Jan. 24, 1977

THE NEW YORKER

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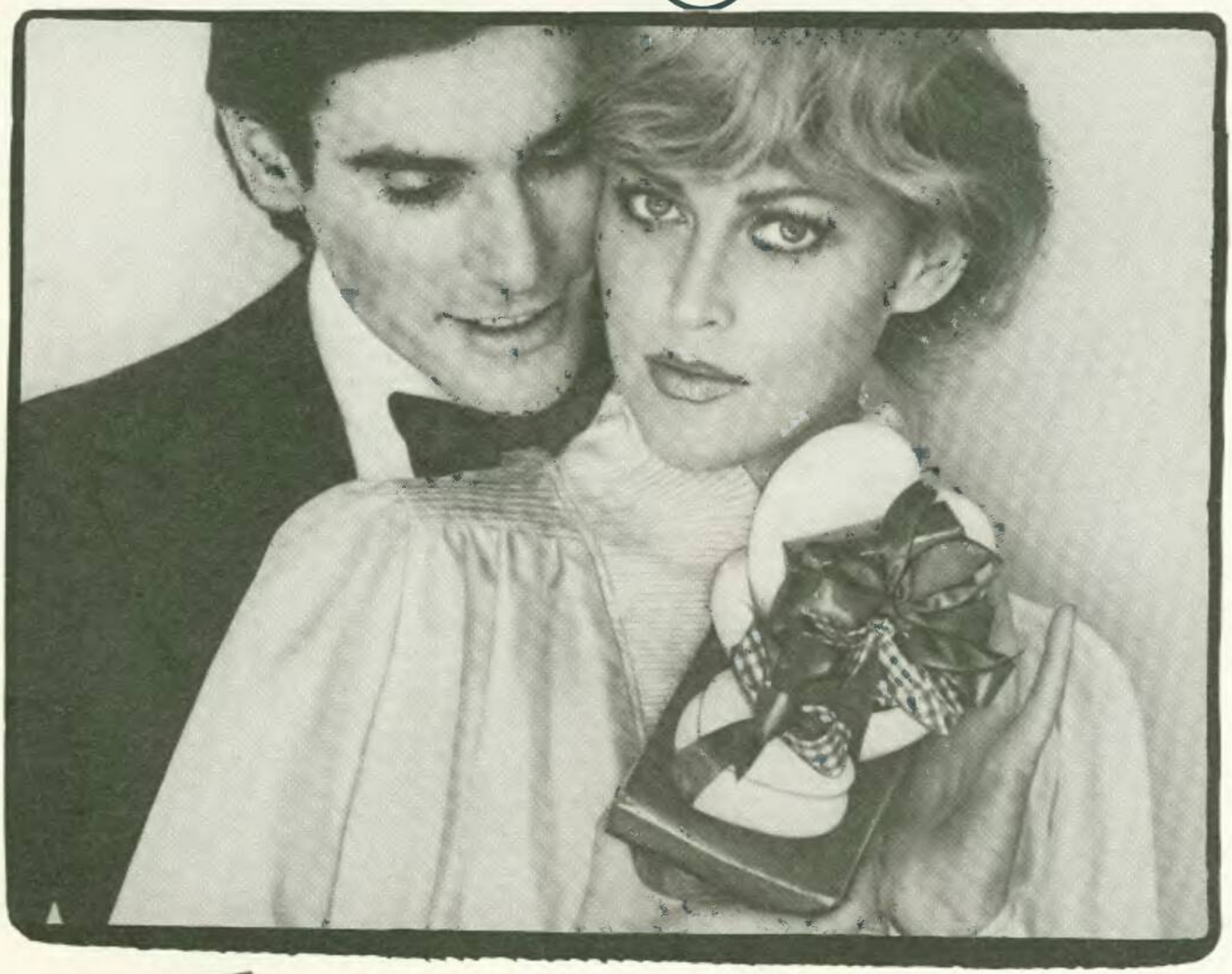

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Brownsville Raid—Charles Fuller's strong, tragic drama (with considerable comedy and mystery as well) is based on an actual event—the dishonorable discharge, by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1906, of three companies of crack, experienced black troops for purportedly shooting up the town of Brownsville, Texas. This production celebrates the tenth birthday of the Negro Ensemble Company, and Douglas Turner Ward, its artistic director, appears in the leading role. With Bill Cobbs and Graham Brown, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Comedians—A brilliant comedy by the English playwright Trevor Griffiths. With Milo O'Shea and an admirable supporting cast, nimbly directed by Mike Nichols. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Crazy Locomotive—A comedy by Polish playwright Stanislaw Ignacy Witzkiewicz, translated by Daniel C. Gerould and C.S. Durer. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Dirty Linen—Tom Stoppard's playlet, which ought never to have left Mother England. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Divine Comedy—A play by Owen Dodson. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23. Free.)

Equity Library Theatre—Shakespeare's **twelfth night** is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A revival, with Zero Mostel, of what is evidently an indestructible musical. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit.

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Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—Frank Loesser's classical musical comedy. Having an all-black cast is a silly, old-fashioned stunt, but the show survives it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Hold Me!—An entertainment by Jules Feiffer, taken from his material of the past twenty years. With Geraldine Brooks and Paul Dooley. (Subplot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 10; and Sundays and Mondays at 8. Closes Monday, Jan. 31.)

Ipi-Tombi—A song-and-dance show from South Africa which pretends to be authentically black and is really just a song-and-dance show. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

John Gabriel Borkman—Gale Sondergaard, Robert Pastene, and Jan Farrand in a revival of Ibsen's play. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 19. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

Nightclub Cantata—The remarkable young composer Elizabeth Swados has set poems and passages of prose by a number of writers, among them herself, to her own arresting, dramatic music. Her selections are, for the most part, strong and theatrical; and they are variously sung, spoken, and enacted by a good company of four men and four women, among them herself. Miss Swados also directed. The accompaniment—Judith Fleisher (piano), William Milhizer (percussion), and Miss S. (guitar)—is first-rate. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in a lyric and mostly tender mood. With Richard Chamberlain, Sylvia Miles, Dorothy McGuire, and William Roerick, and directed by Joseph Hardy. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM—High jinks in a Mississippi barnyard. Pleasant singing and dancing decorate a silly book. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO and **DUCK VARIATIONS**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SLY FOX—A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, John Heffernan, and Trish Van Devere. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Philip Bosco is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

THE TRIP BACK DOWN—John Cullum in John Bishop's affecting, often comic melodrama about lower-middle-class life in Middle America, which is out there somewhere and not too happy about it. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD—A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR: Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **CHICAGO:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **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

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worship. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Marian Seldes. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,969 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. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **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 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for 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.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A flawless revival of a flawless musical. How did the world get along without it for fifteen thousand years? (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is William Chapman. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STREAMERS:** This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **WOMEN BEHIND BARS:** A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy, set in the old Women's House of Detention in the Village. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOWS—"Ice Capades," with Dorothy Hamill and Freddie Trenkler. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 20-21, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 22, at 11, 3, and 8:30; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 23, at 1:30 and 5:30.) . . . ¶ "Toller Cranston and the Ice Show," with a company of thirteen headed by Mr. Cranston. Previews Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22. Opens officially on Monday, Jan. 24, at 7. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

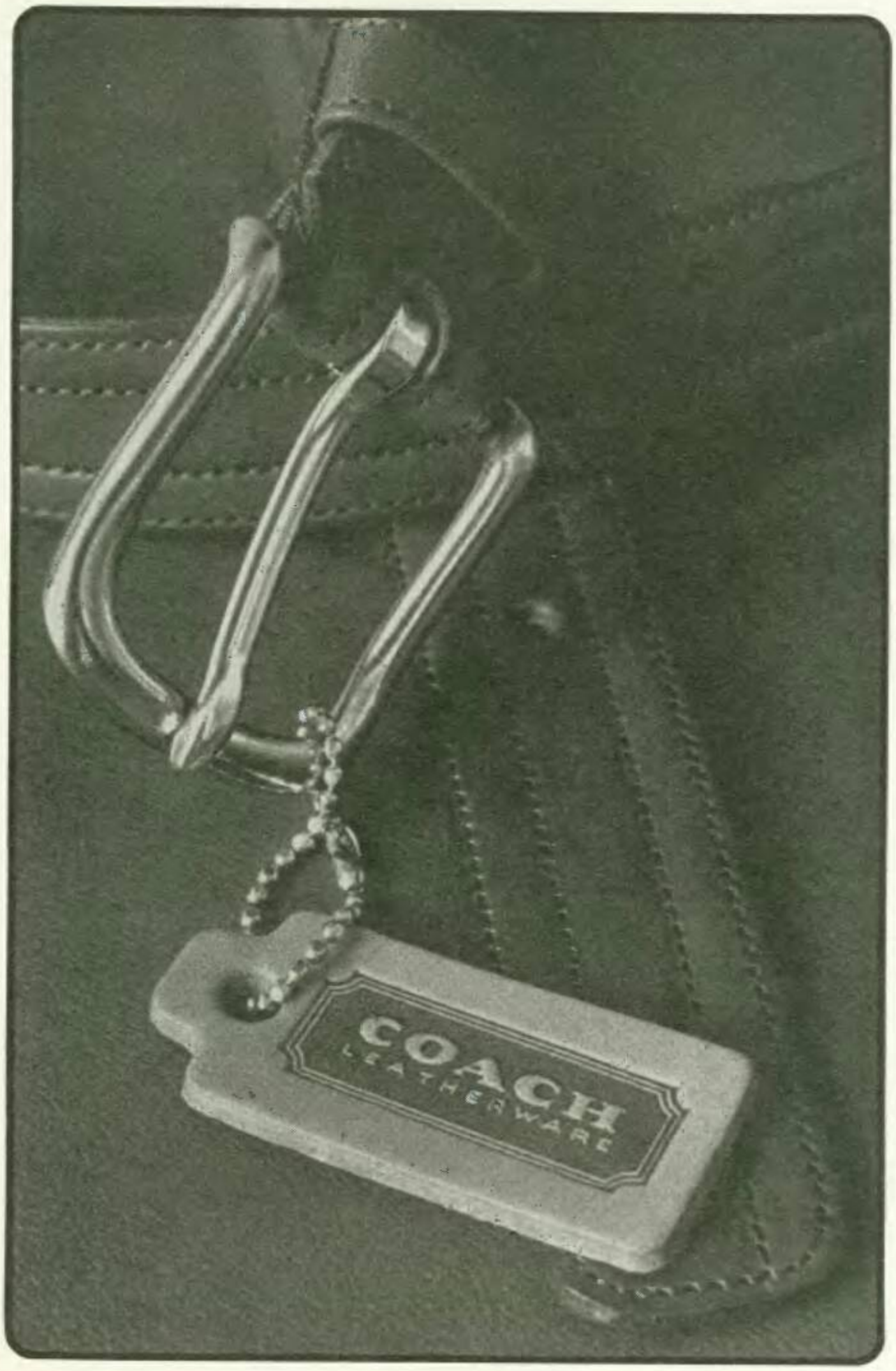
AMERICAN MIME THEATRE—Performing "Hurleyburley," "Six," and a new, untitled work. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule (and *really* tentative, because of labor negotiations)—Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 21, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "The Cage," "Sonatine-Ravel," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 2: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Hommage à Bournonville," "Concerto Barocco," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Square Dance," "Sonatine-Ravel," "Tzigane," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 23, at 1: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 23, at 7: "Harlequinade" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Tzigane," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Pas de Deux," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Four Temperaments," "The Seven Deadly Sins," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2: "Divertimento No. 15," "Episodes," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Episodes," "Duo Concertant," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Performances of "Giselle" will close out the engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Jan. 30.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND DANCE COMPANY—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 19, and Friday, Jan. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 23, at 2: "Torse," "Signals," "Sounddance," and "Squaregame." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 20, and Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8: "Summerspace," "Solo," "Rebus," and an unnamed work



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

•

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**TEDDI KING**, who is replacing Bobby Short for the next month or two in the Café Carlyle, is a small, poised, pretty woman with sparkling eyes and a calm, spacious contralto. She sings her songs, which she chooses with the vigilance and intelligence of Mabel Mercer, as if she had lived inside each one—as if, indeed, she had *written* each one. Look forward, in the course of a set, to Rube Bloom and Johnny Mercer's "Fools Rush In," Irving Berlin's "Fools Fall in Love," Rodgers and Hart's "Can't You Do a Friend a Favor?," Benny Carter's choice "Blues in My Heart," Alec Wilder and Loonis McGlohon's beautiful new "Be a Child Today," Charlie Carpenter's "Laughing at Life," Cole Porter's recently revivified "Dream Dancing," and the Lerner-Loewe "You're All the World to Me." Teddi King has been a good singer for twenty-five years, and whatever mannerisms have afflicted her from time to time have dropped away, leaving unobstructed her rich, controlled vibrato, her exact and daring sense of dynamics, her sturdy pitch, and her excellent rhythmic placement. Also, her reverence for her materials causes her to create a skein of quiet around each song so that it moves safely through the room, no matter the noise. This is the longest, most important engagement Teddi King has had in New York. Celebrate it. Her first-rate accompaniment is by **IRV JOSEPH** on piano, **ERNIE FURTADO** on bass, and **JOSH GERBER** on drums. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Jazz pianist **TEDDY WILSON** is filling in for Marian McPartland in the Bemelmans Bar through Saturday, Jan. 29. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

•

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The proprietor of this ground-floor loft is **RASHIED ALI**, a respected, all-out musician who was John Coltrane's drummer during Coltrane's final, most exploratory period. Ali has been booking his friends and colleagues from the new-music and contemporary-jazz and loft-jazz scenes. Ali himself sits on the bandstand with his quintet through Saturday, Jan. 22. Saxophonist Steve Lacy and his foursome will provide the music beginning Tuesday, Jan. 25. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY**, a spirited, head-turning big noise (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Many of the numerous soloists are impressive; Foster has stated that he hires only players who are able to solo—"I don't want people who can read, I want people who can *play*." They play. Music from about ten. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A reliable spot for hearing consistently high-quality jazz—most of the music centers on the contemporary mainstream. This is *the* place to hear outstanding, if not yet famous, players like Sonny Fortune, Cecil McBee, Woody Shaw, Charles Sullivan, Junior Cook, and many others. On Wednesday, Jan. 19, trumpeter John McNeil and his foursome will provide some lively sets. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 20-22, saxophonist George Adams will play with his quartet. Sunday, Jan. 23, is given over to pianist Peggy Stern, bassist Walter Booker, and drummer Billy Higgins. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 24-25, Booker will bring in his own ensemble. Beginning Wednesday, Jan. 26, Richard (Groove) Holmes will take the stage with his group. Music from nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On Wednesday, Jan. 19, **CHARLES MINGUS** and his quintet will offer a series of inspired sessions. Guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** will front a jazz quartet on Thursday, Jan. 20. Folk-rock baritone Tom Rush will come in for three nights, Friday through Sunday, Jan. 21-23. On Monday, Jan. 24, blues-harp player **JAMES COTTON** will bring in his band; the James Montgomery Band, a blues-and-rock group from Boston, will open the shows. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 25-26, the Atlanta Rhythm Section, a blues-and-rock group, performs opposite the Stanky Brown rock band. On Thursday, Jan. 27, jazz-and-R. & B. flutist **YUSEF LATEEF** and his group will settle in for four nights. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

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Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. **JIMMY ROWLES** and his bassist play through Saturday, Jan. 22. The Sunday chores are handled by pianist **BARRY HARRIS** and his helpers. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow rustic bar—it has the feel of a small-college-town gathering place—with rows of neon beer signs hanging from the ceiling and lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hanging around. Two, three, or more local loud and/or crude rock bands, with names like the Heartbreakers, the Shirts, the Planets, Talking Heads, Custer's Last Band, Suicide Commandos, and Susan, perform nightly. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 20-22, John Cale, guitarist, pianist, electric violist, and a founding member of the Velvet Underground, will be working with his new band. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**JOE TURNER** (who is no relation to the great singer and who has spent most of his career abroad) bows repeatedly to Fats Waller and Willie the Lion and James P. Johnson, but he is a cheerful, buoyant, old-fashioned stride pianist. Weeknights from eight to one. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Jan. 25, **KENNY DAVERN** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Jan. 23, Davern and **BOB WILBER**, two master soprano saxophonists, will co-pilot their quintet, Soprano Summit, from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuine swing music prevails on the inside. Twenty-five-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** is the instigator of this swing revival, which can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three. The other members of the group are **SONNY GREER**, eighty-one years old and Ellington's drummer for decades, starting in 1919, and saxophonist and clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, sixty-eight, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG**, Chuck Wayne, and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. On Sunday, Jan. 23, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will join up with pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**, and bassist Earl May from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays, from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**GERRY MULLIGAN**, who has always kept design and logic uppermost in his improvisations, is here with his trio through Saturday, Jan. 22. On Monday, Jan. 24, guitarist Charlie Byrd will begin playing with his combo. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed five nights a week by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK HYMAN** and his quintet—**PEE WEE ERWIN** on trumpet, **BOB WILBER** on soprano saxophone and clarinet, **MILT HINTON** on bass, and **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** on drums—have moved into the music of the thirties, and they treat it with respect and intelligence and a total lack of pretentiousness. The group swings very hard. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk bands. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, **CHICO HAMILTON** leads his youthful quintet. Sunday and Monday, Jan. 23-24, saxophonist David Sanborn will head up a fivesome. Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 25, the premises will be turned over to an outfit called Sneaky Cookin', headed by drummer Howie Wyeth, saxophonist Mike Brecker, and bassist Rob Stoner. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Mercedes Hall will be singing through Sunday, Jan. 23. Tony Bird, a folksinger from Malawi, in Southeast Africa, will take over on Wednesday, Jan. 26. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Singer Jane Olivor claims the stage through Saturday, Jan. 22. On Sunday, Jan. 23, Bob Garrett (currently in "Godspell") will contribute some show tunes. Beginning Monday,

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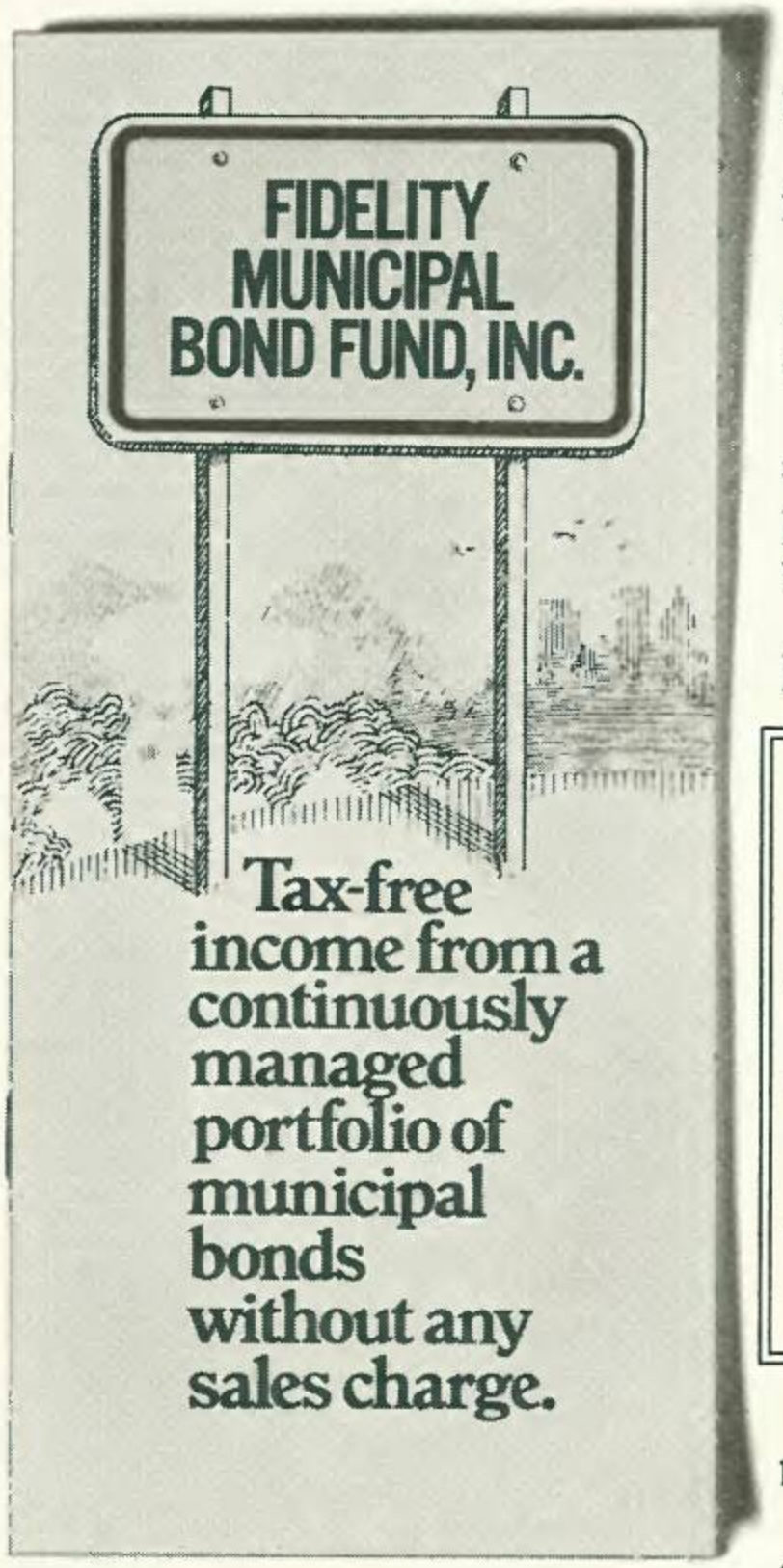

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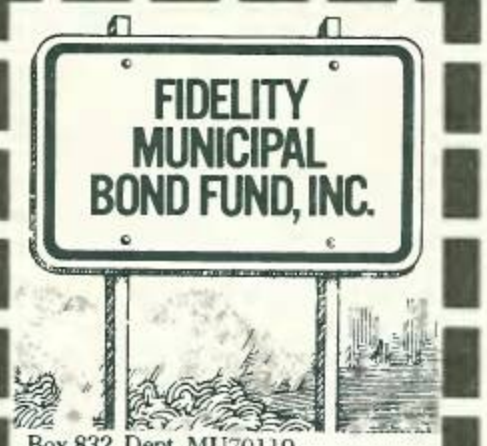

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jan. 24, singer-composer Lesley Gore will trade sets with tenor Warren Bass. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining. Thursdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven, BLOSSOM DEARIE presents concert-style sets, in which she plays piano and sings in a small, delicate, uncomplicated voice.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Trumpeter JOE NEWMAN will head up a quartet—guitarist TED DUNBAR, drummer David Lee, Jr., and bassist Bob Cranshaw—through Saturday, Jan. 22. Music from ten to two-thirty.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut upper West Side outpost. On Mondays, pianist DAVE MATTHEWS takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts; on Tuesday, Jan. 25, tenor saxophonist AL COHN and guitarist JOE PUMA will team up with bass accompaniment; and on Wednesdays and Thursdays, LEE KONITZ directs a nonet. Fridays and Saturdays are reserved for CHET BAKER and his neo-cool-jazz apprentices. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Super bassist RON CARTER is in charge of a quartet through Saturday, Jan. 22. Sundays, guitarist GENE BERTONCINI does solo work, and Mondays, JACK WILKINS, probably the most exciting young guitarist in town, works with bassist EDDIE GOMEZ. Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 25-29, Wilkins will collaborate with pianist Mike Nock and bassist Alex Foster. Music from nine Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays. Dinner.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—MILLSENBLUM, a singing-and-songwriting duo—Galen Blum, a funny and theatrical singer, and David Mills, her supporting guitarist—from the Catskills, are back in these quarters. Shows Wednesdays through Sundays at ten and midnight. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A weekend music place that draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, ART BLAKEY and his JAZZ MESSENGERS will take turns with STAN GETZ and his quartet; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 28-29, trumpeter FREDDIE HUBBARD will lead a quintet. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Intense, vertiginous MC COY TYNER, perhaps the most respected of contemporary pianists, winds up a week here with his sextet on Sunday, Jan. 23. On Monday, Jan. 24, trumpeter Danny Stiles will lead a seventeen-piece band. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 25, thunderbolt drummer ELVIN JONES will be onstage with his quartet. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams is responsible for a quartet; on Wednesdays, JO JONES is seated behind his drums and is very much in command of a quartet; Thursdays and Fridays, George Kelly, who played with the Savoy Sultans in the forties, leads a group called the Jazz Sultans; Saturdays and Sundays are usually session days for swing musicians like EARLE WARREN and Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 5:45: TESSIE O'SHEA. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 5:45: JULIE BUDD.

THE CRUSADERS and ROY AYERS UBIQUITY—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8.

MAYNARD FERGUSON'S ORCHESTRA and BUDDY RICH AND HIS KILLER FORCE—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 7:30.

VALERIE CAPERS, DONA SUMMERS AND THE PEACEMAKERS, and THE JAZZ SISTERS—Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 8.

KIRK NUROCK—Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8.

ART

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

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ABE AJAY—Reliefs cast in plaster. Through Feb. 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ELIZABETH BART—Collages composed of abstract shapes cut out of solid-color paper and occasional snippets from magazines, all set down with the confidence and authority of a Byzantine mosaicist and with a spontaneity that is all her own. Through Feb. 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

BYRON BROWNE (1907-1961)—Pencil and pen-and-ink drawings of classical heads of women. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

DAVID BRUZGA AND GEORGE SCHULMAN—A collaborative effort that has resulted in a series of geometric paintings (with figurative traces) whose motifs are tied to Mayan, American Indian, and Egyptian art. Through Feb. 5. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

NORRIS EMBRY—Raw colors and a carnival atmosphere characterize these paintings in mixed mediums by a Baltimore artist who carries on where the German Expressionists left off. Through Feb. 12. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Feb. 26. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

DIAN R. FRIEDMAN—Top-flight draftsmanship is the essence of this show of figurative works, mostly on paper, in oils, watercolors, and crayons. Interspersed among the set pieces—dancers, women in frilly costumes, and reclining nudes—are several portraits (de Gaulle and Churchill among them), and quick studies of horse-show scenes. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GILLIAN JAGGER—Free-flowing sculptures evocative of cooling lava, accompanied by photographic slides of African scenes, where the artist discovered a relationship between volcanic crust, dried-up mud flats, the gnarled bark of trees, the cracked hides of elephants, and the skin of African man. Through Feb. 4. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

JAMES LECHAY—Semi-abstract landscapes and still-lifes, set down with a deceptively childlike simplicity in gouache and oil. Boats and mountains and cows figure largely in the works, most of which have a Mediterranean look but happen to have been done in Hong Kong. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

RODGER MACK—Abstract bronze and nickel-bronze sculptures cast in sand by the artist himself. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

MARIO MICOSSI—Etchings, watercolors, and gouaches, some of them pertaining to the Friuli earthquakes in Italy last May, done by an artist whose home was all but demolished at the time. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

HARVEY QUAYTMAN—Large abstract works, combining paint and charcoal, on paper. Through Feb. 8. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

TONY ROSENTHAL / WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Large-scale abstract steel sculptures. Through Feb. 1. / Color-field paintings. Through Feb. 3. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

MARIETTE ROUSSEAU-VERMETTE AND SILVIA HEYDEN—Abstract tapestries. Through Feb. 3. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANTONIO SEGUI—Pastel and charcoal works on canvas of desolate landscapes that sometimes include a solitary figure. Through Feb. 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

STEVEN SLOMAN—Large unstretched canvases crowded with blocky geometric forms painted in thick, splotchy black-and-white acrylic patterns. Through Feb. 5. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

VINCENT SMITH—African scenes and fantasies painted in raw colors laced with sand and pebbles by a black artist who was born in Brooklyn and has recently spent a good deal of time exploring the land of his ancestors and blending the techniques of modern art with the themes of primitive people. Through Friday, Jan. 28. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

DAVID SMYTH—A white panel that covers an entire wall of the gallery is pierced by three full-size doors—the left one firmly shut, and the one in the middle, a louvered French window, slightly ajar. The one on the right is something the artist made up to fill out the composition. On other walls are abstract charcoal and pastel drawings on a grid pattern. Through Feb. 5. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

AZTEC STONE SCULPTURE—Long since deprived of a society that believed in them, these squat, brooding deities are now biding their time, waiting for another turn in the wheel of fortune. There are seventy-seven carvings in all, some of them merely decorative and not especially religious. Through Jan. 30. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ELKON, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures that were first exhibited at the gallery in the sixties by Agnes Martin, Isaac Witkin, and others. Through Feb. 2. . . . NICHOLLS, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Most of the work being shown is by members of the varsity team—Picasso, Braque, Léger, Modigliani—and includes a strange full-length portrait of a little girl in her Sunday best, lying on a sofa, by Pascin, and a glass box with a Surrealist peep show, incorporating a series of drawings set up like theatrical scenery, by Dali. Through Feb. 5. . . . STONE, 48 E. 86th St.: Tabletop models of country scenes by Darryl Abraham, realist paintings by Jay Songero, and figurative drawings by

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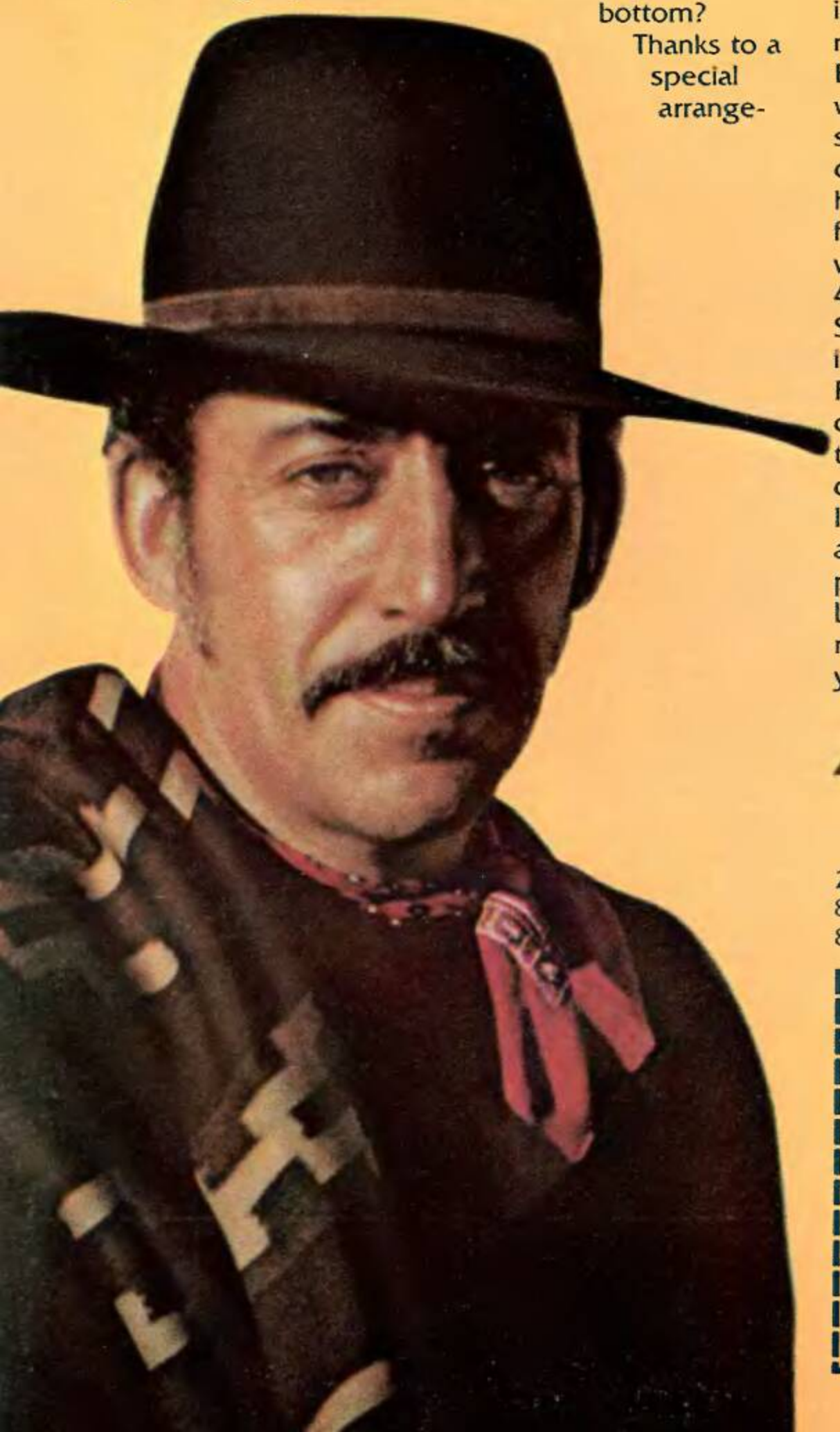

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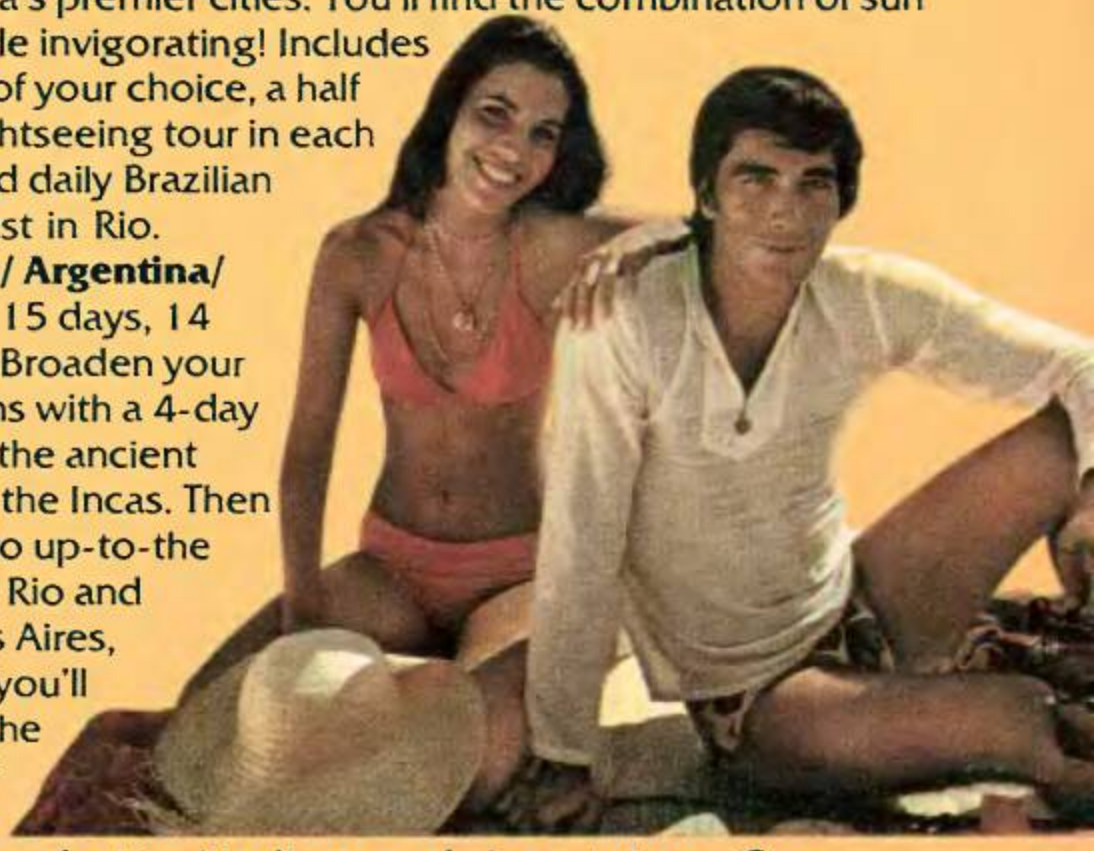

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Richard Hickam. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. . . . WILLARD, 29 E. 72nd St.: Thirteen artists (Lilo Raymond, Frederick Wardy, Susan Rothenberg, John Duff, for instance) showing an amalgam of abstract works (paintings, drawings, sculptures, photographs) that contain figurative elements. Through Feb. 3.

