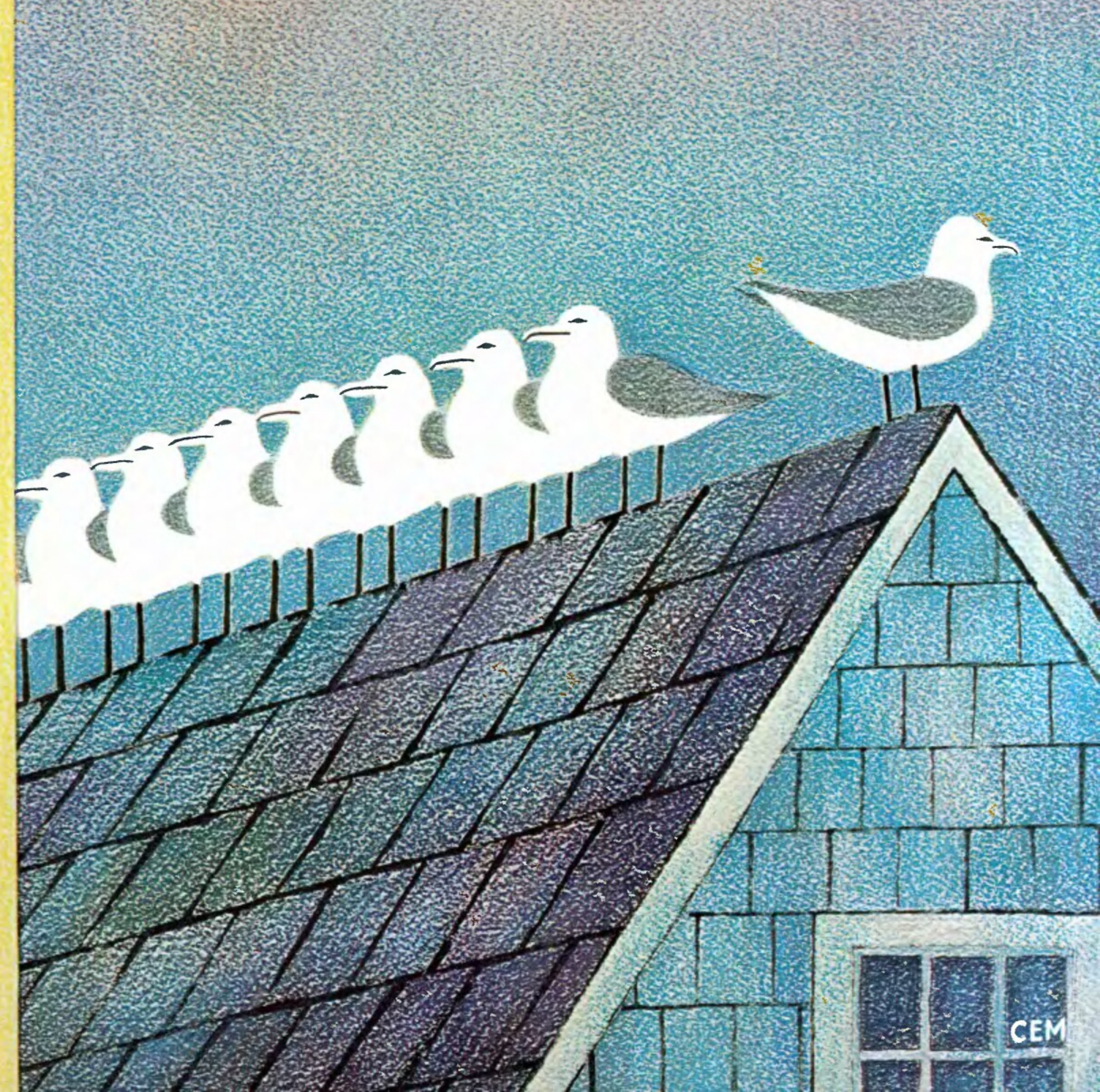
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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Gloria Edwards, Arthur French, Minnie Gentry, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Festival of Black Theatre—Final performances—Theatre Black: Friday, Sept. 10, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 11, at 7 and 10; and Sunday, Sept. 12, at 3. . . . ¶ 3rd World Revelationists: Monday, Sept. 13, at 8. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Monday is free.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lenny—Cliff Gorman as the late night-club comedian Lenny Bruce, surrounded by extraordinary visual and auditory metaphors of the society he reviled and longed to make over, and whose legal representatives helped to destroy him. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 8, and Saturdays at 2.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. Returns for a limited engagement Thursday, Sept. 9. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 8. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Out of Control—A play by Martin Craft, with Mr. Craft's "The Marriage of the Telephone Company Man" as a curtain-raiser. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 8. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 9, at 7:30. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for Godot—Tom Ewell in Beckett's comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99

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Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—butterflies are free: Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood are now in this little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.). . . **the dirtiest show in town:** An inflated claim. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.). . . **the effect of gamma rays on man-in-the-moon marigolds:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **sleuth:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Anthony Quayle and Donal Donnelly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Croesus and the Witch—Vinnette Carroll (librettist and director) and Micki Grant (composer and lyricist), among other skilled hands, have made an enchanting little musical comedy out of an old black fairy tale. With Marie Thomas, George Turner, Eric Kilpatrick, and Chapman Roberts. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Follies—An ambitious attempt to tell some home truths, marred by a pedestrian book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—A radiant revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with gorgeous sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PROPOSITION—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—APPLAUSE: Anne Baxter, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **COMPANY:** A musical with Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Jane Russell, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** —Spooning with him last night on the pier. The father is rotto with money. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7: and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —Is she up the pole? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —Better ask Seymour that. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** 'Quit Kellynch Hall.' The hint was immediately taken up by Mr. Shepherd, whose interest was involved in the reality of Sir Walter's retrenching, and who was perfectly persuaded that nothing would be done without a change of abode. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 8, and Saturdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** 'Since the idea had been started in the very quarter which ought to dictate, he had no scruple,' he said, 'in confessing his judgment to be entirely on that side.' (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Reopens Wednesday matinée, Sept. 15. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE:** Cleavon Little and Patti Jo are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** One man's family. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **TOUCH:** A little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **TWO BY TWO:** Even Danny Kaye at his feverish best cannot make Noah and the Ark anything but tiresome. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 11.)

BALLET

"SWAN LAKE" ON FILM—The Leningrad Kirov Ballet Company in a performance of the four-act Tchaikovsky ballet, filmed in color, with the Leningrad Philharmonic. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Sept. 18, at 7 and 9:30.)



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MISCELLANY

NATIONAL MEXICAN FESTIVAL AND RODEO—Marches, drills, and riding events set to the music of a mariachi band. Tony Aguilar, Flor Silvestre, and their sons Toñito and Pepito head the troupe. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday through Friday, Sept. 14-17, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 19, at 2 and 6.)

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. (475-7804)—A utilitarian room where physical discomfort is often compensated for by fresh talent. Fanny, an all-girl electric rock band with considerable punch (they backed Streisand on "Stony End"), will be here Thursdays through Sundays Sept. 9-12 and Sept. 16-19. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers. Closed Wednesday, Sept. 8, Monday, Sept. 13, and Wednesday, Sept. 15.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. On Wednesday, Sept. 8, pianist Norman Simmons will be in charge of a duo. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 9-12, guitarist Attila Zoller will lead a trio. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 16-19, pianist Cedar Walton will play with a bassist. Music from nine-thirty to three.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Vibist Mike Mainieri will be working with pianist Warren Bernhardt until Monday, Sept. 13, when guitarist David Spinoza will take over from Bernhardt. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new, polished restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Bassist Earl May leads a quartet in some inventive if standard jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays. Drummer John Lewis is in charge of a trio Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten to four.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Sammy Price, a graduate of jazz when it ruled the nation, is sticking to first principals, in which boogie-woogie is often dominant, from eight to one, except on Sundays, when he cedes the piano to Cyril Haynes for a seven-to-midnight set. Friday, Sept. 17, is the beginning night for Anita Sheer, who belongs on the very small approved list of American musicians who comprehend the state of mind pertaining to flamenco guitar and song. Dining.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Brick walls, wooden benches, coffee, tea, and cider. Through Monday, Sept. 13, Daniel Hicks & His Hot Licks will be onstage. On Wednesday, Sept. 15, Rhinoceros, a high-powered and versatile rock outfit, will arrive along with Banchee. Music nightly, but Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Headquarters for six-stringed jazz. Through Sunday, Sept. 12, guitarist Harry Leahy will team with bassist Vinnie Burke. On Wednesday, Sept. 15, Carl Thompson will come in with a bass player. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. Soul food.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Saxophonist Pepper Adams is leading a quartet that has Don Friedman on piano, Ray Mosca on drums, and Victor Sproles on bass. They will appear through Sunday, Sept. 12. On Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band has the stage to itself. Light Italian dishes are served.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Dr. Lyn Christie are collaborating in this bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Mondays through Thursdays. Nine until closing.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who are responding by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. Fridays through Sundays, saxophonist Monty Waters leads a trio. Soul-food dinners. Music from nine until closing. N.B.: Not for beginners.

RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Musically provocative and gastronomically soulful. Sundays through Tuesdays, pianist Chuck Fowler leads a foursome. Thursdays through Saturdays, organist Bobby Ayers performs with his trio. Music from nine-thirty until two.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Through Sunday, Sept. 12, Elvin Jones, in charge of a quartet, drums and drums some more. On Tuesday, Sept. 14, reed man and flutist Yusef Lateef will arrive with a quartet. The room is a bit tired around the edges, and so is the neighborhood, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

THIRD PHASE, 545 W. 111th St. (749-9520)—A grotto, judging by its décor, and a Columbia U. hangout, judging by its clientele. A kind of spirit-rock group called Amazing Grace is being led by a hyperactive cat who calls himself the Reverend Ronnie Baker. Music from nine to two. Italian food. Open Thursdays through Saturdays.

TRUDE HELLER'S, Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346)—After years of chucka-chucka-boom, this old landmark has moved jazzward. Anita O'Day, as cool as can be, alternates with a quartet led by pianist Darius Brubeck (son of Dave) through Sunday, Sept. 12. After that, Darius' bunch will trade sets with



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Reggie Moore's quartet. If the silver-curtained walls are too much for you, shut your eyes. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Jim Hall, gentle giant of the guitar, heads a trio every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Open only on Mondays, when a Latin spirit pervades the enormous room.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Through Sunday, Sept. 12, drummer Max Roach leads a quartet. On Tuesday, Sept. 14, Thelonious Monk, a specialist in slurred notes and neat ideas, brings in a quartet. Mondays are reserved for the mighty seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, Sept. 12, Wild Bill Davison will sit in on cornet. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers whoop-de-do and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Underneath the arches, I will keep a rendezvous with you, etc. Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs arched room is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The sidewalk sideshow would have warmed the heart of Barnum, and it ought to attract a few dozen sociologists. Inside, however, the tone is set by rattan chairs, striped wallpaper, potted palms, and *cuisine française*. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood; glass, metal, and carpeting help create it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from eleven to three.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only snacks are served. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—For a stimulating evening: Go see "Cleopatra" (the 1934 version, with Claudette Colbert, if you can find it). Then come to this ornate restaurant and compare the *mise-en-scène*. People dance to an assortment of records, some fast, some slow. Three times a night, New Direction entertains. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—By gum and oh wow, the good old times are often used as backdrops for the good new times, which may explain why hot pants can be seen shaking beneath Tiffany-type lamps. Upstairs is for fancy hamburgers and such. Downstairs is for dancing to records from eight until three.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*schuh-plattler* dancers and a sort of brass band), and the two get along famously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España have been around long enough to know that life is not all *sangria* and skittles, but their homespun, woven-in-Barcelona philosophy, expressed in cantata and cavorting, makes it seem that way. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the next-door **FLAMENCO ROOM,** tiny though it is, more of the same, by half a dozen players of the Tablao, the semi-impromptu sort of amusement so characteristic of early-morning life in Madrid—all of it only inches from the spectators. Eight until four every night but Sunday.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The old stadium is now a perpetual pop concert—Tommy Leonetti as far as Wednesday, Sept. 8, and then Freda Payne. Word-jugglers, too, as of old, but second-fiddlers these nights. Morty Gunty is the present hew-to-the-line wit. No silent nights. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can, on the other hand, still create the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music begins at ten. No quiet nights here, either.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Phil Wayne, who carried off the prize for the best dance music of the past season, is summering in town at the Café, with a smaller crew (just three) on Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty all the other nights.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Peter Lemongello, who is singing here now at dinner and supper, is going to stop this top of the world on Saturday, Sept. 11, because he wants to get off, to make room for Linda Bennett, a caroller. She begins on Monday, Sept. 13. Dance music, too, some of it very loud disco. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 15, to install Lana Cantrell, a *cantatrice* of vim and vigor, on the throne during dinner and supper, and to surround her and them with the dance music, seven-thirty until two, of George Cort's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE** will be restored to life on Tuesday, Sept. 14, with the violin of Gunnar Hansen, and a better man for the job would be hard to find. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ What a fine idea to pair guitarists as puissant as George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, then to station them, at half past nine every evening but Sunday, in the little **ST. REGIS ROOM!** No dining, no dancing, but who needs it here?

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Reopens Tuesday, Sept. 14, again with (as everyone had a right to hope) Bobby Short, his songs of the world's worldliest world, and his men-at-arms, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays and Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 8-9. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way down upon the Jordan River, in a kibbutz sprinkled with perpetual music and song. Avram Grobard is housemaster, and the oud plucked by George Mgrdichian Thursdays through Sundays gives the local draft of musicians an extra lift. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right here. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): On Friday, Sept. 10, Joan Riv-

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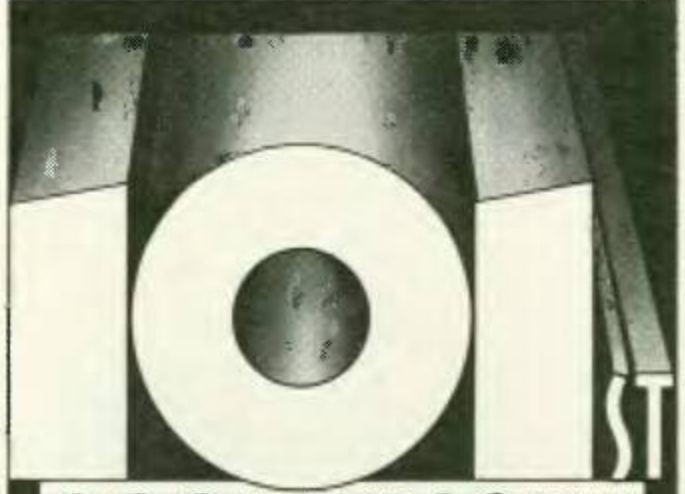


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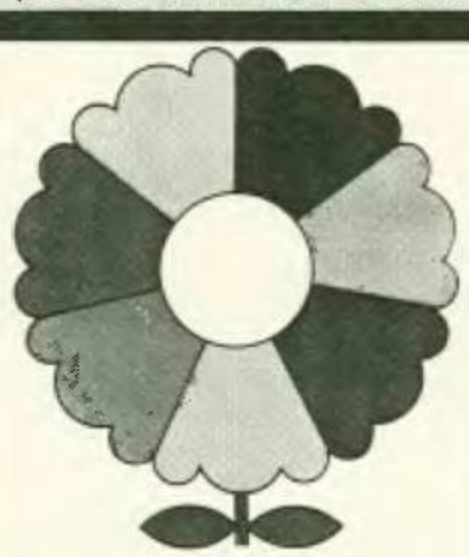
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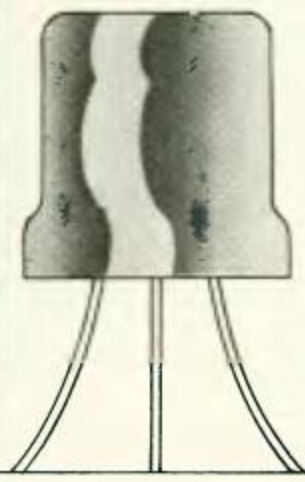
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ers, garrulous and gamine as the night is long, will begin doing her one-girl *Kaffeeklatsch*. She will be off duty Sundays and Mondays. . . . AL MOUNIA, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): One of the seven wonders of the Moroccan world, and something to be seen by everyone at least once—i.e., a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. There's piano in one corner from six until whenever (after nine-thirty, it's by Jacques Kayal, a French-singing, non-Bogart Casablancan). Closed Sundays. . . . CHEZ VITO, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . MYKONOS, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. . . . MARYMARY, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): In a way, a closed circuit run by New Yorkers for New Yorkers, who, like all other vanishing groups, stick to their old friends, such as Mary McCarty. She arrives, after her evening stint in "Follies," to reprise the songs and skits she loves the most. There also arrive Billy Roy, on piano for her, and often a passel of her Broadway playmates. The combination makes this one of the few true *boîtes de nuit* in our town. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . LA CHANSONNETTE, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ASTI, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 8, to the tune of innumerable opera buffs disguised as waiters, busboys, and barkeeps. This can produce a considerable chatter, but it is all genuine live music. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, a genuine exponent of *la dolce vita*) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in an equally handsome compartmented grotto, dance music flows from a dulcet threesome, seven-thirty to one-thirty, though not on Sundays. . . . CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henry IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave., at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. The ancestral hall is ready to serve dinner until ten. No music Saturdays or Sundays. . . . SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from around six until as late as necessary. . . . CAFÉ RENAISSANCE, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The appropriate accompaniment is guitar, between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well-educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Mondays. . . . DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): In the Palm Court, there is casual solo piano from eight to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . BARCLAY HOTEL, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): As of Monday, Sept. 13, a brace of Lester Lanin's boys will go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session and in the Gold Room during dinner. Monday through Thursday is the extent of this pleasant idea. . . . MONSIGNORE, 61 E. 55th St. (El 5-2070): Reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 8. Invasions of privacy are not unheard of, for a troupe of serenaders can pop up beside one's butter plate on short notice, or none at all. Well, when in Rome . . . A magnum of domestic champagne, though, is being added—Lynn Richards, a girl whose knowing lyrics and rumbling piano have been heard in quite a few wee small hours and places about town. Closed Sundays. . . . REMBRANDT ROOM, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal, too. It will be international, too, when, on Thursday, Sept. 9, it begins a new season, for its *doyenne* will be Greta Keller, whose casual singing has a country-house-weekend air of both comfort and rectitude. Dinner and supper are her hours. No sound on Sundays.

ART

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

ALAN D. TOBIAS—Figurative paintings; starting Tuesday, Sept. 14. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

JEAN XCERON—Twenty-five small abstract watercolors, plus six large oil paintings; starting Tuesday, Sept. 14. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.: Avery, Dobbs, Feininger, Hassam, Gropper, Marin, and other American artists; through Friday, Sept. 17. . . . FISCHBACH, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by gallery artists, who include Alex Katz, Robert Ryman, Ray Parker, Gene Davis, Doug Ohlson, and Robert Mangold; through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.). . . GOLDOWSKY, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Dan Christensen, Larry Poons, Darby Bannard, and others; through Wednesday, Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.). . . KENNEDY, 20 E. 56th St.: Works by two hundred members of the Society of American Graphic Artists; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: LA BOETIE, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; closed Mondays. . . . FRENCH & CO., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; closed Saturdays. . . . JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.; closed Mondays. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.; closed Saturdays. . . . LERNER-MISRACHI, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.; closed Mondays.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thurs-

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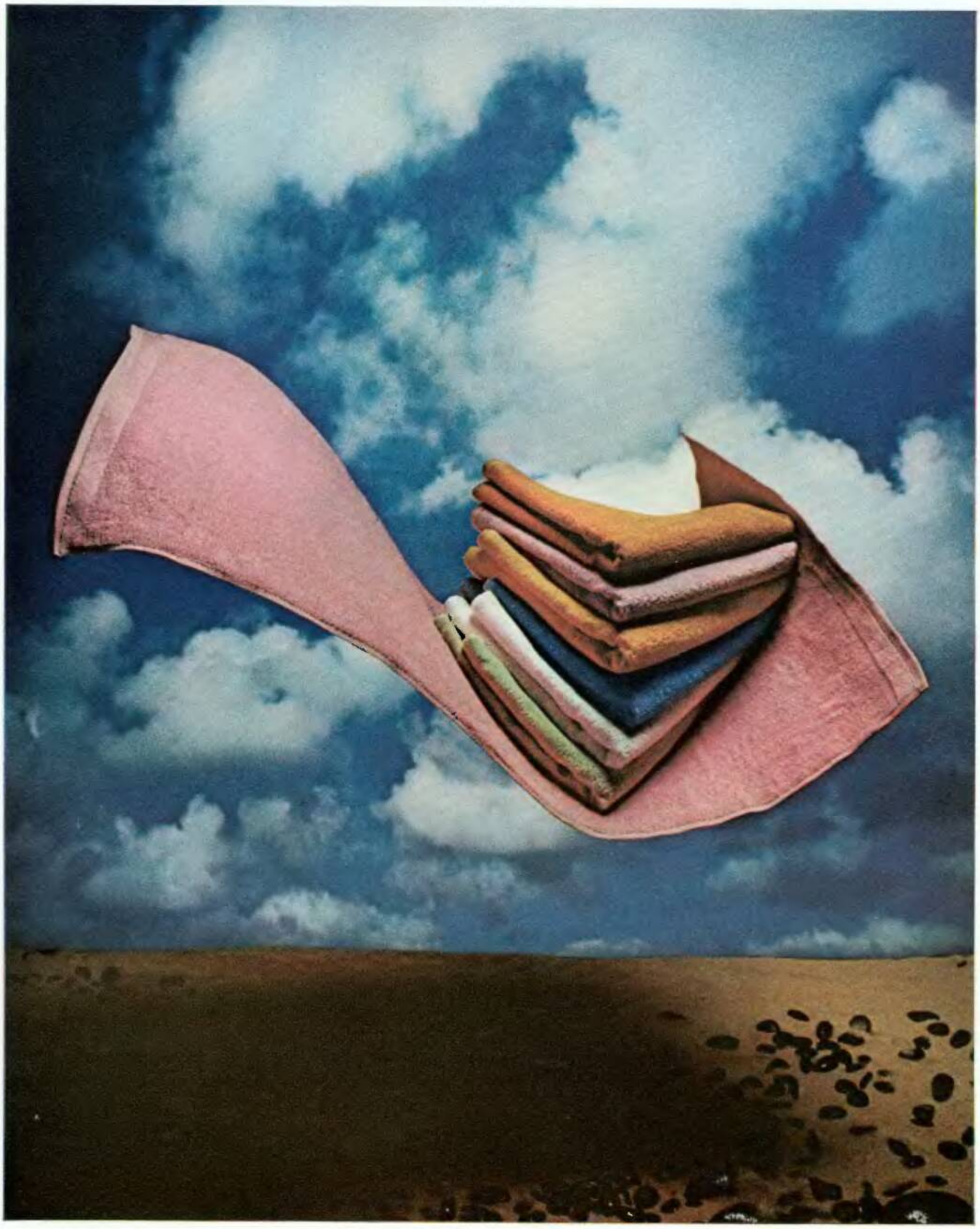
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, and Saturdays. 10 to 5; Sundays 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Over four hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, posters, prints, and photographs assembled from the Museum collection and centered on the theme of social protest, with subjects ranging from urban poverty at the turn of the century to wars and revolutions; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ A hundred and seventy-five paintings, sculptures, drawings, and assemblages, from Cézanne to Pop, arranged as a capsule history of modern art; through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Forty-five photographs that survey the ideas and attitudes about women that have recurred in photography in the last seventy years; through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Thirteen posters by A. M. Cassandre, leading twentieth-century poster designer; through Oct. 31. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, at 8, there will be a dance concert by Lonny Joseph Gordon and his Kinetic Art Theatre.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological survey of twentieth-century art taken from the Museum's collection; through Sunday, Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, photographs, films, banners, puppets, and handicrafts done in the Summer Arts Program for Inner-City Children; starting Thursday, Sept. 9. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A selection of a hundred and fifty-six paintings, drawings, and etchings, covering the entire career of Edward Hopper (1882-1967), from the collection bequeathed to the Museum by the artist's widow; starting Friday, Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Quilts with abstract designs, principally from nineteenth-century Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and New England; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Nine large pointillist landscapes and skyscapes done in the last ten years of his life by Manfred Schwartz (1909-70); through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty paintings by twentieth-century Americans, from the Museum's collection; through Oct. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse, Picasso, and Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance; through Oct. 3. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 70th St.—The million-dollar new Hall of Peoples of the Pacific offers hundreds of artifacts and specimens (from the simple boomerang of the aborigines to the refined theatrical paraphernalia of the Indonesians) dating from the fourteenth century through the Second World War. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—The exhibit of post-Revolutionary Soviet art organized by the British Arts Council and displayed earlier this year in London; it omits paintings and sculptures and consists of more than three hundred architectural models and reconstructions of theatrical design, furnishings and artifacts, films, photographs, and posters, and focusses on Constructivism, the dominant avant-garde movement in Russia in the early twenties. Starts Thursday, Sept. 9. . . . ¶ More than three hundred examples of comics, tracing the history of this genre from its beginnings in Europe through its emergence in America in the late nineteenth century to contemporary underground comics; through Nov. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. at 125th St.—Figurative paintings and sculptures by two Philadelphia artists—paintings by Charles Searles and sculptures by John Simpson; also figurative paintings by Stephanie Weaver of New York. Through Sunday, Sept. 12. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Johanna Meier, Kay Creed, Michael Devlin, John Darrenkamp, and Edward Pierson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 9, at 8:15: "The Makropoulos Affair," with Maralin Niska, Barbara Shuttleworth, John Stamford, David Clatworthy, Edward Pierson, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 10, at 8:15: "Louise," with Johanna Meier, Muriel Greenspon, Harry Theyard, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 2:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Patricia Wise, Michele Molese, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Joanna Bruno, Carol Bayard, Enrico DiGiuseppe, John Darrenkamp, Michael Devlin, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 12, at 1:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, Carlos Montane, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 12, at 7:15: "The Makropoulos Affair," with Maralin Niska, Barbara Shuttleworth, John Stamford, David Clatworthy, Edward Pierson, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 14, at 8:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Patricia Wise, Michele Molese, and Bernard Fitch. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 7:15: The company's première of Benjamin Britten's "Albert Herring," with Ellen Faull, Muriel Greenspon, Kay Creed, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Joanna Bruno, Carol Bayard, Enrico DiGiuseppe, John Darrenkamp, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 17, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Carol Neblett, Mary Cross Lueders, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Joyce Barker, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Patricia Wise, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8:15: "The Makropoulos Affair," with Maralin Niska, Syble Young, Harry Theyard, Ryan Edwards, and Nico Castel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Sly and the Family Stone, Rare Earth, and Ruth Copeland—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 8-10, at 8.

Clark Terry Big Band—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, Sept. 10, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

James Taylor—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 10-12, at 8.

Brewer & Shipley and Jim Dawson—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Sept. 11, at 8.

Alice Coltrane, Pharoah Sanders, Elvin Jones, Jimmy Garrison, and McCoy Tyner—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Sept. 12, at 8.

Bee Gees and Tin Tin—Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 13-15, at 8.

Savoy Brown, John Baldry, and Wishbone Ash—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 14, at 8.

Billy Taylor Orchestra—Jazz Center. Friday, Sept. 17, at noon.

Lew Anderson Concert Jazz Band—With others. (Town Hall. Friday, Sept. 17, at 7:30.)

La Lupe—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 17, at 8.

McKendree Spring—Town Hall. Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8:30.

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season—Friday, Sept. 10, at 8: Bee Gees. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 7: Bobby Sherman show. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 12, at 7: Mary Travers and John Denver. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2: John Sebastian. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 19, at 7: Miles Davis. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Boston, Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, Sept. 17, at 5 (twi-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

night doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Yankees, Thursday, Sept. 9, at 8:05 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 10, at 8:05; Saturday, Sept. 11, at 7:05; and Sunday, Sept. 12, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Montreal, Monday, Sept. 13, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Tuesday, Sept. 14, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago. Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Thursday, Sept. 16, at 2:05.

BOXING—Ken Buchanan vs. Ismael Laguna, 15 rounds, for the World Lightweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, Sept. 13. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10:30.)

DOG SHOW—Westchester Kennel Club. (Croton Point Park, Harmon. Sunday, Sept. 12.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Morgan State vs. Grambling College, in a benefit game. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, Sept. 11, at 6:30.). . . ¶ Army vs. Stanford. (West Point. Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2.)

HORSE SHOWS—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 8-12.). . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 16-19.)

HUNT RACING—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 11, and Saturday, Sept. 18.)

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

RACING—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 16. The Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 11; the Jerome Handicap, Monday, Sept. 13; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.). . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 18. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 18. (Buses to the track leave the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.)

TENNIS—United States Open Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 8-11, at noon, and Sunday, Sept. 12, at 1. For information about tickets, call 564-4400.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 14.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to 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 each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Tuesday, Sept. 14, at 2: English, American, and Continental silver; from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 2: American paintings and drawings, including works by Grandma Moses, Cropsey, and Moran; from various collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 10.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078, a number you might well call to learn whether the strike at the Museum has affected the programs)—Sept. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "Watermelon Man" (1970), directed by Melvin Van Peebles, with Godfrey Cambridge and Estelle Parsons. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 2: "Richard III" (1911) and "Hamlet" (1913), both directed by Cecil M. Hepworth. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 5:30 and 8: "A Day with the Gypsies" (1904), "Rescued by Rover" (1905), and "Comin' Thru the Rye" (1916), all directed by Cecil M. Hepworth. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 2: "Squibs Wins the Calcutta Sweep" (1922), directed by George Pearson, with

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Betty Balfour and Hugh E. Wright.... ¶ Sept. 10 at 5:30: "The Rat" (1925), directed by Graham Cutts, with Ivor Novello and Mae Marsh.... ¶ Sept. 11 at 11:30: "Joyless Street" (1925), directed by G. W. Pabst, with Asta Nielsen, Werner Krauss, and Greta Garbo.... ¶ Sept. 11 at 3: "The Lodger" (1926), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ivor Novello.... ¶ Sept. 11 at 5:30: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra and Sara Allgood.... ¶ Sept. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "The Ring" (1927), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Clark Brisson and Lillian Hall-Davis. ... ¶ Sept. 13 at 1: "The Rat" (1925). ... ¶ Sept. 13 at 6 and Sept. 14 at 2: "The Ramparts We Watch" (1940), directed by Louis de Rochemont.... ¶ Sept. 14 at 5:30: "Squibs Wins the Calcutta Sweep" (1922). ... ¶ Sept. 15 at 2: "The Southerner" (1945), directed by Jean Renoir, with Zachary Scott and Betty Field.... ¶ Sept. 15 at 5:30: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1932), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon.... ¶ Sept. 16 at 2: "Juno and the Paycock" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Barry Fitzgerald and Sara Allgood.... ¶ Sept. 16 at 5:30: "A Cottage on Dartmoor" (1929), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Nora Baring and Hans von Schlettow.... ¶ Sept. 16 at 8: "Piccadilly" (1928), directed by E. A. Dupont, with Gilda Gray and Anna May Wong. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Sept. 9-12: "The Man with the Movie Camera" (1929), a Russian film, directed and written by Dziga Vertov.... ¶ Starting Sept. 15: "The End of St. Petersburg" (1927), a Russian film, directed by V. I. Pudovkin. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... ¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK DANCE FESTIVAL—A one-week series of free performances. Thursday, Sept. 9: Eleo Pomare Dance Company, James Cunningham/Acme Dance Company, Bhaskar, Zhandra Rodriguez & John Prinz, and José Limón Dance Company.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 10: James Cunningham/Acme Dance Company, Eleo Pomare Dance Company, Bhaskar, José Limón Dance Company, and Violette Verdy & Helgi Tomasson.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11: Paul Sanasardo Dance Company, George Faison Universal Dance Company, Norman Walker and Company, and Noriko Ohara and Anthony Santiago.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 12: Interboro Dance Company, Paul Sanasardo Dance Company, Norman Walker and Company, and Zhandra Rodriguez & John Prinz. ... ¶ Monday, Sept. 13: Lar Lubovitch and Company, Rod Rodgers Dance Company, Twyla Tharp Company, and Zhandra Rodriguez & John Prinz.... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 14: Bhaskar, Lotte Goslar, Lar Lubovitch and Company, Twyla Tharp Company, and Noriko Ohara and Anthony Santiago. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

WALKING TOUR—"Castles and Clubhouses," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, Sept. 12. Meets at Hunter College, Park Ave. between 68th and 69th Sts, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT—The semiannual show is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through Sept. 19.

NEW YORK FLEA MARKET—A big outdoor rummage sale, with everything from Civil War belt buckles to theatre programs of the thirties. (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

NOTE—On Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, Madison Avenue is open as a pedestrian mall between 61st and 72nd Streets; many shops and art galleries remain open during this period.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Clowns."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 8: "Dancing Lady" and "Easter Parade."
Sept. 9-11: "Cabin in the Sky" and "Hallelujah!"
Sept. 12-15: "We're Not Dressing" and "She Done Him Wrong."
From Sept. 16: "Sous les Toits de Paris" and "Le Million."

ORPHEUM REPERTORY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
Sept. 8: "I Vitelloni."
Sept. 9-10: "La Strada."
Sept. 11-12: "8½."
Sept. 13: "The White Sheik."
Sept. 14: "Variety Lights."
Sept. 15: "The Devil Is a Woman."
Sept. 16: "Dishonored."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Claire's Knee" and "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 14 (tentative): "Big Jake."
From Sept. 15 (tentative): "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Cry Uncle."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Sept. 9: "Black Jesus."
From Sept. 10: "The Hellstrom Chronicle."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Sept. 14: "Ulysses" and "Dutchman."
From Sept. 15: To be announced.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Sweet Savior."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Devils."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Sept. 13: "East of Eden."
From Sept. 14: "The Anonymous Venetian."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Touch."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. EAST TWIN CINEMAS, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Johnny Got His Gun."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Claire's Knee" and "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Sept. 9: "The Hellstrom Chronicle."
From Sept. 10: "On Any Sunday."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
To be announced.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Sept. 14: "Romance of a Horsethief."
From Sept. 15: "The Steagle."

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 14: "Shaft."
From Sept. 15: "King Kong."

EASTSIDE MOVIE BAZAAR, 334 E. 74th. (861-2288; starting at 6 on weekdays, at 4 on weekends.)
Sept. 8: "Bedazzled."
Sept. 9: "Stolen Kisses."
Sept. 10: "The Wild Bunch."
Sept. 11: "M*A*S*H."
From Sept. 12: Theatre closed.

JULIET 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Sept. 16 (tentative): "Let's Scare Jessica to Death."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Sept. 16 (tentative): "$1,000,000 Duck."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Summer of '42."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Walkabout."

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 14: "The Love Machine."
From Sept. 15: "Ryan's Daughter."

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Omega Man."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 14: "Doc."
From Sept. 15: "Evel Knievel."

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Sept. 8: "Dr. Strangelove" and "China!"
Sept. 9-11: "Black Peter" and "The Fireman's Ball."
Sept. 12-13: "Something Different" and "The Daisies."
Sept. 14-15: "Diamonds of the Night," "Josef Kilián," and "The Ceiling."
From Sept. 16: "Closely Watched Trains" and "Transport from Paradise."

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 14: "Fortune and Men's Eyes" and "The Fox."
From Sept. 15: "Romance of a Horsethief" and "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 14 (tentative): "Petulia" and "Two for the Road."
From Sept. 15: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 12: "The Battle of Algiers."
Sept. 13-14: "Earth Entranced."
Sept. 15-16: "Plantation Boy" and "Memory of the Cangacl."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Summer of '42."

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Sept. 9: "Winter Light" and "The Silence."
Sept. 10-13: "Citizen Kane" and "The Magnificent Ambersons."
Sept. 14: "Suspicion" and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."
Sept. 15-16: "Rashomon" and "Ugetsu."

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Sept. 14: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song."
From Sept. 15: "Evel Knievel."

BIJOU CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through Sept. 9: "Swords of Death."
Sept. 10-15: "The Seven Samurai."
Sept. 16: "Snow Country."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Pinocchio."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"See No Evil."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"2001: A Space Odyssey" and "Yellow Submarine."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Summer of '42."

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Adrift."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Sept. 14: "Death in Venice."
From Sept. 15: "Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Tsar to Lenin."

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Hoa Binh."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Sept. 13: "Deep End."
From Sept. 14: "The Bear and the Doll."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 9: "The Hellstrom Chronicle."
From Sept. 10: "Wings."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 14: "Doc."
From Sept. 15: "Wild Rovers" and "Point Blank."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 14: "The Andromeda Strain" and "Diary of a Mad Housewife."
From Sept. 15: "Summer of '42" and "The Penthouse."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 8: "The Innocents" and "Rosemary's Baby."
Sept. 9: "Rosemary's Baby" and "Fahrenheit 451."
Sept. 10: "Fahrenheit 451" and "Kronos."
Sept. 11: "Kronos" and "Psycho."
Sept. 12: "Psycho" and "Omicron."
Sept. 13: "Omicron" and "The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus."
Sept. 14: "The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus" and "The Lady and the Monster."
Sept. 15: "The Lady and the Monster" and "Alphaville."
From Sept. 16: "Spirits of the Dead" and "Tales of Terror."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 14: "Women in Love" and "The Fox."
From Sept. 15: "The Confession" and "The Molly Maguires."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 8: "The Knack" and "The Balcony."
Sept. 9: "Ulysses."
Sept. 10: "Pierrot le Fou" and "Le Départ."
Sept. 11: "Marat/Sade" and "Dutchman."
Sept. 12: "Children of Paradise."
Sept. 13: "Darling" and 'Girl with Green Eyes."
Sept. 14: "That Man from Rio" and "Tunes of Glory."
Sept. 15: "The Barefoot Contessa" and "The Night of the Hunter."
Sept. 16: "This Sporting Life" and "Billy Liar."

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 14: "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Bullitt."
From Sept. 15: "Love Story" and "Promise at Dawn."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

ADRIFT—Mannered film by Ján Kadár, a gifted Czech in exile from his gift. People look cosmically solemn, time goes in circles, and an unmistakably American girl rises from the waves to haunt an unmistakably Czech fisherman in unmistakably Czech circumstances. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

ALPHAVILLE (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction with mixed results. In French. (New Yorker; Sept. 15.)

THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is like the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 14.)

THE ANONYMOUS VENETIAN—With Tony Musante and Florinda Bolkan, directed by Enrico Mario Salerno. (Plaza; starting Sept. 14.)

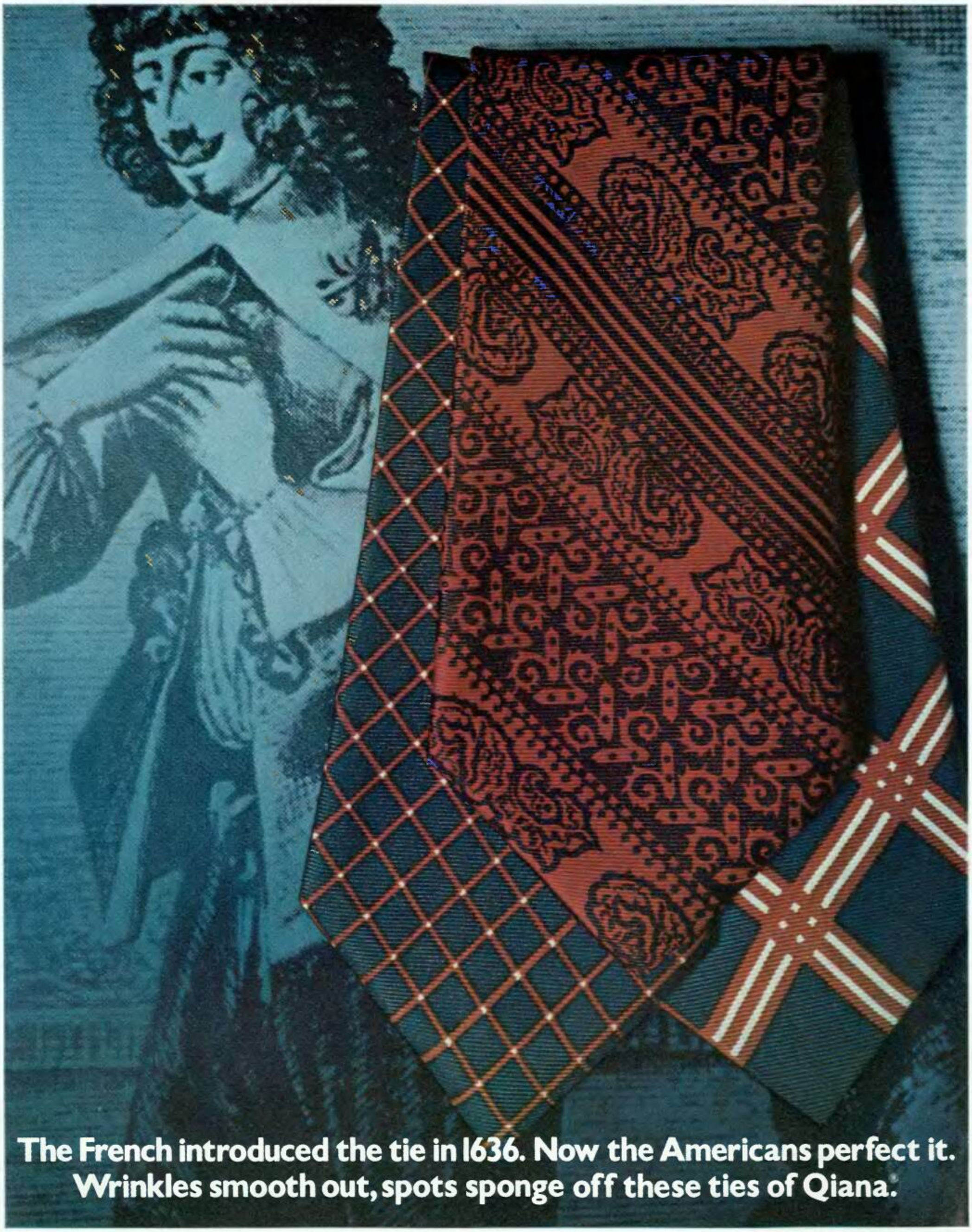
THE BALCONY (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Thalia; Sept. 8.)

THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA (1954)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz tries to tell All about Hollywood; the result is cornball decadence, so ornately awful that it's inadvertently entertaining. Ava Gardner is a flamenco dancer who becomes a glamorous star and marries a castrated count (Rossano Brazzi). Humphrey Bogart is an alcoholic movie director, Edmond O'Brien a gutless press agent, Warren Stevens a vicious millionaire producer, Marius Goring a rich playboy, Valentina Cortesa an Italian aristocrat, and so on. (Thalia; Sept. 15.)

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Sept. 12.)

THE BEAR AND THE DOLL—With Brigitte Bardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel, directed by Michel Deville. In French. (Paris; starting Sept. 14.)

BEDAZZLED (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the an-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Sept. 8.)

Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me—With Barry Primus and Linda de Coff, directed by Jeffrey Young. (Little Carnegie; starting Sept. 15.)

Big Jake—A Western with John Wayne and Richard Boone, directed by George Sherman. (Gramercy; through Sept. 14, tentative.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Thalia; Sept. 16.)

Black Jesus—With Woody Strode, directed by Valerio Zurlini. (Murray Hill; through Sept. 9.)

Black Peter—A Czechoslovakian film, directed by Miloš Forman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 9-11.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (Midtown; through Sept. 14.)

Bullitt (1968)—A competent director (Peter Yates), working with competent technicians, gives a fairly dense texture to a hackneyed script about cops and gangsters and politicians. The stars are Steve McQueen (as the low-keyed police-officer hero) and the witty, steep streets of San Francisco. (Midtown; through Sept. 14.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—"Happiness is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and Butterfly McQueen. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 9-11.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

The Ceiling (1962)—A Czechoslovakian film, directed by Věra Chytilová. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 14-15.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 12.)

China! (1965)—A purported documentary film about Chinese affairs, but it looks more like a travelogue. Directed by Felix Greene. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 8.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant satire of the American as imperialist. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Elgin; Sept. 10-13.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—Jiri Menzel's ironic, tragicomic account of how a young man wins an amorous prize and becomes a dead hero. Perhaps because this was Menzel's first film, the sequence in which an assistant stationmaster rubber-stamps a girl telegrapher's buttocks is more clearly etched on viewers' minds than the point of the story—which appears to be that the hero is absurdly done in, like his foolish forebears. In Czech. Based on the wittily compressed short novel by Bohumil Hrabal ("A Close Watch on the Trains"). (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Sept. 16.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Art.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Symphony; starting Sept. 15.)

Cry Uncle—With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. Sex satire. Cry off. (Kips Bay.)

The Daisies (1966)—A delicately balmy and freewheeling piece of Czech slapstick about two ravishing teen-age girls leading lives of hedonism and chatter in a world bounded by hair curlers, men, bikini underclothes, and looming, enthralling food. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 12-13.)

Dancing Lady (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at being a star overnight. Vivid and fun. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 8.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie as a Mod girl who doesn't feel "complete" in John Schlesinger's modish and spectacularly successful film about how empty we are. (Thalia; Sept. 13.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Little Carnegie; through Sept. 14.)

Deep End—Drama in a public bath. Jerzy Skolimowski, a gifted Pole in exile who has the Polish black trick of pretending to be less serious than he is, makes a half-way-meant film about a desperate young voyeur (John Moulder-Brown) and an enragingly prissy redhead (Jane Asher). The film is supposed to be set in London. It looks like Munich. (Paris; through Sept. 13.)

Le Départ (1967)—A Polish film made in French by Jerzy Skolimowski, about a hairdresser's assistant who wants to be a racing driver. In fine old-fashioned black-and-white, which still looks a lot newer than color television. The film is technically a very brilliant exercise, though it doesn't expand much as a created work. (Thalia; Sept. 10.)

The Devil Is a Woman (1935)—Marlene Dietrich as the universal siren in a Spanish shawl. Josef von Sternberg directs her in a clever, perversely dehumanized picture said to be one of his favorites. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 15.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (Fine Arts.)

Diamonds of the Night (1964)—A Czechoslovakian film, directed by Jan Němec. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 14-15.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife (1970)—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an



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alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 14.)

Dishonored (1931)—With Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen, directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 16.)

Doc—Frank Perry directs a screenplay by Pete Hamill, with Stacy Keach as Doc Holliday, Harris Yulin as a Wyatt Earp who looks like Baudelaire, and Faye Dunaway as Doc's whore (she can't exactly seem blowsy, nor can an expensive film bring itself to make her look as grubby as the script wants of her). The film tries to be about everything: the drive of American history, the American need for heroes (as shown in Westerners who are clearly meant to represent politicians), the fraudulence and hope of the frontier spirit. Well acted, but sometimes afflicted by an organ-loft cast of mind. (86th St. East and Cinema Studio; through Sept. 14.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 8.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a white girl maniac and her Negro victim. (34th St. East; through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Thalia; Sept. 11.)

Earth Entranced (1970)—A Brazilian film, directed by Glauber Rocha. (5th Ave. Cinema; Sept. 13-14.)

Easter Parade (1948)—Fred Astaire and Judy Garland together are irresistible. Irving Berlin's score. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 8.)

East of Eden (1955)—The famous, fevered Kazan movie of the Cain and Abel story, from Steinbeck, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (Plaza; through Sept. 13.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 11-12.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. The performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (New Yorker; Sept. 9-10.)

The Fireman's Ball (1967)—A Czechoslovakian film, directed by Miloš Forman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 9-11.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—Based on John Herbert's play, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer, directed by Harvey Hart. (Waverly; through Sept. 14.)

The Fox (1968)—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a marauding fox (Keir Dullea, with his voice lowered). If you haven't read the D. H. Lawrence novella, you might think that this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Waverly and Symphony; through Sept. 14.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham, Peter Finch, Lynn Redgrave, and Dublin's fair city. Directed by Desmond Davis, from Edna O'Brien's novel "The Lonely Girl." (Thalia; Sept. 13.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Hallelujah! (1929)—King Vidor directed this misconceived tear-jerker and Bible-basher, the first all-talking, all-Negro film out of Hollywood. It looks pretty patronizing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 9-11.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Cinema II and Paramount; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; starting Sept. 10.)

Hoa Binh—Raoul Coutard's view of Vietnam as seen by an eleven-year-old boy. Heartbreaking. Coutard has a Vietnamese wife and knows what he's showing. (Lincoln Art.)

The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus (1962)—A French thriller, dubbed into English, about skin-grafting. Directed by Georges Franju, with Pierre Brasseur and Alida Valli. In the original version, called "Les Yeux sans Visage," Franju worked with his usual power, and the film possessed true terror; the dubbing probably reduces it to horror. (New Yorker; Sept. 13-14.)

The Innocents (1961)—Jack Clayton's most shapely and elegant film, from Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw." Deborah Kerr is wonderful as the governess; the hysteria is movingly suppressed. The two children are played with chilling English social precocity. Screenplay by William Archibald, John Mortimer, and Truman Capote. The beautifully judged black-and-white camera work is by Freddie Francis. Everything is in proportion, delicate, correctly ambiguous. (New Yorker; Sept. 8.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu.)

Johnny Got His Gun—Dalton Trumbo's own picture of his 1938 anti-war novel. The young hero has lost legs, arms, and face. The effort of the film is admirable, but the result makes you reel—from the mawkishness as much as from the medical details. Jason Robards is the father in the pastoral flashbacks. Intellect is so missing that the work comes out as more of an anti-amputation film than an anti-war film. (R.K.O. 50th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Josef Kilián (1963)—A Czechoslovakian film, directed by Pavel Jurácek and Jan Schmidt. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 14-15.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 15.)

The Knack (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play (as adapted by Charles Wood), the jokes whiz by so fast that the ingenuity becomes exhausting. It's all just too bleached out and clever, though Donal Donnelly is wonderful. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia; Sept. 8.)

Evel Knievel—George Hamilton in the title role. (86th St. East and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Sept. 15.)

Kronos (1957)—With Jeff Morrow and Barbara Lawrence, directed by Kurt Neumann. (New Yorker; Sept. 10-11.)

