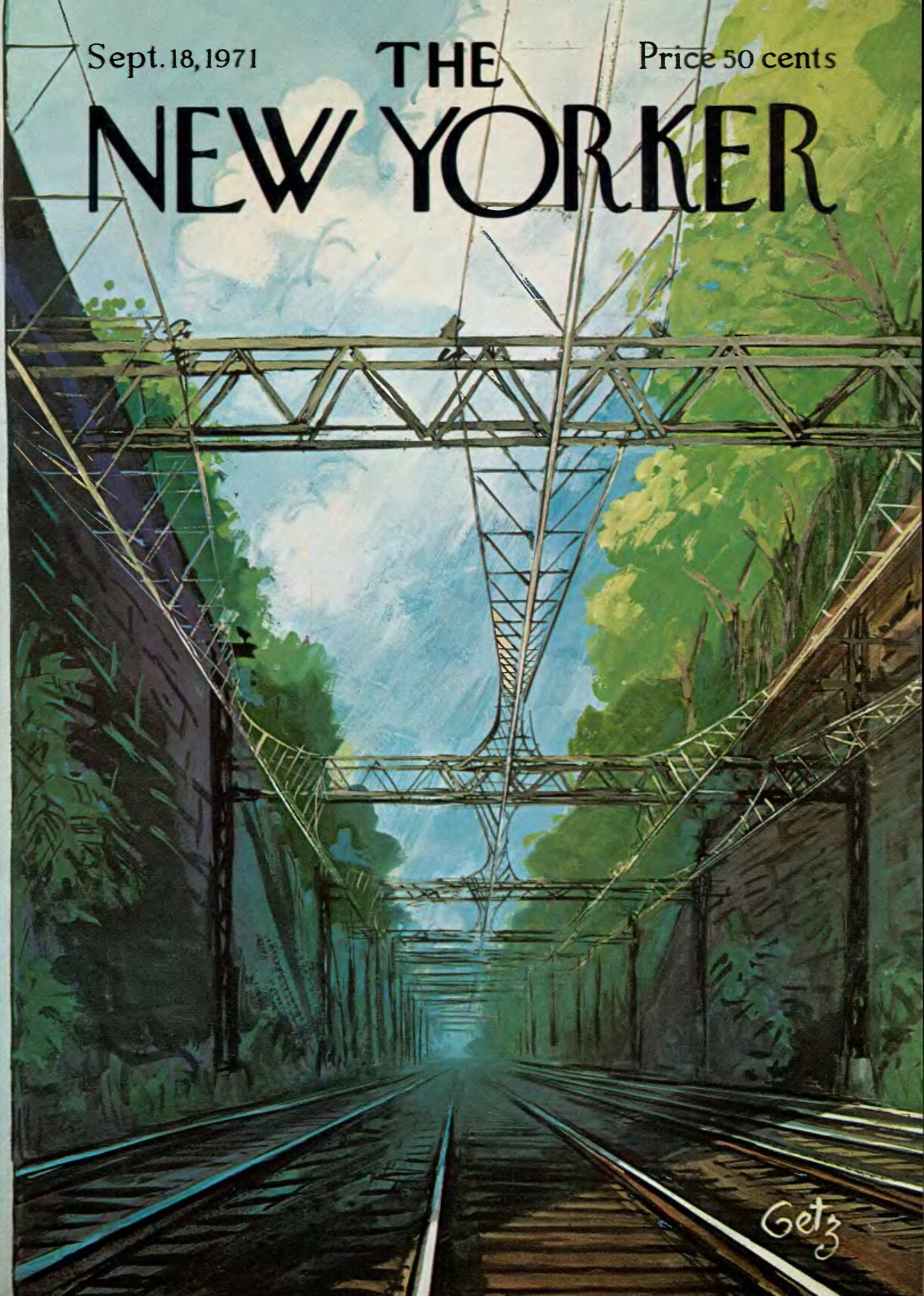
Sept. 18, 1971

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 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.)

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—A brilliant production of a play about the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. The author is Julian Barry, the director Tom O'Horgan, the scenery designer Robin Wagner, and the designer of costumes Randy Barcelo; they are all nearly equal partners in the success of the play. Cliff Gorman gives a sensationally good performance as Lenny. Jane House and Joe Silver are also admirable. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays 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. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. 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.)

Waiting for Godot—Tom Ewell in Beckett's comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 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 machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (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. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 8 and 10:30; Saturday at 7 and 9:30; and Sunday at 7:30. After Sunday, Sept. 19, no performances until Tuesday, Oct. 5, when

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the show will reopen at a theatre to be announced.)... **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:** Anthony Quayle and Donal Donnelly (substituting for Keith Baxter, who will return on Monday, Sept. 20) in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Follies—Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (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.)

Leaves of Grass—A musical by Stan Harte, Jr., based on the writings of Walt Whitman. With Joe Masiell and Yolande Bavan. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—A very pretty, very romantic revival of an immortal work of the twenties, which can't have been that delightful, but who cares? With Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and sets

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PROPOSITION—A new edition of this improvised revue. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays, Saturdays, and Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—APPLAUSE: A descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Anne Baxter, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **COMPANY:** Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Jane Russell, and Susan Browning. (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:** —Seymour a bleeding officer, Buck Mulligan said. (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:** He nodded to himself as he drew off his trousers and stood up, saying tritely: —Redheaded women buck like goats. (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:** He broke off in alarm, feeling his side under his flapping shirt. (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:** 'It did not appear to him that Sir Walter could materially alter his style of living in a house which had such a character of hospitality and ancient dignity to support.' (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** 'In any other place Sir Walter might judge for himself; and would be looked up to, as regulating the modes of life, in whatever way he might choose to model his household.' (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. 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. (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:** An old fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Patti Jo and Cleavon Little. (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:** Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (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 misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring John Cunningham and Jay Garner as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (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.)

BALLET

LES GRANDS BALLETS CANADIENS—A one-week engagement of The Who's rock opera "Tommy," to music recorded by The Who. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 21-23, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, at 6:30 and 10; and Sunday, Sept. 26, at 2.)

"SWAN LAKE" ON FILM—The Leningrad Kirov



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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.)

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. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 15-17, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2 and 8; and final performance Sunday, Sept. 19, at 2 and 6.)

ICE SHOW—"Holiday on Ice," with Peggy Fleming. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 21, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 3. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

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)—Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 16-19, an all-girl electric rock band known as Fanny will be onstage. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Closed Wednesday, Sept. 15, and Monday, Sept. 20.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. A variety of musicians, mostly of high calibre, come and go. Pianist Barry Harris, with a bassist, will play Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 16-19; Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 23-26, pianist Cedar Walton will collaborate with a bassist. Music nightly, except Mondays, from nine-thirty to three.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Vibist Mike Mainieri will be working with guitarist David Spinoza through Saturday, Sept. 18. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a quartet that builds long disquisitions on standard tunes. Drummer John Lewis heads a trio Sundays and Mondays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—It was all work and all play for the musicians of an earlier day, and Sammy Price, then as now a ranking pianist, draws on memory from eight to one every night but Sunday, which, seven to midnight, gets Cyril Haynes' piano. Beginning Friday, Sept. 17, Anita Sheer, an American flamenco guitarist worthy of honorary Spanish citizenship, will appear three times a night. Dining.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Through Monday, Sept. 20, the rock outfit Rhinoceros will share the stage with Banchee. On Wednesday, Sept. 22, singer-guitarist Mike Nesmith will move in, along with a group called Fat Alice from Dallas. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers. Coffee, tea, and cider are the beverages.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Through Sunday, Sept. 19, Carl Thompson performs with bassist Linc Milliman. On Wednesday, Sept. 22, the Kenny Burrell duo will come in. Activity from nine-thirty to three or four. A Deep South kitchen.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Come on down, if the spirit moves you, to hear some solid, mainstream jazz produced by the Zoot Sims quartet. On Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band substitutes for the quartet. Light Italian dishes are available.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Energetic and smooth—sometimes simultaneously—jazz pianist Eddie Thompson plays solo on Mondays through Thursdays. His aide, Fridays through Sundays, is bassist Dr. Lyn Christie. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Roy Eldridge, Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Cool cats fill the house, and small wonder, when some of the sounds are considered. The Monty Waters trio will perform Friday through Sunday, Sept. 17-19. (For experienced jazz buffs only.) Soul-food dinners.

RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Jazz and soul food, soul food and jazz, are thought to generate pizzazz. The Chuck Fowler quartet plays Sundays through Tuesdays, and the Bobby Ayers trio plays Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty until two.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A populous gathering place in a lonesome part of town. Through Sunday, Sept. 19, Yusef Lateef, adept on flute and several reeds, will be here with his quartet. Guitarist Larry Coryell will bring in his quartet on Tuesday, Sept. 21. Music from nine until three or four. Closed Mondays.

THIRD PHASE, 545 W. 111th St. (749-9520)—The stalactites are synthetic in this collegiate cave, but the sound is real. A spirit-rock

GREETINGS FROM CARTIER





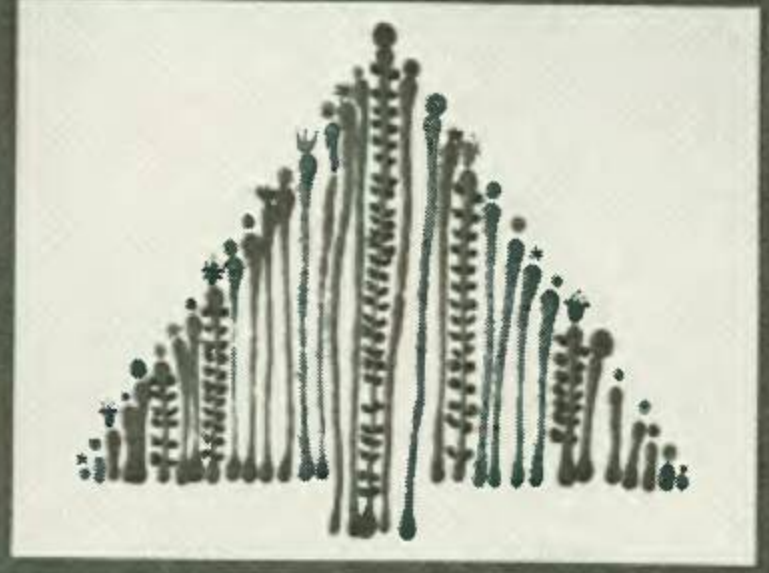














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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

group called Amazing Grace is being directed (or maybe the word should be "propelled") by a cat who calls himself the Reverend Ronnie Baker. Music from nine to two Thursdays through Saturdays. Italian food.

TRUDE HELLER'S, Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346)—Breaking its long tradition as a pop headquarters, this Village landmark has begun to acknowledge jazz and such. Cool-voiced singer Chris Connor is alternating with a quartet led by pianist Darius Brubeck, son of Dave. The draperies sparkle. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Guitarist Jim Hall leads a quartet every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Some up-and-coming types named the Chapins put in an appearance six nights a week. Mondays, the big room reverberates to Latin bands.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In the Village and often in the van. Through Sunday, Sept. 19, bassist and autobiographer Charles Mingus will be here with a sextet. On Tuesday, Sept. 21, the Modern Jazz Quartet will start a gig. Mondays are reserved for the dynamic seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over yonder—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, Sept. 19, horn player John Dengler will sit in. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: predictable.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide while others sit at tiny tables and watch them. Activity until three-thirty every night.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—East Forty-eighth Street has gone freaky, in several senses, but the show is mainly on the sidewalk. Inside are rattan chairs, striped wallpaper, potted plants, and other things. Dancing to records from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A little glitter, a little glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu

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except on Sundays, when only snacks are available. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Long ago (on the Paramount lot in 1934, for example), some pharaoh's palace might have borne a resemblance to this ornate restaurant. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by a foursome known as the New Direction. Dining. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between Floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and the like) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

BIG DEALS

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

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—So Ottilie and Hans are plighting their troth, and all the merry villagers (singing, dancing, oompahing) are getting their big feet into the troth. Incomprehensible but fun. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, the Iberian Peninsula's entry for the Olympic decathlon, is again in town, as bland, as schmalzy, as amusing as ever in their calisthenics-*cum*-chorale charade. This castle keep is in session every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM,** a minute theatre in the round, there occurs (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. No Sundays here, either.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Empty saddles in the old corral, because some of the habitués have become part of the gold rush to Nevada. Nowadays, new pop singers such as Freda Payne, the present incumbent; as for the comedians, they're usually second bananas. The current one is Morty Gunty. On Thursday, Sept. 23, a change of venue: Pat Henry, a doer of monologues, and Julius La Rosa, the old whoop-and-a-holler man. No silent night, under any circumstances. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion. night after night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—As of Thursday, Sept. 16, the enchanted woodland known as **LA FORÊT** will be in season again, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) will be floating about to the tunes of Peter Duchin's orchestra, and to other music as well. Only Tuesdays through Saturdays. The **CAFÉ,** though, equally de rigueur, has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

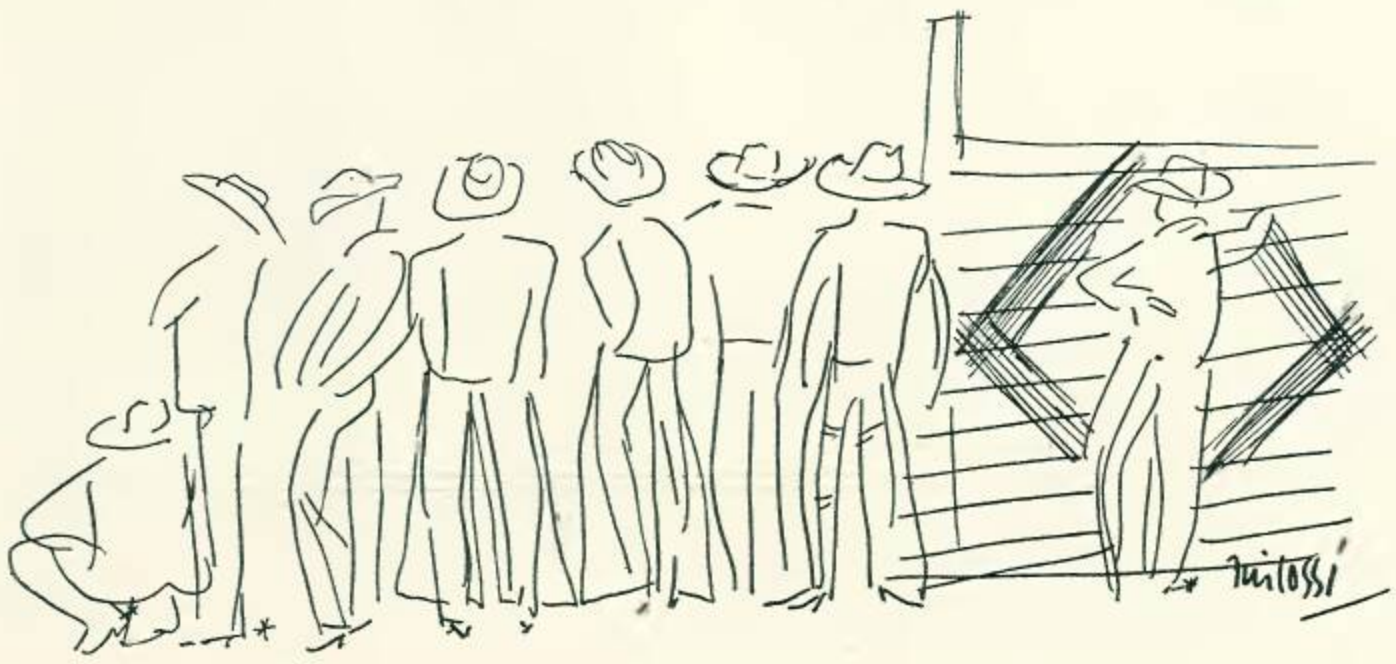
RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The highest altitudes do not trouble young canaries, so here is Linda Bennett, singing on the podium during dinner and supper. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday, and dancing, frequently to music from discothèque sources, commences at eight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Lana Cantrell puts on (during dinner and supper in the **MAISONETTE**) the big, blossomy act to be expected of a clarion soprano, and the band run by George Cort provides the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of **LA BOITE,** across the way from the Maisonette. The Gunnar Hansen duo plays for dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Many hands make light the work load and the sound—a fact demonstrated by the four-handed guitar (George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli) that spruces up the already spruce **ST. REGIS ROOM** from nine-thirty on. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Worldling without end; i.e., Bobby Short's wiry, wily words and piano. Beverly Peer on bass, Dick Sheridan on timpani—these, as they should be, are his backstops. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, and Athenian glee. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East, almost Way Down Far East, in between Haifa and Jerusalem. The instrumentation is wild but not woolly, the song is native, the dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West, and the centerpiece (Avram Grobard) is an easy-going amuser. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave., at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and music in the bar after six. (After nine-thirty, the pianist is Jacques Kayal, who sings French, the second language of Casablanca.) Closed Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays. . . . MARYMARY, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Mary McCarty, fun-loving Rover Girl from the time when nobody went home until dawn, shows up (but not until after her stint in "Follies") on the upper level of her duplex to bring her good nature to bear on good songs, many of them from that memorable time. With her, she often brings fun-loving Rover Girls and Boys from her own and neighboring Broadway stages. Billy Roy is her accompanist. She stays home Sundays and Mondays. Dance music, too. . . . LA CHANSONNETTE, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, who has serious doubts about everything and everybody, is more than willing to think things over—out loud, and quite out loud. Her *dernier cri* occurs on Saturday, Sept. 18. . . . ASTI, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman, for Dino Palermo, the genuine article, is the responsible party. On a lower deck, and one that is distinctly not steerage, a dance triad inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Signor Palermo has been known to visit this, too, on his rounds. Closed Sundays. . . . CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . CAFÉ RENAISSANCE, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room is one of our most splendid antique shops. Guitarist Jerry Gerard performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. Dining until ten. . . . SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Monday. . . . LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, a casual pianist (Norman Rollings) from eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): The head that wears a crown would not uneasy lie in the marbled halls of the Palm Court, where there is leisure-class piano from eight until one, though not on Sundays or Mondays. . . . MONSIGNORE, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life has been changed by the addition of Lynn Richards, who, seated at her piano, has been doing nocturnal ballads of a fairly worldly content for ever so long. The guests' prandial activities are further garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians, who are still Roman. Closed Sundays. . . . REMBRANDT ROOM, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The Worshipful International Company of Lieder Lovers dines and sups to the effortless soirées of Greta Keller, who may be to Vienna what Mabel Mercer is to New York. No music Sundays. . . . BARCLAY HOTEL, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the Gold Room when it's time for dinner, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Thursdays is the scheme.

ART

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

GALLERIES

MIKE BAKATY—Light-catching forms in ballooning fibre glass; starting Saturday, Sept. 18. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

ERICH BRAUER—A comprehensive exhibit of the works of this member of the Vienna School of "Fantastic Realism" (it arose in the nineteen-fifties), whose later work is involved with Biblical and Oriental motifs; through Sept. 29. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JON CARSMAN—Paintings of Pennsylvania landscapes; starting Tuesday, Sept. 21. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

PICASSO—Ten paintings from different periods and one owl sculpture; through Oct. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

SALVATORE ROMANO—Two large sculptures in wood and plastics, which consist of an upper section that floats on water in a lower section; starting Saturday, Sept. 18. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN SLOAN (1871-1951)—Forty drawings and a group of etchings; starting Tuesday, Sept. 21. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Saturday, Sept. 18.)

ALAN D. TOBIAS—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, Sept. 25. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOAQUÍN TORRES-GARCÍA (1874-1949)—Eighteen paintings by this renowned South American abstractionist; starting Saturday, Sept. 18. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRIEDRICH VORDEMBERGE-GILDEWART (1899-1962)—The first show in America by this German follower of the De Stijl movement; through Oct. 30. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN XCERON (1890-1967)—Twenty-five small abstract watercolors, plus six large oil paintings; through Oct. 2. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.: Three young realist painters, two of landscapes and one of cityscapes; starting Tuesday, Sept. 21. . . . PRINCE STREET GALLERY, 106 Prince St.: Paintings and sculptures by fifteen gallery artists; through Oct. 6. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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, Thursdays, 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

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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. 17-18, at 8, there will be a concert by singer-guitarist Chris Rohmann.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, sculptures, photographs, films, banners, puppets, and handicrafts done in the Summer Arts Program for Inner-City Children; through Sunday, Sept. 19. (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; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ 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 Thursday, Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Abstract compositions with an aura of landscape by Charles Schucker; starting Monday, Sept. 20. . . . ¶ 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 79th 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.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A hundred and fifteen paintings, sculptures, and graphics chosen from the collection of the Chase Manhattan Bank, including works by Europeans (Picasso, Delvaux, Dubuffet, and others) and Americans (among them Anuskiewicz, Albers, Avery, Murch, and Rivers); through Sept. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—More than sixty master works of the Japanese decorative school from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; they include screens, scrolls, wooden panels, fabrics, wood-block books, and other objects. Starts Saturday, Sept. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 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 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. Through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ 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.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic



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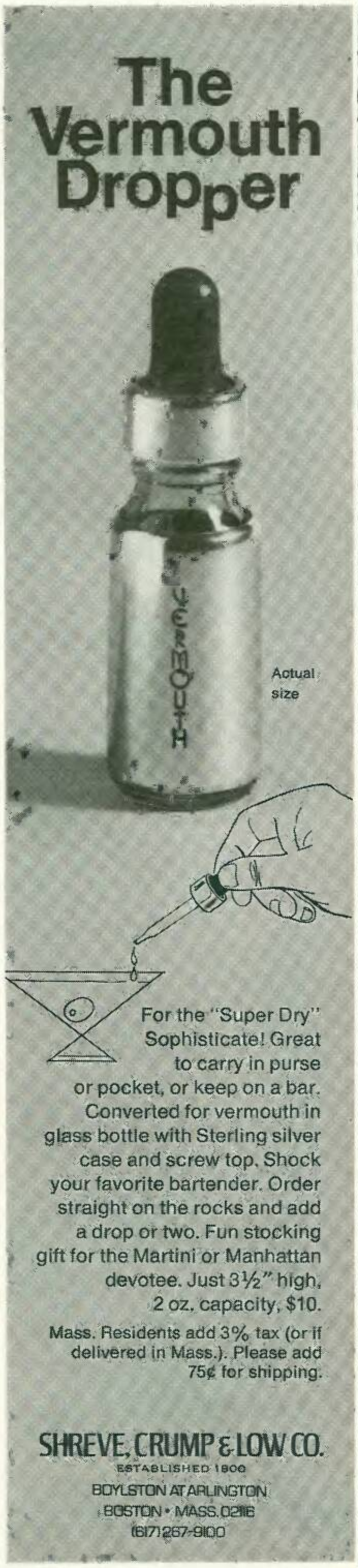
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 22—Monday evening, Sept. 20: "Don Carlo," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Lucine Amara, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and John Macurdy. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 21: "Rigoletto," with Renata Scotto, Joann Grillo, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Diaz, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 22: "Faust," with Raina Kabaivanska, Frederica von Stade, Placido Domingo, Kostas Paskalis, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 23: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Reri Grist, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 24: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Nedda Casei, Carlo Bergonzi, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 25: "Rigoletto," with Renata Scotto, Joann Grillo, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Diaz, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 25: "Don Carlo," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and John Macurdy. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—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. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 19, at 1:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, John Stewart, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 19, at 7:15: "La Bohème," with Patricia Craig, Nancy Shade, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, John Stewart, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, Franco Marini, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8:15: "Louise," with Carol Neblett, Muriel Greenspon, Salvador Novoa, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 24, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Patricia Craig, Nancy Shade, Michele Molese, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Deborah Kieffer, Herman Malamood, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Patricia Wise, Kay Creed, Michael Devlin, and John Darrenkamp. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting the opening performances of the season. Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 8:30, a non-subscription benefit concert (with André Watts, piano). . . . ¶ A different program (also with Mr. Watts) on Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 24, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8:30; and Monday, Sept. 27, at 7:30. . . . **NOTE:** An hour before the concerts on Saturday and Monday, Mr. Watts will give a half-hour all-Liszt recital.

RECITALS

New York Chamber Ensemble—A. Robert Johnson director. For an hour preceding the concerts, the instrumentalists will be available for interrogation by members of the audience. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Sept. 21, and Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Bee Gees and Tin Tin—The last in a series of concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 8.)

Billy Taylor Orchestra—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, Sept. 17, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

Lew Anderson Concert Jazz Band—With others. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Sept. 17, at 7:30.)

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

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

Stan Kenton and His Orchestra and Lionel Hampton and His Orchestra—A benefit concert. Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Sept. 20, at 7:30.

Quicksilver Messenger Service—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8.

Beach Boys—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 24, at 7:30 and 11.

Joy of Cooking, Leo Kottke, and Joyous Noise—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8.

New York Rock Ensemble and David Bromberg—Town Hall. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8:30.

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season—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 **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Thursday, Sept. 16, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Sept. 24, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2:15. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, Sept. 17, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 18-19, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 20-22, at 8.

College Football—SATURDAY, SEPT. 18: Army vs. Stanford, at West Point, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 25:** Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Fresh Meadow Country Club, Great Neck, L.I. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 22-24.)

Horse Shows—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 16-19.) . . . ¶ Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 25.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 18.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 16. The Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 18; the Lawrence Realization, Monday, Sept. 20; and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 25. (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.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Sunday, Sept. 19, at 1.

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

ET ALIA

United Nations—The twenty-sixth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, Sept. 21. In the meantime, there may be meetings of the Security Council and of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no

earlier than thirty minutes before 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.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 2: American paintings and drawings, including works by Grandma Moses, Cropsey, and Moran; from various collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English and French furniture and decorative objects, from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 2: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 17.

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 15 at 2: "The Southerner" (1945), directed by Jean Renoir, with Betty Field and Zachary Scott. . . . ¶ 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, Anna May Wong, and Cyril Ritchard. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "Young and Innocent" (1937), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Derrick de Marney and Nova Pilbeam. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 11:30: "Potemkin" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 3: "Sabotage" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 5:30: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Waltzes from Vienna" (1933), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Jessie Matthews and Esmond Knight. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 1: "Piccadilly" (1928). . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 6 and Sept. 21 at 2: "Harvest" (1939), in French, directed by Marcel Pagnol, with Gabriel Gabrio. . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 5:30, tentative: "The Informer" (1929), directed by Arthur Robinson, with Lars Hanson and Lya de Putti. . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 2: "Shooting Stars" (1926), directed by Anthony Asquith and A. V. Bramble, with Annette Bensen and Brian Aherne. . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 5:30: "Dawn" (1928), directed by Herbert Wilcox, with Sybil Thorndike. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 2: "Evergreen" (1934), directed by Victor Saville, with Jessie Matthews and Betty Balfour. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 5:30: "Moulin Rouge" (1928), directed by E. A. Dupont, with Olga Tschekova and Eve Gray. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 8: "Evergreen" (1934). (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)—Through Sept. 17: "The End of St. Petersburg" (1927), a Russian film, directed by V. I. Pudovkin. . . . ¶ Sept. 18-19: "Earth" (1930), a Russian film, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 22: "The General Line" (1929), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein. (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—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through Sunday, Sept. 19. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7. . . . ¶ 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

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 21: "The Clowns."
From Sept. 22: "Adrift."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 15: "We're Not Dressing" and "She Done Him Wrong."
Sept. 16-18: "Sous les Toits de Paris" and "Le Million."
Sept. 19-22: "Dames" and "Hollywood Hotel."
From Sept. 23: "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "For Me and My Gal."

Orpheum Repertory Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
Sept. 15: "The Devil Is a Woman."
Sept. 16: "Dishonored."
Sept. 17: "Shanghai Express."
Sept. 18: "Morocco."
Sept. 19: "The Scarlet Empress."
Sept. 20: "Blonde Venus."
Sept. 21: "Angel."
Sept. 22: "Key Largo."
Sept. 23: "The Maltese Falcon."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 18: "Claire's Knee" and "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."
From Sept. 19: "You've Got to Walk It Like You Talk It or You'll Lose That Beat."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 21: "Klute."
From Sept. 22: "Shaft."

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

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Death in Venice."

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)
"The Anonymous Venetian."

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

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Sept. 20: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
From Sept. 21: "Sunday Bloody Sunday."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Johnny Got His Gun."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Sept. 18: "Claire's Knee" and "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."
From Sept. 19: "You've Got to Walk It Like You Talk It or You'll Lose That Beat."

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

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"On Any Sunday."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 21: "Yellow Submarine" and "Room Service."
From Sept. 22: "The Gold Rush" and "The General."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Steagle."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Shaft."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Let's Scare Jessica to Death."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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19	20	21	22	23		

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

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Big Doll House."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Summer of '42."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Death in Venice."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"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. 21: "Evel Knievel."
From Sept. 22: "Adios Sabata."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Sept. 15: "Diamonds of the Night," "Josef Kilián," and "The Ceiling."
Sept. 16-18: "Closely Watched Trains" and "Transport from Paradise."
Sept. 19-20: "Intimate Lighting" and "The Most Beautiful Age."
Sept. 21-22: "The Joke" and "The End of August at the Hotel Ozone."
From Sept. 23: "Cuba Va!" and "Reggae."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 21: "Romance of a Horsethief" and "Bye Bye Braverman."
From Sept. 22: "Little Big Man."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 21: "Klute."
From Sept. 22: "Shaft."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 16: "Plantation Boy" and "Memory of the Cangacl."
Sept. 17-18: "Matraga."
Sept. 19-20: "The Deceased."
Sept. 21-22: "Oh Bravo Guerreiro."
From Sept. 23: "The Big City."

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

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Sept. 16: "Rashomon" and "Ugetsu."
Sept. 17-20: "Jules and Jim" and "Shoot the Piano Player."
Sept. 21: "The Italian Straw Hat" and "Sous les Toits de Paris."
Sept. 22-23: "Zero for Conduct" and "L'Atalante."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Sept. 21: "Evel Knievel."
From Sept. 22: "The Hired Hand" and "They Might Be Giants."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Sept. 15: "The Seven Samurai."
Sept. 16: "Snow Country."
Sept. 17-18: "Woman in the Dunes" and "The Island."
Sept. 19: "Kill!" and "Red Lion."
Sept. 20-21: "Red Beard."
Sept. 22: "Silence Has No Wings" and "The Rickshaw Man."
Sept. 23: "The Emperor and the General."

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)
Through Sept. 23 (tentative): "2001: A Space Odyssey" and "Yellow Submarine."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Sept. 21: "Summer of '42."
From Sept. 22: "Desperate Characters."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 18: "Adrift."
From Sept. 19: "Glen and Randa."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"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)
Sept. 15: "Deep End."
From Sept. 16: "The Bear and the Doll."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Wings."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 21: "Wild Rovers" and "Point Blank."
From Sept. 22: "Shaft."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Le Mans."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Summer of '42" and "The Penthouse."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 15: "The Lady and the Monster" and "Alphaville."
Sept. 16-22: "Spirits of the Dead" and "Tales of Terror."
From Sept. 23: "Rosemary's Baby" and "Horror Hotel."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 21: "The Confession" and "The Molly Maguires."
From Sept. 22: "The Hired Hand" and "They Might Be Giants."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 15: "The Barefoot Contessa" and "The Night of the Hunter."
Sept. 16: "This Sporting Life" and "Billy Liar."
Sept. 17: "Closely Watched Trains" and "The Fifth Horseman Is Fear."
Sept. 18: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" and "Mississippi Mermaid."
Sept. 19: "Phaedra" and "Electra."
Sept. 20: "My Uncle" and "My Wife's Husband."
Sept. 21: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" and "The Horse's Mouth."
Sept. 22: "Romeo and Juliet" and "A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein."
Sept. 23: "Cotton Comes to Harlem" and "Gaily, Gaily."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 21: "Love Story" and "Promise at Dawn."
From Sept. 22: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Sept. 15: "The Seven Year Itch" and "The Night of the Following Day."
Sept. 16-18: "Niagara" and "A Streetcar Named Desire."
Sept. 19-20: "Reflections in a Golden Eye" and another feature, to be announced.
Sept. 21-23: "Don't Bother to Knock" and "Mutiny on the Bounty."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Adios Sabata—With Yul Brynner, directed by Frank Kramer. (86th St. East; starting Sept. 22.)

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; through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Art; starting Sept. 22.)

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

Angel (1937)—Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, and Melvyn Douglas, directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Full of vivacity, lavishly overdressed, with Marlene the neglected wife of Herbert Marshall, an august English diplomat. They have some wonderful sedate breakfast scenes together. Then she flits to Paris and a high-class bordello, run by Laura Hope Crews as a wittily overbearing battle-axe of a madam posing as a grand duchess. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 21.)

The Anonymous Venetian—With Tony Musante and Florinda Bolkan, directed by Enrico Mario Salerno. (Plaza.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 22-23.)

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 Bear and the Doll—With Brigitte Bardot

"I SAW IT IN THE WINDOW."

"It looked lonely there all by itself.
Camel and grey, all wool flannel, with little pockets. So, I went in. They had sizes 8-18. But, most important, it fit, really fit. So now, $56 later, I own it. I'm going to walk by that window more often."



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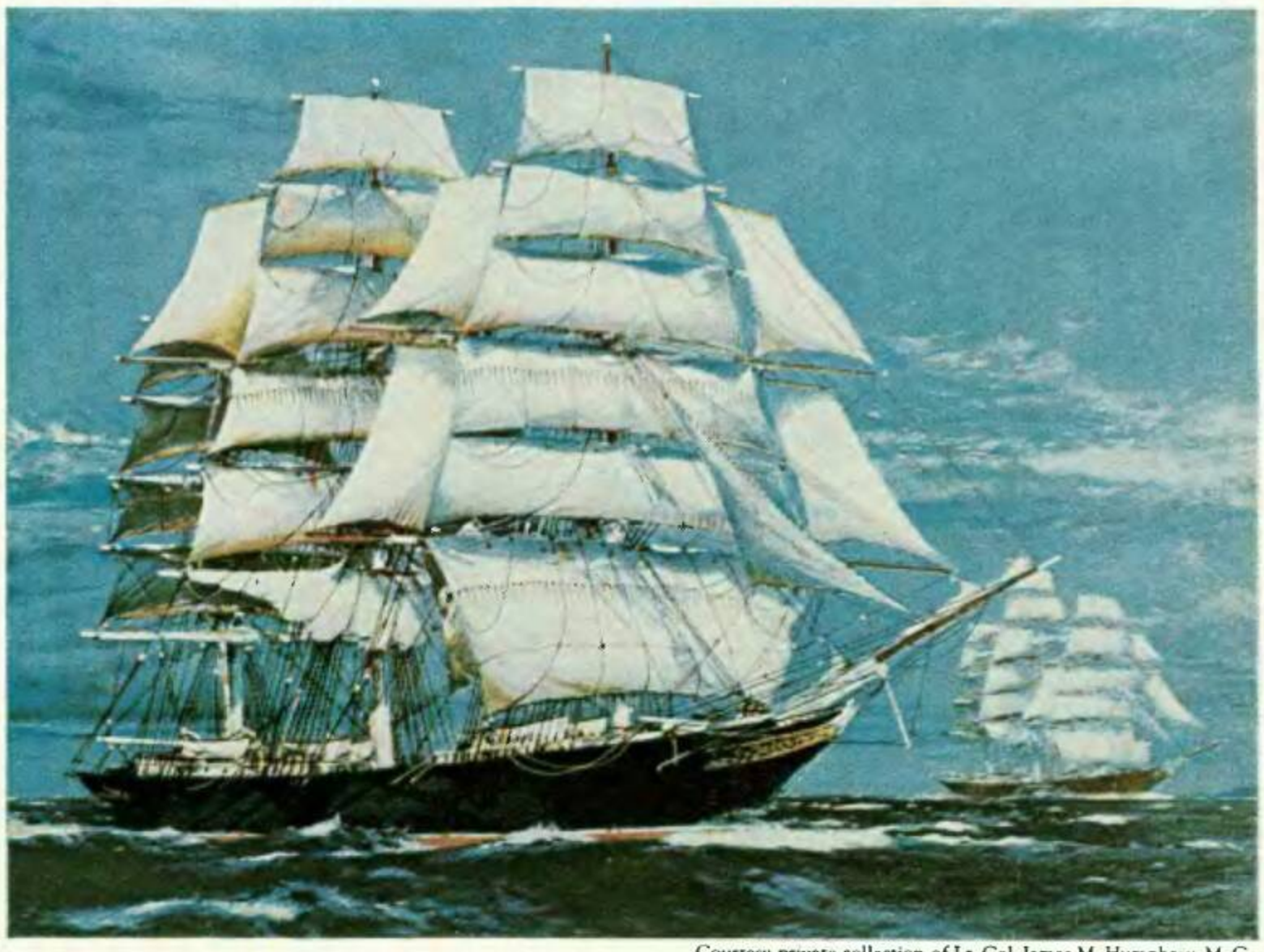
Cutty Sark vs. Thermopylae.

The most famous clipper race of all time

In the early 1870's, the clipper *Thermopylae* held "the blue ribband," symbol of victory in the incredible tea races that pitted great ships against each other and half the world's oceans. But then came *Cutty Sark*, built solely to beat *Thermopylae*. And in 1872, the two ships met for the first and only time.

On June 17th they cast off from Shanghai together, bound for London. Immediately they were separated by gales. *Cutty* forged far ahead. And then on August 25, a huge sea tore *Cutty's* rudder away. In 6 days of storms, the crew fashioned and fitted a jury rudder. And when it snapped, they made a second rig, this time in only 24 hours. With her speed severely cut by the weak rudder, *Cutty* limped home, docked after *Thermopylae*—yet won the race!

A special maritime board was convened which inspected the logs of both vessels and decided that, based on actual time under sail in equal conditions, *Cutty Sark* had made the faster passage. From that time on, *Cutty* was never beaten in equal competition. Small wonder that, years later, a reporter was to write of the finish of yet another clipper race, "*Cutty Sark* first... the rest, nowhere."



Courtesy private collection of Lt. Col. James M. Humphrey, M. C.



Capt. Moodie,
Cutty's commander
in her most famous race.

Cutty's jury rudder,
seen in drydock.



Illustrations and text from "The Log of the Cutty Sark" reprinted with permission of Brown, Son & Ferguson, Ltd., Publishers.



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***Cutty Sark's* century-old reputation** is honored by the Scots whisky that took her name. For generations, Cutty Sark has blended only Scotland's best whiskies to create the exceptional Cutty Sark taste... and the character only Cutty Sark can offer. Cutty Sark. It stands alone. You'll know why.

Cutty Sark...the only one of its kind.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Jean-Pierre Cassel, directed by Michel Deville. In French. (Paris; starting Sept. 16.)

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

The Big City—A Brazilian film, directed by Carlos Diegaus. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Sept. 23.)

The Big Doll House—With Judy Brown, directed by Jack Hill. (Juliet 2.)

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.)

Blonde Venus (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the gangster she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. With Sidney Toler as the detective and Cecil Cunningham as the night-club hostess. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 20.)

Bye Bye Braverman (1968)—There may never be another movie on the highly specialized subject of the comic failure of New York Jewish intellectuals, so it's not a bad idea to see this one. Crude and unrestrained, it has some of the virtues that go with those defects. With George Segal, Joseph Wiseman, Godfrey Cambridge. Sidney Lumet directed. (Waverly; through Sept. 21.)

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)—The graduation film made by Věra Chytilová, who later directed "The Daisies." This short piece is about a fashion model and already full of Chytilová's quirky wit. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 15.)

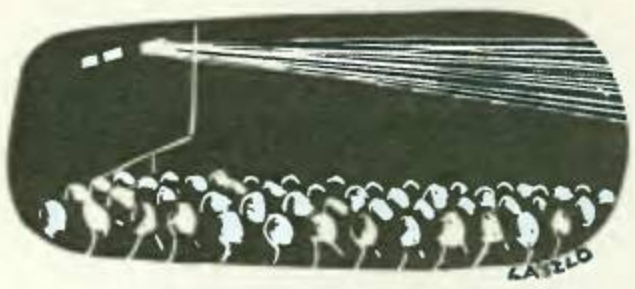
Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in 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; through Sept. 18.)

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 remembered in 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. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 16-18. . . . ¶ Thalia; Sept. 17.)

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; through Sept. 21.)

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; through Sept. 21.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem (1970)—Two New York City police detectives (Raymond St. Jacques and Godfrey Cambridge) on the trail of various villains. A mixture of hard-boiled detective story and very broad farce, directed by Ossie Davis. Based on the novel



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by Chester Himes. With Calvin Lockhart (as a very fancy crook) and Redd Foxx. (Thalia; Sept. 23.)

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

Cuba Va!—A documentary film by Felix Greene on Cuba today, as revealed in the island's music. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Sept. 23.)

Dames (1934)—Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell singing "I Only Have Eyes for You." Ray Enright directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 19-22.)

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." (34th St. East and U. A. East.)

The Deceased—A Brazilian film, directed by Leon Hirszman. (5th Ave. Cinema; Sept. 19-20.)

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 halfway-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; Sept. 15.)

Desperate Characters—Desolate, observant middle-class married dialogue between Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars, written and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Festival; starting Sept. 22.)

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. 15.)

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

Don't Bother to Knock (1952)—Early Marilyn Monroe, in a melodrama that doesn't suit her unhistrionic style, directed by Roy Baker. Anne Bancroft makes a highly professional appearance. (Olympia; Sept. 21-23.)

Electra (1962)—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his version of the Euripides tragedy in an authentic setting and with an authentic solemn grandeur. Luckily, the heroine, Irene Papas, is fair to look upon, and so is the Greek landscape. (Thalia; Sept. 19.)

The Emperor and the General (1967)—An account, in a documentary style, of the day on which Emperor Hirohito told his countrymen the bad news. Based on the book "The Longest Day in Japan," by Soichi Oya. With Toshiro Mifune; directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 23.)

The End of August at the Hotel Ozone (1965)—A very accomplished Czech film by Jan Schmidt, set in a world peopled only by women fifteen years after an atomic war has destroyed most of the world. The movie doesn't overreach itself, and it has a powerful tang. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 21-22.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear (1964)—A Czech film of great baroque brilliance, about a Jewish doctor fighting to hang on to a core of honor in Prague under an anti-Semitic totalitarian regime. Directed and written by Zbyněk Brynych. (Thalia; Sept. 17.)

For Me and My Gal (1942)—Oddly shrill musical by Busby Berkeley, pushing patriotism about the First World War. With Judy Garland and Gene Kelly, who are nearly scuppered by the awful script. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 23.)

Gaily, Gaily (1969)—Ben Hecht's Chicago of a half century ago, in the heyday of yellow journalism, is great movie material, but Norman Jewison clutters it up with fancy camera angles and too broad performances, so it's mostly a mess. With Beau Bridges and Brian Keith (demonstrating once again that he is one of the best actors in the business). (Thalia; Sept. 23.)

The General (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except perhaps for "The Navigator." He did it all himself: stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. To be seen at all costs. (Beekman; starting Sept. 22.)

Glen and Randa—With Steven Curry and Shelley Plimpton, directed by Jim McBride. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous; starting Sept. 19.)

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.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl whom Charlie wins. (Beekman; starting Sept. 22.)

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. (Murray Hill.)

The Hired Hand—Peter Fonda's first piece of direction, set in an Old West that is already changing. He and Warren Oates play great friends who turn up at the house of Fonda's ten-years-older wife (Verna Bloom) after he has left her on her own to run a farm and a life for six years. She gives him a guarded welcome, with a feminine skepticism that is truly caught. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; starting Sept. 22.)

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

Hollywood Hotel (1937)—A musical, with Dick Powell and Hugh Herbert. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 19-22.)

Horror Hotel (1963)—With Dennis Lotis and Christopher Lee. (New Yorker; starting Sept. 23.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as Joyce Cary's fabulous painter-hero—the lewd, scrounging Gulley Jimson (whose antic self-destructiveness is based on Dylan Thom-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as). With Kay Walsh as Coker, the barmaid; Renée Houston as Sarah; and Ernest Thesiger as Hickson. Ronald Neame is a literal-minded director, and so this comedy isn't as free as it should be—it turns out to be a conformist movie about nonconformity—but the characters manage to bust through, and it is highly entertaining. (Thalia; Sept. 21.)

Intimate Lighting (1965)—A small but charming and humane comedy about a young couple who visit an old friend of the man's and discover how the two men's paths—once so close—have diverged. Directed by Ivan Passer. A Czechoslovakian film. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 19-20.)

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; through Sept. 18.)

The Island (1962)—Kaneto Shindo's film about a family subsisting on an island without water. No dialogue. Very sparse, very disciplined, rather fine, if you can buy an aesthetic of blood-thinning. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 17-18.)

The Italian Straw Hat (1927)—René Clair took the Eugène Labiche and Marc Michel play that Bergson used to illustrate his theory of comedy and turned it into a model of visual wit. This silent satire on middle-class pretension is so elegantly directed that farce becomes ballet. (Elgin; Sept. 21.)

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. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

The Joke (1969)—A wry Czech movie by Jaromil Jireš that shuttles back and forth between the days of Stalinism and Dubček's 1968. The hero is caught in that romanticism of orthodoxy which, as time goes on, permits only a disappointment that bites like a steel trap on the leg of a man trying to move. (You wonder if the same thing is true of the director.) Interesting stuff about a sardonic, prankish character. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 21-22.)

Josef Kilián (1963)—A Czechoslovakian allegory, forty minutes long, directed by Pavel Jurácek and Jan Schmidt. About the difficulty of returning a rented cat in a city run by absentee bureaucrats. Rather funny and very alarming, but a bit overweighted with allegorical mannerisms. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 15.)

A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein (1968)—A documentary film. (Thalia; Sept. 22.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 17-20.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—

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which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for the Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 22.)

Kill! (1968)—A rousing samurai film, directed by Kihachi Okamoto in a modern style influenced by Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 19.)

Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the amoral young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Brittle, witty, and good fun, though a little on the poky side. Robert Hamer directed. (Thalia; Sept. 21.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Gramercy and 8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 21.)

Evel Knievel—George Hamilton in the title role. (86th St. East and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Sept. 21.)

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

Le Mans—With Steve McQueen, directed by Lee H. Katzin. A rip-roarer, and that's it. (Regency.)

Let's Scare Jessica to Death—Poor thriller, helped by the performance of Zohra Lampert. Directed by John Hancock. (Juliet 1.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Waverly; starting Sept. 22.)

Love Story—The weeper. (Midtown; through Sept. 21.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economic—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 23.)

The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker—With Richard Benjamin and Joanna Shimkus, directed by Lawrence Turman. Know-all and floundering. (Sutton.)

Matraga—A Brazilian film, directed by Roberto Santos. (5th Ave. Cinema; Sept. 17-18.)



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; through Sept. 20.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 23.)

Memory of the Cangacl—A Brazilian film, directed by Paulo Jil Soares. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Sept. 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; Sept. 16-18.)

Mississippi Mermaid (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 18.)

The Molly Maguires (1970)—A handsome production, with an unconvincing script about violence in the Pennsylvania coal mines in the eighteen-seventies. Fine performances by Sean Connery, Richard Harris, and Samantha Eggar. Directed by Martin Ritt. (Symphony; through Sept. 21.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich in her dinner jacket at the peak of her naughty perfection. She sings "What Am I Bid?," and Foreign Legionnaire Gary Cooper knows just what to offer. This adorably silly, consummately entertaining romance was directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 18.)

The Most Beautiful Age (1969)—A Czechoslovakian film, directed by Jaroslav Papousek. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 19-20.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1962)—Marlon Brando as Fletcher Christian and Trevor Howard as Captain Bligh in a high-flown version of a tale that used to be about good men and bad but that now concerns the class struggle, sex, and other Hollywood commonplaces. The sea scenes are stupendous. (Olympia; Sept. 21-23.)

My Uncle (1958)—Jacques Tati's gentle satire about depersonalization, plastics, and modern design. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 20.)

My Wife's Husband (1965)—Labyrinthine French farce, tirelessly complex and trivial, with Fernandel and Bourvil. There is one quite funny scene about a waterside restaurant near Marseille being visited on an off day by a representative of the *Guide Michelin*. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 20.)

Niagara (1953)—Exceptionally good script by Charles Brackett, directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe magnetically scheming and Joseph Cotten as her psychotic husband. (Olympia; Sept. 16-18.)

The Night of the Following Day (1969)—A very bad kidnapping-for-ransom movie, with the characters talking in pseudo-casual gangster jargon. Marlon Brando plays in it; Hubert Cornfield wrote and directed it, trying all too hard for Cool. One simply enjoys watching Brando. (Olympia; 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.)

Oh Bravo Guerreiro—A Brazilian film, directed by Gustavo Dahl. (5th Ave. Cinema; Sept. 21-22.)

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.)

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

The Penthouse (1967)—A glassy English film, with Suzy Kendall and Terence Morgan, directed by Peter Collinson. (Embassy 72nd St.)

Phaedra (1962)—Jules Dassin's glossy, nov-



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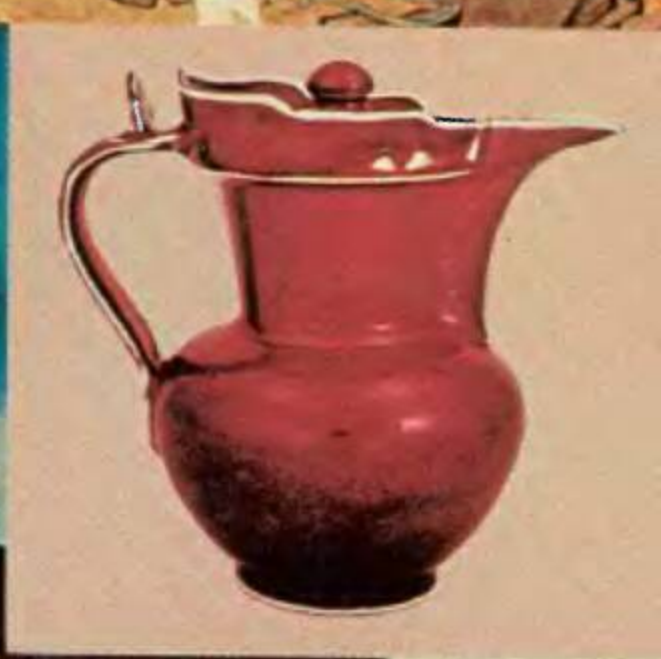
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elettish version featuring Melina Mercouri, who leaves her husband, Raf Vallone, to run away with Anthony Perkins, while the audience tries to figure out why. (Thalia; Sept. 19.)

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; through Sept. 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; through Sept. 21.)

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; through Sept. 21.)

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; through Sept. 16.)

Red Beard (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close to two and a half hours long, is set in the slums of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune is Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous hero-doctor who keeps an essential clinic open by one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very interested by such resolute and uncommendable saints. The style of the film is flowing and full of high attack. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 20-21.)

Red Lion (1969)—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 19.)