SCULPTURE—Abstract alabaster forms by Louise Demirjian, bronze and stone figures and animals by Elaine Lavalle, and animals carved from stone by Hope Wyatt. Through Feb. 2. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

DOUGLAS ABDELL—Abstract bronze sculptures in which the main body of the work, a tightly integrated horizontal assemblage, is set on three legs and crowned by a steeple-like member. Through Feb. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

ELEANOR ANTIN—Forty-two life-size Masonite mannequins flanked by two sets of photographs in which the artist figures as a nurse whose activities parallel those of Florence Nightingale. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Ten colored lithographs of Old Testament figures, among them an earthy-looking Eve; Judith contemplating the severed head of Holofernes; and Methuselah well on toward his nine-hundred-and-sixty-ninth year. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

PAUL CADMUS—On one large, crowded canvas, roughly eight feet long, entitled "Subway Symphony," which is the centerpiece of this show, the artist manages to incorporate all seven of the more familiar deadly sins and add a few of his own. Preparatory drawings and individual personifications of the seven big sins are also on exhibit. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOHN COBURN—This Australian artist's abstract version of the seven days of creation, done in Aubusson tapestry. Also gouaches and serigraphs. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

HORIA DAMIAN—Three-dimensional sculptures in plaster and polyester, together with preparatory drawings for them in graphite and colored pencil by this Rumanian-born artist whose sculptured hill, shown at the Guggenheim Museum and later in front of the Seagram building, created a stir last fall. Through Feb. 5. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

JIM DINE—Fifteen large paintings of uninhabited bathrobes, varying in materials but so much alike in folds and creases and general expression as to have been drawn with a template. (One wonders whether Dine ever got it *right*.) Also, skilled figure drawings on rough, handmade paper. Through Feb. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

JOHN FERREN (1905-70)—A small collection of abstract paintings by this Oregon-born artist, all done in 1956 and known as the "vase paintings" because they are all organized around vase-like forms; they radiate colors as brilliant as Fourth of July sparklers. Through Feb. 3. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

RUBE GOLDBERG (1883-1970)—Primeval conceptual art by this funny-paper genius, whose proposals for nutty inventions filled the comic strips he drew over a period of sixty years; thirty original strips are included in this show, along with memorabilia in the form of photographs, citations (one of them a Pulitzer Prize), and oddments associated with the man. Through Feb. 5. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Vestiges of the morbid symbols (coffins, crutches, skulls) that once haunted this artist's more representational paintings can still be discerned in these recent abstract drawings if one searches hard enough, but the new works, done on paper in various mediums, have such freshness and immediacy that it hardly seems worth the bother. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

LEE HALL—Abstract oils in which shifting masses of earth colors seem to be opening up and about to reveal something of great promise—a glimpse of the pearly gates, perhaps, or maybe just the dawn of a new day. The artist is president of the Rhode Island School of Design. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

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DEWITT HARDY—Realist watercolors and drawings; also graphics. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

MON LEVINSON—A new supply of this artist's works on heavy French rag paper that has been dipped in various dyes, India inks, and acrylics. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

OSCAR MAGNAN—Clear, strong abstract paintings that seem based on architectural forms and remind one that Constructivism is not dead but only sleeping; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 3. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL MAZUR—Rich pastels and charcoal drawings of jungle vegetation on Ossabaw Island, in Georgia, monkeys in the Boston zoo, inmates of Rhode Island asylums, and models in his studio, done over a twenty-year period by this New England artist who has barely turned forty. Through Feb. 4. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

VINCENT MOORE / TONY SCHNEIDER—Gouaches and watercolors, in most of which house painters who seem to have been lifted out of a jigsaw puzzle are shown painting floors the same color as themselves. / Laminated, beautifully carpentered abstract sculptures made of wood found on New York streets. Through Feb. 2. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

BETTY PARSONS—Thirty-two small-scale constructions of found wood, put together like peasant icons and painted in bright colors, plus a half-dozen abstract oils by the veteran dealer who has discovered and nurtured talents in so many others. Through Feb. 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

JACKSON POLLOCK (1912-56)—A group of drawings the artist did for his analyst during his course of treatment. The works were exhibited at the Whitney Museum in 1970. Through Feb. 5. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

LARRY RIVERS / SOREL ETROG—A hundred and fifteen or so virtuoso drawings, many of them left unfinished (as is often the case with this artist), obliging the viewer to fill in the blank spots with his imagination. / Bronze and stone sculptures, most of them based on the figure but mechanistic in appearance. Through Feb. 5. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

TIM SCOTT—Great slabs of found steel that look as if they had been hacked out of the sides of a locomotive, assembled into lively, if weighty, floor pieces by this British artist who has been teaching at Bennington. Through Thursday, Jan. 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

JOHN SEERY / HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Huge abstract paintings, achieved with bright acrylics laid on thick. / Landscape paintings done in the early thirties and much more specific (or less abstract) in subject than one usually expects his works to be. Through Wednesday, Jan. 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

PAUL THEK—Drawings done with house paint on newspapers. Also small bronzes. Through Feb. 5. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

CHRISTOPHER WHITE—A private calligraphy scrawled (and sometimes gouged) on a thick, muted acrylic surface marks the work of this West Virginia artist, recently out of Harvard, who has shunned the academic art schools and taught himself to paint. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM ZORACH (1889-1966)—Relatively small sculptures of female nudes, mostly couchant, done in bronze, granite, terra-cotta, rosewood, and Algerian and white Scravelza marble. A number of the artist's drawings are also shown. Through Feb. 12. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the FRUMKIN, 50 W. 57th St.: This show, made up of works done ten years ago, so that gallerygoers may have a yardstick for measuring the development since then of the artists involved, includes realist studies of nudes by Jack Beal, Alfred Leslie, Willard Midgette, and Philip Pearlstein (his paintings seemed softer then), and an outrageous, ribald "reinterpretation," by Peter Saul, of the late Thomas Hart Benton's Tom Sawyer mural in the St. Louis post office. Through Friday, Jan. 28. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.). . . HAMMER, 51 E. 57th St.: Mary Cassatt, Eastman Johnson, and Rockwell Kent are three of the painters whose work is included in this show of Americans. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. . . . HEIDENBERG, 50 W. 57th St.: Kinetic sculptures, Optical paintings, and graphics by a group that includes Victor Vasarely and Jesús Rafael Soto. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. . . . JACKSON, 521 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by five artists: Fritz Bultman, Dennis Byng, Paul Jenkins, Gio Pomodoro, and Clayton Pond. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. . . . ZARRE, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Clayton Pond, Lowell Nesbitt, and four other American artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 29.

GALLERIES—SoHo

TEMMA BELL—New York City, Florida, and Iceland provide the subjects for landscape paintings by this young woman, whose parents—Leland Bell and Louisa Matthiasdottir—are both well-known artists. Through Wednesday, Jan. 26. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at 1.)

NATVAR BHAVSAR—Large, fairly narrow panels covered with veils of color, sometimes dark and brooding and sometimes light and misty, by this India-born artist, who often assigns Indian musical or astronomical names to his works. Through Feb. 12. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

IVAN BIRO / HELEN SOREFF—Large sculptures made up of many layers of abstract forms, graduated in size, cut out of raw wooden boards and nailed together; in one work, the pieces are fanned out, like a peacock's tail. / Abstract paintings that consist of a color field divided into narrow horizontal strips by painted lines of slightly varying width. Through Wednesday, Jan. 26. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

TOM BOUTIS—Square canvases that usually incorporate an interior square outlined by strips left bare except for the sizing. Through Thursday, Jan. 27. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

BILL CONLON—Large abstract paintings in which the canvases seem to have been the arena for a contest of some sort among drafting instruments. A compass cuts its swath of an arc, a straight-edge streak intersects it; sheets of paper, laid out diagonally, are outlined; and groups of small, solid-color squares, circles, and triangles are assembled in strategic spots. Through Feb. 2. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

FRANK CULOTTA / LARRY BLIZARD—Sculptures that consist of variously sized and colored rubber bands linked together and suspended in Plexiglas columns about four feet high. / More colored drawings by this artist who specializes in chronicling the life of the banana. Through Wednesday, Jan. 26. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

SOLOMON ETHE—This artist builds up a pale-blue background with oil paint, usually over a barely visible grid pattern, and breaks into it in a variety of ways—with groups of circles, a large triangle, a combination of triangles and circles, or merely with a flick or two of bright color. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

JOEL FISHER—Last year, this artist was demonstrating convincingly that making paper was as far as an artist need go. This year, he *starts* with his handmade paper—small squares of it—which he searches for a "found" design: a tiny, embedded filament curled up or laid out flat in an attractive, threadlike line. He makes an enlargement of this, and then a re-enlargement, and finally works out a repeat pattern that covers a whole wall of the gallery. Through Feb. 2. (Protetch, 157 Spring St. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

DAN FLAVIN—Large fluorescent installations. Through Feb. 26. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

SHIRLEY GORELICK—Large paintings of three sisters, shown both nude and in wrappers, mostly unsmiling and up to their shins in

pachysandra, plus an idealized portrait of the late Mexican artist Frida Kahlo and a number of silverpoint drawings. Through Feb. 2. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Brian Henderson / Ursula von Rydingsvard—Large-scale canvases, usually divided into three equal areas of strong colors, by an Irish-born artist. / Big sculptures made of raw cedar, generally involving a profusion of pieces shaped like French loaves and strung together with rope. Through Feb. 5. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Dennis Kardon—A large abstract triptych, sixteen feet long, called "Locus," which somehow evokes the feeling of an isolated airport and is done in bold, straight-edge planes of flat color, is the centerpiece of this show, which also includes related drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Terence La Noue / John Okulick—Drawings in mixed mediums in which ancient Mayan and Guatemalan figures are combined with Far Eastern designs to produce works that are distinctly contemporary. / Fascinating bundles and bales and crates, made of smooth-sanded raw wood, sacking, and twigs, which seem to be growing out of the wall at full length but really protrude only a few inches, thanks to crafty use of perspective. Through Feb. 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

Keith Long—Splintery-looking wall constructions made of found lengths of weather-beaten plywood—the largest is twelve feet long—further scraped and gouged by the artist, whose hallmark is a perfectly carved feather, usually done in intaglio, set conspicuously in the work. First one-man show in New York. Through Wednesday, Jan. 26. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Gordon Moore—Large abstract acrylic paintings in which thin strips of pigment have been peeled off, forming lines that, together with a few painted lines, subdivide the otherwise bleak, crusty white surface. Toward the top of each canvas is a ladderlike series of striations, like a vestigial scale of measurement on a map. Through Feb. 8. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

Giulio Paolini—Drawings, works on paper, and other items, including a series in which Canova's Hebe is shown conversing with herself (collages in which cutouts, drawings, photographs, and silhouettes are incorporated). Through Feb. 5. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Buky Schwartz / Susan Mead—Foot-square timbers twenty feet long seem to be suspended in midair by this sculptor, who works with mirrors and sometimes with Plexiglas to achieve his illusions. / This artist stacks a column of five hundred and twenty-two bricks on a wooden pallet and suspends it on ropes within a nicely carpentered scaffold, or strings bricks together like a wampum belt, which spills over from a wooden crib. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Robert Sievert—A number of New York harbor scenes stand out in this exhibition, which consists mostly of landscapes and cityscapes, plus a few figures. Through Thursday, Jan. 27. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Andy Warhol—Eight large acrylic renderings of a hammer and sickle, shown in various arrangements but always casting red shadows, plus a number of preparatory drawings of the same subject, which were shown recently at Visual Arts. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Paul Zelevansky—Relics of the H tabernacle (which the artist says existed in the kingdom of Hegemon, on the east side of the Jordan), including liturgical instruments like the hammer, the harpoon, the hoe, and the hook, all of which are assembled, together with many other objects and a taped lecture, in the main room of the gallery. Through Thursday, Jan. 27. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

The Drawing Center—The first exhibition of this new facility for drawings, at 137 Greene Street, demonstrates intentionally how elastic the term "drawing" has become. The show offers geometric cutouts in solid colors, by Robert Mangold; applications of crude oil and cup grease to paper, by Dorothea Rockburne; paper covered with oil paint in which rectangular forms have been incised with a nail, by Douglas Sanderson; and similar works by three other artists. Through Feb. 26. (Mondays and Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 9.)

Group Shows—At the **Caldwell**, 383 West Broadway: A selection by the poet-critic Gene Baro, entitled "Alternatives," consists of paintings and sculptures done during the sixties which turned out to be significant for the future although (or maybe because) they lay outside the then mainstream of Pop and Op; among the nineteen artists are Don Judd, Ellsworth Kelly, Carl Andre, Kenneth Noland, and Frank Stella. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)... **Cooper**, 155 Wooster St.: Jennifer Bartlett and Kes Zapkus are among those showing paintings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.) ... **Meisel**, 141 Prince St.: Works on paper by gallery regulars, including a calorific layout of desserts, by Audrey Flack; a glass building reflecting a glass building, by C. J. Yao; a gleaming layout of table silver, drawn by Don Eddy; a couple of brooding gorillas, by Tom Palmore; and an incredibly busy beehive of humanoid activity, by Ernest Ruckle. Through Feb. 12.

OTHER GALLERIES

Lawrence Calcagno—New abstract paintings in which our welkin, represented by a misty wall of solid color, seems to have been pockmarked with small, colorful craters, some of which occur in rows and some at random. Through Friday, Jan. 28. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Jackie Ferrara—This artist's pyramidal structures, made of heavy timbers, which loom so effectively within the confines of a gallery, unfortunately seem to be overwhelmed in Hammarskjöld Plaza by the high-rise architecture surrounding them. Through Feb. 20. (Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Al Hirschfeld—Recent drawings. Through Feb. 12. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open at noon on Saturdays; closed Sundays.)

Robert Weaver—Original drawings and paintings for this artist's widely admired magazine and advertising illustrations, sometimes accompanied by the reproductions, which indicate that his main concern is with the way his work looks on the printed page, rather than the way it looks framed and hung on the wall. Through Friday, Jan. 21. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Harry Callahan—A retrospective show of two hundred and fifty of his photographs has been mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Roy DeCarava / Kay Bell Reynal—Pictures of Harlem and other city views. / Fashion photographs from the forties, along with portraits of people in the arts from the same years. Through Feb. 12. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Benno Friedman / Harold Jones—More than fifty toned-and-colored silver prints from his ongoing flower series. / Recent still-lifes and landscapes done in and around Tucson, Arizona. Through Feb. 5. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jan Groover / René Magritte (1898-1967)—Conceptual color prints taken in sequence. / Sixteen photographs by the Belgian Surrealist. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940) / **Baron De Meyer** (1869-1946)—More than two hundred small-scale prints documenting child-labor conditions in this country at the turn of the century. / A selection that includes twenty portraits and costume studies of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Peter Hujar—Recent photographs. Through Feb. 15. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Consuelo Kanaga—A retrospective made up of photographs that date from 1924 to 1974 and that include studies of Southern blacks in the thirties and forties is currently at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Helen Levitt—Dye-transfer prints, black-and-white photographs of Spanish Harlem in the forties, and other works. Through Feb. 5. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Karen Mantlo / Abby Robinson—Photographs taken in New York City streets. / Semi-abstract portraits. Through Jan. 30. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Tina Modotti (1896-1942) **and Edward Weston** (1886-1958)—A collection of vintage prints made in Mexico and California during their six-year association. Also related works. Through Feb. 12. (Ex Libris, fifth floor, 25 E. 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... ¶ The Museum of Modern Art is showing a selection of Modotti's works taken in Mexico, about half of which are vintage prints; the remainder were printed from old negatives by Richard Benson. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Ben Rose—A selection of fifty manipulated color prints. Through Feb. 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Bert Stern—Photographs of, among others, Marilyn Monroe, Louis Armstrong, and Grandma Moses. Through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Dennis Stock / Mike Disfarmer (1884-1959)—Dye-transfer and black-and-white prints whose themes are taken from nature. / Photographs of townspeople and cotton farmers in Heber Springs, Arkansas, made during the Second World War. Through March 13. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **French Embassy**, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.: A survey of contemporary French photography includes works by Edouard Boubat, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Martine Franck, and Marc Riboud. Through Feb. 2. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) ... **Kimmel-Cohn**, 41 Central Park W., at

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

64th St.: Vintage prints and gravures by, among others, Atget, Brassaï, and Genthe. Through Feb. 12. . . . MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: More than two hundred prints, most of them of people at work, that were taken by a commercial-photography firm in New York City at the turn of the century. Through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . PRAKAPAS, 19 E. 71st St.: P. H. Emerson, Berenice Abbott, James Van DerZee, and Paul Strand are among those included in a showing of vintage photographs that covers the last hundred years. Through Saturday, Jan. 29.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. . . . ¶ A big exposition of Andrew Wyeth's works, half of it centered on the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and the other half centered on the Olson house in Maine, with the works arranged so that one can follow an idea from the earliest sketch (or inspiration) on through the finished painting. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of early-twentieth-century European paintings from Swiss collections features such major artists as Braque, Bonnard, Matisse, Léger, van Gogh, Modigliani, and Klee. Through March 1. . . . ¶ A hundred prints and a few illustrated books selected from among acquisitions made during the last three years. Through Feb. 20. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Harry Callahan. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Tina Modotti. Through April 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A small show of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Calder's Universe," a retrospective exhibition that includes samplings from almost every phase of his output—toys, tapestries, tools, graphics, drawings, on up to herculean stabiles as big as the Whitney can accommodate (and excellent photographs of some it can't). Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ A historical survey of watercolors and drawings by American artists includes pen-and-ink drawings by Audubon, pastels by Arthur Dove, and watercolors by Mark Rothko. Through Sunday, Jan. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. Additional exhibition hours during January: Open Fridays until 10.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The twentieth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints, along with works by artists who were represented in previous years. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ "Anamorphoses: Games of Perception and Illusion in Art" has more than a hundred examples of art works intentionally distorted by the artist but that appear in full form when viewed from a particular angle or when reflected in a prism, cone, or cylinder. Through Feb. 13. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Consuelo Kanaga. Through Feb. 6. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Kanaga show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A new, permanent Hall of the Sun has opened in the Planetarium. Divided into three sections, the exhibit includes an eight-foot globe of the sun and films made of the sun both from earth and from outer space. (The museum is open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5. The Planetarium exhibit is open Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of wood

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sculptures and decorative art objects from China and Japan dating from the fifth century B.C. to the nineteenth. Buddhist statues, carved lacquerware, burial figures, and folk carvings are among the pieces on exhibit. Through March 27. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design consists of a host of separate exhibits whose theme is the efficacy of design. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—"Books as Troublemakers": close to two hundred volumes that have been successful in raising general hell—starting revolutions, assassinating characters, and all the rest. John Cleland, Charles Darwin, Adolf Hitler, Margaret Sanger, Walt Whitman are some of the authors. Through Feb. 5. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and twenty-five drawings from Cambridge University's Fitzwilliam Museum, dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, and offering unfamiliar works by such familiar hands as Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Tiepolo, Watteau, and Rubens in the main exhibition room, and Rembrandt, Ingres, Goya, and Cézanne in the Cloister—the long hallway to the rear. . . . ¶ Among the ancient Near Eastern treasures in the East Room are a number of small royal seals, which might be considered the forerunners of printing as we know it; photographic enlargements bring out their beauty in a way that would have entranced their original owners. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through Feb. 13.

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration" and incorporating original works from every celebrated illustrator you've ever heard of—Pyle, Wyeth, Christy, Flagg, Gibson, Dunn, plus a few specials like Audubon, John Held, Jr., and James Thurber. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"American Sampler" brings together such items from the library's holdings as "Brooklyn in Winter" by Francis Guy, drawings of the American West by George Catlin, original comic-strip art for "Dick Tracy," and a model for "Orpheus" by Noguchi. Through March 30. (Open every day except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings on shaped canvases by Leslie Price. . . . ¶ Prints by Lee Paté. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Feb. 20.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Cristina Deutekom, Nicolai Gedda, William Walker, and Ezio Flagello; conducted by Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Salome," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Barbro Ericson, Robert Nagy, Guillermo Sarabia, Frank Little, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Tosca," with Teresa Kubiak, Barry Morell, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 1:30: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita Shane, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, Paul Plishka, Morley Meredith, and Nico Castel; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8: "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotto, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Frank Little, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Barry Morell, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita Shane, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, Paul Plishka, Morley Meredith, and Nico Castel; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotto, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Frank Little, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Salome," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Barbro Ericson, Robert Nagy, Ingvar Wixell, Kenneth Riegel, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 28, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Janis Martin, Mignon Dunn, James King, Norman Bailey, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2: "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotto, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Frank Little, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Cristina Deutekom, John Alexander, William Walker, and Ezio Flagello; Richard Woitach.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 21, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 7:30 (all with Jessye Norman, soprano); and Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 28, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 7:30 (all with Julius Baker, flute; Anthony and Joseph Paratore, pianos; and Roland Kohloff, timpani).

KANSAS CITY PHILHARMONIC—Maurice Peress conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 24, at 8, with Malcolm Frager, piano; and Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8, with the Modern Jazz Quartet.)

ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY—Jerzy Semkow directing a performance of Mozart's Mass in C Minor, with Benita Valente, soprano; Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Arthur Thompson, baritone; and the Washington University Madrigal Singers, Choir, and Civic Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

SWEDISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA OF ÖREBRO—Göran Nilson conducting, with Staffan Scheja, piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Michael Feldman conducting, with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; Michael Best and Robert Jones, tenors; and others. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL AND THE NEW YORK CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Mr. Rampal conducting and acting as flute soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Gary Graffman, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one devoted to immigrant composers, with Julius Eastman and Mr. Foss, pianos, and the Gregg Smith Singers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

GROUP FOR CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—Charles Wuorinen conducting the Manhattan Orchestra. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Oberlin College Choir—Daniel Moe directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 23. at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of "Judas Maccabeus" and acting as harpsichord soloist, with Jane Gunter, soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; David Lloyd, tenor; and Samuel Ramey, bass-baritone. The last in a series of Handel oratorios. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

RECITALS

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Eugenia Earle—Harpsichord, in a program entitled "Music of the Court of France," with Robert White, tenor, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Mildred Miller—Mezzo-soprano, in an all Schumann recital postponed from Jan. 4. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—A program of contemporary chamber music, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 20, at 7:30.)

Festival Winds—The third in a series of four programs presenting the cycle of Mozart's music for winds. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Tenor, in Schubert's song cycle "Die Schöne Müllerin." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 3.)

Elena Gilels—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Anthony Newman—Organ and harpsichord. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.)...¶ The second in a series of four programs presenting the cycle of Bach concertos for one, two, three, and four harpsichords, this one with Ani Kavafian, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 2:30.)

Janos Starker and Shigeo Neriki—Cello and piano, in a sonata recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Ana Maria Trenchi de Bottazzi—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 3.)

Robert de Gaetano—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Grant Johannesen—The second in a series of three recitals of piano music of France. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Diana Mittler Battipaglia—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The third in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Felicia Montealegre, narrator; Pierre Boulez, celeste, piano, and conductor; James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 30, at 5.)

Paula Robison and Richard Goode—Flute and eighteenth-century fortepiano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29. at 3.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Yo-yo Ma—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp, in a program of Spanish music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Ann Zalkind and Helen Katz—Music for piano, four hands. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music—Benita Valente, soprano; James Buswell, violin; Frank Cohen, clarinet; Robert Routch, horn; and Richard Goode, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 30, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Rajko Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra and Dancers—Béla Berki conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 23, at 3.)

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. Chicago, Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 7:30....¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City, Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.... **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. Portland, Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8:05....¶ Nets vs. Washington, Friday, Jan. 21, at 8:05....¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Sunday, Jan. 23, at 1:45....¶ Nets vs. Golden State, Friday, Jan. 28, at 8:05.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Jan. 27, at 7:35.... **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8:05....¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:05.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Aqueduct Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 22, and the Affectionately Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 29.... **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday. March 19.

Track—Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 28, at 7.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8, and Sundays at 1; through Sunday, Feb. 27.... **meadowlands racetrack,** East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

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

Poetry Readings—Larry Fagin and Jamie MacInnis reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)...¶ David Ignatow and Marge Piercy reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

National Boat Show—The sixty-seventh annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, canoes, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 19-21, from noon to 10; Saturday, Jan. 22, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, Jan. 23, from noon to 7.)

Winter Antiques Show—Rarities from many countries and periods, assembled by more than sixty dealers. In addition, there will be a loan exhibit from the United States State Department of historically important furniture and paintings. A benefit show. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Jan. 22, through Sunday, Jan. 30. Weekdays, noon to 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 2: Jewelry, from a number of owners....¶ Thursday, Jan. 20, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics, snuff bottles, and other works of art; from the collection of Marjorie Inman and from other sources....¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 2: English, Continental, and American furniture and decorations; from the collection of Boscobel Restoration, Inc....¶ Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 2: American books and manuscripts, from several sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 20....¶ Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Books and autograph letters, from many owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 20....¶ Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 2; Thursday, Jan. 27, at 10:15 and 2; Friday, Jan. 28, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 29, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including furniture and decorations, paintings, Chinese Export porcelains, silver, and pewter; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 22.

I always make command performances in a dress that calls for applause.

A story in two parts: The overblouse trimmed with ribbing, self belted over a flowing skirt. Matti of Lynne does it in Klopman's performance-tested Sonnata,® a textured knit of 100% Dacron® VIII polyester. Navy with white, sizes 4 to 16, '68. Sport Dress Collections.

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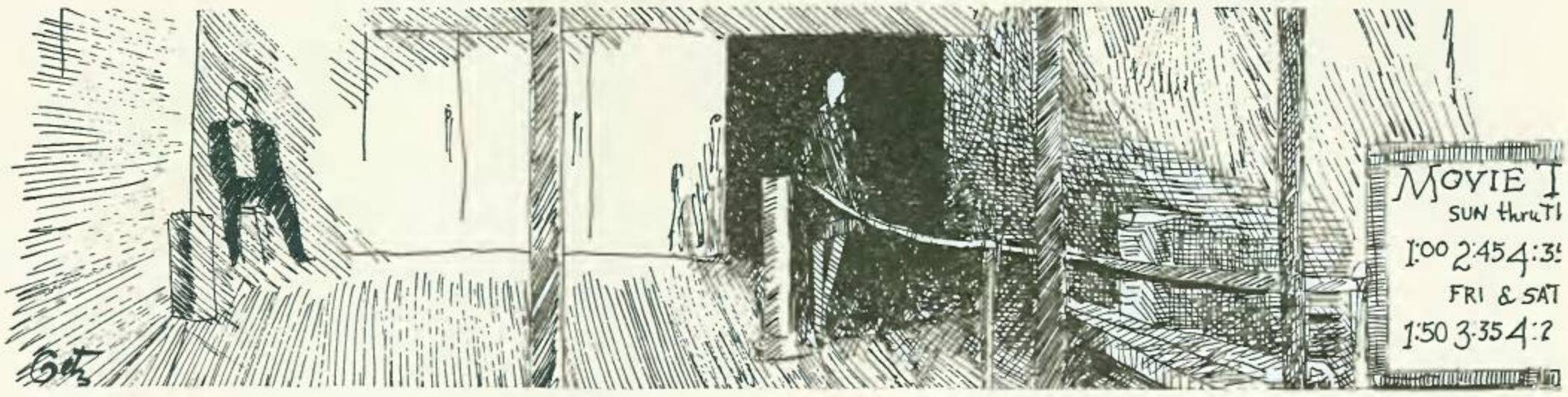


EAST SIDE

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

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Jan. 20: "Carrie" and "Burnt Offerings."
Jan. 21-25: "Face to Face" and "A Doll's House."
From Jan. 26: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 20: "Carrie."
From Jan. 21: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

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

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Voyage of the Damned."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Holes."

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

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Jan. 27 (tentative): "Some of Our Best Friends."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Get Charlie Tully."

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

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Star Is Born."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bound for Glory."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Enforcer."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"In Search of Noah's Ark."

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

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Jan. 22: "Rocky."
From Jan. 23: "Harlan County, U.S.A."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Rocky."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Marquise of O . . ."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Silver Streak."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 25: "Carrie."
From Jan. 26: "The Front."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

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

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

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Voyage of the Damned."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Rocky."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Shoot" and "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

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

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

Through Jan. 20: "Special Delivery."
From Jan. 21: "Madam Kitty" (X-rated).

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Small Change."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Marathon Man."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Rocky."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 25: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" and "Chloé in the Afternoon." From Jan. 26: "The Marquise of O . . ."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 20: Two X-rated films by Russ Meyer—"Up" and "Supervixens." From Jan. 21: "Madam Kitty" (X-rated).
Theatre 4: "The Thief of Paris."

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

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Star Is Born."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Jan. 22: "Shoot" and "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."
From Jan. 23: "The Day That Shook the World."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 25: "Sex with a Smile" and "The Happy Hooker."
From Jan. 26: "The Front" and "Take the Money and Run."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

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

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
From Jan. 24: "Providence."

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

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Small Change."

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Rocky."
Theatre 2: "The Enforcer."
Theatre 3: "Marathon Man."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 25: "Mikey and Nicky" and "A New Leaf."
From Jan. 26: To be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Jan. 22: "The Stranger" and "The Third Man."
Jan. 23-25: "Shame" and "The Passion of Anna."
From Jan. 26: "Lady of Burlesque" and "The Gang's All Here."

