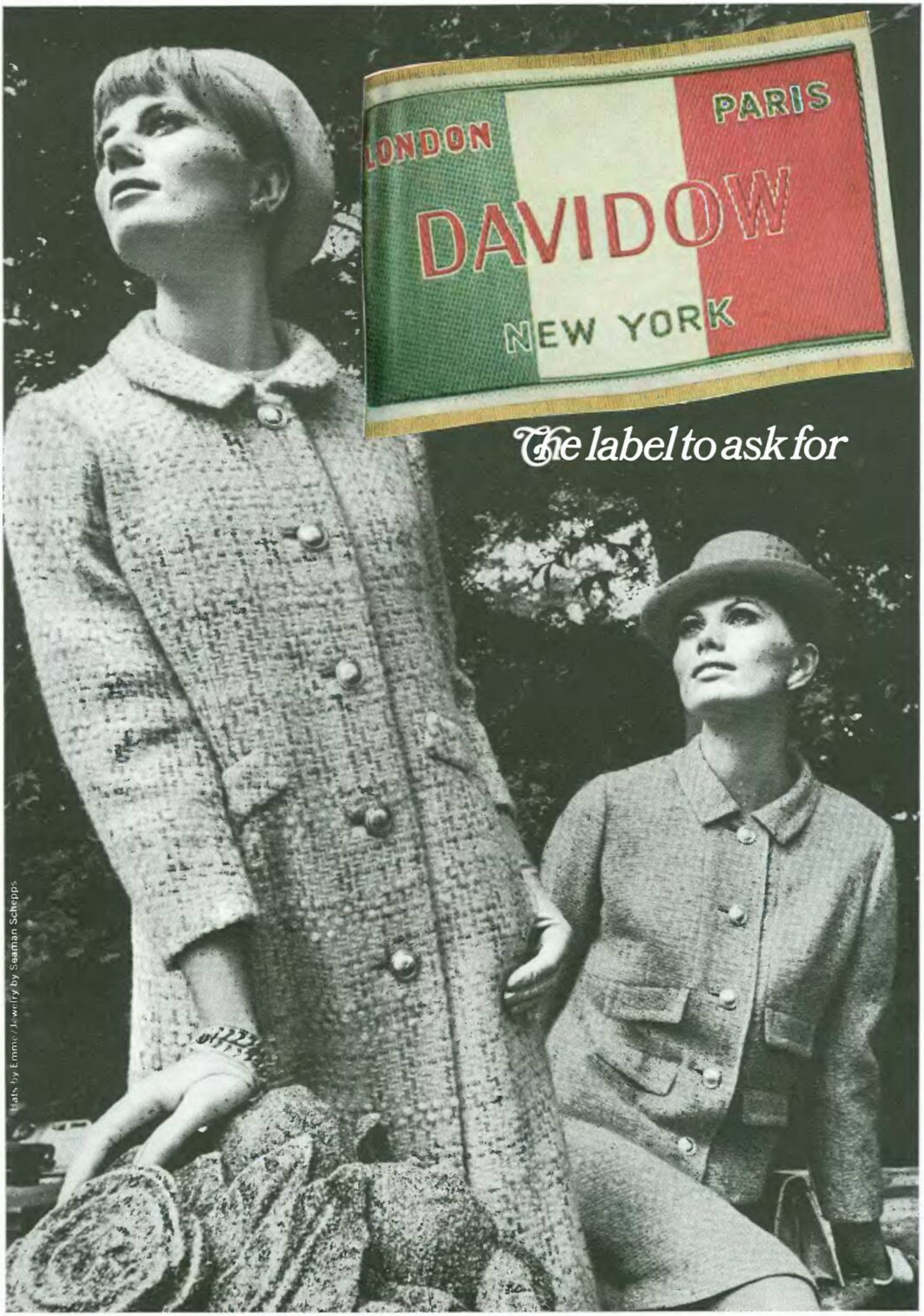
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. . . . ¶ Except Sundays, special buses to the Broadway theatre district leave from Fifth Ave. and 96th St. and from Lexington Ave. and 96th St. at 7:40 and 7:50, picking up passengers at "Theatre Express" stops (ten on Fifth and eleven on Lexington) along the way. Return buses leave from Eighth Ave. and 42nd St. at 11:15 and 11:25 for Madison Ave. passengers and at 11:20 and 11:30 for Third Ave. passengers.)

PLAYS

APA-PHOENIX—George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF:** Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Ionesco's **EXIT THE KING:** Friday, Feb. 2, at 9, and Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2:30 and 9. . . . ¶ Michel de Ghelderode's **PANTAGLEIZE:** Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 5-6, at 8:30; Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 8-9, at 8:30; and Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

BEFORE YOU GO—Lawrence Holofcener's unoriginal comedy about Greenwich Village boy meeting Greenwich Village girl, redeemed by the agreeable acting of Marian Seldes and Gene Troobnick. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

EVERYTHING IN THE GARDEN—Adapted by Edward Albee from a work of the late Giles Cooper, this play about suburbia matrons who turn to prostitution to make sure they keep up with the Joneses is a dull affair. Barry Nelson, Barbara Bel Geddes, Beatrice Straight, and Richard Thomas are among those present. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER—A wan tale of family misery, in Robert Anderson's characteristic vein. With Hal Holbrook, Alan Webb, Lillian Gish, and Teresa Wright. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MORE STATELY MANSIONS—The third revision, by as many hands, of a play that Eugene O'Neill thought he had destroyed before he died. This version—highfalutin and ridiculous—does him a disservice that even the presence of Ingrid Bergman, Colleen Dewhurst, and Arthur Hill cannot mitigate. José Quintero, the third reviser, is responsible for the direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE—Jay Allen has turned Muriel Spark's exhilarating little novel into an admirable play. Zoe Caldwell is exceedingly good in the leading role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD—A first-rate invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is viewed from an eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are superlative as the principals. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SOMETHING DIFFERENT—Carl Reiner's comedy about a playwright who is short on inspiration and has to try some wild devices to get his muse on the ball. Slow starting but quite funny when it hits its stride; there is a particularly droll scene toward the close in which Claudia McNeil figures merrily. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SPOFFORD—Herman Shumlin's dramatization of

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Peter De Vries' "Reuben, Reuben" is a jolly business dealing with a chicken farmer who sets out to do a sociological study of the commuters invading his homeland. Melvyn Douglas is triumphant in the title role, and the rest of the cast is excellent. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

STAIRCASE—A comedy by Charles Dyer about two middle-aged male lovers who have their troubles, like everyone else. Eli Wallach and Milo O'Shea play their difficult roles superbly. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP—Gig Young performs worthily as a middle-aged womanizer in this one, but, alas, there is not much to be said for his supporting cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—CACTUS FLOWER: Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** A Jewish family from Newark behind the Iron Curtain. Put together by Woody Allen and featuring Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon make up the cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

AVANTI!—A comedy by Samuel Taylor, with Jennifer Hilary, Robert Reed, Keith Baxter, and Betsy von Furstenberg. Nigel Patrick directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

DARLING OF THE DAY—An energetic but uninspired musical about Edwardian London, with music by Jule Styne, lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, and a cast that includes Vincent Price, Patricia Routledge, Peter Woodthorpe, Teddy Green, and Brenda Forbes. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE HAPPY TIME—A big, hollow, and technically adroit staging of a skimpy book with skimpy songs. Robert Goulet and David Wayne are its wasted stars. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HOW NOW, DOW JONES—Cutting up in the financial district. The book, by Max Shulman, and the music, by Elmer Bernstein, are not very sparkling, but Carolyn Leigh's lyrics are often sprightly, and the performers, under the direction of George Abbott, are a lively lot. Conspicuous among them are Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, Brenda Vaccaro, and Hiram Sherman. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—CABARET: How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Jack Gilford and Lotte Lenya. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **I DO! I DO!:** A highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage, with Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAME:** Angela Lansbury plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

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

JOE EGG—Albert Finney in a comedy by Peter Nichols, imported from London. Directed by Michael Blakemore. Opens Thursday, Feb. 1. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

GOLDEN RAINBOW—A musical with a book by Ernest Kinoy, music and lyrics by Walter Marks, and a cast headed by Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. Staged by Arthur Storch. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 3. Opens officially on Sunday, Feb. 4. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GRAND MUSIC HALL OF ISRAEL—A company of sixty, appearing here for the first time, in a revue. Previews through Sunday, Feb. 4. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 7:30. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Mat-

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LANVIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

inées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's new play, in which Pat Hingle, Kate Reid, David Burns, and Arthur Kennedy will appear, under the direction of Ulu Grosbard. Previews through Tuesday, Feb. 6. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 7. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

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

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—An able revival of Shaw's witty and touching **saint joan**, with Diana Sands in the title role and a cast that includes William Hutt, Edward Zang, Tony Van Bridge, Robert Symonds, and Philip Bosco. The second in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 10.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **faust.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Little drops of water, little grains of sand. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamlet—This interminable skit, loosely based on the original, is more fatheaded than funny. but Martin Sheen, in the title role, handles the strenuous antics required of him with considerable skill. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 11.)

House of Flowers—A reworking by Truman Capote and Harold Arlen of their 1954 musical. The cast includes Josephine Prémice, Tom Helmore, and Thelma Oliver. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—A pair of one-acters by an extremely gifted young playwright named Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. The cast, also young, does very well indeed under James Hammerstein's direction. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Irene Papas is magnificent as the defiant, anguished Clytemnestra, and Jenny Leigh is very touching as her daughter who willingly allows herself to be sacrificed for what she believes to be the honor of Greece. The men of the company are not quite as strong. Michael Cacoyannis is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Elly Stone,

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Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield, and Mr. Shuman make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man of La Mancha—David Atkinson plays 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.)

Nighthawks—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Fridays at 8:40 and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

The Pocket Watch—Alvin Aronson again, with another comedy. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 3.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Song of the Lusitanian Bogey—As its first production, the new Negro Ensemble Company presents nine good actors, who also sing and dance, in a dreary, pretentious play—translated from the German of Peter Weiss—that traces the history of Portuguese tyranny in Africa. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 4.)

The Trials of Brother Jero and **The Strong Breed**—These one-acters introduce a fine Nigerian playwright named Wole Soyinka. The first is a satiric comedy about a self-described "prophet," the second a tragedy about a self-deceived schoolteacher who becomes the scapegoat for a New Year's ritual in a jungle village. The production is the first for a new Negro repertory company under Cynthia Belgrave's direction, and it makes a triumphant beginning. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Who's Who, Baby?—A musical with score and lyrics by Johnny Brandon. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30. and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



Your Own Thing—As this little rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," "Meditation," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Episodes," "Meditation," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Variations," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 4, at 1:15: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 4, at 7:15: "Firebird," "Episodes," "Meditation," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 8-9, at 8:15, and Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2:15 and 8:15: "Don Quixote." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—Final performances of a one-week engagement. Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Villon," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Pas de Dix." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:30: "Trio," "Pastorale," "Ceremony," and "Pas de Dix." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2:30: "Aurora's Wedding," "Pas de Poissons," and "Concerto Barocco." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30: "Carmina Burana," "Concerto Barocco," and "Jardin aux Lilas." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2:30: "Aurora's Wedding," "Pas de Poissons," and "Trio." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8:30: "Gala Dix," "Ceremony," and "Scotch Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Antonio and the Ballets de Madrid—A company of thirty-five flamenco dancers, singers, and guitarists, with an orchestra. Presented by S. Hurok for a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Feb. 6, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 18. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30: opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Indrani—With her company of Indian dancers and musicians. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3, at 8:30.)

José Limón Dance Company—"The Winged" and "Missa Brevis." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Allegro Largo," "Chrysalis," "Soirée Musicale," and "Car Lot." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

City Center Joffrey Ballet—"Viva Vivaldi!," "Sea Shadow," and "The Green Table." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

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)—Jack Carter's collection of jokes down through the ages has its final hearing in the Royal Box on Saturday, Feb. 3, during dinner and supper. The next event is the arrival, on Tuesday, Feb. 6, of Marty Allen and Steve Rossi, whose dialogue proves that vaudeville will always be with us. The orchestra of Lee Evans, a sound investment,

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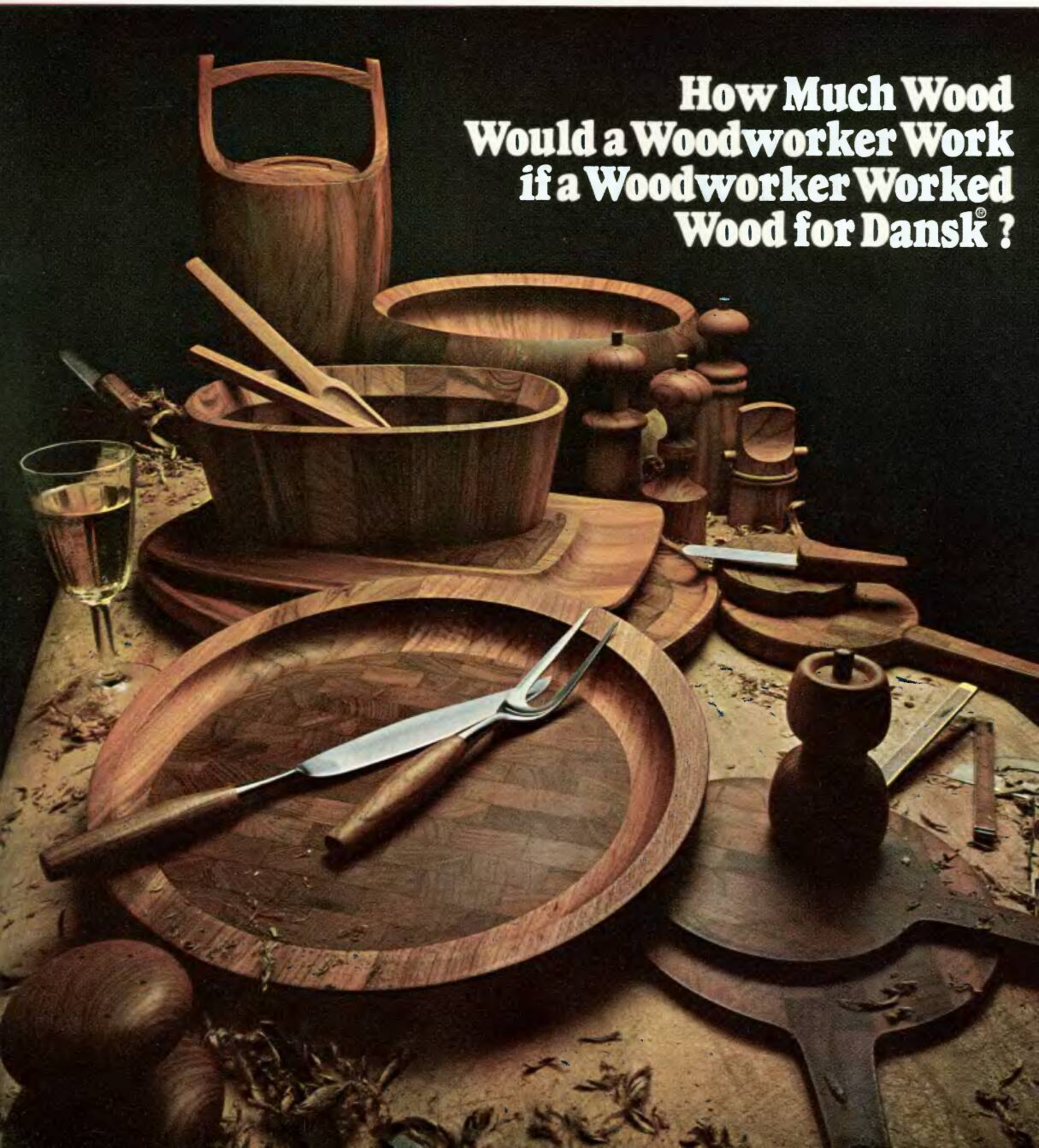
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

will be present on all occasions. Closed Sundays and Monday, Feb. 5.

BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—As before, there is a reasonably slender Billy Reed to lean on as he patrols his refectory and (from nine until two every evening but Sunday and Monday) *palais de danse,* in which a minuscule band in the charge of Jack Medoff, mailed special delivery from Boston, does the music.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The parquet floor and the music in the restaurant are built for comfort, not for speed. The music comes from Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on in general from eight until one. No music Sundays and Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The archeologists' picks and shovels uncover but minute evidences of the Olympian life that once existed in this vanished city-state. Anyone who wants to help should show up between eight and three-thirty every night but Sunday. Collations for the toilers are offered by Lester Lanin and his band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Scholastic and social standards of the Ivy League bracket are maintained in the Café Pierre, and, naturally, the music of Ben Cutler's Yale team, which holds nightly practice sessions, is of the same quality. Little Miss Ellen Harwicke, who accompanies her own songs with her own piano, and neatly, has Mondays off.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The *clair de lune* shed during dinner and supper in the Persian Room is the halo worn by Tammy Grimes, some of it compounded of the sheer and special lunacy (perhaps too fragile for a heedless world) that she does so well. A is the award for her noble effort, which does gentle violence to every precept of the assembly-line soprano's trade. The Burt Farber orchestra, now Dixie as well as dulcet, and the band run by Mark Monte are the house bumblebees. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the arsenal of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—A chalet with all the comforts of high (sixty-five stories aloft) life and none of the discomforts (like skiing). It's Chico Hamilton's merry marauders for openers, at seven and at last for dancing; Ray McKinley's less restless natives begin at nine. Lights out at two during the week, all night on Sundays. On Monday, Feb. 5, a change of cast: Joe Williams and band, both of them loud and clear upon not only the midnight air but as early as nine, plus a triad that assembles at seven.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police are lowing softly o'er the large lea in the middle of the quarterdeck from eight until two every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, at dinner and supper, Hildegarde is still preserving the tradition of first-the-lady, second-the-entertainer by distributing her grace notes, sung and spoken, in easily digestible rhyme. The bands of George Cort and Quintero do the dance music. All these characters are off duty Sundays. The Maisonette, be it noted, remains the Maisonette, though it is no longer quite *sui generis.*

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Diahann Carroll, who makes an entrance into the Empire Room during the dinner and supper hours, carries on like one possessed—of, among several things, a considerable voice and a notable presence. Charles Turecamo's band is the rest of the bouillabaisse. No action Sundays. . . . ¶ Something is sounding off, if mildly, all week long in the manifold Peacock Alley, which deals in everything from cocktails to supper—piano Monday through Friday from four to

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ten, and Horace Diaz's trio for dancing from eight until one Wednesday through Saturday, from five to ten Sunday.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Moderation in all things is the rule of thumb (or, rather, foot) because the Monkey, the Fracture, and the Urban Sprawl are all forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Two ceaseless bands, one of them very Latin (Argueso's) and one of them very local—802, in fact—tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): An off-campus campus that looks after a bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano—the whole night through, by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aide, Wayne Sanders, plus an opening session (six to eight-thirty) by Francis Thorne, lately returned from his long Roman holiday. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinner time until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaican dialect. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications art who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri's portrayal of the wickedest woman in Paris (done mostly from the top deck of a piano) is all fool and a yard wide, which is how the guests in her small drawing room like it. She chants at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday, and—as a good Greek—never on Sunday. Unhurried dance music commences at eight. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Where the gypsy caravans of Hungary have rested, though not in complete silence. After the zimbalons and fiddles have had their say, Béla Babai's band does dance music and Tibor Rakossy does ballads of passionate importunity. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Not quite tempest in a teapot is the corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, but the animation in this Village snug can be ample. Here Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Scratch any waiter in the place and you'll find an operatic tenor whose mother tongue is Italian and whose voice is trigger-happy. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-9080): Or, really, a set of bumper-to-bumper tables, screened apart by a galaxy of glass-bead stalactites into a sort of winter palace. In one unquiet corner the voice and piano of Scott Reed ramble along from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): One of the few deeds that shine in the naughty world of Second Avenue is the now-and-then song recital by Charles De Forest, who, at his piano, intones his lush-life arias in a voice tinged with *Weltschmerz.* He is absent on Sundays.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Laconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The watchmen of the night along this stretch of the Via Veneto are the ambulatory musicians under the bow and baton of Herman Honigsberg, master fiddler; the listeners are an outgoing lot. Closed Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is well-behaved piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy is applying himself to the mannerly piano beside the bar in the grand salon-restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. He is not a Sunday or Monday visitor. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): A refectory deep in the arcanebrakes of some Far Eastern country, real or imaginary. In one alcove of it, a piano gets almost subliminally into whatever the act is. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Felipe Gavo's guitar turns its thoughts lightly to nights in the gardens of Granada. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The Almanach by which one foretells the future here is not the Farmer's but de Gotha. The chargé d'affaires is George Feyer, whose conversation as he strokes his keyboard may be proof that politics and piano do not mix. He goes on (and on) from eight-thirty until two. His midwinter holiday begins after Saturday, Feb. 3, so Bobby Short and trio (songs of hot passion and fashion along the Riviera) will commence a stand on Monday, Feb. 5. They'll take Sundays off.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. Some of the music comes out of wax containers, some of it comes out of earthlings—the Cherry People, at the moment. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. No Monday action. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): There's Egypt in the dreamy eyes of the Sphinxes who survey the scene from their niches, and Americana in the music that issues from the blue-platter specials that the disc jockey spins; what the Five Bells, a neat little Canadian deal, contribute is music that is alive, alive-o. Dining in quite reasonable degree. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

60th St. (752-0980): Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door, and prior arrangements for access are a good idea. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The rock musical "Hair" has departed, and life is as it was before in tumultuous old Middle Earth. The barrier for the dancers is sprung again at eight, and their cross-country race with the beams of the strobe lights does not end until all hours. Cheetah is, by the way, in the temperance zone. Closed Mondays. . . . **WHEELS,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A sort of super-motor inn, whose bent is wheels (all the way from automobile to jukebox) whirling like dervishes from six until late in the morning. Not everything is popular mechanics, though; human beings, such as the Young Savages, who arrive on Tuesday, Feb. 6, likewise clamor. Closed Mondays. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS,** upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): This spaceship, tenuously moored to earth, is a *son et lumière* that gives one pause but also amusement. The occasional circus acts, seemingly as spontaneous as the light cues, are just as entertaining. Though the lighting effects are all fermented, none of the available beverages are. The hours are eight-thirty until three or four, every night. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not exactly at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining and dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jack Jones, that lively young man-about-town, and his incisive, snap-the-whip arias, and one of those Copa wits (Hank Bradford, the name appears to be), and a set of those now-where-was-I? Copa ballerinas, and the permanent look and sound of 2 A.M. No nights off. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Women's World," the current extravaganza, may contain the ideal girls of all time—long, luxurious, yet fond of athletics, inexpensively clothed (if at all), and never inclined to dominate the conversation. There are stunt acts, too, as well as Morey Amsterdam, a humorist hardly for all ears. Twice a night, and forever.

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): The ways of our wicked world are no match for the wickedness of the words with which "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's editorial-with-music, decries those ways. His coruscating Greek chorus is led by Mary Louise Wilson and Liz Sheridan, who receive valiant support from Rex Robbins, Terry O'Mara, and Alex Wipf. The orchestra is the dashing double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the opulent interlude piano comes from Baldwin Bergersen. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The Serenata Oriental Orchestra (which, except for one sweet-tongued little Cio-Cio-San, is a wholly male Japanese squadron) is all things to all listeners ("Shadow of Your Smile" in Oriental, and "Guadalajara" in first-rate Spanish) and all things to a pair of dancers, Eduardo and Gloria, whose Argentine acrobatics make the tango the world's finest exercise. All is in fun, in innocence, and nearly in perpetuity, for the dancing of the customers is no slouch, either. Dining. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, just off the bar, there is the guitar of Alejandro Manzana, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Jackie Vernon tells his lot in mournful numbers, for his life is but a bad dream. With this comic

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recitation goes Alice Playten, a spirited child who gives her song sixty lashes of the belt. Not before nine-thirty or ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Dark Horses," a Lilliputian revue with words and music and girls and boys, is in operation at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Home on the range in Israel, where never is heard a discouraging word, and the musicians and jesters make the evening more a private party than a public affair. It's a nightly operation, and the dining is native. The major interests are Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, players and jokers, who absent themselves Mondays, and the oud player Chic Ganimian, for whom it is oud man out on Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

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

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Gary Burton's alchemist set, which is a quartet, will be in service Friday through Sunday, Feb. 2-4, and for the first two of these days Roland Kirk's foursome will be there as well. Mondays, the rule is that the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band owns the place. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the ground floor, Ahmad Jamal's trio constructs its dithyrambic pentameters before your very eyes. It's out of action Mondays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3, the practitioners will be the Modern Jazz Quartet, which knows everything to be known about four-hand music, and Herbie Mann's fife-and-drum corps. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): There is dancing now as well as pizza pies, and Zoot Sims' quartet is responsible for a large part of the party of the first part. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The graduates of the Old School keep showing up at one of the Oldest Schools in town. At the moment, they are such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Not at all the place in which to expect miracles, or even just plain peace and quiet, but be it stated that from Thursday through Saturday every week, at least for a while, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral will be intertwining their knowing voices in a manner peculiar to them and pleasurable to everyone else. Dinner. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727): The economic law that bad music drives good music out of circulation still prevails, so the progressive citizenry must often seek quarters as plain as this one. The quartet of the eminent Elvin Jones moves out on Sunday, Feb. 4, but Sun Ra's mysterious undercover men operate on Monday, Feb. 5, and next evening brings on Lee Morgan's quintet. Saturday, Feb. 3, a five-to-nine matinée by Bobby Timmons' quartet, with which are involved Sonny Red on saxophone and Evelyn Blakey on vocal cords. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB,** 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The new tenants are Dick Berk, Ted Curzon, Nick Brignola, and Lanny Fields, straight out of an offshore jazz festival. Nine to four is the curriculum offered every night but Monday, and there are four-to-nine matinées on Sundays. . . . **THE FRAMMIS,** 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): A new hearthstone to keep the faith warm. Lyn Christie, the nimble bassist from Down Under, is helped out by a couple of diggers like our fellow-countryman Roland Hanna.



On Wednesdays, from six to nine, Daphne Hellman, golden harp and hair at the ready, conducts a chamber-jazz session, with the aid of two sidemen. Dinner begins at six. No music Sundays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): The best of our Village coffee-and-ice-cream parlors, and sometimes the best of our Village folk-and-rock. Kenny Rankin is the chief ululator now; on Wednesday, Feb. VII, the Roman Numerals take over. Tuesdays are devoted to drop-ins. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current eternal-youth formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): More agenda for the rather young. The music is live and castiron. It goes until two or three all week long, and on Sundays it commences at four-thirty in the afternoon, when the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band reports for a matinée. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. There are Sunday matinées, too, beginning at five.

ART

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

GALLERIES

HERBERT AACH—Fluorescent paintings changed by the lighting; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABE AJAY—Sculptures of geometrical shapes in modular arrangements; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—Twenty-six small paintings by a leading nineteenth-century American; through March 9. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

SEYMOUR BOARDMAN—Abstract paintings in simple geometrical formats; through Thursday, Feb. 8. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD BOYCE—Seventeen bronzes referring to classical themes; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM CHRISTOPHER—Oil paintings and drawings suggestive of contemporary subjects; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

THEA EKSTRÖM—Oils and watercolors by a Swedish Abstractionist; through Feb. 17. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JIMMY ERNST—Abstract paintings with strong linear scaffoldings; through Feb. 23. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

RONOLDO FERRI—Neon-tube constructions with lights controllable by the spectator; through March 2. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

FURUKAWA—Patterned paintings in white on white; through Feb. 16. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

RONALD GROW—Abstract sculptures combining different materials; through Feb. 17. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GWATHMEY—Paintings since 1965; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS HAACKE—A room of lights controlled by the movement of the viewer, plus other environmental constructions, by a German artist currently living here; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOHN LA FARGE (1835-1910)—Twenty-five oils and watercolors marking stages in the career of this nineteenth-century American muralist; through Feb. 14. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIORGIO MORANDI (1890-1964)—Eighty still-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

life and landscape etchings; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Istituto Italiano di Cultura, 686 Park Ave., at 68th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 1 and 2 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to noon.)

Bruce Nauman—Objects, constructions, and the like; through Feb. 17. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Transparent (i.e., plastic) sculptures by a first-rank American Abstractionist; through Feb. 14. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Drawings and graphics; through March 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cam'lle Pissarro—Fifty-two drawings and watercolors of Caracas executed during the artist's two-year visit there (1852-54); through March 3. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Hans Richter—An exhibition of reliefs by a veteran Dadaist, who is also the subject of a current showing at the Finch College Museum of Art; through Feb. 24. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Ryan (1889-1954)—More than fifty collages by a highly regarded New York artist who worked with bits of fabrics and paper; through Feb. 22. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tony Smith—Five sculptures in the geometrical mode; through Feb. 22. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Snow—Wood and metal constructions incorporating mirrors; through Feb. 16. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hedda Sterne—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)... ¶ Drawings and prints; through Feb. 17. (Rizzoli, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.)

Walasse Ting—Paintings by an artist who seeks lyrical effects; through Feb. 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Vander Sluis—Hard-edge abstractions that relate to the structures of barn doors; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ACA Heritage**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Bellows, Benton, Glackens, Lawson, and Prendergast (to mention a few); through Saturday, Feb. 3. ... **Peridot**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: "The American Landscape, A Living Tradition," comprising works by, among others, Georgia O'Keeffe, Henry Varnum Poor, Hyde Solomon, Reuben Tam, Edwin Dickinson, Richard Diebenkorn, Wolf Kahn, and Aristodemis Kaldis; through Feb. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **Visual Arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: One print and one painting or sculpture each by Bearden, D'Arcangelo, Golub, Kitaj, Krushenick, Yunkers, and others; through Friday, Feb. 9. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Europeans; Group Show—Paintings and sculptures by such twentieth-century artists as Braque, Picasso, Arp, Giacometti, and Matisse; through Feb. 24. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Close to three hundred objects lent by the Turkish government, including gold from Troy; Greek, Roman, and Byzantine sculptures; and treasures of the Ottoman Empire. Through March 10. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)... ¶ Seventeen important paintings and sculptures (on loan from the Guggenheim Museum) by twentieth-century European masters—Picasso, Mondrian, Kandinsky, Braque, Brancusi, Klee, and others; through April 30.... ¶ Some hundred drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the sixteenth century to the present, recently acquired by the Museum; through March 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Sidney and Harriet Janis Collection of a hundred paintings and sculptures by three generations of twentieth-century artists; through March 4.... ¶ A selection of posters

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and other graphic-design items from the Museum's collection, covering successive styles since the eighteen-nineties; through March 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fifth Guggenheim International Exhibition; this one, the first to be devoted entirely to sculpture, includes nearly a hundred examples, executed since 1960, by eighty artists from twenty nations. Through Sunday, Feb. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The 1967 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, a hundred and sixty-five works (most of them done in the past two years) by as many artists, chosen from all parts of the United States; through Sunday, Feb. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—American prints from the Civil War to the First World War, including hand-colored lithographs; Currier & Ives prints; etchings by Homer, Whistler, and Cassatt; and works by participants in the 1913 Armory Show. Through Feb. 28.... ¶ Large screens and some panels by Shiko Munakata, an heir of the Japanese woodcut tradition; through Feb. 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Paintings of a common snipe, a least sandpiper, a greater yellowlegs, and other shorebirds by Robert Verity Clem, who sets his subjects in their serene and undisturbed environment; through March 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and seventeen bronzes, ceramics, lacquers, jade carvings, stone sculptures, and paintings, representing forty-five hundred years of Chinese art, selected from the Avery Brundage Collection; through March 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of the works in several media by Hans Richter, experimentalist member of the Dada and Surrealist movements; through Feb. 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Richter showing at the Byron Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Thirteen Rembrandt drawings and etchings; through April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition (of archeological findings, photo murals, charts, and maps) portraying the heroic resistance, to the death, of Jewish Zealots against the Romans at Masada in the first century A.D.; through Feb. 25.... ¶ Twenty-nine marriage contracts (*ketuboth*) dating from the seventeenth century, illuminated with scenes of Biblical episodes and the city of Jerusalem, signs of the zodiac, floral decorations, allegories, and coats of arms; through March 3. (Sundays through Thursdays, 10 to 6, and Sunday and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Glazier Collection of illuminated manuscripts and printed books, plus fourteenth- and fifteenth-



century Italian drawings; through March 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-seventh annual exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, consisting of approximately a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by eighty-two artists; through Feb. 18. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Feb. 1: "La Forza del Destino," with Lucine Amara, Louise Pearl, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Sergio Pezzetti. ... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 2: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Irene Dalis, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Louis Sgarro. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 3: "Martha" (in English), with Jean Fenn, Rosalind Elias, Sándor Kónya, Donald Gramm, Lorenzo Alvary, and Paul Plishka. ... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 3: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Mary Ellen Pracht, Nicolai Gedda, Justino Díaz, Morley Meredith, and Robert Goodloe. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 5: "Tosca," with Régine Crespin, Franco Corelli, and Gabriel Bacquier.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 6: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Fiorenza Cossotto, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Louis Sgarro.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 7: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Franco Corelli, and Cornell MacNeil.... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 8: A new production of Verdi's "Luisa Miller," with Montserrat Caballé, Louise Pearl, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, Giorgio Tozzi, and Ezio Flagello. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 9: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Régine Crespin, Nancy Williams, Cornell MacNeil, Ticho Parly, Ernst Wiemann, and William Olvis. ... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 10: "Lohengrin," with Martina Arroyo, Ludmila Dvorakova, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, John Macurdy, and Sherrill Milnes.... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 10: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Jean Fenn, James King, Justino Díaz, Morley Meredith, and Ron Bottcher. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—William Steinberg conducting on Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 2, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 5, at 7:30 (all with Henryk Szeryng, violin); and a Harris-Bruckner program on Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 9, at 2:15; and Monday, Feb. 12, at 7:30 (no soloists; Mr. Harris will conduct one of his own works at each concert).... ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:30 (with Phyllis Curtin, soprano).

Boston Symphony Orchestra—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Yuji Takahashi, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.... Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)... ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Haydn-Bruckner program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem Mass, with Gabriella Tucci, soprano; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Pierre Duval, tenor; Martti Talvela, bass; and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 4, at 3: Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Jerome Lowenthal, piano.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:30: Skitch Henderson conducting, with Doc Severinsen, trumpet, and others.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 11, at 3: Skitch Henderson conducting an all-Gershwin program; no soloists. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. For information about tickets, call PL 7-8870.)

Alexander Schneider's Chamber Orchestra—A Brahms-Mendelssohn program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

I Solisti Veneti—Claudio Scimone conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 3-4, at 8:30, with Christian Ferras, violin; and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 10-11, at 8:30, with Benita Valente, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; John McCollum, tenor; and Chester Watson, bass.)

Symphony of the New World—Benjamin Steinberg conducting, with Armenta Adams, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 3.)

American Opera Society—Richard Bonynge directing the first American performances of Haydn's "Orfeo ed Euridice" in concert form, with Joan Sutherland, soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; and Spiro Malas, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 7, and Saturday, Feb. 10, both at 8.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting the third in a series of four programs of twentieth-century music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday. Feb. 8. at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Temple University Concert Choir—Robert Page directing, with the Temple University Chamber Orchestra. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing Mozart's Great Mass in C Minor, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; John McCollum, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

St. Olaf Choir—Olaf C. Christiansen directing a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 492-8077.)

RECITALS

Maureen Forrester—Contralto. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

David Oistrakh—Violin, in a benefit concert. (Hunter College Assembly Hall. Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Herbert Tichman—Clarinet, with assisting artists. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 5:30.)

Jean-Paul Sevilla—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in the sixth in a series of concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8:40.)

Nina Makarova—Piano, in a program of her own compositions, with Brenda Lewis, soprano, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Robert Tear—Tenor. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Baroque Players of New York—The last in a series of concerts, this one an all-Bach program. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Lois Marshall—Soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8:40.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, in an all-Couperin benefit concert, with Samuel Baron, flute; Isidore Cohen, violin; and others. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

Thomas Schumacher—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—Chigiano Sextet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 598-2374 Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7:30.)

Chigiano Sextet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—Leonard Rose will give a cello recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 5, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Verdi Songs—The first of two concerts performed by artists of the Metropolitan Opera and the Metropolitan Opera Studio. (List Hall, Metropolitan Opera House. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 4:15. For tickets, call 582-7500.)

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a chamber-orchestra concert (conducted by George Barati, Jonathan Sternberg, Edmund Haines, and Herman Neuman, with Sheila Schonbrun, soprano), sponsored by the National Association for American Composers and Conductors. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb 12, at 3. Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 10007, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

SPORTS

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

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 6:30: San Diego vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 12-13.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 4, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2:05: Rangers vs. Detroit. (Ceremonies to mark the final athletic contest at the old Garden start at 1:15.)

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 2, at 7:15: Knights of Columbus. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 9, at 1 and 7:45: United States Track and Field Federation.

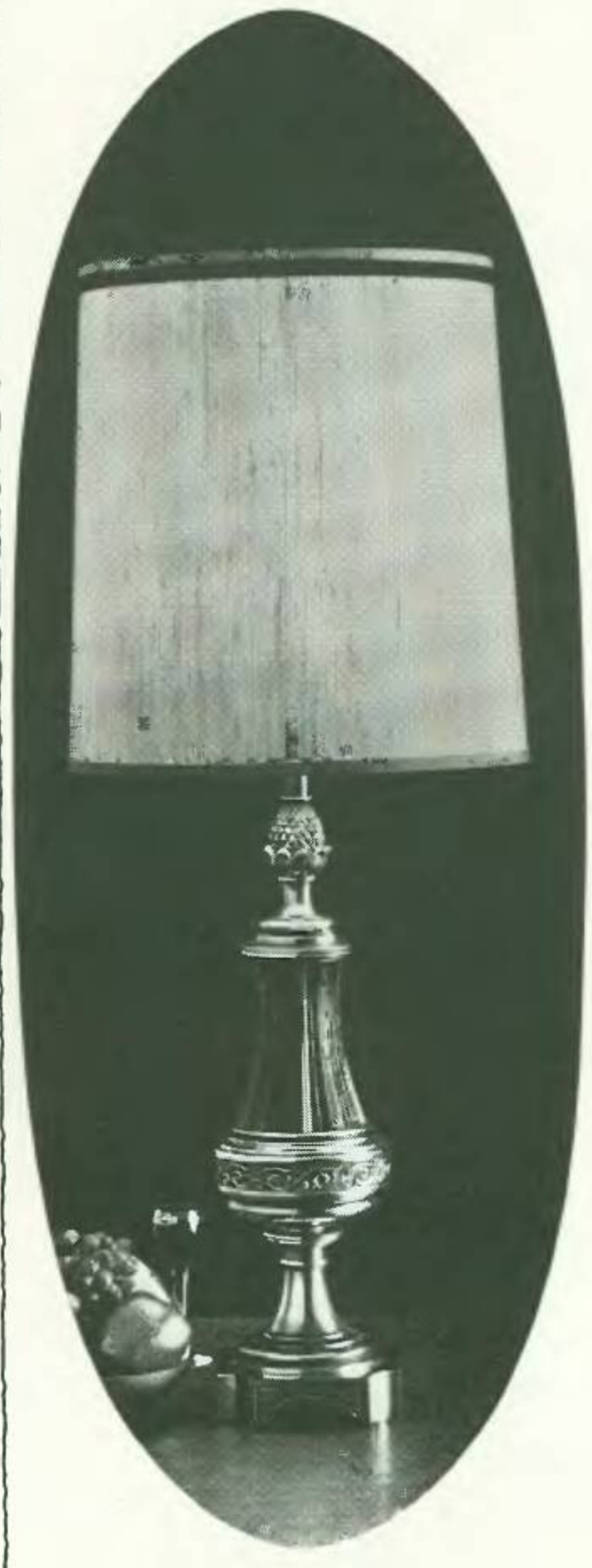
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 2. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **Little Orchestra Society**: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Janina Fialkowski, piano, and the Pickwick Puppet Theatre. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 11 and 3.). . . **Brooklyn Philharmonia**: Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2:30.)

Frula—A company of Yugoslav dancers, singers, and instrumentalists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By **Bil Baird's Marionette Theatre**: "Winnie-the-Pooh," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **Gingerbread Players & Jack**: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturdays at 1:30 and 3. . . . ¶ "The Pied Piper," Sundays at 1:30 and 3. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. For tickets, call MU 4-1230.). . . **Rose Lynch Productions**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Bye Bye Tree," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.). . . **Midas Company**: "King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Nashville Room, Hotel Taft, Seventh Ave. at 50th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 265-7577.). . . **Paper Bag Players**: "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not ad-



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mitted.)... TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30.... ¶"Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The stars of the current show are "Six Men Who Changed the Universe." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

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

CARL SANDBURG EXHIBITION—Manuscripts, books, photographs, letters, and other memorabilia of the late poet and biographer. Through Feb. 29. (Hallmark Gallery, 720 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 9.)