Reflections in a Golden Eye (1967)—A clumsy mistranslation of the McCullers novel, directed by John Huston. Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando make less than they should of the leading roles. (Olympia; Sept. 19-20.)

Reggae—A film of the Caribbean Music Festival at Wembley, in London, last year. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Sept. 23.)

The Rickshaw Man (1958)—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 22.)

Romance of a Horsethief—With Yul Brynner and Eli Wallach, directed by Abraham Polonsky. (Waverly; through Sept. 21.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Thalia; Sept. 22.)

Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel room with their stranded players, fighting off famine and creditors. Unfortunately, the play fits them like a straitjacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride grinning his great bulldog grin. Directed (lamely) by William Seiter. (Beekman; through Sept. 21.)

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; starting Sept. 23.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Orpheum.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Who but Catherine the Great? Played on this occasion by Marlene Dietrich. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 19.)

See No Evil—Mia Farrow blind. So is everyone around in the movie business, apparently—*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. 15.)

The Seven Year Itch (1955)—With Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell, directed by Billy Wilder. (Olympia; Sept. 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. . . . ¶ Gramercy, 8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 22.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily (Marlene Dietrich) and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. Josef von Sternberg directed. With Anna May Wong and Gustav von Seyffertitz. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 17.)

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. 15.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 17-20.)

Silence Has No Wings (1966)—Kazuo Kuroki's film is about the meaning of love. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 22.)

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

Sous les Toits de Paris (1930)—René Clair's lovely early musical. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 16-18. . . . ¶ Elgin; Sept. 21.)

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; Sept. 16-22.)

The Steagle—With Richard Benjamin, directed by Paul Sylbert. (Tower East.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Olympia; Sept. 16-18.)

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., Greenwich, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Festival; through Sept. 21.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head, directed by John Schlesinger. (Coronet; starting Sept. 21.)

Sweet Savior—Story à la Manson case, and really bad, as well as tame and cheap. With Troy Donahue, directed by Bob Roberts. (Trans-Lux East.)

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 hor-

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ror effects are rather repellent. (New Yorker; Sept. 16-22.)

They Might Be Giants—With George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward, directed by Anthony Harvey. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; starting Sept. 22.)

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; Sept. 16-18.)

Tsar to Lenin (1966)—A documentary about the Russian Revolution. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick'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; through Sept. 23, tentative.)

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; through Sept. 16.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Thalia; Sept. 18.)

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. 15.)

Wild Rovers—With William Holden and Ryan O'Neal, directed by Blake Edwards. (Cinema Studio; through Sept. 21.)

Wings (1927)—With Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers, directed by William A. Wellman. Fine slambang hokum about airmen in the First World War, with a minute steel-jawed appearance by the very young Gary Cooper. (Paramount.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—A very fine Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, as long as your sympathies hold firm enough not to be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand, sand, sand, sand-covered bodies, and an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 17-18.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Beekman; through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; through Sept. 23, tentative.)

You've Got to Walk It Like You Talk It or You'll Lose That Beat—With Zalman King, directed by Peter Locke. (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu: starting Sept. 19.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Elgin; Sept. 22-23.)



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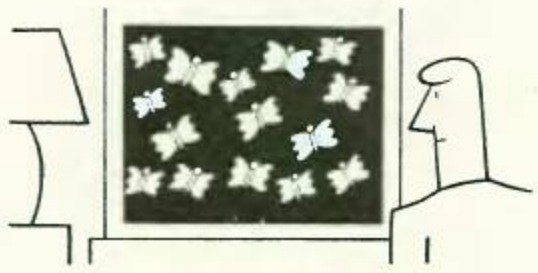
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EVEN leaving aside "The Hellstrom Chronicle" and the news that Bette Davis has been brought low by a wasp bite on the Isle of Mull, many signs have pointed to this as the year in which the single-minded forms of life—the insects—could be getting ready to take over. It goes back to May, in the morning of the season, when gnats clouded the air, and it seems to be ending now with an unparalleled move indoors of crickets claiming to themselves a share of the closed-season warmth and cheer of the television room. In between, Japanese beetles returned in force to rose gardens, taking over from hordes of chafers. An unidentified succession of moths covered the nighttime win-



dow screens. Locusts turned the noons drowsy, and katydids the moons. Gypsy moths gyrated in egg-laying orgies in new areas, many miles from the scenes of their 1971 defoliations. The yellow jackets of September moved in on the warmth of picnics, or any other outdoor sociability, in the middle of August. Among all these notable survivors this season, a small, round, dark breed of spider seemed likely to be *the* form of life best equipped for survival. It inhabits the tubes and crannies of metal lawn furniture, or the concrete of patios, is agile beyond the reach of any spray, and, living without visible web or obvious organic prey, seems capable of making both home and diet of the same metal-and-concrete complex we human beings have evolved as our prime environment. The more one watches the world of small creatures, the more grimly one is impressed by the way its populations seem to be programmed beyond neurosis to do the unquestioned thing unquestioningly, with no free will, no conscience, no out-of-reach dreams, no anticipation of success or failure, no grim indulgence in play as they go along, to flaw their compliance.

Lawns

FROM spiders to lawns. We spent most of last Thursday learning about lawns, and discovered that even a subject that seems as blessedly irrelevant as this one is capable of calling forth the odd Significant Reflection. At ten-thirty that morning, we found ourself, along with about thirty other people, in a cream-colored auditorium in the Administration Building of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden listening to Dr. Henry W. Indyk. If there is a man alive who knows more about lawns than Dr. Indyk, who is an Extension Specialist in Turf Management at Rutgers University, we have not met him.

"I'm going to begin right at the bottom, and by that I mean lawn establishment," began Dr. Indyk, who is small, sharp-featured, and fortyish, and who was wearing a short-sleeved blue shirt. "One of the major problems in building lawns is a defeatist attitude. An individual will say to himself, 'I'm not a professional horticulturist—I can't do it.' Well, I can assure you that you can do it yourself, and it's an excellent opportunity for an individual to get outdoors. Now, most of what we hear about improving the environment is critical of someone else. But if each individual does his part, starting with his own home, then the total effect is a beautiful environment. Lawn-building is only one small facet, but it has a lot to do with improving the environment. Now, the first thing we have to take into consideration is the soil. You can't avoid the soil. The soil is the foundation of a good lawn. You don't have to have a defeatist attitude about it, because you can grow a good lawn in the poorest soil, and without bringing in topsoil. The most important factor is the acidity of the soil. Recently, a big company said that if you used its new brand of fertilizer, you didn't have to use lime on your lawn. That was one of the biggest *faux pas* I've heard since I became associated with lawns. Lime is essential to the building of a lawn. How much lime to put on is based on how acidic the soil is, but if you don't know, a good guideline is from seventy-five to a hundred pounds per thousand square feet. That sounds like a lot, but lime is the one product you can make a mistake on and still not damage your lawn."

Dr. Indyk spoke with equal assurance about fertilizer, peat moss, and topsoil, and then took up the subject of seed. "This is the area of perhaps the most critical mistakes that are made," he said. "You go into the garden center and look at those rows and rows of seed, and it's utter confusion. Most people consider only one factor—the price tag. Your wife may come home and



say, 'Honey, I found a bargain—five pounds of grass seed for sixty-nine cents.' Well, if my wife did that, I'd say, 'Honey, throw the seed in the garbage can and let's go out to dinner,' because that mixture is composed primarily of coarse-textured, temporary types of grasses. What do we look for in grass seed? You have to ask, 'This lawn situation I have—is it shade or sun?' This is the major criterion. If it's a sun situation, you want predominantly Kentucky bluegrasses, and by predominantly I mean at least fifty per cent, with twenty-five per cent red fescue and ten to twenty-five per cent one of the new improved rye grasses. If

it's a shade situation, it should be sixty per cent red fescue, with twenty per cent bluegrass and twenty per cent one of the new improved rye grasses. We live in a day of many changes. The seed mixture may change, the weed problems may change, but twenty years from now, when I come back to the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, I'm still going to be talking about the same basic principles of lawn-building."

It was a comforting thought. The group rose and followed Dr. Indyk out of the building and across a stone bridge to a spot next to a weeping-willow tree where a patch of soil had been prepared for a demonstration. A lanky, mournful-looking gardener stood nearby, holding a rake. A series of signs were lying face down on the soil, and as Dr. Indyk explained the basic principles, the gardener picked up each sign in order and stuck it in the ground.

The first sign read "Drainage Grade." "Many homes we see are what?" said Dr. Indyk. "What they are is graded in a way that lets water flow into the basement. If you take a beautiful home and put it in a depression, it'll look lousy. If it's graded with a gentle slope away, it'll make that home look so many dollars more attractive."

One by one, the signs appeared. "Fertilizer." "Organic Matter." "Roll and Mulch." It was quiet and sultry on the grass, and Dr. Indyk's admonitions had a rhythm of their own.

"We've got to think in terms of large quantities of peat moss. Now, what do I mean by large quantities? I mean from five to ten bales per thousand square feet. . . .

"Rolling is very important for quicker germination of the seed. A light roller is best. Now, what do we mean by a light roller? We mean a roller that weighs from seventy-five to a hundred pounds. . . .

"The best mulching material is salt hay. Put it on lightly and evenly, and it will produce a cool, moist environment around that seeding. Now, what do I mean by lightly? I mean you can look down and still see the peat-moss material through the mulching material."

When the gardener turned over the sign that read "Chemical Treatment," we experienced a twinge. "For renovating a lawn when the percentage of desirable grasses is less than thirty, cacodylic acid can be used," Dr. Indyk said. "If this chemical is applied today, by tomorrow your old lawn will be completely brown." Then he demonstrated a machine called a thatcher. When he pulled the cord to start it, it made a terrible racket. We began thinking, involuntarily, about noise pollution. We began thinking of Saturday afternoons in the suburbs, with the grating sound of lawnmowers never out of earshot.

Back in the auditorium, after lunch, Dr. Indyk gave a slide lecture on lawn management. Before it started, we had a chance to look at a display of potted weeds that had been set up on a table in the front of the room. Each weed was labelled, and the names were a pleasure to read: mouse-ear chickweed, yarrow, goose grass, dandelion, cat's-ear, hawkweed, knotweed, quack grass, velvet grass, foxtail, nimble will. The weeds looked as vigorous and hardy as their names, and by the time the slide lecture began we were rooting for them.

"Nothing makes a lawn more attractive than uniformity," said Dr. Indyk as a photograph of a perfectly uniform lawn flashed on the screen.

When Dr. Indyk began talking about chemical herbicides and pesticides, several members of the audience stirred. Someone asked if there was not some organic way of getting rid of Japanese beetles. Dr. Indyk said that such methods do exist, but that they take several years to become fully effective, and that in the interval the pest population may temporarily rise. "Sometimes, unfortunately, we have to resort to insecticides; otherwise, we are going to be completely devoured by insects, in a sense," he said, and we thought of our small, round, dark breed of spider. He mentioned 2,4-D and silvex as chemicals that are effective against certain undesirable weeds. Silvex is a cousin of 2,4,5-T, which, like 2,4-D, has been used extensively in Vietnam as a defoliant and has been found to cause birth defects in experimental animals.

"Aren't some of these chemicals pretty dangerous?" someone asked.

Dr. Indyk looked pained. "We get this emotionalism about chemical herbicides, and it gets me very disturbed and upset," he said. "I still think the problems we run into on these are due to carelessness. Take a chemical like aspirin. Aspirin does us a world of good, but more children are killed by aspirin each year than by all pesticides and



"It's Himself, on Extension Three."

herbicides put together."

Afterward, we took a stroll in the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. It is a peaceful and beautiful place. We now know more about lawns than we ever expected to, but we have no opinions on the subject. It's too controversial.

Bench Warmers

A SUBURBAN father whom we know became apprehensive recently about the amount of time his two healthy young sons were spending in front of a television set on weekends watching the almost endless parade of football games. He decided to lure them away from an electronic enjoyment of the sport to an active one by buying them expensive, identical sets of football equipment and letting them loose in the back yard with their friends. Inside of a week, one of the boys broke a wrist, the other sprained an ankle, a friend lost two teeth, the equipment was presented to a local orphanage, and the television set was playing longer and louder than ever.

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OVERHEARD outside the Bar Association, on West Forty-third Street, attaché case to attaché case: "I guess I'll have to read that case to determine if it says at least marginally what I said it said in my brief."

Traffic

NOT long ago, we received a letter from a friend that read:

The other lunch hour, my wife was coming down Fifth Avenue on a bus. She was late for a date with me. And the bus was barely crawling. So she got out and started walking toward the office. But the sidewalk was just as jam-packed with people as the street was with vehicles. So she could barely make any progress there, either.

That brings up a question. What plans are being laid to deal with the press of people that crowd Manhattan's streets at certain peak periods like the lunch hour? And particularly the lunch hour in holiday periods when schools are out and families *and* workers are in town? God, somebody must be thinking about it. Or ought to be. High-rise buildings are going up all over, replacing those of lesser stature. And these will be filled with more workers than the site carried before. They will be zooming out at lunch hours, and, with the streets getting no wider, the situation is bound to grow progressively worse.

What's the long-range (and the short-range) thinking on all this by officialdom?



"I didn't hear any mention of a freeze on doing a little something around the house once in a while."

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In pursuit of some answers to our friend's questions, we went down to 2 Lafayette Street to talk to Donald H. Elliott, chairman of the New York City Planning Commission. We began by reading our friend's letter to Mr. Elliott, a handsome thirty-nine-year-old man with a good voice and an air of optimism rarely found in city officials nowadays.

"I think your friend's wife misunderstands the character of Fifth Avenue," he told us. "Fifth is an avenue for leisurely shopping and strolling, and most people know that. The store windows are psychological detours. People moving slowly—that's the nature of the Avenue, that's what makes it a pleasant experience. Most people walking on Fifth are there because they want to be. If I'm in a hurry to go someplace, I don't use Fifth. I use Sixth Avenue or Second Avenue, which give the sense of going straight up and down. But I'll concede that your friend's wife's experience is part of the larger experience of the city and that traffic *is* a problem. Let's discuss vehicular traffic first. The reason the Fifth Avenue bus sometimes crawls is that there are too many private cars on the streets. The reason there are so many private cars on the streets is that mass transit is horrible. A private car, even if it's stuck in traffic, is a far more attractive place than a bus or a subway. Mass transit has been neglected for thirty-five years. We're currently investing two and a half billion dollars in our mass-transit system—putting air-conditioning in, and so on. We hope these improvements will eventually get some of the private cars off the streets."

What if the air-conditioning and other amenities don't succeed in luring people out of their cars and onto mass transit, we asked. Did Mr. Elliott favor taking more drastic measures, such as banning private cars in midtown?

Mr. Elliott replied that banning all private cars had, of course, been suggested, but that it was more complicated than it sounded, because there were so many legitimate exceptions—the aged, the handicapped, and doctors on emergency calls, among others. "But we are moving in the direction of restricting private cars in the city," he said. "We now realize that we don't

have to organize Manhattan streets around cars, as if they were suburban roads. I want to limit the streets on which cars are permitted to travel, to see the balance shift from car streets to people streets. I'd like to see non-polluting minibuses carrying people during busy times of the day and trucks making their deliveries during the off hours. So far, we have no definite plans; we're only making detailed studies. For instance, we have studies showing that people are more willing to take buses if they can board them at ground level than if they have to walk up a couple of steps to get on, and each time we close Madison Avenue or Fifth Avenue to vehicular traffic we learn something about how streets work. Let's just say that private cars won't be restricted in New York next Tuesday but that we're working toward that goal, and not simply sitting around wishing to reach it in the twenty-first century."

Turning from the matter of vehicular traffic to the matter of pedestrian traffic, we asked Mr. Elliott if he thought sidewalk jams could—and should—be reduced by curtailing the construction of tall buildings in such already crowded areas as midtown Manhattan.

"No," he said firmly. "There are two factors to consider here—congestion and concentration. What we want to eliminate is the congestion—that's when things get so fouled up that your friend's wife can't get anywhere on the sidewalk. Some people believe that to do away with congestion you have to do away with the concentration—which is the high density of people engaged in various activities in the center of the city. Some planners in other cities around the world have tried this; they've stopped the growth of the center of the city, split up its activities, and relocated them in suburbs. I disagree completely with that approach. Concentration is the genius of the city. I'd like to see more new construction in the center of the city in the next few years. I think we can use zoning to make the center of the city pleasanter with more people in the future than it is right now with fewer people. We've learned a lot about zoning from our past mistakes."

Scarcely giving us a moment to dwell on past mistakes, Mr. E. launched into a discussion of zoning. The 1961 zoning ordinance, which reduced the amount of floor space that a builder could put up on a lot of a given size and provided floor-space bonuses to developers for devoting part of their site to public plazas, had several dividends, he told us. One dividend was architectural: the new buildings were towers rather than setbacks. Another dividend was increased light and air. "Compare the canyons of Wall Street to midtown Park Avenue, which was developed in the nineteen-sixties, and you'll see what I mean," Mr. Elliott explained. "These days, however, we're taking a more jaundiced view of the Park Avenue plazas. They're pretty spaces, but they're not useful spaces, and except during the lunch hour on nice days, when people do congregate in them, they're sterile spaces—great places for the wind to swirl papers around. We're not cleverer now, but knowledge is evolutionary, and the next step is to make the concept of a plaza more effective. Instead of encouraging developers to build plazas, we're encouraging them to build mid-block arcades, bridges over streets, and concourses under them, and to provide direct access from buildings to the subway. The buildings now being built on Sixth Avenue between Forty-second Street and Forty-seventh Street will be better than those built a few years ago north of Forty-seventh. Our theory is that if you give people alternate routes, they'll take them. That way, we'll spread the people around and reduce the crowding your friend's wife is complaining about."

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A TRASH barrel on Nantucket Island bears the proud label "Ecological Receptacle."

Mr. One-Two-Five Street

WE went to see Mr. One-Two-Five Street in his office in Harlem. When we arrived, he was on the telephone, asking questions. "He was thrown from the roof?" he was saying. "And he was also shot? At two-thirty this morning? And the body's still there? Have any *photographers* been there?" Mr. One-Two-Five Street was dressed in a conservative suit, a blue shirt, and a tie. His cufflinks and tiepin were engraved with the letter "L." He is a dignified, quiet-voiced middle-aged black man named Les Matthews, and he writes a column, with his nom de plume as its title, for the weekly *Amsterdam News*. It is the most interesting newspaper column in New York.

"At times, people disagree with an item," Mr. One-Two-Five Street told us. "They disagree with the way I word it. However, I don't put my items down in such a way that suit could be instituted. Just this morning, I got a little blast about a name in the column. It was an item about a barmaid. I had the wrong name." Mr. One-Two-Five Street answered the phone. "Mon-roe.





"What's so funny about Ed Sullivan getting cancelled? We're pretty damn close to getting cancelled ourselves!"

• •

M-o-n-r-o-e," he said. "Yes, Ma'am. And he's ninety-one? . . . And what's his wife's name? . . . And she says he's senile?" Mr. One-Two-Five Street records information received over the telephone on scraps of yellow paper, using a soft-lead pencil.

One reason suit is seldom instituted against Mr. One-Two-Five Street is that many of his best items are not statements of fact. Rather, they are *questions*. "Was it love that sent a bullet into Adela Tanks' neck?" he asked in his column for July 24th. "Can Mary McMillan call that gunshot wound a love token?" he asked in his column for July 31st. In addition, he is at home in the world of fashion ("Prophet Jones who died last week was way ahead of the time wearing his long white mink coat"), is interested in serious social issues ("The police should take pictures of dope pushers"), and deals with relevant noncontroversial details ("Fire hydrants run constantly throughout the city. . . . Worms in your water are not dangerous, according to the water department").

Mr. One-Two-Five Street writes best and most often about crime in Harlem. He writes vividly about Lissome Widows and Bible-Toting Pastors. People get Rubbed Out, and sentences begin "It is the consensus of opinion in the Harlem underworld . . ." Some of his stories are simple ("Ella Belgrave was shot to death and hubby, Carlton, killed himself"). Many are strange ("Acie Brown could not find his sister and reportedly set his apartment on fire causing the death of Albert Bernice").

"I came to Harlem from New Jersey in 1930, when I was eight," Mr. One-Two-Five Street told us. "I went to work here at the *Amsterdam News* in 1942, writing sports. I started a column of this sort around 1955, when I moved to the New York *Age* and they sent me to the Bronx. I didn't know anybody in the Bronx, so I just went around talking to anybody who'd talk to me on the street. That column was called 'Bronx Limited.' Later, it was changed to 'Unlimited.' The New York *Age* was sold to the *Defender*, and in 1958 I came back to the *Amsterdam News*. I started 'Mr. One-Two-Five Street' a short time later."

Mr. One-Two-Five Street answered the telephone. "What'd I say about him?" he said. "Something bad? . . . Oh, you're the lawyer, huh? . . . Well, I'm glad to hear from you. Why don't we get together? . . . Good. Good."

Putting down the phone, Mr. One-Two-Five Street said to us, "I try to look at what's happening. When you write about things the way they *are*, it comes out a little different from the way most people write it. After I covered the King Curtis funeral, Mrs. Curtis called up and a lot of other people called up and asked why I couldn't write the story like everyone else. Well, I wrote that story the way it *was*. I kept my *eyes* open." ("Whispers and mumbling filled the jammed St. Peter's Lutheran Church at 54th Street and Lexington Avenue when the widow of King Curtis, Mrs. Lynn Ousley and her son Curtis, Jr., walked out of the church while the funeral services were still going on. A number of those attending the services said Mrs. Ousley and her son were humiliated when they were placed behind the row where the family was supposed to be seated. They said her place was taken by the alleged girlfriend of the late King of Soul," was the way the *Amsterdam News* reported the funeral.)

"I get a lot of material personally," said Mr. One-Two-Five Street, "but a lot of people help me. Some are ministers, some are policemen, some are nurses, some are just people in the streets. They told me to write about people—that's all—and that's what I did."

FOUND PARADISE

(A MIDWESTERN WRITER NOBODY KNOWS AND HOW HE FOUND PEACE OF MIND)

I KNOW of several writers who sought paradise diligently, in hopes that it held a vivid description that might form the basis for several lasting poetic masterpieces. They found instead that paradise, for them, was like:

A beautiful experience.
Being present at the Creation.
Really great.
Nothing I ever experienced before.

And they were, like:

Overcome with wonder.
Real happy to be here.
Sorry I can't stay longer.

Disappointed by similes no more wonderful or beautiful than those inspired by hard liquor, most of these individuals later turned against paradise and said it was nothing (which, of course, it is, as well as being everything), and said they would never go back again. And they haven't, choosing to remain in the city of doubt and confusion.

When I moved to a farm one year ago, I didn't think much of it. I had learned from the experience of others not to expect a sudden attack of delight upon arrival, or words falling over themselves to get put on paper. My first thought—"Here I am"—said enough, I think, without trying to wring something like ecstasy out of what is an ordinary Minnesota farm. Understand, however, that I was aware of paradise being there, and meant to look at it. I thought that early dawn would be the right time. As I'm not an early riser by nature, I was sure any sunrise I witnessed would be one that God had called me to see and provided me words to describe.

In order to be ready for that moment, I set out to rid myself of a sneaky city prose style, which was the result of my years of striving to be tops in the novel. Before I retired to quiet country life, my ambition had been to write a novel every two years. To facilitate this outpouring of the spirit, I had trained myself to *think* the novel, mentally narrating passages of my daily life in fictional fashion. For example, while showering I might be thinking, "The warm water struck the back of his neck and streamed down his body, reawakening in him the old desire for Catherine." When the telephone rang, I'd think, "He hesitated inwardly—a barely perceptible moment of doubt that, as his fingers touched the cold metal, was overcome by his need to talk with someone, even a complete stranger." I turned my life into one long interior monologue, putting myself through the emotional hoops in order to make my novels more realistic. I began to have fears about my capacity to love—fears that were not mine but my characters'. I was constantly torn by inner contradictions, although in cold fact I was as smug as a lizard. When, let us say, I felt a wave of warm tenderness sweep over me, I didn't know if it was my tenderness or that of Sammy Delphine, the hero of my novel-in-progress.

I decided that if I kept on being introspective, I was going to wind up motivating myself right into the ground. I began sleeping twelve to sixteen hours a day, to have a little time by myself. Finally, under the influence of my sleeping life (in dreams, I was always just sitting around doing nothing), I moved to the farm.

OUT in the sticks, my city self got unwound in a remarkably short time. I tried keeping a journal, recording various thoughts, impressions, natural data ("48 animals seen today before lunch, of which all but 6 were birds, most small and brownish"), but quit after two pages and sat and waited it out for nine months and didn't think about my own experience so much. What I was beginning to experience, I later learned, was "the bottom surface of being" that J. W. Spagnum, "the prairie transcendentalist," describes as "the profound fullness of spirit that renders the heart immovable." In "The Wisdom of the Plains," he writes:



The first and highest paradise is our heavenly home and the second is the Garden of Eden, shown on the Chart of Time (inside front cover) as a sunny sky and a grove of trees. Life in these fabulous places is characterized by emptiness of the heart as we know it; i.e., absence of all desire. A third possible paradise is certain geographical areas here on earth, such as wide-open spaces, that turn our attention Upward. By giving ourselves entirely to contemplation of this silent world, we may achieve that readjustment of perception that we know as innocence.

This year, my readjustment of perception was helped out by a bad spring cold that kept me indoors for two weeks. Stuffed-up ears shut me inside my head, a sphere of peaceful quiet, and served to jam all second thoughts I might have had about the silent world. I simply couldn't hear myself think. Propped up in bed, I wrote my first plain country prose, "Driving to Town," which I present here, along with two later works, to illustrate how far I had come from city life.

DRIVING TO TOWN

One day while driving to town I was inclined to stop by an old farmer I saw looking over his crop and say, "That's certainly doing well." Then realized I didn't know what "that" was. Also, it looked burnt.

AUGUST 1ST

August 1st and still a stranger. In the town tavern, having seen Otto do this once, I held up two fingers for a whiskey-and-a-wash and was brought two beers, of which I drank one, the bartender curiously eying me and at last asking didn't I want two. I said no, that I had seen Otto hold up two fingers for a whiskey-and-a-wash. He said yes but I have known Otto for thirty years and know what he wants.

AT PIGGOTT'S

Once I went to Piggott's after supper to return the seeder. He and Daryl were in the old saggy barn carrying hay bales from the weak side that had to be fixed up underneath to the strong side already fixed. I helped carry bales until 10 o'clock, cutting up my hands, and didn't get a word of thanks for it. But then, they hadn't asked me to help, of course.

I wrote "At Piggott's" one day in two quick bursts. Writing a story with three characters in it in one day is quick work. I'm pleased with the stories. I don't know if I simplified my life in order to write better or the other way around. I do know that winter, which was long this year and



"That's cheating!"

• •

saw a week's thaw in March followed by a cold snap in April, in previous years would have led to feelings of desperation and a longing for release, but this winter didn't. I just felt cold. In the old days of novel-writing, my son's birthday, on May 1st, would have made me think of the coincidence of revolution and spring, the death-rebirth motif. This year it didn't, and we had a good time. He received a sandbox, a tricycle, a toy farm, and a fifty-dollar savings bond. At end of day, I did not find myself brooding about my own sandbox experiences. I went to bed early.

May 2nd: Asleep upstairs with the windows open for the first time in months, I was awake at five or six in the morning. The air was cool and wet. I put on blue striped trousers, a green wool sweater, and blue sneakers. Our dog chuckled in the kitchen, hearing, as I did, the birds, a thousand of them, and I opened the screen door and let us out. What I saw was the old red barn (with cows in it), the granary full of oats, the empty chicken coop, the machine sheds (with rusty parts lying around on the ground outside), the corncribs full of corn, and the pump house, pig barn, and silo, the brown brick house, hundreds of trees, the cow pasture, creek, low swamp, and dump, and beyond the trees, fields plowed last fall that smelled of pig and cow manure, and front and back roads, neighbors' fields and woods, and clear sky.

I walked across the yard and sat on a big rock by the road. I heard the dog bark, four clear barks.

FOUND PARADISE

Found paradise. I said I would and by God I have. Here it is, and it is just what I knew was here all along. Well, I guess that is about it.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

IN THE TUNNEL

SARAH's father was a born widower. As she had no memory of a mother, it was as though Mr. Holmes had none of a wife and had been created perpetually bereaved and knowing best. His conviction that he must act for two gave him a jocular heaviness that made the girl react for a dozen, but his jokes rode a limitless tide of concern. He thought Sarah was subjective and passionate, as small children are. She knew she was detached and could prove it. A certain kind of conversation between them was bound to run down, wind up, run down again: you are, I'm not, yes, no, you should, I won't, you'll be sorry. Between eighteen and twenty, Sarah kept meaning to become a psychosociologist. Life would then be a tribal village through which she would stalk soft-footed and disguised: that would show him who was subjective. But she was also a natural *amoureuse*, as some girls were natural actresses, and she soon discovered that love refused all forms of fancy dress. In love she had to show her own face, and speak in a true voice, and she was visible from all directions.

One summer, after a particularly stormy spring, her father sent her to Grenoble to learn about French civilization—actually, to get her away from a man he always pretended to think was called Professor Downcast. Sarah raged mostly over the harm her father had brought to Professor Downcast's career, for she had been helping with his "Urban and Regional Studies of the Less Privileged in British Columbia," and she knew he could not manage without her. She did not stay long in Grenoble; she had never intended to. She had decided beforehand that the Alps were shabby, the cultural atmosphere in France was morbid and stifling, and that every girl she met would be taking the civilization course for the wrong reason. She packed and caught a bus down the Napoleon Route to the Mediterranean.

Professor Downcast had been forced to promise he would not write, and so, of course, Sarah would not write her father. She wanted to have new friends and a life that was none of his business. The word "Riviera" had predicted yellow mornings and snowy boats, and crowds filling the streets in the way dancers fill a stage. Her mind's eye had kept them at a distance so that they shimmered and might have been plumed, like peacocks. Up close, her moralist's eye selected whatever was bound to disappoint: a stone beach skirted with sewage, a promenade that was really a through speedway, an eerie bar. For the first time she recognized prostitutes; they clustered outside her hotel, gossiping, with faces like dead letters. For friends she had a pair of middle-aged tourists who took her sightseeing and warned her not to go out at night by herself. Grenoble had been better after all. Who was to blame? She sent her father a letter of reproach, of abuse, of cold reason, and also of apology—the postmark was bound to be a shock. She then began waiting round American Express for an answer. She was hoping it would be a cable saying "Come on home."

His feelings, when he got round to describing them, filled no more than one flimsy typewritten page. She thought she was worth more than that. What now? She walked out of American Express, still reading her letter. A shadow fell over the page. At the same time a man's soft voice said, "Don't be frightened."

She looked up, not frightened—appraising. The man was about twice her age, and not very tall. He was dressed in clean, not too new summer whites, perhaps the remains of a naval officer's uniform. His accent was English. His eyes were light brown. Once he had Sarah's attention, and had given her time to decide what her attention would be, he said his name was Roy Cooper and asked if she wouldn't like to have lunch with him somewhere along the port.

Of course, she answered: it was broad daylight and there were policemen everywhere—polite, old-fashioned, and wearing white, just like Roy Cooper. She was always hungry, and out of laziness had been living on pizzas and ice cream. Her father had never told her to keep experience at bay. For mystery and horror he had tried to substitute common sense, which may have been why Sarah did not always understand him. She and Roy Cooper crossed the promenade together. He held her arm to guide her through traffic, but let go the minute they reached the curb. "I've been trying to talk to you for days now," he said. "I was hoping you might know someone I knew, who could introduce us."

"Oh, I don't know anyone *here*," said Sarah. "I met a couple of Americans in my hotel. We went to see this sort of abandoned chapel. It has frescoes of Jesus and Judas and . . ." He was silent. "Their name was Hayes?"



"Oh, please don't bother to salute."



"As an equal-opportunity employer, I have to tell you that you're both fired."

He answered that his car was parked over near the port in the shade. It was faster to walk than drive, down here. He was staying outside Nice; otherwise he wouldn't bother driving at all.

They moved slowly along to the port, dragging this shapeless conversation between them, and Sarah was just beginning to wonder if he wasn't a friend of her father's, and if this might be one of her father's large concrete jokes, when he took her bare arm in a way no family friend would have dared and said look here, what about this restaurant? Again he quickly dropped her arm before she could tug away. They sat down under an awning with a blue tablecloth between them. Sarah frowned, lowered her eyes, and muttered something. It might have been a grace before eating had she not seemed so determined; but her words were completely muffled by the traffic grinding by. She leaned forward and repeated, "I'd like to know what your motives are, exactly." She did not mean anything like "What do you want?" but "What is it? Why Roy Cooper? Why me?" At the back of her mind was the idea that he deserved a lesson: she would eat her lunch, get up, coolly stroll away.

His answer, again miles away from Sarah's question, was that he knew where Sarah was staying and had twice followed her to the door of the hotel. He hadn't dared to speak up.

"Well, it's a good thing you finally did," she said. "I was only waiting for a letter, and now I'm going back to Grenoble. I don't like it here."

"Don't do that, don't leave." He had a quiet voice for a man, and he knew how to slide it under another level of sound and make himself plain. He broke off to order their meal. He seemed so at ease, so certain of other people and their reactions—at any moment he would say he was the ambassador of a place where nothing mattered but charm and freedom. Sarah was not used to cold wine at noon. She touched the misty decanter with her fingertips and wet her forehead with the drops. She wanted to ask his motives again but found he was questioning hers—laughing at Sarah, in fact. Who was she to frown and cross-examine, she who wandered around eating pizzas alone? She told him about Professor Downcast and her father—she had to, to explain what she was doing here—and even let him look at her father's letter. Part of it said, "My poor Sarah, no one ever seems to interest you unless he is

no good at his job
small in stature, I wonder why?
'Marxist-Leninist' (since you sneer at 'Communist' and will not allow its use around the house)
married or just about to be
in debt to God and humanity.

I am not saying you should look for the opposite in every case, only for some person who doesn't combine all these qualities at one time."

"I'm your father's man," said Roy Cooper, and he might well have been, except for the problem of height. He was a bachelor, and certainly the opposite of a Marxist-Leninist: he was a former prison inspector whose career had been spent in an Asian colony. He had been retired early when the Empire faded out and the New Democracy that followed no longer required inspection. As for "debt to God and humanity," he said he had his own religion, which made Sarah stare sharply at him, wondering if his idea of being funny was the same as her father's. Their conversation suddenly became locked; an effort would be needed to pull it in two, almost a tug-of-war. I could stay a couple of days or so, she said to herself. She saw the south that day as she would see it finally, as if she had picked up an old dress and first wondered, then knew, how it could be changed to suit her.

They spent that night talking on a stony beach. Sarah half lay, propped on an elbow. He sat with his arms around his knees. Behind him, a party of boys had made a bonfire. By its light Sarah told him all her life, every season of it, and he listened with the silent attention that honored her newness. She had scarcely reached the end when a fresh day opened, streaky and white. She could see him clearly: even unshaven and dying for sleep he was the ambassador from that easy place. She tossed a stone, a puppy asking for a game. He smiled, but still kept space between them, about the distance of the blue tablecloth.

They began meeting every day. They seemed to Sarah to be moving toward each other without ever quite touching; then she thought they were travelling in the same direction, but still apart. They could not turn back, for there was nothing to go back to. She felt a pause, a hesitation. The conversation began to unlock; once Sarah had told all her life she could not think of anything to say. One afternoon he came to the beach nearly two hours late. She sensed he had something to

tell her, and waited to hear that he had a wife, or was engaged, or on drugs, or had no money. In the most casual voice imaginable he asked Sarah if she would spend the rest of her holiday with him. He had rented a place up behind Nice. She would know all his friends, quite openly; he did not want to let her in for anything squalid or mean. She could come for a weekend. If she hated it, no hard feelings. It was up to her.

This was new, for of course she had never *lived* with anyone. Well, why not? In her mind she told her father, After all, it was a bachelor you wanted for me. She abandoned her textbooks and packed instead four wooden bowls she had bought for her father's sister and an out-of-print Matisse poster intended for Professor Downcast. Now it would be Roy's. He came to fetch her that day in the car that was always parked somewhere in shade—it was a small open thing, a bachelor's car. They rolled out of Nice with an escort of trucks and buses. She thought there should have been carnival floats spilling yellow roses. Until now, this was her most important decision, for it supposed a way of living, a style. She reflected on how no girl she knew had ever done quite this, and on what her father would say. He might not hear of it; at least, not right away. Meanwhile, they made a triumphant passage through blank white suburbs. Their witnesses were souvenir shops, a village or two, a bright solitary supermarket, the walls and hedges of villas. Along one of these flowering barriers they came to a stop and got out of the car. The fence wire looked tense and new; the plumbago it supported leaned every way, as if its life had been spared but only barely. It was late evening. She heard the squeaky barking of small dogs, and glimpsed, through an iron gate, one of those stucco bungalows that seem to beget their own palm trees. They went straight past it, down four shallow garden steps, and came upon a low building that Sarah thought looked like an Indian lodge. It was half under a plane tree. Perhaps it was the tree, whose leaves were like plates, that made the house and its terrace seem microscopic. One table and four thin chairs was all the terrace would hold. A lavender hedge surrounded it.

"They call this place The Tunnel," Roy said. She wondered if he was already regretting their adventure; if so, all he had to do was drive her back at once, or even let her down at a bus stop. But then he lit a candle on the table, which at once made everything dark, and she could see he was smiling as if in wonder at himself. The Tunnel was a long windowless room with an arched whitewashed ceiling. In daytime the light must have come in from the door, which was protected by a soft white curtain of mosquito netting. He groped for a switch on the wall, and she saw there was next to no furniture. "It used to be a storage place for wine and olives," he said. "The Reeves fixed it up. They let it to friends."

"What are Reeves?"

"People—nice people. They live in the bungalow."

She was now in this man's house. She wondered about procedure: whether to unpack or wait until she was asked, and whether she had any domestic duties and was expected to cook. Concealed by a screen was a shower bath; the stove was in a cupboard. The lavatory, he told her, was behind the house in a garden shed. She would find it full of pictures of Labour leaders. The only Socialist the Reeves could bear was Hugh Dalton (Sarah had never heard of him, or most of the others, either), because Dalton had paid for the Queen's wedding out of his own pocket when she was a slip of a girl without a bean of her own. Sarah said, "What did he want to do that for?" She saw, too late, that he meant to be funny.

He sat down on the bed and looked at her. "The Reeves versus Labour," he said. "Why should you care? You weren't even born." She was used to

THE REFRIGERATOR

The argument of the refrigerator wakes me.
It is trying to tell me it doesn't want to be cold,
It never wanted to be cold, it didn't choose
This life where everyone around it hates it.
"People only use me for their own convenience,"
It says. With a shudder, it starts off again,
Undergoing an electrical seizure,
Rambling on about its hurts and troubles:
People think it's heartless, stolid, frigid,
When, deep down, it craves for warmth and wants . . .
Well, it hesitates to say it, but
All it *really* wants is to be a stove.
Oh, how it dreams each night of the gas
Jets turning on their tropical blue,
The swoosh just after the match catches on,
The rectangular, passionate grid of flame
In the oven, the romance of changing things
Into other things. "The egg of the Real
Becoming the soufflé of the Ideal—
That's what I call the creative life."

"You perform an important function," I say.
"Without you, where would we be, these days . . ."
"Yes, yes, I know," it impatiently replies,
"But do you"—pause—"think I'm attractive?"
My silence, I fear, gives the show away.
"Of course," I stumble on, "for what you do,
You're remarkably well made, so few things work . . ."
Coldly, it opens, then slams its door.
"I didn't mean . . ." I say. But it will not respond.
At midnight, with a premeditated click,
It detaches itself from the circuits of the world,
Manages to shut itself off completely,
And gives up the ghost. By morning, all is lost.
"Damn it," I say to my coffee, black
(The milk's turned sour overnight),
"Unfulfillment's claimed yet another victim,"
Just as the stove speaks up to say,
"Do you think? . . . I hear . . . in the frozen north . . ."

—Howard Moss





"Bend, you fool!"

• •

hearing that every interesting thing had taken place before her birth. She had a deadly serious question waiting: "What shall I do if you feel remorseful?"

"If I am," he said, "you'll never know. That's a promise."

IT was not remorse that overcame him but respectability: first thing next day, Sarah was taken to meet his friends, landlords, and neighbors, Tim and Meg Reeve. "I want them to like you," he said. Wishing to be liked by total strangers was outside anything that mattered to Sarah; all the same, quickened by the new situation and its demands, she dressed and brushed her hair and took the path between the two cottages. The garden seemed a dry, cracked sort of place. The remains of daffodils lay in brown ribbons on the soil. She looked all round her, at an olive tree, and yesterday's iron gate, and at the sky, which was fiercely azure. She was not as innocent as her father still hoped she might turn out to be, but not as experienced as Roy thought, either. There was a world of knowledge between last night and what had gone before. She wondered, already, if violent feelings were going to define the rest of her life, or simply limit it. Roy gathered her long hair in his hand and turned her head around. They'd had other nights, or attempts at nights, but this was their first morning. Whatever he read on her face made him say, "You know, it won't always be as lovely as this." She nodded. Professor Downcast had a wife and children, and she was used to fair warnings. Roy could not guess how sturdy her emotions were. Her only antagonist had been her father, who had not touched her self-confidence. She accepted Roy's caution as a tribute: *he*, at least, could see that Sarah was objective.

Roy rang the doorbell, which set off a gunburst of barking. The Reeves' hall smelled of toast, carpets, and insect spray. She wanted southern houses to smell of jasmine. "Here, Roy," someone called, and Roy led her by the hand into a small sitting room where two people, an old man and an old woman, sat in armchairs eating breakfast. The man removed a tray from his knees and stood up. He was gaunt and tall, and looked oddly starched, like a nurse coming on duty. "Jack Sprat could eat no fat" came to Sarah's mind. Mrs. Reeve was—she supposed—obese. Sarah stared at her; she did not know how to be furtive. Was the poor woman ill? *No*, answered the judge who was part of Sarah too. *Mrs. Reeve is just greedy. Look at the jam she's shovelled on her plate.*

"Well, this is Sarah Holmes," said Roy, stroking her hair, as if he was proving at the outset there was to be no hypocrisy. "We'd adore coffee."

"You'd better do something about it, then," said the fat woman. "We've got tea here. You know where the kitchen is, Roy." She had a deep voice, like a moo. "You, Sarah Holmes, sit down. Find a pew with no dog hair, if you can. Of course, if you're going to be fussy, you won't last long around *here*—eh, boys? You can make toast if you like. No, never mind. I'll make it for you."

It seemed to Sarah a pretty casual way for people their age to behave. Roy was older by a long start, but the Reeves were *old*. They seemed to find it natural to have Roy and Sarah drift over for breakfast after a night in the guesthouse. Mr. Reeve even asked quite kindly, "Did you sleep well? The plane tree draws mosquitoes, I'm afraid."

"I'll have that tree down yet," said Mrs. Reeve. "Oh, I'll have it down one of these days. I can promise you that." She was dressed in a bathrobe that looked like a dark parachute. "We decided not to have eggs," she said, as though Sarah had asked. "Have 'em later. You and Roy must come back for lunch. We'll have a good old fry-up." Here she attended to toast, which

meant shaking and tapping an antique wire toaster set on the table before her. "When Tim's gone—bless him—I shall never cook a meal again," she said. "Just bits and pieces on a tray for the boys and me." The boys were dogs, Sarah guessed—two little yappers up on the sofa, the color of Teddy-bear stuffing.

"I make a lot of work for Meg," Mr. Reeve said to Sarah. "The breakfasts—breakfast every day, you know—and she is the one who looks after the Christmas cards. Marriage has been a bind for her. She did a marvellous job with evacuees in the war. And poor old Meg loathed kids, still does. You'll never hear her say so. I've never known Meg to complain."

Mrs. Reeve had not waited for her husband to die before starting her widow's diet of tea and toast and jam and gin (the bottle was there, by the toaster, along with a can of orange juice). Sarah knew about this, for not only was her father a widower but they had often spent summers with a widowed aunt. The Reeves seemed like her father and her aunt grown elderly and distorted. Mrs. Reeve now unwrapped a chocolate bar, which caused a fit of snorting and jostling on the sofa. "No chockie bits for boys with bad manners," she said, feeding them just the same. Yes, there she sat, a widow with two dogs for company. Mr. Reeve, delicately buttering and eating the toast meant for Sarah, murmured that when he *did* go he did not want poor Meg to have any fuss. He seemed to be planning his own modest gravestone; in a heightened moment of telepathy Sarah was sure she could see it too. To Sarah, the tall old man had already ceased to be. He was not Mr. Reeve, Roy's friend and landlord, but an ectoplasmic impression of somebody like him, leaning forward, lips slightly parted, lifting a piece of toast that was caving in like a hammock with a weight of strawberry jam. Panic was in the room, but only Sarah felt it. She had been better off, safer, perhaps happier even, up in Grenoble, trying not to yawn over "*Tout m'afflige, et me nuit, et conspire à me nuire.*" What was she doing here, indoors, on this glowing day, with these two snivelly dogs and these gluttonous old persons? She turned swiftly, hearing Roy, and in her heart she said, in a quavering spoiled child's voice, "I want to go home." (How many outings had she ruined for her father. How many picnics, circuses, puppet shows, boat rides. From how many attempted holidays had he been fetched back with a telegram from whichever relation had been trying to hold Sarah down for a week. The strong brass chords of "I want my own life" had always been followed by this dismal piping.)

Roy poured their coffee into pottery mugs and his eyes met Sarah's. His said, Yes, these are the Reeves. They don't matter. I only want one thing, and that's to get back to where we were a few hours ago.

So they were to be conspirators: she liked that.

The Reeves had now done with chewing, feeding, swallowing, and brushing crumbs, and began placing Sarah. Who was she? Sarah Holmes, a little transatlantic pickup, a student slumming round for a summer? What had she studied? Sociology, psychology, and some economics, she told them.

"Sounds Labour" was Mr. Reeve's comment.

She simplified her story and mentioned the thesis. "Urban and Regional Studies of the Less Privileged in British Columbia," as far as Mr. Reeve was concerned, contained only one reassuring word, and that was "British." Being the youngest in the room, Sarah felt like the daughter of the house. She piled cups and plates on one of the trays and took them out to the kitchen. The Reeves were not the sort of people who would ever bother to whisper: she heard that she was "a little on the tall side" and that her proportions made Roy seem slight and small, "like a bloody dago." Her hair was too long; the fringe on her forehead looked sparse and pasted down with soap. She also heard that she had a cast in one eye, which she did not believe.

"One can't accuse her of oversmartness," said Mrs. Reeve.

Roy, whose low voice had carrying qualities, said, "No, Meg. Sarah's jeans are as faded, as baggy, as those brown corduroys of yours. However, owing to Sarah's splendid and enviable shape, hers are not nearly so large across the beam end." This provoked two laughs—a cackle from Jack Sprat and a long three-note moo from his wife.

"Well, Roy," said Tim Reeve, "all I can say is, you amaze me. How do you bring it off?"

"What about me?" said Sarah to herself. "How do *I* bring it off?"

"At least she's had sense enough not



"Pardon me, sir, could you tell me where I am?"

• •

to come tramping around in high-heeled shoes, like some of our visitors," said Mrs. Reeve—her last word for the moment.

Roy warned Sarah what lunch—the good old fry-up—would be. A large black pan the Reeves had brought to France from England when they emigrated because of taxes and Labour would be dragged out of the oven; its partner, a jam jar of bacon fat, stratified in a wide extent of suety whites, had its permanent place on top of the stove. The lowest, or Ur, line of fat marked the very first fry-up in France. A few spoonfuls of this grease, releasing blue smoke, received tomatoes, more bacon, eggs, sausages, cold boiled potatoes. To get the proper sausages they had to go to a shop that imported them, in Monte Carlo. This was no distance, but the Reeves' car had been paid for by Tim, and he was mean about it. He belonged to a generation that had been in awe of batteries: each time the ignition was turned on, he thought the car's lifeblood was seeping away. When he became too stingy with the car, then Meg would not let him look at television: the set was hers. She would push it on its wheeled table over bumpy rugs into their bedroom and put a chair against the door.

Roy was a sharp mimic and he took a slightly feminine pleasure in mocking his closest friends. Sarah lay on her elbow on the bed as she had lain on the





"Seventy-three degrees fifty-eight minutes west, forty degrees forty-five minutes north."

• •

beach and thought that if he was disloyal to the Reeves then he was all the more loyal to her. They had been told to come back for lunch around three; this long day was in itself like a whole summer. She said, "It sounds like a movie. Are they happy?"

"Oh, blissful," he answered, surprised, and perhaps with a trace of reproval. It was as if he were very young and she had asked an intimate question about his father and mother.

The lunch Roy had described was exactly the meal they were given. She watched him stolidly eating eggs fried to a kind of plastic lace, and covering everything with mustard to damp out the taste of grease. When Meg opened the door to the kitchen she was followed by a blue haze. Tim noticed Sarah's look—she had wondered if something was burning—and said, "Next time you're here that's where we'll eat. It's what we like. We like our kitchen."

"Today we are honoring Sarah," said Meg Reeve, as though baiting Roy.

"So you should," he said. It was the only attempt at sparring; they were all much too fed and comfortable. Tim, who had been to Monte Carlo, had brought back another symbol of their roots, the Hovis loaf. They talked about his shopping, and the things they liked doing—gambling a little, smuggling from Italy for sport. One thing they never did was look at the Mediterranean. It was not an interesting sea. It had no tides. "I do hope you aren't going to bother with it," said Tim to Sarah. It seemed to be their private measure for a guest—that and coming round in the wrong clothes.

The temperature in full sun outside the sitting-room window was thirty-three degrees centigrade. "What does it mean?" said Sarah. Nobody knew. Tim said that 16°C. was the same thing as 61°F. but that nothing else corresponded. For instance, 33°C. could not possibly be 33°F.—No, it felt like a lot more.

AFTER the trial weekend Sarah wrote to her father, "I am in this interesting old one-room guesthouse that belongs to an elderly couple here. It is in their garden. They only let reliable people stay in it." She added, "Don't worry, I'm working." If she concealed information she did not exactly lie: she thought she *was* working. Instead of French civilization taught in airless classrooms she would study expatriates at first hand. She decided to record the trivia first—how visitors of any sort were a catastrophe, how a message from old friends staying at Nice brought Tim back from the telephone wearing the look of someone whose deepest feelings have been raked over.

"Come on, Tim, what was it?" his wife would call. "The who? What did they want? An invitation to their hotel? Damned cheek. More likely a lot of free drinks here, that's what they want." They lived next to gas fires with all the windows shut, yelling from room to room. Their kitchen was comfortable providing one imagined it was the depth of January in England and that sleet was battering at the garden. She wanted to record that Mr. Reeve said "heith" and "strenth" and that they used a baby language with each other—walkies, tummy, spend-a-penny. When Sarah said "cookie" it made them laugh: a minute later, feeding the dogs a chocolate cookie, Meg said, "Here, have a chockie bicky." If Tim tried to explain anything, his wife interrupted with "Come on, get to Friday." Nobody could remember the origin of the phrase; it served merely to rattle him.

