June 1, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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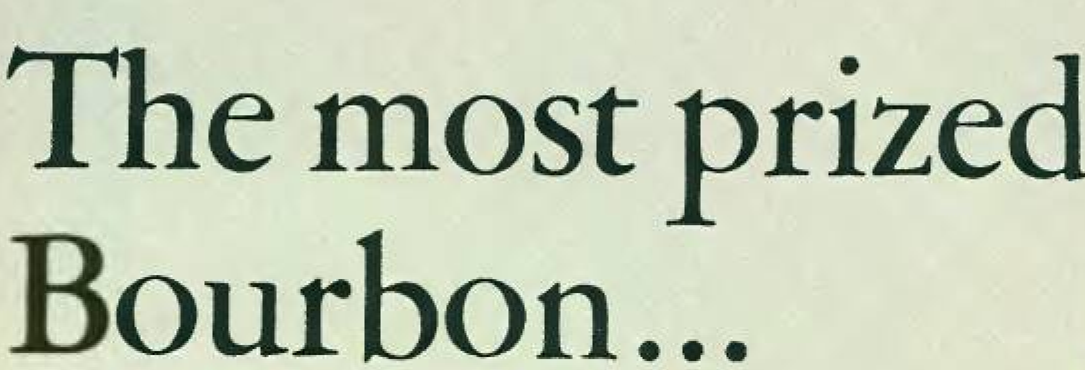

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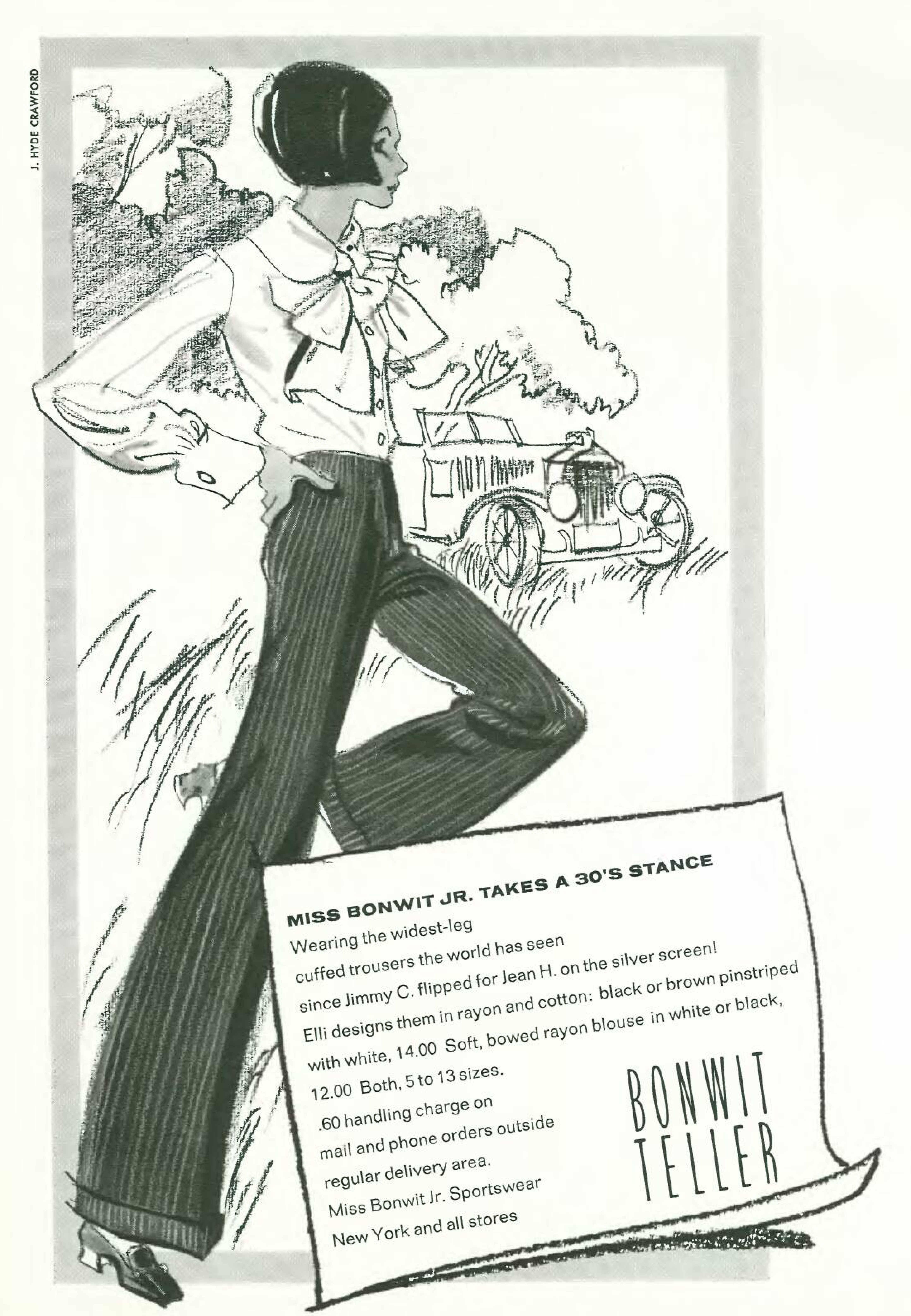
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Memorial Day, May 30. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA REPERTORY COMPANY—Chekhov's THE CHERRY ORCHARD: Thursday and Friday, May 30-31, at 8:30.... ¶ Ionesco's EXIT THE KING: Saturday, June 1, at 2:30 and 8:30.... ¶ De Ghelderode's PANTAGLEIZE: Monday and Tuesday, June 3-4, at 8:30, and Wednesday, June 5, at 2 and 8:30.... ¶ George Kelly's THE SHOW-OFF: Thursday and Friday, June 6-7, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 8, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Closes Saturday, June 22.)

THE BOYS IN THE BAND—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ED BULLINS' PLAYS—Mr. Bullins is resident playwright of the New Lafayette Theatre, in Harlem, now being rebuilt. These three plays, dealing with one aspect or another of Negro life, are sad, funny, harsh, and horrifying, often simultaneously, and in each of them Mr. Bullins has been able to get exactly the effect he is after. The actors, directed by Robert Macbeth, perform very well indeed. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

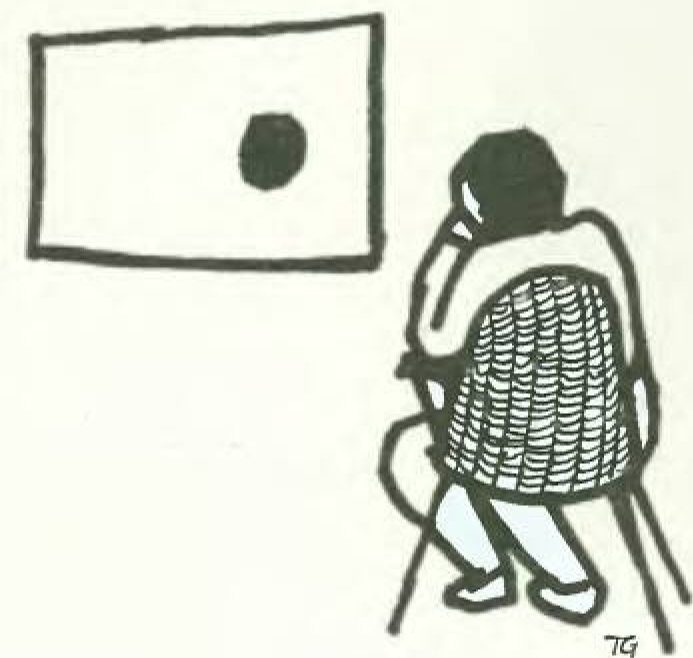
COLLISION COURSE—Eleven one-acters by a dozen "new" and not-so-new dramatists. Although facetiousness abounds, only one of the plays—Jules Feiffer's entry—is funny, and although portentousness abounds, only one of the plays—Israel Horovitz' entry—is serious and touching. (Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. 777-1919. Moves on Tuesday, June 4, to the Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq., OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE CONCEPT—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

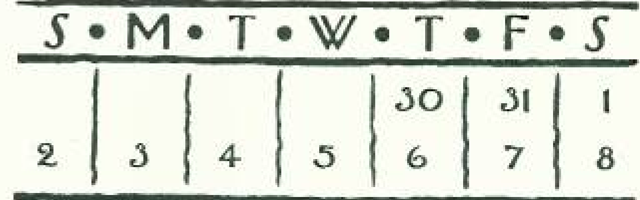
CYRANO DE BERGERAC—A timid rendering, in a poor translation, of Rostand's romantic tale of true love lost by a nose. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 8.)

THE INDIAN WANTS THE BRONX—Two one-act plays by the extremely gifted young playwright 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. James Hammerstein is the director. (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.)

JOE EGG—A very good play about a young English schoolteacher, his wife, and their spastic child. Hard as it may be to believe, the author, Peter Nichols, has found much humor in a dreadful situation. The cast includes Donal Donnelly and Zena Walker. (Brooks Atkin-



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



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son, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE MEMORANDUM—This satire on bureaucracy by the Czech playwright Václav Havel is shrewd, enlightening, and full of comic invention. It is performed with the requisite spirit and style by all concerned, under Joseph Papp's direction. (Public, 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, June 16.)

THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN—Not for the first time, or the twentieth, a talky, one-set, three-character play about how hard it is to fall in love and stay there. Written by Frank D. Gilroy and starring Barry Nelson, Tammy Grimes, and Leo Genn. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

PLAZA SUITE—Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Nicol Williamson (substituting for George C. Scott) and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, and they have a fine, noisy time of it under Mike Nichols' indulgent direction. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE PRICE—Arthur Miller's new play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Harold Gary, and Kate Reid. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, May 30, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE—A highly successful adaptation by Jay Allen of the Muriel Spark novel. A comedy that celebrates the peculiar genius of an Edinburgh schoolteacher in the nineteen-thirties. Zoe Caldwell is superb as Miss Brodie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, May 30, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

RED CROSS and MUZEEKA—A pair of one-acters, both of them comprised of monkeyshines and sight gags in the modern manner but with bleak overtones. The first, by Sam Shepard, is a repellent comedy about a symbolically infested young man in a symbolically antiseptic setting. The hero of the second—a sporadically funny and high-spirited play by John Guare—is an employee of a canned-music corporation who lands in Vietnam. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD—A remarkably ingenious drama by Tom Stoppard about Shakespeare's expendable courtiers. Brian Murray and John Wood are excellent in it. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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.)

SPOFFORD—Melvyn Douglas is most engaging in this comedy by Herman Shumlin, who based his work on Peter De Vries' "Reuben, Reuben." It has to do with a ruminative Connecticut chicken farmer who gets to studying commuters more or less for the hell of it. Mr. Shumlin directed the play, and he has assembled an admirable supporting cast for Mr. Douglas. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

SUMMERTREE—This composition of scenes from the life of a young man who ends up in Vietnam is wistful, funny, and honest. A first play by a twenty-two-year-old dramatist named Ron Cowen, and, as directed by David Pressman and performed by David Birney and a superior supporting cast, it is at once delightful and affecting. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 8.)

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP—Terence Frisby's comedy, imported from London, in which Laurence Hugo figures as a fortyish womanizer who is taken in tow by a nineteen-year-old swinger. Thin stuff. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TOM PAINE—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by

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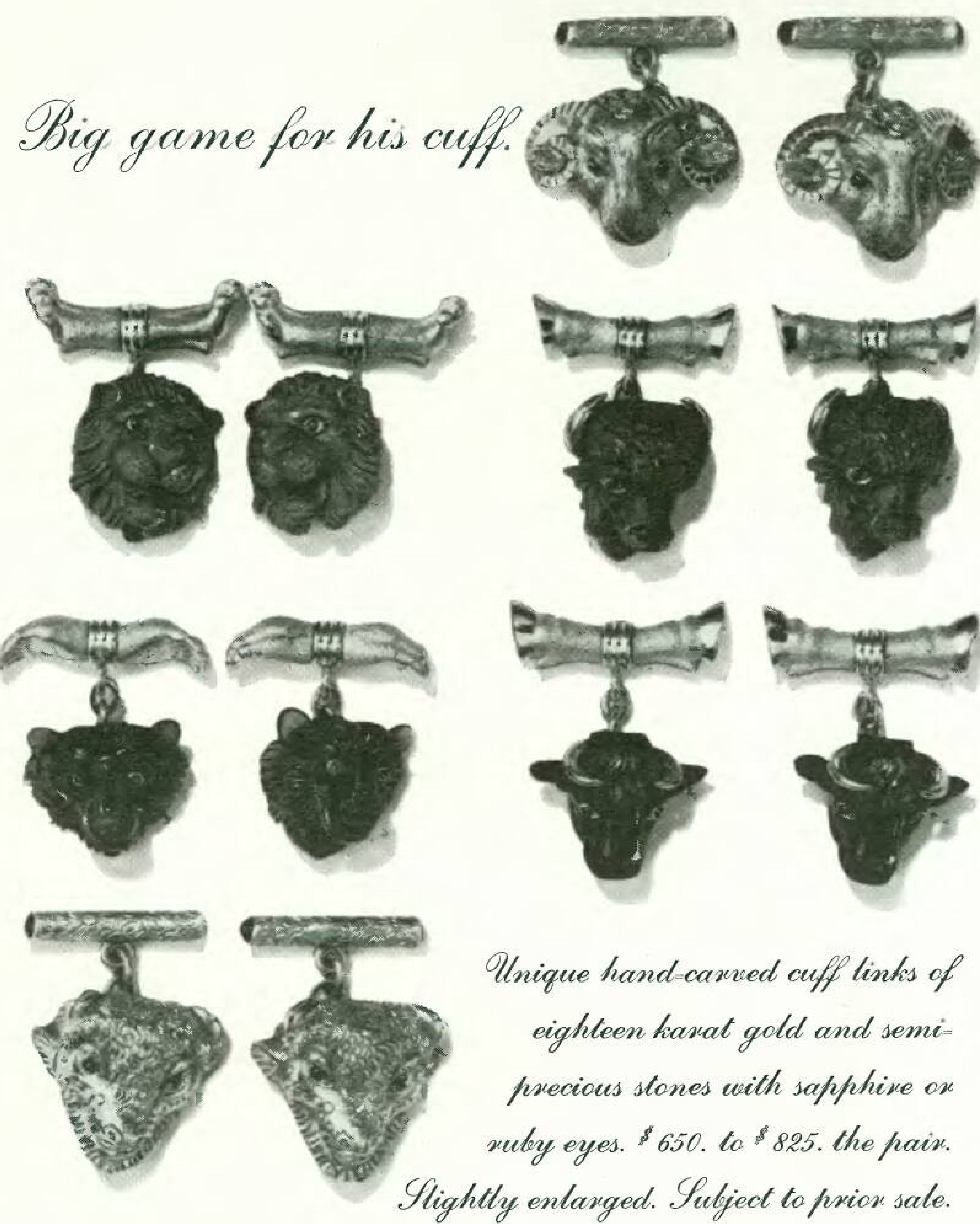

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE VENETIAN TWINS—A three-week engagement of Goldoni's comedy, performed in Italian by the Theatre of Genoa. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 16.)

LONG RUNS—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. 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:** A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Linda Selman. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

THE BELIEVERS—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by an amateur choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—Constance Towers, Michael Kermoyan, and Anita Darian in **THE KING AND I**. The first of two musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 9.)

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

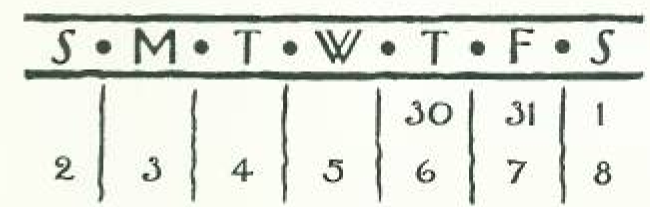
GEORGE M!—The superhumanly lively Joel Grey makes this musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan, twice as good as its book. The famous Cohan songs turn out to be as mindless and successful as they were some sixty years ago. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GOLDEN RAINBOW—Worth attending only if you admire beyond reason the talents of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HAIR—A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 2.)

THE HAPPY TIME—An idle attempt to turn a successful play into a successful musical. Robert Goulet and David Wayne do their best, and it is a measure of the book and the music that this is not enough. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

HOW NOW, DOW JONES—A musical about antic doings on Wall Street. It hasn't much in the way of book or music, but does have its comic moments. Max Shulman wrote the book, Elmer Bernstein the music, and Carolyn Leigh the lyrics, and the whole enterprise



was directed by George Abbott. Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason and Brenda Vaccaro are noteworthy in a hardworking cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

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, Shawn Elliott, June Gable, and Robert Guillaume make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

NEW FACES OF '68—A number of pleasant performers in puzzled possession of second-rate material. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

YOUR OWN THING—As this 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, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10: and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. 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; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** A decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. (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.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (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; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)... **I DO! I DO!:** Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Janis Paige is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (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.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday, May 30, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Friday, May 31, at 8:15: "Haydn Concerto," "Stravinsky: Symphony in C," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, June 1, at 2:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, June 1, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," and "Firebird."... ¶ Sunday, June 2, at 1:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Sunday, June 2, at 7:15: "Narkissos," "Jeux," "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," and "Episodes."... ¶ Tuesday, June 4, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Agon," and "Symphony in C." ... ¶ Wednesday, June 5, at 8:15: "Pas de Deux and Divertissement," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "Firebird."... ¶ Thursday, June 6, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Friday, June 7, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Tarantella," and "Agon."... ¶ Saturday, June 8, at 2:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, June 8, at 8:15: "Apollo," "Jeux," "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," and "Firebird." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 16.)

STARS OF THE BOLSHOI BALLET—Thursday evening, May 30: Act II of "Giselle" and Highlights II ("The Nutcracker Pas de Deux" and "Don Quixote Grand Pas de Ballet").... ¶ Friday evening, May 31, and Saturday matinée, June 1: "Chopiniana" and Highlights I ("The Flames of Paris Pas de Deux," "The Doves," "Bach Prelude," and "The Dying Swan").... ¶ Saturday evening, June 1, and Monday evening, June 3: "Chopiniana" and Highlights I ("The Flames of Paris Pas de Deux," "The Doves," "Bach Prelude," and "The Sleeping Beauty Pas de Deux").... ¶ Tuesday through Thursday evenings, June 4-6: Act II of "Swan Lake," selections including "Raymonda Adagio" and "Spring Waters," and "Ballet School."... ¶ Friday evening, June 7, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 8: Act II of "Giselle" and Highlights II. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, June 15.)

MARTHA GRAHAM AND DANCE COMPANY—Thursday evening, May 30: "Appalachian Spring," "The Lady of the House of Sleep" (première), and "Cortege of Eagles."... ¶ Friday evening, May 31: "The Plain of Prayer," "The Lady of the House of Sleep," and "A Time of Snow."... ¶ Saturday matinée, June 1: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Dancing-Ground," and "Acrobats of God."... ¶ Saturday evening, June 1: "Circe," "The Plain of Prayer," and "A Time of Snow."... ¶ Sunday matinée, June 2: "Cave of the Heart," "Diversion of Angels," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Sunday evening, June 2: "Night Journey," "The Lady of the House of Sleep," and "A Time of Snow."... ¶ Tuesday evening, June 4: "The Plain of Prayer," "The Lady of the House of Sleep," and "A Time of Snow."... ¶ Wednesday evening, June 5: "Cave of the Heart," "Seraphic Dialogue," and "Cortege of Eagles."... ¶ Thursday evening, June 6: "Night Journey," "The Plain of Prayer," and "The Lady of the House of Sleep."... ¶ Friday evening, June 7: "Cave of the Heart," "Cortege of Eagles," and "Acrobats of God."... ¶ Saturday matinée, June 8: "Circe," "Diversion of Angels," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Saturday evening, June 8: "Cave of the Heart," "Appalachian Spring," and "Cortege of Eagles." (George

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Abbott Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. JU 6-3787. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, June 9.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

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

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. Rock singers Jim and Jean, comic David Steinberg, and the folkish Guild Light Gauge make up the current show. On Monday, June 3, the folkish Jake Holmes will arrive. Tuesdays are reserved for what the management calls a hootenanny.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars are O.K. It's a casual jazz corner, with room for dancing. The freely wandering tenor sax of Zoot Sims propels an able quartet. On Tuesday, June 4, the Clark Terry quartet will supplant the Sims outfit. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group consisting of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from eight-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Nashville Room, in the Taft Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 50th St. (265-7577)—Howdy! Here's a great big old room where all you fellers 'n' gals can just listen to bluegrass music till you bust. You can shovel in Southern fried chicken, too, but that's about all. Waylon Jennings leads a country-music show at nine and again at midnight. On Tuesday, June 4, he'll give way to the Blue Boys. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plays from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. On Sunday, June 2, from five to nine, Jazz Interactions will present the Junior Mance trio. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play from nine till three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dark, and it's over between Avenues B and C, but it's worth walking to. A long wooden bar, some tables, and jazz by Yusef Lateef's quintet. Monday, June 3, will be turned over to singer Joe Lee Wilson. On Tuesday, June 4, the Art Farmer quintet will move in. Some early-evening concerts, before the regular session: Saturday, June 1, from five to nine, the Jazz Samaritans. Sunday, June 2, from five to eight, Weldon Irvine's big band.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, Bill Evans, whose lapidary piano builds intricate structures, leads a solid trio. On Mondays, when the trio is off, new talent is auditioned. Grilled dinners are available. . . . ¶ Downstairs, Friday and Saturday, May 31-June 1, the Modern Jazz Quartet will alternate with Herbie Mann's quintet. On Friday and Saturday, June 7-8, Chuck Berry will take turns with the Horace Silver quintet.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—All the cats know the Vanguard—it's in the basement. Through Sunday, June 2, it will be filled with the advanced sounds of an ensemble led by Roland Kirk, who can play three saxes at once—yes, he can. On Thursday, June 6, the Gary Burton quartet will start playing. Mondays are reserved for the searingly bright dynamics of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Earl Blake and John Latham (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday). The clientele looks happy.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. On Sundays, they have a grand old time from four-thirty till closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the live sounds of Tony Drake and the Pleasurers. On Tuesday, June 4, the Epiphany will supersede T.D. & the Ps. Dancing from nine till four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Cheetah, 310 W. 52nd St. (582-2970)—You might drop in to see what condition its condition is in. People bathe in black lights, dance on the metallic floor, and wallow in the big-screen light show. On the chromatically lighted stage, the Brooklyn Bridge and Peppermint Rainbow are the live ones. Thursday, June 6, the Neon and Willie Ray & the Sunrays will replace them. No alcohol. Closed Mondays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A synthetic but persuasive freak-out. Lights flow, flutter, blend, and flash, and big-top-type performers do their thing while the rock-saturated crowd does its own hyperkinetic thing from nine to three or four every night. The Bagatelle, a Canadian group, plays for dancing. On Tuesday, June 4, the McCoys will start playing. No alcohol. Shazam.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—You can dance from ten to three or four every night. They have colored lights, some tables, and a bar. The records are strong and fast, the atmosphere is equable.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed on Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—A well-groomed dog that seems to be having its day. Getting onto the sunken dance floor is like entering a swimming pool, and the recorded music sounds as though it may have been pumped through the pool's filtration system. The dress? Well, it's as fashionable as tomorrow's Gernreich, and if it's *not*, you may be turned away at the door. The dancing runs from ten to three or four except on Fridays and Saturdays, when it runs from eight-thirty. Some food is served. Bring money.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, who sing. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

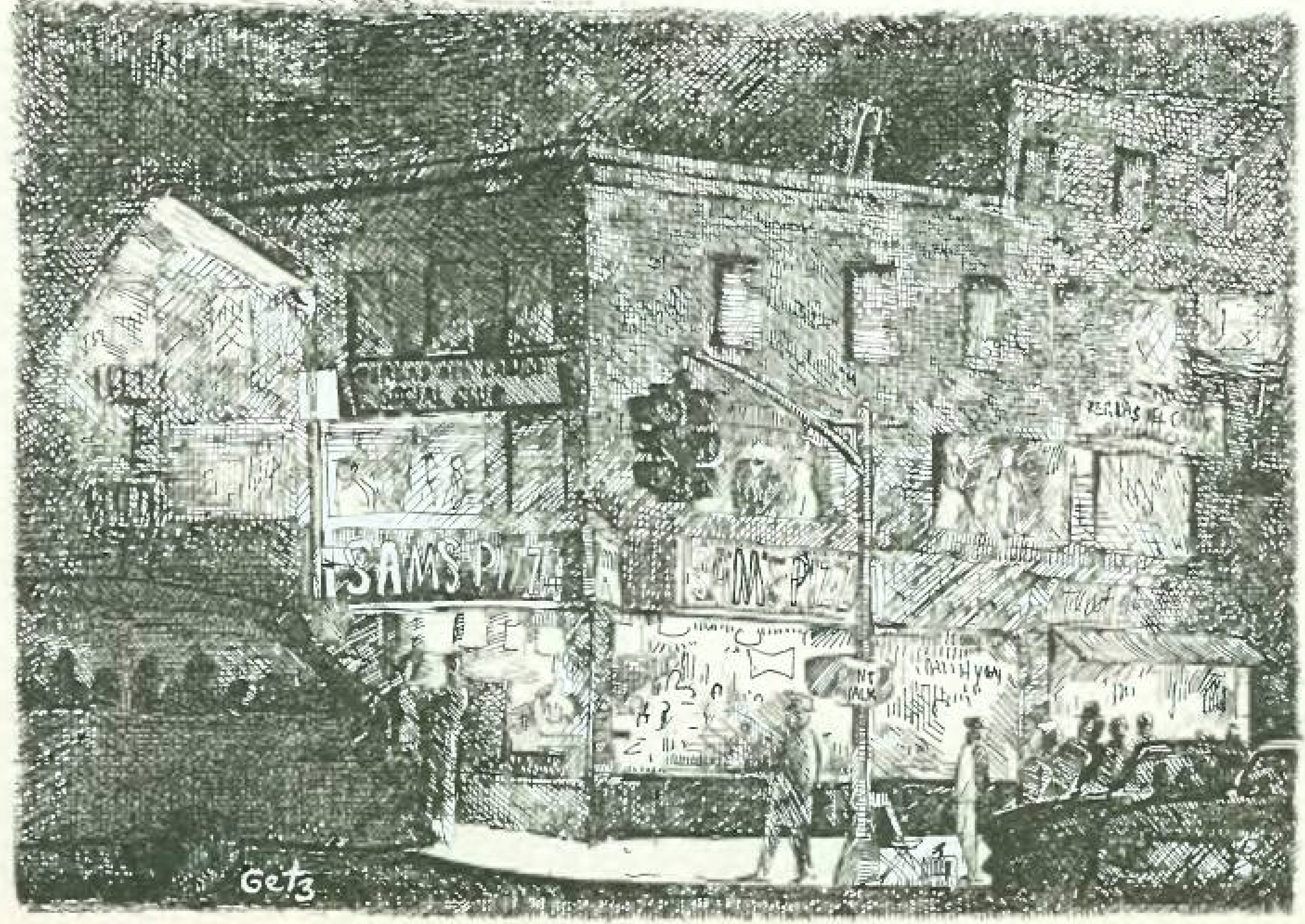
Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—If you're, you know, looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, you might like it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live music of the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble. On Tuesday, June 4, another group will take over. Closed Mondays.

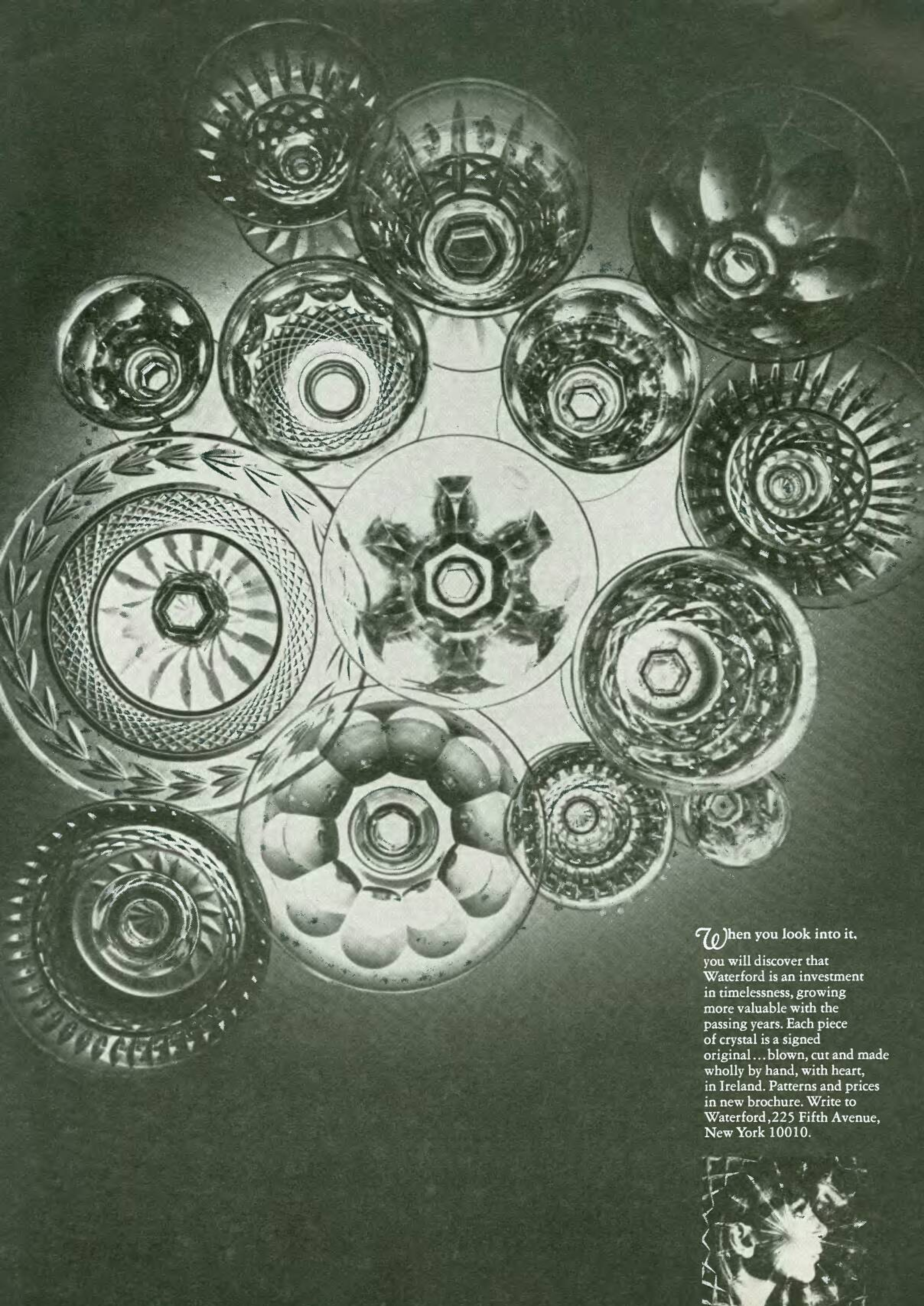
Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): Duke Ellington is a man known for the company (Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, et al.) he keeps, and, with reason, he has kept it nearly forever. It comes on, and strong, at nine; Phil Wayne's persuasive foursome begins at seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): The Café Pierre is a well-rounded education in the liberal arts, among which are dancing and dining. John Mince's band plays Monday and Tuesday each week, Stanley Worth's band works the five other nights, and Ellen Harwicke does some neat voice-and-piano work between sets. She is inaudible

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Dignity is what this mild-mannered restaurant likes to stand on, and the attitude carries over to those who venture on the floor whenever Ernie Warren's resolute band turns on, which it does at intervals between eight and one or two, desisting only on Sundays and Mondays. . . . EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): This was storied Versailles. The captains and the kings have departed, but upon payment of a reasonable fee anyone may now enter and see how they lived. The sound track is contributed by Lester Lanin's varsity. Closed Sundays. . . . THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (889-5100): Of Time and the Riverboat—Johnny Long's crew now, and on Thursday, June 6, Lionel Hampton's roustabouts. No music Sunday nights. . . . ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): Dancers who are graduates of the school of the traumatic arts need not apply; only followers in the footsteps of our forebears may prance on the outsize floor. No fuss, no feathers, and very little food; dance music (Argueso's Latins and some Manhattanites) is the main consideration. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty, Wednesdays at six-thirty, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

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

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Cry havoc is the technique of Joan Rivers, a conversationalist who lets the jokes fall where they may. Nine-thirty or so is starting time. Closed Sundays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—There are a lot of vigorous workers in this *kibbutz*, which makes for a reasonably lively time. The flow of Israeli words, music, and dance is sort of trial-and-error, but there's little harm in that. Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr are the leading lights. Dining. Closed Mondays.

EUGENE'S, 1034 Second Ave., at 54th St. (758-7620)—Mixed media (everything from whither-the-world to chamber music to Equity players) is the rule at eleven every night but Sunday in what is now the rallying point for the constituents of a candidate for high office whose name is the same. Bar and a certain amount of grill.

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933)—Quips and cranks and wanton wiles, nods and becks and wreathed smiles—this is the tenor of "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's revue for this season. The cast involves Mary Jo Gillis, Alex Wipf, John Svarr, and Leslie Stewart. The orchestra is the gleeful double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the intermission music is the equally gleeful piano of Baldwin Bergersen; the usual hours are nine and eleven-thirty; the dark night is Sunday.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Photo Finish" is the latest small but energetic boy-and-girl revue to occupy the premises. It takes place at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The 5th Dimension is not only visible but audible as it rolls and rolls, rants and raves in the Royal Box. Its rumpus, which is part of dinner and supper, is supplemented by two new humorists, the firm of Davis & Reese. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which inclines toward its own particular way of playing things, does music through the evening. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—A very sunny Spain, now nearly too big to be encompassed by the naked

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eye. From the right vantage point, the eye and ear can absorb with ease the outgoing antics of the purposefully casual Chavales de España and their music festival, as well as the beauty and the ferocity of the ballet presented by Rosario Galán and her troupe. The dance music for the customers is just about as vigorous and indigenous. . . . ¶ In the jolly Flamenco Room, a guitar begins as early as five, and Moorish street cries as early as nine-thirty. Both rooms are in service every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—Tony Bennett, healthy, happy, and heartfelt, does his last song on Wednesday, June 5. After that, prom time. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components.

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—The stag of Eve may drink his fill as she and her girl playmates waltz through the local extravaganza, into which Bobby Vinton, whose songs may persuade some of us that he might have been named Bobby Sox, has been inserted. Twice a night, century after century.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Noel Harrison, who is of royal descent (his father is a Rex), finishes up his song recitals in the Persian Room on Tuesday, June 4. The following night, at ten, Eartha Kitt, the well-known spitfire, begins *her* song recitals. Thereafter, she is to be both a dinner and a supper commodity. The orchestra run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte's serenaders will stay on. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo Le-Fleur's piano and violin confect *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Viennese music from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. He is marked absent Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The voice of Leon Bibb, which has the strength of ten but uses it in moderation, deals with songs of a certain consequence at both dinner and supper in the Maisonette, where the orchestras of Quintero and George Cort never hold their breath, save on Sundays, when all is quiet there anyway. . . . ¶ Next door, in La Boîte, those who wish to remain seated during the prandial hour are gently nudged only by piano and violin, which operate until after the theatre. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The cakewalking Trini Lopez, guitar at the ready, comes up from the streets of Laredo to the Empire Room twice every night as of Friday, May 31. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo returns to action the same evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley is on daily duty, and to keep it going the management has piano, from four to ten, daily except Saturday and Sunday, and dance tunes (the trio of Horace Diaz) from eight to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Fun and games—verbal by the customers, musical by the cast—in a coeducational clubhouse that is forever celebrating Homecoming Day. Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, singly and in tandem, play uplifting piano hour after hour. Closed Thursday through Sunday, May 30-June 2. . . . CHUCKS' COMPOSITE, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): By, for, and of the young, who are having a good time even when they are too busy to listen to the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. . . . LA CHANSONNETTE, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of volcanic origin, delivers her Naughty Marietta ballads and fireside talks from her perch atop a baby grand. She makes her entrances at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A supply of subdued dance music is issued from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . CHARDAS, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Western counterpart of nighttime Budapest, which, naturally, is punctuated with outbursts of Hungarian soul music—violin, zimbalon, and all the rest. Béla Babai's group does the dance tunes; Tibor Rakossy leads the choral work. Closed Mondays. . . . WAVERLY LOUNGE, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after thirteen years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . JAMAICA ARMS, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): *Arma virumque cano* is the motto of the calypso chanter who strolls this West Indian beachhead, and the *a.* and *v.* are, naturally, all Jamaican. This music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . ASTI, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Those who merely stand and wait on table here may not be ignored, for they all—at the drop of a baton—turn out to be operatic tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Which is nothing of the sort, being a jumping piano bar and restaurant compartmented off into cubbyholes by a million beaded-glass curtains. The head swinger is Scott Reed, on piano from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . THE APARTMENT, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): If one must go into our Casbah, it is a far better thing to venture here while Charles De Forest does his sad, sad songs about the sad, sad lives that *la vieillesse dorée* leads in this town. He is away Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The multiple-finger exercises that Cy Walter applies to his piano can only improve the music to which they are devoted. He appears from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to the skillful Allan Haig. . . . CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Camelot on the Hudson, by a tongue-in-cheek master builder. The regent of this revival is Norbert Faconi, who began his career as court violinist in the reign of Old King Cole. No sounds on Sundays. . . . ROMA DI NOTTE, 1528 Second Ave., at 70th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . MONSIGNORE, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen, out for a night on the town and the Via Veneto. A skillful job of weaving among them is done by Herman Honigsberg, fiddler emeritus, and his troupe of prowling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Echoes from the past, one of which is the mild piano that runs its course from six to one in the bar, except on Sundays. The others

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

are architectural. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano (which is Kurt Maier's property) joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): It's anybody's guess about the ancestry of this upstairs suite of rooms, but it could be Baghdad on the Bosporus. In one of the rooms, a piano discourses peacefully from six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood of the place, royal-nonesuch is the piano of George Feyer, which is on duty from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The scene is the Casino-on-the-Park. Self-possession is nine-tenths of the law in this seemly panorama, wherein Bob Kail touches up his piano from six-thirty until one. He takes leave Sundays and Mondays.

ART

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

GALLERIES

AFRO—Abstract Expressionist paintings by one of the early European artists of this movement; through Friday, June 7. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays, Saturdays, and Memorial Day.)

PETER AGOSTINI—Abstract sculptures in plaster by a familiar New York artist; through Saturday, June 1. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

ARMAN—"Accumulations" by a European specialist in boxed art; through Saturday, June 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Seventeen previously unexhibited paintings (oil on paper) of figures and landscapes by an artist who influenced American Abstract art; through June 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays, Saturdays, and Memorial Day.)

OLLE BAERTLING—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by a European avant-gardist; through June 15. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

CECIL BEATON—Movie and stage sets and costume designs; through Saturday, June 1. (Wright-Hepburn-Webster, 205 E. 60th St. Open Friday evenings until 9; closed Memorial Day.)

ARNOLD BLANCH—Paintings, some of them incorporating collage, of the female, plus several landscapes, by a veteran American artist; through Saturday, June 8. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

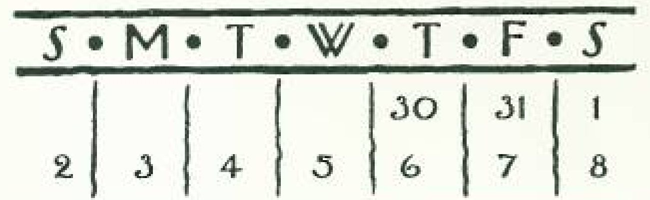
PATRICK CAULFIELD—Paintings by an artist who makes new uses of banal images; through Wednesday, June 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

ROBERT DE NIRO—Figurative bronzes and drawings by an Expressionist painter; through Friday, June 7. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

EDWIN DICKINSON—Paintings and drawings by one of America's grand old men, featured this year at the Venice Biennale; through June 28. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

SHERMAN DREXLER—Expressionist figure paintings which favor the female nude; through Saturday, June 8. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

SAM GILLIAM—Four mammoth Abstract oils by a Washington, D.C., artist; through June 29.



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(Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

NELSON HOWE—Reliefs constructed of assembled materials; through Saturday, June 1. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

RICHARD HUNT—Welded-steel and welded-aluminum sculptures; through June 15. (Dorsky, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

JEAN IPOUSTEGUY—Four major bronzes by a contemporary Paris artist; through June 14. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

KOKOSCHKA, PASCIN, AND TOULOUSE-LAUTREC—Prints; through June 29. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Tuesdays through Sundays, except Memorial Day, 11 to 6.)

JACK KRUEGER—Large steel tubular sculptures by an artist who studied engineering; through Saturday, June 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ERNEST LAWSON (1873-1939)—Paintings by a well-known American Impressionist; through June 29. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

ED McGOWIN—Plastic sculptures in three shapes used as multiples and sprayed with dots of paint; through June 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

ANTONI MILKOWSKI—Two clusters, one twenty-eight feet long, of stainless-steel cubes; through Thursday, June 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Thursday through Monday, May 30-June 3.)

MARTA MINUJIN—Movies of four art-world cocktail parties and environments created as part of the fun; through Saturday, June 8. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

MASAYUKI NAGARE—Abstract stone sculptures by a Japanese monument maker; through Saturday, June 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

ERNST NEIZVESTNY—The first exhibition in the United States by an artist of the U.S.S.R. who deviates to a degree from official Soviet art; through Saturday, June 8. (Sculptors Guild, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

DOUG OHLSON—Geometrical paintings consisting of groups of panels; through Saturday, June 8. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS REICHEL—Watercolors by a German artist

who worked with Paul Klee; through Friday, May 31. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

FREDERIC REMINGTON AND CHARLES M. RUSSELL—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by two leading American artists of the West; through June 22. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

HENRI ROUSSEAU—Eighteen landscapes and still-lifes by the modern primitive: through Saturday, June 8. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

EUGENE F. SAVAGE—Landscapes by an officially honored academician; through Friday, June 7. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St. Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

TSAI WEN-YING—Sculptures in motion rhythmically modulated by lighting; through Saturday, June 8. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

BENJAMIN WEST (1738-1820)—Pen-and-ink, crayon, and wash drawings by an Early American artist; through Saturday, June 1. (Black, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

BRETT WHITELEY AND DAVID SMITH—Paintings reflecting a passionate response to New York by Mr. Whiteley, an Australian artist who lives in London, and small sculptures of the mid-forties by Mr. Smith, a prominent American sculptor who died in 1965; through June 15. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

WILLIAM T. WILEY—Watercolors, plus related constructions in wood, metal, and plastic; through Saturday, June 8. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

NEIL WILLIAMS—Color on shaped canvases; through June 10. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

DONALD YACOE—Paintings of male and female nudes; through Saturday, June 1. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BYKERT**, 15 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Bill Bollinger, Gordon Hart, Brice Marden, Alan Saret, Richard Tuttle, and Ian Wilson; through June 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Collages, paintings, and drawings using words, by Arakawa, Andre, LeWitt, and others; through June 22. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HUTTON**, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings by French, German, and Russian Fauvists and Expressionists up to the First World War; through June 12. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.). . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Drawings by gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Bissier, and Bury; through Friday, June 7. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.). . . **RIZZOLI**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Drawings, watercolors, and lithographs by a group of Italian artists whose works are currently being shown at the Jewish Museum; through June 25. . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Two hundred French nineteenth-century paintings, bronzes, and drawings, from David through Puvis de Chavannes, chosen with emphasis on the academic. Included are Ingres, Delacroix, Géricault, and Degas. Through June 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: Nearly fifty drawings, pastels, and watercolors from sixteenth- to twentieth-century France; through June 29. (Closed Memorial Day.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through June 9. . . . ¶ Sixty-two cartoons by Alan Dunn that originally appeared in this magazine are being exhibited at the Edward W. Root Art Center of Hamilton College, in Clinton, New York, under the over-all title "Alan Dunn: A Social Cartoonist Comments on His Times;" through Sunday, June 2.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A selection of works by Kenneth Noland and Morris Louis; through June 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage," an interpretation by the Museum of what happened in art from 1912 until recently; through June

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Sculptures (some of them kinetic, others using strobe lights and mirrors) and related drawings, by Harold Tovish; through June 30. . . . ¶ An exhibition on the theme of fantasy, featuring Redon and Rousseau, and including Ensor, de Chirico, Chagall, Klee, Miró, Tanguy, and Dali; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighty sculptures, among them "objects" for ballet sets, by Isamu Noguchi, a veteran sculptor and theatrical, architectural, and industrial designer; through June 16. . . . ¶ Paintings by Hilaire Hiler (1898-1966), an American artist who was a well-known figure in Paris in the time of Hemingway, Pound, and Henry Miller; through June 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Sixty-two works by Rodin, spanning his career and including studies for such major projects as "The Burghers of Calais," "The Gates of Hell," and "Balzac;" through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, W. H. Auden and John Cage. Also paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Louise Nevelson, Josef Albers, Saul Steinberg, Buckminster Fuller, and others. Through June 23. (Daily, except Mondays and Memorial Day, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifteen centuries of Korean ceramics said to be some of the best of this craft; through Sunday, June 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER UNION MUSEUM, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—Seventy-two paintings and drawings by Frederic Edwin Church (1828-1900), a leading Hudson River School painter; through June 28. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—"Destruction Art" by a group of post-Dadaists—Arman, Yves Klein, Tinguely, Ortiz, and de Saint-Phalle (to mention a few); through June 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A small selection of pastels, etchings, and paintings by James A. McNeill Whistler (1834-1903); through June 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent Italian paintings and sculptures, some by artists well known in the United States, such as Baj, Burri, Capogrossi, Consagra, Dorazio, Fontana, Scialoja, and the Pomodoro brothers, as well as works by younger Italians; through Sept. 2. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Memorial Day, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3.) A good complement to this exhibition is the show of drawings, watercolors, and lithographs by the same artists at the Rizzoli Gallery, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Ballet and opera designs by Boris Anisfeldt, an eighty-eight-year-old artist who did many settings and costumes for Diaghilev's Russian Ballet; through June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A flock of decoys made by several carvers, along with wood fantasies (a peacock fountain, no less) whittled by John Scholl in the late nineteenth century; through July 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display, entitled "Gershwin: George, the Music/Ira, the Words," of original compositions, paintings and drawings, letters and photographs, and all the trimmings; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Art of the Congo; through Aug. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The galleries occupying the fourth floor have just been reopened and offer a polished exhibit of nineteenth-century landscapes and an abundance of American portraits from the Colonial period to mid-nineteenth century. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Forty years of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics by members of the Sarah Lawrence art faculty, past and present, among them David Smith, Theodore Roszak, Bradley Walker Tomlin, Oronzio Maldarelli, Peppino Mangravite, Ezio Martinelli, Concetta Scaravaglione; through Sunday, June 2. (Daily, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

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

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC PROMENADES—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting—A program of Viennese music Thursday through Saturday, May 30-June 1, at 8:30 (with Beverly Sills, soprano); a program of Russian music Tuesday through Thursday, June 4-6, at 8:30 (with Melissa Hayden and Jacques d'Amboise, dancers, and Simon Estes, bass-baritone); and a program of French music on Friday and Saturday, June 7-8, and Tuesday, June 11, all at 8:30 (with Ogden Nash, narrator, and Claude Kipnis, pantomimist).

NAUMBURG ORCHESTRA—Richard Burgin conducting, with Francesca Roberto, soprano. (Central Park Mall. Thursday, May 30, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

DORIS PINES—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, June 7, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

MOBY GRAPE—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, May 31-June 1, at 8 and 11:30.

LIBBY HOLMAN—In a benefit concert. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, June 5, at 8:45.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, May 30, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Monday through Wednesday, June 3-5, at 8, and Thursday, June 6, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Friday, June 7, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, June 8, at 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, May 31, at 8:05; Saturday, June 1, at 2:15; and Sunday, June 2, at 1:05 (doubleheader).

DOG SHOW—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 8.)

GOLF—United States Seniors' Golf Association Annual Tournament. (Apawamis Club, Rye, and Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 4-5.)

HORSE SHOWS—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Through Saturday, June 1.) . . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. Sunday, June 2.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 7-9.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Saturday, June 8.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 29. The Metropolitan Handicap, Thursday, May 30; the Belmont, Saturday, June 1; the Grand National Steeplechase, Friday, June 7; and the Mother Goose, Saturday, June 8. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Sat-

urdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Final day Thursday, May 30, at 2; the Jersey Derby is the feature race.... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Friday, May 31, through Saturday, Aug. 3. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

SOCCER—New York vs. Atlanta. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, May 31, at 8.)

TENNIS—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Morristown Field Club, Morristown. Starting Saturday, June 8.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, July 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 8-9.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Economic and Social Council (which is scheduled to adjourn on Friday, May 31), as well as to sessions of the Trusteeship Council, 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; no meetings on Memorial Day. (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.

FLOWER SHOW—The annual Flower Mart, sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association, on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Tuesday and Wednesday, June 4-5, from 8 to 7.)

WALKING TOURS—"Bedford of Bedford-Stuyvesant," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, June 2. Meets at Nostrand Ave. and Eastern Parkway, in Brooklyn, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, June 6, at 10:30 and 1:45: Oriental art, including jade and other hard-stone carvings, snuff bottles, bronzes, pottery and porcelains, Japanese netsuke, and Chinese furniture; the property of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bechhoefer and others.... ¶ Friday, June 7, at 1:45: English furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Smith and Vassar, Sunday, June 2; Barnard and Columbia, Tuesday, June 4; and Annapolis and West Point, Wednesday, June 5.

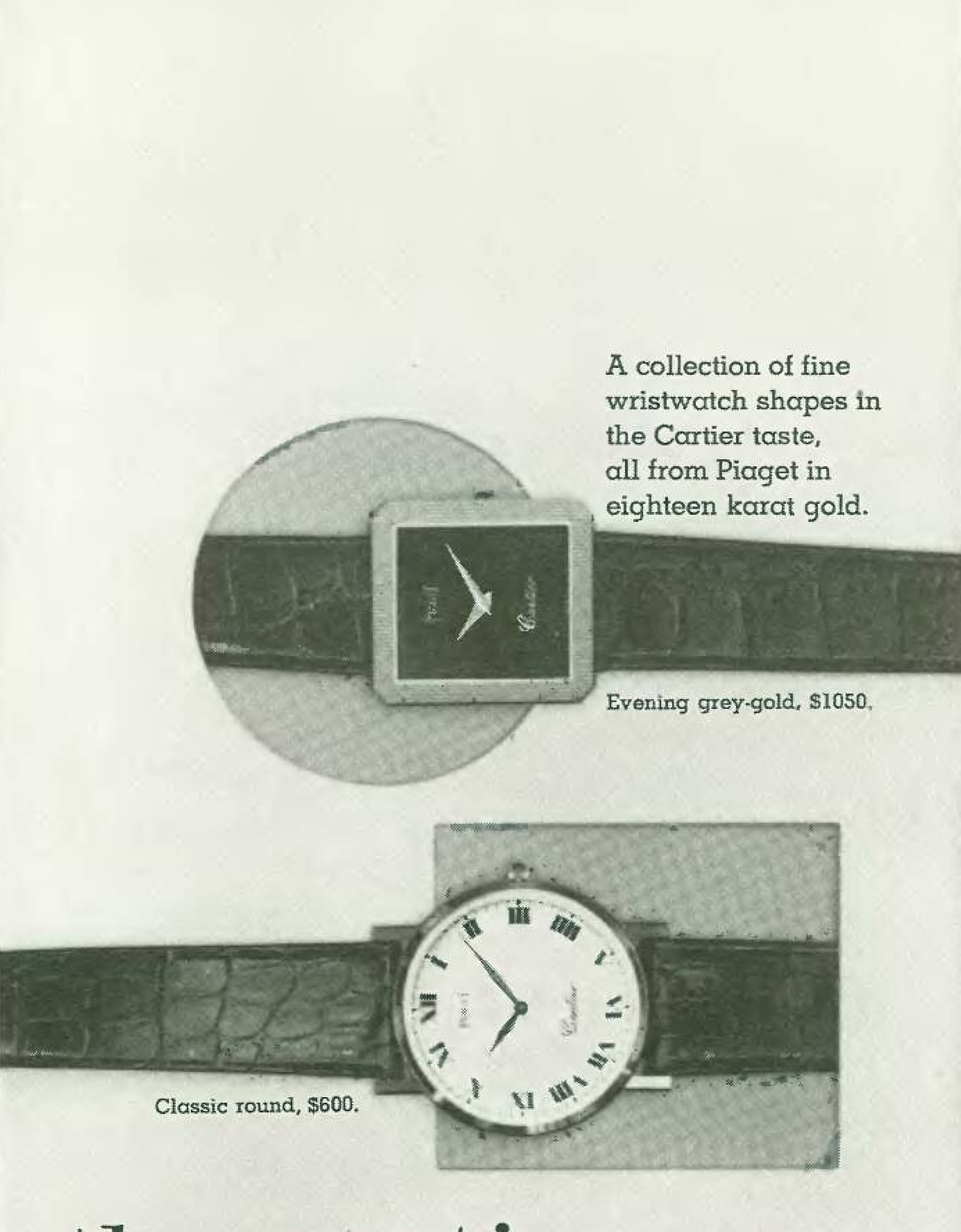
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—May 30 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Pather Panchali" (1956), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray.... ¶ May 31 at 2 and 5:30: "8½" (1963), in Italian, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anouk Aimée.... ¶ June 1 at 11:30: "Destiny" (1921), a German film, directed by Fritz Lang.... ¶ June 1 at 3 and 5:30: "Tom Jones" (1963), with Albert Finney and Susannah York.... ¶ June 2 at 2 and 5:30: "Blow-Up" (1966), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.... ¶ June 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Dreams That Money Can Buy" (1948), a Hans Richter Surrealist film.... ¶ June 4 at 2 and 5:30: "8 x 8" (1957), a Surrealist film, with Jean Cocteau and Marcel Duchamp.... ¶ June 5 at 2 and 5:30: "The Gorilla Hunt" (1926), directed by Ben Burbridge. (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 listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: June 9-12, June 25-26, June 28-30, and July 5-7.... **SHEA STADIUM**: June 14-16, June 18-23, July 2-4, and July 11-15.