The Lady and the Monster (1944)—With Erich von Stroheim and Richard Arlen, directed by George Sherman. (New Yorker; Sept. 14-15.)

Let's Scare Jessica to Death—With Zohra Lampert, directed by John Hancock. (Juliet 1; through Sept. 16, tentative.)

The Love Machine—From Jacqueline Susann's novel, with Dyan Cannon, Robert Ryan, Jackie Cooper, and John Phillip Law. Enough said. (Orpheum; through Sept. 14.)

Love Story—Maudlin. (Midtown; starting Sept. 15.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it lacks the satirical dimensions. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life. Tim Holt plays the mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello is his mother; Agnes Moorehead is his nervous old-maid aunt. With Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. (Elgin; Sept. 10-13.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Thalia; Sept. 11.)

The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker—With

Richard Benjamin and Joanna Shimkus, directed by Lawrence Turman. Know-all and floundering. (Sutton.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Sept. 11.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Coronet. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Sept. 15, tentative.)

Memory of the Cangaci—A Brazilian film, directed by Paulo Jil Soares. (5th Ave. Cinema; Sept. 15-16.)

Le Million (1931)—René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a comedy move with such delicate inevitability. With Annabella. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 16.)

$1,000,000 Duck—From Disney: Dean Jones, Sandy Duncan, and a duck that lays gold eggs. (Juliet 2; through Sept. 16, tentative.)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith (1941)—A marital comedy, written by Norman Krasna and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Mostly forced humor, though there's one funny sequence. With Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond. (Elgin; Sept. 14.)

The Molly Maguires (1970)—Fine performances by Sean Connery, Richard Harris, and Samantha Eggar in an elegiac movie about labor violence a century ago in the Pennsylvania coal mines. A handsome production with memorable qualities, despite an unconvincing script. Martin Ritt directed. (Symphony; starting Sept. 15.)

The Night of the Hunter (1955)—This adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work and the only movie Charles Laughton ever directed (because it was a total financial disaster). Though overly "artistic," it's a fascinating horror fable about a murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing madman (Robert Mitchum) and the children who try to escape from him. With Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, James Gleason, and Evelyn Varden. (Thalia; Sept. 15.)

The Omega Man—Sci-fi. Charlton Heston is the last man alive. If this were the last film alive we wouldn't advise it. (Loew's Ciné.)

Omicron (1963)—With Renato Salvatori and Rosemary Dexter, directed by Ugo Gregoretti. (New Yorker; Sept. 12-13.)

On Any Sunday—A breezy documentary on motorcycle racing, directed by Bruce Brown. (Cinema II; starting Sept. 10.)

The Penthouse (1967)—A British film, with Suzy Kendall and Terence Morgan, directed by Peter Collinson. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 15.)

Petulia (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. Deeply alive to modern kinds of distress. (8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 14, tentative.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia: Sept. 10.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Guild.)

Plantation Boy—A Brazilian film, directed by Walter Lima, Jr. (5th Ave. Cinema; Sept. 15-16.)

Point Blank (1967)—A brutal, visually stunning account of a crook who seeks justice on his own murderous terms. With a superb performance by Lee Marvin. John Boorman is the director. (Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 15.)

Promise at Dawn—Jules Dassin has tried to turn Romain Gary's nostalgic celebration of his loving mother into a vehicle for Melina Mercouri. But she seems, as usual, to be playing a normal hearty, hot nymphomaniac. The different parts of the past run together in a blur in this generally unsatisfying film, but there are a few good satirical sequences with Dassin acting the role of a silent-movie idol. (Midtown; starting Sept. 15.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower

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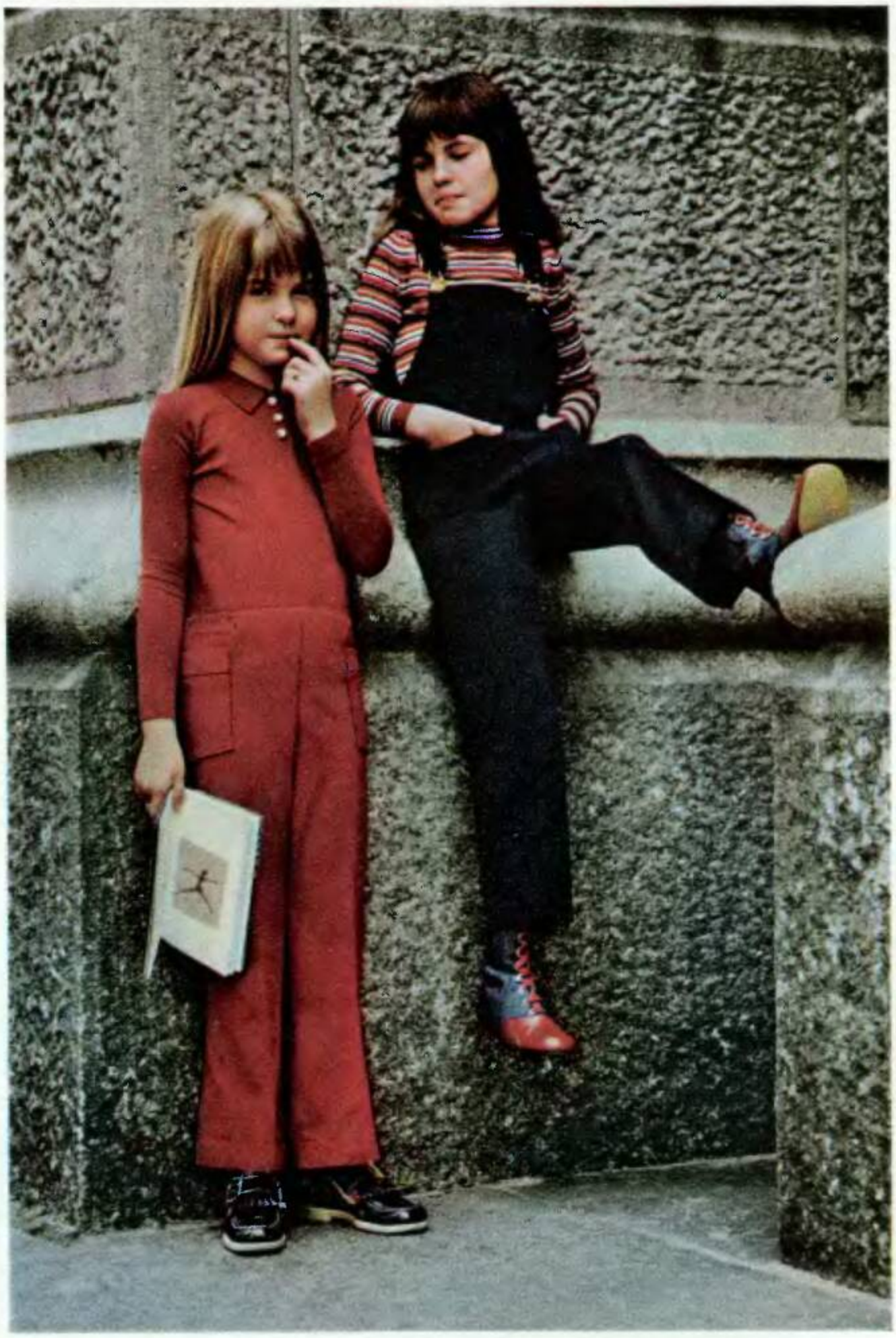
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (New Yorker; Sept. 11-12.)

RASHOMON (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (Elgin; Sept. 15-16.)

ROMANCE OF A HORSETHIEF—With Yul Brynner and Eli Wallach, directed by Abraham Polonsky. (Tower East; through Sept. 14.... ¶ Waverly; starting Sept. 15.)

ROSEMARY'S BABY (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller-twinges. The exiled Polanski expends a lot of seriousness on transcribing a book that is a piece of daredevil local trivia. (New Yorker; Sept. 8-9.)

RYAN'S DAUGHTER—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Orpheum; starting Sept. 15.)

SEE NO EVIL—Mia Farrow blind. So is everyone around. This scary stuff in the Music Hall, where the toddlers come and the cheerful, dopey show girls wave their plum-shaped thighs? (Music Hall.)

THE SEVEN SAMURAI (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 10-15.)

SHAFT—Gordon Parks directs a detective picture about a black waging a glamorized war against the Mafia. M-G-M-black-hip: a new school. Mild fun, with rather an uncomfortable eye gazing over your shoulder into the drawer of the cashbox outside. The dialogue is Sam Spade gone unctuous. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Sept. 14.)

SHE DONE HIM WRONG (1933)—Mae West, the great shady-lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 12-15.)

THE SILENCE (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters traveling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Sept. 9.)

SNOW COUNTRY (1957)—Based on the novel by Yasunari Kawabata, directed by Shiro Toyoda. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 16.)

SOMETHING DIFFERENT—A Czechoslovakian film, directed by Věra Chytilová. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 12-13.)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (1930)—René Clair's lovely early musical. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 16.)

SPIRITS OF THE DEAD (1969)—Three Poe stories, directed by Federico Fellini, Louis Malle, and Roger Vadim. The Fellini is nothing much for him, which is to say ten times more interesting than most—fluently comic, sober, barbed, with Terence Stamp playing a sulky English actor who has a style in high diatribe. The Vadim is absurd; the Malle rather repellent, with two jolly sequences about cutting out hearts. (New Yorker; starting Sept. 16.)

THE STEAGLE—With Richard Benjamin, directed by Paul Sylbert. (Tower East; starting Sept. 15.)

STOLEN KISSES (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Sept. 9.)

LA STRADA (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 9-10.)

SUMMER OF '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Festival, and Greenwich.... ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 15.)

SUSPICION (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Elgin; Sept. 14.)

SWEET SAVIOR—With Troy Donahue, directed by Bob Roberts. (Trans-Lux East.)

SWEET SWEETBACK'S BAADASSSSS SONG—Melvin Van Peebles is the black creator, director, and star of a film that, in earnest white radical eyes, does a certain amount of cheerful harm to black causes. Of course, it is the same sheer bad-taste cheer that actually redeems it. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Sept. 14.)

SWORDS OF DEATH—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; through Sept. 9.)

TALES OF TERROR (1962)—A group of grotesque and ghoulish Poe stories, directed in a literal-minded way by Roger Corman, and featuring Peter Lorre as a macabre madcap. Vincent Price leers his way through all of them, and in one turns into an oozing liquid. With Basil Rathbone and Debra Paget. Some of the horror effects are rather repellent. (New Yorker; starting Sept. 16.)

TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE (1969)—Abraham Polonsky's ideological Western sets out to demonstrate that America is a brutal, racist nation. Robert Blake plays Willie the Indian. Robert Redford the sheriff who hunts him down. (Waverly; starting Sept. 15.)

THAT MAN FROM RIO (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure film. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 14.)

THIS SPORTING LIFE (1963)—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a professional Rugby player in this savage scramble, directed by Lindsay Anderson. Rachel Roberts plays the woman who cannot love him. (Thalia; Sept. 16.)

THE TOUCH—A new Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. They live on bits and pieces of time, between gentleness and rage. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made, exact and very touching. Gould speaks English to Bibi Andersson; the married couple speak Swedish between themselves. The practical solution is aesthetically eloquent: two worlds, one closed, one raw and hesitant. (Baronet.)

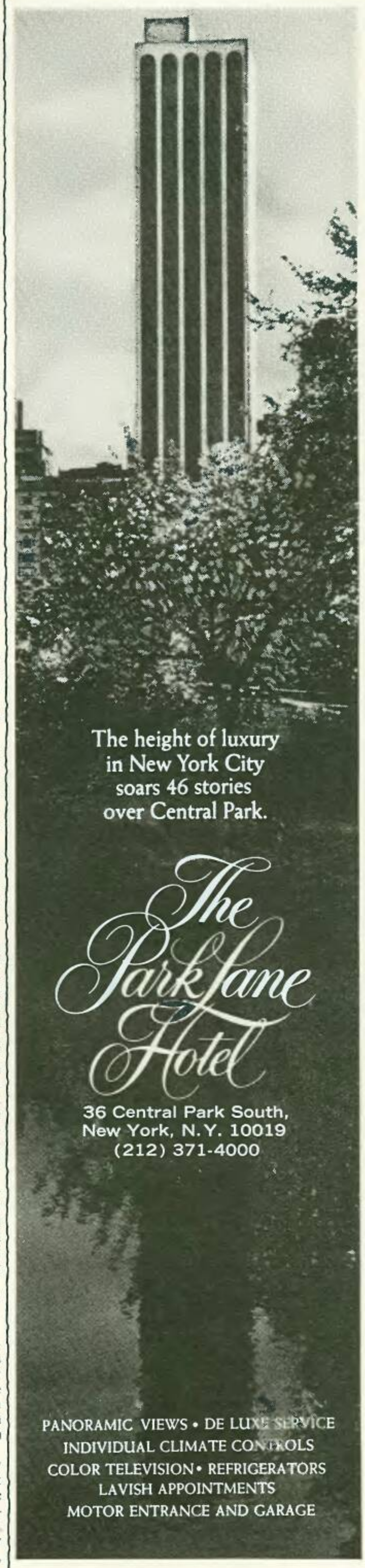
TRANSPORT FROM PARADISE (1963)—A grim, powerful Czechoslovakian movie, directed by Zbyněk Brynych, about the transfer, during the Second World War, of several hundred Jews from a ghetto to the gas ovens of Auschwitz. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Sept. 16.)

TSAR TO LENIN (1966)—A documentary about the Russian Revolution. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

TUNES OF GLORY (1960)—Interesting performances by Alec Guinness and John Mills, as two colonels in a peacetime Scottish regiment who are out to destroy each other, compensate for some muddy exposition and mediocre film techniques. Ronald Neame directed, from James Kennaway's script. With Suzannah York and Dennis Price. (Thalia; Sept. 14.)

TWO FOR THE ROAD (1967)—Glossy comedy by Stanley Donen about two lovers, though not about love, which isn't in his range. Frederic Raphael did the competent but unfelt screenplay. Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney. Finney looks as if he is in a role too tight for him. (8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 14, tentative.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Ku-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

brick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He 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. (Ziegfeld.)

Ugetsu (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Elgin; Sept. 15-16.)

Ulysses (1967)—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (34th St. East; through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Thalia; Sept. 9.)

Variety Lights (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, a poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 14.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 8.)

Walkabout—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (U. A. East.)

We're Not Dressing (1934)—With Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman and Carole Lombard, very vaguely based on J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton." Light fun, pretty Camp. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 12-15.)

The White Sheik (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina and Leopoldo Trieste. In Italian. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 13.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Sept. 10.)

Wild Rovers—With William Holden and Ryan O'Neal, directed by Blake Edwards. (Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 15.)

Wings (1927)—With Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers, directed by William A. Wellman. Slambang hokum about airmen in the First World War. (Paramount; starting Sept. 10.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Sept. 9.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Symphony; through Sept. 14.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Ziegfeld.)



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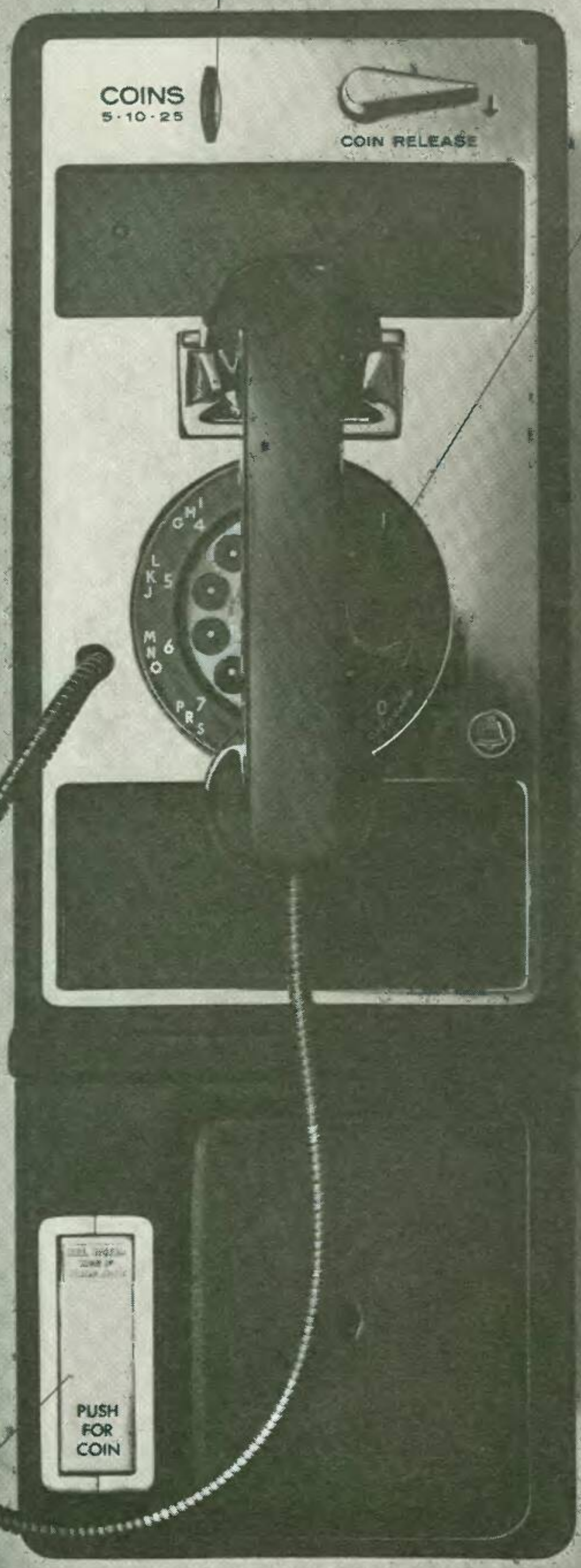
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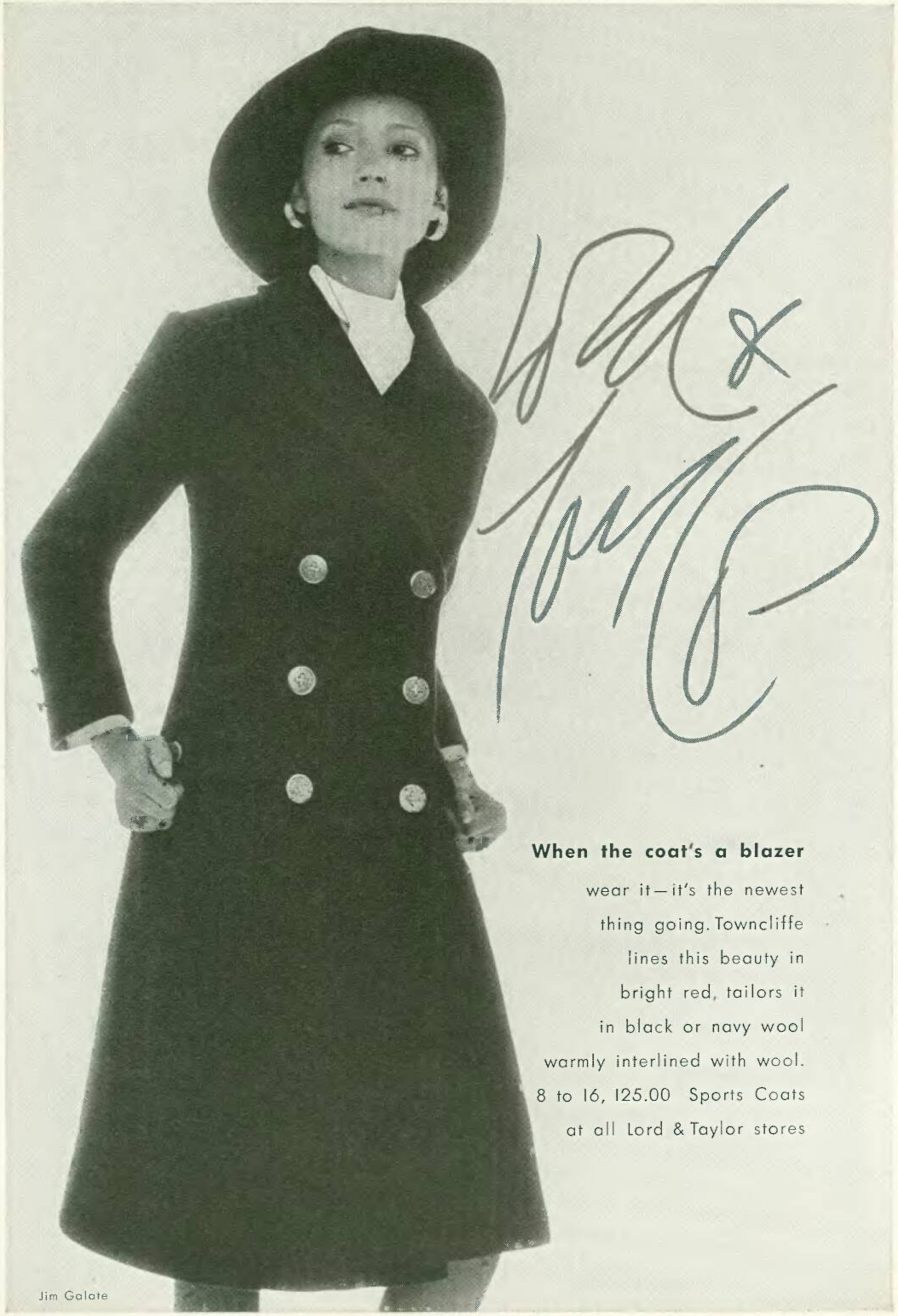
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Jim Galate

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have tried to follow news of the dollar's decline in recent weeks, and of the efforts to shore it up, but something in us refuses to receive the information. In our heart, the dollar is pegged at the value it had when we were young and were first devoted to spending it; it is worth a baseball that lasts the summer, a respectable birthday gift for an aunt, or



admission to any movie in town. Even as we grow accustomed to the new prices—$1.98, $2.59, and $3, respectively—we still cherish the old valuations. A dollar is, after all, a dollar, and we rebel against the information that dollars are traded on foreign money markets as if their value were negotiable. If the dollar can be devalued, we wonder, why not the foot, the ton, or the gallon? And, indeed, why not? Why not keep the dollar at its present value (four quarters, to be exact) while allowing the goods it buys—many of which we don't need anyway—to shrink? The whole country will grow smaller, thus narrowing many gaps and reducing our problems to more nearly manageable sizes. Exactly how our economic game plan would turn out is, as the news commentators say, hard to predict, but we feel that for the United States to abandon the gold standard in favor of the size standard would bring the international monetary community to its senses. Surely the smaller countries would not let the mile fall far below its present level of 5,280 feet, lest they be eliminated from all but the large-scale maps. Likewise, those countries with a huge investment in precision engineering would not permit the inch to go soft in its relation to the centimetre. Whether or not this plan lies behind the President's wage-price freeze is, as the commentators say, not quite certain at this point, but we who are over six feet tall, or even over five feet tall, face the possibility without fear.

On the Street

WHEN conditions are ideal—warm, sunny weather, and no cops in sight—a lively open-air market materializes around the equestrian statue of General William Tecumseh Sherman in the Grand Army Plaza, between Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Streets on Fifth Avenue. Like so many urban amenities, this bazaar is wholly unplanned. In fact, except for a few food concessionaires licensed by the Parks Department, the area is officially off limits to street peddlers, who are subject to fines of a couple of dollars and up for hawking their wares anywhere in the midtown shopping district. But on a recent lunch-hour stroll through the Plaza we found an impressive variety of things being offered for sale by such devotees of free enterprise as Charles Wibel, the president of Gameophiles Unlimited, of Berkeley Heights, New Jersey. Mr. Wibel was standing on the sidewalk opposite the Sherry-Netherland Hotel with a stack of neatly boxed Spiro Agnew jigsaw puzzles (three dollars) and a large poster that read, "Let's remember that it takes both the white and black keys of the piano to play 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'" There was a black-and-white drawing of the American flag in the center of the poster, which was selling for a dollar. Mr. Wibel, who is thirty-two years old, said that his company manufactured a whole line of games and puzzles, several of which were being distributed nationally; one of his products, a marble game for adults called Pentagon, was available at F. A. O. Schwarz, down the block, for six dollars. We asked Mr. Wibel how much time he spent selling his company's products on the street. "Actually, this is my first day here," he said. "I have some bills due next week, and I need the cash."

Spread out on the sidewalk next to Mr. Wibel's posters and games was an exhibit of large black-and-white photo-



graphs mounted on sturdy cardboard and selling for eleven dollars apiece. The subjects were mostly quiet cityscapes—cars, kids, cats, and the like. We asked a young girl sitting on the pavement nearby if they were her pictures.

"They're my husband's," she said. "He's a free-lance photographer. I'm a secretary, but I was laid off my job on Wall Street, so I'm helping out."

We asked her how business was.

"I don't think I'd better say anything else," she said, looking around uneasily.

Next to the photographic exhibit was a little table covered with an assortment of costume jewelry—rings, bracelets, earrings—selling for a dollar an item. We asked the girl behind the table if she had made any of the jewelry herself. She looked suspiciously at our open notebook and poised pencil, and shook her head. We asked her if she ever had any trouble with the police.

"Look, I'm not telling you anything about anything, so just forget it," she said firmly.

We moved on. A handsome young man with a Polaroid 450 camera strung around his neck asked us if we wanted a lapel button with our picture on it. He turned out to be a twenty-six-year-old native of Paris named Alain Jahan, who came to this country from Canada last fall with his wife and spent the winter making



"In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, you will sail the ocean blue."

• •

photographs for home and office decoration. "Since June, everyone seems to have left New York," he said. Now he was taking snapshots of tourists and turning them into lapel buttons with two small punch presses that he carried around in a suitcase. We watched him make a button for a little freckle-faced boy who was out on the town with his father. M. Jahan pointed the Polaroid, snapped the picture, waited ten seconds, peeled off the print, put it under one of his presses, punched out a button-size disc with the boy's head in the center, placed a circle of clear plastic over the disc and sealed it with another punch, put a metal button frame underneath it, and—*punch*—the button was finished. The father handed M. Jahan a dollar-fifty, and M. Jahan handed the button to the freckle-faced boy. The boy glanced at his likeness, grimaced, and shoved the button in his pocket.

Next to the buttonmaker was a large mobile fruit stand run by a partnership known as Mike & Mike Incorporated—Mike Piccirillo, nineteen, and Mike Rotola, twenty-four. The partners told us that they got their fruit from Mike P.'s grandfather, who owns a whole produce store on West Forty-ninth Street. Mike P. said that he himself was actually an iron lather by trade but was working on the street at the moment because of a strike in the construction industry. Mike R. said that he had been a full-time street peddler for five years—fruit in the summer, pretzels and chestnuts in the winter. "It's a nice life, lots of fresh air."

"Any trouble with the police?" we asked.

"They ran us in yesterday," he said. "We had the fruit on blankets right on the sidewalk and we couldn't move fast enough. Today, we're on wheels."

Next to the fruit stand we found a young couple named Alex Florea and Marjorie Trichter, who were selling something called the Cannabis shirt—an orange or yellow T-shirt with a red star and the green leaf of a marijuana plant (*Cannabis sativa*) silk-screened across the chest. "Only three dollars," Mr. Florea said. "They're made in Ann Arbor. They're a big fad out there. We'll be selling them soon in all the big stores. We're out on the street today mainly for advertising purposes. This is going to be a communal thing—the latest craze. Like the hula hoop."

By this time, we were getting a little hungry. In addition to all the conventional snack carts found in other parts of town—Sabrett's hot dogs, Good Humor ice cream, Marino's Italian ices—there were carts in the Grand Army Plaza offering a choice of such ethnic specialties as kosher franks, empanadas (a Latin-American meat pie) and tacos, and Chinese egg rolls and baos. The food seemed authentic, but the ethnic backgrounds of the venders did not necessarily match their specialties. We ordered a kosher frank (thirty-five cents) from a young man named Bill Humphreys, who said that he was a professional singer; our beef taco (fifty cents) was prepared by a young dancer named Nancy Kolodney; and our roast-pork bao ("A baked bun stuffed full of meat, prepared in the traditional Chinese manner; fifty-five cents") was served by a pretty black model named Dorothy Pringle. For dessert, we picked up a couple of peaches at the Mikes' fruit stand (forty-nine cents a pound).

On our way back to the office, we passed a policeman standing in the shade of a building on the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. His collar insignia identified him as a member of the Special Events Squad. We stopped to ask him what he thought about the recent proliferation of young peddlers on the city streets.

"I've been chasing them all morning," he said. "The store owners complain. They're paying a thousand dollars a month rent, and they don't want any competition from a kid out front. That's the law."

We asked the policeman whether he had any *personal* feelings about the situation.

"Put it this way," he said. "I'd rather see them peddling on the street than out stealing."

•

AFFLUENT-SOCIETY sign observed at Martha's Vineyard airport:

AIRPLANES WASHED AND WAXED
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U.S.O.

STROLLING along Forty-fifth Street just east of Broadway one recent afternoon, we saw a soldier come out of the U.S.O. clubhouse there, which is called the General Douglas MacArthur Memorial Center. We had all but forgotten about the U.S.O.; we thought G.I.s spent their off-duty hours these days in coffeehouses. (To tell the truth, we had all but forgotten about General MacArthur, too.) But there we were, so

we walked inside, and downstairs to a reception desk, where we were taken in hand by Milton Feitelson, the executive director of the U.S.O. setup in New York, and Robert Riddell, the executive director of the Forty-fifth Street center, who surprised us by saying that the place now receives five hundred thousand visitors a year—three-fourths of them servicemen and the rest their dependents or girl friends. The Messrs. Feitelson and Riddell went on to say that the U.S.O. has changed radically (in a nonpolitical manner of speaking) in its thirty years of existence. "During the big war, when we got started, we had music, and girls to dance with," Mr. Riddell said. "The intent then was to contain and entertain a person within four walls, what with the brownouts and all that. Our intent now is almost completely the opposite. We believe in New York City, and we want to introduce men to the community and put them out into it, to enjoy its services."

"And to spend their money on nice things," added Mr. Feitelson.

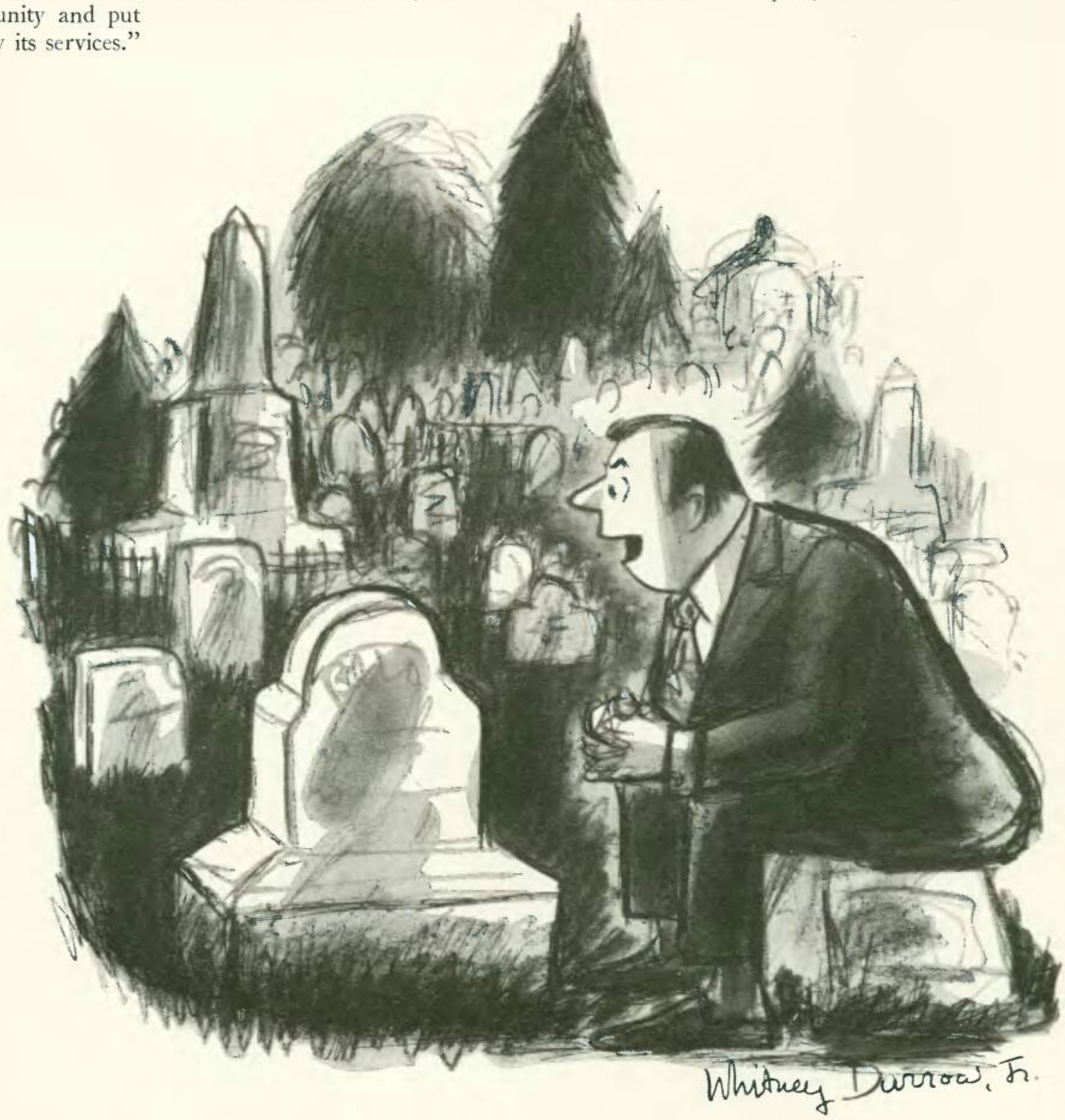
"What these servicemen see within a fifty-block radius of this center becomes their impression of America," said Mr. Riddell. We did not comment. "For servicemen, we're the catalyst of the city," he went on. "We are scientists in the humanities. Through us, these kids get to see their first show or opera or big-city sports event. They're exposed to the wholesome influences in our community. And the community is behind us. We get free food from a number of firms, and free Pepsi—two million drinks of it a year—and, I guess, a million and a half dollars' worth of free theatre tickets. We even get free tickets to policemen's balls, and when you can't buy your way into a Giants' football game we'll have three hundred and twenty-five free tickets to it locked in our safe. There is great heart in New York—no doubt about it."

We asked if we might inspect the premises, which until the U.S.O. took them over, in 1968 (moving north from West Forty-third), had served as a rathskeller. At a long counter, three middle-aged women were handing out hotel reservations and theatre and movie tickets. In an alcove, four men were watching a seafaring movie on television; in another alcove there was a silent pianola, with rolls on top of it labelled "Auld Lang Syne," "That Old Black Magic," "Shine On, Harvest Moon," and "Music to Watch Girls By."

A half-dozen men, none of them in uniform, were sitting at tables near a snack bar. We paused to chat with two of them, who, we surmised from their sinewy appearance, were perhaps Marine veterans of Khe Sanh. They said they were both permanently assigned, as drummers, to the West Point band and had never had any other duty; they found the U.S.O. convenient because it was a short walk from a studio where they took weekly drum lessons.

We switched to a big black man in civvies, surely a combat squad leader; he turned out to be an as yet unblooded Air Force sergeant from Brooklyn, assigned to the Times Square recruiting booth, two blocks away. He told us he used the U.S.O. center a lot. "It's a second home for many people like me," he said. "I think the U.S.O. is the best thing there is for servicemen."

Next, we approached a young man and a young woman, both casually dressed. Was she perhaps a Wac? "No, thank God!" she said. "I'm a nurse—strictly civilian type." And was our hunch that he had been a chopper pilot in Nam correct? No, he was a Coast Guardsman from California, about to be discharged after a year and a half's tour in Spain, at a radio sta-



"And here's another thing you won't believe, Dad. We now buy our drinking water—that's right; plain, ordinary drinking water, Dad—at the grocery store."

tion. "This is a nice place to sit down and relax in after you've been walking around Times Square," he said.

Our final port of call was at a table occupied by a sprucely dressed couple—he in coat and tie, she in dress and stockings. He proved to be an Army second lieutenant from Washington, D.C., recently assigned to Fort Monmouth, in photography, after completing Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning. And had he gone to O.C.S. straight from Indo-China, we asked. "I was at Fort Sill, in Lawton, Oklahoma, and my wife and I came here today to get some theatre tickets," the young man said. "Because of where we've been stationed, we've been culturally deprived. We thought we'd better catch up on our playgoing." The lieutenant said his wife and he had put in a lot of U.S.O. time. "We've found this center to be one of the few places you can go to where you know that everybody is in the service, so you have something in common to talk about. And, as you've noticed, everybody in here has short hair; that's another kind of bond. I feel out of place with most of my civilian friends. Here I feel at home."

Sic Transit

ONE of those remarkable coincidences that in all probability could happen only in New York happened the other day on a Madison Avenue bus. A magnificently turbanned Sikh entered the bus at Forty-third Street, took a seat next to a window, and proceeded to concentrate on his *Times*. A few stops later, a middle-aged New York woman wearing an equally splendid, if smaller, turban got on the bus. She worked her way down the aisle, spotted her counterpart, and, her eyes suddenly widening, hesitated for a few seconds. Perhaps sensing that somebody was staring at him, the Sikh looked up from his newspaper and, with more than casual interest, returned the stare. Then he smiled at the woman and motioned to her to take the seat next to him. A bit flustered, she complied, and until the bus reached her destination, in the Sixties, they chatted amiably, and even showed some wallet photographs to each other.

Bibliophile

A YOUNG friend of ours is a clerk in a large midtown bookstore, and he takes his job seriously. The other day, a well-appointed lady entered the shop and asked him if he could recommend some nicely bound, thick books to fill out a shelf. Our friend frowned slightly and, with an effort, stopped himself from saying something about literary merit's usually being the criterion for purchasing books. The lady seemed to sense his disapproval. "Well, it's really not so important that they should be thick," she said. "They're for a guest room."



"I just knocked off this haiku.
'Mist parts. Pear blossoms
Above dew-soaked peony.
And the yen floats up.'"

Three Musical Gatherings

ENOUGH people to crowd a small theatre were gathered at the Theatre 80 St. Marks (a small theatre) to celebrate its opening. The Theatre 80 St. Marks will show only old Hollywood musical films, and many of the people gathered there on its first night had important associations with old Hollywood musical films. There were people with Well-Preserved talent and glamour, people with Faded talent and glamour, people with reliable memories, and people with active fantasy lives. There were posters on the walls from old musical-comedy films, and, in celebration, coffee and Cold Duck were served. "We had champagne at the beginning," said the man behind the bar.

A slight, airy blond girl looked intently at a poster for " 'Naughty Marietta,' M-G-M's Greatest Musical Romance." " 'Naughty Marietta' caught me because my mother had that sheet music around for years," the girl said. "I had an aunt and uncle who were a little on the seamy side, and they always remind me of the people in these posters. It's the pencilled eyebrows. My aunt had those pencilled eyebrows."

We asked the girl about the dress she was wearing, and she said, "Why, it's a late-thirties flowered lawn dress," and then she left us and went up to a very tall man standing nearby. "Don't I recognize you?" she asked.

The tall man didn't answer, but his companion, a shorter man, did. "Sure you recognize him," the shorter man said. "He stood in for José Ferrer in 'Moulin Rouge,' and for Mickey Rooney dozens of times." Both men glared at the young girl.

"They were putting me on," the girl said later. "But you just *have* to speak to a man of that height."

Alexis Smith was there, and Gloria Swanson (who was supposedly giving the party) was there, and Joan Crawford was expected but didn't come. People paid attention to

Alexis Smith and Gloria Swanson, but they also looked closely at less conspicuous people. "I've seen a lot of stars tonight," said a girl who had told us she was in "The Fantasticks." "There, for instance. I'm sure—dead sure—that's Rita Gam."

The party was held in the lobby of the theatre. In the theatre itself, there had been a film. "It was about nineteen-thirties musical comedies," said the airy blond girl. "I liked it. It was a highlights kind of film. You know, with all the in-between parts cut out. Of course, people who are really into the thirties don't even mind the in-between stuff."



"There you go, sticking up for Henry again!"

• •

A FEW days later, on the second floor of a triangular, damaged building on a triangular block between St. Nicholas and Lenox Avenues, just above Central Park, the board of directors of the Harlem Jazz Music Center, Inc., held an open house for friends and for people they hoped to interest in their project. Their project is an elaborate one, aimed at creating a permanent home for serious jazz in a complex of buildings on the site, to be called the Gateway to Harlem. A fire had gutted the first floor of the triangular building, and much of the second as well. On the day of the open house, most of the windows in the triangular room where the guests gathered were still knocked out. The room felt strange, but open and cool and central. Outside, on Lenox Avenue, a street festival was going on around an enormous truck that proclaimed itself the New York City Showmobile—a unit of the Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs Administration. Across Lenox Avenue were two enormous, grand, decaying apartment houses—one of red brick, with shallow bay windows and window surrounds painted gray, and the other gray and massive, with a cluster of Corinthian columns on the fifth and sixth floors. Farther south was the Second Canaan Baptist Church, a red brick building whose windows are swirls of stained glass.

Loud music was coming from the Showmobile, which made it difficult to hear what Warren Smith, a percussionist and the treasurer of the Harlem Jazz Music Center, was saying to the people gathered in the triangular room. He stood in front of a set of vibraphones and talked about *dynamics* and *pitch*, and then he talked about the workshops the Harlem Jazz Music Center hoped to set up. "We are devoted to the perpetuation of black art, to keep it from being systematically snuffed out by mass media," he said. "If you listen to WLIB or one of the other stations that play black music, you hear John Coltrane play maybe once a day—no more. It is very, very hard for musicians who haven't compromised. Maybe they died before they *could* compromise. But we are not about to let this music die."

THE street festival on Lenox Avenue that day was called "It's Nation Time," and it was a more or less set piece put together by Kimako Baraka—the sister of Imamu Amiri Baraka, who was once known as LeRoi Jones—and funded by the city's Department of Cultural Affairs and Youth Services Agency. On the day of the Harlem Jazz Music Center's open house, "It's Nation Time" had already been seen once in Brooklyn and twice elsewhere in Harlem. It was not so much a street festival as it was street musical theatre. All the entertainment was presented from the New York City Showmobile, which raised the performers high above the street. The music was insistent, and the performers were young and energetic, but the audience responded mildly, and after unconventional performances there were conventional calls from the stage for a big hand. Above the Showmobile, the people at the Jazz Music Center's open house could be seen framed in the empty windows of the triangular building.

A young black man with a powerful voice came to the center of the Showmobile stage, dressed, like nearly all the performers, in African costume. "I'm tired of the white man selling us rotten food," he chanted, or sang. "How do we find him?"

"Guilty, guilty," a chorus of performers chanted back.

"I'm tired of a liquor store on every corner. How do we find him?"

"Guilty, guilty."

"I'm tired of the white man making faggots of our men and lesbians of our women. How do we find him?"

"Guilty, guilty."

"I'm tired of white policemen in our community. How do we find him?"

"Guilty, guilty."

"I'm tired of all, of all"— the young black man stumbled a little in his words, and then went on—"of all the negative things going down. How do we find him?"

"Guilty, guilty."

"What is his penalty?"

"Death. Death."

THE MOTHBALL FLEET

IT was early morning; just after dawn, in fact. The mothball fleet was sailing down the Hudson. Grayish-brown shrouds making odd shapes at various points on the superstructures. I counted forty destroyers, four light cruisers, two heavy cruisers, and a carrier. A fog lay upon the river.

I went aboard as the fleet reached the Narrows. I noticed a pair of jeans (bell-bottoms, tie-dyed) floating on the surface of the water. They appeared to have been recently vacated. I abandoned my small outboard and jumped for the ladder of the lead destroyer.

There was no one on deck. All of the gun mounts and some special equipment were coated with a sort of plastic webbing, which had a slightly repellent feeling when touched.

I watched my empty Pacemaker bobbing in the heavy wake of the fleet.

I called out. "Hello! Hello!"

There seemed to be no one on board. Behind us, the vessels were disposed as in fleet formation—the carrier in the center, the two heavy cruisers before and behind her, the destroyer screen correctly placed in relation to the cruisers, or as much so as the width of the channel would allow. We were making, I judged, ten to twelve knots.

There was no other traffic on the water; this I thought strange.

It was now about six-thirty; the fog was breaking up, a little. I decided to climb to the bridge. I entered the wheelhouse; there was no one at the wheel. I took the wheel in my hands, tried to turn it a point or two, experimentally; it was locked in place.

A man entered from the chartroom behind me. He immediately walked over to me and removed my hands from the wheel.

He wore a uniform, but it seemed more a steward's or barman's dress than a naval officer's. His face however was not unimpressive: dark hair carefully brushed, a strong nose, good mouth and chin. I judged him to be in his late forties. He reëntered the chartroom. I followed him.

"May I ask where this . . ."

"Mothball fleet," he supplied, in a noncommittal voice.

"—is bound?"

He did not answer my question. He was looking at a chart.

"Of course, if it is a matter of sealed orders—"

"No no," he said, without looking up. "Nothing like that." Then he said, "A bit careless with your little boat, aren't you?"

This made me angry. "Not normally. On the contrary. But something—"

"Of course," he said. "You were anticipated. Why d'you think that ladder wasn't secured?"

I thought about this for a moment. I decided to shift the ground of the conversation slightly.

"Are there crews aboard the other ships?"

"No," he said. I felt however that he had appreciated my shrewdness in guessing that there were no crews aboard the other ships.

"Radio?" I asked. "Remote control or something?"

"Something like that," he said.

The forty destroyers, four light cruisers, two heavy cruisers, and the carrier were moving in perfect formation toward the open sea. The sight was a magnificent one. I had been in the Navy—two years as a supply officer in New London.

"In this a test of some kind?" I asked. "Some new equipment?"

"You're afraid that we'll be used for target practice? Secret weapons?" He seemed momentarily amused.

"No. But ship movements on this scale—"

"It was difficult," he said. He then walked out of the chartroom and seated himself in one of the swivel chairs on posts in front of the bridge windows. I followed him.

"May I ask your rank?"

"Why not ask my name?"

"All right."

"I am the Admiral."

I looked again at his uniform which suggested no such thing.

"Objectively," he said, with a slight smile.

"My name is—" I began.

"I am not interested in your name," he said sharply. "I am only interested in your behavior. As you can see, I have at my disposal forty-seven brigs, of which the carrier's is the most comfortable. Not that I believe you will behave other than correctly. At the moment, I want you to do this: Go down to the galley and make a pot of coffee. Make sandwiches. You may make one for yourself. Then bring them here." He settled back in his seat and regarded the calm, even sea.

"All right," I said. "Yes."

"You will say: 'Yes, sir,' " he corrected me.

"Yes, sir."



"Hold it there, Marjorie! Not with Tom Wicker you don't!"

I WANDERED about the destroyer until I found the galley. I made the coffee and sandwiches and returned with them to the bridge.

The "Admiral" drank his coffee silently. Seabirds made passes at the mast where the radar equipment, I noticed, was covered with the same plastic ma-



"But enough about me."

terial that enclosed the gun installations.

"What is that stuff that is used for the mothballing?" I asked.

"It's a polyvinyl-chloride solution which also contains vinyl acetate," he said. "It's sprayed on and then hardens. If you were to cut it open you'd find inside, around the equipment, four or five small cloth bags containing silicate of soda in crystals, to absorb moisture. A very neat system. It does just what it's supposed to do—keeps the equipment good as new."

He had finished his sandwich. A bit of mustard had soiled the sleeve of his white coat, which had gold epaulets. I thought again that he most resembled not an admiral but a man from whom one would order drinks.

"What is our mission?" I asked, determined not to be outfaced by a man with mustard on his coat.

"To be at sea," he said.

"Only that?"

"That's not enough? Think of it. Think of the efforts of hundreds of thousands of men in shipyards, on both coasts, building these ships. Think of the welders, the pipefitters, the electricians, naval architects, people in the Bureau of the Budget. Think of the launchings, each with its bottle of champagne on a cord of plaited ribbons hurled at the bow by the wife of some high official. Think of the first sailors coming aboard, the sea trials, the captains for whom a particular ship was a first command. Each ship has a history; no ship is without its history. Think of the six-inch guns shaking a particular ship as they are fired, the planes leaving the deck of the carrier at tightly spaced intervals, the daring maneuvers executed by the cruisers in this or that engagement. Think of each ship's log faithfully kept over the years, think of the Official Naval History, which now runs, I am told, to two hundred and eighty large volumes. And then, think of each ship moving up the Hudson, or worse, being towed, to a depot where it is covered with this disgusting plastic substance. Think of the years each ship has spent moored next to other ships of its class, painted, yes, at scheduled times, by a crew of painters whose task it is to paint these ships eternally—finished with one and on to the next and now back to the first again after two years. Think of the watchmen watching the ships, year after year—"

"They were being stockpiled against a possible new national emergency," I said. "What on earth is wrong with that?"

"I was a messman on the Saratoga," he said, "when I was sixteen. I had lied about my age."

"But what are your intentions?"

"I am taking these ships away from *them*," he said. He looked me full in the face for the first time. "It will be a little footnote in the Official Naval History."

I considered what this meant.

"You are stealing forty-seven ships from the government of the United States?"

"There are also the submarines," he said. "Six submarines of the Marlin class."

"But why?"

"What I steal from them is nothing. What they have stolen from me is everything. I no longer understand the language here. It reminds me of a language I once knew, but it is not that language. Remember that I was, once, in accord with them—passionately in accord, if I may say so. I did whatever they wished, eagerly, fervently. I participated in their crusades, hated their enemies. Even though I merely carried trays and wiped up tables. I heard the singing of the wounded and witnessed the burial of the dead." He paused. "What I am taking to sea is not the ships but the *meaning* of the ships. Now—do you wish to accompany me, assist me?"

"More than anything!"

"I thought so." He moved the lever of the bridge telegraph to Full Ahead.

—Donald Barthelme

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The Argentine, like Britain, is trying to satisfy a growing demand for the leaner meat produced by younger animals. "If you kill the animals when they are lighter you need more of them to obtain the same weight of beef," says Dick Waugh, a livestock expert.—*London Sunday Times.*

What would we do without experts?