CAT SHOW—The chefs-d'œuvre of the Empire Cat Club. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Saturday, Feb. 3, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 4, from noon to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Feb. 2, at 10:30 and 1:45: Oriental art, including Chinese jade and other semiprecious-mineral carvings, early dynastic pottery and porcelains, Japanese prints, and Chinese paintings; the property of several collectors.... ¶Saturday, Feb. 3, at 1:45: Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes and flowers (modelled by Dorothy Doughty). English furniture, and decorations; from various owners.... ¶Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 1:45: Historical and literary Americana, from the estate of Herbert S. Auerbach and from other sources.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Feb. 1 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Flowers of St. Francis" (1949), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini.... ¶Feb. 2 at 2 and 5:30: "Les Carabiniers" (1963), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard.... ¶Feb. 3 at 11:30: Five Keystone comedies with Charlie Chaplin.... ¶Feb. 3 at 3 and 5:30: "The Barefoot Contessa" (1954), with Humphrey Bogart and Ava Gardner.... ¶Feb. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Contempt" (1963), in French; directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot and Jack Palance.... ¶Feb. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "They Live by Night" (1948), with Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell.... ¶Feb. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "Band of Outsiders" (1964), in French; directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina.... ¶Feb. 7 at 2 and 5:30: "Fanatisme" (1931), a French film, with Pola Negri and members of the Comédie-Française; no English titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At the new Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts.: Feb. 14, 17, 20, 24, and 27, and March 2, 5, 10, and 12.

BOXING—Joe Frazier vs. Buster Mathis, heavyweights, 15 rounds, and Emile Griffith vs. Nino Benvenuti, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden Center, March 4.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden Center on Feb. 18, 21, and 25, and March 2, 3, 6, 10, and 13.

RACING—At BOWIE, Md.: Feb. 12-April 20.... AQUEDUCT: March 11-May 18.

TRACK MEETS—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN CENTER: New York Athletic Club, Feb. 16.... ¶I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships, March 9.... 102ND ENGINEERS ARMORY, Broadway at 168th St.: Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events, Feb. 23.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: March 4-May 23.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 20.... NEW YORK CITY OPERA, New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): The spring season will open on Feb. 22, with Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex" and Orff's "Carmina Burana," and will run through April 21.... PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 25.... ¶Washington National Symphony, Feb. 11 and March 3.... ¶Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 13.... ¶Artur Rubinstein, piano, Feb. 14 and 23.... ¶Festival Orchestra of New York, Feb. 16.... ¶Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, Feb. 18.... ¶New York Choral Society, Feb. 18.... ¶Little Orchestra Society, Feb. 20.... ¶Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano, Feb. 25.... ¶Boston Symphony, Feb. 28 and March 1.... ¶Master Virtuosi of New York, March 8.... ¶Valery Klimov, violin, March 10.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 12, 13, 14, and 19.... ¶Helsinki Philharmonic, Feb. 16.... ¶Artur Rubinstein, piano, Feb. 18.... ¶Zadel Skolovsky, piano, Feb. 21.... ¶Orchestra da Camera, Feb. 22.... ¶Andres Segovia, classic guitarist, Feb. 24.... ¶American Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 25-26 and March 10-11.... ¶Oratorio Society of New York, Feb. 27.... ¶St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 28.... ¶Boston Symphony, Feb. 29 and March 2.... ¶Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, March 1.... ¶American Opera Society, March 6 and 13.... ¶Paris Chamber Orchestra, March 12.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, Feb. 16.... ¶Bach Aria Group, Feb. 21.... ¶Clarion Concert, Feb. 27.... ¶Narciso Yepes, classic guitarist, March 1 and 8.... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Henryk Szeryng, violin, Feb. 17.... ¶Isaac Stern, violin, March 1.... ¶Stephen Kates, cello, March 8.... HUNTER COLLEGE PLAYHOUSE (535-5350): Trio Flauto Dolce, Feb. 26.... ¶Lili Kraus, piano, Feb. 28.

BALLET—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Feb. 20-March 17.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Neil Simon's new comedy, "Plaza Suite," made up of three plays, starring George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton.... ¶A musical, "Here's Where I Belong," based on John Steinbeck's novel "East of Eden." Terrence McNally wrote the book, Robert Waldron composed the score, Alfred Uhry is responsible for the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Paul Rogers, Nancy Wickwire, and Walter McGinn.... ¶Zia Mohyeddin in "The Guide," a play by Harvey Breit and Patricia Rinehart, taken from an Indian novel.... ¶A comedy by Robert Alan Aurthur, "Carry Me Back to Morningside Heights," in which Louis Gossett, David Steinberg, and Cicely Tyson will appear.... ¶Richard Mulligan, Carolan Daniels, and Albert Paulsen are the entire cast of "The Only Game in Town," the latest play by Frank D. Gilroy.... ¶"Portrait of a Queen," a play adapted by William Francis from the letters and diaries of Queen Victoria; the cast includes Dorothy Tutin, Derek Waring, and Dennis King.... ¶The third production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center will be a revival of Giraudoux's "Tiger at the Gates," translated by Christopher Fry, with Philip Bosco and Diana Sands.... ¶Gore Vidal's comedy "Weekend." in which John Forsythe, Rosemary Murphy, and Kim Hunter have the leading roles.

OTHER DATES—National Boat Show, at the Coliseum, Feb. 10-18.... ¶Lincoln's Birthday is Monday, Feb. 12.... ¶Winter Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Feb. 14.... ¶Washington's Birthday is Thursday, Feb. 22.... ¶International Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 2-10.... ¶New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, March 4-9.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



Bedazzled—An intellectual's "Hellz-a-Poppin," full of relentlessly silly jokes, most of which work. With Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Bonnie and Clyde—In Arthur Penn's highly intelligent film, the parts of the Depression's mythic bandits are played by Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. One of the themes of the movie is the urge in criminals and assassins to use violence as a way of recording themselves. The picture is perfectly cast and edited, and it becomes touching about the dragonfly lives of two kids with no sense of reality. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Camelot—A very long and very dull musical, distinguished only by the presence of Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

China Is Near—A seventeen-year-old Maoist upsets his Socialist brother's chances for political office in this straight-faced carnal comedy written and directed by young, prodigiously talented Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Feb. 6.)

Closely Watched Trains—A tragicomedy about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. The setting is a godforsaken railway station during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown last summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

Cool Hand Luke—An inmate of a Southern prison (Paul Newman) reluctantly becomes a hero to his fellow-prisoners and so meets his doom. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660. Evening performances only on Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 3-4.)

Doctor Dolittle—If, as an adult, you *have* to go to this for the sake of your children or grandchildren, all is not lost—at one point, Rex Harrison, in the title role, sings a love song to a seal. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. The extraordinary beauty of the picture makes us forgive it its sadness. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Exterminating Angel—Directed and co-written by Luis Buñuel, inadequately acted, but still overwhelmingly interesting and comic. About a grand dinner party at which the guests mysteriously can't quit, becoming more and more lecherous, superstitious, and furious. In Spanish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Feb. 6.)

Far from the Madding Crowd—If you like Hardy, you will no doubt enjoy this faithful rendering of the grumpy yeomanry of grim old Wessex. The cast includes Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. John Schlesinger directed. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; through Feb. 6. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

The Graduate—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner—The ninth, and last, movie made by the famous team of Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. Directed by Stanley Kramer. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622. . . . ¶ Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through Feb. 6.)

How I Won the War—A pitch-black comedy about the horror of war, and perhaps also about the horror of making a movie about the horror of war. Brilliantly directed by Richard Lester, with Michael Crawford as the star. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Feb. 6.)

In Cold Blood—An altogether satisfactory translation of the Truman Capote book of a couple of years ago. Written and directed by Richard Brooks. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

A Man for All Seasons—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874. . . . ¶ Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448. On Tuesday, Feb. 6, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance.)

Reflections in a Golden Eye—A clumsy mistranslation of the McCullers novel, directed by John Huston. Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando make less than they should of the leading roles. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 6.)

Rush to Judgment—Mark Lane examining the witnesses in his posthumous defense case of Oswald. Crucial and mostly convincing testimony. Directed by Emile de Antonio, who made the McCarthy feature, "Point of Order!" (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 2-5.)

The Stranger—The Camus novel is a milestone in fiction, and, sadly, the movie version follows the original work without being able to encompass it; still, it is worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie, and directed by George Roy Hill. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Wait Until Dark—Audrey Hepburn, blind and alone in a Village apartment, pits herself against three murderous crooks. With Alan Arkin and Richard Crenna. Terence Young directed. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Feb. 7.)

The Whisperers—Edith Evans as a very old woman living alone in the industrial North of England. The physical detail of solitude and age is nobly precise. Bryan Forbes directed; Eric Portman plays her craven quitter of a husband. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

REVIVALS

Around the World in 80 Days (1956)—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144; starting Feb. 7.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Feb. 7.)

Contempt (1964)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot and Jack Palance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 1.)

Gambit (1966)—Michael Caine and Shirley MacLaine as a pair of droll scamps in a melodrama directed by Ronald Neame. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. Directed by Mr. De Sica. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 6.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 5.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Mr. Arkadin (1955)—Directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles and Michael Redgrave. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Feb. 7.)

Muriel (1963)—Directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through Feb. 3.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through Feb. 3.)

Repulsion (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 1.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. With an English narration. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Feb. 6.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Feb. 6: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," revival, Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
From Feb. 7: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**, revival.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Feb. 6: **FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.**
Feb. 7: Theatre closed.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Valley of the Dolls," Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Good, the Bad and the Ugly," Clint Eastwood.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The President's Analyst," James Coburn.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"How to Save a Marriage—and Ruin Your Life," Dean Martin, Stella Stevens.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Sebastian," Dirk Bogarde, Susannah York.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Poor Cow," Terence Stamp, Carol White.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Feb. 6: **GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.**
From Feb. 7: "The Fox," Sandy Dennis, Keir Dullea.

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

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE WHISPERERS.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French), revival.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Feb. 6: **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish); and **TO DIE IN MADRID**, revival.
From Feb. 7: **WAIT UNTIL DARK**; and "Alfie," revival, Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
COOL HAND LUKE. (Evening performances only on Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 3-4.)

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Feb. 6: **WAIT UNTIL DARK**; and "The Bobo," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.
From Feb. 7: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**, revival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Poor Cow," Terence Stamp, Carol White.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Poor Cow," Terence Stamp, Carol White.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
BEDAZZLED.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Feb. 6: **CHINA IS NEAR** (in Italian).
From Feb. 7: "Doctor Faustus," Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
IN COLD BLOOD.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 0-2717)
"491" (in Swedish).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Sebastian," Dirk Bogarde, Susannah York.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The President's Analyst," James Coburn.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 7: "Venom" (in Danish).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Good, the Bad and the Ugly," Clint Eastwood.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
COOL HAND LUKE.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 6: "The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.
From Feb. 7: To be announced.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
Through Feb. 6: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," revival, Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
From Feb. 7: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**, revival.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at La-Guardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Through Feb. 3: **MURIEL** (in French), revival; and **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival.
Feb. 4-6: "A Countess from Hong Kong," revival, Marlon Brando, Sophia Loren; and "Sullivan's Travels," revival, Veronica Lake, Joel McCrea.
Feb. 7: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," revival, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "Shock Corridor," revival, Constance Towers.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 6: **REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.**
From Feb. 7: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 5: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French), revival.
From Feb. 6: "Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator," a Yugoslavian film.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 6: "The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.
From Feb. 7: To be announced.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
GAMBIT, revival; and "Carmen, Baby," Uta Levka.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
COOL HAND LUKE.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Sebastian," Dirk Bogarde, Susannah York.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Feb. 6: "Valley of the Dolls," Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke.
From Feb. 7: "The Fox," Sandy Dennis, Keir Dullea.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS. (On Tuesday, Feb. 6, the theatre will be closed until 8:30, when there will be a benefit performance of "Doctor Faustus," with Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"The Jungle Book," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

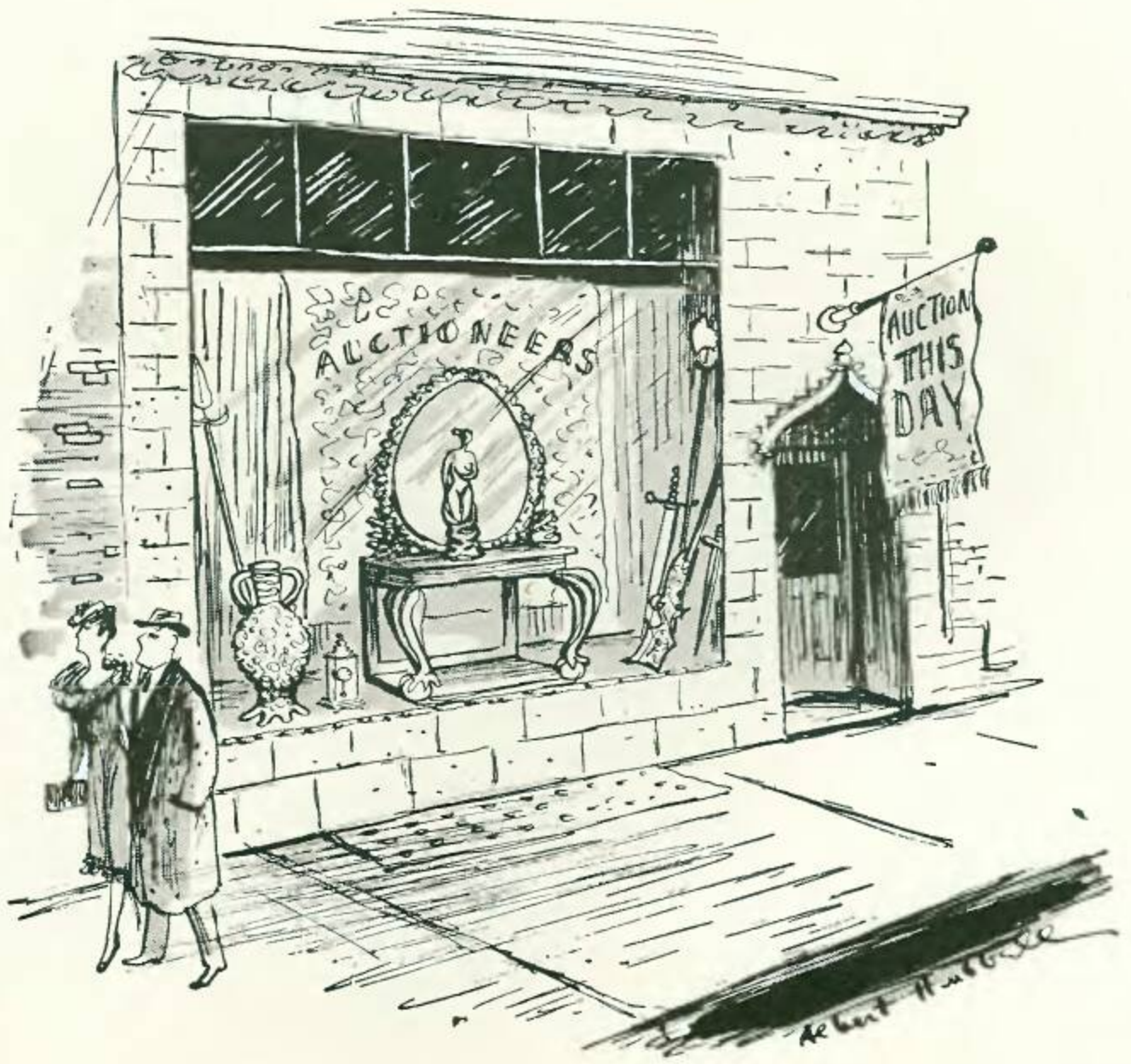
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
THE STRANGER (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 7: **MR. ARKADIN**, revival; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 6: "The Wicked Dreams of Paula Schultz," Elke Sommer, Bob Crane; and "Caprice," Doris Day, Richard Harris.
From Feb. 7: "Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds; and "The Taming of the Shrew," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 1: **REPULSION**, revival; and **CONTEMPT** (in French), revival.
Feb. 2-5: **RUSH TO JUDGMENT**; and "Eyewitness . . . North Viet Nam," revival, a documentary film.
From Feb. 6: **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "The Miller's Beautiful Wife" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 90th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 6: **HOW I WON THE WAR.**
From Feb. 7: "Smashing Time," Rita Tushingham, Lynn Redgrave.



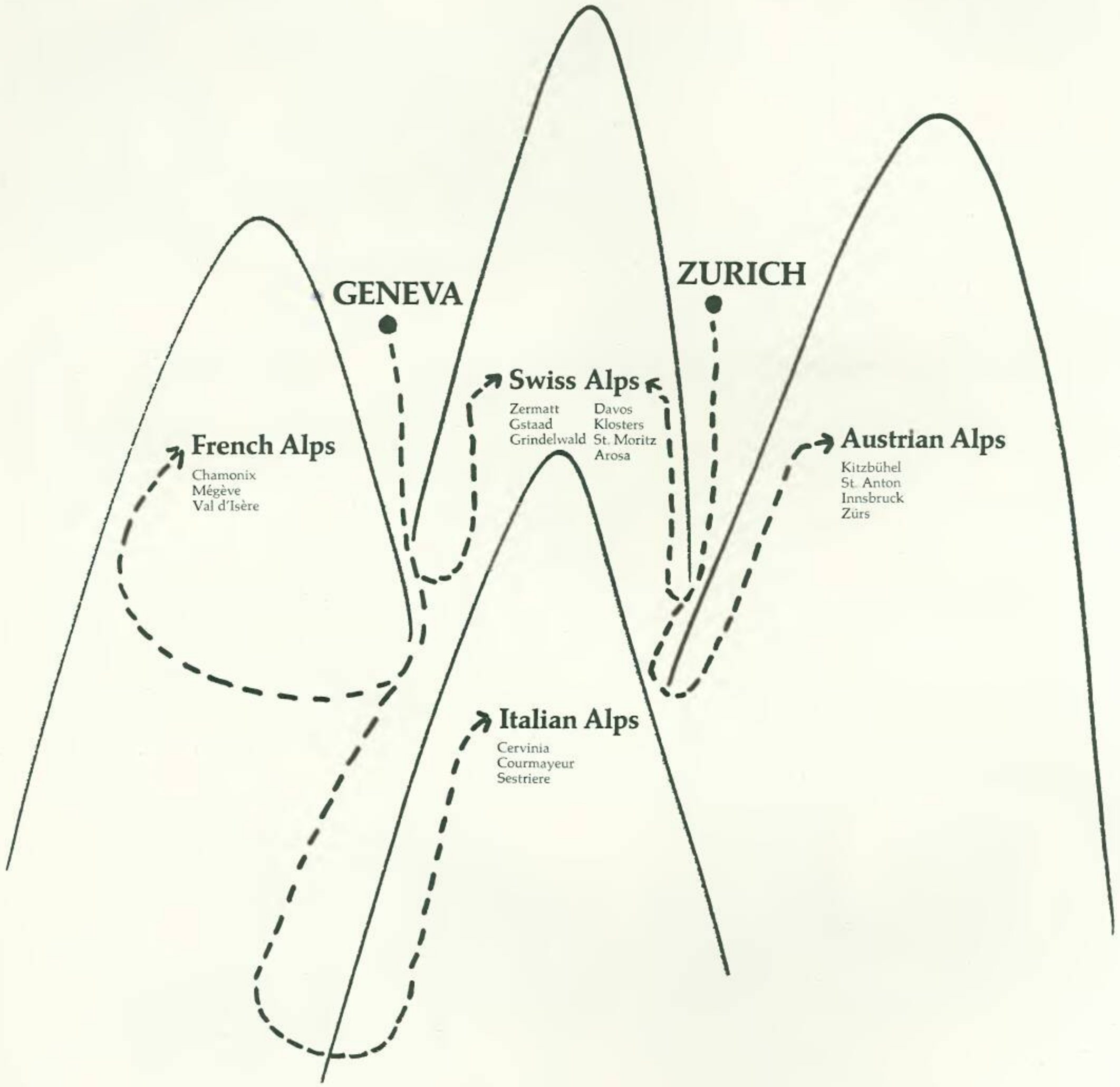


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE other day, at Carnegie Hall, eight American folk singers paid a musical tribute to the late Woody Guthrie, the Oklahoma-born balladeer who wrote more than a thousand songs about the hardships of the Depression, the ups and downs of the New Deal, the grandeur of the American landscape, and the uncertain glory of American life. Guthrie died last October, after a fifteen-year battle against Huntington's disease, a hereditary nervous disorder. Two special concerts—a Saturday matinée and an evening performance—were arranged to benefit the newly organized Committee to Combat Huntington's Disease, and it goes without saying that both concerts were sold out long in advance. Any program devoted to the music of Woody Guthrie as sung by Judy Collins, Jack Elliott, Woody's son Arlo, Richie Havens, Odetta, Tom Paxton, and Pete Seeger was certain to be a triumph. But there was still another reason for the extraordinary excitement that these events generated. By a kind of poetic coincidence, the "Tribute to Woody Guthrie" marked the return of Bob Dylan, a Guthrie disciple who had become the spokesman for a new, rock-oriented generation but had not performed in public since a near-fatal motorcycle accident in the summer of 1966. A noisy crowd of ticket-seekers jammed the sidewalk outside Carnegie Hall before the matinée performance, petitioning the more fortunate arrivals and waving twenty-dollar bills in the air as inducements—mostly in vain. Those who had tickets were holding on to them. The audience seemed divided between the older folk-song purists, some of whom had lived through the lyrics of such Guthrie songs as "Talking Dust Bowl" and "Union Maid," and the younger Dylan fans, who probably knew of Guthrie only as an "influence" from the distant, pre-rock past of their own long-haired idol. From the conversations we overheard, it seemed that half the people in the hall were afraid the other half had come for the wrong reasons; the fears of the purists were hardly allayed when the performers assembled on the stage and Dylan—his lean jaw fringed by a new, dark beard—received by far the loudest applause, mingled with a few unmistakable teenybopper shrieks. Looming ominously at the rear of the stage was a complex of electronic amplifiers, with tiny red and green lights to signal that the equipment was turned on, warmed up, and ready to blast. But Dylan sat quietly on a folding chair while the actors Robert Ryan and Will Geer read selections from Woody's vivid autobiographical writings, and while the seven other performers, making do with old-fashioned acoustical guitar or banjo, sang songs like "Oklahoma Hills," "Do Re Mi," "Vigilante Man," and "Pretty Boy Floyd"—the last with its calmly understated verse "Now as through this world I ramble/I see lots of funny men,/Some will rob you with a six-gun/And some with a fountain pen." The voice of Woody himself was heard on records, singing "Take Me Ridin' in a Car" and "Talking Dust Bowl." Then the young man with the beard stood up; the five men in his combo took their places behind him; the air was charged with electricity, metaphorical and otherwise; and he exploded with a medley of three Guthrie songs—"Grand Coulee Dam," "Mrs. Roosevelt," and "I Ain't Got No Home"—the words barely audible against the big amplified beat that rocked the hall and set the entire audience tapping and clapping and nodding. A teenybopper or two shrieked approval, here and there a purist winced, but after a few moments it was evident that everything was just fine: Woody Guthrie's songs were big enough to encompass any interpretation, and lively enough to leap the gap between the Depression generation and the affluent generation, and more. Dylan was alive and well and in splendid form again, and it was perfectly clear that all the other performers had done, each in his own way, exactly what Dylan was doing. This was not a memorial service but a celebration. Songs that survive become personal vehicles for the people who sing them, and the collaboration between the singer and the song is the essence of living folk music. Already, as the result of such creative collaboration, there was a Dylan Guthrie, a Collins Guthrie, a Seeger Guthrie, a Havens Guthrie, and the Guthrie of innumerable versions of "Hard Traveling," "Pastures of Plenty," "So Long, It's Been Good to Know You," and "This Land Is Your Land," sung by people who had never had the slightest idea that anyone named Woodrow Wilson Guthrie had anything to do with the words and music. The job of the balladeer is to transcend himself, with the help of those who come after. The future of Woody Guthrie's lifework seems to be in good hands.

Daniel Maggin

COOPER UNION, the great free art, architecture, and engineering school whose cornerstone was laid a hundred and fourteen years ago, has a new and dynamic board chairman in the person of Mr. Daniel Maggin, who succeeded Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., now the president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, last September. Mr. Maggin's other predecessors in his post have been Peter Cooper, the founder; Peter Cooper's son Edward, once Mayor of New York; John E. Parsons, a renowned corporation lawyer who donated his legal services to the Union for forty years; R. Fulton Cutting, a financier; Gano Dunn,

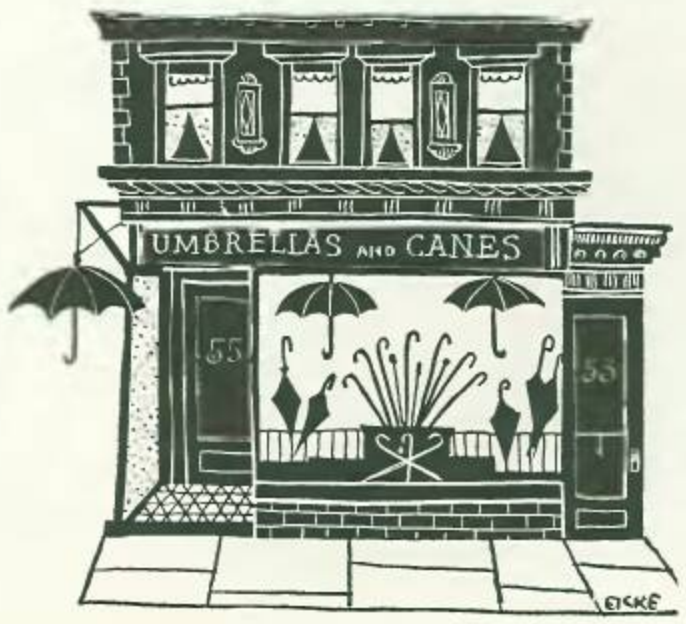
an electrical engineer (J. G. White Engineering Corporation), who was known as the most cultured engineer in town, and who listed fourteen clubs in his *Who's Who* writeup; and Irving S. Olds, chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation, and another fourteen-clubber. Mr. Maggin is the first non-Establishment figure to occupy his eminent station. He is also the first Cooper Union chief to be an old Cooper Union boy himself, having graduated from its engineering school in 1920. We met him, a big, rangy, enthusiastic man in his late sixties, at a recent lunch marking the transfer of the Cooper Union Museum to the Smithsonian Institution, and we suggested a quieter meeting, free from ceremonial clutter, whereupon he invited us to his apartment, on upper Fifth Avenue, on the site of the old Jacob H. Schiff house.

"I have an office in Rockefeller Center, but I wanted you to see my pictures," Mr. Maggin said, guiding us into a living room full of French furniture. "I began to collect books in the nineteen-thirties, but I couldn't afford paintings—other than a few minor ones—until eight years ago, when I was able to release some after-tax money from my business. I started from below zero. My father came to this country from southern Russia, near Odessa, to get away from the despotism of the Czars. He took one look at the lower East Side and beat it for Brooklyn, where he went into the cooperage business. He was a cultured man, and he had a sizable fortune for those days, but he lost it in the panic of 1907. He later went into the printing business and the wholesale confectionery business. He wasn't a success in either of them. He had six children, and there was never much money around. I wanted to get my hands on money, and I did. My wife and I had done a lot of travelling by 1960, and seen a lot of museums, and we liked the Impressionists."

Mr. Maggin began to circle the room with us in tow. "I got this Cézanne, 'The Thatched Roof at Auvers,' at the Cargill sale, in London," he said. "Cézanne gave it to Renoir. That's a Pissarro of the bridges of the Seine. The Boudin shows washerwomen. There are plenty of Boudins around, but this one is a gem. The Sisley is very delicate. This Renoir head of a young girl is typical. Here's another Pissarro—showing his daughter reading—that is unusual. . . . But here's my prize package." He indicated a Renoir titled "La Promenade en Barque," and said, "This marks the first appearance of Renoir's figures. The background is classical, but the figures are Impressionist. I always knew what I wanted in paintings. It was just a question of paying the price."

Mr. Maggin led us to the dining room. "Gustave Loiseau," he said, before a painting called "Village et Verger." "He's a second-flight Impressionist, but we don't mind that—my wife and I—because this painting is so delicate and unusual. The French countryside in the spring. This woman in the veil is a Mary Cassatt. It reminds me of my mother. Now for my books."

There was a vast wall of books, many of them boxed or in rich bindings. "They go back thirty-five years," their owner said. "I've always had a great love for reading. I'm an avid reader. When my father was in the printing business, I used to set forms for him. I've lived through a very interesting literary period. I was coming along in the seventeen-eighteen-year-old bracket when Mencken was coming along. With me, reading goes way back. When I went to the Cooper Union Engineering School, its library was completely loaded with technological subjects. They didn't satisfy me. They weren't literature. I began, later on, to collect first editions in the humanities. I'm collecting choice; I don't want a miscellany. Here's a 'Tom Jones'—the greatest novel ever written. I had to find out who the giants were, and what was interesting in their work. I now have well over five hundred first editions." He went on to show us examples in this category—"Moby Dick," "Tom Sawyer," "The Scarlet Letter," "The Red Badge of Courage," "Ulysses," "Leaves of Grass," "Hiawatha," "Zuleika Dobson," and "Vanity Fair." "I've collected from Chaucer to Whitman, and I've run my collection right into the moderns. On contemporary, it's my own guess. Jack London. Thomas Wolfe. Fitzgerald. Hemingway. James Branch Cabell. Somerset Maugham. I have Booth Tarkington's 'Seventeen' and Anita Loos's 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,' because they remind me of my youth. This is my choice—Mr. Faulkner. I think Faulkner is Number One. Joyce! You can't leave Joyce out. I think he's the greatest. Keats is easy, because there are only three Keatses, and I have them all. Hazlitt was a great guy, too—very easy to read. I'm an old Oliver Wendell Holmes man. I have ten Shakespeare quartos and two folios, and sixty Restoration plays—from Sheridan down. My Dryden is very heavy. He's a great guy, for my money. I'm very complete in Shaw. Yeats! You wouldn't want to leave Yeats out. I've got quite a bit of Yeats. Here's 'The Faerie Queene'—1590. Sir Edmund Gosse's copy. I've gone all over the lot on Whitman. He's my favorite poet by far. I really dig this guy. He lived where I lived, in Brooklyn. I found a kind of rapport. So I've dug him very much. When I went to engineering school, I rode the trolley and subway home every night to Brooklyn. Those four years were the toughest years of my life for work. The tuition was free, but to make pocket money I took the job of checking the faculty in at night. Kids weren't pampered then. There were no electives. You had to take physics and math. Dr. Charles R. Richards was head of the school. He was a typical Yank from Boston. He often visited Europe. He was a great collector of art objects. He was a friend of Nicholas Murray Butler and a member of the Century Club. He was a great influence on me. This is what I'd like to be like, I thought. This has been my life. Collecting books has given me immeasurable pleasure. My son, Donald, is very social-minded. He doesn't care about chasing the dollar. Honestly, if all my books dropped in the river tomorrow I'd have got my money's worth."



We asked Mr. Maggin about *his* chase of the dollar, and he said, "Well, I graduated from Cooper Union and had some miscellaneous engineering jobs. They were too confining. I wanted to go into the marketplace. Industrial compensation insurance was just coming in. I joined a staff of twenty-five to make an industrial survey in terms of hazards. I travelled all over the United States for the National Board of Underwriters, looking at everything from steel mills and copper mines to shipyards and packing plants, in order to determine insurance rates. Then I spent a dozen years with in-

surance companies. In 1933, in the Depression, they collapsed. I really got a blood bath. In 1936, I was fortunate enough to bring a Pennsylvania insurance company out of liquidation and receive a forty-five-thousand-dollar fee. I opened my own insurance office on William Street. I made twenty-six thousand dollars more that year. I was on the way, but I decided I couldn't make money in insurance—remainder money, that is. So I started to make some capital money—what is commonly known as getting a stake. In 1940, a friend and I bought control of the Durham Manufacturing Company, in Muncie, Indiana—a sheet-metal factory, which we converted into an arsenal for the Army and the Navy. The number of our employees grew from a hundred and twenty-five to twenty-eight hundred. We sold out in August, 1942, and I came back to New York. Now my stake was bigger. I started looking for a firm with a product that would sell from New York to California. I found the York Safe & Lock Co. In 1944, I bought a minority position in Diebold, Inc., of Canton, Ohio, which was merged with York in 1946. In 1951, I became chairman of the board of Diebold. It makes bank vaults, protection equipment, pneumatic tubes and conveyors, and automated filing equipment. It was doing a business of two million dollars a year when I bought into it. It was in financial jeopardy. This year, we'll do between ninety million and ninety-five million dollars. We've had a series of mergers. We have five thousand employees spread across the country. The stock is selling in the thirties, and I've got a bit of it. All my eggs are in one basket. That's my business picture."

"What about the Cooper Union picture?" we asked.

"I'd gone to a couple of alumni meetings," Mr. Maggin replied, "and in 1958, when the Union bought some property for a modern Engineering School building, a classmate called on me and asked me for five thousand dollars toward it. 'I'll give twenty-five thousand,' I said. Dr. Edwin S. Burdell, who was then president of the Union, came running up. They'd found somebody! I managed the financing of a Cooper Union centennial supplement to the Sunday *Times Magazine*—the place opened in 1859—and the Alumni Association gave me the Gano Dunn Medal for professional achievement. In 1962, Irving Olds asked me to go on the board. Well, the first few months, a new trustee is supposed to sit there and keep quiet, but I started to push. I'm impatient with the status quo. You don't find me standing still. I get terribly bored and tired when I'm not doing something. I felt that we shouldn't send out just straight engineers but rounded people. Our students come from the top ten per cent of the high schools, but they're mostly poor. We started improving the humanities courses. They are now fifteen per cent of the curriculum. I would like them to be twenty-five per cent. I want to put an intellectual spark in



"I'm sure the young Eisenhower boy and that Nixon girl don't smoke anything strange."

our students. This is my crusade in life. We're surrounded by hippies, down on Astor Place. We're working on plans for a new building, with Ulrich Franzen as architect, on property that we've assembled at Astor Place and Fourth Avenue, opposite the Foundation Building. The new building will make it possible to enlarge the School of Art and Architecture, which has three floors in the Foundation Building now. It will have four more there. The new building will create a new library and make a new home for the Department of Humanities. It will have a cafeteria, and a roof garden for seminars. It will cost around five million dollars. We are also planning a two-hundred-and-fifty-room dormitory, for a starter—a lot of our students come from Jersey, Long Island, and Westchester—and a gymnasium and a pedestrian mall. We'll have to close Fourth Avenue between Astor Place and Seventh Street. We've been working with the city on that. We want to have the amenities, which we haven't had. I'd like to have a little campus on Astor Place. This is my answer to the hippies. This is my dream, and I'm prepared to give a good part of my worldly goods toward it. We hope to have an oasis of culture in a terrible neighborhood."

Commercial

THE season of commercial parties is flourishing, and we've taken in a few. A sortie to the Park Avenue studio of Raymond Loewy/William Snaith, industrial designers, where the host was the Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation, of Louisville, Kentucky, yielded a stimulating view of a busy bar full of whiskey bottles, and a great array of *other* bottles, not in use—mostly Old Forester and Old Bushmill's—and mounted on white cardboard pedestals. A Brown-Forman spokesman pressed a drink on us and explained that these were designed by the Loewy firm, and that the idea was to get the customer to recognize a familiar form. "Form and design are as much a marketing communication as advertising or salesmanship," he said. "If you see a Coke bottle, it doesn't have to say 'Coke' to make you think of Coke. We've taken some of our decanters, stripped them of their labels and painted them white, and shown them here."

The spokesman led us to Mr. Loewy's office, where we were introduced to Mr. Loewy, and where eight white decanters of varied design stood on a shelf. "This is the Jane Russell," Mr. Loewy said, indicating a womanly-looking bottle. "We put Old Forester hundred-proof in it. It was designed in 1953, after Miss Russell's movie 'The Las Vegas Story.' Here's our Colonial, a blend of Early American glass with a modern adaptation—for Old Forester."

We turned from this sepulchral display to Mr. Loewy, who reached down to the floor and picked up an attractive framed abstraction. "It's the result of our designers' spraying for three or four weeks while they were painting various objects," he said. "The design is purely accidental. I took it to a framer, and he said, 'What a lovely Kandinsky!' Would you like to walk through the studio?" He led us to an enormous room that contained a hundred or more drafting tables littered with thousands of plans, and said, "We have almost two hundred people in the shop. I designed the exterior graphics of Air Force One, the Presidential jet, and I did the Kennedy memorial stamp, at Mrs. Kennedy's request. I have another company in Paris, designing for the European market."

We examined sketches for helicopters, subway cars, a marina, and department stores, and paused before a bunch of what looked like chocolate cookies. "Models," Mr. Loewy said. "We help the National Biscuit Company with their cookies. We like things simple. Chaste. As plain as possible."

Real chocolate was featured at our next business entertainment—a Yoo-Hoo Chocolate Beverage party in the Barberry Room of the Hotel Berkshire, at which the virtues of "a new 'first' in the soft-drink field" were being paraded by the Yoo-Hoo Chocolate Beverage Company, of Carlstadt, New Jersey. This novelty consisted of four types of high-protein drinks, suitable for various parts of the world. "According to John W. Chancellor, in a Huntley-Brinkley Report, there's something evil in the world and it's called malnutrition," Dr. Max Geller, Yoo-Hoo's president, said in a speech



"But, Paul, is anybody ever really happy?"



"You know that artificial virus we created? I think I've caught it."

he made while his guests partook of non-Yoo-Hoo drinks that were available. "According to Orville Freeman, the Secretary of Agriculture, 'a tentative goal of one billion more cups of protein beverage per day by 1970 might be appropriate.' Well, we wanted to make a very important contribution to the war on hunger, apart from the profit motive, and we had the exclusive know-how in the high-quality-protein field, thanks to Yoo-Hoo, which has been around for nearly forty years. Milk solids are the key. In countries where there's enough milk, the drink will be entirely milk-based, but it can also consist of milk and soy protein, milk and fish protein, or milk with soy *and* fish protein, depending on the area. It comes in different flavors—chocolate, strawberry, coconut, and so on. To produce it, we have two big machines—Webster hydrostatic sterilizers—and we have just extended the distribution rights to this machine from the United States to the whole world, so as to make an annual output of four million cases possible. The machine sterilizes the milk at a temperature of two hundred and forty-six degrees Fahrenheit, so the drink needs no refrigeration as long as the bottle or can is closed."

"We've been working on this for a year and a half," Dr. Eric Hotelling, Yoo-Hoo's research vice-president, said to us later. "The drink is three point three per cent protein—the same as whole milk. We think it tastes better than milk. It's shelf-stable forever."

We asked how much protein ordinary Yoo-Hoo has, and he said, "Two point two per cent. Some babies who can't drink milk can drink it."

"No reason for people to go to bed hungry anymore," President Geller said, and, after going to bed, we attended the Grand Opening of the Camelot Restaurant, at Seventy-third Street and Third Avenue. There, in a castlelike interior with walnut panelling and stained-glass windows, we chatted with a gorgeous stationary model who was wearing a gown that she said came from the movie for which the restaurant was named. "I think I'm supposed to be Queen Guenevere," she said. "I generally live in Bermuda." We pushed on through a milling crowd to a gorgeous buffet, featuring prime ribs of beef, and sat down at a small table. A trio was playing "If Ever I Would Leave You." "They are creating a certain amount of atmosphere—no doubt about that," one of our neighbors, a male, said. "Have you seen the kitchen? It's all tile, for sanitary reasons."

We got up and approached another medievally clad model who seemed to be rooted to one spot. "I'm a lady in waiting," she told us. "I'm not allowed to move around." A male Camelot representative joined us, and the lady in waiting bent a piteous expression on him. "Can I have a break soon?" she asked. "I've been standing here an hour and a half." He told her to change places with Queen Guenevere, who was about a hundred feet away, and said to us, "We're having four hundred people here today. Shelley Winters will be here in five minutes. Eva Gabor is coming, and so is the Knickerbocker basketball team. We wanted our première to coincide with that of the picture 'Camelot,' but we're two months late. Construction problems. Our prime ribs are cooked in large iron pans with a thick layer of highly refined rock salt. This distributes the heat evenly and retains the rich beef juices." The Camelot man handed us a crested, scroll-like menu printed on simulated parchment, from which we learned that we had just partaken of a "King Arthur Cut. A hearty cut not recommended for the fair maiden. . . 5.95."

We presently wound up our tour at a Doggie Gourmet Luncheon, at the Voisin Restaurant, whose host was Voilà Foods for Pets, of New Rochelle. A can of French Beef Burgundy was heated in a chafing dish and served to a Chihuahua called Delilah, who was held up by her owner, Mrs. Xavier Cugat. Television cameras ground away as Delilah, her eyes protected by sunglasses, eagerly lapped her lunch from Mrs. Cugat's hand. Next, a small Boston terrier gobbled some Irish Beef Kidney Stew from a fork held by a TV interviewer, who thereupon took a bite himself and nodded appreciatively. The terrier was followed by a large, enthusiastic collie, who greedily disposed of the contents of several cans. "As there are no leftovers, the use of Voilà dog foods eliminates the necessity of storing open cans in the refrigerator," Mr. Seymour Rosen, Voilà's president, said, turning our thoughts back to Yoo-Hoo. "The pleasing aroma not only appeals to the housewife but has pets running to savor the delicious contents of each can."