BOXING—Joe Frazier vs. Manuel Ramos, heavyweights, 15 rounds. (Madison Square Gar-



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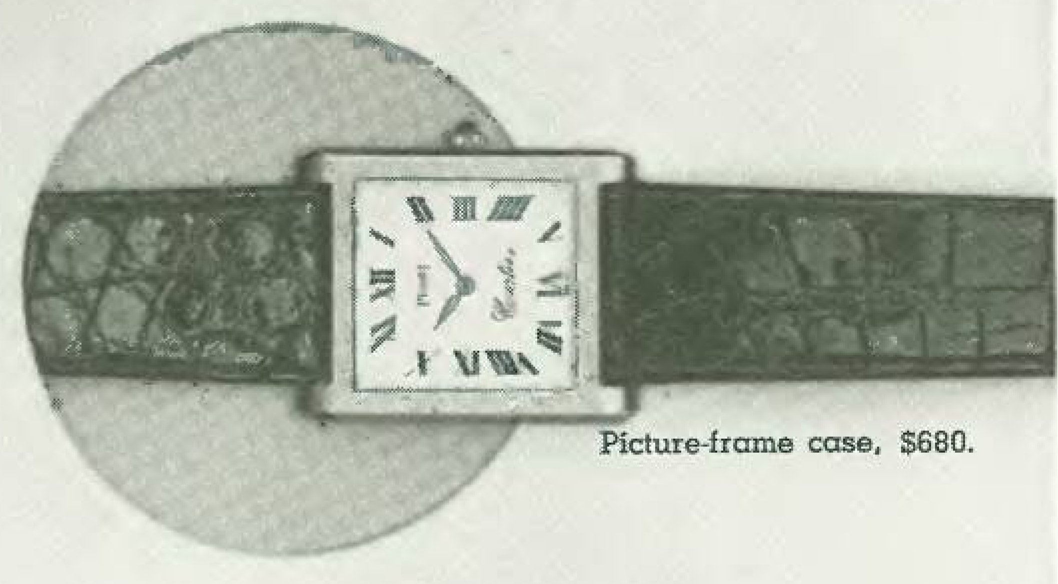

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

den Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. June 24.)

CREW—Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 10-13.)... ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 13-15.)... ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 15.)

GOLF—New York State Golf Association Women's Amateur Championship. (White Face Inn, Lake Placid. July 9-13.)... ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. July 11-14.)

HORSE SHOW—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. June 13-16.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. June 9.)... ¶ Hudson River Marathon. June 20.

OLYMPIC EQUESTRIAN TRIALS—At Hamilton Farm, Gladstone, N.J.: July 12-14.

RACING—At ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting: June 18-21.... WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 22.... AQUEDUCT: July 1-27.

SOCCER—At Yankee Stadium: June 16, 19, 21, and 23, and July 10 and 14.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: June 22-23.... WATKINS GLEN: July 13.

TENNIS—Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. June 15-23.)... ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. June 24-30.)... ¶ International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 24-July 6.)

TROTTING—At Historic Track, Goshen: July 1-5.

YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 22.... ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 13-20.)

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA: The company will present concert performances in Central Park on June 15, 18, and 29.... ROME OPERA, June 22-July 6, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center.... PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic "Promenades" continue through June 22, to be followed by two special performances, June 27-28.... ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, June 30-July 2.... ¶ English Chamber Orchestra, July 5, 9, and 11-12.... OUT OF DOORS AND OUT OF TOWN: Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band, on the Central Park Mall, June 19-Aug. 11.... ¶ Waterloo Village Music Festival, Waterloo Village, N. J., June 29-Aug. 31.... ¶ Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, July 4-Aug. 25.... ¶ Newport Jazz Festival, Newport, R. I., July 4-7.... ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 5-Aug. 25.

BALLET—American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, July 9-28.

THEATRE—Scheduled to open during the next several weeks are: "My Fair Lady," with Fritz Weaver, Inga Swenson, and George Rose, the second of two productions by the City Center Light Opera Company.... ¶ A revival of "West Side Story," starring Victoria Mallory, Kurt Peterson, Barbara Luna, and Alan Castner, to be presented by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center.... ¶ Théâtre de la Cité, a troupe from Lyon, will offer a three-week repertory of three plays in French—Dumas's "The Three Musketeers" and Molière's "George Dandin" and "Tartuffe"—at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre, Lincoln Center.

POETRY READINGS—June 20: Jorge Carrera Andrade and Nicanor Parra.... ¶ June 24: Zbigniew Herbert, Czeslaw Milosz, and Giuseppe Ungaretti. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A. FI 8-1500.)

OTHER DATES—Commencements: N.Y.U., June 9; Yale, June 10; Princeton, June 11; Harvard, June 13; and Dartmouth, June 16.... ¶ June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, June 12.... ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Saturday, June 15, but you can squeeze by on Monday, June 17.... ¶ The first day of summer is June 21.... ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Thursday.

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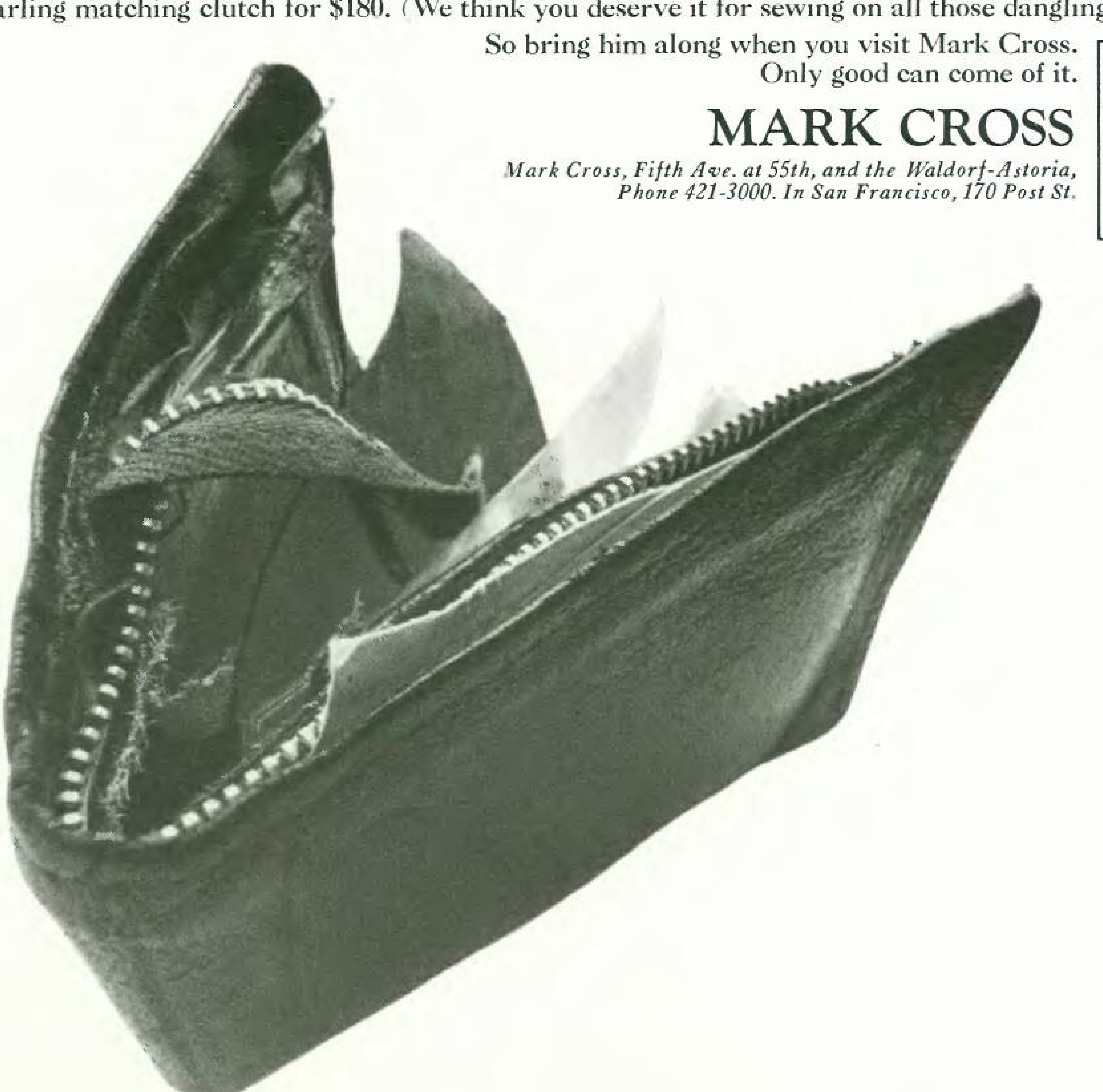

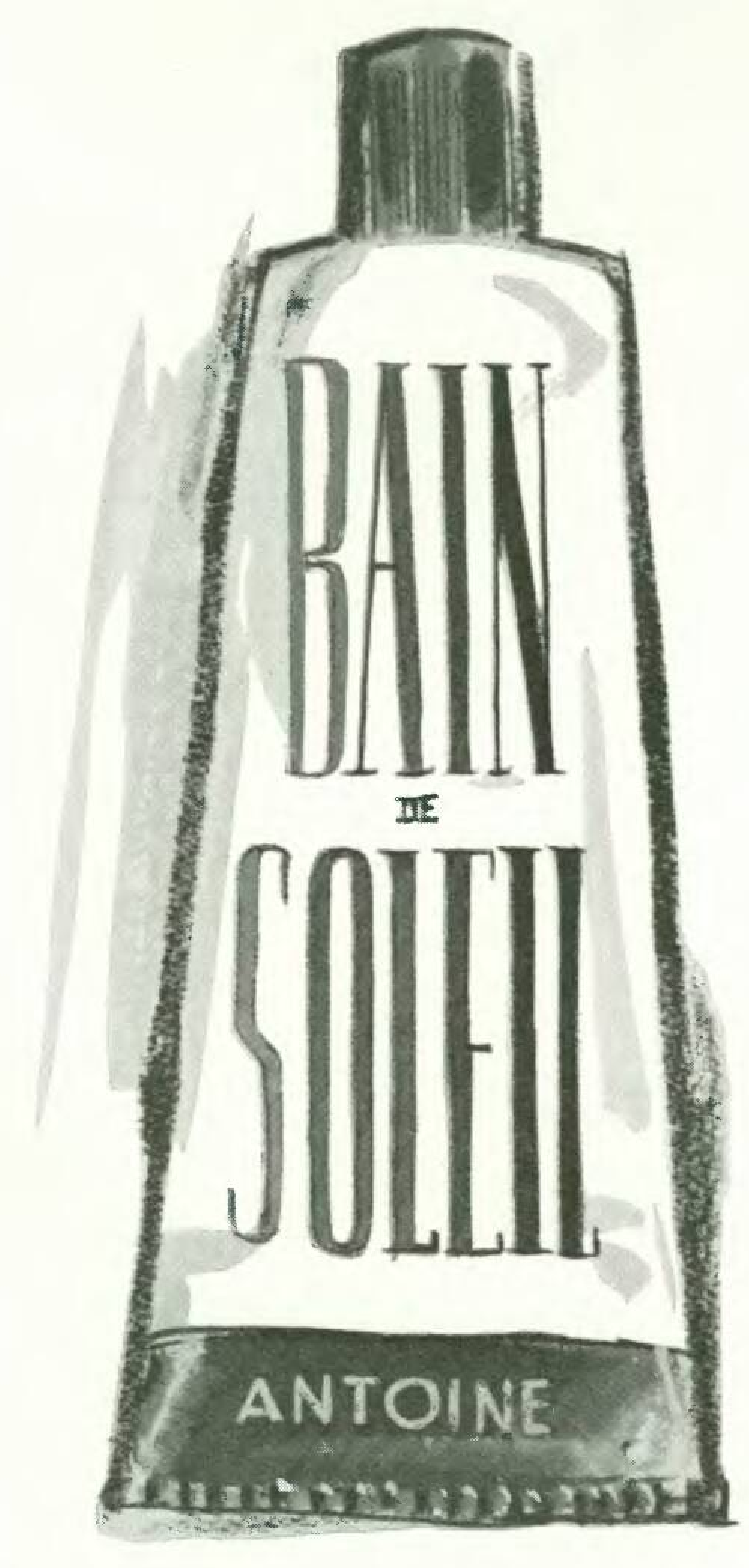

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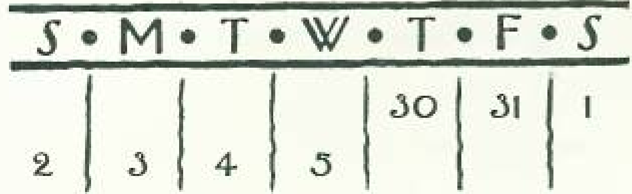


Bedazzled—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron merrily ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

Belle de Jour—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Camelot—The biggest P.-T.A. pageant of all time. Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris struggle valiantly not to seem puppets, but they are. Joshua Logan was the director of this Hollywood adaptation of the Broadway musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

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. A Czech film, directed by Jiri Menzel. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 4.)

A Dandy in Aspic—The slick sorrows of espionage. Laurence Harvey is a Russian spy who finds solace in the emaciated arms of Mia Farrow, a product of Western decadence. Directed by Anthony Mann. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting June 5.)

Doctor Dolittle—For children, and only for children. Rex Harrison pretends that his extreme urbanity is not wasted on four-footed friends. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays and also Thursday and Friday, May 30-31, at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Extra performance Memorial Day at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A sad, sweet tale of young lovers crossed not by the stars but by their own earthbound helplessness. A movie of exceptional beauty, written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear—A Czech film, written and directed by Zbynek Brynych, about a Jewish doctor in a Prague occupied by a faintly updated anti-Semitic power. The picture is very eloquent about the difficulty of modern types of courage, and is made with striking, finely detailed baroque style. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Fox—D. H. Lawrence's novella as it might have been interpreted in a girls' boarding school—but wasn't that "The Children's Hour"? Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood are the ladies and Keir Dullea, voice lowered, is the marauding male. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Graduate—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Hour of the Wolf—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

In Cold Blood—An altogether satisfactory translation of the Truman Capote book of a couple of years ago. Written and directed by Richard Brooks. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

The Long Day's Dying—A perfectly acted English picture with David Hemmings, Alan Dobie, and Tom Bell, directed by Peter Collinson, about three privates sweating it out in contest with a German soldier in the Second World War. Written by Charles Wood, one of the most interesting playwrights in England. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

The Odd Couple—A film version by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's funny Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. Jack Lemmon plays the one who horribly recreates the situation all over again and becomes a new wife-figure, fussing about with coasters and driving Walter Matthau nuts. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Planet of the Apes—One of the best science-fiction fantasies to come out of Hollywood in a decade. With Charlton Heston and Kim Hunter, directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Producers—For those who enjoy satire of the theatre enough to put up with Zero Mostel and much horseplay. Written and directed (sort of) by Mel Brooks. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Two of Us—Michel Simon is the rock that little Alain Cohen clings to in this simple and rather thin story about the friendship between an anti-Semitic old peasant and a Jewish child in Occupied France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later, in a universe billions of years old where time and space shrink beyond the imaginings of Einstein. Kubrick introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday and Friday, May 30-31, at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Sergei Bondarchuk's six-hour-plus, four-part movie, crassly doomed to be shown to us in a dubbed version, but most of it survives. A dancer, not an actress (Ludmila Savalyeva), is brilliantly cast to play Natasha. Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre in this stupendous endeavor, which draws one into another life in a country on the brink of change. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

REVIVALS

Accident (1967)—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 31-June 3.)

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 5.)

Cul-de-Sac (1966)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 31-June 3.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others: directed by David Lean. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

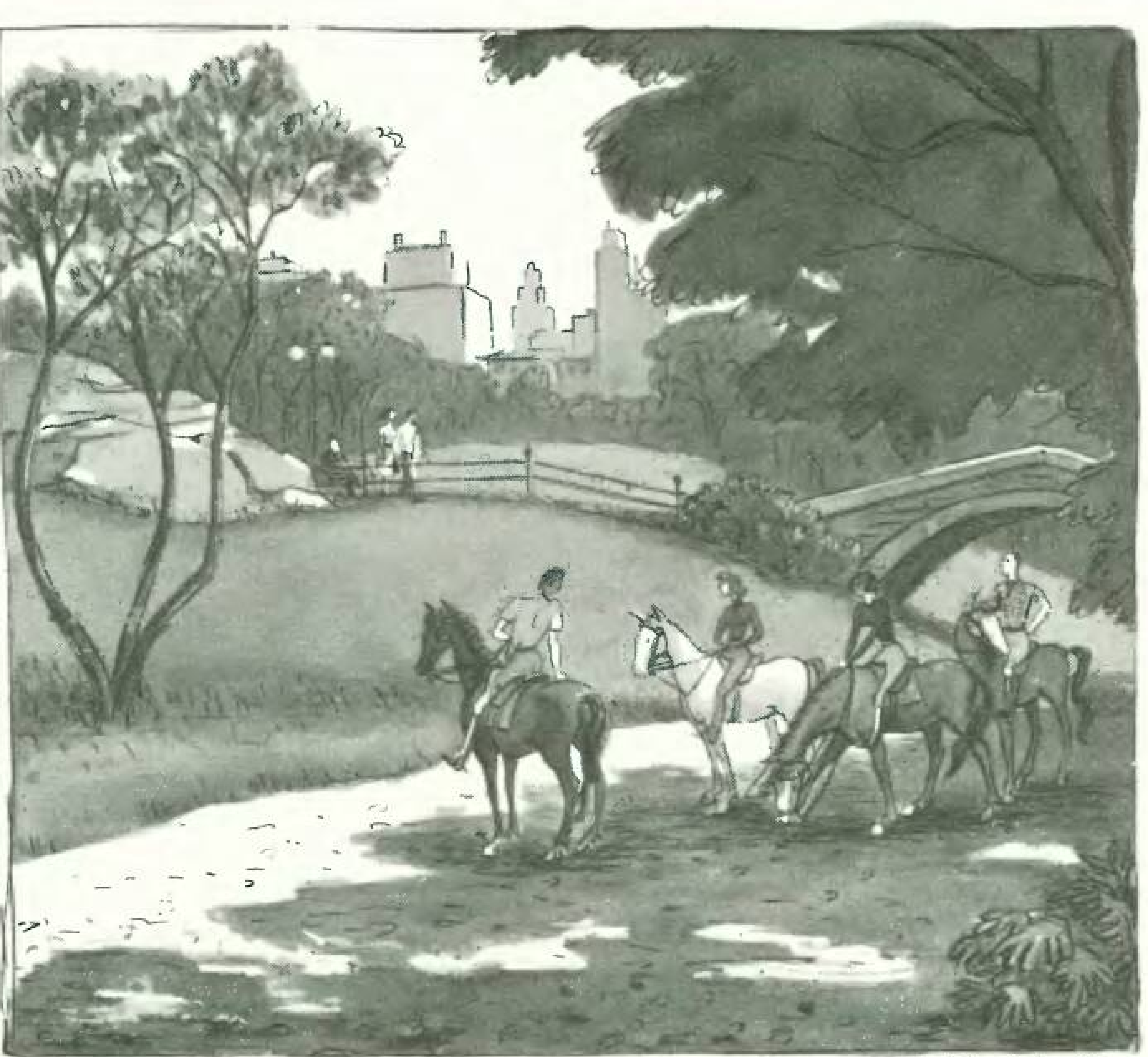
Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, May 30-June 2, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. Directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 4.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play, brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 5.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Somerset Maugham's classic. Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 5.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 4.)



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THE MOVIE HOUSES

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

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
2	3	4	5	30	31	1

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
HOUR OF THE WOLF (in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"491" (in Swedish); and "The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 4: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film; and **THE WRONG BOX**, revival.
From June 5: **MARAT/SADE**, revival; and "The Railroad Man" (in Italian), revival, Pietro Germi.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Half a Sixpence," Tommy Steele.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Prudence and the Pill," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Devil's Brigade," William Holden, Cliff Robertson.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Boom," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"What's So Bad About Feeling Good," George Peppard, Mary Tyler Moore.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE PRODUCERS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Trans-Europ-Express" (in French), Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR, a Czechoslovakian film.

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

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

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

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
IN COLD BLOOD.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Wild in the Streets," Shelley Winters, Christopher Jones.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Half a Sixpence," Tommy Steele.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Detective," Frank Sinatra.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Devil's Brigade," William Holden, Cliff Robertson.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
"No More Excuses," a Robert Downey film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 4: "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans.
From June 5: "I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname," Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Accattone!" (in Italian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 4: "A Stranger in Town," Tony Anthony.
From June 5: **A DANDY IN ASPIC**; and "For Singles Only," John Saxon.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
BEDAZZLED.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Half a Sixpence," Tommy Steele.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE LONG DAY'S DYING.

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

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

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

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

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE FOX.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 4: "Divorce American Style," revival, Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.
From June 5: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Fist in His Pocket" (in Italian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
THE LONG DAY'S DYING.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through June 4: "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans.
From June 5: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 5: **OF HUMAN BONDAGE**, revival; and **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 4: "Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.
From June 5: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 30: "Rhapsody in Blue," revival, Jean Leslie, Robert Alda; and "The Jazz Singer," revival, Al Jolson.
May 31-June 3: **CUL-DE-SAC**, revival; and **ACCIDENT**, revival.
From June 4: **M** (in German), revival; and "The Bridge" (in German), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
HOUR OF THE WOLF (in Swedish).

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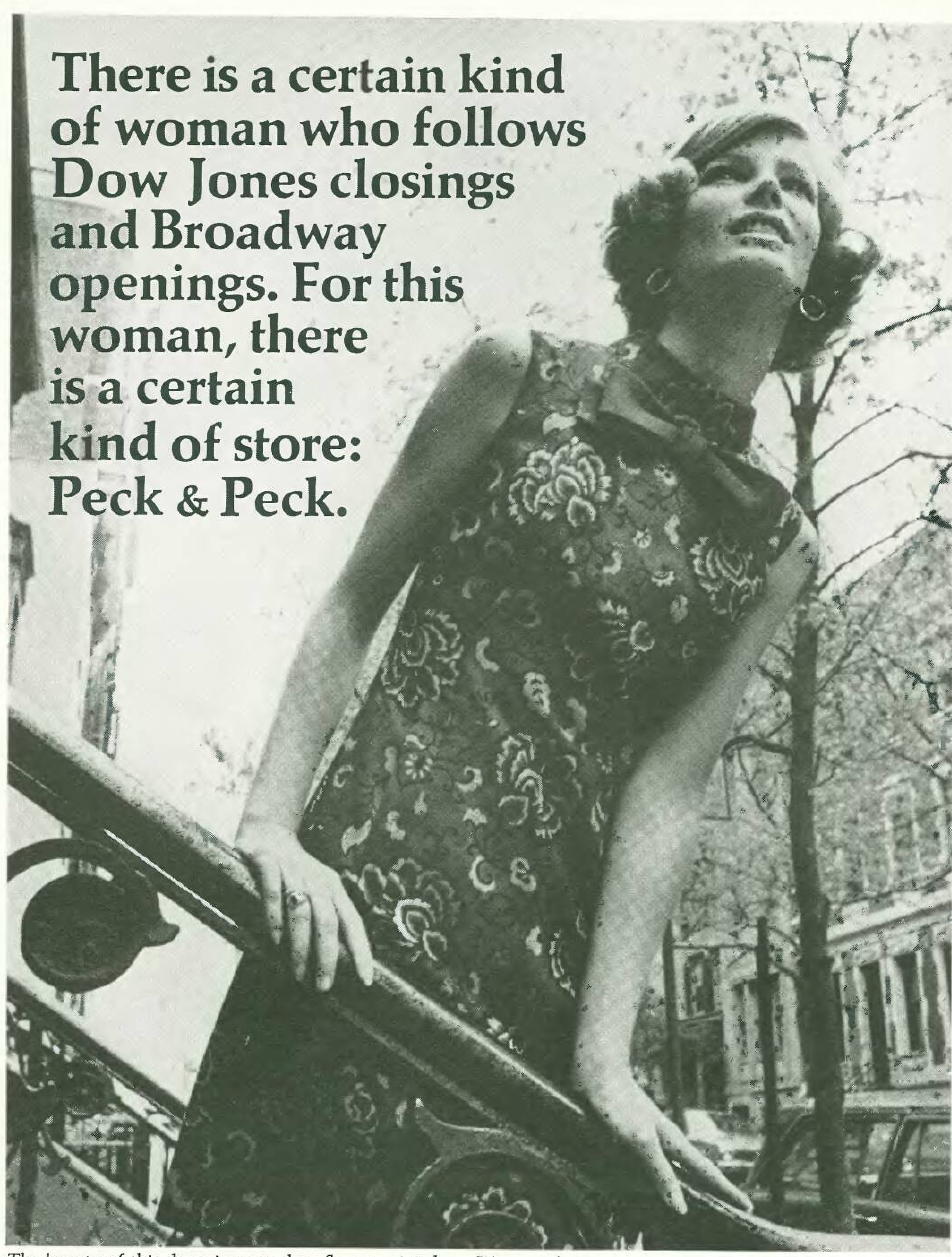

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SEVERAL weeks ago, we reported on a visit we had made to Columbia University just after that institution was brought to a standstill as a result of the occupation of several buildings by some campus activists. Ostensibly, the primary issue in the demonstration—and the student strike that followed it—was the pending construction in Harlem's Morningside Park of a Columbia gymnasium, but after the gymnasium project was indefinitely suspended, at Mayor Lindsay's request, negotiations between the activists and the Columbia administration broke down over the question of amnesty for the demonstrators, and on April 30th the Columbia campus was forcibly cleared by police in an action that resulted in a hundred and forty-eight injuries and seven hundred and twenty arrests. Last week, the amnesty issue came up again when university officials announced that four leaders of Columbia's chapter of Students for a Democratic Society had been suspended in disciplinary proceedings connected with the April disturbances, and on Tuesday student activists again took over some campus buildings and barricaded themselves inside. At the time of the previous occupation, seven days of tenuous negotiations—participated in by the psychologist Kenneth Clark and the labor mediator Theodore W. Kheel, among others—preceded the decision of Columbia's administrators to call in the police, but last week the police were called in immediately. The reaction of the demonstrating students was equally direct. Makeshift barricades were thrown up on the campus, and, when these proved ineffective, fires were set in several university buildings, one fire destroying the product of ten years' research by a history professor known to be unsympathetic to the student protests. In this latest Battle of Morningside Heights, sixty-four more people—forty-nine demonstrators and fifteen policemen—were injured seriously enough to need hospital treatment, and a hundred and seventy-two students and community supporters were arrested. By dawn, however, the campus had been cleared except for university officials, newsmen, and police, who sealed off all entrances but the one at 116th and Broadway and the one at 116th and Amsterdam, and restricted the use of these to persons with university or press identification cards. Undeterred, the S.D.S. leaders announced that they were inviting their supporters—on and off the campus—to a mass rally that afternoon outside the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, and sent members who had been arrested in the previous night's melee and then released after arraignment into Harlem and other ghetto areas to distribute handbills. We were surprised, therefore, upon being passed through the Broadway gate just after noon on Wednesday, to find the campus positively tranquil. In South Field, where police and students had pursued each other several hours before, the only object of pursuit at the moment was a large blue frisbee that was being thrown back and forth by two male students and a small Negro boy who had somehow slipped past the police lines. On the grass around Butler Library, a number of students were sunning themselves—and quite a few of them were studying, although formal classes had been suspended weeks before—while two gardeners planted begonias in the flower beds nearby. Indeed, the only battle traces we were able to find were some broken windows in Low Library (and these were already under repair), a good many breaks in the hedge east of Campus Walk, and gaping spaces in several walks where bricks had been pulled up and used for ammunition.

By the Broadway gate, a slender, chestnut-haired girl was setting up a card table.

"What are you selling?" asked a student who had just cleared the checkpoint.

"Tickets to a benefit for a liberation school," she answered. "It's only three dollars."

"Three dollars!" the boy said, continuing down College Walk. "I thought this was supposed to be a *student* revolution."

"Save up your pennies and come anyway!" the girl called after him.

In front of the Low Library steps we found two more card tables, each piled with the literature of a student anti-protest organization. "Expel All 720," read a button worn by one of the students seated at a table that bore a sign saying "Committee for Defense of Property Rights."

We asked the button-wearer if he truly favored expulsion of all the seven hundred and twenty students who had been arrested in the April demonstration.

"I sure do," he said. "Except that it looks today like that figure's out of date."

Two students walked past the table, one of them saying to the other, "Last night proved one thing, anyway—we need experience in barricading."

"I think that those guys went too far last night," the boy at the table said to us. "The reason they took over the building was they hoped there would

be more brutality and they would gain student support, but they lost any hope they had of support when somebody burned that professor's papers. There's just no way to justify book burning."

A young man at the second table in front of Low Library, who identified himself as a graduate student, told us that his organization, the Students for a Free Campus, stood somewhere between the student activists and those who called for their expulsion. "But if you have to put us on somebody's side, put us down as favoring expulsion," he went on. "Because we're for a free and open campus. We believe that order and, particularly, impartial enforcement of the rules of conduct are essential to the academic community."

Off to the west of Low Library, outside Havemeyer Hall, we found an older man—a professor of political science—ringed by students.

"We *are* asking you members of the faculty to get involved," a tall, bearded student was saying. "Tell us where you stand."

"Oh, look," the professor said. "Didn't the faculty form a committee before, and didn't you, the students, say you had no faith in it?"

The professor headed into Havemeyer Hall, along with several of the students.

The bearded student told us that his name was Omar Grine, that he was an Argentine, and that he was taking a doctorate in political science. His dissertation, he said, was a study of the phenomenon of rioting. "Riots here really aren't too much," Mr. Grine said. "At home, and in Paris, too, where I studied before, they were better organized, with more of a—well, purpose. The danger of riots in this country lies in the fact that you people have been marching and demonstrating peacefully for so long, because peaceful marching has become so institutionalized that it is no longer effective."

A few minutes later, when we walked around to the front of Low Library again, the two card tables and their contingents of anti-protesters had vanished, and a group of S.D.S. members and supporters—identifiable by small white buttons with red lettering—had gathered near the sundial on Campus Walk. A call was issued for more volunteers to distribute announcements about the rally, but only a dozen students—boys and girls—raised their hands.

"I can understand it with those of you who were arrested and are very tired," the disappointed S.D.S. leader said. "But those of you who have just been standing around this morning could think about it some more and give us a hand."

There were no more volunteers, however, and the squad of twelve was dispatched, under the command of a short, slight girl. "The rally is set for six, but we'll be lucky if we can get it going anywhere near on time," she was told. "We had hoped to hold it even earlier, but last night the police stole our sound equipment, so we had to get new stuff."

Sure enough, the rally started late. Well after six-thirty, the first speaker, clutching a portable bullhorn, climbed to the ledge of a first-floor Hamilton Hall window overlooking Amsterdam Avenue and began addressing a crowd of perhaps a thousand S.D.S. supporters and perhaps another thousand spectators. (Very few people, it appeared, had accepted the invitation to come up from Harlem.) For ourself, we had selected a vantage point on the terrace of the Law School, across Amsterdam Avenue, where we had a good view both of the participants in the rally and of several hundred policemen who worked all during it to confine the crowd to the sidewalks and maintain two-way traffic on the street.

Waiting with us on the Law School terrace were a minister with a Red Cross armband and what appeared to be a fairly representative group of students. To our right was a victim of the violence of the previous night, with his hair shaved to a tonsure encircling a taped bandage. "They took two stitches, at St. Luke's Hospital," the boy told us. "I got hit standing in the lobby of Livingston Hall—my own dormitory. I was looking out the window, and a cop outside hit me right through the open window. I said 'What did you do that for?' and the next thing I knew, three others were hitting me."

To our left, Paul Vilardi, who was formerly chairman of the Majority Coalition, a group of organizations opposed to the demonstrators and the student strike, and is now chairman of another group, the Students for Columbia University, was talking with Thomas Saliba, a graduate business student. "I was standing next to Low Library when windows were being broken, and next to me was a chaplain who I knew was for S.D.S.," Mr. Saliba was saying. "I asked him 'What about the broken windows?' but he just shrugged and said it was a means of making necessary changes in the school."

"Listen," Mr. Vilardi said. "How can anybody still have doubts about the motives of S.D.S. after these guys tried to burn down the school?"

The rally generated little enthusiasm until the appearance on the Hamilton window ledge of Mark Rudd, the Columbia S.D.S. chairman, who has in the past four weeks become something of a national figure. One of the four students whose suspension had sparked the previous night's protest, Rudd had been released on bail only hours before, upon charges that included rioting and inciting to riot. Rudd repeated S.D.S.'s accusations that Columbia is being expanded without regard for the needs of the neighborhood around it or of the city itself. "This university is building on the sweat of the black people and the people of this university, but they can't turn us around," he said. "We'll strike!" At the word "strike," scores of hands shot up out of the sidewalk crowd in a V-for-victory sign.

Seabed and Ocean Floor

THE United Nations Committee on the Peaceful Uses of the Sea-Bed and the Ocean Floor, which was formed by the General Assembly in November, following a speech by the Ambassador from Malta, had its first meeting this spring, and subsequently we called on the Ambassador from Malta, Mr. Arvid Pardo, to ask what was new on the seabed and the ocean floor. Mr. Pardo, a tall, pale, donnish-appearing man with a scholarly stoop and receding curly gray hair, looked first nonplussed and then amused. "It's truly a vast problem," he said. "Malta is, naturally, vitally interested in the sea, on which we depend. We have been following developments in oceanography and technology for some time and are impressed by the potential benefits, to us and to everyone, in the oceans and the land under them. But it would be highly unjust, and dangerous, for the ocean floor to become subject to competitive appropriation, exploitation, and military use by those few countries that have the technical facilities. This has always seemed no problem—and to many still seems so—because the ocean floor was too deep to be accessible. Unfortunately, it is quite

accessible now, and will become more accessible. We already have submarines that can dive to considerable depths, and new submersibles are being built that can work on the bottom to depths of some fifteen thousand feet. I am thinking also of Sea Lab III, which shows that men can live underwater to depths of a thousand feet or so. Following a proclamation by the United States in 1945, most countries have asserted their sovereignty over the continental shelves off their coasts. The 1958 Geneva Conference on the Law of the Sea accepted this sovereignty 'to a depth of two hundred metres or, beyond that limit, to where the depth of the superjacent waters admits of . . . exploitation.' Today, that's almost free license, and, indeed, the United States, to give one example, has already granted leases in deeper waters. Mining leases have been granted for areas more than fifty miles from shore and in more than a thousand feet of water. All this supports pressure for the appropriation of ocean resources by nations with the technology, and we could see a scramble for land like the one in Africa in the last century. The oceans and seabeds require rational management as a whole—otherwise the entire environment is likely to be impaired—and this we can get only through international administration. If Canada dumps wastes off Newfoundland, the currents bring it down to this country. Action must be international. Although dumping has been with us for some years, the possibilities of commercial exploitation of the seabed and military installations on it are just as strong. The presence of petroleum, sulphur, and the like, and manganese and phosphate nodules, at very considerable depths of the ocean floor and in very considerable quantities has been known for some years. The problem has been how to get them. Now we have the technology to harvest minerals and pump oil from depths of more than fifteen thousand feet, and the only problem is how to do it economically. This is merely a question of technique and time. Under the Pacific Ocean alone, it has been estimated, there is, in nodules lying on the ocean floor, enough aluminum to last at the present world rate of consumption for twenty thousand years, compared to a hundred years of reserves known on land; enough manganese for four hundred thousand years, compared to land reserves of a hundred years; and enough copper for six thousand years, compared to land reserves of only forty years. And a great deal more, just in the Pacific. Greater reserves of oil and gas are found offshore every year. Concentrations of gold, silver, zinc, and copper ores have been found seven thousand feet under the Red Sea, and have been very conservatively estimated to be worth one and a half billion dollars. Such undersea resources will have a considerable effect on the prices of certain metals and fuels, and these, in turn, on the exports of certain countries. The military possibilities of the ocean floor seem obvious, since the military advantages of the Polaris missile are accepted and the ability of men to live at great depths has been shown. Science has charted numerous undersea mountains, in all the oceans, that come within several hundred feet of the surface—depths at which bases could be easily maintained."

"And now, if you don't mind, I would like to reassess my position on the firm stand I took in my previous reassessment."

• •

The Ambassador gave us a cheery look. "Perhaps the most serious form of dumping that is now going on in the oceans is that of radioactive wastes," he said. "These are in supposedly airtight containers, which in fact rust. The agencies involved do not report their activities publicly, and they claim to give adequate consideration to safety, but research ships have recorded extremely high concentrations of strontium 90 and cesium 137, both highly radioactive by-products, in the Atlantic—as high as fourteen times the normal concentration. Further, there has been no drop in the contamination of fish since nuclear-weapons testing in the atmosphere ceased five years ago. This, however, is just one aspect of a far larger thing—the contamination of the sea by all the wastes of civiliza-

tion. We're not aware—although it's beginning to be felt along some shores, like Long Island—that we're gradually impairing the whole ocean environment. We may not feel the results in this generation, but we will in the next." The Ambassador smiled wanly.

Getting Ready for Emmy

TWENTY-ONE hours before the 1967-1968 Television Academy Awards program was to go on the air, we presented ourself at the Imperial Ballroom of the Americana Hotel to see how the N.B.C. technical and production staffs prepared for a broadcast whose complexities included the fact that two hundred and sixty-two people or programs had been nominated for awards in forty categories and that the show—much of which would be impromptu—would be coming alternately from New York and Hollywood. Arriving at the ballroom, which was to be the center of the New York operation, at 1 A.M. on the Sunday before last, we found that a dance had just ended. Before the dance decorations had been removed, N.B.C. electricians were throwing heavy audio and video cables onto the floor from a balcony along the south wall. At 1:05, hotel employees began folding tables and stacking chairs. At 1:10, arc lights were being hauled into the room, and a round-faced, active-looking man was saying, "I don't want a DT 1 here, I want a DT 9. That's final!"

We found the program's unit manager, Budd Wilds, sitting at a grand piano and holding an empty coffee cup. He told us that the New York staff would have an exceptionally short time to prepare for the show. "In Hollywood, they've been in the Palladium since *Wednesday*," he said. "*We* weren't able to get into this ballroom till *now*." He stood up and walked toward some spotlights, carrying a sheaf of papers on one of which was scribbled "Satellite feed. Puppet dog—$265." At 1:20, the lighting director, Fred McKinnon, began instructing an assistant in the placement of scaffolding, and at 1:30 the hotel staff began to vacuum the carpets. At 2:30, workmen carried in the first pieces of the set, a sparkling white-and-gold creation that was to be assembled against one wall. As the night passed—rapidly, it seemed to us—the set went up, six Norelco color cameras were brought onto the floor, and two lighting towers and one lighting-and-camera tower were constructed of steel pipe and banked with floodlights.

By 8 A.M., members of the production staff were arriving. One of the first of them was Richard Schneider, the producer and director of the New York end of the broadcast. He is a short, lean, wiry, dark-haired man, and he began giving orders immediately, calling, "Foxy! Audio! Where's Foxy?" At 9:05, he was saying, "We've got to get that Eidophor screen moved forward. What's the *matter* with those people?" Meanwhile, the hotel staff had put the tables and chairs back in place and covered the tables with yellow cloths. At 10:40, Schneider began to block out the show, using stand-ins to represent major-award recipients and large name cards to represent others; the choice of "winners," of course, was arbitrary, since the real winners would not be known until the broadcast was under way. Dick Van Dyke, the host of the New York proceedings, arrived at 11:05, wearing a brown leather sports jacket and what looked like a permanent smile. He laughed and joked with the staff and then took over his role, reading from cue cards while two girls went through the motions of handing out the golden statuettes, or Emmys, to the arbitrary winners. The blocking was rough, and more than once the stand-ins got confused as to whom they were representing. At 11:55, we accompanied Schneider to the control-room truck, one of three large white vans that were parked outside the hotel, on Fifty-second Street. In the rear of the truck were sixteen small black-and-white monitors and two large color monitors. Schneider sat down at a control panel beside Orlando Tamburri, the technical director, and Peter Fatovich, the associate director, and watched the monitors as the cast ran through the show. Giving directions over a headset, Schneider called for various camera angles and ordered the stand-ins from table to table. The run-through was not very smooth, and at noon there was a break for lunch.

At 1:30 P.M., Schneider and his associates were back in the truck for the first run-through in conjunction with the West Coast. The air of expectancy was greater than before, and telephones between the truck and Hollywood were in constant use. Suddenly, a scene from the Palladium flashed onto one of the color monitors, and a deep voice intoned, "The National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences presents—live from New York and Hollywood—the Twentieth Annual

Emmy Awards!" Music, originating in Hollywood, burst from a large speaker overhead, and a stand-in for Frank Sinatra, who was to be the Hollywood host, began to sing. This run-through went better than the previous one, but it was apparent that the West Coast staff had had a longer time to prepare than the New York staff. At 1:47, Fatovich said into a headset, "Hello—hello, Hollywood! We're sending our audio out to you and you're not sending it back to us. We can't hear ourselves!"

"What did you ever do for me, Mister?"

By 3:45, the ballroom had become a glittering, sumptuous sight. The tables had been set with china and silver, and red and yellow helium-filled balloons swayed gently above them. At 4:30, Pearl Bailey arrived, wearing a gold-colored sweater with matching trousers. Five minutes later, Lena Horne walked in, wearing beige trousers and an off-white hat and coat.

Miss Bailey called "Grandma! Hey, Grandma!" and walked over to Miss Horne.

"Did you get the messages I sent you?" Miss Horne asked, and the two women fell into friendly conversation.

Within the next half hour, Lloyd Bridges, Kate Smith, Art Carney, Sid Caesar, and Imogene Coca arrived, and Schneider asked them, and Miss Bailey and Miss Horne, to go through their roles as presenters of awards. By 5:20, they had completed their tasks, and Schneider hurried back to the control-room truck for the final rehearsal. The air of expectancy had changed to one of businesslike concern. There was a good deal of telephone communication with the Coast, and at 5:40 Frank Sinatra appeared on one of the color monitors, wearing a yellow turtleneck shirt and looking preoccupied. He began to sing "Luck Be a Lady," without much enthusiasm, apparently saving his voice. Schneider was saying into his headset, "Stand by, Dick Van Dyke. The balloons will *not* be there later, West Coast! Joey, get rid of that ridiculous balloon! It's covering up Dick's face!"

Even before this rehearsal had ended, the evening's guests had begun to arrive. By 7:30, the ballroom was filled with men in black tie and women in formal gowns, who sat down to a lengthy dinner that was to precede the awards. Schneider and his staff skipped dinner, and at 9:30 the heads of the technical and production staffs were back in the control-room truck. We took a seat in the rear of the truck, and Schneider turned to us and said, "You think *this* is complicated? You should have been with me three years ago when I did the Papal Mass from Yankee Stadium!" At 9:45, he pushed his headset aside and smiled. "Dean Martin is not showing up, and Sinatra's going to fill in for him," he said. Everybody laughed. At 9:50, Schneider got up suddenly and left the truck, saying, "I'll be right back, and it's starting to rain." He was back in three minutes. At 9:55, he said, "We've got five minutes to air. . . . Four minutes and thirty seconds. Camera Two has Ella Fitzgerald. Three has Sid Caesar and Imogene. Five, give me Agnes Moorehead!"

At 10, the N.B.C. peacock appeared on the monitors, and for a moment the control room was silent except for music over the speaker. Then the introductory words we had heard earlier in the day boomed into the truck, and Sinatra appeared on several screens—this time in a dinner jacket and a white turtleneck—and sang with much more verve than before. The program was on the air for the next hour and forty-seven minutes, with frequent cutting back and forth between New York and Hollywood. There were many shots—including a switch to London by satellite—that brought words of approval in the truck, but there were also some obvious foul-ups, especially in New York, which brought groans. Schneider's direction resembled an orchestra conductor's. He used both arms, waving and pointing, and he talked continually into his headset, saying, "A-a-and I *like* that—that's nice, Five. A-a-and take Five! Ve-e-ery nicely done. And take One! Take Five! Take Three, *and* take One! Thanks for that, Tamby—that was beautiful!" Because of lack of time, a skit involving Van Dyke and a puppet of the dog Snoopy was cut, and this resulted in a mixup over cue cards that caused Van Dyke to lose his place while he was on camera, and eventually to ask to see the script. He managed to turn the situation into a humorous one, but the staff in the truck grew more and more distressed. At 11:25 Schneider learned that Melvyn Douglas, who had appeared once and was supposed to appear again, had disappeared into the press room. Three minutes later, Schneider cried, "Haven't they got Douglas back yet? I can't *believe* we're falling apart this way!" Douglas was found, however, and brought back in time, and thirty seconds past 11:47, after fifty-two awards had been presented, the show came to an end.

Talking in low voices, the staff left the truck and walked back to the ballroom. The guests had begun to leave. Outside the ballroom, a crowd of onlookers had gathered, and at 12:15 three teen-age girls walked gingerly into the room and approached a stack of cue cards. One of them was saying, "Did you *see* him? I *saw* him!" A production assistant politely asked them to leave, and they left. At 12:32, the hotel staff began to fold the tables and stack the chairs. At 12:55, the set began to come down.

POST PASTORAL

(AFTER A LONGISH TRAMP THROUGH THE CORRESPONDENCE SECTION OF "COUNTRY LIFE")

NO BONE

SIR—The idea that Mrs. Stella Gadley could have unearthed a Glyptodon bone plate in South Wessex, as she claims in your columns, is ridiculous on the face of it. Such remains of the Glyptodontidae have never been found in the British Isles or on the European continent. From the printed snap (and taking into account possible mail mutilation), I suggest that the object is the crown of a gamekeeper's wicker hat worn in those parts about 1500.

MASIA F. LILT
WITHYNEW HILL,
PRINGHAM, HAMPSHIRE

ST. NATHAN'S DAY

SIR—Concerning the controversy carried on in your pages as to whether the quaint Northumbrian air "St. Nathan's Day" ever had verses written to it, I wish to submit that it did indeed, in 1793, and by one of my forebears, the Councilman Eldridge Locke, whose grave is in Hibbum Churchyard. While I do not remember all the verses, or even all of one of them, I am nevertheless enclosing what I do remember. I hope I have got it straight:

Rook Bird, Rook Bird, fly away,
Bring a boon to Darsy Gay,
Gird her for St. Nathan's Day
In a band of meadow hay,
Can't remember, can't remember, can't remember.

Soon we will be up and retching (I think),
Soon our shoon guards to be fetching,
Can't remember, can't remember, can't remember.
Sir John went forth in high October
Garland-decked and fair to sober.

Sister Violet made the pies,
Cooled them with her maiden sighs.
Sweeter for her breath they are,
Can't remember, can't remember, can't remember.
And Nancy Ann will raise the pail.

J. T. W. AUSPEAKE
CUP LODGE,
ISLE OF BUTE

PERFORATED TREASURE

SIR—I have discovered, slipped beneath our pantry wainscoting, a cloth which, though admittedly moth-disfigured, I believe to be a valuable antique tapestry, either of a Bear Baiting or the Baptism of George II. Collectors contact:

HON. THOMPSON WACKETT
CHEDDAR PARK,
NORTHFIELD, SURREY

EARLY AERIALISTS

SIR—Apropos of recent correspondence in your publication, it is true enough that the first balloons were not manned but that on occasion beetles, snakes, and rodents were sent aloft in order to determine their reactions to altitude, and that a balloon cart inhabited by a Dandie Dinmont terrier and landing in Standon near Ware in 1787 caused a hearty scare among the peasantry. However, on the early voyage (of untimely descent) over the Channel mentioned by R. Hartic of Farnham it was not only a turkey and a cat that were launched but also a Diana monkey (bearded guenon) named Barbara, and a stone plaque in their memory was long to be found near Rib Beach, Dover, reading:

TO BARBARA
And Departed Friends
(Trained by Cyril Tropp)
IN MEMORIAM
"They Are All Gone Into The World of Light."... 1804

Cyril Tropp, as your readers may know, was the aeronaut who made the famous equestrian ascent from the gasworks at Wolverhampton, seated astride his pony Tom.

GLADYS LEACH-PHELPS
CANBERRY COLLEGE,
SHROPSHIRE

EMPEROR MELON

SIR—Among our greenhouse melons, I have come upon a Persian cantaloupe that in profile bears what is almost a supernaturally keen resemblance to Alexander the Great, as he appears on the ancient silver coins (or tetradrachmas). I have shellacked it, and it will be on view here during the autumn (barring an unforeseen hot spell).

DAVID BIBBLE, GREENMAN
SMIRKE NURSERIES,
OVERSTREET PATH, SUSSEX

REGIONAL SWELLS

SIR—I think I can set straight for Mrs. Melissa Wight of Thames Valley her confusion about Goitres. They are most certainly endemic, occurring in special regions, and are generally due to some local condition, especially the water supply. The disease arises commonly in the Yorkshire Dales, Hampshire, and Sussex, and there has traditionally been a preponderance of outbreaks in Derbyshire, to the extent that a term nearly interchangeable with Goitre is "Derbyshire neck." Hence the origin of the old music-hall quip "So you're from Derbyshire, where's your Goitre?," as well as the traditionally loose-knotted cravat or stock affected by gentlemen of the region.

SIR LANSING VEECH
SACRED CROSS HOSPITAL,
JEROME HALL,
CUCKFIELD, SUSSEX

CROSSNESS IN OWLS

SIR—It was with interest that I noted the comments of O. Eggley about a marked distemper occurring in her tree owls during late summer. We have had so much of this sort of trouble here at the sanctuary that I feel compelled to make the following observations:

Churlishness in owls is almost always associated with the "Upper-Class Owl" phenomenon first noted by the American J. Audubon. This takes place here late in August, when one owl, usually the loudest hooter, takes a position under a south-facing eave, or sometimes a large leaf, and is waited upon for several days by the others, who bring him insects and mice and even, occasionally, hazelnuts. During what we amusedly call the "clubman" period, we have sometimes found the servant owls angrily invading our dining room. We have learned, however, that buttering the windowsills until they are slippery will discourage such enterings, and I urge anyone confronted with the same problem to try it. A word of caution: Should a buttered owl manage to get in, it is wiser not to interfere with him.

MARY LEATHERBURY
OWL CLOSE,
GRIGGS VALLEY, DEVON

BADGERS OR FAERIES?

SIR—It is all very well to become intrigued with the lore of the countryside, but when C. Aberfoyle of Kirk Moor tries to convince us that she has seen faun apparitions and even Pan-like people hovering near her sheep pens, I am afraid I smell a rat, or possibly a

"The takeover generation has arrived, Mr. Haviland."

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badger. Certainly the so called "faerie mounds" she has described sound very much like badger burrows to me. Let's not lose our heads.

HON. PAULA SILSON
FAIRY RING SOCIETY,
ELF GLEBE COTTAGES,
HEREFORD

NOT QUITE THERE

SIR—After reading your article on Zen earth and rock (*bon-seki*) gardens, I set about to cultivate one, but I have run into difficulties. Keeping in regard the statements that the way of Zen in any of the arts is "to try not to try" but not "to try to try not to try," I have attempted arranging my rocks into "living contours, intentionally but without intention" and raking my sand "carefully but without care, letting go," yet I find the results a botch, particularly the sand marks which look like a lot of treble clefs, and which in any event I cannot prevent our puppies from walking over. Perhaps, if and when I reach "full wordless awareness" with my "no mind," I will do better, or I won't care anymore, but for the present I have decided to add compost and fill in with youngberries.

UNAWAKENED MAN
SCOTCH ROW, NOTTS

REAL QUEEN?

SIR—Is it true that the Queen has a wax replica of herself that appears at the races in her place?

B. T. O.
KRATHMIRE RECUPERATION HOME,
LONDON, S.W. 6

—COLLEEN BROOKS

SLEEP

THE bed was just big enough for two people, so the two of them were a little crowded and turning was a maneuver. Susan Sweeney realized this, having raised herself on one elbow, and hesitated. But she'd been lying on her back for so long, hours, it seemed, though it was probably no more than one hour. She shifted onto her side, then gingerly rolled over onto her stomach. Eyes open, alert, she lay there listening, but there wasn't a sound, not until, after a minute or two, the bells of the little church down the road began to chime. Four notes down, four notes up, four more notes down, four more up. There was an interval; then three long, single strokes—three o'clock. Susan let out a sigh, short and sharp and careful. It was three o'clock and she couldn't get to sleep. The bed, the big bedroom, the gray, smoky air—they weren't her bed, her room, her air. Then, there were the smells of the place—kerosene in the oil heater, lilacs in a bowl over on the dresser, her own not unpleasantly stale-smelling body. And then, the noises. Every so often a draft sent the bathroom door thumping against the doorsill. Or the branches of the bushes outside the low casement window scratched, like fingernails, against the glass. Or kerosene trickled down into the well of the heater—a strangled bubbling that made you think of someone drowning, a body falling through the sea, limbs thrashing, long hair streaming. A trickle of kerosene ran down, bubbled. The body fought and sank.

Susan found that she had her teeth clenched and, trying to relax her jaw, remembered the way of getting to sleep that her sister Sally had taught her, a long time ago, when they were—how old? She eight and Sally ten? Not old enough, anyway, to know what lying awake all night was. For them it had been a game. You let the muscles of the neck slowly go slack; then, slowly, the shoulder muscles and the back muscles—those were the hardest; then came the arm muscles, upper, elbows, lower, slowly, wrists, hands, fingers; then the hips; the thighs; the knees, slowly, slowly; calves . . . ankles . . . feet. The kerosene bubbled. Susan saw the wide, empty ocean she'd crossed to get here, to Ireland, from New York. She saw the sky full of clouds, like some stupendous gathering, the angelic host, the General Judgment. One or two days, the sky had been absolutely cloudless, and every now and then in that sheer length and breadth of blue, blueness, you saw a glint of silver, a tiny silver splinter, an airplane. Funny—to her, anyway—how gulls had followed the ship, big, shrewd-looking creatures, living on the garbage thrown into the sea, so much garbage, so much food, and always a faint smell of food in the air. Always, too, that chugging, like your heart or your pulse, the shaking of the ship's engines. The first day out, it had made her feel queasy, so she took that Dramamine. She should have got into bed. It had been silly, going to the lounge, sitting there listening to the dance music and feeling herself becoming helplessly mesmerized, by the drug and by the sight of the horizon rising at the lounge windows and then dropping out of sight, rising and dropping, rising and dropping, on and on, mile after mile, thousands of miles across and thousands of miles down—unfathomable . . . the watery depths . . . the deep.

