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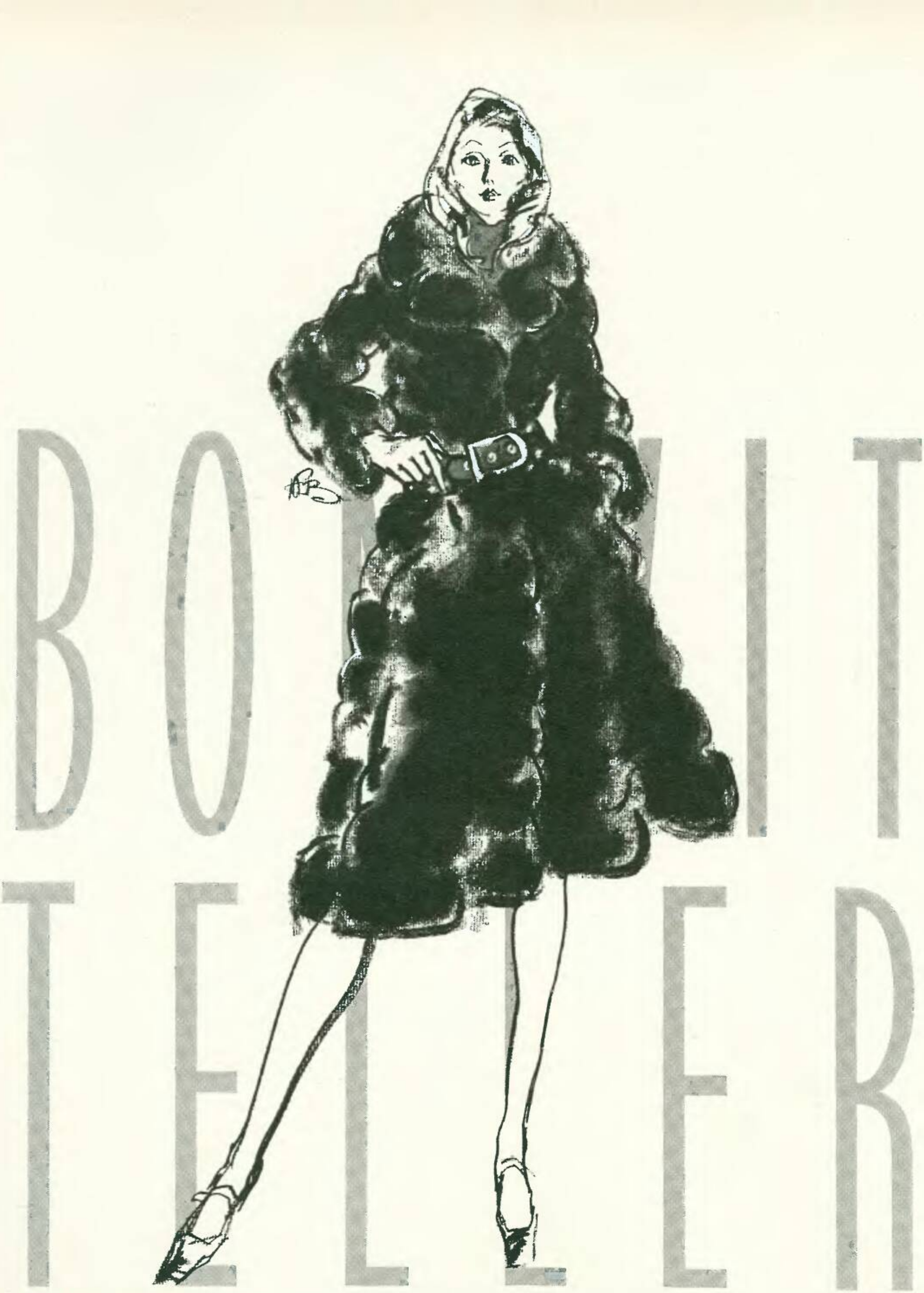

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed To Die a Natural Death—An all-black musical show, full of blistering recitatives and a couple of touching laments. The handiwork of Melvin Van Peebles, made flesh and blood by a superlative cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The form is nightmare, and the sufferings of the audience, which is manhandled in various ways, are greater—or at least more immediate—than those of the prisoners on the stage. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 22nd St. 673-5470, from 4 to 8. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Nov. 21.)

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 fine as the soldier. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Esther Rolle, Leonard Parker, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Black Terror—A play by Richard Wesley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Follies—A disappointing show, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (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.)

The Grass Harp—A musical version of Truman Capote's novel of the same name. Kenward Elmslie wrote the book and lyrics, and Claibe Richardson the music. The cast is headed by Barbara Cook, Carol Brice, Karen Morrow, Ruth Ford, and Max Showalter. Ellis Rabb directed. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Nov. 4.)

A Gun Play—A doomy, silly dud, but Eugene Troobnick is highly comic as a slapdash waiter. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 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

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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.)

The Incomparable Max—A play that purports to be about Max Beerbohm and isn't. Hammered together by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and starring Clive Revill and Richard Kiley. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

Lenny—An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. Tom O'Horgan is the director, and the brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Love Me, Love My Children—A Canadian musi-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 41

"LOVE: FIRST LESSONS" . . . . . *John Updike* 46

"CRUSOE IN ENGLAND" (POEM) . . . . . *Elizabeth Bishop* 48

"THE CONGRESS" . . . . . *Jorge Luis Borges* 50

PROFILES (HENRY GELDZAHLER) . . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 58

THE THEATRE . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 115

OFF BROADWAY . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 115

FOOTBALL . . . . . *J. W. L.* 117

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (FEMININE FASHIONS) . . . . . *Kennedy Fraser* 123

LETTER FROM ARMENIA . . . . . *Freeman J. Dyson* 126

THE SPORTING SCENE (BASEBALL) . . . . . *Roger Angell* 138

"STRANGE FORMATIONS" (POEM) . . . . . *Tom McKeown* 156

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 159

JAZZ RECORDS . . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 160

U.S. JOURNAL: DISNEY WORLD, FLA. . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 173

THE RACE TRACK . . . . . *Audax Minor* 181

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Pauline Kael* 183

BOOKS . . . . . *Robert Coles* 191

BRIEFLY NOTED 199

COVER: *Jean-Michel Folon*

DRAWINGS: *George Price, William Steig, William Hamilton, Chon Day, Barney Tobey, Warren Miller, Mischa Richter, Robert Weber, Charles Saxon, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., J. B. Handelsman, Donald Reilly, Lee Lorenz, Charles Barsotti, Dana Fradon, Al Ross, Joseph Mirachi*

THE NEW YORKER

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVII, No. 38, November 6, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

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Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cal by Robert Swerdlow. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 3. (Mercer O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE MASTER BUILDER—Even this shallow, lacklustre production cannot dim Ibsen's blazing play, in a lively translation by Michael Meyer. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7161. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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.)

ON THE TOWN—A valiant effort has been made to bring the 1944 Green-Comden-Bernstein musical back to life, but in vain. The cast includes Bernadette Peters, Donna McKechnie, Phyllis Newman, Ron Husmann, and Remak Ramsay. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE—Peter Falk and Lee Grant in Neil Simon's new comedy. Directed by Mike Nichols. Previews Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 8-10. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 11. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Schiller's **MARY STUART,** translated and adapted by Stephen Spender, with Nancy Marchand and Salome Jens. The first in this season's series of four plays. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 10, except Thursday, Nov. 4; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 11, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; on Friday, Nov. 12, at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

STICKS AND BONES—A play by David Rabe. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

TO LIVE ANOTHER SUMMER, TO PASS ANOTHER WINTER—Musical propaganda from Israel. At once peppy and dull, though the girls are pretty and the men can sing. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

UNLIKELY HEROES—Three one-act plays, adapted by Larry Arrick from stories by Philip Roth. Well acted by, among others, Lou Jacobi and Michael Tolan, but a thin evening. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE WEDDING OF IPHIGENIA PLUS IPHIGENIA IN CONCERT—From London, a musical adapted by Doug Dyer from Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis," with a score by Peter Link performed by a rock chorus of women. Opens Thursday, Nov. 4. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

WHERE HAS TOMMY FLOWERS GONE?—Terrence McNally's episodic comedy about the one-man rebellion against our society of a compulsive prankster and émigré to this city from St. Petersburg, Florida. The play lacks the force and bite of true satire, but it is quite entertaining most of the time. With Robert Drivas and, among other strong supporting actors, F. Murray Abraham. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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LONG RUNS—APPLAUSE: A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." Now with Anne Baxter. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) ... **COMPANY:** Stephen Sondheim's brilliant, acerbic, funny, and sad study of urban loneliness. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **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 (Joan Blondell) 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.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** *Liliata rutilantium. Turma circumdet. Iubilantium te virginum.* (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:** The priest's grey nimbus in a niche where he dressed discreetly. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** I will not sleep here tonight. Home also I cannot go. (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:** Lady Russell, indeed, had scarcely any influence with Elizabeth, and seemed to love her, rather because she would love her, than because Elizabeth deserved it. She had never received from her more than outward attention, nothing beyond the observances of complaisance; had never succeeded in any point which she wanted to carry, against previous inclination. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** She had been repeatedly very earnest in trying to get Anne included in the visit to London, sensibly open to all the injustice and all the discredit of the selfish arrangements which shut her out, and on many lesser occasions had endeavoured to give Elizabeth the advantage of her own better judgment and experience—but always in vain. (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.) ... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **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 adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." With Robert Guillaume and Patti Jo. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 7.)... **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy musical about their ancestors never rings true. (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 thin musical retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. John Cunningham is John Adams, and Jay Garner is Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday evening, Nov. 3: "Petrouchka," "Reflections," and "Astarte."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 4: "Kettentanz," "The Lesson," "Valentine," and "The Mingus Dances."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 5: "Moves," "Trinity," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 6: "Konservatoriet," "The Still Point," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 6: "Reflections," "Valentine," "The Lesson," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 7: "Reflections," "Valentine," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 7: "Moves," "Weewis," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 9: "Square Dance," "Weewis," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 10: "Kettentanz," "Feast of Ashes," and "Astarte."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 11: "Square Dance," "Feast of Ashes," and "The Mingus Dances."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 12: "Kettentanz," "Feast of Ashes," and "Astarte."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 13: "Square Dance," "Weewis," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 13: "Reflections," "Valentine," and "The Mingus Dances." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

NATIONAL DANCE COMPANY OF MOROCCO—A company of fifty in a one-week engagement. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 4-5, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2 and 7:30.)

RITUAL ACROBATS OF PERSIA—An all-male troupe of thirty in a one-week engagement. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesday, Nov. 9, and Thursday and Friday, Nov. 11-12, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2 and 7:30.)

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—A benefit program of works by Martha Graham, José Limón, and Anna Sokolow, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Orchestra and Chamber Ensemble conducted by James Conlon. (Juilliard Theatre, Lincoln Center. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, at 8. For tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ANN HALPRIN'S SAN FRANCISCO DANCERS' WORKSHOP—A new work, "Initiations and Transformations." (Downstairs at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Friday through Tuesday, Nov. 12-16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call JU 6-2828.)

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)—Folk is dominant, with singers John Prine and Steve Goodman taking turns. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples. Closed Monday, Nov. 8.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Wednesday, Nov. 3, pianist Nico plays with a bassist. Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 4-7, guitarist Joe Beck will lead a trio. Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 8-9, Walter Davis, Jr.—a pianist with futuristic tendencies—will work with a bassist, and Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 10-14, the Beck group will be back again. The food has sufficient soul. Music from nine-thirty to three.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Through Saturday, Nov. 6, pianist Hal Galper will gig with bassist Terry Plumeri. Starting Tuesday, Nov. 9, electric-pianist and acoustic-guitarist Ralph Towner coöperates with bassist Glen Moore. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass violist substitute for the regulars. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this new restaurant has soft lights, a respectable menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a jazz quartet that sticks pretty much to the present. Music from ten to four.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—To prove that it intends to live in the eclectic rather than the electronic world, this enterprise now presents, back to back, the boogie-woogie piano of Sammy Price and the Andalusian guitar of Anita Sheer—a small world, but one of the best. This pair is on hand from eight until one every night but Sunday, when Cyril Haynes does a seven-to-midnight session on piano. A fully staffed kitchen, too.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. Through Monday, Nov. 8, Mitch Ryder will be singing with a rock band called Detroit. Then, on Tuesday, Nov. 9, two related rock groups—Parliament and Funkadelic—who specialize in overripe sounds, will turn up to do four-hour concerts. They will start at nine-thirty each night and will stay through Thursday, Nov. 11.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 3-7, Gene Bertoncini will handle the instrument. Linc Milliman will be his bassist. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Soul food.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Ruby Braff plays his consummate cornet through Sunday, Nov. 7—aided by Kenny Asher on piano, Dottie Dodgion on drums, and Victor Sproles on bass. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 5-7, blues singer Jimmy Rushing will join in. On Tuesday, Nov. 9, saxophonist Buddy Tate will bring in a quartet that includes drummer Jo Jones. Mondays, the stage is occupied by Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band.

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JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianofortist Eddie Thompson keeps them smiling most of the time as he swings, ripples, and rolls. He plays alone Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays. Fridays and Saturdays, Jamal Sulieman is added on bass. On Mondays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. The bar is dark and the popcorn hot.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old reliable, a haven for honest Dixieland. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Roy Eldridge, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Fridays through Sundays, Nov. 5-7 and Nov. 12-14, pianist Don Pullen will lead a trio, and Rita Da Costa will sing. Music from nine until closing. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Once more into the jazz-and-soul-food bag, the ingredients of which fit together pretty well in this informal club. Guitarist Sonny Henry leads a quartet nightly from nine-thirty to two.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Sax man James Moody is in charge of a quintet, and Eddie Jefferson is doing some vocals. On Tuesday, Nov. 9, they will give way to a five-some led by trumpeter Lee Morgan. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

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. The Reggie Moore trio, with singer Joe Lee Wilson, alternates with some eclectics called the Midnight Sun. The draperies sparkle. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Ahmad Jamal does fancy things at the piano until Monday, Nov. 8, when Mose Allison comes along with a bluesier approach. Each will be assisted by bass and drums. These people play every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Gato Barbieri, an Argentinian reed man with some Third World ideas, leads his quintet through Sunday, Nov. 7. Pianist Bill Evans, sleek and subtle, arrives with his trio Tuesday, Nov. 9. Mondays are reserved for the big, blockbusting Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, Nov. 7, trombonist Conrad Janis will sit in. The rest of the week, a banjo entertains in this squarish establishment, whose theme song ought to be "Ha-ha-ha and a Mug of Beer," or something.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only snacks are served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

NICO'S, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—Neither fish nor fowl, but trying hard to be a winged mermaid. When Chico Hamilton's quartet is not on the stand—playing some kind of jet-age jazz—everybody is supposed to get up and dance to old records by Aretha or the MC5. Dinner and supper from the kitchen of a flying boxcar. Eight-thirty to two, every night but Sunday.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to a good assortment of records, which three times a night are interrupted by a trio known as Jack D'Johns—or, beginning Monday, Nov. 8—by a singing, playing foursome called the Vix. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move 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)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for light snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

BIG DEALS

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

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. Among the *brau*-beaters is a set of *schuhplattler* dancers; i.e., a great plenty of corn gets husked during the evening. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Jack Jones, young tenor about town, whose lyrics promise many hits, many runs, and many Eros, departs on Wednesday, Nov 3, and so does the local jester, Dick Lord. Next evening, Connie Francis, who is always in the mainstream of big-room sopranos, gets going; her partner will be Frank Fontaine, whose anecdotes are mostly excerpts from the Old Testament of humor. No nights off for anyone. . . . ¶ From the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas take off at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT,** a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, a Peter Duchin band (without, however, the head of the house) plays for dancing from eight-thirty to two-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. The manner is *haute cuisine* and *haute couture*. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ,** Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, is around Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The old empress in her beautiful new clothes, the work of civic-minded redecorators. In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** the decoration is Carol Lawrence, who sings at ten during the week, at nine and eleven-thirty Friday and Saturday. On Monday, Nov. 8, John Rowles will be flown in from New Zealand to show us all how pop singing sounds Down Under. Burt Farber and Mark Monte remain on duty, and so do their ebullient orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9** (PL 9-3933), the revue called "Look Me Up," which sets to at eight and eleven, hinges on the they-don't-write-songs-like-that-anymore premise. Don Liberto is the one familiar figure in this God-bless-the-twenties reprise. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Not a trace of the Edwardian Room appears in its transformation into the blooming **GREEN TULIP,** a restaurant patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** which remains palmy and courtly, Sandu Marcu is on the business end of a violin from four-thirty to seven-thirty; Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, those old Viennese cronies, do fiddle-and-piano duets from eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Once again, Benny Goodman has come out of another of his retirements, bringing a half-dozen sidemen (one is Urbie Green, on trombone) along, and the sound of his clarinet will once again revive memories. Dancing to this reprise, too. Sundays are dead ducks.

RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—All those potatoes and almost no meat, except when Sy Oliver sets his band in flow through a bunch of arrangements with noticeably high-relief ornamentation. Music between six and two, Mondays through Saturdays, and, luckily, most of it Oliver's.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE,** still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by the New Seekers, who are young, and male-and-female, and rock, and roll. The dance band is George Cort's. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **LA BOITE,** whose décor makes it yet another haven-on-earth, that master violinist Gunnar Hansen is conducting his this season's Grand Tour of the Continent, which goes on until long after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ And in the **ST. REGIS ROOM,** George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli are on double guitar as soon as the clock strikes nine-thirty. No Sundays or Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Johnny Mathis, who so often, during his cool contemplation of a song of the day, seems to withdraw into introspection, has chosen an odd place (the cluttery **EMPIRE ROOM**) to show his cool, but he nevertheless does it twice a night. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): It's a big, wide, wonderful world that Bobby Short sings about—charming, gay, heedless, even headless and headlong at times, and it does sound great while it lasts. Mr. S. is, naturally, on piano; Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his faithful running mates. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary in all this, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they begin at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in the court of a Moroccan nobleman. Over there, after nine-thirty, sits Jacques Kayal, a vocal pianist to whom French, as it is to all Moroccans, is a second language; over here is the maître d., ready to provide couscous; Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Sandy Baron is out of his element, which is, after all, Main Stem, but he has no trouble in communicating his sense of humor to his new parishioners, because he is a man for more than one season. Mondays through Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, who knows all there is to know about such a menu. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down under is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays, and Signor Palermo drops by from time to time. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty for an audience often made up of crowned heads. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from six to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A watering place in the New Spain, as grand in its tiny way as Marienbad before the Fall. Guitar, naturally—this between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays; dining until ten. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A Mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. Piano, constructivist and contemplative, from seven-thirty to eleven by the young Juilliard undergraduate Ray Onley. No Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Monday. . . . **MARY-MARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Not beyond the recall of Mary McCarty are the bantering words and music with which such revues as "Small Wonder" were endowed in the golden days of Broadway, the scene of her childhood. Now, fresh every evening out of "Follies," she is as good as ever. Her companions can be almost anyone now working in the Broadway showshops. Ten-thirty is her starting time. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE,** 308 E. 59th St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(832-3814): This bookstall, a sister to the one detailed above, is fair of face, being all of a summery green and white. Against one wall sits Jerry Scott, whose voice and piano have the sound of a comforting country house-party. Nine until two through the week, ten until three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and Joe Candullo's set of prowling instrumentalists. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A movable feast in this old architectural ornament is produced by a Lester Lanin duo that plays during cocktails on the Terrace and at dinner in the Gold Room, Mondays through Fridays. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S**, 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): Residents made homeless when Goldie's New York expired will find Wayne Sanders, half of the piano duo that ruled that roost, in session from nine until two, every night but Sunday, in the same sort of refuge.

ART

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

GALLERIES

KAREL APPEL—Fifteen new paintings and eight large polychrome aluminum sculptures, plus three painted wood-and-canvas wall reliefs by this European Expressionist whose works are familiar in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Large canvases with circular forms; starting Saturday, Nov. 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM BAILEY—Nudes in interiors and still-lifes by a painstaking realist; through Thursday, Nov. 11. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics; through Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Wooden boxes and reliefs containing allusive objects; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

AARON BOHROD—More of this veteran artist's hyperrealistic paintings of assembled objects; starting Monday, Nov. 8. (Danenberg & Roman, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

SIMEON BRAGUIN—Abstractions suggesting sails and the sea by a nineteen-thirties artist who was for many years an absentee from painting; through Nov. 18. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL BURLIN (1886-1969)—Paintings, most of them late, by this well-known Expressionist; through Nov. 18. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Humorous animal cutouts done this year, some with mobile parts; plus gouaches. The show is running concurrently with his show (ending Thursday, Nov. 4) of tapestries at the Whitney Museum. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ALLAN D'ARCANGELO—Thirty paintings on canvas and paper which develop the recently inaugurated "Constellations" theme of this artist, who is known for his compositions of highway and traffic symbols; starting Saturday, Nov. 6. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AVEL DE KNIGHT—Landscapes with African themes by an award-winning Afro-American; through Nov. 27. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL FEELEY (1910-66)—Paintings and drawings by a "color" painter; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN FERRO—The first one-man show of the artist's metal sculptures made of bolted bridge-building elements; through Nov. 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAN FLAVIN—Installations of this artist's fluorescent-light compositions. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Through Nov. 23. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Weber, 420 West Broadway. Through Nov. 17. Closed Mondays.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Two showings of paintings by this influential Abstract Expressionist; starting Saturday, Nov. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

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LEONEL GÓNGORA—Oils, watercolors, and drawings of humorous and erotic conceptions of women; through Nov. 27. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES GRASHOW—Giant-size figures of men (of polyester, fibre glass, wire, and paint) engaged in a free-for-all; through Nov. 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Saturdays.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 20. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM GROPPER—Almost two hundred drawings from the past fifty years by this left-wing social commentator prominent in the thirties; starting Monday, Nov. 8. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

GEORGE GROSZ (1893-1959)—Drawings done between 1912 and 1920 by the great German satirist of the First World War period; through Nov. 27. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

ARMAND GUILLAUMIN (1841-1927)—More than forty paintings by a French Impressionist; starting Thursday, Nov. 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

SERGE HOLLERBACH—Caseins and drawings of contemporary scenes in New York; through Nov. 16. (Lesnick-Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MORTON KAISH—Decorative paintings based on realistic subjects; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

MORRIS KANTOR—Abstract paintings with suggestions of figures; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALEX KATZ—Painted cutouts of the artist's friends; through Nov. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Color-field paintings; through Nov. 27. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT KEYSER—Paintings of abstract forms derived from nature; starting Monday, Nov. 8. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

RON KLEEMANN—Neo-realist paintings of automobiles, subways, fire engines, and so on; through Nov. 17. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

DAVID LEVINE—Portraits and scenes of Coney Island in watercolor; through Friday, Nov. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—About forty early and recent drawings; starting Tuesday, Nov. 9. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

RICHARD LINDNER—Watercolors by the German-American famous for his threatening uniformed females; through Nov. 24. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

MORRIS LOUIS—More of the veil paintings; through Wednesday, Nov. 10. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE (1898-1967)—Paintings and sculptures by the Belgian Surrealist; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

PAT MAINARDI—The first one-woman show of the artist's landscapes, political compositions, and symbolic still-lifes; through Sunday, Nov. 7. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

RONALD MARKMAN—Ten paintings and ten bronzes with satirical themes; through Nov. 27. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT MARQUET (1875-1947)—A benefit show of seventy paintings by this contemporary of Matisse, Vlaminck, and Derain; through Dec. 4. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

MITZI MELNICOFF—Oil paintings of figures in patterned interiors; starting Saturday, Nov. 6. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

RICHARD MILLER—Bronze and wax female figures; through Nov. 27. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMEDEO MODIGLIANI (1884-1920)—Fifty-two paintings, including portraits and a few nudes, from private museum collections, representing all phases of the artist's development; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

LOWELL NESBITT AND ANTON HEYBOER—Drawings, some with watercolor, by the former, a fantasist in a hyper-realist mode, and prints by the latter, a Dutch artist who devotes himself exclusively to etching; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JERRY OKIMOTO—Geometric paintings which, when seen at a distance, resemble stacked logs, a pile of boxes, and so on; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—Oils by a School of Paris artist celebrated for his paintings of women; through Nov. 20. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

ANN COLE PHILLIPS—Impressions of ancient Persepolis, also paintings on the theme of modern estrangement; starting Tuesday, Nov. 9. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Constructions made of corrugated boxes; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

SOPHY REGENSBURG—Still-lifes with closeup effects; starting Saturday, Nov. 6. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

EMILIO SANCHEZ—Paintings and drawings of sunlit Caribbean structures; through Sunday, Nov. 7. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

PETER SAUL—Drawings and one large painting on the subjects of "The Art World Establishment," "Black Power," and "The Political Scene;" through Nov. 27. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

BEN SHAHN (1898-1969)—Paintings, watercolors, gouaches, and drawings, many never before exhibited; starting Saturday, Nov. 6. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

HELENE SIMON—Stone sculptures in organic forms; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

WILLIAM STEIG—Drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

RUFINO TAMAYO—Recent paintings by a leading Mexican who combines modern and folk modes; starting Tuesday, Nov. 9. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

WALASSE TING—Paintings by a Chinese Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARK TOBEY—Paintings from 1969 and 1970; through Nov. 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

FRIEDRICH VORDEMBERGE-GILDEWART (1899-1962)—The first show in America by this German follower of the De Stijl movement; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GARY WOJCIK—Abstract sculptures of rubber

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so often include **DRAMBUIE**
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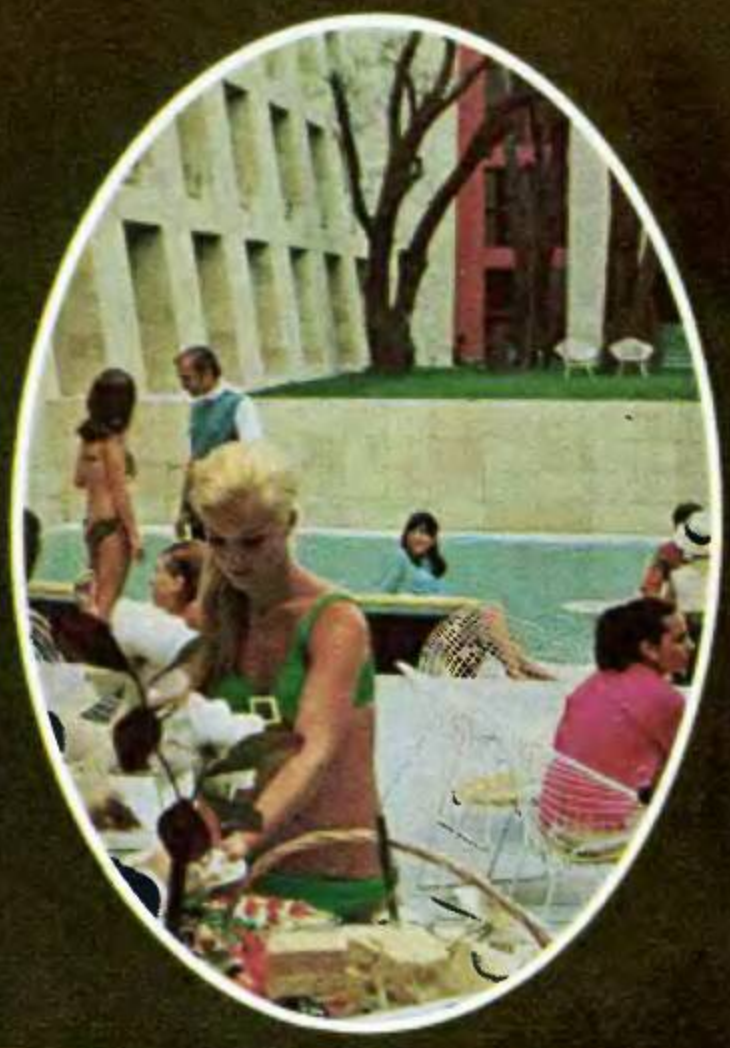

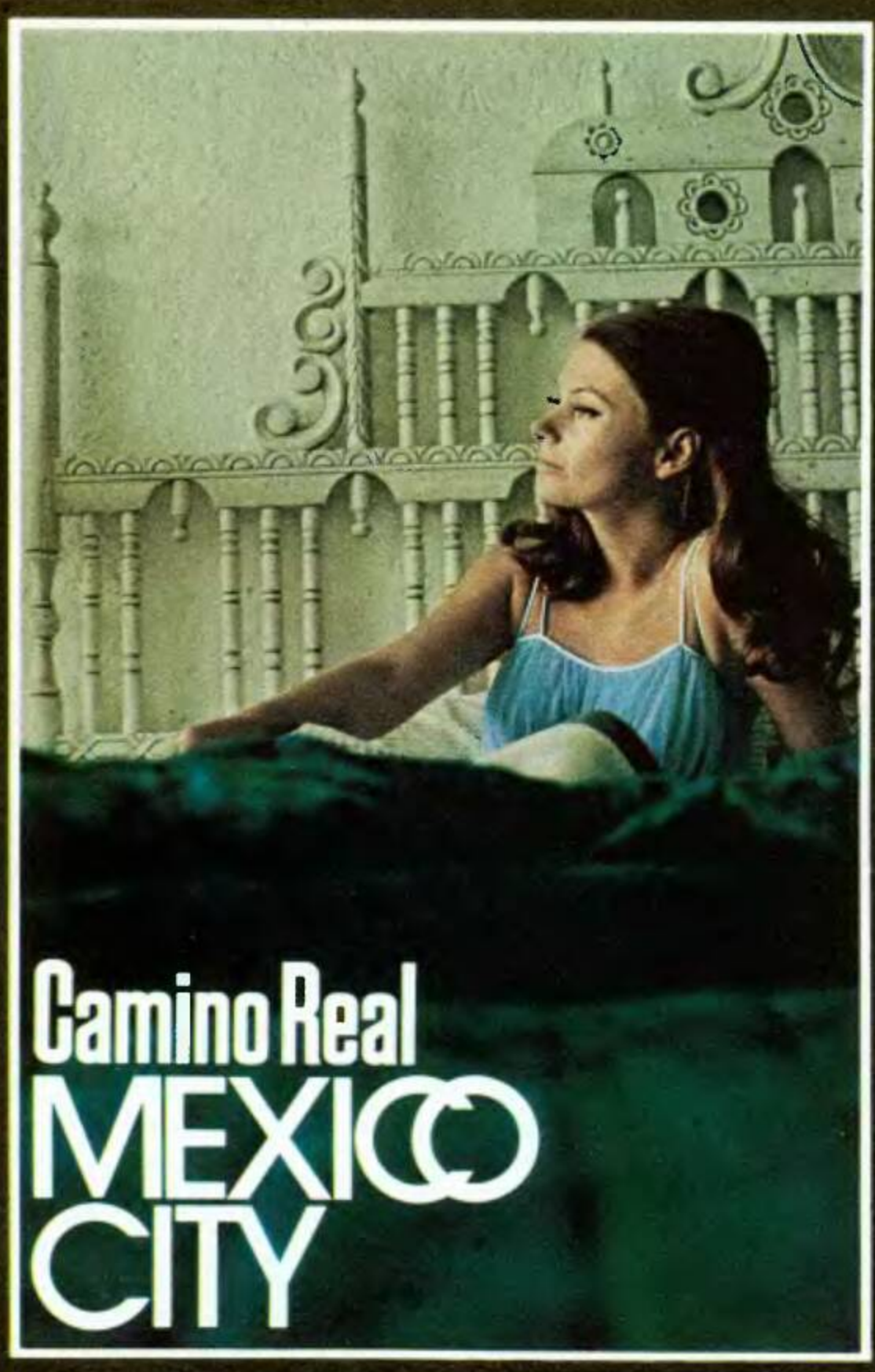

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and steel; through Nov. 18. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT ZAKANYCH—Heavily painted canvases divided into squares; starting Saturday, Nov. 6. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

KES ZAPKUS AND CHARLES GINNEVER—Large paintings with a substructure of serialized mathematical elements by the first and large abstract outdoor sculptures in rust-colored steel by the second; through Nov. 17. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BRATA**, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.: An exhibit of Tenth-Street old-timers, such as Cajori, de Kooning, Finkelstein, and Forakis; through Tuesday, Nov. 9. . . . **DANENBERG & ROMAN**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Leading Americans, among them Hassam, Lawson, Weber, Zorach, and Archipenko; through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . **DANENBERG & ROMAN CONTEMPORARIES**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Contemporaries such as Pearlstein, Wesselmann, and Gallo mixed with nineteenth-century academicians such as Gérôme and Bouguereau; through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Moholy-Nagy, Matisse, Miró, Picabia, and Kandinsky, for instance; through Thursday, Nov. 4. . . . **HUNDRED ACRES**, 456 West Broadway: About seventy designs for peace posters by outstanding American artists (Calder, Fahlström, Katz, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, and Youngerman, to name several), also glass-and-mirror constructions by Sam Wiener; through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by, among others, Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, and Kandinsky; through Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays.) A complement to this exhibit is the Russian avant-garde show at the New York Cultural Center. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Twentieth-century Americans, including Hopper, Burchfield, Sloan, Demuth, Marin, and Shahn; through Thursday, Nov. 4. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, Duchamp-Villon, Laurens, and the like; through Nov. 27. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Figurative paintings, drawings, and etchings by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Robert Vickrey; through Nov. 20. (Closed Mondays.). . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: American posters of political protest from 1966 to 1970—two hundred and sixteen by over a hundred artists; through Dec. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.). . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by important Europeans and Americans (Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard, Miró, Rothko, Arp, Nevelson, and others); starting Saturday, Nov. 6. (Closed Mondays.). . . **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 106 Prince St.: More than thirty young figurative painters and sculptors; starting Friday, Nov. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: About seventy landscapes by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, some of them—Thomas Cole, Childe Hassam, Homer Martin—well known; through Nov. 20. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: More than a hundred paintings related to the geometric-Constructivist mode by, for example, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Delaunay, Albers, Arp, and Moholy-Nagy; through Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . **SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Master drawings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth; starting Saturday, Nov. 6. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: British and European paintings and drawings; through Nov. 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SHICKMAN**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by such nineteenth-century French academicians as Gérôme, Couture, Tissot, Bouguereau, and Cabanel; through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . **SONNABEND**, 420 West Broadway: Tapes, televised films, photos, and graphs of projects executed by N.E. Thing Co., Ltd., whose president is the artist Ian Baxter; through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . **TERRAIN**, 39 Grove St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by three followers of "aesthetic realism"—Chaim and Dorothy Koppelman and Hank D'Amico; through Nov. 25. (Thursdays and Saturdays through Mondays, 2 to 6.). . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings by ten Westbeth Housing Project artists, including Robert De Niro, Robert Fabian, Fred Farr, Leatrice Rose, and Anne Tabachnick; through Nov. 14. (Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 2 to 6; Fridays, 4 to 8.). . . **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Nov. 14. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century East Indian paintings on cloth; starting Tuesday, Nov. 9.

SCULPTORS GUILD—Their thirty-fourth annual, composed of about eighty pieces (by Doris Caesar, Helen Beling, William Talbot, Lyman, Kipp, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 21. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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; through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ A special collection of thirty-five paintings by artists ranging from a pupil of van Eyck to Hopper, showing the use of light for expressive purposes; through Nov. 10. (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.—A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Barnett Newman (1909-70), including his much-discussed series, "Stations of the Cross;" through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ A fifteen-by-thirty-foot shaped canvas by Jasper Johns, in paint, collage, and encaustic, based on Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion Airocean World Projection; through Sunday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Stained and sprayed unstretched canvases suspended from the ceiling by Sam Gilliam, a Washington, D.C., artist; starting Tuesday, Nov. 9. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and thirty-one works, of which a hundred and sixteen are oil paintings and fifteen are drawings and watercolors, constitute the most comprehensive exhibition ever held in New York of Piet Mondrian (1872-1944). It begins with the artist's earliest, naturalistic works of 1889-92 and covers the evolution of his style until his death. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures by ten artists averaging twenty-five years of age, unfamiliar in New York, who are recipients of awards from a foundation; through Sunday, Nov. 7. (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.—Forty-nine prints in exceptionally large sizes; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Twenty tapestries executed in the past two years from designs by Alexander Calder; through Thursday, Nov. 4. A complement to this showing is his exhibit (ending Saturday) at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . ¶ Paintings by Frank Bowling, a recently prominent black artist; starting Friday, Nov. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings and sculptures by eight contemporaries; through Nov. 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Over forty stone and whalebone carvings and twenty-four prints of animals and figures by contemporary Eskimo artists; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and eighteen works of ancient Indonesian art from the Central Javanese period (eighth century to mid-tenth) and the Eastern Javanese period (mid-thirteenth century to fifteenth), including stone carvings and bronzes, as well as pieces in gold and silver; through Nov. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—More than a

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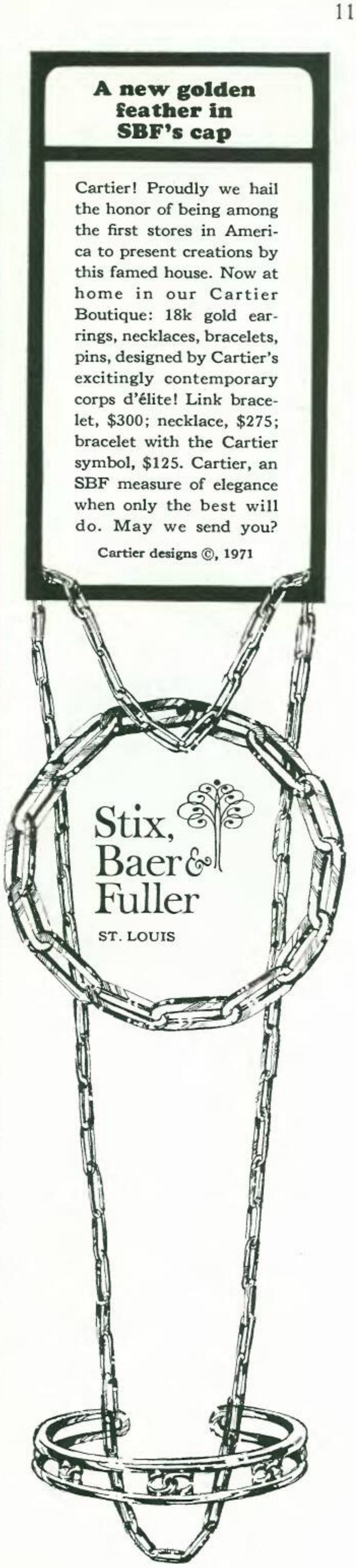

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hundred Chinese objects in gold and silver that go back as far as 1500 B.C.; through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, drawings, and poetry by Sonia Sekula (1918-63), a figure in the New York art world during the forties and fifties; through Nov. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—More than sixty master works of the Japanese decorative school, which dates from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; they include screens, scrolls, wooden panels, fabrics, woodblock books, and other objects. Through Nov. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs and films by Roman Vishniac; the exhibit includes a slide presentation, narrated by Dr. Vishniac, on the life of the no longer existing Jewish communities of Eastern Europe. Through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Photogravures, most of them portraits, of the North American Indian done by Edward S. Curtis in the early twentieth century, along with supplementary material by other observers that dates back to 1524; through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Manuscripts of the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott; through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Six large watercolors and drawings by John James Audubon, dated between 1841 and 1843, of an Eastern woodchuck, a skunk, and other New York animals; through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Contemporary English bookbindings; through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Seventy-five examples of pre-Columbian Mexican art from 1200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon 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 focusses on Constructivism, the dominant avant-garde movement in Russia in the early twenties, and includes a small sampling of paintings and sculptures. The emphasis is on more than three hundred architectural models, reconstructions of theatrical design, furnishings, artifacts, films, photographs, and posters. Through Dec. 24. A complement to this show is the Russian avant-garde exhibit at Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. . . . ¶ Over 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 Sunday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Paintings of still-lifes, landscapes, florals, battle scenes, clowns, and horses by Gian Rodolfo D'Accardi, a Milanese artist born in 1906; through Nov. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The H. L. Mencken papers; typescripts of reviews and editorials and a ream of letters to and from this American writer and editor; through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Sculptures and prints by Elizabeth Catlett, a veteran artist who draws on African, American, and Mexican cultural traditions; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Photographs taken by James Van DerZee between 1900 and 1971; through Nov. 14. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 3: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Teresa Stratas, Pietro Bottazzo, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 4: "Luisa Miller," with Adriana Maliponte, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 5: "Carmen," with Viorica Cortez, Mary Ellen Pracht, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 6: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Frederica von Stade, Franco Bonisolli, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 6: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Colette Boky, Luigi Alva, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 9: "Luisa Miller," with Adriana Maliponte, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, Mario Sereni, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 10: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Nedda Casei, Franco Bonisolli, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 11: "Carmen," with Viorica Cortez, Gabriella Tucci, George Shirley, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 12: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Teresa Stratas, Pietro Bottazzo, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 13: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 13: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Ion Buzea, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris. (Evenings at 8, Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Muriel Greenspon, Spiro Malas, and Kenneth Riegel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:15: "Giulio Cesare," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Beverly Evans, Spiro Malas, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Kay Creed, Robert Johnson, and Richard Stilwell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, Perry Price, and Richard Fredricks. A benefit performance; for tickets, call 255-5820, Ext. 354. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 7, at 1:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 7, at 7:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, and Bernabé Martí. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Muriel Greenspon, Norman Treigle, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, and Bernabé Martí. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Wise, Mary Cross Lueders, Perry Price, and Richard Stilwell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Bernabé Martí. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, Herman Malamood, and Dominic Cossa. A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Michael Tilson Thomas conducting—Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:30; Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 8, at 7:30 (all with Evelyn Lear, soprano); and Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 12, at 2; and Monday, Nov. 15, at 7:30 (all with Jorge Bolet, piano). . . . **NOTE:** An hour before the concert on Monday, Mr. Bolet will give a half-hour all-Liszt recital.

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Thomas Schippers conducting, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

New Philharmonia Orchestra of London—Lorin Maazel conducting two programs. (Philhar-

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monic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling directing, with Lili Chookasian, contralto; the Mount Holyoke College Glee Club; and the Williams College Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis directing, with Marilyn Horne and Patricia Brooks, sopranos, and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Antonio de Almeida conducting a second performance of the Nov. 2 program, with Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2:30.)

Manhattan Wind Symphony—David Simon conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

"St. John Passion"—Meredith Davies directing a benefit performance of the American première of the Benjamin Britten edition of Bach's oratorio (translated by Peter Pears and Imogen Holst). Performers include members of the New York Philharmonic; the Westminster Choir; Helen Boatwright, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Ernst Haefliger and Charles Bressler, tenors; and Richard Best and Thomas Paul, basses. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

RECITALS

Gisela May—Songs of Brecht and Weill. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 3-6, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 7:30.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

New York Pro Musica—A repeat performance of an all-Josquin concert on June 21. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Music From Marlboro—Two programs performed by Pina Carmirelli and Ronald Copes, violin; Philipp Naegele and James Dunham, viola; Jerry Grossman and Steven Doane, cello; and Georges Louis Haas, oboe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Joy Blackett—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Gala Concert—Participants, all of whom have been presented on the Young Artists Series, include David Bar-Illan, Richard Goode, and Blanca Uribe, piano; Erich Friedman, violin; and Paula Robison, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Carol Rosenberger—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Stuttgart Piano Trio From Germany—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Nadia Koutzen—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Myung Whun Chung—Piano. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Janos Starker and Gyorgy Sebok—A recital of sonatas for cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Dagar Brothers—Two singers and three instrumentalists from India in a program of ragas. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 11-13, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 7:30.)

Francisco Aybar—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet and William Masselos—In an all-Dvořák program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Minoru Nojima—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Pinchas Zukerman and Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 13, at 9.)

Composers in Performance—Terry Riley presenting a program of his works for electronic organ and tape-delay system. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Tyrolerfest!—A program of Tyrolese songs and dances by a group of visitors from Kitzbühel. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

José Feliciano—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8 and 11.

Pink Floyd—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8.

Bert Lucarelli—Oboist, in a program part classical and part rock, with Glue. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

Melba Moore—With the George Faison Dance Experience. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 7:30.)

Sergio Mendes and His Brasil '77—Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 7:30.

Gordon Lightfoot—Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 11-12, at 8.

Clark Terry Band—With others. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 12, at 7:30.)

Donovan—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8.

Seals & Crofts—With Boz Scaggs. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Isaac Hayes—Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 7:30 and 10:30.

Clancy Brothers—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 11, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Golden State Warriors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8: Knicks vs. Detroit.

College Football—Saturday, Nov. 6 (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Army vs. Rutgers, at West Point. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven. . . . **Saturday, Nov. 13:** Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Manhattan, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Holy Cross, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. San Diego Chargers. (Yankee Stadium, Sunday, Nov. 7, at 1.). . . ¶ Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs. (Shea Stadium, Sunday, Nov. 7, at 1.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 1:35: Rangers vs. Buffalo.

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Tuesday, Nov. 9. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

Hunt Racing—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 6.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middlebury, Va. Saturday, Nov. 13.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 15. The Knickerbocker Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 3; the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 6; the Interborough Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 10; and the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 13. The Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 6; the New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, Nov. 10; and the Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—"The Hunting of the Snark," a children's opera by Edwin Roberts and Bill Tchakirides, based on Lewis Carroll's poem of the same name. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3:30 and 5:30, and Sundays at 1, 3, and 5. For information about tickets, call 427-2906.) . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in the opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **b. gay puppets:** "Folk Tales and Legends." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **gingerbread players & jack:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **salvatore guida:** "Bravo, the Clown," Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Nov. 7, and Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **meri mini players:** "Behalf of the Laugh," Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Looice," Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2:30. (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863.) . . . **ten penny players:** "Yes, Yes, Boniface!" (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Saturdays at 1 and 3 and Sundays at 2.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "Interplanetary Travelers." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.) . . . ¶ An hour before the shows, the new Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A display of children's paintings honoring the Harlem School of the Arts; through Nov. 25. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 2; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday, from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assem-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Galway Kinnell reading from his own poems. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 7:30. Admission is free.). . . ¶ J. P. Donleavy reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Andrei Voznesensky reading from his own poetry, in Russian, with English translations read by American poets. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 2: European sculptures and other works of art, from the estate of Ailsa Mellon Bruce and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 4, at 2: Barbizon paintings, from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 2, and Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 10-11, at 10:15 and 2: Modern and old-master prints, from several collections. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 5. . . . **NOTE:** On Thursday, Nov. 11, at 6, there will be a benefit auction of drawings, including works by Charles Addams, George Price, Chic Young, and Chon Day, at PB-84, 171 E. 84th St. (Exhibition hours: Monday, Nov. 8, from noon to 7; Tuesday, Nov. 9, from 9 to 2; Wednesday, Nov. 10, from 9 to 5; and Thursday, Nov. 11, from 9 to 3.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Night of the Demon" (1958), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Dana Andrews and Peggy Cummins. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2: "Room at the Top" (1958), directed by Jack Clayton, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 5:30: "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" (1960), directed by Karel Reisz, with Albert Finney and Rachel Roberts. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 8: "This Sporting Life" (1963), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "A Kind of Loving" (1962), directed by John Schlesinger, with Alan Bates and June Ritchie. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at noon: "The Fall of the House of Usher" (1929), directed by Jean Epstein; and "The Seashell and the Clergyman" (1928), directed by Germaine Dulac. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 3 and 5:30: "Sparrows Can't Sing" (1963), directed by Joan Littlewood, with James Booth and Barbara Windsor. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 2 and 5:30 and Nov. 8 at 1: "Together" (1955), directed by Lorenza Mazzeti; and "Battle of Culloden" (1966), directed by Peter Watkins. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 6 and Nov. 9 at 2: "Rumpelstiltskin" (1915), supervised by Thomas H. Ince. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 5:30: "7254" (1971), directed by John Stember. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "The Caretaker" (1963), directed by Clive Donner, with Donald Pleasence, Robert Shaw, and Alan Bates. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 2: "Tom Jones" (1963), directed by Tony Richardson, with Albert Finney and Susannah York. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 5:30: "Look Back in Anger" (1959), directed by Tony Richardson, with Richard Burton and Claire Bloom. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 8: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" (1962), directed by Tony Richardson, with Michael Redgrave and Tom Courtenay. (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)—Two programs in a series of Russian silent films: Through Nov. 7: "The Man with the Movie Camera" (1929), directed by Dziga Vertov; and "Kino Pravda" (1922). . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 10: "Ten Days That Shook the World" (1928), directed by Sergei Eisenstein and Grigori Alexandrov. (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.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Brakhage, Bresson, Chaplin, Cocteau, Buñuel, Cornell, Dovzhenko, Dreyer, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10 (no Mondays). . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—A series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursday), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Nov. 16, 20, 23, 27, and 30, and Dec. 4, 7, 11, and 14.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 20: Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 27:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Jets vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Jets vs. New England Patriots, Dec. 12. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, Dec. 12.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 14, 21, and 24, and Dec. 1, 5, 12, and 15.

RACING—At Liberty Bell, Philadelphia: Nov. 15-Feb. 5.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 22. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 13. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 1 and 3. . . . ¶ Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, Dec. 8. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 14 and 16. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 17 and 20. . . . ¶ Eugene Istomin, piano, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Budapest Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 4 and 10. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Clarion Concerts Orchestra, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 21 and 23. . . . ¶ New and Newer Music, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Joseph Fuchs, violin, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Sine Nomine Singers, Dec. 4. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE** (535-5350): Lorin Hollander, piano, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Jacob Lateiner, piano, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Grant Johannesen, piano, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Henryk Szeryng, violin, Dec. 5. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): New York Chamber Soloists, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Janos Starker, cello, and Gyorgy Sebok, piano, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, Dec. 10.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS—At the **NEW YORK STATE THEATRE:** New York City Ballet, Nov. 16-Feb. 20. . . . **CITY CENTER:** Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, in the rock opera "Tommy," Nov. 17-21. . . . ¶ Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century, Nov. 24-Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, Dec. 7-19.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Harold Pinter's "Old Times," imported from London and starring Robert Shaw, Rosemary Harris, and Mary Ure. . . . ¶ Bob Goodman is responsible for the music and lyrics, and (with Bob Brotherton) the book of a musical, "Wild and Wonderful," in which Julie Budd, Walter Willison, and Larry Small will appear. . . . ¶ Sada Thompson and A. Larry Haines in "Twigs," a comedy by George Furth. . . . ¶ An English-language version of an Israeli musical "Only Fools Are Sad," by Dan Almagor. . . . ¶ The New York Shakespeare Festival's musical, "2 Gentlemen of Verona," adapted from Shakespeare's play by John Guare and Mel Shapiro. The lyrics are by Mr. Guare, Galt MacDermot composed the score, and the cast is headed by Jonelle Allen, Raul Julia, and La Lupe.

OTHER DATES—Thanksgiving Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Nov. 17. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at Madison Square Garden, Nov. 19-21. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 25.

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11		

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

EAST SIDE

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

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 3: "Broadway Melody of 1936" and "Broadway Melody of 1938."
Nov. 4-6: "The Band Wagon" and "Royal Wedding."
Nov. 7-10: "I Married an Angel" and "Bitter Sweet."
From Nov. 11: "On the Town" and "Sunny Side Up."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Nov. 3: "Les Créatures" and "Le Petit Soldat."
Nov. 4: "In the Year of the Pig" and "The End of St. Petersburg."
Nov. 5-6: "The Life of O-Haru" and "Six in Paris."
Nov. 7-8: "La Chinoise" and "Two or Three Things I Know About Her."
Nov. 9: "Chronicle of Anna Magdelena Bach" and three short films by Jean-Marie Straub.
Nov. 10: "Ice" and "The Smugglers."
Nov. 11: "A Man Escaped" and "Zazie."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 4: "Summer of '42" and "Promise at Dawn."
From Nov. 5: Films by Fred Baker, Robert Green, Robert Steinberg, Michael Cooper, John Dole, David Friedman, Dirk Kortz, Jerry Abrams, George Csiscery, and George Klauber.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 9 (tentative): "Taking Off" and "Two-Lane Blacktop."
From Nov. 10 (tentative): "The Conformist" and "The Stranger."

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

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 9: "Jules and Jim" and "Black Orpheus."
From Nov. 10: To be announced.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"War and Peace."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Joe Hill."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Bless the Beasts & Children."

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

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Nov. 4: "Henry V."
Nov. 5-6: "Hamlet."
Nov. 7-9: "Julius Caesar."
From Nov. 10: "200 Motels."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sacco and Vanzetti."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. EAST TWIN CINEMAS, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Some of My Best Friends Are . . ."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 4: "Death in Venice."
From Nov. 5: Films by Fred Baker, Robert Green, Robert Steinberg, Michael Cooper, John Dole, David Friedman, Dirk Kortz, Jerry Abrams, George Csiscery, and George Klauber.

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

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"WR—Mysteries of the Organism."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Safe Place."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Long Ago, Tomorrow."

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

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"T. R. Baskin."

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Play Misty for Me."

JULIET 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Cry Uncle."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Nov. 3: "The Touch" and "Take the Money and Run."
Nov. 4-9: To be announced.
From Nov. 10 (tentative): "Doctor Zhivago."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 4: "The Hellstrom Chronicle."
Nov. 5-11: "Adrift."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 4: "The Devils."
From Nov. 5: To be announced.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The French Connection."

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

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 9: "The Organization."
From Nov. 10: "Born To Win."

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Nov. 3: "School Play."
From Nov. 4: "Three Lives" and "Persona."

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Through Nov. 9: A week of Joseph Losey films.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 9: "Two-Lane Blacktop" and "Taking Off."
From Nov. 10: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 9: "Walkabout" and "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."
From Nov. 10: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Medium Cool."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Medea."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 4: "The Hellstrom Chronicle."
Nov. 5-11: "Adrift" and "The Passion of Anna."

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 4: "Mississippi Mermaid" and "Stolen Kisses."
Nov. 5-7: "The Seventh Seal" and "Persona."
Nov. 8-9: "Port of Call" and "Three Strange Loves."
Nov. 10-11: "Shame" and "The Ritual."

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Play Misty for Me."

BIJOU CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through Nov. 10: "Samurai Banners." (No performances on Sunday, Nov. 7.)
From Nov. 11: "Haunted Samurai" and "Ninjitsu, Master of Magic."

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
From Nov. 3, at 7:30: "Fiddler on the Roof."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 4: "Sleeping Beauty."
From Nov. 5: "Gone with the Wind."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Nov. 10: "The Railway Children."
From Nov. 11: "Bedknobs and Broomsticks."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Desperate Characters."

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Is There Sex After Death?"

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Murmur of the Heart."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"And Quiet Flows the Don" and "The Cranes Are Flying."

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

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"It Only Happens to Others."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Joe Hill."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 9: "Gone with the Wind."
From Nov. 10: "Jennifer on My Mind."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Cry Uncle."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 9: "Two-Lane Blacktop" and "Taking Off."
From Nov. 10: "Doctor Zhivago."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Nov. 3: "Millhouse: A White Comedy."
Nov. 4-10: "Paisan" and "Open City."
From Nov. 11: "The Miracle" and "Stromboli."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 9: "Bananas" and "The Thomas Crown Affair."
From Nov. 10: "The Conformist" and "The Confession."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 8: "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Mata Hari."
Nov. 9-11: "On the Waterfront" and "The Wild One."

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 4: "The Hellstrom Chronicle."
Nov. 5-11: "Adrift."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 4: "A Day at the Races" and "At the Circus."
Nov. 5-6: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" and "L'Avventura."
Nov. 7: "L'Avventura" and "General della Rovere."
Nov. 8: "General della Rovere" and "Eclipse."
Nov. 9: "Eclipse" and "The 10th Victim."
Nov. 10: "The 10th Victim" and "Divorce–Italian Style."
Nov. 11: "Divorce–Italian Style" and "Seduced and Abandoned."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

ADRIFT—Mannered film by Ján Kadár, a gifted Czech in exile from his gift. People look cosmically solemn, time goes in circles, and an unmistakably American girl rises from the waves to haunt an unmistakably Czech fisherman in unmistakably Czech circumstances. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown; Nov. 5-11.)

AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON (1957)—A kaleidoscopic view of life in prerevolutionary Russia, featuring such hot-tempered characters as a man who lashes his rival with a whip and a brokenhearted girl who attempts to cut her throat with a scythe. Episodic melodrama, high on flaring nostrils. The director, Sergei Gerasimov, adapted Mikhail Sholokhov's novel. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

AT THE CIRCUS (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Olympia; through Nov. 4.)

L'AVVENTURA (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 5-7.)

BANANAS—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. (Symphony; through Nov. 9.)

THE BAND WAGON (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men—Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 4-6.)

Bedknobs and Broomsticks—Angela Lansbury in a feature from the Disney studio, partly animated and partly real. (Music Hall; starting Nov. 11.)

Bitter Sweet (1940)—The songs are by Noël Coward, and they include "I'll See You Again," but not everyone has the stomach to see the overgrown kitten Jeanette MacDonald and the dim, stalwart Nelson Eddy again. By no means the worst of their love-duet films, but not one of the rare ones redeemed by high spirits, either. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes George Sanders. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 7-10.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. Worth going. In Portuguese. (Murray Hill; through Nov. 9.)

Bless the Beasts & Children—The indefatigable Stanley Kramer. (Trans-Lux East.)

Born To Win—With George Segal, Karen Black, and Paula Prentiss. Directed by Ivan Passer. (86th St. East; starting Nov. 10.)

Broadway Melody of 1936—An M-G-M musical with Eleanor Powell (a dynamo, all right, but she manages to be wholesome even in glittering top hat and tails), Robert Taylor, Jack Benny, Frances Langford, Una Merkel, and June Knight. A good score by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown includes "I Gotta Feelin' You're Foolin'," "You Are My Lucky Star," and "Broadway Rhythm." Roy Del Ruth directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 3.)

Broadway Melody of 1938—Eleanor Powell and Robert Taylor again, this time with Judy Garland in bobby socks singing that memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable," and George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, and Robert Benchley. The score, once again, is by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown (but not as good), and the director once again Roy Del Ruth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 3.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 9.)

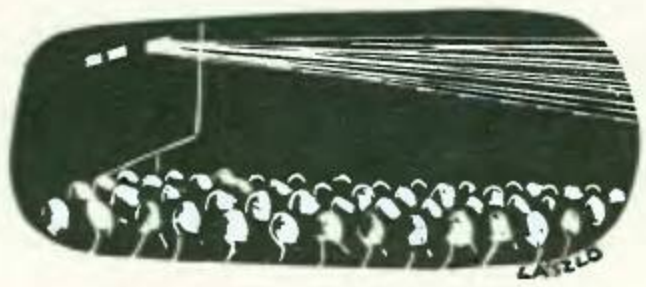
Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel,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

La Chinoise (1967)—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, and one of his best. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 7-8.)

Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach (1967)—The final years of Johann Sebastian Bach (the Dutch harpsichordist Gustav Leonhardt) as seen through the eyes of his second wife (Christiane Lang). Those final years were, of course, devoted to his music, and the film, directed by Jean-Marie Straub, is deliberately—one might say determinedly—undramatized. Straub concentrates on Leonhardt at his instrument. In German. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 9.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Symphony; starting Nov. 10.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Symphony; starting Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Nov. 10, tentative.)



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The Cranes Are Flying (1957)—The Mikhail Kalatozov film was made during the de-Stalinization period of the late fifties; set during the Second World War, it deals with a beautiful Moscow girl (the lovely Tatiana Samoilova) who is trapped in a loveless marriage with an unpatriotic and hence decadent pianist after her fiancé (Alexei Batalov) goes to the front. Somewhat silly, but with fine sequences, and Miss Samoilova, a grandniece of Stanislavsky, does him honor. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Les Créatures (1966)—Michel Piccoli plays a writer with a beautiful pregnant wife (Catherine Deneuve, looking inhumanly beautiful) who has lost the power of speech; Eva Dahlbeck is a hotelkeeper. Complicated, full of gamesmanship and subplots, and maybe only for those who like to play chess—if for them. Agnès Varda wrote and directed. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 3.)

The Crook—The hero of Claude Lelouch's new film, a thriller, is played by Jean-Louis Trintignant and called Simon the Swiss because he is invincibly methodical. Once a lawyer, he has turned criminal. The plot, romantically sadistic, is about the kidnapping of a child whose rabbit-faced parents are tricked into leaving him alone while they pick up a prize in a Simca-promoted television show. Skillful, well acted, impossible to leave, topped with a cruel piece of nursery morality at the end. In French. (Art.)

Cry Uncle—With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. Sex satire. Cry off. (Kips Bay, Juliet 1, and Regency.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Olympia; through Nov. 4.)

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." (Ciné Malibu; through Nov. 4.)

Desperate Characters—One of the best American films for months, gifted with insight and speed. The story is bang-on about a certain kind of New York middle-class self-hatred and wit. Its core is a hungry, sophisticated married dialogue between Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars. Adapted and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Festival.)

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. (U. A. East; through Nov. 4.)

Divorce-Italian Style (1962)—Marcello Mastroianni in a witty performance as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 10-11.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; starting Nov. 10, tentative.)

Eclipse (1962)—Some like it cold. Michelangelo Antonioni on alienation, this time with Alain Delon and, of course, Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Olympia, Nov. 8-9.)

The End of St. Petersburg (1927)—The Russian Revolution, from the point of view of a peasant. Pudovkin made this melodramatic celebration film for the tenth anniversary of the Revolution; it's hectic, romantic, and full of beautiful imagery. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 4.)

Fiddler on the Roof—With Topol, directed by Norman Jewison. (Rivoli; starting Nov. 3, at 7:30. Thereafter, Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Orpheum and Loew's Ciné.)

General della Rovere (1960)—Roberto Rossellini made this melodrama, laid in Italy during the Second World War, about the transformation of a cowardly bootlicker into a true hero. Vittorio De Sica is superb in the starring role. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 7-8).

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.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Nov. 5.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features a rigid Jesus who demands obedience, as well as the rocky settings of southern Italy and an eclectic score. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 5-6.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (Plaza; Nov. 5-6.)

Haunted Samurai—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; starting Nov. 11.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown; through Nov. 4.)

Henry V (1944)—Laurence Olivier's glorious version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Plaza; through Nov. 4.)

Ice (1970)—Robert Kramer's comprehensive

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

view of the life style of New York's revolutionary terrorists. Gray and grainy and painfully stagnant, but a revealing account of the anomalies in the urban guerrilla movement. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 10.)

I MARRIED AN ANGEL (1942)—Rodgers' and Hart's sophisticated musical comedy was purchased for Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy when their popularity in stale-whipped-cream operetta was waning, but then M-G-M chickened out, removed the sophistication, and turned the musical comedy into something as bland as operetta but without the energy of operetta. This disaster was their last film together. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes Binnie Barnes, Janis Carter, Mona Maris, and Edward Everett Horton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 7-10.)

IN THE YEAR OF THE PIG (1969)—Emile de Antonio has gathered news footage from many sources for this overview of the background and issues of the Vietnam war. There are some almost forgotten faces, like Emperor Bao Dai's and Madame Nhu's, and some American words we might like to forget. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 4.)

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. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 10.)

IS THERE SEX AFTER DEATH?—Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

IT ONLY HAPPENS TO OTHERS—With Marcello Mastroianni and Catherine Deneuve, directed by Nadine Trintignant. In French. (Paris.)

JENNIFER ON MY MIND—With Michael Brandon and Tippy Walker, directed by Noel Black, from Erich Segal's script. (Cinema Studio; starting Nov. 10.)

JOE HILL—Some pretty period re-creation, but sadly shallow. With Thommy Berggren as the Wobbly-Troubadour. Directed by Bo Widerberg. (Sutton and Paramount.)

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. (Murray Hill; through Nov. 9.)

JULIUS CAESAR (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Plaza; Nov. 7-9.)

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia I.)

THE LIFE OF O-HARU (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society: the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant falls from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 5-6.)

LONG AGO, TOMORROW—With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Beekman.)

JOSEPH LOSEY—A week of films directed by Mr. Losey. Nov. 3: "These Are the Damned" (1965). Nov. 4: "King and Country" (1966). Nov. 5: "Accident" (1967). Nov. 6: "The Servant" (1963). Nov. 7: "Modesty Blaise" (1966). Nov. 8: "Eva" (1962). Nov. 9: "Secret Ceremony" (1968). (Garrick.)

MAIDSTONE—As a movie director, Norman Mailer didn't have much to retrogress from, but he managed. To the degree that there is any hero involved in this sad enterprise, it is Rip Torn, who, perceiving that there was no movie unless *something* happened, attacked the director with a toy hammer. (Lincoln Art.)

A MAN ESCAPED (1956)—Robert Bresson tells the story of a wartime prisoner's single-minded dedication to escape. An austerely beautiful movie, made at the Montluc fortress with almost fanatic authenticity. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 11.)

MATA HARI (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barry-

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more. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (Thalia; through Nov. 8.)

MEDEA—With Maria Callas, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

MEDIUM COOL (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero (Robert Forster), about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 10.)

MILLHOUSE: A WHITE COMEDY—A documentary about Richard Nixon, directed by Emile de Antonio. The picture uses the same unscrupulous methods it accuses Nixon of using. (New Yorker; Nov. 3.)

THE MIRACLE (1948)—This Roberto Rossellini film is itself a miracle: brief, utterly simple in its means, and perhaps the most fully achieved of all his movies. Anna Magnani stars as the peasant woman who is convinced that the child in her belly is a new Christ child, and Federico Fellini (who also wrote the story) plays the man who put the baby there. This is the film that was the subject of a censorship case that was fought all the way up to the Supreme Court. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 11.)

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. (Elgin; through Nov. 4.)

MURMUR OF THE HEART—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (1935)—Charles Laughton is Captain Bligh—corrupt and sadistic, but a great sailor; Clark Gable (looking a little tubby in white pants) is Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers; Franchot Tone is the pivotal character—the officer who goes back to England to stand trial. Some of the thirties bits-of-business of the minor characters are tediously simpleminded, but it's a stirring sea adventure in the big Metro manner. Frank Lloyd directed. (Thalia; through Nov. 8.)

NINJITSU, MASTER OF MAGIC—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; starting Nov. 11.)

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF IVAN DENISOVICH—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (Waverly; starting Nov. 10.)

ON THE TOWN (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 11.)

ON THE WATERFRONT (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (Thalia; Nov. 9-11.)

OPEN CITY (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (New Yorker; Nov. 4-10.)

THE ORGANIZATION—Sidney Poitier as Virgil Tibbs. Allen Garfield, in a big-studio movie for a change, plays a dope dealer. Directed by Don Medford. (86th St. East; through Nov. 9.)

PAISAN (1946)—Roberto Rossellini made this episodic film after his first breakthrough with "Open City." Each of the six parts has a story and deals with an aspect of the war that had just ended. The present-tense semi-documentary visual style is innovative; the content less so, though the film is often hailed as a peak in the history of the screen. In English, French, Italian, and German. (New Yorker; Nov. 4-10.)

THE PASSION OF ANNA (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Greenwich; Nov. 5-11.)

PERSONA (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Elgin; Nov. 5-7.)

LE PETIT SOLDAT (1960)—Godard's first foray into politics, with romance and political extremism and torture and talk of cinema all suspended in an Existential mixture. Technically an innovative work, but humanly a baffling one. With Anna Karina and Michel Subor. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 3.)

PLAY MISTY FOR ME—Foolish thriller, with Clint Eastwood and Jessica Walter, directed by Eastwood. He should have taken some lessons before he tried to play in public. (72nd St. Playhouse and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema.)

PORT OF CALL (1948)—About a girl stranded in a harbor city. An untypical Ingmar Bergman film, made when he was being influenced by Rossellini and was experimenting with documentary realism. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 8-9.)

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 unsatisfactory film, but there are a few good satirical sequences with Dassin acting the role of a silent-movie idol. (Cinema Village; through Nov. 4.)

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN—With Dinah Sheridan and Jenny Agutter, directed by Lionel Jeffries. (Music Hall; through Nov. 10.)

THE RITUAL—Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand in a film Ingmar Bergman made for Swedish television. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 10-11.)

ROYAL WEDDING (1951)—The director, Stanley Donen, tries to make this musical buoyant, and Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, Sarah Churchill (yes, the daughter), Peter Lawford, and Keenan Wynn all work at it, but the magic isn't there. It's jaunty at times but not more than that. The script is weak, and the songs by Alan Jay Lerner and Burton Lane are not all they are sometimes said to be. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 4-6.)

SACCO AND VANZETTI—Would that it were better. With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Baronet.)

A SAFE PLACE—Even hardened moviegoers stumble out after a half hour of this one. With Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson, directed by Henry Jaglom. (Columbia II.)

SAMURAI BANNERS—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through Nov. 10. No performances on Sunday, Nov. 7.)

SCHOOL PLAY—Directed by Charles Rydell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 3.)

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED (1964)—Directed by Pietro Germi, maker of the gloriously funny "Divorce—Italian Style" (which probably owed a good deal to the furiously masculine but furtively henpecked Sicilian melancholy of the character played by Marcello Mas-

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troianni). This later picture doesn't quite take flight, because the director was trying to repeat himself, but the dignified slapstick about Sicilian sex mores is still pretty funny. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 11.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 5-7.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. One of his great ones. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 10-11.)

Six in Paris (1965)—An omnibus film with episodes directed by Jean-Luc Godard, Jean Rouch, Jean-Daniel Pollett, Claude Chabrol, Eric Rohmer, and Jean Douchet. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 5-6.)

Sleeping Beauty (1959)—The full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (Guild; through Nov. 4.)

The Smugglers (1969)—A film by Luc Moullet. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 10.)

Some of My Best Friends Are . . .—Homosexuals. The boys in the band in a bar. With Candy Darling, Fannie Flagg, and Carleton Carpenter. Directed by Mervyn Nelson. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Elgin; through Nov. 4.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Gramercy; starting Nov. 10, tentative.)

Stromboli (1950)—The first of the films that Roberto Rossellini made with Ingrid Bergman; it came out when the press was still full of the scandal of their romance, and it deals with volcanic passions. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 11.)

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. (Cinema Village; through Nov. 4.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Coronet.)

Sunny Side Up (1929)—This *very* early musical was full of twinkles and dimples and yet so extraordinarily successful that it might almost be worth a footnote in the history of popular taste. With Janet Gaynor—who sang in those days—and Charles Farrell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 11.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Juliet 2; Nov. 3.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Waverly and Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Nov. 9, tentative.)

The 10th Victim (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this sometimes witty extravaganza about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. Ably directed by Elio Petri. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 9-10.)

The Thomas Crown Affair (1968)—Entertaining, flashy fantasy about how a supersmart swinger (Steve McQueen) robs a Boston bank and outwits a mercenary girl detective (Faye Dunaway, in gaudy clothes). McQueen at top form, and Haskell Wexler's cinematography is dazzlingly playful. Norman Jewison directed. (Symphony; through Nov. 9.)

Three Lives—A film by Kate Millett and the Women's Liberation Cinema Co. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Nov. 4.)

Three Strange Loves (1949)—Originally called "Thirst," this is one of the finest and most original of the early Ingmar Bergman films. With Birger Malmsten and Eva Hennings. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 8-9.)

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. (Juliet 2; Nov. 3.)

T. R. Baskin—Slick, totally unbelievable. An unintentional parody of Women's Liberation, starring Candice Bergen. With Peter Boyle, directed by Herbert Ross. (Tower East.)

The Trojan Women—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

200 Motels—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Plaza; starting Nov. 10.)

Two-Lane Blacktop—Failed attempt at an "Easy Rider" on four wheels. The most fully characterized figure in the cast is a souped-up Chevy that endearingly seems to be made out of a lot of kitchen utensils. Mindless stuff. (Waverly and Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Nov. 9, tentative.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—in order to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 7-8.)

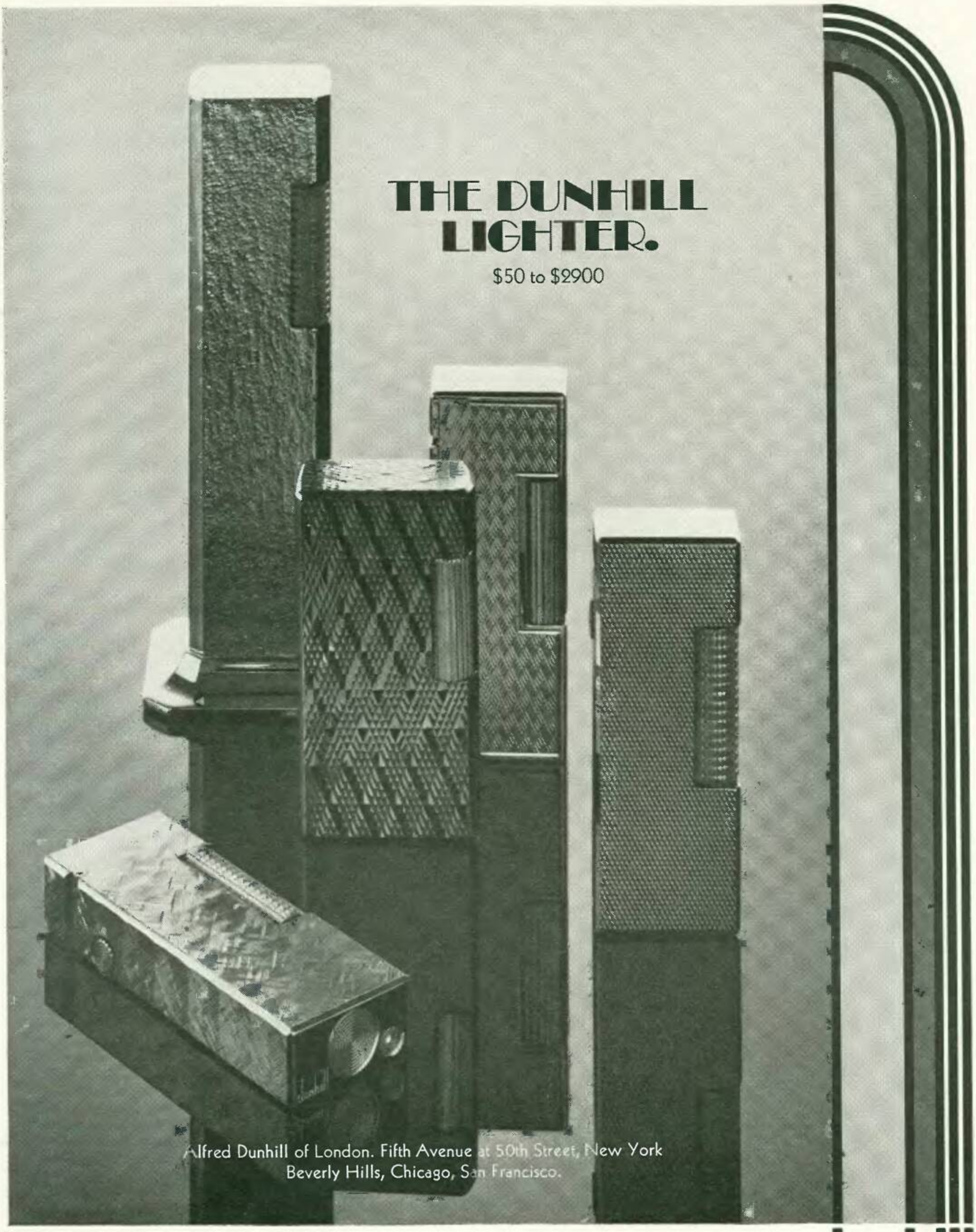
Walkabout—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 9.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's six-hour-plus movie, crassly doomed to be shown to us in dubbed version, but most of it survives. A dancer (Ludmila Savelyeva), not an actress, is brilliantly cast to play Natasha. Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre. (34th St. East. Daily at 11:30 and 6:30.)

The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naiveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his soft-eyed youth, when his talent magnetized audiences—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Thalia; Nov. 9-11.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Cinema II.)