We ran to a pleasing human buffet of shrimps à la Newburg and beef Stroganoff. "It's 'Voilà'—*not* 'Viola.' I don't know what it means," a man near us said.

KNOWN FOR HER FRANKNESS

"WHAT *are* dialectics?" said Anthony, looking for his agent's kit bag and makeup case on the baggage trolley at Frankfurt Airport and speaking with as much truculence as he could ever muster.

Maud tapped her cigar and said, "You mean what *is* dialectics. I predict that the car will crash. Then I drive it at a brick wall. The car crashes. I am right."

"Ah."

"Though properly understood, dialectics is the muscle of the drama."

Anthony still wondered if it shouldn't be "are the muscle." No: "The wages of sin *is* death." But no one would actually ever say such a thing. Though that wasn't entirely true, for Maud would, and she would probably even bring it off. To have the character to give sanction to grammar—phew! Maud talked with a mixture of pedantry and horse sense that impressed him as singular and forcible. Sometimes he tried to catch her style in scraps of speech that he wrote down in a notebook, because she had often told him to listen to the way strangers talked and to keep a record of conversations overheard in the Underground. But for reasons that he took to be his own error in transcription, anything that he pilfered straight from life never sounded convincing. She could make him doubt most things about himself, but not the accuracy of his ear. He might put down until kingdom come the dully literal truth of the way she talked, but when it was written out it was clearly not credible, except maybe as the English of Nkrumah, or of an Eskimo who had studied the language by gramophone record.

Her style on paper, in her manuals about how to write, was rather different. It was terse and practical, a little like a dog trainer's. In the quiet of his own skull he called it manly, but he would never have used such a word to her, not only because she was privately decorous but also because the way she talked about her children made him sense that she dreaded being thought lesbian. The blight she cast on his work was something he didn't care to inspect, for she certainly wished him well. Before she had taken him over, he must have written too easily. Then he read a textbook of hers about the craft of the dramatist and it had stopped him from showing her anything for a year. There was a chapter in it titled "So You Think You're Chekhov." The very thought had crossed his mind only the day before, when he contemplated giving up doctoring, as she kept telling him to. He felt appalled at her insight, and at his own cheek. There was another chapter called "Study Your Market, Not Your Navel."

"I'd like something to drink," she said while he was putting the luggage together.

He spoke to the porters in English, because he was trying to forget that he had spent the first ten years of his life in Berlin.

"Practice your German," she said.

In the airport restaurant, he asked her what she would like.

"A plain soda water. With ice."

"It seems to be all beer," he said after reading the menu for a long time. "They don't give you any alternatives. How German."

"*An* alternative. They don't seem to give you *an* alternative. There can never be more than one alternative. *Alter*, *alter*—one of two."

"Aren't you feeling well? No, I didn't mean— I meant about wanting soda water?"

"Aeroplane food is inspissating. My tongue feels like a rug. We ate better in Hall at Oxford." The days of reading philosophy, politics, and economics, called P.P.E., came up a good deal. "I've just sold a comedy of Philip's about air travel," she said. "It's ill-executed, I'm afraid. My fault. It was my topic. I gave it away to the wrong person. No, I correct myself: for the wrong reason. I'd hoped to get the poor man writing again. But he's sold out. My God, he's sold out. Still, I suppose the play's commercially viable. Everyone abominates air travel, though they all do it. What a travesty of Mary Wortley Montagu." She ran a comb through her cropped hair.

"It's awfully good of you to have come with me," he said, feeling he should apologize for something, and kicking as powerfully as possible against the fancy that he was Philip.

"It's a poor play. I hate it, frankly."

He remembered a girl he had known once who used to say "*franchement*" whenever she meant "frankly"—rather a soupy girl, and far from frank, but consoling all the same on despairing Sundays, and she had made beautiful casseroles.

"Philip hasn't written a real play for four years," Maud said, looking round for the waiter. "I've told him so perfectly frankly. He's funking it."

"I must get you your soda water."

"It looks to me as if there's some system of getting service that you don't grasp."

"No, I don't think so. Really? Oh." He floundered, and then clicked his fingers, doing it hesitantly, because it seemed like the worst of the British raj in India. But no one can click his fingers hesitantly.

"Why don't you shout something to him?"

"I hadn't realized how much I was going to hate speaking German again."

She snorted. "You mustn't funk it. Once you get over it, *there's* your play."

"Two soda waters with ice, please," he said eventually to a waiter who looked like Himmler.

"It is absolutely forbidden to have soda except with whiskey," Himmler said.

"Two coffees, then," Anthony said in German, trying a grin to rinse out the sounds in his mouth.

"What's happening?" Maud asked. "Why are you laughing?"

"He says it is absolutely forbidden to have soda except with whiskey. It's so German, that's all. It's exactly what I remember." Kindergarten in Berlin in 1936. Special Jewish kindergarten. His Jewish mother pretending there was nothing special about it at all, and pouring chicken soup with barley down his throat.

Maud made a swatting gesture against his amusement. "Why didn't you ask for Perrier water, then?" she said. "They must surely possess Perrier water."

"I wonder if you have Perrier water," Anthony said. "Or Pellegrino?"

"Mineral water," said the waiter. "You have to have."

"Is the mineral water still





"Please, not now! I'm heavily in I.B.M. for the long pull."

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or sparkling?" Anthony asked, trying to foresee snags. In his consulting room he was good at it.

"Yes," the waiter said.

"What?" Maud said.

"He says mineral water we have to have," Anthony said. "I mean, we have to have mineral water." He laughed again, without looking forward to a thing.

"I hope it's sparkling," Maud said. "Surely mineral water's *bound* to be still. They must have *something* sparkling. *Something* like soda."

"Soda is absolutely forbidden except with whiskey," the waiter said. "Because it is permitted only to charge a profit of sixty pfennigs if soda is served with whiskey."

Anthony started to translate this, out of an inability to do anything else with it, and when he turned round again the waiter had disappeared. There was a silence of a sort that he knew very well. It seemed especially designed to give weight to his ineptitudes, lending a ridiculous dignity in space to what he had screwed up, like making a free-hanging sculpture of a broken egg whisk.

Maud salvaged him as usual by noticing nothing, and he mistakenly respected her instinct for dealing with his doldrums. She went on talking strongly, attacking Philip's decline as a playwright, the way he had compromised and run dry by doing translations and hack comedies. And once he had been at *Oxford*, she said. He had got a *Double First*. In *P.P.E.*

Then the waiter came back, with two glasses of soda. "I have brought you what you absolutely insisted upon having," he said.

"What's he saying now? He's brought the soda perfectly agreeably. You must have misunderstood him. Your German can't be as fluent as you think."

"He did say one couldn't . . ." Anthony said. But the next thing to be said was "Thank you very much" in German, as quickly as possible. No point in behaving like some second German. But he *was* German, of course. Ex-German, rather. Jewish. A Londoner. A doctor. A future playwright. No, a playwright already, by gum. ("So You Think You're Chekhov.") He thought with envy of the young locum doctor standing in for him at home, seeing his patients at this very moment, and then he thought of his ex-wife, and his ex-cat, which used to sleep on their bed, and then with interest and longing of flukes, the flukes of absorption that can at least put the unforgettable at some merciful remove.

The waiter set down the glasses, saying, "It should be entirely forbidden."

Maud smiled at the man, which struck Anthony as expedient of her, and said to Anthony, "How do I say thank you?"

"I've said it already," Anthony said.

She ignored it. "He's been charming," she said. "I'm afraid you've been churlish. It's understandable, of course, with your history."

They went out through a door that was marked "Hours of Opening: 08.00 to 23.59." Anthony laughed again, at which Maud felt curious while her face stone-walled. It was a habit of disguise that she recognized as costly but could not be rid of. The waiter bawled at them triumphantly and kicked the door with his shoe to point out another notice, which said in English "No Passing."

"No passing," Maud said. "Even I can read that."

"No *passing!*" Anthony laughed again in some torment. "*Everything* brings—brings things back." When words ran as thin on him as this, he sometimes managed to suppose that it meant he was unconsciously saving them to write with. But generally it was plain to him that the cause was his familiar and wringing insufficiency.

"You mustn't get subjective," Maud said. "Don't investigate *your* troubles. People don't want to hear about that. See it *their* way."

He was starting to feel like a bundle of notes about himself in a case-history folder in hospital, one of the folders labelled "NOT TO BE HANDLED BY PATIENT."

IN Berlin his past rose to his teeth. Maud had put him into a small hotel near the street where he was born, telling him to absorb the atmosphere. He was supposed to be germinating a television program for her, on her own topic, about the conscience of an escaped East Berliner. She had told him she was fed up with plays about love—which she spelled out "l-u-v" as if she were saying "b-e-d" to another grownup in front of a child who might be going to throw a tantrum—and that she wanted to hear about some public issues for a change. Sick with longing for his wife, Diana, and worn out with the public issues of doctoring that had

apparently lost her to him, he had agreed.

He tried to think about the Wall. He could see the passion of the theme, but its substance eluded him. He was in the grip of more personal and random emotions. After a few days in his efficient hotel bedroom, the rage and shame of having any connection with West Berlin passed into glassy remorse. He felt more like a hole in the air than ever, and began also to feel frighteningly stupid. He could have stuck pins into himself and it would have taken ten seconds for his body to complain. He slept ten or twelve hours a day and didn't answer Maud when she telephoned. This was the furtiveness that could become fear: not owning up to a language he spoke, smuggling sausages into his bedroom, pretending he was out, plaguing the porters for a letter from his wife when he knew she didn't know where he was. He began to have the spy's terror, the terror caused by one's own silence. He saw Maud once in the Kurfürstendamm, eating alone in a café and looking a little desolate, with a stack of coins already piled beside her plate although her meal had only just come. Instead of keeping her company he dodged into a doorway to watch her. She had ordered no wine. Perhaps her money was running out. In the middle of eating she got up to telephone. He thought her not easily distinguishable from the Berlin women, with their detestable white felt bowler hats, who still looked much as George Grosz had drawn them thirty-five years ago. But there was also something isolated about her, and the battered mannish briefcase against the leg of her chair was touching. She came back from the telephone booth quickly, looking distracted. When he got to the hotel, she had left another message. "Please telephone back urgently any time until 4 A.M."

He felt like a pursued husband, though not like any husband that he had ever been himself. In his own life it had always been he who was the supplicant, telephoning Diana from call boxes on his rounds in the hope of closing some nagging gap of intimacy left at breakfast, and always having to hide the agony of dread that her casualness could cause him for fear of the danger of irritating her. She was never in now when he tried to make contact with her. Nor had she answered messages through friends, and she had written to him only twice in his makeshift London digs—once to say she hoped he was well, and once about some dry cleaning. He couldn't even put together a picture of her day any longer, because she hadn't allowed him to see the Bloomsbury rooms where she lived, though he had mooned by them in his car often enough, at the starts of many nights doomed to reveries of longing and revenge. He spent the black hours best in the writing of hopelessly happy propositions to her that he kept for comfort in a drawer, as if they were love letters received from her instead of dead ones from himself that he saw no good in posting. His memory of her became dulled and blocked, a stalemate of the imagination that began to have the taste of sloth and suicide, like the evil torpor that can ensue from spending night after night without a dream. When he finally had a nightmare about the loss of her, at least it supplied him with a landscape to imagine her in again; there was some spasm of life in that, he supposed.

MAUD caught him in the doorway of his hotel one evening. "You never ring me back," she said.

"I have tried. You've been out."

"There were never any messages."

"You know what hotels are like."

"I was concerned about you."

"I'm all right."

"I don't like not knowing what you're doing. Are you working?"

The muscles under her eyelids clenched, and the skin on the bone of her forehead moved back like the hood of a snake. Was she angry? Something else.

"I must talk to you," she said. "Otherwise there's no point in my being in Berlin at all."

"I thought you were here for lots of other reasons as well. You said you had to come anyway."

"Are you getting somewhere with the script?"

"I'm doing my puny best."

"Is it coming along?"

He felt precisely as if he were hiding something from her.

"Am I going to be pleased with it?" She pursued him to the porter's desk.

"There's nothing." What on earth had made him say that? He sounded as if he were denying an affair. That was what it felt like. Yet all he was doing was not writing, and missing his lawful wife. He was in the middle of more grief than he could deal with, yet he was piling onto it the commonplace misery of subterfuge, as if he had to protect some clandestine happiness that didn't even exist.

To shake off the mood of secrecy, he took her out. The balance of power must have shifted between them, because he had a few glittering moments of objectivity about her as well as the old nuzzling gratitude of some broken-kneed dray horse. For once, too, she seemed to want him to order, and to pay the bill.

"Here's to your play," she said when they had decided to have another brandy. "The play of public conscience."

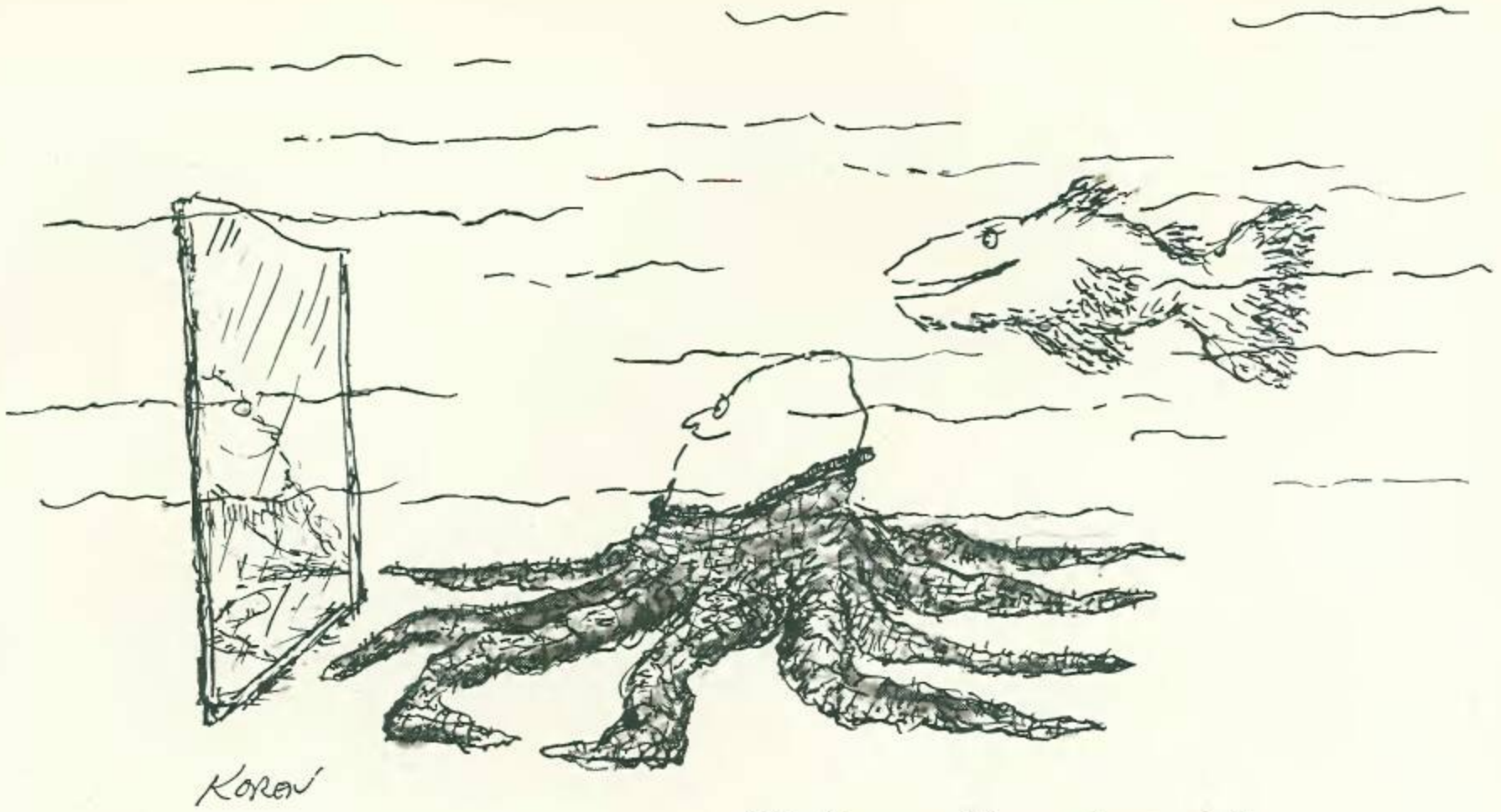
"I don't know about that."

"A reprieve from the telly of l-u-v."

"I feel in more of a muddle about politics every moment."

"Not 'muddle.' At





"It fits you like a glove, sir."

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least dignify it as ambiguity."

She was quite handsome in her own brazen key. He had had too much brandy, and he suddenly thought that her face looked like a Buick. To make up for the unkindness, he made a bad and nervous joke. She responded, not laughing but sucking in her cheeks like a man blowing onto his hands in cold weather. He saw himself as a buffoon with nasty reserves of observation, a man with goonish spectacles clamped round his ears and perfidy in his guts, and he felt so appalled by his mistrust of an old friend who must surely be taken for an ally that he tried as fast as possible to invent some headway on the project about Berlin.

"You're lying to me," she said.

"I don't know what you mean." It was like a B feature about a married row.

"You haven't written a line." All he had written, she knew, were letters to his ex-wife in his head; she could smell it. "You're unhappy. You're obsessed with Diana, aren't you?"

"No. Yes. I can't help it, anyway. Why should I?"

"You do extend a prodigious welcome to ghosts."

"Anyway, I have written quite a lot," he lied, in splendid good heat.

"*Really*."

"Quite a bit. I think it's going to be a comedy."

"You've never written a comedy. It's not a very promising subject for humor." She checked herself. "Well, it's a daring idea. I believe in you, you know." Because she had been aggressive again, she pulled out her wallet and showed him photographs of the children.

He had invented the idea of the comedy at that moment, and to prove it he had to offer her a joke in evidence. "I'm going to put in a few of those brutal German proverbs that don't mean anything. Like 'A hungry belly has no ears.'"

She started to say that to her this sounded more like Khrushchev, and then stopped herself again; the line was so clearly a proffering of comfort. He was surely telling her the truth, surely, with that playful-sounding promise of a comedy about the Wall. "You mustn't be unhappy," she said with an edge. Every punishing sense she possessed told her that he was going to write about his wife.

"I do try not to be."

She put on an adopted cozy accent to make him laugh, but she was no mimic and the effort was arthritic. "It's all in the mind."

"I know, but that's where I have to live." He smoked a cigarette and looked at her stubbly hair and bought her another brandy. "I can't think of a toast," he said. "Never mind the blessed television. Here's to—oh, all the other writers you look after. Here's to Philip."

"Have you ever heard of the Slavonic banquet?" she said. "It's a Polish image for the Russian method of killing off the inconvenient. The Russians invite any dangerous questioners to a sumptuous feast, and during the embraces and the toasts the guests are quietly poisoned."

"What do you mean by that? You don't mean that *you're* the guest?"

She made no answer.

"What do I do?" he said later, very drunk.

"There's nothing to do."

Next day, she sent him a huge parcel of books about Germany. She also enclosed a little leather-bound copy of Heine's love poetry, with a jocular luggage label on it that read, "This is *not* what you are writing about!!!" There was a plain white card inside as well, saying, "Only the artist realizes that some of us exert a Homeric effort simply to behave ordinarily," but she had translated her declaration to him into Latin in a self-defeating impulse to disown it, and he never troubled to puzzle it out.

He read some of the German books, soothed by her solicitude and fancying for a time that he really was being impregnated with ideas about the Wall. He felt like a potato in the soil dreaming of the vodka that was to be made of it. Then the endless writing of love letters in his head crashed through the barrier into fiction, and he put his fierce lament for a fled wife onto paper.

MAUD waited patiently for him to finish, with only a sliver of dread, and they came back together to London. They did the second half of the journey by train. The compartment was filled by two middle-aged German couples with a sticky and unhappy child. Both couples mysteriously spoke in English, with heavy accents. The jolliness of the return was very unlike the thorny wood of the journey out. Maud was buoyant with complicity, and Anthony robust because he was free of his work.

"Would you like a cup of coffee?" he said to her at a station, and she grinned at him over the cardboard beaker, holding it with both hands.

One of the Germans, wearing a surprising black-and-white checked cloth cap, made an operation out of buying coffee through the window, and held up the train while he got a missing straw. "I took up the cups of coffee, *five* cups, and they give me only *four* straws, not five," he explained carefully. He drew in his breath sharply and gave the change to his wife, who put it into a double-clasped purse, which was then hidden in the inner

pocket of a locked handbag. He watched the method anxiously.

"Now we got to wash up our fingers and later we eat," said the second man, when he had collected the paper cups and straws.

"We might go and have lunch," Anthony said to Maud, looking at the preparations for eating in the compartment—napkins tucked into shirt collars, laps spread with paper bags. The code of agreement he assumed gave Maud pleasure.

When they came back an hour and a quarter later, the meal seemed scarcely begun.

"I got here tongue as well," the man in the checked cap was saying. "Tongue. I have various packets. These our sister-in-law put in. And the tin of milk. And a plum. And a peach."

"A straw for the tea," said the second man, pouring from a thermos.

"No."

"No?"

"No."

"Sugar?"

"No sugar."

"I take sugar never either."

"I without milk take it also."

"Have a cigarette," Anthony said to Maud.

"Thank you," Maud said.

"I haven't got anything to read."

"I'm not sure that I could concentrate," she said, as near to humor as he had ever seen her.

He wondered whether to give her his typescript to read. Perhaps she really wouldn't be able to concentrate. Yet he badly wanted a response to it. He thought it might be good.

"We will real Americans be and with our hands chicken eat," the second man said. He had kept on his hat. It was a brown derby, worn straight on the head without an air. "One half of a gherkin," he said, unwrapping a small thin package in disgust. "What can you do with one half of a gherkin?" He flapped it like a galosh.

"Would you like to read the blessed typescript?" Anthony asked.

"Are you sure?"

"I'd like you to."

He found it an impossible spectacle to watch, and walked up and down the corridor for nearly two hours. He thought it unlikely she would be influenced by the disappointment he had dealt to her plan for a play about the Wall. She was too generous an agent for that.

"Sorry about no Berlin," he said when he finally returned to the compartment.

"You can't be held responsible for your distaste for politics, I suppose." She had her fingers awkwardly in five or six places in the typescript.

"Are those parts that worry you?"

She pulled her fingers out quickly. "Things that struck me."

"Struck you how?"

One of the German men undid yet another thermos and offered Maud some chocolate in a cup, with a straw. She shook her head. The smell in the compartment was nauseating.

"How is the strudel consisted?" one of the women asked.

"Come into the corridor," Maud said. Her dislike and fear of the typescript burned in her head. This couldn't be jealousy, she told herself. No. More like ordinary disappointment, multiplied to a point that was nearly unbearable. "The blow fell with the merciless swiftness of all misfortune"—it was someone else's line, a client's presumably. "My dear boy," she said, lighting a cigar. "I'm probably not fitted to speak about this."

"Why?"

"Knowing your circumstances."

"What?"

"Your Diana."

"It's not autobiographical."

"No. The power of feeling is."

"That makes it sound good."

"Do you want me to speak frankly?"

"Of course."

"I think you shouldn't give up doctoring. I think there's less disappointment in it for you than in writing."

"What are you trying to say? That you think it's awful?"

She was silent.

"You're just peeved that it's not



HIGH WIND AT THE BATTERY

The corner bank has lost a great window.
Pete's lunch counter has shattered glass
sitting in its booths.
All the flags are straining horizontally
and the huge crane at Water Street is nodding

because down here at the toe-end of Manhattan
the February winds are howling,
having left the Plain States a few days ago
but not the least bit tired from the trip.

Feeling none too safe in my loft
tucked between tall buildings,
I look up quickly at each shudder of a window,
at every lash of the loose aerial against the glass.

The pigeons, whose roaring coos wake
me up all the time, are keeping quiet
and nervous in several corners. There are
a couple of them outside my bathroom not even
being sexy—apprehensive as hell.

We're always being surprised by weather in this city,
always unprepared for anything natural,
like a rainstorm or blizzard or now this wild wind—
living so much behind walls and travelling around in tunnels.

But I have to admit the wind does excite me.
I'm sorry I'm not at the top of one of these buildings
so I could see things blowing around,
the water arching its back at being rubbed the wrong way,
smoke from ships' stacks looping in every direction.

As a matter of fact, wind like this means
that for a short time the air will be fresher,
that the city is getting a needed dusting—
means that we're that much nearer to slow-coming spring.

—RALPH POMEROY

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"His severance pay, I guess."

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about your subject, that's all. All agents are eunuch writers. I wish you'd just take your ten per cent and leave us alone." He looked round at her, standing beside him in the corridor bar looking out at the stupid countryside. She was crying, for heaven's sake.

"Do you know what it's like?" she said. "You use us as conveniences. We're not just secretaries to fix the Belgian rights."

"That's exactly what you are. You sound like all those parents who complain that their children use the house like a hotel. Of *course* they do. All children do. And so will *their* children. Writers have agents simply to do maths and whoring for them. And to get loot. And perfectly handsomely you do out of it. I don't begrudge your cut. But it doesn't mean I owe you anything, either."

"Except possibly friendship."

"Fine kind of friendship to kick a new piece of work in the teeth."

"We were happy just now. And in Berlin."

"Happy? I'm very fond of you. You've been very good to me. But you're not being honest, not for a moment. We were both miserable in Berlin. I've never felt so lonely in my life. And you were just inventing errands to stay around."

"Because I wanted to."

"Out of benevolence. I missed Diana every moment. I was down a hole. I kept falling asleep at the wrong time like an old tramp. The writing got me through, not you. It was a way of wangling with my own cowardice, that's all. You can get an edge on yourself by writing. I'm not saying the thing's great, but it's not bad."

"I think it may well be very good. I said I wasn't equipped."

"First you say you're not equipped, then you say go back to doctoring, then you say it may be good. You take a position and then you say things on either side of it. What *is* this frankness of yours?"

"*Each* side. You mean that I say things *each* side of it. Not 'either' side. 'Either' side isn't what you mean."

He looked explosive, and then laughed and gave her a kiss on her flushed and papery cheek and bought them both a bottle of wine in the *wagon* restaurant for tea. He took his typescript with him from the compartment for fear of its vanishing. She told him she didn't want to be his agent any longer if he didn't need her advice, though it would be pleasant if he ever wanted her friendship. She behaved with dignity, in a pain that he perceived without comprehension of it.

IN the taxi, while he was dropping her at her small house in Fulham, she made an effort to regain some inch of the indispensable contact she had squandered, but there seemed no way of doing it. The pint of milk and newspapers that she had ordered for her arrival were correctly outside the front door.

"Coming home is as difficult as going away," Anthony said, aware of having behaved wickedly. "Fear of the next step, I suppose."

"Cowardice isn't the worst vice."

"What a curious thing for you to say. When you can't ever have been guilty of it."

She shook her head vehemently, with tears flying out of her eyes each side, like water flying off a spaniel's ears.

He speculated about what she was coming back to. Empty house, chagrin perhaps that he hadn't heeded her theme, loss of face with the TV company, negligent children? An old affair with some woman who had hurt her? The thought did come to his mind a week or so later that she might have been in love with him, but it seemed a ludicrous idea as well as self-congratulatory, and he put it by.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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Colonel Robert Stevens, director of the SR-71 and YF-12A test forces, Edwards Air Force Base, Calif., will arrive in Seattle Friday for a news conference to be held in the Seattle Center Shower Room at 8:30 a.m. During his conference the colonel will discuss thoroughly many aspects of the SR-71 program and sonic booms.... You and/or your representatives are cordially invited to attend this conference.—*Press release received by the Associated Press in Seattle from the Department of the Air Force, McChord Air Force Base.*

Bring your own soap.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SOUTH AFRICA

II—SOUTH WEST

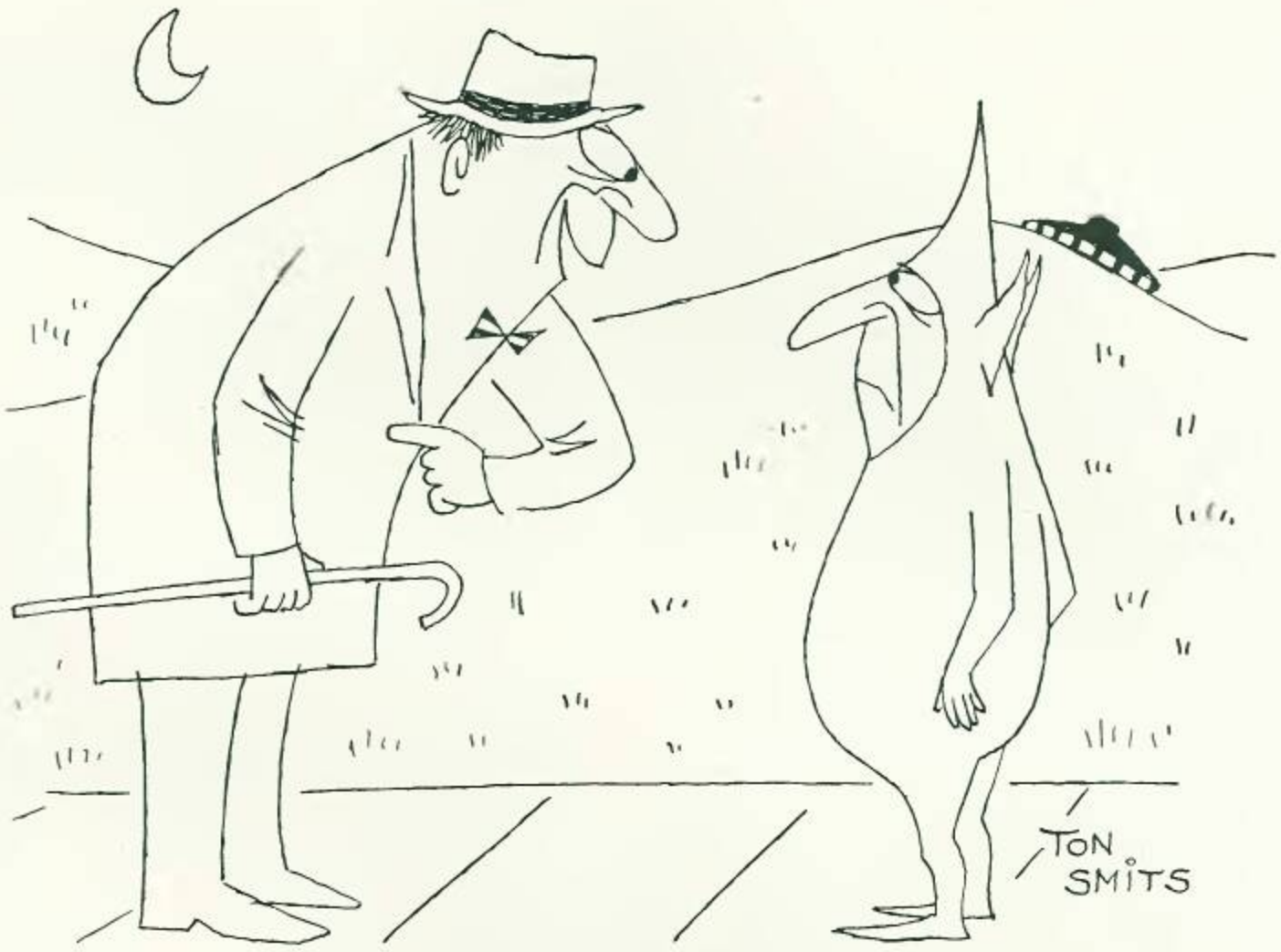
IN the memoirs of Theodor Leutwein, a German Army officer who served as colonial governor of German South West Africa at the end of the nineteenth century, there are two curious photographs. One, taken in 1900, shows the Governor and some military aides drinking tea at a table while black servants wait on them. Then the officers rearranged everybody present—one can almost hear the hearty Teutonic laughter—for a gag shot: the African retainers loll in the Germans' chairs while the officers serve *them*. The second picture, the Governor said in his book, represented what life in South West Africa might be like in the year 2000. Today, two-thirds of the way toward that date, no administrator of this much disputed area would pose for such a study in black and white, nor would he think that anyone who suggested that he do so was being very funny.

South West Africa, known to many South Africans simply as "South West," was one of five far-flung colonies that Germany lost after the First World War and that became Class C mandated territories under the League of Nations. The others were that group of islands in the northwest Pacific called Micronesia, New Guinea, Nauru, and Western Samoa. Mandates were granted over territories that, according to Article 22 of the League Covenant, were "inhabited by people not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world," and their well-being and development, the Covenant went on, formed "a sacred trust of civilization." The British got South West Africa and turned its administration over to the Union of South Africa, the closest member of their empire. Japan got Micronesia, which after the *Second* World War became a United Nations responsibility—under the name of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands—and was given to the United States to administer. New Guinea and Nauru were administered by Australia, and Western Samoa went to New Zealand.

The six hundred and ten thousand inhabitants of South West Africa are spread over three hundred and eighteen thousand square miles. The territory is not a very prepossessing patch of the globe; it is perhaps not even very important. Yet the United Nations has dedicated endless hours to it, including a recent special session of the General Assembly, and prior to that voted on seventy-six resolutions concerning the place. Moreover, the International Court of Justice, the world's most elevated—though far from best-known—judicial institution, has devoted more of *its* time to South West Africa than to any other portion of the earth. South West is uncommonly desolate. Over fifty per cent of it is desert. Its bleak surface is dotted here and there with an outlandish plant called *Welwitschia mirabilis*, which attains an age of a thousand years, can survive for many months without a drop of water, and sprouts leaves that may reach a length of eleven feet. Until recently, the region had a golf course without a single blade of grass on it; by diligence and perseverance its proprietors have managed to coax one authentic putting green from its surface, but up to then two kinds of sand were used to differentiate greens from fairways. One writer has called South West "a strange world that appears never to have been completed—as if God had left it till the last in his creation and then got sick of it." A local legend has it that long ago Fate stopped by at South West and threw a lump of clay upon the ground. The clay broke into pieces, and the pieces became native tribes. The biggest chunk became the Ovambo, who now number two hundred and seventy-one thousand, or forty-four per cent of the whole South West African population. They live in Ovamboland, in the northernmost part of the territory, and there are additional Ovambo north of that, in the Portuguese colony of Angola, where all Ovambo once lived. Actually, only two of South West's nine major non-white population groups are indigenous—the Damara and the Bushmen. There are mixed-blood groups in the territory, principal among them the Rehoboth Basters, sometimes called Bastards, who are mainly cattle breeders and live in the Rehoboth district, in the center of the territory. There are the Herero, a proud and stubborn people who crossed over from Bechuanaland (now Botswana), and whose women—still following a style set for them by nineteenth-century missionaries—wear turbans, layers of brightly colored shawls, and shoe-



"Well! If it isn't old From-Whom-All-Blessings-Flow!"



"Me Homo sapiens."

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length skirts, and yet manage to look clean and cool and handsome in South West's often stifling heat.

There are forty thousand Herero in South West Africa, a large percentage of whom live and work in the vicinity of its capital city, Windhoek. They have a ninety-eight-year-old chief named Hosea Kutako, who lives on a native reserve a couple of hundred miles from Windhoek; the conduct of tribal affairs is pretty much in the hands of a forty-four-year-old deputy, an ex-teacher named Clements Kapuuo, who, when I was there, was running a general store in a native township just outside Windhoek. Most of South West's non-whites have been so docile over the years that South Africans, until recently, would sometimes call the territory "the perfect colony." The Herero are an exception. They have been a constant source of irritation to South West's administrators. "The Herero resist *everything*," one official in Windhoek told me plaintively. In the spring of 1966, the South African administrator of the territory addressed an open letter to the Herero beseeching their coöperation and chiding them for their past intransigence. They had, he said, been "acting like a bull, standing against the hook-thorn, and sweeping forward with his horns so that no one can come near to look after him." The Herero resisted the metaphorical language and ignored the letter.

The central and southern part of South West Africa—covering more than half the territory and encompassing its best soil—is white man's land, and it is called the Police Zone. The South African government claims that there are ninety-six thousand whites in South West; the real number is probably something less than that. Whatever the total, nineteen thousand of them live in Windhoek, which lies just above the Tropic of Capricorn and sits snugly in a valley surrounded by hills. The average annual rainfall in Windhoek is fourteen inches. A Canadian woman who had married a South West man while he was studying in Montreal came to Windhoek to live. Her mother-in-law met her at the airport, and the bride remarked that the countryside seemed terribly brown and depressing. "Don't worry," said the mother-in-law. "In South West, after a nice good rain, everything turns green overnight." The older woman was quite correct, but it took the younger one five years to find that out. Windhoek was founded in 1890, and, being predominantly white, it is comparatively rich. Thirteen thousand automobiles are registered in the names of Windhoek residents. (Cars wear out fast; at last official count, in all of South West there were only eight hundred and eighty-one miles of paved roads, though more are under construction.) Windhoek has a night club called the Pigalle, and a public swimming pool of Olympic dimensions, which is, of course, for whites only. It has an estimable symphony orchestra and several bookmakers' establishments, where bets are taken on horse races run in South Africa and in England. Non-whites may work in any part of Windhoek, but except for domestic servants they must sleep outside the city in prescribed residential areas.

South West Africa is trilingual, English and Afrikaans being officially used in the administration of its affairs and German being widely spoken. (The resident administrator has no control over native affairs, which come directly under the supervision of the South African government, in Pretoria; the government does not delegate authority, either, in the areas of defense or foreign relations.) English is the primary tongue of no more than ten per cent of South West's white population, and in the whole territory there is just one English-language newspaper. Sixty-seven per cent of the whites speak Afrikaans, and twenty-three per cent speak German. South West's most influential paper is the daily *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which fully supports the South African government and its racial policies. Until the First World War, South Africa never cared much about South West. The region's chief seaport today is Walvis Bay, a hundred and seventy-five miles southwest of Windhoek. In 1793, the Dutch staked a claim to Walvis Bay, which later lapsed, and in 1878 Britain formally annexed an enclave around the port. That land—four hundred and thirty-four square miles—has been recognized ever since as South African, not South West African, and it did not come under the League of Nations mandate. The first Germans to appear on the scene were missionaries, who appeared as early as 1802. In 1883, a German merchant, F. A. E. Lüderitz (after whom a seaport has since been named), settled there, and a year later, to protect Lüderitz in a routine imperialistic colonial operation, Bismarck began to take over the rest of South West Africa for Germany. The first resident commissioner was Hermann Göring's father. Germans have been prominent in South West ever since. In the hills of Windhoek are three stone castles that could have flanked the Rhine. The territory has two breweries that make *echt* German beer, which South Westers consume copiously in *echt* German beer gardens.

In the spring of 1915, with Germany and the Allies at war, the Union of South Africa sent its armed forces to South West and quickly seized it. In 1924, all adult German males living there were offered South African citizenship, and a great many accepted. By the Second World War, quite a few

white South West Africans had become ardent Nazis, and a third of the adult males of German descent there were interned. In 1942, most of them were stripped of their South African citizenship, but in 1949, a year after the National Party assumed power in Pretoria, the Germans once again became eligible for naturalization. The Nationalists then had a fairly precarious majority in the lower house of Parliament, so they created six new seats for South West legislators. This was very generous. In South Africa, the average M.P. at the time had eleven thousand constituents; the ratio for South West came to half that. The Nationalists figured, correctly, that since their principal opposition, the United Party, had interned the Germans of South West, the newly enfranchised group would be pro-Nationalist.

The urban areas of South West Africa are still markedly Teutonic. The main street of Windhoek, originally called Kaiser Wilhelm Street, is now plain Kaiser Street; the mayor of Windhoek is also called the burgomeister. The main hotel of the town of Otjiwarongo is the Hamburger Hof. At Christmastime, everybody goes to hear *Weihnachtskonzerts*, and there are special holiday flights to the *Vaterland*. (At any time of the year, South African Airways has weekly scheduled service between Windhoek and Frankfurt.) West Germany has a full-time consul stationed in South West Africa. With three languages, the territory has three sets of schools for whites alone. West Germany gave a million dollars toward the construction of Windhoek's new German high-school building. In one of its lobbies is a plaque honoring the memory of forty-four graduates who died in the Second World War. There is no mention of which side they fought on, but an Iron Cross surmounts their names.

Walvis Bay is the territory's main commercial fishing port. Pilchards are its specialty. (Canned Del Monte sardines are Walvis Bay pilchards.) Over half a million tons of them are hauled in a year, and to accommodate only a part of this catch Walvis Bay has a factory that annually makes two hundred million cans. Walvis Bay exports canned fish and fish meal everywhere, and fish oil to the United Kingdom. Attracted by South West's cornucopian waters, fishing boats from fourteen nations have converged on Walvis Bay to trawl just beyond the twelve-mile limit—boats flying the flags of Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, Ghana, Israel, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Poland, Bulgaria, West Germany, East Germany, France, and the Soviet Union. Of all the foreign fleets, the Russians have the largest. There are usually around forty Soviet trawlers at a time operating off Walvis Bay—some of them substantial vessels with crews of over two hundred—and three canning ships stand by to process their haul.

