeal of the segregation laws, and the passage of a new group of laws, built around a state tuition grant to parents who wanted to send their children to private schools rather than integrated public schools. According to *The Ritual*, Vandiver could not call this retreat a retreat. He called it, instead, "the child-protection freedom-of-association defense package." It passed easily.

When I returned to Atlanta two and a half years later, I was curious about the outcome of all the legislative and judicial activity that had gone on during the integration. I noticed in back issues of the *Atlanta Constitution* that B. D. Murphy, Georgia's chief counsel at the Athens trial, eventually presented a bill

to the state for \$14,500, plus \$248 in expenses. The total bill for outside counsel for the Georgia trial, exclusive of the ordinary expenses of the Georgia Attorney Gen-

eral's office, was something over \$25,000. "The state got off cheap," an enlightened lawyer, wise in the ways of Georgia politics, told me during my visit. "It's just a matter of who loses gracefully, of course. But this way the issue is settled. They got the best lawyer they thought they could get, he lost, and nobody can say that the case was thrown or the state should have had more lawyers or that somebody else might have won." Governor Vandiver's "child-protection freedom-of-association defense package" turned out to be an even costlier form of *The Ritual*. The tuition-grant law—"the basis of our defense," according to the Governor—could not mention segregation without being thrown out by the courts; it therefore merely provided a grant enabling any child to attend an approved private school. But, as it happened, not everybody in Georgia was willing to go along with the game. A number of citizens took the law at its word and claimed the grant it provided them, even though they did not live in an integrated school district, and even though, in most cases, their children were in private schools anyway. The week I arrived in Atlanta, the *Constitution* printed the names of twelve hundred Georgians who had received tuition grants for the 1962-63 school year—the first year the grants were available. The *Constitution* pointed out that eighty-three per cent of the people had had their children enrolled in private schools before the law was passed. Among those listed were hundreds of people outside Atlanta, which has the only integrated schools in the state, and a Negro educator in Atlanta, who was sending his children North to prep

school; one suspects that the list also included dozens of smiling integrationists. The *Constitution* soberly printed letters from outraged citizens who pointed out that the total cost of the tuition grants, \$215,000, was a lot of money to be handed out by a state that regularly ranks among the last in the country in money spent for public education. The legislature, equally alarmed, changed the law so that a parent could apply for a tuition grant only if the school board and the county authority of his district had agreed that a "need" existed in the district. Even then, the request had to go through the local board, and the grant had to be paid partly from local funds. "We expect this will cut this business down to nothing," a legislative assistant at the Capitol told me. That seemed to be the ideal arrangement for a law that was part of The Ritual; it would remain on the books for all to see but could not be used enough to become expensive or embarrassing.

I also discovered, to my surprise, that Georgia still maintains a program of grants to Negro students who go outside the state to take courses offered at one of the "white" institutions in the Georgia University System but not at one of the colleges it provides for Negroes. The out-of-state aid program was originated to give some semblance of "separate but equal" status to a system that offered whites two large universities, a medical school, and a dozen other colleges across the state and offered Negroes three liberal-arts colleges that were once summed up easily by Tup Holmes as "a joke." Although Negroes can now legally attend any college in the system, the out-of-state aid program is still going forward, perhaps to hold down the attendance of Negroes at colleges still considered white. (Charlayne could have received out-of-state aid for studying journalism out of the state during her last two years in college.) The students annually receive the difference between the tuition they pay outside the state and what they would pay at a Georgia college, plus the equivalent of one round-trip railway coach ticket and a room-and-board supplement of \$2.78 a week. The records for the 1961-62 school year, which are the latest available, show that fourteen hundred and twenty-five students were given out-of-state aid for study in thirty-four major fields at eighty-one institutions. Nine hundred and twenty-five of these students were majoring in education. The total cost in 1961-62 was \$236,124.73, and the estimate for the next school year was about the same. In the 1962-63 school year, then,



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Georgia, through tuition grants and out-of-state aid, was spending between four hundred thousand and four hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the ritualistic protection of a custom that had already been violated. And that was in addition to the cost of maintaining two separate school systems.

THE University of Georgia was desegregated with unusual suddenness. Only a weekend separated Judge Bootle's surprise order and the appearance of Charlayne and Hamilton on the campus—not enough time for either the side of law or the side of violence to marshal its forces. A succession of contradictory or ambiguous court orders and executive acts added to the confusion. At one point, Judge Bootle stayed his own order, to allow time for an appeal, only to have Elbert Tuttle, chief judge of the Fifth Circuit, rescind the stay within a couple of hours. From the vague statements of Governor Vandiver and the refusal of President Aderhold to say anything at all, there was some doubt whether the university would remain open or not. The result of all the confusion was three relatively non-violent, if chaotic, days on campus for Charlayne and Hamilton, and a spate of congratulations to the university from television newscasters and Northern newspapers on how well everybody had behaved. Some of the undergraduates at Georgia had spent the weekend rounding up signatures for petitions to keep the university open—the dominant concern of most students. Others had engaged in some minor effigy and cross burning, including a sorry demonstration I witnessed on the football practice field the Saturday night before Charlayne and Hamilton arrived. Twenty-odd students wanted to burn a cross made of two-by-fours, but, owing to a lack of kerosene and a lack of experience in this kind of endeavor, they were unable to get it ablaze. Most of the demonstrations against integration during the two new students' first three days on the campus seemed to be in that tradition. When Charlayne and Hamilton showed up at nine o'clock Monday morning, they were met only by a small group of curious students and a few reporters. In fact, throughout the first day, as Hamilton and his father and Horace Ward walked around campus going through the registration process, they often met with nothing more than some stares or a muttered "Hey, there's that nigger." The crowds around Charlayne were larger, but they seemed almost playful, even when they began to

bounce a car she was riding in, or swarmed into the Academic Building, where she was registering, to yell "2-4-6-8! We don't want to integrate!"—a chant they had borrowed from the women screaming at six-year-olds outside the integrated schools in New Orleans. A large crowd, triggered by a speech of Vandiver's that seemed to say the school would close, marched through downtown Athens on Monday night behind a Confederate flag. On Tuesday night, the first night Charlayne spent on campus, some of those who had found out which dormitory she had been assigned to—Center Myers—gathered on the street in front of it to chant, push around some television cameramen there, and throw some firecrackers. It was a rowdier crowd, but, like the rest, it was broken up by Dean Tate, who, working singlehanded, confiscated some university identification cards and told some of the boys he knew to go home.



In a special issue of the campus newspaper Tuesday, ten student leaders issued a warning that violence could only mar the image of the university. By Wednesday, just about everybody on the campus knew there was a riot scheduled in front of Charlayne's dormitory after the basketball game that night. It had been organized by a number of law-school students. All day Wednesday, the organizers scurried around making plans and bragging about the promises of help and immunity they had received from legislators. Some students got dates for the basketball game and the riot afterward. Reporters, faculty members, and even some students warned Joseph Williams, the dean of students, about the riot and suggested that he ban gatherings in front of the dormitory, or at least cancel the basketball game. But Williams said that neither step was necessary. Just after ten, a small crowd of students gathered on the lawn in front of Center Myers and unfurled a bedsheet bearing the legend "Nigger Go Home." Then three or four of them peeled off from the group, ran toward the dormitory, and flung bricks and Coke bottles through the window of Charlayne's room. Dean Tate had been assigned by Williams to remain with the crowd at the gymnasium after the basketball game, and Williams himself, standing in front of the crudely lettered sign, made no attempt to break up the group. As more people came up the hill from the basketball game—a close loss to Georgia Tech—and a few outsiders showed up, the mob grew to about a thousand, many of whom threw

bricks, rocks, and firecrackers. The few Athens policemen present were busy directing traffic, and after about thirty minutes Williams finally agreed to let a reporter phone the state police, who had a barracks outside Athens. Although the university understood that thirty state troopers would be standing ready in the barracks, the desk sergeant said that he could not send the troopers without the permission of the captain. But the captain said he had to have authority from the Commissioner of Public Safety, and the Commissioner, in turn, said he could not make a move without an order from the Governor. (In a failure of communications that still fascinates students of Georgia back-room shenanigans, it was so long before the Governor gave the order that the state police did not arrive until an hour after the riot was over and two hours and twenty minutes after they were called. Then a carload of them came to take Charlayne and Hamilton back to Atlanta.)

The riot was finally broken up by the arrival, together, of Dean Tate, who waded in and started grabbing identification cards, and of more Athens cops, who started fighting back when they were pushed, and then drove everybody away with tear gas. It had been a nasty riot, but the group courage that sometimes comes to mobs had never infected it. Although the students could have stormed the dormitory several times without meeting any effective defense, they never did. A few hours after the television newscasters had congratulated Georgia on its behavior, the area around Center Myers looked like a deserted battlefield, with bricks and broken glass on the lawn, small brush fires in the woods below the dormitory, and the bite of tear gas still in the air. The casualties were several injured policemen, a girl on the second floor who had been scratched by a rock, and, as it turned out, the university's reputation. Dean Williams suspended Charlayne and Hamilton, informing them that it was "for your own safety and the safety of almost seven thousand other students," and they were driven back to Atlanta. Williams' on-the-spot decision to suspend the target of the mob, rather than those in the mob itself, seemed unrelated to anybody's safety, since it was made after the last rioter had gone home and after university and Athens officials had assured Williams that order had been restored and that giving in to the mob would only mean going through the whole experience again. Dean Williams and Charlayne, who was crying by this time and clutch-



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ing a statue of the Madonna, walked right out of the front door of Center Myers into the state-police car, watched only by a few straggling reporters.

