Feb. 24, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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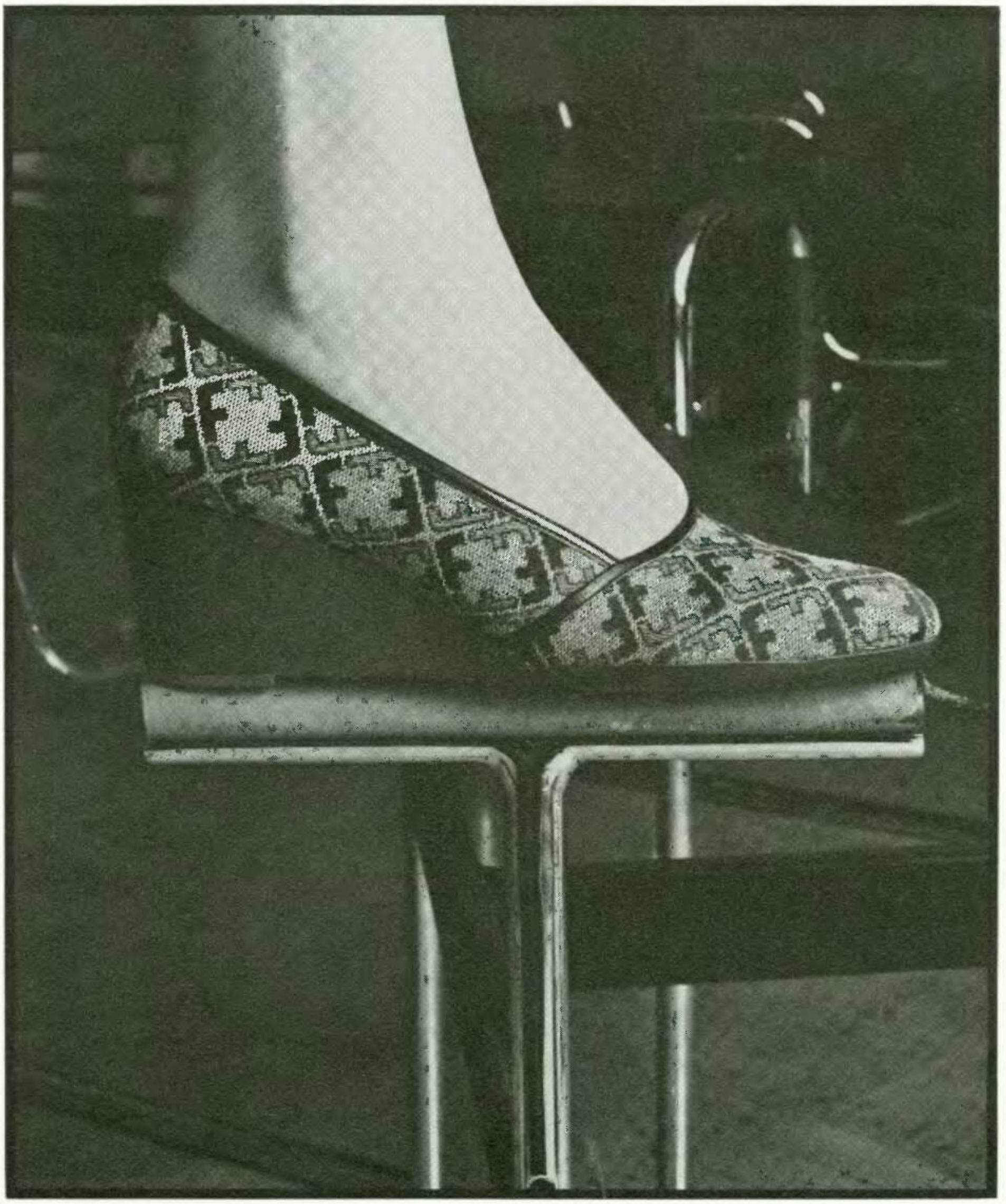
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marraige, though you scarcely notice. With Richard Kiley, Sandy Dennis, Larry Blyden, Geraldine Page, Tony Roberts, and Carole Shelley. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

All Over Town—A carelessly carpentered, not very funny farce by Murray Schisgal. Direction by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Blasts and Bravos: An Evening with H. L. Mencken—Paul Shyre's able impersonation of Mencken, who took a dark view of his fellow-creatures, nearly always with reason. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Celebration—A revised version of the 1969 musical by Tom Jones (book and lyrics) and Harvey Schmidt (music). (Portfolio Studio, 341 W. 47th St. CI 6-6755. Friday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

Dance with Me—A comedy with music, written by Greg Antonacci, who also plays the lead. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fishing—A play by Michael Weller. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Four Friends—A play by Larry Kramer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

God's Favorite—A grossly inept retelling of the Book of Job, in what the author, Neil Simon, thinks of as a comedy about a rich Jewish family on Long Island. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Good Woman of Setzuan—A highly imaginative spin-off from Brecht's play, conceived and directed by the remarkable Andrei Serban. There is as much singing and pantomime as there is speech, and the production (except for a few too noisy stretches) is very effective. Priscilla Smith does well as the heroine, and she is given strong support by Peter Jon De Vries as the faithless lover, and by everyone else concerned. Elizabeth Swados wrote the fine score. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

Hughie and Duet—Two one-act plays, the first by Eugene O'Neill and the second by David Scott Milton. The presence in them of the redoubtable Ben Gazzara will repay a visit. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 19, and Saturdays at 2.)

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In Praise of Love—A sentimental comedy by Terence Rattigan, worth going to see for Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, Martin Gabel, and a set by Jo Mielziner. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Kid Champion—A play by Thomas Babe, with Christopher Walken and Kathryn Walker. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 19. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30.)

Madhouse Company of London—Horseplay by some gifted clowns in a pleasant cabaret setting. (Brooklyn Navy Yard, downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for

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COVER: *Rea Irvin*

DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles Addams, George Booth, George Price, Robert Weber, Frank Modell, Lee Lorenz, Mischa Richter, James Stevenson, Barney Tobey, Charles Saxon, Stan Hunt, Charles Barsotti, Thomas B. Allen, Chon Day, Donald Reilly, William Steig, William O'Brian, Joseph Mirachi, William Hamilton*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—In spite of the title, the time is May Day. That's Shakespeare for you. A rambunctious and often very funny version of a lovely comedy. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Mound Builders—An insignificant little play about the misadventures of a group of archeologists investigating some ancient Indian mounds. The elaborate production is occasionally enlightening, but more often it is simply distracting. Lantern slides abound. The dramatist, Lanford Wilson, has supplied a number of good lines and good scenes for the actors, who do well. Marshall W. Mason directed. (Circle Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 20, at 2. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

The Night That Made America Famous—A musical starring Harry Chapin, who also wrote the music and lyrics. Directed by Gene Frankel. Previews through Tuesday, Feb. 25. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Pretzels—A fresh-faced, fresh-voiced, barely postgraduate revue, starring Jane Curtin, John Forster, Timothy Jerome, and Judy Kahan. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Private Lives—A rollicking revival of Noël Coward's dazzling gloss on the old saying "The course of true love never did run smooth." With Maggie Smith and John Standing, directed by John Gielgud. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Ritz—A very funny vaudeville about life in a homosexual bathhouse. Written by Terrence McNally, and starring Rita Moreno and Jerry Stiller. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—A seven-week engagement that will end Sunday, April 6. Ian Richardson in **love's labour's lost:** Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 19-22, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2 and 7:30. . . . **lear,** a shortened version of Shakespeare's tragedy: Saturday, Feb. 22 (preview) and Tuesday, Feb. 25 (opening), both at 2. . . . **summerfolk,** translated by Jeremy Brooks and Kitty Hunter Blair: Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 25-March 1, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Scapino—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by Jim Dale, of the Young Vic company, and a number of others. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

The Seagull and **Our Late Night**—An unsuccessful production of Chekhov's great play, and a successful production of a new comedy by Wallace Shawn. **the seagull:** Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 19-22, at 7:30. . . . **our late night:** Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 26-27, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, at 7:30 and 9:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

Seascape—A lyrical, sunlit comedy, which says a firm yes to every perhaps. With Deborah Kerr, Barry Nelson, Frank Langella, and Maureen Anderman. Written and directed by Edward Albee. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shenandoah—A musical about the Civil War, but really about showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St.



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757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock Holmes—The great detective is played with incomparable finesse by John Wood, and Clive Revill is his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **sizwe banzi is dead,** a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3 and 6. . . . ¶ In **the island,** two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 19, and 8. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

Straws in the Wind: A Theatrical Look Ahead—A revue, with script contributions by, among others, Donald Barthelme and Peter Stone, plus songs by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Cy Coleman, and others. Directed by Phyllis Newman. Opens Friday, Feb. 21, and will run through Saturday, March 22. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Ups and Downs of Theophilus Maitland—A musical with a book by Vinnette Carroll (who also directed) and music and lyrics by Micki Grant. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Wedding in Shtetel—A Yiddish musical. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Saturdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Where's Charley?—A revival of Frank Loesser's musical version of the Brandon Thomas play of 1892. Raul Julia and an attractive cast work very hard to make the old warhorse canter. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

The Wiz—A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—candide: Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **the fantasticks:** 6,169 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **el grande de coca-cola:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **the hot l baltimore:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **pippin:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Samuel E. Wright, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 19, and Saturdays at 2.). . . **raisin:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, March 23—Wednesday evening, Feb. 26: "Kettentanz," "Monotones I and II," and "Deuce Coupe II" (première). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 27: "Pulcinella," "Pas des Déesses," and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 28: "Kettentanz," "The Big City" (première), and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 1: "Pulcinella," "Monotones I and II," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 1: "The Big City," "Pas des Déesses," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Deuce Coupe II." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—Final performances of a two-week engagement by a company of sixty-five dancers, singers, and musicians. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

Rod Rodgers—With his dance company. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-7560.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Rashied Ali—Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9042). Drums, leading a quartet, from ten to three. Thursdays through Sundays.

David Amram—St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). French horn, guitar, piano, and wooden flutes, with a combo. Mondays at ten.

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a combo, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

Gato Barbieri—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Tenor saxophone, leading a band, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Through Sunday, Feb. 23.

Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Drums, with the current messengers. Starting Tuesday, Feb. 25, from nine-thirty to two.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Ron Carter and Mike Longo—Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785). Bass and piano, respectively. Sunday, Feb. 23, from five to nine.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Gil Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Electric piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, Monday, Feb. 24, from ten.

Jimmy Giuffre 3—Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566). Reeds, bass, and drums, Fridays and Saturdays, at ten-thirty.

Sonny Greer, Russell Procope, and Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Bobby Hackett—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Trumpet, with Hank Jones on piano, Milt Hinton on bass, and Ray Mosca on drums. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one.

Roy Haynes—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Drums, leading the Hip Ensemble, a quintet. From nine-forty-five to three, beginning Wednesday, Feb. 26.

Travis Hudson and Ronny Whyte—Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.

Helen Humes and Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Jazz and blues singer and piano, respectively. From eight to one, except Sundays.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three.... ¶ Stryker's 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). From nine-thirty to two, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Dave Matthews—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Piano, leading a twelve-piece band. Mondays, from nine-thirty to two.

Mabel Mercer—Mabel Mercer Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at ten and midnight.

Anita O'Day—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Jazz singer, at nine and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with Jo Jones and Paul Quinichette; Saturdays and Sundays, from nine to one.

Roswell Rudd—St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). Trombone and French horn, leading a quartet, Wednesdays through Sundays, from ten to three.

Pharoah Sanders—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Tenor sax, leading a quintet, through Sunday, Feb. 23, at ten.

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Michal Urbaniak—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Jazz violin, with his band, Fusion. At eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, through Sunday, Feb. 23.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Drummer Omar Clay and his trio will be perched on the tiny, elevated nook of a bandstand on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22. The surroundings remain excessively nautical. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The George Coleman-Danny Moore quintet has the stand through Saturday, Feb. 22. On Wednesday, Feb. 26, drummer Roy Haynes guides his own youthful quintet through some familiar but fast-paced material. The action commences at nine-forty-five. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large-scale rock-and-rollerie patronized by youthful throngs decked out in jeans, plaid flannel shirts, slogan-ridden T-shirts, and turquoise jewelry. Gato Barbieri and Michal Urbaniak, representing, respectively, Argentine and Polish concepts of electronic jazz married to folk music, trade sets with their bands through Sunday, Feb. 23. On Monday, Feb. 24, rock singer Phoebe Snow drops in. She is followed on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 25-26, by Bonnie Bramlett, her backup group, and her backup singers. Leo Sayer, an English rock therapist, works it all out onstage, opposite another rock team, Hall and Oates, beginning Thursday, Feb. 27. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Pianist Al Haig and bassist Bill Takas operate in this lively little bar from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine to one, Jaki Byard, who displays a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sometimes sings along in a voice as deep as his instrument.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Travis Hudson and Ronny Whyte, in the **café carlyle** through Saturday, March 1, sing duets at the keyboard in unison or in smart counterpoint, often digging deep into the past of musical comedy for their material. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.... ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the **bemelmans bar**, which—fingers crossed—appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Helen Humes (see p. 98, this issue), who began when Sid Catlett was seventeen, is singing better than ever. Her accompanist is Mr. Superb—Ellis Larkins. Benny Moten plays bass. Every night from eight to one, except Sunday, when pianist Dick Hyman, who likes to pretend he is everyone from Luckey Roberts to Eddie Costa, takes over. Dining.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Dave Matthews, a thirty-two-year-old Kentucky-born conservatory-trained composer-arranger, has put together as his sounding board a twelve-piece band that plays here on Mondays. It is made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties, and it is, like all such groups, expert and swinging. On Tuesday, Feb. 25, Art Blakey arrives with the most recent version of the Jazz Messengers. Music from nine-thirty to two. Chinese food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, who worked out his apprenticeship with two different megaliths—the pianist Lennie Tristano and the bandleader Stan Kenton—and since then has gone his original, catch-me-if-you-can way, is here Mondays and Tuesdays and at Stryker's Wednesdays and Thursdays. Here he works with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz; Stryker's is more of a pickup arrangement. His playing has not diminished. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist Brooks Kerr, who at twenty-three knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman Russell Procope and drummer Sonny Greer. The trio is not to be missed. Warren Chiasson, a Canadian vibraharpist, has good flashes from six to nine every night but Saturday and Sunday.

Jacques at the Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to the fastidious piano musings of Lance Hayward. He is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Joe Muranyi cut loose. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky is in charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Mabel Mercer Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A portrait of the artist at seventy-five, which Mabel Mercer has just gracefully turned. Everything is just right—the voice (despite its ups and downs), the phrasing, the wonderful songs, her regal good looks, and the newly christened room itself. Jimmy Lyon's accompaniment is calm and fatherly. She radiates—which is what she really does now—at ten and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Bobby Hackett is playing here with strong, supportive accompaniment—Hank Jones on piano, Milt Hinton on bass, and Ray Mosca on drums. The hours are nine-fifteen to one. A Monday-night Dixieland band that features Woody Allen on clarinet breaks loose from nine-thirty to midnight. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant with an enclosed sidewalk gallery and a generally relaxed atmosphere. On Wednesday, Feb. 19, guitarist Joe Beck and alto saxophonist Dave Sanborne co-pilot a vigorous quartet. Reedman Robin Kenyatta, who has lately wandered from jazz to soul to pop, wanders about with a quintet Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 20-22. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—A pleasant student refuge and classical musicians' hangout. Most of the young professionals who perform here as soloists or in chamber groups normally play with the city's large orchestras; these quarters serve as a unique showcase for their individual skills. Solo performers—including a lutanist, a soprano, and a pianist whose interests and abilities encompass the Goldberg Variations and the "Maple Leaf Rag"—dominate Mondays through Thursdays and Sundays, while Fridays and Saturdays are given over to chamber ensembles, which comprise strings, piano, flute, or bassoon, in varying proportions. A basket for contributions is at the front of the dining area. The hours for live music run from seven to eleven (from six on Sundays).

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Anita O'Day, a highly theatrical singer

whose every inflection and gesture has been thought through, comes on at nine and midnight except Sundays and Mondays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. James Infirmary, *22* Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—Trombonist Roswell Rudd, of the nineteen-sixties jazz avant-garde, is breaking in this new and pleasant enough cellar club, playing in a new style. Dressed in modern harmony and rhythms, the ghosts of Higginbotham and Wells, and even Bobby Byrne and Jack Jenney, move ceaselessly and beautifully past in his playing. With Hod O'Brian on piano, Cameron Brown on bass, and Beaver Harris on drums. Wednesdays through Sundays, from ten to three. Sheila Jordan, who is more an instrumentalist than a singer, joins in on Fridays and Saturdays, and some of her scat-sung variations are ingenious. On Mondays, David Amram, master of the French horn, guitar, oud, Pakistani flute, and other instruments, offers his pleasant hodgepodge of American, West Indian, Brazilian, and Middle Eastern musical conceits. On Tuesdays, Hod O'Brian works with Harris and Brown.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—In its two small second-story brownstone rooms, singer and pianist Hugh Shannon tosses off some Porter, Hart, Coward, and even, if less successfully, Stevie Wonder tunes. Tuesdays through Saturdays from about ten until two. Dinner. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. Trumpeter Chet Baker works with and inspires a relaxed, smooth, neo-fifties ensemble on Mondays and Tuesdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, Lee Konitz (see *supra*, under Gregory's) and a colleague play some simple, basic, and thoughtful passages. Pianist Larry Willis's trio is here Friday and Saturday, Feb. *21-22*, and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. *28*-March 1, vibraharpist David Samuels will lead a quartet. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma exchange some lyrically exciting guitar solos on Sundays. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three; and Sundays from nine to two. Snacks.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, *77* Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Heavyweight, unrestrained music in a modest, spartan ground-floor SoHo loft. The musicians—drummer Rashied Ali, James Vass on alto and soprano saxophone and flute, David Durrah on piano, and bassist Benny Wilson—play intense sets, each soloing for fifteen minutes and longer. Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soul food and soft drinks.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave., S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A highly agreeable, spacious restaurant only a few months old. The music usually consists of small jazz groups, with minimal amplification; the acoustics are excellent and the audiences are usually well mannered. Wednesdays, from nine to one, are solo-guitar nights: on Feb. 19, Dom Minasi is the performer, and on Feb. *26* Bucky Pizzarelli returns with his classical and electric instruments. Friday and Saturday, Feb. *21-22*, two Woodstock players—vibraharpist Mike Mainieri and pianist Warren Bernhardt—trade fantasies from ten to two. Pianist Mike Longo will work with super-bassist Ron Carter on Sunday, Feb. *23*, from five to nine.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—Often crowded and congested with young arty-looking types and, after ten-thirty, with some non-arty-looking types who have come to listen to the live music. Vocalist and guitarist Tristão leads a Brazilian-inspired quintet on Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Fridays and Saturdays, Jimmy Giuffre, who sounds as mellifluous and crafty as ever, heads up the most recent edition of his trio. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution. Pharoah Sanders, a musical humanist-explorer who's been there and back, finishes up with his exciting quintet after Sunday, Feb. *23*. On Tuesday, Feb. *25*, alto saxophonist Joe Farrell comes in with his quartet. Pianist-composer-sage Gil Evans will be present on Monday, Feb. *24*, with his fifteen-piece aggregation—one of the few consistently successful up-to-date big bands. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: David Lahm and Lyn Christie are the respective instrumentalists Mondays through Wednesdays; Jill McManus performs with bassist Reggie Workman Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. On Monday and Tuesday, Feb. *24-25*, one-time Basie saxophonist Earle Warren presides over a swing quartet that includes pianist Dill Jones, drummer Oliver Jackson, and Eddie Durham on trombone and guitar. Four-string tenor guitarist Tiny Grimes, once an important component of the Art Tatum trio, now heads his own bluesy, bebopping threesome on Wednesdays and Thursdays, with Ronnie Cole on drums and Ted Cromwell on bass. Fridays, a bop quintet takes the stand. Sammy Price, king of the Charleston in the Southwest in the twenties, and, lately, claimant to the boogie-woogie kingship of Morningside Heights, works with the still formidable Jo Jones, on drums, and tenorman Paul Quinichette; on Saturdays and Sundays. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

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

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Pianist Herb Winner plays in the **café** Tuesdays through Fridays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty, and Saturdays from eight to midnight. Steven Weltner takes the bench Sundays from eight to midnight and Mondays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Luv Machine will sing his final arias in the **persian room** on Saturday, Feb. *22*. A pair of songbirds—Donna Harris and Margie Carr—ascend the podium on Monday, Feb. *24*. At ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel provide dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **plaza restaurant,** violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein play from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **palm court** Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight and Sundays from four to seven. Miss Andrews does a reprise Sunday nights from seven-thirty to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The grand rooftop is presenting singer Vic Damone at dinner and supper through Saturday, Feb. *22*. Dance music begins at seven-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Billy Eckstine will start dispensing songs in the **maisonette** on Monday, Feb. *24*. Shows at dinner and supper, and in between times a Lester Lanin band provides the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Singer Lovelace Watkins has the floor in the **empire room** at dinner and supper. A dance orchestra plays all evening. The room goes on a two-week vacation after Saturday, Feb. *22*.



ART

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

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

George Deem—All fifteen paintings in this show are connected with Vermeer. Deem has had the idea of taking various well-known figures from the Dutch artist's work—the lute player, the woman weighing gold, the woman pouring milk—and combining them (in groups ranging from two to six) in a single interior that is itself a composite. By doing so, he utterly destroys the atmosphere of preternatural calm and orderliness that the very word "Vermeer" brings to mind, and creates, instead, Brueghel-like (or perhaps Mel Brooks-like) scenes of disorder and bizarre too-muchness. Further conceits of Deem's are to do some of his Vermeers in unlikely colors ("Green Vermeer" is one such) and to drag in yet other Old Masters ("Ingres Vermeer," for instance). Deem is not exactly technically overequipped for the job he has undertaken, and the show (which was at the Indianapolis Museum last month) strikes one as more an act of impertinence than of homage. But here and there one can't help but smile at the sheer silliness of the idea. Through Friday, Feb. *28*. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

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Romare Bearden—Collage paintings recording the history of American jazz. Through March 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Marvin Berenson—Bronze sculptures of figures in which the hands are emphasized; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. *22*. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Drawings (portraits, interiors, landscapes) by the celebrated photographer. Through March 8. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.; opens at noon.)

Tony DeLap—Sombre panels of a deep, rich earth tone framed in handsome moldings of natural-finished light-colored wood by this West Coast artist. Through Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Charles Demuth (1883-1935)—A small loan exhibition of work done between 1909 and 1918: watercolor flower studies, landscapes, and figure compositions; an early oil landscape; and some photographs of flower pictures from the artist's childhood drawing books. Through Saturday, March 1. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Khoren Der Harootian—Figurative sculptures in marble, granite, sandstone, wood, and bronze. Through March 5. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946) / **Robert Andrew Parker**—A loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, and collages by this pioneer American abstractionist. / Watercolors and prints. Through March 8. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Ruth Eckstein—Collages and prints. Through Saturday, March 1. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Janet Fish—Pastels of water glasses and of fruit and vegetables in plastic wrapping. Through Thursday, Feb. *27*. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Llyn Foulkes—Paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through March 15. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Richard Haas—Paintings, drawings, and prints, many depicting New York City buildings. Through March 15. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St.)

Jim Huntington—Wooden wall reliefs. Through Saturday, Feb. *22*. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Alexej von Jawlensky (1864-1941)—A show of paintings, with emphasis on portraits completed in the early part of this century. Through Friday, Feb. *28*. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Daniel LaRue Johnson—Abstract paintings. Through Friday, Feb. *28*. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Floyd Johnson—Stained-and-sprayed abstract paintings in a bannerlike format. Through

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

ROBERT KIPNISS—A strange, peaceful atmosphere pervades these formalized landscapes and color lithographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

CLYDE LYNDS—Freestanding constructions with changing light and color patterns, which the artist refers to as "spectral kinetics." Through Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—The fine, peculiarly Italian hand of this master sculptor is evident in all these pieces, whether sacred or profane—well, earthy, at any rate. Through March 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

CATHERINE MURPHY—Portraits and urban landscapes. Through March 15. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

ANTHONY PADOVANO—Sculptures in bronze, steel, wood, and cast stone. Through Saturday, March 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CARL-HENNING PEDERSEN—Paintings, many of them figurative and having their roots in Nordic folk tradition, by a member of the Cobra group. Through March 22. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

MARY PETTY—Fifty cartoons from the twenties, thirties, and forties, in addition to four watercolors. Through Saturday, March 1. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

SAM RICHARDSON—Paintings and sculptures inspired by the snow-covered Sierra Mountains. Through Saturday, March 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

BARBARA SANDLER—Portraits of American Indians based on photographs taken at the turn of the century. Through March 8. (Gimpel. 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

YOSHIO SEKINE—Geometric paintings suggested by the abacus. Through Saturday, March 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

KEITH SONNIER—A sculpture made of neon lights, and an installation consisting of microphones and loudspeakers which will be connected via two WATS lines to the Ace Gallery in Los Angeles. Visitors to either gallery will be treated to an earful of the other (in New York from 3 to 6). Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

NICHOLAS SPERAKIS—Paintings, drawings, and woodcuts. Through March 8. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

CHI WATTS—Paintings of Chinese calligraphic forms. Through March 8. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

MAX WEBER (1881-1961)—Twenty-seven works on paper completed in the fifties and never shown before. Through March 7. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

KIM WHANKI (1913-74)—Abstract paintings by a Korean-born artist. Through March 8. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AULT**, 25 E. 77th St.: Collages by Kosta Alex; paintings by Antonio Amaral and Armando Morales; and wall reliefs, paintings, and sculptures by Will Horwitt. Through March 15. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Landscapes by one American, Milton Avery, and by a group of Europeans, among them Dufy and Bonnard. Through Thursday, Feb. 27. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by Hugo Consuegra, Carmen Herrera, and four other Cuban artists who work in New York. Through Sunday, Feb. 23. (Daily, noon to 6.). . . **GRUENEBAUM**, 25 E. 77th St.: One work each by ten artists, among them Botero and Jorn. Through Saturday, March 1. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: An exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Surrealist movement and containing paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Arp, Dali, Miró, Tanguy, and others. Through March 6. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A diversified exhibit that includes oils by Léger, gouaches by Calder, and bronzes by Maillol. Through March 15. . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A selection of European portraiture (both paintings and

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sculptures) by Bernini, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, and others. Through Saturday, March 1. . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Altarpieces of the Second World War, commissioned from various artists by the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy. Through Saturday, March 1. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by, among others, Willem de Kooning, Gorky, and Jay Rosenblum. Through Friday, Feb. 28. . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Avery, Burchfield, Stuart Davis, and other Americans. Through Wednesday, Feb. 26.

SCULPTURE—Soapstone carvings by contemporary Eskimo artists. Through March 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ROBERT ARNESON—Five large ceramic sculptures, some of them self-portraits. In one, the artist is depicted swimming in a fourteen-foot-long sea of ceramic wavelets laid out on the floor. Through March 15. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

TOM BLACKWELL—This Photo-Realist painter has one of the coldest eyes around; his pictures of motorcycles, automobiles, drive-in hamburger joints, and reflections of traffic in sleazy store windows have a chilling abrasiveness of color, texture, and light that accurately expresses the visual (and possibly spiritual) nastiness of today's motor-centered society. Queens Boulevard and the Takashimaya store on the Ginza in Tokyo are among the subjects of the six paintings on view. Through Saturday, March 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROSEMARIE CASTORO—Sculptures. Through March 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

DAN CHRISTENSEN—Works by a color-field painter. Starts Saturday, Feb. 22. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

AGNES DENES—X-rays of paintings (Picasso. Rembrandt, van Gogh) and of other subjects. Through March 8. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

JANE FREILICHER—Recent paintings of the Watermill, Long Island, countryside and several still-lifes, some involving freshly cleaned fish and unbelievably self-disciplined house cats. Through Saturday, March 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

KARL GERSTNER—Abstract collages by a Swiss artist, nearly all of them based on the same T-shaped central figure but each given its individual range of colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

DEWITT HARDY—Figures and landscapes, drawn in a crisp, hard pencil line and lightly washed with watercolor, plus several prints. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

JEFF HOARE—Abstract landscapes; first one-man show in New York. Through March 8. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN LORBER—Still-lifes of baskets, lumber, and cloth. Starts Saturday, Feb. 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

CONRAD MARCA-RELLI—Fabric collages on canvas. Through Saturday, March 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

MATTA—Paintings and drawings by this Chilean Surrealist. Through Saturday. March 1. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

ABRAHAM RATTNER—A retrospective show of oils, watercolors, and drawings. Through Saturday, March 1. (Kennedy, in a new location, at 40 W. 57th St.)

JASON SCHOENER—Semi-abstract landscapes, laced with sunlight, by a California artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Midtown. 11 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM SCHWEDLER—Paintings and drawings. Starts Friday, Feb. 21. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOW—Works on paper by Ethelyn Honig, Mon Levinson, and Howardena Pindell. Through Thursday, Feb. 27. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

SCULPTURE—At the **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Calder, Cornell, Nevelson, Noguchi, and David Smith. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Twentieth-century American pieces by Elie Nadelman, William Zorach, and others. Starts Saturday, Feb. 22.

GALLERIES—SoHo

VITO ACCONCI—In one room is a large hammocklike structure, in another white cubes are suspended from the ceiling. Visitors wander around the semidarkened gallery seeing slide projections on various surfaces and hearing a tape of the artist's intoning voice. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

NOAH BAEN AND CLAIRE MOORE—Paintings and drawings. Through March 6. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

ALIGHIERO E. BOETTI / ROBERTA ALLEN—Cardboard squares covered with small markings, usually commas and letters of the alphabet, plus drawings on graph paper. / Ink drawings. Through March 5. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

RUSS BRAMI / LARRY BLIZARD—Sculptures. / Drawings. Through March 6. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

NASSOS DAPHNIS—An enormous (nine and a half by eighty-six and a half feet) geometric painting. Through March 8. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

RICHARD FISHMAN—Polychrome aluminum sculptures. Through Saturday, March 1. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

MICHAEL HOWARD—Cheerfully slapdash oils of ferocious bears and hooked fish, inspired by covers and illustrations from sporting magazines. Through March 5. (Michael Walls, 429 West Broadway.)

RALPH HUMPHREY—Abstract paintings dating from 1958 to 1966. Through Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

LAURACE JAMES—Sculptures and drawings. Through March 5. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

BILL JENSEN—Oil and charcoal on irregularly shaped linen wall panels. Through Saturday, March 1. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St.)

EDWARD KIENHOLZ—Watercolors. Through March 8. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St.)

TOM MARTIN—Earnest-looking pencil drawings, copied from dated movie stills, with Joan Crawford's chin frequently noticeable among them. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

TOM PALMORE—Photo-Realist paintings of animals in unusual settings; for instance, a gorilla standing cross-armed in front of a flowery papered wall. Through March 5. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

PETER PLAGENS / NATALIE BIESER—Paintings of geometric forms done in mixed mediums on paper. / Wall sculptures of wood, thread, and beads. Through March 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

MORGAN SANDERS / SUSAN HOELTZEL—Paintings and photographs, mostly of New York apartment-building lobbies. / Pencil and acrylic on canvas. Through March 12. (SoHo 20. 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MARY SHAFFER—Sculptural pieces made of flowing, ribbonlike slabs of glass, with unexpected, spiky things such as tenpenny nails and grappling irons embedded in them. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

OLEG SOHANIEVICH—Metal sculptures stressing tension. Through March 5. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

SYLVIA STONE—Abstract geometric sculptures of glass and Plexiglas. Through March 5. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

RICHARD VAN BUREN—Pigmented fibre-glass wall and floor pieces. Through March 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

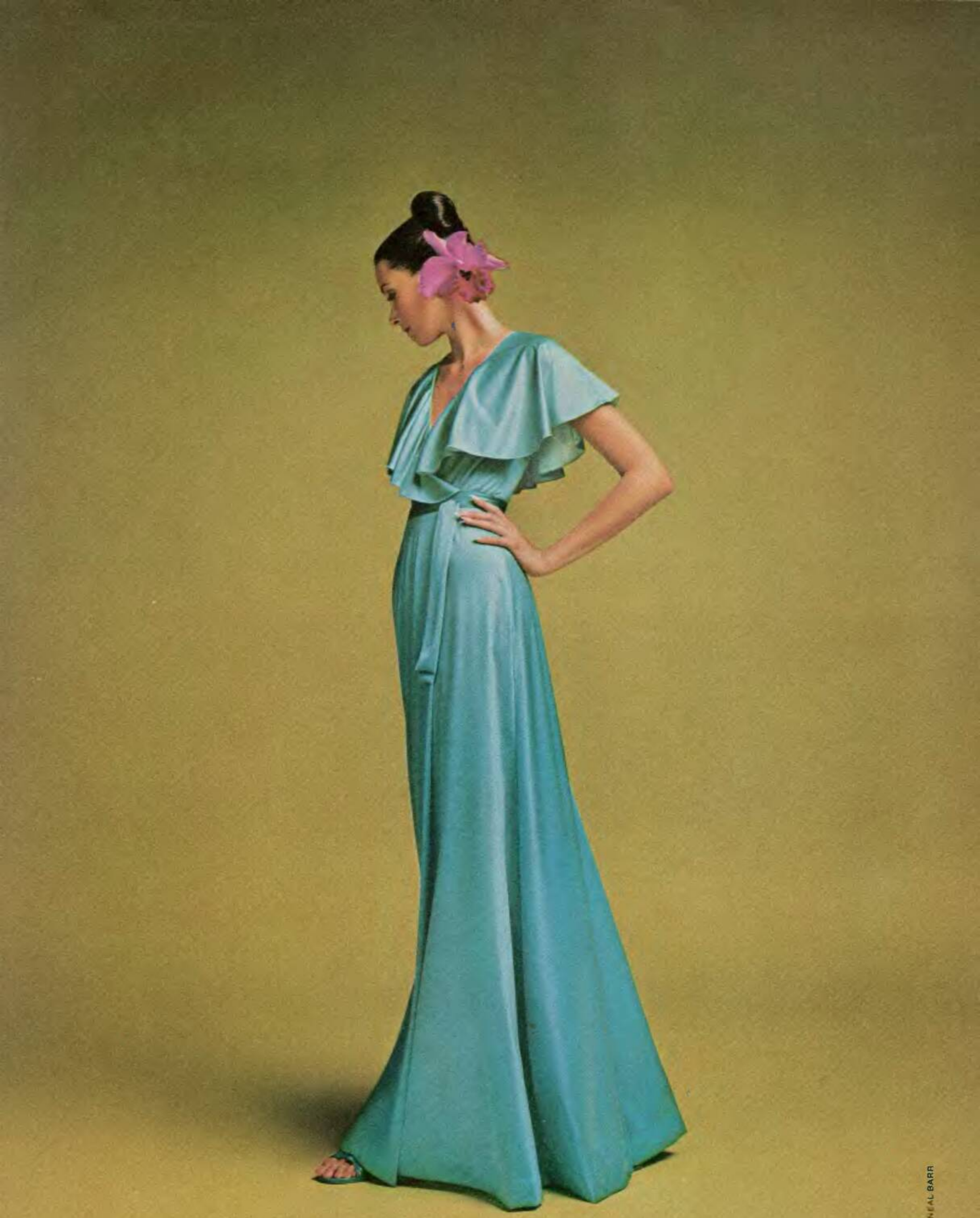
GROUP SHOWS—At **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by John Clem Clarke and Douglas Bond, slide projections of Victorian

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

postcards arranged by Carol Wald and John Kosmer, and sculptures by Warren Owens. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. . . . O.K. HARRIS ANNEX, 465 West Broadway: Paintings by David Alexander, Cedric Smith, and John Fudge, and sculptures by Lyle Light, all of whom are members of the Walker Street Gallery. Through Saturday, March 1, in the former quarters of O.K. Harris.

SCULPTURE—Kinetic works by Rockne Krebs, Remo Sareceni, Takis, and others. Through March 5. (Yu, 303 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

PAUL GOLDBERG / JUDY SILVER—Paintings of auto wrecks and empty subway trains. / Collages. Through Thursday, Feb. 27. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

DAVID SLIVKA—Painted-wood sculptures, one, monumental in size, exhibited outside, and four smaller works inside. Through Friday, Feb. 28. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St. . . . ¶ Another enormous piece, entitled "Machu Picchu," at Grace Plaza, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Traditional African art (masks, figures, and so forth) from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through Saturday, March 1. . . . CITY UNIVERSITY GRADUATE CENTER, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: Posters from a private collection. Through Thursday, Feb. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.). . . DORSKY, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.: Paintings by, among others, Allan D'Arcangelo, Bob Thompson, and Willem de Kooning. Through Saturday, March 1. (Open Mondays.). . . WESTBETH, 155 Bank St.: Paintings, sculptures, and other works by members of this artists' coöperative, among them Pedro Silva, E. Sumiye Okoshi, Camilla Chambers, and Margaret Cassidy. Through March 2. (Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ERNEST BLOCH (1880-1959)—Photographs by the composer. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

BRASSAÏ—Photographs of Parisian life and French landscapes, as well as portraits of artists and writers: Georges Braque, Jean Genet, and others. Through March 6. (French Institute / Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7.)

ERNST HAAS—Photographs of postwar Vienna. Through Tuesday, Feb. 25. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

HARRY LAPOW—Photographs of people at Coney Island, taken during the past twenty years. Through Monday, Feb. 24. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

STEPHEN SHORE / FRANK GOHLKE—Color photographs. / Black-and-white prints, many of grain elevators and midwestern landscapes. Through Saturday, March 1. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

EDWARD WESTON (1886-1958)—A retrospective of approximately two hundred and seventy-five photographs, dating from about 1918 to 1948. Through March 30. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . ¶ A complementary retrospective of a hundred and thirty-five images. Through Saturday, March 1. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ELLIOTT, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: William Henry Fox Talbot and Julia Margaret Cameron are among those represented in this show of more than fifty photographs. Through Saturday, March 1. (Open Mondays.). . . INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Works done over the last twenty years by the French photojournalist Marc Riboud. . . . ¶ Examples by eleven members of the Kamoinge Workshop, a group of black photographers from New York. Starts Saturday, Feb. 22. (Open Sundays.). . . NEIKRUG, 224 E. 68th St.: Photographs by Walker Evans, Jean Claude Gautrand, and Russell Drisch. Through March 2. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.). . . SOHO PHOTO, 30 W. 13th St.: Works by Sean Kernan, Lynn Earley, Harriet Hadley, and others. Through Tuesday, Feb. 25. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A small, handsomely mounted, but somewhat unfocussed exhibition of furniture by Michael Thonet, Hector Guimard, Gerrit Rietveld, and Frank Lloyd Wright, from the museum's Design Collection. These presumed precursors of modern furniture as we now know it are less *ur*-Breuer or Eames chairs than quirky anachronisms. The famous red-and-blue Rietveld chair is an expression of the De Stijl aesthetic (of which Mondrian's abstractions are the painterly equivalent) and an attempt, as Siegfried Giedion has written, "to forget everything and begin afresh, as if no chair had ever before been built." Today, however, one is less struck by the chair's innovativeness than by its clumsiness of construction, brutishness of line, and resemblance to progressive-nursery-school equipment. Guimard's furniture, in contrast, is elegant and refined, but *its* stylistic radicalism (the Art Nouveau style was originally regarded as an avant-garde alternative to nineteenth-century historicism) also seems less to the present point than do its sleek delicacies of line and its sinuous beauties of botanical ornament, which revert to the craftsmanship of the past rather than presage the mass production of the present. The Wright furniture is plain unspeakable. Wright had a very unfortunate way with furniture (the way some men can't get anywhere with women), and the passage of time, usually kind to furniture, has only imparted to the ungainly pieces on view—chairs and a desk from the Johnson Wax Building and the Larkin Building—the patina of tackiness by which "used" furniture is distinguished from "antique." The Thonet pieces (curlicued rockers, plain café chairs, and an unfamiliar early upholstered specimen) are classics of furniture design—pieces that continue to satisfy aesthetic and practical ideals but are as firmly rooted in the vernacular of the nineteenth century as Queen Anne chairs are rooted in the aristocratic arts of the eighteenth. Through April 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition called "The Great Wave," which contrasts and compares eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Japanese Ukiyo-e woodcuts with nineteenth-century French Impressionist prints. Through May 11. . . . ¶ The first exhibition of art from the Momoyama period (1568-1615) to be seen outside Japan. It is on loan from both public and private collections and contains examples of screen paintings, ceremonial armor, *no* costumes, gold lacquer objects, as well as tea-ceremony utensils and ink paintings. Through April 6. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Also visible: Clark Gable's dressing gown. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A Max Ernst retrospective of about three hundred paintings, collages, frottages, sculptures, and illustrated books, loaned from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Through April 20. Complementary shows are at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St., and the Hutton Gallery, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Music at the Museum: On Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 7:30, late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century chamber music, performed by Ruth Laredo, piano; James Buswell, violin; Frank Cohen, clarinet; and Robert Sylvester, cello. For information about tickets, call 369-5110.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—This year's biennial is limited to artists who have never had one-man shows in New York or been included in previous Whitney biennials or annuals. The first stage will close March 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings by Ivan Albright, Ben Shahn, Andrew Wyeth, Kay Sage, and others. Through March 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of twenty-four contemporary seating elements, mainly chairs and mainly designed in the past few years. Aalto's scroll chair (1934) and Eames' lounge chair (1956) are exceptions. Through March 16. . . . ¶ About a hundred and fifty photographs of Art Deco architecture in New York by Cervin Robinson. Through March 2. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of contemporary Japanese ceramics (jars, bowls, plates, and bottles), on loan from a private collection. Through April 27. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures from China, India, Malaysia, and Thailand, some arranged in groups behind a screen as they might appear in an actual performance. Also, three-dimensional Asian puppets. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of art from the collection of John D. Rockefeller 3rd. Among the pieces on view are Chinese bronzes from the Chou, Han, and T'ang dynasties; Japanese wood sculptures from the Kamakura period; stone and bronze sculptures from India and Southeast Asia; and paintings from China and Japan. Through March 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan show of utilitarian objects made between 1700 and the nineteen-forties (for instance, a silver mug by Paul Revere and a pewter soap box by Ashbil Griswold) is one part of a joint exhibit with the Museum of Contemporary Crafts. Through March 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Cover paintings done for this magazine, cartoons that have appeared in our columns, books that saw first light here, irascible correspondence signed "Harold Ross," and other odds and ends, in an exhibition marking the Grolier Club's ninety-first year, or this magazine's ninety-first year, or something or other. Through April 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—About two hundred examples of *tsutsumu*, the art of Japanese packaging, in which simple materials such as bamboo and paper are used to create ingenious wrappings for everyday articles. Through April 6. (Mondays through Fri-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—More than thirty tapestries made from the designs of various contemporary artists. Through April 27. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of correspondence, musical scores (including the originals of "The Pirates of Penzance" and "H.M.S. Pinafore"), and other memorabilia of Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900), documenting both his career as a composer and his personal life. . . . ¶ Highlights from the museum's collection of illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts (for example, a Thoreau notebook). Both through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan exhibition of American calligraphy consisting of samples of pen drawings and Shaker spirit drawings, as well as pottery, quilts, and painted furniture in which writing is used as a part of the decoration. Through March 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—In a joint effort with the Finch College Museum of Art, this museum is showing functional and sculptural pieces made by metalsmiths from 1940 to the present. . . . ¶ A selection of stained-glass panels designed and made by Robert Sowers. Both through March 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Color photographs, by Ralph Rosenblum, of children's art work on hoardings and walls and board fences around the city. Through March 23. . . . ¶ An exhibit celebrating great women of the New York stage contains costumes, paintings (such as a portrait of Ruth Draper by John Singer Sargent), drawings, posters, and sculptures. Through May 30. . . . ¶ Paper toys, among them dolls, doll houses, animals, games, and puzzles, dating from the early nineteenth century. Through March 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—An enormous Man Ray retrospective, occupying three floors, of paintings, drawings, collages, assemblages, ready-mades, rayographs, and photographs. Through March 2. . . . ¶ A small retrospective of the work of the abstract painter Syd Solomon. Through March 16. . . . ¶ A loan show of the graphic works of Renoir. Starts Thursday, Feb. 20. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young comprises some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature in 1941. Through April 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A show of models and sketches by contemporary scene and costume designers. Two notable exhibits are Ming Cho Lee's set for "Boris Godunov" and David Mitchell's set for "Short Eyes." Through March 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Brightly colored, African-inspired weavings, done in a variety of yarns, by Napoleon Henderson. Through Friday, Feb. 28. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, 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 Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center 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, Feb. 19, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 20, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Berit Lindholm, Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Bengt Rundgren; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Harry Theyard, William Walker, Raymond Michalski, Jon Garrison, and Robert Schmorr; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:15: "Das Rheingold," with Anna Reynolds, Maureen Forrester, Mary Ellen Pracht, Thomas Stewart, Kolbjörn Höiseth, Andrew Foldi, Bengt Rundgren, John Macurdy, Ragnar Ulfung, Douglas Ahlstedt, and William Dooley; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Harry Theyard, William Walker, Raymond Michalski, Jon Garrison, and Robert Schmorr; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Berit Lindholm, Janis Martin, Anna Reynolds, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Bengt Rundgren; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Boris Godunov," with Klara Barlow, Jerome Hines, William Lewis, Andrea Velis, Robert Schmorr, Morley Meredith, Arthur Thompson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, John Alexander, William Walker, Raymond Michalski, Jon Garrison, and Robert Schmorr; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 1: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Janis Martin, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Donald McIntyre, and Bengt Rundgren; Sixten Ehrling. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 9: A benefit performance (for tickets, call 582-7500)—Act II, Scene I of "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Luciano Pavarotti, Cornell MacNeil, Paul Plishka, and James Morris. Act IV of "La Favorita," with Mignon Dunn, Luciano Pavarotti, and James Morris. Act I of "La Bohème," with Pilar Lorengar, Luciano Pavarotti, Robert Goodloe, Paul Plishka, Gene Boucher, and Richard Best. Henry Lewis will conduct.

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 27—Thursday, Feb. 20, at 7: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Richard Fredricks, conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 7: A new production of Puccini's "Turandot," with Rachel Mathes, Catherine Malfitano, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 256.). . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Maralin Niska, Kathleen Hegierski, Carlo Bini, and David Holloway; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Patricia Wells, Glenys Fowles, Samuel Ramey, and John Darrenkamp; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 23, at 1: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Patricia Craig, Richard Kness, and William Justus; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 23, at 7: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Pierre Duval, and Louis Quilico; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Patricia Craig, Carlo Bini, David Holloway, and Spiro Malas; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8: "La Traviata," with Heather Thomson, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and Louis Quilico; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 2: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Pierre Duval, and Pablo Elvira; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Luciano Rampaso, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Fisher; Luigi Martelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra and Chorus—Newell Jenkins directing a performance of Piccinni's opera "Didon," with Joan Patenaude and Wilma Shakesnider, sopranos; Gary Glaze, tenor; and Thomas Palmer, baritone. Staged by Janice Plastino. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Rafael Kubelik conducting on Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 21, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 7:30 (all with Paul Jacobs, harpsichord; Ursula Oppens, piano; and Myor Rosen, harp.). . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 28, at 2; and Saturday, March 1, at 8:30 (all with Gina Bachauer, piano).

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Edo de Waart conducting, with Leonid Kogan, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Feb. 19, and Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of French music, with Philippe Entremont, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Feb. 24, at 8:15.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8, with Leo Goeke, tenor, and Sharon Moe, French horn; and Saturday, March 1, at 8, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. All seats for the second concert have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

New and Newer Music—Efrain Guigui conducting The Ensemble, with Michael Tree, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with Samuel Lipman, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3.)

Harlem Philharmonic Orchestra—Karl Hampton Porter conducting. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, 632 W. 156th St. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3. For tickets, call 865-5280.)

Juilliard Theatre Orchestra—James Conlon conducting, with Sally Peterson and Ted Ganger, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8:30. For free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Donizetti's "La Favorita" in concert form, with Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Alfredo Kraus, tenor; Pablo Elvira, baritone; James Morris, bass; and the Brooklyn College Chorus. The second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting, with Beveridge Webster, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing the second in a series of three programs of American music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

"The Way of Jesus"—Laszlo Halasz directing fifty-five members of the American Symphony Orchestra in the première of an oratorio by Alan Hovhannes. With Eva Marton, soprano; Brian Donohue, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass-baritone; the Choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral; the All-City Concert Choir; and three solo guitars. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 7:30. Tickets are on sale at the Parish House, 14 E. 51st St.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," in a new English version by

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jane May, with an orchestra and soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

RECITALS

James Tocco—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday. Feb. 20. at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.... ¶ Alice Tully Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8, with Philippe Entremont, piano, and Leonard Rose, cello.... ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 1, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Samuel Baron and Carol Baron—Flute and piano. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Gérard Souzay—Baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Leonid Kogan—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday. Feb. 22, at 8.)

Michael Newman—Classical guitarist. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8. For tickets, call PL 2-7510.)

Ivan Nunez—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday. Feb. 22, at 8.)

Misha Raitzin—Tenor. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano, with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra conducted by Dennis Russell Davies. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2:30.)

Martina Arroyo—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3.)

Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Donald Gramm—Bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Robert Routch—French horn. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday. Feb. 24, at 8.)

Dorian Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Monday, Feb. 24, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

League-ISCM—The third in this season's series of five programs, this one with the Laurentian Chamber Players and members of Notes from the Underground, the Da Capo Chamber Players, and the Light Fantastic Players. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday. Feb. 24, at 8.)

Mannes Faculty Concert—A benefit concert, with Claus Adam, cello; Claude Frank. piano; David Glazer, clarinet; William Kroll, violin; and others. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Monday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Herman Berlinski—Organ, with Jerold Siena, tenor, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Voytek Matushevski—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 26. at 8.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

André Michel Schub—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Betty Allen—Mezzo-soprano, in a recital postponed from Feb. 7. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—Flute and keyboard, in a sonata recital. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Janos Starker and György Sebok—Cello and piano, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—A program played by the Quartetto Italiano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 2, at 5.)

MISCELLANY

Ruth Crawford Seeger: Retrospective Concert—A program of her music, performed by Johana Arnold, mezzo-soprano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; the Composers String Quartet; the Lark Woodwind Quintet; and a chorus and a chamber orchestra. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 5:45: **Lynn Kellogg**. ... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 5:45: **Murray Louis Dance Company**.

Ohio Players, Graham Central Station, Parliament-Funkadelic, and the Locker Dancers—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Final performance Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8.

Roxy Music and Babe Ruth—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds and Gil Scott-Heron and Midnight—Carnegie Hall, Friday, Feb. 21, at 8 and 11:30.

Peter Frampton and Montrose—Academy of Music. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8 and 11:30.

Al Cohn Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday. Feb. 23. at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

Two Generations of Brubeck—Dave Brubeck. the Darius Brubeck Ensemble, and Chris and Dan Brubeck. plus Gerry Mulligan and Paul Desmond. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

New Lost City Ramblers—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium. Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 7:30.

Ahmad Jamal—"Jamal Plays Jamal," with the Collective Black Artists Ensemble and his own group. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8.... ¶ Knicks vs. Seattle, Tuesday, Feb. 25. at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 1, at 8.... **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. San Diego, Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:05.... ¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2:35.... ¶ Nets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:05.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 7:35.... ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, Feb. 23, at 4.... ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 7:35.... **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Friday, Feb. 21.... ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Tuesday, Feb. 25.... ¶ Islanders vs. California Golden Seals, Saturday, March 1.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Feb. 24, through Saturday, May 31. The Paumonok Handicap, Monday, Feb. 24, and the Swift, Saturday, March 1.... **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays; last day Tuesday, May 27. Through Saturday, Feb. 22, post time will be 1; after that, it will be 2.... **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 15. The Barbara Fritchie, Saturday, Feb. 22.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 21, at 6:30: United States Olympic Invitational.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 7: National A.A.U. Championships.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **light opera of manhattan:** "The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 22-23, at 4.... ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, March 1, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E.

74th St. 535-6310.)... LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting, with the Tucson Arizona Boys Chorus. The final children's concerts of the season. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Saturday, March 1, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

H. R. PUFNSTUF SHOW—Sid and Marty Krofft presenting over a hundred characters from their television shows "H. R. Pufnstuf," "The Bugaloos," "Lidsville," "Land of the Lost," and "Sigmund and the Sea Monsters," plus TV star Johnny Whitaker. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 19-22, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30, and Sunday, Feb. 23, at 1 and 3:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Alice in Wonderland." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 and 3:30.)... MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz." (Hotel Opera, downstairs, 2166 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 697-0730.)... PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Everybody, Everybody," Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 22-23, at 1 and 3.... ¶ "Hot Feet," Saturday, March 1, at 1 and 3. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)... PICKWICK PUPPETS: "Alice in Wonderland." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 866-0016.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sol." (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. Children under five not admitted.)

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

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

CRAFTS EXHIBITION—A show of contemporary work in fabric, ceramic, metal, and wood which is either directly imitative of or inspired by nineteenth-century American folk art. Through Saturday, March 1. (Fairtree Gallery, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

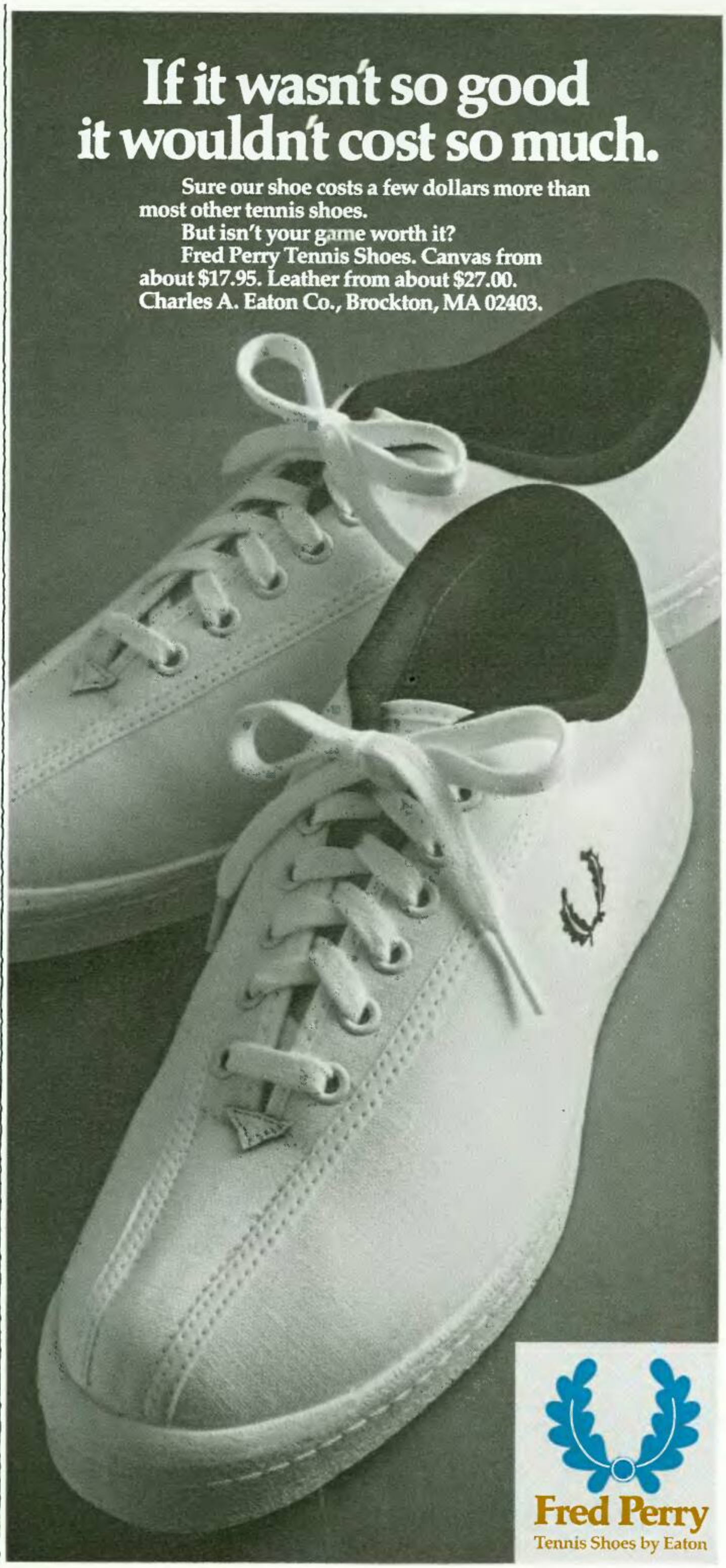
POETRY READINGS—Mark Strand and Louise Glück reading from their own works. (Art Gallery, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

CAT SHOW—Empire Cat Club. (Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. Friday, Feb. 21, from 5 to 11; Saturday, Feb. 22, from 10 to 9; and Sunday, Feb. 23, from 1 to 6.)

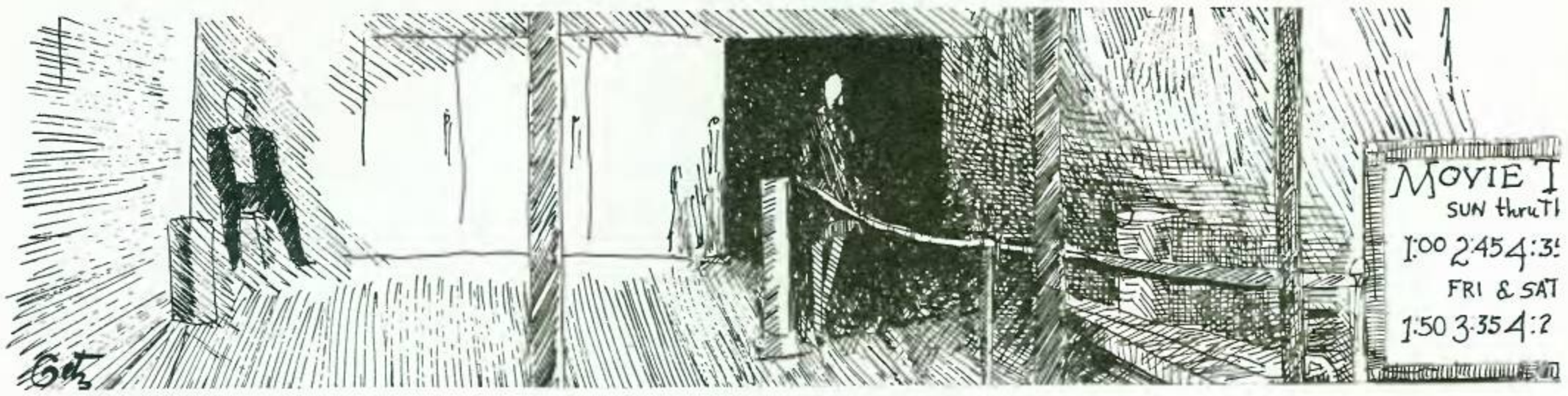
NATIONAL ANTIQUES SHOW—Among this year's exhibits are a collection of Russian art, an assortment of Pennsylvania Dutch and American Indian basketry, and some medical antiques. (Madison Square Garden Center Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 19-22, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 23, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Feb. 20, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese snuff bottles and ceramics, from the collection of the late Edwin W. Humphreys and from other sources.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 2: European works of art, including bronzes, wood carvings, ivories, tapestries, and Renaissance furniture; from a number of collectors.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2: English furniture, decorations, and Oriental rugs; from several owners.... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs by Mathew B. Brady, George M. Barnard, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, Margaret Bourke-White, Lewis Carroll, Julia Margaret Cameron, and others; from a number of sources.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 10:15 and 2: European ceramics, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 21.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 27-28, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, March 1, at 2: Continental faïence; European ceramics, glass, drawings, and paintings; French and English furniture; decorations; and carpets. From a private collection. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 22.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Starts Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 23: "The Front Page."
Feb. 24-25: "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Feb. 26: "The Front Page."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Feb. 22: "Murder" and "Young and Innocent."
Feb. 23-25: "Rain" and "The Beachcomber."
From Feb. 26: "In Name Only" and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Feb. 25: "The Odessa File" and "The Long Goodbye."
From Feb. 26 (tentative): "Macon County Line" and another feature, to be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Sometime Sweet Susan."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 23: "The Odessa File."
Feb. 24-25: "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Feb. 26: "Jeremiah Johnson."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Lenny."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Report to the Commissioner."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Andy Warhol's Dracula."

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

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

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

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Female Trouble."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Street Fighter."

D. W. GRIFFITH (formerly called Ciné Malibu), 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Feb. 19: "Duck Soup" and "Horsefeathers."
Feb. 20: Theatre closed.
Feb. 21-26: D. W. Griffith festival, comprising "The Birth of a Nation," "Broken Blossoms," "Intolerance," "Way Down East," "Sally of the Sawdust," and "Orphans of the Storm." For particulars, call theatre.
From Feb. 27: "Les Enfants Terribles."

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

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Stavisky."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
Through Feb. 23: "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."
Feb. 24-25: "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Feb. 26: "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Feb. 23: "A Woman Under the Influence."
Feb. 24-25: "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Feb. 26: "A Woman Under the Influence."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Love at the Top."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Stepford Wives."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 25: "The Odessa File."
From Feb. 26: "Jeremiah Johnson."

JULIET 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Sometime Sweet Susan."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Feb. 23: To be announced.
Feb. 24-25: "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Feb. 26: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 23: "Lenny."
Feb. 24-25: "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Feb. 26: "Lenny."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 23: "The Front Page."
Feb. 24-25: "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Feb. 26: "The Front Page."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Young Frankenstein."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather, Part II."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Report to the Commissioner."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Bogard."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Street Fighter."

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
Feb. 19: "Johnny Guitar" / "Men's Lives" / "La Prisonnière."
Feb. 20: "Men's Lives" / "La Prisonnière" / "A Report on the Party and the Guests."
Feb. 21: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" / "Brewster McCloud" / "Chafed Elbows."
Feb. 22: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" / "Juliet of the Spirits" / "Chafed Elbows."
Feb. 23: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" / "Juliet of the Spirits" / "Brewster McCloud."
Feb. 24: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" / "Bronco Bullfrog" / "Salesman."
Feb. 25: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" / "Bronco Bullfrog" / "La Salamandre."
Feb. 26: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" / "Voyage to Italy" / "La Salamandre."
Feb. 27: "Voyage to Italy" / "La Salamandre" / "Warrendale."

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 25: "The Odessa File."
From Feb. 26: "Jeremiah Johnson."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 23: "Lenny."
Feb. 24-25: "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Feb. 26: "Lenny."

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and **4,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Feb. 25 at one or another of the theatres: "The Night Porter" and "Carnal Knowledge" / "Harry & Tonto" and "Claudine" / "Lacombe, Lucien" and "Chloé in the Afternoon."... ¶ Through Feb. 22: "Diabolique" and "Foreign Correspondent."... ¶ Feb. 23-25: "To Be or Not to Be" and "Made for Each Other."
From Feb. 26: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Feb. 19: "She Done Him Wrong" and "I'm No Angel."
Feb. 20-22: "Greetings" and "Hi, Mom!"
Feb. 23: One performance, at noon, of "The Effect of Gamma Rays."
Feb. 23-24: "The Lady from Shanghai" and "Touch of Evil."
Feb. 25: "Chloé in the Afternoon" and "Claire's Knee."
Feb. 26: "Design for Living" and "Trouble in Paradise."
From Feb. 27: "And Now for Something Completely Different" and "Take the Money and Run."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Feb. 23: "Brother of the Wind."
Feb. 24-25: "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Feb. 26: "Brother of the Wind."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Earthquake."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Arthur Rubenstein—Love of Life."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 23: "La Rupture." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Feb. 19.)
Feb. 24-25: "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Feb. 26: "Sesso in Testa."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"A Brief Vacation."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 19: "Kanal" and "Ashes and Diamonds."
Feb. 20: "Palm Beach Story" and "The Lady Eve."
Feb. 21: "Five Easy Pieces" and "The King of Marvin Gardens."
Feb. 22: "Blazing Saddles" and "The Producers."
Feb. 23: "Wuthering Heights" and "Jane Eyre."
Feb. 24: "Gate of Hell" and "Princess Yang Kwei Fei."