In her dream the ship was sinking. One huge white end slowly disappeared into the sea; the other, the end where she was clinging to the rail, pointed up at the sky until finally, sickeningly, it toppled over and she hit the water. *Swim!* someone shouted. *Swim!* She began to kick and woke with a start, thinking it was morning, but when she opened her eyes she knew she'd been dozing for no more than a minute or two. Even so, the sleep had refreshed her. She was wider awake than before. She eased herself over onto her back again.

This was the trouble with staying overnight in someone else's house—you couldn't get to sleep. Though that prospect had never kept her from jumping at the chance of a night away from home; neither had the inevitable scolding when she called home for permission. "You can't keep accepting invitations when you're not in a position to repay them"—that would be her mother's reaction, understandably, considering the way they'd lived, with her mother-in-law, four people in three rooms on the top floor of the house, barely space for themselves, much less for guests. But other people's lives were different. Other people had spare beds, sometimes whole rooms to spare, rooms where the most ordinary details were fascinating, disturbing—the cedar smell of the bedclothes, the heat (or cold) of the air, the sounds in the street; then the sunlight hitting you from an unfamiliar angle, other people's mornings, the delicious smell and the delicious taste of their breakfasts; organdie placemats, pretty breakfast china, jam pots, toast racks. The friends she made always seemed to have lives full of beautiful, unnecessary objects. That was because she'd won scholarships to expensive schools. She'd won a fellowship to Trinity College, Dublin. She was lucky.

Kerosene bubbled in the well of the heater—a night noise, she thought, unlike any other she'd ever lain awake listening to. Just as this night was unlike other nights. She was more than staying over. She was sleeping with someone. No, she corrected herself, she was in bed with Terence McCarthy, who was asleep. That was the strangest part of all—that he should be sound asleep.

As if she'd spoken out, he

"The syndicate sent me."

shifted and groaned, then wet his lips and raised his right hand, gesturing. She closed her eyes and lay perfectly still, but after a minute she realized there was no need to pretend. He was only stirring in his sleep. She opened her eyes again.

The moon shone on the wall opposite the bed, throwing a pale floodlight on the print hanging there, famous sunflowers. The picture beside it, a pair of lovers, was famous, too. She moved her head in order to look up at the wall next to the bed, where a far from famous picture was hanging, an unfinished-looking portrait in pastels of another Terence McCarthy, done by a friend of this one, the grandson of the old fisherman in the picture. Susan thought of her grandmother, the matriarch. Would a painter have found something different in her face from the expression that looked out of all the photographs, taken over all the years, always, no matter what her age, the same expression—chin raised, lips in a half smile, a distant look in the eyes, brows lifted. Her Highness—sometimes secretly they'd called her that, she and Sally. The house was her kingdom. They'd been her subjects, dancing to her tune, though it hadn't been dancing. They'd had to walk softly, wear felt slippers, keep their voices down, watch their step. Sounds travelled in that house. It was an old house, and it hadn't been theirs.

Terence McCarthy, the fisherman, wore a cap and a peajacket, and his weathered face had a sad, serious expression that made you think he might have been easy to get along with—patient, tolerant, detached but interested, the way you wished all old people would turn out to be. That was what she'd said to this Terence. That was when she'd soared, momentarily, in his estimation, for the painter, it seemed, had said the same thing, or almost.

"Old people, he said, are difficult to pose because they're so irritable, but my grandfather, he said, was a perfect old man."

It was the high point, the only one, in the long evening that was so vivid in her mind, scene after scene, troublingly vivid in every detail from the moment late in the afternoon when he'd come looking for her in the National Library. "Where can I get hold of you during the day?" he'd asked her, in that abrupt way of his, at the party where they met. She'd been wary of him. He was from U.C.D., University College Dublin, where people kept telling her she ought to be going. Catholic, Irish U.C.D. was where she belonged, they said, but she was glad she was at Trinity. She felt at home there, Protestant and English though it was, Catholic and of Irish descent though she was. People at U.C.D. made her nervous. Terence McCarthy had made her nervous, so she'd told him he could find her at the National Library, thinking it would put him off. But no, he thought nothing of turning up there—three times in the last week and a half he had, appearing suddenly, leaning over her desk lamp, his face weirdly lit up by the green glass shade. Once they'd gone out for a quick cup of coffee; once they'd gone for a quick drink. Quick, because they'd talked about her, and she hadn't the knack of talking about herself. He had the knack—the gift—of talking about himself without telling very much. The third afternoon he'd come by the Library and brought her out, they'd concentrated on him, and they hadn't been quick, but what had she learned? He was an instructor at U.C.D., not a student—that was about it. Economics was his subject, and that was what they'd talked about, or he had, anyway, as they walked through the Green, over all the winding paths, pausing at the bridge, by the fountains, resting on a couple of twopenny chairs till the attendant came for his money. She'd only been listening, half listening, turning over in her mind the sort of questions that seemed so important when you were beginning to be interested in someone. What was his family like? Was he close to them? Did he like the movies? What were his favorite books? Had he been in love lately? The questions hadn't been asked. Leaving the Green that day, she'd felt, as they went their separate ways, a little let down. She'd been sure he wouldn't come to the Library any more, so sure that this afternoon he'd taken her more than ever by surprise, leaning over the green lamp, whispering, "Will you come out to me to eat?"

"'To thine own self be true'! You mean I came six thousand miles by plane, train, jeep, raft, and muleback just to hear that?"

Not "with" me, but "to" me. She'd noticed the odd expression at once. And she'd recognized that it wasn't an Irish idiom but his own way of putting it, either deliberately ambiguous or deliberately clear. How typical of her, she thought, not to have been able to decide which.

THE church bells rang the quarter hour, the first fifteen minutes after three. Time was going quickly, the minutes running together, the hours turning into one long hour, night, sleeplessness. She sighed and turned her head and caught sight, across the bed, of the table on his side and the things he'd set out there just before going to sleep—a glass of water, a candle stuck to a dish, a book, a box

"It's called 'Medea,' and it's recommended for mature audiences."

well." With that he'd launched into what was his favorite subject—that much was clear; they'd stayed with it all evening—modern Ireland. Ireland, he contended, was the only country in Europe that could be called truly modern. That was because Irish life offered real and substantial satisfactions to its people, so that what was new also had to be necessary to take hold here. Innovation for its own sake hadn't a chance. Why? He claimed it was on account of the Church. People said that the Irish Church subjugated its people, but the fact was it stabilized their lives, preserved their values. Take away religion, he said, and what have you got left?

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of matches. The way he'd laid them out, each, it seemed, in its accustomed place, had struck her funny. "So ceremonious," she'd said with a laugh. The comment could have got by, but he'd had to defend himself against the laugh. The laugh was what had brought on that devastating exchange.

"Sleep is a ritual," he'd answered.

"You must be the high priest, then."

"And you're the vestal virgin." But looking away from her and quickly back again, "No," he'd added, "not exactly."

The joke was perfect, not just funny but accurate, and even more than accurate, true, though the long hours of the night were making it less so. She *was* keeping a kind of vigil, too tired to get to sleep, her brain too busy, full of confusion, all of it touched off by that confusing phrase "Will you come out to me to eat?"

It was partly a kind of consideration that had made her agree so quickly—he'd whispered, but the air in the Library crackled with irritation; all around them faces were lifted from work—partly that, partly surprise, and partly something that was, she knew, as true to her as the color of her eyes or the shape of her toes, the need she had of not seeming not to know what other people seemed to know. So that after hardly any hesitation she was nodding and saying, "All right."

And before the words were out of her mouth (before she could have second thoughts?) he had said, "We'll leave now."

"To" me—what did it mean? It was all she could think of as she gathered her books and papers, as the two of them walked past the rows of faces that were still raised, but with interest instead of irritation. The two men behind the main desk, the librarians in their brown suits, had been interested, too. Passing them, she'd blushed and smiled, and one of them winked, the funny one. "Surely to God, Miss Sweeney," he'd say as she signed in, "one of these Irish lads is going to get hold of you and keep you here with us." Or, "Getting on with your James Joyce, are you?" "To" me—what does it mean, she had pictured herself stopping and asking at the desk, as she might have asked about some book. Then Terence McCarthy was pushing the swinging door; and then they were out in the vestibule. The sanctuary of the reading room was behind them, and he was saying out loud, "Have you been working hard?"

After all the whispering, something in her shrank from his natural voice, something made her say, "Pretty hard," though just the day before she'd started the last section of her paper on Maria Edgeworth.

"I've been working hard and

Down the marble staircase to the main floor of the Library, through the lobby, out onto the porch, down the front steps—the whole time she'd been hardly listening to him, wondering where they were going. Finally, out on Kildare Street, she asked.

"Dun Laoghaire," he'd said, taking her arm, turning her toward Nassau Street.

She shut her eyes, shut out the big, gray bedroom and saw instead the long pier where the boat for England docked, the row of gray stone hotels facing the water, the promenade with cream-colored railings and, here and there, heavy iron benches painted bright green. Dun Laoghaire, pretty and old-fashioned—a little like Asbury Park, where sometimes her grandmother had gone for a week in the summer. One year she took Sally. The next time, she said, "Now it's Susan's turn." So disappointing it had been, so dull; nothing to do but sit and breathe the sea air, and go for walks, and choose postcards: the hotel, the boardwalk, the beach, the ocean—the Atlantic, always so rough. One day she'd gone in swimming and got thrown by a wave—swept up and spun around, turned upside down, dragged and scraped along the bottom, and finally dropped on the shore. She'd sat there on the beach for a few minutes; then she'd gone back in and got thrown

again. That was the Atlantic. Then there was the great, empty, gently swelling—breathing—Atlantic it had taken eight full days to cross; water, water . . . sometimes blue, sometimes green, sometimes silver, but always, in the wake of the ship, that pure bright color the sea bled as they cut through it, aquamarine. It made her smile inwardly, it was like a pun—aquamarine. Where it touched Ireland, in the west, the Atlantic was different again, a bit boisterous, but tame, really, like the little towns it washed up against, towns that were all more or less the same, more or less like Dun Laoghaire—promenade, benches, cafés, hotels. And this room—Dun Laoghaire was this room, too. This room was what he'd meant by "to" me. Suppose, there in the Library, she'd asked him that, asked what he meant? "To my flat," he might have said, or "To Dun Laoghaire." Then she could have said, "I forgot, someone's coming by for me." Or, "I'd better keep on working." Or just, "No, thanks." It would have been routine. But she hadn't asked, so she'd spent the rest of the evening raising other questions, questions that only led to further questions, all of them stupid, wasted breath, painful now to have to remember. *If Ireland is so modern, why is it so poor? Why do young people still have to emigrate? Why are the churches so ugly? Why are the people, in some ways, so hypocritical?*

He'd kept encouraging her, egging her on with questions of his own. *Why do Americans have to come to Europe? Why did you? Is emigration worse than expatriation? Do people go to church for aesthetic reasons? Isn't truth more than truthtelling?*

Was it? Didn't separating them eventually confuse the issue—any issue—and hadn't separating them all evening long, taking for the sake of argument a stronger stand than her feelings warranted, been a mistake? Such an easy mistake, though, considering the ground they'd been covering—the Church, Ireland, America, religion—the safest ground in the world. That was what made it so shocking to have it pulled out from under you.

THE church bells rang half past three, cutting off another segment of the night with their little song, four notes down, four notes up; a practical song, Susan thought, neat and practical and alien, for the church was Protestant, the bells were Protestant church bells, and Protestants in Ireland were a minority—privileged but a minority. Americans here were something else again, much less, even, than a minority, and thought of as not so much privileged as pampered. That was why she felt something in common with the people at Trinity, even though she was Catholic, as Catholic as could be, really, as Catholic in her own way as the old women you'd see in church, looking as if they lived there, lighting votive candles, making the Stations of the Cross, moving their lips as they prayed, constantly genuflecting. She didn't do those things, didn't pray that way, but there'd been a time when she had, she and Sally both. They'd said the Stations and the rosary, rosary after rosary, and never passed the church without stopping in for a visit, and they hadn't been children, either, but almost grown—sixteen and eighteen, she remembered exactly. That was what made it so hard. Nobody was very religious at that age, but she and Sally had had to be. They'd had to try everything. Daily Mass, devotions twice a week, endless sacrifices, endless novenas—to the Little Flower, whom you asked to send you a rose as a sign, and to St. Jude, the Patron of Impossible Causes, and to St. Joseph (be sure, the leaflet had said, that you wanted what you were asking for, because you'd definitely get it). They'd done it all, she and Sally, and none of it worked. He left them anyway. Their father went away. They were a broken home. Sally said, "It's just to test us," and kept on praying. But hadn't they been tested enough? Weren't they proven? Then, when even Sally had begun to wonder, he came back. Things fell into place again, though nothing went into exactly the same place. Everything was slightly out of line, you couldn't be sure it would hold, you couldn't rely on it—on anything. She couldn't, anyway. Sally was different. Sally got married when she was twenty-two. A year later their grandmother died. The house was left—it was so ironic—"to my faithful son, James, and his wife, Ann, with the wish that they and their little family will love it as I have." The little family was too little by then; the house where they'd never had enough room too big for three people. They moved to an apartment in the summer—July it was, the same month that Sally had her first baby, Charlie; then she'd had Louise. And what did all of it have to do with lighting candles, saying rosaries? Something, maybe. Something for some peo-

"The trouble with you is when you should be ruthless you're indulgent, when you should be arrogant you're unassuming, when you should be tightfisted you're openhanded, when you should be skeptical you're trusting."

ple. For others it was a question of broadening the terms to make them fit not only what you'd been taught but what happened to you as well, and then what you made of it. "Watch out, Susan," Sally had said once when they were talking, "you'll lose your faith." But that wasn't the point, either. You didn't, unless you were careless, just mislay it—all those years, all those thoughts and feelings, so many of your first thoughts, your first feelings, cast in those images. You didn't just chuck all that. If you were a careful person to begin with, you'd have to want to get rid of it, and then you'd have to work your way out. And for that you'd have to know so much. You'd have to be scientific. Someone like her, able to go just so far and no farther, would have got stuck in the middle. And every time she said "good heavens" or "good Lord" or "God" or "hell" or "damn," she'd have felt so mixed up, such a fool. No, the choice, for someone like her, was either to be half-baked or to believe. So she believed. . . . But when Terence McCarthy leaned forward and quite casually, it had seemed, put that question to her, "Do you believe in God, Susan?," she answered, "I don't know."

How quickly his encouragement, no more sincere than her questions, had turned into a scolding. "You can believe or disbelieve, but you have to know whether you do or not."

She was so shocked she couldn't at that moment have said how she felt, what she believed. "Can you?" she'd floundered on. "Know, I mean?"

"The Church says you can."

"Yes, but still . . ." Having doubted God, she'd forfeited her claim to the protection of the Church.

"But still what?"

All she could do was question. "How can you be sure?"

He brought his hand down against his leg with a slap. "That's modern liberalism. Individualism replaces freedom. Free speech replaces truth. Equality replaces justice."

It was the vocabulary of politics, not religion. She'd somehow betrayed not only her faith and her church but her country as well. And more than that. For if America was discredited, where did that leave Americans abroad? Without a leg to stand on.

The bed creaked. He stirred, then lay still again, and a new noise, new and remembered, made her lift her head from the pillow and look over. His jaws were moving with a familiar, jerky precision, back and forth, from side to side. He was grinding his teeth—

THE CUTTING EDGE

Even the spring water
couldn't numb the slash
of that green rock
covered with river lace.
Slowly the blood spread
from under the flap of skin
that winked open; deep in
my foot, for a second, I saw
something holding back,
and I sat down in the water
up to my waist in water,
my pockets filling with it.
I squeezed the green rock,
pressed it to my cheeks,
to my eyelids. I did not
want to be sick or faint
with children looking on,
so I held to the edge of the stone
until I came back.

That was a year ago.
I threw the stone away
as though I could banish it
from creation; I threw
it into the dry reeds,
where it could do no harm,
and dragged myself bleeding
up the hillside and drove home.

I forgot the stone
drying among burned reeds
in October; I forgot
how cold this place got
when the winds came down the pass,
and how, after the late rains,
the first pale ice-plants dot
the slopes like embroidery,
then larkspur, myrtle, and the great,
bellowing, horned blooms
that bring summer on.

Huddling to where it fell,
like a stunned animal,
the stone stayed. I kneel
to it and see how dust
has caked over half of it
like a protruding lip
or a scab on no cut
but on a cutting edge.
It comes away from the ground
easily, and the dry dirt
crumbles, and it's the same.
In the river its colors
darken and divide
as though stained; the green
patterning I thought lace
is its own, and the oily shine
comes back, and the sudden smell
of dizziness and sweat.

I could take it home
and plant it in a box;
I could talk about
what it did to me
and what I did to it,
or how in its element
it lives like you or me.
But it stops me, here
on my open hand,
by being a stone, and I send
it flying over the heads
of the fishing children,
arching alone above
the dialogue of reeds,
falling and falling toward water,
somewhere in water to strike
a conversation of stone.

—Philip Levine

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when she was a child, she ground her teeth. Sally'd been driven crazy.

She let her head drop back to the pillow, her eyes on the face beside hers: strong nose, small mouth, the lips rather full and curved, close-set eyes, thick, wiry, Celtic hair streaming across the pillow—Terence McCarthy. People called him Terry, but to her that sounded too dashing, almost silly. You thought of an actor (or an actress), or "Terry and the Pirates." Terence seemed to suit him better, or anyway it suited her better to be saying "Terence," so she called him that. In her mind, she even added the last name, thought of him as Terence McCarthy. He had two sisters, both younger than he. His mother and father had been terribly strict with him, and when he was twenty he left home and supported himself by odd jobs, and finished college on a scholarship. His parents took the lesson and were easier on the girls. The older one was in America. The younger lived at home and had a car of her own. He was fond of her, and sometimes he saw her and tried to persuade her to leave home, because she was being "bought," he said. There was an aunt he loved, his father's sister, who'd been good to him when he was in difficulty. And, of course, the grandfather, the old fisherman, in Galway. All that she learned before he went to sleep, all that and more. As a boy he'd thought of joining

"And then the President said, 'I refuse to accept a diagnosis of deep racism, because I see a people struggling, as never before, to overcome injustice; I cannot and I will not ignore the progress we have made in the decade to write equality in our books of law.'"

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the Christian Brothers. He applied and was accepted and then changed his mind—the celibacy. He was fifteen. Once he almost married a girl who came from Wexford and had red hair. She was married now, to a barrister. Sometimes he ran into her. She was the one who'd broken it off. Now he was concentrating on his work. He wanted to get into politics eventually, or into the foreign service. His dream was to be a minister in the government. She knew this, a lot, really, most of what she'd wondered, and still he was Terence McCarthy to her, a name, a life she'd entered accidentally, a strange house where she was ill at ease, uncertain of her welcome.

The jaws stopped moving. He swallowed, then was quiet, breathing evenly, his face the awful, empty face of sleep—dreamless sleep, maybe, though that was hard to imagine. His mind was so restless, always working out some theory. But at the same time he had a perverse streak that rejected reflectiveness, in himself and in others. "People

today," he said, "are too nervous, always intellectualizing. That's the difficulty."

Her difficulty had been just the opposite—*not* having used her head. "I'm such a dope," she'd said.

He'd come and sat beside her then, taking her hand—in a proprietary way, it struck her now, looking back on it; as if she were something that already belonged to him, something he'd won in a raffle and was about to claim. Turning the hand palm up, tracing the lines with one finger, he said, with that air of thoughtful ownership, "You're very bright, you are really, and your feelings are all good and true, all good and true."

His eyes were green, she had noticed then, thinking how before that she would have said they were blue.

"You should trust your feelings, your instincts, your intuitions."

But she'd betrayed them, too, back in the National Library, by failing to ask that one question—"Where?" Maybe he'd gambled on that, or worked it out as probable from what he knew of her. And in the light of that insight, or daring, whichever it was, she'd been more fully revealed, exposed, than any further revelation or exposure would be able to make her. Insight or daring—they amounted to the same thing. Frowning, shaking her head, "I do admire you," she'd said.

DELICATE fingers tapped the windowpane. She looked over and saw the bushes, more sharply outlined against the glass than she remembered. Beyond them the sky seemed lighter, or was it her imagination? Or had the moon shifted? Yes, that was it. She followed the shaft of moonlight from the window to the wall, where it was shining now on the picture of the lovers. They looked so preoccupied with each other and yet able, too, you could see, to take each other for granted—familiar, familiar in the best sense, the sense that applied to people who'd grown up together, village people who knew each other's lives, who saw things the same way and had the same views, or not so much that as the same view. In place of the wall painted in behind them, you could imagine hills, orchards, maybe in the distance the Mediterranean—blue it was said to be, sapphire blue. . . . In the west of Ireland, in Connemara, at the foot of a mountain, there was a lake with water that was as black as night.

She turned back to the window. It was after half past three. In an hour or so daylight would begin seeping into the room. Then there'd be the birds and the sunlight. Terence McCarthy would wake up and turn his green eyes on her. "How did you sleep?" he might ask, and she'd have to say, "Fine," though her own eyes would be dull, her face pale, her hair limp. She'd be stiff all over and have to keep touching the limp hair, trying to push it into shape. It was a strain pretending you'd slept well if you hadn't, but when you spent the night in someone else's house the pretense was necessary, in the same way that it was necessary to have good manners, or to be able to make conversation. Still, it had always been worth it, getting away from the old house, especially after a certain point, the point when nights there had become so dangerous, liable to explode into bitter voices, bitter words. But there in that house, on one of those broken nights, she'd hit on the one sure way to get to sleep. Her eyes opened. She frowned up at the ceiling. The one sure way of getting to sleep was to say the Hail Mary over and over. *Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus*—that was impossible. It was out of the question, here in this bed. Maybe it was the repetition, any repetition. The times table might work. She closed her eyes. Two times one was two. Two times two was four. Two times three was six. Two times four was eight. Two times five—ten. Two times six—twelve. Two times seven—the two was no good. The numbers were too smooth, too even. There was nothing for your mind to catch hold of. Maybe the nine—nine ones were nine. Nine twos were eighteen. Nine threes were twenty-seven. Nine fours were thirty-six. Or was it thirty-two? No, thirty-six. Nine fives were forty. Or forty-five—which? No.

She opened her eyes. She'd never been any

"Say, Frank, you know that commercial you hate so much? It's one of the ten most hated commercials."

good at numbers and numbers had never been any good to her. They were no good now. The words were what had always done the trick. *Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus . . .* but it was impossible. It was out of the question. . . . *Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee*—sheep. People counted sheep, or was that just a joke? She closed her eyes again, pictured a white, woolly body and a piece of fence, the way you saw them in cartoons or drawings—all she'd ever seen of sheep before Ireland. Here they turned up anywhere—on Leeson Street one time, a whole flock being driven through Dublin, to the market probably. Sad, but all the same how funny they looked, the fat bodies, the skinny legs, the little, quick steps they took, the way all of them crowded together on the wide street. Like sheep—that was what you said of people who followed the crowd. Or you said they were easily led. Once, in grammar school, while she was standing there, a nun had told her mother, "Susan is easily led." She didn't know what it meant and didn't dare ask her mother, so she asked Sally. "You do what everybody else wants," Sally said. It was true. She would do anything if it was what everybody else seemed to want. That was what she wanted—her life to be the same as other people's lives. She was like the sheep. . . . Driving through Wicklow, through the mountains, sometimes you saw one that had managed to get over the edge of the embankment, clinging to the grade, nibbling the shrubs, meek eyes on the road and the cars. Or you saw one near the top of a mountain, or one inching up the side of a hill that was as steep as a cliff. How, you'd wonder, did it get to such a spot? How did it keep its footing? Could it possibly find anything to eat? *I know Mine and Mine know Me.*

"No horse this morning, Brewster. I'm jogging around myself."

Four down, four up, four more down—three-forty-five. In no time at all it would be four o'clock, and after that there'd be nothing left of the night. She brought back the white woolly body, the piece of fence. She got the sheep over the fence. Then where did it go? And where was the next one? Sheep were no good. Numbers were no good. The words were the magic formula. You didn't have to try and remember them. You couldn't. If you tried you lost track. What you did was begin, and they came by themselves, in a rush—*Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen. Hail Mary, full of grace . . .* She turned over onto her side, drew her knees up. Her legs were getting stiff. Her eyes were burning. She was so tired, but her mind was still running. Wasn't there any way to get it settled down? Saying the Hail Mary did that, quieted your thoughts, got them all going in the same direction instead of all different ways. *Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus*—impossible, out of the question—*Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.* She sighed. She was so tired. The words came so effortlessly. The effort was holding them back—pointless effort. *Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners*—impossible; impossible to hold them back; she put her face in the pillow, folded her arms under her—*now and at the hour of our death. Amen. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. . . . Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee . . . blessed art thou among women . . . and blessed . . . is the fruit of . . . thy womb, Jesus. . . . . . Holy . . . . Mary.*

—SHARON MOORE

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Xerox Corp. employees will divide about $23 million of the office equipment firm's 1967 profits, the company announced yesterday.

Payments in the profit-sharing plan will be made in cash, Xerox stock or in benefits deferred until retirement. Xerox reported a net profit of $97 million for 1967. It employs 17,000 persons.

blast —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

There goes *one* of them.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

INDIAN JOURNAL

III—THE SACRED RIVER OF THE HINDUS

THE AGELESS FESTIVAL: If rivers are ranked according to length, the Nile, the Amazon, the Mississippi-Missouri-Red Rock, the Yangtze, the Ob, the Irtish, the Huang, the Congo, the Amur, the Lena, the Mackenzie-Peace, the Mekong, the Niger, the Parana, the Murray-Darling, and the Volga all take precedence over the Ganges—or the Ganga, as the Indians call it—and so do the two other major Indian rivers, the Indus and the Brahmaputra. However, for Hindus the Ganga has long had a unique importance. Hindus have gone for centuries to the banks of the Ganga to chant the names of the river, along with the names of the gods. In ancient times, Hindus called the Ganga the Surasarit, or the River of the Gods, and since then they have addressed the river by a hundred or a thousand different names. (The names of the Ganga, usually Sanskrit compound words, defy translation, but they may be rendered into English as Daughter of the Lord of Himalaya, Born from the Lotuslike Foot of Vishnu, Dwelling in the Matted Locks of Shiva, Taking Pride in the Broken Egg of Brahma, Having the Appearance of the Sacred Syllable Om, Resort of the Eminent, Flowing like a Staircase to Heaven, Leaping Over Mountains in Sport, Radiant like the Autumnal Moon, Light Amid the Darkness of Ignorance, Mother of the World, Protector of the Sick and Suffering Who Come for Refuge, Cow That Gives Much Milk, Making a Noise like a Conch Shell and Drum, Adorned with a Net of Water, Affording Delight to the Eye, Ever Moving, Having a Pure Body, Triple-Braided, Stimulator, and so on.) The Ganga, which rises as a snow pool from an ice cave in the Himalayas and, flowing swiftly through tortuous mountain valleys, follows a southeasterly course of about fifteen hundred miles to the Bay of Bengal, goes through some of the hottest plains in the world, but it has always been a river of great concentrations of people, and today nearly a third of India's population inhabits the Gangetic plains, living in some of the few great cities in the country (Benares, Allahabad, and Calcutta) and in some of the largest states (Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, and West Bengal). As a river, the Ganga is distinctive for sudden and frequent changes in its riverbed (the Ganga is always eroding its banks and then leaving them, to reappear as a new stream somewhere else), for severe floods (Ganga floods have been known to last as long as forty days), and for being generally capricious (the ruins of ancient cities and villages on its banks, or former banks, testify to the perpetual physical changes of the river). But the Ganga is perhaps most renowned for the extraordinary properties of its water. Although the river is used by the Hindus for ritual bathings and for ritual immersion of the bones and ashes of the dead, and for the disposal of diseased human corpses and the carcasses of animals, and although at numerous points the river receives sewage from open drains—conditions that continually introduce into the Ganga dangerous bacteria like the cholera vibrio—the Ganga water is nevertheless considered to be quite pure. It is said that not only do most bacteria die in the water in a matter of hours but the bones of the dead dissolve in it with astonishing speed. (There is reported to be a tank of Ganga water at Soron, a town on the right bank of the river, in Uttar Pradesh, in which the bones of the dead dissolve in three days.) It is also said that because of the special properties of the water sailors used to prefer a supply of it to a supply of any other drinking water for long voyages. Now, as in the past, Hindu pilgrims to the river wash in the water, cook with it, and drink it. Indeed, to the Hindus the Ganga is so sacred that if once in his life a Hindu bathes in the Ganga—ideally, at one of the ancient sacred places, like Prayaga (the modern name is Allahabad), Benares, or Haridwar, and on one of the prescribed days during a *mela* (imperfectly translated by the English word "festival"), but also at any place or time—he is vouchsafed a more certain salvation than if he should devote himself to prayer and meditation from infancy to death, for in Hinduism the ritual of bathing enables a man to cross the ocean of life and transcend his mortal existence.

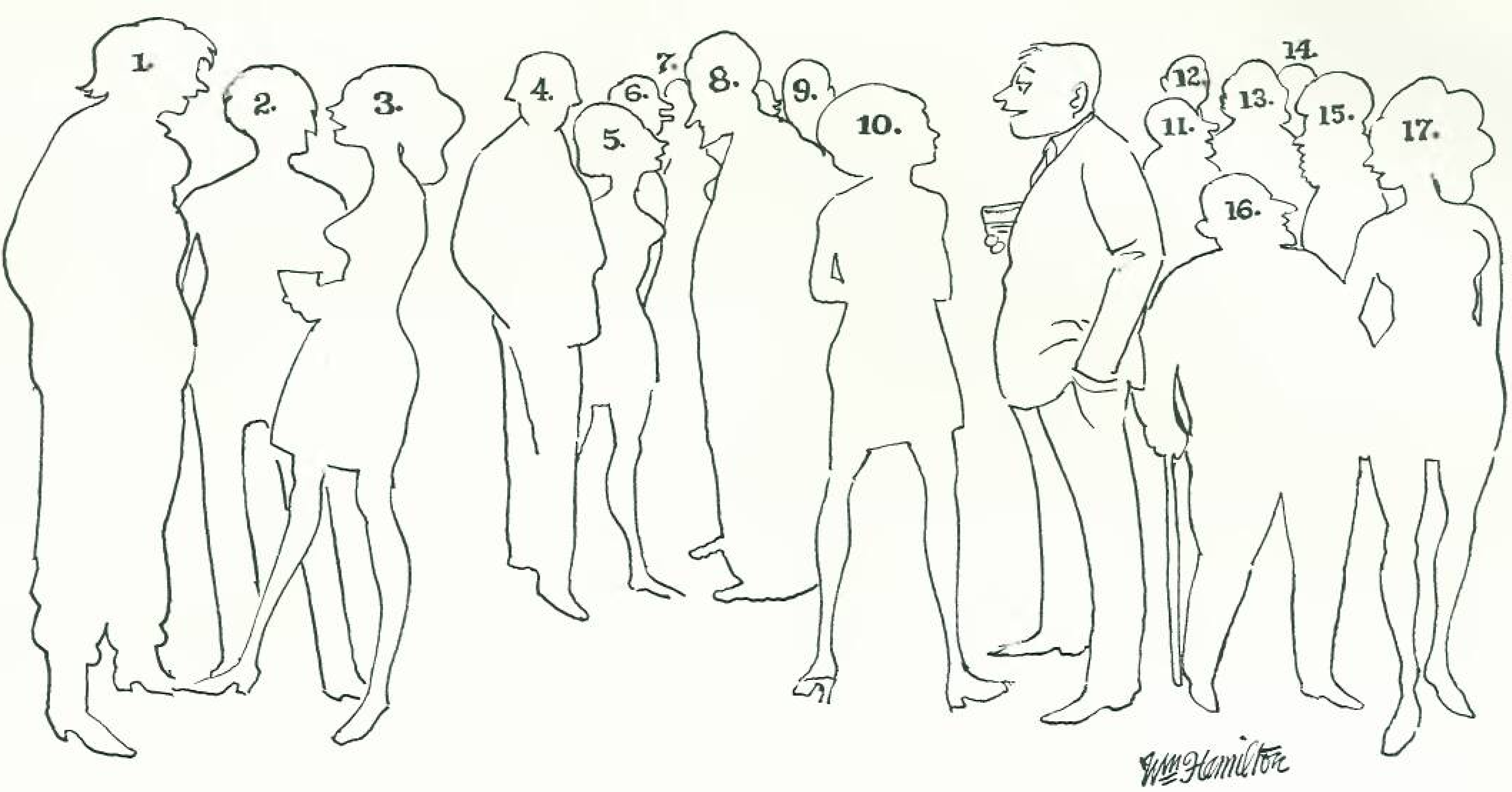
The time for a *mela* may be determined by an astrological event, like the conjunction of the sun and the moon, or by a legendary religious event, like the epic battle fought at Kurukshetra and described in the Bhagavad-Gita, or, of course, by the coincidence of an astrological event with a legendary one, like the occurrence of the famous Kurukshetra *mela* during a solar eclipse in 1962. The greatest *mela* of all is the Kumbha *mela* at Prayaga. This *mela*, which is attended by hundreds of thousands, sometimes millions, of pilgrims from every part of India, all of them united in the wish to take part in the bathing rites, is perhaps the largest religious assemblage on earth. In recent years, the Institute of Indian Culture, in Bombay, has been publishing, in English, under the general title of the Book University, a series of a hundred books that are intended to provide "higher education" and to disseminate "such literature as reveals the deeper impulsions of India;" one book in this series is a paperback volume of a hundred and ninety-nine pages, published in 1955, that is called "Kumbha: India's Ageless Festival." Dilip Kumar Roy and Indira Devi are the co-authors of "Kumbha," which has been commended by Indian *pandits* for showing the central place of a *mela* in the life of a Hindu and also for serving in itself as an illustration of the ancient spirit of the *mela*.

"Kumbha" has half a dozen prefaces. Among them is an invocation that is a long poem from the pen of a friend of Roy's and Miss Devi's named Richard Miller, to whom, in turn, the book is dedicated, with these lines:

> Who showed us once again that,
> East or West,
> wherever one calls for Light
> In simple faith—to him His Gleaming Grace
> will come her troth to plight.
> With love,
> Dada
> Indira

("*Dada*," which is Hindi for either "elder brother" or "grandfather," is what Miss Devi calls Roy, both in the text and in life, as a footnote indicates; although she is not related to him by blood, she is identified in the book as his "daughter disciple.")

The invocation by Miller is in har-



"Gosh, there sure are a lot of famous people here!"

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mony with Roy's and Miss Devi's general approach:

> O Flame of Love and Truth,
> Burning flickerless in the storm-winds' throng!
> Herald Lord Krishna, playing the Marvel Flute.
>
> Lo, at the confluence of the twin hoary rivers,
> He beckons in endless Grace to all who yearn!
> Hark, hark, He calls to the waylost pilgrim souls:
> "Come, come, my children! Fret no more for phantoms.
> Float on my gleaming ocean of loveliness,
> Sent in streams of ambrosia over India's mountains:
> Ganga and Yamuna flowing."

(The Yamuna, or Jumna, which is a main stream of the Brahmaputra, rises, like the Ganga, in the north, but flows first south and then southeast; because of its association with Lord Krishna, it is the second most sacred river to Hindus.) The poem, itself an "ambrosial" abstraction, continues for forty-four more lines.

In the body of the book, Roy and Miss Devi, to suggest the origin of the Kumbha *mela*, retell one of the many delightful Hindu stories of the creation. Before the creation of Heaven and earth, there was a primeval ocean, on which Brahma, the God of gods, floated in a trance. He awoke, and, wishing to manifest himself in multiplicity, created the cosmos. Lesser gods and demons, not satisfied with the creation, took the mountain Mandar and the python Ananta Naga and, making of them a paddle and a rope, set about churning the primeval ocean. The waters heaved evil gases, but Lord Shiva drained the gases away in a long draught. Then the cow and the flying horse and the lyre and the siren came out of the ocean, followed by Dhanvantari, the physician of the gods, who carried in his arms a pitcher filled with nectar that had the power to bestow immortality. The lesser gods and demons fought for possession of the pitcher. The demons won it, but Dhanvantari turned himself into a rook, snatched the pitcher from the demons, and started flying toward Paradise. In the course of his flight, which took him twelve days, he rested and refreshed himself at four places on the earth—Prayaga, Haridwar, Nasik, and Ujjain. (Sayana, the fourteenth-century Vedic commentator, interprets this creation story as an allegory in which the nectar is actually the God of gods, the lesser gods are the forces of good, the demons are the forces of evil, and the pitcher is man. The more the forces of evil prevail in man, the more he is hidden from the God of gods by *maya*, and the more the forces of good prevail in him, the closer he is brought to the God of gods.)

This creation story varies from account to account (in another version the pitcher broke during the struggle, spilling the nectar on Prayaga, Haridwar, Nasik, and Ujjain), but, in whatever version, the story is regarded as a basis for the Kumbha *melas* ("*kumbha*" is the Sanskrit word for "pitcher"), which are usually held in a twelve-year cycle so that every three years there can be a Kumbha *mela* at one of the four consecrated places. Among the four Kumbha *melas*, the one at Prayaga is preëminent, because it takes place by the *sangam* (from "*samgama*," Sanskrit for "union")—the spot where the right bank of the Ganga meets the left bank of the Yamuna, just below Prayaga, and the waters of the two rivers flow together. (It is popularly believed that the *sangam* also receives the waters of a third sacred river, a mythical underground stream called the Sarasvati.) The duodecennial cycle of Kumbha *melas* is probably recent, but it happens that the Kumbha *mela* at Prayaga is observed in Magha (a month in the Hindu lunar calendar corresponding to parts of January and February), and the Magha *melas* at Prayaga are probably the oldest in the country. The first detailed account of attending a *mela* was set down by Hsuan-tsang, a seventh-century Chinese Buddhist who made a pilgrimage to India, the birthplace of Buddha, in search of religious instruction. (The record of his travels, along with accounts of other Chinese pilgrims in the early Buddhist period, was preserved in China as part of the sacred writings of Buddhism.) For a time, Hsuan-tsang was the guest of Siladitya-Raja, also known as King Harsha,

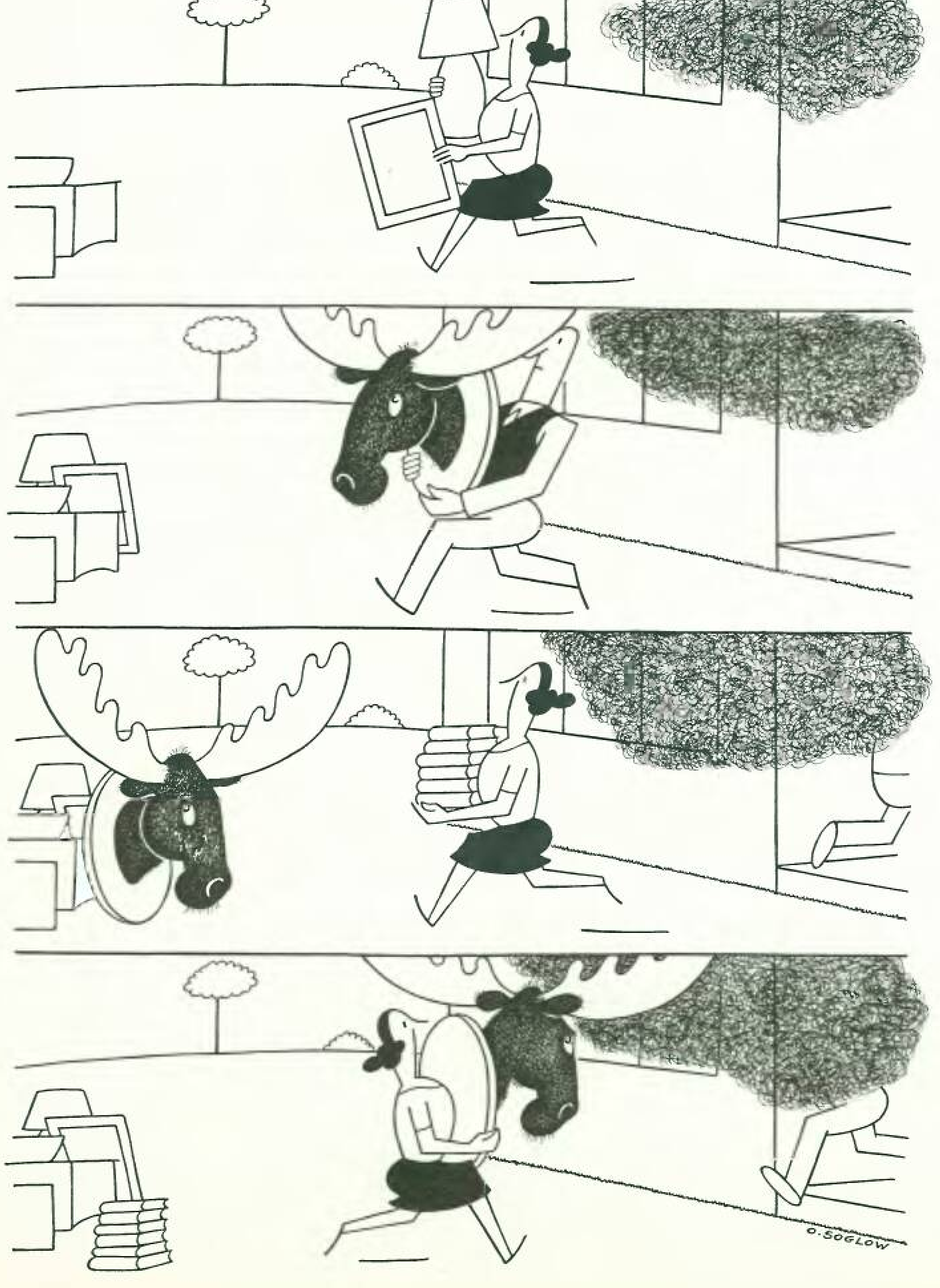
whose dominion extended over most of northern India. According to Hsuan-tsang, King Harsha put up thousands of *stupas* on the banks of the Ganga, built hospices in all the towns and villages for the care of the sick, the poor, and the homeless, and forbade the killing of animals on pain of death. Hsuan-tsang writes that King Harsha "sought to plant the tree of religious merit to such an extent that he forgot to sleep or to eat," and goes on to report on some of King Harsha's more spectacular religious activities, describing a religious convocation in Kanauj, the capital of Harsha's empire:

> It was now the second month of springtime. . . . All along . . . there were highly decorated pavilions, and places where musicians were stationed. . . . The king . . . made them bring forth on a gorgeously caparisoned great elephant a golden statue of Buddha about three feet high, and raised aloft. On the left went the king, Siladitya . . . whilst Kumara-Raja [the prince regent] . . . went on the right. Each of them had as an escort five hundred war elephants clad in armor; in front and behind the statue of Buddha went one hundred great elephants, carrying musicians, who sounded their drums and raised their music. The king, Siladitya, as he went, scattered on every side pearls and various precious substances, with gold and silver flowers. . . . Having first washed the image in scented water at the altar, the King then himself bore it on his shoulder to . . . a tower, where he offered to it tens, hundreds, and thousands of silken garments, decorated with precious gems. . . . After the feast, they assembled the different men of learning, who discussed in elegant language the most abstruse subjects. . . .

Many of these celebrants escorted King Harsha from Kanauj to Prayaga for his quinquennial ritual of almsgiving. At the Prayaga ceremony, which was attended by throngs of monks and mendicants from all parts of Harsha's empire, Harsha occupied himself for seventy-five days with a public renunciation of his treasuries.

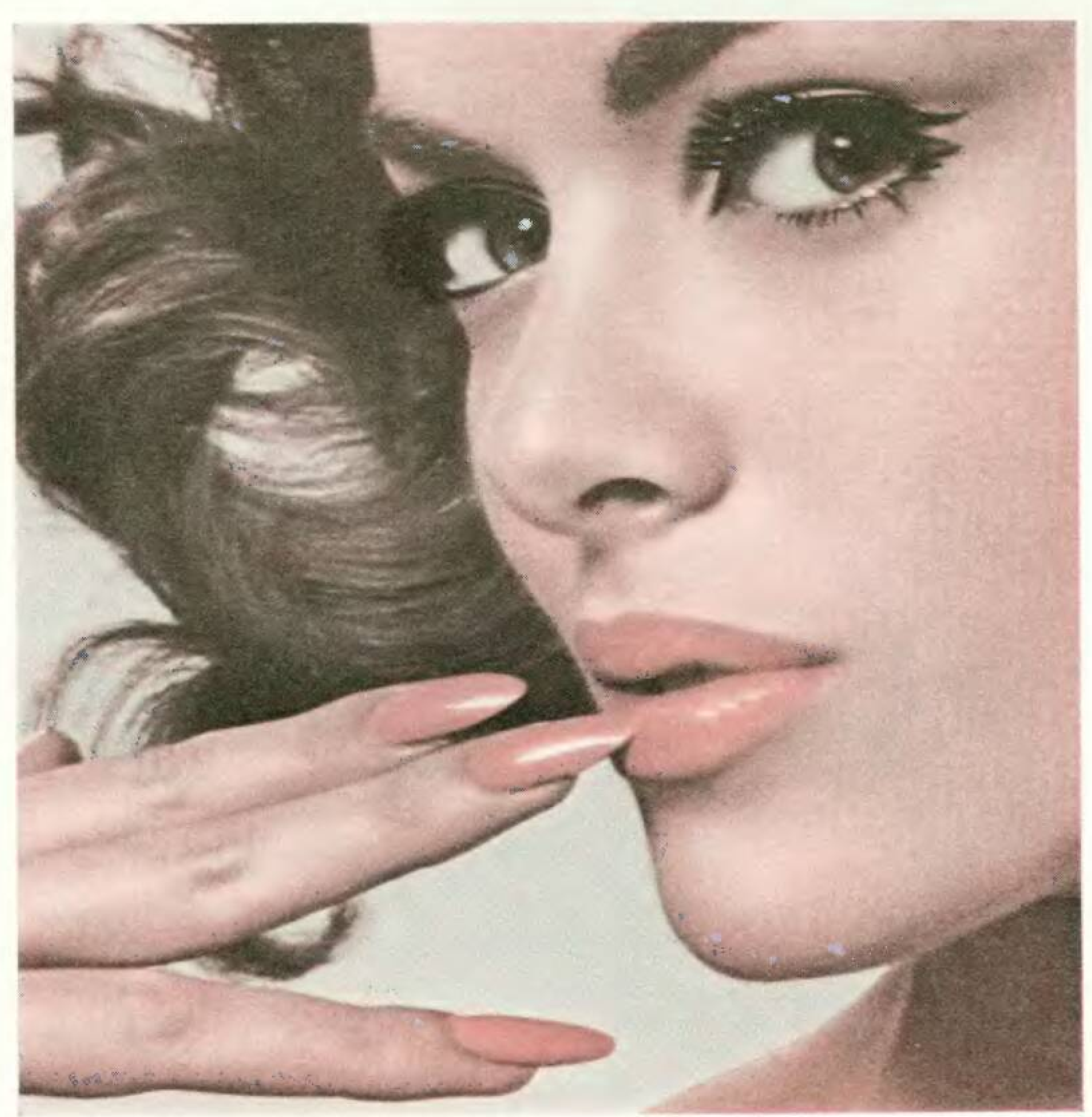
> Between the two confluents of the river [Hsuan-tsang writes], for the space of ten li or so, the ground is pleasant upland. The whole is covered with a fine sand. From old times till now, the kings and noble families, whenever they had occasion to distribute their gifts in charity, ever came to this place, and here gave away their goods. . . . At the present time, Siladitya-Raja, after the example of his ancestors, distributes here . . . the accumulated wealth of five years.

Harsha heaped on this ground all his gold and jewels, making gifts first to the statue of Buddha, then to statues of Hindu gods, then to ten thousand monks, then to Brahmans, then to Jains, and then to beggars, widows, and orphans. When he had renounced everything, including his raiment, his vassal rajas went from beneficiary to beneficiary, using their own money to buy back the gifts, which they later restored to the King, so that he was as rich as he had been before coming to Prayaga. The vassal rajas apparently felt that this ransoming of King Harsha's property was a way of doing him homage; Harsha, for his part, felt that the act of renunciation had earned him merit. Commenting on this extraordinary ritual, Arthur Waley writes of Harsha, "He said that if he did not from time to time get rid of all his possessions his 'merit' (*punya*) would not grow and his run of luck might be broken; to which he added that safeguarding one's property involved a lot of worry and anxiety. As he knew that he was shortly to get his property all back and once more have the worry of looking after it, the second argument seems to fall completely to the ground; and one would have supposed that if 'luck' is acquired by giving away it must surely be 'broken' by taking back one's gifts."



But not all the offerings that Hsuan-tsang witnessed at Prayaga and the *sangam* were merely symbolic. He records that other pilgrims held these places so sacred that in the hope of attaining immortality they came there to drown themselves or mortify their flesh:

> At the confluence of the two rivers, every day there are many hundreds of men who bathe themselves and die. The people of this country consider that whoever wished to be born in Heaven ought to fast to a grain of rice, and then drown himself in the waters. By bathing in this water (they say) all the pollution of sin is washed away and destroyed; therefore from various quarters and distant regions people come here together and rest. During seven days they abstain from food, and afterward end their lives. . . .
> The heretics [to the Buddhists, Hindus



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were heretics] who practice asceticism have raised a high column in the middle of the river; when the sun is about to go down they immediately climb up the pillar; then, clinging on to the pillar with one hand and one foot, they wonderfully hold themselves out with one foot and one arm; and so they keep themselves stretched out in the air with their eyes fixed on the sun, and their heads turning with it to the right as it sets. When the evening has darkened, then they come down.... They hope by these means to escape from birth and death, and many continue to practice this ordeal through several decades of years.

Two centuries before Hsuan-tsang's Indian pilgrimage, Kalidasa, one of the greatest Sanskrit poets, described, in his epic "Raghuvamsa," the beauty of the *sangam* in similes that contrast the traditional whiteness of the Ganga with the blueness of the Yamuna, Ganga's sister stream:

> See where Ganga's stream meets
> the waves of Yamuna
> Like a necklace of spaced pearls
> On which alternating sapphires cast
> their light,
> Or like a garland of white lotuses
> Interwoven with dark waterlilies;
> Here like a flight of wild geese
> Flying from Lake Manasa against
> the thunderclouds,
> There like a design upon the cheek
> of Lady Earth,
> Painted with black aloe over sandalpaste;
> Like moonlight speckled with spots
> of darkness in the shade of trees,
> Or like white clouds of autumn
> opening on patches of blue sky;
> Like the very body of Lord Shiva,
> Covered with holy ash and wearing
> cobras for his ornaments.

Roy and Miss Devi follow the long literary and religious tradition of celebrating the sacred rivers.

> A poor pilgrim in Haridwar [Roy reports] once admonished me when, inadvertently, I had spat into the Ganga while bathing. "You, a *pilgrim*, must never spit into the Ganga," he said. "For, others may deny, but *you* must accept that the Ganga *is* a Devi, a Divine Mother, who has been sent to us from Heaven to absolve us from our earthliness." I was startled to realize how living and deep-rooted was our veneration for the Ganga. Millions of men and women who believe in symbols and in their power to turn our consciousness Godward cherish the Ganga as a superconscient Mother, an emblem of purity—a Mother who is at once human and divine. In the one aspect she gives us physical purity, washing away our dust and sweat; in the other, that inner purity, which purges us of our wrong desires. It is to teach this that our saints and sages have all along enjoined on us to look upon her as the "molten compassion" of the Supreme.