FROM the moment the two arrived on campus, Charlayne attracted much more attention than Hamilton. At the time, some onlookers explained this by devising complicated anthropological theories about the greater interest in the enemy female. Others said it was only natural that unfriendly students should believe the girl more likely to be frightened away by their presence and that friendly students should think her more in need of their support. Dean Tate's answer is that it was merely a matter of convenience. He calculated that two or three times during the day there were two thousand students within two hundred yards of Charlayne, whose classes at the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism kept her on the busiest part of the campus, whereas there were far fewer students around the science center (which is removed from the main campus), where Hamilton spent most of the week. The fact that Charlayne took a dormitory room, while Hamilton moved in with a Negro family in Athens, made the difference even greater. Then, after the riot, stories about it, including a widely published picture of Charlayne leaving the dormitory in tears, made her better known to people outside Athens as well. The immediate result of Charlayne's publicity was that in her first week or two at Georgia she received about a thousand letters—three or four times the number Hamilton got—from all over the United States and several foreign countries. Charlayne's mother filed all the letters by states, the Georgia and New York folders ending up the fattest, and later sent each of the writers a reprint of an article Charlayne wrote about her experience for a now defunct Negro magazine called the *Urbanite*. I was interested in seeing just what people wrote in such letters, and during my trip this spring I borrowed the folders from Mrs. Hunter, who has them stored in a big pasteboard box. Charlayne told me later that the University of Georgia library would like to have the letters eventually but that she hesitated to give them up, especially while some of the writers might be embarrassed by even a historian's perusal of their names and opinions. That was an understandable objection, I thought, but it did seem like the justice of scholarship for the univer-

sity to end up with nearly a thousand expressions of outrage at its behavior. There were only fifteen or twenty abusive letters, I discovered, and this surprised me, but I was more surprised to find that most of the particularly foul ones were from the North. The unfriendly letters from the South, even if they were written in the guise of kindly advice, were instantly recognizable, since in almost every case they contained no conventional salutation. "Dear Charlayne" would have been too chummy, and anybody willing to say "Miss Hunter" apparently would not have written a letter in the first place. Most of the writers solved the problem by starting out with a flat "Charlayne Hunter," as if they were beginning a formal proclamation. There were also surprisingly few crank letters, although some of the writers were obviously just lonely people who wanted somebody to write to, and a few of the letters, like one from Italy that began, "Dear Little Swallow," reflected emotions other than sympathy. A number were from Negro undergraduates (their own experiences with separate but equal education revealed in their spelling) who sent along a picture and hoped that a correspondence might develop. Many of the writers told Charlayne they were praying for her; many of the Catholics mentioned her conversion to Catholicism. She received dozens of prayer cards, copies of sermons by Harry Emerson Fosdick and Norman Vincent Peale, Seventh Day Adventist tracts, and two books by Gandhi. Several letters were from college student councils or N.A.A.C.P. chapters that had taken resolutions supporting Charlayne and deploring the action of those who persecuted her. Most of the letters from individuals also expressed admiration for Charlayne's "courage and dignity"—the phrase was used almost as one word—and outrage at the mob. There was often a mention of helplessness in the letters from Northerners, which included phrases like "This must be small comfort" and "Of course, I can never really understand." Some of those who believed they could never really understand nevertheless tried to establish their credentials for understanding, listing personal experiences with prejudice or with Negroes. A girl at the University of Connecticut told Charlayne that her high school had a Negro teacher, who was considered by all the students to be the best teacher in the school; the yearbook had been dedicated to him four out of the five years he



had been there, she said. A young white woman in West Virginia wrote that she was attending a formerly all-Negro college. "YOUR people are teaching ME," she noted. But the great majority of the letters from the North had no personal experiences to offer. In many of them, a picture of Charlayne cut from a newspaper was enclosed, and most of them seemed to be from sensible, decent people who were appalled by the picture of a pretty girl being bullied by a mob and felt they had to write, even if they didn't know quite what to say.

The letters from Georgia had a different theme. Many of them were from University of Georgia alumni, who seemed to have a very specific and compelling reason for writing. They wanted to tell Charlayne that all of them were not like the mob or the people who permitted it to form. As I read through their letters, it seemed to me that each person who wrote felt he had to assure Charlayne of that or she might not know. On the whole, of course, the Georgia letters were also more realistic. But none quite captured the plain realism of a young boy in Rochester, New York, one of two dozen pupils in a parochial-school eighth grade who had apparently written to Charlayne as a class project. "Dear Miss Hunter," he said. "I am very sorry for the way you are being treated. I hope you have the courage to take this treatment in the future. Respectfully yours."

I had first discussed the letters with Charlayne two years before, when she was back in Atlanta for the weekend after her second week at the university. Since her return to the campus following the riot, she had been under police protection, and in consequence she was now cut off from the rest of the students even more sharply than she had been during the chaotic first week. She seemed amazed and moved by the number of people who had written to her, but she found some of their letters slightly off the subject. "All these people say 'Charlayne, we just want you to know you're not alone,'" she said, smiling. "But I look all around and I don't see anybody else."

MANY reasonable people in Georgia, when they look back on what everybody calls "that night," believe that, all things considered, the riot was both inevitable and beneficial—a nice clean shocker to polarize opinion, revolt decent citizens, and purge the violent of their anger. This line of thinking has never appealed much to Charlayne, who tends to be less dispassionate about the events of that night, but she admits that





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the reaction to the riot by the state and the university meant that she and Hamilton need no longer have any real fear about their physical safety. About the only public figure in the state who did not express outrage over the riot was Peter Zach Geer, who was then Governor Vandiver's executive secretary and is now lieutenant governor; instead, he issued a statement, late that night, saying, in part, "The students at the University have demonstrated that Georgia youth are possessed with the character and courage not to submit to dictatorship and tyranny." Geer now finds those ringing words a political liability. As for Governor Vandiver, with almost everybody else in a mood for law and order, he guaranteed that the peace would be maintained when, under a new court order, Charlayne and Hamilton returned to the campus the following Monday.

In their reactions to the riot, each of the groups involved in the situation—the state's politicians and the university's administration, faculty, and students—seemed to set the pattern for their future behavior. The university administration, looking around for somebody else to blame, eventually found the press (the group that had appeared most interested in preventing the riot) and "outsiders," represented by seven Knights of the Ku Klux Klan who had been arrested in their car on the campus that night. The Klansmen, sullen, ugly, and properly ominous, had been armed, and did afford an indication of what might have happened if the tear gas had not broken up the mob, but, as a matter of fact, they had left their arms in the car and had taken no real part in the riot. Nevertheless, they had guns and bad reputations, and were more logical suspects than respectable law students. Administration officials at first thought that a ban on student demonstrations would be undemocratic, but by the end of the week, finding the pressure for the ban greater than the pressure against it, they established a permanent policy of not putting up with overt hostility.

As for the faculty, it had maintained silence while the administration felt its way through the crisis, but with the riot and the suspension of Charlayne and Hamilton it almost exploded. A meeting was called the night after the riot, and eventually about four hundred faculty members signed a resolution that said, in part, "We insist that the two suspended students be returned to their classes." It was an extraordinarily strong statement for that time in Geor-

gia; insisting that Negroes attend classes with whites was not a popular view, no matter what the circumstances. But the faculty went unpunished, and even when some professors organized groups to patrol the campus the first few nights Charlayne and Hamilton were back in Athens, there were no reprisals of any sort. The legislators in Atlanta noted the resolution with displeasure but expressed their displeasure in no concrete action. Instead, they set up an investigating committee called "The Special Committee Appointed on the 12th Day of January, 1961, by the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the General Assembly of the State of Georgia to Find and Ascertain Facts Concerning the Certain Happenings and Episodes Surrounding the Admission of Two Negro Students to the



University of Georgia." One of the facts the committee found and ascertained was that "the majority of rocks were aimed at Center Myers Dormitory and not at persons." Another was that "many students feel they are being unduly restrained in exercising their right of freedom of assembly and freedom of speech." But the legislators did not seem terribly interested, and sooner or later most of them actually appeared relieved to be done with this issue that had absorbed so much of their energy.

The pattern of the students' attitude toward Charlayne and Hamilton emerged during the week of their return. The fraternities and sororities let it be known that anybody interested in his own position on campus would be wise not to talk to the two Negroes. Another group of students, most of them associated in one way or another with Westminster House, the campus Presbyterian organization, formed a group called Students for Constructive Action. They posted signs about the Golden Rule in the classroom buildings and arranged to take turns walking with Charlayne and Hamilton on their way to classes. The girls in Center Myers had all trooped down to visit Charlayne the first night she was in the dormitory, reinforcing a widely held opinion that girls would always be kind to a new girl, even a new Negro girl, but on the following night—that of the riot—their behavior changed drastically. After the first brick and the first Coke bottle had crashed into her room, Charlayne went to a partly partitioned office, ordinarily used by one of the student counselors, and stayed there during most of what followed. A group of Center Myers coeds soon formed a circle in

front of the office and marched around, each screaming an insult as she got to the door. "They had been told to strip their beds, because tear-gas fumes might get into the sheets," Charlayne said to me later. "They kept yelling that they would give me twenty-five cents to make their beds, although at the hourly rate I was being paid by the N.A.A.C.P., according to them, it wouldn't have made much sense for me to work for a quarter. They kept yelling, 'Does she realize she's causing all this trouble?' Out of all the girls who had visited me the night before, only one girl came in and stayed in the office with me. But I finally made her go to bed. After a while, Mrs. Porter, the housemother, told me to get my things together, because I was going back to Atlanta, and that's when I started to cry. Dean Williams carried my books and my suitcase, which was pretty nice. He could have made me carry them. When we went by to pick up Hamp, he wanted to drive his own car back. I guess by then my imagination was running wild; I could imagine K.K.K. all up and down the highway. I didn't want Hamp to drive, and I almost got hysterical. Finally, he said O.K., he'd go with the troopers. Dean Tate went with us, and talked all the way back about the little towns we went through—things like why 'Dacula' is pronounced 'Dacula,' instead of 'Dacula.' The next day, at home, the lights were low, and people kept coming by saying how sorry they were. It felt as if I had been ill for a long time and was about to go, or as if somebody had already died. I was going back to Athens, but I was glad we didn't have to go back for two or three days."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

(This is the first part of a three-part article.)

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Prize-Winner

IT is O.K. to skip "Hand in the Trap," even though it arrives decorated with the International Film Critics Prize of the Cannes Festival. The nearest I can come to describing this silly, arty import from Argentina is to compare it to the kind of ladies' magazine story in which fourth-hand characters and situations come dressed in the flossiest prose. Its heroine is one of those snooty girls straight out of the works of Mignon G. Eberhart and a thousand other thrillers. A solemn-faced, decorative blonde on vacation from convent

school, she manages to peek into an upstairs room of her decaying house, where, she has been told, her deformed, illegitimate half brother has been locked away for twenty years, and finds, instead, an aunt whom she has believed to be married and living in the United States. The aunt, it turns out, was jilted by her fiancé twenty years before, because of the double disgrace of illegitimacy and deformity in the family. The heroine rounds up the fiancé, by now an amateur racing driver and professional roué of fifty, and finally, after having been seduced by him herself, brings him and Aunt together. Aunt takes on in an alarming Latin manner, swoons, and dies, presumably of embarrassment. This drivel is presented in the most ludicrous and pretentious fashion, with photography that constantly calls attention to itself. There is no acting to speak of but direction aplenty. Along the way, we get some glimpses of small-town life in Argentina, which apparently is as boring as most small-town life everywhere else. Still, the picture won that prize in Cannes. I can only suppose that a repulsive shot of a tumbler of water with two dead bugs floating in it must have swung the vote.