Feb. 25: "The Seventh Seal" and "Wild Strawberries."
Feb. 26: Theatre closed.
Feb. 27: "The Grapes of Wrath" and "Our Daily Bread."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Emmanuelle."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Les Violons du Bal."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Feb. 25: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "Don't Look Now."
From Feb. 26: "The Odessa File" and "California Split."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Feb. 23: "The Little Prince" and "The Dove."
Feb. 24-25: "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Feb. 26: "Emmanuelle."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 23: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
Feb. 24-25: "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Feb. 26: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 25: "The Man with the Golden Gun" and "Mr. Majestyk."
From Feb. 26: "Jeremiah Johnson."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Lenny."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 25: "The Odessa File" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Feb. 26: "Lacombe, Lucien" and "I Never Sang for My Father."

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 19 at 5:30: "Volcano" (1926), a silent film, directed by William K. Howard, with Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez. ...¶Feb. 20 at 5:30 and Feb. 21 at 2: "In the Watches of the Night" (1909) and four other films directed by D. W. Griffith. ...¶Feb. 21 at 5:30 and Feb. 22 at noon: "Kino-pravda" (1922) and "The Man with the Movie Camera" (1929), both Russian silent films, directed by Dziga Vertov. ...¶Feb. 22 at 3: "The Expiation" (1909) and five other films directed by D. W. Griffith. ...¶Feb. 22 at 5:30: "In the Season of the Buds" (1910) and five other films directed by D. W. Griffith. ...¶Feb. 23 at 12:30 and 3: "Curly Top" (1935), directed by Irving Cummings, with Shirley Temple and John Boles. ...¶Feb. 23 at 5:30: "In the Border States" (1910) and six other films directed by D. W. Griffith. ...¶Feb. 24 at 2: "In the Season of the Buds" and five other films directed by D. W. Griffith. ...¶Feb. 24 at 5:30: "The Expiation" and five other films directed by D. W. Griffith. ...¶Feb. 25 at 2: "Volpone" (1930), in French, directed by Maurice Tourneur, with Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet; English subtitles. ...¶Feb. 25 at 5:30: "In the Border States" and six other films directed by D. W. Griffith. ...¶Feb. 26 at 5:30: "Volpone."...¶Feb. 27 at 5:30: "Hands Over the City" (1963), in Italian, directed by Francesco Rosi, with Rod Steiger and Salvo Randone; English subtitles. ...¶Feb. 27 at 8: "Salvatore Giuliano" (1961), in Italian, directed by Francesco Rosi, with Frank Wolf and Salvo Randone; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets 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. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Japanese films, with English subtitles, directed by Yasujiro Ozu: Feb. 20-21 at 3 and 5:30: "Early Summer" (1951). ...¶Feb. 22-23 at 3:30 and 6: "Tokyo Story" (1953). ...¶Starting Feb. 27 at 3 and 5:30: "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice" (1952). (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 25: A program of four films by Ken Jacobs and Bob Fleischner. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evening). ...¶Starting Feb. 26: "Who Does She Think She Is?," directed by Patricia Lewis Jaffe and Gaby Rodgers, with Rosalyn Drexler. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Vertov, Snow, Smith, Vigo, Gutman, Riefenstahl, Warhol, Serra, Rainer, and others. Showings Feb. 19-20 at 5, 7, and 9:30; Feb. 21 at 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 22 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 23 at 8; Feb. 25 at 5 and 7; Feb. 26 at 6; and Feb. 27 at 5, 7, and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE (1954)—Luis Buñuel's color version of the Defoe novel is free of that deadly solicitude that usually kills off classics. The film is a simple, unsentimental account of Defoe's basic themes: a man alone face to face with nature; then a man terribly alone, unable to face lack of love and friendship; and finally, after the lacerations of desire, a man ludicrously alone. Buñuel used Dan O'Herlihy, a fine actor with a beautiful voice, and photographed him in the jungle of Manzanillo, near Acapulco. In the delirium sequence, Buñuel is the same startling director who made film history. When Crusoe shouts to the hills in order to hear the companionable echo, and when he rushes to the sea in desperate longing for a ship, loneliness is brought, in sudden shocks, to a pitch of awe and terror. Crusoe's eventual meeting with Friday (James Fernandez) changes the tone to irony. (First Avenue Screening Room. No performances Feb. 24-25.)

ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE—One of the rare films that genuinely deserve to be called controversial. Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell. It's about a thirty-five-year-old widow, freed from the grim boredom of trying to please a dull man, who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and good-hearted bitching, the picture moves with a breakneck vitality; it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Sutton.)

AMARCORD—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½." but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, town oddities. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT (1972)—Selected skits from the BBC-TV series called "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Elgin; starting Feb. 27.)

ANDY WARHOL'S DRACULA—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Fine Arts.)

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF DUDDY KRAVITZ—A longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school; Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Mordecai Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 25.)

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN—LOVE OF LIFE (1969)—An exhilarating documentary, winner of an Academy Award, directed by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris. (Festival.)

ASHES AND DIAMONDS (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw in the months during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing a patriot of the Warsaw uprising. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: far-sighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 19.)

AU HASARD, BALTHAZAR (1966)—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 24-26.)

THE BEACHCOMBER (1938)—A charming, neglected romantic comedy. The happiest screen collaboration of Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton—they're both wonderful—is in this adaptation of a Somerset Maugham story, "The Vessel of Wrath." It's set on an island in the Pacific, which Maugham calls Baru, and it's concerned with the efforts of the prim, missionary Lanchester to reform the carnal, ribald beachcomber Laughton. The situation is the reverse of that in Maugham's Sadie Thompson story, but with a light, comic tone. The Hepburn-Bogart "African Queen" probably took a few notions from it. Erich Pommer directed; with Robert Newton. (A 1954 version, starring Glynis Johns, with Newton in the Laughton role, isn't in the same class.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 23-25.)

BLAZING SADDLES (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 22.)

BOGARD—With Richard Lawson, directed by Timothy Galfas. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

BREWSTER MCCLOUD (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 21 and 23.)

A BRIEF VACATION—With Florinda Bolkan, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

BRONCO BULLFROG (1972)—Touching stuff about young Cockneys driven into the crime that is their surrounding life because their parents are superficially too conventional even to give them a bedroom to make love in. The talk by the young actors is improvised on given situations, and they execute it marvellously.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Directed by Barney Platts-Mills. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 24-25.)

Brother of the Wind—A wildlife movie photographed in the Canadian Rockies. Directed by, and with, Dick Robinson. (Guild. No performances Feb. 24-25.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. Gould's performance is perfect, disguising an abandoned face in a gregarious ape's mask. Segal has entirely entered into Altman's quixotic style. As with gambling itself, the impulses of the characters seem a matter of luck or catastrophe, lived out in a world denuded of everything that can't be hocked. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 26.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. 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. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 25.)

Chafed Elbows (1967)—A cheerful assault on motherhood, analysis, venal surgeons, cops, Pop painters, et al. Directed by Robert Downey in a tone of cawing mockery, but not trying quite hard enough. Knockabout high spirits can't quite carry the comedy. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 21-22.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Elgin; Feb. 25.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Elgin; Feb. 25.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 25.)

Design for Living (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht, who swore that he had deleted all of Coward's actual lines but one, though the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is miscast in Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness. (Elgin; Feb. 26.)

Diabolique (1955)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's grisly horror thriller set in a provincial school. The headmaster (Paul Meurisse), his wife (Vera Clouzot), and his mistress (Simone Signoret) work together and at cross-purposes to reduce their number by a third. Scary, but so calculatedly sensational that it's

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rather revolting. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 22.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 25.)

The Dove—With Joseph Bottoms, directed by Charles Jarrott. (Loews 83rd St.; through Feb. 23.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (D. W. Griffith; Feb. 19.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Ziegfeld.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays (1972)—Joanne Woodward as a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Directed by Paul Newman; from Paul Zindel's play. (Elgin; Sunday, Feb. 23, one performance, at noon.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; starting Feb. 26.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1949; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elizabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. (Melville appeared in "Breathless" as the celebrity being interviewed.) In French. (D. W. Griffith; starting Feb. 27.)



Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 21.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—Hitchcock appears to have concocted this spy thriller out of all the breathtaking climaxes he'd been hoarding; there's the assassination with the gun concealed in a newsman's camera, the Dutch windmill going against the wind, and a tremendous finale aboard a transatlantic plane from London the very day war is declared. The plot that links all this is barely functional, and the jaunty reporter-hero (Joel McCrea) is held down a bit when he has to attend to the ever-busy heroine (Laraine Day), but the movie is intermittently first-rate, and the topnotch supporting cast includes George Sanders, Albert Basserman, Herbert Marshall, Edmund Gwenn, Martin Kosleck, Eduardo Cianelli, Barbara Pepper, and Robert Benchley, who also had a hand in the dialogue. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 22.)

The Front Page—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, seems to be foolproof, and the structure still stands up in this new version, directed by Billy Wilder. But something singular and marvellous has been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Wilder and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk; speaking softly but hurriedly, the words tumbling together in a slight and affecting stammer, Pendleton provides the only touch of innocence in this loud production. (1/27/75) (Art. and U. A. East. No performances Feb. 24-25.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—Exquisitely designed and photographed, and directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa with a delicate feeling for flowing movement. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto; the story, which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece," is about a warrior's passion for a married noblewoman (Machiko Kyo). In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 24.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Loews Ciné.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—One of John Ford's classic pictures, based on Steinbeck's novel about people trekking from the dust bowl to California during the Depression. Some of the exterior locations look dated and wrong, but the passion is still there, and Henry Fonda is very fine. There is a certain amount of innate conservatism in Ford's humanization of Steinbeck's economic ants into champions of agrarianism. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 27.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented performers, including Robert De Niro, Gerrit Graham, and Allen Garfield. Directed by

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Brian De Palma, who made the whole thing on a shoestring of less than forty thousand dollars. (Elgin; Feb. 20-22.)

D. W. Griffith Festival—The Ciné Malibu is changing its name to the D. W. Griffith. From surfboards to Founding Father. Hence the festival: Feb. 21: "Broken Blossoms" (1919). Feb. 22: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915). Feb. 23: "Intolerance" (1916). Feb. 24: "Way Down East" (1920). Feb. 25: "Sally of the Sawdust" (1925). Feb. 26: "Orphans of the Storm" (1921). (D. W. Griffith.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 25.)

Hi, Mom! (1970)—A breezy, cant film by Brian De Palma, about—well, what's happening, and this is where it's at, and right on. A white boy back from Vietnam and dully crazed by New York capitalism takes to making blue movies and then acts with a modish revolutionary theatrical company called "Be Black, Baby." The inanities are sometimes funny, sometimes pretty forced. (Elgin; Feb. 20-22.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (D. W. Griffith; Feb. 19.)

I'm No Angel (1933)—Mae West as a lion tamer, Cary Grant as a society lion, lots of adenoidal innuendo, and some good honky-tonk songs ("That Dallas Man," et al.). Arguably her best film, certainly one of her funniest. (Elgin; Feb. 19.)

I Never Sang for My Father (1970)—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. As banal as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere tough-mindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son, Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Cates directed. (Olympia; starting Feb. 26.)

In Name Only (1939)—Slinky Kay Francis is the wife in name only. Cold-hearted, all she wants of her husband, Cary Grant, are his wealth and social position, while he is so desperate for a divorce in order to marry the companionable Carole Lombard, a young widow with a small daughter, that he becomes ill. This is one of the rare movies in which the robust Grant actually has sick-bed scenes. It's a soapy picture, but with unusually good performances. Charles Coburn plays Grant's father; the director is John Cromwell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 26.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—The second presentation in the American Film Theatre's second season (primarily subscription). A musical, with Elly Stone, Mort Shuman, Joe Masiell, and M. Brel himself. Directed by Denis Heroux. The film will be shown on Feb. 24 and 25 only, at 2 and 8, at the Art, Gramercy, First Avenue Screening Room, Columbia II, Juliet 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., U.A. East, Greenwich, Guild, Playboy, Loews 83rd St., and New Yorker. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information call 489-8820.

Jane Eyre (1944)—Perfectly respectable 1944 version, directed by Robert Stevenson, with Aldous Huxley adding his own pungency to Charlotte Brontë's novel. Orson Welles looms in a cast that includes Joan Fontaine and a very young Elizabeth Taylor. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 23.)

Janis—A documentary about the late Janis Joplin, including concert appearances and interviews. (Cinema I.)

Jeremiah Johnson (1972)—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a

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strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Gramercy, 72nd Street East, 8th St. Playhouse, and Symphony; starting Feb. 26.)

Johnny Guitar (1954)—A very rum Western, with cockeyed feminist attitudes expressed by Joan Crawford as a gambling-house owner. Ernest Borgnine, John Carradine. Directed by Nicholas Ray at his most delirious, which at least makes his work more of a fling than usual, if not distinguished. Enjoyable. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 19.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 22-23.)

Kanal (1956)—The second in Andrzej Wajda's trilogy about the Second World War generation in Warsaw, and one of the most eloquent and dense political records on film, made with wonderful sensibility. There is an amazing account of the time that some of the young patriots spent in the sewers under their loved capital as it was razed to the ground, with Sheybal as a young composer playing a flute with a sound that echoes against the tiles. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 19.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 21.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Feb. 26.)



The Lady Eve (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece. Like "Bringing Up Baby," "The Lady Eve" is a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of his comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 20.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles. (Elgin; Feb. 23-24.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and, having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Murray Hill, and Thalia. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Greenwich. No performances Feb. 24-25.)

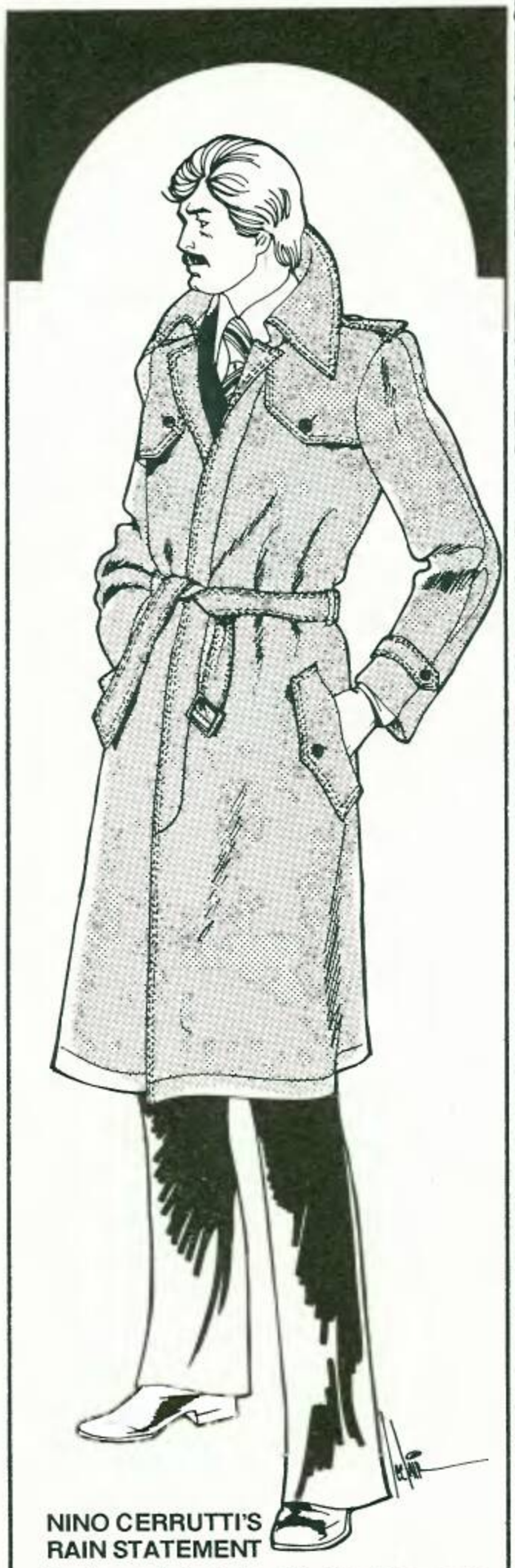
The Little Prince—The Saint-Exupéry book, the first of the modern mystic-quest books to become a pop hit, is a distillation of melancholy, and it comes close to being self-glorifying, masochistic mush. Possibly something might have been made of the material if Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the movie script, along with the lyrics for Frederick Loewe's music, had a more delicate feeling for spiritual yearning. The director, Stanley Donen, is handicapped by the intractably graceless writing and by the Big Broadway sound of the Lerner-Loewe score. Bob Fosse's snake-in-the-grass dance number is the film's high spot, and Gene Wilder, as a red fox, triumphs over some of his material. As the child Prince, Steven Warner holds the screen affectingly; as the author-aviator, Richard Kiley is pleasant enough but colorless. (12/2/74) (Loews 83rd St.; through Feb. 23.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 25.)

Love and Anarchy—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel: there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Waverly. . . . ¶ New Yorker. No performances Feb. 24-25.)

Love at the Top—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Romy Schneider, directed by Michel Deville. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Macon County Line—With Alan Vint and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cheryl Waters, directed by Richard Compton. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 26, tentative.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as plain, ordinary struggling young married folk in New York, having money troubles. The film, directed by John Cromwell, manages to jack up a little excitement when their baby gets sick and serum must be flown from Utah. The mercy plane goes through a storm, gales, blizzards, thunder, and lightning. You'll be relieved to know that the serum arrives in the very nick of time, and the husband gets a promotion. (Quad Cinema; Feb. 23-25.)

The Man with the Golden Gun—The newest and most dispirited of the Bond series. This one is set in the Orient; the production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die"), and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villain Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the film's only attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond, Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Hervé Villechaize. (Symphony; through Feb. 25.)

Men's Lives—A documentary, directed by Will Roberts and Josh Hanig. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 19-20.)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith (1941)—A marital comedy, written by Norman Krasna and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Mostly forced humor, though there's one funny sequence. With Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 26.)

Mr. Majestyk—With Charles Bronson and Al Lettieri, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Symphony; through Feb. 25.)

Murder (1930)—A rarely seen, handsomely designed early Hitchcock whodunit set among theatre people; not in the class of his mid-thirties work, but with inventive tricks. Herbert Marshall (in his first talking picture) is a fancy big-time actor serving on a jury; convinced of the innocence of the young actress (Norah Baring) who is on trial for murder, he tries to solve the case in order to save her life. There are some snobbish bits that appear to be ridicule of the "lower orders"—apparently, these are the unfortunate results of attempts at improvisation. Hitchcock experimented with a stream-of-consciousness monologue, and there's a tricky sequence in which Marshall listens to "Tristan" on the radio while he shaves. The actual murderer turns out to be a transvestite—"daring" at the time, but all too familiar a scapegoat now. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 22.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Paramount.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 25.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Gramercy; through Feb. 23. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, 8th St. Playhouse, and Olympia; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 26.)

Our Daily Bread (1934)—About how a young couple (Karen Morley and Tom Keene) make a go of life on a bankrupt farm by turning it into a co-op. King Vidor borrowed up to his ears to make the movie, and it's innovatively well directed. He experiments with Russian ideas of montage and manages to make a grand finale out of the coöperative farmers digging a ditch to irrigate a cornfield—cheating only a little by heightening the scene with an orchestral score. But it's his purity rather than this slight corruption that is the problem with the picture. The earnest title indicates where he goes wrong: the film suffers from simplicity of thought and from the excessive goodness of its common-man characters. With John Qualen and Barbara Pepper. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 27.)

Palm Beach Story (1942)—One of the giddiest and most chaotic of Preston Sturges's satiric orgies. The romantic leads (Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert), travelling by train, get shoved aside by the secondary characters: drunken millionaires—members of the "Ale and Quail Club," on board with their hounds and guns—who stage an informal skeet shoot in the club car and demolish the glassware. Sturges's comic invention soars, but the picture is too wild to be sustained; still, it's a joy, despite the lulls of waggish humor. With Mary Astor, Rudy Vallée, and the Sturges stock company, including William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, and Jimmy Conlin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 20.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century: a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 24.)

La Prisonnière (1969)—Henri-Georges Clouzot, of "The Wages of Fear," wrote and directed this story about sadomasochism, set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. A very brilliant, erotic film that takes the risk that some might laugh at it; it stares you out. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 19-20.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 22.)

Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins—A charmingly inconsequential film with a sidewise vision that sneaks up on you. Two girls (Sally Kellerman and Mackenzie Phillips) kidnap a man (Alan Arkin) and force him, at gunpoint, to drive them from Los Angeles to Arizona; the film is about how they begin to care for each other. The script, by John Kaye, is slight, and the situations are familiar, but the director, Dick Richards, has a feeling for momentary encounters; he's a very companionable sort of director, and the humor is based not on desperation but on affection. Well acted by the three principals (Alan Arkin loosens up for a change), and also by Alex Rocco as a scrounger who attaches himself to the scruffy trio, and by Harry Dean Stanton. (2/3/75) (Beekman.)

Rain (1932)—You don't have to be a great actress to play Sadie Thompson; you don't even have to be an actress—practically any transvestite could do it. But Joan Crawford took the role *seriously;* she really works at it—eyes flashing, scar-mouth twisting. Every nuance feels like an earthquake. Lewis Milestone is the director; Walter Huston is the Reverend. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 23-25.)

A Report on the Party and the Guests (1966)—Jan Němec's Czech fable about totalitarianism was banned instantly in 1966, when it was made, and released in 1968 by the Dubček regime. The allegory is about a picnic that turns into a frightening feast in the company of a load of convivial-looking, overbearing strangers who behave as if they were fellow-picnickers. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 20.)

Report to the Commissioner—Another entry in the "French Connection" sweepstakes, this one smartened up with the "Serpico" theme, but to no avail. It's a slovenly production, and the suspense never gets going. Michael Moriarty plays the hippie undercover detective destroyed by his blundering, callous superiors in the New York City Police Department. Moriarty is required to fall apart at

the end, but he can't wait for the climactic collapse, and he begins disintegrating before you've settled in your seat. Dazed by his own sensitivity, he sweats, he twitches, he convulses. The movie features two big chase numbers, and a scene in an elevator at Saks, with the hero and a black militant (Tony King) holding guns on each other and then opting for brotherhood when it is too late. With Yaphet Kotto, giving a respectable performance, against all odds, and a blond ingénue, Susan Blakely, with a twittering voice, who is supposed to be a hot-shot narc. Adapted from James Mills' novel; directed by Milton Katselas. (2/10/75) (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

La Rupture—With Stéphane Audran, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and Michel Bouquet, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Playboy; through Feb. 23. No evening performances on Wednesday, Feb. 19.)

La Salamandre (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with an English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 25-27.)

Salesman (1969)—A documentary film, directed by David and Albert Maysles. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 24.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Waverly. . . . ¶ New Yorker. No performances Feb. 24-25.)

Sesso in Testa—An Italian-language film with no English subtitles. (Playboy; starting Feb. 26.)

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. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 25.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon and Agnew's victory; the people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. This sophisticated farce, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer), may be put down as frivolous just because it really isn't. It's a very uncompromising film, and it's going to cause dissension. (2/17/75) (Coronet.)

She Done Him Wrong (1933)—Mae West, the great shady lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (Elgin; Feb. 19.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais' death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Cinema II.)

THE STEPFORD WIVES—With Katharine Ross and Paula Prentiss, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

THE STREET FIGHTER—A martial-arts film from Japan, in dubbed English. X-rated for its violence. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY (1971)—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. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 21-23.)

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. (Olympia; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Elgin; starting Feb. 27.)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE (1942)—A strangely tasteless anti-Nazi comedy melodrama, crudely effective at times. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor-husband; the plot involves actors disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who is far off his usual delicate style. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, and Felix Bressart. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Quad Cinema; Feb. 23-25.)

TOUCH OF EVIL (1958)—Orson Welles' marvellous, garish thriller, which has something to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. The credits appear over a brilliant opening sequence (which, incidentally, contains the key to the mystery). Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Elgin; Feb. 23-24.)

THE TOWERING INFERNO—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

TROUBLE IN PARADISE (1932)—Ernst Lubitsch's favorite among his own pictures. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" (Elgin, Feb. 26.)

LES VIOLONS DU BAL—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of wha' his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Regency.)

VOYAGE TO ITALY (1953)—Roberto Rossellini made this study of a marriage in trouble, starring Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders; in the film's finest scene, the couple visit Pompeii and see two petrified embracing bodies that have just been uncovered. An influential film (there are echoes of it in both Godard's "Contempt" and Bergman's "The Touch"), and yet deeply marred by banality and clumsiness. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 26-27.)

WARRENDALE (1967)—A progressive home for mentally disturbed children in Canada, observed and recorded by Allan King. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 27.)

WILD STRAWBERRIES (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöström plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 25.)

A WOMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Columbia II. No performances Feb. 24-25.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Samuel Goldwyn produced; Hecht and MacArthur did the script; Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, and Leo G. Carroll. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 23.)

YOUNG AND INNOCENT (1937; known as "The Girl Was Young" in the United States)—Hitchcock reworks "The 39 Steps," this time using a very young hero and heroine. Once again, the hero (now Derrick de Marney) is accused of a murder he didn't commit; he tries to track down the real killer while the police track him. The bewildered teen-age girl (Nova Pilbeam) who tries to help him is too earnest a conception to be very amusing; the film is pretty fair Hitchcock, though not as sexy or as witty as "The 39 Steps." The bravura sequences include the hero crashing a children's party and a nifty sinister joke at the climax: The heroine knows only one thing about the villain—that his eyes twitch. She goes to a dance at a big hotel, and we see the blackface band; the drummer's eyes fill the screen—and twitch. Hitchcock takes the joke even further: as the drummer sees the police enter, he gets nervous, and his rhythm goes so crazily off that the people have to stop dancing. With Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare. Hitchcock turns up, looking very young, as a press photographer, holding a tiny camera in front of him, like a talisman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 22.)

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think: you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the pictures it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Loews Orpheum.)

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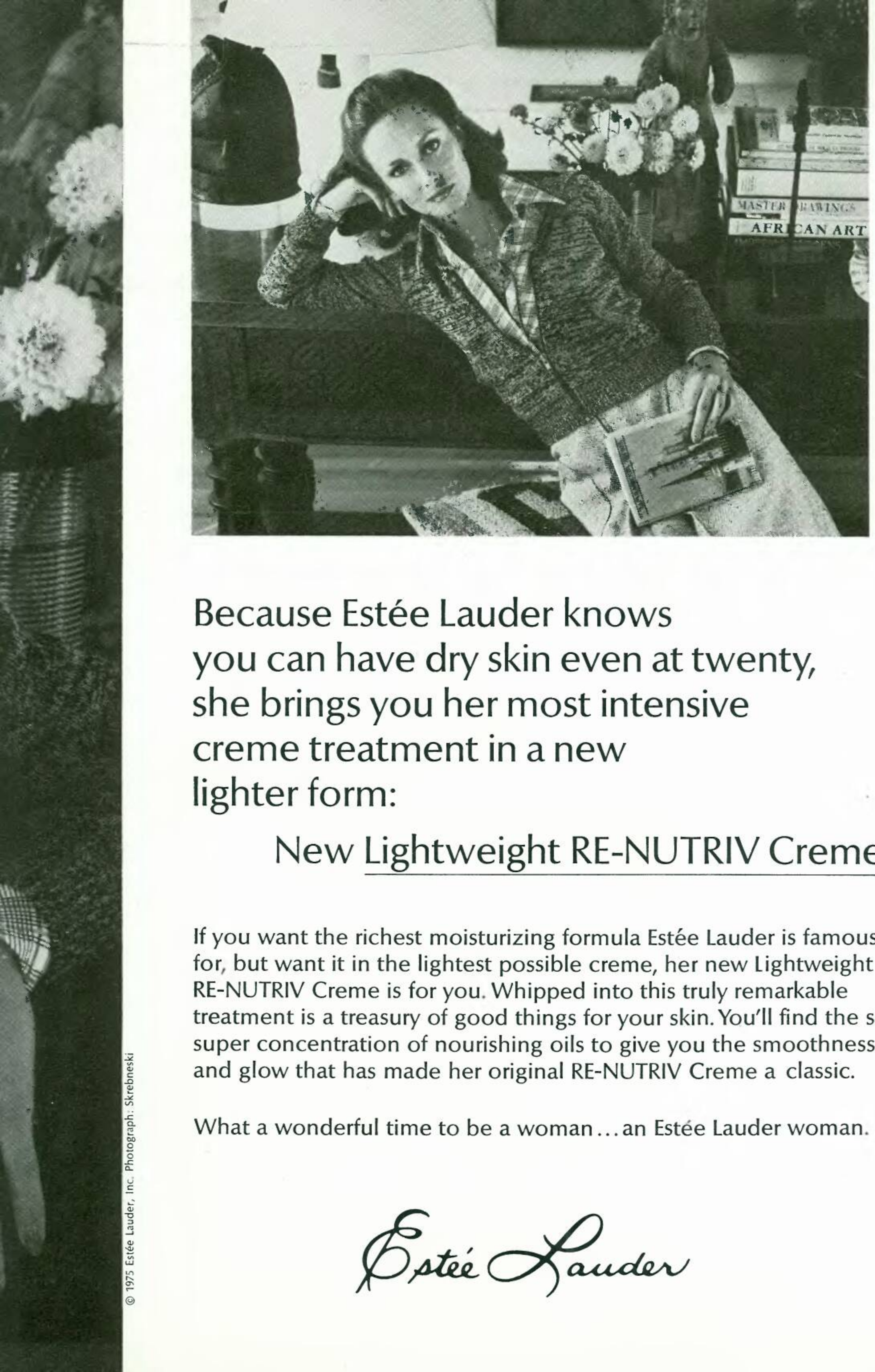


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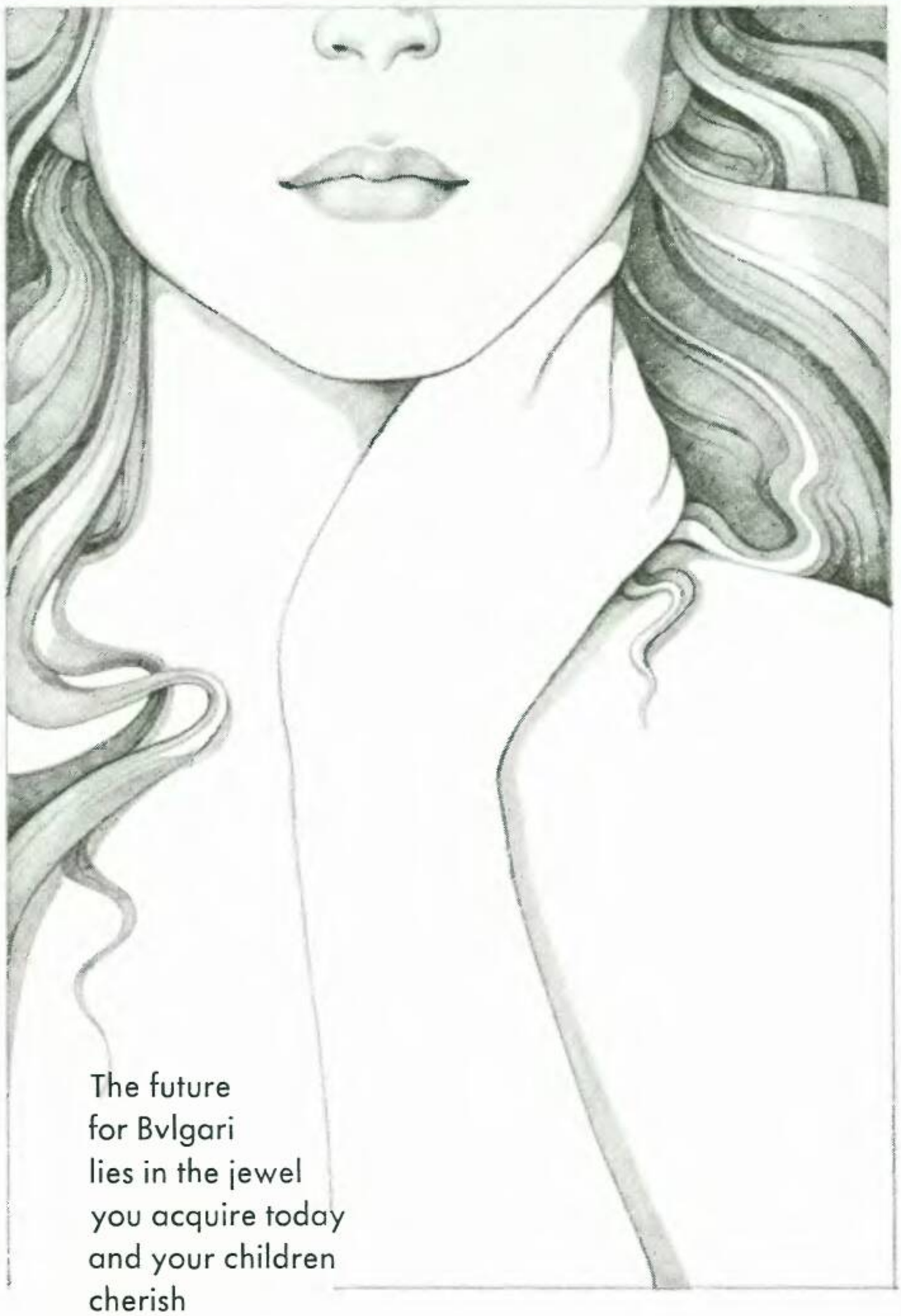
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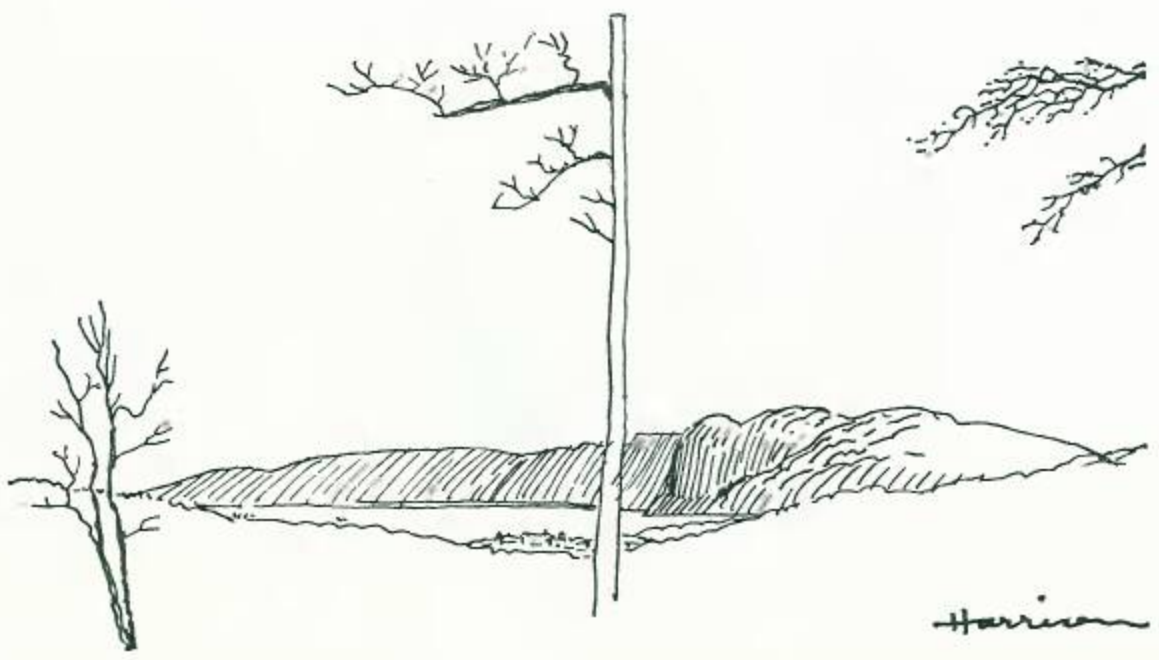
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE other day, as we were looking through the news, we came upon a graph that purported to describe the economic future. Its title was "The Hard Times Ahead," and the source of its figures was the Ford Administration. Three lines—one for prices, one for the gross national product, and one for unemployment—traversed a white zone and then entered a pink zone. The white zone was the recent past (the years 1971 through 1974), and the pink zone was the near future (the period from now through 1980). The parts of the lines in the pink zone were as strong and reliable-looking as the parts in the white zone, and seemed to suggest that our knowledge of the future is just about as solid as our knowledge of the past. This confidence is new. Only recently have graphmakers and other technical experts added the weight of their prestige to predictions of human events. Just forty or fifty years ago, prediction was left mostly to writers and artists. Sometimes, for instance, artists would render their idea of a city of the future. Three features that often recurred in these drawings stand out in our mind. First, the typical highway of the future looped and curved from skyscraper to skyscraper at the height of about thirty stories. Second, everyone was flying around in his own tiny, individual airplane or helicopter. Third, things tended to be enclosed in plastic bubbles. Sometimes a whole city was enclosed in a plastic bubble. All this was whimsey, of course. None of it came to pass. But a few decades later prophecy seemed to gain in respectability, and the study of the future came to be as solemn as the study of the past. In an introduction to "The Year 2000"—a study of the future by Herman Kahn and Anthony Wiener, of the Hudson Institute, which was published in 1967—Daniel Bell, the sociologist, looked back condescendingly on the undeveloped state of futurology in the first part of the twentieth century. "What is striking about these volumes," he wrote, speaking of some earlier attempts to foresee the course of our century, "is their fanciful character, the personal and even prejudiced judgments, the airy and even comical tone, as if the idea of speculating about the future had a somewhat absurd but pleasant quality—in effect, a lack of seriousness." The volume at hand, he suggested, contained weightier stuff. It took advantage of a "new sophistication in methodology," he said, and went on, "We have begun to assemble statistical time-series both to plot trendlines and to extrapolate likely developments." Moreover, "we have begun to construct 'models' or likely combinations of trends and developments in order to uncover the connections and causal relations between variables." Using the sophisticated new techniques, rich with extrapolation and projection, Kahn and Wiener decided that the chances were good for a steady growth and development of what they called a "surprise-free" economy. By "surprise-free" they meant free of major wars, totalitarian movements, and depressions, which had been some of the surprises of the first half of the century. The surprise-free economy, in turn, would be part of an emerging "Standard World," or model world. The Standard World, they said, had been projected on the basis of an "optimistic bias." The surprise-free economy, they thought, would contribute to the emergence of a "post-industrial society," which would be characterized by "alienation amidst affluence." Until recently, phrases like "alienation" and "post-industrial society" were on many people's lips, and as we looked through Kahn and Wiener's book recently it seemed to us that they had put into words what many, and perhaps most, people in 1967 had tacitly assumed that the future would be. One difficult problem, the book said, would be what to do with the large amount of leisure time that was going to be created when the trend toward increasing automation—a subject of much discussion back in 1967—eliminated the need not only for many jobs but for housework as well. "The idea of moderately priced robots doing most of the housework by the year 2000 may be difficult to accept at first," they wrote, and they then quoted Meredith Wooldridge Thring, of Queen Mary College, in London, as recommending that "by far the most logical step . . . is to provide a robot slave which can be trained to the requirements of a particular home and can be programmed to carry out half a dozen or more standard operations (for example, scrubbing, sweeping and dusting, washing up, laying tables, making beds) when so switched by the housewife." An-



other trend to which the technique of extrapolation was applied was the hippie movement of those days. Kahn and Wiener obviously didn't like it, but the way the lines were moving in their graphs compelled them to conclude that "the indolent spectator, the 'hipster,' and the 'swinging cat' would have become in large degree the norm for very wide sectors of the population." What was worse, "this group would be receptive to ideologies which welcome the downfall and dissolution of the American post-industrial way of life." One small detail of post-industrial society mentioned in passing in "The Year 2000" is " 'next-day' delivery" of the mail anywhere in the United States.

Now, not ten years later, it has all dissolved like a dream. The vision of a post-industrial society, with its alienation and its affluence, its leisure and its hipsters, its robots and its next-day mail service, has gone the way of the sky-high throughways, the swarms of tiny, individual helicopters, and the plastic bubbles. Surprises have sprung up all over the surprise-free economy. The Standard World has turned eccentric. The trials of scarcity and unemployment, not those of superabundance and alienation, preoccupy us. One thing that has survived, though, is the penchant for extrapolation and projection. Only today the bias is pessimistic. The models are models of collapse. The graph lines of the future that were going up in the Kahn-Wiener book are going down now. At the end of each line is not the millennium but doom. No less an authority than the President of France has told us that "the great curves that describe the future in our times all lead to catastrophe." We have even developed a taste for disaster, and the movie theatres offer more than a few varieties of calamity for our delectation. An uncertain present unanticipated by any of the predictions of just a few years ago has given birth to a new tragic vision of the future which is a mirror image of the earlier optimistic one. It is as though each present now arrived equipped with its own future—a future that was suited to its special needs, and that could be thrown out as soon as the needs of a new moment asserted themselves. For all our preoccupation with what lies ahead, we fail to give the real future its due. It is larger and more astounding than we think. In it are lines that do not appear on our graphs, shapes that are not shown in our drawings. And when it comes it defies the extrapolations, overturns the projections, bursts all the models, and is unlike anything ever foreseen by man.

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Off and Running

Leon Botstein, violinist, conductor, historian, who four and a half years ago, when he was twenty-three, became the youngest college president in the country, up at Franconia College, in the White Mountains, has just been named president-elect of Bard, a venerable liberal-arts institution in Annandale-on-Hudson, and is still, no doubt, the youngest college president in the country. Edgar Hatfield, chairman of the Bard board of trustees, who says he has the longest tenure of any college trustee in the country—some forty years—threw a reception and lunch for Botstein at the University Club recently. At this affair, the word "energy" was often used to describe the president-elect. The Right Reverend Paul Moore, Jr., Episcopal Bishop of New York and a Bard trustee, said, "What a lot of energy that young man has! It's the one quality I look for these days."

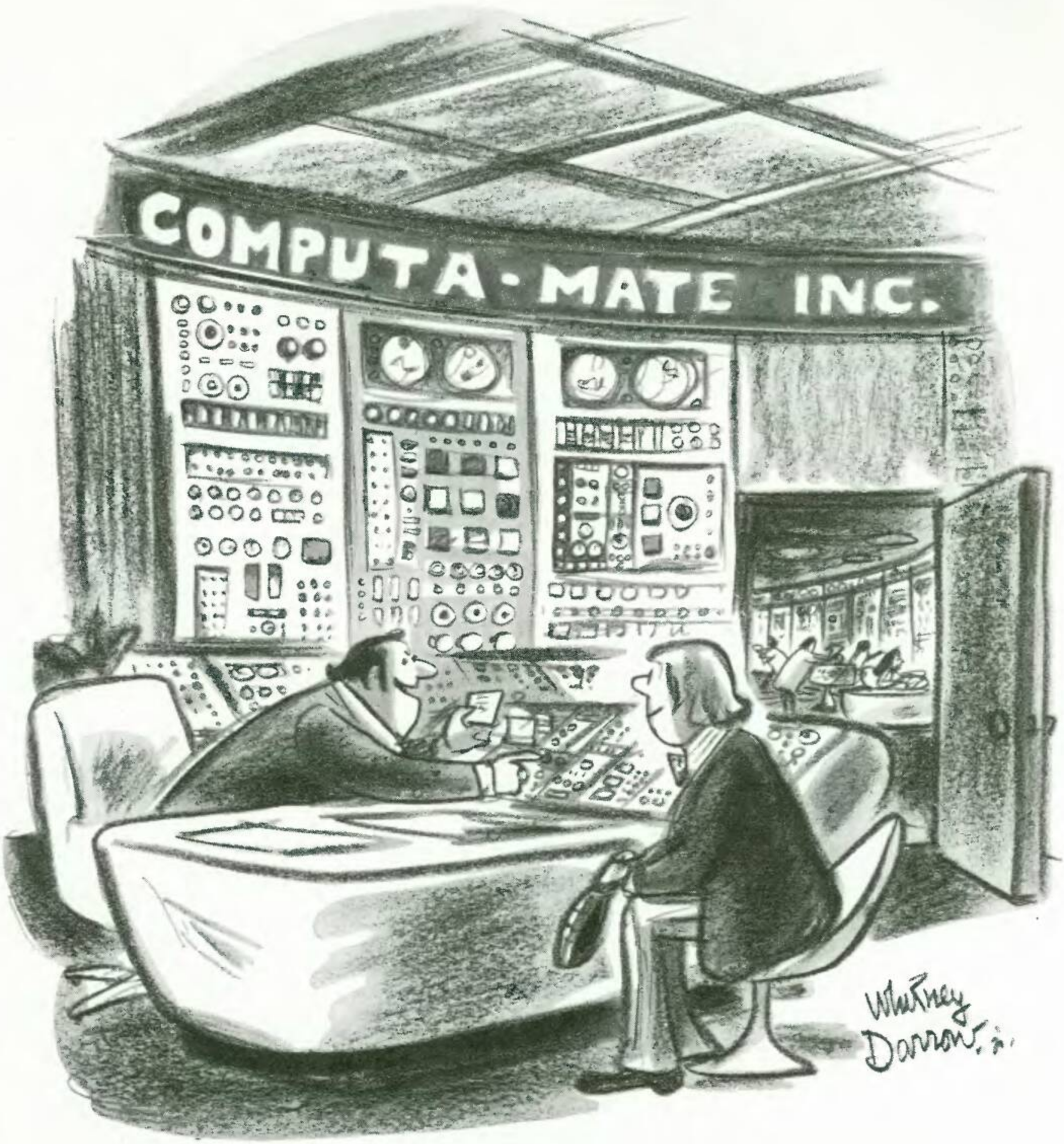
And Jill Ducoff, of Rahway, New Jersey, one of five Bard undergraduates who served on the committee to find a new president, told us, "The thing I liked about Leon was his energy. We must have screened about two hundred candidates—we put an ad in the *Times*—and personally interviewed at least forty, and after a while they almost all began to seem identical to me. They'd all written something, they'd all been to school, they all had some connection with a foundation. Leon was different."



In his four and a half years at Franconia, Botstein got the college fully accredited, doubled the size of the student body, quadrupled the size of the library, built a million dollars' worth of new buildings, and recruited a large squad of new faculty members.

After the lunch, Botstein came up to our office for a few minutes and gulped a Coke while we nursed a Tab. "I'm thinking of commissioning the composer George Crumb to write a piece for my inauguration next fall," Botstein said, dapperly scholarly in horn-rims, three-piece brown herringbone tweed suit, blue-and-white shirt, and maroon tie. "Last summer, we helped organize the White Mountain Music and Art Festival, and I conducted the Beethoven Ninth, Haydn's 'Nelson Mass,' the Brahms Violin Concerto, and the Mozart Clarinet Concerto, with Benny Goodman as soloist. I am very much looking forward to Bard. What are my thoughts about it? I think we have to rethink what a coherent undergraduate education would look like. It seems to me that some portion of college time needs to be devoted to pre-vocational training, so that kids get some sense of specialization and acquire something that is going to be useful to them when they are living their lives. If this is so, what kind of general-education program is it worth a college's while to offer? The old gen.-ed. programs were either purely elective—and thus brought students only to things they were already curious about before entering college—or else very specified. I'm particularly concerned here about science education. Technology is now so sealed off by complications that liberal-arts students are being castrated by the lack of technical expertise. The average college student has no idea how a computer works, how a strategic-weapons system is set up, how DNA works. The old Horace Mann-Robert Hutchins argument—that education is necessary for democracy—falls apart. And the old problem remains: Kids come out of high school needing to know how to read, how to write, and how to think. I think we need to create scientific literacy—teach them how to teach themselves about what scientists are doing these days.

"Another good question is how to integrate the arts into a liberal-arts education. I think we can ask students



"Well, here it is. The ideal girl for you is five foot four; 36, 26, 36; a real looker, with an M.A. in literature, a sunny disposition, a terrific sense of humor, and a love of good music—classical or jazz."

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to learn how to *do* art—what I call art as praxis. And this means singing, painting, and dancing, instead of just being able to take a date through a museum and distinguish a Manet from a Michelangelo, which is only useful for the social consumption of culture. I'm an incurable optimist, and I think everyone's got a little talent.

"A third aspect of education—this is from the sixties—is what we have called at Franconia community-service education. At Franconia, students are designing and building, under professional guidance, a local high school, and other students are editing the only newspaper for prison inmates in New England. A lot of vocational training takes place in a vacuum, but if it can be of service to a constituency other than the college itself, kids can see some practical value in knowing some skills, and can participate actively in something other than their own private lives. Students are notoriously private now, you know. I think community-service education makes resident college living more legitimate.

"I also would like to see more emphasis on history. The traditional, classic approach has been to ask students to read Great Books and soak up the accumulated wealth of mankind, re-

gardless of who gathered it, or when, or under what circumstances. Students are profoundly ahistorical now, and I think they need to work out the notion of how their own environment, over time, has shaped their lives.

"And I want to think some more about what it means to live in dormitories. We have a beautiful campus at Bard, nice facilities, a good staff, and a small endowment. I could have stayed at Franconia, and I could have taught at a university. But I'm delighted to be here. And the only other thing I want to say is that I don't think being a college president is a vocation at all, so I probably won't spend a lifetime at it."

The Black Dragon

WHEN we went to see "The Black Dragon" on Forty-second Street the other day, it was, according to *Variety*, the nineteenth-top-grossing film in America, doing better business than "The Longest Yard" (the twentieth-top-grossing film) but not as well as "Amarcord" (the eighteenth-top-grossing film). Then, just after we saw "The Black Dragon" on Forty-second Street, a new *Variety* came out that didn't list "The Black Dragon" *at all*. From nineteenth-top-grossing film to obscurity. "The Longest Yard" was still listed (had moved up to eighteen), and so was "Amarcord" (moved down to twenty), but "The Black Dragon" was nowhere. Serafim Karalexis, the co-producer of "The Black Dragon," has explained this to us. "I have one hundred prints working," he told us. "At some times, they are playing the major cities that *Variety* samples. At other times, they're not. When they play the *Variety* cities, we get listed. Otherwise, forget it." *Variety* is most accurate when it samples the grosses of major films released by major producers. Serafim Karalexis is not a major producer. Mr. Karalexis (who is a young man of Greek descent and a former student at Boston University) is an independent producer. He shot "The Black Dragon" in the Philippines in eight weeks for an amount he says was "over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars." When *Variety* last reported on the film, it estimated a gross to date of eight hundred and fourteen thousand dollars. "It's absurd to guess, but the film could gross maybe a coupla million," Serafim Karalexis said. "I started it out in Detroit. Then I moved it all up and down the Eastern Seaboard. Now I'll take it down South and out West. With a film like this, you *localize* it. You take it to an area and keep playing it till you've got nothing left."



When we saw "The Black Dragon," it was localized at the Harris Theatre. The Harris has its charms. For instance, the ticket-taker, unexpectedly, wears a crisp blue uniform, a starched, stiff shirtfront, and a white bow tie. Then, there is the Adam design. The interior of the Harris Theatre looks like a slightly shopworn Wedgwood soup bowl. We went to see "The Black Dragon" with a friend of ours named Gerald, who knows a lot more about martial-arts movies than we do. Gerald told us what to expect from the Black Dragon himself. "Now, the Black Dragon is a kung-fu *master*," he said. "He's at a different level from the other people. See, a kung-fu *master* will be one of the kindest people in the world. He'll be the kindest person you'd ever want to meet." Gerald explained that, despite their kindness, kung-fu masters, when provoked, sometimes snatch out the heart of an opponent with one kung-fu stroke. Gerald also said that because of their restraint and kindness there was generally only one kung-fu master in each martial-arts movie. "If they made a movie with *all* kung-fu masters," he said, "it would be boring, because they'd just be meditating." Gerald explained that the function of lower-level kung-fu experts in martial-arts movies was to rile the master up to the point where he'd fight.

This happened right off in "The Black Dragon." The Black Dragon, working on the docks for an ominous sort of export company, intervened when a dock boss began to beat a fellow-worker. When the boss began to beat *him*, he tried at first not to fight. "I'm sorry," the Black Dragon said.

"See, it'd take a whole lot to make him angry," Gerald said.

The dock boss continued to beat the Black Dragon.

"He's *still* not angry," Gerald said.

The dock boss continued to beat the Black Dragon.

"He's angry now," said Gerald.

The Black Dragon, with a series of impressive chops, reduced the dock boss and several other dock bosses to misery.

"Well, my young friend," said the boss of the dock bosses to the Black Dragon, surveying his shattered crew, "you fight pretty good."

The boss of the dock bosses offered the Black Dragon a job. The Black Dragon accepted. The Black Dragon signed a contract by drawing a picture on it.

"See?" said Gerald. "He can't read or write, but he signed the contract. I don't know what that contract says, but there's probably something wrong."

There *was* something wrong with the contract, but it is not possible to describe with any accuracy the rest of the plot. It involved these elements: (1) A scene in which the Black Dragon saves a girl from prostitution and wins her as a *friend*. ("The Black Dragon won't go with a girl," said Gerald.) (2) A quiet, almost idyllic period. ("They always play funny music, like *Christmas* music," said Gerald.) (3) Lots of inaccurate dubbing. ("You see them rip up the paper, but then the sound comes afterward," said Gerald.) In the end, the Black Dragon defeated the bosses and the hired fighters of the bosses.

Gerald said that he enjoyed "The Black Dragon"—especially, he said, the roundhouse kicks.



"My first impression of Swafford was one of a deep-thinking pipe smoker. As it turns out, he's only a pipe smoker."

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Numbers and Resources

IN the bedsheet trade, we learned the other day, a set of sheets and pillowcases that are supposed to go together is called a "number," and a company that sells numbers to department stores is called a "sheet resource." We also learned that Americans spend nearly a billion dollars a year on numbers. This last must be a dependable fact, because we heard it from no fewer than three highly placed sheet-resource sources, all of them executives of Springs Mills, Inc., in less than an hour of champagne sipping and cucumber-sandwich nibbling.

We collected this little harvest of information at a showing of sheets and whatnot designed by Bill Blass, who also designs coverings for people, both male and female. The showing took place in a large room at Springs Mills' corporate headquarters, on West Fortieth Street. The room was full of elevator music from speakers it was impossible to locate. Young female employees wandered here and there, wearing blank expressions and floor-length gowns made of Bill Blass sheets. Bill Blass was there, looking every inch the successful, red-blooded American fashion designer—white teeth, blue eyes, square jaw, suntan, graying sideburns. He was wearing a Donegal checked suit, suède vest, wool tie, and golf shoes. None of that ethereal French nonsense. Mr. Blass told us that there used to be a great need for masculine patterns in bedsheets, a need that has now been attended to. By way of illustration, he showed us a bed with sheets on it that had a pattern resembling a herringbone suit viewed through a microscope. "Of course, I have flowers, too," he said. Then he showed us a bed with flowered sheets.

The three sheet-resource sources were James Perkins, John Sawhill, and Nick Milos. Mr. Perkins told us that Springs Mills was the first sheet company to bring out a designer line, back in 1967. Mr. Sawhill said, "We've had a great relationship with Bill Blass, because his merchandise sells, and that's the name of the game. He's a very-easy-to-work-with person." Mr. Milos wore a dark-blue suit, and there was something familiar about his tie. "It's the uniform of the day," he said. "It's the same pattern as the 'Shadows' line that Blass did for us. I had to wear my sincere suit, because nothing else goes with it."

We then talked with Mr. Blass and Mr. Sawhill.

Mr. Sawhill said, "We have four different styles in this show. At our first Bill Blass show, in 1971, with the ecological impact, we had six different styles."

"What was ecological about the impact?" we asked.

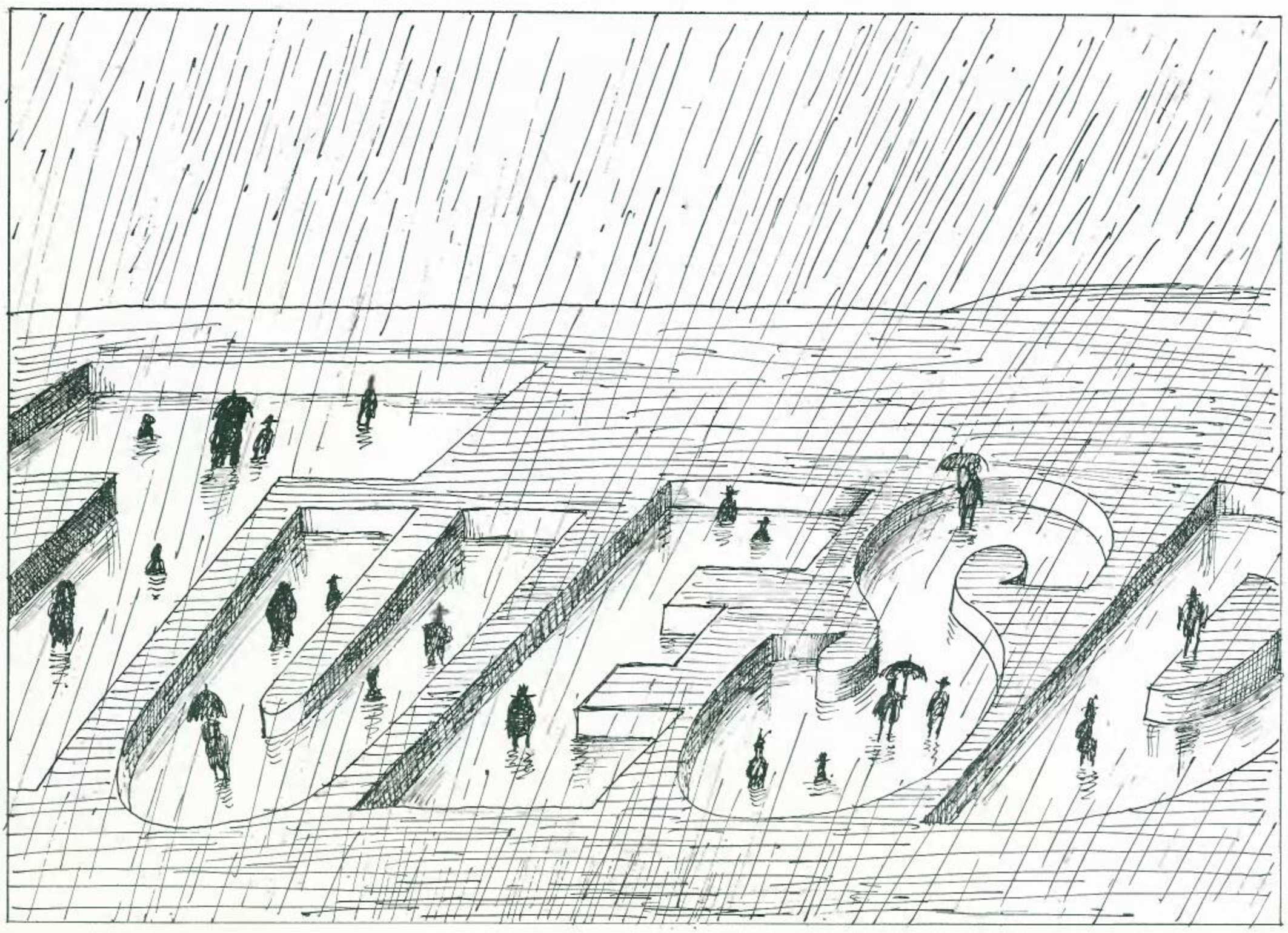
"Who the hell knows?" Bill Blass said. "Oh, yes, we had a cloud."

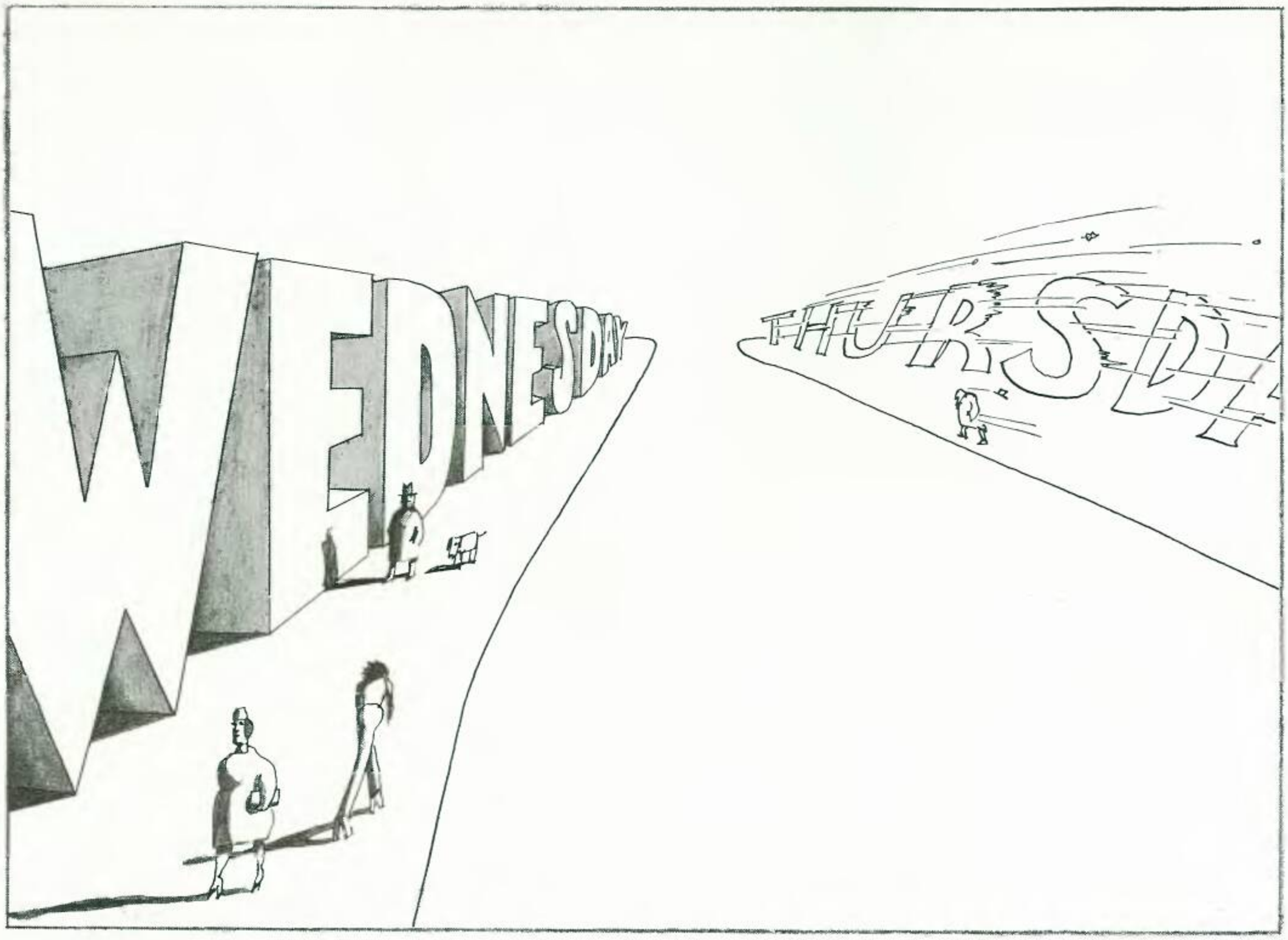
"And the Japanese garden," Mr. Sawhill said. "And the Paisley pattern, suggesting the New England countryside."