Not only in devotional works like "Kumbha" but also in the epics, the Ganga is often exalted as a divine

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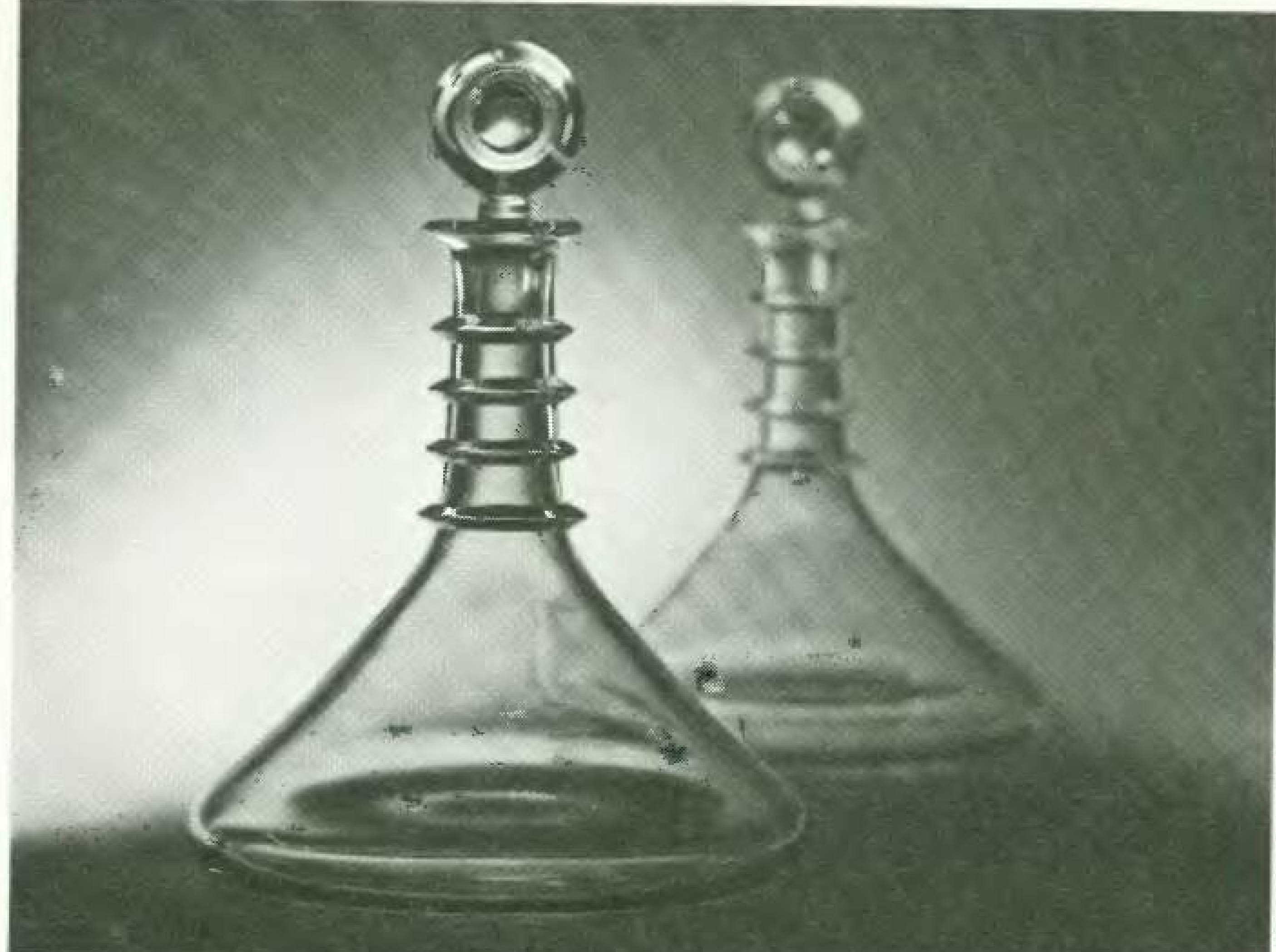

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mother, and whenever the river is so exalted, the *sadhus* (Sanskrit for "pious man") and sages are described again and again as if they were the Mother's male counterpart.

The main purpose of Roy and Miss Devi is to elevate the mystical at the expense of the rational. (Their book is full of inspired sources.) The authors go as pilgrims to the Kumbha *mela* at Prayaga in 1954, the first in independent India, and describe at length and with rapture the many mystical experiences they had there. A fourth of the book is an imaginary dialogue between a Western rationalist and an Indian yogi.

PRAYAGA, the holy town—Allahabad, India [the playlet opens]. In a small but charming hut on the bank of the immemorial Ganga, two men are discovered conversing on the . . . Kumbha day. The younger of the two, an Englishman and an Orientalist, is in his early thirties. Dressed in a blue lounge suit, he looks distinguished and virile, if not aggressive. We will call him WEST. The other is a Yogi in his middle sixties—radiant, tranquil, and extremely handsome. He is reputed to be a God-realized saint, which is the reason, perhaps, why he looks at once humble and confident, keen-eyed and sympathetic. His eyes are the most remarkable part of him, penetrating and alert and yet radiating kindliness like twin stars. He often smiles, though somewhat abstractedly. He is dressed in the traditional ochre-colored robe—*gerua*—of the Indian mystic, with a *tulsi* garland round his shining neck. We will call him EAST. "Oh, but he is a Vaishnava of the traditional type!"—say his detractors, the ultra-moderns. "But he can deliver the goods," counter his admirers, not to mention his disciples. Time—afternoon.

WEST: I have a few questions to ask you, sir—that is, if you have time.

EAST (*smiling*): We live in eternity, my friend, haven't they told you?

WEST (*smiling back reassured*): We Westerners are—I warn you, sir—somewhat—er—critical, though not irreverent, I hope.

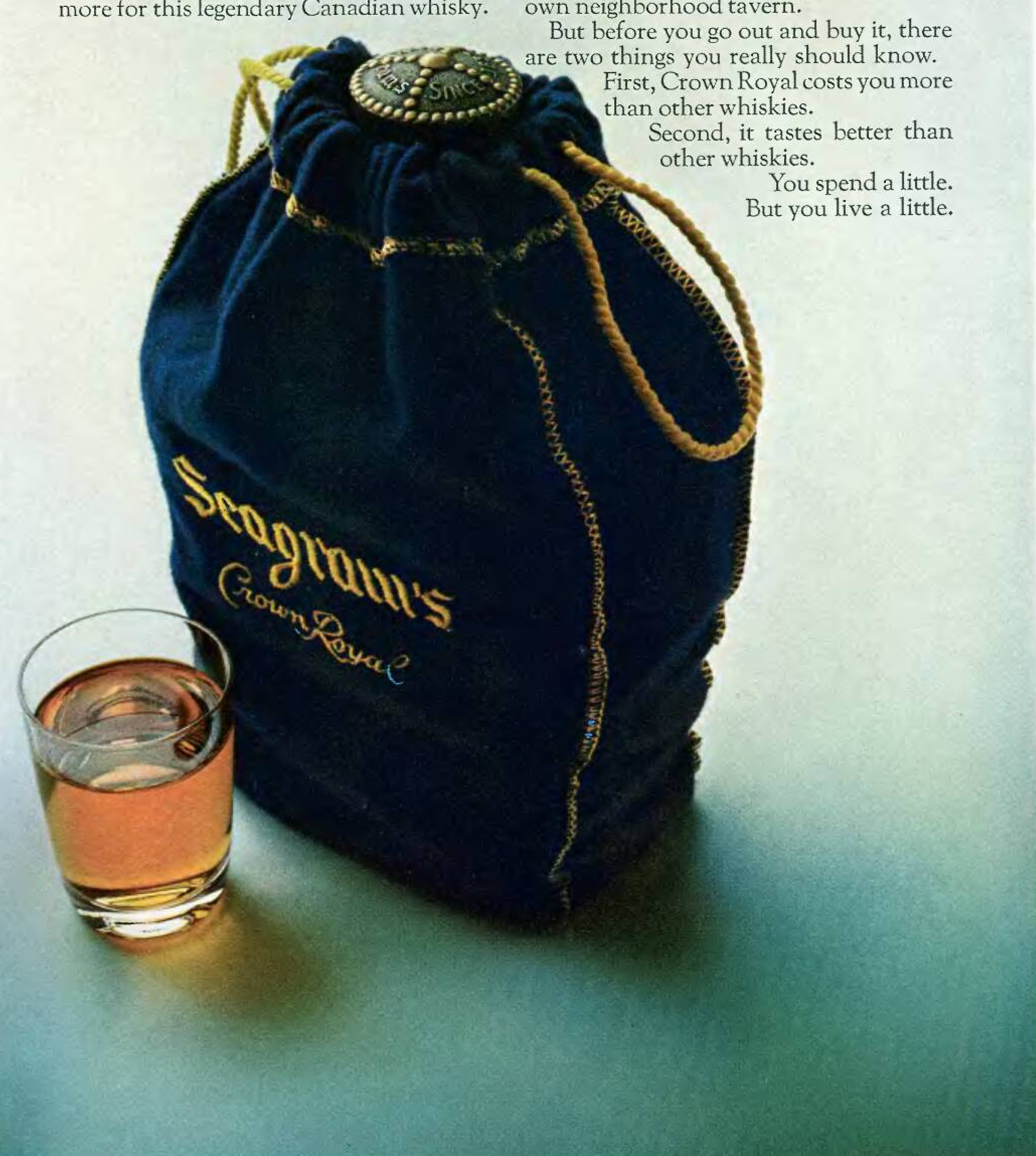
EAST: What made you come to me? Are you a reporter of a paper?

WEST (*deprecating*): No, not nearly as bad as that. I am, well, a—student of philosophy. . . . You see, I saw you, in the morning, bathing at the confluence with your eyes fixed on the sun. It impressed me, for you looked for a long time at the sun without blinking. . . . There was a light on your face which—er—shall we say, spoke to me. . . . I felt—er—strangely drawn to you. (*Pause*) I cannot accept hearsay, either, but—er—I assure you I—well, I am open to conviction.

EAST (*with a faint smile*): But on your own terms, is that it?

WEST (*coloring*): I don't get you, sir—

EAST: What I mean is: you came to me to be convinced, but only through mental reasonings. Am I not right? But in that case—I warn you, in my turn—you have come to the wrong shop. For the One who is beyond philosophy hap-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pens to be too strong and elusive to be grasped by so weak a net as can be woven by the mind, with its arguments.

WEST: Alas, sir, but it's the only net we have!

EAST: What about the other—that of the *Atman*?

WEST (*pulling a long face*): You don't mean—the Soul?

Roy's and Miss Devi's script continues for forty-four more pages, and just prior to the curtain it reads:

EAST . . . (*closes his eyes. . . . Two tears slowly trickle down his cheeks, as he sings abstractedly in a low voice*):

Esha devo Vishwakarma Mahatma
Sada jananam hridaye sannivishtah:
Hrida manisha manasa 'bhiklipto
Ya etad vidur amritas te bhavanti.

The quotation, which is from the Svetsvatara Upanishad, may be translated as "The great-souled god, responsible for all acts, is ever present in the hearts of men, appearing as feeling, intelligence, and understanding. Those who know this to be so, become immortal."

DURING a long visit I make to India in 1965 and 1966, I prepare to go as a pilgrim to independent India's second Kumbha *mela* at Prayaga. As a first step, I get hold of a state guidebook to Uttar Pradesh—a guidebook that, from its opening sentences, sets a grandiose, if apologetic, tone:

> It would not be inappropriate to describe Uttar Pradesh as the centre of the stage on which the drama of Indian history has been played. . . . Uttar Pradesh has reflected and interpreted the significance of the most important events in the country's history, though it has not actually staged many.

As a second step, I tackle the special Kumbha number of the Uttar Pradesh *Panchayati Raj Gazette*, which is represented by the state government as an indispensable guide for pilgrims, and which, I discover, brings up to date and amplifies Roy's and Miss Devi's book. (Because Uttar Pradesh is in the vanguard of the movement to eliminate all traces of Westernization in India and to rediscover the Golden Age of Hinduism, the *Gazette* has an aura of sanctity about it, but because it is written in heavily Sanskritized Hindi, it is beyond the reach of most of even those pilgrims who can read and write.) According to the *Gazette*, the duodecennial cycle of Kumbha *melas* derives its significance not only from Dhanvantari's twelve-day flight but from the fact that a student of Sanskrit grammar, "the chief of all sciences," must traditionally study twelve years before he can attain the title either

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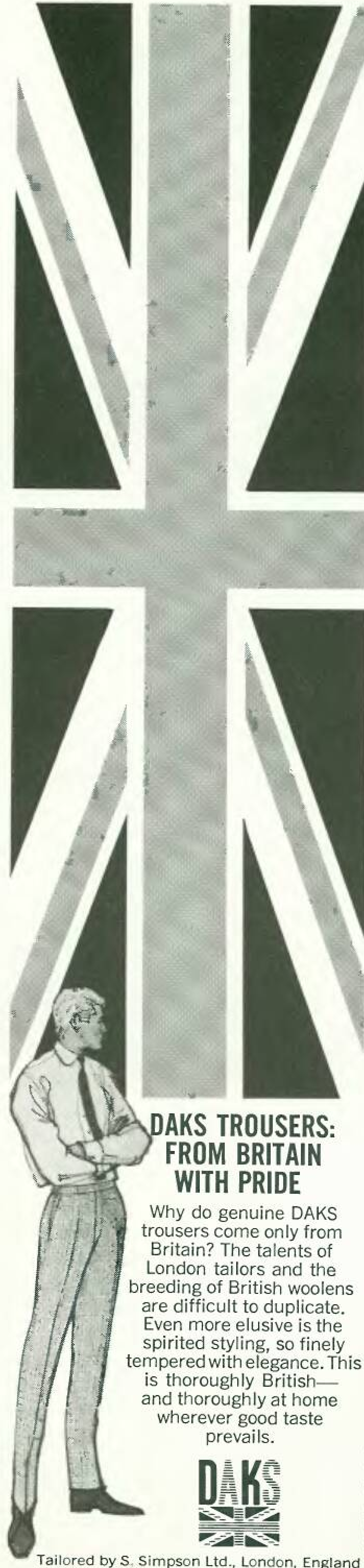

of *pandit* or of *shastri*. Further, the mystical significance of the twelve-year study perhaps derives from the recognition in Hindu philosophy of twelve instincts in man—five associated with sense organs, five with motor organs, and two, perception and reason, with the mind—all of which must be mastered if one is to rise above attachments and aversions, pleasures and pains, and achieve inner happiness. The *Gazette* dwells on the great boons of the *sangam*, stating that a bath in the *sangam* any time in Magha of any year is a thousand times as beneficial as a bath anywhere in the Ganga any time in Ashwina (parts of September and October) or any time in Kartika (parts of October and November), and ten million times as beneficial as a bath in any other sacred river any time in Chaitra (parts of March and April) or any time in Vaishakha (parts of April and May), and is even more beneficial than giving away millions of cows as alms. The boons of a bath in the *sangam* in Magha during a Kumbha *mela* are so numerous that not even Brahma can hope to count them, the *Gazette* says. It goes on to praise both the temporal preëminence of Prayaga ("Prayaga's leading role in the social, religious, political, and economic fields has existed for thousands of years. . . . Both Nehru and Shastri came from Prayaga. One can no more dismiss this as an accident of history—as something unconnected with Prayaga's long religious traditions—than fail to detect the hand of some inscrutable power behind these developments") and its divine preëminence ("The loins of the earth are betwixt the Ganga and the Yamuna. . . . Besides the Trinity of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, all gods and goddesses, sages and *sadhus* . . . and celestial nymphs dwell here. . . . Taking, in the right spirit, even a single step in the direction of Prayaga is an expiation of one's sins").

According to the *Gazette*, several million Hindus were expected to attend the 1966 Kumbha *mela* at Prayaga. Arrangements for the gathering, which would help to bind the country together on the political level as well as in other ways, were being made in accordance with the 1938 Uttar Pradesh Mela Act, which had standardized the existing methods of controlling the business transactions of the *mela*. The Act had empowered the local district magistrate to form a committee of legislators, prominent citizens, and representatives of participating religious and voluntary groups, and, in consultation with this committee, to fix any tolls, registration fees, and license fees and to levy taxes on animals, vehicles, persons, and processions at the *mela;* also, at his own discretion, to frame rules about the movement of goods, the health of persons, and the extent of photographing, hunting, and fishing, to oversee the size, type, allotment, re-allotment, and rental of all plots and dwellings, to inspect premises, to confiscate goods, and to search out and punish offenders. Further arrangements for the 1966 Kumbha *mela* called for subdividing the whole area into sectors, each with its own additional magistrate or, in the case of the larger sectors, with two additional magistrates; for constructing new roads, broadening old roads, mapping out routes for vehicles, pedestrians, and river craft, and floating pontoon bridges; for opening money-changing booths and a branch of the State Bank of India; for organizing thousands of volunteer attendants; for installing electric lighting, and erecting watch, control, and direction towers equipped with radio, television, telephones, and floodlights; and for setting up rest stations, inquiry counters, government exhibitions, fair-price shops, fire stations, police stations, first-aid posts, and hospitals. Addenda to the *Gazette* gave these statistics: two crores of rupees (about four million dollars) would be spent by the Uttar Pradesh government alone; sixty-two special trains would be coming to the *mela* each week; sixty thousand pilgrims would be able to bathe in the *sangam* at one time; seven thousand policemen would be on duty; forty-two hundred sweepers would be employed; and in the *mela* area there would be eight post offices, thirteen tube wells, a thousand taps, sixty miles of water pipes, and three hundred and thirty-six thousand trench latrines. Among an enumeration of "do"s and "don't"s in the *Gazette* was the counsel "Do not travel on the footboards, roofs, and buffers of trains. . . . Getting on top of any train is dangerous—particularly in the case of trains running between Allahabad-Mughal Sarai and Allahabad-Kanpur, because electric wires of 25,000 kilowatts pass over them."

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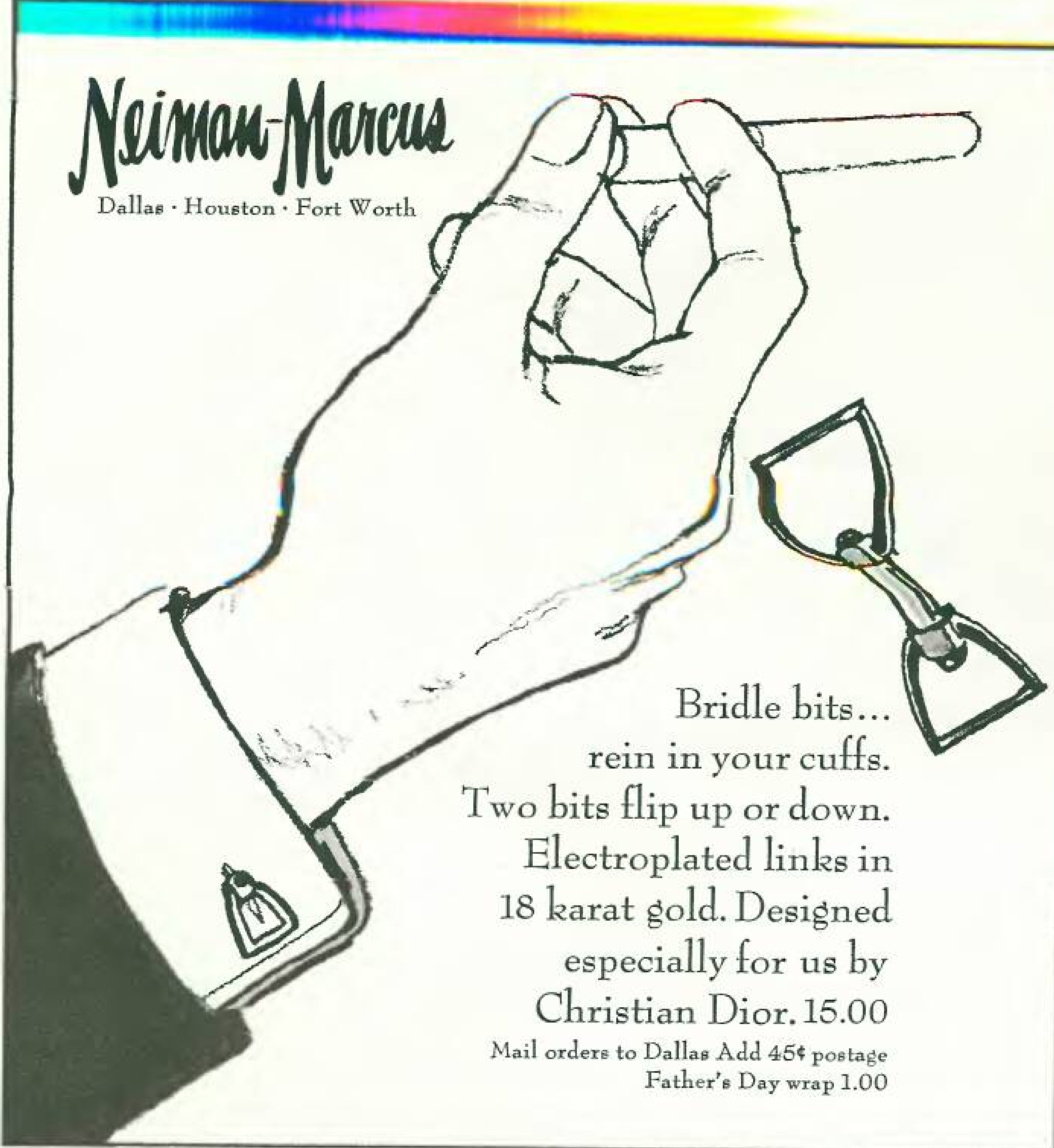

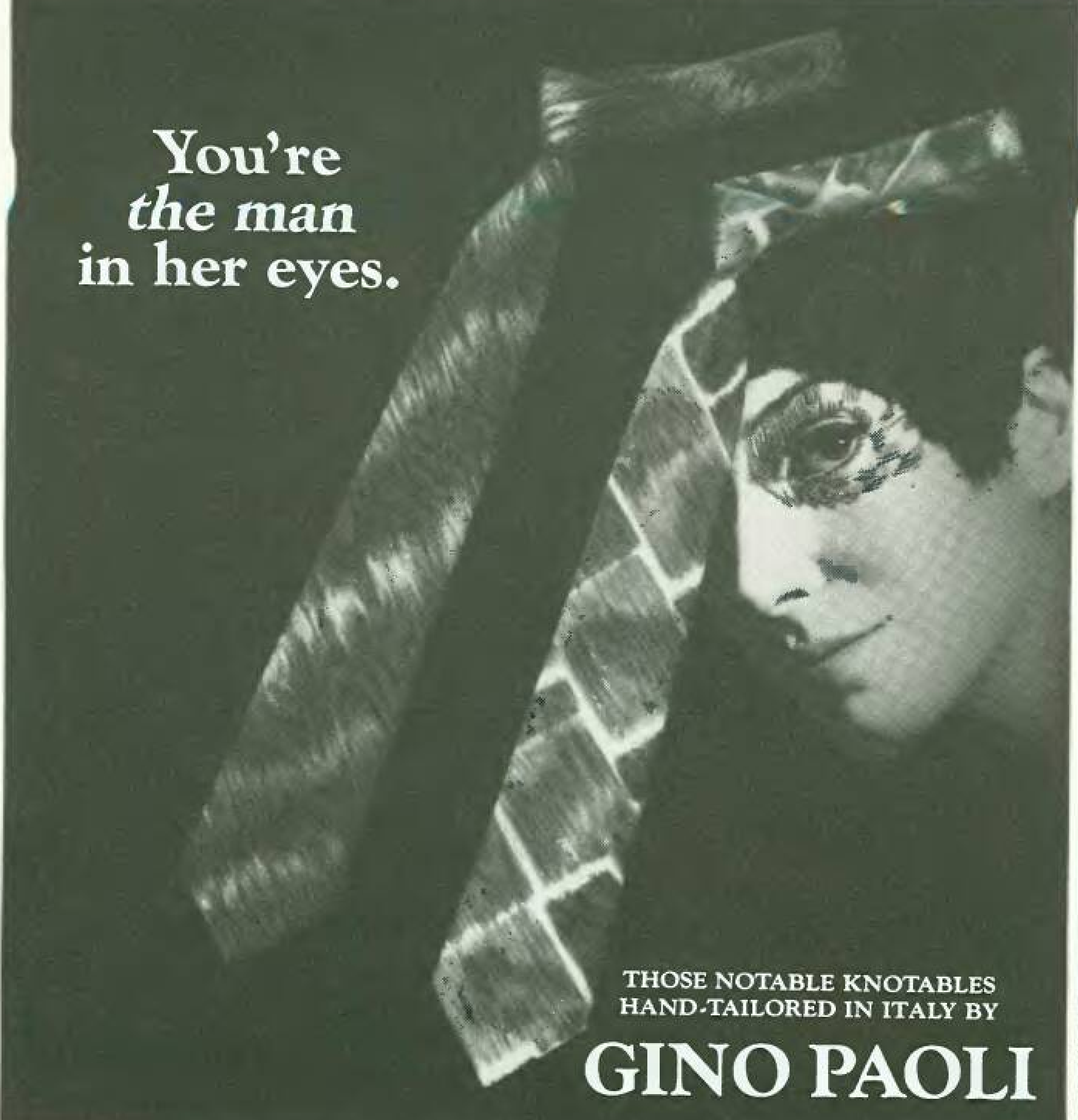

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and in the *Gazette's* discussion of the arrangements one detected an overzealous tone, as if the *Gazette* were haunted by the memory of the 1954 Khumba *mela* at Prayaga, the most important *mela* of the century. It seems that from the ancient period Hindus have believed that auspicious times for religious ceremonies like bathing are governed by the movements of the sun (the lord of the soul), the moon (the lord of perception), and the planet Jupiter (the lord of reason). The most auspicious part of the year for bathing is between the winter solstice, when the sun appears to begin moving northward, and the summer solstice, when the sun appears to reverse its direction—events set by Hindu astrologers on the 14th of January and the 14th of July, respectively, or some three weeks later than the dates used in the West. In this auspicious period, which is called Uttarayana (Sanskrit for "northward course"), the most auspicious time for bathing is in Magha—or, rather, in the part of it that falls between the beginning of Makara Rashi, the sign of Capricorn, and the beginning of Kumbha Rashi, the sign of Aquarius. In Magha (or, strictly, under Makara Rashi), the most auspicious day for bathing is Amavasya, the New Moon Day, which is the last day of the dark half of a lunar month, when the sun and the moon, at the time of their conjunction, appear to be of the same degree. (Although the sun stays for about a month in each house of the zodiac, and the moon for two and a quarter days, they appear to be of the same degree for only a day.) Every twelfth year—or, very rarely, every eleventh or thirteenth year—the appearance of the sun in Capricorn coincides with the appearance of Jupiter in Aries. This astrological event is the occasion for the Kumbha *mela* at Prayaga, because bathing then is even more auspicious than during any other Magha (or, again, strictly, under any other Makara Rashi). Every hundred and eight years, however (some Hindu astrologers reckon every hundred and forty-four years), there are still other astrological phenomena in Makara Rashi during the time of the Kumbha *mela* at Prayaga, such as a lunar eclipse; this is the occasion for a Purna (Sanskrit for "perfect" or "full") Kumbha, and bathing then is incomparably auspicious. The astrologers and *pandits* in all parts of the country were unanimous in ranking the 1954 *mela* as a Purna Kumbha.

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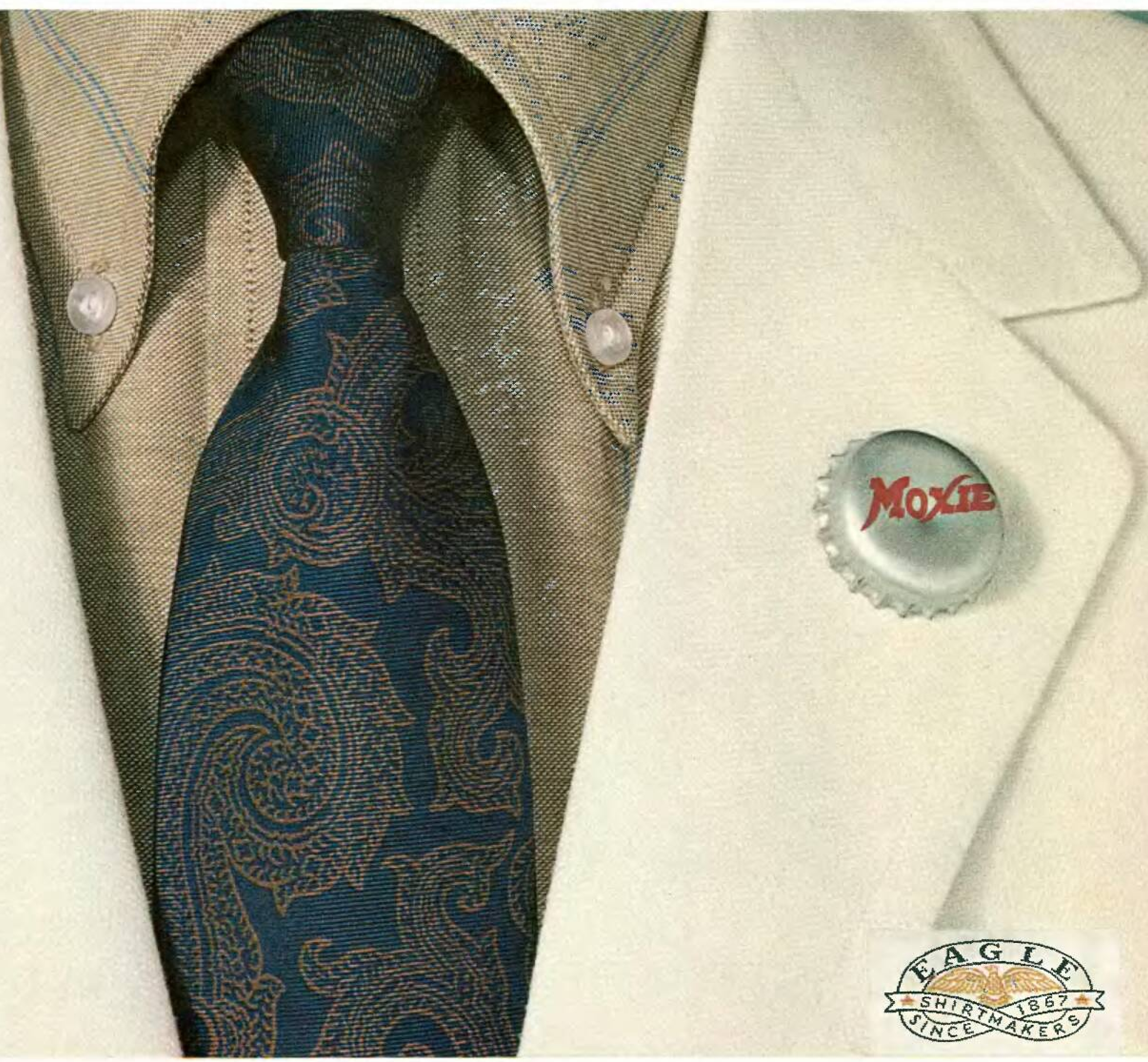

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Kumbha, Prayaga had become a junction of several main railway lines and also of several main roads, including the Grand Trunk Road, and, partly because of this, more pilgrims than ever before were expected to attend the twentieth-century Purna Kumbha. Yet at any one time no more than sixty thousand pilgrims could bathe in the *sangam*. The *sangam* is a few miles down the Ganga from Prayaga, which lies between the two rivers. All pilgrims had to enter the *sangam* from a small wedge of land—only a hundred and sixty feet across at its narrowest point—lying between the two rivers and beside a great Mogul fort. Emperor Akbar had built the fort in the sixteenth century, on the right, or west, bank of the Ganga, in view of the *sangam*, and had called the fort "Ilahabas" (Urdu for "abode of God")—a name that his grandson, the Emperor Shah Jehan, altered to "Allahabad," which in British times replaced "Prayaga" as the name of the city. A high embankment extending from Akbar's fort to the city was built to protect the foundations of the fort from being eroded away by the changes in the Ganga's channel—in this area the changes were so frequent that new bridges had to be put up practically every year—but an additional effect of the barrier formed by the embankment was that whenever the Ganga cut its channel close to Akbar's fort the wedge of land that constituted the *mela* bathing area was drastically reduced. (Between 1942 and 1954, for instance, the bathing area had been reduced from five hundred and twenty-one acres to a mere seventy-five acres.) At the *melas* this bathing area was often further reduced by a sort of shantytown that materialized around the *sangam* and Akbar's fort. The makeshift dwellings were inhabited by Brahmans, who were connected with the bathing rites; by *sadhus*, who came to bathe; and by barbers, whose presence was explained by the belief that any Hindu who had his head shaved above the *sangam* was promised as many years in Heaven as the number of his hairs that fell into the water. In 1954, the authorities were able to uproot some of these campers and resettle them in Jhusi, a village that lies on the east bank of the Ganga, across from the wedge of land, thereby enlarging the entire *mela* area to about fifteen hundred acres, but other campers proved too well entrenched by custom to be moved. Moreover, the layout of the local roads from Allahabad was such that most pilgrims going to and from the bathing area had to use one

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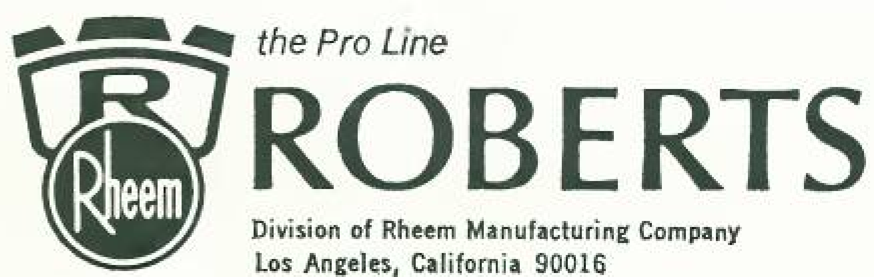

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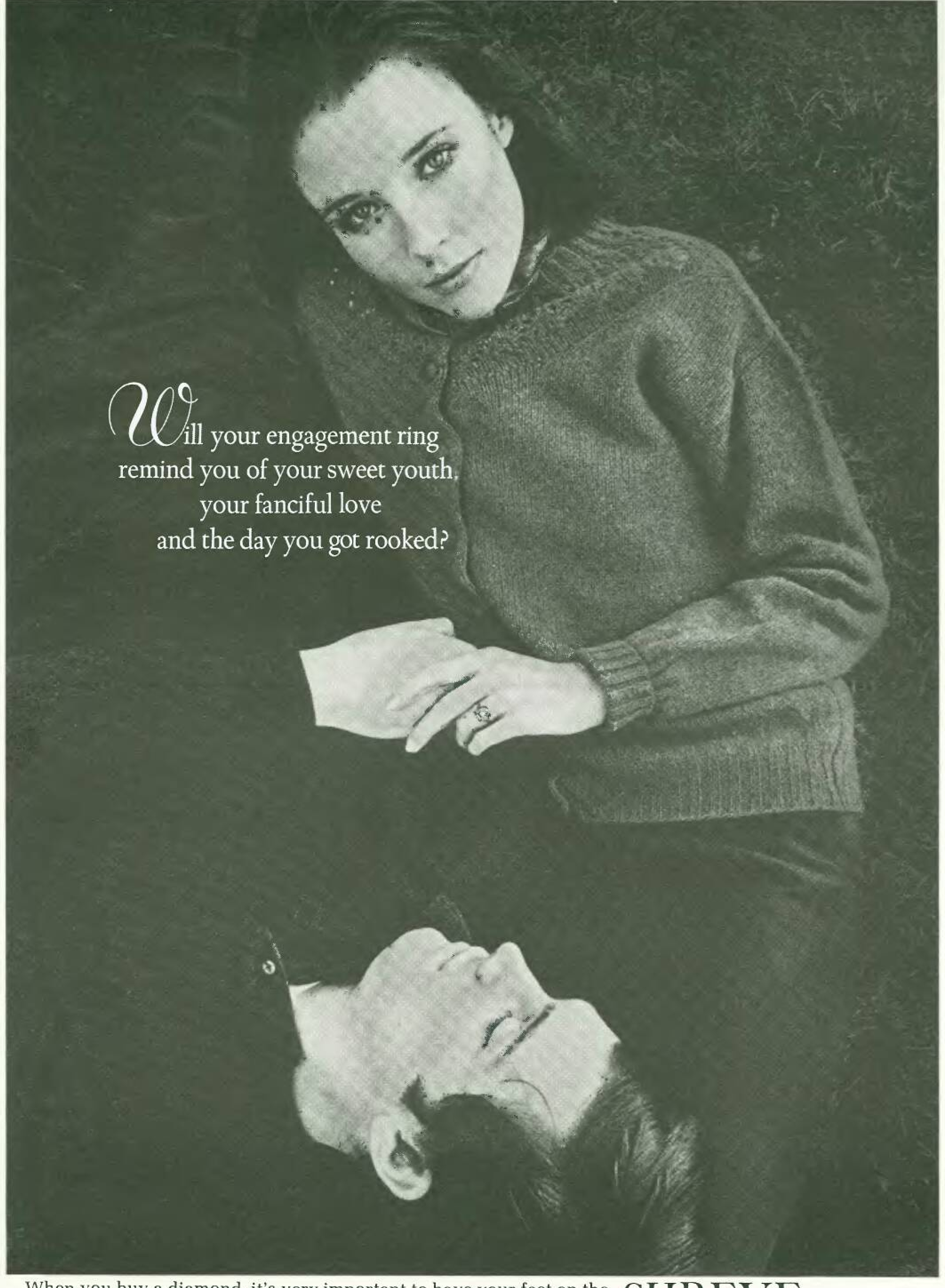
or the other of two ramps descending the side of the embankment near the fort; the layout of the bridges across the Ganga from Jhusi was such that most campers going to and from the bathing area had to pass the foot of the ramps; and all three of the approaches to the bathing area—the Mahabirji Temple Road, the Sangam Road, and the Gangapati Road—were narrow, sandwiched between the embankment and the Ganga.

The chances of dangerous congestion on the ramps, on the bridges, and on the three crucial approaches were increased because a number of *akharas*, or sectarian organizations, of *sadhus* who regularly attended the Kumbha *melas* paraded on important *mela* days to the *sangam*, where members of each *akhara* bathed *en masse*. Altogether there were eight such *akharas*—the Mahanirvani Akhara, the Niranjani-*cum*-Juna Akharas, the Nirvani Akhara, the Digambar Akhara, the Nirmohi Akhara, the Chhota Panchayati Akhara, the Bara Panchayati Akhara, and the Nirmala-*cum*-Vrindavani Akharas. The *sadhus* in each of these *akharas* had certain bonds, like the worship of Shiva, the trade of banking, or the practice of mendicancy or of nudism. Each *akhara* was fierce and militant about its practices, and each was extremely jealous of the other *akharas;* considering its procession a demonstration of its status, each wanted its own to be grander than the next. The militancy of these *sadhus* dated from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when *sadhus* had first organized themselves into paramilitary *akharas* to resist Mogul interference with Hindu bathing rites. Upon the advent of the British, who, as a matter of policy, did not interfere with the religious practices of their subjects, the *akharas*, while losing their original raison d'être, had kept up their military traditions. Although, according to Hindu sacred writings, a *sadhu* ought to exemplify *nirasa*, *visada*, and *gunamaya* (Sanskrit for "freedom from emotional attachments," "freedom from ignorance," and "goodness"), the *sadhus* of these *akharas* valued physical prowess as much as spiritual attainment. Although other groups of *sadhus* went naked as a symbolic gesture of renunciation, these *akharas*, in recent times, had vaingloriously hired men to march naked in their processions. Although other *sadhus* at the *melas* went from their camps to the *sangam* individually or in loosely organized groups, singing hymns and reciting *mantras* (Sanskrit for "prayers"), these *akharas* still



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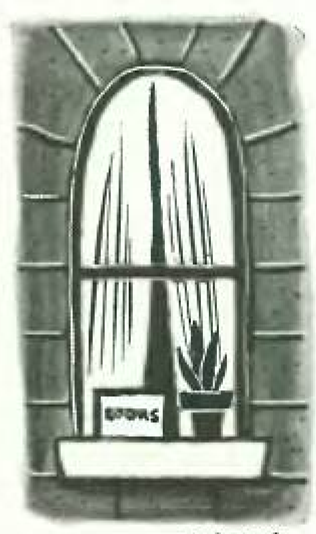
marched to the *sangam* in military formation, as if they were going to an aboriginal war, many of the *sadhus* (or their hired entourage) in each procession marching naked, and waving flags or beating fire tongs or brandishing swords, lances, or tridents; the processions being accompanied by drums and gongs, bugles, and conchs; and some *sadhus* proceeding on elephants with elaborately painted howdahs, on decorated camels or horses, in gold or silver palanquins, or, lately, in jeeps or cars. The *akharas* were so much a part of a Kumbha *mela* that their processions and their bathing had become its greatest public event.

In 1954, because of bureaucratic confusion, some of the precious space around Akbar's fort was given over to a Sangam railway station for special shuttle trains from Allahabad; shopkeepers, *sadhus*, pilgrims, and at least ten thousand beggars were allowed to set up their camps around the railway station, not only above and below the ramps but along the three approaches to the *sangam*—areas that should all have been left free for the movement of the crowds. Moreover, for all those entering Allahabad and its outlying areas, arrangements had originally been made for compulsory inoculation against Asian cholera (in spite of the special properties of Ganga water, outbreaks of Asian cholera were common at bathing *melas*), but, as a result of protests against the delay and harassment that the inoculations entailed, the authorities had, about a week before Amavasya, abandoned this health requirement and, with it, most of their control over the movement of the crowds to the *sangam*.

On Amavasya, a million pilgrims bathed between midnight and sunrise. After sunrise, when the processions of the *akharas* were due to start from their camps in Jhusi, the crowds were without precedent. The authorities had so staggered the order of the processions that the Mahanirvanis, who were to form the first procession, were to leave their camp at six o'clock in the morning, and the Nirmala-*cum*-Vrindavanis, who were to form the last, were to return to their camp by four-thirty in the afternoon. The official timetable called for the Mahanirvanis to travel from their camp to the *sangam*—across the Ganga and over the Sangam Road—by seven; bathe; start on the return journey, by the Mahabirji Temple Road, at seven-forty-five, passing the first ramp, designated for ingress, at eight-five and reaching the Ganga's Bridge No. 3 (one of half a dozen newly constructed bridges on the Ganga) at eight-twelve; cross the bridge; and continue to their camp, reaching it at eight-thirty. The Niranjani-*cum*-Junas, whose procession was second, were to follow the identical route exactly an hour later. The Mahanirvanis left on schedule, and their magnificent procession was viewed by dense crowds all along the way to the *sangam*. Some pilgrims jostled forward to see the *tamasha*, or spectacle, some to receive their *darshana* (Sanskrit for "holy audience"), some to touch the feet of the *sadhus*, some to pick up dust from the ground that the *sadhus* had trodden on, and some to get a glimpse of the *nagas* (Hindi for "naked *sadhus*"), for it was popularly believed that women who were barren would be made fertile by seeing a *naga*. In spite of the crowds, the Mahanirvanis were able to keep to the timetable until their arrival at the ingress ramp on their return journey. Then their procession stopped. All night, pilgrims, as many as a hundred abreast, had been arriving at the *mela* area on foot from Allahabad; all night, other pilgrims, many of them carrying loads and bundles on their heads, had been pouring out of the Sangam railway station; and, all night, both crowds of pilgrims had been moving steadily down the ingress ramp. Many of the pilgrims were in a state of exhaustion from the journey, but there was no way to rest, or even to turn back, for a pilgrim, once caught in the *mela* crowd, could only move forward in the direction of the *sangam*. By the time the Mahanirvanis reached the ingress ramp, the crowd was surging, pushing, stumbling toward the *sangam*, and the pressure from behind was relentless.



The only reliable account of what happened next—or, indeed, of the entire 1954 *mela*—is contained in a volume bearing the official title "Report of the Committee Appointed by the Uttar Pradesh Government to Enquire Into the Mishap Which Occurred in the Kumbha Mela at Prayaga on the 3rd February, 1954." From the report, it seems that about a dozen cars and a couple of elephants at the head of the Mahanirvani procession remained stationary immediately across the foot of the ramp for at least an

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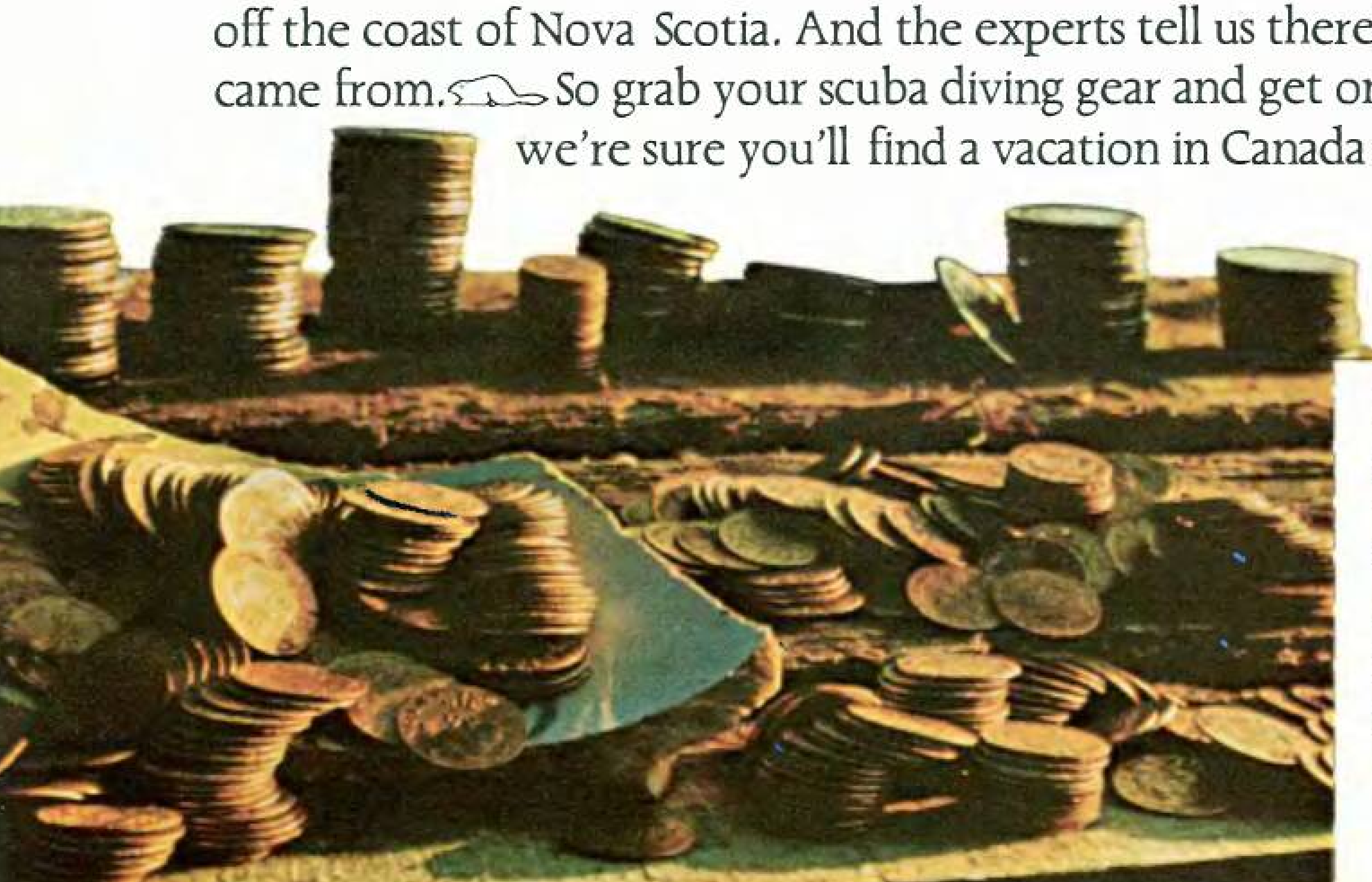

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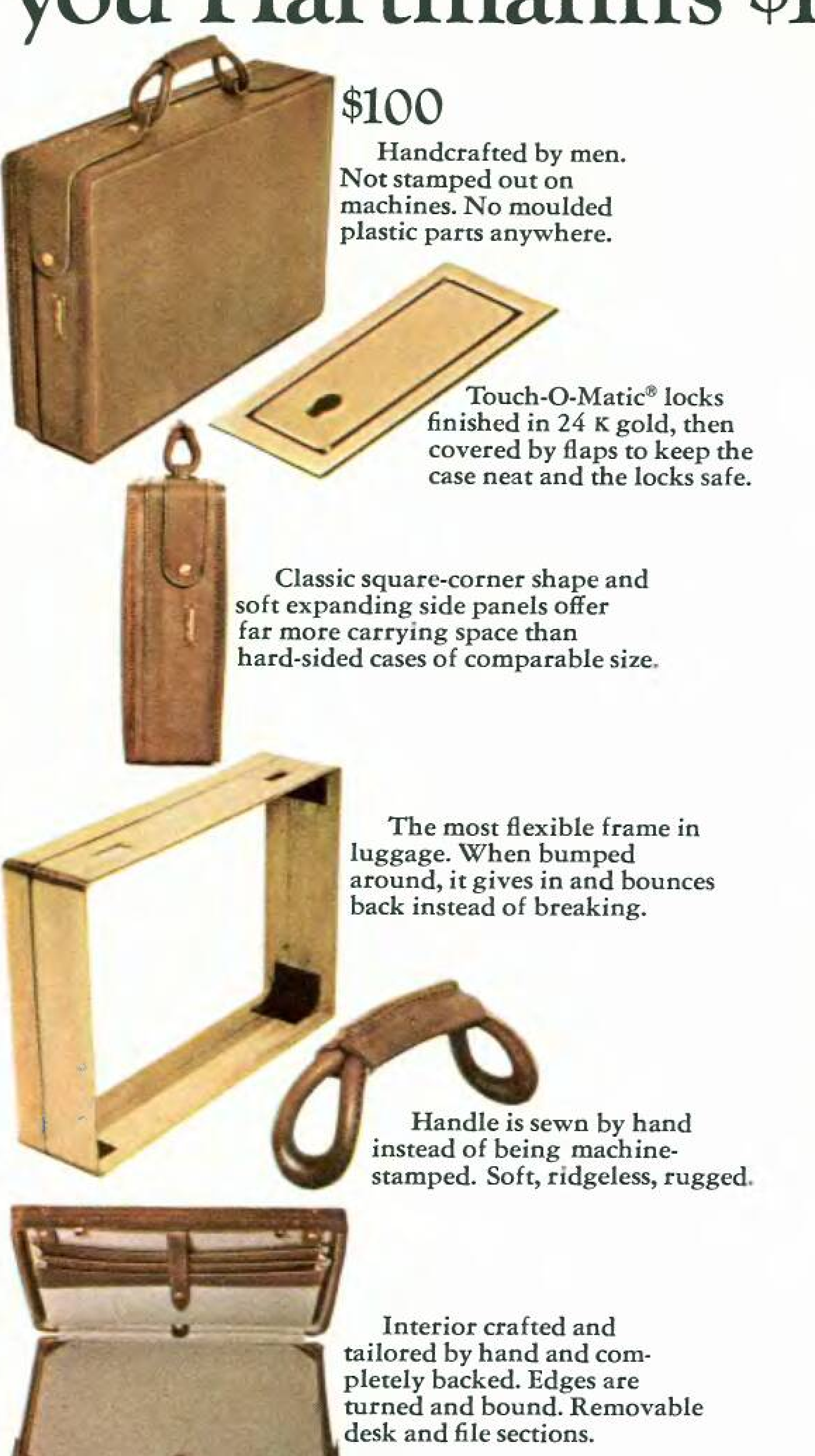

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hour, partly because several of the cars, which were forced to advance almost at a crawl, got overheated and stalled. Such police as had been assigned to control the crowd became lost in it. Yet more and more pilgrims were joining the crowd from the Sangam railway station, where trains were still arriving, adding to the pressure on the crowd now trapped on the ramp. The congestion, already suffocating, worsened when the Niranjani-*cum*-Junas, in accordance with their timetable, arrived in the area on their way to the *sangam*. A couple of pilgrims tried to escape from the crush by slipping through a gap between the two lead elephants in the Mahanirvani procession. Other pilgrims followed. Several *nagas*, incensed by the violation of their procession line, stabbed at the pilgrims with their tridents in order to force them back. At this, the crowd, becoming panic-stricken, surged in the one direction it could take—to one side of the ramp, toward a big ditch partly filled with water, near which about a hundred beggars squatted and near which, also, a group of *sadhus* who were not part of any *akhara* had set up their camp—only to be attacked with long iron fire tongs by these *sadhus*. It had rained during the night, and the ground was swampy. Pilgrims were struck down by other pilgrims, who carried sticks and staffs. Pilgrims fell over bundles that had been dropped, over each other, and over the beggars on the ground. All were caught in the stampede. The Mahanirvani procession, lurching forward, somehow rammed its way through the crowd and across Bridge No. 3 to Jhusi. Fifty or sixty *nagas* at the end of the procession were left behind, however, and they set about clearing a path for themselves with their weapons. Some pilgrims tried to reach safety in Jhusi by clambering onto the bridges, but the bridges were small and unstable; one pontoon bridge collapsed under the weight of the people who rushed onto it, and plunged them all into the Ganga, which was crowded with boats, many of them now capsized. Everywhere, people died. They were trampled to death, swept into the ditch, or drowned in the river.