"PT 109" is an adventure movie for boys, and it doesn't pretend to be anything else. Well, I guess it does pretend, but not very hard, to be about Lieutenant John F. Kennedy's rescue of the crew of his PT boat after it had been sliced in two by a Japanese ship—a story first recorded by John Hersey in this magazine. The script is based on another account of the episode, by Robert J. Donovan. The photography,

which is expert, is used in this case purely to advance or to illustrate the story, and the settings and the incidental bits of naval background seem authentic. There is no humor in the picture but plenty of good humor and joshing; never a harsh word is said that doesn't conceal a warm heart; no one is ignoble or

wicked or miserable or complicated; the action is active, though hardly suspenseful; and the Japanese and island natives are anonymous, though really no more so than the principals. This contrast between expert, sophisticated technique and

gawky ideas about human behavior is not unusual in Southern California. As Kennedy, Cliff Robertson, making no attempt at impersonation, gives a decent, straight performance, which is never as easy as it looks. Most of the other players are all right, too, and the movie glides in and out of the mind just as the ships—ours and theirs—glide through the lovely, cool, blue, enormous Pacific. —EDITH OLIVER



For the sake of convenience let us illustrate [the reflex arc] by the reflex withdrawal of a finger from contact with a hot stove. The receptors concerned will be the heat receptors in the skin. When stimulated by the heat, a *receptor* causes nerve impulses to be sent along an *efferent nerve fiber*. The cell body belonging to this fiber is located in a *dorsal ganglion*. The impulses travel to the cell body and then leave along the other branch of its single process. They enter the spinal cord via a *dorsal root*. The ganglion cell's process then makes contact with the dendrites of an *intermediate neuron* in the *dorsal horn* of the gray matter. The impulses bridge the gap between the two neurons and activate the intermediate neuron, and new impulses travel along the dendrite, cell body, and axon of this neuron. These impulses activate the dendrite of an *efferent neuron* in the *ventral horn* to set up new impulses which travel over the efferent neuron cell body and leave the spinal cord via its axon or *efferent nerve fiber*. The latter extends through a *ventral root* and spinal nerve to a muscle. The impulses activate myoneural junctions (as described in Chapter 8) and cause the effector (muscle) cells to contract. The finger is withdrawn. The result of stimulation of a receptor is a reflex response from some effector organ, the whole action generally occurring more quickly than the time it takes to describe it. —"The Human Body and How It Works," by Elbert Tokay.

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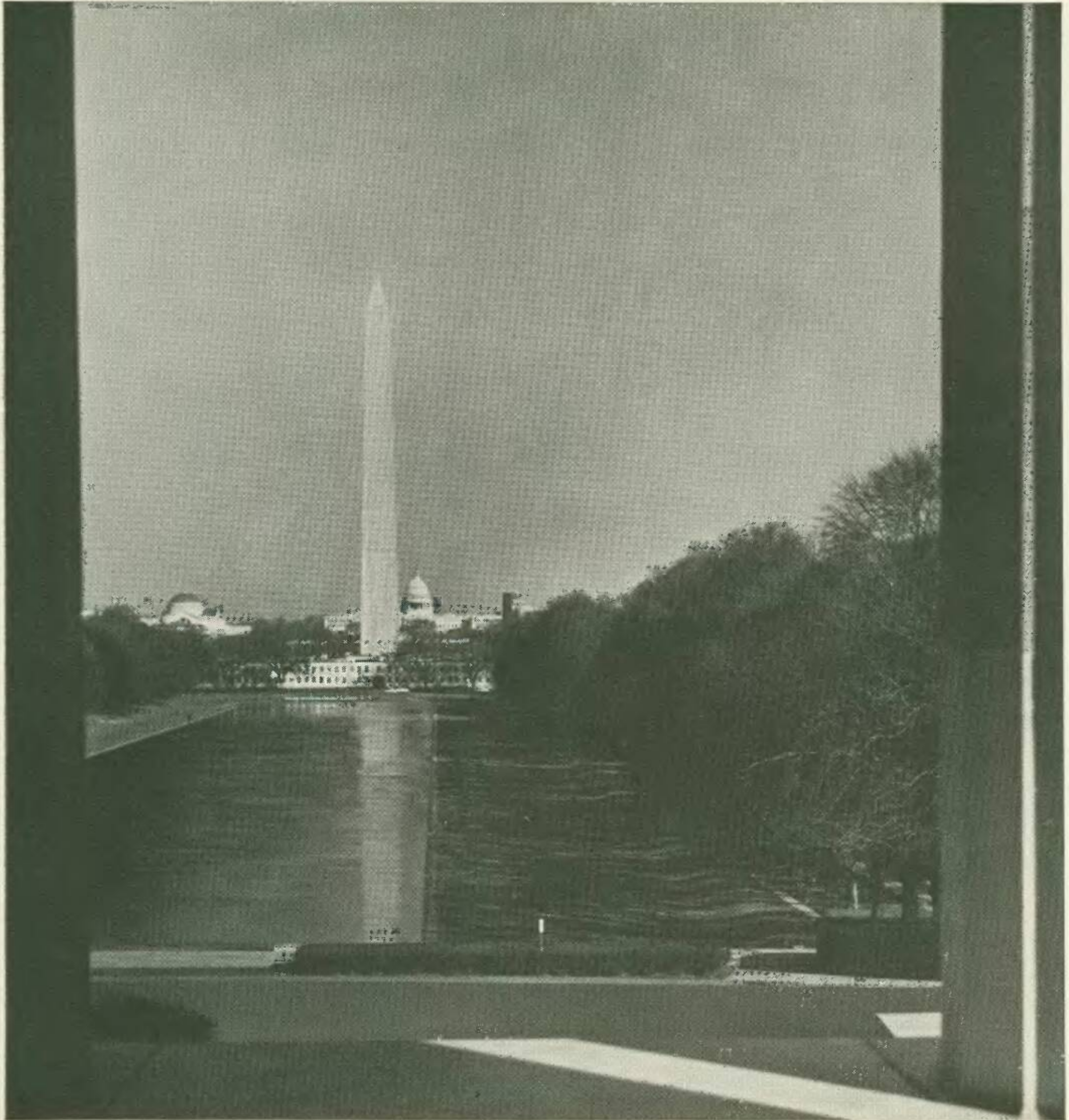
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LETTER FROM PARIS

LARGELY as the result of unannounced on-and-off surprise strikes in the Métro from early morning until midnight, last Thursday's monster motor-traffic tieup on the streets of Paris—a combination of chaos and paralysis, under incessant, chilly rain, with several million angry Parisians and their umbrellas jamming the sidewalks as they tried to get to work on foot, or go about their business, or, finally, merely get home—was the most gigantic traffic impaction in the history of the French capital. About two hundred thousand private cars, ordinarily parked and inert, had been brought out for use when news of the underground strike spread and as the overhead rain continued to fall in torrents—making, in all, an estimated half-million or more cars milling around town in bad weather and in an already abnormal traffic situation. The latter was provided by the state visit here of the young King of Morocco, for whose Thursday procession, with President de Gaulle by his side, whole networks of avenues were closed to normal use and, for security reasons, were lined by gendarmes who usually function as traffic police. While the Elysée's limousines sped unhindered to the Galerie Charpentier for a look at an exhibition called "Two Thousand Years of Art in Morocco," then out to Versailles for luncheon, and finally back to Paris for a gala dinner at the Affaires Etrangères, it took one solid hour for ordinary cars—or a taxi, if you could find one—to inch across the Place de la Concorde. All day and until past ten o'clock that night, the rain-soaked air was filled with the constant, protesting uproar of klaxons and tooting horns. The next morning, the Moroccan king was so alarmed by the newspapers' rage that in his speech at the Hôtel de Ville he actually apologized to the Paris population, saying, "Excuse me for the traffic perturbations."

True, His Majesty provided the last straw in the whole hurly-burly. But the major part of Thursday's anger was justly aimed against the government and the labor unions—against the former for its ineptitude in handling social problems and labor generally, and against the latter for their selfishness in calling a surprise strike. In a ripsnorting criticism of both, the conscientious *Le Monde* editorialized, in part, "When the employees of a public service unexpectedly throw millions of working people onto the



streets and into the rain, that is not a strike, that is anarchy. And when the authorities responsible for maintaining order let the paralysis spread over a whole capital city, that is also anarchy. A declared strike is a form of war. But a surprise strike is illegal guerrilla warfare." This is apparently what it felt like to the vast population of regular early Métro users, who had trooped down to the tracks only to discover that there was a strike on—for more pay, as usual—called by the highest-salaried cadre of the service, the motormen, while the wretchedly ill-paid, non-striking ticket-punchers in many stations stayed loyally on the job. On them the