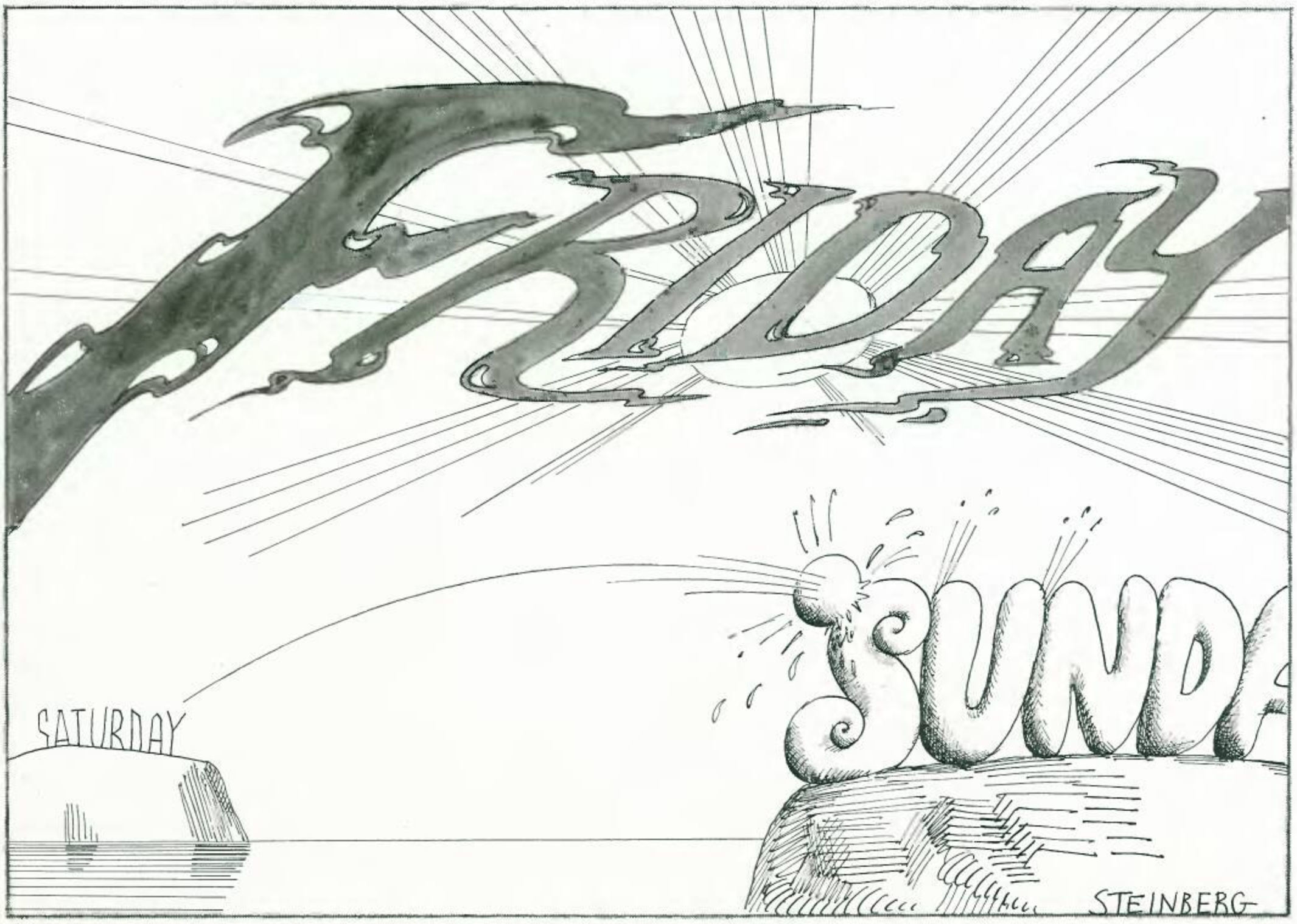
"You needed a lively imagination for that one," Mr. Blass said.

THE WEATHER






WEDNESDAY
THURSDA


SATURDAY
SUNDA
STEINBERG

LETTER FROM THE EAST

ALLEN COVE, FEBRUARY 8

ON an afternoon in the spring of 1938, foreseeing a change in my life, I rode the subway down to Cortlandt Street, visited Peter Henderson's seed store, and came away with a mixed order of flower and vegetable seeds. The bill was nineteen dollars. Peter Henderson is long gone, and times have changed—but not the warm, receptive earth, yielding to the advances of the sun. Today, with so much wrong with the planet, with everyone discouraged and uneasy and some desperate, almost the only things that can dispel the gloom for me are the bright and fraudulent pictures in a seed catalogue and the glad cry that issues from a box of day-old chicks arriving on an April morning from the hatchery. Our 1975 orders went off in the mail three weeks ago. The seeds came to sixty-seven dollars, up from nineteen. A baby chick this spring will cost me thirty-three cents, up five cents from the 1974 chick. Even so, there is hardly a better buy around: the seed, the exploded egg, the perennial promise that they hold. In the years that have intervened since 1938, we have not missed a springtime of this wild dreaming and scheming. We are hooked and are making no attempt to kick the habit.

I'm behind on my correspondence, and this letter is overdue. Quite aside from the mess my desk is in, everything else here in the East is in a mess, just as it is in other parts of the nation, and in all parts of the world. The strain has begun to show in people's faces. Events and portents swirl around all our heads in dazzling array and in great numbers. Oil. Unemployment. Nuclear power plants. The spruce budworm. The SST. Land use and zoning. The plight of the small hospital. Pollution. The supertanker. Windmills. Lead poisoning in the pottery. Passamaquoddy. Food stamps. The price of gas at the pump. The price of doughnuts in the store. The power of the federal government. The long shadow of the State. The fuel-adjustment additive. Breaking and entering. Drug abuse. Centralization. The disappearance of haddock. Russian trawlers. Arab sheikhs. It is all very confusing, makes one's head swim. Last November, the voters became so confused they forgot to elect a Republican or a Democrat for governor and elected instead an independent insurance man, James Longley, who is said to sleep only four hours a night, jogs at daylight, and summons people to his office at seven o'clock in the morning to start putting the state on a sound business basis. I met my pharmacist on the street the other day—he is a freshman member of the legislature. And when I asked him how he liked being up in Augusta he replied, "Love it." Then, in a sentence that followed along naturally, he used the phrase "viable alternative," and I marvelled at how quickly he had learned the language of government. Longley likes the word "input" and on taking office accepted a fifteen-thousand-dollar input to his salary. He has since declared his willingness to cancel it. It is all quite confusing, and sometimes scary.

But in many ways things are the same as they've always been, hereabouts. The February days lengthen, the light strengthens, the plow goes by in the night. Our woodpile, thanks to Henry Allen, who keeps disappearing into the woods mounted on a Cub tractor and towing a small trailer, has built to nine cords—mostly birch this year. When one of my hens prepares to lay an egg, she picks up a few shreds of nesting material and tosses them onto her back, as hens have been doing ever since the egg was invented. On subzero mornings, the vapor rises from the bay, obscuring Herriman Point. If the day is quiet and the sea calm, the scallop draggers move out to the fishing grounds to make their sweeps. The price of scallops is down from what it was a year ago. We get ours direct from Lawrence Cole, right off his boat. We buy a gallon, eat a mess, and freeze the rest. I'm not supposed to eat scallops, but I love the taste of cholesterol and can't leave them alone. Lawrence told me this is his forty-sixth year at it.



There was a wedding in town this winter. Walter Crockett, our master carpenter and cabinetmaker, got married at the age of ninety-three. He met his bride—a younger woman—in the nursing home where they had both gone to die: and, such is the power of love, they sprang from the home and are happily settled in Penobscot, keeping house. This, it seems to me, pretty well takes the wind out of Barbara Walters' sails. I heard her say on television that marriage, as we know it, is on the way out and will be gone by the year 2000. I didn't take much stock in that. Many of the remarks you hear on television are questionable, except on the Tarzan hour, which I never miss if I can help it. In the jungle world men have managed to create for themselves, with its gloomy wars, its smashed atom, its hair sprays that threaten the ozone layer, its balance of power, and its absence of any sensible and orderly way (except Kissinger) to settle the myriad things that need to be settled, Tarzan in his loincloth is the one person who seems at home in the environment, as he utters his wild cry and swings along on those old moss-covered docking lines. His speech nowadays is immaculate, and his rapport with animals has always been good. There is a little five-year-old girl in our town who can't tell time by the clock but knows instinctively when the hour of Tarzan is at hand. She runs to her grandmother and insists that the set be turned on so she can partake of the Weintraub delicatessen.

ALL sorts of queer and unexpected events have taken place since my last report from the East. In the nearby town of Blue Hill, ordinarily a quiet village, heavy machinery arrived three summers ago and began ripping the town to pieces, to make room for a new steel-and-concrete wing for the hospital and a sewage-treatment plant for the town, at the head of the harbor. The noise was awful. Month after month, a giant crane swept the sky, and ten-wheel trucks bearing the legend "WE MOVE THE EARTH" banged through the streets hauling gravel and rubble from one spot and dumping them into another spot. The hospital was in a survival situation: unless its bed patients were moved from the original wooden building into fireproof quarters, Medicare payments would be cut off, and this would spell certain doom. The operation cost more than two million dollars—a tremendous tab for so small a community. People baked pies, knit sweaters, put on auction sales, staged variety shows in the town hall, and dug into sagging pocketbooks. It was a near thing for a while, but it's over now: the wing is occupied. We have wall-to-wall carpeting in the corridors, parking space outside for a hundred cars, telephones by every bed, air-conditioning, and a nurses' station that goes beep beep. Patients have a view of the harbor and a view of the sewage-treatment facility.

Meantime, over at Harborside on Cape Rosier, just above the beautiful little reversing falls of Goose Cove, a mining company called Callahan was busy. They dammed the falls, shutting



"Do you suppose I could ask for 'Dear Abby' without getting half a grapefruit shoved in my face?"

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out the tide, and dug a pit so deep you could look down and see China. This excavation greatly altered the appearance of Goose Cove without greatly enriching the community. The mining company soon milked the place dry of copper and zinc and got out, the way mining companies do. But nothing ever stands still around here: someone at Callahan must have taken a long last look at the salt water entering the abandoned pit from the open gate in the dam and thought, What a place to raise fish! In no time at all, the company banished minerals from its thoughts and stocked the pool with salmon. This enterprise promises to be a success. A young fellow named Bob Mant bought out Callahan in 1973, procured eight hundred thousand Coho salmon eggs from the State of Washington, hatched the eggs in freshwater tanks, and then transferred the fingerlings into the pool, where they are now confined in large nylon nets, feeding on shrimp. Mant began to harvest his first crop last fall—one hundred thousand Coho salmon. He cleans them and, with the help of another fellow, sells them for about a dollar and a quarter apiece to restaurants and markets around the state and as far west as Boston. One would assume that a salmon raised in a mine pit might easily contain as much mercury as a small thermometer. But the Goose Cove salmon have been studied by the University of Maine and by the State Department of Marine Resources and have been given a clean bill—"all metals negligible." I ate two of the fish when I dined at a friend's house recently and they were delicious—delicate, like a brook trout. I'm a believer in mercury, anyway, and am curing my arthritis on a diet of fish and rice, on the advice of a Chinese doctor named Dong, who wrote a cookbook for arthritics. Many fish contain mercury, and I am proceeding on the assumption that it is the mercury, not the fish, that knocks the arthritis. A man has to have a few firm beliefs to cling to in these chancy times. A New York waiter once told me I should eat the skins of fishes in order to stay healthy, and he may have been right. (You eat grapes to ward off cancer.)

Another experiment in aquaculture is being conducted in the Salt Pond just north of here, a handsome small inland sea between Blue Hill Bay and the Benjamin River. A neighbor of ours, Mark Richmond, is busy raising European oysters in trays submerged in the pond. At this writing, he has something like a half-million oysters under cultivation. Instead of being bedded on bottom, in the life style of most oysters, these pampered mollusks live in ballasted trays made of wire and wood, about the size of a small coffee table. In winter, when the pond is frozen, the trays are sunk below the ice. When the oysters are big enough to eat, they are sold to restaurants and individual gourmets. Thus, an owner of shorefront property can buy a couple of trays of oysters, moor them off his beach or tie them to his float, and when he is hungry wander down and bring home a first course for dinner—assuming he knows how to open an oyster. Richmond's operation, like Mant's, has the threat of mining hanging over it. The Salt Pond lies in tranquil beauty a few miles below the Kerramerican Mine, of Blue Hill, which discharges thousands of gallons of effluent every day into a handy little stream that drains, conveniently, into the pond and thence into the bay—a threat to shellfish. Everywhere trouble lurks. But the oysters are in no trouble right now, and may never be.

For a number of years, the largest structure in this neighborhood was a four-story henhouse, about four miles up the road from where I live. It was our Empire State Building, visible a long way off, a landmark for boats coming up the bay. Lights burned at night for the hens, and food came to them by a conveyor belt. But the egg business fell on hard times and the henhouse went dark. For a while, it was just a deserted palace. Suddenly, one day, there were signs of

life about the place. Cars were drawn up. And I learned at the store that the building had been bought by Noel Paul Stookey, the "Paul" of the musical group Peter, Paul, and Mary. A spicy item of local news. Stookey, undaunted by the lingering smell of departed hens, went quietly to work and converted one of the upper stories into a recording studio. He lives in a house nearby with his wife and three small daughters, rents the studio by the hour, plans to complete an album of his own in March, and hopes eventually to create a studio for animation, where he will put young artists to work. A queer and unexpected event.

THERE has been a rash of thievery in our area. (I remember when you didn't even bother to lock your door at night.) Boys have broken into stores and taken cigarettes and beer. Sophisticated burglars have entered the deserted houses of the summer people and stolen Hitchcock chairs. The most picturesque heist occurred a short distance up the road at Arcady, the Italianate villa built years ago by the widow of Ethelbert Nevin from the proceeds of "The Rosary" and "Mighty Lak' a Rose." The alleged thieves, enjoying the concealment of a twenty-foot-high cedar hedge, backed a U-Haul truck up to the door last November, extracted a seventeenth-century harpsichord valued at more than forty thousand dollars, and drove away. I like to think of them drawn up for a coffee break in some dismal picnic area, running a few scales and trying the instrument out for "Chopsticks." In good time, they transferred the harpsichord to another rental truck and set out for California, arriving in San Francisco a few days later after a truly baroque journey—the harpsichord in the U-Haul, Arcady to the Golden Gate. The instrument was eventually recovered and identified through the combined efforts of an alert sheriff, a harpsichord maker, a grandson of the composer, and the Smithsonian Institution.

Not long ago, the supersonic transport Concorde paid us a visit, dropping into the Bangor International Airport out of a clear sky. It flew away to the West Coast and later was back again, this time detained overnight in Bangor because of having to send to England for a part. Even in the midst of all the trouble we are now in, even though no one knows which way to turn and which way to go, there still persists the notion that we must get there with ever greater speed. My oldest grandson made his first trip abroad in January. He flew to Switzerland to visit a friend, and on arrival phoned home. When asked about his trip, he reported that "it was cramped" and he "didn't like the movie." Thus has travel degenerated in the age of speed. If the SST takes hold, we will soon be whisked from continent to continent, from zone to zone, and there won't even be time enough not to like the movie. We will all be Kissingers, darting from flower to flower, without ever savoring the day.

ENERGY, of course, is the leading topic and the toughest nut to crack. The Maine House of Representatives quickly jumped on President Ford's oil-import tariff and austerity program. One of the legislators came back strong with a counterproposal—an open season on moose. Whenever we Maine men feel something threatening our way of life from as far away as Washington, our thoughts turn unerringly to the gun on the rack and the rich flavor of wild meat.

Our snowmobilers met the energy crunch with their customary directness and verve: they got up a two-day race meet in Bangor, the Paul Bunyan Snowmobile Championship, and tore round and round and round, drawing throngs to Bass Park from far and near. The Bangor *Daily News* reported the number of legs broken and backs sprained but neglected to report the number of gallons of gas it took to accomplish it. A year ago, with gasoline already showing signs of petering out, a snowmobile gymkhana was staged at the Blue Hill Fair Grounds. There was no snow on the track, so dump trucks were hired to transport snow all the way from Ellsworth to provide the surface for the racing. You don't hear much complaint about snowmobilers, though. If a man were to lose the snowmobile vote in Maine, his political life would be at an end.

Just the day-to-day activity of the concerned citizens bent on solving the energy crisis is itself a great drain on fuel: lights burn far into the night in the halls where the planners do their planning and the debaters hold their debates. I drove over to South Brooksville not long ago to attend an evening forum on nuclear power, sponsored by the public library. To get over and back, I had to travel twenty-five miles, which must have burned up a gallon and a half of gas. And the hall had to be lighted. And the representative from the Central Maine Power Company had to burn up a great deal more gas than I did, because he came a long distance for the powwow. People in this age are adjusted to the free use of power; they do not readily change their habits, even for a power shortage. On my way home over the road after the meeting, I noticed that most of the houses I passed were brightly lit—people sitting up late to watch television,



A SKETCH

Into the lower right
Square of the window frame
There came
with scalloped flight

A goldfinch, lit upon
The dead branch of a pine,
Shining,
and then was gone,

Tossed in a double arc
Upward into the thatched
And crosshatched
pine-needle dark.

Briefly, as fresh drafts stirred
The tree, he dulled and gleamed
And seemed
more coal than bird,

Then, dodging down, returned
In a new light, his perch
A birch-
twig, where he burned

In the sun's broadside ray,
Some seed pinched in his bill.
Yet still
he did not stay,

But into a leaf-choked pane,
Changeful as even in heaven,
Even
in Saturn's reign,

Tunnelled away and hid.
And then? But I cannot well
Tell you
all that he did.

It was like glancing at rough
Sketches tacked on a wall,
And all
so less than enough

Of gold on beaten wing,
I could not choose that one
Be done
as the finished thing.

—RICHARD WILBUR



"And now, my cousin Mike, of Mike's TV and Appliance, has a few suggestions as to how you might put your rebate to good use."

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with the oil-burner grinding away in the basement and the water pump leaping into action at the bidding of the pressure tank and the hot-water heater eating up the kilowatts in answer to the thermostat. A hundred years ago, the denizens of those same houses would have been abed long since. They would have had neither power nor a power shortage—merely a long night's sleep. We don't really know yet whether we can have energy all day and Johnny Carson all night. It just isn't clear.

The Central Maine Power Company feels very good about nuclear generating plants, is not worried about radiation or accidents, and is proposing to construct a plant on Sears Island in Penobscot Bay. (It has also acquired an option on four hundred acres of land on Cape Rosier, just in case.) A group calling itself Safe Power for Maine takes the opposite position and is disturbed that nuclear plants should be built while scientists are still in disagreement and before anyone has found a way to dispose of the nuclear waste safely. A Brooksville man who keeps goats got up in meeting and asked why, if nuclear plants were so safe, he had received a letter from a research firm employed by the power company inquiring as to the whereabouts of his goats. Mr. Randazza, the C.M.P. man, replied that it was a routine inquiry. "We must know where the goats are," he said, "so corrective measures could be taken if something went wrong." Iodine can contaminate milk, he acknowledged. But he was cheerful about the prospect. You would simply put the animals on a controlled diet, he said, and after about forty days the radioactivity would be gone.

At this writing, no one knows what is going to happen at Eastport, if indeed anything ever does happen. Eastport is a small, down-at-heel town, nestled against the Canadian border and washed by the fabulous tides of Passamaquoddy Bay. Oilmen can never get Eastport out of their minds, because it has a deepwater harbor. Power companies find Eastport troubling their dreams at night because the place has probably the greatest natural-power potential of any town in Maine and perhaps of any town anywhere in the world. It is very disturbing, Eastport. For the past two years an oil company called Pittston has been trying to get a toe in the door—they propose to build a three-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar refinery there, and they have been pleading their case before the Maine Board of Environmental Protection. The hearings came to an end a few days ago, and the board's decision will be rendered any minute now. To an oilman, "Passamaquoddy" is not just an Indian word, it is a dirty word—it suggests unlimited power that will go on forever or as long as the tides come surging in and go boiling out. At the Pittston Company hearings, Robert Monks, director of the state's Office of Energy Resources, opposed granting the application. So did Horace Hildreth, Jr., lawyer for the Coastal Resources Action Committee. So did many others. Monks argued that the Pittston plan as now drafted would "forever foreclose" on the possibility of harnessing the tides of Passamaquoddy. And, of course, there is always the spectre of an oil spill.

I have never experienced the great tides and swift currents of the waters around Eastport, have never ventured that far east in a small boat. But I've examined the charts of those legendary seas, and my opinion is that the only person who could successfully guide a supertanker around East Quoddy Head and into the hairpin turn from the Bay of Fundy to Head Harbour Passage would be Harold Lloyd—on a

good day. Lloyd could do it, but the thought of a run-of-the-mill Liberian flagship captain attempting it gives me goose pimples the size of sea urchins. The captain might easily blow it, particularly if the fog were to shut in, as it does about half the time. Brooks Hamilton, a professor at the University of Maine who navigated an LST in the Second World War, has calculated that in one slack-water period there is just barely time enough to get a ship from East Quoddy Head to a berth in Eastport before the current starts the other way.

Governor Longley wants to explore tidal power; Muskie does, Hathaway does, President Ford does. But Quoddy still has a bad name from the old boondoggling days. Canada is at work on a scheme for developing tidal power. Even if Pittston's application is granted, there's a good chance no oil refinery will be built there, because Canada controls a piece of the sea through which the tankers would have to pass. Energy, energy, energy!

The government itself forces a citizen to burn fuel. I sat up most of one night in January, making out W-2 statements for the employees who were in and out of our house at one time or another during 1974. I'm not good at filling out forms: all those long Social Security numbers, all those enigmatic little cubicles, all those unwieldy sheets of carbon paper. Lights blazed, while the furnace plugged away in the cellar to keep me from freezing to death. The very next morning, a letter arrived from the I.R.S. advising me, in a pleasant and chatty fashion, that our returns for 1972 and 1973 were up for audit and would I please have the following documents ready for the inspector's visit. Then followed a list as long as your arm. If I'm to produce all those curios, the lights will burn late enough to satisfy even the insatiable electric company.



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I BELIEVE, from the sessions I've attended in my kitchen, which is where I get my most reliable information, that what most deeply disturbs the people in the small towns of Maine these days is not gasoline, not the cost of living, not unemployment. I think people are disturbed by the discovery that no longer is a small town autonomous—it is a creature of the state and of the federal government. We have accepted money for our schools, our libraries, our hospitals, our winter roads. Now we face the inevitable consequence: the benefactor wants to call the turns. The Blue Hill Hospital's two-million-dollar wing had hardly opened its doors when the citizens of the town awoke one morning to find, in the Portland *Sunday Telegram*, a story based on an interview with Mark Knowles, director of the State Comprehensive Health Planning Agency, suggesting that small hospitals "under thirty-five beds" might soon be marked for oblivion. People who have just gone through the agonies of raising a great deal of money for a well-loved local institution don't take it lightly when they hear that perhaps their work has been for nothing. People were mad as hops. Yankees don't want a planner in Augusta or in Washington telling them where to put a hospital or a school or how many beds or desks to install. They are accustomed to making decisions like that for themselves. They feel it is their right. (They also take the grants, and once the habit has been formed it is not likely to be broken.) Knowles made the big mistake of using the word "parameter" in a letter to the president of the Maine Hospital Association. Most of us are familiar with a "perimeter," but a "parameter" was a little too much, considering the raw state of our nerves. It's bad enough to hear that your hospital is the wrong size, without having a parameter thrown at you.

With so much that is disturbing our lives and clouding our future, beginning right here in my own little principality, with its private pools of energy (the woodpile, the black stove, the germ in the seed, the chick in the egg), and extending outward to our unhappy land and our plundered planet, it is hard to foretell what is going to happen. I know one thing that *has* happened: the willow by the brook has slipped into her yellow dress, lending, along with the faded pink of the snow fences, a spot of color to the vast gray-and-white world. I know, too, that on some not too distant night, somewhere in pond or ditch or low place, a frog will awake, raise his voice in praise, and be joined by others. I will feel a whole lot better when I hear the frogs.

—E. B. WHITE

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There is almost no sugar in beer.

Dr. Carl Resch, of the Resch beer family, told Brunswick Rotarians.

The amount of sugar was so small as to be completely indistinguishable in taste.

He also blew out another fallacy.

"There is little or no difference," he said.—*Brunswick (Australia) Sentinel.*

Oh, come on, now, Resch!

I HAVE NOTHING TO DECLARE BUT MY GENIUS

ONE morning half a century ago, give or take a decade, the Beelzebub occupying the desk behind mine in grade school surreptitiously affixed a steel pen point to the toe cap of one of his bluchers, thrust his leg under my chair, and kicked upward. Given more room, I might have executed a two-and-a-half forward somersault like that wizard of the trapeze Alfredo Codona; instead, biting back my tears, I flung myself on my persecutor (whose name, oddly enough, was Frankie Torquemada) and tried to eviscerate him with a slate pencil. Neither of us, as it turned out, emerged the victor. He was sentenced to clap erasers for a week, I to transcribe fifty times on the blackboard the rubric "Lives of great men all remind us/ We can make our lives sublime,/ And, departing, leave behind us/ Footprints on the sands of time."

How the world could possibly be enriched by a legacy of sandy footprints I never understood, any more than I did the omnipresence of Rosa Bonheur's "The Horse Fair" in every classroom, but, like the pen point, Longfellow's precept must have sunk home, for thenceforward the lives of the eminent became a lodestar to me, a lamp unto my feet. Ultimately, the quest for sublimity uncovered some strange examples—none of them stranger, however, than two panegyrics I recently ran across: a biography of Kipling and a prose poem in the *Hollywood Reporter*.

We've all seen flapdoodle in our day, but, man, these are vintage. I haven't experienced such gooseflesh since W. W. Jacobs' "The Monkey's Paw."

I read Charles Carrington's "The Life of Rudyard Kipling" last winter in an appropriate Burmese setting—the Strand Hotel in Rangoon, where "Mandalay," the ballad beloved of every baritone in vaudeville, is said to have been composed. Now, nobody objects to idolatry in moderation; a pinch or two of hero worship can often season a fat book. Carrington's veneration for Kipling, though, was so glutinous that it threatened at times to clog his typewriter. Some inkling of the schmalz quotient can be gleaned from the following passage:

> Rudyard had a gift for penetrating the undertones of conversation. His own French was fluent though inaccurate, and powerfully helped out by gestures; his skill at extracting the sense of what was said to him seemed uncanny. Not only could he fall into casual talk with some patois-speaking peasant in France and come away after five minutes equipped with minute technical knowledge of his farming methods and family history; there were occasions when he achieved the same result in Spain and even Czechoslovakia by signs and gestures, without pretense of knowing the language at all.

Was Carrington an eyewitness to these remarkable demonstrations? Were they confided to him by the aforesaid peasants in their quaint patois? It seems much more likely that the source was the great romancer himself, whose ego, I would have said, was unmatched up to the time Norman Mailer came along. I would have said so, that is, until I read the dithyramb in the *Hollywood Reporter* about Sidney Sheldon.

Sheldon, a television writer and producer, had just concluded a whopping one-million-eight-hundred-thousand-dollar pact with Screen Gems to supply them with five pilot films, and he was snapping his suspenders in the presence of Sue Cameron, a reporter. By his own admission, Sheldon is a sequoia in the literary field:

> "When I'm working on a series I can write three scripts a week. I write one Saturday, one Sunday, and one during the week. I have two secretaries and they get all the typing done. I feel guilty sometimes when I think about other writer friends of mine who really have to sweat to get scripts out. Luckily with me it just flows. I love to write," continues Sheldon, who has finished the five pilot scripts, a suspense play he will do in London, and 960 pages of his new novel. "I dictate 30 to 50 pages a day on it. I love to write so much that I have to stop myself from writing seven days a week." Sheldon's previous novel, "The Naked Face," will soon be made into a motion picture and, naturally, he has already finished the screenplay.

As if the foregoing were not conducive to heartburn, Miss Cameron thereupon launched into an emotional little eulogy. "Sidney Sheldon is a rare man," she wrote. "He loves his work, his family, and his whole life. He is a gentle, sensitive man, who follows through on everything. . . . 'I see myself as a storyteller,' " he told her, adding, in an uprush of genealogy, " 'It all started with the cavemen sitting around campfires telling stories. Those are my ancestors.' "

By a fluke that almost wrenched the long arm of coincidence from its socket, I stumbled a while ago on evidence of someone whose feats bore a close kinship to those of Kipling and Sheldon. Rummaging through a carton of books in a downtown auction room, I unearthed a ring binder wherein this person—an author of mixed Irish and French ancestry named Patrick Foley



"I'll have the Hamburger Helper with soybean extender and a side order of hydrolyzed vegetable protein."

de Grandeur—had kept a fragmentary journal. At a modest outlay of a dollar seventy-five, I acquired the diary and an annotated copy of Stekel's "Frigidity in Woman in Relation to Her Love Life," from the former of which I reproduce the extracts below. Extracts from the latter are still thawing on my windowsill.

NOVEMBER 17

"AWOKE this A.M. feeling rather drained; had stayed up past midnight dictating final four hundred pages of huge Dreiserian novel I began yesterday about publishing tycoon, one Al Coldstream, who founds career on aquatic sports magazine named *Crew*. Managed to work in several effective scenes, esp. Joycean interior monologue where Coldstream reviews imbroglio with couple of oars picked up at Yale-Harvard regatta. (*Note to myself:* Change closing chapter—present dénouement, Coldstream fricasseed by spontaneous combustion of cheesecake photos, too indecisive. Why not death struggle atop Niagara Falls between Coldstream and rival publisher of *Oui* or *Viva*, à la Holmes and Prof. Moriarty? Both could then be swept away, leaving no loose ends.)

"Spooky phone call this afternoon from my agent, Winnie Kochleffel. She apparently sensed I was finishing blockbuster, though I hadn't breathed a word to anyone, and, acting on hunch, she was offering the paperback rights to Signet for four hundred thousand. Some kind of ESP, doubtless; I remember reading that Tolstoy and V. Hugo had similar power of thought transference. I don't put myself in their class, to be sure; still, neither of them ever sold paperback rights for four hundred big ones.

"Started to write a novella or two after dinner, but frittered away the evening at the piano, unaware that my tape recorder was switched on. On playing it back, found I had unconsciously composed a whole jazz suite, a Ferde Grofé type of thing. Nothing spectacular, yet the untutored ear might well mistake it for middle-period Gershwin. Funny how a person gifted in one medium can so easily distinguish himself in another. I felt quite pleased with myself."

NOVEMBER 29

"KNOCKED out a couple of whodunits before breakfast to limber up for the day's work. I have to chuckle when I read about Simenon's astonishing ability to belt out a thriller in eleven days. I could do one in as many hours if I cared to write bilge, but fortunately I have *some* standards. What with mail and phone calls, I taped only two hundred and fifty pages of another work with overtones of nostalgia, 'A Child's Life of Peter Bogdanovich,' before rushing off to dentist's appointment. Why do I pay a cluck like Gluckstern an arm and a leg when I'm perfectly capable of filling my own teeth? (*Reminder:* Look through Yellow Pages for secondhand dental equip't—drill, spittoon, etc. Might be sizable tax deduction—discuss w. Tony Fiduciari, my accountant.)

"A weird subway encounter on return home. Sat next to fine old bearded patriarch who was reading Yiddish newspaper—he unable to speak English, I to understand his patois. Thanks to my facility for mime, however, within three minutes I elicited his origins, profession, and artistic prejudices. He hailed from Vitebsk, the Russian town where Marc Chagall was born, and was a kosher baker, specializing in macaroons. Seemed to be well versed in Chagall's work, though unimpressed by same. 'So what's all the *geschrei*?' I interpreted him as saying. 'Anybody can scribble a junkman flying in the sky or a donkey. By me is Norman Rockwell an artist, Max Parrish. They paint cherries, grapes, nectarines you could pick right off the canvas.' Prior to debouching at Columbus Circle, he fished out a macaroon and insisted I try it. It had a distinct odor of moth flakes. 'Sure, from laying in my pocket all winter,' he conceded. 'I put some crystals in there to keep away the mice.' When I got off at Herald Square, I was stunned to find my wallet missing. The policeman to whom I reported the loss cut short my description. 'Yep, that's him, all right,' he said. 'Cooney Lemel, the smartest dip on the IND. Kiss your wallet goodbye, Mac. You've been ripped off by an expert.'

"Too upset afterward to resume serious work, so I dashed off a trayful of short stories and pastiches, donned a smock, and got out some modelling clay, which I find therapeutic whenever I'm overwrought. So totally immersed did I become that it was nearly dawn when I surfaced, and there before me was the figure of a reclining female nude indistinguishable from the best of Maillol or Despiau. (Or Rodin, for that matter, whom, between myselves, it evoked rather than these lesser fry.) The moment I realized, how-



SHORELINES

Someday I'll wake and hardly think of you;
You'll be some abstract deity, a myth—
Say Daphne, if you knew her as a tree.
Don't think I won't be grateful. I will be.
We'd shuck the oysters, cool them off with lime,
Spice them with Tabasco, and then scoop them up,
Who thought we were in Paradise. We were not.
Three couples and three singles shared that house
For two weeks in September. Wellfleet stayed
Remarkable that fall. And so did we.
Confessions, confidences kept us up
Half the night; the dawn birds found us still
Dead tired, clenched on the emotional,
Which led to two divorces later on,
Recriminations, torn-up loyalties,
The dreariness of things gone wrong for good.
Yet who could forget those wet, bucolic rides,
Drunk dances on the beach, the bonfires,
The sandy lobsters not quite fit to eat?
Well, there were other falls to come as bad,
But I still see us on a screened-in porch,
Dumbly determined to discover when
The tide turned and the bay sank back in mud.
We'd watch it carefully, hour after hour,
But somehow never could decide just when
The miracle occurred. Someone would run
Into the marshes yelling, "Where's the shore?"
We hardly see each other anymore.

—HOWARD MOSS

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ever, that the reputations of all three might be diminished if my effort came to light, I decided to destroy it. It was the only decent thing to do, and I feel confident posterity will agree."

DECEMBER 5

"A BUSY morning — phones ringing, the clatter of typewriters struggling to keep up with my output, such pandemonium that all I accomplished was a ninety-minute TV special, 'The Romance of Bauxite,' and the script of a porno flick to be filmed in the Ajanta Caves. Every ten minutes, Winnie Kochleffel rang up with some proposal more fatuous than the last—an updated version of 'Die Fledermaus' to star Truman Capote, a juvenile for ages six to nine about Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street. The chaos was climaxed by the arrival of a delegation from the top echelon of CBS, headed by William Paley. They were all babbling like a pack of kindergartners, so incoherent that I was hard put to it to understand them, but I finally deciphered their prattle. I could scarcely credit my senses: they want me to handle all future writing for the network—sitcoms, reportage, talk shows, documentaries, anything involving words—in return for ten per cent of their gross. Judas Priest, what do they think I am—superhuman?"



"Nothing much, Tom. What's alleged with you?"

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DECEMBER 9

"A RED-LETTER day, mingling jubilation and triumph. The mail brought a communication from France's former Minister of Culture, addressing me as *'Cher Maître.'* Inadequate as is my French, it read in translation: 'One has long enough been acquainted with your eminence in the belletristic sphere. Now we are overturned to uncover you as a painterly ace, having possessed ourselves of two masterworks the most fabulous from your palette. Lady Rumor has it that these are but joys of the spirit, dashed off as refreshments between labor. *Basta!* (Bastard!) To us they are uniquely flavorsome, gorgeous celebrations of the Post-Impressionist style, reducing the daubs of Vuillard, Seurat, Signac, and Pissarro to artistic pimples. You shall hang in the Jeu de Paume, by blue, or else I scrawl the names of my fellow-Academicians in every *vespasienne* in Paris! Welcome to the company of the immortals. I embrace you. André Malraux.'

"I used to wonder what it felt like to be a Renaissance man, a Leonardo da Vinci, enshrined with the gods on Olympus. Now I know."

DECEMBER 21

"EUREKA—the capstone of my endeavors has fallen into place, the dream I have so long nurtured is realized at last. After two days of unremitting toil, my masterpiece, the chef d'œuvre that will render the name of Patrick Foley de Grandeur imperishable forevermore, is complete.

"For years, just as a diamond cutter seeks a Koh-i-noor worthy of his mallet and chisel, just as a fishmonger sorting whitebait envisions the marlin he will mount on his wall, so have I scratched my noggin for a subject to inspire Calliope, my muse. To rewrite Balzac's 'Comédie Humaine'? Harold Robbins and Irving Stonehenge have anticipated me. To retrace the endless neurotic embroideries of Proust? Who needs it? And then, in a blinding flash, the scales fell from my eyes. *Shakespeare!*

"What I have done to Shakespeare, in the apt phrase of Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' shouldn't happen to a doge. I have shorn all his highflown rodomontade, euphuistical bombast, and sesquipedalian twaddle and distilled tales comprehensible to the veriest moron, to the most benighted redneck, to even a rock fan. Fifty years from now, I prophesy, hardhats swilling their beer in the taverns of Jackson Heights will be tearfully quoting my lines, the dingy metaphors and crapulous elegiacs of the Bard long forgotten. Single-handedly, I have like written finis to the age of the egghead, man. This I guarantee.

"Only one scintilla of angst clouds my gratification. Twice during the past three days, a person in a white jacket has rung my doorbell. When I queried him on the second occasion about the net he was carrying, he said he was a lepidopterist, desirous of showing me some rare specimens. I mistrusted his insincere smile, to say nothing of the foot he tried to interpose in the door. As I dictate this, he is lurking across the street, clad in a trenchcoat and scanning my windows intently. Something tells me I'm going to have trouble with that man."

—S. J. PERELMAN

REBECCA

Rebecca Lizard was trying to change her ugly, reptilian, thoroughly unacceptable last name.

"Lizard," said the judge. "Lizard, Lizard, Lizard. Li-zard. There's nothing wrong with it if you say it enough times. You can't clutter up the court's calendar with trivial little minor irritations. And there have been far too many people changing their names lately. Changing your name countervails the best interests of the telephone company, the electric company, and the United States government. Motion denied."

Lizard in tears.

Lizard led from the courtroom. A chrysanthemum of Kleenex held under her nose.

"Shaky lady," said a man, "are you a schoolteacher?"

Of course she's a schoolteacher, you idiot. Can't you see the poor woman's all upset? Why don't you leave her alone?

"Are you a homosexual lesbian? Is that why you never married?"

Christ, yes, she's a homosexual lesbian, as you put it. *Would you please shut your face*?

Rebecca went to the damned dermatologist (a new damned dermatologist), but he said the same thing the others had said. "Greenish," he said, "slight greenishness, genetic anomaly, nothing to be done, I'm afraid, Mrs. Lizard."

"Miss Lizard."

"Nothing to be done, Miss Lizard."

"Thank you, Doctor. Can I give you a little something for your trouble?"

"Fifty dollars."

When Rebecca got home the retroactive rent increase was waiting for her, coiled in her mailbox like a pupil about to strike.

Must get some more Kleenex. Or a PhD. No other way.

She thought about sticking her head in the oven. But it was an electric oven.

Rebecca's lover, Hilda, came home late.

"How'd it go?" Hilda asked, referring to the day.

"Lousy."

"Hmm," Hilda said, and quietly mixed strong drinks of busthead for the two of them.

Hilda is a very good-looking woman. So is Rebecca. They love each other—an incredibly dangerous and delicate business, as we know. Hilda has long blond hair and is perhaps a shade the more beautiful. Of course Rebecca has a classic and sexual figure which attracts huge admiration from every beholder.

"You're late," Rebecca said. "Where were you?"

"I had a drink with Stephanie."

"Why did you have a drink with Stephanie?"

"She stopped by my office and said let's have a drink."

"Where did you go?"

"The Barclay."

"How is Stephanie?"

"She's fine."

"Why did you have to have a drink with Stephanie?"

"I was ready for a drink."

"Stephanie doesn't have a slight greenishness, is that it? Nice, pink Stephanie."

Hilda rose and put an excellent C. & W. album on the record-player. It was David Rogers' "Farewell to the Ryman," Atlantic SD 7283. It contains such favorites as "Blue Moon of Kentucky," "Great Speckled Bird," "I'm Movin' On," and "Walking the Floor Over You." Many great Nashville personnel appear on this record.

"Pinkness is not everything," Hilda said. "And Stephanie is a little bit boring. You know that."

"Not so boring that you don't go out for drinks with her."

"I am not interested in Stephanie."

"As I was leaving the courthouse," Rebecca said, "a man unzipped my zipper."

David Rogers was singing "Oh please release me, let me go."

"What were you wearing?"

"What I'm wearing now."

"So he had good taste," Hilda said, "for a creep." She hugged Rebecca, on the sofa. "I love you," she said.

"Screw that," Rebecca said plainly, and pushed Hilda away. "Go hang out with Stephanie Sasser."

"I am not interested in Stephanie Sasser," Hilda said for the second time.

Very often one "pushes away" the very thing that one most wants to grab, like a lover. This is a common, although distressing, psychological mechanism, having to do (in my opinion) with the fact that what is presented is not presented "purely," that there is a tiny little canker or grim place in it somewhere. However, worse things can happen.

"Rebecca," said Hilda, "I really don't like your slight greenishness."

The term "lizard" also includes geckos, iguanas, chameleons, slowworms, and monitors. Twenty existing families make up the order, according to the "Larousse Encyclopedia of Animal Life," and four others are known only from fossils. There are about twenty-five hundred species, and they display adaptations for walking, running, climbing, gliding, swimming, creeping, or burrowing. Many have interesting names, such as the



"I'm the real genie. The other one was C.I.A."



"And this is my wife, the Queen."

• •

Bearded Lizard, the Collared Lizard, the Flap-Footed Lizard, the Frilled Lizard, the Girdle-Tailed Lizard, and the Wall Lizard.

"I have been overlooking it for these several years, because I love you, but I really don't like it so much," Hilda said. "It's slightly—"

"Knew it," said Rebecca.

Rebecca went into the bedroom. The color-television set was turned on, for some reason. In a greenish glow, a film called "Green Hell" was unfolding.

I'm ill, I'm ill.

I will become a farmer.

Our love, our sexual love, our ordinary love!

Hilda entered the bedroom and said, "Supper is ready."

"What is it?"

"Pork with red cabbage."

"I'm drunk," Rebecca said.

Too many of our citizens are drunk at times when they should be sober—suppertime, for example. Drunkenness leads to forgetting where you have put your watch, keys, money clip, and to a decreased sensitivity to the needs and desires and calm good health of others. The causes of overuse of alcohol are not as clear as the results. Psychiatrists feel in general that alcoholism is a serious problem but treatable, in some cases. AA is said to be both popular and effective. At base, the question is one of will power.

"Get up," Hilda said. "I'm sorry I said that."

"You told the truth," said Rebecca.

"Yes, it was the truth," Hilda admitted.

"You didn't tell me the truth in the beginning. In the beginning, you said it was beautiful."

"I was telling you the truth, in the beginning. I did think it was beautiful. Then."

This "then," the ultimate word in Hilda's series of three brief sentences, is one of the most pain-inducing words in the human vocabulary, when used in this sense. Departed time! And the former conditions that went with it! How is human pain to be measured? But remember that Hilda, too . . . It is correct to feel for Rebecca in this situation, but, reader, neither can Hilda's position be considered an enviable one, for truth, as Bergson knew, is a hard apple, whether one is throwing it or catching it.

"What remains?" Rebecca said stonily.

"I can love you *in spite of*—"

Do *I* want to be loved *in spite of*? Do you? Does anyone? But aren't we all, to some degree? Aren't there important parts of all of us which must be, so to say, gazed past? I turn a blind eye to that aspect of you, and you turn a blind eye to that aspect of me, and with these blind eyes eyeball-to-eyeball, to use an expression from the early nineteen-sixties, we continue our starched and fragrant lives. Of course it's also called "making the best of things," which I have always considered a rather soggy idea for a dream of beauty. But my criticisms of this idea must be tested against those of others—the late President McKinley, for example, who maintained that maintaining a good, if not necessarily sunny, disposition was the one valuable and proper course.

Hilda placed her hands on Rebecca's head.

"The snow is coming," she said. "Soon it will be snow time. Together then as in other snow times. Drinking busthead 'round the fire. Truth is a locked room that we knock the lock off from time to time, and then board up again. Tomorrow you will hurt me, and I will inform you that you have done so, and so on and so on. To hell with it. Come, viridian friend, come and sup with me."

They sit down together. The pork with red cabbage steams before them. They speak quietly about the McKinley Administration, which is being revised by revisionist historians. The story ends. It was written for several reasons. Nine of them are secrets. The tenth is that one should never cease considering human love. Which remains as grisly and golden as ever, no matter what is tattooed upon the warm tympanic page.

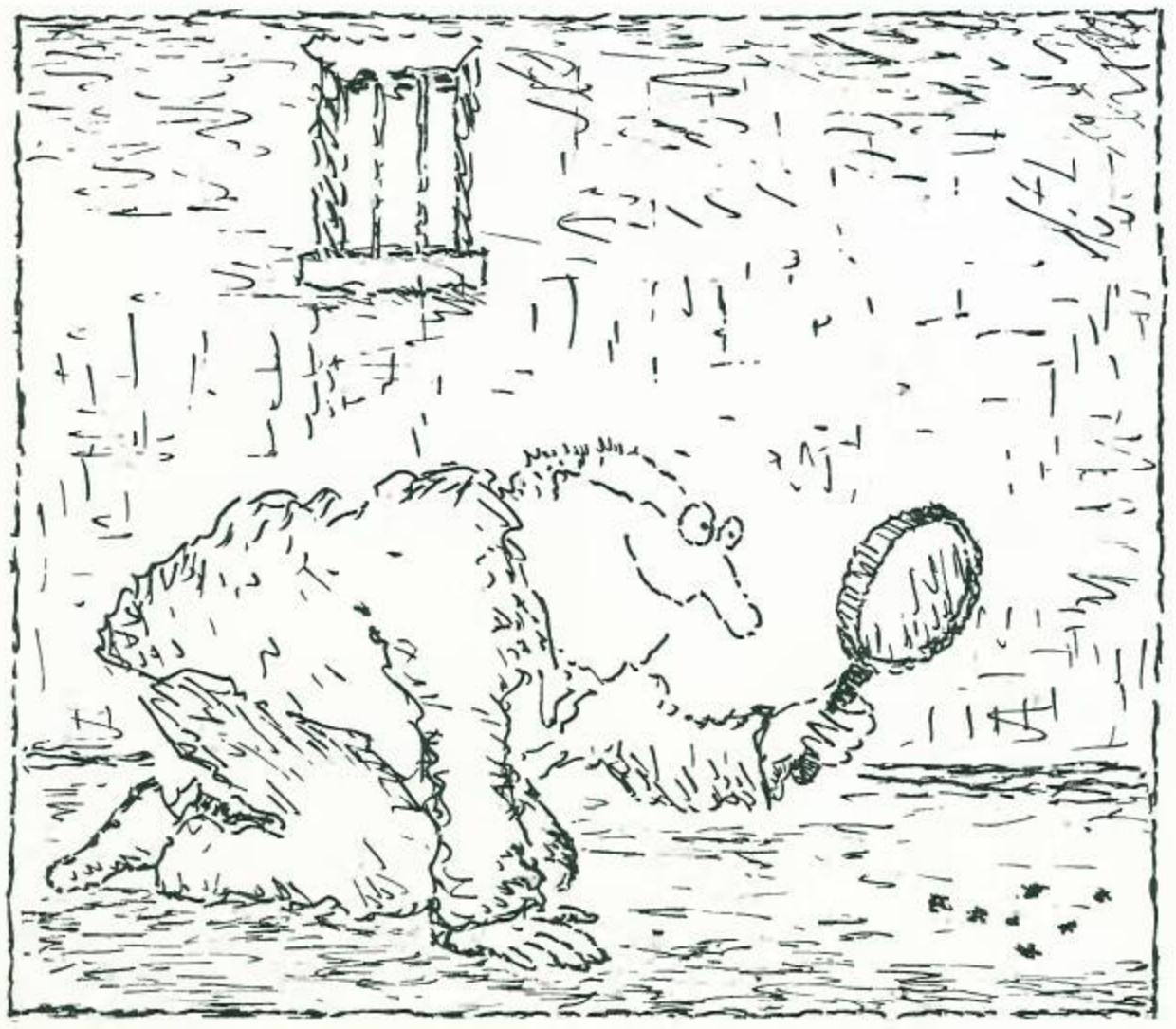
—Donald Barthelme

THE INQUIRING DEMOGRAPHER

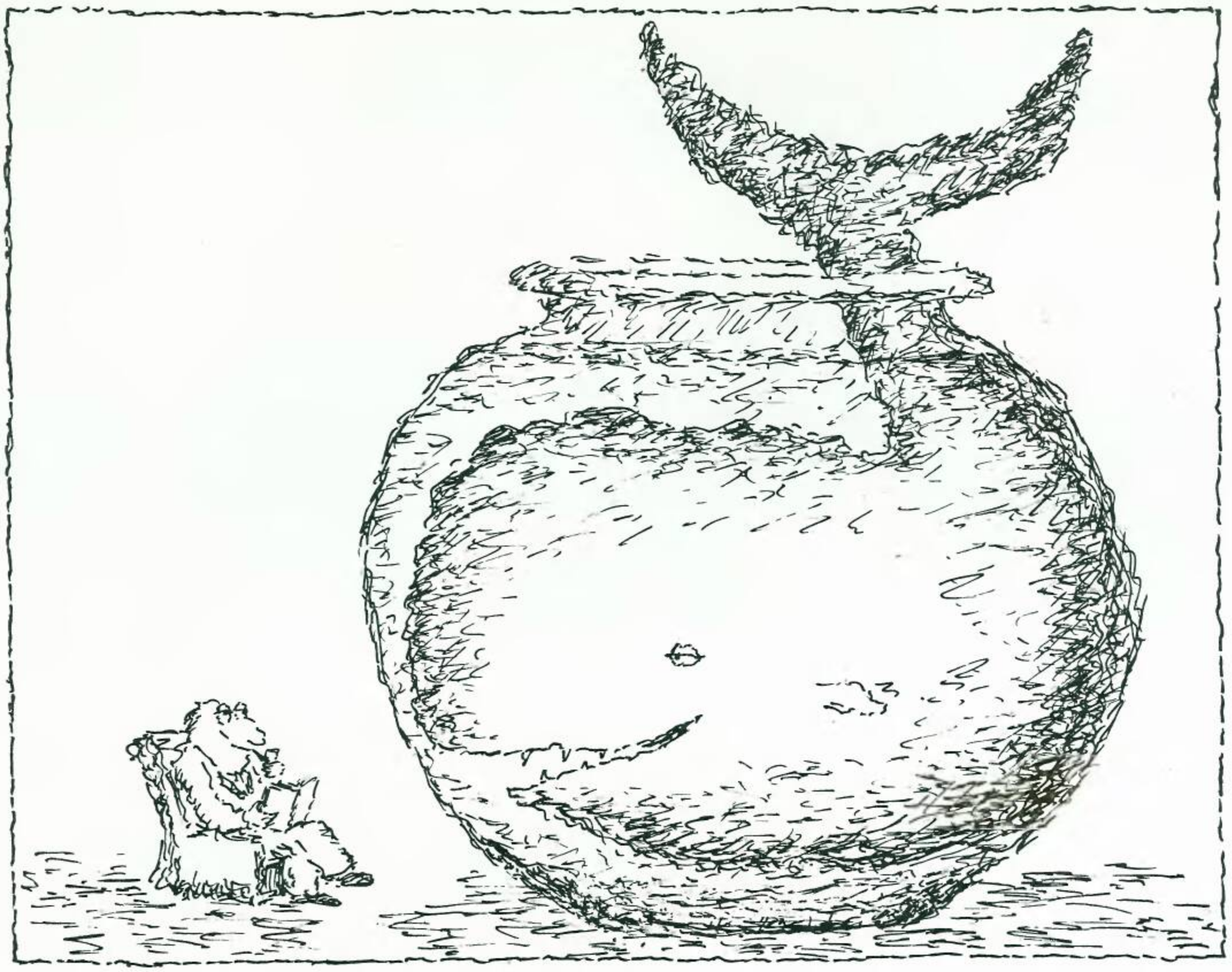
THIS WEEK'S QUESTION: WHAT KIND OF PET DO YOU HAVE AND WHY?
(ASKED IN CONNECTION WITH NATIONAL PET FOOD AND ACCESSORIES WEEK)



GIOVANNI NAPOLI, JR., ORGAN-GRINDER, BOSTON: I have a kangaroo. When Dad retired and I took over the organ, I naturally wanted some market research done, and it showed that most people associate monkeys with a nickel-and-dime operation. The management consultant I brought in figured that at least one out of every four people who stops to listen has to put a quarter or more in the cup if I'm going to come out ahead on this thing. Then we had a survey done and found that Americans associate kangaroos with Australia and that they have less latent negative output toward Australia than toward any other country. So we went with the kangaroo. I put a five-dollar bill partway into the pouch every morning, just to start things off.



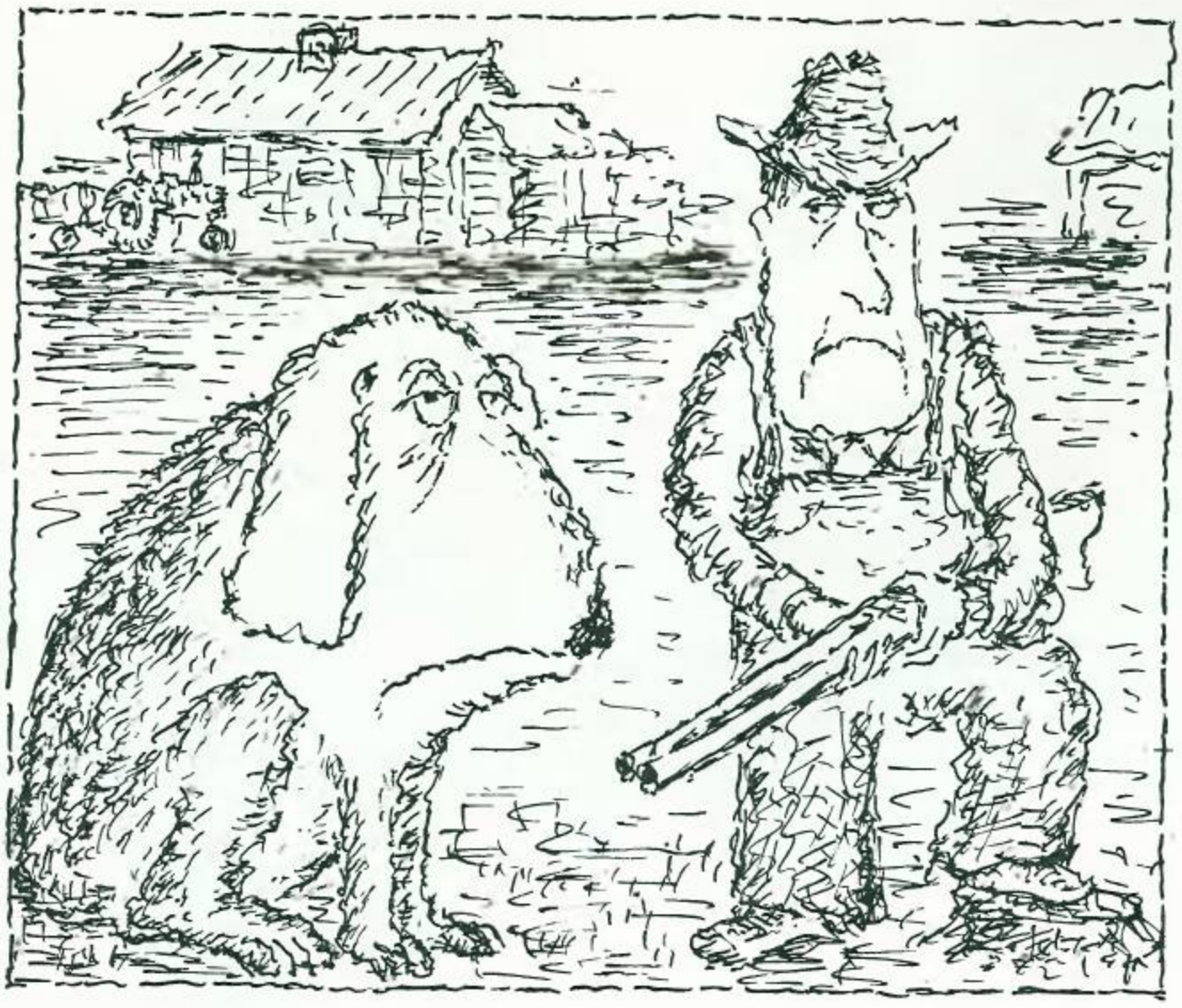
TOM LINWOOD, LIFER, ILLINOIS STATE PRISON, JOLIET, ILLINOIS: I keep fleas. I have twenty-eight of them now. I make tiny little clothes for them out of Doublemint wrappers, and I spend hours training them to do exactly what people do. After six years, I trained them to line up with their hands against the wall for a contraband search. Now I'm trying to get them to do a homosexual gang rape, and then I'm going to teach them a cellblock riot. I'm a patient man.



DENNIS MARKEY, BOOKKEEPER, MANHATTAN: I have a whale. Oh, I know people say it's cruel to keep a big fish cooped up in a city apartment. But after you've had a whale, goldfish and guppies and things seem so—well, blah. Also, he's great protection against intruders—at least until the bastards start using harpoons.

LUDINGTON STURBRIDGE, DIRECTOR, EPISCOPAL COUNCIL FOR INTERFAITH OUTREACH, CHICAGO: Snakes. I keep snakes. At the Council, we endeavor to go beyond mere lip-service ecumenism with mainstream denominations and to relate to the churches of some of our new Chicagoans from Appalachia, several of which have snake-handling as an integral portion of their liturgy. So that we can share each other's Christian witness, I've had some of my good friends from the Free Will Regular Church of Jesus Alive to our Sunday-evening ecumenical bread-breaking, and they, in turn, have taught me to handle snakes. I only handle garter snakes, of course. Anyone who handles poisonous snakes has got to be bonkers.





Joe Bob Skinner, Soybean Farmer, Brown River, Alabama: I still got my ten-year-old hound dog, Bob Joe, over there, even though he's about the sorriest old hound dog in Sumter County. When he was a pup, I raised him up to sniff out civil-rights workers and beatniks. Nowadays, we got no civil-rights workers or beatniks here, but old Bob Joe won't sniff out a duck or a squirrel unless it has long hair and a droopy mustache. Last weekend, he kept pointing to my son-in-law, J.B., who happens to have a droopy mustache, even though J.B. is a computer programmer in Birmingham and a member of the Jaycees. Whoever said you can't teach an old dog new tricks done said a mouthful.



Mitch Monroe, Art Director, Beverly Hills, California: I'm not saying. No offense, but I'm not saying. I had an Afghan years ago, before anyone had an Afghan. Then everybody got an Afghan; every tacky person on the Strip had an Afghan. So I gave my Afghan to the cleaning lady and I got myself a malamute. I was the first one in Beverly Hills to have a malamute—ask anybody. Now every Tom, Dick, and Harry has a malamute. People who used to think a malamute was a Jewish novelist now can't talk about anything except their precious malamutes. So now I'm not saying *what* I've got. Being a trend-setter is flattering, but it's a burden.

—Calvin Trillin
and Edward Koren

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SURVIVAL OF THE BARK CANOE–I



WHEN Henri Vaillancourt goes off to the Maine woods, he does not make extensive plans. Plans annoy him. He just gets out his pack baskets, tosses in some food and gear, takes a canoe, and goes. He makes (in advance) his own beef jerky—slow-baking for many hours the leanest beef he can find. He takes some oatmeal, some honey, some peanut butter. Not being sure how long he will be gone, he makes only a guess at how much food he may need, although he is going into the Penobscot-Allagash wilderness, north of Moosehead Lake. He takes no utensils. He prefers to carve them. He makes his own tumplines, his own carry boards. He makes his own paddles. They have slender blades, no more than five inches across. He roughs them out with his axe and carves them with his crooked knife, a tool well known in the north woods, almost unknown everywhere else. And—his primary function—he makes his own canoes. He carves their thwarts from hardwood and their ribs from cedar. He sews them and lashes them with the split roots of white pine. There are no nails, screws, or rivets keeping his canoes together—just the root lashings, in groups spaced handsomely along the gunwales, holding the framework to the bark.

Vaillancourt built his first canoe in 1965, when he was fifteen. He had tried to make other canoes in earlier years, always working by trial and error, until error prevailed. He had never paddled a canoe, had not so much as had a ride in one. In a passionate way, he had become interested in Indian life, and the aspect of it that most attracted him was the means by which the Indians had moved so easily on lakes and streams through otherwise detentive forests. He wanted to feel—if only approximately—what that had been like. His desire to do so became a preoccupation. He has said that he would have settled gladly for a ride in a wood-and-canvas canoe, or even an aluminum or a Fiberglas canoe—any canoe at all. But no one he knew had one. His town—Greenville, in southern New Hampshire—was small and had suffered from closing mills and regional depression. Greenville had ponds but no canoes. So far as he could see, there was only one way to achieve his wish. If he wanted to ride in a canoe, he would have to make one, and from materials at hand. White birches were all through the woods around the town. After his first couple of failures, a cousin who had become aware of his compulsion sent him an old copy of *Sports Afield* in which an article described, without much detail, how the Indians had done it. Henri laid out a building bed, went out and cut bark and saplings, and began to grope his way into a technology that had evolved in the forest under anonymous hands and—as he would learn—was much too complex merely to be called ingenious. His standards were—where else?—in their nascent stages, and he made his ribs out of unsplit saplings. What came up off the bed, though, was a finished, symmetrical, classical canoe. He picked it up and took it to a pond. He is lyrical (uncharacteristically lyrical) in describing that moment in that day and the feel of the canoe's momentum and response. "The first canoe I ever got into was one of my own. I can launch the best ones now and they don't thrill me one-tenth as much. It was the glide, the feel of it, just the sound as it rustled over the lily pads."

He took the canoe home and, before long, destroyed it with an axe. "It was a piece of junk," he explains. "I didn't want it around to embarrass me. Pieces of it still crop up here, now and then, and they go into the stove." He had had his initial thrill, and it had felt good, but his standards had gone shooting skyward, and that first canoe would never do. He formed an ambition, which he still has, to make a perfect bark canoe, and he says he will not rest until he has done so. He says that some of his canoes may look perfect to other people but they don't to him, because he sees things other people cannot discern. He has built thirty-three birch-bark canoes. He is twenty-four years old now, and—with the snowshoes and paddles he makes in winter—he does nothing else for a living. Three or four Indians in Canada are also professional makers of bark canoes, and one old white man in Minnesota. All the rest—the centuries of them—are dead. With a singleness of purpose that defeats distraction, Henri Vaillancourt has appointed himself the keeper of this art. He has visited almost all the other living bark-canoe makers, and he has learned certain things from the Indians. He has returned home believing, though, that he is the most skillful of them all.

