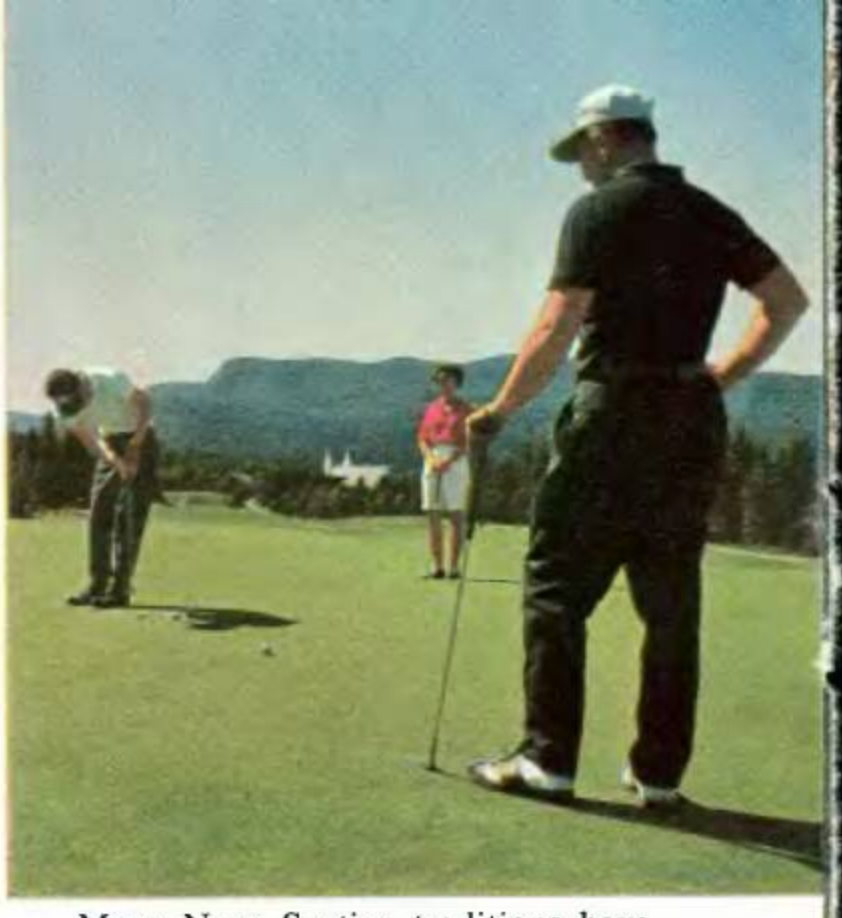
Aug. 20, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

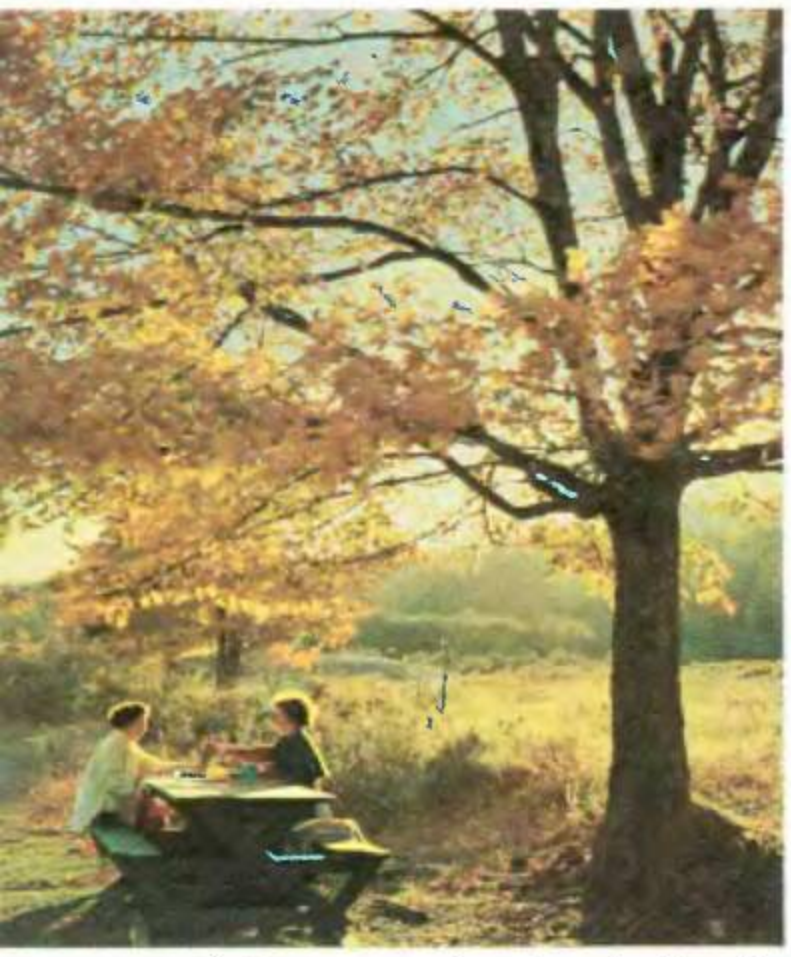
Price 35 cents

We're a sea-faring province, but land lubbers are welcomed aboard! A variety of water craft, large and small, may be rented or chartered. The International Dory Races, held September 13-17, are a highlight of the season.

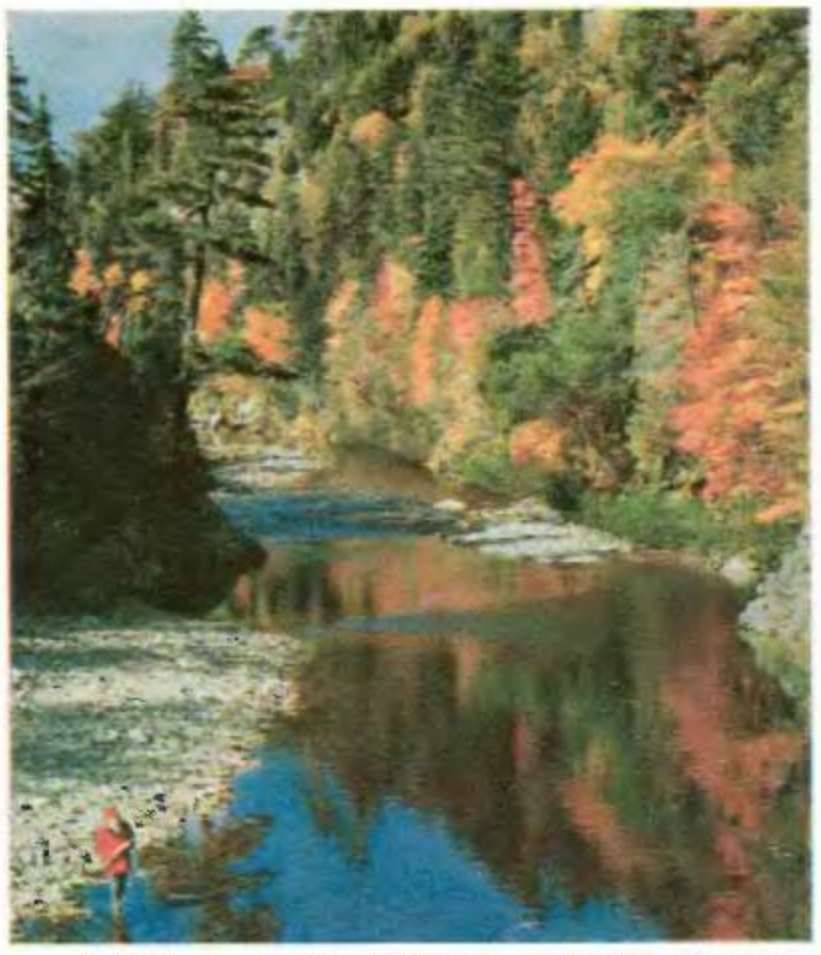
Nova Scotia hotels, motels and resorts assure comfort and hospitality. A number have their own swimming pools; many are close by to beach or golf course. Resort life can be as relaxed or as active as you want to make it; all sorts of things to do. Or not do.



Many Nova Scotian traditions have been transplanted from Old Scotland. One of them is golf. There are 29 golf courses in the province, including the scenic 18-hole course in Cape Breton Highlands National Park, one of the finest in North America.



Indian summer is a favorite time for Nova Scotians. Picnics, walks along nature trails, touring the scenic countryside, savouring harvest fresh fruit at country stalls—all in the sublime, relaxed autumn season.



Bright sun, brilliant foliage, and crisp air combine to make Nova Scotia's fall an unforgettable season for the sportsman. White-tailed deer and black bear are common game, while partridge, pheasant and Canada geese are also 'in season.' Non-residents must be accompanied by a licensed guide.

If you're saving your vacation for later on, the warmth of summer will still be here, enhanced by our gloriously radiant countryside. 'Outdoors in Nova Scotia,' a helpful guide to the many open air activities, is yours on request.

We have two summers. One's Indian.

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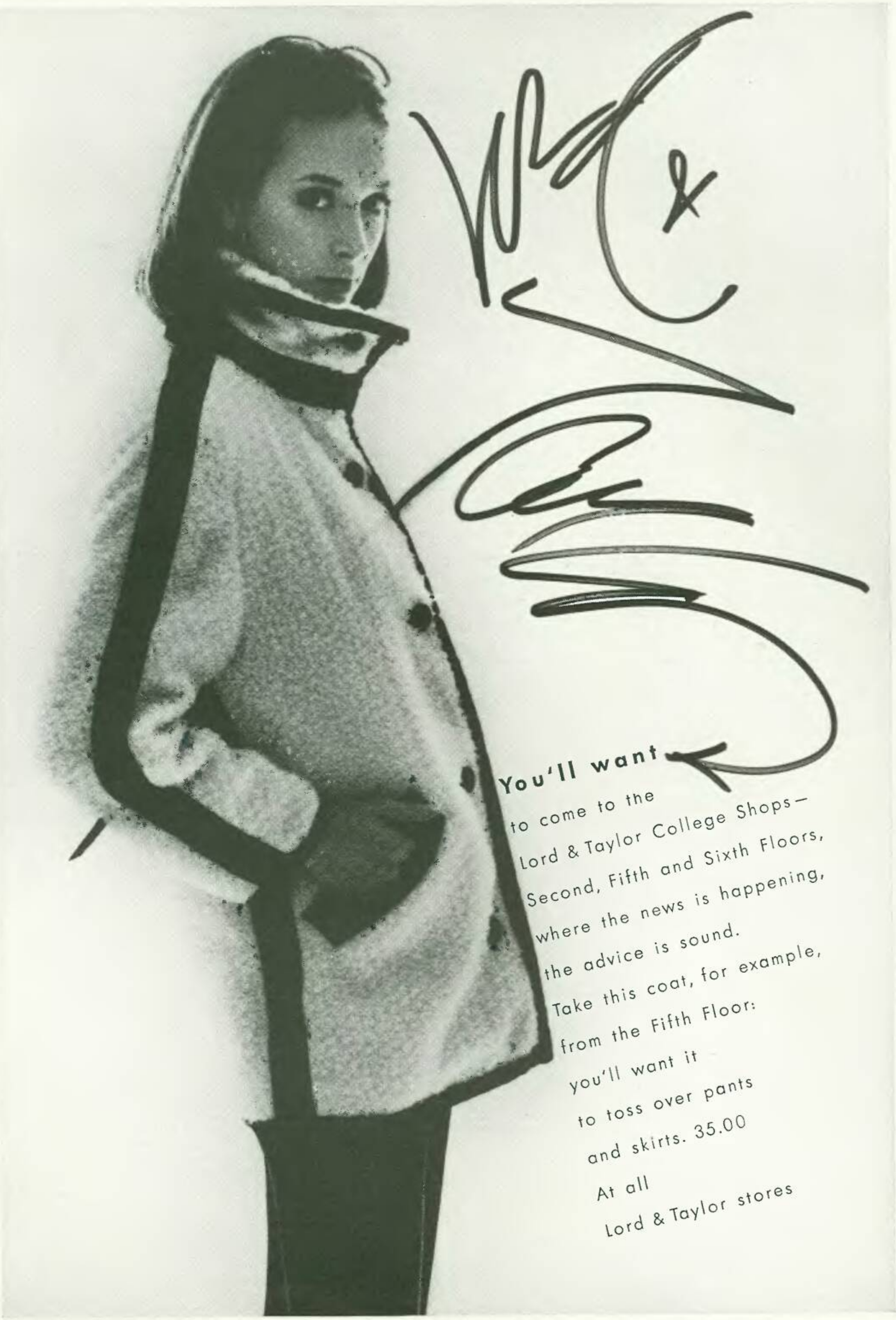

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore, among others, gambolling about in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. Mr. Burrows has doubled in brass as the director of his play. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—A play by Brian Friel, laden with rue and laughter, that describes the last night in his home town of an Irish lad about to set off for America. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb as they project two aspects of the hero, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others who participate are all first-rate. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—A limp thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the plots of a trio of villains anxious to lay hands upon a doll that happens to be stuffed with heroin. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—barefoot in the park: Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the impossible years:** A comedy in which Alan King appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. Sam Levene will succeed Mr. King on Monday, Aug. 22. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **luv:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the odd couple:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Mame—This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and the orphaned nephew she is attempting to rear has a fine cast headed by Angela Lansbury, a frequently comic book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and solid music and lyrics by Jerry Herman. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. The book, by Neil Simon, is rather a bore, but the choreography by Bob Fosse, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are vivacious. Miss Verdon is, as always, full of beans, and so is the cast that supports her. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A jolly musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet of lively youngsters go about brightly interpreting native songs and dances, playing assorted strange instruments, and relaxing now and then with familiar folk songs from England, Ireland, and Scotland. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Long Runs—fiddler on the roof: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **funny girl:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Ella Boole. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

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

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **show boat**, with Barbara Cook, Constance Towers, Stephen Douglass, David Wayne, and William Warfield, is the second of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 10.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 18-19, at 8:30: **the mikado**.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 3 and 8:30: **h.m.s. pinafore** and **trial by jury**.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 21, at 3 and 7:30: **the pirates of penzance**.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 23-24, at 8:30: **the mikado**.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Aug. 25-26, at 8:30: **princess ida**.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 27, at 3 and 8:30: **the pirates of penzance**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kitchen—A crisis or two in the kitchen of a large restaurant, as set forth by the English dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple of somewhat stronger performances in the leading roles, it might have seemed a powerful play as well as the fascinating documentary it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skillful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **king richard iii**, with Joseph Bova, Penny Fuller, and Philip Bosco. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, ex-

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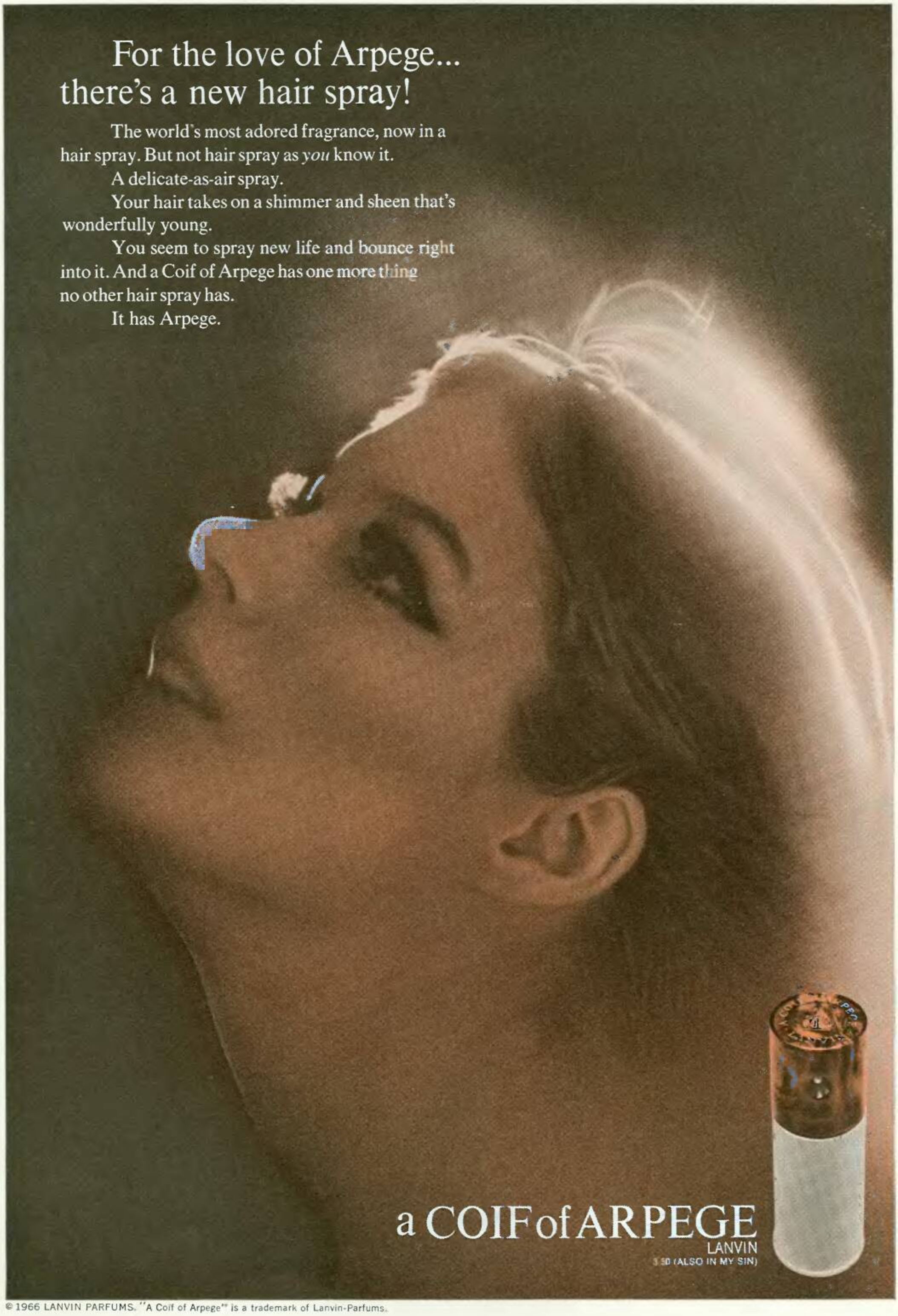

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cept Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A musical, MARDI GRAS!, based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Ralph Purdum, Fran Stevens, Joel Grey, Louis Armstrong and his band, and Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 4. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

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

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Among the Lochinvars coming back to us from out of the West is Ray Anthony, with his band and his Bookends (the four young ladies in his revue-format entourage). They disport themselves in the Royal Box at dinner and supper. The orchestra of Lee Evans spends the evenings sampling its ample collection of grace notes. Closed Sundays.

BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The new wine in this celebrated old bottle is the transplanted décor of the late Little Club, not to mention dance music (the small squadron run by Horace Diaz). The music goes on from nine to two during the week and from nine to three on Saturdays. Sundays are silent.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Cliff Hall, the wandering minstrel, likes New York in the summer, when it sizzles, and that's how he makes his little band sound in the restaurant. Eight until after the theatre is the idea. No music Sundays and Mondays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's varsity crews has practice sessions in the Café Pierre night after night, and the varsity is in midseason form. When its adherents are not dancing, they are listening to Franco Pagani, a perky Roman, who sings out every night but Sunday.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The jokes handed out by Tony Sandler and Ralph Young in the Persian Room are bland and digestible enough even for anyone on a salt-free diet, which may, of course, be what's wrong with them. These wits appear at ten during the week, at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Plenty of dance music is decanted all along by Mark Monte's revellers and Milt Shaw's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The Edwardian Room is closed Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ On the stroke of eight, the Palm Court becomes a tale of two cities—Vienna and whatever the capital of Ruritania is—with the assistance of a violin and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. The dream ends at one. Sunday nights are stilly.

PROMENADE CAFÉS, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—In the great sunken living room, all out in the open, there is dance music from nine to one every night but Sunday, and the English Grill, on the verge of this concourse, keeps equally late hours.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The architecture revives the great days of steamboating on our inland waterways; the music revives the days when dance bands were big and bountiful and beatific. Freddy Martin's orchestra is in tune with the whole idea now; on Monday, Aug. 22, Art Mooney's orchestra will turn on the undeniable charm of our old way of life. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sitting pretty, or dancing in the same fashion, is the occupation of all who climb this pinnacle, which is getting to be its fine old (or Vincent Astor) self again. George Cort's orchestra, now full of jumping beans,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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and Quintero's band ply their merry trade without surcease from eight to two. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—The starlight under which the guests dance from eight to one every night (Phil Wayne's mob and a Latin assemblage do the honors) is sometimes provided only by planes hopefully looking for Kennedy or LaGuardia, but even so it's a great way to get people outdoors.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In one portion of the many-chambered Peacock Alley, there is Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano, which happens from five to eleven Sundays through Thursdays; just across the threshold, a dance trio operates from eight to one on Fridays and Saturdays.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. Every sport but the Twist and its offspring is permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Public life made easy for customers who have been in the business for years and have loved every moment of it. Through this jaunty crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It's a reasonable guess that the *mise en scène* is Florence, and it is another reasonable guess that Mimi or some other character will pop into the spotlight now and then to recite her famous problems. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday each week, there is at-your-leisure dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after eleven years at one piano, has unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and from nine to one the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A bright and breezy jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week; Sundays, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, another crew works out. . . . **CHARLIE BATES**, 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Neighborhood bars may have been like this sixty years ago, but even if they were not, this effort at total recall delights the young people. The music comes from an unstrung piano of the period and from a chorus of vigorous voices. This begins at seven; Sundays, instead, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band bleats from four until one. The menu is plain but hearty. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, is for the literate dusk-to-dawn dwellers in big cities. He is absent Sundays. . . . **JANSSEN'S**, 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): Fanciers of the *basso profundo/robusto* belonging to Aldo Bruschi will find it operating (in conjunction with his piano, his woodwinds, his concertina, his sidemen, and a brace of young singers) from Wednesday through Saturday every week, commencing around half past eight. There is dancing those nights, too, in this medieval stronghold.

NOTE—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced near enough to the flame, is currently best represented by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation of dancers, too, from leaping to sometimes awkward conclusions. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. Some of the music, which begins at seven-thirty, comes out of pressure cookers, and some of it is woven on the spot by actual people—Johnny Meistro and the Crests, if the names mean anything to you—frequently (as befits the sound) attired in space-cadet uniform. Taps sounds at three or four. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little children, often in what amounts to *bal-masqué* costumery, can be seen but not heard, so prodigious is the music of the electronic age. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time: a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is recited from memory by a machine and by certain members of the human race; the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the table fare is tenuous, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The garb runs from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion whose guests are mostly angelic Mods and Rockers. The house dancers spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. There is a menu, to an extent. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one. Sundays, Forrest Perrin, his expert lieutenant, gets to use the key-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

board instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the man who knows how to make this feudal system really work, returns on Monday, Aug. 22, to his post as court violinist, taking over from his summer replacement. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar discusses, in the subtlest of language, everything Spanish, from nights in the gardens of Granada to the habits of the gypsy wanderers, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do, with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The scenery of this landed estate makes us all sorry that we ever moved out of the American past. In the bar, there's piano from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on. Kurt Maier's Viennese piano is available from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Tony Gorody's well-constructed piano is on tap from nine-thirty until one except on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Enzo Stuarti, the busting-out-all-over tenor, is celebrating his return from Sorrento with volumes of operatics. In his wake are the Copa ballerinas, each one a choreographer in her own right. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which has the air of being next door to Caesars Palace, there is onstage whooping and hollering from ten until dawn by the Five Bells and other nocturnal beings. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Every night is visitors' night, for the population appears to be largely from the far side of the Pacific. In the interests of economy, the young ladies have reduced their wardrobes to the bare essentials; the Keigo Imperial Japanese Dancers have, though, garbed themselves traditionally. Dancing for Americans, too. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The hipbone disconnected from the thighbone, the thighbone disconnected from the anklebone. The young, doing dances their fathers never taught them in clothes their mothers never made them, submit to this seemingly painless operation from nine-thirty until four every night. The lighting effects and the music, both of which are live and voluminous, are contrived by Marat/Sade. No dining.

CABARETS

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

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk, going back to the days of our collective childhood and of Le Ruban Bleu, is recreating that *hors-concours* variety show, with the aid of himself (as interlocutor), Alice Ghostley (as sportive *diseuse*), and Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra (those nimble and nutty Cantabrigians). Hail fellows were never better met. The gleeful pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements are the background. Nine-thirty is starting time. Closed Sundays. . . .

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21	22	23	24	25	26	27

CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, who aim to prove that all Spanish life is not grim, earnest, and flamenco, are being (as always) musical and mobile. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. On Sundays, just one show, at ten. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados' guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): No new vistas on the national scene are opened up by "Below the Belt," the revue on display, but a great deal of what it has to say is said so brightly and brashly by Richard Blair, Genna Carter, Lily Tomlin, Madeline Kahn, and Robert Rovin that it doesn't matter. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them does an after-the-theatre turn in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is piano as well as other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Earnest essays into self-expression are made by Wes Montgomery's quartet and Charles Lloyd's foursome, both of which end their runs on Sunday, Aug. 21. On Tuesday, Aug. 23, a notable event: the belated return of Ornette Coleman, who has forsworn his experiments with plastic horns and his theory that unmitigated sound can cover a multitude of sins. The convert brings along a trio. Every Monday the property reverts to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen able and eager sidemen. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This emporium, a two-layer cake, combines a street-level restaurant with a below-stairs cave. Up top, late every evening but Monday, there is the glitter-glitter of the Dave Pike trio and Ron di Salvio's duo. Sunday afternoons (five to nine) there are offertories by other jazz men. . . . ¶ In the grotto, there is Dizzy Gillespie, one of the few musicians who remember that jazz is an amusement as well as an art. He is conjoined with his quintet, with the empyrean-searching as well as soul-searching songs of Carmen McRae, and with the fivesome of Horace Silver, whose music is nervous-system. Every Monday, down under is occupied instead by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The little old Village smithy and hero-sandwich forge. Art Farmer's quintet, the current winger-and-dinger, will be succeeded, on Tuesday, Aug. 23, by the foursome of Zoot Sims, with whom Anita O'Day, an absentee of much too long standing, will carol. Johnny Poole's trio will come aboard, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The land of the coffee bean and (usually) of the folk song, which at the moment is represented by the Bitter End Singers (their final night is Saturday, Aug. 20) and by Jake Holmes, who likes to make fun of certain obvious faults in the genre. Josh White, who was in on the birth of folk music, arrives on Wednesday, Aug. 24. The Uncalled-For 3 are jokers of another sort. The regulars, as is the custom here, lay off each Tuesday. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Philly Joe Jones and quintet are the new masters of what little ceremony goes on here. Mondays, in their stead, the quartet of Elvin Jones does the sounding-off. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): A fine cottage industry—handmade music of the old-fashioned kind. It is good to listen to, good to dance to. The craftsmen are Mr. Condon, Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Herman Autrey, and Dave Mckenna. Saturday, Aug. 20, is the last night before vacation time. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Arriving around ten, Marian McPartland's threesome makes music to adumbrate to; after the theatre, even though there is no dance floor, it makes music to animate to. It is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is his starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the center of one of the new play areas for the come-as-you-are small ones. Sawdust, beer, and intent listening go along with the music, which is currently being put together (or put asunder) by the sextet of Joe Henderson. On Tuesday, Aug. 23, Freddie Hubbard's quintet will inherit the job. The regulars take time out every Monday, when some other outfit occupies the stand.

ART

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

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery artists, including Moses Soyer, William Gropper, and John Kearney; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.). . . **IBM GALLERY,** 16 E. 57th St.: A handsome selection of forty-two contemporary drawings from the collection of the Saint Paul (Minnesota) Art Center, by, approximately, an equal number of artists; through Friday, Aug. 19. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Paul Cadmus, Robert Vickrey, and Nathan Hale (to mention a few); through Friday, Aug. 26.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Robert Motherwell, David Smith, Francis Bacon, and others; through Sept. 9. . . . **SCHWEITZER,** 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Landscapes, portraits, and marines by, among others, Frank Boggs, William Merritt Chase, and Courbet; through Aug. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An extensive exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures on loan from private New York collectors, ranging in date from the eighteen-sixties to the nineteen-sixties and ranging in practitioner from Corot to Picasso and Marino Marini; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ "Americans on the Go," a series of Currier and Ives lithographs from the col-

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lection of Miss A. S. Colgate, recording our early methods of transportation and sport, and even 1869 "Fashionable Turn-Outs in Central Park." (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An excellent arrangement of the paintings of Henri Matisse from 1897 to 1953, which, though the majority date to his early years as an artist, is yet revealing of his maturing competence in design and color; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective of Reuben Nakian—large abstract sculptures, some of painted steel and some of plaster (the most ponderous of the latter being "The Judgment of Paris" group), along with smaller bronzes and terra-cottas and drawings relating to them, mainly of a mythological nature; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," a fine exhibit in which Gauguin's works are pointedly interspersed with works by such outstanding artists as Kandinsky, Matisse, and Munch; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum is scheduled to open at this new address on Sept. 28.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and forty-two examples of ancient Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan art dating from the third millennium B.C. to the Roman era, from the collection of Leon and Harriet Pomerance; through Oct. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.). . . ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings—biting comments of the time—from Hogarth's "Beer Street," of 1751, to Mario Micossi's "Fantasia di Liturgie Romaniche," of 1962; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ The Sculpture Garden has been transformed into a proper cemetery for some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings that have been demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—A display of miniature clay figures, animals, and temples illustrating the daily life of the people in pre-Columbian Mexico; through Friday, Aug. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art–The Nadler Collection," an exhibition of sculptures (carved from marble, wood, ivory, bone, and limestone), textiles, ceramics, and bronze works, plus a small loan exhibit of objects typical of the reign of Ramses II, who built the Abu Simbel Temples; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Current happenings in Op and Pop Art, as represented by Lichtenstein, Warhol, Rivers, and others, along with a less startling showing of such artists as Matisse, Modigliani, and Chagall, from the Harry N. Abrams Family Collection; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Court, six examples of the work of Alexander Liberman—large intertwining shavings of welded steel; through Sept. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Craftsmen USA '66," comprising works in a variety of mediums by outstanding American craftsmen; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 and 22 W. 54th St.—"The World of Primitive Art," an exhibition of sculptures, paintings, jewelry, textiles, and ceramics from Africa, the Pacific islands, the Americas, and prehistoric Asia and Europe; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A delightful little showing of sketches, studies, preliminary drawings, and letters of Beatrix Potter, Peter Rabbit, Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, and Mr. Jeremy Fisher—they're all there. Through Oct. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number of Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

Mozart Festival at Philharmonic Hall—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and solo programs—Thursday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: The Kroll Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Jorge Mester directing the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Jaime Laredo, violin, and a chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: Mr. Laredo with Ruth Laredo, piano, in a sonata recital. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 11:30: Allan Miller conducting a chamber orchestra. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: Donald Johanos conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Maria Stader, soprano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: A recital by the New York Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: Donald Johanos conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 25, at 8:30: The Kroll Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 26, at 8:30: Donald Johanos conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Mr. Frager. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 27, at 8:30: Alexander Schneider, violin, with assisting artists.

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**CENTRAL PARK MALL:** Operas in English, presented by the Manhattan Opera Company. Thursday, Aug. 18: "Andrea Chénier." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 23: "Otello." . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 25: "Tosca." (Evenings at 8.) . . . **WOLLMAN RINK:** A mixed bag of commotion, mainly musical, sponsored by the Rheingold people. Mondays, at 8:30, jazz; Wednesdays at 8:30, rock 'n' roll; Fridays at 8:30, folk music; and Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8:30 and 10:30, pop music. (For information about tickets, call 249-7750.) . . . **WASHINGTON SQUARE:** Henry Schuman conducting the Musica da Camera, a chamber-wind ensemble, in the second in a series of three weekly concerts. (Monday, Aug. 22, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

Jazz Concerts—Final concerts of the season—Thursday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: Art Farmer's quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 25, at 8:30: Jackie McLean's quintet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 19, at 7: Jorge Bolet in a program of Liszt piano transcriptions. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 19, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in a Bruckner-Liszt program, with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Brahms-Liszt program, with Mr. Bolet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 21, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing a Verdi-Beethoven program, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; Richard Cassilly, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass-baritone; and the Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season by the Philadelphia Orchestra—Thursday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a program of Russian music, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Brahms program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a program of twentieth-century music, with Marian Anderson, narrator. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 21, at 3: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting a performance of Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" (in concert form), with Montserrat Caballé and Hilde Gueden, sopranos; Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; Barry Morell, tenor; and Walter Berry, baritone. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus," in concert form and in English, with Miss Gueden, Roberta Peters, and Kitty Carlisle,

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sopranos; Mr. Morell and Arthur Graham, tenors; Theodor Uppman and Frank Guarrera, baritones; Lawrence Davidson, bass; and the Cornell University Chorus. (Saratoga Springs.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Odetta, folk singer, in the final concert of the season. (Lenox, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 20, at 3:30.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: James Clouser and Christine Hennessy, the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and Jean Léon Destiné and his company. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 25-27: The Jacob's Pillow Dancers, Bhaskar, and Alonzo Rivera. (Lee, Mass. Thursdays at 3 and Fridays and Saturdays at 3 and 8:40.)

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Friday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Ruth Currier and her company, and Lucas Hoving, with Nancy Lewis and Chase Robinson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: José Limón and his company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 21, at 3: The Anna Sokolow Dance Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Paul Draper, and José Limón and his company. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College. New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, Aug. 18, at 2. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Aug. 19, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 20, at 7; and Sunday, Aug. 21, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Tuesday, Aug. 23, at 8; Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 7; and Thursday, Aug. 25, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Aug. 26, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 27, at 7.

BOXING—Johnny Persol vs. James J. Woody, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday, Aug. 25. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD,** Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 27. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 20; the Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 24; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 27. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 11. (Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **WATKINS GLEN:** Saturday, Aug. 20, at 10, and Sunday, Aug. 21, at 2. . . . **LIME ROCK PARK,** Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Aug. 27, at 12:30.

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Through Sunday. Aug. 21.). . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Sunday, Aug. 21, through Sunday, Aug. 28.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Oct. 18. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 24-28.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

WALKING TOURS—"Greenwich Village II," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Aug. 21, at 2:30. Meets at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

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Dear John—Explicit in word and deed, this picture tells of a couple who find it much harder to love than to make love. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. Directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

A Fine Madness—Sean Connery, Patrick O'Neal, and others help to salvage this comedy about an impulsive poet from the director's mistakes. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037.)

Khartoum—Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier are enemies in a historical blockbuster about General Gordon of the Sudan. In Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Lord Love a Duck—George Axelrod has directed this harsh but often hilarious study of Young America, and Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld are superb in the leading roles. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 21.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

Morgan!—A troubled young man tears London apart in an attempt to make people love one another as much as he thinks great apes love other great apes. A very strange comedy indeed, marvellously acted by David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave, under the direction of Karel Reisz. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Aug. 23.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Naked Prey—An African adventure story, which, after the first fifteen minutes, it is hard to tell takes place in the last century, because no one, including Cornel Wilde, wears much. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; through Aug. 23.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Under Mike Nichols' direction, the Albee play has retained all its savage vitality in the move from stage to screen, and the reduction of its length from three hours to two is all to the good. Ernest Lehman is responsible for the skillful adaptation. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal appear at their best. Mr. Burton's best is extraordinary. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Wrong Box—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many more. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

REVIVALS

Atget (1963)—An eleven-minute short, made up of still photographs of Paris and environs taken by Eugène Atget a long time ago. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 18.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—A Vittorio De Sica film about a search for a stolen bicycle. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 19-22.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 23.)

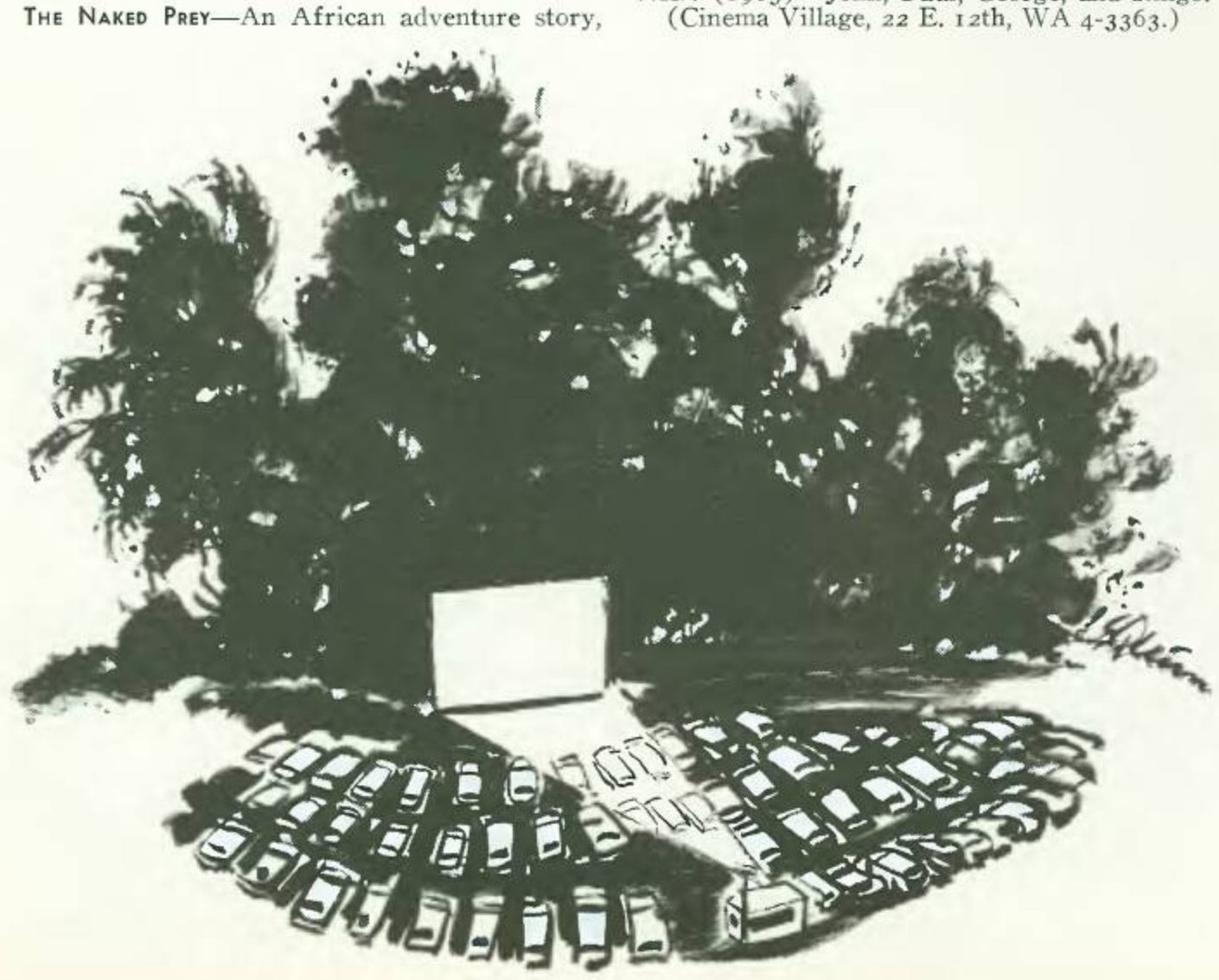
Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 18.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of contemporary London life. Directed by John Schlesinger. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 21.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)



The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in an interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 18.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19.)

It's a Gift (1934)—W. C. Fields as a family man with many problems. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Aug. 21.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 19.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Aug. 21.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Aug. 23.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 20.)

The Sound of Trumpets (1963)—A comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 22.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 19-22.)

The 10th Victim (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this movie about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 22.)

Three Little Words (1950)—A musical biography setting forth the life stories of songwriters Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. With Fred Astaire, Vera Ellen, and Red Skelton. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Aug. 23.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 23.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1965)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 24.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a treatment of the Jonson comedy. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 20.)

Zulu (1964)—The combatants are the English and the Zulus, the place is Natal, and the time 1879. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 24.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Aug. 18 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Life Begins" (1932), with Loretta Young. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 2 and 5:30, and Aug. 20 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "The Invisible Man" (1933), with Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 2 and 5:30: Excerpts from seven musical films of the thirties. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), with Mae West and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 2 and 5:30: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1946), with Myrna Loy and Fredric March. . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Joe Pasternak." Through Aug. 19: "Three Darling Daughters" (1948), with Jeanette MacDonald and José Iturbi. . . . ¶ Aug. 20-21: "A Date with Judy" (1948), with Jane Powell and Wallace Beery. . . . ¶ Aug. 23-24: "In the Good Old Summer Time" (1949), with Judy Garland and Van Johnson. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24			

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

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Aug. 23: THE NAKED PREY.
From Aug. 24: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Aug. 23: "Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi.
From Aug. 24: "Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
KHARTOUM.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MORGAN!

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
HELP!, revival; and A HARD DAY'S NIGHT, revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 23: MORGAN!
From Aug. 24: "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Uncle," Rupert Davies.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Mademoiselle," Jeanne Moreau.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Aug. 23: "Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi.
From Aug. 24: "Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
Through Aug. 23: "Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.
From Aug. 24: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE WRONG BOX.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Pad (And How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Aug. 23: MORGAN!
From Aug. 24: "Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren; and "Charade," revival, Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
GIGI, revival.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 23: "Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren.
From Aug. 24: To be announced.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
A FINE MADNESS; and "An Eye for an Eye," Robert Lansing, Pat Wayne.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 23: "Modesty Blaise," Monica Vitti, Terence Stamp.
From Aug. 24: "Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 18: CHILDREN OF PARADISE (in French), revival; THE IDIOT (in French), revival; and ATGET, revival.
Aug. 19-22: THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian), revival; and SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (in French), revival.
From Aug. 23: "Orpheus" (in French), revival, Jean Marais; and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (in French), revival.

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Aug. 21: IT'S A GIFT, revival; and MILLION DOLLAR LEGS, revival.
Aug. 22-24: "Lilith," revival, Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg; and "Walk on the Wild Side," revival, Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
A FINE MADNESS; and "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Pad (And How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 22: "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.
Aug. 23: A NIGHT AT THE OPERA, revival; and THREE LITTLE WORDS, revival.
From Aug. 24: "Batman," Adam West, Burt Ward; and "Von Ryan's Express," revival, Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"La Visita" (in Italian), Sandra Milo, François Périer.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"It Happened Here," Pauline Murray, Sebastian Shaw.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Love and Marriage" (in Italian), Sylva Koscina.

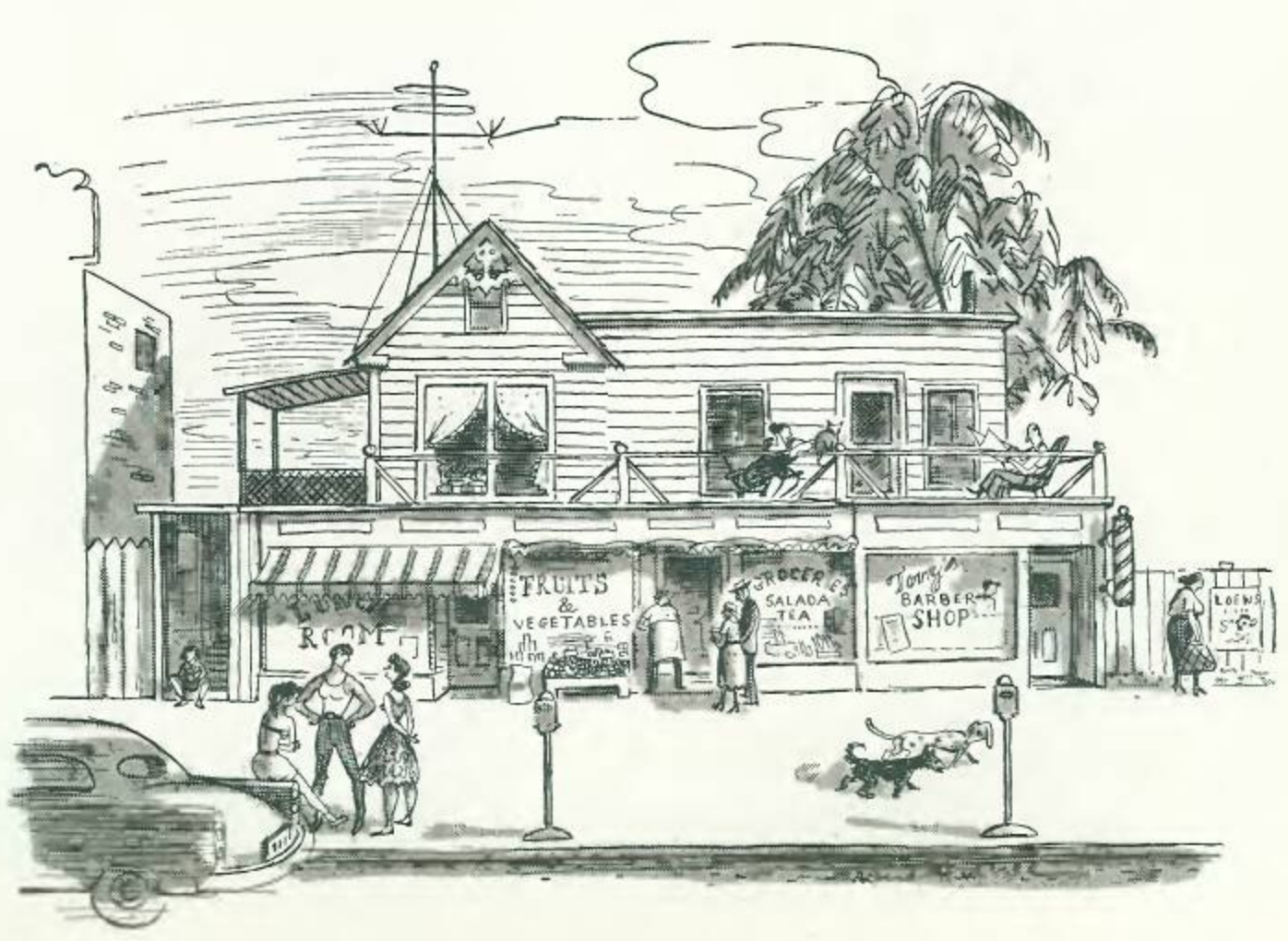
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 18: "The Tarnished Angels," revival, Rock Hudson, Robert Stack; and "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane.
Aug. 19: LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT, revival.
Aug. 20: THE PETRIFIED FOREST, revival; and "Dark Victory," revival, Bette Davis, George Brent.
Aug. 21: LORD LOVE A DUCK; and DARLING, revival.
Aug. 22: THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian), revival; and "These Are the Damned," revival, Macdonald Carey.
Aug. 23: THE BLUE ANGEL (in German), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
Aug. 24: ZULU, revival; and "The Savage Innocents," revival, Anthony Quinn.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 23: "The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer; and "Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch.
From Aug. 24: To be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 18: "The Titan: Story of Michelangelo," revival, a documentary film; and four short films on art.
Aug. 19: IKIRU (in Japanese), revival; and THE SPANISH EARTH, revival.
Aug. 20: VOLPONE (in French), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).
Aug. 21: "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival.
Aug. 22: THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS (in Italian), revival; and "The Fiancés" (in Italian), revival.
Aug. 23: TORMENT (in Swedish), revival; and "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival, Anita Björk.
Aug. 24: TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC (in French), revival; and "Ordet" (in Danish), revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
MORGAN!