THE SWASTIKA ON OUR DOOR

NORMALLY, Karen Washington took a nostalgic interest in stories about, and especially pictures of, her husband's former girls. They had all been pretty, some beautiful. And they reminded her that her successful and preoccupied lawyer husband had once been a lively bachelor, vigorously engaged in the pursuit of women. But the large glossy picture of Roger and his brother, Richard, who was now dead, and a girl, that she found on the top shelf of her husband's shirt closet disturbed her considerably. Why had Roger put it there? She was not jealous—she did not suspect him of having perpetuated an old liaison—but she felt left out. Why had he chosen not to tell her about this particular beautiful girl, in her high-collared dress?

To the left was fat Roger, grinning and blinking into the flashbulb, having raised his glass of wine to the night-club camera—a man out on the town, celebrating, having a good time. "The jolly Roger." With his peculiar private irony Richard had sometimes called his brother that. On the right was skinny, tortured Richard, staring at his brother with a gaze at the same time stern and full of an immoderate love. Between them, somewhat recessed, was the long-necked, beautiful, dark girl, who was looking at Richard as though she thought he was either marvellous or crazy. Or perhaps she herself looked crazy. In the bright, flat light her collar made an odd shadow on her cheek, and her eyes were a strange shape—very narrow and long, like fish.

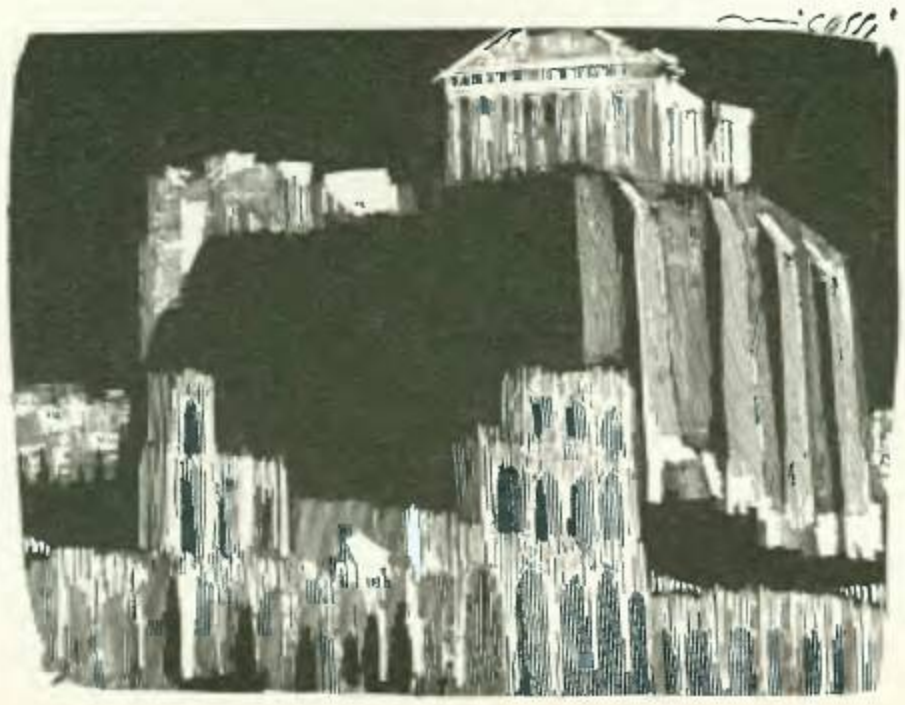
Karen sneezed from the dust. It was the maid's day off, and she was doing the closets. She was a poor housekeeper, and did not like to be reminded of that fact, of which both the dust and the presence of the picture on an untouched shelf did remind her. Retreating from the closet, she put the picture on her husband's dressing table, meaning to ask him about it that night.

Karen was a big, dark, handsome girl, descended from successful generations of Berlin bankers; her father, the last of the line, had come to San Francisco in the twenties, well before Hitler, and had been prominent in the founding of a local bank. She had already, in ten years of marriage to Roger, produced five sons—five stalwart big Washingtons who had never known their difficult doomed Southern uncle, Uncle Richard, cartons of whose books were stored, still unpacked, in the basement.

Karen remembered Richard well, although she had only seen him twice in the month between her engagement party and his death. But over the years Roger had talked often of his brother, with anger and guilt, affection and a vast regret. She thought of Richard for a great deal of that day as she moved about the narrow, unwieldy, and expensive Victorian house on Pacific Avenue, bought when Richard died and they inherited his money. The house from its northern windows had oblong views of the bay and the bridge, of Sausalito and the hills of Marin County. That day, that March, there were threatening rain clouds, a shifting kaleidoscope of them, gray streaked and smudged with darker gray.

Karen had felt and still did feel an uncomfortable mixture of emotions in regard to Richard, one of which was certainly the guilty impatience of the healthy with the sick. Richard had been born with a defective heart, ten months after Roger's healthy and normal birth, and had suffered greatly during his lifetime. But beyond his irremediable physical pain he had seemed, somehow, to choose to be lonely and miserable. He lived in a second-rate downtown hotel even after he got his money; he was given to brief, sad love affairs, generally with crazy girls ("Affairs with psychopaths are a marvellous substitute for intimacy," he had been heard to say). He only bought books and records; his clothes were impossible.

Like many secure and contented people, Karen could be somewhat unimaginative about the needs of those who were not content—of those who were, in fact, miserable. To her credit, she knew this, and so she sighed as she moved incompetently about her house; she sighed for Richard and for her own failure to have understood or in any way to have helped him.



Karen's deficiencies as a housekeeper were more than made up for by her abilities as a cook, or so her husband and most of their friends thought. That afternoon, as heavy dark rains enshrouded the city and the bay, Karen made a superior moussaka, which was one of Roger's favorites. Richard had also liked it, the one time he came to dinner before her marriage, and Karen was pleased to remember that she had at least done that for him.

Then, just as she had finished, from upstairs she heard the youngest child begin to whimper, waking up from his nap, and she went up to get him, to bathe and dress him before the older boys all tumbled home from school.

The kitchen maid would come at three and stay until after dinner, since Roger liked a formal evening meal.

Karen was dressing, and lost in a long skirt that she tried to pull down over her increasing thighs, when Roger came in and asked her about the picture.

"What's that doing out here?" "Here" was "heah;" Roger had kept his Southern voice, though less strongly than Richard had.

Her head came out of the dress, and she bridled at the annoyance in his tone. "Why not? It was up on your top shirt shelf." At worst, in some atavistic Germanic way, Karen became coy. "Some old girl friend you haven't told me about?" she said.

Roger was holding the picture, blinking at it in the harsh light from Karen's makeup lamp, holding it closer and closer to the bulb as though he would burn it if the picture did not reveal all that he wanted to know.

"She's beautiful," said Karen. She came to look over his shoulder, and pressed her cheek against his arm.

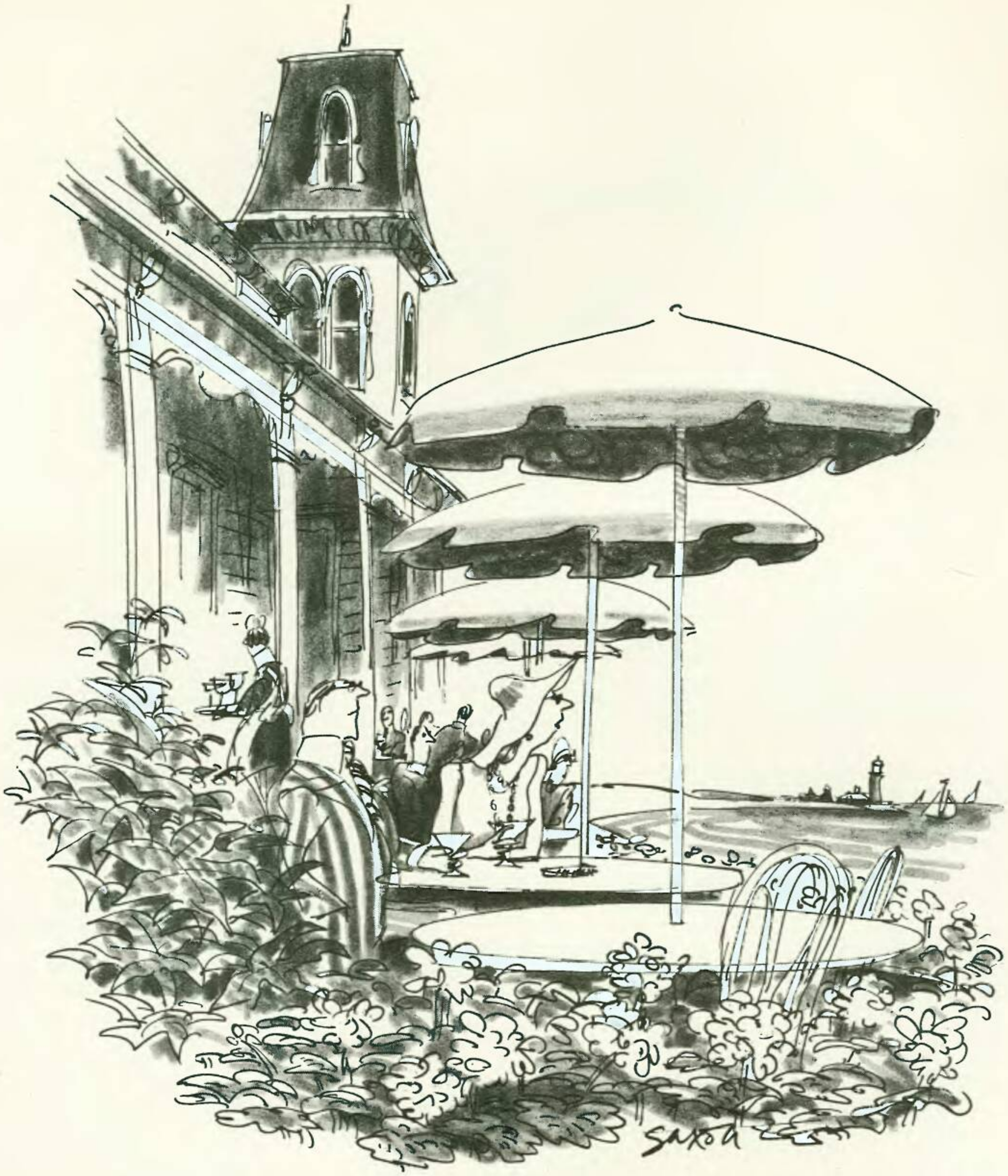
"She was Richard's girl. Ellen. You remember, the one who came to Mount Zion Hospital when he was dying. After that was taken." He pointed unnecessarily at the picture. "We were celebrating his money, after he finally sold his land. That was the night he met her."

Karen was quiet, looking at the peculiar girl, whom she now vaguely remembered having heard about, and at Richard, whom no large sums of money had ever cheered, and at jolly Roger.

"What a creepy girl," Roger said. "Richard's worst. She finally had to be locked up. For all I know she still is."

"Oh." Karen shuddered.

Roger put the picture down with a heavy sigh. He was fatter



"Well, Jarvis, that's the last high tide at cocktail time until next summer."

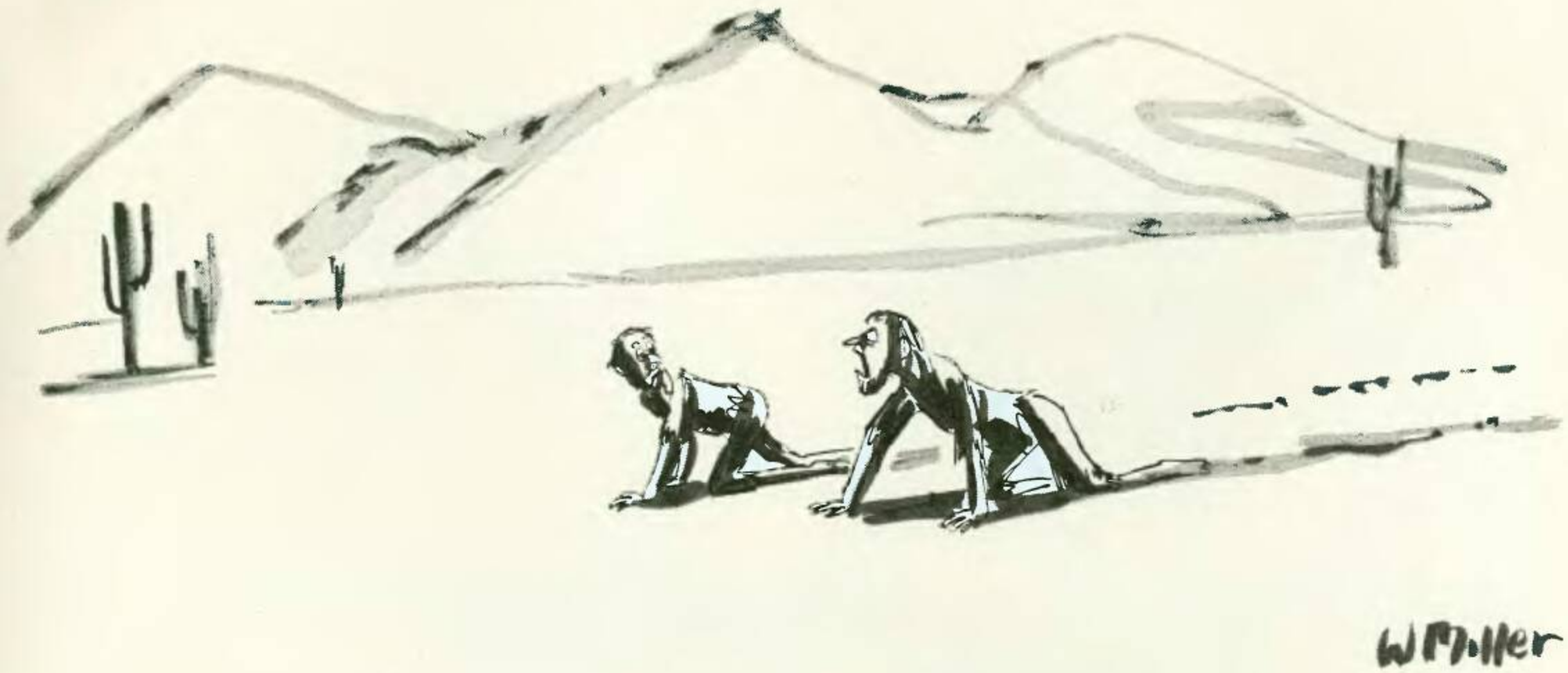
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now than when it was taken; his neck was deeply creased with fat, and his big cheeks drooped.

Then abruptly he turned around and embraced Karen with enthusiasm. "What's for dinner?" he asked. "Did I smell what I think I did?"

BECAUSE Richard had been sick so much and had been tutored, he and Roger ended by finishing high school in the same June of 1943, and that July they entered Harvard together, two Southern 4-Fs in giddy wartime Cambridge—fat Roger, who had a punctured eardrum, and thin, sick Richard. They both reacted to the scene with an immediate and violent loneliness. Together, they felt isolated from all those uniforms, from the desperately gay urgency of that war, and from the bright New England climate.

Roger's fat and Richard's illnesses had also isolated them in childhood; they were unpopular boys, who spent most of their afternoons at home reading or devising private games. But to be isolated and unpopular in a small town where everyone knows you is also to be surrounded—if not with warmth at least with a knowledge of your history. There is always the old lady approaching on the sidewalk who



"Look! Do me a favor and stop saying 'Man, could I ever guzzle mucho H_2O!' "

• •

says, "Aren't you Sophie Washington's boys? I declare, the fat one is the living spit of your grandfather." Or the mean little girl in the corner grocery store who chants softly, "Skinny and fat, skinny and fat, I never saw two brothers like that."

They had, too, an enormous retreat from the world—the huge Washington house, full of books everywhere. And the pale mother and father, who had been and continued to be surprised at finding themselves parents, who retreated from parenthood to long conversations about the histories of other Southern families. "It was a perfect background for eccentrics of the future," Richard later told Ellen.

Both Roger and Richard had chosen history as their field of concentration at Harvard. During those summer afternoons and into the gaudy fall, while R.O.T.C. units drilled in the Yard and pretty Radcliffe girls in sloppy sweaters and skirts, white athletic socks, and loafers lounged on the steps of Widener Library, Richard and Roger studied furiously in their ground-floor rooms in Adams House, and at night they went to movies. Every night a movie, in suburbs as far-lying as the subway system would carry them, until one night when the only movie they had not seen twice was "I Wanted Wings," in Arlington. So they stayed home and for a joke read chapters of "Lee's Lieutenants" aloud to each other, which was not one of the texts for History I but which was the only book in the room they had not already read. It had been an off-to-college present from their not very imaginative mother. In stage Southern accents they read to each other about Fredericksburg and Chickamauga, Appomattox and Antietam.

Roger had a photographic memory, of which Richard was fiercely proud. His own memory was erratic; he easily memorized poetry but he had a lot of trouble with names and dates, with facts. As they walked across the Yard in the brilliant September air, Roger recited several pages from that book, still in that crazy, exaggerated accent—"... and before the Northern armies could marshall their forces ..."—while Richard gambolled beside him, laughing like a monkey.

The next January, which was the beginning of their sophomore year, they were taking a course called Philosophic Problems of the Postwar World. With everyone else they stood around outside Emerson Hall, waiting for the hour to sound. Richard was overheard to say to Roger, in that crazy Southern voice, "As I see it, the chief postwar problem is what to do with the black people."

At the end of that year Roger had four A's and Richard had two A's, a C, and a D, the D being in Biology. They had no friends. Richard regarded their friendlessness as a sign of their superiority; no one else was as brilliant or as amusing as his brother, and thus they were unappreciated. Roger didn't think much about that sort of thing then. He was solely concentrated on getting top grades.

Those Harvard years were, or perhaps became in memory, the happiest of Richard's life. He had Roger's almost undivided attention, and it was a time when Roger laughed at all his jokes.

Aside from the Southern joke that was their mainstay, they developed a kind of mad irony of their own—an irony that later would have been called sick, or black. Roger's obesity came into this. "You must have another hot dog. You won't last the afternoon," Richard would say as Roger wolfed down his seventh hot dog, at lunch at a corner stand. And when Roger did order and eat another hot dog they both thought that wildly funny. Richard's heart was funny, too. At the foot of the steps of Widener he would say, "Come on, I'll race you up to the top," and they would stand there, helplessly laughing.

That was how Richard remembered those years—big, fat Roger tilted to one side, chuckling hugely, and himself, dark and wiry and bent double, laughing, in the Cambridge sun. And he remembered that he could even be careless about his health in those years; he almost never hurt. They went for long walks in all the variously beautiful weathers of Cambridge. Years later, in California, Richard would sigh for some past Cambridge spring, or summer or fall. Roger remembered much less; for one thing, he was in later life so extremely busy.

They were reacted to at Harvard for the most part with indifference; other people were also preoccupied, and that is how, in general, Harvard is. However, Roger and Richard did manage to be irritating. To the then current remark "Don't you know

there's a war on?" they both had been heard to respond, "Sir, the War has been over for almost a hundred years." And those were "liberal" years: racism, or what sounded like it, was very unpopular. No one made jokes about black people—no one but Roger and Richard.

One night Roger and Richard came back from the movies (a revival of a "Broadway Melody" in Dorchester; Roger loved musicals) to find that someone had put a swastika in black chalk on the door of their room. Richard was enchanted; in a way it was the highest moment of his life. All his sense of the monstrosity of the outside world was justified, as well as his fondness for drama—he was persecuted and isolated with his brother. "Roger," he said very loudly and very Southernly, "do you reckon that's some kind of Indian sign they've gone and put on our door?"

Roger laughed, too, or later Richard remembered Roger as laughing, but he recalled mainly his own delight in that climactic moment. They went into their room and shut the door, and after them someone yelled from down the stairwell, "Southern Fascists!" Richard went on chortling with pleasure, lying across the studio couch, while Roger walked thoughtfully about the room—that big, bare room made personal only by their books and some dark curtains now drawn against the heady Cambridge spring night. Then Roger put a Dietrich record on the player.

That was more or less that. The next day the janitor washed the chalk off, and Roger and Richard did not speculate as to who had put it there. Anyone could have.

But a week or so later Roger told Richard that he was tired of history; he was switching his field of concentration to economics. And then he would go to law school. "Fat makes you already eccentric," he said. "And eccentrics have to be rich."

"In that case I'll switch to Greek," Richard countered furiously, "and remain land-poor."

And that shorthand conversation made perfect sense to both of them.

They both did what they said they would, except that soon after their graduation (Roger *summa cum laude* and Phi Bete) Richard had a heart attack that kept him in the hospital at home in Virginia, off and on for a couple of years, fending off his anxious mother and writing long, funny letters to Roger, who seemed to be enjoying law school.

So it worked out that by the time Richard went back to Harvard for his master's in Greek literature Roger had got out of law school and gone to San Francisco, where he began to succeed as a management consultant to increasingly important firms. He was too busy even to come home for the funerals of his parents, who died within a month of each other during his first winter in San Francisco. They had, they thought, divided their land equally between their two sons. Roger sold his immediately for thirty thousand, and thought he had done very well. He urged Richard to do the same, but Richard, lazily or perversely, held on to his until five years later, when an encroaching freeway forced the sale and he got a hundred thousand.

Richard did not enjoy his second time at Harvard, except in the sense that one enjoys a season of mourning. He was terribly lonely, he missed Roger vividly, everywhere in Cambridge, and his heart hurt most of the time.

It was not until the early fifties that Richard got his teaching job in a small college near San Francisco and saw his brother again. And then he came into his money, and met Ellen.

In his downtown hotel, Richard had a large room that the maid was not allowed to enter. ("Then why live in a hotel?" practical Roger had asked.) The room was stacked everywhere with books, with records and papers. Richard took most of his meals in the hotel dining room; after he came home from a day of teaching, he rarely went out. He was not well; much of the time he felt dizzy, and he ached, but it was hard to gauge the degree to which his isolation was forced upon him. If Roger, for example, had had a bad heart, he would undoubtedly have had it continually in the midst of a crowd.

Indeed, in the years since Harvard Roger had become gregarious. Professionally, he was hyperactive; his entire intelligence and energy were occupied. People whose lawyer or adviser he was also asked him to dinner, and he became known as a very courtly if somewhat ponderous bachelor as well as an astute businessman. Roger was greedy for company; he revelled in his invitations, his cocktails and dinners, and his girls.

Girls who fell in love with Richard were girls with whom Roger had not been successful; that was how Richard met girls. In one of their rare conversations about women, Roger remarked on Richard's perfect score. Richard had never been turned down.

"But with how many ladies have



I—uh—attempted to prove my valor?" Richard asked in the parody Southern manner that he sometimes tried to continue with Roger. "Four—or is it three? I sometimes lose track of these—uh—astronomicals."

Ellen made five.

One May afternoon, a few months after they had met, Richard lay down across some tufts of new grass on the bank of a duck pond in Golden Gate Park watching Ellen, who was out wading among the ducks. Like a child, she held her skirt bunched up in front of her at the top of her long, thin, childish legs. Water had spattered the shabby gray flannel; Ellen visibly didn't care. She splashed out toward some brown ducks who were peacefully squatted on the surface of the pond. They fled, scuttering across the water, submarining under, as Ellen screamed out, "See! They know I'm here!"

Her long fish-shaped eyes that day were almost blue with excitement. When she was unhappy or simply remote, they were gray.

At the farther edge of the pond were willows, now thickly green with spring; they grew out into the water in heavy clusters. And all around the pond were tall eucalyptus trees, shedding their bark in long strips, that scented the air with lemon as the breeze fluttered their sad green scimitar leaves above Richard's head.

Out of the water, Ellen became a detached and languorous girl, who sat on the grass not far from Richard, clutching her arms about her knees and watching him curiously, listening to that tormented and violent Southern talk.

"Interest! *Interest!*" was what Richard was saying. "My own brother, my *heir*, and he offers me interest on a loan. 'My God,' I told him, 'you're my brother, take all the money, but for God's sake don't offer me interest.' "

Above the trees pale-gray clouds drifted ceremoniously across the sky. Half closing her eyes, Ellen turned them into doves—flocks and flocks of soft, gray doves.

"God, if I'd only sold the bloody land when Roger sold his," said Richard for the tenth or perhaps the hundredth time that day. "And got only thirty thousand like him instead of this bloody hundred."

Richard's frenzy and the intensity of his pain had oddly a calming effect on Ellen. Unlike most people, who were frightened or impatient or even—as Roger now was—bored, Ellen experienced with Richard a reduction of the panic in which she normally lived. Rather reasonably she asked him what she had often been told but had forgotten. "Why didn't you sell it then?"

"I preferred to be land-poor." This was in the old stage Southern voice. *Ah pruhfuhd*. Then, "Christ, I didn't want the money. I still don't. If I could only just give it to him. Without dying, that is." And he laughed maniacally.

By this time, in the mid-fifties, pain had deeply lined Richard's face. There were heavy lines across his forehead, lines down the sides of his nose and beside his wide, intensely compressed mouth. Many people, especially Roger's more recent friends, considered Richard crazy. He was difficult to be with, and this became increasingly true. "He has grown quite impossible," Roger would say.

"What does he think it means to be brothers?" Richard demanded ferociously.

"How much money did he want?" Ellen asked mildly.

"Twenty thousand!" Richard shrieked. "At six per cent! My brother!"

His voice scared the ducks more than all of Ellen's splashings had; they scattered in a wild and hasty disorder, flapping their wings and crying out.

Ellen crawled over to where Richard lay. With one finger she stroked his eyelids closed, then kissed them—one, then the other. Richard sat up and grasped for her; he clutched her violently against his chest. "God," he said. "If you knew how lovely you are. Everything you do." Then he said, "You really should marry me. I could guarantee you instant widowhood." He was given to these embarrassing references to his death.

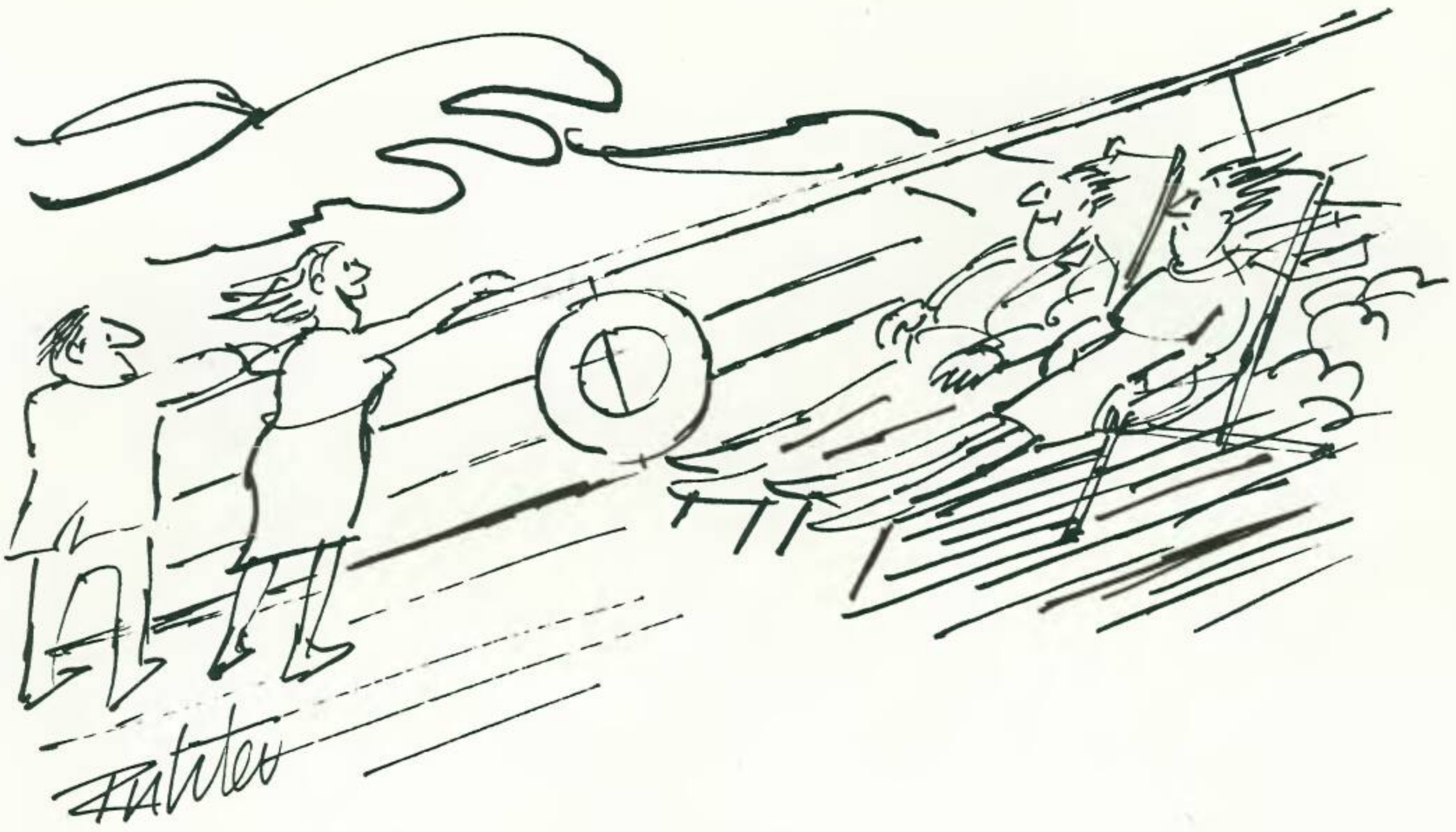
Ellen pulled away from him and



BREATH

Who hears the humming
of rocks at great height,
the long steady drone
of granite holding together,
the strumming of obsidian
to itself? I go among
the stones, stooping
and pecking like a
sparrow, imagining
the glacier's final push
resounding still. In
a freezing mountain
stream, my hand opens
scratched and raw and
flutters strangely,
more like an animal
or wild blossom in wind
than any part of me. Great
fields of stone
stretching away under
a slate sky, their single
flower the flower
of my right hand.
Last night
the fire died into itself
black stick by stick
and the dark came out
of my eyes flooding
everything. I
slept alone and dreamed
of you in an old house
back home among
your country people,
among the dead, not
any living one besides
yourself. I woke
scared by the gasping
of a wild one, scared
by my own breath, and
slowly calmed,
remembering your weight
beside me all these
years, and here and
there an eye of stone
gleamed with the warm light
of an absent star.
Today
in this high clear room
of the world, I squat
to the life of rocks
jewelled in the stream
or whispering
like shards. What fears
are still held locked
in the veins till the last
fire, and who will calm
us then under a gold sky
that will be all of earth?
Two miles below on the burning
summer plains, you go
about your life one
more day. I give you
almond blossoms
for your hair, your hair
that will be white. I give
the world my worn-out breath
on an old tune. I give
it all I have
and take it back again.

—Philip Levine



"Well, here come the Browns!"

• •

huddled herself about her knees again, staring out glumly across the pond at the still retreating ducks. She said, "If you only knew how ugly I am."

He cackled with pleasure in her. And in his joke—"In that case, you're going to have a very hard time getting to New York. United doesn't fly any ugly girls."

Ellen giggled for a minute, then stopped abruptly. All of her gestures were like that—jerky and discordant. "I may not even go to New York," she said. "It takes so much nerve."

Ellen was a mathematician—"of all things," as most people said. Her Oakland Baptist John Birch Society father, especially, said that, and often. Ellen was gifted and had been offered a fellowship at Columbia.

"Stay here," Richard said. "Let me keep you. God, won't anybody take my money?"

The melodramatic note in that last told Ellen that Richard was going to talk about Roger again, and she sighed. She liked it better when he was reading poetry to her, or when he didn't talk at all and played records—Telemann and Boccherini, Haydn and Schubert—in his cluttered room.

But Richard said, "Roger wants to invest in some resort land near Lake Tahoe, with some of his rich new German friends. Do you know the altitude at Tahoe? Six thousand feet. I wouldn't last a minute there. How to explain why his brother is never invited for weekends or summer vacations? I am socially unacceptable to my brother—isn't that marvellous?"

Richard's eyes were beautiful; they were large and clear and light brown in that agonized face. They exposed all his pain and anger and despair—his eyes and his passionate, deep Southern voice. He was really too much for anyone, and certainly for himself. And there were times, especially when he ranted endlessly and obsessively about Roger, when even Ellen wanted to be away from him, to be with any dull and ordinary person.

Ellen had met Roger at a Berkeley cocktail party, and she had had dinner with him a couple of times before the night they celebrated Richard's money at the silly, expensive restaurant where the picture was taken. Ellen had not liked Roger very much. He was exceptionally bright—she recognized and responded to that—but she was used to very bright people, and all the money-power-society talk that Roger tried to impress her with alarmed her. "You could marry extremely well if you wanted to," Roger told her. "With your skin and those eyes and those long legs. But no one should marry on less than thirty thousand a year. It can't be done." Then he had laughed. "You'd probably rather marry a starving poet, wouldn't you? Come and meet my crazy brother, though, even if he has just come into money."

And so Richard and Ellen met and in their fashions fell in love.

Now, feeling dizzy, Richard lay back on the bright-green grass and stared up through the maze of silvered leaves to the gray procession of clouds. His sickness sometimes made him maudlin; now he closed his eyes and imagined that instead of the pond there was a river near his feet, the James River of his Virginia childhood, or the Charles, at Harvard, with Roger.

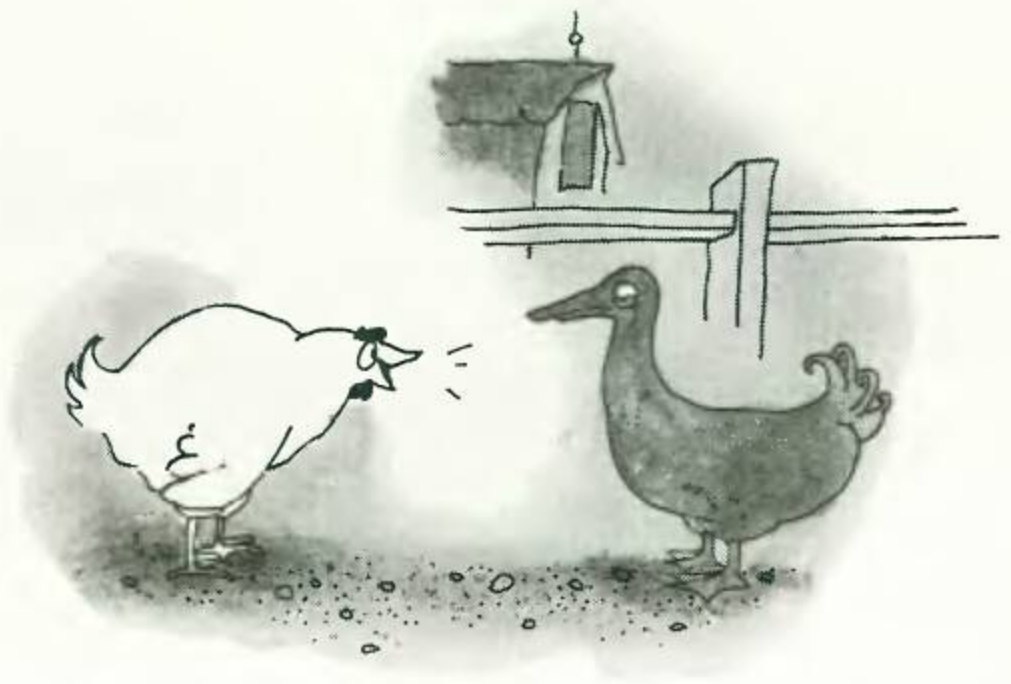
Not opening his eyes but grinning insanely to himself, he asked Ellen, "Did I ever tell you about the night they put the swastika on our door?"

Of course Richard lent Roger the money, with no interest, and their diminishing relationship continued.

OCCASIONALLY, even in the midst of his burgeoning social life, Roger was lonely; he hated to be alone. Sometimes, late at night, he would telephone Richard, who always stayed up late reading and playing records. These conversations, though never long, were how they kept in touch.

At some point, a couple of years after Richard had met Ellen, Roger began to talk about a girl named Karen Erdman, and Richard knew that she was the one he would marry. But Roger took a long time deciding. Karen was a patient girl. Richard did not meet Karen until the engagement party, but he was so intuitively attuned to Roger that he





could see her and feel the quality of her presence—that big, generous, and intelligent girl who adored his brother.

"The question seems to be," Richard said to Roger over the phone, "whether you want to marry at all. If you do, obviously Karen is the girl you should marry."

"I have a very good time as a bachelor," Roger said. "But it takes too much of my time. You break off with one girl and then you have to go looking for another, and at first you have to spend all that time talking to them."

"God, what a romantic view! In that case perhaps you should marry."

"But she wants children. I find it almost impossible to imagine children."

"Sir, what kind of a man would deplore the possibility of progeny?" Richard asked in their old voice.

"I can't decide what to do," said Roger. Then, as an afterthought: "How is Ellen?"

"Marvellous. She has managed to turn down four fellowships in one year."

"She's crazy."

"You're quite right there."

"Well. Good night."

"Good night."

A heavy, engraved invitation invited Richard to the Erdmans' engagement party for their daughter. "Oddly enough," Richard said to Ellen. "Since they're being married at Tahoe, I'm surprised they didn't do the whole thing up there. Or simply not mention it until later. God knows I don't read the society pages."

Richard was not asked to bring Ellen.

The Erdman house, in Sea Cliff, was manorial. Broad halls led into broader, longer rooms; immense windows showed an enormous view of the bay. And the décor was appropriately sumptuous—satins and velvets and silks, walnut and mahogany and gilt. Aubusson and Louis XV. For that family, those were the proper surroundings. They were big, dark, rich people who dressed and ate and entertained extremely well.

In those crowded, scented, overheated rooms, Richard's pale, lined face was wet. He went out so infrequently. The profusion and brilliance of expensive clothes and jewels, the tables of elaborate food made him stare. He stood about in corners, trying to cope with his dizziness and wildly wondering what he could find to say to anyone in that company. Lunatic phrases of gallantry came to him. Could he say to the beautiful blonde across the room, "I just love the way you do your hair, it goes so well with your shoes"? Or to the tall, distinguished European who was actually wearing his decorations, "I understand you're in money, sir. I'm in Greek, myself. Up to my eyes in Greek." No, he could not say anything. He had nothing to say.

Roger's new circle included quite a few Europeans: refugees like his father-in-law-to-be, Mr. Erdman's friends, and transients—visiting representatives of banks, commercial attachés and consuls. The rest were mainly from San Francisco's solid merchant upper class—German-Jewish families who had had a great deal of money for a long time. They didn't read much but they were knowledgeable about music and they bought good paintings on frequent trips to Europe. Among those people Roger looked completely at home; even his heavy Southern courtliness took on a European flavor.

Mrs. Erdman was a very pretty woman, with smooth, dark hair combed back in waves, and round, loving eyes as she regarded both her husband and her daughter. Richard found this especially remarkable; he had never known a girl with a nice mother and he imagined that such girls were a breed apart. Ellen's mother had jumped under a train when Ellen was thirteen.

Mrs. Erdman wanted to be nice to Richard, once it was clear to her who he was. The two boys were so unlike that it was hard to believe they were brothers. "I'm so sorry that you won't be able to come up to the lake for the wedding," she said sympathetically.

"But who'd want a corpse at a wedding?" Richard cackled. "Where on earth would you hide it?" Then, seeing her stricken face and knowing how rude he had been, and how well she had meant, he tried again. "I just love the way you do your hair—" But that was no good either, and he stopped in midsentence.

Mrs. Erdman smiled in a vague and puzzled way. It was sadly obvious that poor Richard was insane. And how difficult for Roger that must be.

Roger was beaming. His creased fat face shone with pleasure, which, for the sake of dignity, he struggled to contain. Having decided to marry, he found the idea of marriage moving, and he was impressed by the rightness of his choice. He was now in love with Karen, and he would love her more in years to come. He was even excited by the idea of children—big, handsome Californian children who were not eccentric. He stood near the middle of the enormous entrance hall, with Karen near his side, and beamed. He was prepared for nothing but good.

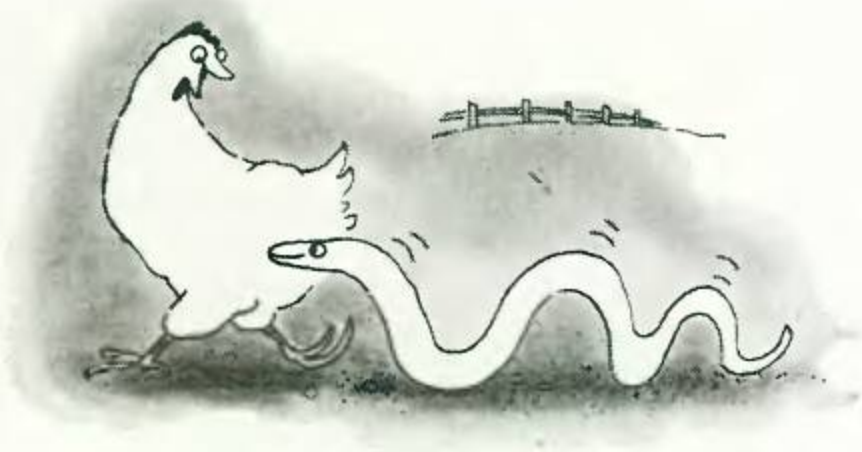
Then suddenly, from the midst of all that rich good will, from that air that was heavy with favorable omens, he heard the fierce, loud voice of his brother, close at hand. "Say, Roger, remember the night they put the swastika on our door?"

There was a lull in the conversations as that terrible word reverberated in the room. Then a hum began to fill the vacuum. Feeling himself everywhere stared at, and hearing one nervous giggle, Roger attempted a jolly laugh. "You've been reading too many books," he said. "Karen, darling,

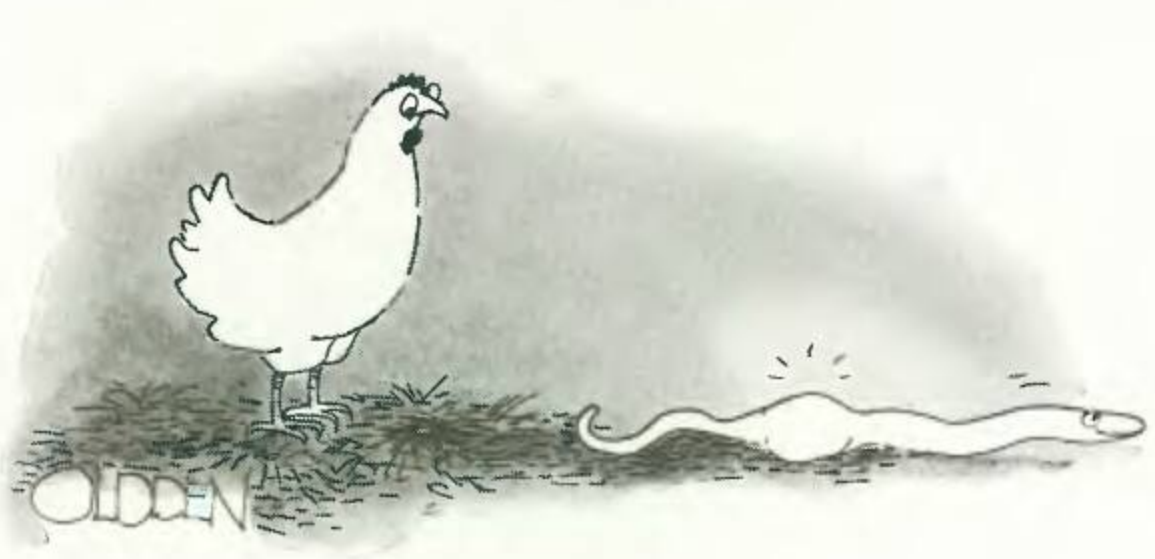












isn't it time we went into the other room?"

It is perhaps to the credit of everyone's tact that Richard was then able to leave unobtrusively, as the front door opened to admit new guests.

A month later, two months before the June wedding at Lake Tahoe, Richard had a severe heart attack, and he died the next day at Mount Zion Hospital, with Ellen and Roger at his bedside.

They had been watching there at close intervals for the entire day, and they were both exhausted. Even their customary wariness in regard to each other had died, along with Richard.

"Come on, let me buy you some coffee," said Roger, fat and paternal. "You look bad."

"So do you," she said. "Thanks. I'd like some coffee."

He took her to a quiet bar in North Beach, near where she was then living, and they sat in a big, recessed booth, in the dim late-afternoon light, and ordered espresso. "Or would you like a cappuccino?" Roger asked. "Something sweet?"

"No. Thanks. Espresso is fine."

The waiter went away.

"Well," said Roger.

"Well," echoed Ellen. "Of course, it's not as though we hadn't known all along. What was going to happen."

The flat reasonableness of Ellen's tone surprised Roger, and he looked at her with a little suspicion. Ellen was never reasonable. But there was nothing visible on her white face but fatigue and sadness.

Roger said, "Yes. But I wonder if we really believed it. I mean, Richard talked so much about dying that it was hard to believe he would."

The coffee came.

Stirring in sugar, regarding her cup, Ellen said, "People who talk about jumping under trains still sometimes do it. But I know what you mean. We somehow didn't behave as though he would die. Isn't that it?" She lifted her gray eyes to his blinking pale-blue ones.

He took the sugar, poured, and stirred. "Yes, but I wonder what different we would have done."

In the same flat, sensible tone Ellen said, "I sometimes wouldn't see him when he wanted to. I would be tired or just not up to it, or sometimes seeing someone else. Even if the other person was a boring nothing." She looked curiously at Roger.

He responded with a little flicker of excitement. "Exactly!" he said. "He

was hurt and complained when I went to boring dinners or saw business friends instead of him, but I had to do that. Sometimes for my own protection."

"Yes," said Ellen, still very calm, with an oblique, upward look at Roger.

"People grow up and they change," Roger said. "I could hardly remember all that time at Harvard, and he always wanted to talk about it."

"Of course not," she said, staring at him and holding her hands tightly together in her lap, as though they contained her mind.

Roger was aware that he was acting out of character; normally, he loathed these intimate, self-revelatory conversations. But he was extremely tired and, as he afterward told himself, he was understandably upset; it is not every day that one's only brother dies. Also, as he was vaguely aware, some quality in Ellen, some quality of her listening, drove him on. Her flat silence made a vacuum that he was compelled to fill.

"And remember that time a couple of years ago when I wanted to borrow the money?" Roger said. "He was so upset because I offered him interest. Of course I'd offer him interest. Otherwise it wouldn't have been fair."

"Of course not," said Ellen, looking deeply into his eyes. "Everyone has to pay interest," she said reasonably.

"It was the least I could do," Roger said. "To be fair to him. And I couldn't spend the rest of my life thinking and talking about how things were twenty years ago."

"Of course not," Ellen said again, and soon after that he took her home and they parted.

But in the middle of that night Roger's phone rang, beside his wide bachelor bed, and it was Ellen.

"Swine! Filthy, fat swine!" she screamed. "Horrible fat ugly murdering swine. You killed him with your never time to see him and your fat German business friends always around you and your all-American swine success. How lovely he was and suffering and you found him not socially acceptable to your new swine friends and you couldn't believe his heart and now you can get filthy blubber fatter on his money. . . ."

She seemed to have run down, and into the pause Roger asked, "Ellen, do you need money? I'd be more than happy—"

She screamed, but it was less a scream than a sound of total despair. Then she hung up, and a few weeks later Roger heard that she had had a complete breakdown and was hospitalized—perhaps for good.

AFTER the excellent dinner of moussaka, salad, and strawberries in cream, Karen and Roger settled in the living room with strong coffee and snifters of brandy. It was an attractive, comfortable, if somewhat dishevelled, room—very much a family room. Karen's tastes were simpler than those of her parents. Her furnishings were contemporary; the fabrics were sturdy wools or linen, the broad sofa was done in dark-brown leather.

Roger leaned back; he blinked and then sighed, looking up to the ceiling. Roger had been talking, as he rarely did, about his Virginia boyhood—that house full of books near the quiet James River, his parents, his fragile younger brother.

"I sometimes wish," said Roger, "that I'd taken the time somewhere along the line to have learned a little Greek. It seemed to give Richard so much pleasure."

"But, darling, when would you ever have had the time?"

"That's just it, I never had the time."

"I wonder what has happened to Ellen," Karen said. "Do you think she's still put away?"

"I'm not sure I'd even want to know," said Roger. "I forgot to tell you that she called me the night he died."

"Really? No."

"Yes, she was quite hysterical. I think she was angry because she knew I was Richard's heir." By now Roger had come to believe that this was indeed the case. "Yes," he said. "She probably thought I should give her some of his money."

In the large, safe room, beneath other large rooms where her sons were all sleeping, Karen shuddered, and together she and Roger sighed, for Richard's pain and death and for poor lost Ellen's madness.

"Here," said Karen, "have more coffee. Poor darling, you look as though you need it."

"You're right. I do." And Roger reached out to stroke his big wife's smooth, dark cheek. —ALICE ADAMS



"Now that you're the big chief and all that, couldn't we afford a cleaning woman for the tepee?"

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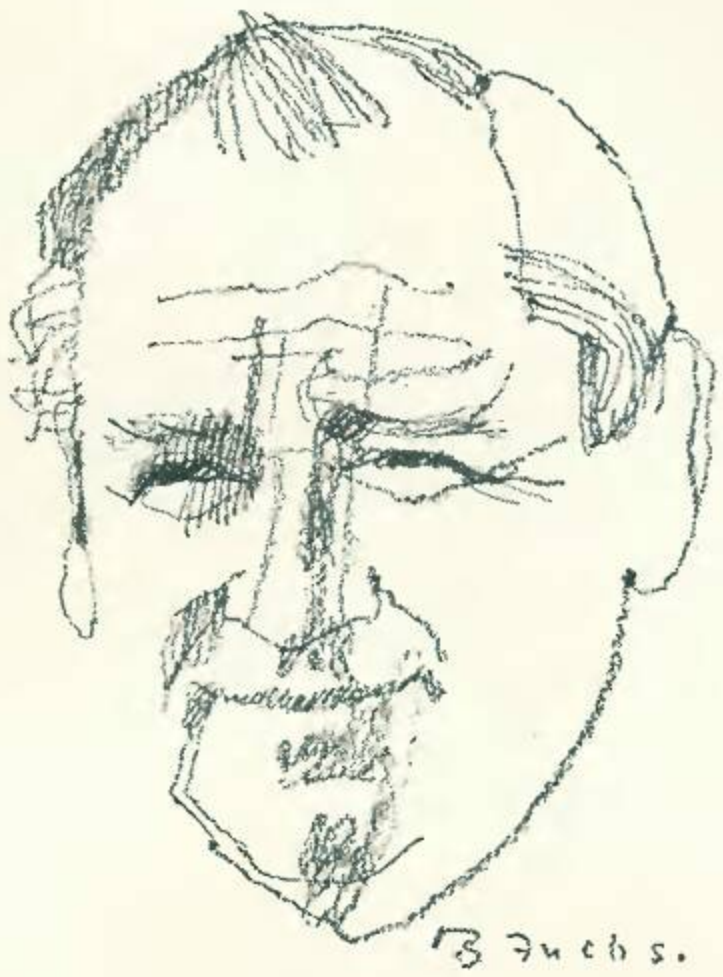
Gustave L. Levy of Goldman, Sachs and Co., an ardent Nixon supporter, said "we approve of everything he did. It's good for the market, but it's also good for the country, which I think is also important."—*Newark Star-Ledger.*

Still, it's best to put first things first.