Walvis Bay has a weekly newspaper, the *Namib Times*, which interchangeably uses all three of South West's languages and claims to be the world's only trilingual journal. The port also has a few military installations. Mandated territories are not supposed to harbor military bases, and South Africa is very careful about the whole matter; it stresses that any military forces it has at Walvis Bay are *not* in South West Africa but in the South African enclave. Not that the Republic appears to have much there. The Walvis Bay airstrip has bays for a dozen aircraft, but not a single bay was occupied when I passed through. In Walvis Bay itself, there are some army barracks, but they are not very extensive, and I saw only a handful of soldiers and military vehicles.



The South West African economy is sometimes said to rest on a tripod of fish, copper, and diamonds. Bare as is much of the territory's surface, beneath it lies a wealth of minerals. As one flies low over the desert, one can see the excavations and tire tracks of bygone prospectors. South West has so many different kinds of minerals that it has been called "the sample box of the world." Semiprecious stones—beryl, amethyst, tourmaline, and so forth—are especially abundant. There is one whole hill made of rose quartz. The northeastern city of Tsumeb is the site of a huge copper-mining operation (most of its capital is American), and in the southwest of South West, where the desert meets the sea, nearly a hundred million dollars' worth of diamonds have recently been sifted from the sand and silt each year. The territory has other resources. A great many South African rock lobsters are South West African rock lobsters. The sparse vegetation that covers a good deal of the territory will not support cattle, but it provides fodder enough for karakul.

FURNITURE

there are youngsters now
younger than I, moving as nomads
through the makeshift camping grounds

who do not hope for what was
expected: the catalog comforts
of minor success

nor do they imagine
changelessness, that what they encounter
remains

whose parents
in the suburbs, in the small
midwestern towns

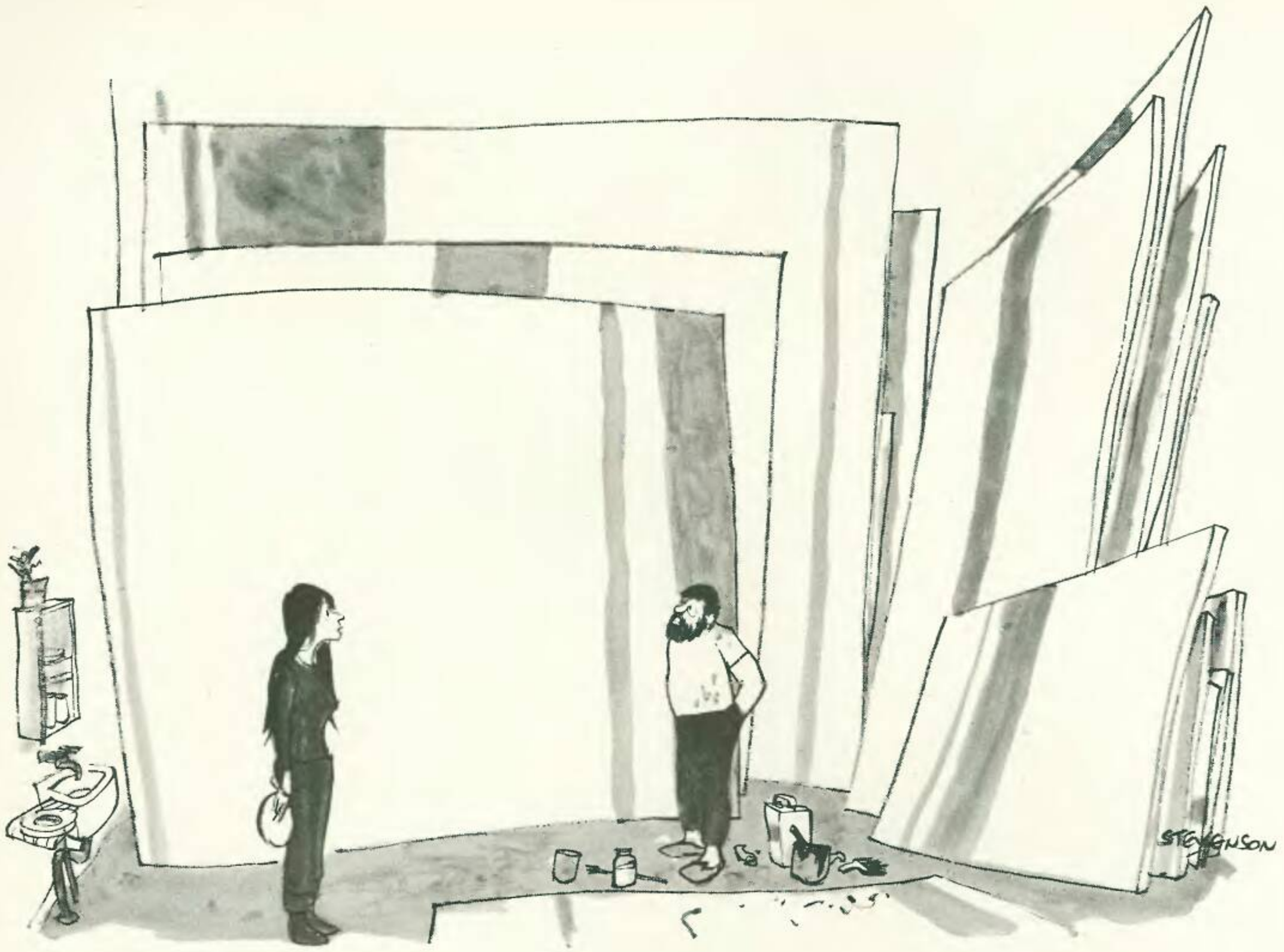
have set down heavy houses on the land
& filled them
with a weight of furnishings, & in a manner
held them down

but not their children: who dreamed of Indians
tracking.
& move lightly, from city
to city

exchanging
adornments; themselves the only
shelter they have found

—Phyllis Harris

• •



"Would a Washington's Birthday clearance sale seem degrading?"

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South West African karakul—bred from stock originally imported from Bokhara by Germans and now sometimes called Swakara—is a substantial export product.

The biggest businessman in South West is Sam Cohen, the seventy-seven-year-old proprietor of South West Commercial Holdings, Ltd. Born in Russia and raised in England, Cohen first visited Walvis Bay in 1906, when he was sixteen. He settled in Windhoek ten years later. He was South West's first car dealer and is now its largest, having the General Motors franchise for the entire territory. "Cohen for Cars" is one of his slogans. He is the exclusive South West African representative of eighty-two American companies, and of almost as many more in other nations. He has lately installed a computer to help him keep track of all his commercial holdings. Cohen's name appears in multicolored lights on a circular tower surmounting his headquarters on Kaiser Street, much as if he were a Tokyo night club. He is sometimes called the Uncrowned King of South West Africa, an unofficial title that he himself assiduously promotes. He is amiably disposed toward the South African government—indeed, though Jewish, he professes never to have had any run-ins with South West's Nazis—and he sometimes archly refers to the administrator of the territory, who rides around in a Cadillac-from-Cohen, as his senior partner. The incumbent administrator, for his part, declared at the unveiling of an extension of Cohen's Caterpillar Tractor division, "I sometimes wonder whether we shouldn't have told the United Nations, 'Look, call off all this business about a trust territory for South West Africa. The place doesn't belong to us anyway—it's Sam Cohen's.' "

JUST whom South West Africa does belong to has been an eloquently debated international topic for more than two decades. In the summer of 1966, Judge Luis Padilla Nervo, of Mexico, a member of the International Court of Justice, or World Court, called the South West Africa situation—Vietnam or no Vietnam—"the most explosive issue of the postwar world." The Judge's assessment was understandable. For more than five years, the Court, sitting in isolated majesty at The Hague, had done little but meditate upon what were formally called the South West Africa Cases, in which Ethiopia and Liberia, the plaintiffs—or Applicants—called into question South Africa's performance as a mandatory power. The Court had been asked by the Applicants to resolve two basic issues: Had the United Nations fully succeeded to the supervisory powers of the League of Nations, which had granted South Africa its mandate over South West in 1920? And had South Africa, by establishing apartheid within the territory, abused the mandate? On very few matters of either fact or law were the disputants able to see eye to eye, but the principal South African advocate did say, on March 30, 1965, that he concurred with a statement by counsel for the Applicants that "seldom in the history of judicial administration can there

have been involved legal issues the determination of which more profoundly will affect the 'material and moral well-being and the social progress' of a multitude of individual persons." For the first time in history, a grave social, moral, and political issue had been brought before an international tribunal with both sides committed in advance to abide by its verdict. Then on July 18, 1966, the Court, reversing a decision it had made in 1962, proclaimed that Ethiopia and Liberia did not have the legal right to challenge South Africa's stewardship of the mandate.

In a sense, the Court's ultimate refusal to pass on the merits of the case made the whole litigation immaterial, but the record of the proceedings stands: thirty-seven hundred printed pages of documents prepared for the Court's perusal, three hundred and sixty-six pages of verbatim transcripts of preliminary oral arguments, thirty-five hundred pages of transcripts of ninety-nine days of subsequent oral proceedings, and still another eight hundred and forty pages of judges' reactions to it all. When Ernest A. Gross, the former Deputy United States Representative to the U.N., who served as chief counsel for Ethiopia and Liberia, asked a witness testifying as an expert whether he had studied the transcript of an earlier portion of the proceedings, he was interrupted by Sir Percy C. Spender, of Australia, the President of the Court. "Mr. Gross," said Sir Percy, "I should hope that the fact that he had not would not disqualify him from being an expert. If every expert had to read all that has taken place in this case he would have to take a couple of years off, I think."

The Applicants lost their case by a vote of eight to seven, and as things worked out Sir Percy got to vote twice. Sixteen judges had heard various stages of the case, but by the time it reached its conclusion one judge had died and another was ill. The balloting of the fourteen who were left produced a seven-to-seven tie. The Court's rules provide that in case of a deadlock its President may cast a second, tie-breaking vote. So Sir Percy, who had already voted once against the Applicants, cast another ballot.

THE Paris Peace Conference of 1919 has been blamed for many earthly ills, and in a sense it can be held responsible for the furor that has arisen over South West Africa. In 1917, the British had decided that if Germany was beaten the captured territory would be incorporated into the South African part of the British Empire. Woodrow Wilson, among others, demurred. He thought that former colonies of the Central Powers should become subordinate to the embryonic League of Nations, and at the Conference his view prevailed. The British got no more than a mandate over South West Africa, which it turned over to South Africa to administer. South Africa would have preferred simply to annex the area, but it made the best of the situation and, on December 17, 1920, formally assumed mandatory power over the territory, responsible to the League. Article 2 of the mandate covering South West Africa contained two key paragraphs. One went:

> The Mandatory shall have full power of administration and legislation over the territory . . . as an integral portion of the Union of South Africa, and may apply the laws of the Union of South Africa to the Territory, subject to such local modifications as circumstances may require.

That paragraph has ever since been interpreted by South Africa as giving it virtual carte blanche—the practice of apartheid included—in South West. The very next paragraph of Article 2, on the other hand, has been interpreted by many other nations to mean that apartheid, whatever its merits or demerits in South Africa, could not be admissible in South *West:*

> The Mandatory shall promote to the utmost the material and moral well-being and the social progress of the inhabitants of the territory. . . .

The mandatory was required to report periodically on its stewardship to a League subsidiary in Geneva called the Permanent Mandates Commission. There was a further obligation to pass along to the Commission written petitions that people in the mandated territory submitted on their grievances. "The Mandates Commission must be more than a group of experts and legal advisers studying problems at the seat of the League of Nations," one of the early Commission members said. "This Commission is not, in a sense, dealing with problems at all—at least, it is not investigating them as abstract questions. It is concerned with human





"So what's it to you if he keeps referring to women as gals?"

• •

beings, and—whatever else it may forget—this it must always remember." "History seemed to show," another Commissioner was said by the P.M.C.'s minutes to have observed, "that on every occasion in the past when whites and blacks have come into contact in territories equally inhabitable by both races, the blacks have gone to the wall. The mandate system represented a kind of protest against the continuation of this state of affairs." But the Commission could not get much cooperation—about people or problems or anything else. When South Africa balked at answering a P.M.C. questionnaire about its activities in South West, one Commissioner said:

> It would seem to be the view of the mandatory powers that the Permanent Mandates Commission should confine itself to seeing that no gross and general maladministration is taking place, and that questions should be asked only regarding matters on which the Permanent Mandates Commission has cause for doubts. But it is by asking general questions that causes for doubt emerge. If the Permanent Mandates Commission is to discharge only functions of the perfunctory nature indicated, it would hardly seem worth while for men who have many other demands on their time to devote themselves to the work. The South African delegate complained that the action of the Permanent Mandates Commission "constituted an investigation of the policy of the Mandatory in its own country." Is not that precisely its function?

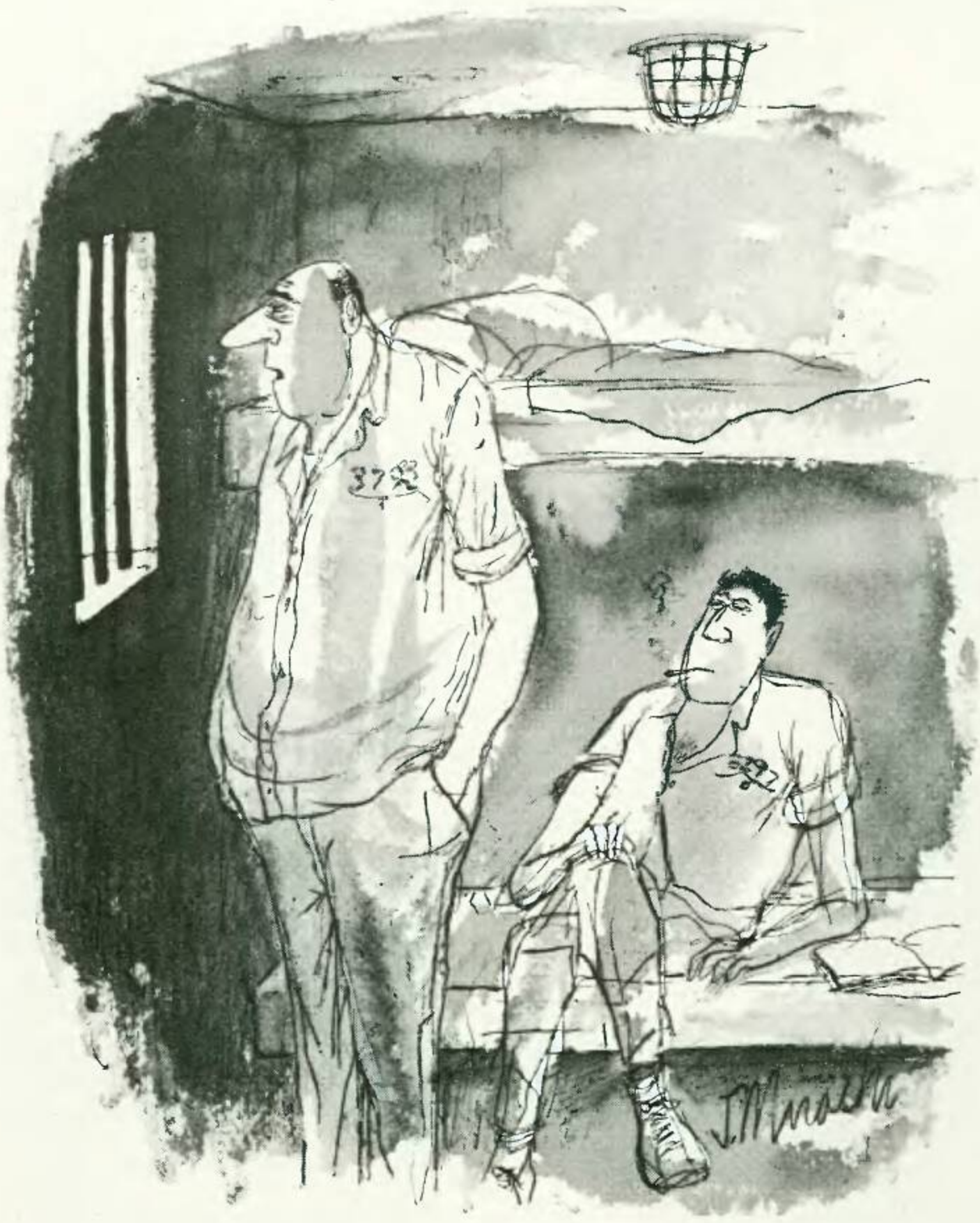
Whether it was or not, the question became academic with the outbreak of the Second World War; the last report submitted by South Africa to the P.M.C. covered the year ending March 31, 1939. This report went unread by the Commission, which suspended activities upon the outbreak of war.

Toward the end of the war, the Allies had to start thinking about what was to be done with the mandates that were still more or less in effect. The United Nations provided for trusteeships to replace them, and for a Trusteeship Council to replace the Permanent Mandates Commission. Micronesia posed no problem; Japan, having lost the war, had nothing to say about its onetime dependency. South Africa, however, had been on the winning side, and at the San Francisco Conference, in the spring of 1945, again suggested that outright annexation of South West was its answer to the world's question. The suggestion was coolly received, and in 1946, when the League of Nations ceased formally to exist, the status of South West Africa was still up in the air.

One of the differences between the League of Nations and the United Nations was in their judicial arms. The League had its Permanent Court of International Justice, which became operative in January, 1922, in the Peace Palace at The Hague. But the Permanent Court was not a part of the League. (It was not permanent, either.) A United States judge sat on it, but the United States Senate no more recognized its authority than it recognized the authority of the League itself. Between 1922 and its dissolution in 1945, the Permanent Court handed down fifty decisions, only one of which—it had to do with the commercial rights of a Greek businessman in Palestine—pertained to the administration of a mandate. The present Court is quite different, although it occupies the same premises. It is an integral part of the United Nations, deriving its authority straight from the U.N. Charter. Every nation that signed that document subscribed to Article 94 of the Charter, which says, "Each Member of the United Nations undertakes to comply with the decision of the International Court of Justice in any case to which it is a party." The Article further says that if a member state fails to comply with a judgment of the Court, the Security Council may step in. Since the present Court began to function, in April, 1946, there has been only one instance of non-compliance: Albania refused to pay the United Kingdom two and a half million dollars' damages awarded at The Hague after two British destroyers ran into a minefield in 1946 while cruising in the Corfu Channel, just off the Albanian coast. If Ethiopia and Liberia had secured a judgment against South Africa, and South Africa had balked at doing whatever it might have been ordered to do, the Applicant nations would almost surely have gone to the Security Council. In the Corfu Channel case, Britain made no such move, because at the time of the judgment Albania and the Soviet Union were still on comradely terms, and there was every reason to suspect that the Russians would have used their veto to negate any Council action.

At full strength, the Court has fifteen judges; nine of them constitute a quorum. They are elected by a curious voting system that calls for concurrent balloting on a slate of nominees in both the General Assembly and the Security Council. Every judge is supposed to be fluent in either English or French. The judges travel on diplomatic passports and are paid twenty-five thousand dollars a year each; the President and Vice-President get more. All the judges' credentials are impressive. Most of them have had many years' experience in international law or international relations or both. V. K. Wellington Koo, for instance, who was Vice-President of the Court in 1966 and served on it for ten years until his retirement last year, has

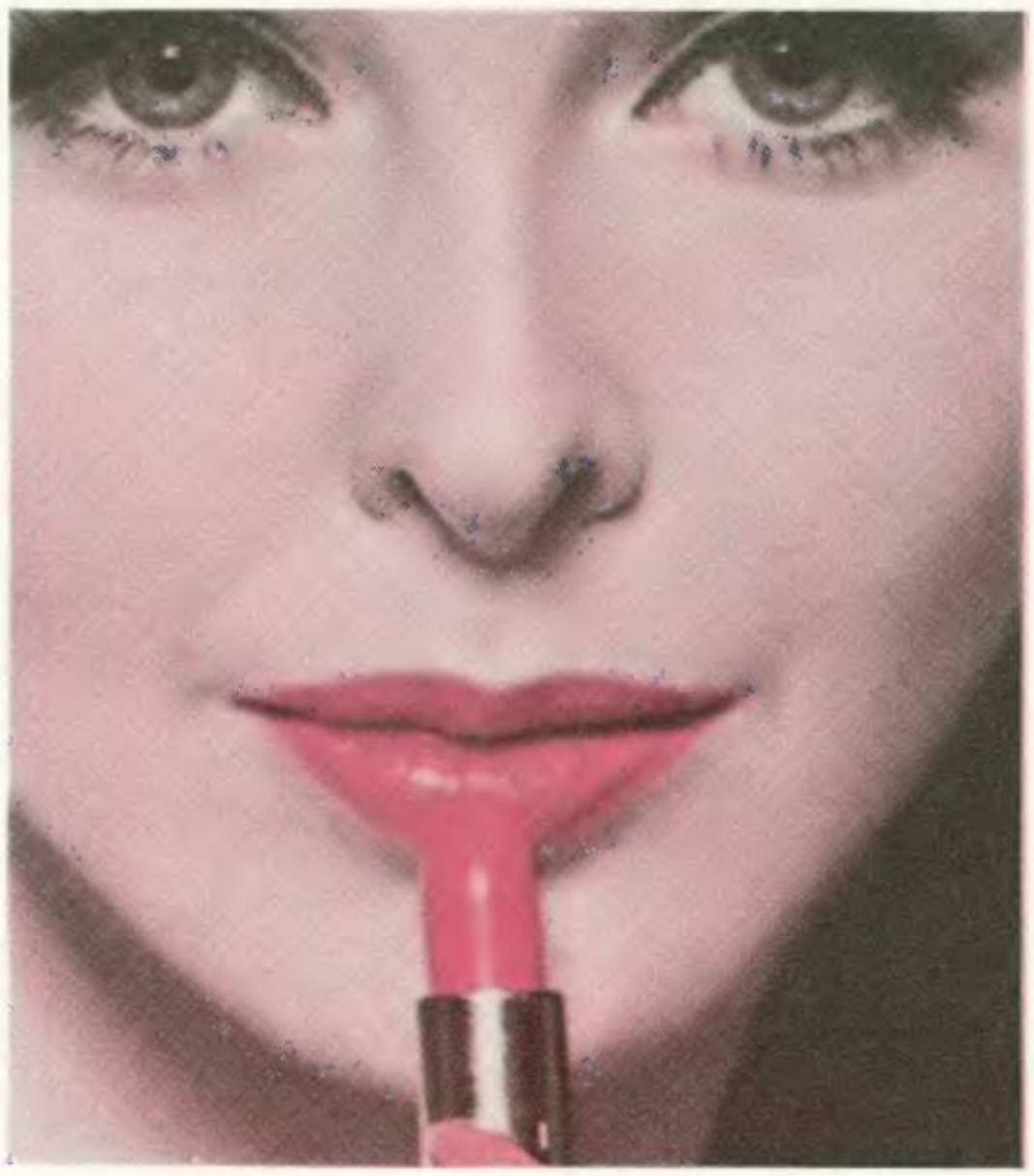
been a Chinese ambassador to one country or another for about as far back as anyone can remember. He is now seventy-nine; when he was thirty-two he helped draft the terms of the League mandates. Most of the judges have also been involved in the League or the U.N. or both. Sir Muhammad Zafrulla Khan, a former President of the U.N. General Assembly, was Pakistan's representative to the U.N. from 1961 to 1964; he was leader of the *Indian* delegation to the League in 1939. As the composition of the U.N. has altered, so has that of the Court. Now it has two black African members. The first was Isaac Forster, who was previously the first President of the Supreme Court of Senegal and whose language is French; the other is Charles D. Onyeama, of Nigeria, who speaks English. If there are no judges on the bench of the nationality of the parties to a dispute, each party has the right to choose an additional ad-hoc judge. Ad-hoc judges get forty-five dollars a day. At the start, Ethiopia and Liberia had recruited Sir Muhammad Zafrulla Khan, a former judge of the Court. He changed his mind about serving before the case actually started, but when he was again elected to the Court, in 1964, Sir Percy informed him that he should abstain from participation in the case. The Applicants ultimately picked a black African for their ad-hoc judge—Sir Louis Nwachukwu Mbanefo, the Chief Justice of Eastern Nigeria. South Africa picked a judge of the Appellate Division of its own Supreme Court, Jacques Theodore van Wyk, who, it goes without saying, is a white African. The two extra judges sat at each of the slightly curved ends of a raised dais from which the World Court surveys its courtroom; Sir Percy, as President, sat in the middle. Not all the judges asked questions. Judge Koo never opened his mouth. Neither did a former President of the Court, the eighty-three-year-old Bohdan Winiarski, of Poland, who in 1966 celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his election to the tribunal. Judge Winiarski was a delegate to the very first session of the League of Nations, and was subsequently on the staff of the Permanent Court of International Justice.



"To begin at the beginning, my wife kept after me to open one of those checking accounts that permit you to write checks for more money than you have. . . ."

The International Court of Justice hands down both advisory opinions and compulsory judgments. The latter, which evolve from contentious proceedings like the South West case, consist ordinarily of a statement of law and an accompanying order requiring the nation receiving it to do something, or to cease doing something. An advisory opinion imposes no enforceable obligations. In 1950, the General Assembly asked the Court to advise it just what South West Africa *was*, now that the League no longer existed. The Court ruled unanimously that South West Africa remained a mandated territory. At the dissolution of the League, the Court declared, the League's Assembly had "manifested its understanding that the Mandates were to continue in existence until 'other arrangements' were established," and although these arrangements had not been spelled out, some sort of supervision by the U.N. was clearly in order. Five years later, the General Assembly asked the Court what voting procedures it should follow in dealing with the South West Africa mandate. The Court's advice this time was that a two-thirds vote should apply—i.e., that questions about South West fell into the category considered by the U.N. to be "important questions." The then South African Minister of External Affairs, Eric Louw, remarked after that opinion, "We do not care tuppence whether the United Nations observes the two-thirds majority rule or the unanimity rule in dealing with South West African affairs, because we have consistently said the United Nations has no right to concern itself with the affairs of South West Africa."

By 1959, many member states of the U.N.—the black African nations understandably the most vociferous among them—were openly talking about somehow haling South Africa into the World Court to account for its administration of South West. The General Assembly itself could not do this; by the Court's statute, only states can be parties to contentious cases. South Africa's position was that its mandatory functions were simply not



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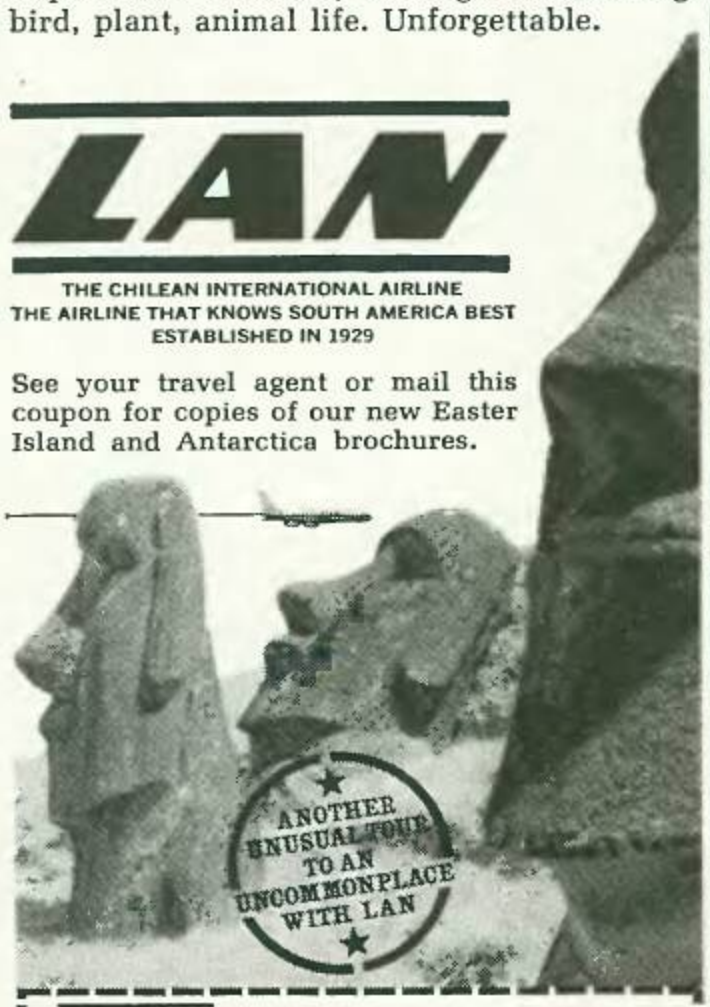
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justiciable, since the proposed proceedings had nothing to do with law but were, rather, part of the tiresome old political conspiracy that had been going on for so long. Some of the Afro-Asian states at the U.N. thought otherwise, and early in 1960 they sought legal advice. They wanted to know if they had reasonable legal grounds for instituting action against South Africa, and the man they approached was Ernest Gross, then privately practicing law in New York as a partner of Curtis, Mallet-Prevost, Colt & Mosle. Gross was a logical selection. His firm had done some work for the Republic of Liberia, and he himself had an impressive background: Legal Adviser to the State Department, Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations, four-time member of the United States delegation to the U.N. General Assembly, Deputy United States Representative to the U.N. from 1949 to 1953, Special Counsel to Secretary Dag Hammarskjöld from 1953 on, trustee of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Chairman of the Department of International Affairs of the National Council of Churches of Christ. A conference of independent African states was to be held at Addis Ababa in the spring of 1960. In anticipation of it, the Liberian government invited Gross to draw up a memorandum of law for itself and the other participating countries—Ethiopia, Ghana, Guinea, Libya, Morocco, Sudan, Tunisia, and the United Arab Republic. (Algeria, Cameroun, Nigeria, and Somalia sent observers.) Gross prepared his memorandum and took it to Liberia, where it was approved by that nation's perennial President, William V. S. Tubman. Gross went on to Ethiopia, and there, in the course of the conference itself, he got the approval of the attending Foreign Ministers. The African states assembled at Addis Ababa were aware of the risks involved in what they were contemplating. Litigation would be expensive (the costs eventually ran into millions of dollars), and even a moral victory was by no means certain.



On June 23, 1960, at Addis Ababa, after several days of discussion, the conference delegates voted unanimously to take South Africa to court. By then, Ethiopia had decided to become a party to the case. Like Liberia, it had been a member of the League of Nations. Under the terms of the original mandate for South West Africa, if any member nation of the League had a non-negotiable dispute with the mandatory power "relating to the interpretation or the application of the provisions of the Mandate," it could take the dispute to the Permanent Court of International Justice. The countries gathered at Addis Ababa agreed further to underwrite the litigation and to set up a steering committee to help the litigants. And, finally, Ethiopia and Liberia asked Gross to represent them—or, in World Court terminology, to be their agent. He accepted at once. "I felt privileged," he said later. "I felt that it would be the most important undertaking of my life, in or out of the government." He soon began to recruit associates, among them Edward Moore, the Under-Secretary of State of Liberia; Nathan Barnes, the Liberian Ambassador to the U.N.; Tesfaye Gebre-Egzy, then the Ethiopian Ambassador to the U.N. and now his country's Foreign Minister; Neville Rubin, a South African émigré living in London; and a shifting crew of American lawyers, the longest lasting of whom, Keith Highet, had some prior acquaintance with Africa, having passed a year in Ghana teaching constitutional law and having spent a holiday travelling around South Africa.

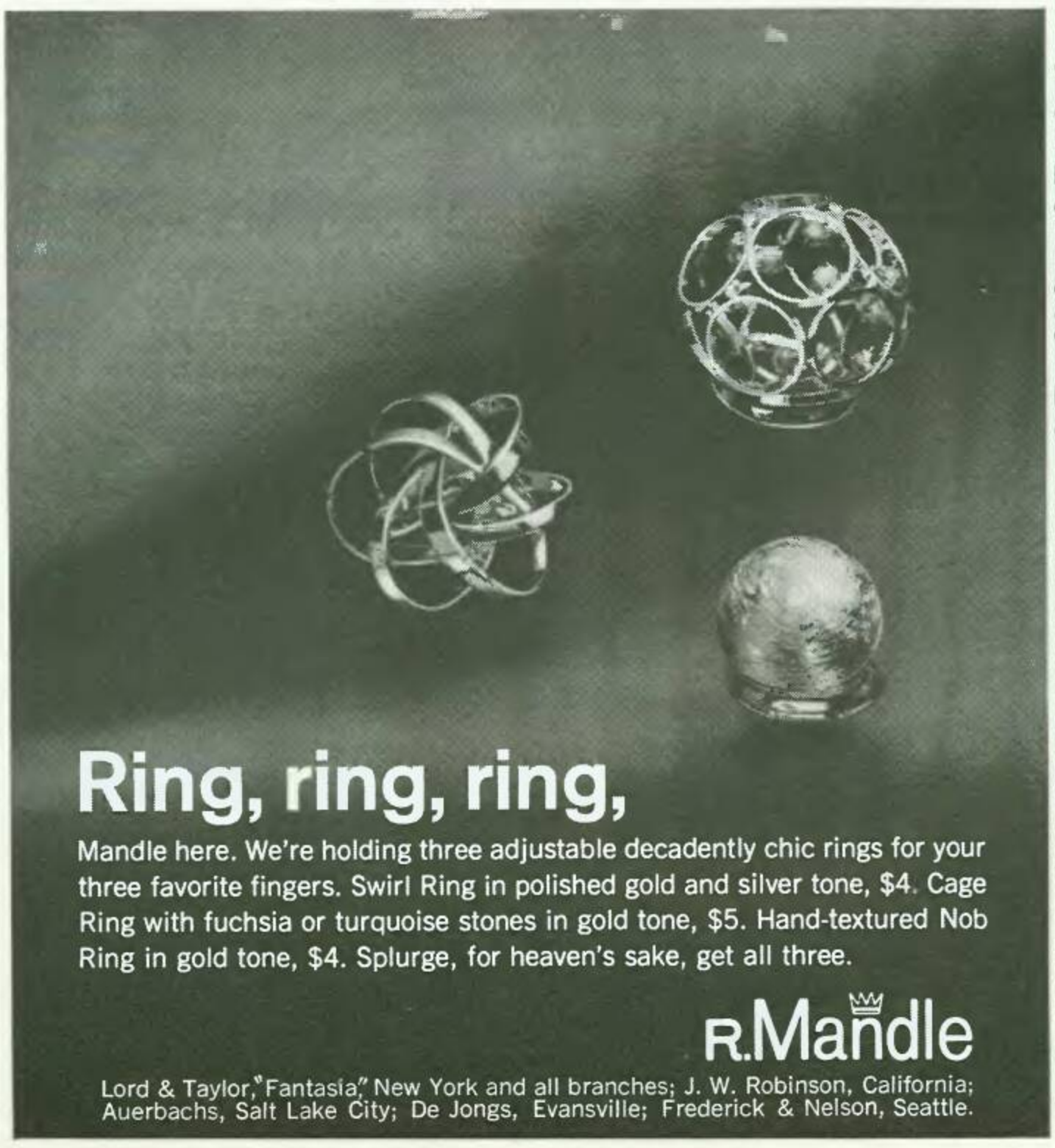
The Statute and Rules of the International Court of Justice divide the contentious proceedings that come before it into two parts—written and oral. The written part involves the successive filing by an Applicant of a Memorial, by a Respondent of a Counter-Memorial, by an Applicant of a Reply, and by a Respondent of a Rejoinder. There are provisions, however, for an intermediate round of exchanges. If, following the submission of a Memorial, the Respondent elects to raise some jurisdictional arguments, it may submit Preliminary Objections, which in turn are answerable by Observations. The party that starts off this round robin of written pleadings has some problems. Should the Respondent choose not to answer a Memorial at all, the Court may issue a judgment on the basis of whatever facts are presented in that document, so a Memorial must contain enough of a prima-facie case to give the judges something to mull over. Ethiopia and Liberia made their intentions known to the Court on November 4, 1960, and the following April 15th Gross handed the Court two identical

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Memorials, one for each of his clients. Because there were twin briefs, the proceedings were formally and plurally named the South West Africa Cases. However, on May 20, 1961—just eleven days before South Africa became a Republic instead of a Union—the Court joined the proceedings; thenceforth, the two Applicant nations were considered one, which mainly meant, aside from the saving in duplication of documents, that they were entitled to but a single ad-hoc judge between them.

For more than five years after the Memorials were filed, the Peace Palace—a sombre agglomeration of marble halls, crystal chandeliers, stained-glass windows, and imperturbable judges—became a familiar setting to all hands involved. When the Court is in session, it sits for two or three hours each day. At ten o'clock sharp, an usher marches in and cries "*La Cour!*" The judges, wearing black robes and fancy lace bibs, emerge from their chambers in single file and mount the bench. The lawyers who appear before them are expected to wear the costume that would be suitable in the highest courts of their own countries. Thus, the South African lawyers—eleven strong, usually led by David P. de Villiers, an attorney from Cape Town—wore long black gowns and starched white bibs, and Ernest Gross wore a morning coat and striped trousers. The courtroom can accommodate some two hundred and seventy spectators, but it was rarely crowded. Tourists would now and then stop by; if they were Japanese, they would exchange grave bows with their compatriot on the bench, Judge Kotaro Tanaka, who had formerly been Chief Justice of their Supreme Court. A handful of journalists was likely to be present, but little of what they saw and heard ever reached print.

By the standards of this peculiar case, the Applicants' Memorials were fairly succinct; each ran to a mere hundred and sixty-nine printed pages. They concentrated on apartheid—"a deliberate and systematic process by which the Mandatory excludes the 'Natives' of the Territory from any significant participation in the life of the Territory except insofar as the Mandatory finds it necessary to use the 'Natives' as an indispensable source of common labor or menial service." There was much more:

> The factual record of the Mandatory's conduct, as hereinabove more particularly set forth, has a desolate but remarkable consistency. Whatever segment or sector

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of the life of the Territory may be examined, the import of the facts is identical.... Under apartheid, the status, rights, duties, opportunities, and burdens of the population are fixed and allocated arbitrarily on the basis of race, color, and tribe, without any regard for the actual needs and capacities of the groups and individuals affected. Under apartheid, the rights and interests of the great majority of the people of the Territory are subordinated to the desires and conveniences of a minority.... It is an understatement to say that the Mandatory has violated its obligations. In its administration of the Mandate over the Territory of South West Africa, the Union, as Mandatory, has knowingly and deliberately violated the letter and spirit of the second paragraph of Article 2 of the Mandate and of Article 22 of the Covenant upon which Article 2 of the Mandate was based. In respect of its obligations thereunder, there is a polar disparity between the duties of the Union under the foregoing provision of the Mandate and its conduct in the administration thereof.

Nobody knew for seven months how South Africa would react to all that. Then, in November, 1961, came enlightenment. The Respondent had chosen, as was its right, not to submit a Counter-Memorial at that time but instead to file Preliminary Objections of a jurisdictional nature—two hundred and seven pages' worth of them. There were four principal arguments: first, the mandate had lapsed; second, even if it hadn't, there could be no legal proceedings over it between members of the League of Nations, since there was no League of Nations; third, the Court was supposed to adjudicate disputes, but there was no dispute about the South West Africa mandate—assuming it still existed—that had anything to do with any Ethiopians or Liberians; fourth, and finally, if there was a dispute it was one that could have been settled by negotiation before coming within the Court's purview.



It took only three more months for the Applicants to prepare their Observations on the Respondent's Objections. The Observations said, in part:

> Respondent's basic contention is the same as that submitted to the Court in 1950, and it suffers from the same fundamental defect: the inherently illogical and inequitable thesis that the Mandate lapsed with the dissolution of the League of Nations, relieving Respondent of its obligations under the Mandate instrument, yet at the same time leaving Respondent with all its rights and powers over the mandated territory, free of international accountability.... Far from bestowing the right of annexation, the Mandate affirmatively imposes the duty to guide the people of the mandated territory toward political maturity which will enable them to determine their own political destiny. Such a duty is the very *raison d'être* of the Mandates System. As the Court stated in the Advisory Opinion in regard to South West Africa, the principle of non-annexation was one of the two principles considered to be of "paramount importance" in establishing the Mandates System.... Either mandatories were permitted to annex mandated territories, or they were not. There was no provision for annexing the mandated territories just a little bit.

The stage was thus set for the Court's first formal ruling. It came on December 21, 1962, and it was one of those teeter-totter majority-of-one verdicts to which the Court is seemingly so partial. The majority ruled that South Africa's Objections were not well founded. But several dissents were filed, one of them jointly written by Sir Percy Spender—who became President a year and a half later—and by the British member of the Court, Sir Gerald Gray Fitzmaurice, a veteran of international jurisprudence who helped draft the statute under which the International Court of Justice now operates. In the Spender-Fitzmaurice dissent of 1962, which was ninety-nine pages long, its authors contended that the Court should not become involved in the South West Africa situation, because it was a political rather than a legal matter. (This foreshadowed the argument that Sir Percy was to make in 1966: that no matter how members of the Court might feel about the moral issues involved, it was not their responsibility to usurp legislative functions and to make law; rather, it was merely to interpret law.) Only a year before joining Sir Percy in this dissent, Sir Gerald, writing on his own, had contributed an article to the *British Yearbook of International Law* in which he said:

> In the international field, there is at present nothing comparable to a legislature, and the operation of the so-called law-making treaty is both uncertain and leaves many loose ends. The international community is therefore peculiarly dependent on its international tribunals for the development and clarification of the law....