What he learned from the Indians was minor detail, such as using square pegs instead of round ones to secure his gunwale caps. His actual teacher (through the printed sketch and the printed word) was Edwin Tappan Adney, who died in the year that Vaillancourt was born. Without Adney, Vaillancourt might today be working in a plastics factory. Adney was an American who went to New Brunswick in the eighteen-eighties and built a bark canoe under the guidance of a Malecite. He was twenty, and he recorded everything the Malecite taught him. For the next six decades, he continued to collect data on the making and use of bark canoes. He compiled boxes and boxes of notes and sketches, and he made models of more than a hundred canoes, illustrating differing tribal styles, differences within tribes, and differences of design purpose. A short, low-ended canoe was the kindest to portage, and the best to paddle among the overhanging branches of a small stream. A canoe with a curv-

ing, rocker bottom could turn with quick response in white water. A canoe with a narrow bow and stern and a somewhat V-sided straight bottom could hold its course across a strong lake wind. A canoe with a narrow beam moved faster than any other and was therefore the choice for war. Adney so thoroughly dedicated himself to the preservation of knowledge of the bark canoe that he was still doing research, still getting ready to write the definitive book on the subject, when, having reached the age of eighty-one, he died. Over the next dozen years or so, Howard I. Chapelle, curator of transportation at the Smithsonian Institution, went through Adney's hills of paper and ultimately wrote the book, calling it "The Bark Canoes and Skin Boats of North America." Large in format, it has two hundred and forty-two pages containing drawings, diagrams, photographs, and a text that frequently solidifies with technical density:

> When the bark has been turned up and clamped, the gores may be trimmed to allow it to be sewn with edge-to-edge seams at each slash. This is usually done after the sides are faired, by moving the battens up and down as the cuts are made, then replacing them in their original position. The gores or slashes, if overlapped, are not usually sewn at this stage of construction.

The U.S. Government Printing Office released the book in 1964, and Henri Vaillancourt first heard of it a couple of years later, when someone passing through town happened to mention it. He sent for a copy. The book enabled him, while still in his teens, to take a big step toward the perfection he was imagining when he hacked his first boat to pieces. His second completion was, in his words, "a very tolerable canoe."

He enrolled for a while in the forestry program at the University of New Hampshire, but in a sense Adney and Chapelle had already supplied him with his college, and the one in Durham interested him less than the one he could carry anywhere under his arm. So he went home to Greenville after his freshman year (1969) and began what in all likelihood will prove to be a life's career, since he appears to be interested in almost nothing else. Nothing much enters his time, his thought, or his conversation that does not have to do with the making and use of birch-bark canoes. He is unmarried and lives with his parents. He works in a small room that was his grandfather's shop—nine by fourteen feet—in a tarpapered shed that stands separate from the house. The shed is old, and light comes in at places other than the windows, but he has an iron stove with a chimney pipe that bends shy of the ceiling and makes a long horizontal trip through the room before penetrating to the outside. This rig is more than equal to the New Hampshire winter, and Vaillancourt, eight to twelve hours a day, sits below the long chimney in his shirtsleeves, feeding the stove, and stringing snowshoes or carving paddles or shaping the ribs, thwarts, and stem pieces of the next summer's canoes. A picture on a wall shows hunters in a birch-bark canoe on Long Lake in the Adirondacks in 1880. Another is a Frederic Remington print of Chippewas in a canoe with high-swept ends, riding a big tail wind on the lakelike St. Lawrence. Stored on racks are long strips of split cedar, brought from Maine, which by spring will be resplit and split again to appropriate size, then tapered and finished with the crooked knife until they are ready to be lashed together as the



"If there are any calls, Miss Gilmore, I'll be on the fifteenth floor, breathing down some necks."



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gunwales of a started canoe. Vaillancourt, whittling, or rough-shaping wood with an axe, sits on a rocking chair over which is draped the hide of a deer. New paddles stand against the walls, and some are inlaid with deer bone, which looks like mother-of-pearl and is set in designs of eastern Canadian tribes. He bends hickory for his snowshoes, and he strings them—in a painstaking fineness of pattern—with rawhide that he scrapes and cuts. He is not a hunter, but there is no lack of hunters in Greenville, and they give him the skins he needs. He never uses power tools. He uses a froe, an axe, an awl, a crooked knife—and with the last three alone could build a canoe. The crooked knife is the finishing instrument, the tool whose ten thousand touches yield the artistry he seeks. One does not drive to a shopping center in search of a crooked knife. Tacked to the inside of the shed door is the address where Vaillancourt sends for his: Hudson's Bay Co., Pointe Claire, P.Q.

When the weather warms and the thaw is gone, Vaillancourt comes out of the shop and works in the yard. He has built a canvas-covered lean-to against a wall of the house, and under the lean-to he starts the canoes. After some weeks, he may have as many as four under construction, each in a different stage of the process. Music falls on him from a second-story window. He keeps his stereo up there, playing country-and-Western and Beethoven symphonies. Sometimes he becomes so absorbed in the music he makes mistakes on the canoes. He can build seven a year. Most are around sixteen feet long, and for that size he charges eight hundred and fifty dollars. Even after they are gone, he remains ferociously proprietary about them. He has made them for customers as far away as Idaho, but he seems to regard each canoe as his own forever, and his profoundest hope is that it will survive its owner and then be passed on to a museum. When he can, in his travels, he visits his canoes. This satisfies his longing to know how they are doing. He is pleased also to get one "back in the yard," so he can touch it up, repair it, perhaps even improve it in the light of his continually rising skills. He refers to "the yard" as someone else might refer to the Newport News Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Company.

"The yard" is on the edge of town. A state road runs close by, and a blinking light hangs overhead: the intersection of New Hampshire 31 and Mill Street, Greenville—population sixteen hundred, a mill town sitting on hillsides, divided by a stream. Since the mills folded, smaller businesses have been set up within their walls: plastics, apples, herbs. Three of Vaillancourt's grandparents came from farms along the south bank of the St. Lawrence, in the Eastern Townships of Quebec. They came south for the money to be made in the mills, as did so many others, and not much about Greenville is English except its name. Stones in the cemetery say Rousseau, Blanchette, Bergeron, Fournier, Souliers, Chuinard, Bourgeois, Charrois, Desrosiers, McMillan, Beausoleil, Robichaud, Charbonneau, Baillargeon, Caron, Martin, Vaillancourt. French, as Henri grew up, was the language of the table at home, the language—although fading now—of the street. When Henri started school, French was used there. The change to English came soon after. Henri's mother and father (who works in a yarn mill in another town) refer to the people in surrounding towns, counties, and the rest of the United States as "*les Américains*." Henri's name, in French, is said the way it looks. In English, he is "Henry Vallenkort" to everyone in town.

A number of completely finished canoes might be strewn around the yard at any one time, for Vaillancourt is slow to ship them out, or if people are coming to get them he is in no hurry to notify them that the canoes are ready. He likes to keep his canoes awhile—use them some, test them out. Whatever the excuse may be, he does not like to let them go. Two were there when I first saw the yard. Their bark, smooth and taut, was of differing shades of brown, trellised with dark seams. I guess I had expected something a little rough, rippled, crude, asymmetrical. These things, to the eye, were perfect in their symmetry. Their color was pleasing. Turn them over—their ribs, thwarts, and planking suggested cabinetwork. Their authenticity seemed built in, sewed in, lashed in, undeniable. In the sunlight of that cold November morning, they were the two most beautiful canoes I had ever seen. All this—when what I had frankly feared encountering were outsize, erratic souvenirs.



I had spent a good part of my early summers in canoes and on canoe trips, and all the canoes I used in those years were made of wood and canvas. They were Old Towns and E. M. Whites—lake canoes, river canoes, keeled, and keel-less. The bark canoe was gone, but not as long gone as I then—in the nineteen-thirties and forties—imagined. Now, in the nineteen-seventies, wood-and-canvas canoes were gradually becoming extinct, or seemed to be. They were seen about as frequently on canoe trails as bark canoes apparently were fifty years ago. What had replaced the wood and canvas were new generations of aluminum, Fiberglas, and plastic—canoe simulacra that lacked resonance, moved without elegance, fairly lurched through the forest. Some of them—white streaked with black—were designed to suggest birch bark. The sport in white water—where runs are made against a stopwatch—had been taken over by small Fiberglas boats that were called canoes but looked like kayaks. And now here was Henri Vaillancourt, whom I had heard of through a note in a newsletter of the Canoe Cruisers Association, standing in his yard beside bark-covered canoes—in full-time resolve to preserve them in the world—shyly and with what I then took to be modesty answering a most obvious question. Oh, don't worry, they were quite strong, really strong. They could take quite a blow. The ribs and planking were flexible, the bark elastic and durable. All the wood in them had been split, none of it sawn. Split wood had more flexibility and more strength. If you hit a rock with sawn wood in your canoe you were more likely to crack the ribs and the planking. He cocked his arm and drove his fist into the bottom of one of the canoes with a punch that could have damaged a prizefighter. He is six feet tall and weighs a hundred and seventy-five pounds. The bottom of the canoe was unaffected. He remarked that the bark of the white birch was amazing stuff—strong, resinous, and waterproof. He said there was, in fact, virtually nothing the Indian canoe-makers did that was not as good as or better than what could be done with modern tools and materials.

His shyness was in his eyes—looking away, almost always, from the direction in which his voice was



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"I think I've about had it with Homo sapiens for today. How about you?"

• •

travelling—but not in his speech. He talked volubly, with nasal, staccato inflections, and if the subject was bark canoes he seemed in no hurry to stop. I stayed around the yard for a couple of days, and before I left we took one of the canoes and—as Vaillancourt likes to put it—"went for a spin" on a local pond. After paddling half a mile or so over rustling lily pads and open water, we rounded a point at one end of an island and Vaillancourt warned that the pond was shallow there and we might hit a rock. Crunch. We hit one. The canoe glanced off. It was moving fast—slicing, planing the water with much momentum and glide. Crunch. "Look out! There could be more!" Crunch.

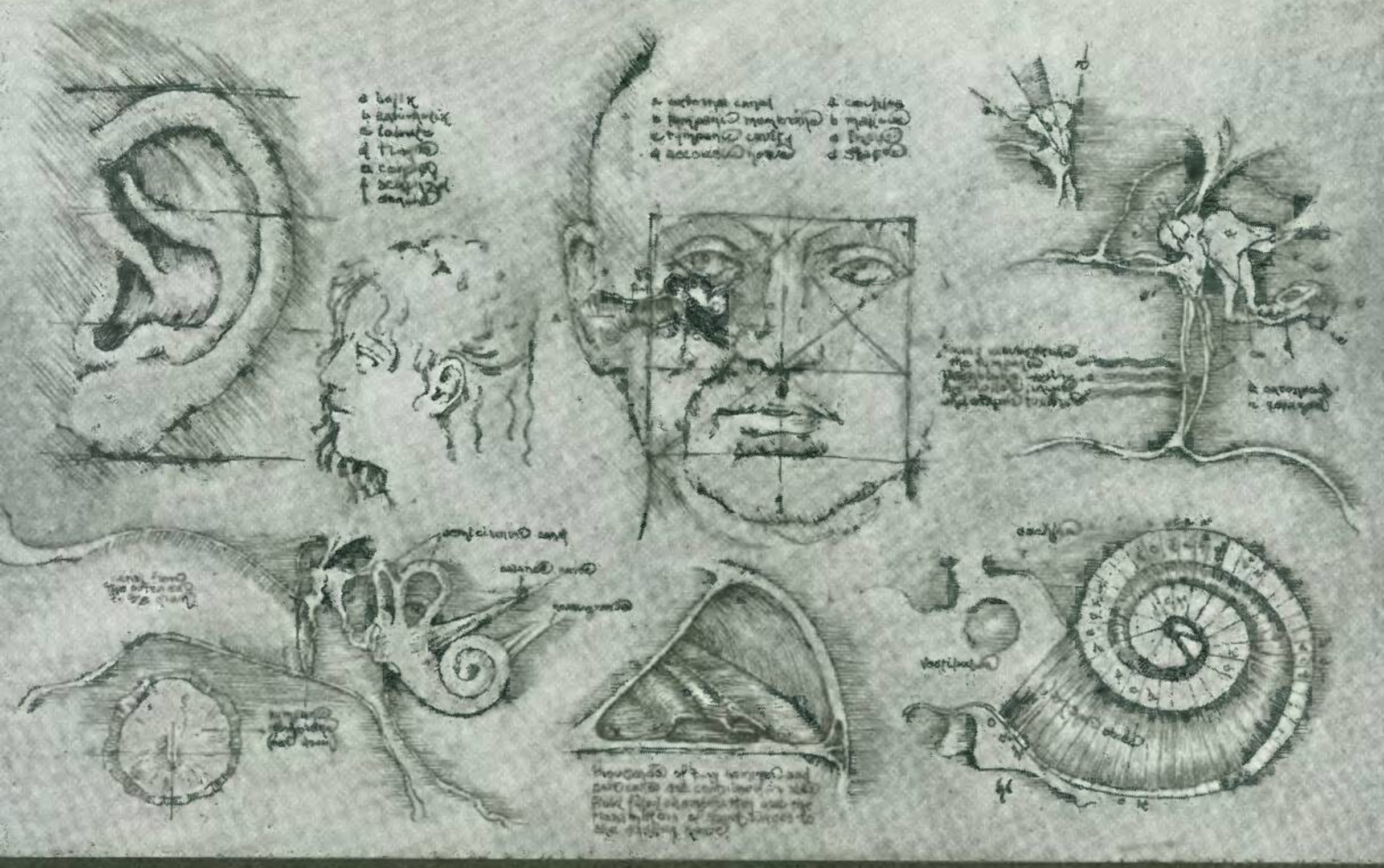
The canoe moved on—dry, sound in the ribs. When we landed, we turned it over. On the bark, a couple of marks were visible of the sort that a fingernail might make on a piece of hide. "We hit a stump head on once, in Maine," he said. "And the stump, you know, split in two." He was happy enough, though, to have people go on thinking—as people apparently did—that bark canoes were fragile. Any canoe could be damaged, and the general welfare of bark canoes might be helped by this common misconception. Bark canoes were actually so strong and flexible that Indians had used them not only in heavy rapids but also on the ocean. "But they're so rare today, you know, I wouldn't sell them to people who do white water. It's not the canoes I don't trust. I fully trust the canoes to go down white water. I don't trust the people who are paddling them. Bark canoes are so rare. There's no sense in wrecking even one."

IN the middle of one morning, Vaillancourt left the shop, got into his car, drove two or three miles down the road, and went into woods to cut a birch. The weather was sharp, and he was wearing a heavy red Hudson's Bay coat. His sandy-brown hair, curling out in back, rested on the collar. He carried a sheathed Hudson's Bay axe and a long wooden wedge and a wooden club (he called it a mallet) of the type seen in cartoons about cave societies. His eyes—they were pale blue, around an aquiline nose over a trapper's mustache—searched the woodlot for a proper tree. It need not be a giant. There were no giants around Greenville anyway. He wanted it for its sapwood, not its bark—for thwarts (also called crosspieces) in a future canoe. After walking several hundred feet in from the road, he found a birch about eight inches in diameter, and with the axe he notched it in the direction of a free fall. He removed his coat and carefully set it aside. Beneath it was a blue oxford-cloth button-down shirt, tucked into his blue-jeans. He chopped the tree, and it fell into a young beech. "Jesus Christ!" he said. "It is so frustrating when Nature has you beat." The birch was hung up in the beech. He heaved at it and hauled it until it at last came free.

What he wanted of the tree was about six feet of its trunk, which he cut away from the rest. Then he sank the axe into one end of the piece, removed the axe, placed the wedge in the cut, and tapped the wedge with the mallet. He tapped twice more, and the entire log fell apart in two even halves. He said, "You get some birch, it's a bastard to split out, I'll tell you. But, Christ, this is nice. That's good and straight grain. Very often you get them twisted." Satisfied, he shouldered the tools and the wood, went back to the road, and drove home.

In the yard, he split the birch again, and he now had four pieces, quarter-round. One of these he cut off to a length of about forty inches. He took that into the shed. He built a fire, and in minutes the room was warm. He sat in his rocking chair and addressed the axe to the quarter-round log—the dark heartwood, the white sapwood. Holding the piece vertically, one end resting on the floor, he cut the heartwood away. He removed the bark and then went rapidly down the sapwood making angled indentations that caused the wood to curve out like petals. He cut them off, and they fell as big chips to the floor. A pile began to grow there as the axe head moved up and down, and what had been by appearance firewood was in a short time converted to lumber—a two-by-three, knotless board that might almost have been sawn in a mill.

He then picked up his crooked knife and held its grip in his upturned right hand, the blade poking out to the left. The blade was bent near its outer end (enabling it to move in grooves and hollows where the straight part could not). Both blade and grip were shaped like nothing I had ever seen. The grip, fashioned for the convenience of a hand closing over it, was bulbous. The blade had no hinge and protruded



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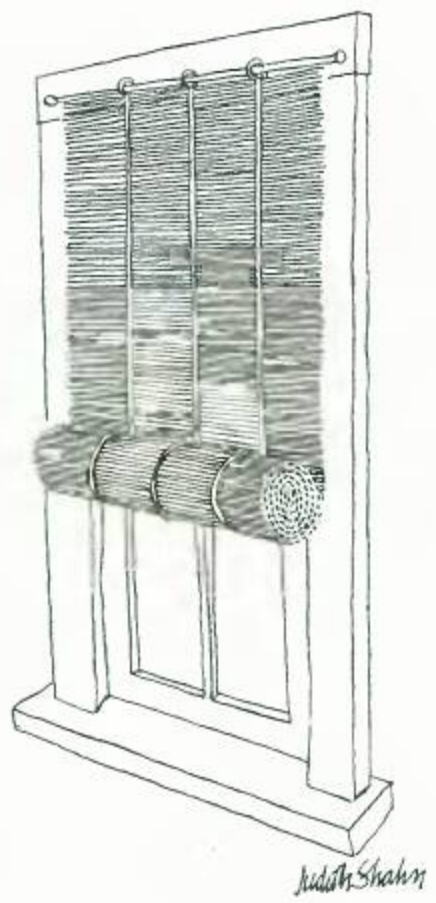
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rigidly—but not straight out. It formed a shallow V with the grip.

Vaillancourt held the piece of birch like a violin, sighting along it from his shoulder, and began to carve, bringing the knife upward, toward his chest. Of all the pieces of a canoe, the center thwart is the most complicated in the carving. Looked at from above, it should be broad at the midway point, then taper gradually as it reaches toward the sides of the canoe. Near its ends, it flares out in shoulders that are penetrated by holes, for lashings that will help secure it to the gunwales. The long taper, moreover, is interrupted by two grooved protrusions, where a tumpline can be tied before a portage. The whole upper surface should be flat, but the underside of the thwart rises slightly from the middle outward, then drops again at the ends, the result being that the thwart is thickest in the middle, gradually thinning as it extends outward and thickening again at the gunwales. All of this comes, in the end, to an adroit ratio between strength and weight, not to mention the incidental grace of the thing, each of its features being a mirror image of another. The canoe's central structural element, it is among the first parts set in place. Its long dimension establishes the canoe's width, and therefore many of the essentials of the canoe's design. In portage, nearly all of the weight of the canoe bears upon it.



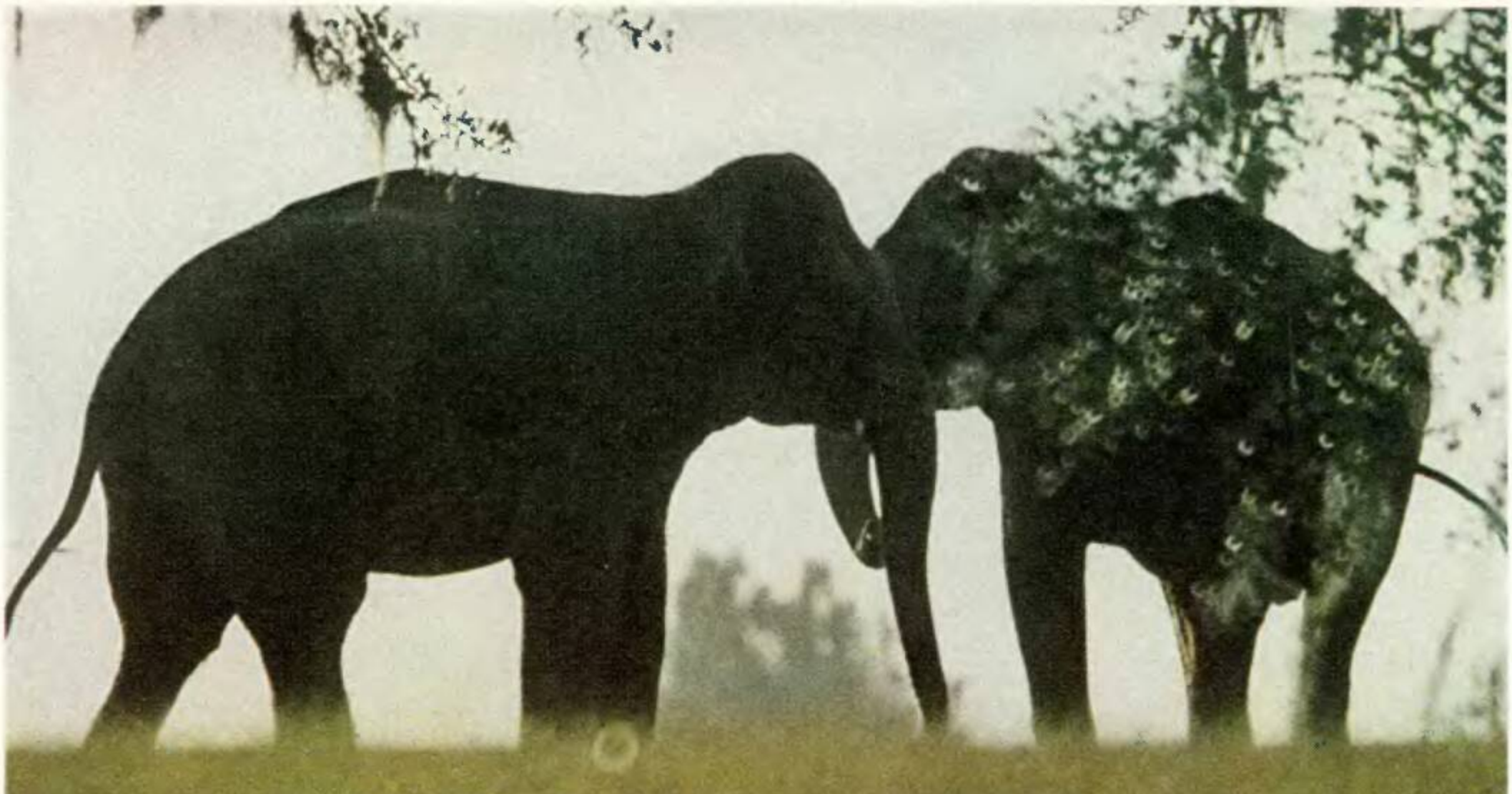
So to me the making of a center thwart seemed a job for a jigsaw, a band saw, a set of chisels, a hammer, a block plane, a grooving plane, calipers, templates, and—most of all—mechanical drawings. One would have thought that anyone assertive enough to try it with a knife alone would at least begin slowly, moving into the wood with caution. Vaillancourt, to the contrary, tore his way in. He brought the knife toward him with such strong, fast, heavy strokes that long splinters flew off the board. "Birch is good stuff to work with," he said. "It's almost as easy to work as cedar. This feels like a hot knife going through butter. I used to use a drawknife. That God-damned thing. You've got to use a vise to hold the work. With the crooked knife, I can work in the woods if I want. I saw an Indian on TV in Canada using one. I got one, and I worked and worked with it to get the knack. Now it almost feels as if it's part of me. If anybody ever comes out with a tool that will rival a crooked knife, I'd like to hear about it." He sighted along the wood, turned it over, and began whipping splinters off the other side. He said that steel tools had come with the white man, of course, and that most people seemed to imagine that Indian workmanship had improved with steel tools. "But I doubt it," he continued. "With bone and stone tools, it just took longer. The early Indians relied more on abrasion. With the exception of the center thwart, there is no fancy carving in a canoe. It's all flatwork. In fact, I'm doing experiments with bone tools." He stopped carving, reached to a shelf, and picked up a bone awl. "Make two holes with a bone awl in a piece of cedar, take out the wood between the holes with a bone chisel, and you have a mortise for a thwart to fit into." He reached for a piece of cedar (wood debris was all over the shop), made two holes, picked up a wooden mallet and a bone chisel, and made a mortise in the cedar. Then he picked up the long, curving incisor of a beaver. "I made a knife last winter out of a beaver's tooth," he said. "The original crooked knife was made out of a beaver's tooth." He sat down and continued to carve. The strokes were lighter now as he studied the wood, carved a bit, studied the wood, and carved some more. The piece was beginning to look roughly like a thwart, and the gentler motions of the knife were yielding thin, curling shavings that settled down on the bed of chips and splinters around his feet.

"Where the crooked knife was, the bark canoe was," he said. "People from Maine recognize the crooked knife. People from New Hampshire do not. All they knew was the drawknife. The God-damned drawknife—what a bummer."

The bark canoe was also where the big white birches were, and that excluded a good part of New Hampshire, including Greenville. Vaillancourt goes north to find his bark. The range of the tree—*Betula papyrifera*, variously called the white birch, the silver birch, the paper birch, the canoe birch—forms a swath more than a thousand miles wide (more or less from New York City to Hudson Bay) and reaches westward and northwestward to the Pacific. Far in from the boundaries of this enormous area, though, the trees are unlikely and always have been unlikely to grow large enough for the building of good canoes, and this exclusion includes most of the West, and even the Middle West. The biggest trees and the best of Indian canoes were in what are now New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Maine, Quebec, and parts of Ontario. Even within this region, the most accomplished craftsmen were concentrated in the east. Of these, the best were the Malecites. So Henri Vaillancourt builds Malecite canoes. Before all other design factors, he cares most about the artistic appearance of the canoes he builds, and he thinks the best-looking were the canoes of the Malecites. The Malecites lived in New Brunswick and parts of Maine. Vaillancourt builds the Malecite St. John River Canoe and the Malecite St. Lawrence River Canoe. He builds them with modifications, though. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, tribes started copying one another and gave up some of the distinctiveness of their tribal styles, and to varying extents, he said, he has done the same.

His carving became even slower now, and he studied the piece carefully before making his moves, but he measured nothing. "There's really no need for feet and inches," he said. "I know more or less what's strong and what isn't. If I want to find the middle of this crosspiece, I can put a piece of bark across it from end to end, and then fold it in half to find the center." He had measured the length—thirty-five inches—and had cut to it exactly. In the spring, when the time came to make the gunwales, he would measure them as well. But that is all he would measure in the entire canoe. According to the prescript passed on by Adney and Chapelle, the center thwart he was working on should taper

slightly in thickness each way from its center to within 5 inches of the shoulders, which are 30 inches apart. The thickness at a point 5 inches from the shoulder is ¾ inch; from there the taper is quick to the shoulder, which is 5/16 inch thick, with a drop to ¼ inch in the tenon. The width, 3 inches at the center, decreases in a graceful curve to within 5 inches of the shoulder, where it is 2 inches, then increases to about 3 inches



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BY DICK CAVETT



I WISH PEOPLE would stop insisting that I reveal secret information that I do not possess.

I also wish they would stop insisting that I reveal secret information that I do possess.

Before I finish here, I hope you (and I) will know what I mean.

Almost weekly I am asked a question that, as we say in Nebraska, gets my goat. Ordinary people on the street grab me, spin me around and demand, "What is the secret of being a good conversationalist?" Others send a self-addressed airmail envelope, hoping for a snappy response by air.

More than once—twice in fact—editors of reputable magazines have asked me to write articles entitled, Dick Cavett Reveals the 10 Rules of Good Conversation.

When I ask how they know there are ten if they don't know what they are, they grin foolishly.

Truth is, I have never given any more thought to how to converse than I have to how those statues got on Easter Island.

(Actually, I have a theory on that, but no one cares. I think the statues were always there, and what appears to be an island was slid under them.)

Unhappily, people want to know more than just my alleged Secret of Talk. I am accused of hiding everything, of living a Garbo-like existence, beating a hasty retreat when spotted in public, and never speaking to strangers.

Horsefeathers! Or worse.

I am as gregarious as the next man.

And twice as gregarious as the next woman.

I mingle openly with the populace. Often I have struck up conversation with the lowliest fishmonger or honeydipper, accompanying him to the nearest pub and eventually to his Hogarthian abode where, in the company of his bawdy wife and callous friends, we roister til dawn. And without a thought as to what magic formula is keeping the talk lubricated.

Ask any lowly fishmonger or honeydipper.

In hopes of finally quelling the glut of letters that stuff my mailbox and clog my incinerator, all panting after the secret of gab (and any others I can spare) I sat down and wrote a book about myself. With a friend. We each wrote parts of it (they are clearly labeled).

I was surprised at how much I knew about myself, and floored at how much he knew.

The search for a clever title ended when in a moment of inspiration one of us came up with CAVETT. I forget which one of us thought of it, but I have a sickening feeling it was not him. He? Who(m)ever.

I only hope you can resist the temptation to judge my book by its title.

I also only hope no one has set too great a store by learning the most intimate details of my life.

Knowing them hasn't made me deliriously happy. Why should it you?

Cavett emptor, you might say.

As a bonus, I reveal in the book—at last—the 10 rules of good conversation.

How can I thank Teacher's Scotch for allowing me this space—uninterrupted by commercials—to put this matter to rest?

Perhaps by revealing the first rule here:—Try and have at least one language in common with the person to whom you are speaking.

There are, of course, more...



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at the shoulder. The width of the tenon is, of course, 2 inches, to fit the mortise hole in the gunwale.

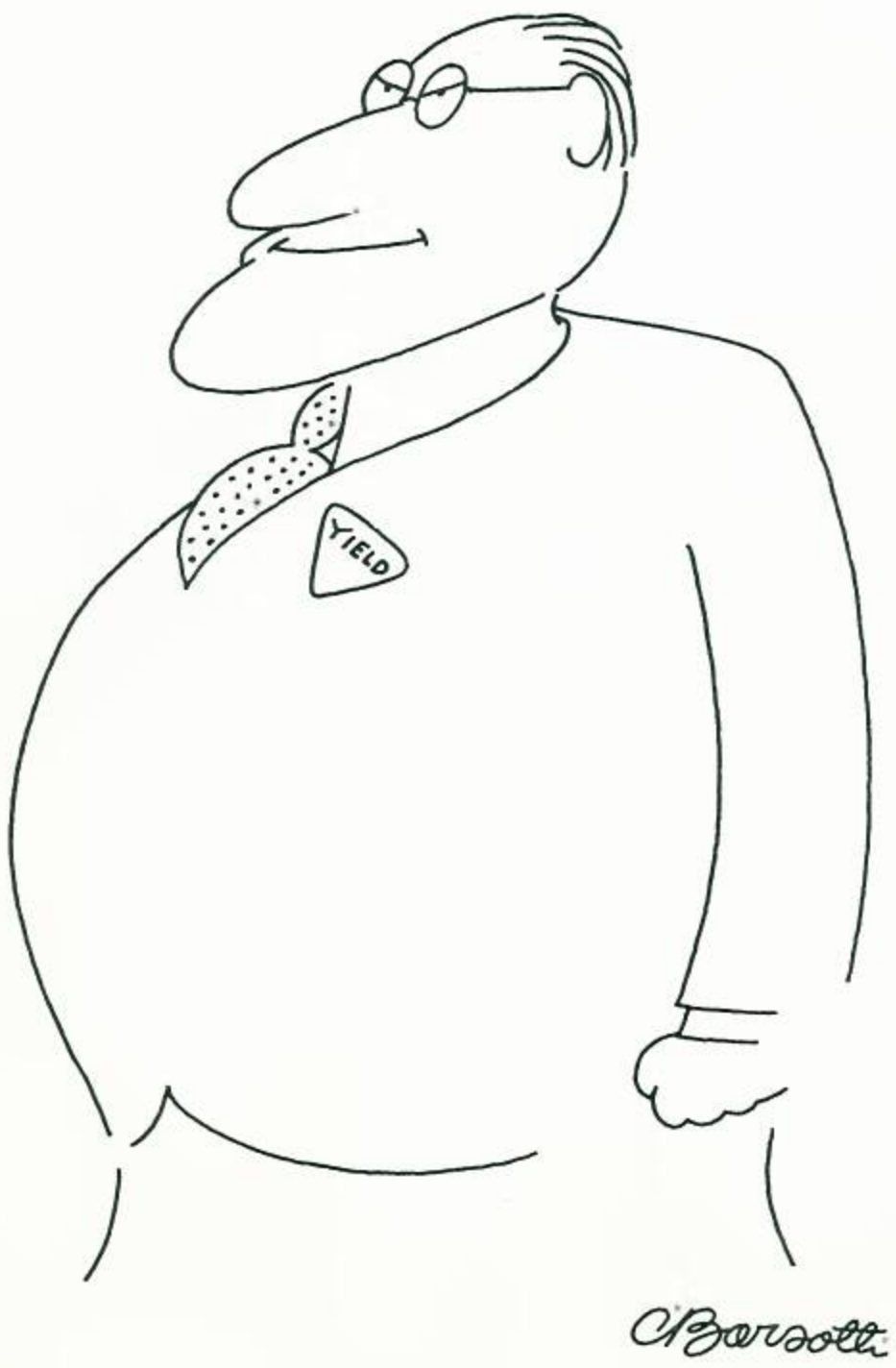
Yet the only instruments Vaillancourt was using to meet these specifications were his eyes.

He finished off the tumpline grooves. The thwart appeared to be perfect, but he picked up a piece of broken glass and scraped it gently all over. Fine excelsior came away, and the surface became shiningly smooth. It was noon. He had cut the birch in the woods at half past nine. Now he held the thwart in his hand, turning it this way and that. It was a lovely thing in itself, I thought, for it had so many blendings of symmetry. He said he could have done it in an hour if he had not been talking so much. And he was glad the tree in the woods had turned into this thwart instead of "all the chintzy two-bit things they make out of birch—clothespins, dowels, toothpicks, Popsicle sticks." As he worked, he had from time to time scooped up handfuls of chips and shavings and fed them into the stove. Even so, the pile was still high around him, and he appeared to be sitting in a cone of snow.

He soon added more to the pile. From the rafters he took down a piece of cedar and, with the knife, sent great strips of it flying to the floor. He was now making a stempiece, the canoe part that establishes the profile of the bow or the stern. "Sometimes, when there are, you know, contortions in the grain, you can get into a real rat's nest," he said. "Around a knot, there will be waves in the grain. You cut to the knot from one side, then the other, to get a straight edge. At times like that, I'm tempted just to throw the thing out."

The wood he was working now, though, was clear and without complications, and after a short while, in which most of it went to the floor, he had made something that looked very much like a yardstick—albeit a heavy one—a half inch thick. Its corners were all sharp, and it seemed to have been machine-planed. Then he pressed the blade of the crooked knife into one end of the stick and kept pressing just hard enough to split the stick down fifty per cent of its length. He pressed the knife into the end again, near the first cut, and made another split, also stopping halfway. Again and again he split the wood, going far beyond the moment when I, watching him, thought that further splitting would be impossible, would ruin the whole. He split the board thirty-one times—into laminations each a half inch wide and a sixteenth of an inch thick. And all the laminations stopped in the middle, still attached there; from there on, the wood remained solid. "You split cedar parallel to the bark," he commented. "Hickory you can split both ways. There are very few woods you can do that with."

He plunged the laminated end of the piece into a bucket of water and left it there for a while, and then he built up the fire with scraps from the floor. In a coffee can he brought water to a boil. He poured it slowly over the laminations, bathing them, bathing them again. Then he lifted the steaming cedar in two hands and bent it. The laminations slid upon one another and formed a curve. He pondered the curve. It was not enough of a curve, he decided. So he bent the piece a little more. "There's an awful lot of it that's just whim," he said. "You vary the stempiece by whim." He liked what he saw now, so he reached for a strip of basswood bark, tightly wound it around the curve in the cedar, and tied it off. The basswood bark was not temporary. It would stay there, and go into the canoe. Bow or stern, the straight and solid part of the stempiece would run downward from the tip, then the laminated curve would sweep inward, establishing the character of the end—and thus, in large part, of the canoe itself.



The canoe-end profile was the principal feature that distinguished the styles of the tribes. The Ojibway Long-Nose Canoe, for example, had in its bow (and stern) an outreaching curve of considerable tumblehome (an arc—like a parenthesis—that turns more than ninety degrees and begins to come back on itself). The end profiles of the Algonquian Hunter's Canoe were straight and almost vertical, with a small-radius ninety-degree curve at the waterline. The departure from the vertical was inward, toward the paddler. The end profiles of certain Malecite canoes were similar, but the departure from vertical was outward. Other Malecite canoes had long-radius, "compass sweep" bows and sterns.

I mentioned to Vaillancourt that, before and during college years, I had spent a lot of time around a place in Vermont that still specializes in sending out canoe trips, and a birch-bark canoe hangs in the dining hall there.

"Near Salisbury," he said. "Lake Dunmore—am I right?" He took down a worn, filled notebook and began to whip the pages. "Let's see. Yeah. Here. Keewaydin. Is that it?"

That was it. He had not been there, but he would stop by someday. He hoped to see every bark canoe in existence. There were, for example, sixteen bark canoes in Haliburton, Ontario; one in Upper Canada Village, near Morrisburg, Ontario; a couple at Old Jesuit House, in Sillery, Quebec. In his notebook he had the names and addresses of museums, historical societies, and individuals from Maine to Minnesota, Nova Scotia to Alberta, and as far south as Virginia. Peter Paul, a Malecite in Woodstock, New Brunswick, had one. Vaillancourt had been to see him. The most skillfully built birch-bark canoe he had ever seen was made in Old Town, Maine, and was signed "Louis P. Sock." "I've seen only two or three canoes that were near perfect," he said. "But I've never seen a bark canoe that

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wasn't graceful. I've never seen an Eastern Cree canoe or a Montagnais. Most of the canoes I've seen did not have a definite tribal style. There's a bark canoe on Prince Edward Island. A sign says it's a Micmac canoe. It isn't."

I told him I'd long ago been told that the bark canoe at Keewaydin was an Iroquois.

He said he doubted that very much, because the Iroquois, except in early times, had had limited access to good birch, and had made their canoes—when they made canoes at all—out of elm bark. Various tribes had also used the bark of the spruce, the basswood, the chestnut, the hickory. But all were crude compared to birch. If they wanted to get across a river, they might—in one day—build an elm-bark canoe, and then forget it, leave it in the woods. "You couldn't, by any stretch of the imagination, compare an elm-bark or a hickory-bark canoe to a birch canoe," he said. "Barks other than birch bark will absorb water the way wood will. Canoes made from them—even well made—got waterlogged and heavy. Most were just, you know, rough shells. Good for nothing, like automobiles. Automobiles last, you know, five or six years. A birch-bark canoe lasted the Indians ten."

I asked him how much experience he had had by now in more modern canoes. He said he had been in an aluminum canoe twice and in wood-and-canvas canoes only a few times in his life. Otherwise, he had never paddled anything but a birch-bark canoe. He did not paddle much around home, he said, because when he went canoeing he wanted to go to Maine.



"Where in Maine?"

"Oh, up north of Moosehead Lake. The Penobscot River. Chesuncook Lake. Caucomgomoc Lake. It's not just to get out in the canoe—it's to get out and see wildlife. A moose, you know, thirty feet away. Next time I go, I'm going down the Penobscot and on to the Allagash lakes."

I said, "Next time you go, I'd like to go with you."

He said, "Bring your own food."

I had been yearning to make a trip into that region for what was now most of my life. Keewaydin had run trips there, but one circumstance or another had always prevented me from going. Just the thought of making a journey there in a birch-bark canoe was enough to make me sway like a drunk. I thought of little else through the winter and the spring.

IT is five-fifteen in the morning, August 12th, and Henri is up splitting cedar. The lake is smooth. The far shore is indistinct in rising mist. A loon, attracted to the sound of the axe, cruises near. When the axe stops, the loon laughs. Two tents. Two canoes—resting on their sides. The firewood, which is driftwood, is so dry that the fire is almost as quiet as the sun, which is still too low to cut through the mist. The air is cold.

Henri is splitting out pieces eighteen feet long. He cut the tree green two years ago and left it in the woods here—seven miles from the roadhead—to season. Now he has begun this trip by coming to retrieve the cedar, to carry it out the seven miles across the gunwales of his canoe. The split strips, which themselves will become gunwales in months ahead, will ride more stably than would a solid log.

There are five of us. The Blanchette brothers—Rick and Mike, friends of Henri's from Greenville—are eating oatmeal for breakfast. Warren Elmer and I have tea and dried fruit. Warren and I are from the same town in New Jersey. He is a teacher of environmental studies at Washington International School. He is a backpacker by choice and experience, and this is his first long canoe trip.

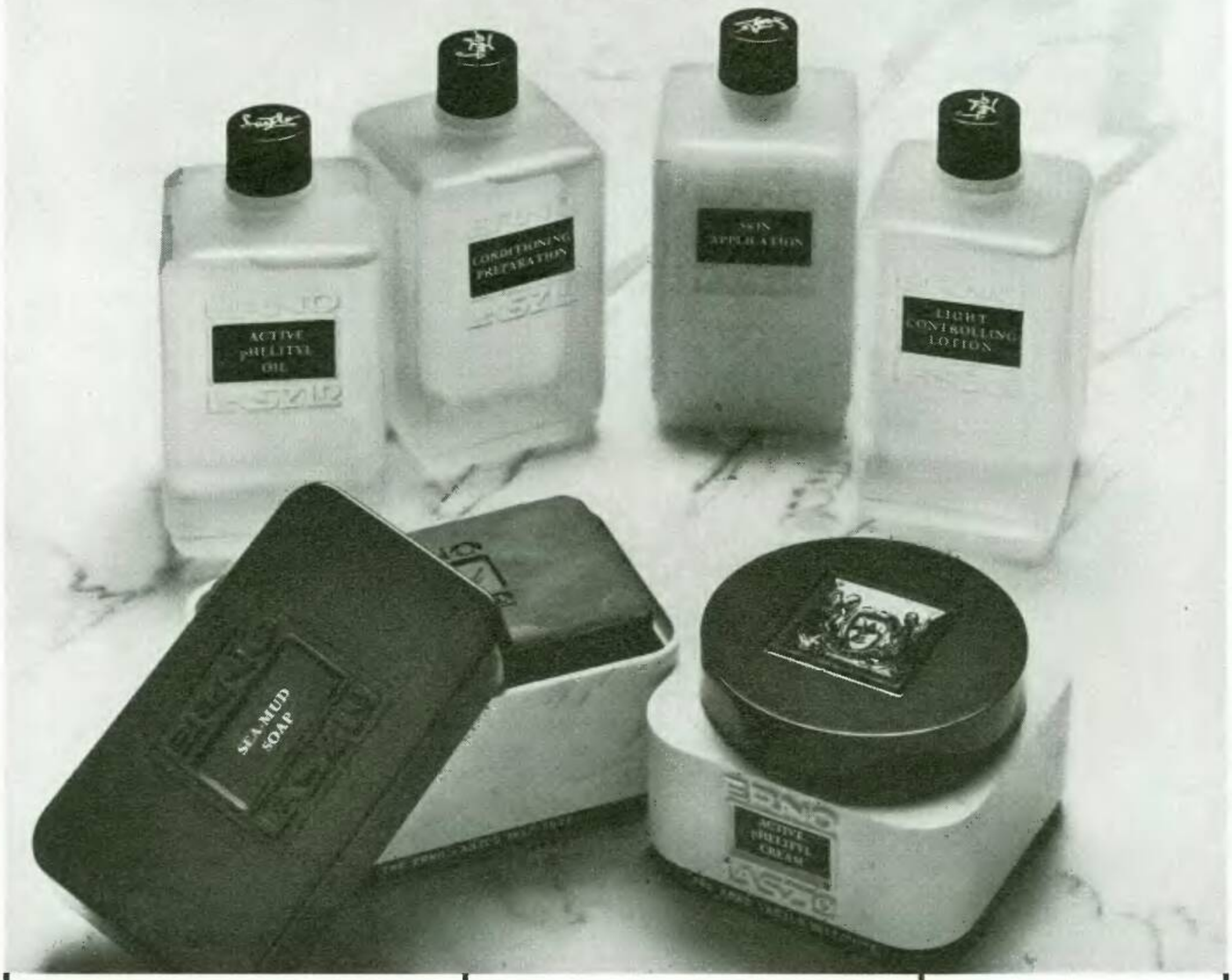
Henri, finished with his work, opens a paper bag and eats jerky. That is his breakfast. Last night, he ate jerky for dinner. The Blanchettes have their food. Warren and I have ours. Henri has his. He insists on this arrangement. He says that on one canoe trip he made he tried eating the communal way but "that was a real bummer; someone always ate all the food," and he will never do it again.

The Blanchettes' tent is small, low, nylon. It weighs three and a half pounds, and somewhat bulgingly sleeps two. They own a larger one, but Henri insisted that they leave it home, to eliminate the extra weight. The other tent is mine, sleeps three, and is a pavilion you can stand up in. Henri, when he first saw it, said not to bring it, that it was too heavy, and too bulky.

In the yard in Greenville, we had a general weed-out of equipment. The back of my car was full of stuff, and

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Henri looked it over. I showed him my candle-powered folding lantern.

"Forget it," he said. "You don't need it. You can get around, you know, about as well in the dark as you can in the daylight."

"How about just a candle or two?"

"They're not necessary."

I showed him my reflector baker.

"Hang it up," he said.

How about Warren's gas-powered emergency trail stove?

"Forget it."

My white-water paddle?

"If we need a spare, I can make one."

My fishing rod?

"Forget it. Who wants to carry, you know, all that junk on a portage?"

I showed him the tent. Rolled up, it was a cylinder eight inches in diameter and four feet long. It weighed eighteen pounds.

"Hang it up," he said. "The idea is to travel light."

How much equipment goes on a canoe trip is a reflection of the criteria that go along as well. Young Indians of the Maine woods, several centuries ago, went off alone for upward of a year—to prove their skills and their ability to survive. They took a canoe, a spear, some bone tools, a crooked knife, snowshoes, and a blanket. Today, if someone's criterion is to play at being an Indian, that is how to do it. Henri knew too much about the Indians to pretend to be one. He was a craftsman—an artist, really—with a historical purpose, not a boy with a feather in his hair. His professed criteria were to take it easy, see some wildlife, and travel light with his bark canoes—nothing more—and one could not help but lean his way. I had known of people who took collapsible cots, down pillows, chain saws, outboard motors, cases of beer, and battery-powered portable refrigerators on canoe trips—even into deep wilderness. You set your own standards. Travel by canoe is not a necessity, and will nevermore be the most efficient way to get from one region to another, or even from one lake to another—anywhere. A canoe trip has become simply a rite of oneness with certain terrain, a diversion of the field, an act performed not because it is necessary but because there is value in the act itself; and what you take along depends on what you can afford (Henri could not afford to buy beef jerky, so he had to make it) and on how you see yourself in the setting.

Indians slept in pairs under their canoes—feet touching in the center, heads toward the ends. Henri had tried sleeping under a canoe once, too, but would never try it again. Ultimately, he changed his mind and decided that it would be a good idea to take my tent after all, because he could fit into it with Warren and me. I needed the reflector baker. Much of the food I had brought depended on its use. So I stowed it where he wouldn't see it. Deep in my pack basket I had a small flashlight. I decided not to tell Henri it was there.

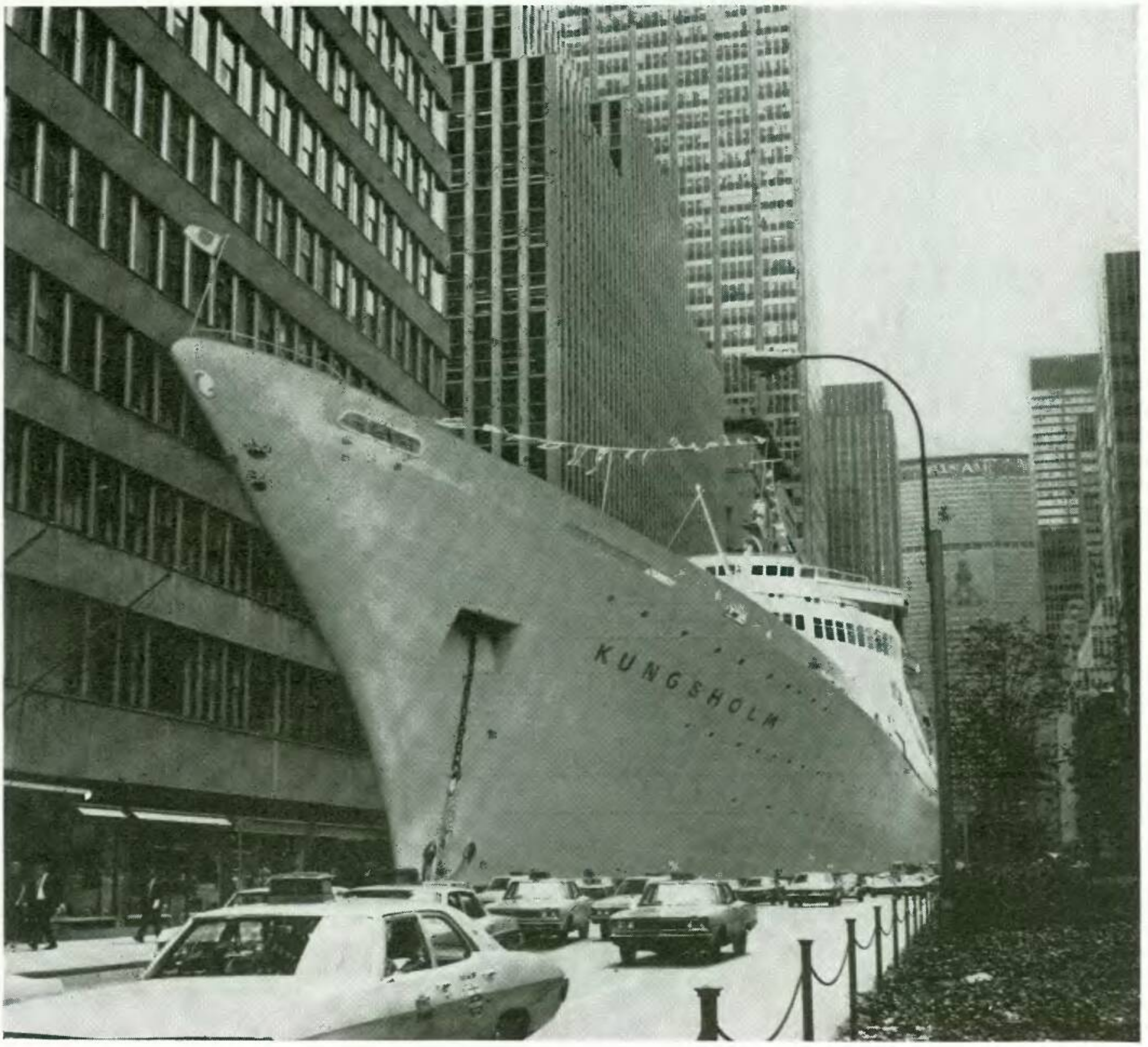
I unrolled a set of topographic maps I had bought, and asked him to show us our route. He said he had no idea what the route would be and didn't care to think about it. We would leave a car at each of two roadheads—one at North East Carry, the other at Caucomgomoc Lake—but the trip we made between these two points would not be direct and would not be pressured by a plan. There would be no big rush. There was no point in rushing. Travel light. Take it easy. See the wildlife. I rolled up the maps.

Rick Blanchette was bringing his own canoe—one of the early ones that Vaillancourt had made. Henri, for himself, had selected a small one from the inventory then in the yard. It was narrow of beam, nine inches deep, and only thirteen and a half feet long. It was particularly attractive—covered almost wholly with a single sheet of bark—and it was light to carry. Rick Blanchette was worried, though, that the canoe was too small to bear two men and their gear, so Henri took it to the pond to try it out. With a single paddler in it, and no gear, it was a poised and responsive canoe, but with three of us in it—aggregating five hundred pounds—it showed too much instability and very nearly ate the pond. Henri decided to leave it home. He chose a longer canoe instead—a canoe he had made for Idaho State University and would crate for shipment in a moon or two. He put it on sawhorses, right side up, and poured into it a couple of buckets of water. Almost none dripped through.



Our packs, in final form, pleased Henri, and he said so. The Blanchettes each had a pack frame. Warren and I each had a pack basket. Henri stuffed his personal food and gear into two pack baskets, tied the canoes to my car and his, and in early morning we started north. He led the way, and we drove ten hours without stopping for food.

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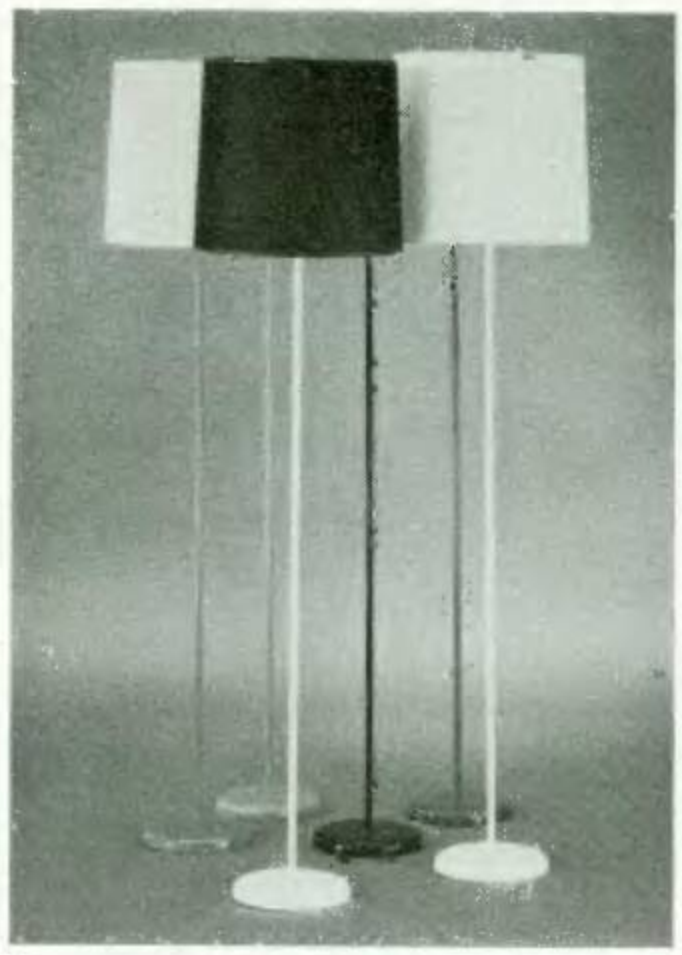
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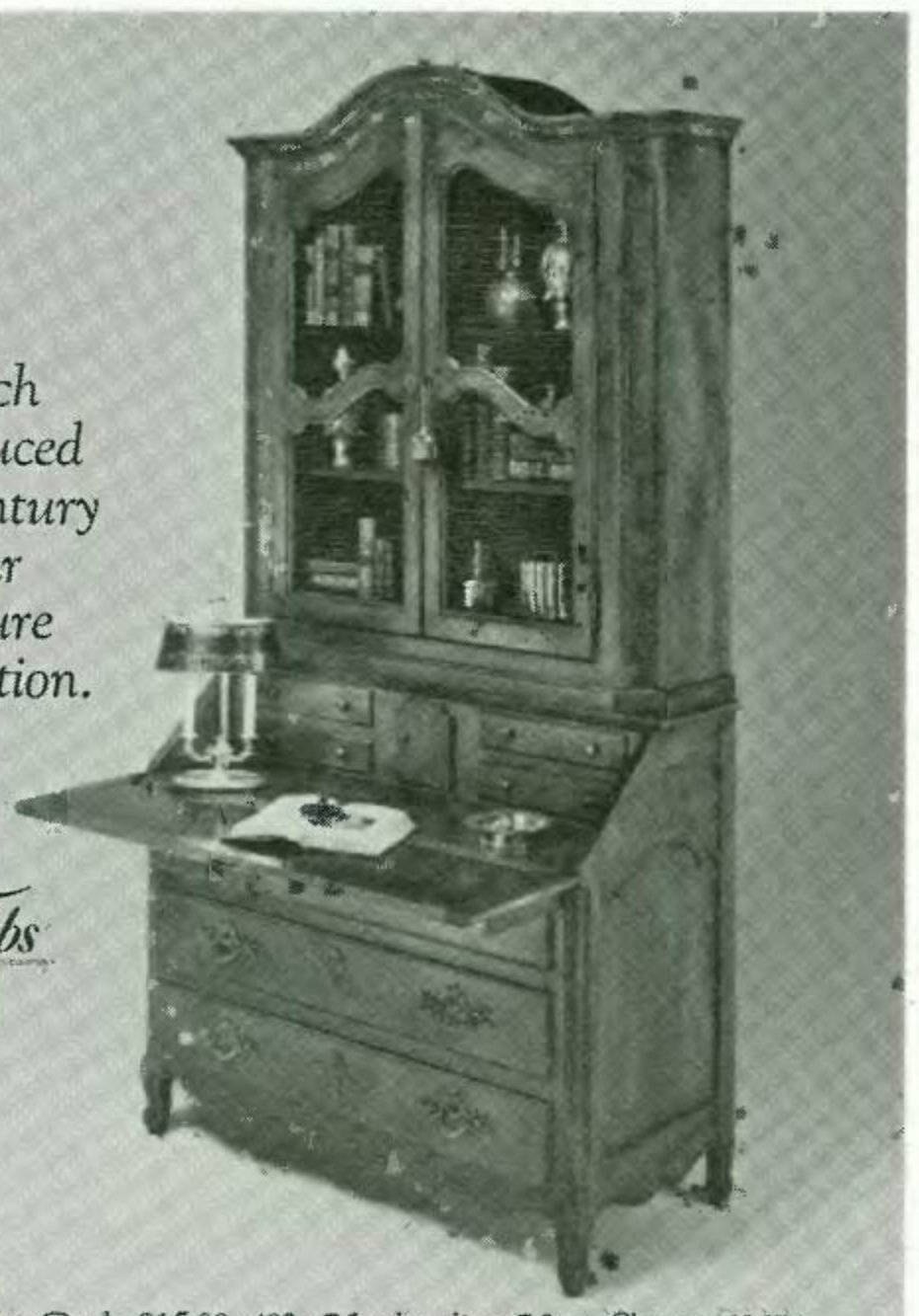
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the Allagash and St. John Rivers), there is an area of about five thousand square miles in which is neither a paved nor a public road. What few roads there are "north of the Moosehead" have dirt-and-gravel surfaces and are travelled by the public, at the public's risk, courtesy of the paper companies that own the land. We drove the last hour into the woods on these roads, and put the canoes into the West Branch of the Penobscot River at six in the evening. The current was strong but unbroken, flowing between walls of spruce. Swiftly moving, loaded, the canoes looked superb—their duffel, compactly secured, implying days and distances of travel, implying less an excursion than a *modus vivendi*. Henri and Warren were one crew, the Blanchettes and I the other. Warren, as he paddled, looked Norse, his billowing beard projecting downriver under a tumult of blond hair. Our canoe, all things included, had between six and seven hundred pounds in it. Rick Blanchette—slight, not particularly tall, dark hair, a modest mustache—looked weightless, but his brother, well over six feet and athletically built, seemed to make up the difference. The total poundage in Henri's canoe was around four hundred and fifty. It was the shorter of the two—about fifteen and a half feet—and it had a low freeboard. In the center, three inches separated the top of the gunwale from the surface of the river. The canoe's interior depth was only ten and a half inches. It glided, though, with momentum and balance. Our canoe was nearly a foot deep, from center thwart to ribs, and it was sixteen feet long. It bore its heavier load with a higher freeboard and moved well under the paddles. Each paddle was decorated with incised line pictures of moose or with various Indian vine-and-leaf designs, and each was signed on its grip "H.A.V."—Henri Armand Vaillancourt.

Each canoe had a fleur-de-lis on its stern, and Blanchette's had as well a complex abstract design done in porcupine quills. After French priests converted the Malecites, fish designs began appearing on Malecite canoes that were launched on Fridays. On some Malecite canoes, a lynx would be drawn on one side and on the other a rabbit smoking a pipe. The rabbit symbolized the tribe. The lynx was the rabbit's mortal enemy. That the rabbit could calmly smoke a pipe so near the lynx showed the cool of the Malecite in the presence of enemies. These pictures were generally created by scraping away rind from the bark. And that is how Vaillancourt had made the fleurs-

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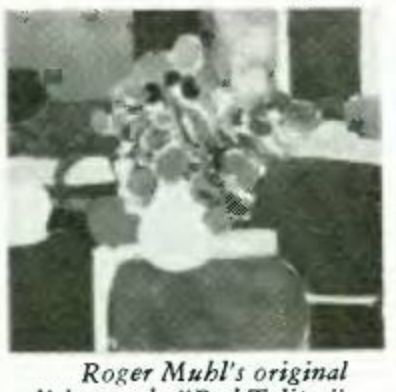
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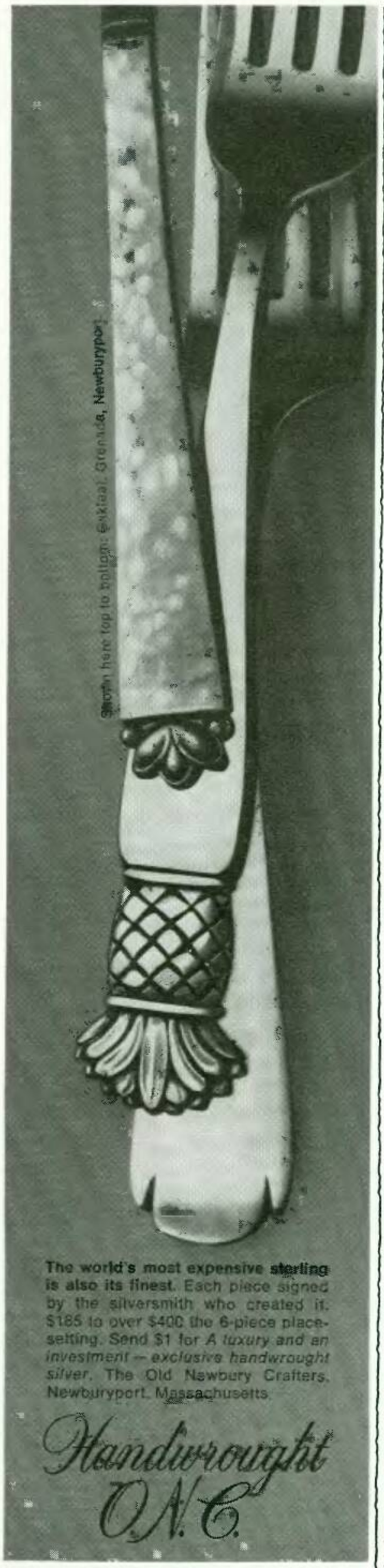
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de-lis on his canoe. The bark of a birch-bark canoe is always inside out. The side that touched the wood of the tree is the side that touches the river. Rind clings only to bark that is taken in winter. There was a practical function in the designs the Indians scraped into it. The designs were a way to indicate the bow or the stern. Birch-bark canoes are not—like their progeny—reversible, because where one piece of bark is sewn to another there is a slight overlap, and the overlap faces the stern, so the seams will not be torn open when the canoe scrapes over a rock.