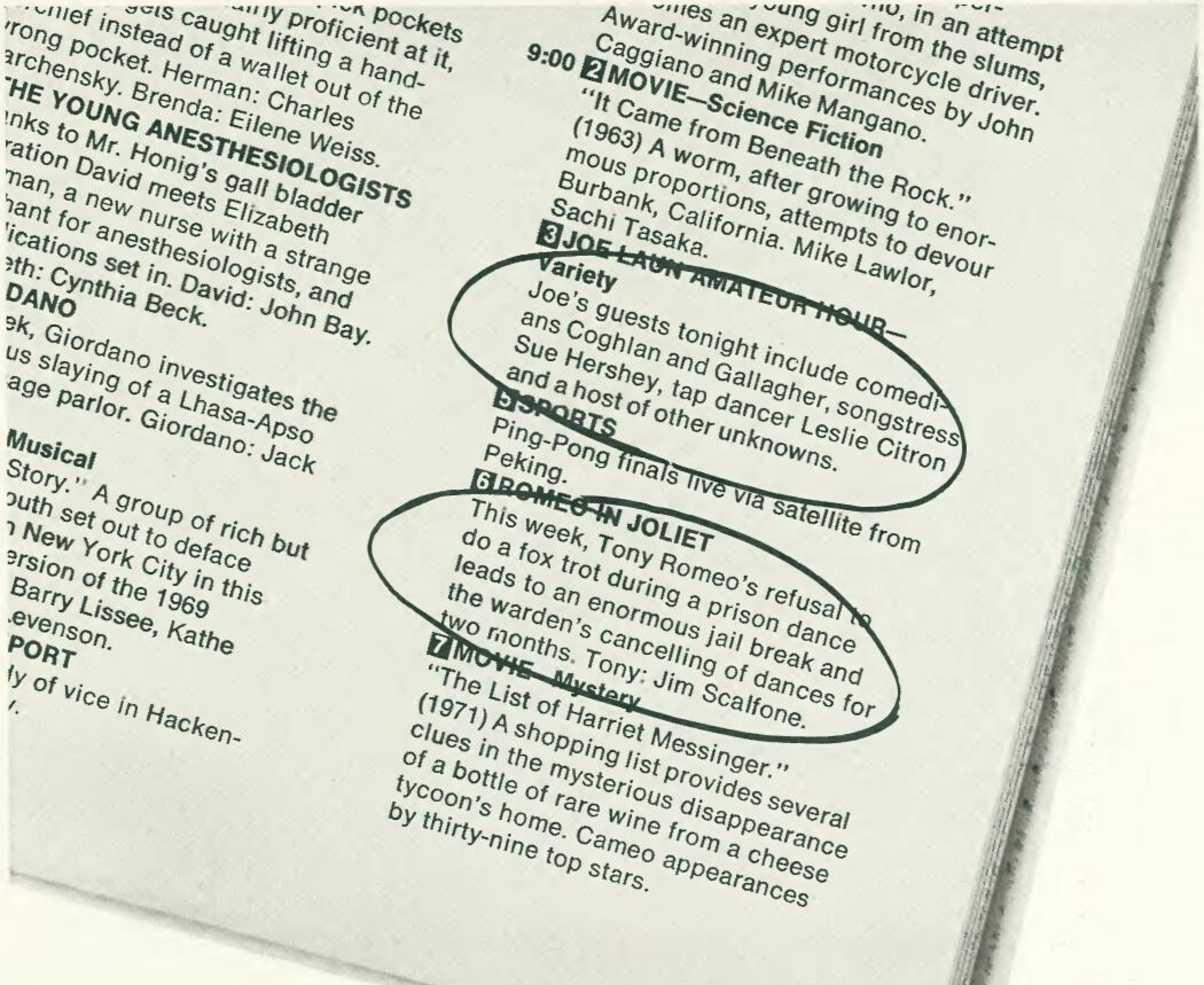
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 25: "Carrie" and "Burnt Offerings."
From Jan. 26: "The Front" and "Farewell, My Lovely."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 19: "Fury" (1936), directed by Fritz Lang, with Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Edward Ellis, and Walter Brennan; and "The Ox-Bow Incident" (1943), directed by William Wellman, with Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn, and Frank Conroy.
Jan. 20: "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "The Balcony" (1963), directed by Joseph Strick, with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, Jeff Corey, and Kent Smith.
Jan. 21: "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere; and "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
Jan. 22: "Juliet of the Spirits" (†) and "Tristana." (†)
Jan. 23: "The Taming of the Shrew" (†) and "Romeo and Juliet." (†)
Jan. 24: "La Bête Humaine" (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin; and "Boudu Saved from Drowning." (†)
Jan. 25: "That Cold Day in the Park" (1969), directed by Robert Altman, with Sandy Dennis and Michael Burns; and "The Collector." (†)
Jan. 26: "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Privilege." (†)
Jan. 27: "Stavisky" (1974), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer; and "Borsalino." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 19: "Mr. Lucky" (1943), directed by H. C. Potter, with Cary Grant, Laraine Day, Florence Bates, and Charles Bickford; and "Once Upon a Honeymoon" (1942), directed by Leo McCarey, with Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant, and Walter Slezak.
Jan. 20: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell.
Jan. 21: "Juliet of the Spirits" (†) and "Tristana." (†)
Jan. 22: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958), directed by Richard Brooks, with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962), directed by Richard Brooks, with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, and Ed Begley.
Jan. 23: "David Copperfield" (1935), directed by George Cukor, with W. C. Fields, Roland Young, Freddie Bartholomew, Edna May Oliver, and Basil Rathbone; and "Pride and Prejudice." (†)
Jan. 24: "The Gospel According to St. Mat-



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thew" (1966), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with a cast of nonprofessionals; and "Accattone!" (†)
Jan. 25: "The Asphalt Jungle" (†); and "The Naked City" (1948), directed by Jules Dassin, with Barry Fitzgerald.
Jan. 26: "Destination, Tokyo" (1944), directed by Delmer Daves, with Cary Grant and John Garfield; and "None but the Lonely Heart." (†)
Jan. 27: "The Iceman Cometh" (1973), directed by John Frankenheimer, with Lee Marvin, Fredric March, Robert Ryan, Jeff Bridges, and Bradford Dillman.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 19: Two Japanese films.
Jan. 20-22: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson; "Payday" (1973), directed by Daryl Duke, with Rip Torn; and "Easy Rider." (†)
Jan. 23-25: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; "The Killing of Sister George" (1968), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Beryl Reid and Susannah York; and "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
Jan. 26: "Zatoichi at Large" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Mori; and another Japanese film.
From Jan. 27: To be announced.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 22: "Born Yesterday" (1950), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "It Should Happen to You" (1954), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon.
Jan. 23-25: "Little Women." (†)
From Jan. 26: "Alice Adams" (1935), directed by George Stevens, with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, Ann Shoemaker, Fred Stone, and Frank Albertson; and "Christopher Strong" (1933), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Katharine Hepburn, Colin Clive, Billie Burke, and Ralph Forbes.

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Jan. 19: "Straw Dogs" (1972), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George; and "The Wild Bunch" (1969), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan.
Jan. 20-22: "Chloé in the Afternoon" (†); and "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand.
Jan. 23-24: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.
Jan. 25-26: "Hour of the Wolf" (†) and "The Passion of Anna." (†)
From Jan. 27: "Face to Face" (†); and "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 20: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant; and "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, and David Wayne.
Jan. 21-22: "Nothing Sacred" (†) and "My Man Godfrey." (†)
Jan. 23-24: "Marie Antoinette" (†) and "Riptide." (†)
Jan. 25-26: "Till the Clouds Roll By" (†); and "Joy of Living" (1938), directed by Tay Garnett, with Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
From Jan. 27: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 20 at 2:30: "Spies" (1928), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Gerda Maurus and Rudolf Klein-Rogge; English inter-titles.... ¶ Jan. 20 at 6: "Las Poquianchis" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Felipe Cazals, with Diana Bracho and Jorge Martinez de Hoyos; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 20 at 8:30: "Pafnucio Santo" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Rafael Corkidi, with Pablo Corkidi and Gina Morett; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 21 at 2:30: "The Mushroom Taster" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Roberto Gavaldón, with Isela Vega and Ofelia Medina; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 21 at 6: "Spies."... ¶ Jan. 22 at noon: "Jason and the Argonauts" (1963), directed by Don Chaffey, with Todd Armstrong and Nancy Kovack.... ¶ Jan. 22 at 2:30: "Pafnucio Santo."... ¶ Jan. 22 at 5: "Walking On... Walking" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by A. Federico Weingartshofer, with Ernesto Gomez Cruz, Patricia Reyes Spindola, and Salvador Sanchez; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 23 at noon: "Jason and the Argonauts."... ¶ Jan. 23 at 2:30: "Balún Canán" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Benito Alazraki, with Saby Kamalich and Tito Junco; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 23 at 5: A program of six early comedy shorts—"Mabel's Dramatic Career" (1913), "Frauds and Frenzies" (1918), "The Dumb-Bell" (1922), "Feet of Mud" (1924), "His Private Life" (1926), and "Idle Eyes" (1928).... ¶ Jan. 24 at noon: "Everybody Rides the Carousel" (1976), directed by Faith and John Hubley.... ¶ Jan. 24 at 2:30: "Las Poquianchis."... ¶ Jan. 24 at 6: A program of short films by Neelon Crawford.... ¶ Jan. 25 at noon: "Everybody Rides the Carousel."... ¶ Jan. 25 at 2:30: "Balún Canán."... ¶ Jan. 27 at 2:30: "Nana" (1934), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Anna Sten, Phillips Holmes, and Lionel Atwill; Czech subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 27 at 6: "The Black Palace" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Arturo Ripstein, a documentary on Lecumberri Prison; no English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 27 at 8:30: "The Bricklayers" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Jorge Fons, with Katy Jurado and Ignacio Lopez Torso; 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. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—A program of films by Benni Efrat. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for time schedule and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Herzog, Vogl, Cortez, Méliès, Vertov, and others. Showings Jan. 19-21 at 7 and 9; Jan. 22 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Jan. 23 at 8; Jan. 25-26 at 8; and Jan. 27 at 7 and 9.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Jan. 20-23: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972), in German, directed by Wim Wenders; English subtitles.... ¶ Starting Jan. 27: A program of five short films on childhood. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ACCATTONE! (1961)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's film about a Catholic boy at the bottom of the heap. The characters and the story are simple and anti-bourgeois by nature; Pasolini's coldly humorless theories and haut-bourgeois intellect sabotage practically everything that he hopes to do emotionally in the picture. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 24.)

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE (1950)—A competent (often overrated) thriller by John Huston about a group of crooks who plan a jewel robbery and how their characters determine the results. The rogues' gallery includes Sterling Hayden, Sam Jaffe, James Whitmore, and Louis Calhern; Jean Hagen and Marilyn Monroe are among the ladies. From the W. R. Burnett novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 25.)

BORSALINO (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseilles of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 27.)

BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 24.)

BOUND FOR GLORY—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in the director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/13/76.) (Coronet.)

BURNT OFFERINGS—With Karen Black, Oliver Reed, and Burgess Meredith; directed by Dan Curtis. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 20.... ¶ Olympia; through Jan. 25.)

CARRIE—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (11/22/76) (Guild.... ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; through Jan. 20.... ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Jan. 25.)

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 Jan. 25. ... ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Jan. 20-22.)

THE COLLECTOR (1965)—Terence Stamp captures Samantha Eggar and keeps her locked up in a cellar in England. Stanley Mann's banal script does no service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome, though too dignified, movie. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 25.)

COUSIN, COUSINE—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

THE DAY THAT SHOOK THE WORLD—With Christopher Plummer, Florinda Bolkan, and Maximilian Schell; directed by Veljko Bulajic. (Festival; starting Jan. 23.)

A DOLL'S HOUSE (1973)—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez

and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 21-25.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Elgin; Jan. 20-22.)

The Enforcer—Clint Eastwood playing Inspector Harry Callahan, for the third time. Directed by James Fargo. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 21-25. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Jan. 27.)

Farewell, My Lovely (1975)—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Olympia; starting Jan. 21.)

The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark in the role of Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Art. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; starting Jan. 26.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film, with chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and Carmen Miranda on an avenue of giant strawberries with bananas sprouting from her head. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot" ballet, which passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Thalia; starting Jan. 26.)

Get Charlie Tully—With Dick Emery, directed by Cliff Owen. (Fine Arts.)

The Happy Hooker (1975)—With Lynn Redgrave as Xaviera Hollander. Directed by Nick Sgarro. (Playboy; through Jan. 25.)

Harlan County, U.S.A.—The coal miners' strike in Kentucky during the early nineteen-seventies. Directed by Barbara Kopple. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II; starting Jan. 23.)

The Holes—With Philippe Noiret and Charles Denner, directed by Pierre Tchernia. In French. (Eastside Cinema, and U.A. East.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Jan. 25-26.)

In Search of Noah's Ark—With Brad Crandall, directed by James L. Conway. (D.W. Griffith.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. This picture has a miraculous combination of irony and wit, like Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." With Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 25.)

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. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 22.)

King Kong—Colossal, silly, touching, a marvellous Classics Comics movie (and for the whole family). It can stand in one's affections right next to the original version. John Guillermin directed, from Lorenzo Semple, Jr.'s, script; with Jeff Bridges, Jessica Lange, and Charles Grodin. (1/3/77) (Loews Orpheum.)

Lady of Burlesque (1943)—Gypsy Rose Lee's murder-mystery novel, "The G-String Murders," cleaned up, with burlesque as an institution considerably tamed. The movie has scenes in which burlesque audiences are stimulated into raucous excitement by the sight of girls clothed practically to the stifling point. Barbara Stanwyck's bumps and grinds are communicated via her face and a few percussion sounds, but she acts with a hard realism that suggests something of a milieu, and Michael O'Shea, who plays opposite her, has a relaxed show-biz authenticity. With J. Edward Bromberg, Iris Adrian, Marion Martin, Gloria Dickson, Pinky Lee, Frank Conroy, and Frank Fenton. Considering how few of Gypsy Rose Lee's racy bits are left, the director, William Wellman, does rather well. (Thalia; starting Jan. 26.)

The Last Tycoon—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. (11/29/76) (Cinema I.)

Little Women (1933)—Enchanting. There are small flaws—a few naïvely sentimental scenes, some obvious dramatic contrivances—but it's a lovely, graceful film, and surprisingly faithful to the Louisa May Alcott novel. Katharine Hepburn gives an inspired performance as Jo, and the cast includes Edna May Oliver, Joan Bennett, Frances Dee, Spring Byington (as Marmee, of course), Paul Lukas, Douglass Montgomery, and John Lodge. George Cukor directed (beautifully), and David O. Selznick produced. The dreadful score is by Max Steiner, and Jean Parker, as Beth, is not the world's greatest actress. (Regency; Jan. 23-25.)

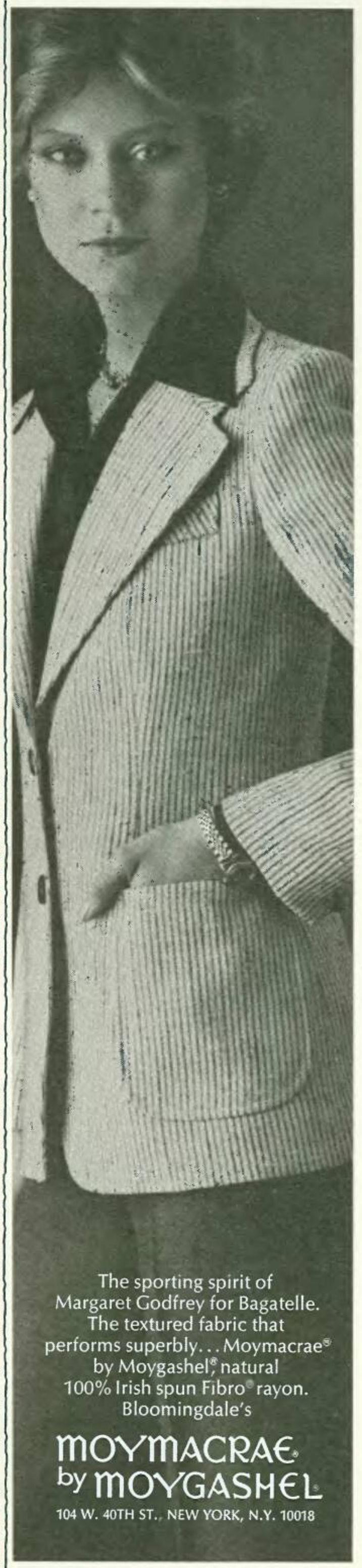
Marathon Man—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity needed for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Marie Antoinette (1938)—A resplendent bore. M-G-M built a grand ballroom that was several feet longer than the original at Versailles, and Adrian designed twelve hundred and fifty gowns, as well as costumes for two poodles. The efforts to create a sympathetic interpretation of Marie that would be suitable for Norma Shearer—M-G-M's "first lady" and, as Irving Thalberg's widow, a large stockholder—resulted in a lugubriously noble central character. Since King Louis XVI (Robert Morley) wasn't much of a love interest, Shearer was given Tyrone Power (as a Swedish count) for a bit of romance; meant for leavening, this doomed affair only adds to the soggy weight. W. S. Van Dyke directed; with John Barrymore, Gladys George, Anita Louise, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 23-24.)

The Marquise of O . . .—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 26.)

Mikey and Nicky—With Peter Falk and John Cassavetes, directed by Elaine May. (New Yorker; through Jan. 25.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—Carole Lombard shrieking happily as a beautiful rich ninny, and William Powell modulating impeccably



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as a suave, bitter victim of the Depression, in an entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy with a muddled social conscience. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's too silly and good-natured to be offensive. With Mischa Auer doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron, Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Gregory La Cava directed, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 21-22.)

NETWORK—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

A NEW LEAF (1971)—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (New Yorker; through Jan. 25.)

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART (1944)—Taken from Richard Llewellyn's novel; directed by Clifford Odets. The chap here is a tragic hero on the borderline between London's gentility and London's low life. He is gifted with perfect pitch and a floundering wish for poetic self-expression. The cast includes Cary Grant, taking himself rather sombrely, Barry Fitzgerald (Irish, you may remember), and Ethel Barrymore. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 26.)

NOTHING SACRED (1937)—What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the satiric targets of this famous thirties comedy. According to Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, they are boobs and lascivious slobs. They drip crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning, and enjoy every minute of it. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter hero, Fredric March, and the girl, Carole Lombard—who was by that time "the screwball girl" and the "Duse of daffy comedy"—any better than anyone else. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phoniness. William Wellman's direction is more sluggishly paced than usual, but the film has many classic sequences: March's leg being bitten by a small boy; Lombard passing out while showgirls impersonating the heroines of history parade in her honor; and a great slugging match between March and Lombard. With Walter Connolly as the dyspeptic big-city editor, Charles Winninger as the alcoholic small-town doctor, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, in his acting début, and Frank Fay. (The film spawned a Broadway musical, "Hazel Flagg," as well as a movie with Jerry Lewis in the Lombard role.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 21-22.)

THE PASSION OF ANNA (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. With Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Thalia; Jan. 23-25. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Jan. 25-26.)

THE PINK PANTHER STRIKES AGAIN—Inspector Clouseau's clenched-jaws politesse is a joke that has run its course. Playing the role for the fourth time, Peter Sellers is required to imitate himself, and his fish-eyed deadpan is joyless. The director, Blake Edwards, sets up promising situations, and then the payoffs are out of step; after the first half hour or so, the film loses momentum. (1/17/77) (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Jan. 21.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (1940)—This literate movie is a faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, adapted by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin. But when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life, everything is changed. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen; once one adjusts to this, it's a happy and carefree viewing experience. The movie belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. Greer Garson is Elizabeth Bennet, and she is not as phony as she became later. She's effective and has nice diction, though she's arch and incapable of subtlety, and a viewer can get weary watching that eyebrow that goes up like the gold curtain at the old Met. The cast includes Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Melville Cooper, and a batch of girls in overstarched dresses (Marsha Hunt, Maureen O'Sullivan, Karen Morley, Ann Rutherford, Heather Angel), and villainous Frieda Inescort, of the slurpy voice. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 23.)

PRIVILEGE (1967)—A jagged vision of England in the grip of show-business idolatry and shady power games. Paul Jones is a pop singer; Jean Shrimpton, as his girl friend, fights for the last vestige of private life in a world of P.R. men, agents, and flesh-trading hacks. Startlingly photographed and edited, and directed by Peter Watkins, with an unmistakable passion for filmmaking. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 26.)

PROVIDENCE—With Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; directed by Alain Resnais. (Cinema 3; starting Jan. 24.)

PUMPING IRON—About the art and sport of body-building, with Arnold Schwarzenegger. Directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore. (Plaza.)

RIPTIDE (1934)—Norma Shearer, in satin, as a wife torn between her jealous husband, Herbert Marshall, and the ready arms of Robert Montgomery—both men in white tie and tails. This M-G-M melodrama with a few songs was made when Shearer was still at her star peak, and though the vehicle is a turgid, glossy bummer, audiences gobbled it up. The legendary Mrs. Patrick Campbell is in the cast, and Ralph Forbes, and slinky, funny Lilyan Tashman. Edmund Goulding directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 23-24.)

ROCKY—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Murray Hill, Columbia I, 86th St. East, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Jan. 22.)

ROMEO AND JULIET (1954)—The dramatic rhythm of the play is lost, but this Anglo-Italian production, directed by Renato Castellani, is extraordinarily rich and voluptuous, photographed in the golden remnants of the High Renaissance in Verona, Venice, and Siena, and with costumes by Leonor Fini that are derived from Piero della Francesca, Pisanello, Carpaccio, and Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. Laurence Harvey (at twenty-six) gives Romeo a lively reading; Susan Shentall, a nonprofessional, is lovely as Juliet but lacks voice and presence. The Capulets' ball has such sensuality that it conveys a better idea of what the play is *about* than conventional stage productions do. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 23.)

THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ Festival; through Jan. 22.)

THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high

form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, and Little Carnegie.)

Sex with a Smile—With Marty Feldman, directed by Sergio Martino. (Playboy; through Jan. 25.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Thalia; Jan. 23-25.)

Shoot—With Cliff Robertson and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Harvey Hart. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ Festival; through Jan. 22.)

Silver Streak—Some studio executive must have looked at the script, seen that most of the action was on board the train from Los Angeles to Chicago, and said, "Who the hell travels by train?" The movie starts by offering excuses for why the characters are on board. Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry: it's like the imitations of sophisticated entertainment that high-school kids put on. Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double entendres. This movie also includes a callously unfunny gag—a plane buzzing a flock of sheep. (1/17/77) (Loews Tower East.)

Small Change—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Some of Our Best Friends—With Bulle Ogier, directed by Edouard Molinaro. In French. (Trans-Lux East; through Jan. 27, tentative.)

Special Delivery—With Bo Svenson and Cybill Shepherd, directed by Paul Wendkos. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Jan. 20.)

A Star Is Born—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon, weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (1/10/77) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

The Stranger (1946)—Directed by Orson Welles and starring Welles as a Nazi in New England who comes to perhaps the most garish of all bad ends. A well-made thriller, though somewhat poky, with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. (Thalia; through Jan. 22.)

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. (Playboy; starting Jan. 26.)

The Taming of the Shrew (1967)—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 23.)

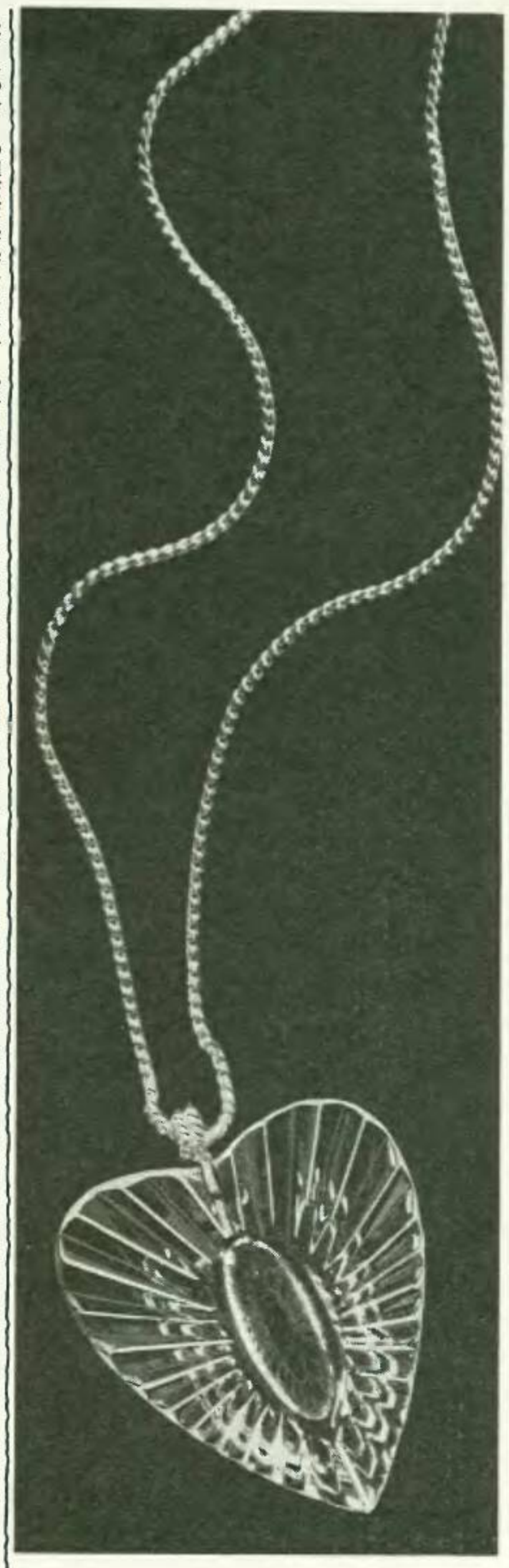
The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in Louis Malle's slow-paced, romanticized view of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. This thief hates the bourgeoisie, yet is so successful he becomes part of it. Malle shows none of the seaminess of thievery; this is a study of compulsion, and though it's well shot by Henri Decae, it lacks substance and is tedious. With Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

The Third Man (1950)—Orson Welles, the Vienna sewers, and the famous, maddening zither tune. Directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's script and novel. Trevor Howard is a stylish Englishman who instructs Joseph Cotten in life's darker truths. A thriller of highest class. (Thalia; through Jan. 22.)

Till the Clouds Roll By (1946)—This monster thing, spawned at M-G-M, was meant to be the life of Jerome Kern. Robert Walker was the actor given the role (unlucky Walker was also miscast as Brahms), and he was surrounded by an all-star troupe that included Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Van Johnson, Dinah Shore, Tony Martin, June Allyson, and Frank Sinatra, who, in perhaps the most ill-conceived sequence in this staggeringly ill-conceived venture, sings "Ol' Man River" in white tie and white tails. There are twenty-two songs by Kern, most of them reasonably well performed, but not one performed memorably. Richard Whorf directed; Vincente Minnelli staged some of the sequences. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 25-26.)

Tristana (1970)—Luis Buñuel's study of a Spanish grandee who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and, in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 22.)

Voyage of the Damned—This movie is based on the actual 1939 voyage of the S. S. St. Louis with nine hundred and thirty-seven German-Jewish refugees aboard, yet there is not a single moment in the star-packed epic that carries any conviction. As the lines drone on—paced with a sledgehammer—you may feel you could die for a little overlapping dialogue. But with this material you can't even have the frivolous pleasure of derision. Seeing Faye Dunaway cast as a Jewish woman who can't turn her husband on, you should be able to laugh, but how can you? As the ship's captain, Max von Sydow acts with some distinction; most of the others—Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Katharine Ross, Janet Suzman, Maria Schell, Victor Spinetti, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, James Mason, et al.—are crippled by the banal lines, written by Steve Shagan and David Butler, and the atrocious direction of Stuart Rosenberg. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)



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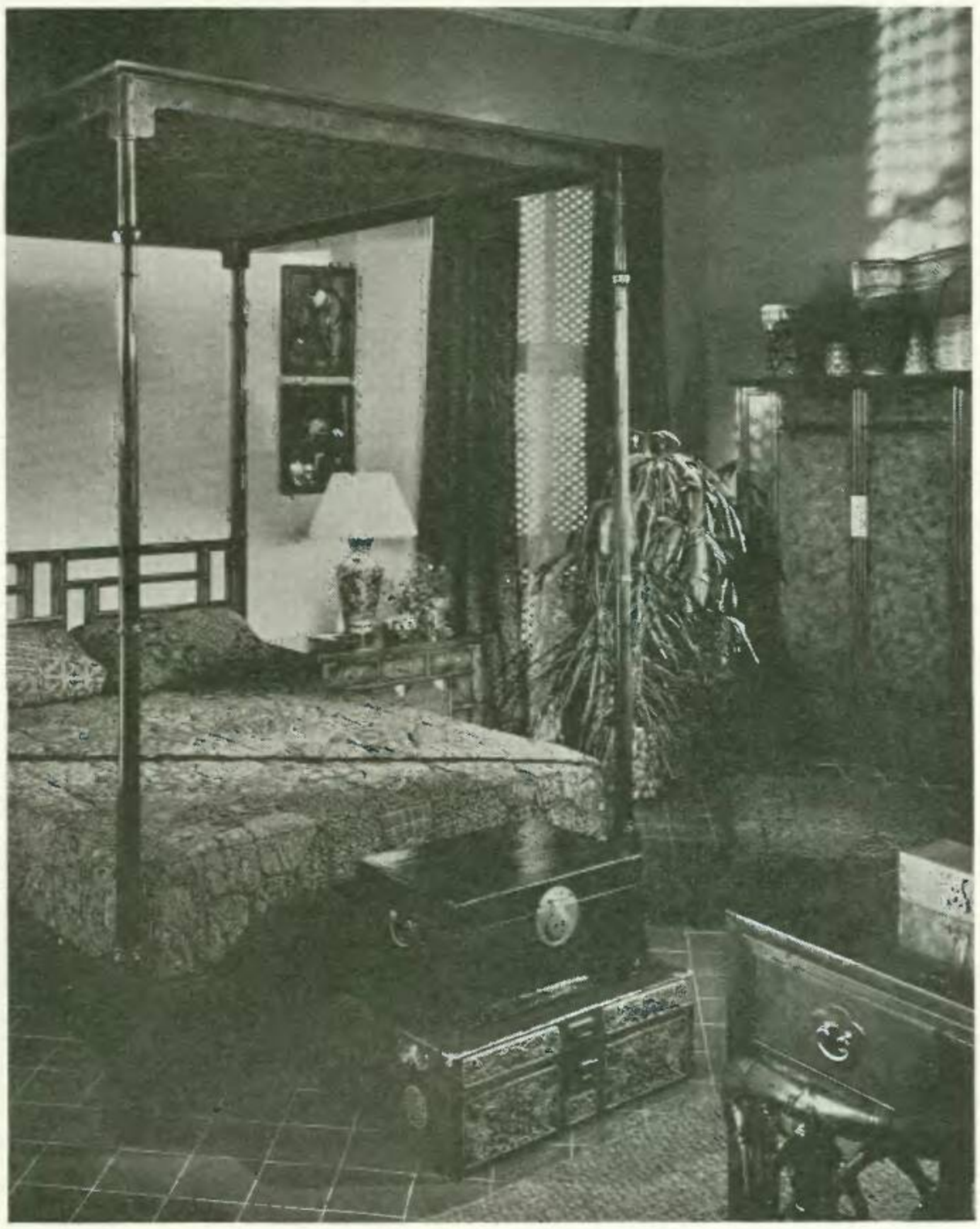

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

JIMMY CARTER's staff has reported that he is deeply concerned about losing contact with the people he has been elected to serve. He is so concerned, in fact, that his office has established a special mailing address for those who want to send in suggestions that might help him keep in touch with his constituents. The problem is acute, and his desire to do something about it is commendable. We submit our proposals herewith. For one, Mr. Carter could ask to be addressed not as "Mr. President" but simply as "Mr. Carter." When the title "Mr. President" was adopted, in an age of potentates, it must have seemed modestly democratic, but surely the most powerful man on earth today doesn't need any title at all. If Mr. Carter were to get rid of this one, it might remind him that, while he is the first citizen in the land, he is still merely a citizen—even the common man that he claimed, throughout his campaign for the Presidency, to be. He could also break some other traditions that tend to insulate Presidents from the citizenry. At White House banquets in the past, for instance, Presidents have sat down at table with generous campaign contributors, powerful financiers, leaders of special-interest groups, influential politicians, and celebrities from the worlds of science and the arts. These are people who usually know little about their country, for *their* positions tend to insulate them from their fellow-men and from the realities of the ordinary person's lot. In place of such luminaries, Mr. Carter might invite workers, housewives, students, small businessmen, farmers, bus drivers, public-school teachers, waiters, and salesmen, and impose on them only one condition—that they speak honestly to him about their views of America's problems and of his proposed solutions. Then, to get a more personal impression of the lives of the people in this country, Mr. Carter could visit some of them—say, once a month—by having dinner with perhaps a dozen people chosen at random in some city or town or village, who could sit down quietly with him in the house of one of them and talk for an evening. Mr. Carter could also ask more broadly experienced men and women around the country whom he knows well, whose judgment he trusts, and who seek no private advantage to come to the White House occasionally, one by one and without publicity, to tell him what they hear and what they think about his stewardship of the nation. If they want nothing from him, they would have nothing to fear from him, and could speak freely about what seems to be going on beneath the surface of our society.

A close aide of Mr. Carter's recently attributed the decrease in his contact with the public to the increase in protection provided by the Secret Service after he was nominated and the further increase after he was elected. It was, the aide said, becoming difficult to maintain "relations with the outside world, which is getting more and more remote." The notion that a President—or, for that matter, a candidate—establishes contact with people by shaking hands with them in a crowd or by chatting with them for a few moments or by riding past them in a limousine or by kissing babies is nonsense. Appearances like these may feed a candidate's or a President's already inflated sense of self-importance, but they do nothing to keep him in touch with the public. As a matter of fact, this kind of contact reduces true contact by deceiving him into believing that he is close to the public when he is actually more remote than ever. The radio "fireside chat," which was used by Franklin Roosevelt, and which Mr. Carter has promised to revive, would do far more for the people themselves; that is, it would at least keep *them* in touch with *him*.