Sarah meant to record this, but Professor Downcast's useful language had left her. The only words in her head were so homespun and plain she was ashamed to set them down. The heat must have flattened her brain, she thought. The Reeves, who never lowered their voices for anyone, bawled one night that "old Roy was doting and indulgent" and "the wretched girl is in love." That was the answer. She had already discovered that she could live twenty-four hours on end just with the idea that she was in love; she also knew that a man could think about love for a while but then he would start to think about something else. What if Roy never did? Sarah Cooper didn't sound bad; Mrs. R. Cooper was better. But Sarah was not that foolish. She was looking ahead only because she and Roy had no past. She did say to him, "What do you do when you aren't having a vacation?"

"You mean in winter? I go to Marbella. Sometimes Kenya. Where my friends are."

"Don't you work?"

"I did work. They retired me."

"You're too young to be retired. My father isn't even retired. You should write your memoirs—all that colonial stuff."

He laughed at her. She was never more endearing to him than when she was most serious; that was not her

fault. She abandoned the future and rearranged their short history to suit herself. Every word was recollected later in primrose light. Did it rain every Sunday? Was there an invasion of red ants? She refused the memory. The Reeves' garden incinerator, which was never cleaned out, set oily smoke to sit at their table like a third person. She drank her coffee unaware of this guest, seeing nothing but butterflies dancing over the lavender hedge. Sarah, who would not make her own bed at home, insisted now on washing everything by hand, though there was a laundry in the village. Love compelled her to buy enough food for a family of seven. The refrigerator was a wheezy old thing, and sometimes Roy got up and turned it off in the night because he could not sleep for its sighing. In the morning Sarah piled the incinerator with spoiled meat, cheese, and peaches, and went out at six o'clock to buy more and more. She was never so bathed in love as when she stood among a little crowd of villagers at a bus stop—the point of creation, it seemed—with her empty baskets; she desperately hoped to be taken for what the Reeves called "part of the local populace." The market she liked was two villages over; the buses were tumbrils. She could easily have driven Roy's car or had everything sent from shops, but she was inventing fidelities. Once, she saw Meg Reeve, wearing a floral cotton that compressed her figure and gave her a stylized dolphin shape, like an ornament on a fountain. On her head was a straw hat with a polka-dot ribbon. She found a place one down and across the aisle from Sarah, who shrank from her notice for fear of that deep voice letting the world know Sarah was not a peasant. Meg unfolded a paper that looked like a prescription; slid her glasses along her nose; held them with one finger. She always sat with her knees spread largely. In order not to have Meg's thigh crushing his, her neighbor, a priest in a dirty cassock, had to squeeze against the window.



"She doesn't care," Sarah said to herself. "She hasn't even looked to see who is there." When she got down at the next village Meg was still rereading the scrap of paper, and the bus rattled on to Nice.

Sarah never mentioned having seen her; Meg was such a cranky, unpredictable old lady. One night she remarked, "Sarah's going to have trouble landing Roy," there, in front of him, on his own terrace. "He'll never marry." Roy was a bachelor owing to the fact he had too many rich friends, and because men were selfish . . . Here Meg paused, conceding that this might sound wrong. No, it sounded right; Roy was a bachelor because of the selfishness of men, and the looseness and availability of young women.

"True enough, they'll do it for a ham sandwich," said Tim, as if a supply of sandwiches had given him the pick of a beach any day.

His wife stared at him but changed her mind. She plucked at her fork and said, "When Tim's gone—bless him—I shall have all my meals out. Why bother cooking?" She then looked at her plate as if she had seen a mouse on it.

"It's all right, Meg," said Roy. "Sarah favors the cooking of the underdeveloped countries. All our meals are raw and drowned in yogurt." He said it so kindly Sarah had to laugh. For a time she had tried to make them all eat out of her aunt's bowls, but the untreated wood became stained and Roy found it disgusting. The sight of Sarah scouring them out with ashes did not make him less squeamish. He was, in fact, surprisingly finicky for someone who had spent a lifetime around colonial prisons. A dead mosquito made him sick—even the mention of one.

"IT is true that Roy has never lacked for pretty girls," said Tim. "We should know, eh, Roy?" Roy and the Reeves talked quite a lot about his personal affairs, as if a barrier of discretion had long ago been breached. They were uncomfortable stories, a little harsh sometimes for Sarah's taste. Roy now suddenly chose to tell about how he had met his own future brother-in-law in a brothel in Hong Kong—by accident, of course. They became the best of friends and remained so, even after Roy's engagement was broken off.

"Why'd she dump you?" Sarah said. "She found out?"

Her way of asking plain questions froze the others. They looked as if winter had swept over the little terrace and caught them. Then Roy took Sarah's hand and said, "I'm ashamed to say I wasn't gallant—I dumped the lady."

"Old Roy probably thought, um, matrimony," said Tim. "Eh, Meg?" This was because marriage was supposed to be splendid for Tim but somehow confining for his wife.

"She said I was venomous," said Roy, looking at Sarah, who knew he was not.

"She surely didn't mean venomous," said Tim. "She meant something more like, moody." Here he lapsed into a mood of his own, staring at the candles on the table, and Sarah remembered her shared vision of his unassuming gravestone; she said to Roy in an undertone, "Is anything wrong with him?"

"Wrong with him? Wrong with old Tim? Tim!" Roy called, as if he were out of sight instead of across the table. "When was the last time you ever had a day's illness?"

"I was sick on a Channel crossing—I might have been ten," said Tim.

"Nothing's the matter with Tim, I can promise you that," said his wife. "Never a headache, never a cold, no flu, no rheumatism, no gout, nothing."

"Doesn't feel the amount he drinks," said Roy.

"Are you ever sick, Mrs. Reeve?" Sarah asked.

"Oh, poor Meg," said Tim immediately. "You won't get a word out of her. Never speaks of herself."

"The ailments of old parties can't possibly interest Sarah," said Meg. "Here, Roy, give Sarah something to drink," meaning that her own glass was empty. "My niece Lisbet will be here for a weekend. Now, *that's* an interesting girl. She interviews people for jobs. She can see straight through them, mentally speaking. She had stiff training—had to see a trick cyclist for a year."

"I abhor that subject," said Roy. "No sensible prison governor ever allowed a trick cyclist anywhere near. The good were good and the bad were bad and everyone knew it."

"Psycho-whatnot does no harm if the person is sound," said Meg. "Lisbet just went week after week and had a jolly old giggle with the chap. The firm was paying."

"A didactic analysis is a waste of time," said Sarah, chilling them all once more.

"I didn't say that or anything like it," said Meg. "I said the firm was paying. But you're a bit out of it, Roy," turning to him and heaving her vast garments so Sarah was cut out. "Lisbet said it did help her. You wouldn't believe the number of people she turns away, whatever their education. She can tell if they are likely to have asthma. She saves the firm thousands of pounds every year."

"Lisbet can see when they're queer," said Tim.

"What the hell do you mean?" said Roy.

"What did she tell you?" said Meg, now extremely annoyed. "Come on, Tim, get to Friday."

But Tim had gone back to contemplating his life on the Other Side, and they could obtain nothing further.

Sarah forgot all about Mrs. Reeve's niece until Lisbet turned up, wearing a poncho, black pants, and bracelets. She was about Roy's age. All over her head was a froth of kinky yellow hair—a sort of Little Orphan Annie wig. She stared with small blue eyes and gave Sarah a boy's handshake. She said, "So you're the famous one!"

Sarah had come back from the market to find them all drinking beer in The Tunnel. Her shirt stuck to her back. She pulled it away and said, "Famous one what?" From the way Lisbet laughed she guessed she had been described as a famous comic turn. Roy handed Sarah a glass without looking at her. Roy and Tim were talking about how to keep Lisbet amused for the weekend. Everything was displayed—the night racing at Cagnes, the gambling, the smuggling from Italy, which bored Sarah but which even Roy did for amusement. "A picnic," Sarah said, getting in something she liked. Also, it sounded cool. The Hayeses, those anxious tourists at her hotel in Nice, suddenly rose up in her mind offering advice. "There's this chapel," she said, feeling a spiky nostalgia, as if she were describing something from home. "Remember, Roy, I mentioned it? Nobody goes there . . . you have to get the keys from a café in the village. You can picnic in the churchyard; it has a gate and a wall. There's a river where we washed our hands. The book said it used to be a pagan place. It has these paintings now, of the Last Judgment, and Jesus, naturally, and one of Judas after he hung himself."

"Hanged," said Roy and Lisbet together.

"Hanged. Well, somebody had really seen a hanging—the one who painted it, I mean."

"Have you?" said Roy, smiling.

"No, but I can imagine."

"No," he said, still smiling. "You can't. All right, I'm for the picnic. Sunday, then. We'll do Italy tomorrow."

His guests got up to leave. Tim suddenly said, for no reason Sarah could see, "I'm glad I'm not young."

As soon as the others were out of earshot Roy said, "God, what a cow! Planeloads of Lisbets used to come out to Asia looking for Civil Service husbands. Now they fly to Majorca and sleep with the waiters."

"Why do we have to be nice to her, if you feel like that?" said Sarah.

"Why don't you know about these things without asking?" said Roy.

My father didn't bring me up well, Sarah thought, and resolved to write and tell him so. Mr. Holmes would not have been nice to Lisbet and then called her a cow. He might have done one or the other, or neither. His dilemma as a widower was insoluble; he could never be too nice for fear of someone's taking it into her head that Sarah wanted a mother. Also, he was not violent about people, even those he had to eliminate. That was why he gave them comic names. "Perhaps you are right," she said to Roy, without being any more specific. He cared for praise, however ambiguous; and so they had a perfect day, and a perfect night, but those were the last: in the morning, as Sarah stood on the table to tie one end of a clothesline to the plane tree, she slipped, had to jump, landed badly, and sprained her ankle. By noon the skin was purple and she had to cut off her canvas shoe. The foot needed to be bandaged, but not by Roy: the very sight of it made him sick. He could not bear a speck of dust anywhere, or a chipped cup. She remembered the wooden bowls, and how he'd had to leave the table once because they looked a little doubtful, not too clean. Lisbet was summoned. Kneeling, she wrapped Sarah's foot and ankle in strips of a torn towel and fixed the strips with safety pins.

"It'll do till I see a doctor," Sarah said.

Lisbet looked up. How small her eyes were! "You don't want a doctor for that, surely?"

"Yes, I do. I think it should be X-rayed," Sarah said. "It hurts like anything."

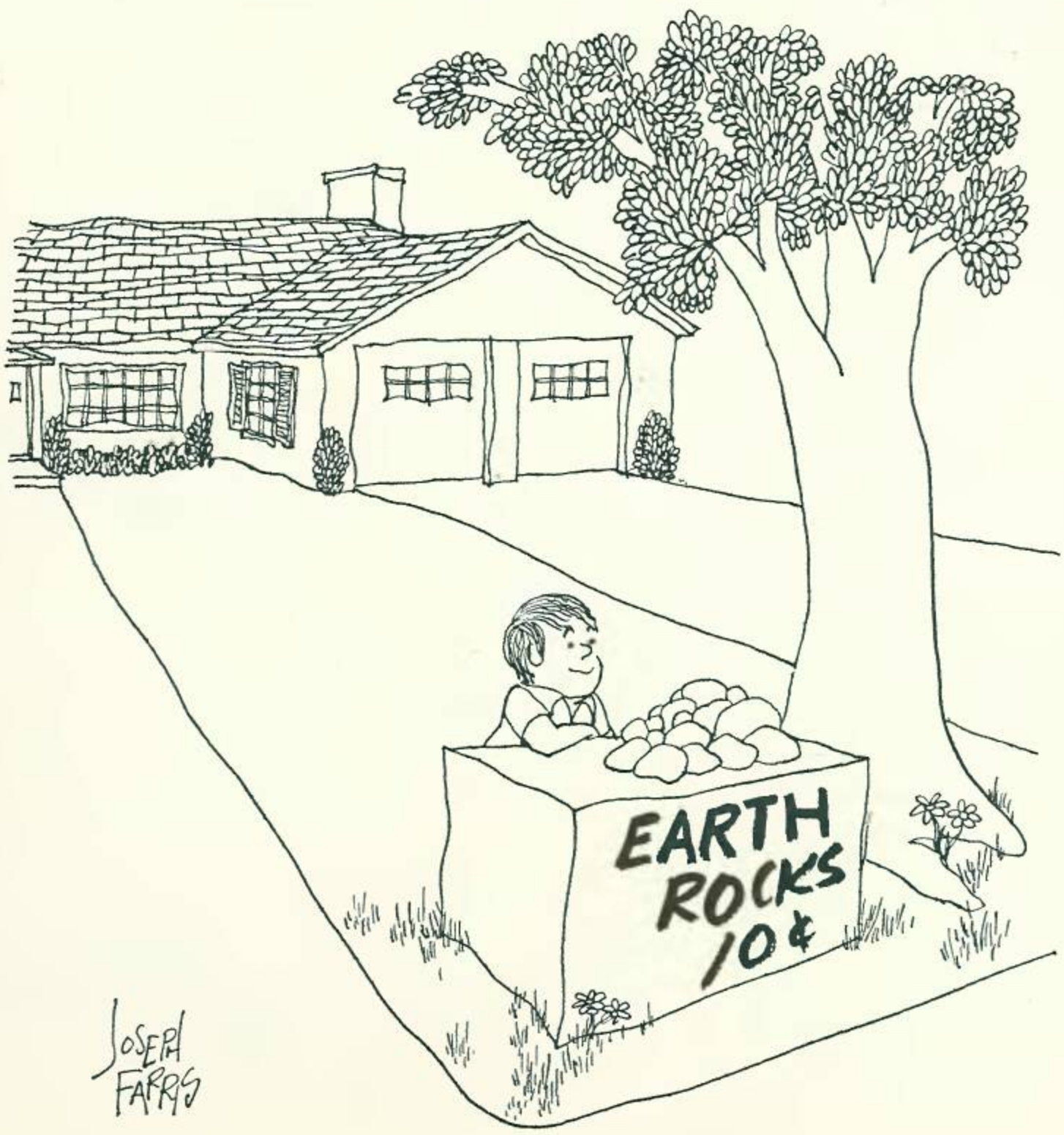
"Of course she doesn't," said Roy.

Getting well with the greatest possible amount of suffering, and with your bones left crooked, was part of their code. It seemed to Sarah an unreasonable code, but she did not want to seem like someone making a fuss. All the same, she said, "I feel sick."

"Drink some brandy," said Lisbet.

"Lie down," said Roy. "We shan't be long." It would have been rude not to have taken Lisbet on the smuggling expedition just because Sarah couldn't go.

In the late afternoon Meg Reeve



LOOKING FOR ITSY

2 A.M.—the hour of rats
racing across alleys, junk
heaving in its graveyards, the hour
of strained bones like nerves whining
inside their shells of flesh.
2 A.M.—the dark hides nothing
but a lost cat, nothing but her whimper
as she runs to hide from the scarecrow
buildings, the rotten windows,
and the automobile parts
thrown into the block-wide lot.

Into this desert we come, breathing hard,
the search party fanning out through the weeds
and the broken glass.
There is no time
for panic, we must find her. She is lost
and alone in this metal jungle, the back yard
of nowhere. We are three shadows
bent over to see what the ash cans hide,
pale under our hearts,
listening between heartbeats.

We step into a darker nightmare
as if from one hell down to another,
a dead cat screaming silently
lying at our feet. What's left is gray and white;
gray and white becomes the color of our dread.
A dead cat frozen in the moonlight.

She is somewhere
in this hell of rubble
where rats are boatmen
beating on metal rivers.
She is somewhere
among this spiky junk,
an animal at bay
in a final thicket
where no leaves fall.

All night long we call her
up and down the alleys,
scared of the slithering rats
and the black doorways.
With hope gone like a candle
at the end of night,
we call her and call her:
"Itsy! Itsy! Itsy!"

And take a vow in the milky light
of clouds turning pink with sunrise
to help every creature lost on the highways,
in the darkest sides of the city,
wherever there is no quarter.
And ask nothing in return,
only the chance of Itsy found again.
We take the vow of helpfulness.

Then like an answer we hear her calling
and see her perched on a pile of junk,
crying her dismay, so far from her own tree,
her kittens and her tuna fish.
We take her up and carry her, off
into the morning, grown soft, and home.

—NAOMI LAZARD

• •

strolled down to see how Sarah was managing. She found her standing on one foot hanging washing on a line. The sight of Sarah's plaid slacks, bought on sale at Nice, caused Meg to remark, "My dear, are you a Scot? I've often wondered, seeing you wearing those." Sarah let a beach towel of Roy's fall to the ground.

"Damn, it'll have to be washed again," she said.

Meg had brought Roy's mail. She put the letters on the table, face down, as if Sarah were likely to go over the postmarks with a magnifying glass. The dogs snuffled and snapped at the ghosts of animal-haters. "What clan?" said Meg.

"Clan? Oh, you're still talking about my slacks. Clan *salade niçoise*, I guess."

"Well, you must not wear tartan," said Meg. "It is an insult to the family, d'you see? I'm surprised Roy hasn't . . . Ticky! Blue! Naughty boys!"

"Oh, the dogs come down here and pee all over the terrace every day," said Sarah.

"Roy used to give them chockie bits. They miss being spoiled. But now he hasn't time for them, has he?"

"I don't know. I can't answer for him. He has time for what interests him."

"Why do you hang your washing where you can see it?" said Meg. "Are you Italian?" Sarah made new plans; next time the Reeves were invited she would boil Ticky and Blue with a little sugar and suet and serve them up as pudding. I must look angelic at this moment, she thought.

She said, "No, I'm not Italian. I don't think so."

"There are things I could never bring myself to do," said Meg. "Not in my walk of life."

The sociologist snapped to attention. Easing her sore ankle, Sarah said, "Please, what is your walk of life, exactly?"



It was so dazzling, so magical, that Meg could not name it, but merely mouthed a word or two that Sarah was unable to lip-read. A gust of incinerator smoke stole between them and made them choke. "As for Tim," said Meg, getting her breath again, "you, with all your transatlantic money, couldn't buy what Tim has in his veins."

Sarah limped indoors and somehow found the forgotten language. "Necessity for imparting status information," she recorded, and added "erroneous" between "imparting" and "status." She was still, in a way, half in love with Professor Downcast.

She discovered this was a conversation neither Roy nor Lisbet could credit. They unpacked their loot from Italy on the wobbly terrace table—plastic table mats, plastic roses, a mermaid paperweight, a bottle of apéritif that smelled like medicine, a Florentine stamp box . . . "Rubbish, garbage," Sarah said in her mind. "But Roy is happy." Also, he was drunk. So was Lisbet.

"Meg could not have said those



"Who knows? Maybe he's a Democratic hopeful."

things," said Roy, large-eyed.

"Meg doesn't always understand Sarah," said Lisbet. "The accent."

"Mrs. Reeve was doing the talking," said Sarah.

"She wouldn't have talked that way to an Englishwoman," said Roy, swinging round to Sarah's side.

"Wouldn't have dared," said Lisbet. She shouted, "Wouldn't have dared to me!"

"As for Tim, well, Tim really is the real thing," said Roy. "I mean to say that Tim really *is*."

"So is my aunt," said Lisbet, but Roy had disappeared behind the white net curtain, and they heard him fall on the bed. "He's had rather a lot," said Lisbet. Sarah felt anxiety for Roy, who had obviously had a lot of everything—perhaps of Lisbet too. And there was still the picnic next day, and no one had bought any food for it. Lisbet looked glowing and superb, as if she had been tramping in a clean wind instead of sitting crouched in a twilit bar somewhere on the Italian side. She should have been haggard and grey.

"Who was driving?" Sarah asked her.

"Took turns."

"What did you talk about?" She was remembering his "God, what a cow!"

"Capital punishment, apartheid, miscegenation, and my personal problems with men. That I seem cold, but I'm not really."

"Boys, boys, boys!" That was Meg Reeve calling her dogs. They rolled out of the lavender hedge like a pair of chewed tennis balls. They might well have been eavesdropping. Sarah gave a shiver, and Lisbet laughed and said, "Someone's walking on your grave."

The sunlight on the terrace next morning hurt Roy's eyes; he made little flapping gestures, meaning Sarah was not to speak. "What were you drinking in Italy?" she said. He shook his head. Mutely, he took the dried laundry down and folded it. Probably, like Meg, he did not much care for the look of it. "I've made the picnic," Sarah next offered. "No reason why I can't come—we won't be doing much walking." She stood on one leg, like a stork. The picnic consisted of anything Sarah happened to find in the refrigerator. She included plums in brandy because she noticed a jar of them, and iced white wine in a thermos. At the last minute she packed olives, salted peanuts, and several pots of yogurt.

"Put those back," said Roy.

"Why? Do you think they'll melt?"

"Just do as I say, for once. Put them back."

"Do you know what I think?" said Sarah after a moment. "I think we're starting out on something my father would call The Ill-Fated Excursion."

For the first time ever, she saw Roy looking angry. The vitality of the look made him younger, but not in a nice way. He became a young man, an ugly one. "Liz will have to drive," he said. "I've got a blinding headache, and you can't, not with *that*." He could not bring himself to name her affliction. "How do you know about this place?" he said. "Who took you there?"

"I told you. Some Americans in my hotel. Haynes—no, Hayes."

"Yes, I can imagine." He looked at her sidelong and said, "Just who were you sleeping with when I collected you?"

She felt what it was like to blush—like a rash of needles and pins. He knew every second of her life, because she had told it to him that night on the beach. What made her blush was that she sensed he was only pretending to be jealous. It offended her. She said, "Let's call the picnic off."

"I don't want to."

She was not used to quarrels, only to tidal waves. She did not understand that they were quarrelling now. She wondered again what he had been drinking over in Italy. Her ankle felt in a vise, but that was the least of it. They set off, all three together, and Lisbet drove straight up into the hills as if pursuing escaped prisoners. They shot past towns Sarah had visited with the Americans, who had been conscientious about churches; she saw, open-and-shut, views they had stopped to photograph. When she said "Look," nobody heard. She sat crumpled in the narrow back seat, with the picnic sliding all over as they rounded the mountain curves, quite often on the wrong side.

"That was the café, back there, where you get the key," Sarah had to say twice—once very loudly. Lisbet braked so they were thrown forward



"Two can run scared as cheaply as one, Arnold."

• •

and then reversed like a bullet ricocheting. "Sarah knows about this," said Roy, as if it were a good thing to know about. That was encouraging. She gripped her ankle between her hands and set her foot down. She tested her weight and managed to walk and hop to the cool café, past the beaded curtain. She leaned on the marble counter; she had lost something. Was it her confidence? She wanted someone to come and take her home, but was too old to want that now; she knew too many things. She said to the man standing behind the counter, "*J'ai mal*," to explain why she did not take the keys from him and at once go out. His reaction was to a confession of sorrow and grief; he poured out something to drink. It was clear as water, terribly strong, and smelled of warm fruit. When she gestured to show him she had no money, he said, "*Ça va.*" He was kind; the Hayeses, such an inadequate substitute for peacocks, had been kind too. She said to herself, "How awful if I should cry."

The slight inclination of Roy's head when she handed the keys to him meant he might be interested. She felt emboldened: "One's for the chapel, the other's the gate. There isn't a watchman or anything. It's too bad, because people write on the walls."

"Which way?" Lisbet interrupted. She chased her prisoners another mile or so.

Sarah had told them no one ever came here, but they were forced to park behind a car with Swiss license plates. Next to the gate sat a large party of picnickers squeezed round a card table. There was only one man among them, and Sarah thought it must be a harem and the man had been allowed several wives for having been reasonable and Swiss until he was fifty. She started to tell this to Roy, but he had gone blank as a monument; she felt overtaken by her father's humor, not her own. Roy gave the harem an empty look that reminded her of the prostitutes down in Nice, and now she knew what their faces had been saying. It was "I despise you." The chapel was an icebox; and she saw Roy and Lisbet glance with some consternation at the life of Jesus spread around for anyone to see. They would certainly have described themselves as Christians, but they were embarrassed by Christ. They went straight to Judas, who was more reassuring. Hanged, disembowelled, his stomach and liver exposed to ravens, Judas gave up his soul. His soul was a small naked creature. Perceiving Satan, the creature held out its arms.

"Now, *that* man must have eaten Sarah's cooking," said Roy, and such were their difficulties that she was grateful to hear him say anything. But he added, "A risk many have taken, I imagine." This was to Lisbet. Only Sarah knew what he meant. She fell back and pretended to be interested in a rack of postcards. The same person who trusted visitors not to write their names on paintings had left a coin box. Sarah had no money and did not want to ask Roy for any. She stole a reproduction of the Judas fresco and put it inside her shirt.

Roy and Lisbet ate some of the picnic. They sat where Sarah had sat with the Americans, but it was in no way the same. Of course, the season was later, the river lower, the grass drooping and dry. The shadows of clouds made them stare and comment, as if looking for something to say. Sarah was relieved when the two decided to climb up in the maquis, leaving her "to rest a bit"—this was Lisbet. "Watch out for snakes," Sarah said, and got from Roy one blurred, anxious, puzzled look, the last straight look he ever gave her. She sat down and drank all the brandy out of the jar of plums. Roy had an attitude to people she had never heard of: nothing must ever go wrong. An accident is degrading for the victim. She undid the towelling strips and looked at her bloated ankle and foot. Of course, it was ugly; but it was part of a living body, not a corpse, and it hurt Sarah, not Roy. She tipped out the plums so the ants could have a party, drank some of the white wine, and, falling asleep, thought she was engaged in an endless and heated discussion with some person who was in the wrong.

She woke up cramped and thirsty on the back seat of the car. They were stopped in front of the café and must have been parked for some time, for they were in an oblique shadow of late afternoon. Roy was telling Lisbet a lie: he said he had been a magistrate and was writing his memoirs. Next he told her of hangings he'd seen. He said in his soft voice, "Don't you think some people are better out of the way?" Sarah knew by heart the amber eyes and the pupils so small they seemed a mistake sometimes. She was not Sarah now but a prisoner impaled on a foreign language, seeing bright, light, foreign eyes offering something nobody wanted—death. "Flawed people, born rotten," Roy went on.

"Oh, everyone thinks that now," said Lisbet.

They were alike, with fortunes established in piracy. He liked executions; she broke people before they had a chance to break themselves. Lisbet stroked the back of her own neck. Sarah had noticed before that when Lisbet was feeling sure of herself she made certain her neck was in place. *Neurotic habit*, Sarah's memory asked her to believe; but no, it was only the gesture of someone at ease in a situation she recognized. Tranquil as to her neck, Lisbet now made sure of her hair. She patted the bright steel wool

that must have been a comfort to her mother some thirty-five—no, forty—years before.

I am jealous, Sarah said to herself. How unwelcome. Jealousy is only . . . the jealous person is the one keeping something back and so . . .

"Oh, keys, always keys," said Roy, shaking them. He slammed out in a way that was surely rude to Lisbet. She rested her arm over the back of the seat and looked at Sarah. "You drank enough to stun a rhinoceros, little girl," she said. "We had to take you out behind that chapel and make you be sick before we could let you in the car." Sarah began to remember. She saw Roy's face, a grey flash in a cracked old film about a catastrophe. Lisbet said, "Look, Sarah, how old are you? Aren't you a bit out of your depth with Roy?" She might have said more, but a native spitefulness, or a native prudence, prevented her. She flew to Majorca the next day, as Roy had predicted, leaving everyone out of step.

Now Roy began hating; he hated the sea, the Reeves, the dogs, the blue of plumbago, the mention of Lisbet, and most of all he hated Sarah. The Reeves laughed and called it "old Roy being bloody-minded again," but Sarah was frightened. She had never known anyone who would simply refuse to speak, who would take no notice of a question. Meg said to her, "He misses that job of his. It came to nothing. He tried to give a lot of natives a sense of right and wrong, and then some Socialist let them vote."

"Yes, he liked that job," Sarah said slowly. "One day he'd watch a hanging, and the next he'd measure the exercise yard to see if it was up to standard." She said suddenly and for no reason she knew, "I've disappointed him."

Their meals were so silent that they could hear the swelling love songs from the Reeves' television, and the Reeves' voices bawling away at each other. Sarah's throat would go tight. In daytime the terrace was like an oven now, and her ankle kept her from sleeping at night. Then Roy gave up eating and lay on the bed looking up at the ceiling. She still went on shopping, but now it took hours. Mornings, before leaving, she would place a bowl of coffee for him, like an offering; it was still there, at the bedside, cold and oily-looking now, when she came back. She covered a tray with leaves from the plane tree—enormous powdery leaves, the size of her two hands—and she put cheese on the leaves, a white cheese covered with pepper, a Camembert, a salty goat cheese he had liked. He did not touch any. Out of a sort of desperate sentiment, she kept the tray for days, picking chalky pieces off as the goat cheese grew harder and harder and became a fossil. He must have eaten sometimes; she thought of him gobbling scraps straight from the refrigerator when her back was turned. She wrote a letter to her father that of course she did not send. It said, "I've been having headaches lately. I wind a thread around a finger until the blood can't get past and that starts a new pain. The headache is all down the back of my neck. I'm not sure what to do next. It will be terrible for you if I turn out to have a brain tumor. It will cost you a lot of money and you may lose your only child."

One dawn she knew by Roy's breathing that he was awake. Every muscle was taut as he pulled away, as if to touch her was defilement. No use saying what they had been like not long before, because he could not remember. She was a disgusting object because of a cracked ankle, because she had drunk too much and been sick behind a chapel, and because she had led an expedition to look at Jesus. She lay thinking it over until the dawn birds stopped and then she sat up on the edge of the bed, feeling absolutely out of place because she was undressed. She pulled clothes on as fast as she could and packed whatever seemed important. After she had pushed her suitcase out the door, she remembered the wooden bowls and the poster. These she took along the path and threw in the Reeves' foul incinerator, as if to get rid of all traces of witchery, goodness, and love. She realized she was leaving, a decision as final and as stunning as her having crossed the promenade in Nice with Roy's hand on her arm.

She said through the white netting over the door, "I'm sorry, Roy." It was not enough; she added, "I'm sorry I don't understand you more." The stillness worried her. She limped near and bent over him. He was holding his breath, like a child in temper. She said softly, "I could stay a bit longer." No answer. She said, "Of course, my foot will get better, but then you might find something else the matter with me." Still no answer, except that he began breathing. Nothing was wrong except that he was cruel, lunatic, Fascist—No, not even



"All power to some of the people!"

that. Nothing was wrong except that he did not love her. That was all.

She lugged her suitcase as far as the road and sat down beside it. Overnight a pocket of liquid the size of a lemon had formed near the anklebone. Her father would say it was all her own fault again. Why? Was it Sarah's fault that she had all this loving capital to invest? What was she supposed to do with it? Even if she always ended up sitting outside a gate somewhere, was she any the worse for it? The only thing wrong now was the pain she felt, not of her ankle but in her stomach. Her stomach felt as if it was filled up with old oyster shells. Yes, a load of old, ugly, used-up shells was what she had for stuffing. She had to take care not to breathe too deeply, because the shells scratched. In her research for Professor Downcast she had learned that one could be alcoholic, crippled, afraid of dying and of being poor, and she knew these things waited for everyone, even Sarah; but nothing had warned her that one day she would not be loved. That was the meaning of "less privileged." There was no other.

Now that she had vanished, Roy would probably get up, and shave, and stroll across to the Reeves, and share a good old fry-up. Then, his assurance regained, he would start prowling the bars and beaches, wearing worn immaculate whites, looking for a new, unblemished story. He would repeat the first soft words, "Don't be frightened," the charm, the gestures, the rituals, and the warning "It won't always be lovely." She saw him out in the open, in her remembered primrose light, before he was trapped in the tunnel again and had to play at death. "Roy's new pickup," the Reeves would bawl at each other. "I said, Roy's new one . . . he hardly knows how to get rid of her."

At that, Sarah opened her mouth and gave a great sobbing cry; only one, but it must have carried, for next thing she heard was the Reeves' door, and, turning, she saw Tim in a dressing gown, followed by Meg in her parachute of a robe. Sarah stood up to face them. The sun was on her back. She clutched the iron bars of the gate because she had to stand like a stork again. From their side of it, Tim looked down at her suitcase. He said, "Do you want—are you waiting to be driven somewhere?"

"To the airport, if you feel like taking me. Otherwise I'll hitch."

"Oh, please don't do that!" He seemed afraid of another outburst from her—something low-pitched and insulting this time.

"Come in this minute," said Meg. "I don't know what you are up to, but we do have neighbors, you know."

"Why should I care?" said Sarah. "They aren't my neighbors."

"You *are* a little coward," said Meg. "Running away only because . . ." There were so many reasons that of course she hesitated.

Without unkind intention Sarah said the worst thing: "It's just that I'm too young for all of you."

Meg's hand crept between the bars and around her wrist. "Somebody had to be born before you, Sarah," she said, and unlocked her hand and turned back to the house. "Yes, boys, dear boys, here I am," she called.

Tim said, "Would you like—let me see—would you like something to eat or drink?" It seemed natural for him to talk through bars.

"I can't stay in the same bed with someone who doesn't care," said Sarah, beginning to cry. "It isn't right."

"It is what most people do," said Tim. "Meg has the dogs, and her television. She has everything. We haven't often lived together. We gradually stopped. When did we last live together? When we went home once for the motor show." She finally grasped what he meant by "live together." Tim said kindly, "Look, I don't mean to pry, but you didn't take old Roy too much to heart, did you? He wasn't what you might call the love of your life?"

"I don't know yet."

"Dear, dear," said Tim, as if someone had been spreading bad news. He seemed so much more feminine than his wife; his hands were powdery—they seemed dipped in talcum. His eyes were embedded in a little volcano of wrinkles that gave him in full sunlight the look of a lizard. A white lizard, Sarah decided. "This has affected Meg," he said. "The violence of it. We shall talk it over for a long time. Well. You have so much more time. You will bury all of us." His last words were loud and sudden, almost a squawk, because Meg, light of tread and silent on her feet, had come up behind him. She wore her straw hat and carried her morning glass of gin and orange juice.



"Sarah? She'll bury *you*," said Meg. "Fetch the car, Tim, and take Sarah somewhere. Come along. Get to Friday. *Tim*." He turned. "Dress first," she said.

The sun which had turned Tim into a white lizard now revealed a glassy stain on Meg's cheek, half under her hair. Sarah's attention jumped like a child's. She said, "Something's bitten you. Look. Something poisonous."

Meg moved her head and the poisoned bite vanished under the shade of her hat. "Observant. Tim has never noticed. Neither has Roy. It is only a small malignant thing," she said indifferently. "I've been going to the hospital in Nice twice a week for treatment. They burned it—that's the reason for the scar."

"Oh, Meg," said Sarah, drawn round the gate. "Nobody knew. That was why you went to Nice. I saw you on the bus."

"I saw you," said Meg, "but why talk when you needn't? I get plenty of talk at home. May I ask where you are going?"

"I'm going to the airport, and I'll sit there till they get me on a plane."

"Well, Sarah, you may be sitting for some time, but I know you know what you are doing," said Meg. "I am minding the summer heat this year. I feel that soon I won't be able to stand it anymore. When Tim's gone I won't ever marry again. I'll look for some woman to share expenses. If you ever want to come back for a holiday, Sarah, you have only to let me know."

AND so Tim, the battery of his car leaking its lifeblood all over French roads, drove Sarah down to Nice and along to the airport. Loyal to the Reeve standards, he did not once glance at the sea. As for Sarah, she sat beside him crying quietly, first over Meg, then over herself, because she thought she had spent all her capital on Roy and would never love anyone again. She looked for the restaurant with the blue tablecloths, and for the beach where they had sat talking for a night, but she could not find them; there were dozens of tables and awnings and beaches, all more or less alike.

"You'll be all right?" said Tim. He wanted her to say yes, of course.

She said, "Tim, Roy needs help."

He did not know her euphemisms



"How will I recognize this Bess Myerson?"

•

any more than she understood his. He said, "Help to do what?"

"Roy is unhappy and he doesn't know what he wants. If you're over forty and you don't know what you want, well, I guess someone should tell you."

"My dear Sarah," said the old man, "that is an unkind thing to say about a friend we have confidence in."

She said quickly, "Don't you see, before he had a life that suited him, inspecting people in jails. They didn't seem like people *or* jails. It kept him happy, it balanced . . ." Suddenly she gave a great shiver in the heat of the morning and heard Lisbet laugh and say, "Someone's walking on your grave." She went on, "For example, he won't eat."

"Don't you worry about that," cried Tim, understanding something at last. "Meg will see that he eats." Right to the end, everyone was at cross-purposes. "Think of it this way," said Tim. "You had to go home sometime."

"Not till September."

"Well, look on the happy side. Old Roy . . . matrimony. You might not enjoy it, you know, unless you met someone like Meg." He obviously had no idea what he was saying anymore, and so she gave up talking until he set her down at the departures gate. Then he said, "Good luck to you, child," and drove away looking indescribably happy.

SARAH kept for a long time the picture of Judas with his guts spilling and with his soul (a shrimp of a man, a lesser Judas) reaching out for the Devil. It should have signified Roy, or even Lisbet, but oddly enough it was she, the victim, who felt guilty and maimed. Still, she was out of the tunnel. Unlike Judas she was alive, and that was something. She was so much younger than all those other people: as Tim had said, she would bury them all. She tacked the Judas card over a map of the world on a wall of her room. Plucked from its origins it began to flower from Sarah's; here was an image that might have followed her from the nursery. It was someone's photo, a family likeness, that could bear no taint of pain or disaster. One day she took the card down, turned it over, and addressed it to a man she was after. He was too poor to invite her anywhere and seemed too shy to make a move. He was also in terrible trouble—back taxes, ex-wife seizing his salary. He had been hounded from California to Canada for his political beliefs. She was in love with his mystery, his hardships, and the death of Trotsky. She wrote, "This person must have eaten my cooking. Others have risked it so please come to dinner on Friday, Sarah." She looked at the words for seconds before hearing another voice. Then she remembered where the card was from, and she understood what the entire message was about. She could have changed it, but it was too late to change anything much. She was more of an *amoureuse* than a psycho-anything, she would never use up her capital, and some summer or other would always be walking on her grave.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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PROFILES

WOULDN'T IT BE FUN?

BEGIN with the face, familiar from so many photographs. It is small, round, smooth-skinned, delicately modelled, invincibly boyish. Even in age, after decades of suffering, it holds hints of the implike, lovable child that we see pictured in a starched blouse and broad-brimmed straw hat at four, already eager to seek out and embrace the world. It was a world that would become his oyster, his champagne, his caviar; and in the small city of Peru, Indiana, in the flagrantly misnamed Gay Nineties, it must have been plain to the ambitious mother of the child, if not to the child himself, that the sooner one held out both arms to such a world the better.

People who hug life to them, though they grow older, never grow old: Cole carried with him to the grave not the ravaged face of an old man but the ravaged face of a young one. The family knack for longevity (his grumpy millionaire grandfather Cole lived to be ninety-five, his mother to ninety) proved a curse to him; he was ready for death—indeed, he pleaded for it—but the stout heart inside his mutilated body indignantly refused to consent. Cole had not marched with conventional inattentive acquiescence into his late sad years; he had been battered into them by an intemperate and preposterous fate, and when he died, in 1964, at the age of seventy-three, he had endured no telling how many centuries of continuous physical pain. In the light of this dreadful fact, it is curious to observe in the last photographs, along with the looked-for signs of anguish, signs of an undiminished trustingness, as if the promises of a long life, however little they had happened to be fulfilled for him, remained, touchingly and beautifully, promises for others.

We are haunted by the face in part because it is so unchanging—because, in a sense, it haunts itself, being at first its own jaunty and playful ghost and then its pitiful one. In any casual snapshot of an outing held who knows when in Paris, Cairo, Venice, or Hollywood, it is Cole that one instantly singles out and gives a name to. The face of the little boy on ponyback in the apple country and the face of the elderly crippled recluse dividing his time between an apartment high in the Waldorf Towers and a cottage in Williamstown is the face of the debonair



Cole Porter

undergraduate at Yale, already an accomplished charmer, who by an adroit manipulation of exceptional talents and an exceptional intelligence is offered whatever he covets and avoids whatever he dislikes. What a spoiled young man he must be! But then what excellent value he gives! All his life he will be accused of being a snob, and all his life he will deny the charge, but his snobbery, real or imaginary, is beside the point, which is that at every turn, unfailingly, he furnished the world with far more joy than he got back. In the unspoken bargain struck between genius and the rest of us, it is the rest of us who come home with full hands and, in this instance, dancing feet.

There are several classbook photographs of Cole, posing with this or that distinguished undergraduate group before a length of nineteenth-century wooden fence from the Old Campus at Yale. (The official college photographers kept this sacred remnant of fence, no more likely to be genuine than slivers of the True Cross, in their Chapel Street studio for football captains and other heroes to be propped against. Behind the fence was a backdrop of tastefully painted Old Campus elms, looking not unlike a rain forest in Brazil.) Cole is well dressed, not to say dudish, in these official photographs, and the face, under dark hair parted in the middle, is always in dead earnest. It is obvious that he is proud to be who he is and where he is, and why not? He has anticipated by a number of years the ordeal and triumph of a favorite protagonist of Scott Fitzgerald's daydreams and fictions: a rich young nobody from the uncharted here-be-dragons hinterland west of the Alleghenies who makes his way East and succeeds in taking the golden citadel by storm. In Cole's case, the East consisted of New Haven and New York; as for the gold, to a newcomer from Pee-ru, to say nothing of St. Paul, it looked like the real thing. Both Cole and Scott would assert with Henry James, "I can stand a good deal of gold."

That short, trim, rather bookish-looking boy, with his crisp tenor voice and his dislike of contact sports and, indeed, of any exercise except riding and swimming—surely it was odd in the Yale of that day, shortly before the First World War, that such a figure should have been a big man on campus. Yet Cole was. Dink Stover and Frank Merriwell were past, but their descendants have a way of incarnating themselves continuously out of the damp night air of all those narrow, one-syllable eighteenth-century New Haven streets—Elm and York and Grove and High and Wall—and one cannot help wondering what the handsome, burly athletes of the Porter era, with their suspicions of cleverness, their pursuit of the manly, their strenuous Christianity, thought of the exquisite pagan hedonist in their midst. Well, it appears that they liked him very much. He made Deke (thanks, it is true, to the influence of an upperclassman and fellow-hedonist named Gerald Murphy), and he made Keys, and he was the leader of the Glee Club and a member of the Whiffenpoofs, and he was also, in his nearest approach to the sweat and towel-snapping of the locker room, a cheerleader. His best friends were Monty Woolley and Len Hanna, notable specimens of what were thought of euphemistically in those days as perennial bachelors. The Woolley-Hanna set were inclined to spoof the pieties of Mother Yale, and their favored habitat was New York, to which Cole often accompanied them; nevertheless, he was friendly enough with the Stovers to win their admiration with a

couple of football songs—"Bingo, Eli Yale" and "Bull Dog"—that to this day remain the best-loved musical furniture in the minds of many Old Blues.

We glimpse the bright, mascotlike face smiling above elegant white tie and tails when, at Christmas, the Glee Club travels its thousands of miles by rail around the country, and Cole, at the piano, brings down the house with a series of encores consisting of his own perky (and shrewdly self-censored) ditties. We glimpse the face again when Cole, back in New Haven, attends a meeting of an arcane and prankish group known as the Pundits. Having spoken of ghosts, one is tempted to linger a moment over that quizzical Pundit face of his and to impose on its unmarked freshness all that we know will someday befall it. Among the courses that Cole took at Yale, and neglected less than he did others, was William Lyon Phelps' celebrated "T. & B.," the then universally recognized abbreviation of Tennyson and Browning. Billy Phelps was a bravura performer who manifested a shameless, endearing pleasure in his platform skills; his students never forgot that they had taken a course with him, though what he had taught them might soon slip from memory. Phelps had founded the Pundits, limiting the club to ten undergraduates, and he considered Cole an ideal member. The motto of the Pundits pretended to conceal itself from the barbarian world by being reduced to the initials "T.B.I.Y.T.B." These initials stood for "The best is yet to be," from Browning's famous and once frequently quoted exhortation in "Rabbi Ben Ezra": "Grow old along with me!/ The best is yet to be,/The last of life, for which the first was made."

Browning, incomparably skilled at rhyme and a master of syncope and of what Hopkins called sprung rhythm, made a profound impression on Cole. Long before he went off to New Haven, his father read Browning to him and urged Browning upon him. (Samuel Fenwick Porter, whom everyone in the family, including Cole, appears to have either pitied or disliked, was a remarkable man. He began life as a good-looking, penniless druggist, and his marriage to the heiress Kate Cole ought to have proved a stroke of good fortune. He had a strong literary bent and a passion for agricultural experiments, which he was able to indulge with the help of his wife's wealth. He seems to have been slowly crushed to death between the fiercely go-getting Kate and his powerful, contemptuous father-in-law, neither of whom made any bones about preferring the cheerful son to the sorry father.) Browning's unquestionable influence on Cole can be found in many of the more acrobatic of Cole's lyrics; indeed, the chances are that he learned at least as much from Browning as he did from a more obvious source, W. S. Gilbert, and from his younger contemporary Ogden Nash. By an agreeable coincidence, Cole was to spend several summers at the Palazzo Rezzonico, where Browning died. It is hard to resist speculating on what Cole made of Browning's incorrigible optimism when his dark days came. With what wry mockery he must have repeated to himself in his last years the Pundit motto, "The best is yet to be." In spite of Browning and Billy Phelps and Mother Yale, life had not turned out that way.



"Like, I'm just about to split after checking out all these bankers and brokers in black suits and stuff when, wow, I see you, some kind of cool freak with a shaved head and an old military coat, and I tell myself, 'Wanda, stick around and tune this cat in.'"

TEN or twelve years pass, and the face is still uncannily that of a stripling. The smooth skin is tanned now, for the season in the photographs is nearly always summer and the place nearly always somewhere in France or Italy, as likely as not the Lido. Cole is said to have considered himself unprepossessing; a man's opinion of his looks, especially if it is unfavorable, is not to be trusted over his photographs, and in his Venetian period Cole is downright handsome. His eyes are his best feature—large and dark brown and slightly popped, with heavy lids and something lemurlike in their playful, darting alertness. Also rather simian, and appealingly so, is the big mouth open in laughter, with its formidable array of square white teeth. In these carefully preserved snapshots, Cole is a healthy, happy animal, his bare body, slender and nut brown, shining with the oil that protects it from the Mediterranean sun; he stands or sits or lies on the endless, blazing Lido beach, mugging into the camera, while behind him we make out serried rows of bathing cabañas, with perhaps a jacketed servant emerging from between the

rows with drinks on a tray and, in the middle distance, Monty and Noël making silly faces.

If Cole has a reputation in the nineteen-twenties, it is not that of a composer who happens to be having an awfully good time on the side but that of an international playboy who writes an occasional witty song to be played and sung by him in the course of one or another of the innumerable fashionable parties he gives or goes to; subsequently, the song may be allowed to drift out and down into the ordinary workaday world and gain a certain vogue there among a deliberately limited cult. (Of all the songs that Porter wrote up to, say, 1925, only one became what is known in music-publishing circles as a standard—a tinkly little tune called "Old-Fashioned Garden," which was a hit in the Raymond Hitchcock revue "Hitchy-Koo of 1919.") So far, the reputation may be summed up in the facile accusation that Cole was being "social" instead of "serious;" like most reputations, this contains a truth and deforms the truth, for Cole was in fact being both at once. Social in his tastes but Midwestern-Protestant-Puritan in the seriousness of his aspirations, he was every bit as eager to make good as his mother and grandfather had been before him. Although he took care to uphold the tiresome undergraduate tradition that to be seen to be working hard is bad form, in truth he worked very hard indeed. In Paris, in his late twenties, he studied orchestration, harmony, and counterpoint under the austere classicist Vincent d'Indy and familiarized himself with the entire range of nineteenth-century art songs, particularly those of Schubert, Schumann, and the other German composers. At the same time, he was making friends with a number of black musicians and performers in Paris. Well ahead of most of his white contemporaries, he began to experiment with jazz rhythms, and his clever pastiche "The Blue Boy Blues"—a song inspired by the sale of Gainsborough's painting "The Blue Boy" to an American millionaire—was for a while highly popular in England. In 1923, Porter composed the score of a ballet for Les Ballets Suédois; the book was by his old Deke sponsor Gerald Murphy, who also designed the sets and costumes. The ballet, a triumph in Paris, was regarded with almost equal admiration in America, where it was presented more than sixty times in the course of a two-month tour. It was Cole's first and last public appearance as a "serious" composer. The ballet, entitled "Within the Quota," anticipated certain musical ideas that were to cause a stir when, several months later, they found expression in "Rhapsody in Blue," by Cole's friend George Gershwin. Cole undertook to write a second ballet, for which Bakst was to provide the scenery and costumes. Bakst died, and Cole abandoned work on the ballet. The score of "Within the Quota," which Cole himself believed had been lost forever with the dissolution of the Ballets Suédois, was brought to light in 1970, and the ballet was given a revival in New York under the title "Times Past." Many musicologists find the score of interest, and not alone because of its historical significance.

To remain a sort of gentleman-composer, moving at a measured height above the squalid scramble of the marketplace, was important to Cole as a young man, and proved a considerable stumbling block to his career. Irving Berlin warned him that if he wanted to get work from theatrical producers he had better acquaint himself with the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street, where, if his name was recognized at all in the twenties, he was written off as an expatriate highbrow. Seeking to avoid Broadway and yet hoping to be pursued by it, Cole would go so far as to rent a large and costly apartment on Fifth Avenue and invite theatrical people to parties there, but it appears not to have occurred to him that, except geographically, Fifth Avenue was even farther from Broadway than Paris and the Lido were. The desire to seem a charming amateur who just happened to enjoy all the perquisites of a hardened professional was based less on a sense of caste and class than on a deep-seated and, as it proved, ineradicable lack of confidence in himself. This was an emotion that, if it was unknown to Cole's mother and grandfather, must have been familiar enough to the father he despised. It directly contradicts the principle enunciated by Freud to the effect that no man who has been his mother's favorite knows what it is to fear failure. (The teasing of one's dead betters is often an irresistible temptation; let it be noted that Freud himself was his mother's favorite. In his seventies, white-bearded and world-famous, he was "*mein goldener Sigi*" to Frau Freud, who contrived to live even longer than Kate Porter did and to keep her beloved closer to her apron strings. Not all mama's boys have been great men, but a remarkable number of great men have been mama's boys.)



"Hi, there, the me nobody knows!"