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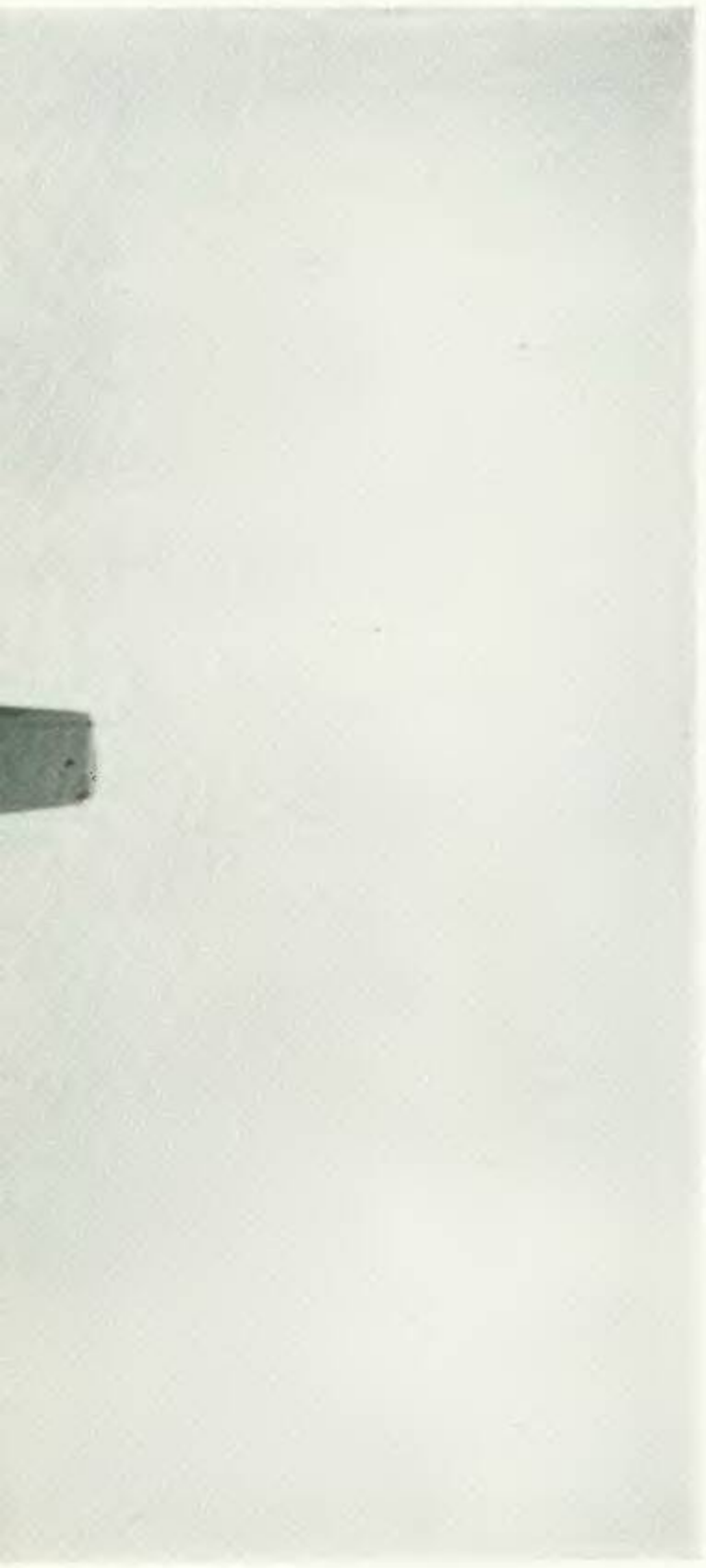

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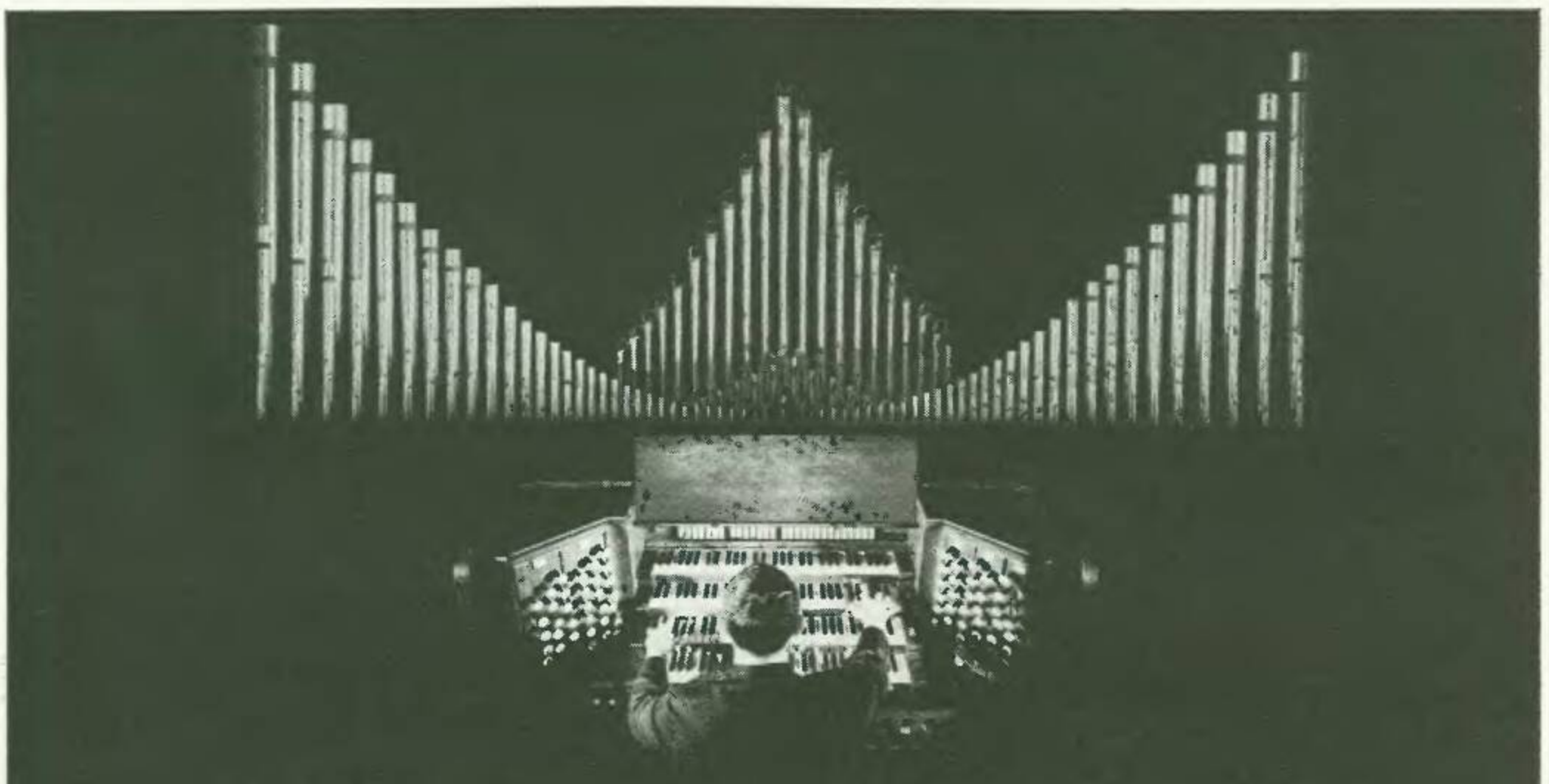

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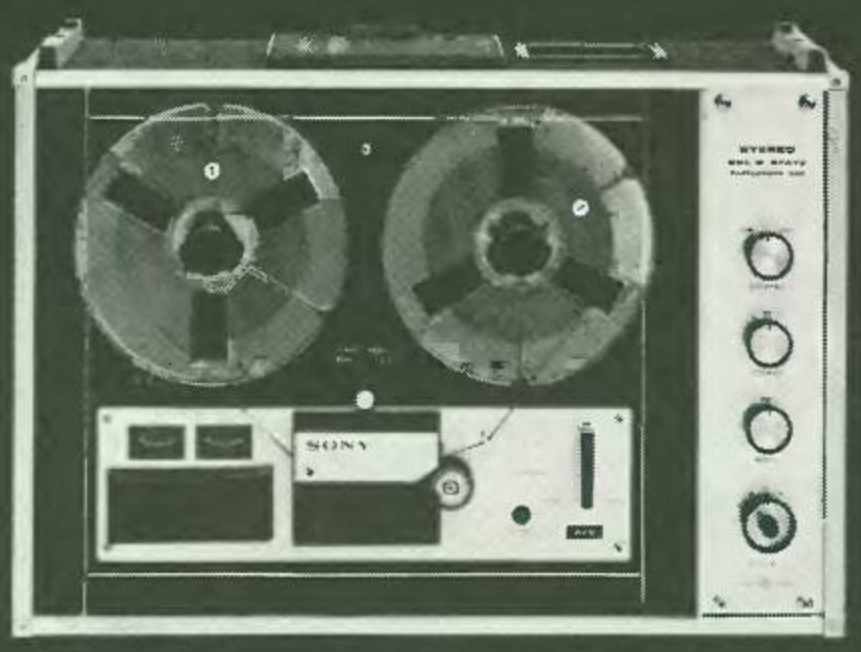

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1

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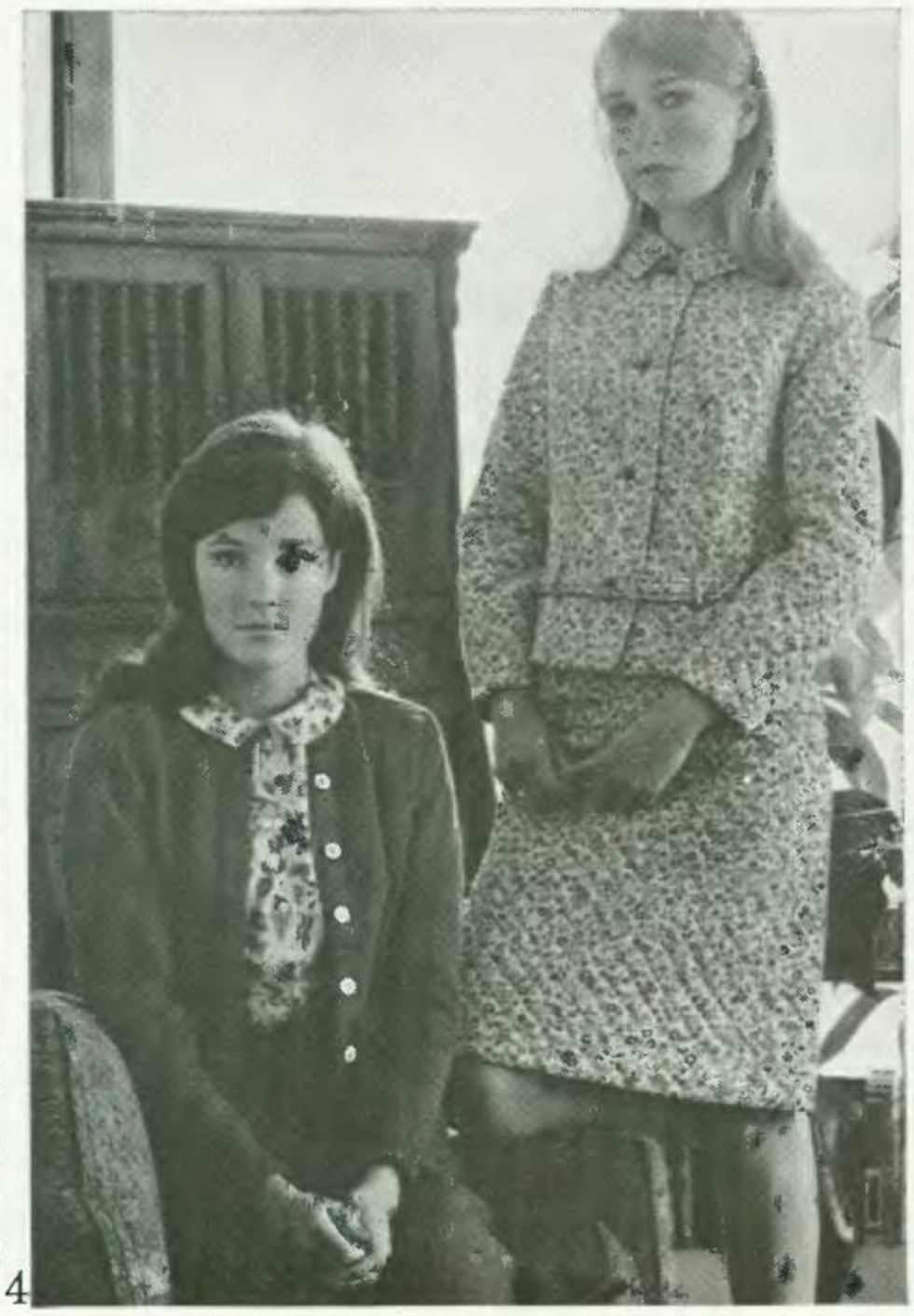
2

3



4

5

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1. Triple-pocketed, fully lined, wool herringbone coat, rather lordly, about $60.
2. Ribbed-yoke pullover, about $15, and fully lined checked wool slacks, about $18.
3. Glen plaid wool dress, linen collar, about $30.
4. VILLAGER's classic wool cardigan, about $14.
   Roll-sleeved cotton shirt, about $7.
   The quilted cotton print suit, about $30.
5. Lace-trimmed wool hopsack dress, about $30.
6. The cable pullover, about $18, the glen plaid skirt about $15. Traditional cardigan, about $14 and bias wool herringbone skirt, about $15.
   The oxford buttondown shirt, about $6.

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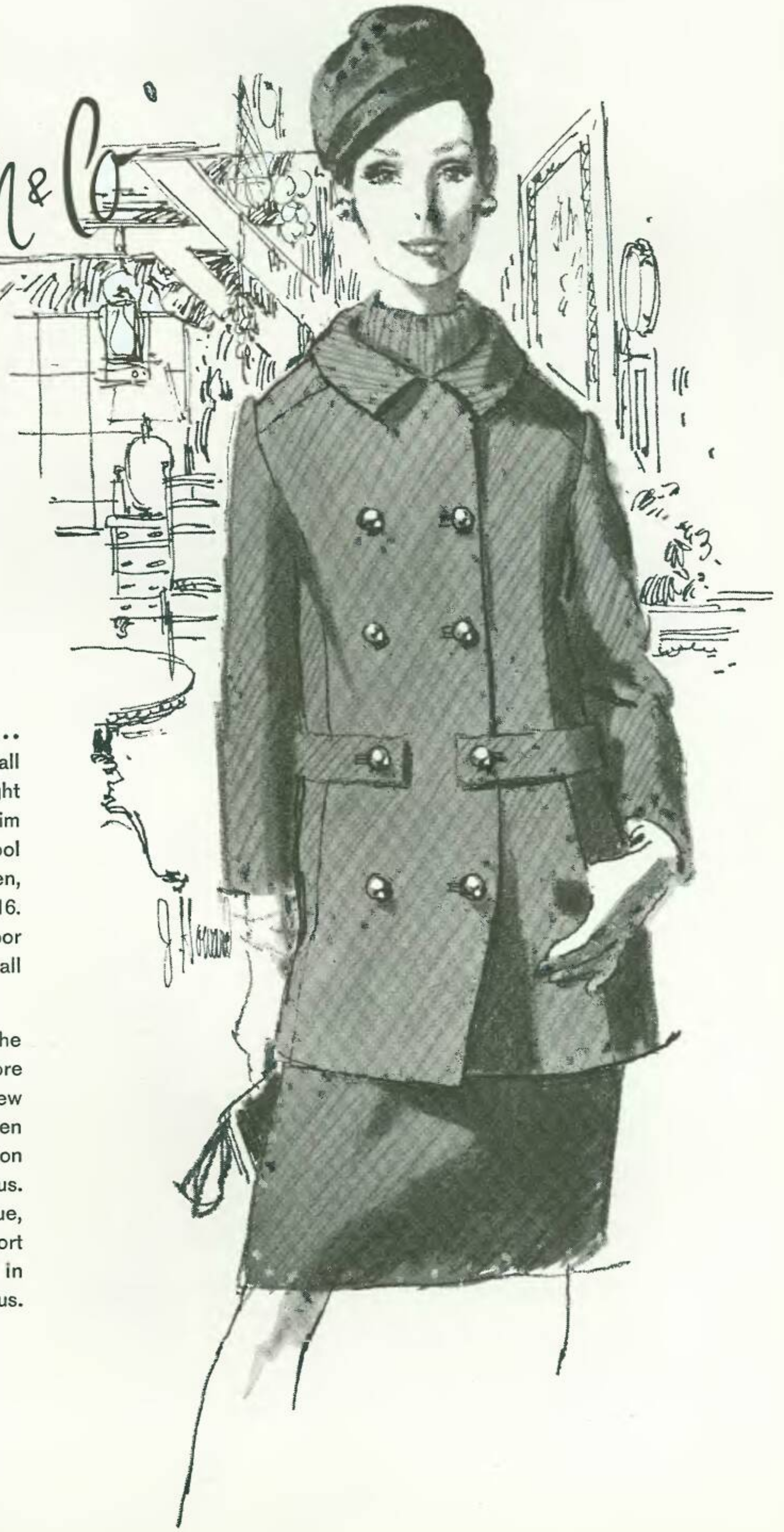

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN Lenny Bruce and Bud Powell died within two days of each other early this month, the parallels in their lives appeared darkly obvious. Both had known preeminence in their chosen work but had spent the last part of their forty years in a "glass enclosure"—a phrase that Powell used as the title of one of his compositions. The isolation of Powell, the most influential modern-jazz pianist, was interior, as illness, mental and physical, made it increasingly difficult for him to remember what it was he wanted to say through his instrument. He had already become a ghost in the night world of jazz. Bruce was also alone, separated from his audience by the police and the district attorneys who kept charging him with obscenity. He won many of his cases, but most night-club owners, aware and fearful of officialdom's persistency in holy wars, refused to hire him. And, as a public figure who could seldom work in public, Bruce became obsessed with the purity of the law, focussing his prodigious energies on a Talmudic poring over of briefs and lawbooks to prove that he was not Joseph K.—that he could win an ultimate trial, which would release him to return to the skewering of hypocrisy and pietism that he did so well. The difference between the two exiles, beneath the parallels, was that Powell had believed his music could keep him intact. He had wanted to avoid, as far as he could, the ambiguities and perils of the world beyond the bandstand—a world that was not symmetrical or manageable. Even when Powell was in command of his music, there were times when he seemed to cut himself off from conversation and people between sets. Musician friends would say knowingly, "Bud just looks as if he's away somewhere. He's putting everybody on. He just doesn't want to be bothered." Perhaps they were right. The jazz life, however, is not built to provide serenity, and gradually the insecurities that Bud Powell experienced when he was not at the piano began to affect his music. And when he tried to draw strength from that music, the music began to fall away from him. His glass enclosure became entirely sealed. In his last months, according to a source quoted in the *Times* obituary, Powell spent his evenings alone, "sitting quietly and smiling to himself." Lenny Bruce, on the other hand, had a huge appetite for life, in all its transiency, absurdity, and potentiality. What he wanted was to make it all more real, to startle his listeners into realizing how much they were missing as a result of their evasions. He kept asking them, as they laughed, why certain words were "obscene." Who had made them "obscene," and why? Similarly, he insisted on exploring—with a bizarre accuracy of perception—the chasm between Christianity and churches, between love and marriage, between law and lawyers, between the urgency of fantasies and the insubstantial safety of "normality." He had no programmatic answers. His delight was in questioning those who had given up trying to find answers. But the questioning was never malicious; it was affectingly—as well as risibly—hopeful. Lenny Bruce was a chronic optimist. Although he could not foresee its details, he believed change to be possible when enough people had really looked at the present. Therefore, he appeared to some authorities a disturber of the peace. To the end, he tried to break out of his glass enclosure, petitioning the courts in the name of pure reason, having forgotten the enormous power of irrationality—something that had once been a constant theme in his performances. Bud Powell had been terrified by the irrational, because he knew it more intimately than Bruce did. And neither man escaped it.

WESTWARD the star of empire takes its way—in this instance, the Roman Empire, which either fell or was pushed to its death some centuries ago in the Old World and is currently enjoying a peculiar resurrection in the New. Things Roman, or at least mock-Roman, are in vogue in many unexpected forms, from salads to motels, and in many unexpected places, from Rockefeller Center to Palo Alto. By a pleasing concatenation of improbabilities, what is surely the most preposterous example of this classical revival has just manifested itself in the most preposterous setting: a gambling casino-night club-restaurant-hotel called Caesars Palace recently threw open its innumerable doors on the Strip in Las Vegas. The event was marked by a party for a thousand guests, few of them antiquaries. (According to the *Times*, among those present was James Hoffa, whose International Brotherhood of Teamsters lent ten million dollars toward the cost of building the Palace. Most of the other guests were from Broadway and Hollywood. In the geography of the entertainment world, Las Vegas is a point exactly halfway between those blazing poles.) We salute Caesars Palace with awe, as perhaps the biggest and silliest architectural throwback of all time, but before going into detail about its multiplicity of archaic novelties we'd like to say a word or two about Las Vegas. It is a place that haunts our imagination, and with reason. As far as we know, it is the only sizable city on earth that exists on the strength of a single invention. Without air-conditioning, it would be but a drowsy mountain village baking in hun-

dred-degree heat through the long summer days and nights. One would be miserable walking the streets of Vegas (the "Las" is silent), but the only walking a visitor does there is indoors; he is sped by air-conditioned car from one casino to the next, from one icy artificial climate to the next, and the air he breathes blows not from the Nevadan desert but from General Electric. Vegas also fascinates us as the only place we know about where formal entertainment, to say nothing of food, alcohol, and the opportunity to gamble, is provided continuously around the clock; stage shows that go on at six in the morning are well attended. For in Vegas the conventional tyranny of time, like the tyranny of weather, has been outwitted; in the brightly lit rooms, with the rumble and thud of the one-armed bandits resounding in one's ears like surf on a beach, no hour is different from any other hour, and one gets up or goes to sleep not because a clock or the sun says to but because one's body does.

For years, the big casino-hotels along the Strip—the Sands, the Flamingo, the Thunderbird, the Stardust—have vied with each other in degrees of opulence. Now comes Caesars Palace in an attempt to dominate them all—an enormous, fourteen-story confection of white stone and concrete set down in thirty-four acres of Vegas desert. The Palace has seven hundred and fifty bedrooms; a casino (Caesars Forum), whose dome is supported by twenty columns of Italian marble and from whose center hangs a chandelier ninety feet in diameter, containing sixteen hundred light bulbs and over a hundred thousand crystal prisms; a night club (the Circus Maximus); a Bacchanal Room, for what is known in Vegas as gourmet dining; a Noshorium, or coffee shop; and a bar bearing the not altogether authentic-sounding title of Nero's Nook. Outside the Palace, in the Garden of the Gods, twinkles one of the world's largest swimming pools, while scattered about the grounds are a total of eighteen fountains, holding several hundred thousand gallons of water; the management has boasted in print that at least ten thousand gallons of water will be in the air at any given moment. Also to be boasted of are a sixty-six-foot sofa in the Palace lobby and, in a pool in front of the main entrance, a marble reproduction of Giovanni Bologna's "Rape of the Sabine Women." Caesars Palace is said to have cost twenty-eight million dollars. It is cheap at the price. We think of Nero in Hades, shaking his head in wonder and envy. Rome—*his* Rome, which he rebuilt with broad streets and splendid villas—was never a patch on Vegas. He might just as well not have bothered to burn the old one down.

Outsider

COLIN TURNBULL, an Englishman who is Associate Curator of African Ethnology at the Museum of Natural History, was in town for a few days on a flying visit from northern Uganda, where he is studying the Ik, a primitive hunting, herding, and farming tribe, and we sought him out in his office. The room was warm, but he was wearing a heavy sweater. "There are two thousand Ik—in about fifteen villages in the mountains on the border between the Sudan and Kenya—and practically nothing is known about them," he said. "I settled down with them in a mud hut, which I built a year ago, at a time when a severe drought had produced a famine. Historically, they're of great importance. Their language, which I've learned, has some Bushman affinities, and they may be a remnant group of Bushmen. They are about five feet tall, and are burned black by the sun but are reddish underneath; this color emerges in the old, who often stay indoors for a couple of months when they are dying. The farming of the Ik is geared to precipitous mountain slopes, and their cattle are continually raided by the Turkana, a herding tribe from Kenya that is also close to starvation. The government of Uganda is planning to move the Ik to the plains, in order to do away with the necessity of having border police on hand to protect them, but this will be disastrous. Economically, religiously, historically, and politically, they are tied to the mountains, and I think they will refuse to be relocated. They will leave, and be dispersed in the Sudan. This is probably the last chance to study them. An anthropologist should identify himself with the people he's studying, and I've done that in the past, with the Mbuti Pygmies of the Congo, but I can't do it with the Ik. They are starving to death all around me. I see them getting weaker and weaker and weaker. Since they're not allowed to leave Uganda, they can't follow the game. As long as I have enough to eat, I can't identify myself with them. I live on rice and lentils, and I give them what I can, but I can't support two

"Take two mornings and call me again in the aspirin."

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thousand people. They don't worry about death, and they don't resent my presence, but they have absolutely no affection. Every man is for himself. Men desert wives in time of famine; wives desert husbands; when children are weaned, at the age of three, they are left with their grandparents; youths come back from the forest fat with honey but with nothing for their parents, who accept the situation. Pygmies are compassionate, and even the Bushmen are full of the deepest affections. It's strange for these people to be so alone. The famine will abate a little in the fall, at harvest time, and I'll stay until then. Next year, they won't be there."

We asked Mr. Turnbull for a further word on the Mbuti Pygmies, and he said, "I first visited them in 1951, more or less accidentally. I was studying Indian philosophy—I'd got interested in it when I was at Oxford, and I went on with it at the University of London School of Oriental and African Studies—and on my way back from India, where I'd gone on a grant from Banaras Hindu University, I travelled through Africa. A fellow-student from Oxford was with me. We took deck passage on a ship from Bombay to Mombasa for the equivalent of twenty dollars, sleeping out under the stars and pitying the first-class passengers, whose electric fans went on the blink, and we had planned to hitchhike our way northward, but a Mombasa agent who was a friend of my father's presented us with a motorcycle. Father is in a firm of actuaries and accountants. The best way to see a country is to travel through it by motorcycle; it's not like being in a car, where you can sleep and keep provisions. You have to stop in the villages and ask for food and shelter. We went through Kenya, Uganda, Burundi, the Congo, and the Sudan, and found the natives extremely hospitable. They refused to accept money or presents. We were taken right in on the ground floor—sometimes literally. If a house was crowded, people would say, 'Do you mind sleeping on the floor?' We spent six months with the Mbuti Pygmies in the Ituri Forest, in the northeastern Congo, and, after deciding to become an anthropologist rather than an Indian philosopher, I went back there for two long stays in 1954 and 1957. The Mbuti are hunters and gatherers. They gather plants, roots, and honey, and they hunt elephants, antelope, wild boar, and monkeys, with spears and metal-tipped arrows. The children hunt forest rats and mice with miniature bows and arrows, and are allowed to cook and eat whatever they get. A Pygmy child is taught to walk almost as soon as he is big enough to be allowed on the ground alone. This process is sometimes hastened, or thought to be hastened, by scratching the child's knee and placing a *pakalakala*, or fast-moving beetle, in the blood, and then letting it run away. The theory is that the child will soon be running as fast as the beetle."

Mr. Turnbull told us a great deal more about the Mbuti, but we refer you to a couple of books he has written about them—"The Forest People" and "Wayward Servants." "I came here for an anthropological conference, at the University of Chicago, on hunting and gathering, and to check up on the installation of our new Hall of Man in Africa, which will open about two years from now," he said. "The Sudan government has given us a splendid collection for it. After it opens, I hope to go back to the Congo. I'd *like* to go to Little Andaman Island, in the Bay of Bengal, which has surf so heavy you can land there only two months of the year, and whose inhabitants are probably Pygmy relicts, but the Indian government has refused me permission so far. It may be concerned for my safety. The islanders are alleged to be cannibals, but I don't believe it. *They* deny it—and they have plenty of food. Even if they *are* cannibals, it would be an in-group matter. As an outsider, I wouldn't be worth eating. The Turkana raided the Ik while I was around, and killed one of them, but they told me I wasn't worth killing, because I had no cattle. I didn't have any status."

Southern Hospitality

A COUPLE we know who toured the South recently by automobile report that they stopped one morning at a roadside diner in Florida for breakfast, and, seeing that the menu offered "Eggs any style," they both ordered two poached eggs, toast, and coffee. Their waitress looked puzzled and asked them to wait a moment while she checked something in the kitchen. Returning, she said, "We don't have poached eggs. We just have eggs any style." Our friends said all right, they would each have an order of eggs any style. In no time, the girl reappeared with two orders of fried eggs.

The Fairbanks Pass

THE last couple of months have been a busy time in space. A few weeks ago, we received a letter from Dr. John F. Clark, the director of the

Goddard Space Flight Center, in Greenbelt, Maryland, whom we had last seen at the time of the disappointing launch of the Orbiting Astronomical Observatory. "This is being dictated at six o'clock in the morning, following the successful launch of Nimbus II," Dr. Clark wrote, a little breathlessly. "Nimbus II, a weather satellite, is the first major observatory launch since that of the ill-starred OAO-1. As it was on that Sunday, five weeks ago, the weather this morning is beautiful, but that is about the only similarity between the two Sundays. This morning, the world is alive. Five weeks ago, there seemed to be considerable doubt on this point." This was good news indeed, and we accordingly visited Goddard again, in order to witness the routine operation of a happily orbiting satellite. The OAO, which never orbited happily, attempted to put a telescope in space to view an unprecedented array of stars; Nimbus II is more modest and also more introspective. Its cameras peer down at the earth, which it photographs, in its entirety, twice a day. Nimbus can do this because it is in orbit from pole to pole, with the earth spinning underneath its orbit like a library globe inside its supporting arm.

At Goddard, which we are coming to know fairly well, we headed straight for Building 14, the command center for all the unmanned National Aeronautics and Space Administration satellites that orbit the earth. Inside Building 14, on whose roof we saw the dish of a radio antenna tilted at a rakish angle, we met Dr. Clark, a stocky, brown-haired, erect man, and started off by asking him whether there was anything new on the OAO. "In this business, you've got to get right back on the horse," he said as he walked with us down a corridor. "We still don't know what went wrong, though dozens of men are working full time on the problem. A failure like that is very complicated. Solving it is like simultaneously working on a jigsaw puzzle and untangling a snarled skein of yarn. We've untangled the yarn, the pieces are laid out, and now we're at the jigsaw part—only we're not sure yet that someone hasn't snitched some of the pieces." Nimbus II, he added, was promising to be one of the most successful satellites in Goddard's history. We passed rooms labelled "OGO," "OSO," and "TIROS"—the command centers for different satellites. Then we followed Dr. Clark down to the basement, where Nimbus Control is.

There Dr. Clark left us with Mr. Harry Press, the man in charge of the Nimbus project. He was waiting for us in a room marked "NDUC," which, we learned, stood for "Nimbus Data Utilization Center." Three young ladies were busy pasting thousands of snapshots—taken by the satellite the day before—into a montage of the entire globe. There are four sets of cameras aboard—two for daylight photography and two that are sensitive to infra-red light and are therefore used primarily for nighttime photography. "I've lost what's-it—Madagascar," one young woman was saying as we entered the room. Madagascar turned up a few minutes later, inexplicably, in a pile of photographs of Canada.

Looking at the montage, we remarked that it was hard to see geographical features, because the world was so cloudy.

"Everybody always likes to see the ground," Mr. Press complained. "The clouds are what we like best. Cloud analysis is a lost art, but now, with weather satellites, clouds are coming back into their own."

We asked Mr. Press to analyze some clouds for us, and he stood off at a distance, for a better perspective. We joined him, and after our eyes had become accustomed to the haze, we could see the outlines of the continents emerging through the clouds. Africa, indeed, was almost clear, but most of the rest of the world was obscured behind great, vapory swirls.

"Let me see, now," Press began. "There's a storm over the Rockies. There's good weather over the Midwest—see the Great Lakes—but it's raining in the Gulf States. The British Isles are perfectly clear, and it's clear all the way to Paris. Eastern Europe is cloudy, but it's clear over Central Asia. It's clear down through the Himalayas, but there's a hurricane brewing here, off the coast of India."

We moved on from NDUC to NDHS—the room for the Nimbus Data Handling System, as the vitals of Nimbus Control are called—and here Mr. Press, like Dr. Clark before him, passed us on to the man in charge. He was a shirt-sleeved man with a shiny red face whose name was Ralph Shapiro and whose title was Nimbus Operations manager. The NDHS throbbed and buzzed with computers and technicians. Mr. Shapiro said we were just in time for a Fairbanks pass. In the NDHS, he explained, life is a series of passes. Whenever the satellite passes over either Rosman, North Carolina, or Fairbanks, Alaska, which it does a number of times a day, commands for the next orbit are sent up to it from Goddard. The satellite is ten feet tall, and is shaped like a bell. As it sails through space, its gas jets hiss and its horizon scanners growl. (The horizon scanners keep the bottom of the bell, where the cameras are, aimed at the earth.) Every ninety-one seconds during the daylight hours, the daylight-camera shutters click. During passes, relays click and chatter like typewriters. That is to say, these are the sounds the satellite made on the ground. There are no noises in space. "If you were up there now, you'd see butterfly wings flickering in the sun," Shapiro said. "The bell part is silver, but the cells in the solar paddles are iridescent, and as the satellite moves, the colors in the paddles change."

Mr. Shapiro suggested that we watch the Fairbanks pass with Mr. Karl Toll, a rangy, shaggy-haired young technician, who, as the Command Operator, would be dealing directly with the satellite. Accordingly, we stood behind Mr. Toll, who was sitting at a complicated console, and Mr. Shapiro stood at our side. While Mr. Toll made sure that his connections with Fairbanks were open, we asked Mr. Shapiro to explain the meaning of a button on Mr. Toll's console labelled "PANIC." Most of the commands for Nimbus II, Mr. Shapiro told us, were on tape for transmission to the satellite, but in an emergency Toll could also command Nimbus II, manually, by pressing the "PANIC" button and then entering the command code by hand. The commands on tape were called stored-time commands, because they were meant to be executed at a later time; commands that Toll sent up directly were called real-time commands. Shapiro looked at his watch. "We ought to be getting satellite acquisition at Fairbanks in a couple of minutes," he said. Above Toll and to his left was an oscilloscope tube that was hooked up to the radio antenna at Fairbanks. Static caused by the aurora borealis flickered across its face. Toll waited, alert. "We have a flap here about once a day," Shapiro said, his

"If only I'd been a contributor to CORE and S.N.C.C., I would cut them off now without a damn cent!"

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eyes fixed on the flickering tube. "I had a call at home at four in the morning a while back. Every time I get a call at home, I think: That's it! The bird's gone! Disasters are always precipitous—this is a tough business. When I got that 4 A.M. call, they'd failed to pick up the satellite on a Fairbanks pass. Within twenty minutes, five key people were here to figure out what was going on, and it took us an hour. Then we realized that the people at Fairbanks hadn't aimed the radio dish at the right point in the sky."

Evidently, the people at Fairbanks were on the beam this time, for soon the flickering in the tube became more regular, turning into a succession of small checked diamonds. "There's the beacon," Shapiro said, relieved. "It's right on time, too. It's a little hazy, because of the aurora. Radio interference from northern lights has been giving us trouble."

Toll pressed a button marked "Enter Satellite." Then he pressed the "PANIC" button, preparatory to sending up a real-time command. "This is just to make sure that we can reach the spacecraft," he said. He pressed some keys and pushed another button. The command was on its way. Almost immediately, there was an answering beep from the satellite. "We're in business," Toll said as the satellite chirped like a cricket. "The satellite has accepted us."

Toll sat back and folded his arms as the satellite zipped across the Alaskan sky. At a desk where one of the two daylight cameras was being monitored, for an almost real-time view of what the satellite was seeing, we spotted a huge crack in the polar ice rushing by. Toll said he wouldn't have anything further to do until mid-pass—a pass lasts about twelve minutes—when he would start the stored-command tape for the next orbit. What Shapiro called the housekeeping data—on the satellite's temperature and power supply—were coming through on the same signal as the satellite's beacon, and Mr. Shapiro offered to take us into the next room for a look at them. We walked down an aisle between two rows of computers and pushed on into a room full of what looked like ticker-tape machines. The machines held pens that squiggled lines on continuously moving rolls of graph paper. Shapiro here passed us on to his assistant, Mr. Richard Ormsby, a lean, quick-moving young man with sandy hair.

Mr. Ormsby took charge of us briskly. "Here you can see how the daylight cameras clicked every ninety-one seconds," he said, indicating a graph with sharp dips at regular intervals. As we walked down a row of machines, he pointed out that the temperature of the satellite had ranged from nineteen degrees centigrade, on the dark side of the earth, to twenty-one degrees, in the sun. Pitch and roll had been steady, but the craft had yawed over South America.

We asked Ormsby whether all was well aboard, and he said it was. Shapiro, who had returned to reclaim us, said, "The pen plot we all look at closest is the graph that charts the movement of the solar paddles as they follow the sun from horizon to horizon. It was a flaw in the movement of the solar paddles that signalled the beginning of the end of the first Nimbus, two years ago. The graph should form a perfect arc. If ever there isn't a good arc, we have a general alert. We've had one alert so far. A few weeks ago, a droop showed up in the middle of the arc. We were all on edge until, ten minutes later, the paddles returned to normal. We couldn't figure out what had happened until someone remembered that there was an eclipse of the sun in Greece. The satellite had passed through the umbra, and it had quite correctly shifted into its nighttime mode. But it gave us quite a start. Sometime in the next few months, this bird is going to die. Most of the two hundred people on the project will have been with it from the cradle to the grave. It's like a baby to us. We stay up with it. We hear it howl. We give it night feedings. It does its job. And then it dies."

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POSTER displayed at a shopping center in the Pennsylvania town named King of Prussia:

WORSHIP GOD IN YOUR CAR
Casually Dressed
Comfortably Seated
Valley Forge Drive-In Theatre

Another pious poster, this one displayed at the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church in Baltimore:

For Prayer and Meditation See Receptionist at 10 E. Mt. Vernon Place.

THE BEATING

ON Monday morning, the old Greek woman, Mara, and her daughter, Sophie, went to the flower shop. Sophie drove. She was forty-five, an old maid, and lived at home. She helped her heavy mother out of the car and held her arm as they crossed the street. Mara wore, as always, her faded black widow's garments. "Nick will have to tell us," she said. "Even if they are enemies. Oh, I pray to God that he's all right." She put her hands together and looked up at the gray sky. She spoke in Greek. She did not understand much English. Sophie had had to call the police for verification after a neighbor brought the newspaper clipping.

In the shop, hundreds of green plants grew in pots along one wall, and an old wood refrigerator was full of flowers. There were no customers. Mara's cousin, Nick, was fixing a basket of chrysanthemums. It looked ominous. Mara lifted her hands and said, "What happened to Stavros? Sophie just read me the paper and it said he was hurt. We went to his house right away. It was all locked up tight, no one in sight. Where is he?"

Nick looked at her for a second and then back at his work. Mara clutched Sophie's hand. Blood rushed to her head. "You must tell me," she said. "He's your *brother*. All right, so you hate each other. Everyone knows it. You work in this foolish store together for forty years and not talk one day. Over profits! Jealousies! Lies! But now you *must* tell me. He, too, is my cousin—my blood relative—as much as you are."

Nick looked up again. He was sixty and wiry, and had pale-gray eyes. His fingers twined laurel and brown ribbon and big yellow blossoms. "He was beat up," he said. He turned away.

"Tell me!" Mara said. "What is it?"

Nick's shoulders and the back of his gray head moved in little spasms.

Just then Mara felt the flowers and the greens cut into her dulled sense of smell—sweet, faintly nauseating—and her fear doubled. "Tell me at once!" she said. Her voice was shrill.

"He was beat up," Nick said. Now he was sobbing with loud noises, his whole short body shaking hard.

Mara went around the counter and put her hand on his shoulder. Ah, then, he's dead, she thought. In forty years, she had never seen or heard of any sign of love between the brothers. Their stubborn feud was a joke among all the Greeks in town. "Badly?" she said, her voice beginning to quaver.

"Badly," Nick said. He took out a handkerchief and blew his nose. His rough hands trembled.

Mara's eyes filled, and the green life of the store blurred. "Where is he?" she said.

"At my house."

"Sleeping? Resting?"

"Yes."

She blessed herself in the Orthodox way—three times, rapidly. After a moment, she said, "But who is taking care of him?" Nick's wife was dead, his two sons were grown and married. He lived alone in a big house.

Nick shrugged. He said, "I bring him a little food. He sleeps."

"We must take him to my house. Sophie goes to the office, but I'm home all day. I can cook him hot food, and if he needs anyone . . . All right?"

Nick said nothing.

"We'll go and get him right now."

Nick fluffed up the bouquet and shrugged again and said, "I don't care. Carousing all night. When will he learn?"

Leaning on Sophie, Mara left the shop. Outside, she shook her head slowly. She said, "Do you believe it? He cried."

THEY drove to Nick's two-story frame house. They went in through the back door. The kitchen was full of empty tin cans, a few dirty dishes. The table was stained with old coffee-cup rings. Mara walked through to the front. The rooms were musty, full of dust. The curtains were drawn, faded, and limp. The house needed a woman. But Nick was independent. He wanted no one. He was devoted to the memory of his wife.

Sophie helped her mother up the stairs. "Stavro!" Mara called. She clomped through two half-empty rooms—beds with just mattresses, blinds closed, staring icons. In the third room, the one nearest the bathroom, she found him. She put her hands on her face and said, "My Mother of God."

Stavros, a big man, was asleep on a double bed with no sheets or pillowcases. There was a rough, khaki-colored wool blanket over him, and his big horny feet were sticking out.

"Stavro!"

He opened his eyes and grunted and closed his mouth. She walked up close to him. "My God," she whispered. There was a dome of plastered

"Goodness! Don't you ever get tired of being amusing?"

bandage on his head. The swarthy skin of his face was bruised. The area around his eyes was purple, and a long stitched cut stood out over his right eyebrow.

"Yes," he said in a raw, sleepy voice. "You see?"

Mara wept, keeping the sound inside her. She held a handkerchief to her face with one hand, and with the other took the big dark hand of her cousin. She turned to Sophie and tilted her head. "All the relatives we have," she said. "Him and Nick. We grew up in the same house. We played together. The three of us as children slept together on the same bed back in the village." She bent a little toward the floor, moving her handkerchief rhythmically, fabricating the bed of straw, seeing it in the corner of a dim clay room. "Oh, God, help us."

"Why did they do it to you, Uncle?" Sophie said in awkward Greek.

"Why?" He lifted his hands weakly. "Why. Fools. Monsters. This violent hell we live in." His black eyes flashed. They were bloodshot, deeply drawn around the edges. The distortion made him look evil.

Snuffing, Mara said, "Tell us what happened. Who did this to you?"

He spoke slowly, spluttering—for his false teeth lay on the bureau. "Saturday night late, I'm coming home from the coffeehouse with Peter Cavallos. We had a few games of poker with all the fellows—you know. We're walking down the street to my car. I see these two young girls. I saw them before. They came into the shop in the afternoon and asked was I the one who had the apartment for rent? They saw it in the paper. I told them yes, the apartment downstairs from me. They wanted to see it, but not right then—maybe later that night? One of them said she was a nurse and worked late—the whore. They want to see the place now, they say. 'Now?' I say. 'Two o'clock in the morning? No, not now.' But it's the only time they can, they say. Then I look at that character, Peter. . . ."

Stavros stopped, seemed to waver for a moment. "So we said all right, get into the car." Stavros was looking away from Mara and Sophie. "We drove them to the house. My friend, poor Peter. He is seventy-five years old. And I'm sixty-eight myself, you know. . . . I should have understood the other car. I saw it pulling up around the corner." His voice rose in anger and bewilderment. "Ah, the four bloodthirsty ones, they planned the whole thing together. So I was going to show them the apartment, but one of them says to me how about a drink, maybe, first, upstairs? Well, I didn't mean any harm, believe me, I had no ideas—you know what I mean. I'm an old man. . . ." He looked away again.

Mara nodded and thought, Like a horse.

"And poor Peter, he is seventy-five years old. What can we do? Like I told the police, what can two old men do? Hah? We went up, and no sooner did the girls take off their coats we hear someone running up the stairs. The door opens, and there are two tall young men coming at us—one skinny, the other strong. They rush into the kitchen where we're sitting at the table, and before I know what's happening I'm standing holding up my arm and this strong one is beating me over the head with an iron. And Peter is yelling, and they are beating him with an iron, too, irons for fixing cars—flat tires—you know. If I didn't hold up my arm, he would have broken my skull."

Stavros showed them his arm; it was black, red, and blue with bruises. There were two Mercurochromed dents on his forearm—the deep marks of the round tire iron. Mara hissed air in through her gums. Sophie looked away at the wall.

"Yes, I'd be dead for sure. No doubt about it. Poor Peter, he fell right away, and while this other monster was clubbing me, the girls were going through the drawers—the other son of a bitch, too, the skinny one. We were hollering in the beginning, but who could hear us, all the windows closed, the apartment downstairs empty? Then I was lying on the floor. They went through my pockets and took money—what, fifty, sixty dollars—the lousy crooks. If I were younger . . . But there were two of them. With irons. On helpless old men.

"They left, and we were lying there bleeding. I couldn't get up. I had no strength. I called to Peter. He didn't answer. He was bleeding, too. I thought we would lie there and die slowly. Like goats at slaughter. Who would hear us? Jesus.

"Then I heard the girls' voices coming up the stairs, and men's voices, and I prayed to God for the first time in years. I thought, They've come back to finish us off, to kill us once and for all. They came in. I could hardly see. My eye. Everything is blurred, the room is all red. . . .

"But it's just the one girl, and she has two policemen with her. They bend down to me. 'Help us,' I can just about say to them in English. Don't

"We set fire to their library, but I couldn't bear the thought of all these Faith Baldwins going up in flames."

• •

let this woman out from here,' I say. Ah, the dope. Thank God she was so stupid. She went to the police station and said there had been a bad fight between these two old Greeks in this house where she was with her boyfriend, and she had left her coat up there. She wanted her coat. Would they go with her to get it? Because she was afraid we might hurt her. Can you imagine?

"But the police figured something was wrong—there was more to it than what she said, with all the blood. Because more than half an hour had passed. There was a lake of blood on the kitchen floor, and it was splattered over the walls. God, I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for this girl. Maybe she was afraid the men had killed us. Maybe she took pity. Who knows.

"The police took us to the hospital. Peter's still there. He has a broken wrist and a concussion. But he's going to be all right, the police told me. They gave him a transfusion at the hospital. The police got the other three, the two monsters and the girl—all four of them are in jail. The girl who came for the coat told everything. The police waited for me at the hospital and took me to the station. They brought them in, and seven o'clock in the morning I identified them. 'Yes,' I said, 'that's the ones. The murderers.'

"Why? Why to old men? For fifty dollars? With irons. The police took pictures of me. Nick came and got me. He brought me here to this room, and I saw in the mirror that I should be dead. The bandage *soaked* with blood, and blood caked in my ears. I didn't recognize myself. And he washed me. The doctor put a new bandage on today, a little while ago. Nick—he washed me." Stavros stopped talking, and swallowed, and looked at his feet.

Mara was nervously wiping her nose. Sophie had stepped out into the hall. "There," Mara said. "Poor man. It's all over now. We've come to take you to my place. The couch opens into a bed. I can look after you. You'll have hot, fresh food. Soup. And clean bedclothes, and we'll get you some pajamas."

Stavros said slowly, "I guess that's a good idea. Someone to talk with. I can't go home yet. The blood."

"Come, then," Mara said, "don't think about it. I'll go and clean it." She saw the fear of death in his eyes. She said, "Can you move? Are your legs strong enough? You think you can get down the stairs? Do you have your clothes?"

"My legs are all right. Go out for a minute. Let me put on my pants."

She went out and stood with Sophie. He lumbered into the hall. The two women struggled helping him down the stairs.

They left the gloomy house. They eased Stavros into the back seat of the car, and drove a dozen blocks to Mara's bungalow. It was on a quiet street of small, similar houses and lawns with maple trees.

Mara kept saying, "I thought you were dead. Dear God. I really thought you were dead."