Notwithstanding this point of view, Sir Gerald was now able to support Sir Percy in saying:

> What the Court will principally be asked to decide on the merits is whether, in a number of different respects, the Respondent State, as Mandatory, is in breach of its obligation under Article 2 of the Mandate to "promote to the ut-



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most the material and moral well-being and the social progress of the inhabitants of the territory. . . ." There is hardly a word in this sentence which has not now become loaded with a variety of overtones and associations. There is hardly a term which would not require prior objective definition, or redefinition, before it could justifiably be applied to the determination of a concrete legal issue. There is hardly a term which could not be applied in widely different ways to the same situation or set of facts, according to differing subjective views as to what it meant, or ought to mean in the context; and it is a foregone conclusion that, in the absence of objective criteria, a large element of subjectivity must enter into any attempt to apply these terms to the facts of a given case. They involve questions of appreciation rather than of objective determination. As at present advised, we have serious misgivings as to the legal basis on which the necessary objective criteria can be founded.

The lawyers for Ethiopia and Liberia considered that dissenting paragraph a critical one, and much of their effort for the next three years was directed toward overcoming Sir Percy's and Sir Gerald's misgivings. At the time, though, what seemed far more important than the minority viewpoint was the dismissal by the majority of all four of South Africa's jurisdictional arguments. There *was* a case, the majority ruled, and the case would continue. Ethiopia and Liberia rejoiced at having scored an early tactical victory. On the other hand, an official of the South African government, which had been saying all along that the Court had no right to consider moral problems, acclaimed the minority opinion as a moral victory.



Early in 1963, a South African legal staff, a hundred and twenty strong, began putting together the Counter-Memorial, which was to be the Respondent's major documentary exposition of how it was promoting to the utmost the well-being and progress of the inhabitants of South West Africa. A few months earlier, the South African government had appointed a five-man Commission of Enquiry into South West Africa Affairs. The group was directed to inquire into "further promoting [the "further" must have struck its author as a neat touch] the material and moral welfare and the social progress of the inhabitants [of South West Africa], and more particularly its non-White inhabitants." The chairman of the Commission, all of whose members were white, was the Administrator of the Transvaal Province, F. H. Odendaal, who has since died, and the findings of the Commission, which were published in the winter of 1964, became known as the Odendaal Report. It was another massive tome—over five hundred large pages of small type—and it recommended the expenditure of more than two hundred million dollars over a five-year period to develop South West. Rivers were to be dammed to provide power and irrigation, roads and airfields were to be built, and bold agricultural reforms were to be instituted. But there was to be no diminution of apartheid:

> Where there are no significant differences between co-existing groups or nations, it might be sound and desirable to apply a policy calculated to wipe out the differences between the groups, i.e. a policy of assimilation or complete socio-economic integration. However, where, owing to fundamental differences in socio-cultural orientation, stages of general development, and ethnic classification, the differences between the groups concerned are of so profound a nature that they cannot be wiped out, a policy of integration is unrealistic, unsound, and undesirable, and cannot but result in continual social discrimination, discontent and frustration, friction, and violence—a climate in which no socio-economic progress can be expected to take place. Under such conditions, the social cost in non-economic terms must outweigh any possible economic advantages. In the circumstances, it is therefore desirable to accept the position as it is and not to put idealism before realism. A policy of differentiation must therefore be followed here, under which the various groups are recognized and respected as the basic units of development—that is to say, a policy of protection and advancement of each population group.

Of the Odendaal Report's many recommendations, the principal one had to do with the redistribution of land. About half of South West belonged to white farmers; only a quarter of it had been allocated to Africans (and none of them individually owned a handful of dirt). The Report proposed that Africans in the territory be segregated by ethnic groups, as they are officially destined to be within the Republic. To create these homelands, a great many non-whites would have to be shunted to new areas. Some whites would lose some land in the process, but they would end up with about forty-four per cent of the land, while the non-whites got forty per cent. The proposal was not too burdensome on the whites who would be displaced. Many of them had acquired their property very cheaply from the government in the first place, and now they were to be paid handsomely for it and, what was

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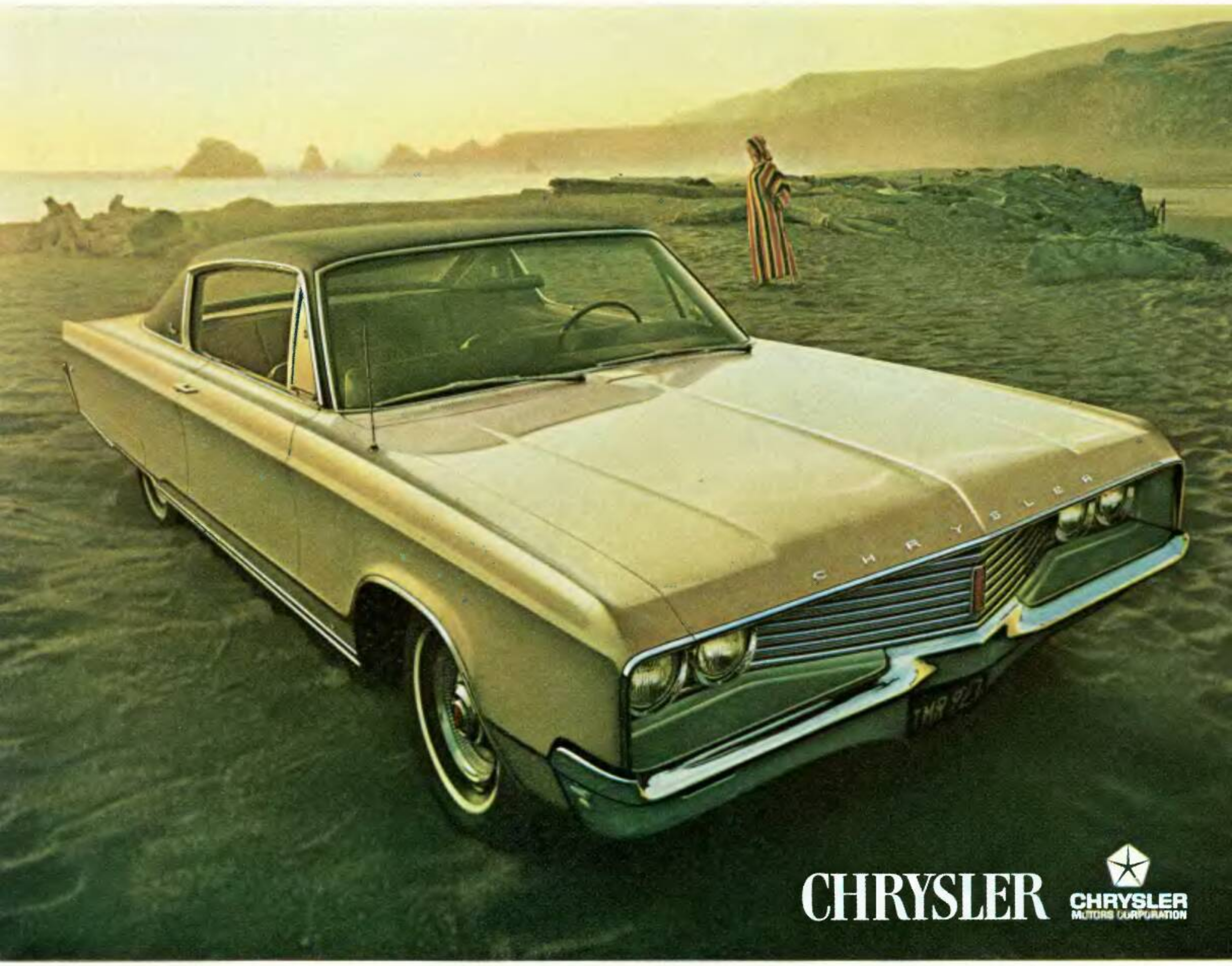
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more, to be allowed to continue occupying it as tenants, at nominal rentals, until such time as non-whites might be moved in. And there was no great rush about *that*. The non-whites were to have no say in the matter; presumably some of them, had their views been solicited, would have demurred, inasmuch as a few of the homelands that were earmarked for them consisted almost exclusively of desert.

In May, 1964, the late Prime Minister Verwoerd presented the Odendaal Report to the South African House of Assembly, and the House, to no one's surprise, approved it. The Senate followed suit, and over the next two years South Africa paid white farmers over thirty million dollars for two and a half million acres.

Meanwhile, on January 10, 1964, South Africa had submitted its Counter-Memorial to the Court. It consisted of ten printed volumes and a supplement, totalling a little over eighteen hundred pages, and was accompanied by so many supporting documents that a furniture van was needed to deliver them all to the Peace Palace. One theme the Counter-Memorial stressed was that the Applicants had accused South Africa of bad faith in exercising its mandate, and that unless bad faith could be proved, Ethiopia and Liberia would have failed in their suit. And the Court itself, the Counter-Memorial went on, was being dragged into the same old political plot that had so long roiled the chambers of the United Nations. The Counter-Memorial presented so much factual detail about South West Africa that in one agricultural section it included a statistical table showing the amounts of cream sold by Africans to creameries in the Police Zone from 1956 to 1959. Almost everyone who had ever had anything nice to say about South Africa's administrative conduct was quoted, among them Allen Ellender, who was identified as a United States senator, but not as a senator from Louisiana.

The Court gave the Applicants five months to prepare their answer to the Counter-Memorial. It must have taken them a fair amount of that time just to read it thoroughly. The Reply that Gross and his associates came up with on June 20, 1964, was by comparison a slim production, only three hundred and ninety-six pages long. The Applicants had quickly perceived that it might be dangerous for them to have to try to prove bad faith. It is the sort of charge that does not readily lend itself to evidential substantiation. "Respondent's violations of the Man-



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date . . . do not turn upon the question of 'good or bad faith,' or subjective motivation," Gross was thus at pains to declare. "Respondent," he went on,

> is presumed to intend the reasonably predictable consequences of its acts. In this sense, intention is implicit in Respondent's conduct, and Respondent has conducted itself with regard to the Territory in a manner consistent only with a Mandate the terms of which would be utterly incompatible with those of the Mandate in issue.

Nor should the Court be impressed, the Applicants argued, by South Africa's statements about education in South West Africa, as set forth in a two-hundred-and-twenty-nine-page volume of the Counter-Memorial:

> This Court is not asked to decide to what extent compulsory education ought to be introduced for the "Native" children of the Territory, nor to what extent such a system ought to have been introduced in the past. Applicants submit, however, that the failure by Respondent to introduce *any* compulsory education, on *any* level, for *any* population other than the "European" is a manifest failure to promote the well-being or social progress of the inhabitants.

The main point was that "the policy and practice of apartheid is, *ipso facto*, a violation of international law." The core of the case, Gross insisted, was "the character and consequences of the policy of apartheid," under which "the accident of birth imposes a mandatory life sentence to discrimination, repression, and humiliation." There was no indication whether that use of "mandatory" was a conscious play on words.



In preparing this Reply, which the counsel for the Applicants regarded as their main accusatory document, Gross and his colleagues were especially mindful of the 1962 Spender-Fitzmaurice dissent. *Were* there objective criteria against which the conduct of the mandatory could be legally measured? Gross thought there were, and on page 274, and for twenty-six succeeding pages, he zeroed in on them. His argument was that there was an overwhelming corpus of universally accepted standards pertaining to the proper treatment by states of individuals—such as the 1920 League of Nations treaties concerning the rights of minority groups, the constitution of the International Labour Organisation, the U.N. Charter, many General Assembly declarations on human rights, and further declarations passed by such international groups as the Inter-American Juridical Committee. Furthermore, he went on, these standards had been so widely acknowledged that they had come to acquire the status of international law and had become what Gross called norms. Measured against these standards and norms, the Applicants concluded, apartheid could be said to belong to that outlaw category of human behavior that had theretofore sheltered three of civilization's most notorious villainies—piracy, slavery, and genocide. Later, during the oral proceedings, Gross put his line of thinking into compact syllogistic form:

1. The major premise: International standards are accepted according to which racial discrimination is inherently and always incompatible with moral well-being and social progress.
2. As a minor premise: Apartheid is an extreme form of racial discrimination.
3. The conclusion: Apartheid is inherently and per se incompatible with the Mandate obligation to promote moral well-being and social progress, interpreted, as the obligation is to be interpreted, in the light of the applicable international standards, which is set out in the major premise.

The Respondent's lawyers, and the judges as well, seemed to share Gross's view that the arguments that began on page 274 of the Applicants' Reply were of particular significance, for from that moment on there were countless allusions to that page number, and to norms and standards, or "norms and/or standards." Sir Percy Spender, for instance, observed from the bench that the Applicants had "anchored themselves" to page 274 of their Reply. Whether he meant that in his judgment they were stuck to it or stuck with it was anybody's guess.

South Africa's riposte to the Reply was a Rejoinder of one thousand and eighty-two more pages that, *inter alia*, touched on some of the interracial aspects of contemporary life in the United States and then, for yet another time, favored the Court with its own analysis of apartheid:

> In short, separate development is intended and calculated, negatively, to avoid the human tragedies which have occurred, and are occurring, in African territories such as the Congo, the Sudan, Rwanda, and others, as well as in the systems of ruthless dictatorship found necessary in so many other territories with a view to maintaining even a semblance of order. Positively, separate development envisages the establishment of a system of peaceful and friendly co-existence, based on mutual respect for one another's identity, culture, right to existence, and human dignity, coupled with fruitful co-operation in matters of common concern. Attempted integration, on the other hand, involves inevitable injustice to minority groups—the highest



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and the least developed ones—inevitable retrogression in standards of economy and administration, and a very high degree of probability of a repetition of the human tragedies of other territories, or ruthless dictatorial rule, or both.

The usual mass of accompanying literature was filed with the Rejoinder. One item was the Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English. It was just about the only time that conciseness figured in the South West Africa Cases.

ON March 15, 1965, four years and four months after the proceedings began, the oral portion got under way. Many precedents in World Court history were established in this case. There was one on that mid-March day, when South Africa, *in camera*, raised a question "relating to the composition of the Court." It challenged the right to sit of Judge Luis Padilla Nervo, of Mexico, apparently on the ground that while he had been his country's chief representative to the United Nations, Mexico had either sponsored or voted for several anti-South African resolutions in the General Assembly. But of the twelve permanent judges then hearing evidence, seven besides Padilla Nervo had earlier participated in U.N. affairs in one capacity or another—Sir Percy, a former Vice-President of the General Assembly, among them—and it would have been hard for the Court to consider prior U.N. service a cause for disqualification. Even so, the vote on that issue turned out to be another squeaker: eight to six (the two ad-hoc judges rounding out the total) against South Africa.

The oral proceedings had hardly begun, *ex camera*, when South Africa tried to set another precedent. Only once before had the Court left its bench to make an *in-loco* inspection, and then, in a dispute between Belgium and the Netherlands, it had got no farther from The Hague than the Belgian border. Now the Respondent proposed that the judges, or any number of them they deemed sufficient, take a trip to South West to see for themselves what was going on there, and, while they were at it, visit Ethiopia, Liberia, and one or two other African states, so they could compare well-being and progress in the one part of the continent with well-being and progress in the others. In a sense, South Africa was reversing its position; it had said at the United Nations more than once that there was no need for outsiders to inspect South West. As for Gross, he maintained that the Court had all the facts that were necessary and that to


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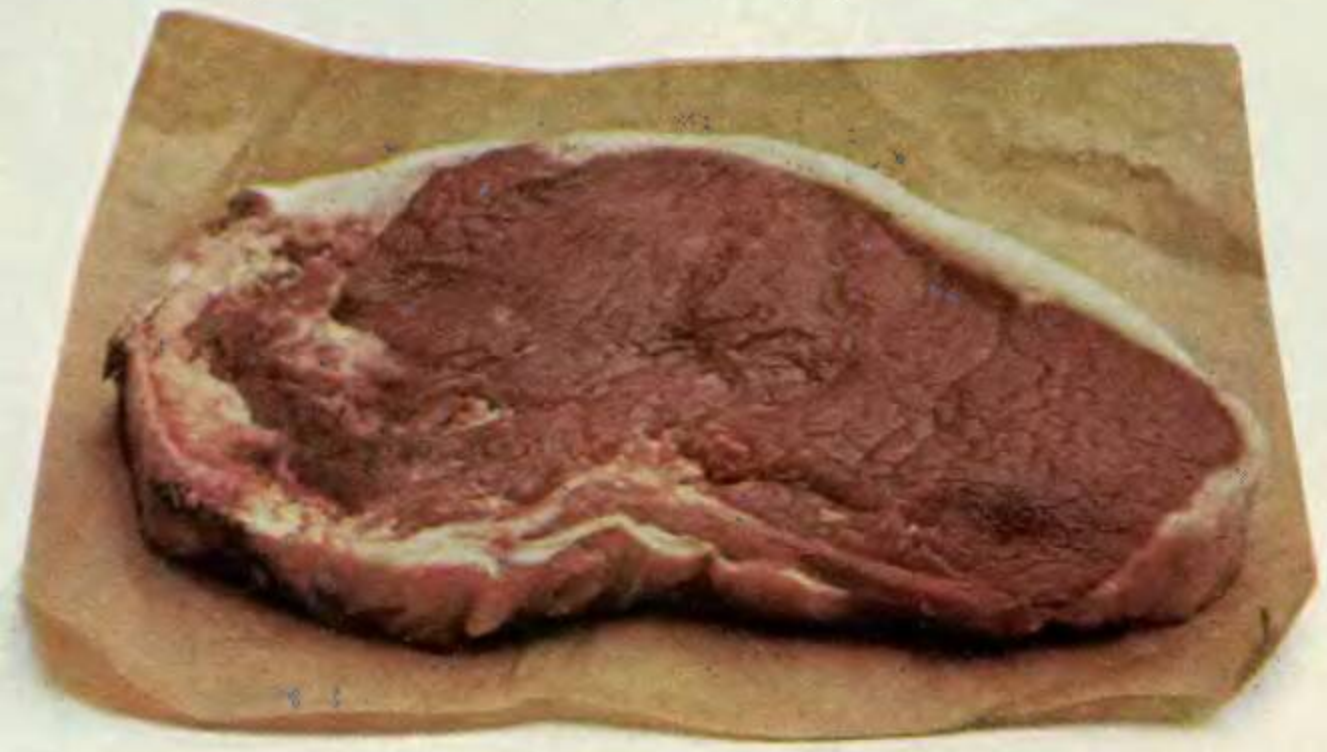
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take time off for a first-hand investigation would be fruitless and dilatory. Not until after the end of the oral proceedings did the Court respond to South Africa's invitation; then the answer was no. Back in Cape Town, *Die Burger*, an Afrikaans-language newspaper that usually supports the government's foreign policy, commented editorially that South Africa had

> wanted to open doors and let the light shine through into all corners.... The fact that South Africa was willing to lay bare everything in South West Africa to a personal investigation by the World Court will in future remain a weapon in her hand when she is again accused of perpetrating underhanded dealings there which cannot stand the light of day. And when the World Court gives its final judgment next year, its responsibility will be all the greater because the proposed investigation did not take place.

Die Burger evidently figured that South Africa had not a chance in court.

A few weeks after de Villiers had startled all concerned with his proposal of a novel kind of African safari, the South Africans professed to be equally startled by what they came to insist was a major change in the charges against them. This occurred when Gross declared that assertions of fact submitted to the Court by the Respondent "may be treated as if incorporated by reference into the Applicants' pleadings." What he had in mind was the texts of pass laws, job-registration laws, anti-union ordinances, and other official guidelines of apartheid, and he stipulated that they had to be "relevant to its [the Applicants'] contentions of law," but this qualification was brushed aside by his opponents, who maintained that Ethiopia and Liberia had acknowledged as fact *all* of South Africa's voluminous written submissions.



After two more months of harangues, exhortations, orations, and perorations by the opposing advocates, still another World Court innovation got under way—the presentation of witnesses. In the past, the Court had on rare occasions heard live testimony, as when, in 1962, a geomorphologist gave oral evidence on terrain features while the Court was weighing the rival claims of Thailand and Cambodia to the Temple of Preah Vihear, which lay on their joint border. (Cambodia got the judicial nod.) In the South West Africa Cases, the Applicants had resolved from the start not to produce witnesses. There were plenty of South West African exiles available who would have been glad to speak up against apartheid and its applicability to well-being and progress, but Gross and his associates felt that to put them on the stand—and thus, of course, to expose them to cross-examination—might have little legal effect and might lead to a supercharged emotional atmosphere in the courtroom. South Africa, however, had every intention of bringing in witnesses. It wanted to let the judges see for themselves that, in addition to their ad-hoc colleague Mr. van Wyk and the de Villiers legal contingent, there were men who believed in and practiced apartheid who did not look and act like ogres but like decent, rational human beings. At first, Gross tried informally to dissuade his opponents from carrying out this plan, but later, as the parade of South African witnesses materialized and he began to cross-examine them, he changed his thinking. He concluded that the Respondent's witnesses were helping *him*. As he told the Court, "The witnesses brought to life in the courtroom the impact upon individual human beings of an official policy of racial discrimination in which, and according to which, inhabitants are classified by inexorable fiat as either non-European or European, as either White, or Native, or Colored, or Asiatic." It might be worth noting that at no time in the proceedings, despite hours of rhetoric addressed to the specific point, were the two sides able to agree on a definition of "discrimination." But then they scarcely ever agreed on anything—a state of affairs that was exemplified by one remark of Gross's through which the judges had to pick their way:

> As has been said, and must be assumed as an axiomatic premise, the Parties to the present proceedings share in common a desire to assist the Court in respect of any measures or procedures the Court may conclude to be helpful to such an adjudication. It is on the basis of such an assumption that the Applicants have confessed difficulty in understanding Respondent's earlier reference to the difficulty alleged to be perceived by Respondent with respect to our position on the matter.

The American member of the Court, Judge Philip C. Jessup, may have been harking back to that sort of thing when in his dissent he referred to "a semantic swamp in which the argument frequently bogged down."

There were forty witnesses in South Africa's original roster, but the list was



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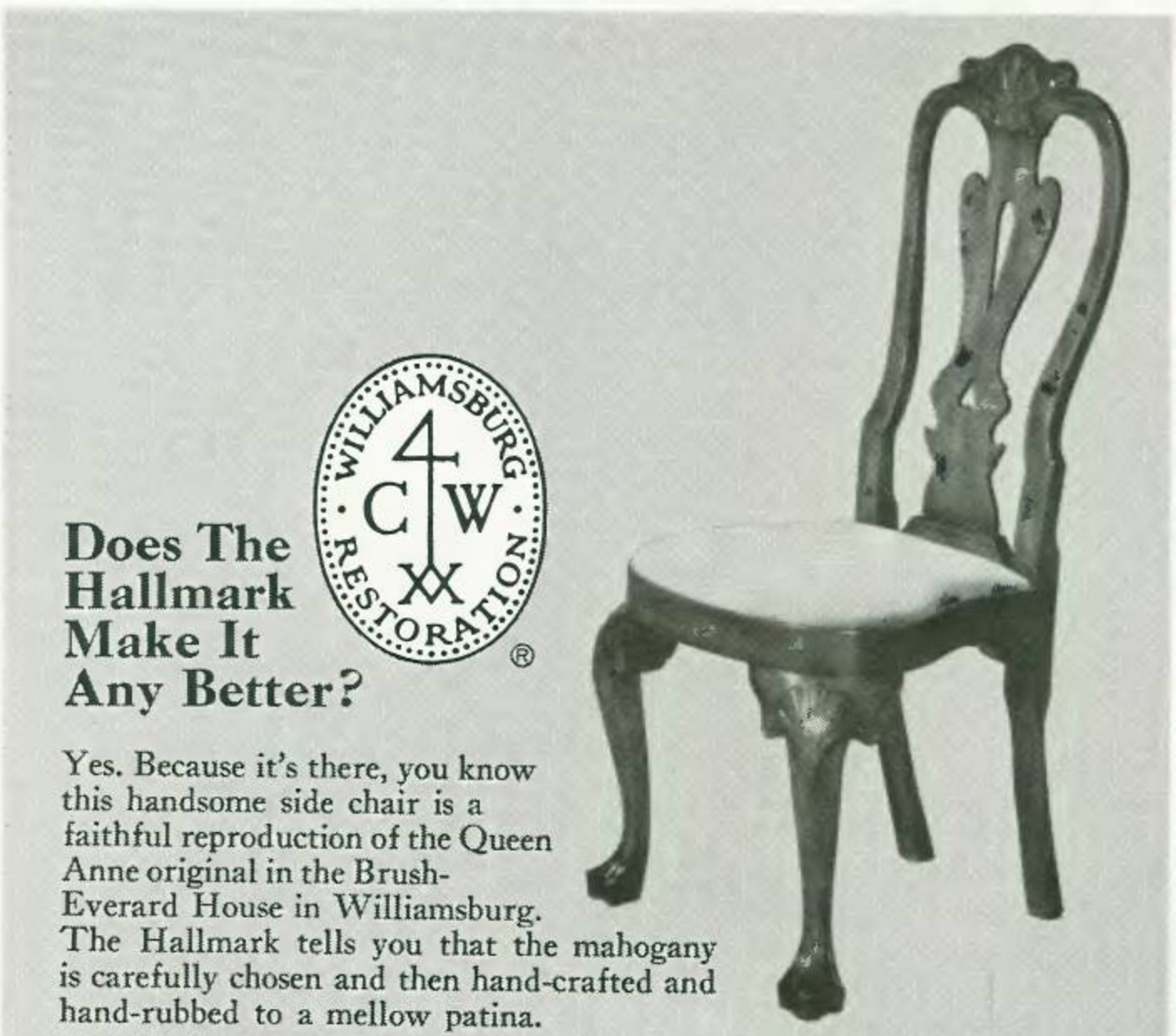
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eventually pared to fourteen, and of them only one was a resident of South West Africa. He was Kurt Dahlmann, the German-born editor of Windhoek's *Allgemeine Zeitung*. During cross-examination, over South African objections, Gross extracted from him the admission that in his youth he had belonged to the Hitler Youth. Nine witnesses were South Africans, and for the most part their testimony dealt more with their own country than with its mandated territory. A second journalist among the witnesses was the editor of *Die Burger*, Piet J. Cillie, one of his country's most urbane and articulate Afrikaners. On the stand, he described his paper's relationship to the government as

> a sort of marriage in which the partners never really think in terms of divorce but do think sometimes in terms of murder. . . . I don't think we have ever differed to an extent that would have given our persecutors any sort of comfort, because the differences were always directed to better implementation, better and wiser implementation of the basic policy, to which we are utterly committed.

Among the other South Africans who put in an appearance were a vice-chairman of the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church, a number of economists and educators, and one of the five members of the Odendaal Commission. He was Dr. Johannes Petrus van Schalkwyk Bruwer, a missionary and social anthropologist whose basic language was Afrikaans but who acknowledged from the stand a proficiency also in Kuanyama, Ndonga, and Kuangari. To help the Court, he testified in English. Dr. Bruwer, who probably knew as much about South West as any white man anywhere, was killed in a plane crash last winter. He had first gone to the territory in 1954, and had served as Commissioner General for Bantu Affairs, but he had quit that post because of a growing feeling that his government was less concerned about Africans' welfare there than about its own strategic interests. In 1966, a few months before his death, he brought out a book about South West Africa in which he said that the problem of South West was twofold: the outside world was too far away to understand it, and the South African authorities on the scene were too close—not to mention being in some cases ignorant and incompetent. On the witness stand at The Hague, he made no such concessions. In justification of apartheid and the proposed reshuffling of the population of South West, he explained that it would be

Take away news and comedies and mysteries and westerns and movies and game shows and soap operas and cartoons and what do you have?



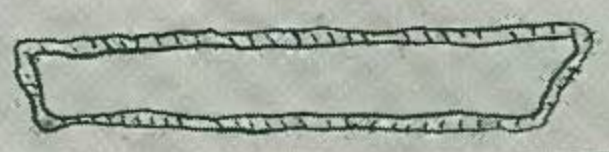
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The Secret Musical Life of George Plimpton. Bell Telephone Hour: Plimpton joins the New York Philharmonic. Friday, Feb. 2 (10-11 pm) **Discovery.** Chicago—America's Inland Seaport; East Meets West; The Lively Desert; Ghosts of the Old West. Sundays, Feb. 4, 11, 18, 25 (11:30-12 Noon) **The Children's Film Festival.** Kukla, Fran and Ollie host distinguished motion pictures from many lands. Sundays, Feb. 4, 11, 18, 25 (4:30-5:30 pm) **Winter Olympics.** Preview of the 10th Winter Olympics in Grenoble, France, showing sites, stadiums, surroundings. Sunday, Feb. 4 (5-6:30 pm). On Feb. 6 more than 27 hours of coverage begin live via satellite: at least one hour of prime time each weekday evening, one or two hours each weekend day, and 11 late-night reviews. Through Feb. 18. **Destination North Pole.** Adventures of the Plaisted Expedition, first motorized group to attempt the Pole by surface. Wednesday, Feb. 7 (7:30-8:30 pm) **The Fred Astaire Show.** Astaire, Barrie Chase, Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66, Simon and Garfunkel. Wednesday, Feb. 7 (9-10 pm) **Venice: City in Danger.** Saga of Western Man: Venice's influence on Western civilization and its current threat of destruction. Wednesday, Feb. 7 (10-11 pm) **The Fabulous Funnies.** Carl Reiner hosts analysis of American comic strips. Sunday, Feb. 11 (9-10 pm) **A Case of Libel.** Drama based on Louis Nizer's "My Life in Court" starring Lloyd Bridges, Jose Ferrer, Angie Dickinson, Anthony Quayle, E. G. Marshall, Van Heflin, John Beal. Sunday, Feb. 11 (9-11 pm) **My Father and My Mother.** CBS Playhouse: original drama by Robert Crean dealing with one man's relationship with his parents and children. Ralph Bellamy, Jane Wyatt, Inga Swenson. Tuesday, Feb. 13 (9:30-11 pm) **He's Your Dog, Charlie Brown.** With the wise, witty children from "Peanuts." Wednesday, Feb. 14 (8:30-9 pm) **Four Days to Omaha.** NBC Experiment in Television premieres with story of a son retracing his father's steps in Allied landing. Sunday, Feb. 18 (3-4 pm) **I Remember Illinois.** State's Sesquicentennial celebration with Gov. Kerner, Sen. Dirksen, Sen. Percy, former Sen. Douglas, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Mahalia Jackson, Benny Goodman. Sunday, Feb. 18 (6:30-7:30 pm) **The Legend of Robin Hood.** Original musical starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Noel Harrison, Roddy McDowell, Lee Beery, David Watson. Sunday, Feb. 18 (7:30-9 pm) **The Amazon.** National Geographic Society study of the life and people along the Amazon River. Tuesday, Feb. 20 (7:30-8:30 pm) **Tomorrow's World: Feeding the Billions.** Friday, Feb. 23 (10-11 pm) **The Pursuit of Excellence: The Vienna Choir Boys.** A study of the organization's rigorous training. Saturday, Feb. 24 (7:30-8:30 pm) **The Great American Novel.** New concept in presenting literature on TV *(Babbitt, Grapes of Wrath)*. Tuesday, Feb. 27 (10-11 pm) **Present Laughter.** Noel Coward's comedy starring Peter O'Toole and Honor Blackman. Wednesday, Feb. 28 (9-11 pm) **Carol Channing and 101 Men.** With Walter Matthau, George Burns, Air Force Academy Cadet Chorale. Thursday, Feb. 29 (9-10 pm) **Regularly Scheduled Programs, Monday through Friday:** The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester **Tuesdays:** CBS News Hour/Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner **Saturdays:** Captain Kangaroo/Wonderful World of Golf/ABC's Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam/Race to the White House/Frank McGee Saturday Report **Sundays:** Sunrise Semester/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Frontiers of Faith/Issues and Answers/Race to the White House/Animal Secrets/Frank McGee Sunday Report/G-E College Bowl/The 21st Century/Wild Kingdom/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.







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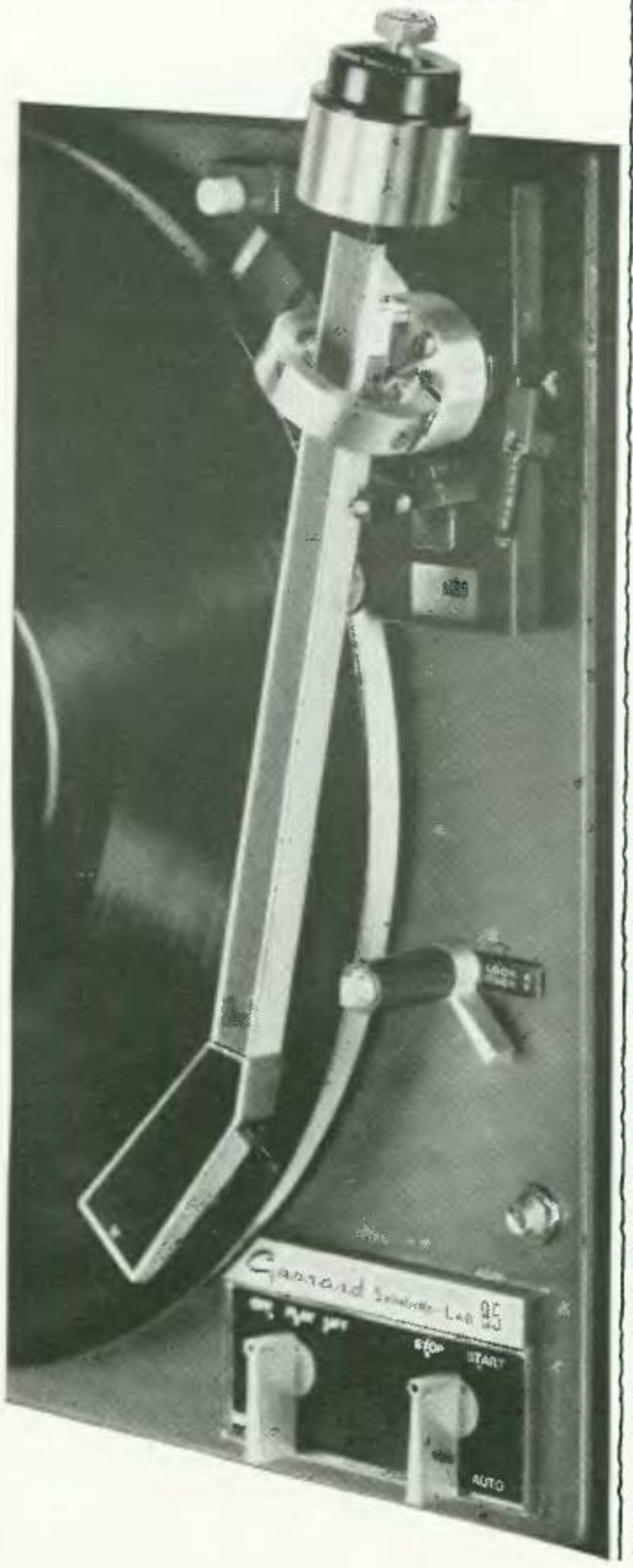
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just as intolerable for whites to encroach on lands reserved for non-whites as it would be for natives to encroach on lands reserved for whites. He himself had fleetingly entertained the notion, he said, of living in Ovamboland when he retired, but he wouldn't and couldn't do so, because that would be encroaching.

Another witness was C. A. W. Manning, a South African who had held the chair of international relations at the University of London for thirty-two years, and whom Gross had known slightly since 1931, when they met at the International School of Studies, in Geneva. Over those many years, they had conspicuously failed to find a common approach to international law: while Gross was preparing his aggressively anti-apartheid Reply, Manning was writing "In Defense of Apartheid" for *Foreign Affairs*.

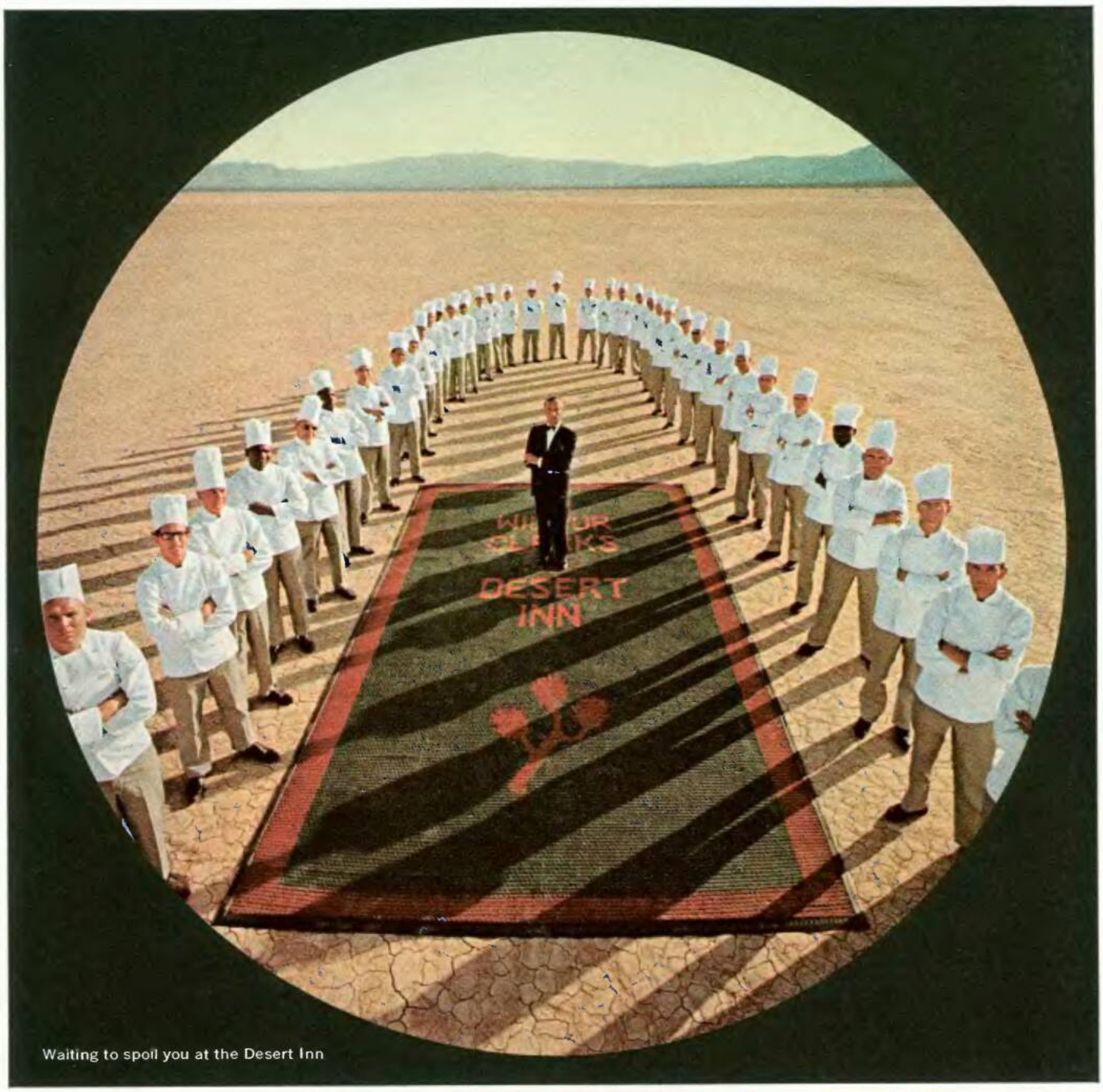
All of the four non-South Africans who testified on behalf of South Africa were Americans. One was S. L. A. Marshall, the military historian, who confined himself pretty much to a refutation of a charge that South Africa, in violation of the League mandate, had fortified South West. The three others were professors. One of them, Ernest van den Haag, a German-born naturalized American now teaching social philosophy at New York University, got into a jam when he testified that some of the Jim Crow documentation accepted by the United States Supreme Court during the Brown v. Board of Education case—the 1954 decision that outlawed segregation—had, in his blunt word, been faked; under pressure from Sir Percy he retracted the allegation. Perhaps the most interesting of all the Americans was Richard F. Logan, a professor of geography at the University of California and a universally recognized authority on arid zones. Professor Logan likes to testify for South Africa. When a U.S. House subcommittee began a series of hearings on that country in the spring of 1966, he went out of his way to get an invitation to appear. He told the congressmen that by his lights the bulk of South Africans enjoyed liberty. "The locking up of people has been—as far as I am aware—primarily because these people were Communists or were considered to be Communists," he said. Professor Logan had been to South West Africa twice before the World Court case began, and he was there again while the oral proceedings were under way at The Hague. Addressing the Windhoek Rotary Club about the case, he said, among other things, that Ernest Gross was "an impractical idealist" who "was not adept at cross-examination." South Africa's lawyers at the Court were far abler, he went on; he would not have liked to be cross-examined by one of *them*. These and other remarks he made about the litigation, which was then still *sub judice*, prompted Windhoek's leading attorney, Israel Goldblatt, to write to the *Advertiser*. A gentle, learned, London-born man, now seventy, Goldblatt has been a permanent resident of South West since 1920, the same year the controversial mandate began, and in recent years has been giving free legal advice to the territory's Africans. In his letter to the paper, Goldblatt said that Logan, not being a lawyer, couldn't possibly know what he was talking about, and that, being a foreigner, he shouldn't have talked where he did in the first place, because he "should appreciate that propriety dictates that he should not interfere in the domestic affairs of this territory whether as a protagonist of the South African Government or otherwise." Gross, for his part, was quite satisfied with his cross-examination of Logan. It was Gross's contention throughout that South Africa's mandatory practices were inadmissible if under them a single individual could be shown to have been barred, because of race, from the rights, duties, and privileges that any other individual enjoyed. And had not Logan said under questioning that "in some cases it is necessary to jeopardize the absolute happiness, perhaps, of a certain very small proportion . . . in order that the set of circumstances, the set of conditions, and the set of plans be allowed to operate"?