Cole wished ardently to succeed; still more ardently he wished not to be known to have failed. Hints of this double goal are to be found scattered everywhere through his life. He was to give ample proof of his courage, but his refusal to defend his own work in the rough-and-tumble of preparing a show led more than one Broadway director to describe him flatly as a

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coward. At the peak of his popularity, if someone connected with a Porter show in rehearsal expressed skepticism about a song, Cole nearly always preferred discarding it to rewriting it—a fresh start struck him as the safest way to avoid the odious close give-and-take of criticism. The discarded song might turn up years later, slightly altered, in a new show or movie; meanwhile, the moment of dangerous self-doubt had been got past. Cole's passion for travel may have been a covert method of problem-solving. Who can tell what the tireless sightseer has left unexamined at home? Cole was never to be offered as much work as he wanted, or claimed to want, but he rejected many of the projects that agents and producers brought to him, because he doubted if he would be able to bring them off. Not that he would give this as a reason; an aspect of the discipline he practiced in respect to fear was that it seemed to the casual observer an emotion totally alien to him. Gentlemen had no nerves, and on the opening night of a Porter show he made a point of sitting well down front with a party of friends, laughing and applauding the show as if he hadn't the slightest doubt of its success. His behavior was gallant, and it was also self-protective: by wearing a mask of unshatterable aplomb he was putting himself beyond the reach of critics and envious rivals, to say nothing of a public always eager to observe who in the pecking order is the latest to be made to bleed. The finest of the musicals he wrote—"Kiss Me, Kate"—was the one he hesitated longest over committing himself to; he pretended that the reasons for his hesitation were that the project was too intellectual, that revivals of Shakespeare never did well at the box office, and that he didn't understand the book that Bella and Samuel Spewack had prepared. The truth was that Cole had had a couple of failures and was aware that people were saying he was through; he was simply afraid that "Kiss Me, Kate" would prove to be beyond his powers.

Playboy. Expatriate. Highbrow. Snob. The names flung at him in his youth he slowly, manfully outgrew by the exercise of an extraordinary musical talent working in the closest possible union with high intelligence. (The Porter lyrics, composed at the same time as his music and indissolubly wedded to it, bar by bar, syllable by syllable, were a product of intense intellectual concentration; the seemingly effortless rhymes came not from

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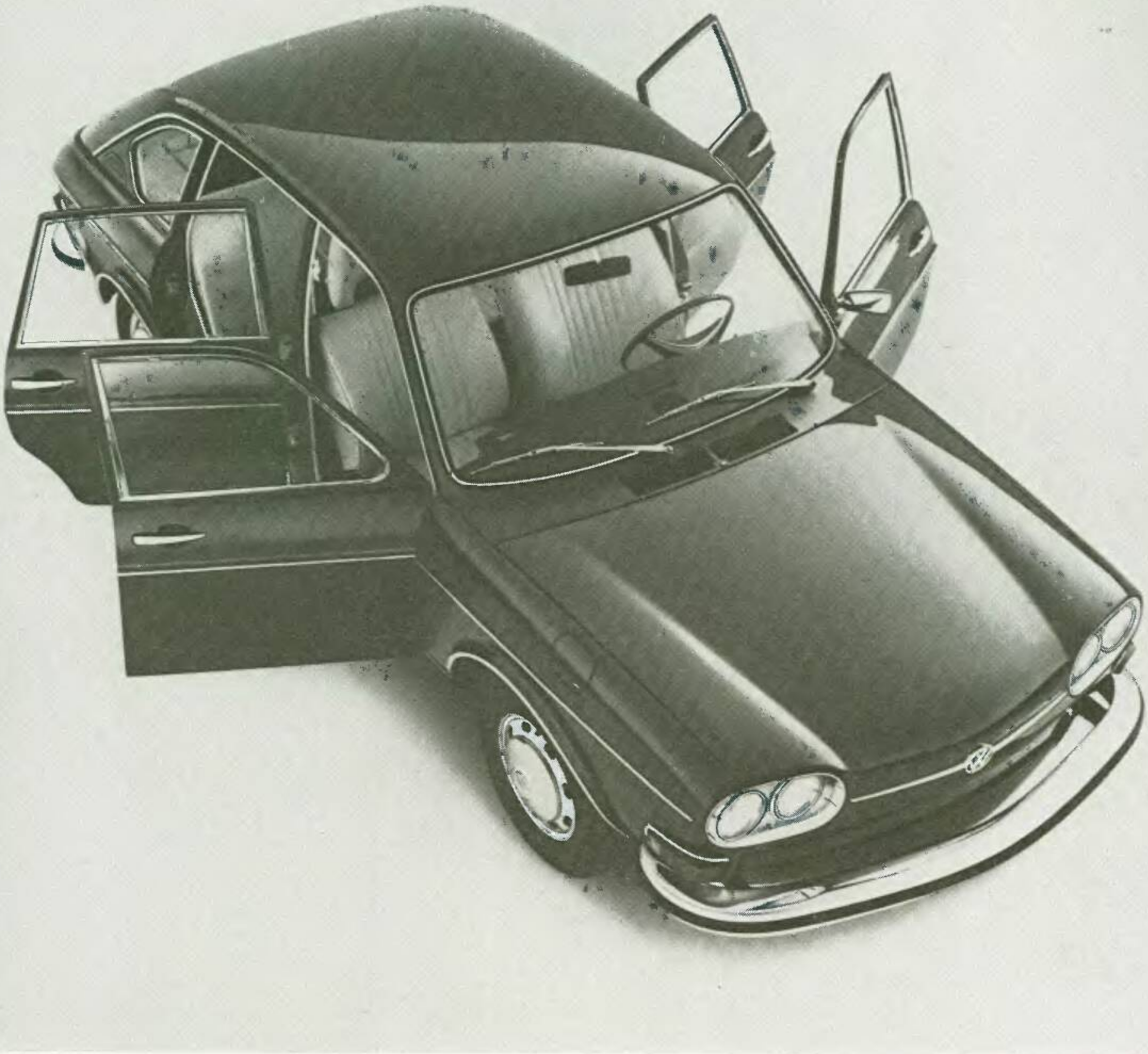
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Heaven but from a rhyming dictionary.) Cole literally sweated to make good, though it was part of what was later to become known as a "life style" for him never to be observed to be sweating at all; a mild Mediterranean glow was the permissible limit. In Venice, behind the drawn blinds of the Palazzo Rezzonico while the rest of the household napped, or in Paris, in the chaste, Art Deco elegance of the silvery house at No. 13 Rue Monsieur, or in New York, on the forty-first floor of the Waldorf Towers, he gave himself to his difficult craft. It was donkey work, but he did it, and, as far as one can tell at this distance in time, the person who, after unfalteringly loyal "Ma" in far-off Peru, gave him the courage to persist in his years of largely unrecognized and unrewarded labor was Linda, his wife.

For Cole, astonishingly, had married. Unlike most of his close companions, and without, it appears, disturbing his relations with these companions, he had fallen in love with and courted and won an American divorcée named Linda Lee Thomas. She was a good many years older than Cole and, perhaps because of her uncertain health, looked older than she really was; she was also far richer than he, for his millions were to sift down to him only after the deaths of his grandfather and mother. (Cole always doted on the rich, and, everything else being equal, he preferred what he called the "rich-rich" to the single, unhyphenated, and, in effect, impoverished rich, like himself.) At one time, Linda had been described as the most beautiful woman in the world; when Cole met her, in 1918, the superlative, though reduced in scale, was still impressive: she was spoken of as the most beautiful woman in Europe. A compendium of the qualities that Cole admired most in people, she was wellborn, intelligent, and what was then known as sophisticated; she could manage a large household with her left hand; she gave amusing parties; and she gossiped amusingly about other people's parties. She was said to have perfect taste and perfect manners, and, knowing everyone that mattered, she passed her days in the company not only of decorative idlers but of such ideal companions as Berenson, Lord Carnarvon, Bakst, Churchill, and Shaw. Does all that sound, to our ears, sufficiently impressive? To young Cole, it must have seemed everything.

As an eighteen-year-old belle from Louisville, Linda had married a "fast" young Yale man of proper lineage



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named Edward Russell Thomas, destined to enter history as the first husband of Cole Porter's wife and, still more unluckily, as the first person in the United States known to have killed somebody with an automobile. Thomas soon proved an indefatigable philanderer; according to rumor, he was also something of a sadist in the discharge of his conjugal obligations, and it is possible that by the time Linda won a divorce from him, in 1912, she had had enough of the sexual side of marriage. Be that as it may, having accepted an extremely handsome settlement from Thomas, she moved to Paris and became a leader of what, even during the years of the First World War, was a lively international social set. It was in Paris that Cole met her, and in 1919, to the surprise of many friends on both sides, they were married. The marriage lasted for thirty-five years, until Linda's death from emphysema, in 1954. She had wished to be buried in Williamstown, where, in a house called Buxton Hill, they had passed happy summer days. Cole chose instead to bury her in the family plot in Peru, arranging matters so he could lie in death between Kate and Linda. He was always compulsively neat.

The marriage was not without intermittent warfare and cobbled-up truces. A recurring crisis concerned Hollywood, which Linda (perfect manners, perfect taste) disliked, and which Cole adored, in part because of its climate and in part because he was genuinely interested in the sharklike ignoramuses who had swarmed up out of the gutter to assume control of the movie industry. Like any Keys man, he had a certain curiosity about the gutter. When a song he wrote for the movie "Rosalie"—"In the Still of the Night"—made Louis B. Mayer weep, Cole was beside himself with pleasure; he had a high opinion of Mayer's aggressive animality, and to see such a bully in tears! Linda was not impressed by bullies. It was one thing for her to play den mother to Cole's entourage in Venice or Paris or Williamstown or New York, but it was another to play that not always pleasant role in Hollywood. She was a model of the accommodating aristocrat, and yet there were limits; an awareness of limits, she might have said, is precisely what distinguishes aristocrats from the lower orders, and it was a bad mark against Cole for him not to have kept this necessary social truth in mind. No doubt Cole had merry days beside the sunstruck swimming pool in Brentwood, but over him and his young friends



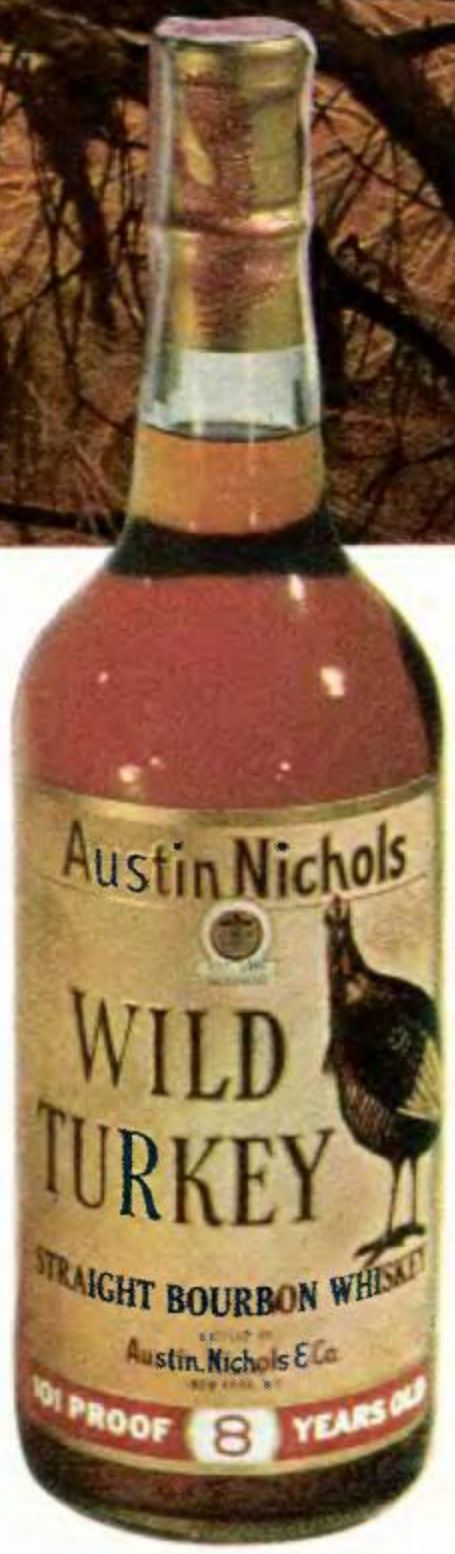
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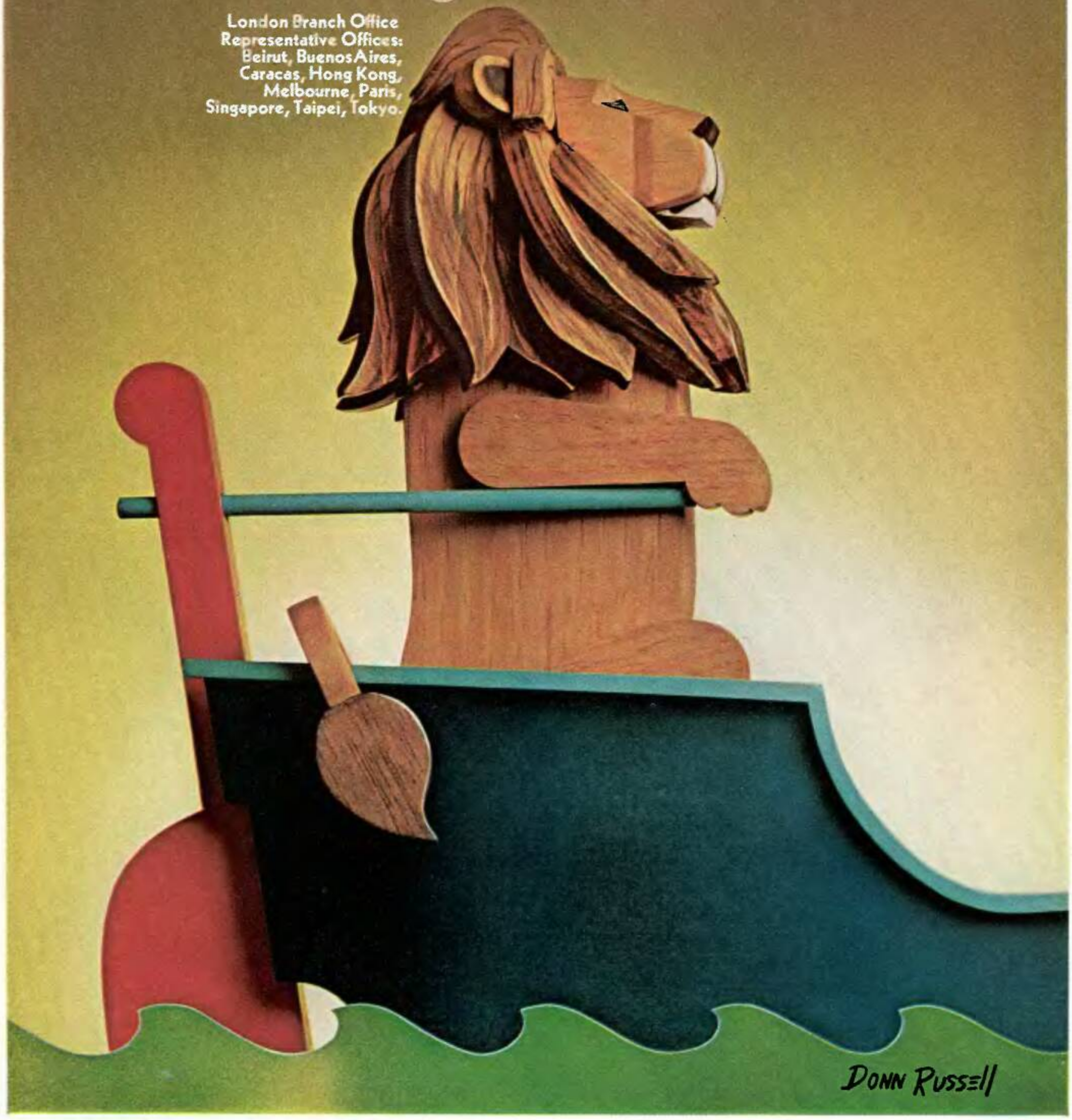
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there fell, for her, the shadow of innumerable Mayers and Warners and Harry Cohns. To Linda, they and their imitative myrmidons were so many foulmouthed, cigar-chomping Genghis Khans, and if it had not been for Cole's accident, in the autumn of 1937, she would almost certainly have left him.

COLE'S accident. It is the central episode of his life—not the most important one but the one that everything else stands in relation to. We ask of a Porter song or movie or party or broken friendship or newly decorated apartment whether it was before or after the dreadful October morning at the Piping Rock Club, in Locust Valley. (The setting met the usual Porter requirements in respect to social cachet.) Cole's old friend the Duke di Verdura, designer of the celebrated bejewelled cigarette cases that Linda gave Cole to mark the openings of new Porter shows, was a member of the houseparty that had gathered at the Countess di Zoppola's that weekend on Long Island, and he recalls that Cole, with a characteristic impetuous need to *do* something, had worked absurdly hard at organizing a group to go horseback riding. "He hadn't been riding in a long time," the Duke has said. "It was a sudden caprice, but Cole's caprices seemed sometimes to be made of steel." Against the advice of a groom at the stable at Piping Rock, Cole chose a mettlesome, nervy horse for his mount. A few minutes out along the bridle path, the horse shied at some bushes, reared, and fell back upon Cole, who, being out of practice, found himself unable to disengage his feet from the stirrups. As the horse struggled to get up, it fell back upon Cole again and crushed one of his legs. Again the horse sought to rise and again it fell back, this time rolling over and crushing Cole's other leg.

The accident took but a few seconds, and Cole maintained afterward that he scarcely realized that he had been hurt. A member of the riding party, Benjamin Moore, was the first to reach Cole. Although Cole made light of the accident, Moore saw at once that he was terribly injured, and he galloped off to get help. As Cole later told the story—and he liked a good story—lying there, he took out a pencil and notebook and set to work on the lyrics of a song that became "At Long Last Love."

In the ambulance that Moore summoned and that carried Cole to a nearby hospital, he went into shock,



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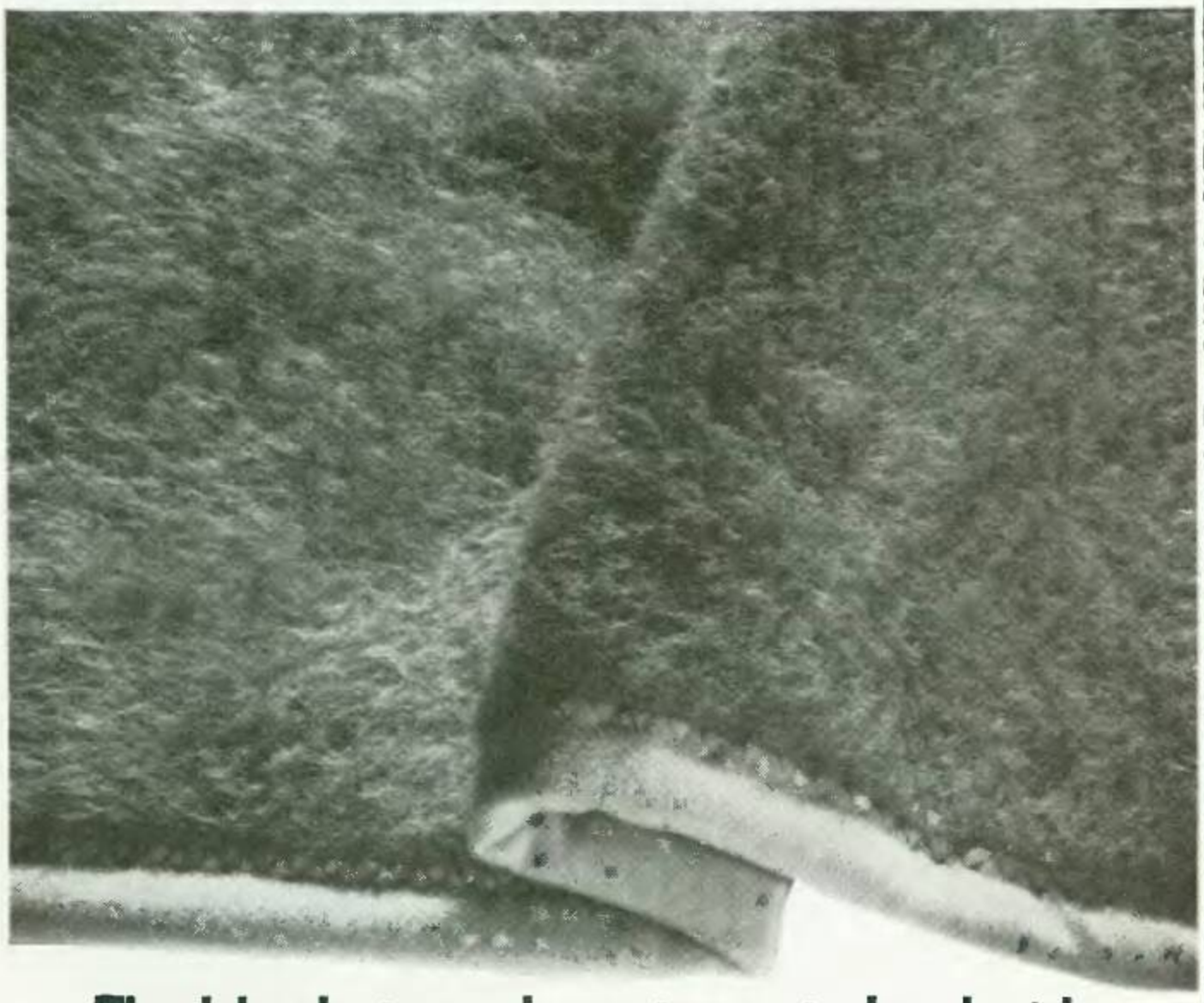
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and he remained alternately unconscious and delirious for two days. The attending doctors were convinced that both legs would have to be amputated. Linda was in Paris (by an ironic chance, she and Cole were not speaking to each other at this desperate moment in their lives), and on being notified of the accident and of the threat of amputation she insisted that no decision be reached until she arrived in New York. She consulted with Kate Porter in Indiana by long-distance telephone, and between them they decided that, no matter what the doctors said, Cole's legs must not be amputated. (By a further ironic chance, Linda had been living apart from her first husband when he, too, suffered a grievous accident and was threatened with the loss of a leg. Linda returned to Thomas and nursed him back to health before leaving him for good, several years later. She must have thought she could do as much for Cole.) In respect to the recommended double amputation, Linda and Kate reasoned that Cole would die of despair if he were to be so conspicuously maimed and, with his pride in his body, so humiliated, and perhaps they were right. In any event, they had no way of knowing then that Cole's legs were never to mend; that after some thirty-five operations on both legs one of them would have to be amputated at last; and that in the twenty-seven years left to Cole before his death there would scarcely be a day that he was free of pain.

Cole was forty-six when the accident happened. Given his preternaturally youthful appearance, he seemed a man who was only just beginning to approach his prime. It amounts to a miracle that even following the accident the boyish face did not vanish altogether; there comes to mind a photograph of him being carried into a theatre in white tie and tails a couple of years after Piping Rock—a rueful, dapper banty of a man, held high by chauffeur and valet, one foot heavily bandaged, the other in a brace—and to this day there are people who speak with awe of seeing him hobble, with the help of two canes, into a Hollywood night club on Sunset Strip, his eyes black and enormous with suffering and his mouth grinning with glee—with glee!—in anticipation of an evening's pleasure to come. He was brave, but as Kate's son and Linda's husband he had little choice: to those steely nineteenth-century aristocrats courage was an assumed commonplace. Moreover, they were sure that the im-

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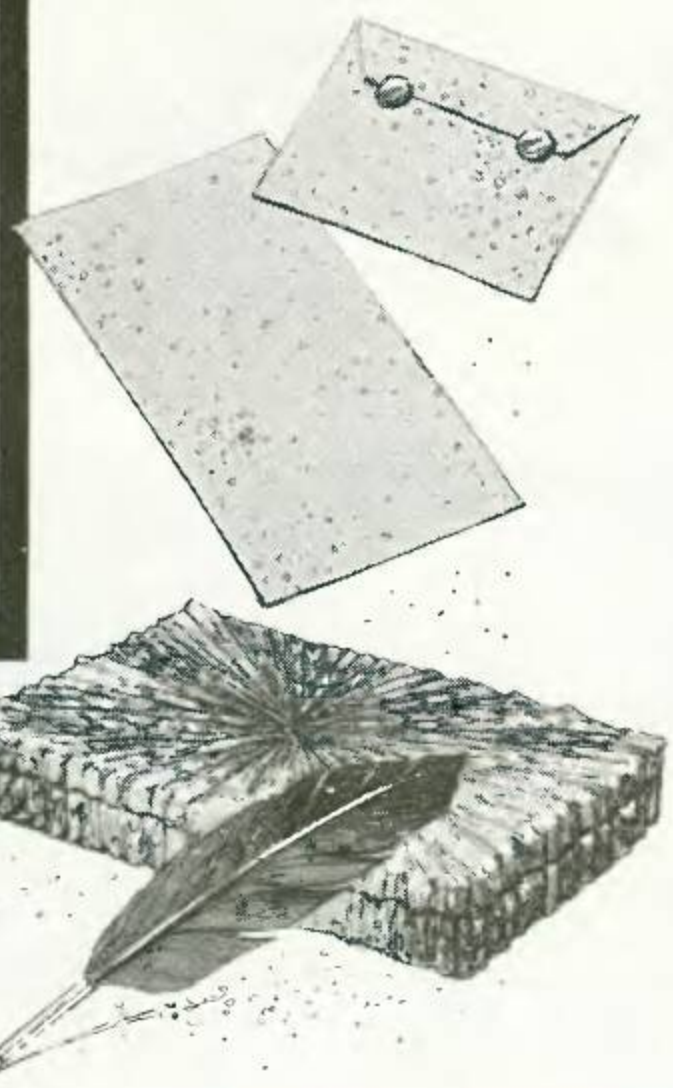
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portant thing was for Cole to go on working hard and playing hard, and he did. By no telling what power of concentration of mind and dismissal of body, he provided the scores for more Broadway musicals and Hollywood movies after the accident than he had done before it; among the musicals were such substantial hits as "Leave It to Me," "Panama Hattie," "Kiss Me, Kate," "Can-Can," and "Silk Stockings." The number of Porter songs to achieve the status of standards continued to mount. Berlin, Rodgers, and he were said to be the three most popular composers in America. Cole's earnings from A.S.C.A.P. threatened to move him out of the familiar category of rich into that of rich-rich. In his late years, he learned with delight that, according to an A.S.C.A.P. survey, five of his songs had made a list of the thirty most popular songs of all time. He shook his head over that: Not bad for a highbrow.

This was Cole's way of saying that, of course, he had never *been* a highbrow. Applied to him, the tag was as unjust as the tag of lowbrow applied to those of Cole's contemporaries who, lacking his musical scholarship, seemed to stumble upon their beguiling tunes by serendipity. Cole was delighted to be popular, and he was all the more delighted because his popularity was so unexpected: who would have guessed that the style he had spent so long forging and refining—a style idiosyncratic, making no concessions to the then common taste, and often difficult to play and sing correctly—would become, along with Gershwin's, the most readily recognizable voice of the American musical theatre in the thirties? Of all decades, the thirties, with their sour aftertaste of the extravagant twenties and their gritty grayness of prolonged, unliftable depression, would seem the least apt to choose the wealthy, playful, and totally apolitical Cole for a spokesman, but so it happened. Porter musical comedies encompass the period with a Porter neatness. Cole wrote the score for the last Broadway musical of the twenties, "Wake Up and Dream," which opened on December 30, 1929, and boasted the hit song "What Is This Thing Called Love?" He also wrote the score for the last Broadway musical of the thirties, "Du Barry Was a Lady," which opened on December 6, 1939, and offered, among its twenty-odd songs, "Well, Did You Evah?," "Friendship," "But in the Morning, No," and "Do I Love You?"

Between those pleasing parentheses,



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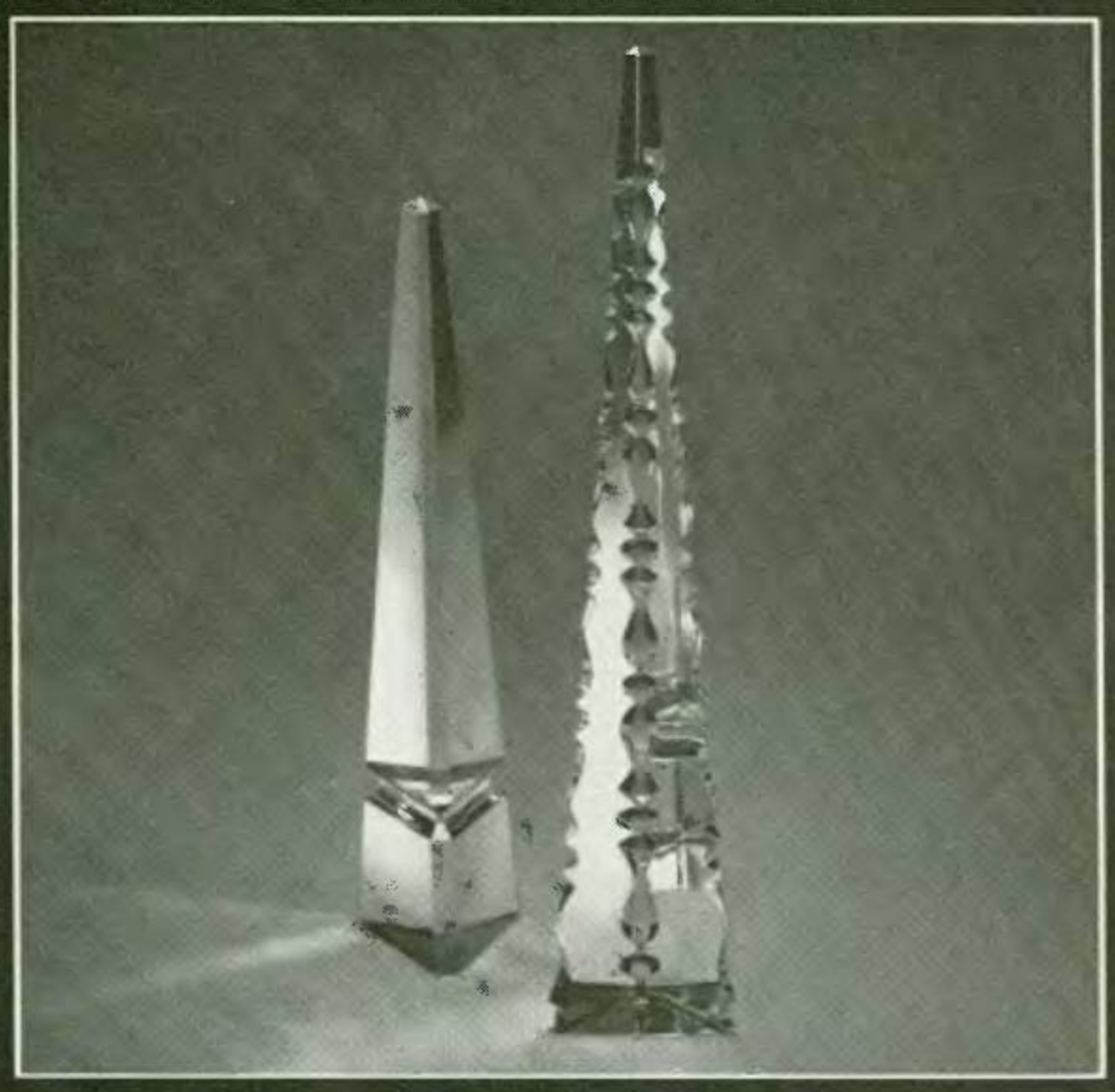
in the sullen year 1932, there arrived "Gay Divorce," with Fred Astaire singing "Night and Day," and two years later was born the quintessential Porter musical, "Anything Goes"—to the extent that such things can be defined, the quintessential American musical of the period. In the cast were Ethel Merman, William Gaxton, and Victor Moore, and among its hit songs were "I Get a Kick Out of You," "All Through the Night," "You're the Top," and "Anything Goes." A year later came "Jubilee," with "Begin the Beguine," "Why Shouldn't I?," and "Just One of Those Things," and in 1936 there was "Red, Hot, and Blue!," with "Ours," "Down in the Depths (On the Ninetieth Floor)," and "It's De-Lovely." The list of hits is so long that it threatens to become simply a list and therefore to strike us as less fantastic than it really is. There were to be plenty of other hits in the forties, and a few in the fifties as well, but Cole had changed and the country had changed, and with age and sickness it was harder and harder for him to take in what was happening beyond his high fortress at the Waldorf and his little fortress in Williamstown. For the movie "High Society," besides the title song he wrote "I Love You, Samantha," "You're Sensational," "True Love," and "Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?" Under the circumstances, it was a remarkable score. Because Louis Armstrong was in the cast, Cole wrote a song for him called "Now You Has Jazz." He worked on it like a schoolboy on a term paper, diligently but without confidence; he was no longer sure what such a song should be, and, as always, he dreaded being seen to have failed. The year was 1956, but to Cole it felt like the year 2000.

True, Cole had stayed young longer than most, but now he was growing old earlier than most. He was often petulant and forgetful and lonesome, and there were times when he was downright irrational, as when he claimed in unbecoming panic to be going broke. Nevertheless, there were good days—or, rather, good hours, or hours that managed to be simultaneously good and bad. An old Yale classmate, the historian Arnold Whitridge, would come to dinner at the Waldorf with his wife, Janetta (it was Cole who had introduced the Whitridges to each other in those long-past Paris days), and, in an attempt to cheer Cole up, would sing from memory, stanza after stanza, some Porter song from an undergraduate smoker of forty-odd years before. And Cole would smile



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and say, in the saddest voice, "Did I write that? Is that really mine?"

END with the last song Cole ever wrote. It was for a television musical entitled "Aladdin," broadcast in 1958 and roundly deplored by the critics. The song was supposed to be sung by the Emperor of China, and Cole called it "Wouldn't It Be Fun!" It is an amusing song to us, as it must have been to Cole, because it stands everything he believed in right on its head. Never can Cole have uttered so succinctly and merrily a credo the direct opposite of his own. The song outrageously asks

Wouldn't it be fun not to be famous,
Wouldn't it be fun not to be rich!
Wouldn't it be pleasant
To be a simple peasant
And spend a happy day digging a ditch!
Wouldn't it be fun not to be known as an
important VIP,
Wouldn't it be fun to be nearly anyone
Except me, mighty me!

The song is like a casual, mocking wave of the hand where a proper farewell would have proved unbearable, both to him and to us. "Mighty me!" The voice is that of the elfin boy in the straw hat and starched blouse, Kate's son, Linda's husband, lover and friend of many; the face and the voice and the songs are one, and they will never grow old, never die.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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[*From the F.B.I. Law Enforcement Bulletin*]

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Late one afternoon a tall man patiently stood in a teller's line at a Midwest city bank. When his turn at the counter came, he calmly displayed a blue steel revolver and ordered the nervous teller to hand over the money. She gave him about $2,000. As he confidently strolled toward the door, he stopped just before exiting, raised the gun high in the air, fired a shot into the ceiling, and proudly announced, "Tell them Joe Smith* did it."

Using this clue, FBI Agents positively determined that Joe Smith* did, indeed, rob the bank and apprehended him 2 days later.

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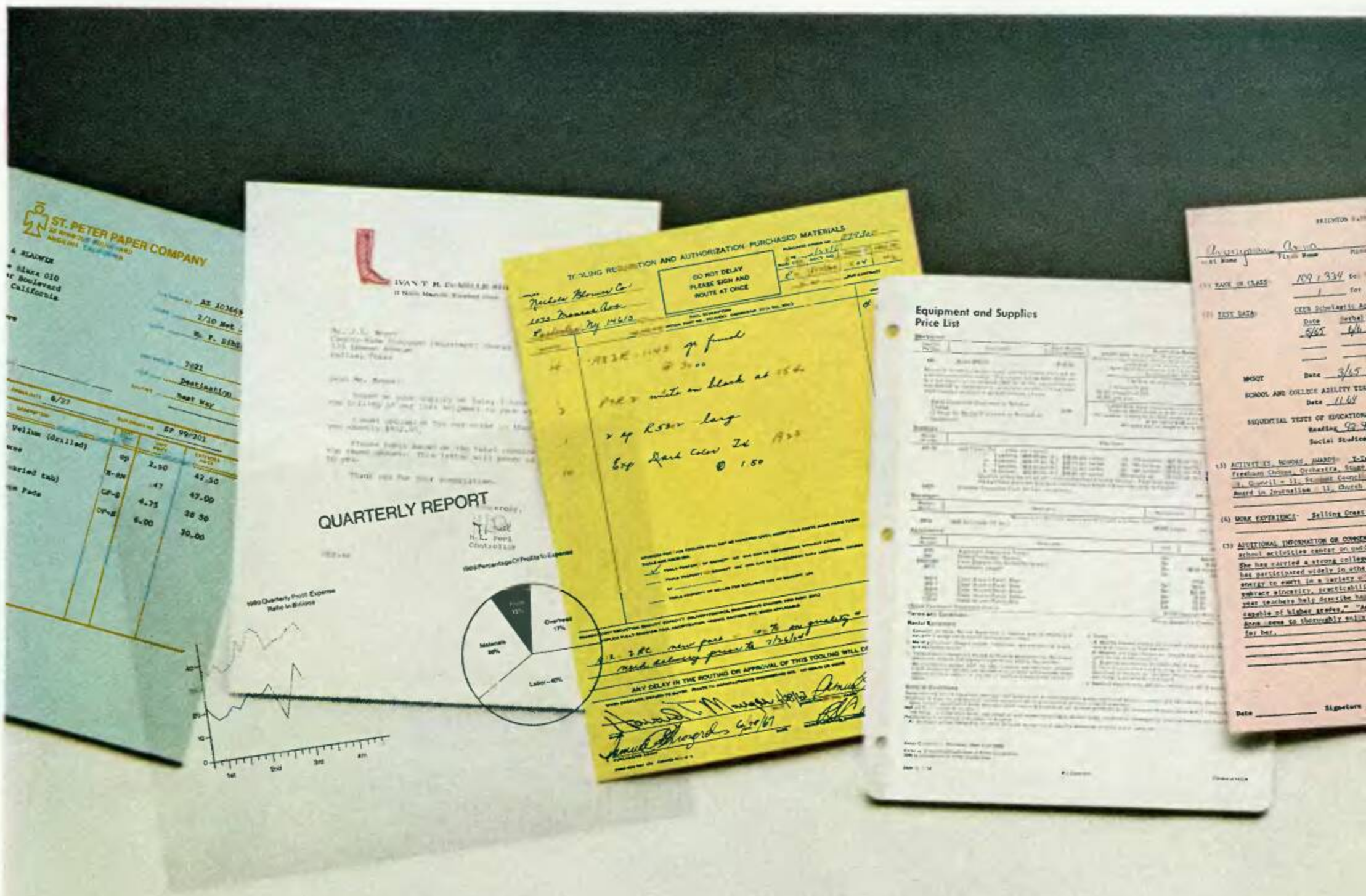
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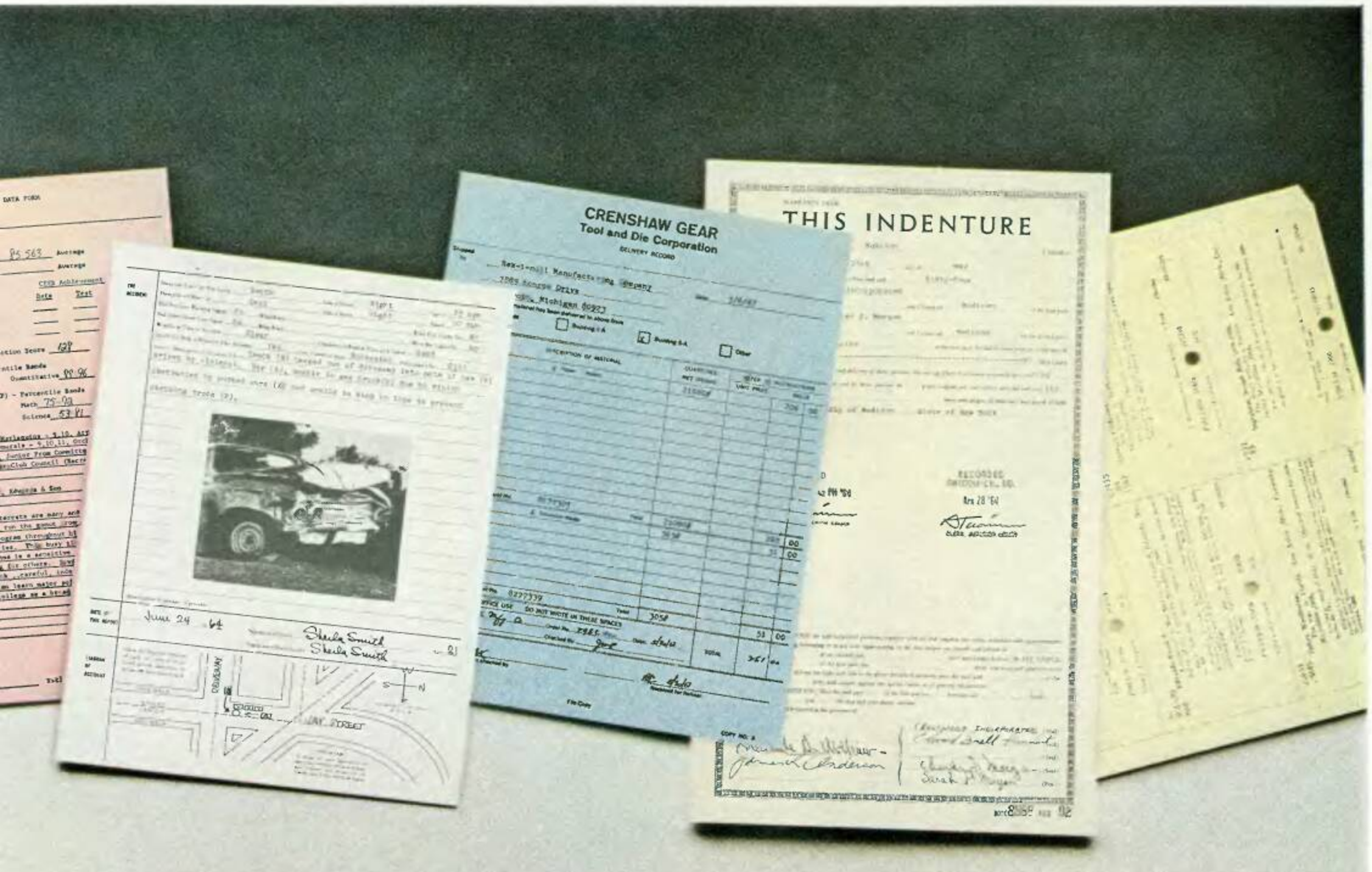
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"YOU raythe want somebody to look arter you, sir, wen your judgment goes out a wisitin'," as Sam Weller said in his wisdom. If you should go a wisitin' the Radio City Music Hall at the moment, you might take a hospital nurse with a strong streak of common sense and a powerful hand to hold. "See No Evil," directed by Richard Fleischer in the sense that a small boy directs a toy boat on a pond by giving it a shove, is a thriller about a blind girl (Mia Farrow) groping her way around a house furnished by an uncle and aunt who have a uniquely inapt taste for precariously balanced bibelots. Miss Farrow has had to play the upper-class waif too often. Here, as usual, she acts delicately in a part that asks her to look like an extremely high-bred baby starling. The beginning of the plot, which lasts a good thirty minutes, introduces us to her and to the uncle and aunt. (The uncle and aunt are supposed to be posh English, though to no avail.) It also introduces us to a man who is heavily signalled to be the villain by being photographed only from mid-calf level downward, wearing a pair of Mod Western boots with stars on the front. This introductory half hour, which should take ten minutes, is lengthened by the plethora of boot shots, though one asks oneself who ever gazed only at someone's boots if he was at all apprehensive about the related torso's intentions? As the introduction winds to a close, Mia Farrow is groping around the house with a jiggling cup of coffee and blithely turning off a bath that contains a murdered uncle and gallons of cochineal-colored water. I won't go into the end of the plot—not because one isn't supposed to go into the ends of thriller plots but because wild horses couldn't drag anyone over the age of six and a quarter to be interested in the outcome. On the other hand, no one under six and a quarter should go near the film, because of what the ads are pleased to call its intensity, and no one over six and a quarter should go except in the company of a trained nurse, as we said. The whole story is possessed of a staggering imbecility, and proceeds at a trudging gait that seems to be Richard Fleischer's natural pace. It is the pace of a village policeman whose feet hurt, carrying a broken bicycle. The fondness for half-calf shots is a new trait: Buñuel's fetishism without the humor, the sensuality, or the intelligence—Buñuel's foot obsession without the head, so to speak.

It could perhaps be held that good films, like good plays, are distinguished by the characteristics that have given the world its poets, its statesmen, its lovers, and its wits. The cinemas of New York at the moment, full of the plop of the hypodermic, are distinguished by the characteristics that have given the world its club bores, its ad-agency executives, and its more prurient customs officers. It is the customs officers' attributes, for instance, that have engendered "The Love Machine"—from Jacqueline Susann's novel—for which the only things that can be said are that Robert Ryan and David Hemmings are sheepishly good in it and that it contains a memorable trumpet call by a TV executive to sustain the courage of other TV executives. "Look at those pictures on the wall," he says, rallying everyone. "Picasso. Matisse. Do you think *those* fellows played it safe?"



"What bird would you like to see become our national bird when and if the bald eagle becomes extinct?"

IT is a truism that propaganda makes bad art, but not all truisms are true. What about the propaganda in Swift, Shaw, Goya, "Guernica"? Raoul Coutard's "Hoa Binh," about Vietnam, is propagandist in the way most disliked by people who fear the proselytizing powers of art, but it is a fine film, equable and quiet.

Coutard, the famous cameraman for Godard and Truffaut, spent eleven years in Vietnam as a reporter. He has a Vietnamese wife. He obviously knows Vietnam backwards. His film—the first full-length feature he has directed—is not particularly anti-American, unlike a lot of other French films about the war. It simply tells us, in a soft voice, what daily life is like for Vietnamese noncombatants. All but one of the main characters in the story are people with no stake in the war except the ending of it. They have got used to the bombing. They react to it wearily and automatically, as children did to the blitz in London, who would get up in their sleep as soon as the evening sirens went, and leave bed carrying blankets to stagger to the nearest place that was safe from flying glass. "There are two wars," says a character in the film. "One by day, one by night." One waged by the Americans, one

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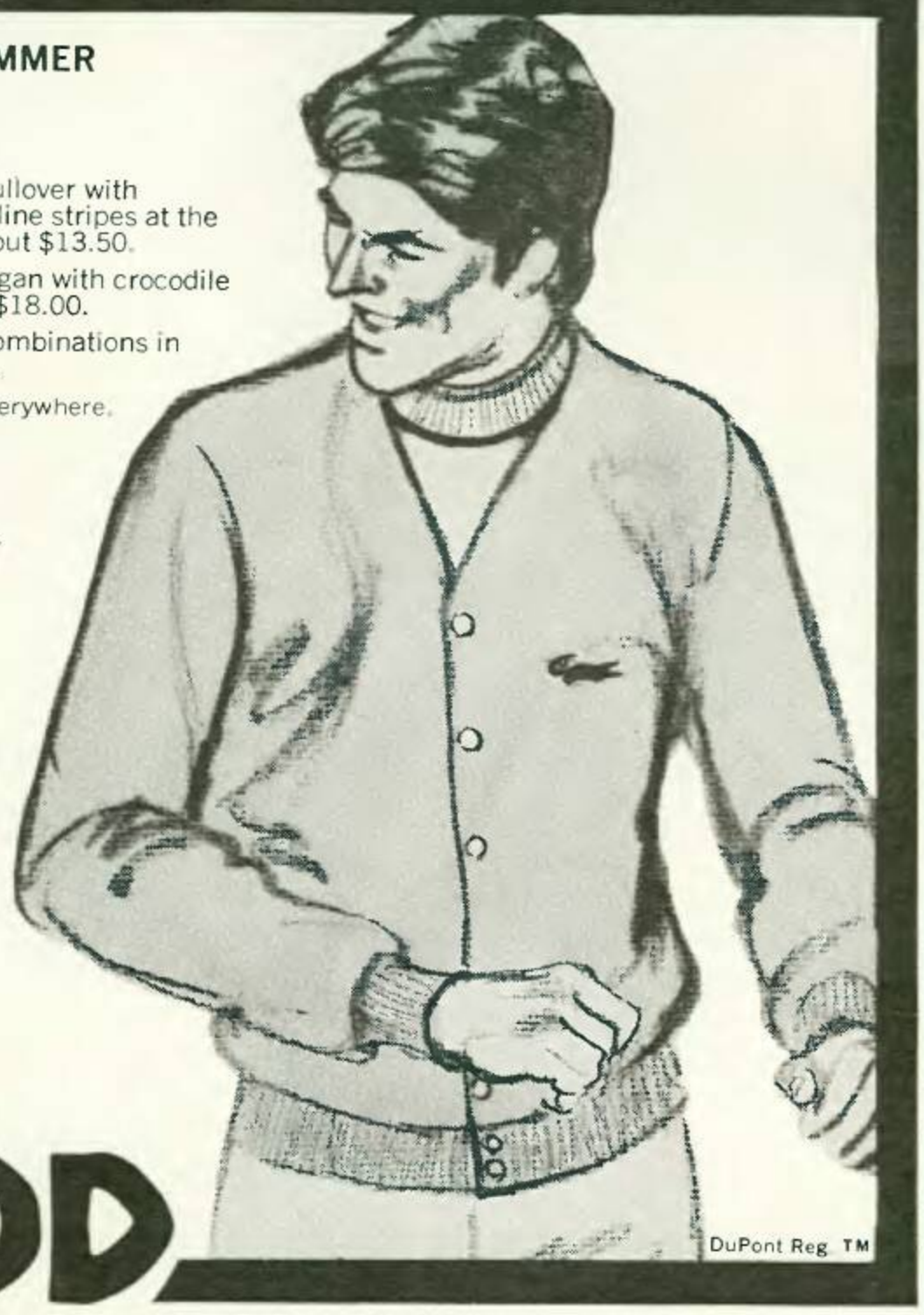
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by the Vietcong, apparently in unstoppable alternation, both with a ruinous dominion over daily life.