Finally, Stavros said, "Bah! I want to live. You in your black—waiting so patiently, so hopefully for death."

Behind the wheel, Sophie smiled faintly. Mara looked at her. Sophie sobered.

"No, no," Mara said. "That's the damage in your head talking, not you. I didn't mean that at all. It's not true. How could it be? You're wrong. No." She drew her shoulders together and hid in the shadows of her mind.

They came to the house, and Sophie turned off the ignition. Mara's voice was flat. She said to her cousin, "You know, when Nick told us what happened to you, he cried. He turned around behind the counter so we wouldn't see him, and he cried hard. Like a small child. Poor Nick."

Stavros sat hunched forward in his white-bandage dome. He looked at his injured arm for a long time. Then he touched one of the deep round wounds with a clumsy finger. His disfigured face contorted. He straightened up and said, "Come on. Open this goddam door and help me out."

—H. L. Mountzoures

FAIRGROUND

Thumping old tunes give a voice to its whereabouts
long before one can see the dazzling archway
of colored lights, beyond which household proverbs
cease to be valid,

a ground sacred to the god of vertigo
and his cult of disarray: here jeopardy,
panic, shock are dispensed in measured doses
by foolproof engines.

As passive objects, packed tightly together
on roller coaster or ferris wheel, mortals
taste in their solid flesh the volitional
joys of a seraph.

Soon the roundabout ends the clumsy conflict
of Right and Left: the riding mob melts into
one spinning sphere, the perfect shape performing
the perfect motion.

Mopped and mowed at, as their train worms through a tunnel,
by ancestral spooks, caressed by clammy cobwebs,
grinning initiates emerge into daylight
as tribal heroes.

Fun for Youth who knows his libertine spirit
is not a copy of Father's, but has yet to
learn that the tissues which lend it stamina,
like Mum's, are bourgeois.

Those with their wander-years behind them, who are rather
relieved that all routes of escape are spied on,
all hours of amusement counted, requiring
caution, agenda,

keep away:—to be found in coigns where, sitting
in silent synods, they play chess or cribbage,
games that call for patience, foresight, maneuver,
like war, like marriage.

—W. H. Auden

"Probably a different guy."

SAY SOMETHING AFRICAN

EVERY morning, the boy was sent to the baker, and the French children slid out of dark walls like the village cats and walked in his footsteps. He couldn't understand what they said to each other, but he thought he understood their laughter; he was a stranger. He looked forward to the half-fearful, disdainful feeling their presence at his back gave him, and as he left the house he expected at each alley, hole, and doorway the start of dread with which he would see them. They didn't follow him into the baker's shop. Perhaps the baker wouldn't have them—they looked poor, and the boy knew, from the pickanins at home in South Africa, that poor kids steal. He had never been in a bakery at home; the baker boy, a black man who rode a tricycle with a rattling bin on the front, came through the yard holding the loaves out of the way of the barking dogs, and put two white and one brown on the kitchen table. It was the same with fruit and vegetables; at home, the old Indian, Vallabhbhai, stopped his greengrocer's lorry at the back gate, and his pickanin carried into the kitchen whatever you bought.

But here, the family said, part of the fun was doing your own shopping in the little shops that were hidden away by the switchback of narrow streets. They made him repeat over and over again the words for asking for bread in French, but once in the baker's shop he never said them, only pointed at the loaf he wanted and held out his hand with money in it. He felt that he was someone else—a dumb man, perhaps. After a few days, when he was given change he would point at a bun with a glazing of jam. He had established himself as a customer. The woman who served chattered at him, and smiled with her head on one side while she picked the money out of his palm, but he gave no sign of response.

There was another child who sometimes turned up with the usual group. He would hail the French children loudly, from across a street, in their own language, and then stalk along with them for a bit, talking away, but he looked different. The boy thought it was just because this one was richer. Although he wore the usual canvas shoes and cotton shorts, he was hung about with all sorts of equipment—a camera and two other leather cases. He began to appear in the bakery each morning. He stood near the boy, as if the dumb person were also invisible, and, peering up experiencedly under a thick, shiny fringe of brown hair, looked along the cakes on top of the counter while apparently discussing them in a joking, familiar way with the woman. He also appeared unexpectedly in other places, without the group. Once, he was leaning against the damp archway of the tunnel that smelled like a school lavatory—it was the quick way from the upper level of streets to the lower. Another time, he came out of the streaky-pink-painted house with the Ali Baba pots outside the door, as if he must have been watching at the window. Then he was seen balancing along the top of the wall that overlooked the pitch where in the afternoons the baker and other men played a bowling game with a heavy ball. Suddenly, he was outside the gate of the villa that the family were living in; he squatted on the doorstep of the house opposite, doing something to the inside of his camera. He spoke: "You English?"

"Yes—not really—no. I mean, I speak English, but I come from South Africa."

"Africa? You come from *Africa*? Wow, that's a long way!"

"Fifteen hours or so. We came in a jet. We actually took a little longer, because, you see, something went wrong with the one engine and we had to wait three hours in the middle of the night in Kano. Boy, was it hot, and there was a live camel wandering around!" The anecdote cut itself off abruptly; the family often said long-winded stories were a bore.

"I've had some pretty interesting experiences myself. My parents are travelling around the world, and I'm going with them. Most of the time. I'll go back home to school for a while in the fall. Africa. Fan-tastic. We may get out there sometime. D'you know anything about these darned Polaroids? Something's stuck. I've got a couple of pictures of you. I take candid shots. All over the place. I've got another camera, a Minox, but I mostly use this one here because it develops the prints right in the box, and you can give them to people right off. It's good for a laugh. I've got some pretty interesting pictures, too."

"Where was I—in the street?"

"Oh, I'm taking shots all the time. All over the place."

"What's the other case?"

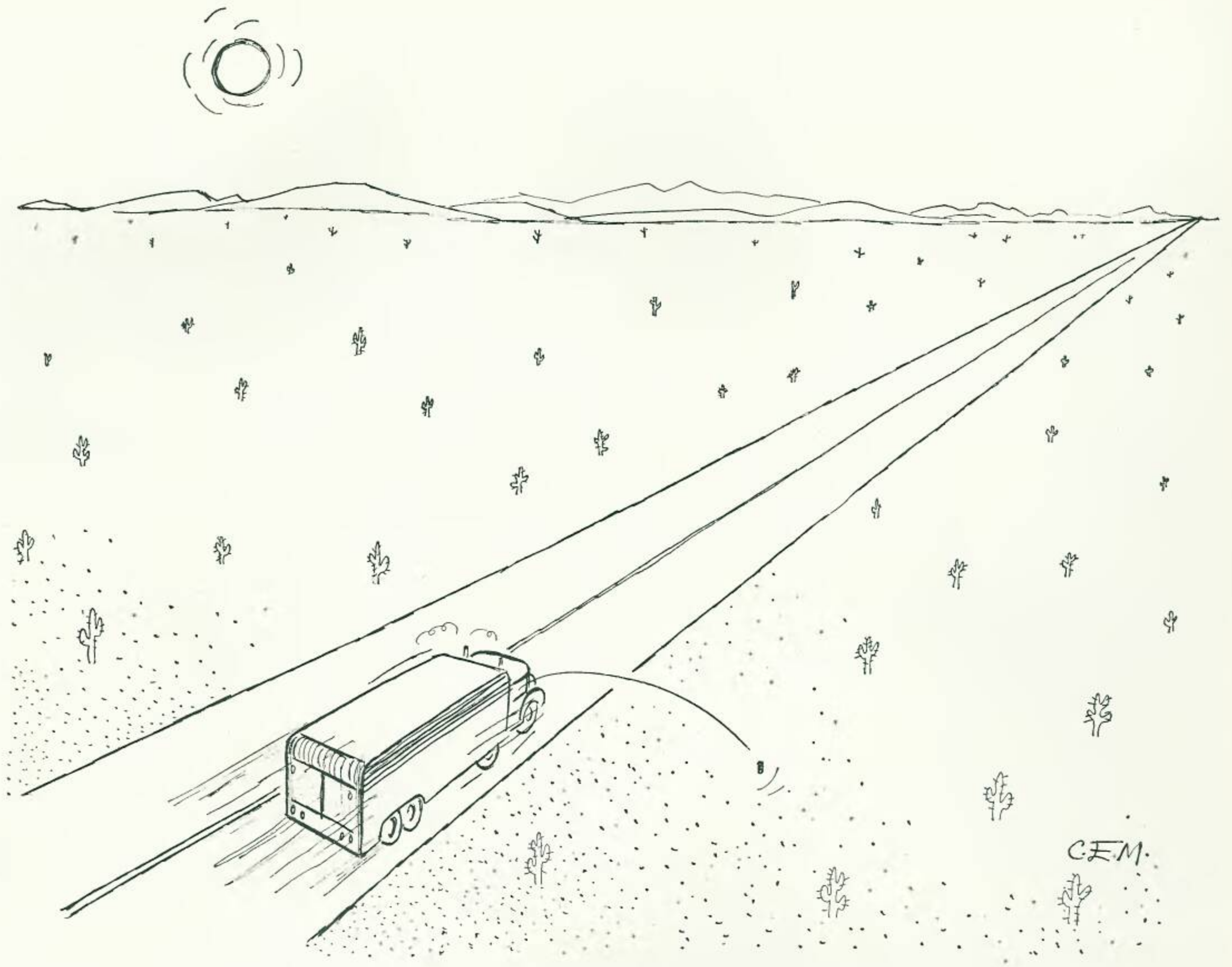
"Tape recorder. I'll get you on tape, too. I tape people at Zizi's Bar and in the *place*. They don't know I'm doing it, I've got this minute little mike, you see. It's fantastic."

"And what's in here?"

The aerial was pulled out like a silver wand. "My transistor, of course. D'you know what I just heard? 'Help!' Are the Beatles popular down in Africa?"

"We saw them in London—alive. My brother and sister and me. She bought the record of 'Help!,' but we haven't got anything to play it on, here."

"Some guys get all the breaks! You *saw* them! You notice how I've grown my hair? Say, look, I can bring down my portable player, and your sister can hear her record."



"Oh-oh! Lady Bird won't like that!"

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"What time can you come?"

"Any time you say. I'm easy. I've got to go for this darned French lesson now, and I *have* to be in at noon, so that old Madame Blanche can give me my lunch before she quits, but I'll be around in-definitely after that."

"Straight after lunch. About two. I'll wait for you here. Could you bring the pictures, as well—of me?"

THE boy, Clive, came racing through the tiny courtyard and charged the fly-screen door, letting it bang behind him. "Hey! There's a boy who can speak English! He just talked to me! He's a real Amur-r-rican—just wait till you hear him. And you should see what he's got—a Polaroid camera. He's taken some pictures of me and I didn't even know him. And he's got a tiny little tape recorder—you can get people on it when they don't know—and the smallest transistor I've ever seen."

His mother said, "So you've found a pal. Thank goodness." She was cutting up green peppers for salad, and she offered him a slice on the point of her knife, but he didn't see it.

"He's going round the world, but he goes back to America to school sometimes."

"Oh, where? Does he come from New York?"

"I don't know. He said something about Fall, I think that's where the school is. 'The Fall,' he said."

"That's not a place, silly—it's what they call autumn."

The shower was in a kind of cupboard in the kitchen-dining room, and its sliding door was shaken in the frame, from inside. The impatient occupant got it to jerk open; it was his sister, Jenny. "You've found what?" The enormous expectancy with which she had invested this holiday, for herself, showed in her shining face under its plastic mobcap.

"We can hear the record, Jen. He's bringing his player. He's from America."

"How old?"

"Same as me. About."

She pulled off the cap and her straight hair fell down, covering her head to the shoulders and her face to her eyelashes. "Fine," she said soberly.

His father sat reading *Nice-Matin* on one of the dining-table chairs, which was dressed, like a person, in a yellow skirt and a cover that fitted over its hard back. He had—unsuccessfully—put out a friendly foot to trip up the boy as he burst in, and now felt he ought to make another gesture of interest. As if to claim that he had been listening to every word, he said, "What's your friend's name?"

"Oh, I don't know. He's American. He's the boy with the three leather cases—"

"Yes, all right." Mark, his brother, flagged down enthusiasm with a careless hand.

"You'll see him this afternoon. He's

got a Beatle cut." This last was addressed to Jenny, who turned, halfway up the stone stairs, a train of wet footprints behind her.

BUT of course, when the American boy arrived at the villa with his record-player, Jenny, who was old enough to introduce people as adults do, at once asked him who he was. She got a very full reply. "Well, I'm usually called Matt, but that's short for my second name, really. My real names are Nicholas Matthew Rootes Keller."

"Junior?" she teased. "The Third?"

"No, why should I be? My father's name is Donald Rootes Keller. I'm named for my grandfather on my mother's side. She has one hell of a big family. Her brothers won five decorations between them, in the war. I mean, three in the war against the Germans, and two in the Korean War. My youngest uncle, that's Rod, he's got a hole in his back—it's where the ribs were—you can put your hand in. My hand, I mean"—he made a fist with a small, thin, tanned hand—"not an adult person's. How much more would you say my hand had t'grow, I mean—would you say half as much again, as much as that?—to be a full-size, man's hand?" He measured it against Clive's; the two ten-year-old fists matched eagerly.

"Yours and Clive's put together might make one full-size, king-size, man-size paw," Mark said. "Clip the coupon now. Enclose only one box top or reasonable facsimile."

But the elder brother's baiting went ignored or misunderstood by the two small boys. Clive reacted with a faint grin of embarrassed pleasure and reflected glory at the broad reference to American-magazine advertisements, but Matt went on talking in the innocence of one whose background is still naturally accepted.

He came to the villa often after that afternoon when the new Beatle record was heard for the first time on his player. The young people had nothing to do but wait while the parents slept after lunch (the Place du Marché, where Jenny liked to stroll in the evenings, inviting mute glances from boys who couldn't speak her language, was dull at that time of day), and they listened to the record again and again in the courtyard summerhouse that had been a pigsty before the cottage became a villa. When the record palled, Matt taped their voices. "Say something African!," and Mark made up a jumble of the one or two Zulu words he knew, with cheerleaders' cries, words of abuse, and phrases from familiar road signs, in Afrikaans. "*Sakabona! Voetsak hambakahle hou links maningi mushle—Vrystaat!*" The brothers and sister rocked their rickety chairs back ecstatically on two legs when it was played, but Matt listened with eyes narrowed and tongue turned up to touch his teeth, like an ornithologist who is bringing back alive the song of rare birds. "Boy, thanks. Fantastic. That'll go into the documentary I'm going to make. Partly with my father's movie camera, I hope, and partly with my candid stills. I'm working on the script now. It's in the family, you see." He had already explained that his father was writing a book (several books—one about each country they visited, in fact), and his mother was helping. "They keep to a strict schedule. They start work around noon and carry on until about one A.M. That's why I've got to be out of the house very early in the morning and I'm not supposed to come back in till they wake up for lunch. And that's why I've got to keep out of the house in the afternoons, too; they got to have peace and quiet. For sleep *and* for work."

JENNY said, "Did you see his shorts—that madras stuff you read about? The colors run when it's washed. I wish you could buy it here."

"That's a marvellous transistor, Dad." Mark sat with his big bare feet flat on the courtyard flagstones, and his head hung back in the sun—as if he didn't live in it all the year round, at home. But this was France he basked in, not sunlight.

"W-e-ll, they spoil their children terribly," his father said. "Here's a perfect example. An expensive camera's just a toy to him. What's there left for them to want when they grow up?"

Clive would have liked them to talk about Matt all the time. He said, "They've got a Maserati at home in America. At least, they did have—they've sold it, now they're going round the world."

The mother said, "Poor little devil, shut out in the streets with all that rubbish strung around his neck."

"Ho, rubbish, I'm sure!" said Clive, shrugging and turning up his palms exaggeratedly. "Of course, hundreds of dollars of equipment means nothing to them, you know, nothing at all."

"And how much is one dollar, may I ask, mister?" On the plane, Jenny had learned by heart the conversion tables supplied by the travel agency.

"I don't know how much it is in our money. I'm talking about America—"

"You're not to go down out of the village with him, Clive, ay? Only in the village," his father said.

He didn't go out of the village with the family, either. He didn't go to see the museum at Antibes or the potteries at Vallauris or even the palace, casino, and aquarium at Monte Carlo. The

THE MEETING

It never occurred to me, never,
That you were attached to your universe,
Standing on a corner, waiting for a bus,
While the thought-trees grew above your head
And a meadow stretched its rambling sward
All the way up Fifth Avenue.
I was thinking of myself thinking of water,
Of how, each day I went about my job,
I missed one break in the Atlantic Ocean,
Of how I might have been here or there,
Fishing off the coast of Mexico,
Turning the sailboat round the bay,
Or, my chin resting on the concrete edge
Of a swimming pool, I could survey a hill,
The cows' soft blotches stranded in the grass.
Maybe it was that, that last green thing,
That led me into your deepening meadow,
That made me turn among the giant stones
To look one minute into your mind,
To see you running across a field,
The flowers springing up where you had touched.
It was there, I think, we finally met.

—HOWARD MOSS

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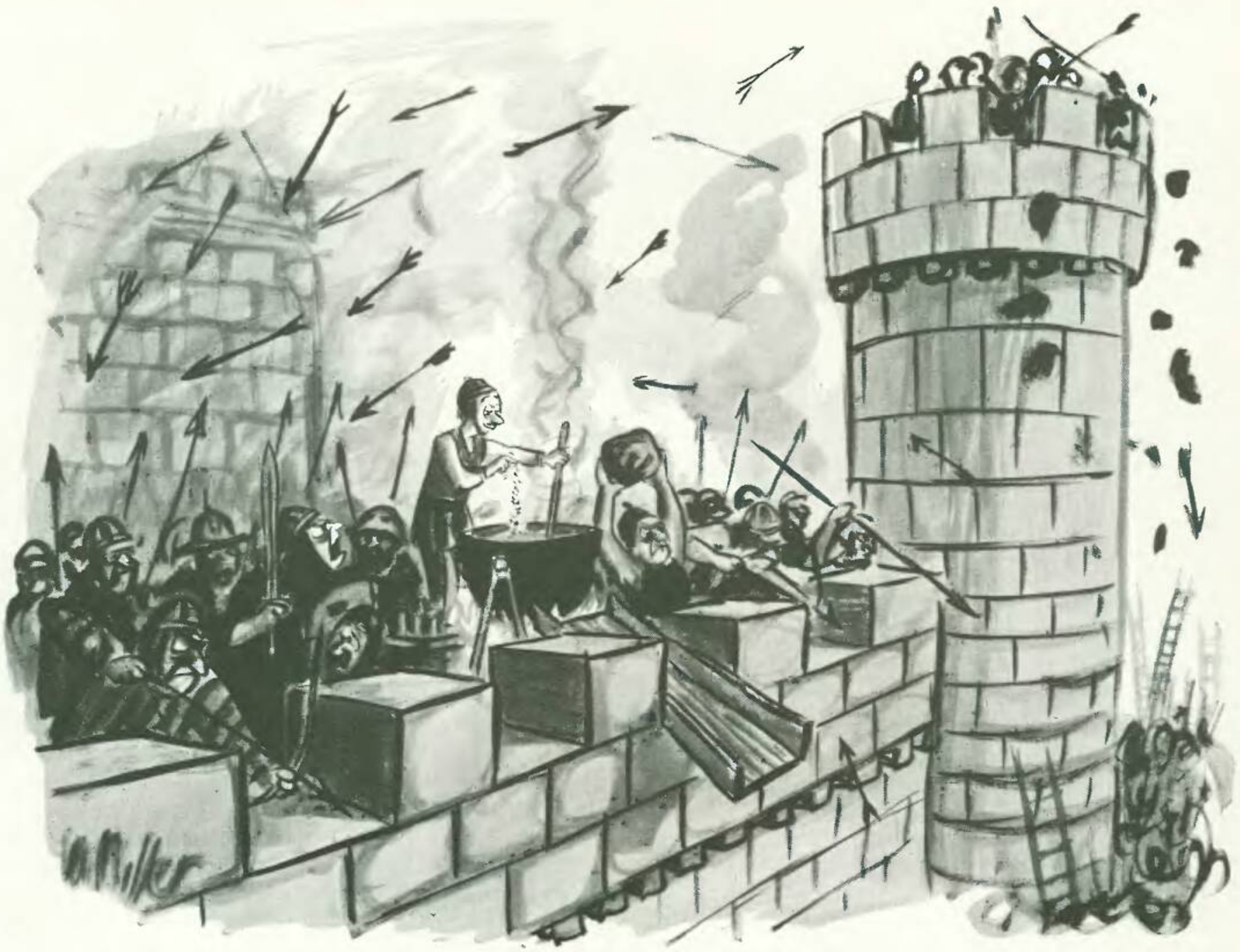

"For God's sake, just boil it and pour it!"

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ancient hill village inside its walls, whose disorder of streets had been as confusing to him as the dates and monuments of Europe's overlaid and overlapping past, became the intimate map of their domain—his and Matt's. The alley cats shared that domain, but the people, talking their unintelligible tongue, provided a babble beneath which his activities with Matt acquired secrecy. As they went about the streets, they were hidden by more than the usual self-preoccupation of adults. They moved from morning till night with intense purpose; you had to be quick around corners, you mustn't be seen crossing the street, you must appear as if from nowhere among the late-afternoon crowd in the *place* and move among them quite unobtrusively. One of the things they were compelled to do was to get from the church—very old, with chicken wire where the stained glass must have been, and a faint mosaic, like a flaking transfer—to under the school windows, without attracting the attention of the children. This had to be done in the morning, when school was in session. The school was just another one of the stone houses, really, without a playground; the dragging chorus of voices coming from it reminded Clive of the schools for black children at home. At other times, the village children tailed them, jeering and mimicking, or in obstinate silence, impossible to shake off. There were fights, and soon he learned to make with his fingers effective insulting signs he didn't understand, and to shout his one word of French, their bad word.

Matt talked all the time. His low, confidential English lifted to the cheerful rising cadence of French as his voice bounced out to greet people, and then dropped back to the privacy of English and their head-lowered conclave again. Yet even when his voice had fallen to a whisper, his round dark eyes, slightly depressed at the outer corners by the beginning of an intelligent frown above his dainty nose, moved alertly over everyone within orbit. He greeted people he had never seen before, just as he greeted local inhabitants. He would stop beside a couple of sightseers or a plumber lifting a manhole cover and converse animatedly. To his companion standing by, his French sounded much more French than when the village children spoke it. Matt shrugged his shoulders and thrust out his lower lip while he talked, and if some of the people he accosted were uncomfortable or astonished at being addressed volubly, for no particular reason, by someone they didn't know, he asked them questions (Clive could hear they were questions) in the jolly tone of voice that grownups use toward children to melt their shyness.

Sometimes one of the inhabitants, sitting outside his doorway on a hard chair, would walk inside and close the door when Matt called out conversationally. "The people in this town are really psychotic, I can tell you," he would say enthusiastically, dropping back to English. "I know them all, every one of them, and I'm not kidding." The old women in wrinkled black stockings, long aprons, and wide black hats who sat on the *place* stringing beans for Chez Riane, the open-air

restaurant, turned walnut-meat faces and hissed toothlessly like geese when Matt approached. Riane ("She topped the popularity poll in Paris, can you believe it? It was just about the time of the Flood, my father says"), a singer now the size of a prizefighter, who bore no kinship to the displayed posters of herself, growled something at Matt from the corner of her vivid mouth.

"I've got some great pictures of *her*," Matt said. "Of course, she's sort of ancient."

They got chased when Matt took a picture of a man and a girl kissing down in the parking area below the château. Clive carried his box camera about with him now, but he only took pictures of the cats. Matt promised that Clive would get a shot of the dwarf—a real man, not in a circus—who worked, on and off, at the post office, but, as Matt said, Clive didn't have the temperament for a great photographer. He was embarrassed, ashamed, and frightened when the dwarf's enormous head, with its Spanish dancer's sideburns, reddened with a gigantic temper. But Matt had caught him on the Polaroid; they went off to sit in someone's doorway, hung with strips of colored plastic to keep out flies, and had a look. There was the dwarf's head, held up waggling on his little body like the head of a finger puppet. "Fan-tastic." Matt was not boastful but professional in his satisfaction. "I didn't have a good one of him before. Just my luck, we hadn't been here a week when he went crazy and was taken off to some hospital. He's just come back into circulation, it's a good thing you didn't miss him. You might've gone back to Africa and not seen him."

THE family, who had admired the boy's madras shorts or his transistor radio, enjoyed the use of his elegant little record-player, or welcomed a friend for Clive, began to find him too talkative, too often present, and too much on the streets. Clive was told that he *must* come along with the family on some of their outings. They drove twenty miles to eat some fish made into soup. They took up a whole afternoon looking at pictures. "What time'll we be back?" he would say, running in from the street to ask before the beginning of such an expedition. "I don't know—sometime in the afternoon." "Can't we be back by two?" "Why on earth should we tie ourselves down to a time? We're on holiday." He would rush back to the street to relay the unsatisfactory information.

When the family came home, the slim little figure with its trappings would be waiting to wave at them from the bottom of their street. Once, in the dark, they made him out under the street light that streaked and flattened his face and that of the village half-wit and his dog; he looked up from conversation as if he had been waiting for a train that had come in on time. Another day, there was a message laid in the courtyard with matches end to end: "WILL SEE YOU LATER MATT."

"What's the matter with those people? They don't even take the child down to the beach for a swim," said the mother. Clive heard, but was not interested. He had never been in the pink house with the Ali Baba pots. Matt came out like one of the cats, and he usually had money. They found a place that sold bubble gum, and occasionally they had pancakes—Clive didn't know that that was what they were going to be when Matt said he was going to buy some *crêpes* and what kind of jam did Clive like? Matt paid; there was his documentary film, and he was also writing a book—"There's a lot of money in kids' books actually written by a kid," he explained to the family. It was going to be a spy story—"really exotic." He expected to do well out of it, and he might sell some of his candid shots to the top news magazines, in addition.

But one particularly lovely morning, Clive's mother said, as if she couldn't stop herself, perhaps Matt would like to come with the family to the airport. The boys could watch the jets come in while the grownups had business with the reservations office. "Order yourselves a lemonade if you want it," said the father; he meant that he would pay when he came back. They drank a lemonade-and-ice-cream each, and then Matt said he'd like a black coffee to wash it down, so they ordered two coffees, and the father was annoyed when he got the bill. Coffee was no luxury at home, but in France they seemed to charge you for the glass of water you got with it. "I can drink five or six coffees a day, it doesn't bother my liver," Matt told everyone.

And in Nice, afterward, trailing round the Place Masséna behind Jenny, who wanted to buy a polo shirt like the ones all the French girls were wearing, the boys were not even allowed to go and look at the fountain alone, in case they got lost. Matt's voice fell to a whisper in Clive's ear, but Clive hardly heard and did

"It's my duty to tell you that you don't have to spill the beans."

"She'd soon be on her way to Boston if I weren't here."

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not answer. Here Matt was just an appendage of the family, like any other little boy.

It was Saturday and when they drove home up the steep road (the half-wit and his dog sat at the newly installed traffic light, and Matt, finding his voice, called out of the window a greeting in French), the village was already beginning to choke with weekend visitors. Directly lunch was down, the boys raced to meet beneath the plaque that commemorated the birth in this street of Xavier Duval, Resistance fighter, killed on the 20th October, 1944. Clive was there first and, faithfully carrying out the technique and example of his friend, delightedly managed to take a candid shot of Matt before Matt realized that he was observed. It was one of the best afternoons they'd had. "Saturdays are always good," said Matt. "All these psychotic people around. Just keep your eyes open, brother. I wrote Chapter Fourteen of my book at lunch. It was on a tray in my room—they were out until about four this morning and they didn't get up. It's set in this airport, you see—remember how you could just see my mouth moving and you couldn't hear a thing in the racket with that jet taking off? Well, someone gets murdered right there drinking coffee, and no one hears the scream."

They were walking through the car park, running their hands over the nacre-sleek hoods of sports models, and half attentive to a poodle fight near the *boules* pitch and a human one that seemed about to break out at the busy entrance to the men's lavatories that tunnelled under the *place*. "Ah, I've got enough shots of delinquents to last me," Matt said. In accord, they went on past the old girl in flowered trousers who was weeping over her unharmed, struggling poodle, and up the steps to the *place*, where most of the local inhabitants and all the visitors, whose cars jammed the park and stopped up the narrow streets, were let loose together. The crowd was herded by Arab music coming from the boutique run by French Algerians, on the château side, and by the recorded voice, passionately hoarse, of Riane in her prime, from the direction of Chez Riane. The dwarf was there, talking between set teeth to a beautiful blond American as if he were about to tear her apart with them; her friends were ready to die laughing, but looked kindly in order not to show it. The old women with their big black hats and apron-covered stomachs took up space on the benches. There were more poodles and an Italian greyhound like a piece of wire jewelry. Women who loved each other sat at the little tables outside Riane's, men who loved each other sat in identical mauve jeans and pink shirts, smoking, outside Zizi's Bar. Men and women in beach clothes held hands, looking into the doorways of the little shops and bars, and pulling each other along as the dogs pulled along their owners on fancy leashes. At the *crêperie*, later, Matt pointed out Clive's family, probably eating their favorite liqueur pancakes, but Clive jerked him away.

They watched *boules* for a while. The butcher, a local champion, was playing to the gallery, all right. He was pink and wore a tourist's fishnet vest, through which wisps of reddish chest hair twined like a creeper. Across the *place*, a man with a long black cape and a huge cat's-whisker mustache seemed to be causing quite a stir. "My God, I've been trying to get him for weeks—" Matt said and ducked, Clive quickly following, and they zigzagged off through the *boules* spectators and toward the excitement. The man in the cape had somehow managed to drive a small English sports car right up onto the *place*. This was forbidden, but although the part-time policeman was shouting at him, the man couldn't be forced to back it down again because the gap it had found its way through was closed with a fresh influx of people. "He's a painter," Matt said. "He lives above the shoemaker's—you know that little hole. He doesn't ever come out except on Saturdays and Sundays. I've *got* to get a couple of good shots of him. He looks to me the type that gets famous. Really psychotic, eh?"

The painter had with him a lovely, haughty girl dressed like Sherlock Holmes in a man's tweeds and deerstalker. "The car must be hers," said Matt. "He hasn't made it, yet, but I can wait." He used up almost a whole film. "With a modern artist, you want a few new angles."

Matt was particularly talkative, even going right into Zizi's Bar to say hello to Zizi's husband, Emile. Clive's family was still sitting at the *crêperie*. The father signalled to the boys to come over, and at first Clive took no notice. Then he stalked up between the tables and said, "Yes?"

"Don't you want some money?"

Before Clive could answer, Matt began jerking a thumb frantically. Clive ran. His father's voice barred him: "Clive!"

But Matt came flying to the table. "Over there—a woman's just fainted or died or something. We got to go—"

"What *for*?" said the mother.

"God almighty," said Jenny.

Clive was gone with Matt. They fought and wriggled their way into the

space that had been cleared, near the steps, around a heavy woman lying on the ground. Her clothes were twisted, her mouth bubbled. People argued and darted irresistibly out of the crowd to do things to her. Those who wanted to try and lift her up were pulled away by those who thought she ought to be left. Someone took off her shoes—cheap, unfashionable shoes. She was not a woman of the village, but she was not a tourist, either—she must come from Nice. Someone ran for water from Chez Riane, but the woman couldn't drink it. One day, the boys had found a workman in his blue outfit and cement-crusted boots lying snoring near the old pump outside the Bar Tabac, where the men drank. Matt got him, too; you could always use a shot like that for a dead body, if the worst came to the worst. But this was the best ever. Matt finished up what was left of the film with the painter on it and had time to put in a new one, while the woman still lay there, and behind the noise of the crowd and the music the seesaw hoot of the ambulance could be heard, coming up the road to the village from the port below. The ambulance couldn't get onto the *place*, but the ambulance men in their uniforms carried a stretcher over people's heads and then lifted the woman aboard. Her face was purplish, like cold hands on a winter morning, and her legs stuck out. The boys were part of the entourage that followed her to the ambulance, Matt progressing with sweeping hops, on bended knee, like a Russian dancer, in order to photograph the supine body at an upward angle.

When it was all over, they went back to the *crêperie* to relate the sensational story to the family, but the others had not even been interested enough to stay, and had gone home to the villa. "It'll really be *something* for you to show them down in Africa!" said Matt. He was using his Minox that afternoon, and he promised that when the films were developed he would have copies made for Clive. "We'll have to wait until my parents take the films to Nice, darn it. You can't get them developed up here. And they only go in on Wednesdays."

"But I'll be gone by then," said Clive suddenly.

"Gone? Back to Africa?" Distance fell between them as they stood head to head, jostled by the people in the village street—not only a distance of miles but also the other distance, of those centuries in schoolbooks when the continent was "dark"—a blank where no one knew what happened. "You mean you'll be back in Africa?"

CLIVE's box camera went into his cupboard at home, along with the other souvenirs of Europe that seemed to have shed their power of evocation when they were unpacked. He boasted a little, the first day of the new term, about the places he had been to, but within a few weeks, when cities and palaces that he had seen for himself were spoken of in history or geography classes, he did not mention that he had been there, and in fact the textbook illustrations and descriptions did not seem to be those of anything he knew. One day, he searched for his camera to take to a school sports meeting, and found an exposed film in it. When it was developed, there were the pictures of the cats. He turned them this way and that, to make out the thin, feral shapes on cobblestones and the disappearing blurs round the blackness of archways. There was also the picture of the American boy, Matt—a slim boy with knees made big out of focus, looking, at once suspicious and bright, from under his uncut hair.

The family crowded round to see, smiling, filled with pangs for what the holiday was and was not. "The *Time-Life* man himself!" "Poor old Matt—what was his other name?" "You ought to send it to him," said the mother. "You've got his address? Aren't you going to keep in touch?"

But there was no address. The boy Matt had no street, house, house in a street, room in a house like the one they were in. "America," Clive said. "He's in America." —NADINE GORDIMER

"Sure, Eddie. People are scum, society is corrupt, and life is hell. You've got to build from there."

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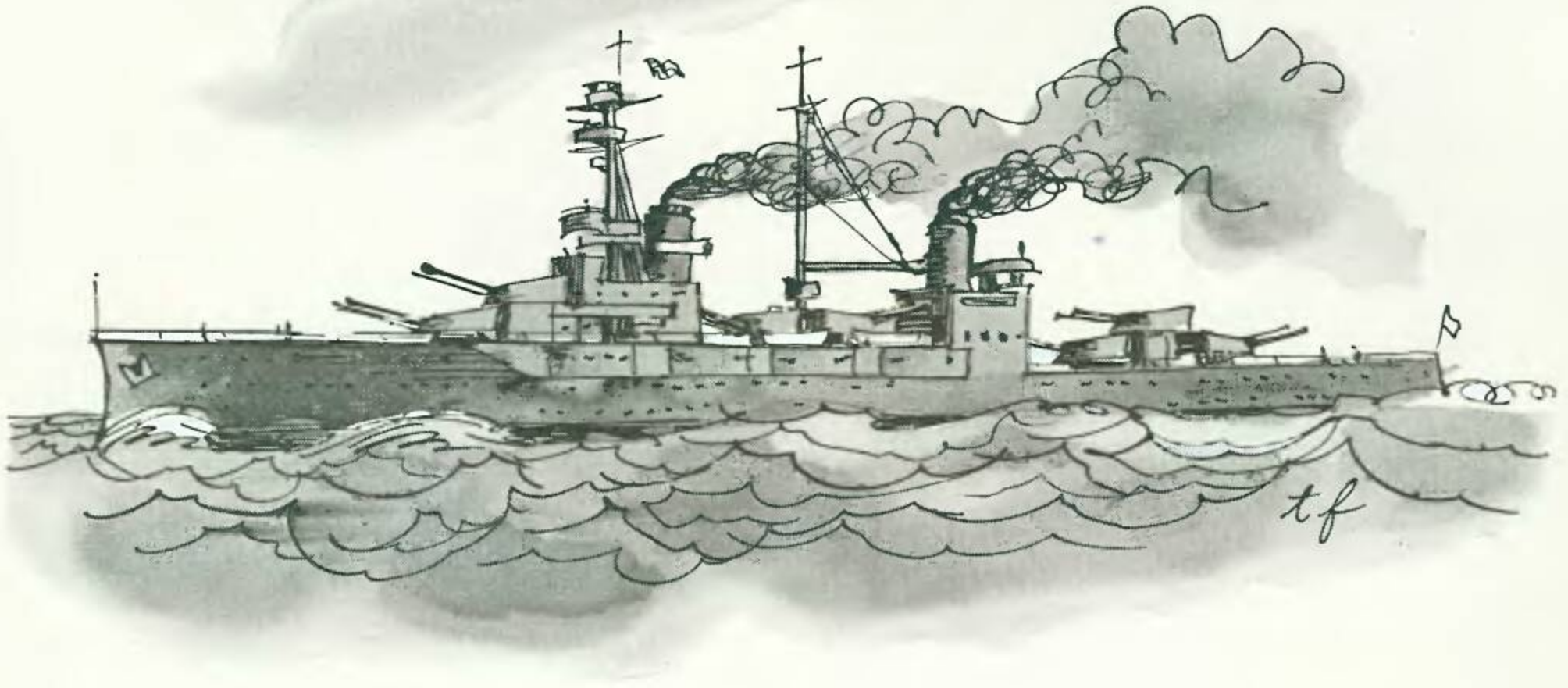
Just enough to give the thing a certain plausibility.

ANNALS OF THE SEA

THE BIGGEST BATTLESHIP IN THE WORLD



IN the golden age of the big battleship, before the first of the Great Wars, when this weapon was the supreme symbol of a nation's rank among the powers, warship salesmen from many countries travelled the world in search of orders. These were no ordinary salesmen, with bags of samples and repertoires of well-rehearsed patter; if current world economics and politics permitted it, similar men might today be peddling ICBMs or nuclear submarines to the new states of Africa and Asia. Success in securing an order for a single battleship meant a contract for perhaps twelve million dollars (the equivalent of some forty million in today's money) and employment for several thousand men for two or three years. These were salesmen on the grandest scale. They were often supported directly or indirectly by their nations' treasuries and foreign offices, and wherever they travelled, their countries' embassies and consulates and export agencies and banks encouraged them in their efforts. Most of the important warship salesmen were skilled in the arts of ship design, and led delegations of technical experts and advisers, who brought with them portfolios of blueprints, elaborate renderings, and even scale models of proposed vessels. Sometimes the salesmen settled in ostentatious mansions and spent lavishly on hospitality. In the two decades before 1914, missions from the leading shipyards—among them Krupp's and Blohm & Voss, in Germany; New York Shipbuilding and Fore River, in the United States; Vickers Sons & Maxim, Ltd., and Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Ltd., in Britain; and the leading companies in France and Italy—hurried to the capital of any nation that was reported to have become infected by the dreadnought fever that was then sweeping the world. Not all firms competed for the richest prizes—the battleship contracts. La Seyne, of France, built cruisers for Spain; Cramp's, of Philadelphia, built a cruiser for Turkey; Schichau, of Elbing, built destroyers for Russia and Rumania; and the Italian companies of Orlando and Ansaldo built cruisers for the Portuguese and Argentine Navies. Krupp's, though, was active everywhere and on every level, and Vickers at various times built cruisers for Mexico and Peru and battleships for Turkey, Chile, and Japan. The greatest of them all, an exporter extraordinary of guns and shells as well as of warships, was the firm of Armstrong, Whitworth, whose massive ordnance works, shell shops, and slipways lined the riverbanks at Newcastle upon Tyne, in Northumberland, extending downriver from the suburb of Scotswood through the suburbs of Elswick and Walker. Armstrong's was almost synonymous with Newcastle, for it employed some thirty thousand men when times were good. The prosperity of this chill, dark city rose and fell with the level of international anxiety. A peace conference spelled depression; a rash of South American jingoism or a spot of trouble in the Balkans could put color in the cheeks of the children playing between the workmen's dwellings of Newcastle's Westmorland Road and Bell Terrace. Armstrong's was the world's most successful exporter of warships, holding this position by reason of the quality both of its products and of its sales organization.

In 1902, Armstrong's made one of its shrewdest appointments. Eustace Hugh Tennyson d'Eyncourt possessed in the highest degree every qualification for supervising the design, promotion, and sale of Armstrong's warships abroad. His background and connections were impeccable. His appearance, marked by commanding height, a light frame, a fine, narrow face, and aristocratic features, properly matched the expectations of foreign purchasing commissions and Ministers of Marine. He was a cousin of the late Poet Laureate, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, and one of his uncles was an admiral in the Royal Navy. Ships had fascinated Tennyson d'Eyncourt from his early childhood, when he built models and sailed them on a lake on his family's estate in Hertfordshire. At Newcastle, he served an arduous apprenticeship working alongside the men who built battleships, and were later to build those he designed. This was followed by a course in naval architecture at the Royal Naval College, a term in the design department at Elswick, and a period with a Clydeside shipbuilding firm before he became a full member of the staff of Armstrong's. In 1904, Tennyson d'Eyncourt was sent out on the Orient

Express to Constantinople to supervise the delivery of three ships that the company had built for the Turkish government—a cruiser named the Hamidieh, a royal yacht that Tennyson d'Eyncourt later described in his memoirs as "lavish and luxurious," and an "equally gorgeous" state barge. In addition, Tennyson d'Eyncourt was expected to help put the Sultan and the Ministry of Marine in a suitable frame of mind to order more warships from Armstrong's. He so impressed the Turks that they asked him to carry out a complete survey of their Navy—a task for which he was awarded a decoration, in spite of the fact that he pronounced the fleet to be in a deplorable state of neglect.

This was the first of Tennyson d'Eyncourt's many missions to foreign navies. France, Italy, Greece, China, Japan, Spain, and the South American republics were among the countries he visited, and the results were nearly always gratifying for Armstrong's. Disdaining the retinues of his rivals, he travelled with no one except his wife, preferring to rely for business purposes on his own wide technical knowledge and on the unique reputation of Armstrong's. It was a style and a policy that rarely failed. On technical grounds alone, it was difficult to resist Tennyson d'Eyncourt's persuasions. The love for great warships that had possessed him since childhood was complemented by his outstanding skill as a designer.

During Tennyson d'Eyncourt's years with Armstrong's, this remarkable man became deeply involved in the sad and curious business of South American naval rivalry, which was to lead to a race to build the biggest battleship in the world. Among the republics, Brazil was the most fervently belligerent, the most bellicose in its demeanor, the most hellbent on Armageddon. The reasons for this are inexplicable, although the full-blooded, highly emotional temperament of the Brazilians unquestionably played some part in it. Brazil had no designs on her neighbors and was not threatened by them. Certainly neither Brazil nor any of the other South American republics could afford to construct or maintain the outsize fleets that since 1900 had strained their resources and jammed their inadequate dockyards and bases. Brazil's relations with her principal naval rivals, Chile and Argentina, could scarcely have been more cordial. Various frontier disputes that had sometimes flared into minor wars in the past had in recent years been settled by arbitration. Yet for more than a decade the larger South American nations were increasingly involved in this vast maritime competition, and even the humblest and most poverty-stricken Latin American republic made some sort of claim to status by buying one or two obsolete and unwanted men-of-war from the United States or the European naval powers. This expensive practice certainly enhanced the self-esteem of those who ruled, and the contemplation of the vessels presumably offered the common people an increased sense of security, but the only direct beneficiaries were the shareholders of the large foreign armament companies, especially those of Britain. And in Britain no company could match the record of Armstrong's, whose Tyneside slips always held the keels of several warships ordered by South American governments.

The South American naval race can only be explained in terms of the general mania for battleships—the ultimate Edwardian deterrent—that swept the European nations after 1900, when Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz presented to the German Reichstag a Navy bill that called for no fewer than thirty-eight battleships. Von Tirpitz' program was enthusiastically backed by Kaiser Wilhelm II, and in 1905 the British gave the race its next great impetus by unveiling plans for the radically new battleship Dreadnought, which, with a speed of twenty-one knots, a displacement of seventeen thousand nine hundred tons, and a main armament of ten twelve-inch guns, made every existing man-of-war obsolete. The Dreadnought was known as the first "all-big-gun" vessel; since the development of accurate, rifled-bore long-range naval guns in the mid-nineteenth century (the inventor primarily responsible being none other than Sir W. G. Armstrong), admiralties had experimented with weapons as large as 16.25 inches, but until the Dreadnought came along, naval architects had cautiously stuck to main armaments that mixed batteries of larger and smaller weapons—say,

" 'The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.' "

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twelve-inchers and seven-and-a-half-inchers, usually with supplementary batteries of three-inchers, known as twelve-pounders. After the advent of the Dreadnought, the British and German rivalry truly boomed, and by 1912 Britain had nineteen battleships of the most modern type and the Germans had thirteen, while the French and the Italians were assiduously trying to keep up, and the Americans and the Japanese were picking up steam with programs for building four and five respectively.

None of this was lost on the republics of South America. Chile was the first to catch the infection, in 1901. It was at the time engaged in what seemed a critical frontier dispute with Argentina—a nation whose naval strength was greatly superior. Sir Edward Reed, a representative of Armstrong's who happened to be in the Chilean capital, was able to satisfy the Chilean Admiral, Jorge Montt, that the company could meet the Chilean Navy's urgent requirements. Two fast battleships—the Constitución and the Libertad—were at once ordered. Within a year or so, a growing awareness of their huge cost—almost ten million dollars—coincided with a diminution in the crisis, and in 1903 the Chilean government was happy to have them taken off its hands by the Royal Navy. Nevertheless, the laying down of the keels of the two vessels had touched off a pinwheel of mysterious fear that revolved ever faster through the following years, as if to match the pace of the European drive toward nemesis. During the crisis, Argentina had ordered fast armored cruisers from Italy, and suddenly the Brazilian government became conscious of an inferiority inappropriate to a nation with a coastline far longer than its neighbors' and an area larger than that of the United States. On December 14, 1904, the Brazilian Congress authorized the nation's President to arrange for the construction of no fewer than twenty-nine warships—three battleships, three armored cruisers, six destroyers, twelve torpedo boats, and five submarines. The battleships were to be begun first, and negotiations for them were undertaken with Armstrong's, but before these were concluded, rumors got around that a revolutionary warship was being designed for the Royal Navy, and the Brazilian Ministry of Marine decided to suspend its plans until the details became known. Indeed, the British Committee on Designs, which was to be responsible for H.M.S. Dreadnought, held its first meeting a week after the Brazilian Congress took its action, and H.M.S. Dreadnought was launched at Portsmouth little more than a year later. Thus, through good fortune and the enthusiastic coöperation of its British suppliers, Brazil found itself at the head of a hastily formed international queue for what quickly became known as dreadnoughts. For the Brazilians, Armstrong's drew up a new design, incorporating many improvements on the original Dreadnought, and the first of Brazil's new battleships was laid down on the Tyne early in 1907. The second was laid down at Barrow on Furness by Vickers Sons & Maxim, Ltd., a few months later, but a decision on the third was postponed until Brazil's neighbors should reveal their counterplans. By 1910, therefore, Brazil would be in possession of two of the most powerful dreadnoughts in the world, the Minas Geraes and the São Paulo, before Japan or any of the European naval powers—except Britain and Germany—had taken delivery of its first all-big-gun ship. Long before the Brazilian dreadnoughts arrived in South American waters, Brazil's neighbors were taking steps to readjust the balance of maritime power. Argentina began modestly, with orders from Armstrong's for a pair of thousand-ton gunboats, but in December, 1908, following the visit of a naval commission to Europe, the Argentine Congress passed a bill authorizing the expenditure of more than fifty million dollars on armaments, and among the ships for which bids were then invited were two dreadnoughts of greater power than Brazil's.