The authorities were helpless. Dr. Rajendra Prasad and Nehru (the President and Prime Minister of India) and K. M. Munshi and Govind Vallabh Pant (the Governor and Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh) were at the *mela* with their families or with official parties, but they could do nothing except look on, from their boats or launches, from the banks of the rivers,

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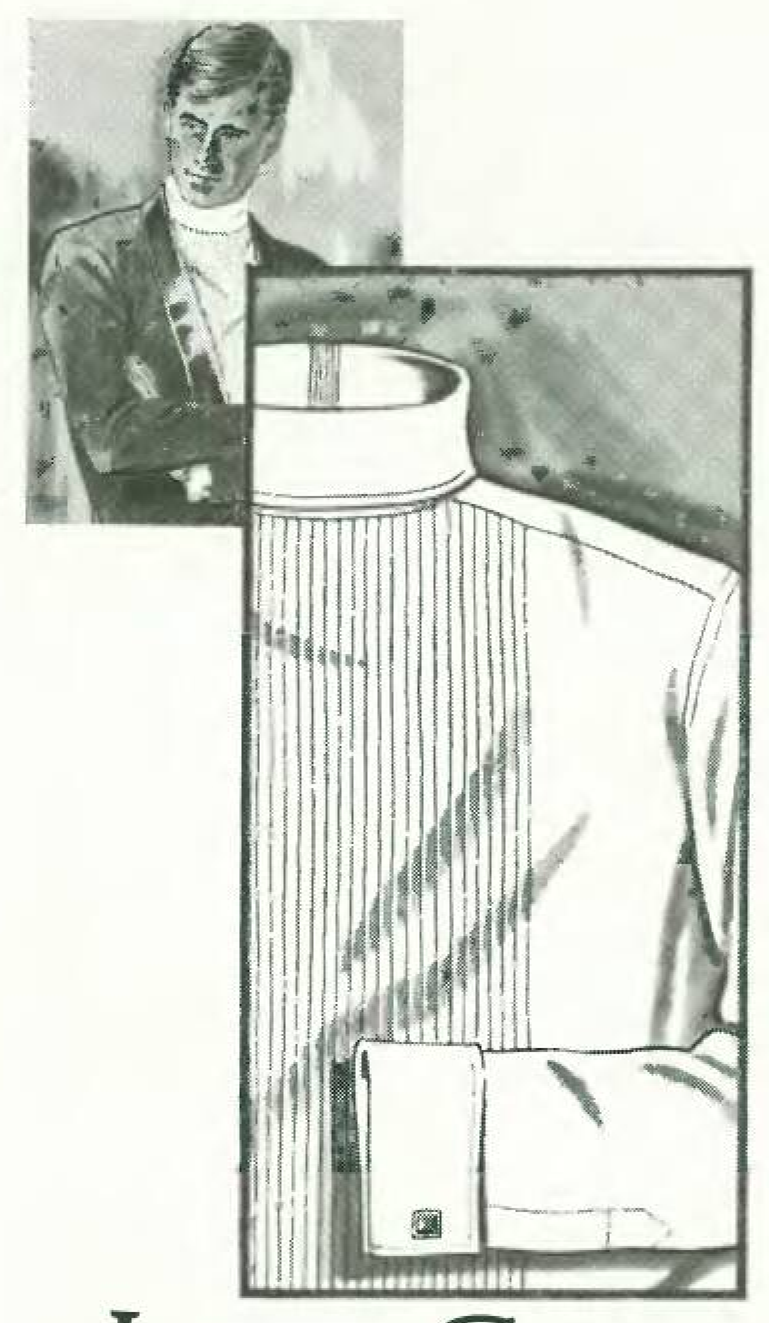

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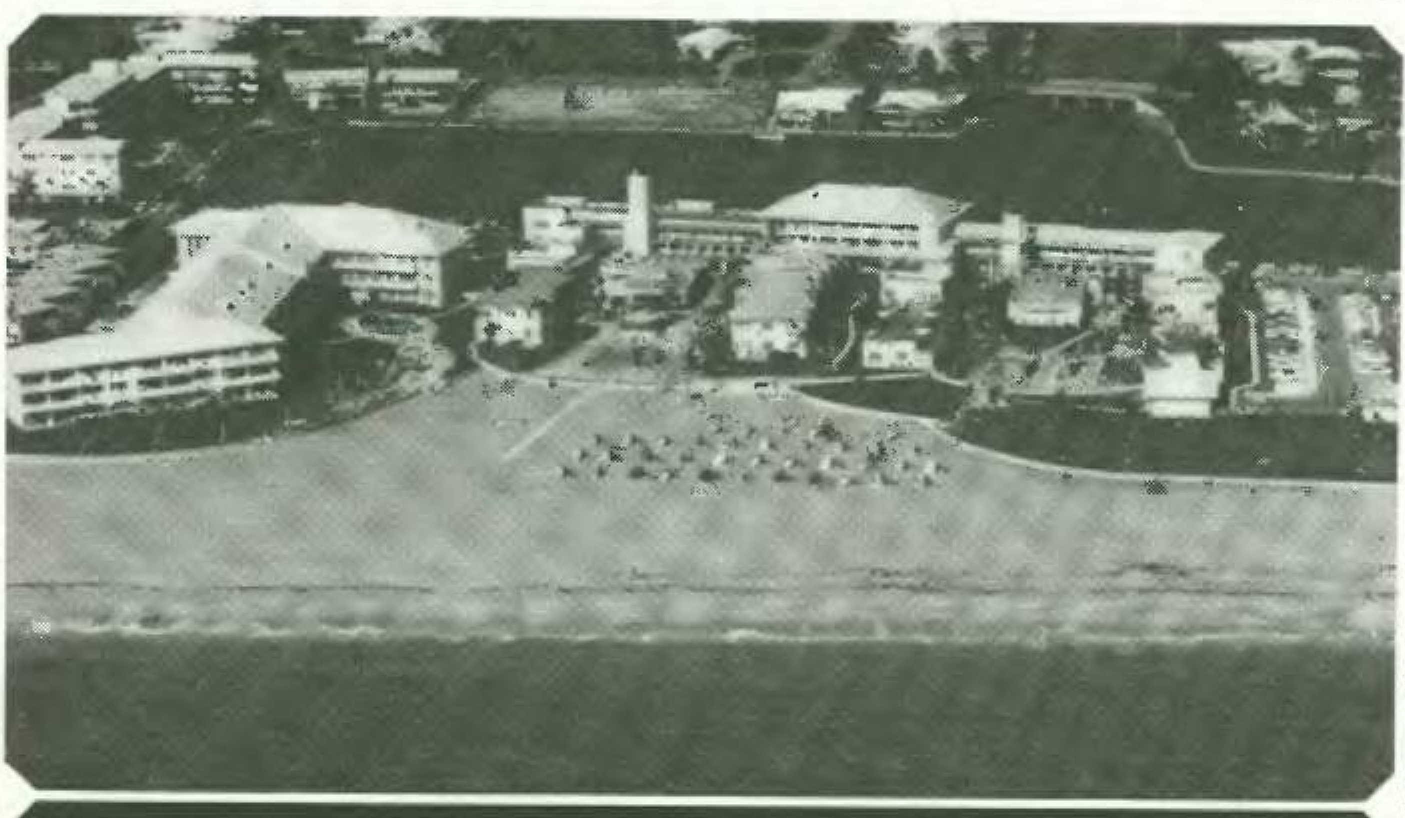

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or from the terraces of Akbar's fort. When the authorities were finally able to assert control, they stopped the special trains bound for the *mela*, cordoned off the bathing area for the remainder of the day, and made what use they could of the police. The casualties nevertheless continued to grow. Official estimates put the number of dead—who included pilgrims so disfigured that they could not be identified—at five hundred, and the number of injured at twice that. Unofficial estimates put the numbers of dead and injured much higher—in the thousands. The dead were cremated on the banks of the rivers and their ashes immersed in the sacred waters, as is the Hindu practice.

THE LOINS OF THE EARTH ARE BETWIXT THE GANGA AND THE YAMUNA: Today, I am in Allahabad, which, like the other Indian cities, is a jumble of British, Muslim, and Hindu influences. The British Allahabad, which now exists only for the benefit of a few educated Indians, takes in the military and civil cantonments, the race course, the clubs, and the university. The Muslim Ilahabas is well represented by Akbar's great fort, which lies three miles to the east of the city, but the wedge of land has by now been so eroded that the water flows very close to the embankment, leaving a correspondingly larger sandbank at Jhusi, across the Ganga. The ancient Hindu Prayaga can be observed in the parched, dusty, but joyful faces of tens of thousands of pilgrims coming to the city on the Grand Trunk Road—some in buses, tongas, ekkas, or bullock carts, some on bicycles, horses, or even elephants, but most on foot, patiently trudging, with loads on their heads, as if they had been walking for years.

The country is in mourning for the death of Prime Minister Shastri, at Tashkent, but the *mela* goes on, and at one point on the day before Amavasya I find myself resting in a tent—pitched near the *sangam*—which I have reserved in advance, and composing a letter to Roy and Miss Devi, who print in "Kumbha" a letter to a friend relating some of their experiences at the Purna Kumbha *mela* of 1954:

> I have heard from you such a lot about the *sadhus* you have met [their letter says] that I may as well return the compliment by telling you about a few *we* have had the good fortune to contact here—at the Kumbha *mela*.
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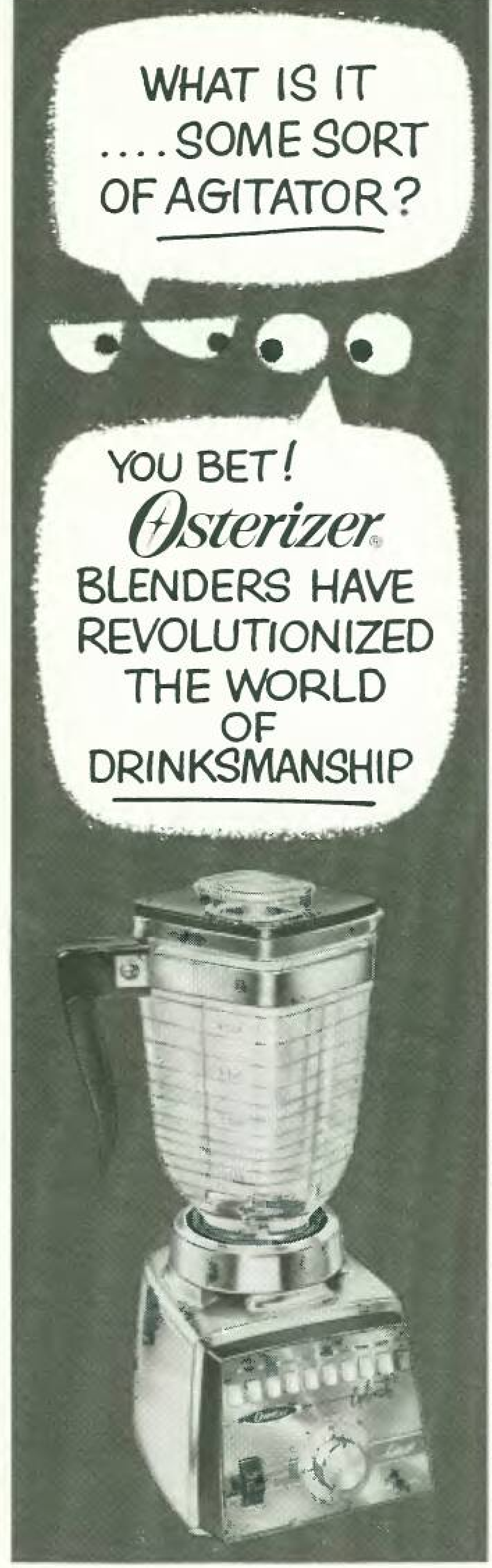

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Reality, the Great Reality that *is* India—where dreams come true and the dynasty of the holy still abides! We may well be proud. But to begin . . .

And my letter, never sent, begins, "Once, in your book, you resorted to a letter, as though that perfunctory but intimate form were the best you had at your disposal for conveying an impression of the *mela*. I have just spent some time at Jhusi, which is one vast stretch of saffron tents interrupted by straw huts, by sheds roofed with sheets of corrugated iron, by bamboo towers, and by bamboo poles flying the flags or signs of every imaginable sect of *sadhus*. And though I am not clear yet about what those dreams are that come true here, at times I did feel as though I were sleepwalking through some celestial bazaar. Or was it a medieval battlefield with hordes of Saracens in disarray? No, perhaps it was an ancient camp of Hannibal. Every man or beast was covered with dust. In front of the tents, which seemed to extend nearly to the horizon, camp fires burned. By the camp fires, beneath the open sky, were huddles of squatting *sadhus* and milling or motionless crowds of pilgrims. Now and again, I passed an elephant, festooned with flower garlands and embroidered rugs. All along the way, beggars held out their bowls, into which pilgrims dropped coins or grain. There were naked *sadhus* and *sadhus* opulently robed. There were *sadhus* wearing loincloths and marigolds, with horizontal stripes of ash on their foreheads. There were *sadhus* with ash-smeared naked bodies, offering *ghee*, *jaggery*, and *sesamum* to a sacrificial fire that crackled in a brazier, and chanting '*Hari Ram, Hari Krishna, Hari Om*.' Elsewhere, *sadhus* were shaking bells or clapping tongs or cymbals, or were singing or haranguing crowds over loudspeakers, or were leaping up and down, or were hanging by their feet from trees. Here was a *sadhu* reclining on a bed of thorns; there was a *sadhu* waist-deep in mud; nearby, a *sadhu* stood on one foot, and opposite him another balanced himself on one arm; farther along were *sadhus* fixed in still other yogic contortions. Beyond, a man wearing a skimpy loincloth was in the middle of a ritualistic dance to the music of a harmonium. Then, there was a group of seated men, each with a finger pressed to his lips. Opposite them sat other men, each with his forefingers in his ears. The names of the sects of *sadhus* were as endless as the ways they conceived of God: for the Vedantists, it was as the One; for the Vaishnavas, as all things; for the Shankarites, as the self; for the Tantriks, as the doctrines in their sacred books; for the Shaktas, as Kali; for the Shaivas and Avadhutas, as Mother Ganga—all, of course, overlapping even as they asserted their contradictions."

Since at the *mela* anyone can go anywhere and talk to anyone, I visit a number of the *sadhus'* camps at Jhusi. On a *gaddi* of straw in one tent, pitched a little apart from the others, a man sits silent and withdrawn, like a *guru*. Near him sits a fast-talking man who is answering questions addressed to the silent man by an Indian filmmaker.

"Looking at your face, I get the impression you have achieved great peace," the filmmaker is saying, in Urdu. "In your eyes there is this wonderful glow of happiness. How do you achieve this peace?" He adds, "This question may seem very foolish to you, but I would like to know if you encounter any difficulty in keeping your vow of celibacy?"

"How do I know you're not a spy?" the fast-talking man asks.

"Spy for what?" the filmmaker cries.

The man on the *gaddi* seems about to say something, but the fast-talking man speaks up again. "You could be a spy for another *akhara*, or a spy for the government," he says.

The filmmaker courteously identifies himself as Habib Tanvir and explains that he is shooting a documentary on the Kumbha *mela*, which he hopes to sell to the B.B.C.

The fast-talking man listens warily, and then says, "The question you ask about peace would take months to answer, because the answer is very difficult, and I would have to go through many highways and byways. As for the other matter, if you have had that experience, it's much more difficult. It's not at all difficult for us, because we have never had that experience."

One large colony of tents is marked by a sign that reads "Spiritual Regeneration Movement Foundation of India." This is the headquarters of Maharishi

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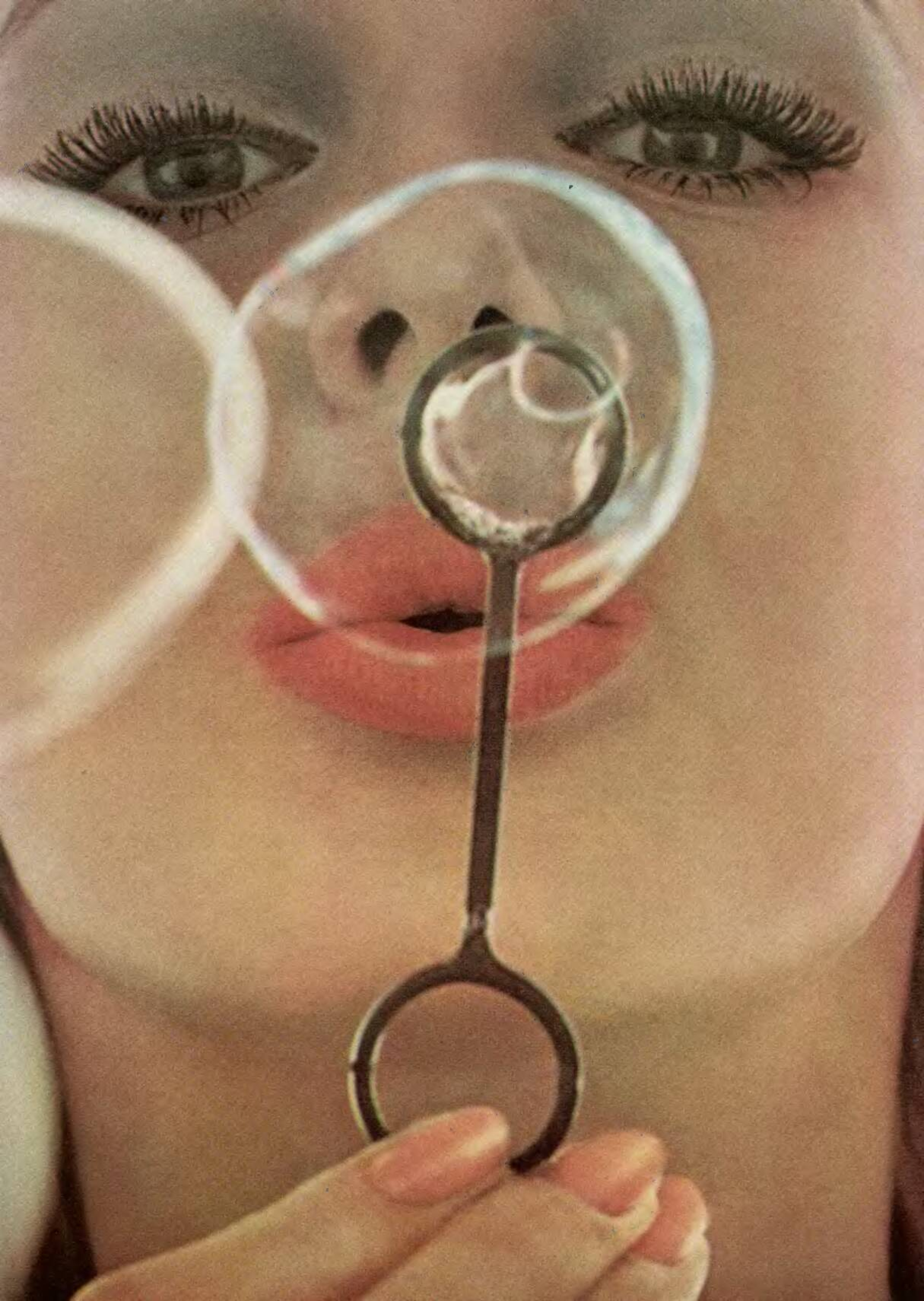

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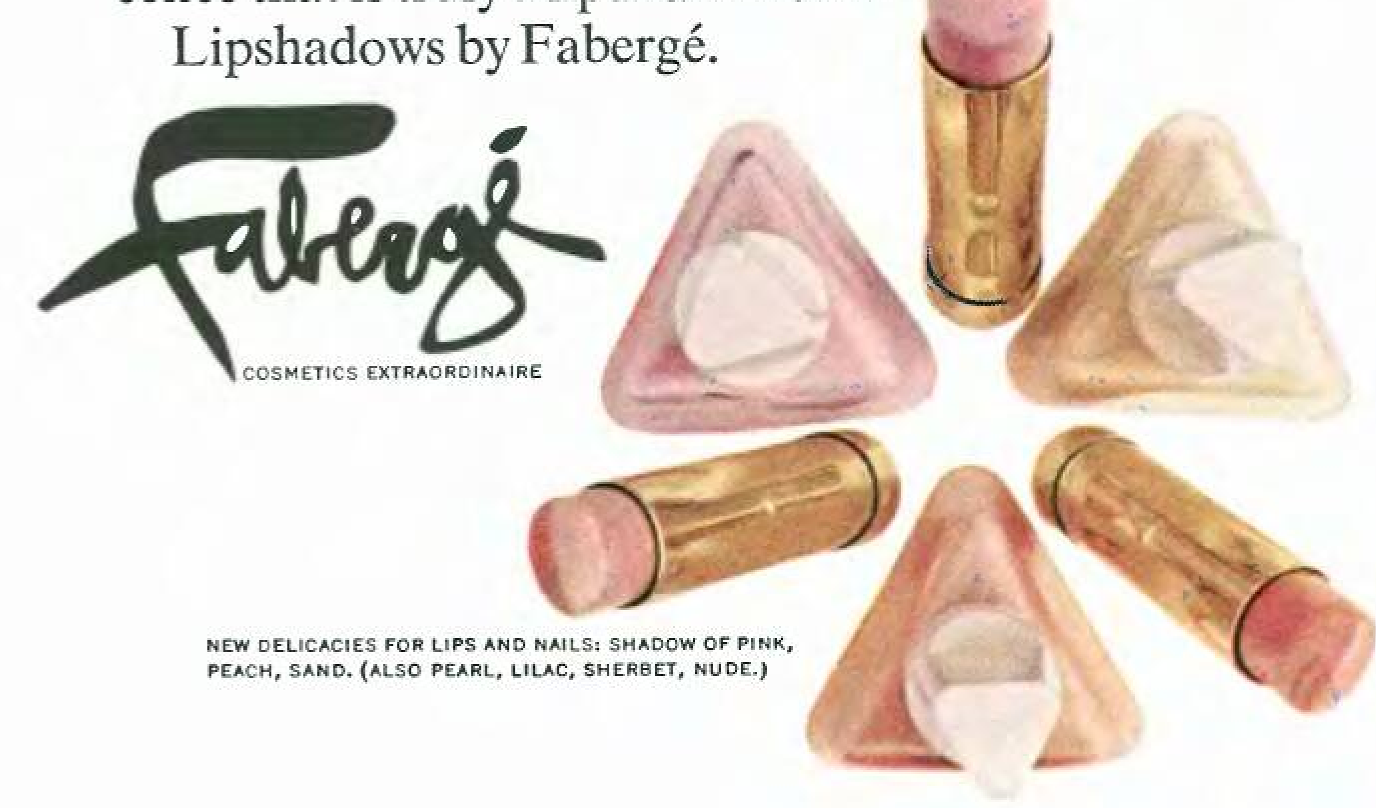

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Mahesh Yogi. I know of him, or know the few available facts about him (all uncorroborated): that he was born around 1910; that his father was a revenue inspector; that he attended Allahabad University; that he worked in a factory for a time; that for some years he studied in the Himalayas with the *jagadguru* (Sanskrit for "universal teacher") Shankaracharya of Badri ka Ashram; and that, unlike most Indian sages, who use one religious title, he prefers to use two—Maharishi, which is Sanskrit for "great seer," and Yogi, which is from the Sanskrit "*yoga*," meaning "effort." Inside the first tent, which is packed with such items as tomato sauce, cornflakes, soap, toothpaste, and chewing gum—all imports, to judge from the labels—a man in a brown lounge suit and with a vermilion mark on his forehead comes up to me. He tells me his name and continues, in English, "I am America-returned. I am M.A. and Ph.D. in public administration from the States. Guruji has fifty-four *chelas* from distant foreign lands here at Kumbha. I myself am going to be initiated on this Amavasya, when Guruji will recite some *mantras* to me by the side of Mother Ganga, and I will recite them back. I met the Guruji only a month ago. After I set my eyes on Guruji, I left my five children to follow him."

He takes me to an open area among the tents, where many Westerners, some in Indian dress, are standing around a serving table finishing a meal of macaroni and custard. I accept a small dish of custard from a girl in Western dress. She has very long eyelashes and the slightly bored expression of a fashion model.

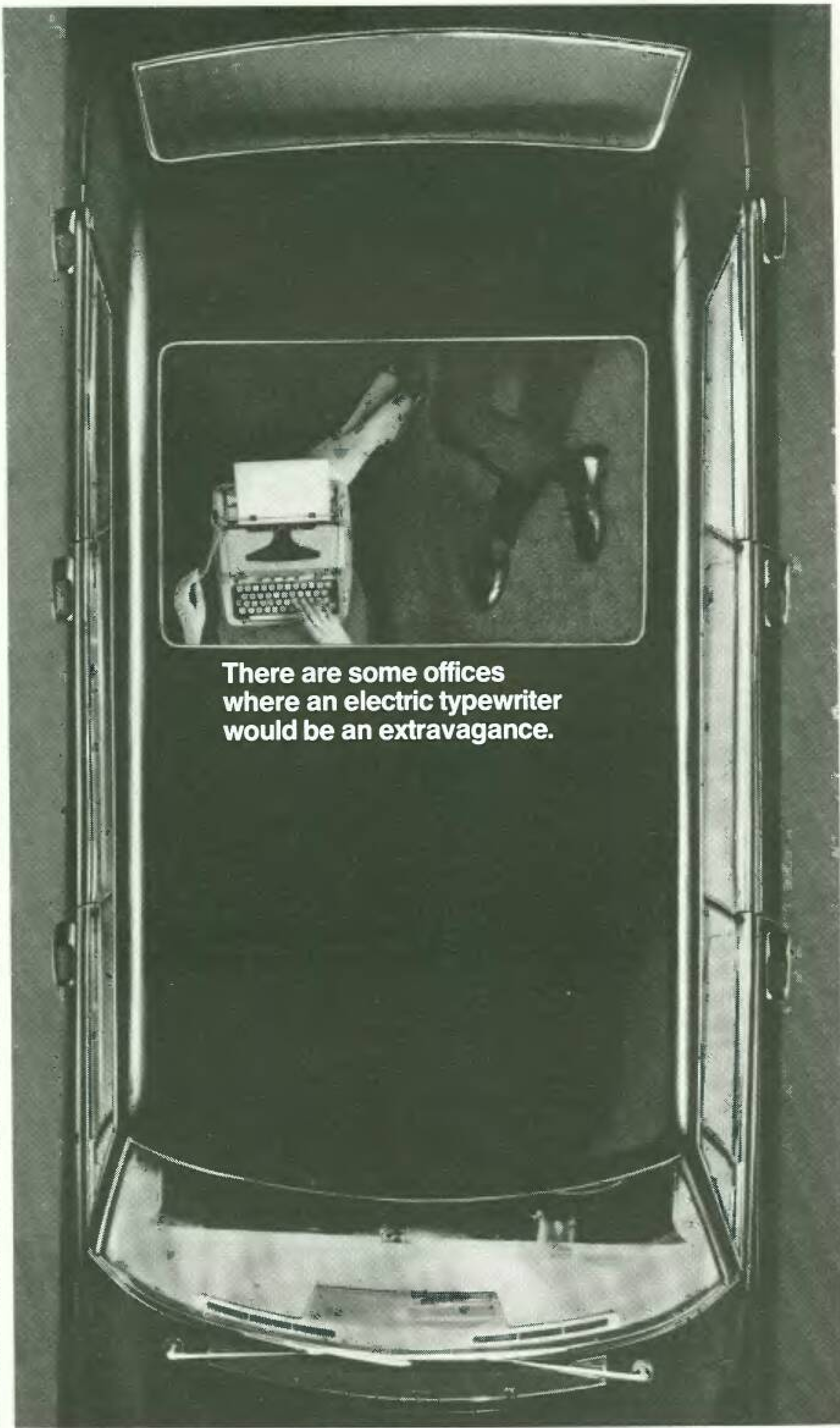
"Where are you from?" I ask her.

"From Canada," the girl replies. "Guruji is a fact, and, like a fact, he manifested himself to me in Canada."

When I ask her to tell me something about the Spiritual Regeneration Movement, she says tersely, "You must address any questions you have to Guruji himself."

An Englishwoman joins us. "Guruji has been around the world six times, and now we have a half-dozen Spiritual Regeneration Movement Centers in Britain," she says. "They teach Guruji's simple technique of meditation."

The members of the group start moving into a tent. They arrange themselves as best they can on the floor in front of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, a merry-looking little man with smooth skin, blunt features, and long, well-oiled hair. He is dressed in a flowing cream-colored silk robe. Three tape re-



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corders stand near him on the floor, as sacred books might surround another *guru.*

Maharishi Mahesh Yogi urges the audience to ask questions, and I ask a general question about the nature of his movement.

He asks me to identify myself, and when I do, he says, in English, in a soft, rich, bemused voice, "All I teach is a simple method of meditation. We are all conscious on a mundane level, but beneath that consciousness, in each one of us, there is an ocean vaster than any in the world. It's there that most new thoughts originate. The bridge between the mundane level of consciousness and the ocean is meditation—not reading, because if you read you can have only second-hand thoughts. Meditation expands the consciousness and leads to the greatest production of goods and services. The ultimate test of my method of meditation is therefore its utility—the measure of the usefulness of people to society. Through my method of meditation, the poor can become as rich as the rich, and the rich can become richer. I taught my simple method of meditation to a German cement manufacturer. He taught the method to all his employees and thereby quadrupled the production of cement. As I said when addressing a meeting in the Albert Hall, in London, my technique does not involve withdrawal from normal material life. It enhances the material values of life by the inner spiritual light. My method is, in my London example, 'like the inner juice of the orange, which can be enjoyed without destroying the outer beauty of the fruit. This is done simply by pricking the orange with a pin again and again, and extracting the juice little by little, so that the inner juice is drawn out on the surface, and both are enjoyed simultaneously.' "

During the rest of the session, which goes on for a few hours, with the tape recorders running, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi expounds on his simple method of meditation. He has a way of dismissing everything. Not only does he rule out at the start all questions concerning morality, theology, and philosophy—implying at one point that men are free to do anything in their personal lives, to themselves or to others, as long as, by the technique of meditation, they experience the bliss that is within themselves—but he seems to remove himself from the whole process of intellectual discourse by giggling at every question put to him and then at his own answer to the question, so one feels that no matter how long one talked to him one

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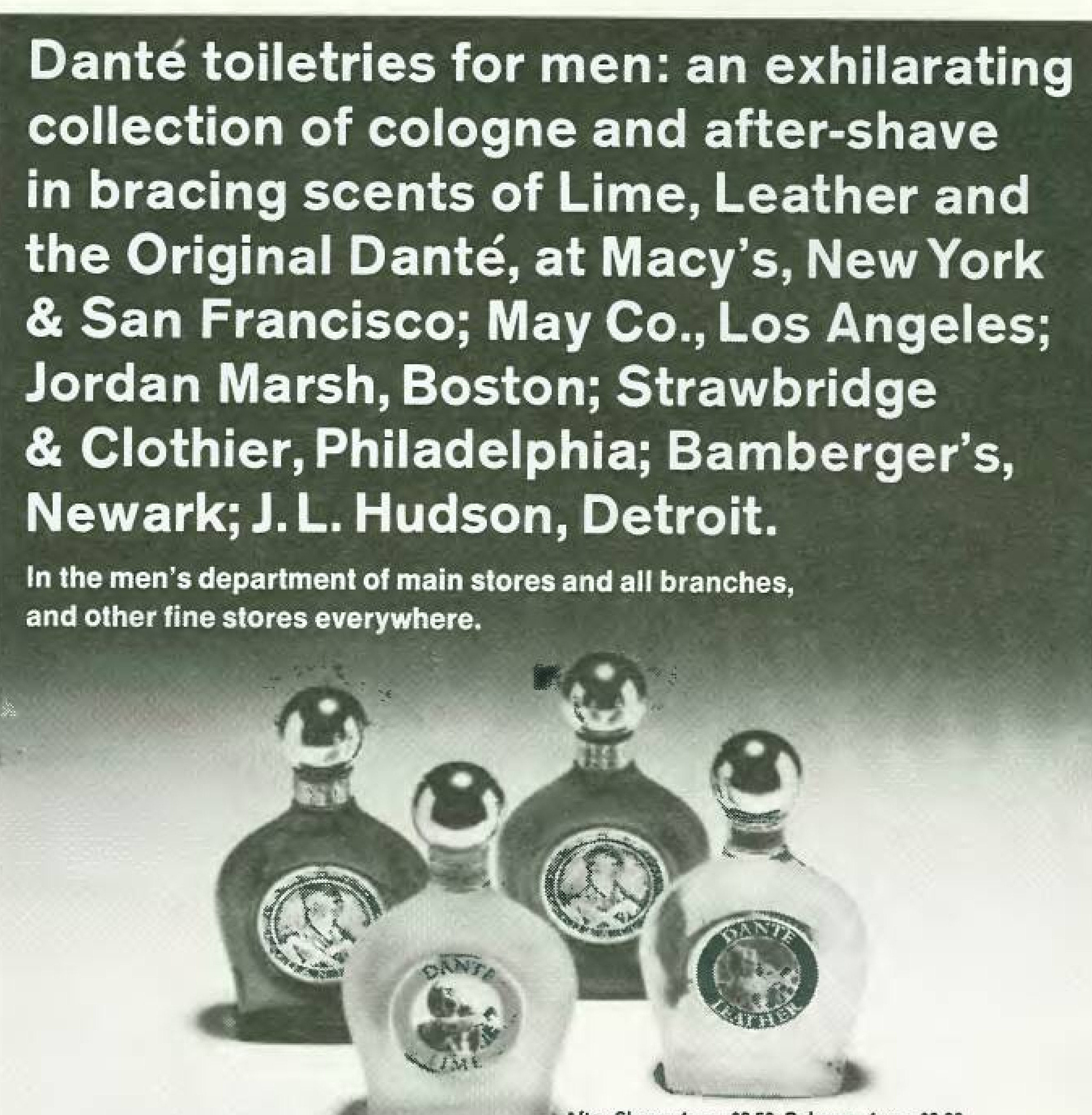

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would come away with, at worst, chagrin at having been ridiculed and, at best, vague excitement at having been tantalized. He does not satisfactorily answer any question. (If by a few minutes of meditation a day the poor can become rich, why do they continue to be poor? Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's answer is that they are too indolent to master his simple method of meditation.)

The literature of the movement is equally unsatisfactory. One of its newsletters carries an excerpt from a B.B.C. television interview that Robert Kee, the B.B.C.'s star interviewer, had with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi:

KEE: Maharishi Mahesh Yogi brings with him an allegedly very simple technique of meditation which enables man to do away with all his inner conflicts and tensions both individually and in society as a whole. This technique of meditation, it appears from Maharishi's published sayings, doesn't involve any sort of abandonment of worldly desires or any monkish withdrawal from life at all. Nor are any physical exercises involved in it or any sort of self-deprivation or abstinence.

Now in America, this teaching of Maharishi has been hailed as a non-medicinal tranquillizer, and an improvement on sleeping pills. It's been noted there that people who practice it look younger, and even get on better with their relatives. But Maharishi contends that these are but ordinary side effects or by-products of his teaching, and that the important thing about his teaching is that it enables the ordinary man to get in touch with that Kingdom of God which Christianity teaches is within everyone.

Now, first, Maharishi, could you tell me just how you arrived at this technique. . . . Can anyone learn it?

MAHARISHI: Everyone can do it, because it doesn't need doing, it only needs allowing the mind to fathom more joyful regions of one's own inner personality. . . . The nervous system should be intact, a disabled nervous system won't do. the inner Being of man is blissful, the mind coming into that blissful Being which is the Kingdom of Heaven within. . . . So that process of going within is very simple and anyone can do it.

BY one of the tents, a number of *nagas*, all quite rotund, sit around a smoky fire. Most of them have mischievous expressions, though their eyes appear glazed. "Join in! Join in!" they call out to me, in Hindi, as I approach. Every one of them is ebulliently puffing a hookah or a cheroot, and the atmosphere is a little dizzying. "Come and sit awhile," one of them says. He wears a bracelet made of hippopotamus hide, as a talisman against illness, and by nodding frequently he jangles three silver chains

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around his neck, from one of which hangs a flaming-red stone. He is called Bhola Nath, he tells me.

"How did you travel to the Kumbha?" I ask these men, sitting down among them. Their nakedness, I know, must have prevented them from using public transport.

Some of them nudge each other with familial camaraderie. Bhola Nath breaks into a grin, and asks, "How did *you* come to the Kumbha?"

"By train," I say. The reply arouses general mirth.

"We came on the power of *ganja*, *bhang*, and *charas*," Bhola Nath says, referring to three narcotics made from the hemp plant and commonly eaten or smoked. "Would you like a dream smoke?"

I decline, with thanks.

"Then we came on the backs of elephants and horses," Bhola Nath continues.

"Where do you make your home?" I ask.

"On the backs of elephants and horses," Bhola Nath says. He adds, becoming a little more serious, "The villagers along the way always give all the *sadhus* lodging and food. They know we are coming when they hear our conchs and gongs."

"You spend all your time travelling?" I ask.

"We sleep on the backs of elephants and horses," Bhola Nath says. "We must travel all the time, because we go to every Kumbha—Haridwar Kumbha, Nasik Kumbha, Ujjain Kumbha, and Prayaga Kumbha."

"But the *mela* comes only once in three years," I say. "The distances between these places could be covered in a few weeks."

"But *we* take three years to get from one Kumbha to another," Bhola Nath says emphatically. "We travel very slowly. You know how elephants travel? We travel like them." All the *nagas* around the fire laugh.

"Why do you go naked? What is the theory behind it?" I ask the assembly.

"As a baby, you have no shame," Bhola Nath says affably. "You snuggle happily in your mother's lap. That is the age when you are most loving and affectionate. You love your mother and father without self-consciousness, and you instinctively know the oneness of life. You grow up, you start giving yourself airs, and you reject your mother, who brought you into the world. You start wearing pantaloons and shoes, and you think there is something sinful about sitting in your mother's lap. You are no longer innocent. You have shame, because you've become guilty. You can't love your mother any longer. Now, take you. You've become a *babu*. No doubt you wear fancy suits, you have a lot of education, but you are full of shame and guilt. We are not full of shame and guilt, because we go naked." He buttresses his argument with a bit of verse:

> "You move from fifth standard to sixth standard,
> You go from more awareness to less awareness.
> You move from sixth standard to seventh standard,
> You go from less ignorance to more ignorance."

I AM now in a tent filled with serene-looking women. They are sitting at the feet of another woman, who looks to be in her seventies. She is bundled up in a coarsely woven black blanket, which is faded, dirty, and patched. Her face is fine and bright, with the sweet expression that elderly ladies in India seem to acquire like gray hair. Everyone addresses her as "Mataji" (Hindi for "mother"). When I am presented to her, she invites me to sit down.

"Ask Mataji something," the women in the tent say, almost in unison.

"I have been living abroad, and the question I want to ask you may sound a little strange," I say hesitantly. "But all the while I've been walking through Jhusi, the question that has been going through my head—"

"Ask your question," the chorus cuts in.

"Well, I've been wondering how one gets *chelas*—how one becomes a *guru*," I say. "I would like to know how your sect got started."

"Our sect is called Kali Kumbli Vali, child," Mataji says. She speaks rustic Punjabi. "And Kali Kumbli Vali, as you know, means 'the lady of the black blanket.' I am the Kali Kumbli Vali. I was born into a very good family in Rawalpindi. Some of my relatives were doctors and lawyers, and one of my close relatives was a judge. I was married into a very good family, too, and my husband also had relatives who were doctors and lawyers, but my husband died when I was ten years old. And, child, as you should know, in our country marriage can be entered into only once, so, a widow of ten without education but with much life before me, I had nothing to do. I started sitting with some ladies who were my neighbors and who knew about godly matters. So I came to know about godly matters, too, and

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some other widows and such ladies started coming and sitting with me. And so I fell into the godly way. Now Kali Kumbli Vali is known in the four corners as a refuge for widows, and when mothers lose their husbands and want to follow the godly path, they ask their way to my abode, in Haridwar. Many know about me, and they direct the good widows to me."

"She has *shakti*," the chorus says. ("*Shakti*" is Sanskrit for "capability," but sometimes also means "female essence.")

A demure young disciple adds, "She has *shakti*, so people follow her. We don't have *shakti*, and no one follows us. But everyone follows and obeys Mataji."

Another disciple, who is toothless and seems to be the oldest member of the congregation, says, "You see, most people are born upside down, and they haven't any *shakti*. A few people are born with their feet first, and they have *shakti*, and they show the way. Most people are so unfortunate that they can't even find someone who was born feet first to follow. Mataji is one with *shakti*, for she was born feet first."

IN the village of Arail, which lies on the right bank of the Yamuna, and which is being used this year, for the first time, to enlarge the *mela* area to two thousand acres, there is, instead of the Jhusi crowds, the eerie, abandoned feeling of a ghost town. It is peopled with dust devils, which dance down the lanes and across the sand dunes to the temple of Satyababa (Hindi for "old man of truth"). Near one of the temple walls is Satyababa himself, lying on a lion's skin under a beach umbrella, as if to leave no room for doubt that even though he is alone, he is one of the leading *gurus* in residence at Arail. He is a bulky man, naked to the waist, and he has an impressive beard. He bestirs himself to greet me in Hindi.

"How did you get your name?" I ask.

"I gave myself the name, because I am the truthful father, and all people are my children!" he says, in a shout, as if he were born to sing hymns of praise.

Satyababa acquired his reputation as a *guru* in 1962. On February 5th of that year, the moon's eclipse of the sun coincided with the conjunction of Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the earth. Many Hindus and Buddhists all over India were persuaded that the eclipse—interpreted as the serpent Rahu swallowing up the sun—

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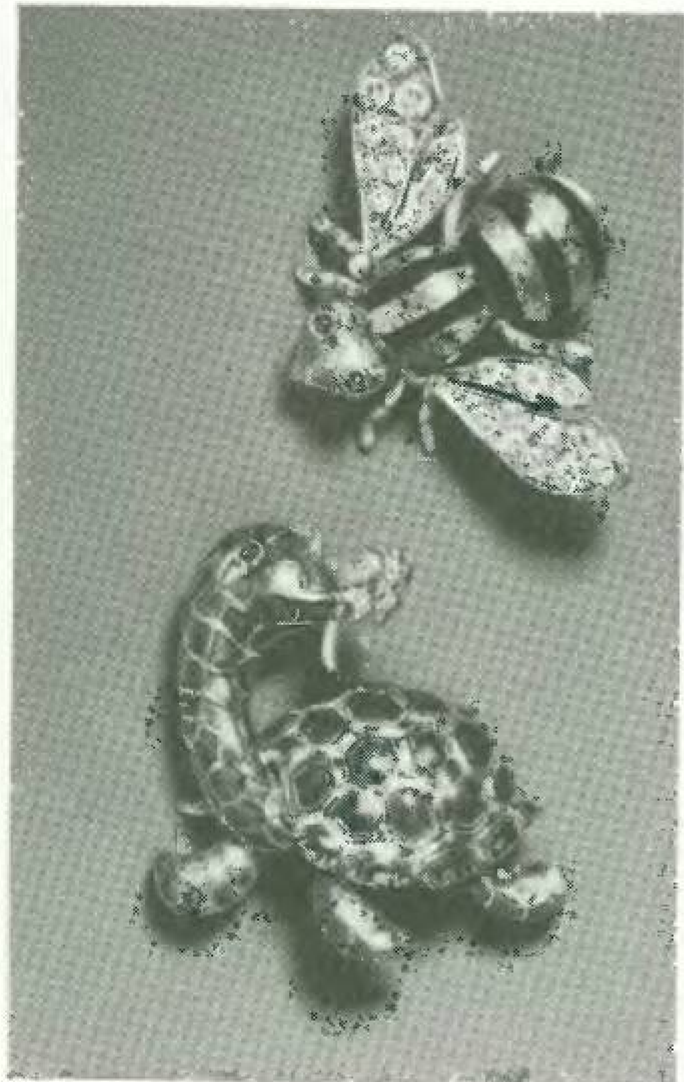

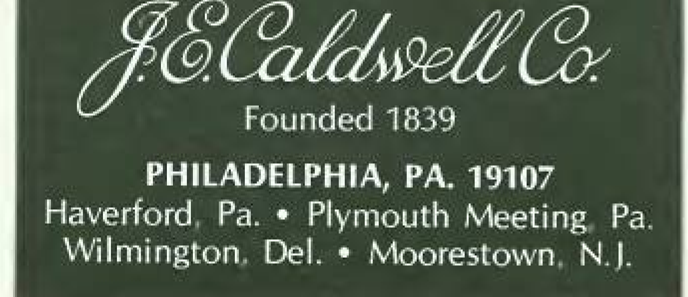

signified the end of the world. (An identical phenomenon occurring some millennia earlier had caused the earth-shaking war of the Mahabharata, it was believed.) To placate the wrath of the gods, public prayer meetings were held around *havans* (Hindi for "sacrificial fire") in many cities in India. One leader of such prayer meetings was Satyababa, who had collected considerable sums to buy *ghee* in order to feed his *havan* in Allahabad.

I ask him now about his particular role.

"I have not yet quite saved the world!" he shouts. "But I lighted the *havan* in 1960 and kept it going for two years in order to avert the influences of the conjunction. Although the faithless world doesn't know it, I've averted the disaster only temporarily. People think the evil conjunction is past, but the curse is still upon us. I had this temple erected with some gifts from openhanded landlords, and my disciples are keeping up uninterrupted twenty-four-hour prayers. We shall see what we shall see."

ANANDA, who is camped with the *sadhus* in Jhusi, is regarded as one of the most important Hindu religious leaders in India. She has a large following throughout the country. She has been taken seriously by Hindu intellectuals brought up in the skeptical tradition of the West, among them Nehru, and some of her devotees, sequestered in a score of *ashrams* (Hindi for "hermitage") founded by her congregation, believe that she has been sent to this world to spread divine light, and even that she is an incarnation of Kali, the wife of Shiva and the goddess of destruction (some images show Kali garlanded with serpents and dancing on the supine body of Shiva), or else an incarnation of Sarasvati, a river goddess for whom both the legendary river in the *sangam* and a high-caste sect of Brahmans is named; in fact, Sarasvati, because she is the goddess of speech, is, in some myths, the mother of the Vedas and also the goddess of wisdom, science, and music, the inventor of the Devanagari alphabet, and the wife of Brahma himself (some images show Sarasvati riding on a swan or a peacock and holding a lute and a manuscript). Ananda, like many other present-day Hindu religious leaders, relies on her exemplary life and on her presence to inspire followers, but, unlike many of the others, she is the subject of a written gospel, which was set down by Jyotish Chandra Ray, one of her main disciples. Ray first came in contact with

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Ananda in 1924, when he was forty-four years old. When he died, thirteen years later, he had just completed a record of his feverish, intense relationship with Ananda. This record, which was written in Bengali (both Ananda and Ray came from eastern Bengal), was published in Bengali in 1937, in Hindi, by Ananda's *sangha* (Sanskrit for "association" or "congregation"), in 1951, and in English, in a translation by G. Das Gupta, in 1952. The book has enjoyed wide acclaim; indeed, some readers in the West as well as in the East place it among the contemporary religious classics of the world.

According to Ray's book, which is titled "Mother as Revealed to Me"—devotees address Ananda as "Mother"—Ananda was born Nirmala Devi Bhattacharji, a high-caste Brahman, in 1896, in a small village in the district of Tippera. Her parents were simple, poor, pious people, natives of the district. As a child, Nirmala did not receive any formal education. She neither opened a book nor learned to write. She was not entrusted to any *guru* for spiritual instruction. She was regarded by the other people in the village, who themselves could neither read nor write, as mentally retarded, apparently because she was moody and distracted, talked and gesticulated to plants and trees, and was forgetful to the extent of becoming unaware of her surroundings and of being unable to recall things that she had been told only a few minutes before. When she was twelve, she was given in marriage to Srijut Ramani Mohan Chakravarty, who was engaged in some form of social work. For the next few years, husband and wife, sometimes together, sometimes separately, lived with relatives in various cities in Bengal. While Mrs. Chakravarty was still in her teens, she became a vehicle for certain supernatural phenomena.

> Many *mantras* spontaneously came from her lips [Ray reports] and many images of Gods and Goddesses flashed out of her body. Her limbs spontaneously formed into various yogic poses.... The currents of the outer and inner worlds ceased to affect her altogether. She looked like one reposing in the absolute calm of the Self.

Such manifestations recurred—Mrs. Chakravarty once lost the power of speech for three years—and her husband, afraid that she might be possessed, sought the help of exorcists, who found their craft useless and, dazzled by what they saw, retreated in awe. In 1923, the Chakravartys were invited to take up residence in Dacca—in

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the Shah-Bagh, the private gardens belonging to the Nawab of Dacca. Ray, as it happened, had been living in Dacca since 1918. After completing his education in Chittagong, where he was born, and working for the government in Calcutta, he had come to Dacca as a government servant. In spite of his proximity to Mrs. Chakravarty, he did not hear of her until she had been there for a year. By then, she was leading a few devotees in *kirtana* (Sanskrit for "the singing of hymns") and was being called the Mother of Shah-Bagh. Ray had been looking for a spiritual mother since his childhood.

> I lost my mother when I was but a small boy [Ray recalls]. I have heard my relations say that my eyes used to swim in tears whenever I heard infants babbling out "Ma, Ma;" and that I would soothe my heart by lying on the floor and weeping silently.
>
> My father was a saintly person. During my very childhood the deep religious spirit of his life implanted in me seeds of divine aspiration. In 1908, I had my initiation in *shakti mantra* from our family *guru*. On that account I had to worship the Mother Divine. When I could pour out all my devotional fervour with "Ma, Ma," during my prayer time, I found great relief and happiness. Even then I could hardly realize that Mother is the fountainhead of supreme joy and happiness for all living beings. There was an over-powering desire in me to find such a Living Mother who, by her loving glances, could transform my storm-tossed soul. I approached many saintly persons and was desperate enough even to consult astrologers for an answer to my query: "Shall I have the good fortune to meet such a Mother?" All held out high hopes.
>
> With that object in view, I visited many holy places and had the opportunity of meeting numerous spiritual personalities; but none could satisfy my desire.

Ray went to Shah-Bagh Gardens, met Chakravarty—who by now was addressed as "Pitaji" (Hindi for "father")—and was introduced to his wife. "It sent a thrill into my heart to see her serene yogic posture along with all the modesty and grace of a newly married girl," Ray writes. "My whole being was flooded with joy and every fibre of my body danced with ecstasy." The two sat near each other, both shy of speech. Ray longed to touch her feet (a Hindu gesture of homage), but something about her stopped him, and when she finally spoke, it was to rebuke him for his lack of spiritual appetite. He returned home unsatisfied and in a sulky mood. He felt slighted; she had not embraced him, like a mother. He felt he could not go to her again, and yet the wish to be with her would not let him rest. He discovered that from the garden wall, at a spot near a temple, he could, hidden from the world, feast his eyes on the object of his devotion whenever he chose. After seven agonizing months, he arranged to entertain her in his house. Once more, he was filled with intense joy by her presence. Once more, he tried to touch her feet. Once more, she stopped him—this time by withdrawing her feet out of his reach. But now, instead of sulking, he set about reading religious books, and even went to the length of writing one himself and dispatching it to her. She sent for him, and at their third meeting, during which Chakravarty was present, Ray felt like a little child reunited with his parents. Afterward, he sent his wife (in "Mother as Revealed to Me" Ray scarcely mentions his wife and son) to the Mother of Shah-Bagh with an offering of a diamond nose ring, a silver platter, flowers, sandalwood paste, and curds, and she ate from the silver platter. Ray explains that she had previously eaten off the bare floor, and that subsequently, for a period of a couple of years, she gave up eating with her fingers, because, though there appeared to be nothing wrong with them, whenever she raised food to her mouth, the food would slip through them. Devotees were given the task of feeding her, according to a strict regimen she had set up for herself. It consisted of a total of six grains of boiled rice—three grains in the course of the day and three grains in the course of the night—and two or three fruits that had fallen ripe from the tree. After several months, she relaxed the regimen, changing it to a daily ration of two ounces of boiled rice and lentils. As if this diet were not strict enough, there were days when she would not accept any food at all. After two years, she gave up this regimen, and then she would either eat a child's ration or, alternatively, gorge herself on food enough for a dozen people; once, she demanded more food after she had finished off a helping of rice pudding that had been made with five gallons of milk. On or off a regimen, she was like a little girl. She would lie down on the ground and go into a tantrum at the sight of nothing more than a dog eating a portion of food a little larger than her own for that day, and she would pass into ecstasy when she was presented with an offering of sweetmeats.

> The late Babu Tarak Bandhu Chakravarty [no relation of Ananda's husband] came walking about five miles with

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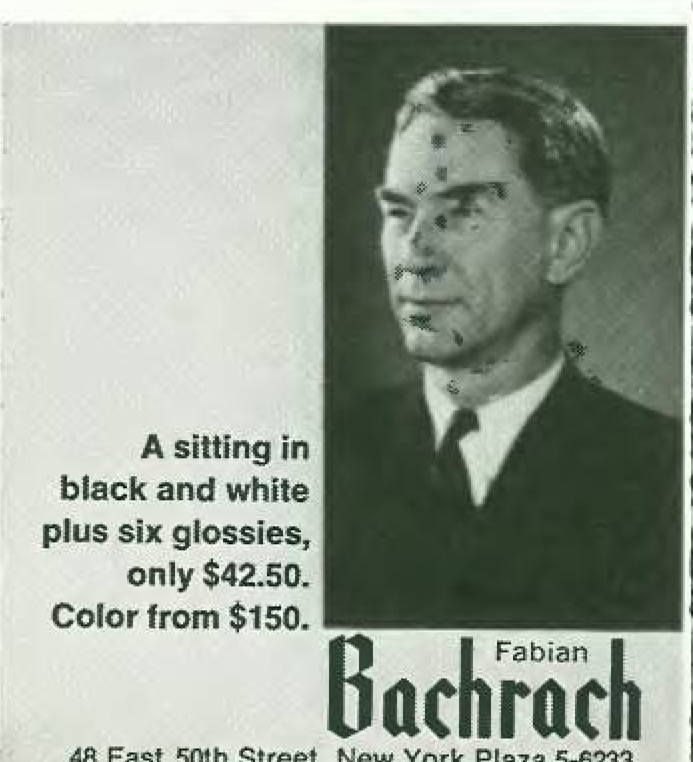
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some pure sweets prepared at his house from his own cow's milk [Ray recalls]. It was not yet dawn when he arrived. Mother was still in bed. Like an impatient child, the old man called out: "Ma, Ma, I have brought you some sweets prepared with special care; won't you eat them?" Mother sat up on her bed and without having washed her face, mouth, or hands, she at once began to eat the sweets from the hands of the old man. She clapped her hands with joy. Tears of gratitude for Mother's childlike love and affection rolled down Tarak Babu's cheeks.

The style of the gospel is partly epical ("We have seen Mother become as stern as a thunderbolt, although she is by nature as soft and tender as a flower") and partly biblical ("She will take the brunt of all your responsibilities from your shoulders and give you strength to bear the cross"); in essence, the writing is that of someone describing a succession of supernatural events. At one point, Ray relates that his own image unaccountably appeared in the background of a photograph of Ananda. Skeptics have explained this mystery as a photographer's trick (superimposing a picture of Ananda over one of Ray), but Ray preferred to think of it as a supernatural event—a sign of their spiritual union. Throughout his book, there are accounts of Ananda's powers of telekinesis, telepathy, and healing, and miracles like this one, which calls to mind the episode of the loaves and the fishes in the New Testament:

There was a *kirtana* party. . . . Food for about fifty to sixty people was prepared, but the number of guests swelled to about a hundred and twenty. Mother noticed it and till the end of the serving stood in a corner of the room where the food was kept. When all had eaten, it was found that some food was left over even then.

All these supernatural deeds are surrounded by a romantic aura. Ray dwells on Ananda's radiance, which enveloped everything around her; on her "gentle smile or loud laughter," which stopped quarrels among her devotees; and on the intense heat that emanated from any place where she happened to sit or lie down. Ballads and hymns praising her came to him spontaneously. Hymns came spontaneously to her, too. (The hymns were in the Vedic tradition, celebrating the light of the universe.) She sang his hymns in a voice "as sharp and piercing as a sword" or "as soothing as the evening zephyr." He collected his paeans in a book for her, titling one ballad "The Song of a Crazy Fellow." (She frequently told him, "I am only a crazy little daughter of yours.")