The evening was cool, and there was much laughing and joking as we moved along. After half an hour, we checked the canoes for leaks. They were all but completely dry.

"I have a small leak in back here," Rick said.

"*C'est dommage*," said Henri.

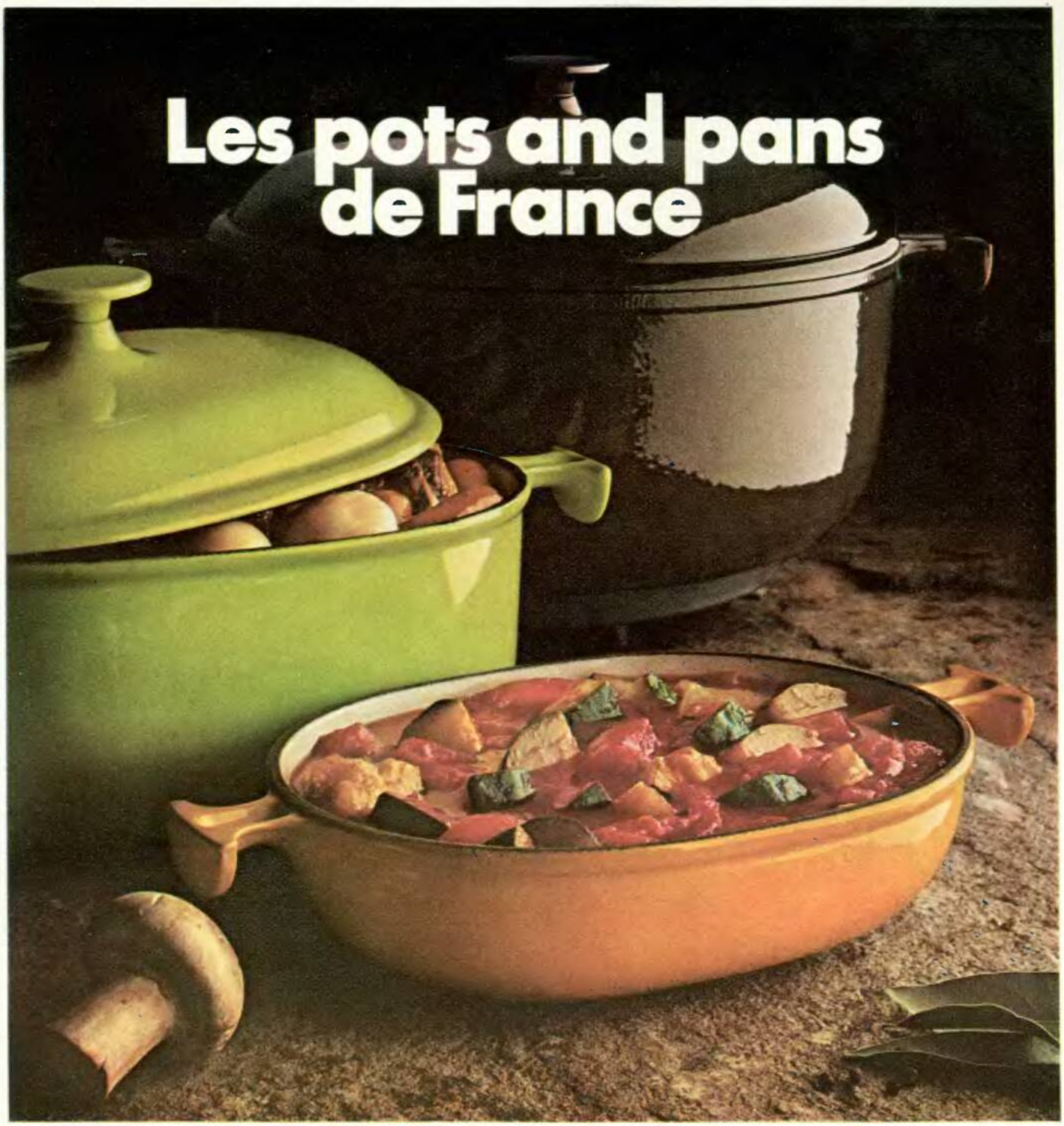
We turned into a small tributary. The lake where Henri had hidden the cedar was less than two miles upstream.

The sky after dark was as clear as a lens. There was no moon. We stood on the shore, tilted back our heads, looked up past the branches of the jack pines, and watched for shooting stars. One after another they came, at intervals too short to require patience. All the stars in the canopy seemed closer. We were so far out into the clear. There is more to Maine than exists in the imagination. Henri's house in New Hampshire is a lot closer to New York City than it is to this lakeshore in Maine. Maine is half of New England. It is as large as New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts put together. And most of Maine is in the north woods, reaching embarrassingly far into Canada. Our trip would move in a northerly direction, and we had scarcely begun it, yet the lake we were camped by was a good bit north of Montreal. A shooting star burst with almost frightening brightness, illuminating our faces, lighting the sky like a flare. A loon wailed, long and mournfully. We stayed up late—to ten-thirty—too pleased with Maine to go to sleep.



We had hoped to see a moose even by now, but none has yet appeared in lake, stream, or river. Meanwhile, the loon will do. He is out there cruising still, in the spiralling morning mist, looking for fish, trolling. He trolls with his eyes. Water streams across his forehead as he moves along, and he holds his eyes just below the surface, watching the interior of the lake. He is gone. He saw something, and he is no doubt eating it now. When he dives, he just disappears. As a diver, there is nothing like him. Not even mergansers can dive like the loon. His wings close tight around his body, condensing everything—feathers, flesh—and he goes down like a powered stone, his big feet driving. He is known as the great northern diver. He can go two hundred feet down. He can swim faster than most fish. What he catches he eats without delay. His bill is always empty when he returns to the surface, and fifteen fish might be in his stomach. Because loons eat trout and young salmon, sportsmen (so-called) have been wont to shoot them—a mistaken act in any respect, because loons eat as well the natural enemies (suckers, for example) of salmon and trout.

He is up again now, not far from where he disappeared. When a loon dives, you never know where to look for him next. In what seems no time, he may break the surface far down the lake, or he may come up where he made his dive. This one is not about to go far. He is too interested in us. He cruises now with only his head and neck above the water—his conning tower. If something scares him, he can swim with only his beak out, a straw in the air—invisible if there's a ripple on the lake. Now his body is up again, and he laughs. If the laugh were human, it would be a laugh of the deeply insane. The bird's lower jaw opens and claps shut five times in each laugh. If, from where you watch, he is swimming in silhouette, you can count the movements of the jaw. He can laugh two or three ways, and he can also squeal like a puppy. But it is with another sound—a long cry in the still of the night—that the loon authenticates the northern lake. The cry is made with the neck stretched forward, and it is a sound that seems to have come up a tube from an unimaginably deep source—hardly from a floating bird. It is a high, resonant, single unvaried tone that fades at the end toward a lower register. It has caused panic, because it has been mistaken for the cry of a wolf, but it is far too ghostly for that. It is detached from the earth. The Crees believed that it was the cry of a dead warrior forbidden entry to Heaven. The Chipewyans heard it as an augury of death. Whatever it may portend, it is the predominant sound in this country. Every time the loon cry comes, it sketches its own surroundings—a re-



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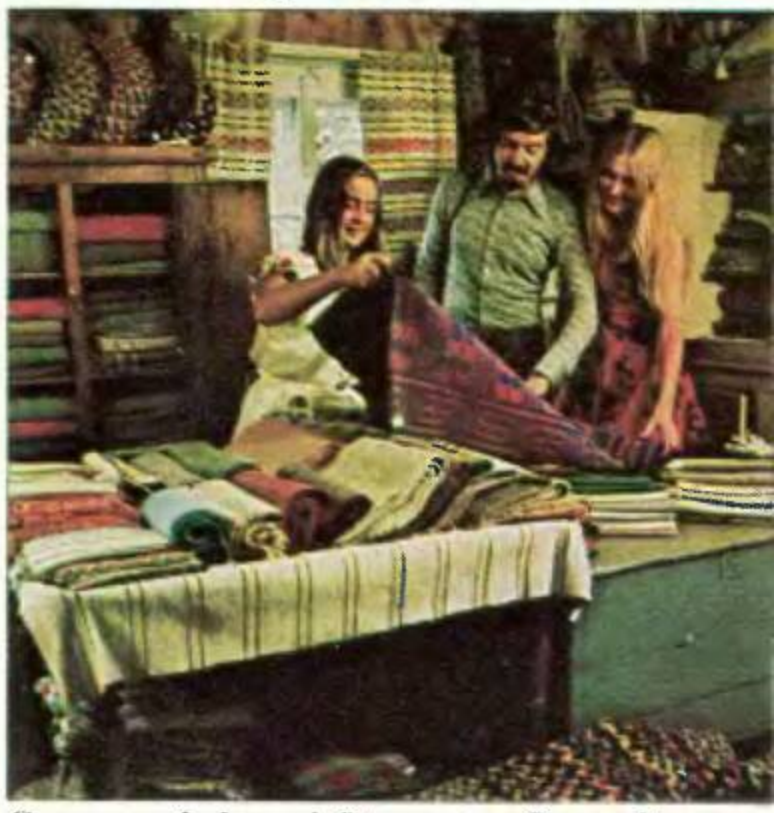




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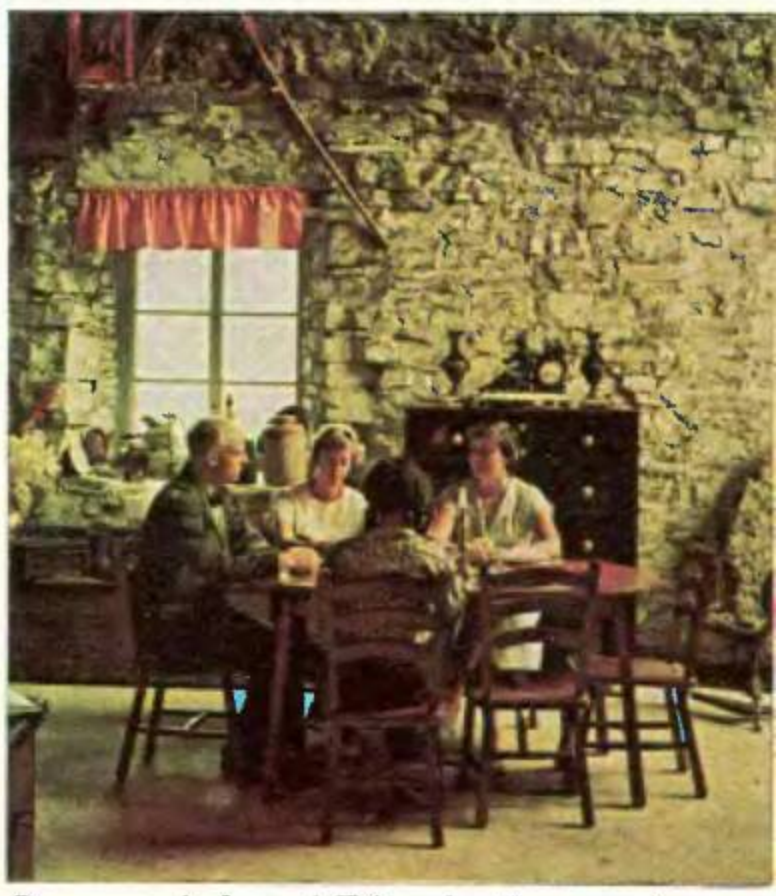
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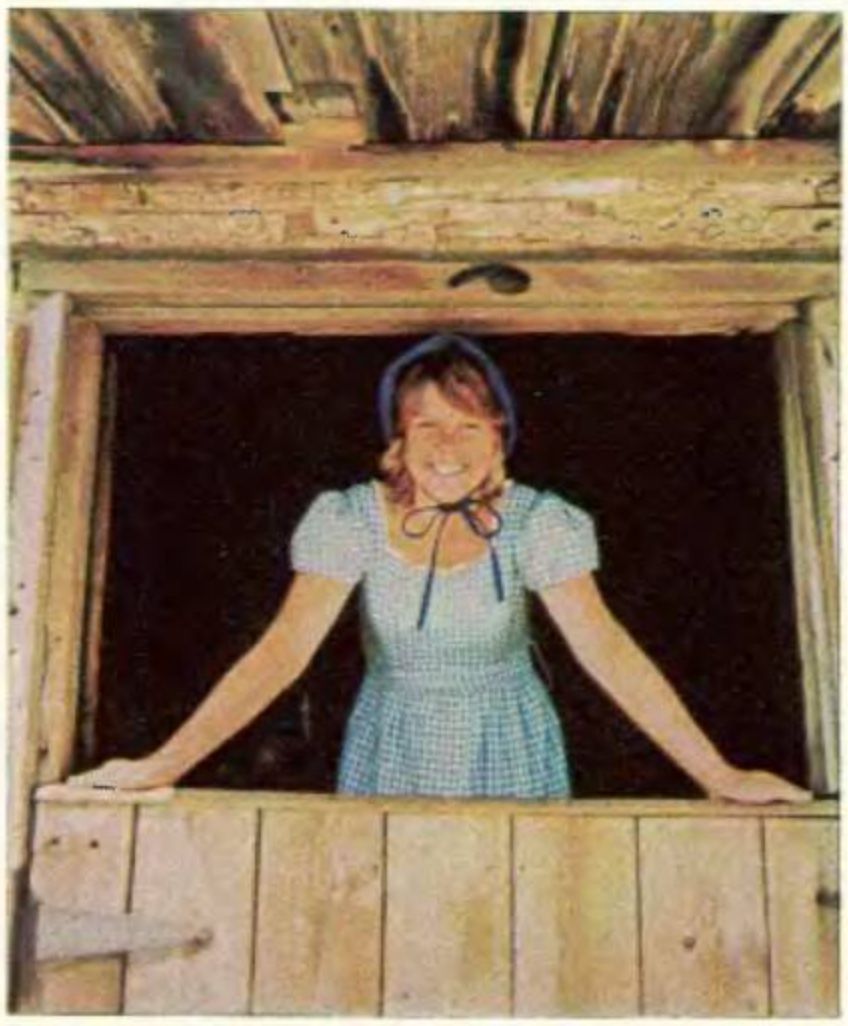


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mote lake under stars so bright they whiten clouds, a horizon jagged with spruce.

The loon here is laughing again, so I laugh back. He laughs. I laugh. He laughs. I laugh. He will keep it up until I am hoarse. He likes conversation. He talks this way with other loons. I am endeavoring to tell him that he is a hopeless degenerate killer of trout. He laughs.

His flesh is tough. The Indians boiled him until he fell apart in shreds. He looks like a big duck, a small goose. His back, in summer, is a tessellation of white squares and dots on a black field. His head is black and forest green, and so is his neck, which is surrounded with vertical white stripes. His eyes are red. In the air, he could be part flamingo—long neck extended, feet behind, back humped. His maximum airspeed is sixty miles an hour, and his stall-out speed must be fifty-nine. Anyway, he scarcely slows up, apparently because he thinks he will fall. He lands on his stomach (not feet first, like a duck), and at sixty miles an hour his landing is something to see. On land, he flops helplessly, vulnerably. His nest is a foot or two from water. Takeoff is a considerable problem for him. With, say, ten fish in him, he needs a runway at least a quarter of a mile long. He runs over the surface of the lake on his big feet and beats the water with his wings. Heavily, he goes into the air. With fifteen fish in him, he has no chance whatsoever. For takeoff, he needs, as well, a breeze to head into—sometimes a pretty stiff one. From a calm lake—even if he has an empty stomach—he cannot fly.



He sleeps on the water. *St. Nicholas* magazine, in 1910, told a story of a man—a white man, a summer camper—who in early morning paddled across a northern lake, silently approached a sleeping loon, and captured it with his hands. The article was illustrated, and showed the man reaching for the loon—from a bark canoe.

THE days are hot, and we often dip our cups in the river. Henri prefers Tang. He has the powder in his pack and a plastic jug by his feet as he paddles. He also has a supply of white bread—several loaves of it—and when he is hungry he pours honey onto the bread. In five minutes, he can prepare and finish a meal. Then he is ready to move on. We are in no hurry, like the shooting stars.

The river has many riffles, too minor to be labelled rapids. Nonetheless, they are stuffed with rock. The angle of the light is not always favorable. The rocks are hidden, and—smash—full tilt we hit them. The rocks make indentations that move along the bottom of the canoe, pressing in several inches and tracing a path toward the stern. It is as if the canoe were a pliant film sliding over the boulders. Still, I feel sorry and guilty when we hit one. I have been in white water and Rick has not, so he has asked me to paddle in the stern—to steer, to pick the route, to read the river—and I reward his confidence by smashing into another rock. Nothing cracks. If this were an aluminum canoe, it would be dented now, and, I must confess, I would not really care. Of all the differences between this canoe and others I have travelled in, the first difference is a matter of care about them. The canoes can take a lot more abuse than we give them, but we all care. Landing, we are out of the canoes and in the water ourselves long before the bark can touch bottom. We load and launch in a foot of water. The Indians did just that, and the inclination to copy them is automatic—is not consciously remembered—with these Indian canoes.

Once, on the upper Delaware, in a fifteen-foot rented Grumman canoe, I ran through a pitch of white water called Skinner's Falls. On a big shelf of rock at the bottom of the rapid, a crowd of people watched. When the canoe came through dry, they gathered around and asked how that was done. They said they were novices—a ski club on a summer outing—and none of them had been able to run the rapid without taking in quantities of water. "Well," said my wife, getting out of our canoe, "if you think you've seen anything yet, just wait until you see what is going to happen now. My husband spent his whole childhood doing this sort of thing—and so did that man up there in the other canoe. The two of them are now going to run the rapid together."

I walked up the riverbank. When I joined my friend and got into his canoe (also a fifteen-foot aluminum), I saw that one of the skiers had set up a tripod on which was mounted a sixteen-millimetre movie camera. My wife later told me she had said to them that it was good that they had the camera, because they would be able to study the film and learn a great deal. Skinner's Falls is easiest on the right. It gets worse and worse the

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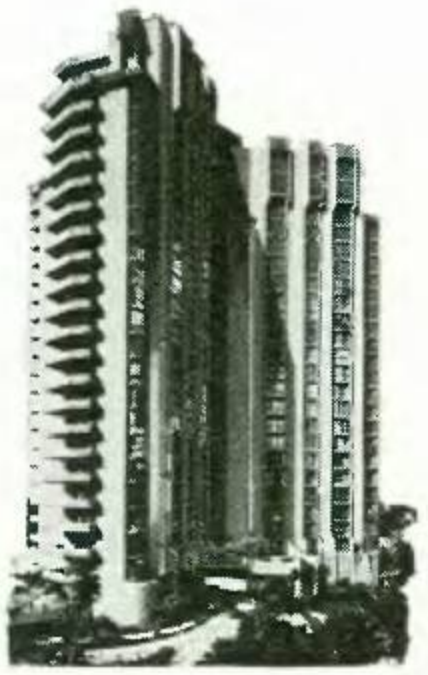
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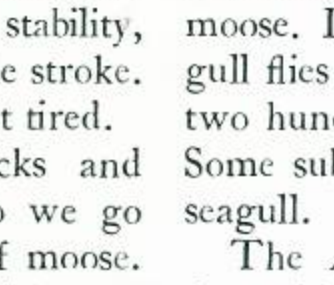
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farther to the left you go. So, for the rash hell of it, we dug in hard, got up to high speed, and went into the extreme left side of the rapid. The canoe bucked twice before the bow caught a rock that swung us broadside to the current and into a protruding boulder with a crash that threw us into the white river and bent the canoe into the shape of the letter C.

I have chosen not to tell that story to Rick Blanchette, for no one has ever cared more for a fifteen-thousand-dollar sports car (or, for that matter, for a work of sculpture) than he cares for his birch canoe.



Henri hits a rock; slides right; hits another. "I'd venture to say it would be easier to rip a wood-and-canvas canoe than a birchbark," he says. "Anyhow, I've never, you know, ripped one." Henri paddles like an Indian. His stroke is a short, light, rapid chop. White people tend to take longer, harder strokes, which use a great deal more energy, he says. He appears relaxed in the stern of his canoe—leaning back, looking for wildlife, his paddle in motion like a wire whisk. Warren, in the bow, digs a large hole in the river with every stroke, contributing to the over-all effort the higher part of the ratio of power. We kneel, of course, and lean against the thwarts. There are no seats in these canoes. Kneeling is the natural paddling position anyway. It lowers the center of gravity, adds to the canoe's stability, brings more of the body into the stroke. Arms don't ache. You don't get tired.

We are seeing only ducks and muskrats on the big river, so we go into small streams in search of moose. These tributaries, tortuous and boggy, have all the appearance of moose country—Pine Stream, Moosehorn Stream. Moose tracks are everywhere—great cloven depressions in the mudbanks. Paddling silently, we move upstream—half, three-quarters of a mile. No moose. Henri is good at the silent paddle—the blade feathered on the recovery from each stroke and never coming out of the water. However, he is having difficulty travelling in the channel. The stream is only a few yards wide and has many bends. The canoes keep hitting the banks and sticking in the mud. With some trepidation, I suggest that there are bow strokes—draw, cross-draw, draw-stroke, pry, cross-pry—intended to help the canoe avoid the banks of the river. Trepidation because it is astonishing how people sometimes resent being told how to paddle a canoe. I have paddled on narrow, twisting rivers in New Jersey with good friends—easygoing, even-tempered people—who got royally incensed when I suggested that if they would only learn to draw and cross-draw they would not continue to plow the riverbanks. The look in their eyes showed a sense of insult, resting on the implication that every human being is born knowing how to use a canoe. The canoe itself apparently inspires such attitudes, because in design it is the most beautifully simple of all vehicles. And the born paddlers keep hitting the banks of the rivers. Mike Blanchette, though, in the bow of our canoe, to my relief, is not offended. Nor is Warren. They quickly pick up the knack of the pry and the draw—ways of moving the bow suddenly to left or right. Henri shows interest, too, inadvertently revealing that he knows almost nothing about paddling in the bow. His interest is genuine but academic. The bow is the subordinate position in a canoe. The person in the stern sets the course, is the pilot, the captain. The Blanchettes and I regularly change positions in our canoe, but Henri never leaves the stern.

Eventually, we give up the moose look and go back to the main stream. Henri says it is all but impossible to go down the West Branch of the Penobscot River from North East Carry to Chesuncook Lake without seeing a number of—not to mention one—moose. Deriding us, a screaming seagull flies high above the river. We are two hundred river miles from the sea. Some substitute. In lieu of a moose, a seagull.

The Abnakis lived here. And the first whites to come into this lake-and-river country were hunters. They went back with stories of white pines so big that four men, grasping hands, could not reach around them. The next whites who came were timber cruisers. They made trips not unlike the one we are making—wandering at will in bark canoes—noting, and marking on inexact maps, the stands of pine. The big trees were there for the taking. They tended to cluster on the shores of the lakes. Loggers and log drivers followed, of course. Indian, hunter, cruiser, lumberer—this progression, in such beautiful country, could not help but lead to the tourist, the canoe-tripping tourist, and among the first of these (in all likelihood, *the* first tourist in the Maine woods) was Henry David Thoreau. He made two bark-canoe trips here, in 1853 and 1857, each time with an Indian guide. He went down this river. He went to

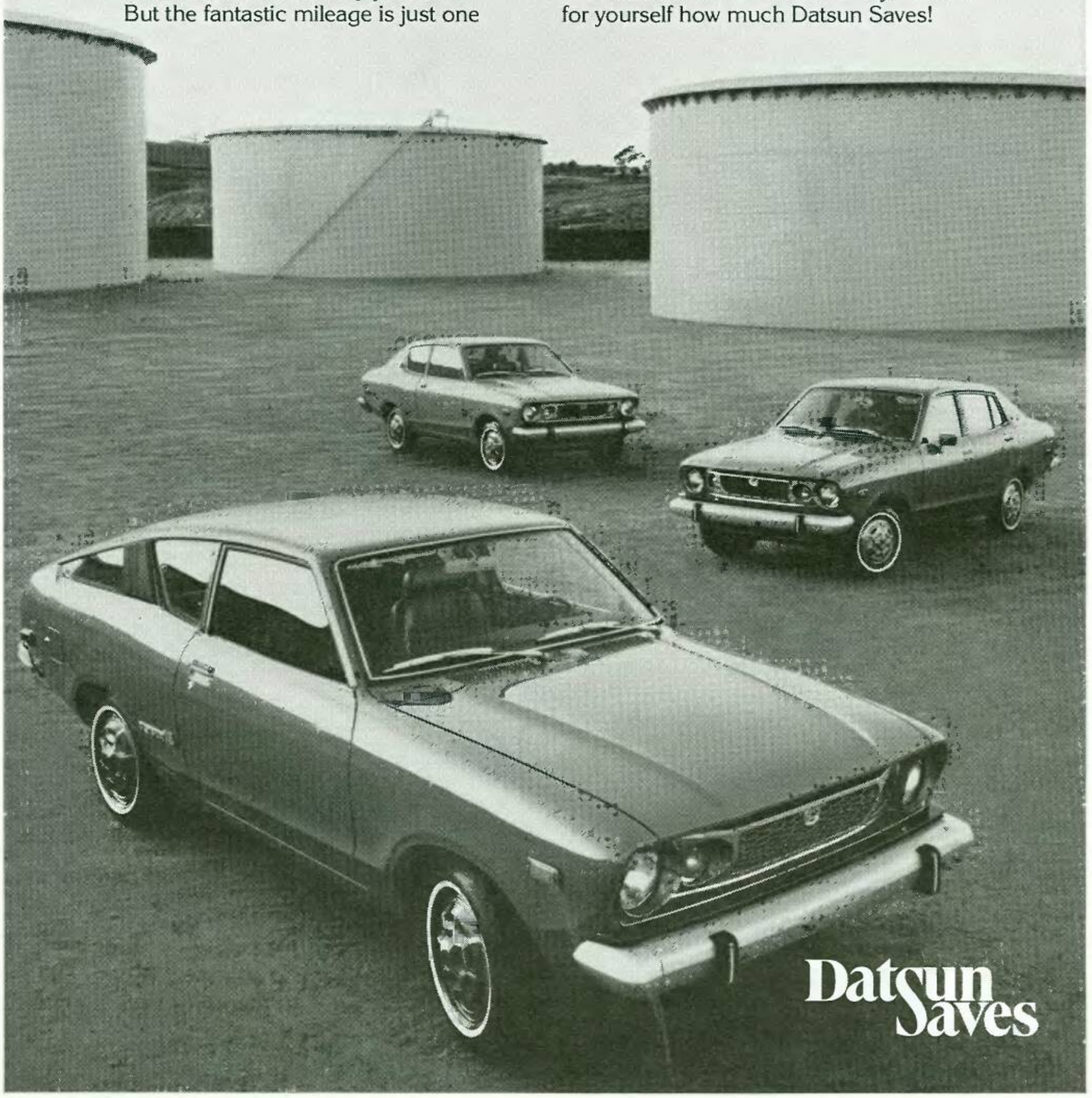
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the lake where Henri Vaillancourt—a hundred and twenty years later—would hide the felled cedar. Looking for moose in the night, he went up Moosehorn Stream. No moose. He had in his pack some pencils and an oilskin pouch full of scratch paper—actually letters that customers had written to his family's business, ordering plumbago and other printing supplies. On the backs of these discarded letters he made condensed, fragmentary, scarcely legible notes, and weeks later, when he had returned home to Concord, he composed his journal of the trip, slyly using the diary form, and writing at times in the present tense, to gain immediacy, to create the illusion of paragraphs written—as it is generally supposed they were written—virtually in the moments described. With the advantage of retrospect, he reconstructed the story to reveal a kind of significance that the notes do not reveal. Something new in journalism. With the journal as his principal source, he later crafted still another manuscript, in which he further shaped and rearranged the story, all the while adhering to a structure built on calendar dates. The result, published posthumously in hardcover form, was the book he called "The Maine Woods."



Henri Vaillancourt's familiarity with books appears to be narrow, but he has read Thoreau—from "Walden" to "Cape Cod," and most notably "The Maine Woods." Rick Blanchette is saturated in Thoreau. In every segment of the river, they remember things Thoreau did there—places where he camped, where he collected flora, where he searched for moose. "I'm into Thoreau, too," Mike has said. "He writes about pickerel fishing, turtle hunting—the things I know and do."

Vaillancourt is transfixed by the knowledge that Thoreau, at North East Carry, actually watched a group of Indians making bark canoes. "All of them sitting there whittling with crooked knives! What a life! I'd give anything to have been there."

Back and forth between our two canoes, bits of Thoreau fly all day.

"Thoreau said the nose of the moose was the greatest delicacy, and after that the tongue."

"Thoreau said it is a common accident for men camping in the woods to be killed by a falling tree."

"Do you remember during the Allagash and East Branch trip when he said that all heroes and discoverers were insane?"

"No, that was in 'Cape Cod.' "

"Some people think he was humorless, you know. I disagree."

"Thoreau said . . ."

"Thoreau believed . . ."

"Do you remember the passage where . . ."

When it is not my turn to paddle and I am riding in the center of the canoe, I read to catch up. Thoreau's trips were provisioned with smoked beef, coffee, sugar, tea, plum cake, salt, pepper, and lemons for flavoring the water. His tent was made from cut poles and cotton cloth. He had one blanket. He carried his gear in India-rubber bags, and it included an extra shirt, extra socks, two waistcoats, six dickies, a thick nightcap, a four-quart tin pail, a jackknife, a fishline, hooks, pins, needles, thread, matches, an umbrella, a towel, and soap. For foul weather, he had an India-rubber coat, in which he sweated uncomfortably and got wetter than he would have in the rain. He ate his meals from birch-bark plates, using forks whittled from alder. For relief from mosquitoes, he wore a veil; he also threw damp leaves onto the fire and sat in the smoke. He slept in smoke, too—burning wet rotting logs all night.

Thoreau's guide on the first canoe trip was Joe Aitteon, and, on the second, Joe Polis—both Penobscots from Indian Island in Old Town, Maine. Henri Vaillancourt is at least as interested in these Indians as he is in Thoreau—particularly in Polis, who made his own canoes. Polis and Aitteon travelled light—no changes of clothing. Aitteon was a log driver. Polis was the better woodsman. Polis had represented his tribe in Washington. He had visited New York. He said, "I suppose, I live in New York, I be poorest hunter, I expect." Thoreau hired him for eleven dollars a week, which included the use of his canoe. Some eighteen feet in length, thirty inches wide, and a foot deep in the center, it was a longer, narrower canoe than the Vaillancourt canoes we are using. Thoreau's first canoe—on the 1853 trip with Aitteon—was more than nineteen feet long, and the bark was painted green. Our paddles are made from birch. Thoreau's were made from sugar maple. Thoreau was discomforted by the confinement of the paddling position, and he used the word "torture" to describe it. Sometimes he stood up in the canoe to stretch his legs. He appreciated nonetheless the genius of canoe technology. "The canoe implies a long antiquity in which its manufacture has been gradually perfected," he

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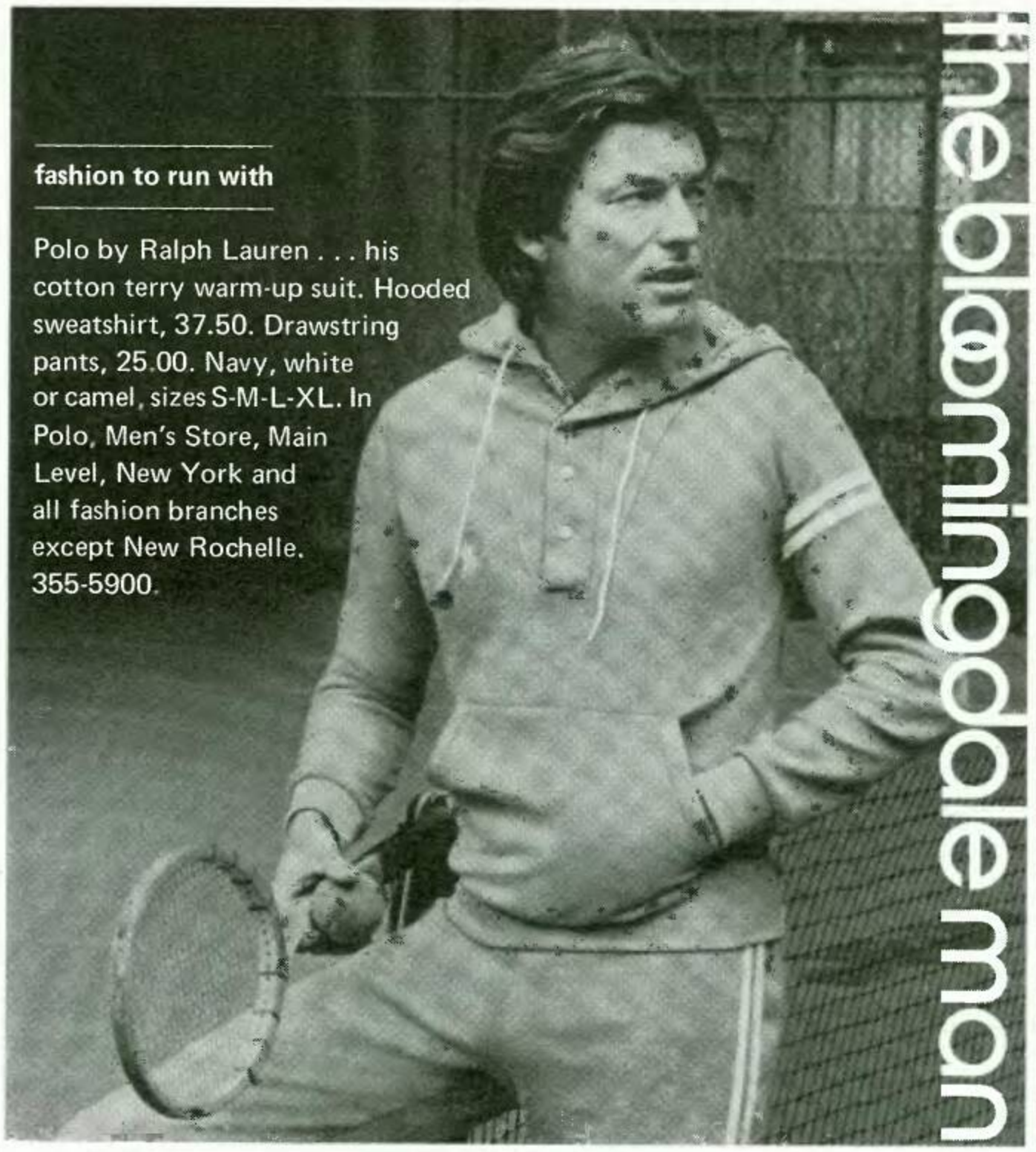
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wrote in his journal. "It will ere long, perhaps, be ranked among the lost arts."

When Thoreau, from Mt. Katahdin, saw neither clearings nor cabins across huge domains of forest, lake, and river, he said, "It did not look as if a solitary traveller had cut so much as a walking-stick there." On closer view, though, from water level, he saw the stumps of timber a great deal larger than walking sticks. He saw dry-ki, too. The first dams (small dams, built to raise the lakes a few feet to serve, in various ways, the convenience of logging companies) had been built in 1841, and now, after a dozen years and more, "great trunks of trees stood dead and bare far out in the lake, making the impression of ruined piers of a city that had been—while behind, the timber lay criss-across for half a dozen rods or more over the water." Dry-ki (the syllables rhyme) apparently derives from "dry kill": wood killed as a result of the dams and now, as dry as bone—gray, resins gone—crudely fencing the shores of open water. Thoreau always hoped to see some caribou but saw none. Of the caribou, Polis said, "No likum stump. When he sees that he scared."

The stumps that scared Thoreau were the stumps of the giant pines. To cut and take those trees was "as if individual speculators were to be allowed to export the clouds out of the sky, or the stars out of the firmament, one by one." If the attitudes behind such rapine were to go on unchecked, he said (a century and a quarter before the great ecological uprising), "we shall be reduced to gnaw the very crust of the earth for nutriment." And what of the remaining "stately pines"? Twenty years before the first national park, and more than a century before the Wilderness Act, he asked, "Why should not we . . . have our national preserves, where . . . the bear and panther . . . may still exist, and not be 'civilized off the face of the earth'?" The Maine of his bark-canoe trips was the deepest wilderness Thoreau would see in his lifetime. Today, astonishingly, it looks much the same as it did when he saw it. Lake and river, many thousands of miles of shoreline are unbroken by human structures and are horizoned only with the tips of spruce. The lakes are still necklaced with dry-ki, some of it more than a century old. Dry-ki has come to be regarded as charming. It certainly makes good firewood, a smokeless fire.

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larger dimensions the farther we go—the river is now hemming us in, and we anticipate Chesuncook Lake, a burst of space. The skyline is opening up some. The lake must be around the next, or the next, bend. Thoreau said that in this same reach of the river he found himself approaching the big lake "with as much expectation as if it had been a university." The river debouches. The lake breaks open. We move out onto it and look to the right down miles of water and far beyond to the high Katahdin massif. Katahdin is a mile high. The lake's elevation is less than a thousand feet. Katahdin stands alone. The vast terrain around it is the next thing to a peneplain. Wherever you paddle through this country, when you move out onto the big lakes you can look to the southeast and see Katahdin.



A steady wind is blowing from the direction of the mountain, and since we are heading north we hold the canoes together and put up an improvised sail. Supported by two paddles as masts, the sail is the largest plastic bag I have ever seen—five by five feet. It is something called a Gaylord liner and comes from the small plastics factory in Greenville, where both Blanchettes work. The canoes move smartly before the wind. Indians used great sheets of bark as sails, and moose hide as well. According to "The Bark Canoes and Skin Boats of North America," Indians of prehistory "may have set up a leafy bush in the bow of their canoes to act as a sail with favorable winds." At any rate, "the old Nova Scotia expression 'carrying too much bush,' meaning over-canvassing a boat, is thought by some to have originated from an Indian practice observed there by the first settlers." Thoreau sailed using a blanket. Our plastic sail sets Henri Vaillancourt off on a long, surprising tirade against the mills and factories of Greenville, which he says are sweatshops, exploiters of immigrant labor. "I'm glad I don't have to work in one of those places," he says. "Particularly that plastics shop. What a rip-off!" For Mike, the plastics shop is a summer job. He is a student at the University of New Hampshire. His brother, Rick, who is already a college graduate, wants to be a librarian in a New England college. He works full time in the plastics shop and also takes graduate courses in library science at Fitchburg State. Water rushes by and between the canoes. Holding the polyethylene sail, Rick quotes one of his favorite lines from Thoreau, which was occasioned by Thoreau's first night here on Chesuncook. He had moose meat for dinner and afterward went for a walk. "For my dessert," he said, and Rick is now quoting him, "I helped myself to a large slice of the Chesuncook woods, and took a hearty draught of its waters with all my senses."

Vaillancourt sneers. "Some dessert," he says. "Thoreau was a great guy, but a little far-flung there at times. What a crackpot—a real featherbrain, a very impractical person."

Blanchette is annoyed. Vaillancourt is amused. Blanchette says, "Yes? Well, the most influential man of this century will turn out to be Thoreau, who lived in the century before."

"He was extreme," Vaillancourt goes on. "He would not cut down a live tree. You can use nature without destroying it. I have an aunt in Concord. I asked her what people there thought of Thoreau, and she said, 'He was a real bum.' "

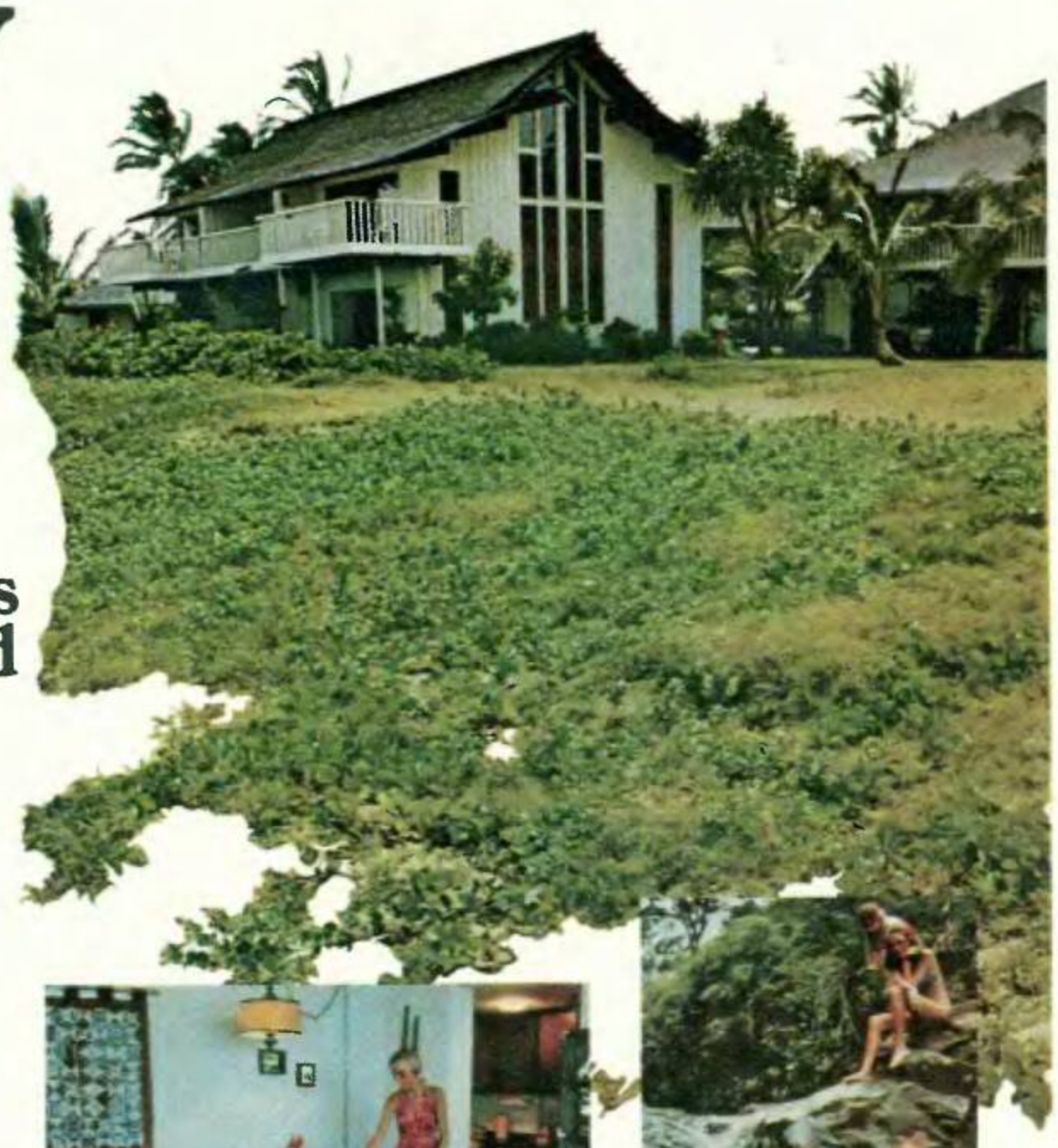
"Thoreau actually started a couple of forest fires in his time," Blanchette admits. "One in Concord. The other on Mt. Washington. When the fires went out of control, Thoreau just walked away."

"He said he thought he could make a bark canoe," Vaillancourt adds. "I doubt very much if he could have. That Aitteon, for an Indian, didn't know much, either. Thoreau asked him about the canoe, how the ribs were attached to the gunwales, and he said, 'I don't know. I never noticed.' Aitteon saw a porcupine once and thought it was a bear."

The Gaylord liner is pulling us up the west side of Gero, a big island. Near the island shore, Vaillancourt sees two, three, four tall specimen birches, paper birches—perfection trees. He decides in an instant to camp below them tonight.

IT is morning now, after a tormented, insectile night. The mosquitoes were the least of it, the no-see-ums infernal. The wind never stirred enough to take them away. No-see-ums are so small they go right through the screening of the tent. They home on flesh. They cover the hands, the arms, the neck, the face. Like an acid, they eat skin. They are not ubiquitous, but they have been with us now two nights in a row. At 3 A.M., I got up and went out of the tent and down to the shore. I went into the water like a fly-crazed moose. I stayed in the lake in the dark for an hour, as I had in the river the

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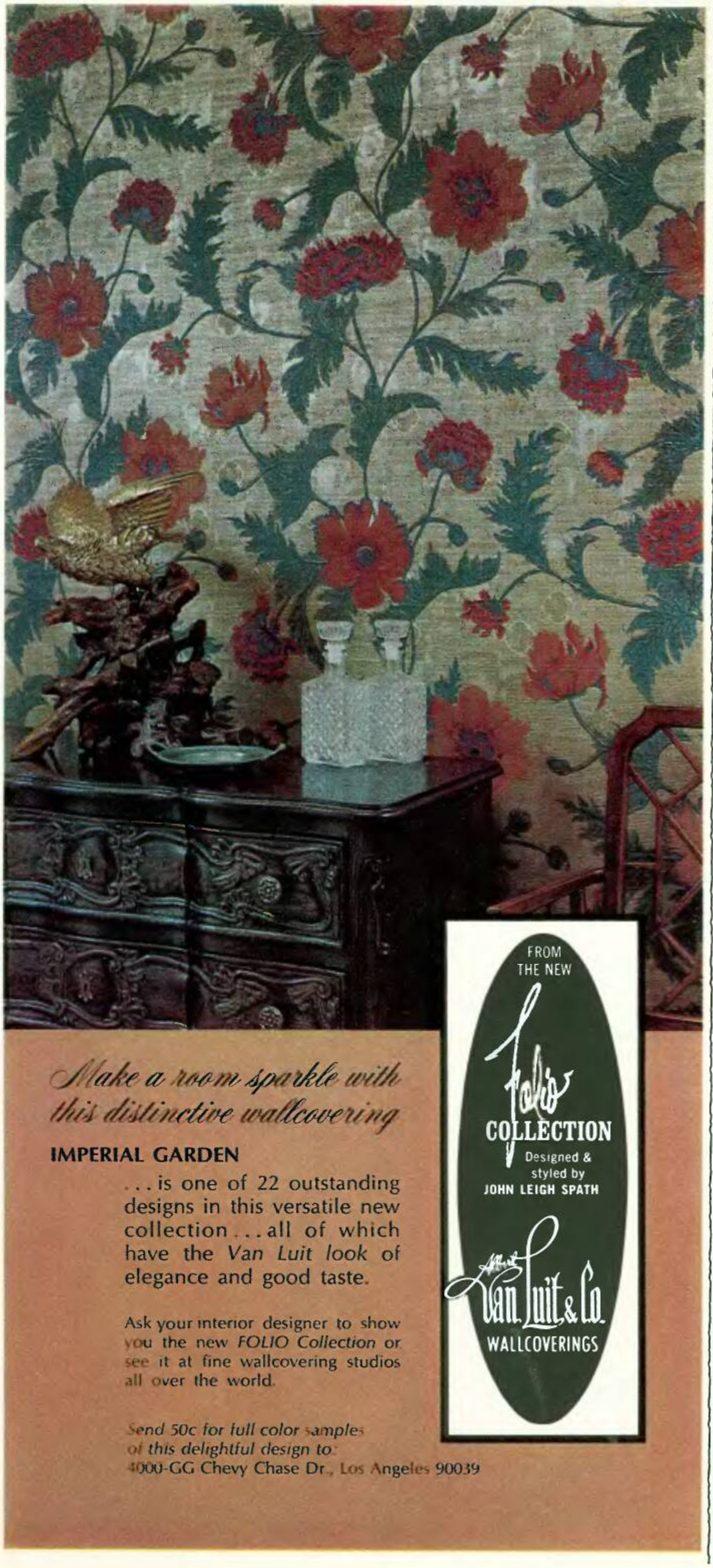
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night before, only the nose out—dozing.

"No-see-um" was an Indian word—red skin vulnerable as white. To the early Indian, coming here to make a warm-weather camping trip would have seemed the act of a fool: Thoreau, with his veil, his smoke from rotting logs; we, with our Off and our Cutter. When the tribes lived here—before the logging whites came—they left in the summer. When the blackflies, the mosquitoes, and the no-see-ums hatched, the Indians departed, and they did not come back until the bugs were gone. They went to the coast—to what is now Kennebunkport, Northeast Harbor, Fortunes Rocks—and there they steamed clams and lobsters in hot seaweed and ate them the summer long. Between feasts, they dried clams and lobsters to take home for the winter. These were thoughts for the night, underwater.

Henri's beef jerky has begun to turn green. He dips it into peanut butter and eats it for breakfast. The one taste envelops the other.

I make my notes as I watch the bread rise in my reflector oven. The dough began as Bisquick, and it is turning golden brown. Last night we had spice cake; gingerbread the night before. In my own porings through "The Maine Woods," I have found something that has apparently never arrested Henri Vaillancourt's eye. Thoreau refers a couple of times to a cooking device known as a Yankee-baker. ("A shed-shaped tent will catch and reflect the heat like a Yankee-baker, and you may be drying while you are sleeping.") So Thoreau himself would have recognized my reflector oven—an endorsement that might have been helpful when Vaillancourt was saying "hang it up" but is hardly necessary now. Henri likes the gingerbread, and if his beef jerky gets any greener he plans to use the reflector to reroast it. The baker is a small, collapsible lean-to of shining tin, with a shelf in it for holding a rectangular pan. You fill the pan with dough or batter and set the oven close to the fire. Level it. Watch to see that it is not picking up too much or too little heat. It reflects heat into the pan from the interior, back, sides, top, and bottom. Henri's way of cooking Bisquick is to wrap a gluey mass around a green stick and then jab the stick into the ground near the fire. The Blanchettes tried that, and when the Bisquick began to plop off the stick they removed their dough to the baker.

This is a fine campsite, looking

north over the water to the end of Chesuncook, and growing here is everything that goes into a bark canoe: feasible birch, dense stands of tall cedar, hard maple, white pine, white and black spruce. Henri would like to contrive to be put in the Maine woods someday (dropped in, somehow, out of nowhere) without a canoe or a paddle but with some food and gear and just three tools: an axe, an awl, and a crooked knife. He says they are everything he would need in order—three weeks later—to paddle out in a new canoe. This island is the sort of place where he could do it, and that is why he has stopped here, to take a long, wistful look around.

After unloading his canoe last night, he went straight to one of the big birches and took a sample of its bark. He cut it from near the base of the trunk—a piece six inches high and a foot long, the size of a shingle. Along the grain he bent the sample, steadily applying pressure with his fingers as the bark formed the shape of a U. Gradually, he increased the pressure until the bark cracked. It was pretty good bark, he said. It had good relative elasticity. Its layers did not tend to separate. In these respects, as in others, bark will vary a great deal from tree to tree. The eyes—the dotted lines that run in the direction of the grain—were not too close together. The closer the eyes, the weaker the bark. He cut a sample from another tree, with the same results. The third birch he came to was better still—a remarkably straight and columnar tree, with a usable segment of bark that was long enough in itself for a sixteen-foot canoe. Henri said, "There are trees in the White Mountains that put these trees to shame. For Maine, though, these are all right. They're acceptable trees."



He finds his bark, usually, in the White Mountains, and in New Hampshire woods that are north of the White Mountains, and in forests of southwestern Maine. He leaves his car by the side of the road and wanders through the woods—searching, sampling. The trees have to be clean-lined and free of blemishes. The slightest, barely detectable bend in a trunk will cause puckers—welts—in the bark of a finished canoe. He walks on sometimes for many miles, looking not just for good trees but for good big trees. A single tree once gave him two fourteen-foot canoes and most of an eighteen-footer as well. When he finds the sort of quality he is looking for, appreciation registers in his mind and he moves on. These are scouting trips. He will return for the bark when he needs it. He remembers regretfully the best white birch he ever saw. "It was like a palm tree, it was so straight." When he was ready for the bark and went back for it, all he found was a stump. A timber company had taken the tree for spindles and spools. No matter how far off in the woods a tree may be, he does not mark its location on a map or otherwise assist his memory. "When you are in this business, a good birch will make an impression on you," he says. "You remember where it is."

His range has increased, and so has his capacity for guessing where to look. "I've been finding better bark in recent years," he says. "Better bark, that's for damned sure."

I ask him where.

"Near Canada," he says.

"Where near Canada?"

"I don't want to mention too specifically where I get the bark."

"Why not?"

"I just don't care to, that's all."

"Are you worried about the law?"

"The law? Oh, no. Oh hell, no."

"So, what is it that troubles you?"

"I don't want anyone horning in on my birch. If there's one thing I'm possessive about, it's where the good bark is. I wouldn't sell a sheet of good bark for anything—even for a price greater than the price of the canoe I could make from it."

When he goes to take the bark from a tree, he enters the forest with a wooden ladder. He slits the bark vertically and begins to peel it back. If the month is June or early July, the bark will "almost pop off by itself"—will, at any rate, easily come free. Bark taken at this time of the year is called summer bark, and on a canoe it gradually turns a lighter and lighter brown, until it is high buff. Bark that is peeled before the sap flows is called winter bark, and on a canoe it gradually turns a darker and darker brown, until it is a rich cordovan. Canoe coverings usually include several pieces of bark, and they can be attractively quilted with mixtures of the two kinds, as are the hulls of both of our canoes.

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fect—chisels the winter bark off the tree. Winter or summer, when he is done he has something like a long piece of linoleum. He rolls it up the short way, brown side out. Norwegians roof houses with birch bark. Lapps make clothing with it. In Siberia, birch bark has been found—unchanged through all the centuries since it grew—clinging to petrified wood. Henri's long searches are not the result of a modern scarcity of appropriate trees. The search always took time. Indians spent as much as a week roving birch-filled woods looking for a perfect tree. Henri ties the roll of bark with a pine root, or with a length of spruce or cedar bark, or with his belt or a string. He shoulders the ladder and walks out of the woods, leaving behind him a standing but slaughtered tree.

The parts of a bark canoe—in the general order in which they are assembled—are these:

center thwart

quarter thwarts (2)

end thwarts (2)

inwales (2)



wedges
pegs
bark
split roots of black spruce or white pine
outwales (2)
wulegessis (2)
stempieces (2)
pitch
planking
ribs (40 or 50)
headboards (2)
dry cedar shavings or dry moss
gunwale caps (2)
porcupine quills (optional)

Inwales and outwales are collectively called gunwales. The inwale, a strip of cedar running the length of

the canoe, is about an inch and a half square in the center and tapers toward the ends. The outwale is a thinner strip and also runs the length of the canoe. The edge of the bark and the tips of the ribs are pinched between the inwale and the outwale.

The *wulegessis* is a flap of bark that forms a deck over the bow (or the stern) and extends a short way down the sides of the canoe.

The headboards are ovate slabs of cedar that are wedged vertically into the bow and the stern to contribute both support and form.

If Henri were to build a canoe here on Gero Island, he would start by felling cedar, splitting it out, and whittling and forming various parts. He would cut young birch or maple for thwarts. Always, he prepares the wooden pieces first. Ribs, planking, stempieces, gunwales, and headboards are made from cedar. After carving rib boards in varying lengths, he dips them in boiling water and then bends them around his knee to an appropriate shape, which, for the center of the canoe, is much like the letter C lying on its back. To hold the tension and the shape, he ties a strip of cedar bark from tip to tip, and a rib is made. As the ribs progress from the center of the canoe toward the ends, they must become not only shorter but also more sharply bent. Some are actually cracked a bit to approach the shape of a V. He racks up several dozen subtly graduated ribs, like auto parts awaiting delivery to an assembly line.

That is the building bed—a section of ground about twenty feet long, free of rocks and roots. The soil has to be firm enough to hold driven stakes. If the bed is level, the canoe will come off it with a slight rocker in the profile of the bottom. Henri likes it that way, and here on the island he would clear a level bed.

No one knows how the canoe's design began, centuries ago. I venture to guess that the structure of the hull was modelled on the thoracic structure of vertebrates—of men and animals, reptiles and birds. The skin is bark. The flesh is planking. A cage of bent-cedar ribs gives the craft its skeletal form. Between a wood-and-canvas canoe and a bark canoe there is an elemental difference in the order in which the hull is assembled. In the more modern canoe, the canvas comes last. It is stretched across an essentially completed and rigid frame. The Indian, on the other hand, began the assembly with bark. He rolled it right out on the building bed, white side up, and built the canoe from there. Lashing the bark to the



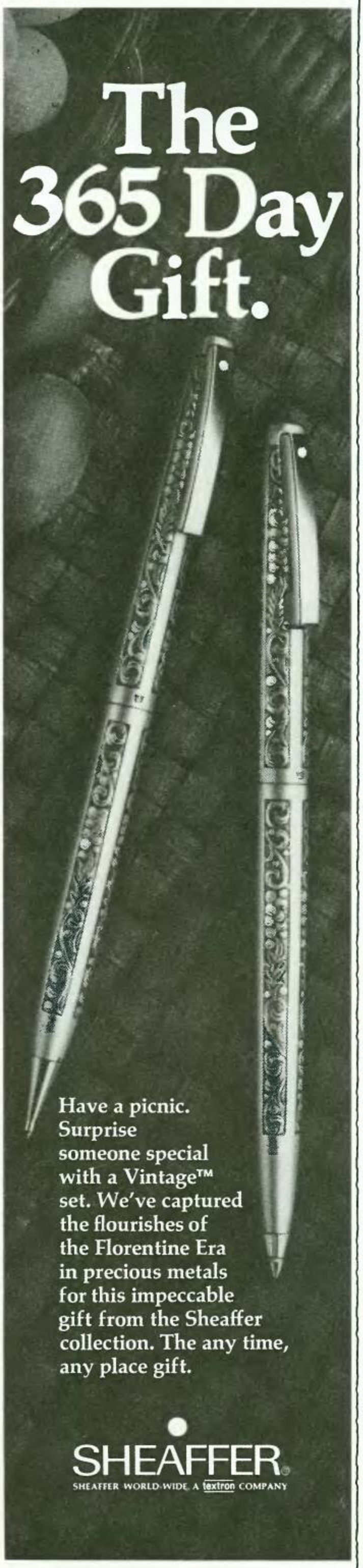
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gunwale frame, he made—in effect—an elongated birch-bark bag. Then he lined the bag with planking. Then—one by one—he forced in the ribs. The resulting canoe was lithe, supple, resilient, strong. And if something cracked, it could easily be replaced.

When, at the outset, the bark was folded upward from the building bed, a template was needed to guide the bark toward the shape of a canoe. The Indians used two kinds of template. The one gave the canoe bulging tumblehome sides. The other made the sides flare. Henri Vaillancourt uses both kinds. The template that will lead to pronounced tumblehome is actually the completed gunwale frame of the canoe itself—all thwarts in place, mortised into the inwales, which are lashed together at the ends. The gunwale frame (looked at from above) is the outline of the intended canoe. The other kind of template, which does not end up as part of the canoe, is called a building frame and is simply a smaller (shorter and narrower) version of the gunwale frame.



Henri places on the building bed whatever frame he is using and drives stakes into the ground in outline around it. He removes the stakes. He rolls out the bark, white side up. He sets the frame on top of the bark. He centers it—bark protruding on all sides—and he tries as best he can to line up the frame with the stake holes below, which are now hidden by the bark. Satisfied, he weights down the frame with rocks.

The bark that protrudes outside the frame is to be bent upward, but it cannot be bent without forming pronounced wrinkles. So, from the edges, wedge-shaped pieces—gores—are cut into it in a number of places to within an inch of the frame. Then the bark is folded upward all around the frame. As the builder works along, he puts the stakes back into their holes, and when all stakes are in place they form a confining palisade around the upturned bark, which has now begun to assume the appearance of a canoe—ragged, lumpy, flat-bottomed, but still a canoe. A much greater breadth of bark is required in the middle, of course, than at the ends, so, unless the bark came from a tree of extraordinary girth, the sides of the canoe for several feet amidships have to be "pieced out" with additional bark, which Henri now sews on with split roots.

It is better that all this happen in good shade, which is deep and abundant here on Gero Island, because in direct sunlight the bark becomes less flexible, and it needs all the elasticity it can retain during the building process. Indians would choose a site like this—with its available water, shade, and materials—and build canoe after canoe in the one place for many generations.

As Henri works, he is not worried about an irretrievable error. Nothing can go so disastrously wrong that he has no alternative but to junk the whole thing and begin again. "Nothing about it is, you know, that dramatic," he says. The Indian methodology was in no sense haphazard, and a canoe will result every time if the method has been understood and mastered. Within tolerable margins, the results do vary, however, and no two canoes are alike. Some, in the end, please him more than others. "They don't always come out exactly the way you want them to."

The bark is clamped to the surrounding palisade of stakes by battens tied with strips peeled from basswood. Pinched between stake and batten, the birch bark will stay put while the gunwale frame is lashed in its proper place. The gunwale frame, now lifted a foot or so off the ground in the center, and more at the ends, is temporarily supported by wooden posts that have been cut to varying lengths so they will establish the profile curve of the gunwales—the upsweep toward the ends, the sheer of the canoe. When the sheer is just right, the deck flaps—*wulegessis*—are placed on the ends, the outwales are added (secured by pegs that go through the bark and into the inwales), and lashing of the gunwales begins. The split roots go around the gunwales and through awl holes in the bark, around, around, around again, each pass snug beside another. It is necessary, however, to do this in groups—to stop the lashing, leave a space, and start again, for the space eventually accommodates the tip of a rib, poking up between inwale and outwale. The grouped lashings, handsome to look at, are evenly spaced along both gunwales. The decorative dividend is high. The gunwale lashings contribute considerably to the beauty of the canoe. Yet they are vital and, in pattern, completely functional.