In Britain, meanwhile, anxiety over the German output of battleships had

signalled the opening of a campaign whose slogan, spread by the press and heard even in the streets, was the jingoistic couplet, "We want eight! And we won't wait!" By these standards, the South American dreadnought race still appeared trivial, but before long similar slogans began to be heard in South America. In the Argentine press and among the advocates of a big Argentine navy, the term most often used was "equilibrium of armaments." In contrast to the British public, the Brazilians and the Argentines responded quite temperately to the campaigns of the pressure groups. There were some minor demonstrations, and in August, 1910, the flag of the Brazilian consulate in Buenos Aires was torn down. The Argentine government, however, hastened to deplore this act, declaring that relations with Brazil remained undisturbed. No doubt some Argentines realized that the cost of the two new battleships amounted to almost a fifth of Brazil's annual income. The correspondent of the London *Times* even went so far as to suggest that "taxpayers in both countries are inclined to support the somewhat daring proposition from Buenos Aires that Brazil should keep the first dreadnought, cede the second to Argentina, and cancel the order for the third." But nothing of the sort happened. Whatever the Argentine government's official attitude, its pride was deeply wounded by the presence in Brazilian waters of two modern battleships, and it was further alarmed by continuing reports that the third battleship was to be even larger than the Minas Geraes and the São Paulo. (There were even rumors that it was to be the ultimate in battleships—double the size of some sixteen-thousand-ton dreadnoughts that the United States Navy had recently commissioned.)

"Your family would like to know if you have slaked your thirst."

With its acute ear for the sound of distant drums, Armstrong's heard about the Argentine plans for countering Brazil's naval rearmament long before any formal announcement was made in Buenos Aires. There were rumors that each of the two planned Argentine battleships would be more powerful than the Minas Geraes. In 1908, Tennyson d'Eyncourt hurried out to Buenos Aires, determined, as always, to be first on the spot. Informal discussions with the Minister of Marine were opened at once, and Tennyson d'Eyncourt quickly realized that he was up against an adversary instead of an ally, such as he had always found at the Brazilian Ministry of Marine. He was given to understand that Armstrong's prices were unduly high, that the cruisers that Orlando, of Italy, had constructed for Argentina were highly satisfactory, and that American yards seemed very eager for heavy-warship-building work these days. However, he persevered for some three months, and then went home to consult with Armstrong's board. By this time, the whole world knew the vast extent of Argentina's new arms program, and every shipyard capable of building battleships was making approaches to the Ministry of Marine in Buenos Aires. These overtures were warmly welcomed by the Argentines, who began to conduct an extraordinary guessing game among no fewer than twenty shipbuilding companies, in the United States, Britain, France, Germany, and Italy. No sooner had the shipbuilders prepared detailed plans and prices to meet one set of specifications than the Ministry changed the specifications and invited further tenders. For the companies, this was an exhausting business and an expensive one; it might take many weeks and as much as fifty thousand dollars to prepare plans and prices for a dreadnought. As the bidding became more competitive, external pressure was brought

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to bear—the American State Department, through the Secretary of State, Mr. Philander C. Knox, and the Italian government being especially active in effecting lucrative trade agreements. The British Foreign Office, to the exasperation of Tennyson d'Eyncourt, preserved its customary indifference toward such mundane matters. After Armstrong's had spent something like thirty thousand pounds on three successive sets of plans, the Argentines demanded still a fourth set. Armstrong's persevered, however, preparing a new set of drawings, and in November, 1909, Tennyson d'Eyncourt and his wife once again sailed for Buenos Aires. At the last minute, the Americans, determined to make what would today be called "loss leaders" of the two dreadnoughts, quoted an artificially low figure of twenty-two million dollars for the two ships, and secured the order just when Tennyson d'Eyncourt believed he was on the verge of success. The blow was severe, even humiliating, but the journey had still worse consequences for him. In the midsummer heat of the Argentine capital, his wife contracted a fatal illness, and late in December he sailed home with her body. At this melancholy period in his life, Tennyson d'Eyncourt was glad to immerse himself in his work, and he looked forward to discussing with his friends in Rio de Janeiro the size and firepower of Brazil's third battleship.

Now Chile, in the face of the formidable rearmament programs undertaken by Brazil and Argentina, repented of its earlier decision to sell off the Constitución and the Libertad. The Chilean Ministry of Marine informed the government that two new dreadnoughts were necessary to maintain the balance of maritime power, and that it was essential that they should be larger and more powerful than either Brazil's or Argentina's. Again there was a fierce struggle among the shipbuilders, with Armstrong's, Cramp's, and New York Shipbuilding the front-runners. This time, Armstrong's clinched the deal without any slipups. Now the South American warship epidemic spread faster. The Uruguayan Minister of Marine, General Eduardo Vasquez, ordered a cruiser from Germany. Peru persuaded the French government to sell it an old six-thousand-ton armored cruiser and added this to two new cruisers recently built for it in Britain. Venezuela hastily bought a gunboat that the United States Navy had captured from the Spanish at Manila, and Ecuador bought an old torpedo boat. In the four years between 1906 and 1910, every South American state increased its naval strength many times over.

To be sure, disasters resulting from naval inexperience offset some of the gains. Brazil had suffered its most severe naval catastrophe on January 21, 1905, during a voyage that three of its most powerful warships made in order to survey a proposed new port and dockyard seventy miles from Rio. The powder magazine of the old battleship Aquidaban blew up, causing the death of two hundred and twenty-three of the men aboard, including three rear admirals. That same year, when the Chilean cruiser Presidente Pinto ran aground near Talcahuano, only the guns could be salvaged. And in 1912 an Uruguayan cruiser was wrecked on the Brazilian coast. Numerous other disasters and mishaps during this period proved that the demands of rapid naval expansion could be heavy in lives as well as in money.

Not all the hazards faced by the new naval powers were attributable to errors of navigation or seamanship. Naval strength provided revolutionary elements with flexible and powerful weapons. The rapid acquisition of new warships had necessitated the hasty recruitment of poorly qualified personnel, and bad conditions aboard and uncertain pay converted many a bluejacket to insurrectionary causes. The Brazilian Navy already possessed a reputation for restlessness dating from the previous decade, when the fleet had provided the most dangerous and longest-sustained opposition to the dictatorial policies of President Floriano Peixoto, going so far as to bombard Rio de Janeiro in 1893, with grievous loss of life. In the period between the anti-Peixoto rebellion and the arrival in home waters of the Minas Geraes, in February, 1910, the fleet suffered only minor outbreaks of mutiny and insubordination, and its principal misfortunes were the results of accidents. The São Paulo's journey to Brazil later in 1910, however, was marked by an incident that had serious consequences. On October 5th, the São Paulo anchored at Lisbon alongside the Portuguese fleet in order to take on board as a passenger Brazil's President-elect, Marshal Hermes da Fonseca, who had been visiting King Manuel of Portugal. The new battleship, which possessed far greater firepower than the entire Portuguese Navy,

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and was five times as large as any Portuguese vessel, gave an impression of overwhelming size and might. That evening, while Marshal Hermes was dining at the royal palace, the sailors of the Portuguese fleet mutinied in support of a republican revolution, and on every vessel except one cruiser the crew murdered or overcame the officers. A bombardment by the insurgent warships damaged the palace, other government buildings, and a church, and killed about a hundred people. The following day, the King fled, and a party of the rebellious sailors attempted to board the São Paulo in search of him. The Brazilian officers refused to permit them aboard, however, and the battleship's twelve-inch guns deterred them from using violence. Before leaving Portugal, with Marshal Hermes safely aboard, the crew of the São Paulo witnessed the bloody overpowering of the officers of the one loyal cruiser, the Dom Carlos, the next night. A searchlight was trained on the quarter-deck, "holding the victims in its grip," in the words of the *Daily Chronicle's* correspondent, who was watching from a hotel roof, and his dispatch continued, "As their dark uniforms were silhouetted against that beam of white light [a] hidden machine-gun whirred afresh, and the rest of the group went down." The precise political aims of the Portuguese revolution were beyond the understanding of the newly recruited, little-educated men of the São Paulo, but the close view of a massacre of ships' officers, in which the sailors took over their ships with apparent ease, made a deep impression on them, and so did the bombardment of the city. It all afforded a most dramatic demonstration of what could be accomplished by the resolution of simple bluejackets when this was combined with the might of the weapons in their possession.

Except for some minor mechanical troubles, which were put right by technicians from Armstrong's who were aboard the São Paulo, the remainder of the battleship's voyage to its home port was uneventful. In the week after Marshal Hermes da Fonseca's inauguration on November 16, 1910, the two new dreadnoughts and almost all of the other ships of the Brazilian Navy were anchored in Rio de Janeiro harbor to do honor to the new President. The fleet was by far the most formidable in South American waters, but since the arrival of the São Paulo the spirit of the men had become increasingly rebellious. On the Minas Geraes, a seaman first class named João Candido was plotting a mutiny throughout the fleet

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for the night of November 22nd. That evening, João Baptistu Los Neves, the captain of the Minas Geraes, dined with his officers aboard a visiting French cruiser. When the party returned to their ship at ten o'clock, they were met by rifle shots. The captain and two of his companions were killed on the spot, another officer was mortally wounded, and the mutiny was on. João Candido signalled its initial success to the rest of the fleet, and the men of the São Paulo and the other warships took possession of their vessels without further bloodshed, simply putting their officers ashore. Red flags were hoisted, and an ultimatum demanding better food and living conditions, an end to corporal punishment, and an amnesty for the mutineers was sent to the government by wireless. Next, the raw gun crews decided to test the power of their weapons. The two battleships opened fire on government buildings in the city, and continued it intermittently throughout the night. At seven o'clock in the morning, no reply to the ultimatum having been received, the mutineers' four most powerful ships cruised down the bay and set about a more systematic bombardment, giving special attention to forts and a naval arsenal. Throughout the mutiny, the fire was not very accurate, and, inevitably, there were numerous civilian casualties. Shops were closed and all business was suspended while the new President and his Ministers discussed the alarming situation. Congress met and warmly debated the action to be taken on the ultimatum. There was talk of dispatching some torpedo boats whose crews were loyal to destroy the new dreadnoughts, but this was opposed as wasteful and was also protested by the British Minister, because British technicians were still aboard the battleships. There followed a second restless and noisy night. Then, soon after dawn, João Candido sent the government another wireless message: "We express repentance for the action we took for our defense, and for the sake of order, justice, and liberty, we surrender our arms, confident that an amnesty will be granted to us by the national Congress, and that corporal punishment will be abolished as prescribed by law." There was, however, no visible evidence of surrender, so Congress met again. "The sitting was of an excited character and several deputies came to blows," Reuters' correspondent reported. At midday, the fleet disappeared from sight. That evening, Congress voted to accept the ultimatum, and upon receiving a wireless message to this effect the mutineers returned the

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ships to their anchorage. The President then sent a deputy out in a launch to confer with the mutineers. He found everything quiet on board the battleships—no signs of drunkenness or of making free with the ships' stores. But João Candido, nervous and distrustful, had fled with forty of his chief henchmen. The mutiny provided a bad start for the nation's new administration as well as for its mighty new fleet. Abroad, it caused satisfaction among Brazil's jealous neighbors, while Britain and America were dismaved at seeing the demands of mutinous sailors met by the authorities. Lord Brassey, the editor of *Brassey's Naval Annual*, noted, "It is evident that battleships are sometimes dangerous possessions for their owners."

The twelve-inch guns of the Minas Geraes and the São Paulo were soon heard once more in the capital. On the night of December 9, 1910, a party of marines, whom the British Ambassador described as "a picked regiment in which the government has always reposed the greatest confidence," mutinied on the island of Cobras, and took possession of a fortress there. Simultaneously, the crew of a new cruiser, the Rio Grande do Sul, staged an uprising, but after some shooting and the death of an officer these mutineers were overcome and sent ashore. This time, the President took decisive—indeed, violent—action. Martial law was declared, and the two battleships were ordered to open fire on the rebels at dawn. Throughout the morning, the city was shaken by blasts as the gun crews who had so recently fired on the capital now trained their sights on their comrades. That afternoon, the mutineers, with two hundred of their number dead or wounded, signalled for an armistice, and subsequently they surrendered.

These events in no way dimmed the Brazilian government's enthusiasm for battleships. On the contrary, the thunderous noise of the bombardments—however regrettable their cause—set hearts beating faster at the Ministry of Marine, and the size and firepower of the third battleship were discussed with renewed fervor. Armstrong's local agents in Rio de Janeiro, two English brothers named Charles and Norman Walter, kept in close touch with the progress of these discussions. Some months earlier, the Walters had sent word to Tennyson d'Eyncourt that a decision on the third battleship was near, and that because of Argentina's new dreadnoughts its size and gunpower would exceed all previous expectations. The Minas Geraes and the São

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Paulo were longer and heavier and carried two more twelve-inch guns than Britain's own epochal H.M.S. Dreadnought, but the size and power of dreadnought-type battleships had increased still further since their launchings. By 1910, Germany was laying down battleships of more than twenty-four thousand tons, with ten twelve-inch guns. At this time, there was talk in the Brazilian Ministry of Marine of a man-of-war that would outstrip by a wide margin the firepower and size not only of the Argentine dreadnoughts but of every German, British, American, or Japanese battleship, and would settle once and for all any dispute about the future domination of South American waters. The Minister of Marine, Admiral Alexandrino de Alencar, came up with a design calling for twelve fourteen-inch guns, fourteen six-inchers, and fourteen four-inchers, to be mounted on a vessel displacing no less than thirty-one thousand six hundred tons. De Alencar's second in command, Admiral Duarte Huet de Bacellar Pinto Guedes, proposed a vessel that would be a shade smaller but would mount guns of sixteen-inch calibre—a type of weapon that was not to be generally used by the major naval powers for another decade. With its full armament, de Bacellar's vessel would be capable of hurling a broadside weighing forty thousand pounds, compared to one of nine thousand pounds from the latest American battleship.

Armstrong's responded without emotion to the news of such grandiose plans. It was not the business of a shipbuilder to question the naval policy of one of its best customers. As long as there were no technical objections to a vessel of this size and firepower, the firm's task was simply to submit detailed plans and secure the contract on the best terms and as swiftly as possible. Indeed, the fact that the proposed super-dreadnought would upset the balance of naval power in South American waters was likely to be to Armstrong's eventual advantage. Just this sort of thing was happening on a vast scale all over Europe, and the people who made guns were growing very rich. Tennyson d'Eyncourt welcomed the news from Brazil with special delight. He had always been an ardent advocate of the biggest guns on the biggest ship, for gigantism appealed to both the commercial and the romantic sides of his nature. For that matter, it is probable that no one can give his life to the designing of great warships without becoming affected by the grandeur of huge dimensions and the fascination of creating an unprecedented power to destroy.

At this time, there did not seem to be any doubt either at Armstrong's or at the Ministry of Marine in Rio that the British firm would receive the contract for this third battleship. Relations between the two organizations could hardly have been warmer. Since the proclamation of the Brazilian republic, in 1899, Armstrong's (or Vickers, to which it delegated some of the contracts) had built all the Brazilian Navy's larger warships, and many of the smaller vessels as well, and all had given satisfaction. Tennyson d'Eyncourt and the Walter brothers had sealed the association even more firmly. In April, 1910, Admiral de Bacellar arrived in London to head a permanent Brazilian Naval Commission in Europe. He bore a considerable physical resemblance to Tennyson d'Eyncourt, and during the construction of the Minas Geraes the two had become fast friends. Now they worked in harmony for several months in London and in the drawing offices at Elswick with J. R. Perrett, Armstrong's chief constructor, on the details of the new giant. In the early autumn of 1910, a contract was signed between Armstrong's and the Brazilian Ministry of Marine for a super-dreadnought of over thirty-one thousand tons, armed with twelve fourteen-inch guns, as de Alencar had suggested. She would be half again as big as the Minas Geraes, and could fire a broadside a hundred per cent heavier. It was understood that at her launching she would be named the Rio de Janeiro, but at the Elswick yard she was referred to for the time being simply as Design 609, or else as "the big battleship," which, in the British (and Armstrong) tradition, nicely combined brevity with understatement. She would in fact be the biggest battleship in the world.

In October, 1910, the big battleship's keel plate was laid, much of the material for the first stage of her construction was assembled, and the gunshops got ready to begin work on the long and delicate task of forging and machining her huge weapons. For the moment, however, no work could be done. A clause in the contract made the unusual stipulation that the size and cost of the giant ship must be confirmed by the new Brazilian administration that was to take office in November and by the new Minister of Marine. Meanwhile, during the summer months of 1910, the Minister-designate, Admiral Marques Leão, had visited shipyards in

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France, Britain, and Germany, calling on warship designers at Nantes, Bordeaux, and Saint-Nazaire, at Barrow and Tyneside, and at Hamburg and Kiel. Everywhere he had seen evidence of the violent tempo of the European naval race and had been encouraged by the evidence of faith in the value and power of dreadnoughts. In Britain, there were twelve dreadnought battleships and dreadnought battle cruisers (faster, more lightly armored big-gun ships) on the stocks or fitting out. France's program was gathering momentum, and in Germany the urgency of Admiral von Tirpitz' demands on behalf of the Kaiser's new High Seas Fleet had produced sixteen more dreadnoughts, either completed or under construction. Confidence in the deterrent powers of the battleship appeared to be universal. At Krupp's Germania yard, in Kiel, Admiral Leão was warmly received by the senior members of the design team, who had failed in their bids for the first Brazilian battleships and, like Armstrong's, had lost expensively in the struggle for the Argentine contracts. The Germans knew that the keel plate of a Brazilian battleship of unprecedented size was about to be laid down on the Tyne, and that the contract for that ship was subject to confirmation by the new Brazilian administration. The men at Krupp's took a shrewd line. They had had no experience with fourteen-inch naval artillery, let alone with naval guns of fifteen-inch or sixteen-inch calibre, which had also been proposed for the Rio de Janeiro. They therefore gave it as their opinion that a battleship behemoth was an unnecessary extravagance. If the Kaiser considered battleships of twenty-four thousand tons armed with twelve-inch guns good enough for the Imperial Navy to use in fighting the mighty British, what was the point of Brazil's having fourteen-inch guns and a displacement of thirty-one thousand tons when Argentina did not yet possess a single battleship? Plans were then discussed for a scaled-down version of the Rio de Janeiro, armed with Krupp twelve-inch guns, and Admiral Leão promised that when he took office, in November, Krupp's would have an opportunity to submit detailed plans. The men at Krupp's then suggested that before his departure from Germany the Admiral seek an audience with the Kaiser, whose theories on naval warfare were widely respected. The audience duly took place, and the Kaiser confirmed all that Leão had learned at the Germania yard. The Krupp twelve-inch gun could pierce

Concerning Speculation

"Speculation . . . is the self-adjustment of society to the probable. Its value is well-known as a means of avoiding or mitigating catastrophes, equalizing prices and providing for periods of want. It is true that the success of the strong induces imitation by the weak, and that incompetent persons bring themselves to ruin by undertaking to speculate in their turn. But legislatures and courts generally have recognized that the natural evolutions of a complex society are to be touched only with a very cautious hand . . ."—
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *Associate Justice, United States Supreme Court, May 8, 1905.*

These are some mighty impressive words that Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes once had to say about the vital role that the speculator plays in a free, competitive economy.

We're printing them here because we think they're worth remembering whenever you hear the speculator assailed as a man who makes no contribution to the general welfare. Stories of fortunes built overnight make it easy to believe that the speculator is simply a man who reaps what he hasn't sown.

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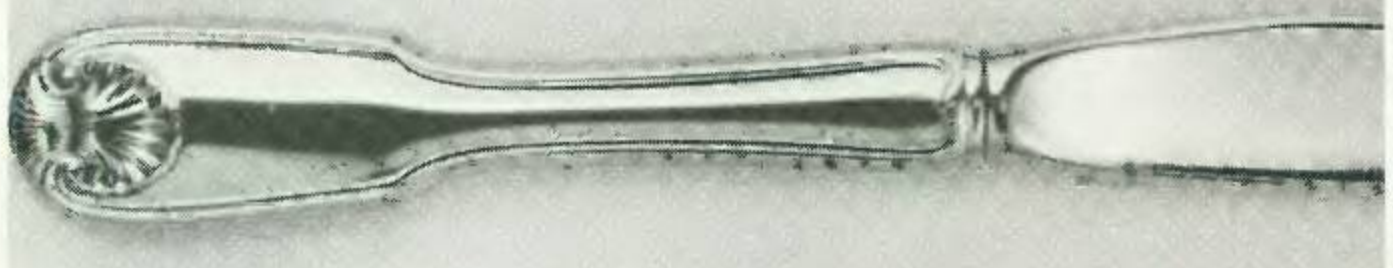

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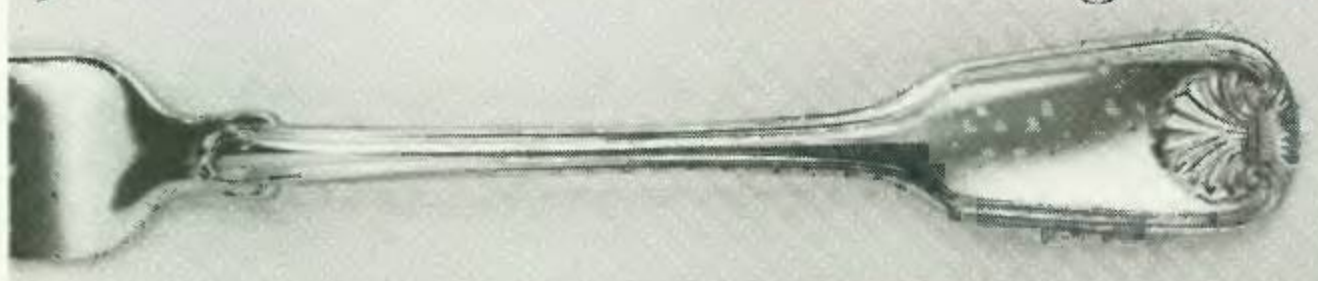

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any known armor plate, he said. It was a magnificent weapon. Besides, a smaller ship with twelve-inch guns would combine with Brazil's existing battleships to form a more convenient, manageable, and homogeneous squadron and would simplify the vital problem of ammunition supply.

All this was very much on Admiral Leão's mind when he took office in November. He had inherited a brand-new fleet that had cost the nation close to fifty million dollars and to date had done no more than mutiny and bombard the capital city rather severely—though, for all that, the common people were properly proud of it. Like the other Brazilian flag officers, and like most flag officers everywhere, the Admiral was no believer in reducing the forces under his command if he could help it, but he felt that within a few days of assuming office he must make an announcement on the burning question of the republic's third battleship. In his announcement, to the consternation of Admiral de Alencar and many of his colleagues in the Ministry, Leão expressed the belief that the new ship should be "a powerful unit which will not be built on exaggerated lines such as have not yet stood the test of experience." He might have been quoting the Kaiser. He then presented to his fellow-officers the detailed drawings, specifications, and cost estimates for Krupp's version of the Rio de Janeiro. News of the disturbing goings on in Rio was transmitted to Armstrong's by the Walter brothers, but even these efficient agents had not collected all the information that Tennyson d'Eyncourt would need to thwart the German counter-offensive; they had failed to report Admiral Leão's conversion to the twelve-inch gun. At Elswick, Perrett and Tennyson d'Eyncourt busied themselves with further drafts of yet more plans, still confident that their client wanted the biggest guns, even if there had to be a modest diminution in the vessel's size and cost. In the early spring of 1911, Tennyson d'Eyncourt set sail again, determined to settle the deal in favor of Armstrong's once and for all. He carried with him no fewer than eight sets of plans—a veritable maze of permutations of the dreadnought principle.

Tennyson d'Eyncourt's feelings for Brazil, and particularly for Rio de Janeiro, were as warm as his feelings for Argentina and Buenos Aires were cool. "I found the Brazilians charming to deal with and most amiable and hospitable," he later noted in his memoirs. This visit, however, was a stormy one

in several respects. "One of the minor revolutions was going on there at the time, which gave me quite a lot of unexpected excitement," he wrote. "On the evening of my first day, I went out into the great Avenida and soon found myself wedged in an enormous crowd of restive Brazilians obviously out for trouble of some sort, with the police trying to disperse them. A posse of mounted police came along, upon which some of the rioters began pulling up the manhole covers in the middle of the street." A horse fell into one of these traps, and Tennyson d'Eyncourt decided it was time for him to get back to his hotel. The next day, after consulting with the Walters, he called at the Ministry of Marine and was shown into Admiral Leão's office. Tennyson d'Eyncourt had had long experience with the unpredictable, often eccentric behavior of South American warship buyers. In his time, he had encountered every degree of vacillation, prevarication, and double-dealing. He had seen South Americans welcome delegations with old-world courtesy, negotiate interminably, agree to terms and dates, and then cancel everything without explanation. He had seen hardboiled salesmen from New York and Kiel arrive with the glow of anticipated success in their faces and depart before long in despair. Flexibility had always been one of Tennyson d'Eyncourt's strongest cards, and it was with the idea of meeting every eventuality that he had brought so many alternative plans along. Now it soon became evident that Kaiser Wilhelm's influence on Admiral Leão had been very powerful, and that the Ministry was dangerously close to switching the contract to Krupp's. The Admiral quoted the German view that heavy guns of uniform calibre in the battleship squadron would simplify the matter of ammunition supply and that a giant battleship was an unnecessary extravagance. The battleship that the Germans could build—and build quickly—would carry twelve twelve-inch guns and would cost some two and a half million dollars less than the Armstrong ship. Tennyson d'Eyncourt put aside the designs he had brought without another thought. If the Brazilians wanted twelve-inch guns, they should have them. But even as he recognized the Admiral's determination to have the smaller weapon, he was certain that there remained a lingering regret that the Brazilian Navy was not to have, after all, the biggest battleship in the world. In Rio, dreams of grandeur did not fade as easily as that. He assured the Admiral that

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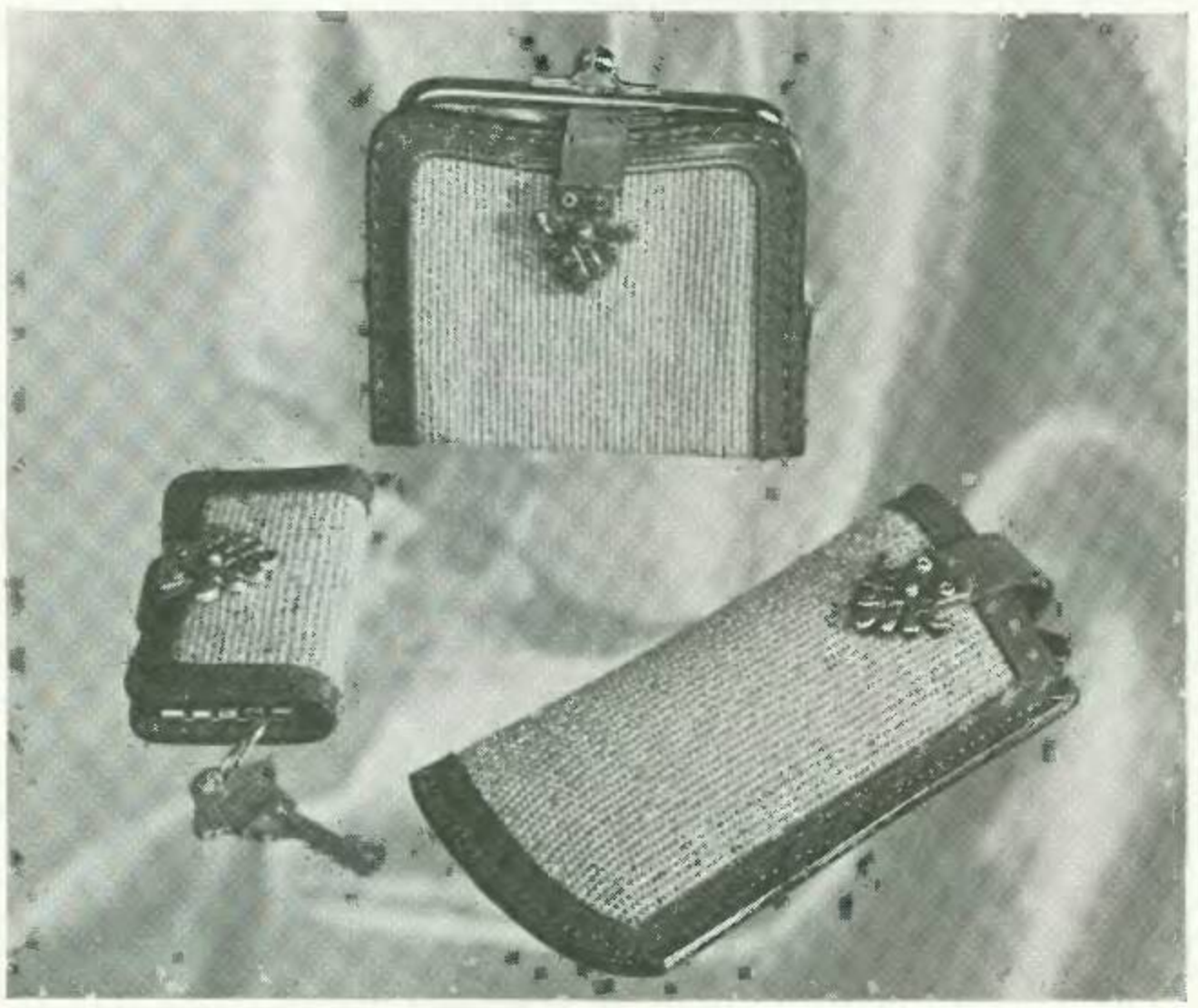

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he would return the next day with new ideas for discussion.

This was an occasion when the speed of Tennyson d'Eyncourt's pencil and the fluency of his mind were to prove of incomparable value. Without wasting any time on regrets, he set to work in his hotel room to adapt his designs to the Ministry's needs. The next day, he returned to Admiral Leão's office and continued the discussion, and that evening he set to work again. As the days passed, the combined charm and relentlessness of Tennyson d'Eyncourt began to tell. Then he timed his master stroke perfectly. Kaiser Wilhelm had said that the twelve-inch shell could pierce any armor plate, and Tennyson d'Eyncourt was prepared to concede this. The twelve-inch gun, whether made in Germany or in Britain, was a magnificent weapon. Had not the Royal Navy ordered it for no fewer than sixteen of its new battleships and battle cruisers? And, Tennyson d'Eyncourt went on, had not Armstrong's Elswick ordnance plant made more twelve-inch guns than any other gunshop in either Britain or Germany? Let us therefore select the twelve-inch gun, he said, but let us not stop at *twelve* of them, as Krupp's had suggested, though this was a very large number. Let there be fourteen. A main armament of fourteen guns in seven turrets—no such battery had been even contemplated since the age of the ironclad had begun more than fifty years earlier. These guns, with twenty supporting six-inchers, and a number of twelve-pounders to enhance still further the look of bristling belligerence that was so much a part of a dreadnought's raison d'être, would require a length over all of six hundred and seventy-one feet and a displacement of more than twenty-seven thousand tons. Thus, Tennyson d'Eyncourt said, the Rio de Janeiro would boast the greatest length, the greatest tonnage, the greatest number of turrets, and the greatest number of heavy guns of any battleship ever commissioned by any power, and yet would cost several hundred thousand pounds less than the original design. The proposal was irresistible. When British understatement and caution, which had been the keynote of all the conversations so far, were crowned by such tempting statistical hyperbole, the effect was instant. That night, Tennyson d'Eyncourt cabled home to Newcastle upon Tyne, "THE SHIP IS OURS."

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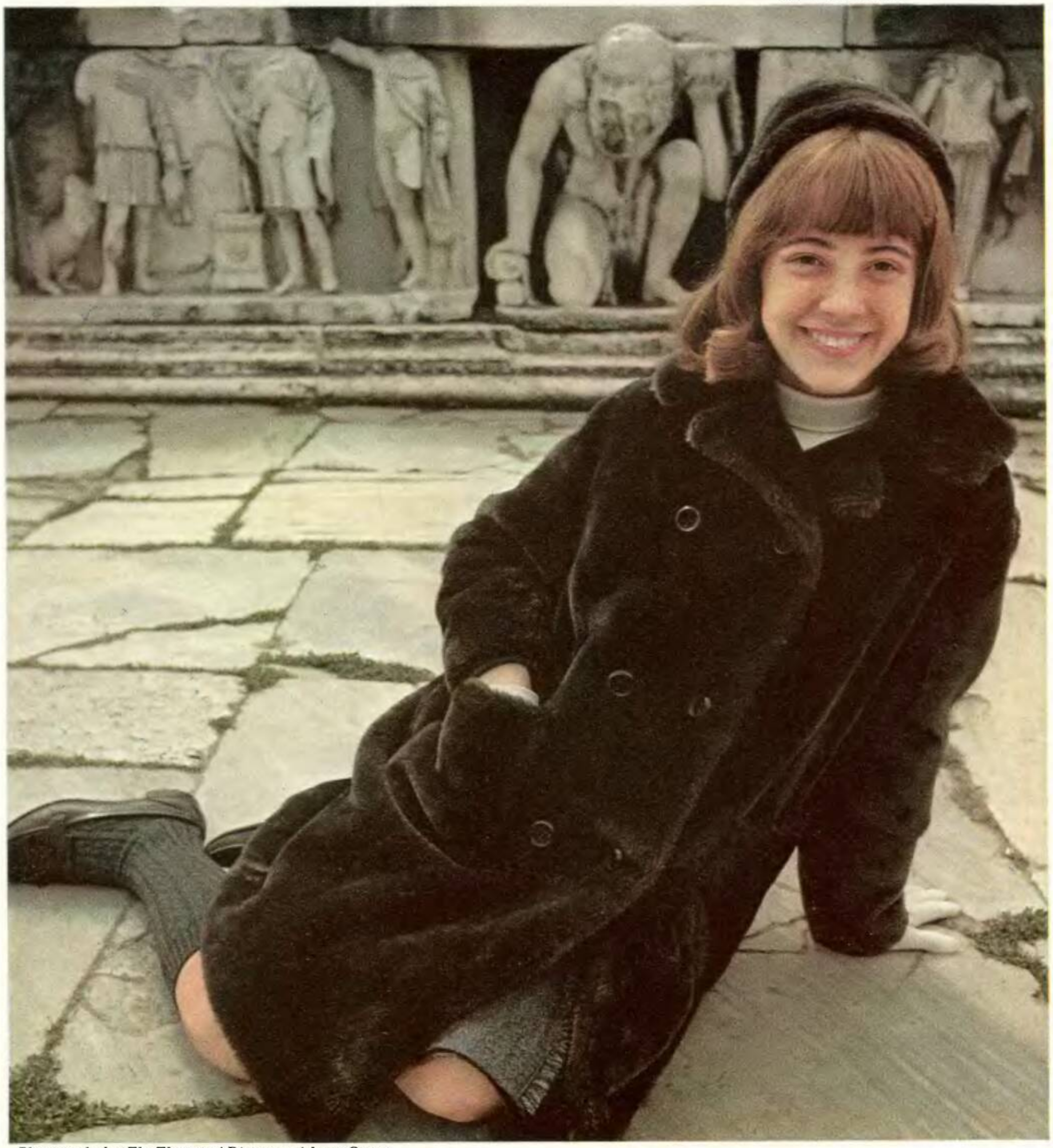

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tecture, his career appeared to have reached its zenith, yet he was almost at once to have another, unexpected stroke of good fortune. Almost simultaneously with his cable from Rio, news reached Armstrong's that the post of Director of Naval Construction, the highest such position the Royal Navy had to offer, was shortly to become vacant. The faithful Perrett cabled Tennyson d'Eyncourt, suggesting that he apply for it. He treated the suggestion as a joke at first. After all, he had never been employed at the Admiralty. Then he decided that there could be no harm in trying. On his return home, he was interviewed by Winston Churchill, the young new First Lord of the Admiralty. Shortly afterward, Churchill announced that Tennyson d'Eyncourt had received the appointment. With that, Armstrong's top salesman had attained the very summit of his profession.

IN the years after 1900, the prosperity of Newcastle upon Tyne had varied according to the tempo of Britain's arms race against Germany. The departments of Armstrong's that were concerned with the manufacture of guns, gun carriages, and shells had been kept almost constantly busy, but the Elswick shipyards had not always worked to full capacity. By 1910, besides a number of cruisers for Turkey, Chile, and China, and the Minas Geraes, for Brazil, two dreadnoughts for the Royal Navy had been completed. But the loss of the contracts for the Argentine battleships had been a sad blow, and uncertainty about the size and power of the Rio de Janeiro had caused one of the Elswick slips to remain vacant for more than two years. This meant wide unemployment, bringing real hunger and suffering to many Newcastle homes. Hope of a long period of steady work had risen late in 1910, when the keel plate of the Rio de Janeiro was laid, but spirits had fallen again when weeks passed and none of the riveters, platemakers, blacksmiths, carpenters, plumbers, and other craftsmen received any call. Then, in the early summer of 1911, the news of Tennyson d'Eyncourt's coup filtered out. To the laborers and craftsmen who lived in tiny back-to-back brick dwellings rising tier upon tier above the gun- and shell shops, the foundries, the steel plants, and the berths bordering the Tyne, the monster battleship would give security for several years. The good news spread to the local cafés and pubs, including Tilney's Cocoa Rooms (tea and a bun for one penny), the Forge Hammer, the Hy-

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draulic, and the Gun, where it was mulled over by those who could still afford a pint of Bass or Burton or a tot of rum. At the little corner grocery shops—the Workingman's Store and Jamieson's—where much money was chalked up on the slates, word that there would again be porridge for the children before school and that the debts would soon be paid off spread rapidly among the wives and shopkeepers. Everywhere in Elswick, there was evidence of a renewal of warm affection for the Brazilians, who had become very popular during the building of the Minas Geraes. Then, in the early autumn, there began to appear on the steep streets of Newcastle the welcome sight of the dark-skinned South Americans themselves. For more than a decade, since a group of Japanese had arrived to supervise, and learn from, the construction of the battleship Yashima as well as other ships for their Navy, foreign Ministries of Marine had been sending representatives to understudy the multitudinous skilled trades required to build a modern man-of-war. The presence of these representatives had made Newcastle an oddly cosmopolitan city, bringing a new tolerance of foreign ways, and also bringing unprecedented prosperity to those homes that opened their doors to the exotic lodgers—at a weekly boarding rate as high as the wage a skilled craftsman could earn in his fifty-three-hour week.

By October, 1911, down at the Elswick employment offices, craftsmen were being signed on as fast as they could be interviewed and their work records could be checked. The big battleship was promised for the end of 1913, it was said, and there would be night shifts and overtime. In November, the staging started to go up—a complex network of pine scaffolding and planking, climbing higher and higher on both sides above the keel strake and the tank frame, from which the ribs of the huge ship would soon be rising. Already, even the untrained eye could judge from across the river that this was going to be a big one. Any man in the yard who cared to pace her out could see that she was going to be the largest battleship ever built on the Tyne, and most of the men who did this soon learned that she was to be the largest ever built anywhere. During the early months of construction, as the word of her size spread around Elswick, a special affection for her became evident. She was sometimes referred to as the Rio, but more often, with a touch of pride, the men called her "the giant." There are men alive today—many still living in the same houses that they occupied then—who worked on the ship and remember her, with a warm nostalgia, in vivid detail.

In the closing months of 1912, the worldwide battleship race was nearing its final lap, and there was constantly increasing pressure in Germany and Britain for even more ships, even higher tonnage, even bigger guns. The British "We want eight! And we won't wait!" dreadnoughts had all joined the fleet. ("The Admiralty had demanded six ships; the economists offered four, and we finally compromised on eight," was Churchill's ironic comment.) Year by year, more money was squandered on these compelling symbols of power. In 1912, there were no fewer than sixty-three under construction, for such unlikely nations as Spain, Turkey, and Chile as well as the big four—Britain, Germany, Japan, and the United States—which together were responsible for twenty-one of them. The duel between Britain and Germany continued to dominate the field, and its implications were terrible to contemplate. But if the South American game was, in the British sportsman's phrase, "only a friendly match," it had a special edge to it and a special fascination for onlookers, since here the completion or the delay of a single ship could settle the score. The rest of the naval world might have been puzzled by the scale of South America's muscle-flexing, but the fact remained that the major South American republics were spending nearly twenty-five per cent of their national incomes on increasing their naval strength, and they saw no reason they should lose their places in the queue. Brazil was especially demanding. Her first dreadnought had been built by Armstrong's in the remarkably short time of two and a half years, but the supremacy that this ship and her sister had given the republic was now seriously threatened. In America, the Fore River Company and the New York Shipbuilding Company were hastening the construction of Argentina's first pair of battleships—the Rividavia and the Moreno, each to be armed with twelve twelve-inch guns. Brazil's contract with Armstrong's provided that the Rio de Janeiro was to be completed before the end of 1913, in time to meet the threat of these vessels. The minor-league battleship rivalry was given a keener edge by the belated Chilean entries, and in December, 1911, one of

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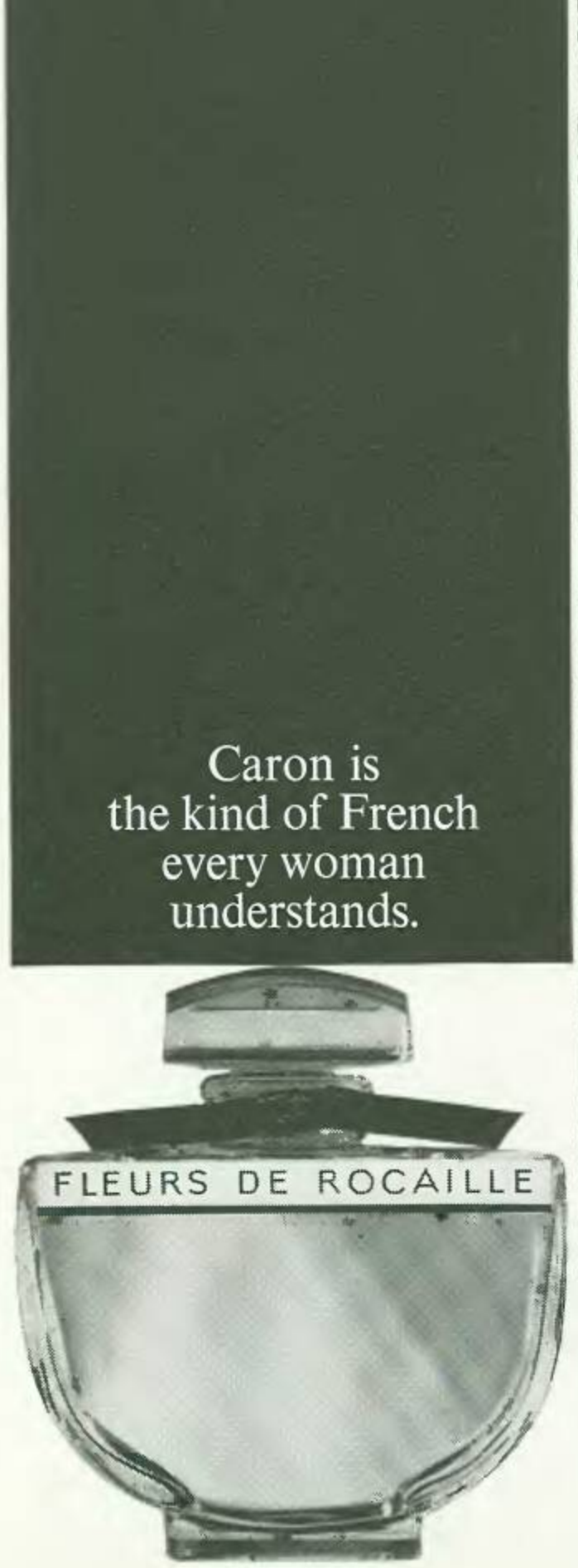

these, the Almirante Latorre, was on the stocks at Elswick alongside the Rio de Janeiro—the two dreadnoughts rising rib by massive rib under the constant surveillance of their own naval commissions, a tangible scoreboard in steel and rivets of the contest between the republics. The moment the builders could get the Brazilian battleship into the water, her berth would be filled by the Almirante Latorre's sister ship, the Almirante Cochrane. The Chileans were therefore as keen as the Brazilians were to see the Rio de Janeiro launched.

From his London headquarters, Admiral de Bacellar made regular trips to Newcastle to urge speed. To his consternation, he found that Armstrong's was in difficulties. For the first time in memory, there was a shortage of skilled labor in certain trades, brought about by the huge increase in the British naval program. Riveters were in especially short supply, and some rival shipyards on the Clyde were offering such workers inflated wages. There was a coal strike, too, and this was delaying the delivery of the armor plate—five thousand tons of it—from Armstrong's steelworks near Manchester. The delivery date in 1913 was in jeopardy, though Sir Andrew Noble, the chairman of Armstrong's, assured the Brazilian Admiral that every effort would be made to catch up when the situation improved. By midsummer of 1912, the Admiral was reassured by the sight of his big battleship framed up to the middle deck, and a couple of months later Sir Andrew was able to promise him that the launching would take place soon after the New Year, as scheduled. The date was at last set for January 22, 1913.

January is a wickedly cold month in Newcastle upon Tyne. A bitter wind comes off the North Sea and is funnelled up the mouth of the river, and no one remains out-of-doors for pleasure. In 1913, January was especially cold. There were still three hours of winter darkness ahead when the men on the day shift rose from their beds. They put on their woollen underwear and trousers, their two-piece overalls, and their mufflers and caps to the sound of the wind and the clatter of hobnail boots on the cobbles beneath their windows. Still unshaven, they let themselves out of their little brick terrace houses on Whitworth Street and Myrtle Place, Armstrong Road and Clara Street, and hurried downhill, guided by widely spaced gas lamps. On Westmorland Road and on Scotswood Road, close to the Elswick gates, brighter lights shining through pat-

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The old quarter of San Juan is set within the city walls that were laid down in 1631. It includes the Conquistadores' original town halls, churches, homes, and three mighty fortresses.

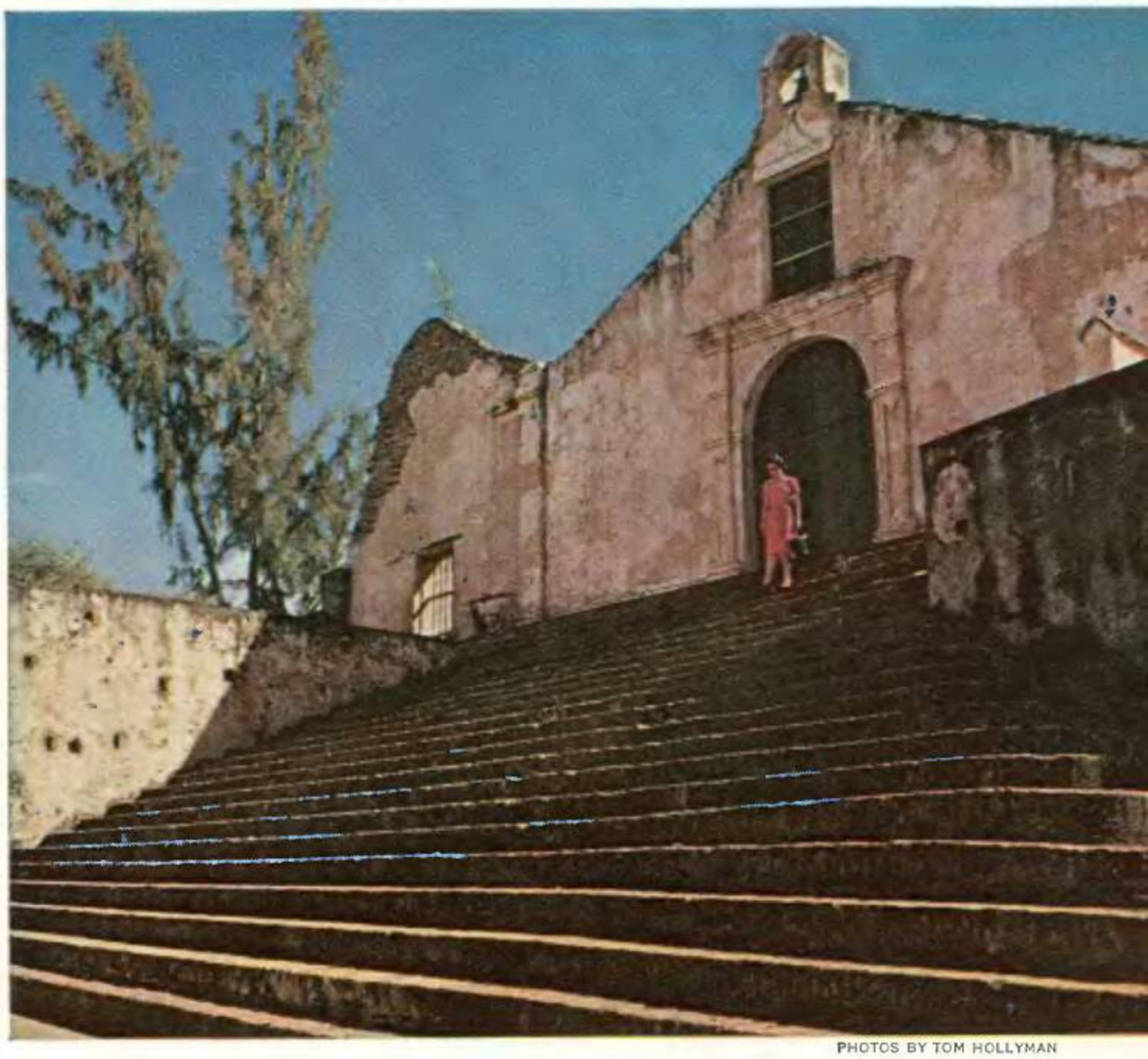
Many streets of Old San Juan are narrow and winding and lined with pastel-walled town houses. Many of these old houses have been carefully restored. They are now art galleries, museums, antique shops and restaurants.