For twenty-eight days in all, Gross pounded away at South Africa's witnesses. He elicited from the vice-chancellor of the University of Pretoria the statement that a black African family that had lived nowhere else but in white man's land for three or four unbroken generations could nonetheless be said to be entitled to no residential rights there but was, instead, "sojourning." From Dr. Bruwer, Gross drew the admission that a black South West African who had been born and raised

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in white man's land had no recourse against the restrictions imposed on him there because of his color other than to "escape." Concentrating on the rights, or non-rights, of individual Africans, Gross asked witness after witness what each thought about the plight of a hypothetical African he had concocted, named Tom. This was a man who had somehow managed to become trained as an engineer. He couldn't work in the white zone of South West, because of the apartheid laws, and in the native reserves, where he could work, there were no openings for engineers. What was he to do? Were his well-being and progress being promoted—at all, let alone to the utmost? Or was he doomed to suffer forever under what Gross called the "doctrine of inevitable frustration"? Tom appeared to be so effective that a sister character was invented—an African nurse named Teresa, who was similarly frustrated because, by decree of apartheid, she was not allowed, no matter how skilled she might be professionally, to give orders to white nurses. How could a situation like *that*, Gross demanded of the witnesses, promote to the utmost the moral and material well-being and the social progress of any human being? By the time Gross had finished with all the witnesses, he was elated. "We've extracted the anatomy of apartheid out of the mouths of its own witnesses!" he told a friend.

Gross's exultation was dampened, if not drenched, on July 18, 1966, when the World Court announced its verdict. Practically everybody, in and out of South Africa, had expected the Applicants to win some kind of decision. When they didn't, the bars in Windhoek stayed open all night. The American State Department had no immediate reaction. It couldn't react; all the statements it had prepared in advance had been predicated on the Court's ruling, in one fashion or another, against South Africa. The majority of the Court—two Sir Percy Spenders, that is, and six of his thirteen confrères—ruled that Ethiopia and Liberia did not have the proper standing for them to have their charges against South Africa adjudicated. In his closing arguments, de Villiers had dwelled at length on every conceivable point he could dredge up to bolster his country's case, but he never even mentioned the Applicants' right to have their case considered on its merits. Everybody thought that had been settled back in 1962. But now the Court had

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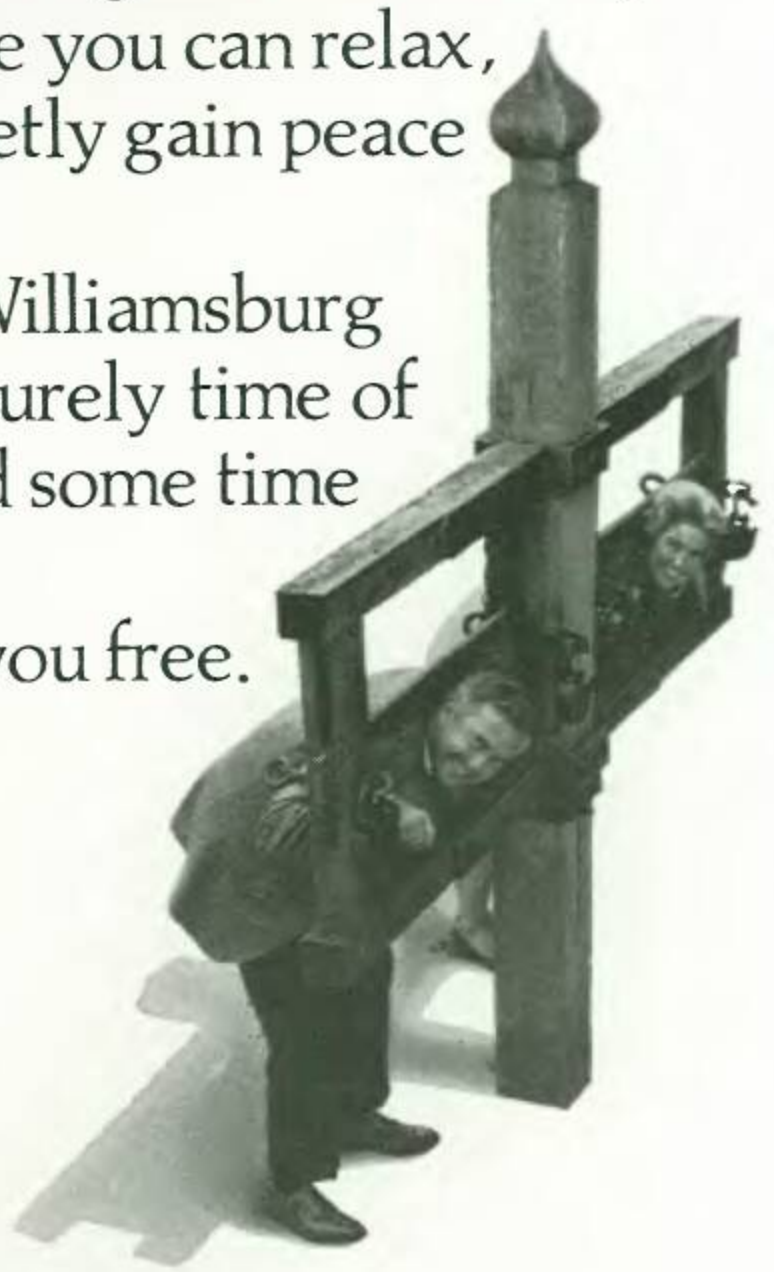
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reversed itself. It was not that any judge had changed his mind. It was just that illness (Bustamente y Rivero, of Peru), death (Abdel Hamid Badawi, of Egypt), and the replacement of two judges had combined to change a 1962 minority into (counting Sir Percy twice) a 1966 majority. The majority's line of thinking was summarized in a brief excerpt from its opinion: "Throughout this case it has been suggested, directly or indirectly, that humanitarian considerations are sufficient in themselves to generate legal rights and obligations, and that the Court can and should proceed accordingly. The Court does not think so."



There were seven negative votes and seven dissenting opinions. The Soviet judge, Vladimir M. Koretsky, observed that "the door to the Court which was opened in 1962 to decide the dispute . . . was locked by the Court with the same key which had opened it." (Judge Koretsky is now the Court's Vice-President. The incumbent President is Judge Bustamente y Rivero; since he had been unable to vote, he ended up in nobody's bad graces.) The American judge, Philip Jessup, said that the verdict was "completely unfounded in law." He castigated the majority for "stopping at the threshold of the case;" for it to say that while Ethiopia and Liberia had the right to institute proceedings, they were not entitled to a decision on them "suggests a procedure of utter futility." In what he pointedly stated was his first dissent from the majority in five and a half years on the Court, Judge Jessup continued, rhetorically, "Why should any State institute any proceeding if it lacked standing to have judgment rendered in its favor?... Why would the Court tolerate a situation in which the parties would be put to great trouble and expense to explore all the details of the merits, and only thereafter be told that the Court would pay no heed to all their arguments and evidence because the case was dismissed on a preliminary ground which precluded any investigation of the merits?" Ernest Gross, once he could speak again, said to a friend, "Well, I think we've all helped the World Court grow. It will never be the same again." It probably will not. For some years to come, certainly, it will be hard for the Court to command much respect or attain much effectiveness.

When de Villiers and the other lawyers who represented South Africa at The Hague returned home, they were welcomed by a flag-waving crowd of several hundred, who greeted them with cheers, prayers, and hymns. De Villiers became a chief spokesman for his country at the next session of the U.N. General Assembly. The University of South Africa announced it would set up an international-law center and name it after another South African advocate, who had died while helping out his country at The Hague; prospective contributors in South West were told of "the opportunity to pay grateful tribute to the work done for us . . . and to help safeguard our future." Citizens of Windhoek came through with a kickoff gift of forty-five thousand dollars. The vice-chairman of the Dutch Reformed Synod was promoted to moderator. Professor Bruwer was installed as vice-principal of a new university at Port Elizabeth. After the assassination of Dr. Verwoerd, the ad-hoc justice, Judge van Wyk, was named a one-man equivalent of the Warren Commission.

The jubilation in South Africa was not, however, untempered. An editorial in the Johannesburg *Star*, for instance, observed:

> South West Africa as a stalking-horse for the opponents of apartheid and White rule has probably lost its value for ever. These great issues are firmly back where they belong, in their broad South African context. Their focal point is Pretoria, not Windhoek. The onslaught will continue: the flank attack has failed.
>
> The consequences will be far-reaching. The strategy of the campaign has shifted to ground which South Africa, due to its great economic strength, has found favourable. It has won time, time to wrestle with its great problems and its own conscience. South West Africa, the least suitable territory in Africa to be cast into the uncertain seas of international politics, was always a phoney issue, a marginal note in the documentation of African affairs.
>
> The Court has erased it and sent its petitioners back to their studies of the real problems that confront them—and us.

IF the World Court had decided against South Africa and ordered it to do something, and if South Africa had refused to comply, or had dillydallied, the Security Council might or might not have tried to enforce the order. As it was, of course, the South West Africa question was thrown right



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back into the lap of the General Assembly, where it had so often squirmed before. This gave the Afro-Asian nations, at the Assembly session that began in September, 1966, a chance to take their own action. (While they were at it, they hit back at the Court, declining to augment its budget by $72,500—a sum it had already spent to defray the unusually heavy costs of the South West litigation.) On October 27th, the Assembly overwhelmingly adopted Resolution 2145 (XXI)—with South Africa and Portugal voting against it, and with the United Kingdom and France abstaining, along with South Africa's small neighbor Malawi. (Two even closer and less populous neighbors, Botswana and Lesotho, were discreetly absent.) The resolution terminated the mandate and also set up a fourteen-member Ad Hoc Committee for South West Africa, which was instructed to "recommend practical means by which South West Africa should be administered, so as to enable the people of the Territory to exercise the right of self-determination and to achieve independence, and to report to the General Assembly at a special session as soon as possible and in any event not later than April, 1967." The General Assembly had given the Committee only a little over five months in which to report; nearly half that time was spent in merely forming the group, which finally met on January 17th. There were four African members—Ethiopia, Nigeria, Senegal, and the United Arab Republic. Once under way, they wanted to move fast. On January 24th, they proposed that there be no further debate after January 27th. Eventually, after debate well beyond that date, the African quartet recommended that the U.N. move right into South West, backed by an international police force, and that South West be granted independence not later than June, 1968. There were two other proposals. Chile and Mexico wanted the U.N. to take over without force—whatever that might mean—and the United States, Canada, and Italy were for deferring everything at least until the fall of 1967, and for holding consultations with the "existing governmental structure"—i.e., the incumbent government of South Africa, whose mandate had already been declared nonexistent. When the Committee's report was finally published, on April 7th, it was an astonishing document. It had no majority recommendation at all; it merely listed the proposals its factions had put forth.

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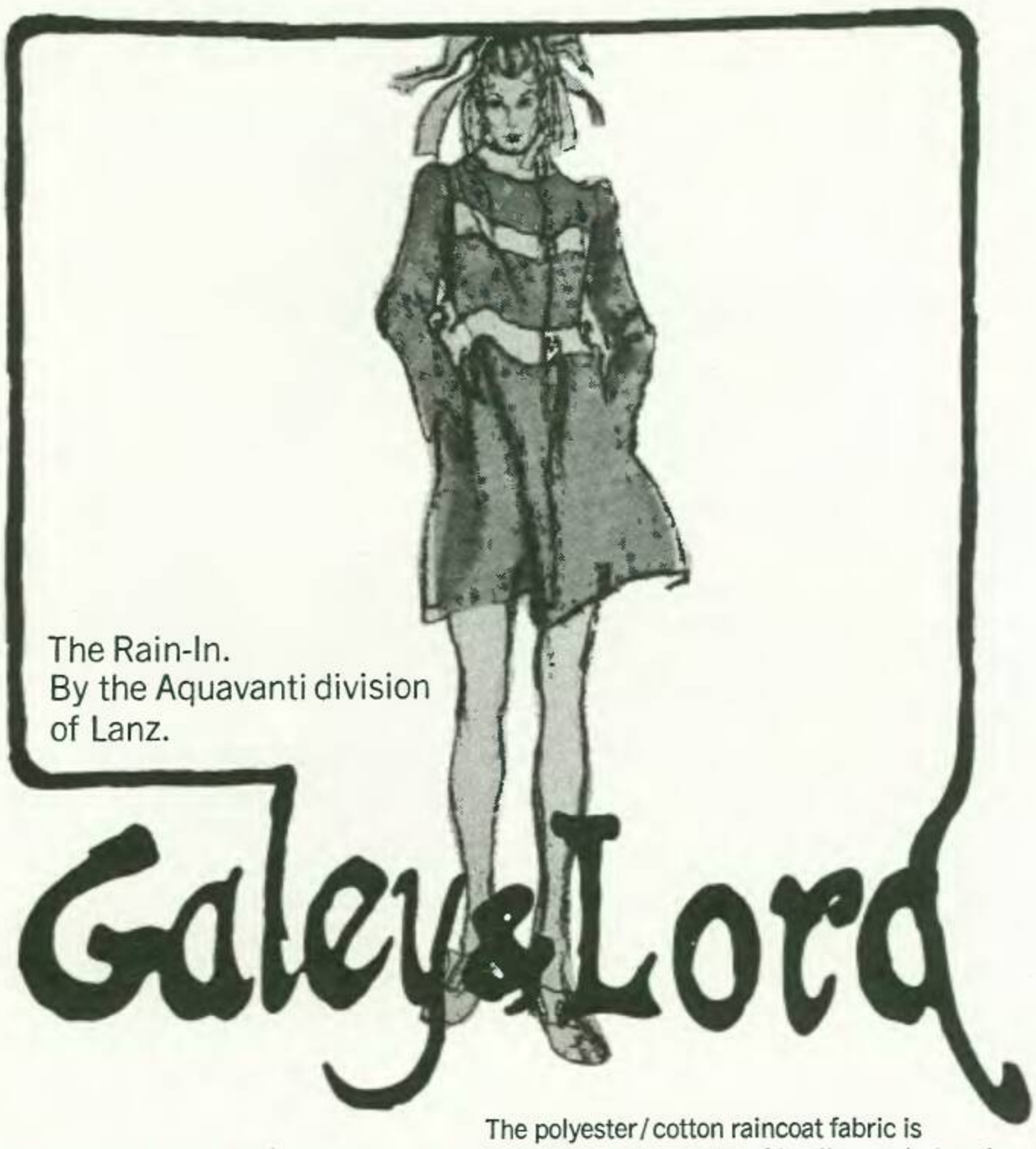
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tee's inconclusive cerebrations, the government of South Africa seemed fairly unperturbed. Long before his assassination, Prime Minister Verwoerd had put it on record that his country was prepared to fight to the death against any international invasion. And as for another possibility that had aroused speculation—an assault from the north of the continent by some combination of African nations—the present Prime Minister, Mr. Vorster, declared brusquely, "We can deal with them before breakfast." It is true that white South Africans can handle firearms, and some twenty thousand of them get military training each year. The country is now spending almost three hundred and sixty million dollars annually on its defense forces, and an additional ninety-four million on its police. It manufactures its own automatic rifles, and it has a missile-development program under way. When the United States, which for most non-Communist countries would be the logical source of heavy weapons, imposed an arms embargo against South Africa, the Republic simply looked elsewhere and quickly found France, which was glad to supply it with jet fighters and helicopters. Some months ago, Paris and Pretoria agreed to a further transaction, involving three brand-new French submarines. South Africa boasts that it has a first-rate radar-warning net, and last December its Minister of Defense announced that a new secret weapon, made by and for his countrymen, was at hand. He did not amplify his statement, and there has been practically no speculation in South Africa, where even presumptive breaches of security are severely dealt with, as to just what he might have been talking about. Mr. Vorster had also hinted from time to time that rather than put up with the U.N. any longer ("a so-called peace organization," he termed it) South Africa might just pull out. Notwithstanding, the government in Pretoria—for the first time since 1947—submitted a report to the U.N. on its stewardship in the territory. It emphasized that this was a voluntary submission. The document ran to a hundred and ninety tightly packed pages, and there was hardly anything in it that, in one form or another, South Africa had not made public before.

Meanwhile, in South West itself, there was considerable evidence of South Africa's determination not to leave the place. Until the summer of 1966, non-white political parties, which no longer exist in the Republic,



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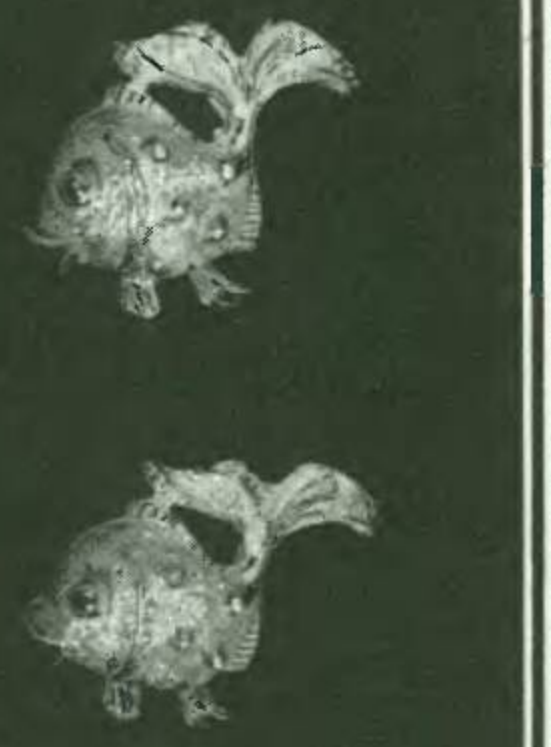
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had been tolerated in the territory. (Clements Kapuuo is the head of one, called the National Unity Democratic Organization, for which he claims twenty thousand members.) Many of the African leaders, to be sure, were in exile, but their groups continued to function after a fashion. (There were no elections for them to participate in.) And before the Court decision the Republic's detention laws had not been applied to the territory. In the fall of 1966, they were, and among the first to be imprisoned, under the catchall Suppression of Communism Act, were three leaders of the South West African People's Organization, or SWAPO, and one of the South West African National Union, or SWANU. The South African government related these arrests to a fairly recent flurry of restlessness in Ovamboland, which has a common border with Angola, and into which outsiders can readily infiltrate. Something like fifty such outsiders have been arrested in the last couple of years. The government calls them "terrorists," and says that some of those it has captured or killed have been armed with Soviet-made weapons. That is quite likely; there is no doubt but that many Africans in exile from South West, like their counterparts from the Republic, are hoping for a chance someday to invade their onetime homeland and are in training for that specific purpose. In December, 1966, an émigré SWAPO leader, Sam Nujoma, wrote to the Windhoek *Advertiser* from Lusaka, in Zambia, saying that SWAPO was in the forefront of the infiltrators' skirmishes with the South African police in Ovamboland. His boast from that sanctuary may not have been of much help to any SWAPO men under police surveillance within the territory. There are probably training camps for revolutionaries in Ovamboland itself. Nujoma, a burly, black-bearded firebrand who, like most SWAPO leaders, is an Ovambo, has said that he commands an army of four thousand men who are ready to fight at his word. A liberated and independent South West Africa would, if his views prevail, be known as Namibia, and SWAPO broadsides refer pointedly to the proceedings at The Hague as the Namibia Case. Until recently, no one knew for sure what was going on up there. The South African government, as part of its implementation of the Odendaal plan, has built a five-hundred-bed hospital in Ovamboland, and has embarked on an airstrip- and road-building program (Sam Cohen has six subcontractors in the area), but aside from the hospital no one can figure out what all the construction is for. The Ovambo have not much use for cars or airplanes; the new transportation facilities are widely thought to be strategically motivated.



Early last spring, with the Ad Hoc Committee in session, the South African government made two unusual moves. It invited diplomats from all U.N. countries who are accredited to it to visit Ovamboland (only those from Portugal, the Netherlands, and Rhodesia accepted), and it offered Ovamboland a chance to determine its own political future. The Ovambo—numbering more than half of all the non-whites in South West—were told, through a gathering of their chiefs and headmen, that they could have complete independence if they wanted it, or "some other relationship with other nations." The exact meaning of that last offer was not made clear. South Africa probably visualizes an all-black state for its Ovambo, and this would presumably not sit too well with the Portuguese, who control the other Ovambo, in Angola, for Portugal has never practiced apartheid. The proposal did at least give the Ad Hoc Committee its one opportunity to achieve unanimity; all its members said that the Ovamboland scheme was a violation of another provision of the General Assembly's Resolution 2145 (XXI), which had enjoined South Africa "forthwith to refrain and desist from any action, constitutional, administrative, political, or otherwise, which will in any manner whatsoever alter or tend to alter the present international status of South West Africa."

In Windhoek, the burgomeister, with the coöperation of the Territorial Administration, has been proceeding briskly with plans to construct a handsome new permanent municipal building. At the United Nations last spring, the special session of the General Assembly on South West Africa voted, eighty-five to two, to establish an eleven-nation council to take over South West on its behalf. The method of doing this was conspicuously omitted. South Africa and Portugal predictably voted against the resolution; this time, thirty nations abstained, including the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and the United States. It wasn't until June 13,

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1967, almost a month after the resolution passed, that enough countries could be rounded up to serve on the council, and three of them—Indonesia, Nigeria, and the United Arab Republic—hardly seemed promising as progenitors of stability. (The council proceeded to do absolutely nothing.) By June 13th, in any event, the Middle East crisis had begun, and nobody was paying much attention to South West Africa. After all, the United Nations is principally a peace-keeping organization, and there is little hard evidence that anything South Africa has done in South West is a menace to the peace of the world. The impact, if any, of South West Africa on the world's conscience is, of course, another matter. And who knows what might happen by the year 2000? —E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the second of a series of three articles on South Africa.*)

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FAMILY life has had a bad name at least since the time of the Greeks, and Robert Anderson isn't helping its reputation any with his blanched and quivering little play "I Never Sang for My Father," at the Longacre. The troubles of the House of Atreus were a lot more violent and dreadful than those of Mr. Anderson's contemporary House of Garrison, and, in my impatience with the maudlin confessional mood of the middle-aged boy hero of the play (who *would* stand facing the audience and intone, with a sad face, such highfalutin lines as "That night I left my father's house forever"), I longed for a few gouts of old-fashioned red blood to be spilled somewhere onstage or off, but no—Mr. Anderson's work has always notably lacked these necessary props, and the lacerations that the Garrisons inflict upon each other and upon themselves are the merest ineffectual *piqûres*. Since the family is a notoriously imperfect social unit, tending to crush the spirit in the very act of fostering it, we may well take it for a hopeful sign when, on occasion, its stresses are resolved by incest, murder, suicide, and the like—deeds of passion that vouch in the strongest possible terms for the existence of something of value inside the unit. Once upon a time, wasn't there a headline in the *Graphic* reading "TOT GUTS POP"? What a welcome hint of filial affection in those monosyllables! Whoever he was, the manly little fellow really cared. No member of the Garrison family would be capable of such a deed; we perceive that they will all die natural deaths, which, under the circumstances, is a thoroughly unnatural thing to do.

There are four Garrisons—a father and mother, standing with reluctant feet where the brook and eighty meet, and a daughter and son, who are in the neighborhood of fifty. The children seem far too old for the problems that beset them; if, at fifty (a likely age at which to become a grandfather), a son is still complaining in heartsick fashion over not being able to communicate with Dad, there is probably much to be said on Dad's side of the story. The only weapons the Garrisons employ in their perennial struggle are words, which have an even duller edge than Mr. Anderson supposes he gave them. To the usual Oedipal horrors Mr. Anderson has added a study of the horrors of old age; he has done his geriatric homework well, and we watch with dismay the revolting downward progress into senility of a couple of parents who can have had little enough charm in their prime. Now and then, the garrulous father provides a measure of unconscious humor, behind which, when we are lucky, we catch an echo of the voice of Lardner's perfect "Golden Honeymoon," but the hero himself has no humor whatever; he is a baby in man's clothing, grown too old to suck his thumb and still at a loss for an acceptable substitute. At the end of the play, we are back at its beginning, with the repetition of a portentous maxim to the effect that death does not mark the end of a life. True, but if such truths were all that it took to write plays, which of us would not be Shakespeare?

"I Never Sang for My Father" moves at a mercifully brisk pace, thanks in part to Alan Schneider's direction and in part to the ingenuity of Jo Mielziner's lightly sketched-in sets, which, with the help of turntables, cause the scenes to flow steadily into each other. Alan Webb enjoys himself immensely in the role of the tyrannical, self-absorbed father, and so does Lillian Gish in the smaller role of the doting mother. Hal Holbrook breathes such life as he can into the hero, but it is a cruel thing to require of an actor that he sustain a single rueful, elegiacal note for an entire evening. Teresa Wright plays the sister—an odd, scrappy part, containing clues to a number of matters that may have been written out of the play before it reached us.

SO many attractive people have worked so hard to make "Darling of the Day" a success that I feel as misanthropic as Scrooge for reporting that the new musical at the George Abbott is only mildly, and intermittently, entertaining. The conventional complaint about musicals—that the book is skimpy, or nonexistent—cannot be made here; "Darling of the Day" has been taken from the novel "Buried Alive," by Arnold Bennett, and much of Bennett's complicated plot survives. Indeed, perhaps too much survives (I seem to hear the producers grinding their teeth and groaning, "How can you win?"), with the result that the show ends in a farcically helter-skelter courtroom scene, largely spoken or shouted but not sung—a scene that put



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me in mind of a talented high-school production of some hitherto undiscovered juvenilia by Gilbert and Sullivan. If you think, as I do, that a little of the real Gilbert and Sullivan goes a long way, consider how far a lot of imaginary G. and S. will carry you!

"Darling of the Day" concerns a famous artist who, to preserve his peace of mind, takes advantage of a freakish opportunity to be thought dead. The place is London, and the time is 1905, which invites a display of gorgeous Edwardian costumes and sets, the former by Raoul Pène duBois and the latter by Oliver Smith. It also invites a good deal of jaunty pub singing and dancing, and if the last time that anyone was actually known to raise a voice or foot in a London pub was 1523, no matter; musicals have their own laws, and Jule Styne and E. Y. Harburg have taken care to compose a couple of numbers—"It's Enough to Make a Lady Fall in Love" and "Not on Your Nellie"—that *ought* to be sung and danced to in those gloomy death chambers over the sea. They have composed as well a pleasant sentimental ballad called "Sunset Tree," addressed to senior citizens everywhere and conveying the absolutely false news that life grows more and more delightful as we decay. (See Mr. Anderson's opposing view, above.) Mr. Harburg is a clever lyricist, and when he needs a rhyme for "uppity," he has no difficulty finding "cup of tea." The dialogue often gives the impression of being witty when it is merely lighthearted, thanks to the relish with which, under Noel Willman's direction, Vincent Price, Patricia Routledge, Peter Woodthorpe, Teddy Green, Brenda Forbes, and the rest of the large cast attack their roles. (On opening night, Mr. Price had only to utter the heroine's name—Alice Challice—to bring down the house. Surely the audience was responding to Mr. Price and not to the words?) There are musicals whose inanities make one feel an almost physical hostility toward them; toward "Darling of the Day," on the contrary, one tends to feel protective, as if by encouragement and applause its ingratiatingness could be transmuted into genuine excellence. But, as the Prince of Chan said, in the alchemy of excellence applause is not worth a straw.

—Brendan Gill

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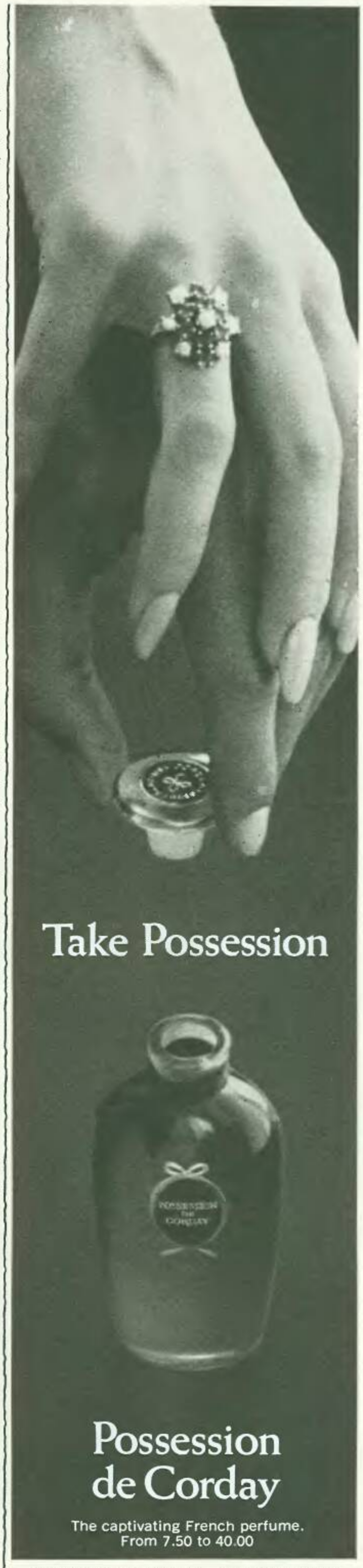
JANUARY 24

THIS has been a strange month of January, as if it were the end of something only too familiar, rather than the start of things new. The weather, at its best, has been like a leftover *été de la St.-Martin*, as the French call our Indian summer—warmish weather, like a winter that has mildewed and, as its only form of energy, has wetted down all of France with tempestuous winds and rains, more appropriate to a too early spring. The Seine is at flood tide, and the costly, picturesque new drives at water level on either side of the stream are now like canals. Over the past week, it has been as if the importance of the international news itself were damped down in Paris by the weather. Even *Le Monde*, the weighty, if small, evening journal that sets the highest reportorial tone and style of all the European newspapers—a journal usually sensitive indeed to whatever happens in Washington—made no major editorial interpretation of President Johnson's State of the Union Message, which it merely paraphrased briefly, mentioning "the deflation of his rhetoric" but adding neither comment nor penetrating opinion, since what he said was, after all, well-known stale important news before he spoke it. There was, however, a general French feeling that he gave no more than "the minimum of the minimum" needed to stiffen confidence in the dollar, and in some quarters surprise was naïvely expressed at the President's silence on how much money American tourists would not spend in Europe this summer—though how on earth could he even guess, let alone hope?



"The week just ended was heavy with events whose historic weight can escape no one," remarked *Les Échos*, the daily paper of the Paris Bourse, in an outspoken editorial. In it, Mr. Wilson's "reduction of Great Britain to an international dimension more suited to its possibilities" was analyzed, along with the latest shock—"the internal disengagement of the dollar vis-à-vis gold," as the paper called it. "Is this a step toward the complete freeing of the dollar from its subjection to metal?" *Les Échos* asked itself. In any case, the paper concluded, "January, 1968, runs the risk of pressing heavily on the destiny of Western economic affairs." Finance Minister Debré, in his own very different way, was also seeing things gloomily when he later said that "the perspectives of 1968 make it look like a difficult year." However, Premier Pompidou, being much more of a pure politician by temperament, was far cheerier at the Friday meeting of the central committee of what we must try to remember is now called L'Union des Démocrates pour la Ve République—the newest official name for the Gaullist Party. M. Pompidou brightly pointed out the following encouraging Party news: "In the past nine months, our parliamentary situation has started moving in a different direction, in which we have demonstrated that even though our majority is feeble"—a majority consisting of exactly one deputy, which, in truth, could hardly be much feebler without turning into a minority—"there is no opposition capable of overthrowing us, much less capable of replacing us." It is such moments of hairbreadth triumph that sometimes make French politics so fascinating. Well, believe it or not, within three days the Ve République Party and its pro-Gaullist but dissenting group headed by Giscard d'Estaing received word that a French deputy named Francis Sanford, who had been elected under the Gaullist banner in French Polynesia, had quit the Gaullist group to become a *non-inscrit*, or unaffiliated, floating deputy. By losing that Polynesian will-o'-the-wisp, the two major Gaullist groups lost their absolute majority in Parliament. Almost equally fascinating are the political reasons that led to Sanford's resignation. It seems that he had earlier announced to the Territorial Assembly in Papeete that he would leave the Gaullist Party if the Paris government did not respond favorably—and it did not—to his demand that six scientists be sent to assess the dangers of the thermonuclear tests soon to be held on Polynesian territory. It is, among other things, such bewildering vagaries as Sanford's resignation at long distance in far-off Polynesia, where no one can conveniently argue with him at the moment, that in multiple ways led President de Gaulle here in Paris to establish his kind of French Fifth Republic, which by political purists is commonly called monocratic.

THE latest esoteric theatre offering is very *nouvelle vague* indeed. It is being played at the Théâtre de Lutèce, which would certainly rank as



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an Off Broadway kind of place, since it was a third-century Roman arena for gladiatorial combats, wild-animal displays, and possibly even Christian martyrdoms. Today, it is merely a very Left Bank local hall, fixed up from its ambiguous, bloody past into a neighborhood playhouse for the intelligentsia, mostly from the Right Bank. Its present attraction is a fantasy play by the Buenos Aires artist who signs himself Copi. His serial cartoons, published in a high-class weekly magazine, of a squat, indelicate, almost speechless seated female, whose sometime companion is a snail that sits at her feet and acts as the rebel against society, are the hilarious favorites of Parisians. The Copi play, called "La Journée d'une Rêveuse," concerns a full day in the life of a dreamer—really a whole lifetime squeezed into two hours, which seemed very long to sit through, what with a chorus of postmen whistling and climbing into trees, a daughter as old as her mother, and other anomalies. Since the great popularity of Ionesco, these French theatre-of-the-absurd items can, like Copi's, have a meringue quality that is far from nourishing.



THE Louis Delluc annual cinema prize—rather like the Goncourt Prize—for the best presentation of the previous year has just been given to "Benjamin; ou, Les Mémoires d'un Puceau," filmed by Michel Deville, hitherto no prize-winner of anything. Yet he has here turned out a film that is a kind of delicate masterpiece of voluptuous physical grace and refined libertinage, its story dealing with not one but two young eighteenth-century aristocrats, Benjamin and Anne, both ignorant of the practices of love, who learn their first lesson with each other at the château of Benjamin's countess aunt, where, as a country bumpkin, he has been sent to be socially educated. The scenes, in full color, are like pictures by Watteau, and the story, which is basically daring, has not been weakened by evasions or cluttered with licentious literary frills from Choderlos or Crébillon—the scene where the two innocents disrobe each other is as fresh and charming as a *tableau galant* from some château-bedroom art collection. The equestrian scenes, with Benjamin and the libertine Count, his aunt's faithless lover, riding breakneck in pale silks through the forests, are so handsome that they have been compared to the great galloping in the film "Tom Jones," though never were two films less alike, the French movie possessing its own highly civilized quality, and even its own touch of typical perverse courtly cruelty. For it is the faithless Count whom Anne loves and has determined to marry, although she gives herself first to Benjamin in order to punish the Count's egotistical male pride. The cast is really choice, with Michèle Morgan as the countess aunt and Catherine Deneuve as Anne—the most ravishing feminine sight in any movie now showing. Benjamin is played by young Pierre Clémenti, who manages the role without prudery, at least. "Benjamin" is already the big hit in Paris, since it offers beauty, sensuality, and perfect taste—rarities in the celluloid world today.

Certainly you will find none of these qualities in "Weekend," the newest of the Jean-Luc Godard films shown here. Godard is the most influential filmmaker in France and the most indifferent to what anyone of any nationality thinks of his films. Certain French film devotees regard each of his new movies as a memorable event, and, what is more, carry all his old films in their memories, like parts of their own private aesthetic experience. He is not so much popular as a fetish with those who evaluate each new production of his as another Godard incarnation. He makes movies with the same haste that brilliant talkers make conversation, some things being hurriedly said and always remaining regrettable. What his films have in common is that they are not like any other movie-makers' films, which gives them their own unique brotherhood. Of all that he has made, "Weekend" is the most fervently disagreeable and alarming. It begins in reality, with the flight of an unmarried French couple, Mireille and Jean, both of a singular lack of charm, who are driving off from Paris for an amorous weekend in the country somewhere, anywhere. Then they get stuck in traffic, and everything gradually turns into a kind of torture scene, beginning with quarrels among the owners of the jammed cars, rising into fistfights, smashed cars, burned cars, and overturned cars, and culminating with the dead being lifted off to the side of the road. As the dead accumulate, they become like commedia-dell'arte figures—fatal figures of grisly waste and humor. The satire and the realism of the scene continue to be mixed without discrimination or dif-

ferentiation. All the cruelty, envy, and hatred of those who survive for those who have perished come to the surface in a series of bourgeois portraits, which Godard traces with his camera lens as a form of anger, fury, and criticism. In a kind of artist's anarchy, he is like a sculptor of church Last Judgments whose specialty is sculpting not those on the right hand, who are saved, but those on the left hand, who are damned. As the roadside holocaust goes on, the couple's relations with society and nature worsen steadily. So does the film. Cruelty becomes too commonplace, in the clumsy slaughter of a pig by a country butcher, and in the steady robbery of the corpses of their better garments, which Mireille decks herself in. The end of the film is total disorder, with Jean probably eaten in a fit of savagery that seizes first on one and then on the other of the couple—cannibalism supposedly representing modern society, in which man eats man as one country eats another in war. All this offers a total evasion on Godard's part of any sane, constructive solution of a situation that started with a weekend bottleneck of cars on a highroad leading out of Paris. "Weekend" has already been called "*le film le plus dingue*," or the maddest film, that Godard has ever done. This covers a great many thousands of feet of provocative, interesting, unconventional film made in his relatively brief career, which began with "Breathless," one of the few technically perfect films made in our time, most critics think.

LAST Sunday night at ten-thirty, the special weekend TV program called "Un Certain Regard," aimed at careful listeners and at minds with serious curiosities, and backed by the research service of the state radio-and-television company as its most intellectually ambitious broadcast, gave the television public the privilege of a half hour of listening to and looking at the so-called father of structural anthropology—Professor Claude Lévi-Strauss, ethnologist, anthropologist, and professor at the Collège de France. The typical professor in garb, he is gentle and lively, and looks like an intelligent bird, with a voice that is soft but distinct. He began by talking about genes—of trees and fishes, and then of man, with diagrams. He also used photographs of a royal wedding in Westminster Abbey and of tribal marriage ceremonies among primitive South American Indians. (His vast collection of tribal photographs was fascinating.) He spoke of the "ridiculous" variants

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in genes in cases of incest—reacting one way if the incest was between an uncle and a niece, in another way if it was between a nephew and an aunt. Some time ago, in *Le Nouvel Observateur*, he delivered himself of his definition of structuralism, "which is not a philosophical doctrine but a method." He went on, "It uses social facts that represent certain models, always taking into consideration not the terms but the *relations* between the terms." Among his other propositions is that the human sciences, like ethnology, cannot be called scientific, like biology, because the ethnologist deals with the hand-me-downs of history and geography. "Each of the phenomena we ethnologists wish to study—beliefs, rites, etc.—expresses in a particular language something that is common to each," he said. "This common thing is precisely the structure, or unvarying relation between the terms." So, he declared, such sciences of man as ethnology will be structuralist, this being the only way they can simplify themselves. He also spoke of myths, whose most essential property, perhaps, is that of being beautiful. Of the Greek miracle, he commented that it could not be contested that something took place in a small corner of the world at a certain time, which first made philosophy possible and, through that, certain forms of reflection and scientific knowledge. To an ethnologist, no interpretation of this phenomenon seems possible. "Let us say," he concluded, "that the Greek miracle occurred once, and that, like all unique phenomena, it can only be proved, not explained." Among highly educated French people generally, Jean-Paul Sartre's Existentialism is considered, in retrospect, to have been far easier to grasp—perhaps because it was a philosophy—than the methodical, apolitical manual of Lévi-Strauss's structuralism. —GENÊT

•

How better for a fisherman to start the new year than by hauling in a 29½-pound walleye which weighs eight pounds seven ounces? It is a perfect start, according to Tom Naylor, 3281 Dexter Rd., who snagged the dandy he is holding in a private lake west of Dexter.—*Caption in the Ann Arbor News.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Horses on the Grass, Hurrah!