The "imperial Presidency" has, to a large extent, grown out of the immense power—mainly military power—developed by this nation since the Second World War. When that war began, the United States Army ranked nineteenth in the world, below Portugal's and barely above Bulgaria's. Although our military establishment is essential to our freedom, it is basically undemocratic in nature and should be kept in its place. Most of all, the ceremony surrounding it should be limited, for the symbol of armed might is an affront to a nation that preaches peace. Albert Jay Nock, in his character study of Jefferson, wrote, "Economy furnished Mr. Jefferson a good pretext for indulging his inveterate dislike of ceremonial formalities. . . . As President, he made a clean sweep of levees, parades, reviews, and public functions of a decorative character. These things cost money." They also cost our democracy some of its plain dignity. The military honor guard that is trotted out every time a foreign head of state pays an official visit to Washington may have been excusable when our youthful Republic felt a need to flex its tiny biceps, but it is an absurd and swaggering exercise today, when our power terrifies even us. If Mr. Carter wants to display the military might at his command, he would do better to introduce foreign heads of state to the officer who always accompanies him carrying a small black box that contains codes for setting off a nuclear attack. Rather than go through the pointless formality of "reviewing" ranks of rigid servicemen, Mr. Carter and his visitors could greet assemblages of common citizens invited, again at random, off the streets.

Tradition has it that we must show

respect to the President as a mark of our respect for the Presidency. This, too, is nonsense. Presidents should be respected when they deserve it. We have seen what mindless respect for the Presidency brought us in the case of President Nixon, who was allowed to stay in office long after he should have been impeached or forced to resign. Despite his flagrant skullduggery, he would probably have completed his second term—possibly at mortal cost to the nation—if he hadn't been discovered with the "smoking revolver" in his hand. In fact, it was doubtless his belief that public respect for the Presidency would protect the President whatever he did that led Nixon to indulge in such lawless behavior in the first place. To help reduce the Presidency to more democratic proportions, the tradition of playing "Hail to the Chief" at White House ceremonies might also be dispensed with. Renditions of this Presidential anthem may be suitable for the lunacy of a National Convention, but it is a shoddy imitation of "God Save the King/Queen" and we could well do without it. In German, it would be called "Heil dem Führer."

Above all, though, every possible means should be used to remind Mr. Carter that, for all his power and glory, he is no more than a man who has been chosen as a temporary occupant of the highest office in the nation. James Burnham, editor of the *National Review*, once remarked, "Every man who has become President in our time sooner or later has come to feel that he does not merely represent the people but that he *is* the people. When that happens, he takes even the tiniest criticism of him as a vicious attack on the people—in short, as treason." It was this devastating hubris that brought on Vietnam and Watergate, destroyed two Presidents, and nearly wrecked our country. Mr. Carter seems far different from those predecessors—an extraordinary man who is also a plain man. We hope that he will preserve these wondrous qualities and remain himself—not an imperial President but a leader and a follower of the people.

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Rehearsals

WHEN an opera disappears from the stage for nearly fifty years, there is usually a good reason for its absence. Giacomo Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète," which was revived by the Metropolitan Opera last Tuesday, is a classic case in point. Written in the early eighteen-forties, at the very beginning of "grand" opera, it requires seven big, flexible, wide-ranging voices, an exceptionally large orchestra, eight elaborate sets, a company of dancers capable of performing the famous ice ballet (which was originally given on roller skates), and an audience willing to sit through a five-act plot that alternates between vocal fireworks and blood-and-thunder histrionics. We watched a couple of "Prophète" rehearsals recently and can report that the new, streamlined version—directed by John Dexter, designed by Peter Wexler, and conducted by Henry Lewis—is a galvanic, tightly paced political melodrama in three acts, with unexpected Freudian overtones. The theme is religious fanaticism during the Protestant Reformation. (The hero, Jean de Leyde, becomes convinced that God has chosen him to lead an Anabaptist revolt against the city of Münster. After he is crowned prophet-king in the Münster cathedral, Jean's love-hate relationship with his mother, Fidès, causes his downfall.) The production combines abstract sets (the basic visual element is a skeletal Gothic cathedral) with vividly realistic characters, most of whom seem to have stepped out of a Bruegel painting. (The three Anabaptists, who are learned men, are patterned after Holbein or Dürer.) The movable scenery consists of nine rough-hewn wooden wagons and a couple of vestigial staircases, all of which are pulled together in various combinations to suggest a military camp, a city square, a banquet hall, and so on. The score is eclectic and intensely theatrical—Meyerbeer is not in the Mozart-Verdi league, but he influenced everybody from Brahms to Offenbach—and the characters, as they are developed by Dexter, possess a blazing sense of life which is rare in opera. (Jean and the Anabaptists are historical personages; Fidès is presumably based on Meyerbeer's strong-willed, devout mother.)

Our initial encounter with "Prophète" took place in a basement rehearsal room, where John Dexter, a compact Englishman who has snapping brown eyes, a neat salt-and-pepper mustache and beard, and a cheerfully ferocious disposition, was rehearsing a scene in which (1) Jean hides his fiancée, Berthe, from the lecherous Count Oberthal, (2) the Count demands Berthe in exchange for the life of Jean's mother, Fidès, and (3) Berthe gives herself up to save Fidès. Three wagons had been transformed into a table at an inn; a fourth propped up a staircase that served as Berthe's hiding place. With Henry Lewis conducting from beside the piano, Berthe (Renata Scotto) dashed across the room to the staircase and disappeared; Count Oberthal (Morley Meredith) ordered Jean (James McCracken) to produce her; and Fidès (Marilyn Horne) was dragged in by two soldiers and forced to kneel with their swords pointed at her neck. The singers were not rehearsing full out, because they had not learned all the words, and because the microsecond timing of the action gave everybody trouble.

"We might even do a little nick of Mama just to make the audience realize it's serious," said Mr. Dexter, moving the sword points closer to Miss Horne's throat, and showing her how to clutch her rosary in anguish. "Remember, you're not *commanding* Jean to sacrifice you. You leave it up to him. Happy martyr. Then Renata takes over from there. The main thing now is to get the text out of the way. It's driving you all crazy, and I can't get into the characters when you're in that state."

"You know," said Mr. McCracken, a stocky, commanding tenor who has strong features and an aureole of fluffy white hair, "I'm beginning to think that Jean goes along with the Anabaptists because he wants vengeance on the people who have taken his bride away. I think my vision in this scene is a fake."

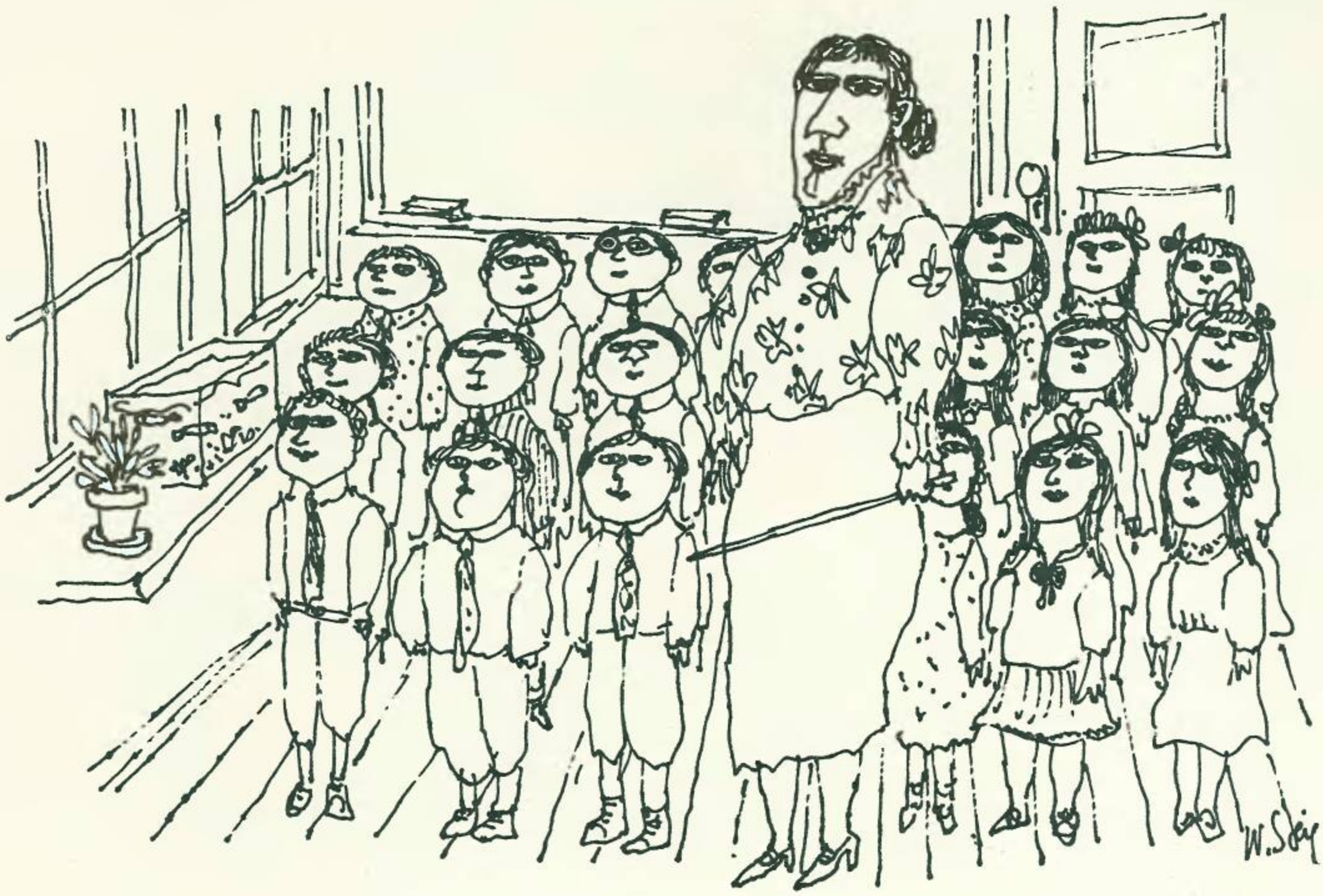
"Not at all," said Mr. Dexter. "Look at the words and you'll see Jean is already halfway round the twist."

"He sure has that vision at an opportune moment," said Mr. McCracken.

"Joan of Arc always heard her voices at just the right time, too," said Mr. Dexter. "When we get you into the cathedral for the Coronation Scene, we'll convince you that you're God's chosen prophet."

Three weeks later, we returned to the Met to find "Prophète" being rehearsed on the main stage. The principals were letter-perfect in their lines, the chorus had been fitted with costumes—laced bodices and layers of skirts for the women, medieval hose and short jerkins for the men—and Mr. Dexter was transforming its members from passive peasants into a revolutionary mob.

"The weather is good and it's your half hour off," Mr. Dexter said to



eighty-odd men and women who were sprawled across the stage ready to sing. "Don't let the eating and drinking relax, and don't be too French—it's vulgar and Flemish we want. Watch the pots along the front; one fell into the pit yesterday and made the orchestra a bit nervous."

As three Anabaptists in black robes appeared at the back of the stage, Mr. Dexter encouraged his peasants to react as individuals. "First, you're apprehensive and astonished," he said. "Too frightened to move. Then you're curious. And finally they convince you."

The Anabaptists preached their revolutionary doctrine from three small platforms at the front of the stage, and Mr. Dexter brought his chorus surging forward in a great burst of sound, their heads thrown back and their arms outstretched. "The gesture is grab—give me," he said, flinging up his arms and spreading his fingers. "Now run out, get the hayrakes and the scythes, and come back as fast as you can."

Mr. Dexter went through the remainder of the first act, pausing to revise a costume ("Renata looks too much like Giselle. She should be dirtier"), restage a piece of action ("Jimmy, put your face in your hands and *then* look up and out to tell them about that terrifying dream"), and work out an intricate set change ("We've got eighteen seconds to get three wagons into the center as a platform and take three more offstage, and I've got to move eighty people out of the way so that Jimmy can sing 'Roi du ciel' ").

When the first act had reached its triumphant conclusion with the assault on Münster, we followed Mr. Dexter down a flight of stairs into his subterranean office and asked him why he had chosen to revive this particular opera.

"If there's any thread in my work over the last twelve years—from 'The Royal Hunt of the Sun' to 'Equus'—it's a fascination with religion, with this teasing out of the relationship between man and God," he said. "People often dismiss 'Prophète' as a *pièce de théâtre*, but I think the work exists on a much more profound level. As a Jew, Meyerbeer was absolutely fascinated and appalled by the idiotic things Christians do to each other in the name of their God. In 'Prophète' he tried to capture, musically and dramatically, the explosive atmosphere of Northern Europe in the fifteen-thirties—a time when the movement for a populist, instinctive religion had reached the boiling point. Revolution was in the air, because the literary humanists in the Catholic Church had tried without much success to absorb and define what, for the people, was a purely emotional thing. So people heard voices and saw visions, and God came directly to them. Everybody in this opera is a fanatic, and at the same time there is a strangeness about the characters which gives them an extra dimension. Take Jean—a simple innkeeper who actually comes to believe he's God. How does it happen? And then, in the cathedral, he comes face to face with his own humanity in the shape of his mother, and he's trapped right through to the end. When you lay on top of *that* those extraordinary Anabaptists—I've come to think of our trio as Marx, Trotsky, and Lenin; a thinker, an activist, and a spiritual leader—you have a very complex canvas indeed. The set began as a half-built cathedral, but it has become a kind of Gothic cage, because that's what Northern Europe was at the time; the Church was a cage, and everybody was trapped inside it. I first thought of staging the opera as a morality play, using the theatrical devices of the period—no curtain, symbolic scenery, the pageant wagon, and so forth. Now I see these ideas as a springboard for presenting Jean, Berthe, Fidès, and the Anabaptists as the fanatics they are

against a map of the world in which they live."

Coming to the Point

IT was halftime at the Central Gym up at West Point at five o'clock of a January Saturday afternoon when at last our friend the old curmudgeon began to talk. The Rabblerousers—the local term for the Army cheerleaders—were stirring up a fearsome din in the bleachers, but, as always, the o.c.'s words cut cleanly through the hubbub of the moment. Princeton was three up over Army, 30–27, and the players on the basketball court were two teams of quite well-behaved young women. The curmudgeon, an old Princetonian himself (class of '22), had been impartial throughout. "I like it up here," he said. "In the first place, a lot of the sporting events up here are free to anyone who happens by, just as they used to be in the little hill towns of Massachusetts or in my favorite town in the Cotswolds. This is hometown America. Look at the customers—they're town and gown, happily melded. In the second place, it's a Colonial town, or dates back almost that far. American Colonial-style houses, English collegiate Gothic. As for a town green, there's one practically everywhere you turn. But what's most important to me today is that here's old Army thoughtfully carrying on a tradition of the dear old Sargent School, in Boston, where, in the days when women tennis players wore skirts that revealed no more than a bare hint of anklebone, my Aunt Anna shot, in the exuberance of her youth, twenty-nine baskets in a match one afternoon against a fairly worthy basketball team. Sargent was, as you should know, the ranking institution in this country for young-women athletes. My own alma mater gave in—against my wishes, I must admit—to the march of time and installed a women's basketball team on the premises some six years ago. And in August of last year Army finally came to heel and did the same thing. I should point out, I expect, that the West Point freshmen, or plebes, are today sometimes called smacks, and that what we now have before us—i.e., Army's first women's basketball team—is made up of young women who are called sugar smacks. But on to more weighty matters."

"Wait a moment," we said. "Do you still think that the idea of women on campus is a bad one?"

"Not at all," the curmudgeon said. "I've surrendered. And so, I note today, have some colonels of my acquaintance who only last spring were thundering against the idea of a single high-heeled shoe embedding itself in their sacred greensward. Did you notice a couple of them screaming at the referees—women referees, at that—when they imagined that these women were overlooking Princeton fouls? Not that Army doesn't practice psychological warfare. Did you also notice that the electric scoreboard at the outset of the match showed 'HOME' leading 'VISITORS' 40–33 with no playing time left. Ah, well, I suppose all's fair."

While we were driving up to West Point before the game, in a Rallye Red 1976 Volkswagen Rabbit, the curmudgeon had filled us in on the Army women's record—five games under their belt in their first season of play, and all of them triumphs. The curmudgeon, who was clearly looking forward to the encounter, said he thought the Army women's team might turn out to be the holy terror that the Army hundred-and-fifty-pound football team (male) had been in its league for the past twenty years. The women, he said, were tough and scrappy but worked under one handicap—by Army regulations, they are not supposed to be more than six feet tall.

The average height of the current team is five six. They play a fast-break kind of game reminiscent of the Celtics in their great days, and, on defense, can switch fluidly from the zone to, so to speak, man-to-man. As the second half of the match progressed, all this became apparent. The Army women were of almost uniform height, and their hair, mostly auburn, was so deftly cropped, Army fashion, in what Army calls the Dorothy

"Gosh, Mr. Groswell, I didn't know there were so many different hauntingly beautiful versions of 'September Song.'"

"I'll have the crab Newburg, but don't tell my ulcer."

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Hamill style that they looked a good deal alike as they wrestled down rebounds and flung them recklessly down court. The Princeton women, on the other hand, were an Ivy League assortment. There were three genuine beanpoles, two of them listed in the program at 6′ 0″, and one at 6′ 2″, and their ability to outjump the Army women was obvious. The Princeton hairdos ranged from waterfall to ponytail, and there were such unmilitary adornments as a light-blue bandeau and a barrette. The curmudgeon said he detected only two unorthodox maneuvers on Army's part—once when a forward called a huddle on court during a time-out, and once when, during play, one woman whispered instructions to another instead of signalling a play with her fingers. Both teams missed a lot of shots (as the final count—Princeton 48, Army 47—indicates), and Army committed more turnovers than is usual, and often looked a little nervous in its first matchup with a nationally ranked college women's team. But the game was as much of a down-to-the-wire thriller as a 128–127 double-overtime playoff game between the Knicks and the Celtics. Army was five points up on Princeton, thanks to the bull's-eye shooting of its star center, Carol Barkalow, about two and a half minutes before the end of the game, but some flashy buckets by Princeton's Jackie Jackson, who has the moves of a smart schoolyard ballplayer, and two foulshots by Margaret Meier made it 48–47 Princeton. Army had a chance to tie or win on a one-and-one freethrow situation at the final buzzer but couldn't sink the first one.

"God knows how my Aunt Anna scored fifty-eight points for Sargent under the dusty old rules that used to govern women's basketball," the curmudgeon said as he applauded the victorious Tigers. "In her day, for instance, the guards couldn't go past center court. This is real basketball. Sargent rides again."

In Army's locker room after the match, there were tears. "Girls feel freer to show their emotions," said Dennis Van Fossen, a long, lean Specialist Five from Laurel, Nebraska, who is ending his Army career as, for the first time in his life, the coach of a women's basketball team. (He, and we, couldn't know that exactly one day later Chuck Foreman would be crying on the field toward the end of the Super Bowl when the Raiders were beating his Vikings.) The curmudgeon approached Brynnen Sheets, Army's most aggressive guard, who told him she came from Edmond, Oklahoma, near Oklahoma City, where she'd played only old-fashioned, six-woman basketball before coming to the Point. "I didn't see many of you wearing kneeguards this afternoon," the curmudgeon said to her.

"My mother bought mine back home a few days ago and mailed them to me, and I haven't got them yet," Brynnen Sheets told him.

"The kneeguards are coming, the kneeguards are coming," said Coach Van Fossen. "You know, last summer we didn't even know if we'd have enough basketball players among the hundred and nineteen new girl smacks to field a team."

The young women trooped off to the showers, and, whether they were downcast or not, their voices were almost instantly raised in song. The coach picked up a laundry bag. "What's that?" said the o.c.

"Well, I want the girls to look real nice," said the coach. "I don't trust the post laundry to do the uniforms right, so I take them home to my wife."

By then, the Princeton women and their two coaches were seeping out of their quarters. We caught the assistant coach first—John Hicks-Hershey, a bearded young chap not long out of the Princeton Theological Seminary. "How did *you* get into this ballgame?" the curmudge asked him.

"I just rambled onto the Princeton campus and asked if they wouldn't like a little help with the girls' basketball team, and it wasn't long before I was, rather to my surprise, on the payroll," said Coach Hicks-Hershey. "My wife thinks it's a great idea. Pat Walsh is the head coach."

Pat Walsh turned out to be a young graduate of Immaculata, a celebrated fountain source of women basketball players which is situated in Pennsylvania.

"When you matriculated at Immaculata," the o.c. asked her, "had you any idea that you'd wind up as head coach of the Princeton women's basketball team?"

"No," said Pat Walsh. "At that time, Princeton didn't even have a women's basketball team." She opened her coat to take her gloves out of her pocket and again revealed her courtside uniform—unwrinkled white flannel trousers and a vivid black-and-white zebra-striped sweater.

"I'll guess I'll have to name you the best-dressed coach on the North American continent," said the old curmudgeon.

DOWN!

(JOURNAL NOTES ABOUT THE FORTHCOMING FILM "THE MAN WHO SKATEBOARDED DOWN 9 WEST 57TH STREET")

NOVEMBER 15: Early this morning the advance team of Sherpas sets out from Tiffany's and heads for Base Camp, in the trading room of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, six floors up in the great tower. We have been told that the window-washers will complete the early-winter washing in about ten days, weather conditions permitting. We must finish filming before the next sootfall, because clean windows are essential for steering control. Our small ascent team and three hundred Sherpas pack up and cross the street. Above us, the hyperbolic glass structure looms ominously, curved at its base like an insane gigantic ski jump and ascending to a pure vertical at its cloudy upper reaches. Roped together, we march in through the service entrance. It is a solemn moment.

NOVEMBER 16: Today we passed through the Investment Division of Morgan Guaranty. Employees lined the corridors and cheered. The executive vice-president gave each member of the ascent team a tube of lip gloss to protect against high-altitude chapping. A pretty young secretary kissed me, and I was touched to see that she was close to tears. No one has ever skateboarded down the near-vertical glass wall of this building. The chances of surviving the attempt, it is said, are poor. I took her phone number, just in case.

For more than a year I have trained, running each day, doing long hours of calisthenics, testing skateboards, sampling high-altitude supplies, taking acting lessons. Family, friends, the distractions and obligations of everyday life have been ignored as I prepare myself for the great test ahead. I have just received word that my wife is suing for divorce. Most of the money from the movie will probably go for alimony. But no matter. The road to greatness is paved with sacrifice.

NOVEMBER 17: We have reached Base Camp. The people at Morgan Guaranty have been very kind, although my attempts to buy more life insurance through their local chief have been rebuffed. A few of the Sherpas have joined the Christmas Club. But these mundane distractions matter less now. Here on the sixth floor, the street level seems ages behind us. When I think of the summit, a mere forty-six floors above us, I am invigorated. Up there, beyond central air-conditioning, my destiny awaits.

"This new, more positive self-image of yours, Clarkson—get rid of it."

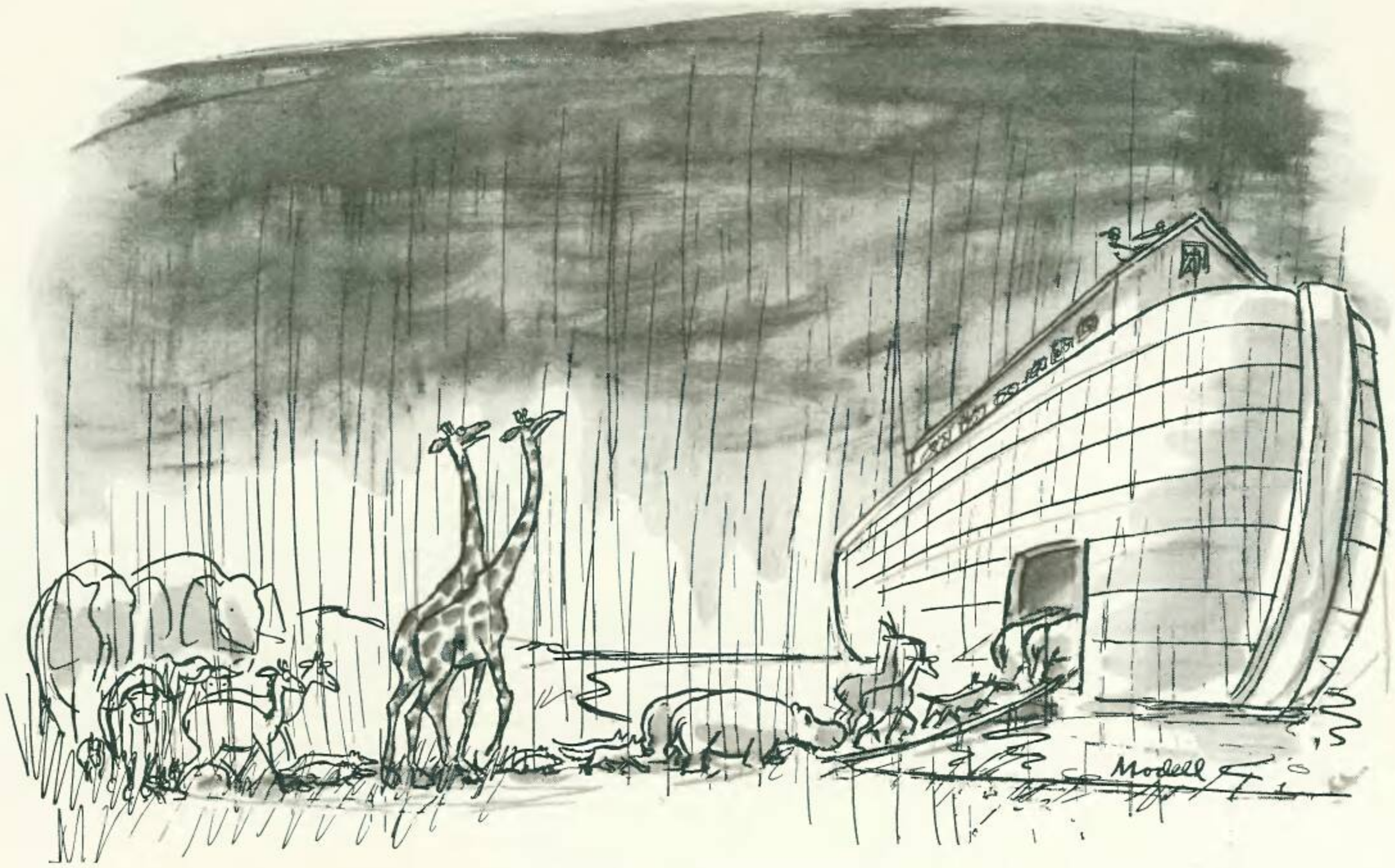
NOVEMBER 18: Today, while the Sherpas rested, I climbed alone to an unoccupied floor to practice. The film and video crews followed a few yards behind, to pick up establishing shots. How peaceful it was weaving a path through the empty offices on my specially formulated polyurethane board! The glory of a man on the verge of his dream thrills me. We did four takes.

Although we have planned for months, there are still many decisions to be made. We are undecided about the music to accompany the film. My Uncle Hugo says Americans will go see anything that has Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra." Raoul, the chief Sherpa, wants the Beach Boys. I prefer John Denver. Before we embarked, my wife suggested Brahms' "Ein Deutsches Requiem"—perhaps a hint of her coming disaffection.

NOVEMBER 19: Camp II will be in the men's room of the Avon offices, on the fifteenth floor. The advance team has radioed that the vinyl floor tile on the eleventh and twelfth floors is freshly waxed and quite slippery. I have ordered the entire expedition to attach crampons to their Adidas.

The Sherpas are a wonderful people. They will carry three hundred pounds on their backs all day and never complain. Bringing them here from Nepal was difficult, but they are the only ones who will work hard and risk their lives for fifteen cents a day. I am worried, though; this morning they were secretly visited by a representative from the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

NOVEMBER 21: We have reached an uninhabited floor. Around us there is nothing but barren Sheetrock and concrete. For all I know, we may have reached the outer limits of civilization. How will we fare without ice water, carpeting, interoffice mail? Will Sal's Pizzeria refuse to deliver beyond this point? Our night camp in the men's room is crowded but calm. We



"Oh, fine! The one time we're invited on a boat it has to rain!"

• •

pitch our tents on the chilly tiles, fill water bottles from the taps, and wrap our feet carefully in fresh paper towels. We dine on veal-parmesan heros, and talk quietly. The lights go out at 9:17, but I cannot sleep. I think of the adventure before me and wonder what drives a man to take such risks. The need to test one's limits? The desire to leave nothing on this earth unconquered? An impatience with normal elevator service? I ponder these thoughts in a silence broken only by an occasional gurgle in the plumbing.

NOVEMBER 22: Near-tragedy. During the night, five of the Sherpas drank Brut after-shave lotion, mistaking it for yak-butter tea. We spend most of the day helping them walk it off. The Fabergé people have promised to air-drop us a fresh supply, but valuable time is lost.

NOVEMBER 23: Disaster. The Sherpas have gone on strike. They have set up their own headquarters in the last stall. In the middle stall, we wait impatiently for their demands. Time passes. In three days the window-washers will be finished, and the run must be made soon after or never. The list of demands arrives. It is signed, "Sherpa Local 507, Amalgamated Steeplejacks and Flagpole Painters of America."

NOVEMBER 25: Thanksgiving Day. Negotiations are over and a contract has been signed. Have I sacrificed too much to keep the expedition going? The Sherpas will get ten per cent of the movie's gross and fifty per cent of the television rights, and their names will be listed alphabetically in the credits. Fortunately, they do not seem to know about skateboard endorsements.

NOVEMBER 26: We have reached Camp III, on the twenty-third floor—the jumping-off place for our dash to the summit. I should be giving total attention to my coming hours of trial—*instants* of trial!—but the burden of responsibility for our expedition is a heavy one. The new labor contract has been constantly on my mind. Will my wife's lawyer understand the demands that were made on us? Perhaps I should have fired the Sherpas and hired laid-off firemen instead.

NOVEMBER 28: Hope is restored. I have just completed a test run from the twenty-seventh to the eighteenth floor. Just before hitting Mach 1, I slowed myself with a power slide and a nose wheelie before pumping the chutes. The parachutes worked perfectly. My Hubie Super-Enduro Wraith IV skateboard, with its modified polyurethane Wide Oval Silver Digit wheels, is superb—an instrument of my will. I am bursting with exhilaration and confidence! Watching myself a few minutes later on videotape, I was awed at the sight of a man, *myself*—an infinitesimal dot of sentience and mad vision—flashing down the dazzling, immeasurable glass wall. Nothing remains now but the Descent: the force of a dream pitted against the force of gravity. Raoul says the last window-washer will be finished by midafternoon tomorrow. I look forward to seeing myself on the six-o'clock news.

NOVEMBER 29: The glass wall awaits me, unmoving and spotless. The ascent team and our hardiest Sherpas wish me luck. We shake hands. I step out onto the roof. Up here, unimaginable distances above Rizzoli, I feel close to God and Comptroller Goldin. Below, Fifty-seventh Street stretches wide her shining arms of traffic to embrace me. Smiling, I step up onto my skateboard. Serenity is mine. Ahead lies the unknown—the film, the glory, possibly Howard Cosell. And now . . . YA—HOOOOO!

—TODD STRASSER

HOLDING THINGS TOGETHER

HE says that when he was ten, a family invited him to the movies and he got all dressed up in a new suit and tie and a blue striped shirt. But he didn't know how to tie the tie, and his father had died the year before and no one else in that household of women—mother, aunt, two sisters—knew how, either. They experimented most of Sunday afternoon, knotting and unknotting it until it was limp and crumpled. Finally, his aunt put it in her purse and caught a bus downtown. Standing in front of the show window at Patterson Brothers Menswear, she tied the tie so that it looked like the one on the mannequin. Then she took the bus home again and fastened the knot to his shirt with two straight pins. All through the movie he held his head at an angle, his hands hovering over his chest, protecting his long, clumsy tie as people squeezed past him to their seats.

There are a lot of questions I would like to ask about this. Couldn't he have gone to a neighbor? Didn't he have a male friend? Why wear a tie to a movie anyhow? At age *ten*?

You'd think at least he would have used a safety pin.

But I don't want to make too much of it. We've been married two years and I know by now: he doesn't like to talk about himself. In fact, I'm surprised he told me that story at all. I'm surprised he even remembered it.

He is forty years old, fifteen years my senior. A high-school principal. A large, pale, tired-looking man going bald. He always dresses formally, even for casual events—a home football game, a picnic—but generally there's something off kilter about his clothing. His lapels are spotted; his trousers are rumpled; his shirt is pricked with cigarette burns. His suit jacket always hangs lower in front, and the points of his collar curl up.

Of course, he knows how to tie a tie by now, but there are other things he's never learned. He can't fix a leaky faucet, for instance. He can't change the storm windows or put on tire chains. Is it because he lost his father so young? I was reared to believe that men take charge; I feel cheated. I do it myself, grumpily, or I call in a professional. I tell him I don't know where he'd be without me to hold things together. This always bothers him, and he walks away from me with his hands jammed into his pockets and his jacket sleeves rucked up to his elbows. Then I feel sorry; I never meant to sound so overbearing.

MY car developed a shriek in the brakes and I had to take it to Exxon. This was last April, a beautiful, leafy April morning, but I was too upset to enjoy it. I can't stand to have something go wrong with my car. At the slightest symptom, I despair; I picture being stranded on the roadside, hood raised and white handkerchief fluttering, no one to stop for me but a couple of escaping convicts. Now here I was on my way to work and I heard this long, high shriek as I braked for a stoplight. I turned right around and drove to Exxon, where they know me. The mechanic on duty was Victor—a red-headed man with a carrot tattooed on his forearm. "Oh, Victor, just listen," I told him, and I had him stand out front while I drove back and forth, stopping every few feet. The brakes shrilled, though maybe not quite as loudly as before. I cut the motor and stepped out of the car. "What do you think it might be?" I asked.