The canoe is about ready to come off the building bed. Stakes have been removed while the lashing progressed. The edges of the gores are sewn together, making neat seams. The thwarts, which are mortised into the gunwales, are further secured by lashings that run through awl holes near their ends. The canoe is lifted, turned

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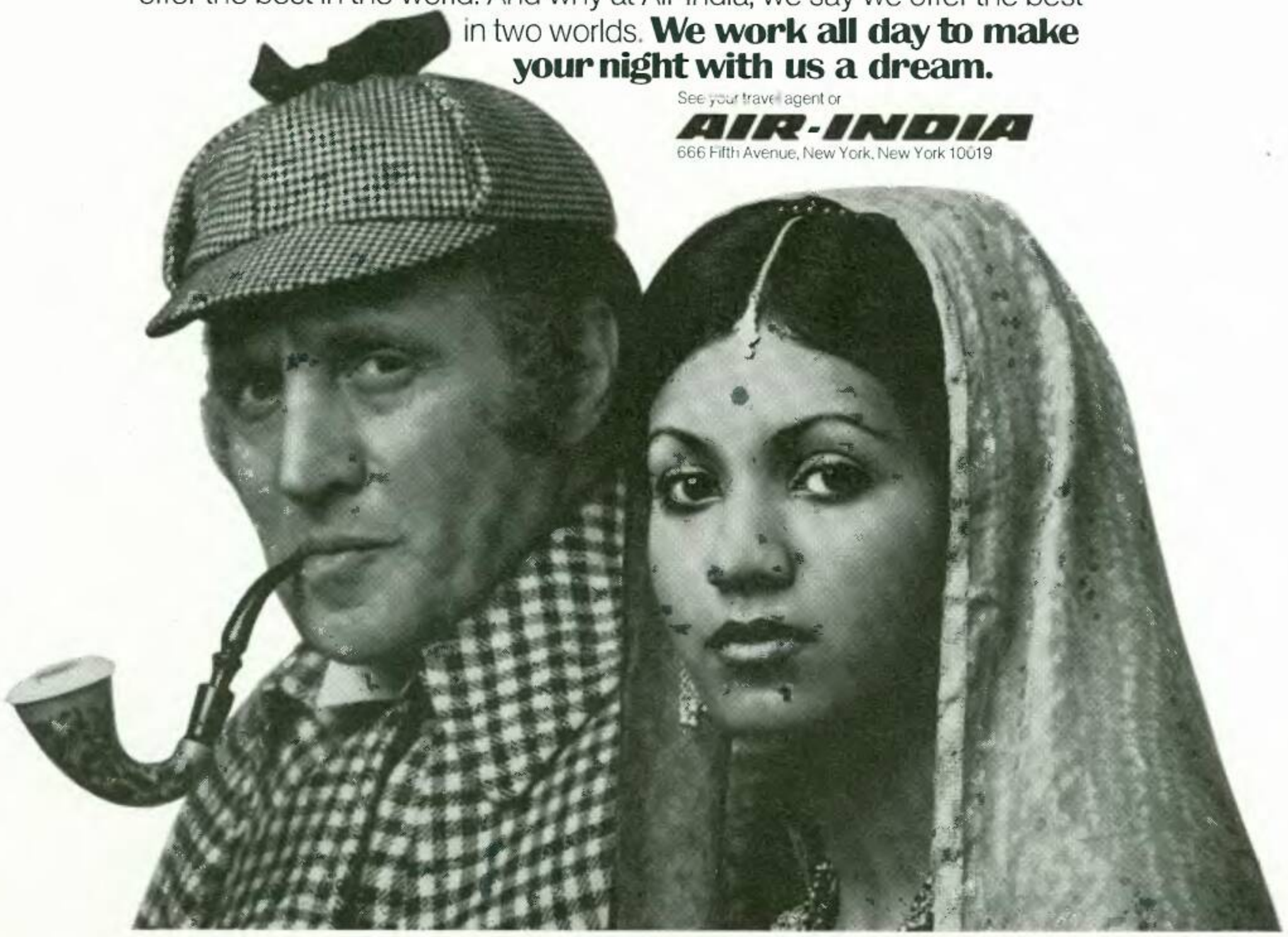
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upside down, and placed on wooden horses. Lumpish and battered-looking, it appears to be covered not so much with smooth birch bark as with parts of a used tin roof. The canoe is so crooked that it is difficult even to guess where the centerline might be. The stempieces are now tied in, and they at least suggest the profiles of the ends. Wherever sewing remains undone, it is completed. The canoe is then set on the ground again, upright—ready to be gummed, planked, and ribbed.

Inside the hull, all seams are "payed with gum." Indian gum was mainly the pitch of white or black spruce. Indians tapped trees in a way analogous to the collection of maple sap; they boiled the pitch and strained it, and at tribal campgrounds they had communal pitch pots where anyone could go for sealant to touch up a canoe. Henri Vaillancourt has used spruce gum on a number of his canoes, but his preference of late has been to use mineral pitch—plain asphalt roofing cement. Asphalt and dark spruce pitch are almost identical to the eye and the touch, but there is an incongruity here that I cannot to my own satisfaction resolve. Why would someone who had used spruce gum with the same good results the Indians got, someone who would drive hundreds of miles and then walk tens of miles to select a single tree, someone who would disdain power tools and elect to work twelve hours a day with an axe and a crooked knife, someone who would put no metal in a canoe whatsoever (not so much as a carpet tack), although Indians used nails in their canoes even before 1850, someone who would travel to outposts of Ontario just in the hope of learning a detail or two from an Indian, someone to whom authenticity was an otherwise primal value—an artist, for that by style and temperament is what he is—seal his canoes with mineral pitch? His own (quick) answer is that he would unhesitatingly use anything—nails, wire, buzz saws, vinyl tile—that might be an improvement on Indian materials or technology, but for canoe-making nothing modern *is* an improvement, except, in a small way, asphalt, because to collect and boil spruce pitch involves unnecessary tedium. Whether the pitch is vegetable or mineral, the seams of bark canoes have to be touched up with some frequency. The Indians mixed animal fat into the spruce gum to keep it from cracking in cold weather, and they had to be careful to repitch their canoes in warm weather so the pitch would not weep. With all this, Henri won't be bothered. So he carries in his pack a small

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pan that contains a cupful of hard asphalt.

As planking and ribs are installed, a bark canoe takes its final form. The planking—also called sheathing—lines the bark: fifteen (or so) random-width cedar boards running from each end to the middle, and overlapping there by about six inches. Pressure from the ribs is all that holds the planking in place. Temporary ribs—bent saplings, or ribs rejected in the making of other canoes—are used to hold the planking before the permanent ribs are installed. Nearly three weeks have by now gone into the assembly of the canoe, and the time of completion has come, as fifty ribs, give or take a few, are pounded into position with a mallet. "I've heard one or two people call them 'floating ribs,'" Henri says. "They're not anchored. They can move a little. You work from the ends toward the middle, putting the ribs in. You pour very hot water on the bark to keep it flexible at this stage." To install a rib, it is necessary to tilt it a bit and put its tips in place in the gunwales. Then the rib is firmly tapped with the mallet, and as it moves toward the vertical it presses ever more tightly against the planking and the bark. If the rib is too large, it will split the bark. If it is too small, it will not offer the pressure needed to create and maintain the hull form. Where a rib is not quite right, Henri tries another. When he taps the last one in, it is below the center thwart.

He trims the bark at the ends and sews roots around the stempieces. He fills out the bow and stern by stuffing them with shavings or moss, kept in place by the headboards, which are installed next. He pegs on the gunwale caps—long, narrow strips of cedar that cover the top of the gunwales and protect the grouped lashings from wear. He turns the canoe over again and pitches the seams on the outside. The canoe is done now—ready to take its maker home from an island in Maine, or the reverse, whichever the case may be. All that is left is to find a porcupine. Take some quills. Commence the decorations. —JOHN MCPHEE

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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Because Loudoun County families as a whole are earning more money now than in previous years, many of them have moved up, as a result, into new and higher income brackets.—*Leesburg (Va.) Loudoun Times-Mirror.*

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PRODIGAL

BEN GAZZARA, who is a very good actor indeed, has returned to Broadway after a long absence. (He went off to Hollywood for a few minutes, and by the time he got a chance to sneak a look at his watch ten years had gone by. These things happen.) At the John Golden, he is starring in a couple of one-acters—"Hughie," by Eugene O'Neill, and "Duet," by David Scott Milton. Mr. Gazzara's faultless performance in each of these very different plays—they have almost nothing in common except that they both take place in a hotel lobby—makes the evening well worth our while, though the plays themselves leave something to be desired. According to the indispensable life of O'Neill by Louis Sheaffer, O'Neill wrote "Hughie" in the spring of 1941, intending it to be one of a cycle of seven related short plays that would bear the general title of "By Way of Obit." In a letter to a friend, the critic George Jean Nathan, O'Neill explained that the main character in each play would be talking about someone recently deceased to a secondary character, who would do little but listen. "Via this monologue," O'Neill wrote, "you get a complete picture of the person who has died . . . but just as complete a picture of the life and character of the narrator. And you also get by another means—a use of stage directions, mostly—an insight into the whole life of the person who does little but listen."

The newly dead Hughie after whom the play is named had been a night clerk in a seedy hotel off Times Square, and he had enjoyed vicariously the happy times recounted to him by a guest in the hotel, a Broadway sport named Erie Smith. Smith pretends to be a big shot; in fact, like Hickey in "The Iceman Cometh," which O'Neill wrote a couple of years earlier, Smith is living a pipe dream and can go on living it only to the extent that the dream sustains someone besides himself. The night clerk who has taken Hughie's place threatens to be insufficient for Smith's purpose; if he doesn't offer Smith the nourishment of believing in and sharing his pipe dream, Smith will surely die.

O'Neill, who failed to write the six other plays in the cycle, assumed that "Hughie" would survive as something to be read rather than acted, since most of the conflict and much of the poignancy of the play are revealed only in the stage directions. Sheaffer calls attention to the fact that O'Neill, the "visionary" playwright, anticipated the mixed-media theatre of our day; O'Neill once said that ideally "the playlet should be produced with a sound track for the interior monologues and stage directions that would accompany the live dialogue, in addition to a background film of the city." If this ambitious enrichment had been in the present production, the result would have been a much more satisfactory play. Peter Maloney, who plays the new night clerk, is obliged to remain next to mute; we gradually take it in that his life, like Smith's, requires fantasies, but we have not the slightest clue to the bitter humor with which, in the stage directions, O'Neill lets us see that the clerk's fantasies are as vivid as Smith's and even more pitiful. Grateful as I am to have seen Mr. Gazzara in the present version, I would be still more grateful to see him tackle the version sketched by O'Neill.

"Duet" is an obstreperous little prank of a play in which, airily defying the natural laws of time, space, and gravity, Mr. Gazzara plays two radically antithetical roles. He is both hunter and hunted, and we await with delight the moment when he will succeed, against high odds, in capturing himself. This is a play for an old pro to do in an actors' workshop, to please himself and astonish the neophytes. The scenery in both plays is by Kert Lundell, the costumes are by Ruth Morley, and the lighting is by Marc B. Weiss. The director is Martin Fried.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The Royal Slav Company

IN "Summerfolk"—at least as presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Brooklyn Academy—Maxim Gorky is far more indulgent toward his audience than he is toward his characters. The sons and daughters of poor working people, they all now have enough money to spend their summers in country houses and have no idea of how to take a vacation. Riddled with conscience (more Gorky's, I felt at times, than their own), ashamed of their summer idleness—many of the women are ashamed of their year-round idleness—they tend to complain a good deal about the boredom and emptiness of their lives. The setting is a villa and its grounds in the Russian countryside, and the stage is filled with people—some comical, some sad or tragic, and all entertaining. Yet one is always aware of the playwright's contempt for them—partly the contempt for the *nouveau riche* that runs through European literature (a contempt that is often so difficult for Americans to understand, since few of our grandparents arrived on these shores with much in their pockets) and partly contempt for people who are ignoring real suffering. The time is 1904, so many of these characters, whether they know it or not, have got the pre-Revolutionary blues. The focus of the action is the household of Sergei Bassov, a well-to-do lawyer. He has a discontented and beautiful young wife, Varya; a discontented young brother-in-law, Vlass; and a moony spinster sister, Kaleria, who spends a great deal of time wandering around the woods and writing verses, which she reads aloud to her own piano accompaniment. But their numerous neighbors and guests are just as important as the Bassovs. The pace of the action is leisurely (not one minute too leisurely for me) and filled with incident. Vlass falls in love with a much older woman doctor, Maria Lvovna, who, to her own terrible distress, falls in love with him, too, although she knows that the situation is hopeless and that she must send him away. A genial retired millionaire comes to settle down with his nephew and heir, realizes that he is not wanted, and at the end decides to go back home and spend his money on building schools. Varya and her most intimate girlhood friend quarrel, something unforgivable is said, and the friendship is over. A famous author comes for a rest; he is unable to write, feeling that he has lost his readers. There is a lot of gossip, a lot of talk about "truth" and "futility" and "the soul," and a lot of comical posturing and posing. There is, as is to be expected in a post-Chekhov Russian play, a suicide that doesn't come off.

According to a letter from Gorky to Andreev, written in 1905 and quoted in the program, the original production

IN GREECE

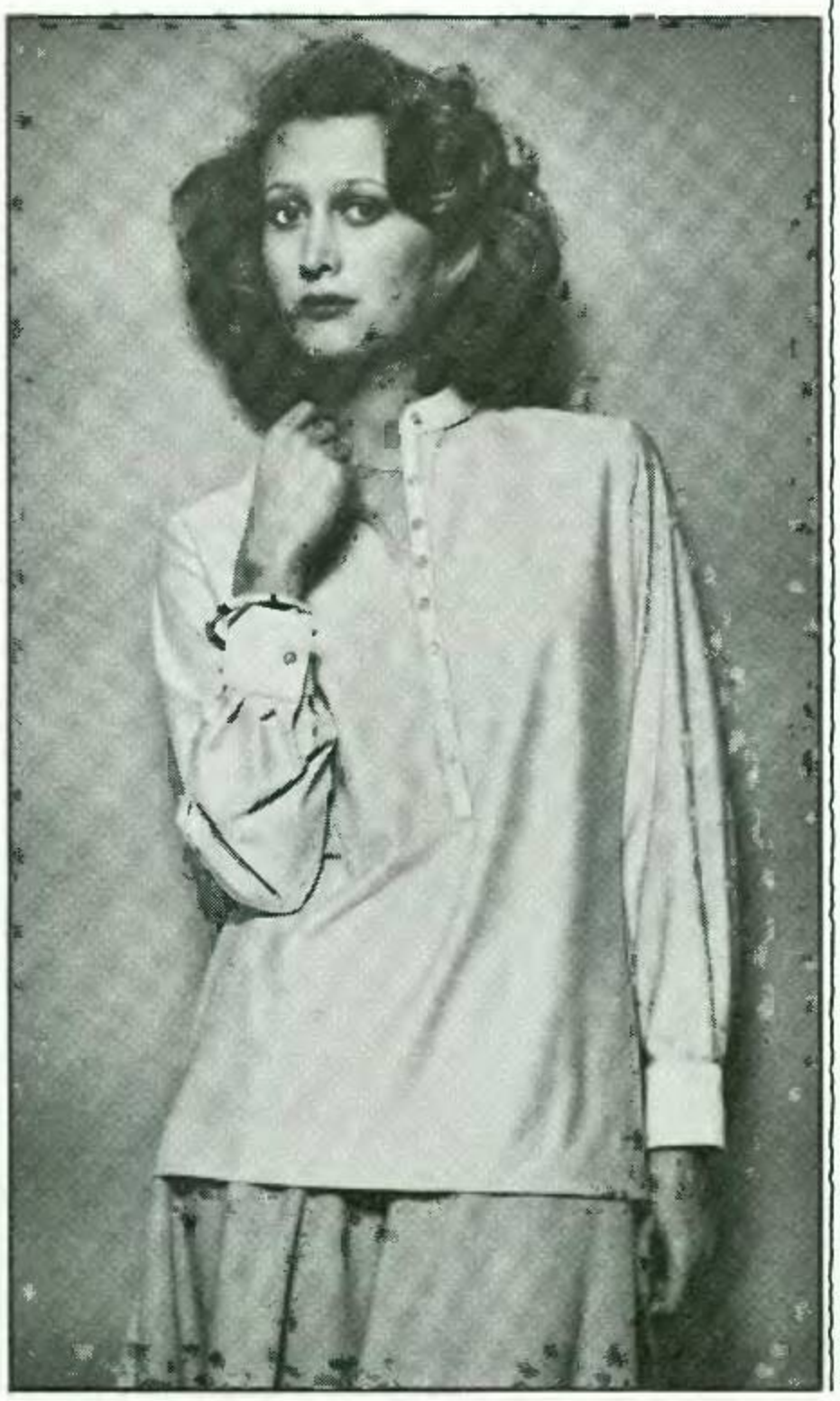
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enraged its St. Petersburg audience, which is not surprising. Not so here and now. It is sometimes hard to remember that the skillful and delightful British players in this sylvan setting are meant to be languorous, unhappy, nerve-tortured Slavs, although the performances are for the most part admirable, under David Jones' direction; if ever a troupe was at home on a stage (and its members with one another), it is the Royal Shakespeare Company. Of the actors, I especially admired Tony Church, blustering away as a cuckolded husband; Margaret Tyzack (whom you may remember from "The Forsyte Saga" on television) as the love-torn doctor; Sebastian Shaw as the millionaire uncle; Ian Richardson as the author trying to meet the requirements of celebrity against fearful odds; Susan Fleetwood, clowning perhaps a bit too much but effective all the same, as the spinster; Norman Rodway as Bassov; and Estelle Kohler as Varya. " 'Summerfolk' is not art," Gorky wrote in that same letter, which may indeed be true, but it is alive, and all that it requires of us (seventy years later and in another land) is just to be there and enjoy it. The effective scenery is by Timothy O'Brien and Tazeena Firth.

Ellen Stewart, of La Mama, is presenting, at a little annex on Great Jones Street, Andrei Serban's production of Bertolt Brecht's "The Good Woman of Setzuan." Mr. Serban, you may remember, was responsible for the eccentric and remarkable "Medea" and for the eccentric and unspeakable "The Trojan Women," also recently at La Mama. His "The Good Woman" is eccentric, too. Based—very loosely, I should think—on an English translation by Eric Bentley, it is impressionistic and sometimes confusing, but more often quite satisfying to look at and listen to, and, in an odd way, faithful to the spirit of the play. Elizabeth Swados has composed a rich, melodic score (slightly tinged with Kurt Weill); there is solo singing and choral singing and a great deal of pantomime and dance. The words are sometimes intelligible and sometimes not, which doesn't matter as much as you might expect; the performances are clear enough. But there is no denying that occasionally things get much too noisy for a theatre of this size.

Priscilla Smith, Mr. Serban's favorite leading lady, plays the title role. She is a prostitute, the only person in the impoverished town of Setzuan gener-

ous enough to give a room for the night to a pair of visiting gods, who reward her with a thousand silver dollars. She opens a tobacco shop and later a tobacco factory, and she is so beset for handouts by greedy relatives and fellow-citizens that in order to protect herself she must, on and off, assume the disguise (a white gauze mask) of a tough man. She is ashamed of her lack of generosity, and when the gods return she explains that it is impossible to be good to herself and to everybody else. The play is meant to be a parable, but in this instance it is more a point of departure for the extraordinary invention and originality of Mr. Serban and his colleagues. The acting is highly stylized and always appropriate. Miss Smith is very good indeed, and she gets strong support from Peter Jon De Vries, as her faithless lover, and from Jane Lind, Onni Johnson, and William Duff-Griffin in other roles. The charming scenery—a backdrop of constantly moving and shifting white screens arranged in a double tier—is by Jun Maeda. —EDITH OLIVER

•

All right, then—how does the writer, when he is setting out on the tough job, which will never end, of learning and improving his craft, start to create detail in his characters? How does he begin to make the reader know that this is more than a set of shadows, that these creatures breathe and walk, sleep and wake?

Let's illustrate by calling a dog into this essay. He's a small fox terrier, and like a lot of dogs of his breed, he has the trait of often moving along on three legs. He enters a story we're writing, his presence is important to it, and we want to make the reader see him immediately in all his doghood. What do we say? *The fox terrier came walking along on three legs.* Good enough, but a little drab. What makes this dog, of all dogs, so jaunty and so charming? It's the way he moves, isn't it—as though he walked on three legs from choice, because it was an interesting method of locomotion—not because he has a thorn in one foot. So let's try again. Remember, as we try, that three-legged motion gives the dog a slight zig-zag appearance, as though he were being blown about. How about this? *A fox terrier came along on three legs, a little yacht tacking into the wind.—The Writer.*

Yawl, ketch, or sloop?

•

MOTHER'S HELPER

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JUST A SINGER



Thomas B. Allen

THE first great gathering of American popular singers happened, without much warning, between the late thirties and the early forties. Suddenly there they all were—on Fifty-second Street and at the Blue Angel and the Village Vanguard and the Café Societies and the Paramount, as well as on records and the radio and in the movies. It was bewildering and almost impossible to plumb and compare and categorize them all; there were too many, and an astonishing number were good. But two pecking orders, each with its own devices and accoutrements, immediately fell into place. In the first were such jostling megaliths as Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra and Dinah Shore and Doris Day, and in the second such quiet masters as Mabel Mercer and Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey and Johnny Mercer. Of the second, one of the best and most durable was and is Helen Humes, who, it is now plain, bears easy comparison with Mildred Bailey and Billie Holiday. But Bailey and Holiday and most of their compeers are dead or retired or poking around in the ruins of their voices, while Helen Humes, freshly embarked on a ten-week engagement at Barney Josephson's Cookery, is singing better than ever. That is a sufficient kindness, but she is also invaluably sharing with us a style of singing and of performing that is almost gone. She came out of the South of sixty years ago, mostly self-taught and with the sounds and majesties in her head of horn players like Dicky Wells and Jonah Jones and of singers like Bessie Smith, whom she heard twice at the Lincoln Theatre in Louisville. It was a kind of singing that we can barely imagine learning now. It preceded the microphone and by necessity demanded a strong voice, Ciceronian diction, and an outsize presence. The singer was *alone* onstage. It was also a kind of singing that relied on embellishment and improvisation, on an adroit use of dynamics, and on rhythmic inventiveness. The singer jazzed his songs. Only a handful of such singers are left, and none is better than Helen Humes.

ON a recent night, as is his wont, Barney Josephson dimmed the lights in the Cookery fifteen minutes before his performers were to go on. It is an unfailing device. Conversation ebbed, and that mysterious, mutually bracing tension that exists between performers and their audiences began. Helen Humes was seated at a table near the front of the room, where she could greet friends and well-wishers. She was wearing a sleeveless black gown whose halter top was emblazoned with sequins and a lot of gold brocade, and she had a white sweater around her shoulders. She is a pretty woman. Her features are regular and arranged just so, and her lifted chin italicizes them. She wears her hair in a short, dark cloud, which is lighted from beneath by her classic smile. Her hands and feet are small, though the rest of her is mapped out in expansive meadows, sharp drops, and roomy valleys. But extra pounds are to singers what nimble feet are to boxers; they add depth and range to the attack. Unlike many Southerners, Helen Humes has a loquacity that is frequently tempered by thought. "It's so fine to be working for Barney again," she said just after the lights had gone down. "He's brought me to New York for the first long gig I've had here since I worked for him thirty-two years ago, at Café Society Downtown. It was 1942, and I had just left Count Basie. I was tired and my health was getting bad. I was nervous with all that bus travel, so I went home to Louisville to sit around and rest. Then John Hammond called me and had me go to New York to work at Café Society, where I stayed into 1943. Then I went up to Fifty-second Street, I think at the Three Deuces, and then I was down at the Village Vanguard with Eddie Heywood. While I was there, Derby time came around and I wanted to be South, so I got Pearl Bailey to take my place for a few weeks. Well, I haven't returned to New York for any time until now, and Pearl went on from the Vanguard to the Blue Angel to Lord knows where, and she hasn't looked back since. Me, I went out to California with Connie Berry, who was a piano player. I did five seasons with Jazz at the Philharmonic. I worked in Hawaii in 1951, and in 1956 I went to Australia with Red Norvo. I went back to Australia in 1962 and again in 1964, when I stayed ten months and they tried to make me a citizen. I travelled to Europe my first time in 1962 with a raft of blues singers like Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry and T-Bone Walker and Memphis Slim, and in 1967 I was at Shelly's Mannehole and Red Foxx's club, in Los Angeles. But Mama got sick and I went home. When she died, not long after, I decided to quit singing, and I took a job in a munitions factory in Louisville. I was there two years and I made gunpowder. You had to stand on wet concrete floors and there wasn't a lot of heat in the winter, but I was having the best time. Being an only child, which I am, you like crowds, you like people. Then, in 1973, Stanley Dance came to Louisville and invited me to the Newport Jazz Festival, but I told him I didn't know if I could sing anymore. I was scared to death to even try. But I came up and I stayed close to Nellie Lutcher the whole time, and she pulled me through so good that five days after I sang at the Festival I was on my way to France to work for four weeks. A year ago, I went back to France and sang at Newport again



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says Douglas Cooper, the Philadelphia jeweler,
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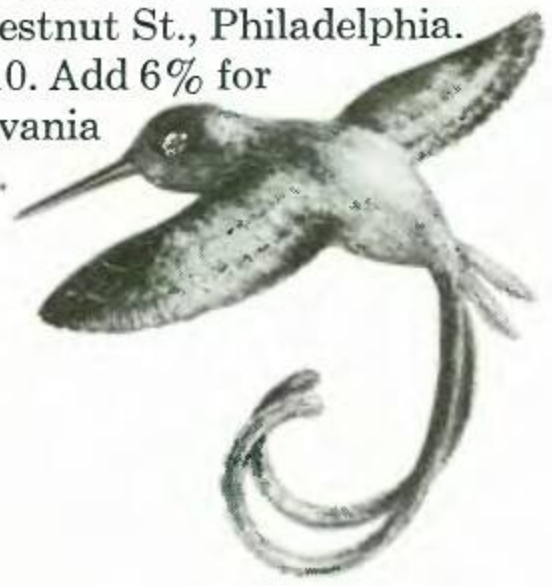
In centuries past, Mr. Cooper's Georgian Round House served as a pied-à-terre to wealthy planters (who often moonlighted as pirates) while they arranged for shipping from Montego Bay. Now it's a cozy little inner sanctum where he likes to show off the most fabulous collection of rare gems and exotic jewelry in the entire Caribbean.

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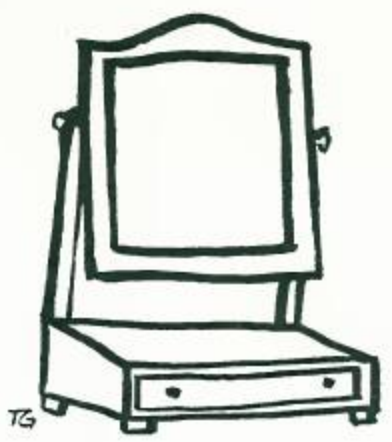


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and did a week here at the Half Note.

"Talking about my mother, I was blessed in both my parents. My mother was a schoolteacher named Emma Johnson. Her father and mother had come from Lancaster, Kentucky. He was a full Cherokee and a medicine man, and she was half Cherokee, half Irish. My father was from Knoxville, Tennessee, but I didn't know much more than that about him. He just died, at the age of ninety-six, so I think his parents, who I never met, must have been slaves. I was in New York doing some business when he passed. He was in the hospital in Louisville, and he'd had a seizure of the flu but was recovering real nice. I went over to Jimmy Ryan's the night before I was to leave, but I felt strange. Roy Eldridge hollered to me from the bandstand, 'Hey, Humes, come up here and sing.' But I told him I just didn't have it in me, and I went back to where I was stopping to go to bed, and found out the hospital had called and my daddy had died just when I was at Ryan's. My father was known as Judge, or J. H., for John Henry. He was one of the first black lawyers in Louisville, and he was always doing something for other people. 'You have to have friends. You can't live in this world by yourself,' he'd always tell me. My mother never worked again after I came along. We had so many good times together—popping popcorn and making ice cream and playing games. When she died and I made up my mind to quit singing, I sold my piano and my record-player and my records so I wouldn't be reminded or tempted, and that was it. Or I thought it was."



HELEN HUMES laughed and pushed herself to her feet. She went over to the piano, which is in the center of the room. Her accompanists—Ellis Larkins on piano and Benny Moten on bass—were already warming up. She said something to Larkins, who immediately leaned back and released one of the mystical sprays of hand signals that he prefers to words. He played several left-hand chords, and Helen Humes turned around, detached the microphone from its cradle, smiled, and, standing by the piano as easily as if she were in her living room, began "There Is No Greater Love." During the first chorus, her voice and the song kept missing one another. Her vibrato ran a little wide, she cracked a couple of notes, and her dynamics were uneven. But everything settled into place in her second chorus, and she fashioned a marvellous series of embellishments and arabesques. She started phrases behind the beat and caught up by ramming her words together. She used melismatics brilliantly. And she worked her way back and forth quickly and cleverly between near-shouts and languorous crooning. She has a light voice strikingly reminiscent of Mildred Bailey's, but she insists that no singer, Bailey included, influenced her. Humes' voice has a dark, fervent underside, which appears when she sings the blues and which Bailey lacked. Her phrasing is hornlike. She takes daring liberties with the melody, particularly in her second choruses, and she keeps close guard on her generous vibrato. Like all pre-microphone singers, she can shout at will, and she can also slipper along just above a whisper. She is a master of rhythm. When it pleases her, she drags behind the beat, passes it and falls back on it, and unerringly finds those infinitesimal cracks that exist between beats. But there is nothing deliberate or contrived in her style, which has a hewn, handmade texture. It is elegant primitivism, and it has a sunny, declarative quality that lights every song she sings. Her next number was a medium-tempo, shouting version of "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone," and then she did an attentive, careful "Every Now and Then," a song she delights in and renders much as it was written. A hymnlike "Summertime" was followed by a cheerful "Birth of the Blues," complete with its verse, and a rocking—and for her—quite moody "Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You." She kept accumulating and then sweeping away little piles of notes all through "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," and she finished her set with a dramatic, almost recited reading of "If I Could Be with You One Hour Tonight," which has come to be a kind of anthem with her.

SHE sat down and wrapped her sweater about her and mopped her face. Barney Josephson, wearing a handsome dark-brown Glen-plaid suit, patted her shoulder and said, "That was marvellous, Helen. Keep it up and this place will be the way it was last New Year's Eve, when people were shouting and yelling and going out of their minds over you. They wouldn't

let you out the door, if you remember. It was one of the most exciting nights I can recall since I've been in this business." Helen Humes nodded to Josephson's words, and when he had finished said she felt like a rock-and-rye. "You've barely made a dent in the case we ordered for you, Helen. And you *have* to finish it. I don't think I've had an order for a rock-and-rye since World War II." Josephson gave his customary giggle and went to get her drink. She cleared her throat and banged her chest with her hand several times. "I think I still have some of that cold I toted up here from Louisville," she said. "But I feel better singing now than I ever did before. My voice used to be so clear when I was younger, and people tell me it's gotten real clear again. I'm happiest when I'm singing—particularly if I have a good accompanist like Ellis. I just sing the way I feel. Most of my songs come out differently each time, but there are some I try and do the same way each time. I've been called a blues singer and a jazz singer and a ballad singer—well, I'm all three, which means I'm just a singer. And I've always been myself. I didn't model myself on anyone when I started out. Somebody'd tell me to listen to So-and-So's record, but I'd only listen, if I listened at all, *after* I had learned the tune myself.

"I got started as a singer almost by accident. After I had graduated from high school, I took a two-year business course and got a job as a secretary in the First Standard Bank, which was the first black bank in Louisville. During my vacation, I went to stay with Margaret and Luke Stewart, in Buffalo. They were Louisville friends, and Luke was one of the greatest guitarists I ever heard. I went up there for two weeks, but I didn't get home for two years, because I took my first work in Buffalo as a professional singer. I'd been singing and playing the piano most of my life. I fiddled with the piano as soon as I was tall enough to reach the keyboard, and after I had tried the clarinet and the trumpet, which I didn't care for, I took piano lessons from a very good German teacher, who had me going in the classics. I sang in church from the time I was little, and I sang and played piano in the Sunday school Bessie Allen ran at the Booker T. Washington Center. You could learn any instrument there, and that's where Dicky Wells and Jonah Jones and Bill Beason started. When I was fourteen, Sylvester Weaver heard me sing. He was a blues singer who had recorded on the Okeh label. He told



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Mr. Rockwell at Okeh about me, and Mama took me to St. Louis and I recorded 'Black Cat Moan' and 'A Worried Woman's Blues.' I believe J. C. Johnson was on the piano. A while later, I made some more records in New York, including 'If Papa Has Outside Lovin'' and 'Do What You Did Last Night,' both of which I'd like to hear now so I could sing them again. But I never kept any of my records, because I never thought they was as good as they could have been. That was all the recording I did then, except the Okeh people asked me would I like to go on tour. But Mama said no.

"I worked at the Spider Web, in Buffalo, and then over at the Vendome Hotel, where I was with Al Sears' band. He's retired now and doesn't do *nothin'* but play golf. I must have been in Buffalo a year, and then I went on to Schenectady, where I did my first radio program, with two white girls, and on to Albany and Troy. I went home after that, and a few months later I rejoined Al Sears at the Cotton Club in Cincinnati. This was in 1937. One night, Count Basie stopped in and offered me a job. He said he'd pay me thirty-five dollars a week, but I was already making that without having to travel, and Basie wasn't much yet anyway, so I said no. Well, Al Sears *did* go on the road, and we ended up at the Renaissance Ballroom, in Harlem, where John Hammond heard me, and this time I *did* join Basie. Billie Holiday had just left him, and I went with the band at the Famous Door, on Fifty-second Street, in 1938. That was when Basie really exploded, and when he had Buck Clayton and Dicky Wells and Lester Young and Jo Jones. I didn't have any trouble being the only woman in the band. I did my singing and went home and read a book and went to sleep. When we went on the road down South, the chances were good we wouldn't be allowed to eat in any decent place, so I started doing the cooking. I had my pots and my hot plate with me, and I cooked backstage. When I'd left the band and was at the Café Society, the phone would ring and it would be somebody from the band passing through, and he'd say, 'Hey, Humes, this is So-and-So. What you got cookin', honey?' Jimmy Rushing was my best friend in the band. He was full of fun and had stories in his head twenty, thirty years old. We'd sit on the bandstand together and he'd tell me things and we'd start laughing, and Basie would get mad. Later, when I was in L.A., Jimmy'd call when he



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was in town and I'd cook and we'd spend the day eating and drinking and playing cards and laughing."

Ellis Larkins and Benny Moten were in the middle of an intermission set, and Helen Humes paused to listen for several minutes. "This is the first time I ever worked with Ellis—the first time I ever *met* Ellis—and he is something else," she said. "People told me before, 'Look out for Ellis, he's difficult.' But he's all right. Since I don't have anybody in my family left to look after, I might as well spend the rest of my time singing. But I'll keep Mama and Papa's house in Louisville. Thank heavens a neighbor recently moved into it to keep an eye on it! Down there in the summer, the little boys in the neighborhood make a path through my yard going after the peaches on my three peach trees. They come early in the morning and call up, 'Miss Helen, my mama wants to make me a cobbler, so can I pick some peaches?' One little boy came back and back and finally a tattletale told me, 'Miss Helen, he selling those peaches.' I've had a very happy life, and I wouldn't do it otherwise. I even got married once and survived. I married a Navy man in 1952, but I haven't seen him since 1960. He wanted to settle in Japan, and I told him, 'Fine, and I'll be right here if you ever come back.' I don't even know where he is now. I haven't made all the money some people think I have, but anytime my friends are in distress and if there's anything I can do for them, I do it. I guess I'm like my father that way, and I guess he was like *his* father that way. At least, that's what Mama always told him." —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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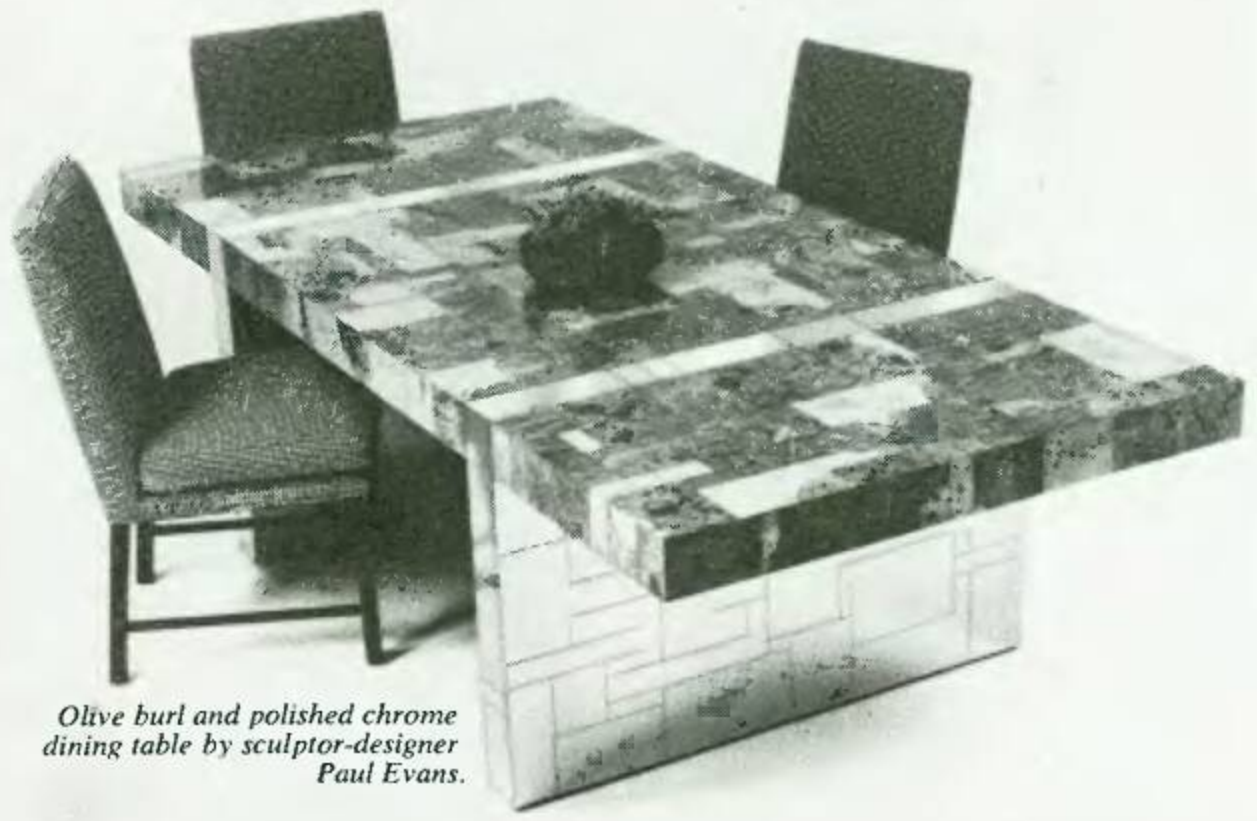
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A consortium of swimming and physical fitness buffs today was to unveil plans for a $300,000 swimming pool and exercise center at the White House. . . .

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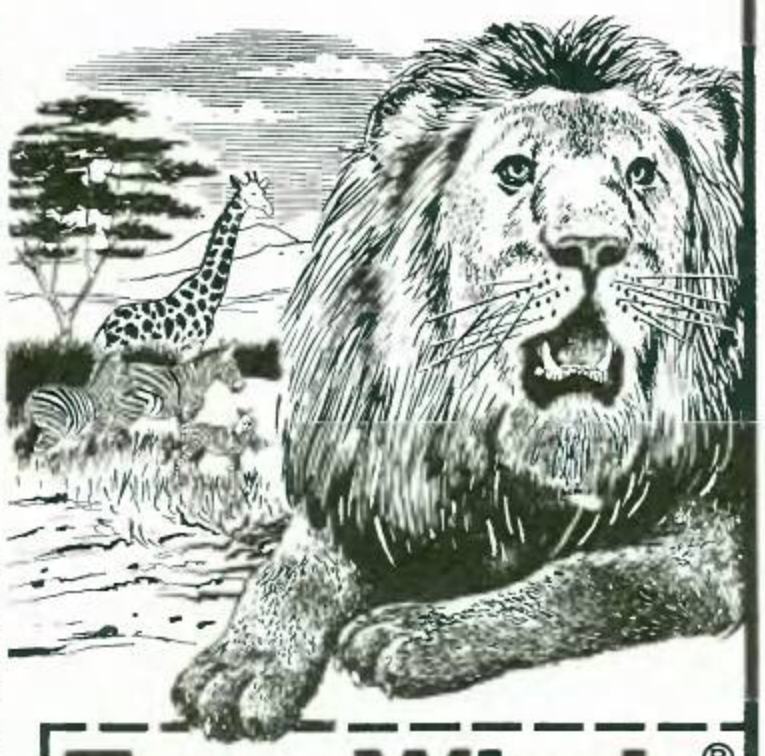
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THE ART WORLD

Artist of Our Time

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA begins his autobiography, "My Life" (Macmillan; translated by David Britt), by reflecting on how one becomes a human being. Since he is a painter, it seems to him that development takes place primarily through seeing. Studying human faces and the contours of avenues and countrysides has been his basic mode of learning. In the view of OK (this is how he frequently signs himself), the benefits of seeing are not only for artists; at Salzburg, during the fifties and early sixties, he conducted a School of Seeing, whose influence spread throughout Europe and the Americas. "Art cannot be taught in a school," he noted, but "I would be able to educate young people to *see*." The italics are his. (Hans Hofmann had anticipated this with his own prewar "learning-to-see" teachings in Munich, New York, and Provincetown.) "My Life," published in Germany in 1971, when Kokoschka was eighty-five, is an eyewitness spanning of European history and art history in this century. As a portraitist, OK had the opportunity to scrutinize at close quarters the physiognomies of individuals prominent in politics and the arts, from Adenauer and Masaryk to Pound and Toscanini (Kokoschka thought him too coldly remote to paint). Crossing and recrossing Europe between the wars, making an extended tour through North Africa and the Near East, finding refuge in England from the Hitler takeovers, he became intimate with the changing moods and physical character of harbors, cities, mountain retreats, deserts.

Yet the interest of "My Life" is not primarily in its visual description. Imagining and theorizing have been as natural to Kokoschka as looking. He has managed to elude, one after another, the great catastrophes of his time—"I have my own skin to save, and that is my greatest concern"—but he has opinions about the calibre of this age and all sorts of related matters: democracy and progress, the advantages of multinational empires, the spiritual characteristics of the ancient Greeks, the relative merits of Céline and Joyce. He even predicted, he tells us, on the basis of topographical observation, that oil would be discovered in the Libyan desert. Though he is resolutely opposed to political ideologies as well as to the ideologies of art movements—"I contributed no manifestoes, not even a signature; I was not going to submit my hard-won independence to anyone else's control"—he has nothing in common with those who believe that a painter ought to think of nothing but painting, a poet of poetry, and so on. What he wants to say he will say, in any medium he can use. His first success in gaining public notice came not through his canvases but through "Murderer, Hope of Women," a play he wrote, produced, directed, and proclaimed with a scandal-raising poster; it is regrettable that "My Life" does not include a synopsis of this play, generally described, according to Kokoschka, as a pioneer Expressionist drama. His book of semi-fanciful narratives, "A Sea Ringed with Visions," is a work of genuine literary quality; some episodes of "My Life" are imaginatively elaborated in it, and it repeats the dreamlike story of his being stabbed by a Russian in the First World War.

For Kokoschka, the twentieth century opens in prewar Vienna—"Wittgenstein's Vienna," as it has recently been dubbed—a city of cast-iron conventions and prejudices, of fiery polemics (Karl Kraus), of ultra-radical intellectual experiments (Schoenberg, Freud, Adolf Loos), of Secession and the Jugendstil movement in art. The crisis that was to become the normal condition of Western culture in our era attained its articulated form in this capital of the Hapsburgs. From the start of his career, Kokoschka found himself struggling to keep his footing on constantly unstable ground; in this respect his life has matched the history of twentieth-century art itself. Inwardly, he was troubled by problems of belief (the "atmosphere" of Catholicism captivated him, but he resisted its credo) and sex. "The erotic advance of the female principle," he explains in typical, metaphysically overloaded mid-European lingo, "almost at once put my hard-won equilibrium in jeopardy." He was, however, consoled in his unrest by the realization that "I was not the only one treading dangerous waters. The whole world seemed to be in the grip of an existential malaise, no longer believing in the possibility of individual action or the control of one's own future."

Kokoschka's strategy for coping with the unruliness of the times was to travel light; he has kept on the move with the minimum amount of physical and mental baggage. In his fictional "Sea," his favorite nickname for himself is "the Traveller." Since his student and café days, his social manner has been genial and even gregarious. He made many influential friends (the first one was Loos), who collected his paint-



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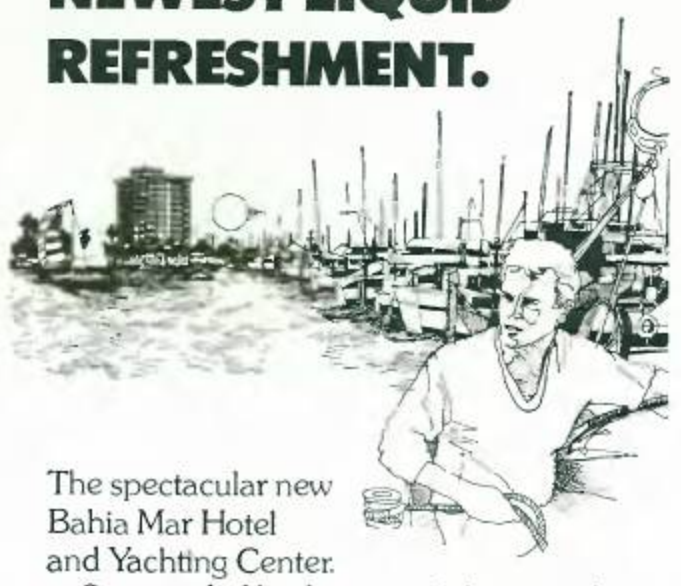
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ings and put him in the way of portrait commissions. But close as he might come to anyone, OK has been wary of affiliation. A founder and collaborator of the Expressionist periodical *Der Sturm*, he has steadfastly denied that he is an Expressionist, though art historians continue to list him in that category. "What is said about it today is entirely misleading—the whole core of the idea is lost. There is no such thing as German, French, or Anglo-American Expressionism: there are only young people trying to find their bearings in the world."

In any case, OK was determined to mind his own business, if only because "I, above all, had no money." What he did have was the indispensable talent of the serious modern artist—the talent for going hungry. In Berlin, during his employment by *Der Sturm*, his diet consisted of one mark's worth of sausage on Sunday, bread and tea for the rest of the week; the hallucinations brought about by semi-starvation inspired the lovely story in "Sea" of his and his roommate's imaginary daughter Virginia. Even after his paintings were much in demand, he continued to find himself with empty pockets. In England, in 1938, at the age of fifty-two, while John Rothenstein, director of the Tate, kept talking enthusiastically about acquiring one of his paintings for the museum, Kokoschka was wondering whether he would be served dinner. (He was forced to settle for sandwiches.) In "Sea" he proposes what might be called a missed-meals interpretation of modernism: "Artists have always been good at going hungry, but no other epoch has ever provided so many technical expressions for the artistic sublimation of hunger: Expressionism, Futurism, Cubism, Dadaism, Surrealism, abstract art."

Kokoschka's status as a hunger artist (to adapt Kafka's term) may have been a factor in qualifying him for inclusion in Hitler's "Degenerate Art" exhibition of 1937. Though he was neither Jew nor Socialist, his art was offensive to the Nazis because of its "distortion" of natural appearances, which is inherent in extreme experiences, strong feelings, and an individual way of seeing. It was also totally lacking in nationalist fervor. OK is a "good European," but without local ties; though he was born in Austria, his father was Czech. Nor does Kokoschka feel loyal to his epoch; to him it's "the prosaic present." Modern in sensibility, he is philosophically antimodern, a foe of democracy, of the

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ideal of Progress, of the exaltation of science and technology.

Many of his attitudes belong to the backward aspects of the time and place in which he grew up. He is possessive toward women, inclined to consider himself irresistible to them ("she never forgave me for repaying her in cash, instead of in the manner she had expected"), and as jealous as a schoolboy. His three-year love affair with Alma Mahler, widow of the composer, broke up when Kokoschka flew into a tantrum because she had in her house a death mask of Mahler that "I had forbidden." He recounts without a trace of embarrassment, and with even a degree of gloating, that his mother, to prevent his reconciliation with Alma, threatened to shoot her and paraded in front of her residence pretending to have a pistol in a coat pocket. Later, in Cairo, there is the "beautiful Princess Eloui," who promises to spend a night with the artist among the columns in the desert but is turned down by OK because she had had a similar rendezvous with a French poet; he regrets the missed opportunity when he learns that the poet is not interested in women (as if this would have saved Eloui from the sin of being unfaithful to him before they had met).

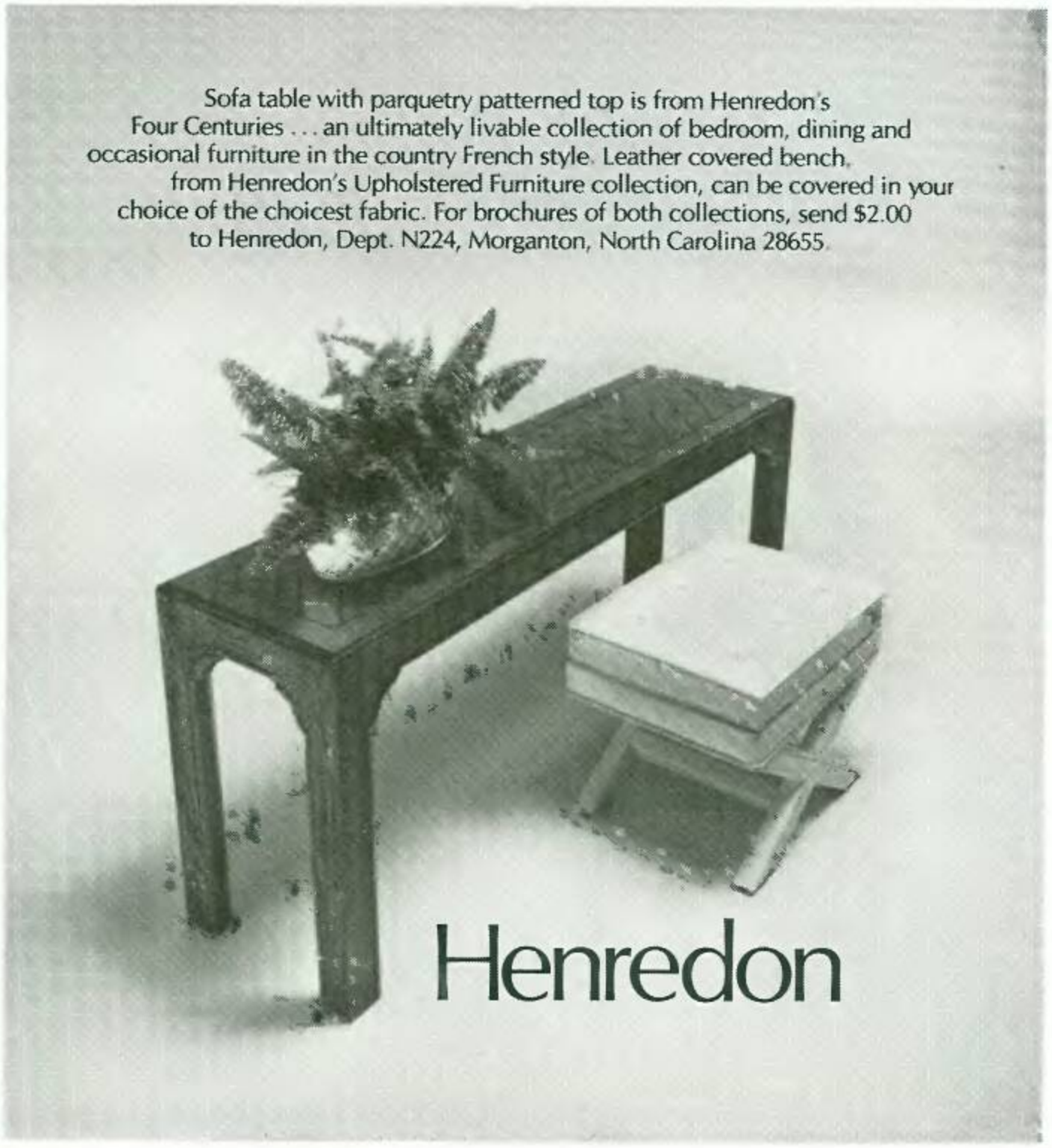
Kokoschka's self-engrossment appears to go hand in hand with a certain detachment in regard to moral issues in the public life of the period. Though from his student days on Jews were among his closest friends, and he himself was hounded out of Europe by the Nazis, his comments on Hitler are surprisingly bland. He cautions against singling him (or Stalin) out as a "scapegoat," preferring to blame the "technostructure of Progress and Enlightenment" for the atrocities of the Third Reich. In England, during the war, he took a position above the battle, condemned the British bombing of Dresden, and exhibited an allegorical painting, "What We Are Fighting For," that equates Fascist and Allied leaders and policies. Praising the British for allowing him freely to speak his mind in the midst of the war for survival, he contradicts himself by insisting that "people are all the same."

For all his antipathy to ideologies, Kokoschka seems to have absorbed from his intellectual background an ingrained disposition to explain events, and even individual behavior, with historically determined concepts: a mind is rarely as independent as it thinks it is. Discussing the emergence of the Third Reich, he questions whether "other na-



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tions would have behaved differently in the age of mass society, itself the consequence of the uncontrollable development of technology." He castigates Joyce's "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake" (which is misspelled) on the ground that they reflect the evil effects of the same technological impetus. Pound's broadcasts from Italy during the war were, in OK's opinion, occasioned by his "mistaking the true nature of technology. . . . His crime, like that of Socrates, consisted in failing to conform to the official view of what democracy is." And Kokoschka "washes his hands" of Pound as another casualty of democracy.

Kokoschka's eccentric notions are consistent with his dramatization of himself as "the great outsider," and with his generally low opinion of mankind. The substance of his experience and his vision is, of course, in his paintings and eloquent drawings. It is regrettable that many of his views support the contention that painters ought to paint and shut up. Yet few genuine artists today are content to function as neutral makers of objects; a life spent in the phases of a continuous crisis demands a total response. In his autobiography, plays, and other literary works, Kokoschka employs words to reach into areas of thought and feeling not attainable by the brush. He writes as a writer striving for expressive statement, not like a specialist giving an account of episodes in his career. His life story ends with a complex gloss on Dürer's "Melencolia," in which he sees prophetically embodied the inescapable fear and loneliness of the post-Renaissance individual in his solitary quest for "the experience of becoming truly human."

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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I BELIEVE that there's no business like show business, no time like the present, and nothing like a dame. Only God can make a tree.

I believe that the iceman cometh, the postman always rings twice, Kilroy was here, and nobody but nobody undersells Gimbels.

I know what I like.

I would rather be right than be President. I would rather see a purple cow than be one.

You can't cheat an honest man. It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright. When a man bites a dog, that is news.

Remember the Maine.

I believe that fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong and that it is not worthwhile to go around the world to count the cats in Zanzibar. I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

Don't take any wooden nickels. Don't shoot the piano player. Don't give up the ship. Don't tread on me. Hit 'em where they ain't.

On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia.

I am convinced that prosperity is just around the corner, that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself, that this generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny, and that anyone who goes to a psychiatrist ought to have his head examined.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Male Revenge

IRA LEVIN's novel "The Stepford Wives" had a shrewd, potentially good movie idea—the same basic idea as that of the low-budget 1956 sci-fi horror film "Invasion of the Body Snatchers." In the small-town setting of "Invasion," everyone is turned into a vegetable. In the suburban community of Stepford, however, it's only the wives who are dehumanized; when they show the first stirrings of interest in consciousness-raising, their husbands turn them into domestic and sexual slave-robots. The plot of "The Stepford Wives" is "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" with a women's-lib theme. The idea of a quiet, undeclared all-out war of men against their wives has a perverse charm, and satirical possibilities leap to mind. How could anyone with half a spark of humor resist showing us scenes of the husbands being irritated by the wives' new demands and then being blissfully, sneakily happy with the undemanding robots? But Levin's book was barely a novel at all; it was more like a solemn outline that he couldn't bother filling in. And the adapter, William Goldman, and the director, Bryan Forbes, probably had too much contempt for the book to think the film through. The dialogue is gummy, the situations dimly functional; the movie gives the impression of a patchwork script, and it's blah and becalmed.

The film of "Stepford" preys on women's fears (and men's guilt), as "Rosemary's Baby," from an earlier novel of Ira Levin's, did, but not teasingly this time. The film "Rosemary's Baby," keeping the spirit of the book, had a freaky-scary naughtiness, and a psychological dimension. Rosemary's terror was like a woman's worst masochistic pregnancy fantasies—that she was helplessly caught, involved with a husband who didn't care about her, and that she would give birth to a monstrosity. The audience identified with Mia Farrow's terrified, emaciated vulnerability, and the whole movie was told from her point of view. It was an honestly trashy thriller entertainment—skin-crawling but sophisticated and funny, and with a comic twist at the end: Rosemary cooing over her infant Satan. I don't like the queasy and the grisly mixed with entertainment, and I didn't really enjoy "Rosemary's Baby," but it wasn't a boobish picture, like "The Stepford Wives." The story of "Stepford," too, is told from the threatened wife's point of view, but Katharine Ross, who plays the victim-heroine, Joanna, a wife who fears that the move from New York to Stepford will close her world in, doesn't have a very distinctive personality, and there isn't a hell of a lot of difference between her and the robot housewives right from the start.

It's a disastrous piece of casting. Katharine Ross is lovely-looking, and she's not a bad actress. It might be better if she were: a coarse performance might give us something to react to. But Katharine Ross is vacantly intelligent and somewhat reserved, almost blocked. Joanna goes through the motions of being a sympathetic mother to her two kids, as if she'd read about how to talk to children in a good, sound book. Ross is a peculiarly careful yet convictionless actress; she always looks tentative, as if she weren't quite sure that she wanted to come to life. Hardly the actress to make us feel the encroaching horror of suburban blandness. Levin's idea of making Joanna creative by having her be a gifted photographer is a lazy out—a substitute for writing a character with some life in her to lose. Even the worst cant of the women's movement has often been high-spirited—and the explosive charge told us more than the rhetoric—but Joanna is a low-spirited woman. And in the movie the photographs she takes of children at play are so wholesomely creative that they're practically the photographic equivalent of adding an egg to a packaged cake mix.

A suspense-horror film generally needs a certain amount of funkiness; even a little clumsiness and incompetence can help it along. But "Stepford" is tastefully tame; it



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has been made as if no one involved had any hope for it—it's literal in a way that seems a wasting disease. The super-household-appliance wives are Librium-slow. The reason is apparent, but robot people can be fun if they're quick and jerky, while these spacey robots are a drag. The pasty-faced automaton wives, with shiny, gluey eyes and bosoms tilted skyward, are like Raquel Welch or Ann-Margret without the lewdness. In other words—nothing. Instead of the developments one awaits, there are chunky scenes that don't come from the book and don't sound like Goldman's usual up-to-the-minute pseudo-hipness, either (Joanna reassuring one of her children, who's upset, by talking as if it were the child's Teddy bear who had the problem; Joanna and her friend Bobby, played by Paula Prentiss, visiting an old suitor of Joanna's named Raymond Chandler and having a pointless and horribly facetious chat about detective novels). Since the women haven't enough personality for us to get scared for them—where's the terror in robots' being turned into robots?—"Stepford" has nothing but its cautionary parable to go on. It's a depressing thought, but an awful lot of people may be willing to accept it on that humorless, cautionary level.

That is exactly the level on which, I think, it has no validity. As a statement—a text for our times—with the slave-wives parading somnambulistically in the aisles of the Stepford supermarket, stacking canned goods in their carts, it's really a crock. If women turn into replicas of the women in commercials, they do it to themselves. Even if the whole pop culture weighs on them—pushing them in that direction—if they go that way, they're the ones letting it happen. And as long as they can blame the barrenness of their lives on men, they don't need to change. They can play at being victims instead, and they can do it under the guise of liberation.



"The Stepford Wives" doesn't need to be a good movie in order to succeed, because it panders to the softheaded psychological commonplaces of the moment, just as "David and Lisa" did, and, on a somewhat more skillful level, "The Graduate," or, in its own way, "Easy Rider." It's a perfect movie for precisely those women for whom the tour of the supermarket is the high point of the day; "Stepford's" view of the relations of the sexes is just what those women are purchasing now from the magazine rack near the cash register. It's for women who have nothing in mind that they really want to do, except maybe fantasies of losing some weight and becoming an airline stewardess, women who feel trapped by the deadliness of their lives and are envious of their husbands' supposedly exciting time at work. These women can be turned on by "Stepford" because the ideas floating around in it confirm their fantasies. Joanna discovers that the automatons were active, creative, intelligent women before their husbands organized and, under the leadership of the sinister Dale Coba (Patrick O'Neal)—known as Diz, because he used to work at Disneyland—began systematically turning them into male ideals of femininity. The responsibility for suburban women's becoming overgroomed deadheads, obsessed with waxed, antiseptic households, is thus placed totally on the men. And one look at the men and you know that the women were their superiors in every way. The men (and this is a bit of shrewdness that's not in the book) are aging, courteous mice, nervously scuttling in and out of the woodwork. The only man in the movie meant to be even remotely attractive is the suave scientific mastermind Diz; he's unmarried—presumably his ego is bigger than his id.

As a guilt provoker for men, this picture may be peerless. It says to them, "You're a vacuous, inadequate excuse for a man; you've been demeaning a sensitive, intelligent woman, and now that she's trying to lift her head and get her consciousness raised, you'd rather kill her than let her find herself." It also says that these mousy men can be desired sexually only by women who are programmed to lie to them. "Stepford" hits men below the belt and tells them it's for their own good. Columbia Pictures may not know what it has got. The company seems to be selling "Stepford" as a sci-fi cheapo, but, given any halfway smart promotion, how can the picture not succeed?

The most salable part of the women's-liberation movement is the idea that women have been wronged by men—not "He done her wrong," as in the old he-robbed-her-of-her-virginity-and-wouldn't-marry-her sense, but, rather, "He done her wrong by marrying her for his comfort's sake, and that is all he cares about." It's a women's-lib continuation of soap opera: it all comes down to "He doesn't love

me for myself," with the new addition of "How could he, when I've become a blank?" There's so much of this in the air now that men are probably beginning to accept the guilt, just as middle-aged parents accepted "The Graduate's" view of their materialistic dirtiness. "Stepford" is for wives with feelings of superiority mixed with feelings of hopeless inadequacy. If the movie had any wit or perspective, we'd see how the men, accepting their role as providers, strapped themselves into boring jobs and turned themselves into creeps, and maybe we'd even see some of the young wives' delicious relaxation in the pleasures of having snared men who were going to take care of them. It could be an entertaining parable only if we saw the women's dreams and the men's dreams go sour, and masochistic and sadistic fantasies build. "Stepford" provides nothing but drab masochism.

What is the danger represented by robotization but giving in to commercialism and letting the advertising society set the models for one's own behavior? Right now, there's a pop subculture peddling this gutted view of women's liberation. I dislike "The Stepford Wives" for reasons that go beyond its being a cruddy movie: I dislike it for the condescension implicit in its view that educated American women are not responsible for what they become. Women, the abused, are being treated like the innocent young potheads of the late sixties—as a suffering privileged class. This sentimentality is degrading. —PAULINE KAEL

•

To demonstrate his interest in the billing process, the physician can write "O.V." (office visit) on the patient's card and say, for example, "That's $15.00." Handing the card to the patient, the physician then says, "Please give this to Mary on your way out."

The office person is instructed to say politely, "That will be $15.00 plus a balance of $35.00, which is $50.00 all together."

The patient should walk out of the office with either a receipt or a bill in hand.—*Family Practice News.*

After kissing Mary goodbye.

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THE JOY OF ERROR

[*From the Boston Globe*]

ST. LOUIS (UPI)—A shipping error resulted in a Roman Catholic school for girls receiving 25 copies of the "The Joy of Sex" instead of "The Joy of Cooking."

Sanford Jaffe, president of Paperback Supply Inc. of suburban Webster Groves, said the school did not complain and paid the bill, even though it totaled $25 more than the cookbooks would have cost.