IT'S thirty-six years since Joseph E. Widener decreed the turf course at Hialeah—the first in this country since old Sheepshead Bay closed, in 1910. He did it for his own amusement, because he liked the picture the bright silks of the jockeys made against the green background. So did the crowd, and nothing in racing has become more popular. You can count on your fingers the major tracks that don't have a grass course. Some of the stakes offered in turf races run into six figures, and there are plenty of horses to go after them. In fact, there were so many last Saturday for the Palm Beach Handicap, the first preliminary for the Turf Cup, three weeks hence, that it was run in two divisions. In the first, Abe's Hope, who gave the backers of Buckpasser such a scare in the Flamingo two years ago, mowed down the leaders in the stretch. The second division had an international flavor; British-bred Polyfoto won by lengths from the Canadian He's a Smoothie, and Florida-bred Ruffled Feathers was third. Polyfoto, a rangy six-year-old bay owned by P. C. Rowe, raced well in England and hasn't been worse than second since he came to this country last year. It's only fair to say, though, that in the Palm Beach he carried twelve pounds less than He's a Smoothie, who was never able to close the gap between them.

THE most important item from California, of course, was Willie Shoemaker's accident. In a claiming race at Santa Anita early last week, his mount stumbled over a horse that had fallen in a jam at the turn into the stretch, and he was thrown to the track, fracturing the thigh bone of his right leg. His doctors say his condition is first-rate, but they won't set a date when he'll be fit to ride again. My guess would be midsummer. In the forty years that the indefatigable Johnny Longden rode, he broke one leg or the other so often that I lost count, but he was always back in the saddle in a remarkably short time. I hope Shoemaker recovers as quickly. The big question at the moment is who will take Shoemaker's place on Damascus in the Charles H. Strub Stakes at Santa Anita this weekend. Frank Whiteley, who trains the colt, will have no difficulty getting a rider. I daresay he can have the pick of the lot—and any one of them can do the job—but it will be interesting to see whom he gets. It is much harder to make out a case for any of the horses Damascus is likely to meet. He'll probably have no more than a good gallop.

William Haggin Perry's pair, Gamely and Princessnesian, ran one, two in the Santa Maria Handicap at the California track last Saturday. From all accounts, Gamely had to be ridden out sharply in the stretch to beat her stablemate, to whom she gave five pounds, and Moog, to whom she gave twelve, and who was third, but she will no doubt be the favorite for the Santa Margarita, the six-figure jackpot for fillies and mares a fortnight hence.

NOW, here's one for the book. Pimlico's new Flirtation Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, was won by a lively little number named Flirtation. When the race was scheduled, months ago, the odds against such a happening would have been astronomical, if anyone had even thought of it, but she paid the hunch players who backed her only $6.80 in the mutuels.

BY the time you read these words, Vitriolic may well have won his first start as a three-year-old, in the Bahamas Stakes at Hialeah. After all, as the winner of the Saratoga Special, the Champagne, the Pimlico Futurity, and a division of the Arlington-Washington Futurity, he is top weight, under 126 pounds, in the Experimental Free Handicap—the official appraisal of candidates for the 1968 classics. Incidentally, Tommy Trotter, handicapper to the Jockey Club, who makes the appraisal, rates Queen of the Stage the best of the fillies, at 117 pounds. Both runners are owned by Ogden Phipps. Not since 1945, when Tom Smith was training Lord Boswell and Beaugay for Maine Chance Farm, has a stable brought off a similar double. And, speaking of weights, Raymond Guest's American-bred Sir Ivor (he won the National Stakes at the Curragh of Kildare and the Grand Criterium at Longchamp, which is France's chief race for two-year-olds) heads the Irish Free Handicap, under 140 pounds. If such an impost were put on a colt here, the screams of horsemen and horseplayers would be deafening.

—AUDAX MINOR

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 27

THE official statements are tough, self-righteous, unyielding, ungraceful. But below what may be called the "spokesman" level, the word is being passed that there will be no use of force, and that if all else fails, as all else now seems bound to do, the government will drop its demand for the return of the Pueblo and seek only the release of its crew. This may not be information but a kind of extrapolation—a reading of the "options" by subordinates whose thinking may be colored by their hope of getting out of this mess as quickly as possible. It is, of course, far from certain that the North Koreans would find such a deal acceptable. If it interested them at all, they would probably demand that along with the addition to their navy, in which the Pueblo would be the largest ship, they get some kind of acknowledgment of wrongdoing on our part and some assurance that we will in the future keep a healthy distance from North Korea's territorial waters. If it comes to that, it is being said here, an apology will reluctantly be made. (Senator Mansfield has this afternoon advocated that we put all questions of fact aside and make any apologies required to free the Pueblo's crew and avert war.) Again, all this may be nothing more than a prophecy by interested persons who would like to see it fulfilled. No one knows whom, if anyone, the President is listening to these days, or whether there is in the Administration anyone challenging his judgment and pleading with him to take a hard look at the available courses of action and inaction. In any event, the view of most observers here is that the only alternative to a compromise that would surely be humiliating to the government is a war that it is in no way—not even militarily—prepared to wage. In dealing with a country which we do not recognize, which we bar from membership in the United Nations, and with which we have no normal relations of any kind, our power avails us little. We can communicate with North Korea only through field commanders on an armistice line and, if we can find any, through intermediaries who have more sympathy with its position than with ours. We have nothing to threaten but destruction, and nothing but destruction to withhold. There is little to negotiate except that which by definition is not negotiable.

Most people here are as skeptical as any Communist diplomat could be of the Administration's account of what happened in the Sea of Japan earlier in the week. It is not only that the Administration's record for veracity is so poor; it is as much a case of doubting whether the government, regardless of how it planned to deal with the public, is even capable of getting at the truth. How can Arthur Goldberg or Dean Rusk know where the Pueblo was in the days and hours before its capture? Who would tell them, and why should they believe their informants? The only assurance that Rusk could give the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was that the ship's commander was under instructions to stay at least thirteen miles offshore. He said that its radio had been silent until shortly before the seizure; if true, this suggests that the Pueblo was concealing its position. After testifying at the closed hearings, the Secretary was asked by reporters whether at any previous time the Pueblo had ventured within North Korea's twelve-mile limit. He said, "We have no information whatever pointing in that direction." This was candid enough; had he gone on, he might have said that he had no information pointing in *any* direction. It can be doubted whether anyone in high appointive office had ever before heard of the Pueblo or understood the missions that it and similar vessels were supposed to be performing. And a knowledge of what it was authorized to do would not necessarily be the same as a knowledge of what it was actually doing. Even today, it seems impossible to get a straight answer to the question of which office in the Pentagon or the C.I.A. or whatever the ship's commander reported to. If the reason could be security, it could also be ignorance and confusion; it could be that no one wants to talk, or it could be that no one knows how to find out. And there is an understandable vagueness, which may not be dictated by security, as to what benefit the republic derives from the existence of such ships (known in the trade, it seems, as "elints"—gatherers of "electronic intelligence") and the data they are said to send back. What is the point of having all this gadgetry afloat in the Sea of Japan "monitoring" North Korean "communications"? The official reply is that with fifty thousand American troops south of the Thirty-eighth Parallel it is clearly advantageous to learn in advance of any hostile intentions on the part of North Korea. But now it seems that anyone with a cheap transistor radio could have picked up North Korean announcements broadcast only a week ago—not in any code but in crude, clear English—that American "armed spy boats" were in imminent danger. It would seem that either the Pueblo's equipment was, in Pentagonese, too "sophisticated" to pick up messages so conventionally transmitted or, as it is only



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too easy to believe, the warnings arrived and were immediately thrust into a file cabinet or an off-duty computer, unread and undigested by any human being.

Two crises in this decade—this one and the one in 1960 that followed the downing of the C.I.A.'s U-2 spy plane near Sverdlovsk—arose as consequences of the malfunctioning of an intelligence system that has no excuse for being except as an aid to the avoidance of the kind of danger we now confront. It can be maintained that at times—perhaps more times than the public has ever been told about—the system has helped keep the peace. It was a U-2 that detected the Soviet missile emplacements in Cuba in 1962; this led to an extremely tense period but probably nowhere near as dangerous a one as we would have faced if knowledge of the installations had come at a later time and by some other means. U-2 flights in the closing months of the Eisenhower Administration have been credited with gathering the evidence, generally regarded as authentic, that we had greatly overestimated Soviet nuclear and missile capacity. This was useful to know; without such information, it is unlikely that the test-ban treaty of 1963 could ever have been negotiated. But a crisis as severe as the present one followed the shooting down of the U-2 piloted by Gary Powers, and there were then, as there are today, people asking whether such risks are worth taking. There can, of course, be no closely reasoned answer, since it is given to very few to know what the "intelligence community" does with the money and equipment provided for it, and among those who do know there are probably very few who have the kind of moral and political judgment that would give any serious person reason to respect their opinions. But if we apply to the C.I.A. and other intelligence agencies a general knowledge of the functioning of bureaucracies, we can be reasonably sure that a great deal is being done that is of no benefit to anyone except the people thereby provided with employment. This is an inflexible rule of government, testified to most recently by those ambassadors who were elated at the news that, to cut down overseas spending, all embassy staffs were to be reduced by ten per cent. And it would seem to follow that secret bureaucracies are more given to pointless, mindless operations than those that are more or less subject to the scrutiny of Congress and the press. Since some of what these faceless bureaucrats are up to can expose



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us and the rest of the world to the danger of wars that could lead to extinction, it is hard to escape the conclusion that our lives are all quite often at the mercy of mere boondogglers.

WHEN and if the present crisis is past, there will be some kind of congressional investigation, accompanied by demands for closer civilian surveillance of those who are supposedly in the business of military surveillance and the gathering of intelligence. But this is merely one aspect of the way we use our power, and the largest question raised by the events of this week is how it has come to pass that our power is so useless in achieving the ends our government professes to seek and is so often a source of danger not to our "enemies" but to ourselves. Because the B-52 bomber, armed with hydrogen bombs, that crashed in Greenland fell far from centers of population and in nominally friendly territory, it did not bring on a crisis similar to that caused by the Pueblo's capture. But it might have fallen elsewhere and made the week doubly agonizing. People here were almost as much surprised to learn that such a plane had been in the air as they were to hear of its falling. Although the Strategic Air Command was never dissolved and probably never will be, there was a mistaken but widespread impression that, whatever disasters they might ultimately lead to, our intercontinental ballistic missiles and Polaris submarines had at least reduced some of the dangers of maintaining an "airborne alert" at all times. But, clearly, the dangers have simply multiplied, and if it can be said that this is what invariably happens when power is endlessly being added to power, it must also now be said that this seems to be about the only thing that happens. In the late fifties, there was great dissatisfaction with the Eisenhower Administration's military policy, which was to place almost complete reliance for the prevention of war on nuclear deterrents, on our capacity for "massive retaliation." A number of military men and many Democratic opponents of the Administration, among them John F. Kennedy, argued that this was the most perilous of courses. It meant that any conflict in which we were engaged would shortly have to become a nuclear conflict, and that we had no way of defending American interests except an ultimately self-defeating one. The cry then was for "balance" and "diversity" in military defense, and in 1961 Robert McNa-



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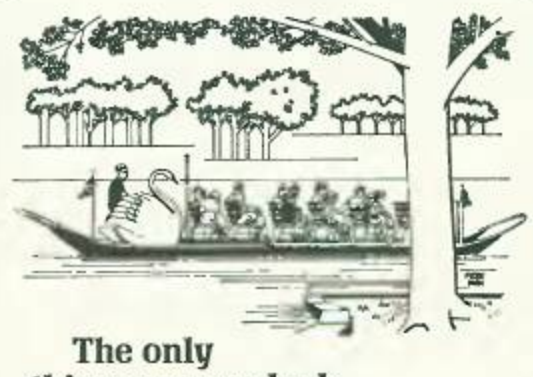
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mara set about reorganizing the armed services so that they might be able to fight "limited wars" for limited ends. This sounded sensible at the time, and perhaps it is still a sounder policy than the one that had been in effect; we can never know whom, if anyone, we should thank for the fact that we are still alive. But what is surely the case is that, except insofar as our nuclear weapons may be preventing general war, our military power is not of much use, even in the pursuit of military victory. We have created the kind of forces we were told were needed in order to fight "brush-fire wars"—several of which, it was said, might be going on simultaneously—and yet we cannot "win" even the one in which we are currently engaged. And in the last few days we have been advised by our military men that if the Korean war were resumed, the drain of Vietnam on our resources would compel us to employ "tactical" nuclear weapons.

The power we have today can get us into trouble of many kinds, but it seems useless for getting us out. There seems to be no way in which its use or the threat of its use can achieve even as small and defensible an aim as the return to our shores of eighty-three of our citizens. It is, in fact, the cause of their detention; in a similar fix (if one can be imagined), it would probably be easier for Costa Rica, which lacks any military forces, to obtain the release of her nationals. One cannot, to be sure, maintain that American power has no beneficent uses, no excuses for being, and that we should emulate Costa Rica in having none of it. The world is, as the Secretary of State keeps saying, "a violent place," and our power has at times been used for the lessening of violence and in defense of humane aims. But now it seems to stand in need of at least as much reassessment as it did in the late Eisenhower and early Kennedy years. At its present level and in its present deployment, it seems damaging to just about every legitimate interest we have in the world and a threat to our own society.

UNTIL a week ago, it was generally felt here that no Republican with a chance of getting his party's nomination could defeat Lyndon Johnson in November, assuming the election to be held in an atmosphere not very different from the one that prevailed in early January. The polls showed a distinct improvement in the President's standing—an improvement that was believed to reflect not so much a growing approval of his management of affairs as a growing disenchantment with the approaches that his rivals, declared or undeclared, had publicly been taking. All surveys showed him with a clear lead over Richard Nixon, George Romney, and Ronald Reagan, and the prospect of a Dixiecrat campaign by George Wallace seemed far more damaging to the Republicans than to the Democrats. It is doubtful, however, if many of those who felt confident of their analyses of two or three weeks ago could have been persuaded to make any bets on the outcome in November. For it seems far less likely than it generally does at this stage of an election year that the present mood of the country will hold through the months ahead. It has become possible for many people who are not subject to control or manipulation by politicians in either party to affect our lives and our attitudes; we seem, indeed, to have reached a situation in which other nations, lacking all such accoutrements of power as spy ships and B-52s, can intervene in our affairs every bit as much as we, by the exercise of power, have ever intervened in the domestic politics of other nations. Whatever lay behind the seizure of the Pueblo, the incident is almost certain to have an effect on the Administration, and if the crisis is resolved in the way that is now expected, it will be damaging to the President. If it remains unresolved or leads to another war, it will be even more damaging.

In the circumstances, political speculation seems more than usually a waste of time. Even if one could be certain that there will be greatly increased violence here and overseas between now and the election, it would be impossible to reckon many of the effects on American opinion. If there is any discernible tendency, it is one of fragmentation, of departures from the center in a dozen directions. Not even those who can reach easy agreement on such an end as disengagement in Vietnam can settle on a means of advancing their one-issue politics. White radicals and Negro militants, even in their separate and increasingly separatist movements, are divided over whether any of them ought to take part in electoral politics at all. The labor movement is riven within itself, and its historic alliance with the liberal and intellectual communities seems ended. Conservatives are divided over whether Ronald Reagan deserves to be called a conservative, and it is not inconceivable that many who voted for Barry Goldwater

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in 1964 will look upon Lyndon Johnson as their champion in 1968. Nearly all of this is the heritage of Vietnam, the one war in this century that has not created at least a temporary national unity. More war seems bound to be accompanied by more disunity.

It has generally been possible in the past to contain within the two-party system such disunity as has existed, and to make of each party a national coalition capable of governing when it has attracted enough minorities to constitute a majority. In this we have been more fortunate than most democracies. Now our luck appears to be running out. The traditional party structures could always find room for dissenters, but the problem now is not really dissent but political alienation that makes compromise and coalition impossible. Those who will vote for George Wallace are as much alienated from the system as those who will not vote at all or will vote only for some symbol of left-wing alienation running against the political order rather than within it. Thus, we may soon have a test of that provision of the Constitution that calls for the House of Representatives to name a President when no candidate in the general election wins a majority in the Electoral College. It is by no means out of the question that the test could come before January 20th of next year. Outside the South, George Wallace's support is not, as far as can now be ascertained, sufficient to give him a balance of power in any large state. But present estimates are based on past records, which may prove wildly irrelevant to the realities of late 1968, and it is altogether conceivable that Wallace could take the electoral vote of the South and enough of the popular vote in the North to leave neither major-party candidate with an electoral majority. What would then happen is beyond any present imagining. The next Congress, which would have to elect someone on the basis of one vote to a state, may be every bit as fragmented as the country itself. With an even number of states, there can be a tie vote, broken in the end by trades and compromises that could mean the end of democracy.

—Richard H. Rovere

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—*Long Island Press.*

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She is, in fact, exquisite.
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and as real as a cast-iron pot.

Let's face it, I have been momentary.
A luxury. A bright red sloop in the harbor.
My hair rising like smoke from the car window.
Littleneck clams out of season.

She is more than that. She is your have to have,
has grown you your practical, your tropical growth.
This is not an experiment. She is all harmony.
She sees to oars and oarlocks for the dinghy,

has placed wild flowers at the window at breakfast,
sat by the potter's wheel at midday,
set forth three children under the moon,
three cherubs drawn by Michelangelo,

done this with her legs spread out
in the terrible months in the chapel.
If you glance up, the children are there
like delicate balloons resting on the ceiling.

She has also carried each one down the hall
after supper, their heads privately bent,
two legs protesting, person to person,
her face flushed with a song and their little sleep.

I give you back your heart.
I give you permission—

for the fuse inside her, throbbing
angrily in the dirt, for the bitch in her
and the burying of her wound—
for the burying of her small red wound alive—

for the pale flickering flare under her ribs,
for the drunken sailor who waits in her left pulse,
for the mother's knee, for the stockings,
for the garter belt, for the call—

the curious call
when you will burrow in arms and breasts
and tug at the orange ribbon in her hair
and answer the call, the curious call.

She is so naked and singular.
She is the sum of yourself and your dream.
Climb her like a monument, step after step.
She is solid.

As for me, I am a watercolor.
I wash off.

—ANNE SEXTON

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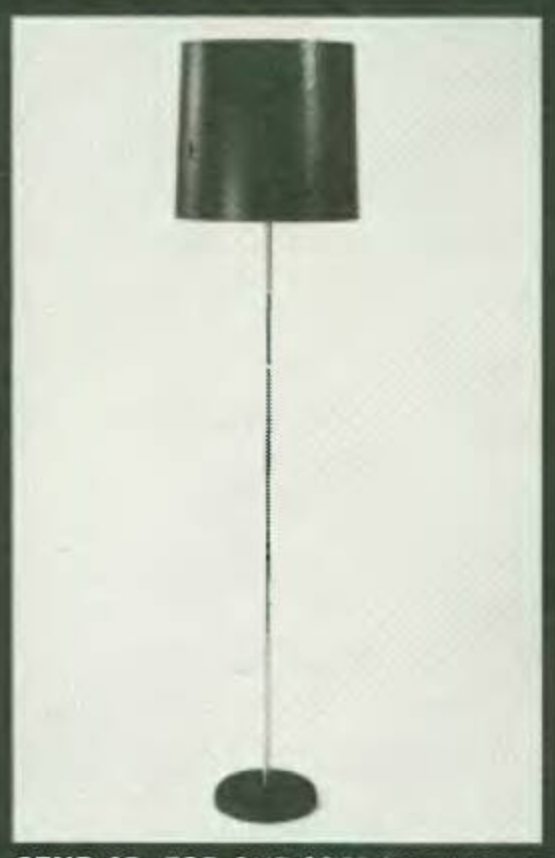
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Moo Who?

EVERYTHING that one may object to in the English film "Poor Cow" can no doubt be explained as intentional and serious and high-minded. The objections may still be valid. Joy, the Poor Cow, is having a baby pulled out of her and is crying in pain as the movie opens, and Donovan is singing Christopher Logue's words "Be not too hard/ For life is short/ And nothing is given to man. . . . Be not too hard/ For soon he'll die/ Often no wiser than he began," and I had a hunch that I should take the warning and walk out of the theatre. One comes away no wiser about Joy or her husband or her lover than when the movie began. Trying to be a modern, unsentimental slice of life, the movie becomes impersonal. This, too, may be intentional. A decade ago, René Clément gave us Zola's good-hearted Gervaise, working to support her children, mistreated by her lover and her husband, coarsened and defeated by the squalid conditions of working-class life. Two years ago, Darling, who thought only of her own pleasure, drifted upward. Joy, the Poor Cow, is somewhere between: a barmaid and demi-whore, she takes care of her child, all right, as she drifts along, mostly downward. Nell Dunn, the author of the novel on which the picture is based, seems to conceive of Joy in terms of the sensuality and happiness possible within her degraded life. The director, Kenneth Loach, seems rather more interested in using Joy as an example of modern urban anomie.



As Joy, Carol White is made up to look so much like Julie Christie that at times one forgets she isn't; John Bindon is the cloddish burglar who impregnates and marries her; and Terence Stamp is the thief she takes up with when her husband goes to prison. The acting of the three leads is subdued, and they are photographed as part of the film's compositions—minus the star lighting and placement within the frame which usually enable the principal performers to stand out. This, together with the sensitive writing of the insistently ordinary lines they speak, makes them seem lifelike. The trouble with actors when "you hardly know they're acting" is that they don't hold your attention. Several of the minor players show a more theatrical zest for their roles, and, seen against the stolidly modulated, undramatic acting of the principals, these conventionally acted bits stand out like music-hall turns—which makes them a welcome relief for the audience. The style of the film is semi-documentary, with frequent candid-camera closeups of working-class faces. What are the connections between the thieves and the work-hardened faces? What is one group saying about the other? Shot with different lenses, the manual workers are obviously cut in, and it isn't even clear where they are physically in relation to the actors, but they give the movie a look of authenticity and promises of social comment, which are then not fulfilled. The hard-bitten faces are used decoratively. The color is rich, with echoes of debauchery and domesticity out of Degas and Vermeer; it's all carefully beautiful, in a way that is both unobjectionable and totally uninteresting. The low life is suffocated in tastefulness. The style signals us unmistakably that the intentions are high, but they are unfortunately never made clear. Joy herself doesn't move us to pity or delight or envy. She's just another girl, and, despite the packaged foods and the short skirts and the telly, there's nothing especially modern about her anomie. She's an unlucky poorman's Darling, but her life wouldn't be much different in another period or if she were proper working class or if the milieu were moved up a notch to the middle class.

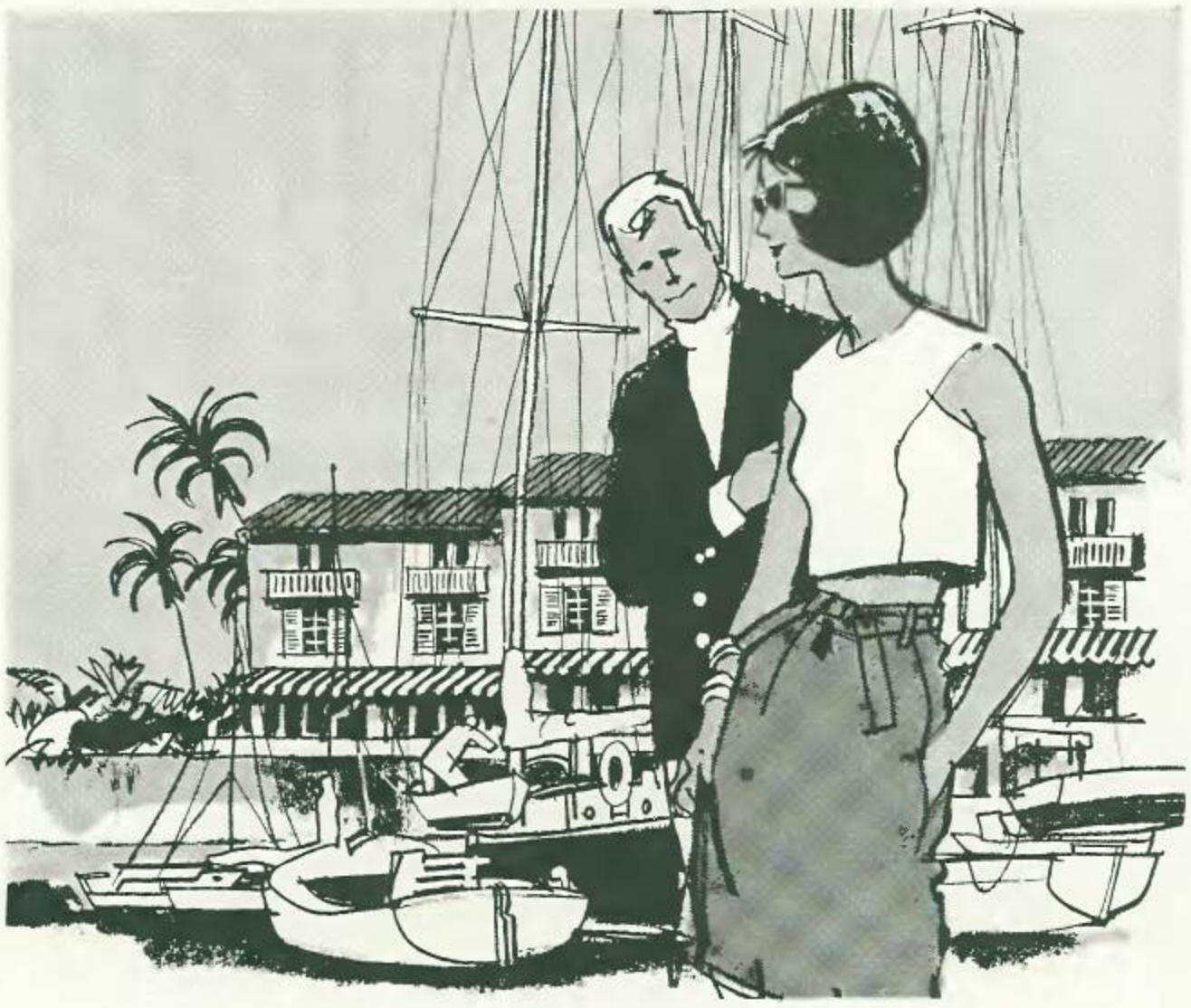
When the director of "Poor Cow" did this kind of "fictional human document" on English television, it was considered innovative. On television, where the standard fare is banal make-believe, those principled few who try to treat social problems have to fight for their convictions, and their victories are so rare that banal social comment sometimes passes for art. And there are so many things that television writers and directors may not say or show that what isn't permitted can easily seem to be the most important things to try to do. "Poor Cow" is full of "frank," "adult" touches and talk—full of "daring" television and what would be too daring for television. But in movies plain speech and semi-nudity have already come to seem just a new convention. In these days of accelerated

change, even Loach's borrowings from Agnès Varda's "Cleo from 5 to 7" and Godard's "Vivre Sa Vie" seem old-fashioned, but this is probably because Loach uses them so clumsily that he makes them old-fashioned. Techniques that were invented for speed are used in a movie that is almost stately in its rhythms. Joy is treated as a "frank" case study—but of what? If she is just one more example of aimless humanity, neither good nor bad, simply living and taking pleasure where she can, why single her out for our attention unless through her we can see more of others and ourselves? This the movie in some insanely steadfast way refuses to make possible: it never attempts to give us a revelation, a vision, or even an intuition. It doesn't even have a point. It sticks to the ordinary. Because of the determined, conscientious avoidance of the unusual and the surprising—as if that would be "false to life"—the movie is vacuous. The makers of this film mistake predictability for fidelity to life. (Is anybody's life as predictable as this?) An artist working within the method of naturalism surprises us, and convinces us of the truth of what we would never have foreseen; he shows us how much there is in an "ordinary" person, and even why that person appears so "ordinary." To praise Loach for the integrity or "realism" of his conception would be to praise him for his failure as an artist.

Movies, perhaps, are not the great popular art they could be precisely because the mass audience shares this movie's shallowly realistic view of life. The mass audience probably thinks, as Loach seems to think, that being a poor cow *is* all that life is, and that's why the members of the mass audience want to get away from it when they go to the movies. How many times have you heard something like "When you see life as it is and that people are animals, you go to the movies to escape—you want romance"? There is a temptation for those who have made an ambitious flop to decide that the public won't buy anything "honest," and to use this as a justification for swinging over to making the usual commercial, opportunistic pictures. There are lots of movie hacks who say they made a work of art when they were young and nobody went to see it. They didn't make a work of art. The ones who did don't talk like this, because their old commercial failures are still showing in colleges and film societies all over the world.

—Pauline Kael

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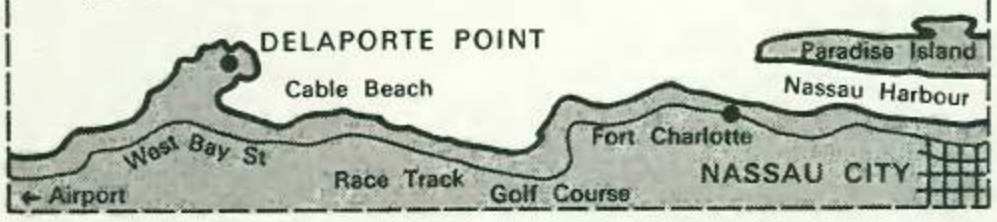
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Double Dip

HAVING heard Richard Rodney Bennett's opera "The Mines of Sulphur" in a splendid production at the Juilliard School of Music Concert Hall week before last, I went on Monday night of last week to hear his Second Symphony played by the New York Philharmonic, in Philharmonic Hall, under Leonard Bernstein. Mr. Bennett, an outstanding man among the younger generation of British composers, is extremely skillful at both operatic and symphonic music, and the contrast between the two works provided some food for thought. I found the symphony a pretty tedious exercise in serial writing, but the opera had its points, even though it was obvious that most of Mr. Bennett's sulphur had already been mined. The writing was deft, with the vocal line kept separate from the orchestral fabric, thus providing clarity, and, as serial music goes, "The Mines of Sulphur" was fairly effective. Much of its effectiveness, however, depended on the neat, suspenseful libretto by Beverly Cross, which presented us first with the dastardly murder of an old man in a decaying manor house by some unsavory characters, and then with a group of travelling players who ask asylum in the same manor house and are granted it by the murderers on condition that they perform a play. The play, like the one in "Hamlet," is about a murder similar to the one that has been committed. The criminals are worried. They try to burn the house down with the actors in it, but the actors escape. Meanwhile, the leading lady of the actors' troupe catches the eye of the leader of the criminals, and he decides to kill her himself. But as he advances to do so, she announces that the troupe is infected with the Black Death, that she herself has it, and that probably everybody present has caught the infection. The period is eighteenth-century England. There is, of course, nothing like a lot of death if you want to create a good opera, and this one holds the interest until the end. The student cast performed it with thoroughly professional competence, and the beautiful Evelyn Mandac, as the troupe's leading lady, and the swaggering Robert Jones, as the chief of the criminals, were outstanding. All the same, I could not help wondering why Mr. Bennett had chosen the twelve-tone system for his score, which in consequence is written in a style that belongs to the Central Europe of forty years ago. If, as many people claim, it is impossible for a contemporary composer to create a new idiom of any sort, why not choose a more expressive and less predictable idiom, such as that of Wagner or Verdi or Monteverdi? Mr. Bennett is said to be a formidable technician and to have a special gift for melody. I should like to hear an opera by him that exhibited this gift.



The Philharmonic program of which Mr. Bennett's symphony was a part also included Benjamin Britten's "Sinfonia da Requiem" and Brahms' Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 2, with André Watts as soloist. In the Britten work, I was struck only by the eloquent last movement, entitled "Requiem Aeternam." Elsewhere, it seemed to me, Mr. Britten was involved in thumping melodrama and technical exercises. Mr. Watts, however, made the evening a memorable one. He is a pianist with a big virtuoso style. This was the first time I had heard him apply this style to anything as subtle as the Brahms work. He played with impeccable precision and a great deal of authority. In certain places, I felt, the technician was taking precedence over the artist—phrases that were played without complete understanding and with an exterior glitter. But these were few. Mr. Watts is still very young. Maybe he needs to have his heart broken, if I may repeat that well-known expression, attributed (probably wrongly) to Beethoven. In any case, he is one of the most promising young virtuosos now before the public. Mr. Bernstein presided over the concert with his usual care, and gave Mr. Watts admirable support in the concerto.

THERE are times when humility can become ostentatious, and I have a few small fears for the Music from Marlboro series on this account. I am quite aware of the Marlboro mystique and I know that really great musicians gather in the Vermont colony every summer to play together in selfless dedication to music. But last Wednesday night in Town Hall, I found everybody being terribly hum-

ble in a very big way—most notably the young pianist Luis Batlle, who approached his instrument with funereal solemnity and proceeded to perform as if he were a dashing, though humble, virtuoso, which to a certain extent he is. Most of his piano playing was brilliant. But in accompanying others and as a chamber-music performer, a pianist does not generally push himself and his humility into the limelight. The program was, as usual, a complete delight, since it was the occasion for a great deal of music that one rarely hears. It started off with the Haydn Trio in G Major for Flute, Piano, and Cello, performed with excellent style by Paula Sylvester, flute; her husband, Robert Sylvester, cellist; and Mr. Batlle. Next came Four Ballads and Romances for Two Voices and Piano, Opus 75, by Brahms. These were sung, in various combinations, by the soprano Benita Valente, the mezzo-soprano Glenda Maurice, and the tenor Jon Humphrey, all of them young singers of cultivated style, even though their sense of characterization as lieder singers is unremarkable. After that came Beethoven's seldom heard "Ten Variations on the Theme 'Ich bin der Schneider Kakabu,'" which was done with nice phrasing and exemplary intonation by Donald Weilerstein, violinist; Mr. Sylvester; and Mr. Batlle. Finally, there were Shostakovich's Songs on Hebrew Folk Themes, for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Piano, Opus 79. This series of eleven little songs, done by the trio of singers who performed the Brahms items, was being presented in New York for the first time, and it proved to be wholly engaging. I thought at first that the language was Yiddish, but it was actually German. The songs deal with incidents in the daily life of Jews in Russia. Some of the texts are a little dated, and a couple are outright ideological propaganda, such as the "Song of the Maiden" and "Our Good Fortune," in which praises of the



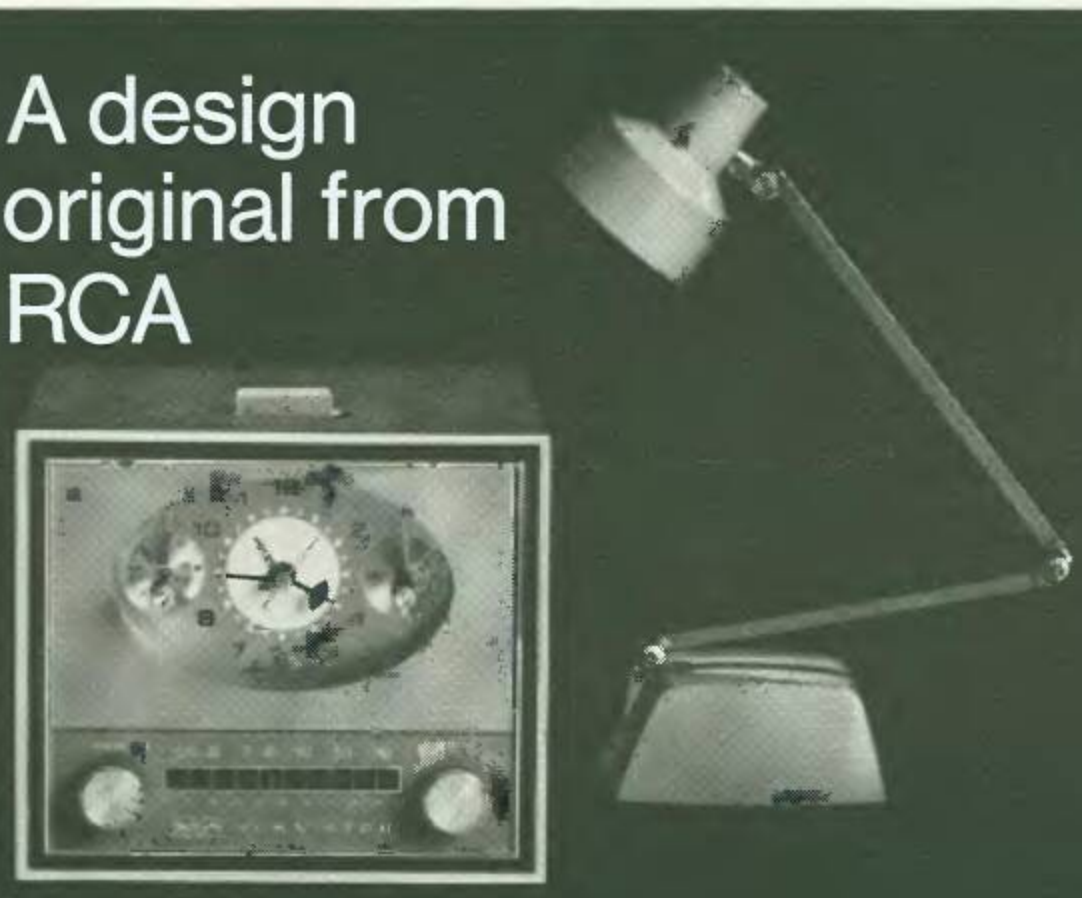
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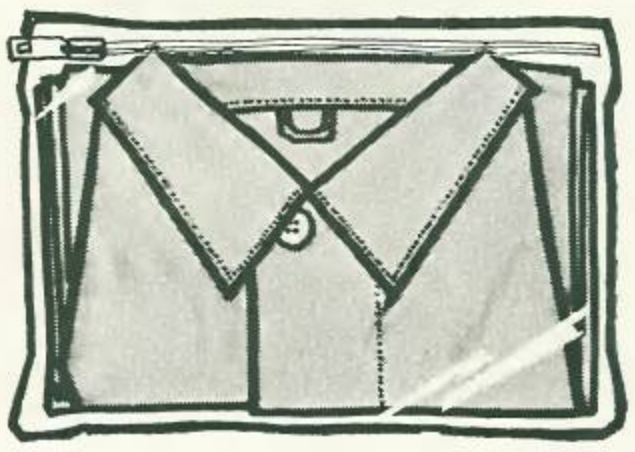


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collective farm are enthusiastically sung. But nowhere does one detect a strain of irony in the music. Shostakovich is very serious about these songs, and his music is at its very best.

LAST Thursday night, I went to the New York State Theatre to see a new ballet, choreographed by John Taras and called "Haydn Concerto." This turned out to be the sort of thing that Balanchine has done deftly from time to time but that cannot stand indefinite usage. The dancers were all in Austrian or Hungarian ballet costumes, and the backdrop was apparently the top of one of those tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl that were dear to the Austrian Empire. The principals were Kay Mazzo, Patricia McBride, and John Prinz, and they all danced acceptably, but I found Mr. Taras's ballet highly conventional and sometimes coy. The program also included "Bugaku," "The Cage," and "La Valse." I stayed through to the end, mainly because I like "La Valse," in which I saw, for the first time, Kay Mazzo in the principal part. Miss Mazzo was no Tanaquil Le Clerq, but then who is? She was, at least, an appealing figure on the stage, and she danced well.

LAST Friday night, I went to Philharmonic Hall to hear a group known as the Master Virtuosi of New York. It is a group of about forty-five players, most of them very good ones, conducted by a middle-aged maestro named Gene Forrell, who is obviously experienced and is unobtrusive in his stage demeanor. This was the first time I had heard the group. It evidently specializes in playing pleasant music of an out-of-the-way character, and it drew a large audience at modest prices. This particular night, it was devoting itself to Russian music, and we had Balakirev's Overture on Three Russian Themes (once a familiar item hereabouts); Shostakovich's Two Pieces for Strings, Opus 11; Glinka's Overture-Fantasia "Kamarinskaya;" Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony (with some new interpolations, designed in connection with its use in the ballet "Romeo and Juliet"); an entr'acte from Tchaikovsky's "Hamlet" Suite, which I do not remember hearing before; Kabalevsky's "The Comedians" (a suite of little pieces for children); and, most interesting, a very early Russian Concerto for Viola and String Orchestra, here and there recalling the style of Haydn, by the eighteenth-century composer Ivan Evastafievich Khandoshkin. For me, the



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evening was on the whole an enjoyable one, containing unfamiliar or long-unheard music, all of it of an agreeably lyric character. Most of the performances were brilliant. That of the Khandoshkin concerto was not. Its solo part was done by the orchestra's first violist, Theodore Israel, and he was frequently out of tune, particularly in the double stops. "Master Virtuosi" is a challenging title, perhaps just a bit too challenging.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ CONCERTS

Which Ellington Are You?

PROTEAN figures like Picasso and Bertrand Russell and Duke Ellington are frightening because they engulf us, because their infinite variety mocks our single-track ways. But such giants are vulnerable, too, for their helter-skelter natures force them to continually split up and run off in all directions at once. Thus, the diffuse Duke Ellington who gave a concert of "sacred" music a while ago at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine seemed to have little in common with the straight-ahead Duke Ellington who led a contingent from his big band for five exhilarating weeks last summer at the Rainbow Grill. It was even hard to believe that this new Ellington was related to the Ellington who gave his first church concert in Grace Cathedral, in San Francisco, in September of 1965. That Ellington appeared to be on to something. The concert had its overblown, quasi-holy sides (chanting choirs, solemn vocalists, a Formica piety), but it was exciting to hear the band in full stride in a *cathedral*—not so much because of the building's sacredness but because the band matched its architectural and acoustical grandeur. Moreover, the band, surely the most original and beautiful musical aggregation in the world, was kept in the fore, and in at least one number, "David Danced Before the Lord with All His Might," it achieved a sheer, grandstanding majesty (Bunny Briggs dancing, Louis Bellson soloing, and the band shouting, all at once) that sent chills down the spine. But Ellington's new program of sacred music, which was given its première at St. John's, is altogether different. Every once in a while, Ellington, who tends to view life with a pastoral, prismatic cheer, allows himself to be pressured into taking himself seriously, and that's apparently what happened the other night.