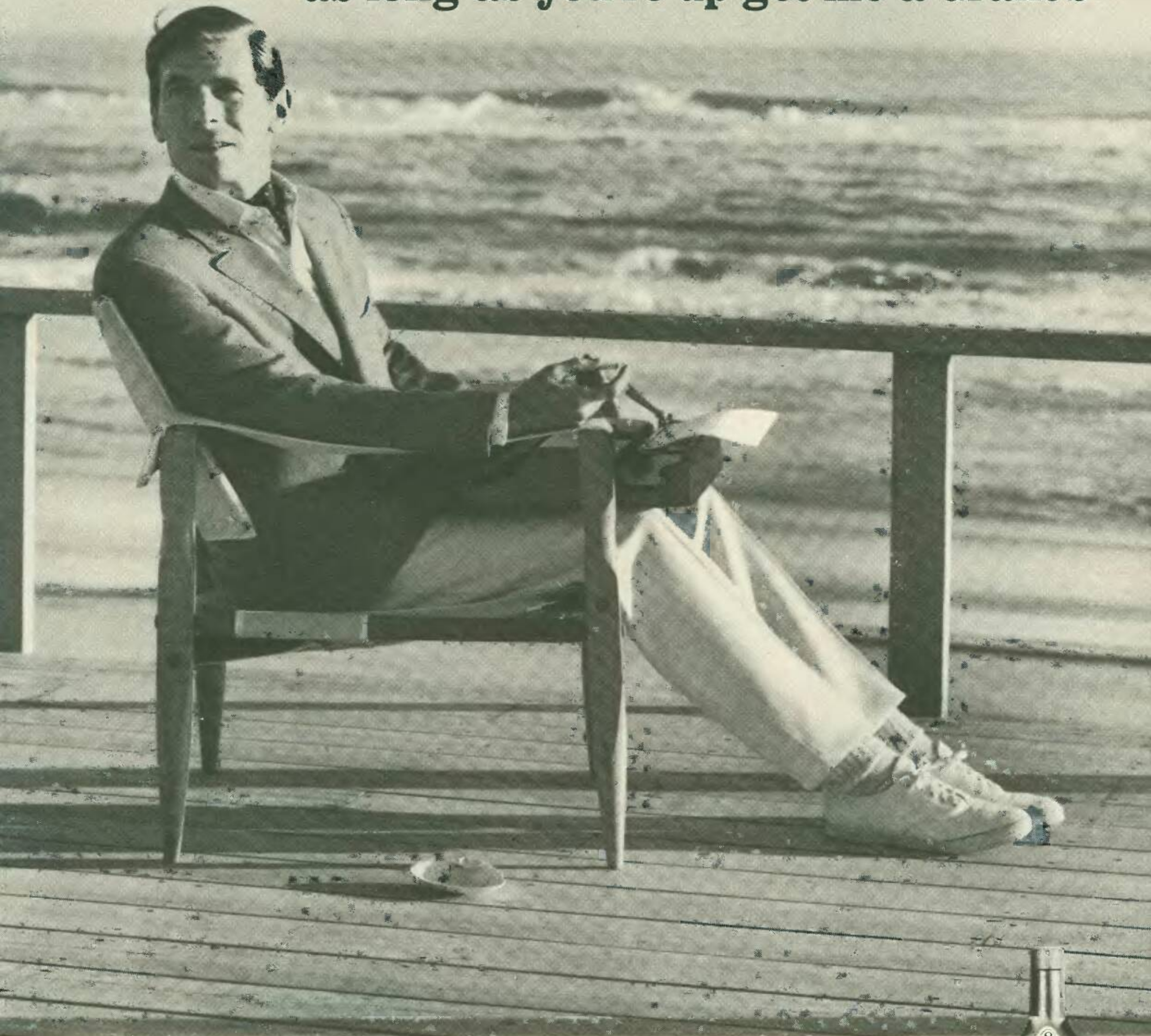
crowds naturally vented their wrath, hitting and shoving some of them in the Opéra Métro station, and insulting them all, everywhere. It was hope that kept the crowds jammed in the underground stations, for every hour or so a train would rumble in—hope, and the thought that at any rate they were not standing outdoors in the pouring rain waiting for buses that were stuck fast in the traffic, in bunches of six or seven, like small herds of green elephants. This year, there have already been fifty-four days of strikes of some sort or length in the Paris transport system, and the passengers are sick of it—especially those office workers and shop employees who are not unionized, to whom such strikes are not a test of leftist class loyalty but merely an awful hardship for their feet. The government intends to rush a bill through Parliament next week regulating the right to strike in nationalized industries, such as all the public transport here, and obliging the workers to give advance notice of an intended stoppage. This has been construed by the Communist-dominated labor unions as an infringement of their sacred striking rights, on which the Fifth Republic's constitution is actually rather vague.

The projected bill is being prepared against a background of violent general criticism of the government's labor relations, and particularly of its agricultural policies, this past week underlined by extreme physical violence from the French farmers themselves, up in arms from Brittany to Perpignan. What the modern peasants are complaining about is "the misery of prosperity"—the overproduction of their delicious little new potatoes and fine early *primeurs*, with the logical resultant slump in wholesale prices. Added to this is de Gaulle's complicated policy of importing foreign

fruits and vegetables, to bring down the prices paid by French housewives. Convinced that these imported edibles merely increase the burden of their own surplus, the farmers—who, after all, represent nineteen per cent of France's population and supply the basis for her national gastronomy—are now on the warpath. In Brittany, rather than cede their famous tubers at less than the syndicate price—equal to five American pennies a kilo, or a little more than two pounds—the peasants have been dumping their surplus potatoes on the village streets of Paimpol and Saint-Pol-de-Léon and mashing them raw under bulldozers. In Avignon, near the Popes' Palace, the farmers rioted bravely against the tough, Sten-gun-carrying road police, who prevented them from calling, with their extra potatoes and their complaints, on the government prefect. In Perpignan, the center for the cheap wines of that district, the fifty-fifth Congrès de la Fédération des Associations Viticoles de France has just ended in a flurry of anger, solidarity, and worry, because of a probable bumper grape crop this autumn, on top of last year's. The winegrowers have united against any further government importation of coarse Algerian wine, annually brought in to strengthen their weaker local product and constituting half of the entire export business of Algeria, now in its first twelvemonth of the financial difficulties that accompany independence. The Perpignan congress members have just poured the leftover Algerian wine in the gutters and formally declared that "violence is legitimate" against de Gaulle's pro-Algerian-wine policy. For the first time in memory, there is also a glut of southern apricots and, as always, of French ripe tomatoes. At the Perpignan regional market on Saturday, the angry farmers threw bushels of tomatoes at the charging police and then dumped a ton of tomatoes and apricots, mixed, on the highroad near the cloister of Elne, which made skiddy driving for motorists coming in from Spain. Much of this wrathful rural agitation is based on the modern peasant's premise that de Gaulle's government should subsidize profitable prices for him, glut or no glut. So far, the government has merely ordered a national Eat Apricots Week for all of us, which began on Monday.

THERE was considerable expectation here before the opening of Luchino Visconti's three-hour film, in Italian, of the Sicilian Duke Tommasi di Lampedusa's popular, aristocratic, Garibaldian novel "The Leopard." The

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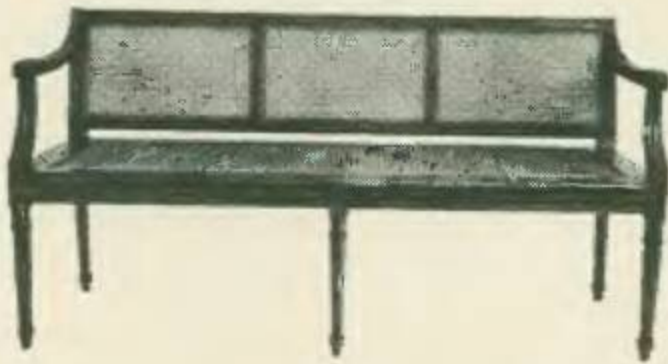
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reaction to it has been odd. It has been criticized as being too beautiful, as having "the ennui of perfect beauty," as seeming like "an animated painting," and as being dominated by "taste, the very best taste," as if these were all cinematographic mistakes. Actually, the grandest aesthetic achievement in the film lies in the strange, plunging long-shot views of the rocky Sicilian hill-sides, with their sublime and stony aridity, emptied of everything except lonely perspective. Later, Visconti sets the Prince's carriages to moving, very far away, like bits of émigré baggage pulled along the hillside roads, first here, then there—obtaining by a kind of jerking photography the same sense of nervous action that he first used in the battle scenes of "Senso." His consistent, particular style of seeing things, which he makes the camera look at in his own manner, is the most satisfying and remarkable attribute of this new movie, otherwise rather languishing. The elegant quality of idleness that lies over the princely family, even in its flight from republican history, is in itself somnolent, as events lead slowly to the double demise that was the novel's theme—the death of the old noble class and the approaching end of Prince Salina himself, who courteously welcomed the triumph of Garibaldianism like an uninvited guest to his domain. The Prince is played by Burt Lancaster, that fine-bodied ex-trapeze artist, who has the perfect physical balance and dignity that come from well-trained strength. Italy's best character actor, Paolo Stoppa, is authentic as the vulgar, *nouveau-riche* town mayor who represents the new Sicilian power class, and Claudia Cardinale is his oversensually handsome upstart daughter. It would be useless to protest the presence of the French star Alain Delon as her lover—the Prince's nephew-heir and the dashing military hero of the piece—considering his international box-office popularity. The film is in muted color, and in Part I's Palermo battle scenes the scarlet of the Garibaldians plays through the gun smoke like a stripe of pale-red ribbon against the blue uniforms of the Royalist soldiery. Part II, which lasts an hour, is nothing but the Prince's palace ball to honor the union of the disparate young couple, a festivity that one sees, in all its fastuous details, as intimately as if one had been invited—the *souper*, the gavotte, the old and the adolescent guests. Then, suddenly, there are camera views at such close range of beautiful, elegantly dressed women—of the fabrics of their gowns, of the pulsing of their bare throats and flesh—that it

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TO Americans here, it seems strange that the recent climax in our desegregation problem—and, indeed, in our whole tragedy between the two different-skinned home races—should have caused so little reaction among the French. Until the recent sudden American appetite for books on the Civil War, it could always be safely deduced here that the French, as a rule, knew more about the war than we did—for one thing, because the study of General Lee's campaigns used to be (perhaps still is) an instructive element in the military training of future young French officers at Saint-Cyr. Also, the antebellum South was an agricultural-gentry society, with which the French were familiar in their own colonies until rather recently. The newspapers here print all the desegregation news day by day, and during the worst of the Alabama incidents scenes were shown daily on the French television screens—the policeman's foot on the Negro woman's throat, the pretty new Negro girl student at the university. To this there is nearly no French reaction that reaches Americans here. There have been one or two *Le Monde* editorials, as on President Kennedy's television speech in June, which the paper said set a new date on the calendar of human rights, and lately the little morning paper *Combat*, of which Camus was an editor during the war, when it was underground, had an editorial titled "The Bells Ring for Lincoln." It pointed out that one hundred years ago this year, slavery was officially abolished in the United States—"a note that sounded loud and high for the conscience of the West." If we ask our French newspaper colleagues and our French acquaintances why they express no opinion—they who have an opinion on everything—on our present dangerous racial struggle in the States, which is consequential, perhaps, for the whole Western Hemisphere, they always say the same thing: "It is a question of home politics, so we can have nothing to say. *C'est votre affaire, et pas à nous à commenter.*" If we say, "But you had a not dissimilar situation in Algiers, where the white O.A.S. young bucks shot down a few dark-skinned Algerians on the main street each day before lunch," they answer, "But that was war." One can only hope that as long as they observe this protocol, they will never be free to comment on what goes on in this, our most greatly delayed Civil War period.