PROFILES

RANGER

IN front of the Hotel Astor, some years ago, a policeman was doing what he could to improve the flow of traffic when a tall and youthful man stepped off the curb and approached him. "Excuse me, Officer," he said. "My name is George Hartzog. I'm a ranger from Great Smoky Mountains National Park." It is, of course, impossible to say what ran through the cop's mind at that moment, but something stirred there—perhaps a sense of colleagueship, however distant. Hartzog, for his part, feeling bewildered in this milieu, was attempting not to show his extrinsic fear. He had never been and never would be comfortable in New York. He gestured upstream into the river of metal that was moving south, one way, around them. "My wife is about to come down through here in a yellow station wagon," he said. "I told her I'd be waiting for her, and she should be here any minute. Would you help me get her out of the traffic?" "Ranger, you stand right here, and when you see your wife, point her out," said the cop. Two minutes later, the yellow station wagon appeared under the big advertising signs and moved past Lindy's and Jack Dempsey's and McGinnis of Sheepshead Bay and on into the zone of the Astor, where the policeman, paralyzing the traffic of the city, cleared out an acre of the avenue and guided Mrs. Hartzog to the curb.



George Hartzog

WHEN Hartzog was nineteen years old, he went to work in the law offices of Padgett & Moorer, in a one-story frame building on Jefferies Boulevard, in Walterboro, South Carolina. Padgett had died, and Moorer needed assistance. Hartzog, who knew shorthand, worked as stenographer, typist, and general clerk. Before long, he told Moorer that he would like to read law, and that he would like Moorer to be his law school. Moorer, a thin man in a black suit, made no immediate response, but finally took from a shelf the four volumes of Sir William Blackstone's "Commentaries on the Laws of England." "They're in Old English," Moorer said, meaning that the s's would appear to be f's. "Read them. If you're still interested after that, I'll think about it." Hartzog read Blackstone, and Hartzog's aspirations somehow survived. So Moorer took him across the street to the Colleton County Courthouse, got out an enormous pile of deeds, mortgages, and probate papers, and put him to work on a land-title case. Moorer told Hartzog to copy everything as quickly as he could, and Moorer went off to play golf. It was a blazing August day, followed by a dense and unrelieving August night. Hartzog got the permission of the county clerk to remain after hours in the courthouse, and he sat there all night. "I did it," he said to Moorer in the morning, giving him a completed memorandum. Moorer showed Hartzog another lawbook, and talked over with him what he read there. He took him back to the courthouse and had him copy more papers. This went on for thirty-three months, and then Hartzog sat for and passed the bar examinations of South Carolina.

HARTZOG, who is now Director of the National Park Service, has on his office wall in the Department of the Interior a framed admonition from George Washington: "Do not suffer your good nature, when application is made, to say 'Yes' when you should say 'No.' Remember, it is a public not a private cause that is to be injured or benefitted by your choice." On a table beneath the quotation is a telephone console (a garden of square buttons, seventeen in all) through which application of one kind or another is made to Hartzog all day long—an office day that begins at 7:30 A.M. and almost never lasts less than twelve hours.

He sits beside the console in a leather armchair. He punches one of the buttons. "Yes, sir? . . . How are you? . . . Fine. . . . Put any kind of restriction on me you want to, and I'll come back for oversight reporting and all the rest." He punches another button. "Joe, it's cheaper than transporting 'em to jail. If it's good, why should you quit? And if it's good, why shouldn't you do it?" Hartzog lights a Garcia y Vega cigar. He uses a silver-trimmed walnut cigar holder, and the entire rig extends about twelve inches from his mouth. As he talks, he smiles and grins, as if his gestures as well as his language were going out over the line. All this smiling has put crow's-feet in the corners of his eyes. He is in his early fifties, and his face is still youthful, even delicate. The skin is soft. His eyelashes are long. His eyes are bright, and they do not move when he is talking. In Washington, he has become overweight to the point of medical concern. Most of the excess is concentrated in the space between the arms of his chair. His hair is thin, and he is growing bald at the temples. He wears a dark suit, a white shirt, a striped tie, and a shell-inlay Indian ring.

Hartzog's deputies—his deputy for legislation, his deputy for operations—sit down with him at eight-fifteen. The Director expects everyone else to work as long hours as he does. They talk about a ribbon-cutting in Maryland, a photographic safari in Wyoming, exposure, publicity, and wilderness. "Is wilderness a zone of use or is wilderness a physical state?" Hartzog's voice is loud—signifying nothing more than animation, but to people who don't know him it can sound like anger. "Don't pass over my question," he says when someone changes the subject, but the question is really rhetorical. Wilderness, as seen from this corner of the Department of the Interior, is a zone of use. Hartzog puts down his cigar and lights a cigarette. The meeting expands into a conference room, where pictures of the Secretary of the Interior and the President hang side by side on a wall. The top of the Secretary's head is hung so that it is level with the President's chin. Twelve people, Hartzog's central staff, now surround the Director, and he lights another cigar. In all, some thirteen thousand people work for him, and these vary from

Washington policemen to wilderness rangers, naturalists, historians, and men who pick up papers on the ends of sticks. Hartzog is the administrative overlord of one one-hundredth of the United States. His dispersed domains cover nearly thirty million acres. He has not only the national parks, and territories equally remote, but also parkland and other properties in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and St. Louis, and eight thousand acres of the District of Columbia. He is the janitor of the White House. He runs the Statue of Liberty, and all the national monuments, cemeteries, seashores, parkways, battlefields, military parks, historical parks, and recreation areas. The clock above the door says 9 A.M. Hartzog picks up a paper clip and bends it open so that it resembles a propeller. While he talks, leaning forward, forearms against the conference table, he spins the paper clip. "Justice wouldn't file the suit because there was no money. I waited a year to have some paper in your hand so you could agree with Justice."

"We have supporting data."

"That's what you told me last year. How's the pay cost? Does it hurt or is it just annoying?"

"We can live with it."

"There's a disallowance of pay-increase values. If the savings didn't come about through lapses, we would have to have a reduction in force. I just don't think you can get an item like that through Congress. They're not going to give you any Washington-office support costs. I want to get the thing to the Office of Management and Budget, though. I don't see any point in fiddling around with it. That's what stripped the gears last week."

The National Park Service is more than fifty years old and has had only seven directors. Hartzog is the second to come up from ranger. His two principal goals are to maintain the park system's vast existing apparatus and at the same time to give it a new emphasis toward cities. Implementing his programs, he attempts to inform, influence, entice, flatter, outguess, and sense the mood of congressmen, senators, and various members of the Administration, including his own overlord, the Secretary of the Interior. There is much laughter around his conference table, shot through with moments of high-pitched intensity. The men seem to care a great deal about what they are saying, and they apparently understand one another, although their language, to the laity, is unintelligible.

"Supplemental itself does not give you positions," the Director says.

"We'll understand it better when we get more feedback," says one of his deputies.

"The report has been surnamed. We'll know something soon."

"We want to get something down that's serious as a foundation for budget figures."

"A talking document."

"It will smoke out Management and Budget."

"Every time we try to do something, they ask for another study. They've been studying the hell out of me for seven years."

"You won't know anything if there's insufficient input."



"Or if you don't understand what the broad parameters are." Laughter.

"O.M.B. won't put up money for experimental programs."

"Are we the lead agency?"

"Yes."

"We'll need to supplement our in-house capabilities."

"Amen."

"Then we'll be able to monitor the full flow of the effort when it is in gear."

"We can tool up to do this by 1972, particularly if we reprogram it."

"We're spinning our wheels."

"Be careful," Hartzog warns. "If you send them a tentative figure for 1972, that becomes your ceiling, and at this stage we need that sort of thing like a Buick needs a fifth hole. Any more questions?"

Hartzog is a master of transitions, from subject to subject or meeting to meeting. He keeps a conversation in flight just as long as he feels it is getting somewhere, and then he puts it down. "Take the numbers out of the back of it," he concludes. "Put a new map with it, write letters, and say, 'Here it is.' "

The persons, populations, and places beneath these punch-card blocks of language gradually emerge. What these people have been talking about—among other things—are a group of islands in Lake Superior, certain areas of the City of New York, the south-Florida ecosystem, and Everglades National Park. The Park Service is making a national lakeshore of the Apostle Islands, an hour's drive from Duluth, three hours from Minneapolis. Local speculators, as is frequently the case, are gumming the procedure. The Park Service would like to establish a vast recreation area among beaches and islands around the entrance to New

ADDRESS OF SOUL TO BODY

(On the Occasion of a Birthday Party)

You've toughed it out pretty well, old Body, done
Your duty, and gratified most of my whims, to boot—
Though sometimes, no doubt, against your better judgment,
Or even mine—and are still
Revving over satisfactorily, considering.

Keep doing your duty, yes, and some fine day
You'll get full pension, with your every need
Taken care of, and not a dime out of your own pocket—
Or anybody's pocket, for that matter—for you won't have
Any needs, not with the rent paid up in perpetuity.

But now tonight, to recognize your faithful service,
We've asked a few friends in, with their Bodies, of course—
Many of those Bodies quite charming, in fact—and after
You've drunk and dined, then you and all the other Bodies
Can go for a starlit romp, with the dogs, in the back pasture.

And we, the owners—of Bodies not dogs, I mean—
We'll sit by the fire and talk things over, remark
The baroque ironies of time, exchange
Some childhood anecdotes, then on to the usual topics,
The death of the novel, the plight of democracy, and, naturally, Vietnam.

But let us note, too, how glory, like gasoline spilled
On the cement in a garage, may flare, of a sudden, up,

In a blinding blaze, from the filth of the world's floor.

—Robert Penn Warren

• •



"Big deal, getting all steamed up about some crummy old cows!"

• •

York Harbor. Problems there only begin with speculators. But the Apostle Islands and the gateway beaches of New York are near people—nearer, that is, than Yellowstone—and the park system needs to go to the people now. Yellowstone National Park was established in 1872 and was the first thing of its kind in the world. It set an international example. But Yellowstone is a long way from the East River, and another example is coming. Hartzog wants to clean up and, in a limited way, to develop big areas of beach and harbor front, and then to connect these places to Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant with a fleet of fast-moving boats that charge no fares. The plans are well along. Meanwhile, he has to protect what he already has. The Everglades are drying up, because something called the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District—a project of the Army Engineers—is intercepting water and diverting it to agricultural use. For two days, Hartzog has been on the phone to senators who are holding hearings on the subject. Further threat to the Everglades appeared in the form of a stupendous jetport to be placed in the swamps near Miami. The Park Service and conservation groups—not always friends—joined to block the jetport, and they were successful, but, in compromise, a jet-training airport has been established instead, and it is now up to the Park Service, protecting the swamps, protecting the Seminoles and the Miccosukees, to monitor the various forms of pollution that come from the site, including noise.

"What is the psychological effect of noise on an Indian?"

"Who the hell is capable of doing that kind of research?"

"The University of Miami."

"It will be in the environmental plan."

"O.K. Photograph the draft and let the task force on Big Cypress have it."

Hartzog puts out a cigarette and unhurriedly lights another cigar. He is like a man with a rake, steadily burning leaves.

Word of crisis reaches the room. The roof beams at Wolf Trap Farm have sheared. Wolf Trap Farm is in Fairfax County, Virginia, and there the Park Service is building a performing-arts center that includes a theatre big enough to accommodate more than six thousand people. Invitations have been sent to Mrs. Nixon, a large piece of Congress, various Cabinet members, and ambassadors from countries on all levels of economic development to collect at Wolf Trap for a ceremony focussed on the topping out of the roof, the beams of which—laminated, six feet thick—have just cracked. Joe Jensen, Associate Director for Professional Services, quietly explains to everyone what queen-post trusses are and how, under excessive strain, they may shear. Slowly—or so it seems—the import of what is being said comes clear in Hartzog's mind, and then he speaks rapidly and his voice is sharp and hard.

"Where are the sheared beams?"

"They're lying in the parking lot."

"And we're supposed to have a topping-out ceremony with the roof beams lying in the parking lot? You're not

going to kid the press to the point of thinking you're having a topping-out ceremony in a building that has a structural defect so that you can't put a roof on it. You've got the First Lady involved. You don't involve her in a sham. Call Mrs. Nixon's people and tell them we don't think we should go ahead with the ceremony." A man on Hartzog's right gets up and leaves the room.

"The structure is safe enough, George. You're not worried about anyone getting hurt, are you?"

"I'm not worried about anyone getting hurt, except politically."

The crisis is abruptly dropped.

"I need a superintendent at Chamizal like a Buick needs a fifth hole, but I got one, because he is locked into the budget," Hartzog says. "I don't want that to happen again." He raps his knuckles on the table. "Senator Bible is complaining about our slowness on the Craters of the Moon Wilderness Area. I want that tied into the next budget appeal. And we've got to move on Alaska. Alaska is hot right now. What is the list of the things we want?"

"Klondike Gold Rush International Historical Park, Wood-Tikchik National Recreation Area, the Lake Clark Pass, extensions to Mount McKinley National Park, Gates of the Arctic National Park, and the St. Elias Range—fifteen million acres in all."

"Before you assign someone to the theme study, I want you to touch base with Pat Ryan. Any more questions?"

The Park Service archeologist, smoking Kools, begins to talk about a Park Service underwater-salvage plan involving ancient shipwrecks off the Florida coast. He wears a string tie secured with a silver-and-turquoise shell-inlay brooch. Hartzog lets him talk for a while, then says, "Any more questions?"

"St. Catherines Island, on the Georgia coast—do we want it? The foundation that owns it wants to get rid of it."

"Do we *want* it? I don't know. It's not in the study plan."

"Yes, it's one of three we want."

"Any more questions?"

"You know about the arson at the Richmond Battlefield?"

"Yes. Disgusting. How much damage?"

"Thirty thousand dollars."



"First I was into Zen, then I was into peace, then I was into love, then I was into freedom, then I was into religion. Now I'm into money."

"When are the Connecticut River hearings?"

"Thursday. In Hartford."

"Nothing else? That's all, gentlemen."

Hartzog hurries back to his console, and moments later he is again on the phone, while his secretary orchestrates incoming and outgoing calls. He punches a button. "Senator, I want you to know I've gone the last mile with these people. Make a deal with them and it turns to ashes. We simply aren't going to have enough water. Not nearly enough water. . . . Yes. . . . Thank you. . . . Thank you, sir. I deeply appreciate it." Punch.

"Congressman, you and I have been through this sort of thing before, and we know that in a situation like this a lie goes around the world before the truth gets its britches on." Punch.

"Senator, I want you to know I've gone the last mile with these people. . . . Yes. . . . No. . . . Yes, I knew you'd tell me honestly, that's why I called you." Punch.

"Better hold off, Joe. I have the Secretary roiled up enough now, and I think if you were to throw a restudy in there at this time you'd kill it." Punch. A fresh cigar.

"No. It's very simple. The Indians have the government over a barrel. We can't force those Indian lands into this, because both tribes have now changed their minds and want to stay out. The Indians are listening to their white brother the real-estate speculator." Punch. Puff.

"Mr. Secretary, I appreciate your returning my call. It's about this photographic safari in Yellowstone. I'd like very much to give you this exposure. You would inaugurate it, then we'd take you off and bring you out." Punch.

An incoming call informs Hartzog that the White House feels it is too late to stop the ceremony at Wolf Trap Farm, because the invitations have all gone out. Hartzog, staring into the floor, is quiet for two minutes. "Then just don't call it a topping-out ceremony," he says at last. "Whatever you do, change the name."

It is noon. He gets up to leave, explaining to his assistants that the meeting he is going to is secret. "It's with the Idaho delegation," he tells them, "and it's so secret they won't even let their staff in on it. But when I come back, I may have a national park."

By the door is another framed quotation. This one says, "Great Spirit, grant that I may not criticize my

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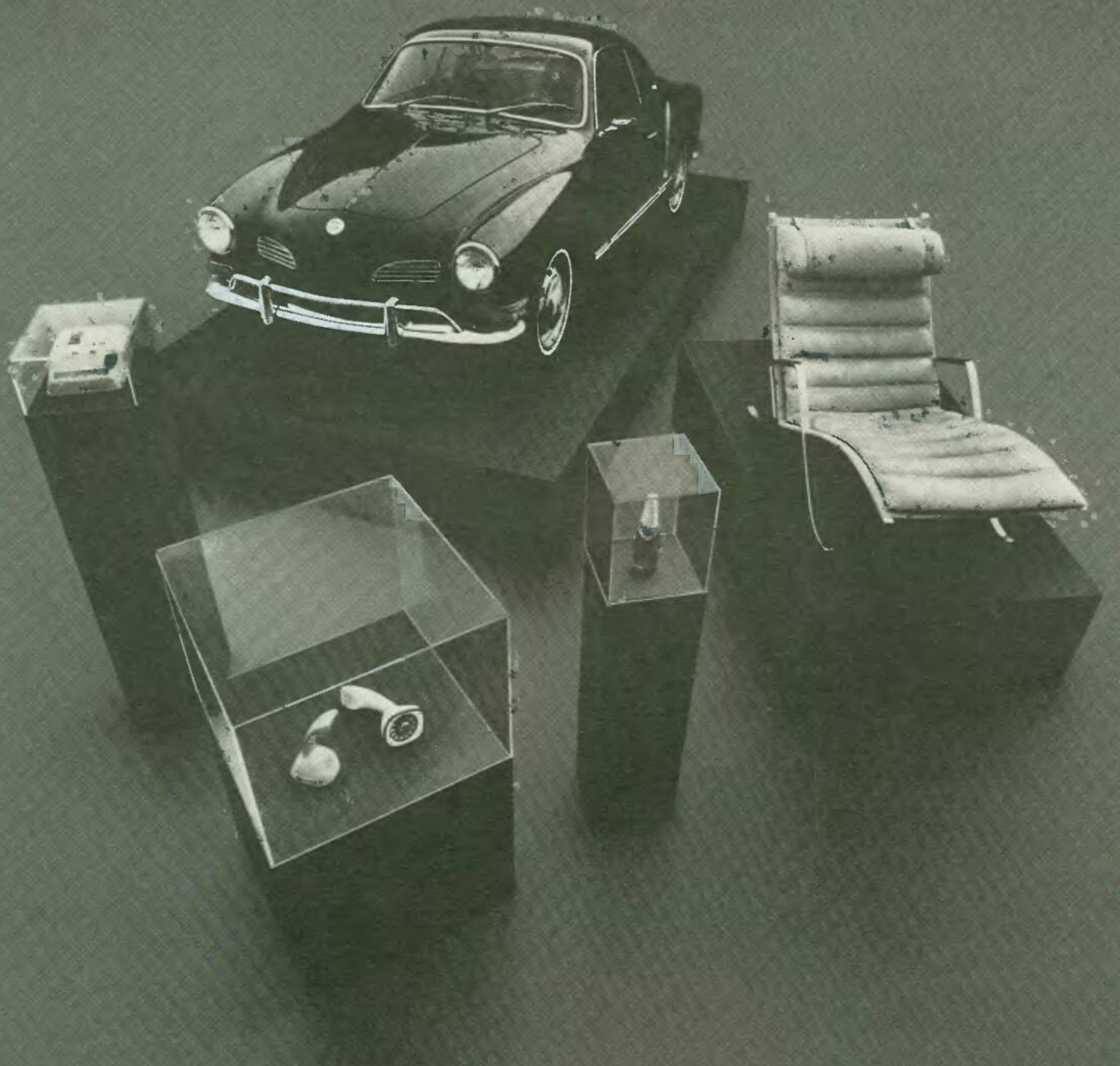
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neighbor until I have walked a mile in his moccasins."

FOR two hours now, Hartzog has been sitting in a boat on the Buffalo River doing the closest thing to nothing at all. He is fishing. Fishing is his only recreation. The Park Service stocks bass and bream in Prince William Forest Park, near Washington, and Hartzog sometimes goes out there for what he contemptuously calls "put-and-take," but the Buffalo, in Arkansas, is his idea of the real thing, and there is almost nowhere he would rather be. He says he feels he has to "stay close to the deck," though—to Washington, to Interior, to Capitol Hill, to the console—and so he allows himself to make such a trip only once every three or four years. The Buffalo River rises in the Boston Mountains. Wild and free-flowing, it drops to the east for a hundred and fifty miles through Ozark forest terrain. It is punctuated with rapids, and it has cut canyons five hundred feet into limestone. Infrequently, it passes small farms, which are for the most part abandoned, and in the river below such farms are islands of coarse gravel. Hartzog's boat is anchored in the stream just beyond the tip of a gravel island. The anchor is a two-foot piece of railroad track. Hartzog, casting rod in hand, cocks his wrist and flips a crawdad in a high, silent parabola. It falls, and splats near the riverbank—a skillful cast. He wears desert boots, white socks, a fading shirt and old gray trousers, a suède jacket, a baseball cap. He has a string tie with a shell-inlay clasp that was made by a Zuñi about a hundred years ago. After some minutes of silence, he says, "The gravel came from erosion from that hardscrabble farm. That was before we learned what contour plowing was about. And by the time we learned what contour plowing was about, the people had all moved to the city, and contour plowing was irrelevant." He casts again. Splat. More silence. Hartzog, who ordinarily holds intense conversations with at least a hundred people a day, appears at this moment to be drinking the silence. The fishing is terrible, but he doesn't seem to care. The river is full of twigs, leaves, and specks of forest trash. It is swollen four feet above its normal level, and only ten days earlier it was twenty-eight feet above normal and in savage flood. "She's perky. Oh yeah, she's real nasty," says Hartzog's boatman, whose name is Cal Smith. The boat is a johnboat, twenty feet long, narrow, flat-bottomed. Hartzog sits near the bow in a strapped-



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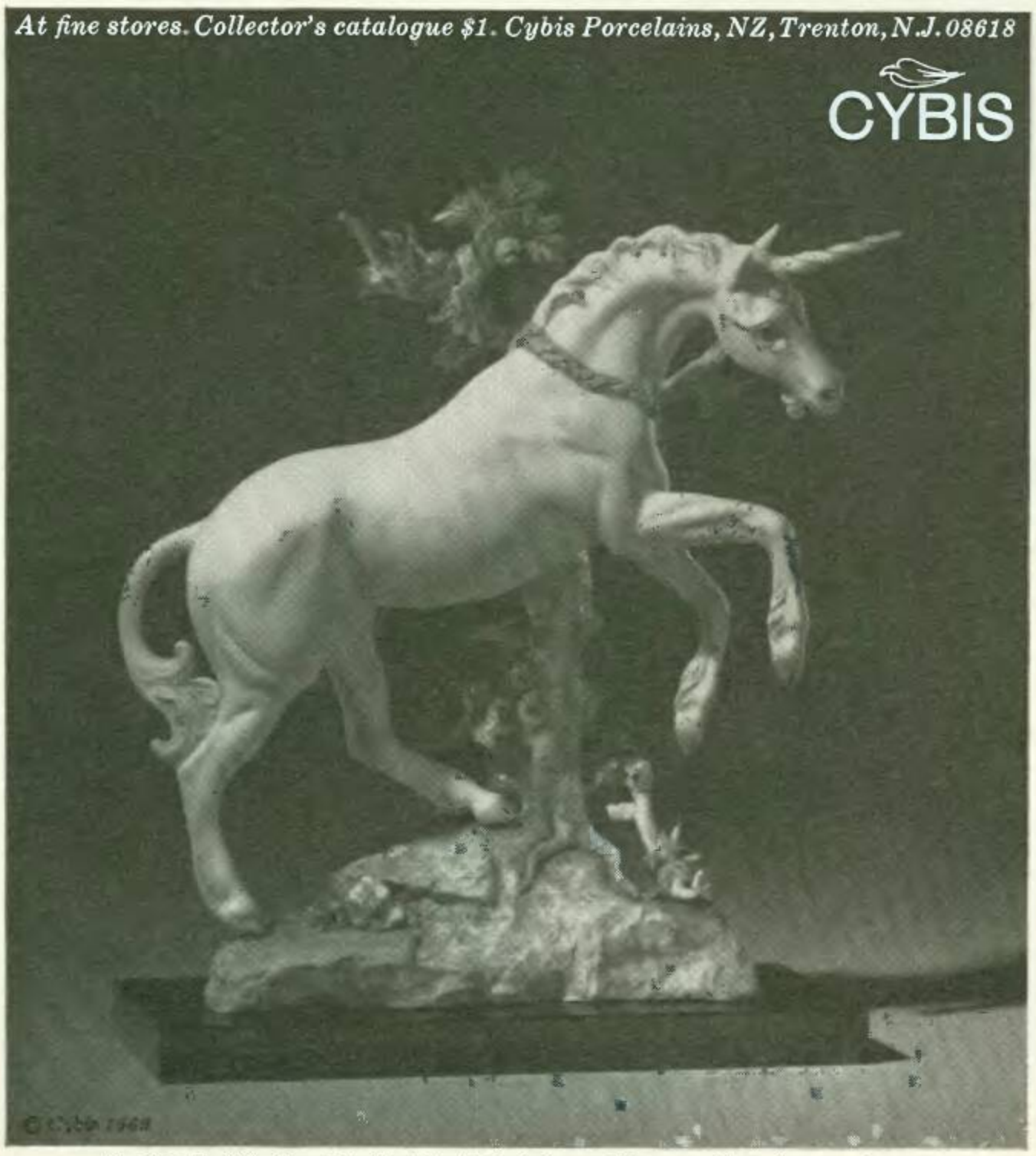
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down director's chair, and Smith is in the stern beside a nine-and-a-half-horse Johnson outboard. Smith is a big man with heavy bones, frankfurtery fingers, lithic jowls. He grew up by a quiet stream in Missouri. His father used to tell him what the bullfrogs were saying to each other when they conversed in the night. "Come around, come around," said Mr. Frog. And Mrs. Frog's answer was "Too deep. Too deep." Hartzog laughs a big, shaking laugh at the story of the frustrated frog. So Smith tries another one—about President Roosevelt gettin' in trouble with a gal named Pearl Harbor. Hartzog's laughter has the same volume but is somewhat forced this time. Hartzog tells Smith about a moonshiner who took up counterfeiting and made a fifteen-dollar bill. He gave it to a country storekeeper, asking for change, and he was given two sixes and a three. Smith almost chuckles himself out of the boat. The silences between these stories are long ones, without a nibble. That flood really stirred up the river. The engine of another johnboat whines impatiently several hundred yards downstream. This one contains Hartzog's friend Anthony Buford, and Buford's boat is now heading back upstream, apparently to rendezvous with Hartzog's. Buford is a middle-sized man with a leonine head, deep facial wrinkles, and a gruff, gravelly voice. (A third boat, beyond sight around a bend, contains Hartzog's two sons, one of them under ten and the other in his twenties.) Like Hartzog, Buford is a self-educated lawyer who grew up against a rural background—in his case, southeastern Missouri, where he now has a big farm. Buford is an aggressive man. He aggressively raises quarter horses. He aggressively raises peerless cattle. He was an aggressive attorney, before he retired. He was general counsel of Anheuser-Busch. Hartzog and Buford got to know each other when Hartzog was the chief Park Service ranger at the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial, in St. Louis. It was Hartzog who took a set of plans that had been lying dormant for fifteen years and built the great arch of St. Louis. Those who know the story of the arch say that had it not been for Hartzog there would be no arch. Hartzog the Ranger is a hero in St. Louis, but at this moment he is not a hero to Tony Buford. "God damn it, George, this river is a mess. There is no point fishing this God-damned river, George. The fishing is no good."

Hartzog looks at Buford for a long moment, and the expression on his

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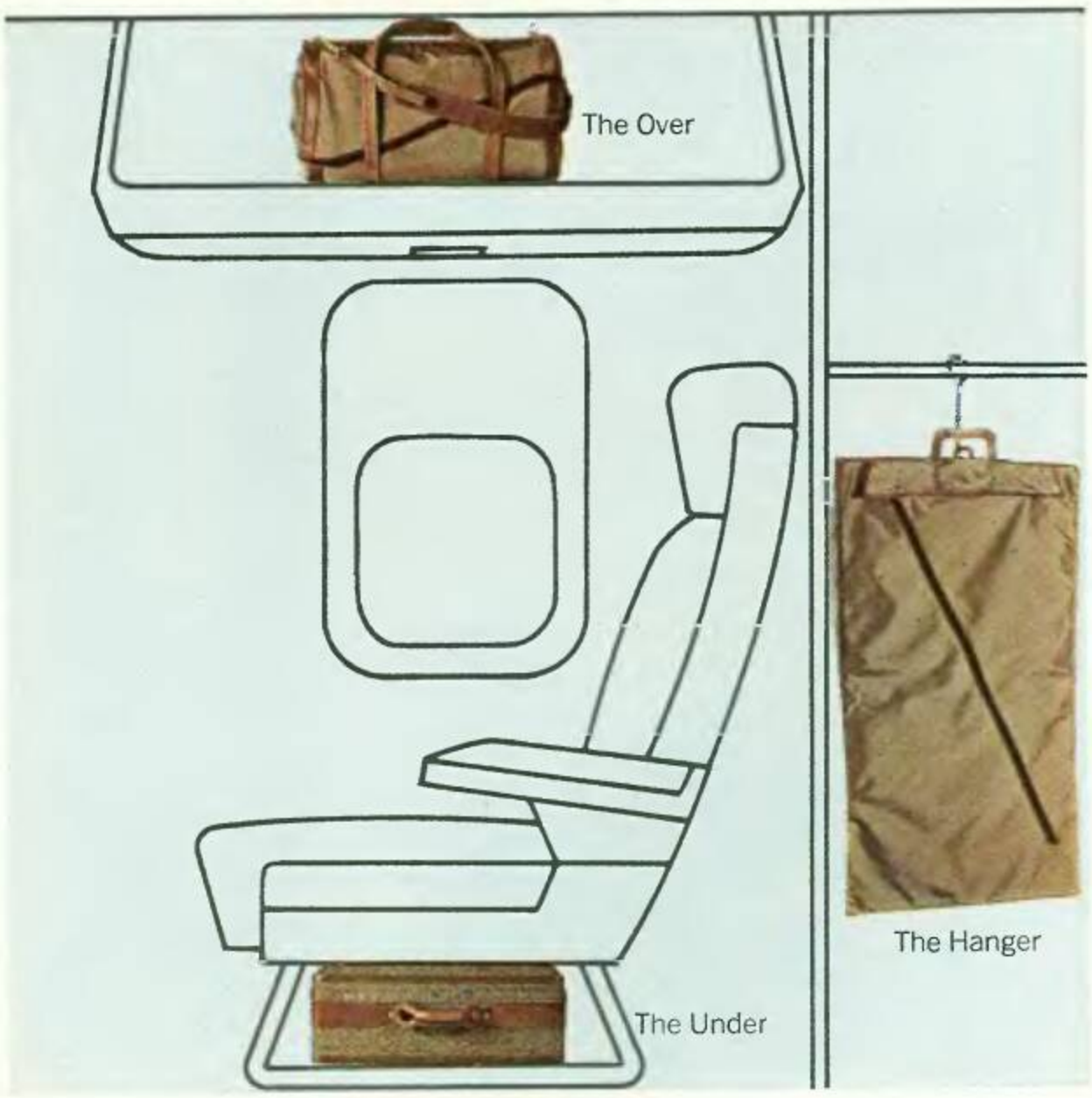


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face indicates affectionate pity. He says, "Tony, fishing is always good." The essential difference between these friends is that Buford is an aggressive fisherman and Hartzog is a passive fisherman. Spread before Buford on the bow deck of his johnboat is an open, three-tiered tackle box that resembles the keyboard of a large theatre organ. Buford has fished at least nine places while Hartzog has been anchored at the gravel island.

Hartzog flips another crawdad into the air. Splat.

"God damn it, George, I think we ought to pull our lines in, turn up the engines, and go for the White River. We could be near there by sundown, make camp, and be ready to fish the White in the morning."

A long period of quiet follows while Hartzog contemplates the tip of his rod. The quiet is so prolonged, in fact, that Buford becomes impatient and tells his boatman, Preston Jones, to move on and try another spot. "Under that cliff," he says. "Maybe that's where they're all hiding."

The cliff is a high limestone wall that has been striped by dripping water. Beyond the rim of the cliff is a forest of red oak, white oak, cedar, hickory. On the other side of the river, where the ground is lower, are groves of sycamore, locust, and willow. The strata of the limestone are level—flat lines reaching out beyond the peripheries of vision. Below them, and above the bend, is a run of white rapids.

"We've got to have this river," Hartzog says. He wants to make its entire hundred and fifty miles a national river, which means that the Park Service would buy the river and all the riverine lands necessary to—as he puts it—"protect its overview." The opposition consists of the Army Corps of Engineers, which would like to arrest the Buffalo with flood-control dams, and private owners who are against the intrusion of the government in any form; but Hartzog thinks he can get the river for the Park Service, and he will work to get it as long as he needs to. "It's just unspoiled," he says. "People haven't found it yet."

He stretches his legs a little and leans back, watching the tip of the rod. He would like to see the tip move in short, erratic arcs. That, after all—that brief, dactylic burst up there at the end of the fibre-glass rod—is what he is supposedly waiting for. He pushes his baseball cap forward on his head, as if he were about to catch a nap in a dugout. There are five eyes on his rod. He sights through the last one into a patch of flat blue among high mounds of



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cumulus. He finds a fragment of cloud loose in the blue and he frames it steadily in the fifth eye while he waits for the glass to bend.

FROM five hundred feet in the air, Jamaica Bay looks something like the Okefenokee Swamp—mud islands, dry islands, fringe vegetation, mottled marshland. Hartzog points to the hull of a wooden ship, its ribs protruding from the water. He points to a flight of geese descending toward a landing. He points to two men on horseback, cantering along a dirt road at the water's edge. In the background of the riders, wiggling in heat waves, is the Empire State Building. The aircraft is a big, boat-hulled Sikorsky helicopter borrowed (with crew) from the Coast Guard. Hartzog and members of his staff are flying over the proposed Gateway National Recreation Area. They came to survey the terrain and to discuss how best to bring a natural and recreational environment—offering light, air, and quiet—close to the masses of the city. But, just now, pointing is the only way Hartzog can communicate. Strapped tightly into a bucket seat, he is beside an enormous open doorway, and his ears are covered with heavy black plastic cups that appear to be some sort of audio headset but are connected to nothing. The headset simply blocks sound. Each person in the cabin is wearing one. Printed instructions warn that the plastic cups should be kept firmly in place "to minimize ear damage due to high-frequency engine noise." A little ear damage is apparently routine—all part of a day with the Coast Guard. The chopper circles, doing eighty miles an hour, and the pilot turns it on its side to provide an optimum view. There is nothing but a seat belt between Hartzog and Jamaica Bay. The open doorway—now beneath him—is so large that a mature camel could fall through it, let alone the Director of the National Park Service. On a map, Hartzog circles Jamaica Bay with his finger, indicating that he wants all of it for the Park Service—twenty square miles.

The helicopter moves across Rockaway Inlet and along the Breezy Point peninsula—first over Jacob Riis Park, then over the Nike bunkers of Fort Tilden, and on to Breezy Point itself. Breezy Point, the lower extremity of Queens, is the southernmost tip of Long Island. It reaches out into one side of the entrance to New York Harbor in much the way that Sandy Hook, New Jersey, reaches into the other. Together, Sandy Hook and Breezy Point are pincers in the sea that con-

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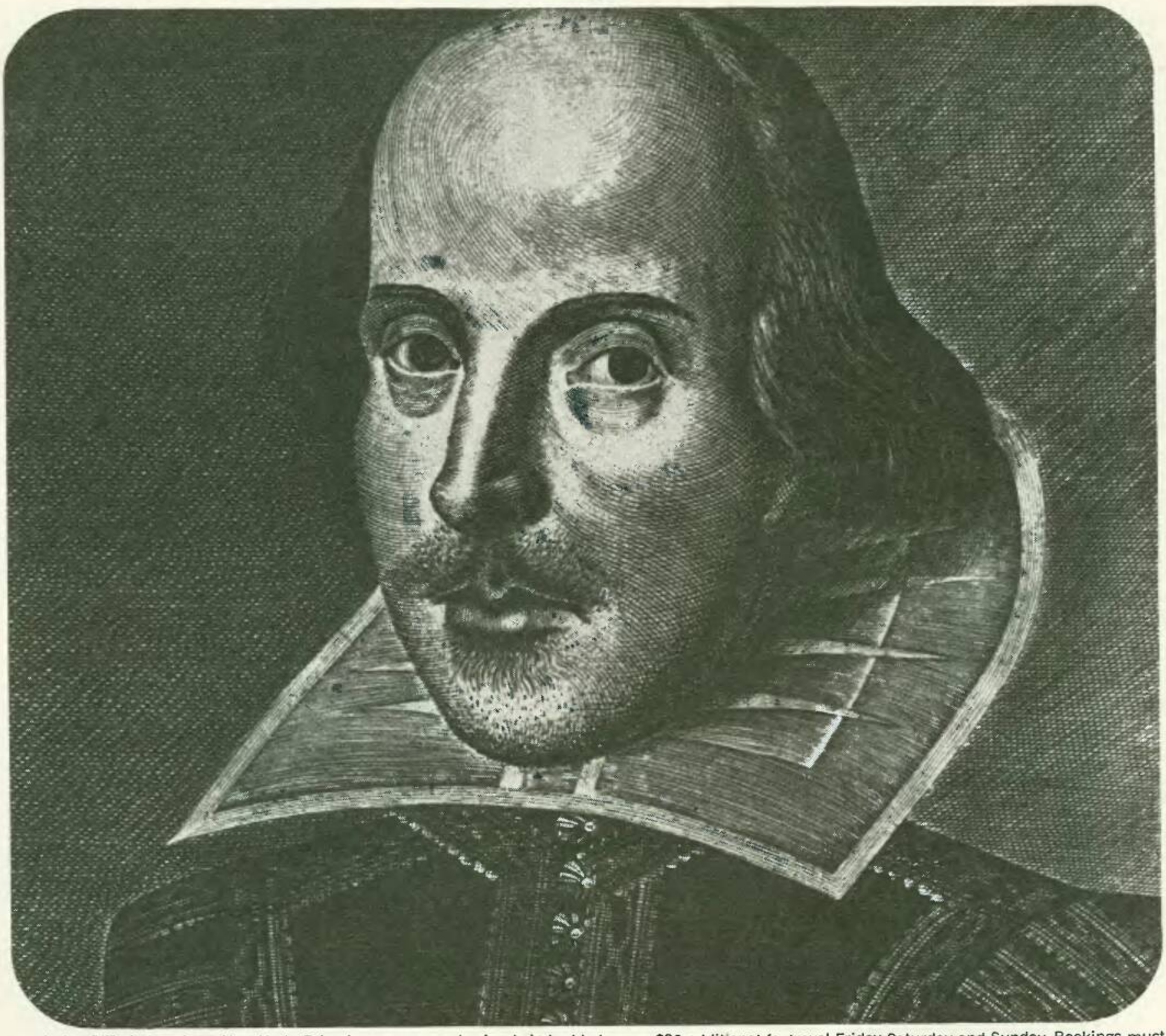
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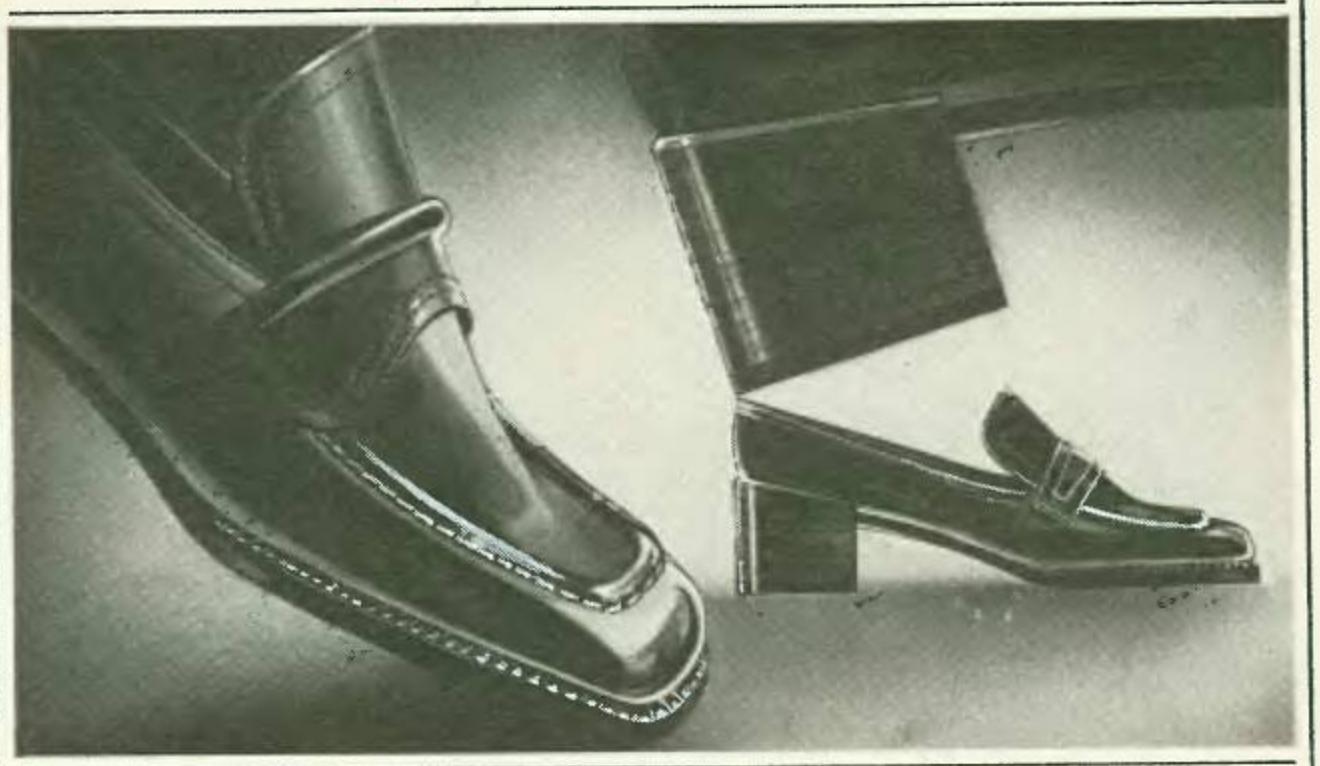
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Hartzog points down to sand dunes. The outermost two hundred and thirty-two acres of Breezy Point peninsula have never been developed. Although they are an integral part of the City of New York, they are as pristine as they were when Verrazano discovered them. The chopper moves out over ribbed blue waves and flecks of whitecaps—New York Bay. Now framed in the open doorway—and two miles distant—are the flypaper beaches of Coney Island, three and a half miles of people. Hartzog's ferries—fast single-screw pontoon airboats, shooting around the harbor like waterbugs—would siphon people from Coney Island and spread them out into Gateway's twenty thousand acres. Hartzog holds in his hand a copy of the Gateway proposal, a map-filled booklet that flutters wildly in the breeze. He folds it back to show a map of the ferry system, trellising the harbor.

The chopper descends. Two miles south of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, almost in the lane of the giant ships, are two small islands. The helicopter hovers over them. The northern one has three trees on it. It is called Hoffman Island. The other—Swinburne Island—has no trees at all. Only one New Yorker in, say, fifty thousand has any idea that these islands exist. Hartzog envisions, among other things, an outdoor restaurant there beside the sea lanes, the big ships slicing by. The chopper moves. A gust rips into the cabin and tears several maps from Hartzog's hands. Clutching the remaining sheaves, he writes on one of them, in shorthand, "There goes half my park."

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"With his own staff, he will delegate, but the delegation is only good while the delegatee operates exactly the way George would operate if he were the delegatee."

"This building is loaded—it's stuffed—with people who are overridden by personal ambitions. But that is not true of George. I never have a fear that I'm being used and that when I'm used up I'll be discarded."

"Instead of being preoccupied with the process, he is preoccupied with the idea. I've never heard him discuss reasons why things can't be done."

HARTZOG lights his seventh cigar. He says, "People, people, people—they're coming out of my ears." The door of his office opens and in walks the superintendent of Yosemite National Park. His name is Lawrence Hadley. He is in Washington to confer with the California delegation to Congress, and Hartzog has fifteen minutes to sift Hadley's thoughts before Hadley goes to the Hill. The superintendent of Yosemite is a young and strong-appearing man with dark features, dark hair, and a suggestion of melancholy in his face. He wears a silver watchband with



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turquoise inlay and a large silver-and-turquoise shell-inlay ring. He speaks softly and with an unpretentious air of absolute competence. He is Hartzog's idea of the Park Service personified—a man who does anything well and is ready to serve anywhere any time. Hartzog is confident that when Hadley and his wife are asked abruptly to change their personal plans and go to an airport to meet an official visitor, they will do so without pause or regret. Hadley grew up in Maine, where his father was the superintendent of Acadia National Park. The word is that Hadley may one day succeed Hartzog as director of the Service, and that Hadley will soon be transferred to Washington. Meanwhile, the problem of Yosemite Valley is the sort of thing he ought to be dealing with, for the Yosemite's problem is population pressure as expressed in the invading automobile, and if solutions can be found there, where the pressure is most intense, the solutions may be applied throughout the national-park system. Yosemite Valley has a flat floor and sheer granite walls. It is about six miles long, and has been penetrated by a roadway from the west. Driving into it is like driving up through a drain and out into an exaggerated bathtub. The vertical walls of the valley in places are three thousand six hundred feet high, and for an automobile there is only the one way in and out. With its pluming waterfalls, its alpine meadows, and its granite pinnacles, the Yosemite is in all likelihood the most exquisite cul-de-sac on earth, and each year about seven hundred thousand cars go in there.

"The automobile as a recreational experience is obsolete," Hartzog says. "We cannot accommodate automobiles in such numbers and still provide a quality environment for a recreational experience." Accordingly, Hadley will ask Congress for three hundred thousand dollars so he can close at least a part of the valley to automobiles and carry people through the closed area in chartered buses. Hartzog says that eventually he would like to block cars from the valley altogether and possibly build a funicular that would lower people into the Yosemite from the rim. To transport people around the valley floor, he contemplates the use of electric trains, which would run on rubber tracks. As Hadley and Hartzog talk, it becomes increasingly apparent that everything they are saying rests on the assumption that the visiting public has the right to be carried from place to place—that the right to vehicular transportation, privately or publicly provided, now comes under less question than the right to freedom of assembly or freedom of speech.

The Park Service tried elephant trains in Yosemite for a period of ten weeks. The valley was stuffed with cars, but people got out of them and spent twenty-five thousand dollars on the trains, at three dollars and fifty cents a ride. "People want some alternative," Hartzog says. "No more roads will be built or widened until these alternatives are explored. We want to give people a park experience, not a parkway experience. We need to limit access to parks and wilderness. We've simply got to do something besides build roads in these parks if we're going to have any parks left. We need controlled mechanical access. We can put parking lots outside the parks, then take people in with public transportation. When you get too many people, simply shut off the machinery. If we get rid of the automobile, we can have more people. No one knows what the carrying capacity of Yosemite is for human beings alone. I don't think you can stay bound up in this knot you've been in of roads and trails and more roads and more trails, Larry. You've got to end it. The beauty is that you can take a dynamite stick and blow up the pavement and then all you have is a hole there and you can fill up the hole. I'm not inflexible on anything except that I'm going to get rid of the damned automobile and I'm not going to get rid of people in the process."

Hadley, thoroughly coached, departs for Capitol Hill. As he goes out, Nathaniel Owings, of the architectural firm Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, comes in. Owings wearily says, "Hello, George," sits down, takes out a handkerchief, and wipes his brow. He is middle-aged, middle height, middle weight. He, too, wears a turquoise ring. He is, as it happens, chairman of the Advisory Board of the Park Service. Immediately, he says what he wants. He is redeveloping the Mall—the sweeping greensward that runs between the Capitol and the Washington Monument—and he wants to put a subway entrance in the middle of it. Hartzog's eyebrows rise. Some of Owings' ideas are untraditional; the Mall would not be everybody's first choice as a site for a subway station. Owings says, "The Mall doesn't have to be just for monuments, George. It can be for living. The subway station won't be junk and crappy, I guarantee. There is nothing that says we can't put the subway entrance where the people are."