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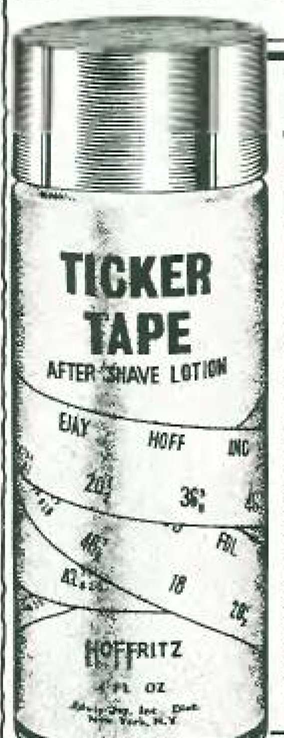

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middle of the day, Ray would be seized with a desire to see her. He would walk alone on his balcony, which was bathed in moonlight, and her image would float before his eyes. She would say to him, "You called me, and I have come." Always, she would uplift him with her love.

Whoever has watched Mother's bright face ever radiant with a smile [he writes], her childlike simplicity, her playful jokes flowing from a heart brimming over with joy, must have been charmed beyond measure. . . . A divine fragrance always emanates from her body, from her every breath, and from her clothes and bedding.

But he could not stop tormenting himself about his senses, which demanded other kinds of satisfaction. He had read in a treatise, "The man who hankers after the material objects of sense for the indulgence of the tongue, stomach, and sex cannot find Lord Krishna" (though Krishna was originally a voluptuary deity of the Hindus, they have come to think of him in connection with abnegation of the senses), and yet this was precisely his condition, almost to the point of madness. Once, Ananda accidentally killed a fly, and then lovingly held it in her closed hand for several hours. When she let it go, she asked Ray, who had been with her all the while, if he could aid the poor fly. He immediately swallowed it. On another occasion, she placed a glowing coal on her foot to test whether she could do this without feeling pain. (She learned that she could.) For a month, the burn would not heal. Finally, Ray licked the burn, and it began to heal.

The book is full of references to his *guru's* "holy feet." Though he probably touched her no more than three times in his life, and, when he was with her, hardly ever sat down, preferring always to stand respectfully a little to one side of her, people gossiped about them, and this gossip only multiplied Ray's doubts about his sensual appetites, but whenever he gave in to his doubts and resisted going to her, even for a few days, it seemed to him that she mocked him, and that her hold on him became tighter still; his attempts to exercise his will left him "dumb and inert." Ordinarily, he tried to be the first person to see her every day, arriving at her house by the light of dawn. Sometimes he would find her "sitting idly on one side of her bed with all the languor of sleep still over her eyelids." Together they would spend five, six, or seven hours taking walks in the fields. "Mother, how are you today?" he asked her once, in

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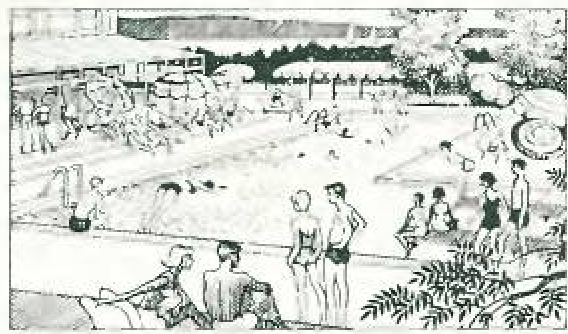

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the course of a ramble. The account continues:

> She responded with such an emphasis: "I am very, very well," that my whole being from head to foot throbbed and danced with the vibration of her words, and I halted on the way suddenly, almost losing myself.

Once, on the way to an *ashram*, Ananda sat down in a hollow in the ground. Ray recalls, "Her face was beaming with a smile, breathing radiant joy." He was moved to say, "From today we shall call Mother by the name of Anandamayi." She raised no objection, and from that moment she became Anandamayi. "Ananda," Sanskrit for "joy," is a masculine name; "Mayi" is a variation of "Mataji." She was soon addressed as "Sri Sri Anandamayi Ma," which in English would be "Venerable Venerable Joy Mother Mummy." It can be conjectured with a fair degree of certainty that the new name was meant to convey that the *guru* united in her person the male and female principles, especially since Ray reports that a lingam was later set up in the hollow. Perhaps it should be mentioned that among the Hindus it is the custom to give a woman an entirely new name upon her marriage.

The number of Ananda's devotees in the locality grew day by day, and so did the popularity of certain religious practices whose purpose was to channel the egoistical impulses into contemplation of God—to lose the self in "the Eternal Thou." Because the most elemental impulse of man was expressed in the sound "Ma" ("The first cry of a child as he emerges from the womb of his mother is 'Om-Ma' which is the same as 'Om,'" Ray writes; he probably means to suggest that the elemental sound "Ma" was as sacred as "Om"), devotees incessantly murmured "Ma" to themselves, hoping to make the sound as regular and as constant as their breathing. For them, "Ma" summed up the relationship between child and mother, man and God—all sacred books being ultimately a gloss on "Ma," and all names and forms being reducible to "Ma." Their particular Ma was at once more human and more godlike than anyone else they knew. If she laughed while she was playing with children, she would continue to laugh long after the games were over; if she cried at parting with her devotees, she would continue to cry long after they had ceased to cry; and if, as the rites of her cult dictated, a goat was sacrificed, she would take upon herself the blood of the goat by going through the motions of sacri-

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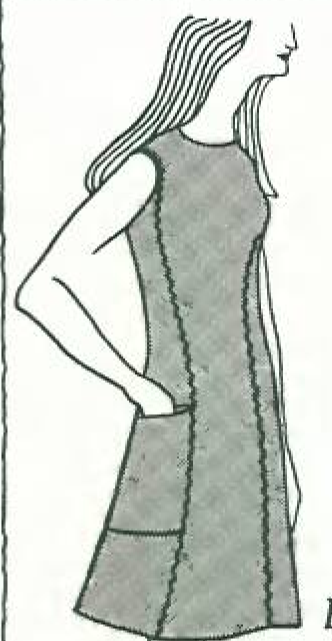

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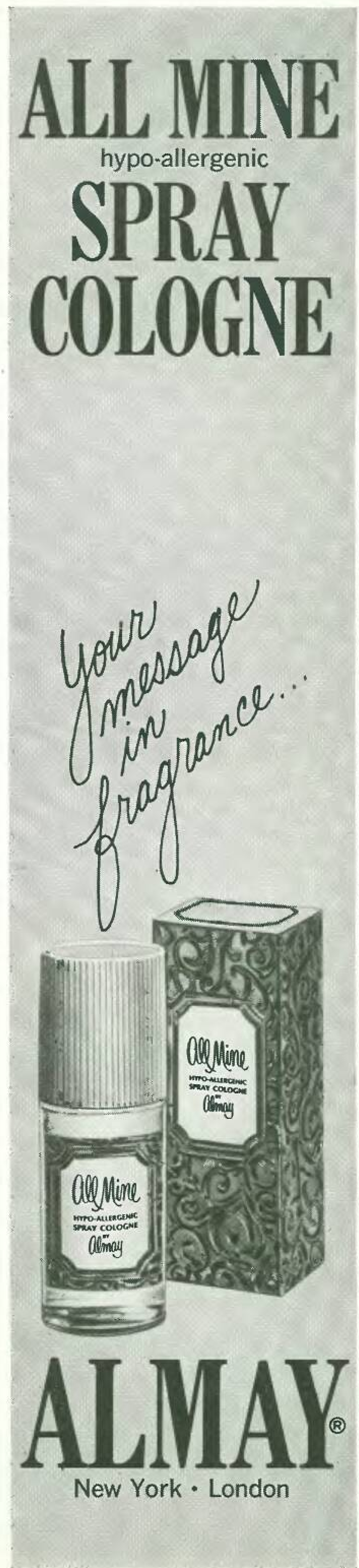

fice with herself as the goat, even to the point of tapping the knife on her neck. (When the goat was eventually killed, it was invariably found to be bloodless.) She would allow herself to be fondled like a bride, letting her devotees take turns brushing her teeth, washing her face, bathing her, changing her saris, combing her hair, and adorning her. She would give in to their whims, as when she permitted them to clothe her as a boy Krishna for photographs. In fact, she was greedy for every token of their tenderness, and sometimes seemed to them to be an animated doll, but, they felt, this simply happened to be the way God had chosen to manifest himself in a world of illusion. Had she not revealed to them that she was God incarnate when, during a Kali *puja* (Sanskrit for "worship"), instead of anointing the image of the goddess with sandalwood paste, as was the custom, she anointed herself and permitted herself to be worshipped? Combining in her person all the attributes of the universal mother, she had the capacity for winning, with one *darshana*, devotees for life, for comforting them with overpowering love, and for making them tingle with religious fervor.

The most important religious observance was the daily *kirtana*, which might go on well into the evening. These *kirtanas* (they sometimes included goats and dogs, which pressed against Ananda or nestled in her lap) were built around the repetition of the central sound symbol of the cult. To the accompaniment of a harmonium and bells, the devotees would raise their voices in resounding hymns of their faith:

> In joy and sorrow, in happiness
> and misery
> Call out Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma,
> Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma,
> Ma,
> Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma.

Or:

> Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma,
> Call Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma,
> Say Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma,
> Sing Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma,
> Worship Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma,
> Repeat Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma.
> Call, Say, Sing, worship, pray
> Ma, Ma, Ma.

As the devotees serenaded Ananda, her eyes would at times become fixed in a vacant stare, her limbs would relax, and her body would seem to melt down to the floor, or shrink away, leaving only her sari visible. At other times, she would dance lightly, for hours, to the rhythm of the music—her clothes trailing about her—and then collapse on the ground. She might remain prostrate with her body still writhing and undulating in the motion of the dance. She would breathe and twist in time to the hymns, sending "wavelike thrills" through the worshippers, who, transported though they were, might leave off singing in order to revive her. These "abnormal symptoms," as Ray calls them, are described at great length. The following passage is typical:

> Her breath became deep and prolonged; her whole body would twist right or left with an expression of languor and fatigue. She would then lie down on the floor or roll up like a bundle. . . . When any question was put to her, she would respond with one or two words in a very faint, soft voice. . . . She would feel a fine threadlike upward current of life flowing from the lower end of the spinal cord right up to the topmost centre in the brain, and along with it a thrill of joy would run through every fibre of her body and even through the pores of her hair. She would feel at that time that every particle of her physical frame danced, as it were, with infinite ripples of bliss. Whatever she touched or saw appeared to her to be a vital part of herself. . . . At that time, if her backbone was massaged or the joints of her body were rubbed for a long time, she would remain quiet for a while and recover her normal condition. It was at this stage that she was found to be brimming over with heavenly joy.

Once, Ray, who was Ananda's "favorite child," and whom the other devotees called Bhaiji, or elder brother, remarked to her that perhaps he would be a celibate and live in her *ashram* in his next life, and she said she wondered why he felt he had to wait. Though he did not give her the reason, it was, he notes, his wife. But some time later Ananda took a gold chain from her neck and fastened it around his, and pronounced him reborn, and with that it was all but settled that he would abandon his wife and son to follow her. Soon afterward, she left Dacca to travel around the country, and he accompanied her.

In 1937, according to a preface to Ray's book which was written after his death, Ray went with Ananda on a pilgrimage to Mount Kailas, held sacred because of its association with Shiva. In spite of the bitter-cold Himalayan weather and the fact that toward the end of his stay in Dacca tuberculosis had kept him in bed for two years, when he arrived at Lake Manasa—held sacred because of its association with Brahma—he threw off his clothes and, in an act of total renunciation, plunged into the icy water, resolving as he did so to pass the rest of his days

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wandering naked in the Himalayas. However, Ananda, who reached the lake shortly after he did, persuaded him to return to the plains with her, and she pronounced him a *guru* by reciting some *mantras* over his head. By that time, though, he had taken a chill, and, back in the plains, he developed a fever. Some days later, he died, chanting, "Ma-Om, Ma, Ma."

Arthur Koestler, in his book "The Lotus and the Robot," chooses Ananda as one of the "contemporary 'saints,'" and although he dismisses Ray as "a kind of saintly, tragic clown to Ananda," he takes Ray's book seriously as an objective record of Ananda's mystical life, writing, "Though none of it can be regarded as evidence, I must confess that I found Bhaiji's narrative in most parts convincing, partly because the whole story reflects a very humble, saintly, and simpleminded person." Koestler argues, "There are two ways of looking at Anandamayi Ma, the psychiatrist's and the mystic's, and the two need not be mutually exclusive." But, not surprisingly, Koestler's own attempt to analyze Ananda and Ray fails.

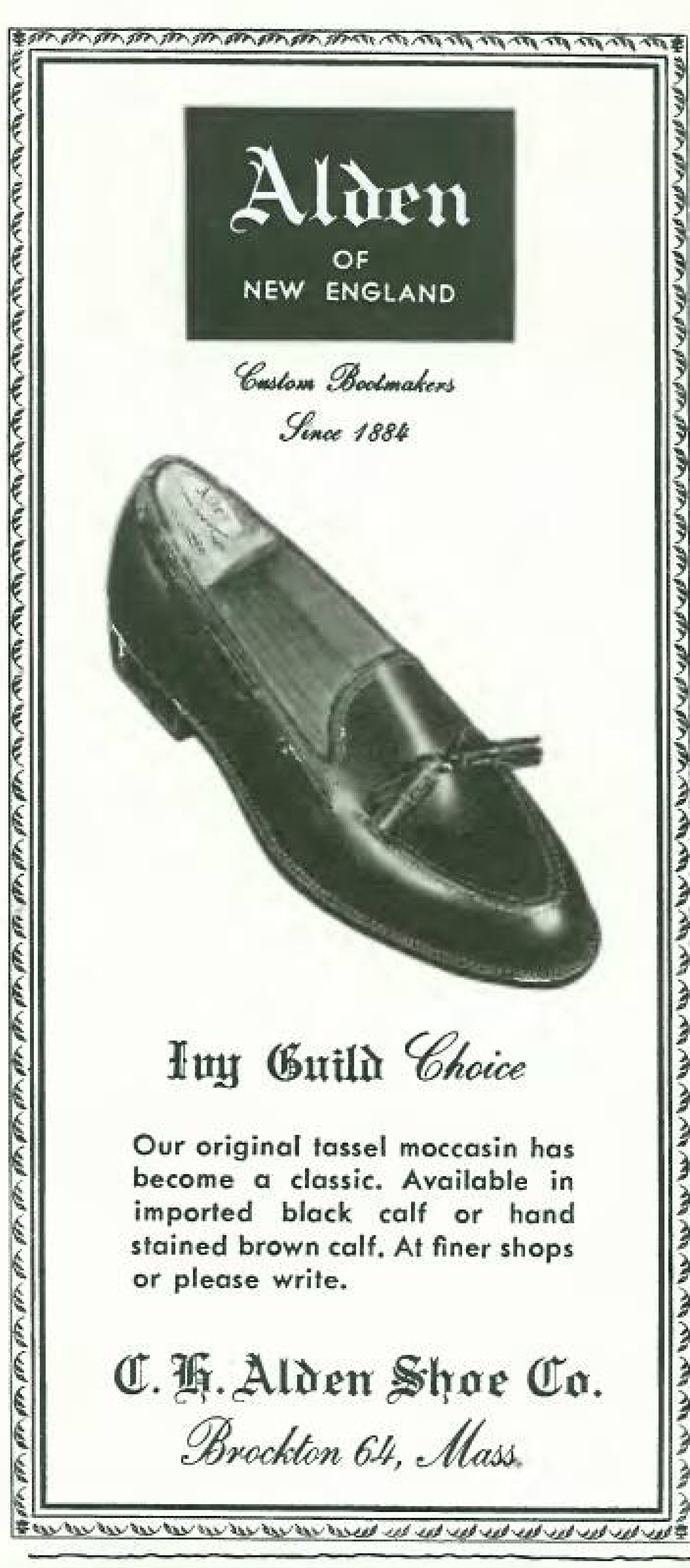
In "Words of Sri Anandamayi Ma," a collection of Ananda's utterances, it is said, "She has the right word, at the right time, in the right manner, for every seeker after Truth, be he a believer in any faith or an agnostic, an intellectual or an artist, a scholar or an illiterate, a beginner or highly advanced on the path." I am standing near a saffron-colored tent, Ananda's, in Jhusi. The air is pungent with the scent of guavas and bananas, and from the sanctum come gay sounds of women chattering and laughing, the clatter of a dipper against a bucket, and the splashing of water, as if someone were bathing. "Is it possible to have a discussion with Anandamayi Ma?" I ask a man who seems to be in charge of the tent and also of several men standing about the camp in the manner of sepoys protecting a maharani.

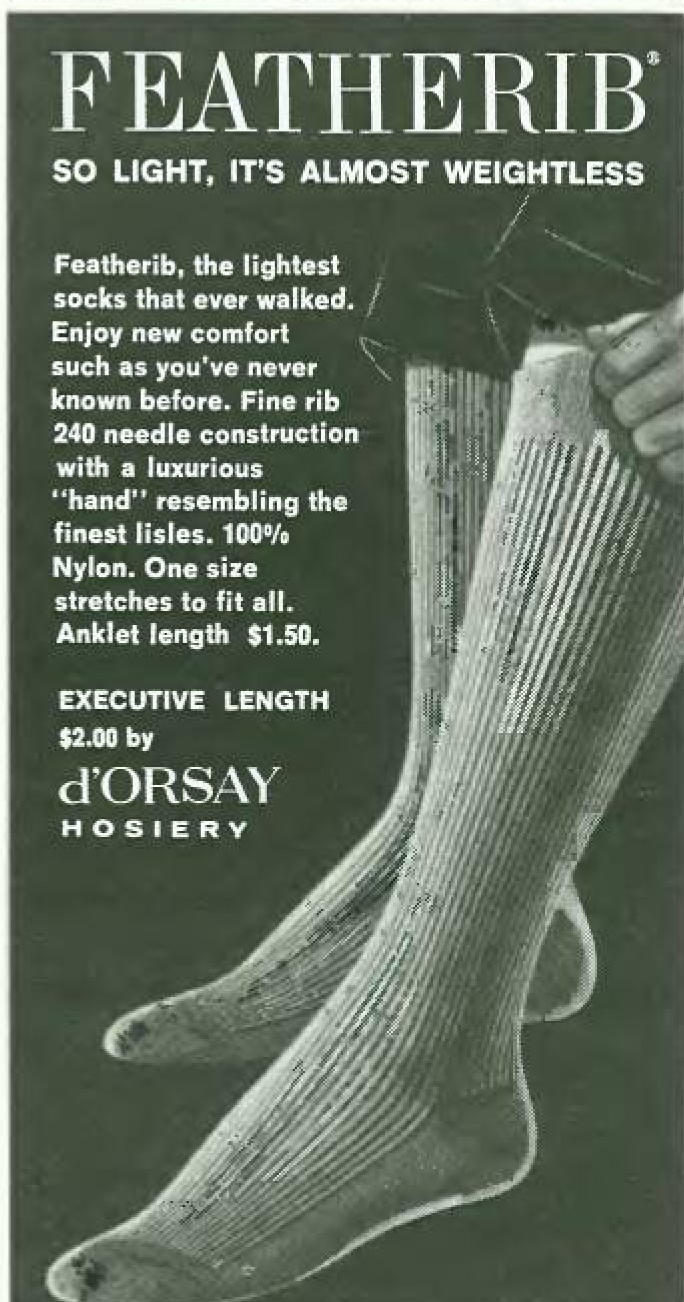
The man replies, "Sri Sri Anandamayi Ma has no time at Kumbha to teach." He continues, "She is getting dressed. She will come out in a little while and show herself to the public. You may wait for the meeting and have your *darshana*, too."

I persist, saying, "I would like a chance to talk with her."

Impulsively, he says, "You can never tell about Ma. If you wish, you can call out 'Ma!' and see if she'll ask you in. Maybe you will be let in and maybe not."

I hesitate, for I find the idea of fol-





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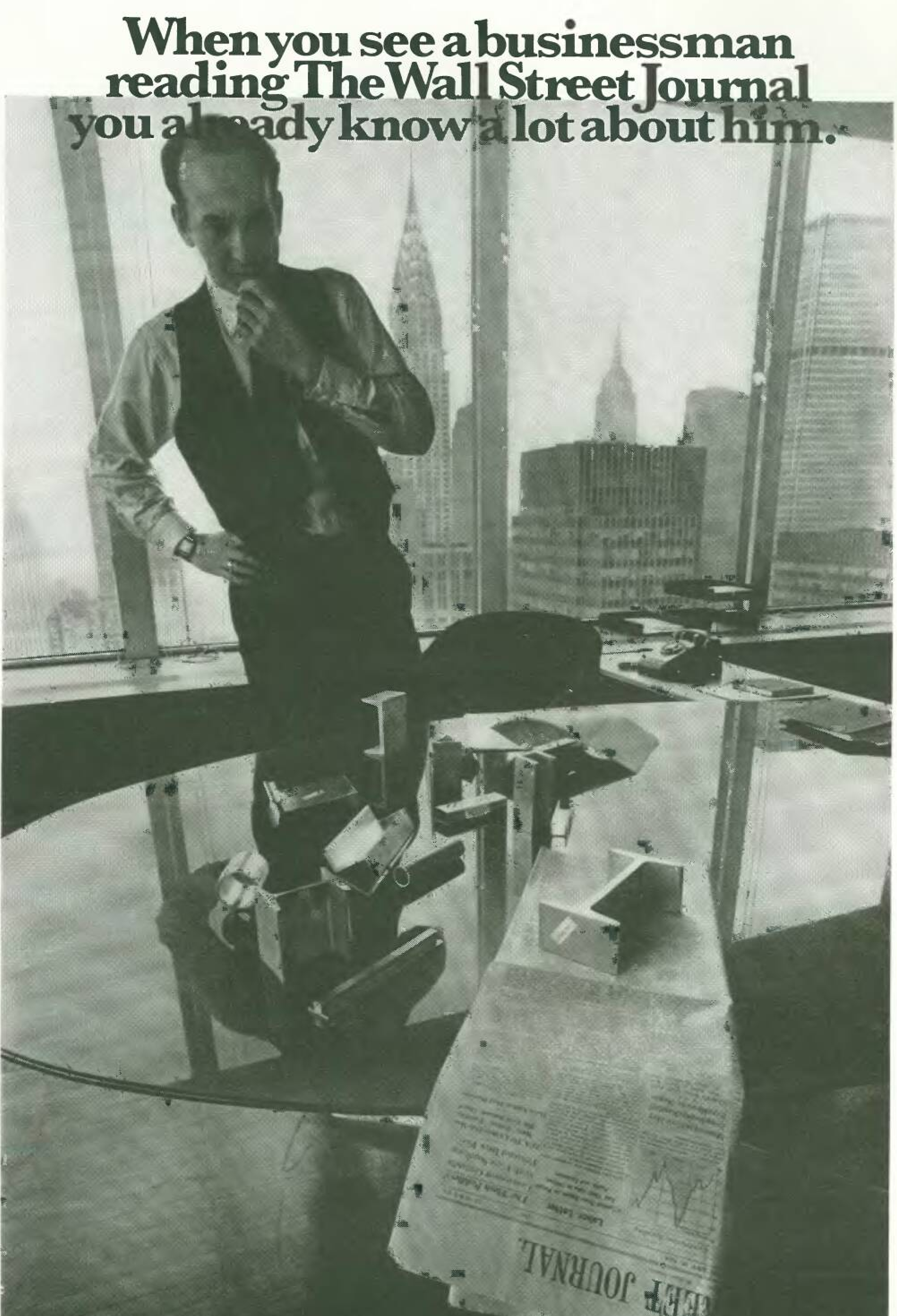
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lowing this strange procedure distasteful. But then I take a couple of steps forward and call out "Ma!"

The flap of the saffron tent is raised by a young man, and I am let in. Inside, it is cozy and neat. Ananda, looking freshly bathed, her head half covered with a white veil, sits cross-legged on a bed, massaging her toes. She is surrounded by baskets heaped with opulent *prasad* (Hindi for "blessed food")—guavas, bananas, apples, oranges, pomegranates. A yard or so above her head hangs a large umbrella. (Umbrellas are used in some parts of India as shields against falling insects and detritus.) She is half turned away from me, talking excitedly in Bengali to a couple of pleasant-looking middle-aged women sitting opposite her. Finally, she turns to me. Her face is flushed, and she looks more like a fiery tribal queen than like a saint.

"Come here," she says.

I go up to her, and she takes a banana and a guava and thrusts them into my hand.

"*Prasad*," she says. "*Prasad*." Then she turns away.

I realize that the *darshana* is over, but, with some trepidation, I stay on.

"Ma is very angry," one of the ladies says to me in Hindi. "Go! Go!"

"Don't you know that when you get your *prasad*, *darshana* is over?" Ananda says to me, in a mixture of Hindi and Bengali, but her voice is more scolding than angry. Then she relents and asks me to sit down, indicating a spot quite far away from her, near a water bucket.

In answer to a couple of random questions from me about her ascetic life, she dwells on the virtues of vegetarianism. She advocates an abstinence from onions, however. "I used to eat onions, but I found out they heat up the nerves and make the heart go faster," she says.

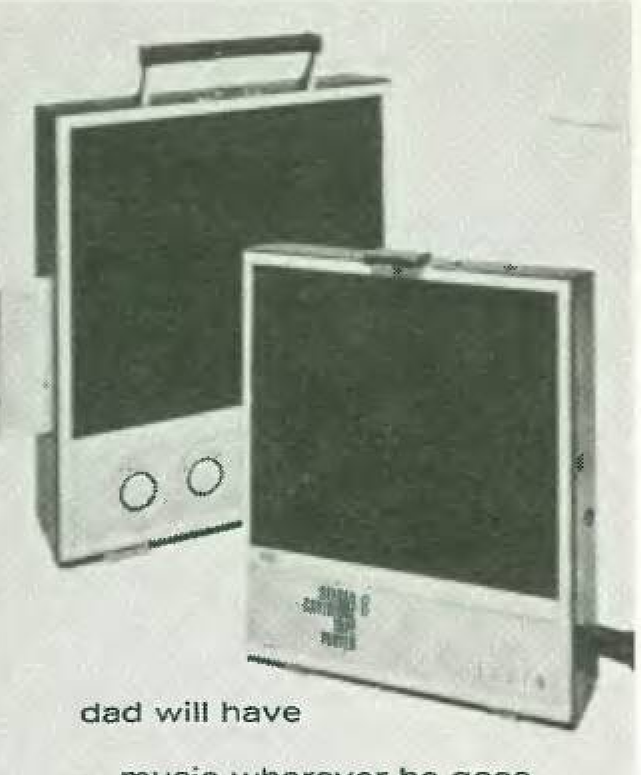
I mention that I have read Ray, and ask her what she thinks of the book.

"When he came to me, I thought of him the way I think of you now," she says.

She seems too imperious to be asked to explain herself. "What about Ray's book?" I ask.

"Just the same," she says.

Some Hindu theologians, using the phenomenon of Ananda as a paradigm, have lately been engaged in abstruse speculation about whether, in a religious tradition where *gurus* are the means of spiritual instruction, there could be such a phenomenon as a



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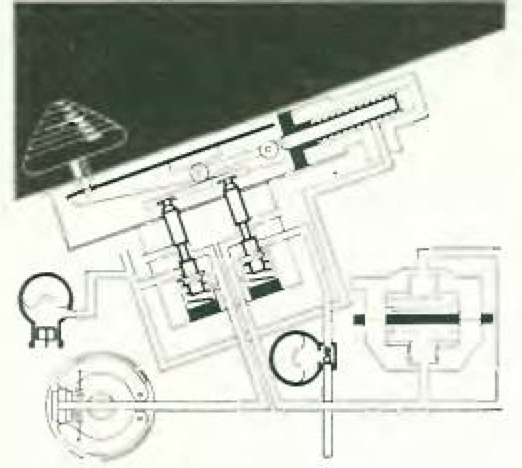
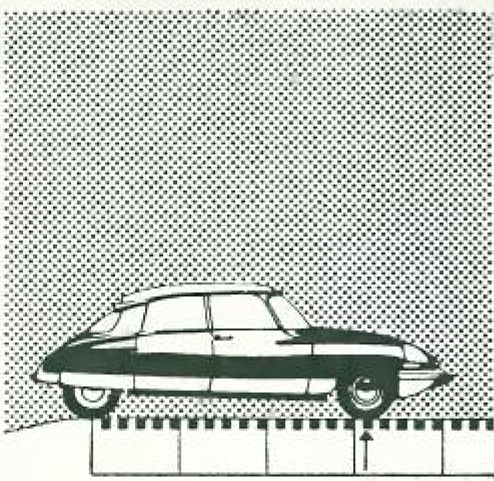


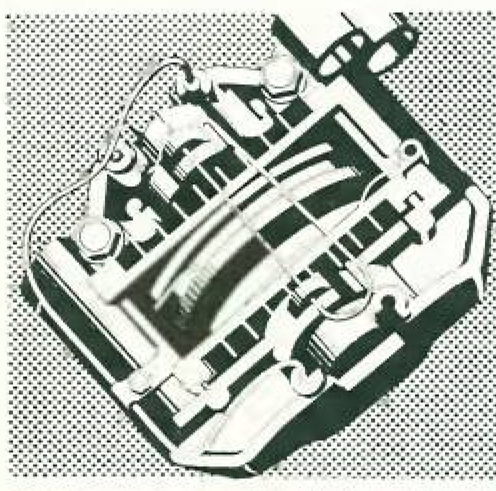
This is a brake pressure distributor. It is part of Citroën's dual circuit braking system. All variations in loading automatically adjust the braking pressure between front and rear wheels. Rear wheel locking is eliminated.

This is the spare wheel in a Citroën. It is stowed forward of the engine, under the hood. Together with the front section of the chassis and the bumper it acts as an additional shock-absorbing element in the event of a head-on collision.



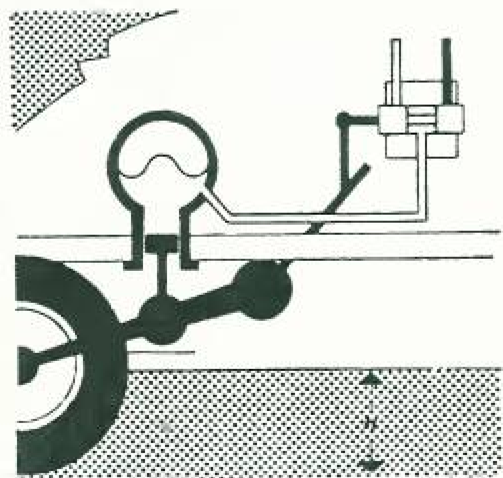
This is the Citroën wheelbase. 123" long. It is the world's longest wheelbase compared to overall length of the car (190"). It increases stability, gives a smoother ride. Road holding is improved, too, with less body overhang.

This is a suspension spring. A hydropneumatic spring in Citroën's exclusive suspension system. In each of 4 spheres, the interplay between a fluid and a gas provides superior roadholding and comfort over all road conditions.



This is a Citroën disc brake which is mounted inboard to the front wheels (where the load is greatest). Disc brakes are better cooled and do not fade. In 1955, Citroen was the first to fit disc brakes on production cars.

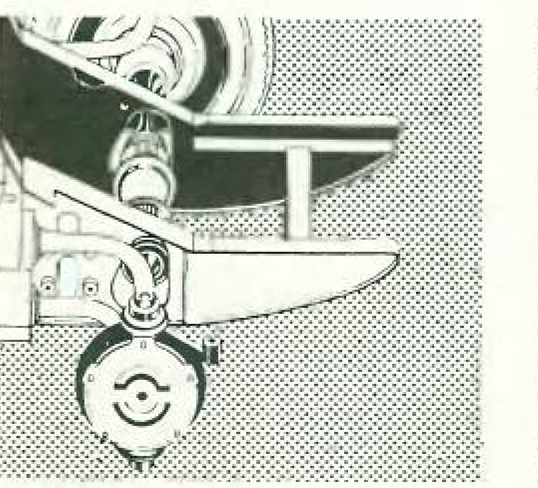
This is the Citroën shape. Another safety detail: it offers the lowest coefficient of air resistance of any production car for high speed stability and better fuel economy. The full length body underpan is even curved to reduce air "lift." In a Citroën safety is far more than a matter of detail. It is a matter of total concept in which comfort, safety and speed are constantly coordinated. That's why Citroën is one of the safest cars in the world, and one of the world's greatest road cars. A test drive will prove it.



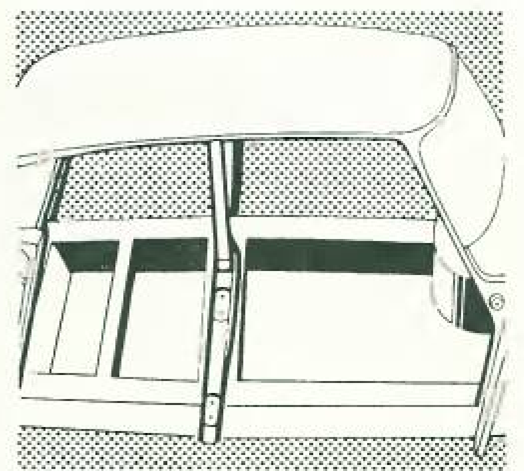
This is the Citroën automatic height corrector. It reacts to any variation of loading maintaining normal ground clearance regardless of weight distribution. Ground clearance can be adjusted manually from 6½" to 10" for driving over any terrain.

This wheel is exclusive with Citroën. Its steering axis meets the ground at the point of tire contact. Thus any unevenness of the ground, badly adjusted brakes or front tire blow-out have no effect on the steering control.

This is the Citroen "No Spoke" steering wheel. It is called the safety steering wheel. In the event of a head-on collision, it collapses, and the driver slides over the curved spoke. Injury is minimized. On Citroëns since 1955.

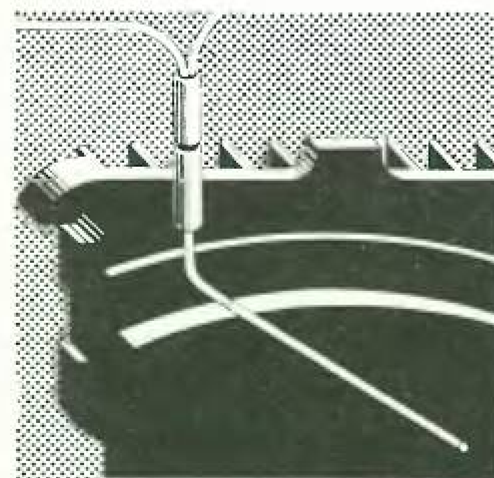


This is the Citroën front axle assembly. In a front wheel drive vehicle (pioneered by Citroën in 1934) the front wheels both drive and steer the car, thus increasing traction, cornering ability, and directional stability.



This is the Citroen chassis. The box platform design is based on aircraft construction principles. Rigid side members protect passengers from lateral impact. Energy absorbing front and rear sections minimize collision impact.

This is a shock absorber. It is the Citroën hydropneumatic suspension shock absorber fitted between the suspension sphere and cylinder. Shocks are absorbed by lamination of the fluid flowing through calibrated holes.



This is a Citroën brake lining pad fitted on the DS-21 which is moulded in the lining. It incorporates an electrical wire. When a certain degree of wear is reached, it activates a warning light on the dashboard. A Citroën exclusive.

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*guru*less *guru*. I now ask her about this problem.

She says, "You are my *guru*."

"Hardly," I say.

"Whatever you say," she says, undaunted.

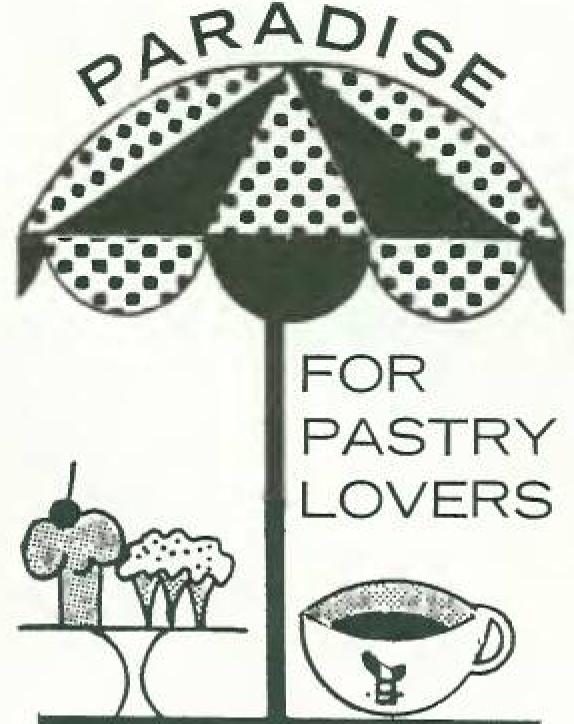
"What would be your counsel to a skeptic—or, for that matter, to a religious person—for finding God?" I ask.

"You are God," she says. "You are my God." She adds, as an afterthought, "God is in you. God is like a harmonium. Whatever you play on it is what you will hear."

"Then what is the point of having any *guru*?" I ask.

"No point," she says moodily.

FROM THE SINDHU: The variety of religious men and women camped at the *mela*, who seem sometimes to agree on nothing except the importance of bathing in the rivers, reminds one that, in a sense, the Hindu religion can be defined only in terms of a region and its rivers. The word "Hindu" was first used by Persians who invaded northwestern India in the sixth century B.C., and they applied it to the Sanskrit-speaking people they found living by the Indus River, which in Sanskrit is called the Sindhu, and which the Persians called the Hindu. These people, who called themselves Aryans (Sanskrit for "nobles"), were of the same stock as the Persian invaders but had migrated to India about a thousand years earlier. The first Aryan settlements had, in fact, been along the Indus, or, rather, on the alluvial plain of the Punjab, in northwestern India, which was watered by the Indus and its five tributaries—the Jhelum, the Chenab, the Ravi, the Sutlej, and the Beas. By the sixth century B.C., however, the Aryans had extended their settlements eastward and southward from the Punjab—first to the valleys of the upper and middle stretches of the Ganga and the Yamuna, then to the entire Gangetic plain, which came to have the greatest concentration of Aryans and to be called Hindustan (Persian for "abode of the Hindus"), and, finally, to the area south of the Nerbudda River called the Deccan (from "*dakshina*," which is Sanskrit for "the south")—and had become the dominant people in the Indian peninsula. The Aryans, in the course of their advance, had encountered and overwhelmed the Dravidians and numerous other indigenous peoples, assimilating the local customs and religious practices into the Aryan civilization, and the



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word "Hindu" eventually came to describe the entire admixture.

The religion of the early Hindus is preserved in several Sanskrit compilations of sacred writings, or Vedas, and their ancillary literature (the Brahmanas, the Aranyakas, and the Upanishads), which were composed over a period of eight or nine hundred years from sometime before the first millennium B.C. to sometime between the seventh and the fourth centuries B.C. From much of this literature, it appears that at the center of at least the later Vedic religion was the performance of elaborate magical *yajnas* (sacrifices); in fact, the Brahmanas are, for the most part, a catalogue of sacrificial formulas, *mantras*, and prescribed ritual acts, like presenting butter and rice to fire, which, as a medium for sacrificial offering, was deified. The Vedic Hindus, who were herdsmen and husbandmen, also venerated water from the earliest times, as is clear from the Rig-Veda, the oldest collection of Hindu sacred writings. (Archeological excavations at Mohenjo-Daro, in Sind, and Harappa, in the Punjab, suggest that water may have been venerated even before the time of the Vedic Hindus.) Originally, the Vedic Hindus may have revered water for its physical functions, but in time they came to associate with it spiritual functions. Certainly the early sacred writings praise the special merits of *yajnas* performed at rivers. There is abundant evidence to indicate that the rituals of the *yajnas*, which were performed over a period of weeks or months, included—in addition to *mantras*—*snana* (bathing), *dana* (almsgiving), and *tapasya* (austere meditation). The Vedic *rishis* (seers) seem to have considered a confluence of rivers especially propitious for their *yajnas*. In the Vedic period, the rise of a sort of sacerdotal caste, the Brahmans, made the *yajnas* more intricate than ever, despite the fact that the Brahmans' concept of deity was more elevated. Even when philosophical mysticism and abstruse speculation about the nature of man and the universe entered Vedic literature, it did not diminish the power of sacrificial practices in the religion. Because *snanas* and *yajnas* performed in the most sacred places were thought to be the most efficacious, and perhaps also because the Ganga and, to some degree, the Yamuna in time became the main rivers of the Aryan settlements, the Ganga came to be regarded as the most sacred of the sacred rivers, and the Yamuna as the second most sacred river, and their confluence as the most sacred place of all. (Later, it was believed that even the gods had performed their sacrifices at this confluence.) A settlement of *rishis* and pilgrims eventually grew up around the confluence and came to be called Prayaga ("*pra*" is a Sanskrit prefix denoting excellence, and "*yaga*" is related to "*yajna*"), or Tirtharaj (Sanskrit for "king among bathing-places"). One commentator, explaining the theological implications of "*tirtha*," writes, "The word '*tirtha*' means 'that which enables one to go across.' It is applied to the place, the thing, or the person—a *guru* or preceptor—which or who enables one to go across. It thus conveys the idea of a place or a thing or a person which or who enables human beings to cross *bhavasaghara*—the ocean of existence—and thus to achieve *moksha*—salvation."

The idea of sacrifices at prescribed times as well as in propitious places also seems to have developed in the Vedic period, probably as a result of the study of astronomy. Later, the idea of sacrifice at a prescribed time and place assumed such importance that it was extended to include suicide. Indeed, some Hindu kings, *sadhus*, and sages committed suicide either by immolating themselves at Prayaga or by drowning themselves in the *sangam*. These ultimate sacrifices may have been prompted by several beliefs. One was that the sacred writings counselled shedding the body at Prayaga. Numerous passages in post-Vedic Sanskrit literature of various periods—in the Mahabharata, the Puranas, the Dharmashastra Nibandhas, and separate religious treatises on Prayaga—as well as in the Vedas themselves, if they are read literally, can be taken to extoll suicide at Prayaga. At least one famous student of the Vedas immolated himself at Prayaga, apparently as a direct result

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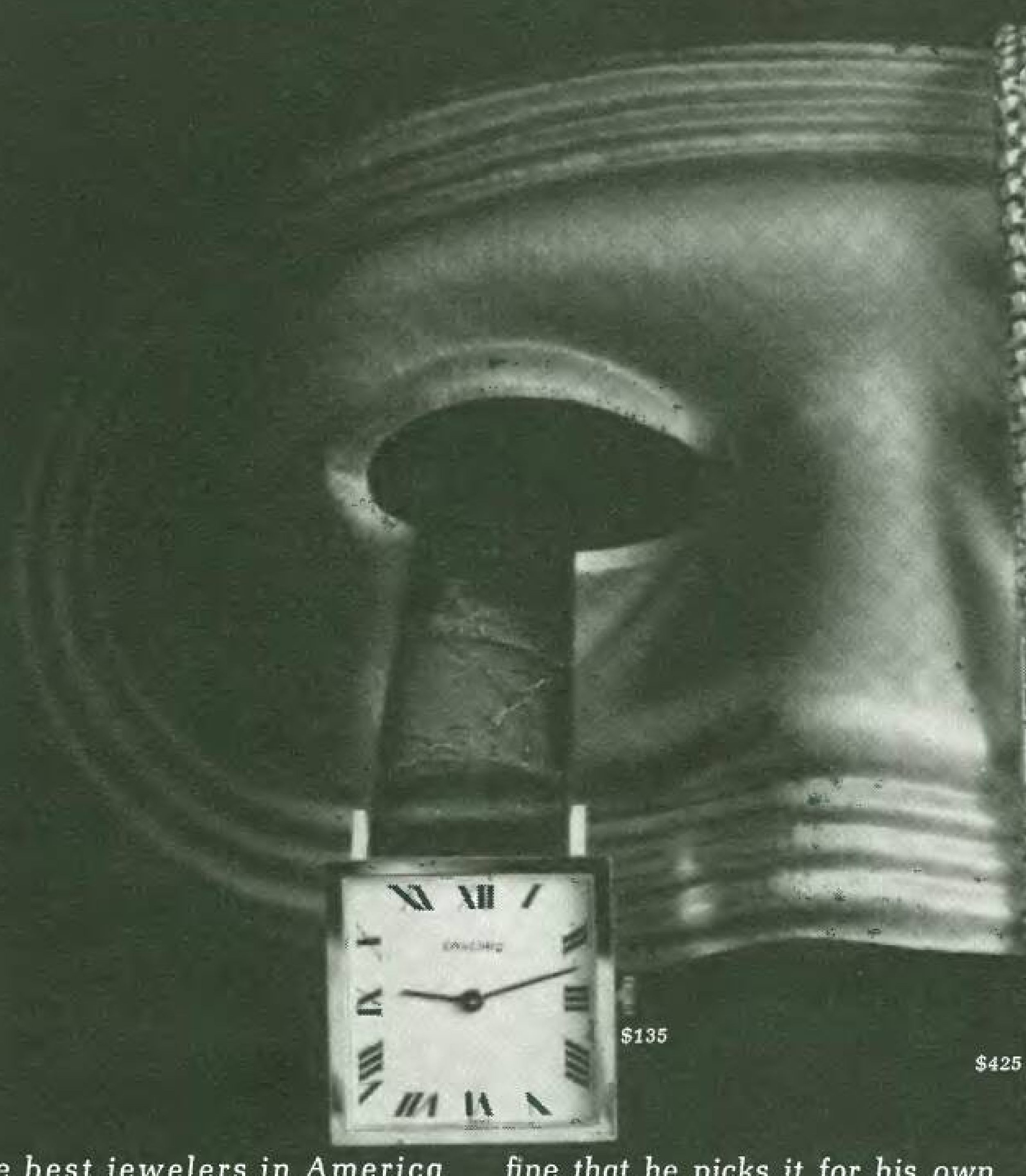

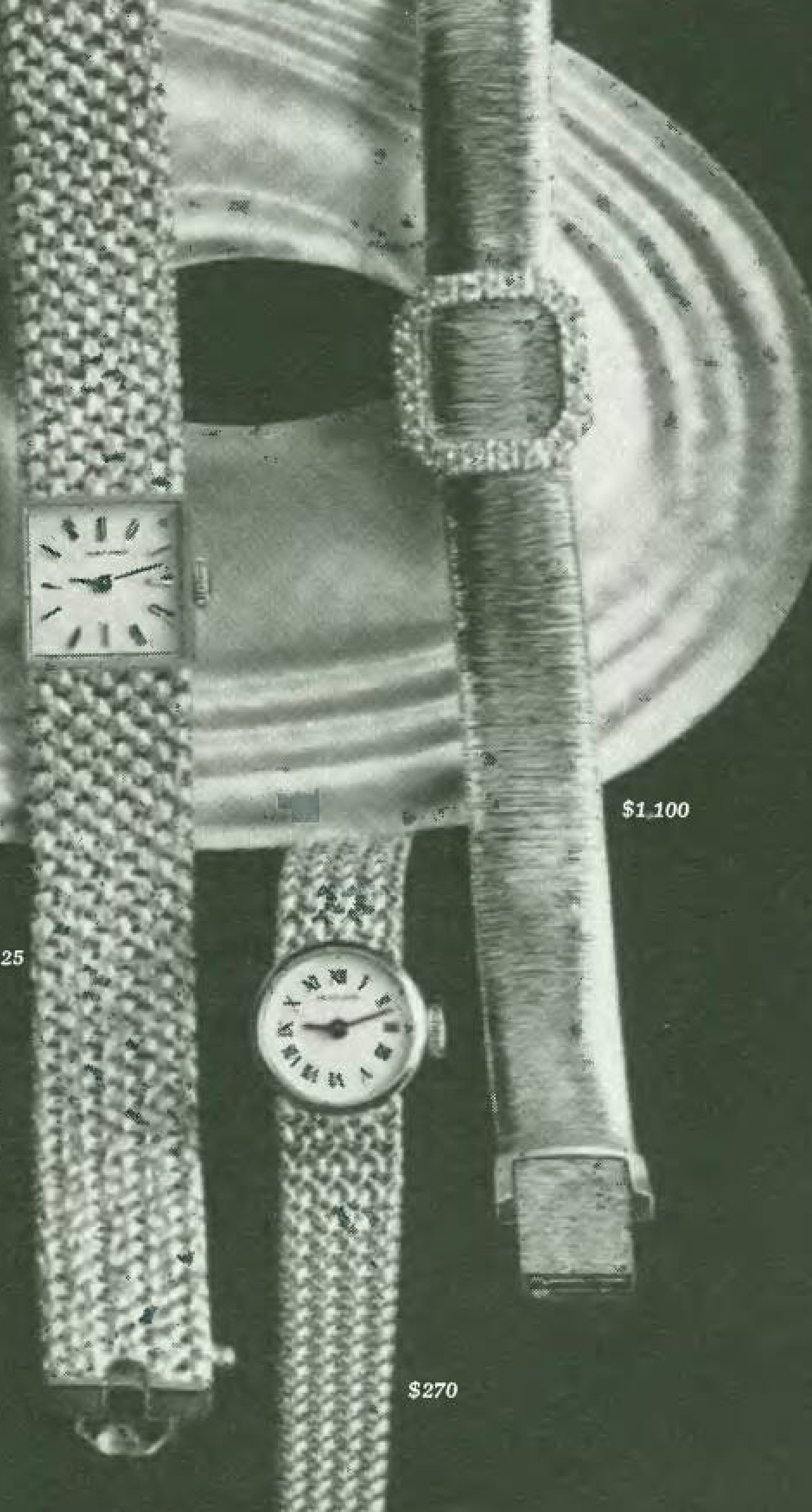

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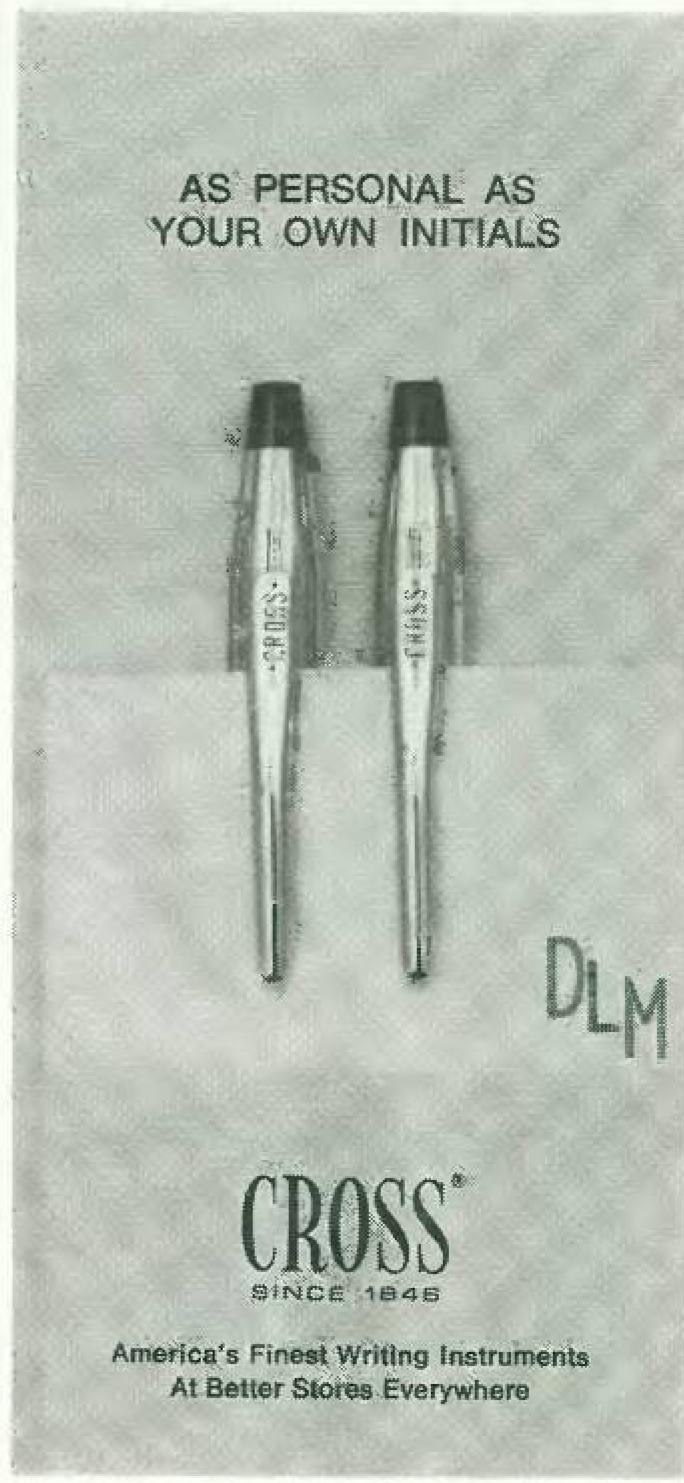

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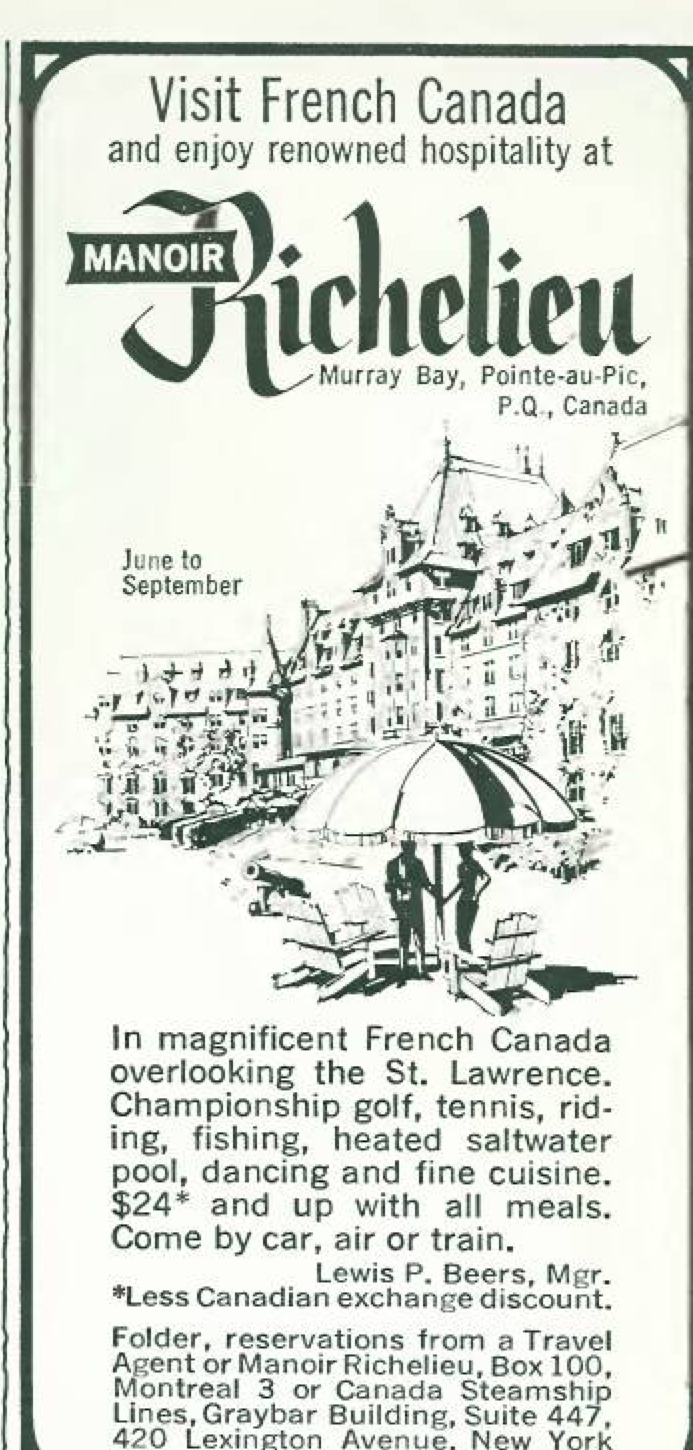
of this verse from the apocrypha of the Rig-Veda: "Where the two rivers, clear and turbid, commingle, bathing there, people go up to Heaven and those wise ones who shed their bodies there attain to immortality." Another belief that perhaps influenced the suicides was that any death in Prayaga brought immediate *moksha*, for committing suicide in Prayaga was a good way to insure that one died in Prayaga; Hindus have traditionally gone to the sacred rivers not only to immerse the ashes of their dead but also to wait for their own deaths. A third belief was that the greater the value of a sacrificial offering, the more merit its sacrifice bestowed; after all, nothing was more valuable than one's body. Most Hindus, however, have been satisfied with undertaking pilgrimages to the sacred places, bathing in the sacred rivers, and making private or public offerings there.