Almost anywhere you go in Puerto Rico you will find the flavor of the Old World. From tiny Spanish villages to graceful old churches with cool, vaulted interiors, to the home where Ponce de León's family once lived.

Come to Puerto Rico. You'll find more than just an island in the sun.

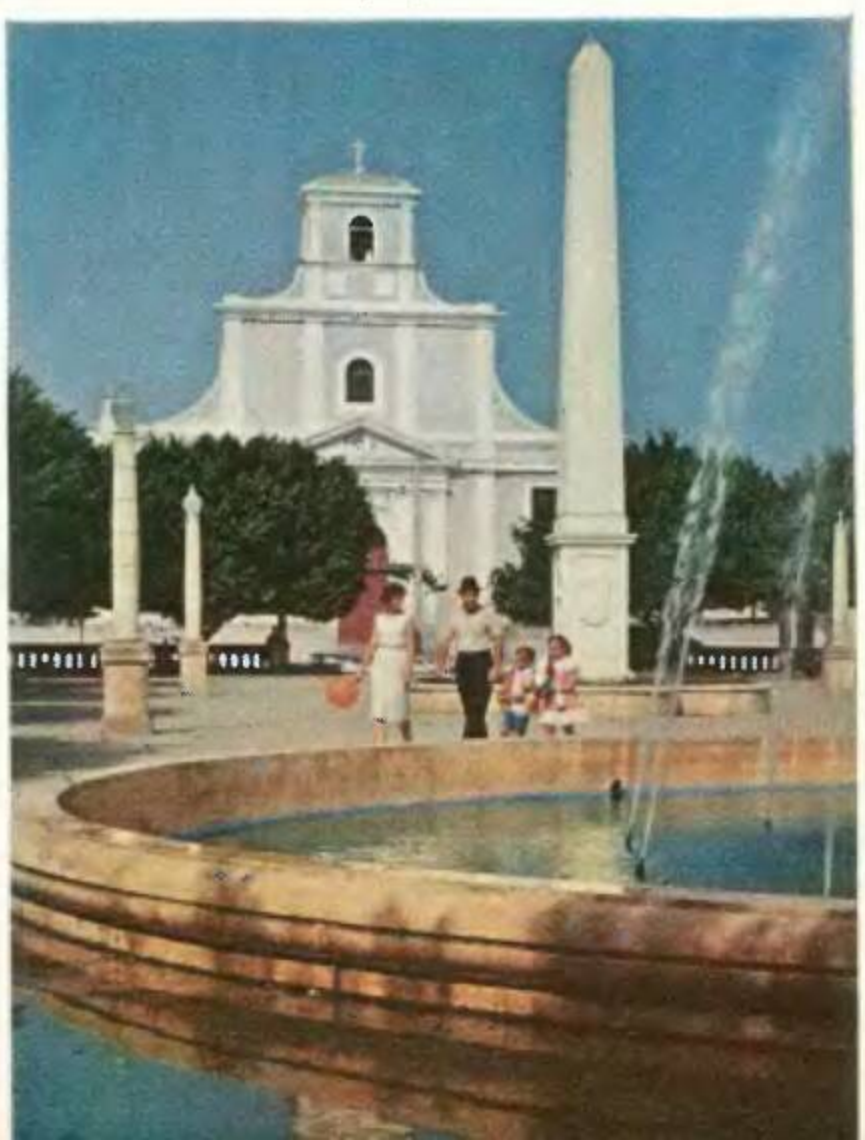
Round-trip jet air fare from New York $104; from Chicago $196; from Houston $216; from Los Angeles $312.50.

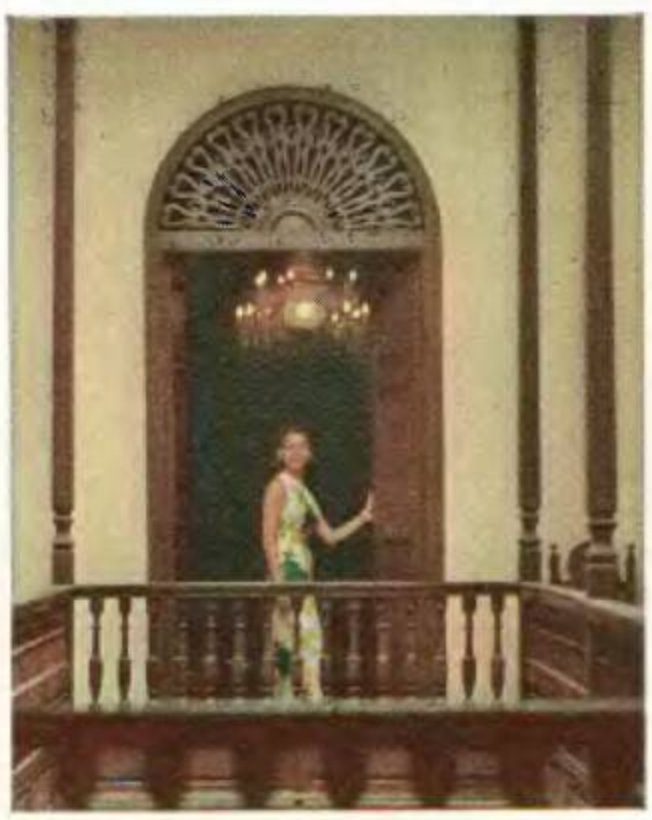
in Puerto Rico this fall



An Old World sampling: Above, a typical exterior of a restored town house showing ancient Spanish architecture. Right, Porta Coeli—one of the oldest churches in the hemisphere. Below, a village plaza where the townspeople gather to walk and talk.

PHOTOS BY TOM HOLLYMAN





The Spanish tried to make Puerto Rico just like their home in Spain. That's why the houses have indoor terraces and patios.

This dining room was once a convent chapel. Step through its carved mahogany doors and you're back in the 17th century.

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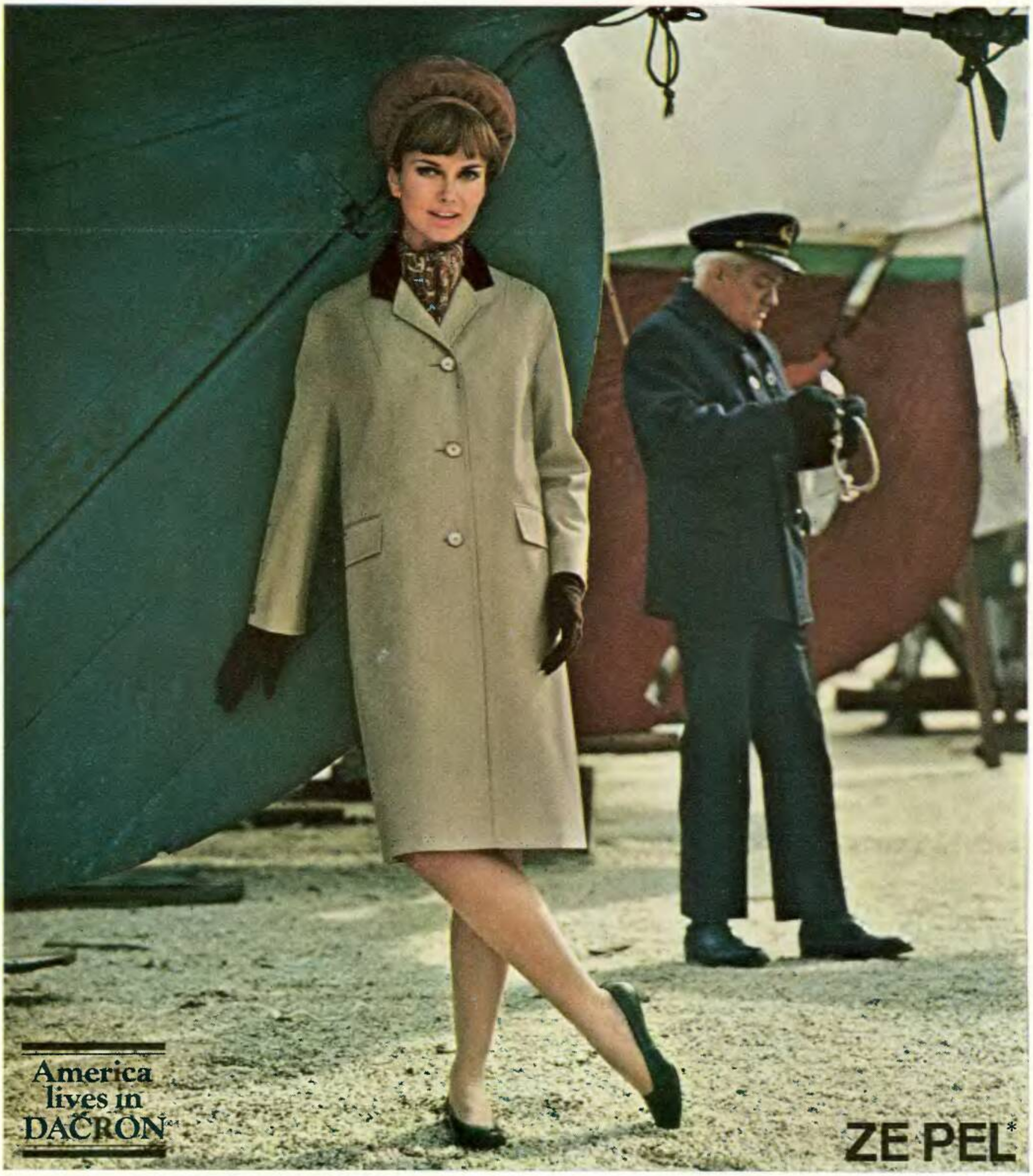

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terns of stained glass drew the men toward the first comfort of their day. The pubs were legally permitted to open at 6 A.M.—five minutes before the factory gates were locked shut. The timing might have been designed to encourage speed and precision in the workingmen. It certainly encouraged the pub-keepers to offer the quickest service in the city. As six o'clock chimed out on the city's clocks, the doors were thrown open and the men poured in. The offerings were simple: neatly ranged the length of the bars were thick cups of strong tea and coffee and nips of rum and whiskey. At the risk of scalded lips and throats, there was just time for both, as the proprietor chalked up the debt. Then, amid the sound of voices calling greetings and brief ribald sallies, the men burst out into the darkness and ran toward the yard, with its bright lights and its thunder of machinery.

The firm of Armstrong's knew better than anyone else how to put on a good show for good customers, how to flatter the vanity both of minor officials and of their chiefs, and how to observe the formalities of a major launching. On the afternoon of January 21st, a special Pullman train left King's Cross Station, London, for Newcastle, bearing a large contingent of Brazilian naval officers and Brazilian diplomats, summoned from all the chief capitals of Europe, and representatives from France, Germany, Italy, the United States, other world powers, and all the South American republics. Their host was Sir Andrew Noble, an impressive-looking, heavily built man with a flowing white mustache and side whiskers, who attended to their comforts on the long journey. That night, the Royal Station Hotel, a chill gray granite block in the center of Newcastle, housed the visitors, and on the following morning a tour around the Elswick yards was arranged. Half concealed behind the network of girders and gantries and the lower framework of her giant tower cranes, the carcass of the Rio de Janeiro lay poised on her slip—the biggest battleship in the world dominating the biggest warship yard in the world. Her giant twin funnels and part of her upper works were already in place, but the only evidences of her unprecedented gunpower were seven circular holes in her decking for the bases of her turrets—two forward, two amidships, and three aft. Above her bows stood a covered platform draped with velvet and surmounted by the flags of Britain and Brazil.

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d'élite with great responsibilities on this one day—much work remained to be done. These were the shipwrights, who had already performed the "setting up"—the laying of molten tallow, soft soap, and train oil on the surface of the slipway. By midday, working in two long lines under the direction of the shipyard manager, they had transferred the whole weight of the ship from the support blocks to the ways. Soon after three o'clock, the manager gave the signal for the shipwrights to split out the remaining keel-block caps and to ram out the bilge blocks, until the vessel was held between the ground and the sliding ways only by the dogshores. This was the most precarious moment in the big battleship's construction, when a slight miscalculation of friction coefficients, weight, and gradient could cause disaster. Too much lubricant, an underestimation of wind strength, or any one of a multitude of other hazardous factors could cause the hull to slide away not only before the ceremonial formalities but before cables had been properly rigged to prevent her from plunging across the narrow river.

At the Royal Station Hotel, luncheon had been taken, and soon afterward the guests were handed into a long line of limousines. It was a gray afternoon, with a light, chill wind, as they drove off toward the yard. Soon after three o'clock, the ceremonial party began to assemble there, the most prominent figure being Sir Andrew Noble, dressed in frock coat and top hat. Beside him was Senhora Huet de Bacellar, a dark, dumpy woman, and Sir Andrew presented her with a bouquet of pink roses, carnations, and ferns while the last technical moves were made below. Beside the slip, two long lines of shipwrights were waiting with sledgehammers at the ready. The crowd, and even the band, was silent now. This was the supremely delicate interval when the shipyard manager had to calculate, by the tone of the creaking from the stressed timbers, how many more minutes on land remained to the battleship. When he judged that the moment was imminent, he raised his hands and put a whistle to his lips. Word was passed up to Sir Andrew Noble, and thence, quietly, to Senhora de Bacellar, who stepped forward, said, in Portuguese, "I name you Rio de Janeiro," and deftly broke a bottle of champagne, decorated with ribbons of blue, green, and yellow, Brazil's national colors, across the battleship's stem. Out of sight below, the yard manager let his hands fall. There came the sound of swift blows as a lever

set in motion two hydraulic rams that knocked out the last of the dogshores, and the battleship began to move—"steadily and gracefully traversing the ways at an ever increasing speed," a reporter for the Newcastle *Daily Journal* noted. "She reached the water without a hitch, and hardly had the din subsided before she was pulled up and turned preparatory to being brought alongside. It was an impressive spectacle, worthy of the attention of the thousands who saw it from both banks of the river."

The first phase of the big battleship's career came to an end in December, 1913. By this time, she had been towed down the Tyne to Armstrong's new Walker yard, where she was to be equipped with her turrets and guns, her armor plate, and her interior fittings. Soon she was due to hoist the Brazilian flag and steam out of the estuary, down the North Sea, and southwestward, to confirm Brazil's total naval domination of South American waters. Chile would not get her first dreadnought until 1915, and the two Argentine battleships being built in America had met with so much misfortune and delay, mainly on account of modifications demanded by the Argentine Ministry of Marine, that they would not join their fleet until sometime that year. By the summer of 1913, however, the finances of Brazil had reached one of their frequent conditions of crisis. This one was the most serious of the century, exceeding even a bad coffee-surplus crisis in 1906. It was brought on by the sudden near-extinction of the market for Brazilian rubber, which had, since about the turn of the century, and with the increasing importance of motor vehicles, become a major export item. Some years earlier, a British-inspired enterprise had succeeded in smuggling a number of wild-rubber-tree seeds out of the country. Young rubber trees were cultivated under artificial conditions at Kew Gardens, in England, and then were taken to British possessions in East Asia, where they soon flourished in plantations. In 1912, the value of Brazil's rubber exports could have paid for three Rio de Janeiros; by the end of 1913 it could not have paid for one. In the most precipitate abdication of naval power and ambition ever recorded, Brazil decided to rid itself of the big battleship. It was Admiral Alexandrino de Alencar, the most eager of all the republic's monster-dreadnought advocates, now back in charge of the Ministry of Marine, who agreed that the Rio de Janeiro must go, and that Bra-

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zil should sell her to the highest bidder. At once among the South American republics, the battleship fever died. Argentina eased up her pressure on the American shipyards, and Chile ultimately decided to settle for just one new battleship—which she did not get until several years later. The great South American dreadnought race was over before two of the contestants had even received their weapons. Meanwhile, naval men everywhere were speculating on the outcome of an international auction for the most formidable single engine of destruction ever to be built.

THE decline of naval rivalry in South American waters was matched by a sudden and severe increase of such rivalry in the Mediterranean. Armament manufacturers had no cause to fear a loss of business, for the naval competition in the Mediterranean was very earnest. Here battleships were for fighting rather than for amiable games of beggar-my-neighbor, for Presidential review, or for mutiny. In September, 1911, a squalid little war had broken out between Italy and Turkey over Italian colonial policy in Tripoli. A year later, after suffering a shattering defeat, the Turks were at war again—this time against Serbia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Greece. This became known as the First Balkan War, and, if possible, it was more squalid than the business with Italy. In both wars, the Ottoman Navy, with a single exception, took no more than a sporadic and discreditable part. By the beginning of 1913, the old conflict between Muslim and Christian in the Balkans and the eastern Mediterranean was once again precipitating Greece and Turkey toward war. And though it turned out that the Second Balkan War, which broke out later in the year, was fought almost exclusively on land, both nations carefully took stock of their naval power and found it wanting. As alert as the most sensitive diplomat for hints of future violence, the British armament manufacturers soon had agents in Athens and Constantinople. Both the Greek and the Turkish Ministries of Marine admired British torpedo craft, and many of Turkey's larger coastal-defense craft had been built in Britain in the eighteen-sixties and seventies, but more recently Krupp's had made headway in Constantinople, and French, Italian, and even American yards were offering increased competition there. Armstrong's had succeeded in getting the contract for the cruiser Hamidieh, which, in 1904, Tennyson d'Eyncourt had helped to deliver, and Tennyson d'Eyncourt's superlative qualities as a salesman-designer had been largely instrumental in persuading the Turkish Ministry of Marine to buy British as the new naval race gathered tempo in the succeeding years. In 1908, a British naval mission under the command of Rear Admiral Sir Douglas Gamble had been appointed to supervise the rebuilding of the Imperial Ottoman Navy. As it happened, the rebuilding of the Royal Greek Navy was already being supervised by another British officer—the Admiralty in London being, like its nation's armaments merchants, notably impartial in such matters. The supervisor in Athens was Admiral Mark Kerr, who had a chance to compare the Greek and Turkish Navies at first hand, having inspected the latter along with Tennyson d'Eyncourt in 1904, when he reported to his superiors, "It is no longer possible to talk about the Turkish Navy, as it is practically nonexistent." He went on to tell of dissolute admirals living ashore, of ships stripped of salable accessories and rusting in dockyards, of vital parts stored in the Sultan's palace against the threat of mutiny or revolution. Kerr found Greece's Navy much smaller but much trimmer than Turkey's. He described it as "very peaceful, charming and clean . . . apt to remind one of the navy of the operatic stage—small, clean ships, with slack ropes and rigging, officers and men with waxed moustaches and spotless white-duck trousers and small waists." Its spirit was given a martial boost by the British Admiral's energy and enthusiasm, and it had acquired formidable strength through the patriotism of a shipping millionaire named Giorgios Averoff, who in 1899 had bequeathed about a million and a half dollars toward the cost of a modern man-of-war to meet the growing threat from Turkey. The Greek government found additional funds that made possible the purchase from Italy of a powerful ten-thousand-ton armored cruiser, which was named after the donor.

The naval aspect of the First Balkan War was sporadic and was mainly cheerless for both sides. When enemy ships sighted one another, the Turks tended to retire, and what occasional exchanges of fire there were did little damage. After a while, even so, almost all the Turkish ships remained in harbor. But the spiritless nature of the conflict at sea was partly redeemed for

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both sides by the performance of one ship in each fleet. The Averoff, by shows of aggression and accurate shooting, dominated the Aegean throughout the war. On the Turkish side, the much smaller and less powerful Hamidieh broke through the patrolling line of Greek ships, escaping even the Averoff, and, singlehanded, harassed the enemy rear, like an Elizabethan freebooter, bombarding the enemy's ports and interfering with the movements of its troops. Her captain was Raouf Bey, a lean, dark, courageous warrior with political ambitions, who was destined to take a leading part in the second phase of the big battleship's life.

Utterly defeated on land and sea, in spite of the gallant endeavors of Raouf Bey, Turkey lost almost all her European empire. Above all, she now found herself without her vital strategic islands in the Aegean. The Treaty of London, which terminated the First Balkan War, was little more than a snarling agreement to disagree, while Christian and Muslim alike zealously prepared for a reopening of hostilities. Sea power was the key to the Aegean, and power at sea was controlled by the big gun, by the battleship. Admiral Gamble and his staff had already achieved some success in their campaign to modernize the Turkish Navy before the outbreak of war with Greece. Two old German ships had been acquired, but these were no more than a hasty stopgap. Dreadnoughts were what was needed, Gamble had told his receptive audience, and they must, of course, be built in British yards. Besides the battleships, he proposed that there should be a dozen destroyers and about forty smaller craft. For a start, the Reshadieh and Reshad-i-Hamiss, two dreadnoughts of the most modern type, had been laid down at Barrow in Furness in 1911. Progress on the first of these had reached the protected deck before the builders stopped work to await the outcome of the First Balkan War and see whether the Turks could avoid bankruptcy. In May, 1913, having received financial reassurance, the builders accelerated construction of the Reshadieh. In September, amid celebrations as joyous as those accompanying the launching of the Rio de Janeiro eight months earlier, the Reshadieh was launched (with rose water, not champagne, for she was a Muslim dreadnought) by Naile Hanim, the beautiful young daughter of the Turkish Ambassador to London, His Highness Tewfik Pasha.

By the autumn of 1913, it was evident to the Greek government that, in spite of the victory over Turkey, its

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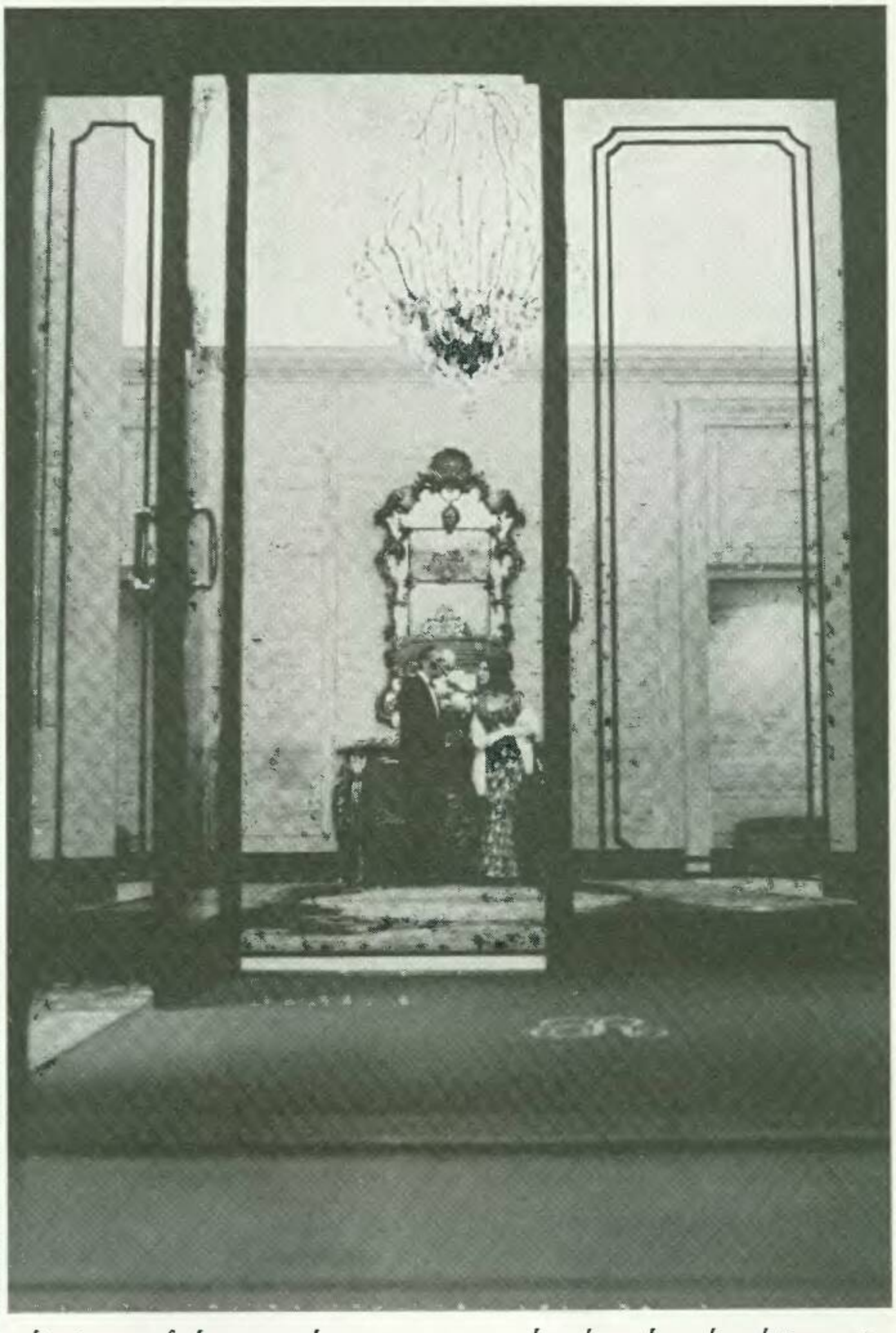
old enemy would soon dominate the Aegean with this immensely powerful vessel. Steps had already been taken to meet the threat. Within days after work on the Reshadieh was taken up again, the Greek Minister of Marine told the Chamber of Deputies, amid cheers, that the Navy would require two battle cruisers. One of these was soon laid down in Germany and given the name Salamis. But she would take three years to build, and the Reshadieh might well have overcome the Greek Navy before she arrived, so the Ministry of Marine went shopping for dreadnoughts. Brazil, not quite at the end of its economic tether, refused to yield either the Minas Geraes or the São Paulo. The Japanese, in the throes of a race with America, could offer nothing, and neither could the French or the Italians, while the British and the Germans were now more than ever preoccupied with their ratio of deterrents. But the arrival of two needy and anxious shoppers in the bullish battleship market was well noted by Brazil. There had never been a more favorable moment for disposing of the world's biggest battleship. Armstrong's was told to proceed with the sale. The negotiations were long and tortuous. From the beginning, only two governments, the Greek and the Turkish, were seriously bidding for the Rio de Janeiro, although Armstrong's let it be known that this was to be a world auction, and at one point Italy expressed keen interest. It was not that the great powers did not want more battleships—and big ones, at that. British, German, and Japanese yards, in particular, were working to capacity. France, Russia, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Spain, among the other European nations, were building or buying dreadnoughts. Yet none except Italy expressed interest in the Rio de Janeiro. For one thing, the purchase price would be in the vicinity of fourteen million dollars (or nearly forty-five million of today's dollars). And other factors were probably still more important. The battle fleets of the great naval powers were being built by squadrons, to a careful plan of homogeneity, and the Rio de Janeiro could not be matched with anything afloat. So great, and so highly publicized, were the big battleship's dimensions that by 1913 she was statistically suspect. The sheer number of her batteries, the sheer size of her magazines told against her in the eyes of anyone who was not *in extremis*, as the Greeks and Turks were. It was whispered that the Brazilians had demanded such luxurious living accommodations that her inter-

nal compartmentation was inadequate; that the size of the ammunition magazines for her fourteen guns made her dangerously vulnerable; and, finally, that the firing of a broadside by all those guns would break her back. Undeniably, the Rio de Janeiro had assumed in some naval circles an almost freakish reputation.

Neither the Greek nor the Turkish exchequer was in good shape after the Balkan Wars, and it was evident that the Rio de Janeiro would go to the country that could more expeditiously borrow the purchase price. The Greek government, headed by Eleutherios Venizelos, made strenuous efforts to secure the confidence of a bank—any bank. During the first three weeks of December, 1913, Greece approached every bank in France, Italy, Germany, and Britain that could provide the necessary funds, and it also appealed to the governments of these nations on a diplomatic level in an effort to convince them of the danger of upsetting the balance of power in the Aegean by letting Turkey strengthen its fleet. The Greek effort met with failure on both levels. The Turkish government was more wily and astute. While its emissary to Greece, Hrant Bey Abro, kept up the diplomatic pressure there by renewing Turkey's claims to the lost islands, Captain Raouf Bey sailed the Hamidieh to French and British ports. It was ostensibly a flag-showing cruise, a triumphal round of visits to offset the disgrace of losing the war, but it allowed this persuasive and influential politician-naval officer to make personal contact with Armstrong's and thereby discover when the Rio de Janeiro would be ready and how much she would cost. A few weeks later, the Perrier Bank in France announced that it had agreed to make a short-term loan to the Turkish government at an interest rate that the London *Times* estimated at "practically 12½%." On December 20, 1913, Tewfik Pasha had opened direct negotiations with the British government and with Armstrong's. The asking price of the big battleship, it was now understood, was £2,725,000 ($13,625,000). The Greek government knew that it had lost the struggle. On December 28th, amid forlorn last-minute protests, the negotiations were completed. The Ottoman government thereupon exultantly announced that the big battleship would be called Sultan Osman I, after the founder of the Empire. With its smaller partner, the Reshadieh, it would be ready for action by June or July of 1914.

The Greek government simultane-



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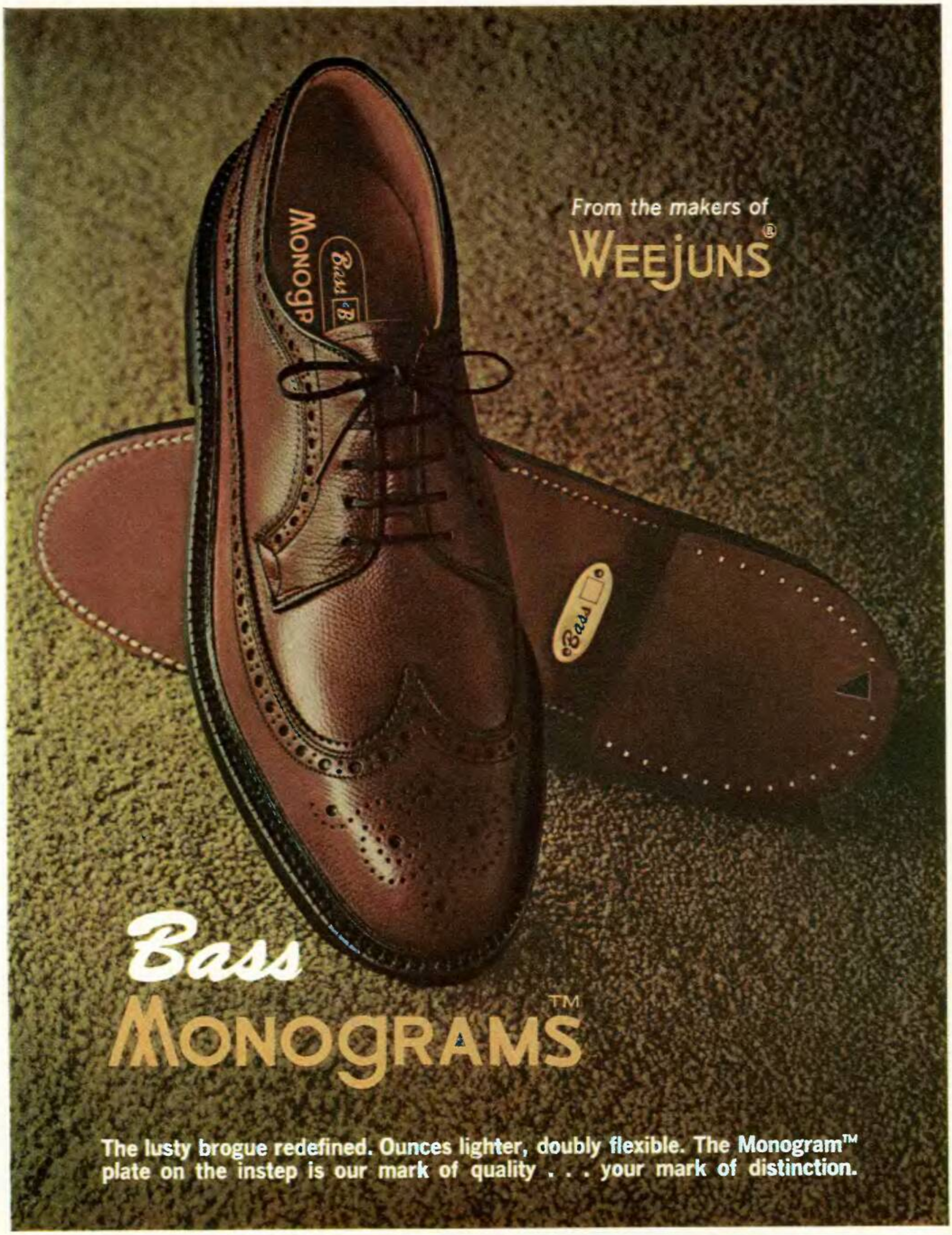
ously protested to Britain that the sale of the battleship to Turkey was an overt act of provocation and hastened to assure the rest of the world that it didn't matter anyway. Venizelos told the Chamber of Deputies that he was determined that Greece "would remain mistress of the Aegean," and the Greek naval commander, Admiral Pavlos Koundouriotes, expressed the belief that "no anxiety need be felt." Within a few days of the Turks' acquisition of the Sultan Osman I, though, there was a new note of self-assertion in the Turkish claims to the Aegean islands. Behind the scenes, urgent steps were being taken by the Greek government. The delivery of six destroyers from Germany was hastened, and on January 16th these were reported to be en route to Athens. After Venizelos had protested to the French government over the Perrier Bank's assistance to Turkey, it was agreed that two new Greek battleships would be laid down in French yards. These, however, would not be completed for perhaps three years, so, although it seemed a forlorn hope, foreign naval powers were again asked if they had any warships to spare. On January 9th, the London *Times* had reported that "an advantageous offer" had been made for the São Paulo and the Minas Geraes, but in spite of earlier hints that these battleships might be available, this was turned down by Brazil (which, in fact, kept the vessels for the rest of what turned out to be long careers). The Argentine government just as definitely refused offers for the dreadnoughts that were being built in America. Only the Chinese, who were also in financial straits, had anything to sell. The six-inch-gunned light cruiser Fei-hung had just been finished at Camden, New Jersey, and a quick deal was concluded. Under a new name, Helle, she sailed for Athens a few weeks later.

The guns of battleships, however, could be met effectively only by the guns of other battleships. Paradoxically, it was that man of peace, President Woodrow Wilson, who acted on this elementary fact of naval strategy. In May, he let the Greek Legation in Washington know that the United States Navy might be prepared to sell off a couple of battleships if the price was right. Prime Minister Venizelos responded with alacrity, saying that the price was not important under the circumstances. On May 28th, the Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, proposed to the Naval Affairs Committee of the Senate that the United States sell the battleships Idaho and Mississippi



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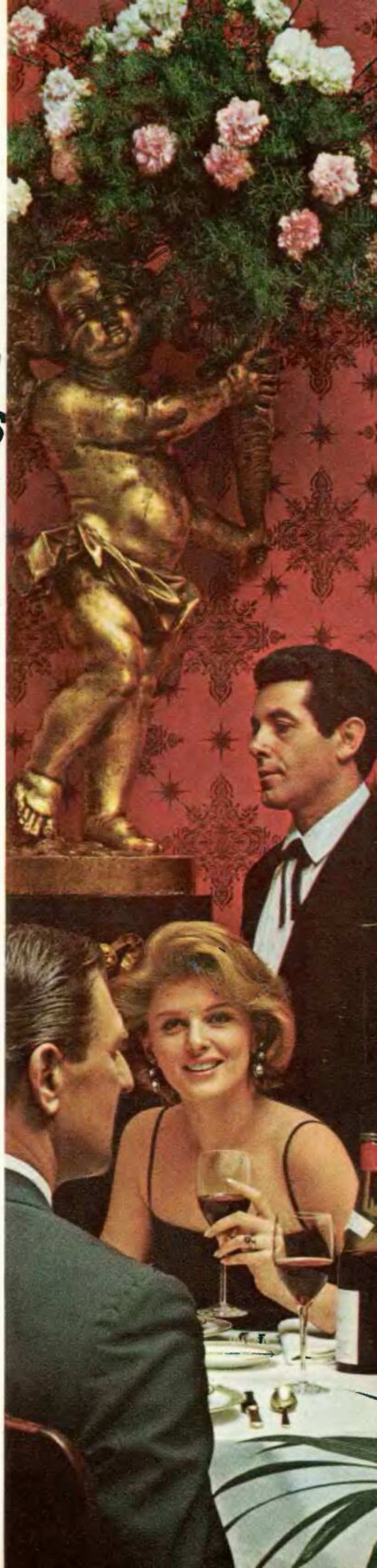

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to Greece. "Their possession would at least enable the Hellenic government to contemplate with greater equanimity than hitherto the preparations . . . being made by Turkey for a new campaign against Greece," he said. The Committee accepted the suggestion without demur, and this was scarcely surprising, for the asking price was $11,726,000—the exact amount that these two pre-dreadnought vessels had cost nine years earlier. There was no allowance for depreciation of the outdated ships, which were of negligible fighting value to America, and according to the New York *Times*, "Several Senators suggested that the United States would be fortunate to be able to sell two of its older vessels and use the funds so derived for the construction of a modern fighting vessel." In spite of the auspicious start, however, President Wilson's peace move did not go through without some minor hitches. There was an attempted revolt among "small navy" men in the House of Representatives, and there was a much stronger protest by the new Turkish Ambassador, Rustem Bey, who presented his credentials at the White House on the afternoon of June 22nd and took the opportunity to complain warmly to President Wilson about the proposed deal. The President replied that he had assurances from the Greek Legation that the battleships were wanted for peaceful purposes only. Rustem Bey politely but publicly contradicted the President. The New York *Times* found the Turkish Ambassador's disagreement with President Wilson "decidedly amusing." In an editorial on June 24th, the newspaper suggested, "A simple way, whether or not a good one, for Turkey to keep the Greeks from getting our ships would be to make a higher bid for them than the Greeks have made. The President isn't part-Scotch for nothing, and that would appeal to him, perhaps more than Pickwickian talk about peace."

There was no doubt that the United States Navy could have got an even bigger offer from the Ottoman government. Djemal Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Marine, made this quite clear to the United States Ambassador in Constantinople, Henry Morgenthau, Sr., and Morgenthau reported to Washington that he had "hardly ever seen a man who appeared more utterly worried," adding, "He begged, he implored that I should intervene. If the transaction were purely a commercial one, Turkey would like a chance to bid." Ambassador Morgenthau found that the Germans were almost as upset as the Turks by the impending sale. The German government had lately built up the Turkish Army to a high degree of efficiency and strength, and Turkey had become a pivot of the German defense scheme, which would thus be thrown out of balance by another Turkish defeat at the hands of the Greeks. On the afternoon of June 13th, Baron von Wangenheim, the German Ambassador to Turkey, and Morgenthau had gone riding together in the hills north of Constantinople. "Just look at the dangerous precedent you are establishing," von Wangenheim said. "Suppose that you were on the brink of war with Japan; then England could sell a fleet of dreadnoughts to Japan. How would the United States like that?"

President Wilson knew as well as his Ambassador in Constantinople that the matter was not, as Djemal Pasha inferred, "a purely commercial one." On the afternoon of June 23, 1914, in spite of talk about "an entangling European alliance," the House of Representatives agreed to the sale of the two battleships to Greece, at their original cost price—"the best trade that we can make, and I think one that will not come to us again in a quarter of a century," Representative Lemuel Padgett, of Tennessee, commented. The final figure was $12,535,276.98. The U.S.S. California, which the United States Navy got in place of the old ships (with several million dollars to spare), was at least twice as powerful as the two old ships together, and served nobly right through the Pacific war of 1941-45. It was not surprising that Secretary Daniels described the deal as "a splendid thing for the Navy."

The Greeks thought it a splendid thing for their Navy, too, though Admiral Kerr—a forward-looking officer who had tried to convince them that airplanes and submarines, rather than dreadnoughts, would be appropriate weapons for the narrow Aegean—described these second-hand purchases as "useless, worn-out, and obsolete battleships, which could neither steam nor effectively use their nearly worn-out guns." Nobody listened to the British Admiral, least of all Prime Minister Venizelos, and in Athens and throughout Greece there was jubilation at the news of the American Congress's decision. At last, the Greeks believed, they had in their possession the means of replying to the guns of the big battleship. There was a widespread belief—in Washington, London, and

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Paris as well as in Athens—that, as the London *Daily Telegraph* expressed it, "the danger of an immediate outbreak, at least, has been postponed." There was to be no delay in the delivery of the two vessels, now renamed Kilkis and Lemnos, and they would be handed over complete with supplies, provisions, coal, and ammunition. The Idaho, which, conveniently, was already in Europe, was to steam from Malta to Gravesend, where her crew would be replaced by a Greek crew, already en route to England. The Mississippi, at Pensacola, Florida, was directed to sail to Boston, where a similar transfer of crews was to take place. If there were no hitches, it was thought, the two ships could be at Piraeus just before the Sultan Osman I arrived in the Golden Horn, but it looked like a close race.

AFTER a delegation of Turkish officers had been dispatched to Tyneside to supervise the completion of the big battleship, and the men of Armstrong's had happily resumed work on her after another period of privation in Newcastle, the Turkish government was left with the problem of how to repay its short-term loan from the Perrier Bank. Nearly fourteen million dollars was an appalling sum of money to find after a couple of expensive wars, and it was certainly not in the Ottoman treasury. In the catch-as-catch-can fund-raising tradition of the Turks, civil servants, municipal functionaries, and the officers of the Army and Navy were considered fair game. In January, 1914, Parliament accordingly passed a law authorizing the expropriation of all December salaries and wages of these employees—who had actually not been paid since September anyway. An official report spoke of the civil servants as "asserting their determination to forgo another month's pay." This sort of patriotism could scarcely be exploited further, and so the Acting Minister of Finance, Talaat Bey, cast about for other sources of revenue. He made a promising start by putting a tax on every loaf of bread sold in Constantinople, but then he and extremist patriotic elements that supported the rearmament drive decided that the only way that the monetary goal could be reached was by a sort of nationwide Dreadnought Appeal. There were street collections in Constantinople and in all the larger towns of Turkey. Boxes marked "For Our Fleet" were rattled through the bazaars and markets of towns and villages, and even on the small ferryboats that plied the Bosporus.

There were house-to-house collections, and women even sold their hair "For Our Fleet." By April, more than two million dollars had been collected, and strong pressure for large contributions was being put on various rich Turks who had garnered huge wealth through their privileged positions at the Sultan's court. Ultimately, though, it was agreed that Turkey would have to negotiate new, long-term loans in Western Europe.