"With that idea, Nat, we can start

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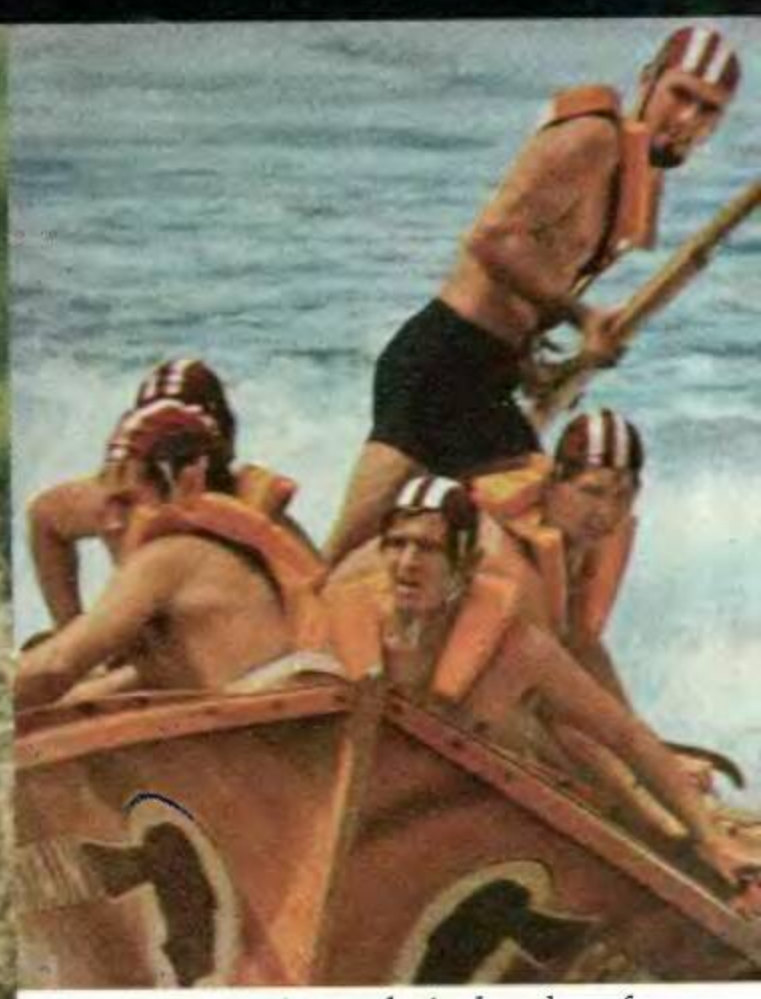


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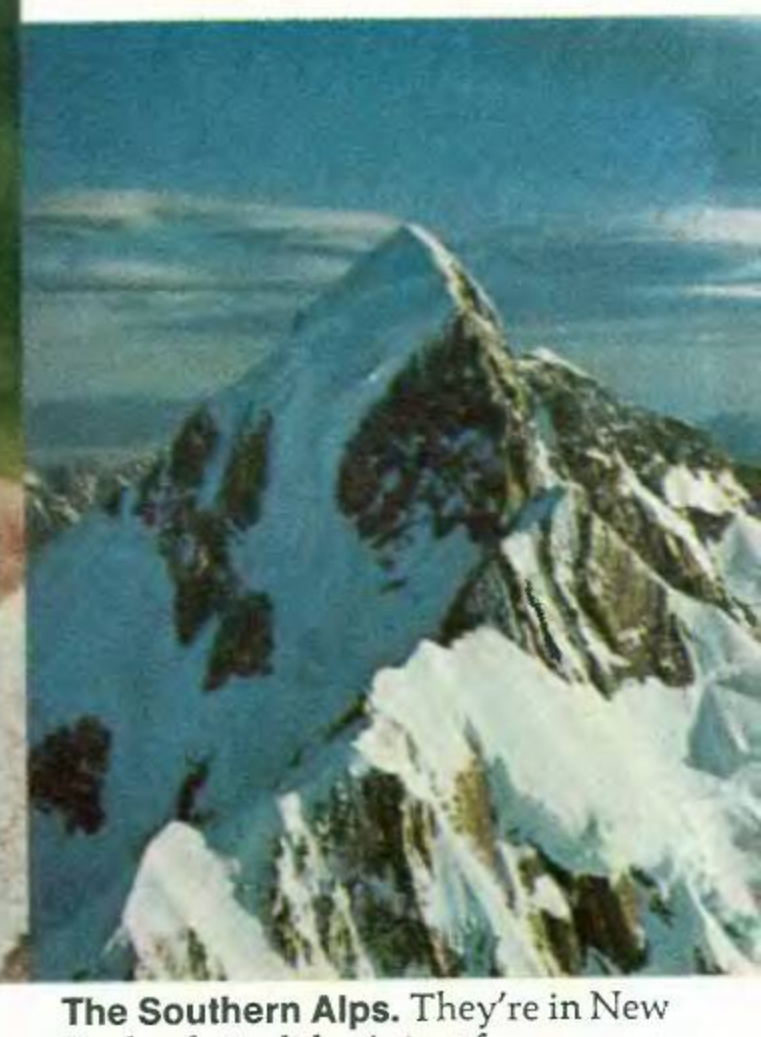
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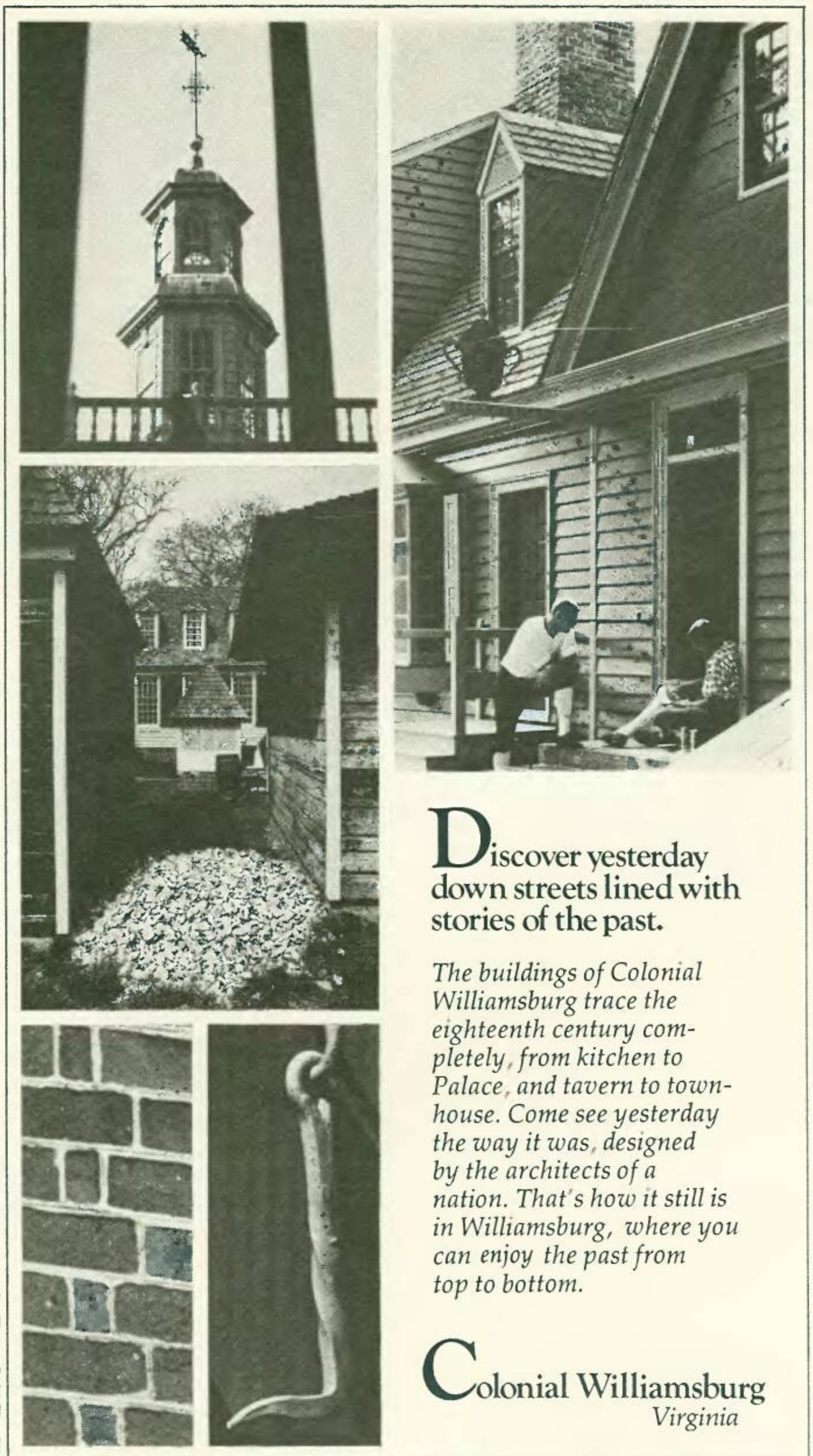
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something new in planning," Hartzog says, with a booming laugh.

After Owings leaves, Hartzog begins assembling papers. He punches the telephone console and says, "Ed, just make sure of one thing. Whatever you do, just make sure there's no tree on top of that structure at Wolf Trap Farm." Papers in hand, he hurries out. He has an appearance of his own on Capitol Hill.

"I stay pretty close to the deck," Hartzog says as he rides across the city in a chauffeur-driven unmarked patrol car of the United States Park Police. "If the Congress of the United States is going to hold hearings on my legislation, I ought to be there to testify." He has only once permitted himself a trip to Europe, and that was just a fast tour of England, France, and the Netherlands with a governmental committee sent to study historic preservation. He will travel, though, to the remotest corner of any state in the Union to please a senator or a significant congressman. Remote corners of distant states can be, in a sense, integral segments of the deck. He once made a speech at the Cherokee Strip Living Museum, in Arkansas City, Kansas, for example, because Joe Skubitz asked him to go there. Arkansas City is in Skubitz's district. Skubitz is the ranking minority member of the House Subcommittee on Parks and Recreation. Among other things, Skubitz promised Hartzog on this visit that he would arrange with Wayne Aspinall, the chairman of the committee, for a hearing on Hartzog's proposal for a Buffalo National River. Hartzog is tireless. He knows that in Washington the shortest distance between two points often includes a trip to Kansas. So he goes. He fears flying, but he goes. He speaks. He drinks. He grins. He guffaws. And he comes home with a hearing (or the promise of one) that might otherwise not occur. He travels, too, as an evangelist for his causes. Wherever something is up—Florida, Minnesota, Arkansas, California—he goes to talk to farmers, freeholders, Indians, or entrepreneurs and tries to show them what he wants to do, and why. "These things go slow," he says. "You don't make any converts at a big meeting. You have to get one man talking to one man. The opposition always has the advantage at first, because a lie goes around the world before the truth gets its britches on. You've got to get the facts out onto the table so the local people can see them."

Where the success or failure of all this effort is measured, of course, is on Capitol Hill, in hearing rooms, where



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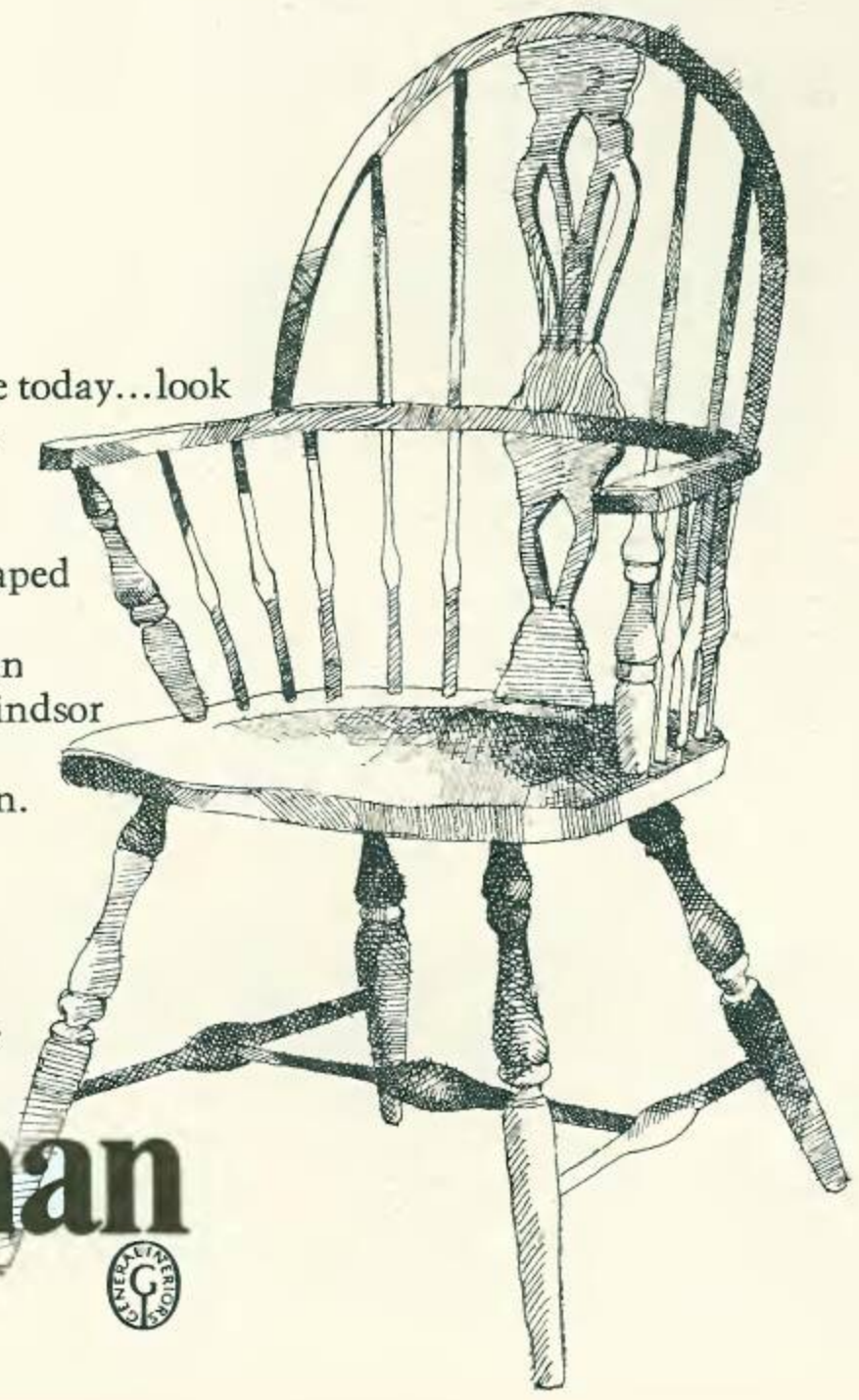
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GENERAL INTERIORS

Hartzog presents and defends his programs. Now he gets out of the car, tells the driver to wait, and, looking over his papers as he goes, hikes the long corridors of the Senate Office Building. In the hearing room are folding chairs, carafes of water, maps of the Everglades, and a raised platform where seven senators sit at a curvilinear table. "Each time I think I have agreement with the Army Corps of Engineers and the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District, it turns out to be ashes in my mouth and papier-mâché," Hartzog tells them. He speaks strongly and colloquially, reviewing aspects of the training jetport and of the water system of southern Florida. He also talks about fifty-eight thousand acres of inholdings—private lands within Everglades National Park—that he would like Congress to condemn and buy. What he says is clear and is obviously well prepared, and this, among other things, has earned him the high regard of the men on the platform. They say that when he speaks he always knows what he is talking about, and that this puts him in something of a minority among bureaucrats making appearances on the Hill. Hartzog has friends and enemies in both houses and both parties, because, in the words of Congressman John Saylor, of Pennsylvania, "he's willing to stand up and fight—he has a healthy respect for Congress, not a callous disregard, but he's willing to stand up and fight. Some days I wouldn't trade him for anyone in the world, and some days I could kill him."

In 1969, when rumor spread that Hartzog was about to be replaced, congressmen and senators heated up in sufficient numbers to evaporate the rumor. They think he is the most industrious director the Park Service has ever had. They admire his effort to give new directions to the park system, and they feel that he has drawn into the Park Service people of very high calibre who might not have been attracted to it had he not been there. They are sympathetic to some of Hartzog's problems within the Administration. "Sometimes he gets clobbered by the Secretary or the White House," Saylor has said. "Sometimes he comes in here in a straitjacket. He is not always free to act as an individual. He is told policy. It takes a strong, strong man to overcome the political shenanigans that go on here in Washington. His is supposed to be a nonpolitical job, but it's not."

"George has too many irons in the fire," Aspinall once said. Aspinall is in his seventies and is covered with spikes,

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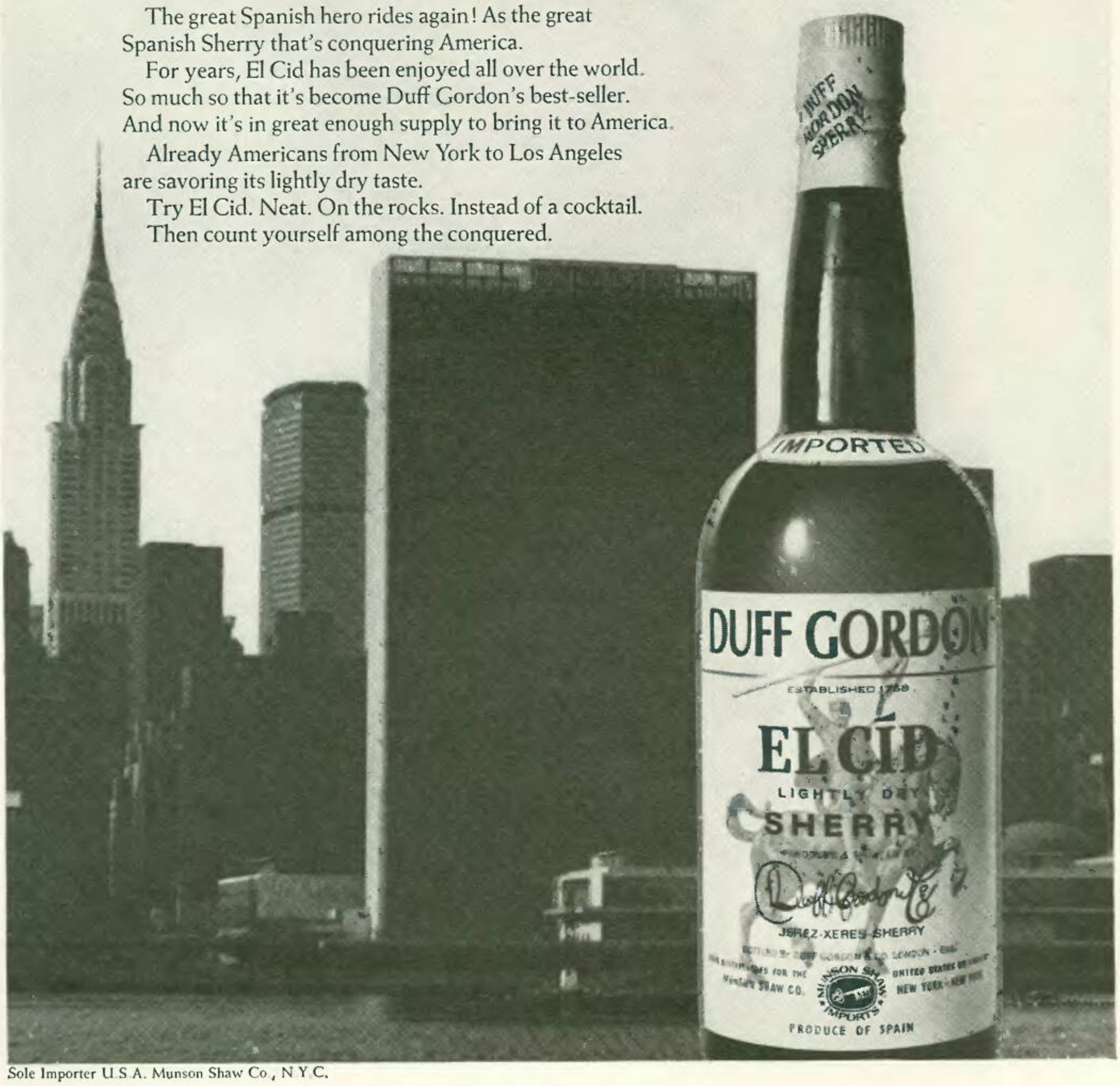
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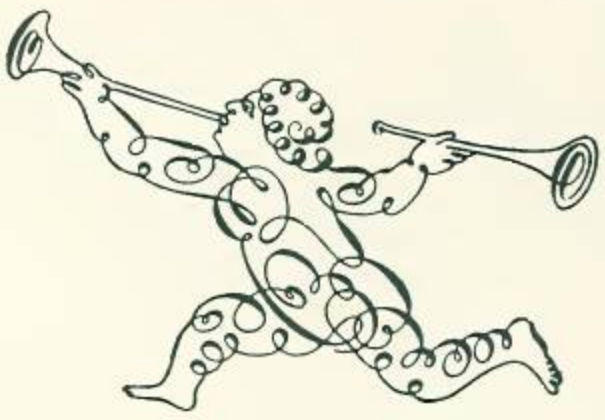
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and from him this is uncommon praise. "George is a little too fast for his own good. He skips over details. He is a builder without considering the cost of the building. So I say to him, 'No, George. Back up and start over.' He has the personality to be able to back up. He is a personable, lovable character, a very fine companion, a complete public servant."

Hartzog taps together his papers on the table before him, thanks the senators above him, and leaves the hearing room. He walks about thirty feet down the corridor, opens a back door to the hearing room, goes in, takes one of the senators aside, and says to him privately, "You really hit the sciatic nerve in there, Alan, and unless this committee gets with this thing we'll probably get the short end of the stick again."

WHEN the Director of the National Park Service goes on a camping trip, survival in the wilderness is not at issue. His party on the Buffalo consists of nine people, four of whom are professional rivermen, paid to do all the work. One is a full-time cook, and he rides alone in the "commissary boat," which is crammed to the gunwales with food. Mornings, the cook runs on ahead, so that when lunchtime comes and the other boats catch up with him he has already set up a tent fly to create shade, a table and chairs are beneath it, and dozens of pieces of batter-dipped chicken are gurgling away in deep Ozark fat. At night, he fries multiple pork chops or big individual steaks and covers the meat with fried potatoes. His breakfasts compound cords of dark bacon with eggs and pancakes fried in bacon grease. The cook's name is Karl Hudson. He is not light on his feet. He has a mustache, and he seems to radiate anachronism. He could be a wax museum's idea of a cook in the Civil War. In fact, the whole campsite seems to be ready for Mathew Brady. The big iron skillet. The tall black coffeepot. The two wall tents. The folding cots. The canvas armchairs. The tent-fly kitchen. The heavy iron stakes. The sledgehammer.

The tents are pitched by the rivermen, who set up the cots and carefully line the sleeping bags with white percale sheets. Tony Buford pours a drink. There are worse things in life than Scotch on the Buffalo. Buford has had his way all day, for he finally succeeded in disengaging Hartzog from the swollen river, persuading him to turn up the engines and shoot on downstream in anticipation of better fishing on the morrow in the White. Every so often, the Buffalo drops enough to



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To help them get their points across, the youngsters have control of an overhead screen primed with film, video-tape, photos and art-work (much of it created by children) on the day's topic. They can call for this or that to be run, whenever they think a given piece clarifies what they're getting at. (Cartoon vignettes and musical groups are also on stand-by.)

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make a rapid—to leap with haystacks, with gardens of standing waves. These rapids would give a feel of the river to people in canoes, but the johnboats go through the white water the way automobiles go across wet pavement—no pitch, no roll, no river. Now, at the campsite, young Edward Hartzog is fishing for big channel cats. He is using minnows. His father calls to him, "Try a wurrum." Edward reels in his line and tries a wurrum. He is in the second grade, and his brother and sister are in college. Friends say that when Edward was born Hartzog's age went down ten years. The family lives in an old remodelled farmhouse on a big lot surrounded by a rail fence, in McLean, Virginia. They raise chickens. A small brook runs through the property—a wet ditch, really—and Hartzog from time to time promises to clean it out and build a series of dams. The brook disappears into an uncut thicket known as the Bird Sanctuary. There is a burro as well. Hartzog hitches her to a two-wheeled cart and, with Edward at his side, races around his land shouting "Gee!" and "Haw!" "Many men are captains of industry, but when they get home they are mice," one of Hartzog's close friends has said while observing this scene. "George is the captain at home." His wife, Helen, is from Massachusetts, and is described by their friends as a Yankee trader. She sells real estate, and buys and sells antiques, which she stores in an unoccupied house next door. The two buildings stand very close to a county highway. Hartzog's front yard is mostly gravel and is barely large enough for the bug Volkswagen in which he drives to work. Inside the house, over a stone fireplace, is an oil painting that consists of a field of miscellaneous red dots traversed by a bulging black line, thick with dried paint. The title of this painting is "Nature." It was given to Hartzog in appreciation of, among other things, Hartzog's modern approach to the natural world.

Edward has caught a big channel cat. Hartzog is elated. "I told you to stop poormouthin' those cottonpickin' fish," he says to Buford. Edward draws the catfish into the shallow water. Sinister and spiky, it looks like a drifting mine. "Be careful," Hartzog warns him. "He'll fin the daylights out of you." The big cat occasions a series of stories told by the rivermen about even bigger catfish caught in the Buffalo, in the Ohio, in the Mississippi, in the Arkansas. And the catfish series, in turn, leads to a sequence of expanding stories about deer. Orville Ranck, who is tall, one-eyed, slim, and old, remarks that

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it was he who shot the second-largest deer ever shot in the United States. Preston Jones, brown and thin as a cowboy, looks away. Jones is working on a Coleman stove that he found a few hours ago, full of muck and sand. He knows who owned it—a couple who were camping on an island in the river when the twenty-eight-foot rise occurred two weeks ago. The couple climbed a willow and were clinging to its uppermost branches when the sheriff of Marion County came along in a search boat and made the rescue. "Their eyes were like a treeful of owls," Jones says.

"When you camp on these rivers, you've got to have land to your back," Hartzog comments.

"On the other hand," Jones tells him, "I've seen big bears come out of the woods here, fighting like hell." This occasions a series of stories by the rivermen about enormous bears they have known, and Hartzog throws in a story of his own about a bear in the Great Smoky Mountains. Two tourists were feeding this bear by the roadside when a Cherokee drove up. (There is a Cherokee reservation just outside the park.) The Cherokee got out of his car, shot the bear, put the bear in the back seat, and drove away while the tourists stood there with their mouths open and popcorn in their hands.

Under Jones' meticulous attention, miraculous hand, the Coleman stove is sputtering with flame. Even its thinnest tubes were packed with the muck of the flood, but one of its burners is now blazing in yellow spurts. Gradually, Jones works down the flame to a hard copper blue. Looking up, finally, he says, "Orville, tell us about the time you shot the second-largest deer in the United States."

"I can't see too well. I have only one good eye. I lost the other to a fishhook," Ranck explains—and how this led to the second-largest deer in the United States was a simple matter of optics: anything smaller would have escaped his attention. One fall, Ranck went to Meeker, Colorado, because near Meeker is a narrow mountain pass through which thousands of Rocky Mountain deer move on their annual migration. So many of them go through there, Ranck says, that they resemble driven cattle. They even raise a dust cloud. Ranck crouched on a ledge so close to the deer that he could almost reach out and touch them, and to improve his chances he had equipped his rifle with a large telescopic sight. All day, he sat there looking point-blank at the deer through the big lens,





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and finally he saw the great buck, the second-ever largest deer. Its tines were multiple and fine. Moving the crosshair across a wall of venison, Ranck stopped it just behind the animal's shoulder, and he fired. The buck turned the second-largest somersault ever seen in the United States, and it lay on the ground, its four legs kicking in the air.

"How much did it weigh, Orville?"

"Five hundred and twenty-two pounds."

Jones looks away.

Buford, who is unimpressed by deer of any size, says, "One thing that surprises hell out of me on this river is that we haven't seen any snakes."

"I saw twenty-four today," Jones says.

"You don't say. What kinds did you see?"

"Mainly moccasins. Some cottonmouths."

"I grew up with cottonmouths and rattlesnakes," Hartzog says. "Where I grew up, you never stepped *over* a log. You stepped *on* it, or you might wish you had."

IN the Geechie section of the South Carolina coastal plain, streams had names like the Little Salkehatchie and the Hog Branch of Buckhead Creek; swamps were called Tony Hill Bay, Bull Bay, the Copeland Drain; and the big Edisto River, an entrail of continual oxbows, flowed through marshlands miles wide. On the higher ground were pinewoods, small cleared farms, dirt roads, and every two miles a church—Beulah Church, Bethel Church, Mount Olive Church, Tabernacle Church. Reaching into the pinelands on a single track, trains of the Hampton & Branchville Railroad stopped at hamlet crossroads and picked up turpentine and rough-cut boards and the produce of the small farms. One place they stopped was Smoaks. Hartzog was born in 1920, in Smoaks.

His father was a dirt farmer who worked about a hundred and fifty acres and also had a stand of loblolly pine. His grandfather had farmed the same land. The house the family lived in was paintless and weathered. A large porch wrapped around a front corner, and there was another porch off the kitchen, in back. There was a pump in the yard, between the house and the outbuildings—the smokehouses, the chicken houses, the barn. Hartzog's first school was a one-room building by the Edisto. Whenever he could, he fished the river for red-breasted perch, catfish, pike, and bream. At home, he learned early to "plow a mule," and he helped his father grow cantaloupes, cucumbers, watermelons, corn, green vegetables, and cotton. His father was also a hunter and a fisherman, and he had a big sense of humor. He could tell stories all day without repeating himself. He sent his watermelons to New York and his cotton to Columbia, and before the Depression the family had a "cash income"—apparently as good a one as any farmer's in the area, for George Hartzog, Sr., was the first man in that part of the country to own a Model T Ford. After it was delivered to him, he drove it without knowing how. He kept shouting "Whoa! Whoa!" at the car as it circled the farmhouse out of control. "Whoa! Whoa!" Finally, it wedged itself between two trees.

Hartzog always signs his name "George B. Hartzog, Jr.," although his father has been dead for many years. It is as if he were reluctant to add, however minutely, to the erasure of his father's existence, remembering, as he does with something just short of bitterness, how his father's relatively good life was suddenly knocked apart—his hope and eventually his health broken by the great economic depression. When Hartzog, Sr., shipped his watermelons to New York, the railroad sent him a bill instead of a check—freight costs for carrying produce that found no market. The price of cotton dropped to five cents a pound—a figure lower than the cost of picking and shipping it. So the Hartzogs' cotton was left in the field, where cattle, in their hunger, ate it. The family had no money at all. "For a dirt farmer who had been put out of business life became a very simple issue: Did we have something to eat or didn't we have something to eat? This was the poverty level of zero. My father became a severe asthmatic—a combination of pollen and nerves. He did odd jobs, farming. He tried to hang on, but he couldn't." One day when Hartzog came home from school, his father, his mother, and his two younger sisters were standing in the yard helplessly watching the house burn. A bed was all that had been removed to the yard before the intense heat stopped further salvage. While the house was burning to the ground, flaming debris fell on the bed and destroyed it.

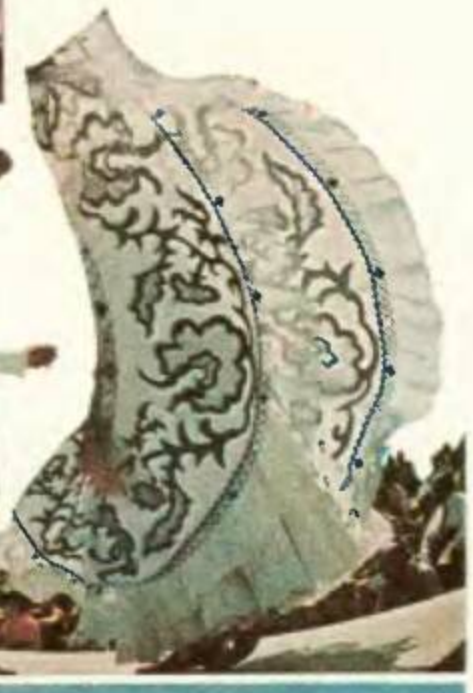
HARTZOG is walking on the beach at Sandy Hook. The big chopper is down and silent, but its high-frequency engine noise still rings in his ears. The wind is gentle, coming off the ocean. The day is warm. Coney Island was covered with people, but over here in

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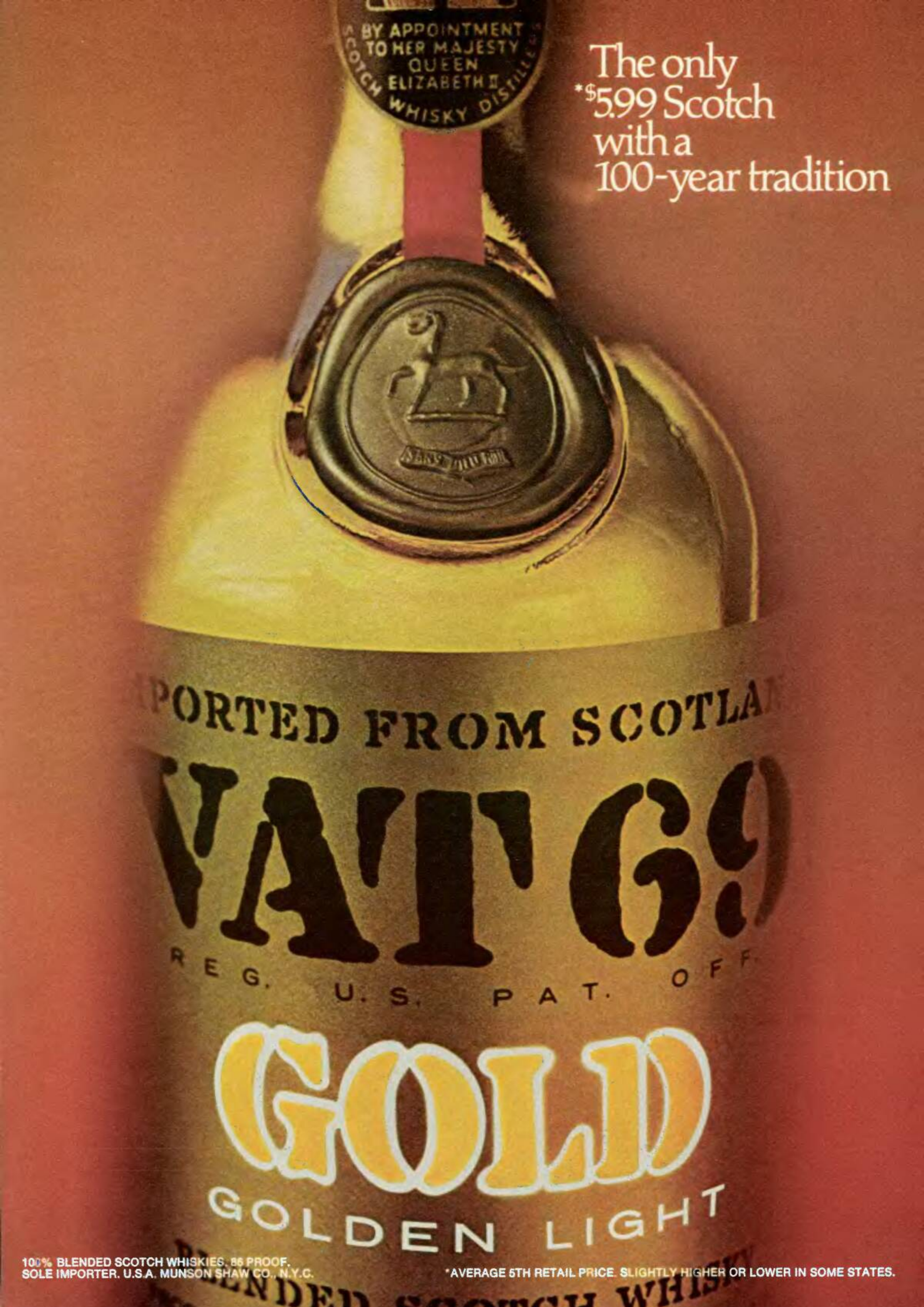
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New Jersey, Hartzog's party aside, there are only two on this broad stretch of beach. They are soldiers, sunbathing near their car, which has a Nebraska plate. The major part of Sandy Hook is a military base, Fort Hancock—a thousand acres reaching out into New York Bay. Its huge, curving beach is spectacular, with the open ocean in one direction and the skyline of the city in the other. Hartzog, in his black suit, black shoes, looks like a preacher, not a bather, and he starts to preach. "The selfishness of the military in terms of the recreational needs of people in urban areas is unbelievable," he says. "It is pointless to lock up an area like this when people need a little sun in their faces and water on their backs. Each of those soldiers over there has two miles of beach to himself."

Fort Hancock is prime duty. Soldiers bring their girls here, and the couples get lost together on the enormous beach. Officers live in houses designed by Stanford White. A Nike tracking site is here. The general in charge of all Nike installations from Boston to Philadelphia presumably could live anywhere he wished between the two cities, and he has chosen Fort Hancock. Ospreys nest in the telephone poles, and herons in rookeries among the dunes. The central landmark is the oldest operating lighthouse in the United States. New Jersey rents a small piece of the peninsula, at its landward end, from the Department of Defense. The rented area is called Sandy Hook State Park and is the most heavily visited park in New Jersey. People press in there by the thousands, but the beach is quite narrow where it is open to the public, and the dunes behind it are green with deep growths of poison ivy. When the tide comes in, the ocean shoves the people into the poison ivy.

Hartzog, on the broad Army beach, continues. "We've asked the military to surrender these lands for recreational use," he says. "Beach land simply needs to be made available. The military usually claim that they have to have places like this for military recreation. They need it like a Buick needs a fifth hole." Sandy Hook is almost the least of Hartzog's ambitions toward military land. He wants Vandenberg Air Force Base. He wants the Aberdeen Proving Ground. He wants Quantico, Fort Belvoir, Eglin Air Force Base, the Naval Air Station at Floyd Bennett Field, and Forts Barry, Baker, and Cronkhite on the Marin Headlands of San Francisco. He wants at least a dozen other military principalities as well, all close to cities, and



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all, in his view, being now given a mistaken priority. He thinks he could get the Department of Defense out of Fort Hancock in two years. Other difficulties would remain, though. Reaching out as it does into the mouth of the Hudson, Sandy Hook catches a high percentage of what the river disgorges, and the beach near its tip is blemished with flotsam—plastic bags, plastic bottles, plastic buckets, rusted cans, little bits of Albany, the tenth part of Troy, and hundreds of acres of driftwood. When trees die in the Adirondacks, they go to Sandy Hook. Rangers could take care of the clean-up, but not on an hourly schedule, and all that plastic would have to be stopped at its source. The Park Service thus joins, as it has all over the country, the general fight against pollution, and not simply against things that float. The feasibility of the Gateway project depends on an optimistic view of what can be done about river and ocean pollution. Right now, when striped bass are caught in the waters of Sandy Hook they sometimes have fin rot, and cataracts over their eyes.

"IN 1960, Congress said no to the arch. Any other Park Service ranger would have said, 'O.K. Where am I to be sent now? Back to the Great Smokies? Out to Alaska to count blankets?' But not George. He kept at it until funds were appropriated."

"George was a lawyer. That's why they had him in St. Louis. The Park Service had never built anything bigger than an outhouse before."

"When the arch was halfway up, the contractor was losing money, so he stopped work, saying the structure was unsafe. Two legs, three hundred feet high, were sticking out of the ground. Hartzog said to the contractor, 'Listen. I ordered an arch and I want an arch.' "

"In the pecking order of park superintendents, the superintendent at St. Louis is not very high. I just spotted him immediately as a good leader, a driving type, full of enthusiasm and interest. I met him on the Current River, in Missouri, in 1962. We were trying to make the Current a national river, and a group of us made a two-day float trip there. George went on the trip. He and I rode in the same boat, and I felt that in those two days I really got to know him well. It was a situation of utter informality, heightened communication. We went skinny-dipping at night. It was in September, and chilly. But this was a group of outdoor people, who were in their ele-

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And so, it is to this sure, true, blithe spirit, "Uncle Willie," that we dedicate a new magazine. Our name: AUDIENCE. Our purpose: to outfox the fellow in the bright nightgown by keeping you alive to beauty, to humor, *to today.*

THE PEOPLE

AUDIENCE celebrates excellence wherever excellence is to be found – brownstone, commune, playing field, concert hall, garret, campus, proscenium, foundry, ghetto, chateau, Volkswagen bus.

Our Editorial Board is something else again:

Alan Arkin, Saul Bass, Saul Bellow, Robert Bolt, John Cassavetes, Marisol, Inge Morath, Gordon Parks, Anne Sexton, Robert Penn Warren, Tom Wicker, John A. Williams.

THE GRAPHICS

AUDIENCE is published every other month – a magazine for enjoying at leisure. It comes to you in hard covers, without advertising – a magazine for saving. It is designed by Seymour Chwast and Milton Glaser, whose Push Pin Studios recently became the first American design group ever honored with an exhibition at the Louvre. Their pilot issue of AUDIENCE, by the way, has already won top honors from the prestigious Society of Publication Designers – an unheard-of coup first time out.

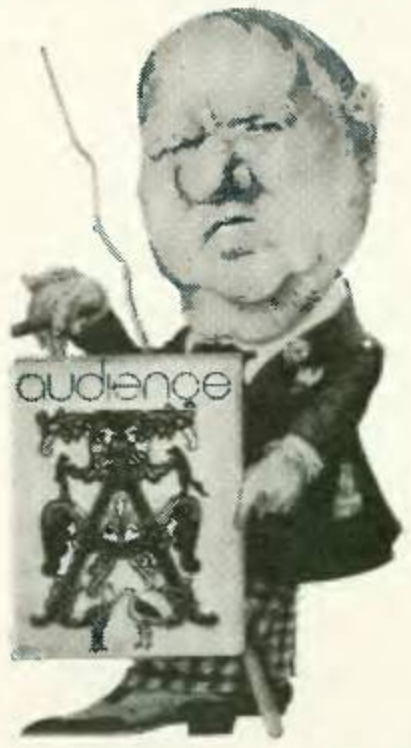
Specifications? Probably not even a Medici Pope could have commanded a book more opulent, more lavish. 216 square inches to the open spread. And depending on the contents of individual issues, a positively sensuous interlacing of papers. Papers for art reproduction, of a weight and quality for framing, and color plates by the bin. Rich tint papers for text. Typefaces of custom design. Foldouts. Stitchins. Endpapers. And for permanence, heavy board covers. In graphics, too, AUDIENCE is a celebration of style. A celebration of excellence.

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Volume I, Number One is, as you can imagine, in short supply. As much as we'd like to accept all comers, inevitably we will have to disappoint the stragglers.

"Don't let 'em bamboozle you, son,"



Fields once said, "but never drink anything stronger than gin before breakfast, either." Our magazine is guaranteed to please. But if, for some reason, our Volume I, Number One issue *should* leave you feeling bamboozled, return it, and so much for AUDIENCE and you.

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE ISSUE

"It was Fields who taught us that a man's ideas are not, ultimately, as important as his imaginative stake in reality, and that Earl Long, in his pajamas, with his stripper, is indescribably preferable to Billie Sol Estes, with his Sunday-piety and sex-segregated swimming pool."

John Clellon Holmes has written the dedication of our premier issue to W. C. Fields with "Uncle Willy and Us" Drawings, Edward Sorel.

"Nijinsky had a pair of feet you'd have had to see to believe. His heels and the base of his toes were equidistant from his ankles. No other mammal with feet like that had ever been seen outside Australia."

Nelson Algren writes on a standing skirmish between the dancer and his impresario, Diaghilev, by way of proving an Algren theory that integrity in art is "a matter of who swings the mackerel." Illustration, Milton Glaser.

"Q. If you could change one character trait in yourself, it would be?
A. My shyness."

Answer on a Playmate Data Sheet, required of each candidate before her photograph, posed nude, is considered for a Playboy foldout. The hilarious piece is by Tom Meehan, and it's called "We Like to Find a Late-Maturing Girl." Illustrations, Robert Grossman.

"In a village somewhere in the Ukraine there lived a poor man called Todie. Todie had a wife, Shaindel, and seven children, but he could never earn enough to feed them properly. He tried many trades and failed in all of them. It was said of Todie that if he decided to deal in candles the sun would never set . . ."

Blend Sholem Aleichem with Hans Christian Andersen, and you get Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Shrewd Todie and Lyzer the Miser," one of two fables clearly marked for posterity in the issue. Illustrations, Seymour Chwast.

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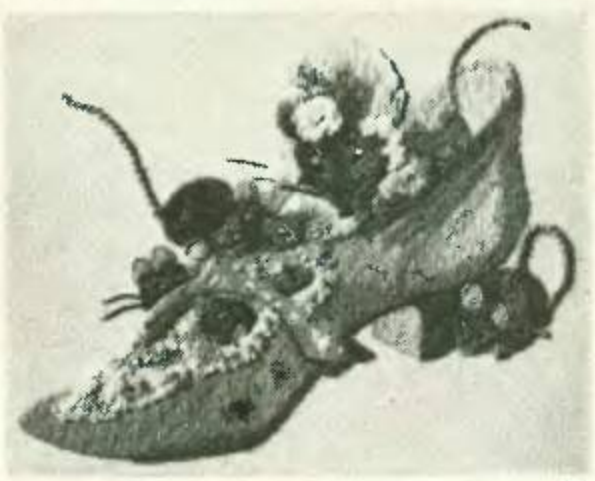
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ment. The Current was going to be the first national river. We hadn't done anything like it before. George knew all the arguments, all the facts, although the Current River is a hundred and fifty miles from St. Louis and the project was not part of his job. Later that year, I heard he had quit the Park Service, because he thought he had no future in it. I went to St. Louis and looked him up and asked him if he would come back and if he thought being director was enough of a future. He said, 'Mr. Secretary, I surely do.' "

HARTZOG is busy catching trout. This river—the White River—is everything Tony Buford said it would be. Cal Smith, the riverman, has to work hard to keep Hartzog's hook covered with corn. The bait is canned kernel corn. The boat is anchored in a broad patch of dancing water. The corn drifts down through V-shaped riffles and, almost every time, disappears into the mouth of a trout. The White River is the dream of thousands, who come from all over the United States to fish it. It is broad, cold, clear, shallow, and frequently broken by the aerated rips that seem to intoxicate trout. The White River comes out of Bull Shoals Dam, near Lakeview, Arkansas. The water impounded on the other side of the dam is so deep that it is very cold near the bottom, and it is this cold water that comes shooting out of the penstocks and forms the river, which is green and beautiful and as natural as a city street. The White River grows toward the end of the day. Around 5:30 P.M., people start turning on lights, heating up ovens, and frying pork chops in Fayetteville, Little Rock, Mountain Home, Memphis. The river rises. More people, more pork chops—the river goes on rising. Turbines spin in Bull Shoals Dam. The peak comes when one million pork chops are sizzling all at once and the river is so high it flows around the trunks of trees. Then it starts going down. While Arkansas sleeps, the river goes down so far that the trout have to know where to go to survive. At 6 A.M., a small creek is running through the riverbed, viscous with trout. Then people start getting up in Fayetteville, Little Rock, Mountain Home, and Memphis. The fatback hits the frying pans. Up comes the river, cold, clear, fast, and green. Trout are not native down here. There are no trout in the Buffalo. They can live in the White River for a hundred miles below Lakeview because of the refrigerant effect of the dam. The trout are born in a federal hatchery near Norfork, where

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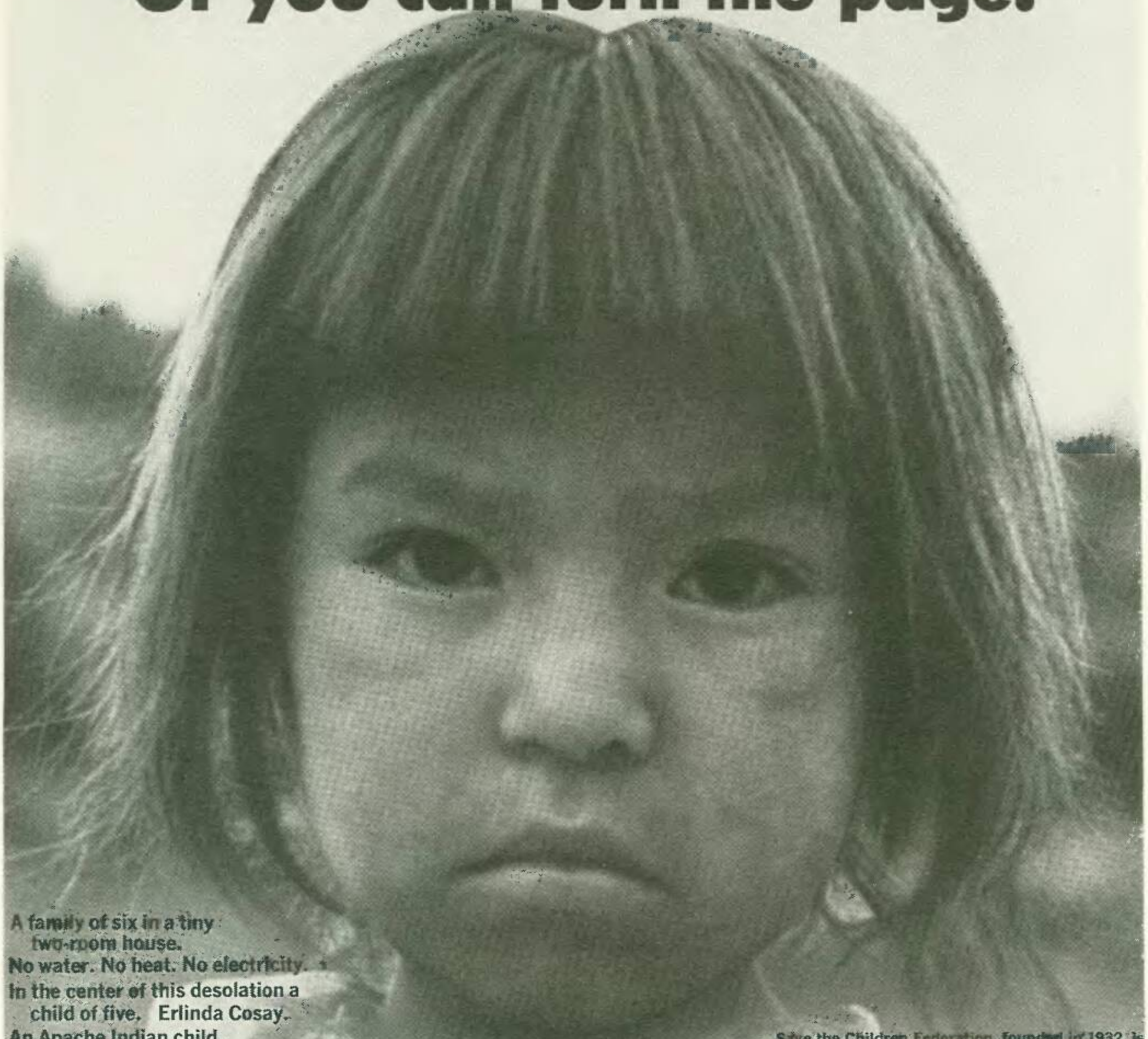
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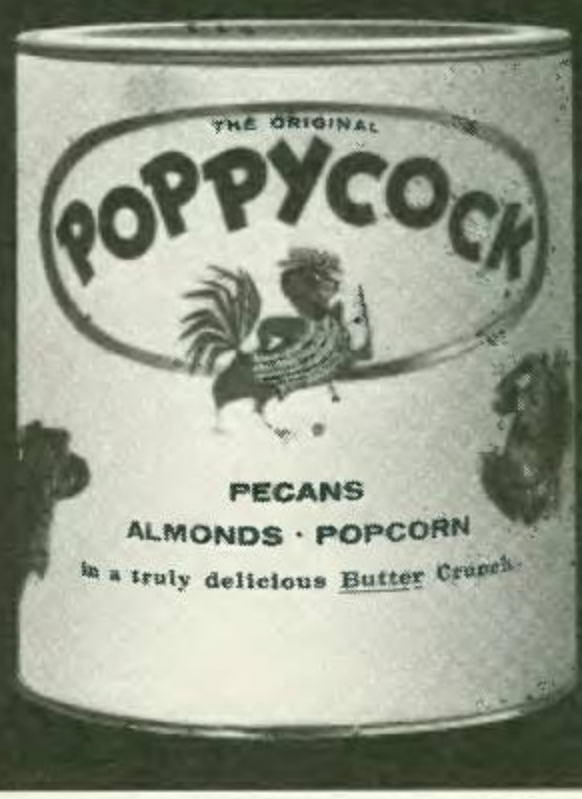
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they are raised on dry meal. They are stocked in the White River—ninety-six thousand trout a month in the summer—creating what most of the sport fishermen who have been here would call a paradise. Smith strings corn like pearls on Hartzog's hook, one kernel after another, completely covering the metal from eye to barb. Hartzog flips the bait into the stream. Vapors rise from the cold river. The line and the rod vibrate. It is difficult to tell whether the vibration is from the strike of a trout or the pull of the current. Once more it is a trout. Hartzog reels the fish in. It flips once to the right, once to the left, and lolls by the boat as it is netted. The trout is nine inches long. With a pair of forceps, Smith takes the hook out of the fish's gullet. Then he re-beads the hook with corn while Hartzog tells him about Hazel Creek in the Great Smoky Mountains. "There hasn't been a stocked trout put in that creek in three hundred years," he says. "Mountain people have been fishing Hazel Creek since European civilization moved over here. And there's only been one kind of trout in there, ever, and those are wild trout. I fish for the fun of fishing, and there's a real difference between a hatchery fish and a wild fish. One good bass out of the Buffalo would be worth more to me than six hundred trout out of here. Tony and the boys can stay here if they want. I'm going back up the Buffalo."