Zazie (1960)—A foul-mouthed, demonic little girl's view of Paris. Louis Malle directed this odd, maybe too brilliant slapstick comedy taken from the Raymond Queneau novel. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 11.)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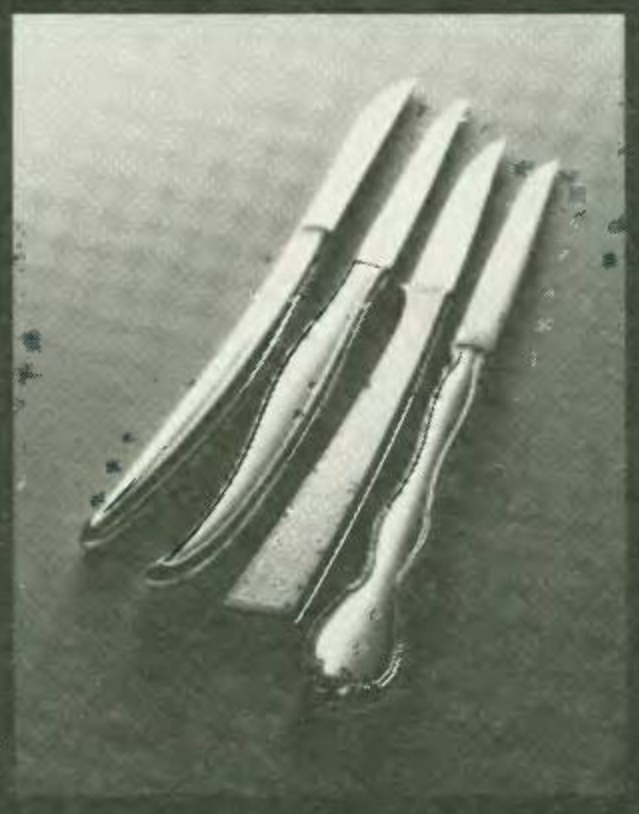

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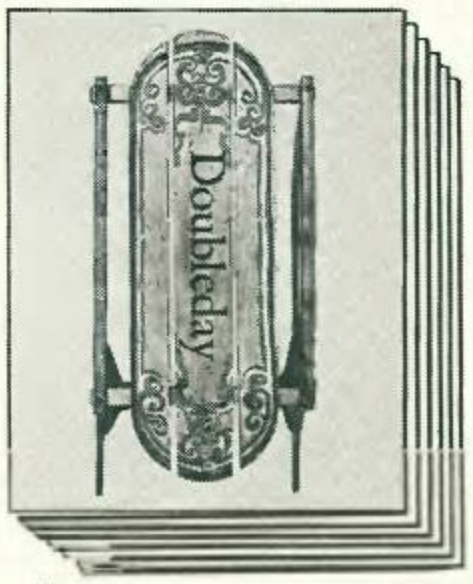

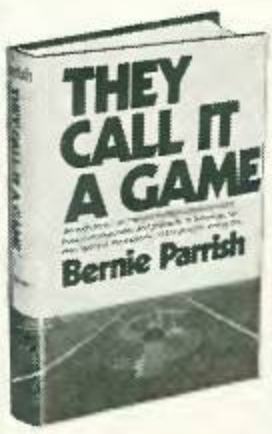

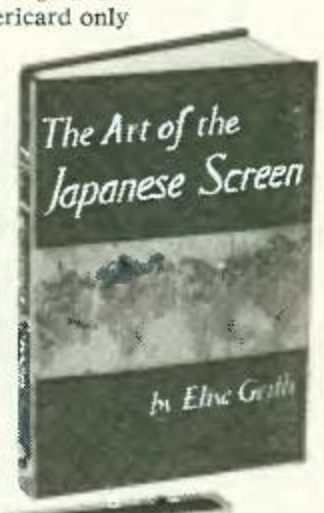

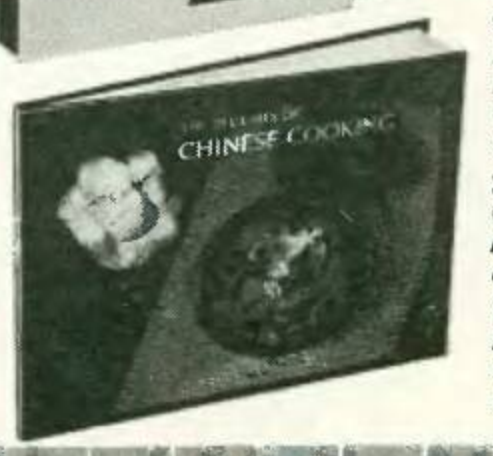

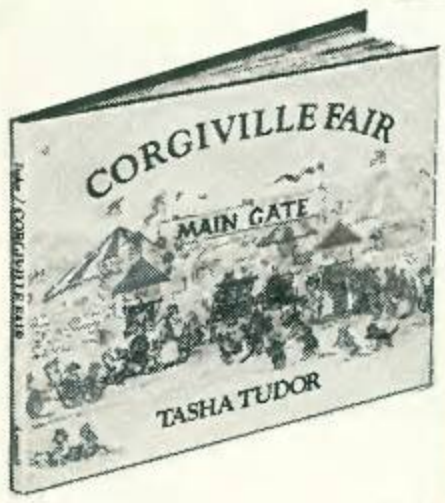

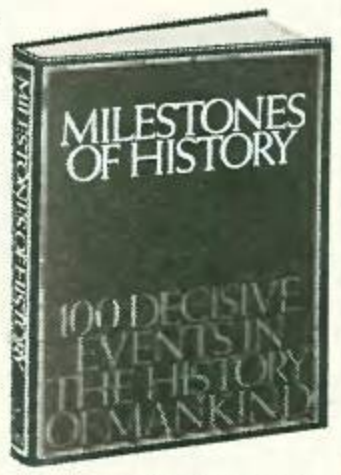

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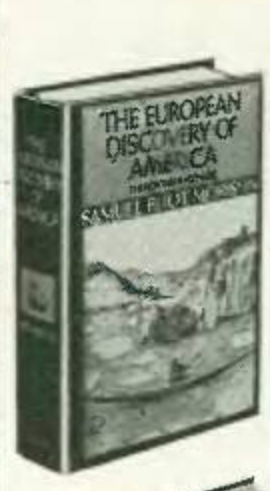

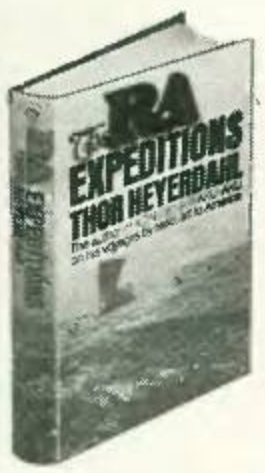

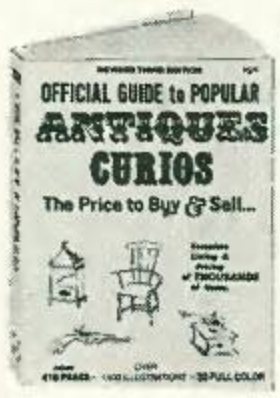

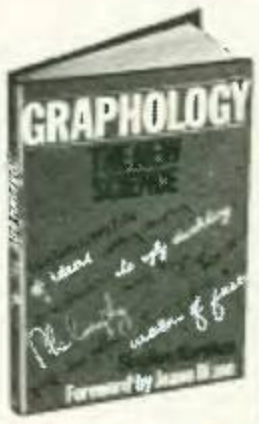

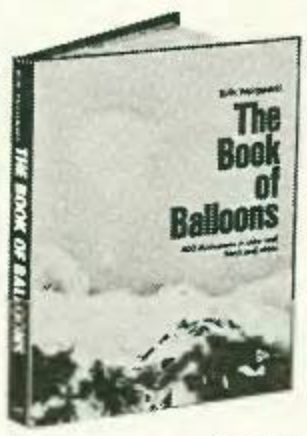

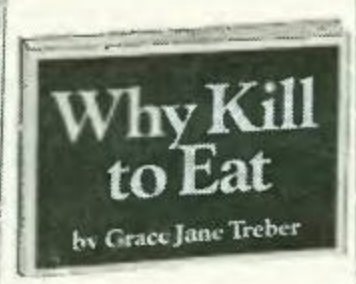

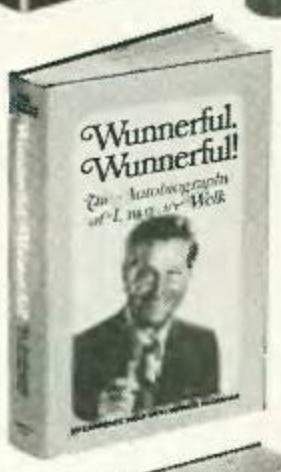

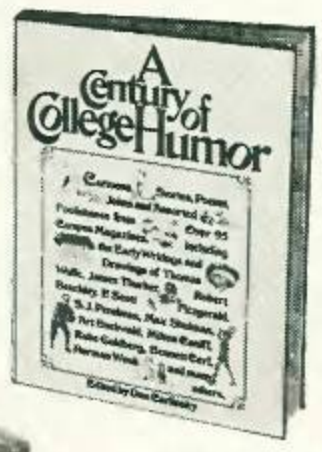

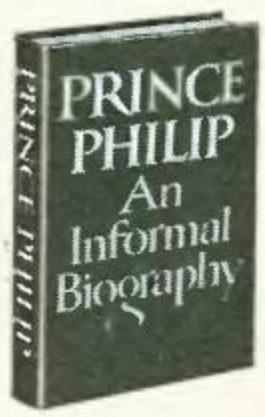

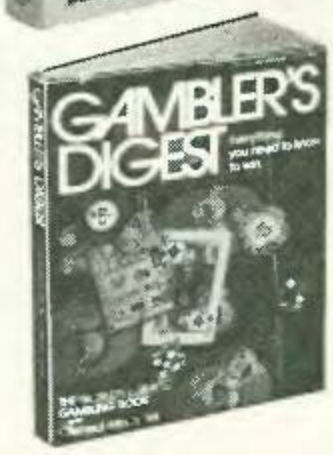

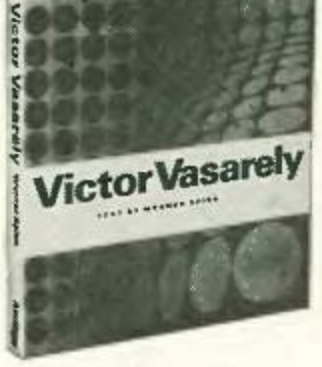

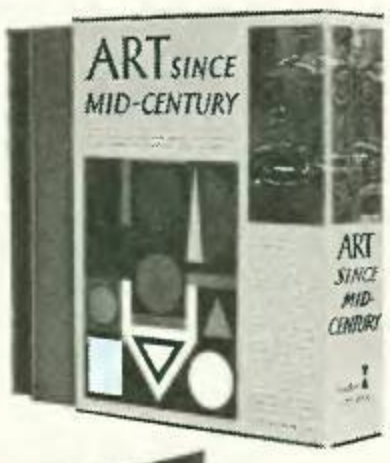

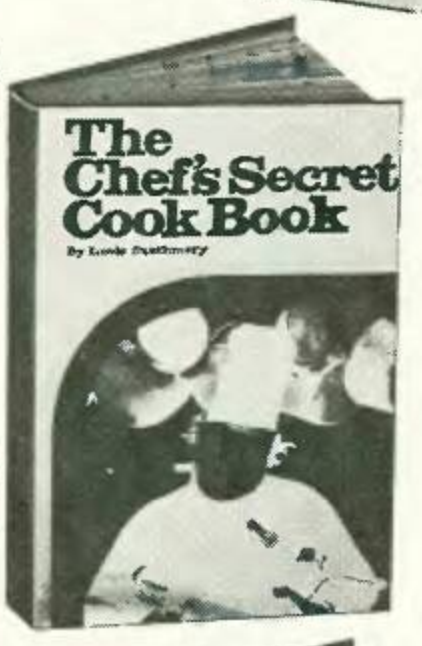

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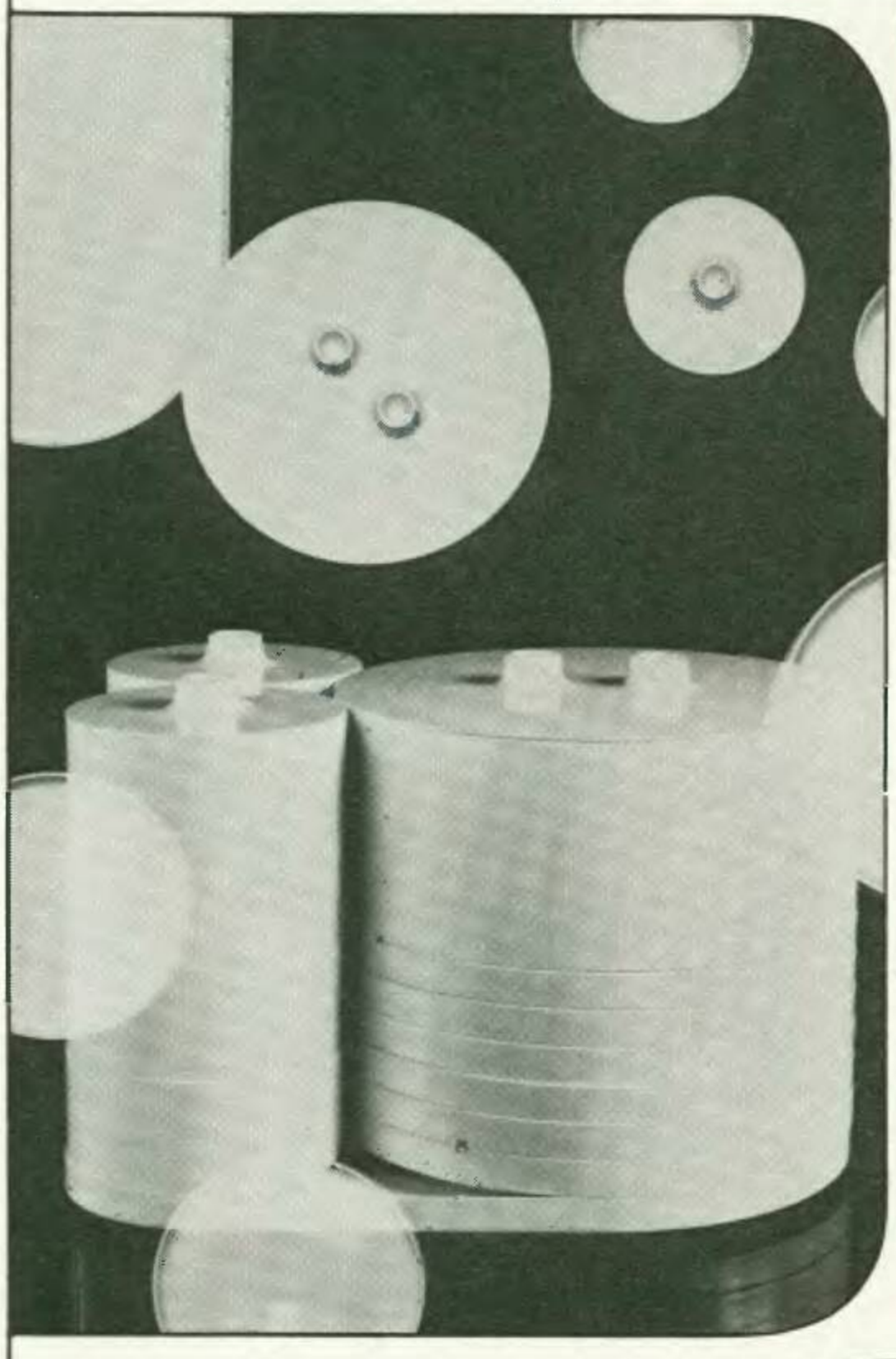

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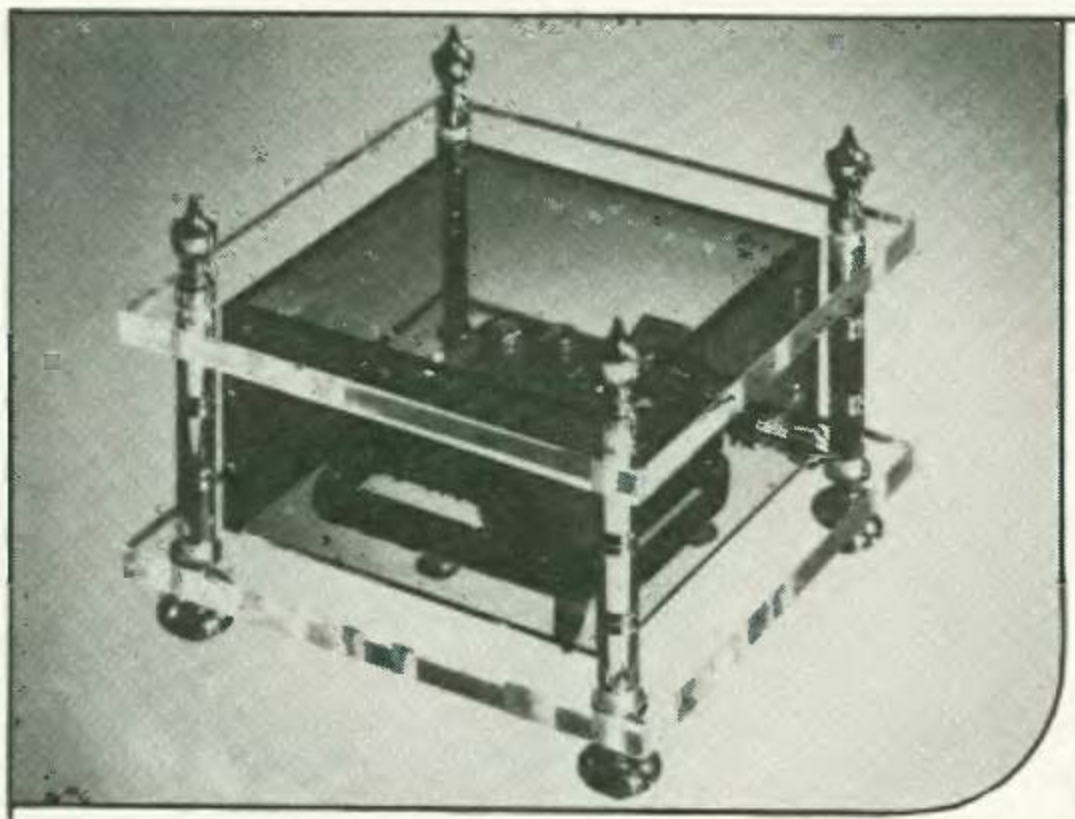

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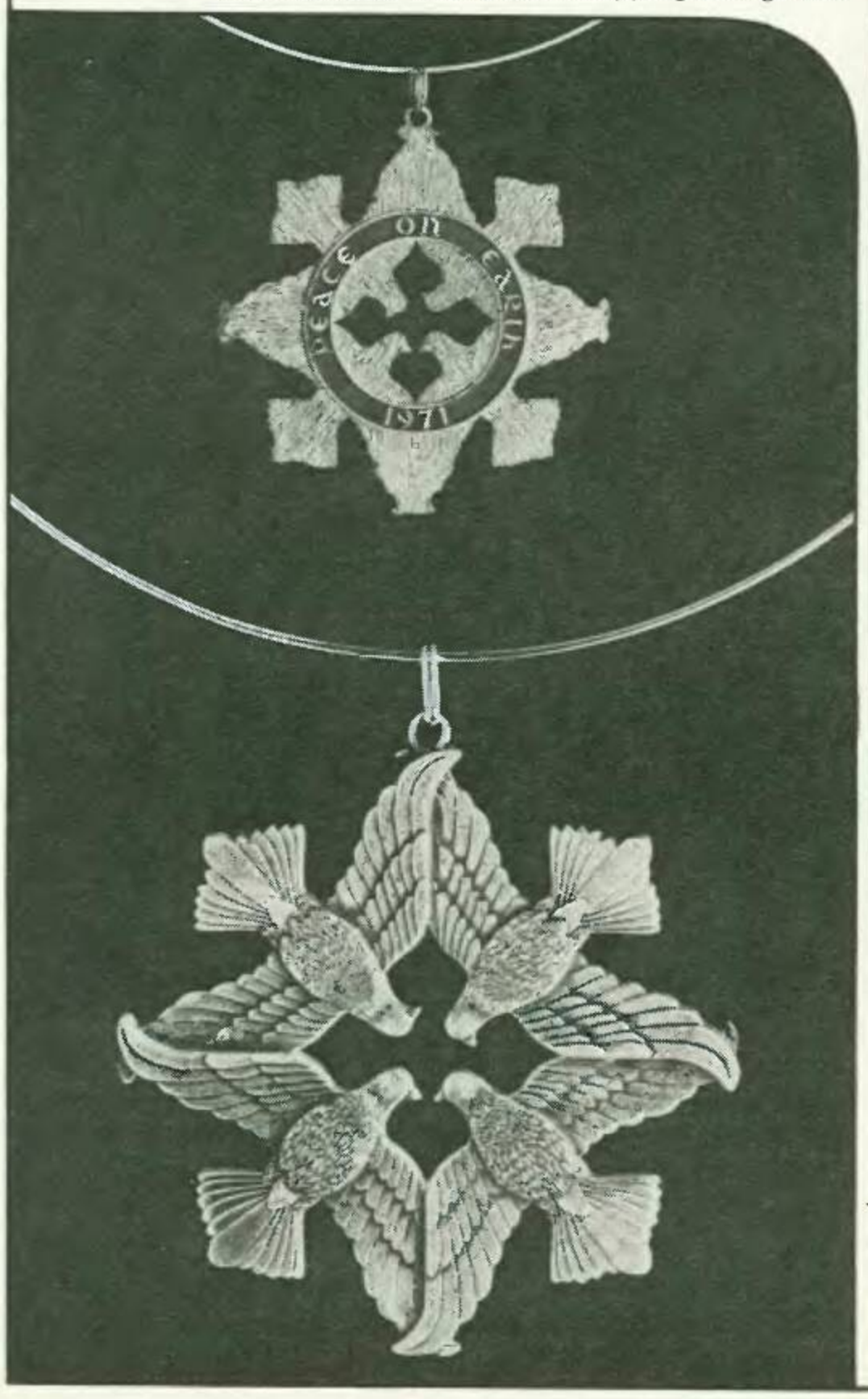

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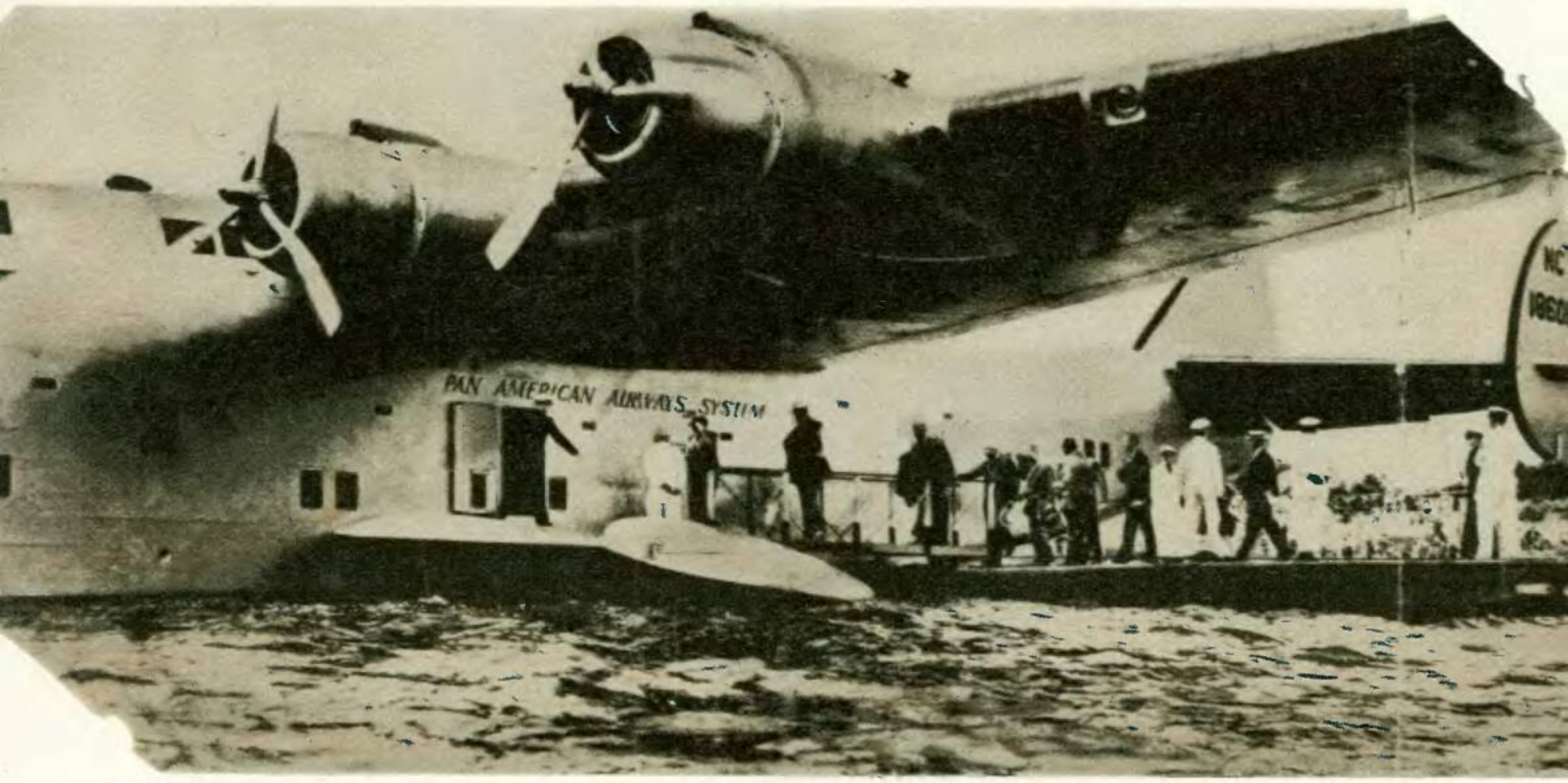

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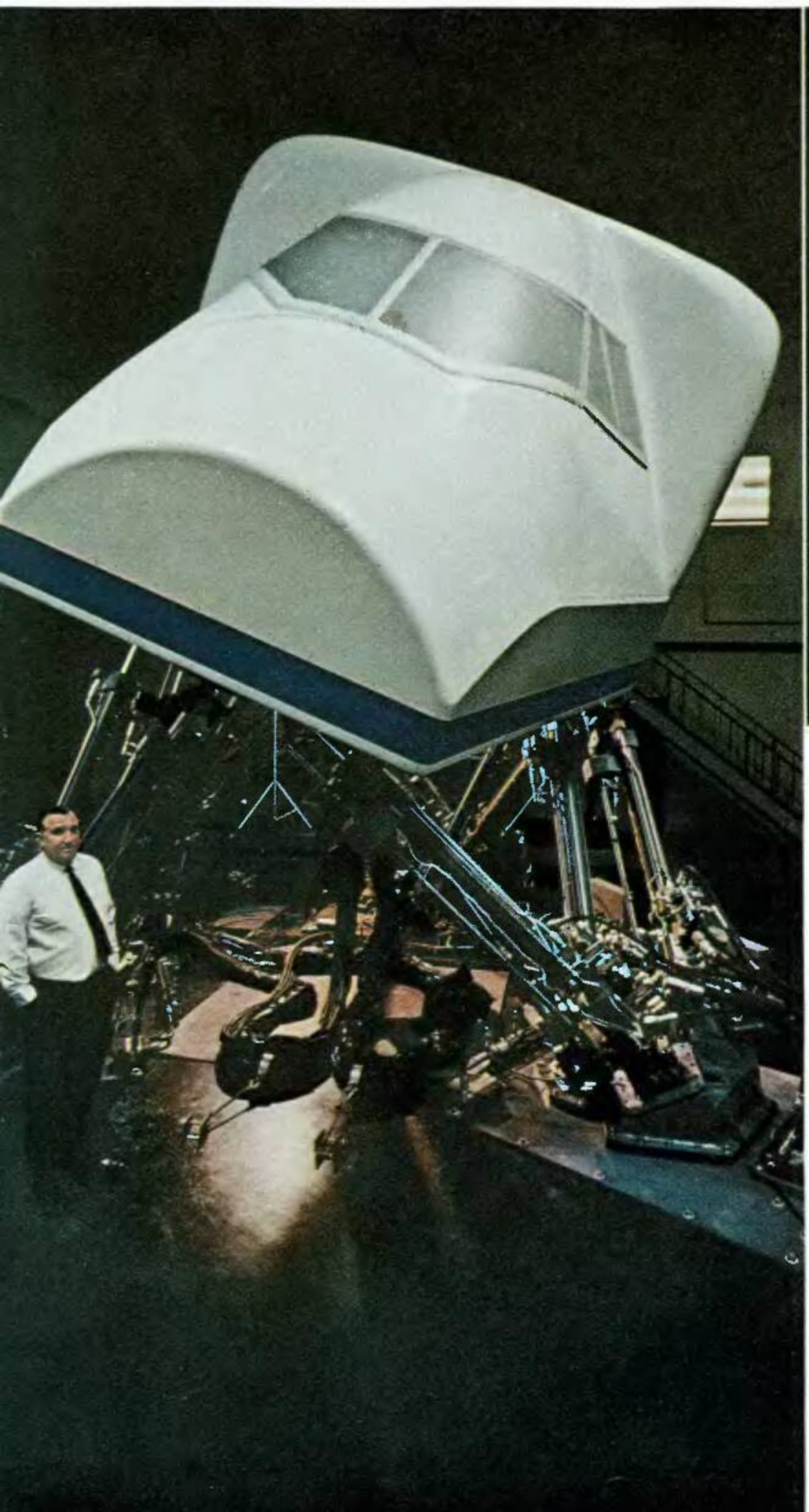

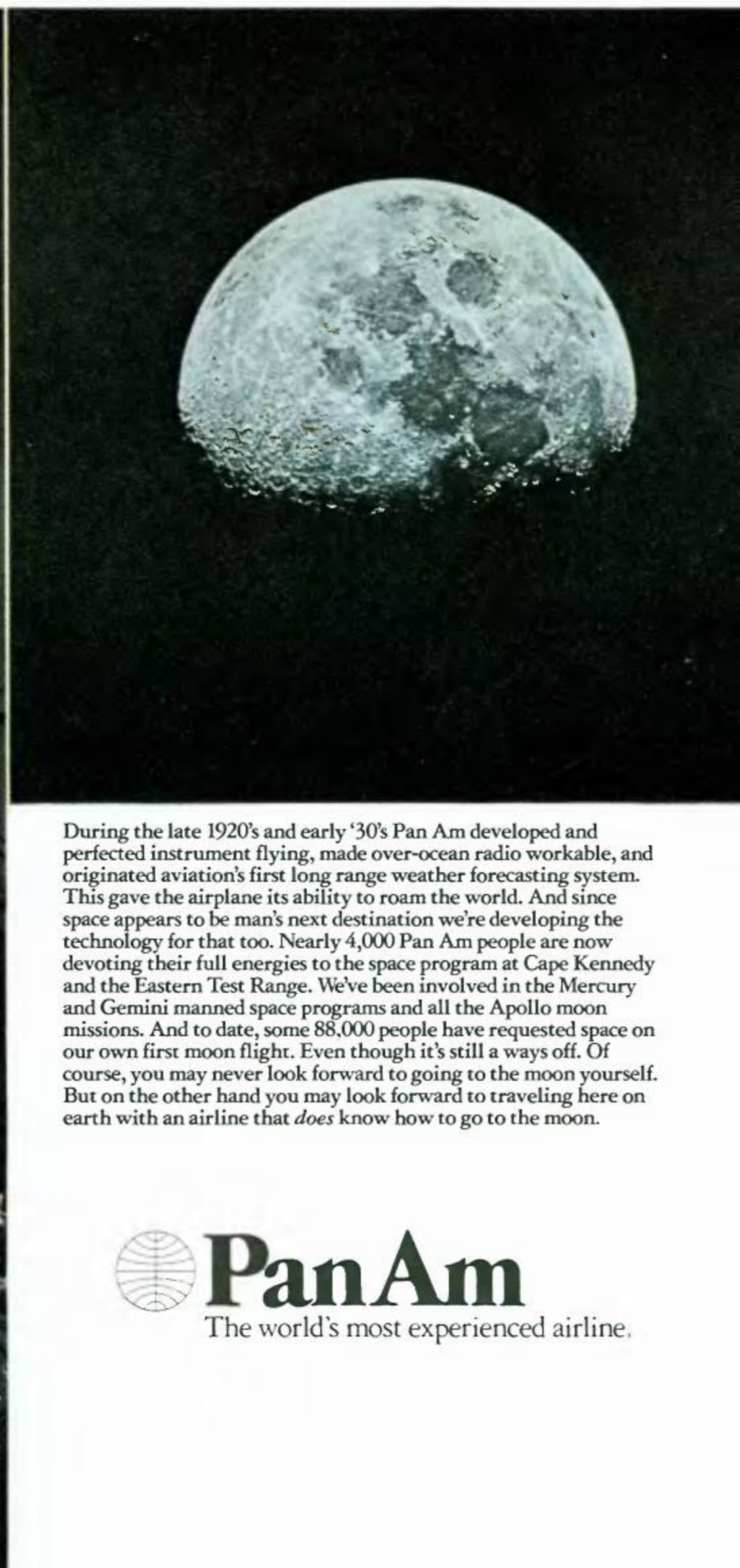

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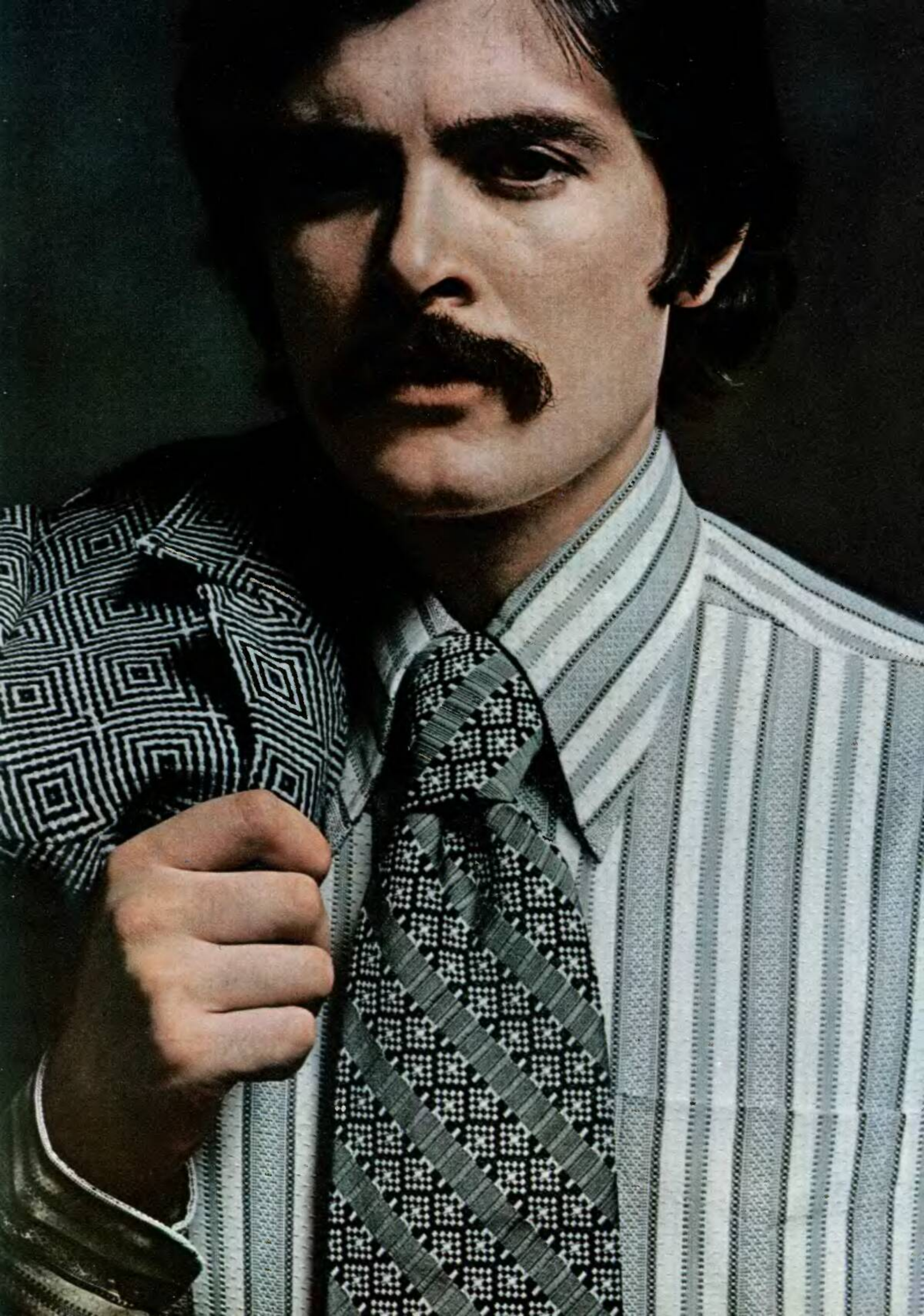

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN President Nixon announced his trip to China, a number of dramatic shifts in world diplomacy followed almost automatically. One of these was the admission of the People's Republic of China to the United Nations and the expulsion of the Republic of China. Having in effect recognized the Peking regime with the announcement of the President's trip, the United States could hardly expect other nations to withhold their own gestures of recognition. Nevertheless, this was what we asked of them, and in doing so we were calling on the other nations to carry on a fight that we had started. Naturally, they were unwilling. In the United States, all this has had a powerful impact on every section of political opinion, as the Senate's sudden vote to drop the foreign-aid bill shows, but the shock was perhaps greatest to conservatives—a group that had once reliably counted President Nixon among its members. They had long opposed the admission of mainland China to the United Nations, even if a seat should be retained for the Taiwan regime. Now a supposedly conservative President had suddenly set in motion a train of events that admitted Peking *without*, in the end, retaining a seat for Taiwan. By any standard, it was a startling reversal. One of its results was to add a new dimension to the struggle between the authority of the Congress and the authority of the President in the field of foreign affairs. Just as the strength of the congressional liberals' convictions has been tested by their endurance in opposing the Indo-China war, the strength of the conservatives' conviction is being tested now by the China question. Right after the announcement of the President's trip, there were some signs of life in conservative quarters—a few flashes of anger in speeches in the houses of Congress, a few noises from the China lobby—and it looked as if a strong statement from some legislators opposing the President's move might be in the offing. In the end, though, the effort collapsed. The statement, when it came, came from conservatives outside Congress and said weakly that they were resolved to "suspend support" for the President; it didn't even go so far as to encourage formal political opposition to the President. Now we are seeing the sequel, and it is not a pretty one. It's an ancient story. Having been piqued by a stronger party whom they didn't dare oppose (the President), the conservative legislators vented their annoyance on a weaker party, a defenseless party (the United Nations). They wanted the United States, after participating in a vote and losing it, to punish the people who voted the other way. They spoke openly of withholding foreign aid from our allies and of cutting our contributions to the U.N., as though they thought the United States could buy off the whole world. And then, to complete the irony, the President himself joined the chorus, with his remarks criticizing (through his spokesman, Ronald Ziegler) the "undisguised glee" of the United Nations delegates at the China vote—a glee in which he detected "personal animosity" toward the United States. He, too, dropped broad hints about cutting off aid to the offending countries. A merry glint in a delegate's eye might turn out to have cost his country its next shipment of used flamethrowers. According to one widely held theory, the President was trying to steer a safe course between the conservatives in Congress and the Communist Chinese. It is said that to remain in the good graces of the conservatives he needed to make a strong attack somewhere in the vicinity of the China vote but that to remain in the good graces of the Chinese he had to avoid attacking the vote itself. So he, too, discovered the perfect object for attack in the United Nations, and decided to get tough with the delegates' unruly behavior. Mindful of his old friends at home and his new friends abroad, he settled on a middle course and insulted the entire rest of the world.

AFTER the United Nations voting on China last week, there was much speculation about the future of the People's Republic of China and of the Republic of China but relatively little about the future of the people of Taiwan—that is, of the twelve million native Taiwanese, who since 1949 have lived under martial law imposed and enforced by Chiang Kai-shek's two million émigrés from the mainland (and who in themselves outnumber the population of any one of the smaller nations making up two-thirds of the membership in the General Assembly). The native Taiwanese sometimes call themselves a silenced majority. Except for a couple of hundred thousand aborigines, who are presumed to be of Malay origin, the islanders' ancestors came, like Chiang and his followers, from the Chinese mainland—principally from around Amoy, on the Fukien coast—but over the years the Taiwanese have become such a distinct group that their language now differs from Mandarin Chinese as much as German differs from English. The Taiwanese have also developed certain national characteristics, including, to the despair of their few indigenous leaders, submissiveness and a tendency to think of themselves as people who are somehow destined by history to be pushed around. It is true that back in 1947, while Chiang was still on the mainland, they staged an uprising against his resident surrogates, but the revolt was quickly and harshly put down. Today, for all their numerical superiority, they occupy just thirty-two of fourteen hundred and forty-eight seats in the National Assembly, they hold few government jobs

"Any word as to the nature of the soupe du jour?"

• •

of any consequence, and they don't make much fuss about their subservient role. Between the older mainlanders and the older Taiwanese there is hardly any communication, in or out of government. Probably not one fifty-year-old mainlander in a thousand can speak a word of Taiwanese, and a Taiwanese of that age who has a second language is just as likely to speak Japanese as Mandarin Chinese. The Taiwanese under thirty, on the other hand, have been somewhat Sinofied, and most of them speak Chinese. And, to some degree, the younger mainlanders have been Taiwanized; among certain young intellectuals, indeed, the ability to speak Taiwanese has become a status symbol. There is even some intermarriage now between the groups. However, one mainlander we know of who has a Taiwanese wife doesn't understand a word of her native tongue, and has never seen any reason to try to learn it.

In Taipei, a year or so ago, we were lucky enough to have a talk with an islander active in the Taiwanese independence movement. Talking with us involved some risk on his part, for it is considered reckless there to voice any criticism of the Generalissimo, or of his son and heir apparent, Chiang Ching-kuo; when someone wants to discuss the reigning family in public, he is likely to identify the principals by sign language, using a thumb for the senior Chiang, a little finger for the junior. For a foreigner to talk to any member of the opposition can require a good deal of maneuvering—clandestine assignations, code messages, and all the rest. We met our man after receiving word that "the Scrabble game is on" and making a series of ostensibly impulsive trips from one hotel to another. And our man, who believed that he was shadowed around the clock by Chiang's security police, told us he had eluded them that day with the coöperation of a succession of taxi-drivers, who have an occupational distaste for the police. He had recently spent several years in jail on some such charge as trying to overthrow the government by having dinner with six friends who were not cousins. "There were a lot of so-called Communists locked up with me," he told us. "Some of them were fishermen whose boats the Generalissimo's patrols had intercepted, and were Communists principally in the sense that their homes were on the mainland. Others were Taiwan people who had attended a Communist meeting twenty or thirty years ago. Whoever they were, they shared with me in prison one indulgence that none of us enjoy anywhere else on this island—really free speech. We had some fine political arguments. Almost none of us had anything good to say about Red China. Most Taiwanese don't know much about it—wouldn't recognize Mao if they ran into him—but don't have any use for Communism. Oh, there were a few prisoners who said that since the Chinese here are the bad ones, the others had to be the good ones. And there were some who said that since Chiang had imprisoned them, only Mao could get them out. But I kept telling them, 'If the mainlanders here are bad, what makes you think the mainlanders over there are any different? Mainlanders are mainlanders wherever they are, and if the Communists took over here, they would probably treat us Taiwanese no better than anyone else has.' You know, some

people say that, just as the Generalissimo has his illusions about retaking the mainland, so we have our illusions about independence. There is no denying that our movement does not have broad support. Taiwan has become so prosperous that our people have a sizable bourgeoisie, which would hate to endanger its lucrative medical practices and plastics factories in the pursuit of some chancy political goal. Also, our people have no leadership to speak of. But we do have a three-hundred-year-old tradition of resistance fighters—a small group of people who have opposed the Dutch, the Spanish, the Manchus, the Japanese, and whoever else has been in temporary control of our land. Perhaps we have no visible strength right now, but there is an underlying yearning for freedom, and there is nothing that Chiang can do to stamp it out, because, however much better he lives than the third of our people who are crowded into squatters' shacks, *he* is the squatter. This is our island. We'd be delighted if he would pack up and move somewhere else. The Generalissimo has the support only of his troops, his bureaucrats, and the United States. Not even all the mainlanders here like the government—they remember how corrupt it was when it actually had the mainland. The Kuomintang calls Taiwan 'Free China.' That's about as imprecise as you can get in any language. Whatever this island may be, it is neither Chinese nor free."

One Vote

His Excellency Joseph Attard Kingswell, the newly appointed Ambassador to the United Nations from Malta, was the object of considerable attention during the recent China debate, because his country chose to remain publicly uncommitted on the Peking-versus-Taiwan issue until the voting lights began to flash on the General Assembly tally board. When we learned, a week or so earlier, that Ambassador Attard Kingswell's determined silence at the United Nations reflected a complex political situation at home, we decided to keep an eye on Malta during the final days of the debate to find out how one small, nonaligned nation would go about making up its mind on this historic issue.

Malta consists of three strategically placed Mediterranean islands, on which there are British military bases and three hundred and twenty thousand people. In 1964, when Malta became an independent member of the British Commonwealth, its government recognized Taiwan and established trade relations with the Nationalist regime. Each year thereafter, Malta voted with the United States to block the expulsion of Nationalist China from the U.N. by making the matter an "important question," requiring a two-thirds majority. Last June, however, Malta elected an independent-minded Prime Minister named Dom Mintoff, who announced that he intended to take the islands out of "big-power politics" and move in the direction of genuine neutrality. In rapid succession, Mr. Mintoff asked for the resignation of the British governor-general, negotiated a new treaty with Great Britain to increase the rent paid for the Maltese military bases, asked NATO's Mediterranean headquarters to move elsewhere, and obtained an emergency gift from the oil-rich revolutionary government of Libya. He also made it clear that Maltese military facilities were off limits to the United States, Russia, and Italy, a country that in the past has wanted to annex Malta. Keeping these facts in mind, we stopped by the Malta Mission, on East Thirty-fifth Street, one morning shortly before the China issue came to a vote, for a talk with Ambassador Attard Kingswell. He is a short, self-contained man who has thick black hair, penetrating brown eyes, a small mustache, and a decisive but informal manner. When we asked him for a brief biography, he told us that he had spent most of his life in the trade-union movement. "I have been the general secretary of our largest union for the past thirteen years," he said, "and I have represented Malta at a number of international labor conferences. Perhaps that is why our Prime Minister, an old friend and colleague in the Labour Party, appointed me Ambassador to both the United States and the United Nations. As a matter of fact, I presented my credentials to President Nixon only yesterday."

"How does your government view the China question?" we asked.

"We are undecided," replied the Ambassador. "The new government is still assessing the situation. I watch the debate very closely, and I report by Telex every day. We wish to maintain diplomatic relations with Taiwan, but we must also consider the question of whether it is preferable to leave one-fifth of the world's population outside the U.N. We would prefer to have both countries represented, but there are legal and political problems. It's a pity that a matter of such procedural importance—the expulsion of a member—should be decided on political considerations, because when you do this you establish a policy for the future. The 'important question,' of course, is the key vote. One thing that worries me is that if the U.N. requires a two-thirds majority to expel a member, there might be a temptation to require a two-thirds majority to *admit* a member as well."

"Has there been pressure put on your government to vote one way or the other?" we asked.

"No," said the Ambassador, firmly. "I think it's clear to everyone that Malta has a very independent mind on this issue. Naturally, a great many people have discussed the matter with me. When I was ready to present my credentials to President Nixon, I was warned that the ceremony would take about two minutes and that four other ambassadors would follow me. To the surprise of the protocol people, the President took me into another room and talked for about twenty minutes. The conversation was primarily about Malta—he is very well informed about our economic and political policies—but there *was* a brief mention of what is going on in the U.N."

"When will your government make up its mind?" we asked.

"I really don't expect a final decision until Monday afternoon," the Ambassador replied.

On Monday night, when the two final resolutions dealing with China suddenly came to a vote in the General Assembly, we looked down from a perch in a television booth and spotted Ambassador Attard Kingswell, an austere, remote figure wearing a dark-olive suit and a green tie, seated halfway back on the left side of the hall. As the debate grew heated and delegates rushed up and down the aisles grabbing hands, slapping backs, collecting in small, excited groups, and exchanging tally sheets like friendly bookies, the Ambassador and the Maltese delegation remained silent and aloof. When a roll-call vote was taken on the "important-question" resolution—the vote that really decided whether or not Taiwan would be expelled—Malta abstained, setting off a ripple of surprise. (As things turned out, it was the unexpected number of abstentions that defeated the United States resolution.) Ninety minutes later, when the Albanian resolution providing for the seating of Peking and the expulsion of Taiwan came to a vote, Malta surprised everybody a second time by voting against it, although several pro-United States hold-

outs—notably Ghana, Mexico, Portugal, and Israel—had quickly switched to what was obviously the winning side.

On Tuesday morning, Ambassador Attard Kingswell mounted the speaker's rostrum to tell the General Assembly why Malta had voted as she did. "We voted against Resolution AL 630," he said, referring to the Albanian resolution, "not because we do not wish to see the People's Republic of China take up its rightful place in this organization but because, in the interest of universality, we could not possibly agree to expel the representatives of Taiwan from the U.N. But we did not vote for the 'important-question' resolution because we felt that we had no right to help in erecting procedural obstacles in the path of the will of the majority. My government now welcomes the participation of the People's Republic of China and looks forward to a reawakening and a revitalization of the activities of the United Nations . . . as a result of the presence among us of a state which, apart from governing approximately one-fifth of the world's population, boasts of an ancient culture, an ancient wisdom, and a progressive attitude toward contemporary problems."

When we encountered Ambassador Attard Kingswell in the Delegates' Lounge after his speech, we thought he looked tired and a little sad. "Mainland China's coming in was inevitable," he told us. "But we were the only delegation to abstain on the 'important question' and then vote against the Albanian resolution. We didn't want to obstruct the will of the Assembly, but we did *not* join the Albanian bandwagon, either. That was the basic character of our conviction. Things are changing so rapidly now that I wouldn't be surprised to see both Taiwan and Peking accept a situation in which a country has diplomatic relations with them both."

Thebouidienne

THE African Chef is a new restaurant in Harlem. It can be found at 441 Lenox Avenue, at the corner of 132nd Street, across from the Club Baron and next to Odessa M. Bailey's Funeral Home. It is remarkable because it serves good African food at low prices, and because it is opening at a time when good restaurants in Harlem are closing, and because it is done up in a pretty elaborate way. The menu is all African, but that covers a lot of territory. There is a fine fish-and-rice dish called Thebouidienne, from West Africa; there is Lamb Kefta, from North Africa; there is something called Chicken Mozambique; and there are various things to drink, like Ethiopian Punch and Senegal Sunshine, that you don't find everywhere else in town. The African Chef opens for lunch and stays open late—until midnight on weekdays, until three in the morning on Friday and Saturday. There is a takeout counter. Though there is no hint of anything un-African on the printed menu of the African Chef, a certain amount of down-home Southern-fried chicken crosses the takeout counter.

The other night, we went up to have dinner at the African Chef. We went with a friend of ours who feels that he has a real kinship with Africa because he has a great-uncle who is in the Explorers Club, and we spent some time talking to Walter Werner, who, with his partner, Bradford Hill, is responsible for the African Chef. We ate Thebouidienne and drank Senegal Sunshine, and admired our surroundings. "As far as I know, we are the only African restaurant in New York," Mr. Werner said. "The place is timely, because of the black-identification thing. The brothers are flocking here. For the first couple of weeks, we actually *had* an African chef. He came from Nigeria, and he knew some of the dishes, but we had to teach him the others. Now we have a fellow named Benjamin. He's from the Bronx."

Mr. Werner is a black man of middle age, and that night he was wearing a black shirt with red and white stripes, and glasses with smoked lenses. Before opening the African Chef, Mr. Werner and Mr. Hill had devoted all their energies to another enterprise of theirs, Moorish Interiors. "We specialize in the Moorish motif," Mr. Werner said, "and you can certainly see it here. We wanted the outside of the front to represent Eastern culture, so we used pyramid windows. Inside, we gutted everything to create the kind of environment that would lend an African feeling." Inside, Mr. Werner and Mr. Hill have made use of Tiffany lamps and arched mirrors and thatching-and-leopard-patterned wall covering, black leatherette booths with silver accents, and an incredible purple jukebox. There is an African mask mounted on a stained-glass window. "The whole idea was to superimpose the black concept on what I regard as antiquity," Mr. Werner said. "The mask, which is from Chad, is placed against what is really a Gothic window."

We asked Mr. Werner to tell us about Moorish Interiors and his partnership with Mr. Hill.

"Moorish Interiors is very successful," said Mr. Werner. "We decorated all the stores the Nation of Islam built in its mosque on a Hundred and Sixteenth Street, for instance. Bradford and I didn't start out decorating, though; we started out painting. We had a portrait business, utilizing telephone solicitation and employing a battery of artists. It went over big, but we couldn't find artists to do the portraits fast enough, and also we really got sick of painting. Then we went into beauty shows. We did beauty shows for girls in Harlem. After recruiting about five hundred girls, we did a survey and found out that

what these girls really wanted was a career in the arts, so we began the American School of Modern Dance, on Sixth Avenue at Thirteenth Street. We channelled those girls from the beauty shows right into the school. But then we got tired of that—all those women, all those complaints. It was a little bit after that that we began Moorish Interiors. We began just doing apartments for the stars. I did Johnny Nash's apartment. It was like a sultan's palace—very plush. His bedroom—we did the bed on a platform with a white rug. I did a fantastic headboard. One wall was Moorish motif and the other was motorized drapes—you pressed a button and the whole thing opened up. That led to a job doing a club, and from that point on it was history."

"'Go forth,' an inner voice keeps saying to me. 'Go forth and seek out an hour of prime time on a national hookup.'"

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Dublin Muslin

HEREWITH a report on the opening of Rosc, the great international exhibition of modern art that is held in Dublin every four years, to the astonishment and—to hear them talk, which in Dublin is to hear them talk and talk and *talk*—the consternation of many opinionated citizens of that incessantly disputatious city. Rosc, which is said to mean "poetry of vision" in Gaelic (and only a hypercritical Trinity scholar would trouble to ask what that charming phrase might mean in English), is the brainchild of Michael Scott, the premier architect and cultural handyman of Ireland, preserver of Joyce's martello, designer of the Abbey Theatre, and able guide to Dublin clubs and pubs. Mr. Scott thought up Rosc in 1967 and asked the well-known art historian and museum director James Johnson Sweeney to serve as chairman of the jury that made the selections for the show, which featured not only fifty living artists and sculptors but also an extraordinary display of ancient Celtic art. Mr. Sweeney, who commutes between East End Avenue and County Galway, served as chairman of the jury again this year; his associates were Werner Schmalenbach, director of the Nordrhein-Westfalen Museum, in Düsseldorf, and K. G. Pontus Hultén, director of the Museum of Modern Art in Stockholm. The exhibition is accompanied by a display of Viking art, some of it of Irish origin (for the Vikings, having raped, sacked, and pillaged Ireland to their hearts' content, settled down and founded cities, Dublin among them). Since Irish artists and sculptors are, on principle, excluded from the main show of Rosc—presumably to avoid local donnybrooks over who got in and who was left out—a separate show of Irish works, selected by Brian O'Doherty and called "The Irish Imagination," has opened at the Municipal Gallery in Dublin; other manifestations of Rosc, in other branches of the arts, will be opening in a number of Irish cities, and the whole affair is to continue until the end of the year.

The formal opening of Rosc '71 took place a few days ago, in the enormous exhibition rooms of the Royal Dublin Society, in the Ballsbridge section of Dublin. The rooms have been draped in thousands of yards of white muslin, to conceal the gaunt cast-iron framing of the building, and the pictures and sculpture have been scattered about the walls and hung ad lib from the rafters in a fashion so casual that on opening night one was in constant danger of backing into a painted-cardboard relief by Johannes Schoonhoven, a twenty-three-foot-long construction in fuzzy steel wool on metal by Pino Pascali, or one of Niki de Saint Phalle's joyous dancing Nanas. An opening in Dublin floats on a sea of talk and not, as one might expect, of spirits; the only beverage served was a timid red wine of Algerian ancestry, but the conversation proved to be of a remarkably high order. Among the notabilities present, artists and critics aside, were the Irish Prime Minister, John Lynch; the United States Ambassador to Ireland, the Honorable John D. J. Moore; the director of Ireland's National Gallery, Dr. James White; Mariga Guinness, indefatigable champion of the Irish Georgian Society; the archeologist Liam de Paor; Lord Dunsany; the historian John Cohane; and John Ryan, author, painter, TV commentator, editor of a literary quarterly called the *Dublin Magazine*, and former owner of a celebrated Duke Street pub, the Bailey. (Like most Dubliners, Mr. Ryan manages to keep fingers in half a dozen pies at once.) Long a student of Dublin mores, Mr. Ryan felt that the Rosc reception gave proof of the opulence of Dublin's rising middle class. "Everyone seems to be getting rich, but nobody knows where the money is coming from," he said. "Holy pictures on the walls are giving way to china ducks, usually three in number, seen in diminishing perspective. A favorite status symbol here is an indoor heated swimming pool—the company making them can't keep up with its orders. And a Mercedes in the garage. And dinner at Snaffles. The other day, I heard a man in a pub boasting that he had an oil by Jack Yeats that had been hand-painted. Without a hand-painted Yeats in your drawing room, you're a nobody. Paddy Kavanagh said of the Irish that they live in the dark cave of the unconscious and they scream when they see the light. Lately, it appears that they've stopped screaming and started to smile. This may not be altogether an improvement."

LOVE: FIRST LESSONS

THE house into which Francis—strange, tender name for Protestants to bestow—had been born reached back to the youth of the century, the pre-Wilson era of knobbed balusters and framed mottoes and rectangular pieces of cloth, fringed table runners, whose arabesque patterns of red and gold and blue reminded him of a pen of peacocks seen from above. The colors were exotic, stiff as feathers; the blue had faded to the pallor of ice, and even the red looked cold, like wet clay. Wallpaper glinted in the dark narrow halls high above his head. The house felt old, worn, too warm, closed-in, though cornfields were visible from some windows. Perhaps *they* were the pen of peacocks: Francis, his parents, and his mother's parents. They were penned in because they were poor, and they all loved him, Francis suspected, because they had no one else to love.

His grandfather's love seemed to arrive from the greatest distance. He dwelt in a far, Biblical, brown world. He smoked cigars outdoors by the chicken house. His love had a wordless tang, not disagreeable, of admonition. On each of Francis's birthdays, his grandfather would give him a single dollar bill, removed and unfolded with ceremonial dignity from a wallet worn papery by the rubbing of time, where the boy was amazed that any wealth still lingered; he imagined that the dollar grew there each spring from a seed left at his previous birthday. Francis had heard of manna. The magical dollar fluttered down from the dry realm wherein his grandfather read the Bible in its leather covers worn fragile as the wallet; for hours each afternoon, the old man would sit on the caneback sofa in the dusk—surrounding walls of trees made the house dark all year; only for the day after a snowstorm did it seem bright—and dwell in this realm, reading, his shuffling feet kicking up on the worn gray carpet little "mice" of fuzz that Mother, the old man's daughter, would complain about in a voice that swooped like the vacuum cleaner. It was the same voice she used when he brought his cigar indoors. Her voice swooped and wanted to eat him; love, Francis saw, was a kind of eating.

"Sorry."

As a child he slept in a little room his grandparents had to pass by on their way downstairs. Once, in passing, his grandfather, always the first to arise, squeezed his big toe, which the night had exposed. Awakened by it, Francis never forgot the sensation: the old man's hand dry as a bird's beak, the preying tug that wanted to pluck his toe loose and carry it into the sky. Yet the old man loved him. Between them, the oldest and youngest of the household, there existed a conspiracy of the powerless, a bond of detached amusement; it had been amusing of his grandfather to pinch his toe. Love is comic, in its search for a handle on the body of the beloved. And unexpected: it kindles in our sleep and startles us awake. And it asks no reward: his grandfather had placidly continued down the stairs, with his usual careful sighing and the mingled squeaks of worn wood treads and of old high-top shoes such as babies wear, only black.

His grandmother's love took the form of excessive protectiveness and forced feeding. Once, fed overmuch, he vomited, and the incident, though he knew about it only through his mother's amused retelling (it seemed to mark the moment when she won the child's rearing back from her mother), served to sanction the rebelliousness that underlay his growingly expert acceptance of love. That vomiting was his first "No," and his grandmother was the first to submit to the panicky fury love roused in him. He would beat her; still tiny, he would leap up and his grandmother would bend her already bent back as if to hold him from falling off while he pummelled her sharp shoulder blades with his smarting fists. The cause, as he remembered, was that she would fall asleep while sitting outside the bathroom while he was in it, doing toidy. It was her duty to guard him against ghosts; because she had taught him to believe in ghosts. Muttering in half-German, she had filled the air with phantom dangers—with germs, with likely accidents, with menaces from the outside. Because of her, he could never climb a tree and always slept with his windows closed. So he climbed her and relished her high-

pitched grunting as his fists struck. Her tousled gray hair seemed to be fleeing her skull in terror; when she turned to shrug him off, her sharp little nose was cruelly nicked by ill-fitting spectacle frames. The certainty of her forgiveness was maddening. Love has no limits; it swallows us. It stuffs us, it crowds the air with false presences. Love assigns us a supernatural value in which we struggle frantically, like a king still alive in his gorgeous sarcophagus.

When he came to go to school, he noticed the cheerful ruggedness of the neglected children and the exhausted fragility of the cherished: Marvin, with his wild untruthfulness and chronic anemia, and Fritz, who could hardly move across the playground at recess without breaking a bone, and Francis, in whom a constant seething irritability would break for relief into fever. His mother would sit on the bed and apply a vaporish pale-green unguent to his chest. It was, at first touch, shockingly cold, and then it burned, and its fanning vapors brought tears to his eyes, and, her face solicitous and stern, she rubbed the greenish grease into the taut transparent space upheld by his ribs—a space of skin bounded by his nipples and the hollow at the base of his throat. In this hollow she always left, like a supplicatory offering, a final fragrant dab. He did not understand how the grease could penetrate the skin and muscles of his chest to do him any good, but accepted the ministration, as it was given, in faith.

Her face, so close to his, was distended like his own face mirrored on the back of a spoon. She seemed involved with him, through the fumes of this rite, in an exchange of guilt and amends. As her slow hand, as slow as the something moving in her heavy eyes, applied the ointment and its vapors burned his eyes, Francis felt himself the focus of a number of lenses, the center of a burning that might inflame and consume him. So the child's imagination, flowing toward antidotes, was attracted to images of coolness and indifference—the moon, snow, trees serene in green clouds of their own dreaming, melons, masks, lakes, skyscrapers, mirrors, angels, churches on weekdays, theatres on Sundays. Think of snow to sleep. Think of snow.

"Ignore him. It's just our landlord trying to make us move."

•

HIS father's love was as high as his grandmother's was deep. There was no word for it but "lordly." It asked nothing, specified nothing, regretted nothing. Its center and seat was the high remote head, impeccably combed, which the child customarily viewed in strange perspective, from underneath, and which floated, inaccessible and preoccupied, on the upper limits of his vision. The holy feelings Francis directed toward this far head were complex. He always remembered with a squirm of horror the moment of blasphemy when, walking with his parents after a snowstorm, falling behind, throwing snowballs at random, he gathered all his strength and threw in the direction of his father's head and struck it. His father, as if in slow motion, turned and presented his profile at the moment the missile closed upon his ear, which then, in memory, turned blood-red. Francis had wept and explained and not been blamed. Yet, a few years later, waiting on a gravel path for his father to finish talking to another man, he had experimentally tossed flecks of gravel toward the preoccupied head, not wishing to hit it yet obscurely seeking some impingement. His father walked over to him, stooped, and slapped his face. As a blow it was neither hard nor soft; it had a perfect quality of justice, and the child felt confirmed by this condescension. It was the only time his father ever struck him, and it was enough, for what had been in doubt was the possibility that it could happen at all. —JOHN UPDIKE

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In the first nine months of the campaign to recycle used glass bottles, manufacturers paid approximately $1 million for 198 used bottles.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Post.*

Hey, sweetie, where's our burlap bag?

CRUSOE IN ENGLAND

A new volcano has erupted,
the papers say, and last week I was reading
where some ship saw an island being born:
at first a breath of steam, ten miles away;
and then a black fleck—basalt, probably—
rose in the mate's binoculars
and caught on the horizon like a fly.
They named it. But my poor old island's still
un-rediscovered, un-renamable.
None of the books has ever got it right.

Well, I had fifty-two
miserable, small volcanoes I could climb
with a few slithery strides—
volcanoes dead as ash heaps.
I used to sit on the edge of the highest one
and count the others standing up,
naked and leaden, with their heads blown off.
I'd think that if they were the size
I thought volcanoes should be, then I had
become a giant;
and if I had become a giant,
I couldn't bear to think what size
the goats and turtles were,
or the gulls, or the over-lapping rollers
—a glittering hexagon of rollers
closing and closing in, but never quite,
glittering and glittering, though the sky
was mostly overcast.

My island seemed to be
a sort of cloud-dump. All the hemisphere's
left-over clouds arrived and hung
above the craters—their parched throats
were hot to touch.
Was that why it rained so much?
And why sometimes the whole place hissed?
The turtles lumbered by, high-domed,
hissing like teakettles.
(And I'd have given years, or taken a few,
for any sort of kettle, of course.)
The folds of lava, running out to sea,
would hiss. I'd turn. And then they'd prove
to be more turtles.
The beaches were all lava, variegated,
black, red, and white, and gray;
the marbled colors made a fine display.
And I had waterspouts. Oh,
half a dozen at a time, far out,
they'd come and go, advancing and retreating,
their heads in cloud, their feet in moving patches
of scuffed-up white.
Glass chimneys, flexible, attenuated,
sacerdotal beings of glass . . . I watched
the water spiral up in them like smoke.
Beautiful, yes, but not much company.

I often gave way to self-pity.
"Do I deserve this? I suppose I must.
I wouldn't be here otherwise. Was there
a moment when I actually chose this?
I don't remember, but there could have been."
What's wrong about self-pity, anyway?
With my legs dangling down familiarly
over a crater's edge, I told myself
"Pity should begin at home." So the more
pity I felt, the more I felt at home.

The sun set in the sea; the same odd sun
rose from the sea,
and there was one of it and one of me.
The island had one kind of everything:
one tree snail, a bright violet-blue
with a thin shell, crept over everything,
over the one variety of tree,
a sooty, scrub affair.
Snail shells lay under these in drifts
and, at a distance,
you'd swear that they were beds of irises.
There was one kind of berry, a dark red.
I tried it, one by one, and hours apart.
Sub-acid, and not bad, no ill effects;
and so I made home-brew. I'd drink
the awful, fizzy, stinging stuff
that went straight to my head
and play my home-made flute
(I think it had the weirdest scale on earth)
and, dizzy, whoop and dance among the goats.
Home-made, home-made! But aren't we all?
I felt a deep affection for
the smallest of my island industries.
No, not exactly, since the smallest was
a miserable philosophy.

Because I didn't know enough.
Why didn't I know enough of something?
Greek drama or astronomy? The books
I'd read were full of blanks;
the poems—well, I tried
reciting to my iris-beds,
"They flash upon that inward eye,
which is the bliss . . ." The bliss of what?
One of the first things that I did
when I got back was look it up.

The island smelled of goat and guano.
The goats were white, so were the gulls,
and both too tame, or else they thought
I was a goat, too, or a gull.
Baa, *baa*, *baa* and *shriek*, *shriek*, *shriek*,
baa . . . *shriek* . . . *baa* . . . I still can't shake
them from my ears; they're hurting now.
The questioning shrieks, the equivocal replies
over a ground of hissing rain
and hissing, ambulating turtles
got on my nerves.

When all the gulls flew up at once, they sounded
like a big tree in a strong wind, its leaves.
I'd shut my eyes and think about a tree,
an oak, say, with real shade, somewhere.
I'd heard of cattle getting island-sick.
I thought the goats were.
One billy-goat would stand on the volcano
I'd christened *Mont d'Espoir* or *Mount Despair*
(I'd time enough to play with names),
and bleat and bleat, and sniff the air.
I'd grab his beard and look at him.
His pupils, perpendicular, narrowed up
and expressed nothing, or a little malice.
I got so tired of the very colors!
One day I dyed a baby goat bright red

"My next guests this evening are the co-authors of 'Sock It!,' the controversial book that spills the beans on the world of croquet! Please welcome Mr. and Mrs. Rangeley Bigelow!"

• •

with my red berries, just to see
something a little different.
And then his mother wouldn't recognize him.

Dreams were the worst. Of course I dreamed of food
and love, but they were pleasant rather
than otherwise. But then I'd dream of things
like slitting a baby's throat, mistaking it
for a baby goat. I'd have
nightmares of other islands
stretching away from mine, infinities
of islands, islands spawning islands,
like frogs' eggs turning into polliwogs
of islands, knowing that I had to live
on each and every one, eventually,
for ages, registering their flora,
their fauna, their geography.

Just when I thought I couldn't stand it
another minute longer, Friday came.
(Accounts of that have everything all wrong.)
Friday was nice.
Friday was nice, and we were friends.
If only he had been a woman!
I wanted to propagate my kind,
and so did he, I think, poor boy.
He'd pet the baby goats sometimes,
and race with them, or carry one around.
—Pretty to watch; he had a pretty body.

And then one day they came and took us off.

Now I live here, another island,
that doesn't seem like one, but who decides?
My blood was full of them; my brain
bred islands. But that archipelago
has petered out. I'm old.
I'm bored, too, drinking my real tea,
surrounded by uninteresting lumber.
The knife there on the shelf—
it reeked of meaning, like a crucifix.
It lived. How many years did I
beg it, implore it, not to break?
I knew each nick and scratch by heart,
the bluish blade, the broken tip,
the lines of wood-grain on the handle . . .
Now it won't look at me at all.
The living soul has dribbled away.
My eyes rest on it and pass on.

The local museum's asked me to
leave everything to them:
the flute, the knife, the shrivelled shoes,
my shedding goatskin trousers
(moths have got in the fur),
the parasol that took me such a time
remembering the way the ribs should go.
It still will work but, folded up,
looks like a plucked and skinny fowl.
How can anyone want such things?
—And Friday, my dear Friday, died of measles
seventeen years ago come March.

—Elizabeth Bishop

THE CONGRESS

. . . ils s'acheminèrent vers un château immense, au frontispice duquel on lisait: "Je n'appartiens à personne et j'appartiens à tout le monde. Vous y étiez avant que d'y entrer, et vous y serez encore quand vous en sortirez."—From "Jacques le Fataliste et son Maître" (1796), by Diderot.

BUENOS AIRES, 1955

ALEJANDRO FERRI is my name. Martial echoes may be heard in it, but neither the metals of glory nor the great shadow of the Macedonian—the words belong to the poet of "The Marble Pillars," who honored me with his friendship—has any kinship with the nearly anonymous man who strings together these lines on the upper floor of a hotel on Santiago del Estero Street, on the south side of town, which is no longer the old Southside. Any day now, I'll turn seventy-one or seventy-two; I am still teaching English to a handful of students. Out of indecision or carelessness, or for some other reason, I never married, and now I live alone. Loneliness does not worry me; life is difficult enough, putting up with yourself and with your own habits. I realize I am getting on in years. An unmistakable symptom of this is the fact that novelties—maybe because I feel they hold nothing essentially new and are really no more than timid variations—neither interest nor distract me. When I was a young man, I was fond of sunsets, the city's sprawling slums, and of unhappiness; now I prefer mornings and downtown and peace. I no longer play at being Hamlet. I have become a member of the Conservative Party and of a chess club, which I usually attend as an onlooker—sometimes an absentminded onlooker. Anyone who is curious may dig up from some out-of-the-way nook of the National Library, on Mexico Street, a copy of my "Short Study of John Wilkins' Analytical Language," a work that sadly stands in need of a new edition, if only to correct or to lessen its many mistakes. The library's new director, I am told, is a literary man who dedicates himself to the study of ancient languages (as if modern ones were not sufficiently rudimentary) and to the demagogic exaltation of an imaginary Buenos Aires of knife fighters. I have never cared to meet him. I came to this city in 1899, and only once did chance bring me face to face with a knife fighter or with an individual who had a reputation as such. Further on, should the occasion present itself, I shall relate the episode.

I have already said that I live alone. Several days ago, a fellow-roomer, who had heard me speak of Fermín Eguren, told me that he had died in Punta del Este.

The death of this man, who was certainly never a friend of mine, has unaccountably saddened me. I know that I am alone; I know that in the whole world I am the only keeper of that secret event—the Congress—whose memory I can no longer share. I am now the last member of that Congress. It is undeniable that all men are members of that Congress—that there is not a single being on earth who is not—but I know I am a member in a very different way. I *know* that I am, and that's what sets me apart from my numberless colleagues, present and future. It is undeniable that on the seventh of February, 1904, we swore by what is most holy (is there anything holy on earth, or anything that is not?) never to reveal the history of the Congress, but it is no less undeniable that my now committing perjury is also part of the Congress. This last statement is sufficiently dim, but it may whet the curiosity of my eventual readers.

At any rate, the task I have taken upon myself is not an easy one. I have never before attempted the art of narration—not even in its epistolary form—and, what is doubtless even more important, the story itself is unbelievable. The pen of José Fernández Irala, the undeservedly forgotten author of "The Marble Pillars," was the one destined for this work, but now it is too late. I shall not deliberately falsify the real facts, although I foresee that laziness and incompetence will more than once lead me into error.

EXACT dates are of no account. Let it be recalled that I came from Santa Fe, my native province, in 1899. I have never gone back. I have grown accustomed to Buenos Aires, a city I am not fond of, in the same way that a man grows accustomed to his own body or to an old ailment. Without much caring, I am aware that I am going to die soon; I must, consequently, control my digressive tendencies and get on with my story.

The years do not change our essential selves—if one has an essential self. The impulse that would one night lead me to the Congress of the World was the same that first brought me to the staff of *Ultima Hora*. To a poor boy from the provinces, becoming a newspaperman was a romantic fate, just as to a poor city boy the life of a gaucho or a farmhand is romantic. I feel no shame at having once wanted to be a journalist, an occupation that now seems trivial to me. I remember having heard my

"I really wish you'd stop saying this is the winter of our discontent. It's only the first week of November."

colleague Fernández Irala say that newspapermen wrote for oblivion but that his ambition was to write for time and for memory. He had already chiselled (the verb was then in common use) some of those perfect sonnets that were later to reappear, with one or two minor touches, in the pages of "The Marble Pillars."

I cannot quite recall the first time I heard the Congress spoken of. Maybe it was on that same evening the cashier paid me my first month's salary and, to celebrate this proof that Buenos Aires had taken me to its bosom, I suggested to Irala that we dine together. He excused himself, saying he could not miss the Congress. I understood at once that he was not referring to the rather pompous, domed building at the foot of an avenue peopled by Spaniards but to something more secret and far more important. People spoke of the Congress, some with open scorn, others with lowered voices, still others with alarm or curiosity—all, I believe, without knowing anything about it. A few Saturdays later, Irala invited me to go along with him.

It must have been nine or ten o'clock at night. On our way, in a streetcar, he told me these preliminary meetings took place every Saturday and that don Alejandro Glencoe, the president of the Congress, perhaps struck by my name, had already signed his approval of my attendance. We went to the Gas-Lamp Coffee House. Some fifteen or twenty members of the Congress sat around a long table; I don't know if there was a dais or if memory adds it. I immediately recognized the president, whom I had never seen before. Don Alejandro was a gentleman, already well along in years, with a high forehead and thinning hair, gray eyes, and a graying reddish beard. I always saw him dressed in a dark frock coat, and he usually held his hands locked together over the head of his cane. He was portly and tall. To his left sat a much younger man, also with red hair. Its violent color suggested fire, while the color of Mr. Glencoe's beard suggested autumn leaves. To his right was a long-faced young man with an unusually low forehead and dressed like a dandy. Everyone had ordered coffee, and several, absinthe. What first caught my attention was the presence of a woman—the only woman among so many men. At the other end of the table sat a boy of about ten, dressed in a sailor suit, who was not long in falling asleep. There were also a Protestant minister, two unmistakable Jews, and a Negro, who, with a white silk handkerchief around his neck and very tight-fitting clothes, was dressed like a street-corner hoodlum. In front of the Negro and the boy were cups of chocolate. I do not remember any of the other people except for a Mr. Marcelo del Mazo, a man of great politeness and fine conversation, whom I never saw again. (I still have a faded, poorly done photograph of one of the gatherings, but I shall not publish it, since the dress, the long hair, and the mustaches of that period would make the whole thing look burlesque and even shabby.)

All groups tend to create their own dialects and rites; the Congress, which always had something dreamlike about it, seemed to want its members to discover—at leisure and for themselves—its real aim and even the names and surnames of its members. I was not long in realizing that I was duty-bound not to ask questions, and I refrained even from asking any of Fernández Irala, who never told me a thing. I did not miss a single Saturday, but a good month or two went by before I reached this understanding. From the second meeting on, my neighbor was Donald Wren, an engineer on the Southern Railways, who was to give me English lessons.

Don Alejandro spoke very little. The rest did not address themselves directly to him, but I felt that their words were meant for him and that everyone was after his approval. One gesture of his slow hand was enough to change the topic of discussion. I came to find out, little by little, that the red-haired man to his left bore the strange name of Twirl. I remember that fragile look of his, which, as though their stature made them dizzy and forced them to hunch forward, is characteristic of some very tall people. His hands, I recall, often played with

a copper compass case, which from time to time he set on the table. At the end of 1914, he was killed as an infantryman in an Irish regiment. The person who always sat to the right, the young man with the low forehead, was Fermín Eguren, the president's nephew.

Putting no faith in the methods of realism (a most artificial school if there ever was one), I shall declare right off what I learned only little by little. Beforehand, I want to remind the reader of my situation at the time. I was a poor boy from Casilda, a farmer's son, who had come to the capital and suddenly found himself—this was the way I felt—in the intimate heart of Buenos Aires and perhaps (who knows?) of the whole world. After half a century, I still feel those first dazzling moments, which certainly were not to be the last.

Here are the facts. I shall tell them as briefly as I can. Don Alejandro Glencoe, the president, was an Uruguayan rancher and owner of a large spread of land bordering on Brazil. His father, a native of Aberdeen, had established himself on this continent around the middle of the last century. He brought with him some hundred books—the only books, I venture to say, that don Alejandro read in the course of his life. (I speak of these assorted books, which I have had in my hands, because in one of them lies the root of my story.) The elder Mr. Glencoe, on dying, left a daughter and a son. The son was later to become our president; the daughter married an Eguren and was Fermín's mother. Don Alejandro at one time aspired to the Uruguayan National Congress, but the political bosses barred his way. Rankled, he decided to found another Congress and on a vaster scale. He remembered having read in the volcanic pages of Carlyle the fate of Anacharsis Clootz, that worshipper of the goddess Reason who, at the head of thirty-six foreigners, addressed a Paris assembly as "mankind's spokesman." Moved by this example, don Alejandro conceived the idea of calling together a Congress of the World that would represent all men of all nations. The center for the preliminary meetings was the Gas-Lamp Coffee House; the formal act of inauguration, which would take place within some four years, would be held at don Alejandro's ranch. Like so many Uruguayans, don Alejandro—who was no lover of Uruguay's now national hero, Artigas—was fond of Buenos Aires, but he nonetheless decided that the Congress must eventually meet in his own country. Oddly enough, the four-year planning period was carried out with a precision that was almost magical.

IN the beginning, we were paid a considerable sum as a per diem, but the zeal that enflamed us prompted Fernández Irala—who was as poor as I was—to renounce his, and all the rest of us followed suit. This measure was healthy, since it served to separate the wheat from the chaff; the number of members was reduced, and only the faithful remained. The one paid position was that of the secretary, Nora Erfjord, who lacked other means of support and whose work at the same time was staggering. To set up a worldwide organization is no trifling enterprise. Letters came and went, and so did cables and telegrams. Potential delegates wrote from Peru, Denmark, and India. A Bolivian wrote that his country's lack of access to the sea should be a matter of prime consideration in our first meetings. Twirl, who had a farseeing mind, remarked that the Congress involved a problem of a philosophical nature. Planning an assembly to represent all men was like fixing the exact number of Platonic types—a puzzle that had taxed the imagination of thinkers for centuries. Twirl suggested that, without going farther afield, don Alejandro Glencoe might represent not only cattlemen but also Uruguayans, and also humanity's great forerunners, and also men with red beards, and also those who are seated in armchairs. Nora Erfjord was Norwegian. Would she represent secretaries, Norwegian womanhood, or—more obviously—all beautiful women? Would a single engineer be enough to represent all engineers—including those of New Zealand?

It was then, I believe, that Fermín broke in. "Ferri represents the gringos," he said in a flood of laughter.

Don Alejandro looked at him severely and, in an even voice, said, "Mr. Ferri is representative of the immigrants whose labor is building up this country."

Fermín Eguren never could bear the sight of me. He took pride in an assortment of things: in being Uruguayan; in coming from old stock; in attracting women; in having chosen an expensive tailor; and, God knows why, in his Basque origin—a people who throughout history have done little else than milk cows.

An incident of the most trivial sort sealed our enmity. After one of the meetings, Eguren suggested that we pay a visit to one of the Junín Street brothels. The plan did not attract me, but, in order not to make myself the butt of his jokes, I accepted. We went with Fernández Irala. On leaving the establishment, we ran into a huge specimen of a man. Eguren, who may have been a bit drunk, gave him a shove. The stranger quickly barred our way and told us, "Whoever wants to leave is going to have to pass by this knife."

I remember the glint of the blade in the darkness of the long entranceway. Eguren drew back, visibly afraid. I wasn't too sure of myself, but my hatred got the best of my fright. I reached into my armpit, as if to draw out a weapon, and said in a firm voice, "We'll settle this out on the street."

The stranger answered—with another voice now, "That's the kind of man I like. I wanted to test you, friend." Then he began to laugh in a cordial way.

"As to 'friend,'" I answered him, "that's what you think." The three of us made our way past him.

The man with the knife entered the brothel. I heard later that his name was Tapia, or Paredes, or something of the kind, and that he had a reputation for brawling. Out on the sidewalk, Irala, who had kept cool, slapped me on the back and said, impressively, "Among us three, we had a musketeer. Hail, d'Artagnan!"

Fermín Eguren never forgave me for having witnessed his backing down.

I FEEL that now, and only now, my story begins. The preceding pages have set down no more than the conditions that chance or fate required so that the unbelievable event—perhaps the single event of my whole life—might take place. Don Alejandro Glencoe was always at the center of the Congress, but over a period of time we felt, not without misgiving, that the real president was Twirl. This singular character, with the flaming mustache, fawned on Glencoe and even on Fermín Eguren—but in such an exaggerated way that those present would think he was actually mocking the two. By so doing, he never once compromised his integrity. Glencoe labored under the pride of his vast fortune; Twirl discovered that in order

"Did someone in here buzz?"

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to get anything done it was enough to suggest that its cost might prove beyond the president's means. It is my suspicion that at the outset the Congress had been nothing more than a haphazard sort of name. Twirl was continually proposing new areas of expansion, and don Alejandro always accepted. It was like being at the middle of a spreading circle, which grows ever larger and always farther away. Twirl said, for example, that the Congress could not get along without a reference library, and Nierenstein, who worked in a bookshop, went about ordering us the atlases of Justus Perthes and several extensive encyclopedias—all the way from Pliny's "Natural History" and Beauvais's "Speculum" down to the pleasant mazes (I reread these words with Fernández Irala's voice) of the illustrious French Encyclopedists, of the Britannica, of Pierre Larousse, of Brockhaus, of Larsen, and of Montaner y Simón. I recall how I reverently fondled the silky volumes of a certain Chinese encyclopedia whose finely brushed characters seemed to me more mysterious than the spots on a leopard's skin. As yet, I will say nothing of what lay in store for them and which certainly I do not regret.

Don Alejandro, maybe because we were the only ones who did not try to flatter him, had grown quite fond of Fernández Irala and me. He invited us to spend a few days at his ranch, La Caledonia, where he had a crew of stonemasons already at work.

At the end of a long trip upriver by steamer and a ferry crossing on a raft, we set foot one morning on the Uruguay shore. We then had to spend successive nights in run-down country

saloons, while opening and shutting dozens of gateways all day along back roads in the Cuchilla Negra. We made our way in a light carriage; the countryside seemed wider and lonelier to me than the small farm where I was born.