—GENÊT

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THE RACE TRACK

Double Dip

IT'S a tossup whether Kelso's race in the Suburban on the Fourth of July or Cicada's race in the Sheepshead Bay Handicap on Saturday was the event of the week at Aqueduct. Both were brilliant, but if I had to pick one or the other, I'd be tempted to give the edge to Cicada. She carried 128 pounds, spotting her opposition from ten to nineteen pounds, and, what is more, she was racing on the grass for the first time—and against runners seasoned to turf courses.



There is always uncertainty about how a horse will run at the first go-off over unfamiliar footing. Some won't even try. On the other hand, a good colt or filly invariably does everything well, and there's no doubt about how good Cicada is. Adams, who rode her (her regular jockey, Shoemaker, was engaged out on the Coast), allowed her to go at her own gait for half a mile, and then sent her up fast along the rail to take command turning for home. Even so, she was hard pressed to win by a neck from Nubile, to whom she gave nineteen pounds. There are few runners as courageous as Cicada. Remember how she fought it out with Ridan through the last quarter of the Florida Derby, only to lose by a nose? The Sheepshead Bay was an impressive warmup for her coming engagements. It's a good guess, although the Meadow Stable has not divulged its plans for her, that her next two starts will be the New Castle Stakes at Delaware Park a week from Saturday, with a purse of \$50,000, and the Delaware Handicap on July 27th, with a purse of \$165,000. If she brings off that double, she'll add a tidy bit to her earnings, which now total \$758,324. But she's never been lucky at Delaware Park. Last year, she finished third to North South Gal and Bramalea in the Delaware Oaks, and a fortnight later Seven Thirty beat her by a head for first money in the Delaware Handicap. Cicada has never looked better, and she behaves as if she enjoyed racing. She's had plenty of it. The Sheepshead Bay was her fortieth start.

KELSO, of course, won the Suburban as easily as had been expected. He galloped behind Cyrano and Garwol for a mile, and then passed them on the

turn for home, but he had to be ridden out sharply in the last furlong to withstand the challenge of Saidam, to whom he gave twenty-two pounds. Though there were only seven starters, and two of those were far behind for most of the mile and a quarter, there was a surprising amount of crowding on the turns and in the stretch. Saidam suffered the most from it, but I don't think he would have won in any case, because when he threatened Kelso, Kelso turned on full speed and tore through the

last quarter in a shade over twenty-three seconds, which was just too much for Saidam. Delightful as the Suburban was to watch, it would have been more interesting if Beau Purple had gone to the post. He had been training nicely for the race, after having been idle since February, but he didn't go so well in his final workout, and his stable decided he needed more preparation. It is hoped that he may go in the Brooklyn a week from Saturday. Kelso won't; he has been declared out of it, and also out of the Monmouth Handicap in Jersey this weekend. His next appearance will probably be in the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga on August 3rd. No more handicap races for him. The weights are getting prohibitive.

An interesting item, the day before the Suburban, was the return of Greentree's Outing Class to his stable's expectations. He had been looked upon as one of the leading three-year-old prospects early in the season, but he had been rather a disappointment up until last Wednesday, when he turned in a smart effort to win the Saranac Handicap. Though he was last for half of the one-mile scamper, he mowed the leaders down in the stretch, winning handily from Choker, who, you'll recall, had been only a couple of jumps behind Candy Spots in the Belmont. Ahoy, a hero on the Jersey tracks this spring, was third, and one of the also-rans was Bonjour, who still has a big following in these parts. On the whole, it was a most encouraging performance. By the way, Outing Class didn't wear his blinkers, as he has been doing all season. Blinkers (they're called the rogue's badge abroad) are used chiefly to quiet a nervous, high-strung animal, or keep him from seeing the other racers, or help him

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run straight. The fact that Outing Class has shed the blinkers is a good sign. No doubt he will be one of the contenders in the Dwyer Handicap on Saturday. It's my opinion, though, that if Chateaugay starts, nothing is going to beat him. Which reminds me, Candy Spots is expected to go in the American Derby at Arlington Park this weekend. No comment until after I see the chart of that one.

WELL, the Monmouth Oaks, at Monmouth Park last weekend, was the Coaching Club American Oaks all over again; at least, it was for the first three—Lamb Chop, Spicy Living, and Smart Deb—who passed the winning post in that order in both races. Now if they can do it once more, in the Delaware Oaks on Saturday, that will be one for the book. As I caught the race on television, I thought Spicy Living didn't have the best racing luck in the world, especially in the last quarter, but then neither did Lamb Chop.

Looking farther afield, I must say that Get Around has lived up to his name. He wintered at Hialeah in Florida; came north for a race at Garden State Park in Jersey; ran at Keeneland in Kentucky, where he finished second in the Blue Grass Stakes; came to Aqueduct, where he won the Withers; popped down to Garden State Park again and ran second in the Jersey Derby; and after that finished third in the Chicagoan at Arlington Park. In his most recent effort, the Hollywood Derby on the Coast last Saturday, he lost by a neck to something named Y Flash. I hear that Get Around carries an airline travel card.

—AUDAX MINOR

Dr. Theodore Chihara, head of the mathematics department at Seattle University, has been awarded a \$4,000 grant by the National Science Foundation for a three-month research project.

Dr. Chihara will continue his study into chain sequence swastikas and obscene words in the branch of mathematics known as analysis.

—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

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JOURNAL OF A PSEUDO-EVENT

WASHINGTON, JUNE 23

THE text for today, and perhaps for the next ten or twelve days, will be found in the first chapter of "The Image, or What Happened to the American Dream," by Daniel J. Boorstin, a historian who is less than happy about the recent course of American history. In this world, Boorstin says, there are occurrences of two sorts—"events" and "pseudo-events." Events either develop out of some true human necessity or come about unexpectedly. Marriages, births, deaths, earthquakes, inventions, meals, and dreams are, as a rule, events. Pseudo-events are happenings that happen because someone arranges for them to happen, so that they will receive public attention. A conversation that arises from a meeting of friends on a street corner is an event, but a planned interview for a newspaper or for television is a pseudo-event. Pseudo-events, Boorstin says, are "planned, planted, or incited." Pseudo-events are preventable. With them, time is a negotiable factor; they can be delayed or advanced, and their duration can be shortened or lengthened almost at will. They can be cancelled because of bad weather, mechanical failure, or insufficient public interest. Most political speeches, conferences, and conventions nowadays are pseudo-events. The purpose of a pseudo-event—by no means the only one in all cases but the principal one in most cases—is to focus public attention on what is happening, or, rather, on what is being made to happen.

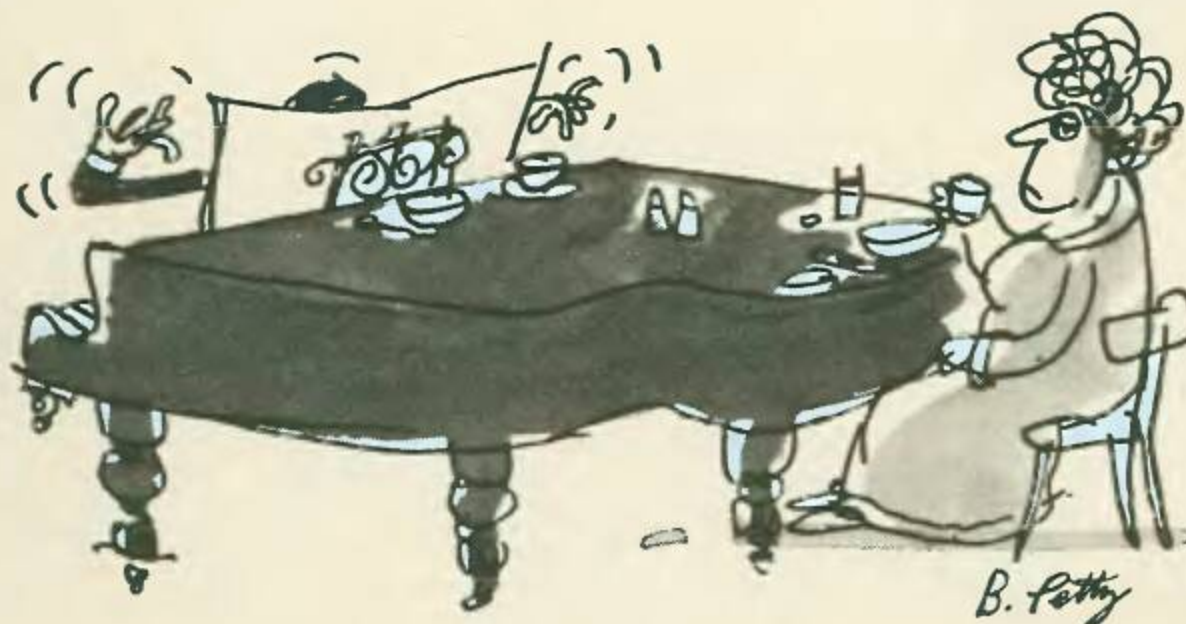
Boorstin's categories raise some difficult questions. Was the Declaration of Independence a pseudo-event? How about a civil-rights demonstration called by Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference? Clearly, some pseudo-events satisfy deeply felt human needs. And once a pseudo-event has taken place, it is as much a part of history as any other sort of event. "Bah, I make circumstances," Napoleon is supposed to have said, meaning that he made history by making pseudo-events. In any case, the President's trip to Europe is, a few hours before it begins,

indisputably a pseudo-event; indeed, it is a super-pseudo-event. It was planned, as nearly all travelling by the movers and shakers of earth is planned, in order that it might be written about, talked about, photographed, and televised—and witnessed by great crowds, which will, in turn, be written about, talked about, etc. From the earliest days of the planning, it was stressed that no negotiations were contemplated, and this is most fortunate, since there are today very few people in Europe who have the power to negotiate anything of substance. The President will talk with other movers and shakers here and there (on a bilateral basis, about a multilateral nuclear force), but he could talk with all of them on the phone, or on a ship in mid-Atlantic, or in some remote and quiet place such as Birch Grove, Sussex—the site chosen, for the most profound reasons of state, for his meetings with Harold Macmillan. Except in England, though, he will zero in on the great centers of population. This is to be a campaign, and the President is out for votes. He is running hard, and more than a little scared, against General de Gaulle. Since there is no election in which these two can be rival candidates, the prize is the display of popular approval, and the measure of this will be the size of the crowds that the President attracts in the streets and squares of a dozen cities, and in the amount of coverage that his appearances get in the press and on television. A hundred or so of us journalistic accomplices will accompany him. Our number is about five times that of the official party. And in the official party itself there are at least five or six people whose main function will be press-agentry and the planning, planting, and incitement of pseudo-events within and around the super-pseudo-event. "Pseudo-events," Boor-

stin says, "spawn other pseudo-events in geometrical progression."