The acquisition of the Sultan Osman I also raised onerous technical and personnel problems for the Turkish Ministry of Marine—problems that had to be dealt with in far too short a time. The big battleship would ultimately require a crew of twelve hundred officers and men, many of whom had to be trained to a high degree of skill in specialties such as gun laying, wireless telegraphy, signalling, and navigation. The Turkish Navy possessed no pool of trained reservists to draw from, and had suffered great losses of manpower at the end of the Balkan Wars, when numbers of men mutinied and made their own way home. Only a handful of regulars could be found to form the nucleus of a crew for the Sultan Osman I; the rest of her company was conscripted from among the nation's fishermen and from among the peasants, many of whom had never set eyes on the sea. The responsibility for training these men rested with the British Naval Commission, which was now commanded by Rear Admiral A. H. Limpus, assisted by six officers, each of them a specialist in his own branch. Their assignment was a curious one. They were subject to Ottoman Navy discipline, such as it was, and yet were regarded as a cut or two above their Turkish fellow-officers and were given inflated ranks, a Royal Navy lieutenant becoming a captain corvette with the courtesy title of Bey after his name. They wore elaborate Turkish rig, with outsize epaulets, aiguillettes of gold cord, and the traditional fez. Attempts to cope with anarchy and corruption filled their every working day. They struggled to obtain vital equipment, only to see it disappear in a flash to the highest bazaar bidder. Gunsights and other optical equipment fetched top prices in such sales, and any form of firearm seemed to melt away. Only a very durable sense of humor saved the sanity of these British officers. Among them was Captain Corvette Frank Elliott Bey, whose task it was to train gun crews for the big battleship. For this he needed—at least theoretically—a ship, guns, and

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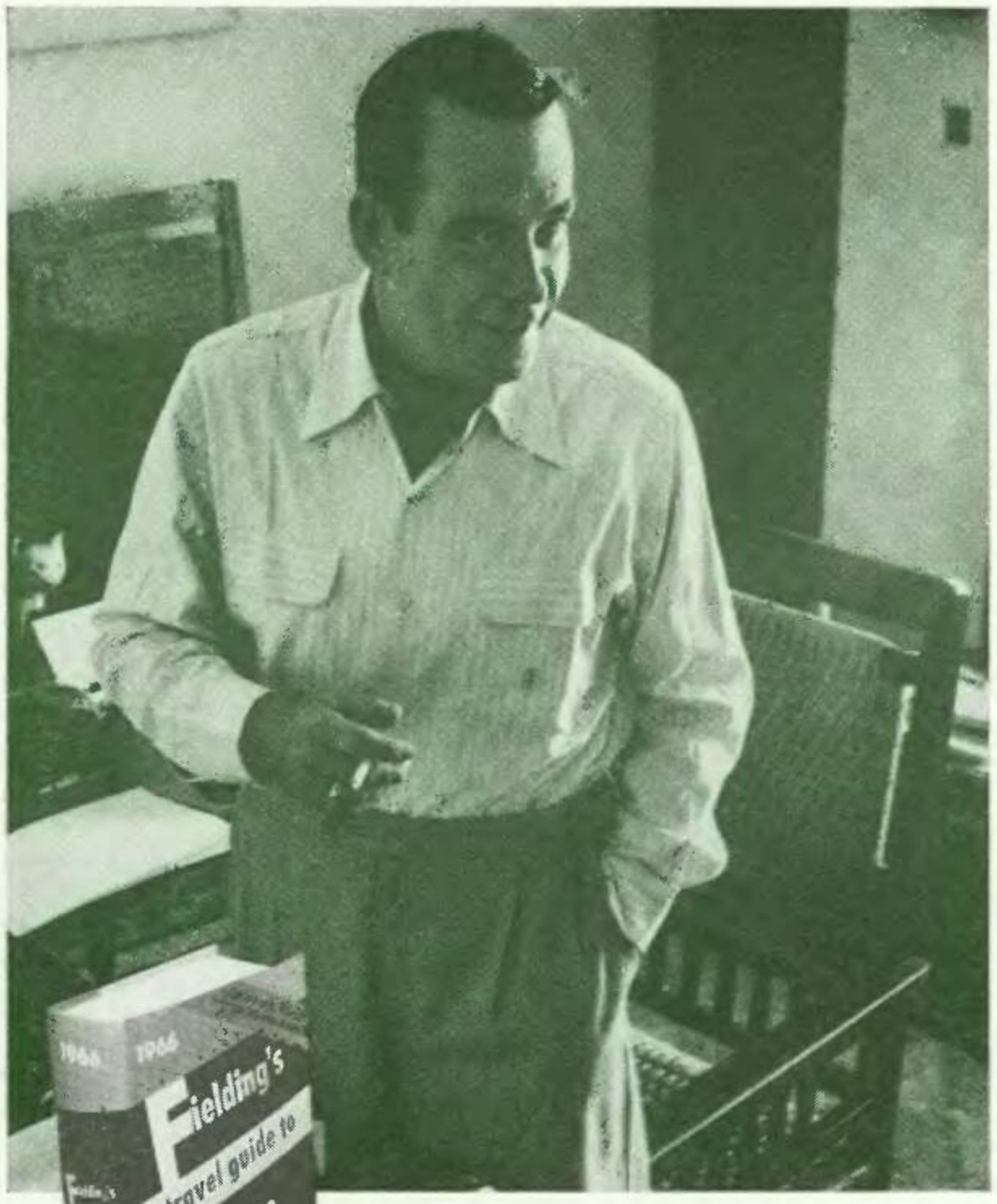

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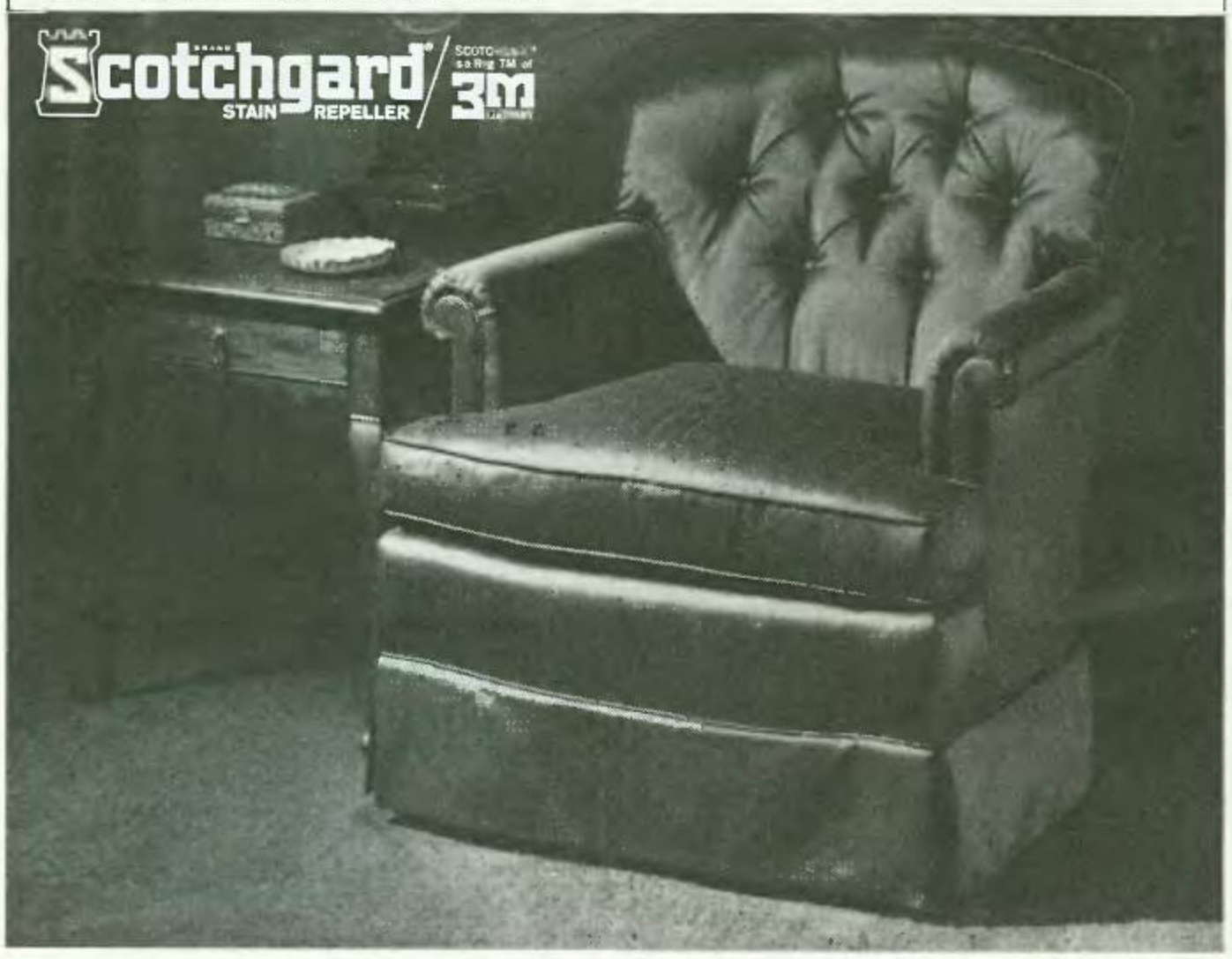

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ammunition. The Messudiyeh, an ancient ironclad built in 1874, appeared to be the ideal vessel, since it was rat-ridden, filthy, and of no possible military value in the event that war should break out. It was discovered, however, that its nine-inch guns were not in workable condition, so they were sent secretly to Britain for reconditioning, and wooden dummies were fitted in their places, to fool any Greek spies who did not realize how useless the ship would be even *with* guns. She also mounted some six-inchers, which Elliott had hopes of using until the authorities took them ashore to bolster the defense of the Dardanelles. Finally, Elliott scrounged up four heterogeneous weapons, of British, American, German, and French origin. He mounted these ashore, and rigged up as a target the hulk of an old torpedo boat, which was to be towed up and down the Bosporus and plugged with straw when hits, if any, were made. The next problem was ammunition. He was told that there was none to be had, but after careful investigation he learned that there was an old ammunition magazine in a mosque far up the Golden Horn. With the aid of some Turkish officers, he found it, and deep in its interior he came upon stacks of old shells, green with verdigris, and a number of open tubs of gunpowder. Once the shells and the powder had been dried out, they proved to be serviceable, if highly dangerous, and they provided practice for the recruits, all of whom were illiterate and none of whom had ever before fired so much as a rifle. The men compensated for their lack of knowledge and their primitive ways by eagerness and by unquestioned bravery. Elliott reported later that they were the only recruits he had ever encountered who did not flinch at the firing of a naval gun. Ultimately, Elliott's trainees succeeded in sinking the target vessel, after those responsible for plugging the holes in her neglected their task. When Elliott expressed irritation, he was told that the ship had, after all, been insured.

The efforts of Admiral Limpus and his staff to pave the way for an Ottoman triumph at sea were matched by the zeal of the large German military mission in Constantinople, whose task was to prepare the Turkish Army for victory on land. For more than five years, Turkey had been subjected to increasing political, economic, and military pressure from both Germany and Britain, and had found itself in turn threatened, cajoled, deprived, and courted. British policy was curiously in-

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consistent. The British government, on the one hand, despised Turkish ineptitude and inefficiency, and, on the other hand, feared lest Turkey be drawn so closely into the German camp that it would become an active ally of Germany in the event of war. Churchill, as First Lord, felt no confidence in the Turks, and Prince Louis of Battenberg, the First Sea Lord, wanted to withdraw Admiral Limpus and his staff from Constantinople. The Foreign Office, however, felt that the balance of power in the Mediterranean would benefit from an efficient, modern Turkish Navy, and the British government had been quite happy to see the big battleship go to Turkey rather than to Greece.

There was no ambivalence about the German policy toward Turkey. Without stealth or subtlety, the German military mission worked on an ever-increasing scale at equipping the Army with Krupp guns and instructing it in the glories of German militarism and the wickedness of British imperialism. The head of the mission was General Otto Liman von Sanders, who had been appointed Inspector General of the Turkish Army. He and his chief of staff, von Strempfel, terrified the Turks by their arrogance, self-confidence, and generally overbearing air, and they were ably backed up by von Wangenheim. By 1914, the Germans had brought about a transformation in the spirit and efficiency of the Turkish Army as well as in its matériel. In their new arrogance, the Turkish Army officers despised the officers of the Turkish Navy, whose public popularity embittered them further. Thus there developed during the first half of 1914 a deep rift between the two services, the Army and one section of the Cabinet becoming enthusiastically pro-German, while the Grand Vizier, the remaining Cabinet Ministers, and the officers of the Ministry of Marine remained loyal to the British. If the pro-British clique had lost ground to the Germans during the months of intensive Army activity, there could be no doubt that the status and power of the Navy—and of the British cause—would increase immeasurably with the arrival of the Sultan Osman I.

The clear-cut line between the two services and their loyalties to the two Great Powers was further confused by the presence in the Mediterranean of Germany's powerful and modern dreadnought battle cruiser Goeben, which added new uncertainty to a maritime balance of power already made precarious through the recent

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construction of dreadnought fleets by Austria-Hungary and Italy. Another purpose of the German move was to demonstrate, especially to the Turks, that Germany was mighty now not only on land but at sea as well. The British replied by sending into the Mediterranean a complete battle-cruiser squadron, consisting of the Inflexible, the Indomitable, and the Indefatigable, under the command of Admiral Sir Berkeley (Arky-Barky) Milne, an amiable socialite later described by a naval historian as "an officer of inferior calibre, utterly lacking in vigor and imagination, whose appointment to the Mediterranean Command in 1912 had largely been due to Court influence." Turkish tours of inspection of the German battle cruiser, with her eleven-inch-gun turrets, were soon matched by invitations to parties of Turkish naval officers to inspect the British battle cruisers' twelve-inch guns—with, it was pointed out, a very up-to-date hydraulic loading system, similar to that being installed on the Sultan Osman I. The German commander, Rear Admiral Wilhelm Souchon, was as brilliant and formidable as Milne was lethargic and incapable. Regardless of national rivalries, when the two flagships found themselves in the same port, the customary friendly relations between the German and British officers were always maintained. Dinner invitations were exchanged, there were gay musical evenings, and the officers came to call each other by their Christian names. It was all most pleasant and peaceable, and in most marked contrast to the tense relations ashore between Admiral Limpus and General von Sanders.

In late May of 1914, Admiral Limpus and his harassed staff had done all that time permitted to train an undermanned initial crew for the big battleship. Five hundred ratings, possessing only a thin veneer of knowledge of their specialized trades but with as much enthusiasm and lust for combat as could have been asked for by Raouf Bey—who was assigned to command the new vessel—were packed into the small, rusty transport Neshid Pasha at Constantinople and cheered off down the Hellespont.

BY this time, Turkish pressure on Armstrong's for completion of the Sultan Osman I had become severe. Earlier, Captain Raouf Bey had arrived in Newcastle, and each day he and his staff officers drove to the Walker yard to hustle things along. Some of the secondary armament of six-inch and three-inch guns was complete and mounted, but the delivery of a number of weapons had been delayed. Twelve of the big guns were nearly ready, and by mid-June most of these had been fitted. Two, however, were still being proved, Raouf Bey was told. Armstrong's, he readily admitted, was unquestionably putting on a great show of energy and willingness. At the end of June, the company's officers told Raouf Bey that his battleship would be ready for her trials by July 7th—four days earlier than the schedule called for, and before the two former American battleships could leave for Greece. The men at Armstrong's added that, unfortunately, the Sultan Osman I would lack some of her six-inch and the last two twelve-inch guns, her gunsights, and her ammunition. And, of course, to meet the terms of Armstrong's contract with the Ottoman Navy, her engines had to be tested for power output and consumption, and her steering gear, her complex communications system, and a whole multitude of equipment and fittings also had to be thoroughly tested at sea. And then, after her long period in the water, she would have to be drydocked. Because of her size, this would have to be done at Devonport, which happened to be one of the most distant bases in Britain from Newcastle. Raouf Bey fretted at the delay, but accepted it as inevitable. In any case, the Sultan Osman's crew was not due to arrive from Turkey until the last week of the month. It was, however, difficult to understand the continuing absence of those two main guns, since this meant that the gun trials, which could otherwise have been conducted during the journey to and from Devonport, would have to be carried out after the ship's return. Raouf Bey proposed that, to save further delay, these trials be dispensed with. Firing the main armament on the way to Turkey, he said, would provide the inexperienced gunners with needed practice—perhaps practice against the new Greek battleships.

Certainly Raouf Bey had seen little evidence at Armstrong's of deliberate delaying tactics—quite the reverse. Down at Walker, a record number of men were at work on the ship, and after dark lights blazed down on her deck to speed things further. And yet, among the more inquisitive of Armstrong's workmen, a few questions were being asked. At the ordnance

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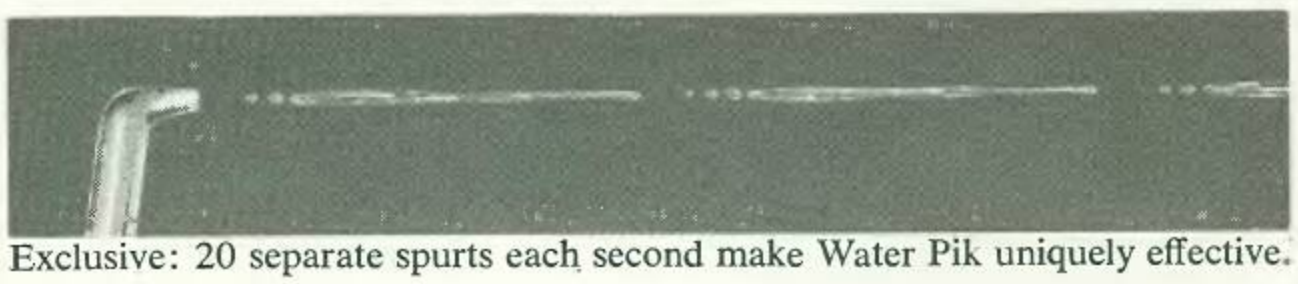

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shop, for instance, the last two guns had been satisfactorily proved and were ready for installation. And all the gunsights had been completed. Why, one or two men were asking, weren't the guns and sights being fitted? Also, aboard the Sultan Osman I, the British workmen were busy changing the "tallies"—the hundreds of brass instruction plates for the communications, electrical, hydraulic, and ordnance equipment—scattered through the vessel; these had originally been etched in Portuguese, and their installation had been nearly complete when the Brazilians abandoned her; now they all had to be replaced with Turkish tallies. This work went ahead apace, but among those carrying it out there was some curiosity about why, on the reverse side of every plate, there was an English translation of its text.

In spite of the various problems, the Sultan Osman I appeared by the end of June to be worthy of all the adjectival enthusiasm that had been heaped on her from the day of her conception more than three years earlier. On July 7, 1914, in blazing sunshine, the ship, manned by a civilian crew of about two hundred men from Armstrong's and by a scattering of Turkish technicians, was eased out from the quayside at Walker and, with black smoke pouring from her funnels, was off on her trials at last. In the ensuing two weeks, the relaxed air of the men from Armstrong's—for whom the trip was something of a well-paid holiday—was in marked contrast to the mounting impatience of the Turks aboard, increasingly querulous over the length and thoroughness of the trials and every day more eager to level those twelve-inch guns at the hated Greeks.

On July 20th, it was reported that the first of the Greek battleships had sailed. Meanwhile, a crisis in relations between Serbia and Austria-Hungary, which had begun the previous month with the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo, had grown worse. Two days later, the Sultan Osman I sailed majestically up the Tyne and tied up alongside Armstrong's Walker yard to take on her missing guns, her ammunition, and the rest of the equipment she lacked. Thanks to an even more substantial loan from France, the Turks now had the full purchase price of the vessel in hand. On July 27th, the Neshid Pasha steamed up the Tyne estuary from the North Sea and anchored in midstream close to the battleship, the Turkish sailors crowding the rails to catch a first glimpse of their giant ves-

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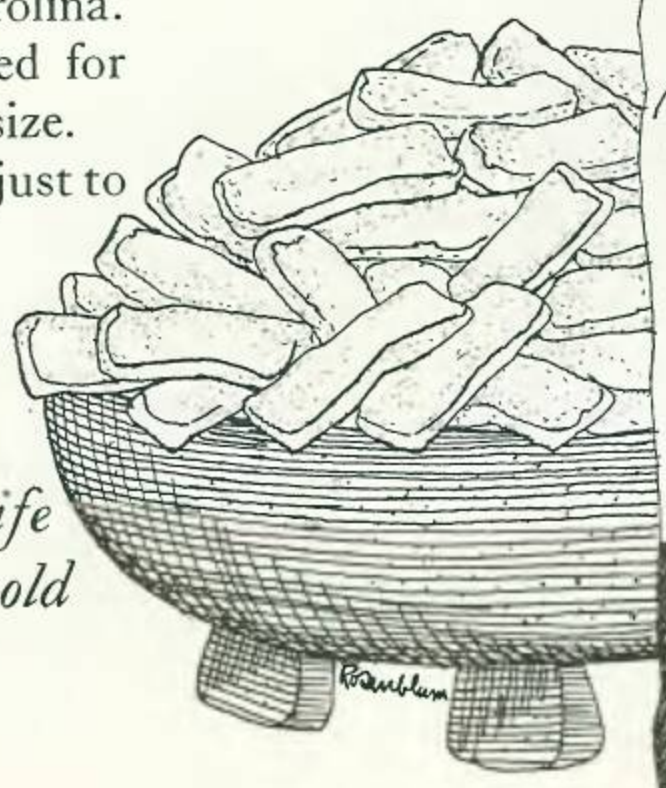

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sel. After their arduous voyage, she was a rewarding sight. No one could fail to be impressed by the balance of her rig, by the great flying bridges spanning her midships turrets, her massive and arrogant tripod masts, her display of large and small gun batteries, too numerous to count accurately at the first try, and, above all, by her sheer, overwhelming size. It would be one more week, the Turks were told, before she was quite ready and they could go on board. Raouf Bey did not allow them ashore during this interval, because they had no money, their uniforms were no credit to their service, and he was afraid they might get into trouble in the city. In the midsummer heat, they waited restlessly in their packed transport, watching the dockyard men pass to and fro across the decks of the battleship, watching the last six-inch guns being lifted aboard by floating cranes. At last, news reached those aboard the Neshid Pasha that they would be raising the Turkish flag on their ship on the morning of August 3rd. Exactly twenty-four hours before that, the Turkish sailors saw a party of British soldiers armed with rifles making their way through the dockyard and marching aboard the Sultan Osman I.

BY the middle of 1914, the lead in the battleship race between Britain and Germany had changed hands several times. Numerically, the Royal Navy never lost the advantage, but its maritime responsibilities extended over the trade routes of the world, while Germany had only to gain ascendancy in the North Sea to achieve control in the event of war. It was estimated that in 1915 Britain's lead would be sufficient to deter any attempt by the German High Seas Fleet to break out, but in the summer of 1914 Britain's margin of strength was so narrow that it could be destroyed by mechanical breakdowns in two or three battleships. The British Admiralty had always regarded the construction of foreign battleships in home yards as a form of insurance, and insisted that the contracts include clauses giving Britain the authority to take the vessels over in critical circumstances. Churchill had long since prepared a scheme for requisitioning foreign battleships if this should become necessary. In the summer of 1914, four such vessels lay in British yards—the two Chilean ones, the Reshadieh, and the Sultan Osman I. "The Turkish battleships were vital to us," Churchill later wrote in "The World Crisis." "With a margin of only seven dreadnoughts, we could not afford to do without these two fine ships.

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Still less could we afford to see them fall into bad hands and possibly be used against us." The sale of the American ships to Greece and the consequent Turkish demand for acceleration of the final work on the battleships had caused anxiety at the Admiralty and confusion at Armstrong's, where importunities from Constantinople alternated with orders from Churchill in London to delay completion of the Sultan Osman I on any pretext, because war with Germany was imminent. Armstrong's temporized—a course that demanded all the diplomatic cunning the firm could muster. Turkish officers who fretted at the unduly conscientious trials were met by bland insistence that a job worth doing was worth doing well, wasn't it? And, after all, what was a week's delay when a dreadnought's life was measured in decades and her value in millions of pounds?

Churchill was among those who had no doubt that Turkey would sooner or later place itself alongside the Central Powers. To him the hostile presence of the Sultan Osman I in the Mediterranean would constitute an immense threat, for it would necessitate the presence, for pursuit or surveillance, of three or four vessels of similar power. During the last days of July, the Admiralty watched the situation on the Tyne with increasing anxiety. Armstrong's could not be asked to delay longer. The Turkish crew was there, a mere cable length or two from its ship—armed, hot, impatient, and bored. Their captain had already shown himself a man of courage and decision. "There seemed to be a great danger of [the Turks'] coming on board," wrote Churchill, "brushing aside Messrs. Armstrong's workmen, and hoisting the Turkish flag." On August 1st, Armstrong's received a final communication from Churchill on the subject. "As a result of consultations with the Law Officers of the Crown," it ran, "Messrs. Armstrong should be informed that they must understand that in view of present circumstances, the Government cannot permit the ship to be handed over to a Foreign Power or to be commissioned as a public ship of a Foreign Government, or to leave their jurisdiction." A similar communication went to the builders of the Reshadieh. On the same day, guards with fixed bayonets were posted at the gates to the Walker plant, and on the following morning a party of Sherwood Foresters marched aboard the Sultan Osman I to take possession in the name of the British Crown. Some Turks who were aboard saw them

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coming and knew what their arrival meant. There was no show of resistance, and, half an hour later, all the Turkish officers, petty officers, and technicians had cast off in their small boat for the last time, and were crossing the Tyne to the dirty little Neshid Pasha. They did not once glance back at their former ship.

WHILE at Newcastle during those last days of July and first days of August, 1914, the fate of the big battleship was in the balance, her influence was being felt in the Mediterranean—a theatre of war she was never to serve in. Her seizure by the First Lord on August 2nd was to have momentous results for both sides in the conflict that lay ahead. In the meantime, it had a decisive effect on a naval pursuit that ran from Algeria to Turkey and involved the reputations of a number of senior German and British naval officers, and, to some extent, that of Winston Churchill.

On July 28th, the day after the Neshid Pasha arrived in the Tyne, a number of events signalled the inevitability of a general conflict: Austria finally declared war on Serbia; the huge British First Fleet (soon to be renamed the Grand Fleet) was ordered to proceed to its war station at Scapa Flow, in the Orkney Islands, and negotiations were opened between Turkey and Germany on the details of a secret alliance, whose main clause obliged one party to come to the aid of the other in the event of war with Russia. On July 30th, the two future naval antagonists in the Mediterranean were at their starting gates—Admiral Souchon coaling his ships, the Goeben and the fast light cruiser Breslau, at Brindisi, on the Adriatic, and Admiral Milne with his three battle cruisers and three of his four light cruisers at Malta, three hundred and seventy miles to the southwest. Milne's orders from Churchill in London were, in the event of war, "to aid the French in the transportation of their African army by covering, and, if possible, bringing to action" Souchon's ships. During the night of the third of August, Souchon hourly expected orders from Germany. He knew that he could not long remain at sea in the Mediterranean, and he expected to be sent either to the Austro-Hungarian base at Pola, on the Adriatic, or back to Germany, with instructions to cause as much damage as possible to Atlantic trade on the way. At midnight, his orders at last arrived, over the ship's wireless, and proved to be a complete surprise. They were marked "Of Extreme Urgency" and instructed him to make for Constantinople.

The order could be explained by events in both Turkey and England. In Constantinople, the terms of the treaty of alliance between Germany and Turkey had been agreed upon, and the German Chancellor had already telegraphed back a signed draft. The Turkish government was not prepared for such haste. Loyalties within the Cabinet were still in conflict, with powerful influences still favoring neutrality. Then, on August 2nd, came the news that Turkish officers had been driven off the Sultan Osman I and that the Turkish flag would now never be raised over the ship, which over the past months had become the prime symbol of the nation's new self-respect. And similar action, it was learned, had been taken by the British against Turkey's second battleship. Overnight, Turkey had been unscrupulously deprived of her new maritime power. To the German government, Churchill's act offered a heaven-sent opportunity for ending the delaying tactics of the Turks and turning the key in the lock to seal off Russia's Black Sea ports from her allies. If the Turkish Navy were to be deprived of its British-built dreadnought, paid for by the very hair of the heads of the country's womenfolk, then the least that Germany could do, its spokesmen said, was offer its new ally the most powerful warship in the Mediterranean and her companion vessel. Djemal Pasha was informed that the Goeben and the Breslau were being rerouted to Constantinople, where they and all their officers and men would be put at the disposal of the Turkish Navy.

Just after 10:30 A.M., on August 4th, the British battle cruiser Indomitable, with the Indefatigable not far behind, sighted the smoke of the German dreadnought approaching rapidly from the west. Souchon had no illusions about the precariousness of his position. In spite of the ever-growing power of the German fleet and the high quality of its matériel and personnel, German naval officers continued to regard the Royal Navy with respect, and even with envy, for Germany's naval traditions and naval history were negligible compared with Britain's; the Royal Navy's fleet was more numerous, and, ship for ship, the British vessels were larger and the calibre of their

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guns greater than the Germans'. Actually, Souchon's wariness of his adversary was greater than it need have been. The war was to prove that even an earlier German battle cruiser than the Goeben was vastly superior to her "I"-class British equivalents; at Jutland, in 1916, the Von der Tann was to blow up the Indefatigable in fifteen minutes.

The pursuit that followed was in the nature of a challenge to both sides to show off their seamanship and, more particularly, to conceal from each other their own inadequacies. War between Britain and Germany had not yet been declared, and the Indomitable felt obliged to do no more than swing around in a wide circle behind the German vessels in an effort to keep them within range. Off Bizerte, the Indomitable was joined by the Indefatigable, and the two vessels, in company with the light cruiser Dublin, took up the chase in earnest. All through the heat of the day, the stokers struggled to answer the call for more speed. Because of worn and dirty boilers, neither of the British battle cruisers could get within four knots of her best speed. For Souchon the issue was even more critical. Now that he knew his destination, and the hazards that lay between him and it, it was of crucial importance that he should not only escape before war was declared but also "preserve the Goeben's reputation as the fastest ship in the Mediterranean," in the words of the official German naval history.

No Phoenician galley slaves had ever striven more manfully in Mediterranean summer heat than did the stokers of the Goeben. Several of them fainted in the glare of the furnaces and had to be revived with buckets of water. The ship's boilers, like those of its British pursuer, had been due for a refit, and now worn boiler tubes began to burst under the strain of the high pressure suddenly imposed upon them. Many stokers, stripped to the waist, were scalded and had to be treated for burns. One died at his post, and two more were taken away unconscious and died later. Then still another was burned to death. They did not die in vain; the Goeben's log showed that she was still gaining speed and was making almost twenty-two knots. In midafternoon, a supreme effort was demanded of the exhausted men, sweltering and fainting in their inferno of heat and coal dust. Their courage was rewarded. By four o'clock, it was clear that the British battle cruisers were falling behind. The Goeben was logging twenty-four knots. Half an hour later,

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the tripod masts of the Indomitable began to fade in the heat haze.

The Indomitable had been able to inform Milne, at Malta, that the Goeben had been sighted, and Milne had passed the news on to the Admiralty, where the pursuit was followed with tense excitement. Unfortunately, the Goeben's direction had not been indicated, and Churchill presumed that the Germans planned to escape through the Strait of Gibraltar. All that the British battle cruisers had to do, in Churchill's view, was keep the Goeben within range, then open fire with the expiration of a British ultimatum to Germany at midnight Greenwich time. "VERY GOOD. HOLD HER. WAR IMMINENT," signalled Churchill to Milne. But the quarry had already escaped. There followed six days of naval hide-and-seek in the eastern Mediterranean, marked on Souchon's part by both skill and luck, and on Milne's by caution and a stubborn refusal to believe that the Germans really intended to follow an easterly course. Confusing signals from the Admiralty did little to help matters. The British cruiser Gloucester, which doggedly stayed on the Germans' trail, was ordered by Milne to cease her pursuit, while the heavier British units never succeeded in closing with the enemy. Some months later, as a result of the fiasco, Milne and one of his senior subordinates were relieved of sea command.

On August 10th, the Goeben and the Breslau steamed triumphantly up the Golden Horn. The Turkish Navy had its dreadnought after all—a gift from the German Emperor. Admiral Souchon later ordered his men to don fezzes, and the name Goeben was changed to Sultan Selim, which sounded almost as magnificent as Sultan Osman I. The German battle cruiser was a truly formidable vessel—one that had outwitted the British. Later, Sir Julian Corbett, a British naval historian, wrote, "The unhappy affair ended in something like a burst of public derision that the Germans should so soon have been chased out of the Mediterranean to suffer an ignominious internment. How false was that consolation none but the best informed could then even dream. It was many months before it was possible to appreciate fully the combined effrontery, promptitude, and sagacity of the move. When we . . . recall the world-wide results that ensued, it is not too much to say that few naval decisions more bold and well-judged were ever taken."

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nor the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, had any illusions about the situation. "This means that Turkey has joined Germany and may attack Egypt," Grey telegraphed to Cairo. Publicly, British notes to Turkey maintained an upbraiding, hectoring, condescending tone. Churchill suggested that the Royal Navy should send destroyers up the Bosporus to torpedo the German ships, but Lord Kitchener, the Secretary of State for War, would have none of this. Grey protested to Turkey about the continued presence of the German ships, and was told that they had been acquired merely to offset new Greek naval power. Churchill wrote of his seizure of the Turkish battleships in Britain, of the crisis in Constantinople that followed this step, and of the escape of Admiral Souchon: "The Sequestration [of the Sultan Osman I and the Reshadieh] angered not only the Turkish government but large numbers of patriotic Turks throughout the country." An Englishman still in Constantinople wrote, "It is not too much to say [that it] was the most powerful weapon which the German party possessed in Constantinople against the British government."

In the matter of openly throwing in their lot with Germany, the Turks were to procrastinate for several more weeks, but the day was now past when Britain could treat Turkey with arrogant disdain. On August 16th, Admiral Limpus and his staff were told that their services were no longer required, and German officers appeared on board Turkish warships and among the guns guarding the Dardanelles and the Bosporus. Suddenly, there were Germans everywhere. And yet the Turks who favored neutrality could still not be totally ignored. In mid-October, with German patience utterly exhausted, Turkey was still hanging on to neutrality by the slenderest of threads. Admiral Souchon finally cut this by sailing from Constantinople on October 28th under Turkish colors and, on the following morning, in company with several Turkish men-of-war, shelling Odessa and other Russian ports. Faced with this *fait accompli*, and with the threatening eleven-inch guns of the Sultan Selim, the Turkish neutralists surrendered. By November 5th, Britain, France, and Russia all were at war with Turkey.

THE view that the Lords of the Admiralty and the senior naval officers took of the Sultan Osman I was one of caution, even of skepticism. In their eyes, her very size and power

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told against her. These characteristics seemed ostentatious to the point of vulgarity. But the Admiralty, always ready with a ringing name, rechristened her the Agincourt, and the men of the British Grand Fleet, always ready with an irreverent colloquialism, decided to call her the Gin Palace. (And annually on St. Crispin's Day, the anniversary of the Battle of Agincourt, gin and rum flowed freely in her wardrooms and on her mess decks.) Finding a ship's company of some twelve hundred officers and men in the summer of 1914 presented a serious problem. The reserves had been mobilized in July for a review of the Royal Fleet—an event shrewdly laid on by Churchill in anticipation of war. To man the big battleship, the Navy drew on the highest and the lowest echelons of the service—the royal yachts and the detention barracks. The yacht Victoria and Albert and the yacht Alexandra had been manned by picked ratings and privileged officers with special qualifications, special connections in royal circles, or both. The Victoria and Albert was still at Spithead, having been used there by King George V for his review of the vast fleet, which had taken six hours to steam past at fifteen knots. The yacht's commodore was Douglas Romilly Lothian Nicholson—known in the Navy as White Nick because of his fair hair and fresh complexion. Nicholson's second in command was one Denis Granville-Thynne, a short-tempered officer who loved destroyers and despised big ships as effete. The yacht's engineer commander was Reginald W. Skelton, who had been on Captain Robert Scott's tragic expedition to the South Pole. By August 3, 1914, it was clear to all those on board the Victoria and Albert that a declaration of war could not be long delayed, and late that afternoon word came through that most of her officers, warrant officers, and men were to proceed that evening to Tyneside to commission a new battleship, the Agincourt. The news caused speculation, for there was no ship of that name in any of the reference books, but finally one of the officers realized that their vessel must be the ex-Brazilian, ex-Turkish super-dreadnought. During the last hours of peace, the party from the royal yacht arrived at Tyneside and made its way downriver to the Agincourt's mooring at the Walker yard. "She was a tremendous sight. None of us had seen anything like her before," one lieutenant said later. Eventually, her silhouette was to be somewhat marred by the removal of what her builders called the Marble

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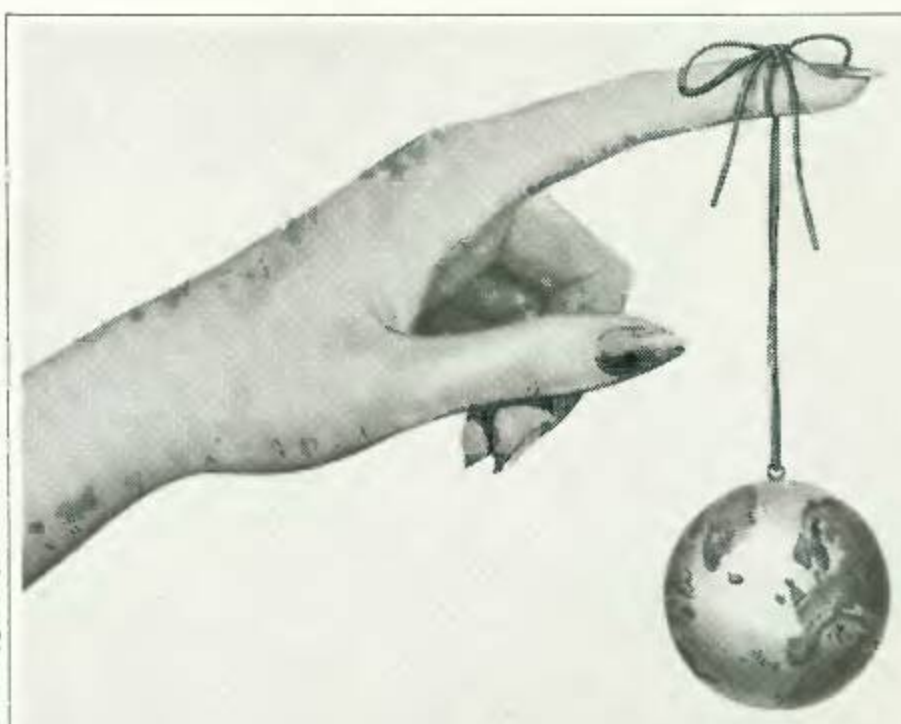

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Arch—the double flying decks that spanned her midships turrets—for Nicholson decided that they might interfere with the working of her guns. But when her company boarded her for the first time, relieving the infantry unit that was on guard duty, they saw her in her full beauty, just as Tennyson d'Eyncourt had drawn her for the Brazilian Minister of Marine.

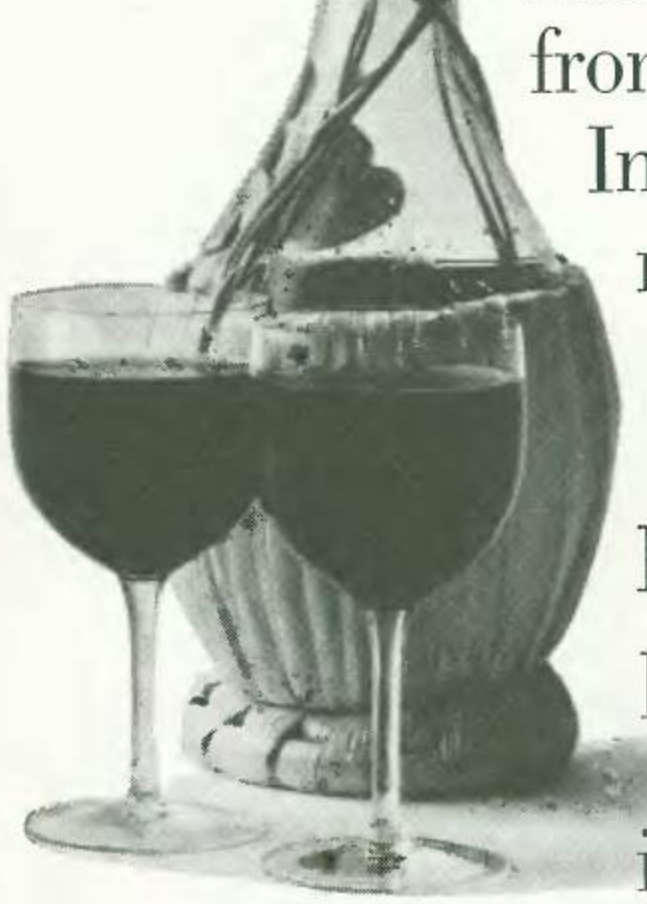
The impression of roominess aboard the vessel was increased by the wide spacing of her bulkheads, which had been placed in accordance with the Brazilians' belief that comfort in time of peace was more important than safety in time of war. By the standards of the Royal Navy, the mess decks and wardrooms were sumptuous. The original Brazilian specifications for wood panelling and veneers, furniture, and carpeting had been lavish enough, and the standards of comfort demanded by the Turkish Ministry of Marine were still higher. The glass, cutlery, and china—all carrying Turkish inscriptions—were of the finest quality. The wardrooms and cabins were spotlessly clean, ready for immediate occupation. Armchairs had been placed about mahogany coffee tables, and rich Turkish rugs had been laid over the polished teak decking. What were to have been Captain Raouf Bey's quarters contained a vast dining cabin, a day cabin, and two sleeping cabins—the whole larger and more luxurious than any hotel suite. Such features naturally pleased the new officers, but they were also confronted by disconcerting evidence of the vessel's confused ancestry. Many of the Turkish-lettered tallies and some in Portuguese were still in evidence. And all the latrines throughout the vessel—for the commanding officer, the officers, the warrant officers, and the ratings—were in the Levantine style. The discovery of these arrangements produced ribald jokes, which soon spread throughout the fleet and endured far into the war.

Intensive activity began aboard the big battleship. Drafts of men arrived daily from naval depots all over the country and also from the naval detention camps, where the sentences of all but the most hardened cases were remitted. The ship now had its full complement of officers. Responsibility for the gun batteries rested with Commander Valentine Gibbs, a dour, silent man who was otherwise noted as a champion bobsledder on the Cresta Run at St. Moritz. His assistant was Lieutenant Frank Elliott, who after teaching his Turks the rudiments of gunnery had been sent to England to help them learn their way around the turrets of the Sultan Osman I—instead of which he found himself back in his own service and demoted to his old rank. Few of the officers had ever served on a battleship before, and there were some who had never been to sea in an armed vessel. Among the latter were the ship's surgeon, Captain A. G. Bankart, and his assistant, Lieutenant A. F. R. Woolaston—formerly an explorer among the pygmies of Borneo. All hands worked day and night getting in stores and provisions and fusing the shells. On August 9th, the Marble Arch was removed by a huge floating crane, and by August 20th the Agincourt had finally acquired her last two twelve-inch guns and had taken on three hundred tons of coal. By August 22nd, she was ready for the sea—an untried vessel, manned by a company as mixed as any in the Royal Navy, but a vessel that was urgently wanted by Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, Commander-in-Chief of the British Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow, three hundred miles to the north of Newcastle upon Tyne.

THE departure of H.M.S. Agincourt from her shipyard was obviously a matter of great importance to the German Navy, and at Tyneside every precaution was taken to conceal the progress of her preparation for sea. She slipped out at last in the early hours of August 25th, and proceeded in darkness down the Tyne, towed stern first by five tugs. She was well out of sight of land by seven o'clock, and dropped her pilot and various shipyard officials who had remained on board to insure that all was well. Then the great vessel turned onto a northerly course, travelling at her maximum cruising speed of eighteen knots, and, by pure chance, passing safely through a minefield that the Germans had laid expressly to destroy her.

When the Agincourt arrived at Scapa Flow twenty-four hours later, her unfamiliar rig and her great main battery were a source of wonder to the thousands of men who saw her drop anchor there. As soon as they could, friends of her officers came across the water by launch to roam about her wardrooms and cabin flats, and on the following day the Commander-in-Chief himself was piped aboard, to inspect his new vessel more formally. Shortly afterward, Churchill and Jellicoe together made a further admiring examination of the vessel. There was general agreement that she was unquestionably

"What did You do in the WaR, Daddy?"



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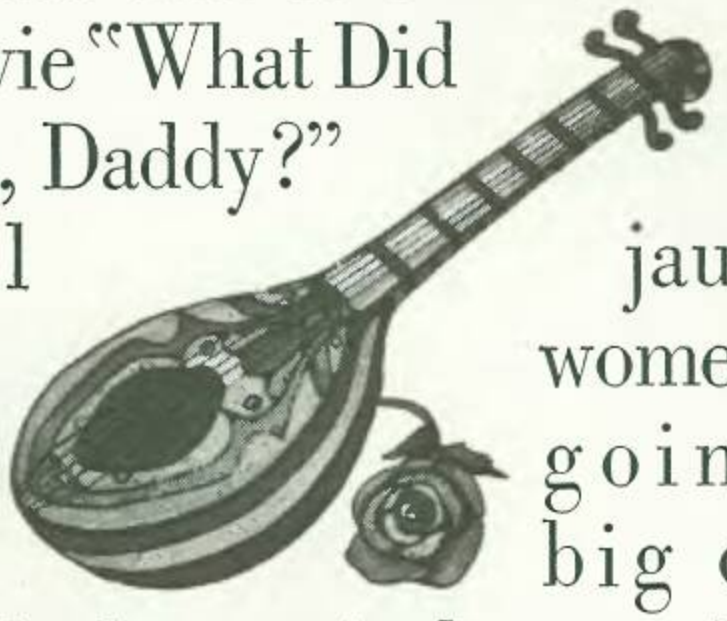

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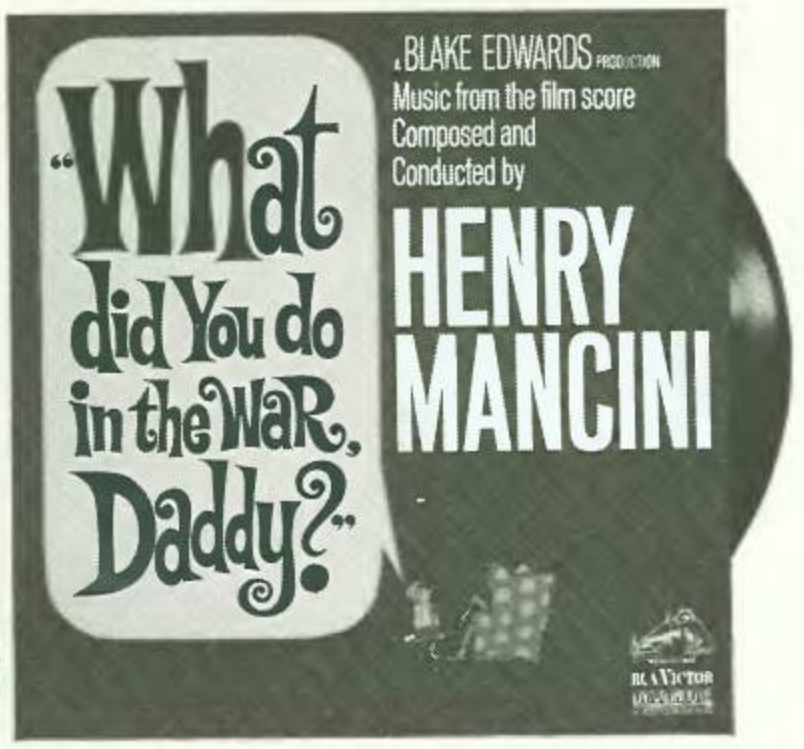

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the most comfortable dreadnought in the Grand Fleet, and that by reason of her unsurpassed battery of heavy guns she would be a formidable foe in battle, though there remained the nagging question of what effect the firing of a full broadside would have on her. Also, the appetite of all those guns for high explosive made the Gin Palace something of a floating magazine, and an almost complete lack of armor plate below the waterline and the great size of her watertight compartments added to her apparent vulnerability. In the words of one of her officers, "She was no battleship to be torpedoed in."

Otherwise, the Agincourt lived up to the highest expectations of her designer and her builders in all but one respect. She steamed well, and at above her contract speed. She maneuvered well, too, and made a steady gun platform in heavy seas. The only flaw seemed to be in her vaunted guns. Because of fears of damage to the ship's structure if all of them were simultaneously fired, the officers hesitated to order full broadsides with full charges in practice, but even so the ship's artillery revealed an unexpected element of danger: the shells tended to break up in flight, endangering friendly ships beneath their trajectory. This weakness was never entirely cured, nor was its cause satisfactorily traced. British builders of warships, accustomed to the rigid restraining influence of Admiralty specifications in Royal Navy contracts, often took joyful advantage of foreign jobs to exercise their ingenuity. The product of one of the experiments made on the Agincourt was a piece of equipment nicknamed the churn lever, which hydraulically controlled the loading, ramming, and closing of the breech, and the firing of the twelve-inch guns. Unfortunately, this ingenious device had not been fully perfected, and it gave a great deal of trouble. This mechanism was suspected of weakening the shells, and so were the guns, which, it was thought, might have been so constructed as to impede the projectiles in their passage. The shells themselves were not free of suspicion, either, for some of them, apparently drawn from the bottom of the Navy's reserve supplies, carried the stencil mark "REPAIRED 1892." In any event, during fleet gunnery practice special precautions had to be taken to insure that no vessel passed beneath the trajectory of the Agincourt's broadsides. Fortunately, the breakup of the shells always occurred at some distance from the gun muzzles, so the Agincourt herself was not endangered. Nor was the fighting spirit of the Agin-

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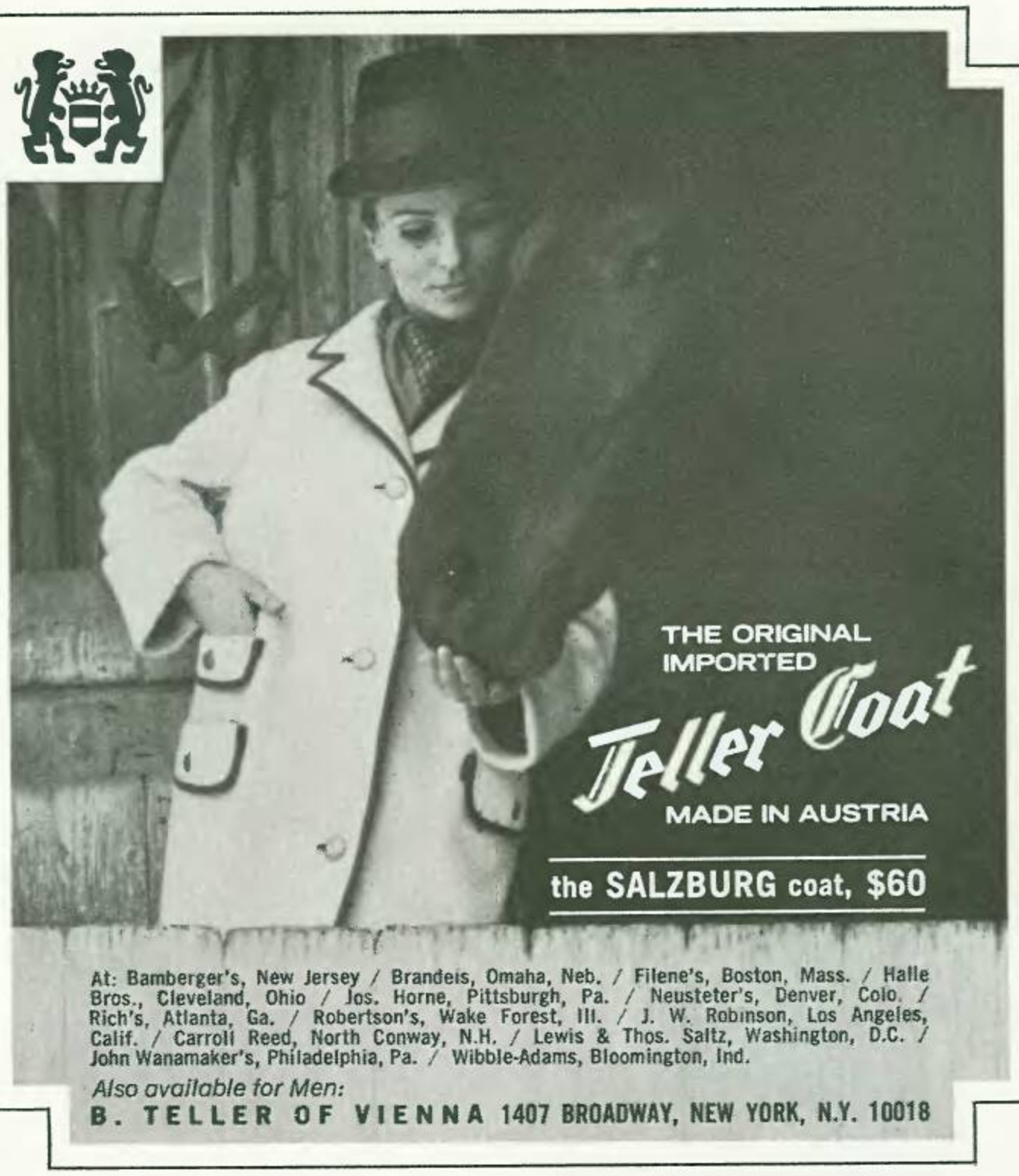
court's crew prejudiced by this alarming discovery. Ultimately, it was found that, as the guns warmed to their job, the breakup of shells occurred less frequently. After several months, the ship's impatient gunnery officers decided to put to the test once and for all the tiresome theory that a full broadside would break the back of the Agincourt. The concussion was well-nigh unbearable, but the result justified every fine calculation made by Tennyson d'Eyncourt and the design staff of Armstrong's. Hundreds of pieces of Turkish crockery and glassware were smashed, and the men were picking coal dust out of their clothes and bedding for days afterward, but there was no sign of any structural damage. The only trouble was that most of the rest of the fleet refused to believe the story.