I still hold my two images of the ranch—the one I brought with me and the one my eyes finally saw. Absurdly, I had imagined, as in a dream, an impossible combination of the flat plains of Santa Fe and of the rather gaudy Victorian Buenos Aires Waterworks. La Caledonia was a long adobe building with a thatched saddle roof and a brick-paved gallery. It appeared to be built for hardship and endurance. The rough walls were nearly a yard thick and the doors were narrow. Nobody had ever thought of planting a tree. The sun's first and last rays beat down on the place. The corrals were of stone; the cattle were many, scrawny and long-horned; the horses' switching tails reached the ground. For the first time in my life, I knew the taste of freshly slaughtered meat. Some sacks of sea biscuit were brought out; a few days later, the foreman told me he had never eaten bread in his life. Irala asked where the bathroom was, and, with a sweeping gesture, don Alejandro indicated the entire continent. It was a moonlit night; I went out to stretch my legs, and I surprised Irala being watched by an ostrich.

The heat, which the night had not dispelled, was unbearable, and everyone praised the coolness. The rooms were low-ceilinged and many, and seemed to me barely furnished; we were given one, facing south, in which there were two cots and a dresser with a silver washbasin and pitcher. The floor was dirt.

The second day, I came across the library and the volumes of Carlyle, and I found the pages dedicated to mankind's spokesman, Anacharsis Clootz, who had led me to that morning and to that loneliness. After breakfast, which was identical with dinner, don Alejandro showed us the building under construction. We rode three or four miles on horseback out in the wide open. Irala, whose horsemanship was shaky, had an accident; unsmiling,

"Our President has frozen all allowances."

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the foreman remarked, "You Argentines really know how to dismount."

From way off, we could see the construction site. Some twenty men were at work building a kind of tumbledown amphitheatre. I recall a series of stages and ladders and stone tiers with stretches of sky showing between.

More than once, I tried to speak with the gauchos, but my efforts failed. In some way, they knew they were different. Among themselves, they used a spare, guttural Brazilianized Spanish. It was obvious that both Indian and Negro blood ran in their veins. They were short and strong; at La Caledonia, I became a tall man—something that had never happened to me until then.

Almost all of them dressed with their legs wrapped in the *chiripá*, and a few wore the wide, baggy *bombachas*. They had little or nothing in common with the complaining heroes found in the books of Hernández or of Rafael Obligado. Under the stimulus of Saturday-night alcohol, they were easily moved to violence. There wasn't a single woman around, and I never once heard a guitar.

I was more interested in the change that had come over don Alejandro than I was in these border-country men. In Buenos Aires, he was a pleasant, reserved gentleman; at La Caledonia, like his fathers before him, he became the stern chief of a clan. Sunday mornings, he read Holy Scripture to the hands, who did not understand a single word. One night, the foreman, a youngish man who had inherited the job from his father, reported to us that one of the day laborers and one of the regular help were having it out with knives. Don Alejandro got up, unruffled. When he came to the circle of onlookers, he drew out the weapon he always carried, handed it to the foreman (who appeared to me to cringe), and stepped between the knives. At once, I heard the order, "Drop those knives, boys." With the same calm voice, he added, "Now shake hands and behave yourselves. I don't want any brawling around here."

The two men obeyed. The next day, I learned that don Alejandro had fired the foreman.

I felt the loneliness ringing me in, and I began fearing I'd never get back to Buenos Aires. I wonder whether Fernández Irala shared that fear. We talked a lot about Argentina and what we'd do when we returned. I missed the stone lions of a certain gateway on Jujuy Street, near the Plaza del Once, and the light of a particular old bar in some dim part of town, but not my familiar haunts. Always a good rider, I fell into the habit of going out on horseback and riding long distances. I still remember the particular piebald I used to saddle up myself. On some afternoon or on some night or other, I probably was in Brazil, since the border was nothing but a line traced out by widely spaced markers. Then, at the close of a day exactly like all the rest, don Alejandro told us, "We'll turn in early. Tomorrow we'll be off while it's still cool."

Once down the river, I felt so happy that I was even able to think back to La Caledonia with affection.

WE took up our Saturday meetings again. At the first one, Twirl asked for the floor. He said, with his usual flowers of rhetoric, that the library of the Congress of the World could not be limited to reference books alone, and that the classical works of all nations and all languages were a veritable storehouse that we could not safely afford to ignore. The suggestion was approved on the spot; Fernández Irala and Dr. Ignacio Cruz, who was a teacher of Latin, accepted the job of selecting the appropriate texts. Twirl had already talked things over with Nierenstein.

In those days, there wasn't a single Argentine whose utopia was not Paris. Perhaps the most enthusiastic of us was

Fermin Eguren; next, for quite different reasons, came Fernández Irala. To the poet of "The Marble Pillars," Paris was Verlaine and Leconte de Lisle, while to Eguren it was an improved version of Junín Street. I suspect that he had come to some understanding with Twirl. At a subsequent meeting, Twirl brought up the question of what language the members of the Congress would use, arguing the feasibility of sending delegates to London and Paris to gather information. Feigning impartiality, he first put up my name, and then, as an apparent afterthought, that of his friend Eguren. As always, don Alejandro agreed.

I think I have written that, in exchange for some lessons in Italian, Wren had initiated me into the study of the inexhaustible English language. As far as possible, we did away with grammar and with those exercises concocted for the beginner, and we found our way directly into poetry, whose forms demand brevity. My first contact with the language that was to fill out my life was Stevenson's brave "Requiem." Then came the ballads that Percy revealed to the dignified eighteenth century. A short while before leaving for London, I was dazzled by Swinburne—an experience that made me begin to doubt (and to feel guilty about it) the eminence of Irala's Alexandrines.

I REACHED London early in January, 1902; I remember the soft touch of falling snow, which I had never before seen and for which I was grateful. Luckily, Eguren and I had travelled separately. I roomed at a modest boarding house behind the British Museum, where mornings and afternoons I studied in the library in search of a language worthy of the Congress of the World. I did not overlook universal languages, investigating both Esperanto—which Lugones qualifies as "impartial, simple, and economical"—and Volapük, which, declining verbs and conjugating nouns, attempts to work out all linguistic possibilities. I also weighed the arguments in favor of and against the revival of Latin, a nostalgia for which has endured down through the centuries. I even dwelled on an examination of John Wilkins' analytical language, in which the definition of each word is to be found in the letters that spell it out. It was beneath the high dome of the reading room that I first met Beatrice.

This is meant to be a general history of the Congress of the World, not of Alejandro Ferri, but the former takes in the latter, just as it takes in all other histories. Beatrice was tall, trim, with fine features and a head of red hair that might have reminded me—but never did—of the shady Twirl. She was not yet quite twenty. She had come down from one of the northern counties to study literature at the university. Her background, like mine, was humble. At that time, to be of Italian stock in Buenos Aires was still to be looked down on, but in London I found out that being Italian was to many people a romantic attribute. Within a few evenings, we were lovers; I asked her to marry me, but Beatrice Frost, like Nora Erfjord, was a follower of the faith preached by Ibsen, and she did not want to tie herself down to anyone. From her lips came the word I never dared speak. O nights, O darkness warm and shared, O love that flows in shadows like some secret river, O that instant of ecstasy when each is both, O that ecstasy's purity and innocence, O the coupling in which we became lost so as then to lose ourselves in sleep, O the first light of dawn, and I watching her.

On the rough Brazil border, I had been plagued by homesickness; not so in London's red labyrinth, which gave me so many things. Despite the pretexts I dreamed up to delay my departure, I had to return home at the end of the year. Beatrice and I celebrated Christmas together. I assured her that don Alejandro would invite her to join the Congress; she answered, in an offhand way, that she had always wanted to visit the Southern Hemisphere, and that a cousin of hers, a dentist, had settled in Tasmania.

Beatrice did not want to come to the boat. Goodbyes, to her way of thinking, were too dramatic, were a senseless feast of unhappiness, and she detested dramatics. We parted in the library, where we had met the winter be-

"I'd like to see George Plimpton do <u>this</u> sometime."

fore. As a man, I'm a coward; to avoid the anguish of waiting for letters, I did not leave her my address.

RETURN trips are shorter, I have always noticed, but that crossing of the Atlantic, heavy with memories and anxieties, seemed unusually long. Nothing hurt me as much as thinking that, in a parallel with my life, Beatrice would go on living hers, minute by minute and night by night. I wrote a lengthy letter, destroying it as we left Montevideo. When I reached Argentina—it was on a Thursday—Irala was waiting for me at the dock. I went back to my old place on Chile Street; that day and the next he and I spent together talking and taking long walks. I wanted to recover Buenos Aires again. It was a relief to find out that Fermín Eguren was staying on in Paris; I knew the fact of my having come back before him would in some way make up for my long absence.

Irala was downcast. Fermín was squandering huge sums in Europe and had more than once disobeyed the order to return home. This was to have been foreseen. I was more disturbed by other news. Twirl, in spite of the opposition of Irala and Cruz, had invoked the Younger Pliny, according to whom there is no book so bad it does not contain some good, and had proposed the indiscriminate purchase of bound volumes of the daily press, of thirty-four hundred copies of "Don Quixote" in various editions, of the complete works of General Mitre, of Ph.D. theses, of old account books, of bulletins, and of theatre programs. Everything gives witness, he had said. Nierenstein backed him; don Alejandro, "after three resounding Saturdays" (as Irala put it), approved the motion. Nora Erfjord had resigned her position as secretary; it was taken over by a new member, Karlinski, who was a tool of Twirl's. The bulky packages began piling up now, without files or catalogues, in the back rooms and in the wine cellar of don Alejandro's rambling old town house. Early in July, Irala spent a week back at La Caledonia, where the masons had broken off their work. The foreman, upon questioning, explained that that was what the boss had ordered, and that there would always be time enough tomorrow.

In London, I had drafted a report that there is now no point in going into. That Friday, I went to pay a visit to don Alejandro and to deliver a copy of what I had written. Fernández Irala came with me. It was early evening, and the cold south wind blew into the house. At the front gate, on Alsina Street, a delivery wagon, pulled by three horses, stood waiting. I remember that the deliverymen were weighed down under the loads they went about piling up in the last patio. Twirl was imperious, giving them orders. Also present, indoors, as if they had had an inkling of something, were Nora Erfjord and Nierenstein and Cruz and Donald Wren and a few other members of the Congress. Nora threw her arms around me and kissed me, and that embrace and that kiss made me remember others. The Negro, brimming over with good nature and happiness, kissed my hand.

"Lights! Violence! Smut! Roll 'em!"

In one of the rooms, the square trapdoor to the cellar was wide open; some masonry steps plunged down into darkness. Suddenly we heard footsteps. Before laying eyes on him, I knew it was don Alejandro. He came almost on the run.

His voice was different. It was not the voice of the deliberate gentleman who presided over our Saturdays, nor that of the feudal landowner who had put a stop to a knife duel and who preached the word of God to his gauchos—but it seemed more like this latter.

Without looking at anyone, he ordered, "Get everything out that's packed away down there. I don't want a single book left in that cellar."

The work went on for nearly an hour. Outside, on the earth floor of the last patio, we made a pile that was taller than the tallest head. All of us marched back and forth; the only person who failed to move was don Alejandro.

Then came the order, "Now set fire to that heap."

Twirl went pale. Nierenstein blurted, "How can the Congress of the World do without this valuable material I've collected with so much love?"

"The Congress of the World?" said don Alejandro. He laughed scornfully. I had never before heard him laugh.

"Don't be childish, man! Kicking Toyotas is no answer to our balance-of-trade gap."

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There is a mysterious pleasure in destruction. The flames crackled brightly, and we all had to press back against the walls or move indoors. Darkness, ashes, and an odor of burning were left behind in the patio. I remember some undamaged pages lying white against the ground. Nora Erfjord, who felt for don Alejandro that love which young women often feel for older men, said, without really understanding, "Don Alejandro knows what he's doing."

Irala, always true to literature, attempted an epigram. "Every few centuries," he said, "the Library of Alexandria must be burned down."

Then the revelation was made to us.

"It has taken me four years to understand what I am about to say," don Alejandro began. "My friends, the undertaking we have set for ourselves is so vast that it embraces—I now see—the whole world. Our Congress cannot be a group of charlatans deafening each other in the sheds of an out-of-the-way ranch. The Congress of the World began with the first moment of the world and it will go on when we are dust. There's no place on earth where it does not exist. The Congress is the books we've burned. The Congress is Job on the ash heap and Christ on the Cross. The Congress is that worthless boy who squanders my substance on whores."

I could not hold myself back. "Don Alejandro," I broke in, "I, too, am to blame. I had finished my report, which I now hand you, but I stayed on and on in England, throwing your money away on a woman."

Don Alejandro went on. "I had already guessed as much, Ferri. The Congress is my cattle. The Congress is the cattle I have sold and the miles of land that are no longer mine."

A horror-stricken voice was raised—Twirl's. "You don't mean to say you've sold La Caledonia?"

"Yes," don Alejandro said calmly, "I've sold it. I haven't a square foot of land to my name, but I do not regret it, because now I see things as they are. Perhaps we shall never meet again, for the Congress stands in no need of us. But this last night we will all go out together to see the true Congress."

Drunk with victory, he overwhelmed us with his resolution and faith. No one—not for a single second—thought he was mad.

In the square, we climbed into an open carriage. I squeezed myself onto the driver's seat beside the coachman, and don Alejandro ordered, "Maestro, let's have a turn around the city. Take us anywhere you like."

The Negro, perched on the running board, never stopped smiling. I'll never know whether or not he realized what was going on.

WORDS are symbols that assume a shared memory. The memory I now want to set down is mine alone; all those who share it have died. The mystics invoke a rose, a kiss, a bird that is all birds, a sun that is all the stars and the sun, a jug of wine, a garden, or the sexual act. Of these metaphors, none will serve me for that long, joyous night, which left us, tired out and happy, at the borders of dawn. We barely spoke while the wheels and the horses' hooves clattered over the cobblestones. Before daybreak, beside a dark, humble body of water that may have been the Maldonado or the Riachuelo, Nora Erfjord's high voice sang the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens, and don Alejandro, in a low voice and out of tune, chimed in with a few verses. The English words did not bring me Beatrice's image. At my back, Twirl muttered, "I wanted to do evil and I have done good."

Something of what we glimpsed lives on—the reddish wall of the Recoleta cemetery, the yellow wall of a jail, a couple of men dancing together at a right-angled street corner, a church courtyard with black and white tiles and a grilled iron fence, a railway gate crossing, my house, a marketplace, the damp unfathomable night—but none of these fleeting things, which may have been others, now matter. What really matters is having felt that our plan, which more than once we made a joke of, really and secretly existed and was the world and ourselves. Down through the years, without much hope, I have sought the taste of that night; a few times I thought I had recaptured it in music, in love, in untrustworthy memories, but it has never come back to me except once in a dream. When we swore not to say a word to anyone, it was already Saturday morning.

I never saw any of them again, outside of Irala. He and I never spoke about the Congress; anything we might have said would have been a desecration. In 1914, don Alejandro Glencoe died and was buried in Montevideo. Irala had already passed away the year before.

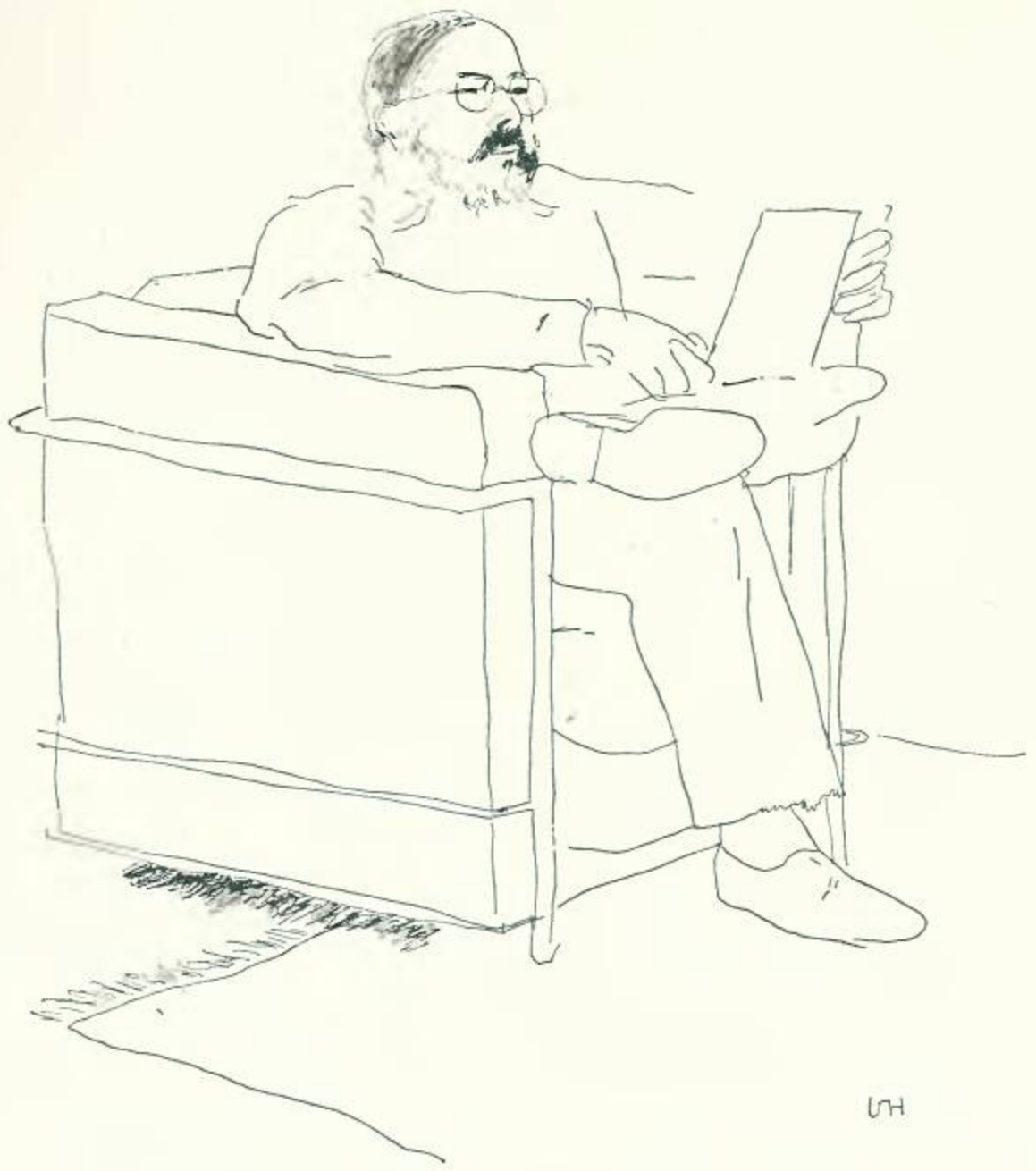
Once, I ran across Nierenstein on Lima Street, and we pretended not to see each other.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the author.)

PROFILES

MOVING WITH THE FLOW



Henry Geldzahler

IT is not without irony that the Metropolitan Museum of Art chose to inaugurate its second century last year with the largest exhibition of modern American painting and sculpture ever assembled. For nearly a hundred years, the Museum had never quite known what to do about the work of American artists living or recently dead. It did not even have a Department of Contemporary Arts until 1967, and then the total exhibition space allotted to it was one gallery; moreover, a good many established artists, critics, and dealers looked with grave mistrust upon Henry Geldzahler, the fledgling department's ebullient young curator, and it was clear from the outset that any major exhibition put on by Geldzahler was bound to become embroiled in controversy. While the uproar over Geldzahler's "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970" exceeded all expectations, it did at least serve to dramatize the Metropolitan's long-delayed plunge into the maelstrom of modern art.

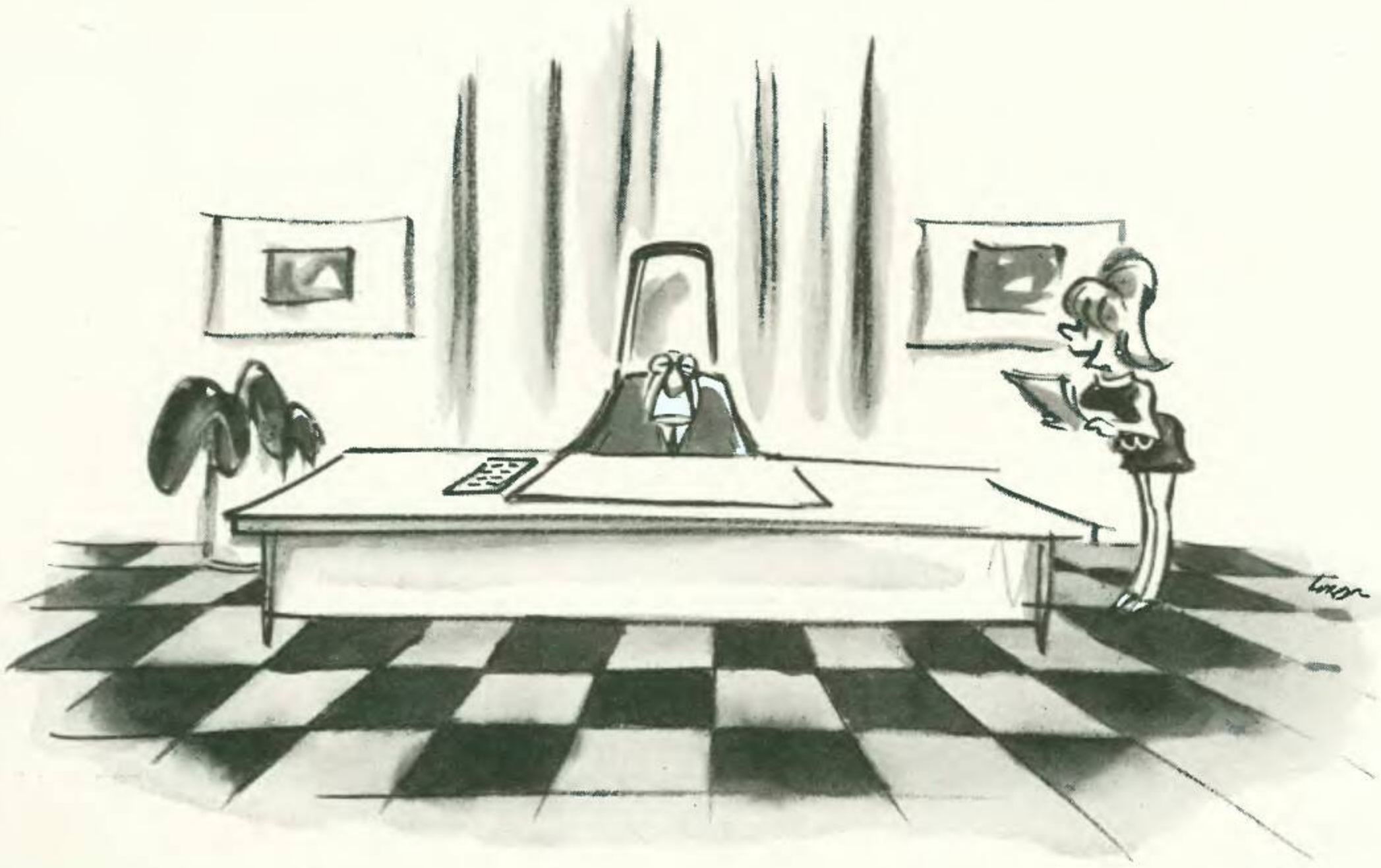
It was an enormous show: four hundred and eight works of art by forty-three artists, filling thirty-five galleries on the second floor—an exhibition space nearly twice as large as that of the entire Whitney Museum. Geldzahler, who said afterward that he had got just about everything he wanted from lenders in this country and abroad, actually performed a considerable feat of organization and installation under great pressure. His show had originally been scheduled to open a year later; the opening date was moved up to October, 1969, when it became evident that the pre-Columbian exhibition called "Before Cortés," with which the Museum had intended to open its year-long centennial celebrations, was running into delays. The selections were Geldzahler's alone—no consultants or committees were involved. In the ensuing controversy, however, the Museum came in for at least as much criticism as Geldzahler. Although "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970" was rarely referred to in art circles as anything but "Henry's show," the formal title and the fact that it took place at the Metropolitan seemed to suggest that Geldzahler's choices would go down in art history as definitive for the period, and because Geldzahler's choices encompassed some notable omissions and inclusions, the shock waves could be felt long before the opening. Indignation and outrage resounded in the New York reviews. The *Times*' John Canaday called it "a booboo on a grand scale" and "an inadequately masked declaration of the Museum's sponsorship of an esthetic-political-commercial power combine promoted by the Museum's Achilles' heel, Henry Geldzahler." Hilton Kramer, the *Times*' second-string critic, decried it as a celebration of "fashionable taste" and accused Geldzahler of "moral and intellectual abdication" of his curatorial role. "Geldzahler's playground is what it is," Emily Genauer wrote in the *Post*, and she added that the Metropolitan's indulgence of Geldzahler was "a capricious course . . . without parallel in the annals of Museum gamesmanship." Most of the critics focussed their attention on the artists who had been left out, and ridiculed Geldzahler's definition, in the exhibition catalogue, of the guiding principle behind his selections: "the extent to which their work has commanded critical attention or significantly deflected the course of recent art." Quite a few artists were understandably bitter at being passed over as non-deflectors; if the show had been smaller, they might not have been so offended, but forty-three artists was a rather large number from which to be excluded. There was a great deal of the usual art-world talk about nefarious plots to manipulate the art market (Canaday's "esthetic-political-commercial power combine"), and it was feared for a time that such well-established artists as Louise Nevelson, Larry Rivers, Tom Wesselmann, Jim Dine, Richard Poussette-Dart, and others would suffer a decline in price as a result of being left out—a fear that has proved to be illusory. The exhibition was by no means universally disliked, however. John Richardson, the British critic, called it "the most stimulating and refreshing exhibition in recent years," and Thomas B. Hess, though generally critical in *Artnews*, went on to say that the works were beautifully displayed, and that if only the show had been called "Forty-three Americans" or something similarly unpretentious everyone would have been happy. The review that Geldzahler himself liked best was written by Philip Leider, the editor of *Artforum*. According to Leider, the show represented the point of view of someone who had entered the art world in 1960. Geldzahler, Leider wrote, "has been true—consistently and ruthlessly true—to his own experience," but, he added, his experience "has not been an experience of art . . . so much as an experience of the art world, of dealers and

galleries and museums and collectors and magazines and critics." Although this might appear to some people to cast doubt on Geldzahler as a judge of aesthetic quality, Leider concluded that the show, for all its eccentricities, was "an exhibition of American art of the past thirty years as beautiful as any we are ever likely to see again."

It was an interesting point. The art world that Leider referred to did not really come into being until the nineteen-sixties, and it no longer exists today; although many of the personalities remain, the spirit is different and the excitement has died down. In his introduction to "New York: The New Art Scene," Alan Solomon, a former director of the Jewish Museum and a prominent figure on the scene himself, described the sixties *esprit* as being optimistic, open, experimental, and feverishly intense; artists felt free to question every previous assumption of the purpose and function of art, and this "anything goes" philosophy was actively encouraged not only by the artists' dealers and by half a dozen new and very active collectors but by a new and avidly enthusiastic public as well—what Hess and other critics have referred to as "the vanguard audience." The vanguard audience went to all the openings and to all the parties, some of which became social events of considerable magnitude. Now that it was generally accepted that great art could be produced in America after all (the triumph of Abstract Expressionism had gone relatively unnoticed until the mid-fifties), no one wanted to miss out on the latest developments. Important new work was being discovered every week, or so it seemed, and the real trick was to "get there before the dealer." Artists were no longer isolated creatures forging private myths; they inhabited and dominated an "art world"—visible stars in a gaudy million-dollar production with a supporting cast of . . . well, hundreds, anyway. The critics deplored the new scene, for the most part. Hess, a staunch champion of the pioneer generation of Abstract Expressionists, saw the vanguard audience as a historical parasite that "patronizes the new painting while attempting to contain and muffle its subversive content;" such an audience, he said, could destroy the integrity of the New York School, just as it had undermined the School of Paris in the previous decade.

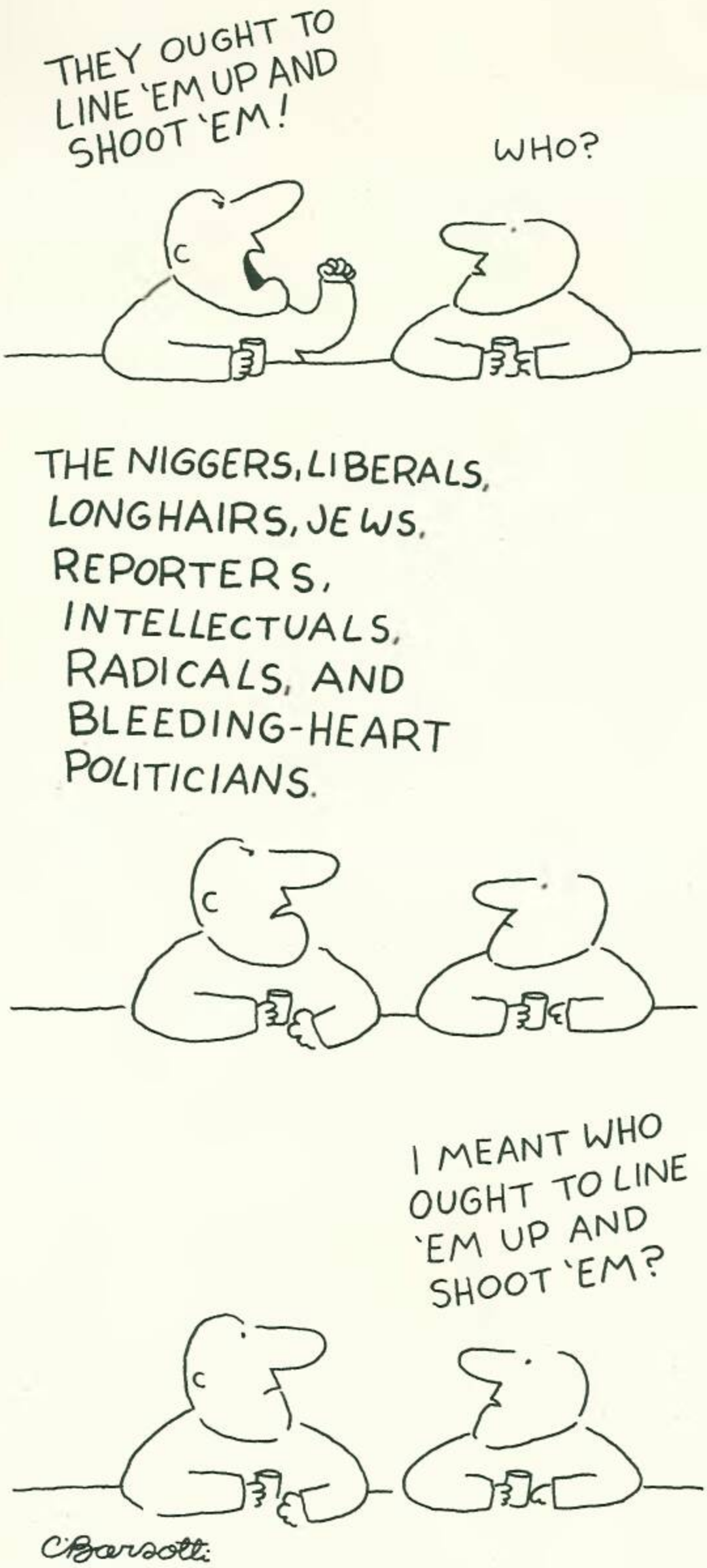
What actually happened, however, was that the innovative artists escaped, as they usually do, into new regions, where even the most dedicated vanguardist found it difficult to follow. The latest directions in American art of the seventies involve the complete rejection of the art object as such—a trend foreshadowed as early as 1912 in the work of Marcel Duchamp, who for many of his American admirers has been the most influential artist of this century. Concurrently, the recent business recession has made American collectors nervous. Buying has fallen off sharply, the art market has become, to use the current term, "problematic," and the "scene" has lost a good part of its lustre. In view of these developments, the timing of the Metropolitan's big show was extraordinarily fortunate. Because Geldzahler had limited his selections, as he said, "to artists whose distinctive styles emerged and were viewed before 1965," he did not have to deal with conceptual art, earth art, or any of the other inconvenient trends that have dispensed with the art object. Today, only two years later, it is doubtful whether a comparable survey of recent art could be mounted at all. In spite of his omissions, moreover, Geldzahler's list of artists was essentially the same as the list for every other big group exhibition during the sixties; his show as a whole was thus a clear reflection of the New York art world of this period, and Geldzahler himself, who did enter that world precisely in 1960 and became almost immediately one of its most visible activists, was certainly being true to his own experience in organizing it as he did. The show, in fact, could almost be seen as a valedictory to the decade.

The art world, of course, turned out



"May I just say, Mr. Kimble, that you're the most together person I know."

in all its motley splendor for the opening. Geldzahler had seen to that. Everyone came—the artists, the artists' wives or widows, the girl friends and the boy friends, the collectors, the critics, the dealers, the secretaries and assistants from the galleries, even some of the behind-the-scenes types, such as the three Lebron brothers, art handlers and shippers, who had stretched a good many of the canvases that hung on the walls. More than two thousand invitations were sent out, and then, when it was suddenly realized that the day set for the opening—October 15, 1969—coincided with the Moratorium Day demonstrations against the Vietnam war, more than two thousand telegrams were sent out, postponing the opening until October 18th. Only two people turned up on the wrong night, but a good many more than two thousand crowded in on the eighteenth. The stately, black-tie world of the Metropolitan trustees found itself mingling with tribal swingers dressed as American Indians, frontiersmen, Cossacks, Restoration rakes, gypsies, houris, and creatures of purest fantasy. The see-through blouse achieved its apotheosis that night, and spectators lined up three-deep to observe the action on the dance floor—there was a rock band in one gallery and a dance orchestra in another, to say nothing of six strategically placed bars. Works of sculpture acquired festoons of empty plastic glasses, the reek of marijuana hung heavy in the air, and at one point late in the evening, while the rock group blasted away in a room full of Frank Stella's paintings and David Smith's sculptures, a tall woman and a lame sculptor wrestled for fifteen minutes on the parquet floor, untroubled by guards, spectators, or a century of Metropolitan decorum. Exhilaration was everywhere, compounded of pride, chauvinism, and sheer visual delight. The New York School had wrested the mantle of artistic supremacy from Paris (as one was forever being reminded), and here was the visible proof of this historic victory: individual galleries devoted to the work of Jackson Pollock, Arshile Gorky, Barnett Newman, and the other giants of Abstract Expressionism (the general feeling was that Geldzahler, with his sixties eye, had not really done justice to this heroic period in the forties and fifties, but then who could?); the monumental abstractions of Mark Rothko, Morris Louis, Kenneth Noland, and Frank Stella, installed for the first time in monumental galleries whose scale fully matched their own; mini-retrospectives of the work of Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns, the artists who had broken out of the Abstract Expressionist net in the fifties and opened the way for a whole galaxy of new image-makers; rooms and rooms filled with the bold, single-image color painting of the sixties; and, beyond them, more rooms containing the brash "new American landscape" of Pop Art (formerly one of Geldzahler's primary enthusiasms, but no longer—he had written in the catalogue that Pop now seemed "an episode, an interesting one . . . but not a major movement which continues to spawn new artists"). The real guiding principle behind Geldzahler's selections had been color, and his show was above all a color show—"a marriage of history and the pleasure principle," he called it. It was a gorgeous and dazzling display of pure chromaticism, which seemed, under the circumstances, to be as reflective of sixties America as violence or frozen apple pie.



And at the pulsating center of it all was Geldzahler himself, rotund and effervescent, wearing a blue velvet dinner jacket he had had run up for the occasion at Blades, and greeting everybody with the insouciant charm that makes it so difficult even for his enemies to dislike him. There was Geldzahler at the top of the grand staircase chatting with Andy Warhol and Warhol's new superstar, a personage of indeterminate sex in a silver dress and silver-painted sneakers. (When people asked Warhol why he didn't go inside and see the show, he replied inscrutably, "I am the first Mrs. Geldzahler.") There was Geldzahler with Mrs. Robert C. Scull, the wife of the biggest collector of Pop Art, whose portrait by Warhol ("Ethel Scull 36 Times") was on public exhibition for the first time in Henry's show. There was Geldzahler with

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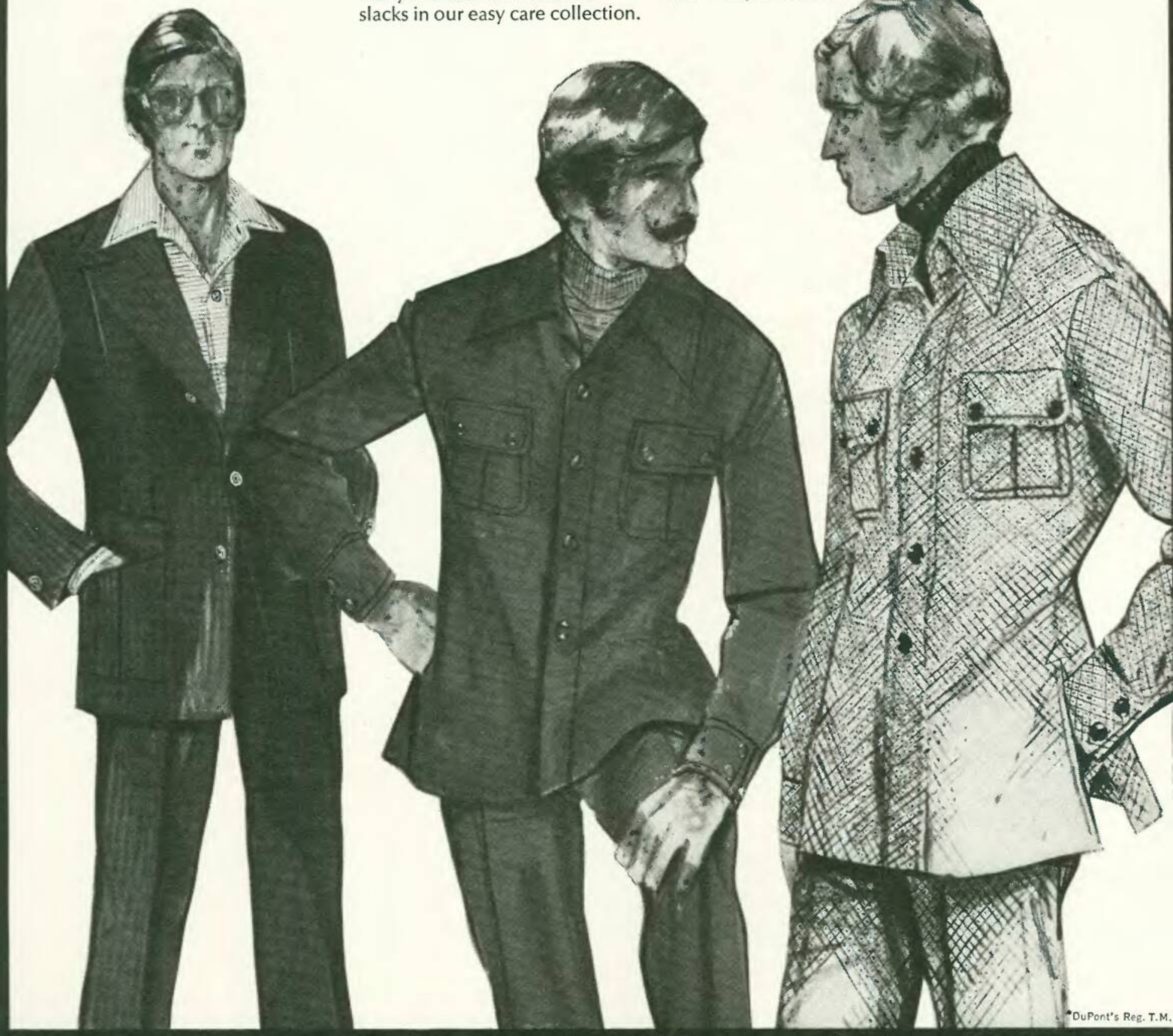

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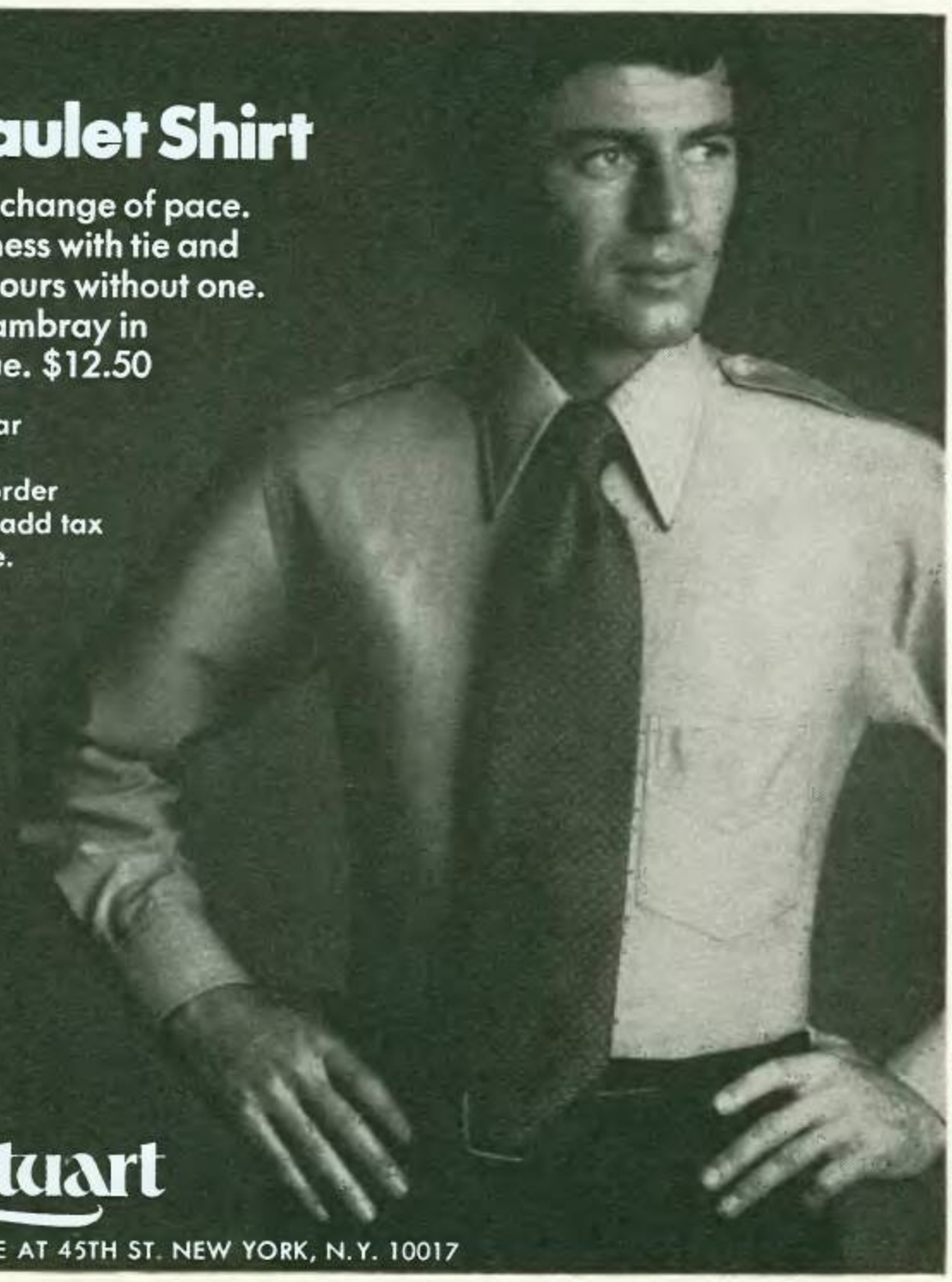

Paul Stuart

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Thomas P. F. Hoving and Arthur A. Houghton, Jr. (the director and the president, respectively, of the Museum), with Marion Javits, with Rauschenberg and Leo Castelli, with Frank Stella, with Jasper Johns. If Geldzahler's show could be seen as a reflection of the sixties art world, with all its costume-wearing, role-playing, art-as-a-branch-of-show-business permissiveness, then Geldzahler was surely that world's archetypal figure, and, as such, a historical artifact in his own right. And how on earth, it might be asked, had he managed that?

LIKE a lot of people who became well known in the sixties, Henry Geldzahler is sometimes said to have made himself up—to have projected a somewhat outlandish public image and then taken up residence inside it. Nothing could be further from the truth. Even as a child, he showed most of the qualities by which he is well known today, and never in his life has he seen any particular reason for being dissatisfied with himself.

Geldzahler was born in Antwerp in 1935. The family, which had originated in Poland, had long been prominent in the Belgian diamond business. Geldzahler's mother had come to the United States at the time of the First World War and stayed for several years before returning to Belgium. During this period, she became a naturalized American citizen, which made emigration easier when the Second World War broke out. The family left Antwerp on March 1, 1940, ten weeks before the Germans invaded Belgium. They settled in a comfortable apartment on Riverside Drive, and Mr. Geldzahler quickly reëstablished himself here as a diamond broker, acting between the large mining concerns and the hundreds of retail diamond dealers. Henry and his older brother, David, had grown up speaking French and Flemish, but they learned English so rapidly that within a few weeks of their arrival they pretended not to know their mother when she addressed them in French in public.

The two brothers were not at all alike. David was well built and athletic—a natural leader who seemed immediately at home in the environment of P.S. 166 and, later, at Horace Mann School, in Riverdale. Henry was more exotic. A beautiful child whose white-blond hair and blue eyes gave him a Scandinavian look, he developed into a pudgy, moonfaced adolescent with a lisp. Until he was eleven, he did poorly at school. Then, after therapy

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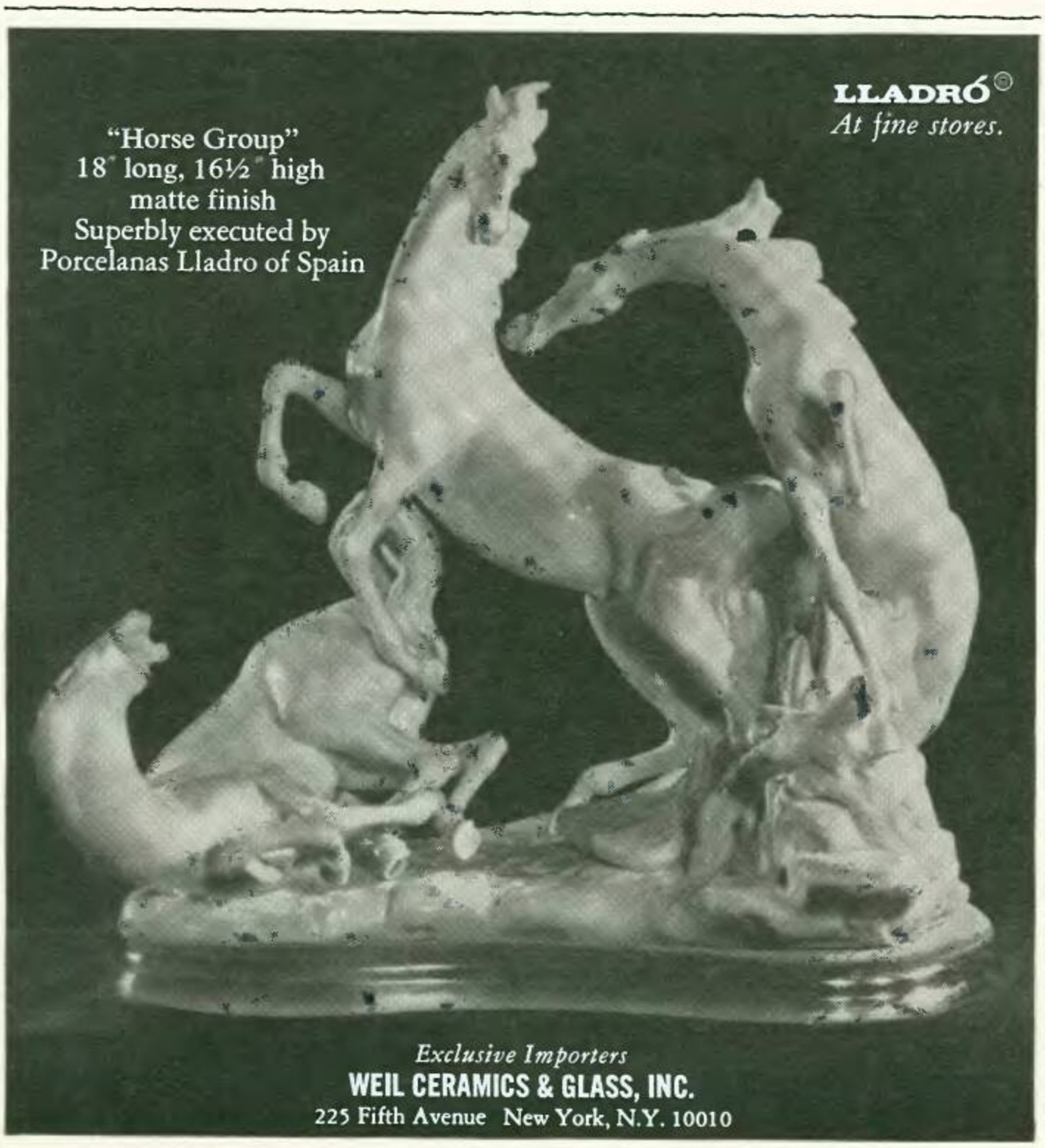

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had disposed of the lisp, he suddenly zoomed to the top of his class and stayed there. Neither the lisp nor a total absence of athletic ability ever interfered with his popularity; he was friendly, gregarious, and at ease with everyone—adults included—and any boy who tried to intimidate him was certain to be put in his place by one of Henry's larger classmates. He was elected president of his senior class at Horace Mann, by one vote. He was also voted the second "most respected" member of the class. At Yale, which he had chosen because one of his best friends from Horace Mann was going there, Geldzahler became a moderately prominent personage. "There was no subject on which he wasn't well informed," a classmate recalls. "He always managed to see every movie before you did. When you suggested going to something that had just opened, he'd say that it was 'sort of interesting' and agree to see it again. I used to wonder if he had special screenings arranged for himself. Henry was also famous for his low threshold of boredom, but actually he was terribly nice, once you got used to the fact that he was going to be insufferable about fifty per cent of the time."

Geldzahler's father wanted both his sons to become lawyers. David did become one, but Henry decided very early that he would not. At Horace Mann, he had been interested chiefly in modern literature—he once planned to read the complete Modern Library, and he did get through a good part of it—but in his freshman year at Yale he took an art-history course that decided his future career. Geldzahler had always loved looking at pictures. As a child, he had made his mother take him to one museum or another nearly every Saturday, and in 1951, when he was fifteen, he had what he now considers his Great Revelation. An important retrospective exhibition of paintings by Arshile Gorky was being shown at the old Whitney Museum, on Eighth Street. Geldzahler wandered in one day and stayed for three hours. "It made me sick, physically sick," he has said. "I went home and slept for eighteen hours, and then went back and saw the show all over again. This was the first time I realized that modern art was interesting enough to make me sick." From then on, he did a lot of gallery visiting. He went to all the Whitney Annuals—exhibitions that attempted to display the full spectrum of contemporary American art. "I'd go to the Whitney day after day and

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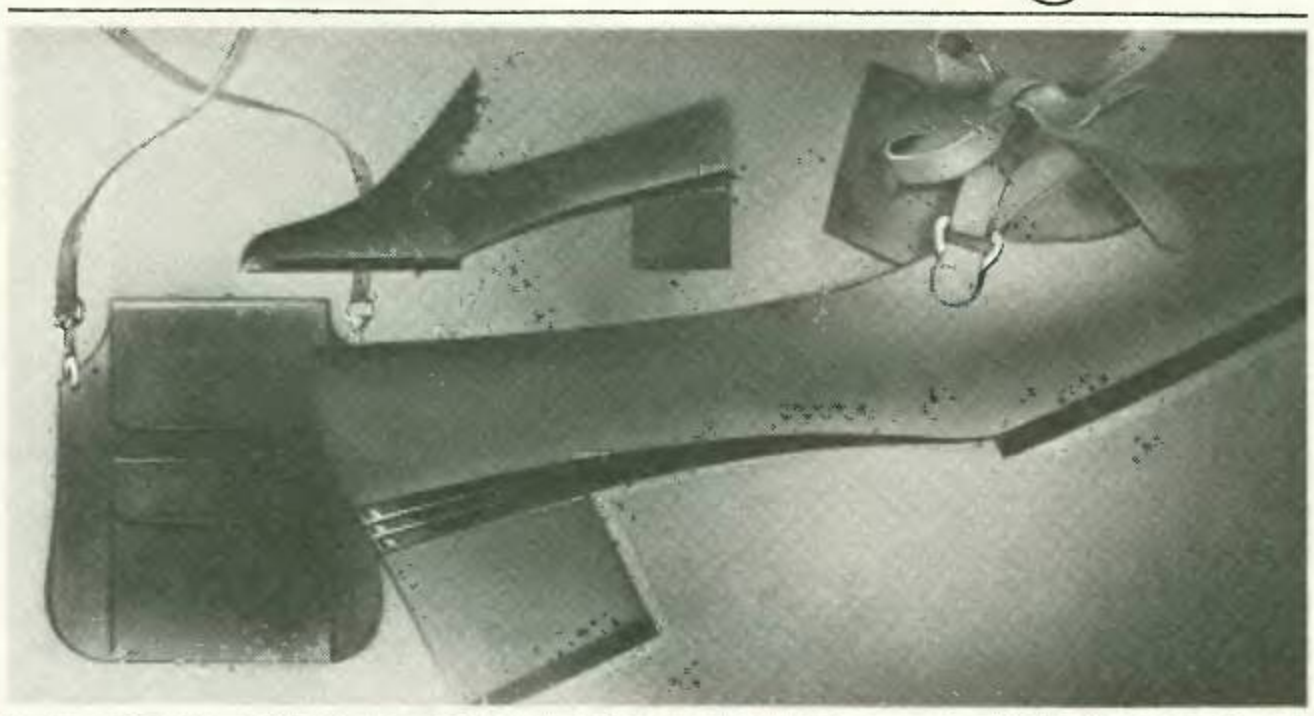

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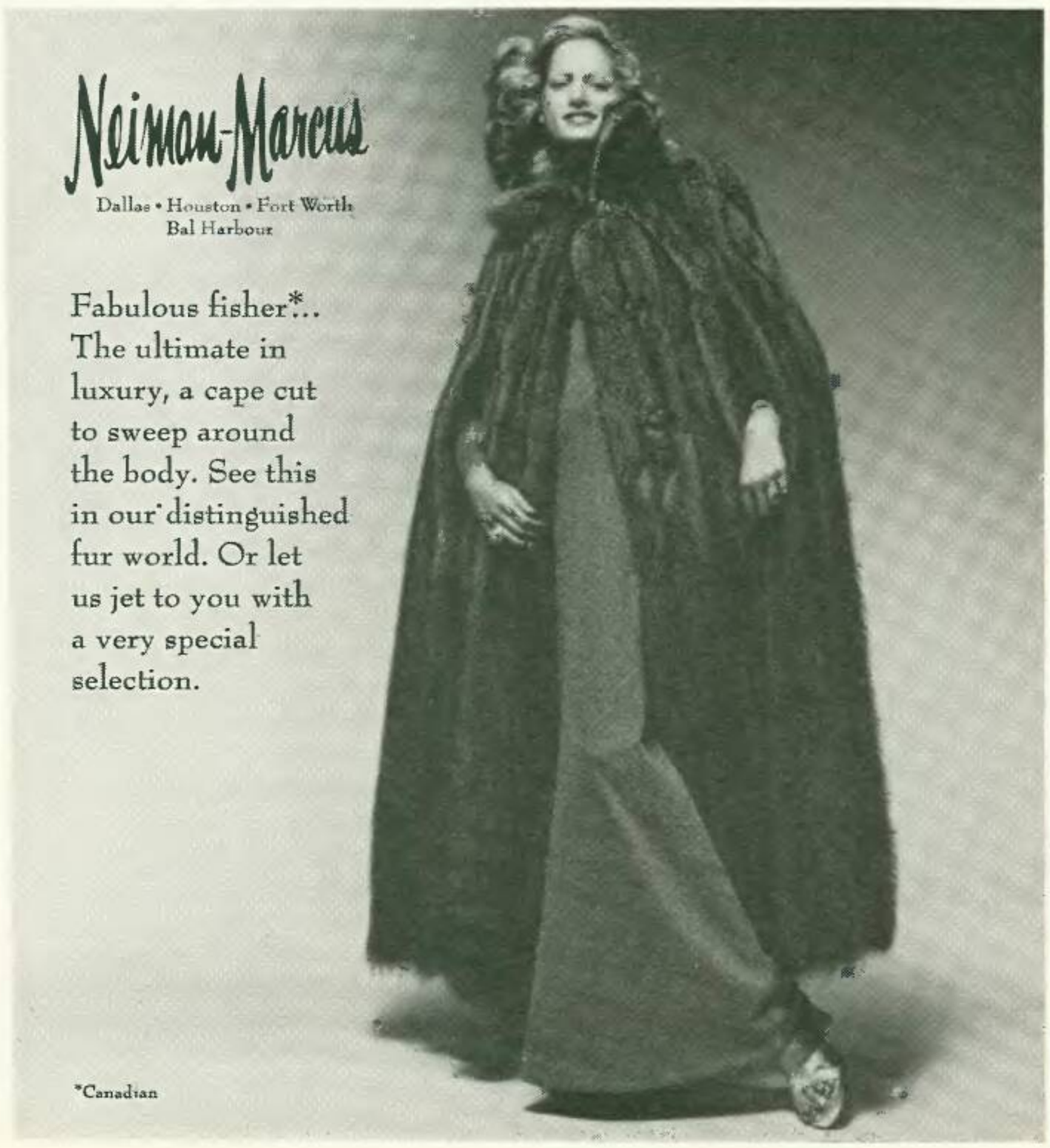

spend hours," he has said. "I hadn't come to any critical sense, and I thought that what you had to do was look at every picture. Now I've had enough experience so that I can walk into a room and know immediately whether I'm going to stay or whether I'm seeing something that's been done before in a stronger way. But I couldn't do that then, and so the Whitney Annuals always affected me as, you know, a sickening experience. But I'm grateful to them, because by showing the bad along with the good they helped me to learn the difference."

His interest rekindled by the art-history course at Yale, Geldzahler spent nearly all his college weekends in New York, taking in the galleries and the museum shows. In the summer of his sophomore year, he applied for and got a volunteer job at the Metropolitan, working in the Department of European Paintings. Margaretta Salinger, who was running the department in the absence of Theodore Rousseau, its senior curator, took to him immediately. "I would send him down to the library to do some research and say to myself, 'That'll keep him busy for a few hours,'" she recalls. "He would be back in forty minutes with the job done and the letter to the appropriate person already typed out on his portable Olivetti, which he insisted on bringing to the office. Henry was so bright and so *educable*." That September, he went to Paris, and he spent his junior year studying at the École du Louvre and at the Institut d'Art et d'Archéologie of the Sorbonne. He also found time to travel extensively, looking at pictures, polishing his French, and learning some Italian and Spanish. When he returned to Yale the following September, his friends found him more sophisticated, even better informed on a variety of subjects, and just as intent on the avoidance of boredom. He belonged to a secret society, Manuscript, and to two other extracurricular clubs, the Elizabethan and the Pundits. Geldzahler's teachers in the Department of the History of Art considered him a hardworking, conscientious student but by no means a flamboyant, or even a particularly memorable, one; the chairman of the department at that time recently described him as being "somewhat mousy." Geldzahler graduated in 1957, *magna cum laude*, and went to Harvard to do his graduate work. "I knew that N.Y.U. had the best graduate school for art history," he has said, "but I also knew that it had a reputation for demanding six or seven years

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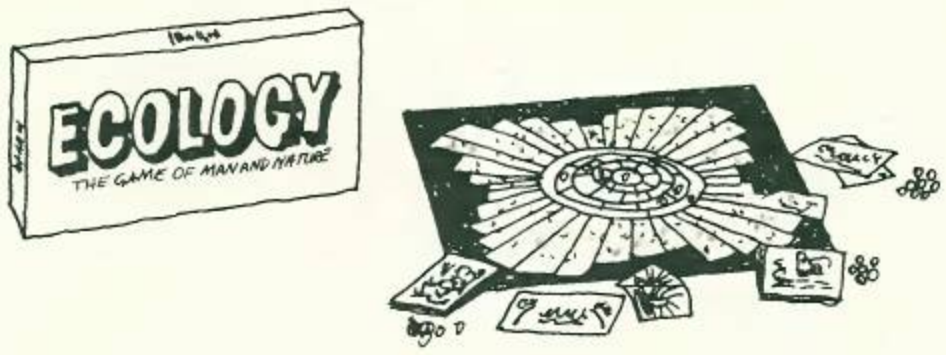

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for a Ph.D., and that Harvard was quicker."

For a while, Geldzahler felt somewhat isolated at Harvard, which was less cohesive and more self-consciously individualistic than Horace Mann or Yale. A lot of strange new styles of dress and behavior were making their appearance in Cambridge about this time—styles that were also in evidence in Greenwich Village and across the continent at Berkeley but nowhere else, and certainly not at Yale. In candlelit coffeehouses around Harvard Square, undergraduates mingled with the advance guard of the new subculture, listened to folk music, and absorbed the new vibrations. Joan Baez got her first important job at the Mount Auburn 47, a coffeehouse opened in 1957 by two girls who borrowed money from Geldzahler to get it going; Baez was only seventeen when she started singing—a striking, dark-haired girl with a voice so pure that it brought tears. A good deal of experimentation was going on, with ideas as well as with drugs; it was becoming imperative to do your own thing, whatever that was, and to encourage others to do theirs. Under the circumstances, Geldzahler's sense of isolation did not last long. Buoyed by psychoanalysis, which he embarked on as a first-year graduate student and continued for two years (with what he considers highly beneficial results), he developed his own thing to such an extent that he was soon a kind of guru of the coffeehouse scene, first at the Mount Auburn 47 and later at the Mozart, which he ran for three months the next summer, because his father thought the experience would be useful. ("It was hideous work," Geldzahler says, "and I ended up clearing about fifty bucks a week.") An undergraduate who knew him in this period says that Geldzahler's effect on younger students was phenomenal. Students of both sexes were mesmerized by his brilliant, amusing perceptions on every imaginable subject, and by his unusual but not unattractive appearance—short, plump, his round face wreathed in fair, straight hair (considerably longer than it had been at Yale) and ending in a neat little chin beard, he looked, as his Yale friend Calvin Trillin once observed, like Charles Laughton at the age of sixteen. Geldzahler's conversational style was greatly admired. He did not really seem to have original *ideas*, but he knew a lot, and his mind moved so quickly that sometimes his perceptions *seemed* like original ideas. He would ask questions, bring others into the conversation, draw forth their

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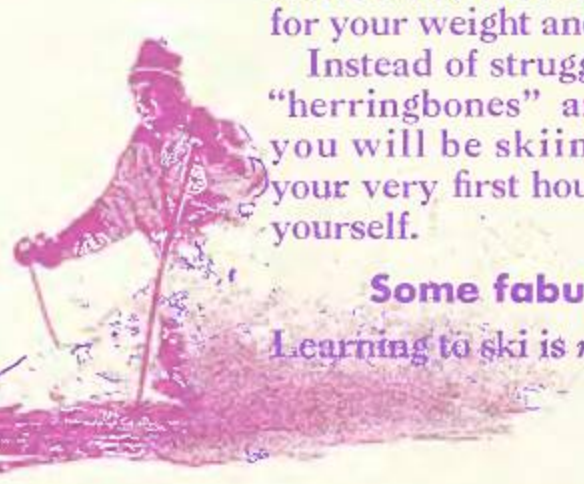

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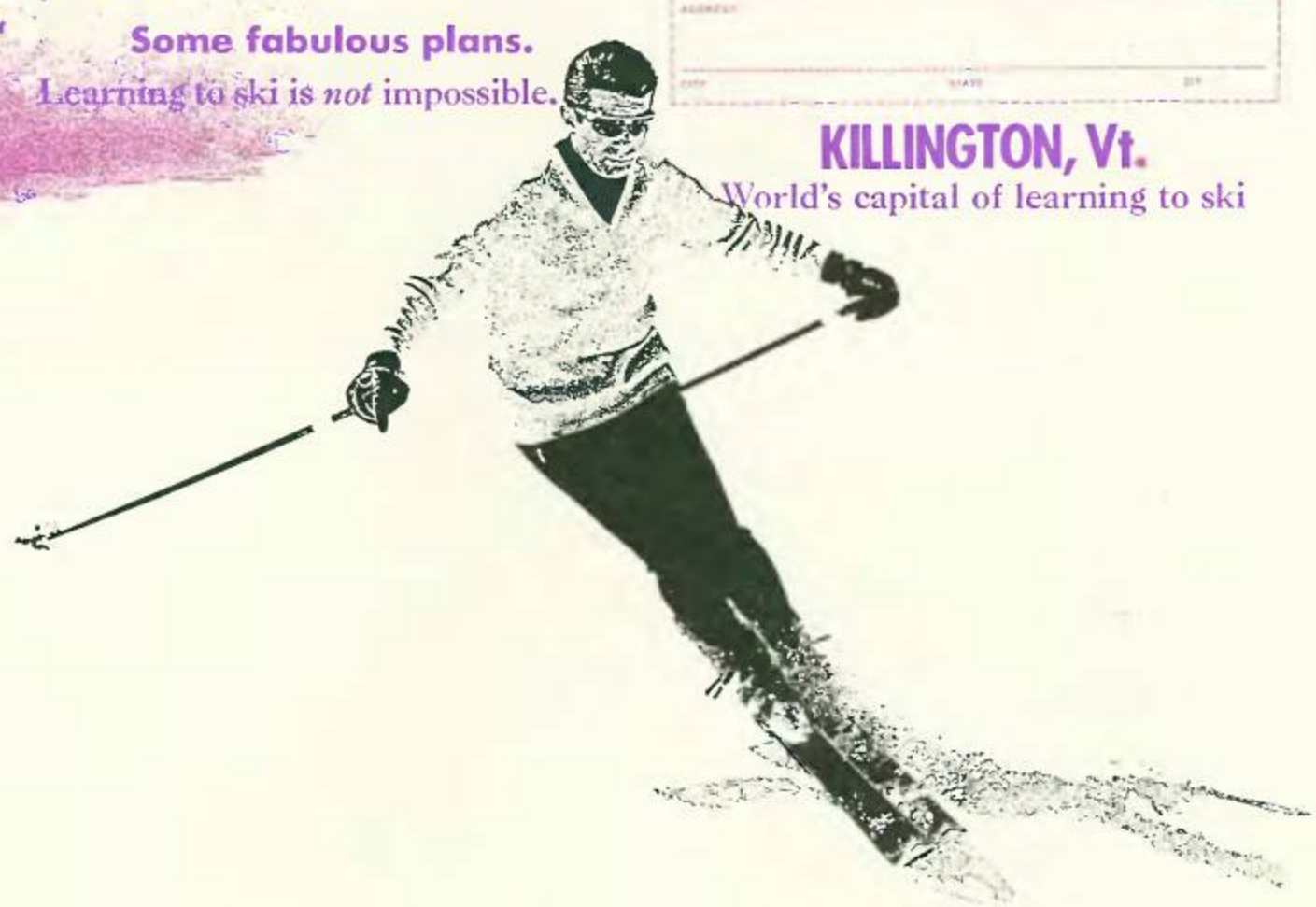

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opinions, and allow everybody to go home feeling that something extraordinary had taken place. "Somehow, any place where Henry was currently holding forth sort of became the place to be," another friend of his has recalled.

The full flowering of Geldzahler's new style could best be observed at the Bick—the Hayes Bickford cafeteria that became a gathering place for a group of Harvard wits, among whom Henry shone with singular but by no means exclusive brilliance. The group included a graduate student in Oriental languages, a biochemistry major from Nebraska, a mathematical wizard who had switched his major to Middle English, and an undergraduate named Paul Richard, who says that the conversations at the Bick were by far the most important aspect of his own education at Harvard. Geldzahler was the only one of the group who was involved with the plastic arts. The others leaned toward music (folk and blues) and literature, but they were quite prepared, as was Geldzahler, to talk with great confidence and brio on any branch of aesthetics. Richard, who is now the art critic for the Washington *Post*, feels that they were really experimenting at the Bick with a new kind of intellectual style and attitude—an attitude that was to be reflected in the art of the nineteen-sixties. "What went on there was a terrific kind of rapid-fire wit that was different from what you heard anywhere else," he said recently. "You never got hung up on any one subject, and there were no fixed positions or ideologies; it was a *field* situation, in which everything interacted with everything else—a whole new area of awareness that was wide open for discovery. Nobody was trading on his own special areas of study, although we all learned a lot from each other—Henry in particular, because he could always recognize it when someone knew more than he did. There was a constant, shifting movement of thought, without connectives, and you had to move with the flow and not hang on to things. We didn't talk politics—that would have been uncool. The basic preoccupation was aesthetics, but aesthetics without any sort of hierarchy except quality. Baez and Bob Dylan were interesting, and so was Bach. It was a new language, somehow, and for me it anticipated all sorts of things that came later. The Beatles, for example. They spoke the same language in their music, and Lennon got a lot of it into those books he did: puns, put-ons, W. C. Fields one-liners,

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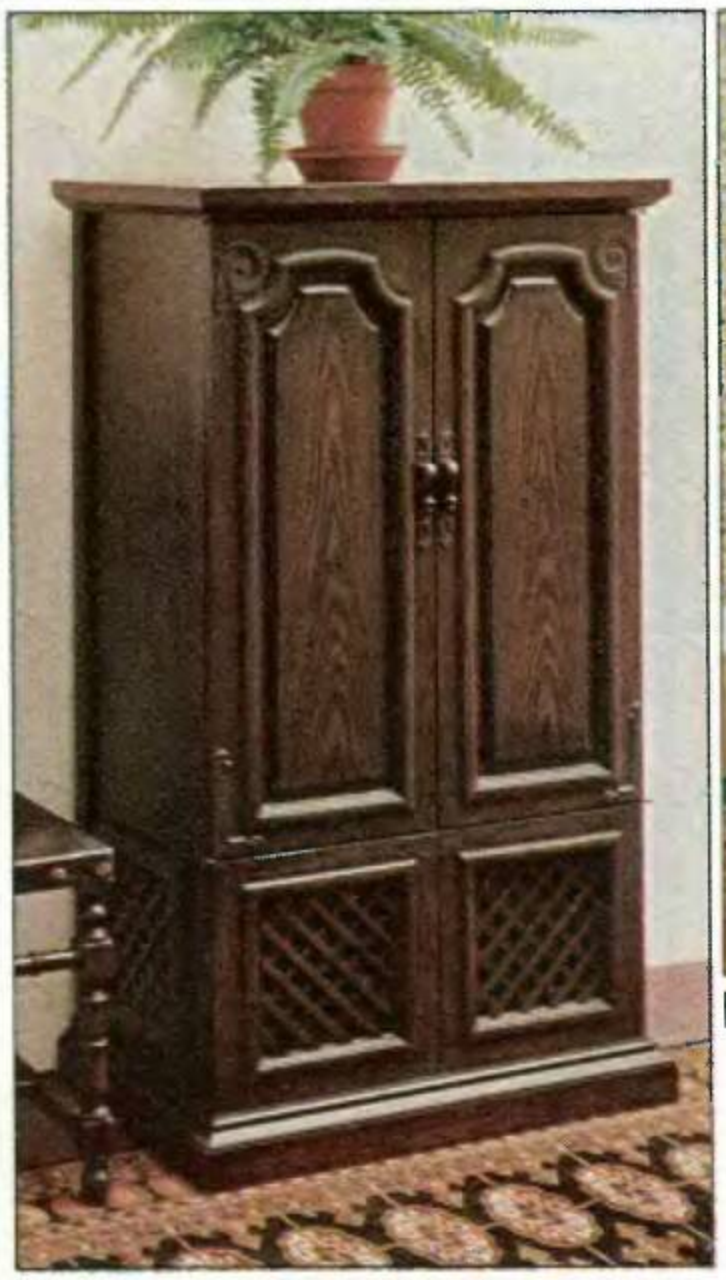

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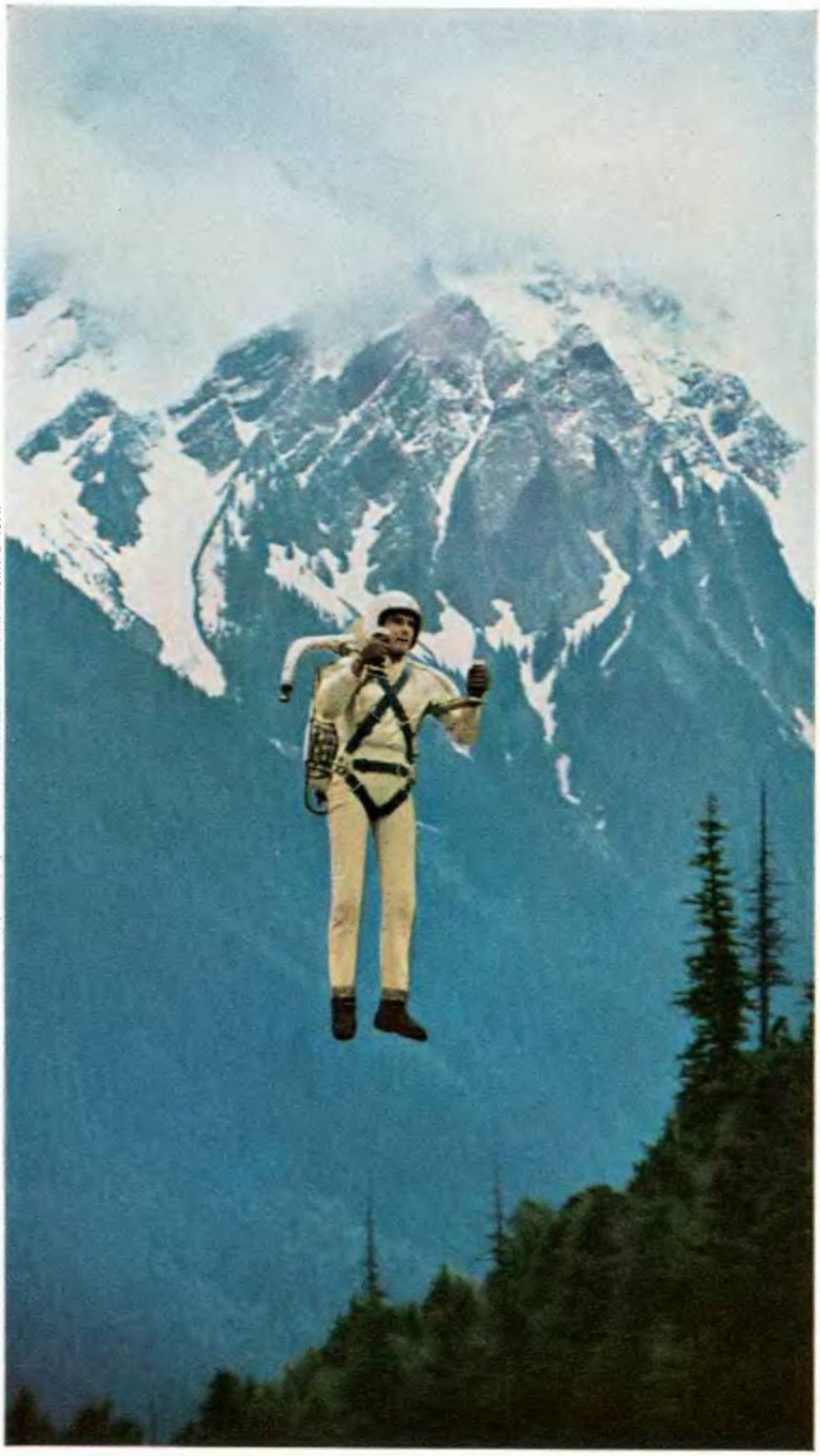

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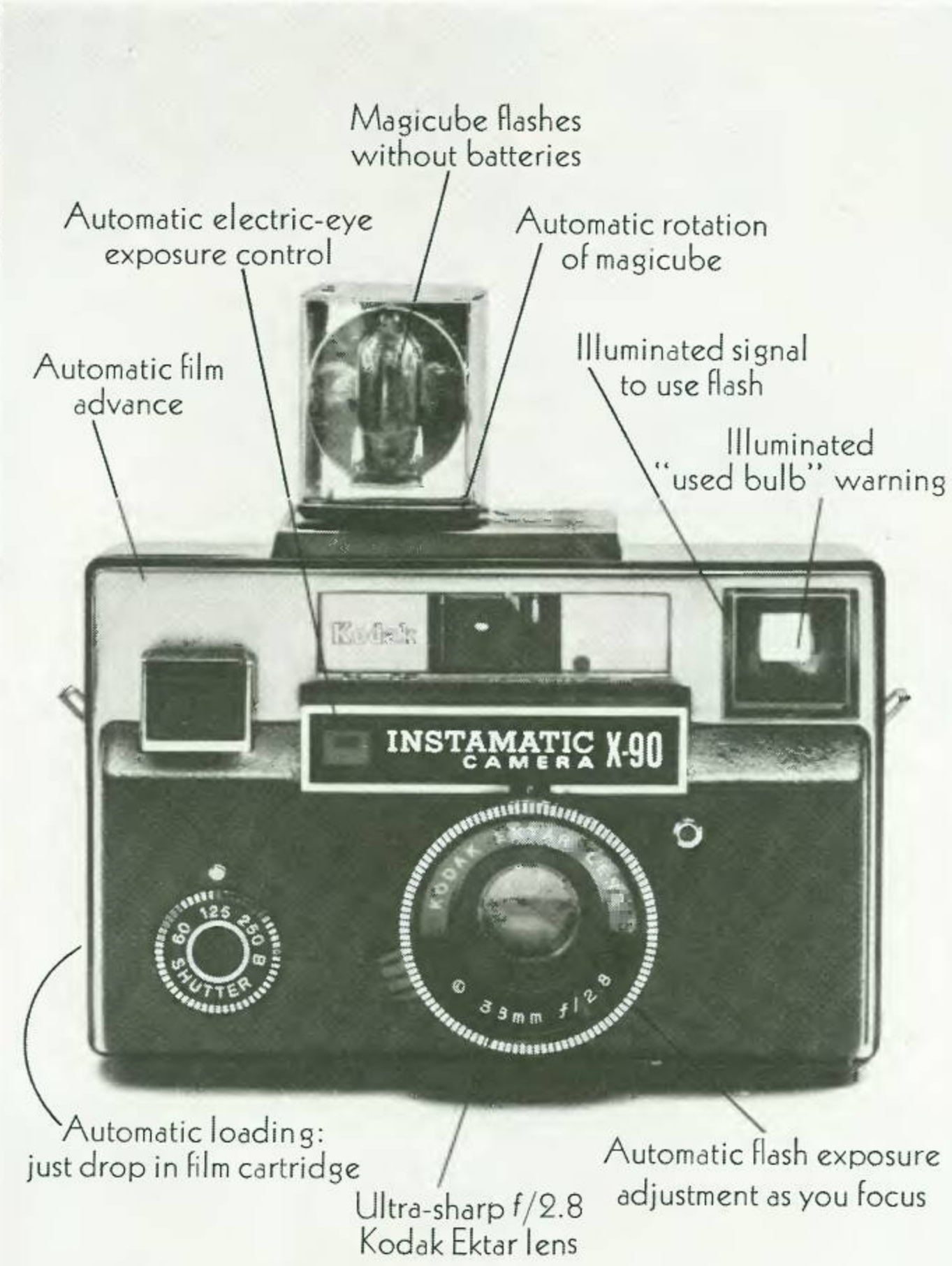
McLuhan-type perceptions—the whole cool style."

Moving with the flow did not prevent Geldzahler from studying. He took eight courses the first year, and spent the next year studying for his generals and teaching in the basic undergraduate art-history course. His students found his lecture style heavy and pedantic, without a trace of the bubbling wit that brightened the hours at the Bick; like his teachers at Yale, his students at Harvard saw only his conscientious and dutiful side, which some of his closest friends barely even suspected. Although he was acquiring a solid grounding in art history, Geldzahler's main interest remained twentieth-century art. "I remember once asking an Episcopal minister whether it was possible to stay alive, with an open and fresh mind, after you were thirty, because I'd noticed that around me it was very rare," he said recently. "And I thought that by being involved with twentieth-century ideas and contemporary art I'd be continually challenged by new stimuli—that it would be a way of not hardening or ossifying." Sometimes he wished his teachers would take him a little more seriously. He often studied in the Widener Library with another art-history student, Svetlana Leontief, and nearly every afternoon Professor Sidney Freedberg, the eminent art historian and Renaissance scholar, would pass by their table. Invariably, he would nod to Geldzahler and then lean over Miss Leontief's shoulder to see what she was reading. "Why don't you ever want to know what *I'm* reading?" Geldzahler asked him one day. Professor Freedberg observed him reflectively. "Svetlana is a mind, Henry," he said. "You are an eye."