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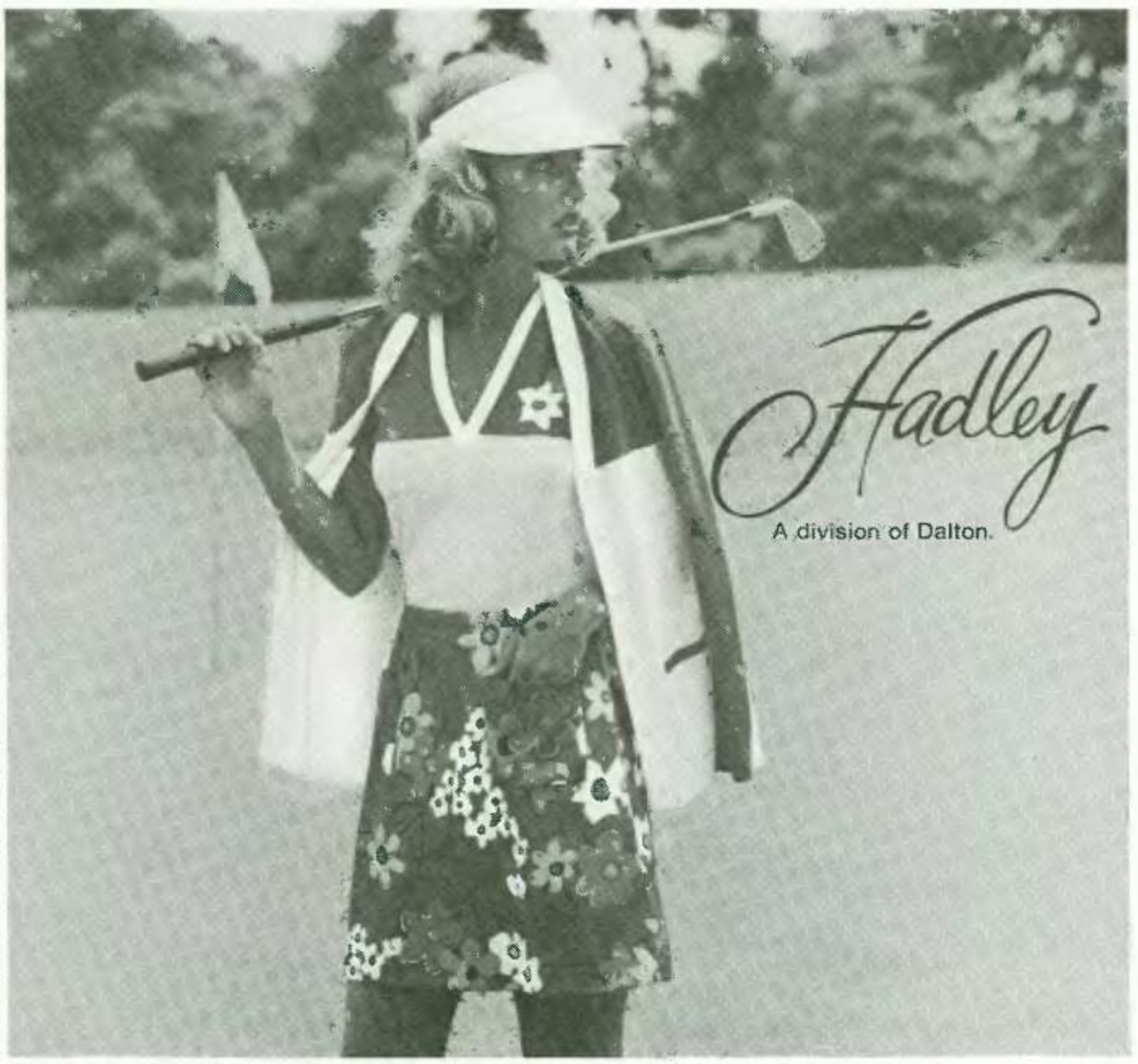


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THE RACE TRACK

Santa Anita Reveille



THOUGH it's weeks away, all the better horses out West are putting in their best licks training for the Santa Anita Handicap on March 9th. After all, for forty years it has been the most important racing event in California. It was big news from the very beginning. Offhand, I can't recall a more notable collection of stakes winners nominated for a handicap than those who assembled for the first running, in 1935. It brought together not only the best in the West but the best in the East as well, including that remarkable trio of Equipoise, Twenty Grand, and Mate—all of whom, by the way, finished out of the money. And it was a thriller. Twenty ran, and near the end of that thundering cavalry charge, Azucar, a big seven-year-old chestnut jumper, whom Joseph Widener had bought in Ireland and sold to Fred Alger, Jr., came storming down the stretch to win by a couple of lengths from Ladysman and Time Supply.

This year's running of the Big 'Cap, as the Angelenos call it, won't have a field comparable to that first one, but the competition will be just as keen, for at the end of the mile and a quarter there will be a purse of $170,000 to divvy up. We'll know more about where to look for the winner after the San Antonio Stakes this weekend. Seven winners of that race have gone on to bring off a double in the Santa Anita. There was a smart prep for the big one a fortnight ago: the San Pasqual Handicap, in which a blanket would have covered the first four, three of whom—Okavango (the winner), Tallahto (a mare), and Tree of Knowledge—cannot be overlooked. No member of the so-called softer sex has won a Santa Anita Handicap, but a number of horse-watchers say Tallahto might do it. She won six stakes last season, beating the boys in the last two, and she's trained by Charlie Whittingham, who is no green hand at saddling Santa Anita Handicap winners. (Ack Ack and Cougar II were the most recent.) He says she's not only the best thing in his

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barn but the best older mare he's ever had. She was 10–1 in the early future betting.

AGUA CALIENTE, as usual, has a future book on the Santa Anita, and Ancient Title, who was second in it last year and has won both of his two starts this season, is the favorite, at 4–1. If you like long shots, you can get 1,000–1 against The Gaffer, whom I had never heard of until now, 500–1 against three nominees—one named Reading Room, after the exclusive club at Saratoga—and 200–1 or 100–1 against a lot of others. Prince Dantan, the winner last year, is 20–1, which sounds like a square price, but no horse has ever won this one twice. As you probably know, you can't get a bet down at Caliente by mail or telephone, because there's a federal prohibition against wagers' going across state lines, including the ones between here and Mexico. But if you have any friends living across the border—say, at nearby Ensenada—they could go to the track and do it for you. . . . Which reminds me that if I had an account with OTB, which I haven't, I could dial the office in New York on the telephone from California (no one would be the wiser) and bet on all the exactas at Bowie. —AUDAX MINOR

•

DEAR DOCTOR:

Freud began early to apply depth psychology to literary figures. His classic analysis of Hamlet prompted others to explore the personality psychodynamics of various characters in literature. From this have come fresh insights into psychiatric syndromes that may have important practical applications in clinical situations you encounter.

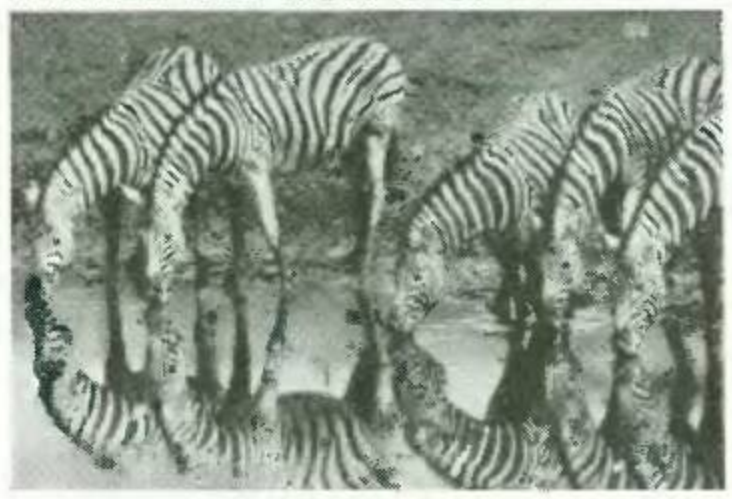
Our series of recorded discussions, *Shakespeare & Psychiatry*, seeks to follow in this vein. By this time, you should have received the first offering, "Was Falstaff An Alcoholic?" We present now the second, "Ophelia's 'Personality Disorder.'"

Ophelia was young, innocent, demure. Yet with her first serious suitor, Hamlet, she was overwhelmed by problems that caused her to speak and walk about like one gone mad. She might be diagnosed today as a personality disorder—one that might respond to Serentil (mesoridazine) and psychotherapy.

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Well, you know Hamlet—he couldn't decide whether to give her any or not.

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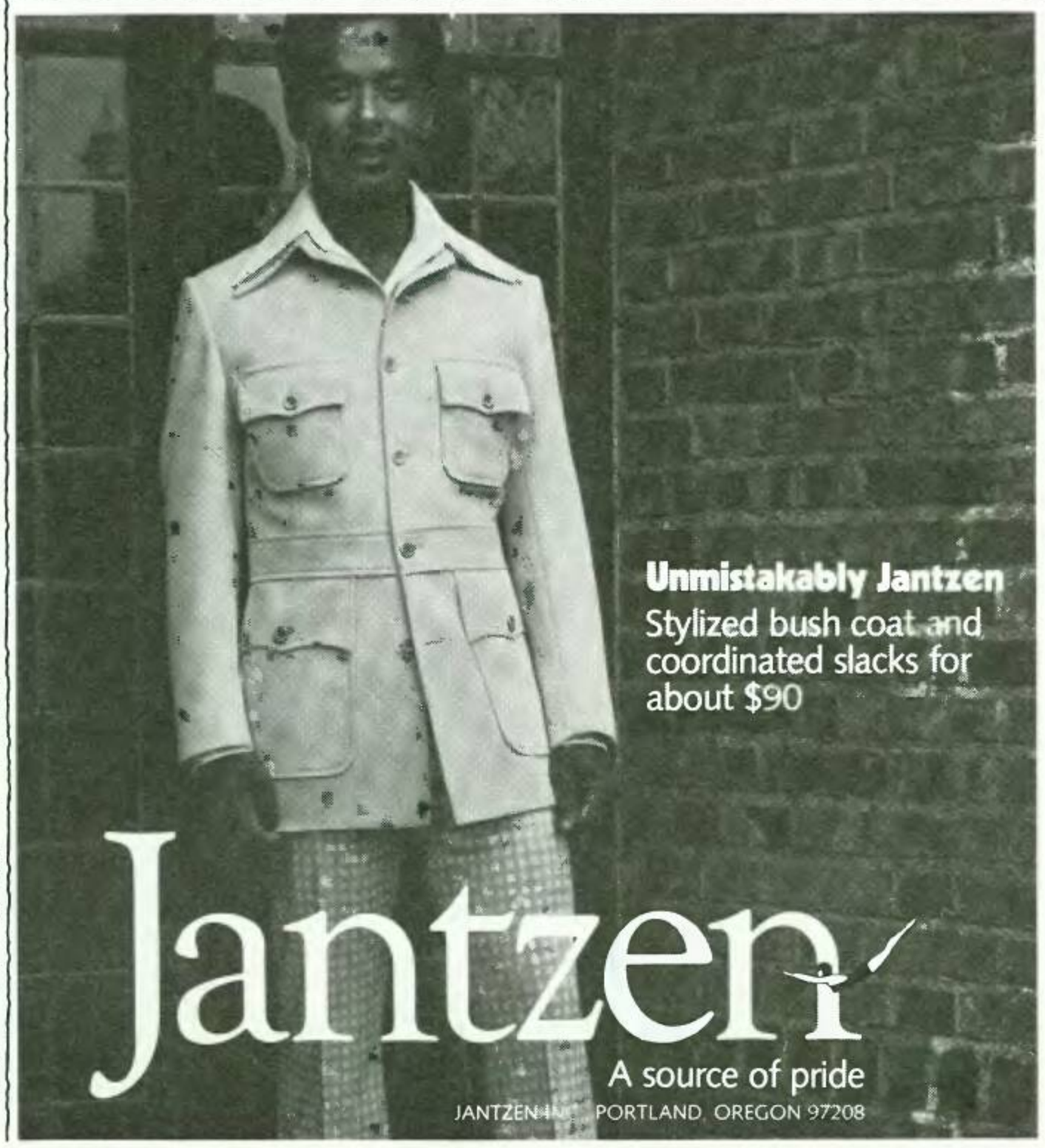
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THE AIR

Good Morning

THE television screen showed an orange sun rising slowly above an expanse of serene and empty farmland. There was a scene of horses frisking about a dewy paddock. A freight train rushed silently across a desert.

"I can't find my shirt anywhere," said Father.

"Here's your orange juice," said Mother.

"Good morning, I'm Bill Beutel," said Bill Beutel, his jacket flickering in alternating shades of green and yellow. "The Westminster Kennel Club Show is opening in New York, and in a few moments we're going to be talking to you about that."

"Don't you want your orange juice?" Mother said.

Father took the glass of orange juice and held it in his hand, and then put it down on the kitchen counter.

"I saw it in the closet only last night," he said. "Joey, you leave the set alone. It's automatic."

"Joey, go get your juice," said Mother.

Stephanie Edwards said, "I'm really looking forward to hearing about that dog show, Bill, but right now we're going to have a report on the unemployment picture that's been causing such widespread distress across the nation."

"Mom, did you see my homework anywhere?" said Clarice. "Hi, Dad. That looks real cool without a shirt."

Peter Jennings, in Washington, said, "President Ford's top economist, Alan Greenspan, testified yesterday on Capitol Hill that the country will just have to reconcile itself to eight-per-cent unemployment through 1976." Alan Greenspan said, "As I evaluate the current trade-off between stimulus and unemployment . . . I do not give great credence to the idea that a significant reduction will be caused by a stimulus greater than that proposed by the President."

"It was the white shirt," Father said. "The one with the shoe polish on the cuff. Is that coffee ready?"

"I'll get the coffee, Dad," said Clarice.

"Clarice, you do the toast," said Mother.

"Mother, I have all this *homework*. I have a quiz in social studies."

Bill Beutel said, "Johnny Miller's 69 keeps him out front in the Bob Hope Desert Classic. As of this moment, it looks as if the women are going to boycott Wimbledon."

Father switched channels. Frank Blair said, "Yesterday, in Cambodia, a direct hit was scored upon this school in Phnom Penh."

Father said, "I guess I'll go look for it myself."

Frank Blair said, "Repercussions from yesterday's rioting in Lima, Peru, are still being felt today in that strife-torn capital." There were scenes of tanks driving down a city street.

"Clarice, remember the left side of the toaster doesn't work," said Mother.

"Mother, I *know*," said Clarice.

Frank Blair said, "North Dakota has an advisory for snow. Pacific Ocean storms are moving toward the Pacific Coast."



The telephone rang. Father reappeared, holding his shoes and a towel. He picked up the phone. "No, there isn't any Lisa here," he said, and started to put the phone back. "Oh, Dad, is that *Lisa*?" Clarice screamed. Father handed her the phone.

On the television screen, soldiers were now walking slowly down a country road. "Patrols fan out from the city, looking for insurgents," said a voice.

Mother said, "Joey, you finish the toast."

Joey said, "How come I have to do the toast when I don't eat toast?"

"Do you think it might be in the laundry?" Father said. "It might have fallen to the floor of the closet, and somebody might have put it in the laundry." Father passed by Clarice on his way out of the kitchen. "Don't talk all day on the phone, Clarice," he said. She screwed up her face.

Frank Blair said, "Scattered fighting continued until well toward evening." There were scenes of more tanks speeding three abreast down a road.

"Here's your coffee," Mother said. "Now, where did he go?"

Frank Blair said, "Armored cars and Russian-made tanks broke up the disorder. A curfew and a state of national emergency have been proclaimed."

There was the sound of a crash from the back of the house.

"Eggs are ready, everyone!" Mother said. On the television screen, two tanks were firing into a brick wall. "Fix the set. That's too loud, Joey," she said. "Everyone! The eggs are getting cold."

Father came back into the kitchen, with a blue shirt hanging partly out of his trousers, and clutching one of his fingers, from which a small drop of blood appeared. "Goddam towel rack," he said.

"Here are your eggs," Mother said. "I thought you were going to get it fixed."

"I think I may have hurt myself," Father said.

On the television set, Fred Flintstone was

rolling a stone wheel down a long hill. Father looked at the stone as it sped down the hill. At the bottom of the hill, there was a dinosaur sleeping. Father watched as the wheel rolled down the hill and then along the back of the dinosaur until it hit him on the head. "Who turned this on?" Father asked.

"Mom asked me to," said Joey.

"I did no such thing, Joey," said Mother. "Eat your eggs before they're cold. Clarice, come eat your eggs!"

Father switched channels. Stephanie Edwards said, "Nearly the entire central part of the country is in the grip of a cold-air mass. . . . In Oklahoma City, the high today will be thirty-seven, the low around twenty."

"I don't like it when it gets that cold," said Mother.

"Did you know that thirty-two degrees is freezing, Mom?" said Joey.

"That was Oklahoma City," Father said. "Oklahoma City, Oklahoma."

"Clarice, you get off the phone this instant," Mother said.

Bill Beutel said, "In a little while, we're going to be talking about that Westminster Kennel Club Show, but right now we're going to Washington to visit with sociologist Donald Warren, who has been in the nation's capital all week examining the way that unemployed workers handle stress." Peter Jennings, in Washington, said, "Professor Warren, I understand that you're here in the nation's capital trying to find out more about how the unemployed react in times of stress. Is that correct?" Professor Warren said, "Yes, that's fundamentally correct, Peter. We've been following people through a series of crises, and these have been difficult times."

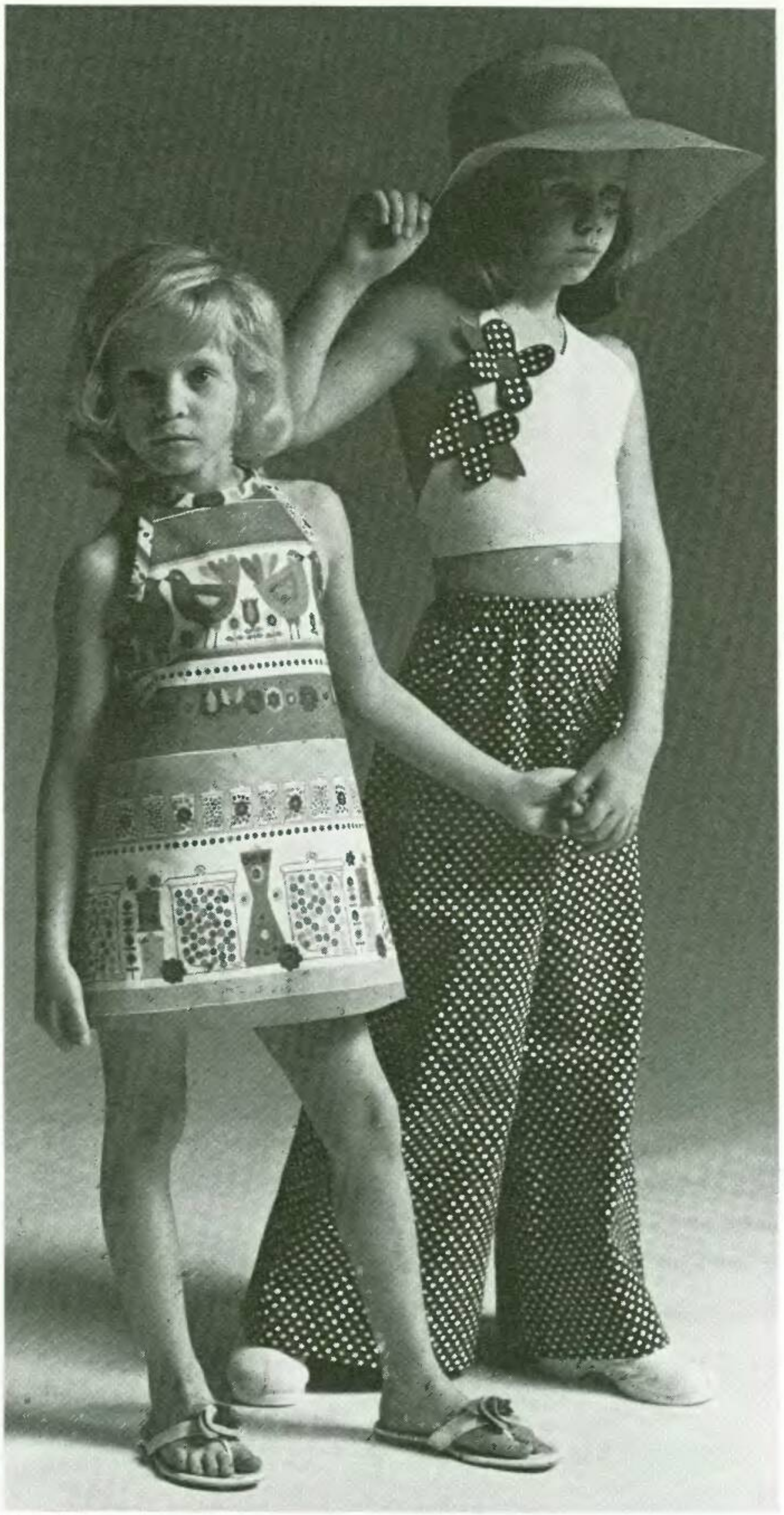
Mother said, "I ought to check at Garfields and see if they got in any of those new bird feeders yet. How come you're eating with your hand all bent like that?"

"Can't you see my finger is bleeding?" said Father.

"You're supposed to hold it above your head, Dad," said Joey. "If you hold it above your head, then gravity stops the blood from spurting up through your arm and sloshing all over everything."

"That's the most *disgusting* thing I ever heard," said Clarice, sitting down at the table. Clarice spread butter over a piece of toast and began to eat it.

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rates and . . . issues which confront people," said Professor Warren.

Clarice got to her feet. "Mom, I have to run."

"Eat your eggs, Clarice," said Joey.

"Where do you have to run to, young lady?" said Father. He reached forward and changed the channel again. Jim Hartz said, "In a moment, we'll be talking to a United Nations official who says that five hundred million people in the world aren't getting enough to eat. Here is Mr. Eric Ojala, head of the United Nations food program. Mr. Ojala, I understand that the United Nations has been developing an early-warning system for the world food situation."

The telephone rang. Father answered it. "Lisa?" he said. "I thought you just called."

"Oh, *Dad*," Clarice said, taking the phone.

The doorbell rang. Mr. Ojala said, "We receive reports nowadays from all member countries."

A door slammed, and a boy's voice bellowed "Joey!"

"Why, good morning, Gordon," Mother said.

Mr. Ojala said, "Although this system is still in its early stages, nonetheless it gives us time to anticipate where certain crops may fail." Jim Hartz said, "Mr. Ojala, do these reports have to do with crops as well as weather?"

Father suddenly got to his feet. "Have you seen the car-insurance papers?" he said.

"I can't imagine where," said Mother. "I thought you always kept them in the envelope with the stereo warranty."

Mr. Ojala said, "It's true that fertilizer has been in short supply all during the year, but I don't believe it is fair to blame this shortage on the petroleum industry."

Father came back in. "I can't find the stereo warranty, either," he said.

"Are we getting a new stereo?" asked Clarice, still on the phone.

"Don't bother your father," said Mother.

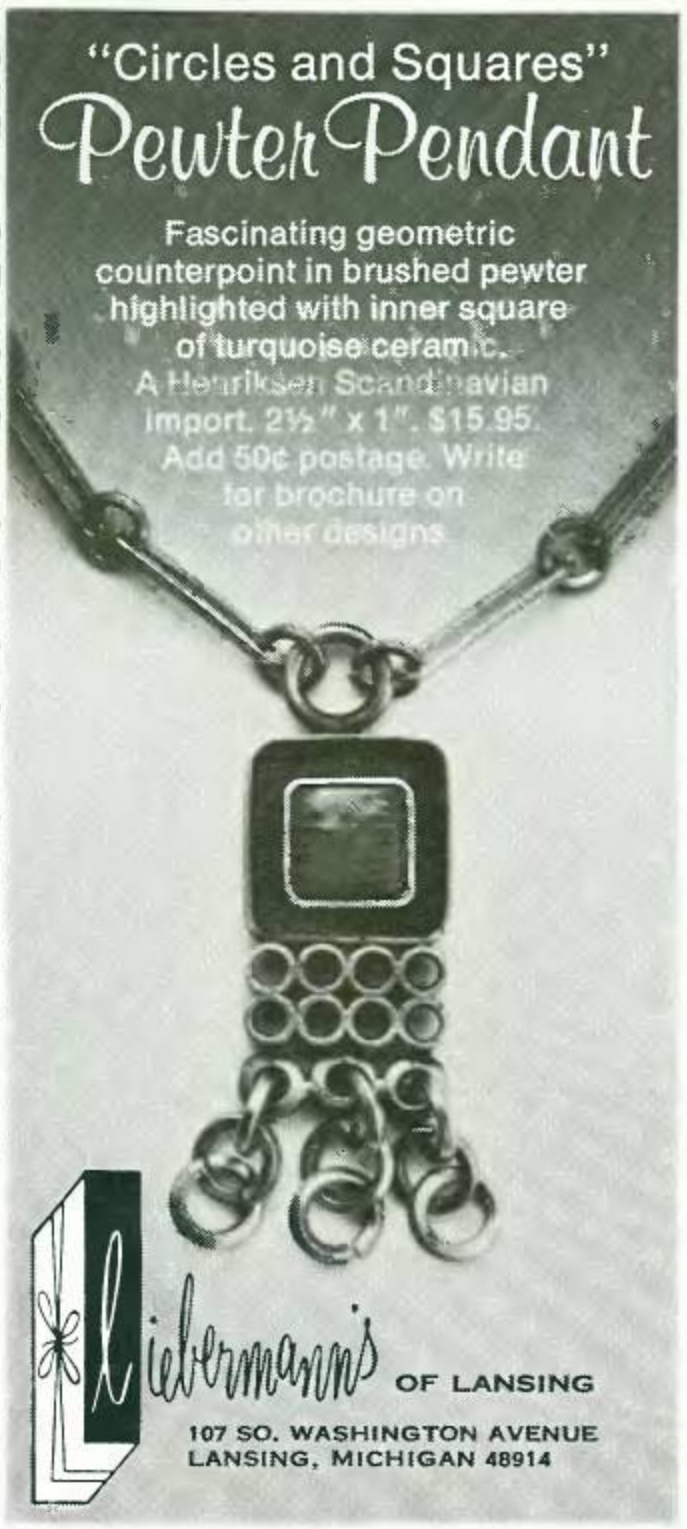
Joey changed the channel.

"You'll be late for the bus," said Mother. Clarice hung up the phone. "Who put this *disgusting* sticker on my notebook?" she screamed.

Bill Beutel said, "Now we're going to see three very unusual species of the canine family. This aristocratic pooch, I think, is called a Pharaoh hound, and I gather they're supposed to smile when they're happy, and they're supposed to blush."

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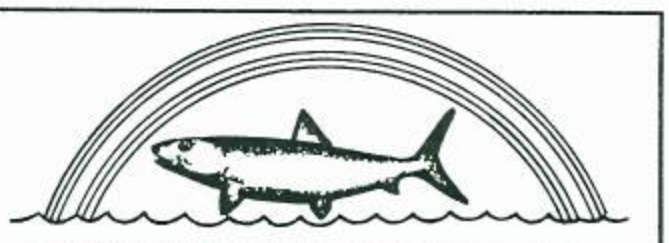
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Clarice said, "Joey, someday I'm going to kill you. Honestly, I am going to *kill* you. Mother, I'm going to Modern Dance this afternoon with Lisa."

Father reappeared, wearing an overcoat and holding a white shirt. "I found the white shirt," he said.

"Dad, you've got shaving cream on your ear," said Clarice.

Bill Beutel said, "Miss Laventhall, would you say he is blushing now?" Miss Laventhall said, "Oh, definitely. He is definitely blushing."

"I wouldn't feel safe with a dog like that," said Mother.

"I'll call you from the office," said Father.

"Can Lisa come overnight Thursday?" asked Clarice.

"Now, this is an extremely rare breed of Chinese dog. Two thousand years ago in China . . . it was the pet of the aristocratic set," said Bill Beutel.

"Don't forget to stop by Windsor Supply on your way home," said Mother.

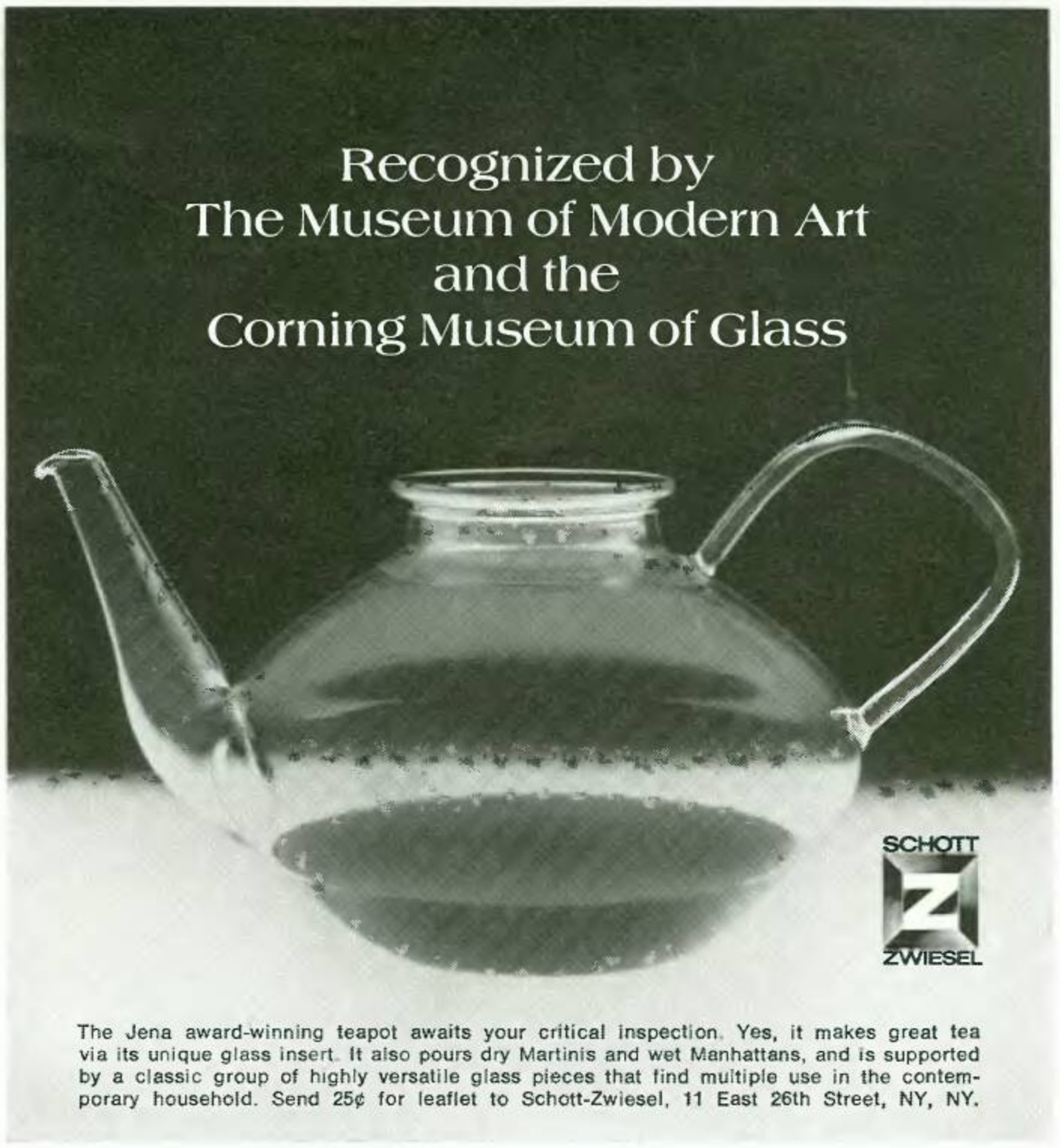
"How come Clarice always has overnights?" said Joey.

"Can I have some ice cream?" asked Gordon.

"You run along now, boys," said Mother.

There was the sound of the storm door slamming, then reopening, then slamming. Mother changed the channel on the television set and started collecting the dishes. The door opened again. "Somebody left roller skates in the car," Father said. The door closed again. A car engine started, missed, started, missed, then started. Mother stood before the sink, rinsing dishes. On the set behind her, Barbara Walters said to Charles Colson, "Tell us about that prison experience, will you. Tell us about the first night." Charles Colson said, "Well, I think, Barbara, from my standpoint, it was just one of the most revealing experiences of my life." Mother put the dishes one by one into the dishwasher and turned the switch. Outside the window, two robins padded on the snow. The rumble of the dishwasher filled the room. Mother sprayed the skillet with a jet of hot water. Charles Colson said, "There was certain information of that nature which was passed to us in the White House in 1972." The refrigerator clicked on. The dishwasher churned. The telephone began to ring. "Hi, Beth," Mother said. "Wait a minute while I turn it down. We were just listening to the morning news."

—Michael J. Arlen



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DANCING

Free and More Than Equal

IF George Balanchine were a novelist or a playwright or a movie director instead of a choreographer, his studies of women would be among the most discussed and most influential artistic achievements of our time. But because Balanchine works without words, and customarily without a libretto, and because the position of women in ballet has always been a dominant one, we take his extraordinary creations for granted, much as if they were natural happenings. It is part of Balanchine's genius to make the extraordinary seem natural; how many contemporary male artists, in ballet or out of it, can compete with him in depicting contemporary women? Balanchine's world is pervaded by a modern consciousness; his women do not always live for love, and their destinies are seldom defined by the men they lean on. Sexual complicity in conflict with individual freedom is a central theme of the Balanchine pas de deux, and more often than not it is dramatized from the woman's point of view. The man's role is usually that of fascinated observer and would-be manipulator—the artist who seeks to possess his subject and finds that he may only explore it. For Balanchine it is the man who sees and follows and it is the woman who acts and guides. The roles may not be reversed. When the man sometimes does not "see" (one thinks of Orpheus, or the lone male figure in the Elegy of "Serenade," or Don Quixote, who hallucinates), he continues blindly on his mission, passive in the grip of fate. But when the woman is passive and sightless it is because she is without a destiny of her own. She can belong to a man. This is what the Sleepwalker suggests to the Poet in "La Sonnàmbula;" it is what Kay Mazzo suggests to Peter Martins in "Duo Concertant" and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." In both these ballets, Mazzo is blinded by Martins in a gesture both benevolent and authoritarian. They are the only pas de deux of Balanchine's I know in which the man has a fully controlling role. Even the Sleepwalker does not surrender to the Poet she tantalizes. And even Allegra Kent, who in the roles Balanchine made for her was so supple she practically invited a man to turn her into a docile toy, was uncapturable. Think of "Episodes," in which every trap her partner sets seems to contain a hidden spring by which she can release herself—or ensnare *him;* or her role in "Ivesiana" ("The Unanswered Question"), in which she is borne like an infanta on the shoulders of four men, lifted, turned in this direction and that, dropped headlong to within inches of the ground, delivered for one burning instant into the arms of a fifth man, who is crawling wretchedly after her, and taken away into the dark whence she came. Like the Sleepwalker, she does not seem to belong to herself, yet she doesn't belong to her manipulators, either—they're a part of her mystery. (In the same ballet, another woman enters blind, groping her way forward; what seems to happen between her and the man she meets is rape.)

The image of the unattainable woman is one that comes from nineteenth-century Romantic ballet, but in Balanchine the ballerina is unattainable simply because she is a woman, not because she's a supernatural or enchanted being. He can make comedy or tragedy, and sometimes a blend of both, out of the conflict between a woman's free will and her need for a man; he can carry you step by step into dramas in which sexual relationships are not defined by sex or erotic tension alone, and in this he is unique among choreographers. He is unique, too, in going beyond the limits of what women have conventionally expressed on the stage. In "Diamonds," the ballet that follows "Emeralds" and "Rubies" in the three-part program called "Jewels," Suzanne Farrell dances a long, supported adagio the point of which is to let us see how little support she actually needs. There is no suggestion here of a partnership between equals, of matched wits in a power play such as there is in "Rubies," with Patricia McBride and Edward Villella. In "Diamonds" there is no contest, and in a sense the conception is reactionary—the woman is back on her pedestal and the man is worshipful. But that is not the meaning of the dance as we see it today. There's much more substance to "Diamonds" than there was in the days when Farrell first danced it, when it seemed the iciest and emptiest of abstractions with, in the woman's part, an edge of brazen contempt. Farrell, a changed and immeasurably enriched dancer, in stepping back into the ballet has discovered it. She is every bit as powerful as she was before, but now she takes responsibility for the discharge of power; she doesn't just fire away. And whereas she used to look to me like an omnicompetent blank, she's now dynamic, colorful, tender. Her impetuosity and her serenity are forces in constant play, and one may see the action of the piece as a drama of temperament. It is a



"And just what, exactly, is 'meow' supposed to mean?"

drama very different from the one I remember. Farrell's independent drive no longer seems unacceptably burdensome to her, and her mastery implies no rebuke.

And what mastery it is—of continual off-center balances maintained with light support or no support at all, of divergently shaped steps unthinkably combined in the same phrase, of invisible transitions between steps and delicate shifts of weight in poses that reveal new and sweeter harmonies of proportion no matter how wide or how subtle the contrast. Your eye gorges on her variety, your heart stops at the brink of every precipice. She, however, sails calmly out into space and returns as if the danger did not exist. Farrell's style in "Diamonds" (and the third act of "Don Quixote") is based on risk; she is almost always off balance and always secure. Her confidence in moments of great risk gives her the leeway to suggest what no ballerina has suggested before her—that she can sustain herself, that she can go it alone. Unlike Cynthia Gregory, and many ballerinas less distinguished than Gregory, who perfect held balances, Farrell perfects the *act* of balance/imbalance as a constant feature of dancing. It is not equilibrium as stasis, it is equilibrium as continuity that she excels in. Although, as in her "Diamonds" performance, she can take a piqué arabesque and stand unaided, she's capable of much more; her conquests are really up there where the richer hazards are. In the Scherzo, going at high speed, she several times takes piqué arabesque, swings into second position and back into arabesque, uncoiling a half turn that, because of the sudden force of the swing, seems like a complete one. In the finale, her partner (Jacques d'Amboise) is only there to stop her. She slips like a fish through his hands. She doesn't stop, doesn't wait, doesn't depend, and she can't fall. She's like someone who has learned to breathe thin air.

Of course, the autonomy of the ballerina is an illusion, but Farrell's is the extremest form of this illusion we have yet seen, and it makes "Diamonds" a riveting spectacle about the freest woman alive. The title is a misnomer. "Diamonds" finds its entire justification in a single dancer; apart from its presentation of the multifaceted Farrell, the ballet is paste. None of the ballets Balanchine created for Farrell were top-flight, and there is very little besides Farrell to justify the maintenance in repertory of his full-evening work "Don Quixote." Farrell has little to do until the third act, where she

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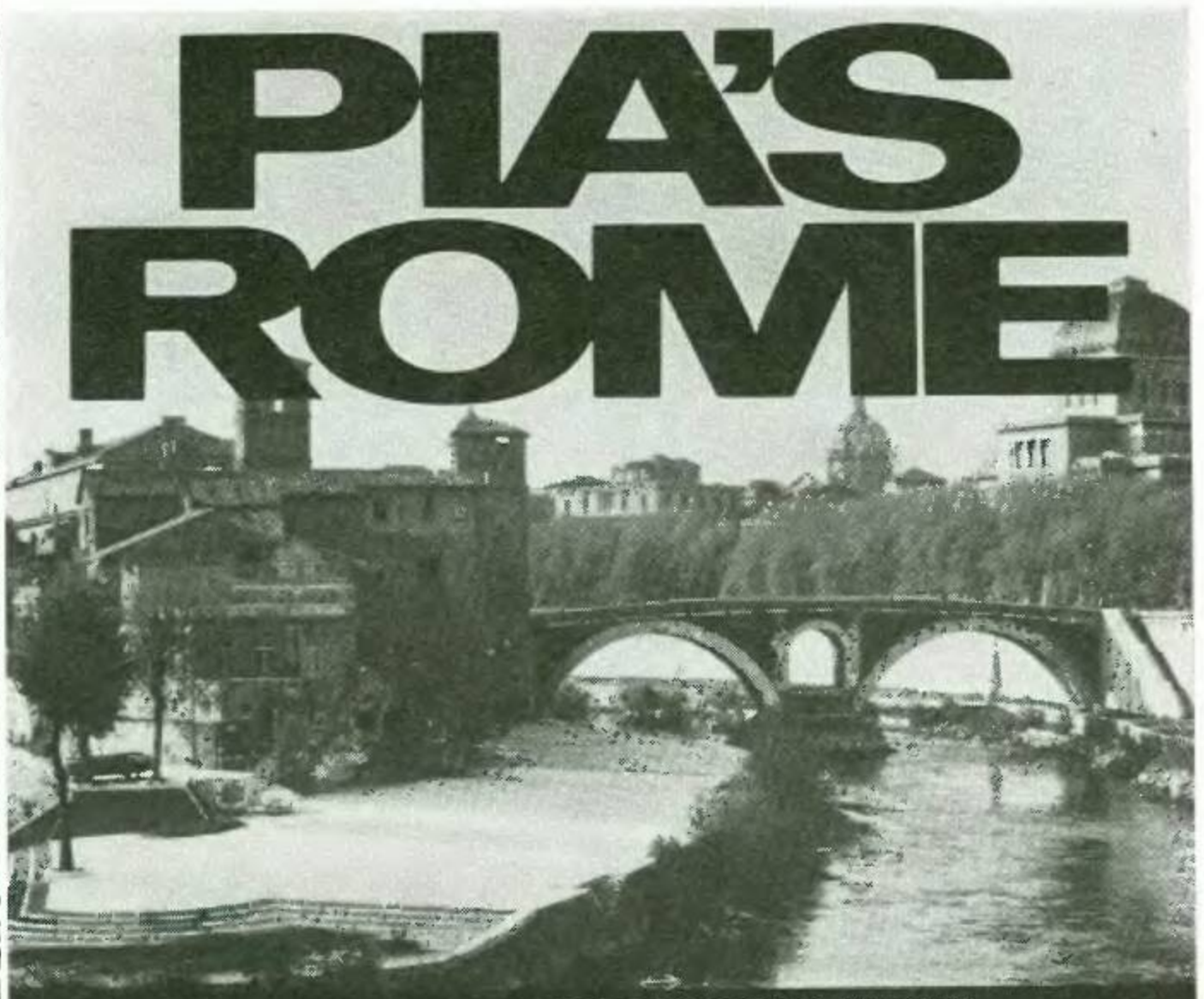
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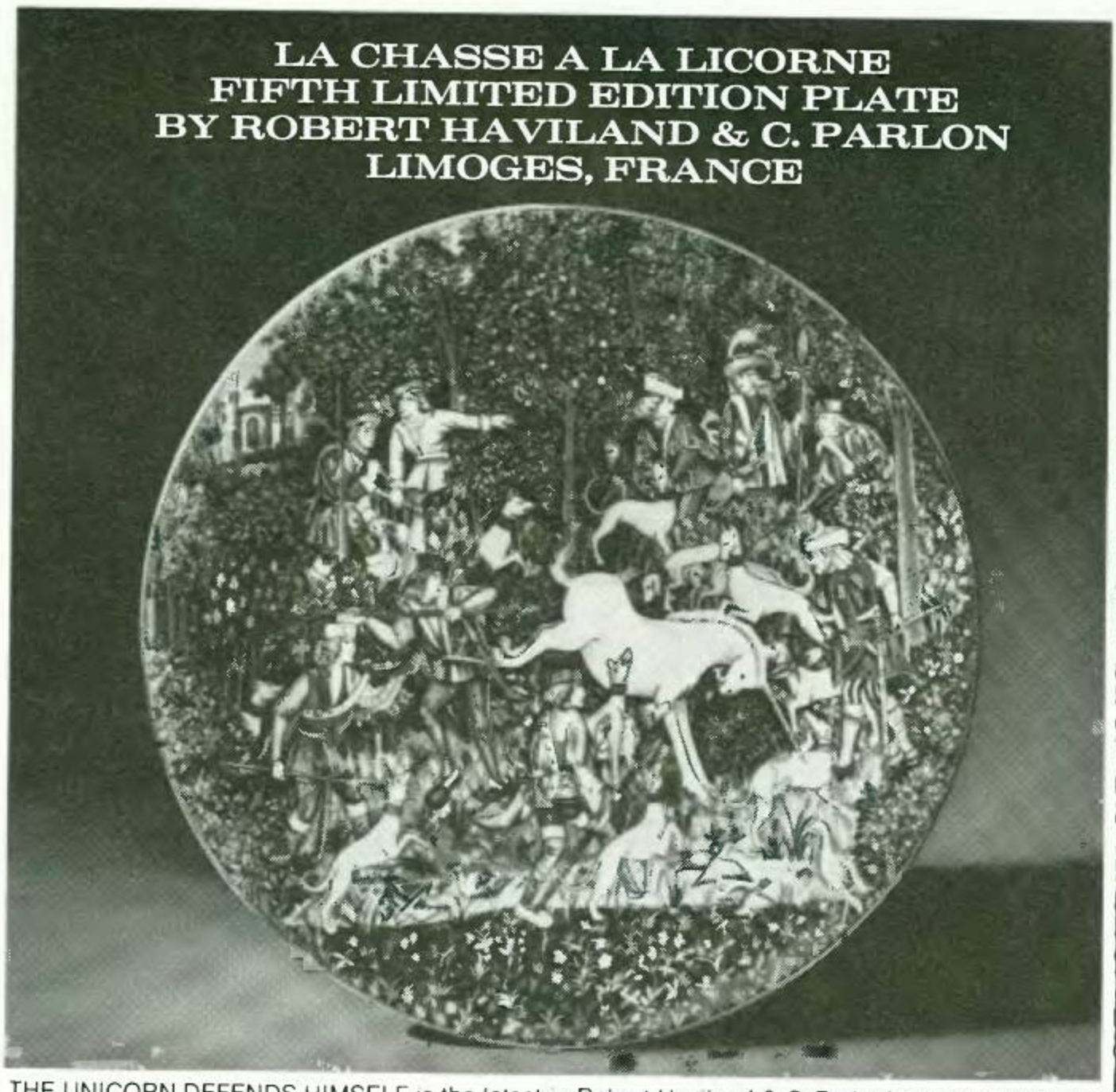
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fully recaptures her old brilliance and adds to it a new gift for dramatization. Up to that point she has outgrown the role, and the ballet is stale and boring. It was an interesting failure ten years ago, when it was new, but Balanchine's attempts to straighten out the strands that connect the Don's fantasies to the reality of persons and events around him have led to a succession of ever more futile revisions in the first act, and with the addition two years ago of a classical-Spanish divertissement he abandoned all efforts at mise-en-scène. The story of Don Quixote doesn't really get going until well into the second act, most of which is taken up with another divertissement. The ballet has always suffered from a lack of conviction; maybe it was on account of Nicolas Nabokov's music, maybe it was because giving overt dramatic expression to his theme of the elusive Ideal Woman betrayed Balanchine into unflattering revelations of self-pity. Although Jacques d'Amboise, taking over the role this season, gives the Don modesty and dignity, Balanchine seems to feel very sorry for him indeed.

Farrell's Dulcinea and her role in "Diamonds" suggest that, as a Balanchine conception, she's free and more than equal to any man. In "Bugaku," she appeared in a contrasting role, one originally done by Kent. Here the woman is seen ribaldly as an object, and though there are moments of satire in the geisha-girl pantomime (as well as some nasty pseudo-Oriental mannerisms), "Bugaku" is the nearest thing in the New York City Ballet repertory to a Béjart ballet. Balanchine seems to have derived his inspiration for the pas de deux from Japanese pornographic prints. Farrell's forthright power brought out some of the acid below the surface, but not enough. Kent can bring it all out—complicity carried to the point of mockery—so the piece becomes nearly a feminist statement; she can make the movements look insinuating and delicious at the same time. There is a close link between Kent and Farrell that Farrell's absence had obscured, but Farrell in Kent's roles rather emphasizes their dissimilarities. —ARLENE CROCE

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Every nation must have its own traditional language as a primary language, which if it was not English is not likely to be.—*From "English—Best Hope for a World Language," by George C. McGhee, in the Saturday Review/World.*

Who says English isn't the best hope for a world language?

MUSICAL EVENTS

Antony's Second Chance

WHEN Samuel Barber undertook to compose an "Antony and Cleopatra," to words by William Shakespeare, for the inaugural performance of the new Metropolitan Opera House, in 1966, he set himself a triple hurdle. First, of all the operas whose librettos are taken word for word from Shakespeare, only one—Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—has ever been successful. Second, none of the operas based on the Roman tragedies has been successful at all; "Julius Caesar" and "Antony," in particular, are built in a way that has resisted operatic treatment. And, third, misfortune has often, though not invariably, attended large new works premièred in untried houses (for example, Bellini's "Zaira," which opened the Teatro Nuovo in Parma) or before audiences attracted as much by the event as by the music (for example, Britten's "Gloriana," composed for the 1953 Coronation; at the première, in Covent Garden, the new Elizabeth was the star of the show and the opera about her predecessor—in the words of Harold Rosenthal's Covent Garden history—"was quite a secondary affair"). Barber's "Antony" did not clear the hurdles. It was not a success, and disappeared from the boards. But many people believed that a score of merit had been stifled, submerged, in the abundant, expensive, and elaborate décor and ponderous, populous staging provided by Franco Zeffirelli for that first production. This struck me as unlikely, when I heard the piece. (I missed the show itself, but obtained a tape recording and a score.) The music, while containing several most agreeable lyrical passages—mellifluous, fluent, and romantic in a general way—and much able invention, simply did not rise to the size of its subject. Maybe, at the Met, it had been treated as "music to move scenery to," but then much of it seemed to do little more than go through the familiar gestures of late-Romantic grand opera. All the same, "Antony" plainly deserved a second chance, with at least the third of the three hurdles removed. (When "Gloriana" was given such a second chance, it became a public success.) And now it has received one. The Juilliard American Opera Center has just revived the work for four performances, in the Juilliard Theatre. At the same time, the composer took the opportunity to revise his work, cutting a good deal, adding some new matter, pruning, and judiciously retouching.



But what of the first and second hurdles—the language, and the structure, of Shakespeare's play? The great Shakespeare operas (Verdi's "Macbeth," "Otello," and "Falstaff") have texts written by a contemporary of the composer's. They include some passages lifted almost unaltered from the original—but any translator who tries to put Shakespeare's words to Verdi's music soon finds that, even though the syllables may fit, the tone goes disastrously wrong. Some good Shakespeare operas (Ernest Bloch's "Macbeth," for example) set Shakespeare in a contemporary translation—and similarly reject any early-seventeenth-century verbal grafts. When Gide approached Stravinsky about making an opera from his translation of "Antony," the composer said that, since his music would be modern, the costumes and the whole style of presentation would have to be modern, too, and the project fell through. In Barber's "Antony," Shakespeare's verses and Barber's music are jostling bedfellows. Lines like "I shall break the cause of our expedience to the Queen" seem stilted when declaimed in Cilea-type arioso. "Antony" would probably sound better in a modern Italian translation carefully fitted to the music. A few small "glosses" (such as "gibe" altered to "jeer," or "practice on my state" to "plot against my state") merely disturb anyone who knows the play well. Much of the syntax and vocabulary jars against the manner of the music, and inhibits the performers from an easy, communicative dramatic utterance. Moreover, Barber's word setting can be cavalier, at odds with the natural speeds and stresses of the lines. Perhaps he intended a deliberate stiffness in the exchanges of the Antony-Caesar encounter ("I learn *you* take things ill. . . . I wrote *to* you"). This scherzo-duettino—a Hindemithian two-part invention over a perky bass in steady eighth notes—followed by a passacaglia begun on Agrippa's "Thou hast a sister, admired Octavia" and continued as the *Verwandlungsmusik*, is one of the clearest musical structures in the score. But what intention can lie behind Cleopatra's "tawny-finn'd fishes" set with the "ny" and "fi" syllables extended, or her question "Hast thou the *pretty* [as opposed to the ugly?] worm of Nilus there?" Octavia's name is given four full syllables ("Oc-tay-vee-aah"), and the last syllable of the hero's name is sometimes prolonged with a rising inflection. As a result, much of "Antony" sounded as if it were being sung in a clumsy translation. The fault may have lain partly with the singers, who did not give the impression that they could command the poetry to any great effect in a spoken performance of the play; and partly with the publisher, who, in the blunt modern manner, has tied together the tails of eighth and shorter notes, as if voices were no more than wordless instruments. This procedure regularly prompts singers toward metrical delivery rather than an eloquent utterance in which each syllable, separately stemmed and flagged, is invested with its appropriate weight, speed, and color. Whatever the reasons for it, the lines emerged with as many false emphases as in a Royal Shakespeare Company production. Paradoxically, this would have mattered less if Barber had been bolder still and imposed such strong, independent musical rhythms on the text that we could then ignore it (rather as Peter Brook did, in another medium, in that production of the "Dream" that was all action and no verbal poetry). What proves fatal, in opera, is any effect of tagging along respectfully behind Shakespeare's lines and then ever so often getting them wrong.

The structure of "Antony" is best discussed in connection with the revisions. In 1966, the title page carried the credit "The Text of William Shakespeare adapted by Franco Zeffirelli," but Zeffirelli's name has been dropped from the program of the revival. Essentially, his rearrangement of Shakespeare's scenes for the lyric stage and his mosaics of lines and part-lines ingeniously jigsawed from the text remain. There are three acts. The first closes after the Roman revelry on the galley (the scene is shifted ashore in the revision), and the second with Antony's suicide. Act III is the two Monument scenes, IV, 13 and V, 2 of the play. There can be no question of getting all of "Antony" into an opera. Its earliest musical treatment, J. C. Kaffka's "Antonius und Kleopatra" (Berlin, 1779), was in the form of a duodrama. A less obscure handling, Gian Francesco Malipiero's "Antonio e Cleopatra" (Florence, 1938), omits all the scenes outside Egypt, except that on the galley (into which the composer-librettist, like Zeffirelli, introduces Enobarbus's "The barge she

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sat in") and a brief Actium battle piece—no Octavia, and Caesar's contribution but a few lines. Although the imperial consequences of Antony's love are by intention not shown, "even so," as Winton Dean says, "what remains demands a lyrical sweep, a grandeur of characterization and a power to fascinate that only the greatest opera composers have possessed," and Malipiero's opera fails because his music is no more than attentive to the text, sensitive, intelligent, and unimpassioned.

Zeffirelli's Act I alternates between Egypt and Italy—three scenes in each, after a choral prologue. By redisposing some episodes and omitting others, Barber has now obviated two scene changes. He retains Zeffirelli's exposition, which is less dramatic—and less operatic, I would say—than Shakespeare's. In the play, hard on a short introduction, the lovers appear together: "If it be love indeed, tell me how much./ There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd./ I'll set a bourne how far to be belov'd./ Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth." Four lines—and then a messenger cuts into the scene with "News, my good lord, from Rome." Zeffirelli moved those four lines to the second scene of Act II and, instead of striking the principal theme at the start, brought up his curtain on Antony in conversation with Enobarbus. Shakespeare follows with a playful scene in the luxurious Egyptian court (Charmian, Iras, sweet Alexas, the Soothsayer); Zeffirelli moved this, as well, to Act II, and there it stays.

The main cuts in the new version are of Mardian's song and Cleopatra's chatter with him, and of the stick dance and "Come, thou monarch of the vine" (set as catchy-rhythmed *brindisi* for Antony)—all in Act I. Otherwise it is chiefly a matter of a few bars here, a page or so there. The earlier version runs to three hundred and forty-two pages of vocal score, and the revised version (in a preliminary form; it is not yet published) to two hundred and ninety-four. Some of the big moments have been given broader and more effective declamation—"Eternity was in our lips and eyes," "Let Rome in Tiber melt." Minor characters—Octavia, Mardian, Maecenas, Lepidus—have been muted, or removed altogether. A new love duet has been added, sung in Antony's tent on the dawn of Actium; its words are "Oh take, oh take those lips away" (not the "Measure for Measure" version but the two strophes in Fletcher's "The Bloody Brother"). It is an agreeable piece of music, in a vein that suggests Franz Lehár, or perhaps Victor Herbert. Other moments of love music have been expanded. The "concert close" of Cleopatra's final monologue, "Give me my robe," as heard in Leontyne Price's recording of the number, has been taken into the opera. The heroine no longer dies in midquestion ("What should I stay—") but adds Charmian's completion, "In this wild [Barber reads "vile"] world?;" and where Charmian once sang, "So, fare thee well./ Now boast thee, Death, in thy possession lies/ A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;/ And golden Phoebus never be [Barber omitted to set the "be"] beheld/ Of eyes again so royal!/ Your crown's awry!/ I'll mend it, and then play," Cleopatra now survives to sing, "Now I feed myself with most delicious poison, that I might sleep out this great gap of time. My man of men!"—lines adapted from the "Give me to drink mandragora" dialogue of I, 5. The entry of Caesar's guardsman is cut. Two other numbers that appear in the interim revised score were not performed at the Juilliard: Barber's 1969 choral setting of Louise Bogan's poem "To Be Sung on the Water," at the start of the "galley" scene, and a funeral-march prelude to Act III, based on the music of the final monologue.



ONLY someone who has seen both productions of "Antony" in the theatre can properly assess the effect of the changes. The original music did not strike me as too long. Some of the scenes in the new version do strike me as a shade skimpy for so vast a drama. (The three acts play for roughly thirty-six, thirty-eight, and thirty minutes.) I suspect that if the opera is revived a century or so hence, directors of the future will want to combine both scores in new arrangements (as directors of today do with "Idomeneo," "Don Carlos," "Boris Godunov," and "Carmen"), reinstating valued passages which the composer himself cut but retaining passages he strengthened by recomposition. My own view is that "Antony" (even though it may not show "a grandeur of characterization . . . that only the greatest opera composers have pos-

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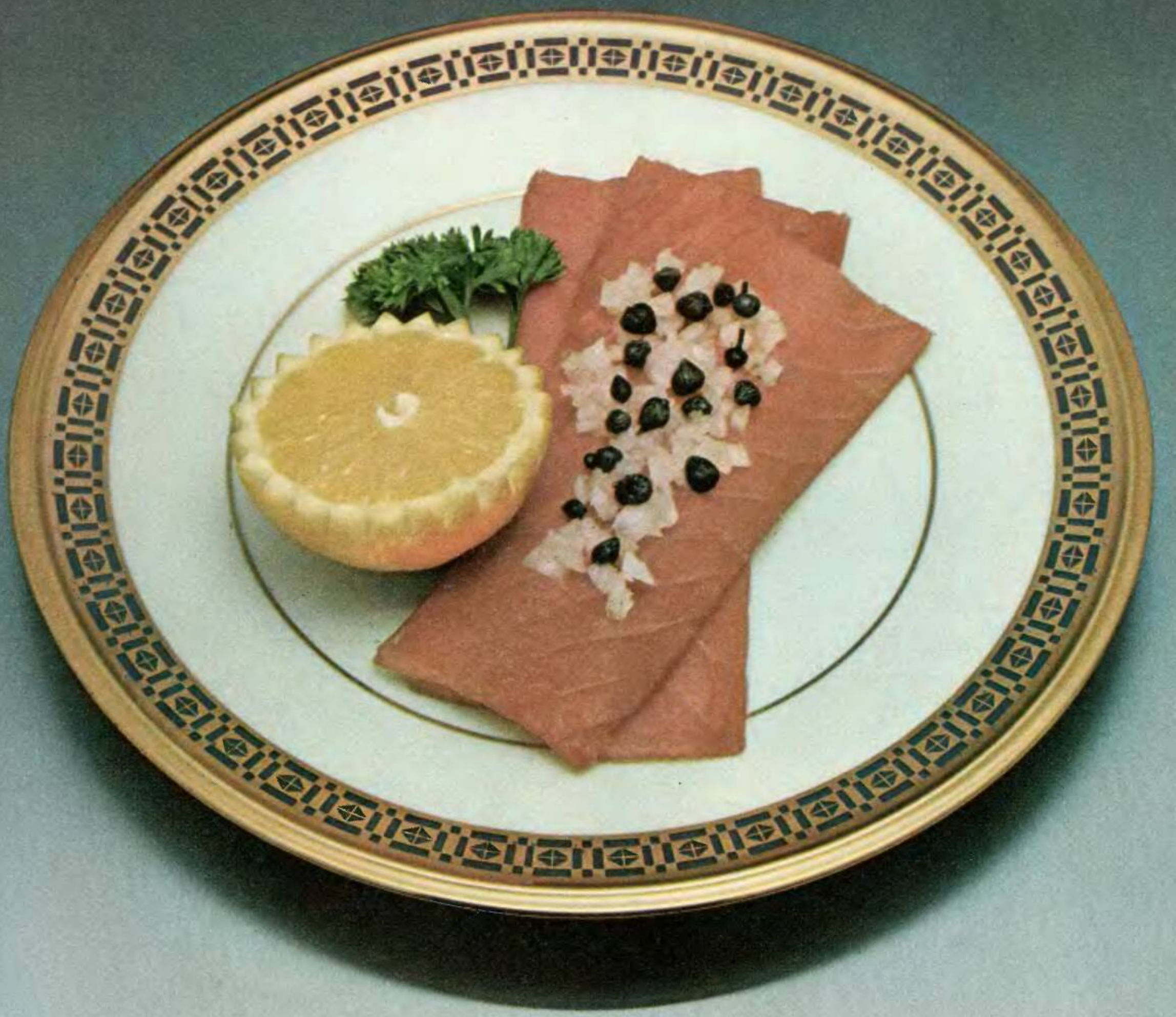
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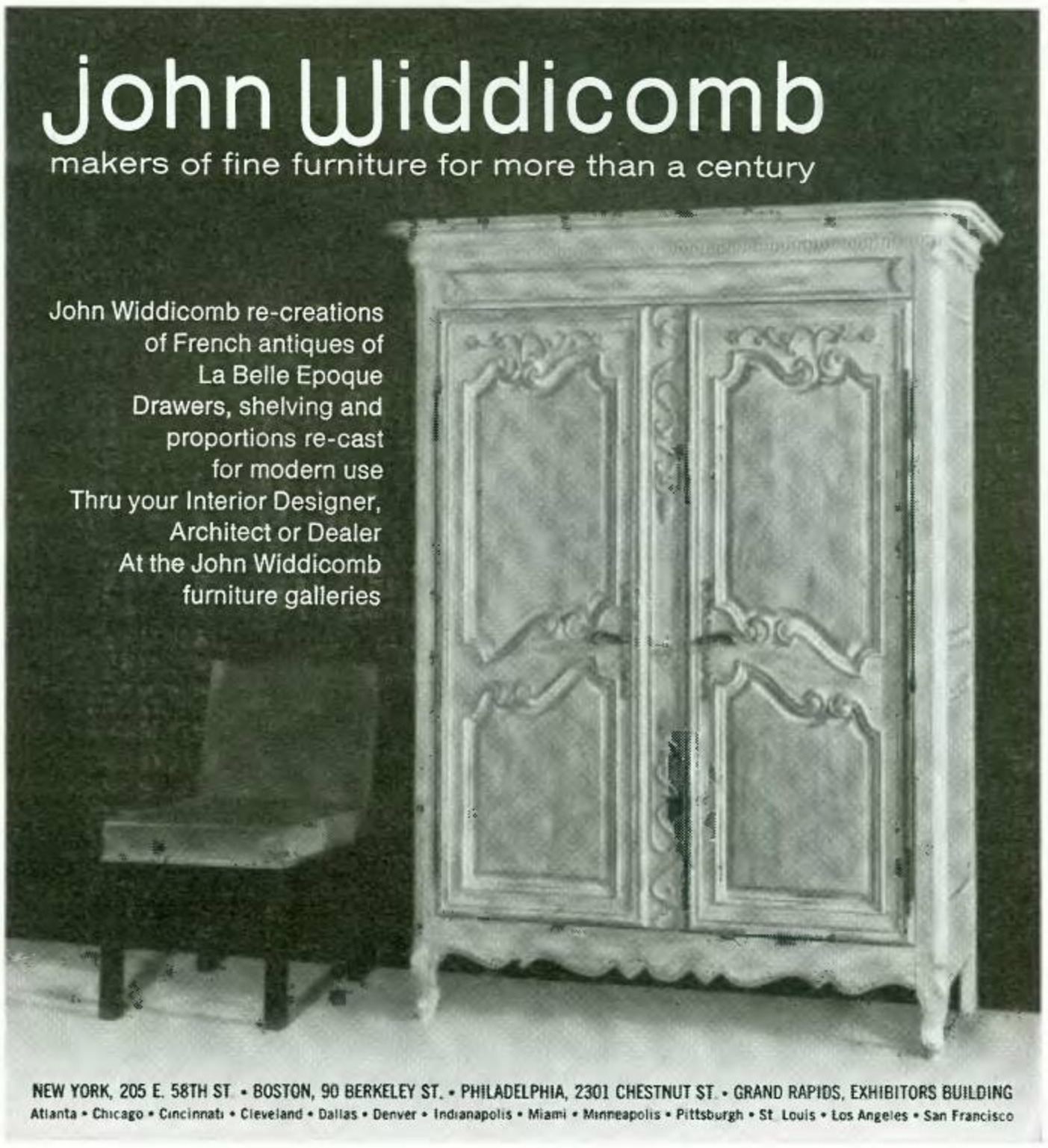
sessed") deserves a third chance: a large-scale production given preferably in France, Italy, or Germany, where the first hurdle—the dependence on Shakespeare's verbal poetry—could also be removed, and in a house the size of Hamburg's or West Berlin's, where the stage can hold big spectacle and the auditorium is small enough for the voices to tell strongly. The little Juilliard Theatre, though generally admired, I find essentially unfriendly to operas. The acoustics, except when the stage is adjusted for concerts, with the pit floor raised, are dry. Voices do not set it ringing. The physical impact of a piece like "Antony" (or of Virgil Thomson's "Lord Byron," a subtle and interesting opera that evaporated in the Juilliard, and most certainly deserves a second chance, too) is lost. The most striking scenes in this production of "Antony" were two that do not depend on full-throated lyricism: soldiers' conversation during the mysterious "music i'th'air" (hautboys under the stage in Shakespeare; the ondes Martenot in Barber) that tells of the god Hercules, whom Antony loved, leaving him; and the last conversation of Antony and his page, Eros, over a kettledrum ostinato. Elsewhere, during what should have been the music of rapture, of love for whose splendor the world was well lost, it was easier to perceive what effect the composer had aimed at than to be exalted by a surge of sound.