At first, the concert—perhaps because of wishful thinking—seemed like a put-on, as when Alice Babs, a startling, flawless soprano from Sweden, sang this Ellington lyric:

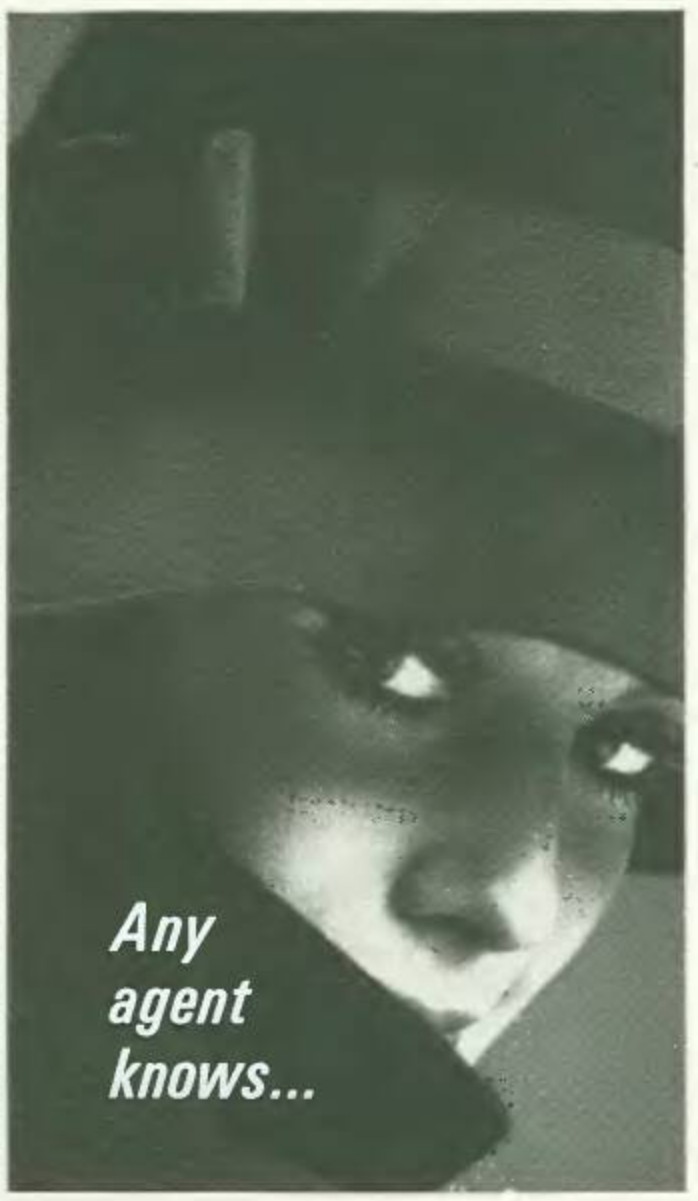
> Heaven, my dream,
> Heaven, divine,
> Heaven, supreme,
> Heaven combines
> Every sweet and pretty thing
> Life would love to bring.
> Heavenly Heaven to be
> Is just the ultimate degree.

But after half the fourteen or fifteen numbers had been got through, it became clear that Ellington was in Sunday earnest. These numbers sported just about every "serious" church-music device. Two sizable choirs sang and chanted together and separately or backed a singer named Jimmy McPhail; the cathedral's organist offered a "dialogue" that was all crescendo and no diminuendo; Ellington played a syrupy hymn, accompanied only by bowed bass; and the lyrics, all by Ellington, went on and on in a confectionery way about God and the Golden Rule and Salvation. The final number, "Praise God and Dance," was pure Radio City. The band and the vocalists and the choirs, blending hosannas, were surrounded by two batteries of dancers, who, after crashing imaginary cymbals together and jitterbugging around, leaped down the main aisle and out of sight. It wouldn't have been surprising at this point if the Ark in life-size Styrofoam had floated out of the shadows, its complement in full bray.

The band, reduced most of the evening to accompaniment, kept its stately cool. Harry Carney had the opening number to himself, offering a gentle solo with one of those marvellous bent phrases that seem to force melodic beauty to its limits. Johnny Hodges and Paul Gonsalves and Russell Procope (on clarinet) were given brief bits, and the two drummers on hand, Steve Little and Sam Woodyard, traded solos that at least had some godlike thunder in them. But best of all was "The Shepherd," a blues built around Cootie Williams' muted and open horn. Williams' once tricky, curving agility with a mute has slowed to an invincible lumber, which is just what a Grand Canyon like St. John's calls for, and when he let loose a couple of long, burning growls and a big, heavy-winged open-horn passage it suddenly seemed that the seventy-five hundred people in the cathedral were in the right place at the right moment.

The acoustics, incidentally, were those of Echo Mountain.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT



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THE AIR

Watchman, What of the Night? . . . Or, God Bless Our Public Interest: Further Fables for Our Time

DO you remember Walter Judd? Some seven and a half years ago, Walter Judd stood upon a platform in the Chicago amphitheatre, shrouded in smoke and flags and glare and those hot TV lights, and delivered the keynote address to the Republican Convention, which went on to nominate Richard Nixon. "We believe," said Representative Judd, jabbing his finger out into time and space, "that middle-of-the-road government is in the long run the best kind of government for everyone." And several other things. A little over two weeks ago, Dr. Judd, who is retired from Congress now and lives in Washington, sent a letter to his friend Representative John Ashbrook, of the Seventeenth District in Ohio. "Dear Friend," the letter began, in a friendly fashion, and went on to say, "I hope you will read and sign the accompanying letter protesting the proposed showing on the Educational TV network of Felix Greene's film on North Vietnam—presenting blatant propaganda on behalf of avowed enemies of our country and derogatory to our cause and our fighting men. . . . When American youth are giving their lives in a war against a ruthless enemy, surely we have an obligation to protect their families and the public against anything that strengthens that enemy. With best regards, I am, etc." The "accompanying letter" had already been addressed to Mr. John White, President, National Educational Television, New York City, New York. "Dear Mr. White," this letter began. "The New York *Times* states that National Educational Television plans to show Felix Greene's film 'North Vietnam—A Personal Report' on January 22, 1968. Is it possible that N.E.T.'s management is unaware of Mr. Greene's record as a propagandist for Communist China and Communist North Vietnam? . . . We have not yet seen the film by Mr. Greene which N.E.T. plans to show, but Radio Hanoi's description of the film clearly indicates that it is nothing more nor less than Communist propaganda. . . . If this is N.E.T.'s concept of serving the public interest, then the public has a right to ask that the N.E.T. management be turned over to men who understand that the public interest is not served by the dissemination of half-truths and lies. . . ." Twenty-seven Republican and six Democratic representatives, none of whom had seen the film, signed the letter, which was then sent on to Mr. White, and was also inserted, by Representative Ashbrook, in the *Congressional Record*. Representative Omar Burleson, a Texan, and a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee, sent in a letter of his own. "This film," wrote Representative Burleson, who had not seen it, either, "is purported to be pure and simple propaganda of North Vietnam. . . . I respectfully protest further consideration for showing this film in the United States." Well, now. It seems they are trying once again to keep us safe. *The castle sleeps.* Ah, Burleson! What shapes are hiding out there in the darkness? Bad words? Bad books? Bad movies? Bad thoughts? The heavy footsteps of dutiful men pace up and down atop the battlements. Each night, we sit exposed before the little screen, and they watch over us and keep us safe. Or try to. N.E.T. showed the program anyway, which was called "N.E.T. Journal—North Vietnam" and ran for two hours on the evening of January 22nd. The network used Greene's film—or, rather, some of it—but the program didn't turn out to be quite the way those representatives and Dr. Judd had visualized it. I think "visualize" is the word. In its entirety, Greene's film runs for eighty-five minutes. N.E.T. used forty-nine minutes of it, and devoted the remaining hour or so to a sort of debate or discussion between David Schoenbrun, who represented the anti-war side, and Professor Robert Scalapino, a political scientist from Berkeley, who stood up for the Administration's policy.



It was a good program, although Greene's film is obviously one-sided. To look at some of it, you'd never think that *any* military targets existed in North Vietnam, or that any non-civilian targets had been bombed, or that any bunch of people were more loyal, sturdy, plucky, obedient, clean, reverent, wise, etc., than the North Vietnamese. But N.E.T. went to some pains to make Greene's partiality explicit, to explain that he was not allowed to visit "military sites," to quote him at the start of the program as saying that he was personally "opposed to

the war," and the fact remains that a lot of his film was really very moving. He didn't, after all, fabricate *all* those scenes of bombed towns and villages, of levelled huts, and craters, and silent children, and even if St. Peter himself, and all the other admirals, should one day explain and make meaningful these scenes, these facts of life, it seems that they are indeed facts of life and that it is better to glimpse them now even through prejudiced eyes than not at all. The discussion afterward was interesting, too, if it's still possible to be "interesting" about Vietnam, and I guess it is. (One wonders sometimes what those panel discussions in the ninety-eighth year of the Hundred Years' War were like. "Oh, sure, I grant you they legally *own* Aquitaine, but if you're speaking now about a question of *control* . . . or is it, um, *we* who, ah, legally own, and they who, um . . .") There was a good deal of talk about the origins of the National Liberation Front, and about the plausibility, or implausibility, of the South Vietnamese government, and about what China's role really is and whether we should worry about it. That sort of thing. But it was carried on intelligently, and with a certain amount of dispassion, which may well be a first for this particular debate. Schoenbrun's side of the argument seemed less arresting, partly because the anti-war position has been stated so often that it has begun to take on the hypnotic rhythms of a litany, and partly because Schoenbrun has a tendency to answer questions as if God might never give him breath again. Scalapino, the Administration defender, was fine—holding on to the thorny side of the stick, palms all bleeding and everything, while Schoenbrun tried to throw him around the room. But he said intelligent things, and seemed *interested* (not very many people on either side really seem interested anymore), and helped to lift what is supposed to be this great national debate above the level of a squabble between two taxi drivers. It seemed like a good program, and a useful one, and the kind of thing that N.E.T. could stand to do a whole lot more of.

I called Representative Burleson the next day to ask him if he'd seen the program and what he'd thought of it. He said, Unfortunately, no. It's been a busy time in Washington. Representative Ashbrook was away from his office, said his special assistant, who then volunteered that "we think N.E.T.'s choice of films in the past leaves something to be desired," and



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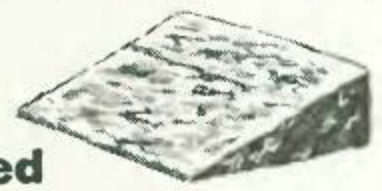
added, rather ominously, "Now that the Corporation for Public Broadcasting has been established, we are most keenly aware that it will become eligible for federal funds." It's probably been a busy time in Minneapolis, too, where Walter Judd used to live. There are a hundred and thirty-three stations on the N.E.T. hookup at the moment, and a hundred and thirty-one of them carried "N.E.T. Journal—North Vietnam" that evening. The two that didn't were in Buffalo and Minneapolis. The temperature in Buffalo and Minneapolis that Monday night was thirty-four and seventeen, respectively. But it must have been comfortable and warm and safe indoors.

IT'S been a cold and snowy winter everywhere, except possibly in Seattle, where it rains most of the time. Yesterday it was thirty-eight out there, according to the *Times*, and this sounds nice except for the rain. God knows what it was like the other day when a man called Frank T. Roach walked into the office of radio station KRAB. Mr. Roach is one of several people who work in the office of the Federal Communications Commission in Seattle. KRAB is a small, jokey, intelligent FM station that operates out of a converted doughnut shop on a hillside above Seattle, employs five people, hopefully claims forty thousand listeners, exists by virtue of its license from the F.C.C. and of small contributions sent in by the faithful, and beams a consistently high level of music, poetry, talks, readings, jokes, and assorted nonsense out into the wet Seattle nights. At 6 P.M., according to a program guide: "Anton Bruckner Still Lives (Symphony No. 6 in A Major)." At 6:30: "For the Children ('Dink Stover Crosses the Bar into Puberty and Cries,' a reading by Delphine Haley)." At 8:45: "Clinical Varieties of Sexual Apathy." At 10:30: "A Talk by Ken Kesey." KRAB also gets into politics now and then. It has scheduled a panel discussion on the subject of a new ICBM site that is about to be set up in Seattle. Last Saturday, it played a taped report about Greece under the new regime, which it borrowed from New York's WBAI. And one day in mid-December it ran a tape of a speech that had been made by the Reverend James Bevel at the University of California. Bevel is an eloquent and passionate (and political) Negro who back in 1965 was Martin Luther King's right-hand man in Chicago and who has recently moved over into a much more militant position, and the



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speech he gave to the Berkeley students was a strong one, filled with what is by now the inevitable phony-street-talk rhetoric of the "movement," and with the nearly as inevitable flashes of honest heat and poetry that make the rhetoric worth listening to. He talked a good deal about emasculation—not of the Negro but of the white man as a result of his dealings with the Negro—and he used rough language a bit. He said "goddammit" twice. And "bastard" once. And he said "balls" a couple of times. Frank Roach apparently didn't like any of it much. "He came into the station that morning and demanded the Bevel tape," says one of the KRAB people, a young man called Lorenzo Milam. "We mentioned something about our lawyer, and about its being an original tape, but he demanded in that rather *special* way, and so one of us went and got it out of the back room and gave it to him. He pocketed the tape, and took the program log showing that it had indeed been played on the date, and—with all his righteous anger and sense of power—scared hell out of us. He came back the next day to scare us some more. Nothing very much. He conducted an 'official F.C.C. inspection' of the premises, which he's entitled to do. He poked around at the transmitter. And looked at our licenses. He looked at our maintenance log. Then he gave us back the Bevel tape, which he said he had had copied and had sent off to the F.C.C. in Washington, and started to express his personal sense of outrage that the program had been carried by us at all. 'Why isn't KRAB more like KJR?' he asked at one point—KJR being the local rock-and-roll station. 'We never get complaints about *them!* They're very careful.' We told Mr. Roach something about how running the Bevel tape was what free radio was all about—or, rather, we made sputtering noises to that effect. The truth is, we weren't feeling very articulate or brave just then. We don't run this station on much of a margin, to say the least, and here is this guy standing on our feet with all the shining armor of bureaucracy, and with all those license renewals in his pocket. He told us curtly that there had been lots of 'other complaints' about KRAB, and left us—left us with the feeling that we'd be hearing more about it, and other matters, from them."



I don't know how this story ends. The KRAB people apparently got pretty spooked by Mr. Roach, because they cancelled a replay of Bevel's speech that had been scheduled for later in the month. But lately they seem to have become unspooked, because they ran both the tape and a commentary on it last week. "The swords are drawn," says Milam gallantly, "but I hope the swords will turn to noodles." Mr. Roach's present position with the F.C.C. is that of an engineer.

PERHAPS you think that the role of the F.C.C. in regulating broadcasting right now is purely negative. Perhaps you think the F.C.C. merely gets in the way, obstructs—a little band of willful men, or some such. Not so, not so. The F.C.C. does positive things, too. The F.C.C. renews broadcasting licenses, for example, deriving its authority from Section 307D of the Communications Act of 1934, which states, in part, "Upon the expiration of any license . . . a renewal of such license may be granted . . . if the Commission finds that the public interest, convenience, and necessity would be served thereby." There are roughly seven thousand radio and television stations in the United States at the moment, and the F.C.C. renews licenses for roughly two thousand of them each year. Only last week, it renewed Iowa and Missouri—over two hundred licenses. The public interest, convenience, and necessity, one gathers, have been served in Iowa and Missouri of late. The F.C.C. also grants broadcasting licenses—a somewhat smaller end of the business, deriving its authority this time from Section 309A of the Communications Act, which states, in part, "Subject to the provisions of this section, the Commission shall determine . . . whether the public interest, convenience, and necessity will be served by the granting of such application." A few weeks ago, on January 4th, the seven commissioners of the F.C.C. filed, as is their custom, into the courtlike Commission meeting room in the new F.C.C. headquarters in Washington, where they swiftly granted—or, rather, approved—the "assignment of license" of FM radio station WMDE, in Greensboro, North Carolina, by Mr. Herman C. Hall to the Piedmont Crescent Broadcasting Company, whose

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APACHE

president is Mr. Robert R. Hilker. The price the Piedmont Crescent Broadcasting Company paid Mr. Hall was a hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars, which is of no special interest here. What seems interesting is that Mr. Hilker already controlled nine radio stations, both AM and FM, six of which are in North Carolina and the three others just across the border in southern Virginia. WMDE makes his tenth—an even number. What seems especially interesting is that in the space on the application where the prospective licensee is asked to state his programming intentions, Mr. Hilker had stated his intention of programming no news and no public affairs—that is to say, zero minutes of news and zero minutes of public affairs. To assist Mr. Hilker in arriving at this intention, an F.C.C. staff memorandum explains, an officer of the Piedmont Crescent Broadcasting Company had surveyed "local leaders in education, religion, civic affairs, and law enforcement" in Greensboro, eight of whom were quoted in support of the contention that there was no need of either. The final vote of the Commission was three to two in favor of the assignment, which amounted to a majority. One commissioner abstained. One "did not participate." Commissioners Nicholas Johnson and Kenneth A. Cox dissented, pointing out, among other things, that the proposal had landed on their desks at 5 P.M. of the day before the matter had to be decided—had to be decided, it turns out, according to another F.C.C. memorandum, because the contract of sale was due to expire on January 11th, and the parties would be "greatly inconvenienced" if the Commission did not approve the sale forthwith. There are a hundred and twenty thousand citizens in Greensboro, North Carolina, at present count. WMDE will now play country-and-Western music.

I was speaking with someone at the F.C.C. the other day, and asked him if the Commission ever got around to investigating this public-interest business much.

"Oh, we never investigate *that*," he said. "Most of our investigations are technical—generators, transformers, that kind of thing."

I asked him how many nontechnical investigators the F.C.C. now had at its disposal.

"For the whole country?" he said. He thought for a moment. "We have three."

There are only a few thousand citizens around Tasley, Virginia, a small



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farming community in the eastern part of the state, and on May 24th of last year the owner of the one AM station in Tasley applied for a license to operate the first FM station in town. On his application he wrote as follows: ". . . Applicant further states that in order to fulfill its obligations to the public and maintain its economic health, the proposed station will find it necessary to increase the percentage of commercial time during special occasions such as before elections, Christmas, Old Timers Days, Thanksgiving, during vegetable harvest time, and during periods immediately after an outage due to equipment failure; however, during these periods, the commercial time is not normally expected to exceed about 55% in any hour." In plain English, this means a permissible thirty-three minutes of advertising per hour. The Commission voted five to two to grant the license, Commissioners Johnson and Cox again dissenting.

Watchman, what of the night, indeed! The night is nearly gone, or turning fast to noodles. What of the watchman? —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[From "What Was It?," by Fitz-James O'Brien, an author who died in the Civil War. The story appears in "Monster Festival," edited by Eric Protter]

The portion of Twenty-sixth Street where our house is situated, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, is one of the pleasantest localities in New York. The gardens back of the houses, running down nearly to the Hudson, form, in the summer time, a perfect avenue of verdure. The air is pure and invigorating, sweeping, as it does, straight across the river from the Weehawken heights, and even the ragged garden which surrounded the house, although displaying on washing days rather too much clothesline, still gave us a piece of greensward to look at, and a cool retreat in the summer evenings, where we smoked our cigars in the dusk. and watched the fireflies flashing their dark lanterns in the long grass.

•

Many of the men [drug users] held jobs they did not like, despite their success. One lawyer, who regularly uses marijuana and LSD, said that "after my first [LSD] trip it was unmistakably clear to me that this was not what my life was about—real estate law."

"Other people, probably stronger people, could come to this conclusion without drugs," he said. "I couldn't. Suddenly I didn't feel that I was put upon this earth to reduce landlords' real estate taxes."

He had given up the law and gone into book publishing.—*The Times.*

Guess what's on his spring list: a book called "Landlord, How's Your Tax Life?"



He never tasted milk

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BOOKS

Willie Morris (b. 1934–) and Frank Conroy (b. 1936–)



IT is a good idea, I think, to write the story of your life early, before you lose track of yourself in a cloud of discretion. As I always say, anyone who is too old to be drafted is old enough to write a good autobiography. It is not sheer coincidence that this traditional family maxim is confirmed by "North Toward Home" and "Stop-Time," the autobiographical works of Willie Morris and Frank Conroy, since I thought it up just to account for their excellence.

Willie Morris was born in Yazoo City, Mississippi, in 1934, and now resides in an office in this city as the editor of *Harper's*. He explains in "North Toward Home" how he got here from there—a standard twentieth-century American pilgrimage from South to Northeast, from the boondocks to the big time. Although he refers once to the "catastrophic wanderlust of my generation of Americans," he doesn't offer evidence to support the adjective, and the journey seems to have been a satisfactory one. The book is divided into three parts, named for the places where he has spent most of his life. Having been a boy in Mississippi, living in Texas from the McCarthy-Eisenhower years until 1962, and now settled in New York, Morris has the credentials of a historical figure, based on his association with these mythical landscapes and with the country's oldest living magazine. He establishes this image of himself early, with an account of his Mississippi ancestors (including Harpers from Virginia and a United States senator who served with Jefferson Davis, a man the senator despised and later defeated, in an election for governor of the state), and reinforces it from time to time with allusions to such contributors to national lore as Mark Twain, Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, and Lyndon B. Johnson. Oxford, where Morris spent four contemplative years as a Rhodes scholar, is mentioned just briefly, and he is even faster to dismiss, with horror, the short time he spent in Palo Alto. But although he is careful not to disturb the classic South-to-Northeast pattern, he qualifies his awe with his modest style and a temperate sense of irony.

Morris spent a fairly tranquil childhood in the Mississippi Delta, influenced in various ways by the small-town people around him—Methodists and Baptists, eccentric public-school teachers, baseball fanatics, the American Legion (for which he played Taps at military funerals), Negroes, and Confederate statues. One of his heroes was Gordon McLendon, who did colorful delayed broadcasts of big-league baseball over a regional radio network, and who must be the Gordon McLendon who is the conservative Texas radio mogul currently engaged in a censorship crusade against the lyrics of certain popular songs. Morris loved his father, who had come to Mississippi from Tennessee during the Depression to run a gas station, and he apparently got along well enough with his mother, a minor character in the book except as a source of ancestors. More prominent is his maternal grandmother, who lived in Jackson with his grandfather (he worked in a potato-chip factory) and two addled unmarried sisters. It is from her that Morris gets the stories of his ancestors and of old Mississippi, and he seems to have been affected more deeply by the charm of her life and her memories than by any of the other forces he mentions.

The main irony in "North Toward Home" is the contrast between the idyllic Mississippi life that Morris innocently abandoned and the brutal intellectual home he turned out to have abandoned it for. His implied conviction that he belongs here is almost buried at times under enthusiastic accounts of the horrors of the city. Morris sees New York as a place with no connection to Nature, the site of a war between the beleaguered man in the street and the local enemy—chiefly barbaric cabdrivers and landlords and supercilious literary lions. This description is accurate within its limits, but not at all as friendly and compassionate as



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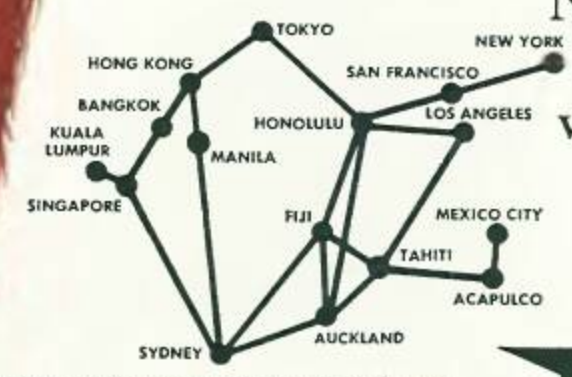
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his observations on equivalent Southern conflicts. It lacks the detachment he bestows on certain morally repulsive Texans. Trained in Texas, where the most torrid opponents are accustomed to share a drink between rounds, Morris is shaken when he is cold-shouldered by strange luminaries and acquaintances alike at his first Big Literary Cocktail Party and when he is kicked out of a closed meeting held by the Village Independent Democrats. Under the strain, he backs down from the commendable impulse that struck him shortly after his arrival in town and led him to consider tossing a rude Random House editor out the window. He becomes unduly defensive against "Eastern intellectuals" and, as a consequence, excessively sentimental over fellow-immigrants like William Styron and Ralph Ellison.



He suggests that the truth about New York City lies in the Seventh Avenue I.R.T. rush hour:

> There was a certain identifiable expression on the faces of New Yorkers in these moments. It was "subway glaze;" their eyes might be open but they were not looking; they were *obliterating*, which required great practice and an extraordinary will. The train rocked and moaned, sometimes knocking a few passengers against one another in a sudden multi-racial jumble. The juxtaposition of human matter was so intimate, one feared that a sneeze, or an obnoxious cough, might set off an urban epidemic like the black plague.

Yet he doesn't lose his sense of humor and fall to pieces completely:

> I wish John Donne could have taken the Seventh Avenue I.R.T. during the morning rush hour, before sitting down to write about islands, clods, promontories, and bells.

Having expressed his misconceived sympathy for the children of New York—"growing up with no local *belonging*, no feel for place or of generations gone"—Morris now spends at least part of his time as a commuter from the shelter of Connecticut.

Morris is at his best in Texas, or so it seems to a New York reader with Texas blood who has never been there. He seems to have entered the state with no preconceptions, starting at the University of Texas, where he discovered ideas, books, and liberals and was elected, as a senior, editor of the school paper, the *Daily Texan*. Because of his successful crusade against the timidity and repressiveness of the university administration, he was invited, after his stay in England, to be the editor of the muckraking *Texas Observer*, the *I. F. Stone's Weekly* of Austin. The result of these opportunities to study the state is a vivid picture of the territory and the natives, particularly state politicians and local enthusiasts of Barry Goldwater and John Birch, including a character, unfortunately not further identified, called Bunker Hill Castle. The chapter on Lyndon Johnson is automatically interesting, but rather sketchy and guarded, and the high point of this section of the book is a splendid account of a comeback attempt by former Governor W. Lee O'Daniel, known to his compatriots as Pappy. O'Daniel is an old-fashioned, reactionary man of the people who had run successfully for governor in 1938, after consulting the listeners of his radio show, with which he sold flour to the tune of hillbilly music, and in 1941 he beat Lyndon Johnson in a race for the United States Senate. Morris offers no explanation for Pappy's decision to come out of retirement; he simply describes the doomed campaign trip, producing a dry short story that amounts to an abbreviated version of "All the King's Men."

Morris's main fault is a tendency to be distracted from facts, details, characters, anecdotes, by issues and themes, and so he is better in Mississippi and Texas than he is in New York, where he gets immoderately entangled in analyzing his ambivalence toward the place. Apart from that, there are rough spots in "North Toward Home" that an editor ought to have ironed out. The fact that parts of the book were printed separately in various magazines (including this one) is evident in unnecessary repetition and mistimed explanations. With no transition, only a couple of pages after he has dramatically announced a trip into the wilds of west Texas, he turns up in Houston. Dallas is the subject of the kind of clumsy melodramatic sentence that marks Morris's occasional experiments with the impenetrable style perfected by Murray Kempton:

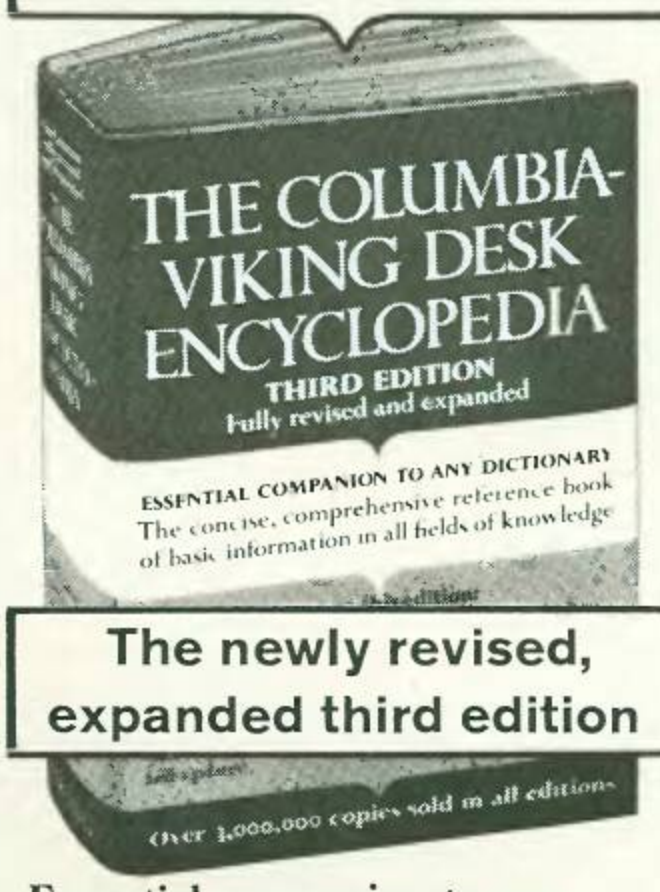
> There was no other city remotely its size in America, except in the Deep South on the one issue of race, where, in Silone's phrase about a somewhat more coherent phenomenon, it was so nearly impossible to be an "adversary in good faith," where intolerance and the closed mind were so inclusive, and where violence could be so manifestly political.

Improving the punctuation doesn't help.

It is possible that Morris's use of

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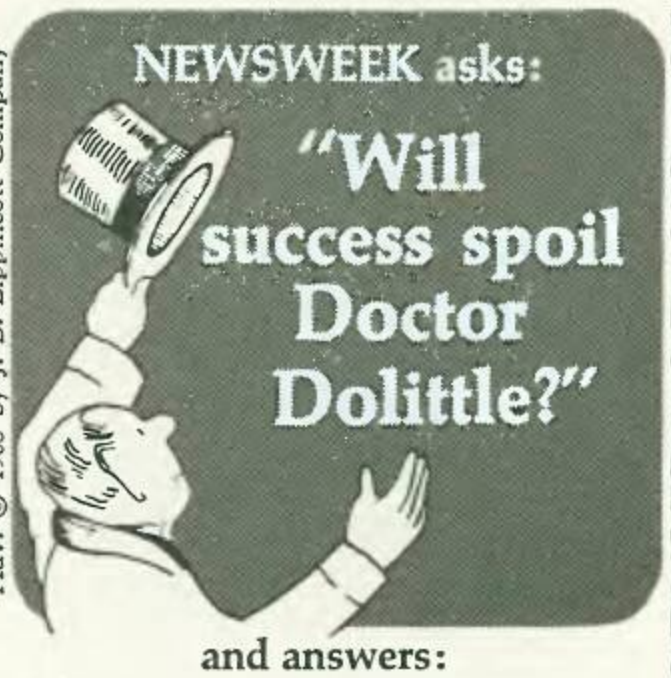
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"expatriot" as an adjective and his preference for "suburbia" over "suburb" have regional sanction, but it is hard to say what he has in mind when he uses "venereal" as a negative adjective for a New Jersey sunset, and when he imagines Faulkner's Bear "flaying his crooked foot at an obnoxious truckdriver," is the animal skinning his own foot or just spreading his toes?

For some reason, Morris seems determined to cover up the fact that he wrote "North Toward Home" in the nineteen-sixties, and he does give the impression that he has written it in some distant future by exploiting the ambiguities of "would" and, whenever he mentions the sixties, substituting the past for the present or the present-perfect tense. "The literary world of New York in the nineteen-sixties . . . was a harsh, cliquish, nervous world. . . . It was a world characterized by a fine abrasiveness. . . . It broke new records in wordage. It was mean as hell." Maybe it is just that in the literary world of New York in the nineteen-sixties Morris gets the feeling that it is later than it really is, noticing how far he has travelled from Yazoo City.

IN "Stop-Time," Frank Conroy, who was born in New York and lives in the neighborhood at the moment, sets forth in a more polished style a sadder and more convoluted life. He concentrates on the time between when he was eleven—"my last good year until I became a man"—and his first day at Haverford College. Until he left home for good, Conroy lived with his mother, who is Danish, and his stepfather—a drifting couple, preoccupied with their own survival. Moving with them abruptly from New York to Florida to Connecticut and back, he has no control over the unsteadiness of his life, no protection against it, and no way of figuring out where he is going from one day to the next. He makes random efforts, in these circumstances, to support his sanity, like moving into the family doghouse, becoming a master of the Yo-Yo, and running away from home, but even the one decisive victory, when he is able to trick his way back into a summer job he was fired from, is isolated, and the self-satisfaction is barely enough to live on. Sensing his mother's coldness and the helplessness of her unworldly husband, watching his older sister try to save herself by turning her back on the rest of the family, and suspecting that his father's continual nervous and alcoholic breakdowns are simply another device for escape, Conroy learns gradually to retreat himself; he reads recklessly, drowns himself in movies, and becomes hypnotized by the idea of death.



On the street, out of nowhere, desire swept me away. I wanted to live. I wanted to see something beautiful. Or to die. Anything definite, anything clear, visible and tangible, like dying, or saving someone's life, or being kissed by Jean Simmons.

He plays down the importance of future developments by dealing mainly with his adolescence, and with faintly ironic parenthetical flash-aheads he protects the past against his own second guesses:

[His] technique and tremendous verbal energy impressed me, but I could never surrender completely. I sensed he was too tricky to be altogether right. (Yet even now, knowing what I know, I am vaguely ashamed of my hedging.)

The first week we moved around, trying different spots, but finally settled on the northwest corner of Sixty-eighth and Lexington just opposite the subway entrance. (My wife, whom I was not to meet for many years, lived in a town house one block away and must have passed us many times. Who knows? Perhaps I palmed off some bad grapes on my mother-in-law. It's not entirely impossible that my father-in-law's mysterious reluctance to receive me into the bosom of his family was related to a buried image of myself with a thumb on the scales, under his bananas.)

Conroy writes with humor, in a low key, using ordinary language with such precision that he is able to bring out almost inaccessible undertones of events that have no visible roots in national history or geography or literary classics.

Aside from certain inevitable similarities in the outlines of the two life stories, there is an odd coincidence that illustrates the essential difference between Conroy and Morris. Morris tells us that when he was twelve he jumped out from the bushes in front of his house in Mississippi and slapped and kicked to the ground a three-year-old Negro boy who was passing by with his sister. Afterward, he says, his "heart was beating furiously, in terror and a curious pleasure." When Conroy was ten, he participated in a mock trial held by the inmates of the progressive Pennsylvania boarding school he was attending—a kangaroo court

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1: Oscar Handlin, The Atlantic / 2: Webster Schott, Life; Justin Kaplan, Harper's; Pamela Marsh, Christian Science Monitor / 3: James Lord, N. Y. Times Book Review.

DOUBLEDAY

convened against a fat student named Ligget:

The punishment seemed to suggest itself. We lined up for one punch apiece.... There was a tremendous, heart-swelling excitement as I waited.

Failing to floor Ligget, they all line up again and finally beat him unconscious:

X-rays revealed that Ligget's jaw was broken in four places. We learned this the day after the beating, all of us repentant, sincerely unable to understand how it had happened. When he was well enough we went to visit him in the hospital.

It is incidental that Ligget's alleged crime was having used the phrase "nigger-lipping" about the way someone smoked a cigarette.

Although Ligget's beating is part of my life (past, present, and future coexist in the unconscious, says Freud), and although I've worried about it off and on for years, all I can say about it is that brutality happens easily. I learned almost nothing from beating up Ligget.

Morris uses his packed-with-emotion anecdote to open a chapter in which he considers, on the basis of his own experiences, the relationship of whites and Negroes in Mississippi; he establishes himself as a Southerner:

My hurting the Negro child ... was a gratuitous act of childhood cruelty—but I knew later that it was something else, infinitely more subtle and contorted.

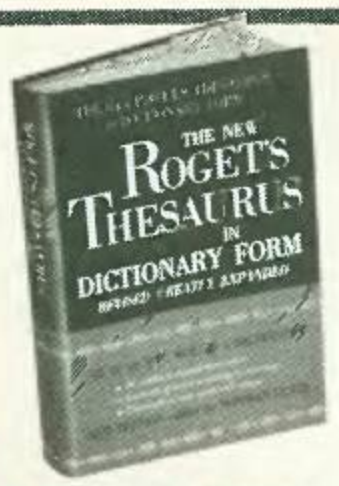
The flatness of Conroy's account reflects his feeling that lessons from experience are elusive. The happy ending of "Stop-Time," as he enters Haverford believing that he is about to escape from the past, is a parody of happy endings. While Morris, with his straightforward manner, appears to step aside to give a direct look at himself at each stage of his life, and makes himself recognizable in traditional terms, Conroy blocks the view. He forces you to look at him from an angle at which it is impossible to distinguish what he was from what he has become. The difference, he suggests in the prologue and epilogue, in a kind of black parable that undercuts the happy ending, is not as great as he thought it would be. —SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE BRIDGE AND THE ABYSS, by Bertram D. Wolfe (Praeger). The bridge of the title is the bond of affection and mutual admiration that linked Maxim Gorky and V. I. Lenin from their first meeting, in 1907, to the latter's death, in 1924, and

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the abyss is the difference in character and temperament that increasingly troubled their friendship. Mr. Wolfe's depiction of the differences between these two giants of their time is graphic and absorbing. His book is, in fact, chiefly a juxtaposition of the divergent views that reached their polar extremes in Lenin's call for "street justice"—in which "each commune, each village, each city, should show initiative and inventiveness in devising ways of *cleansing* the Russian land of noxious insects, scoundrel fleas, bedbug rich . . . for only practice will work out the best measures"—and Gorky's "What is important to me is the rapid all-round development of human personality, the birth of a new man of culture, of workmen in a sugar refinery who read Shelley in the original." The nature of the regard that bound them together is less easily demonstrated, but its existence is implicit in the regularity of their quarrels, and it gives their strange relationship its interest and its drama. Photographs.

THE CRISIS OF THE NEGRO INTELLECTUAL, by Harold Cruse (Morrow). Almost six hundred pages of polemic, this is an intellectual history of the American Negro in this century which dismisses practically every thinker as "a retarded child." (The few exceptions are nearly all dead.) Mr. Cruse is a Negro nationalist and revolutionary, very much influenced by Marxism in a deviant line running through Randolph Bourne, V. F. Calverton, and C. Wright Mills. He has little sympathy for the Black Power movement, which he regards as reformist where it is not Bakuninist; less for West Indians, because of their "superior attitude;" and still less for Jews, whom he sees as exploiters of the Negro masses and befuddlers of Negro leaders. Mr. Cruse calls on young Negro intellectuals to end their impasse by devising specifically American and Negro solutions that will be at once political, economic, and cultural. A book that will infuriate almost everyone.

THE ESCAPE OF CHARLES II, by Richard Ollard (Scribners). On the run with twenty-one-year-old Charles Stuart to any haven on the Channel coast that will provide a boat to France after the defeat of Charles' Scottish army by Cromwell's Commonwealth forces at Worcester on September 3, 1651. Mr. Ollard reconstructs from various contemporary memoirs (including Charles' own reminiscences) the generally breathless six weeks that Charles and his dead-weight companion Lord Wilmot (a man of "awe-inspiring incompetence") spent—dirty and hungry, ignorant of the basic facts of country life, dogged by bounty hunters and helped by devoted strangers, sweating it out in priest holes and inn attics and once in a tree—on the lanes and footpaths of southern England, and he does so with a fine sense of period, a sharp feeling for character, and a surging narrative drive. He also interestingly appends an account of the uncharacteristic generosity with which the restored king rewarded (with cash, gifts, and honors) the courageous Royalists of all classes who befriended him in his flight. Illustrated with contemporary portraits and scenes and an endpaper map.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HORSE UNDER WATER, by Len Deighton (Putnam). Another opportunity to watch Mr. Deighton's nameless (and gauche and smug and humorless) British agent glower his way through one of his creator's toplofty obfuscations. The action this time has to do with an attempt to recover something or other (only the reader is kept in doubt about its nature) from a Nazi submarine sunk off the southern coast of Portugal in 1945, and the agent is surrounded by a group of helpers and hinderers, none of whom, as always, is what he appears to be. The pace is maintained by a succession of violent deaths, and the dénouement is a succession of confessional monologues. There are also a portentous litter of footnotes ("*P.I.D.E.: Internal Police for the Defense of the State, i.e. Secret Police"), six ditto appendixes, a table of contents that has a kind of crossword-puzzle relationship to the actual chapter headings, and many mindless metaphors: "When he continued to speak it was in an impersonal monotone, like an announcer with a weather report which he didn't believe." A Literary Guild selection.

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