He pulled at his nose. I waited. (My husband would have pressured him, supplied too much information, pushed for an immediate answer, but I knew enough to let him take his time.) Finally he said, "Just now start up?"

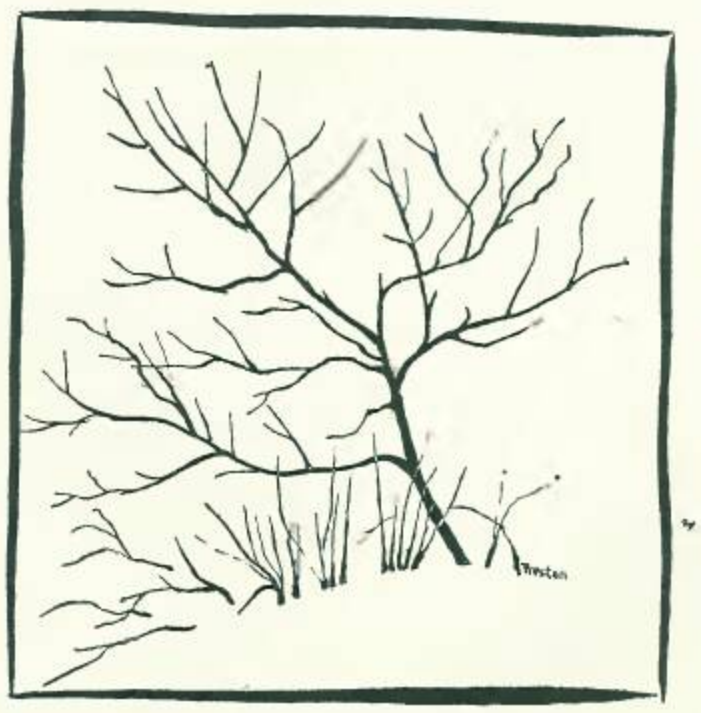
"Five minutes back," I told him.

"Little as *you* drive, chances are it's nothing at all."

"Yes, but what if I try to stop and can't? When it's the brakes, I get worried, Victor."

"Well, no, just calm down. You go in and have a seat. I'll give her a look."

I went into the office, with its two vinyl chairs and the coffee table stacked with *Popular Mechanics*. Tins of motor oil and bottles of windshield detergent were lined up neatly on the shelves. The tall blond boy named Joel was thumbing through an auto-parts catalogue. "Morning, Mrs. S.," he said. (He's fonder of me than Victor is; I think he likes the way I look. One time he asked where I bought my clothes, so that he could tell his wife.) He said, "Something gone wrong with the car again?"



"Victor's out checking my brakes," I told him. "Every time I slow down, they make this squeaky sound."

"Never mind. Lots of times brakes'll do that," he said.

"Really?"

"Sure. I wouldn't give it a thought."

"Oh, Joel, I hope you're right," I said.

Then I sank onto one of the chairs, and fluffed my skirt around my knees. I felt better already. Smaller boned. Joel was standing in a shaft of sunlight with lazy dust specks drifting around his head, and the chair was warm and smooth, and something gave off a nice leathery smell. When Victor came to get me (it was nothing, after all), I really was sorry to leave. I believe I could have sat there all morning.

MY husband drives a Plymouth with a dented left fender, a smashed tail-light, and a BB scar like a little rayed sun on its right rear window. He seems determined just to use his car up—run it into the ground and walk away from it, as if it were something to be beaten into submission. Like his battered suits, or his shoes with the heels worn to lopsided slivers. What is it about him? I myself drive a Ford; I believe it's easiest to get parts for a Ford. It's five years old but it looks brand-new. Even the engine looks new; last year I had it steam-cleaned. Some people don't know you can do that, but you can.

If the weather has been dry, you can see the names of a couple of dozen high-school students written in the dust on my husband's fenders. Not to mention four-letter words, smiling faces, valentines. Inside, there are tattered files and magazines strewn across the seats, and squashed cigarette packs on the floor. The gearshift snaps in an alarming way when he goes into "Drive," and the engine tends to diesel long after he's cut the ignition. Also, his fan belt is loose; every time he makes a sharp turn you can hear a sound like a puppy's whimper. I tell him he ought to get it seen to. "You have to stay on top of these things," I tell him. "A machine is only worth the care you give it."

I feel ridiculous. I feel I'm turn-

ing into my father, a thorough, methodical man who wouldn't let me get my driver's license till I'd learned how to change a spare tire. Still, I know I'm right. "What if we're stranded somewhere?" I ask. "What if we're taking a very long trip and the car drops dead in the middle of an eight-lane highway?"

"Why, this is a *fine* car," my husband says.

He's offended, I can tell. He slumps in his seat, steering with only one wrist propped across the top of the wheel. He always drives abysmally—dashing start-ups, sudden swerves, jerky stops. At red lights, he refuses to shift to neutral. I tell him he ought to, but he says it's pointless. "Why get a car that's automatic and then spend your life shifting gears?" he asks.

"To save wear and tear on your transmission, of course."

He groans, and starts off again with a screech. I promise myself I won't say another word. But I can't resist a silent comment: as the car heads toward a curve at sixty miles an hour, I raise a hand deliberately and brace myself against the dashboard.

"Howard, have you seen Edgar? His Adidas just came in without him."

• •

LAST June, my old college roommate came to town and I took her out to lunch. Just the two of us; my husband doesn't like her. (He says she's brassy, loud, opinionated, but I believe he's jealous. Men imagine women are closer than they really are.) I picked her up at her sister-in-law's and drove her to Nardulli's, a little Italian restaurant I hardly ever get to go to. Bee looked wonderful. She wore tight white pants and a loose top, and ropes and ropes of branch coral. During the meal, we had all sorts of things to talk about—our jobs, our husbands, old friends—but by the time our coffee came we had more or less petered out. We drove back in near silence, the comfortable kind. Bee hummed "Star Dust" and let her arm hang loose out the window. I coasted down St. Johns Street, timing the lights perfectly.

Then on Delmore, where I had to turn left, the engine died. For no earthly reason. "Now, what . . .?" I said. I shifted gears and started up again. We rode smoothly till the stop sign on Furgan Street; then the engine died again. After that, it died every time I slowed down. Red and green warning signals flashed on the instrument panel; horns kept honking behind me. My accelerator foot started shaking. "Oh, Lord, something has gone wrong," I told Bee.

"Maybe you're out of gas," she said.

"Gas? How could it be the gas? It keeps on starting up again, doesn't it? That's ridiculous," I said.

Bee glanced at me but said nothing. I was too frantic to apologize. "Listen, I've got to get to Exxon," I said.

"There's a Texaco station just ahead."

"But Exxon is where they know my car, and it's only two more blocks."

The engine died again. "Thank God we're not out on some highway," I said, and I wiped my eyes on my sleeve. I could feel Bee's sideways stare.

Then just as we rolled into Exxon the car gave a final shudder, like a desert wanderer staggering into an oasis. I jumped out, leaving the door swinging open behind me. I ran into the garage, where Joel was standing under an elevated Volkswagen, whistling and squinting upward with his thumbs hitched through his belt loops. "Joel?" I said. "My car's developed this terrible problem."

He stopped whistling. "Why, hello, Mrs. S.," he said.

"Can't you take a look for me?"

He followed me into the sunlight. I felt better already; he was so slow and peaceful. All the while I was telling him the symptoms, he was just coolly raising the hood, poking around, humming whatever he'd been whistling. "Turn her on," he told me. I slid behind the wheel, started the engine, and stopped it when he signalled. Then I got out and went to look under the hood again. I watched his long, bony fingers, which seemed to have more texture than other people's because of the grime in the creases. He jiggled a little black wire.

"Is it the fuel pump?" I asked him. I'd had a terrible experience once with a fuel pump. (I'm learning auto parts the hard way, the same way soldiers learn geography.)

But Joel said, "Can't tell for sure. Going to bring her on inside. It won't take long."

I told Bee. She got out and we went to the office to wait. In the summer, the leathery smell was stronger than ever. I collapsed on one of the chairs, closed my eyes, and tipped my head back. "I'm sorry," I told Bee. "I just get so upset when my car doesn't work."

"You know what I would do?" said

"I understand he's one of the top ten health-food nuts in the country."

• •

Bee. "Take a course in auto mechanics."

I opened my eyes and looked at her.

"Sure," she said. "That's what I did when our lawn started getting me down. I went over to the college and studied landscape architecture. I got up at six every morning for this course on television. I bought a machine to spread lime on the—"

"Yes," I said, "but I already have so much to—"

"Be adventurous! There aren't any *roles* anymore. Just jump in and do what you feel like."

I thought a minute.

"Bee," I said finally, "tell me the truth. Did you do that because you felt like it? Or because you saw that no one else was going to do it?"

"Hmm?" she said. But by then she had picked up one of the magazines, and was idly flipping pages. It was plain she didn't think the question was important.

After a while, Joel came in, wiping his hands on a rag. "It's the filter," he told me. "You've got to get your filter changed."

"Is that serious?"

"No, we can have her ready by five this afternoon."

Bee said, "I'll call my sister-in-law. She can come pick us up."

"But the car," I said. "I mean, after this will it be as good as ever? Will it run without stalling?"

"No reason why it shouldn't," Joel said.

He wrote my name on a printed form: Mrs. Simmons, in large, competent capitals. At the second line, his pencil paused. "Address? Phone?" he said.

"Four four four four Nelson Road. Eight four four, two two four four."

"Four must be your lucky number," he said.

"No, nine."

He looked up. Then he laughed.

"Well, you asked," I told him. Then I laughed too, ignoring Bee's blank stare. I felt young and scatterbrained, but in a pleasant way. It was wonderful to know that by five o'clock everything would be all right again.

Bee's sister-in-law came to get us in a great big lavender Cadillac, and she drove me home. Before I got out, I apologized again to Bee. "Oh, listen," she said, "forget it. But how about later, will you need a ride back to the station?"

"Oh, no. I'm sure Alfred will be home by then," I said.

"Well, if he isn't, now . . ."

"I'll call you," I promised.

But I was right. My husband was home in time to take me. Just barely, though: I had to rush him right back out the door. He seemed befuddled, out of step. He drove more sloppily than ever. "*What* did you say went wrong? Last week, your car looked fine," he said. He turned right, bouncing over the curb. He went through a yellow light that was changing to red. At Exxon, he slowed and gazed dimly out the window. "Don't leave till I make sure it's fixed," I said. (You have to tell him these things.) I hopped out and went into the garage, where Joel was spinning a tire on a turntable. He smiled when he saw me. "All set," he said. "Feel better now?"

"I certainly do," I said. Then I turned and waved to my husband, telling him he was free to go. He waved back. His sleeve looked like a used lunch bag. For some reason, it made me sad to see his dusty little car go puttering off into traffic again.

I FIRST met my husband while I was student-teaching at his school. I didn't like teaching at all, as it turned out (now I work in a library), but I thought I should go ahead and get my certificate anyway. Just in case, was how I put it—meaning in case I never married, or was widowed young, or something like that.

Alfred when I met him was exactly the way he is now—shabby, shambling, absentminded. The only difference was that he seemed so authoritative. I heard the teachers talking about him: he was "Mr. Simmons" and he didn't like undisciplined classrooms. When he came to a room to observe, some electricity seemed to pass through the students. They acted more alert. The teacher grew crisper. Now I sit across from him at the supper table and I try and try to see him again in that shine of unquestioned assurance. I squint, giving him distance. He becomes so distraught that he drops his fork. "What's the matter?" he asks. "Have I done something wrong?"

Yet at school, the few times I've been back, I notice that the teachers still make improvements in their pos-

ture when they see him coming down the hall.

While we were courting, it never occurred to me to ask what he knew how to do. Could he change the oil? Hang a screen door? Well, of course he could; all men could. And even if he couldn't, what difference did it make? I loved him. I would go weak with love just watching his cuff button spin dizzily from one frayed thread. If he got lost while driving me to a restaurant, I was glad; I hadn't wanted to eat anyhow. I was only waiting for the moment when he would park the car in front of my apartment and take me in his arms. His hands (with their spatulate nails, their pink, uncalloused palms that should have been a warning) seemed to mold me; I curved within them and grew taller, slimmer, prettier. It was hardly the moment to ask if he knew how to replace a wall switch.

Then we married and went to live in a middle-aged house on Coker Street. It was a hard time; my parents thought Alfred was disappointing, and they more or less withdrew themselves. I felt orphaned. I started work in the library, and every evening when I came home (dead tired, feet aching) I had to fix supper, take out the garbage, vacuum, dust. On weekends, I mowed the lawn and pruned the shrubs, and then I washed the woodwork, painted rooms, varnished floors. My husband only watched, from various doorways. I don't mean to imply that he was lazy. It's just that he didn't know how to help. He would gladly take out the garbage for me but forgot to replace the trash-can lid, so dogs would tip the can over and spread the garbage everywhere. He dripped paint, stepped in the varnish, broke a window trying to open it. It turned out that he had never learned how to handle money, and had therefore been assigned one of those special bank tellers who balance checkbooks for rich, helpless widows. Also, he had a cubbyhole in his desk at home that contained nothing but unpaid parking tickets.

Well, I paid the tickets, I took over the checkbook, I drew up a yearly budget. Quizzing him on deductible expenses (my father's task, in my childhood), I felt I was becoming angular, wider shouldered. I developed my father's habit of offering forth one flat, spread hand, palm upward, inviting others to be reasonable. "Well, think, Alfred. Did you buy any stamps? Office supplies? Any books that had to do with your profession?"

"Books?" he would say. "Why, yes, I believe I did."

"How much were they? Do you have the receipts?"

"Oh, no. I must have lost them."

"Five dollars? Ten?"

"I'm not quite sure."

"Think of the titles. Maybe that will help. Fifteen dollars? Twenty? Was it under twenty-five?"

"I just don't *know*, Lucy. Please, does it matter all that much?"

At night, I began to have insomnia. I lay in bed with my hands curled tight, no matter how often I told myself to open them. I felt I was clutching all the strings of the house, keeping it together. Everything depended on me.

"WHEN I start the motor," I told Joel, "it sounds just fine. Then I go faster and I'm waiting for that click, you know? That click that tells me the car's shifted gears? But I don't seem to hear it. And it seems to me the motor whines a little, has the wrong sound; I don't know how to explain it."

"Just hope it's not the transmission," Joel said. "That can get expensive."

We were waiting for a stoplight; he was driving. He was going to test the automatic shift for me. It was August and very hot and sunny (Joel's face was glazed with sweat and his yellow hair had a glittery look), but I didn't open my window. I liked the feeling of soaking in heat; I'd felt cold and anxious all morning. I liked the fact that Joel, waiting serenely for the light, whistled "Let It Be" and drummed his fingers on the steering wheel. My car seemed humble and obedient.

"I hope I don't have to buy a new one," I said.

"You won't," he told me.

The light changed. Joel started right off, but we were following someone—some old lady in a Studebaker who just wouldn't get up any speed. "Shoot," Joel said. He switched lanes. Now we really were travelling, and Joel had his head cocked to hear the sound of the motor. "Well?" he said. "Seems to me like she's shifting just about on schedule."

"No, wait a minute, give it a minute . . ."

I was listening too, but I couldn't hear what I heard when I was alone.

We turned off onto a smaller road, a residential street with no traffic

Volunteer Executive

lights. Joel stopped the car, then started again and went up to sixty, all the time keeping his head cocked. He braked and shifted to neutral; his knuckles moved beneath the skin like well-oiled machine parts. "Let's run her through again," he said.

The second run carried us to the end of the road—a surprise, a field full of goldenrod and beer cans. He stopped the car and wiped his upper lip with the back of his hand. "Well," he said, gazing out at the field. Behind his eyes (which were long and blue, as clear as windows) I imagined sheets of information, all the facts he knew being reviewed in an orderly way. "No," he said finally, and shook his head. "She seems O.K. to me."

You'd think I'd be relieved, but I wasn't. If something is wrong, it can be fixed; then you know it won't go wrong again for a while. But if nothing's been pinpointed, if it's just this nebulous feeling of *error* in your mind . . . I sighed and gripped my purse. Joel looked over at me. "I must be going crazy," I told him.

"Oh, no . . ."

"I seem to be taking this car so seriously. Lately, I've stopped driving on freeways. I don't want to be too far from a service station. I've had to give up the League of Women Voters and my favorite supermarket. Even here in town, I only go by routes that have service stations. Streets with nothing but houses make me anxious."

"Shoot, this car's in *fine* shape," he told me, giving the wheel a pat. "You don't have to feel like that."

"I'm worried pretty soon I'll just have to stay at home all day."

That made him laugh. "So what?" he said. "What's so bad about home?"

"I'd lose my job, for one thing."

"Well, I just wish my wife would have your problem," he said. "That's all she does all day—drive around. Drops me off at the station and then drives here, drives there . . . spends all our money, wears out the baby . . ."

"But she does have you to call if something goes wrong," I said.

"Where, forty miles out on the Beltway? Out at Korvettes, or K Mart, or Two Guys? And none of what she buys is worth much. All these skimpy sweaters, tacky plastic earrings . . . I don't begrudge the money, but she could save it up and buy something *good*, like your tan coat—you know your tan coat?—and be a whole lot better off. I tell her that, but think she'll listen?"

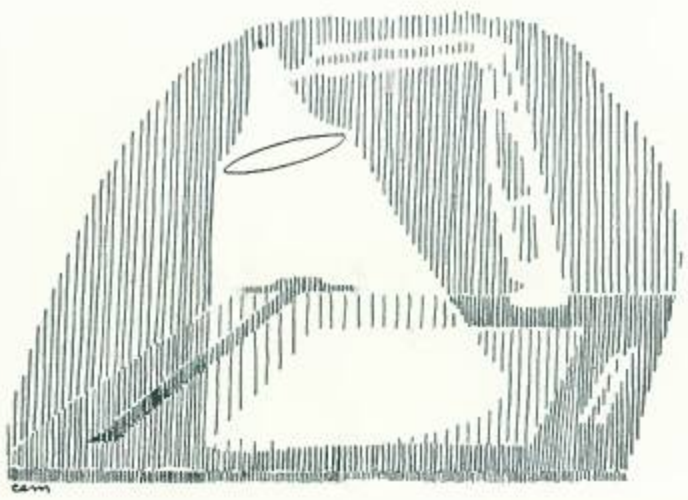
"Maybe she's lonely," I said.

"Maybe so," he said, "but I'd sure like a wife who stayed home some. And she doesn't take care of herself—she's so sloppy. She's let her hair grow long, and every time I come home I think, Well, who's this? I mean it never stops being a surprise, I never get used to it. I think, Is this *it*, is this who I'm with, this lady with the stringy hair? It's like I have amnesia. I just can't figure how it all happened."

"No one told us it would be so permanent," I said.

"Why, no," he said. "Not so as to make us believe it."

He looked over at me. His hands fell off the wheel. Outside, I could hear the locusts whirring, pointing up our silence. "Well!" I said, and Joel said, "Well! Victor will be having kittens by now." And he started up the car again, and turned around, and we drove on back to the station.



LAST September, I went South to visit my parents for a week. It didn't go well, though. I'd been away too long; something had stiffened between us. I watched my younger sister teasing them at the supper table and I felt more orphaned than ever. My father stayed down in his workshop, taking things apart and putting them back together; my mother and I were so polite it was painful. I was glad when it was time to leave.

Alfred met me at the train station, carrying roses. I was so happy to see him. His crumpled clothes gave me a soothed and trustful feeling; I rested on his smell of old tobacco. "Don't let me leave you again," I told him. He smiled and laid the roses in my arms.

Driving home, he asked about my family: Were they used to the idea of our marriage yet? "Oh, sure," I told him offhandedly. What did my family have to do with us?

He parked in front of our house, with two wheels on the curb. He took my suitcase from the trunk, and we climbed the front steps, holding hands. "You notice I've mowed the grass for you," he said.

DREAM AND REALITY

I am in a room.
Everything is white, the walls
are white, there are no windows.
There is a door.
I open it, and, neatly
as a shadow, a coating of snow
falls door-shaped into the room.
I think, *Snow*, not surprised
it is inside and outside both.
I move through the open door
into the next room; this, too, is
white and windowless and perfect.
I think, *There must*
be more than this.

My daughter finds bones
on the marshes. I examine them.
Deer heads with sockets round as
cartoon eyes, slender jaws broken.
There are tiny things, too,
no bigger than a pulled tooth,
and white—burrs of bone,
intricate, with pricking flanges
where miniature muscles attached.
She says, *Those are mouse jaws.*
Indeed: I see teeth like rows
of the letter "i" in diamond type.
She tells me, *I find them*
in the cough balls of owls.

—JOHN UPDIKE

• •

"Well, so far so good."

•

I was surprised. I looked around at the lawn—straggly, dotted with the first few leaves of fall. Plainly, something had been chewing at it. I saw the narrow, tufted rows he'd missed. "Why, Alfred!" I said.

He seemed uneasy.

"That's wonderful!" I told him.

"Yes, but—Lucy? I'm not so sure about the lawnmower."

"Lawnmower?"

"I mean, it seems to me that something's wrong with it."

"Oh, well, I'll check it later," I told him.

"It's right over there, if you want to take a look."

In the grass at the side of the house, he meant; he'd left it out. It was an electric mower, and fairly expensive—not a thing you'd leave sitting around. But I didn't tell him so. "What seems to be the trouble?" I asked.

"Well—"

He set my suitcase on the porch and went over to the mower. He turned the mower upside down without unplugging it (I winced but said nothing) and pointed to the blades. "See there?" he said.

Well, they *used* to be blades. Now they were mangled hunks of metal, notched and torn and twisted. I said, "What on earth?" I bent closer. One of the hunks of metal wasn't a blade at all, it turned out, but something flatter and wider. "Why, that's the foot guard," I said. "It's supposed to be attached to the rear of the mower."

"Evidently it came loose," Alfred said.

"Yes, but—what happened, you just went on mowing? You mowed on over your own foot guard and let the blades gnash it up?"

"I didn't realize what was going on," he said.

"But the noise must have been horrendous!"

"Well, I thought it was the . . . I don't know. I just thought it was having a little spell of some sort, caught a twig or something."

I pictured it exactly: Alfred doggedly pushing on, with terrible shrieks and clatters coming from the mower. It gave me a feeling of despair: I couldn't seem to rise above this. "Oh, Alfred," I said, "can't you do something right? Will I always have to be the one?"

He straightened up and looked at me. His face had grown white. His eyes (ordinarily a mild gray) had widened and darkened; they seemed to be all iris. "I knew you would say that, Lucy," he said.

"If you knew, then why—"

"Nothing I do will satisfy you. You always want everything perfect and you always do it yourself; or stand over me and nag and belittle, find fault with every move I make. You just have to be in control; it's always you that holds the power."

"Is that how you see it?" I said. "Do you think I choose to be this way? Do you think I *want* the power? Take it! Why won't you take it? Do you think I'd hold it if anybody else would? *Take* it!"

And I shook my hands in his face, offering all that was in them, but he merely looked at me with a stoic expression. My hands were left raised before me. I let them drop. I watched him turn to right the mower and unplug it and trundle it toward the garage: a large, sad man in a baggy suit, slumping slightly as he walked.

MY car's been running well lately, though I haven't given up worrying. In fact, the last time I went to Exxon it was just to fill the gas tank. I went on a foggy October morning, the first really cold day of fall. Joel was the one on duty. He seemed grim, maybe hung over; and I had a headache from sitting up to watch the late show after Alfred had gone to bed. So all I did was nod, and Joel nodded back and went to start the pump. While the tank was filling, he stood waiting with his arms folded. I stared straight ahead, watching my breath steam the windshield. Then I paid him six dollars and twenty-four cents and put my billfold back in my purse and drove away. —ANNE TYLER

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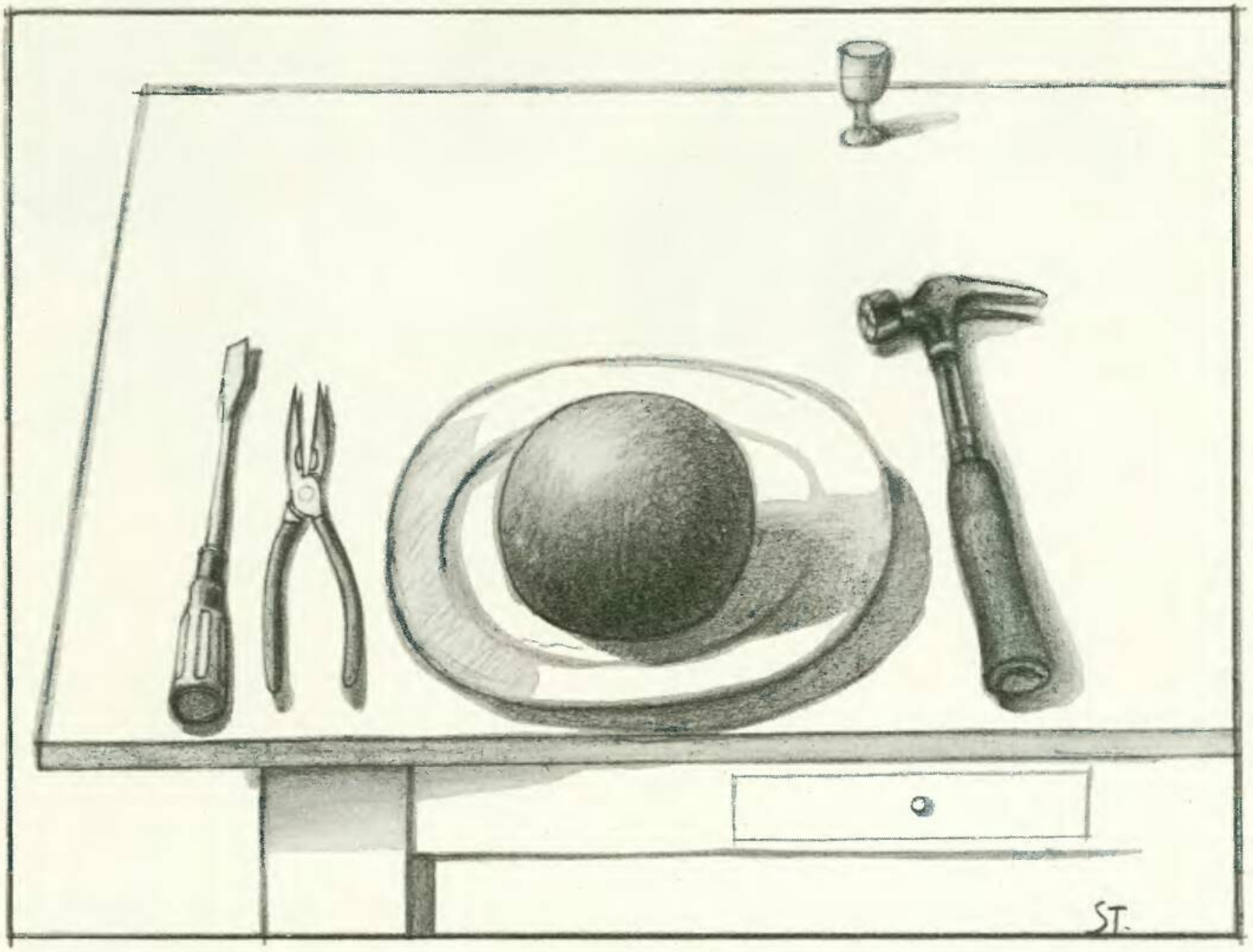
Record collection, books, rugs, petrified woods, early potteries, and Aisian Art de Facts.—*Adv. in the La Jolla (Calif.) Light-Journal.*

Don't you know how to spell "Asian"?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

TOMATOES



MY earliest memory of tomatoes goes back to the time when I was five years old. I remember walking into a greenhouse being kept by my father, at a place that we rented in the Scottish border country, to see two or three staked tomato plants that were growing on a bench. There were just a few tomatoes on the vines, and they were small and green. What made an impression on me—an extraordinarily vivid impression—was the smell of the plants, at once warm, flowery, fruity, fresh, and pungent. I was entranced by the smell, and I thought that those plants—they were unfamiliar to me, because tomatoes weren't really cultivated outdoors in the short North Country summer—were the most exotic I had yet laid eyes on. A few summers ago, I planted some tomatoes in my garden, in Connecticut. Since then, I have put in a dozen or so plants every year. When they are beginning to blossom, I go down to the garden periodically to tie the stems to the wooden stakes used to train them, and even a slight brush against the leaves, which are covered with delicate hairs, deposits a green dust on my hands. The smell of the green dust is clean and delightfully aromatic. The aroma of the leaves is also a happy portent of the taste of the tomato itself when it is plucked ripe from the vine and cut open—rich and sweet and yet slightly tart, and with a juice that bursts forth from the interior at the touch of a knife. When I take a tomato from the vine on a fine day in August or early September—the height of the growing season in the Northeast—and cut it open, I feel as though I could taste sunshine itself in the plump, tender fruit. Sometimes I bring a few fresh tomatoes into the city to give to friends. When the friends taste them, a faraway look comes into their eyes. I suspect that the taste of a fresh tomato has a curiously strong capacity for evoking memories and associations.

The problem nowadays is that people can hardly get their hands on a fresh tomato unless they know someone with a garden. One can still buy truly fresh tomatoes at roadside stands out in the country, of course, but somehow one finds them sold at these stands much less frequently now than in years past. As for the reasonably fresh tomatoes that one used to be able to buy at fruit-and-vegetable stores in the city, they seem to have all but disappeared, even during the local tomato-growing season. In their place is something that is called a tomato, that has the shape of a tomato and a tinge of the color of a tomato, and that sells at fancy-tomato prices, but serious doubts have increasingly been expressed about whether it tastes like a tomato. Such objects can be had readily at any supermarket in the depths of winter or in the heat of summer. They lie in pale-pink piles or in narrow plastic cartons, three or four to a box. Some hard words have been uttered and written about what has happened to the American tomato in recent years. "Insipid," "blah," "tough," "like eating cardboard," and "plastic junk" are terms that people apply to store-bought tomatoes today. Craig Claiborne, of the *Times*, has called the tomatoes commonly on sale

"tasteless, hideous, and repulsive." James Beard, in his book "Beard on Food," declared in a brief, elegiac section dealing with fresh tomatoes, "Lately, this most glorious of fruits has gone into a tragic decline in the United States because it is being produced on a scale and in a manner that makes it an almost total gastronomic loss." And in a syndicated newspaper column on food the nutritionist Dr. Jean Mayer, now president of Tufts University, has asserted that the modern process of harvesting and ripening tomatoes (among other fruits) involves "little regard for preserving the nutritional contents, particularly in respect to vitamins and minerals."

If most tomatoes are now despised by critics, it must be acknowledged that all tomatoes have improved in public regard since the early part of the last century. Up to then, in this country, the tomato was widely believed to be poisonous. One possible reason for this ancient belief is that the tomato (*Lycopersicon esculentum*) is a member of the nightshade family (Solanaceae), some species of which are in fact poisonous. The genus name *Lycopersicon* may well have strengthened the belief, for it means "wolf peach." In wild form, tomatoes—red, orange, and yellow—appear to have originated in what are now Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia. The sixteenth-century Italian botanist Luigi Anguillara referred to tomatoes as *pomi del Perú*. They were cultivated in Mexico; according to a mention in Humboldt's "Voyage," published during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, they were sown among maize by the Indians there. The Mexican Indians called the fruit *tomati*. A commentary by the Italian botanist Petrus Andrea Matthiolus, published in Venice in 1554, made mention of the *pomi d'oro*—apparently a yellow variety of tomato—which had recently been introduced into Italy. At first, Europeans probably considered tomatoes principally decorative, but later in the sixteenth century, in Italy and northern Europe, they became known as a food—and, indeed, aphrodisiac qualities were attributed to them. In France and some other parts of Europe, they came to be called *pommes d'amour*. The English botanist John Gerard wrote that he had received, for his garden, seeds of "love apples" from Spain and Italy. Love apples were eaten abroad, he reported in a book published in 1597, in boiled form, along with pepper, salt, and oil, and were also used to make a sauce. Gerard's opinion of the nutritional value of love apples was unencouraging: "They yield very little nourishment to the bodie, and the same naught and corrupt." But tomatoes appear to have come into common use in the English kitchen by the eighteen-thirties. In Charles Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," reference to a tomato preparation was featured as a central piece of evidence in the celebrated breach-of-promise trial of Bardell v. Pickwick. In this suit—brought against Mr. Pickwick by Mrs. Bardell, his landlady—the trial lawyer for Mrs. Bardell produced as circumstantial evidence of Pickwick's duplicity a note sent by the defendant to his landlady: "Garraway's twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, PICKWICK." Indignantly citing this communication as he addressed the trial jury, the lawyer, Sergeant Buzfuz, darkly suggested the reprehensible motivations underlying the seemingly innocent language employed:

> Gentlemen, what does this mean? "Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, Pickwick"! Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomata sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? . . . Pickwick . . . with his heartless Tomata sauce . . . still rears his head with unblushing effrontery . . .

The jury found for the plaintiff, and Mr. Pickwick's appetite for tomato sauce helped land him in the Fleet, the London debtors' prison, for refusing to pay the damages assessed by the jury.