In the middle of his third year at Harvard, Geldzahler passed his Ph.D. general examinations and was starting in to work on his thesis, dealing with the sculpture of Matisse, when he received a telephone call from James J. Rorimer, the director of the Metropolitan Museum. He had met Rorimer a few times in the summer of 1954, when he was working at the Museum. Rorimer had then been curator of the Medieval Department and director of The Cloisters, the Museum's medieval branch uptown; he was named director of the Metropolitan the following year, and, like all museum directors, he kept a sharp eye out for bright young graduate students in art history. Rorimer remembered Geldzahler, and had made inquiries about him at Harvard; he was calling



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to invite him to breakfast at the Ritz, in Boston, where he was staying briefly. The breakfast lasted from nine until after one. They talked about a great many things, and at the end Rorimer asked whether Geldzahler would like to come to work for the Metropolitan. Geldzahler, who is rarely anything but frank, said that he was interested in contemporary American art and that what he really wanted to do was to work for the Whitney Museum. Rorimer seemed surprised.

Within the next few weeks, however, two things happened: Geldzahler found out through one of his professors that there was no chance of his getting a job at the Whitney in the foreseeable future, and Rorimer called back with an offer of a job as a curatorial assistant in the Metropolitan's Department of American Paintings and Sculpture. "Everybody urged me to stay on and take my Ph.D. so I could get a good job," he recalls, "but here I was being offered a good job." He left Harvard in June, without a Ph.D., and reported for work at the Met on July 15, 1960.

AMERICAN art had always been something of a problem at the Metropolitan. In 1870, the Museum's founding board included three painters and one sculptor, but even they seemed to share the other trustees' belief that art was something that occurred in Europe, and to feel that one of their museum's prime functions was to improve the quality of American art by exhibiting French Barbizon pictures. Over the years, the Museum had acquired a sizable quantity of American paintings as a result of two purchase funds given in 1906 and 1911 by the department-store owner George A. Hearn, who stipulated that the income be used to buy pictures by living American artists. From the time of Hearn's death, in 1913, however, the Metropolitan's purchases in this field had been ultra-conservative; the trustees, in fact, even succeeded for a while in reinterpreting Hearn's bequest so that the funds went to buy works by artists *living at the time of the gifts* but long since safely dead. The Museum's serene obliviousness to every major trend in twentieth-century art was actually an important factor in the establishment of the Museum of Modern Art, in 1929, and the Whitney Museum of American Art, in 1930. Finally stung to action in 1947 by rising complaints from artists and critics, the Metropolitan trustees worked out a complicated legal scheme called the Three Muse-

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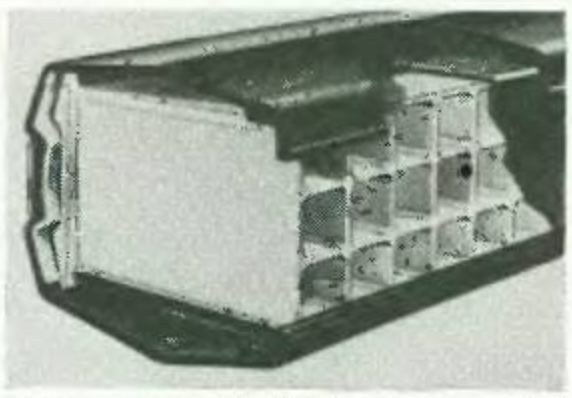

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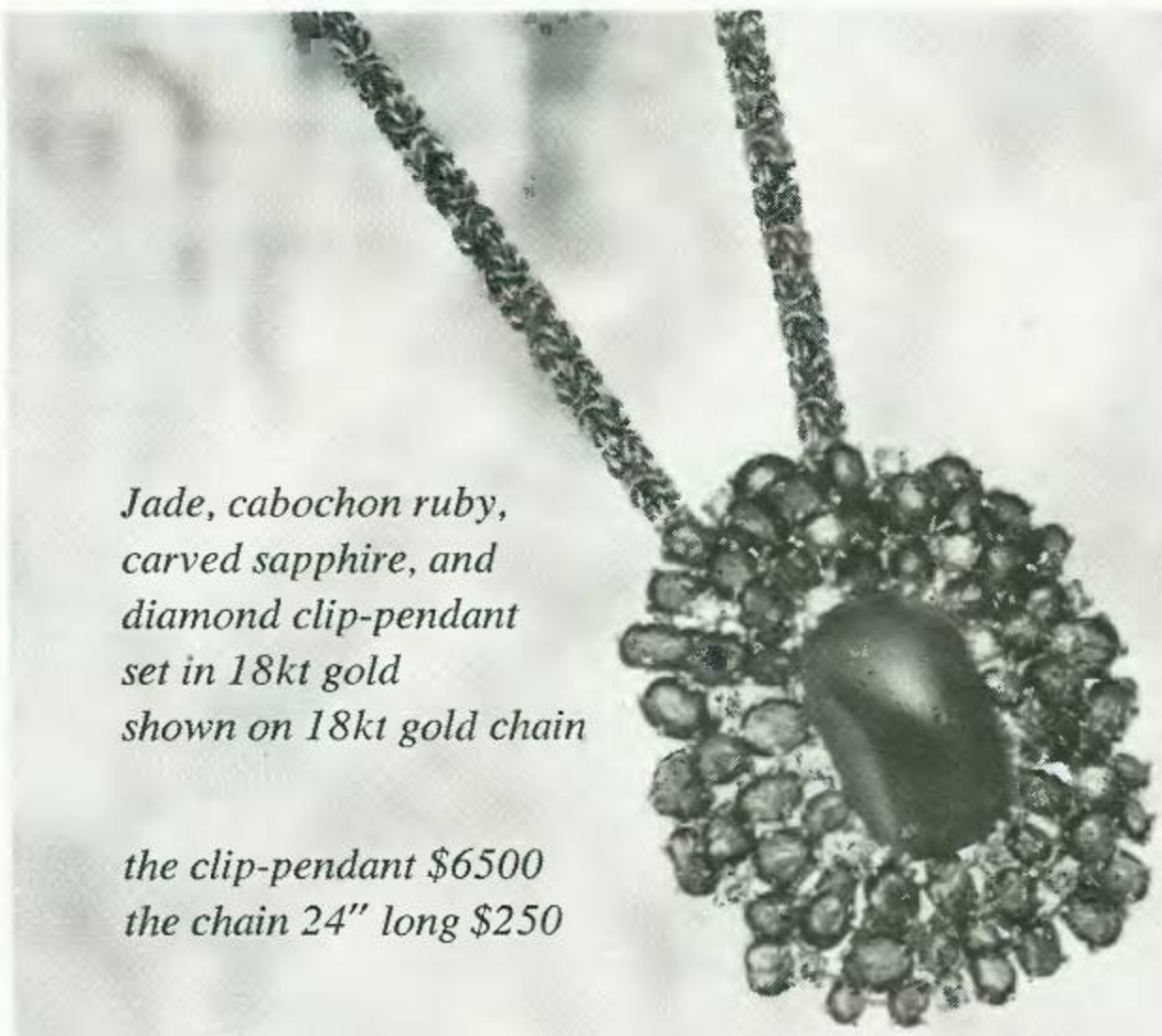

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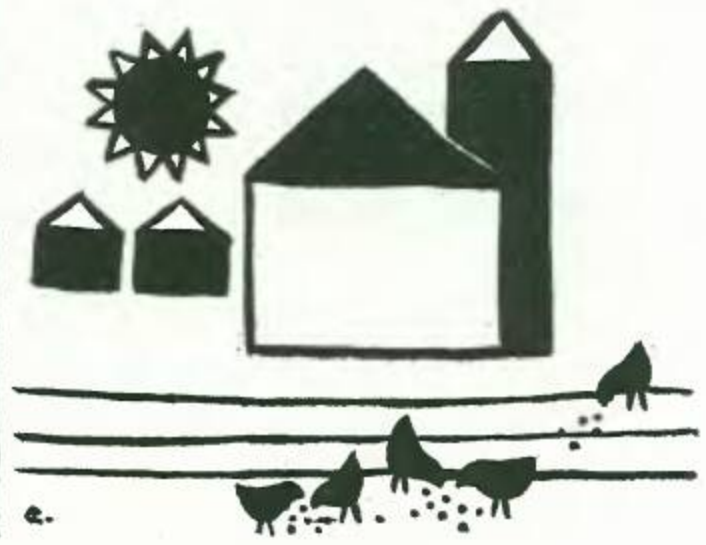
um Agreement. The Met was to make regular purchases of older works of American and European art from the Modern (works that had become "classic" in the modern tradition), and the Modern would apply the money to the purchase of new works—an arrangement similar to the one that had existed for some time between the Luxembourg and the Louvre, in Paris. The Whitney, meanwhile, was to move into a new wing of the Metropolitan, where the two museums' collections of American art would be brought together. The Three Museum Agreement did not last long. Unable to concur with the Metropolitan's architectural plans for the new wing, and angered by what they considered the contemptuous attitude toward modern art in general of the Metropolitan's director, Francis Henry Taylor, the Whitney's trustees pulled out after the first year. The Museum of Modern Art followed suit a few years later, for a number of reasons, among them the fear that too many of its future benefactors might decide, since their benefactions were likely to end up at the Metropolitan anyway, to give them to that institution in the first place.

The failure of the Three Museum Agreement did lead to the establishment, in 1949, of a Department of American Art at the Metropolitan; until then, American art had been a sort of minor responsibility of the Department of European Paintings. Francis Taylor also mollified the critics by bringing in Robert Beverly Hale, a well-known artist and art teacher, to run the new department. Hale accomplished a good deal over the next decade, against fairly heavy odds. A number of trustees on the purchasing committee used to break into laughter whenever he brought an abstract picture to their attention, and he once came close to being fired for buying a small Pollock out of his own modest curatorial budget. Nevertheless, Hale saw the Abstract Expressionists as the strongest new force on the horizon, and he did his best to acquire their



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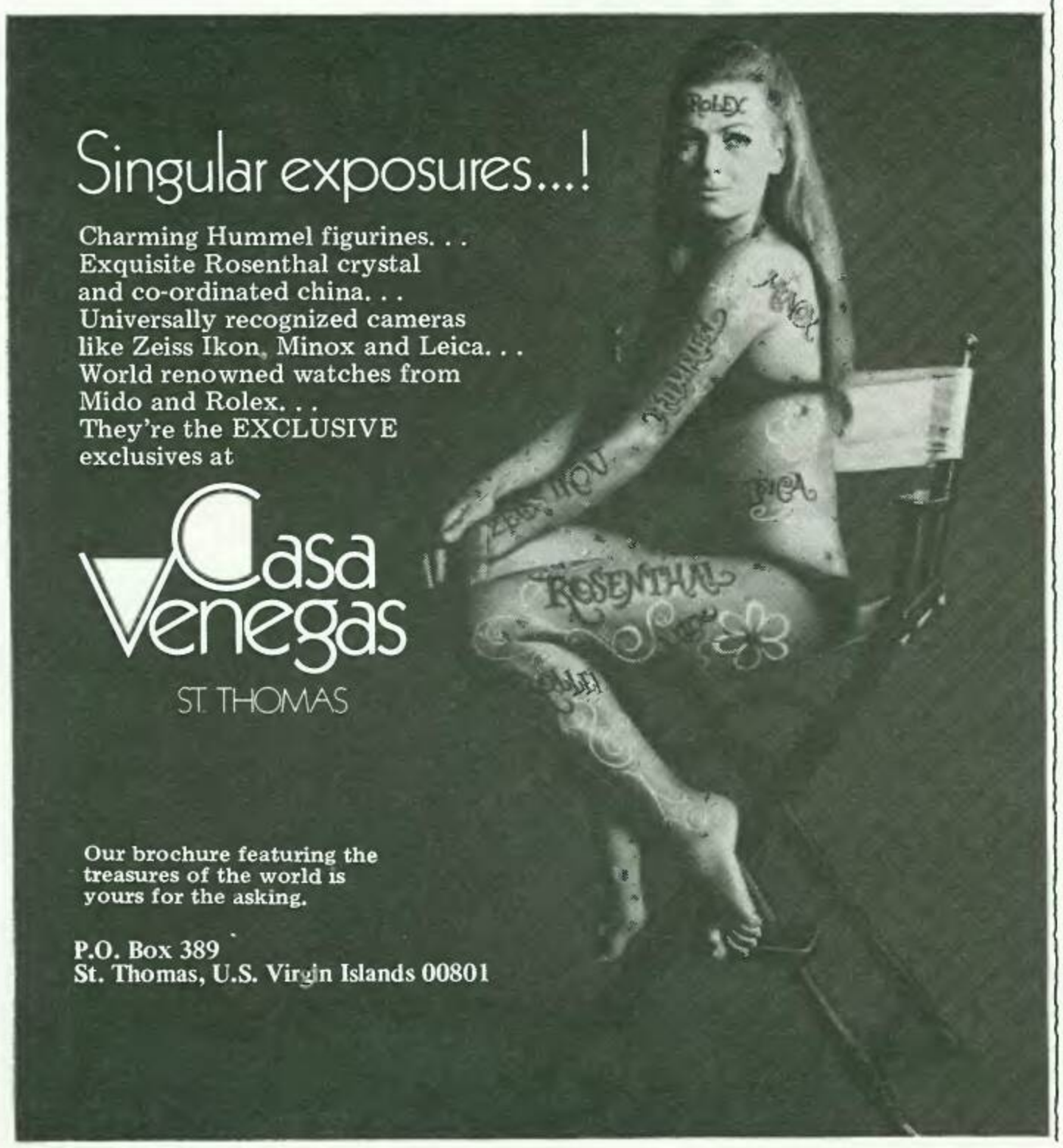

work and to fill other gaps in the Metropolitan's contemporary holdings. He even managed to persuade a few of the trustees that modern art was not entirely a hoax, although one of the most active members of the board let it be known that he looked only at the floor every time he had to walk through the single gallery set aside for modern painting.

Rorimer had told Geldzahler that he would be specializing in twentieth-century art. Since there was still relatively little of that in the Metropolitan, both Rorimer and Hale urged him to spend a good deal of his time outside the Museum, visiting artists and studios and galleries, and generally keeping up. Nothing could have suited Geldzahler better. As one of his Harvard friends put it, "Henry had been a cult figure at Cambridge. We wondered how long it would take him to make his mark in the big city, and we soon found out—in six months he was famous." Geldzahler's arrival coincided with the crystallization of a new art scene in New York. The Abstract Expressionists, after a decade of dominance, were being challenged by another generation of experimenters and iconoclasts. Robert Rauschenberg's collages and "combine-paintings," which incorporated Coke bottles, torn posters, light bulbs, automobile tires, and other bits and pieces of the urban environment, and Jasper Johns' talismanic paintings of flags, targets, and numbers had pointed in a new direction while retaining some of the painterly qualities of Abstract Expressionism. Inspired to a large degree by Rauschenberg and Johns, a group of younger artists had seemingly abandoned abstraction altogether, in favor of the brash new style of Pop Art, whose subject matter and technique were drawn from advertising and commercial art. Several of the new artists were working in total isolation, unaware that they were part of a movement; others had joined forces to put on improvised theatre pieces called "happenings" in downtown lofts and galleries. Within a very short time, Geldzahler had met them all, seen their work, appeared in their "happenings," and become a prominent and highly visible Pop Art personality.

Ivan Karp got him started. Karp, a volatile young dealer who was then the assistant director of the Leo Castelli gallery, had also run a small gallery during several summers in Provincetown, which was where Geldzahler met him. Geldzahler had impressed Karp as a very bright kid who was an odd combination of sophistication and

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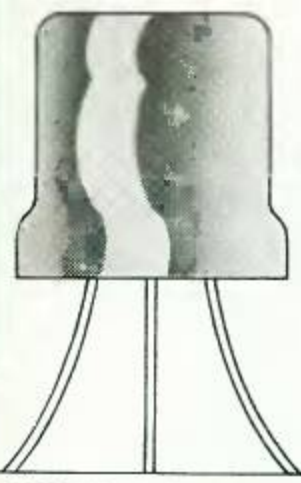

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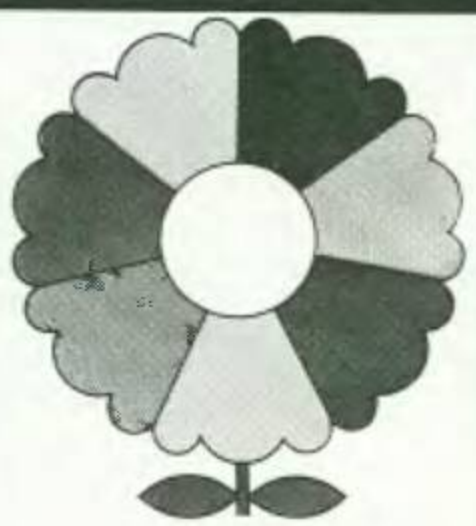

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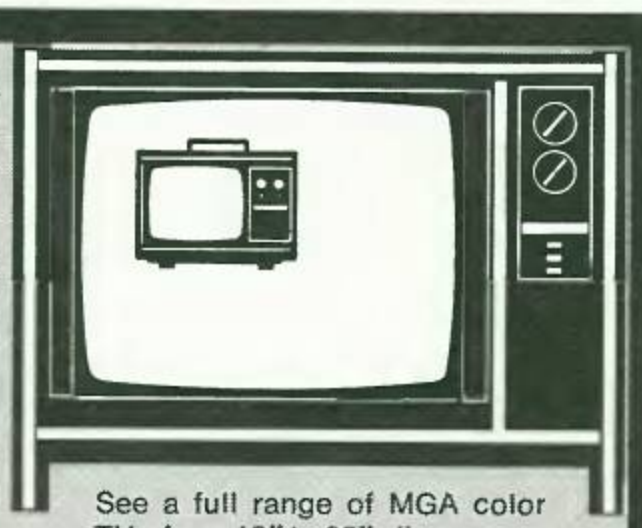

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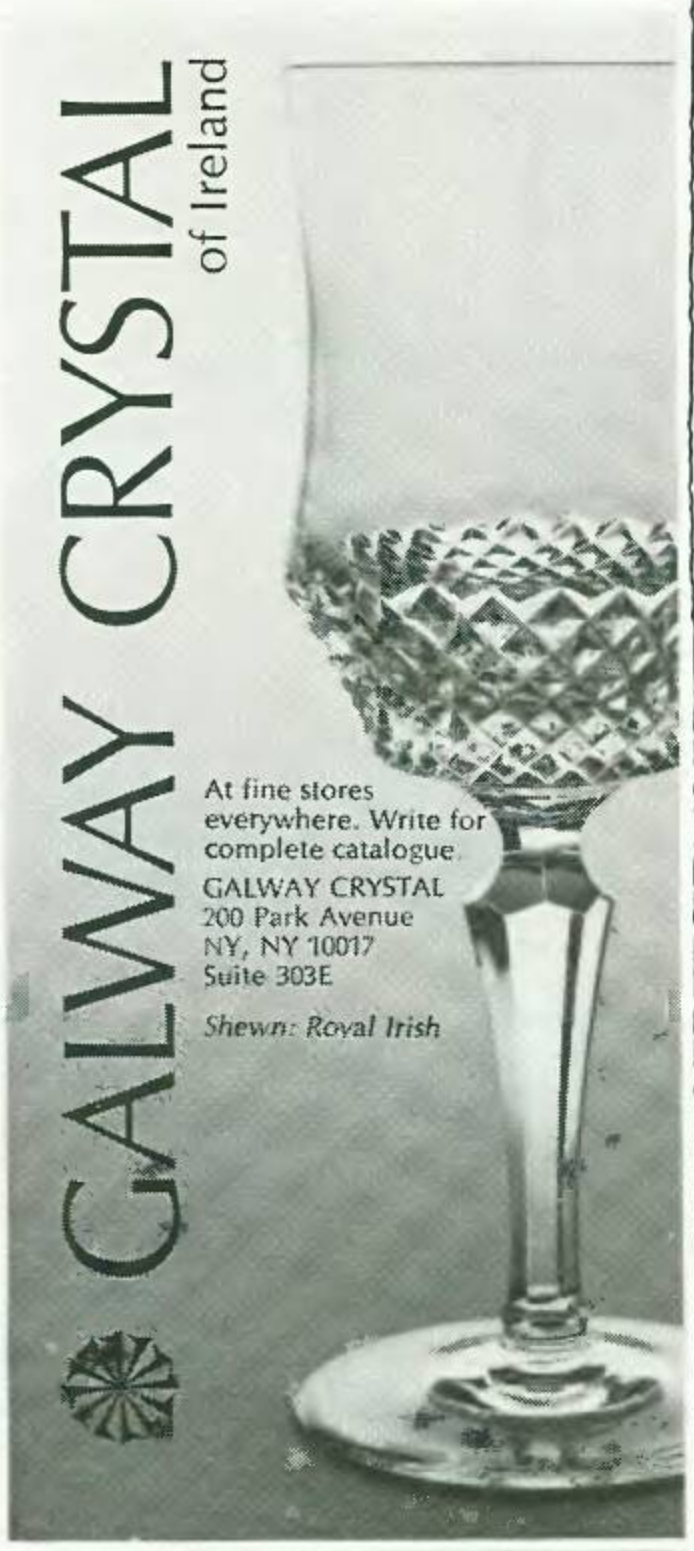

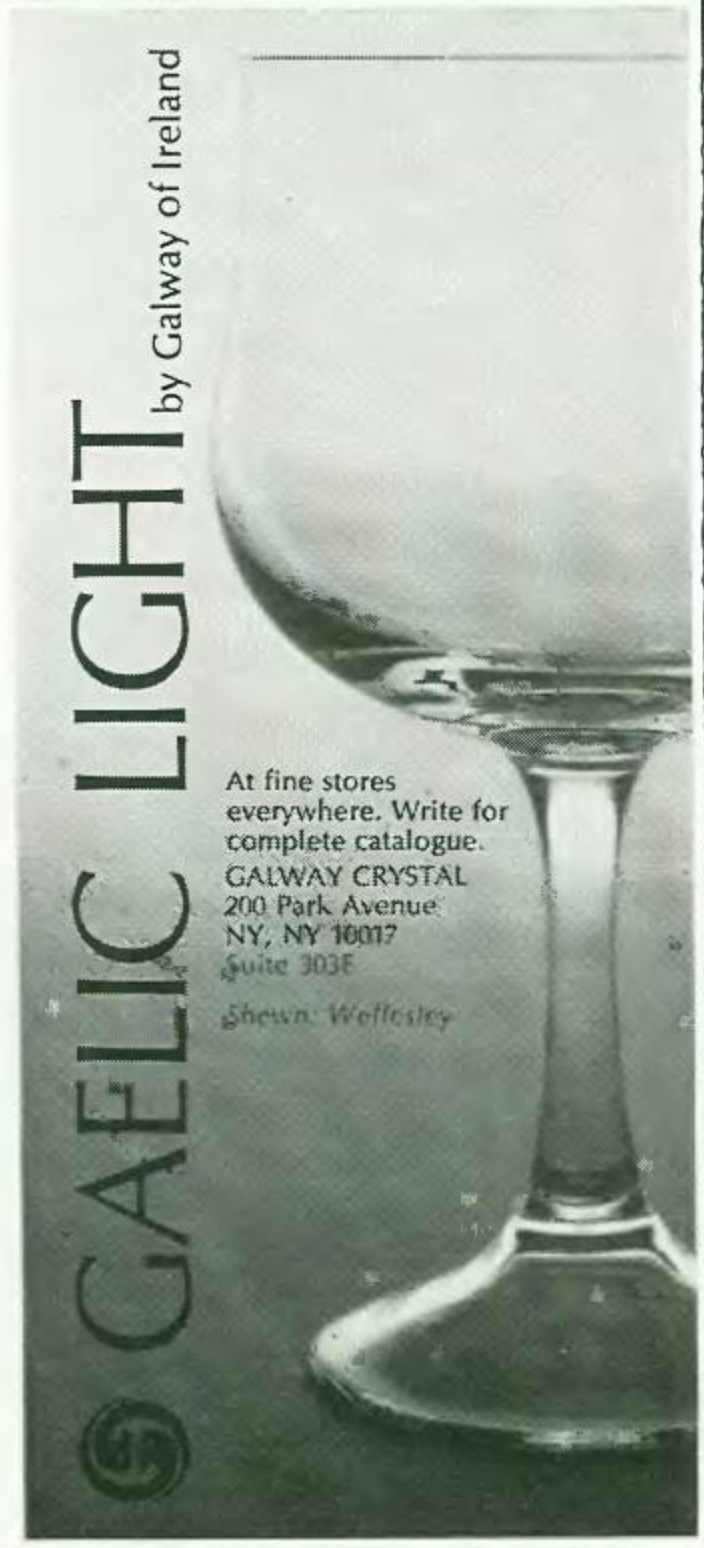

adolescence. When Geldzahler came to New York in 1960, he immediately called Karp, who took him around that fall to all the important openings and filled him in on who was interesting or useful. "Henry remembered all the names, too," Karp said recently. "He was always good at that." Geldzahler would spend the morning at his desk at the Metropolitan, and then, in the afternoon, go downtown with Karp—sometimes *way* downtown, to places like Coenties Slip, near the Battery, where James Rosenquist and Larry Poons had their studios, more often to loft buildings between Fourteenth and Houston Streets. After climbing four or more flights of rickety stairs, Geldzahler might arrive somewhat winded, but his enthusiasm rarely flagged. "I'd always ask if there was anybody else in the building whose work I should see, or anybody in the neighborhood," he says. One of the first artists he met was Claes Oldenburg, whose early constructions had been shown that spring in the first of two eyeopening group shows called "New Forms—New Media," at the Martha Jackson Gallery. Oldenburg was also doing "happenings," and he asked Geldzahler to be in one of them. Geldzahler appeared the following February in Oldenburg's "Ironworks/Fotodeath," at the Reuben Gallery, downtown. He played the role of the father in a "soft family" of three persons, who sat on a bench while a photographer tried vainly to take their portrait—every time the photographer got them propped up, the family would slowly collapse and slide floorward. In the second part of the "happening," Geldzahler had a scene in which he sat at a table and made faces at the audience while a piece of black velvet slowly descended over him. "He had such a great face," Oldenburg has explained, "and he obviously wanted to be used, so I used him." Rorimer had made Geldzahler shave off his beard before he came to work for the Met, and without it he looked more adolescent than ever. According to Karp, there was always something *wholesome* about Henry—you laughed, but not unkindly. Geldzahler also spent a great deal of time at Frank Stella's place, on Sixteenth Street. Geldzahler liked the energy and verve behind Pop, but the artist he admired most was Stella, whose severe, symmetrically striped and ruled canvases were taking him, and a number of others, in what seemed at the time to be a different direction entirely. The two people who have most influenced Geldzahler's way of

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looking at art, he says, are Clement Greenberg, the critic, and Stella. "There's a kind of moral quality about Stella's work that really hits me," he said recently. "When I look at one of those big, L-shaped paintings, it gives me something like the Greek idea of the golden mean—the scale is just right. It's a way of organizing your life." He also finds a "moral grandeur" in the writings of Greenberg, whom he describes as "a great man who has been right for twenty years." At this time, too, Geldzahler saw a great deal of Andy Warhol. Although Warhol was still two years away from his first New York show, Geldzahler never doubted that he was an important artist. "We talked to each other every day for six years," Geldzahler says. "Every day would begin with a telephone conversation with Andy and end the same way. Andy is always more real on the telephone than he is in person—he needs some sort of mechanical funnel in order to get through to you. What always impressed me about him was the way he seemed plugged into the *Zeitgeist*. He was really the unconscious conscience of the sixties. But the thing that truly fascinated me about the Pop artists was that when I first went to see them in their studios in 1960 they'd never heard of each other. They were all hitting their stride, but they hadn't begun to show uptown yet. I remember going out to New Jersey to see Roy Lichtenstein's comic-strip paintings and being staggered by how close they seemed in sensibility to a whole previous experience in art—to Stuart Davis and Gerald Murphy and Léger, and even back beyond that to Jacques-Louis David and Poussin. So I think that my art-history training may have helped me to legitimatize to myself things that freaked a lot of people out at the time."

Nothing ever freaked Geldzahler out. He rode the gathering wave of Pop like a cork, bobbing happily from studio to studio (seven or eight studios a day, on the average), attending all the openings and all the parties, going out every night of the week unless the party happened to be at his apartment, in a brownstone on West Eighty-first Street. Within a remarkably brief period, it seemed, he had managed to become an integral part of the rapidly evolving sixties art scene. Barbara Rose, the critic, who was married at that time to Frank Stella, used to say that Henry was the oil that kept the art machine turning. When he came across an artist who was really up against it, he would find some money for him. His enthusiasm was cheering, even

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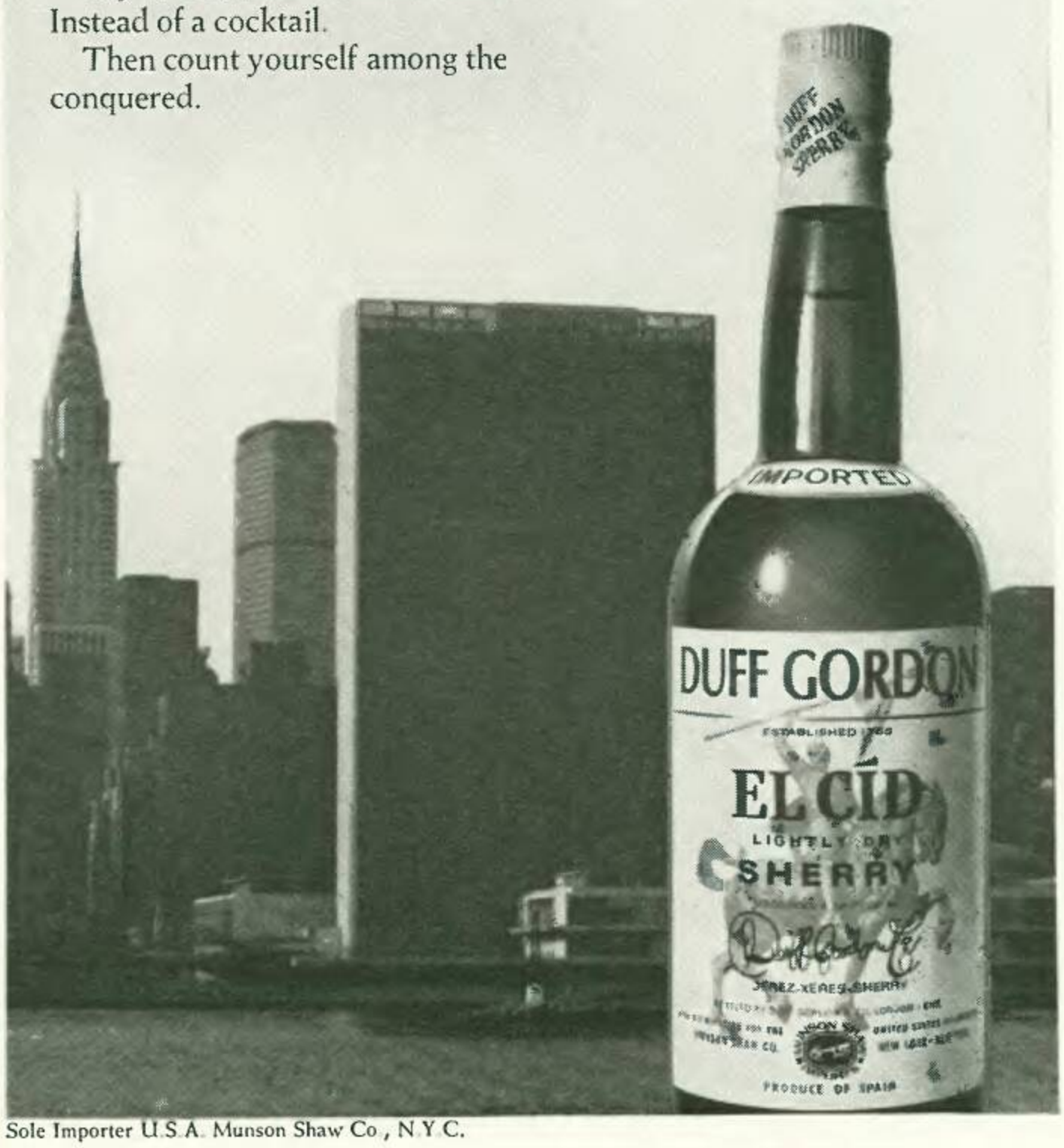

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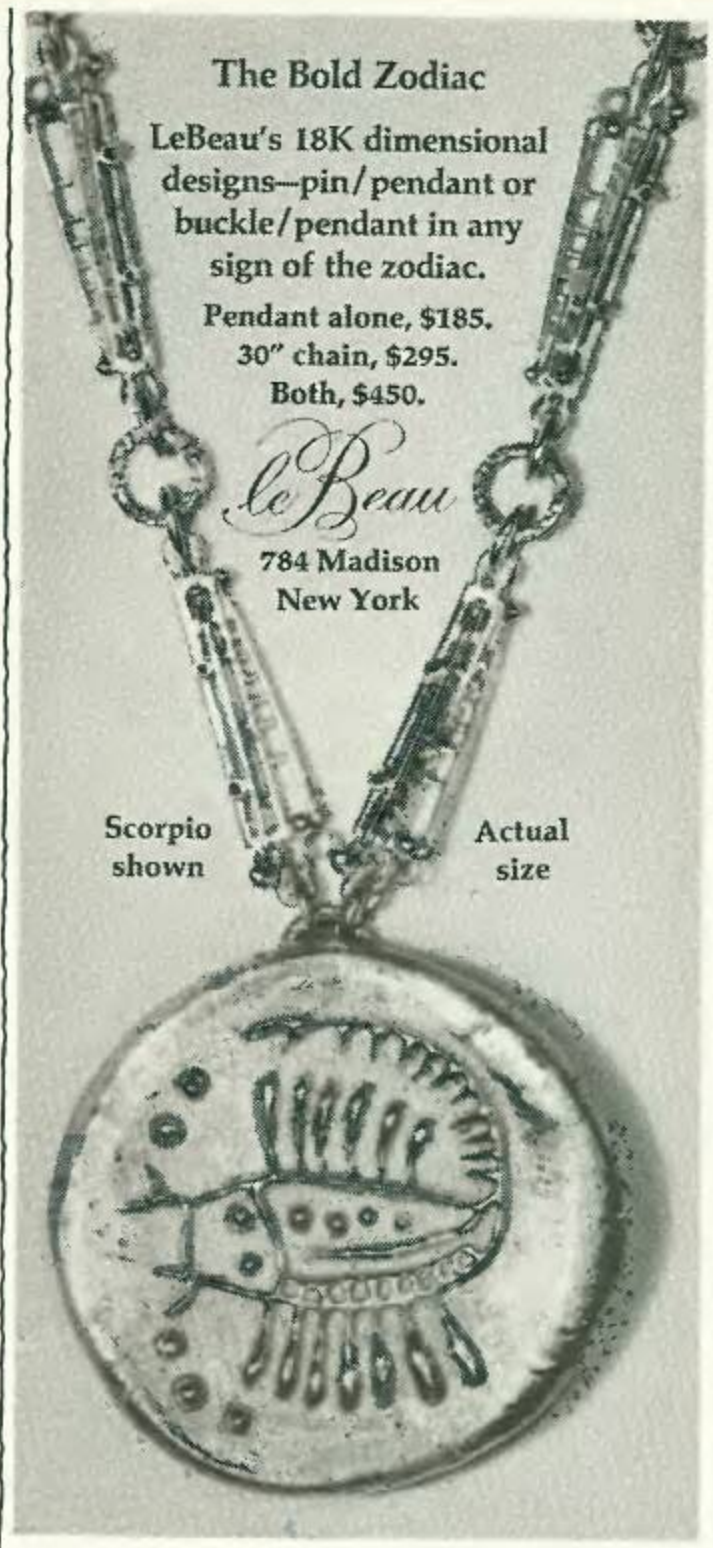
though the Metropolitan did not buy any of the new art, and his readily proffered friendship was helpful in the increasingly important social context of the art scene. Through Henry, an artist might get to know some of the real art-world powers, like Leo Castelli and Alan Solomon, or receive a visit from one of the small but growing band of collectors of post-Abstract Expressionist art. Robert Scull, the taxi-fleet owner, who was crazy about Pop Art and spent half his time running around to artists' studios, thought of Henry practically as a member of his family. "We became lifelong friends in ten minutes," Scull has said. Henry, too, was plugged into the *Zeitgeist*, and the *Zeitgeist* was a field situation where there were no hierarchies or fixed positions; if you clung to a fixed position you were bound to miss a lot of what was happening all around you, and Henry didn't want to miss anything. Henry was moving with the flow.

THE *annus mirabilis* of Pop Art was 1962. Nearly all the leading practitioners had their first uptown shows that year—Roy Lichtenstein at the Castelli (paintings of comic strips and household appliances), Jim Dine at the Martha Jackson (neckties, tools), Warhol at the Stable (Campbell Soup cans, silk-screened Marilyn Monroes), and Jim Rosenquist (billboard-size auto parts) and Claes Oldenburg (giant "soft" hamburgers, ice-cream cones, etc.) at Richard Bellamy's Green Gallery, which was financially supported by Scull. Most of the established critics were scornful of the new work. Clement Greenberg dismissed Pop as "a new episode in the history of taste," and Peter Selz, a curator at the Museum of Modern Art, saw its apparent espousal of American mass-product materialism as an indication of "profound cowardice." The big-circulation news magazines treated the movement as a huge joke. They played it up as news, however, and this was no small factor in the public acceptance of Pop. The news media and the Pop artists suddenly discovered that they had a great deal in common, and it was no coincidence that Geldzahler, Leo Castelli, Alan Solomon, and other key figures in the promotion of the art of the sixties made a point of being friendly to reporters. Abstract Expressionism had been difficult to write about, but Pop, with its blatant and literal subject matter, was a journalist's paradise. Pop Art was sheer McLuhanesque information. Although some



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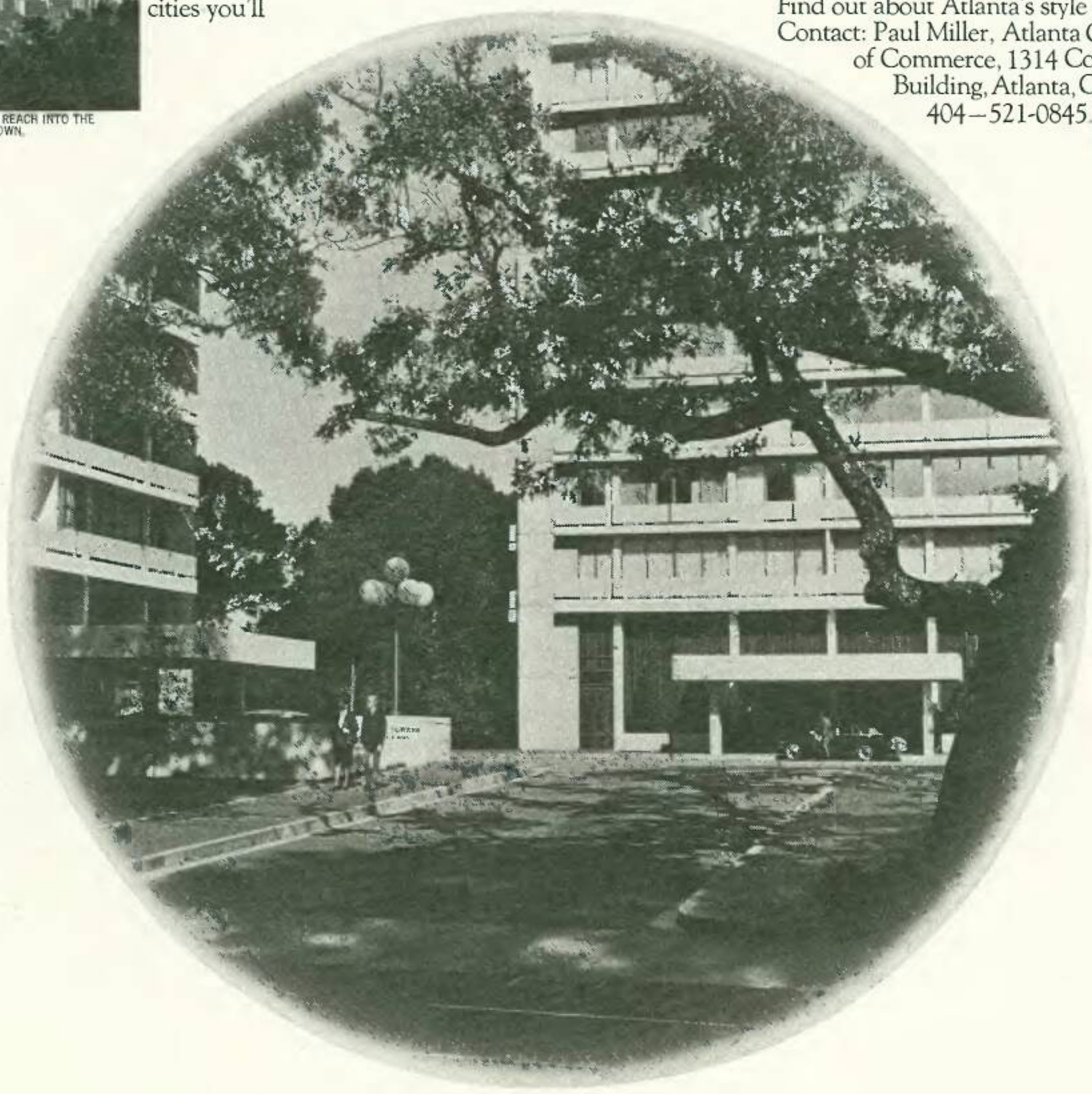

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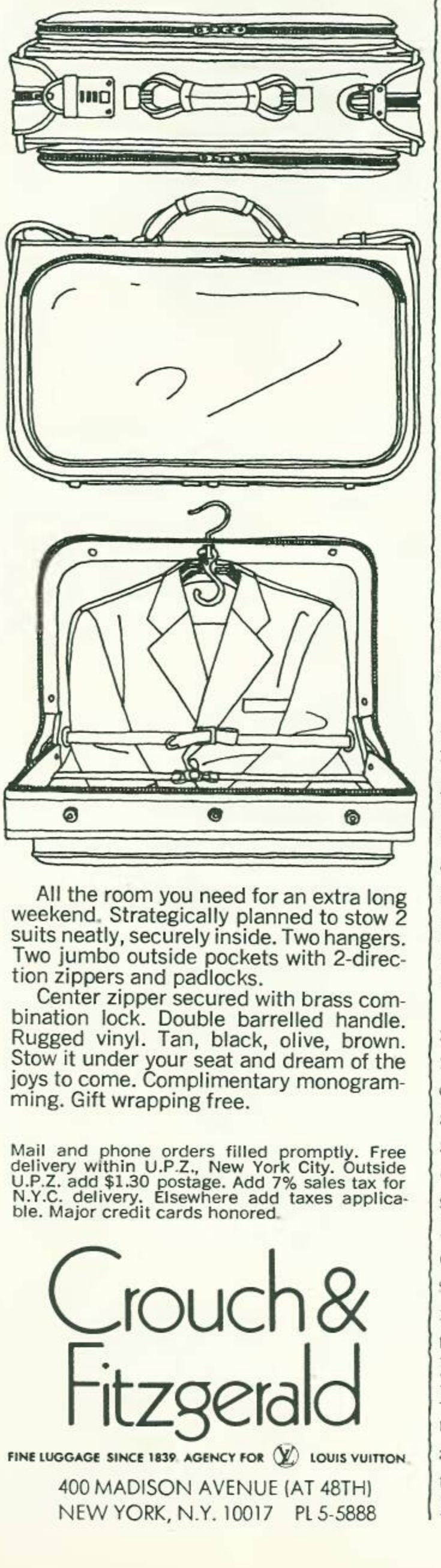

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people tried at first to link it with Dada and looked for evidence of social criticism in the subject matter, the fact was that the Pop artists were simply painting what they saw around them—painting quite literally and without much comment. Hamburgers, automobile tires, billboards, toothpaste grins, plastic appliances, F-111 fighter-bombers—this *was* the American landscape of the sixties, as far as the artists were concerned, and instead of looking inward for their own personal reactions the artists were looking straight at it, accepting it, and reporting on it.

The year 1962 began with a great Pop event—a fantastic "store" on East Second Street that Claes Oldenburg had filled with plaster and papier-mâché reproductions of the sort of discount food and clothing found in real stores on the lower East Side. On opening night (which was actually in December of 1961), neighborhood kids wandered in and out, pocketing items that the visiting uptown art crowd was buying for fifty dollars and up—it was still a little hard to know how much of a put-on was involved. The following November, though, Sidney Janis's two-gallery show of American and European "New Realists," as he called them, officially certified that Pop was Art. A great many older artists and their supporters felt they had been betrayed when Janis, the leading Abstract Expressionist dealer, put his invaluable stamp of approval on the upstart movement. Several of Janis's artists were so furious that they left the gallery, forgetting that Janis, who had started out in the forties showing the work of Mondrian, Léger, and other School of Paris modernists, had made a similar commitment to the new in the fifties, when he began showing Pollock, DeKooning, Rothko, and Kline.

The public triumphs of Pop went more or less unnoticed inside the Metropolitan. Not many of the Museum's curators and administrators were even aware that Geldzahler, who became an assistant curator in 1962, was considered one of those responsible for the spectacular success of Pop Art. That December, when the Museum of Modern Art decided to present a public seminar on the whole Pop phenomenon, Geldzahler was invited to be on the panel, along with Stanley Kunitz, Hilton Kramer, Leo Steinberg, and Dore Ashton. Rorimer had no objection to Geldzahler's attending, so he accepted. (Afterward, he found out that Rorimer had misunderstood him—Rorimer thought he had been invited to

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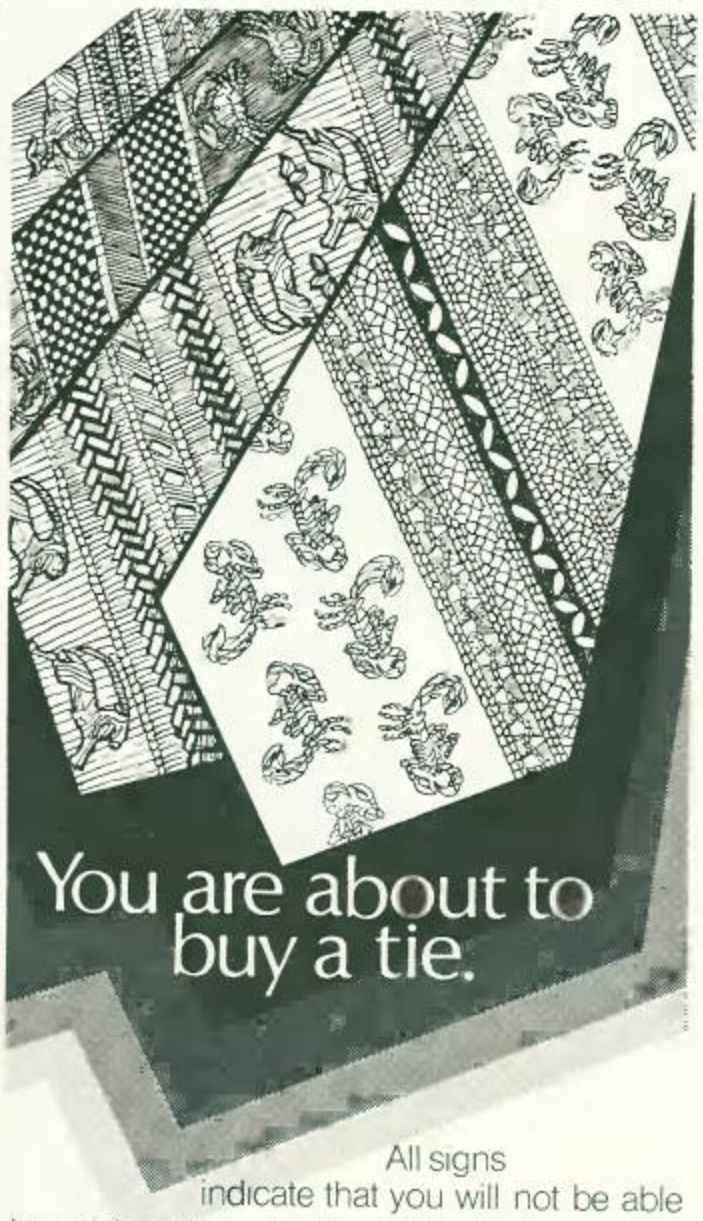

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discuss the recently rediscovered New York artist known as Pop Hart.) Geldzahler, it turned out, was the only member of the panel who was willing to defend Pop Art *as art*. The others either condemned it as fraudulent or wished to reserve judgment, but Geldzahler argued that "it is the artist who decides what is art," and that the techniques and subject matter of Pop were legitimate expressions of contemporary sensibility. He also gave his view that Pop was not the *only* new art that he found legitimately admirable. "The best and most developed post-Abstract Expressionist painting is the big, single-image painting, which comes in part out of Barney Newman's work—I am thinking of Ellsworth Kelly, Kenneth Noland, Ray Parker, and Frank Stella," he observed at one point. When people accuse him these days of switching his allegiance from Pop to pure color abstraction, he reminds them of what he said in 1962.

Warhol remained his primary link with the Pop world. Geldzahler spent part of every day at the Warhol "factory"—the studio on West Forty-seventh Street, which was covered from floor to ceiling with silver foil. He was on friendly terms with all the odd types who hung around the factory, and sometimes he gave Warhol ideas for paintings. It bothered Geldzahler that so many people thought that Pop Art was just a celebration of advertising values and mass taste; one day he handed Warhol a copy of the *Mirror* with a front-page headline reading "129 DIE IN JET"—two airplanes had collided over Brooklyn—and told him to do a painting of it. Warhol did. It was the start of a whole series of Warhol "death" paintings—electric chairs and automobile wrecks and people jumping from buildings. A few years later, Geldzahler told Warhol that he had done enough death pictures; it was time for life again, he said. Warhol asked what he meant, and Geldzahler picked up a photography magazine and opened it, at random, to a double-page color closeup of four flowers. "Like that," he said. Warhol had a silk screen made of the photograph and used it to turn out a large series of flower paintings. "Henry gave me all my ideas," Warhol sometimes says, in his soft, deadpan way. In 1963, when Warhol began making films, Geldzahler appeared in them. The first film Warhol ever shot was a six-minute study of Geldzahler brushing his teeth. A year later, Warhol shot one hundred minutes of Geldzahler sitting on a couch smoking

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a cigar. Geldzahler considers it the best portrait ever done of him. "I went through my entire vocabulary of gestures," he says. "When someone turns the camera on you and doesn't tell you what to do or anything—Andy just goes off and plays rock and roll—you find yourself making all sorts of faces and gestures just automatically. The film gives me away entirely."

Quite a few other artists have found Geldzahler an irresistible portrait subject. George Segal has cast him in plaster; Martial Raysse, Larry Rivers, Marcia Marcus, Alice Neel, and David Hockney have painted him; Marisol has carved a double likeness of him in wood; and Frank Stella has summarized him abstractly in a canvas called "Henry Garden." Salvador Dali wanted him to pose, too, but when Geldzahler learned that Dali was planning to sculpt a gold head with a tongue that wagged, he declined. The various portraits undoubtedly helped to make his features better known, although it is hard to believe that by 1963 there was anybody in the art world who did not already know Henry Geldzahler. Journalists found him an unfailing source of merry quotes. His influence was hugely exaggerated, to the extent that an awed correspondent for the San Francisco *Chronicle* once referred to him as "the single most powerful modern art figure in New York, and perhaps in the country." Unrecognized artists might say that "if Henry likes you, you're in," but the truth of the matter, as Frank Stella pointed out, was that a boost from Henry might make an artist as many enemies as friends. No artist ever really got "in" on the strength of Geldzahler's favor alone, and his "power" was never supported by any significant purchase funds. Geldzahler certainly helped to spread the word about the artists he liked, though, and in his capacity as a highly sociable being he certainly achieved a sort of tribal, word-of-mouth influence on the scene generally. At any rate, he enjoyed all his publicity without being taken in by it. His friends called him the Little King, after the comic-strip character by Soglow. He refused to take himself as seriously as others did, which was one reason people found him so likable.

Geldzahler had so many people calling him up at work that the Museum's telephone operator told him it would have to stop. "Two out of every three calls through here are for you," she complained. Geldzahler said he couldn't help it if he was the only curator whose artists were still alive. But

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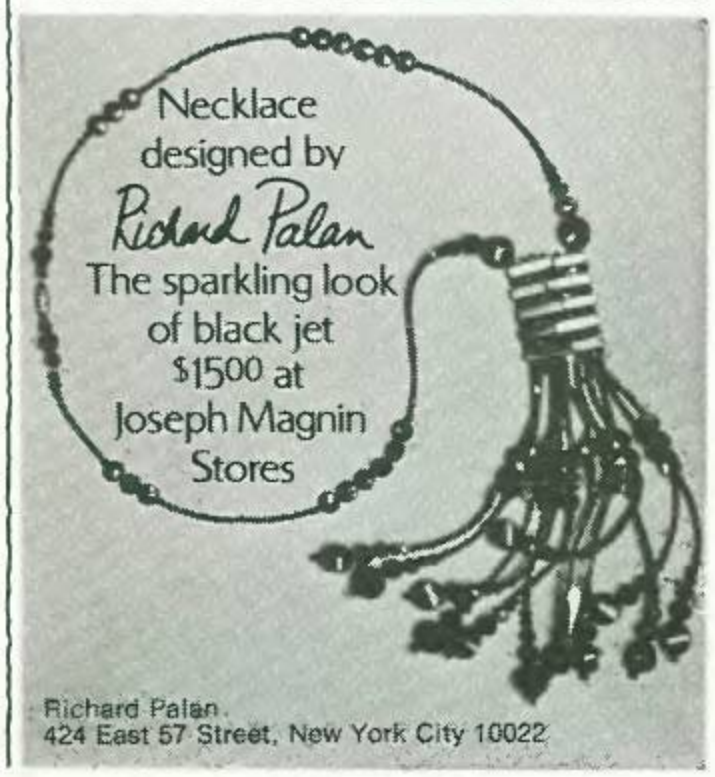

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NOVEMBER

November at the Garden is already off to a running start, for the National Horse Show has opened and will continue through next Tuesday the 9th. This year's Tournament of Champions features Championship Jumping Contests with top international teams competing against the United States Equestrian Team. If you're a horse-lover, you're on your way to the Garden already. But if you've never seen the National Horse Show, come and bring the family. There are spectacle and thrills and wonderment for everybody!

Lots of big musical attractions this month, leading off on the 12th with the eagerly-awaited return of Donovan, and thereafter in exciting succession the sounds of Ten Years After on the 18th; Emerson, Lake and Palmer on Thanksgiving night (the 25th); followed by more holiday rock on the 26th offered by Faces with Rod Stewart; and winding up the weekend with The Osmonds on Sunday afternoon, the 28th.

On the sports scene, we will have the closed-circuit color telecast on our four-sided giant screen of the heavyweight encounter between Muhammad Ali and big Buster Mathis direct from the Houston Astrodome on Wednesday the 17th. The Roller Derby (In Person) returns on Sunday afternoon, the 14th and yet again for additional rock-'em-sock-'em thrills on Sunday evening, the 28th. Friday, November 19th, New York will get its first glimpse at ¾ Midget Auto Racing at the Garden. And our Knicks and Rangers meet a veritable parade of dangerous opponents through the month. The November at-home schedules for both clubs:

KNICKS	RANGERS
(11) Golden State	(10) Los Angeles
(13) Detroit	(13) (aft.) Buffalo
(16) Phoenix	(14) Vancouver
(20) Baltimore	(21) California
(23) Cincinnati	(24) St. Louis
(27) Chicago	
(30) Seattle	

A rather special event takes place on the Garden ice on Monday the 29th when the U.S. Figure Skating Association celebrates its Golden Jubilee with Champions on Ice, a spectacular presentation featuring figure skating champions of today and yesterday.

And by way of reminder to philatelists of all ages, the National Stamp Show returns to our Exposition Rotunda from the 19th through the 21st. This is a truly fascinating display, not only for collectors but for anyone interested in history, geography, art—or even just stamps.

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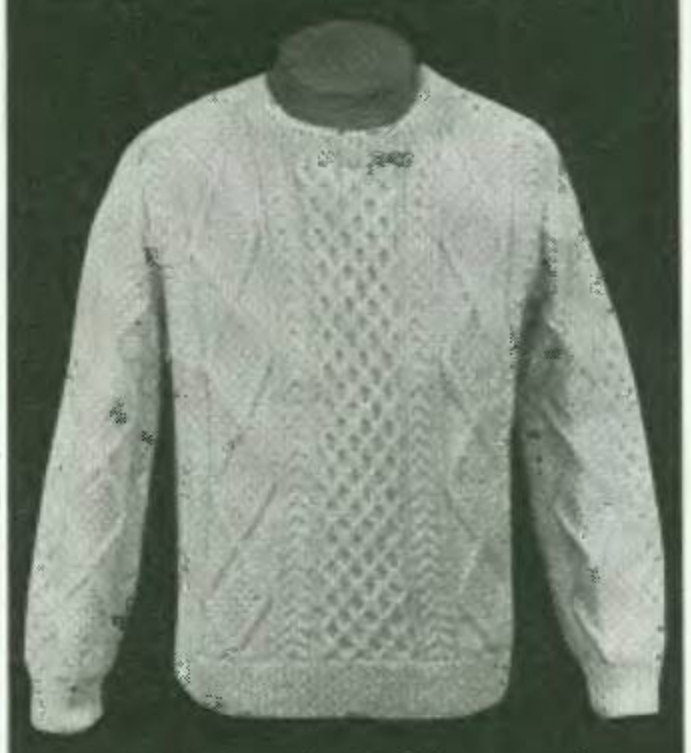
his circle of acquaintance was not limited to artists. He saw people like Norman Mailer, whom he had met in Provincetown one summer; and Dennis Hopper, the actor and film director; and Jean Stein Vanden Heuvel, whose husband was a special assistant to Robert Kennedy in the Justice Department. Geldzahler and Mrs. Vanden Heuvel had met by accident back in 1958, at the Barnes Foundation, in Pennsylvania; she had seen him surreptitiously photographing a van Gogh (the Barnes Foundation does not allow photographs), and they had both giggled. A year later, they ran into each other on Madison Avenue, and after that she began inviting him to parties, where he met wealthy collectors and financiers and political bigwigs. Sometimes he would meet Metropolitan trustees at the Vanden Heuvels', which did him no harm; it helped to dispel the aura of outrage that attached itself to some of his Pop activities. The Metropolitan and the avant-garde still inhabited different social strata then, although barriers kept dissolving and you never knew whom you might meet at a New York party. When Truman Capote gave his masked ball in 1966, the only Metropolitan staff members he invited were Theodore Rousseau, the suave and elegant curator of European paintings, and Henry Geldzahler. Geldzahler, who went with Andy Warhol, wore a mask of his own face that Martial Raysse had made for him. Warhol turned to Geldzahler after they had been there for half an hour and said, "Gee, we're the only nobodies here."

And then there were the Woodwards. Stanley Woodward, a well-to-do retired diplomat who lived in Washington, was starting a private foundation to buy contemporary American art and place it in United States embassies and consulates. Woodward and his wife wanted someone to advise them, and their friend Mrs. William Lescaze, the wife of the architect, suggested Henry Geldzahler. Geldzahler and the Woodwards took to each other immediately, and he has been advising them ever since, for a small monthly retainer. "He's a wonderful guide," Woodward said last fall. "He has marvellous taste and complete mental and aesthetic integrity. He points out what's there and lets you decide." The Woodwards liked Geldzahler so much that they invited him to go to Iran with them in the summer of 1963, and again in 1964. Geldzahler took Frank Stella along on the second trip, which led to a new series of Stella paintings,

the Nubby Knit Irish Sweater



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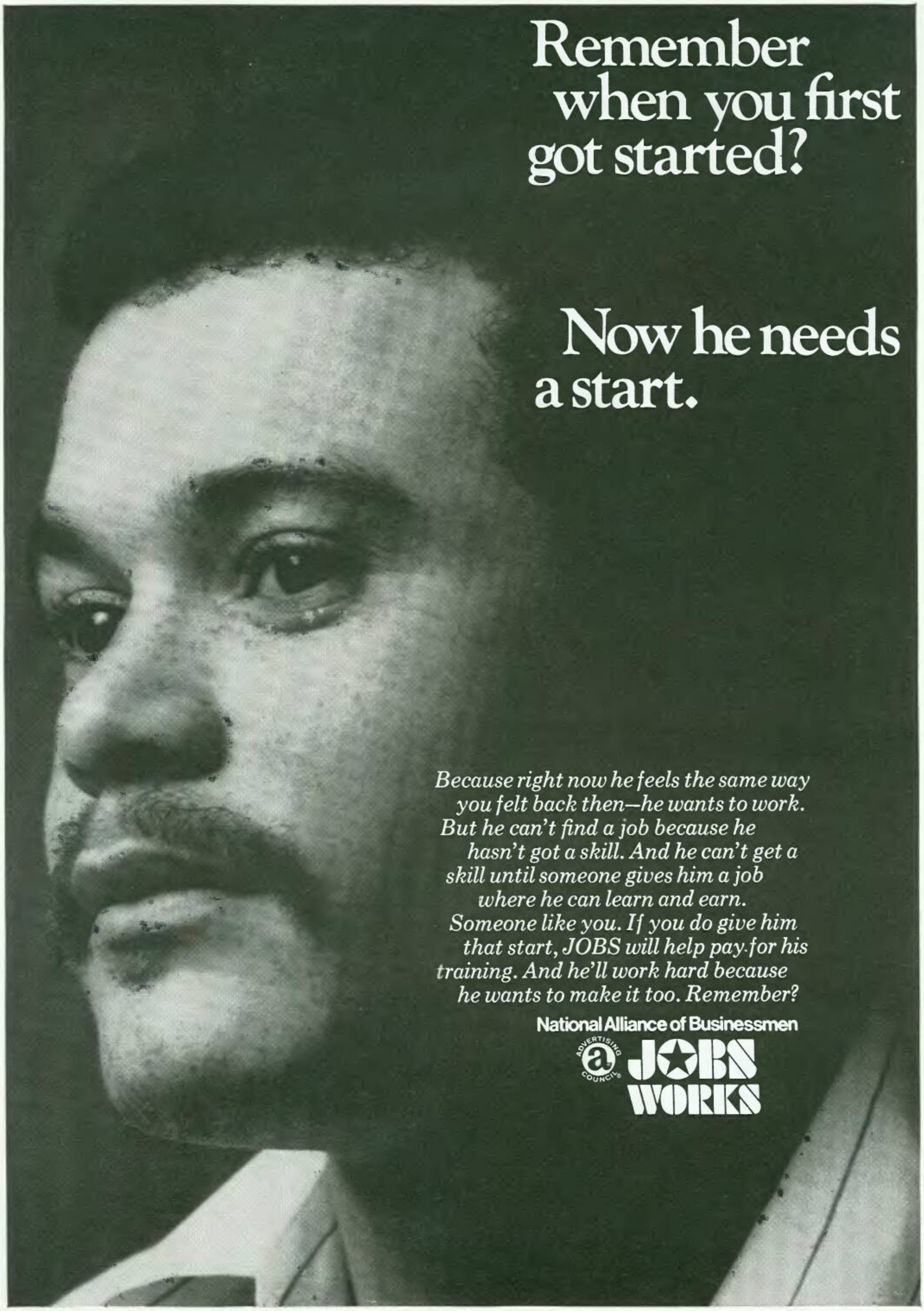
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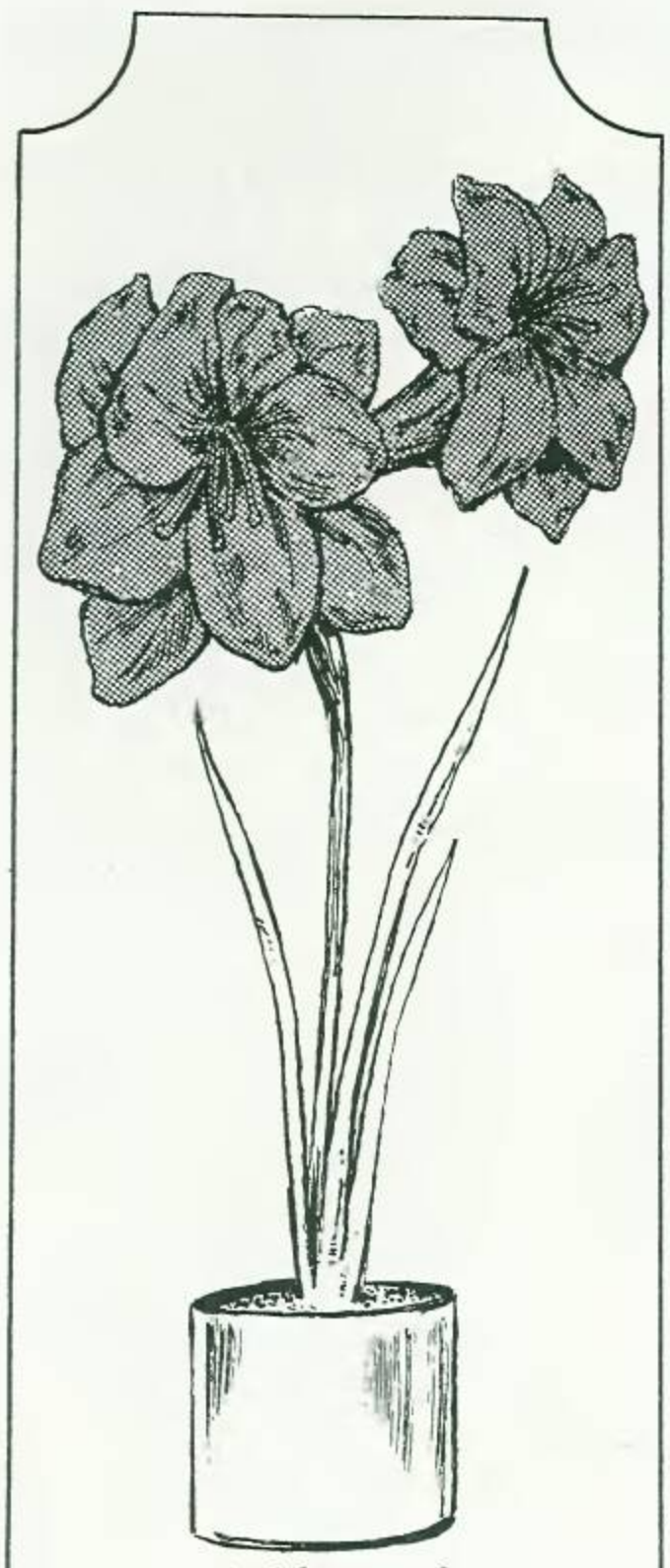

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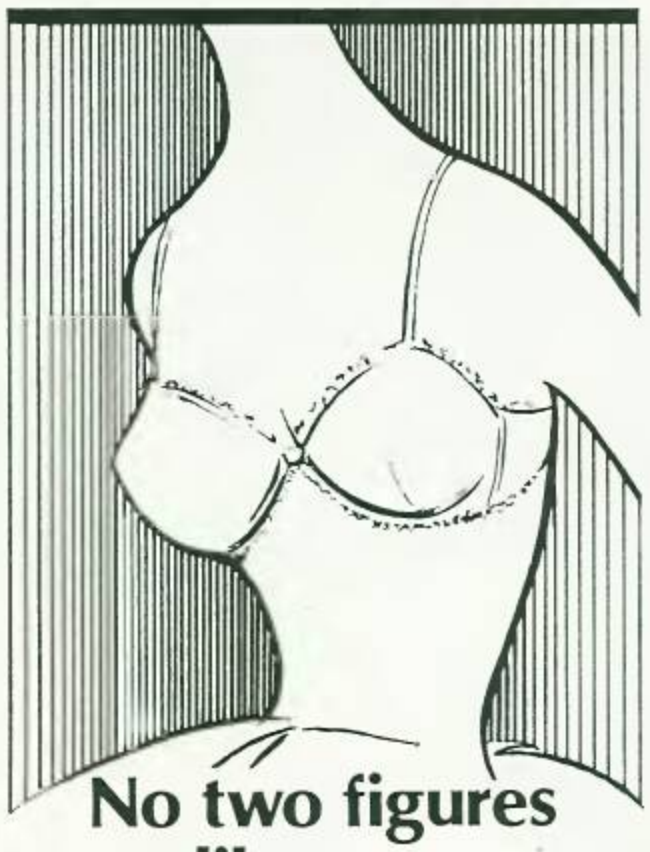
inspired by Islamic art. They went off the beaten track to Soltaniyeh, Yazd, and Mahan, looking at mosques. Geldzahler proved to be an indefatigable sightseer and shopper in native bazaars.

Geldzahler's energy and stamina in those days never failed to amaze his friends. How he managed to keep up with so many different people and places and events was a mystery to anyone who did not understand about the field situation. He would arrive late at openings and parties, stay for a little while, and then move on to other places, where everyone would be delighted to see him. There always seemed to be more laughter in the room when he arrived, although later it was hard to remember just what he had said that was so funny. His wit was evanescent and ephemeral, like so much of the new art. Sometimes, though, when the atmosphere of the field was just right, he could go beyond the bright one-liners and talk eloquently about a subject that interested him, and it would have surprised a number of Geldzahler's friends to know that the real focus of his life was the Metropolitan Museum. Although a few of the trustees and several of the curators there were offended by the publicity he was getting, they found it nearly impossible to dislike him on personal grounds. Geldzahler was so warm and friendly, so thoroughly *nice*, that he disarmed criticism. Kay Bearman, a Smith graduate who worked in the Metropolitan's slide library until Geldzahler brought her into the Department of American Paintings and Sculpture in 1961, feels that he has been a major influence on her life. "He was incredibly kind to me," she said recently. "I didn't know anybody in New York then. He took me everywhere—to all the openings—and made a point of introducing me to all the right people." Later, when Miss Bearman began to feel that she should strike out on her own, Geldzahler helped her to get a job working for Leo Castelli; she is now back at the Metropolitan as an administrative assistant in Geldzahler's own department. Although Geldzahler's specific duties at the Museum were a bit vague for several years, he did his work there conscientiously and efficiently. A few of his colleagues used to find his efficiency somewhat trying. He could not bear any sort of wasted time or effort, and it annoyed people when he called them and said, "Let's see each other for ten minutes this afternoon," and they found that he meant precisely ten minutes and no longer. But one always ended by liking him. "He's a genius with people, at creating



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the atmosphere of affection he needs," according to Allen Rosenbaum, who came to the Museum soon after Geldzahler did and who is now the Museum's Associate for Public Education. "If anyone does show hostility toward him, he automatically assumes they must have some problem—that they're 'going through' something. He's hurt, but not diminished in his own eyes."

In 1965, when the Department of American Paintings and Sculpture got together a special exhibition of its collections (most of which had been in storage for years), Albert Ten Eyck Gardner and Stuart Feld wrote the catalogue for the nineteenth-century section, and Geldzahler did the one for the twentieth century. Geldzahler's text proved to be rather pedantic. Reviewing it in *Book Week*, Susan Sontag called it "a perfect example of its genre—the institutional publication . . . lifeless, tasteless, wholly uncontaminated by the human voice." Those who had heard Geldzahler lecture were not surprised by the earnest, plodding tone of his prose. Although scholarship was not his forte, he took all its implications very seriously, and he was writing more for his peers than for the general public. In any event, there was no indication that the catalogue injured his standing within the Museum, where heavy prose has never been considered a drawback.

One day early in 1966, Geldzahler received a telephone call from the office of Roger Stevens, the chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts. Conceived under the Kennedy Administration and established in 1965, the Endowment had recently received its first substantial appropriation from Congress and was in the process of expanding its programs in support of the arts generally. Stevens was looking for someone to run the Endowment's visual-arts program. Several people had recommended Geldzahler to him, and their first meeting, over lunch at a French restaurant, was enough to convince Stevens that he had found his

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man. Rorimer, when Geldzahler reported the offer to him, seemed to think it would be a fine idea for the Metropolitan to have someone close to the font of federal gifts to the arts, and he asked whether Geldzahler was interested. Geldzahler said that he was, but not to the extent of giving up his chance to succeed Robert Hale. "Rorimer suggested that I take a year's leave of absence from the Museum and we'd see what happened, and that's what I did."

Geldzahler soon discovered that being program director for visual arts did not require a great deal of his time, and so, when he was reappointed for a second year with the National Endowment, he came back to the Museum and continued to handle the visual-arts job on the side. Some of Stevens' other program directors were a bit put out that Geldzahler spent so little time in Washington, but somehow he could manage to get his work done in half the time it took them, and Stevens was thoroughly pleased with his efforts. "Henry makes up his mind very fast, and he has plenty of self-confidence," Stevens has said. "So many people in the arts want to call up four or five experts and get their opinion before making a decision, but Henry doesn't do that. Besides which, he was a lot less emotional than some of my other program directors."

Geldzahler's main function at the National Endowment was to give away money to individual artists. He originated a program of five-thousand-dollar grants, set up regional juries to decide who would get them, and managed, in the three years he held the post, to pass out a hundred and nineteen grants, for a total of five hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars, which came to thirty-five per cent of the National Endowment's total budget for visual arts in those years. Starkie Meyer, Geldzahler's assistant in Washington, has said that whenever there was any unspent money in the budget, Geldzahler would ask Stevens to let him use it as a grant, and Stevens, who had complete trust in Geldzahler's judgment, would usually agree. Geldzahler also insisted that there be no strings attached to the grants—no progress reports, no followup letters, no checking to see how the money was being used. The artist, he said, was "involved not in products but in process." He even refused to have photographs of the artists' work in his Washington office, because he didn't want some congressman coming in and making judgments

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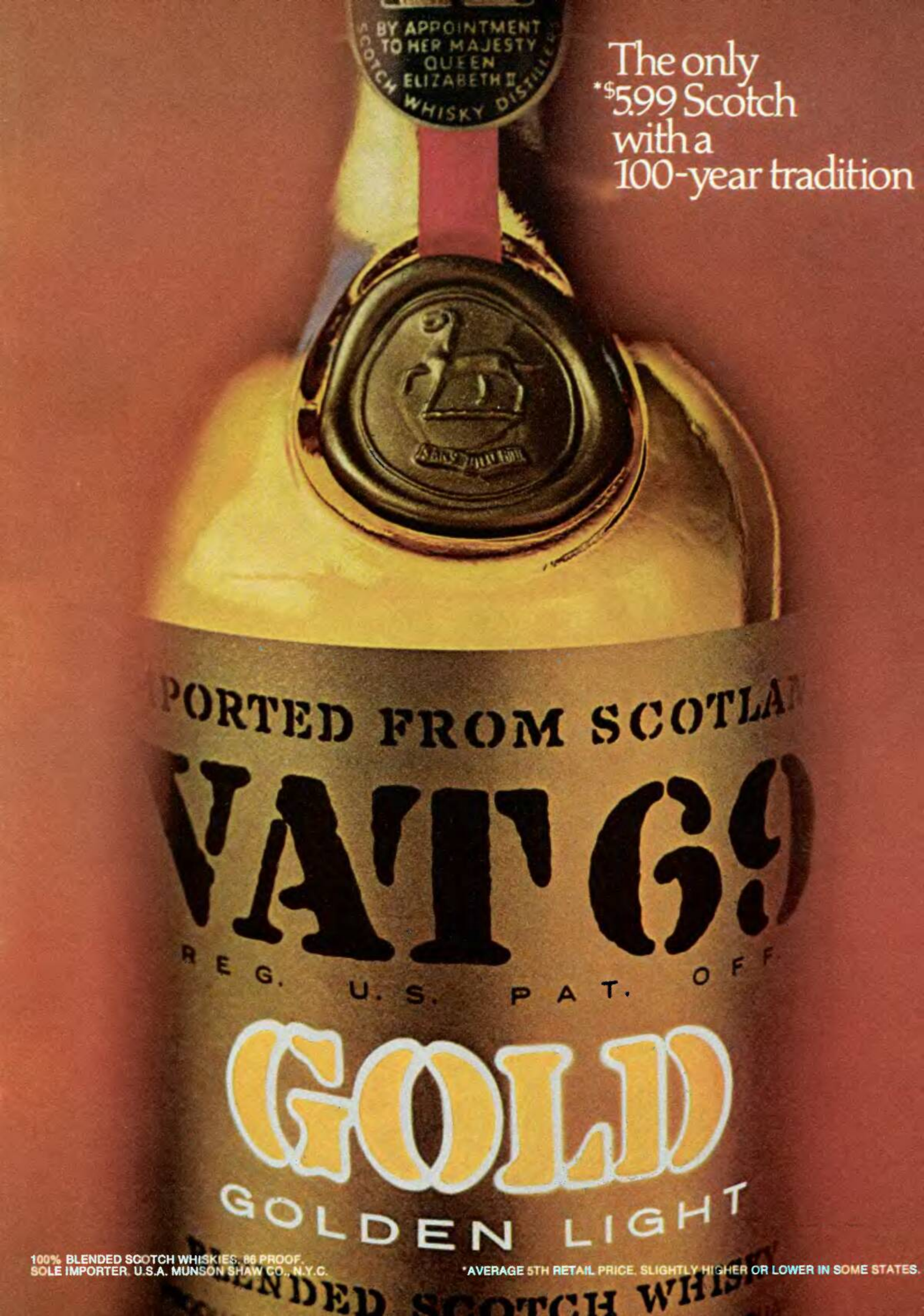
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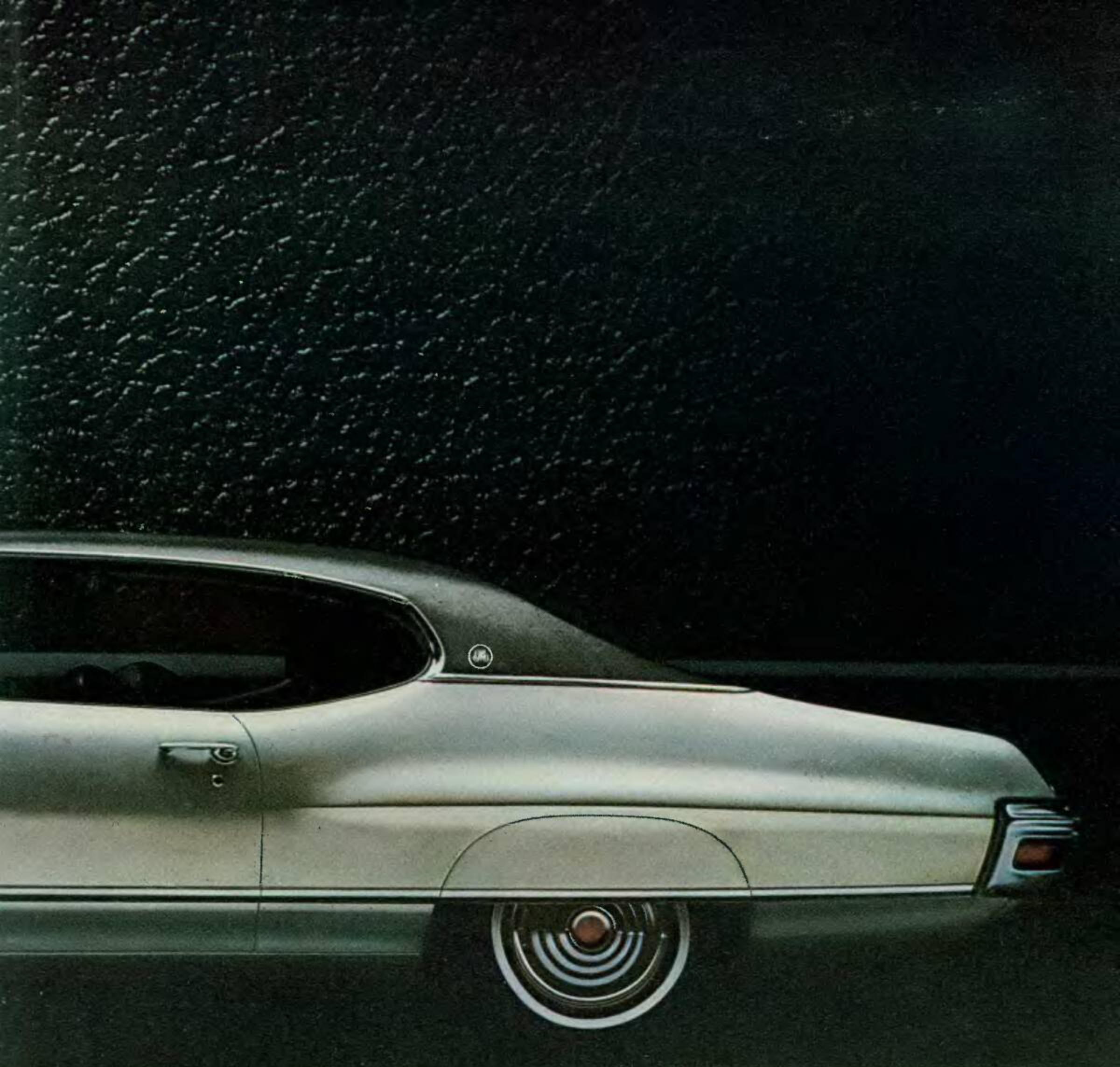

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on the basis of photographs. Stevens went along with all these stipulations, and it is perhaps an indication of Stevens' extraordinary skill as an arts administrator that not one of Geldzahler's grants—most of which went to artists who could hardly be described as conservatives, artistically or politically—caused so much as a ripple of protest in Congress. Moreover, when the first National Endowment grants were announced, in February, 1967, the editor of *Artnews*, Thomas Hess, who had never been notably sympathetic to Geldzahler, wrote a glowing editorial in which he called it "the best list of grants . . . we have ever seen in the field." Hess said that the money had gone to artists at a point in their careers when it could make a real financial or psychological difference, and he characterized the enterprise as "a major contribution to our culture."