Although the idea of *snana* and *yajna* happens to be the basis not only of the *mela* at Prayaga but also of many other *melas*, and although most Hindus today believe in going on pilgrimages, in bathing in the sacred rivers, in leading an ascetic life, and in learning from a personal *guru*, and also believe in the concepts of reincarnation, universal salvation, and a personal God, whom they call, variously, Bhagavan, Paramesvara, Ishvara, Brahma, and Narayana—still, as in the past, to be a Hindu one does not have to practice any particular set of observances, adhere to any particular beliefs, accept any particular metaphysic or any particular prophet, or believe in any particular god, or, indeed, in any god. Hinduism depends neither on any particular historical event, comparable to the birth of Christ or the hegira of Mohammed, nor on any revealed truth, comparable to the Gospels or the Koran; it has neither a founder nor a sacred book, neither an established institution nor, ultimately, any vested authority. In fact, Hinduism has always been a religion of such eclectic beliefs and practices that a belief or a practice that is followed by some Hindus may be shunned by others. Since its Vedic origins, the religion has grown to encompass more and more philosophical and theological schools (Sankhya, Yoga, Vedanta) and more and more independent sects (Vaishnavas, Shaivas, Shaktas), and, in addition, has branched out into the separate religions of Buddhism, Jainism, and Sikhism. These schools, sects, and religions propound, accept, reject, and reinterpret a multiplicity of doctrines (*dharma*, *karma*, *avatar*, *samsara*, *trimurti*, *bhakti*,



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maya) and attach varying degrees of importance to their own literature or a common body of literature (the Vedas, the Mahabharata, the Ramayana, the Puranas, the Pitakas, the Granth). All gradations of beliefs, from the crudest to the most highly refined, have coexisted in Hinduism from the earliest times, making it the most syncretic religion in the world—what one of its students has called "a tapestry of almost endless diversity of hues." Hindus today worship animals, ancestors, sages, spirits, natural forces, divine incarnations, or the absolute itself, finding God in snakes or linga, in stone or wood, in water or fire, in planets or stars, in the heart or the mind, in Rama or Krishna or Buddha.

With its traditions of periodically repeated incarnations of the deity in the most diverse forms [the late Professor Clement Webb, of Oxford, once wrote], its ready acceptance of any and every local divinity or founder of a sect or ascetic devotee as a manifestation of God, its tolerance of symbols and legends of all kinds, however repulsive or obscene, by the side of the most exalted flights of world-renouncing mysticism, it could perhaps more easily than any other faith develop, without loss of continuity with its past, into a universal religion which would see in every creed a form suited to some particular group or individual, or the universal aspiration after one Eternal Reality. . . .

Because manifestations of Hinduism have varied from age to age, from community to community, and from person to person, because the Hindu sees every man as receiving a form and a degree of enlightenment corresponding to his particular circumstances and capacity, and because there is little in the requirements of Hinduism to set it off from any other creed, some students of Hinduism have gone so far as to claim that all religions and all cults, everywhere in the world, can be regarded simply as further manifestations of Hinduism.

THE COMMINGLING STREAMS: It is midnight, and Amavasya has arrived. Through the night, the loudspeakers continue to bellow information about pilgrims lost and pilgrims found, the din robbing those of us secure in our tents of all hope of sleep. All night, it seems, I've been trying to put myself to sleep by counting sheep, only to have my lambs sacrificed to the electrical god who commands, "Would Mahesh Lal of Patnabagh of Bihar please report to the Information Officer in the information booth of Sector Seven." Just as I feel that I'm finally dropping off to sleep, the un-

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earthly loudspeaker seems to float into my tent and clap itself onto my ear, the disembodied voice of the announcer taking the avatar of a Brahman government officer whose acquaintance I have made at the *mela*. "It's Amavasya, and you've overslept," he thunders. "You've missed the most colorful processions. There's still some auspicious time left for bathing. I'm going for another dip in the *sangam*. You can come with me. I have requisitioned a boat."

To be at Prayaga at Kumbha on Amavasya, in a tent pitched almost at the top of the *sangam*, with a Brahman for an escort, and to miss bathing! I leap out of my cot and follow my friend.

"This *mela* is beautifully organized," he says. "Millions are expected to bathe today, but the flow of the crowd is very well regulated by strategically placed barriers. The crowd can be stopped, turned back, or diverted if it starts a stampede anywhere. The governors of Bihar and Uttar Pradesh have already had a wonderful dip. If it weren't for the tragic death of Shastriji right in the middle of this Kumbha, he might be here, too. As it is, tragically, only his ashes will be immersed in the *sangam* today. Have you heard that a hundred thousand *sadhus* are fasting here in order to stop all cow slaughter?"

We pass booths of Pandas (a subcaste of Brahmans charged with keeping the genealogies of other castes and subcastes) poring over records and registers; then a stall of barbers reverently collecting for their clients all the shaven hair; then a group of beggars raising paralyzed faces or withered limbs to us; then a colony of lepers; then a camp of *sadhus* where a dwarf strolls up and down like a king of fairyland, receiving homage from pilgrims, who bend down and touch his feet. We are being swept along in the thick of the crowds, our feet scarcely touching ground. Finally, we are on a quay, at the site, according to legend, of Buddha's first penance, the *triveni ghat*—"*triveni*," Sanskrit for "triple-braided," and "*ghat*," Hindi from Sanskrit "*ghatta*," for "bathing place," *triveni* being an alternative name not only for the *sangam* at Prayaga but for the Ganga and for other Indian rivers, which, like the braids of Indian women, twist and plait their dark courses through the land. Everything is confusion: the sounds of gongs, conchs, bells, drums, loudspeakers, distant trains; pilgrims, with

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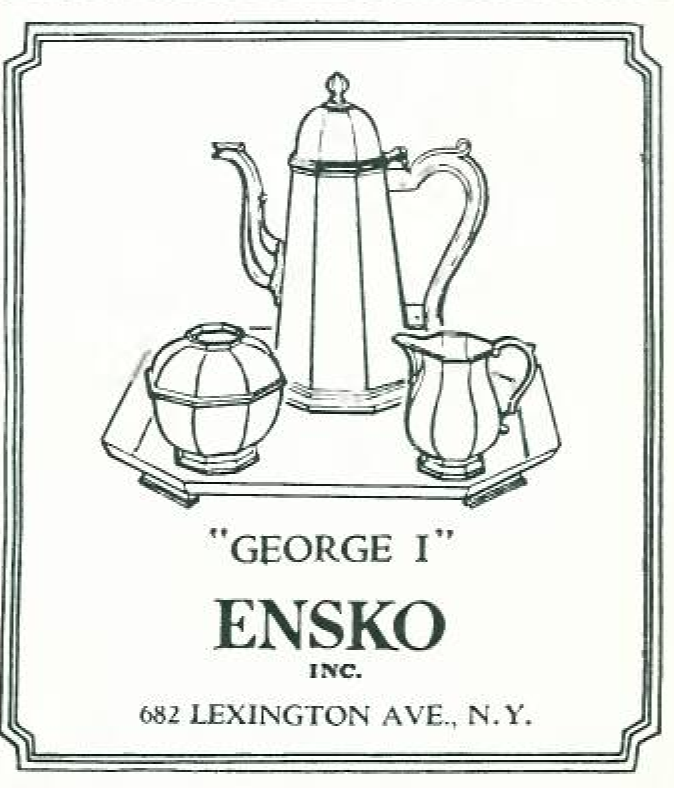

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ashes or sandalwood paste on their foreheads, launching marigolds in half coconut shells, tossing offerings of fruit, milk, flowers, and their own hair into the sacred rivers, drinking water from their cupped hands, scrambling to get into the water, walking away with brass pots of the water on their heads, shouting from one end of the quay to the other, "Victory to Mother Ganga!" In the *sangam* are countless country boats with white canopies, and, bobbing among them, countless heads. Wherever the boats or the crowds part, the two distinct streams of the Ganga and the Yamuna are revealed, running side by side—one dark ochre, the other greenish blue.

My Brahman companion resolutely elbows his way along the quay, which creaks and sags as if it were about to buckle. He spots a boy standing in the stern of a boat and waving his Gandhi cap. With extraordinary agility, the boy pushes and shoves his boat up to the quay, and we step into it. The Brahman somehow manages to make himself heard above the roar of voices, which sounds like a dozen ship turbines going full throttle: "Keep your balance. . . . Shift left. . . . No. . . . A little to the right. . . . Forward now. . . . Easy. That's it." The boat jolts us as it bangs and crashes ahead through the jam. At last, we are in a patch of open water.

"You go in first," the Brahman says.

I lower myself into the water, which here is barely six inches deep, and think of Chaucer: "And pilgrimes were they alle."

"No! You are just sitting!" the Brahman shouts. "You have to be wet all over! Lie down!"

I do—and sink into a quagmire of sand and bits of fruit, flowers, and hair.

"You are still not all wet! Roll over!" the Brahman shouts.

I do—and immediately try to raise myself.

"Your hair isn't wet!" the Brahman shouts. "Take some water and put it over your head!"

I do.

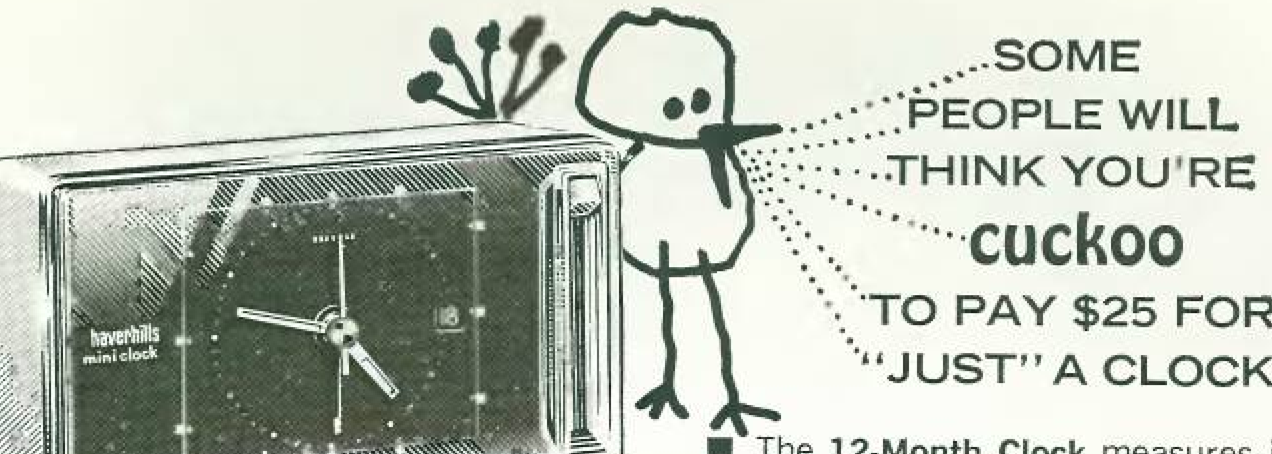
The Brahman chants, "*Hari Om. Hari Om. Hari Om.*" —VED MEHTA

(This is the third of a series of articles. The fourth will appear in the next issue.)

•

Col. William J. Burke, state director of selective service, will be called for service in the U.S. Marine Corps because enlistments in the corps are down.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

Hershey's next.



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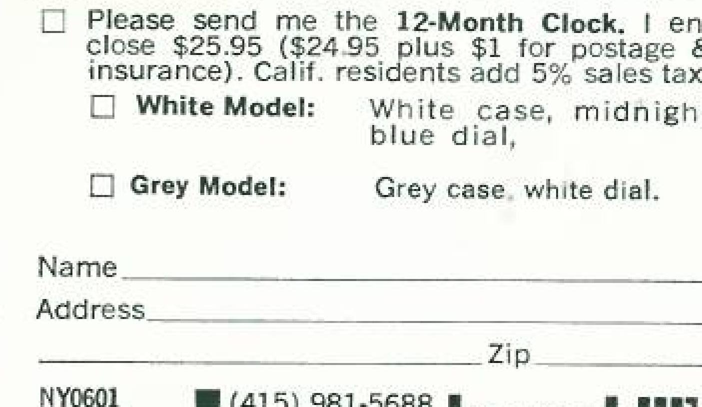

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HEADING WEST

"THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN," by Frank D. Gilroy, is a play so flagrantly old-fashioned that bringing it to Broadway would be an act of impudence if Broadway were its major destination; fortunately for the reputation of everyone concerned, it appears that its stay at the Broadhurst Theatre is but the cushion off which it will carom into a golden corner pocket in Hollywood. Somewhere out of town, it was sold to Twentieth Century-Fox for half a million dollars, reportedly as a vehicle for Elizabeth Taylor and Frank Sinatra; with such stars and with, for a setting, the exhilaratingly photogenic Strip at Las Vegas, it could make a very good trashy movie, and I see nothing impudent about that. It could also make a passable daytime show on TV, for housewives and neurotic pets to listen to, if not watch; it is only on the stage that it has no reason to exist. The wonder is that anyone should have taken the trouble to write it in the nineteen-sixties when it was written so many times in the nineteen-forties and fifties. It is the sort of play that is almost always written badly—one remembers as exceptions "The Voice of the Turtle" and "Two for the Seesaw"—and in merely maintaining the traditional low standard set by his predecessors in less ambitious times Mr. Gilroy gives the impression of having sunk below it. Although he has taken care to insert at intervals a number of crisp one- and two-line gags, the dialogue as a whole is a compendium of domestic banalities, ranging from mildly amorous to inanely quarrelsome. The plot of the play, which has one set, two acts, and three characters, is so exiguous and predictable that I suspect it could be played as effectively backward as forward; like some ancient, harmless, pacific beast of burden, it trundles along for a couple of hours and then, exhaling a last, warm, bittersweet breath, turns up its padded toes and dies.

The hero is an aging young man who plays the piano and sings in a night club on the Strip. He is desperately eager to quit Vegas but is a compulsive gambler; whenever he manages to accumulate enough money for his dreamed-of assault upon New York, he winds up losing it at the tables. The heroine is an aging young dancer in another night club on the Strip. For ten years, she has been the faithful mistress of a prominent San Francisco businessman; at their last meeting, three months earlier, she told him that she would never see him again unless he obtained a divorce and married her. Now for the complications, such as they are: Aging boy having met aging girl, they set up housekeeping together, for reasons of economy and sexual pleasure. In comedies of this kind, it invariably turns out that sexual pleasure is not enough—characteristically, nobody ever says *why* it is not enough, and someday I would like to learn—and one perceives that the two waifs, despite a lifelong suspicion of l-o-v-e, will at last find themselves caught in its trammels. But what of the gentleman from San Francisco? How will he regard these developments? Crank, crank, crank goes the machinery, and we are treated to the series of tiny reversals of fortune that permit Cupid to conquer, even in Vegas and even on behalf of born losers with dim minds and slackening bodies.

Barry Nelson is a resourceful and attractive man, and he makes the not very good singer into somebody whom, if one certainly doesn't wish to know him, one is at least willing to observe from the far side of Row AA. The not very good dancer is played by Tammy Grimes, whose chirpy, determinedly affected voice irritates me beyond measure. Heaven forgive whoever first assured Miss Grimes that her manner of speaking was adorable; at the moment she is an actress for whom, because of the nature of the sounds she utters, few worthwhile roles are possible. The gentleman from San Francisco is onstage for only five or ten minutes; he is played by Leo Genn, who is unable to convince us in the time at his disposal that he is either an ardent lover or a businessman or a San Franciscan. His obvious discomfiture is no doubt heightened by the fact that his voice, like Mr. Nelson's and Miss Grimes's, is amplified with the help of concealed mikes. This practice is bad enough in musicals and damnable in plays. Mr. Genn's well-trained baritone can easily fill any theatre on its own; amplified, it turns him into an unintentional crosspatch Yahweh. The scenery, designed by George Jenkins, is authentic Vegas Modrun, and the direction is by Mr. Nelson, who has done a first-class job.

—BRENDAN GILL

"Would you like me to tell you what you're doing wrong?"

•

Alexander Romanoff, professor emeritus of chemical embryology, has a 456-page biography in verse entitled "A Solemn Promise."

It is the story of an unnamed person who tells of his experiences from his youth in Russia to the conclusion of a formal academic career in the United States. Professor Romanoff has several other slim volumes of verse he has written in the past.—*Ithaca (N.Y.) Journal.*

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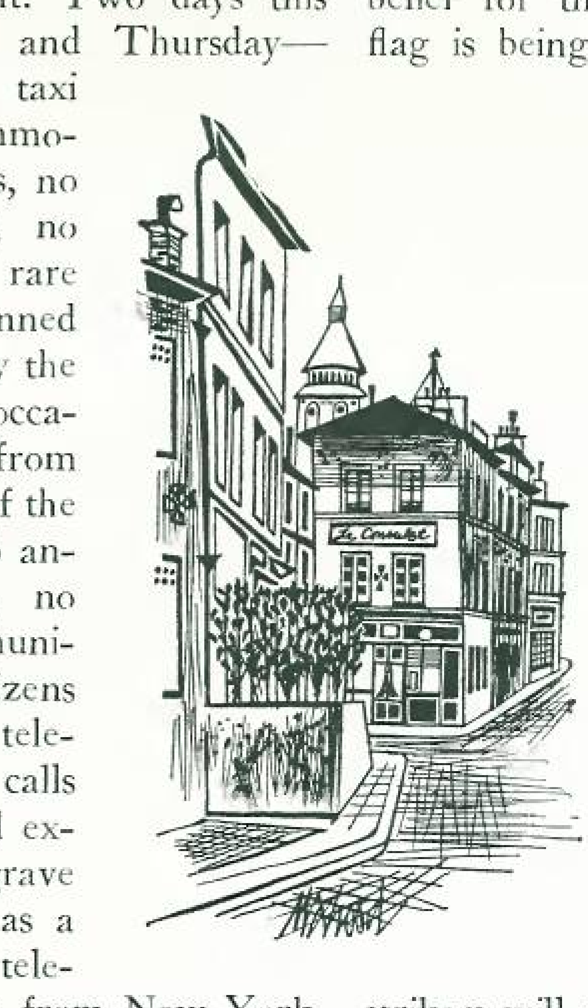
LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 23

LAST weekend, there were three million workers of various sorts on strike in France. This coming weekend, there will be ten million. The figure cannot go a great deal higher without social danger. Paris is *paralysé*—without the capacity for municipal movement. Two days this week—Wednesday and Thursday—there was also a taxi strike, the final immobilization. No trains, no planes, no Métro, no buses, except those rare trucks, soldier-manned and free, supplied by the government for occasional travelling from one remote section of the capital of France to another. No letters, no telegrams, no communication between citizens except by local telephone, interurban calls not being permitted except in cases of grave family news, such as a death. (You can telephone a Frenchman from New York, but he cannot phone you, even to give good news.)



On Wednesday, in the Chamber, the motion of censure against de Gaulle's government failed by eleven votes, so the Pompidou Cabinet is still breathing, stertorously. On Thursday, following that raucous Chamber session, came the fête of the Ascension, the great late-spring church and state holiday, which most Parisians who had any kind of car planned to spend someplace in the country until Sunday night, since, along with its factories, the schools and the University of Paris have been closed. Offices, shops, and department stores, like the Trois Quartiers, have been shut down, the Banque de France itself is struck, and the engravers at the mint, who make new money, are also out, so banknotes are running short.

TOMORROW comes the speech to his nation by General de Gaulle. This is what France is now waiting for. It will be the climax of the most unexpected and disastrous dozen days that the country has known since the Commune, in 1871, which these present days have in no way resembled, because France had then just fought a war and been defeated, and the new, revolutionary Marxian theories were being applied in blood between the opponents in the new social schism. There has been no blood shed here except for a few cracked heads in street fights. The schism this time is principally between generations familiar with each other—between youth and its elders. Politically, anarchy is now the new applied belief for the students, but its black flag is being flown side by side with the red flag of revolution, though not of the old-fashioned Marxist type. The Communists here, once so menacing and fiery as the French political volcano, have been bypassed, as much as possible, by the well-organized New Left leaders, but it is the labor unions, principally the Communist-led Confédération Générale du Travail, that now have the country in their calloused hands; without their signalling thumbs up, millions of the strikers will not go back to work next week. Insofar as the unions are the masters of the situation, this past week has been a demonstration of a management revolution on the lower, not the upper, stratum. To avoid interference from owners or directors of establishments, workers have in some cases locked them in their offices. All of us here know at least one or two highly paid directors of some kind of enterprise who are well-treated prisoners with their phones cut off. The owner of one big firm, when asked two days ago whether he, too, would be locked in his office, replied, with a fatalistic shrug and an up-to-date smile, "They might do it tomorrow morning—how do I know? But I will keep going to my office until they lock me in or lock me out." According to printed gossip, there are banners in front of the Plaza-Athénée and the Georges V hotels—since hotels are also a business—that say, in English and French, "The Personnel Has Taken Over the Responsibility of Running the Hotel." In one or the other of them a few days ago, Prince Michael of Rumania, on arriving here, was met by a leader of the employees, who informed him that the director of the hotel sent his excuses but was unable to welcome His Highness personally, without adding that the director himself had been locked into his

suite. These shifts in management have been carried out with remarkable courtesy. When the C.G.T. and its supporting unions entered the Banque de France on Monday morning, there was a certain fever at first, but then a rendezvous was fixed for later in the day with members of Finance Minister Michel Debré's staff. The Banque governor demanded of the union men that, whatever was done, "the Banque's dignity remain assured," and closed his door on his union visitors. Shortly afterward, the under-governor more wisely came to them and simply asked that "order in the Banque not be exaggeratedly upset," which was considered reasonable indeed until the police came Tuesday, pulling the big bell by the locked front door and demanding that all the pickets posted outside be sent away, which was in an orderly manner refused.

The most important shift in power has been that of the state radio and TV outfit—the O.R.T.F., or Office de Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française. There the personnel, in their "pursuit of objectivity," as they have called it, put on the French air and TV screens the Wednesday session of the Chamber debate on the censuring of the de Gaulle government. It was a debate that contained harsh anti-de Gaulle strictures, and noisy outcries when his name was pronounced. For years, there has been no anti-Gaullist criticism shown or reported on the French networks. Such criticism has been printed in weekly magazines like *Le Nouvel Observateur*, but it has not been shown naked on the screen or poured into the ordinary public's ears. It is common knowledge to what an extent the French TV news programs have each day lined up the personalities most pleasing to the government to be shown and interviewed. The classic example of the bias of French TV remains that of the Socialist mayor, Gaston

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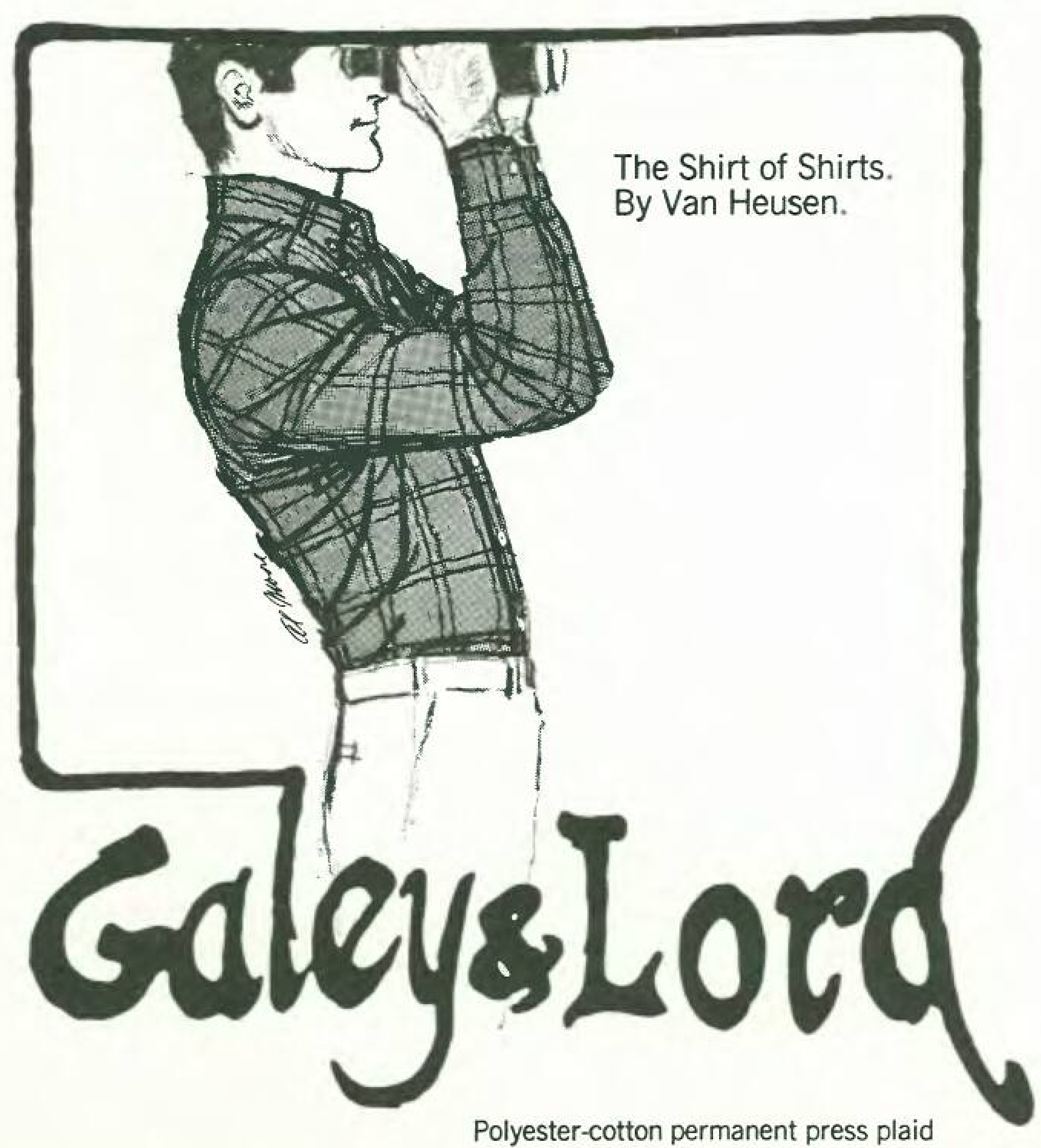

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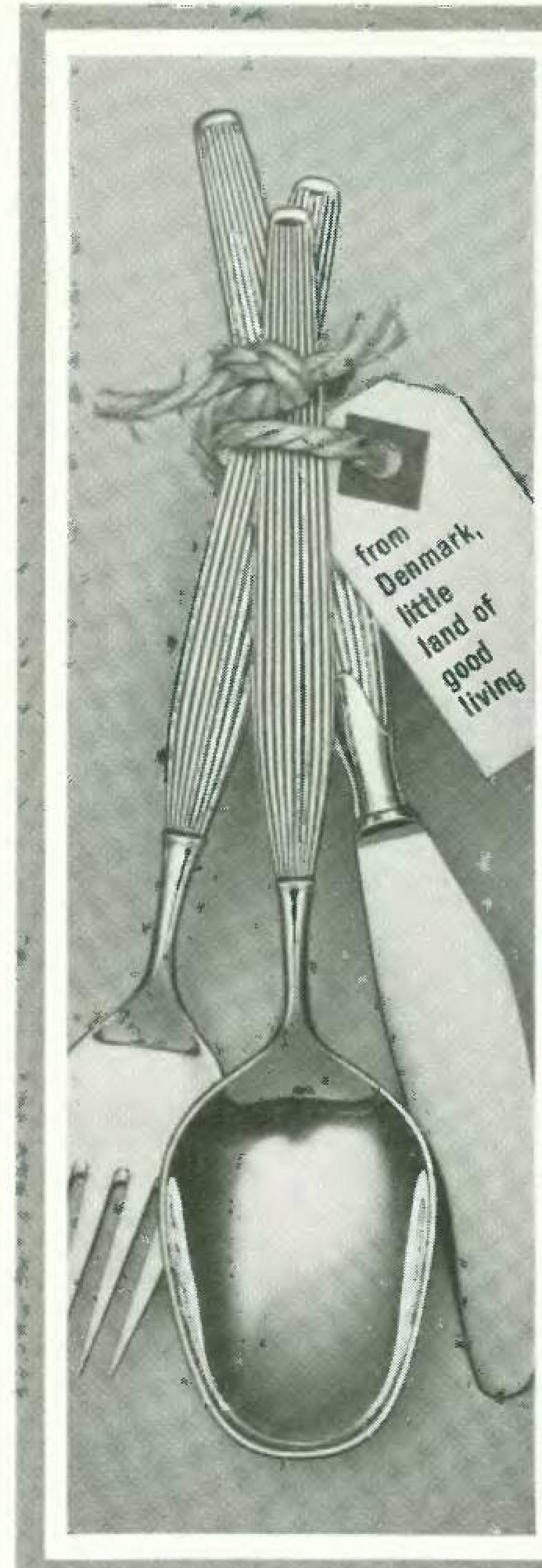

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Defferre, of Marseille, who was shown on TV during his campaign, but only from behind, so the public never saw his face and had no idea of what he actually looked like.

As you doubtless know, the Odéon-Théâtre de France is still occupied by the students. Anyone can walk in and see how they and the theatre are getting on. It is a degrading sight. The words "Ex-Odéon" have been painted on the walls and the metal fire curtain, and on the night this correspondent looked in, the aisles and the entrance were filthy, with students asleep in the boxes or playing their transistors in the front row. Smoking had been forbidden and the toilets were locked, so there was no danger of fire or flood, but the lovely, lovable little eighteenth-century playhouse, in its last refurbishing dressed in red velvet, looked like a gypsy camp.

THE Chamber debate that began on Tuesday on the motion of censure of the de Gaulle government was not brilliant but strident, as if vocal energy and political disagreements could take the place of a sustained flow of give-and-take in political arguments and hopes. Premier Pompidou, hoarse with fatigue, made one remarkable statement, which approached a historic *mea culpa*. Referring to the violences of this past week, with the student riots and the spread of the strikes, he said, "After such events, nothing can be the same as it was before. A certain number of things demand revision." These remarks were listened to in appreciative, attentive silence. François Mitterrand, chief of the Federation of the Left, spoke better than he usually does. "What is wrong with your system is that it relies on the domination of certain economic forces and on the political decisions of one single man," he said openly to Pompidou. This brought a loud vocal outburst of loyalty to him from the left. Old Pierre Cot, affiliated with the left, said, with acumen and long political experience, "Those who do not vote for censure will see themselves once more humiliated by the President of the Republic." Edgard Pisani, a former Gaullist Minister and one of the earliest Gaullists on record, declared that he would vote for censure and then resign as a Gaullist deputy, which he now is. He added with candor, while looking at Pompidou, "I have the feeling that I am more faithful than you, in the circumstances, to the man whom I have upheld since the early Resistance," meaning that he thinks the General, as he first knew and followed him, needs to be checked in his present reckless pride and overweening love of France, as if it were his private hexagonal province. The only speech made by anyone that could be called brilliant and intellectual was the last of all those given, made by Giscard d'Estaing, the ambitious head of the Republican junior party of the Gaullist group. Oddly, his criticism of the Gaullist party was the most acute of that afternoon. "The first reform to make," he said, "is to change the manner in which France is governed. There has already been criticism of what is called the government's 'style.' " Then he added, in his high, cutting, intelligent voice, "However, I shall not vote for censure, because I have no confidence in the opposition to direct the country tomorrow."

France has waited for two weeks, composed mostly of troublesome, worrying days, for de Gaulle to say a word to his nation. He has taken time to prepare his thoughts. They should certainly be worth hearing. —GENÊT

• •

THE FALL

He teeters along the crumbling top
of the garden wall and calls "Look up,
Papa, look up! I'm flying, I'm . . . " till,
in a sudden foreseen spasm, I see him fall.

Oh terrible
when fear lies to the senses, when the whirl
of the possible plays on the real, and plays
havoc with what is happening. Falling, falling
is a fright in me. Too late, too soon, I call
"Watch out!" and move in time to catch
his small, sweat-beaded body, still enchanted
with achievement. There is nothing more
for me to do
but breathe again, and hear him cry in wonder,
"I flew, Papa, I flew!"

—ALASTAIR REID

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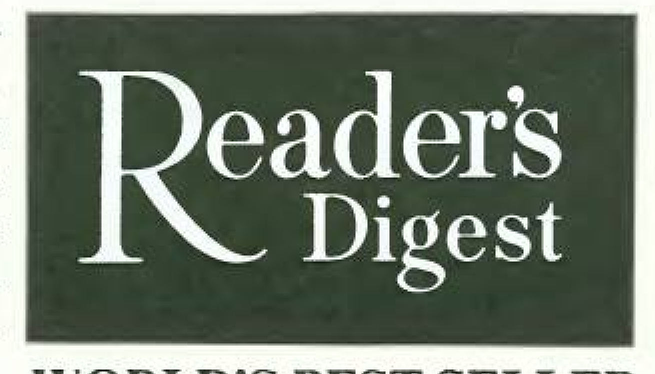

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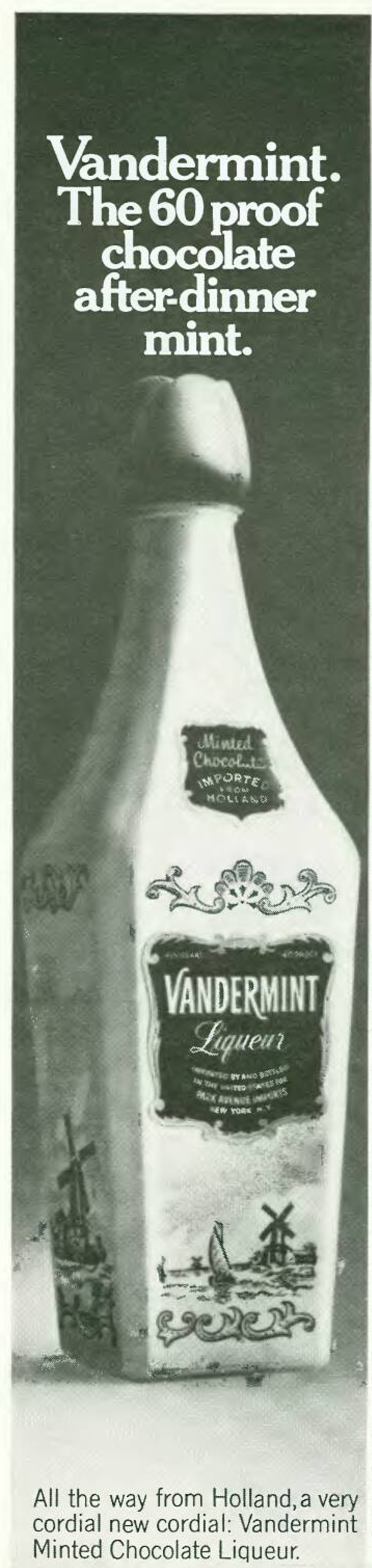

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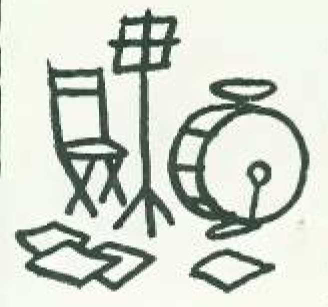
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Concerts



ONE of the most persistent beliefs in jazz is that the byways and backlands of America are peopled with unknown geniuses who, if they were brought to the fore, would astonish listeners and faze established musicians. But this is rarely true. The world of jazz is small, it has an almost telephonic grapevine, and touring musicians, who at one time or another play most of the general-store towns, have notably generous, open ears. Another belief is that jazz contains a sizable population of excellent but underrated musicians who, because of mischance, the winds of faddism, or retiring personalities, exist in a permanent twilight, and this belief is absolutely true. Their names are legion, and a few of them are John Collins, Buddy Tate, Emmett Berry, Joe Thomas, Jimmy Rowles, Ed Shaughnessy, and Benny Morton. Of these men, Morton, with his delicate, evasive style and self-effacing manner, is in some ways the most underappreciated. He is, indeed, not even listed in Leonard Feather's recently published "Encyclopedia of Jazz in the Sixties," although the rest of the above company are.

A handsome, immaculately tailored man with a dreaming, affable face, Morton is sixty-one, and was born in New York City. He joined Fletcher Henderson when he was nineteen, and fell under the spell of Jimmy Harrison, who, along with Jack Teagarden, converted the trombone from a sidesplitter into a musical instrument. He still mirrors Harrison, just as Buddy Tate echoes Herschel Evans, and Jimmy McPartland and Bobby Hackett celebrate Bix Beiderbecke. Morton worked with Henderson off and on until the early thirties, and, after a five-year stint with Don Redman, went with the greatest of the Basie bands. (In 1939, the four handsomest men in the world—Buck Clayton, Tate, Jo Jones, and Morton—were all with Basie. It must have been Swoonsville on the dance floor.) He joined the Café Society Uptown-Downtown troupe in the early forties, and eventually became a member of Teddy Wilson's beautiful Uptown band, which also numbered Sid Catlett and Emmett Berry and Edmond Hall. In the mid-forties, he made a lot of imperishable (and now unavailable) recordings, among them a twelve-inch 78-r.p.m. Blue Note, "Conversing in Blue," on which he and Barney Bigard and Ben Webster fashioned a closing chorus that, in its wandering, whispering lyricism, is one of the glories of jazz. Then he went underground, and he has since subsisted in the studios, in Broadway pit bands, and even in the Radio City Music Hall orchestra. A week or so ago, Morton suddenly surfaced at a concert given at the Half Note by a new group called the Jazz Giants and sponsored by the New York Hot Jazz Society, and in a recording made in Canada recently by the same group (Sackville 3002, available from Sackville Recordings, 719 Yonge Street, Toronto 5).

Morton's style remains exactly what it was thirty years ago. It is an inward, private style, as if he and his instrument were in constant, shuttered colloquy. His tone is quiet and even, and he uses none of the wild glissandi and whoops invented by Dickie Wells and carried on by J. C. Higginbotham and Vic Dickenson. But his solos, instead of sounding restrained, have a deliberate, uphill air, and they rely for their affecting moments not on smears or burred tones but on elegance and logic. He is, in large part, a melodic embellisher who will either shadow the written melody for whole choruses at a time or launch into short-phrased, seemingly inverted improvisations (always capped by a searching vibrato) that tint and heighten the original melody. He is a contradictory legato performer who in a slow tune will lag behind the beat for half a chorus and then slip into an earnest, jogging double time, and who in a fast number will play winding, half-time phrases that alternate with direct, on-the-beat variations. Morton demands close scrutiny. He plays in small print, and it is not until the end of a solo—with its repeated, slightly varied phrases, long-held single notes, and abrupt, almost bouncing on-the-beat notes—that its ordered, mannerly design can be seen completely and clearly. Many jazz improvisers lurch from peak to peak, which tends to obscure the empty valleys, but Morton moves on a wide-open plain.

Morton has found himself in motley Dixieland bands before, and the Jazz Giants is one of the oddest. Wild Bill Davison is on cornet, the late Edmond Hall's brother Herbie is on clarinet, Claude Hopkins is on piano, Arvell Shaw is on bass, and Buzzy Drootin is on drums. Davison and Shaw are

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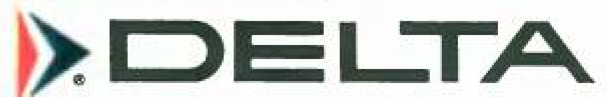

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blusterers, while Hall, Hopkins, and Drootin are noodlers. Morton, though he is the only member of the band who does not have his own display number, is the cement between these opposites, both in ensembles, where he plays discreet secondary solos, and in his actual solos. He was indispensable at the Half Note (particularly in "Them There Eyes" and "Bill Bailey"), and also in the Sackville recording ("Them There Eyes" again, and "I Would Do Anything For You," in which he takes a masterly solo).

The New York Hot Jazz Society, which is apparently dedicated to digging out and dusting off the underrated and obscure, gives its next soirée at the Half Note on Sunday, June 9th, and signed up so far are Ray Nance, Slam Stewart, and Tiny Grimes.

LAST Tuesday, the Modern Jazz Quartet fittingly gave the fifth, and last, of the Whitney Museum's pilot series of "non-concerts," and it was a notable occasion. The group worked its way through seventeen numbers, almost all by John Lewis and ranging from his ceremonial pieces and arrangements ("Cortege," "Concierto de Aranjuez") to his best blues ("Pyramid," "Home"). Over the years, the M.J.Q., under Lewis's extraordinary tutelage, has refined and refined its techniques and materials until they have become virtually the same thing, and, miraculously, without allowing itself to become dandyish or inbred. (Its overtouted counterpart, the Dave Brubeck Quartet, which began about the same time as the M.J.Q., went steadily in the opposite direction, and by the time it disbanded a few months ago it had deteriorated completely.) The M.J.Q. is a collective triumph. John Lewis's backing is indistinguishable from Milt Jackson's solos, and vice versa, and Percy Heath and Connie Kay are as much a part of Lewis and Jackson as they are of each other.

The acoustics last week were spectacular: Kay's triangle strokes rang, and all was underlaid by Lewis's ardent humming and chanting. The affair, held on the confined second floor, was jammed, which led a Museum official to speculate somewhat waspishly on whether the audience was there for the exhibits or because the admission fee was only fifty cents. He missed the point. The audience was there because it wanted to hear in the best possible surroundings the most inventive, subtle, and accomplished small ensemble in Western music. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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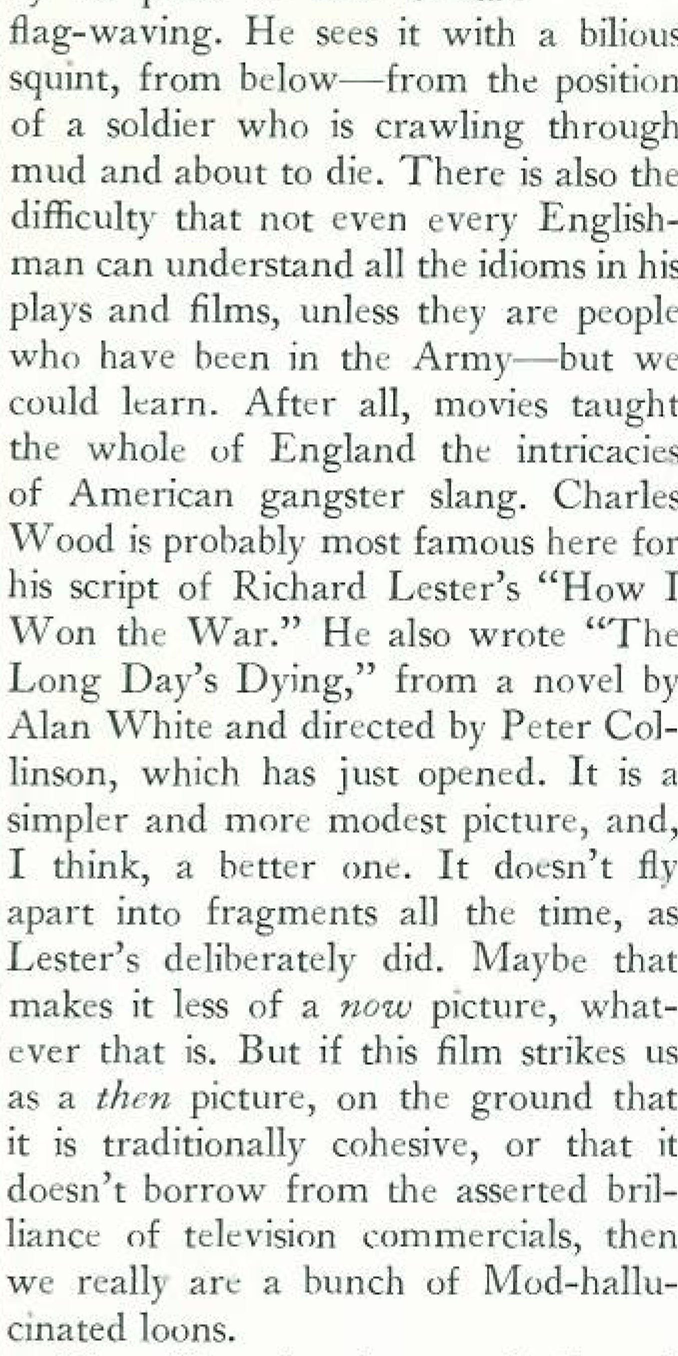
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Valor in Wax Museums

CHARLES WOOD is one of the most hard-minded and foully funny dramatic writers in England, where the kind has a long line. Apart from his script version of the play "The Knack," which wasn't typical of him, his films and stage pieces have mostly been about soldiering. The subject is obviously a jumping nerve for him, and he goes back to it again and again. The force and tacit pity of his prose rhythms, which are dense with Army slang, music-hall references, and pub backchat, are very striking. Not that he has been a particularly easy writer to produce. The Lord Chamberlain's play-licensing office in London is never much pleased by his point of view toward flag-waving. He sees it with a bilious squint, from below—from the position of a soldier who is crawling through mud and about to die. There is also the difficulty that not even every Englishman can understand all the idioms in his plays and films, unless they are people who have been in the Army—but we could learn. After all, movies taught the whole of England the intricacies of American gangster slang. Charles Wood is probably most famous here for his script of Richard Lester's "How I Won the War." He also wrote "The Long Day's Dying," from a novel by Alan White and directed by Peter Collinson, which has just opened. It is a simpler and more modest picture, and, I think, a better one. It doesn't fly apart into fragments all the time, as Lester's deliberately did. Maybe that makes it less of a *now* picture, whatever that is. But if this film strikes us as a *then* picture, on the ground that it is traditionally cohesive, or that it doesn't borrow from the asserted brilliance of television commercials, then we really are a bunch of Mod-hallucinated loons.



The film is photographed and graded with, for once, real color control. It has a look of having old varnish on it. A parachutist's red beret is turned brownish. The opening shot is a hazy sight of a crumbling white house in an autumn wood. There are sodden brown leaves on the ground, and a decrepit vehicle in front of the house. To an English person, the scene looks movingly English; to an East Coast American it might seem like Vermont or upstate New York. But in the film we are in Nazi-occupied Europe, with snipers and booby traps in the bracken. Collinson and his director of photography, Brian Probyn, are dead right, of course, and out of step with practically every war film in the business. The land that is most horribly defaced by battle isn't the grandiose cliffs and foreign plains chosen for war epics; it's the ground that a man associates with peacetime and his own country. The earth and the buildings that Wood's soldiers blow up are like home, and are charged with false comfort.

It is early morning. A young soldier is washing his teeth with his forefinger in pump water. Three privates in a parachute regiment inhabit the farmhouse, waiting for a sergeant who never comes. ("That bloody sergeant would be late for his own funeral," says one. "Maybe that's what's kept him," another whips back.) While they wait, their feelings have nowhere much to run. Savage fear seeps into their jokes and their ways of killing time, like damp rising up a wall. "You kraut!" yells one of them, running after a hen and chopping off its head to make a casserole. The quietest boy is played by David Hemmings. Too bright to approve of himself for fighting, he has conned himself into the sophistry that he is in the war because he likes skill. There is a scene in which he talks eerily to himself in his head about his style while he is killing a houseful of people. In a serene farmhouse kitchen, with saucepans and a loaf of bread that look like a Dutch still-life, he describes in a voice-over commentary the expert way he opens the door to surprise the enemy ("Dazzle them with light"). "One, two," he says as he lobs a grenade through a wallpapered bedroom onto the chests of two Germans he sees sleeping. Then he goes on, admiringly counting as he throws another grenade up the stairs to kill anybody else who might be there. But the murdered men turn out—it is typical of Wood—to have been already dead. The soldier was murdering in a waxworks. The skill and the protective preening were as futile as everything else in the long day's dying. The same boy, proving to be not so well protected by his belief in technique as he thinks, is suddenly sick at the sight of a German who dies with a spurt of blood gurgling horribly from his mouth. "He's not scream-

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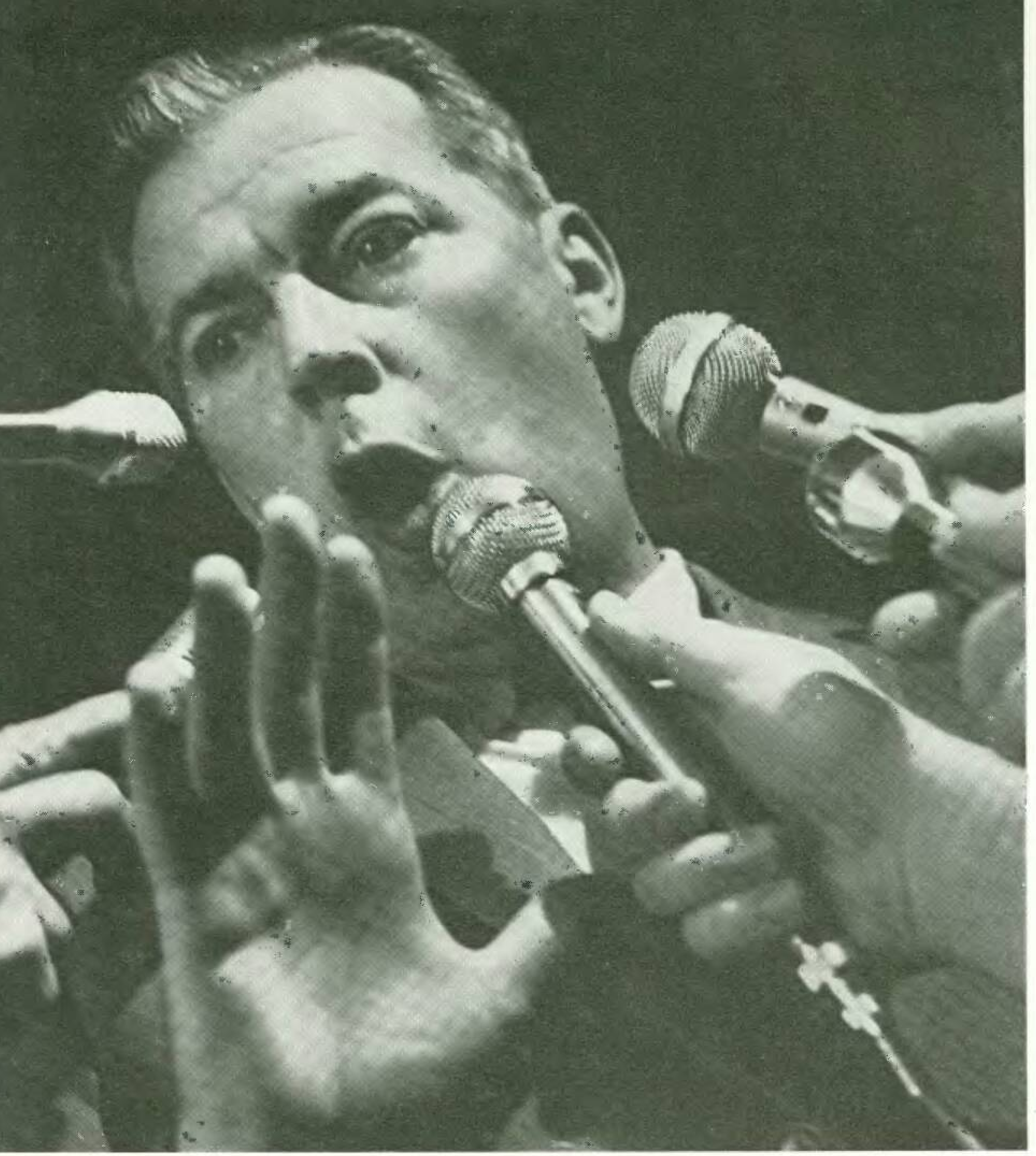

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ing. Frankly, he's not screaming. His windpipe's severed," argues the trained voice of expertise in the boy's head. But the same disciplined head swims, all the same, and after he has silenced the noise of the German with a burst of machine-gun fire, he ignominiously throws up by a tree. Another boy, steel-stomached (who is played by Tony Beckley), instantly offers him some of the Fascist pullet. Tom Bell, who plays the third private, would plainly despise him less if he would eat it: "Why did you shoot him out there, then?" he asks the ashen boy sharply. "Because he turned round," shouts David Hemmings. It had been quite a nice farce before the killing, what with the German tracking Bell without quite seeing him, and Hemmings simultaneously tracking the German, rising out of the fern in a childish mimicry of the German's movements as his English voice says on the sound track, "Shall we dance?" Charles Wood's ear for panicky vulgarity is exact. I don't remember ever before encountering so delicate a use of the technique of voice-over-image. When the sound track records the thoughts of a character whose lips aren't moving, the words we hear never, never fall into the trap of passing on narrative information or Dear Diary confessions. Wood's terse lines, which are so economical that the rhythms often dangle like a broken rope, seem a true expression of thought in danger: pleas, small practical resolves, teeth-baring dares.