HARTZOG believes that he was the youngest preacher ever licensed in the state of South Carolina. ("The Lord has looked out for me all my life.") He began preaching when he was sixteen, and the following year—1937—he officially became a licensed local minister. He preached all over the area—in Smoaks, in Cottageville, in Walterboro—and for a time he was assistant minister at the Bethel Methodist Church in Spartanburg. He gave his sermons in Baptist churches, too. In that part of the world, a Baptist was defined as an educated Methodist.

Hartzog's family had moved into Walterboro when the farm failed at Smoaks. His father got a job as a ticket agent for the Greyhound Bus Lines, and his mother became county supervisor of W.P.A. sewing rooms. A tall woman, severe and serious, she seemed to believe fundamentally in work. "She worked hard. She pulled the family through. She believed you couldn't fail to achieve anything if you just worked. She encouraged me and instilled in me the responsibility for working." The law ultimately attract-

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ed Hartzog as a kind of practical replacement for his first ambition, which was to spend his life in the ministry. In 1937, he entered Wofford College, in Spartanburg, to study Methodist theology and become something more than an unpaid travelling preacher, but he had to drop out of college after one semester for lack of money.

He went home and worked at any jobs he could find. He cooked and washed dishes in an all-night beanery. He pumped gas at an Amoco station. He typed forms and letters for the National Youth Administration. He worked around the clock. At night, he was busboy and desk clerk at A. J. Novit's Lafayette Hotel. From 6 P.M. to 6 A.M., he watched the teletype machine for reservations coming in, and he carried bags when the people showed up. "In a service establishment, you learn a lot about human beings," he says. Novit paid him one dollar a night.

Hartzog had no idea that he was underprivileged. To the contrary, he felt lucky to have encountered people who opened doors for him, first to the ministry and then to the law. He went on preaching. No one in his congregations seemed to mind that a teen-ager was giving them the Word. He still preaches whenever he can, in churches around Washington, and to his congregations he has explained his work in the Park Service by saying, "I feel that I am performing a mission as necessary and constructive as a ministry."

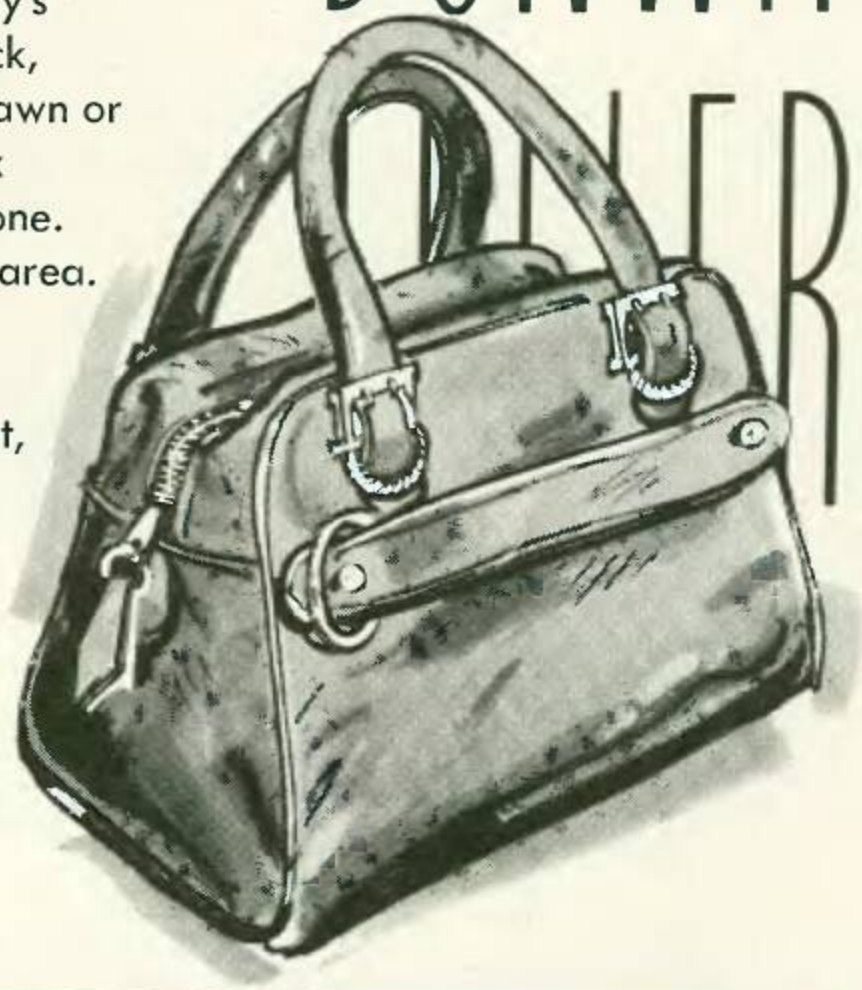
HARTZOG has never seen anything quite like the Silver Gull Club, Beach 193, Breezy Point, Queens. This wide, low structure rambles lumpily all over the beach and on piles out over the ocean. The Park Service has learned something peculiar about the way the people of New York use their beaches. On Coney Island, on Jones Beach, on Rockaway Beach, more than half the people prefer never to put a toe in the ocean. The Silver Gull Club caters to this majority. It lifts its clientele above the ocean, and even above the beach. The waves of the Atlantic lap helplessly at the club's cantilevered undersides. Abovedecks, there are three swimming pools, four hundred cabañas, and a cocktail lounge called the Crystal Palace. Families spend five hundred dollars per season to go to the Silver Gull, where they can be close to the ocean but free from contact with the wild sea, and free from contact with its gritty edges.

This is outermost Queens, the middle of the proposed Gateway National Recreation Area, and Hartzog's brochure indicates that the Silver Gull and

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everything around it will someday be cleared away. The streets in that part of the city are largely deserted in winter, and they are used as unofficial, illegal dumps, where trucks make deposits in the dead of night: rotting timbers from razed buildings, ash, smooth tires, shards of concrete, stripped and crumpled automobiles—tons upon tons of junk. "One of the greatest things that could happen to this country would be just to clean it up," Hartzog says. Detritus is nothing new to him. The national parks are for people, and people leave junk wherever they go. Park rangers become so disgusted they can't wait for the season to end, so the people will go away from the parks. People throw trash over the rim of the Grand Canyon, the world's deepest and widest wastebasket. So much trash goes into the Grand Canyon that the view is smirched. For this reason, ranger trainees are sent to Grand Canyon National Park to learn mountaineering. They go down on ropes and climb back up with the things that tourists throw over the rim. In Yellowstone, visitors throw junk into the thermal pools. The temperature of the pools is two hundred degrees. Rangers have to rake out the junk. In Washington, D.C., people throw tires, washing machines, refrigerators, mattresses, and automobiles into the Potomac and the Anacostia Rivers. The Park Service cleans up the mess with a thirty-five-foot landing craft. The Park Service has used a scuba team to collect all the junk that tourists throw into the Merced River, in Yosemite Valley. Cans and bottles retrieved from Lake Powell, in Utah, fill five barges a week. "Learning how to pick up trash better than anyone else is a significant achievement in itself," Hartzog says. In his view, the most heroic achievers in this line are the trash gatherers of Coney Island, and Hartzog from time to time sends his superintendents there to give them a whiff of the major leagues.

The skeletons of five six-story buildings and two fifteen-story buildings stand on Breezy Point, above the trash. The Wagner administration condemned these buildings when they were under construction, because they represented an encroachment of high-rise upon a beach area. The Park Service plans to finish the two fifteen-story buildings and turn them into cultural centers and low-cost hostels. Beyond the skeletal buildings, bent and twisted chain-link fencing topped with barbed wire separates the developed wasteland from the virginal dunes of Breezy Point. The ocean, pounding, is visible through the fence. Hartzog, in a gov-

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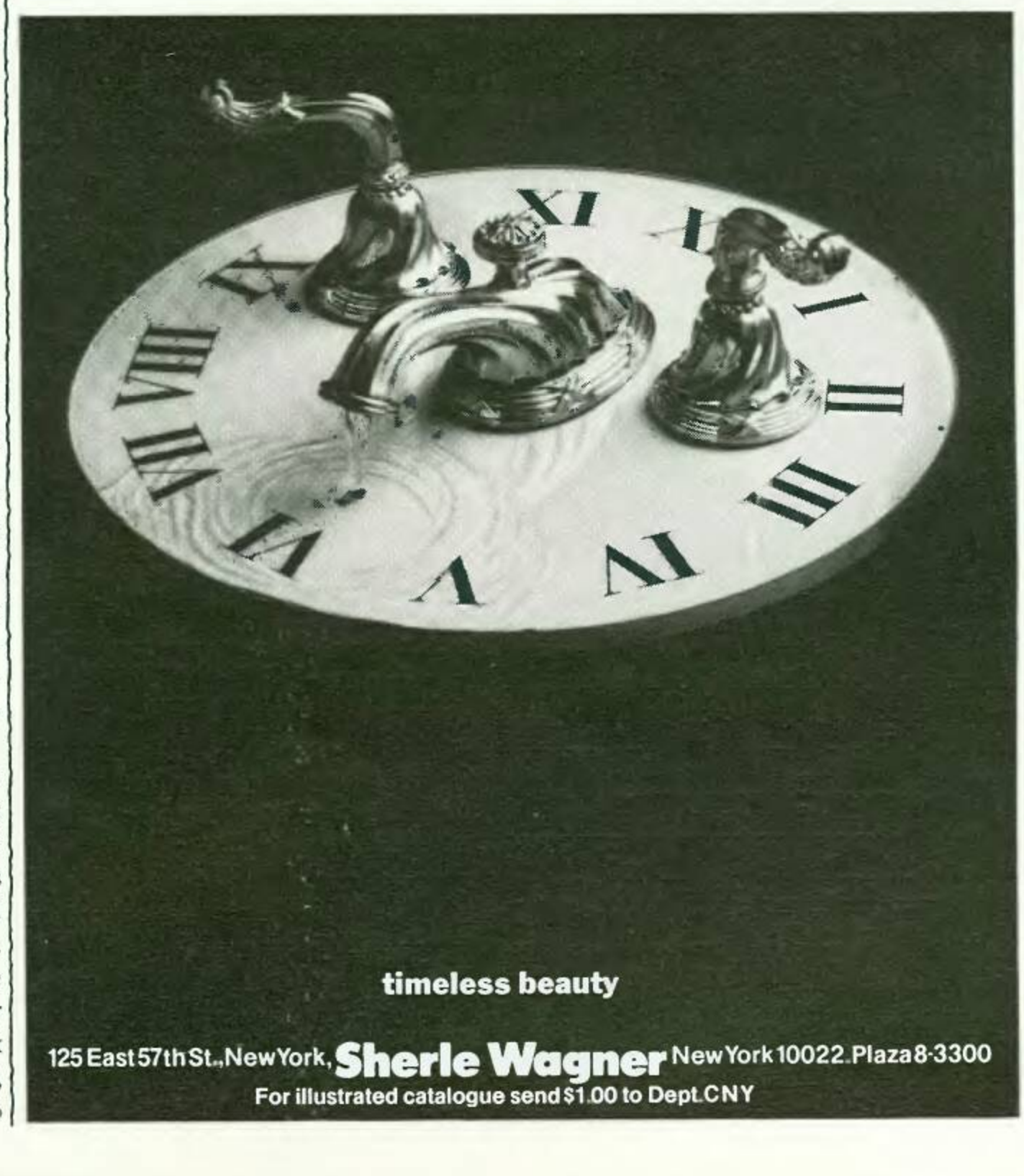
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ernment car, says he is allergic to chain-link fencing and barbed wire and can't wait to get rid of it. The car swings around and into the Breezy Point Coöperative—twenty-eight hundred small one-story houses on a compact grid of streets. A third of the houses are equipped for year-round use. The coöperative covers four hundred and three acres in all, and its future is a sensitive political issue. In Hartzog's brochure, the area now filled by the Breezy Point Coöperative is designated as "creative open space."

The car turns onto Cross Bay Boulevard and moves toward the middle of Jamaica Bay. "We're about out of the opportunity to set aside wilderness areas," Hartzog says. "What we need to do now is to set aside areas close to or in the cities. City people are dying of social pollution, and they need room to move in." Park Service projects like New York's Gateway are planned or are already under development in Washington, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Corpus Christi, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Rangers used to spend nine months of their one-year training period assigned to a national park; now they spend the same nine months in a city, and rangers and administrators throughout the system get a Lewis and Clark feeling whenever they contemplate asphalt jungles and urban skylines. Their enthusiasm to bring the national parks to the people may entail the removal of some people—such as, quite possibly, the people of Broad Channel, an island community in Jamaica Bay. Hartzog's car is cruising down the central street of Broad Channel, past Audrey Murphy's Lounge, the St. Virgilius Parish Hall, and dead-end streets that reach like fishbones into the bay. The people of Broad Channel lease city land. They and their predecessors have been there for over seventy years. The community has a population of five thousand now—in a thousand houses, most of which are covered with tarpaper decorated to resemble brick or stone. The outermost houses are on pilings. Sewage, untreated, goes into the water. Ultimately, the Park Service would like to depopulate Broad Channel altogether.

Adjacent to Broad Channel is the Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge. Hartzog stops and takes a walk. "This is the world's only wildlife refuge that has a subway station," he observes, and this is true: the IND stops there. Moving along a sand trail with the midtown-Manhattan skyline in clear view, he sees egrets, bitterns, black ducks, ruddy ducks, a muskrat, rabbits, quails, and phalaropes. More than two





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hundred and fifty species of birds inhabit Jamaica Bay, and various kinds of mammals, and uncounted varieties of fish. Jamaica Bay embarrasses the ecological crisis. Jamaica Bay is in all likelihood one of the most polluted bodies of water in North America. It pulses with wildlife.

A ranger walking with Hartzog says, "Those fellows out in Yellowstone don't know what they're missing."

"They haven't learned that all the wilderness isn't in the woods," Hartzog tells him. "Good Lord, what's that?"

"That's a horseshoe crab," the ranger answers. "It's one of the oldest forms of life."

Hartzog slaps his way through a cloud of mosquitoes, then stops to watch two Canada geese land in a freshwater pond that is isolated from the saline bay by grass-covered hummocks. Twenty minutes later, he registers at the Hotel Taft and sends the ranger out for a pint of whiskey. They have a drink in Hartzog's room before going to Mamma Leone's for dinner.

RESPONDING to the buzzer, Hartzog picks up his office telephone, speaks his name, listens, smiles, and the smile widens into a grin. He draws deeply on his cigar, No. 11 today, blows out a billow of smoke, and at the same time reaches for a fresh cigarette. He puts down the receiver, picks it up again, and asks his secretary to call various senators. "We won the Everglades hands down," he tells her. "Isn't that fabulous?" The Senate Public Works Committee has just put the mark of Cain on the Army Corps of Engineers.

Hartzog calls the Secretary of the Interior, tells him the good news, chuckles once, guffaws twice, wreathes himself in puffed smoke, and afterward says, "That man is saltier than fat pork."

An architect from Louisville is waiting outside the door. "He's got some ideas on how I ought to run Mammoth Cave, so I'm going to let him come in here and tell me how to run Mammoth Cave," Hartzog says. "Send him in."

The architect is a tall man with a weathered face, and the distillate of what he has to say is this: "There's a commercial hub developing on your periphery down there, and it's all junk and crud."

The Park Service owns land in something like a five-mile radius around the entrance to Mammoth Cave. Near the property line—as on the edges of many parks—honky-tonk

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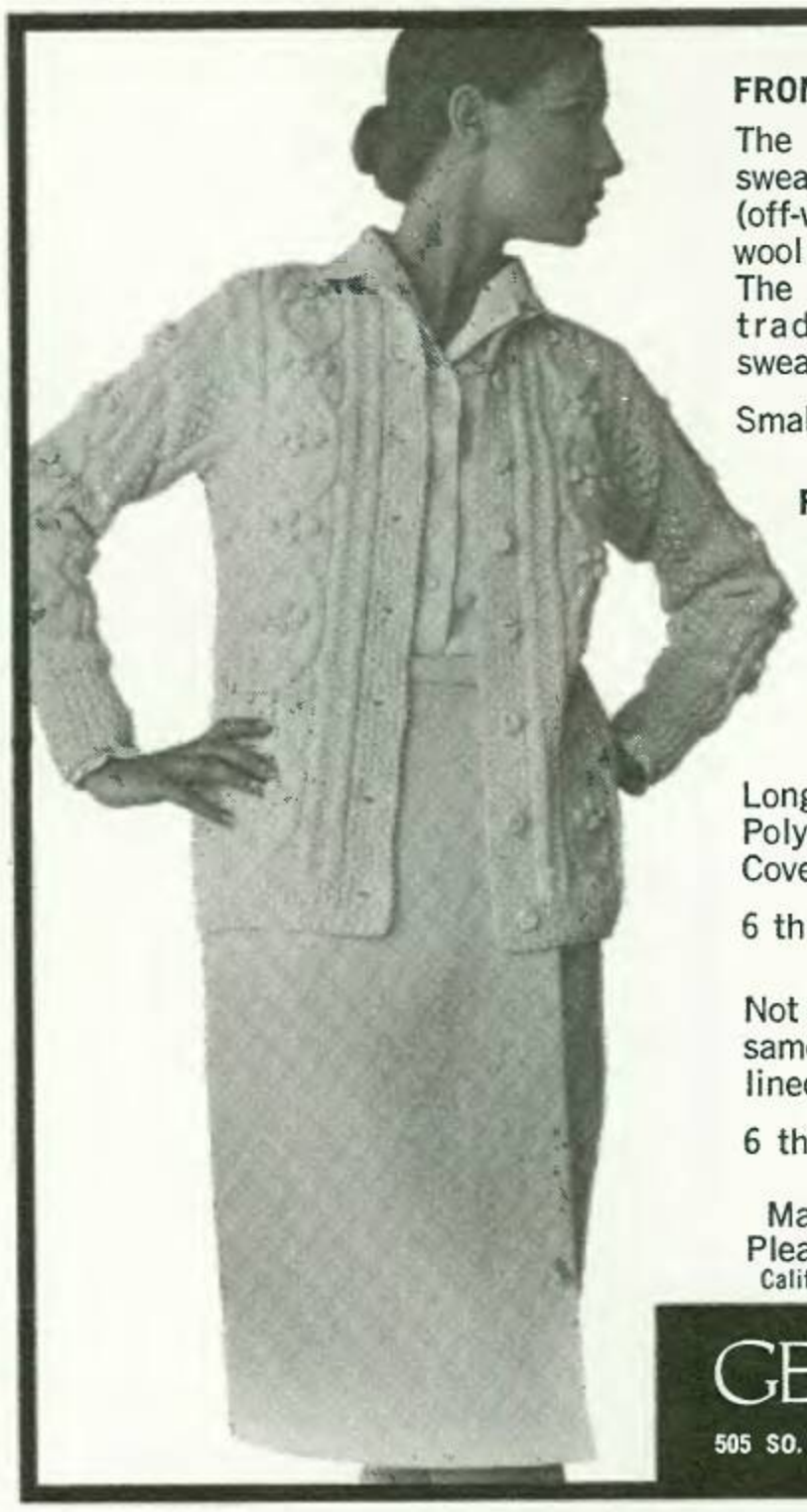
agglomerates. "I talked to those people down there about zoning," Hartzog says. " 'Zoning?' they said. 'Zoning?' I had the impression that I was in a foreign land."

Mammoth Cave is so mammoth that it reaches underground even beyond the boundaries of the park. The architect now tells Hartzog that surface pollutants from the junk and crud of the commercial hub are seeping down into the cave. Hartzog thanks the architect for this unattractive news, and for alerting Washington to still another threat to the environment—speleological pollution.

Three men from the General Services Administration come in, ushered by one of Hartzog's assistant directors. The General Services Administration is about to demolish the office buildings on Constitution Avenue that were put up as "temporary" structures during the First World War. The three men try to make a deal with Hartzog for a small piece of land they would like to use for a U-turn for trucks. "That's like trading a bucket of coal for two buckets of ashes," Hartzog says. "I gave that up when I left the Ozarks. I want a *quid pro quo*. If you help me get the entire U.S. Congress off my back by opening another access to the Key Bridge, I'll happily give you your U-turn." When the office buildings go down, the Park Service will take over the land they now stand on. The assistant director says that lawns will fill the space. "The hell they will," Hartzog says. "Nat Owings wants to put rose gardens and a restaurant there. The last thing we need in downtown Washington is more grass. We've got grass coming out of our ears in this city, and in summer we let it turn brown. We're up to our noses in horticulturists who don't know enough not to water grass when it gets hot. We need more vistas like a Buick needs a fifth hole. I don't think this is Paris. The strength and heart of Washington is to reflect this country, which is virile and informal and friendly."

Alone again, Hartzog punches a button on the telephone console and says to his secretary, "I want a copy of the language that the Senate Public Works Committee passed today."

Representatives of the Student Conservation Association file into the office. Hartzog settles into his armchair and lights a cigar—No. 12, 7:20 P.M., the last working smoke of the day. The Student Conservation Association is more or less a private, contemporary version of the Civilian Conservation Corps. Its members labor for the Park Service, building trails, building cab-



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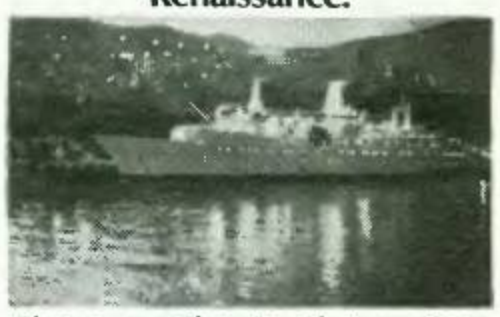
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ins. Hartzog watches them with a recruiter's eye, looking for rangers. Most of them are in high school, and he tries to nudge them toward his kind of curriculum. "I'm looking for social scientists, not just natural scientists," he tells them. "It's not enough just to interpret the natural phenomena of Yellowstone. I want people to staff big recreation areas near urban ghettos." One thing that emerges in this interview is that some members of the Student Conservation Association are paid five hundred dollars a summer for doing the same work as Park Service seasonal employees who are paid fifteen hundred dollars. Hartzog explodes, picks up the phone, and orders that a supplemental one thousand dollars be given to every student in such a situation. After the S.C.A. representatives leave, he blasts away at one of his assistants, who answers, "But I staffed it out with Management and Budget, the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, the Department of Labor, and the Hill!"

"You're missing my point—I'm not articulating my point," Hartzog says. "I'm concerned about these youngsters. What they're trying to say to us, if they're trying to say anything, is that the Establishment is a bunch of hypocrites, and I kind of agree with them."

There is a buzz in the console. One of his calls to the Senate Office Building has gone through. He picks up the phone, and says, "Senator, I just called to say I deeply appreciate what happened on that south-Florida vote. I detected your fine hand in there, and . . ."

ALL afternoon, he has been on the Buffalo under five-hundred-foot cliffs, catching nothing and caring less. A hawk swoops across the blazing sun. It is a day of high, thin cirrus and pale-blue sky. "Look at that old buzzard sashaying around," Hartzog says to Cal Smith. "Now he's just a speck a-riding away. My Lord, what a beautiful place this is! We need this river real bad, and we're going to have to get it. There ought to be something around those bushes, Cal."

"Well, there sure had ought to be. This is a pretty deep pocket back down through here."

Smith puts a crawdad on Hartzog's hook, and Hartzog releases a high, soft shot toward the bushes. Splat.

Thirty minutes go by. Nothing whatever happens.

"There ought to be something where that little stream comes in there, Cal."

"Well, there sure had ought to be. There's always a pretty deep pocket in

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there by those little streams. There must be an old boy out there huntin' and makin' the rounds lookin' for crawdaddies. I just know it."

Another crawdad sails through the air. Splat. Thirty minutes go by. Nothing happens. Hartzog talks, almost to himself, about his parks. He talks about the big trees in Sequoia in the early morning, about the eerie moods in the rain forests of the Olympic Peninsula, and about rangers' airboats in the Everglades—the worst way to see the park. "You've got to be still, and in being still you see everything," he says. "The most beautiful thing I have ever seen in a national park is snow falling into the Grand Canyon. Reds, oranges, pinks, and browns come through the white snow. It falls quietly. It really helps you sort out all of life." He is silent for some minutes, watching the tip of his rod. "We're building a Museum of Immigration inside the base of the Statue of Liberty," he goes on. "Some of the things young people are protesting about are the very things that brought people to this country—personal involvement, achievement, commitment, the worth of the individual. We haven't perfected the system. It's a good system. A birthright. Youth today has its opportunity in perfecting the system, not rejecting it. 'Tear it down,' 'Burn it up' is the antithesis of what they are trying to say. The same things motivate them that motivated the people who established the system."

Slowly, the tip of his rod bends toward the river, then nods rapidly, four times.

"Snag?" says the riverman.

"No."

The line begins to run. Hartzog lets it go. He feeds it out through his hand, waiting, guessing, judging his moment. The line runs on. Then Hartzog, after five and a half hours of almost complete inactivity, makes his move. He stops the line, lifts the rod, and sets the hook. The line is taut and moves quickly across an arc of the river. It moves back. It moves in, and he reels the slack. It tightens, and the rod bends, throbbing, to a symmetrical U. The fish makes a final lateral dash, breaks the surface, and flies through the air—deep cordovan brown with a broad black tail, a two-and-a-half-pound wild bass. —JOHN MCPHEE

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer*]

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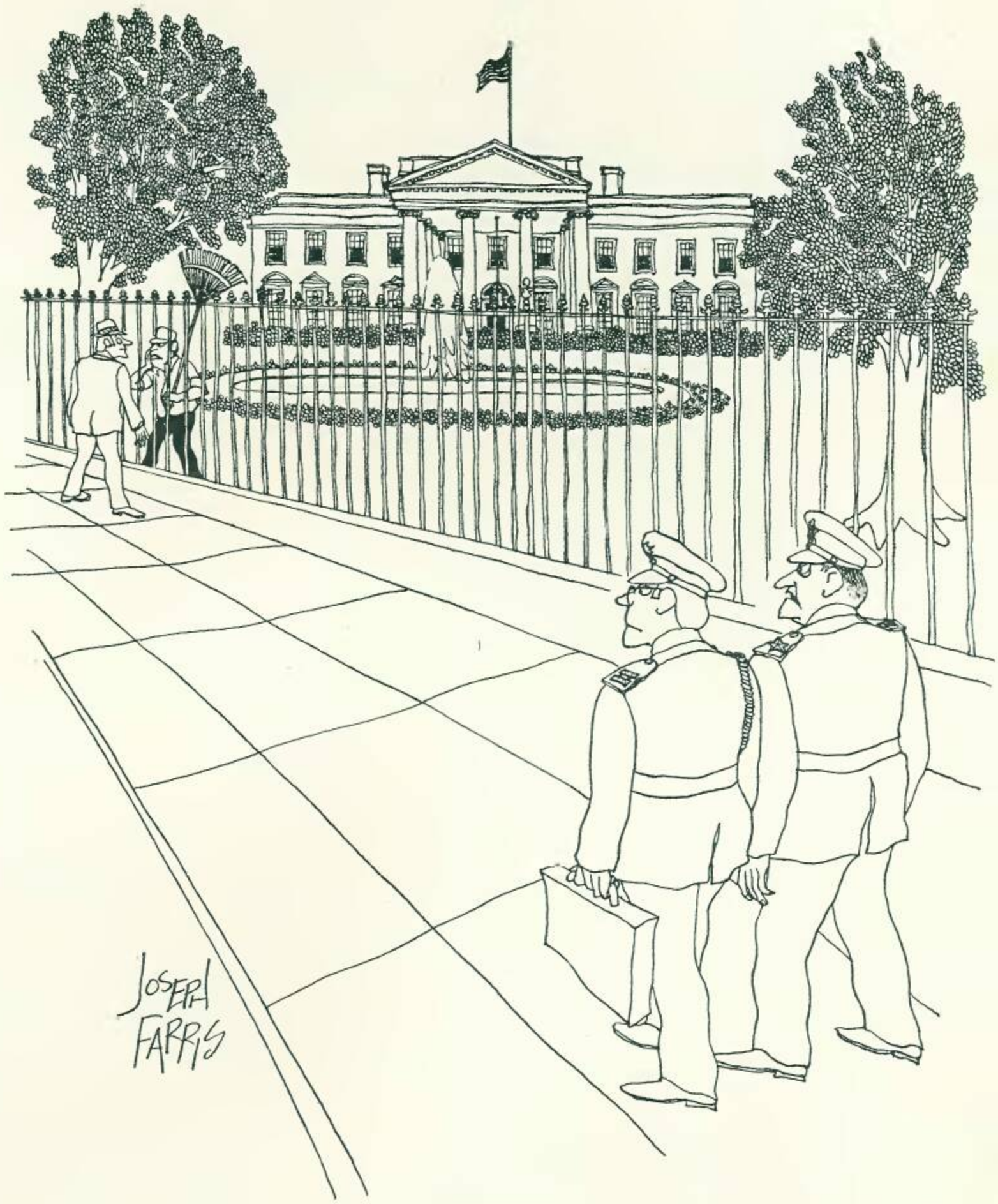
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The London Hitch

ALFRED HITCHCOCK, ex-Londoner, whose prewar work in England is going to be better known here now that it is showing at the Museum of Modern Art and available to campuses, lives on the edge of a golf course in Bel Air. The prim grass, eerily green in the eerily affable climate, looks about as convincingly vegetable as the paper grass that French butchers use in window displays of steaks and lamb cutlets. A few years back, Hitchcock was standing at the window of his living room and looking out at the golf course; he said that a rich man had recently had a heart attack and died at the ninth hole in his motorized golf cart, and the people the dead man had been with, though probably stricken, had decided they might as well finish the round, as they were halfway there. The first part of the situation sounded actual; perhaps the second part was a Hitchcock elaboration, the barren fancy of an émigré who has never really brought himself to be seriously rooted in America. He told me that his reason for liking Hollywood is that it leaves him alone. But when he was making films in England his Englishness had a powerful grip, and it gave his pictures a pungency and warm rapidity that he has never been able to muster in Hollywood. The work he did then has a wonderful fighting humor and sense of social detail. It was the time between the two world wars, and he came of tough stock. His wife, much like him in bearing and humor, whom he met in his early twenties, was the script girl and editor on his films; the jobs then were combined. The Hitchcocks now, cordial and devoted, are old-time Cockneys in a vacuum. The English they speak is the English of *Punch* captions in the twenties, with dropped "g"s at the ends of words. They have a shining gadget kitchen, which Hitchcock seems as pleased by as some English girl in the war would have been by G.I. nylons. He showed me an enormous freezer locker, opening the door onto a blast of nether chill and gesturing me in first. Courtliness? Of course. I looked back, though. He was wearing the famous Hitchcock-character's flat expression, like some murderous prospective mother-in-law inspecting her victim: more chill than the air. A Hitchcock script? Image of a girl in some future plot slowly icing between sides of beef. The mannerliness of the drama would have tickled him, probably. But I think one makes too much of the apparent ghoulishness of his humor. There is some rawness of spirit underneath it. It's true that there has been, for a long time, a fanged chic in his work, but he isn't a mere exploiter of terror; he couldn't exploit it if he didn't know very well what it is to be terrified. The minute of claustrophobia about the freezer locker, which I think he saw and was nice enough to obscure, recalled a story about his childhood when his father sent him, aged four or five, to the police station with a note asking the sergeant to lock him into a cell for five or ten minutes. The boy hadn't an idea what he had done wrong, but he was locked up all the same. This is what happens to naughty boys, thunders the voice of Them to Us. Punishment in Hitchcock's films comes from the sky. The blameless are always being mistaken for the guilty; it is one of the abiding themes of his movies. Jesuit-trained, a pupil of St. Ignatius College in London, Hitchcock in his best films describes a determinist system of fiendish cleverness inhabited by people who are superstitious but not deistic and who become transgressors by chance. Later in his career, his appetite for what it is to be morally quite nonplussed can seem gluttonous, but not in the early films that he made in England. Some of them will be showing from now on in a two-month season of British cinema at the Museum of Modern Art that starts with fragments of Frank Benson's 1911 Richard III, Herbert Tree in "Trilby" in 1914, and the 1913 Hamlet of Johnston Forbes-Robertson, whom Shaw congratulated upon playing into the hands of "the wily William" by actually doing something very close to the well-known drama of the same



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name, unlike Henry Irving at the Lyceum, who had been blithely cutting out Fortinbras and bulldozing William's every defense.

Hitchcock is represented by "The Lodger," "The Ring," "Blackmail," "Juno and the Paycock" (he doesn't think much of it), the rather absurd "Waltzes from Vienna," "The 39 Steps," "Sabotage," and "Young and Innocent." The fine-grained moments in the best of these films are very local and entirely recognizable: they are about Londoners of the working class between the wars, intimate, quick-witted, looting interludes of fun, scared of losing their jobs, and pursued by some uncomprehended Nemesis that may well, for all they know, be something as ignoble as fear of the boss. The child locked up in a prison cell for no understood reason is very much present in them. So is Hitchcock's intensity of feeling for London and for an English period when class hurt. It was only after he began to work in America that it became visible that the master entertainer was wanting in the sense of great events, of something that would associate him deeply with people's needs and with their inner lives in society. England in the twenties and thirties gave that link to him automatically, and he was a subtle and fierce reporter.

As a schoolboy, he was trained in mechanics, electricity, acoustics, and navigation. But he also had a bent for storytelling and generalship, and it led him to the cinema. His visual sense was passionate. He had always admired American film photography for using backlighting in shots where the standard English technique flattened the foreground into the background. At the beginning of his career, with Famous Players-Lasky and then with Gainsborough Pictures, he did practically everything except act; in spite of his truculent, abashed trademark-appearances in his films, he is one of life's voyeurs, not one of its performers. He wrote silent-film subtitles, and that gave him a long-lasting terseness and sense of narrative geometry; he did drawings for the titles (endearing, succinct, plump sketches in black ink); he was assistant director; he wrote scenarios; he was the cameraman. Later, he was one of the first directors to use the camera as if it were itself a character, not a trickster gadget able to stare up from impossible positions under steering wheels or from the depths of the waste pipe of a washbasin, as happens in films now, and also not the representative of someone in the stalls behind the proscenium arch, which was the convention then. Faces lunge at you in some of his

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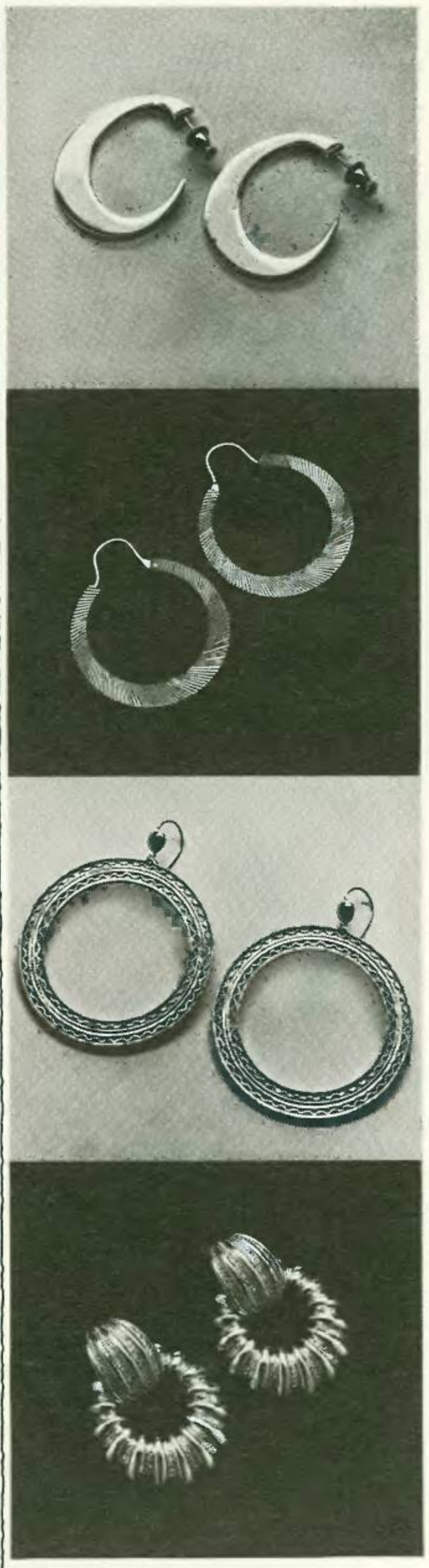
early films. He had been on location in Berlin, and Murnau and Fritz Lang much interested him.

"The Lodger," which he made in 1926, is the first obviously Hitchcockian film. It is subtitled, promisingly, "A Story of the London Fog." The story opens with a closeup of a drowned girl—murdered? Hitchcock did the emphatic shot of the girl with her blond hair spread out on sheet glass lit from behind. The look of the closeup is very like the best of German cinema at the time and not at all like anything in English cinema. There are cuts to a policeman, and to a reporter, and to people gossiping in a pub. A cloaked figure with a hat appears behind the pub window glass and goes. A teletype taps out the news about a woman witness who describes the murderer as having a scarf "COVERING THE LOWER HALF OF HIS FAC [slight pause in the machine's diction] E." More blondes are killed, brunettes look smug, and the fair-haired tuck dark curls under their hats before going out at night. The difficulty in the film is that the Jack the Ripper part is played by Ivor Novello, who has the bottom half of his perfect face hidden with a cloak but still signals with absolute recognizability to any audience that he is a matinée idol who couldn't conceivably be a villain. Hitchcock has since become more canny about casting stars to serve only his own purposes. The virtue of "The Lodger," which matures in "Blackmail"—much like it—is its wonderful vivacity of social report. The family take in the lodger because they need money and because they reckon the man is a gent. All the characters are down on their luck, and everyone scrutinizes everyone—not because they are creatures of the later Hitchcock's prankishness, which was to become a mannerism, but because he saw their lives as depending on it. The prospective son-in-law in "The Lodger" is faintly better dressed than the older generation, with a faintly higher ceiling on his ambitions; perhaps one of the definitions of being working class is that one hopes for only a limited amount for one's children, instead of taking the right to an empire or the White House for granted. Like "Blackmail" (with Cyril Ritchard, and an inventive, rich film, which bridged the year to the talkies, existing both in a semi-talkie version and in a talkie one prepared for technically in advance by the wily Hitchcock), "The Lodger" demonstrates a beautiful sense of subtext—of the gap between what people say and what is on their minds—which is rather an astonishing achievement in a silent picture. The later movies that were made in America, after the great English talkies ("The Man Who Knew Too Much," "The 39 Steps," "The Secret Agent," "Sabotage," "Young and Innocent," "The Lady Vanishes," and "Jamaica Inn"), were sometimes dogged by sentimentality and by an unattractive cynicism. But in these early films, which show the spirit and velocity of one of the very few English-speaking directors—Orson Welles is another—who could probably still survive and express themselves if they were deprived of sound, Hitchcock is dedicated to clarity.

His cynicism appears to be the cover for a pessimistic and vulnerable temperament. He has always been the calligrapher of off-center worry, showing us people quarrelling and interrupted by a charwoman, or a man in emergency with hiccups, or a crisis spun out because a dentist is taking his time; in the English films, where he was working in a social context that he must have had deep feelings about, the characteristic seems not a device but a true and stirring piece of observation. There is a wonderful scene in "Blackmail" with a working-class woman in her Sunday best being interviewed by a policeman. "Sir," she calls him. It was a different age, but reported with more truth, feeling, and affront than the push-button protest films that we punch out now about the pigs. "Is this your handwriting?" says the police sergeant. There is an agonizing wait while she looks for her spectacles to check up on herself, on her own scrap of paper, written on in the handwriting learned at a school that she probably left at twelve. Late Hitchcock would have manipulated the pause to imply drama and worry the audience; this Hitchcock is reflecting a character.



AT Theatre 80 St. Marks, there is an affectionate season of movie musicals rescued from mystifying commercial oblivion and shown in sixteen-millimetre in a convivial auditorium. "Dancing Lady" (1933)—Fred As-



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taire's first movie—has been salvaged after thirty years. It has a brief appearance by Robert Benchley as a hopelessly unemployable reporter who never has a pencil on him. It also has Joan Crawford as a dancer working her way up, loved by Franchot Tone, who is nice but filthy rich, and by Clark Gable, who is terrific and badly off. There is a fine underwater embrace when Joan Crawford is momentarily seduced by Franchot Tone's proposal of marriage, having been properly surprised by the way the table in his swimming-pool cocktail bar goes up and down. But she sticks to her career, and despises Franchot Tone for trying behind her back to buy her off a future of working and supporting herself. The Three Stooges are in the film, too, with a brave, furious throwaway by the fleece-haired, skinny, intellectual-looking one about finding Hitler's face in a jigsaw puzzle: quite a fine action by a Jewish comedian in a popular picture in 1933. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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ALGORITHM 411
THREE PROCEDURES FOR THE STABLE MARRIAGE PROBLEM [H]

Part 1

```
procedure GS (malechoice, femalechoice, marriage, count, n);
    value n; integer count, n;
    integer array malechoice, femalechoice, marriage;
comment This procedure finds the male optimal stable marriage solution using the Gale and Shapley algorithm. The result is left in the integer array marriage. Thus marriage [i] is the man whom the ith woman marries. n is the size of the problem, count is the number of proposals made before the stable marriage is found. malechoice and femalechoice are the choice matrices for the men and women respectively, i.e. femalechoice[i,j] is the jth choice of the ith woman. The femalechoice array is changed to the integer array fc, where fc[i,j] is the choice number (first, second, third, ...) of the jth man to woman i. This new arrangement is adopted for convenience when the women compare proposals. All the women keep a dummy man 0 in suspense initially.
```

—*Communications of the Association for Computing Machinery.*

It sounds not unlike the old days.

•

Q. I have a blooming Easter Lily in a pot. How and when should I transplant it outdoors for best results?

N. H. C., Nokomis

A. It's best to lift it and clean it in late August and replant it in late September, according to Sarasota County agriculture agent Ed Pastorius. Use a low nitrogen fertilizer at the rate of two pounds per hundred square feet.—*Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune.*

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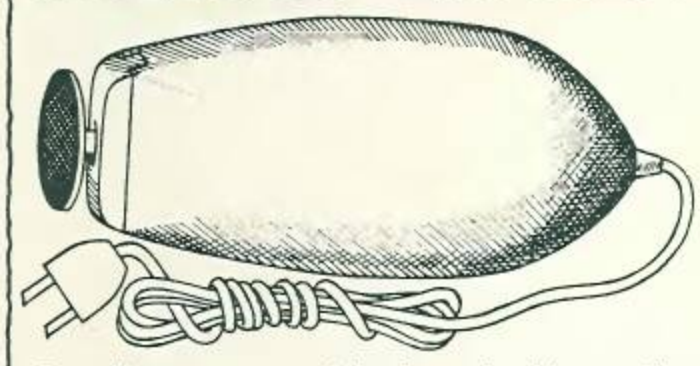
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THE RACE TRACK

Back to Belmont

THE autumn season on Long Island began at Belmont Park last week with an afternoon of delightful weather and lively racing. The Fall Highweight Handicap couldn't have been more exciting. Shut Eye, a five-year-old Florida-bred by Intentionally, swept past the leaders on the turn into the homestretch and went on to win by three-quarters of a length from Flight Topic. Naskra was third, and the six other runners were strung out down the course. Shut Eye is really no more than a useful sprinter, but he seems to be under a lucky star, which is better than a ten-pound advantage in the weights. Bred and originally raced by the Tartan Stable, he started out in life a stablemate of Dr. Fager and Ta Wee. This spring, the Kev-Hill Stable claimed him for $25,000, and here is an instance of his luck: His new owners planned to run him in an overnight, but the race was called off because it didn't get enough entries (the track management would like to have fourteen starters in every race, believing that it helps the betting), so he was put in the Toboggan Handicap, and he won it, together with $19,860. He also paid $43.60 in the mutuels. If his stable bet, it won him out, as the saying goes, then and there.



I thought Belmont Park had never looked more attractive than it did for the opening; the infield had never been so green or the gardeners so lavish with flowers. I liked the paddock and walking ring—I always have. The enclosure is not as big as Saratoga's, but the benches are in the right places, and though it's one big bureau of misinformation, it's the only place you can get a good close-up look at the horses.

AS for races to come, the Beldame Stakes will have its thirty-third running this weekend, and Shuvee should win it again. For one thing, since it is at weight-for-age (all horses the same age and sex carry equal weight), she won't have to give other runners the pounds she'd have to give them in a handicap. I'd like to see Princess Pout entered, too. She's awfully good right now; when I was in Saratoga, I saw her win a handicap on the turf course under 128 pounds, which was from thirteen to twenty-two pounds more than her opposition carried. Recently, she popped out to Chicago, arriving at Arlington Park the morning of the Benjamin F. Lindheimer Handicap, won it that afternoon from a baker's-dozen males, and flew back to the Spa that evening. Mike Smithwick, who trains her (as well as a few jumpers), says she gets the fidgets if she's in a place that is new and strange to her, which was the reason for the quick trip. Also, three times this summer he's taken her to New York in a van from Delaware Park in the morning, won a race with her in the afternoon, and had her back in her old barn that night. The things one has to do to humor the fillies!

HERE are the dates of some other races at Belmont that you should see: the Jerome Handicap, at a mile, on September 13th, in which some of the three-year-olds may warm up for the Lawrence Realization, at a mile and a half on the grass a week later; the Futurity, on September 18th, which is still the blue ribbon for two-year-olds in my book; the Matron Stakes, a big one for two-year-old fillies, on September 25th, for which, no doubt, Numbered Account will be the favorite; and the Woodward Stakes, on October 2nd, for which I'm told that Ack Ack, California's Wonder Horse, is in training. The meeting will end on October 16th with the Man o' War Stakes, a mile-and-a-half gallop on the grass.