Several other National Endowment programs owe their inception to Geldzahler, among them a series of matching grants that enabled fifteen regional museums to spend a total of three hundred thousand dollars to buy works by living artists, and his energy and initiative are still looked upon with admiration by his successors in Washington. Geldzahler did not really want to give up the job. After the 1968 election, though, he announced that if Roger Stevens was not reappointed by the new Administration he would resign, and that's what happened. Nothing would please him more now than to be appointed to the National Endowment's advisory board. As he often says, "What I really like to do best is give away money."

While Geldzahler was on leave from the Metropolitan, he was also invited to serve as commissioner for the United States pavilion at the Venice Biennale, the oldest and most highly regarded of all the big international art exhibitions. The offer came about in a rather backhanded way: The National Collection in Washington, which sponsors United States participation in these affairs, had originally invited Lawrence Alloway, a curator at the Guggenheim (and the British critic who coined the term "Pop Art"), to select and install the American exhibition in Venice. Alloway and Thomas Messer, the Guggenheim's director, got into a public dispute over which artists they wanted to show, however, and the National Collection thereupon rescinded the commission and offered it to Geldzahler. Naturally, he accepted. Just as naturally, the art world assumed that

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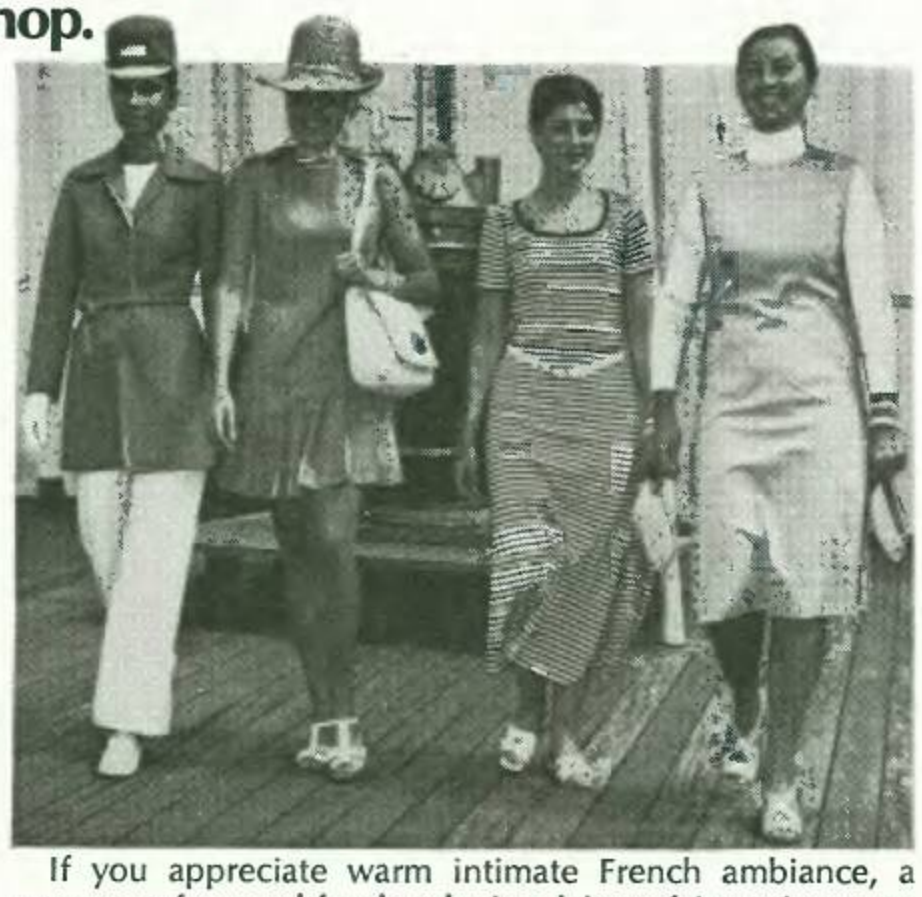

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he would put together an exhibition heavily weighted toward Pop Art, with particular emphasis on his close friend Andy Warhol. Geldzahler did nothing of the kind. He realized, he said, that if he took Warhol to Venice he would end up having to take Warhol's entourage as well—the Velvet Underground rock group, superstars of all sexes, and assorted publicity-seekers. Geldzahler was a little uncertain of his own position at the Met around this time. That spring, he had been in an Oldenburg "happening" that took place in a swimming pool; *Life* had covered the event, and had run a photograph of Geldzahler lying in a rubber boat wearing a terry-cloth robe and smoking a cigar, which several Metropolitan trustees had considered a serious affront to the dignity of the Museum. As Geldzahler has since put it, "I knew that if I took Andy to Venice I would never succeed Bob Hale."

There were other reasons as well. By 1966, Pop Art was neither new nor shocking. The strengths and weaknesses of the school had been thoroughly exposed in a dozen or more group shows here and abroad, notably at the 1964 Venice Biennale, where Alan Solomon, the United States commissioner that year, had exhibited works by Dine, Oldenburg, John Chamberlain, and Stella, along with paintings by the four "germinal" artists Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, Kenneth Noland, and Morris Louis. The Europeans' reaction to Solomon's show had been highly favorable, and Rauschenberg had become the first American artist to win the Biennale's Grand International Prize for painting—an event that several American critics angrily attributed to (unspecified) pressures on the jury by the Solomon-Castelli "cabal." Since that time, new tremors had been occupying the attention of art-world seismologists. Op Art, a form of trompe-l'oeil abstraction that turned out to be neither new nor a movement, had been briefly celebrated by the press following the Museum of Modern Art's 1965 show "The Responsive Eye." In the spring of 1966, the Jewish Museum's new director, Kynaston McShine, put on an extremely significant exhibition of "Primary Structures," whose impersonal, machined surfaces proclaimed an art stripped of everything but basic color and shape—Minimal Art. The primary structures themselves seemed to come out of a kind of painting that Clement Greenberg called "Post-Painterly Abstraction" but that was more frequently referred to as "color-field painting."

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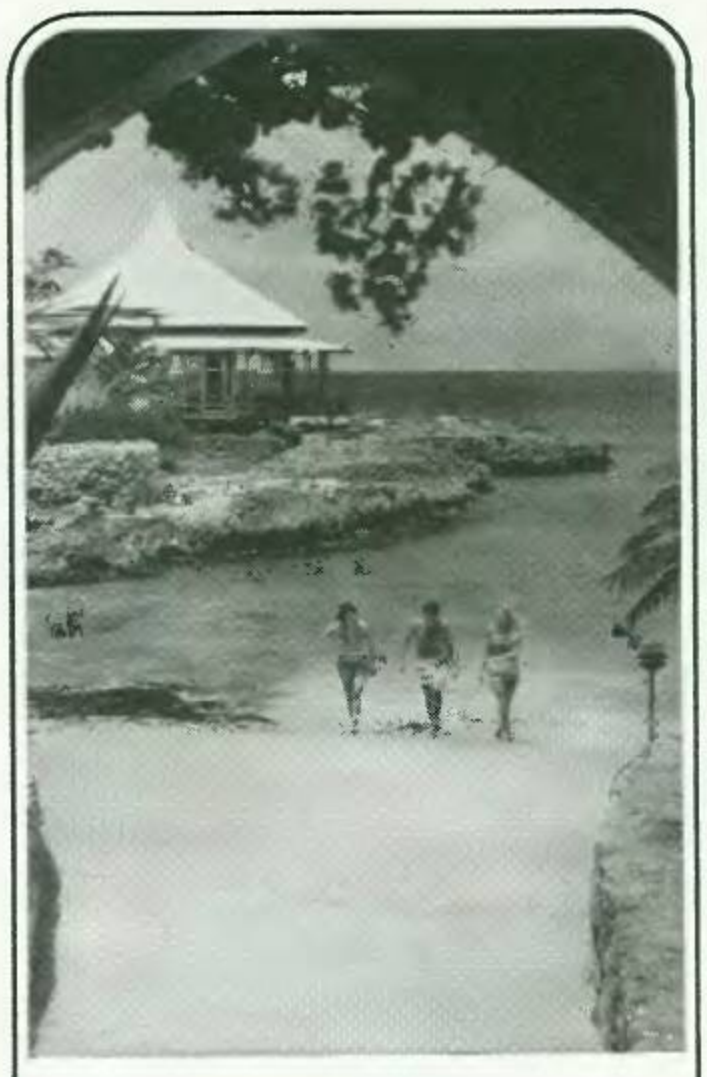
Following certain tendencies in the work of such older artists as Barnett Newman, Mark Rothko, and Clyfford Still, the color-field painters applied color in simple bands or stripes (like Frank Stella), or thinned it and poured it on the canvas (like Morris Louis or Kenneth Noland) so that it flowed and spread in "veils," seeking to achieve an effect of chromatic intensity that would resonate in the eye of the attentive viewer. Greenberg had been an active supporter of these color abstractionists for several years in his writings and in exhibitions that he organized for the New York gallery of French & Co. and, in 1964, for the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Geldzahler has never tried to conceal his admiration for Greenberg. "I feel that he's the best critic we've ever had, and that if I disagree with him I'm probably wrong," he said once. As early as 1962, at the Museum of Modern Art's symposium on Pop Art, Geldzahler had stated his belief that the new color-field abstraction was the best and most important art of the moment, and so it was not really surprising that he chose to put on what he called a "color show" in Venice. Morris Louis, Kenneth Noland, and Frank Stella, the *chefs d'école*, had all been in Alan Solomon's show at the previous Biennale, which ruled them out for Geldzahler. He chose to exhibit Helen Frankenthaler, Ellsworth Kelly, and Jules Olitski—three color-field painters much admired by Greenberg—and Roy Lichtenstein, the Pop artist whose work, as several critics had observed, possessed strong formal qualities that linked up very nicely with color-field painting.

Although Geldzahler's choices were essentially conservative, he managed nevertheless to make himself controversial in Venice. "The day I got there," as he explains it, "I walked across the Piazza di San Marco with Martial Raysse, the French artist, who happens to be one of my best friends and who also happened to have a portrait of me hanging in the French pavilion. Right away, I began hearing rumors about a Franco-American cabal—Raysse politicking to get the Americans to throw their weight behind him for the International Prize. It made me ill. So I just sat down in my hotel room and worked out a press release and had it mimeographed." The press release deplored the Biennale's emphasis on politics and prizes, stated that no jury could proclaim aesthetic quality, and concluded that "the prize and jury system must be abandoned." It ruffled a number of Biennale sensibilities, and in the opinion



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of some it may have kept Lichtenstein from winning the international painting prize, which went that year to the Argentine artist Julio le Parc. Geldzahler was not alone in his disgust with Biennale politics, however, and two years later, when the system of prizes and awards was abolished, he was pleased to take part of the credit.

BY 1966, a good deal of the glamour had seeped out of the New York art world. It was not exactly a lessening of artistic activity, although two of the most influential artists, Rauschenberg and Warhol, had more or less stopped painting—Rauschenberg to explore the benefits of collaboration between artists and engineers, Warhol to make films. Art was still being produced in vast and dismaying quantity, but without the multiple shocks and astonishments of the years 1962-63. The Pop artists offered variations on themes that had grown familiar, and only Lichtenstein and Oldenburg seemed able to come up with new ideas. Nobody was doing "happenings" anymore; the last big event of this kind had been Alan Solomon's and Steve Paxton's "First Theatre Rally" in the spring of 1965—a series of performances that included Geldzahler's epiphany in the swimming pool. Experiments in Art and Technology, or E.A.T, a foundation set up by Rauschenberg and his associates to further artist-engineer collaborations, had a great appeal for many young artists around the country, but E.A.T.'s first major project, the "Nine Evenings" of art-technology performances, at the 69th Regiment Armory in October, 1966, convinced many people that artists and engineers could never find true happiness together. ("We made a lot of people awfully happy, but not the audience," Rauschenberg conceded afterward.)

Geldzahler's adherence to color-field painting did not go down too well with some of his former friends. He and Andy Warhol did not speak for two years after the 1966 Biennale, although this may have been in part because Geldzahler had picked up a piece of chalk from Warhol's studio floor that spring and written on a blackboard, "Andy can't paint anymore, and he can't make movies yet." Some people accused him of becoming a mere acolyte of Greenberg's circle—which was known informally as the Kosher Nostra. It was sometimes said that Henry's eyes weren't too good but his ears were great. The truth was that Henry, as usual, was just being himself. Only

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recently had it begun to occur to people that Henry's true self was essentially conservative, and even somewhat traditional, and that one of the reasons he so admired the kind of painting he did was that it was traditional *painting*, done with brushes (or, at least, with paint) on canvas, beautiful to look at, and highly suitable for hanging on the walls of the Metropolitan Museum.

In any event, ever since 1966 Geldzahler has settled more and more firmly into the role of a Metropolitan curator—dedicated, mildly eccentric, and thoroughly knowledgeable in his field. There was a brief period in 1967 when he worried about his future there. The sudden death of James Rorimer the previous spring left a good many unanswered questions dangling at the Met. For some time, Geldzahler had been urging Rorimer to establish a Department of Twentieth Century Art, which would include not only American and European painting and sculpture but decorative arts as well. Rorimer had seemed to favor the idea, but nothing had been done about it. Now, with Rorimer gone and Robert Hale getting ready to retire, there was great uncertainty within the Department of American Paintings and Sculpture. The new director, Thomas P. F. Hoving, eventually resolved the matter by establishing a Department of Contemporary Arts—a rather vague concept that was not at all what Geldzahler had had in mind—and putting Geldzahler in charge of it. The Department of American Paintings and Sculpture suffered an almost total collapse soon afterward, when Hale retired, Albert Gardner died, and Stuart Feld left to join the firm of Hirschl & Adler, dealers specializing in nineteenth-century American art. John Howat, a young assistant curator who was suddenly elevated to the top position, has pulled things together admirably since then, and he and Geldzahler get along splendidly. Although Geldzahler was not entirely pleased with the new arrangement—"Contemporary Arts" being far narrower in scope than "Twentieth Century Art"—he was now a full curator, and he felt reasonably confident of his ability to get along with Hoving.

There is no doubt that Hoving considers him one of the chief ornaments of his staff. "Henry really does his job," the director said recently. "He's tops in his field—he knows as much about his field as any Egyptologist knows about his, and he's got the scholarly background to base it on. He's bought well, he handles himself

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well with the trustees, and he couldn't care less about what the critics say, which I love." Hoving, who has had his own bouts with the critics, values Geldzahler's willingness to say clearly what he thinks. Soon after becoming director, in 1968, Hoving made an arrangement with Robert Scull to show the Sculls' huge "F-111," a ten-by-eighty-six-foot painting by James Rosenquist, at the Metropolitan. Geldzahler was not consulted, which annoyed him. Shortly thereafter, the French government offered the Metropolitan a loan show of French twentieth-century paintings; Geldzahler thought the quality of the works was poor and advised against accepting them. When he learned that Hoving had agreed to hang the show anyway, Geldzahler telephoned him long-distance—Hoving was in Palm Beach—and tendered his resignation. Hoving talked him out of it, but he conceded later that the incident had taught him a lesson. "Since then, I've tried to keep out of a curator's personal bailiwick," Hoving said. "A lot of people around here get furious with me, but at least Henry had the guts to come out and say so."

The title of Geldzahler's bailiwick was changed in 1970 to "Twentieth Century Art"—a gratifying victory that solved some problems and created others. Geldzahler's department now includes all European and American painting and sculpture of this century, and also decorative arts, such as furniture and ceramics. (He spent the summer of 1968 studying at the Museum of Decorative Arts in Paris.) His functions thus overlap those of several other curators, but so far there have been no serious jurisdictional disputes. The Museum, for one thing, still does not buy very much twentieth-century art, and at the moment Geldzahler's department has only five galleries to its name; like all the curators there, he is pressing hard for more space. The list of his purchases since 1967 includes twelve paintings, three pieces of sculpture, and assorted decorative *objets*, and none of his acquisitions could be described as particularly controversial.

Geldzahler's purchasing policy is not, strictly speaking, contemporary. "The burden of what I'm trying to do is to catch up on what we missed during the last heroic period of painting," he said not long ago. "We don't have a Still, we don't have an important David Smith [Geldzahler wanted very much to buy Smith's large piece called "Becca," but the board turned him down twice], we don't

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have a Noland or an Olitski or an Anthony Caro. For that matter, we don't have an Arp, an important Henry Moore, or a great Matisse. If it turns out ten years from now that I've missed something major from the present period, then will be the time to get it. I don't subscribe to Alfred Barr's idea that if one out of ten things you buy works out well, then you're doing a good job. That's all right for a museum that's devoted strictly to contemporary art, but I'm in the fortunate position of taking the long view, since I work for a museum that takes in the whole history of art." Geldzahler appears to have complete confidence in his own ability to spot the major works he is after. Whenever he gives a lecture, as he does fairly frequently these days, somebody in the audience usually asks him at the end how he knows when something is first-rate, and he has a ready reply. "I say that it's primarily a visceral thing—a gut reaction. If it really upsets me, I know it's good. Then, there's memorability—if you remember it without trying to. And the third thing is if it continues to reveal more of itself on subsequent viewings—if it has an existence in time. Something by Robert Indiana or Tom Wesselmann or Marisol that tells you everything the first time interests me less. But with an artist like Edward Hopper you get that terrific shock of recognition on first view, and it continues to enthrall you, and you get the shock again and again. Incidentally, the other question I'm always asked after a lecture is what's going to happen next in art, and I usually paraphrase what Bob Rauschenberg once said when he was asked the same thing: 'I don't know, but I hope I'm in it.' What I say is 'I don't know, but I hope I'll recognize it.' "

Although the Metropolitan's purchases in his field may never be extensive, Geldzahler does hope and expect to receive the kinds of works he wants by gift or bequest, and his many warm friendships with collectors like the Sculls and the Woodwards are by no means the least of his assets to the Museum. Collectors tend to like him, because he makes them feel witty and knowledgeable, if only in agreeing with what he says. Businessmen also like him, because he is so businesslike. He does not waste time on the telephone, and he goes right to the point. As his old friend and mentor at the Metropolitan, Margaretta Salinger, said recently, "I always think it's hardest to understand people who aren't quite sure what they want. Henry knows

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THE art world is much quieter now than it was in the mid-sixties, and Geldzahler himself leads a considerably quieter and more private life than he did then. He no longer goes out every night, and his name appears only rarely in the gossip columns. A recent exception was Suzy Knickerbocker's announcement in the *News* that Jean Stein Vanden Heuvel, now separated from her husband, was planning to marry Henry Geldzahler—a notion that astonished the friends of both parties. Geldzahler now lives in a rambling six-room apartment in an old building on Seventh Avenue near Fifty-fifth Street (the idea of living east of Fifth Avenue horrifies him), and he and his friend Christopher Scott spend most of their evenings at home, reading and listening to Geldzahler's huge collection of classical records (mostly opera and other vocal music). Geldzahler reads more than ever—six hours a day, on the average. He reads books on art and art history whenever an important one appears, but for the most part he prefers novels—and nineteenth-century novels at that. He has read his way through all of Trollope; recently he discovered Mrs. Gaskell, and he is now reading everything he can find of hers.

With his neatly trimmed beard, which he grew again in 1968, his well-cut, conservative clothes, his wide-brimmed leather hat, and his perpetual cigar, Geldzahler no longer looks much like Charles Laughton at sixteen; indeed, several of his friends have commented that he is getting to look more and more like the comfortable Victorians in the English novels he favors. Now and then, it occurs to him that he has become just what he always said he did not want to be. "I didn't want to go into the diamond business, but I realize that what I'm doing is essentially the same thing—I'm a sort of broker, or middle man, between precious objects and the people who buy them. It doesn't bother me. I love my job at the Met, and I really wouldn't want to be doing anything else—not at the moment, anyway. I had my palm read once, and it seems I have a career line that breaks in half. So it could be that I'll end up doing something entirely different, like producing movies with Dennis Hopper. I could see myself doing that."

Geldzahler still gets around to a lot

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of galleries and studios, and he keeps a sharp eye (and ear) on the current art scene. He is interested in the grandiose projects of the earth artists Michael Heizer and Walter de Maria; he has been to see Heizer's "Depressions" in the Nevada desert, and he believes it possible that future earthworks may declare themselves with such power and authority that they will be acquired by museums and maintained for the public in perpetuity—somewhat like the Sphinx and the Pyramids. The art-and-technology movement interests him less, although he did manage to get a fifty-thousand-dollar grant for E.A.T. when he was working for the National Endowment for the Arts. "It's a good idea," he has said of the collaboration of artists and engineers, "but in art there is no such thing as a good idea—there's only good work." As for the work of the conceptual artists—those who feel that the idea alone is what counts, and that the artist's idea, sketched or written down, need not necessarily be carried out—Geldzahler finds it provocative, but he doubts whether it will have much historical value. When Kynaston McShine put on a major show of conceptual art at the Museum of Modern Art last year, Geldzahler's comment was "Thank God you did it—now nobody else has to." Looking back at the sixties today, Geldzahler tends to think that while all the excitement was going on in the New York art world "the really important work was being done in private, quietly and without publicity—Hans Hofmann's last paintings, David Smith's sculptures, the late work of Mark Rothko. Although ideas seem to be what count now, in the end it still comes down to a few masterpieces."

In some advanced art circles, Geldzahler is looked upon today as a sort of period figure—a sixties personality who has proved to be as ephemeral as a great deal of sixties art. Those who know him scoff at such a notion, however, and the stars belie it. One of Geldzahler's friends recently cast his horoscope, and read the results to a small gathering in the Seventh Avenue apartment. To nobody's surprise, the forecast was almost embarrassingly rosy.

—Calvin Tomkins

•

An honor system, which the Student-Faculty Senate is now discussing, is a system which has some interesting possibilities for Episcopal. At present the plan for an honor system includes lying, stealing and cheating.—*Academy Scholium, Episcopal Academy, Merion, Pa.*

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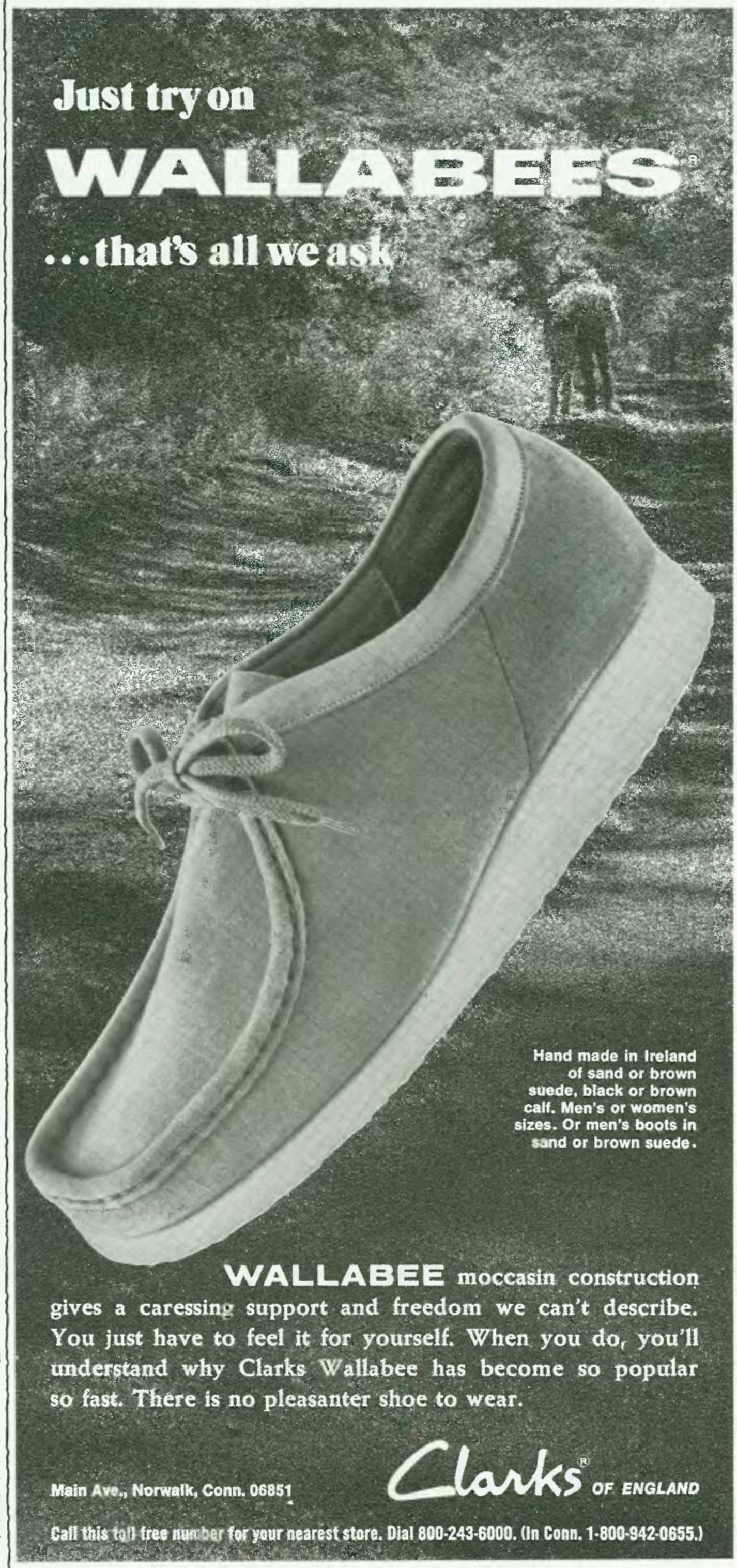

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THE THEATRE

PRE-PORTNOY

"Unlikely Heroes," at the Plymouth, consists of three one-act plays that have been plucked more or less bodily from short stories in Philip Roth's "Goodbye, Columbus." The stories—"Defender of the Faith," "Epstein," and "Eli, the Fanatic"—were published back in the fifties, but it isn't only the amount of time that has passed since they were written that causes them, both as stories and as plays, to seem so dated; the problem is one of tone, and by an irony it is Mr. Roth as much as anyone who, in helping to give a new voice to contemporary fiction, has edged his earlier work into limbo. These stories are notably pre-Portnoy; except for "Epstein," where the aging hero's coarse relish in his self-inflicted suffering foreshadows the costive, Caliban-like ravings of the senior Portnoy, we are in the presence of a writer taking care to go (in Frost's phrase) "neither out far nor in deep." Young Mr. Roth may have thought he was pushing against the limits, but they were flimsier than he or the world knew, and with the excremental glory-shouting of "Portnoy's Complaint" he came all blazingly and comically and disgustingly into his own; nothing would be the same for him after that.

Larry Arrick, the director of "Unlikely Heroes," is the man who turned the stories into plays, and he has been altogether too faithful to the originals—we go trudging dutifully from scene to scene, with an occasional awkward bridge that all but signals to us "New paragraph," and it is the artistry of the actors that we must fall back upon to supply the necessary refreshment of surprise. Lou Jacobi is masterly as the anguished Epstein, whose pursuit of happiness leads him not merely to the brink of the grave but to what is, for him, an almost equally harsh fate—mockery by his family and humiliation before his neighbors. Michael Tolan performs ably as the fanatical Eli of the third play; it is a thankless role, in which he goes mad in his attempt to deal justly with a canny Yeshiva schoolmaster (Mr. Jacobi again). Since his madness grows out of goodness and is presented to us within a framework of comedy, the effect is painful rather than cathartic. Also in the cast are David Ackroyd, Jon Korkes, and Rose Arrick. The fine sets are by Robert U. Taylor.

If "Unlikely Heroes," coming out of the fifties, strikes us as dated, "On the Town," which opened here in 1944 and is now being revived at the Imperial, is even more conspicuously older than its years. Memory is kind and forgives much—indeed, it is often too kind and forgives too much, and we are reckless when we go back, armed with what we have learned and with who we have become, and renew acquaintance with things that have not had our enviable advantage of gaining with time almost as much as we have lost with time ("almost," because time itself is what we have lost and cannot afford to lose and cannot help but lose). Although it is true that there is no progress in the arts, it is also true that what the arts are capable of, and are required to be capable of, varies from generation to generation, and surely it is a fact that we make far greater demands on the musical-comedy form now than we did twenty-five or thirty years ago. By contemporary standards, "On the Town" is certifiably simpleminded, and one watches it with a rueful sense of how young and talented and full of promise Adolph Green and Betty Comden and Leonard Bernstein and the rest of them were, and of how those of us in the audience shared their youth and promise, with the result that the words of "On the Town" ring with a singular hollowness. A few of us continue to believe that New York, New York is a helluva town, but a larger number hold that it is ungovernable and maybe uninhabitable, and young sailors no longer grow dizzy with excitement over the prospect of visiting Times Square.

Given that the musical itself is but poor stuff, the company does its best to make it seem the fresh and joyous creation it was once thought to be. Donna McKechnie, Bernadette Peters, Phyllis Newman, Remak Ramsay, Ron Husmann, Jess Richards, and Fran Stevens mug their way exuberantly through their roles, as the director and choreographer, Ron Field, must have encouraged them to do. (Miss Peters, perhaps having been settled on, out of town, as the hope of the show, has been invited to go too far, and she does.) The ugly costumes are by Ray Aghayan and Bob Mackie, and the conventional sets are by James Trittipo, who in the course of providing three different night-club interiors reminds us that the night club of the forties has become as extinct as the running board and the dollar watch.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

From Frankie to Berenice

That Carson McCullers' novel "The Member of the Wedding" could have been transferred to the stage with its delicacy intact was a miracle in the first place. The miracle occurred on Broadway in 1950 in Harold Clurman's beautiful production, with Julie Harris as the lonely, twelve-year-old Frankie Addams, taking her first bewildered, painful steps into adolescence; Brandon deWilde as John Henry, her little cousin from next door; and Ethel Waters as Berenice, the black cook and housekeeper who looks after both of them. Last week, under the title "F. Jasmine Addams," the play appeared (too briefly) as a musical—book by the late Mrs. McCullers, G. Wood, and Theodore Mann; score and lyrics by Mr. Wood; and direction by Mr. Mann and Patricia Birch—and although "miracle" is far too strong a word to use again, the production was certainly a pleasant surprise. In its new form, the show was a period piece, whose charming, gentle tone all but concealed its strength and irony and its subtle shift in emphasis. A more accurate title would have been "Berenice Sadie Brown," because this time around the feelings of Frankie, as scrupulously played by Neva Small, seemed comic-pathetic but ephemeral, while those of Berenice were powerful, deep, and enduring. As Berenice, the singer and actress Theresa Merritt dominated the show with her dynamic presence and performance, and Northern J. Calloway was fine, too, as her fiery, rebellious kid brother Honey, who is always in trouble. In short, what looked like a rather distracting subplot in the original play was moved front and center in the revision. Nowhere was the shift of emphasis made sharper than in a couple of scenes toward the

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end of the play. Frankie, having run away from home after her brother's wedding, returns with her father's pistol unused in her suitcase—she just couldn't bring herself to count to three. It was a wry passage, somewhat touching, but it had none of the substance of the later scene, when Honey rushes in, panic-stricken, to tell Berenice that after smoking a good deal of marijuana he has knifed, and probably killed, a white man who refused to serve him in a restaurant, and that he is now hopelessly on the run. Berenice—proud, shrewd, very funny, responsible, loving, and endlessly adaptable to circumstances, many of them beyond her control, yet always secretly mourning her dead husband and beside herself with worry about Honey—is everybody else's Rock of Gibraltar. This sort of black woman may be unfashionable as a character at the moment, but she will never be obsolete. It is those circumstances that are obsolete, or ought to be.

Mr. Wood's deft, melodic music was always in keeping with the innocent mood of the show, and the singers—Miss Merritt, Miss Small, Mr. Calloway, and a beguiling, prodigiously gifted child named Johnny Doran, as John Henry—did his songs full justice. William LeMassena did well as Frankie's father, and so did Robert Kya-Hill as a friend and suitor of Berenice's. Marsha Louis Eck designed the lovely setting of the kitchen and back yard, in the shade of a gigantic tree, where all the action took place, and Roger Morgan's lighting enhanced that action at every turn.

THE only reasons for mentioning "A Gun Play," a foolish venture at the Cherry Lane, are: (1) Eugene Troobnick, that good comic actor, is in it, and (2) it is somewhat better written and slightly stronger than a lot of other foolish ventures, though never strong enough to bear the weight of significance that is piled on it. Mr. Troobnick plays a very informal waiter in a night club where a highly significant flood is mounting in the cellar as a highly significant convocation of types—stuffy stockbroker with nymphomaniac model, brittle woman fashion editor with failed, effeminate painter, dim suburban couple—laugh merrily above. Eventually, a mysterious gunman kills everybody in the place. The floor show, by the way, consists of a series of clips of scenes from old horror movies, ending up with corpses piled in a Nazi concentration camp. Why? Night clubs are in enough trouble these days. —EDITH OLIVER

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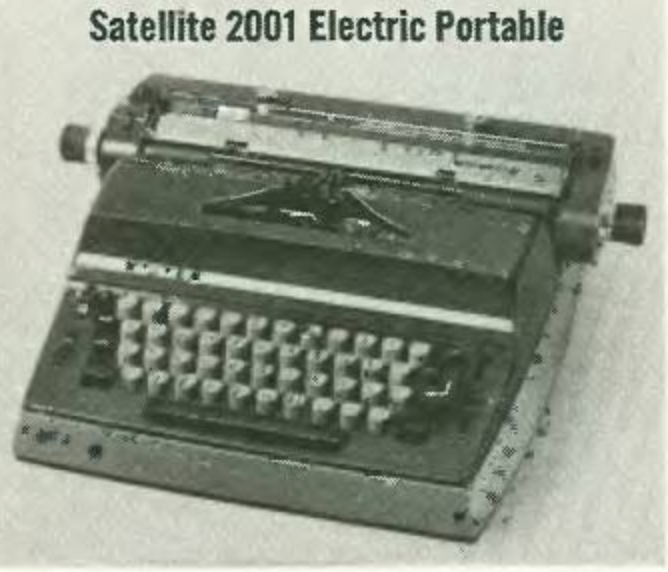

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FOOTBALL

Accidents Will Happen

JUST before game time of a recent afternoon, the officials trooped onfield, and as they passed by, the home-team band, which had been noodling along, segued into "Three Blind Mice." Well, no, it's not quite that bad—not anymore, even when circumstances become peculiar. As when a Stanford punt overtook a Stanford downfield blocker and walloped him between the shoulder blades; the ruling was correct—a fifteen-yard penalty for interfering with the enemy's chances of running the kick back. As when Unitas threw a despairing fourth-down pass, in an effort to bring the Colts up even with Minnesota, and hit the crossbar that links the goalposts; the ruling was correct—the ball was dead at the moment of impact. But when a Princeton try after touchdown, and not a very good one, was needlessly batted down in the end zone by a Pennsylvania defender, the ruling—that the try for point had failed—was the wrong guess; by grounding the ball in the end zone (so say the rules), the defender had caused a safety, at a nominal cost of two points against his team, but since the safety occurred on a try after touchdown, it was worth only one point, which, upon the protest of the Princeton coach, was awarded his team. Hell, nobody's perfect.

Earl Morrall, who did most of the throwing for the Colts before Unitas stepped in on that fatal evening against Minnesota, came *close*, nevertheless, to being perfect. The first three throws he made were precision incarnate, yet they all went astray; once, Morrall's receiver broke cadence for a single step, letting his shadower get past him for an interception, and there went the Colts' evening. Morrall may be the greatest second-string quarterback in the professional world (in theory, he is still understudy to Unitas), and what happened to him in the match with Minnesota is unconstitutional. (His constitutional rights were restored Sunday last—three touchdown throws in the 34–21 topping-off of the Steelers.)

LIFE in the Ivy world last week was not as perverse. Marinaro, Cornell's royal nonesuch, ran his varsity mileage two hundred and sixty-five

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yards past the old collegiate record, which he broke on the second of his forty-seven sprints against Columbia, as was expected, and Cornell went on to win, though merely 24–21, against a Columbia that has improved by leaps (by catchers like Assaf) and bounds (by runners like Howland). Yale, up in Hanover, a most unfamiliar territory, went down, 17–15, under the power and skill of a Dartmouth that, though diminished considerably in the past year, was good enough to make it fifteen straight. Again as expected, Harvard, putting on display another set of the Canadian capers its coach, Joe Restic, has imported from up north, squeaked by Pennsylvania, 28–27, even though Harvard's defensive secondary gave Clune, Penn's favorite catcher, an unimpeded path as he gathered in eight passes for sprints totalling two hundred and eighty-four yards and three touchdowns. Shue, who filled in at quarterback for Penn's damaged Pinto, was as efficacious as Stoeckel, who throws for Harvard, until Harvard assigned a bloc of three linemen to overrun the Penn center and get to Shue as swiftly as could be. This correspondent wishes to report that he sat through a set of the slow-motion movies that narrate the downfall, 31–0, of Penn against Princeton the week before, and he wishes to add that he still does not know how Dawson and Clune and Pinto and Shue were contained as thoroughly as they were. As for Harvard, once it gets its bruised legs and banged-up knees in working order again and the Restic pranks can evolve with full precision, it will be the picture team of the season in which this recuperation happens. Once more as expected, Princeton put down Brown, a Brown that has come a long way since Jardine took over as its head analyst; what was not expected was such a runaway match—49–21. It may be that Flynn, now indisputably the quarterback Princeton has been looking for, has given his comrades a sense of unity. Bjorklund, who the week before broke the Princeton record for mileage travelled by land, and got a bad back for his pains, sat out Brown, and Snickenberger, who filled in, was a most fortunate substitution. No surprises about that, though; what did surprise was that Lang, a senior Princeton defensive back, who made punter after a single week of schooling, placed his six kicks so skillfully that not one of them was run back an inch. Lack of interest is one thing the Ivy League does not offer its following. —J. W. L.

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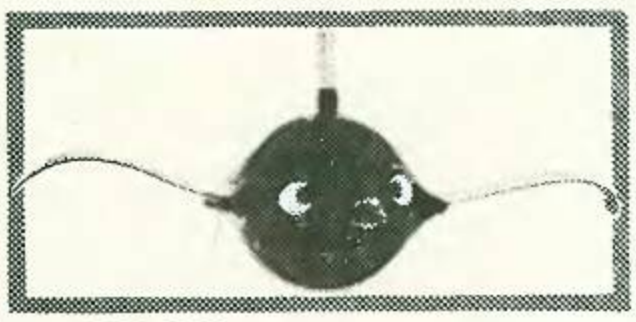

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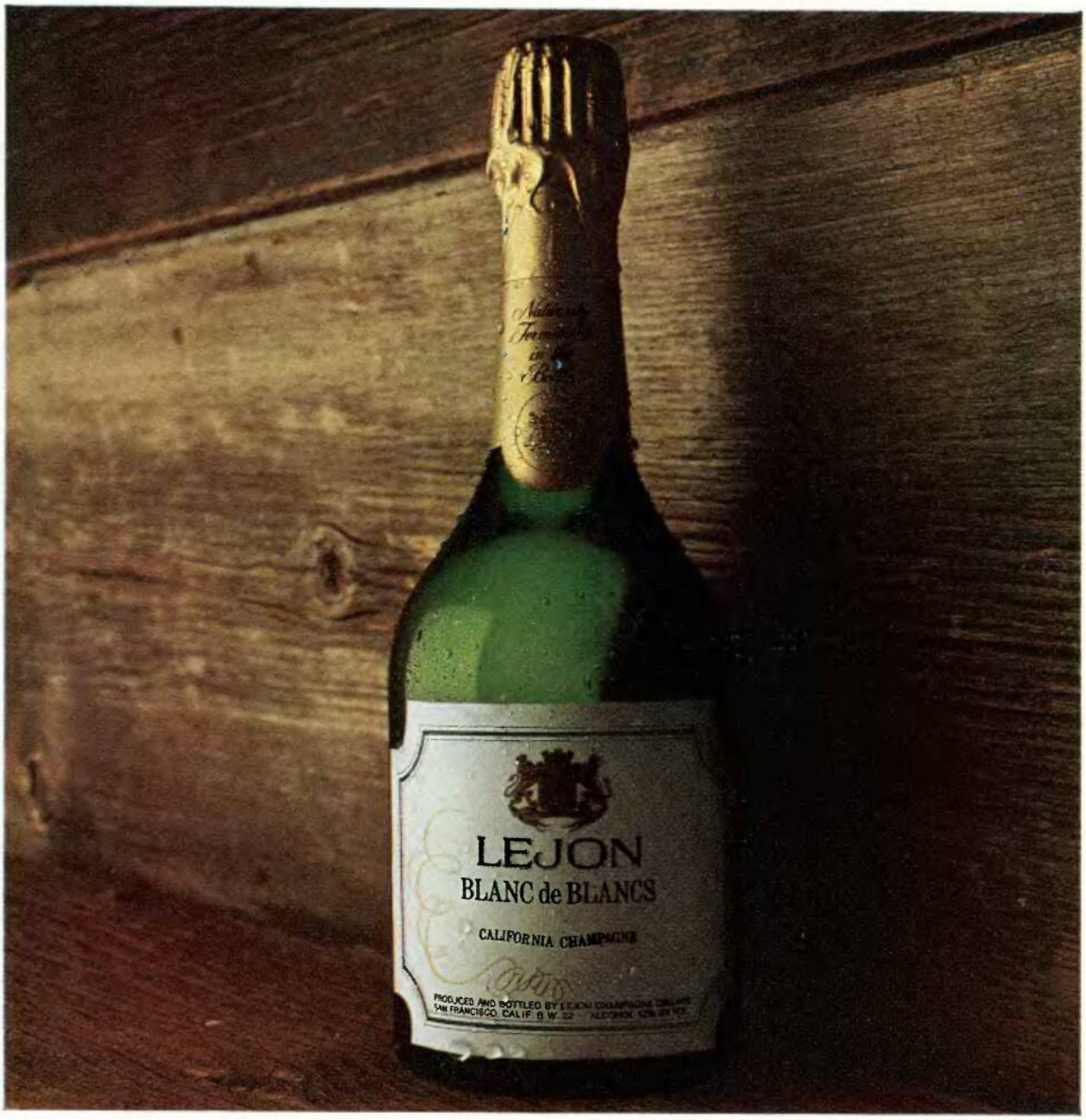

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

A DECADE ago, millinery departments began to shrink and gather dust. Subsequently, scores of milliners, squeaking "Hats are surely back *this* year," were swept away before the bouffant hairdo and the wig. Hats were reduced to the apologetic, perching pillbox and to the even more vestigial scrap of veiling strewn with bows. Thereafter, hats were worn mainly to protect heads from sun, rain, or cold. Some few stalwart, determinedly feminine women in fedoras continued to stalk through the hatless crowd, and another handful of only slightly less imperious creatures stuck with the kind of thing described as "young" hats. These are to be found in what used to be called hat bars, whose tight-lipped informality was supposed to lure back all those who were defecting from millinery. "Young" hats include the breton, the boater, and the jockey cap. They are all disastrously, unfashionably pert, and they make women of any age—even young ones—look as though they were pretending to be young. But most women have concluded that hats, like white gloves, are boring and dispensable. Heads go uncovered to weddings, let alone luncheons. As a social object, the hat has ceased to be; as a decorative accessory, it long ago ceased to evolve.

But evolution is only one of fashion's currents. Another force—at this point probably a stronger one—is revival. And the idea of the fashionable and frivolous hat is now, like Oxford bags and padded shoulders, sufficiently remote to have been exhumed. Hats are being worn by the very young and the very far out. Like any other fashionable revival, the renaissance in hats is chiefly fostered by those who are too young to remember the originals—those whose backward glance is unsentimental and whose admiration is often tinged with mockery. It is in the intellectual games the wearer plays with them that the new hats—if we can consider as novelties turbans trimmed with artificial cherries, cloches swathed in figured netting, and velvet cocktail caps spiked with a feather that endangers bystanders' eyes—differ from any of the hats that have survived into the past decade. The new hats are often blocked and made of felt, and so they are unlike all the informal, functional head coverings made of straw, plastic, and fur to which women have necessarily remained faithful. But however decorative and unserviceable the new hats set out to be, they are also distinct from the structured confections of millinery; this word is held to be laughably archaic, and the millinery department is seen as a repository of fossils. Far from being whisked out of hidden recesses to be placed, with reverent ceremony, on the dignified head of the customer, the new hats are displayed haphazardly and made to be pulled down and giggled over. No modern girl would weep if her husband seemed to slight her taste in hats. If, by chance, the new hats get sat on, their fashionable uproariousness is only increased.

The hat is gaining new supporters not because women want to look ladylike, and certainly not because they want to look real. The hat is gaining because it is an accessory rich in potential comedy, with a wealth of past examples to copy, and because some degree of historical horsing around is by now a necessary element of fashionable dress. The new shapes in hats are almost all from the twenties, thirties, and forties. (Saks Fifth Avenue, it is true, has some splendidly harebrained cocktail caps by Adolfo—in black satin, for example, decked out with a nose-length veil and a bunch of satin poppies to nestle at the cheek—that are reminiscent of the New Look in the early nineteen-fifties. But these are really a milliner's wishful thought, and scarcely representative of this designer's models, which are most often based on the thirties cloche with a demurely rolled-back brim.) The influence of the years of the cloche, and familiarity

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with knitted and crocheted acorn caps—for the plague of which Ali MacGraw may someday be forgiven—lead the newly hatted to pull any hat well down toward the ears. When the brim of the hat turns up, as it often does, the effect is Chaplinesque. Even closer to the circus and the *opéra bouffe* are the new felt hats whose broad, soft brims are pinned to the crown in front, so that the wearer seems to be perpetually cycling into the wind or playing at being Napoleon. These comic silhouettes are the base for further fantasy, in the form of decorations and trimmings that are often more important than the hat. Such fripperies can include a bunch of papier-mâché grapes or bananas, a Bakelite pin in the shape of a heart, an ostrich plume, a length of spotted net, an overblown rose of artificial silk, or a sepia portrait, framed in leather, of some Edwardian beauty. Many of these elements may be found together on a single hat. (Especially at Bloomingdale's, whose hats are all of the new breed.) They contribute to the game of make-believe, and the wearer becomes a child again, dressing up in Mummy's clothes. This comic quality creates the impression that the girl who sports them is without a care; she also appears uncommitted to what she is wearing—just as the man who adopts a funny voice dissociates himself from his expressed opinions—and so beyond the reach of any judgment the outside world might choose to make.

Not that the new hats need be unflattering or inelegant. Even when it is carried to excess (and viewed with irony), the traditionally feminine trim of veils, plumes, and flowers will still enhance a pretty face. Those who take such things with complete seriousness may also benefit by the new life in the hat department. If, as we are promised, veils are to make a reappearance—*on* hats, *as* hats (and trimmed with scraps of haberdashery), or as a simple band to tie around the eyes—they will look as graceful on the older woman who has worn them before as they will on the young girl who has not and who now adopts them as costume for a role as heroine of a romantic intrigue. In general, though, it is increasingly difficult to wear fashionable clothes—and probably impossible to wear fashionable hats—without being well versed in the irony of such a choice. Many women, even very young ones, enjoy the trappings of elegance—soft, impractical materials and unfunctional cut; droopy, tea-gown sleeves that get caught in the typewriter; and, now, flower-trimmed

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felt hats that will sag in the rain—but they know that their lives are neither privileged nor leisurely, and that elegance must almost always be a pose. Two of the most consistently fashionable designers of recent years are Valentino, the Italian, and Barbara Hulanicki, of London's Biba, which is represented in a corner of Bergdorf Goodman. These two designers have succeeded because they understand that women crave graceful lines and muted colors (Valentino has become a bit louder, of late) but that these must be approached obliquely—with tempered nostalgia. It is no coincidence that they have also been materially responsible for the present rebirth of the formal yet lighthearted hat.

Valentino is unlike other couture designers in recent years in that he has shown hats that have as strong a presence as his clothes. The hats have generally had broad brims that dip, curl, or swoop. This year's version is a musketeer's hat, a foot and a half in width, which curves back from the brow and dips at the nape and to one cheek, with pheasant tail feathers arching around the brim in front. The hat, which was seen in its original form with the page-boy hairstyle of the nineteen-forties, has been widely imitated. So have the hats of an even earlier generation that Miss Hulanicki has contributed to the renaissance. Latterly, this designer has been absorbed by spare felt cloches that are worn low on the brow. The current Biba cloche has a narrow brim that widens in the back; the ones of recent months were decorated with felt flowers or a cutout design over one ear. That Biba's and Valentino's hats should look dignified, in spite of their modish regression, and genuinely youthful, in spite of their formality, may be taken as a sign that hats will one day reach the calm plateau where longer skirts now stand—accepted. But first of all hats, too, must live through their revival. —KENNEDY FRASER

•

10-11 P.M. CBS Special, "Penguin City." Chs. 3, 5. CBS News' Charles Kuralt, who finds fascinating stories in unlikely places for his "On the Road" series, comes up with a special about an area at Cape Crozier, 1,000 miles from the South Pole, where a community of 300,000 Adelie penguins live. That's about as many penguins as there are in Omaha, Neb. — and you can begin drawing analogies between certain aspects of life in these United States and the Antarctic. —*TV Times.*

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LETTER FROM ARMENIA

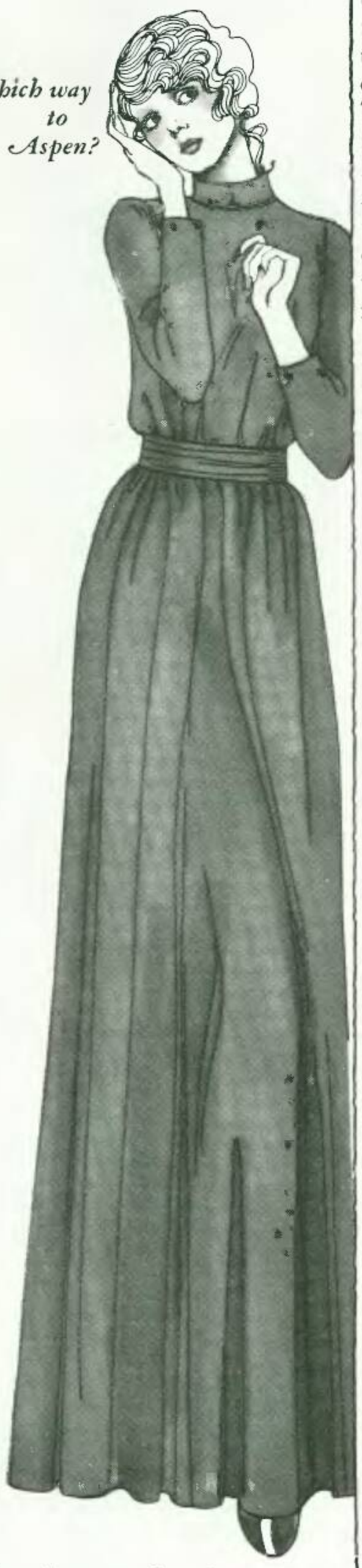
ONE day long ago, God divided the earth into countries and called together representatives of all nationalities to choose where they should live. The Englishman and the Frenchman came first, and were given green and pleasant countries. The later arrivals got countries too hot or too cold for comfortable living. At the end of the day, only the Armenian and the Georgian had not come. They had been together playing dice. When the game was over, they came to God and complained that He had not treated them fairly. After a long argument, God said, "As a matter of fact, I do have one country left, but there is only one, and it is such a miserable place that I doubt whether anybody could live there. It is as hot as an oven in summer and as cold as a blizzard in winter, and it has hardly any water. But I suppose it is better than nothing. You two throw your dice once more, and the winner shall have it." So they threw, and the Armenian won. God gave him Armenia and he went off grumbling. Only the Georgian was left. God told the Georgian to go away and stop bothering Him. The Georgian still argued. Finally, God became angry and told the Georgian to go to Hell. But the Georgian said, "You don't get rid of me so easily. I can see that You are hiding something under Your apron. I think it is a country that You are hiding, and it rightfully belongs to me." God said, "All right, I may as well admit it. This was a little country I was keeping to live in Myself. But since you are such a pest, I suppose I have to give it to you." The Georgian received Georgia, and God was left in peace.

This story is a piece of Armenian folklore, told to generations of Armenian children. It explains to them why they live in a land that is bleak and barren while their northern neighbors, the Georgians, live in fertile valleys sheltered by the Caucasus Mountains.

YEREVAN, capital of the Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic, where I recently went to attend a scientific meeting, is a metropolis in a land of villages. It houses a third of the two and a half million inhabitants of the republic, and is still growing rapidly. Great expanses of gray houses stretch out to the dusty hills around it. And above the city, towering up from the horizon when the air is clear and floating in the sky when it is hazy, stands the huge, snowcapped dome of Ararat. The ancient kingdom of Armenia, which had ten times the area of the present republic, extended far south into what is now Turkey and Iran. Ararat was then in the middle of Armenia, and became a holy place and a symbol of Armenian national identity. Now the inhabitants of Soviet Armenia can see Ararat every day but can never set foot on it, for it stands in Turkey. Lest they forget, the dome of Ararat also appears on the flag of the Armenian Republic. Armenians like to tell the story of Chicherin's reply to a Turkish diplomat who complained about the Armenian flag. Chicherin was Lenin's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and he listened politely as the Turk explained at length how offensive it was to Turkish feelings to see a piece of Turkish territory upon an alien flag. "If that is the way you feel about it," replied Chicherin, "then why does the moon appear upon the flag of Turkey?"

After Ararat, the second natural wonder of Armenia is Lake Sevan, a five-hundred-square-mile expanse of blue water lying six thousand feet above sea level, surrounded by windswept and treeless hills. The lake presents to the Armenians a severe conflict between aesthetics and utility. The water in the lake can be of enormous economic value if it is used for irrigation. Being at such a high altitude, it can easily be channelled to the places where it is needed. It can convert thousands of square miles of arid plains into thriving farms and vineyards. But the lake in its natural state cannot be so used. Its area is so great and the air over it so dry that ninety-two per cent of all the water that flows into it evaporates. An additional four per cent disappears into underground streams, and four per cent flows out into the Hrazdan River. So the natural lake wastes ninety-six per cent of its inflow and offers only a variable and unreliable four per cent for irrigation. If

Which way to Aspen?



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the lake had been an artificial reservoir rather than a gift of God, every right-thinking ecologist would have condemned it as a wasteful monstrosity. The Soviet authorities of the period from 1930 to 1960 were intent on rapid economic development and had no hesitation in using drastic methods to put the water to productive use. The only way to reduce the evaporation of the water and increase the outflow is to reduce the area of the lake's surface. So a fifty-year plan was drawn up, at the end of which the lake would be reduced to a seventh of its original size. The water level would be lowered a hundred and fifty feet by deepening the channel of the Hrazdan River. The result of this would be that sixty per cent instead of four per cent of the inflow would exit through the Hrazdan. In addition to irrigation, large-scale hydroelectric-power generation in the Hrazdan gorge was a part of the plan. During the nineteen-fifties, many of the power stations were built, and the shoreline of Lake Sevan began to recede. But then, about 1960, the Armenians, like people in other parts of the world, became acutely aware that the price of economic development could be too high. They did not enjoy watching their magnificent lake disappear. Heated arguments began between those who wished to restore the lake to its natural state and those who were committed to the fulfillment of the fifty-year plan. Complete restoration was hardly a practical possibility, since it would mean abandonment of much land already under irrigation. But complete fulfillment of the plan seemed less and less attractive to a people no longer preoccupied with the bare necessities of life. By the end of the nineteen-sixties, a compromise had been reached. It was agreed to halt the emptying of the lake at the 1970 level. The lake will lie permanently fifty feet below its original level and will have eighty-seven per cent of its original area. After a few years, the muddy "bathtub-rim" effect produced by lowering the water level will have disappeared, and the lake will look almost as beautiful as it did before man laid his hand on it. The compromise means that wastage of water by evaporation will remain extremely high. To save the existing irrigation and hydroelectric works, the inflow to Lake Sevan will be increased by an expensive diversion of a river through a tunnel underneath an intervening mountain. After this is done, the end result will be that sixty-six per cent of the inflow will evaporate and thirty per cent will

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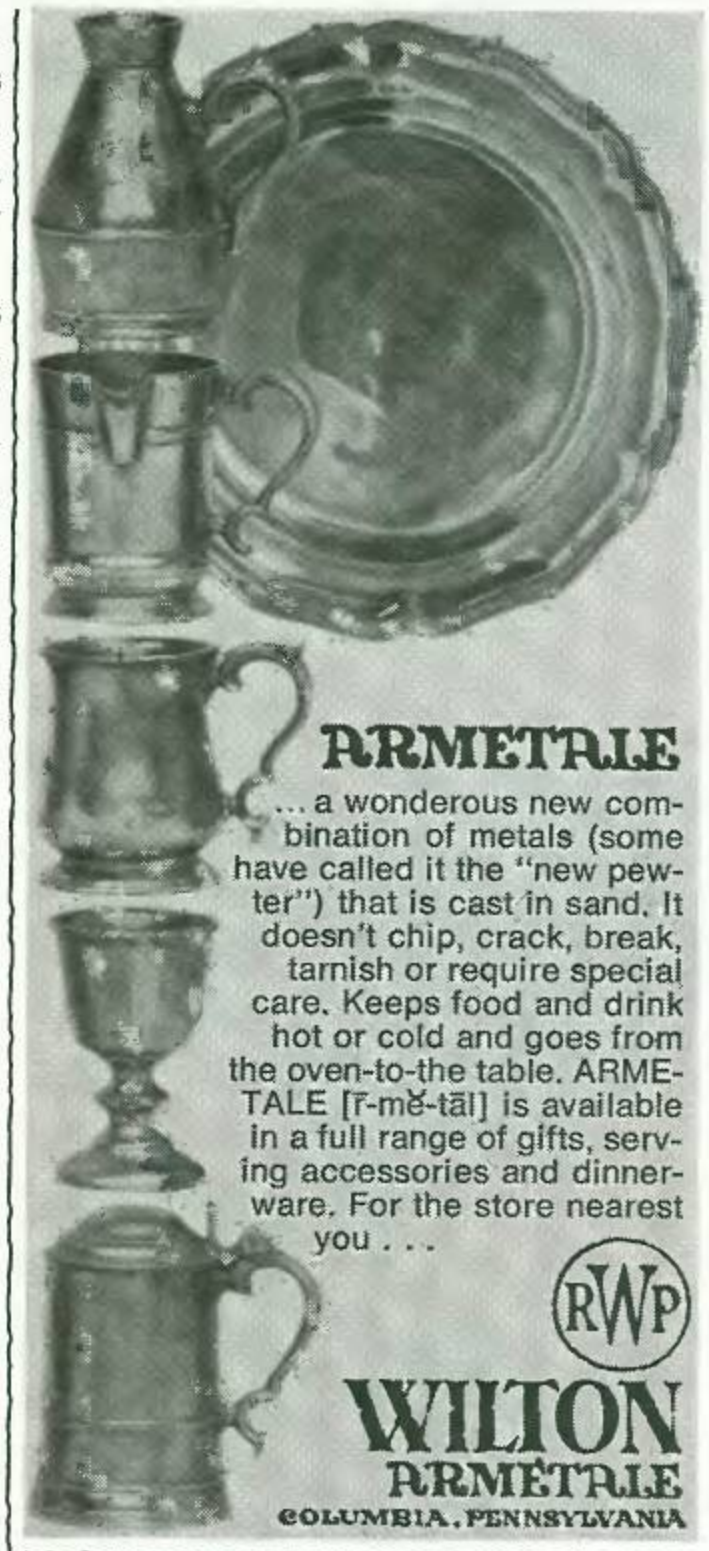
be available for power and irrigation. Barely half of the original objectives of the fifty-year plan will be achieved. All in all, the compromise represents a considerable victory of sentiment over expediency.

Another victory of sentiment was achieved in 1965, in an event the Armenians call "our little revolution." That year was the fiftieth anniversary of the great massacre of the Turkish Armenians. About half of all Armenians alive in 1915 were in that part of the original homeland which lay in eastern Turkey near the Russian border. On the pretext of disloyalty in the war then raging between Russia and Turkey, the Turks massacred more than a million of these Armenians and drove the few survivors into exile. The 1915 massacre is as deeply rooted in the folk memory of Armenia as Auschwitz in the memory of Israel. However, the Soviet government, which gained control of Russian Armenia in 1920, did its best to discourage public recognition of the massacre. From the point of view of the government in Moscow, Armenia was a military liability rather than an asset—a remote and vulnerable salient that might have been hard to defend against a Turkish attack at times when the Soviet Union was preoccupied elsewhere, particularly during the initial phases of the Second World War. So the Moscow government consistently maintained correct relations with Turkey and tried to convince the Armenians that it would be best to pretend that the massacre had never happened. In 1965, there was no official commemoration of the anniversary. To the astonishment of the older generation of Armenians, who had learned under Stalin to keep their feelings to themselves, there was a large demonstration of young people in the main square of Yerevan. The demonstrators demanded that the authorities finally put an end to their policy of disowning the million of their people who had died. The authorities sent in the local Armenian police, who dispersed the demonstration, bashed a few heads, but did not kill anybody. The authorities did not call in the Soviet Army, which was no doubt readily available in its positions along the Turkish frontier, a few miles away. A short time later, construction began on the brow of a hill where a public park overlooks the city of Yerevan. A monument to the victims of the massacre went up, austere and abstract in style, beautiful in its proportions. It is composed of two parts—a building in the shape of a low pyramid and, beside it, a high tapering



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spire. At last, the fifty-year official silence is broken.

In spite of massacres, barbarian conquests, and earthquakes, Armenia has a rich legacy of buildings and books surviving from ancient times. The kingdom of Armenia was the first officially Christian state, having adopted the Christian religion in 308 A.D., six years before the Roman Emperor Constantine did so. The Armenian Church has maintained its continuity and autonomy ever since. In Yerevan, a special library, the Matenadaran, houses a vast collection of books and illuminated manuscripts, many dating from the ninth and tenth centuries. Some of them are Byzantine in style, some of them Persian, many of them equal in color and brilliance to anything to be found in Western Europe. The earliest texts are ecclesiastical, but there are many scientific and medical books written at the time of the Arab renaissance. The language and script are Armenian. The Armenian alphabet was invented by a monk called Mesrop, in 405 A.D., and Armenians are proud of the fact that they had a great literature for four hundred years before the Russians had even an alphabet. The shops and public buildings of Yerevan are adorned with neon signs in Armenian characters, elegant in appearance if unhelpful to the Western visitor. After I had taken the trouble to compile a key to the transliteration of the alphabet, I discovered that the movie being shown at the local cinema on September 8, 1971, was "Oliver."

The following day, I visited an old monastery at Gegard. It was built in the thirteenth century, when Armenia was under Mongol domination. A succession of churches was secretly excavated out of solid rock, one behind another, in the side of a mountain. The site is remote and the surroundings spectacular. The churches are not only for tourists. Some Armenians from the village come there to pray, and there is a priest in attendance. While I was waiting to go in, a villager appeared in the courtyard in front of the churches carrying a live chicken. Taking a central position in the courtyard, he ceremonially pulled a sharp knife from his pocket and cut off the chicken's head. Blood spurted over the stones, the truncated bird flapped its wings ineffectually for some time, and the head noiselessly opened and closed its mouth. When all was still, the villager advanced and presented his bloody offering to the priest. I was not able to find out whether this performance was an act of Christian charity or a survival

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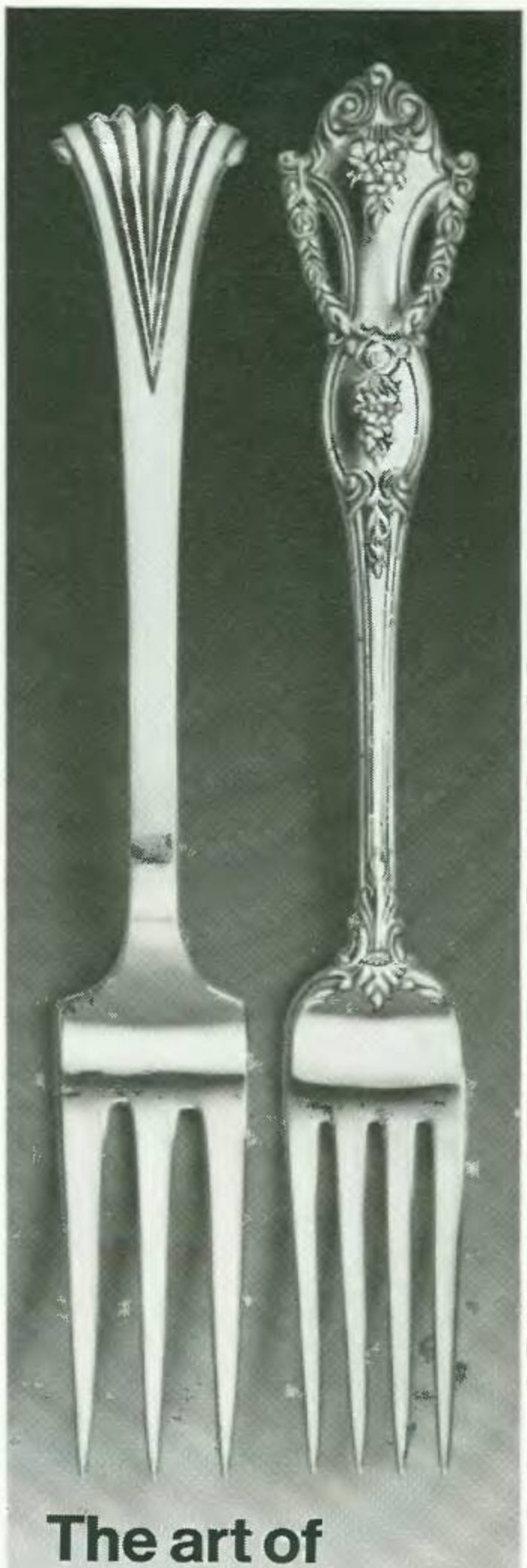
from pagan sacrificial rites of two thousand years ago. The priest accepted the gift as a matter of course, without embarrassment.

FIFTEEN miles from Yerevan, on the slopes of the twelve-thousand-foot mountain Aragatz, stand the village of Byurakan and the Byurakan Astrophysical Observatory. The village is an old one, and still takes its water from a natural mountain stream. Its beauty has not been spoiled by contact with modern civilization. Sheep and chickens roam the streets. In the yard in front of a cottage stands a big stone water jar in the shape of a Greek amphora, its pointed bottom stuck into the earth. Girls from the village who work as waitresses in the cafeteria at the observatory do not understand Russian.

The observatory is first-rate. The important thing in modern astronomy is not the size of the instruments but the way they are used. At Byurakan, the main working instrument is a one-metre telescope. With this modest instrument, the observer B. E. Markaryan has discovered a new class of galaxies. They are known in the astronomical community as "Markaryan galaxies." A large grating at the front end of the telescope spreads out into a spectrum the light from every one of the thousands of objects that appear on a photographic plate at the back end. The trick is to know what to look for on the resulting photographs. It sounds simple, as big discoveries usually do after they have been made. A much larger telescope is being installed in a dome nearby. I expect that Markaryan will put it to good use.

On the roof of the laboratory building at Byurakan stands a laser, which can fire an exceedingly narrow beam of light to a similar instrument in Yerevan. If you stand in front of the receiver, you can faintly see the tiny red dot that is the beam coming back from Yerevan. The dot dances and flickers because of the turbulence in the air over the sun-baked hills. The laser beams are connected to a big black box full of electronics that allows them to be used as a telephone channel. They can carry twenty-four simultaneous conversations. The chief engineer picks up the telephone and dials his assistant in Yerevan. A rapid conversation in Armenian follows. He hands the phone to me. I make some feeble remarks in ungrammatical Russian. The assistant laughs, and replies with an undeserved compliment. The quality of the voice is astounding. The



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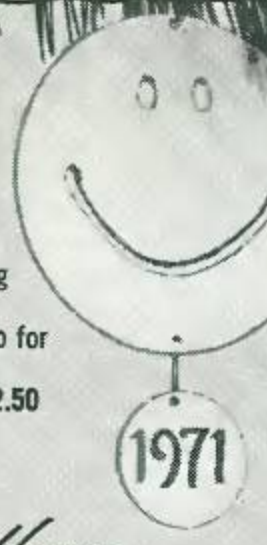

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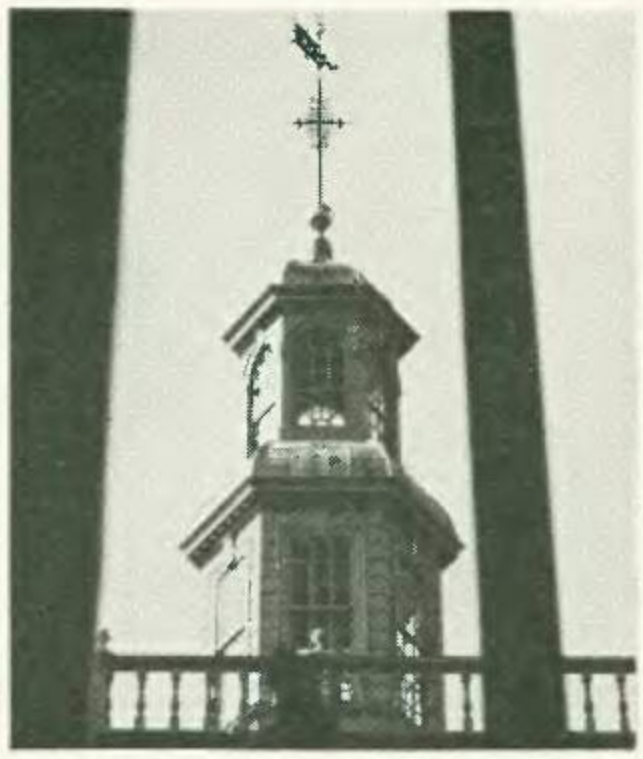
sound shows no trace of the visible flicker. It beats me how that little dancing red dot can do it.

The director of the Byurakan observatory is Academician Viktor Ambartsumyan, a man of immense energy and many talents. He is equally outstanding as an originator of astronomical theories, as an administrator of large scientific enterprises, and as toastmaster at an Armenian banquet. He talks easily and without formality in Armenian, Russian, or English. He lives in a large house near the telescopes, and he has made the whole of the observatory grounds into a garden. Astronomers walk from one building to another along narrow paths bordered with flowers and overhung with fruit trees. Fifteen years ago, Ambartsumyan startled the astronomical world with a revolutionary theory of the origin and evolution of galaxies. The orthodox view is that galaxies begin as large, diffuse gas clouds and evolve by gradual contraction; gravity pulls the inner parts together, so that old galaxies develop bright, dense cores. Ambartsumyan turned this picture inside out. He proposed that the cores are there to start with, and that the galaxies are debris shot out from the cores in titanic explosions. In his view, the galaxies with the brightest and most active cores are the youngest. When this theory was first proposed, it seemed to be a wild speculation, unsupported by any substantial evidence. Up to that time, few people had looked carefully at galactic cores. The universe was considered to be a quiet place, and titanic explosions were probably a figment of an overheated Armenian imagination. But Ambartsumyan constantly urged his colleagues, "Look at the galactic cores, and you will see that things are not as quiet as you think." During the last fifteen years, one major discovery after another has shown that the universe is indeed not a quiet place. Evidence of titanic explosions is all around us. Careful study of galactic cores has shown that many of them have exploded or are exploding. The Markaryan galaxies are the latest addition to the list of galaxies with active cores. All this does not mean that Ambartsumyan's theory of the birth of galaxies is right. Few astronomers agree with his ideas in detail. But all agree that his arguments helped to push observational astronomy into new directions that have proved immensely fruitful.

Ambartsumyan was host to the First International Conference on Communication with Extraterrestrial Intelligence, held at Byurakan in September,



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1971. It was a gathering of about forty learned men, mostly from the United States and the Soviet Union. Astronomers were in the majority, but there were also biologists, anthropologists, linguists, and historians. The purpose of the meeting was to exchange ideas and to arrive at some agreement concerning two practical questions. First, supposing that some intelligent societies exist elsewhere in the universe (whether our own society should be called intelligent is a moot point), what are the most promising and economical methods by which we might find out where they are? Second, supposing that the search for intelligent signals is a reasonable activity for astronomers to engage in, whose time, whose money, and whose instruments are to be devoted to this task? The meeting lasted for five days and was sponsored by the National Academies of Sciences of both the Soviet Union and the United States.

Communication at the conference on extraterrestrial communication was enormously helped by the presence of Boris Belitsky. He is the finest scientific translator I have ever heard. He is not a professional interpreter, being normally employed by Moscow radio and television as a scientific commentator. His job and his wide reading have made him familiar with the niceties of jargon in all fields of science in both Russian and English. He can jump from electronic engineering to biology to extragalactic astronomy without a moment's hesitation. While translating rapid conversation, he would frequently correct errors of fact or fill in half-remembered names. In addition to all this, he speaks an idiomatic American English. His only weakness is that he gets a little tired after four or five hours of two-way translation. Also, he apologized for the fact that he is not much good at Armenian.

The importance of fine points of semantics was brought home to me forcibly by an episode on the third day of the meeting. I almost fell into a linguistic trap. The morning had been spent in a long and unprofitable discussion of the probability of existence of extraterrestrial civilizations. There is no satisfactory way to estimate this probability in the absence of tangible evidence. In the end, the conversation degenerated into a philosophical argument concerning the meaning of probability. After lunch, I wanted to steer the meeting in a more practical direction, so I prepared some remarks beginning with the words "To hell with philosophy!" To emphasize my point, I wrote this on the blackboard in Rus-

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sian: "*K Chortu s Filosofiei!*" Luckily, I checked it with a Russian friend before the meeting reconvened. He smiled, and said, "I do not think that these words say exactly what you have in mind." He explained that "*filosofia*" in modern Russian usually means not just philosophy but the particular brand of Marxist dogma that is taught to students under this label. The words I had written on the blackboard had a strong political flavor that I had not at all intended. My friend found me a synonym for "*filosofia*" that is free from unwanted political associations. So I narrowly escaped breaking the first rule of etiquette at international scientific meetings—the rule that excludes political polemics of any kind from the discussions.

The subject of extraterrestrial intelligence, or E.T.I., occupies a peculiar limbo on the borderline between science and science fiction. The vast amount of bad fiction that has been written about E.T.I. makes scientists a little afraid of becoming involved with it. Only people with solidly established reputations in legitimate science feel free to talk about E.T.I. without risk to their respectability. Our meeting of forty people included almost all the scientists who have made serious contributions to the theory and practice of searching for evidence of E.T.I. (My own entrance ticket was a brief article published ten years ago in which I suggested the use of infrared telescopes to pick out objects in the sky that might be good candidates for closer examination as possible homes of E.T.I.) So far, only two actual searches for artificial radio signals from the cosmos have been made. One was by Frank Drake, of Cornell University, the other by V. S. Troitsky, of the Soviet Radio-Physics Institute, in Gorky. Nothing was found. But the failure of these initial attempts surprised nobody. Both searches were brief and covered only a small fraction of the sky. They were preliminary exercises, to develop the technique of searching. If either of them had found a signal, it would have been an incredible piece of luck. Both Drake and Troitsky were at Byurakan, and talked about what they had done and what they had learned from it.

The basic difficulty in searching for intelligent signals is that it demands the time of astronomers and telescopes that have more urgent things to do. There are immense numbers of exciting and puzzling natural objects in the universe, and not enough men and instruments to look at them. Each astronomer has a limited amount of telescope time

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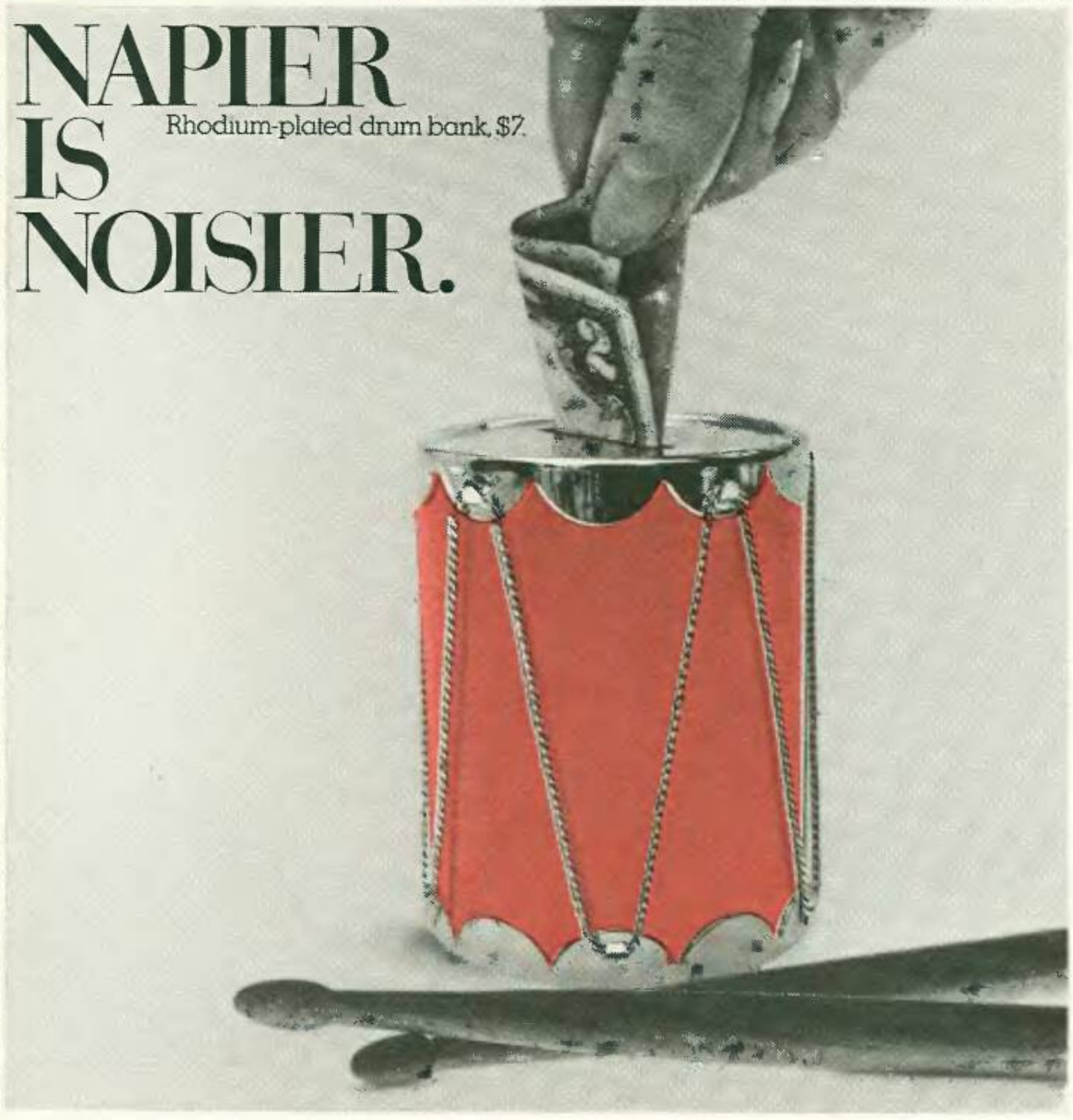

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available to him. If he has a month at a stretch with a good telescope, he is lucky. If he uses his month to look carefully at one or more of the natural puzzles, he is virtually certain to discover something interesting. If he uses his month to look for artificial signals, he is virtually certain to discover nothing. Even though the discovery of an artificial signal would be one of the greatest events in human history, the chance of its happening to any individual astronomer is too small to justify his gambling away much of his precious time on it. It is as if you asked a man to give up half of his income for life for a thousand-to-one chance of winning a billion dollars. The bargain may be a favorable one if you calculate the mathematical expectations, but nobody in his right mind would accept it. Both Drake and Troitsky are acutely aware of these considerations.