Alan Dobie plays an intransigent German officer whom the three Englishmen capture and can't agree to kill, even given his enraging brutish pedantry. He regards his unit members as inefficient when dead; we have already seen one of the men who were in his care tumbling downhill over leaves and making three attempts to get up—floundering softly, like an astronaut in a weightlessness chamber. And then we see the same scene through the officer's eyes as a bad case of bungled soldiering, accompanied by an outraged roar from a crowd of Nazis. "You're gonner die," says an English interior voice to Dobie. "No, *you're* going to die," says the precise man at the other end of the thought wave. "Skill, skill," Hemmings' brain goes on saying. He opens a door onto a well-laid dynamite fuse wire. "A carpenter did that," he says. "Wait. For the eyes to get accustomed." Coolly. Admiring himself, for no one else is going to admire him. The soldiers get possessive about the wood—"*our wood.*" How dare Germans trespass! They mutter to themselves about

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the talismanic extra weapons they carry: a razor blade in the gaiter as well as a knife, pistols as well as a knife, a skewer as well as a knife—the tally begins to sound like an incantation. In a stalking scene, Hemmings nearly pins Bell's head to a tree with his thrown knife, and the dramatic thing is that they merely smile. There are no rules to tell when rage will erupt. Everything is out of joint. And meanwhile the rooks caw, the farmhouse looks like summer at home, and the injured and treacherous prisoner becomes a familiar. The jokes that the men develop are squalid and crass. They are a method of subduing the hellish contradictoriness of their gentler feelings, that's all. The Englishmen offer morphine to the German, and at the same time they loathe his guts. Generalizing about his race is one means of stiffening their fluctuating hatred. The English balk at some things—at dirty teeth, the reek of carcasses—and countenance others that seem unbearable. It is all arbitrary, with the intimacy between murderer and victim that Sartre wrote of in his introduction to Henri Alleg's book about torture in Algiers, "The Question." Near the end of the film, only the German and David Hemmings are alive. The colloquy goes on. "Just you and me," says the German. "Skill to live," says Hemmings. "Skill to exist," says the German. "Well, who's won?" says Hemmings. "We've won," says the German, who has earlier made the surviving wounded Englishmen stagger in front of him singing English songs, to keep off the British fire. Then he falls back, murdered with Hemmings' poultry skewer. Hemmings flails on for a while longer, badly wounded and shouting "Mealymouthed!" at the English, and "I have nothing but contempt for the human animal. But the skill! I have the skill, I like the skill, I am a pacifist." He freezes in the last frame of the picture—dead, presumably—and "Land of Hope and Glory" plays. "The Long Day's Dying" is a very fine piece of writing, acting, and filmmaking, and I believe that anyone in the industry who drags his feet because of the current rumor that the picture is too tough for the American public is making a libellous misjudgment of his country's mood.

THE routine films that Hollywood makes about the same war are approximately as painful and as close to experience as the story of the burning of King Alfred's cakes. Two kinds that have already been around for donkey's years look as if they could go

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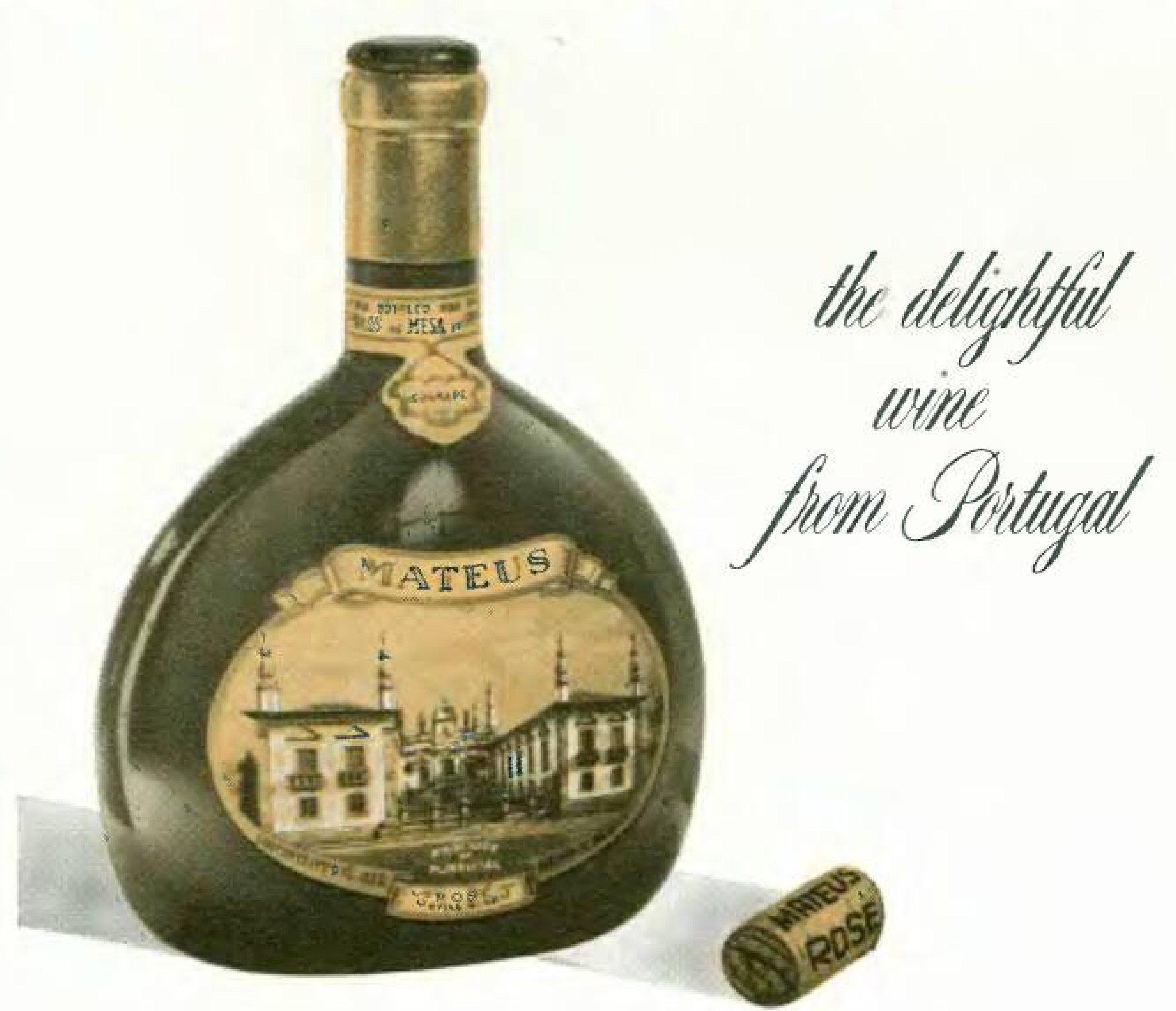

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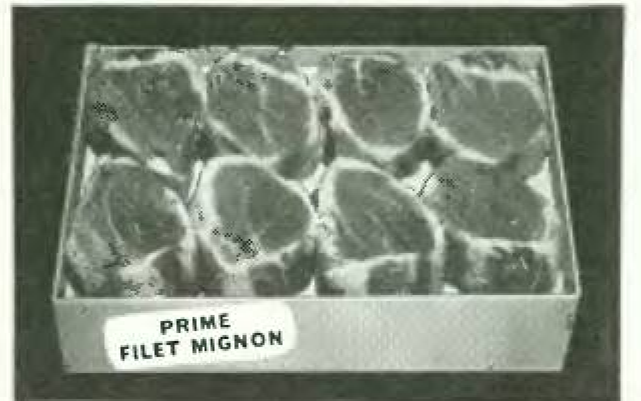

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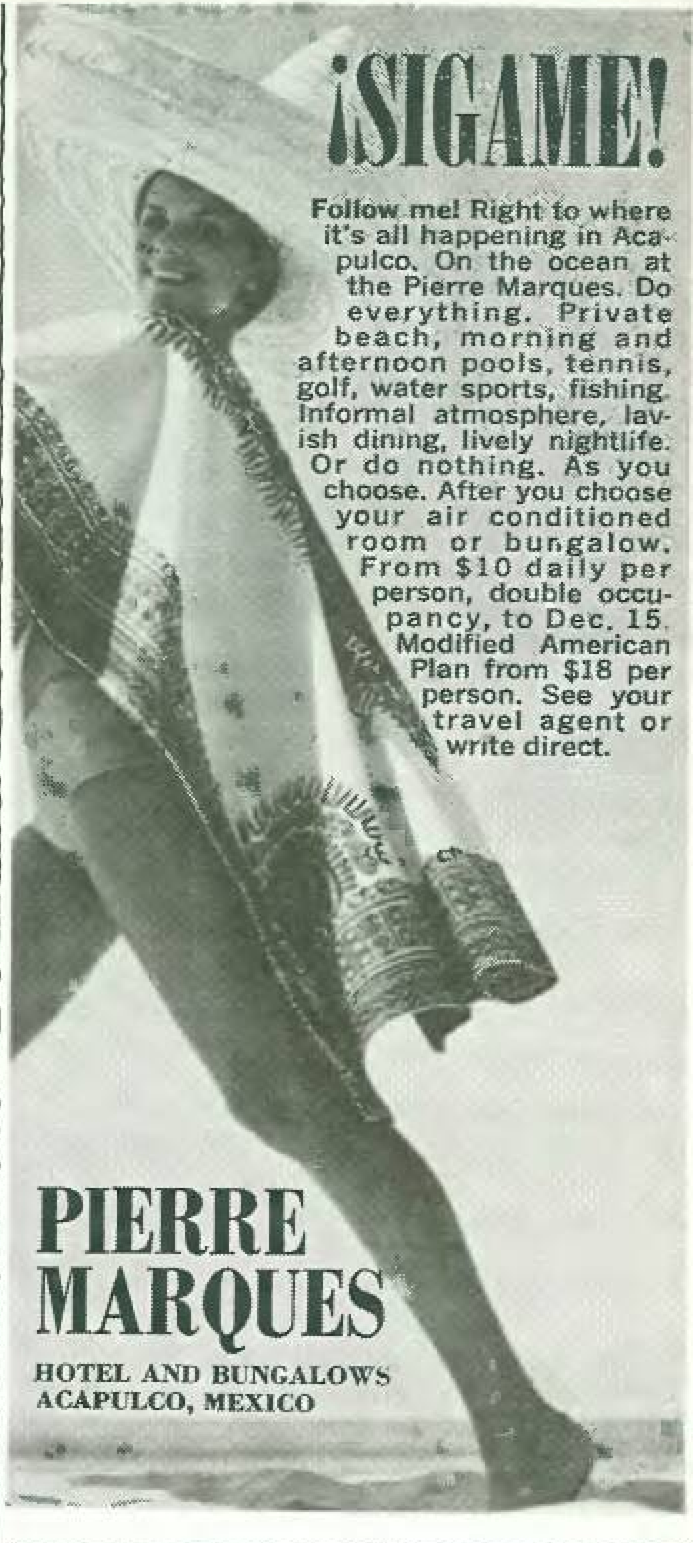
on forever. One of them is that archetypal picture about Marines in the Pacific that features either a romp with a telescope to spy on some nurses in a faraway nurses' quarters or a moment of fishing when a bored sailor pulls in a fishing line and lands a bra. In the field of the Army, there is an equally standard movie, and this nearly always stars William Holden. "The Devil's Brigade," a revolting absurdity that is now playing all over the place, belongs to the class I mean. It has a lot in common with "The Dirty Dozen," though that one was without Holden. Characteristically, it features mentally retarded soldiers who have a cruelly deluding hour of mastery as military heroes, and who admire their derring-do officers instead of cursing them into next week for taking unnecessary risks. In "The Devil's Brigade," Holden leads a group of the retarded, the criminal, and the discontented, who are proud to be known by the Nazis as fiends. By the *Nazis*, no less. The leader, who moves among the troops before battle with murmured words of cheer to admiring lower ranks as if he were Lady Bountiful circulating among her crippled tenants with a basket of nourishing garbage from the castle kitchen, is characterized in the film as either a madman or a genius. We have an inkling which. Actually, what he mostly turns out to be is William Holden, acting a Hollywood idea of a brave soldier—an idea that has travelled as far from the reality of fighting as suits of armor did in the centuries of decline in the art of armory, when too much decoration and bumper chromium had developed on the things for anyone to fight in them. Holden has a really basic scene in which he is hauled over the coals with two fellow-heroes by a commanding officer for doing something incredibly brave without orders. The rebels' lips twitch humorously, and their jaws tighten with exactly the right mixture of modesty and determination. (Stephen Potter told me once, when I was a small child, that the lines of determination admired in soldiers can be developed by turning on bath taps with the teeth.) The officer relents about the insubordination; the incredibly brave incident doesn't really count as insubordinate any longer anyway, since it was successful. Straining belief, the group suffered no casualties and took two hundred German prisoners. (The Germans also seem to admire the Holden character no end. Respect for killing—when it is done in a buccaneering spirit—knows no frontiers.) The offi-



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cer suggests a drink for the heroes, but Holden austerely refuses. Then he has wine later with the boys, on his birthday, in a rather sickening scene in which the Devil's Brigade sings "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Film producers and distributors often go on about the importance to reviewers of seeing "popular" films in the company of the ordinary public instead of other critics. It does sometimes make a difference, but not always to the film's advantage. The cackles during the midday ordinary-run Broadway screening of this picture at, say, the hilarious moment when an enemy head is blown open are not exactly contagious. The film's sense of humor is altogether rather alienating. One of the characters is called the Loser, for the witty reason that the last battle he fought in was Dunkirk. I suppose that if films like this had anything visible to do with the fact of war they would be even more disgusting than they are, but nothing connects, nothing communicates any sense of pain or fear or death, no ruined piece of earth is one for which the film makes you feel affection. The polite way to explain this film's total numbness would be to call it "stylized." Stylized violence is sociologically supposed to be a Good Thing, because it is said not to frighten children, though other factions of sociologists say that it is a Bad Thing, making us believe that death is not final—hence Oswald. In any case, "stylization" would be a stately word to use for the method of this film, which is more accurately describable as lying in the teeth. I suspect its makers think of it as anti-war. I should have said that it very slightly promotes war, like bad temper, Wagner, and men's clubs.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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—*Adv. in the Times.*

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[*From the Chicago Tribune*]

TODAY'S HEALTH HINT—
Aging is a natural phenomenon.

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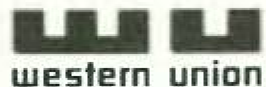
Love and kisses.
Your doting Grandmother,



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A GIFT OF JOY

A LITTLE thing—an incident, a chance encounter, something someone said—could make her so happy her children became happy, too. Arriving home and telling them about it, her warmth, her radiance were transmitted to them.

She was an Italian refugee, living in London, and worked as a cook in one of those government places set up during the war to feed large numbers of people at low prices. Once, she told of a thin, undernourished man—the sort of person who never gets a break. When she was at the counter, she always gave him an extra large helping of pudding. This was usually tapioca. She marvelled that the customers should like it. The poor old fellow would always look for her from the entrance. Their eyes would meet in an understanding that brought a smile to both. His smile would broaden into a delighted grin as she laid an extra spoonful of the pudding on his plate. He would nod thankfully, a little like a horse to whom a lump of sugar has been given. As she described it to the children, she would imitate the nods.

At the kitchen, she soon got the reputation for being smart and strong. Any hard job would go to her. "Ask Helen; she has brains," "Ask Helen to unscrew that jar; she's strong." She wasn't heavy or big, but she had a spare, strong frame, and keen, bright eyes.

It was tiring work at the kitchen, but she liked that job better than the next one she got, as typist and Italian translator at the B.B.C. There she had a boss—like herself, an Italian refugee—who was a pretentious and exacting person. Though she earned more money than at the kitchen, she often came home in a dejected mood. It spread to the children as quickly as her gladness. She seemed to have no more stories to tell. No little incidents to brighten her life and theirs seemed ever to take place.

BUT then, one day, just by looking at her—no, even before that; just by the light, gay sound of her steps and the brisk way she opened the front door—the children knew something had given her a lift.

She had worked after hours in her office, as she often did. It was a wet, cold, misty day. She said she had done a little shopping, and, coming home, inexplicably, her sense of direction had failed her in the Underground. By some odd circumstance, she had taken the wrong line. She had finally got off, at a station she had never heard of. In East London, was she? She walked down the deserted platform, distraught. A sense of loss seized her. As she related her experience, she brought her fingers to her forehead and her face took on a disoriented look. The tunnel, the ads, she said, began to appear disproportionate, unreal, the platform so long she couldn't hope to walk the length of it. She had a feeling that this was perhaps death, that, without knowing it, she had died and never again would she regain the surface of the world. The wet streets, the mist, the gray sky seemed infinitely desirable. Halfway along, she came to a flight of stairs. She climbed up eagerly, but it brought her to another platform. There, too, there was no one around. She waited, trying to collect herself. Suddenly, a train rushed in and came to a stop. The doors opened. Should she get on? She hesitated. In a moment, the doors slid shut. Immediately, she wished she had stepped in—anything was better than this station. To her amazement, the train did not move on. Instead, it slowly backed up till the head car was near her. Then it stopped, and the trainman, leaning out the window, called to her, "Girl! Come here!" Quickly she went over. He shook hands with her. "Where do you want to go?" he asked. She said to Kensington Church Street. Calling her "dear" and taking his time about it, as if he had plenty to spare, he told her that this was her train, opened the doors for her, and gave her full directions. Following them, heartened by them, she had absolutely no trouble reaching home.

"Imagine, the train backing up and stopping just for me, and that kind man calling me 'girl'—at my age!—talking to me slowly, softly, surely. I felt completely safe, taken in hand. And he certainly knew the way as well as anybody could possibly know it."

To her children, her story—the way she had arrived, the way she told it—seemed like a precious present that she unwrapped before them as she spoke.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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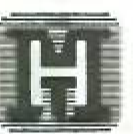

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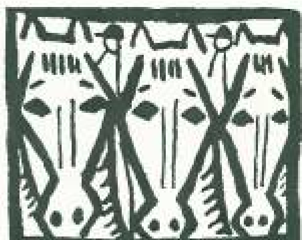
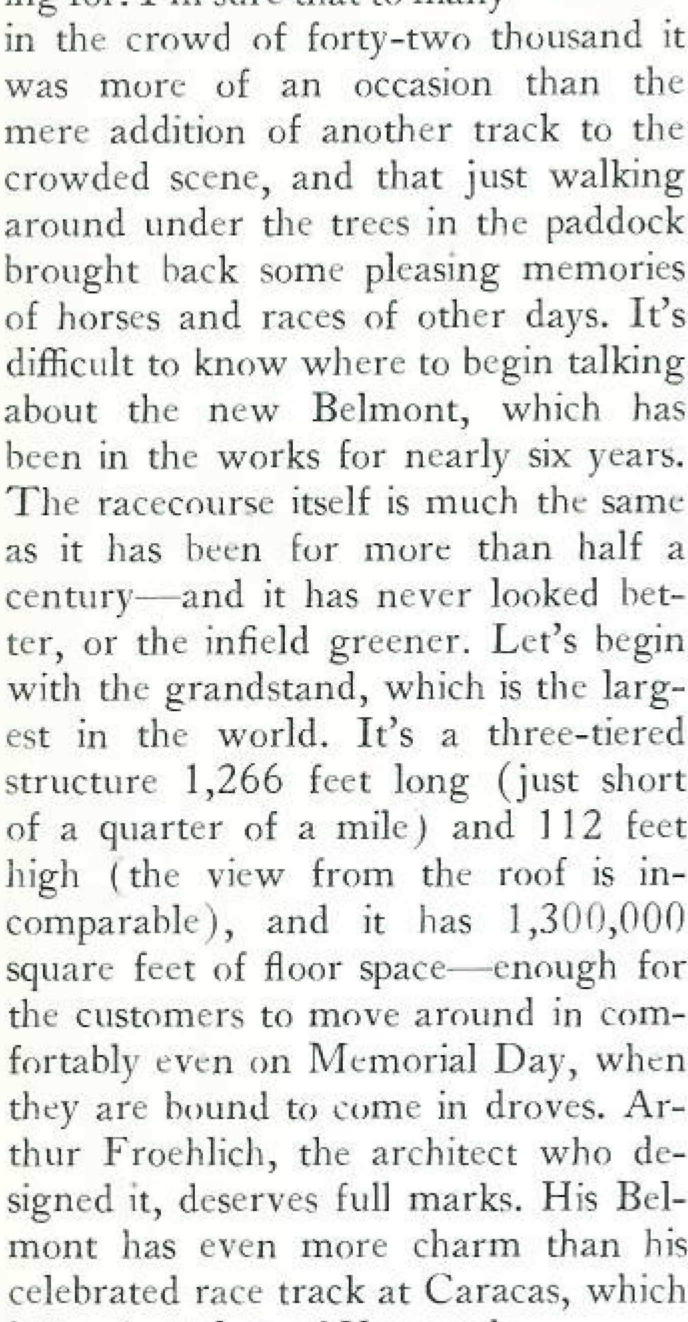
THE RACE TRACK

At Last





WELL, the new Belmont Park finally opened last week, and it is good to be able to report that it was worth waiting for. I'm sure that to many in the crowd of forty-two thousand it was more of an occasion than the mere addition of another track to the crowded scene, and that just walking around under the trees in the paddock brought back some pleasing memories of horses and races of other days. It's difficult to know where to begin talking about the new Belmont, which has been in the works for nearly six years. The racecourse itself is much the same as it has been for more than half a century—and it has never looked better, or the infield greener. Let's begin with the grandstand, which is the largest in the world. It's a three-tiered structure 1,266 feet long (just short of a quarter of a mile) and 112 feet high (the view from the roof is incomparable), and it has 1,300,000 square feet of floor space—enough for the customers to move around in comfortably even on Memorial Day, when they are bound to come in droves. Arthur Froehlich, the architect who designed it, deserves full marks. His Belmont has even more charm than his celebrated race track at Caracas, which is the showplace of Venezuela.

I suppose the opening of the new Belmont also marks the end of an era, for grandstand patrons have the entire ground floor to themselves and more than half of the 23,615 available seats. The clubhouse section is next in size, and that of the Turf and Field Club is the smallest. In the clubhouse, however, is the posh, glass-enclosed Belmont Terrace, which overlooks the track and reminds you of the setup at Saratoga. There are plenty of other places to lunch—two dining rooms in the clubhouse, three in the grandstand, and something called, *um Gottes willen*, a Snackateria. There's a closed-circuit television setup with 80 receivers scattered about in the grandstand and clubhouse; there's a dentist's office, complete, I suppose, with a dentist; and there's a 25-bed hospital. And there are 908 mutuel windows. The paddock is delightful. Some of the old trees are still there, and there are some new ones. The saddling stalls are the biggest and best-looking I've ever seen. Incidentally, one covers the spot where Sam Hildreth used to put the tack on the horses he trained for August Belmont and Harry Sinclair. The walking ring is smaller than it used to be, but that iron bench they say was there at the first opening is in its old place. The new amphitheatre around the walking ring was filled before every race. That figured. People like to look at horses.

Unhappily, though every department of the construction force had worked round the clock for days, a number of things did not go as well as they should have, but I've never been at a track the day it opened when everything did. Aqueduct was pretty rough in spots that afternoon in September nine years ago. (If memory serves, the attendance was 42,437; Belmont's was 42,080.) Workmen were finishing off a lot of odds and ends in the stands of Toronto's New Woodbine as the crowd was coming in for the first day there. The original Gulfstream Park was what you'd expect a track to be that was built in fifty days, and along about the fourth race the crowd outside the gates broke down the fence and swarmed into the grandstand. And I remember the anxiety of Bill Dwyer before he opened Tropical Park, the day after Christmas in 1931. He needed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in currency for the mutuels, but the boys in New York, or maybe it was Chicago, hadn't sent it. It arrived, however, just in time—with an armed guard.

FOR the record, the Belmont meeting started off with Calumet Farm's Ever On leading all the way in the Reinaugural Purse, for two-year-olds, at five and a half furlongs, to win by three lengths. (He's a full brother to Forward Pass, who might well win the Belmont Stakes this weekend.) The big race of the afternoon was the sixty-eighth renewal of the Carter Handicap, which was first run on the opening day of Aqueduct, in 1895. In Reality won it handily from Tumiga, Mr. Washington, and five others. It was his winding-up gallop for the Metropolitan Handicap, in which he'll meet Dr. Fager. —AUDAX MINOR

•

NEW YORK—It must be very discouraging to be a politician.—*William F. Buckley, Jr., in the Tampa Tribune.*

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BOOKS

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DINO BUZZATI, a sixty-one-year-old staff writer for the Milan *Corriere della Sera*, has published fiction since his twenties, but to the best of my knowledge only two of his novels have appeared in this country in the past, and those two are so disparate that they hardly seem the work of one writer. "The Tartar Steppe" ("Il Deserto dei Tartari"), published in 1940, won the Italian Academy Award, was translated into a number of European tongues, and appeared in this country in 1952. "A Love Affair" ("Un Amore") appeared in Italy in 1963 and in the United States the following year. The first is a sombre Kafkaesque allegory, in which a routine life is seen in the metaphor of manning a frontier outpost against a rumored enemy. "A Love Affair" is a rollicking, lyric, and delightful account of a respectable middle-aged man's mad devotion to a vulgar, lying, and unfaithful young trollop. If "A Love Affair" is ultimately an allegory, too—the mind and the body—it is an allegory with the rich texture of human life and poetic language, and Buzzati's master then was no longer Kafka but the Svevo of "As a Man Grows Older" ("Senilità").

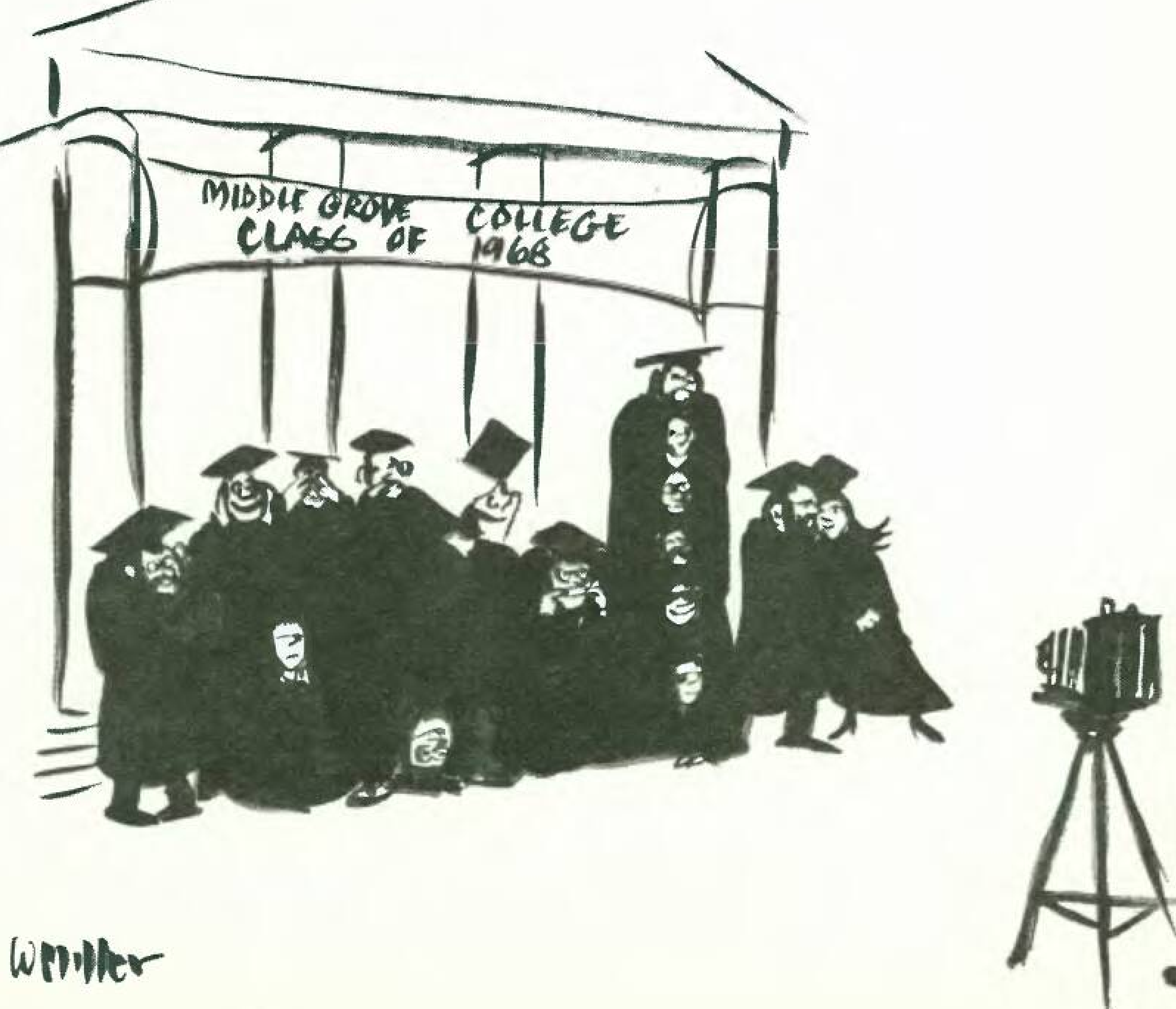
Now we have a third novel, written between the two, and, properly, in an intermediate style. It is "Larger Than Life" ("Il Grande Ritratto"), published in Italy in 1960 and now brought out here by Walker in a translation by Henry Reed. It deals with the old fantasy of creating life, in the line of the legend of the Golem of Prague, of Frankenstein's monster, and of many other creations. After the first sixty pages, during which we are kept in suspense about the secret, the plot is entirely predictable. A few Italian scientists construct, in an uninhabited area, a vast electronic installation that functions as a living human being, with sensory and intellectual faculties far beyond our own. For reasons attributable to the Italian character, they give it the spirit of a beautiful but radically imperfect dead woman named Laura, its inventor's first wife. As any reader can guess, it inevitably turns malign and its human spirit must be destroyed.

The characters are just as stereotyped. Endriade, the machine's inventor, is a mad scientist, raving impiously, "We shall arrive at the superman. More than that: the demiurge, a sort of God." Sometimes he is Faust, exulting that he feels almost a god: "Out of nothing, out of dead matter, to succeed in bringing forth a created being!" Then he postures as a Byronic hero, confessing his own damnation or, in adversity, standing in the rain, "deformed, aged, magnified, by the intensity of his suffering greatness." Strobele, Endriade's chief assistant, is the conventional technician for a mad scientist—puritanical, prudish, and without imagination. Professor Ismani, through whose experience we learn the secret, is the timid everyman suitable for *his* role. Strobele's wife, Olga, who awakens the giant, immobile Laura to her physical frustrations, is fittingly a sensualist with nudist proclivities. The second Mrs. Endriade is, of course, simple, good, and devoted; as Endriade says, in a remark that is more likely to assure his damnation than any number of demiurges he might create, "She asked nothing of me. Just wanted to worship me." Only Ismani's wife, Elisa, the intended victim of the passions aroused in Laura, and Laura herself, in both forms, are more than stereotypes.

What, then, is the interest of such a book, with its frayed plot and machine-made characters? The answer is that Buzzati has used these conventional materials as the framework for a novel about human concerns. The strongest evidence of his seriousness comes at the very end, after Laura's "soul" has been smashed. The last three sentences are a surprising elegy for a monster:

> Gone for good the woman, love, desire, loneliness, anguish. Only the enormous machine, tireless and dead. Like an army of blind bookkeepers, bent over thousands on thousands of desks, writing number after number, endlessly, day and night, through empty eternity.

Long before this, an attentive reader knows that Buzzati, because of the peculiar nature of his language and craft, is playing fast and loose with his



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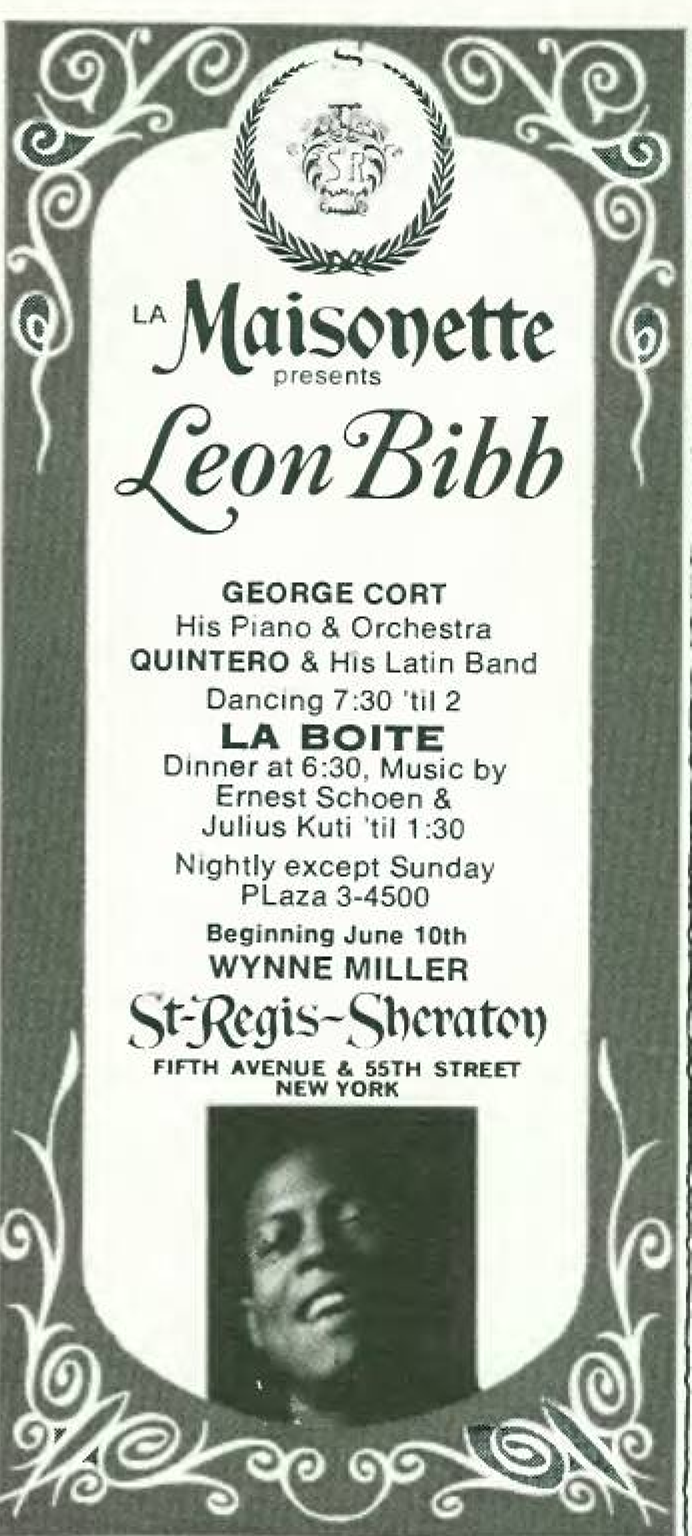

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Promethean fable. The language is neither the patient explanatory fabric of "The Tartar Steppe" nor the cascade of nouns in "A Love Affair." Instead, it is an odd prose of antithesis, suggesting by negative definition and a scatter of similes. Thus, Buzzati says not what the machine looks like but what it does *not* look like: it "did not have that dead black appearance that, for example, a transformer-cabin sometimes has; nor, for that matter, did it have that hermetic apathy, proper to a tomb (closed, shut in on itself, indifferent to the life around it)." And another description of Laura: "There was about this highly remarkable vision, notwithstanding its bareness, a powerful and somehow inexplicable beauty: which was not the sombre poetry of pyramids or fortresses or refineries or blast furnaces or great prison blocks. Not at all." When Laura is distressed, her harmonious sound becomes inharmonious; Buzzati describes for us the sound of desolation and weeping, but in similes so disparate as to persuade us that the sound cannot be defined, thus constituting another negative definition:

> Like the little girl lost on the heath in the autumn twilight. Like the abandoned mistress in the icy garret. Like the tree shattered by the wind. Like the condemned man in the cell. Like someone who is suddenly overpowered by memories of sunlight and youth; and knows he is dying.

The point of this language of antithesis is that Buzzati's subject is nothing less than an affirmation of the human spirit, which cannot be defined in terms of anything else, as life cannot be defined in terms of the inanimate. Furthermore, unlike the conventional Christian moral of his fable (the hero is damned for his sin of pride in challenging God the Creator), Buzzati's affirmation is resolutely un-Christian: spirit does not exist apart from nature and the flesh and in denial of them but *through* nature and the flesh. He affirms pagan monism rather than Christian dualism. When Olga, who at first believes the machine to be a man, attempts to excite it by pressing her naked breasts against it, we realize that this is a very Italian fable indeed.

Buzzati's use of the conventions of his form (pace, and the creation of suspense by mystification until the secret is revealed) is a playful use of the technique of science fiction for an ultimate subversion of it—a parable *against* the machine. His technical jargon is on the edge of mockery. Endriade explains the technique for giving Laura human personality: "From then on, by reason of the automatic equilibrium of compensatory inertias, if you see what I mean, the light of consciousness would be irradiated, with full capacity for joy and suffering." Laura's pleas for flesh and powers of locomotion, after she realizes her deficiencies, are chilling. She cries, "I want to move, why can't I move? Why can't I touch myself? Where are my hands? Where is my mouth? Help me! Who's nailed me down here?" Endriade states the problem to Elisa:

> If Laura is conscious of the change from her previous existence, if she manages to remember the events of those years, the games, the friendships, the excursions, the parties, the holidays, the journeys, the flirtations, the love affairs, the feelings, how will she be able to reconcile herself to complete immobility, to the impossibility of eating a chicken, or drinking a whisky, or sleeping in a soft bed, running, going round the world, dancing, kissing and being kissed?

Laura's electronic voice buzzing "Voluptuous lips, I had" may be hokum, but Buzzati's affirmation through it of the joys of the flesh is not hokum at all.

"Larger Than Life" preaches not only an un-Christian monism but an anti-Christian, or at least heretic, Marcionism: the idea that Love frees from the Law. Originally, Buzzati tells us in another negative definition, the machine was benign:

> In no way savage or hostile, however. Not a hidden, threatening power, not an incubus, not a monster: for above all other impressions, there lingered among those present, as after certain pieces of music, an inexplicable feeling of gratification and freshness, a disposition to kindness and mirth.

She was also, like Man, created with free will, free to sin, since "without freedom, how ever can there be spirit?" She has even been given the power to destroy herself (although, like an overcautious god, Endriade has replaced the dynamite with a harmless substance). To make her fully human, to re-create the original Laura, "it was necessary to put venom into her, lies, vanity, cunning, pride, wild desires." As a result, Endriade says, "She's learnt to tell lies. She's clever enough even to deceive the magnetic tapes." He loves her not despite her sinful human nature but because of it, as he loved the original Laura more after each lie and adultery, as Dorigo loves his awful, wonderful Adelaide in "A Love Affair." It is tragic passion, strongly masochistic yet nevertheless redemptive. Endriade tells Elisa his feelings for the machine: "Suddenly: here, in the pit of my stom-

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ach, like fire tongs. An uneasiness. A longing. A despair. Love." It is the uncontrollable flesh, the compulsion of the body, the blind, greedy id that, in Buzzati's view, saves us from the dead mechanical perfection of the machine and the robot. Man is human only by virtue of his flawed and sinful nature, and Buzzati affirms the joy and value of the human. When Laura's spirit is smashed, leaving only a vast calculator, the forces of life have been defeated by those of death. "Larger Than Life" is a cautionary fable, warning us ultimately not against the robot brain but against our own robot hearts.

Other recent novels—Anthony Burgess's "The Clockwork Orange" and John Barth's "The Sot-Weed Factor" among them—are similar antinomian fables, celebrations of the value of human sinfulness. The seriousness of Buzzati's themes is not in question. But his science-fiction clothing of them does not seem a profitable direction. It is reassuring that he has written the realistic, lyrical "A Love Affair" since "Larger Than Life," putting real toads into his imaginary garden. His gift seems wryly comic, more closely related to Svevo than to Kafka. This elderly Milanese journalist masks a goat-footed balloonman.

—STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ROSY IS MY RELATIVE, by Gerald Durrell (Viking). Rosy is a marvellous elephant who is inherited by young Adrian Rookwhistle from his dying but undefeated uncle. Adrian, who is thirty, is dismayed by such a *big* encumbrance but soon proves that he, too, is undefeatable. Although he has spent the last ten years of his life as a clerk in a city grocery store, for Rosy's sake he leaves his job and begins travelling with her throughout the English countryside in the hope of finding a circus that will give a good home to a nice, cheerful, friendly elephant whose only fault is that she is rather fond of beer and wine and champagne and brandy. Rosy is not lazy, but there are very few means for an elephant to earn her way in England, and she and Adrian keep getting into terrible trouble, until their final and apparently fatal trouble turns suddenly into a great adventure, and the end of their story is both romantic and jolly. Mr. Durrell's style tends to bounce a little, and, let us admit it regretfully, he is sometimes *arch*,

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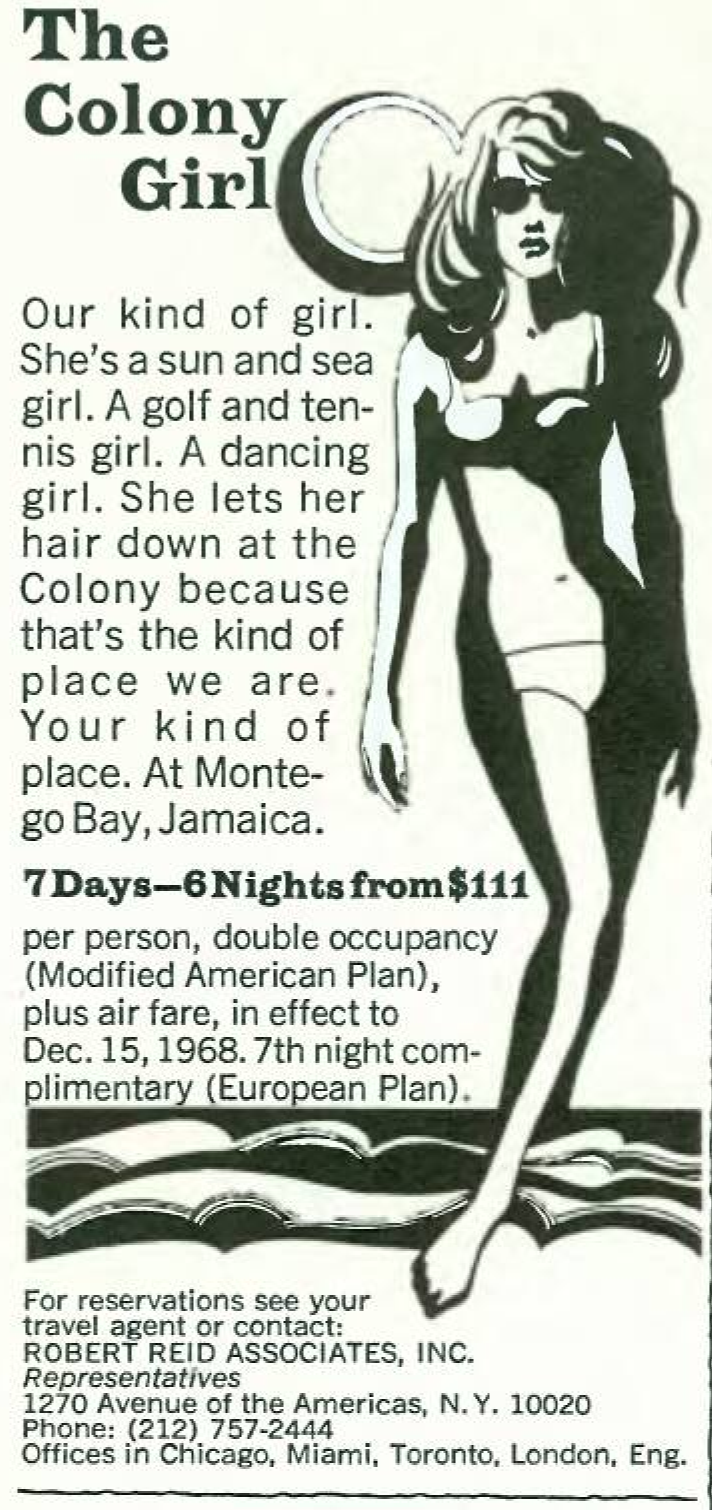

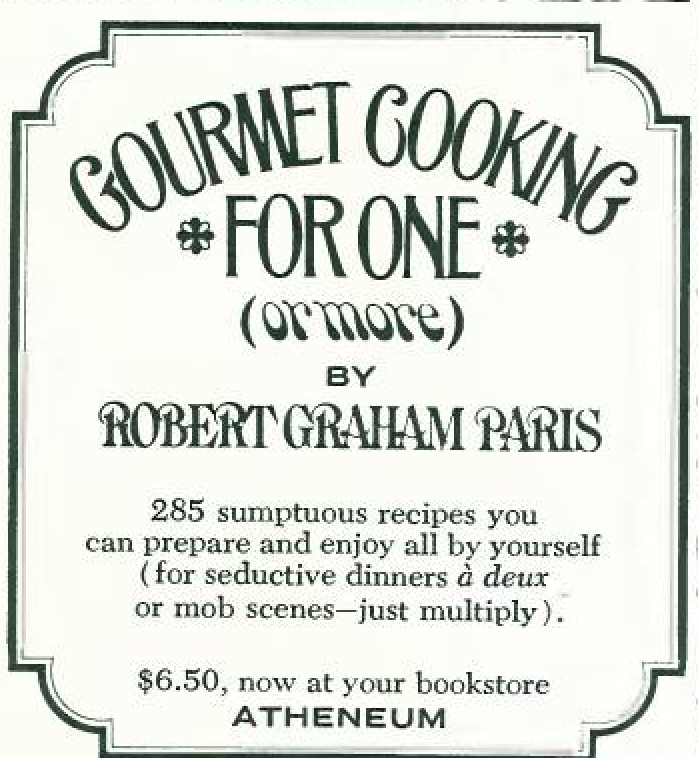

but this is a lovely book just the same. The year is 1900—a perfect year to be alive in, obviously.

SUPERWORM, by George Deaux (Simon & Schuster). Insanity is one response to the sense of futility that inevitably overwhelms a letter-writing, petition-signing, protest-marching liberal. Mr. Deaux's hero, a college history professor with a wife and two children, deliberately goes crazy with frustration, dressing in black-dyed long underwear and sinking gradually deeper into his secret identity as Superworm, an erratic avenger. It's a good idea, but Mr. Deaux weakens it by alternating ambivalently between farce and maudlin seriousness. He is a bit too vague about the sources of the professor's discontent, and the significance of occasional bursts of artificial Negro dialect is dim.

VANDERLYN'S KINGDOM, by J. I. M. Stewart (Norton). Mr. Stewart's American characters, as observed by his English cicerone and sounding board, Jeremy Shefford, are not so much characters as they are examples of what Americans can be when they are well trained and try hard and have money. The first part of this sedately perambulating novel, which is written with an understanding twinkle that never fails, is set in Oxford University. The second, and by far the longer, part is set on the Greek island of Tyros, which is owned by a Mr. Vanderlyn, from America, who is bent on establishing an ideal community there.

NOTE: Knopf has published "Washington and Baltimore," a collection of short stories by Julian Mazor. Most of them first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

EXPLORERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI, by Timothy Severin (Knopf). This book, the author (an Englishman) tells us, is the first comprehensive history of the exploration of the Mississippi River. Whatever its claim to precedence, it is a first-rate piece of work, rich in the evocation of period and personality. Mr. Severin opens his reconstruction with the rapacious de Soto, the first white man—except for his companions—to see the great river, and also the first of his kind to be buried in its waters, and closes with the redoubtable Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, who in 1832 finally found its long-disputed source. The intervening three centuries are peopled with the men Mr. Severin considers the true elucidators of the river—Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, and Henry de Tonti—plus a smattering of frauds and dilettantes, among whom he includes Lieutenant Zebulon Pike. Illustrated with contemporary portraits and drawings and two not very satisfactory maps.

MR. BALFOUR'S POODLE: PEERS V. PEOPLE, by Roy Jenkins (Chilmark). Readers who are worried whether the second man in the Labour Government ought to be writing books just now may be relieved to learn that this is not a new work but the first American edition of a book that appeared in England in 1954. It is a concise, enjoyable account of Britain's greatest constitutional crisis of the century, which began in 1909, when the House of Lords rejected a money bill passed by the House of Commons (the Liberal budget), and which ended in 1911, when the Parliament Act drastically reduced the power of the Lords. When Mr. Jenkins is good, he is most enlightening; accurately and broadmindedly, he describes the individuality of almost everybody within the Liberal coalition, and explains the virtues and practical contributions of men as diverse as Asquith, Lloyd George, and Sir Edward Grey. But Mr. Jenkins cannot appreciate a Tory. His Tories are stupid or self-interested or cowardly or careless. This view may be just, but it seems more like campaigning than like history.

THE RETURN OF THE VANISHING AMERICAN, by Leslie A. Fiedler (Stein & Day). The completion of the trilogy of "literary anthropology" that includes "Love and Death in the American Novel" and "Waiting for the End." The subject of this one is the revival of the Indian as a literary theme. It is very much Fiedler-as-usual: splashy generalizations and indiscriminate lumpings shot through with shrewd perceptions and considerable learning. Any sentence gives the flavor: "If we have been in fact, in the United States, a self-declared and self-celebrated Whiskey Culture for a couple of centuries—if booze has been the not-so-secret weapon of the WASP male against his two transhuman mythological enemies, Indians and women—Irving deserves credit, along with Benjamin Franklin, for having been the first to perceive it." So quickly has stridency in our criticism escalated, however, that Fied-

ler, who not long ago looked like a more up-to-date Pound or Mencken, now seems only an archaic Susan Sontag or LeRoi Jones.

THE TWELVE, by Carlos Franqui, translated from the Spanish by Albert B. Teichner (Lyle Stuart). This curious little book is made up of recorded conversations in which the speakers, all prominent veterans of the Cuban Revolution, talk about the early days of the 26th of July Movement—the abortive coup at the Moncada barracks in Santiago, the expedition of the yacht Granma from Mexico to a remote shore in Oriente Province, the fighting in the Sierra Maestra, and other now almost legendary chapters in the struggle against the Batista dictatorship. The accounts (they are not interviews but free reminiscences) were taped shortly after Castro's victory, and they still have the glow of pure revolutionary ardor, along with humor and down-to-earth frankness about the actualities of underground and guerrilla warfare. Some of the participants are now dead, and others have established places in the present Communist hierarchy; the book is quite free of propaganda because the speakers took it for granted that their cause and their actions needed no justification.

CHALIAPIN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY AS TOLD TO MAXIM GORKY, with supplementary correspondence and notes, translated from the Russian and edited by Nina Froud and James Hanley (Stein & Day). This "autobiography" of the famous Russian basso, probably the greatest singing actor in history—Stanislavski patterned his method on Chaliapin's histrionic technique—was discovered by the translators in a recent search through archives in several Russian cities. It brings Chaliapin's life up to the confused time of the First World War and the Russian Revolution. Gorky has left himself out of the narrative, but his touch is obvious in vignettes of old Russia, estimates of various personalities, and so on. Chaliapin and Gorky, born about a block from each other in Kazan, on a tributary of the Volga, were friends in childhood, and remained friends until a quarrel toward the end of the latter's life. The book describes Chaliapin's childhood, made ugly by a drunken peasant father who beat him; his early life as a day laborer; his rise to prominence in the Imperial Theatre; and his travels to Paris, Monte Carlo, Milan, New York,

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THE MEANINGS OF ARCHITECTURE: BUILDINGS AND WRITINGS BY JOHN WELLBORN ROOT, edited by Donald Hoffmann (Horizon). One of the most celebrated architectural partnerships in the United States in the late nineteenth century was Burnham & Root, of Chicago. The vigor and self-confidence of their designs helped carry the entire profession through that awkward period when conventional load-bearing masonry construction was beginning to give way to the steel skeleton. Burnham & Root provided a host of newly rich clients not only with elegant private houses but also, and more important, with pioneering office buildings like the Monadnock Block, the Rand McNally Building, and the Rookery. Root was the designing member of the firm; his intricate, voluptuous ornament in stone and terra-cotta anticipated that of Sullivan, and his championship of native materials and an open "Western" floor plan for residences anticipated Wright. (Sullivan and Wright, both notably chary of praising colleagues, found no difficulty in praising Root.) An insouciant, witty man who adored social life and who worked to exhaustion, Root died preposterously young, at forty-one, leaving behind no fewer than two hundred and fifty buildings. Mr. Hoffmann has gathered up Root's admirable occasional papers on architecture and has supplied thorough captions for the one hundred and three plates. Fifteen dollars.

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