The story is based on a novel about a village family by Françoise Lorrain. The father joins the Vietcong. The mother and their two children see their village being burned to ash. Mother and children take refuge with a nearby cousin. The historic resentment by a relative of family incursions is aggravated by poverty and danger and by the demands of the Vietcong, who one evening ask the whole population of the cousin's village to spend the night razing their precious road so as to block the enemy advance. The mother, troubled by an aching leg, is eventually taken away to hospital, where she rightly suspects that she is going to die. The eleven-year-old son, Hung, is left in charge of his sister, Xuan, aged one and a half. He eventually takes her away from their bitter relatives and makes his way to Saigon, where he somehow manages to earn a living for the two of them loading pottery in the harbor. He gambles with other refugee kids, opens car doors at a night club for tips, shines shoes, and looks hopelessly for their mother, who he thinks must be here somewhere. The children are movie-crazy: we see them with their eyes glued to a nickelodeon showing an old Fernandel movie, and then looking at a cinema poster for Laurel and Hardy. A terrorist's bomb explodes suddenly in the cinema, and brutally mangled people stumble out into the street. It is peculiarly shocking; a movie house always seems such a safe place in wartime. Finally beaten by having a toddler to look after when he is competing with twelve-year-old hustlers, the boy parks her in a nursery under the eye of a wonderfully cast, fatigued-looking French nurse (Daniele Delorme). He is told, gravely, by the kindly Vietnamese authorities that he has the visiting privileges of a parent. The foreman of a salt hill where he gets a job takes him to a Maoist meeting. The speeches are about victory and never giving in—much the same as some cant that the boy heard from an American soldier whose shoes he was shining. One of the most eloquent things about this beautiful, subdued picture in which everyone suffers so much is that the only person we see crying is the one-and-a-half-year-old. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

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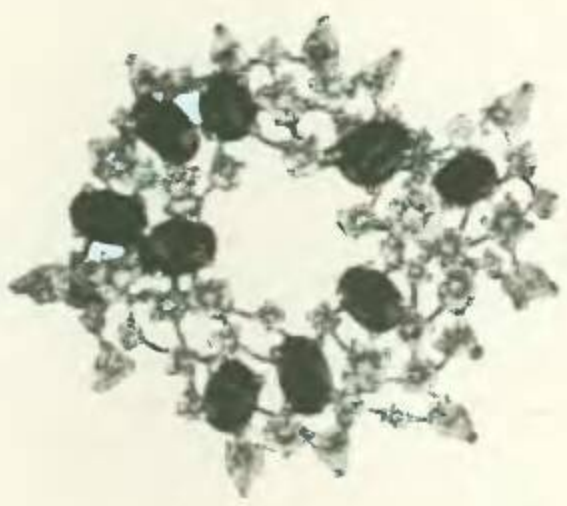
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THE RACE TRACK

Turnabout

WELL, Double Delta won the Beldame Stakes in the mud at Belmont Park last Saturday afternoon, paying Shuvee off for having defeated her in the Diana at Saratoga last month. A nimble individual, Double Delta came out of the gate like a greyhound out of the box at the dog tracks, and, disposing of Blessing Angelica in the first quarter, held the lead—at one point she was at least six lengths in front—till she went under the wire, half a length ahead of Shuvee. The latter got away sixth of the seven starters, and didn't settle into full stride as quickly in the sloppy going as she does on fast tracks. I thought Double Delta won the Beldame when she put in a fast quarter of a mile (she did it in around twenty-two seconds) going down the backstretch, and she held her advantage to the end, thanks to energetic handling by Knapp, who rode her. Owned in partnership by James Drymon, who runs the Domino Stud in Lexington, Kentucky, and Vance Greenslit, a retired Louisiana businessman, Double Delta is a five-year-old bay mare by Delta Judge out of Bantu (by Double Jay). This has been a good season for her. Up to the Beldame she'd won eight of her fourteen starts, six of them stakes races; the Maskette, which she won ten days before, no doubt wound her up to concert pitch for the Beldame. Her next start will be in the Matchmaker Stakes at Atlantic City on October 11th. Shuvee was the pick on looks in the paddock, and she made a good try, but, as the saying goes, you can't win 'em all.

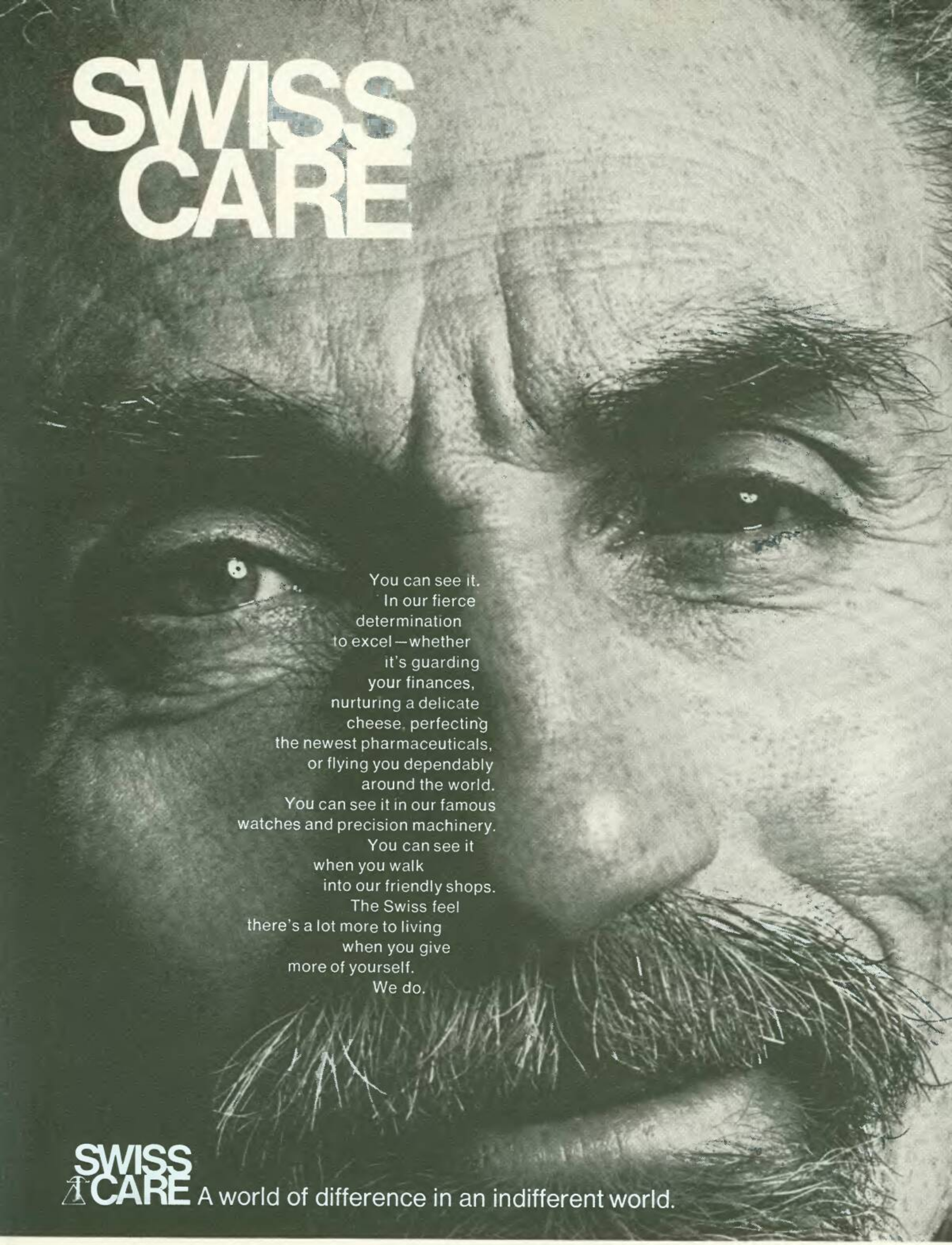


It was a damp, depressing day at Belmont Park; attendance dropped to 34,148 and the tote's handle to $3,911,244—close to the nadir for a Saturday. The betting shops around town didn't do badly, however; after all, the weather was just the sort for picking up customers. It was announced that the OTB took in $291,685.

PAUL MELLON and Elliott Burch, who trains Mr. Mellon's Rokeby Stable, had a big holiday weekend. To start it, Run the Gantlet won the Kelly-Olympic Handicap at Atlantic City, which is the public trial for the United Nations Handicap there on Saturday, and then, on Labor Day, Farewell Party beat most of the better older horses hereabouts in the Governor Stakes at Belmont Park. Both winners, as you know, are three-year-olds, and are improving. Run the Gantlet has moved up many pounds in the estimation of the handicappers since Burch tried him on the grass and discovered that he went well on it. According to the chart of the Kelly-Olympic, Run the Gantlet was fractious at the post, but he got away well, established a good position quickly, and won comfortably from Charlie's Luck. Fort Marcy, who finished fast from a slow beginning, was third. Farewell Party is also a nice colt—just how nice it's hard to say, for he carried only 109 pounds, the lightest weight, in the Governor Stakes, and was ridden in fine style by young Woodhouse, who sent him into the lead in the stretch to win by a neck from Protanto. Farewell Party showed early speed in the Travers, and before that he led in the Dwyer Handicap until Jim French wore him down in the stretch. On those performances, I'd say that he likes nine furlongs better than ten; nevertheless, he's a welcome addition to the handicap division.

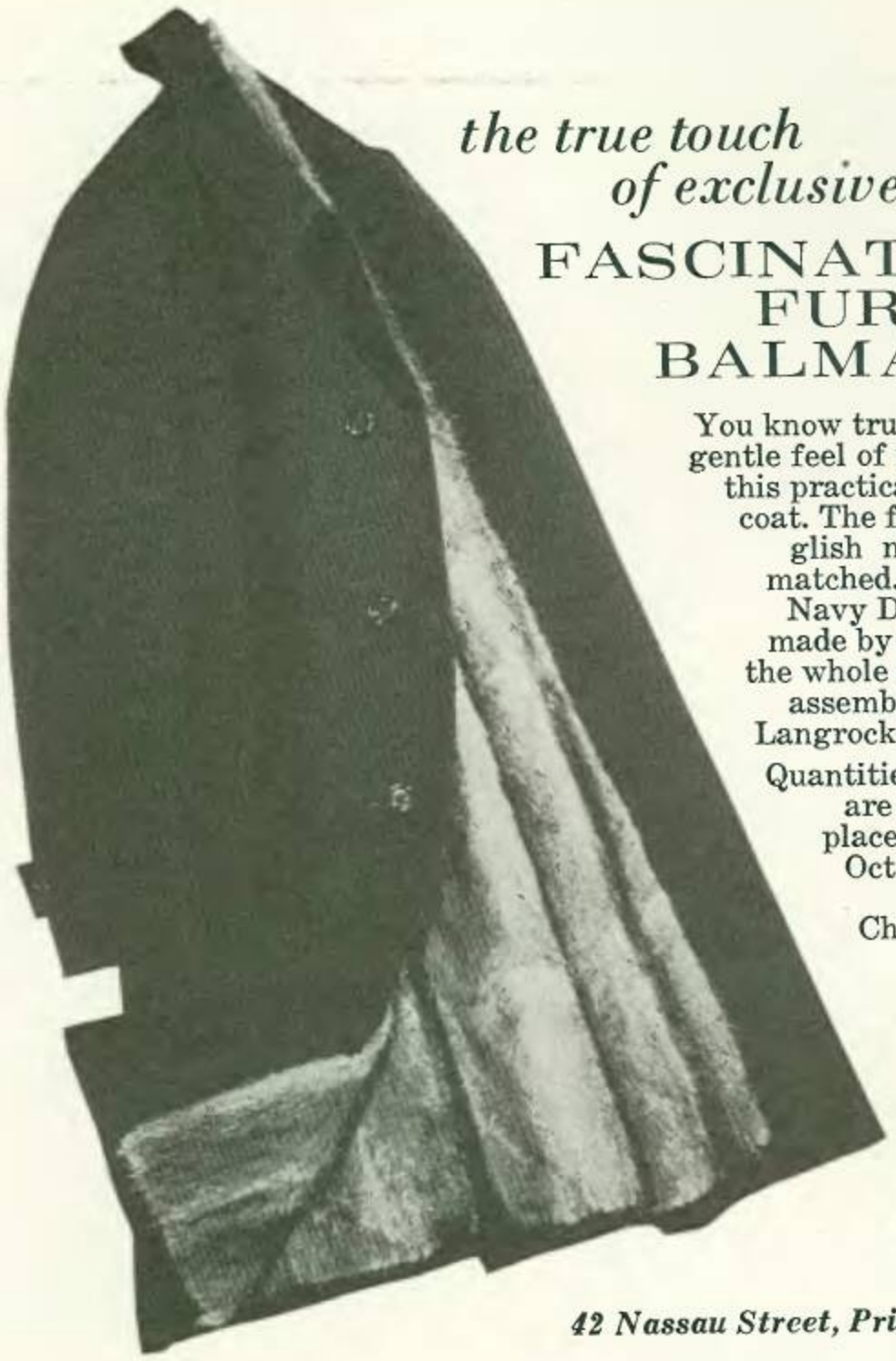
About the same time that Run the Gantlet was winning at Atlantic City, another Rokeby colt, Key to the Mint, was beating eleven other two-year-olds, some of them well fancied, at Belmont Park. As you probably know, Key to the Mint is a half brother to Fort Marcy, and, as you might guess, his stable has high hopes for him. He's a good-looking colt, but he has a long way to go before he comes close to the record of his distinguished relative.

As for Mill Reef, Mr. Mellon's big horse abroad, he skipped the St. Leger at Doncaster, which was won last weekend by Athens Wood, and Mr. Mellon says that Ian Balding, who is training him, isn't even thinking of a preparatory race for him before the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris the first Sunday in October. Balding is preparing him, however, for his encounter with those French photographers in the paddock at Longchamp the day of the Arc. The going over that Nijinsky and Gyr got from the boys with the cameras is still fresh in the memory of everyone who saw it. I thought it sent Nijinsky into a state of nerves that had almost as much to do with his defeat as anything that happened to him in the race. So Balding is having a man with a camera come to his stable in the mornings and jump around in front of Mill Reef and pop



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off a few flashbulbs in his face so that that sort of thing won't come as a disconcerting surprise.

THIS weekend, there's the Futurity at Belmont Park and the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City. Take your pick. I expect that there will be a big field for the eighty-second running of the Futurity, since it is the blue-ribbon event for two-year-olds, many of whom have been prepping for it for at least a fortnight. Rest Your Case, who won the Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga, will probably have the biggest following. I've a mild fancy for Key to the Mint, if he runs. What would please me more would be to see old Fort Marcy roll down in front in the United Nations Handicap, as he did last year. It could happen, too, for a horse-watcher I know said that he was just flying at the end of the Kelly-Olympic prep.

EDDIE ARCARO, who was almost everybody's favorite jockey for years and years, is now an owner. He had his horse, Scotch Thorn, in the ninth race at Belmont last Saturday. Scotch Thorn was favorite in the morning line, Baeza was down to ride, and everything looked great. Then it came up mud, and he was scratched. He'll be back. —AUDAX MINOR

•

THE TRIAL

I thought it was over

The reporters began
Leaking out of the courtroom
Bars crept up the windows
The tanks in the street shrivelled

I began to breathe
The echo of doors
Locking my judgment

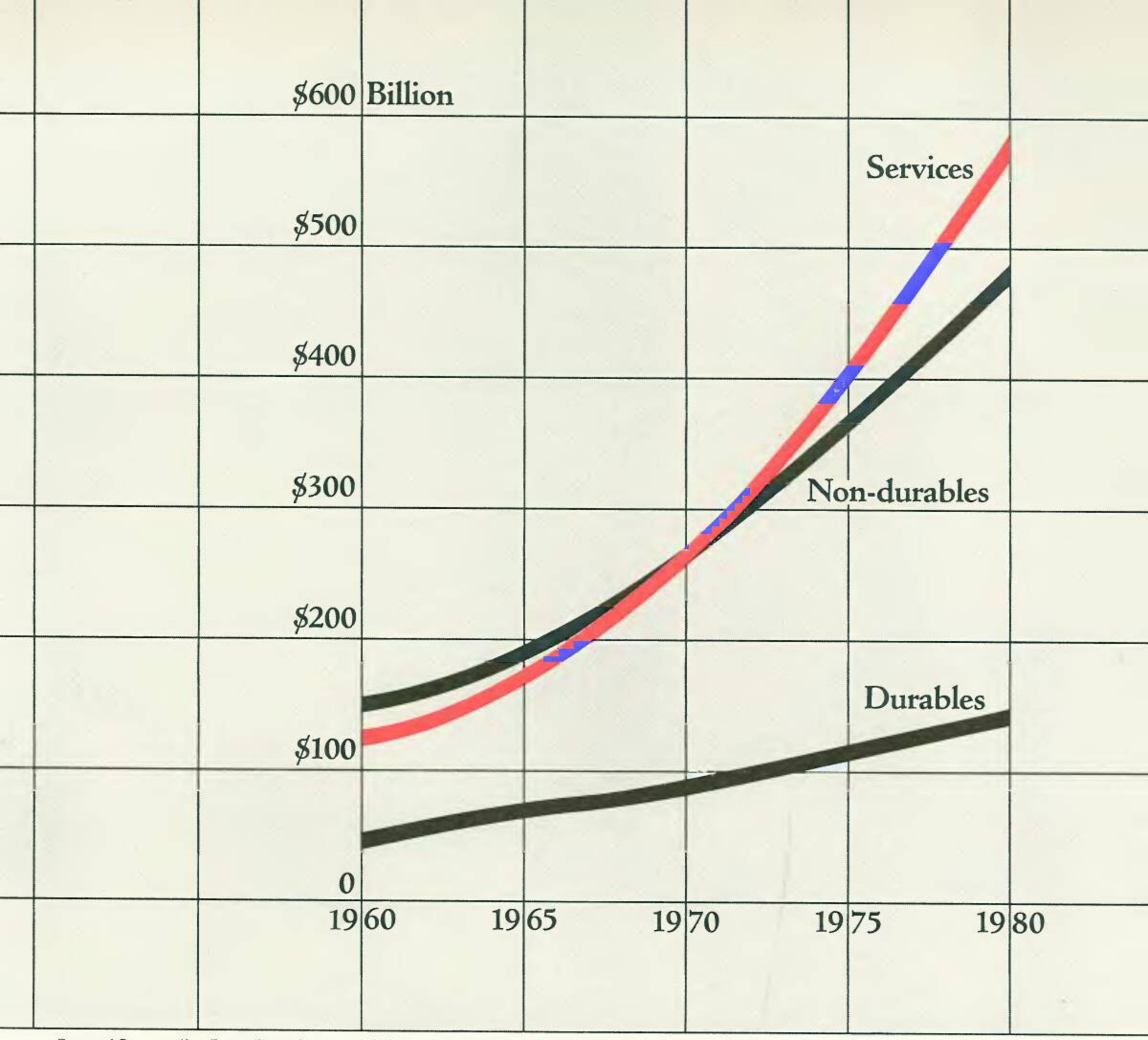
It was a relief

I anticipated the mornings
Their cold dust
The stone growing in my head
All my life I thought
Will be the same day wound
Into itself the same night

I thought it was over

But when I turned
Robes glittered above me
I rose into them
Taking my soft place
Among the judges

—DABNEY STUART



Personal Consumption Expenditures in current dollars — source: U.S. Dept. of Commerce; The Conference Board ©1971 Transamerica Corporation, San Francisco.

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LETTER FROM CAIRO

THE summer months are cruel in Cairo. A scorching sun beats down day after day after day without relief from wind or rain. Miasmic vapors come off the Nile. In the endless streets and alleys of what is less a city than a thousand villages, each with mosque and minaret, a dust of people as dense as the multitudes of India stirs with a restlessness that pushes impulsive leaders to plunge. It was in May that President Nasser took the rash steps that led to the Six-Day War of 1967. It was in July of 1952 that he brought off his coup against the monarchy of King Farouk, and in July of 1956 that he nationalized the Suez Canal. In August of last year came the massive movement of missiles in violation of the newly concluded cease-fire with Israel along the Suez Canal. That Egypt could pass through this summer without internal upheaval while the whole Arab world was shaken by King Hussein's crackdown on Palestine commandos in Jordan and by abortive coups in Morocco and the Sudan indicates how well Nasser's successor, President Anwar Sadat, has quieted both the unruly crowd and the threat of another showdown with Israel. The popular vote registered in Egypt on September 1st in favor of confederation with Syria and Libya—more than ninety-nine per cent of the voters were in favor of the union—was in large measure a plebiscite for the President, as was the vote last Saturday in favor of a new constitution.



Back in April, when I last visited Cairo, President Sadat was a mild public joke. It was generally believed that in succeeding President Nasser he was acting as a front for abler men who had been unable to sort out the succession among themselves. Six months had passed since Nasser's death, and still the only picture to be seen in public buildings was the portrait of the dead hero, with a black slash of mourning across one corner. Gossips recalled that Sadat had no executive experience, and that his servile deference to President Nasser had earned him the nickname Bikbachi Sah, or Colonel Yes Sir. I was told what at the time seemed a particularly unkind, though true, story of his role in the 1952 military coup that raised Nasser to power. Sadat, a long-time enemy of the monarchy, had been in on the officers' plot from the beginning, and by prearranged signal he returned to Cairo from a post near the Israeli frontier the day before the trap was to be sprung. But he missed most of the immediate action, for two reasons judged by my informants to be particularly contemptible: in the first few hours of the coup he was taking his children to the movies; later on, when he was summoned to general headquarters by Nasser, he forgot the password.

Even as I was told that story, Sadat was being challenged within his own regime. The occasion was an agreement that he had signed on April 17th for the proposed confederation with Libya and Syria. To the group of reputedly abler men for whom Sadat was supposedly fronting, the agreement provided an opening for showing Sadat that he was not boss. They forced a confrontation in the High Executive of the Arab Socialist Union—the supreme council of the regime's only party—and outvoted Sadat, five to three. Apart from that step, which had no practical effect, they apparently had no further plans for challenging Sadat, and when he began to fight back they were caught out. Only the leader of the challengers, Vice-President Ali Sabri, had any public standing, and he was neither physically well nor particularly popular. Most of the leading members of the anti-Sadat group were intelligence officers who had come to power as part of the Nasser palace guard. They were so unsure of themselves that twice in the thick of the struggle over the confederation agreement—on April 20th and May 4th—they consulted a medium about what course to follow. According to Muhammad Hassanein Heykal, the well-known editor of the daily newspaper *Al Ahram*, which broke the story of the séances, the medium reached spirits who gave the kind of advice spirits usually give. A police official was told that "the security measures must continue to deal with the consolidation in the interest of the homeland." A military man was advised to "make sure about the second row in the command of the Air Force." The group as a whole was warned to "beware of Syria and direct your steps along a well-planned course, exerting extreme caution and avoiding precipitation." It was promised that if that was done God would "make light your losses as much as possible . . . and direct you to a shortcut where you can deal the unsuspecting enemy a strong and stunning blow." The unsuspecting enemy was soon suspecting. Sadat dismissed Sabri as Vice-President on May 2nd. Sabri and a number of his associates were arrested on May 15th, investigated all summer long, and, on August 25th, put on trial for crimes against the state; if convicted, they could receive the death penalty. On May 27th, during a four-day state visit to Cairo by President Nikolai Podgorny, the Russians, who were supposed in some quarters to be backing the plotters, signed a fifteen-year Treaty of Friendship and Coöperation with Egypt. Sadat's victory over his opponents was total.

By the end of June, when I returned to Cairo, Sadat's stock had soared. During a state visit by King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, thousands of Cairenes stood for hours outside the mosque of Al Ahzar in temperatures of over a hundred degrees, waiting to cheer the two leaders as they emerged from Friday prayers. On street corners, people stopped to applaud the President's car, even when it wasn't



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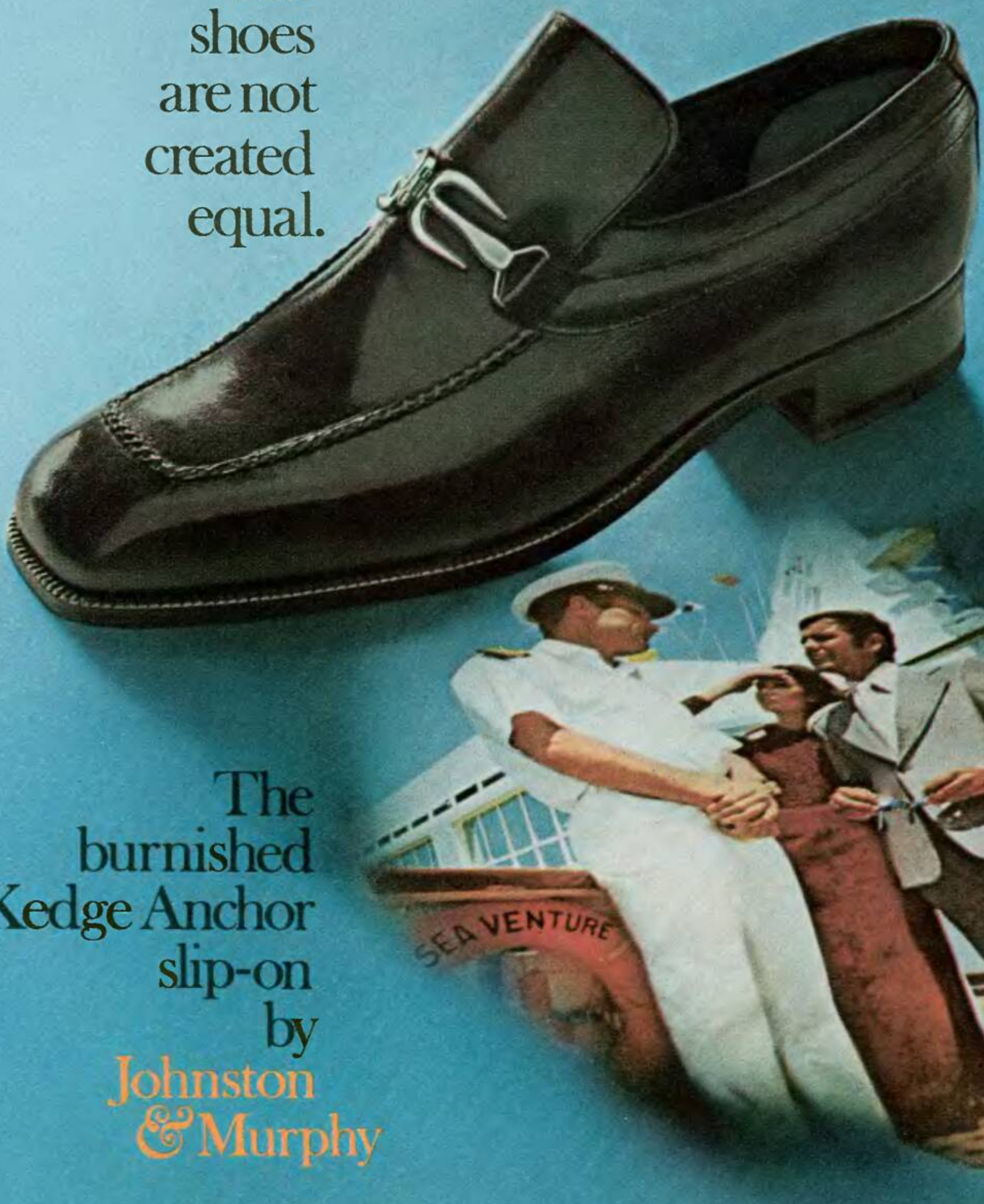
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Photographed with Captain Erik Bjurstedt on Flagship Cruises Limited's M/S Sea Venture.

clear if Sadat was in it. The story about the children at the movie and the forgotten password was told to me again—this time as the maneuvers of a clever fellow who had been hedging his commitment until he was certain that the coup would succeed. Pictures of Sadat began to pop up all over town. At the time of King Faisal's visit, the concrete sidings of the main bridge across the Nile, the Kasr al Nil Bridge, were plastered with photographs of the two leaders. One of the tycoons of Socialist Egypt, the contractor Osman Ahmed Osman, added to the six pictures he had in his office of President Nasser three of President Sadat. A rapidly rising politician, Minister of Industry, Petroleum, and Mineral Resources Aziz Sidky, hung portraits of Nasser and Sadat side by side on a wall in back of his desk. I spotted a similar arrangement at a newsstand in the modern part of Cairo, just east of the Nile, and another in the shop of a cabinetmaker in the old part of the city, near the citadel that the twelfth-century ruler Saladin built along the escarpment back of the river. Tahia Carioca, a famous belly dancer who has become a leading theatrical producer and occupies a penthouse overlooking the Nile, had only one official photo in her residence—a picture of President Sadat.

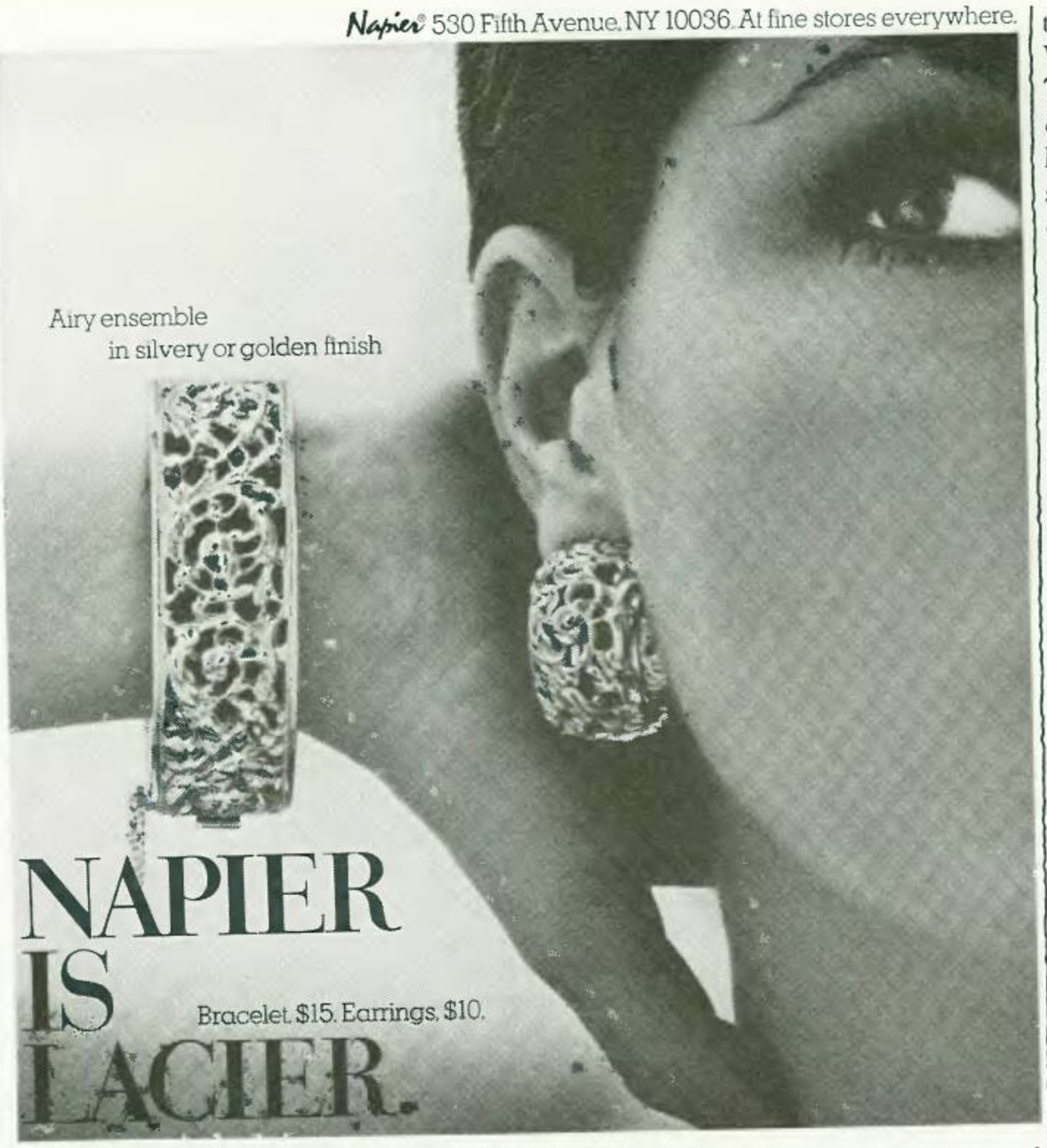
At least two reasons for Sadat's sudden gain in power lie deep in the mores of the Nile Valley. The Egyptians raised handicrafts to the threshold of art, and they claim to have invented geometry, architecture, and irrigation. But they bred no Aristotle, no Locke, no Rousseau. Being practical to the core, they steered clear of philosophy, and especially political philosophy. Dependence on the Nile meant that what worked best was government by whoever managed water distribution—"hydraulic despotism," in the phrase of the historian Karl Wittfogel. From the Pharaohs through Alexander, Caesar, and Saladin, and right on up to Nasser, the custom was one-man rule. In the past few months, Sadat has assumed the mantle of Caesar.

BESIDES rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, Egyptians have long rendered unto Cleopatra the things that are hers. Cairo, in particular, has traditionally had a taste for luxury, a sweet tooth for living. Groppi's, which has been for years *the* downtown place to meet, is a tearoom. Ice cream and halvah are sold on every street corner, and served after most meals. The squares of the modern part of the city are lurid with signs adver-



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tising Kent cigarettes, Lipton's tea, White Horse Scotch, Pepsi-Cola, and Trans World Airlines. Unlike President Nasser, who was Spartan in his habits, President Sadat fits in smoothly among people who like to take their ease. Since becoming President, he has moved into a big house—a mansion, if not a palace—in Giza, on the west bank of the Nile. He is a natty dresser, and has done business with foreign visitors while sporting a velvet smoking jacket. His televised speeches to the nation are informal, even chatty; he called one of them a "heart-to-heart talk." He declared an end to the seizure of property, which went on fitfully all through Nasser's regime. Sadat's style seems to please even the most militant Egyptians. Leila Takla, an Egyptian feminist who has a Ph.D. in public administration from New York University, and who is among the leaders of a campaign to have a formal acknowledgment of women's rights written into the new Egyptian constitution, told me that her family was now using a big car that had been in storage for some time. "People are not afraid to show they have money now," she said. "They're more secure." And Ahmed Hamrouche, an editor with distinct Communist leanings, says, "Sadat is taking the ugly face away from Socialism. He's giving Socialism a smile."

This smile is particularly welcome to Egypt's latest crop of *arrivistes*—Army officers, bureaucrats, professional men, and entrepreneurs who have thrived since the ouster of the monarchy in 1952. This new class is a tiny group (perhaps fifty thousand people among a population of thirty-four million) distinguished chiefly by relatively high incomes (over twelve thousand dollars annually, against an average of less than two hundred and fifty dollars for an industrial worker and less than a hundred dollars annually for a peasant). With land ownership limited to about fifty acres per person and major industry nationalized, investment is sharply curtailed, so most members of the new class are heavy consumers. Because they have access to the right people in the government, they find it relatively easy to travel, and they buy lots of merchandise abroad, much of it for resale here. The approved local shopping center is Shawarby Street, a three-block stretch of boutiques in downtown Cairo. The favorite items for conspicuous consumption, according to Tahsin Bashir, a smiling, moonfaced former professor who has become the official spokesman for the Sadat regime, are cars, refrigerators, washing machines,

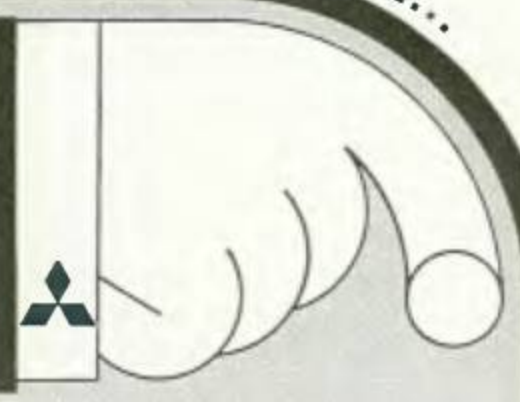
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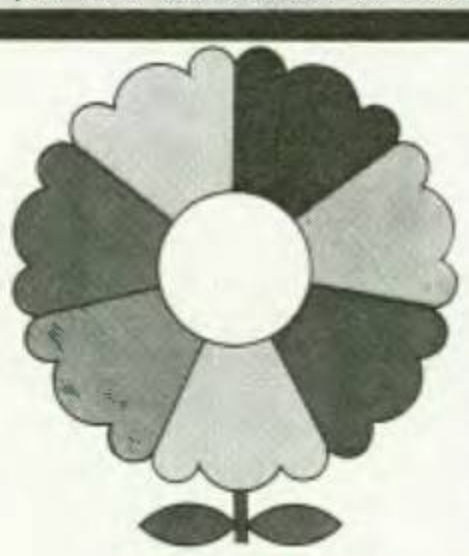
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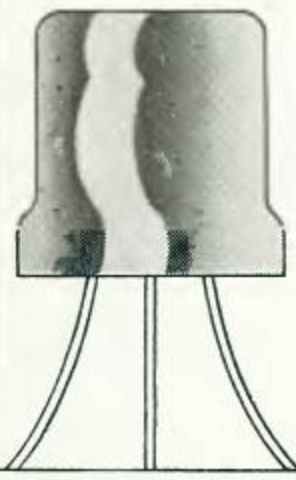
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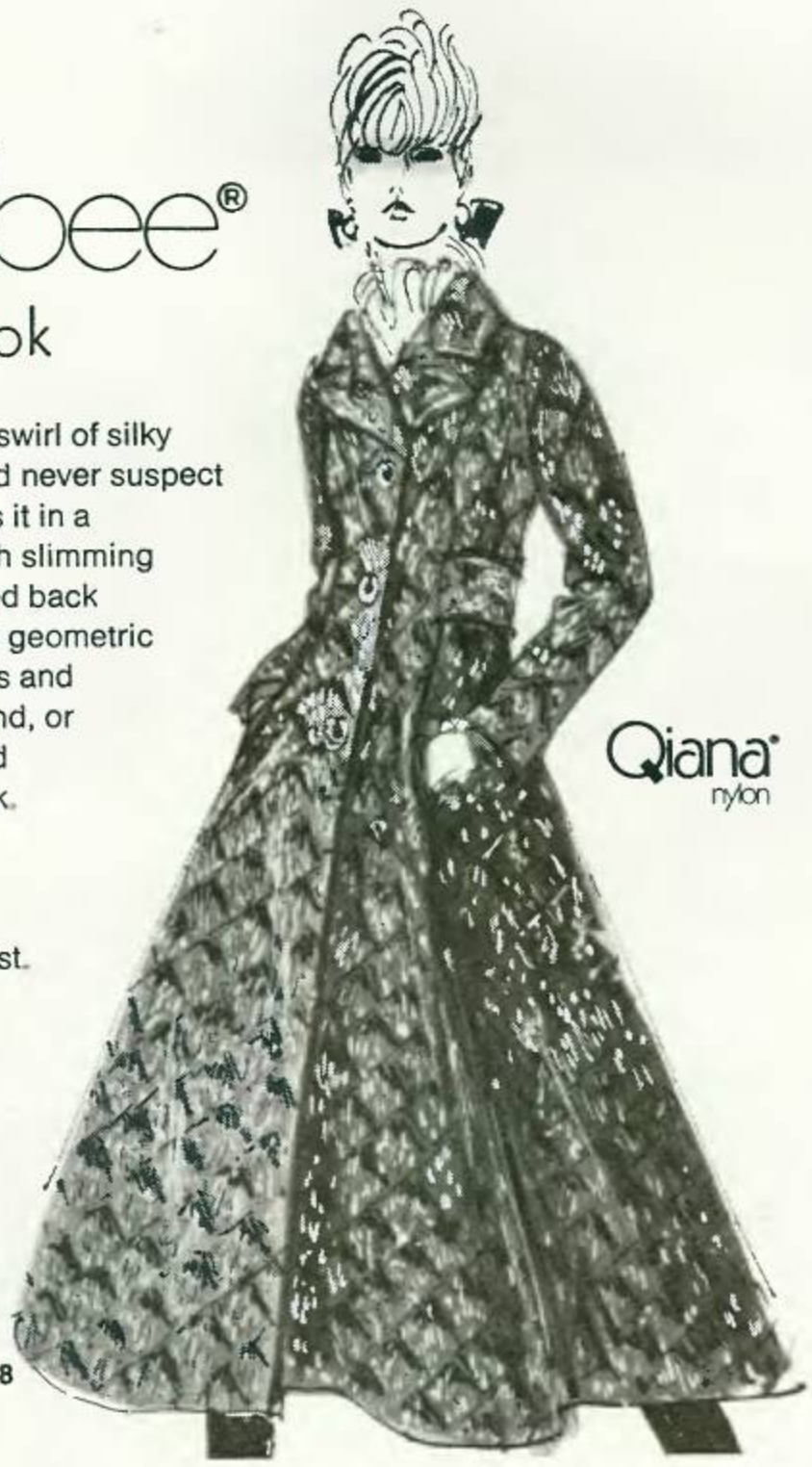


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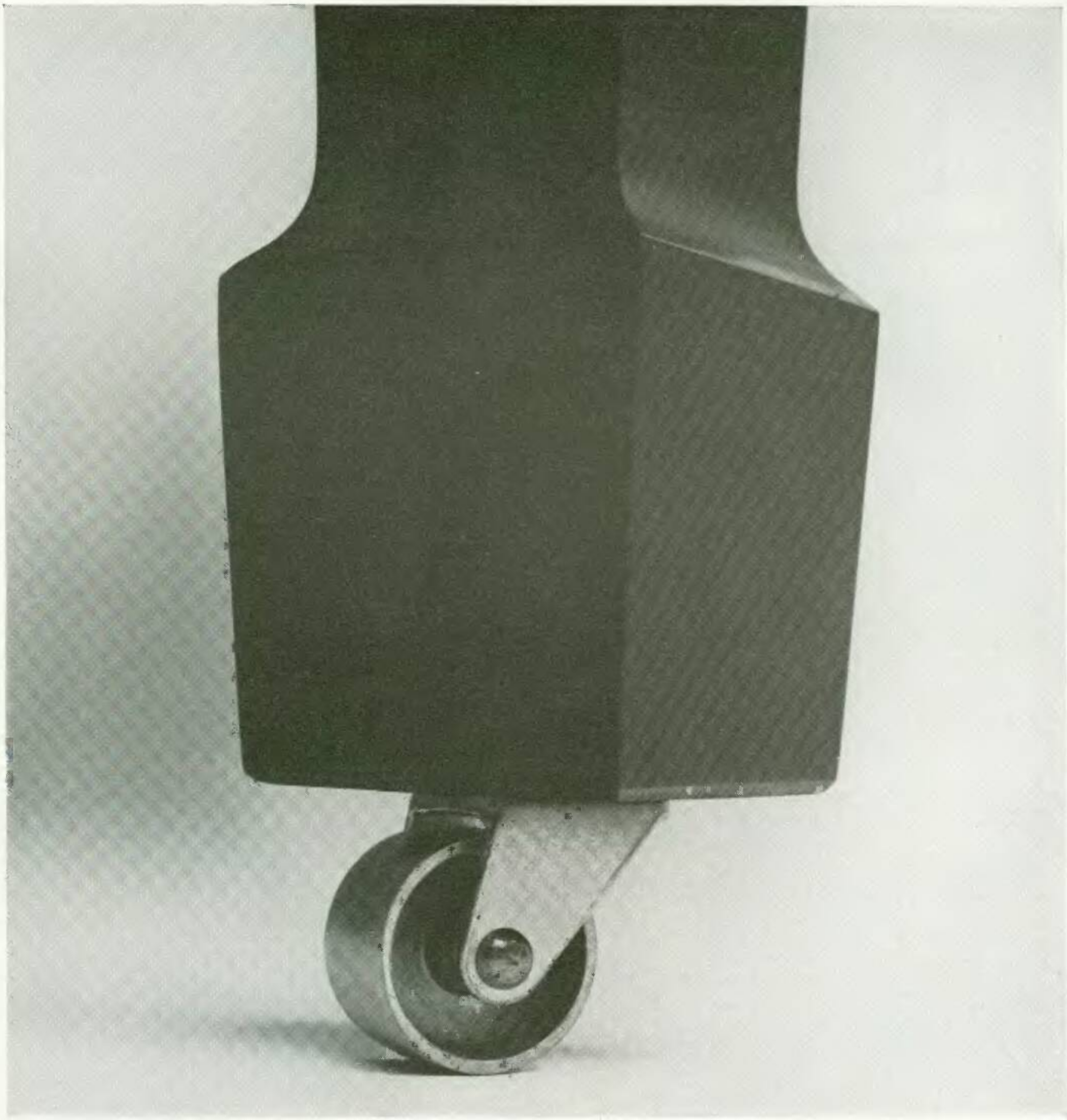
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TV sets, tape recorders, and replicas of Louis XVI furniture and Aubusson carpets. The import figures for 1969 (a hundred and thirty-two thousand refrigerators, ninety thousand washing machines, and two hundred and forty-nine thousand TV sets) partly confirm his statement. To the popularity of cars, heavy traffic all over Cairo bears witness enough. In a few minutes on Shawarby Street one morning, I saw, before I stopped counting, two Mercedes-Benzes, a Triumph, a Cadillac, an Opel, a BMW, a Jaguar, a Hillman station wagon, and a Chrysler.

A striking, even spectacular, example of the new class is the Socialist tycoon who has nine Presidential pictures in his office—Osman Ahmed Osman, a fifty-three-year-old civil engineer who heads a company called Arab Contractors. Arab Contractors was nationalized, along with all other large private firms, back in 1961, but because its work took it to so many other Arab countries, a special law passed in 1964 exempted it from the chief features of state control. In particular, the company is not obliged, as most nationalized firms are, to invent jobs for the sake of giving people employment. "I run this affair exactly like a private firm," Mr. Osman, a pleasant and seemingly guileless man, said when I visited him in his office. "I hire people and I fire people. We're out for productivity. If a man can't produce, he's fired. If he can, fine. I like my firm to be on top." In the past dozen years, Arab Contractors has been very much on top. The company did most of the construction work on the Aswan Dam—a job that involved costs of about two hundred million dollars and, at its peak, a work force of forty-three thousand men. The company has also built the present Cairo airport; an airport and a military school in Dhanran, Saudi Arabia; and the sewerage system of Kuwait. Its current projects include a couple of bridges over the Nile in Cairo, a chemical plant near Alexandria, and an airport and an oil-pumping station at Benghazi, in Libya. Mr. Osman is looking forward to the job of clearing the Suez Canal once a settlement of the present quarrel with Israel is worked out. His firm's first truly big job was clearing the Canal after the 1956 Suez War. Arab Contractors' share of the job was ten million dollars, and the firm made a twenty per cent profit.

The fruits of these labors are not exactly concealed. Osman lives in a villa on the Giza Road, which leads to the Great Pyramid. He has a swimming pool and a tennis court and a



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menagerie—gazelles, monkeys, pelicans. He breeds Arabian horses, and he sails a yacht. Besides all this, he is the owner of the top team in the Egyptian soccer league—the team from his home town of Ismailia.

Probably the best place to see Egypt's new social class in action is at a former redoubt of rampant Victorian snobbism—the Gezira Sporting Club. The club was established by the British in 1882, on the large island ("*gezira*" means "island" in Arabic) in the Nile that lies between Cairo and Giza. Originally, membership was limited to Europeans, and Cairo legend tells of the pasha who could not join, though the governess he brought out from England to take care of his children had become a member. After the First World War, Egyptians connected with the monarchy, the government, and the higher professions (most of them European in manner and education) were taken in, and some of them can be seen at the club to this day—the women dressed in basic black with cardigans and strings of pearls, gossiping over tea, the men reminiscing about the old days or playing croquet. Some two dozen older men and women were on hand recently to watch the final of the club croquet tournament—a long match, lasting from six in the evening until after nine. Good shots evoked polite applause from the watchers, along with some decidedly European sounds of approval—"Bravo!" and even "Oh, well played!"

Except on the croquet pitch, however, the club's oldest members have now been submerged by a tide of newcomers from the Army and the bureaucracy. Its golf course is threatened by one of the bridges that Arab Contractors is building across the Nile. Courts for basketball and volleyball have been constructed and are in constant use. During the day, the swimming pool—an Olympic-size affair—is full of screaming children watched over by Mod mothers. On Friday evenings, the dining terrace recalls a waiting room at Kennedy Airport after a protracted slowdown of traffic at the height of the summer season. There are young people everywhere, many of them with small children. Tables are hard to get, and groups are constantly being formed and re-formed. The group I was with waited for more than half an hour before a waiter—a Nubian, like many Egyptian servants—took orders for drinks. My host, the son of a pasha and former governor of the Bank of Egypt, said with some bitterness, "In France, the revolutionaries took the



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The Sun Porsche

Bastille. In Egypt, they took the Gezira Sporting Club."

REVOLUTIONARIES who take a sporting club are not exactly above criticism, and since the passing of President Nasser, sharp appraisals of the regime have become more and more open. Some of the sharpest have been made by a hawk-faced architect named Hassan Fathy, who teaches at the University of Cairo. In lectures, in letters to the papers, and at a nearly continuous salon at his home, Fathy argues that Egypt has gone slavishly and uncritically modern, aping Europe and abandoning the genius of her past. He lives in a seventeenth-century house on the heights near Saladin's citadel, and below his windows is Cairo spread out—the old Islamic city nearby; the European city, built mainly in the last century, on the east bank of the Nile; Gezira, in the middle of the river; then Giza, on the west bank; and, in the distance, the Great Pyramid. "The view is like Bach," Fathy says. "I never tire of it." Most of Fathy's work aims at combining modern advances in architectural materials with Egyptian and Arabian elements. Though his greatest project—a village called Gourna, which he built to house an agricultural community—remains unused, because the new site displeased the peasants who were to live there, it is considered an artistic success, and is the subject of a special volume issued by the Ministry of Culture, which has been translated into French and is being sold commercially in France. At present, Fathy is working on a housing project for an oasis in the western desert.