FROM all accounts, the Off-Track Betting Corporation is doing all right. It is opening betting shops all over town and, in spite of computer and other troubles, is handling lots of money. It has, however, violated a cardinal rule of bookmaking. When the computer sulked the other day and it wasn't possible to transmit to the tracks a bunch of bets on the Saratoga races and the trots at Roosevelt Raceway, the OTB just held them out—booked the wagers itself—and later, when a corporation spokesman was asked about what had happened, he said, "We didn't lose." Bookmakers never, never admit they win.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Underwriter concert is held
in N.Y.U. pool. Page 61
—*The Times index.*

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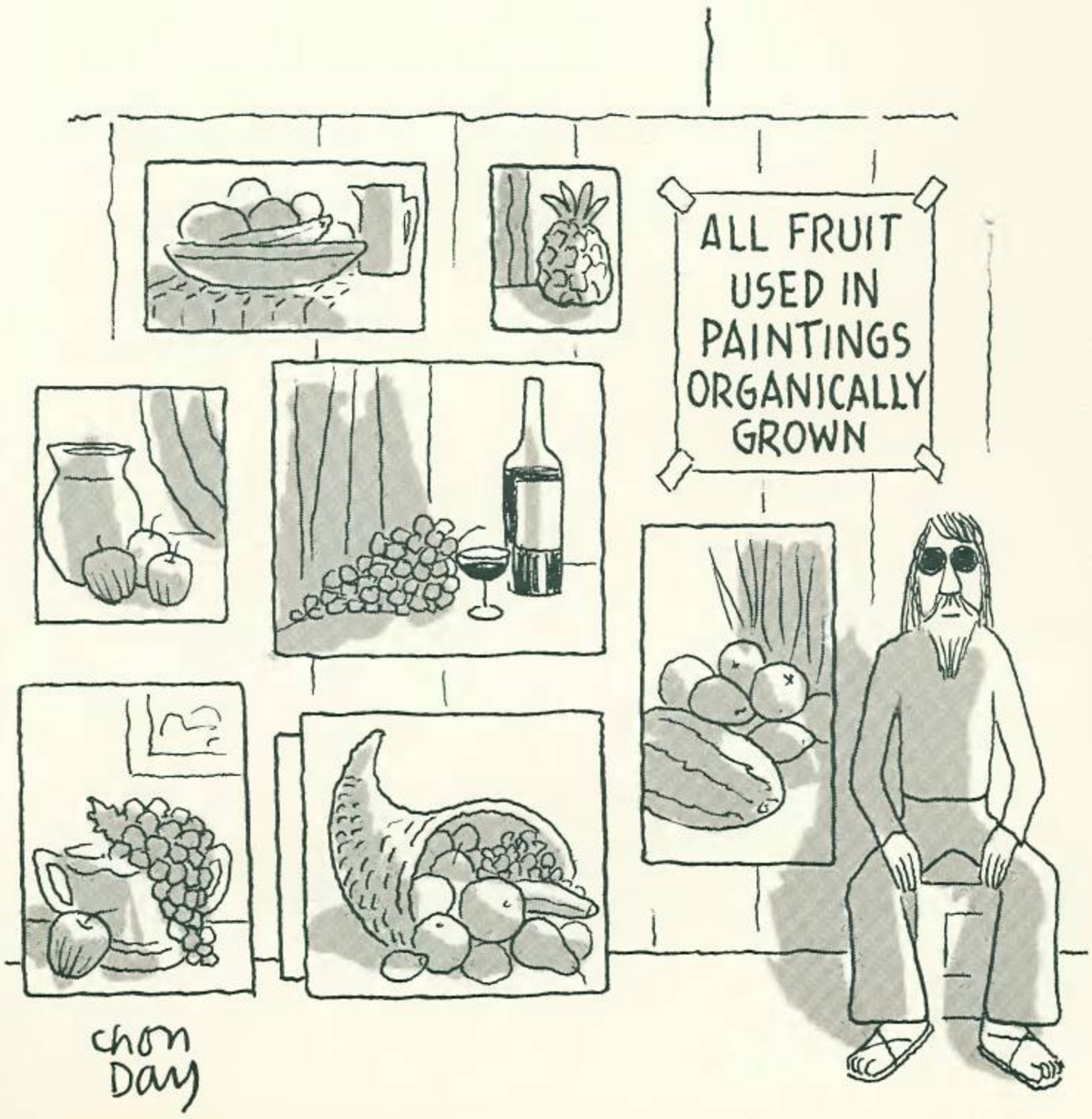
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LETTER FROM SAIGON

SEPTEMBER 2

THE Vietnamese Supreme Court and President Nguyen Van Thieu have now made official what earlier seemed likely anyway: by formally removing from the ballot for the scheduled October 3rd Presidential election the name of Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky, they have, in effect, proclaimed that event a referendum for the endorsement of Thieu, rather than any sort of normal elective process. Whatever happens—including the possible, but highly unlikely, postponement of the voting or the later resignation of Thieu pending new elections—the ludicrous events of the past several weeks may well presage the doom of the four-year-old Second Republic. Certainly the process of orderly and honorable American disengagement has been rendered more difficult. Among the Vietnamese and also among the Americans here, the consensus is that by his antic and frantic efforts to guarantee his reëlection President Thieu has, for once, outsmarted himself, and that, one way or another, his days are numbered. Motivated by obsessive and unjustified fears of defeat and by petty vengefulness, Thieu plotted and maneuvered to the point where his two rivals, the retired general Duong Van Minh and Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky, removed themselves from the race. Our government—having desperately sought up to the last minute to reinforce the flimsy democratic structure we prematurely foisted on the Vietnamese by assuring some sort of contest for the Presidency and by persuading either Minh or Ky or both to stay in—is now deeply embarrassed and finally disillusioned.

Unfortunately, there seems to be little or nothing that we can do about the whole thing. President Nixon's questionable policy of gradual disengagement through Vietnamization can scarcely be abandoned at this point, unless he is willing either to risk a Communist take-over or to negotiate in Paris, on the Communists' terms, a more rapid withdrawal of American troops. Nixon, who likes to make surprise moves, could conceivably refashion his Vietnam policy overnight, but he has made so many strong statements on behalf of Thieu and the present South Vietnamese government that any such turnabout seems unlikely. If he should change his mind now, he would have to admit openly that he was wrong in so firmly backing one man and one policy, without any contingency plans—which, as a nation, we seem signally incapable of formulating properly. To be sure, when Congress reconvenes in Washington next week, it may have something to say about the schedule of withdrawal of our troops, which still total about two hundred and twenty thousand, and the level of continuing military and financial aid to Saigon, which still totals about two and a half billion dollars annually. At the moment, though, it seems that the Vietnamese, facing their most serious political crisis in several years, are going to have to resolve their own predicament. It could be resolved by violence or by some sort of readjustment or compromise. Legally, Thieu could still get the Presidential vote postponed by the Supreme Court or the National Assembly—although his control of the latter was weakened last Sunday, when there were elections for a hundred and fifty-nine members of the lower house. If the referendum results in October are disappointing, Thieu could well step down and arrange for a new election to be held within a specified period, opening the field to competitors, and even making an effort to get the Communists to participate. Otherwise, he could simply try to hold on alone, despite the diminution in his popularity, which has never been very great. In any event, the chief beneficiaries of what has so far taken place are the Communists, who are bound to make the most of the advantage so maladroitly handed them, and who are bound to be, if possible, more adamant in their negotiatory stand.



One aspect of the current crisis which has dismayed the Americans here is that the whole thing was, as they keep forlornly saying, "so unnecessary." Undoubtedly, they add, Thieu could have won in a two-man or even in a three-man race, if only because he thoroughly controls the government apparatus throughout the country and has a lot more money at his disposal than either Minh or Ky. The degree of control he has exercised has been all too clearly documented by written directives he gave to province chiefs and other government officials—papers that have been disclosed by General Minh and whose authenticity is not to be doubted. But where the American Embassy made its worst miscalculation was in underestimating the inherent disinclination of the Vietnamese, and particularly of the devious and suspicious Thieu, to deal rationally, rather than subversively and destructively, with Western-style democratic mechanisms that are still neither familiar nor necessarily respected here.

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with the various others that the nation has gone through since the violent overthrow of the Diem regime in 1963. There were struggles for power and shifts of government every year thereafter up to and including 1967, and then came the violent Communist Tet offensive of 1968, which shook the country and also briefly rallied it. The present crisis is notable for the fact that, instead of having moved and exhilarated a majority of the people and left a minority shattered, it has simply added to the prevailing mood of despair, cynicism, and disgust. Thieu has been increasingly compared to the late President Ngo Dinh Diem (and he seems to look and act more like him every day), but whereas Diem commanded loyalty, and even respect, right up to his violent end, Thieu does not, if only because he has allowed himself to be surrounded by a handful of incompetent hacks. They include his young cousin Hoang Duc Nha, who acts as his private and press secretary and who is known for his bumptiousness and arrogance, and there are a host of subservient underlings both in Independence Palace and around the country. In the latter group are the forty-four province chiefs, whose fortunes depend on obeying Thieu's orders to the letter. Some of the leading generals, on whom Thieu has been able to rely in the past, are no longer so solidly behind him—a fact that was demonstrated last week when he met with some of them and obtained no more than lukewarm support for his recent political actions.

The 1963 crisis and some of those that followed were violent in their manifestations because they involved causes that people believed in deeply. This latest one has so far produced mainly an atmosphere of passivity, though at least two Army veterans have burned themselves to death, as Buddhist priests did back in 1963, and there have been demonstrations by students and other antigovernment groups. Such demonstrations will probably increase, and there are already forecasts of new student actions directed against the Americans for having backed Thieu. In 1963, the people almost unanimously wanted a drastic change. A change is wanted again today, but no one is certain that it will be for the better. Those who have supported Minh and Ky have done so primarily because both men set forth conciliatory peace platforms that, theoretically, could bring the war to an end sooner rather than later. In the past, Thieu, like his rivals, offered the Communists a cease-fire and an opportunity to par-

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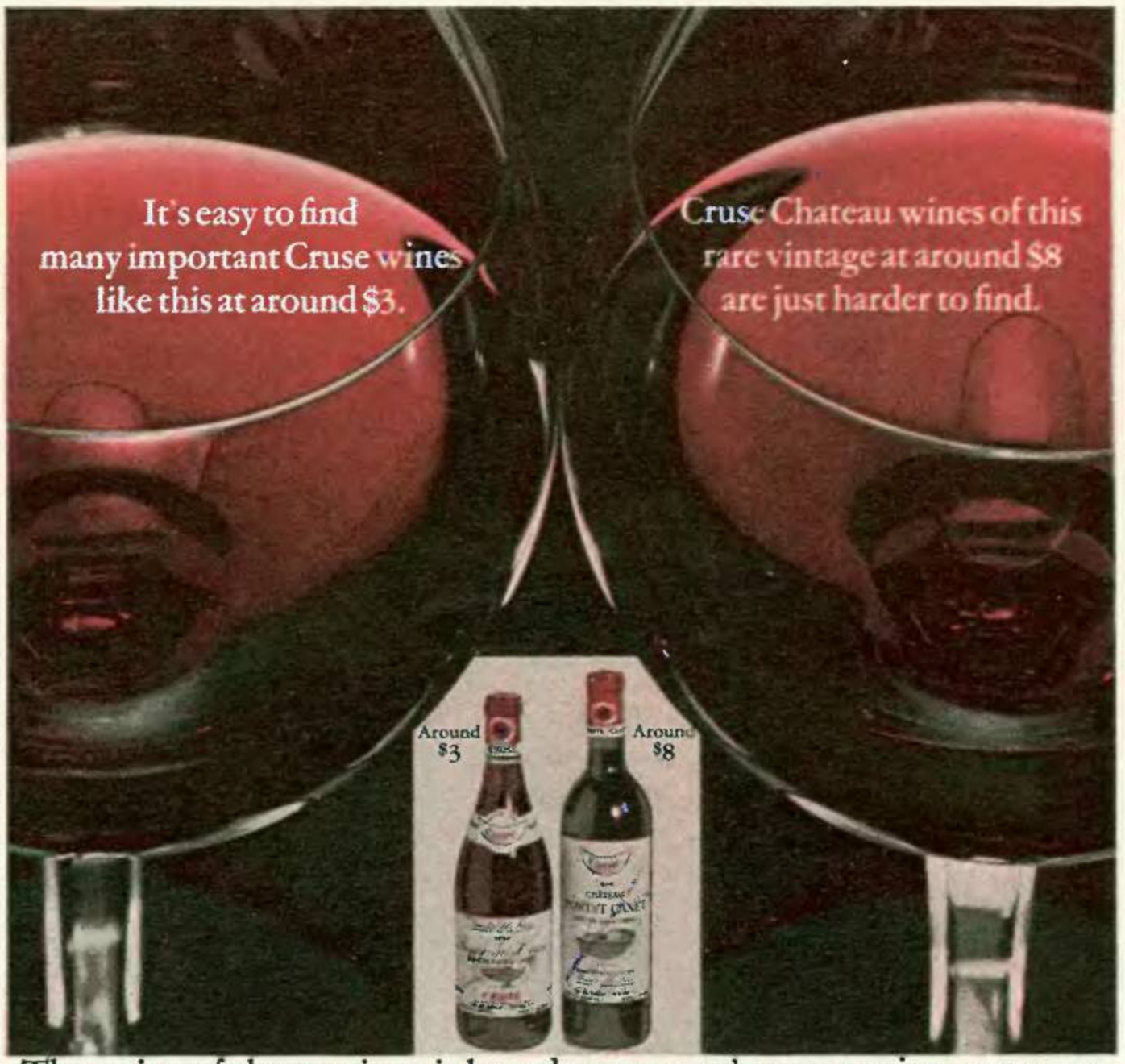
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ticipate in free elections, but more recently he has taken a tougher line, issuing something he calls his Four Noes: no coalition government, no pro-Communist neutralism, no Communism in any form, no ceding of any territory to Communists.

What is chiefly lacking today is any real hope for political stability and prosperity. Though it is true that conditions for the peasants in the most populous section of the country, the Delta, are generally better as a result of American aid and improved security, this does not hold for other parts of South Vietnam. In addition, inflation in the overpopulated cities—particularly Saigon—plus growing apprehensions over reduced American financial support have shaken the confidence of both citizens and officials.

IT is significant that Thieu's local critics are now sounding more similar than ever before to the radio broadcasts and editorials emanating from Hanoi and from Liberation Radio—the voice of the Provisional Revolutionary Government in the southern jungles. For example, Vice-President Ky, in announcing his withdrawal from the Presidential contest on August 23rd, said, "Indeed, right from the start President Thieu has resolved to use the election as a tool to consolidate his power, disregarding totally the constitution and the law and the elementary principles of democracy," while, on the same day, Radio Hanoi asserted that what had taken place in South Vietnam had "crushed American hopes of demonstrating to the world that this South Vietnamese election would give local people an opportunity to exercise their right to choose a leader according to democratic procedures." More stridently, *Nhan Dan*, the principal Communist Party paper in Hanoi, attacked Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker as "Governor General Bunker" and "Fox Bunker," and declared that South Vietnam had "all of a sudden become deserted save for the buffoon [Thieu] and the alarmed impresario [Bunker]." The paper went on to say that what had happened showed "the impracticality of the Vietnamization policy" and concluded, "The current political confusion in Saigon arises from Nixon's double-dealing policy of keeping Thieu—a despotic henchman in the prolongation of the war—while resorting to sham democracy to hoodwink the political circles and voters at home. To achieve this, however, seems to be much more difficult than to win credit for a professional whore."

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Communists are, right now, speaking from a position of particular domestic or military strength. But, weakened though they are—militarily, economically, and in terms of morale—by the long war, their organization and discipline are both intact, and they are more determined than ever to take advantage of the blunders made by the South Vietnamese and the Americans and to concentrate on the political undermining of the Saigon regime while simultaneously maintaining some pressure on South Vietnam's military forces and its population. In fact, though Communist forces have been making successful rocket and sapper attacks along the D.M.Z., destroying allied ammunition dumps, notably at Danang and Cam Ranh Bay, and hitting more and more government outposts in the Delta, there are foreign observers and Americans who firmly believe that Hanoi now realizes it cannot win the war militarily but can eventually win it politically. President Nixon, who is apparently determined to maintain, after mid-1972, a residual United States force of at least twenty thousand men, along with a sizable number of Koreans, if possible, to support the million and more armed South Vietnamese, seems to believe, as President Johnson did before him, that he can "grind down" the other side and ultimately force the negotiation of a compromise solution that he would consider satisfactory. Given the current internal situation, this seems even less likely than it did earlier this year.

The Communists' current strategy and tactics, as they have been interpreted by United States and Vietnamese intelligence sources, and also as they have been revealed in Communist public statements, involve these elements: During the August 29th House of Representatives election, cadres in the field were ordered to back candidates opposed to the government, including even "second-raters" who might be "utilized." At the same time, new directives set forth more clearly than earlier ones a policy of infiltrating as many "legal"—undercover—cadremen as possible into the government structure, and into important nongovernmental areas as well, while stepping up campaigns of assassination and terror on a "more selective" basis. (This last point suggests that the Communists may have become alarmed by the negative effects of indiscriminate killing and kidnapping that their forces have been carrying on in hamlets throughout the country.) Over all, the stress right now is on political and paramilitary warfare in the South, and despite the fact that

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the Communists seem to be making preparations for a new offensive starting with the advent of the dry season, in October and November, this new emphasis appears to be the logical one in view of the startlingly frank admissions that Hanoi is increasingly making about its own internal problems. Those publicly cited include corruption, low productivity, poor planning, waste, bureaucratic mismanagement (such as misuse of rice lands for "construction purposes"), general "agricultural inefficiency," and failure to meet production goals in all areas. In fact, the longer the war goes on, the more obvious it becomes that the North is suffering from some of the same deep-seated maladies that have plagued the South. Hanoi now speaks constantly of "juvenile delinquency" and of "smuggling and theft." While drugs are the biggest recent problem in the South, especially among the Americans but now also among the Vietnamese, there are growing complaints in the North about "bootlegging" and the "illegal distillation of rice brandy." It may yet be that drink and dope, rather than negotiations, will put an end to this bizarre and awful war.

TO appreciate the simultaneously farcical and tragic quality of the latest drama of South Vietnam politics, one must go back to 1967. Late in June of that year, following a hysterical three-day meeting of forty-eight of the country's top generals, during which Thieu and Ky wept and others tore their insignia off their jackets in anger, Ky (who, as the incumbent Premier, had been favored for the Presidency) allowed Thieu to become the generals' Presidential candidate, and reluctantly, under American urging, accepted the Vice-Presidential nomination—both nominations being tantamount to election. In an eleven-man contest that fall, the Thieu-Ky ticket won, as expected, but with only thirty-five per cent of the vote, a fact that has rankled with Thieu ever since. Thieu and Ky had never got along together, and Ky, though assigned various tasks by Thieu—among them advising the peace delegation in Paris—spent most of his time as Vice-President doing nothing. A year ago, in Paris, he privately told me he intended to run against Thieu in 1971 for President. After I reported this fact in March, American Embassy officials refused to believe that Ky was serious, and insisted that he either would run again as Vice-President with Thieu or would not run at all. Between March and June, the Vietnamese House and

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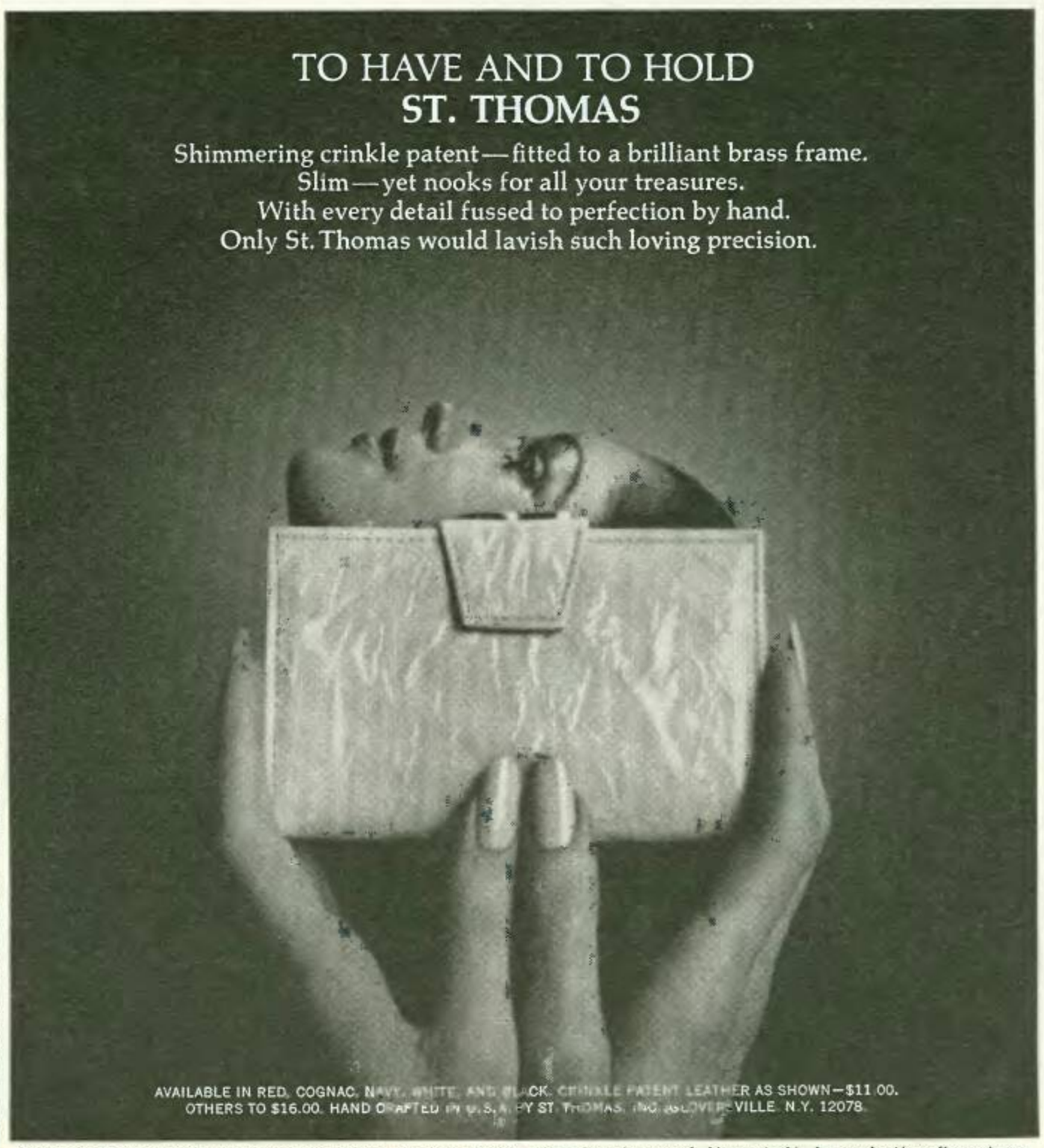


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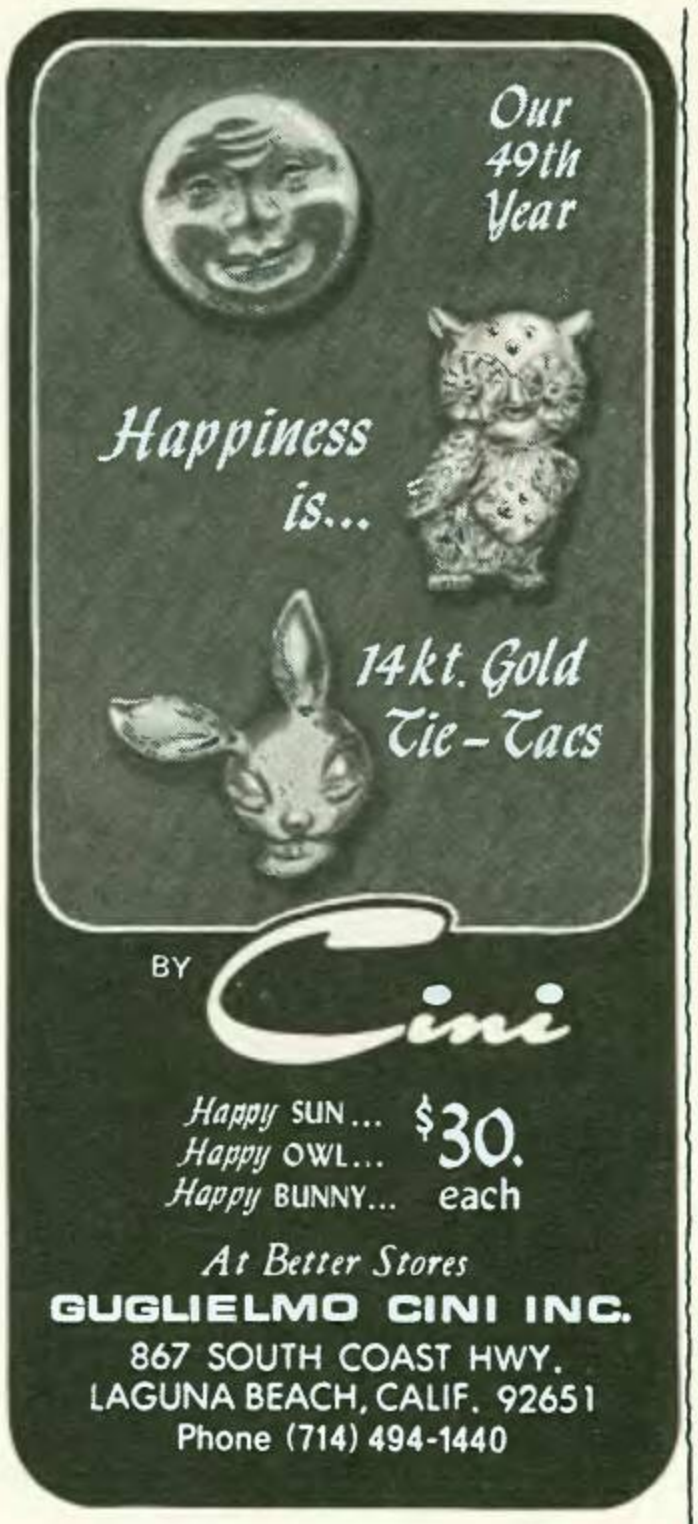
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Senate were debating different versions of the bill that was presumably designed to make the next Presidential election less of a free-for-all than the one in 1967 had been. The House, many of whose members are paid sycophants of Thieu's, favored a law that would require a Presidential candidate to obtain either forty signatures from members of the Assembly or a hundred signatures from among the five hundred and fifty provincial and municipal councillors around the country, to be countersigned by the province chiefs. The Senate was considering a looser version, which would allow any candidate meeting certain general qualifications to run. Ambassador Bunker tried for weeks to persuade Thieu to accept the Senate draft, but the President, who wanted to limit the number of candidates, and especially wanted to eliminate Ky so he could soundly trounce Minh, resisted. Bunker was in the United States on leave during much of June, and in that interval the House pushed through its version of the law and threw out the Senate's by the two-thirds majority the constitution requires. It is possible, though doubtful, that if Bunker had been here he might have persuaded Thieu to modify his position. In any event, the passage of this law was the turning point. Thieu signed it on June 23rd, and on June 24th he issued a special decree subjecting provincial and municipal councillors to a series of unconstitutional restrictions and permitting the Premier, Tran Thien Khiem, to dismiss them on various flimsy grounds, such as absence from three consecutive sessions of their councils, disobeying decisions of a majority of a council, and "engaging in other activities." On July 26th, a few days after Thieu, to nobody's surprise, had announced that he would run again, General Minh, who had reached a tacit agreement with Ky that they would join in attacking Thieu but would leave each other alone, filed his declaration of candidacy for President, which bore the signatures of forty-four House or Senate members. He made it clear that he would withdraw if he felt that the race was rigged, and indicated that he felt it was up to the Americans to give assurances that it wouldn't be. Ky, in observance of the terms of his deal with Minh, was not seeking Assembly supporters for his candidacy but was trying to collect the required hundred signatures from councillors instead. He made the mistake of starting too late. By June 20th, or even before signing the law, Thieu had quietly obtained pledges of support



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from four hundred and fifty councillors. This maneuver shows how desperately afraid he was that he might lose a three-man race, in which Ky would perhaps split the vote sufficiently to give Minh, the hero of the 1963 coup against Diem, enough ballots to win. Thieu was certain that Minh would stay in the race, though Bunker and other Americans kept telling him that the chances of this were no more than fifty-fifty. They never succeeded in making Thieu see the importance of having a fair contest, with more than one opposition candidate. No civilians with sufficient popular support, or money, came forward as candidates—in itself a sad commentary on the state of Vietnamese politics and the Americans' inability to improve the situation. When Ky now began a last-minute effort to corral Assembly votes, a local jurist named Tran Tam, apparently acting on orders from Thieu, suddenly announced *his* candidacy, obtained enough Assembly signatures to ruin whatever chances Ky had of doing the same, and just as suddenly withdrew, even before the date for formal filing (or what was called the "first posting" of candidates), on August 4th.

On that same day, having finally obtained a total of a hundred and two councillors' signatures, Ky allowed his name to be filed. However, only sixty-two of the councillors' signatures had been countersigned by province chiefs, as the law required. Several pro-Ky councillors told the press that they had originally signed Thieu pledges because they had been subject to "pressures and intimidations" or because they had been told by Thieu's men in the provinces that Ky was sure to run again as Thieu's Vice-President. When they wanted to withdraw their pledges in favor of Ky, they said, the province chiefs wouldn't let them. Ky had obviously been boxed in. The following day, August 5th, four members of the nine-man Supreme Court ruled that Ky's candidacy was invalid, because he did not have enough certified signatures. Ky protested the decision and added that "to achieve his ideal, a fighter [can fight in] illegal ways." Inevitably, rumors of a coup began to circulate through Saigon, made more plausible by the fact that Thieu—largely because of his high-handed methods, particularly in launching the unpopular and costly incursion into Laos last February and March—had lost the support of considerable elements of the armed forces, which now either were supporting Ky or were neutral. Worried by the rumors, Thieu reinforced his palace guard and, in another move

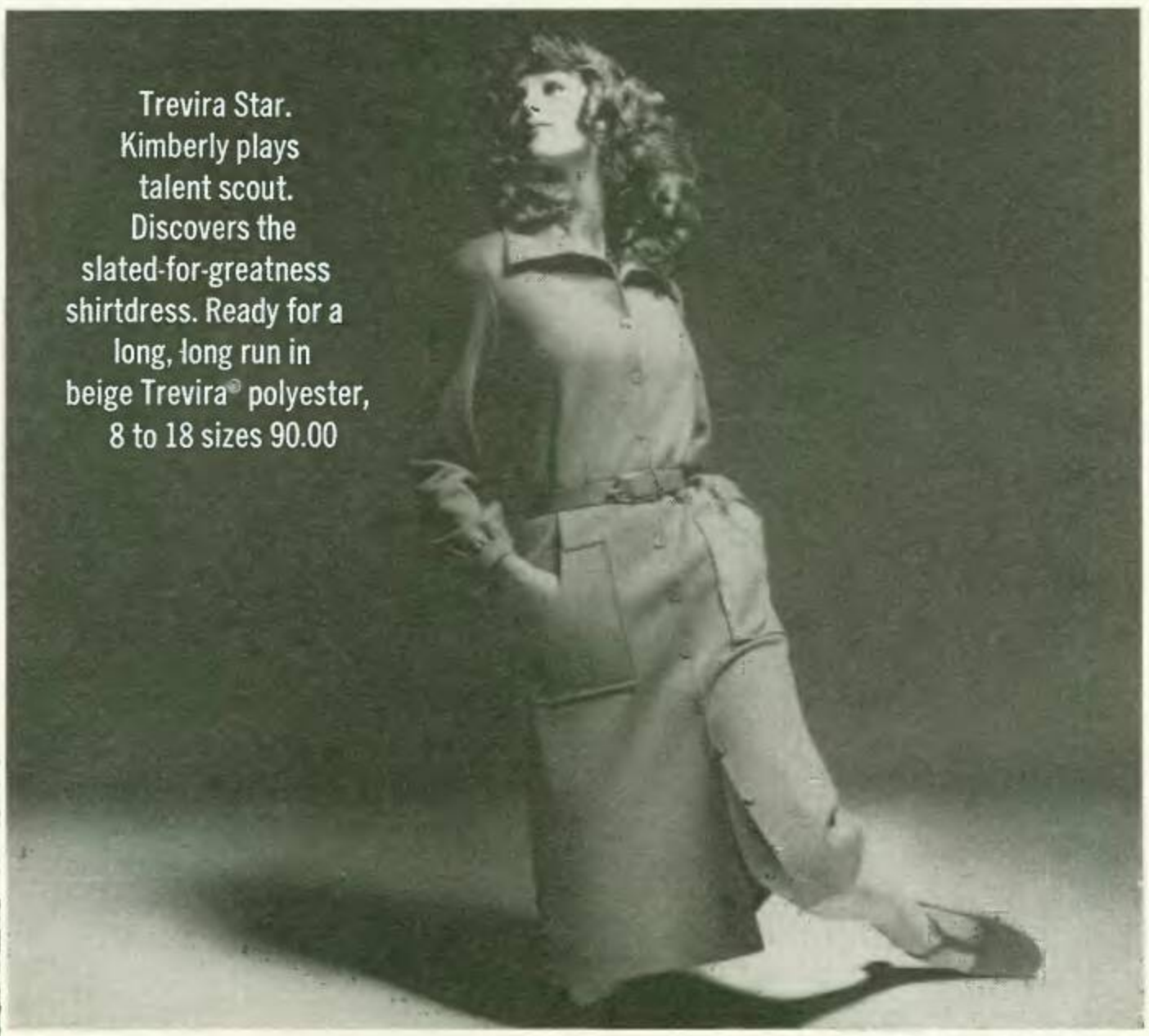
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reminiscent of the 1963 crisis, ordered that no Vietnamese Air Force planes were to fly over Saigon. The Air Force, which Ky formerly headed, still supports him. Ky, who in recent encounters with the press has handled himself with a composure he did not always display in the past, commented, in reply to questions about this move of Thieu's, "Anyone who thinks he can stop a bird from flying, a fish from swimming, or a madman from being mad is engaged in a hopeless enterprise."

Between August 9th and August 19th, Ambassador Bunker was in Washington discussing the situation with President Nixon. It was already being said in Saigon that Minh was likely to withdraw from the race. Privately, the Americans were unimpressed by Minh's platform, believing that if elected he would be used by the Communists, even though he had made it clear that he opposed the creation of a coalition government on their terms. In any case, it was known through local intelligence sources that Communist cadres had received instructions to vote for him. On the other hand, Thieu's running alone would give the Communists a chance to step up their propaganda about his being a dictator, so, whatever the Americans thought of Minh, they now regarded his candidacy as indispensable if there was to be any semblance of a democratic election. Also, they began to realize, belatedly, that they should have taken Ky's candidacy more seriously. For one thing, Ky had for a number of months been moving toward a more conciliatory position on negotiations with Hanoi and the Provisional Revolutionary Government. For another, he had privately sent a memorandum to Henry Kissinger, President Nixon's National Security Adviser, saying that if he should be elected he would, within twelve to eighteen months, reduce the South Vietnamese Army to proportions the country could afford to finance, would reorganize the country's cumbersome bureaucratic institutions (something Thieu had promised to do when he took office but had not done), and would encourage the drafting of a new constitution that would make it possible for the Communists to participate in elections on an equitable basis—after which he would step down. Ky's popularity was obviously on the rise both within the armed forces and among his fellow-Catholics (Thieu had previously claimed to have the support of a majority of them), and even among some of the Buddhists who were vacillating



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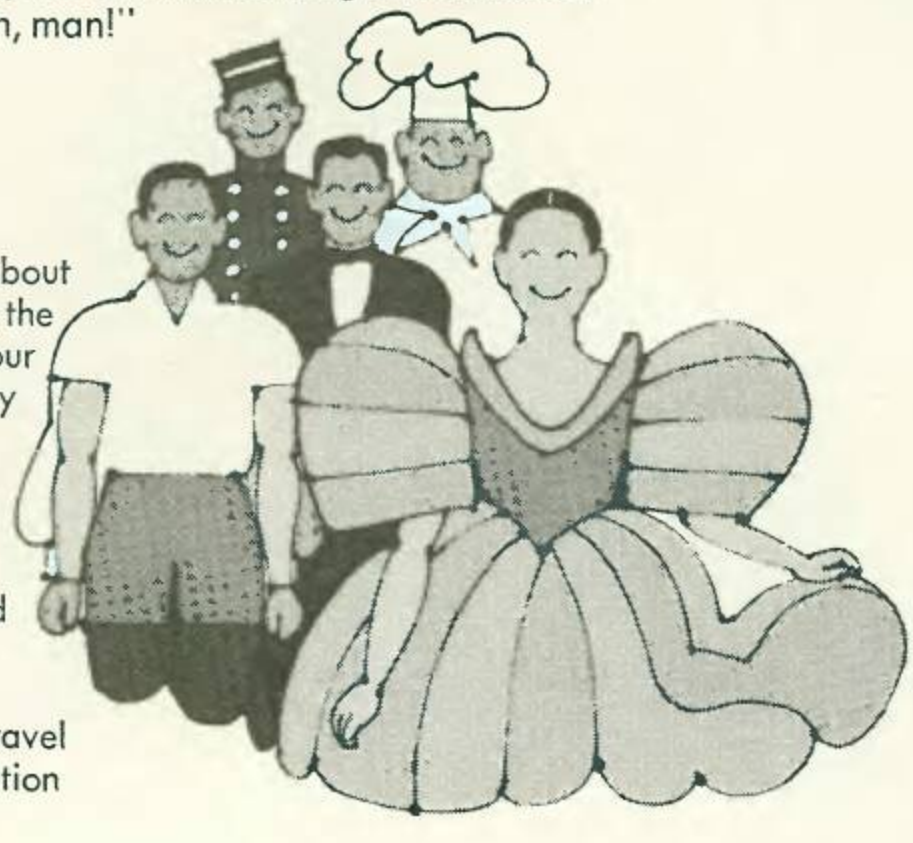
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about supporting Minh, although he was a coreligionist.

Minh's hesitancy about running became more evident when, on August 12th, he submitted to Deputy United States Ambassador Samuel Berger documentary proof of steps that Thieu had taken to rig the election. The evidence was in the form of an order that Thieu had sent to all province chiefs blatantly setting forth various ways in which his reëlection was to be assured. These included using government workers and others secretly to intimidate or buy off voters, infiltrating the ranks of opposition candidates, transferring all "unfriendly civil servants to other jobs," "arresting all pro-Communist elements and oppressing all elements who have a negative political file," and making sure that government workers down to the lowest level knew how to count the ballots as they were put into local boxes and to alter them if necessary. Privately, and sadly, our Embassy people, after making an investigation of their own, admitted the validity of Minh's charges.

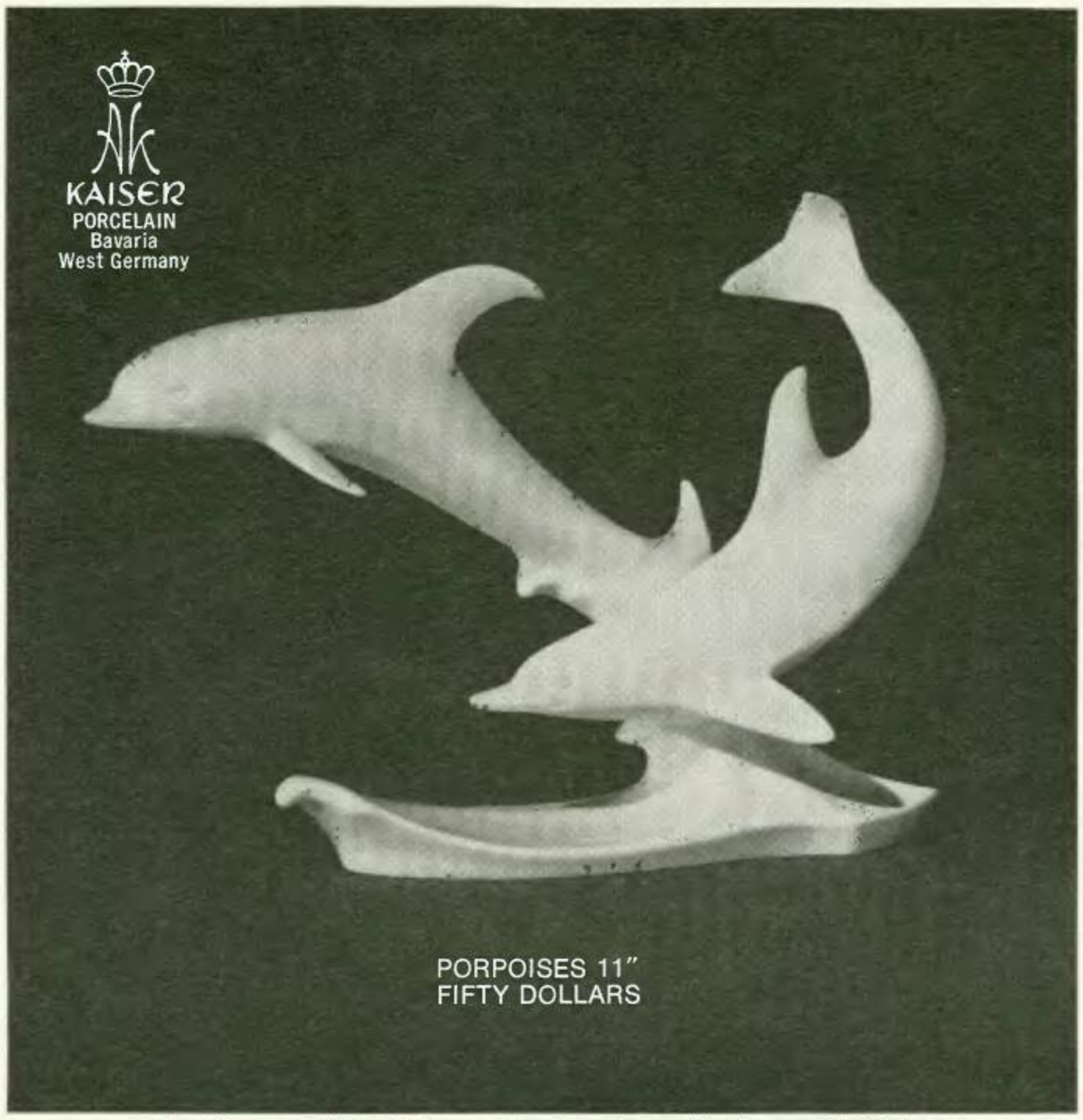
AMONG the innumerable Americans who have known disappointment and disillusion in Vietnam, probably none felt more let down than Ambassador Bunker when he returned to Saigon from Washington on August 19th. That evening, at seven o'clock, he and one of his political aides went to see Minh at the General's home. Having heard that Minh was on the verge of quitting the race, Bunker, I was told by one of Minh's oldest friends and closest advisers, asked him to stay in even if he seemed likely to lose, and emphasized the necessity of the country's having "a loyal opposition" representing a wide spectrum of public opinion. Minh spoke of his fear that a free election was impossible and asked what Bunker thought about the documents he had submitted to Berger. Bunker indicated that he felt Thieu had applied unwise and unnecessary measures, according to my informant. He told Minh that it was impossible for him to do what Minh had all along sought—give him assurances that the Americans could guarantee an honest vote. Toward the end of his discussion with Minh, Bunker asked his aide to leave the room, and he also asked an aide of Minh's who had been sitting in to leave. It was at this point that one of the most strongly disputed incidents of this unpleasant week occurred. Minh's friends insist that Bunker said he understood the "difficulties" that Minh was having, implying, primarily, a shortage of money. (It is a

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fact that both Minh and Ky had scant funds to support their campaigns, whereas Thieu has had more money than he needs and has used it lavishly.) Bunker, the Minh partisans say, may not have used the word "money" but, rather, offered "whatever assistance" might be required. The White House and the Embassy here have categorically denied that any such offer was made. Minh, for his part, has denied that he asked us "to run the elections." In any case, as soon as Bunker left, Minh, who was in an angry mood—above all, because he regarded Bunker's refusal to offer him any guarantees as a suggestion that he should agree to play second fiddle to a former subordinate—summoned his staff and prepared an announcement of his withdrawal from the race. Minh withdrew the next morning, the twentieth, declaring, "I cannot put up with a disgusting farce that strips away all the people's hope of a democratic regime and bars reconciliation of the Vietnamese people." He added, "I hope my warnings and those of others will make responsible people repent and realize fully the disastrous results a rigged election could bring to the country and to themselves."

As for Bunker's efforts to keep Ky in the race, though the Ambassador's offer of "assistance" may or may not have been construed as an offer of money, it primarily concerned another matter. Bunker had obtained the information that Ky's candidacy was not yet a dead issue—that the Supreme Court, meeting as a full body of nine, was going to reconsider. Just how much pressure the Americans had put on Thieu to get the Court to change its mind is not known, but certainly it is a good guess that Bunker or Berger discussed this matter with Thieu, especially since seven of the nine members of the Court are reputedly pro-Thieu. On August 21st, shortly after noon—and after Ky had met privately with Minh—Bunker visited Ky, whose agents had filed a perfunctory appeal to the entire Court in which they claimed that the earlier decision of only four members was illegal and invalid. Bunker must have known by then that the Court was going to reinstate Ky later that day, for he assured Ky that Thieu had "changed his attitude." He urged Ky to run, using the argument he had used with Minh—that Ky should do so for the good of the country, even if he lost—and pointing out that, unlike Minh, who is fifty-five, Ky, who is only forty-one, could anticipate a long political future. According to one of Ky's aides, Bunker made the further point that Ky, in his memorandum to Kissinger, had offered a new and interesting platform, whereas Thieu's was negative and Minh's was vague. Such a platform, Bunker is said to have added, would have the greatest appeal for the voters. Finally, as for any offer of "assistance," Ky personally has since told me that although he had even less campaign money available than Minh, under no circumstances would he have accepted financial aid from the Americans. The Embassy, as in Minh's case, has denied that any financial offer was made.

An hour after Bunker left Ky, the Supreme Court did indeed rule that Ky's candidacy was valid and that his name would go on the ballot. It used the rather tenuous argument that there had been no need for Thieu to sign up as many councillors as he had, since he had already assured his candidacy by obtaining sufficient support in the National Assembly, and thus enough pro-Ky councillors could be "freed" from their previous pledges to Thieu that Ky could be popped into the race like a jack-in-the-box. As one Vietnamese commented, "Our law is as slippery as an eel."

The Court's belated and clumsy effort to make amends did little to satisfy Ky's *amour-propre* or mollify his aides' feeling that Thieu had been too high-handed. Nevertheless, Ky, partly on the basis of his talk with Bunker, spent the next forty-eight hours pondering his course. He told me during this period that he felt that his own integrity was at stake, and that although he realized the danger of letting Thieu run alone, he could not let himself be used as a "clown" to satisfy the desires of anyone, including the Americans. He used the word "clown" several times. He felt that Thieu had rigged the election so thoroughly that fairness was out of the question, no matter what sort of supervision either his own people or the Americans provided. He also felt that, whatever happened, Thieu could not remain in power "more than a few months."

That evening, Ky met with more than a hundred political and religious leaders, and they all urged him to withdraw. On Monday, the twenty-third, at a press conference, he announced his decision to quit, and was wildly cheered by the correspondents present, most of them Vietnamese. In the course of answering reporters' questions, he bitterly attacked Thieu for having been "the principal actor in the farce," and declared emphatically that a solution he was offering would be the last test of Thieu's sincerity. The solution was that

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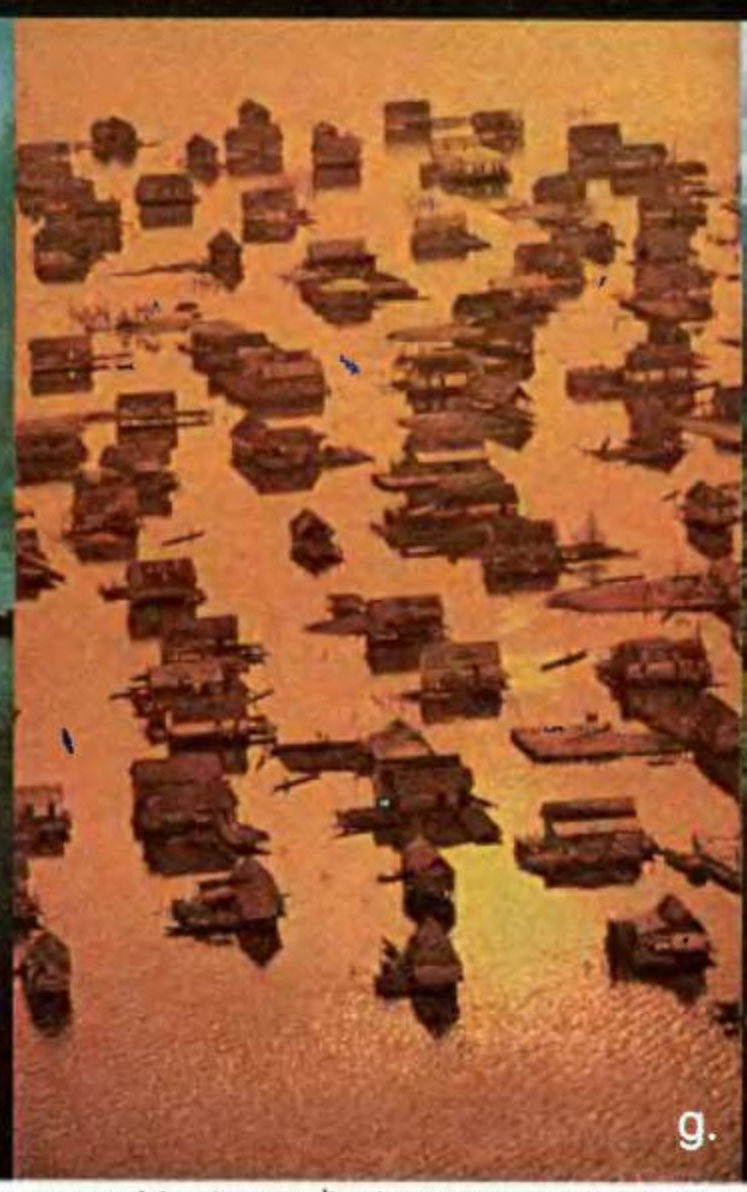
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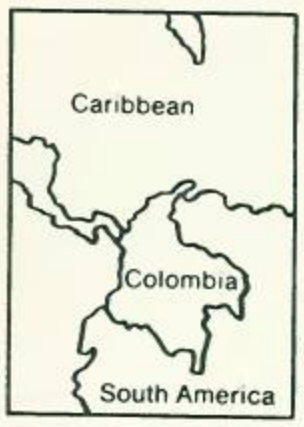


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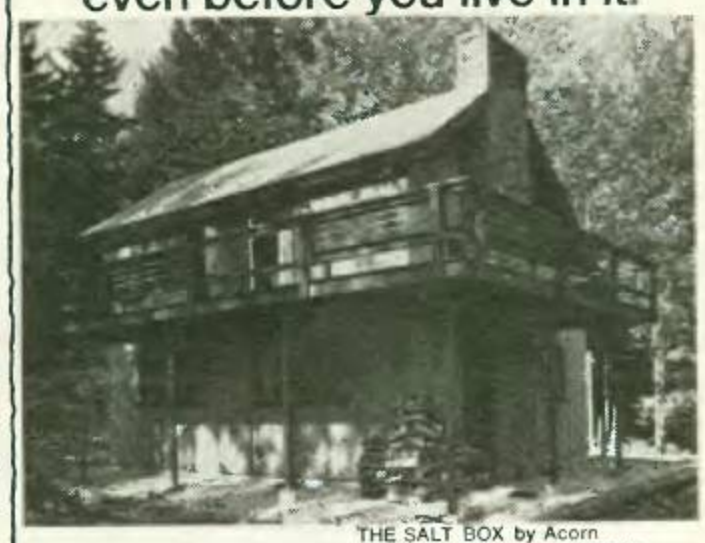
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both he and Thieu resign; that the President of the Senate, Nguyen Van Huyen, take over as President for ninety days, as the constitution provides; and that a Presidential election be held at the end of that period. Ky said he would run in such an election, provided it was fair. In talking to the press, Ky handled himself coolly and well, though his annoyance over the way he had been courted and used was apparent. He described the Supreme Court as the "supreme beauty parlor" for having tried to cosmeticize the situation through its phony reinstatement of his name on the ballot. "People can laugh about what has happened up to a point," he said. "But then they get angry." When he was asked if he would lead a campaign to overthrow Thieu, he offered no direct reply, saying simply, "I will always side with the people, as I have for twenty years, and I will do what they want." This naturally ignited new rumors of a coup and led Thieu to tighten his defenses around the palace once more. As for Ky, he retired to his cottage at Tan Son Nhut Airport, surrounded by his own security guards (who were themselves surrounded by Thieu's agents). Moreover, in consequence of a warning that the Communists might attempt one of their so-called "high points"—a barrage of rocket attacks and perhaps sapper assaults in and around Saigon—the whole city was placed on alert by both the Vietnamese and the American military commands, and American troops were told to stay off the streets.