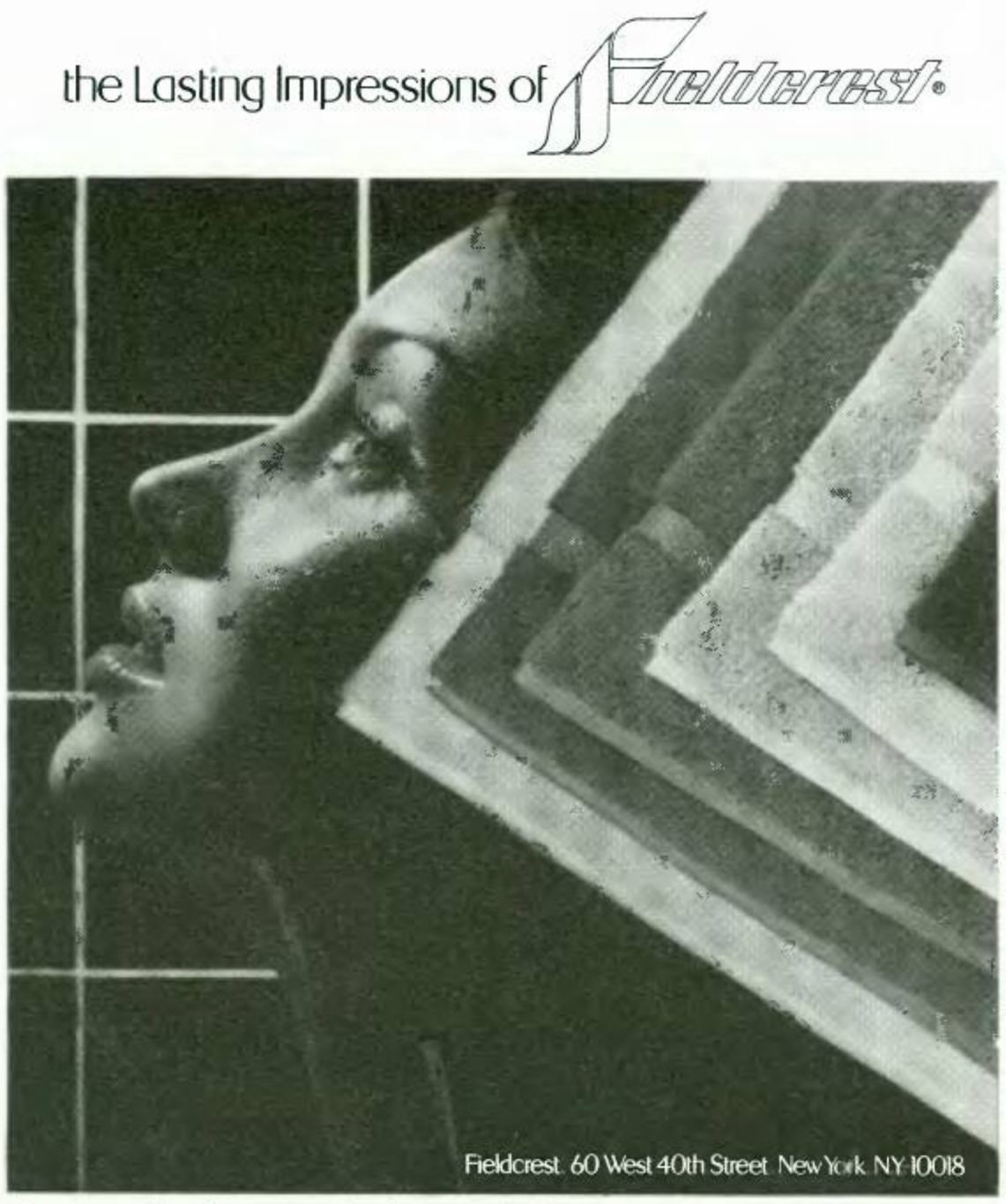
Cleopatra was Esther Hinds; the voice is soft-focus, not keenly projected, but of pleasant quality in the middle ranges. Ronald Hedlund, as Antony, sounded rather tired and worn. Joseph McKee was a slight Enobarbus. In a more sympathetic theatre, all three would probably have sounded much better. Enoch Sherman declaimed Caesar's lines clearly enough but adopted the demeanor of Lady Blanche (Professor of Abstract Science at Princess Ida's Castle Adamant) and so was more funny than formidable. The Eros of Rainer Lokken and the Charmian of Faith Esham were both touching performances. Gian Carlo Menotti's production, in simple, effective scenery by Pasquale Grossi, moved easily. James Conlon's conducting was first-rate—poised, passionate, sensitive, masterly in its dramatic timing. —ANDREW PORTER

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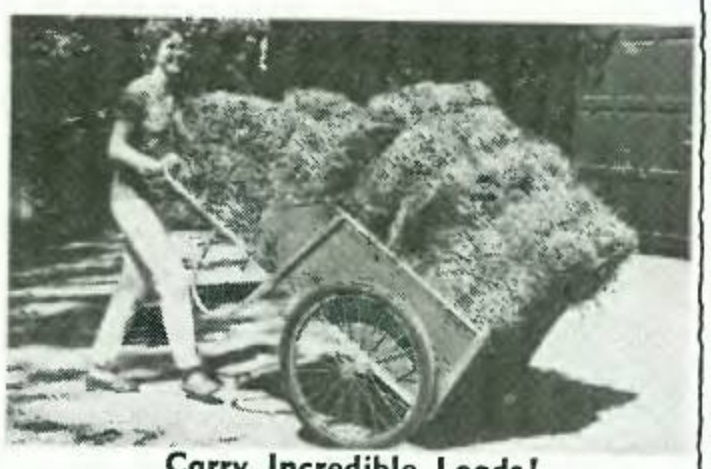


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von Karajan; Jon Vickers, Mirella Freni, and Peter Glossop are the singers (Angel SCLX-3809; six sides). Though he is not quite as convincing as some in his final scene, and despite several flat low notes in "Già nella notte densa," at the beginning of the second side, Vickers makes a virile and powerful Otello. Miss Freni and Mr. Glossop are excellent, and von Karajan presides over a well-paced reading.

Wagner's "Lohengrin" has been given a new setting by the Süddeutsche Philharmonie and the Choir of the Vienna State Opera, under the baton of Hans Swarovsky, with Herbert Schachschneider, Walter Kreppel, Heinz Imdahl, Hans Helm, Leonore Kirchstein, and Ruth Hesse (Westminster WGSO 8285; eight sides). This is on the whole a good if stolid performance. Miss Kirchstein is now and then a little wobbly, and the handling of the German diction is often careless, especially by the women of the cast.

Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila" has been issued by R.C.A. (ARL3-0662; six sides). The Munich Radio Orchestra and the Bavarian Radio Chorus, Giuseppe Patané conducting, are the accompaniment for a cast that includes Christa Ludwig and James King. The luscious singing of Miss Ludwig is enough to make this a distinguished recording. Mr. King is excellent, too.

Massenet's "Thaïs" has been a popular opera only when the title role is done by a great personality such as Mary Garden or Maria Jeritza. It has now been set down with Anna Moffo in the role; her companions are Gabriel Bacquier, José Carreras, Justino Díaz, and the New Philharmonia Orchestra, Julius Rudel conducting (R.C.A. ARL3-0842; six sides). Miss Moffo's interpretation is just a bit mannered, but she succeeds in conveying the character of Thaïs. Bacquier, Díaz, and Carreras are all splendid. Popular or not, "Thaïs" contains a great deal of music in which Massenet's melodic fecundity is at its most luxuriant.

There is, incredibly, a new recording of Verdi's "Aida," and it involves some of the most magnificent voices around today—Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Placido Domingo, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Piero Cappuccilli. The orchestra is the New Philharmonia and the chorus is Covent Garden's, both under the direction of Riccardo Muti (Angel SX-3815; six sides). This is a robust Italianate reading, and its quality is superb.

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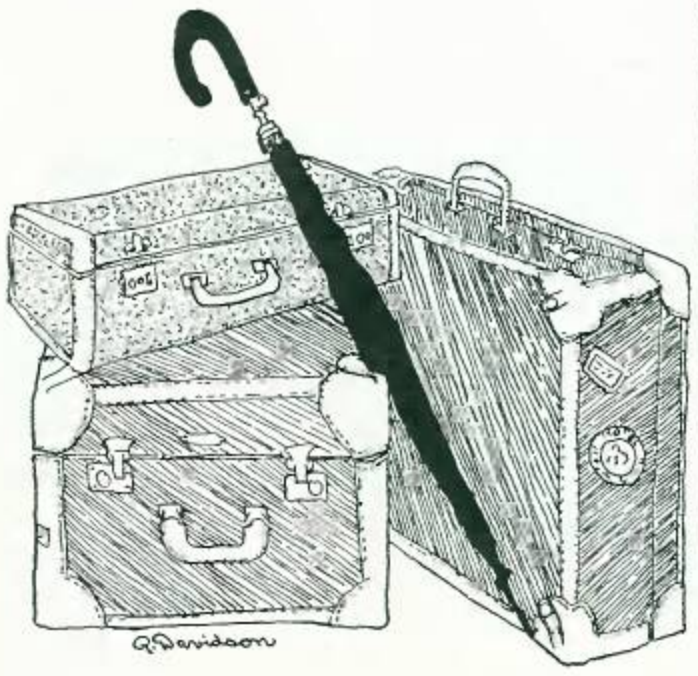
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interesting and moving recording of "The Divine Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom," as recomposed by Rachmaninoff, Alexander Archangelsky, and Tchaikovsky, who set the original Church Slavonic chant (analogous to Gregorian chant in the West) to modern harmonizations. It is sung (a cappella) by the Holy Virgin Protection Cathedral Choir, conducted by Nicholas Afonsky, in the manner in which it is traditionally done in Russian churches. The effect is magically profound, and those wonderful Russian basses, not always exactly in tune, rumble away in a splendid manner (WGMO 8288; six sides). The composers, who made their transcriptions years apart (Tchaikovsky in 1878, for example, and Rachmaninoff in 1910), were so imbued with the solemnity of the Orthodox Church style that their music seems homogeneous, as if written by one man.

Bach's "Brandenburg" Concertos are presented by Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Maurice André, trumpet, along with the Paillard Chamber Orchestra, Jean-François Paillard conducting (R.C.A. CRL2-5801; four sides). Of the countless recordings of this music, this one is among the finest.

AMONG the distinguished single discs of the moment is Eugene Fodor's playing of Tchaikovsky, Ysaÿe, Paganini, Wieniawski, and Prokofieff pieces (R.C.A. ARL1-0735). He was a prize-winner in the Tchaikovsky Violin Competition, in Russia, and the prize was, to judge by this record, richly deserved. The young American violinist (twenty-four) has an immaculate technique for this kind of showpiece, as well as musical taste and a feeling for idiomatic music. There are other distinguished single discs. Gustav Holst's suite "The Planets" has been done by the London Symphony, André Previn conducting (Angel S-3699). It sounds dated today, but it is a work of some force and originality. The De-



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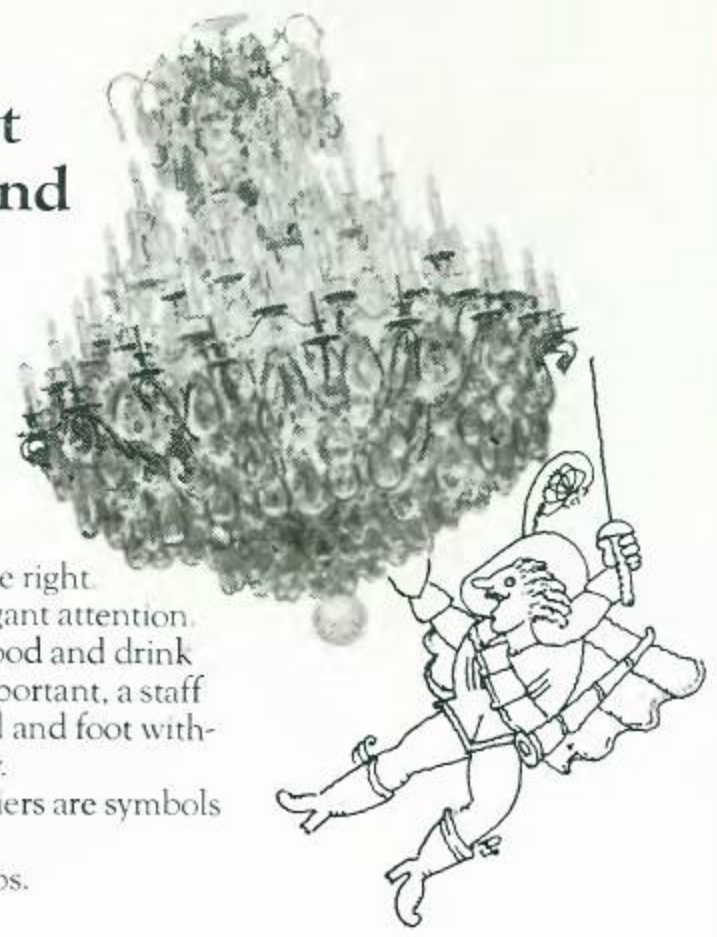
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bussy String Quartet and the Ravel String Quartet are performed by the Guarneri Quartet with its usual suavity and understanding (R.C.A. ARL1-0187). If you want to hear how music sounded to Louis XIV, you can listen to scenes from Jean-Baptiste Lully's opera "Alceste" as recorded by the Orchestra of the Vienna Volksoper, conducted by Willard Straight, and sung with consummate style by Phyllis Curtin, Anne Ayer, Hugues Cuénod, William Lewis, and Philipe Huttenlocher (Serenus SRS 12057). Tedd Joselson is the piano soloist for the Philadelphia Orchestra's rendition of Tchaikovsky's Concerto No. 1 and Prokofieff's Concerto No. 2, Eugene Ormandy conducting (R.C.A. ARL1-0751). Joselson is another of those prodigious youngsters (twenty-three), and he plays like a master. The remarkably sensitive violinist Henryk Szeryng has recorded the Beethoven Violin Concerto (Philips 6500 531) and the Brahms Violin Concerto (Philips 6500 530), both with the Concertgebouw Orchestra, Bernard Haitink conducting. Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto and the Bruch Concerto No. 1 are set forth by the brilliant Japanese violinist Mayumi Fujikawa, along with the Rotterdam Philharmonic, under the baton of Edo de Waart (Philips 6500 708). —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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The primary objective of this project was to obtain field of view data from new model passenger cars, multipurpose vehicles, trucks and buses, using the binocular and monocular testing procedures contained in Docket 70-7 (NPRM) and in Alternate Procedures (AP), which were developed by Ford Motor Company. Also investigated were vision points for three direct look-to-rear situations in two passenger cars, one full size and one subcompact. The results indicated an appreciable difference in vision points because of size and configuration of the two cars. Twenty-two passenger cars, seven trucks, and one school bus were tested for forward field of view in each of two proposed methods both using binocular and monocular techniques. The passenger cars were also tested for look-to-rear binocular field of view using the vision points found in the initial look to the rear investigation. Portions of this document are not fully legible.—*Weekly Government Abstracts of the National Technical Information Service, Department of Commerce.*

That's O.K.; it was snowing at the time.

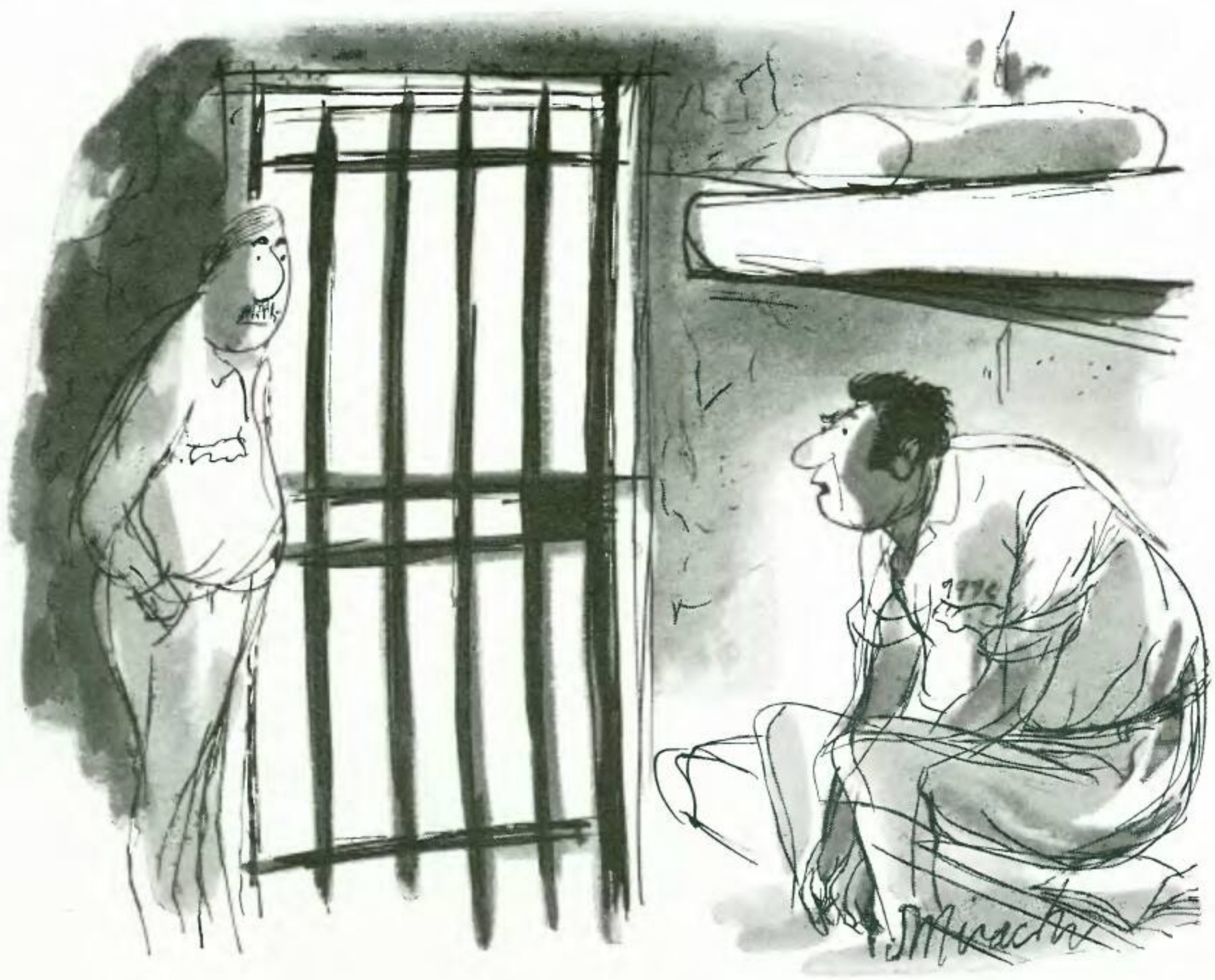
LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 11

IT was a vast relief to everybody concerned—except, of course, to the supporters of Mr. William Whitelaw—when the drawn-out gladiatorial contest for the Conservative leadership ended today in the expected victory of Margaret Thatcher. She has caught the public imagination in a way that nobody has in recent humdrum years, and the grass-root constituencies very much wanted her to win. In the persons of their M.P.s in the House of Commons, they have just voted overwhelmingly for ending their present state of gloomy disarray and giving themselves a shot in the arm—something sharply stimulating and entirely different from all that has gone before. Many of them think that Mrs. Thatcher will succeed in winning back—as Mr. Heath would never have been able to do—the strayed voters who fatally wandered off in the last election. When the announcement of Mr. Heath's decision to withdraw with dignity from the fight came, last Tuesday evening, it felt like a sudden death in the House, not only to his loyal, aghast supporters but also to some of those who had become convinced that he must go and were abruptly granted their wish. The tone of the editorial and broadcast tributes was respectfully obituary, as of one struck down in his full powers. When, on Thursday in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister paid his last respects to the yawning gap on the Opposition front bench, his warm words may have been prompted by the real kindness of his heart or by an impish desire to embarrass those who had done the striking and who listened to him with notably glum, ungenerous impatience. To judge by the lamentations of Party workers up and down the country, many of the rank and file accuse the M.P.s in faraway Westminster of having used their votes to send the leader packing so ruthlessly without properly canvassing ordinary opinion. One thing ironically certain is that Mr. Heath, whose cool style never inspired much emotion among his followers, will receive from future Conservative Party conferences thundering demonstrations of the curious ecstasy of remorse and affection that the English reserve for lost leaders. He was not loved. Now he will be—not much compensation for a painful personal tragedy and a national waste, it seems.

Since Tuesday's dignified ending of the Heath era, dignity has been almost farcically absent in the skirmishings of the four new candidates who immediately leaped into the ring. Each man—two of them were practically faceless wonders to the public who do not study politics—declared ringingly that he stood for Party unity, which exasperated citizens felt was a very funny, fractured way of trying to bring it about. Many Conservatives thought that Mr. William Whitelaw, being the obvious heir apparent of his departed friend, ought to have been allowed a straight contest with the triumphant lady challenger. His leadership was widely spoken of in many quarters, as though it were some sort of unguent that would be bland and soothing to the wounded state of the Party. He is greatly liked, but there have been doubts whether his amiable qualities would be able to stand up to the sharp wits on the Government front bench.

That was not one of the points that anybody brought against Margaret Thatcher in last week's raging discussions. The favorite joke was that she was twice the man that any of the other contenders was, and the way in which a few male journalists have written about her during the last few days has certainly been irritably waspish. Her charming blond looks, her neat clothes and jewelry, and her (to some, maddeningly) pure and deliberate enunciation, as though each word were a pearl strung carefully on the tough thread of her first-rate intelligence, make fuming Labour backbenchers see her as the living embodiment of upper-class privilege. Now, of course, it has been drummed in that her father was a grocer in the ancient Lincolnshire town of Grantham, who also became its mayor, and that she took herself to Oxford's Somerville College on the strength of her own good brains. Observers calculating her chances have been inclined to dismiss her public image as being that of a suburban housewife—inaccurate topographically (she lives in Chelsea), and as cozily misleading as though the zoo lioness were described as a Regent's Park pussycat. Even her enemies do not deny that she is brave as a lion and can be as dangerous to people in her path. Her supporters think it is a lucky



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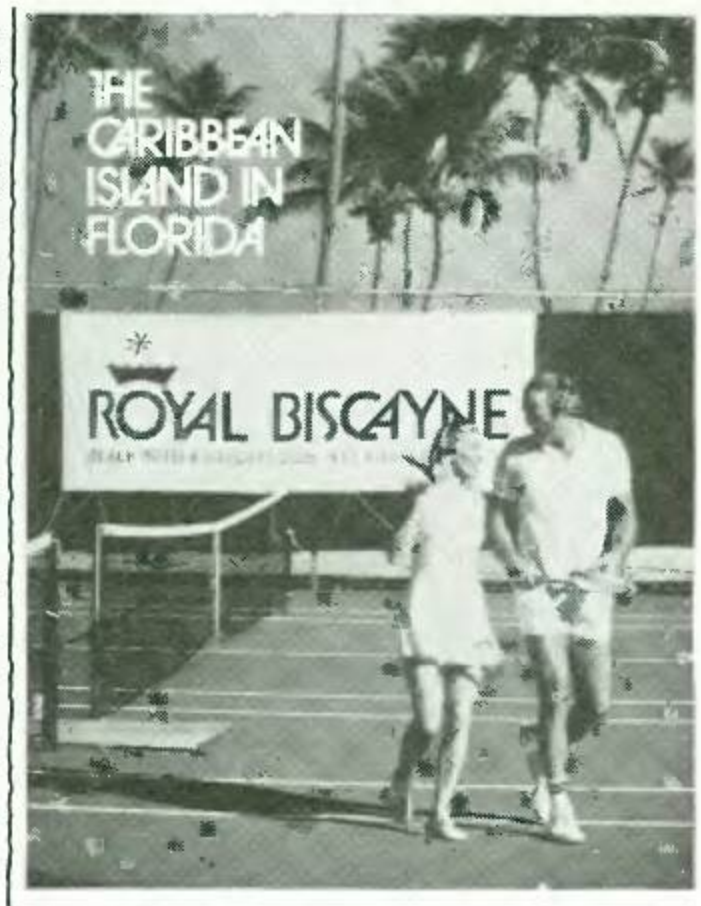
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break that she was at her remarkable best in the Commons lately as one of the Party's two spokesmen on economic affairs, trenchantly attacking the Government's much-criticized Finance Bill. On television, she has the knack of seeming to talk quietly, clearly, and confidentially to the individual. Some middle-of-the-road Conservatives are nervous that she may be more right-wing than Edward Heath. But his move toward a liberal central plateau, it should be added, did not please another section of his supporters, who sigh for what they term "true Conservatism." It is said that Mrs. Thatcher's appeal is strictly to the Home Counties, and that she would arouse hostility in the bosom of a Scottish coal miner. Mr. Whitelaw, the genial living embodiment of upper-class male privilege, would presumably arouse less. Until last Tuesday, the idea of a woman at Downing Street one day would have sent a shudder down the more rigid Conservative spines, but in this weird week a surprising number of people seem to have done some rapid rethinking. Now she has made history—an extraordinary achievement in England, where, in spite of a distaff throne, real power remains, on the whole, a very male weapon. As to what ordinary unpolitical Conservatives feel about their new leader, many of them probably echo a telephone repairman who said thoughtfully to the householder whose line he was fixing, "I think she'll be good for the country, and we could do with it."

THE National Theatre's production of Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman," at the Old Vic—the company's move into its whacking new complex of pleasure domes still lying white and empty on the South Bank has been put off because of building delays—is Peter Hall's first smash hit since he took over as director. It is a chance to see a trio of the most admired ornaments of the London stage brought together as the three monsters of egotism in this grimmest of the Master's late plays. Borkman, the ruined banker, has served five years for embezzlement and eight more in bitter solitary confinement at home, ceaselessly pacing the dust-sheeted drawing room that has become his cage, and dreaming crazily of an impossible return to honor and riches. Wendy Hiller and Peggy Ashcroft are the aging twin sisters with their "Lear"-sounding names—Gunhild and Ella—who once fought an exacerbating battle for Borkman and are now locked in a still



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more wolfish struggle to possess his and Gunhild's son, Erhart. Wendy Hiller, with those marvellous cheekbones and slanting eyes that give her the strong look of a Holbein woman, is horrific in her misery when young Erhart understandably declines to spend his life retrieving his father's disgrace and bolts with a voluptuous divorcée to the Ibsenite paradise of Italian sunshine. Peggy Ashcroft, outwardly a gentler creature in her velvet-and-old-lace femininity, but arsenic, too, in her efforts to blackmail her nephew to her side with the news of her imminent death, musically intones her part as though it were blank verse, which is maybe the way to tackle Ibsen's dialogue. But Ralph Richardson is the real joy of the production. His emaciated, grizzled Borkman, elegant as an old cavalry officer, stalks through the family rows with an insane, sardonic glare, as though he feels he is the only lucid man in the madhouse. Peter Hall's direction manages to make the dreadful play seem like a great tragic poem that is also unexpectedly funny in places, with lines of black-ice comedy, to which Hiller and Richardson give a wonderful cutting edge.

Peter Hall also directed "Akenfield," a beautiful film loosely hung on Ronald Blythe's loving biography of an East Suffolk village, which has just had a simultaneous première on London Weekend Television, one of its financial backers, and at the Paris-Pullman. This reversal of the cinema's usual fight to keep films off the box until they are practically costume pieces is the result of the "Akenfield" team's belief that the enormous publicity it has received will pay off handsomely at the ticket window. It was also, unusually, a communal production, in which director, author, and technicians were partners. They worked at half pay, and will get their further shares if the film succeeds; the cast of Suffolk villagers worked at their real jobs all week and filmed on the weekends. The book was a documentary of the memories, stretching over the last century, and opinions of forty-nine Akenfield residents. Peter Hall's solution was to whittle this unmanageable material down to the view of the village seen from the cottage windows of three generations of one family of farm laborers, the Rouses, who did not figure in the book as such. Young Tom Rouse is shown moodily going about his work before changing into his best suit and walking beside his mother at the funeral of his grandfather, Old Tom. There was also a middle Tom, his father,

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who vanished from Akenfield after siring him—killed in the 1939 war. But it is Old Tom who haunts the picture and the mind of his grandson as he goes through the day with the old man's voice (a linking commentary, excellently spoken by the only professional actor, Peter Tuddenham) rambling in remembered anecdotes, regrets, and warnings. Like Hamlet's father, he is the old mole under the earth, who keeps on crying "Swear!"—swear that you will not end up like me, that you will break away from the Suffolk land and emigrate to Australia as I would have liked to do. Old Tom's one gesture of independence in a life of grinding poverty and ceaseless, body-cracking, brain-numbing toil for "the Guv'nor" at the big house was to tramp forty miles to Newmarket to look for a better job in the racing stables, and forty awful miles back when he failed. Garrow Shand, a young man of dark and troubled good looks, who is a tractor driver in real life, plays all three Toms. The members of the cast made up their own dialogue as they went along, and the Suffolk burr foxed many southern English ears. The result is sometimes confusing and jerky, often very moving, like life. The great sky-filled Suffolk landscape, superbly photographed by Ivan Strasberg, looks like a series of Constables, particularly in the early pastoral scenes of rustic revels. Sir Michael Tippett's music perfectly suggests the melancholy lyrical mood of the picture, which will be shown at the Los Angeles Film Festival in March. Those of us who saw it on television felt that it was a breath of wonderful fresh air in the stifling indoor studio plays, peopled by cardboard characters, that seem to have been the drama diet offered to grumbling viewers this winter.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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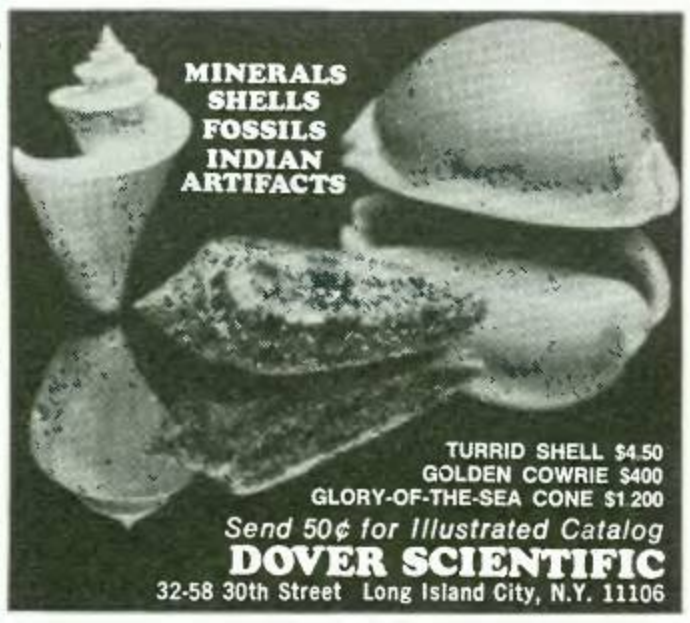
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BOOKS

Metropolises of the Mind

LIKE Jorge Luis Borges and Gabriel García Márquez, Italo Calvino dreams perfect dreams for us; the fantasy of these three Latins ranges beyond the egoism that truncates and anguishingly turns inward the fables of Kafka and that limits the kaleidoscopic visions of Nabokov. Of the three, Calvino is the sunniest, the most variously and benignly curious about the human truth as it comes embedded in its animal, vegetable, historical, and cosmic contexts; all his investigations spiral in upon the central question of *How shall we live*? In "Invisible Cities" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; translated, from the Italian, by William Weaver), he has produced a consummate book, both crystalline and limpid, adamant and airy, intricate and ingenuous, playful yet "worked" with a monkish care upon materials of great imaginative density and resonance. The book, a sheaf of imaginary cities, combines the slightly brittle and programmatic science fiction of "Cosmicomics" and "t zero" with the affectionate mood and elegiac landscapes of his earlier, more naturalistic stories. The very first paragraph of his first novel, "The Path to the Nest of Spiders" (1947), gave us a city:

> The old towns on the Ligurian coast grew up in times when those parts were infested by Moorish pirates; built to resist siege, they are as close and dense as pine-cones; their deep narrow alleys, called *carrugi*, are spanned by arches propping the tops of the houses, with dark vaulted arcades and flights of cobbled steps running far below . . .

and in "The Baron in the Trees" (1959) Calvino evinced, as he constructed for his hero a lifetime spent in trees, a passion for fantastical engineering. The cities of "Invisible Cities" remind us of the concoctions, from this same novel, of Battista's combinational cookery:

> These dishes of Battista's were works of the most delicate animal or vegetable jewelry; cauliflower heads with hares' ears set on a collar of fur; or a pig's head from whose mouth stuck a scarlet lobster as if putting out its tongue: and the lobster was holding the pig's tongue in its pincers as if they had torn it out. And finally the snails: she had managed to behead I don't know how many snails, and the heads, those soft little equine heads, she had inserted, I think with a toothpick, each in a wire-mesh; they looked, as they came on the table, like a flight of tiny swans.

The plot of "Invisible Cities" is no more or less than what happens in the mind of Kublai Khan, and the mind of the reader, as Marco Polo describes fifty-five cities he has visited. He has visited Anastasia, "a city with concentric canals watering it and kites flying over it;" Tamara, a city dominated by signboards; Isaura, "city of the thousand wells . . . a city that moves entirely upward;" Maurilia, a city obsessed by postcards of itself; Zenobia, a city set on high pilings though the terrain is dry; Zobeide, a city whose streets follow the paths of the founders' dreamed pursuit of a naked woman; Armilla, a city wholly of plumbing, inhabited by nymphs; Valdrada, "so constructed that its every point would be reflected in its mirror" of a lake; Sophronia, whose stone half of palaces and bank buildings is dismantled annually while the half that consists of an amusement park is permanent; Octavia, a city suspended from cables above a precipice; Ersilia, city of strings; Adelma, where each inhabitant reminds the traveller of a dead person he has known; Moriana, a city that "has no thickness, it consists only of a face and an obverse, like a sheet of paper;" Leonia, a city set among mountains of its own refuse; Argia, a city that "has earth instead of air" ("clay packs the rooms to the ceiling, on every stair another stairway is set in negative, over the roofs of the houses hang layers of rocky terrain like skies with clouds"); Thekla, a city entirely and perpetually under construction; Irene, a city that is always in the distance; Penthesilea, a city that appears to be "only the outskirts of itself;" Perinthia, a city built by astronomical calculations to "reflect the harmony of the firmament" and that has come to be inhabited by "cripples, dwarfs, hunchbacks, obese men, bearded women;" and Andria, whose inhabitants believe that every change in the city produces a change in the sky, and whose actions accordingly are



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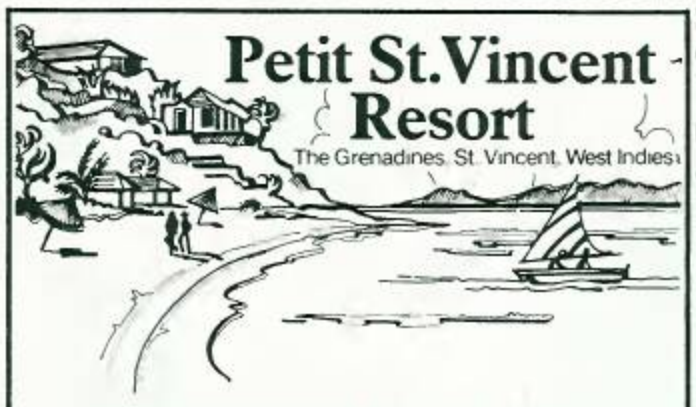
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Calvino's wonderful inventiveness and discreet, efficient prose (in tone quite close to that of Marco Polo's own accounts) would not alone prevent a certain numbness from setting in; but the separate descriptions, most of them a page or two in length, are cunningly grouped, with a mathematical complexity and subtlety of modulation worthy of Marco Polo's contemporary Dante. The catalogue of fifty-five is broken into nine chapters, the first and last containing ten cities, the middle seven five each; each chapter begins and ends with italic interludes of dialogue and speculation between the Venetian traveller and the Tatar emperor. The fifty-five cities are also divided, evenly, among eleven categories: cities and memory, cities and desire, cities and signs, thin cities, trading cities, cities and eyes, cities and names, cities and the dead, cities and the sky, continuous cities, and hidden cities. Very prettily, each of the seven middle sets, or chapters, consists of—in the following order—the fifth city of one category, the fourth of another, the third of another, the second of another, and the first of a new category. All this playful rigor would be fruitless were it not grafted onto a more organic progressiveness—a curve of concern whose evolution is traced by both the "travels" of the narrator and his periodic conversations with Kublai Khan. Roughly, the cities progress, in the impression they make upon us, from the exotic and dreamlike to the allegorical and cautionary. At first, the cities' interaction with the marvelling traveller is emphasized; then they come to be described in terms of their pasts, of the manner of their building, of their permanence or impermanence. In answer to a challenge from the great Khan to tell him about Venice, Marco Polo tells of five cities that seem aspects of Venice. Certain real Italian cities, such as Rome and Siena, have already peeped through the chimerical imagery; the Roman Church and Marxist doctrine are clearly but never crudely caricatured in the relationships various citizenries assume with the dead and the unborn, with ideal cities and the "blueprint" of the firmament:



Work stops at sunset. Darkness falls over the building site. The sky is filled with stars. "There is the blueprint," they say.

Styles of growth and development are brought into increasing focus; modern artifacts like airports and bulldozers are casually introduced. The last section opens with a dialogue over an atlas showing real cities of the world, from Ur and Jerusalem and Lhasa, "whose white roofs rise over the cloudy roof of the world," to San Francisco and New York and "cities in the shape of Los Angeles, in the shape of Kyōto-Ōsaka, without shape;" the fictive cities that follow and conclude plainly embody the modern urban problems of overpopulation and waste, extermination, poverty, justice, and space. The book ends with the plea "Give them space," and in English that noun echoes euphoniously with "peace" and "grace."

Beneath Calvino's tireless shimmer of fancy, his concern over how men live together has carried into our minds. As Marco Polo tells his auditor, "It is not the voice that commands the story: it is the ear." Led to read on by the fascination of the details and the grave beauty of the prose, we find the civic ideal unfolding within us—the same ideal that underlay Calvino's most autobiographical short story, "The Watcher" (1963), wherein the hero, Amerigo (recalling Amerigo Vespucci, another great mental traveller), discovers a city of the defective in the Cottolengo charity hospital of Turin, and views it, finally, in the benedictory light of "the hour, the moment, when every city is the City." The indirectional, transactional method of "Invisible Cities" is the opposite of that of "Cosmicomics," which announces its idea at the outset—suppose human personalities to be present amid the geological and galactic events modern science describes—and then, more or less amusingly, but a trifle mechanically, executes it. The idea of "Invisible Cities" is not announced; it gradually dawns.

Perhaps only an Italian could have written this delicate epic of urbanity; Augustine's City of God, Dante's infernal metropolis, Piranesi's architectural fantasies, Giacometti's haunted spaces ("thin cities" indeed) lie behind these "imaginable cities," each of which has "an inner rule, a perspective, a discourse." Italy's towns, many of them once city-states, are vividly individual, and do seem each to embody a different principle, or to crystallize the differing moods of a volatile individual. For a Frenchman, by contrast, lesser cities are dulled and even damned by not being Paris, and an

American tends instinctively to see his cities as blots upon the original wilderness. There is something specifically Italian about, say, Calvino's city of Melania, whose citizens interchangeably take roles in an ongoing theatrical performance, or about the thread of happiness he traces in the unhappy city of Raissa:

> And yet, in Raissa, at every moment there is a child in a window who laughs seeing a dog that has jumped on a shed to bite into a piece of polenta dropped by a stonemason who has shouted from the top of the scaffolding, "Darling, let me dip into it," to a young serving-maid who holds up a dish of ragout under the pergola, happy to serve it to the umbrella-maker who is celebrating a successful transaction, a white lace parasol bought to display at the races by a great lady in love with an officer. . . .

If Calvino's happy sense of civic life is national, he is at home in, and thoroughly fluent in, the international languages of the avant-garde, of science, and of abstraction. What other writer in the world so lovingly looks upward from the earth, and so cunningly binds rarefied speculation to the fibre of common experience?

Like the many dual cities Calvino evokes, "Invisible Cities" has two layers: the cities themselves, in Roman typeface, and the discourses of Marco Polo and Kublai Khan, in italics. Read through by themselves, these italic interludes reveal their continuity, an enlarging skepticism. Kublai Khan comes to doubt first the objective reality of the traveller's tales, and then of all the outer world, and then of even these dialogues, this immediate reality. Their discussion does not always avoid a too-playful, sterile Berkeleyism: Marco Polo suggests that "those who strive in camps and ports exist only because we two think of them;" the Khan objects that "without them we could never remain here swaying, cocooned in our hammocks;" Polo concludes, "Then the hypothesis must be rejected. So the other hypothesis is true: they exist and we do not." But as a metaphor for the artistic experience and the riddle of communication the dialogues work very well. Until he knows the Tatar language, Marco Polo must tell his tales by manipulation of objects, an ambiguous language wherein "a quiver filled with arrows could indicate the approach of war, or an abundance of game, or else an armorer's shop; an hourglass could mean time passing, or time past, or sand, or a place where hourglasses are made." And the cities themselves, with their enigmatic wonders, comprise just such



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a vocabulary, wherein the narrator, the imperial auditor accuses, is "smuggling: moods, states of grace, elegies!" The cities are women, past moments, doctrines, jokes, *things*. The curiously irreplaceable power of fiction is explicated in terms of space:

> But what enhanced for Kublai every event or piece of news reported by his inarticulate informer was the space that remained around it, a void not filled with words. The descriptions of cities Marco Polo visited had this virtue: you could wander through them in thought, become lost, stop and enjoy the cool air, or run off.

The gift of space that this book ends by calling for, then, is just what the book itself bestows; amid the crowded, confused, consuming "infernal city" that is "already here, the inferno where we live every day," art and imagination, creating inner space, are offered as amelioration.

The producers of the American edition of this rare and masterly work have tried to rise to the occasion. William Weaver, who has translated the last four of Calvino's books to appear in English, has outdone himself with an effortless-seeming, finely cadenced version, its vocabulary as plain and fancy as it needs to be. The silver, quasi-reflecting jacket struck me as appropriately uncanny, but the typography, though certainly *designed*, does not flatter the text as well as it might. The italic face, with its askew little "a," is so small as to challenge the eyesight of all but hawks, and the 3-D title type, though indubitably structural, is also hard to read, and perhaps too jazzy for a text so reverent and elaborately distilled; what we have here, after all, is a Book of Psalms.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Bigger Light, by Austin Clarke (Little, Brown). In this, the final novel of a trilogy, Mr. Clarke's naturalistic saga about the black West Indians of Toronto has been pared down to just two main characters—Boysie Cumberbatch and his wife, Dots. Boysie and Dots are prospering now (he in the office-cleaning business, she as a nurse's aide), but even as they climb the economic ladder they are slipping deeper and deeper into a sexually repressed middle age. Boysie in particular feels estranged, and not only from his wife; having put behind him the joyous ways of a new immigrant, he rants against the crimes committed by more recent arrivals and writes fatuous letters to the Toronto newspapers. His problems aren't very interesting to read about at first, for they exist largely as targets for Mr. Clarke's amusement, and, as in the previous novels, the reader can easily feel trapped in the drabness of the characters' lives. It would be wrong to give up on this novel, though, for Mr. Clarke has one very great gift: he sees unerringly into his characters' hearts. Without forcing them into a crisis (although they make a few hesitant fresh starts), he allows richer and richer expression of their vague, stifled hungers—for love, for purpose, for magic, for vitality, for "the bigger light." The universal longings of ordinary human beings are depicted with a simplicity and power that make us grateful for all three volumes of this long and honest record.

George Beneath a Paper Moon, by Nina Bawden (Harper & Row). A mellow English trifle, set chiefly in a small county town outside London and in Turkey, about a good-natured travel agent's supposedly incestuous yearning for the beautiful young daughter of two of his oldest friends. The book ends disappointingly (it's a bit too predictable), but the author's playful way with the emotional complexities of her characters' lives, the depth-charged dialogue that spells out the tediousness of the agent's articulate sad sack of a wife, the callowness of the young girl's passionate political views, and the comfortable solidity of his friends' marriage all make for an entertaining, if not especially nourishing, feast.

Powers and Dominations, by Robert Early (Houghton Mifflin). The trials of the flesh and spirit inside a modern monastery, from the point of view of a former Benedictine monk. The monastery is in Georgia. The abbot is unpopular, and most of the monks are disgruntled and restless. One consoles himself with a mistress, another masturbates in the confessional, another has homosexual proclivities, and several tipple. Unfortunately, since the author never brings any of his characters into focus very clearly, their "sins" are a lot less interesting than he imagines them to be, and one monk's lapse from faith seems as likely as another's declaration of it. A muddled ecumenical good will hovers above it all, along with—de-

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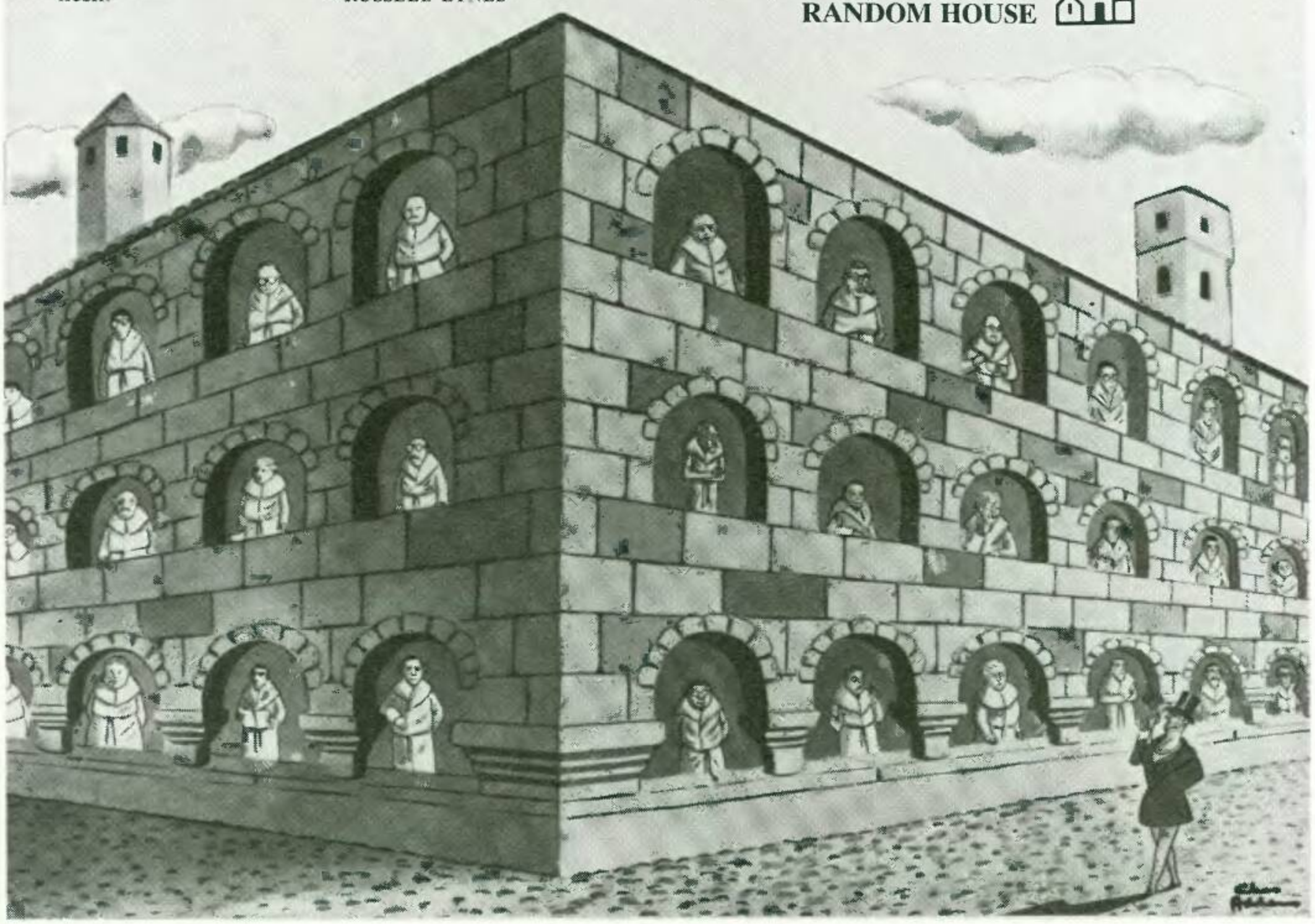


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spite several melodramatic scenes and glimmers of humor—an air of deep fatigue.

GENERAL

THE THREE MARIAS: NEW PORTUGUESE LETTERS, by Maria Isabel Barreno, Maria Teresa Horta, and Maria Velho da Costa, translated from the Portuguese by Helen R. Lane (Doubleday). This book created a hubbub in Portugal, where the three authors were indicted for indecency, then let go, and then acclaimed at home and (so the publishers say) abroad. The book is not particularly indecent and not particularly praiseworthy, either. The authors start with a seventeenth-century Portuguese nun, Mariana Alcoforado, who was seduced and abandoned by a French officer, and whose letters (which may or may not be forgeries) were published in France. All the pieces—meditations, inventions, poems, stories, letters—demonstrate the woes of women in Portugal from the nun's time to the present. Men are beasts, the Catholic Church is horrid, society is unjust, and women suffer. It is impossible to pity people who pity themselves so much.

THE NEAR WOODS, by Millard C. Davis, with illustrations by Matthew Kalmenoff (Knopf). Mr. Davis, an experienced ecologist, starts at the ocean beach (somewhere along the sandy Atlantic seaboard) and takes us inland. Observing, describing, discussing, he leads the way over the barrier dunes, through the wetlands and salt meadows, up to the first fields, into the woods. His subject is the dynamic of nature, the irresistible life force that turns a pond into a marsh into a soggy meadow into brush into woodlot into forest. The forest, wherever the humidity permits, is the ultimate, even despite the altering hand of man, and Mr. Davis shows us the plowed land gone to pasture, to thistle and red cedar, and back again to trees and woods and forest. He is full of interesting bits and pieces—the fact that the broad-leafed plantain, brought here from Europe, spread so fast that "the Indians called [it] *mokamon*, meaning 'white man's foot,' because it followed his footsteps," and the fact that a two-acre cattail marsh, if farmed for its leaves (used in seat caning and barrel lining), can yield a thousand dollars a year. He is also, sad to say, a writer with an unusually tin ear: "the whanging of

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KING JAMES VI OF SCOTLAND AND I OF ENGLAND, by Antonia Fraser (Knopf). After all these years (James died in 1625), this ungainly monarch has finally found a friend. Lady Antonia's short work is not intended to be as inclusive or as probing as her biographies of James's mother, Mary Queen of Scots (who was beheaded by their cousin Elizabeth), or Cromwell (who beheaded James's son Charles). The book is part biography and part argument. Lady Antonia insists that, all in all, James did pretty well merely by hanging on to his Scottish throne and inheriting the English one. The book offers entertaining portraits of James's sloppy courts, and, in emphasizing his staying powers, excites something like wonder. When, for instance, the author recalls James's helter-skelter childhood—a de-facto orphan, his father murdered, his mother in jail, bounced from one noble foster home to another whenever his guardians killed one another—the reader concedes that James achieved a kind of triumph in becoming merely neurotic instead of crazy.

THE NEW NONSENSE: THE END OF THE RATIONAL CONSENSUS, by Charles Fair (Simon & Schuster). The author, a resident scientist with the Neurosciences Research Program at M.I.T., has looked into assorted cults—quasi religions, quasi sciences, quasi therapies—devoted to cultivating extraordinary powers of the mind, and, finding them "nonsense," has gone on to study some other popular fancies. Many of the new fads, Fair points out, are not novelties but reappearances; he tells us, for example, that observers in Great Britain were seeing UFOs just before the First World War, and blamed them not on extraterrestrial beings but on the Germans. Fair, however, is not interested in merely debunking; he is concerned that nonsensical beliefs are signs of cultural breakdown and may ultimately lead to political tyranny. The new nonsense, Fair thinks, caters to individuals who have lost traditional religious faith but who expect more fulfillment and less trouble than life usually affords. They dislike intelligence because it is critical, but their credulity, on the other hand, does not cure their desperation, which

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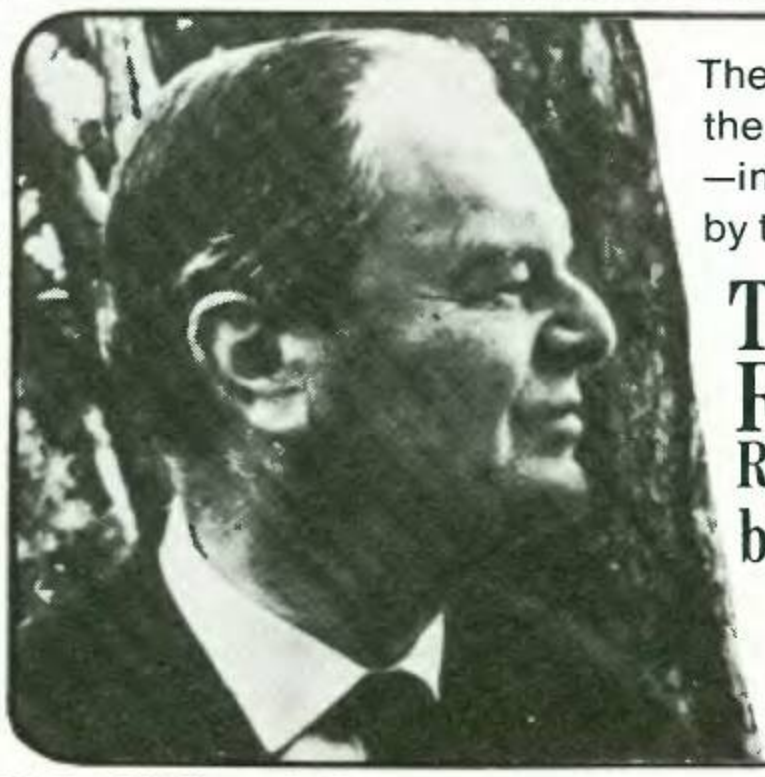
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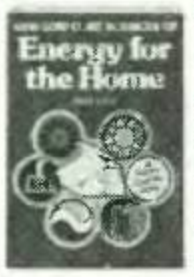


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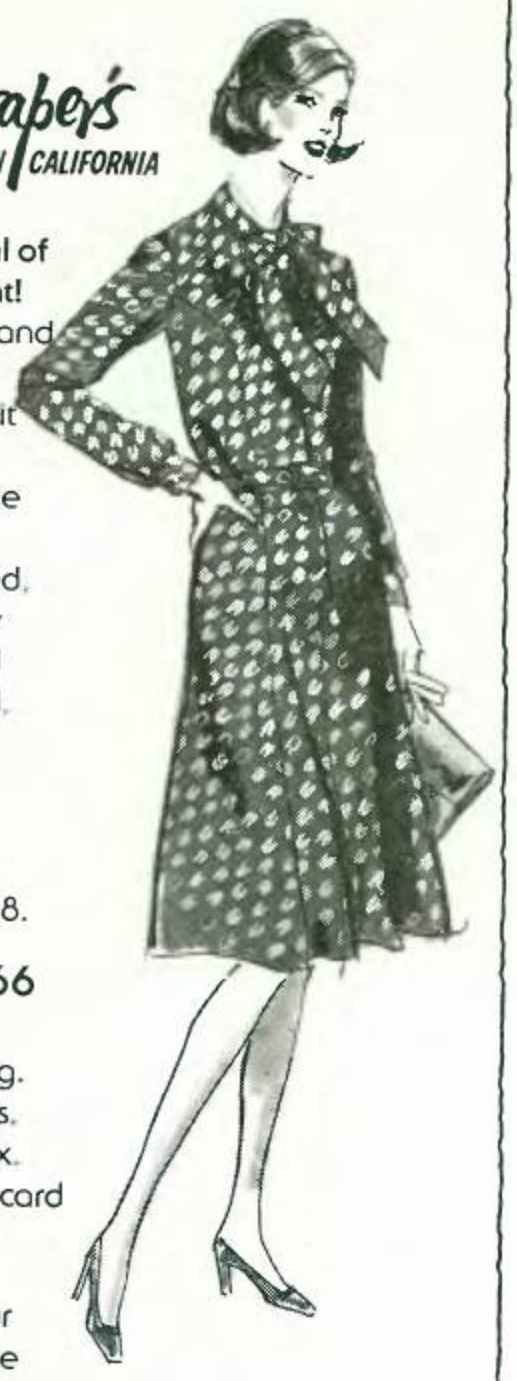
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The spirit of carnival

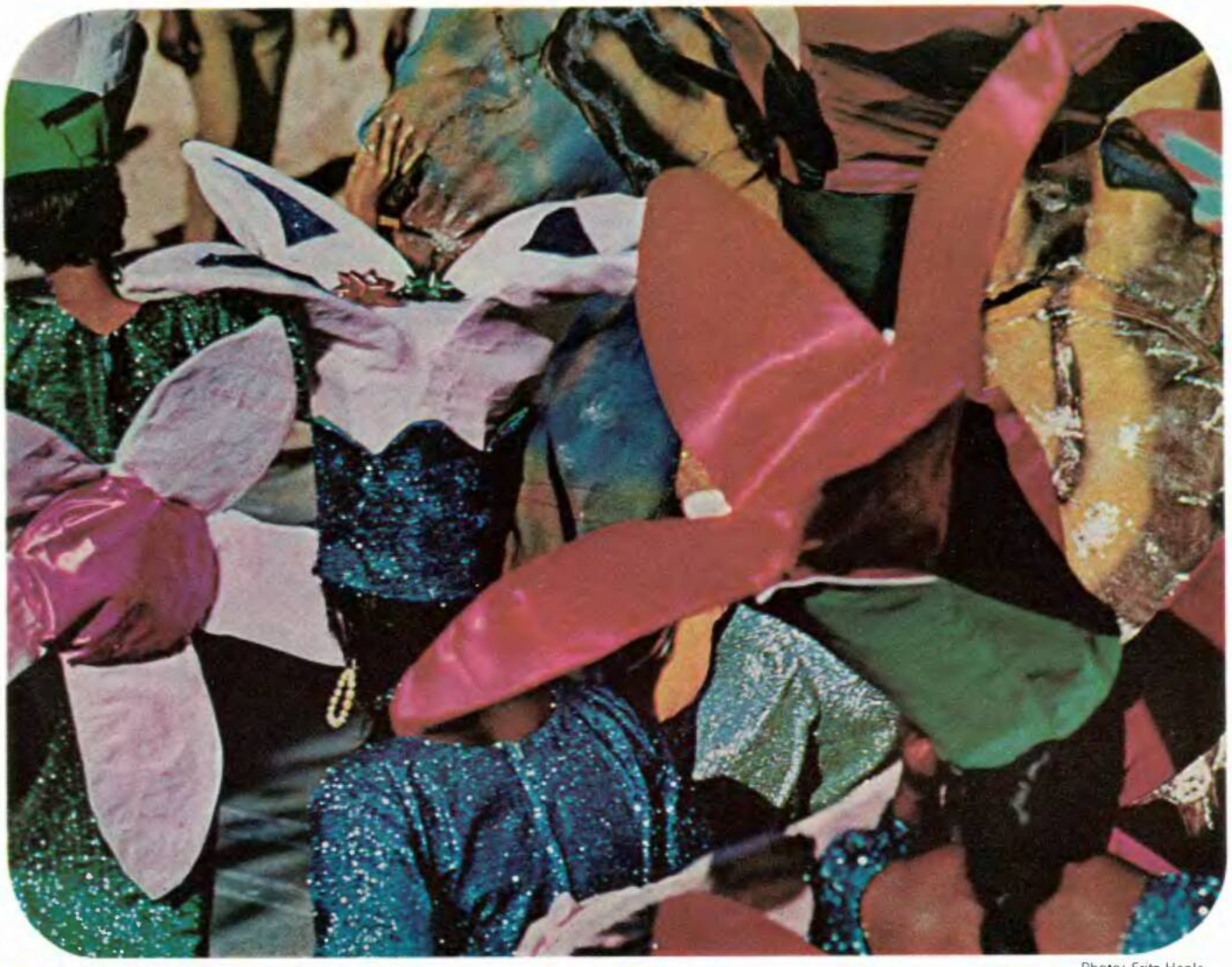


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