When I visited Fathy, he talked non-stop, alternating between French and English. He produced photographs of a couple of young Arab men in two settings. In one, they were standing next to an automobile and were wearing business suits, holding valises, and squinting unhappily into a blazing sun. In the other, they were standing by a camel and were dressed in djellabahs and looking very comfortable. Then he compared pictures of Egyptian houses built in the fourteenth century (with airy courts and cool, high-ceilinged rooms) with the cramped quarters of Cairo's modern public buildings. "Modern life is like playing soccer with a cannon," he said. "You can shoot the ball into the goal each time, but you have no game. You kill all the players. I do business with the idiots who run public housing and city planning, and they are Public Enemy No. 1. In the nineteenth century, our architecture

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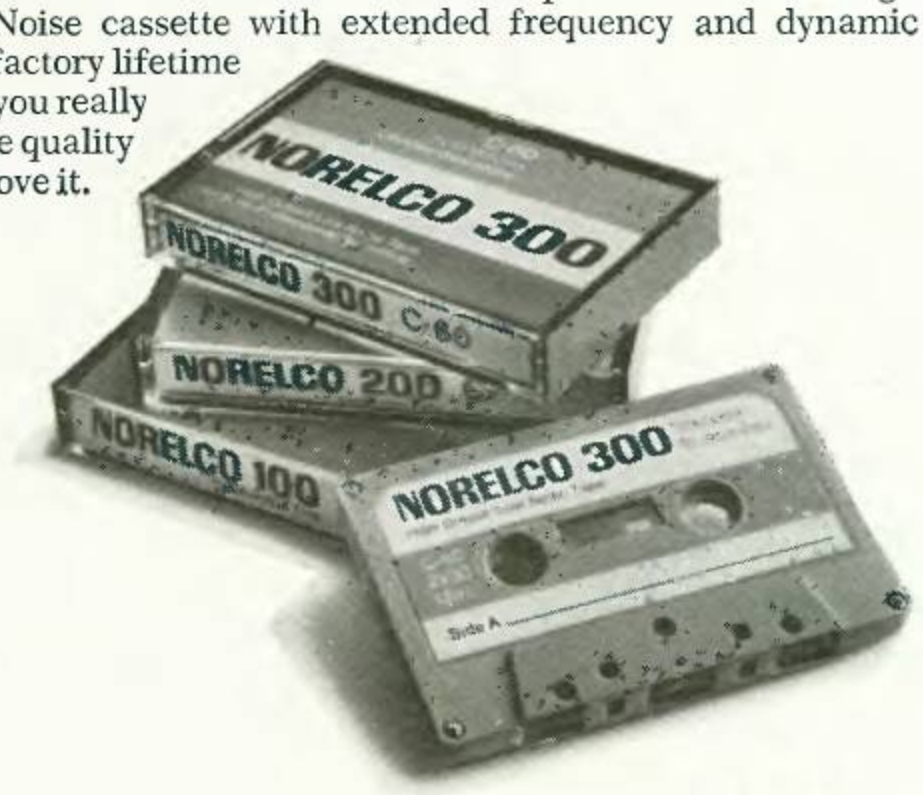


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was dominated by the Europeans. We built as though we were blue-eyed blonds living in a cold climate. The revolution has simply continued all that. It has not reached the fundamental part of life here. We still have to find our identity. We are a country without a face, and we need to rediscover ourselves."

A gentler and more widespread criticism of Egyptian life has been offered by Neguib Mahfouz, one of Cairo's best-known writers, in a short story that has been made into a popular film called "Miramar," after a pension in Alexandria where the action is set. The guests, who constitute what is plainly intended to be a representative sampling of modern Egypt, include a rich old man nostalgic for the days of the monarchy; a big-shot journalist; a Communist; and an ambitious comer from the regime's single party, the Arab Socialist Union. All of them are courting a lovely young girl. But in the end she marries a news vender—a man of the people, from outside the privileged circle of the Miramar.

The theme of official corruption that is implicit in "Miramar" is made even more explicit in the latest satire produced by Cairo's most popular theatrical company—the company of Mme. Carioca and her husband, Fayez Halawa, who is an actor and author. When I went to see it one evening last month, the theatre—a hangarlike affair with a tin roof that folds back to reveal the open sky—was jammed. The audience stayed, laughing and applauding energetically, through a play that ran from ten-thirty in the evening till two in the morning, with hardly a single deviation from a highly predictable story line. The play is called "The Mule in the Teakettle"—the title refers to an Arab legend that is roughly equivalent to the Western story of the emperor's new clothes—and it centers on the awarding of a government contract to provide bus service in Cairo. The director of the government office concerned has just been fired for taking bribes, and two subordinates (one a clerk, the other a messenger) contrive to put an illiterate peasant in his place. Behind the back of the new director, the clerk and the messenger take bribes from all bidders for the contract. The contest narrows down to two rivals. One is a ridiculous dandy with a mustache, a fancy vest, and a penchant for French phrases, who already owns a fleet of buses. The other is a peasant woman, played by Mme. Carioca, who owns a string of mules, which, she argues—

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with many a telling hit against the existing bus service in Cairo—could do the job more effectively. Bribe upon bribe changes hands, and eventually both bidders receive official notification that they have won the contract. The peasant director, having awakened to what has happened, resigns. In what looks like the start of a sentimental ending, the messenger praises the director for his idealism. But the clerk brushes the praise aside as naïve. As the play ends, he is reading out a set of specifications for a new director to take new bids on the same contract.

At one point in the play, the peasant who becomes the director is asked to give his nationality. "Egyptian," he replies. "You have to say United Arab Republican," the messenger tells him, and the audience howled. The contrast between Arabism and Egyptianism is an old story. A settled place along the Nile and an ancient and continuous history have made the Egyptians highly conscious of their nationhood. Precisely because Egypt has this stable past it has been the crucible of the Arab world—the seat of its main universities and, today, of its most highly regarded newspapers and of its film industry. President Nasser considered the Egyptians unwarlike. "What do they do when Israeli planes fly over?" he once asked. "They look up and watch." As a figure on the world stage, therefore, he more and more emphasized the role of the Arabs. Now there is a swing in the other direction. Under the terms of the confederation with Syria and Libya, what was the United Arab Republic officially becomes the United Egyptian Republic. Special stress has been put on the Egypt-first concept by Lewis Awad, a Copt who received a doctorate in English literature at Princeton and is now the literary editor of *Al Ahram*. In a recent series of articles on education, Dr. Awad showed that (the proud claims of the government to the contrary) seventy-five per cent of the people of Egypt are still illiterate—the same percentage as during the last years of the monarchy. He also surveyed basic elementary-school teaching and discerned a decline in standards, which he traced to the influence of President Nasser's stress on Arabism. Of the history books used in the elementary schools, Dr. Awad wrote, "Our insult to our history reaches such a point that I tried in vain to find the word 'pharaoh.'" The geography books, he found, failed to mention the course of the White Nile through Uganda and the Blue Nile through Ethiopia, "as if the men-



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tion of the names of foreign countries were a nakedness that should be hidden because it detracts from the Arabism" of the river. In a book supposed to teach reading, he came across the following poem, which he ridiculed:

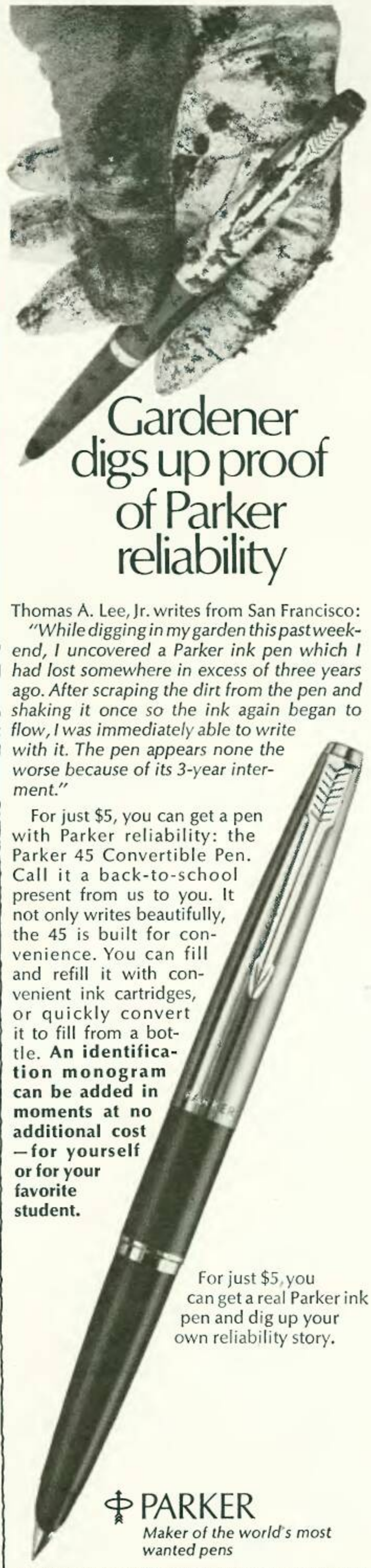
I am an Arab; I love the Arabs.
My father is Arab; he loves the Arabs.
My brother is Arab; he loves the Arabs.

Long live the Arabs.
Long live the Arabs.

Awad is a friend of Mme. Carioca's, and it was he who took me to see her company's play. Afterward, we accompanied her home to her penthouse. She served us Scotch and cookies and, in a deep and dramatic voice, told long, gossipy stories about the regime. One had President Sadat discovering that President Nasser's private safe had been rifled. According to the story, the job had been done by the Nasser family, who soon afterward deposited eighty thousand pounds sterling in a bank in Switzerland. Another story had to do with a bulletproof car that the United States government had given Nasser in the early fifties. According to this story, Sadat wanted the car, but Nasser's son, maddened by the request, set the car afire. A third story had to do with a recent visit Mme. Carioca had paid to a grocer who had on a wall pictures of Nasser and—she insisted—St. George. She had said, "Why don't you take down the picture of that S.O.B.?" The grocer had replied, "Which one?"

WHAT is most striking about the complaints heard from Cairo residents these days is their diversity. They range from the petty personal resentment expressed in Mme. Carioca's nasty stories to Hassan Fathy's abstract conclusions about the nature of mankind. At no point do they come together in any coherent political opposition. One reason is that President Sadat has kept his opposition fragmented through what a Presidential spokesman has called "a hullabaloo of elections." These elections were set in motion as part of the cleanup after the ouster of Sabri and his friends, and Cairo has been almost constantly at the polls ever since. There were elections for new leaders of the local athletic clubs, then for union and professional organizations, then for the various social clubs, then for the local units of the Arab Socialist Union, then for or against confederation with Syria and Libya, and then for or against the new constitution. Many of the contests have been bitterly fought. Fifty candidates presented themselves for the twelve positions on the governing committee of the Gezira Sporting Club, and during my brief visit, though a complete outsider, I was twice asked to support a candidate. The election for the presidency of the journalists' organization brought serious candidacies from prominent men on the three main Cairo papers—Mousa Sabri, editor-in-chief of *Al Akhbar;* Hamdi Gallal, managing editor of *Al Ahram;* and Hafez Mahmoud, the editor of *Al Gumhouriya.* Gallal, a popular younger man, finally won, but not without a hard fight. Sabri presented himself as an all-out supporter of Sadat's regime, and after he lost he wrote a series of six articles on the election, in which he claimed that his opponents had secretly circulated hostile leaflets. He said that one had described him as a "hypocrite, terrorist, and opportunist" and had shown a caricature of him—which he duly reprinted—with a black patch over the left eye, obviously a reference to the Israeli Defense Minister, Moshe Dayan. While these tactics may not sound very gentle, the expenditure of so much energy on professional struggles serves to draw the participants away from more serious politics. As Ibrahim Amer, an ex-Communist who is now an editor of *Al Musawwar*, put it, "elections are good for people—they keep them occupied."

A further fragmentation of political opinion is accomplished by the Arab Socialist Union itself. The A.S.U. was originally set up by President Nasser, in 1962, as a watchdog of the revolution, designed to push the programs of the regime among the illiterate masses. According to Sadat, Ali Sabri perverted it into an instrument that gave him personal control over large parts of the country. Membership was expanded to seven million—a fifth of the country's population—and the organization was run by a secret group of about a thousand members. To demolish this personal-power structure, Sadat ordered "one-hundred-per-cent free elections . . . from top to bottom in the A.S.U." But the rules that were set up by Sabri to make the Union more representative of the population also make it a thing of bits and pieces, almost impossible to put together. Half the members elected in every local unit have to be workers or peasants. There is special representation for women. There is special representation for young people. And there is special representation for particular geographical entities, such as the oases of the western desert. Members of the new class are, of course, included in the



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Union; for example, Aziz Sidky, the Harvard-educated city planner, who candidly hopes to rise higher than Minister of Industry, supervised the A.S.U. elections. Communists, who have called themselves Marxists since 1964, when their party was dissolved, are also included. Among Dr. Sidky's deputies in supervising the A.S.U. elections was Fouad Morsi, a Paris-educated intellectual and former Communist Party leader. Islamic fundamentalists are included, too; the man in charge of youth activities is Kamal Abou al Magd, a former member of the outlawed Moslem Brotherhood. A few intrepid souls, particularly among the former Communists, think they can fuse these varied elements into a coherent political entity. Morsi, the No. 2 election supervisor, said of the A.S.U., "It is an alliance of Socialist interests—workers, intellectuals, peasants, and national bourgeoisie. We will have a party in the center of the alliance. It will be a Socialist party, dominated by militants." But most sophisticated Egyptians believe that the bits and pieces brought into being by the stipulations for representation in the Union make it an instrument for fudging issues and softening political confrontation. Dr. Sidky leans very much to that view. "In the past, we had parties, and they opposed for the sake of opposition," he said. "We don't want to have that again. That's why we have the A.S.U." A leading political journalist—Muhammad Sayed, of *Al Ahram*—told me that the A.S.U. would be "stuffed with so many different irrelevant forces that it will be impossible to use it for any political purpose." One of his colleagues on *Al Ahram* said, "The A.S.U. is a house of contradictions."

The confidence that the Egyptian Communists have expressed about the creation of a Socialist party probably has less to do with the A.S.U. than with the Soviet presence here. That presence is not only, or even mainly, a matter of missiles along the Suez Canal, MIGs over the Nile Valley, and naval vessels in the eastern Mediterranean. The Russians are now intent on expanding their presence beyond immediate military exigencies. The fifteen-year Treaty of Friendship and Cooperation they signed with President Sadat is one expression of their long-term approach. Moreover, the Russians have entered into the everyday life of Cairo to a degree little realized in the West. One part of Zamalek, a built-up section of Gezira Island, is known as the Russian Quarter, because so many missions, offices, and residences have

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been set up there by the Soviet Union and its allies in Eastern Europe. On Fridays, which the Russians, like their Arab hosts, take as a day off, Soviet diplomats and military officers can be seen at Groppi's. A large downtown movie house, the Odeon, specializes in Russian films. Perhaps the best bookstore in town, the Dar al Shark, on Talaat Harb Street, is given over to Marxist literature and Soviet technical works; a sign in the window says, "Here is where you can buy books from the Soviet Union." Many of the commercial planes flown by the Egyptian airline, United Arab Airlines, are Ilyushins, and some of these are manned by Russian crews. The industrialized sector of the economy is shot through with technicians from Communist-bloc countries. They not only helped the Egyptians build the Aswan Dam but are now applying the power in a rural-electrification program that takes them all over Egypt. They are assisting in the expansion of the Helwan steelworks, just outside Cairo. They are partners in the new chemical plant being built near Alexandria. A large proportion of Egypt's exports—including seventy per cent of the cotton, seventy per cent of the rice, and sixty per cent of the citrus fruits—goes to Eastern Europe, according to the Minister of Agriculture. East European orders have also brought a boom in light manufacturing, particularly of shoes and furniture. Egypt's Foreign Minister, Mahmoud Riad, says that the commercial relationship with Russia is of a more enduring nature than the relationship based on military aid, and both entered into the fifteen-year treaty signed in Cairo in May.

Speaking of the treaty, Riad told me recently, "We needed the treaty, we asked for it. It is very much in our interest, both for temporary reasons and for long-term reasons. The temporary reason is the occupation. The Israelis are on our territory. In one way or another, that occupation will end, maybe tomorrow, maybe the next day, maybe in a week or a month or a year—it doesn't matter, it will end. But in the meantime we need weapons. The United States won't give them to us. I tell the British and the French that they can sense our position if they imagine that when Hitler (that's Dayan) occupied their lands, the United States gave military assistance to Germany. At that time, Churchill was willing to make ten pacts with the Soviet Union—and not the Soviet Union of Brezhnev, who is so moderate, but the Soviet Union of Stalin. In the same way, we need to be

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The rubbing together of Egyptians and Russians generates some bizarre happenings. In the technical section of the Dar al Shark Bookstore, among such volumes as "Metal-Cutting Theory," by Arshinov and Alekseev, and "Automatic and Semi-Automatic Lathes," by Boguslavskii, I saw a copy of "Raise High the Roofbeam, Carpenters," by J. D. Salinger. Spurred by that find, I did some opinion sampling along Shagaret al Dorr, a street on Gezira Island, where the Russians do much of their buying. My first stop was the Zamalek Bookstore, which has many paperbacks, in English, French, German, Italian, and Arabic. The clerk, a girl with literary pretensions, said that the Russians came in often and bought many books in English. She said that they were very polite but that their taste was ordinary. "You know the kind of stuff they buy," she said. "Hemingway and Graham Greene and Agatha Christie."

Across the street at the local supermarket, a salesgirl estimated that sixty per cent of her transactions were with Russians. They bought corn oil for cooking, butter, onions, honey, canned fruit, and chickens. Their favorite winter dish was cabbage. In summer, they liked watermelon. "They're all very nice people," she said. "The wives come shopping themselves. They never send servants. I don't think they even have servants. If they come for something and I don't know what it is, they don't shout at me, the way some foreigners do. They take my hand and show me what it is they are looking for. I think they really like it here. They don't complain about the heat. The only thing they complain about is the lack of discipline. When they are standing in line waiting to pay, they don't like it when an Egyptian cuts in ahead of them. They like discipline very much, and order."

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At the Boutique Madame Chic, next door to the supermarket, the proprietor, a perfect specimen of the Sidney Greenstreet-sort of bazaar merchant, asked how much money I would pay him for information about the Russians. I told him nothing, and he asked why not. "Because I wouldn't want you to be a paid informant," I said. "What's the matter with that?" he asked, and then proceeded to talk about the Russians. He said, "The Russians aren't like human beings. They look too sad to be human beings. They complain about the weather all the time. They have no good things of their own and not much money to buy anything except food and clothes. In clothes, they buy anything that's imported from France or Germany or England or the United States. But they won't buy anything Egyptian. Business is no bloody good. The Russians like eating. They eat a lot of sweets. Sometimes I think they must be starving in their own country. They also drink a lot—beer and wine."

I asked him if he was worried about the Russians.

"I never worry about anything," he said. "We Egyptians have survived everything. We have survived the French and the English and the Americans and the Turks and the cholera and the floods and the heat. We will survive the Russians. But you should ask me when they will leave. That nobody knows."

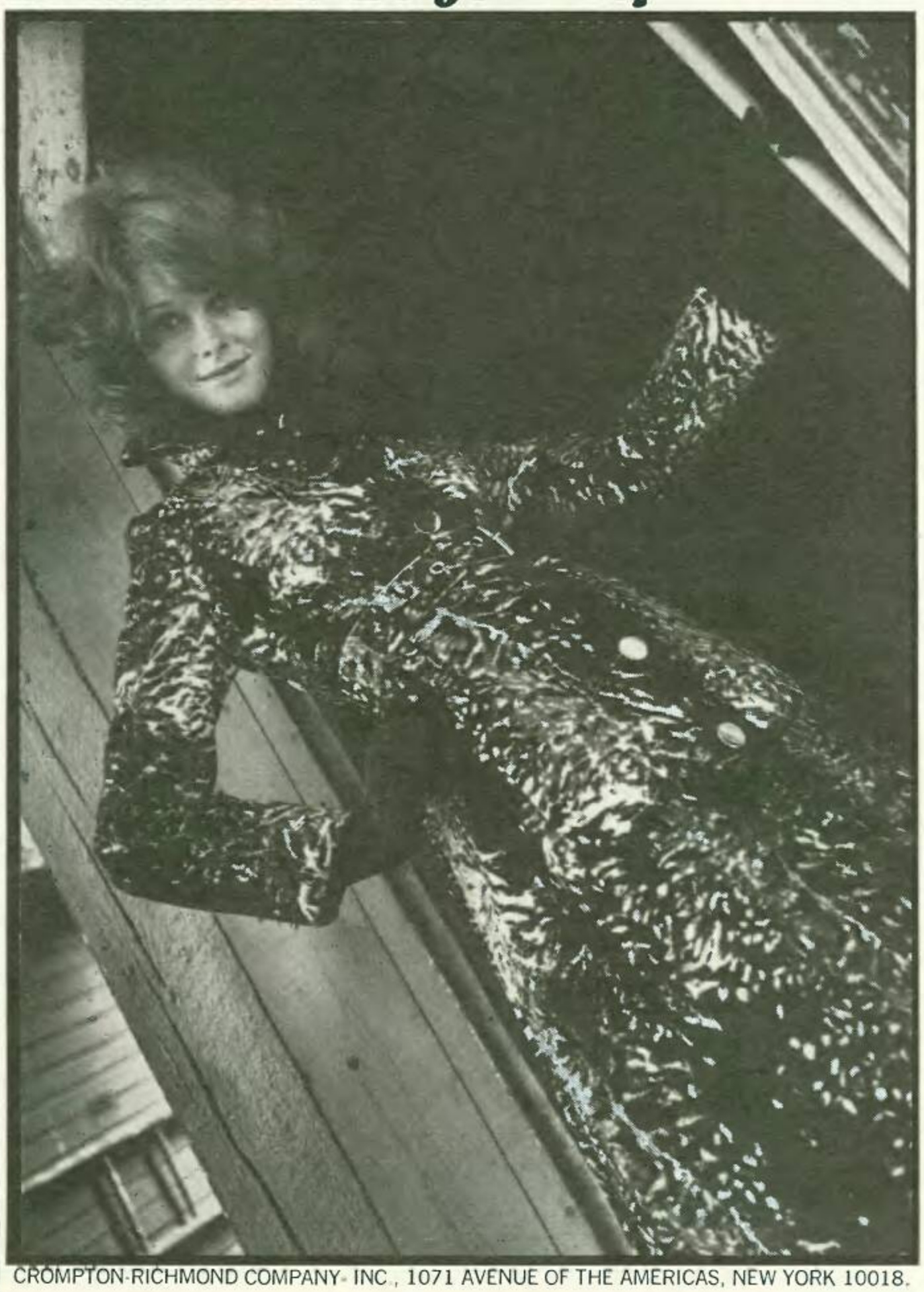
Later, I repeated these comments to Ibrahim Amer, a former Communist who works for *Al Musawwar*, and he said, "Egyptians are basically anti-foreign. We don't like the French or the British or the Americans. But the French at least have chic wives, the British have great dignity, and the Americans have money and are very tall. But the Russians don't dress well, and their wives are fatter than our wives. They seem more like peasants than like Westerners."

The Egyptians' opinion of the Russians is not lost on American officials here. Donald Bergus, the head of the American Interests Section, which serves in lieu of a United States Embassy (the Embassy was formally closed when Egypt severed diplomatic relations with this country after the Six-Day War), frequently points out that Egyptians prefer buying American to buying Russian. Michael Sterner, the officer in charge of the Egyptian desk at the State Department, who visited here for two weeks in mid-July, asserted that "ninety per cent of the Soviet presence in Egypt derives from

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Russia's role of providing military support to Egypt in its conflict with Israel." Both men, like most of the other State Department Arab specialists, believe that an Arab-Israeli settlement would lead to a diminution of the Soviet influence in Egypt. That is one reason the State Department, represented by Secretary of State William P. Rogers and Assistant Secretary Joseph Sisco, has filled the air with a barrage of diplomatic activities—Big Four meetings, Big Two meetings, visits, United Nations missions—all centering on peace in the Near East.

President Sadat has been something of a peacemonger himself. He needed the support of the Army in beating back the challenge from Ali Sabri, and in return he probably promised to vindicate Egypt's military honor. At no time has he shown any willingness to renounce any of the sovereign rights exercised by Egypt before the Six-Day War—particularly in regard to the Sinai Desert. But he has also followed through on confederation, and in a way (with Syria balanced against Libya) that prevents either partner from forcing Egypt to take on Israel. He helped the regime in the Sudan suppress a coup by pro-Communist officers who would have favored a more militant stand against the Israelis. He has at all times managed to keep some kind of peace proposal at the top of everybody's agenda. In his first days in office, he temporarily prolonged the cease-fire that Secretary of State Rogers had proposed and President Nasser had accepted. Then he prolonged it further. Then he made it indefinite. Then he agreed to a proposal by the United Nations mediator, Gunnar Jarring, that Egypt enter into a peace agreement with Israel. Then he came up with the idea of an interim settlement based on the opening up of the Suez Canal. Then he gave that idea a boost in discussions with Secretary Rogers and Assistant Secretary Sisco here during May. Then he gave it another lease on life in discussions with Mr. Sterner here in mid-July. Since then, the President has repeatedly said that 1971 would be "the year of decision." That is a tough-sounding way of saying that in the Middle East there has been an extension of the time when there is no war. —JOSEPH KRAFT

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U.S. JOURNAL: ARROYO SECO, NEW MEXICO

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BUSINESS DISTRICT

JUAN VALDEZ went out of the grocery business recently, but even before that he was more renowned in Arroyo Seco as a conversationalist than as a storekeeper. He is seventy-six—a small, rather distinguished-looking man with glasses and a bristly gray mustache. Like many owners of small shops, Valdez had the problem of extending too much credit to his customers. He had the additional problem of having his store broken into regularly. "My profit was going into glass," he says. So he took all of the canned food home—he lives with his nephew and niece, who raise some vegetables but don't expect many this year, because of the drought—and left the shelves empty except for small islands of Ben-Gay or Borax or Vicks Vaporub or mousetraps or Bull Durham tobacco. The store still has a large stove in the middle of the floor, and on the back wall, next to a religious mural, there is a framed document confirming that Private Juan Valdez "rendered gallant and meritorious service" in France in 1918. Valdez still opens up occasionally for bill-collecting and conversation.

Valdez is an accomplished conversationalist in both English and Spanish—although until about fifteen years ago the only customer available for English conversation would have been an occasional camper or fisherman who stopped in for supplies before starting off on a dirt road that led into the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, which rise spectacularly a couple of miles from town. Except for one or two storekeeper families, the population of Arroyo Seco always consisted of descendants of the Spanish-speaking people who had established farm villages in northern New Mexico long before the state came into American hands—people now usually called Spanish-Americans, to distinguish them from the later Mexican immigrants. Arroyo Seco is only about ten miles from Taos, which has had an Anglo art colony since the nineteenth century, and even closer to the Taos Pueblo, a village that still looks like the pictures of Indian pueblos in grade-school history books. But Valdez and his neighbors rarely saw the tourists who came to buy paintings or to take pictures of the Indians. Arroyo Seco was several miles off the main highway. A lot of Spanish towns in northern New Mexico have had the reputation of being uncomfortable places for outsiders—whether the outsiders are Anglo tourists from Dallas or Spanish-American teen-agers from the next town.

In this century, the population of towns like Arroyo Seco has steadily become smaller and poorer. The farming that the Spanish-Americans in New Mexico traditionally practiced on small plots of dry land has become an increasingly unlikely way to make a living. Juan Valdez says that when he was a boy there were ten thousand head of sheep around Arroyo Seco. Now there are hardly any—the result, the Spanish say, of Forest Service restrictions on the grazing land that was historically free to all, and of the expansion of the Taos Pueblo reservation. For years, the only work available for a lot of Arroyo Seco men—work as miners or stoop laborers, usually—has been in places like Colorado or Wyoming or California. Not even storekeepers who were more renowned as storekeepers than as conversationalists were ever likely to enrich themselves in Arroyo Seco. For most of the time that Juan Valdez was in business, the business district, strung out a few hundred yards on State Road 150, consisted of four quiet grocery stores—some of them more like general stores—and a bar or two.

In the middle fifties, an area ten miles into the mountains above Arroyo Seco began to be developed as the Taos Ski Valley. For a long time, the ski valley had little effect on the business life of the town. At first, the ski-valley developers would have been afraid to walk into a bar in Arroyo Seco even if they had been inclined to. Even now, visitors to the ski valley who want to make their way down the mountain for a night of entertainment ordinarily drive straight through Arroyo Seco. They drive on to Taos or to a building set back from the road just past the Arroyo Seco business district, where an expensive restaurant owned by a European-born ski instructor carries on the kind of specialized commerce that the branch of a Swiss bank might carry on in an underdeveloped Latin country. But the potential market in the ski traffic eventually led to what must have been the most drastic change ever to take place in the business community of Arroyo Seco: in 1965, a building that had once held one of the larger general stores reopened as the Craft House.

BY 1965, a few Anglos had settled in the Arroyo Seco area—it is extraordinarily beautiful, even compared to some of the other places Anglos might settle in the high desert around Taos—and they had been treated politely, although no outsider has ever acquired formerly Spanish-American land in northern New Mexico without causing some resentment. Still, the people who founded the Craft House realized that it might seem ridiculously sophisticated in what was still basically a poor farm town. "We talked about whether to put shutters on the windows," Rachel Brown, a weaver who eventually



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became the sole proprietor, said recently. "There were some winos and some tough boys around. But we didn't have any trouble. At first, the schoolchildren would come in at noon and just goggle. I'd hear them say in Spanish, 'Fifty dollars!' " In the early sixties, the native craftsmen of New Mexico—Spanish and Indian—had already been joined by a number of middle-class white people who are sometimes called "contemporary craftsmen," apparently as a way to avoid calling them middle-class white people, and from the beginning the Craft House was an outlet for serious craftsmen rather than just a gift shop. Business was slow for a couple of years. But when the people universally referred to in New Mexico as "hippies" started streaming into Taos County about 1968—to buy land for communes or just to hang around for a while—Rachel Brown taught some of the girls to weave and then hired them as apprentices. The store accumulated a wide selection of extraordinarily good weaving. Through that, and through the effect of word of mouth, it began to prosper.

Rachel Brown was almost the only storekeeper in Arroyo Seco who found any use for the hippies. The only other store in which they were assured of a welcome was the Valdez grocery. Juan Valdez found that, in general, they paid their bills. Also, he enjoyed talking with them. Discussing the most common complaint of Arroyo Seco citizens about hippies—filthiness—Valdez has said, "Some people say they don't bathe themselves, but I know they do. They put on clean clothes underneath. They put on the same old clothes on top, but that's to tell themselves apart. They have patches on their clothes—even new clothes—and with the patches they know who they're talking to." A couple of communes were established around Arroyo Seco, and the transients who followed them loitered in groups in front of Arroyo Seco stores. The hippies even started a couple of shops of their own, one of which quickly turned from a shop to a crash pad. The Spanish-Americans of Arroyo Seco—many of them conservative Roman Catholics with a strict code of personal behavior—began to mutter about drugs and degeneracy and, most of all, filthiness.

When the hippie population was at its height, around the spring of 1970, there was violence all over Taos County. The Anglo businessmen of Taos, apparently concerned that the hippies would scare off the tourists, called for hippie-baiting almost openly, and, con-



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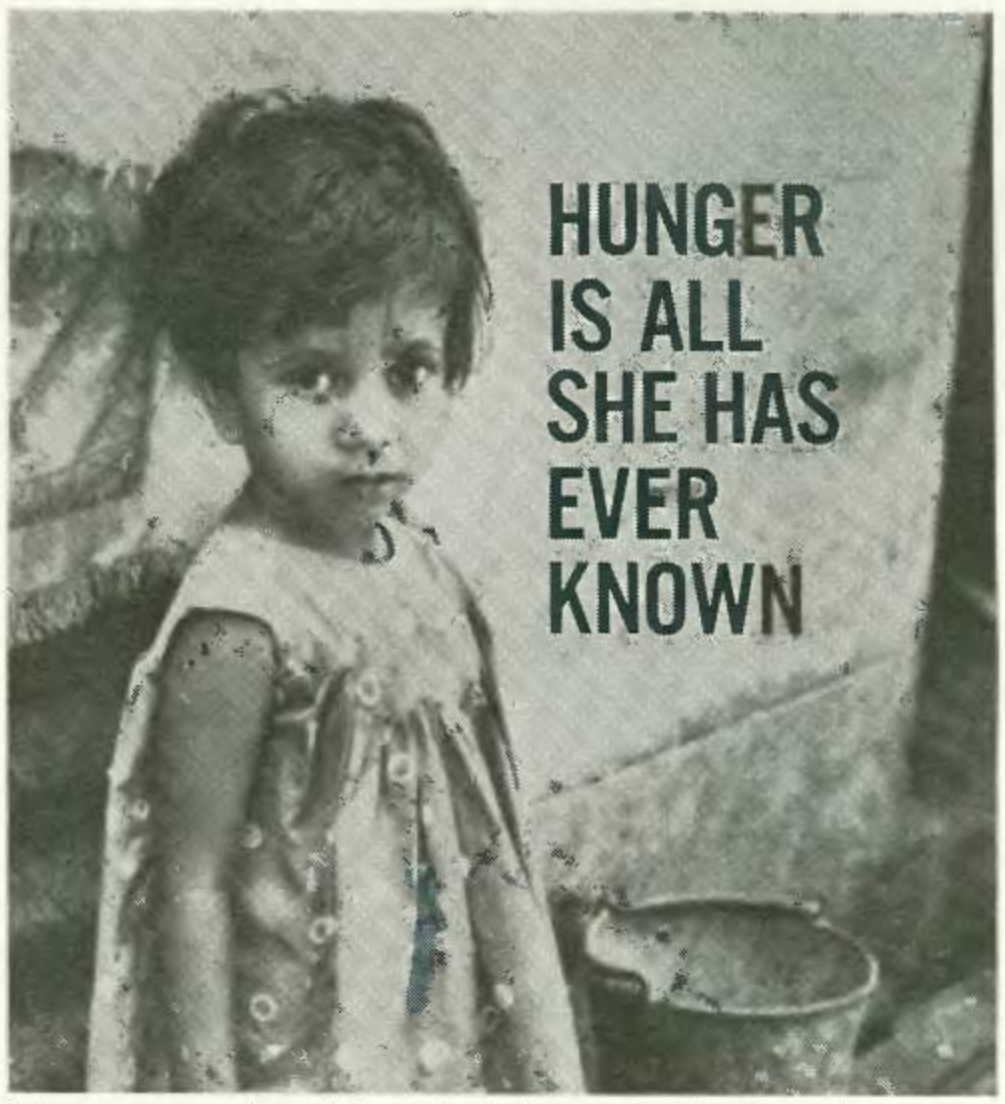
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Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.
Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.
Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.
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Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.
Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.
Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.
Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 100,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.
Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.
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Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, or serious illness of one or both parents.
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sidering the behavior of a lot of the hippies, the Spanish-Americans required little encouragement. One afternoon, Rachel Brown had to run out of the Craft House continually to stop a group of Spanish-Americans who had been drinking in a bar from beating up a transient long-hair and a ski-valley employee who lived in the crash pad and a few other people who happened to wander by. Finally, she called the police. (The ringleaders turned out to be neither winos nor tough boys but members of the aspiring middle class—one the part owner of a Taos store and another the assistant manager of a Taos supermarket.) That night, a shotgun was fired through the window of the Craft House. A few days later, someone let the brake off a car that was facing the crash pad, and it, too, crashed, through the front window.

Those who believe that some of the anti-hippie violence was just a matter of restless teen-agers looking for the nearest target have pointed to the break-ins at the Valdez grocery as proof that minor crime doesn't distinguish between Anglos and Spanish in Arroyo Seco. Others believe that it was Valdez' friendship with hippies that caused the trouble. Valdez does not blame the hippies for his problems, and he says that some of the most aggressive hippie-baiters were hypocrites. Thinking back over it recently, he said, "One of them was in here talking against hippies. I told him, 'You and your brothers have nothing to say about hippies. You brought them here. You sold them land—our best grazing land.'

"So this man, he says, 'The man who bought the land didn't look like a hippie.'

" 'Well,' I said. 'Tell me: Did he look like a Spaniard?' "

ASKED recently how the business district of Arroyo Seco had changed in the past several years, Abe Garcia, who is the postmaster and also part owner of the bar from which the hippie-baiters emerged that afternoon, said, "We used to have four stores and now we have two." The two stores Garcia had in mind are grocery stores. In addition to the Craft House, there are three stores that sell crafts or antiques—but they have so little to do with the lives of the Spanish-Americans in Arroyo Seco that it would probably never occur to Garcia to count them. At first, Garcia's bar itself might be mistaken for the kind of place he wouldn't bother to count—a contemporary craftsman who settled in Arroyo Seco several years ago furnished



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a weathered wooden sign with raised wooden letters that say "Welcome Arroyo Seco Tavern"—but, underneath the sign, the bar has been changed over the years only by the addition of a coin-operated pool table. It's a simple beer-drinking bar, where attentiveness on the part of the bartender amounts to taking the tab off the beer can before he puts it on the counter. Now that most of the hippies have moved on and relations with the Anglo long-hairs who remain have been stabilized, more or less, some of them come into the bar occasionally to buy a six-pack of beer and may even stay for a quick game of pool. But Garcia says that they tend not to remain if the bar's regular customers are around. The regular customers are the local people who have always been the regular customers. Another bar in town has just reopened, but a couple of owners ago it had its name changed to the Gay Nineties and its drinks priced for the tourists and its walls covered with the ersatz-raised-velvet wallpaper that a lot of American bar-owners seem to consider the proper background for sophisticated Schlitz-drinking. Garcia doesn't know yet whether it will prove in this incarnation to be the kind of business he counts.

Only one of the two stores that Garcia mentions, a small grocery owned by the Martinez family, is much like the stores that Arroyo Seco used to have. It's a quiet place with the small but broad inventory that village stores traditionally carry—including even a few pairs of shoes. The other store, an expanded version of a grocery store the Maés family opened a few years ago, is more like a miniature supermarket. In a colonial society—which is what some people think northern New Mexico is—the Maés family would be known as "native entrepreneurs." Unlike a lot of people in Arroyo Seco, Joe Maés and his sons see the ski valley as an opportunity rather than an intrusion. Joe Maés spent a good part of his working life outside of Arroyo Seco—his sons were raised mostly in Los Angeles, where he worked in a cannery—and then returned a few years ago to build a house that included seven rooms to rent to skiers. He also opened the grocery store and a gas station. After some furious building this summer, the Maés family now has the expanded store, a restaurant, a few more rooms, and two kitchenettes. The entire complex is known as El Salto Lodge, and Ernest Maés, the son who runs the restaurant, recently erected a sign to that effect a couple of miles from town. "Ad-

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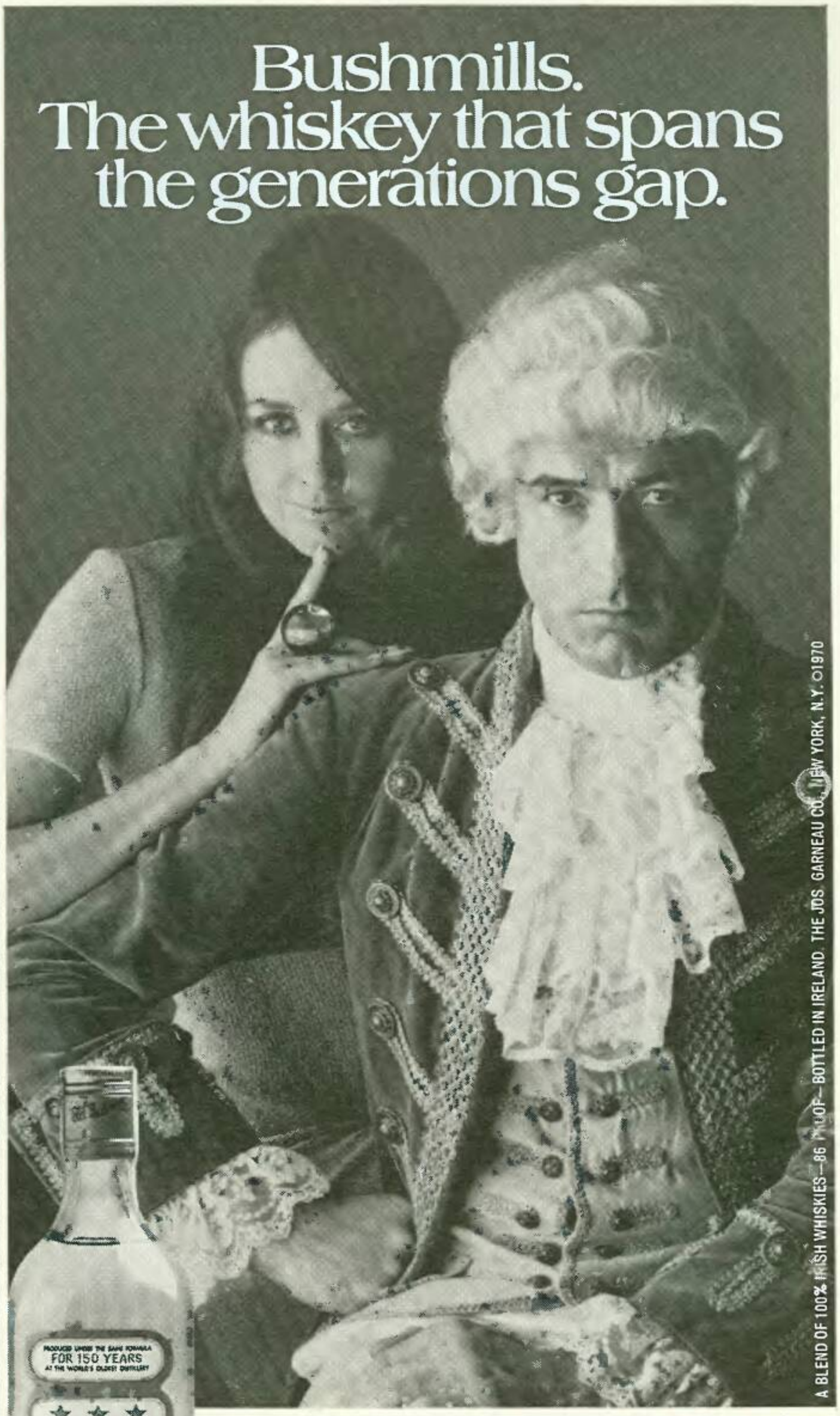
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vertising is very important," he says.

The Martinez old-fashioned grocery store, in fact, is the only business in Arroyo Seco other than Abe Garcia's bar that remains—in the same place, under the same ownership—from the business community that existed in 1965, when the Craft House opened. One building that had been a large general store became a ski dorm and then a "vest-pocket campus" of Goddard College, a Vermont school of storied hipness. ("Arroyo Seco will soon be a college community," the Taos *News* announced, but the college crowd, which was considered freaky even by the local freaks, lasted only a few months.) Now, after some complicated transactions, the building is owned by the American Church Union, an Episcopal agency that has its headquarters in Pelham Manor, New York. The Craft House itself has changed hands; Rachel Brown, who wants to devote more of her time to her own weaving, has just sold it to a girl who learned to weave from a girl who learned to weave from Rachel Brown.

THE Anglo enterprises that came with the hippie period never had the quality of goods or the stability of the Craft House, and the turnover of owners seems to have nearly kept pace with the turnover of merchandise. A small building next to the Craft House has been a health-food store and an antique store and a bookstore and is now an Appalachian-crafts store that seems to be closed most of the time. The proprietor during the antique phase, Richard Enzer, somehow inherited the name of the health-food store, and now owns an antique-and-craft shop called the Good Earth in an unfinished adobe hut down the road. Enzer, a stringy-haired young man from New Jersey, is operating in his third Arroyo Seco location; he originally came to town as the proprietor of the store that turned into a crash pad. Despite the almost complete absence of antique-and-craft customers in Arroyo Seco this summer, Enzer believes the town could become "the real arts-and-crafts center of Taos County"—although he recently leased his store to some leather craftsmen from Aspen so he could go to Santa Fe and study filmmaking. He says he is interested in buying the abandoned adobe house next to the Valdez grocery and turning it into a Mexican restaurant. "It could be picked up for eight thousand now," he said recently. "But pretty soon they're going to get hip to what these

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places are going for." When it comes to trying to buy real estate cheaply from poor people in New Mexico, members of the counter-culture differ from the subdivision speculators they despise mainly in that they have a looser vocabulary and less capital.

The crash pad is now a shop run by Jim Snyder, who has short hair but had his window broken almost immediately anyway. Snyder acquired the shop from someone he met in Sun Valley, where he used to ski in the winters and work as a carpenter in the summers. In addition to some locally made jewelry and weaving, a selection of Mexican ceramic animals, and a few farm antiques, the shop has a display of Snyder's own handicraft—a jewel box covered partly in jackrabbit fur, some candleholders, a toy cannon, and a drinking horn. Snyder says that his father, who migrated from Germany to Norway and then to North Dakota, always made small items out of wood as a hobby, and passed on his skill. Next to the display of Snyder's work, a card with a Snyder coat of arms stamped on it says, "16th-11th Century European pieces. Crafted in family tradition by James Snyder."

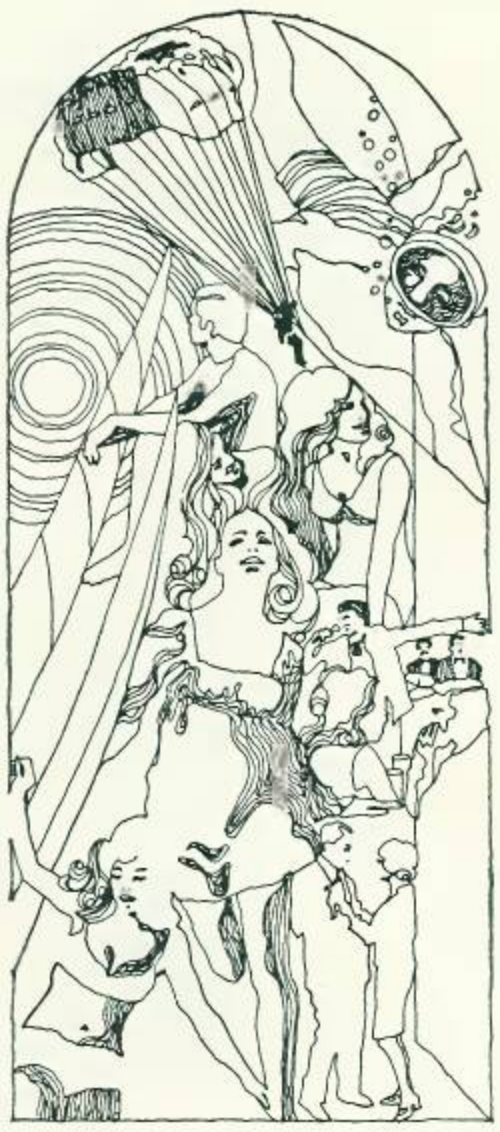
Snyder opened on Memorial Day, and he was soon disappointed at the lack of business. Some weeks he would sell two dollars' worth of goods, some weeks none. Snyder says he had hoped to do well quickly in Arroyo Seco so he could use the money to move to Norway and begin exporting items back to the United States. "Anything stamped 'Made in Norway' will sell in a ski area," he says. Around the Fourth of July, he tried to persuade some of the other shopkeepers to coöperate in putting up a sign at a blinking light five miles from town where a lot of tourists who have driven out from Taos turn in the opposite direction from Arroyo Seco to drive to a bridge that spans the gorge of the Rio Grande. None of the others seemed enthusiastic, so Snyder finally made a sign and put it up himself. It has an arrow pointing in the direction of Arroyo Seco, but it doesn't mention the town's name. It just says, "Artcraft Village, Five Miles."

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE term Art Deco is derived from the title of the Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs et Industriels Modernes, held in Paris in 1925, and refers to a style that developed during the twenties and thirties, went abruptly out of fashion during the Second World War, and became an object of universal derision during the fifties and early sixties. Examples of Art Deco include the lobby of the Radio City Music Hall, chunky marble clocks surmounted by bronze amazons, radios shaped like Aztec temples, the Chrysler Building, enamel compacts decorated with zigzag designs, Rockwell Kent's illustrations, Erté's stage settings, and Fascist propaganda posters. In the mid-sixties, following the revival of Art Nouveau (Art Deco's immediate predecessor), and coterminous with a vogue for the thirties inspired by Late, Late movies and new films like "Bonnie and Clyde," Art Deco changed almost overnight from an embarrassment into a historical style. The official beginning of the Art Deco revival is considered to be the Musée des Arts Décoratifs' exhibition "Les Années Vingt-Cinq," held in Paris in 1966. At this time, collectors of Art Nouveau began switching to or branching out into Art Deco, and Art Deco objects began turning up in antique shops in London, Paris, and New York. Fabrics printed with Art Deco designs showed up in dresses, neckties, and upholstery. Further exhibitions were mounted. The culminating event of the revival was this summer's big Art Deco show at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, in which nearly fifteen hundred specimens of furniture, ceramics, silver, textiles, costumes, paintings, and graphics were put on display.



The Minneapolis exhibition put me in mind of a game that children play on rainy days in which they collect furniture from around the house, tear curtains down from windows and spreads off beds, drag china out of cupboards and knickknacks off shelves, and make a "house" in a closet or a corner of their room. The "house" that the British art critic Bevis Hillier and the Minneapolis Institute's curator of exhibitions, David Ryan, fashioned out of the hideous objects at their disposal was so engaging that the viewer could almost become persuaded of the merit of the objects themselves. A bedroom—whose appointments included a laquered screen decorated with *Vogue* covers, a bed whose spread was a sickly pale green printed with mauve, magenta, and green geometric flowers, a bronze nude holding a hoop, a batik mural entitled "The History of Radio," a hairdresser's plaster model, a silk dress thrown over a silver-and-white chaise longue, and a pair of brocade evening shoes lying in the middle of the floor as if they had just been kicked off by their owner—was both a satire and an exercise in stylish clutter of the sort found now in Barbara D'Arcy's model rooms at Bloomingdale's. A dining room, which came closer to being a true period room—apricot-pink walls; a sleek burled-walnut dining-room suite by Emile-Jacques Ruhlmann; a painting by Jean Dupas entitled "Les Perruches" and depicting five women of unparalleled unattractiveness, two of them knottily nude, playing with doves and lovebirds; a rug bordered with a cactus design; and the inevitable cactus plant itself—went just a bit too far in its "authenticity" and passed into parody. Jewelry and small silver objects were dashingly displayed in lighted cases that shone out from the black walls of a darkened room; overhead a mirrored globe rotated and threw lovely, fleeting specks of light against the walls. The sound of scratchy popular songs of the twenties and thirties filled the exhibition rooms and seemed to be coming from the Aztec radios planted throughout the exhibition. (The music actually came from tape recorders concealed behind the radios.) The visitors to the show—many of them young and dressed in jeans—looked around them with evident enjoyment and made appreciative comments to one another.