In this country, the tomato was generally unknown as anything but an imported botanical curiosity until the early part of the nineteenth century, although Thomas Jefferson, in his "Notes on the State of Virginia," published in 1781-82, listed "tomatas" as being grown in Virginia gardens, along with such exotic edibles as "okra, pomegranates, figs, and the esculent plants of Europe." According to a historical citation in "Sturtevant's Notes on Edible Plants," a report issued in 1919 by

"Snow White kidnapped. Prince released from spell. Tailor kills seven. Those are the headlines. I'll be back in a moment with the details."

AN OPENING

(For My Mother)

Today I've returned
to that place where I heard
the first loud shout of light,

a soft knocking in the blood
was leaving your pulse for mine,
I was ready to worship a hinge.

Feeling for the markings
my brothers and sisters had left before me
along those flowing walls,

I slipped forever
from the deepest fields of your back,
a kernel as old as the grinding of breath—

and of those walls
I pray God bless them into leaves
above the lives of these children,

that they may shade them in their need
that they may translate the rains into them
that they may bury this war from their hands.

So I have returned
as your lakes knew I would
past all the summers of entering them

to where life was simply
an eye sifting through its basket of light
for joy—

to nail these words
through water
against the opening sheet of your death.

—Eugene Ruggles

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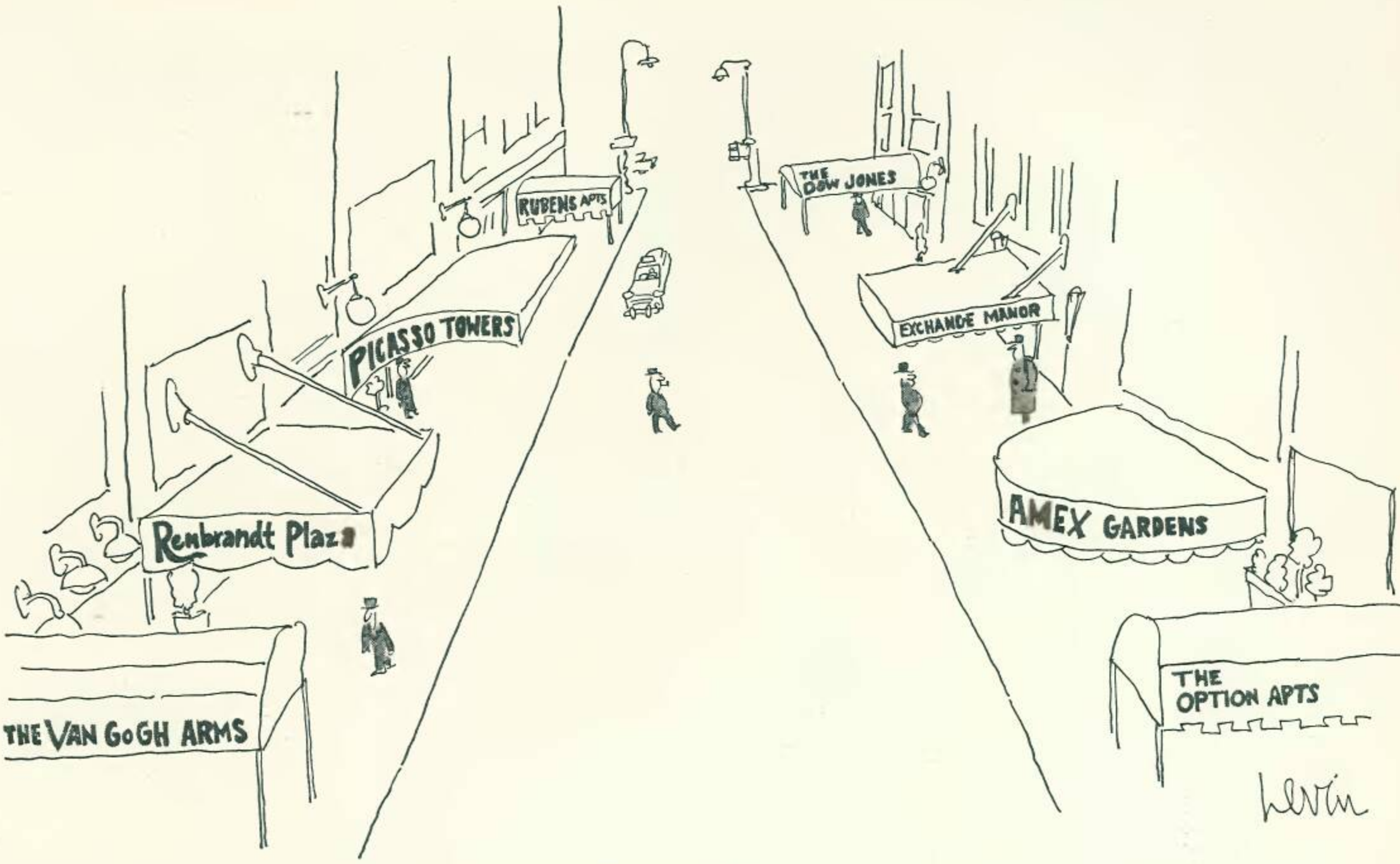
the New York Agricultural Experiment Station, a French refugee from Santo Domingo introduced the tomato to Philadelphia in 1798, but tomatoes were not sold in the Philadelphia markets until about thirty years later. Apparently, people took a suspicious view of the fruit which was hard to alter. "Sturtevant's Notes" contains the information that tomato plants were introduced to Salem, Massachusetts, by a painter from Italy in 1802 but that "he found it difficult to persuade people even to taste the fruit." In an 1880 letter, T. S. Gold, Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture, recalls, "We raised our first tomatoes about 1832 as a curiosity, [and] made no use of them though we had heard that the French ate them. They were called love apples."

By the mid-nineteenth century, tomatoes had become fairly widely accepted as edible fruit in this country. Their consumption was, of course, limited by the duration of the local growing season—usually four months or so in the Northern states. By 1865, the interconnections of the railroad networks and, a few years later, the development of the refrigerated railroad car made it possible for people in the East to get tomatoes out of season from the South, and in the Midwest from the West, at advanced prices. At that time, too, large quantities of tomatoes were being imported out of season by ship and rail from Cuba and Mexico. Because of the long hauls involved and the perishability of the produce, tomatoes to be sold out of season were shipped green, and their quality at the receiving end hardly matched that of the local seasonal produce. The few vine-ripened tomatoes available out of season were supplied by local commercial greenhouses, and were even more of a luxury item than the tomatoes brought from warmer climates. For the most part, people turned to factory-canned tomatoes in the off-season. In canned form, tomatoes had become popular by the eighteen-seventies, and one of the first big commercial-canning successes was a brand of large beefsteak tomatoes, packed one to a can, put out by the factory of Joseph Campbell and Abraham Anderson, in Camden, New Jersey; the label on the can showed two men straining to move a huge tomato. Thus was originated the Campbell Soup Company. American capitalism began to make big business of the tomato; in fact, three canners tried in 1906 and 1907 to corner the canned-tomato market jointly, through what amounted to a tomato trust, but the effort failed, because several record-breaking harvests glutted the market.

One factor that tended to keep prices down was the growth of imports from Cuba and Mexico, for cultivation there was based on cheap farm labor. Once the fruit was being widely grown here, the United States government, undoubtedly at the instigation of domestic tomato-growing interests, sought to discriminate against Mexican tomatoes. In 1893, the government imposed a duty on the importation of vegetables from abroad; the duty did not apply to fruits, so the government simply maintained that tomatoes were a vegetable and as such were dutiable. Botanically, this classification was indefensible, since a fruit is, by definition, that part of a plant which contains its seeds. But the government insisted that for all practical purposes the tomato had become a vegetable, in that it had come to be served at the American dinner table in, with, or after soup, or with fish or meat, which constituted the main part of the meal. An American importer of tomatoes protested the definition and the decision, and the issue wound up in the federal courts; the case went all the way to the Supreme Court, which ruled in 1893 that the tomato could indeed be legally classified as a vegetable and was dutiable as such.

The levying of import duties on tomatoes from Mexico and elsewhere has continued ever since. And, according to American importers of foreign tomatoes, this and subsequent blows have hastened the decline in the quality of fresh tomatoes bought by Americans over the past fifteen or twenty years. The importers' charges



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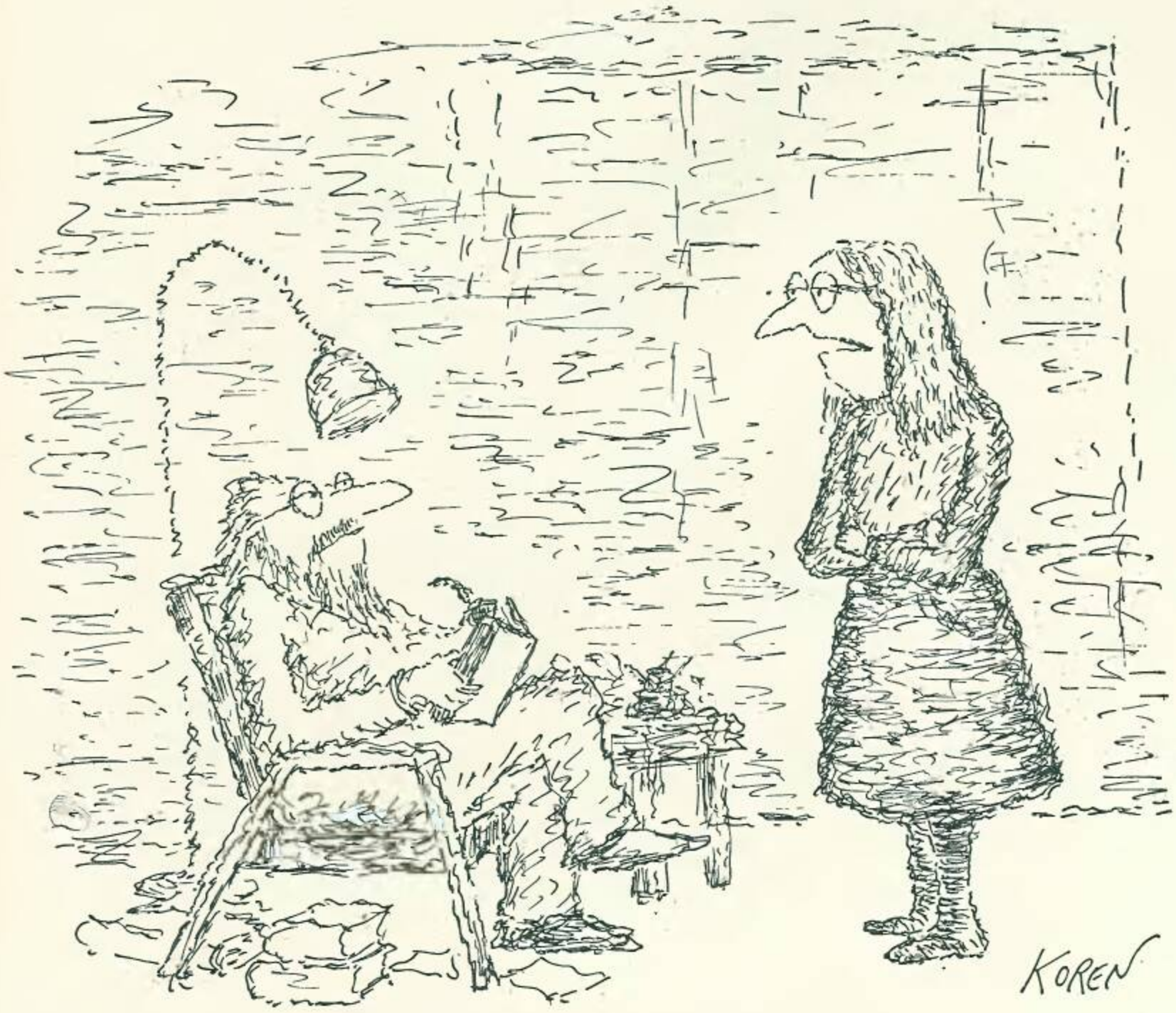
came to light in a 1970 lawsuit brought in federal court by representatives of Arizona brokers handling Mexican tomatoes. The lawsuit asked for injunctive relief from a quality-import regulation that had been issued in the spring of 1970 by the Department of Agriculture setting standards for imported tomatoes identical with those for domestic tomatoes. The regulation, the plaintiffs claimed, was intended to further restrict the importation of tomatoes from Mexico. According to the brokers, the regulation was aimed directly at Mexican tomato imports, since it discriminated, in effect, against Mexican tomatoes that were picked at a stage when they had begun to ripen on the vine, and thus favored, in effect, the sale of domestic tomatoes that were picked in a wholly green state and put in ethylene-gas chambers to redden prematurely for market. The restrictive action had come about as a result of an increase in the Mexican fresh-tomato imports which began in the early sixties. In 1961, Mexican imports equalled only about eight per cent of the quantity of tomatoes grown in this country; by 1969-70, they equalled more than half the American production. Since the majority of American winter and early-spring tomatoes had up to that time been grown in Florida, the Florida tomato growers began agitating against this import competition. Specifically, they sought protection by invoking the provisions of the Agricultural Marketing Agreement Act of 1937, which had been passed in the New Deal days to allow farmers to protect themselves collectively against depressed market conditions through actions that would otherwise violate the anti-trust laws. Under the act, farmers' committees may ask the Secretary of Agriculture to issue a marketing order that restricts the amount of a commodity in interstate commerce and so helps maintain fair prices for the producing farmer. In 1967, Florida tomato growers reactivated the Florida Tomato Committee (which was founded in 1955 but had been inactive for nine years), and at the beginning of 1969 (just after the election of Richard Nixon) they recommended to the Department of Agriculture a regulation under the marketing order which seemed fairly innocuous. It consisted of specifications for minimum sizes of fresh tomatoes, in both the green and the vine-ripened stages, to be allowed in interstate commerce. Most notably, it specified that vine-ripened tomatoes sold in interstate commerce must be at least two and seventeen thirty-seconds inches in diameter. That amounted to bad news for people who like to eat vine-ripened tomatoes. The standard set for vine-ripened tomatoes was a full quarter of an inch greater than that simultaneously set for gas-reddened tomatoes. And since more than ninety per cent of the Mexican crop consisted of vine-ripened tomatoes, of various sizes (a large proportion of them being under the minimum size specified in the marketing regulation), while only seventeen per cent of the Florida tomatoes were shipped vine-ripe, the economic effect of the regulation on Mexican tomato imports was bound to be serious. It meant that thirty to forty per cent of the Mexican tomato crop could not get past the American border. But the regulation would have minimal effect on the shipment of Florida green tomatoes, nearly all of which met the new size requirements. A news dispatch from Mexico printed in the *Wall Street Journal* shortly before Clifford M. Hardin, the Secretary of Agriculture, signed the regulation said that while tomato prices in the United States had risen as much as thirty per cent as a result of size restrictions already in effect, "Mexican tomato farmers are enraged as they watch tons of their tomatoes being devoured by cattle or simply rotting in heaps along highways."

The tomatoes that Americans could buy were affected by the new regulation in respects other than price and ripeness. Under Department of Agriculture regulations, tomatoes for shipping are customarily graded according to their appearance. U.S. Grade No. 1 tomatoes, for example, are supposed to be free of external blemishes, while



"A most amusing thing has happened!"

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U.S. Grade No. 3 tomatoes are characterized by discoloration, growth cracks, or puffiness, which often indicate internal defects. Only half the Florida tomatoes shipped to market met the U.S. No. 1 standard, but eighty to eighty-five per cent of the Mexican tomatoes met it. The overall effect of the regulation was, therefore, not only to raise the price but also often to lower the quality of tomatoes the American consumer could buy in local stores.

The lawsuit brought in 1970 by the Arizona brokers of Mexican tomatoes charged the Department of Agriculture with arbitrary action, on the ground that in issuing the regulation under the marketing order it had failed to hold a hearing at which representatives of the public and segments of the tomato industry outside Florida could express their views. In response to the suit, the United States Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C., required that the Department of Agriculture conduct a public hearing on the issue. The Department of Agriculture conducted the hearing not in Washington but at the headquarters of the Florida Tomato Committee, in Orlando. At the hearing, representatives of consumer groups protested that the regulation discriminated not only against the Mexican growers but against the interest of the tomato-buying public as well. They also attempted to show that green-picked tomatoes were nutritionally inferior to vine-ripened tomatoes, but their protests were unavailing. After the hearings were completed, the Department of Agriculture announced that it intended to proceed with the double standard for green-picked and vine-ripened tomatoes, and it subsequently did.

In October of 1972, Consumers Union, acting in the interest of its three hundred and fifty thousand members ("These members are purchasers of tomatoes"), brought suit, together with several other consumer organizations, in United States District Court in Washington to block the government regulation, on the ground that the decision to employ it was capricious and arbitrary. The fact that the suit had been brought had a deterrent effect; although the marketing order remained on the books, the Department of Agriculture chose not to issue specific seasonal restrictions under the order. And in September of 1975, in a settlement approved by the court, the Department of Agriculture agreed for the first time to take into account consumer interests and to follow certain procedural safeguards before deciding to institute any such restrictions in the future. Importers of vine-ripened tomatoes gained an edge over the green-tomato lobby. Because of the successful legal challenges to the restrictive regulations initiated by the domestic tomato-growing industry, Mexican tomatoes are still entering the country in substantial quantities. According to the logic of the charges made by the brokers when the marketing-order regulation was in force, the continued flow of Mexican tomatoes into this country should have improved the quality of the tomatoes available here. But if the quality has improved, I have to say that I, as a tomato eater in the Northeast, have not noticed it.

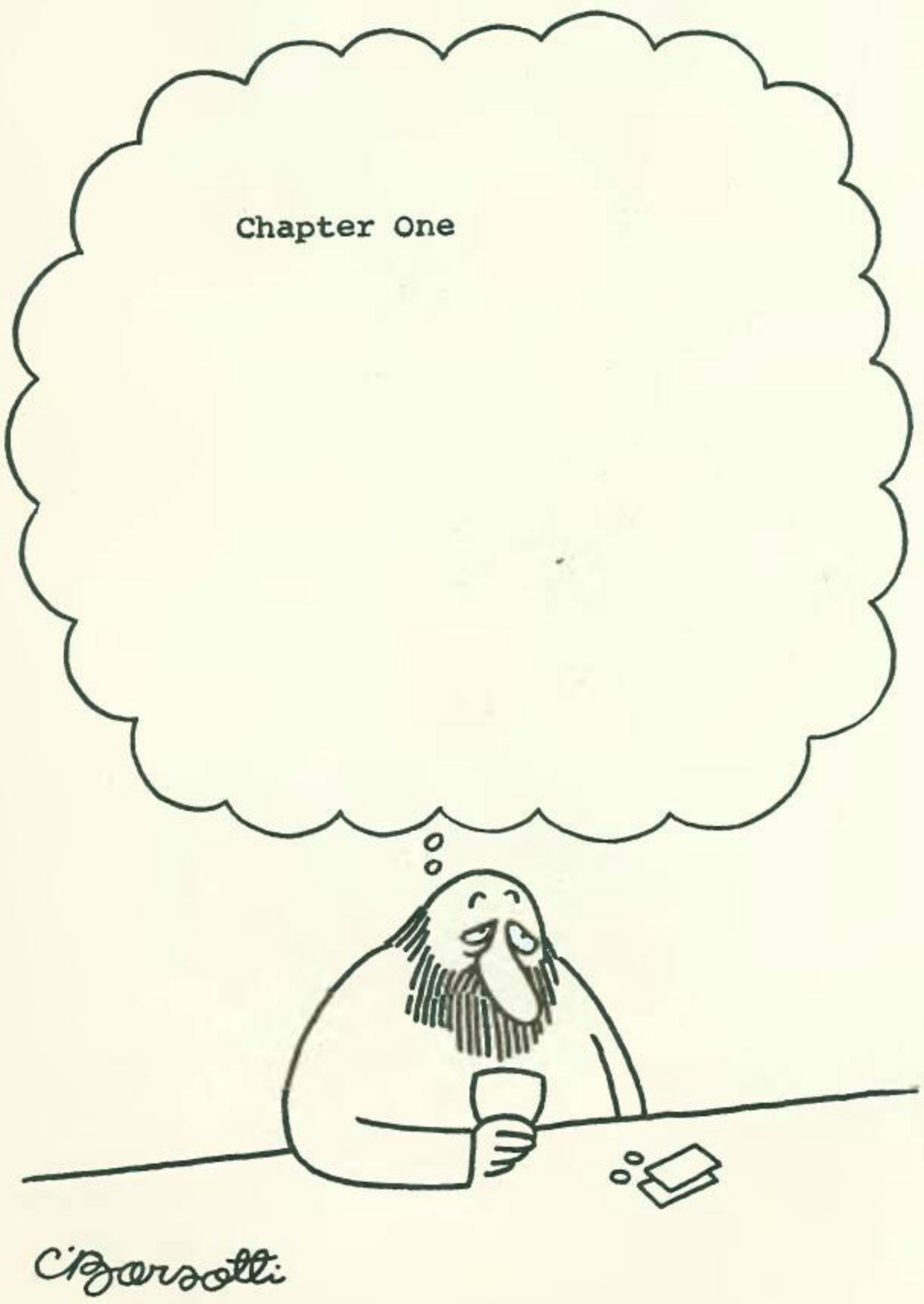
ON a winter day a while back, I was in Florida, and my curiosity about tomatoes led me to pay a call at the center of the action—the headquarters of the Florida Tomato Committee, in Orlando. The committee offices are in a cluster of stucco buildings occupied by the Florida Fruit and Vegetable Association, on a highway lined with fast-food emporiums and shopping centers. I had an appointment with Wayne Hawkins, the manager of the Tomato Committee. While I waited to see him, his secretary showed me plastic-bound copies of several of the committee's annual reports. The title pages were illustrated with color pictures of ripe red tomatoes—redder and riper-looking than the Florida tomatoes I am used to seeing in New York supermarkets. The title pages also bore subtitles reflecting the ever-present concern of the Florida tomato growers about the competition offered by the importation of Mexican tomatoes. The 1968-69 annual report was subtitled "A Season of Crises," the 1971-72 report "A Season of Frustration," and the 1972-73 report "A Season of Forlorn Hopes." The forlorn hopes, an introduction to the report said, were the committee's expectations of "an end of legal harassment" by consumer groups protesting the tomato-marketing regulation.

When I met Hawkins, a chubby man with short-cropped hair, in his office, I found him at first reluctant to be quoted at all on the subject of the tomato industry. He said that the Florida tomato growers had not been accorded fair treatment in the press and on television news programs. "The biggest problem we have is communication," he told me. "A good example is 'Harvest of Shame' "—the CBS documentary on migrant workers that was produced in 1960—"where you had a good many growers who were interviewed for two hours by the television people who came down here and what they said was all left out except one or two moments on the TV." But after a little while Hawkins relaxed somewhat and decided that he could be quoted after all. He said that the Florida Tomato Committee represented all the major growers and packers in central and southern Florida, and that the economic problems of the industry in connection with Mexican tomato imports were quite real. "Where the Florida growers used to supply sixty per cent or more of the fresh tomatoes used in winter and spring in this country, we dropped in seven or eight years to supplying forty or forty-five per cent of the fresh market, though this trend has been reversed over the past two years," he said. "The reason for the drop was the increase in Mexican tomato imports. Mexico saw a good thing in exporting fresh tomatoes to this country. The labor factor was the big damn thing. When I started going down there, five or six years ago, to look into conditions in the market, labor was a dollar and ninety-two cents a day. The costs in Mexico—I'll tell you how much damn labor they have down there. I've seen fields of tomatoes, large fields, where they actually painted—*hand-painted!*—each tomato in the field with a whitewash solution to prevent sunburn."

Hawkins said that the American importers of Mexican tomatoes who had been complaining that the tomato-marketing regulation was discriminatory didn't mention in their publicity the fact that "there was a lot of American capital down there in tomato production" or that such American capital, provided by American-based packing companies—and, in a few cases, by some Florida fresh-tomato packers—was being used to obtain unfair competitive leverage on the domestic tomato market. He said that the Cuban revolution had had something to do with the competitive situation. Before Fidel Castro came to power, Hawkins said, a fairly large proportion of the fresh winter tomatoes supplied by the Florida packers was actually shipped from Cuba, where labor was plentiful and cheap enough for the crops to be grown profitably. Also, he said, in the late fifties and early sixties Florida producers imported a great deal of harvest labor from Barbados, Jamaica, and Haiti—"tremendous workers, mostly married people, and their production was three and a half times that of the American laborer"—but the American government had cracked down on the importation of this harvest labor. The result was that when the Castro regime came to power and these sources of labor dried up, "the packers who were used to the former conditions and cheap labor looked elsewhere, and some of the capital went to Mexico, where labor was available at low rates." Later, he said, inflation raised the rates for labor in the Mexican tomato fields to around five dollars a day, thus making Mexican tomato production less attractive than it used to be to American capital. (The recent devaluation of the peso appears to have had no appreciable effect on this situation.) Hawkins told me that annual fluctuations in the international market notwithstanding, Mexican tomatoes have continued to provide the stiffest competition that the Florida growers have had to contend with.

From my glances at the Tomato Committee's 1973-74 annual report, I saw no reason to dispute Hawkins' statement about the extent of the foreign competition. But a further quick reference to the report confirmed that the Florida growers appeared to be offering no competition, in the supposedly free American market, to the importation of tomatoes that had been picked after they started changing color on the vine rather than in the packinghouses. Of the Mexican tomatoes imported during that season, only one pound out of every ten was classified as having been shipped green; of the Florida tomatoes, only one pound out of every seven was classified as having been shipped in the so-called vine-ripened state.

I thought anew about the taste of those supermarket tomatoes, and asked Hawkins why it was that Mexican tomato growers found it possible to ship most of their fruit to market in the so-called vine-ripened condition and the Florida tomato growers didn't. Hawkins said that as far as the Florida producers were concerned it was a question of quality: vine-ripened tomatoes didn't travel well and were subject to such



bruising and spoilage that the consumer was far better off with tomatoes that were picked at the firmer, green stage. "The vine-ripened deal is just about finished down here," he told me. He added that in spite of the adverse publicity concerning taste, the tomatoes on the American dinner table had actually improved rather than declined over the years, because of superior breeding, growing, and shipping practices. He conceded that nothing might beat a fully ripe tomato plucked from the vine and put right on the table but said that the acceptance of the tomato as a year-round part of the American diet had long since made that ideal simply unattainable on a practical level.

I asked Hawkins for his views on the practice of subjecting tomatoes to ethylene gassing before they got to the American dinner table. "We don't like to use the word 'gassing' where tomatoes are concerned," Hawkins said. "We like to refer to the process as 'degreening.' The degreening of a tomato is no more than adding ethylene gas to the atmosphere in order to provide exactly what the tomato itself provides in the natural ripening process on the vine. There's no chemical difference at all in the process. Remember, years ago, when you'd buy your tomatoes individually wrapped up in tissue paper? Well, that wasn't just to make the tomatoes look pretty, or to protect them. It was to trap the ethylene produced by the tomato, to encourage the ripening proc-

"Thank you for not smoking."

ess. Each tomato was in its own little gassing room—*degreening* room, I should say. The degreening process enables us to pick tomatoes at what we call the mature-green stage of development—at the stage before the first blush of pink appears at the blossom [non-stem] end. We'll take around twenty-six hundred thirty-pound boxes of tomatoes at a time, put them in a room and shoot a little ethylene at them to start the degreening process, and then load them on trucks, where they'll keep ripening on the way to the receiving end."

Hawkins denied that there was any appreciable difference in taste between a tomato picked at the mature-green stage and artificially ripened with ethylene gas and one picked after it broke color. "If you were blindfolded and ate a mature-green tomato that was degreened by ethylene treatment, you'd find that it had the same taste as a commercial vine-ripened tomato," he said. Then he discoursed on a visit he and other members of the Florida Tomato Committee had made a couple of years previously to Toronto for the purpose of promoting Florida tomatoes and countering some local adverse press comments. "We had a banquet at a hotel there," he said. "We took a lot of gassed tomatoes with us. We spread them on the tables. We served them sliced. Well, one Canadian reporter among the press people there at the banquet was enjoying himself, but he was very dogmatic about tomatoes. He was telling me that

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there was no way he would eat any tomato that had been gas-ripened. I told him, 'You just ate sixteen slices of gassed tomato. I've been counting them while you've been eating them.' The guy was quite offended. He walked away. I guess he didn't want to face the facts. Think of it—*sixteen slices!*"

Hawkins said that to correct public misconceptions about the quality of ethylene-treated Florida tomatoes the services of a New York public-relations firm had been hired by the Florida Tomato Exchange, which was founded in 1974. As it happens, the headquarters of the Florida Tomato Exchange are the very offices occupied by the Florida Tomato Committee, and, in fact, Hawkins is the executive vice-president and the man in charge of the Florida Tomato Exchange. Hawkins indicated that whatever problems the public might have with fresh tomatoes originated not in the quality of the tomatoes themselves but in the treatment the tomatoes were accorded by the American housewife after she bought them. "She takes the tomatoes back home from the supermarket and she puts them in the refrigerator," he said. "That's *wrong*. The temperature is too low in the home refrigerator, and the tomato's chances of ripening properly are very slim. Too low a temperature kills a tomato. What the housewife should do is to set it on the sink. With the blossom end down. Ninety per cent of people will stack a tomato with the shoulder down, which tends to damage the tomato, because the shoulder is the tenderest part. Set it on the sink and let it continue to ripen at room temperature to get all that fresh taste. The tomato is a living item!"

AFTER taking my leave of Hawkins, I drove down from Orlando, past Miami, to the area around the town of Homestead, in the southern part of Dade County, where a quarter of the tomatoes that come from Florida are grown. The headquarters of the big packers down there are clustered in Florida City, which lies just south of Homestead on Route 1. The biggest tomato-growing and packing company in the state is Florida Tomato Packers, and before I left Orlando I had arranged, with the help of Hawkins, to have a talk with Paul J. Di Mare, the general manager of the Florida Tomato Packers plant in Florida City, and to go out with him for a glimpse of the commercial tomato-growing process in southern Florida.

The Florida Tomato Packers' headquarters is in a complex of warehouse buildings, around which refrigerated trucks were either maneuvering or already berthed. I found Di Mare in his office, which was decorated with some kind of synthetic wallpaper portraying innumerable logs of wood in cross-section; a pair of New England-style window shutters; and a sofa upholstered in zebra stripes of gold and black. Di Mare was sitting at one of two big desks in the office. A good-looking, muscular fellow with dark hair who appeared to be in his mid-thirties, he was wearing a multicolored tropical shirt, open at the chest, and he had a big diamond ring on the little finger of his right hand. When I entered, Di Mare was on the telephone, talking tomatoes, prices, and delivery dates. In between this call and numerous others, he told me that Florida Tomato Packers was currently growing about forty-five hundred acres of tomatoes in the Homestead area and eight hundred acres more in central Florida. The company's production in southern Florida accounted for forty per cent of the entire Dade County production.

I told Di Mare that I had heard some criticism of the taste of the tomatoes commonly available in stores nowadays. Di Mare went into a general defense of the quality of green-picked, gas-ripened tomatoes which was by now familiar to me. "Vine-ripe—that's a *great* idea. But how do you ship it to get it to the consumer in good shape?" he said. "There's nothing better than a Dade County tomato. And I'll go further. There's no better tomato than a mature-green Dade County tomato that's been ethylene-ripened. Even against a vine-ripe! Even down here!"

After taking another telephone call and talking briefly with a tomato broker who was acting for a wholesaler in Springfield, Massachusetts, Di Mare announced that he was ready to set off for a look at the current crop in a couple of the company's fields. I was invited along. We jumped into a company pickup truck and started out along back roads south of Florida City, past stretches of low scrub pine and of tall weeds which alternated with cultivated fields. In about fifteen minutes, Di Mare swung off into one of the company's tomato fields and pulled up. There were no pickers to be seen—only a foreman and, at a distance, a tractor rigged with spraying equipment.

The field we were in was a big one—about fifty acres, Di Mare said. Its tomato plants were set out in raised rows about six feet apart. The tomato vines lay sprawled thickly along the rows. Commercially grown tomatoes in the Homestead area, which has limestone topsoil, are invariably grown on the ground on plastic mulch rather than staked, as they often are in central Florida, where the soil is sandy. The tomatoes themselves were nearly all green, although here and there a few had turned pink. Together with the foreman and me, Di Mare walked along between rows, now and then picking a green tomato, turning it around in his hand, opening it up with a knife, and then throwing it away. He judged that the field was about ready for picking; most of the tomatoes were close to the so-called mature-green stage, which, Di Mare said, was accepted in the industry as the stage in which "the juice around the seed cavities has begun to jell."