It was to be almost two years before Nicholson and the crew of the Agincourt glimpsed the enemy, but by the end of 1914 the big battleship, without firing a hostile shot, had proved herself the most influential dreadnought of the war. Her confiscation had swung Turkish popular sympathy toward Germany and had offered German diplomacy an unforeseen opportunity, which it had triumphantly seized. The consequences for the Allied cause were incalculable. The key figure in this dreadnought drama was, of course, Winston Churchill, who had been responsible for the forced acquisition of the Sultan Osman I, who was held responsible by some people for the escape of the Goeben, and who, after Turkey's entry into the war, was blamed by so many for the Gallipoli disaster that he was forced to resign. Churchill considered the big battleship "vital to us." Churchill—like the Brazilians, who had ordered her dimensions and her gunpower; the Greeks, who had struggled to acquire them; and the Turks, who had come near to bankruptcy for them—so coveted those fourteen great guns that he was willing to take a substantial risk to acquire them. Indeed, it seemed that the big battleship's size and ferocity of appearance inspired all those who served in her or set eyes on her with confidence in their power to conquer. In this regard, she never failed those who designed and built her.

DURING four years of war, the Agincourt, like the rest of the battle fleet, was in sight of the German High Seas Fleet for a total of just a few minutes, and then only dimly, through smoke and North Sea mist. This was on the evening of May 31, 1916, when, some seventy miles off the coast of



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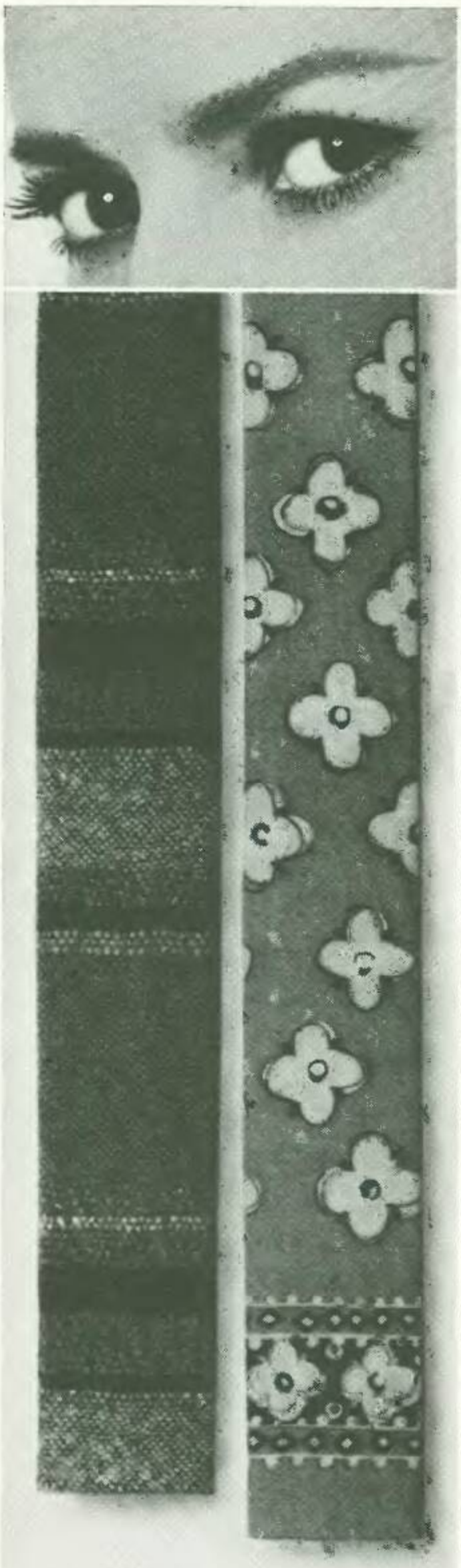

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Danish Jutland, more than two hundred British and German ships took part briefly and inconclusively in the last great fleet engagement fought solely between surface vessels. This ultimate test of the battleship power into which Britain and Germany had poured so many millions and so many man-hours in the preceding decades was a confused and in many ways a frustrating affair for both sides. Neither Jellicoe nor the German commander, Admiral Reinhard Scheer, was aware that the other's main battleship force was at sea until shortly before the two fleets met. Scheer's hope had been to lure a smaller British battle-cruiser force, under Admiral Sir David Beatty, into a trap. Instead, Beatty forced the outnumbered Germans into a confrontation with the entire Grand Fleet, drawn up in the classic single line of battle—a six-mile wall of steel and ordnance. The Agincourt, although she was the last ship in the last division of British battleships, was at the moment of first contact the nearest to the van of the High Seas Fleet—"those great shapes looming up in an interminable line from the south," as an eyewitness later described them—the König, the Grosser Kurfürst, the Kronprinz Wilhelm, the Markgraf, and the rest. The Agincourt's captain ordered a full broadside from all fourteen twelve-inch guns. The vessel withstood the shocks with vast unconcern. The effect on the enemy could not be observed in the confusion, but it was thought at the time that some shells made hits. For those in the other British ships who observed the broadside, the effect was memorable. One observer later said, "The sheet of flame was big enough to create the impression that a battle cruiser had blown up. It was awe-inspiring." The Agincourt rapidly warmed to her work, and when, forty minutes later, the High Seas Fleet was sighted again, she made observed hits on a German cruiser and a German battleship. In all, she fired a hundred and forty-four rounds of twelve-inch shells, plus a hundred and eleven rounds from her six-inch guns, and although she was several times straddled by German shells and narrowly escaped being torpedoed by German destroyers, she survived the battle without damage or casualties. The British lost three battle cruisers in the engagement, and the Germans lost only one battleship and one battle cruiser, but its lasting effect was to keep the High Seas Fleet out of action for the rest of the war.

The Agincourt and the other dread-

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noughts of the Grand Fleet did not sight the Germans again until November 21, 1918, when seventy ships of the High Seas Fleet steamed to the Firth of Forth to surrender to Admiral Beatty, who had assumed command. The war years had brought few changes to the Agincourt. Internally, she had long ago acquired orthodox latrines and fittings, some of her more extravagant furnishings had been removed, and her Turkish crockery and glass had been replaced by Admiralty issue. She remained the most comfortable ship in the Royal Navy. She was little altered in outward appearance, although anti-aircraft guns now broke up the vast area of her quarterdeck, and the removal of her after tripod mast and the raising of the superstructure abaft her second funnel increased her pugnacious demeanor still further. She was no longer the biggest battleship afloat, being surpassed by a couple of others in the Royal Navy and some built for the United States and Japanese Navies, but in profile she was still the most aggressive and the most noble-looking, and there was still no battleship that carried as many heavy guns—a distinction she was to hold for all time.

The Royal Navy, however, had no further need for a vessel that it still regarded as a monster misfit, and early in 1919 the Agincourt was packed off into the reserve while a buyer was sought. The Admiralty thought the Brazilians might like her after all, since their economic situation was now sounder, but after some consideration the Ministry of Marine in Rio de Janeiro turned her down. The Turkish fleet was in Allied hands, and no one else would have her. In 1922, she was sent off to be broken up for scrap. By the end of the year, the blowtorches had cut her asunder.

—Richard Hough

•

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"LA VISITA," starring Sandra Milo and François Périer, and directed by Antonio Pietrangeli, is one of those films that tease and patronize ordinary people in the name of realism. The plot, though worn, is innocent enough. An ad in a lonely-hearts column results in a correspondence between a middle-aged clerk (Mr. Périer) in a Roman bookstore and a frumpy spinster (Miss Milo) in the provinces, and the correspondence leads him to pay her a visit. They spend a day and a night getting to know each other, and then part, promising to meet again but secretly resolved to pursue their own separate, lonely fantasy lives. The film may be intended as a realistic, sympathetic portrait of funny, poignant lower-middle-class people whiling away their funny, poignant, sordid lower-middle-class hours. But the tone and the perspective keep shifting. A couple of scenes at the beginning (Pina, the spinster, arrested in mid-primping by the arrival of some nuns, and the nuns arrested in mid-giggle by the arrival of Pina) and one near the end (Adolfo, the bookseller, meeting an ex-lover of Pina, and the two sitting side by side on her bed, comparing sweaters she has knit for them) are broad farce. Other scenes (a flashback of Adolfo making love to a harelipped laundress, who requires him to kiss her on the mouth; some shots in which a demented, spastic admirer of Pina dances the Hully Gully) are ugly naturalism. One sequence (a flashback of Pina with her lover, a married truck driver) approaches straight romance. An inventory of Pina's household effects (cheap furniture, store-bought cookies, home permanents, door chimes) and a confrontation between the couple and members of the younger generation seem intended as social commentary. And an endless series of pratfalls, together with two scenes of violence (Adolfo assaulting Pina's parrot and turtle, and Pina's neighbors assaulting Adolfo), is completely out of harmony with anything that has gone before. At first, the problem appears to be only that bores seen close up onscreen are no more entertaining than bores seen at close range off, but then it becomes clear that something more serious is wrong with "La Visita." The perspective, wavering between documentary and satire, maintains only the vantage point of cruelty. Pina and Adolfo keep slipping in and out of caricature, depending on where the dull screenplay and crude direction can play the more bitter tricks upon them. The result is that the audience becomes less aware of what life is doing to Pina and Adolfo than of what the film-makers have done to them. Mr. Pietrangeli, incidentally, spends an enormous amount of footage doting on Miss Milo's astonishingly large rear end. One would have supposed that the comic possibilities of this bottom had already been exhausted by Federico Fellini in "8½" and "Juliet of the Spirits."

AN excellent short called "Skaterdater" is currently leading a precarious existence, getting bookings some weeks, and some weeks failing to get them. It does something that film is uniquely qualified to do—conveys a particular quality of motion—and at the same time it tells, without any

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words at all, a story of almost medieval simplicity, containing a duel and a love affair. The film opens with a shot of dirty, flat feet on a skate board, and proceeds, with a gang of freckled boys in their early teens called the Imperial Skate Board Club, to rush through a small California community, grating on the asphalt and on the sensibilities of several adults (a barber, a billiard player, a bookkeeper) whose activities require intense concentration. There are a series of stunts, accompanied by a fine rock-'n'-roll sound track (skate-boarding by itself is about as graceful as hopscotch or limbo dancing; set to music, it acquires a lovely sweep); then one member of the gang accidentally knocks a girl off her bicycle, and a romance begins. The girl (Melissa Mallory) outweighs the boy (Michael Mel) by a suitable amount, and she has bangs in her eyes, braces on her teeth, and a friendship ring on her finger. The two start riding around together on her bicycle. There is soon a superbly filmed and skate-boarded duel between Michael and the leader of the gang (Craig Carroll) on a steep hillside, and then the idea of romance gradually catches on among the Imperials. Of the ten children—three girls and seven boys, all amateurs—in the cast, not one has the unreal, self-conscious, ghastly cuteness of most child actors. "Skaterdater" is a lovely, funny little film, produced by Marshal Backlar and directed by Noel Black.

TWO other shorts currently at local theatres are "Energy" and "Deep Sea Hunt." The first of these gets in many a good word for the oil industry, and the second seems very favorably disposed toward a particular resort hotel. Both films are terrible and, in view of the fact that American movie theatres are so much more expensive than European ones (which already show real commercials routinely), disturbing. —RENATA ADLER

•

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•

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LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 10

THE Government expects to have bundled its historic, arbitrary bill to freeze wages and prices—a measure that affects everyone in the country and has bitterly angered many workers—safely onto the statute book by the end of this week, after which Parliament will head thankfully toward its postponed recess. If there are any delays, it will continue to sit on at Westminster a few days longer, until this critically important piece of legislation elbows its way past the last-minute protests into British law. Not that the coming weeks look entirely free from troubles for Mr. Wilson and his administration, even with the most vital and controversial part of their economic plan to save the pound successfully—though acrimoniously escorted at a gallop—through both Houses of Parliament. After the fights in the Commons, when some of the attacks came from his own backbenchers, Mr. Wilson will now be hearing what the Party as a whole thinks of it and of the Government's hastily taken powers to enforce if it cannot persuade. The Trades Union Congress, the blood bank of the great labor movement, meets next month at Blackpool, and the annual Labour Party Conference will be held at Brighton in October in a mood of bewildered self-questioning that would have seemed unbelievable to the rank and file in the fine glow of victory only seven months back. Both these assemblies are certain to come out with loud and trenchant speaking on the Government's new drastic policy—the placing of all wage claims in the deep freeze for the next six months, including those increases already agreed upon and coming up for settlement, with another dispiriting half year of being left in the coldest part of the refrigerator after that. Among the unlucky ones whose money was nearly in their pockets when the freeze was applied are various extremely ill-paid civil servants and the doctors, who say that in many cases they had started spending the badly needed raise in advance, improving surgeries and hiring a receptionist and so forth. Some of the disappointed young medicos said that they would lose no time protesting with their feet by going around the corner to find out about emigrating to the United States or the Commonwealth countries. If many of them do so, it will be a body blow to the Health Service.

What shocked and startled millions of the Labour faithful, of course, was the Prime Minister's first of all stating that the standstill in earnings and prices would be on the old voluntary basis, which large numbers of unpolitical citizens, going by what had happened to similar exhortations by Chancellor Selwyn Lloyd and others in the dreary sequence of economic crises, immediately and skeptically doubted would work out any better than all the other appeals to patriotic conscience. Almost overnight, it seemed, with one of those sharp tacking movements that have done more than anything else to damage its prestige in the country, the Government appeared to reach the same conclusion and gave itself extraordinary powers to clamp down the freeze by law, if necessary, with stiff fines to punish any backsliders. After the first shock, the trades-union leaders and the big-business bosses came up with promises to coöperate with the Government which sounded, not surprisingly, as though they were spoken through grimly clenched teeth. The militant big battalions at the Trades Union Congress, led by Mr. Wilson's recently defecting Cabinet colleague Frank Cousins, will be gunning against the new policy with all their heavy voting artillery, however, and the result, by everybody's count, is likely to be touch and go for the Government. To many bewildered Labour supporters, particularly the elderly, it must seem that things can hardly be the same again, now that their leader has been forced, even if temporarily, to revoke some of the most cherished, deeply felt ideals of his Party—the right to free collective industrial bargaining and the old notion, always good for frenzied cheers at the annual Labour conferences, that it was the Conservatives who favored applying the bitterly remembered purge of unemployment to the ailing economy. The Prime Minister made this last point several times in his election-campaign speeches, as voices from the floor may remind him at Brighton in October, when he will need all his astute powers of argument and exposition to turn the various sour streams of criticism and disillusionment now flowing against him into a triumph.

In spite of Mr. Wilson's troubles with his own Party, it is possible that a surprisingly large slice of public opinion approves a policy of firm resistance to trades-union demands and would be behind him. The latest newspaper poll, however, coldly recorded an astonishing sag in his personal popularity. No friendly foreign observation has ever

"Enough about me. Now tell me about yourself."

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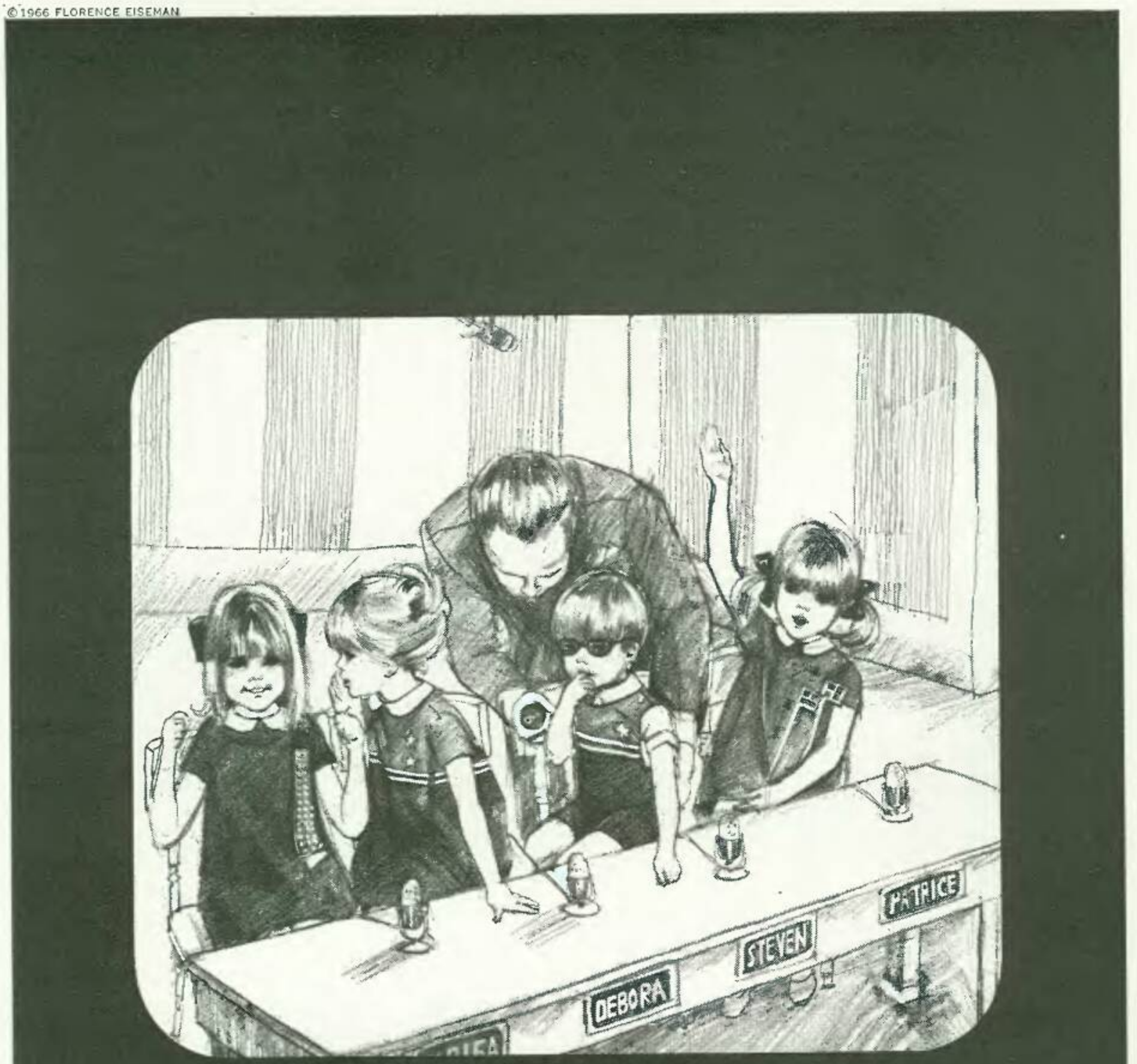

Don't get silly at the spelling bee, you may be on Candid Camera.

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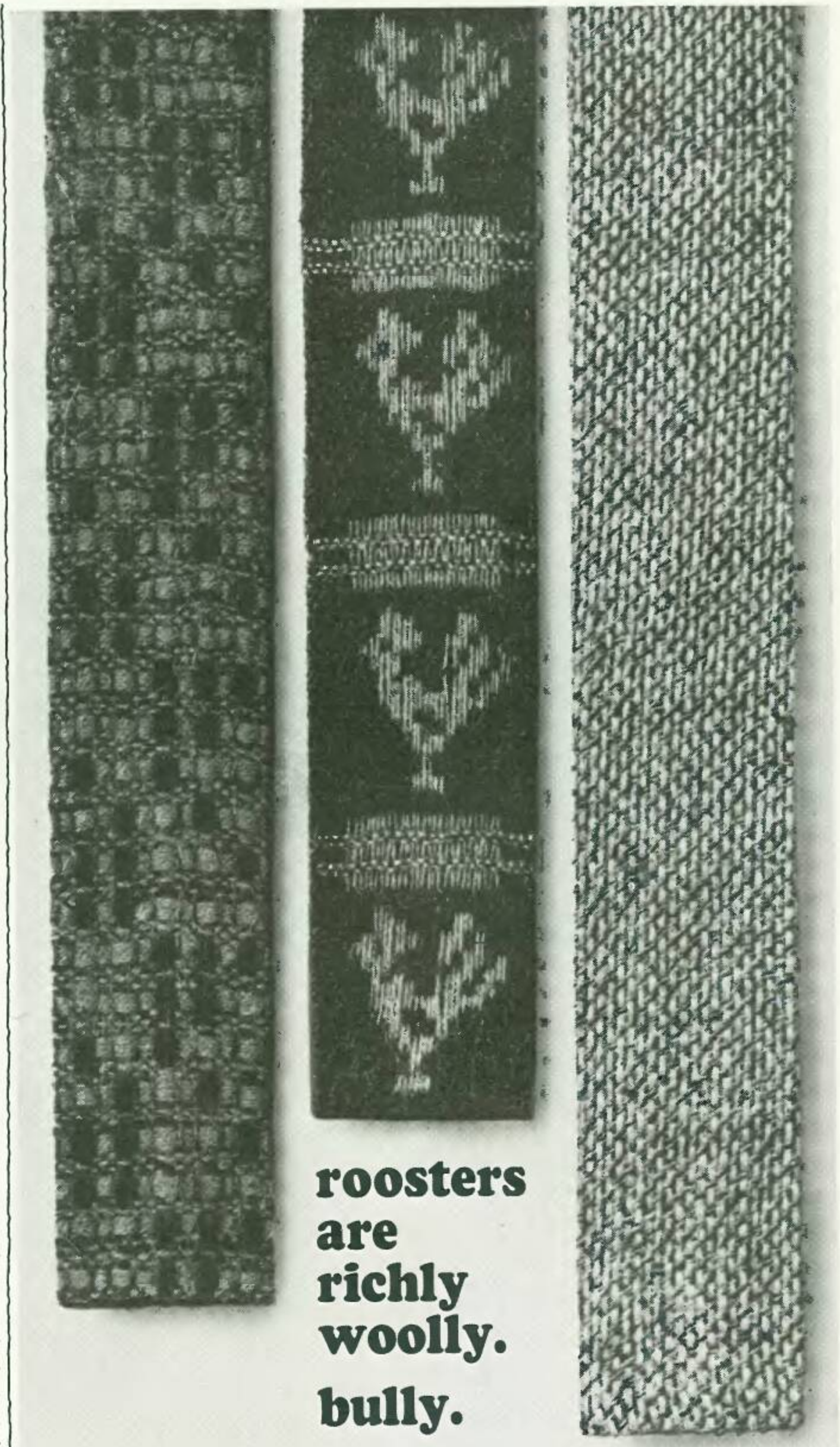
been more coolly received, incidentally, than was President Johnson's obliging comparison of his visitor the other day with Churchill, which caused, as the calmest reaction, some acid laughter here. The storm of anger that broke over Parliament last week was about a matter that would certainly, in his best days, have called down thunderbolts of oratory from the late Right Honourable Member for Woodford—the cynical contempt (as the Opposition and many indignant members on Mr. Wilson's own benches furiously charged) for Sir Winston's beloved House of Commons that the Government showed in its haste to steamroller the prices-and-incomes act into law before it departed for the recess. The amendments giving the Minister of Economic Affairs unprecedented dictatorial powers to veto wage increases and impose penalties off his own bat if he alone sees fit were not laid before the House but were quietly slipped in like a set of unusually sharp teeth as the bill progressed through the committee stage between the Commons and the House of Lords. The drastically revised version was given its new bite during the proceedings of the customary small committee that sits, normally unnoticed, pegging away in an upstairs room of the Commons. This time, it was composed of fifteen Labour Members (including Ministers), ten Conservatives, and not a single Liberal, which hardly seemed, as the united blast of critical press comment pointed out, a suitable democratic body to pronounce on the most important and far-reaching measures that have ever not been discussed in Parliament but will become British law all the same. Though technically these procedural maneuvers were held to be correct, the bypassed Commons rang last Wednesday afternoon with the wrathful (and unsuccessful) efforts of the Opposition to get the amendments referred back to the House for full-scale debate. Twenty-six Labour backbenchers sat firmly in their seats and abstained from supporting the Government when the vote was taken that night. They will probably do so this week, too, when the bill comes up for its final reading—virtually an entirely different article from the one on which they voted a very few weeks back.

In spite of the Government's soothing assurances that the Economics Minister's sweeping powers were only temporary and would be looked at again in twelve months, numbers of perturbed Britons felt a chill. In the rather general disenchantment with politics and politicians, an idea keeps turning up in conversations all over the place and should be reported. Perhaps because the two major parties are both held by ordinary citizens to have failed as yet in finding a cure for what the European papers now call "the British disease"—Mr. Wilson's harsh current remedies are not expected to hit the spot for some months—there is at the moment a persistent rumble of wishful, uninformed talk about the virtues of a coalition Government. The notion, it should be added, is absolute anathema to the politicians of all parties, is extremely unlikely to come off, and many people go right on saying that it should.

THE excellent actor-manager John Clements took over this year, for the first time, from Sir Laurence Olivier as director of the Chichester Festival, down in Sussex, which has become an extra-London theatrical event and pleasure. Contrary to a few predictions that the season would lose some of its brilliance without the Olivier name, it has been a sellout. The mixture of plays presented was well shaken—an eighteenth-century romp, "The Clandestine Marriage," by George Colman and David Garrick (in which Alastair Sim, with his enormous poached eyes and long shanks, was superbly funny in the rich part, written in by Garrick for himself, of an aged, amiably lecherous nobleman who has to be wound up each morning by his valet like a sort of palsied Petrushka before he can totter off after the dolls); then an Anouilh, "The Fighting Cock," which in France was titled "L'Hurluberlu;" followed by "The Cherry Orchard" (with Celia Johnson playing the fluttering, brainless, good-hearted Mme. Ranevskaya); and finally, the other evening, "Macbeth," which was the best of the lot. As Macbeth, Clements gave what many critics felt was the finest performance of his career, and certainly one of the noblest and most intelligently plausible renderings of the part ever seen here. The critics were less unanimous in praise of Margaret

Johnston's interesting Lady Macbeth, portrayed as a modern hysteric, superior in planning violence but queasy when she sees the blood. Michael Benthall's bold, imaginative direction furnished a series of stunningly dramatic stage pictures against Alan Tagg's sets of the rocky walls, glistening with damp, of inhospitable Glamis, where Macbeth's thanes sat down to their gorily interrupted banquet wearing gold crowns and blood-colored robes. It was a thrilling evening, enthusiastically appreciated by the Chichester audience and perfectly served, for once, by the not always easy expanse of the open stage there.

SHOPWINDOWS all over Britain have had displays this summer of sets of stout little volumes translated into many languages (including two titles in Latin) and of the stream of china toys, phonograph records, and other commercial articles that has profitably flowed from that tiny, distant, magically observed lakeland world inhabited by eminently sane rabbits, kindly mice, and a comfortable curtsy-dropping lady with prickles coming through her white-frilled cap. Now the National Book League has just had a big exhibition in its fine old house in Albemarle Street to celebrate the centenary and genius of Beatrix Potter. It was visited by eighteen thousand people, of all ages and sizes, who packed in to gaze affectionately at the originals of the illustrations in their frail wildflower wash of watercolor. The exhibits included photographs of the serious, quietly dutiful Victorian daughter who ended up as the rather formidable Mrs. William Heelis, the well-known breeder of Herwick sheep, stumping happily around her Westmorland farm, as well as the beautiful, accurate drawings of nature she made as a girl, including some of the two hundred and seventy studies of fungi now cherished in the Armitt Library at Ambleside. There were also pages, covered with small, crabbed writing, of the secret journal that Beatrix Potter kept between the ages of fourteen and thirty, devising for its calmly unsensational entries (perhaps with the same inbred instinct that made her Jemima Puddle-Duck look for "a safe quiet spot" in which to lay her eggs) a most baffling and complicated code that was broken only recently by Leslie Linder, a Potter collector and fervent enthusiast. The best and biggest exhibit could be there only in photographs: her ten farms, four thousand-odd acres of the glorious lakeland country, and fifteen



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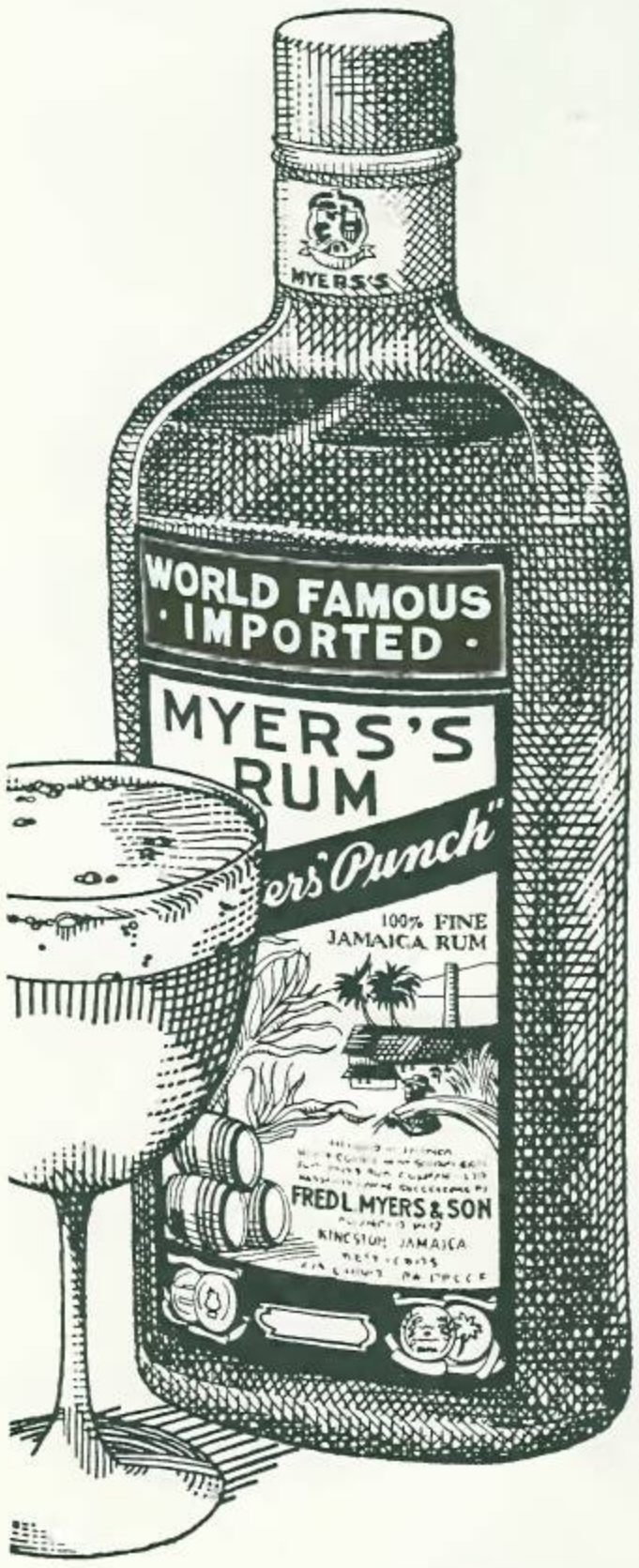

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cottages, which she left to the National Trust—a sort of marvellous nest egg put carefully in a safe spot for England forever.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

THE CEMETERY AT ACADEMY, CALIFORNIA

I came here with a young girl
once who perched barefoot on her
family marker. "I will go
here," she said, "next to my sister."
It was early morning and
cold, and I wandered over
the pale clodded ground looking
for something rich or touching.
"It's all wildflowers in the spring,"
she had said, but in July
there were only the curled cut
flowers and the headstones blanked out
on the sun side, and the long
shadows deep as oil. I walked
to the sagging wire fence
that marked the margin of the
place and saw where the same ground,
festered here and there with reedy
grass, rose to a small knoll
and beyond where a windmill
held itself against the breeze.
I thought I heard her singing on
the stone under the great oak,
but when I got there she was
silent and I wasn't sure
and was ashamed to ask her,
ashamed that I had come here
where her people turned the earth.

Yet I came again, alone,
in the evening when the leaves
turned in the heat toward darkness
so late in coming. There was
her sister, there was her place
undisturbed, and relatives and
friends, and other families
spread along the crests of this
burned hill. When I kneeled
to touch the ground it seemed like
something I had never seen,
the way the pale lumps broke down
to almost nothing, nothing
but the source of what they called
their living. She, younger now
than I, would be here someday
beneath the ground my hand combed.
The first night wind caught the leaves
above, crackling, and on
the trunk a salamander
faded in the fading light.
One comes for answers to a
place like this and finds even
in the darkness, even in
the sudden flooding of the
headlights, that in time one comes
to be a stranger to nothing.

—Philip Levine

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Bernhard Altmann

THE LEGEND OF A GREAT KNITTER

THE RACE TRACK

Buckwinner

SOMEHOW, Buckpasser hasn't caught the fancy of the crowd the way, say, Kelso did, but no matter how tiresome you may find the accounts of his monotonously recurrent victories, you can't deny that he's the outstanding horse in training. His latest achievement was to win the American Derby at Chicago's Arlington Park, giving him his eighth successive victory this year and running his prize money up to $984,679. According to the chart, he won by a neck from Jolly Jet, our most up-and-coming three-year-old, to whom he gave twelve pounds. Advocator, who was second in the Kentucky Derby and third in the Preakness, was third, three lengths behind. Amberoid, winner of the Belmont Stakes, was a distant sixth. Later, Baeza, who rode Buckpasser, was quoted as saying that the colt was never under pressure. He left the gate eighth of the nine starters, settled into his stride smoothly, and was under the whip only once—on the turn into the stretch. The other evening, I saw a rerun of the race on TV, and I agree with Baeza; as a matter of fact, Buckpasser has a slightly lazy temperament—sleeps a lot in his stall, and never does more in a race than he has to—but when he buckles down he runs as if he liked it. Still, it must be said that he had help in the American Derby from Stupendous, his stablemate, who carried the other runners along at a fast pace for nearly a mile of the mile and a furlong, softening them up for Buckpasser when he made his run in the stretch. This is an old, accepted tactic. Impressive did it for Buckpasser when Buckpasser ran that amazing mile in 1:32⅗ in the Arlington Classic.

Citation won nineteen of his twenty starts as a three-year-old, and $709,470—a record amount for racers his age. So far this season, Buckpasser has picked up $416,583, but I venture to say that if foot trouble hadn't kept him inactive last spring, he would have made a clean sweep of the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont, which would have added up to $367,200 for him, and would have put his total well above Citation's. Buckpasser will run for the Travers Stakes at Saratoga this weekend, and I expect he'll win it, incidentally becoming the first three-year-old to amass a million in purses and stakes. Speaking of millions, how many do you suppose Buckpasser would be priced at if Ogden Phipps, his owner, put him up for syndication?

THEY say a horse always comes back to his best form—if you wait long enough. Staunchness, winner of the Whitney at Saratoga the other afternoon, hadn't won a stakes race in over a year—not since the 1965 Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct. Carrying the second-lightest weight of the seven starters in the Whitney, Staunchness wore down Malicious, the odds-on favorite, and then stood off the challenge of Prolijo in the last furlong. Staunchness, a son of Bold Ruler, was bought out of a claiming race in May of last year from the Wheatley Stable, by Joseph Brunetti, of the Red Oak Stable, for $25,000. Fancy getting one of Bold Ruler's colts at that price these days, especially one of the few who have won at a mile and a quarter! . . . Following up the victory of George D. Widener's Bold Hour in the Flash on opening day at Saratoga, another Widener two-year-old, Yorkville, picked off another plum at the Spa by beating Sir Winzalot and Top Bid in the Sanford. . . . And we may have a top runner on the grass in Assagai, winner of the Tidal Handicap on getaway day at Aqueduct. In the Bernard Baruch Handicap at Saratoga, he rolled home by three lengths and set a new American track record of 1:40 for a mile and a sixteenth on a turf course.

SORRY I didn't get to Monmouth Park this year. A race I'd like to have seen was the Sapling, in which the Wheatley Stable's Great Power and Disciplinarian finished first and third, In Reality splitting the pair in a photo finish. Atlantic City, which follows Monmouth with a meeting that is to run through October 11th, is trying out an old betting gimmick—the quiniela. It's quite simple; you pick two horses in a race, and if they run one, two, or vice versa, you win. Numbers players love it. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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LETTER FROM SAIGON

AUGUST 8

IN the coming elections for a national constituent assembly, to be held on September 11th, South Vietnam is facing one of the most decisive crises in its turbulent history. The most obvious and important question is whether the means can be established for creating a legal and freely chosen government—something that South Vietnam has not had at any time since it became a separate nation, in 1954. Few people would argue that the elections held under the regime of Ngo Dinh Diem—a referendum in 1955 that resulted in Diem's overwhelming defeat of former Emperor Bao Dai for the title of Chief of State; a Presidential election in 1961, which Diem won just as overwhelmingly; and three elections for rubber-stamp national assemblies—were in any sense free, since Diem never adhered to the constitution he adopted and never allowed any political opposition. (The real turning point of feeling against Diem came as early as 1956, when he refused to hold scheduled village elections.) The elections next month are regarded locally as a necessary step toward the establishment of a government with a *bona fides* that none of the many governments since Diem's have possessed—a government that can continue to wage war or proceed to make peace, by negotiating with Hanoi and perhaps with the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam.

What principally remains to be cleared up is the question of the real intentions of the military leaders who control the Directory now in power—notably Chief of State Nguyen Van Thieu and Defense Minister Nguyen Huu Co, not to mention Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, who, somewhat unconvincingly, professes to want to go back to running the Air Force. Other questions that are being asked are: Will the Vietnamese Army engineer the election of enough pro-military candidates to enable the generals to maintain their power under the guise of legitimacy, no matter what kind of constitution the new assembly prepares? Will there be a large enough popular vote in the secure areas of South Vietnam, to which the elections are limited, to warrant a claim that they have been truly representative—particularly since the Buddhist leaders whose rebellion was crushed in May have called for a boycott? Will a "loyal opposition," even if it is elected as a minority element, be able to play a role of any significance in the democratic process supposedly being set in motion? And will that process, given the political fragmentation that has existed in Vietnam for so many years, and the current bitterness over the country's serious economic situation, operate smoothly, or is it destined to end in another succession of coups?

These are complex questions, and the answers will probably not be known for several months. At the moment, the mood in this noisy and ever more crowded and dirty war capital, and elsewhere in the country as well, can be described as, at best, one of restrained skepticism. The prospect of the elections has aroused little enthusiasm, but the government is now doing its best to engender some. The Vietnamese feel much more concern about the prices they must pay for food than about their political future, and while the various fiscal measures, including devaluation, that were taken two months ago are just beginning to show some slight effect, the prices of all essential commodities, including rice and pork, are still approximately seventy per cent higher than they were a year ago, and they were already too high then. Furthermore, while military personnel and civil servants have received recent salary increases ranging from twenty to thirty per cent, the cost of living remains far out of line with the pay of most government employees, and civilians, including both white-collar and blue-collar workers, who did not benefit from the official wage raises, are having a still harder time making ends meet. A series of strikes has resulted, including some by Vietnamese working at American bases and on American construction projects, and these have naturally affected the war effort. Financial scandals that have revealed corruption on a vast scale—some of it involving the American bases, not to mention individual Americans—have brought about a further deterioration of the moral and social climate. Neither the current urban un-

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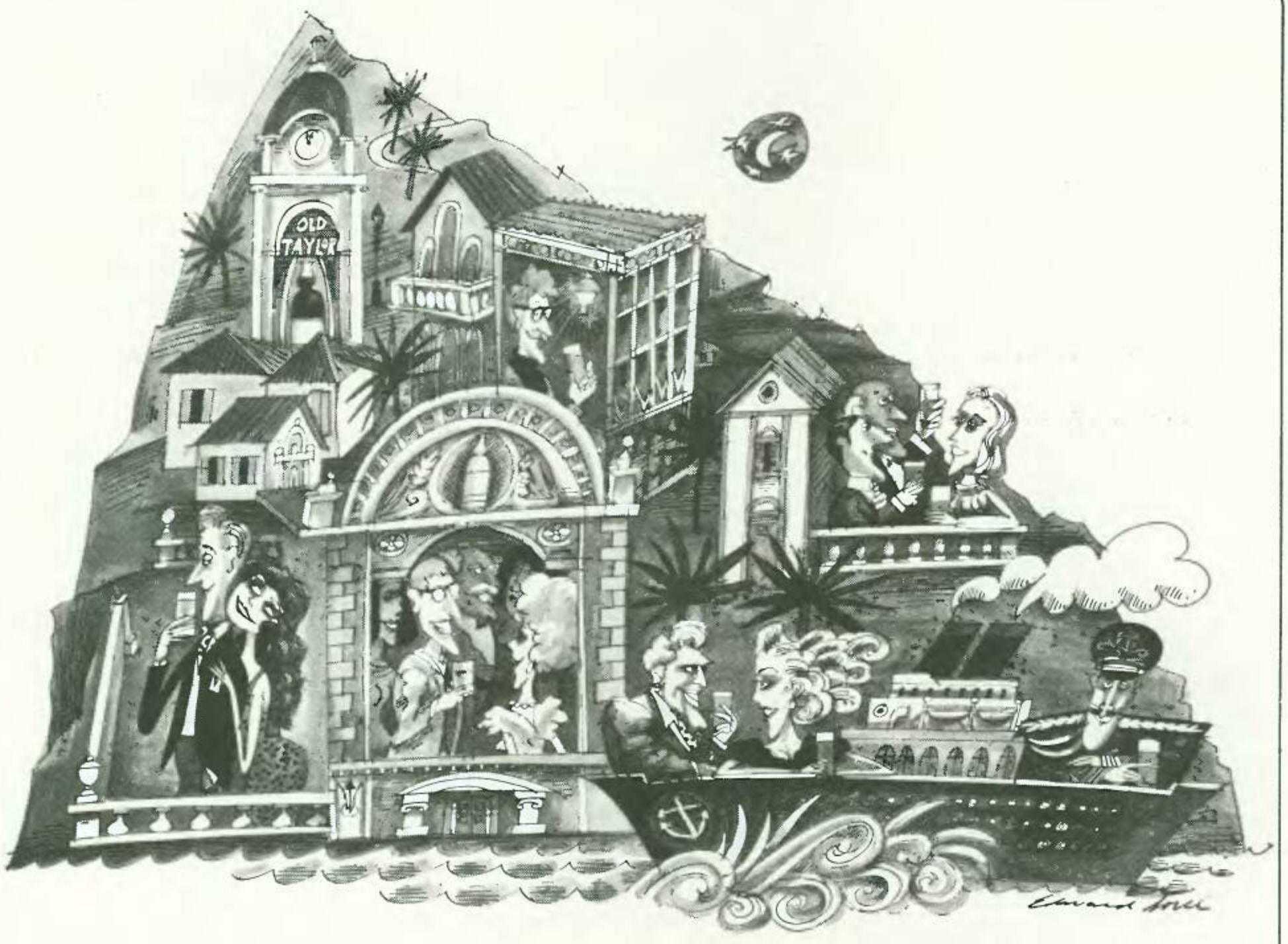

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rest, caused by the economic dislocation, nor the persistent rural apathy, which is largely the product of wartime dislocation, exhaustion, and privation, does anything to improve the outlook for the election process. All in all, the picture is not a pretty one, and the consensus of many Vietnamese and American officials is that the elections might better have been postponed until some greater degree of equilibrium had been created.

Equilibrium, however, is something that South Vietnam has never experienced yet and may not experience for a long time, and it can therefore be argued—as it has been by some observers—that this is as good a time as any to try to start the democratic ball rolling. Ironically, the elections were scheduled for such an early date as a result of clamorous demands for them by the very groups and individuals that, for reasons ranging from political and revolutionary conviction to sheer anger and pique, are now snubbing them. These objectors include not only the militant Buddhists led by Thich Tri Quang, who has been conducting a prolonged, if modified, hunger strike in a Saigon clinic, but also a number of minority elements among the Catholics and the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai religious sects, and a good many prominent politicians as well as politically conscious citizens who disapprove of the repressive actions of the government in recent months. The discontent centers on two things—first, the manner in which the Struggle Force, led by the Buddhists, was crushed in Danang and Hué, and especially the aftermath of repression, and, second, the manner in which the Directory overruled the official Electoral Council's proposals for holding elections and writing a constitution. Opposed to these nay-saying elements are a handful of old-time nationalist leaders who, although they share much of the discontent, feel that they should make the best of the opportunity now being given them to create some semblance of political opposition and, at the same time, to get a constitution written and a governmental framework for the future constructed.

The Americans are determined to do what they can to make the elections a success, not only because of their Western democratic heritage and their eagerness to deal on legal terms with a duly constituted Vietnamese government but because of the bearing that successful elections here would have on this year's congressional elections in the United States and on support for President Johnson's Vietnam policy generally. Although no American is supposed to interfere, directly or indirectly, with the actual voting procedure, a number of United States officials are quietly working behind the scenes, mostly among independent candidates, whom they advise on the conduct of their campaigns, and among the population as a whole, in which they seek to stimulate awareness of what a free election means. Another reason the Americans are making these efforts, and making them in such a low key, is that anti-Americanism has continued to grow here; many Vietnamese believe that the Americans, having embraced Ky so wholeheartedly and supported him so long, are just as responsible as his government for the recent repressive acts.