The show was not what a reader of Mr. Hillier's book "Art Deco" (Studio Vista/Dutton), published in 1968, would have expected. This small volume—the first and still the best book on the subject in English—hardly causes the reader to regret the good old days of Poiret tea gowns and Brown Shirts. The illustrations and the text reinforce one's impression of the vulgarity, folly, and malignity that characterized the culture of the two decades between the wars. Having

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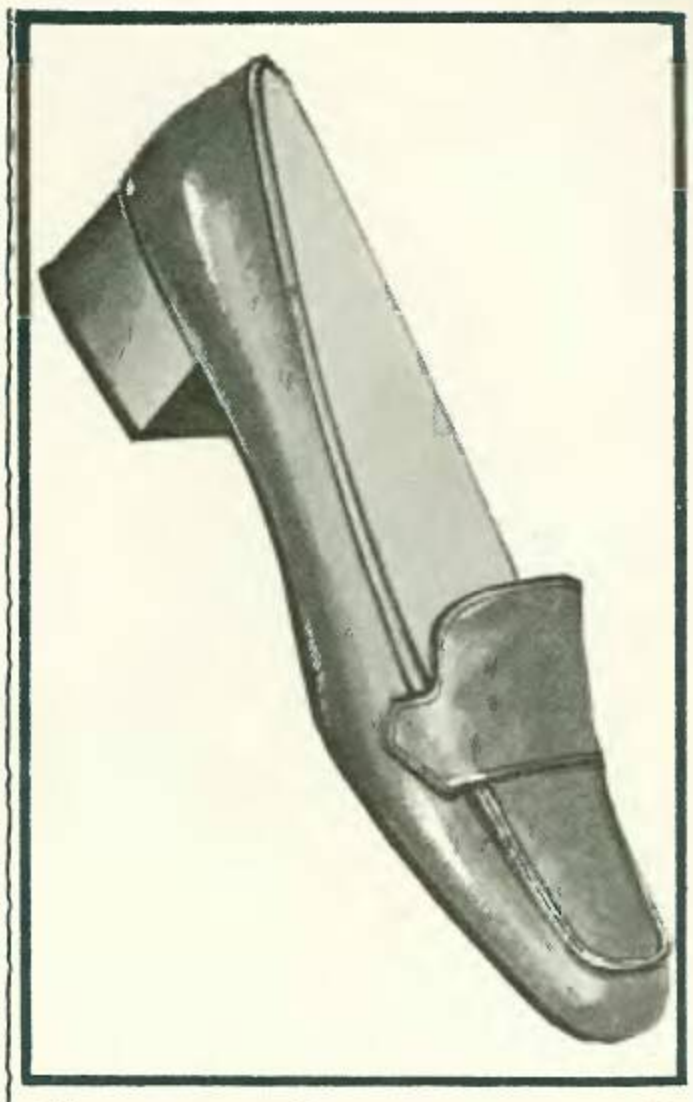


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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

noted the period's "weird attraction for our generation" (Mr. Hillier was born in 1940) and "our voyeurish interest in the period immediately preceding our birth," the author proceeds to mock or shudder at the relics that come under his scrutiny. His attitude of irreverence bordering on distaste is a surprising one to find in a book about the applied arts. The people who write such books are usually people who collect what they are writing about, and therefore have some liking for it. Mr. Hillier points out the formative influence on Art Deco of Art Nouveau, Cubism, the Bauhaus, the Russian ballet, and Indian art, and connects the more stolid, rectilinear Art Deco of the thirties with the grim political events of the decade. The thirties motifs of rising suns, racing clouds, and hair streaming in the wind are discussed in the chilling light of "Herrenvolk, youth movements, and Nordic nudes gambolling under a blond Aryan sun." Conceding that "it would be absurd to suggest that there are sinister undertones in the sun motif of a suburban garden gate, of a pair of two-tone shoes, of powder compacts or . . . that all the artists who made figures with streaming hair in this period had Nazi sympathies," the author goes on to suggest that "the neo-classical character of thirties art . . . goes much deeper than quirks of design." He explains, "It comprises the basic neo-classical characteristics: reaction against a 'decadence' (this generally means that rectilinear forms take over from the more voluptuous curvilinear, as seeming more moral, while outline replaces modelling); and an insistence on the moral-didactic purpose of art (so often a disguise for the immoral-propagandist purposes of the government)." "Art Deco" concludes on this note: "Writing on bad Victorian art, Professor Quentin Bell suggests that it would be absurd to omit Judas Iscariot from a discussion of the Twelve Apostles. True enough; and that is one of the justifications of this book, too. But no one has suggested making Judas Iscariot a saint."

In his essay for the Minneapolis exhibition catalogue (on sale at Brentano's, for $7.50), Mr. Hillier takes it all back. "I find myself rather in the position of Dr. F. R. Leavis in his recent book on Dickens," he writes, and he continues, "Although my conversion to Art Deco is less dramatic and has taken two years, not twenty, my shift in position is comparable to Leavis's; and I intend to show myself suitably penitent." Mr. Hillier apologizes to all



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the critics of "Art Deco" who objected to the book's unillusioned view of its subject ("It's a real sellout," one collector had written reproachfully), and berates himself for his lack of knowledge: "Looking back, I ask: how could I possibly have written on Art Deco with not a single mention of Radio City Music Hall (which now seems to me *the* Art Deco shrine)?" In his own defense, Mr. Hillier quotes Lytton Strachey's observation in the preface to "Eminent Victorians" that "ignorance is the first requisite for the historian—ignorance which simplifies and clarifies, which selects and omits, with a placid perfection unattainable by the highest art," and adds, "By that criterion, I was admirably prepared to write on Art Deco." But that criterion no longer applies to Mr. Hillier: "The finest collections have been made available to me. Important new works on the subject have been published. Many scholars and dealers have given their views," and "I now feel well qualified to attempt an 'Art Deco Revisited' essay."

Mr. Hillier's transformation from critic into connoisseur is related to the change in seeing that occurs in the lifetime of every revival. A revival's underlying tendency is not to explicate the past but to distort it so that it may be used. The Gothic revival in the nineteenth century, for example, was built on a misapprehension of the Middle Ages which permitted the Victorians to invest medieval art and architecture with Victorian values. The recent Art Nouveau revival represents a similar triumph of Taste over History. The languid, sinuous lines, the iridescent, pavonine hues, the vines and mollusks and vague underwater shapes, the morbid atmosphere of escape and enchantment—all this was transliterated into something much more wholesome and "organic" (in the Adelle Davis-Dr. Reuben sense of the word), which found its level in the slick, cheerful psychedelic productions of Peter Max.

The Art Deco show in Minneapolis illustrates the same process. Although filled with things made in the twenties and thirties, the exhibition rooms were unmistakably rooms of the seventies. And what Mr. Hillier has come to admire in these relics—and we may all come to admire in time—are not the things that their contemporaries saw in them. One of the claims that both Art Nouveau and Art Deco have on our attention today—and this would seem ironic to their contemporaries—is their ornamentation. To today's eyes, which have feasted too long on the International Style of architecture and the

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Eames-chair school of furniture, ornament of any kind looks good. The Tiffany lamp, the Victorian velvet sofa, the folk-art artifact, and now the Art Deco clock-*cum*-nude are all cherished for the alternative they seem to offer to the bland, money-pinching rigidities of glass office buildings and molded-plastic bus seats. In this respect, the Art Deco revival is just one among many revivals whose thrust is to mitigate, if not to deny, the realities of life in a technological democracy.

In another respect, however, the Art Deco revival suggests an acceptance, even a celebration, of technology and democracy. Mr. Hillier makes a useful distinction between "the feminine, somewhat conservative style of 1925, chic, elegant, depending on exquisite craftsmanship and harking back to the eighteenth century" and "the masculine reaction of the thirties with its machine-age symbolism and use of new materials like chrome and plastics in place of the old beaux-arts materials such as ebony and ivory," and adds that he himself has an "alarming partiality for the more popular Art Deco, which borders at times, no, let us be honest, plunges wholeheartedly at times, into the most extravagant kitsch." In both the catalogue essay and "Art Deco," Mr. Hillier writes of Art Deco's influence on Pop Art, but in fact it is the other way around. Art Deco as such (the term was coined in the sixties) would not exist if Pop Art did not exist; nor would Mr. Hillier's partiality for kitsch be the utterly unalarming thing it is. Pop Art's benign vision of mass culture is the matrix of the Art Deco revival.

It is also the Pop vision that has taken the unpleasantness out of Art Deco. Mr. Hillier glimpsed this unpleasantness in his first book, and the art critic John Canaday, who grew up in the twenties and thirties, recalled it during his visit to the Minneapolis exhibition. The show was "a dreadful revelation of the spuriousness of values that fogged genuine ones," Mr. Canaday wrote in the *Times* on July 18th, in an emotional piece entitled "Art Deco in Minneapolis: No Sir, That Ain't My Baby Now." He went on, "It left me feeling that to have reached adolescence and spent your youth with Art Deco all around you was to have been victimized by its perversity and vulgarity." Art Deco is still around, if not all around us, as a glance at the architecture on Fifth Avenue will show, but it is no longer menacing; its perversity and vulgarity are not *our* perversity and vulgarity. The deemphasis in the Minneapolis exhibition of

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the Fascist manifestations of Art Deco that Mr. Hillier dwelt on in his book is a reflection of the decontamination that Art Deco has undergone in the course of its re-creation.

The other day, I made a pilgrimage to the shrine at Fiftieth Street and Sixth Avenue. I had been there many times before, but never before had I scrutinized (or even noticed) the sofas, tables, ashtrays, lamps, and carpeting in the lobbies or lifted my eyes to the staggering mural over the main staircase. The Minneapolis show had borrowed a number of pieces from the Grand Lounge, and it pleased me to see them again. Once something has been in a museum, it takes on a kind of aura, like a word in quotation marks ("Fresh" Eggs). I ascended the staircase, whose carpeting, printed with a modernistic design, was reminiscent of a Léger abstraction, and lingered in a hallway whose dim, shadowy lighting was that of a Hopper interior. I took a seat in the balcony just as a movie about some men who froze to death in the Arctic came to an end. The sound of lush sentimental music filled the hall as enormous ice floes jostled each other on the screen. In the stage show, a young man in a policeman's uniform sang "After the Ball Is Over;" the corps de ballet, in black leotards and giant butterfly wings, traipsed around to a Welkian melody; and the Rockettes did their thing dressed as early airplanes in front of a large photograph of Charles Lindbergh. I enjoyed myself enormously. Like F. R. Leavis in his recent book on Dickens . . .

—Janet Malcolm

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MOST FASCINATING SPORTS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

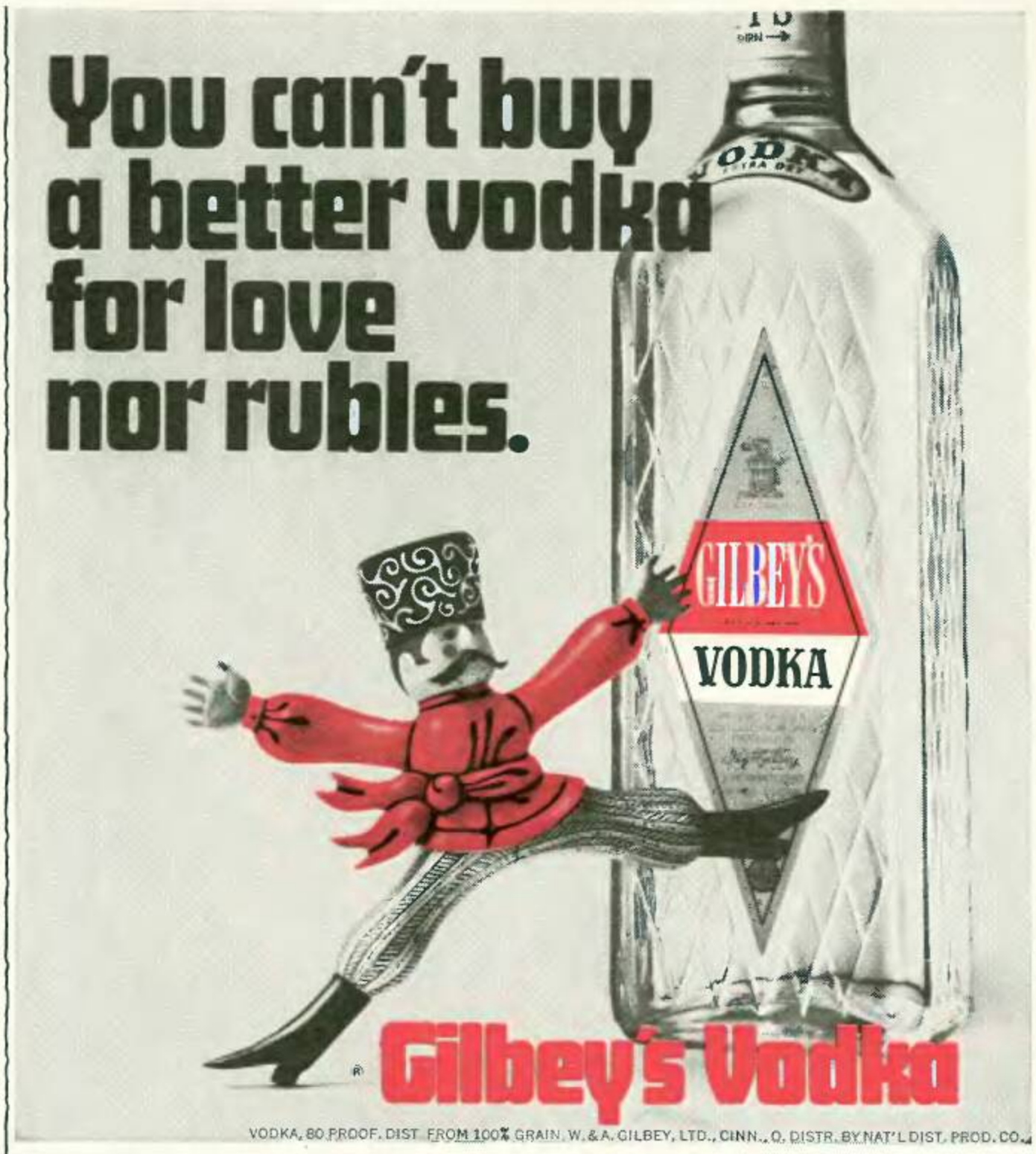
SOUTHPAWS ROUGH ON ANGELS

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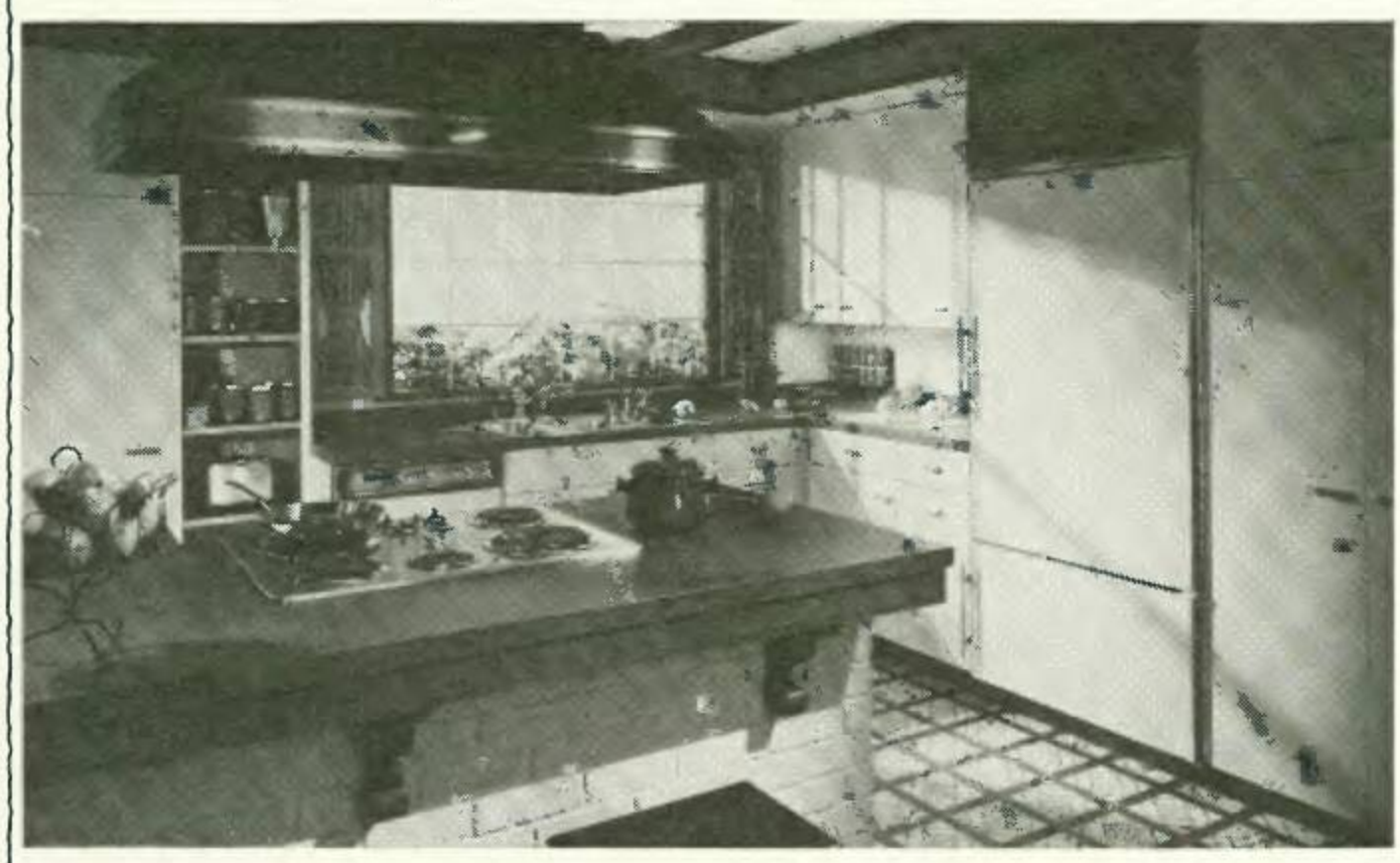
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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 12

As a rule, the American voter responds favorably to Presidential action and to pronouncements that appear to promise action. A few months back, when President Nixon didn't seem to be doing much except lowering our profile in Asia and keeping his hands off an economy that was suffering from both inflation and unemployment, his prospects for reëlection seemed so poor that a good many people here thought he might emulate Lyndon Johnson and declare his retirement when the spring primaries got under way. But then, on July 15th, he announced that sometime within the next few months he would show his own profile in Peking, the capital of a government whose legitimacy we still deny, and a month to the day later he announced that he was through—for the time being, anyway—with laissez-faire, and intended to make use of a Presidential authority he had not wanted in the first place to put an immediate freeze on wages and prices. He also proposed a devaluation of the dollar and a number of other economic measures for Congress. All opinion polls had shown an overwhelmingly favorable response to the China visit, and a Gallup questionnaire taken the week after the new decisions on the economy showed that he had moved five percentage points ahead of Senator Muskie, the front-running Democrat. At that time, none of the proposals had shown much in the way of results, and each of them, of course, carries with it considerable risks as well as significant potential benefits. Many academic and some government economists think the ninety-day freeze, which Nixon has pledged himself not to renew, is a thoroughly inadequate measure, and one that is bound to breed widespread resentment. Nevertheless, the mere announcement of it and the accompanying orders and proposals have put the President in a position in which, if the election had been held last week, he would have had a margin over Senator Muskie considerably larger than the one he had over Hubert Humphrey in 1968. (He would have continued to be a minority President, for the Gallup Poll assumed the candidacy of George Wallace and awarded him eleven per cent of the popular vote.)

But the kind of popularity a man achieves simply by moving from inactivity to activity is seldom enduring, and the White House strategists know that Nixon won't hold on to it unless good results become apparent in the coming months. The risks of the China trip are mild ones, but if there are no real gains—if it turns out to be just one more state visit—it won't count for much politically. The situation will be as before, except for whatever credit or blame accrues for easing the way of the People's Republic into the United Nations—an event that would have occurred in any case and whose inevitability accounts in some measure for the fact that the President is making the trip. His economic programs can work only if he receives the coöperation of labor, industry, our major trade partners, and, most important, the opposition Congress. He is already encountering resistance in several quarters. On the one hand, the Democrats may fail to go along with him so that they can hold on to inflation and unemployment as anti-Nixon issues in 1972; on the other hand, they could take what they like of the program and add enough new touches to make it their program as well as his, provided things are looking up toward the end of 1972. The Democrats are largely for wage-price controls, and, although they are traditionally the free-trade party, they will probably offer little resistance to the ten-per-cent surcharge on imports. And they will without doubt go along with Nixon—or step out in front of him—in raising individual income-tax exemptions. But they may very well resist the logic of fighting unemployment by stripping the federal payroll by five per cent, or of creating jobs in private industry by easing the tax burdens of large corporations so that they can modernize their facilities at a time when they are not using some twenty-five per cent of what they have. If the Democrats really wanted to, they could turn the Nixon program upside down by calling for increased government spending in the public sector in order to reduce unemployment, and financing



"I come of a good family."

this by cutting back on defense and aerospace while at the same time taxing corporations at the present rates or higher ones. They could also decline his requests to defer revenue sharing and welfare reform. This would in all probability lead to Presidential vetoes that could not be overridden and force Nixon to run on an economy no more satisfactory than today's.

The White House strategy will be to take credit for whatever works and blame the Democrats for whatever doesn't. This technique has been used in the past, and often with success. But the general feeling here is that Nixon is unlikely to accomplish what he wants in the time at his disposal by the means he has chosen. Moreover, while as a rule the public is somewhat more trustful of the executive branch than it is of the legislative branch, in most economic matters it regards Democrats as better managers than Republicans, and Nixon's recent rise in public esteem can be traced to his espousal of programs urged on him for some time by the Democrats. If, as is generally expected, the programs are accepted with modifications but prove inadequate, the Democrats will have a strong case for faulting the President for not going the full distance with them—particularly if Vietnam is a non-issue and economic questions dominate the campaign. The Democratic economists are at this point undismayed and as confident as they have been for the last year or so that Nixon will not be in the White House after January 20, 1973.

THE hawks in the White House and in Congress are, of course, hugely embarrassed by the fact that the October "election" in South Vietnam will end up an utterly meaningless exercise. It will not even be the "plebiscite" that some people have called it, since there will be no way to file an objection to the continuing domination of President Thieu. There is no reason to think that our representatives in Saigon failed to do all they could to get the other politicians to put on some show of "democracy" at the polling places. Whether they went as far as to offer subsidies to politicians who might create at least a ritualistic appearance of contest is not known, though it would hardly be out of character if they did. In any case, the war has lost almost the last thread of the rationale that once was claimed for it, and from a certain American point of view this tends to be rather welcome news. No matter how many opposition candidates might have made



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the race, the Vietnam election would have been a fraud, though not quite so transparent a one as the demonstration that will now be put on. For a while, the Secretary of State and other officials may offer explanations of how we must not expect "pristine" politics in a country like Vietnam, and this, to be sure, is nothing less than the truth, though it is not a truth that has been stressed very often in the last decade. But now no one can argue that we are in any way defending democracy in Vietnam—or even helping it to get established there. (The main trend of the recent past seems to have been the destruction of some genuine democracy in the villages and the substitution of a totalitarian central government.) As things stand, the prospects for withdrawal and an end to the bloodshed look better every day. The last of the influential Senate hawks, Henry Jackson, has announced that he can no longer be counted on to support appropriations for the war, which means, for one thing, that as of now none of the Democratic aspirants to the Presidency supports our intervention. If Henry Jackson's confidence is shattered, so must be that of his followers, who never failed to cite him as a man who could combine genuine liberalism with enthusiastic support of American intervention, and his followers include a considerable group of House Democrats. And, whatever Secretary Rogers may say in a press conference, disenchantment grows in all other parts of the government, including the White House and the Pentagon. George Gallup hasn't been polling the Vietnamese, but Thieu has acknowledged that he has had to pay a price for the loyalty of his own Army by promoting Army and police commanders by the dozen. There are reports of disastrously sagging morale in the Armies of both North and South Vietnam, and the war is being fought with less intensity on both sides. It could be that Henry Cabot Lodge's old theory that someday the Vietnam war, like the state in classical Marxism, would just "wither away" will be shown to have been right.

IT seems quite clear now that this government is resigned to having the People's Republic of China in the Security Council as well as in the General Assembly. It is prepared, as the Communist leaders and just about everyone else have been given to understand, to go through the motions of keeping the Nationalists in their

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Council seat, but it is also prepared to lose out, and it appeared not to be in the least upset when it was informed by the Japanese that they were having second thoughts about supporting our effort in behalf of the Nationalists in Taiwan. Indeed, one suspects that American statesmen are not only resigned but greatly relieved by the prospect of defeat. The old "two-China" approach made a certain amount of sense as a way of accommodating two irreconcilable American outlooks on China, but otherwise it made no sense at all. Unlike the other administratively divided countries—Germany, Korea, and Vietnam—there has been nothing remotely approaching equity in size, population, or anything else between the Chinese mainland and Taiwan, and the idea of having the masters of Taipeh cast the vote for the masters of Peking in the Council while Peking casts Taipeh's vote in the General Assembly was nothing short of absurd. Giving both seats to the Communists is only logical. But for a number of reasons it hardly seems as important as it used to. Once the Chinese question has been settled, there will be very little else for the United Nations to do. There is quite a stir of diplomatic activity all over the world at the moment, but most of it is bilateral, some is multilateral, and hardly any involves the U.N. The President is going to Peking, after receiving a visit from Emperor Hirohito in Alaska. Japanese Cabinet members are meeting with American Cabinet members—the maintenance of satisfactory relations with Japan is just about the largest foreign policy we have today—and the original occupying powers are working out new agreements on Berlin. The Vietnam talks drag on in Paris, and there have been some exchange visits between Soviet and Israeli citizens. It is conceivable that the presence of the People's Republic in the Security Council with its major adversaries will liven up the show there, but otherwise it is hard to see the coming event as anything but a demonstration that now and then great powers show some signs of reasonableness.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Tom Powell (1), President of the Associated Press Broadcasters Association, is shown presenting awards to George Dietrich, WEMD manager (r). The station was presented a national award for bombing of the Cambridge Court House in 1970.—*Photograph caption in the Easton (Md.) Star-Democrat.*

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THE OILMAN

JOHN BOYD was sitting in his living room in shirtsleeves, listening to the hi-fi, when he heard a truck in the driveway. A few moments later, he heard the garage door being raised, and he knew that the oilman must be there to check the furnace. Boyd had called him early that morning, and he wanted to talk to him in hope of picking up some tips about the operation of the furnace. The house was old, with big rooms, and though Boyd had lived in it for a couple of years, he felt there were many things about it he still had to learn.

He crossed the living room, and at the top of the steps to the cellar he switched on the lights and started down. The switch controlled three light bulbs: one at the foot of the steps, one beside the furnace, and one at the far end of the cellar. He had often thought how the bulbs, like street lamps in a fog, cast light in only a small area around them, and that most of the cellar was always in gloom or darkness. There was a cellar smell, dank but not unpleasant, that reminded him of the house of his childhood, down in Virginia. He reached the bottom of the steps just as the oilman, whose name was Edward Franklin, was coming in from the garage.

Franklin, who wore a hunter's red cap, a red-and-black-checked jacket, and slate-gray coveralls, was carrying a metal toolbox. Boyd had seen him two or three times before, and each time he was struck by how much they looked alike, except for color. Both men were of middle height, with solid figures and hair turning gray. He must be in his late fifties, like me, Boyd thought. Franklin's skin was dark brown; Boyd had skin that was a rather anemic white.

"Hello, Mr. Franklin," Boyd said. "Good to see you."

"Mr. Boyd," Franklin said, nodding.

"I'm glad you could come on a day when I'm home," Boyd said. "I thought you could tell me a few things about the furnace."

Franklin smiled. "I don't set up as an authority. Nobody ever learn all there is to know about a furnace. You say your furnace need looking at?"

"Yes, I was thinking all spring that something was wrong. The boiler fins, if that's what you call them, are already covered with a thick layer of soot, and yet it wasn't so long ago that you cleaned the furnace. Let's get it fixed now for the fall."

The two men walked over to the furnace, a big old one-pipe coal burner

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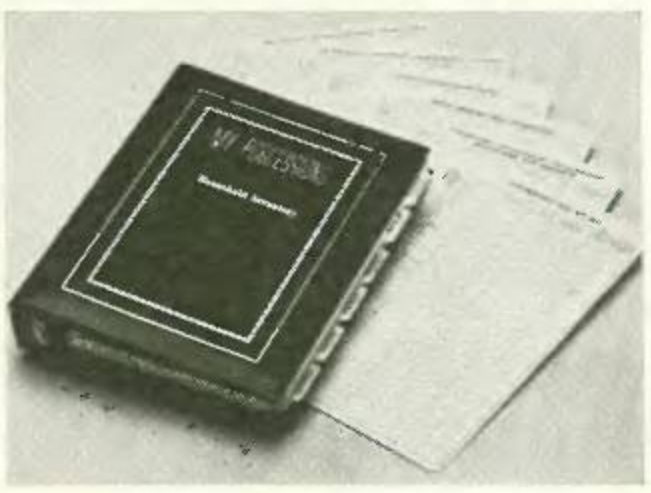
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that had been converted to oil. According to the "burner contract" they had entered into, Franklin was to service the oil-burner and parts of the rest of the furnace as well as provide the oil. He put down the toolbox and then opened the twin doors to the boiler, and with his right index finger he touched one of the boiler pleats. He looked at his blackened fingertip and then down at the floor, pursing his lips. "The burner need adjusting," he said judiciously. "More air. I'll vacuum first."

He turned and walked out to the garage with an unhurried stride. Watching him, Boyd thought, Why, that's even my walk. He thought of how, when he first came to New York from a small town in Virginia, he had felt shy and unsure of himself in the city, and had adopted a deliberate, unhurried manner, in walk and speech, which he hoped gave an impression of self-confidence. He wondered now if Franklin—who he believed came from the South, too—had done the same thing and for the same reason.

When Franklin returned, he was carrying a round, squat, heavy-looking industrial vacuum. He lowered it gently to the floor in front of the furnace. As he straightened up, he said, "I have to be careful of my back. The other day, when I lift a new burner, I wrench it somehow."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Well, I have the same trouble. I don't do much lifting, but I was just leaning over in the office recently to pick up a letter I had dropped, and all of a sudden I couldn't straighten up. Had to call a doctor. I still don't know just what caused it—whether it was a muscle spasm or a catch in a spinal disc or what. It seems most people our age have some kind of back trouble."

Franklin nodded. "I went to a choiropracter. He help me some."

He took off his jacket and draped it over the top step of a small wooden stepladder that leaned against one wall, then plugged the vacuum and the cord of an electric bulb, encased in a protective wire mesh, into a double wall socket. He placed the light so that it would shine into the boiler chamber. Finally, he switched on the vacuum motor, picked up the hose, and guided the suction nozzle over the pleats of the boiler.

Boyd watched him for a minute or two. As the nozzle glided back and forth, the dust was sucked up, showing the lighter-colored metal beneath. Boyd noticed the water gauge—a glass tube—on one side of the furnace, and remembered one of the questions he wanted to ask Franklin. Raising his



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voice above the hum of the motor, he said, "What do you think is the proper level for water in the boiler?" The tube was now about half full.

Franklin shifted the hose from his right hand to his left, and, with his right thumbnail, indicated a point about one-third of the way down from the top of the tube. "About here," he said.

"I had a plumber tell me it was more economical to keep the boiler half full or less. But that's dangerous, isn't it?" Boyd said.

"Not if the low-water cutoff working. Everybody have their own idea."

The motor hummed, and the two men paused in their conversation, looking at each other, as if pondering Franklin's last statement.

Boyd then asked him what he thought was the proper house temperature.

"I don't like it too hot," Franklin said. "If I can have it at seventy-two, that's all I want. But my wife disagree. One thing is, she don't dress right. One night last winter she sitting in the living room in her nightgown. 'I'm cold,' she say. 'You should be. You're dressed for bed,' I say."

"My wife's the same way," Boyd said, thinking of how in the coldest weather she went around the house in short-sleeved dresses. "She always wants to turn up the thermostat. I'm uncomfortable when the house is really hot. I feel as if I can't breathe."

Franklin resumed his vacuuming. "Women just have a different viewpoint," he said.

Boyd was thinking about Franklin's accent. It was definitely soft. It was like his own accent, which, so he had been told, still had traces of the South in it, though he had been living in the North for many years—most of that time here in Westchester County. He asked Franklin where he was from originally, and discovered that he, also, came from Virginia, but from the eastern part. Boyd was from the western.

"Did you ever know Mr. Sam Walker down there? And Sheriff Haynes?" Franklin asked.

"No, I guess I didn't. That would be in another county," Boyd said.

"You ever go back for a visit?"

"Yes, every year or two. I have a brother living in Virginia."

"You do? Tell me something. Does he hunt?"

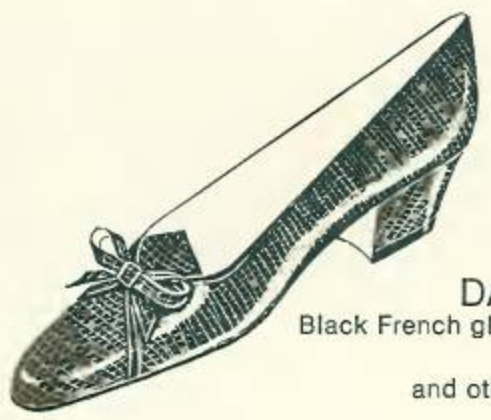
"Yes. I know he hunts quail and doves, and maybe grouse," Boyd replied.

"Does he have a dog?"

"No, but a friend of his has one."

"Well, you tell him that a friend of

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yours up here wants to buy one. A pointer, not a setter. Not too big. I've seen some pointers big as I am. And I want him to be broke."

"I'll write my brother. I'll ask him to see what he can do."

"I don't get to hunt much, but I like it," Franklin said. "Like to get out on a nice day out in the fields and the woods, away from everybody, with a dog. A dog is good company. My wife sometime poke fun at me if I don't come back with any birds, but tell you the truth, if the weather nice, I don't really mind if I don't find any game."

He stepped over and, leaning down, shut off the vacuum. Boyd thought that the motor noise must have been louder than he realized, for the silence now was abrupt and heavy. Franklin was about to lay down the hose when he cocked his head to one side, listening. Faintly, from the living room above, came the sound of hi-fi music. "Chopin, isn't it? A Nocturne?" Franklin said.

Boyd listened. "Yes, I believe it is."

"I'm getting so I can recognize a few pieces," Franklin said. "My wife—she a schoolteacher—say I don't have much taste. I tell her I think I do pretty good for a man who never heard much classical music when he growing up. And I can't carry a tune. Never could." He smiled.

"I'm not much better, though in the shower I can sometimes fool myself."

"I think I like singers best," Franklin said. "Harry Belafonte. You've heard him?"

"Yes, I have. With pleasure."

"And Lou Rawls?"

"No. I don't believe I've heard him."

"They both good."

Franklin put down the hose and rummaged through the toolbox. He took out a wrench and, kneeling down, began working on the burner, which rested on a small concrete block in front of the furnace. "How long ago you leave Virginia?" he asked.

"Oh, I've been in the North about thirty years," Boyd said.

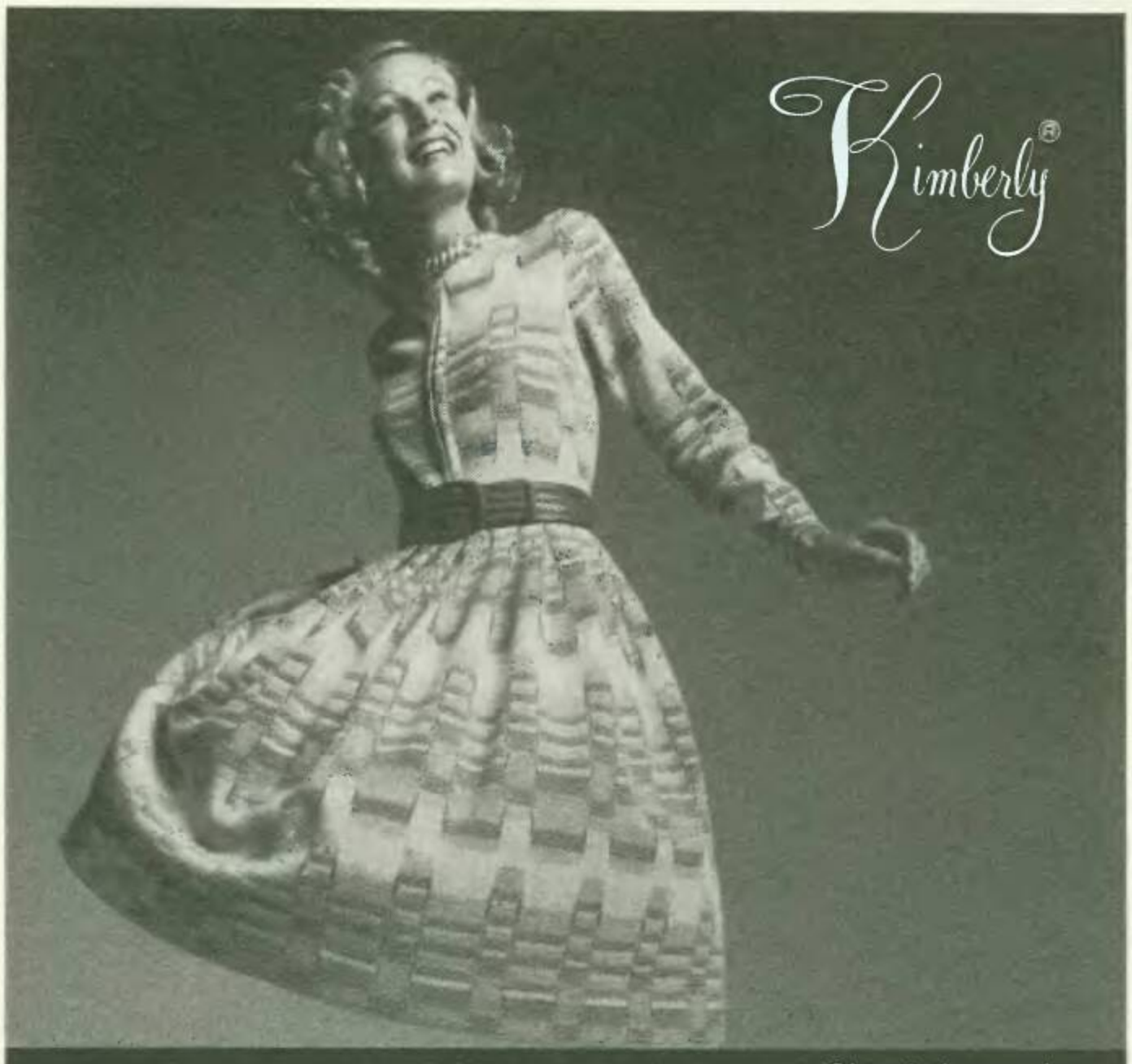
"I been up here longer than that."

"How'd you happen to come?"

Franklin did not reply immediately. "I've worked hard since I was ten years old," he said, finally. "Started out in the tobacco fields, with a hoe. You know what that's like?" He looked up at Boyd.

Boyd shook his head. "No, I don't."

"I've done a lot of things," Franklin went on. "Turning logs in a sawmill, quarrying rock—most any kind of day labor you can think of. I always work for somebody. And I want to work for

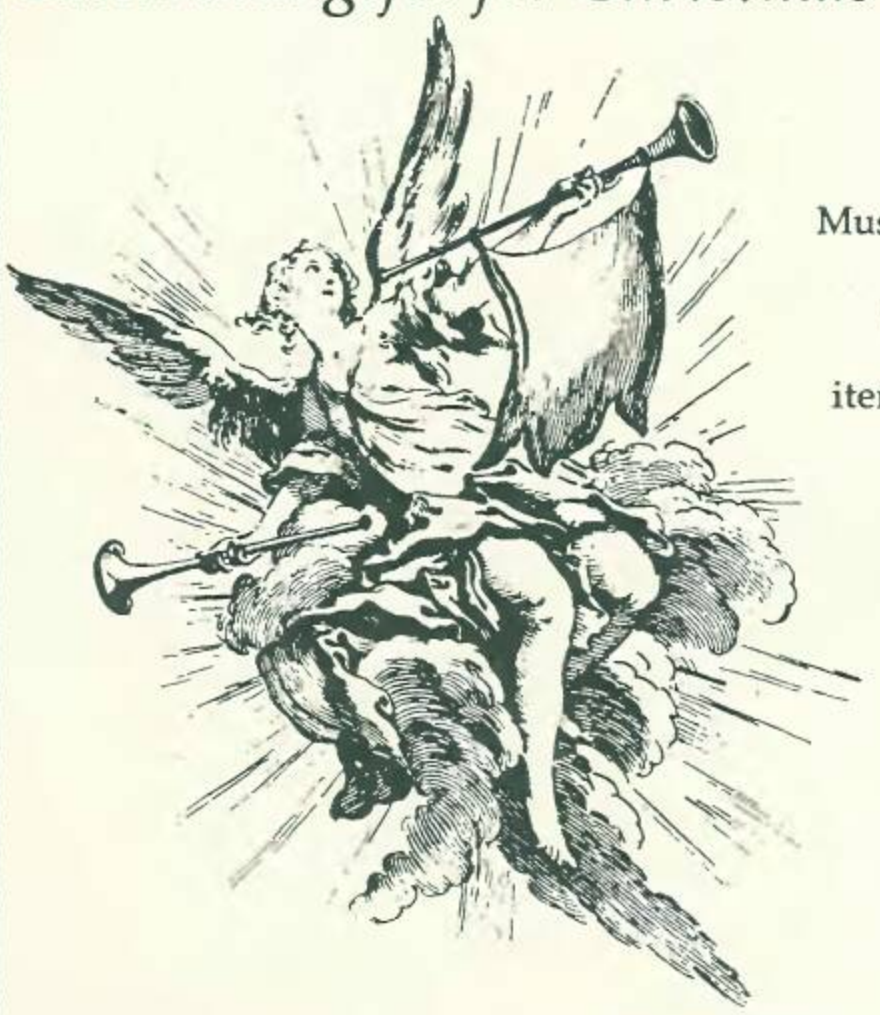


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myself. But there not much chance for me to do that where I was down there. So I came North, about 1935."

"I came for pretty much the same reason," Boyd said. "I'm a lawyer, but there were just too many lawyers in the small town I was in. Of course, there are a lot of lawyers in New York, but there are a lot more people, too."

"You have your own business?"

"Yes, though it's quite small. We specialize in copyright law."

Franklin put the wrench back in the toolbox. With a screwdriver he began to loosen the housing of the burner. "I'm a machinist by trade—sheet-metal work. Learned it up here during World War Two. Always wanted to have my own shop. But I couldn't even work as a machinist. The union wouldn't let me join. So I tried a few things, and then a few years back I took to selling oil. At least it's my own business."

"You mean you actually couldn't get into a union because of race?"

"That's right. A buddy of mine couldn't get in, either. He went to Alaska."

Boyd looked past a light bulb into the shadows. "You think this racial trouble will ever get straightened out?" he asked.

"Not in our lifetime," Franklin said. He made a final tightening motion with the screwdriver and then stood up. "I'll give you an example why I think that. Just last March, over in Maryville, a family move out of a house and a new family move in. The minute I hear about it I call on the phone and ask the man there if I can sell him his fuel oil. I give him a price—the very lowest I can—and he say O.K., and next day I drive the oil truck over to fill up his tank. It a nice bright day. I'm feeling good because of the weather but mainly because I've added on a new customer. The oil business very competitive. While I'm unreeling the hose, the man come out of the house and when he see me he kind of start. 'Anything wrong?' I say. He frown and say in a kind of rough voice, 'I didn't know you were a colored man.' 'What that got to do with it?' I ask. 'Your price for oil same as the price I got from another dealer,' he say. 'We all charge about the same,' I say. He look at me again. 'You should charge less,' he say. 'I should? Why?' I say. 'Your overhead lower,' he say. 'It is? How come?' I ask. He don't hesitate a second. 'Because you don't have to live so expensively.' And he turn and go back into the house. Well, it still a nice day but I don't care about it anymore.

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I fill his tank and drive home. And a few days later, he write me, paying me for my delivery but saying that from then on he going to buy his oil from somebody else." Franklin, looking at Boyd, shrugged.

Franklin stepped over and closed the switch in the wall box. The furnace did not come on, and Boyd, without being asked, went upstairs and turned up the thermostat. When he returned, Franklin was bent over and looking into the fire chamber. Boyd joined him, and for a moment both their faces were sharply lighted by the cleanly burning flame. Franklin closed the door, and they straightened up.

"I think your furnace all right now, Mr. Boyd. You might see a little smoke coming from the chimbley when the furnace start up, but that's all."

"Thank you, Mr. Franklin."

Franklin put the screwdriver and the wire-covered light bulb in the toolbox. Then he put on his jacket and picked up the vacuum and toolbox.

They walked through the garage and out to the driveway, where the truck was parked. It was a green panel truck and lettered in white on each side was "FRANKLIN FUEL & BURNER SERVICE, INC." Franklin put the vacuum and the toolbox in the back of the truck.

Then Boyd said, "I keep thinking how unfair it was—stupid, really—for the man to act that way. I wonder how many there are around here like him."

Franklin smiled. He got into his truck, and with a wave to Boyd, drove off. It was a cool day, but although Boyd was in his shirtsleeves, he did not go into the house at once. He stood there watching the truck until it had left the driveway and disappeared down the road behind the trees.

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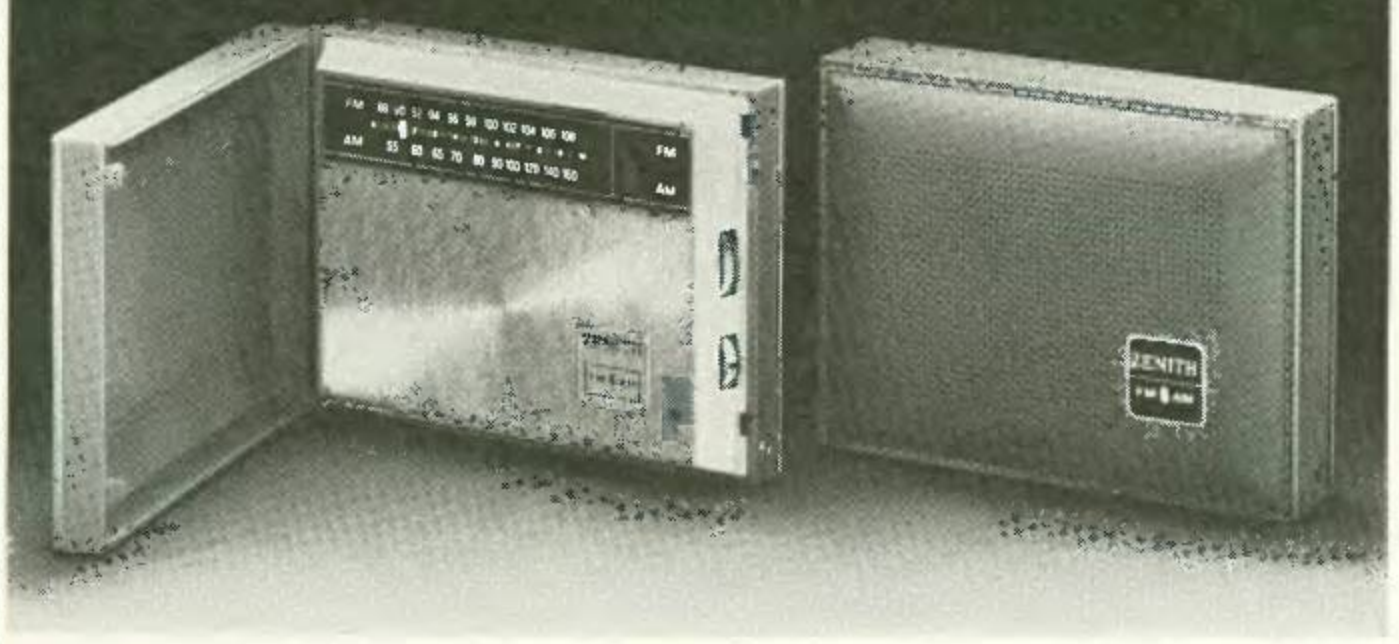


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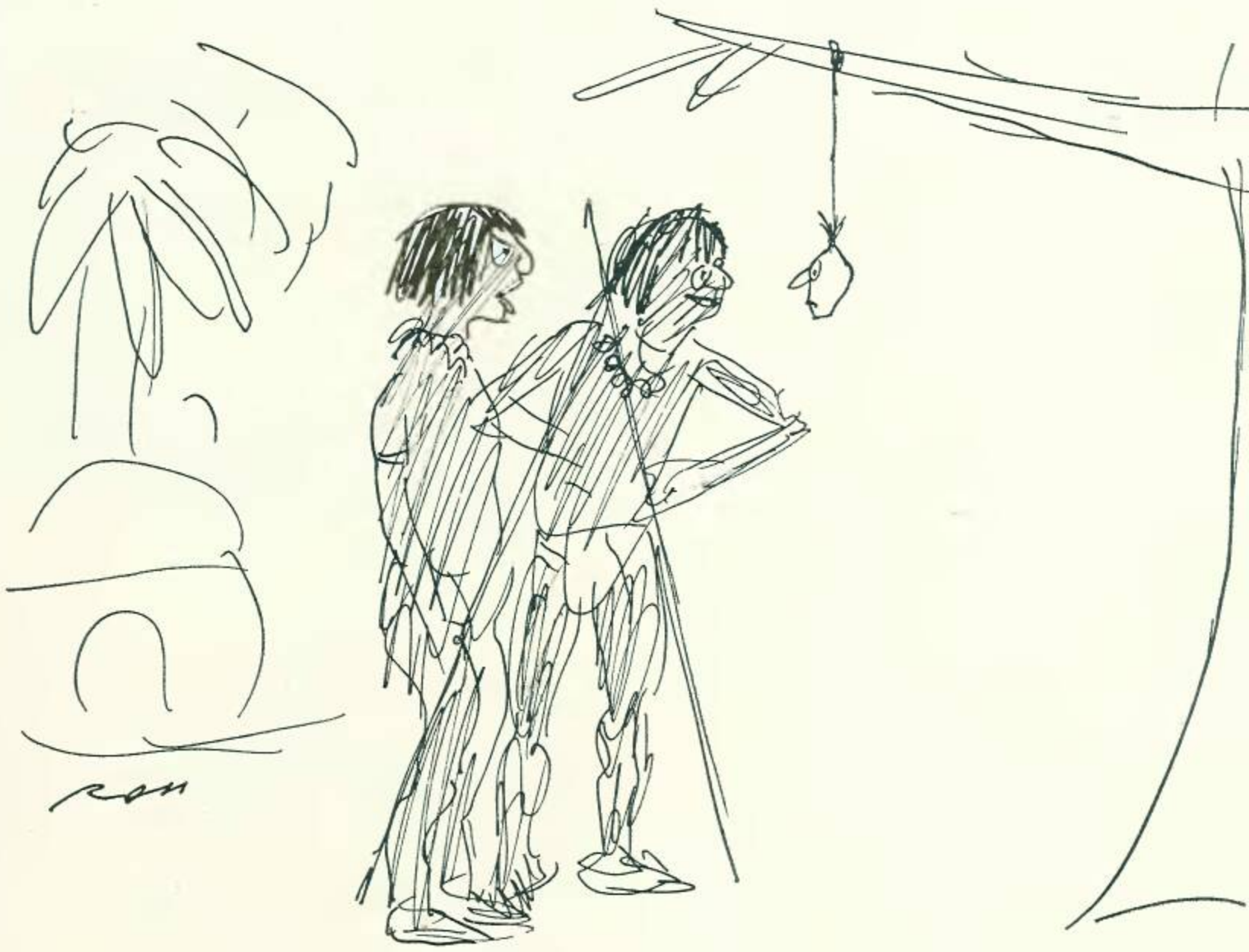
How Not to Be Bored by Maurice Baring



IT is possible to read a good deal of Maurice Baring—his poetry, his plays, and many of his novels—and find him thin and insipid. I have had the experience, and I know very well how discouraging this writer can be if one comes to him in the setting of his generation—of Wells and Bennett, of Shaw, Chesterton, and Belloc. They were all of them friends of his, yet—except that the last two were Catholics—he seems to have had little in common with them. He, like them, did a great deal of journalism, yet he belonged to a different world, and it is difficult for the reader not to think of him as an aristocratic amateur. One has to adjust oneself to his constituting a very peculiar case before one is able to see how accomplished and able he was, and to know how to separate the Baring who was interesting from the Baring who may seem a phantom. The only book-length study of Baring so far has been the adoring memoir by his friend the singer Ethel Smyth. But Mr. Paul Horgan has now done him full justice in an admirable selection from his writings—"Maurice Baring Restored" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)—which shows his varied work at its best, and the long introduction to which covers the subject so competently that—embarrassingly for this reviewer—it leaves one little to add.