What, then, is to be done? Roughly speaking, there are three schools of thought concerning the future of the search for E.T.I. The conservative school thinks that the search should be left, as it is at present, to the initiative of individual astronomers. This means that essentially nothing will happen. Perhaps a few more preliminary exercises, but nothing further. Naturally, this school of thought was poorly represented in Byurakan. The radical school thinks that a full-scale program of searches should be organized, using new, large instruments specially built for the purpose. The cost of such a program would be comparable to the total cost of the resources now devoted by mankind to ground-based astronomy of all kinds, but substantially less than the cost of existing space programs. The program would necessarily be funded by national governments, and preferably directed by an international authority. Only a few people at Byurakan advocated the radical view; they argued that nothing less than a huge centralized program could give us a reasonable assurance of picking up whatever artificial signals may exist in our corner of the universe. However, the majority felt that we are still far too ignorant to embark on large and expensive programs. The consensus at Byurakan belonged to an intermediate school of thought that may be called gradualist. The gradualists believe that an organized long-range program of searches for E.T.I. should be begun, so that the costs and risks can be shared among many astronomers and institutions. But they envisage a program of modest scope, using only a small fraction of the time

of any one telescope, and subordinated to the exploration of natural objects that is the main business of astronomy. At the Byurakan meeting, we agreed on a formal statement that contained recommendations to our several national academies of sciences for a gradualist course of action and gave detailed suggestions for developing the necessary instruments as we go along. Whether this statement will have any practical effect remains to be seen. We do not expect anything spectacular to come of it. We shall be satisfied if our meeting has helped even slightly to persuade our fellow human beings all over the earth that the search for extraterrestrial intelligence is a legitimate activity for intelligent human beings to pursue.

Like other scientific meetings, this one had its lighter moments. At one point, an astronomer digressed into a rambling and improbable theory of mental creativity. He told us that our intellectual powers wax and wane with the eleven-year period of the sunspots, and he illustrated his theory by enumerating all the great discoveries of Newton and Einstein that were made at times of maximum sunspot activity. The Russian astronomer Iosif Shklovsky leaned over to his neighbor and whispered loudly, "This theory was invented during a deep sunspot minimum." —FREEMAN J. DYSON

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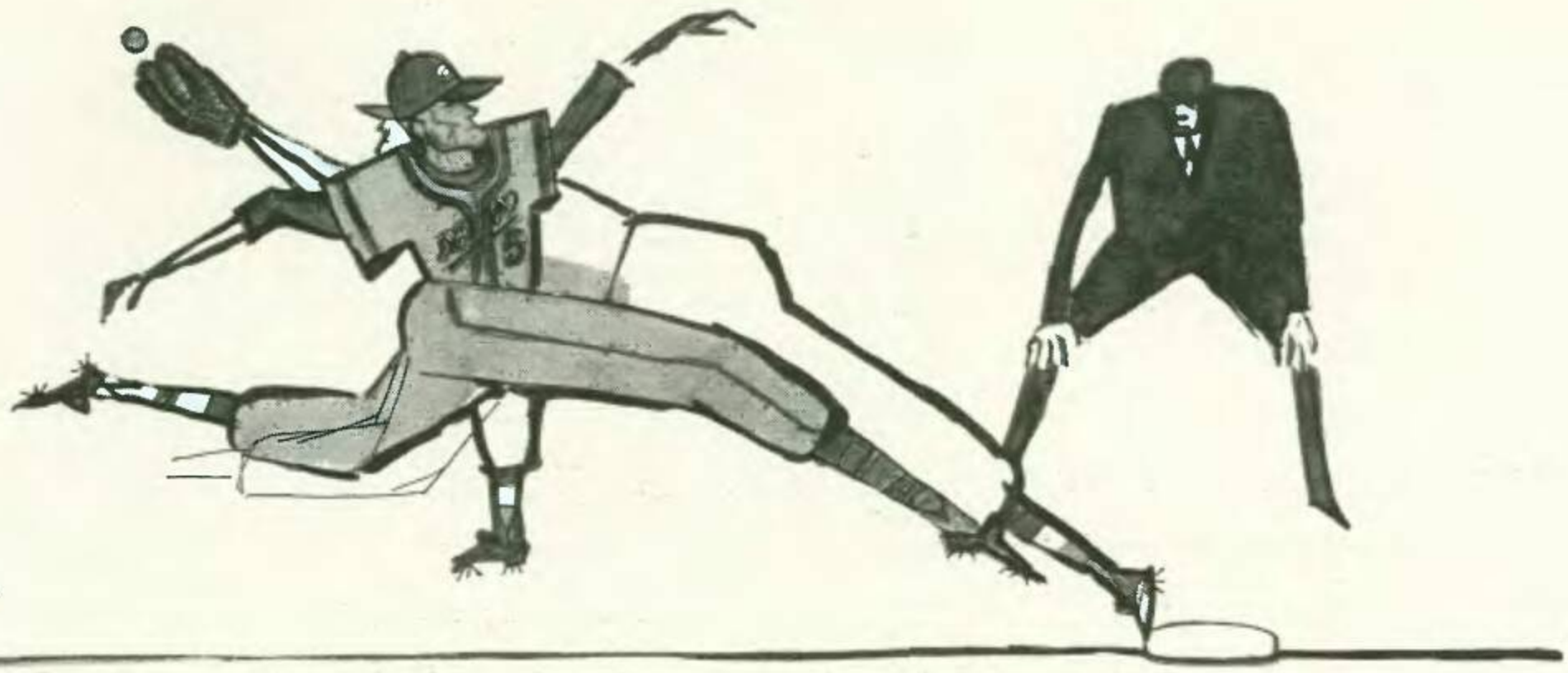

BASEBALL has concluded its annual exercises in the obligatory fashion—with another World Series and another franchise shift. A riot followed the wrong event. A long evening of window-breaking, car-burning, and assorted carnage in downtown Pittsburgh was touched off by a marvel of good news—the Pirates' stimulating victory over the Orioles in a turnabout seven-game Series—while the atrocious circumstances surrounding the Washington Senators' sudden removal from the capital to a roadside stand west of Dallas were greeted not with the torch but a shrug. The latter happening, to be sure, was followed by some legislative rumblings and an editorial outcry that was nearly unanimous outside Texas, but most fans or ex-fans I have talked to about the matter can summon up only a cynical and helpless grimace over this latest and apparently most arrogant corporate flourish by the owners of the old game. Since 1953, baseball loyalists in nine other cities, from Boston to Seattle (*ten* cities, actually, since Washington lost its original Senators to Minneapolis after 1960 and was given a substitute, Inflato model for the next season), have had to watch such abrupt departures, and the ugly style and detail of this latest decampment are so familiar that the temptation is merely to ignore the whole thing and turn our attention at once to the loud surprises of the Series. But this is surely what the baseball moguls would prefer us to do. ("Wow, sonny, how about those Buccos!")

Meeting with his fellow American League owners in Boston in mid-September, Bob Short, a Minneapolis millionaire who purchased the Senators three years ago, cited dropping attendance (a falloff of 169,633 ticket-buyers from last year's unawesome total of 824,789) and rising debts (he claims to have taken a three-million-dollar bath in the Potomac) as compelling reasons for his pulling up stakes instanter. Previously, he had sought redress from Congress and the District of Columbia, offering to stay put in Robert F. Kennedy Stadium in return for impossible rent concessions or, alternatively, to unload the team on the first buyer who came forward with twelve million dollars. He also made ungracious remarks about the loyalty of Washington fans, whom he had stuck with the highest ticket prices and perhaps the dullest team in the majors. (Mr. Short had helped put his own mark on the club by trading away most of his infield last year in return for Denny McLain, a hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year pitcher who lost twenty-two games for the Senators this summer.) There was also the long-range handicap of the World Champion Baltimore Orioles next door, and, very close-range, an imminently payable note of two million dollars. Help for such problems, one might suppose, comes only from Heaven, but Texas sometimes does just as well. Better. At the Boston meeting, Mr. Short introduced the mayor of Arlington, Texas, a hamlet midway between Dallas and Fort Worth, who offered safe harbor to the Senators, along with a low-interest, delayed-amortization seven-and-a-half-million-dollar bank loan; a one-dollar lease on a ballpark called Turnpike Stadium, which could be enlarged to forty-five thousand seats within two years; and a million-dollar television-and-radio contract. Unspoken but also guaranteed was the certainty that, with the eyes of Texas upon them, the same somnolent Senator ball team—now renamed the Rangers or the Horns or the Rustlers or the Spurs, or perhaps the Absconders, and improved if not by the purchase of any new ballplayers then surely by a set of those far-out double-knit Mod uniforms and a winter of heavy down-home public relations (Frank Howard in a ten-gallon Stetson! Manager Ted Williams astride a prize Hereford heifer!)—would surpass the old Washington box-office figures by God only knew what unimaginable margins for . . . well, at least for a couple of years. The American League owners voted, ten to two, to accept the offer.

They did so, it must be added, with pain and distress. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn fought a long, almost frontal campaign against the switch, and the final meeting dragged along for thirteen and a half hours as the executives considered and finally rejected a counter-offer of nine and a half million dollars (from the owner of a chain of Washington supermarkets) that turned out to be incompletely financed. After the vote, American League President Joe Cronin said, "Our conscience is clear," but it is fair to suppose that no one there was untroubled by the sudden erasure of such an ancient and affectionately regarded franchise ("First in war, first in peace, and last in the American League"), or by the implications of the disappearance of baseball from the baseball nation's capital. One may look on the event with anger, or with sentimentality (Presi-

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dent Nixon said he was heartbroken), or with sociological dispassion, seeing it as merely another case history in the economic shift away from the black inner city and toward the white, auto-borne, and nearly cityless suburban middle class—the Turnpike People. Strangely, the act seems least defensible when it is regarded from the baseball owners' point of view—as a straight business deal. Professional baseball *is* a national business, and the abandonment of the capital territory must therefore be taken as a confession of enormous corporate ineptitude. Furthermore, even the most muttonheaded investor might have doubts about a concern that proposes to save a losing line simply by changing its name and then trying to fob off the same shabby item on unsuspecting consumers in a different territory.

The truth of the matter, it would seem, is that the other baseball owners have absolutely no defense against an impatient and reckless entrepreneur like Bob Short, because they insist on reserving for themselves the same last-ditch privilege they extended to him in September—the right to run a franchise into the ground and then merely move it along to another address, the right to bail out when the going gets bumpy. The fundamental and now very widespread complaint against the owners and operators of baseball does not really concern any *planned* expansion of their business or any reasonable alteration of it in response to new tastes or population trends; it does concern their actual motives and record in these matters, and their sensitivity to the public's interest. Sustaining baseball in Washington may have become a difficult proposition, to be sure, and perhaps, in the end, an impossible one, but it is clear that in recent years it was never really tried. The idea of building a clientele by building a better ball team apparently did not occur to anybody. Two years ago, the Senators became a competitive club for a time, mostly in response to the presence and tutelage of their new manager, Ted Williams, and improved on their previous year's record by more than twenty games; attendance in Washington that summer rose from 546,661 to 918,106—a gain of sixty-eight per cent. This year, two recently floundering American League teams, the Chicago White Sox and the Kansas City Royals, bettered themselves dramatically on the field and, between them, picked up more than half a million new customers. The best recent example of what can be done in the busi-

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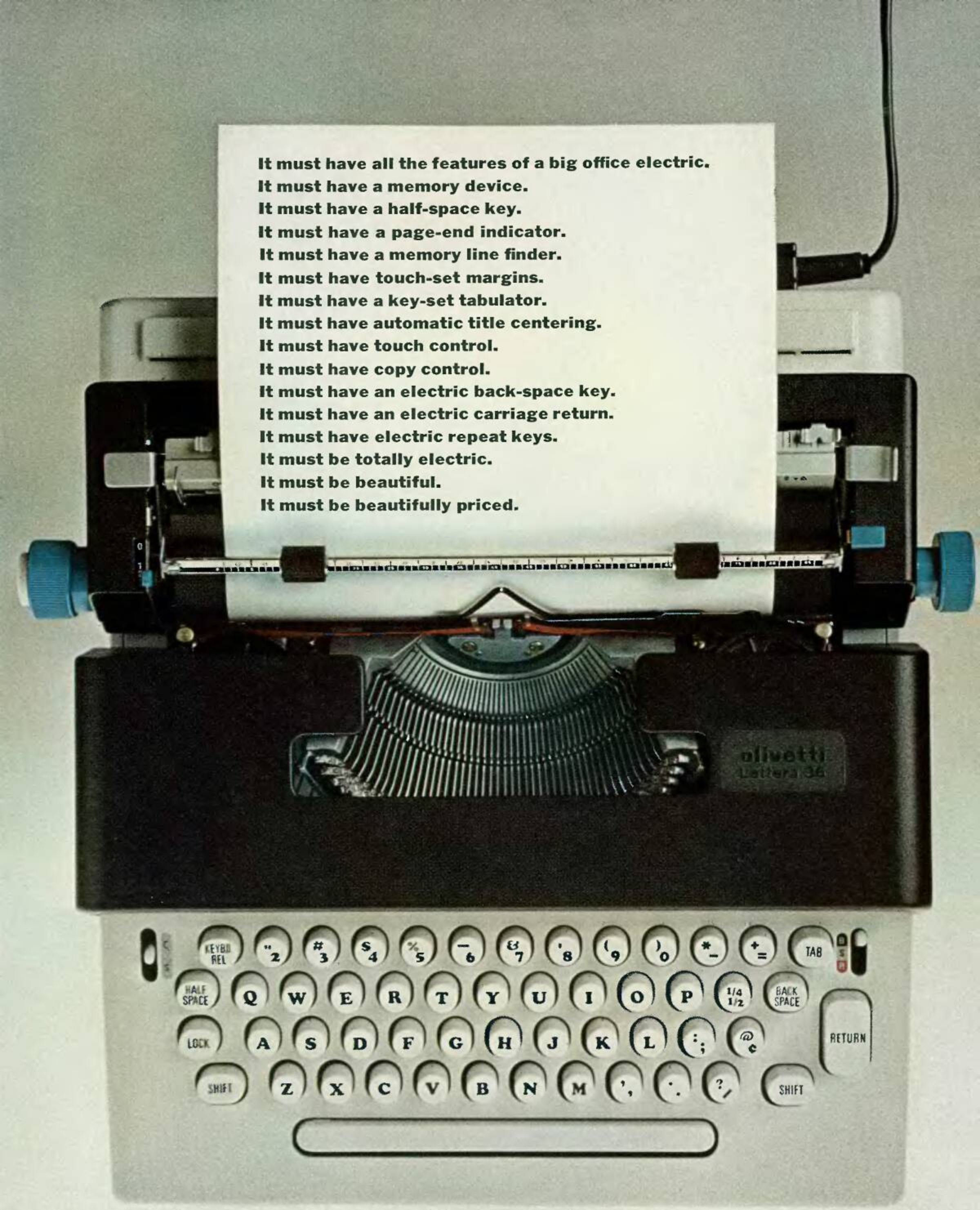

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ness of baseball with a modicum of patient hard work and intelligent planning is the Baltimore Orioles, who arrived on the Senators' back doorstep as tattered orphans—the erstwhile St. Louis Browns—in 1954. Encountering many of the same regional problems that have bedevilled the Washington team, and competing for the same cramped regional audience, the Orioles struggled for several years, losing consistently on the field and at the gate, but they have since become the most powerful club in baseball, the winners of four pennants in the past six years, and the operators of a farm system that has captured twenty minor-league pennants in the past decade. Jerold C. Hoffberger, who owns the Orioles, was one of the two men who voted against the Senators' shift to Texas.

The real victim of the owners' nineteenth-century doctrine of total public unaccountability is, of course, the fan, whose financial and emotional expenditures in baseball and other professional sports remain wholly unprotected. He is not only the consumer in the enormous business of sports but also, in areas where municipal funds have helped to build new stadiums and arenas, a co-investor. Yet in the absence of any federal regulation of sports—an athletic Securities and Exchange Commission, a bleacherite Food and Drug Act—he continues to receive Short shrift. It is barely possible that this may not continue forever. To one degree or another, all professional sports are monopolies, controlling exclusive regional franchises and exclusive contractual rights to their athletes' services only because of congressional and judicial leniency. These often violated privileges are now being challenged by the Curt Flood suit, which the Supreme Court will hear during this session, and by congressional inquiries into such matters as the proposed merger of the two professional basketball leagues and the football Giants' announced shift from Yankee Stadium to the Jersey Meadows. Senator Sam Ervin, of the Senate Judiciary Committee, has already said that if sports do indeed require their existent monopolies to sustain themselves, they must expect the same federal supervision of profits and practices that now regulates public utilities. If he is right—and it seems impossible not to agree with him—the appropriate laws should be enacted. Then sports reporters will happily stop sounding like Dickens on the workhouse, the baseball owners may be saved from their own mad laissez-faire

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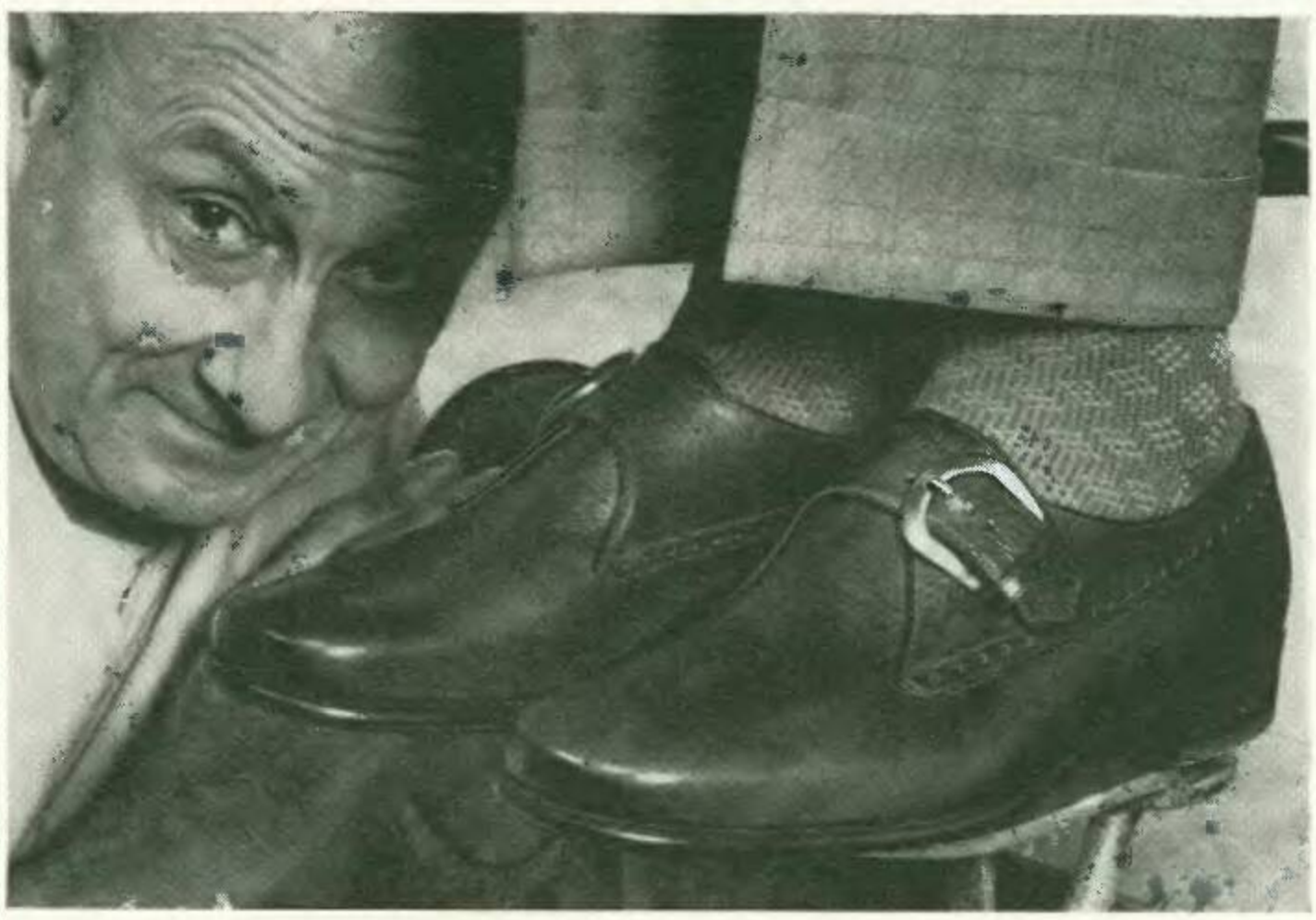

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dreams, and the Washington Senators will not have Gone West entirely in vain.

FOR the first time since the leagues split in half in 1969, some true expectation centered on the divisional playoffs this year (only TV announcers refer to them by their full, Avenue of the Americas title, "the Championship Series"), because all four pennant races had fallen so flat. By early August, the Orioles, the Pirates, the A's, and the Giants had opened fat, dull leads over their respective opponents, and only the descent of a near-fatal catalepsy upon the San Franciscans provided a late *frisson* of interest. The Giants and the Dodgers played two wildly exciting games at Candlestick Park in the middle of September—batters knocked sprawling, fighting players ejected, late-inning homers flying, old rages soaring—and the Dodgers, winning both, fought to within a game of the leaders. Unfortunately, neither team could do better than split the remaining fourteen games of its schedule, and what had become a pennant race suggested thereafter nothing so much as two men walking side by side down an up escalator; the final Giant margin, preserved by a Marichal win over San Diego on the last night, was still that one game.

The National League playoffs, beginning in San Francisco (and seen by me on the tube), opened with a brisk, noisy entertainment, which the Giants finally won, 5–4, after some appallingly butterfingered work afield in the early innings. The Giant starter, the perennial Gaylord Perry, pitched obdurately and intelligently, and survived, while his younger opposite number, Steve Blass, pitched brilliantly and dashingly, and did not. Blass, posted to an early 2–0 lead, struck out no fewer than nine Giant batters in the first four innings, and was gone after the fifth, in which he gave up two two-run homers, the second an intercontinental ballistic missile launched by Willie McCovey. The Pirates evened matters the next afternoon, when they battered various Giant second-line pitchers for fifteen hits, including three home runs by first baseman Bob Robertson, and won by 9–4. The Giants' *first*-line pitching had been reduced by this point in the season to Perry and Marichal (only one other starter or reliever won a game for them in their final sixteen decisions), and when Juan lost the third playoff game, in Pittsburgh, by 2–1, it was clear that the Giants were *in extremis*. Marichal gave up only four hits, but two of them were hom-

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ers—by Robertson again and by Richie Hebner—and he was beaten by a fastballer named Bob Johnson.

It was Perry and Blass once more the next day, and almost instantly the score stood at 5–5, the two teams having rapped out fourteen hits, three homers, and ten runs in the space of two innings. Blass departed, giving way to a skinny sidearmer named Bruce Kison, who set down the Westerners until his teammates ended the Giants' long year with a four-run sixth inning—the last three runs coming home, in a cloud of confetti and screeching, on a three-run homer by Al Oliver. The Pirates had their well-earned pennant.

A missing name in this account, it may be noticed, is that of Willie Mays. He played in all four games and did not exactly or entirely fail: two doubles, one homer, a stolen base, four hits. But these totals do not suggest the true level of his contribution, and by this, for once, I mean that he was less of a player than the statistics suggest—a much older player, who looked every year and month of his forty years; a player gone quite gray-faced with exhaustion and pain and the pressures of leadership. Willie had seen all his splendid early-season triumphs worn away to bare competence; in the late going, he had managed but four hits in forty at-bats, had gone a whole month without a homer, and had been striking out almost half the time. He apologized to his fans at the end of the regular season. During the playoffs, after I had seen Mays taking called third strikes or trying to bunt his way aboard or slicing a weak little pop hit on a fastball he could no longer get around on, I began—for the first time in my life, and with enormous sadness—not to want him to

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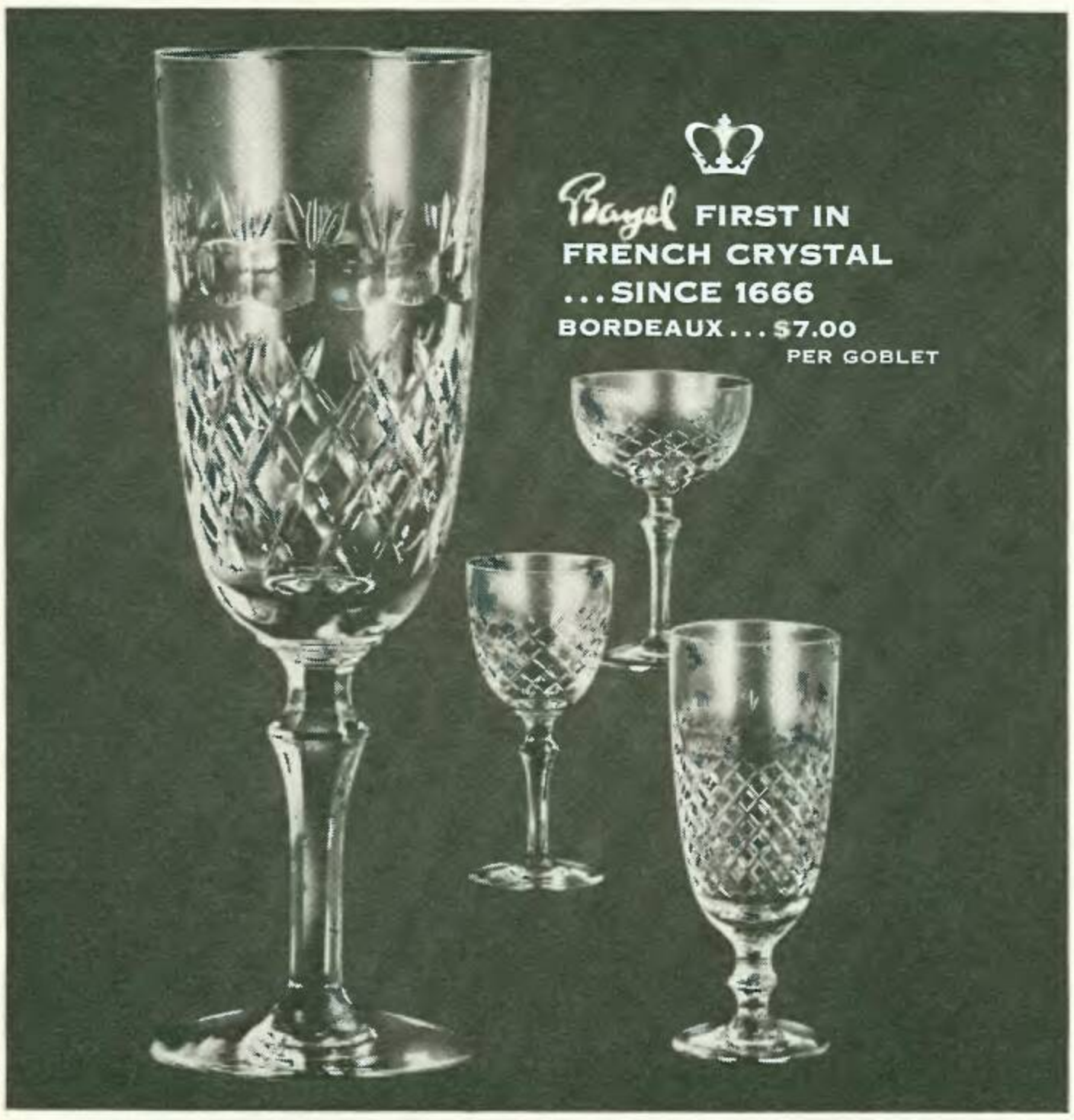

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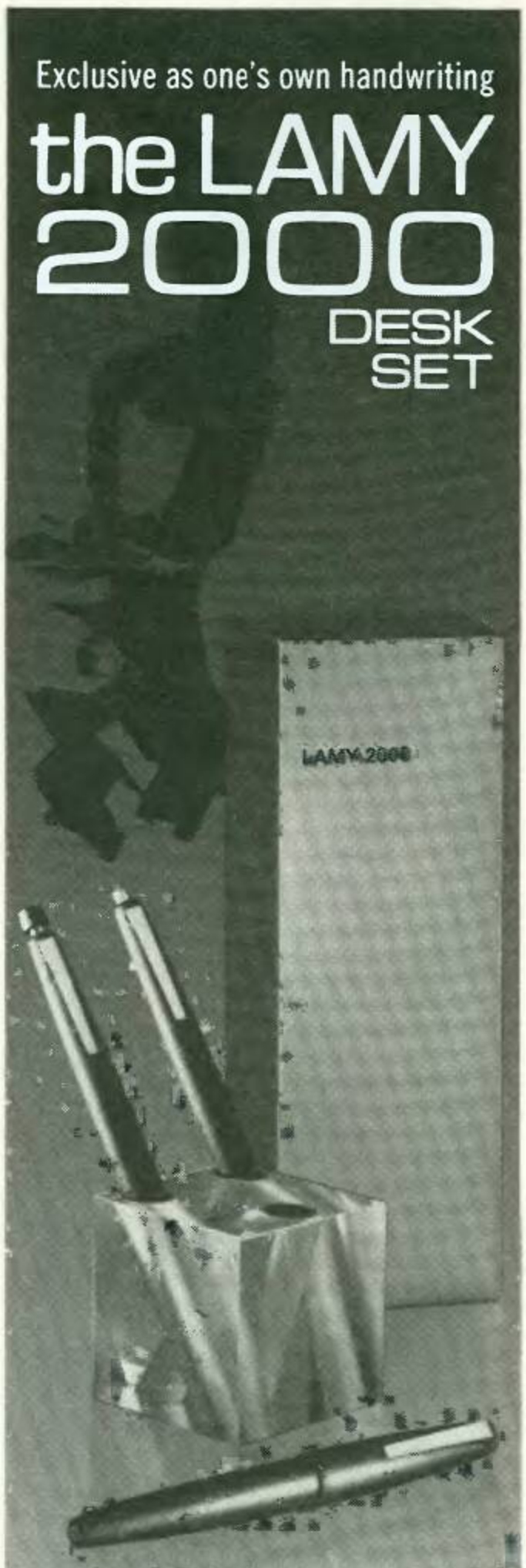

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come up to the plate. I dreaded it, in fact, and I was embarrassed by the feeling, and ashamed of myself. But I still feel the same way, and I think it should be said: Hang them up, Willie, please. Retire.

IN Baltimore, meanwhile, the sporting crowd filled the hotel lobbies with cigar smoke and gossip in anticipation of the opening playoff feature of Vida Meets the Birds—a drama that was delayed and deepened by an initial rainout. The Baltimore-Oakland collision was actually between two fine teams—the champs back for a crack at their third straight playoff sweep, having won over a hundred regular-season games for the third year in a row through the efforts of *four* twenty-game-winning pitchers, and the challengers a band of free-swinging youngsters who had found themselves this year under their new manager, Dick Williams, and had shattered their opposition to capture their demi-flag by a sixteen-game margin. All very well, but Vida Blue was what we had come for. The phenomenal young Oakland fireballer had beaten the Orioles twice in the early season, by 1–0 and 2–1; all his further meetings with them had been washed out by repeated bad weather. The new downpour added to Blue's burdens, for it cancelled the playoff's only travel day and meant that he would not be sufficiently rested to pitch twice against the Orioles; the first game, in all likelihood, would be crucial. Blue's statistics in this, his first full year in the majors, were admirable—twenty-four wins and eight losses, an earned-run average of 1.82, three hundred and one strikeouts, eight shutouts—but still somehow disappointing, for he had tailed off considerably from the explosive early-season performance that had brought him to such sudden and total celebrity. He had won only four games since August 7th, and the word was that his fastball had lost a bit of its zing and that he could be beaten in late innings.

I hoped not. I had no particular emotional stake in this series, but I had noticed one other figure in Vida Blue's hard-to-believe statistics for the year—three hundred and twelve innings pitched. The great majority of the big-league pitchers do not work as many as three hundred innings in a single season in their entire careers; the average innings-per-year figure, even if one ignores relief men and part-timers, must be much closer to two hundred. This season, in both leagues, there were only three pitchers (Ferguson

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Jenkins, Mickey Lolich, and Wilbur Wood) who appeared in more innings than Vida Blue, and all of them were far older than he. This last is the point, of course. Young pitchers' arms are so fragile, so easily susceptible to permanent injury, that many clubs have various self-imposed rules to protect them. One team limits its youngsters to a maximum of a hundred pitches per game; another does not allow its pitchers to learn the slider until they are at the Class AAA level, and thus presumably into their twenties. Vida Blue turned twenty-two last July, and his left arm just might be the most valuable natural asset to turn up in the majors in a decade. He has powerful legs, and thus throws without effort or strain; he has excellent control, and thus does not waste many pitches. In these and other ways, he reminds me at times of another left-hander, Jerry Koosman, who pitched in two hundred and sixty-three innings in *his* brilliant first full season, at the age of twenty-four, and has never since been able to throw a decent fastball. Well, young pitchers are eager and forever anxious to get out there and fire; it is the management that decides when to call on them. Vida Blue made winners out of the A's this summer and also, of course, brought out enormous crowds whenever he was slated to pitch. The true balance sheet and final assessment of his first season may not be known for another year or two.

The game arrived at last, and Oakland staked Vida to a quick two-run lead in the second inning, on a triple sandwiched between two doubles. The outfield at Memorial Stadium, which had been patched up and painted various shades of watery green, was still soggy, and anything hit to the corners died there, good for extra bases. With a man at second and none out, the A's now elected to play some uncharacteristically uptight ball. Manager Williams had the runner, catcher Dave Duncan, sacrificed to third, and, with Blue now at bat, ordered a squeeze play; Duncan, however, set sail for the plate a fraction early, and the Oriole pitcher, Dave McNally, threw wide and outside. Blue stabbed helplessly at the ball with his bat, Duncan was chased down and tagged, and a moment later Vida fanned for the third out. It didn't seem to matter much at the time, for Vida looked to be in form. His fastball was flaring and jumping, and he dismissed the Oriole power—Merv Rettenmund, Frank Robinson, and Boog Powell—on successive swinging strikeouts. He was ahead by 3–1 when the

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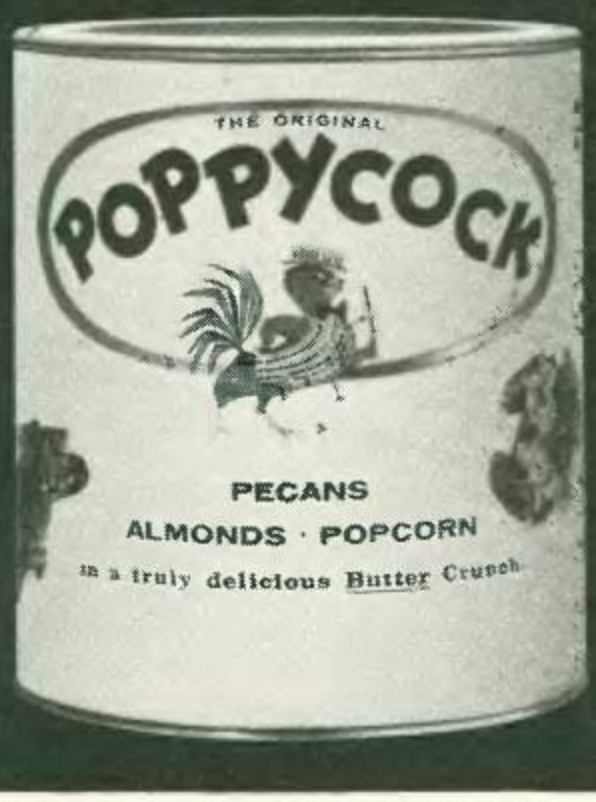

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seventh began. Now he gave up a walk and a single, and, with two out, another, run-scoring single, to Mark Belanger. The Oakland bullpen was working, but Vida, who had now thrown something like a hundred and twenty pitches in the game, was allowed to face pinch-hitter Curt Motton, who thereupon doubled, to tie the score. Still no one emerged from the visitors' dugout to consult or console the young star, and a moment or two later Paul Blair hit another double, and the big first game was gone. It was a characteristic kind of victory for the Orioles, and a mysterious and deadening losing performance by the challengers.

In the clubhouse, Vida Blue sat on a trunk and submitted himself for the last time to the horde of reporters that has dogged him and surrounded him ever since early summer. His answers came almost in a whisper; in an agony of disappointment and anxiety, he kept sighing and staring at the ceiling. He looked terribly young, and then I realized, or remembered at last, that the rest of us, pushing in around him with our notebooks and our questions, were much older and supposedly grown up. Once again we were demanding too much of him; I went away.

The next day, it was Mike Cuellar against Oakland's other twenty-game winner, Catfish Hunter, who likes to challenge hitters with his fastball in tight situations, and who this time kept getting the gauntlet flung right back in his face. Four home runs—one each by Brooks Robinson and Ellie Hendricks, and two by Powell—accounted for all the Baltimore runs in a 5–1 win. Boog played with a badly banged-up wrist, and, in the eighth, tried twice to bunt a runner along; failing, he delivered him with his second round-tripper. After the game, Catfish Hunter shook his head and said, "People at home are going to ask me all damned *winter* how I could throw two home-run balls to a cripple."

The A's winter began late the next afternoon, in California. Baltimore's Jim Palmer gave up three solo homers, two of them to Reggie Jackson, but five Oakland pitchers could not keep matters in order; Brooks Robinson hit a key single in a 5–3 victory that was never really close. The Orioles' win was their fourteenth in a row, and they had swept the playoffs once again. Piece of cake.

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watched this same fine Oriole team winning so many games on so many October afternoons, going back to 1966, that the occasion had grown easy and familiar—less a contest than the renewal of a permanent autumn holiday. It had become the kind of regular reunion one used to have with the Yankees, and Baltimore fans, like their old counterparts in the Stadium, could pass the time by smugly discovering marvellous but insufficiently appreciated ballplayers hidden in their lineup—regulars like Belanger and Buford and Davey Johnson, who were not quite famous, but only because they played every day next to luminaries like Boog and Frank and Brooksie. Well, there were some other fine players here, too, on the other side—Roberto Clemente, naturally, and the large and dangerous Willie Stargell, who had led all the National League sluggers with forty-eight homers this year, and an exuberant young catcher, Manny Sanguillen. The Pirates, in fact, had led the Orioles in almost every offensive department during the season—runs, hits, and batting averages—but the Orioles' unmistakable pitching advantage was the answer to *that*, and their edge in experience was, well, immeasurable. No one, then, was particularly worried when the visitors notched three runs in the second inning of the opener, all attributable to uncharacteristic Oriole mistakes—a wild pitch and two infield errors. Sure enough, Frank Robinson began the rebound with a leadoff, skyscraping homer in the third, struck off Pittsburgh's ace, Dock Ellis, and then,

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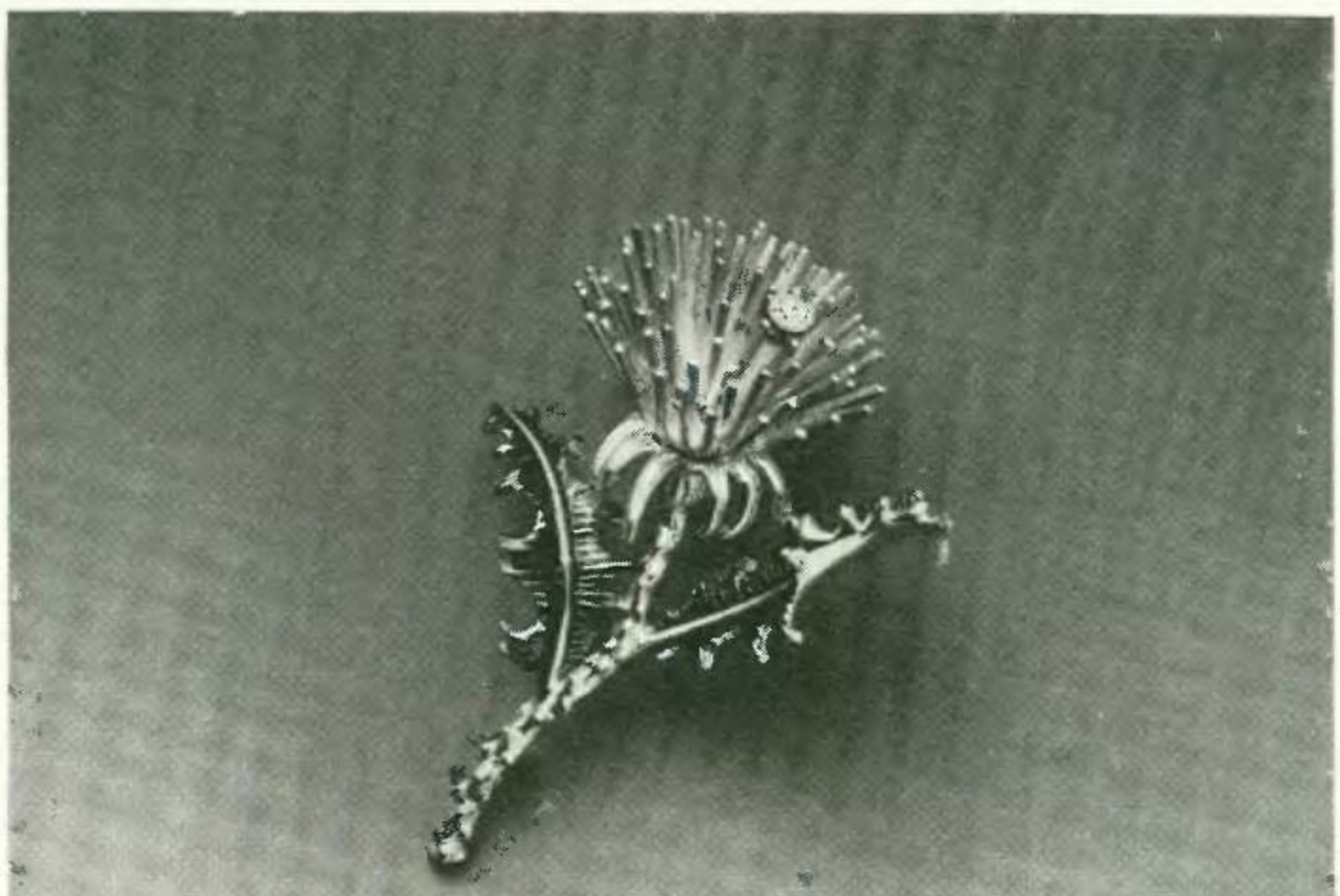

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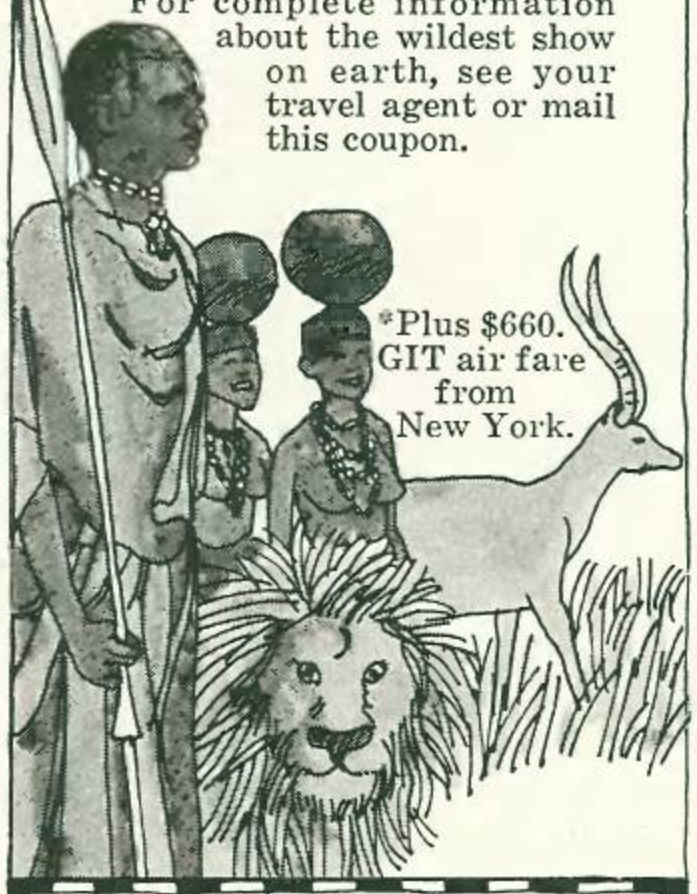

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an inning later, Belanger and Buford singled and Merv Rettenmund lined a long, low drive that carried all the way to the Baltimore bullpen; Willie Stargell, the Pirate left fielder, ran up the wire fence like a squirrel, but the ball was beyond him, and the Orioles had gone ahead. They won, 5–3, and Dave McNally, who is sometimes unfairly known in Baltimore as McLucky, set down twenty-one of the last twenty-two Pirates to come to the plate.

Another Maryland monsoon washed out the Sunday game, but there was a rare sellout crowd of 53,239 partisans on hand the next afternoon, presumably to bid farewell to their heroes until springtime. Jim Palmer, working with remarkable haste or impatience, kept walking Pirate batters and then striking out their successors. His opposite number, Bob Johnson, barely survived the second inning, when three Baltimore snipers fired line shots at him—one off his foot, another just over his cap button, and one more that he flagged down in self-defense. He did not survive the fourth inning, and neither did his replacement, Bruce Kison. Then, in the fifth, the Orioles sent eleven batters to the plate, scoring six runs, and the game had become a laugher. The final tally was 11–3; Baltimore had fourteen hits, all singles. Roberto Clemente seemed notably unimpressed. Carrying his bat up to the plate like a surveyor setting up his transit, he precisely measured out a low single, a high line drive that was caught, and a long, beautiful geodetic line straight to the foot of the right-field barrier, good for two bases. In the field, he whirled and threw a burning strike from deep right all the way to third base; this was during the ridiculous goings on of the fifth inning, but Clemente has no sense of humor about baseball.

As the teams moved along to Pittsburgh, it seemed there was nothing to do but commiserate with the Pirate manager, Danny Murtaugh. His best pitcher, Dock Ellis, was finished for the year with a sore elbow; all his remaining starters had been recently shelled or injured. His big bat, Willie Stargell, was deep in a slump that had gripped him since the onset of the playoffs. His team, badly beaten in two games, had been entirely unable to employ one of its true assets—speed on the bases. Murtaugh—a seamed, tobacco-chewing, contemplative pilot—could only murmur that his outfit was at home now and did not seem to have lost any of its confidence. Baltimore

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had been terrific, he said, but still, perhaps . . . These are managerial bromides, but accurate enough in their way, for in this sport, game plans and rousing rhetoric are of no use; managers must wait, like the rest of us, for the disclosures and marvels of each new game. The marvel of the third game, played in the immense plastic cylinder called Three Rivers Stadium, was Steve Blass. Pitching this time with an almost surgical finesse, and using his slider and change-up in textbook fashion to set up the fastball, he dispatched the Orioles, inning by inning, in minutes. His rival, Mike Cuellar, was almost as fine, and by the bottom of the seventh inning the Pirates were leading by a minimal 2–1. It was a glazy, beautiful late-summer day, hot in the sunshine and cool and autumnal in the shaded stands. Each infielder moved in company with his etched attendant shadow on the ground, and a hushed, blurred quiet, broken by an occasional clank of cowbells, had fallen over the anxious multitude. It was ended by a groan and then a sudden shout: Roberto Clemente, swinging for the seats this time, half topped a pitch and sent an easy bouncer back to the mound. Cuellar turned to make the leisurely toss and was astonished to discover Clemente running out the play at top speed; now hurrying, Cuellar flipped the ball high, pulling Powell off the bag, and Roberto was on. Disconcerted, Cuellar walked Stargell, and an instant later Bob Robertson, the dour and muscular Pirate first baseman, sailed a drive over the fence in deepest right center, to put the game away at 5–1. Ecstasy along the Monongahela. Robertson, it turned out, had missed a bunt sign when he hit the homer, but Danny Murtaugh somehow forgave him.

Game Four, now not quite crucial, brought out a record 51,378 Coaltowners; being the first World Series game in history to be played in prime evening time, it also opened to an estimated sixty-one million home freeloaders. For a few minutes, it seemed certain that millions of sets would shortly be tuned to the "Carol Burnett Show," because the first three batters in the game hit dinky little singles and were brought around, dully and undramatically, to put the Orioles way ahead. The ratings were saved, however, by a walk and two doubles in the bottom half that made it 3–2, and by the Emmy Award performance now staged by the Pirates' relief pitcher, Bruce Kison. A lanky, long-legged twenty-one-year-old who seems to have

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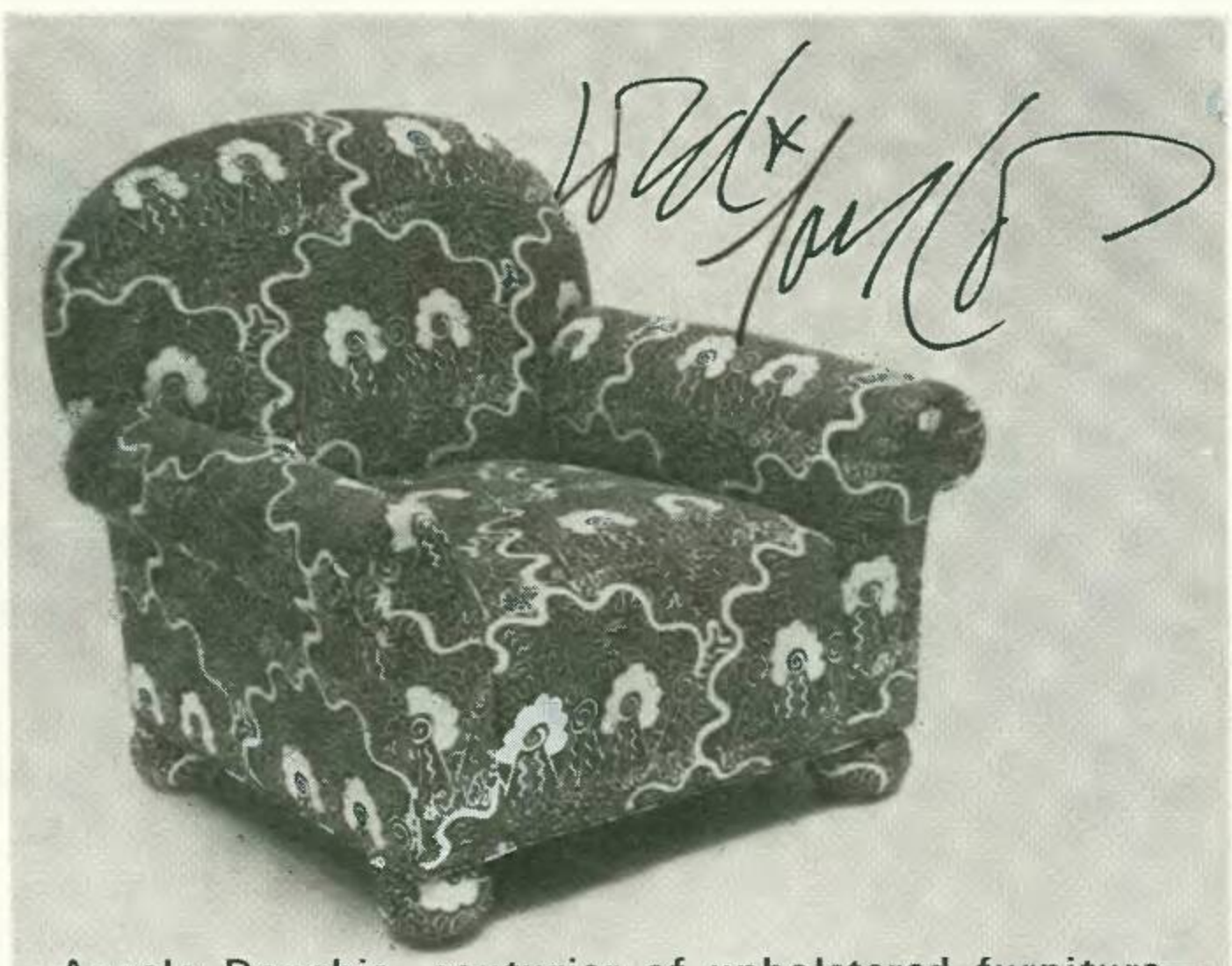

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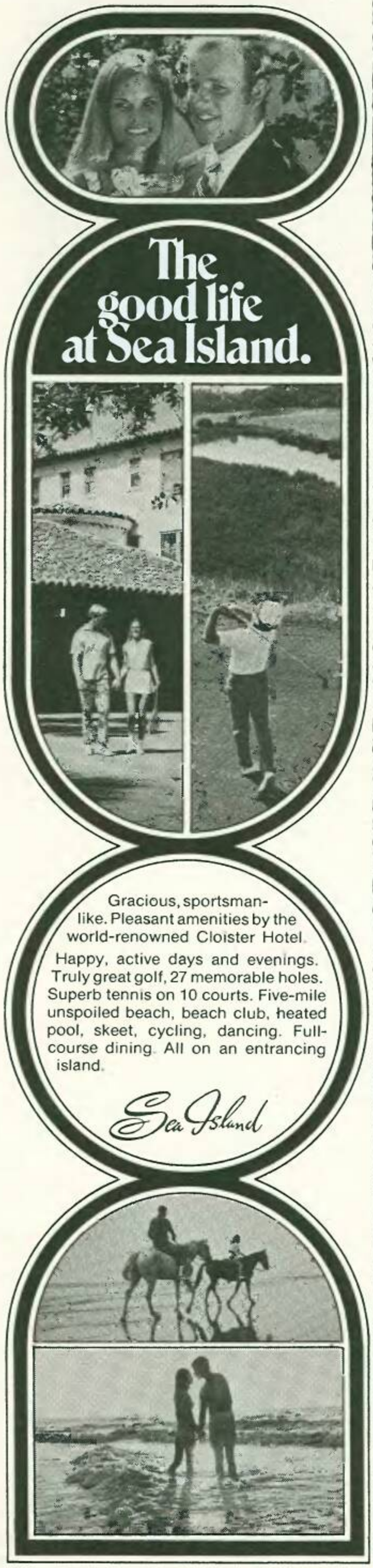

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recently outgrown his uniform, Kison throws a swift, riding fastball, delivered sidearm, that arrives from the direction of third base and sometimes ends up in a right-hand batter's ribs. Kison gave up one bloop double in the second inning, and from then until he retired for a pinch-hitter, after the seventh, the only Baltimore hits were plunked batters—a record-breaking three. Although the Orioles were clearly unnerved, the enormous effort involved in bringing home the tying and winning Pirate runs kept the audience in a lather of excitement. In the Pittsburgh dugout, Dock Ellis, wearing a warmup jacket and white golf gloves, kept jabbing and weaving like a prizefighter, urging his teammates onward. In the third, with a man on, Clemente leaned over and struck an outside pitch so severely that the ball streaked away and, without the smallest discernible fade or droop, banged high off the right-field wall—foul, by perhaps two inches. Thus spared, the Oriole pitcher, Pat Dobson, tried a different serving, which Clemente rapped almost as swiftly into right for a single, and Al Oliver thereupon singled in the tying run. After that, the Bucs, who were swinging joyfully and taking liberties on the base paths, kept putting runners on, moving them along, and not quite scoring them. In the seventh, with Robertson and Sanguillen aboard, pinch-hitter Vic Davalillo hit a drive to deep left, which Paul Blair caught after a long chase and then dropped; Sanguillen came skidding around second and was wiped out by a fine relay and tag, and appalled groans rose into the night air. But the next pinch-hitter, for Kison, was another twenty-one-year-old, named Milt May, and he immediately cracked a single to right that at last put the rackety, wonderful game away, 4–3. Dave Giusti retired the next six Orioles in order with his palm ball, and the Series was all even.

The following afternoon, the Pirates continued to have things all their own way, fashioning runs out of speed, power (another Robertson homer), and various Baltimore mistakes (including, of all things, an error by Brooks Robinson). I kept my eyes on their pitcher, the admirable Nelson Briles, late of the Cardinals, who was pitching even better than his two recent predecessors. In the end, he shut out the now almost ex-champions, 4–0, on exactly two hits, and I had plenty of fresh material for the doctoral thesis I have been preparing on the subject of monosyllabically monikered Pirate pitchers. As all baseball scholars know,

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the one unchallengeable all-time Pittsburgh mark in the record books is "Most years leading league in pitchers with one-syllable names." That record, by my computation, now stands at seventeen consecutive years, going back to the Pirate squad of 1955, which included the three great perennial Pittsburgh spondees, Bob Friend, Vern Law, and Roy Face, along with two other blurts, Ron Kline and Dick Hall (now of the Orioles). The World Champion Pirates of 1960 counted on pitchers Friend, Law, Face, Green, Gross, and Witt, and the decade rose, in an inexorable staccato, to the great vintage year of 1964, when the Pittsburgh mound staff was Friend, Law, Face, Veale, Blass, Sisk, Schwall, and a couple of foreigners named Gibbon and McBean. This year's Buccos recklessly disposed of Mudcat Grant, but with Blass, Briles, Moose, Lamb, and Veale still on hand (I plan an extensive footnote on this startling incursion of ungulates), and the club's coffers now heavy with championship loot, they can easily swing a deal for Vida Blue that should bring them safely through the seventies.

There was no joking about the sixth game, back in Baltimore; it was late now, and the baseball had grown grim and dangerous. Clemente tripled off the center-field fence in the very first inning. He died on third, but the next time up, in the third, he hit Jim Palmer's first pitch into the right-field bleachers. The Pirates, ahead now by 2–0, continued to get men aboard—they had base runners in twenty consecutive innings—but Palmer had his pitching rhythm back, and Manager Earl Weaver let him bat for himself in the fifth, though the Birds were still two runs shy. Buford homered in the sixth, for the first Oriole run in twenty-three innings, and in the seventh Mark Belanger singled with one out. Palmer was up again, facing reliever Bob Johnson, and the infield came way in. With the crowd shrieking, with the

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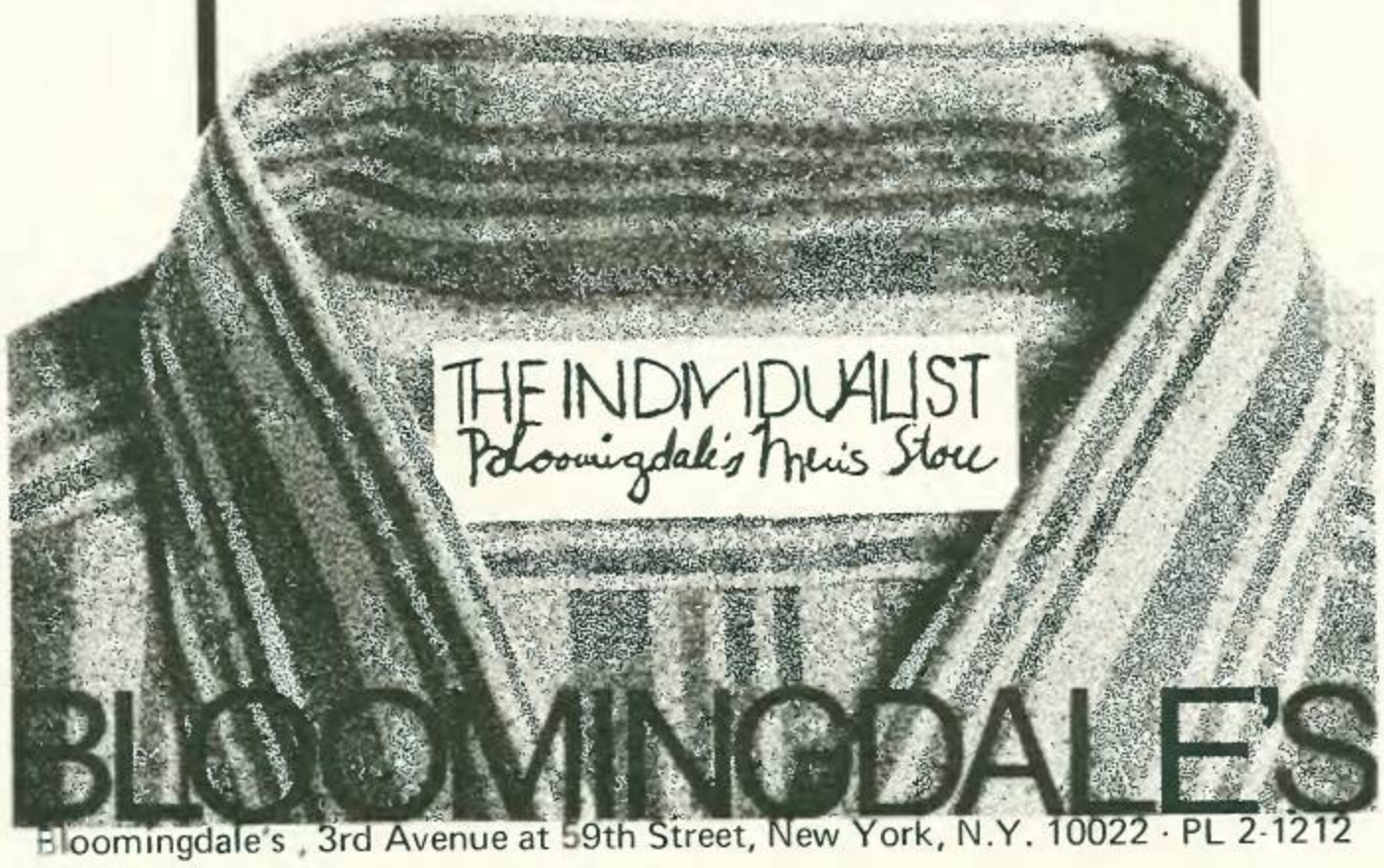

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benches whimpering and cursing at each called ball and strike, with the bunt sign on and off and then on again, Palmer ran the count to three and two and fanned. Two out now, and, with Buford up, Belanger flew away for second and made it by a whisker, barely nipping in under Sanguillen's peg. Dave Giusti came in and walked Buford, and then Davey Johnson hit a weak little looper to short left that dropped in and tied it up at last.

It went along like that, through the eighth and ninth and beyond—excruciating baseball, almost painful to watch. Giusti set down the O's in order in the eighth; in the Pirate ninth Sanguillen hit an easy bouncer to Belanger that suddenly leaped over the shortstop's head, but Manny, sensing a championship only three bases away, tried to stretch it and was nailed at second. Two Orioles were stranded in their half, after Clemente unfurled a peg to the plate that sent the runners scurrying like mice back to their bases. Palmer at last departed for a pinch-hitter, and Earl Weaver brought in Pat Dobson to pitch the tenth. Cash singled and stole second, and, with two out, Clemente was walked intentionally. Dave McNally was now summoned to face Stargell (this must have been the first baseball game in which two twenty-game winners were used in relief in the same inning), and walked him, to load the bases, and then retired Al Oliver on a fly, and the home crowd breathed again. The end came very swiftly: a one-out walk by Bob Miller to Frank Robinson, and then a little single by Rettenmund, *just* past second, that barely brought Robby, sliding on his belly, safely into third. Now Brooks hit a short fly to Vic Davalillo in left; Robinson, his long legs churning, raced for the plate, and the peg came in, a little up the line and bouncing high. Robinson slid in under Sanguillen's spikes, and the Series was tied up for the last time.

We forgathered for the last day, a Sunday, and several unanimous conclusions seemed to have been reached. There had been some disappointments, to be sure—too many mistakes in the field by the Orioles, too many men left on the bases by the Pirates—but no matter who won this we had watched a Series that both teams fully deserved to win. Instead of determining a loser, one wished in some way to continue these games indefinitely, to play until winter came, and then throw away the scores. And then, too, there was the shared experience, already permanently fixed in memory, of Ro-

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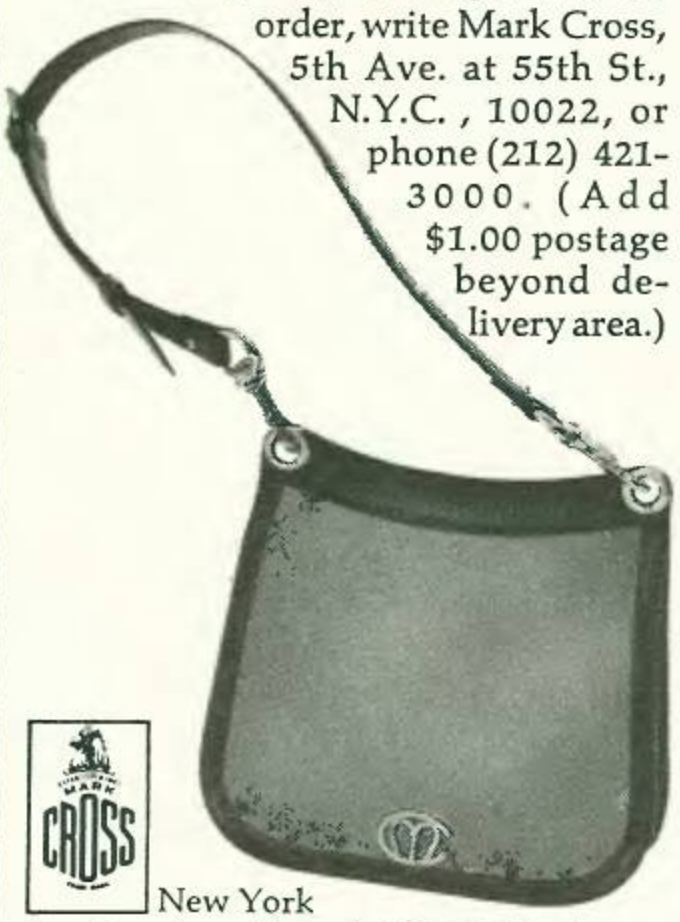

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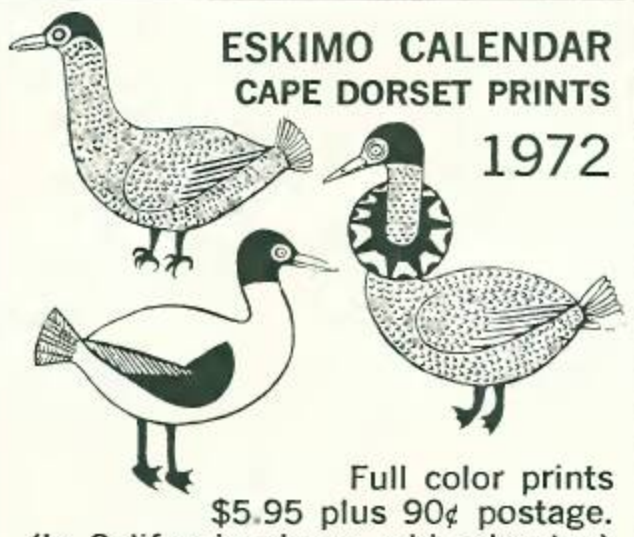

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berto Clemente playing a kind of baseball that none of us had ever seen before—throwing and running and hitting at something close to the level of absolute perfection, playing to win but also playing the game almost as if it were a form of punishment for everyone else on the field. He is a frightening batter. He can be retired at times by low curves to the very outside sliver of the plate, but a pitch that comes in a half-inch higher is in his power zone, and thus in imminent danger of departure. *One* of his power zones. During batting practice one day, I saw Clemente step into the cage and take up an unnatural stance, with his legs and feet together. Frozen like that, and swinging only from the waist up, merely getting his eye in, he lined the next three pitches successively to right, to center, and to left—*pop*, *pop*, *pop*—all hits in any game. A proud and bitter man, with a haughty, striking profile, Clemente is convinced that he is the finest ballplayer in the world. He believes that for various reasons—his frequent injuries, the fact that he is black, the fact that he is a Puerto Rican and speaks English with an accent—he has been deliberately damaged by the press and kept from the kind of recognition and adulation that we have given to the Aarons and Mayses and Mantles of our time. Before that last game, he said to me, "I want everybody in the world to know that this is the way I play all the time. All season, every season. I gave everything I had to this game."

There are other styles of winning in baseball, of course. During batting practice just before this last game of all, I saw Steve Blass, who would start for the Pirates, hit a fly ball that just dropped into the front row of the half-empty bleachers in left. Blass, who hit .120 this year, watched it go and then arched his back, cricked his neck oddly, rolled his head a few times, took up a stance in the back corner of the batter's box, with his bat held high, and glared out at the pitcher imperiously—Clemente, to the life. Blass is a bright, witty, and self-depreciating man, and his dazzling successes on the mound this year may have been of less value to his team than his contribution as the main inventor and sustainer of the Pirates' clubhouse tone, which is warm and profoundly unserious.

An hour or so later, in the third inning, Clemente—standing, as usual, too far back in the box, and swinging, as usual, off the wrong, front foot—hit Mike Cuellar's first pitch to him on a line toward left center; the ball,

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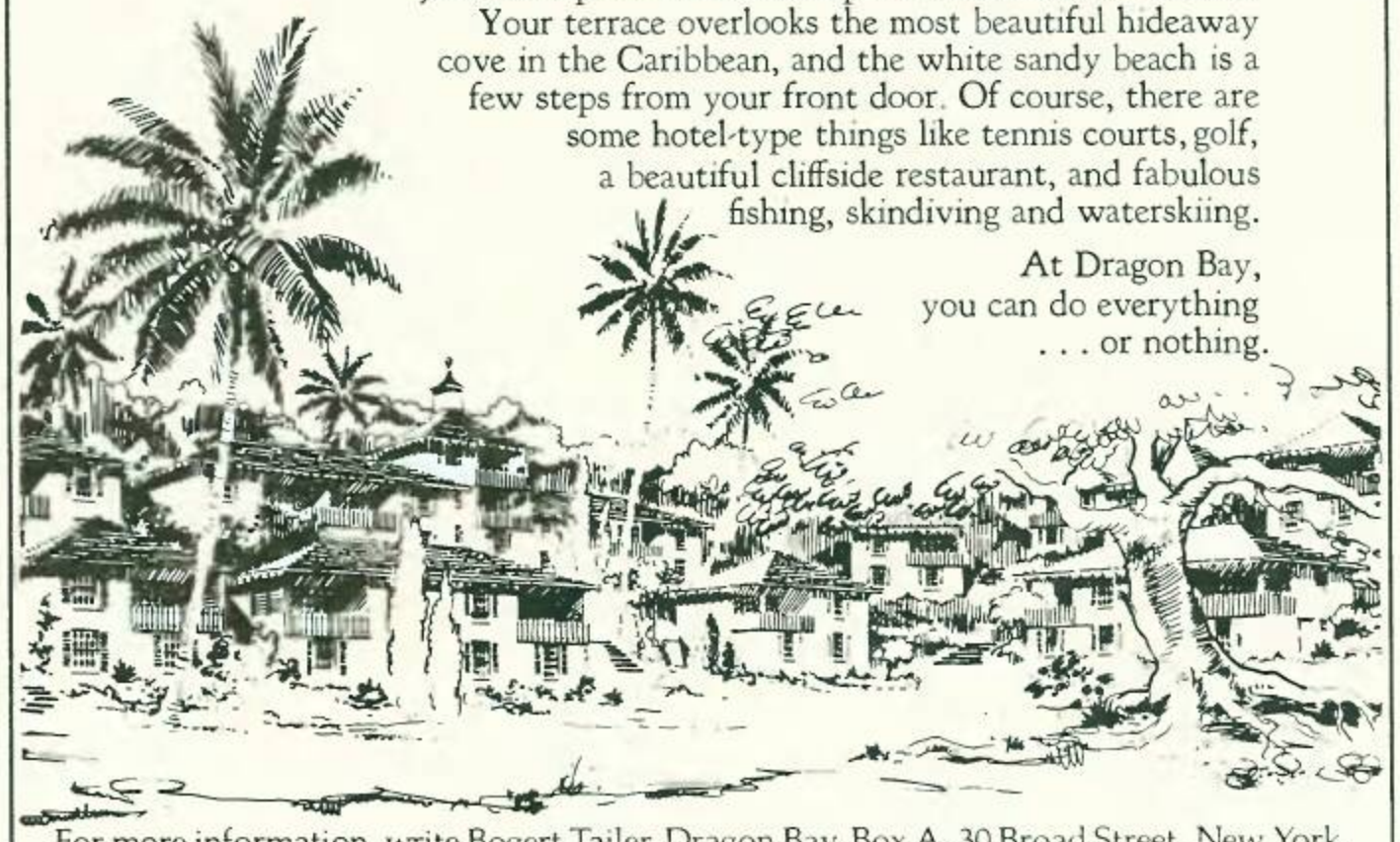

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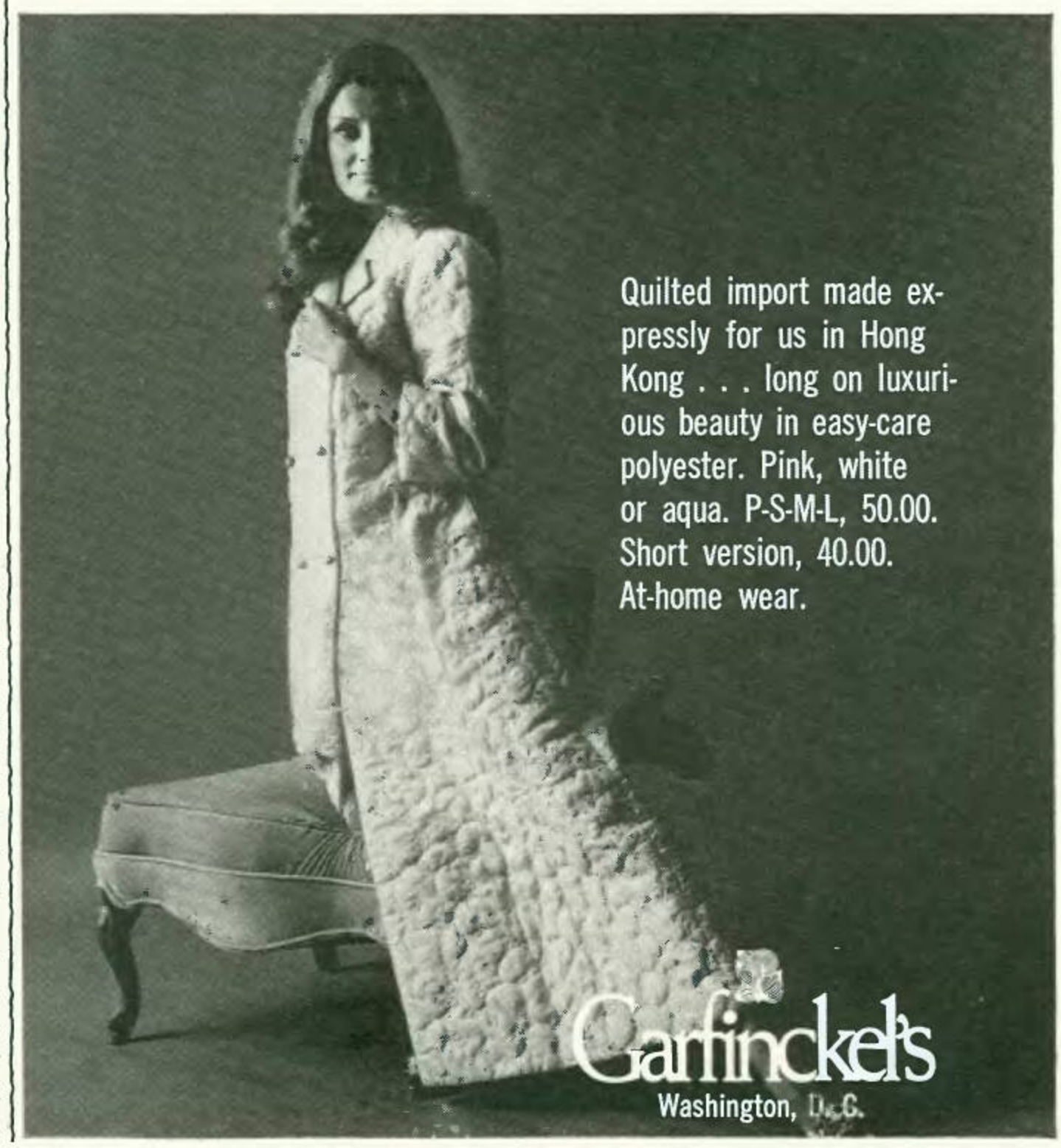

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withdrawing itself rapidly, became smaller, became a speck, then vanished over the fence. It was the first Pittsburgh hit of the game, the first run for either side. After that, it was a pitchers' game, right to the end—Cuellar against Blass again. We knew their styles by heart: Cuellar hunched on the mound, staring at the ground and slowly shaking both his arms, then a quick glance up for the sign, and the pitch—a fastball in or the screwball away—arriving in a swift port-side swoop; Blass, a right-hander, standing almost primly on the right-hand, first-base corner of the mound, and throwing with a quick pump, and a double flurry of legs and elbows ending in an unstylish little stagger. They each gave up two hits through the seventh, and there were some breathtaking infield plays—Cash for the Pirates, Belanger for the Orioles—to keep the proceedings brisk and close.

With nothing to wait for now, the game rushed along into the eighth and its quick resolution. Stargell, dropped for the first time out of his cleanup slot and down to sixth place in the order, led off the inning with a single up the middle, past Belanger, who was over behind second in the standard Stargell shift. José Pagan now drove a long poke that bounced off the left-center-field wall. Rettenmund bobbled the ball for just an instant out there—a fraction of a second, at most—and since the subsequent relay was perfect and Stargell was running at top speed all the way, that amounted to the game and the Series. Powell cut off the peg just as Willie began his slide, but I don't think the play would have caught him. The two runs were just enough, because the dogged old champions scored one in their half and brought the tying run around to third. That was all, though. Blass wrapped up his nifty bundle in the ninth, and hurried indoors for deserved refreshments. Champagne, one wanted to cry, for *everybody!*

—Roger Angell

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From: Issaka Balewa (Alhaji), P.O. Box 131, Kitwe, Zambia.

HONORED SIR, It was with heartfelt sympathy that I read the views of your contributor Wallace Aitchson (*Dissatisfaction Unlimited*, April) and I crave space to express my own so that, on realising the enormity of my problem, his, by comparison, will pale into insignificance.

You will realise from my title (Alhaji) and name that I am a Moslem 'Malam' (teacher) of some seniority. It therefore fell to my lot to effect improvements in our local method of calling the faithful to prayer. He is one Ibrahim Sunday Balogun whose voice, once the glory of all Kano, had a few years ago lost its pristine power. Our Muezzin's voice became ignored by the faithful and ridiculed by the infidel.

On the advice of one of my cousins (of which Allah has granted me excess) I purchased a 100 watt amplifier and a set of exponential horns which I installed high in the tower of the Mosque. This served two ends: dear Ibrahim was able to continue in his post and the faithful, now able to hear the evening call, became more assiduous in their attendance.

Those with the more discriminating ears living inside a three mile radius of the Mosque complained however of a certain harshness in the upper register: they had become used to Ibrahim's pure falsetto and did not like the intrusion of third harmonics.

My solution to this (like your contributor's) was to buy better equipment. I regret I made a poor bargain in selling the old to a Lagos market trader (not as honest as we Hausa 'fatalke') and spent correspondingly much on the new. This had, said my cousin, negative feedback and would not have third harmonics. It didn't.