Either discontented or apathetic elements of the population are to be found almost everywhere among the four or five million Vietnamese eighteen years old or older who are not only eligible but readily able to vote. (Less than half of South Vietnam's sixteen million citizens live in areas that are under relatively secure government control, the rest being either in territory controlled by the Vietcong or in some sort of no man's land.) This spring, for better or worse, many of the current malcontents supported the Struggle Force in its aim of compelling the resignation of the Directory leaders and establishing a temporary civilian-led government pending elections for a legislative as well as a constituent assembly. Undeniably, the Struggle Force was heavily infiltrated by Vietcong agents in central Vietnam, most notably in Danang and Hué, and when, with the support of dissident Army elements, it virtually seized control of the two northern cities, Premier Ky cracked down on it—at first, in March, unsuccessfully, and then, in May, with complete success. Those who supported the Struggle Force did so mostly out of legitimate convictions, seeing it as the only functioning mass movement in the country. It may be true, as some people here now maintain, that after the crackdown Ky and his military associates should have pursued their investigation further and sought specifically to arrest all the Communist agents who were working in and with the Struggle Force, including some who were almost certainly masquerading in yellow Buddhist robes. However, the government instead carried out a wholesale roundup of all dissidents and suspected dissidents, among

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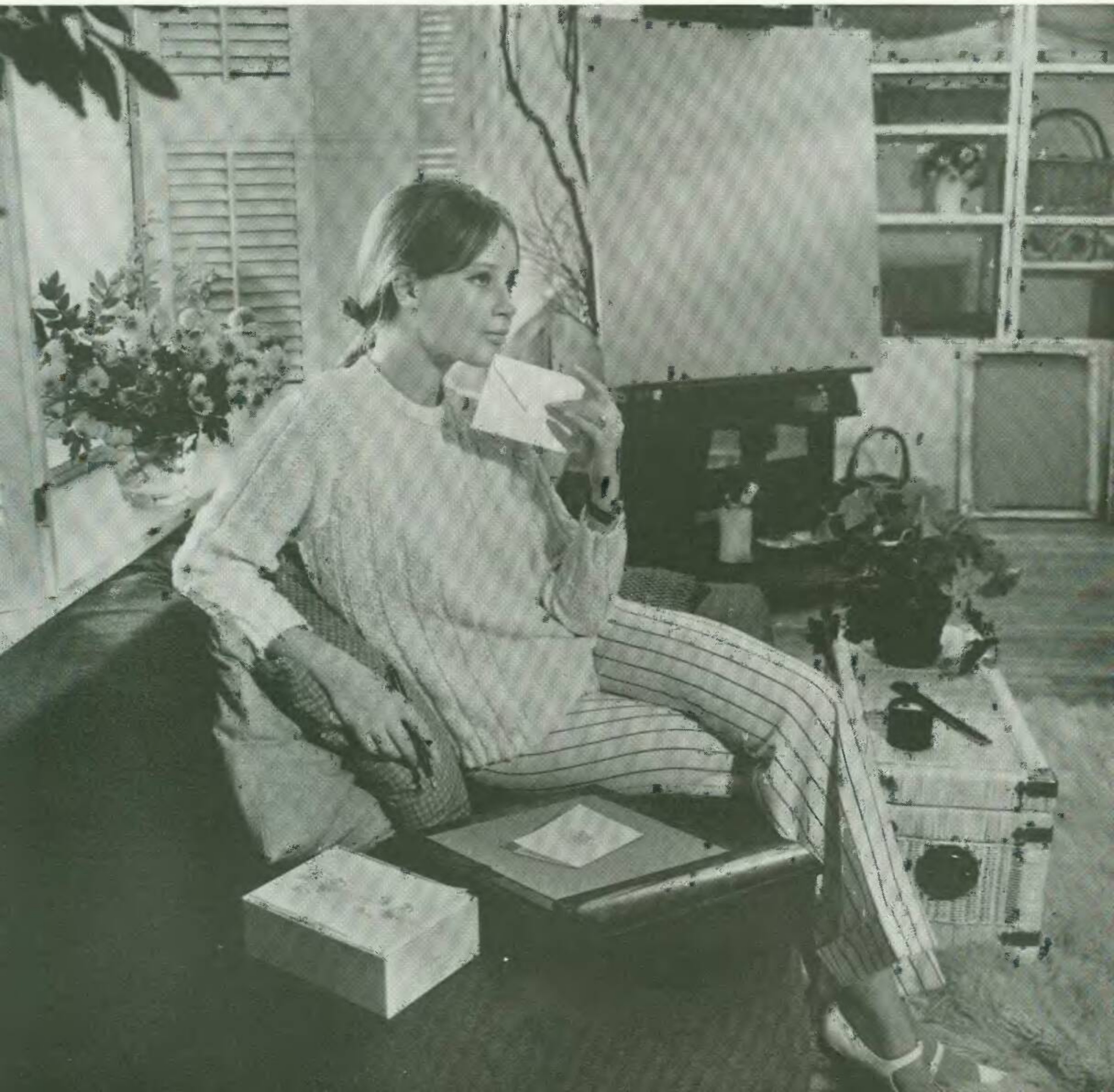

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them five or six hundred officers and noncommissioned officers and several thousand ordinary soldiers, mostly of the First Division and of the Quang Nam Province special-sector command, in the northern part of the country. Also arrested were about two hundred students in Hué and Danang and about two hundred more in Saigon, an undetermined number of Buddhist monks and their pagoda followers, and at least five members of the Hué University faculty, including its rector, Bui Tuong Huan, who, though he aligned himself with the Struggle Force, is well known to be anti-Communist. These people—perhaps four or five thousand in all—are still in jail, in Hué, Danang, or Saigon, or on Phu Quoc Island, most of them without having had any charges brought against them. How many are Vietcong sympathizers and how many can be classified as having been in open rebellion against the government, rather than simply stirred up by anti-government demonstrators, is hard to tell, but the atmosphere that the mass roundups have created is being compared to the miasma that surrounded Diem and his tyrannical brother Ngo Dinh Nhu.

The man who directed the crackdown and has been chiefly responsible for following up on it is Colonel Nguyen Ngoc Loan, and he is in a powerful position, for he heads both the National Police and the Military Security Service. Loan—whom the Americans have nicknamed Laughing Larry, because he has a nervous giggle—is a former classmate and a close friend of Premier Ky's, and though he is widely regarded as an amateur cop who will eventually outsmart himself, he has achieved results in the last few weeks that even Nhu might have envied. Moreover, he has played a considerable role in manipulating the choice of military candidates in the elections, and thus has alienated additional potential voters.

Still other potential voters, especially the better-educated ones, and a number of potential candidates as well, have lost whatever interest they may have had in the elections because they feel that the constitutional process has been emasculated. This segment of the electorate has made five major charges. The first is that the Directory disregarded the Electoral Council's recommendation of allowing the voters to vote for individual candidates and decreed instead that the voters be allowed (with some exceptions, based on geography and population) to vote for slates, with the seats to be awarded by proportional representation—a procedure that, it is

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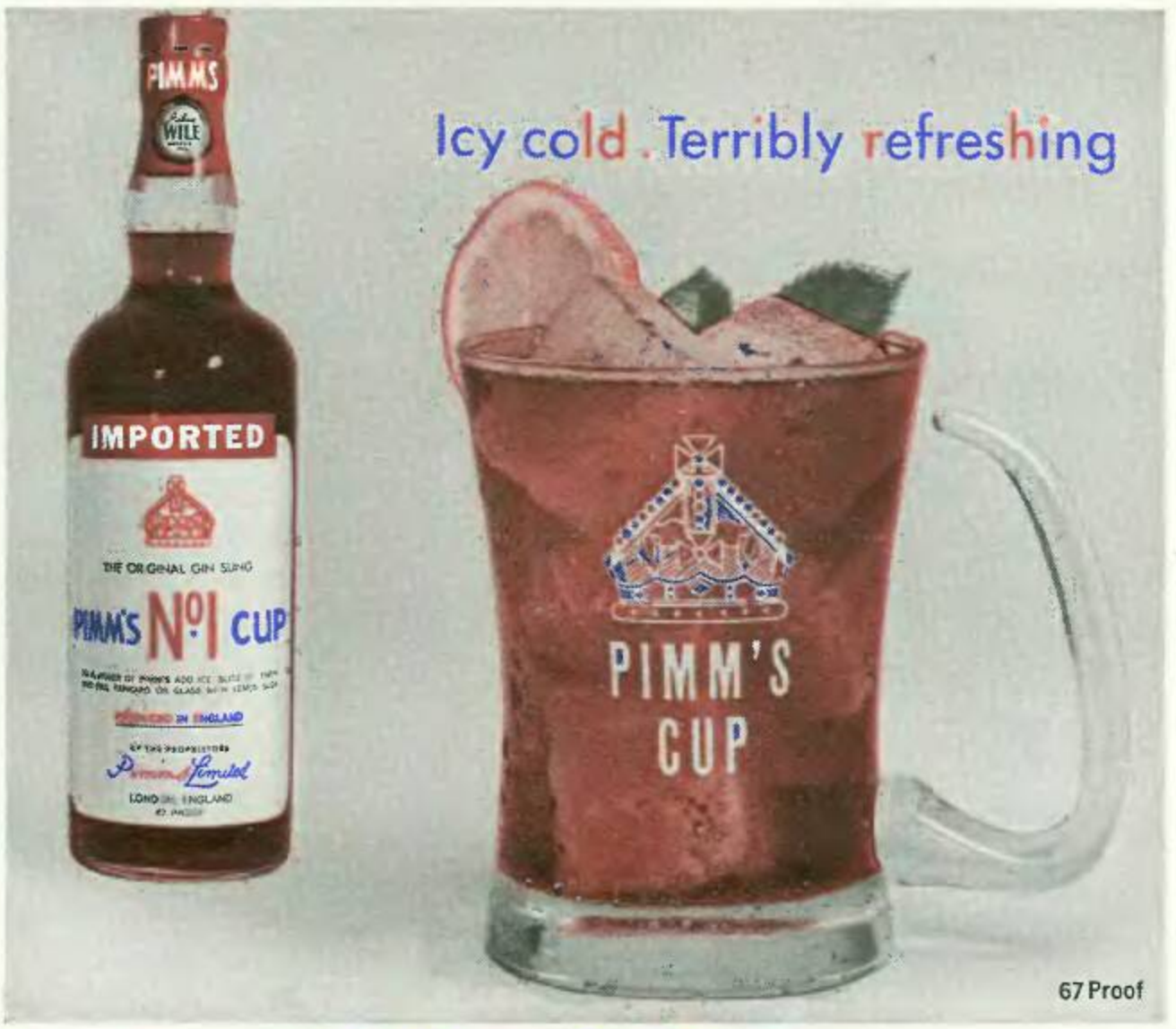
alleged, will help the government win seats. The second charge is that the Directory decided that it could either accept or reject the constitution or rewrite it at will after the assembly presents it, and that the assembly could then override the Directory's changes only by a two-thirds vote, so if as many as a third of the candidates sympathetic to the generals on the Directory should be elected, an overriding vote would be impossible. The third charge is that the Directory, apparently worried that the constituent assembly might get out of hand, peremptorily ruled that it should finish its job of writing the constitution within six months and then dissolve itself, in advance of elections to be held sometime in 1967 for a legislative assembly, whose task presumably will be to choose a new government. The fourth charge is that the Directory, in setting strict and highly specific requirements both for candidates and for voters, did so in such a way as to promote the selection of government or government-supported candidates. The final charge is that an article in the election decree barring candidates who "have been directly or indirectly working for the Communists, or pro-Communist neutralists, or have been involved in activities advantageous to the Communists" is far too loose. Under the last stipulation, just about anyone with liberal ideas, including the belief that someday, when negotiations are conducted, the National Liberation Front will have to be represented, can be barred by the local review boards, which canvass the candidates. There are forty-nine such review boards, with six members each, and they have all been carefully selected by the government, a number of alleged "neutralists" being summarily rejected.

The possibility remains that a truly independent or a suddenly rebellious constituent assembly could vote to turn itself into a legislative assembly—as Tri Quang, among others, once suggested. It could then vote for a Chief of State and perhaps for a Premier, depending on the kind of constitution it had written. (Most experienced political observers favor a presidential rather than a parliamentary system.) How the Directory would react if the assembly did this is conjectural, but the chances are that the generals would not take it lying down. In fact, there are a number of Vietnamese—and some Americans as well—who are predicting a new political explosion on just this matter. For one thing, it is being argued, elections are expensive—this one is costing the government a hundred million piastres,



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or almost a million dollars, at the official rate—so there are financial as well as political reasons for having one general election instead of two. One of the keenest political analysts among the Vietnamese has suggested that the candidates for the constituent assembly—approximately six hundred and thirty are running for a hundred and eight seats—can be broken down into four groups: outright military and pro-government men; an undetermined number who are running purely to gain prestige; a small group of truly independent-minded men, who could be the core of a loyal opposition; and (probably a majority) men who are running because they believe that there won't be another election, and that they could remain as legislators for several years and hold the balance of power in any government. This last group could well lead a rebellion within the constituent assembly to keep it going and turn it into a legislative body.

Significantly, though there are only about eighty military candidates, they are running for sixty or seventy per cent of the seats. That is, they are running as No. 1 or No. 2 men on as many slates as possible. For example, in the First Corps area, which comprises the five northernmost provinces, including Hué and Danang, there are eighty-eight candidates in all, and of these only sixteen are military men, but the sixteen are running in ten of the Corps area's eighteen districts. On the other hand, as both American and Vietnamese analysts of the elections have pointed out, the military candidates throughout the country cannot be considered a solid pro-Directory bloc; some represent one of the four corps-area commanders or one of the eleven division commanders, and others are being backed by individual province chiefs or district chiefs who have axes of their own to grind. How they would all vote in a showdown if they were all elected remains uncertain. Estimates of the number of military candidates who will be elected run from twenty to thirty-five per cent of the assembly total. Assuming the lower figure to be accurate, and assuming that there would be a fairly solid voting front, the Directory would require support from only fifteen per cent of the rest of the assembly to make sure that any changes it might want to make in the constitution would not be undone by a two-thirds vote of the assembly. One experienced American observer has said of the situation, "It's a great guessing game right now. Anything can happen, and, knowing Vietnam, I'm crossing my fingers. I hope we can avoid a blowup of some kind, but I wouldn't want to bet on it."

Among the candidates are a number of councillors who were elected in May, 1965, in the country's forty-three provinces; a considerable number of Catholics; a large representation of business and professional men, especially lawyers and doctors; quite a few teachers and retired civil servants; some labor-union officials; and a mere sprinkling of peasants, their small number reflecting the fact that in rural areas there is very little interest in the elections, or even awareness of them, although eighty per cent of Vietnam's population consists of peasants. In addition, particularly in central-Vietnam communities, there are numerous Vietnam Quoc Dan Dang candidates, representing various factions of the old Nationalist Party that is sometimes called the Vietnamese Kuomintang, and some candidates affiliated with another old nationalist organization, the Dai Viet. The Cao Dai are running a slate in Tay Ninh Province, where they predominate, and the Hoa Hao have solid slates in the three Delta provinces they control and in some of the other Delta provinces, too. The Buddhists, although they are now deeply divided among themselves, remain a potentially strong political force, and despite the boycott that Tri Quang and some of the other leaders have called for, amid fresh charges of religious persecution, many individual Buddhist voters will back candidates who are nominal Buddhists. There is a scarcity of well-known independent southern candidates, reflecting a discontent among southern politicians with the Thieu-Ky government, dominated as it is by men from the northern and central provinces, and with the government's acts of repression after the May uprising.

The best-known independent candidates are running in Saigon and in neighboring Gia Dinh Province. They include Dr. Phan Khac Suu, who has been Chief of State in two of the post-Diem regimes. He has a slate of five candidates and two alternates in three Saigon districts, and they will be running against another independent slate, headed by Dr. Dan Van Sung, a newspaper publisher and former Dai Viet leader in central Vietnam. A number of other former nationalist figures are also running in Saigon, and in the two districts of Gia Dinh, Dr. Phan

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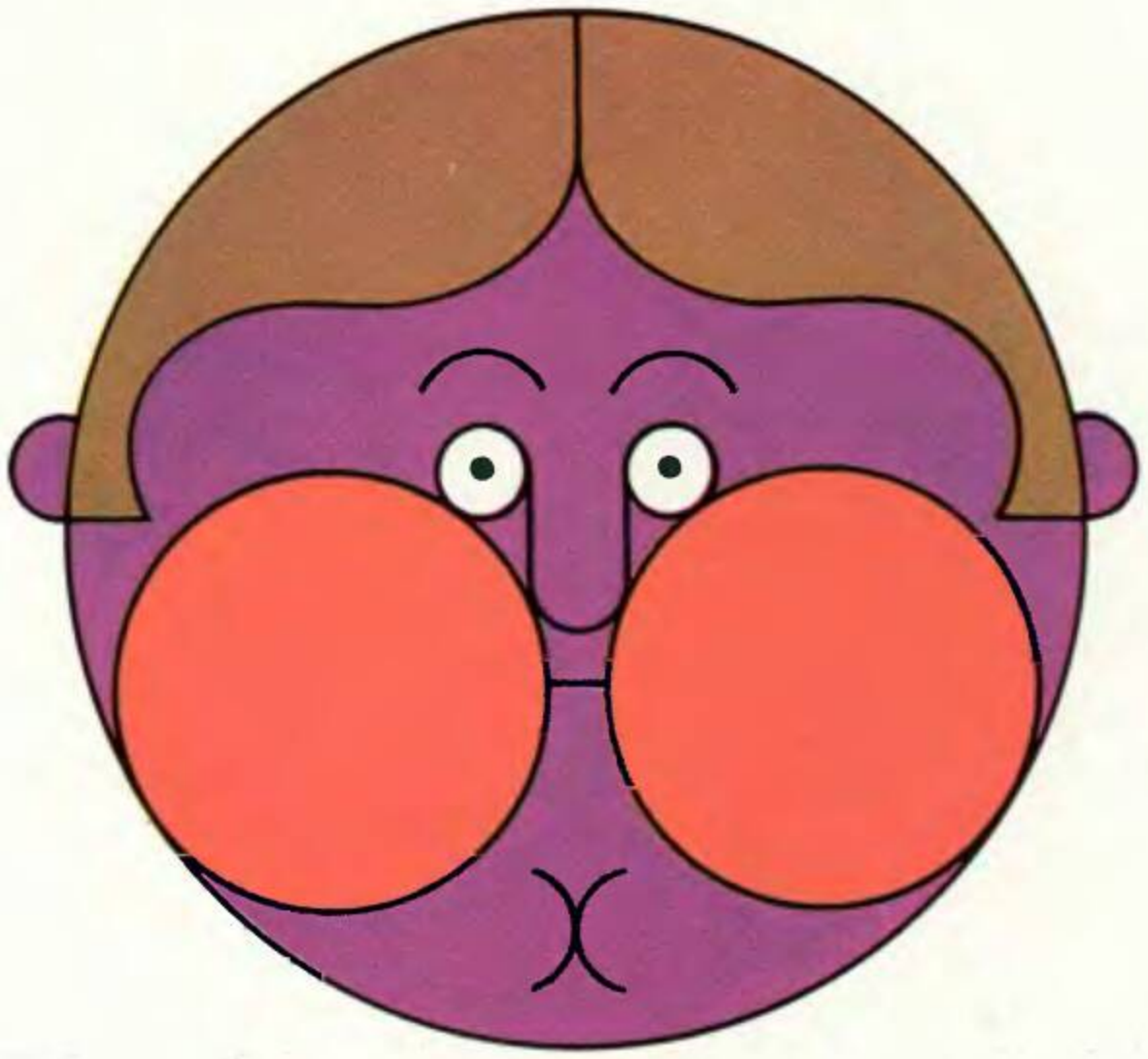

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Quang Dan, who received the most votes of anyone in the country in last year's provincial-council elections, and who has a long record as an anti-Communist and an anti-Diem nationalist, has slates of five men each. Both Dr. Dan and Dr. Sung hesitated to take part in the elections. Dr. Dan was upset mainly by the Directory's weakening of the constituent assembly's powers. Originally, he had intended to form a people's bloc built around provincial-council candidates, but then he decided just to run his own slate in Gia Dinh, hoping that the constituent assembly would prove to be sufficiently independent to encourage the development of new political groupings and provide a basis for popular political appeal. "We cannot afford to be negative-minded," Dr. Dan says. "This is no time for *attentisme*"—that is, for playing a waiting game. Dr. Sung has confessed that he was in an even greater quandary. When he originally decided, somewhat reluctantly, to fill a slate of candidates led by himself, one of them was disqualified by a local review board on a technicality, thus automatically wiping out the rest of the slate. Expressing his annoyance, Dr. Sung filed another slate, but it was a blank one. Finally, after some prodding from friends and a certain amount of intervention by Americans, his original slate was reinstated. "We have to try, I suppose, because it's the only way out," Dr. Sung says. "The task may be a thankless one, but it's time to stand up and be counted." Dr. Dan has hopes of becoming a national figure—perhaps Premier. Dr. Sung, who has the backing of the largest labor federation, headed by Tran Quoc Buu, looks forward to joining Buu in the formation of a broad peasant-labor front that could rally a large part of the population and produce some younger political leaders. Such hopes, however, depend on how the elections for the constituent assembly go, and particularly on how much of a true civilian political movement emerges. The influence of the military still hangs heavy over the whole procedure.

AT the opposite end of the spectrum from this national election, another electoral process is slowly going on—one that may eventually prove more significant for South Vietnam. This is taking place in the country's hamlets, which are its smallest administrative units. (There are sixteen thousand hamlets, and anywhere from three to eight hamlets make up a village.) Under the rural Revolutionary Development program, which is still in its infancy, about two hundred elections have so far been held for hamlet chiefs and hamlet councils in "pacified" areas—that is, areas that have been cleared of Vietcong by government troops and are currently being protected by regional and local troops and by People's Action Teams, which are the offensive combat arm (patrols, ambushes—that sort of thing) of the Revolutionary Development units—fifty-nine-man groups that have been specially trained and organized to introduce broad reforms in the hamlets and villages. The hamlet elections are part of the basic revolutionary objectives of the program—to revitalize the traditional Vietnamese feeling for local authority and sense of responsibility in the countryside, and to build up an understanding of democracy from the bottom instead of imposing it from the top. Ultimately, it is hoped, a combination of respected central authority and enthusiastic local self-government can be achieved at the district and provincial levels so that the interests of the common people will be served both administratively and politically. It would be illusory to expect anything like this to happen soon. Nevertheless, the hamlet elections are a start, and, of the two hundred so far held, about half, in the opinion of American experts working with the Vietnamese on the program, have been successful; that is to say, they have instilled in the people of the hamlets a real sense of participation in the process of government. The lack of success in the other half is attributable to the fact that the hamlet officials were in effect shoved or promoted into office by a Revolutionary Development unit without ever quite grasping what they were supposed to do or represent. One of the Americans most active in the program has said, "Organization is the important thing once you have given these people security. Authority must be returned to the hamlet level, because no urban-motivated system based on education and wealth and privilege will ever succeed in building democracy in Vietnam. The people in the hamlets must first be taught to do things for themselves and then to have a sense of responsibility for the communities around them, starting with neighboring hamlets and moving on up through the villages and districts to the cities and provinces. The integrity and unity of the hamlet form the

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essential base. If the program works, the people will someday realize what it means to choose their own representatives to sit in the provincial councils and the legislative assembly, and to pick their own officials, from hamlet chief up to President and Premier."

At present, there are some twenty-six thousand members of Revolutionary Development units working in government-controlled areas, but only a few units have accomplished much; though American and Vietnamese officials in Saigon claim that seventy-five per cent of the 1966 targets will be met, in that designated units will be present in the hamlets and villages they are assigned to, representatives in the field say that no more than ten per cent of the units are working effectively. One of the chief problems in fighting the Vietcong at the village and hamlet level—a crucial level—is how to maintain security. General Nguyen Duc Thang, the able Minister for Revolutionary Development, has recently been put in charge of the Ministries of the Interior and Agriculture and also of the administering of government aid to refugees, but the regional and popular armed forces are still controlled by the Defense Ministry and are moved around by division and corps commanders at will, which almost invariably means that they cannot perform their prescribed task of affording protection to the hamlets and villages where the Revolutionary Development units are working. Furthermore, district chiefs have frequently assigned the People's Action Teams to routine guard duty and to other jobs apart from their assigned functions. At present, district chiefs from all over the country are being brought to Saigon for special instruction aimed at strengthening their sense of responsibility toward the development program.

"Despite our big military operations, we are not yet even beginning to keep the Vietcong out of the hamlets and the villages," one American with five years' experience of working in the countryside says. "The national police system, except for some contingents of special field police, is almost totally ineffective at this. Even in Saigon, which is heavily infiltrated by Vietcong agents, only three thousand out of eighteen thousand police are mobile; the rest are doing fixed sentry or traffic duty or carrying out administrative tasks. Militarily, we are still fighting a completely different war from the Vietcong. We are being mesmerized by big battles and are missing what's happening underneath, where, through terror and

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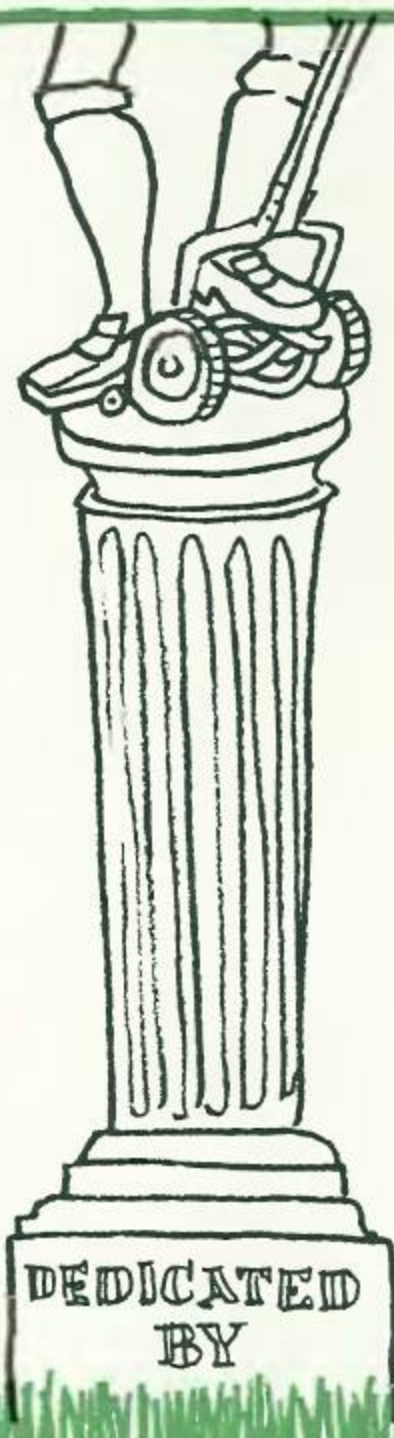
through the utilization of all local resources, including people, the Vietcong are still ruling the roost. Convoys and outposts are still being regularly attacked and hamlet and village officials assassinated. We have a big edge in firepower and in many other resources, but *they* still have the people, and they use the people for their cause. You don't need a regiment to fight a wicked hamlet chief; it takes only thirty seconds to slit a throat."

This American estimates that thirty-five per cent of the South Vietnamese population, including city dwellers, now wants to see the government and the Americans win the war, twenty per cent is still thoroughly pro-Vietcong, and the remaining forty-five per cent is in the middle. Most of the people in the middle would welcome government control, but on their own terms; they still don't trust the Saigon government, and that is why the national election means so little to them. "These are the war-weary people in no man's land, and how much you influence them depends on how successfully you can inspirit them the next time you get a chance to try," this man says. "We can't afford to make the kind of mistakes we are still making. The present development concepts are O.K.; it's their implementation and followup that have to be improved. It's one thing to treat a sick patient by getting his fever down and another thing to get the bugs out of his system. The Vietcong 'bugs' are still around in places we have supposedly cleared, and they keep flaring up."

There are many facts to back up this statement. For example, in the so-called "five-village priority pacification area" southwest of Danang, two villages that have ostensibly been brought under control are still heavily infiltrated with Vietcong. In one of the districts of Long An Province, south of Saigon, that were priority areas two and a half years ago, all the hamlets are considered secure except one, right in the middle of the district, and seventy-five per cent of the families in that one have sons fighting with the Vietcong. This sort of situation exists all over South Vietnam, and another American observer in the field has said of it, "When people are living continually on the edge of terror, it is difficult to expect them to feel any loyalty except to self and family." A district chief in this man's area says, "The rural Revolutionary Development program will fail, because the people have to take a hand in their own defense—there just aren't enough government troops—but the



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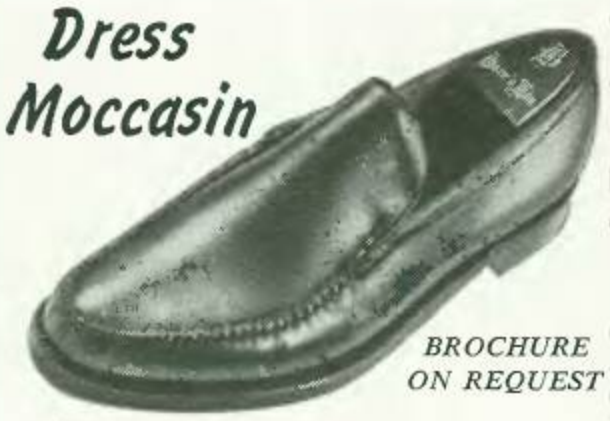

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people won't do it. They know that if they defend themselves they will be killed by the Vietcong." Surveys bear out the fact that consuming fear and uncertainty still possess much of the population. Even though the number of Vietcong and Vietcong sympathizers surrendering under the government's Chieu Hoi (Open Arms) program, which promises amnesty and cash bonuses to Vietcong defectors, is increasing, word is brought out by many individuals that more people would like to come over to the government side but don't because they are afraid they won't be accorded the equality that they enjoy with the Vietcong. Something still more significant is indicated by these reports, and that is that even those village people who now want the government to win the war believe that the Vietcong will win it in the long run. The reasons for this feeling are deeply rooted in the nature of this brutal and seemingly endless war, which is being fought more and more on two levels—the level that the Americans now dominate by their tremendous technology and mobility, and the level that the Vietcong still dominate by their continuing sway over the people. The Vietcong and the more than sixty North Vietnamese battalions now fighting with them are being subjected to heavy punishment by the immense American air and ground attacks. Prisoners' reports on the suffering undergone by Communist troops as a result of bombings and other actions that are keeping them on the run and depriving them of food make it clear that they are faced with increasing difficulties. And as more North Vietnamese soldiers are called in to fill the ranks of the Vietcong, and as more Northern political cadres take over, there are signs of growing friction between the South Vietnamese Communists, together with their non-Communist partisans of the National Liberation Front, and the North Vietnamese "invaders." One such sign is the fact that the People's Revolutionary Party cadres, who, though they are South Vietnamese, are closely tied to the Lao Dong Communist Party of North Vietnam, are openly taking control of the National Liberation Front, down to the level of hamlet cells. Not long ago, the Front, in an almost blatant effort to reëstablish its own individuality, took down pictures of Ho Chi Minh and put up pictures of Nguyen Huu Tho, the titular head of the Front, and also substituted the Front flag for the North Vietnamese flag. The weakening of whatever independence from Hanoi the Front ever enjoyed undermines the argument

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that a coalition between it and a pliable, compromise government in Saigon might someday be achieved. But despite the difficulties facing the Communists both in the South and in the North, there is no reason to suppose that either group is thinking of giving up; if anything, the diehard revolutionaries who have been fighting in the South since 1958—many of whom fought the French before that—seem more rigid in their thinking and more firmly set in their determination to go on fighting than some of their North Vietnamese colleagues.

In purely military terms, the Communists have been suffering some severe defeats, though they have been making the Americans and the Vietnamese-government troops pay for them in dead and wounded. General William C. Westmoreland's "spoiling" tactics, whereby the mobile Americans, acting on intelligence from their own long-range patrols, have prevented the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong from getting into position for large battles by striking them first, have worked well—most recently in the area just below the Seventeenth Parallel, where American Marines, in the so-called Operation Hastings, badly mauled a freshly infiltrated North Vietnamese division. The over-all military picture, even so, has not changed greatly in the last few months, yet it is worth noting that the North Vietnamese are still looking for their first big victory in South Vietnam. Some of the United States generals feel that they have now definitely prevented the Communists from entering Phase III of their long-term strategy—that of full-scale counter-offensives, involving large units and conventional engagement of the enemy. Militarily, the Communists can't win, these generals say, but they admit that a political victory remains possible. A political victory for the Communists, however, can also be a military victory for them if one assumes that the Vietcong have the ability to return to Phase I—guerrilla warfare based on terror, assassination, sabotage, and constant infiltration. Most of the American generals here—there are now fifty-eight of them, incidentally—acknowledge the Communists' ability to do this but claim to see no signs of it yet; other Americans, both military and non-military, claim to have seen signs of it, particularly in the Delta area south of Saigon.

If the Communists do revert to Phase I, this can be expected to continue during or after a period of negotiations, and the war in Vietnam is thus

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likely to go on indefinitely. The issue then will be between the Vietcong's resolve to win, and their continuing ability to deal with the people in the countryside, and the resolve of the Americans and whatever Vietnamese government is in power to contend with the Communists on what will be essentially Communist terms—a marathon social, economic, and political contest to win over the hamlets and the villages. Not long ago, Lieutenant General Van Tien Dung, Chief of Staff of the North Vietnamese Army, and apparently a rising figure in the Hanoi hierarchy, wrote an article in which he declared that despite "new difficulties and trials" caused by the Americans' military might, "the United States imperialists' fundamental weaknesses in the political field profoundly affect and weaken their military position." The General noted that the Americans "can never turn our rear into theirs," and went on to say, "Military superiority originates from the global interaction of all the political as well as pure military factors, from subjective as well as objective factors. . . . We can fight year after year, generation after generation." Then, striking at the core of the American-Vietnamese problem, General Dung said, "If he [the enemy] withdraws from a number of posts so as to have more mobile forces, he will not be able to hold control over the people, and the areas he occupies will shrink. If he tries to widen these areas, he will spread his forces even more thinly and his mobile forces will get smaller. Whenever he wants to occupy a position or to capture a new one, he has to solve complex problems: occupation, combat troops, pacification troops, artillery support, transport and supply, and so forth. . . . That is why, willy-nilly, the Americans and their puppets remain caught in the traditional dilemma of all aggressive wars against the developing people's war." There is much in this analysis that is hard to contradict. If the General is proved wrong, it will be by years of patient effort on all fronts of the war rather than just on the military one. Politically, the holding of elections now, on both the national and the hamlet level, represents two small elements in that effort. It is widely believed here that, while the Americans will continue to help South Vietnam in various ways—the less obtrusive the better—the real challenge is to get the Vietnamese people to realize what their own government, as opposed to the Americans or any other outsiders, can do for them.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GATES OF THE FOREST, by Elie Wiesel (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Mr. Wiesel writes with nearly delirious intensity of Gregor, an adolescent Jew clinging to life in Nazi Europe. Alone in a cave in Hungary, disguised as a deaf-mute in a Transylvanian village, hiding in the forest with fellow-partisans, the young fugitive stumbles exhausted through a vast slaughterhouse of a world. It is hard for him to understand why he survives when so many others have died, and he seems to take upon himself the task of finishing all their unrealized lives. Sometimes Gregor, forgetting what is himself and what is someone else, feels he must tell all the stories of suffering over and over, as if in limbo between sainthood and insanity. Eventually, his homeland now peopled with ghosts and murderers, Gregor arrives in the United States. Mr. Wiesel was himself deported to Auschwitz as a child, and he has expressed his confusion with the world in a remarkably affecting story.

THE MONUMENT, by Nathaniel Benchley (McGraw-Hill). Mr. Benchley's ironic and sinister account of what happens in a solid New England town when someone proposes to put up a monument to a local man killed in the Korean War is unsettling, because he makes the place and its awful inhabitants so familiar to us that we feel we have been there and know exactly the people he is writing about, and it is restful, because as we read along we become increasingly glad that we are not there now and need never be there as long as we live. That town is a very good place to have escaped from, and Mr. Benchley writes about it with the authority of close observation recalled at a safe distance.

THE SUM AND TOTAL OF NOW, by Don Robertson (Putnam). Anyone who was about thirteen years old in America in 1938 will love Mr. Robertson's new novel, which is the second volume in the saga of Morris Bird III, of Cleveland, Ohio. Morris Bird III is just as likable and every bit as admirable as he was the first time we met him, in "The Greatest Thing Since Sliced Bread," but the mists of adolescence are gathering around his figure, obscuring him so that he no longer displays the perfect single-mindedness that made him such an endearing hero when he was only eight. Mr. Robertson's writing is both colloquial and sensitive, but his highly individual style is being spoiled by a tendency to wordiness.

THE EARLY LIFE OF STEPHEN HIND, by Storm Jameson (Harper & Row). Miss Jameson's suave, sour comedy of a handsome young opportunist, Stephen Hind, amounts to very little more than a parade of the women, of all ages, who attract Stephen because of what they can do for him, or who have power over his life for one reason or another. The women are all credible enough, although their positiveness of attitude and speech is not, but their appearances in Stephen's life and their disappearances as the author wills them away are too smoothly contrived, and Stephen's own increasing complacency makes him a very irritating figure. This is a London story, and it is concerned largely with the publishing world. One cannot help wondering why Miss Jameson, a kind, knowledgeable, and talented writer, could not have summoned the touch of humor that would have awakened the heartbeat this novel lacks.

NOBODY DOES YOU ANY FAVORS, by James Yaffe (Putnam). Dreary men make dreary stories, and this account of the career of a self-made and unredeemably petty businessman named Arnold Hermann is about as colorless as a New York City novel can be.

GENERAL

DISCOURSE ON THINKING, by Martin Heidegger, translated from the German by John M. Anderson and E. Hans Freund (Harper & Row). A small book, of which nearly half is occupied by a not very helpful introduction. The other half consists of a "Memorial Address" delivered by Heidegger in honor of the German composer Conradin Kreutzer, and a trialogue between a scientist, a scholar, and a teacher entitled "Conversation on a Country Path About

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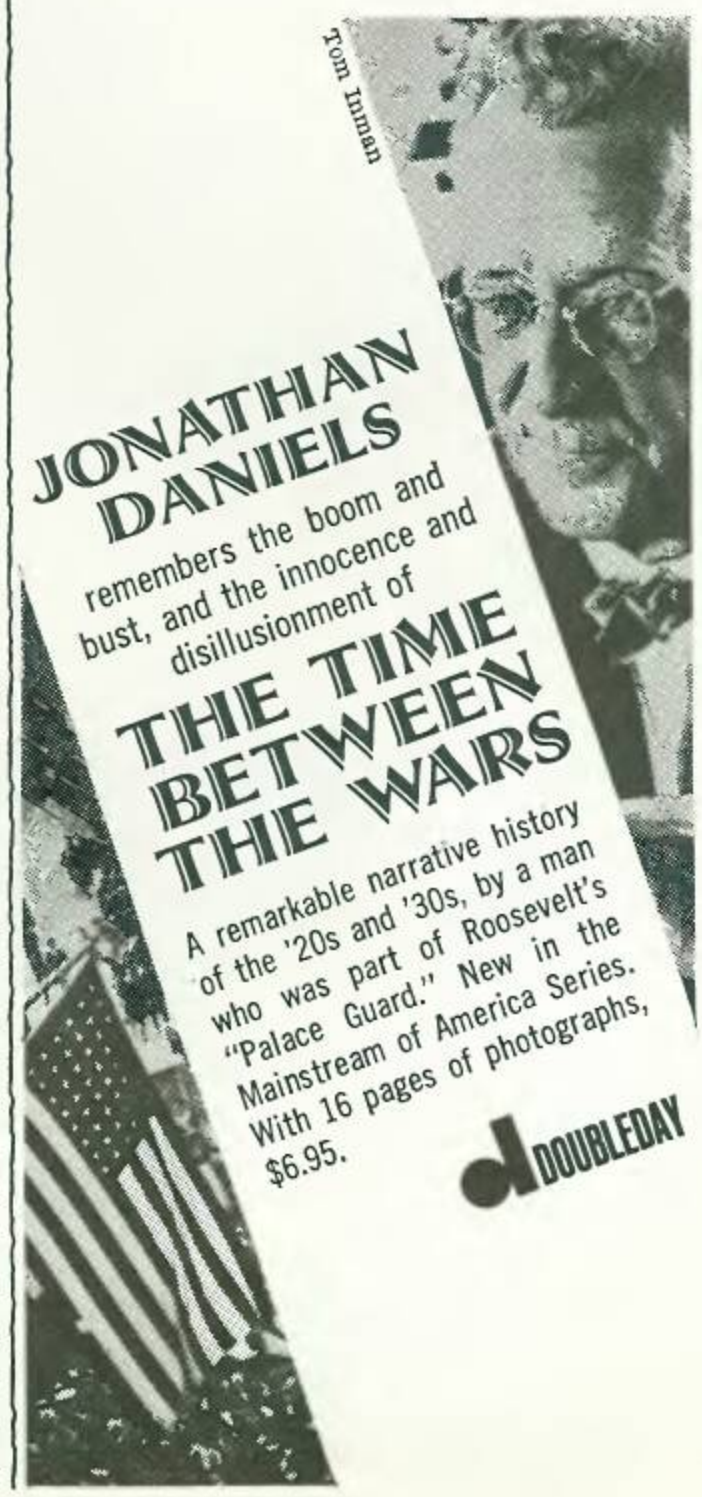

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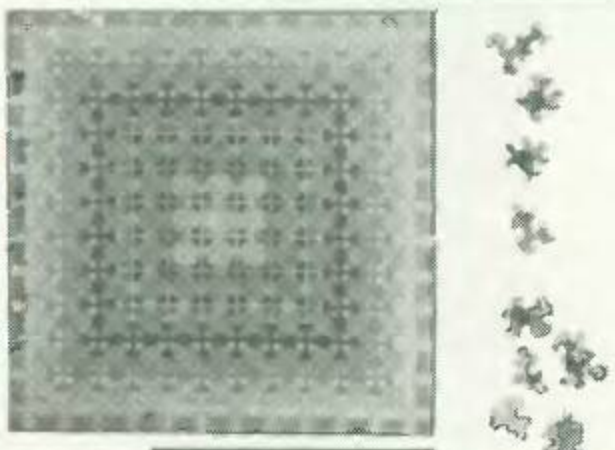

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Thinking." The address, with a certain donnish orotundity, lucidly sets forth the propositions that there are two kinds of thinking—calculative and meditative—and that amid the technological triumphs of calculative thinking man must survive as a meditative being. This he can do by saying both yes and no to technology, the yes being a "releasement toward things" and the no a continuing "openness to the mystery." These concepts are developed into total obscurity by the "Conversation," whose English version abounds in possibly precise but gritty equivalents like "re-present," "autochthonic," and "that-which-regions." Meditative thinking is explained as "the coming-into-the-nearness of distance," and our human position as a kind of holy "waiting"—"The relation to that-which-regions is waiting." And "That-which-regions ["*die Gegnet*" in German] is an abiding expanse which, gathering all, opens itself, so that in it openness is halted and held, letting everything merge in its own resting." What emerges is a humanism tied to a mysticism shorn of theology; the final coalescence of meaning is a metaphor of the night that, without seam or thread, binds the distant stars together in apparent nearness. The rarefied poetry of the discourse is made eerie by our knowledge that it was based on a conversation that really occurred, within Germany, in 1944-45, when the anvils of Hitler's hell were beating loudest.

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Cambrian style 80003. Cross section enlarged. Cambrian and Corlon® are trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co.

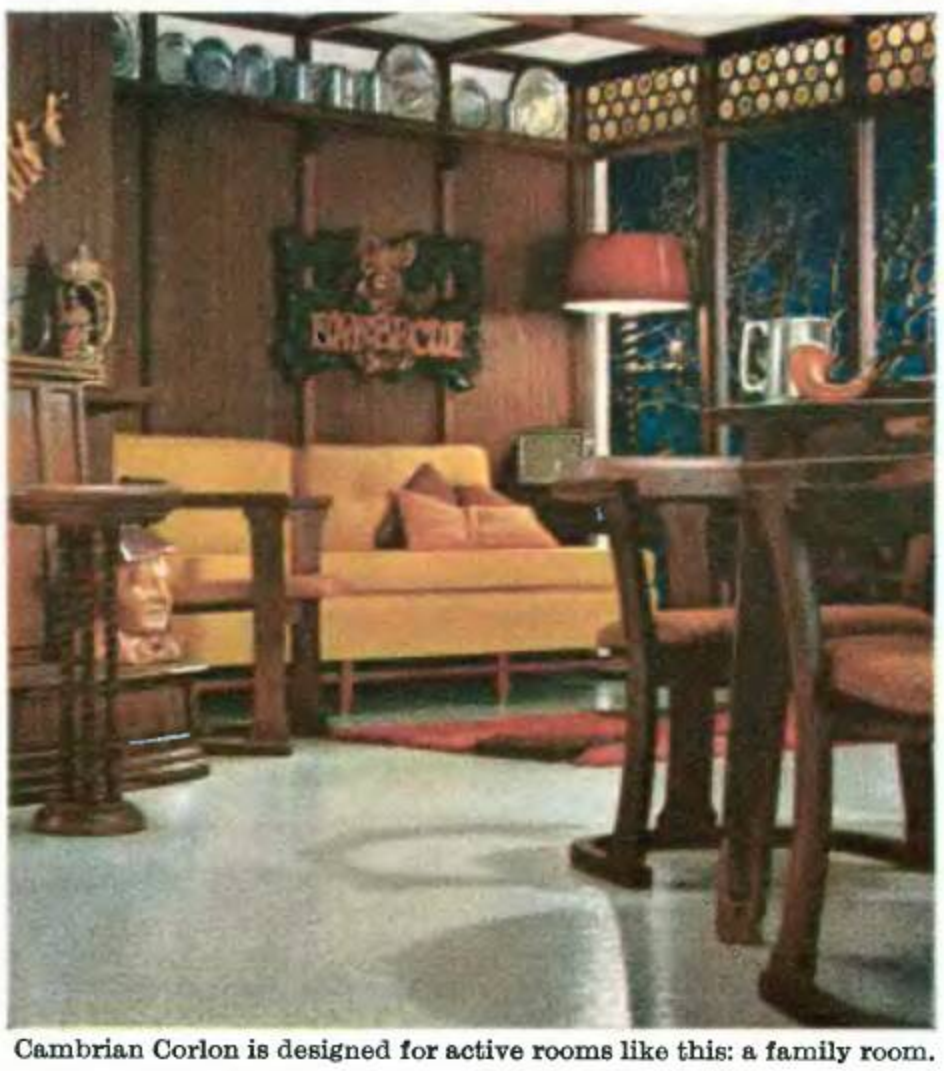
Armstrong introduces the new vinyl floor with cushioned comfort beautiful Cambrian Corlon

Cushions your step. Armstrong Cambrian Corlon is a vinyl floor with a new kind of foamed vinyl cushion underneath. It's delightfully comfortable to walk on because it *gives* under your feet.

Takes a beating—doesn't show it. For all its luxurious comfort, Cambrian is as tough and durable as any floor Armstrong has ever made for your home. Even spike heels won't leave dents in it. It gives under your heel, then comes right back.

Smothers noise. Another virtue of Cambrian Vinyl Corlon: its ability to absorb the noise of footsteps—the clatter of children at play. In addition, a floor of Cambrian Corlon dramatically reduces the noise of footsteps transmitted to a room below.

Beautiful design. New Cambrian Corlon has a warm, dappled design and comes in many beautiful colorings. It's perfect for the family room, entrance hall, children's bedrooms, kitchen—all the active rooms of your home.



Cambrian Corlon is designed for active rooms like this: a family room.

Sealed seams for easy care. Cambrian comes in wide rolls that install with scarcely a seam. Where there is a seam, it's sealed—spilled water can't seep in.

Warmer underfoot. The cushion base makes this floor warmer underfoot than most other floors.

Cambrian can be installed nearly anywhere, even over concrete.

Cambrian Corlon: comfortable, quiet, warm.

Guaranteed by Armstrong. Armstrong gives you a written guarantee with your purchase of Cambrian that covers both the material and installation, if carried out by an approved retailer. Ask your retailer for details.

Take a test walk. Test Cambrian at your Armstrong retailer's. He's listed in the Yellow Pages under "Floors." Send for a free sample of Cambrian, a list of retailers, and a 24-page color booklet on the active rooms. Write to Armstrong, 6608 Payne Road, Lancaster, Pa.

The floors for the active rooms: vinyl floors by Armstrong

Readying Whiteface oxen for show—photo by Burt Glinn

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