This trip offers an instructive illustration of the relationship between the pseudo-event and the event. For months now, things have been going wrong—or, at least, not as planned. Events have been threatening the pseudo-event. In April, the Italian voters brought down the Fanfani government, whose leaders the President had hoped to see and, by publicity, strengthen. Then good Pope John fell ill and, on June 3rd, died. The Profumo affair—an event if ever there was one—so weakened the Macmillan government that its leaders implored the President to intervene with a pseudo-event. The President had not wanted to go to England, but he wouldn't have minded a confrontation with General de Gaulle in Paris. Walter Lippmann, in two columns, said that he thought it would be pleasant if de Gaulle invited Kennedy to a "lunch in Paris," but de Gaulle thought otherwise. No invitation was received. This non-event, along with the events in Italy, England, and Germany, and the civil-rights crisis here, called into question the wisdom of going through with the journey, and the President was under pressure from almost every side to abandon it. But while pseudo-events are preventable and can be moved about in time, they gather a momentum of their own in the planning stages, and very often a point is reached at which the embarrassments that they might cause the participants are outweighed by the embarrassments that would be caused by calling them off. This trip is bound to have its awkward moments, but for the past week or ten days it has been plain that nothing would be as awkward for the President as cancelling this majestic enterprise on no other ground than that it doesn't seem a very good idea at the moment. Besides, it may turn out to have been a splendid idea. The disarray of Europe may seem to the President to make it more urgent than

ever to call for Western unity and order. His antagonist in Paris has not been led by other people's troubles to call off any of the pseudo-events he has planned. Whether or not Kennedy goes to Bonn, de Gaulle will go there—on the Fourth of July. Anyway, the parade routes have been marked off. Reviewing stands are



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BERLIN, JUNE 26

THE German tour, Chancellor Adenauer told President Kennedy and a rolling sea of Germans in the Rathausplatz here today, has been a "referendum on German-American relations." He meant no more, one can be certain, than that his people had been voting with their feet for Mr. Kennedy and a continuing relationship with the United States. As far as anyone knows, the Germans have not been voting against General de Gaulle or for the multilateral nuclear force. They like General de Gaulle, too, and some of them may vote again with their tired feet when he visits Bonn on the Fourth of July. The crowds that he drew in Bonn last September, knowledgeable Germans say, were not quite the size of those that greeted the President there last Sunday. De Gaulle, after all, lives next door, and he drops by frequently, and he is not the most powerful man on earth. Still, his crowds were very large, and their response to what he said to them in his near-perfect German (he spent, it is said, the better part of two weeks memorizing his speech and being coached in diction) was judged to be somewhat warmer than their response to the consecutive translation of the President's speech. Crowds-manship is not merely a matter of counting; degrees of enthusiasm must also be measured, and a red-hot mob of a hundred thousand may be worth more than a million of the merely curious. But the President has nothing to complain of on any score. His crowds in Cologne, Bonn, Frankfurt, Wiesbaden, and Berlin could not possibly have been larger. In the squares in which he spoke, every cobblestone was occupied by a human foot. Breathing was so difficult that the first-aid stations were kept busy handling just the fainters on the fringes—the only ones they could get at. Those in the steaming center were unreachable and had to suffer erect, because the pressure of the mass was equal on all sides. It has been said that better than sixty per cent of West Berlin's two and a third million people were in the streets. This is not hard to credit. The President's motorcade has just completed a forty-mile swing around the city, which means that it passed forty miles of Berliners standing never less than four deep on both sides of the street. There were

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Berliners in the windows above the streets, and on the rooftops above the windows. Elsewhere, it was not quite the same thing, but not very far from it. On Sunday, people lined a road through a forest when the President was en route from Wahn Airport to Cologne. Not through disorderliness but merely because the laws of mass and pressure are inviolable, people seeped through the police lines around the Cologne Cathedral. If the enthusiasm registered in the Rhineland was really lower than that registered for General de Gaulle, this may be explained by certain features of the local character; the police whose lines the crowds burst were the only spike-helmeted, heavy-booted ones we have encountered. And if the Cologners responded to American jokes and political punch lines only with prolonged "Aah"s and chants of "Ken-ned-dee," they were great in the flag-waving department. By my rough count, every third Rhinelander clutched a paper flag—United States on one side, Federal Republic on the other. The President, though—one of whose charms is his frequent puncturing of pseudo-event solemnity with irrepressible candor—could not accept the flags at their face value. Toasting the President at the Palais Schaumburg, Dr. Adenauer told of how touched he had been by the day's demonstration. The President, too, was touched, but he wondered about the flags. "I cannot believe all of those flags they held in their hands came from their rooms and from their houses," he said. "Someone must have been working, Mr. Chancellor."

Events occur in the midst of pseudo-events. The President was overcome with skepticism in Cologne and with raw political emotion here in Berlin. One would not have thought that his first sight of the wall would add much to his sense of its outrageous reality. The wall resembles its pictures, of which he must have studied hundreds, but the real thing evidently affected him more deeply than he had expected it to, and led him to ad-lib angry and—in terms of recently proclaimed American policy—discordant lines in his speech at the Rathausplatz. "There are some who say in Europe and elsewhere 'We can work with Communists,'" he said. "Let them come to Berlin." The President, of course, thinks it is possible to work with Communists; he has said so many times, he has done so many times, and he is sending Averell Harriman to

Moscow shortly to work with them on a matter that he has described as urgent in the extreme. His speech at American University a few weeks ago was really a message to Khrushchev saying that the United States was quite serious about coexistence. But the sight of the wall and of the crowds that hate the wall unsettled him, in much the way that the sight of the Cuban Freedom Fighters in the Orange Bowl in Miami last December unsettled him. He told the Cubans that they would march in the vanguard of a liberating army, and he told the Berliners that he was one of them. "Ich bin ein Berliner," he said. He did not say, "Let's all go storm the wall right now," but there was apprehension among some of his advisers on Berlin affairs that the crowd might be reading him that way. (Had a sortie been organized, it would have met heavy resistance well this side of the wall; it was being defended at every point by British, French, American, and West Berlin forces, and no West Berliners were allowed to get close to it.) He himself became alarmed by what he had said about working with Communists, and at the Free University he ad-libbed again: "As I said this morning, I am not impressed by the opportunities open to popular fronts throughout the world." But that wasn't at all what he had said in the morning. It was his way of telling Khrushchev that he hadn't changed his

mind about coexistence. Khrushchev will get the message, but he can be counted on to make the most of the Rathausplatz talk when he visits the other side of the wall in a few days.

In urging, at home, the passage of new civil-rights legislation, the President has on several occasions pointed to the advantages of getting the quest for justice "off the streets and into the courts."

He sympathizes with the Negro demonstrators, but he is apprehensive about their demonstrations. His zeal for equality is tempered by a passion for order. In Europe, though, he is doing the opposite of what he is recommending at home. He is seeking to take the great issues of foreign policy out of the courts of primary jurisdiction—the parliaments, the chancelleries, the various NATO councils, and the United Nations—and put them into the streets. He is, moreover, a foreign agitator. It is true that in his public appearances in Germany he has said nothing that is out of line with the policies of the Federal government or, indeed, with the poli-





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cies of the leading opposition parties. In the Federal Republic and in Berlin, there is very little principled opposition to the main features of the official line on foreign policy. Nothing, perhaps, was more remarkable about the German tour—and nothing, perhaps, more disquieting—than the almost total absence of dissent of any kind. There was nowhere anything like a counter-demonstration. If there are any anti-Americans, anti-Gaullists, or nuclear disarmers in West Germany, they stayed off the streets these past few days. Along the route, there were only three or four placards that suggested any critical temper, and these simply called for greater militancy in the application of established policy, such as "Why Hard on Cuba, Soft on Berlin?" The rest were all either "OK, Johnny" or "Schultz Bäckerei Grüss Kennedy." (In Wiesbaden, which is about as Americanized as Topeka, it was "Ask Not What You Can Do for Your Ford Dealer, Ask What Your Ford Dealer Can Do for You.") If any section of the press or of public opinion had any doubts about the propriety of an American politician's campaigning against a French politician by barnstorming in Germany, word of it was never brought to any of us. When Mr. Kennedy went into California last year, Richard Nixon called him a "carpetbagger," and as we move closer to next year's elections we can probably expect to hear the President saying, in answering news-conference needlers, that he would not presume to tell his own party's voters in Wyoming or Connecticut primaries what to do, this being a matter for the free Democrats of those states to settle for themselves. But this week he has become a German politician, and next week he will become an Italian politician. (Ireland will welcome him simply as a Boston politician, and in England he will see the streets and squares only from his jet helicopter.) He is, in short, a European politician.

He did not, to be sure, start this business. There was doubtless something of the pseudo-event and of crowdsmanship in the Queen of Sheba's visit to King Solomon in Israel twenty-nine hundred years ago, and in state visits ever since. The modern American master was Dwight Eisenhower, who made foreign travel almost the whole of his foreign policy after the death of John Foster Dulles. (Mr. Nixon had started even earlier, appealing to the masses over the heads of their governments in hostile as well as in foreign territories, and in July, 1959, he carried to Mos-



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cow President Eisenhower's invitation to Nikita Khrushchev to come over to the United States and have a go at American crowds.) General de Gaulle is an enthusiastic crowdsman. The practice is spreading, thanks mainly to the spread of television, and in time there will have to be, as there always is in politics, some rule of reciprocity. As the British journalist Peregrine Worsthorne has written, the application of the rule is almost certain to stir demands for protective barriers of some sort. Europe may be moving toward unity, and the world may someday be one, but surely no country has yet achieved a degree of tolerance that would lead it to extend the courtesy of its streets to any and all foreign politicians who wish to go roaring through them asking this and that of the people and contending against politicians from other countries or for or against some faction in the host country.