But it was twice the power and the directional properties of the horns smashed mirrors and lead crystal in the palace of the nearest Paramount Chief who, unfortunately, is a Christian. Not being in the least sympathetic to the Moslem faith he successfully sued for £750. I had no alternative but to replace the horns with less directional speakers and was persuaded to buy a set of eight Corner Ribbons for some £900.

Everyone appeared eminently satisfied until a meeting of the Elders of the Mosque (just before Id El Kebin) found that only £6 8s. 4d. was left in the Mosque funds—which were intended to pay for some hundreds of the faithful on their pilgrimage to Mecca. I was therefore forced to quit my beloved Nigeria and to live in this foreign land where there is no interest in the word of the Prophet and my qualifications as a 'malam' are set at nought.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Rarae Aves

LAST week was remarkable for the performance of two symphonies which are encountered here so seldom that a decade may pass, or in one case almost a lifetime, between hearings of them. And they are both works of great nobility, well worth performing. The first, which turned up with William Steinberg and the Boston Symphony last Wednesday night in Philharmonic Hall, was Mahler's Sixth, admittedly the knottiest of all the Mahler symphonies. The other was Bruckner's Second, which I was hearing for the first time live, rather than on records. It had been done a year or so ago by the London Philharmonic—the only performance of this work I recall in all the many years I have been attending symphony concerts.

The Mahler Sixth is peculiar, even for Mahler. Warren Storey Smith, the Boston critic, has referred to it as "the black sheep of the Mahler flock," and even to Mahler the original sequence of the movements was unsatisfactory; it was changed in a later edition, the orchestra parts of which were burned up in the bombing of Leipzig. Fortunately, a score still existed in London. It received its first New York performance in 1947, under Dimitri Mitropoulos—a performance I remember vividly, mainly because of the mood of abject depression the music conveyed to its audience. Since then, it has been done by Bernstein and perhaps some others. But to me it remained the most gloomy of all Mahler's works, and Mahler was a specialist in gloom. Mr. Steinberg relieved the mood of despair. His was a lighter and less melodramatic interpretation, and it was almost cheerful in contrast to Mitropoulos's version. But even I, a dedicated Mahler buff, was not much stirred by the first movement and the scherzo that followed. The first movement had spooky moments, and the scherzo seemed to oscillate between self-laceration and aggressive pronouncements. It was not until the slow movement and the finale that I really began to enjoy the work, and that is because the first is a lyric idyll in the best Mahler tradition and the second is one of those ringing, tumultuous statements that Mahler was so good at. Everywhere, Mahler's extreme neuroticism was evident (he had had at least one session of analysis with the great Sigmund Freud, which apparently didn't take), but his neuroticism, like Kafka's, was part and parcel of his artistic personality, and we would be the poorer if he had been cured. As it is, he speaks for our disturbed era more eloquently than any composer who has written since then.

Mr. Steinberg filled out his program with the overture to "La Clemenza di Tito," K.621, a late Mozart work (and a beauty, coming from a time when men's minds were at ease), and Ravel's Piano Concerto in G Major, a bit of fluff influenced by jazz and by Stravinsky in equal measure, except for its adagio, which is Ravel at his purest. Alexis Weissenberg performed the solo part with the requisite dexterity. It is too special a work to judge a pianist by. But Mr. Weissenberg managed all its digital calisthenics without a flaw.

THE other almost unknown symphony, Bruckner's Second, was performed by the New York Philharmonic under the baton of Michael Gielen last Thursday night in Philharmonic Hall. I am at a loss to explain its protracted neglect. It is, to be sure, early Bruckner, but Bruckner was a late developer, and he was already nearing fifty when he wrote it. It is a beautiful, lyric work—superior, in my estimation, to both his First and his Third Symphonies. We should hear it more often. Although Bruckner and Mahler are often coupled, there is no good reason for the coupling except that they both wrote symphonies of unusual length and that they both remained neglected outside Austria until very recently. Their mental outlooks were as different as black and white. All of Bruckner's symphonies are expressions of deep religious faith. No neuroses troubled him. He was the musical poet of religious devotion, and this strain in his thinking is already evident in his Second Symphony. Mr. Gielen showed himself to be a skillful Bruckner conductor. I hope that he will give us more Bruckner if he ever returns to the Philharmonic podium. His interpretation was meticulously faithful to the score (he used the edition of Robert Haas, who did much to restore Bruckner's intentions after some mutilations at the hands of several well-intentioned maestros), and at the same time he managed the most expressive reading imaginable. While I am on the subject of Bruckner and his neglect, let me say that I would like to hear a performance of the Symphony No. 0, otherwise known as "Die Nullte," a German ordinal number untranslatable into English and meaning roughly "the nothingth" or "the naughth." This little symphony, which he dug out of an old trunk long after he had written most of the others, is charming, and has a slow movement of wondrous eloquence. Yet I have never heard it publicly performed.

Mr. Gielen filled out *his* program with the obligatory Liszt work—this time the symphonic poem "Von der Wiege bis zum Grabe," or "From the Cradle to the Grave." I am getting a bit wearied by our Liszt season. He was a magnificent composer of flashy piano music, and nobody enjoys his piano concertos, polonaises, his "Grande Valse di Bravura," his "Mephisto" waltzes, and so on more than I do. These works sparkle with melody and excitement, and listening to them is like witnessing a superb display of fireworks. But Liszt did not know his limitations, and he was continually trying to write music expressing profound, cosmic ideas. In this he failed completely. "Von der Wiege bis zum Grabe" is, like many of his more philosophically ambitious compositions, a lot of sententious fustian. It is both pompous and commonplace, and the pompous plus the commonplace equals the vulgar. There was another work on the program—a so-called Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, by the Hungarian composer György Ligeti. Mr. Ligeti, like his Polish contemporary Krzystof Penderecki, is a composer with a recipe. His means of expression, if you can dignify it by that title, is to start things so quietly you can hardly hear anything, add voices gradually until a fairly loud noise is heard, and then diminish things to a whisper. The technique in some ways resembles a series of growing and diminishing sandwiches of sound. First you have a ham sandwich with very little ham. The ham increases until you have a lot of ham. Then it decreases until you have hardly any (in this case no) ham at all, for at the end there are only flutterings of the cellist's fingers, and no sound is heard. A bearded cellist named Siegfried Palm presided over a solo part that required little but an almost inaudible monotone and an occasional squeak. I was delighted to hear the audience rise up and boo the composition. The program notes described Mr. Ligeti as a "dauntless explorer." I think that what we need nowadays among composers

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is fewer dauntless explorers and more musicians.

IT is not exactly news that Rudolf Firkusny is among the finest pianists of our time. There is thus no point in writing at length about his Carnegie Hall recital last Tuesday evening. He started out, courageously, with a Sonata in F Minor by a fellow-Czech, the pianist Jan Ladislav Dussek, who was a contemporary of Beethoven and an uninspired though industrious composer. This over, he embarked on Schumann's "Davidsbündlertänze," Opus 6, which he did with extraordinary control of dynamics and with a wonderful command of the Romantic piano style. The same could be said for his interpretations of Chopin's Barcarolle, Opus 60, and Scherzo No. 2 in B Flat Minor, Opus 31, both familiar items at piano recitals, and both done in an absolutely spellbinding manner. There was one novelty on the program—the second part of Leoš Janáček's "On an Overgrown Path." It is totally unlike any of Janáček's operatic music. It has moments of engaging poetry, and it is original in the sense that it does not resemble the style of any other composer. I should like to hear it again.

ON Monday night of last week, I attended what seemed to me a totally mediocre performance of Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte" at the Metropolitan Opera House. The work is a long one that is nevertheless quite fragile, and it must be done with immaculate style if it is to make its proper impression. This it did not get. Teresa Zylis-Gara is an admirable singer in certain roles, but she lacks the spectacular range required of Fiordiligi, and all her lower notes were weak. Rosalind Elias, as Dorabella, was, as always, adequate and pretty to look at. Teresa Stratas made a fine Despina, though I think she clowned too much here and there. Tom Krause made a very good Guglielmo and Fernando Corena an authoritative Don Alfonso. But a new tenor named Pietro Bottazzo sang the role of Ferrando in a strangled voice. An excellent conductor, John Pritchard, also made a début at this performance, but he had obviously had too few rehearsals to influence what went on to any appreciable extent.

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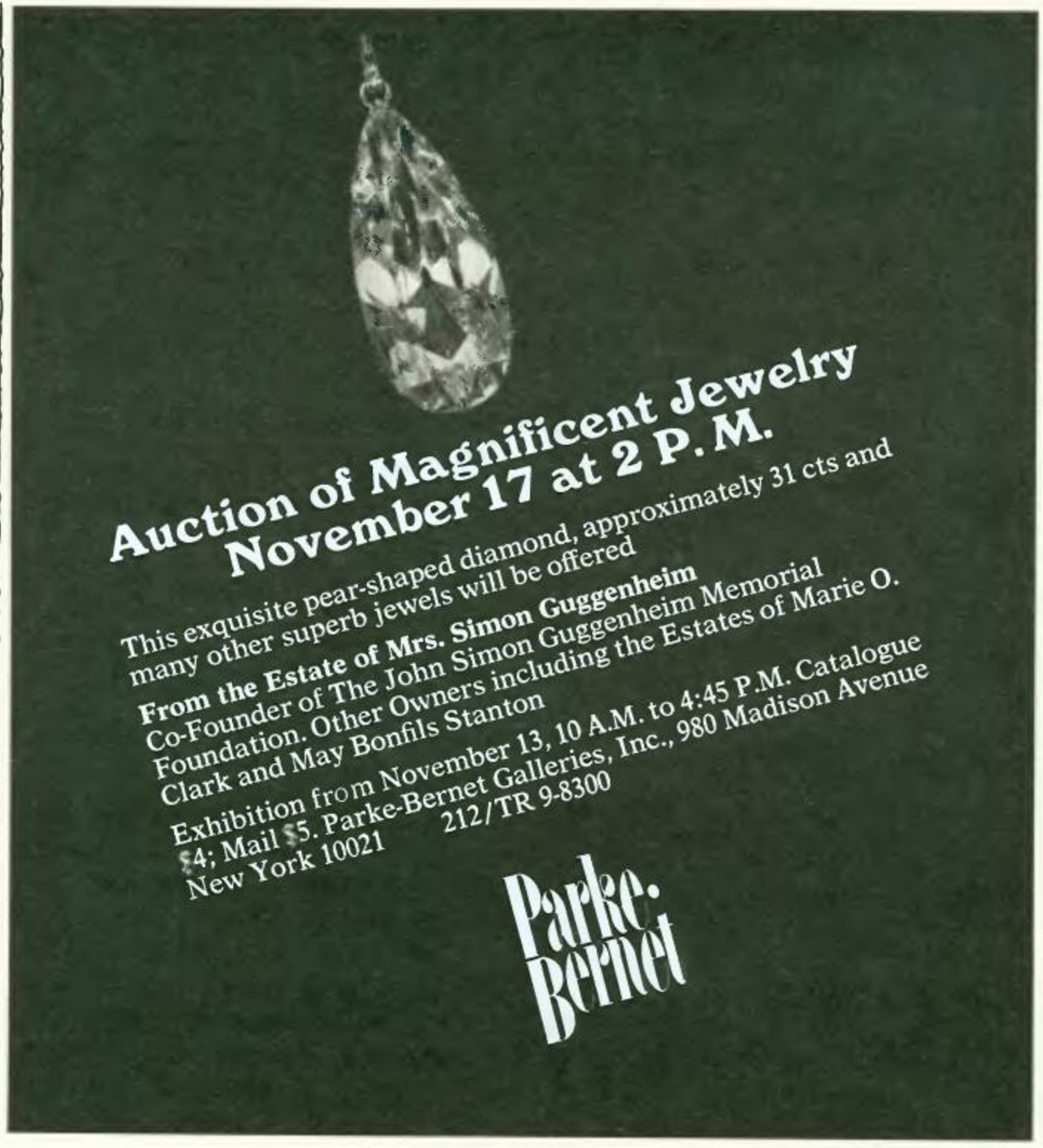
ter. Such is the case with Columbia's meticulous and unstinting Bessie Smith reissue project, which is now almost finished and which has suddenly become a best-seller. In the past year or so, a hundred and twenty-seven of the magisterial singer's recordings have been brought out in four lavish two-LP sets ("Bessie Smith: The World's Greatest Blues Singer," GP 33; "Bessie Smith: Any Woman's Blues," G 30126; "Bessie Smith: Empty Bed Blues," G 30450; and "Bessie Smith: The Empress," G 30818), and there is one volume, of thirty-two recordings, still to come. The five volumes will be her collected works, for they will include almost everything she recorded. The exceptions are twenty unissued sides whose masters Columbia now cannot find, two not wholly certifiable sides made for another label at the outset of her career and mysteriously credited to the singer Rosa Henderson, and the sound track of Dudley Murphy's invaluable 1929 two-reeler, "St. Louis Blues," in which, backed by a choir and a medium-sized band, she sings the Handy blues with empyrean results. (This version of "St. Louis Blues" has long been put down by Bessie Smith admirers, who have grumbled about the choir's getting in the way of her voice and about the film itself, which they consider disrespectful and tacky. But the massed sounds of the choir and band act as a fitting catapult for her voice, which *was* of operatic proportions, and the picture, at once silly and remarkably stark, is the sole record we have of what Bessie Smith looked like in action. Murphy, who went on to do his famous "The Emperor Jones," was, like Carl Van Vechten, part of the Black Renaissance movement. Murphy wrote the scenario, which has to do with a black pimp who takes all Bessie's money and jilts her, and he made the film, possibly in the summer of 1928 in New York.)

To Columbia's great surprise, the albums have taken off like a shot, and what started out as sort of a foundation altruistic project, a musical-archeological dig into the works of a blues singer who died thirty-four years ago, has become a thriving investment. Fifty thousand copies of the first album have been sold, and, of all four, well over a hundred thousand. Also surprising and heartening is that the records are apparently being bought not by jazz buffs (most of them probably have the four-record Bessie Smith reissue set that came out twenty years ago and included just forty-eight numbers) but by middle-class young peo-



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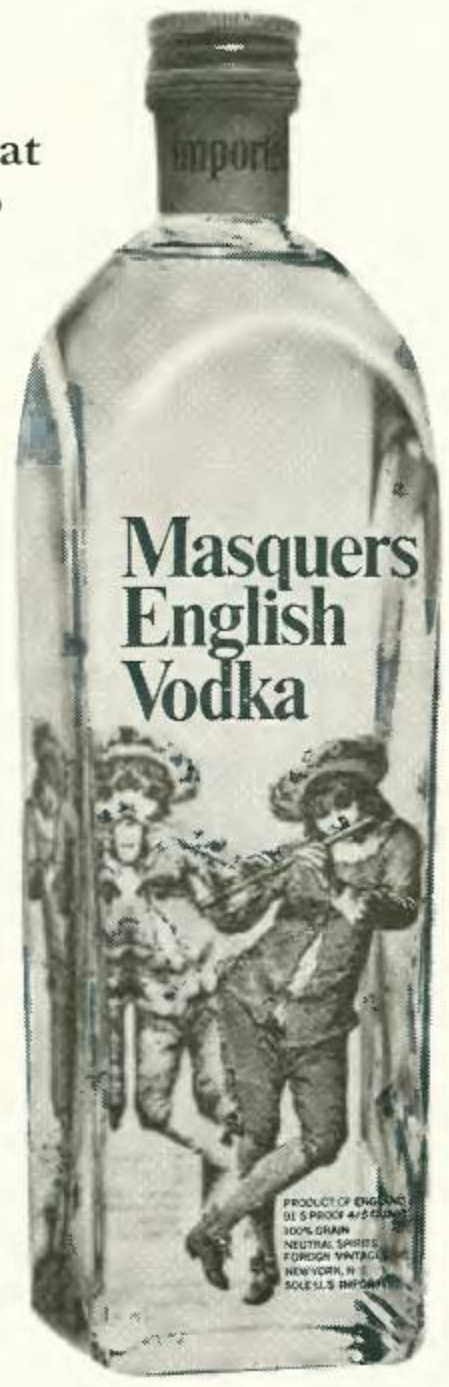

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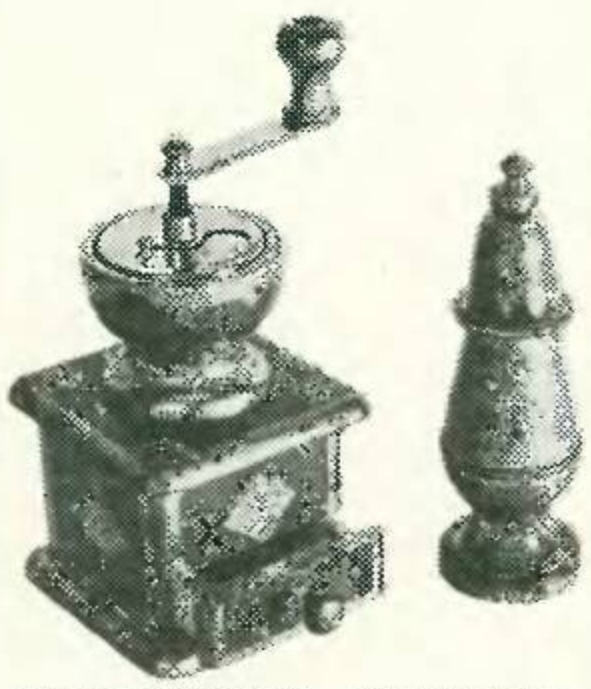

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ple. (Last year, the late Janis Joplin shared the cost of a headstone for Bessie Smith's grave, which had been unmarked since her death.) So Bessie Smith is again playing Daddy Warbucks to Columbia. The other time was in 1923, when her first release, "Down Hearted Blues" and "Gulf Coast Blues," sold upward of a million copies and helped stave off bankruptcy for the company—a rescue that is hedgingly acknowledged in a footnote in the second album:

It has often been said that Bessie Smith's recordings saved Columbia from bankruptcy. People close to the situation agree that the enormous sales of her records certainly were a contributing factor, but point out that such commercially popular artists as Bert Williams, Eddie Cantor, and the Two Black Crows recorded for the label, too.

Bessie Smith's whole life tended to be an irony. She was one of the great figures in what will probably be the last folk-art explosion in this country. (The first, which began around 1700, flourished in a miraculous manner until the Civil War, and it included primitive painters, furniture-makers, housebuilders, glass-makers, tinsmiths, potters, fraktur artists, woodcarvers and ivory-carvers, and quilt-makers.) It was a black folk-art explosion, which gained momentum at the turn of the century and is just now running down, and most of its members escaped into the world from the ghetto. But Bessie Smith, unlike such peers as Bill Robinson and Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington and Ethel Waters, didn't. She performed almost entirely before black audiences, and the occasions were so utterly black and foreign to whites that when Carl Van Vechten recalled a concert she gave in Newark in 1925 he sounded like a fever-ridden nineteenth-century explorer describing a newly discovered Stone Age people:

She was . . . very large, and she wore a crimson satin robe, sweeping up from her trim ankles, and embroidered in multicolored sequins in designs. Her face was beautiful with the rich ripe beauty of southern darkness, a deep bronze brown, matching the bronze of her bare arms. Walking slowly to the footlights . . . she began her strange rhythmic rites in a voice full of shouting and moaning and praying and suffering, a wild, rough, Ethiopian voice, harsh and volcanic, but seductive and sensuous, too, released between rouged lips and the whites of teeth, the singer swaying lightly to the beat, as is the Negro custom.

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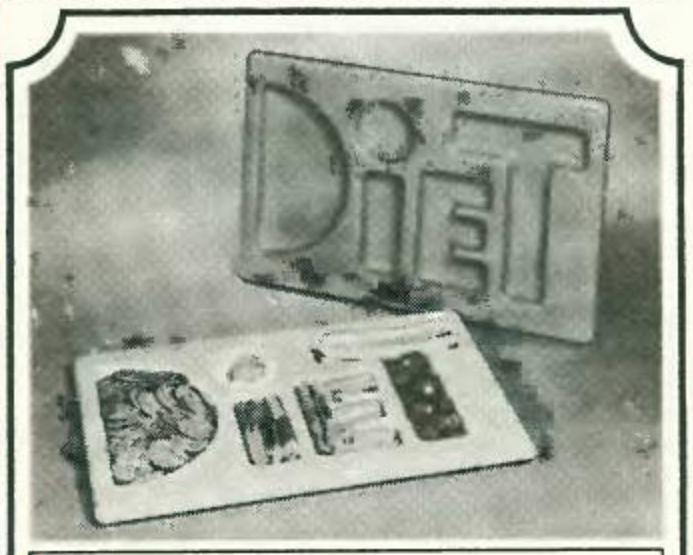

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mental conjure woman with her plangent African voice, quivering with passion and pain, sounding as if it had been developed at the sources of the Nile, the black and blue-black crowd, notable for the absence of mulattoes, burst into hysterical, semi-religious shrieks of sorrow and lamentation. Amens rent the air.

Her recordings were made exclusively for black people, and in time were even called "race records." She worked on black vaudeville circuits (principally the Theatre Owners and Booking Association, whose initials commonly stood among black performers for Tough on Black Asses), and she travelled in her own railroad car, which amounted to a high-class portable ghetto. Her life and death were chronicled only by the black press. (Even after she was dead, she was, in 1960, inadvertently kept in her place by Edward Albee's "The Death of Bessie Smith," a play built around the supposed racial reasons for her death instead of around her talents as a singer. But Albee has not been the only misguided Bessie Smith apologist. Through the years, a compounding miasma of melodramatic half-truths has grown up around her and has converted her into an outsized tragic figure who was supposedly destroyed by her color and by her boundless appetites. Little of this, as we shall see, is true.) So her life was an astonishing feat of magic; she was wealthy, famous, and inordinately gifted, yet she remained almost completely invisible to the white world.

But she was not wholly visible in the black world, either, where history was mainly oral and frequently embellished. One of five or more children, she was born in poverty in Chattanooga sometime in the nineties. Her father died shortly after her birth and her mother died when she was nine. By the time she was in her teens, she had performed—probably as a dancer and clown and singer—in local amateur shows, and she had worked tent shows with Ma Rainey, the great blues singer. It is not certain how often she appeared with Ma Rainey, but it is clear from the recordings of both of them that Ma Rainey, who was ten years older, taught her a good deal, even though Bessie Smith refused to acknowledge it later on. (A not uncommon instance of artistic perverseness, when one considers how Hemingway eventually turned on Gertrude Stein, who taught him a lot about such technical matters as rhythm and repetition and the *mot juste*.) Bessie Smith continued working tent shows, but in 1923, after a couple of false starts on

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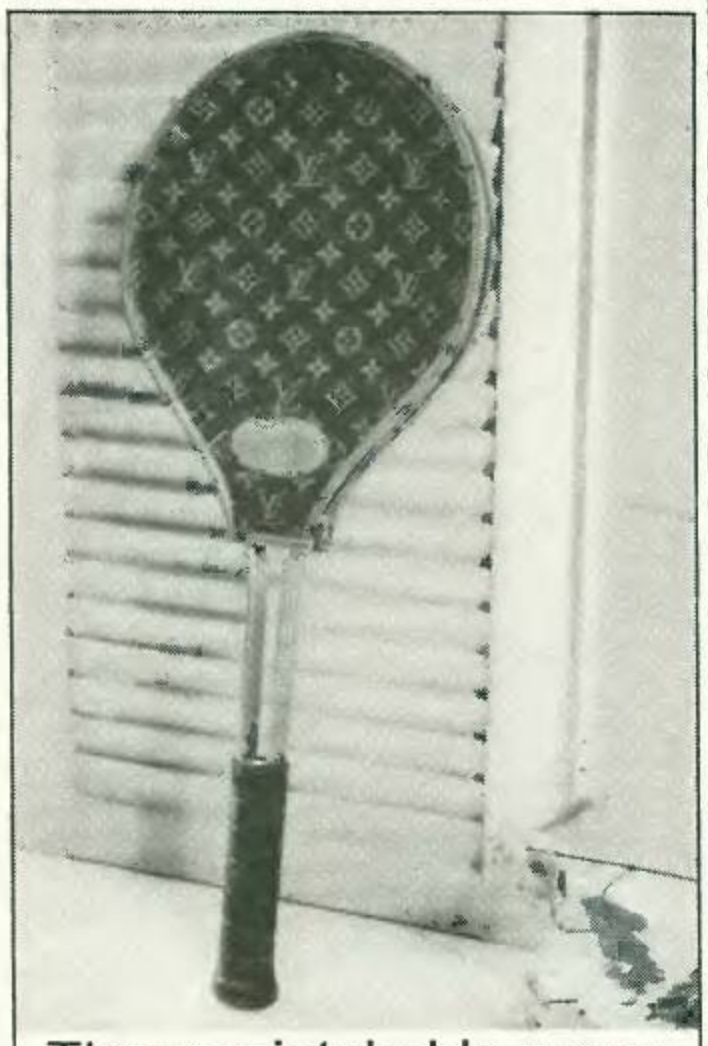

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other labels, she made her first successful record, for Columbia. The next five or so years were meteoric. She divided her time between T.O.B.A. tours and Columbia recording sessions in New York. She made a great deal of money and became a mountainous presence in the black world. But the worms of decline were already at work. She and her husband, a Philadelphia policeman whom she married in 1923 and parted from in 1929, ran through her money (for a time, it had been carefully watched over by Frank Walker, a Columbia official, and she had even bought a house in Philadelphia), and she began drinking heavily. And fashions were changing. Radio and movies had created a demand for more sophisticated singing, and by the late twenties her record sales had dropped precipitously. By the early thirties, she had, though she was still working fairly steadily, fallen into semi-obscurity. Then she appears to have pulled things together, and in 1937, the year she died, she was planning a recording session, she was on the road doing tent shows and theatres, and, it has been suggested, she was thinking of acting (see the course of Ethel Waters' career).

Her death was nightmarish and stupid, and until the facts were dug up by two enterprising reporters—Sally Grimes, who published a story about Bessie Smith's death two years ago in *Esquire*, and Chris Albertson, who has completed what should be the first reliable and thorough biography of Bessie Smith—it had been widely believed that she died after being badly injured in an automobile accident near Clarksdale, Mississippi, and after being refused admittance to a white hospital—the pivot, indeed, of Albee's play. Albertson reconstructs what happened this way: Bessie Smith was travelling south with her common-law husband and manager, Richard Morgan, from Memphis to Darling, Mississippi, where she was to do a show. It was around four on a Sunday morning in September and there was no moon, but the stars were out. Despite Albee, Morgan was not drunk. Ten miles north of Clarksdale, he ran into the back of a mail truck that was pulling out onto the road. (Rented mail trucks were used to deliver the Memphis Sunday newspaper.) The top was ripped off the car, an old Packard, and it turned over. Minutes later, Dr. Hugh Smith, a surgeon who now practices in Memphis and who was going fishing with a friend, pulled up. They moved Bessie Smith from the middle of the road onto

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a grassy shoulder. (Smith didn't learn who she was until later.) Her right arm was almost severed at the elbow, she had been crushed internally, and she was bleeding. Another car, failing to see Smith's, piled into it, and two more people were hurt. A couple of ambulances arrived forty-five minutes later, and Bessie Smith was taken to the for-blacks-only G. T. Thomas Hospital, in Clarksdale. (The hospital no longer exists.) The ambulance driver who took her recalls that she died en route, but Albertson has found her death certificate, and it says that she died at the hospital, which was staffed by whites and had an operating room, just before noon and that her arm had been amputated: "Bessie Smith didn't have a chance," Smith told Miss Grimes. "I have no way of knowing the course of that ambulance, but I'll still say this—it wouldn't have made any difference if she'd been hurt with her injuries on the front steps of the University Hospital in Memphis. In 1937, with no blood bank and a lot of new techniques that weren't available then, she didn't have a prayer to survive. And it's quite probable that even in this day and time she wouldn't have made it."

TO judge by her photographs and the glimpses of her in "St. Louis Blues," Bessie Smith was a stunning woman. She was five foot nine and generally weighed around two hundred, but she looks to have been all muscle and no fat. Both Zutty Singleton and Ethel Waters remember that she was not Bessie but Miss Bessie. She had a broad face, a high forehead, and a brilliant smile. Her fingers were long and graceful. She favored furs and boas and wigs and long, flowing robes. Like most heavy drinkers, she eventually became two people. Around 1933, Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey frequently had dinner with her and Morgan, in Harlem or at the Norvos' house, in Forest Hills (Bessie Smith enormously admired Mildred Bailey's singing—a whale applauding a minnow), and Norvo remembers her being "meek, humble, even-tempered, retiring," and not in the least Uncle Tom. Mezz Mezzrow, the clarinettist, recalls meeting her one night in a Chicago club: "When I told her how long I had been listening to her records, how wonderful I thought they were . . . she was very modest—she just smiled, showing those great big dimples of hers, and fidgeted around. I asked her would she do 'Cemetery Blues' for me, and she busted out laughing. 'Boy,'

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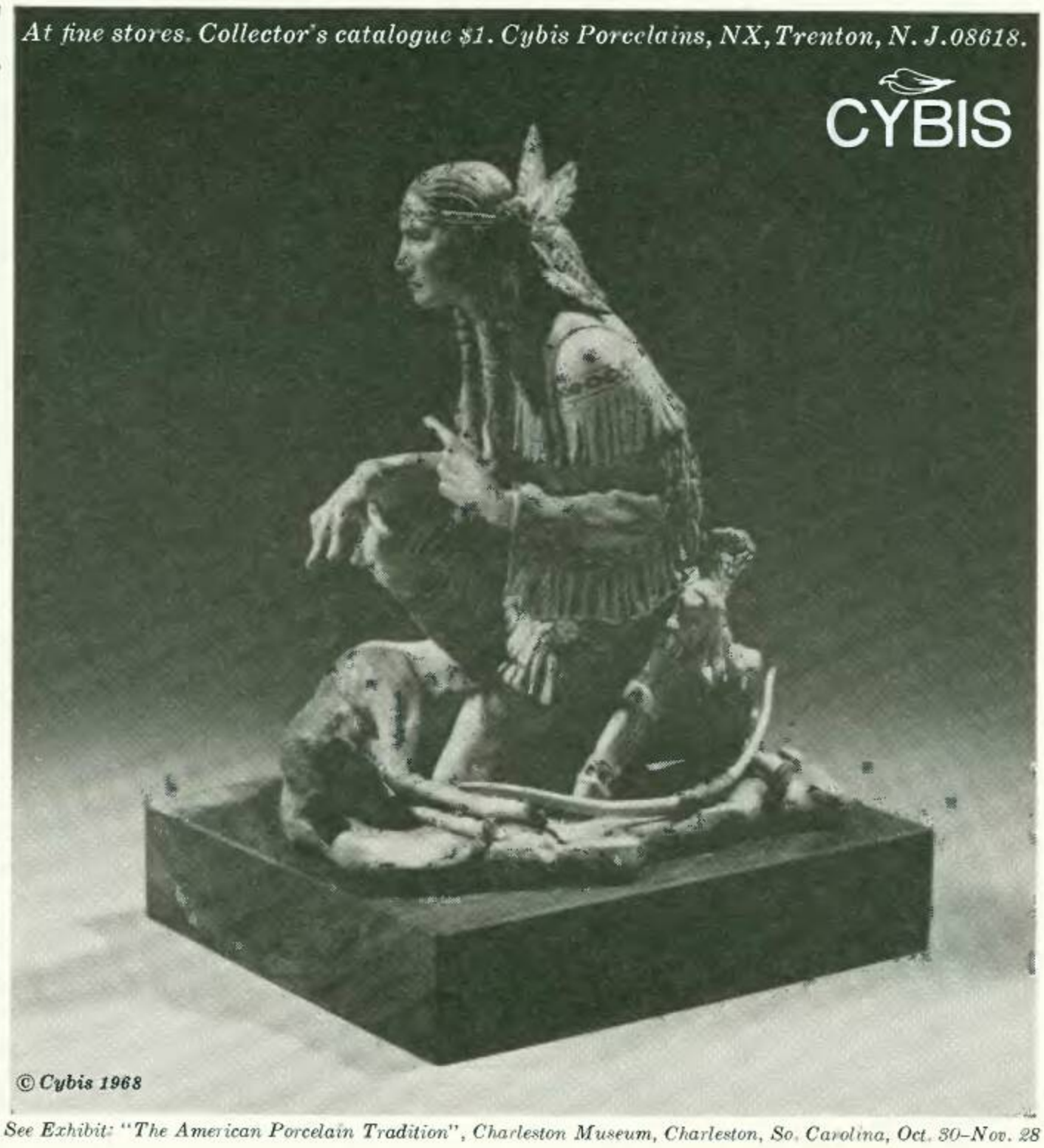

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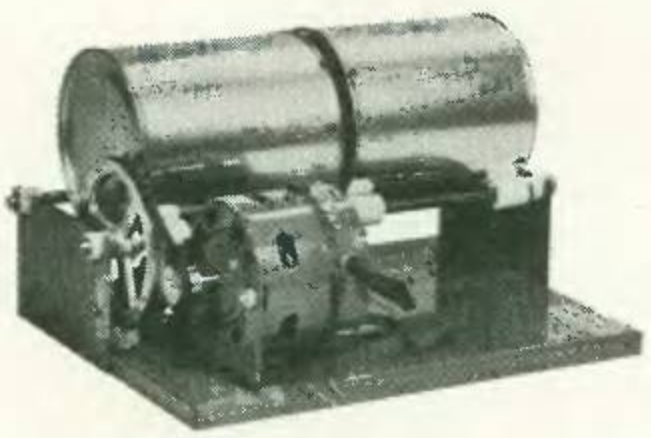

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she said, 'what you studyin' 'bout a cemetery for? You ought to be out in the park with some pretty chick.' That night, and every time I saw her from then on, Bessie kept kidding me about the kinky waves in my hair; she'd stroke my head once or twice and say, 'You ain't had your hair fried, is you, boy? Where'd you get them pretty waves? I get seasick every time I look at them.' " Bessie Smith was also, in the show-business way, excessively generous—to the point, indeed, of virtually not being able to hold onto money. But drinking transformed her. Sidney Bechet, who worked with her in the early twenties, wrote, "Bessie . . . could be plenty tough; she could really handle her own. She always drank plenty and she could hold it, but sometimes, after she'd been drinking a while, she'd get like there was no pleasing her. She had this trouble in her, this thing that wouldn't let her rest sometimes, a meanness that came and took her over." The singer Ida Cox put the two Bessies together: "Bessie Smith was an old, old friend and everybody loved her, which was why they was so shocked when she died in that accident. Of course, she *did* have enemies. Who don't? She was a very high-tempered person, and she didn't take anything from anybody. But she was a good girl, on the whole." She was, as Van Vechten points out, a majestic and hypnotic performer. She never used a microphone onstage, but her voice literally filled the largest hall, and she moved around onstage with the special, awesome grace of very large people. (Some musicians in Memphis who had heard her sing there in a big hall told Norvo that the size and effect of her voice were astonishing.) But the way she looked is not completely lost to us, for, in that eerie way jazz musicians sometimes have of carrying on the images of revered predecessors (Buddy Tate for Herschel Evans, Jimmy McPartland for Bix Beiderbecke, Benny Morton for Jimmy Harrison), she lives on in the royal presences of Mahalia Jackson and Big Mama Thornton, both of whom resemble her physically, as performers, and as singers.

There is no substitute for listening to a performer in the flesh, but the magnitude of Bessie Smith's voice is more than suggested in her recordings. It is, in some of her later and technically better ones, *there*. Her voice unquestionably had operatic possibilities, and in another time and place she might have become a diva. (The fortunate lack in this country of the European tradition of guilds and academics in which the young and talented are

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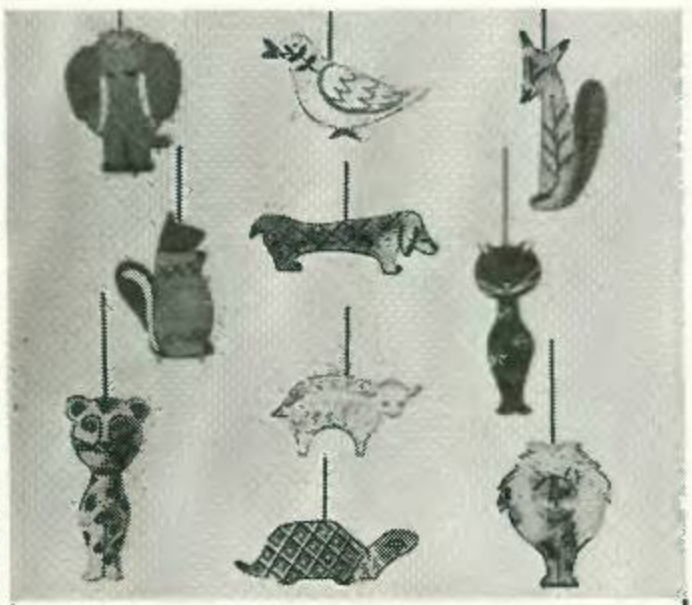

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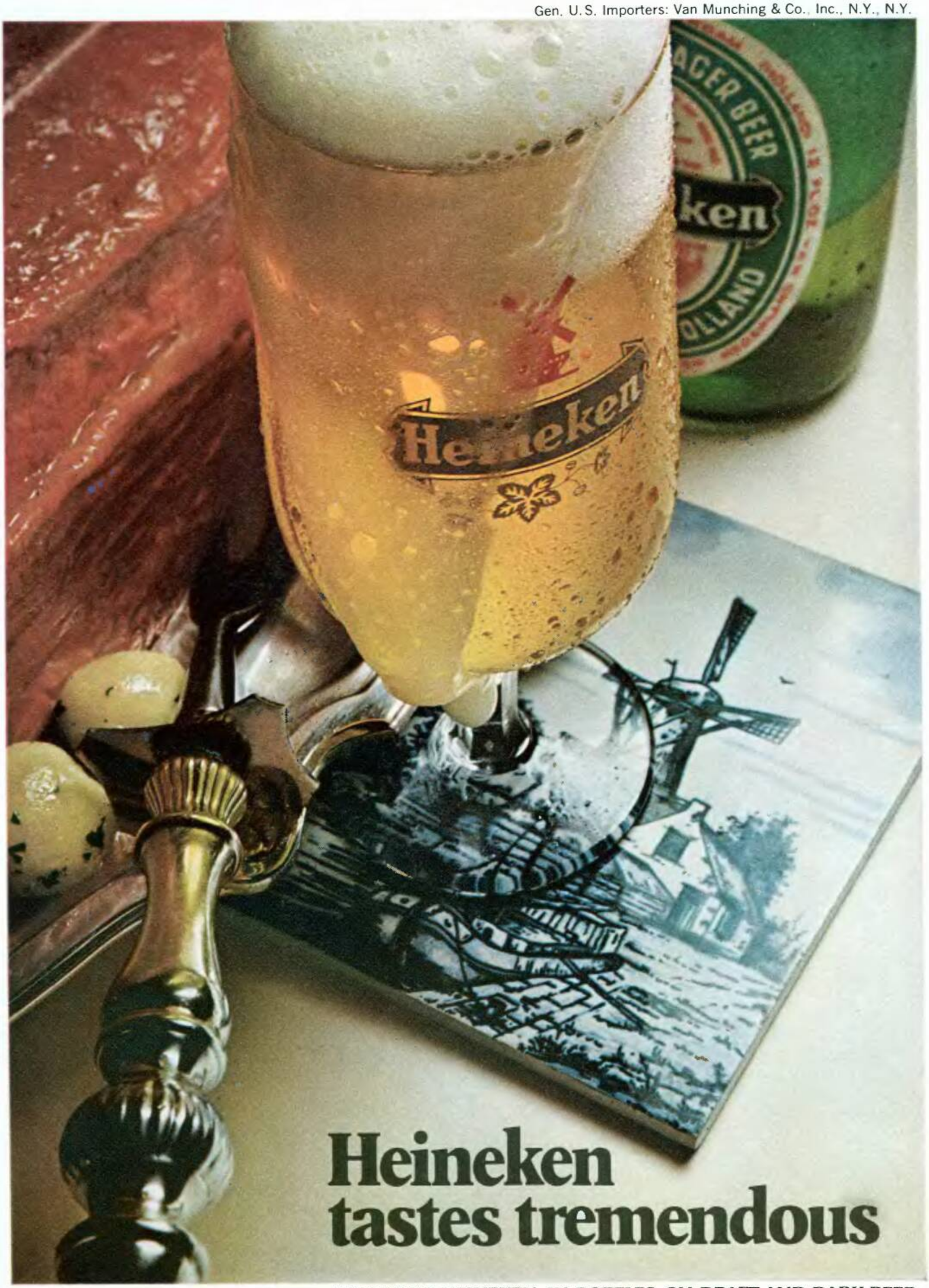

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classically trained is one of the chief reasons that American folk art has flourished so long and so well. Consider that marvellous folk anachronism Erroll Garner. He cannot read a note and was never taught the piano, but lessons would destroy the uninhibited and immensely inventive primitivism that gives his style its charm.) She had a heavy, almost ominous contralto, a "cast-iron" voice, as Berton Roueché has felicitously put it. But her voice was not dense or inflexible, like Paul Robeson's. It had a spacious, easy sound that one can almost walk into. It was warm, bearish, and utterly commanding (compare the cold, controlled voices of Carmen McRae and Anita O'Day). Even more striking was the way she moved this massive instrument around, for she had, within her limits, a flawless technique. (Her breathing sometimes got in the way of her phrasing.) She landed with both feet on every note, she had exact pitch, her bent notes stopped precisely where she wanted them to, her vibrato was controlled and effortless, and she had perfect diction. She also had a superb sense of rhythm, and she could place her phrases anywhere around the beat she wanted, and in doing so she became the first modern jazz performer—a performer of considerable influence on everyone from Louis Armstrong to Billie Holiday. The one difficulty she never surmounted was not of her making. Her materials rarely equalled the power of her delivery. When she sang an undistinguished blues, it was like watching a tack being driven in with a sledgehammer. Her style never changed during the ten years she recorded. (Her attack varied, of course, for she sang pop tunes, gospel-type songs, off-color songs, and novelty numbers as well as blues.) All of it was there in her first recording, and nothing had diminished in her last. Indeed, she probably had another ten or twenty years left within her, and she knew it, for she had said she would not retire until 1960.

COLUMBIA, with Chris Albertson heading up the project, has done a herculean job on the Bessie Smith reissues. It has been able to find only fifty-seven intact Bessie Smith masters in its vaults, so decent prints of the hundred and three remaining sides, some of them in circulation for forty-seven years, have been searched out and borrowed from collectors. The records have been subjected to a new remastering process developed by Larry Hiller, a Columbia engineer, and the

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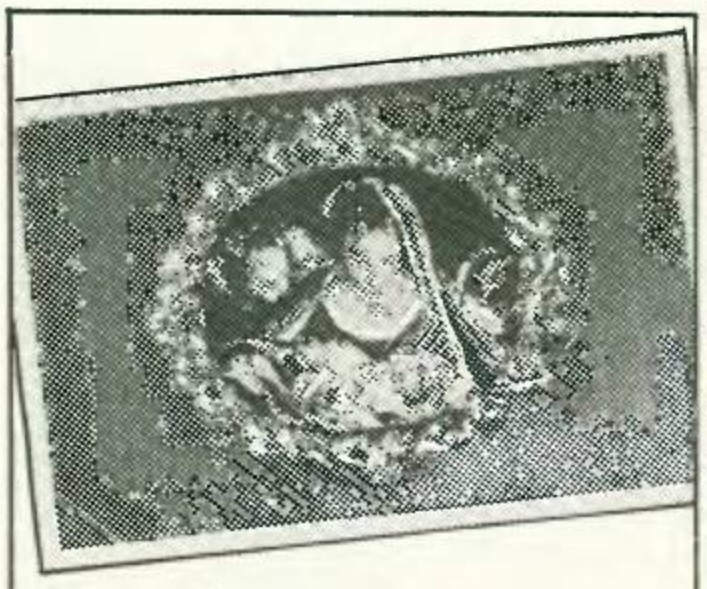

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results are a wonder. The pre-electrical recordings (electrical recording came in in 1925) have an uncanny presence and clarity, and the electrical recordings are even better. (Would that Hiller's process could be applied to the marvellous, seminal 1923 King Oliver Creole Jazz Band recordings, which, with their tinny, distant, toylike sound, are all but unintelligible.) The records are being reissued in an odd but acceptable order. The first album includes the first sixteen records she made (February of 1923 to June of 1923), as well as the final sixteen (April of 1930 to November of 1933). The second album runs from September of 1923 to January of 1924 and from May of 1929 to March of 1930, and the third and fourth albums go in like fashion. There is more than enough gold scattered through the four albums, even though one simply has to get used to the clomping, Sunday-school pianists and whinnying clarinettists she was generally offered as accompanists. (She was, by and large, leagues ahead of her contemporaries musically, and they simply didn't know how to handle her.) They seem not to have bothered her much, and they are more than compensated for when she is accompanied by Louis Armstrong and Fletcher Henderson and Joe Smith and Charlie Green, or by James P. Johnson, who was the most sympathetic accompanist she ever had. Of particular interest in the first album are "Black Mountain Blues," "Hustlin' Dan," and a couple of pseudo-gospel numbers in which she is backed by James P. and a bumbling vocal group. The second album includes the classic moaning, subterranean rendition of "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out," recorded in 1929 by someone who really was, and the perfect "Dirty No Gooder's Blues." Green and Smith and Henderson are on hand in the third album, and there are a dozen delights, among them "Weeping Willow Blues," "House Rent Blues," "Spider Man Blues," "Ticket Agent, Ease Your Window Down," and the celebrated and funny six-minute "Empty Bed Blues," with its lumbering double-entendre lyrics. (Note also, in this album, the photograph of Bessie Smith, probably taken just after she began to flourish. She is wearing a dark, expensive silk dress, her hair is swept back, and she is fingering a long loop of pearls. Her head is slightly and beseechingly tilted. The veiled, inward-looking expression in her eyes is almost unendurable, and so is her sheer beauty. It is a very great photograph, and, as

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such things often go, no one seems to know who took it.) Green and Smith and Henderson are also on hand on eight sides of the fourth album; among them are "Cake Walkin' Babies," "Muddy Water," "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," "Trombone Cholly," and "Hot Springs Blues." But in the six most remarkable numbers in the album she is accompanied by Louis Armstrong, and it is like Churchill and de Gaulle doing duets. Armstrong, open-horn and muted and not yet twenty-five years old, is under her phrases, between them, and over them. He pushes her, parallels her, and echoes her. It is a marvellous *collaboration*, and the only time it was equalled was in the timeless duets engaged in in the thirties by Billie Holiday and Lester Young. Two of the Smith-Armstrong sides are extraordinary—"Reckless Blues" and "St. Louis Blues." Both also have Fred Longshaw on the harmonium, a wheezing, mysterious, organ sort of instrument. In the first, she sings with a sweet, willowy sadness that is unique in her recordings, and in the second, taken at a slow, stately tempo, she gives a calm, prayerlike reading of that noble blues that is matchless.

But the best moments in the four albums take place during her last recording date, under the direction of John Hammond. The session includes "Do Your Duty," "Gimme a Pigfoot," "Take Me for a Buggy Ride," and "Down in the Dumps." (Bobby Short has kept "Pigfoot" alive by singing it rousingly well almost every night when he is at the Café Carlyle.) Hammond put together the strongest band that ever worked behind her—Frankie Newton (trumpet), Chu Berry (tenor saxophone), Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, Buck Washington (piano), Bobby Johnson (guitar), and Billy Taylor (bass, and no relation to the pianist)—and it shows in her singing. In many ways these are the finest sides she made, and they probably come closest to how she sounded in front of an audience. She swings, her voice is limber and free (though she seems a little short of breath here and there), and there is a steady and impassioned exuberance. The band is used behind her much as similar all-star groups were used in the Billie Holiday 1935-38 sessions, which Hammond also supervised. It plays loose ensembles or organ chords under her ("Buggy Ride"), the horns provide obbligatos ("Down in the Dumps," in which Teagarden and Newton, working with her in the first and last cho-

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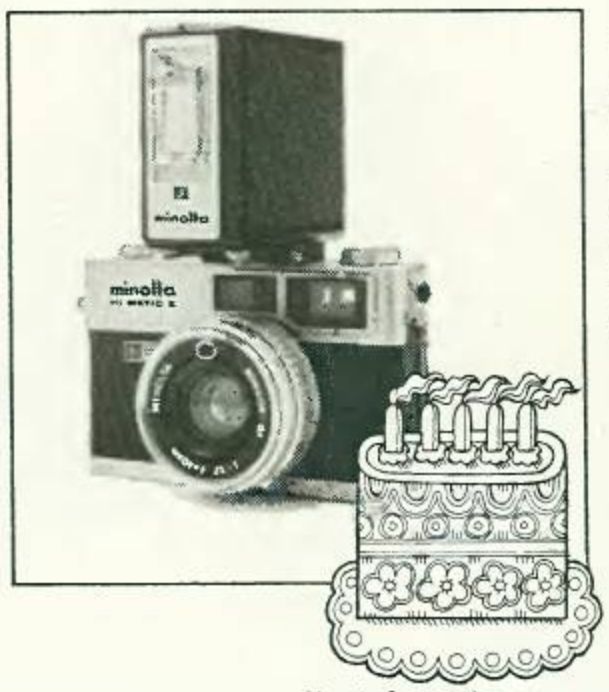

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ruses respectively, become almost indivisible alter-voices), and there are ample solos. (Newton, using those tremulous bent notes and easy legato intervals of his, is particularly winning in "Do Your Duty" and "Pigfoot.") Hammond recently talked about the recording session: "I was twenty-two, and it was a marvellously productive year for me. I was driven. It was the year I covered the Scottsboro case and made Bessie Smith's last record date. I had found her in a gin mill in Philly, where she was a singing hostess. She was very broke and she was very excited about doing the date, even though I told her there wouldn't be much money in it—two hundred for her and two hundred for the band, all of which I paid myself. I got that band together out of left field, and it was a mixed one, which was still a rarity then. Chu and Frankie and Teagarden had never worked together before, nor had they ever worked with Bessie. In fact, some of them had never even *seen* her. Buck Washington, of the old vaudeville team of Buck and Bubbles, couldn't read, and he wasn't the greatest choice on piano, but James P. Johnson, who would have been perfect, was out of town. I had to use a guitar because she wouldn't let me use a drum. The session was scheduled for ten in the morning—it was probably the only morning record date she ever had, and probably the only one where there was no liquor—and the four numbers were finished by one-thirty. All the songs, which she chose herself, were by Coot Grant and Socks Wilson. We had just one engineer and an old R.C.A. mike, which she stood at least two feet from. She wore a plain dark dress, and I would guess she weighed about one hundred and eighty at the time. She was an absolutely direct black woman. No Tomming, not a shade of the phony to her. The session was held in a small studio at 55 Fifth Avenue. Ethel Waters was in the building that day, and she and Bessie loathed each other, so I made very sure they didn't meet. Benny Goodman, who was then the Columbia house clarinettist, is only on one track because he had to leave for a Ben Selvin record date in the next studio. At the end of the session, the musicians all thanked me, and that doesn't happen very often."

—Whitney Balliett

•

In the year ending next June 30, the Army expects to draft up to 100,000 volunteers.—*Washington Post.*

You know—those *sulky* volunteers.

U.S. JOURNAL: DISNEY WORLD, FLA.

ARE YOU HAVING FUN?

THE first thing I did at Walt Disney World was to take an oath not to make any smart-aleck remarks. A Disney public-relations man had told me that attitude was everything. So I placed my left hand on a seven-Adventure book of tickets to the Magic Kingdom and raised my right hand and promised that there would be no sarcasm on my lips or in my heart.

"And do you further swear or affirm," I asked myself, "that you will not concoct any of those theories about how Disney World may reflect the escape fantasies of American Society or about how Disney World may be the symbol of the Final Plasticization of All Life, or any of that kind of thing?"

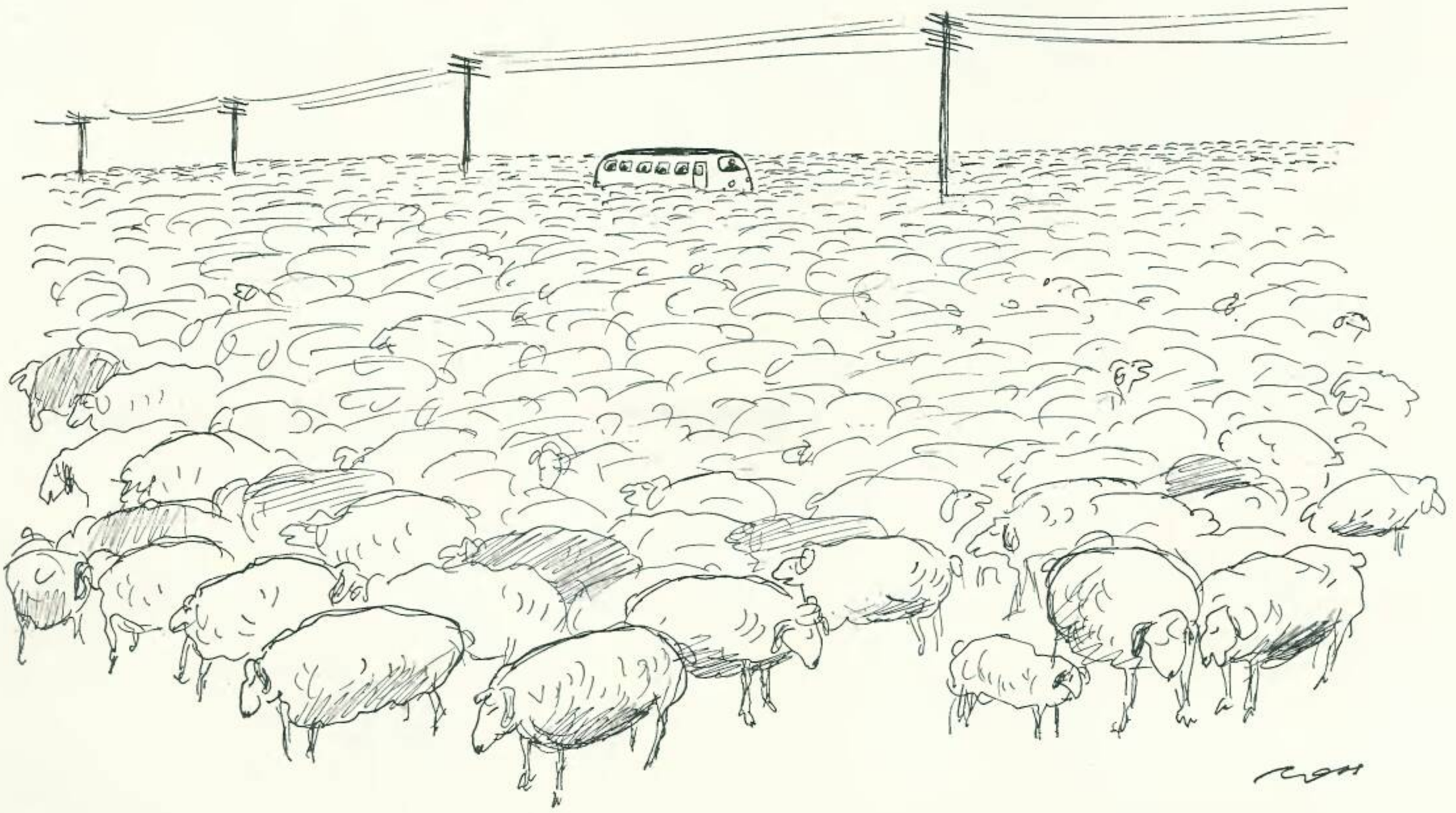
"I do," I replied. "I certainly do. We're just going to have a good time."

I mention this ceremony in order to make it clear that I was committed to taking Disney World on its own terms even before my three-year-old daughter, Abigail, became a personal friend of Mickey Mouse—the two of them having become acquainted while posing together for a *Paris-Match* photographer and then, a day or two later, Abigail having been snatched by Mickey from a gaggle of children and taken on a private parade around the lobby of the Polynesian Village, one of the two resort hotels already built right on the grounds of the Vacation Kingdom of the World. My wife, who had not taken the oath, reacted to the picture-taking by expressing concern for whoever it was who had to earn his living by walking around inside a Mickey Mouse suit in eighty-five-degree weather making cute gestures.

"He's a very nice mouse," Abigail said when the posing was over.

We agreed that he seemed nice, but once Abigail had run ahead to investigate more of what she insists on calling Dizalee World, my wife was whispering about Mickey behind his back—pointing out that his face was a lot flatter than the faces of real mice, which can be taken as a corroboration of the flat-face explanation of Disney's cartoon method. ("The human face is flattened, compared with most animals, and any species that resemble man in this way are at an advantage," Ramona and Desmond Morris wrote in their book "Men and Pandas." "Walt Disney has always made use of this fact when creating animal heroes. They are given exaggeratedly flattened faces, whereas the animal villains are given dramatically elongated snouts.")

I knew, though, that she was still more concerned with who was inside Mickey than with how flat Mickey's face was. All of the employees we had encountered at Disney World—the Lodging Hostesses, the desk clerks, the Serving Hostesses (my wife persisted in calling them waitresses), the newsstand cashiers, the street cleaners (I believe my wife wanted to call them Litter Hosts)—had been the kind of well-scrubbed, wholesome, eternally smiling young Americans whose reaction to being within fifty yards of any other human being is to shout a cheery hello and ask him if he's having fun. Into the spirit of things from the start, I smiled whenever they smiled, and I said I was having lots of fun whenever I was asked. But my wife insisted on analyzing the hiring policy. She wanted to know, for instance, why an enterprise that had seven thousand new jobs available in central Florida hadn't tried to retrain some underemployed black migrant workers instead of soaking up every clean-cut middle-class kid between Key West and Philadelphia. As she went on about how hot it must be inside a Mickey Mouse suit, I suddenly realized what she was thinking. Knowing that Disney would have to hire a certain percentage of blacks to avoid trouble, and being acquainted with the theory that too many black faces would spoil the fantasy of escape into the safe old days, she had figured out the logical



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place to put any black migrant worker who actually was hired: in the Mickey Mouse suit. My wife had probably been thinking that the Mickey Mouse who roamed the Magic Kingdom, waving and bowing and shaking hands, always remained silent not because speech would have broken the mood (the supposition of most of the people who feel compelled to analyze) or because mice can't talk (my belief, under oath) but because visitors to Disney World would have been shocked to discover that Mickey Mouse had a heavy Southern Negro accent. Attitude is everything.

A LOT of the customers at Disney World seemed too attraction-wise to have the proper attitude for enjoying Disney World. On our first day, we went to see the Mickey Mouse Revue, which turned out to be Abigail's second-favorite Adventure in the Magic Kingdom—partly, I suspect, because of her personal contact with the star. After we had watched an introductory film about the history of Mickey Mouse animation—my wife poking me all the while to remind me about the flatness of the faces—some doors on our right opened automatically and a voice with what I can only describe as a Kappa Kappa Gamma accent came over the public-address system instructing us to move into the main theatre for the revue. Walking parallel to the stage, we stopped at seats directly in the center, but then the voice came again, asking that everyone fill up the seats as far to the right as possible. A woman sitting next to us started to rise, but her husband put his hand on her arm and said, "Don't move. It's only a tape." A few minutes later, as we were all enjoying the overture led by a magically mechanized Mickey Mouse, who looked almost as realistic as he had with an alleged migrant worker inside of him, someone behind us said, "I bet Disney's got five hundred grand tied up in the technology of this one alone." What kind of talk is that for the Magic Kingdom?

From then on, I tried to keep Abigail away from strangers, afraid that one of them would try to persuade her that her favorite Adventure, It's a Small World, was not nearly as impressive as the Hall of Presidents, since making automated figures that seem like dolls is not nearly as much of a technical triumph as making automated figures that seem like Presidents. (Abigail happens to prefer dolls to Presidents.) I tried to insulate Abigail from that kind of thinking—I avoided the temptation to refer to Cinderella's

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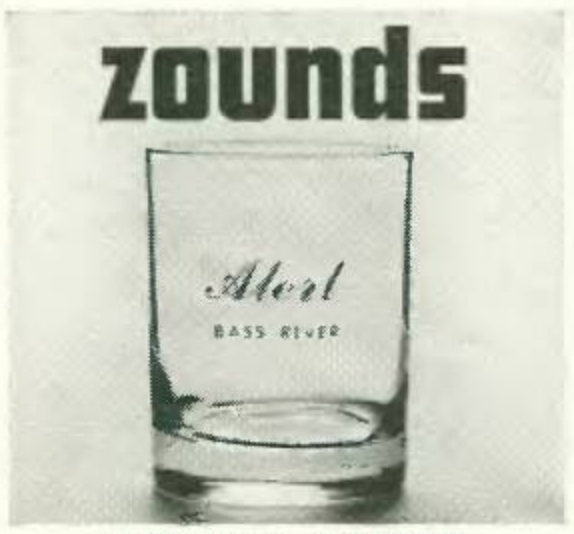

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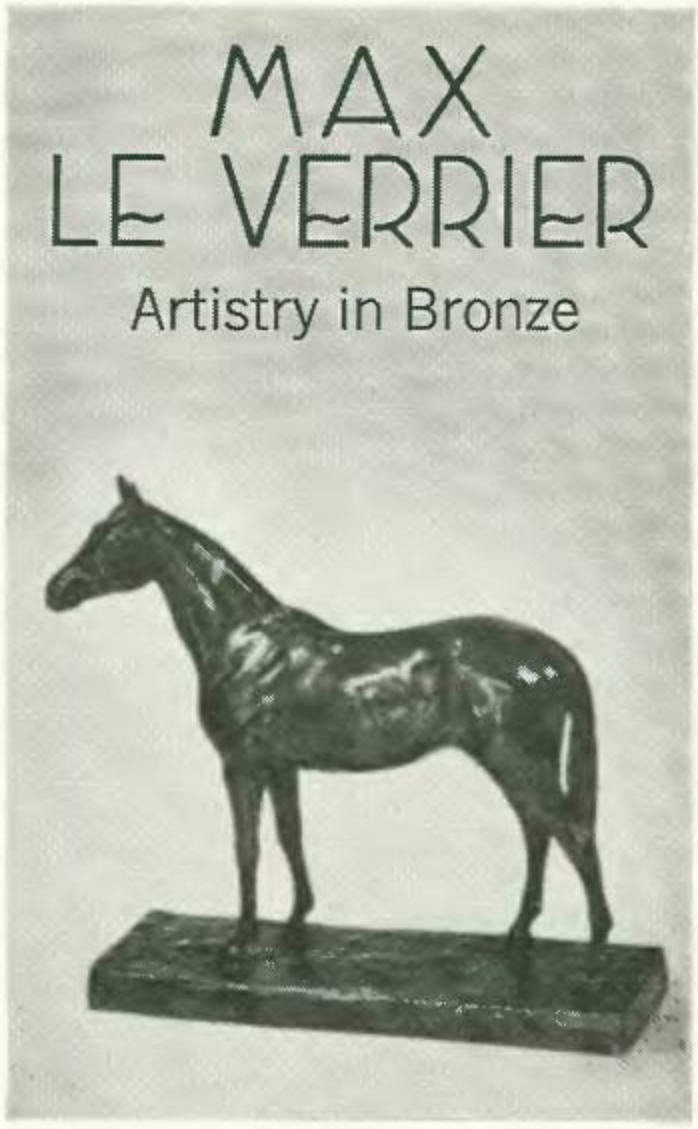

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Golden Carrousel as a merry-go-round, and I shouted "Hiya, Donald!" every time we got anywhere near Donald Duck—but my wife was a consistently non-magical influence. Although I had been able to assure her, after making inquiries, that the man in the Mickey Mouse suit was a white ex-jockey rather than a migrant worker whose growth had been stunted from too much bending in the fields, and that the people wandering the grounds inside the skins of hairier Disney characters were cooled by a form of dry-ice air-conditioning, she persisted in viewing Disney World as if it were an enterprise constructed by a corporation rather than the magically ordained Vacation Kingdom of the World. As the sun grew hotter every day, she suggested that a truly forward-looking firm would have thought of doming Orange County. She constantly pointed out that the cars of the futuristic monorail system that was available to whisk us from the Adventures of the Magic Kingdom back to the Polynesian Village hotel were not as modern as those in the shuttle trains of the new Tampa airport. When we were entertained by a fine banjo group during a twenty- or thirty-minute wait for the monorail train one day, she did not attempt to lead everyone in a sing-along—as I had seen a woman do in a similarly entertained line in front of the Country Bear Jamboree, my own favorite Adventure in the Magic Kingdom—but merely sighed occasionally and mumbled something about the wait for the downtown I.R.T. local. I said, "Nice of them to entertain us while we're waiting to be whisked," but it sounded lame.

She did not seem to react well to the ferocious friendliness of the young Disney World employees, particularly when it came in conjunction with the service problems that any tourist operation is bound to have in its first few weeks—problems complicated by the fact that the young people manning, say, the Polynesian Village seemed to owe their cheerfulness partly to not having had enough experience in hotel work to have been turned sullen.

"But attitude is everything," I tried to explain to my wife one morning as we had breakfast at one of the restaurants on the old-fashioned Main Street of the Magic Kingdom. "For them and for us. The next time our Serving Hostess asks me if I'm having fun, I'm not just going to say yes—I'm going to say, 'I sure am, Serving Hostess! It's real great to be here in the Magic Kingdom!' "

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My wife stared at her plate. "If one more of those cute little girls smiles at me and asks me if I'm having fun as she serves me cold eggs, I'm leaving," she said.

My attitude was bound to be affected by that kind of talk. I began to find that when I was dealing with a Walt Disney World employee my cheerfulness varied inversely with his cheerfulness. When I asked a shining young thing outside the Mickey Mouse Revue about the wait inside and was told, with a smile, that the show was continuous—a statement that I knew from a previous visit was somewhere between an evasion and a falsehood—I found myself resenting the smile more than the misinformation. One afternoon, I spent a few hours trying to prevail upon somebody at the Polynesian Village to fix the television set in our room, and I found it more and more difficult to answer that I was having fun as a series of talks with relentlessly friendly young people at the front desk resulted in nobody showing up at our room except a man who said he had been sent to fix the air-conditioning. Returning from one of my negotiating sessions late in the afternoon, I had to admit to my wife that I did not trust myself to return to the front desk. In my final conversation with one of the smiling young clerks, I had caught myself as I was about to pound my fist on the desk and shout, "I demand to see a grownup!"

I HAD to guard my attitude while standing in line. If we were standing behind a few hundred people who wanted to see the same Adventure, I would try to brighten things up by commenting that it was thoughtful of Disney to provide strolling mariachi bands that were free of those occasional sour trumpet notes and drink-cadging episodes found among mariachi bands in places like Mexico, but secretly I wanted to be in a shorter line to another Adventure—any Adventure. I

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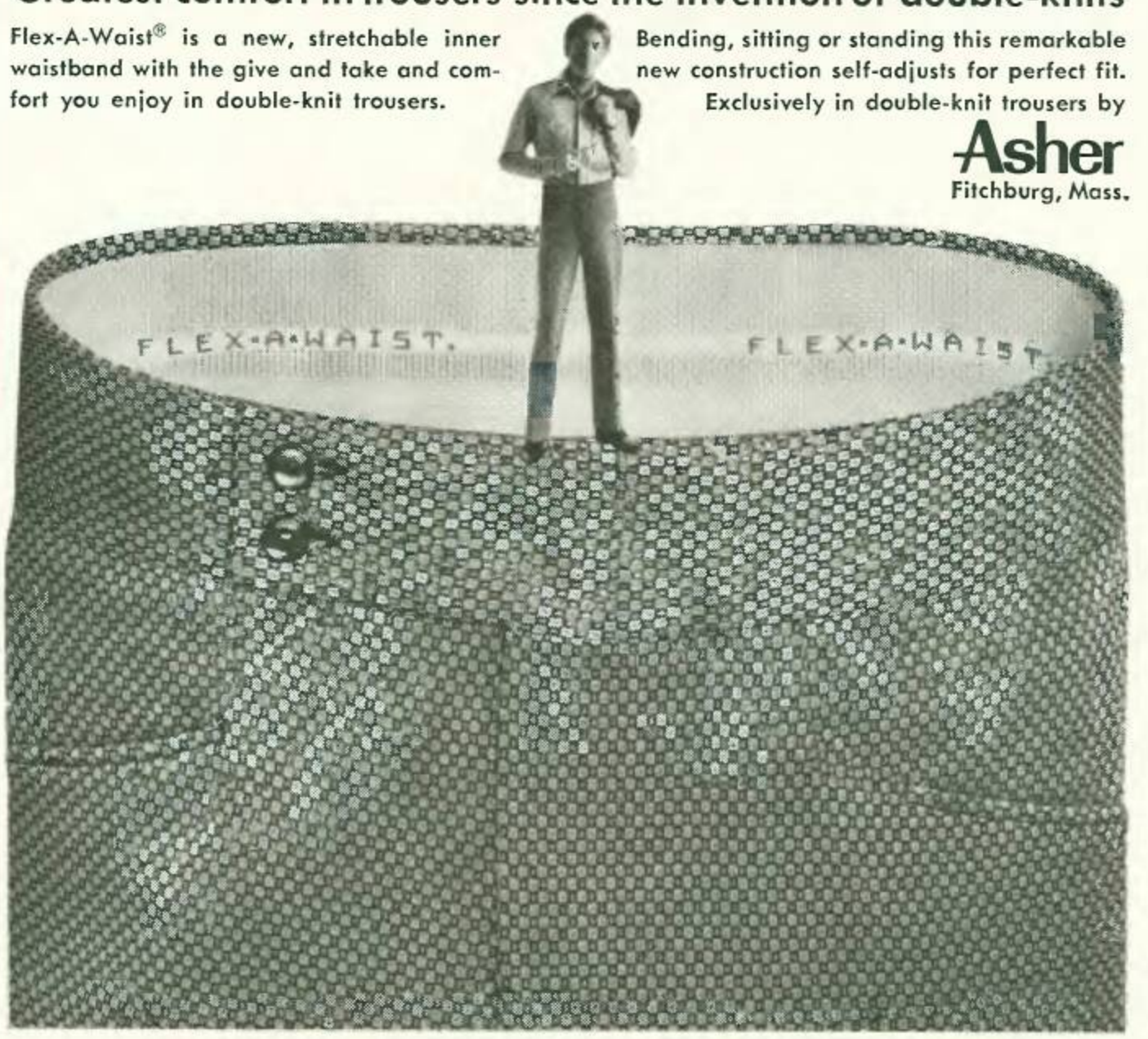


found myself thinking that if Walt Disney Productions really does take over the country or the world (a possibility my wife kept raising), the way it would solve, say, the welfare problem in New York would be to put a huge line in front of the welfare office and have no waiting at all at the office in which people were signed up as busboys—signed up by smiling young things who assured everyone that busboy jobs almost always lead to middle-management positions. "No theories," I had to remind myself.

By our second day in Disney World—a Sunday—I had devised a scheme by which we might take Abigail on the Skyway to Tomorrowland, a kind of ski lift across the Magic Kingdom, without having to wait in the line that always seemed to stretch halfway through Fantasyland. The key to my scheme was for us to be at the Fantasyland section of the Magic Kingdom when it opened, at ten o'clock. I knew there were relatively few people actually staying on the grounds at Disney World, since the two resort hotels were still not ready for complete occupancy. Very few people from the outside world could arrive early, I figured, because they all had to drive some distance and then face what I had heard was at least an hour's wait at the main gate. At exactly ten o'clock, we rushed through Cinderella's Castle into Fantasyland and headed past Cinderella's Golden Carrousel toward the entrance of the Skyway to Tomorrowland.

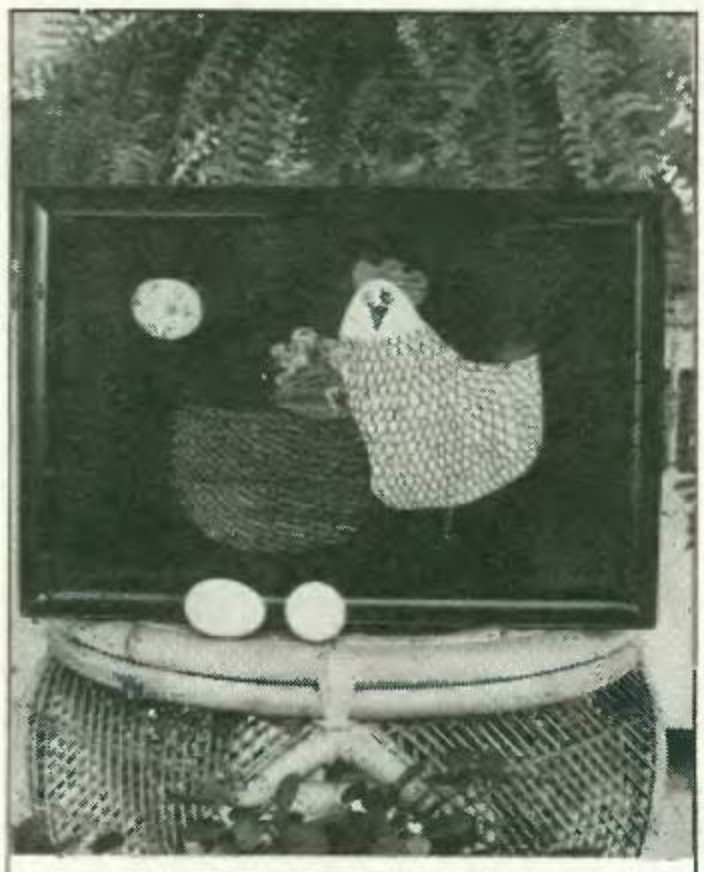
Abigail stopped walking. "I want to ride the merry-go-round," she said.

"But we can always ride on Cinderella's Golden Carrousel," I said. "Now is the best time to go on the Skyway to Tomorrowland, because the Skyway to Tomorrowland is even more fun if you don't have to stand in line for an hour before you get on it."

"I love the merry-go-round," Abigail said.

People were streaming past us. I could feel my entire scheme threatened. "Why aren't these people in church?" I said to my wife. "What's this country coming to?"

I turned to Abigail and tried to explain the problem. "Look, Abigail," I said. "Here's the plan. We ride the Skyway to Tomorrowland over to Tomorrowland. Then, while we're in Tomorrowland, we ride the cars on the Grand Prix Raceway before those damned little boys have a chance to line up for eight blocks in front of it. Then we trot over to Adventureland and take the Jungle Cruise—unless it looks *very* uncrowded, in which case we pop



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into the Swiss Family Island Treehouse and *then* take the Jungle Cruise. That still may give us time to hit Peter Pan's Flight back in Fantasyland if a lot of those people take their time coming up Main Street."

I looked at Abigail. She was thinking it over. "*Then* we go on the merry-go-round," she finally said.

"Exactly," I said, proud that my daughter understood how a little scheming might be necessary even in the Magic Kingdom. As we hurried off toward the Skyway to Tomorrowland, I looked forward to a cheerful afternoon in the Magic Kingdom—the rest of them lined up at the Skyway or the Grand Prix or someplace while Abigail and I rode the merry-go-round, almost as carefree as we are when we ride the merry-go-round in Central Park and don't have to worry about how long the lines in front of other Adventures are getting while we're going round and round.

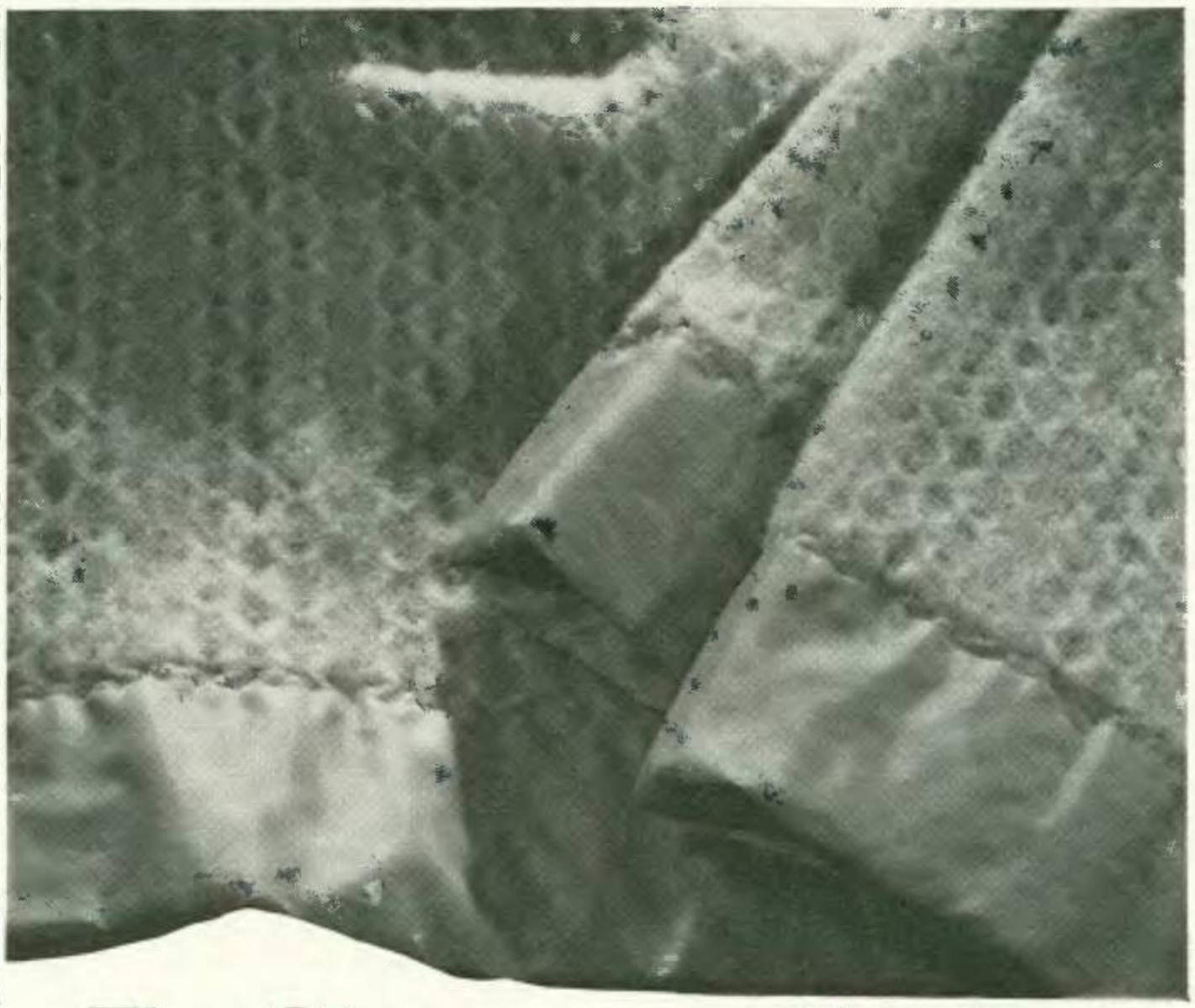
EARLY the following morning, I happened to be in the Magic Kingdom without Abigail or my wife. Business hours had been more effective than church in keeping the early-morning quiet, and it was possible to take a peaceful stroll down Main Street. Our no-line sweep the previous morning through what I had dreaded as the most crowded Adventures had been great for my attitude; as I walked toward Fantasyland, I answered a popcorn vender and a street sweeper and the driver of an old-fashioned car by saying I certainly was having a good time. I knew I would soon have to turn more analytical in order to defend Disney against any criticism my wife might have that morning after she and Abigail had been whisked over from the Polynesian Village.