I was struck, as I looked at the rows of plants, by the heavy whitish cast of leaves and tomatoes alike. It made me aware of the significance of the tractor and spraying equipment in the distance. I was looking at fungicide residue. I remarked on it to Di Mare. "There is no way *whatsoever* to grow tomatoes commercially down here without using pesticides and herbicides," he said. "You have to contend not only with weeds but with heavy insect infestation, particularly by nematodes, and you also have to use fungicides on the soil against verticillium and fusarium, which are the principal soil diseases that wilt and kill tomato plants." Despite the fact that the economics of the tomato industry are so heavily dependent on the cost of labor in the planting, tending, and picking process, he said, "the most expensive thing we do to the crop, outside of picking it, is the spraying." Some of the spraying is by tractor, some by airplane, he explained, and he went on, "We spray with pesticides two or three times a week, and it

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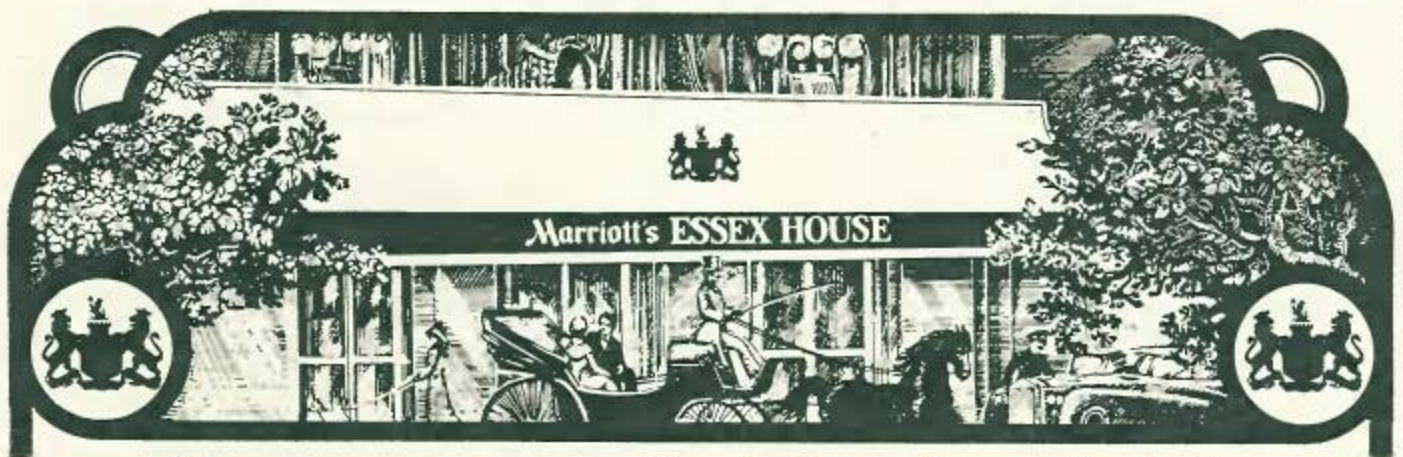

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The field and the land around us were almost completely flat. The visible soil between the rows of sprawling tomato plants was grayish white. It consisted of crushed rock of a coarse, gravel-like texture. It had all been scraped from the underlying limestone—coral rock, which extends over the whole Homestead area. "There's not more than four inches of topsoil anywhere here where the tomatoes are grown," Di Mare told me. "We're on solid coral rock all around. And we create the topsoil ourselves, by shaving the top of the rock ledge with Caterpillar D-8s equipped with V-plows in front, and then scraping again, with Caterpillars equipped with blades that have four-inch teeth. We go over it six or seven times that way, until the rock is crumbled enough for our purposes. That's the soil we have to work with. It's barren of everything except calcium. Growing tomatoes in this soil is the next thing to hydroponic farming. You have to add everything—all the nutrients. There's nothing in it except what you put into it. We add nitrogen, potash, phosphate—one and a half tons of fertilizer an acre. There's very little bacterial action in the soil, and before we plant we sterilize the soil, using a fumigant, and then there's no bacterial action at all. We use Dowfume MC-33 as the fumigant, Manzate and Maneb as the fungicides, Cygon and Lannate as the pesticides." Now the tomato vines in the field lay on three-foot-wide strips of plastic mulch—black polyethylene with a light-blue, paper-like laminated upper surface to reflect heat away from the roots. The polyethylene mulch is laid down by the same machine that fumigates the ground. Two weeks after the sheeting is put down, another machine burns a hole in the plastic every twelve inches along the row and, making a small cavity in the ground under the hole, drops into it a small cube of peat moss containing a tomato seedling. With Di Mare's permission, I scraped away enough of the soil around one plant to uncover some of the roots—a network of fine white tendrils, which I found could be separated with ease from the crumbled limestone. It seemed that the only purpose being served by the limestone was a mechanical one—a sort of anchorage for the plant roots. And it provided a maze of crevices for the slurry of chemical fertilizer and mois-

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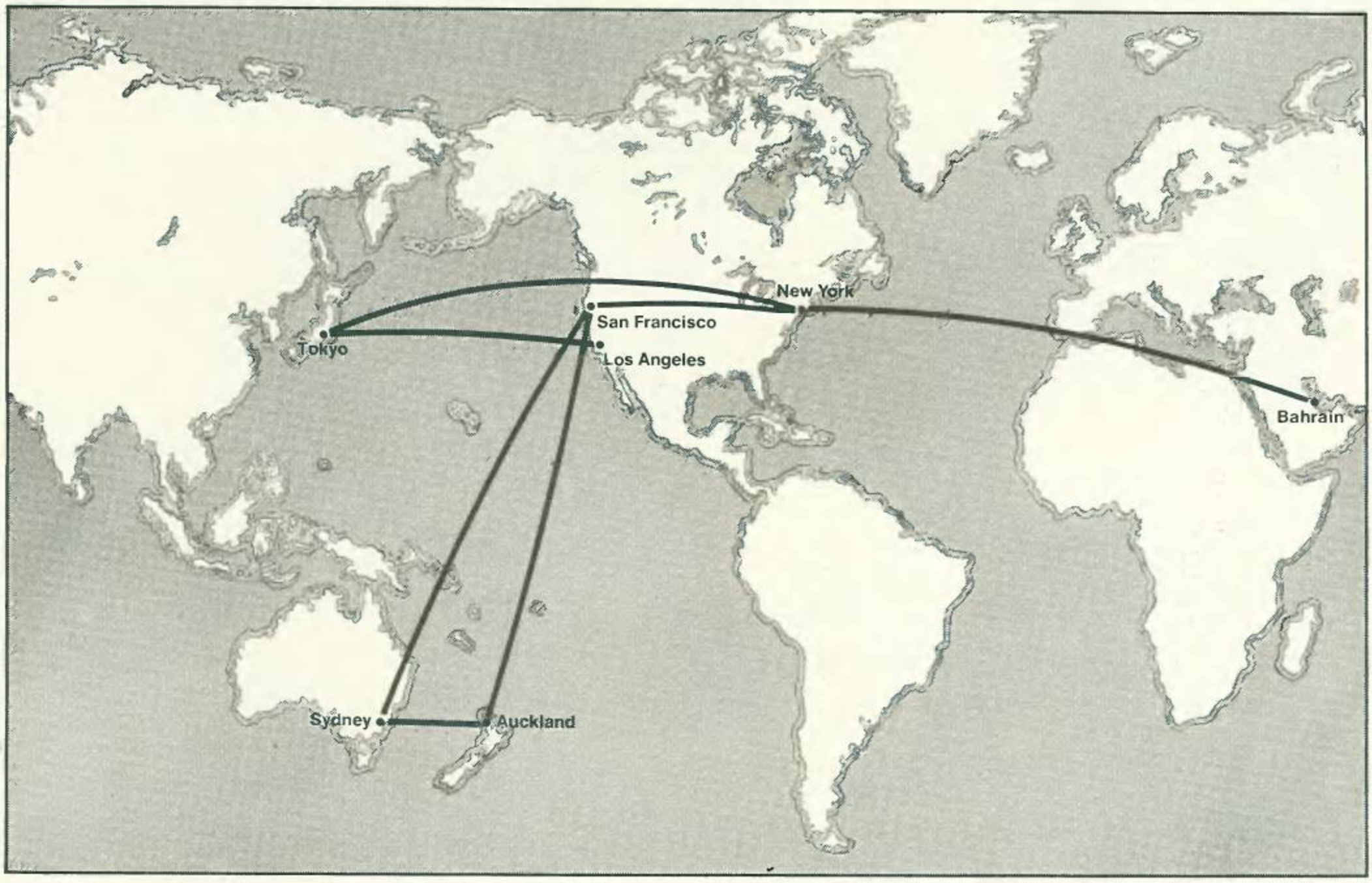

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ture from rain or irrigation sprayings to lie in.

Di Mare and I walked on a little between the rows of tomato plants. At one point, I stopped, bent down, and brushed my fingers over the leaves and along the stems of a plant and then held my fingers to my face in the expectation of smelling the fresh, sweet, pungent tomato-plant fragrance. Instead, I got only a faint and flat version of the customary delightful aroma. I remarked to Di Mare on the lack of fragrance in the leaves, and he said that this was due to the comparative lack of nitrogen in the marl the tomatoes were growing in, even with all the fertilizer added to it. "If you were walking along a row in a tomato field farther north, or in California, where the soil is richer in nitrogen, your pants would be all green below the knee from just brushing against the leaves," he said.

I asked Di Mare if there wasn't some way of enriching the soil by organic means, such as the rotation of cover crops. Di Mare made it clear that he thought that uneconomical. First of all, his company didn't own the large tracts of land it farmed—they were rented from season to season from real-estate speculators, and were worth nine or ten thousand dollars an acre—and there was no economic incentive for his company to put long-term capital into improving the land. In fact, he said, the land quickly became "tired" for tomato growing—a particular field would provide an adequate tomato harvest for only one season in a three-year period—and the land had to lie fallow the rest of the time. Furthermore, he said, "the old varieties" of tomatoes that were once widely available from Florida—for example, the Rutgers and Homestead varieties—had been "worn out" over the years by cultivation of the available land and by various plant diseases, whose inroads caused the growers to keep seeking out new tomato varieties.

Di Mare and I went back to the pickup truck and moved on to another large tomato field, a few minutes' drive away. Here the tomatoes were being picked by probably a hundred men and women, slowly moving along the rows. Bent double, they swiftly plucked green tomatoes from the plants and tossed them into plastic buckets they lugged with them. As soon as a bucket was full, one of the pickers would carry it over to a large open-topped truck, into which the tomatoes were tumbled. The pickers were nearly all Hispanic-looking; Di Mare told me that most of them were Mexican-

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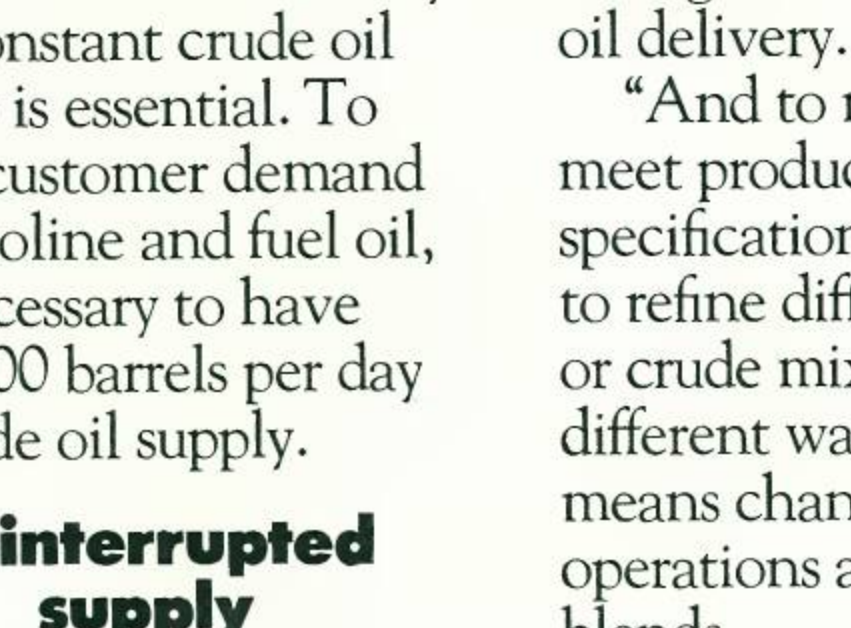

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Americans—not illegal aliens, he said—from Texas, where a large number of fresh-market tomatoes used to be grown. Here was the "labor" I had been hearing about. Di Mare told me that this was a "second-pick" field; the first tomatoes to reach the mature-green stage had been picked two weeks previously. I noticed that most of the tomatoes the pickers now left on the vines were red-ripe. These, it appeared, were considered useless for the fresh-tomato market—too far gone. They would be picked later at one go and sold to canneries. The huge pile of tomatoes on the truck in the field was bright green. I asked Di Mare if the tomatoes couldn't be efficiently picked at a stage when they were beginning to turn color. He said that this would entail perhaps a dozen pickings as tomatoes on the vine ripened in succession, and so would be uneconomical. Even picking the tomatoes precisely at the mature-green stage, "as they used to be," he said, would involve five or six separate pickings. Formerly, he said, pickers were paid on a day-labor basis instead of the current piecework basis, and that meant that the fields used to be picked more carefully and selectively. "After a picking, you'd never know that the vines had been touched," he said. The piecework picking meant that the "labor" would now "often break the vines apart" in its hasty work. As for the tomatoes themselves, they needed to be as firm as possible to withstand considerable abuse in the fields. "Of course, it's all stoop labor, and you or I wouldn't find it easy work," he said, "but they're used to it—they've been doing it since they were *that* high." The pickers are currently paid thirty cents for a thirty-pound bucket of tomatoes. In the particular field I was in, they would work for four to six hours, during which a worker would pick, on the average, between a hundred and fifty and two hundred buckets. By my calculation, that meant picking, lifting, and carrying to field trucks perhaps two and a half tons of tomatoes. Crews in other tomato fields in the Homestead area, I heard later, sometimes worked a ten- or even a twelve-hour day.

For a while, Di Mare and I discussed some other aspects of the costs involved in tomato cultivation. Then Di Mare picked some samples of mature-green tomatoes, which were as hard as baseballs, from the field and put them in the front seat of the pickup. We drove back to his packinghouse in Florida City, where, in a shed, he showed me a long line of machinery, tended by a

hundred and twenty women, into which a truckload of apple-green tomatoes from his company's fields was being fed, to be washed, manually culled, mechanically graded according to size, sprayed with a thin coat of wax ("to make them look sexier," one tomato producer said of the sheen applied), and loaded into thirty-pound cardboard shipping cartons. The cartons would then be transferred to ethylene ripening chambers in another shed. Di Mare took me over to see the ethylene-gas rooms. There were twenty-one of them, faced with big aluminum doors, outside which, on a long loading platform, forklift trucks were buzzing about with cartons of tomatoes in the Florida sunshine. Di Mare opened one of the aluminum doors, revealing a chamber about fifty feet long, twelve feet wide, and eighteen feet high. There was a slight gassy smell. Pallets of filled tomato cartons were piled almost to the ceiling. Di Mare said that tomatoes at the mature-green stage were left in the ripening room for from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, in which time they turned color to the "starbreaker" stage—the stage at which the first blush of tannish pink shows at the blossom end of the fruit. The gassed tomatoes are then loaded into refrigerated trucks for shipment.

Di Mare told me that tomatoes had been ethylene-ripened for market for years but that until fairly recently the artificially induced ripening had been done at the receiving end of the bulk-shipping process. Then, for various reasons, it was found to be more convenient to do it at the shipping end. Was it really impossible, I kept wondering, to skip the ripening rooms and just let the ripening take place in the fields, right on the tomato vines? I put the question again. Not practical, Di Mare insisted, and we were back at the economics of the business—the cost of the number of handpickings that would be involved.

As Di Mare and I walked on, I began to enumerate in my mind some of the economic forces that seemed to have been at work in the evolution of the present mass-marketed American tomato. A primary aim of the Florida growers in the whole exercise, it appeared, was to get fresh-market tomatoes out of the field as soon as possible after the sprouting of the seeds, and with the harvesting compressed into as close to one operation as possible. Obviously, in the last fifteen years the cost of pesticides to increase crop yields had become steadily higher, and the very increase in the cost of applying pesticides had given the growers an added incentive to curtail the growing period. The same thing was true of the spiralling cost of fertilizer. Then, the rising cost of using migrant workers for picking had given the growers an incentive to save by drastically reducing the number of pickings as the tomatoes matured on the vine toward the point of breaking color. True, the migrant workers used were employed on a piecework basis, but it seemed the growers had to contend with this calculation: poor and unorganized though the pickers were, could the growers, even if they wanted to, get the workers to pick particular fields five, six, or more times—each time collecting fewer mature-green tomatoes—without the risk of some kind of field-hand rebellion against the piecework system? As far as the growers were concerned, the clear solution was to get the picking over with at the least cost by short-circuiting the natural ripening process on the vine and substituting for it the mass ripening in the ethylene-gas chamber. And acceptance by the industry of the principle of ethylene gassing at the shipping end had led to a further step. Up to then, tomatoes had been bred for such qualities favored by growers as high yield, disease resistance, smooth skin unbroken by ridges, and thick walls to withstand the rigors of picking and shipping. Now tomatoes that ripened well in ethylene chambers were being bred. And varieties of tomato that didn't take well to reddening by ethylene chamber, no matter how tasty they might be, were headed for obsolescence. Di Mare told me that the relatively new Walter variety, in particular, reacts well to ethylene treatment—that it was designed for uniformity of ripening. Hawkins, of the Florida Tomato Committee, had gone even further. "When we came out a few years ago with the Walter tomato, the variety had its own peculiarity," he told me. "It *had* to be gassed just after picking to ripen properly."

The breeding of new varieties of tomato for the firmness and retail-shelf longevity desired by packers, distributors, and supermarket operators has led to the development of a variety having not only a peculiar adaptability to ethylene treatment but also a superior resistance to being knocked about by machinery. For some years, the Florida tomato-industry people have looked forward to a time when fresh-market tomatoes could be harvested by machine

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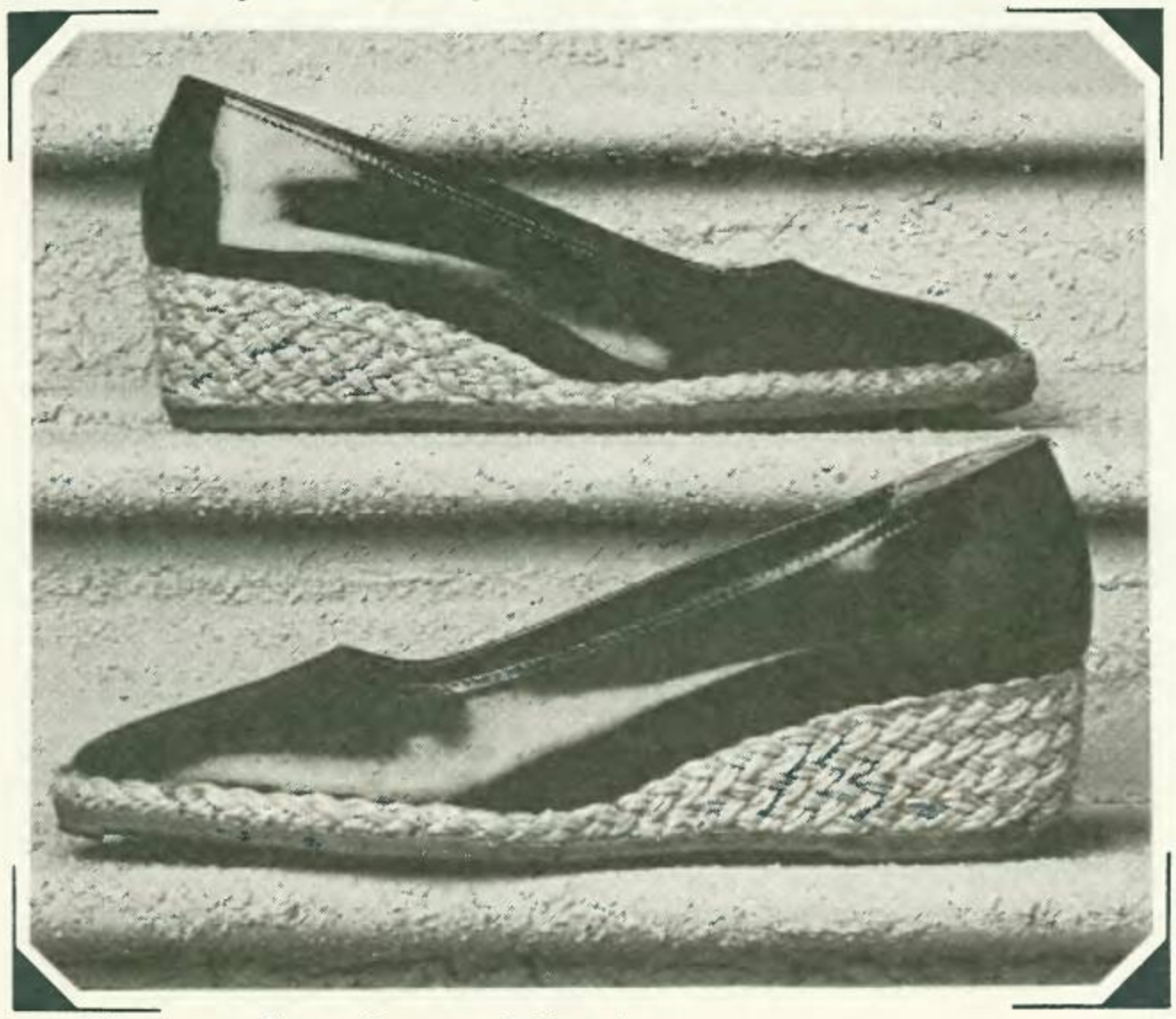

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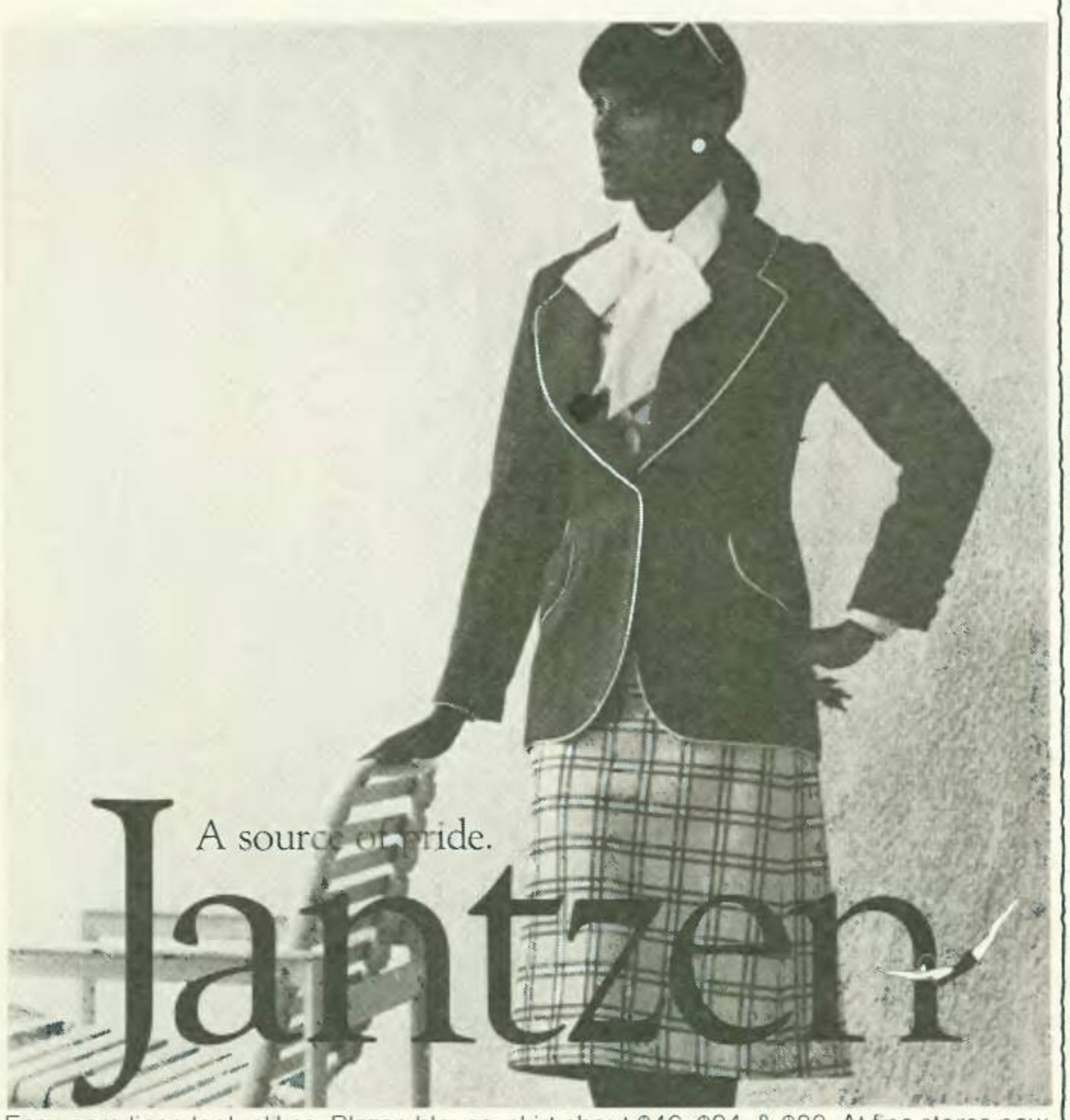

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instead of by hand. In California and certain parts of the Midwest, tomato harvesting for commercial canneries is done exclusively by machines, and a few prototype machines for harvesting fresh-market tomatoes have been operated on an experimental basis in Florida. Just behind the vanguard of machine designers, and acting in concert with them, are the plant breeders, trying to develop a variety of tomato that is designed to withstand bruising by a mechanical picker and that happens to be particularly susceptible to the ethylene treatment. One result of these efforts has been the development of a wonder called the Florida MH-1, a tomato derived from the Walter variety. The Florida MH-1 is a tomato that has been engineered to fit the machine. I had heard about the Florida MH-1 from Hawkins, at the Florida Tomato Committee headquarters, and he had sounded enthusiastic about its bruise-resistant properties. "You could take an MH-1, stand twenty paces away from another man, and play catch with that tomato without hurting it," he declared.

Di Mare didn't have any Florida MH-1 tomatoes on hand, but, as it happened, there was an experimental plot of the machine-oriented tomato not far from Florida Tomato Packers headquarters—at the Homestead Agricultural Research and Education Center, a division of the University of Florida Institute of Food and Agricultural Sciences. When I had taken my leave of Di Mare and was headed back North again, I drove over to the research center, where I talked with Dr. R. B. Volin, an assistant plant pathologist, and Dr. H. H. Bryan, an associate horticulturist. The Institute of Food and Agricultural Sciences is responsible for the development of the Florida MH-1. The institute appears to be closely geared to some of the practical needs of the Florida tomato industry, such as the development of disease-resistant strains. I found Dr. Volin and Dr. Bryan to be a bit sensitive about the implications of this connection with the industry, because public-interest advocates have charged that public funds have been used for agricultural research-and-development projects aimed not at improving nutrition but at increasing corporate profits. The two scientists felt such criticism to be unjust. In any event, the talk turned to the taste of tomatoes that one buys in supermarkets. Dr. Volin said that research studies he was familiar with indicated that there had been no decline

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in the taste of fresh tomatoes in recent years. The taste of new varieties was not appreciably different from that of old varieties still being grown, and appearance was superior in the new varieties, he said. "Memory has a funny way of playing tricks on people; they remember the good things and forget the bad," he told me.

We talked about the development of the MH-1. Dr. Volin considered such a development socially desirable. "Humanity is out there in the fields suffering, doing that handpicking and carrying of fruit," he said. "Migrant workers could be riding machines that would do that work. Some of the people who were once picking for ten hours a day now *are* riding such machines to harvest tomatoes, as well as other fruits and vegetables." Dr. Volin told me that crops of the MH-1 had already been successfully picked by machine in field tests "and shipped to test markets in Washington and Atlanta with superior results." Dr. Bryan produced for me a sample of a ripe MH-1 tomato. It was somewhat dark-hued and had a very smooth skin, only slightly ridged at the shoulder. Dr. Bryan spoke of the characteristics that made the MH-1 suitable for machine harvesting—thick skin and firm flesh. To demonstrate these qualities, Dr. Bryan tossed the MH-1 to a height of a little more than six feet and let it drop on the asbestos-tiled floor of Dr. Volin's office. The tomato landed with a thud. It lay a little lopsided—a bit flushed, it seemed to me—but the skin remained unbroken. Dr. Bryan picked it up and tossed it to nearly ceiling height for another drop to the floor. This time, the sound of the impact was louder, and the tomato split open slightly on one side, but there was no splattering of its contents. I had assumed a little internal rupturing, a little flow of tomato juice from the open crack in the skin, but the thick outer walls were proof against that. Dr. Bryan and Dr. Volin then took me out into the sunshine for a visit to an experimental plot where rows of MH-1s were growing on plastic mulch. Dr. Volin picked a red-ripe MH-1, cut it open, and offered me a half. I took a bite. It tasted like a tough tomato to me.

During my visit to Di Mare, I had pressed the question whether the best place to ripen a tomato wasn't on the tomato vine itself. Now, talking to Dr. Volin and Dr. Bryan, I became aware of the existence of a scheme for encouraging that, but not in quite the way I had been thinking of. So far, the scene of the ethylene ripening process had moved from the receiving end of the transport operation to the packing and shipping end. Now, I learned, another development was advancing on Tomatoland—the prospect of an artificial ethylene treatment for green tomatoes right on the vine. This biological coup would be brought about by spraying the crops with a chemical that would stimulate ethylene production in green tomatoes and cause them to change color at a far faster rate than slow nature allows and all at the same time; thus reddened on the vine at an unprecedentedly early stage and at one chemical stroke, an entire crop could be harvested in a single picking.

Some time after leaving Dr. Volin and Dr. Bryan, I obtained a pamphlet from the manufacturer and promoter of this new form of tomato processing. The chemical spray is called Ethrel and is put out by Amchem Products. At the top of the first page of the pamphlet was a fine color photograph of a magnificent sunrise, and the heading under the photograph read, "Dawn of the Plant Regulator—New Path to More Crop Profits." The plant regulator in question was described as "a formulation containing (2-chloroethyl) phosphonic acid," which on application "liberates ethylene, a natural plant hormone identified for years as nature's own ripening agent," and as "a successful crop-management tool for more profit." According to the text, the use of Ethrel "lets you actually schedule your harvest—7 to 14 days ahead of usual picking." And the grower was urged, "Just spray on Ethrel . . ."

The development of such formulations for artificially turning green tomatoes into red tomatoes right on the vine has been designed primarily for use in conjunction with mechanical harvesting. According to the Amchem people, Ethrel is already being used widely on California tomato crops that are to be mechanically harvested for canneries. So far, the system has been used for fresh-market tomatoes only on a small scale, but the Amchem people, who claim that a hundred thousand acres of tomato crops for cannery and other process uses were sprayed with Ethrel last year, seem optimistic about its use on fresh-market tomato crops. So do salesmen for companies putting out similar products. So does Dr. Volin, who thinks that the combination of the Florida MH-1 and Ethrel or a similar chemical compound

would constitute "a very useful tool" for the fresh-tomato industry.

IN the meantime, it's the ethylene-gas chamber as usual for most of the fresh tomatoes that Americans are eating now, and will be eating for quite a while. That the production of ethylene is in fact an essential element of the ripening process of tomatoes and other fruits is undeniable. But is an ethylene-gassed tomato necessarily a ripe tomato? One of the problems of picking green tomatoes for subsequent ethylene treatment is that in order to bring out of the ethylene treatment room a tomato that will have any tomato taste at all the processors must start with green fruit that has been picked at a technically mature stage. And it seems that the only sure way of telling that any on the vine has reached the mature-green stage is to cut it open with a knife and examine it, for it is the condition of the seeds and the gel in the internal chambers which shows whether it has attained the proper stage. Almost any green tomato, mature or immature, can be made to change color in an ethylene ripening room, but in terms of taste a less than mature green tomato, no matter how pink a flush it is given by ethylene treatment, can never be brought much further than from bitter to tasteless. As R. A. Seelig and Lacy P. McColloch wrote in a booklet called "Toward Better Tomatoes," issued by the United Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Association, "tomatoes picked immature green may redden but will never be good to eat." And, according to a study conducted in the growing season of 1970-71 by Dr. C. B. Hall and D. D. Gull, both of the University of Florida, significant numbers of the Florida tomatoes packed for shipment north as mature fruit were actually immature green. In fact, the study concluded, of the tomatoes examined "at least 40 per cent of the 7 x 7 size were so immature that the seeds were cut," and it noted that "in March 12 shipment 78 per cent were in that category." When this report was presented to the Florida Tomato Committee, its manager at the time, Jack Peters, commented at a growers' meeting that "it very definitely confirms the experiments you and I have been observing for many years, and that is: much of the time we are shipping these green tomatoes [that] are mature according to [industry] standards but . . . are not really as mature as would be required to supply the consumers with a quality product." And when the fruit *is* picked at the mature-green stage and subjected

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to ethylene, the gassing can, at best, supply to the tomato only what its own ethylene could have supplied if the tomato had been allowed to produce the gas naturally. Dr. Stanley Burg, a plant physiologist on the staff of the University of Florida, told me, "The ripening process is a scheduled part of the life of the fruit. You can fool the tomato into ripening prematurely by ethylene application. That can trigger some of the ripening process, but only the part of it that ethylene can trigger." The development of the fruit on the vine to the stage of perceptible reddening is far more complex than that, involving, among other things, the transport and subtle interaction of scores of aromatic compounds in the plant, and the development and particular balance of various sugars and acids, all of which, working together, gradually impart to the fruit ripening on the vine the peculiarly rich and generous fresh-tomato flavor. According to Dr. M. Allen Stevens, a plant geneticist at the University of California at Davis, in an article on tomato flavor published in *Western Grower & Shipper*, "high sugars and a favorable sugar/acid ratio are crucial to good tomato flavor." And he noted that many traits considered favorable by commercial growers of tomatoes "are in opposition to the ones needed for high sugars."