Maurice Baring's family in England was founded in the eighteenth century, by a successful linen manufacturer, the son of a Lutheran pastor in Bremen. The sons of this German immigrant created the famous banking firm of Baring Brothers, and the Barings came to hold high office, sit in Parliament, and be raised to the peerage. Maurice was a younger son of the first Lord Revelstoke. Despite his weakness in mathematics, he was eventually allowed to qualify, by reason of his qualifications as a linguist, for the diplomatic service. In the course of his duties, he was sent to a number of important capitals, but he says that he "loathed" the service, and he resigned from it in 1904 and became a foreign correspondent for the London *Morning Post*. His long career as a journalist and the inferior quality of some of his books—he seemed to make books of everything he wrote, and some of them overlap—suggest that he must have been at least partly dependent on his writing for a living. He never married and he became a Catholic, and one feels that, in spite of much frequentation of the social and official worlds, he was something of an anomaly there, as he was also a sort of intruder into the professional literary world, where his friends read the books he sent them, which were sometimes dedicated to them, but did not quite regard him as one of themselves. His easy cosmopolitanism, his extraordinary gift for languages, and his fascinated sojourns in Russia, though they gave him intimate knowledge of so many things, both political and literary, were such as made him seem not even quite an Englishman; and his writings take so many forms and deal with so many subjects that he must present a troublesome problem to the conventional literary historian.

I AGREE in general with Paul Horgan about the relative importance of Baring's works. The four departments I would recommend are (1) his eight books about Russia, of which only the two small volumes on Russian literature—he evidently stopped writing about Russia on the eve of the 1917 Revolution—are still in print. Maurice Baring was perhaps the only Englishman who really knew the country well and who was also an excellent writer. "The Mainsprings of Russia" and "The Russian People" are probably the best surveys of the history of Russia, the best analyses of Russian society that had at that time been published in English. They may seem today a little old-fashioned—the author speaks often of "the Russian soul"—but anyone who is interested in Soviet Russia would find it worthwhile to read them, for, written before the collapse of old Russia, they show how this had been led up to and how similar, after all, conditions under the Czar were to conditions under the present government. Baring had lived so much in Russia and seen all classes at such close quarters at the front



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during the war with Japan and in Moscow during the 1905 Revolution that he seems to have got to know it better than any other country, including England. In his "Landmarks in Russian Literature," of 1910, and "An Outline of Russian Literature," of 1914, as well as in his "Oxford Book of Russian Verse," of 1925, he performed for the English a service similar to that which that other Russophile from the diplomatic service, the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé, had done in his pioneering book "Le Roman Russe" in 1886. Maurice Baring introduced the great Russian writers to the British at a time when even "The Brothers Karamazov" had not yet been translated into English—Constance Garnett's translation appeared only in 1912—and it was possible for George Saintsbury, who knew no Russian, to be condescending about them. It is amusing that Vogüé, though he does write admiringly about Pushkin, praising him as "the Peter the Great of literature," had announced that he did not want to dwell on the poet, because he could not illustrate his merits by examples of his "*langue de diamant*," untranslatable into French; because Pushkin is universal, only accidentally Russian; and because—though the Slavophiles will not like Vogüé's saying so—Pushkin is a typical romantic, like Byron or Lamartine, and does not, except in a very few poems, "reveal any ethnic character." Baring, on the other hand, again and again tried to disabuse the English-speaking world of the notion that one of the greatest of the poets of his age was a kind of diluted Byron. He has written the most accurate appreciations of Pushkin that I have ever seen in English.

My second recommendation of the Baring that is worth reading is his long novel called simply "C." I have read a number of Baring's novels. They all display his intimate knowledge of the international social world, the wide range of his cultural interests, and his dry, end-of-the-century wit. He always knows how to touch off the incidental people of his novels: "On the Saturday on which Wright had been invited there was a typical gathering at Bramsley: the Bishop of Barminster, who had married a cousin of Lord Hengrave's, a florid and alarmingly condescending ecclesiastic, with a large beard and a fund of anecdote, whom Lady Hengrave thought transgressed the code of decency by being High Church. He wore a large gold cross, which she thought 'odd,' and he turned

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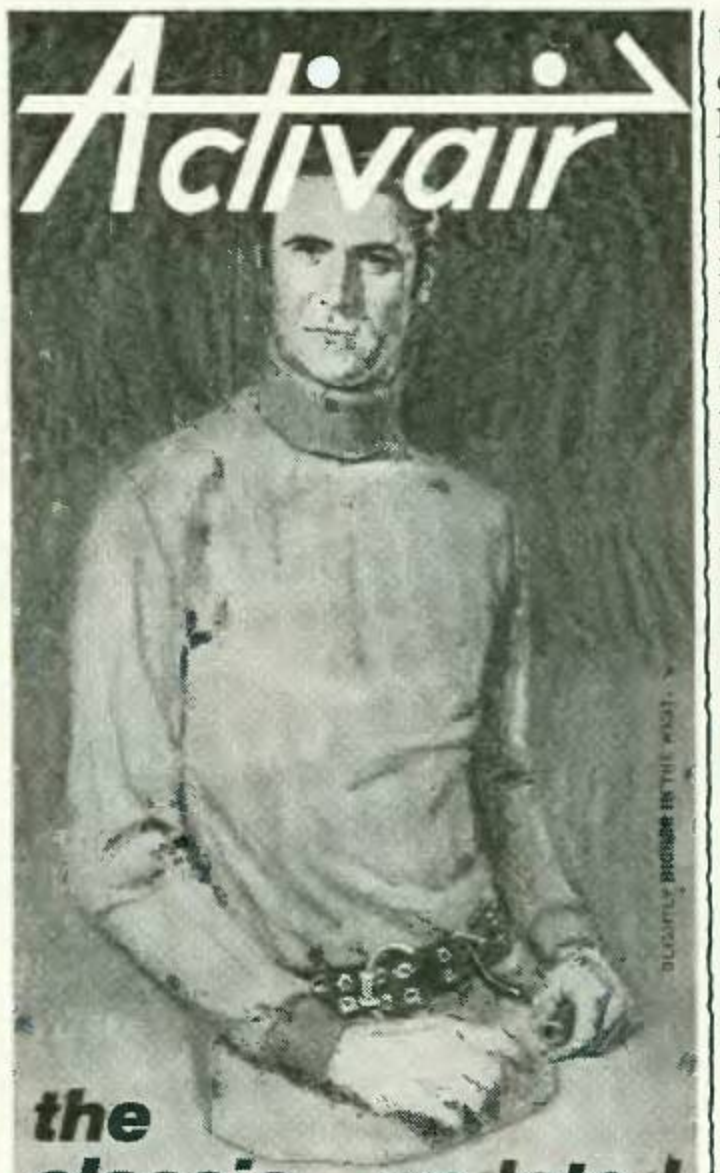


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to the east when he said the Creed in church, which she said was against the law. With him was his apologetic, blond, and explanatory wife." All these books carry one along and hold one's interest to the usually pathetic end. But I have found that I cannot remember most of them only a few days after I have read them. The characters are pale, seem mere names, sometimes hard to distinguish from one another. They are, in fact, so little differentiated that one can rarely recognize the same characters when they turn up in different books. The chronicle of their social life becomes so monotonous and tiresome that one sometimes wonders what effect their creator is aiming at. We are invariably told who all the guests at all the dinners were and who sat next to whom, and a chapter is likely to end, "Then he turned to Lady —— on his left." When Baring wants, as he frequently does, to break off relations between his people, he can always have them shifted to another embassy or make them go somewhere else for their health. Is this due to an obsession on Baring's part with the kind of life he describes? The imputation of being too fond of this life seems to have been the only criticism to which he was at all sensitive—as in his reactions to a letter from Vernon Lee, quoted by Ethel Smyth, and in reproaches to Pushkin for his waste of energy in an addiction to worldly frivolities. We wonder, in reading "Cat's Cradle," whether the author may not be trying to underline the dreariness of the social life that muffles the tragedy of the heroine. One sympathizes with Vernon Lee when she tells him that she does not find this novel "anything like as good as 'C.,'" and continues, "Even the English part seems to me inordinately full of trifling detail without realisation of the chief figures. (The men are all interchangeable.) But—but—but—you have somehow, and perhaps by this very thinness of texture, contrived to give an extraordinary essence of passion, rather like what music gives. . . . Of course I *dislike* your people, personally. I dislike their mixture of footling uselessness and devouring passion (they have *time* for it, as they never do anything but go to parties) and I dislike their (and your) Catholic other-worldliness: I abominate such making light of life and its . . . well! *uniqueness*." Vernon Lee acknowledges also that "these (in my eyes) poor, footling, paper puppets . . . have the quality of Tristram or Guinevere or Francesca, and that is . . . well, it's *great*." But one feels that the



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lack of intensity or emphasis does sap the effectiveness of most of these novels. (To Baring's plays, the lack of climax is fatal. Beerbohm said of a production of "The Grey Stocking" that Baring was "adramatic," and Shaw's enthusiasm for this play and the unproduced "His Majesty's Embassy" was evidently due to his valuing them as destroyers of popular illusions about upper-class social life and the diplomatic service.) Maurice Baring's principal themes are the Catholic religion and love. Yet we never understand the inevitability of the conversion of their principal characters, or of Maurice Baring himself, and we never can movingly imagine the passionate relations of his lovers, which are invariably buried at such depths of discretion. In "Cat's Cradle," we wonder why Bernard, who has been so much in love with Blanche, does not pounce on her as soon as he sees her again. But in Baring's novels nobody pounces, any more than the characters are allowed to be seen at moments of religious revelation; nor would the ladies allow themselves to be pounced upon any more than the lovers would be capable of pouncing. Though, at the moment that I am writing, sex is being made so baldly explicit that it ceases to be attractive, we cannot but feel that Baring's novels need at least a touch of Lady Chatterley. They are, however, usually doomed to be long-protracted tales of frustration. The heroine marries the wrong man or is a Catholic and has scruples against getting a divorce, or the hero, as in "The Coat Without Seam," is unable to bring himself to take advantage of the opportunities offered him. This undoubtedly was one of the causes—as in the case of Henry James, whose lovers are always renouncing—of the lack of popularity of these novels in relation to Galsworthy's or Wells's. And they do not even seem much to have impinged on the consciousness of the literary world, of his brother and sister writers. One finds very few comments on them. Arnold Bennett notes of "Cat's Cradle" in his diary that "its curious fault is that it reads as if it really had happened: a report of actual events." Virginia Woolf notes of "C." in her diary, "Within its limits, it is not second rate, or there is nothing markedly so, at first go off. The limits are the proof of its nonexistence. He can only do one thing; himself to wit; charming, clean, modest, sensitive Englishman. Outside that radius, and it does not carry far nor illumine much, all is—as it should be—light, sure, propor-

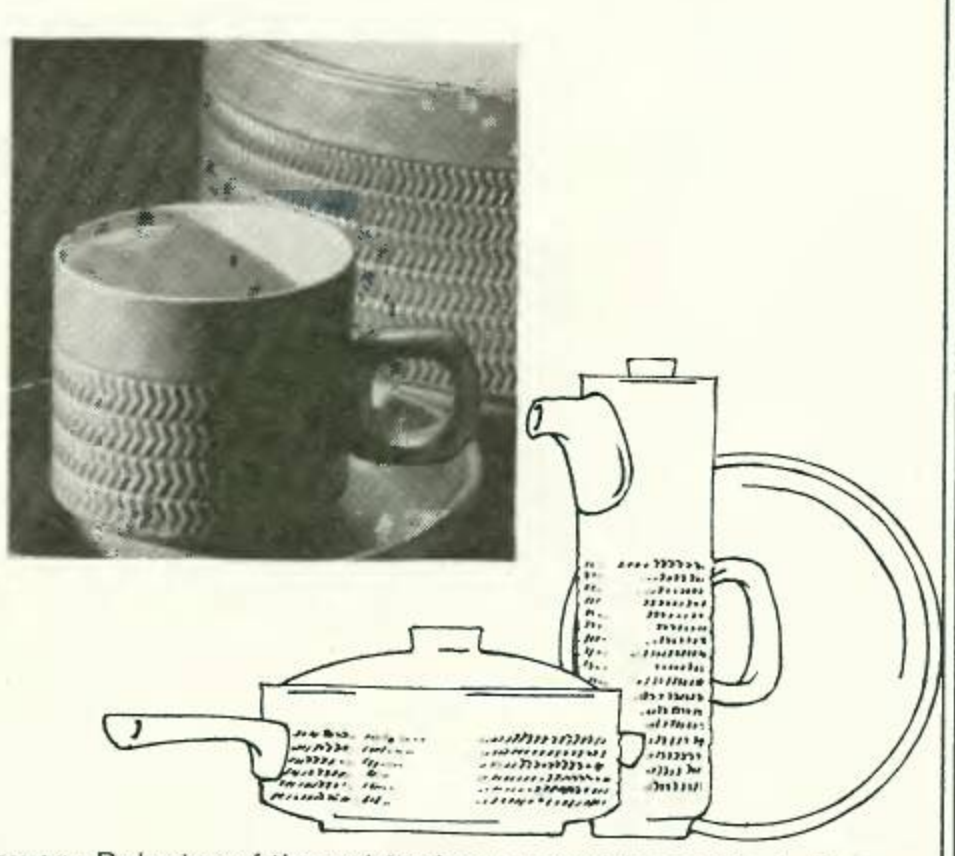
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tioned, affecting even; told in so well bred a manner that nothing is exaggerated, all related, proportioned. I could read this for ever, I said. L[eonard] said one would soon be sick to death of it." Mr. Horgan's description of these novels, more careful and more sympathetic than mine, is the most illuminating that has yet appeared.

Yet "C." is by far, it seems to me, the best novel of Baring's of those I have read. It contains his two most memorable characters: Leila Bucknell, the irresistible siren and invincibly successful bitch, who manages to be financed by a succession of lovers without losing her position in smart society; and Lady Hengrave, the hero's mother, who represents everything most correct, most self-confident, and most discouraging in the solid upper-class world. Though C. himself, in love with and betrayed by Leila, and tactfully thwarted by his mother, is the invariable Baring hero, delicately responsive to music and poetry, who comes to a sad end, both these ladies are treated with a good deal of humor and are really fine comic creations. "C." is too long for inclusion in Mr. Horgan's selection, and he has done well not to try to excerpt it, except for one incident, and, instead, to reprint the whole of one of the shorter novels—"The Lonely Lady of Dulwich." This is a typical Baring story of misplaced and unhappy love. Mr. Horgan has also done well to include the Max Beerbohm parody "'All Roads . . .'" which was added to a late edition of the "Christmas Garland." It is a perfect quintessence of Baring: the flat, simple declarative sentences, the memories of a sensitive childhood, the international social occasions, at which everyone speaks several languages and someone sings delightful French or German songs and at which what the reader takes for the buildup to an exciting love affair ends only in the exquisite lady's having cured the so modest hero of a childhood dislike of Christmas. In Baring's own "Daphne Adeane," the exquisite central lady, though much talked about and admired by way of a portrait, is never allowed to appear at all. She has died before the story commences.

The third department of Baring's writing that I want to commend to the reader is the sequence of burlesques and parodies that he published between 1910 and 1913: "Dead Letters," "Diminutive Dramas," and "Lost Diaries"—later reprinted in one volume as "Unreliable History." One of the favorite devices here is to make the famous figures of the literature or his-

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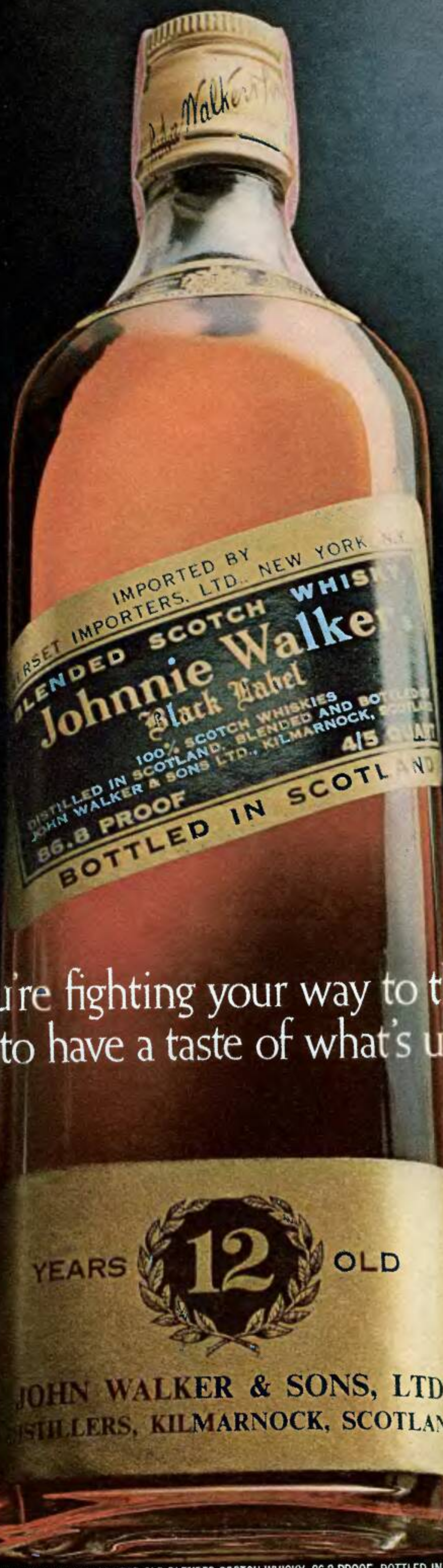
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tory of whatever country or period talk and behave like the English characters of Baring's contemporary novels. Thus Catullus's Lesbia, writing from Baiae to a girl friend in Athens, and Charmian, writing of a dinner in Rome, are made to sound exactly like Leila Bucknell, and Lady Macbeth, writing to Lady Macduff, to invite her to stay at the castle and, if possible, bring her little boy, maintains the dignified, friendly tone of Lady Hengrave reasoning with C. to dissuade him from marrying a Catholic: "I am sorry to say Macbeth is not at all in good case. He is really not at all well, and the fact is he has never got over the terrible tragedy [the murder of Duncan] that happened at Inverness. At first I thought it was quite natural he should be upset. Of course very few people know how fond he was of his cousin." Goneril writes to Regan as follows: "We have been having the most trying time lately with Papa, and it ended today in one of those scenes which are so painful to people like you and me, who *hate* scenes." In an interview with a Greek traveller, the Emperor Nero—speaking Greek, as the visitor says, a little too well—depreciates Roman art in comparison with the Greek, laughs and shrugs when the traveller says he has heard that the games in the Circus are "extremely well worth seeing." To go to them, says Nero, is "part of my profession," but "if I had my own way I should witness nothing but Greek plays acted by my own company in my own house." He regrets, when the visitor is going, that the Empress Mother—whom her son has in fact just poisoned—is "suffering from one of her bad attacks of indigestion" and unfortunately cannot receive him. The Athenians at a smart dinner, in "After Euripides' 'Electra,' " say all the banal things that the Londoners would have said: "Poor Euripides! He's shot his bolt," and "What I say is this, that Clytemnestra thoroughly deserved to die, but Electra wasn't the person to kill her, and that as she did kill her mother she ought to have been punished."



Another of his best burlesques, "Sherlock Holmes in Russia," not included among these selections, appeared not in the "History" series but in a volume called "Russian Essays and Stories." Baring says that it owes much to a young Benckendorff, who was a great Sherlock Holmes fan and had wondered how Holmes would have got on in Russia. In this story, Holmes has Watson accompany him to the country house of a prince to which he has been invited. A number of things have been stolen. Holmes succeeds in retrieving some of them but discovers that the son of the household is a dedicated revolutionary, who has introduced bombs into the household and has had some of the saucepans taken away, apparently in order to disguise the transference of half a million rubles for the revolutionary cause. The village policeman does not arrest the thief, of whose identity he is perfectly aware, and Holmes questions him: " 'But if you know he did this, why don't you arrest him?' I asked. 'God be with him, no,' replied this astonished and astonishing policeman. 'Why arrest him? He has already been in prison once.' 'What for?' I asked. 'He killed the brother of the gamekeeper . . . and he stole hens.'. . .'Does the Prince know this?'. . .'Of course he knows it.'. . . 'Then why does not he insist on his arrest?'. . .'The Prince has pity on us. . . . We are poor people. If he were arrested he would soon come back again and probably kill me; he would certainly burn my house.' " The situation is seen to be complicated, and becomes baffling even to the English Holmes, who, although he speaks Russian perfectly, cannot understand Russian behavior. In the end, a little score book for the game of skat, the disappearance of which has been worrying the household, and which Holmes believes to have been used by the son to write revolutionary messages in cipher, turns up unexpectedly in a drawer of the card table. Holmes, says Watson, after leaving Russia, bewildered and badly vexed, "never referred to the matter again, nor does he like any mention made of the game of skat."

The fourth section of Baring's work that cannot be disregarded is that of his literary criticism, with which must be considered his anthologies. These latter are of a peculiarly personal kind. They include his two volumes of "Algae," which he subtitled "Anthologies of Phrases," and his last substantial book, "Have You Anything to Declare?," a compilation of favorite passages from a lifetime of multilingual reading. The "Algae" consist of very short bits of verse and prose from the literatures of eight languages. By isolating these lines and phrases thus and giving each one a page, he lends them a special distinction—as Eliot does the passages he borrows or quotes—of which one may not



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have been aware if one has met them in rapid reading. Maurice Baring's own poetry is not very impressive. His early lyrics are like old-fashioned undergraduate verse—too many sighs and roses, lilies and asphodels, too much unevocative reference to gold and silver and the sun and the moon and the stars—and his later long elegies on the death of friends and of a nephew, which have sometimes been much applauded, seem to me uninterestingly conventional. Yet in his sonnets one occasionally finds lines which might perhaps satisfy the taste that compiled these fastidious anthologies:

> —As when the moon compels the storm to cease
> And calms the wind; and all the skeins of foam
> Unravel softly on the vanquished sea.
>
> —Like a sad pilgrim who has wandered far,
> And hopes not any longer for the day,
> But blinded by black thickets finds no way,
> Comes to a rift of trees in that sad plight,
> And suddenly sees the unending aisles of night
> And in the emerald gloom the morning star.
>
> —I shall not see the faces of my friends . . .
> In those dark nights before the summer ends;
> Nor see the floods of spring, the melting snow,
> Nor in the autumn twilight hear the stir
> Of reedy marshes, when the wild ducks whir
> And circle black against the afterglow.

Baring's two collections of essays, "Lost Lectures" and "Punch and Judy," have, no doubt because their tone seems rather casual, been undeservedly neglected. He is particularly good on French literature. He says, on the whole correctly, that the lack of appreciation of French poetry on the part of English critics—A. E. Housman once asked a French writer why French poetry had no magic—is due to the prime disadvantage of their not understanding French prosody. One may not be able to agree with him that La Fontaine is the greatest French poet, but if you want to understand what the French admire in their poetry you cannot do better than read Baring on Racine or his review of "The Oxford Book of French Verse." "Have You Anything to Declare?," which he calls a "notebook with commentaries," also shows Baring at his best as a critic. He begins by saying that he once

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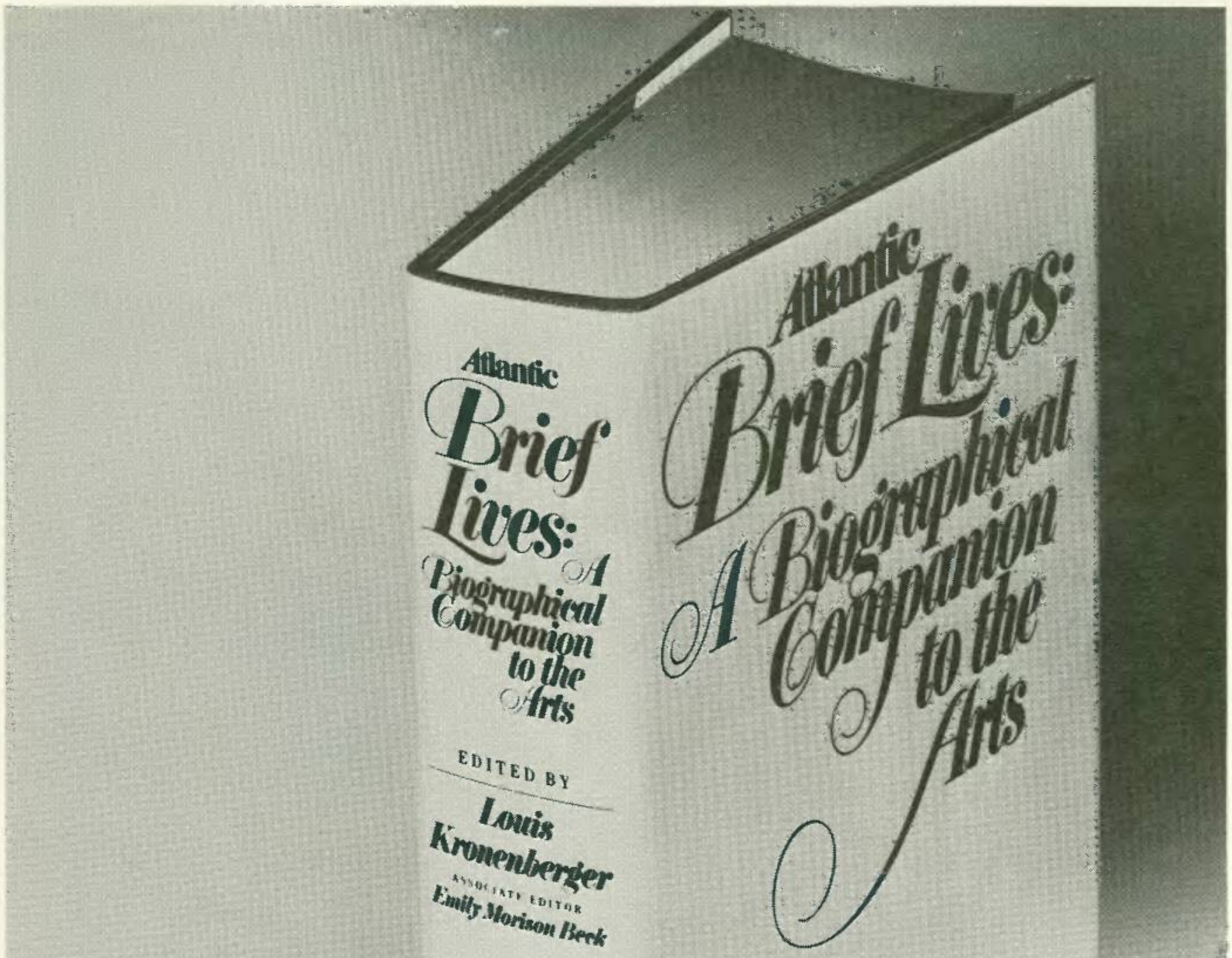


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dreamed he had died and, after crossing the Styx, was confronted by a Customs House official with "Chemins de Fer de l'Enfer" on his cap. He was handed a printed list of not the usual dutiable articles but all the principal literary languages. The favorite passages that follow, not all of them as short as those in the "Algae," extend from Homer to Belloc and Chesterton. I have read in this book many times. It would, I should think, be worth studying—though not perhaps in a college course—by anyone with literary ambitions. Baring was a fine connoisseur of writing and an excellent guide to style.

AND Mr. Horgan is a sure guide to Baring, giving us the best of him in most of his departments and following his example in compiling, in a section called "Good Things," some of his author's witticisms and throwaway sayings. Since the reviewer of a book of this kind should always be able to regret the inclusion or omission of something, I may say that, instead of "The Alternative," a fantasy of scrambled history, I should have preferred one of the weirder episodes from the volume of short stories called "Half a Minute's Silence," such as the tale of the two modern Englishmen who find they have landed, on their way to the Canaries, on the sinister island of Circe. The only section included here that shows Baring at his least impressive is the first part of "The Puppet Show of Memory," in which he tells us about his childhood and gives us nothing but trivial memories—Christmas pantomimes and Christmas parties, home theatricals and made-up games—but which is warranted, on the threshold of Mr. Horgan's book, by reason of the fact that it establishes Baring in his cultivated and comfortable, very well-to-do family environment. The chapter on Eton in Baring's book differs strikingly from the accounts of George Orwell and Cyril Connolly, for Maurice Baring seems never to have been flogged or bullied; he appears to have been quite happy throughout his youth. His friend Max Beerbohm has here again put his finger on the slightly absurd aspects of Baring in the caricature of him in the series of the "Old and New Self." Here the mature Baring, ruddy, glaring, and in evening clothes, with a copy of "The Puppet Show" in his hand, to which he points emphatically and anxiously, appears like a bugaboo at the bedside of his uninterested little-boy self, who is trying to go to sleep, reposing on two soft pillows: "Old Self: 'Now, my little dear, *you*



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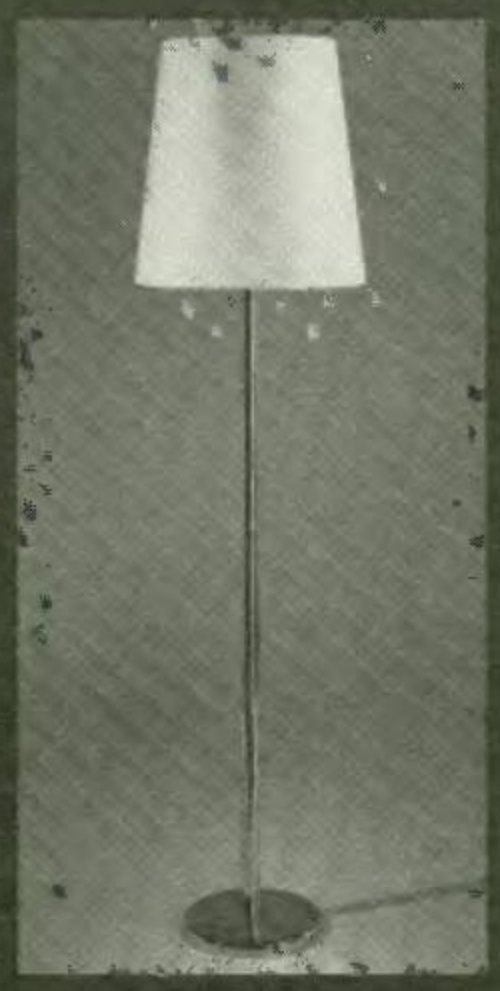
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mayn't remember everything you've been and gone and done and thought and seen today. But *I* do. And before you go to sleepy-bye I'll read it to you.' " But these memoirs, which tell us almost nothing about his parents and brothers and sisters, his religious experience or his love affairs, become a good deal more interesting in his accounts of his diplomatic travels and of his adventures during the war in Manchuria and in St. Petersburg after the revolution of 1905.

The photographs of Baring and Max's caricatures are curiously out of keeping with the fine vibrations and the alert sense of humor that one finds in the best of Baring's books. And these books, although infused with a sense of comedy, never carry practical joking and compulsively violent behavior as far as Baring did in his life. For we are told that he liked to startle by setting fire to his scanty hair, by jumping into the Thames with his clothes on, or by leaping up and hanging by a chandelier. He would walk through a smart Paris restaurant at the time of the Dreyfus case (though he said that he detested the Dreyfusards) shouting, "*Dreyfus est innocent!*," throw his eyeglasses into the fire when some lady said she did not like them, or fling an expensive overcoat out of the window of a railway compartment when he found that he could not get it into his valise. One of his more amusing pranks was riding on a bicycle to a country house to which he had been invited for a weekend, taking off his hat, as he passed, to the people at the front door expecting him, and disappearing till the following evening, when he punctually turned up for dinner. He called himself a troll, and I believe that his impulses to do something unconventional at variance with his deadpan appearance were protests against the world of Lady Hengrave and the routines of the country house and of the diplomatic service, in the latter of which he once frightened into collapse one of the women who worked in the office by sending her, compressed in a dispatch box, one of those snakes that pop out. He seems to be protesting thus against his own dignified presence, as he is in his parodies of solemn speeches and official justifications. I believe that a certain defiance of the well-bred British assumptions contributed both to his adherence to the Catholic Church and to his fascination with Russia, where, during the Manchurian war, he suffered severe hardships and mingled with all classes of people, as he would never have done in England. But this *esprit de contradic-*

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tion is usually very quiet and itself appears quite well bred. It is only when one catches its flavor that Maurice Baring becomes entertaining, and only if one responds to what Vernon Lee calls the musical charm of his writing that one can become mildly addicted to Baring. The troll-like element in his personality, though it more or less muted his emotions, did not prevent him from becoming a very shrewd man of the world or, throughout the First World War, from functioning ably as a staff officer in the Royal Flying Corps. But one remembers him not as the blocklike books that fill up the shelves of one's library or as the solid dreams those books project but as the varied conversation, at times almost opalescent, of a very pleasant companion, whom it is always refreshing to listen to, even if one may not always remember exactly what it was he said.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FIRE SERMON, by Wright Morris (Harper & Row). In this, his fifteenth novel, Mr. Morris reaches for a bit of timeliness: he gives us a hero, Floyd Warner, whose chief characteristic is a dislike for kids. Floyd is quite harmless, however, being eighty-two years old and spending his days in an antique trailer parked in a California lot. Every so often, he comes out to serve as a school-crossing guard—which permits him to don a hardhat and to swat at the objects of his dislike with a stop sign—but, in general, things happen *to* him: his orphaned grandnephew comes to stay, his sister dies and he has to go back to Nebraska, and then a pair of hippies climb into his trailer. Although Mr. Morris never makes clear *why* Floyd should be so put out by kids, he does tell all about his minor quirks and mannerisms, and these can be charming. It is simply the overlay of up-to-date message that spoils this book.

GRENDEL, by John Gardner (Knopf). In the Old English poem "Beowulf," Grendel is a descendant of Cain—a monster who devours civilized human beings until he himself is ripped to pieces by the virtuous hero. In retelling the story, Mr. Gardner has made Grendel the narrator, as if to give him a chance to correct the bad impression we have of him in the poem. Alas, this strategy only compounds poor Grendel's problems, for he must now be not just a

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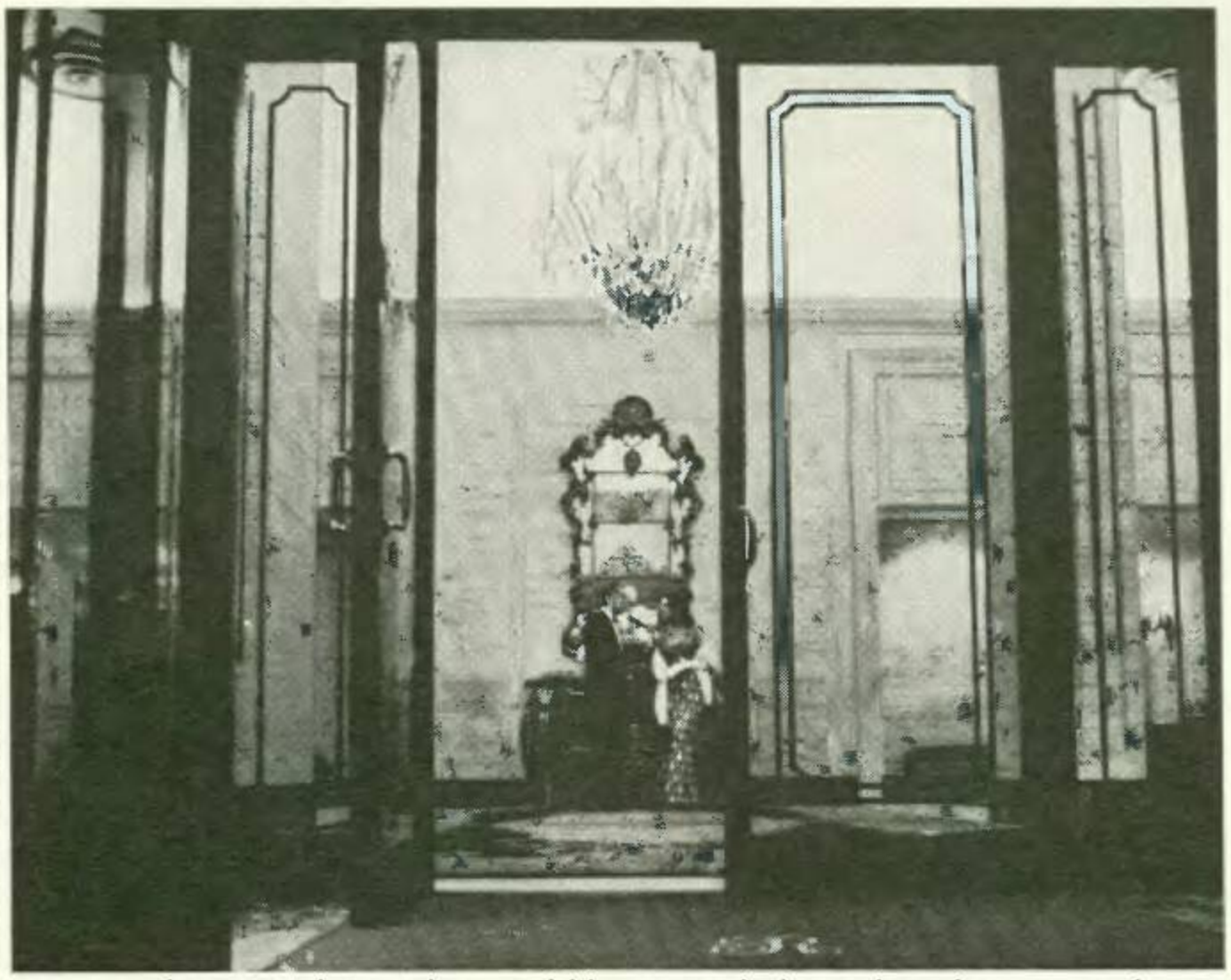
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monster but a sensitive, intelligent, inquiring monster—an Existentialist, in fact, anguished by what he now calls "my idiotic war" yet bound to pursue that war to its awful end. In addition, he finds himself made the author's mouthpiece on such matters as the rise of the regional state, the growth of religion, and the function of political marriage in medieval times. As we watch the hapless monster struggle with all this material—here searching his soul before murdering another person, there marking the manner in which other people conduct *their* wars—we sense how disappointed he must be. Having escaped from a poem in which he has nothing to say, he finds himself in a novel in which he has too much.

GENERAL

THE SOCIALIST MYTH, by Peregrine Worsthorne (Weybright & Talley). This is a thoroughly disquieting book, because it earnestly and truthfully raises a number of painful questions about the future of democratic Socialism—and, indeed, about any attempt to attain social justice without coercion. Mr. Worsthorne, who is deputy editor of England's *Sunday Telegraph*, quotes the anthems and jubilations he composed upon Harold Wilson's election in 1964, and then proceeds to take them back—not because he thinks Wilson was inadequate but because the fortunes of the Wilson administration have persuaded him that British Socialism, in theory and practice, makes it impossible for the Labour Party to govern. As he points out, a modern state with a modern economy which is committed to social welfare and social change must interfere with the lives of its citizens far more than a government that lets the market run the economy and the population sort itself out by class. But, Mr. Worsthorne goes on, democratic Socialism cannot persuade the public (including the working class) to make the sacrifices and bear the burdens required to build the New Jerusalem, because Socialist ideology scorns the appeals—particularly patriotism—that rally men; the national community as an object of love and self-sacrifice is wholly a Tory property. So the bureaucrat who allocates a council house to this family rather than to that one seems far more capricious than a real-estate agent who sells a house to the highest

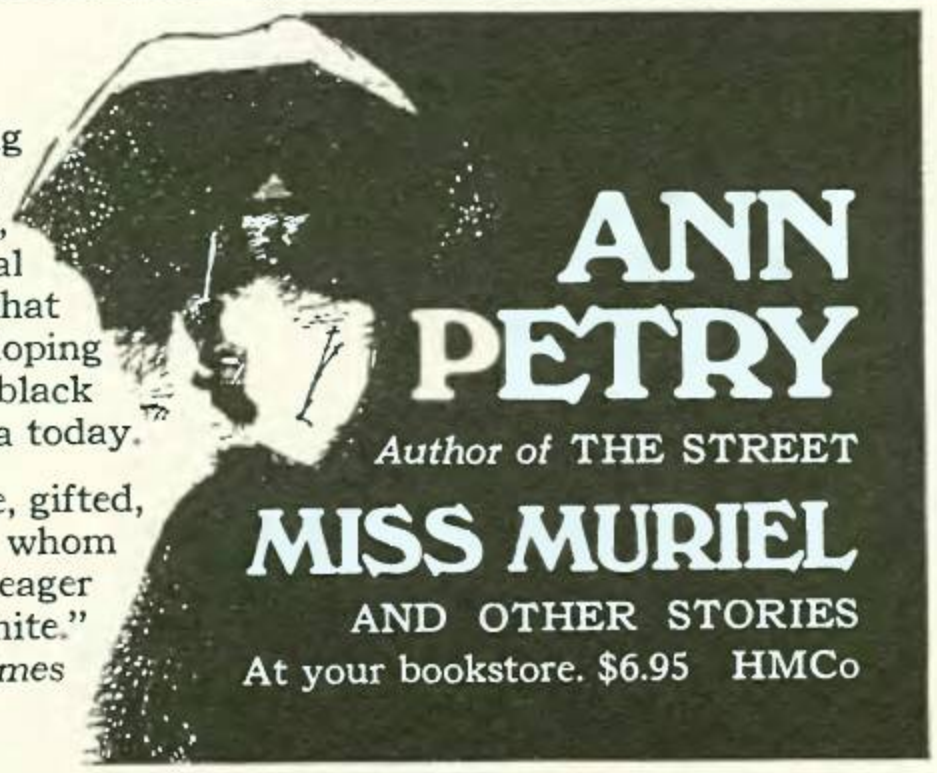


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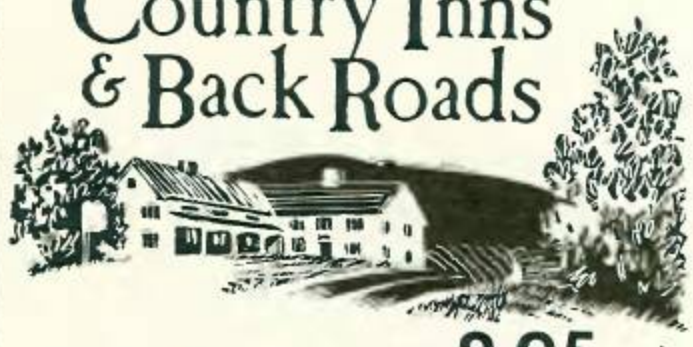
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bidder; the agents and the agencies of the Socialist state intrude or demand but they do not inspire. Labour, trying to phase out the old hereditary ruling class, has nobody to put in its place, except perhaps intellectuals, and Mr. Worsthorne finds that intellectuals—in British society and politics, anyway—have ranged from mediocre to pernicious. They have proved themselves ideological perfectionists, who regard ordinary political compromise as betrayal. Mr. Worsthorne applies some of his theories to the United States, describing familiar phenomena in somewhat unfamiliar terms, but is not wholly convincing. And his insistence that the English and Americans must renounce that most generous of hopes, a classless society, sometimes reads like a scolding designed to persuade a rebellious youth to give up poetry and enter the family business. Nonetheless, Mr. Worsthorne, in his practical, experienced, newspaperman's way, referring to specific administrations and particular programs, is coping with the most acute question in the modern world: What are the sources of legitimate authority?

ALPHA OMEGA, by Winfield Townley Scott, edited by Eleanor M. Scott (Doubleday). This book consists of an autobiographical memoir written shortly before the poet's death, in 1968, plus a handful of poems—his last. Its parts are interestingly and successfully related by a line from Kierkegaard chosen by Scott as an epigraph for his memoir: "We are all of us what we are to be by the time we are ten years old." The memoir covers the first ten years of Scott's life (1910-20), in Newport, as the cherished son of a middle-middle-class Yankee family—shy, bookish (dazzled by "The Rover Boys" and "Tom Swift" and "Men of Iron"), eating candy from little glass telephones and chewing paving tar, building a shack, singing First World War songs ("Keep your head down, Fritzie boy"), going for long Sunday rides in the family touring car. It leads precisely to his last, fine poems. Webster Schott, a friend of Scott's later years, contributes a valuable introduction.

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$1918†. That's our story. The same old low-price story you'll get with every Corolla 1200. Starting with our $1798† sedan. And although you can't go wrong with either Corolla, the fastback is the sportier of the two.

It has a fancier outside as well as a fancier inside. With a steering wheel, dash and console that have the look and feel of wood. The kind you usually find on more expensive cars.

Like every Corolla, the fastback is loaded with standard things usually extra on more expensive cars. White sidewall tires. Tinted glass. Thick snap-down nylon carpets. Fully reclining bucket seats. All-vinyl interior. Glove box. And a recessed parcel shelf for more storage area.

Like every Corolla, the fastback is put together to stay together. It has an engine with five-main bearings. Anti-rust undersealant to help keep out corrosion. And a frame and body welded into one piece.

Like every Corolla 1200, the fastback is tight with your money. It uses up gas at a snail's pace. And it even comes with a sealed lubrication system.

Like every Corolla (and unlike most cars in this price range), the fastback is big enough for even six footers to stretch out. This year it's wider and almost ten inches longer than last year.

So you see, whichever Toyota Corolla you pick, you get a good looking, dependable car.

The inexpensive one for $1798†.

Or the expensive one for $1918†.

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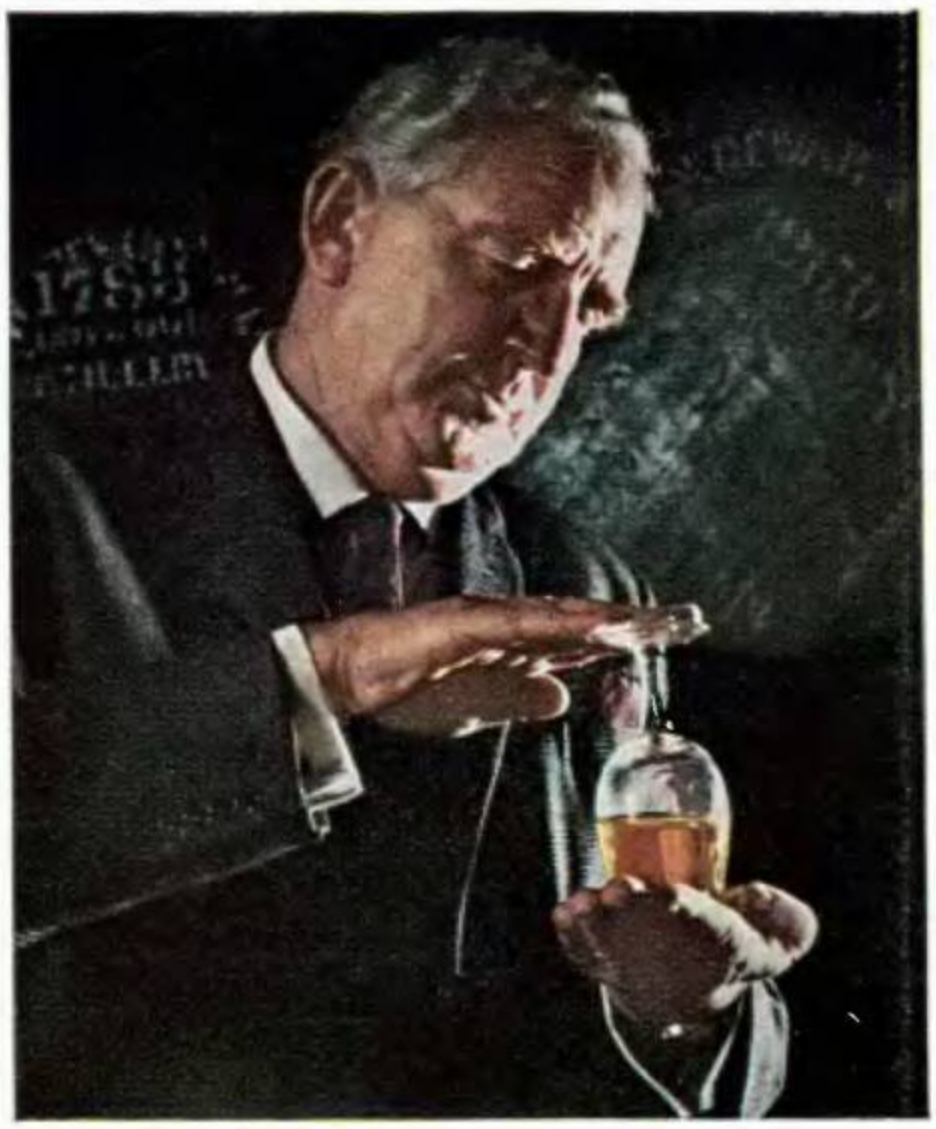
We're quality oriented

The Corolla Fastback.
It may make our story harder to believe.



†Manufacturer's suggested retail price, 2-door sedan $1798; 2-door station wagon $1958; 2-door fastback $1918. (Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.) Freight, dealer preparation, options and taxes extra. For your nearest Toyota dealer, call (800) 243-6000 toll-free. In Connecticut, (800) 942-0655.

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The Aroma Ritual

Our Master Blender has a very ancient ritual he applies to each one of the great whiskies blended into Dewar's "White Label" Scotch.

Each single whisky chosen is swirled around in a glass shaped like a brandy snifter. It is then nosed to gauge its aroma.

He then places his palm on top of the glass and turns the glass upside down. He waits a moment, then reverses it and sniffs again. The finest whisky will have doubled the strength of its scent.

Finally he rubs the one wet palm against his other hand and holds both to his face. And with one long, steady, deep breath, compares the full-flavor bouquet of this whisky to the thousands he has tested before.

This unique combination of skill, instinct, experience, and this authentic ritual is one of the many reasons why Dewar's "White Label" is considered to be the authentic Scotch of today.



Part of the great pleasure one gets from sipping Dewar's "White Label" Scotch is the reassuring knowledge that you have chosen something authentic.



Dewar's never varies.

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.