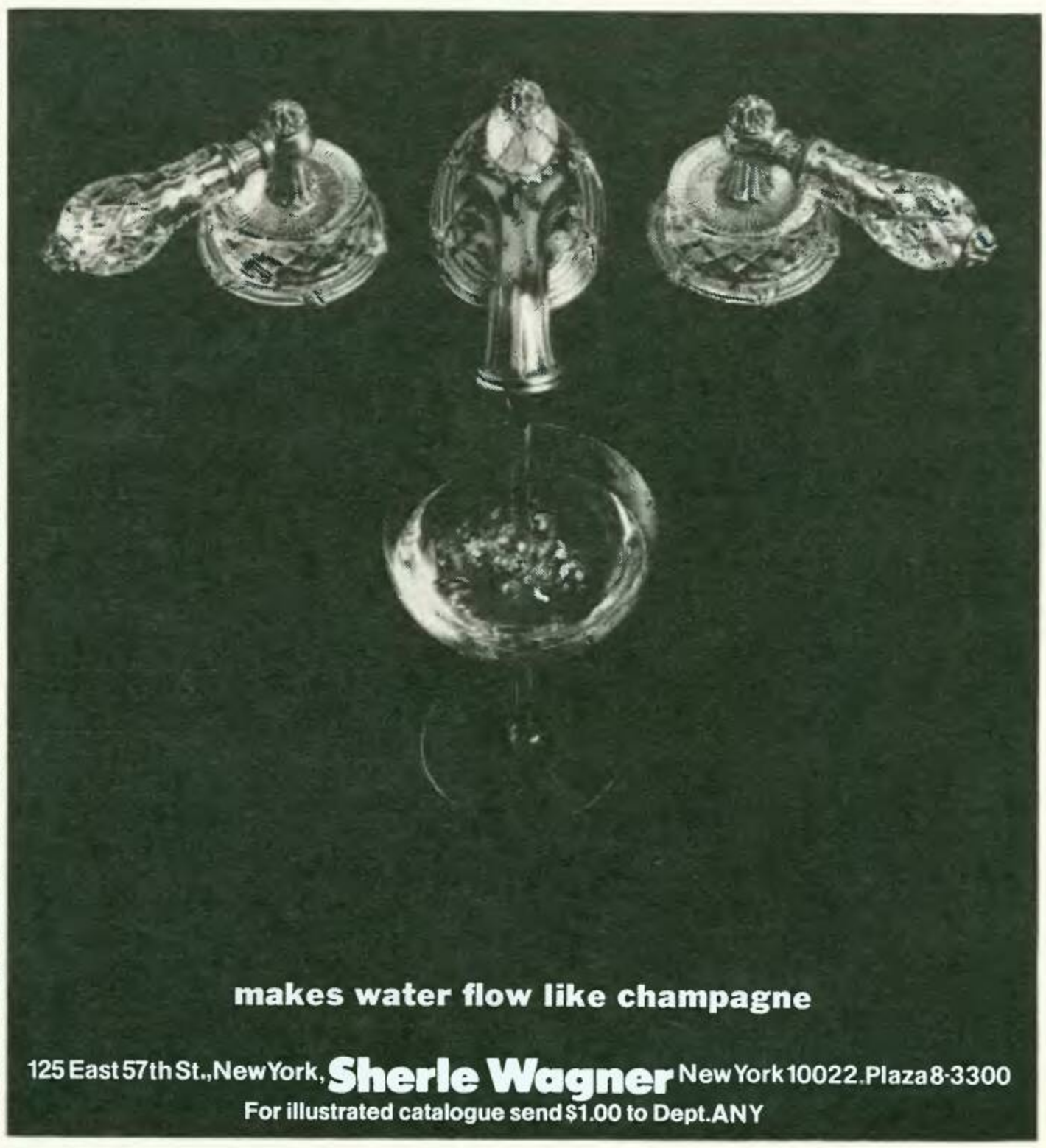
"This reproduction of an old-fashioned Main Street is just a way to get people to buy things," she would say.

"But that's what an old-fashioned Main Street was," I would reply. I stopped in front of the old-fashioned Emporium and wondered if I had enough time to stop in and buy Abigail a Mickey Mouse luggage tag.

"If they want to be so authentically American," she would say, "why do they have frozen orange juice instead of fresh orange juice in the Florida Citrus Growers' stand and 'Indian crafts' from Hong Kong instead of real Indian crafts at the Frontier Trading Post?"

"Because there's a bigger profit margin on frozen orange juice and Hong Kong Indian crafts," I would





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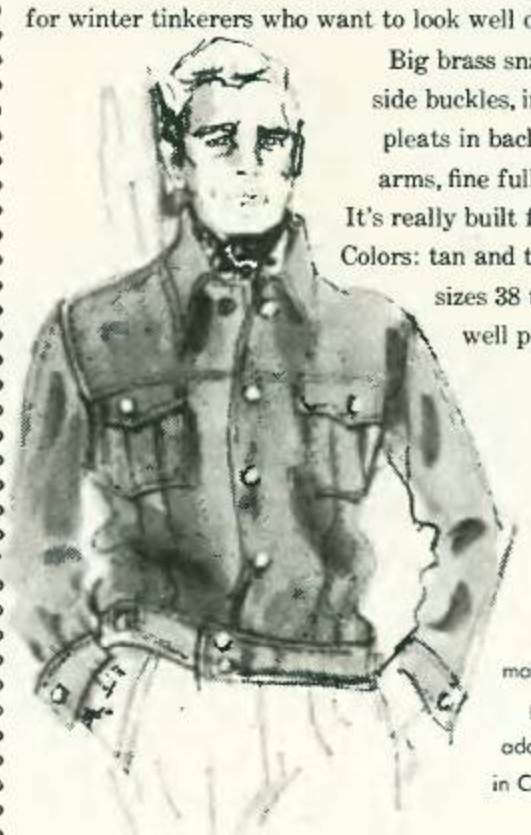

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say. "And a bigger profit margin is authentically American."

As I walked through Cinderella's Castle into Fantasyland, it started to rain. I suddenly realized that I had an extraordinary opportunity. It was a rainy Monday morning, the relatively few people in the Magic Kingdom were seeking shelter, and I was only a couple of hundred yards from the 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea Submarine Voyage, normally known as the Adventure with the most fantastic line in Fantasyland. There was bound to be practically no line at all. I would be able just to toss an E coupon from my seven-Adventure book at the attendant and walk right aboard. On the other hand, I had been on the Submarine Voyage at Disneyland, in California, and I remembered being so bored that halfway through the voyage I had considered asking the captain if I could possibly be shot to the surface. But could I pass up the opportunity to avoid a two-hour line? I walked slowly over to the 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea Submarine Voyage. "Sorry, sir," the cheerful young man at the gate said to me. "We're closed until noon." Thank God.

Abigail arrived shortly after that, and, forgoing the opportunity to walk casually into a lot of Adventures we hadn't seen—Abigail, it turned out, prefers old familiar Adventures—we returned to It's a Small World and then had some more carefree rides on the merry-go-round.

—Calvin Trillin

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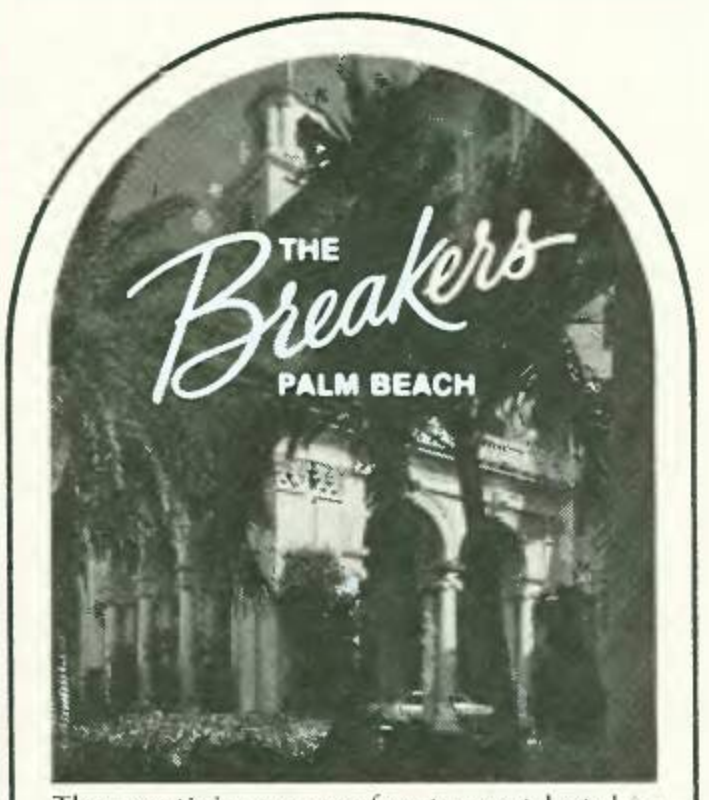

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THE RACE TRACK

Shuvee Shoves Off

BY far the nicest event of the week at Aqueduct was the victory of Shuvee in the Jockey Club Gold Cup last Saturday. It was her goodbye appearance under colors, and she made her exit in great style, mowing down the leaders and passing the post seven lengths ahead of Paraje. Loud was third. It was the second time Shuvee had won the two-mile classic; a year ago, she led practically all the way. She also added $66,900 to her earnings. In the four seasons she has raced, she has amassed $890,445 in prize money—the record for a member of her sex. Too bad she couldn't have made it a million. But this year she seemed to lose interest in racing, and Mrs. Whitney Stone, who owns her, decided to retire her. A horseman I know said that one way to tell whether Shuvee was in the mood to run was to look at her ears as she went to the post. If they were pinned back, she wasn't likely to try. Well, they were pinned back, although not all the way back, as she joined the parade past the stand on Saturday. Obviously, she changed her mind when she got to running—perhaps she sensed that it was her last go-round—because she came around the home turn with her ears pricking. It was a happy ending.

EVEN if Run the Gantlet isn't voted Horse of the Year in the annual poll, he is just that in my book. He won the Washington, D.C., International with consummate ease in the rain and fog over the sodden turf course at Laurel on Veterans Day. Six lengths behind him was Irish Ball, winner of the Irish Sweeps Derby, with Chompion nine lengths farther back and the six other runners, from five nations, strung out down the course. Run the Gantlet had previously won the Man o' War Stakes and the United Nations, the Kelly-Olympic, and the Tidal Handicaps. That's good enough for me. John Schapiro, who puts on the show at Laurel, was out of luck again with the weather. Two inches of rain fell on the track, on the horses and the jockeys, on Starter Eddie Blind's black suit, and on me. The result of the race was never in doubt. Minsky,

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the younger brother of Nijinsky, was in front for half a mile, with Run the Gantlet galloping along under wraps behind him; then young Woodhouse let out an inch of rein, as he did in the Man o' War, and that was that.

This has been another big year for Paul Mellon, who owns Run the Gantlet. His Mill Reef won the Derby in England and the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in France, after which the colt was assigned 150 pounds in the Handicap Optional—the French rating for three-year-olds and upward. (His other horses over there didn't do badly, either.) At home, his Rokeby Stable is well up on the winning list, with Run the Gantlet cock of the walk. To date, Run the Gantlet's earnings stand at $522,529. Elliott Burch, who trains him, says he's a better three-year-old than Fort Marcy—who won the International twice—was. By the way, Run the Gantlet had the same stall at Laurel that Fort Marcy occupied when he won a year ago.

Speaking of earnings, the Off-Track Betting Corporation's venture with the International was hardly a success. Only $87,571 was taken in at all the shops around town, and the payoff on Run the Gantlet was $2.80. The book on the block paid track odds—$3.60.

AS expected, Riva Ridge galloped off with the Laurel Futurity in Maryland last weekend. It was his sixth victory, and his fourth stakes race in a row, and his winning margin was eleven lengths; his share of the purse was $90,733, bringing his total earnings to $326,929. Now Colonel Martingale is wondering if he'll go for that Jersey jackpot the Garden State Stakes, on the thirteenth. They say Numbered Account is headed for that one, and their meeting, if it comes off, should be worth seeing—but nothing to bet on.

AND you could put Cougar II down as the most frustrated horse of the year. In his first start on his trip East, the United Nations Handicap, the footing was heavy—something he doesn't like—and he ran sixth; in the Woodward Stakes, he finished first by five lengths but his number was taken down. He skipped the Man o' War and was washed out of the International. How's that for hard luck? But he flew back to Santa Anita last weekend and won the hundred-thousand-dollar Oak Tree Invitational, which put him at the top of this year's money-winning list.

—AUDAX MINOR

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cheaters

DURING what is said to be a period of nostalgia—or maybe it's just nostalgia for nostalgia—Channel 13-WNET has committed the worst crime ever perpetrated against our movie inheritance: running movie classics of the silent period speeded up. Twelve movies have been shown to the largest audiences Channel 13 has ever had, and most of these twelve have been reduced to garbage. People who have watched "The Silent Years" may have gathered the impression that the greatness of such films as "Intolerance" and "Orphans of the Storm" is a legend created by sentimental film critics. Those who don't know the movies simply have no idea of the enormity of the crime. Some of the movies are run at one and a half times their original speed. "Intolerance," which I am not alone in regarding as the greatest film ever made in this country, is run at close to double time. Everything in it is destroyed; it has no emotional power—it's just a curiosity. Others, such as the exquisitely designed "The Thief of Bagdad," were never great, but whatever qualities they had are gone. There is no technical reason the movies cannot be exhibited at their original speeds; this would require some care and a little more expense—that is all. (The series is subsidized by a grant from the Bowery Savings Bank.) Instead, they have been transferred to tape at modern sound-movie speed, and generally with a maddeningly incongruous tinkling piano on the track. Theatres used to engage full orchestras to play the specially prepared symphonic scores; now, when the music can be put directly on tape with the film—and it need be done only once—the producers of this series don't bother with more than a chintzy piano or an organ. The reasons appear to be convenience and indifference. When one considers the dedication that went into the making of some of these films, it is almost incredible that men who can't provide a projection machine with a governable motor to run them properly are now mucking up some of the finest art ever produced in this country and taking bows for it. If there has been no public outcry, the reason is partly that some of those who know the movies are so disgusted they turn them off, while some others in "the film community" who might be expected to speak out do not because in one way or another they or their friends are implicated in this swindle. When I asked one eminence whose name appears in the credits how he felt about what was being done, he said, "Oh, I never watch movies on television." Collaborating in this mutilation provides a mite of profit; besides, there are professional associations, personal commitments, grants, jobs.

This series is comparable to presenting the children of America with miniature sets of the greatest classics of American literature from which a third or more of the words in every sentence are omitted. The children could get an idea of what the books were about but not of what made them great. And since what viewers have seen is obviously not great, and since few of the viewers realize the trick that has been played on them, why would they ever seek out the originals? They think they have already seen the movies. For these viewers, the whole tradition of the American silent film has been destroyed. When I protested this disgrace to executives of Channel 13 this summer, I received assurances that the second series, which is in preparation, would be projected as correctly as possible. But meanwhile the first series is being shown over and over and sent out across the country. If this package becomes the standard package from now on, it will mean that these films will be destroyed for future generations as well. The only way to get them withdrawn is through public protest. One official who assured me that the second series would be treated differently said contemptuously, "So we'll do it for you and the three other people who care." There must be others. Perhaps they have been fooled into thinking that some insuperable technical obstacle causes the films to look like "flicks" on television; perhaps, even worse, they no longer trust their memories. If they go to see silent movies at any showing where the films are treated with respect, they will find that the pictures are still big; it's the people who got smaller. Non-commercial television is proud of the fact that this series has brought it its highest ratings. Its pride should be changed to shame. Protests might be enough to get that first series retired permanently, so that even if the films have been destroyed for our children, at least our children's children will not be cheated.

I DELAYED going to see "Long Ago, Tomorrow" as long as possible—first, because I kept forgetting the title, and, second, because I knew it was about the love affair of two paraplegics, and who wants to go sit to watch people sitting? Despite a heavy rain, there were long lines at the theatre, and after seeing the movie I can make a few guesses why. The picture is more mobile than I had anticipated—the director, Bryan Forbes, who also adapted the autobiographical novel, by Peter Marshall, keeps it active—but it is just what I had dreaded. Those with instinctive self-warnings are quite right: this sort of thing could *conceivably* be done for other purposes than to mulct you emotionally, but it never really is, is it? The distributor, Don Rugoff, has put a big campaign behind the picture, and in this case his commercial instinct is shrewd. "Long Ago, Tomorrow" is a highly skilled "Love Story," understated and sincere, which means the goo is tasteful. It also has an extra ingredient: Since the tragic lovers are so badly crippled that they must go through considerable wheelchair wiggling even to kiss, and since the once rough and healthy boy learns tenderness when he loses the use of his legs, and since the girl dies happy after a fulfilling sex experience, it's probably a fantastic make-out movie. It's got some of that "A Man and a Woman" appeal (the non-threatening male) working along with the star-crossed bit. When you see the desperate need these lovers have for physical contact, and when you see how beautiful sex is for the poor, doomed girl, surely the message is: Count your blessings and make out, but gently. People go to be turned on by the sadness of it.

Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman (don't those names look like the perfect pairs on the marquees in "Singin' in the Rain"?) are well-trained pros, and they keep acting away, playing contrasting confections. He does working-class energy, restless impatience, bitterness and rage, and subtle maturing; she does the understanding heart, luminous eyes, and compassion. Though this quality goo actually *does* what "Love Story" only tries to do, I'm not sure I count that an achievement. Audiences longing for a good cry don't mind the feeble craftsmanship of "Love Story;" the superior craftsmanship here—the way

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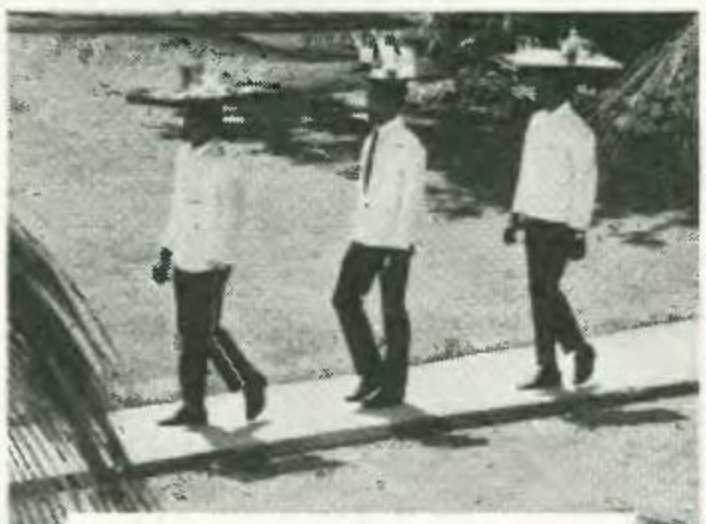

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the picture ladles on the sensitivity—only makes it easier for people to deceive themselves that it's not the same genre. But when the girl suddenly dies, you know it's just why Jennifer Cavilleri died—because without a big fat tragedy there would be no movie. Up to the girl's death, you could be fooled about what you were watching, but when the director slips in that hook, you know you've been had.

"Long Ago, Tomorrow" is the sort of movie that is sometimes called honest, but what it features is soft honesty. The selfish, cocky paraplegic hero is taken care of sympathetically in a lovely country-club atmosphere, so that his only problem is to "find himself" and to undergo the spiritual conversion that will uplift the audience: he must learn to care about someone else. Though it may seem a small point, it makes a big difference that, unlike Brando and the other paraplegics in "The Men," who were crippled by war, these characters are crippled by fortune. Because, of course, it means that the hero's rage is just something he has to work out of his system. There he is, getting good treatment in a fine permanent home for the disabled, though the church people who run it are a bit smug about their charity, and he lambastes them showily for that piddling fault. He has nothing to complain of but an unhappy fate. A movie can't get into much trouble complaining of fate.

The audience can sniffle comfortably because it's not the audience's fault; it's nobody's fault. This gusher is as painless as "Love Story": the things that go wrong are all beyond anyone's control. Blighted dreams. That's why, I think, a movie like this is so *respectable*—why *Variety*, for example, can say that it "could be the type of pic needed at a time when many people are getting sick of ultra-permissiveness." The assumption behind this is that a "permissive" movie is one that attacks social institutions or tries to challenge old ideas of entertainment. This movie won't sicken those people, because the hero's angry-young-man speeches have no real targets; they are there for a veneer of toughness—modern décor, like Jennifer Cavilleri's cute four-letter words. His anger is what he must conquer rather than what society must answer for. He is the angry young man domesticated into a Mod hero for a sentimental movie; they didn't need to castrate him—they just put him in a wheelchair, and his anger plays on your heartstrings. Though the movie ends in "tragedy," this is the opposite of the

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unhappy endings in recent American movies which are a reflection of the state of political hopelessness in this country. Our heroes die because we are no longer sure how to live honorably. While heroes who reject all the Crap are generally adolescent sentimentalists who don't define what needs rejecting, and while success stories in reverse, like "Harry Kellerman," don't sort things out any more than the old straight success stories did, the messy pictures reflect a genuine, tragic confusion. This tragedy comes from England, but it's a whiff of old Hollywood, with the old square value system intact: You're sad, but you know it had to be, and consolation is provided. The girl did get her one night of love, and the boy has grown into a man. It's a *nice* cry.

Bryan Forbes' smooth, professional style (one thinks of the movie as having been executed rather than directed) has been intermittently effective in the past—when, for example, Leslie Caron in "The L-Shaped Room" or Edith Evans in "The Whisperers" brought such strong individuality to her role that she gave it a suggestion of mystery. This happens just once, I think, in "Long Ago, Tomorrow": when the girl, having gone to her parents' home, complains that her mother does everything for her, that "she takes what's left away." For that second, Miss Newman's plaintiveness goes beyond the movie's surface. Forbes is a man of many talents, and yet in this film they add up to conscientious mediocrity. He has been quoted as saying, "In the last analysis, performance is everything." Well, it isn't, you know. His concentration on performance, though not the most exciting way to approach moviemaking, could be an acceptable way if the performers had good roles and could take off in them, but when the role is pasteboard, how much can a performer do? Sometimes an actor can give so much of himself to a sketchy role that he fills it in—like Warren Oates in "The Hired Hand," or Bruce Dern as the coach in "Drive, He Said"—but the two star roles here are completely written, and there is nothing in them but conventional notions of what's "deep." The director has also said, "I think everything should be subordinate to the performance, and that's why I'm not highly regarded in the more esoteric cinema magazines." That's not why: it's not because he subordinates everything to performance but because he subordinates everything to a certain *kind* of performance—the pseudo-seri-

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ous performance. The background roles are, as usual, the ones that expose Forbes' limitations—and not only of technique. He keeps cutting to the sort of fixated glimpses that are meant to tell you "everything" about the minor characters—shots of people being complacent or being sympathetic. One quality at a time. The frequent shots of the vicar being prissily evasive belong to a different age of filmmaking—and it was a bad age. The other paraplegic patients in the home are cut to for cute stock responses, like the family pets in a Disney movie. At the end, the ping-pong game, with Michael Flanders helping the hero over his crisis, is classic stiff-upper-lip—it might have been directed by Colonel Blimp.

Forbes' belief in decency of feeling is so black-and-white simple that it's an enshrined attitude—more suitable to statesmen than to artists. I guess what bothers me most about this picture is that though it's conventional it's never vulgar. It lacks the pop vitality that can make much more stupid pictures entertaining. I can enjoy a sleazy, silly old movie that presents a woman like Rita Hayworth as a super-dish, but something in me rebels against Forbes' tremulous, glowing heroines who are supposed to be "natural." This picture is so refined that the girl even has a refined orgasm. Though "Long Ago, Tomorrow" speaks for young love and for understanding, it's a deeply reactionary movie. Its refinement is a form of cant; the whole picture is cant. You feel as if you'd seen it all long ago, tomorrow in Radio City Music Hall.

"Is There Sex After Death?"—such a good title for "Long Ago, Tomorrow"—is, instead, the title of a new American porno-spoof, produced, directed, and written by Jeanne and Alan Abel. The genre has already established certain conventions. Abel plays an inquiring reporter-doctor, head of the Bureau of Sexological Investigation, who travels about in a Sexmobile; this permits the usual loose, revue-style structure—skits, interviews, candid-camera material. Photographically, the picture (which cost two hundred thousand dollars) is unusually good for the genre; it was shot in 16-mm. color, and this is one of the best jobs of 16-mm.-blowup-to-35-mm. I've ever seen. Partly because of the visual quality and the use of pastels, you don't get that depressed, crummy feeling that usually settles in with the first shots of porny pictures. Some of it is quite funny, like a college revue gone wild—especially the put-ons and one-liners

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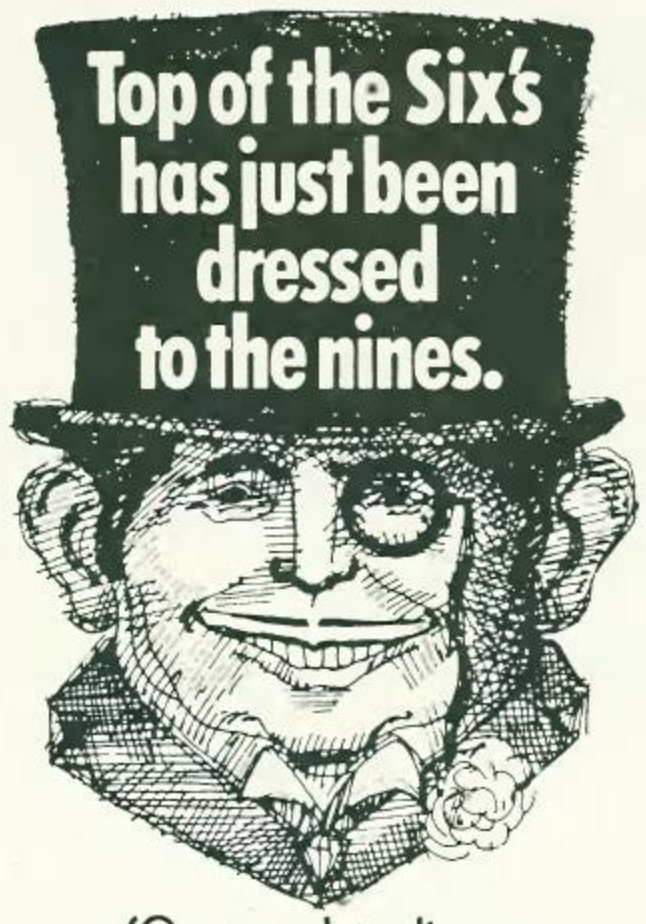

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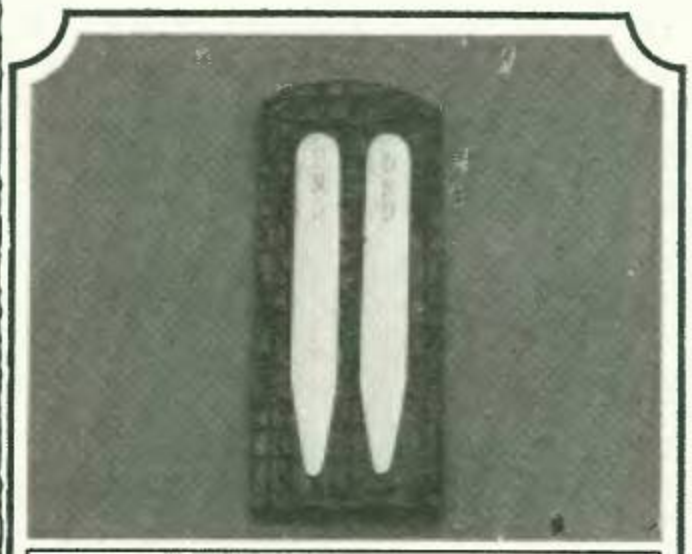

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by Buck Henry (who seems more relaxed here than in his other screen appearances) and Jim Moran—and there's one almost brilliant sequence with Marshall Efron as an ecstatically happy dirty-movie maker. But the genre has some problems, too. The directors in this field can kid themselves that, as this film claims, they're making "a spoof on the current wave of sexual frankness in America and much of the hypocrisy which lies behind it all." But while you're watching such pictures as "Guess What We Learned in School Today?" and "Cry Uncle" and "The Telephone Book" and "Is There Sex After Death?" you're perfectly well aware that, despite the claims of sophistication, the success of the films depends upon crudeness and plenty of sex and hefty amounts of teasing by women willing to act cute and dumb. And though the absence of solemnity about sex in porno-spoofs is a relief, and the sex jokes can have a fizzy, liberated humor that is *Mad*-magazine sophomoric in the best sense, after a while it isn't enough that they're being done; you want them to be done with some comic polish and style. You want the foolishness to be inspired, not to be just a series of repetitive jokes—jokes that are interchangeable from one film to the next. Since there is no story line or structure that isn't just a pretext, the only suspense is in hoping for a good skit or a bright one-liner; one sits apathetically, knowing that nothing will build, that a laugh will be followed by boredom. And here's where the problem comes in: People who wouldn't ordinarily go to pornos go to porno-spoofs, which always have an adolescent anti-establishment air about them. (A favorite gimmick is a fornication scene to the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner.") But can the porno-spoofs improve and still attract this audience? If a porno-spoof were better, it would be a sex comedy, and the difference is a matter not only of talent but of attitude.

I think the audience for porno-spoofs likes the square coarseness of "Cry Uncle"—the fat hanging down from the comic slob (Allen Garfield), the clown of burlesque who has finally lost his baggy pants—and it likes the whorishness of the women, the same way burlesque patrons enjoy looking at "dogs." They couldn't laugh at beautiful young girls. Porno-spoofs, like pornos and like burlesque shows, make the patrons feel they could have any of that if they cared to—it's easily available. The genre is based on the idea

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of inviting you to laugh at sex—as if you were watching a dirty sit-com on TV. What's built into the genre is the economic fact that unless you treat sex as ridiculous or gross—as a schoolboy joke—you lose your audience. An artist who made sex comedies would probably have to find a different audience, although Woody Allen just might be able to make a porno-spoof that was sufficiently sustained to be a sex comedy.

"Is There Sex After Death?" stays within the funny-off-and-on porno-spoof genre. It provides the sex scenes, including five couples copulating simultaneously in an International Sex Bowl, and, unlike most of the other movies of the genre, it provides considerable naughty-bawdy comedy, but the filler is flat. The Abels are known as hoaxers: he was the founder some years back of a society to clothe all naked animals, and Mrs. Abel sometimes poses as "Yetta Bronstein," a Bronx housewife who runs for high political office. I suspect that few of us find these hoaxes as funny as the Abels must in order to work them up and sustain them for so long. Probably you have to convince yourself that if people are taken in, you're really proving something. This picture has the same sort of plodding persistence. As the sexologist interviewer, Abel has one of the dullest personas in recent movies; he behaves like a sexologist.

The film loses potential laughs because the lines aren't timed quite right and the scenes aren't shaped. Skits are set up, they're poised on the borderline of funny and unfunny, and you wait for them to go right, and they don't, they just die away. And in this kind of film, in which the actors and actresses can so easily be degraded, the bad timing can make one uncomfortable. Then you may begin to wonder about the people in the movie—about the mixture of politics and prankishness and perhaps exhibitionism that has led so many people to offer up their bottoms and bellies and breasts and genitals to the camera. Unlike the credits for most films of this type, the credits here carry long, carefully categorized lists of names, so that you can tell who was doing what to whom in each scene. I imagine that the Abels regard this as part of a crusade for frankness—to unclothe human animals. But the people who are unclothed are not often funny in that condition, except as nature is responsible. And so, like burlesque patrons, we're put in the position of laughing at fools and "dogs"—or not laughing much. —PAULINE KAEL

BOOKS

The New Being

FOR years, Paul Tillich struggled to bring the Protestant theology he knew so well into a forthright and necessarily unsettling encounter with modern scientific thinking. A restless man with a powerful and hungry mind, he allowed himself again and again to be brought up short by what physicists and anthropologists have discovered in recent times, or by what psychologists and sociologists have claimed to be important. He also did not shirk looking skeptically at his own training as a minister and theologian. Will traditional Protestantism, however numerous and influential its avowed adherents, ever recognize its crusty, dogmatic, self-centered side? Will the rich and powerful nations of the West, so proudly "advanced" politically and economically, ever realize how enslaved they are by outworn traditions, senseless antagonisms, and constricting loyalties? Tillich was not sure how those questions would be answered in the immediate future, but because he was a hopeful man he did envision an eventual decisively changed set of historical circumstances—perhaps akin to St. Paul's "the new creation." For Tillich, the Christian message is the message of "the New Being": a phrase he uses repeatedly in Volume I of his "Systematic Theology" to describe a "reality" this beleaguered planet will (one can only pray) finally witness—a reality whose power will overcome "the demonic cleavages of the 'old reality' in soul, society, and universe."

Tillich never expected to see "the New Being" become a fully realized "fact" of life. He was writing about matters insubstantial and spiritual—matters no one can record on a chart or measure with a ruler or experiment with in a laboratory. Yet he may have been onto something that future social historians will record—something that others also sense and are moved to write about. Recently, for example, three short books have appeared whose titles Tillich would find engrossing. And it can be said that "soul, society, and universe" describes accurately what these books concern themselves with as they examine "the demonic cleavages" in our contemporary world. Ivan D. Illich is a Roman Catholic priest and theologian, and his "Celebration of Awareness" (Doubleday) takes up issues of the soul; Robert Jay Lifton is a psychiatrist, whose "Boundaries" (Random House) is concerned with the way our society is changing, thus making us in certain respects different human beings; Loren Eiseley is an anthropologist and archeologist and naturalist, whose "The Invisible Pyramid" (Scribners) tries to comprehend the universe, from the bewildering vastness of the skies to the equally puzzling more immediate world man calls his "mind" or his "self." It is not an accident that the titles of these books contain words or implied concepts Tillich came back to constantly during his long and productive life. Awareness haunted him—awareness, which can be so fickle, and which churches ought to encourage but often stifle. Boundaries were to him a paradox—at once a stimulating challenge and an outright enemy if they are not questioned or transcended. ("The man who stands on many boundaries experiences the unrest, insecurity, and inner limitation of existence in many forms.") As for the invisible, a theologian of Tillich's stature could not for long whistle in the dark to the tune of religious pieties, not when there is so much for man to find out about his mysterious origins, not when man will either learn the secret of self-mastery or perhaps disappear—one more dead end of inscrutable nature.

I think the religious and social activist in Tillich would especially respond to Illich's book, which is just what its subtitle says: "a call for institutional revolution." To Illich, Christ was a passionate and uncompromising rebel who preferred to die rather than modify his positions so that they threatened no one and could appeal to everyone. But even Christ would not be spared the second death, so to speak, that institutions visit upon the ideas of those lonely men who inspire and arouse (and thus frighten) other men. Tillich could never forget how blasphemous some of today's ministers have become as they mouth chauvinistic platitudes and self-aggrandizing slogans in the name of a man who challenged with every word the religious and political and economic power of his day. Now, in the early nineteen-seventies, Illich, who once served in one of New York's

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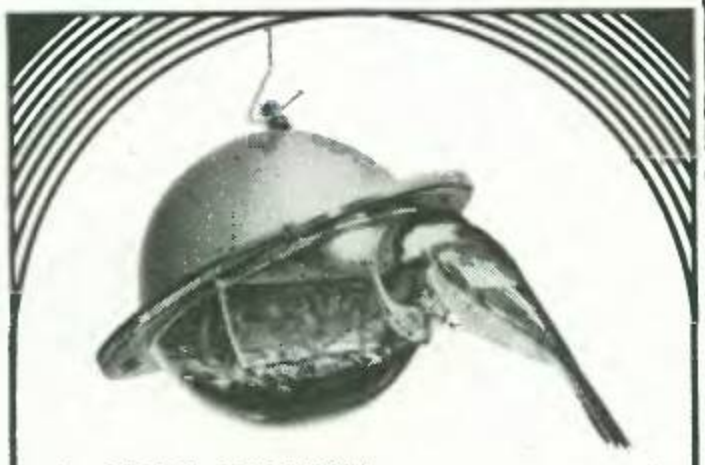

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Puerto Rican parishes and later became vice-rector of Puerto Rico's Catholic University, proclaims openly and forcefully his disgust at the way his own Church and others offer us "pharisaic legalism" and endless justifications of unjust (unchristian, one can say) social and economic institutions.

Illich is now in Mexico. He has for years observed the way his Church gets along in Latin America. He has tried upon more than one occasion to keep quiet when he felt there was reason to speak out. Indeed, he stayed within the Church's conventional structure long enough to become a monsignor, and an intelligent, eloquent, charming, even charismatic one at that. But enough was enough; eventually he spoke out, and this collection of short articles and speeches of his recent years shows how dismayed and aroused he is, and how unequivocally he condemns the Church's present jeopardy: "A large proportion of Latin American Church personnel are presently employed in private institutions that serve the middle and upper classes and frequently produce highly respectable profits; this on a continent where there is a desperate need for teachers, nurses, and social workers in public institutions that serve the poor. A large part of the clergy are engaged in bureaucratic functions, usually related to peddling sacraments, sacramentals, and superstitious 'blessings.'. . . Theology is used to justify this system, canon law to administer it, and foreign clergy to create a worldwide consensus on the necessity of its continuation."

He describes the manner in which this country has extracted oil, metals, bananas, and coffee from its poor and vulnerable neighbors to the south while aligning itself with military dictators who use American guns and tanks and planes to defend the interests of a handful of families. He wonders why a nation that fights dictatorships in Europe and Asia supports them in Central America. He wonders why the Vatican ignores the role of its missions in Brazil and Costa Rica and Paraguay and Colombia. "We must acknowledge that missioners can be pawns in a world ideological struggle, and that it is blasphemous to use the Gospel to prop up any social or political system." He struggles with the dilemma St. Paul posed to the Corinthians: "Do we begin again to commend ourselves? Or need we, as some others, epistles of commendation to you, or letters of commendation from you?" No, said Paul, with an emphasis only a tempted man could summon. The point is to

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seek a living truth rather than "tables of stone." The point is that "the letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life." Illich knows that it is hard to follow Paul's advice. Powerful institutions protect men from the uncertainties of life, give them their niche, take away a million worries and fears. Still, if we are to grow, we have to realize that pain and suffering and doubt and nightmare are ahead. It is this kind of uneasy and troublesome growth that Illich celebrates. He seems to be saying that not only the Catholic Church but many of our schools, universities, corporations, and legislatures are losing their moral authority over us because they are now out of touch with their own purposes and values or because they are no longer interested in the rock-bottom psychological and spiritual needs of human beings. We may submit to the power of those institutions, but they do not inspire us, and the stage is set for unrest, skepticism, and social violence.

SUCH a social and religious crisis is also described by a scholarly Yale psychiatrist who has extended the boundaries of his profession, and in so doing learned things about those "inner" boundaries that both help us clarify life and at times constrict our vision and possibilities. Dr. Lifton, in his "Boundaries," never forgets how complicated the mind is and how hard it is to free ourselves not only from the tug of earlier experiences but the powerful pull of the times in which we live. It is his thesis that today's world places severe demands of a very special sort: we can for the first time destroy all life in an instant; we are at the mercy of machines and industrial "processes" we hardly can fathom, let alone control; we are multiplying too rapidly—on an earth with diminishing resources. But we continue to display an ability to be mean and thoughtless and hateful to one another, not just as individuals but as collections of people who set ourselves off by class, race, neighborhood, region, nation, religion, and then—from those vantage points—feel self-righteous or distinctive in a way that requires the humiliation or weakness or vulnerability of others. To a psychiatrist like Lifton or a theologian like Illich, the existence of sinful and destructive qualities (one takes one's choice with the descriptive words) in human beings is not surprising. What makes our waywardness so urgent a matter is the world's economic and technological situation: never before has it been so important that our leaders get along rather than go after each

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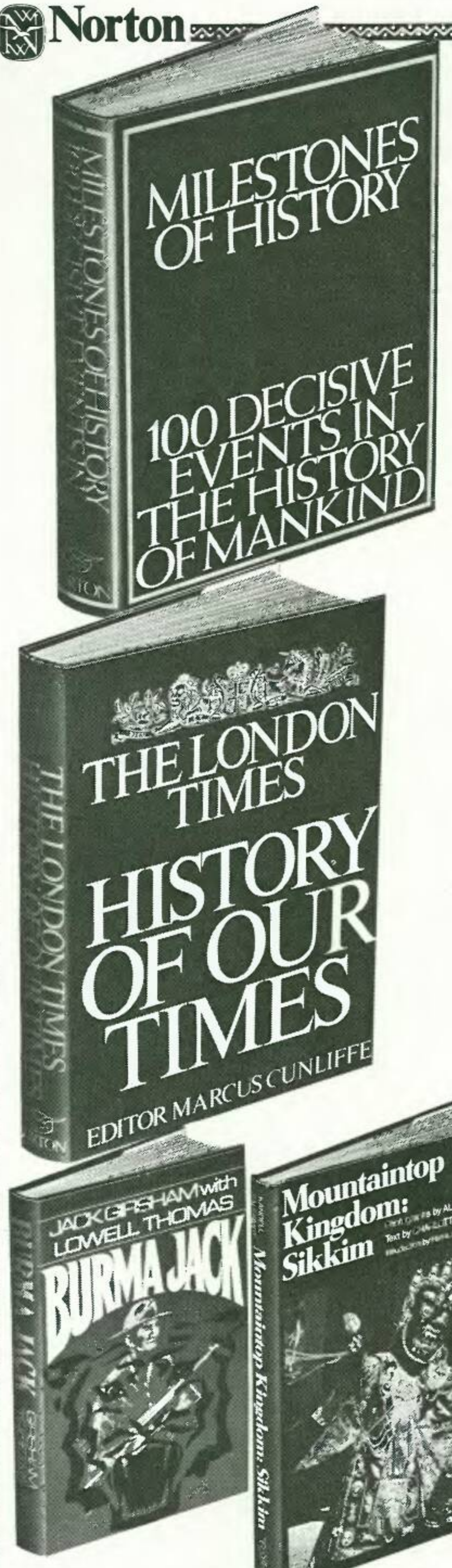

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other with those followers who always do the dying in the name of jingoist or ideological slogans.

In response to such a state of affairs, we as individuals are going through private changes, says Dr. Lifton. Some of us are pulling the shades down and cursing anything new or controversial; others (and not just the young, who can produce their share of submissive, conformist, and narrow people) are in the best sense unnerved, puzzled, questioning. We see how blind we have been to the needs and aspirations of others. We recognize that something is not only wrong but mad about an industrial empire whose rivers are foul, whose air is dirty, whose land is ravaged, whose wildlife is being killed off, whose machines are dangerous, whose food is contaminated. And because we trouble ourselves about such things we become broader, more alert, more responsive, less complacent and self-satisfied. In Lifton's terms, we are on the way to becoming "Protean man"—not free of flaws and limitations but alive to the disasters that threaten us: "The Protean style of self-process . . . is characterized by an interminable series of experiments and explorations, some shallow, some profound, each of which can readily be abandoned in favor of still new psychological quests." And if the quests fail or become dangerously single-minded or bizarre, that is not cause to deplore the efforts. "I want," Lifton adds, "to stress that this Protean style is by no means pathological as such, and in fact may be one of the functional patterns necessary to life in our times. I would emphasize that it extends to all areas of human experience—to political as well as to sexual behavior, to the holding and promulgating of ideas, and to the general organization of lives. To grasp this style, then, we must alter our judgments concerning what is psychologically disturbed or pathological, as opposed to adaptive or even innovative."

IT is no accident that both Illich and Lifton use "revolution" in the subtitles of their books. Illich is making "a call for institutional revolution" and Lifton is attempting to assess "psychological man in revolution." Illich finds arrogance and thoughtlessness in various religious organizations (among others), and Lifton scolds his psychiatric colleagues for being self-aggrandizing, limited in vision, and moralistic in a way that helps out those who uphold the status quo; men and women, he says, who question our various norms too closely and take action to show their

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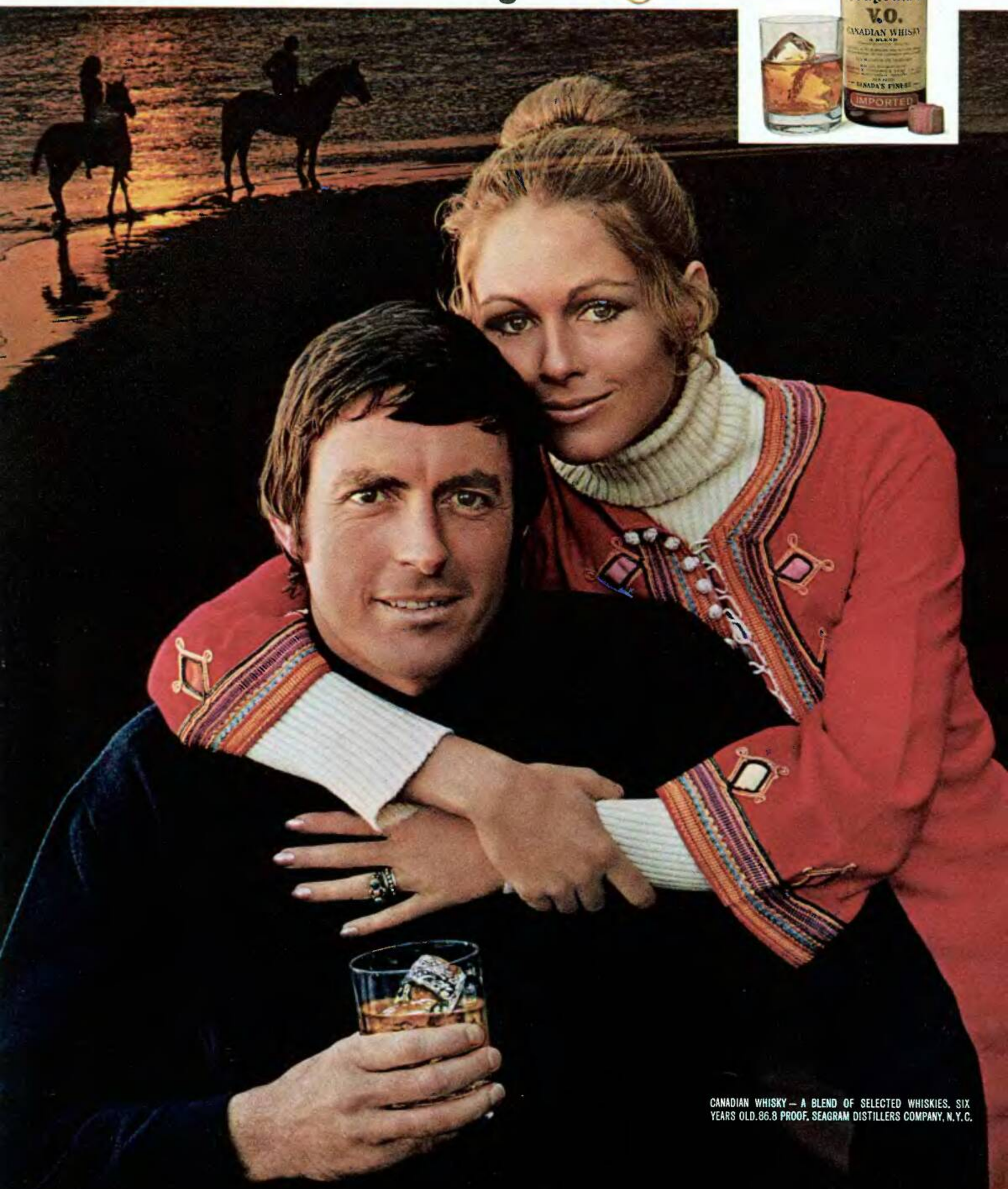

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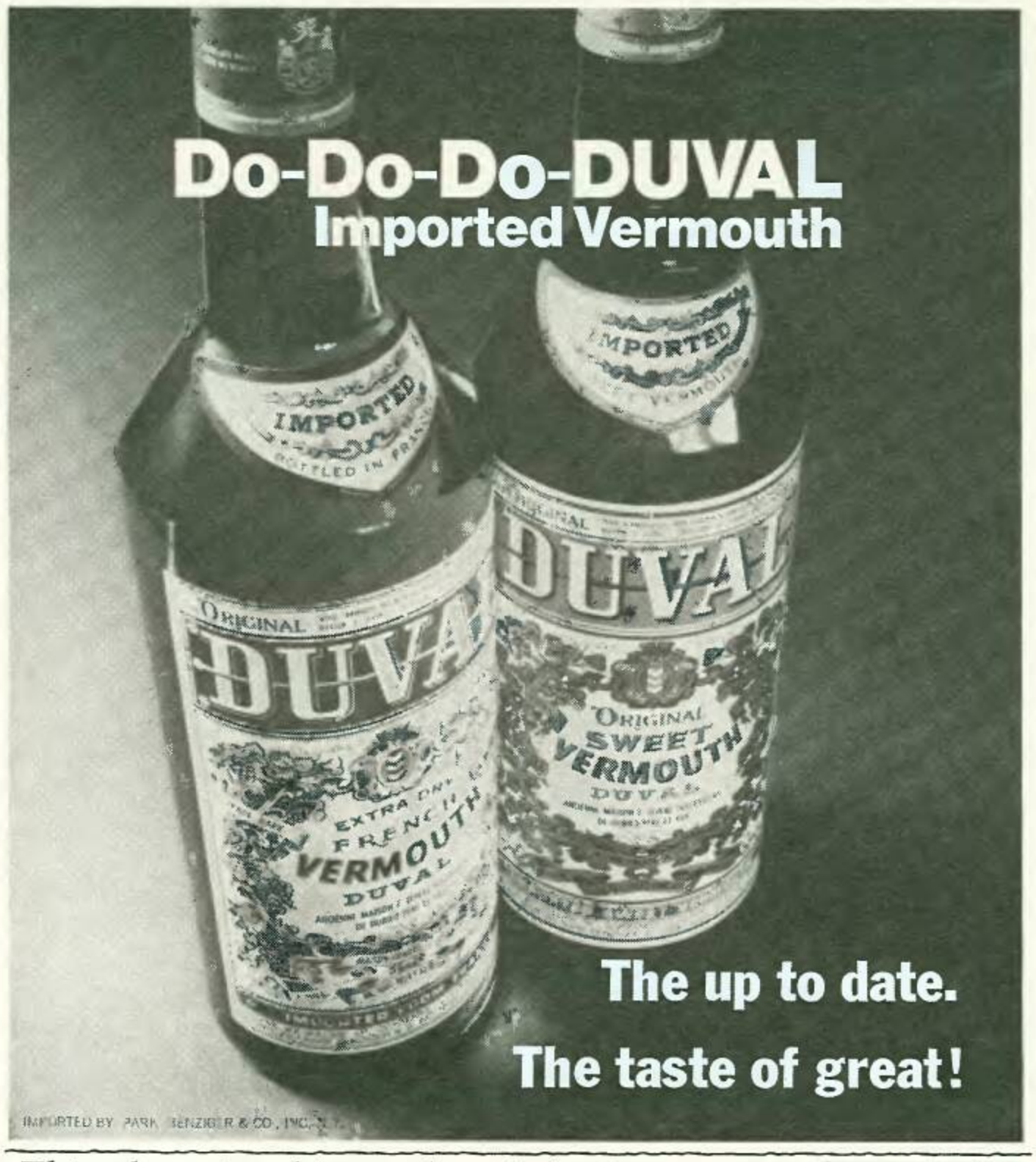
disapproval are called "psychologically disturbed" or "pathological." In contrast, Loren Eiseley seems untroubled by such problems, though he does not conceal his judgment that there is a great deal wrong with our institutions and how we get on with each other. What distinguishes him from Illich and Lifton is not his profession but his philosophical viewpoint and the way he conveys it. He is not concerned solely with the last half of the twentieth century, nor does he write with any special program or appeal or critique in mind. For him, our contemporary ailments have origins we will never know in full and a destiny that is beyond any era's (let alone generation's) comprehension. His range of reflections makes the broadest of our historians seem a trifle parochial. He has been looking at the stars farthest away from us as well as at the earth, which still holds on to a large number of apparently inaccessible secrets. He feels a lonely awe of the hugeness of the universe. In a touching beginning to his speculative journey, he brings us back to his childhood and to the childhood of modern man, whose ancestors must have had the same sense of doubt and mystery and passionate curiosity the author had when he was a boy, and still has. He assembles thoughts and speculations he has struggled with over the decades. They are questions, really, that perhaps can be asked only as Gauguin did when in 1897 he wrote on one of his canvases, "From where do we come? What are we? Where are we going?," or Richard Strauss did when he tried to make music respond to Nietzsche's philosophy in the tone poem "Also Sprach Zarathustra." The mysteries that command Eiseley's attention defy any particular art form, and he himself harnesses lyric metaphors and allegories to the task of scientific exposition.

Who, indeed, can possibly fathom the riddles of the universe in phrases alone—even the rich and suggestive ones a good poet constructs? As Eiseley cannot stop reminding himself and us, we are here for a fraction of a second, and all our vanities and conceits and proud achievements and noble dreams amount to little—once the archeologist and the astronomer in us stop us in our tracks and get us to think a little. Not that an active, energetic, effective man like Loren Eiseley wants us to become paralyzed by useless ruminations. He realizes that we are entitled to a certain amount of self-centeredness. He recognizes how significantly modern technological man has confronted at least some of the universe's inscruta-



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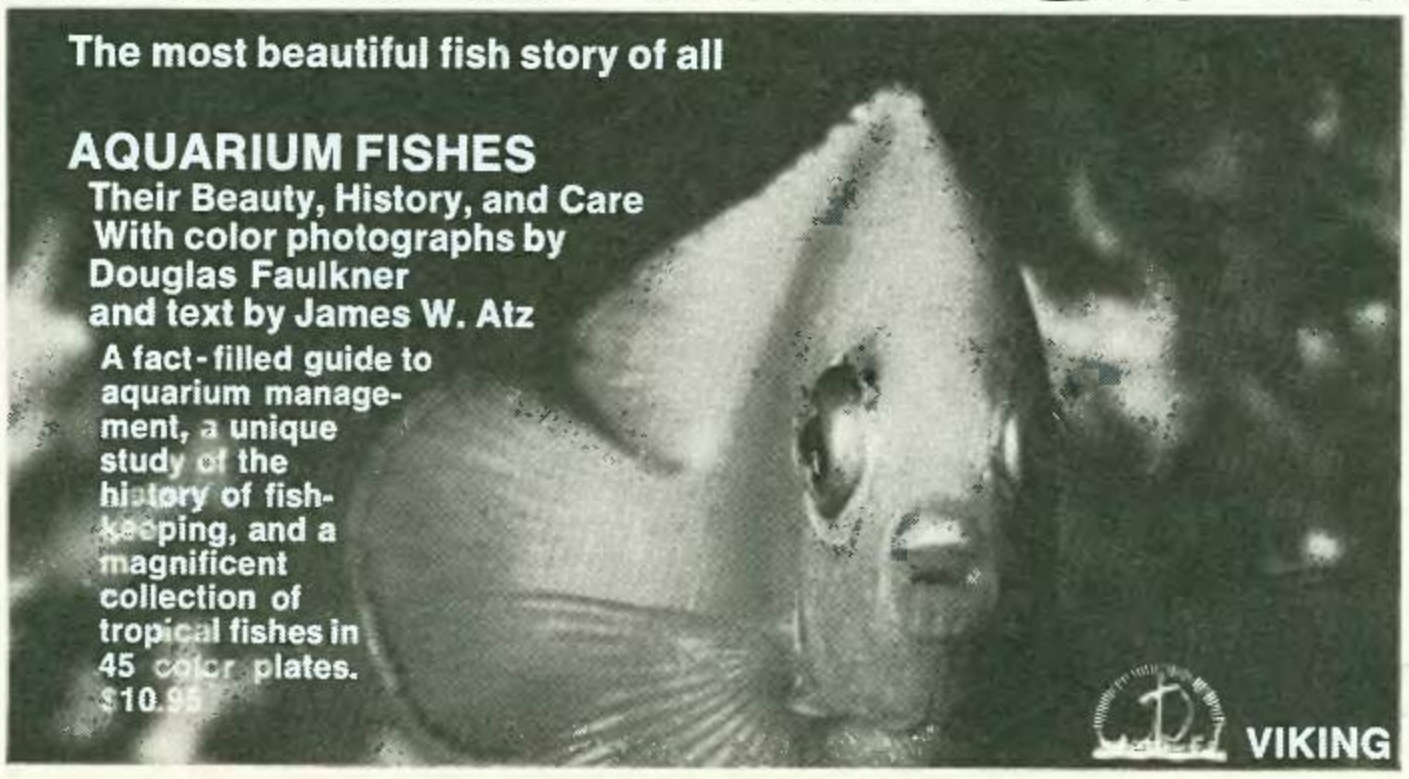

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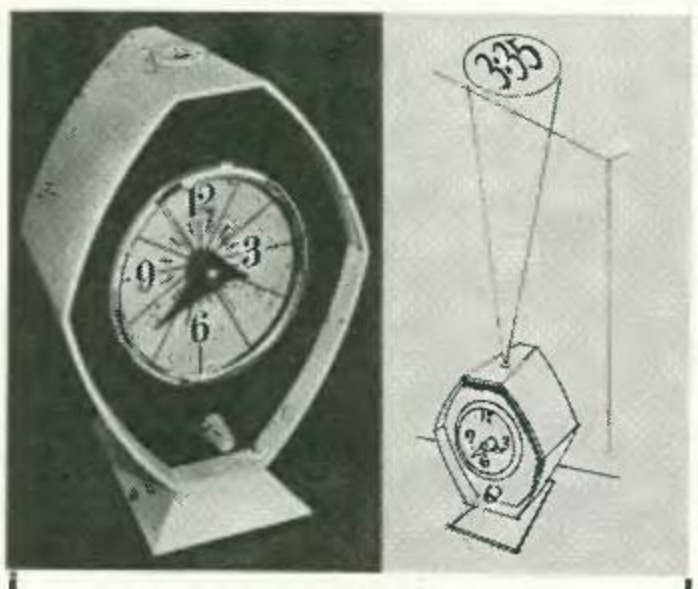

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bility. We will never know what we are blessed and cursed with the desire to know, but we do have the ability to find out so very much, and we are on our way to places in the sky as well as deep within ourselves.

For Eiseley, those inner, essentially ethical explorations (and they are explorations men like Illich and Lifton continually make) may be more important and decisive than any landing on a distant planet. Eiseley is a moral philosopher and a passionate naturalist. He is worried: "In the endless pursuit of the future we have ended by engaging to destroy the present. We are the greatest producers of non-degradable garbage on the planet. In the cities a winter snowfall quickly turns black from the pollutants we have loosed in the atmosphere. This is not to denigrate the many achievements and benefits of modern science. On a huge industrial scale, however, we have unconsciously introduced a mechanism which threatens to run out of control. We are tracking ourselves into the future—a future whose 'progress' is as dubious as that which we experience today. Once the juggernaut is set in motion, to slow it down or divert its course is extremely difficult because it involves the livelihood and social prestige of millions of workers. The future becomes a shibboleth which chokes our lungs, threatens our ears with sonic booms, and sets up a population mobility which is destructive in its impact on social institutions."

So it goes in America, a great and confident world power whose well-to-do people (never mind our poor) feel uncertain, frightened, at the mercy of forces hard to understand, let alone control. Eiseley is a scientist, but he fears that we are beguiled by our scientists (and engineers and doctors and planners), whom we turn into prophets and magicians, and upon whom we project "questions involving the destiny of man over prospective millions of years." He is also a blunt and uncompromising essayist. Like Tillich, he feels that we are driven from within by demonic forces one can call greed, selfishness, arrogance. (The list is a long one.) Eiseley has little hope we will ever be rid of this inheritance. In a sense, tragedy is our birthright: "Suppose, my thought persisted, there is still another answer to the ruins in the rain forests of Yucatán, or to the incised brick tablets baking under the Mesopotamian sun. Suppose that greater than all these, vaster and more impressive, an invisible pyramid lies at the heart of every civilization man has created,

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that for every visible brick or corbelled vault or upthrust skyscraper or giant rocket we bear a burden in the mind to excess, that we have a biological urge to complete what is actually uncompletable."

And yet we have to go on, lucky to have among us the sensibilities a man like Eiseley demonstrates. Driven, wild, thoughtless, and hurtful we are—and maybe doomed—but because we are human we have a chance to show the tact and intelligence and decency Eiseley has achieved. If his words that evoke images and suggest a universe of their very own make the reader more thoughtful and considerate, more "the New Being," that is enough for any explorer before he ends the journey all of us make and try to comprehend and struggle to shape and know must end but hope in some small way to make significant. —Robert Coles

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Professor's Daughter, by Piers Paul Read (Lippincott). In the first three pages of this novel, Louisa Rutledge, the nineteen-year-old daughter of a Harvard professor, picks up a strange man on Boston Common, takes him back to her nearby apartment, goes to bed with him, and then jumps from a window, nearly killing herself. As Mr. Read tells it, the incident has a matter-of-fact horror—a restrained, mysterious tone. This tone continues all through the book, smoothing out what proves to be an elaborate, rather coldhearted story of moral breakdown in America. After relating Louisa's attempt at suicide, the author reviews the life of her father—a wealthy, ineffectual liberal—and then gives us another mystery: Some of the professor's students, with Louisa's help, are conspiring to assassinate a senator.

The Burnt Orange Heresy, by Charles Willeford (Crown). James Figueras, who tells this entertaining story, is a young and powerfully ambitious American journalist, one of "fewer than twenty-five men—and no women—earning their bread as full-time art critics." Jacques Debierue is a world-famous artist—an elderly and reclusive French relic of the great days of Dada and Surrealism, whose only exhibited work was an ornate frame hung over a crack in his studio wall. Figueras is presented with a somewhat larcenous opportunity to wring an interview from

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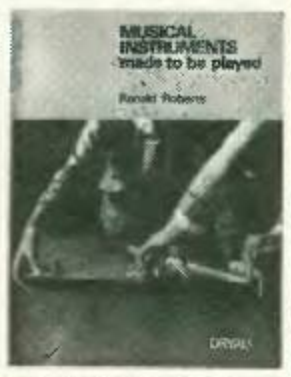

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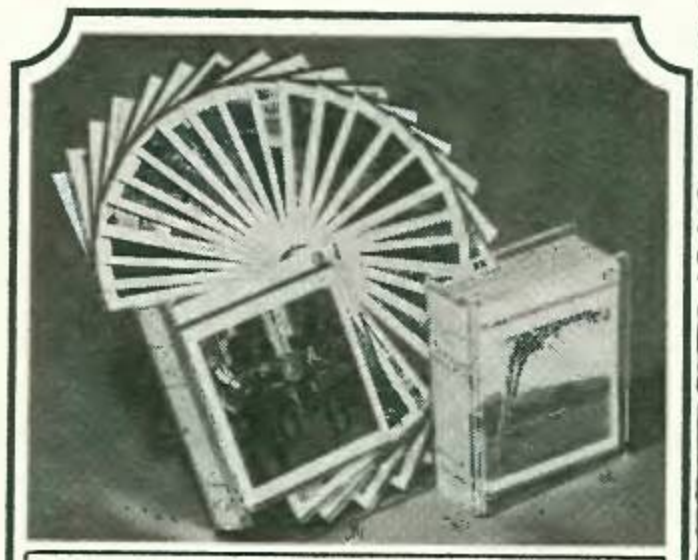

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the old man, and he accepts without a qualm. The result is a lighthearted novel, a novel full of genuine fun, that also manages to make a level statement about the art world and its hermetic credulities. It might be added that the ending is a stunning example of wry rectitude.

OURSELVES, by Jonathan Strong (Atlantic-Little, Brown). This is a clever novel, with a full mixture of the charm and coyness that often accompany clever things. It tells of four young people living near Boston—two Harvard roommates, a beautiful girl, and a roommate's sister—all of them nice, sweet kids from affectionate middle-class families. The most troubled of the four—Xavier Fereira—is also the narrator, supposedly writing this novel as part of his psychiatric therapy. Xavier's role is accurately made, and we are touched when, in an unexpected way, he finds some love and happiness at the end. Yet the very accuracy of Xavier's role—his self-absorption and his evasions—also gives the book its frequent, irritating patches of coyness, one of which, at the end, takes away Xavier's triumph before we can savor it.

GENERAL

RUMOUR IN ORLÉANS, by Edgar Morin, translated from the French by Peter Green (Pantheon). Edgar Morin, a French sociologist, took a small team to Orléans to investigate the origins and spread of a rumor that swept the town in the late spring and early summer of 1969—namely, that the proprietors of six shops that sold miniskirts and similar garments to young women were white slavers who injected their customers with a drug while the girls were in the fitting rooms and turned them over to colleagues to be spirited out of the country. According to the Orléans police, no girl or woman had in fact disappeared, but nearly everyone who believed the rumor seemed to know someone who knew someone who knew a girl who had vanished. Complicating this fantasy—from a sociological point of view, anyway—was the fact that although the six boutique proprietors were Jews, the rumor did not affect any other Jewish shopkeepers or any Gentile proprietors of Mod boutiques. Morin's report is fascinating, and his opinions and hypotheses are even more so. In his view, social changes—including the shifting role of women, the growing power of

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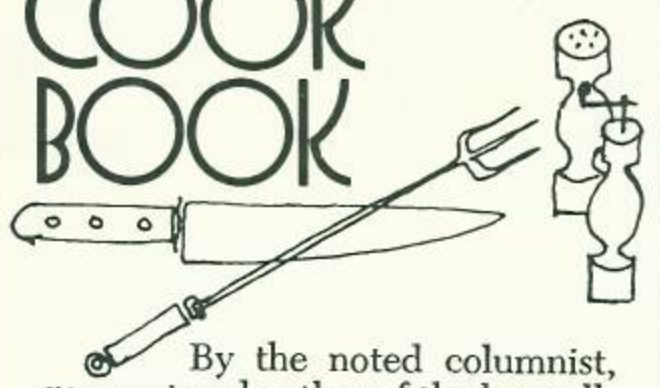

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popular mass culture, and the urbanization of country people—have produced a failure, not a growth, of rationality and of persuasive rational leadership; Morin describes the event as not a "throwback to the Middle Ages" but, rather, "one symptom of our own modern Middle Ages." Readers may apply Morin's findings to their own country or they may not; anyhow, his ideas are riveting.

NIXON IN THE WHITE HOUSE: THE FRUSTRATION OF POWER, by Rowland Evans, Jr., and Robert D. Novak (Random House). Two well-known Washington columnists describe, in knowledgeable detail—and right down to last August's surprise price freeze—the President's term so far. Mr. Nixon, they say, came to the Presidency imbued with the notion that domestically the country could run itself, and that a President was needed mainly to manage foreign policy. This debatable idea, they believe, led to an assortment of domestic messes, the most spectacular being the state of the economy. On the other hand, the authors think that the President has done better in foreign affairs than many Americans realize, and point out a number of bright spots. The man they portray is intelligent but apparently not gifted at politics, since he is not easy with people, whether they are strangers or colleagues. He finds it hard to express his feelings, particularly negative ones, and tends either to explode (rarely) or to say nothing (more commonly), thereby creating misunderstandings, anxieties, and suspicions that franker men in his job (Jackson, Teddy Roosevelt, Truman) did not.

THE AGE OF ENERGY: VARIETIES OF AMERICAN EXPERIENCE, 1865-1915, by Howard Mumford Jones (Viking). This learned, vivacious essay about a creative, expansive—in Shakespeare's word, "multitudinous"—era is as good as it is because the author everywhere applies his notion that "the period did not exist as an imperfect prophecy of twentieth-century America; it lived in its own right." Whatever Mr. Jones discusses—his subjects include politics and literature, education and technology, entertainment and theology—he is interested in what the men and women of the time wanted or did not want, what they saw as problems, and what solutions they considered. Many of these problems, of course, remain, and Mr. Jones'

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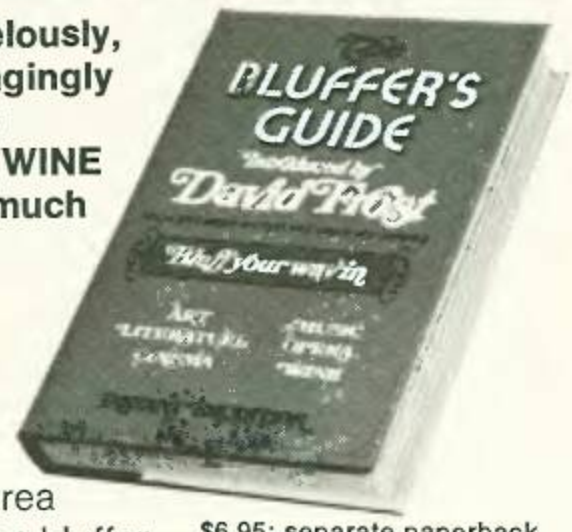

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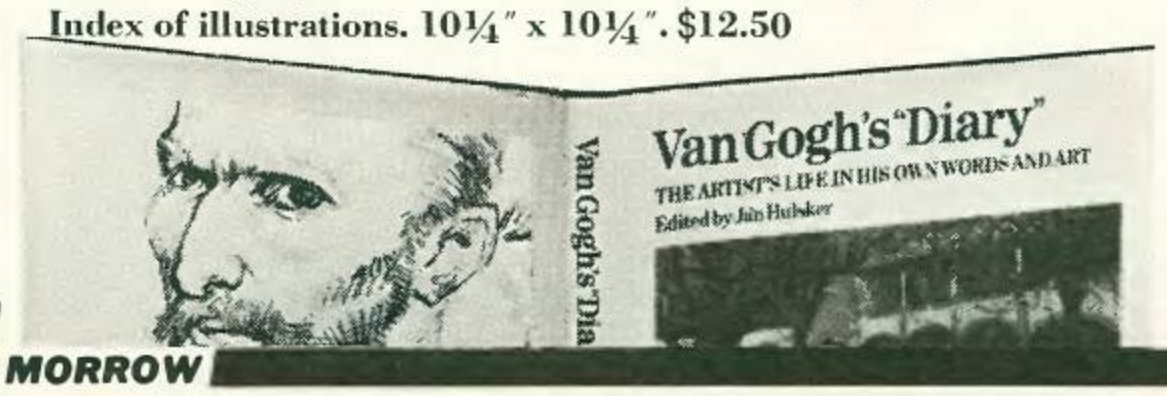

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THE CITY OF DICKENS, by Alexander Welsh (Oxford). A difficult, concentrated, but rewarding book on London, what the city meant to Dickens, and how it affected him and his work. Mr. Welsh says that with the growth of the city in the nineteenth century satire became inadequate in dealing with its problems, and that the outlook for reform was so bleak that Dickens turned to the religious feeling that some individuals are predestined for a better place—Heaven—and to the Victorian loophole that hearth and home is a substitute for Heaven. Mr. Welsh illustrates his themes with so many examples from the novels that at times the mind boggles, but his prose is clear, his ideas are fresh, and his seriousness is so apparent that his book will be a pleasure for zealous Dickens fans.

MY GALLERIES AND PAINTERS, by Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, with Francis Crémieux; translated from the French by Helen Weaver (Viking). This is the second volume of the Documents of Twentieth-Century Art, edited by Robert Motherwell. The epigraph of the series is Delacroix's statement that "most writing on art is done by people who are not artists—thus all the misconceptions," and in the light of this opinion it seems odd that Motherwell should include the recollections of an art dealer. Of course, having been associated with Picasso for sixty-five years, and being the subject of Picasso's celebrated Cubist portrait, Kahnweiler is no ordinary dealer. His recollections constitute a sketchy history of Cubism in terms of agreeable observations on events and personalities. He entered the Paris art scene in 1907, the year of "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," when the curtain was about to go up on the Cubist revolution. Twenty-three years old, with a small purse supplied by his family, he launched himself as a dealer by buying unknowns of the two newest art modes—first Fauvists, then Cubists. The artists he chose were Derain and Vlaminck, Braque, Léger, Gris, and, above all, Picasso. This company, which became his life—through his managing of their finances, his daily visits to their studios, his posing for paintings and sitting in on card games and so on—carried Kahnweiler into

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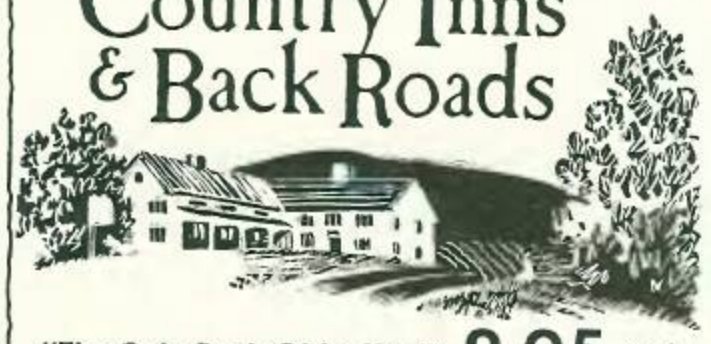

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art history as the model of that fidelity to his artists which alone can cause a dealer to succeed in more than making money. His only separations from the Paris avant-garde milieu were those forced upon him by the two World Wars, in the first of which he was victimized as a German, in the second as a Jew. Kahnweiler's gift was his naïveté, in the Baudelairean sense of giving himself over to his admirations. It was enough for him to have found his artists and to have committed himself to them; beyond that, he simply hung their pictures in a refurbished tailor shop and waited for customers. (To this day, he denies knowing "the tricks of the trade" of art dealing, and his denial is convincing.) Kahnweiler's identification with his artists is complete; he is confident that he knows their feelings in matters small and large. His success story is affectionate, thoughtful, and perceptive, especially in regard to the social and economic status of art today and yesterday. He has also, however, taken over the prejudices of his generation against what he calls "abstraction and *tachisme*," by which he means American Abstract Expressionism and versions of it in Europe and elsewhere. He deplores contemporary art, with its unending search for the new and the prevalence in it of "gadgets," and he delivers the customary French spiel about the influence of Masson on Pollock and Action painting, with the conclusion that "this painting is not painting, but decoration pure and simple." Ironically, in an earlier part of "My Galleries and Painters" Kahnweiler complains that people missed the true meaning of Cubism and "thought that it was merely a form of *decoration*." The interviews with him took place ten years ago and are out of date in some details.

•

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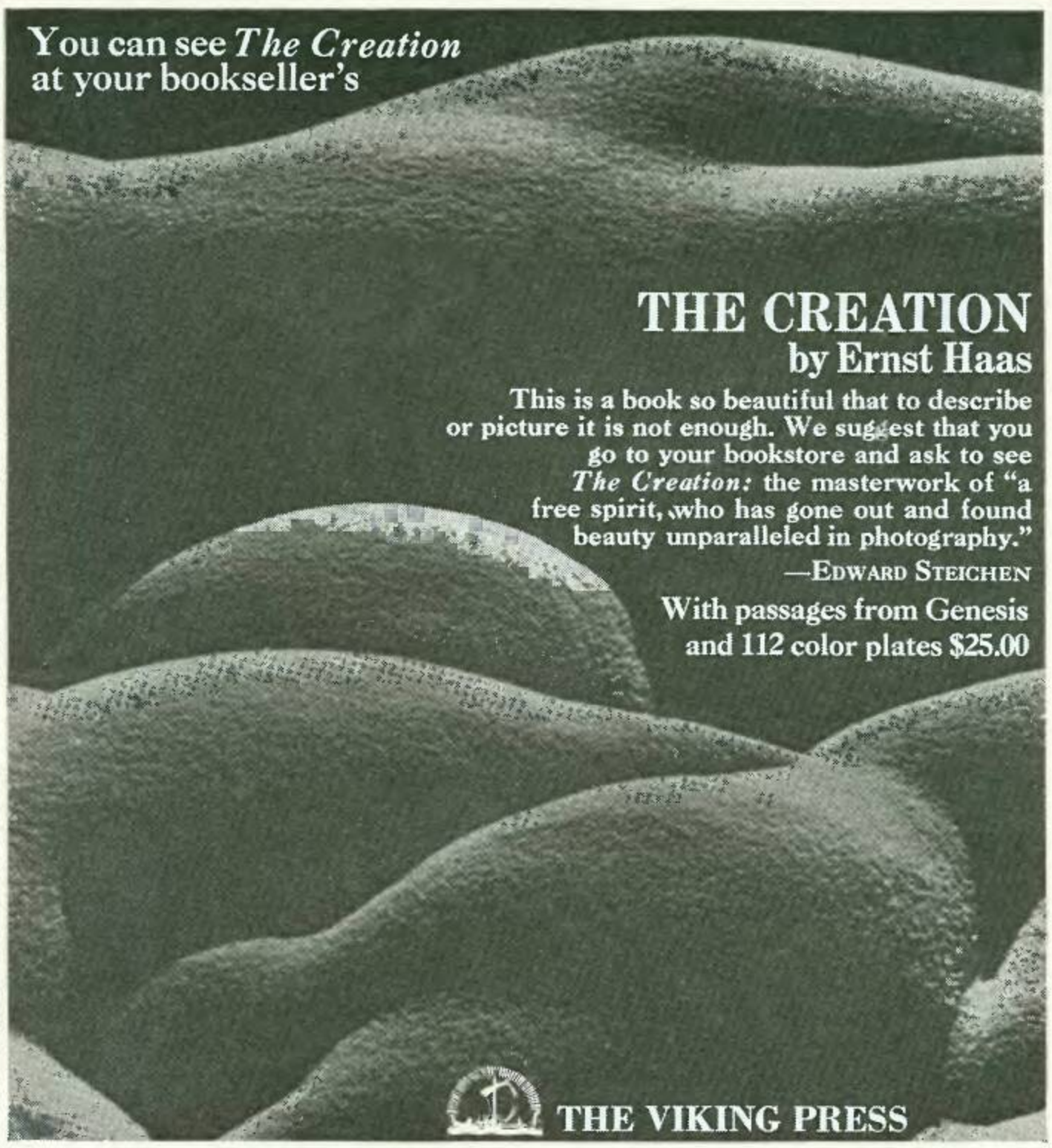

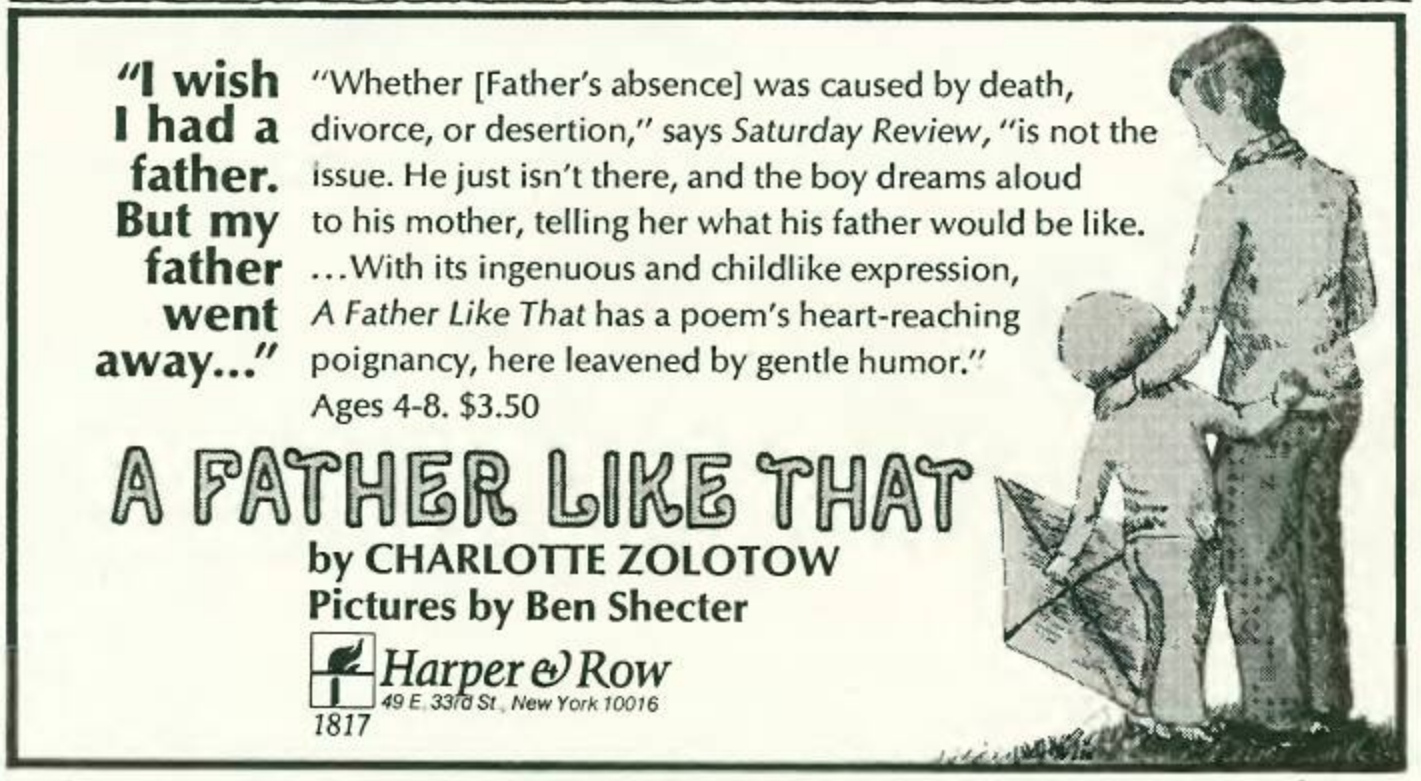

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