The Federal Republic is a rather special case—as is Italy. Both are client states. West Berlin is an extra-special case. Its freedom and prosperity are heavily subsidized not only by the Western occupying powers but, in recent years, by the Federal Republic, and when a Berlin crowd turns out for President Kennedy and Chancellor Adenauer, its enthusiasm must be seen partly as an expression of gratitude for past favors and for anticipated future ones. Adversary powers are also special cases. American opinion was as well armored against Chairman Khrushchev in 1959 as Soviet opinion was against Vice-President Nixon. The matter becomes more delicate when ally starts running against ally in countries whose favor both are seeking, and it becomes more delicate still when the crucial issues are far beyond the competence of foot voters. The President performed a service—perhaps even a necessary one—when, in his moving speech in the Paulskirche in Frankfurt, he said in as many ways as he could that the United States was committed to the defense of Western Europe (“The United States will risk its cities to defend yours”), but this is not really the point he travelled so far to make. The question of American reliability has arisen at this particular time only because General de Gaulle has found it a useful question to raise in connection with his plan to make France a nuclear power and his hope of limiting European unity to the Continental powers. The wisdom of his plan and the validity of his hope cannot be tested or measured by street demonstrations. They can be politically af-

fectured by them, though, and this seems regrettable; not even the most democratic of political philosophers have thought much of the idea of conducting diplomacy by popular referendum.

Chancellor Adenauer accompanied the President everywhere on the German tour. He endured the physical ordeal of the motorcades, posed in every photograph, and got a share of the talking time on every platform. He rode the President's coattails as hard as if he were a Democratic alderman running a close race in an unpredictable ward. He obviously does not see his forthcoming retirement from office as a retirement from politics. He is still accumulating power and authority for deposit in the bank and withdrawal later on. It is not clear whether the President's visit had any effect in determining the uses he will make of whatever power remains to him when Ludwig Erhard moves from



Vice-Chancellor to Chancellor in October. The communiqué issued yesterday on the talks between the leaders in Bonn said nothing that could offend General de Gaulle or anyone else. It endorsed the multilateral nuclear force as a “good instrument,” and said that it should be discussed “with other interested governments.” No doubt it will get plenty of discussion when General de Gaulle arrives next week. Vis-à-vis the General and the President, the Chancellor remains a free agent. “Why are you making this entire trip?” the President was asked at his news conference in the Foreign Ministry auditorium. “I think it's very appropriate that the President of the United States should come here,” he said. “We deal with problems of nuclear defense, of monetary policy and trade policy. We are making decisions which may affect our relative position throughout the world over the next decade.” The communiqué revealed no decisions of any sort, and American spokesmen offering guidance on the interpretation of it said that this fact should be underscored.

DUBLIN, JUNE 29

IT looked for a moment as if Ireland would get into the mainstream of European politics and have a caretaker government play host to the President. A dispute over a revenue bill led to a crisis of confidence last week, and it was not certain until the eve of the President's arrival that the Prime Minister, Sean Lemass, of the Fianna Fáil, or Party of Destiny, would survive it. But when the Dáil was polled, it turned out that Mr. Lemass had lost not a bit of his



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power. He has for some time held office by a single vote, and he held it this week by the usual majority. He was on hand—along with the venerable Brooklynite Eamon de Valera—to greet the President and start him on a tour that has been splendid in almost every respect. The crowds have been thin but agreeable. The President has met each occasion with what the occasion has seemed to demand—grace, tact, eloquence, and, everywhere, his teasing, self-mocking wit. The Irish hosts have almost unfailingly responded in proper kind. There has been no clowning and no mawkishness, except in the Irish press, where there seems to be some guild rule that requires headline writers to use "Sentimental Journey" on the front page of every edition of every paper. The phrase is wildly inappropriate. There is not a sentimental bone in the President's body, and he is always at pains to make this clear. He is careful everywhere to have irony play its cleansing role. In Cork yesterday, he introduced a friend and spiritual adviser, Monsignor Jeremiah O'Mahoney, as the "pastor of a poor, humble flock in Palm Beach, Florida."

The one bit of sham was the return to the putative homestead in Dunganstown, County Wexford, and the tea with the cousins there. "Pilgrimage" was the word the headline-writers' guild prescribed for this helicopter ride, but it was, again, the wrong one. The President, in fact, did not set foot in the cottage, which had been used as a store-room for many years and has lately been converted not into a shrine but into a souvenir shop. He did not even look into it. As for the cousins, an American traveller who had stopped by on K-Day-minus-about-ten—while the pigsty was being made into a mount for television cameras, and concrete was being poured over the farmyard, so that the American relatives wouldn't have to balance their teacups while standing in mud up to their ankles—reported that the attitude of the Dunganstown Ryans and Kennedys was one of irritation somewhat lightened by a sense of opportunity. "Oh, 'tis a violation of our privacy for sure, and if you'd like some postcards, please follow this way," one of the cousins said to the traveller.

Had there been in County Wexford any serious threat of solemnity or of undue sentiment, it would have promptly been destroyed by one Andrew Minihan, a man whose integrity is as bristly as the whiskers and rough tweeds that cover him. He is a local manufacturer whose cultivation and sound judgment have been rewarded, or perhaps penal-



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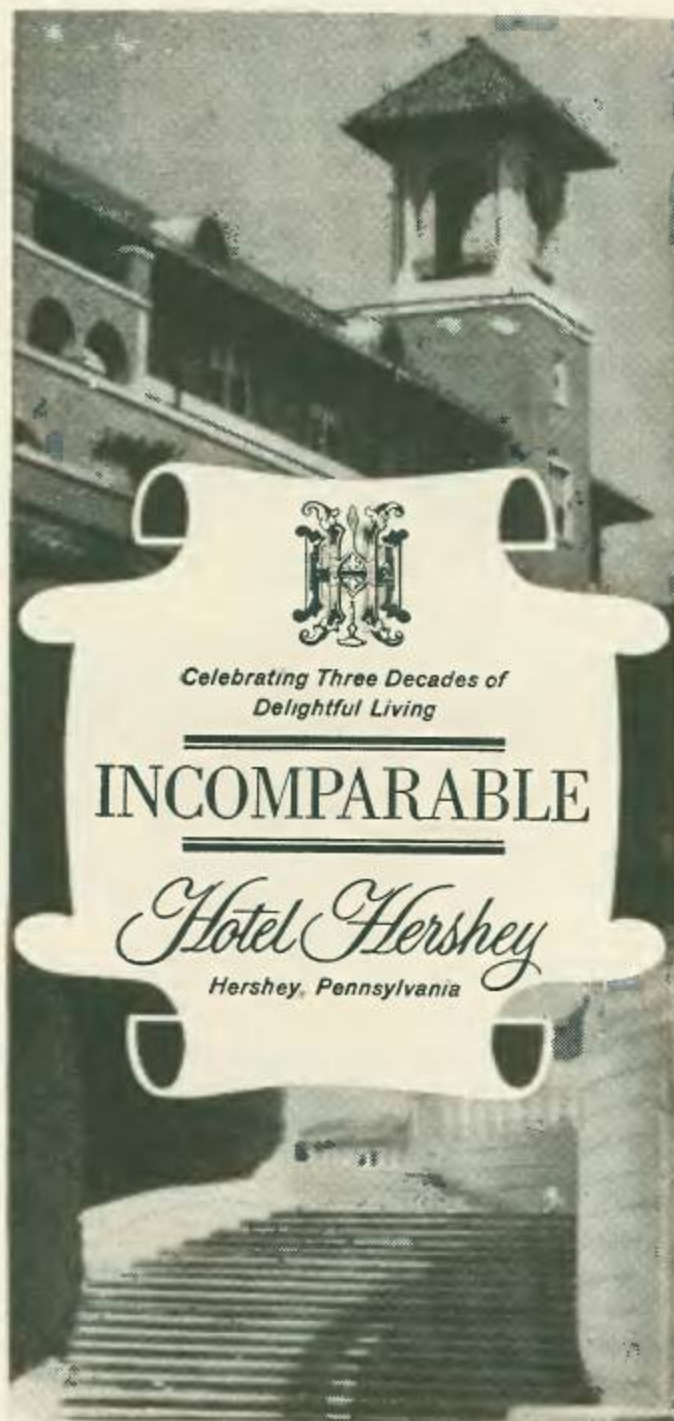
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ized, by a call to service as chairman of the town board of New Ross, which lies at the mouth of the River Barrow, four miles from Dunganstown, and is—maybe—the port from which the President's paternal great-grandfather, Patrick Kennedy, sailed for Noodle's Island, in Boston Harbor, in 1846. (This, anyway, is what the current press releases say, and it is the version the President now accepts. In "John Kennedy: A Political Profile," an authorized biography by James MacGregor Burns, published in 1960, it is said that "doubtless he boarded a Cunarder at Cork or Liverpool and crossed the Atlantic in the crowded steerage.") Because of Mr. Minihan's eminence in civic affairs, he was required by protocol to welcome Mr. Kennedy in New Ross and to represent the community in the planning of arrangements there and in Dunganstown. He knows a pseudo-event when he sees one. He was cooperative about this one, because he likes all that he knows—which is a lot—about the President, but there were aspects of its planning that vexed him no end. "Every man must justify his existence somehow," he told a crowded press conference in the bar of the New Ross Hotel somewhat before the President's arrival, "but I've better ways of justifying my own than standing around with your American G-men and arguing whether the northeast corner of the dais should be *there* or *there*." On the first "there," he pointed a toe at a spot on the barroom floor, and on the second he pointed it at a spot about four inches away. When he spoke of "G-men," he meant agents of the Secret Service. His vexations were unnerving to the planners, who until the last minute feared that a burst of Minihan integrity might blow the whole show apart. "And I'll not live," he told the press conference, "to see a sight more ridiculous than your G-men combing out dung piles to see if we'd planted bombs and merciful God only knows what else in them." The ultimate affront had come, he explained, when the American agents had asked him when he proposed to remove a dung heap of impressive size and bouquet that stood on the quayside not far from where the President was to speak. "Remove it?" he told them. "I've no plan at all to remove it! As a matter of fact, we thought to add to it. It would be good for the character of your mighty President to have to cross a veritable *Alp* of dung on his way to the New Ross speaker's stand." Things reached a pass at which the American Ambassador, Matthew McCloskey, and some

brass from the Foreign Office in Dublin had to seek out Mr. Minihan and ask what his terms were. He had no terms. It was the presumption and officiousness of the agents he had found hard to take. He had planned all along to have the dung carted elsewhere. He and the President got along fine, sharing the knowledge that a generally agreeable and certainly harmless fraud was being perpetrated.