In the three days that followed, Bunker saw Thieu at least five times. The Ambassador has refused to describe the subject of any of these meetings, but he was very likely trying to get Thieu to accept Ky's formula for a postponement of the Presidential election or to agree to some similar way out of the embarrassing impasse. However, during this period Thieu's press secretary told a few reporters that Thieu was prepared to run alone, though he "might resign after six months." The day Ky made his withdrawal announcement, Thieu met with his Cabinet and then with ten generals—the remnants of the 1967 Armed Forces Council at whose meeting there took place the tearful session that led to Thieu's running for President instead of Ky. Only three or four of the ten generals gave their out-and-out support to Thieu; the others were either noncommittal or only lukewarm about the notion of his running alone. Thieu's quick promotion of some of them after the meeting may have been

an act of mollification or it may have been meant to serve as a warning to the rest.

By this time, impelled by apprehension, disgust, or anger over how things had been handled by Thieu and his aides, Thieu supporters were dropping off his bandwagon all over town. They included several prominent senators, some labor leaders, and members of various religious groups—most significantly, the Catholics, who had previously backed him all along. Even the pro-Thieu press became critical, and the majority of Saigon's forty-odd newspapers, which have been allowed an increasing degree of freedom of expression these days, despite censorship, attacked him in varying ways. Ky's newspaper, *Lap Truong*, which had been banned for some weeks previously, was still not allowed to reappear, but a new anti-Ky (and presumably pro-Thieu) sheet suddenly came out, making scurrilous allegations about the private lives of Ky and his wife.

It seems apparent that for a time, at least, Thieu was disturbed over what had happened and over the reactions of Bunker and other Americans. Bunker feels that Thieu has let the Americans down, though he is not in a position to say so publicly. At any rate, the whole messy experience has been another example of the failure of twenty-five years of our policy here. Many Americans in Saigon feel that the policy of backing Thieu so strongly during the past four years without bringing greater pressure to bear on him over certain issues was bound to make us come a cropper.

ON Sunday, August 29th, the day of the elections for the lower house, Thieu made a brief appearance at election headquarters on Tu Do Street, in downtown Saigon, and announced that he would not resign and that the October 3rd election would be held on schedule. His entourage, flanked by military-police jeeps, swooped down to the headquarters building, which used to be a department store, and then swooped rapidly back to the palace. Returns in the House elections so far indicate that while Thieu's adherents will retain a majority of seats, a considerable number of opposition men won. (Thieu himself announced, sanctimoniously, that he himself had voted for two opposition candidates in Saigon—no doubt his way of trying to show the world at large that free elections are possible in South Vietnam after all.) As in 1967 and again in 1969, opposition candidates ran strongly in Saigon, and,

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over all, Thieu does not have as large a majority in the new House as he expected. Previously, he controlled at least two-thirds of the members, and in a pinch was able to buy others off. Now it looks as if his hard-core plurality in the new House will be only slightly more than fifty per cent—but, of course, he will still be able to dispense patronage and money to buy votes when he needs to. Last time, his hard-core supporters numbered ninety out of a membership of a hundred and thirty-five; this time they apparently come to slightly more than half of the increased total of a hundred and fifty-nine legislators. He will probably claim a "fair" election on this basis, though at least ten of his major opponents were defeated by various illegal means of harassment; the outspoken Ngo Cong Duc, a newspaper publisher who ran from Vinh Binh Province, in the Delta, was a victim of the worst of the harassment actions conducted by Thieu's men. In any case, the quality and the cohesiveness of the opposition will be improved, and there will probably be a more useful polarization of government and antigovernment forces. The last House was a fragmented affair, beset with personal vendettas and infighting, all of which played right into Thieu's hands. This time, the opposition will eventually be tougher.

All in all, the opposition won about thirty-five per cent of the seats, including at least a third of those in Saigon. The Buddhists were notable winners, having elected thirty-one or thirty-two candidates, including twenty members of the militant An Quang group. The Buddhist House members will obviously form an alliance with the ten-man Buddhist contingent in the Senate, also dominated by An Quang men. The Catholics, who had previously been far more cohesive than the Buddhists, ended up with a fragmented membership in the new House, mainly because so many of them turned against Thieu in recent weeks. The so-called "pet opposition," the Cap Tien Party, won about twenty seats and can be counted on to support Thieu when it chooses to but not always. In summary, the opposition will certainly, in time, be better organized and more vocal—one hopeful sign in an otherwise sorry mess.

However Thieu viewed the results of the House elections, his next step was clear-cut and decisive. The Supreme Court had been asked by Ky to remove his name from the ballot, and its members asked Thieu how he felt about the matter. Thieu agreed that Ky's name should be removed,



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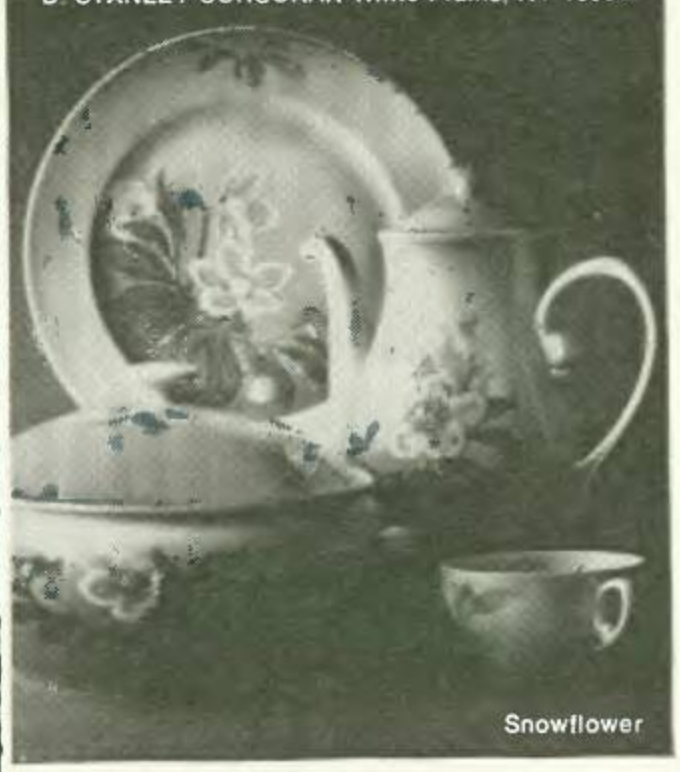
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thus opting unabashedly for his own private Presidential plebiscite. Ky has expressed himself as satisfied at having his name removed from such a ballot, though in recent days his aides have gone on attacking Thieu and have been making a last-ditch effort to arouse our own Congress, and perhaps the White House, to force a postponement of the Presidential vote. Late last week, Dang Duc Khoi, who is Ky's top aide and adviser, flew to Washington. Khoi is an adroit and highly experienced diplomat, who has lived in the United States most of the time since 1963. Whether or not he gets anywhere in Washington, he is bound to see influential members of both parties who are against the war to try to persuade them at least that Ky's program for peace is a lot sounder than Thieu's, and that all possible pressure ought to be exerted to postpone the elections in Vietnam and pave the way for a fair and decent vote. Meanwhile, Minh has spent most of his time in his villa tending his orchids, but his followers, including his Vice-Presidential candidate, Ho Van Minh, who was reëlected to the House, will almost certainly continue to attack the Americans, and particularly Bunker.

Now, on the evening of September 2nd, Thieu has made a speech reaffirming his plans for his own reëlection, calling it "a vote of confidence in myself and my policies." Nevertheless, there are still indications that he might well announce his intention of stepping down after three to six months "in the best interests of the nation" and calling still another election. Meanwhile, he will have additional time to consolidate his position and crack down on the Minh and Ky partisans. One stratagem he might employ to strengthen his future position is to replace his Vice-Presidential candidate, former Premier Tran Van Huong, with Premier Khiem. Huong might well be shoved aside on the ground of health; Khiem has been officially designated his alternate and thus could legally assume the candidacy. Khiem could then step into Thieu's job if the latter decided to stand aside pending a new election in a few months, and could keep a firm hand on the controls for Thieu.

Privately, Thieu has given a somewhat predictable justification for the self-perpetuation of his rule: He believes that he is following the example of President Park Chung Hee of South Korea, who decided to run for a third term recently on the ground of political necessity, because there was a threat of a North Korean take-over. As Thieu sees it, what he is doing is designed to

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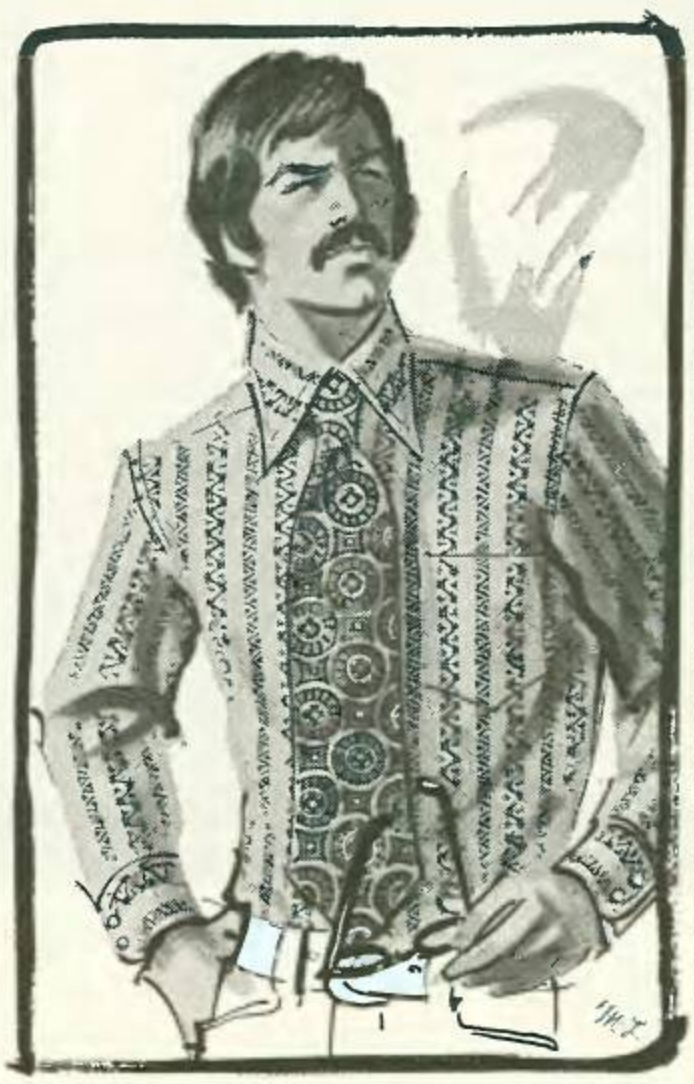
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save South Vietnam from Communism in the same fashion, and also to save it from being destroyed by "career politicians." He is said to have told friends, "I must sometimes do things against my conscience"—almost the same words that Park Chung Hee employed when he announced that he would run again. The tragedy of the present situation thus lies in Thieu's growing notion of his own indispensability—a fallacy for which the Americans are in no small part responsible, since their constant refrain, reiterated by Bunker, has been "He's the best man available for the job." It is a fallacy that has gripped—and destroyed—many men before him.

The lack of imaginative leadership among the politicians in Saigon and among the generals is something that the Americans bear much blame for, because they have backed a series of ambitious or incapable leaders instead of supporting decent nationalists, who still exist. The democratic process that has evolved over the past several years has, at its best, aroused a new sense of independence in the hamlets and villages, where some of the newer elected hamlet and village chiefs and members of local councils have come forward to assume new responsibilities. This, in effect, represents a return to the traditional Vietnamese concept of village autonomy, while Thieu, by his efforts to control every facet of the election process, has damaged this burgeoning rural independence, though perhaps not irreparably. There remains some hope, in that the quality, if not the number, of thoughtful, vocal, and courageous members of the opposition in the new House of Representatives is now improved. Some bitter enemies of Thieu were defeated, but others, including several in Saigon and former Senator Tran Van Don—who, though he lives in Saigon, ran in Quang Ngai Province, in the north, where he investigated the My Lai case—were elected. As long as Thieu can control the House and buy off members when he needs them, the fact that he has sterner opposition won't bother him. Anyway, he doubtless figures it will make the Americans happy. What is more important is that some of the new spokesmen who have up to now been polarized toward either Minh or Ky because of their opposition to Thieu, are likely to follow a more independent course. For the present, though, Ky cannot be crossed off as a future political force. He is a durable and scrappy political fighter, his program for compromise with the Communists has won approbation in Washington, and even the

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Communists have ceased to anathematize him as they once did.

ESSENTIALLY, what is most needed here today is a number of bold and independent-minded spokesmen who can deal first with the Provisional Revolutionary Government and then with Hanoi to bring an end to the war. This would obviously include opening the door for the Communists to take part in elections under conditions that the North Vietnamese and the P.R.G. can accept. Almost inevitably, a process of accommodation between the P.R.G. and the new leadership in the hamlets and villages will take place, but it will be slow, and could become impossible if there should be still more chaos and economic disintegration in Saigon, which would also affect the countryside. If an accommodation process does take place, though, the middlemen linking the urban proponents of an independent South Vietnam with the constructive new rural elements will be some of the younger and more vocal members of the new House, along with teachers, labor leaders, and young intellectuals, including those who are at present wasting their talents in meaningless bureaucratic or military jobs.

The disappearance of the Second Republic and of Thieu, and the eclipse of Minh and Ky as well, will be of secondary importance if this more hopeful development does occur. But if the Americans continue their blind policy of supporting Thieu, or someone like him, any possible progress will be delayed and probably subverted. But a clearer, more hardheaded policy, including a stepped-up withdrawal of American troops and a firm commitment on future American military and economic aid for the Saigon government—which that government wants but still hasn't got from Washington—could help speed the process of accommodation, and possible peace, and encourage the younger political leaders to take over from the outworn older ones. If Nixon and Kissinger can learn that lesson from what has happened here over the last several weeks, something will have been salvaged, and even gained, that could be as important as, and possibly more important than, Nixon's forthcoming trip to Peking.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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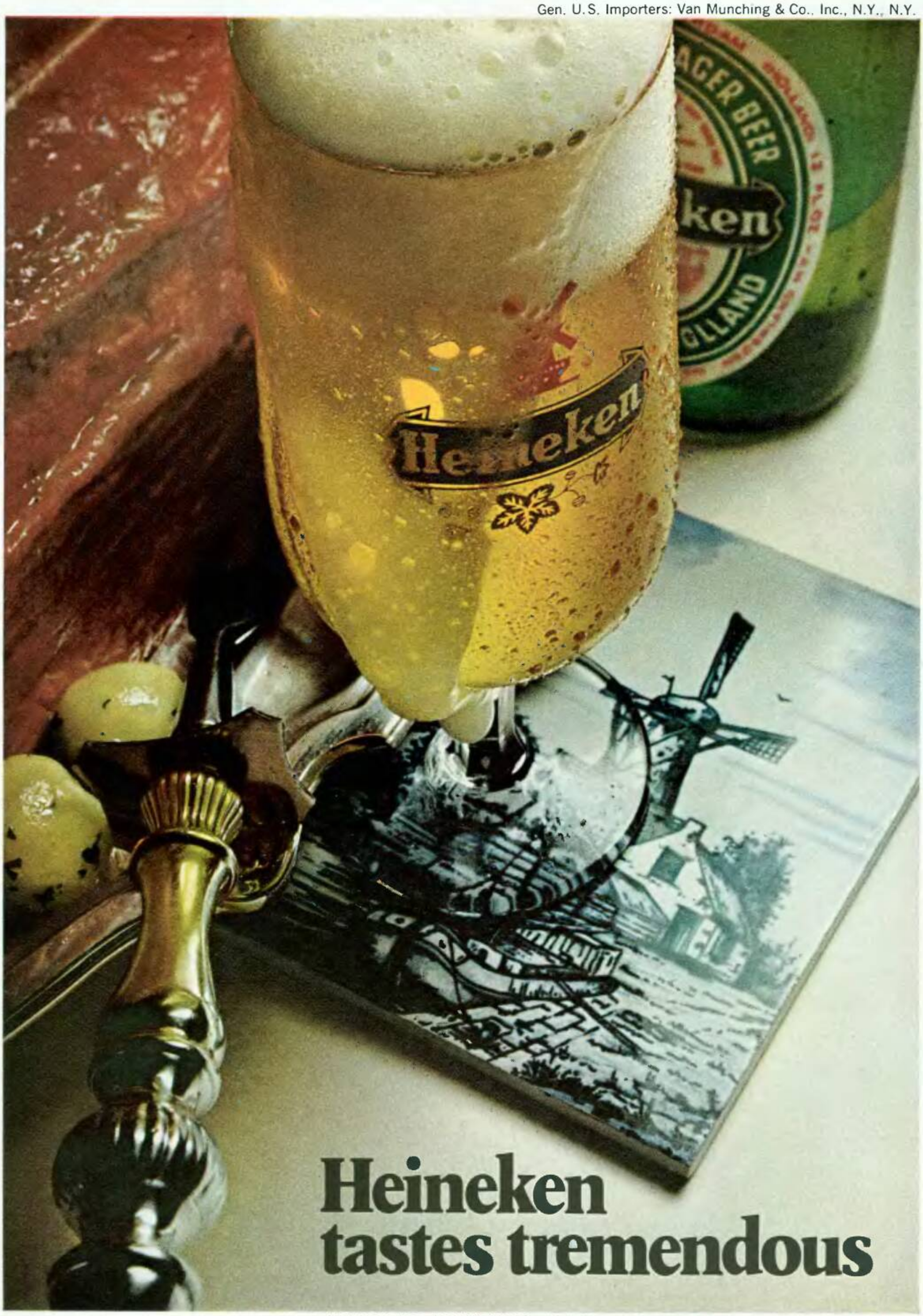
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Inventions



WALKER PERCY is a distinguished novelist with a sense of humor and a sense of style. He can write piercingly acute descriptive passages and comic scenes that break you up. For all his wit, moreover, his concerns are serious: he writes of mortality and of modern life with the doubly conservative—and in his case doubly enlightening—bias of the Southern Catholic.

That said, I am sorry to report that something seems to have gone badly wrong with "Love in the Ruins" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), his newest novel. It is an ambitious undertaking; set twenty years in the future, it attempts to illuminate the near-term human condition by depicting the temptation of a new St. Thomas More. Literally. *This* Thomas More, a descendant of the first one, is a brilliant physician who lusts after the Nobel Prize and, as a backslid Catholic, lusts almost equally after women and whiskey. In the American South of 1990 or so, an incipient wasteland where vines grow vigorously over abandoned cars, and the populace has polarized into Lefts and Knotheads, with the balance of power in the hands of menacing black Bantus, Dr. More has at last perfected his lapsometer, an instrument that can analyze the psychosomatic complaints of both left ("morning terror") and right ("large-bowel complaints"). This tool in hand, he hopes to obtain a federal grant and broadcast his new knowledge to heal the divided nation; after he is cheated of that hope—he is himself a former mental patient and is therefore adjudged unreliable—he is visited and seduced by the Devil in the guise of an inadequately deodorized drug detail man, who promises him both the Nobel Prize and the development of his lapsometer into a therapeutic instrument in exchange for his signature on a contract. He refuses; the Devil seizes his lapsometers anyway, and uses them not to alleviate but to exacerbate the endemic rage and frustration. Fearing the end of the world, More holes up in an abandoned Howard Johnson's with three women he has chosen for himself. But the expected apocalypse misfires. At the end, five years later, More is discovered—rehabilitated, married, and happy—as the sole white doctor in a community now run by golf-playing, big-house-owning, thoroughly Rotarian Bantus.

So far so good. In outline, the moral fable, the Faustus story, seems right and apposite to our times. It is in execution that it begins to falter. First, there is the problem of the tone. A first-person narrative bears some responsibility for characterizing the narrator, who is in this case also the protagonist. From the evidence, Dr. Thomas More is meteorically bright, mercurially unstable, consumed by pride and fear. Yet the tone of the tale is controlled, sardonic, flat, flip, smartass, and totally incongruent to the character Mr. Percy would have us believe in:

> Alas, the promise didn't pan out. On the contrary. There followed twenty years of silence and decline. My daughter, Samantha, died; my wife ran off with a heathen Englishman—come to think of it, I haven't seen a Christian Englishman for years—and I left off research, left off eating Christ in Communion, and took to sipping Early Times instead and seeking the company of the fair sex, as they used to say.

Second, there is the problem of the invention—not of the lapsometer itself but of the near-future culture it is designed to diagnose. Every futuristic (or, as in this case, anti-Utopian) novel must possess at least a modicum of sets, of stage machinery that dramatizes or satirizes present tendencies by extrapolating them *ad absurdum* or *ad terrorem*. "1984," in many respects a failure as a work of fiction, succeeds brilliantly on just this basis—Big Brother, the Ministry of Love, good-sex, Victory Gin—and is largely remembered for that success. But "Love in the Ruins" fails, in my judgment, to bring the immediate future to life as either drama or farce. Instead, we are offered a bookful of shallow, warmed-over clichés of the American sixties, robbed of their sting, if any is left, by the addition of low-comedy names:

> The old Republican Party has become the Knothead Party, so named during the last Republican convention in



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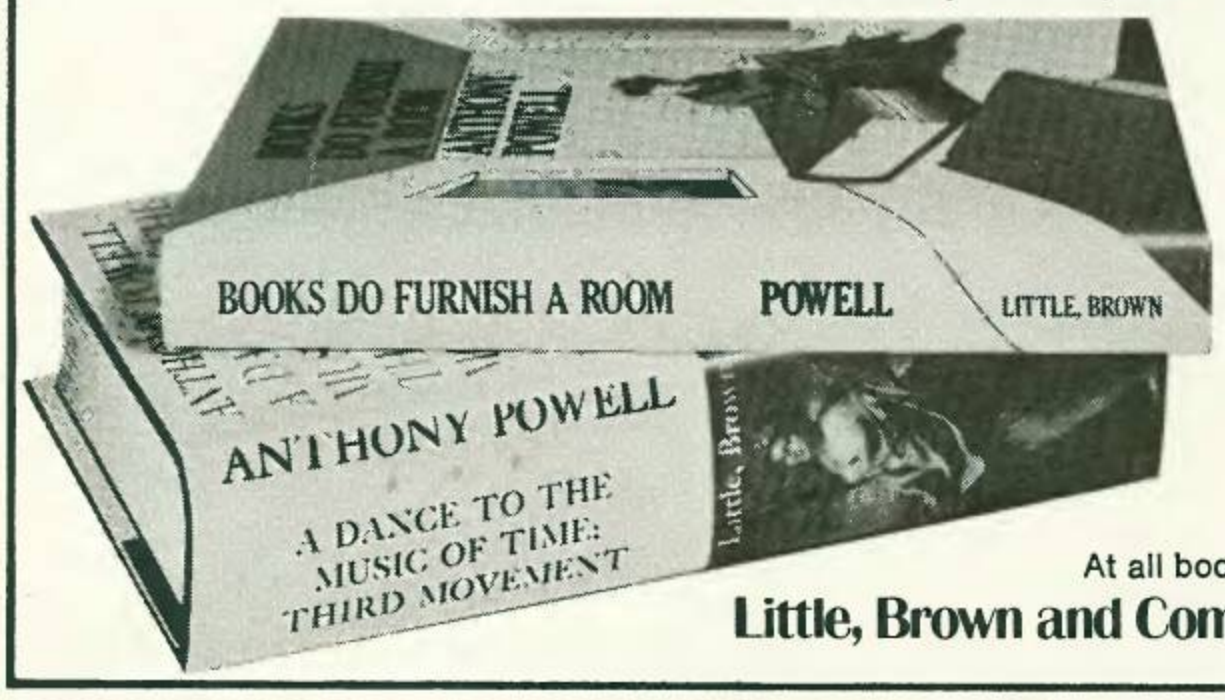
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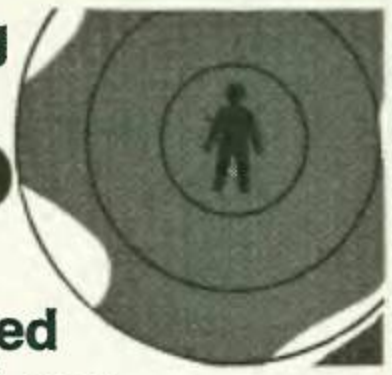
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Montgomery when a change of name was proposed, the first suggestion being the Christian Conservative Constitutional Party, and campaign buttons were even printed with the letters CCCP before an Eastern-liberal commentator noted the similarity to the initials printed on the backs of the Soviet cosmonauts and called it the most knotheaded political bungle of the century—which the conservatives . . . turned to their own advantage, printing a million more buttons reading "Knotheads for America" and banners proclaiming "No Man Can Be Too Knotheaded in the Service of His Country."

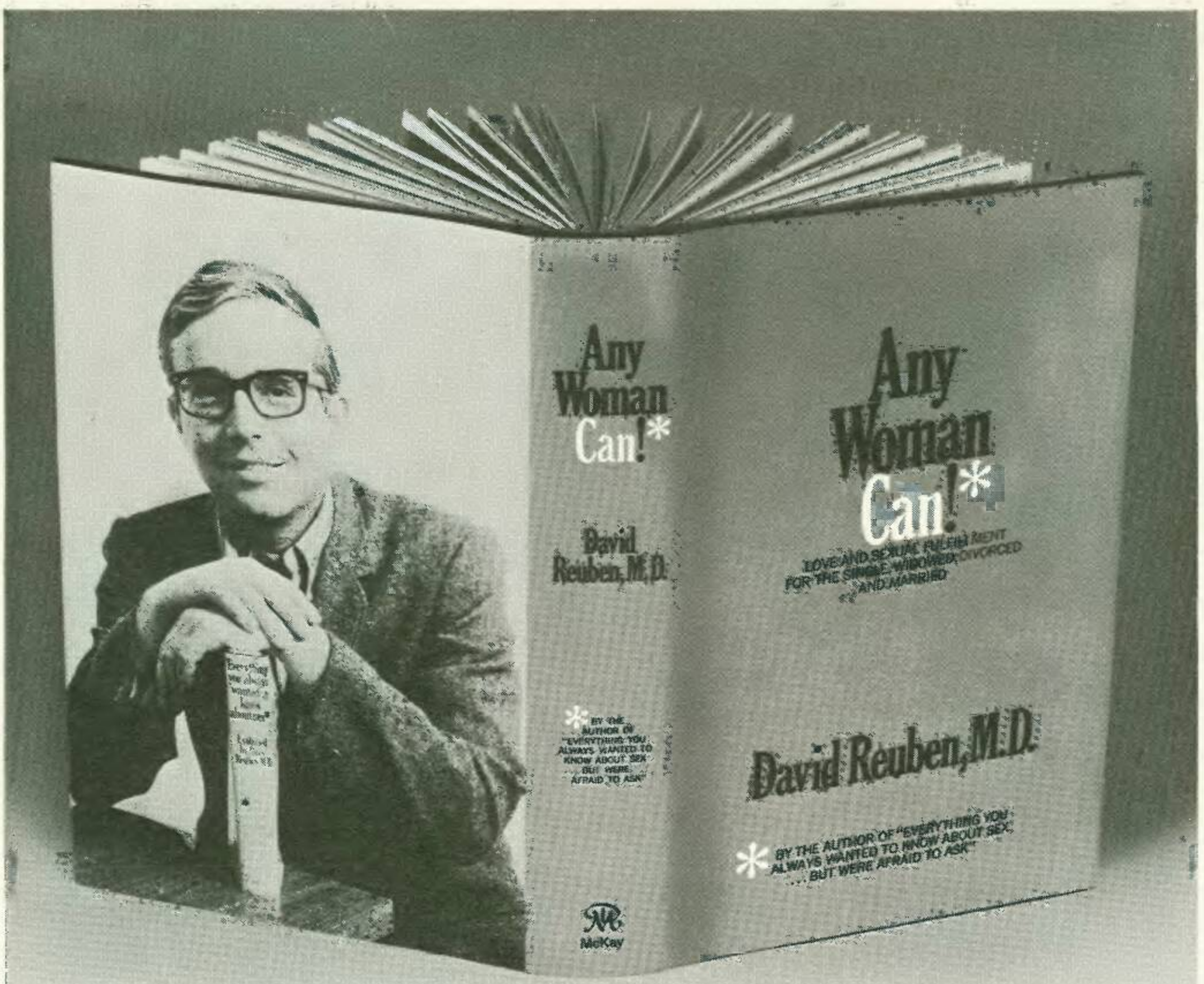
The old Democrats gave way to the new Left Party. . . . LEFT usually it is, often LEFTPAPA, sometimes LEFTPAPASAN (with a little Jap bow), hardly ever the original LEFTPAPASANE, which stood for what, according to the Right, the Left believed in: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, The Pill, Atheism, Pot, Anti-Pollution, Sex, Abortion Now, Euthanasia.

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This barrage of the obvious and crypto-obvious—"Schleifkopf" means "knothead"—is not confined to the sociopolitical trappings of the story; it pervades the mythico-naturalistic doings of Thomas More himself. During his moments with women, he is accompanied by passages from "Don Giovanni;" during his passages with Art Immelmann, or the Devil (note, not incidentally, the identification of Lucifer with the German air ace of the First World War—a connection the author cannot forbear to point out), references to the Scriptures fly. The result is a book that leaps to explicate itself—and dissipate its strength and mystery—at the hint of a chance of being misconstrued.

But the most serious fault in "Love in the Ruins" is that it does not take its own characters seriously enough. Apocalyptic comic novel it may be, but it must persuade us, too, of its author's love for his characters and his anguish at their losses. If this is a parable of the decline of our faith in the value of human life, the lives depicted must possess a special value, an enduring dignity to set against the ruins. But Mr. Percy's do not. Moira, one of More's three girls, is cuttingly shown up as a simple Snopes; Lola—"lovely strong-backed splendid-kneed cellist"—is made a rigid, self-concerned Southern quasi-aristocrat; and Ellen is a clutch of maternal-protective instincts operating in



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an ideological vacuum. One way or another, all are put down as human beings, and so is More himself, who at the end has become a tame white Uncle Tom physician to his Bantu lords and masters. There is a suspicious sourness in all this—the sourness of the "cracked and jeering note, a yellow note" in the Chestnut Tree Café at the end of "1984"—which almost makes me wonder whether Walker Percy has given up on man as a fit subject for rehabilitation, and whether, in "Love in the Ruins," he is baiting and mocking man, in an affirmation of faith, to the greater glory of God.

IN "The Bushwhacked Piano" (Simon & Schuster), Thomas McGuane writes, like Walker Percy, of the way of a rebel. Unlike Dr. Thomas More, this rebel—a young Detroiter, Nicholas Payne—comes to no good end, achieves no accommodation with society. But, unlike Percy, McGuane fills the novel he has written—short, foreboding—with joyous inventions in the present tense. McGuane is a born overwriter who, with patience and practice, will become a made writer, and at the moment his roller-coaster ride is very much worth the momentary motion sickness. While his story is scarcely an original—Payne, a ne'er-do-well by intent and conviction, competes against George Russell, a young organization man, for the vacillating hand of Ann Fitzgerald, a young girl with artistic pretensions who walks a thin line between her parents' conventionality and Nicholas's wildness—McGuane charges it with excitement and pertinence by skillful, farcical exaggeration of roles and relationships in today's two-generation America. Ann's parents, for example, are caricatured into stereotypes of arrogant, rigid, insecure middle-American wealth—and caricatured right out the other side and into individuation and originality again by virtue of McGuane's lucid and violent imagination, his all-American insistence on pushing an idea to its ultimate and revealing absurdity. The reason this works—the reason his book does not slump into a flat replay of tired satiric themes—is the shocking, energizing power of his language. At first, the reader, encountering a line like "blood was always in the red and death was always in the black," tends to discount McGuane as a master of shallow, easy effects, but this is not the case; his offhand, epigrammatic obiter dicta are very much a part of his method of framing, containing, and commenting on the events of his book, of turning

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a series of commonplace incidents into a parable and a vision of our lives.

Not that all the incidents are commonplace; McGuane shares with Céline a genius for seeing the profuse, disparate materials of everyday life as a highly organized nightmare dedicated to the extinction of humanness, and one of his major figures—C. J. Clovis, a visionary con man who hopes to grow rich by building and selling bat towers to control insects—is reminiscent of the brilliant swindlers of Céline. His picaresque adventures, in which Payne involves himself, are emblems of the old American entrepreneurial independence, which, McGuane concludes, cannot survive in the era of the corporate state. And the tension between Clovis and Payne, the last loners, and the organized power of the older Fitzgeralds and their kind is the mainspring of the book.

What makes nearly all the scenes and sequences in "The Bushwhacked Piano" telling and memorable is, again, McGuane's viewpoint and language. A fairly prosaic exchange that may be read at one level as the right-on naturalism of a writer with a perfect pitch for dialogue may also be seen as high satire about a nation of laws, not men:

That is why Payne coming at the crack of dawn, rolling a herd of flat tires, pursuing the stragglers all over the highway, seemed unusual enough that the station owner helplessly moved a few imperceptible steps toward him in greeting. "Nice day."

"Yes it is."

"Right in here with them uns. Blowouts is they?"

"Yes."

"I see that now. I hope they can be saved."

"They'll have to be."...

"This tire has been shot!"

"Yes, sir."...

"This here's been shot too."

"Yup."

The man stood, turning his sweating forehead into the corner of his elbow. "I ain't going no further."

"What do you mean?"...

"I mean that there has been a shooting here.... I don't move without an explanation."...

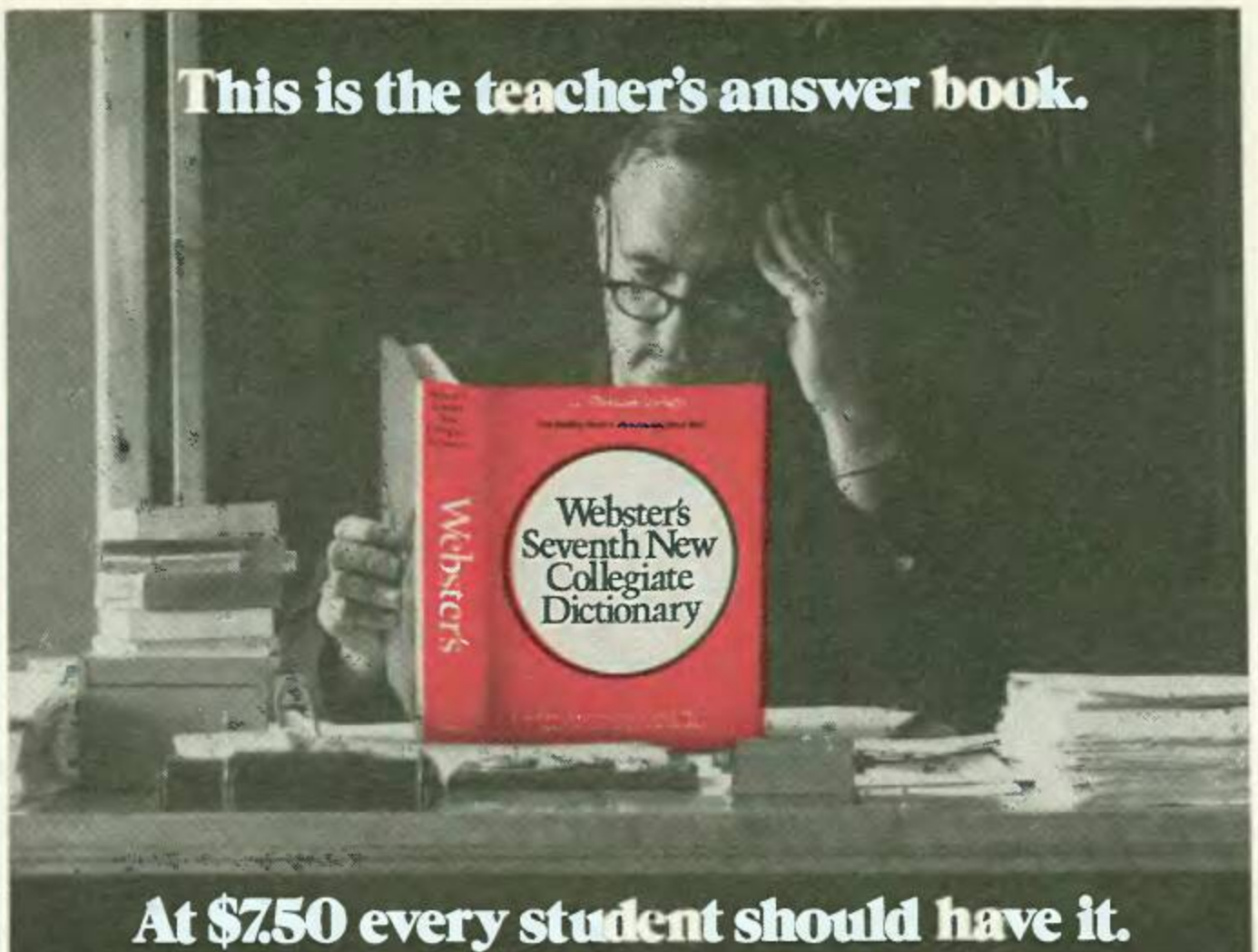
"I shot them myself," he said.

"That's all I needed to hear ... in fact that's just plain more like it." He commenced putting a hot-patch on the first tire. "Honesty is the best policy," he added.... "When you come in here and want me to start fixing what is plainly the results of a shooting why, you're starting to eat in on my professional ethics."

"I'm going to start screaming."

"I am not going to a federal penitentiary in order to protect a dollar and a half's worth of repair biness."

Similarly, much of the life of the novel resides in its audacious and unexpected observations about its people—things that we've all seen but that only



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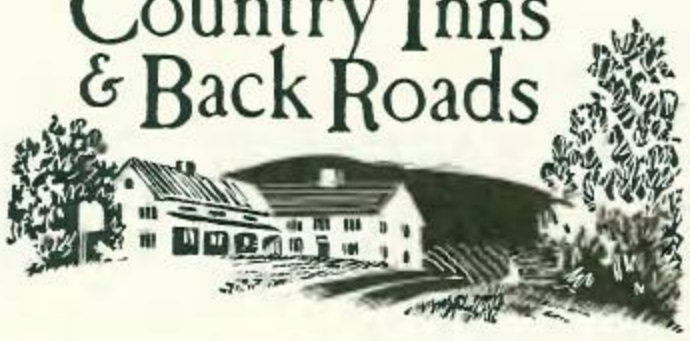


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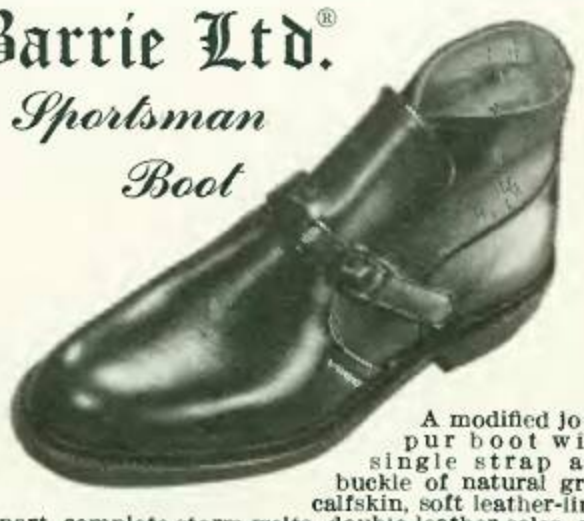
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McGuane has registered and written down:

Ann's prole mania made her strike up conversations with every Cuban chambermaid. . . .

And it was real life out there on the Gulf of Mexico; because down in the hold of a Key West shrimper, a person of culture was committing experience.

Dexter Fibb, at fifty-three, had never had a moving violation.

At the end, C. J. Clovis dies, publicly, in the moment of exposure of his swindle; Nicholas Payne is immobilized in a Key West hospital, the victim of a hideously botched operation for hemorrhoids; and Ann flies back to the waiting arms of George Russell—arms whose clothes, like hers, are more important than the flesh and bone inside:

So that: She ran across the tarmac at Detroit-Metropolitan Airport, adorable in a little mini-caftan by Oscar de la Renta made of pink linen. Over that she wore a delicate Moroccan leather coat. The sandals were Dior. . . .

And George ran to her perfectly attired in an impeccably tailored glen plaid from J. Press. What seemed almost risky in his livery was the wild, yellow Pucci cravat that precisely counterpointed his sedate, seamless cordovans from Church of London.

McGuane then rather spoils it by hammering his point home in the next line, an unnecessary obviousness that is still his most irritating fault as a writer: "See them, then, running thus toward one another: perfect monads of nullity." But this is not a crippling flaw; rather, it is the pardonable excess of a young writer blessed with an abundance of power, a writer who in this book has made a very marked advance over his first novel, "The Sporting Club," a writer who is clearly on his way somewhere. While we await his third novel, it is important that we read "The Bushwhacked Piano" for its freshness, its invention, its rewards of language, and its persuasive argument that in these days the death of youth is the death of life in America:

Payne seized her. They grappled lovingly among the hampers. A famous man says that we go through life with "a diminishing portfolio of enthusiasms;" and these, these, these *children*, these these these these *little children* will soon not be able to feel this way about anything again.

—L. E. Sissman

BRIEFLY NOTED

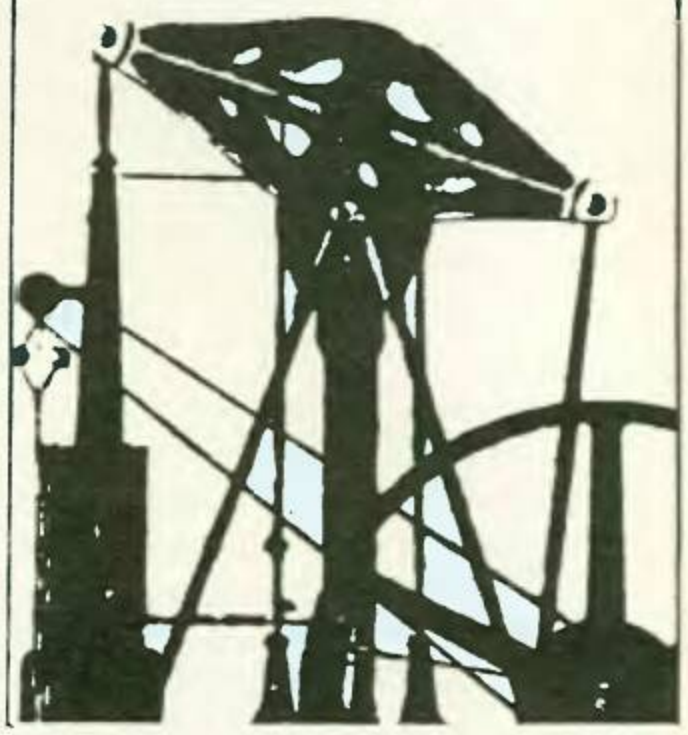
FICTION

The Freeways, by Viña Delmar (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A parable of our time. Mrs. Delmar

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tells about the life of Veronica Garrett, a Los Angeles super-secretary—young, pretty, bright, and brave, but so starved for love since childhood that nothing can ever go well for her, and so devoid of self-pity that she imagines her life to be fortunate until the real bad times begin and she finds she can't keep going any longer, for the simple reason that she has no one to talk to. Veronica's vulnerability makes her seem an old-fashioned girl; Mrs. Delmar's hasty, honest writing shows her as being merely lost—an eternal type.

LIFELINES, by James Mossman (Atlantic-Little, Brown). There are precious few lifelines in this novel, a dance of death that, sad to say, is most successful when it is trying to be funny. Mr. Mossman's wit being what it is, these occasions are numerous, leaving just brief glimpses of the author's gentler self. Almost with regret, he shows us a morbid tableau: riots in Hong Kong, killing in Vietnam, the empty lives of movie people (who come to Hong Kong to make a film), and, in the foreground, two Far Eastern correspondents, one of whom is dying a slow and most undignified death of leukemia, and the other of whom is suffering, no less seriously, from writer's block compounded by compulsive nastiness. This is a book to make you feel guilty about laughing.

GENERAL

EARTHKEEPING: THE WAR WITH NATURE AND A PROPOSAL FOR PEACE, by Gordon Harrison (Houghton Mifflin). A subtle, knowledgeable, engaging work that discusses the ways in which human beings throughout history (and most of prehistory) have modified or interfered with nature, and that appraises the particular fix we are in just now on account of some of our latest modifications. Mr. Harrison carefully and intelligently refutes the scariest claims of ecological propagandists and maintains, besides, that in some respects civilization must be in opposition to natural forces. This restraint in argument makes him all the more persuasive when he arrives at his exceptionally difficult recommendation: "The task is not to get rid of pollution but to manage producing systems of all kinds so that they do not pollute."

THE REAL ISADORA, by Victor Seroff (Dial). A biography of Isadora Duncan that purports to correct many facts in her autobiography,

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"My Life," and also in the half-dozen biographies that have appeared since her death, in 1927. Mr. Seroff, who is a musician, wonderfully shows how the dancer worked with music, how she felt she was collaborating with it, and this is perhaps his chief contribution. Parts of Isadora's life seem to elude him (how she lived after her children were drowned, when she went to Italy to be near Duse, for example), but more often the focus is sharp and true, especially in the sections about her life with Gordon Craig and her marriage with Sergei Essenin. The recounting of Isadora's last years, when Mr. Seroff was her friend and confidant, is less successful. She had too many other friends, too many other confidants, and, forty-four years later, he still sounds jealous. The reader would trust his book more if he had resisted heaping insults on nearly all of them. Ten dollars.

LOOK FOR ME IN THE WHIRLWIND: THE COLLECTIVE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE NEW YORK 21, with an introduction by Haywood Burns (Random House). The authors are members of the Black Panthers who were recently tried here for conspiracy; when they assembled this book, they evidently did not expect to be acquitted. They take turns recalling their lives from early childhood down to the time of their trial. Each explains how he or she came to join the Panthers. Their pasts are varied (one is a Ph.D., another a former procurer), but they all share the feeling that they have absolutely had it with racism, which attacked them in school, in the Army, while job-hunting—in short, wherever they went or tried to go. Their rhetoric is obscene and violent; their grievances are unmistakable.

NOTE: Little, Brown has published "The Orange Man and Other Narratives of Medical Detection," by Berton Roueché. All the contents first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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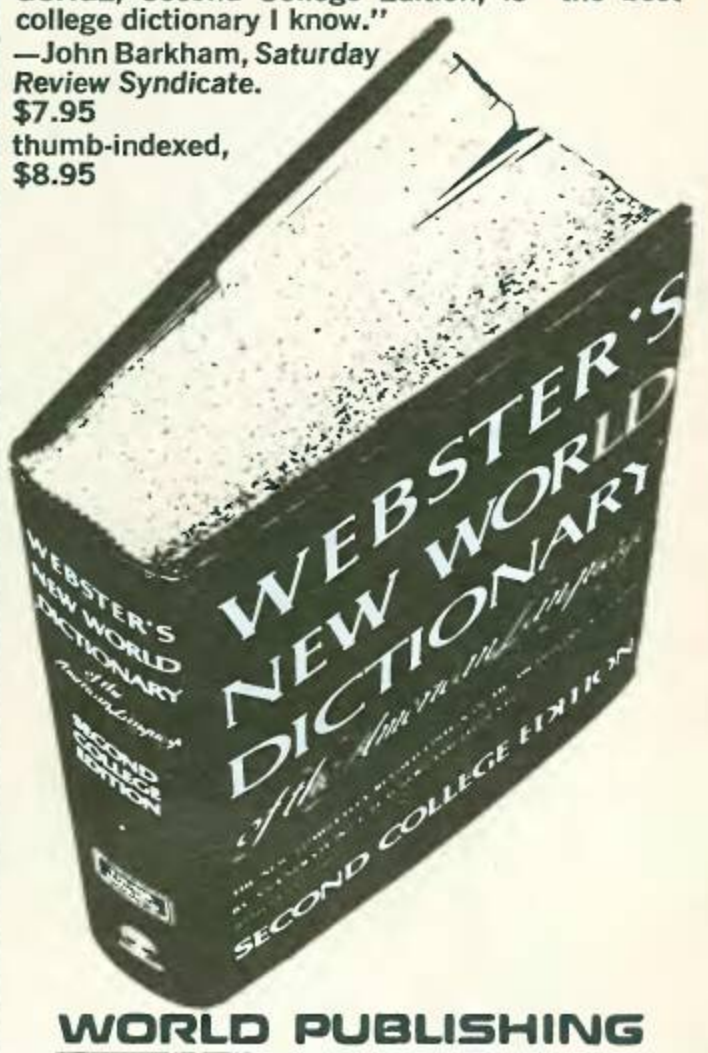
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