This country has contributed at least as much to the twentieth century as Germany has, and it has destroyed nothing—except, possibly, a bit of its own self-esteem. (It has been painful to keep reading in the Irish press stories exclaiming on the wonder of it all that so great a man as John F. Kennedy—"Oh, What a Beautiful President!" one headline said—had consented to visit "little Ireland" or "poor Old Ireland.") For a time earlier this week, it was thought that the President would take a light and airy view of a trip to a country in which the diplomatic stakes,

by current Cold War and European standards, are low. He took no such view. Instead, happily, he has seized every opportunity to remind Ireland that it has reasons for self-esteem, and that its role as a neutral and almost powerless power is honorable and can be productive. His speech before a joint session of the Dáil was one of his finest, and he managed to speak to the Irish, and to other countries new to independence, about the past, and to Nikita Khrushchev about the future, in the same words. There are, he told both, "no permanent enemies. Hostility today is a fact, but it is not a ruling law."

BRIGHTON, JUNE 30

AT Birch Grove, according to a joint communiqué, the President and the Prime Minister conferred for twelve of the seventeen hours that have elapsed since the two reached Mr. Macmillan's home. They talked quite a bit after the communiqué, too, and so did six other people—Dean Rusk on the American side, Lord Home and four others on the British side. There was general agreement on those matters on which there had been general agreement all along, such as aiding India, and no agreement on anything else. All that this means is that Mr. Macmillan, though he no doubt thinks it might be fine for England to participate in organizing and manning a floating missile command, can't commit Her Majesty's Government to it. He probably wouldn't have been able to do so even if John Profumo's hobby had been chess. He can't commit Britain to





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anything but what we might call bipartisan policies. He and the President were very strong in urging the most strenuous of efforts to get a test-ban treaty. It is said that Dean Rusk came in with some new and promising ideas on Anglo-American strategy for next month's Moscow negotiations, but it has not been claimed that these were enriched by discussion. Only the brevity of this interlude relieves its dreadful melancholy. The Prime Minister—probably as able a statesman as any in the postwar period—has been brought so low by the monkeyshines of the political heirs of the Tory aristocracy that he had to beg the President to come to England, and then, as things went from bad to worse, had to hide out with him in the country. This is a pseudo-event that has had to be aborted. We accomplices have been sequestered in Brighton, twenty miles away, and encouraged to take it easy. On to Rome, with the hope that the government there will hold together at least through the first part of the week. The air-control people in France are on strike. The President, who received no invitation from de Gaulle, therefore can't even go into French air space. He must go to Italy by way of Germany.

ROME, JULY 2

IN Naples, where unemployment is high and touring Presidents are something of a novelty, street-filling crowds welcomed the President and saw him off for home. The Neapolitans, President Segni said to President Kennedy at Capodichino Airport, "spoke for all of Italy." If he meant to include the Romans, his thought must have been that they had given their proxies to the foot voters of Naples. The Roman crowds were as thin as those in Ireland, and less curious and demonstrative. This was true of the pedestrians at least, who would take a look at the waving President, wave back at him, shake off the confetti being dropped by Italian Air Force helicopters, and return to their window-shopping or their conversations. "Spectacle-weary Rome is still spectacle-weary," one member of the party observed, and this was about the way it was explained in most press accounts—with many mentions of the spectacle of the evening before, the coronation of Paul VI. The crowds might have been larger and more interested if Mrs. Kennedy had come along. There was quite a difference, however, between the attitude of Roman pedestrians and that of Roman motorists. It seemed at times as if every Roman behind a wheel was ready to risk any number of lives, in-

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cluding his own, in order to get his car within one coat of paint of anything in the Presidential motorcade. The moment the motorcade into Rome was formed outside the Fiumicino Airport, it was set upon by assault waves of daring partisans, in cars from a dozen countries, who cut the column to pieces, severed communications at a half-dozen points, and held drag races with Italian and American security officers. Order was restored at about the time we passed the Circus Maximus.

The most that can be said for the Italian visit—as for the English one—is that the disasters that threatened at times were averted, and that no visible harm came of it. The reports that members of the American party were brutalized by Italian police are highly exaggerated. One or two were lightly bruised, not because of any hostility toward them as Americans but because this part of the pseudo-event was thrown together in a hurry and the Italian plainclothesmen and uniformed police did not have time to get to know each other. The Americans got caught in the middle of fratricidal conflict among their protectors. In political terms, it was pretty much the same thing. The government of Premier Leone has been lucky to survive the week. No one in it or out of it is much interested in either General de Gaulle or President Kennedy; the multilateral nuclear force is not an issue of any importance in Italy's multilateral politics. This is in a way fortunate, since it meant that the President's visit had no potential for helping or hurting any of the contending parties. (The Communists were on record as opposing his visit, but they did nothing about it except to send their General Secretary, Palmiro Togliatti, to the reception at the Quirinal Palace, where he shook hands with Mr. Kennedy, who said, "It's nice to be in your country." As far as is known, Signor Togliatti made no response.) Mr. Kennedy spent most of his time with Signor Segni, whose authority is about as great as that of President What's-It in the Soviet Union. In a passage on the multilateral nuclear force, the joint communiqué of the two Presidents explained that "there was expressed a favorable attitude toward participating in studies on this subject to be carried out subsequently by all the governments concerned." In the Quirinal Palace and at NATO headquarters in Naples, the President made adroit restatements of the American commitment to Europe and the Atlantic Community that he had earlier made in Ger-

many and Ireland, and cited as authorities Mazzini and Garibaldi, Shelley and Winston Churchill. (The latter two may have been originally scheduled for use in England.) By far the most important thing to come out of the Italian tour was the new Pope's firm commitment to the President's efforts to get a test-ban agreement with the Russians, to his foreign-aid policies, and to his civil-rights program. This could help him where help is needed, back home.

WASHINGTON, JULY 7

PSEUDO-EVENTS are made largely for the press and often by the press; were they to diminish greatly in number, fat newspapers would be slim, the price of newsprint would drop, and fewer goods would move. Television would be in serious trouble—and so, for that matter, might be the entire country, since the planning and carrying out of grand pseudo-events are signs of, among other things, a country's energy and purpose.

Plants are about the only living things that never "make circumstances." The press, though, has a peculiar role in the political pseudo-event. Without its collaboration, most pseudo-events would be cancelled. The troubles of governments all over Europe did not give the President sufficient cause to call off his trip, but a transatlantic communications strike, if such a thing were imaginable, would have rendered the affair absolutely pointless. If the press and television people had stayed home, the President would have done so, too. The deep involvement of the press is essential. But the press must also evaluate, and the difficulty that this poses is similar to the one that would be faced by a drama critic reviewing a play in which he had a leading role. If one is going to take any part in a pseudo-event, one has a stake in describing it as successful—or, if not that, at least important.

The Washington *Sunday Star*, which is by no means an administration paper, today acknowledges that there is "divided opinion" on the usefulness of the President's trip, and then goes on to list four "positive results": "A major personal success in Germany... A symbolic gesture, strengthening bonds between this nation and Germany... Successful discharge of a potentially embarrassing 'duty call' [on] Britain's fast-fading Prime Minister Macmillan... Reassurances from Italian leaders that Italy will be able to live up to her NATO commitments." No mention is made of Ireland, but the *Star's* appraisal

says about what most other newspapers are saying; indeed, it says about all that there is to say right now, and this, upon examination, turns out to be almost nothing. The President's "major personal success in Germany" and the "symbolic gesture" are one and the same thing. The "gesture" was made by the crowds; the "success" lay in the fact that they made the "gesture" instead of doing something else. Had they done something else, "bonds" would have "weakened." The "potentially embarrassing 'duty call'" did not fulfill its potential, because the call was short, the talk was muted, and the whole business was made deliberately un-pseudo-eventful. There simply were no Italian "reassurances" on "NATO commitments." The one specific mention of NATO in the Rome communiqué reads as follows: "President Kennedy explained the position of the United States with respect to the possible development of a NATO multilateral nuclear force." The Italian leaders the President saw were men who had the good sense not to hand him a check that might have bounced the day he got home. If the Irish tour is to be put to one side—as it must be if the trip is regarded as essentially a movement to contain General de Gaulle—the "positive results" boil down to one: the President was a smash in Germany. And this is less a "result" than a reflection in a mirror. The Germans didn't discover their enthusiasm for the American President when they first glimpsed him in the streets; they were in the streets for hours before they saw him, and if they hadn't decided earlier that he was a friend worth having they would never have been there in the first place. And he would never have travelled the German streets if he had not been assured of the "personal success," which was as predictable as nightfall.

Still, one cannot call the pseudo-event a failure or say that its "results" were "negative," or even maintain that the trip was not worth making. Already one of the arguments against it has been revealed as unsound. It was held by many that the President's absence at the height of the civil-rights crisis would be damaging to his efforts to get the legislation he has asked for. The word from those who have remained here is that his absence has been far more helpful than his presence would have been. His journey, it is being said, has helped to create an atmosphere in which the arguments can be considered on their merits and in which public attention has been focussed on the legislative hearings rather than on the White House. (The



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pseudo-event in Europe moved to the inside pages as soon as the German tour was over.) In a general way, the consequences of pseudo-events are no less difficult to foresee than the consequences of events. The occurrence can be contrived, but there is no way of contriving its impact on the history of which it becomes a part. Nikita Khrushchev's American tour in 1959 seemed a pseudo-event of vast significance. Never before in recorded history had a nation given the keys to its cities to a potentate who had announced his determination to destroy his host. A month after the Khrushchev visit, the whole thing might as well have never happened, for all the impact it was having on the course of events. On the other hand, Mr. Eisenhower's visit to India later that year seemed, in advance and in its immediate aftermath, an exercise in pure fatuity. In the world of events, what difference did it make that the President had been to India and had been swarmed over by millions? But there are many today who think it made an enormous difference and had many "positive results." It may be a misleading case of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, but it does happen to be a fact that almost immediately after the Eisenhower visit there was observable a stiffening of Indian foreign policy and a gratifying improvement in Indian-American relations. History is full of surprises.

When the President returned to Washington, he found that the view from the White House was very different from what it had been when he saw it last. The Sino-Russian conflict has deepened. The Russians are telegraphing for help of some kind. The prospects for a test-ban treaty may still be poor, but they were far poorer two weeks ago. The opinion polls show at least a temporary decline in the President's standing—a fact that may be encouraging to him, since he has always said that a President who wants to get things done must spend his popularity like currency. And there are many reports of resistance in Europe to General de Gaulle's designs. The resistance, if it exists, may have nothing to do with the recent pseudo-event, but then again it may. Events are affected by pseudo-events, as reality is affected by illusion.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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