The general use of artificial ripening, then, is by no means the only major influence at work on the present quality of store-bought tomatoes. The temperature at which tomatoes are shipped needs to be kept constant, but the shipper generally has no control over what is done in transit, because it is independent truckers who carry out most of the shipping, and the quality of the fruit may suffer accordingly. Then, when the tomatoes have been repacked and, as likely as not, put in plastic sleeves for sale in supermarkets or other retail stores, the shipment is often kept in refrigerated display cases with other food at temperatures that do the tomatoes no good. "The average supermarket refrigerator is kept at thirty-eight degrees, and tomatoes should never be stored at less than forty-eight degrees," I was told by Jerry Brownstein, the executive vice-president of Embassy Produce, which is the biggest repacker and distributor of fresh-market tomatoes in the New York area.

BUT this is not all that has happened to tomatoes in the retail markets of the Northeast. An even more noticeable change is the disappearance of the supply of ripe tomatoes that used to

be available to city people here during the local tomato-growing season. Part of this disappearance is attributable to the overrunning of nearby market-garden areas by suburban housing developments. New Jersey still has extensive tracts of land that were formerly used to supply New York with vast quantities of fresh tomatoes, but tomato wholesalers in the New York area are increasingly passing up the fresh New Jersey tomatoes in favor of the ethylene-gassed kind. In 1960, New Jersey provided New York with three hundred and seventeen carlots of fresh tomatoes (a carlot being about forty thousand pounds) during the months of July and August. During the same two months in 1975, the wholesalers bought only sixty carlots of fresh, vine-ripened New Jersey tomatoes. Largely ignoring the New Jersey tomato fields an hour's trucking distance away, they have instead been buying gassed tomatoes from California, at the rate of four hundred and eleven carlots in the two biggest local growing months.

Why pass up fruit that is ripening on the vine almost at one's doorstep to order gassed fruit from a continent's breadth away? Brownstein, of Embassy Produce, which distributes wholesale about half a million pounds of fresh tomatoes a week to New York chain stores and other retail outlets, told me, "We used to handle a lot of tomatoes grown in upstate New York or New Jersey, but we found that the growers there are not sophisticated enough to give us the kind of commercial product we want to handle. Most of the Jersey tomatoes now are just for local, neighborhood consumption. It's not as though New Jersey tomatoes were bad tomatoes. There *are* good Jersey tomatoes, but unless tomatoes are consistent in quality we don't want to handle them. Most of the Jersey ones don't have any carrying quality to speak of. The important thing for us in a tomato is to get it to the consumer looking good. No blemishes, no black spots, no softness. They'll accept a soft tomato in Chicago but they won't here. Fifteen or twenty years ago, repackers in the New York area would close their doors from July to the end of August while the local ripe tomatoes came into the retail stores. But now you don't get merchants—or customers, either—who know how to treat merchandise as spoilable as local fresh tomatoes. Take those ripe Jersey tomatoes whose flavor people rave about. A merchant will put up a display of two hundred pounds of them, and at the end of the day he'll

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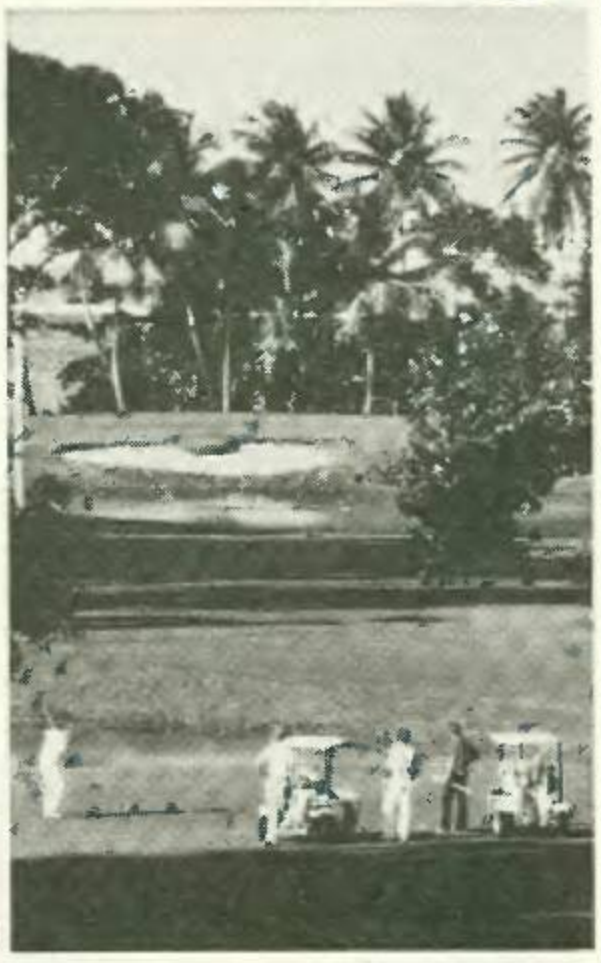

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have to take off seventy pounds and throw them out, because of the abuse they've had. Just the handling by customers. Self-service—that's what has brought about thicker skins in tomatoes. The New Jersey tomatoes you used to be able to buy so easily were a No. 4 color—a full ripeness. You don't get that anymore. The product has no shelf life, and has no place in a self-service economy."

Further, the big supermarkets prefer to have regular dealings with the big suppliers—the repackers, who, in turn, can make advantageous financial arrangements with the big packers and growers, like Di Mare's company, which in addition to its Florida operation ships tomatoes from South Carolina and, during the summer and fall months, from California. The supermarket operators are not interested in interrupting year-round supply arrangements to deal with local growers. An old-fashioned fruit-and-vegetable-store owner knew how to handle tomatoes—how to arrange his displays so that the ripened tomatoes would be at the front and the less ripe in the rear, where they would continue to ripen. But supermarkets, dealing with huge volumes of fruit, have no time for such constant rearranging; the grocery clerks putting the fruit on display are, as likely as not, high-school students who work on a part-time basis and may never have tasted a reasonably fresh, naturally ripened tomato in their lives. Thus, as time goes on there is less and less room in the stores for fresh local produce. The supermarkets, selling the impersonal self-service economy, have brought about a shift in the standards for so-called fresh fruit, in which the considerations of year-round supply, long shelf life, and uniformity of product—however mediocre its quality—are paramount.

And thus the original humble, delicate, fragile South American tomato has been transformed by American agricultural science into tough stuff—genetically manipulated and crossbred for high yield, engineered to resist the inroads of soil disease and the mangling of sorting machines alike, rendered responsive to a vast variety of pesticides, fungicides, and artificial fertilizers, bred specifically for uniform maturing and destined for coloring in gas chambers, and provided with a hide to withstand the endless shocks of shipping and repacking and the vicissitudes of supermarket display racks. Pondering recently on the toughness of the MH-1, the tomato bred for the age of mechanical picking, and on how a particular

MH-1 had remained intact after a six-foot fall to a hard tiled floor in Dr. Volin's office, I began to wonder whether America was making automobiles that would stand up as stolidly to that kind of impact. Out of curiosity, I telephoned Dr. William Haddon, Jr., an auto-safety expert, who is president of the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, and asked him if one of his technical people could compute the approximate impact speed of the Florida MH-1 in the six-foot fall I had witnessed in ratio to the minimum federal requirements for impact resistance in the bumpers of cars sold in this country. Dr. Haddon obliged, and on the basis of the figures he provided I concluded that Dr. Bryan's MH-1 was able to survive its fall to the floor at an impact speed of 13.4 miles per hour, more than two and a half times the speed which federal auto-bumper safety standards provide for the minimum safety of current-model cars. This undoubtedly represents a great step forward in tomato safety. Yet such further advances cannot but leave one nagging doubt in my mind: Now that the food industry has succeeded admirably in breeding tomatoes superior in gassability and crashworthiness, where is the flavor? Where has the basic quality that is supposed to be the raison d'être of a tomato—that delicious fresh-tomato taste—gone? It seems to have been lost somewhere in R. & D., and to have become a discounted, dispensable factor in the whole scheme of things. So the very quality for which people supposedly buy fresh tomatoes is precisely what an advanced system of research, growing, and distribution has succeeded in filtering out as economically unimportant. And, instead of the simple fragrant, tender, juicy, and glorious-tasting fruit we once knew, we see stacks of transparent sealed boxes containing sets of three or four pinkish globes, still pallid after their stay in the gas chamber, resting peacefully in their plastic tubes, each of them embalmed in a thin coat of wax for cosmetic effect, and all uniformly dry, mealy, and insipid.

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

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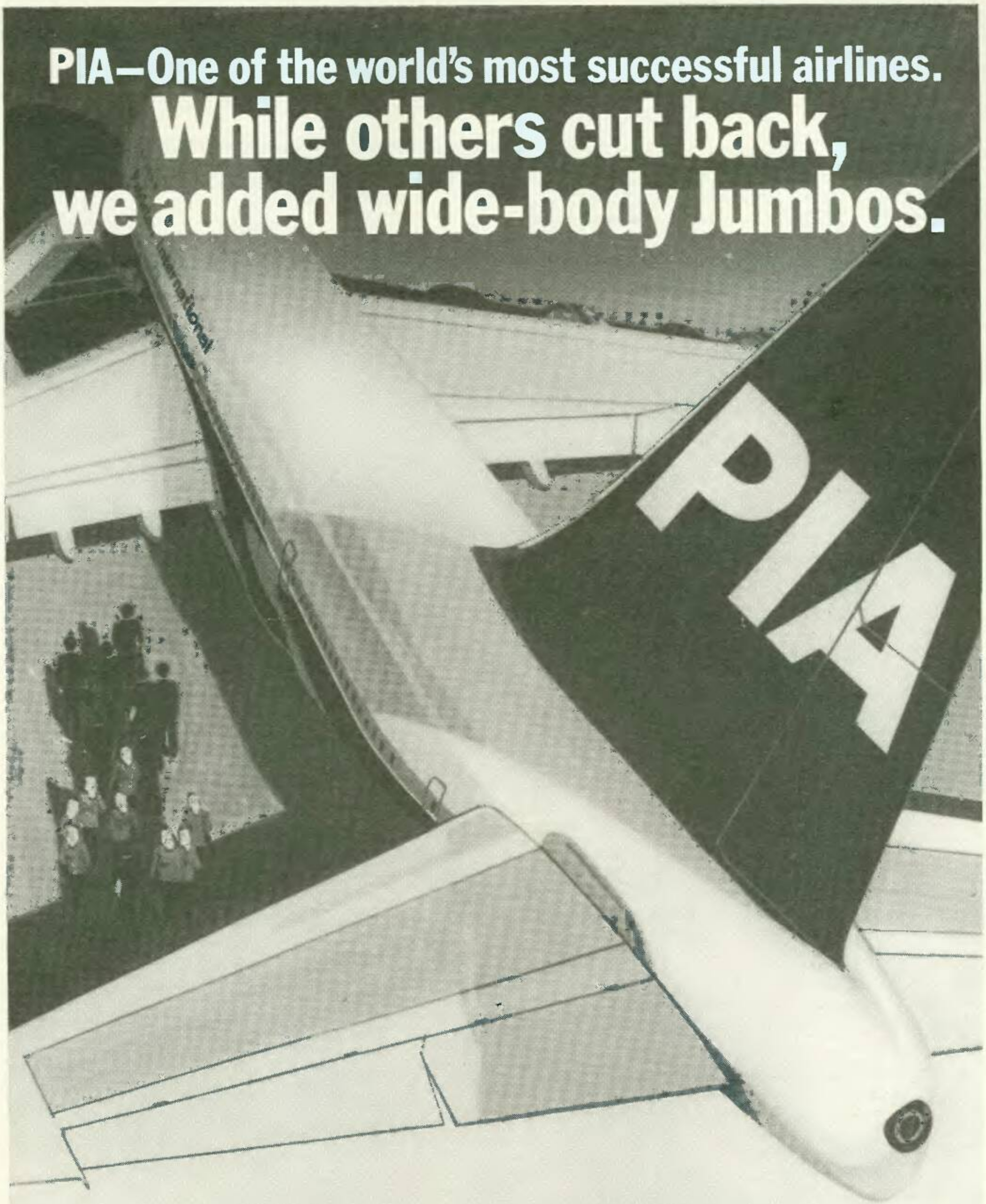

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THE THEATRE

NOT FOR BROADWAY

HASTENING last week through the new-fallen snow, I took an unexpected header. As I flew through the air in the remembered happiness of childhood, I thought, "How wonderful!," and then, as I landed, I thought (and said) something far less enthusiastic. A similarly parabolic misadventure befell me in the theatre when I attended Tom Stoppard's "Dirty Linen," at the John Golden. Mr. Stoppard is a particular hero of mine, and it is an ineradicable defect in our relationship with heroes that we assume they can do no wrong; on occasions that prove the contrary, we feel indignation along with disappointment, as if we were in the presence not of a momentary failure of talent but of an act of personal malice directed by the hero against his worshippers. In my awareness of the perils of such pitfalls, I must take care not to be *too* angry with Mr. Stoppard for being fallible; it was I who invented and praised the inhumanly perfect playwright he isn't. The glee with which I listened to the opening volley of badinage in "Dirty Linen" was, I perceive now, an emotion more appropriate to the play than the irritation with which I responded to the operatic exclamation—"*Finita la commedia!*"—that arbitrarily concludes it. Mr. Stoppard has written a trifle, better suited to summer camp than to Broadway; in his grand Collected Works, to be brought out in twenty folio volumes in the year 2000, it is likely to survive as little more than an asterisk.

The setting of "Dirty Linen" is a committee room high in the Bell Tower of the Houses of Parliament. A committee of M.P.s has been appointed to look into the reputed sexual immorality of a large number of their fellows. The committee appears at first to be made up of puritanical stuffed shirts; soon enough, it turns out that they are all enjoying the favors of Maddie Gotobed, a pretty minx who has been assigned to them as their official stenographer and who distributes an assortment of her panties among them with the astringent philanthropical air of the first John D. Rockefeller distributing dimes. Each of the M.P.s seeks to keep his relations with Miss Gotobed from the rest of the committee; Miss Gotobed prefers candor, as the healthy antidote to hypocrisy. Mr. Stoppard makes many jokes at the expense of the House of Commons and the British press, but they are all roughly the same jokes, and the sameness palls.

As if tiring at midpoint of mere pumped-up prankishness, Mr. Stoppard interrupts his one-act playlet with an interlude entitled "New-Found-Land." It consists of an extended recital of clichés in praise of Americans, uttered with maniacal fervor by a young man who has evidently never visited our shores; the recital amounts to a sort of reverse-English in-joke, celebrating among other things the fact that an American friend of Mr. Stoppard's, Ed Berman, last year became a naturalized British citizen. Mr. Berman conducts the tiny Inter-Action Theatre, in London, where "Dirty Linen" had its première; he directed the play there, and he has also directed it here, with rather too reverent a hand. Miss Gotobed is winsomely impersonated by Cecilia Hart, who has a pretty face, a pretty body, and a genuine bent for comedy. Notable among the huffing and puffing M.P.s are Remak Ramsay, Francis Bethencourt, Merwin Goldsmith, and Stephen D. Newman, none of whom can be said to underplay his role. Humphrey Davis portrays a committee member at whom we are invited to laugh because he is doddering and extremely deaf. How mysterious we audiences are in our reactions to infirmity! Deafness onstage is funny and blindness is not, but why? In principle, I wish that we would laugh at neither, but when the pealing of Big Ben shakes the very walls of the committee room and Mr. Davis looks up mildly to inquire "What's that?" I am among those who find the question irresistibly comic.

The scenery of the London production was designed by Gabriella Falk and has been "supervised" in its reincarnation here by Lawrence King and Michael H. Yeargan. The look of a thrift shop lies heavy upon the Golden stage, and all the more painfully so because the theatre itself, in its gallant little gimcrack way, echoes the rich blazonries of Barry and Pugin's Gothic palace on the Thames.

"IPI-TOMBI," at the Harkness, comes to us from Johannesburg after a long run in London. It is a musical sung and danced by blacks from South Africa; it is also something of a political football, with other blacks from South Africa and a variety of blacks (and whites) from New York protesting that the show is a sneaky device of the white South African government. Whatever the truth of the matter may be, the show strikes me as an artistic sham: it is full of tiresome white show-biz tricks and is inauthentic in its music, its costumes, and (as far as I can judge) in its cultural attitudes. It is billed as having been "conceived, devised, and produced" by Bertha Egnos, with original music by Miss Egnos and lyrics by Gail Lakier. The scenery is by Elizabeth Mac Leish, the lighting is by Timothy Heale and John Wain, and the costumes, which feature beaded bras and, in one number, pastel skirts out of Kate Greenaway, are said to have been "supervised" by Susan Wain. I

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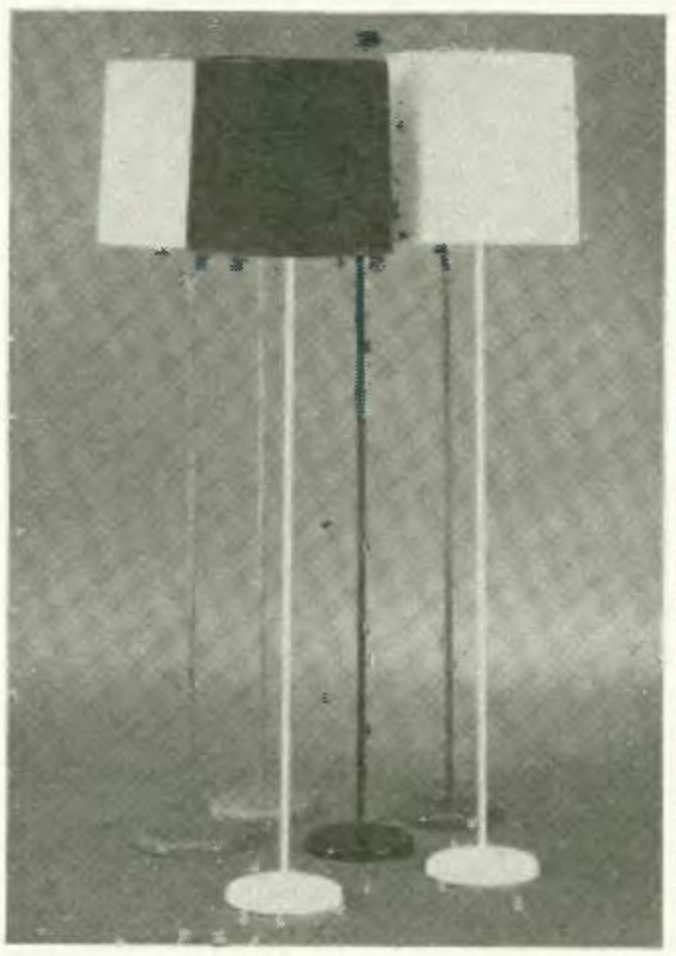

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am leery of terms like "conceived," "devised," and "supervised"—they lead me to imagine a conversation pit in the lobby of some gross midtown hotel, filled with theatrical press agents dividing up verbs. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Swados Cantata

THE gifted Elizabeth Swados (aged twenty-five), who composed the dynamic music for Andrei Serban's La Mama productions of "Medea," "The Trojan Woman," "Electra," and "The Good Woman of Setzuan," now has a show of her own—"Nightclub Cantata," at the Top of the Gate. Miss Swados' idea is to take poems and passages of prose by various hands (including her own), set them to music for various instruments (including her own guitar), and turn them over to the four young men and four young women of the company (including herself) for performance. Several of the numbers are fierce and angry, and they are delivered with passion—Muriel Rukeyser's "Waking This Morning" ("A violent woman in the violent day . . ."), for example, done by the (violent) women of the troupe, and Sylvia Plath's "The Applicant," done by Karen Evans. Something quite different is "Bird Lament," which Miss Swados sings entirely in bird language, with astonishing vocal acrobatics. The weakest numbers, to get them over with as quickly as possible, are a passage from "The Ballad of the Sad Café," in which Carson McCullers makes several obvious points on the subject of love with unwarranted emphasis, and "Are You with Me?," a love ballad by Miss Swados that, though well sung by Shelley Plimpton, made me long for Rodgers and Hart or the Gershwins, who handled this sort of thing with more finesse and just as much conviction. Lest I make the show sound too earnest (it *is* quite earnest), let me say right away that there is some comedy as well—a bit about two ventriloquists' dummies (written by Miss Swados and the show's marvellous pianist, Judith Fleisher), and another bit, of venerable antecedents, about a troupe of maladroit acrobats. The strengths of "Cantata" far outnumber its weaknesses. Delmore Schwartz' "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities," in which the poet dreams of his parents' courtship in Brooklyn, is performed to perfection by the whole company—and how good it is to hear it again after so many years! David Avidan's "Dibarti" is done as a kind of furious round in Hebrew and

English by JoAnna Peled and Mark Zagaeski. The climax of the evening (for me, at any rate) is Isabella Leitner's "Isabella"—a woman's horrifying, numbing memories of a concentration camp—which is recited by Miss Peled and chorus with a tragic force and fire entirely appropriate to the material. It must also be said that there are moments in the show when the delivery and the movements seem too intense for the material—perhaps a matter of overdisciplined direction (Miss Swados again)—but the absolute clarity of everything more or less cancels that out. The players I haven't mentioned—Paul Kandel, Rocky Greenberg, and David Schechter—do well, too, and so does William Milhizer as percussionist. Miss Swados' music is undeniably dramatic, original, and effective, though it does tend to evaporate rather quickly once it is finished.

"THE COCKEYED TIGER," a musical late at the Astor Place, was actually an occasion for reviving and mocking some of the more obscure songs of the late Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, a pair who flourished in the twenties and thirties; for the imitation of those songs by the team of Nicholas Meyers and Eric Blau; and, primarily, for the imitation and mocking of the stars of night clubs and musicals of the twenties and thirties by Elly Stone. Mr. Blau also wrote the book, which we needn't go into here, and was responsible for the direction. The K. & R. tunes sounded quite perky to me, and the lyrics seemed no more fatuous, and often more nimble, than any number of recent lyrics that come to mind; every age is entitled to its own foolishness. Mr. Kalmar and Mr. Ruby, in case they need identifying, wrote the words and music for several Marx Brothers movies and a lot of other songs besides; probably their biggest hit was "Three Little Words." Campy enterprises of this sort are becoming more and more of a pain Off Broadway, but it must be said that Miss Stone, although she barely made a so-so impersonator, sang pretty well, and she was pretty well supported by a company of eight souls. I can explain that boring title, but I won't.

—EDITH OLIVER

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THE American opinion of Europe has always had an edge of hostility, of repudiation. A fundamental purpose of America was to be the contra-Europe: post-European, a political society established as the successor to Europe. Thomas Jefferson said in his first Inaugural Address that we citizens of the United States were "kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country." In 1787, he had written in a letter from Paris, "Under pretence of governing, they have divided their nations into two classes, wolves and sheep. I do not exaggerate. This is a true picture of Europe." Europe's redemption was imaginable, but only through its emulation of us. We afforded, according to Jefferson, a "primitive and precious model of what is to change the condition of man over the globe."

As late as the nineteen-seventies, we have still found ourselves trying—now actively rather than as an isolated model—to instruct the Europeans in how to elect democratic parties, avoid Communism, avert wars, establish political coöperation. From at least the time of our wartime involvement with the Europeans in the nineteen-forties, we have been impatient of Europe's past. Our resistance to de Gaulle as France's leader proceeded from the fact that he was a conservative and a nationalist, a military man who made use of a vocabulary of national tradition and glory. Roosevelt thought him simply a reactionary émigré politician. We embraced Jean Monnet after the war because he had made it his mission to establish a "united states" in Europe. De Gaulle remained an archaic figure to the American press and to American policymakers until the day of his death. But then it is persistently the French who have been the main irritants in European-American relations. For thirty postwar years, our successes in Europe have been qualified or challenged by what might be called the French exception: French vetoes or withdrawals, French severity or French petulance, French national expedience of the kind that has just precipitously released an arrested Palestinian terrorist, the French compulsion (as we see it) to say no and to insist on purely national considerations—even to be governed by archaic figures.

The British, our great wartime allies, had conceded primacy to us by the time our contribution to the fighting overtook theirs; the Churchillian rationalization was that postwar Britain could play Greece to America's Rome. This really never happened, but it proved to make no great difference. For defeated Germany and the smaller countries of Northern Europe, our policies after the war were welcome, and relations became easy, helped by the fact that America as a society and a culture is predominantly the product of Protestant Europe. If an American is to feel at home anywhere in Continental Europe, it is likely to be among the Dutch or the Danes, or—with wartime recollections lapsed and the Germans become our allies—among the Germans. More of us are German or part German in origin than spring from any other nationality except British, and Germany has also been the major and much-admired influence on American education and scholarship since the late nineteenth century. We are able easily to see the Germans, with the British and the other Protestant or ex-Protestant Northern Europeans, as people recognizably like us. Since the war, we have got on well with them—while they, in turn, have said yes to nearly everything we have proposed.

With the Catholic Latin Europeans, and most of all with the French, it could not be the same. For Americans, as for the Protestant Northern Europeans, Latin civilization has undeniably been seductive, but it has also been disturbing, con-

"And now, gentlemen, before this meeting gets under way, are there any more smart-alecky remarks?"

taining alternative values and affirming certain aspects of life that we have chosen to repress. There is a tension between us that is an accompaniment to the attraction we feel to this alternative way of life—"that yearning," as Kenneth Clark puts it in his autobiography, "for the long tradition of Mediterranean life, unbroken, in spite of disasters, for over two thousand years, that has fascinated Northern man since Goethe." One method by which we have been able to reassure ourselves as to the validity of our own values and ways of life, as these have seemed challenged by the sensuality and continuity of the South, has been to regard the virtues of Latin civilization as paid for by political and technological failure or backwardness. We like to see Latin Europe as politically incompetent, plagued by dictators, divided by class struggle. We think that Latin Europe simply is not very good at practical and modern things. Much of it certainly remains agricultural—poor by comparison with the North, with weaker economic structures. Communism is strong there. Only in the Latin part of Western Europe are there major Communist Parties, with important followings and a real effect upon national life. If these people were genuinely democratic and politically competent, we argue, the Communist Parties would wither away. And, while we are willing to concede a warmth of human relations in the South, an acceptance of sensuality denied the Protestant and ex-Protestant North, and a powerful aesthetic and artistic tradition, we reassure ourselves that the Latins pay heavily for all this by backwardness in important things that define modern life. We also usually take it for granted that if they were to develop strong democratic government and a progressive technology they would lose precisely those "Latin" qualities we now envy. It would be too much if they were to possess an acceptance of sensuality and the atomic bomb, too.

And this, of course, is another reason the French are an exception. They have a nuclear arsenal, and, what's more, it is their very own, since we would not give them any help, believing it unsuitable that they become a nuclear power. They also have five nuclear submarines of their own design, long-range nuclear missiles, the world's first operational breeder-reactor power plant, and the Concorde. Their economy is rich and dynamic, and, if the Vichy years are set aside, the country has possessed republican government—popular rule, turbulent but uninterrupted—for more than a century, since 1871.

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ford's 1960 novel, "Don't Tell Alfred," says of France, "Have you ever noticed it's just those very things the English pride themselves on most which are better here? Trains: more punctual; tweeds: more pretty; football: the French always win. Doctors: can't be compared, nobody ever dies here until they are a hundred. . . . The post, the roads, the police—France is far better administered." The British Ambassador's wife replies, "It isn't fair. You've got these things all ready to trot out, and I suppose facts and figures to bolster them up if I begin to query them. Before I see you next I shall do a bit of prep, but for the moment my mind is a blank." This is exactly our problem with the French. They implacably refuse to be backward, "Latin," or patronized. They insistently go their own way, very competently, being rude about it more often than not, evoking impatience, scorn, and sometimes fury from Americans—and from most other Europeans, to whom French intransigence has seemed selfish and often senselessly destructive of European cooperation with the United States. The French, in any case, have never been popular in Europe, however admired they may be for their intelligence, their style of life, their painting and writing, their good food, the celebrated chic and beauty of their women. "Happy as God in France" was a German expression in the nineteenth century, but that did not mean that the Germans much liked the French. They are not an altogether likable people. They themselves hardly notice this, since they do not notice a great deal of what goes on outside France.

AT the time of President Giscard d'Estaing's Bicentennial visit to the United States last spring, the French were awakened to one part of their reputation abroad. The French government made known the results of a poll that it had had conducted in the United States by the Harris organization. Both a cross-section of all Americans and an élite group of American officials, businessmen, and journalists had been interviewed. Of the cross-section of all Americans, only thirty-four per cent were of the opinion that France had played an important role in the American War of Independence. Only fourteen per cent of the general group and twenty-seven per cent of the élite subsample realized that France today has a national economy larger than Britain's. (It is nearly half again as large.) Only sixty-two per cent of the élite group and twenty-nine per cent of the general sample thought France a more important economic force in the world than Canada. (France has twice as large an economy as Canada's. According to the latest World Bank figures, France's gross national product is almost half that of the Soviet Union, with a per-capita income for the Frenchman two and a quarter times as large as that for the Russian.) The Concorde and the Mirage have made their impact, and half the general group and eighty-six per cent of the élite recognized that France has an advanced aerospace industry, while sixty per cent of the élite and thirty-six per cent of the general group knew that France has an advanced nuclear industry. But what came as a considerable shock to the French is that only thirty-five per cent of the sample of the American population as a whole and only half of the élite group said that they thought of France as an ally of the United States.

At the same time, a French news magazine, *Le Point*, published the results of a poll it had commissioned to find out what the French know and think about the United States. One piquant social datum which emerged is that what the French most disapprove about life in the United States—by fifty-eight per cent, one of the biggest percentages obtained in the whole poll—is that Americans don't eat fresh food. They also consider us lacking in family spirit, and only twelve per cent offered a positive judgment of human relations in the United States. The poll also asked if the United States sets the world a good example of the capitalist system. Twenty-eight per cent of the French said yes, while thirty-one per cent said that we set a bad example. (The rest, as in the responses to follow, did not express an opinion.) Are we a good example of the functioning of democracy? Twenty-nine per cent said yes; thirty-five per cent said no. Of justice? Twenty-seven per cent said we are a good example, thirty-two per cent said bad. Of our abilities to reduce social inequities, a quarter said we give a good example, and forty-two per cent said a bad one. Are we an example of sound evolution toward a new form of human society? Less than a quarter of the French thought we were, and thirty-seven per cent thought we were not. On educating children, seventeen per cent saw in us a good example, and forty-five per cent a bad one. We did get a favorable judgment from the French on our scientific research,

our employment of technology to make life easier, our example of equality between men and women, and our effort to control pollution of the environment. But of the French who were asked if they have confidence in the capacity of the United States for dealing reasonably with the problems of the contemporary world only a third said yes, while fifty-eight per cent said that they have no such confidence in us.

But a low opinion of American political competence and of "the American way of life" is nothing new among Europeans. It does not mean a condemnation of our society as a whole—which, in fact, has deeply affected the French, from our Revolution, which forecast their own (with Tom Paine and Benjamin Franklin lionized in Paris), to the present day, when American novels, music, and popular culture exercise a powerful influence upon the French imagination. Moreover, the ordinary Frenchman knows what has happened in modern history. At exactly the same time that the *Le Point* poll was being circulated, one of the most popular songs on French radio and television and in record sales was Michel Sardou's "Les Ricains." This song tells of an American, from Georgia, who died on Normandy Beach. He cared nothing for the French, the song says, but if he hadn't come to France and given his life "we'd all be in Germany today, saying I don't know what, saluting I don't know who." It is also true that every Armistice Day, our Embassy, the American clubs in Paris, and the American Legion Post are pressed to send Americans to village ceremonies to receive again, decades after, the thanks of the ordinary French for our support in two World Wars. It seems fair to say that the French today are less troubled by American politics, which they understand to be a matter of change and evolution, than by the example of our culture and society, which has always been an important influence on them but which they insist upon seeing as distinct and alternative to their own. Thus while other Europeans since the Second World War mostly have been content to accept America at the evaluation we ourselves are inclined to set—as the "post-modern" society, model for the world, or social laboratory for mankind—the French insist upon the relevance and validity of their own model, their own definition of what the future will be.

And here, of course, is the ultimate source of tension between us. One civilization that has been expanding, confi-

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dent of its missionary significance to the world, confronts one that has been introverted, morally and intellectually self-sufficient. A civilization for which optimism has been a historical necessity confronts a civilization of quite remarkable pessimism. It often seems, of course, that this pessimism is deliberately cultivated, a precautionary device that actually conceals a passionate sense of national destiny. An important new book just published in Paris, "Le Mal Français," by Alain Peyrefitte, a former government minister, ostensibly presents a bleak recounting of all that is wrong with France. But it does so only to recall the French to "their strange vocation to be exemplary"—to create a new humanism, affording to France a moral leadership it before possessed in the Crusades and the Revolution. Thus the public pessimism of French life and the gloom with which the French discuss their affairs and prospects are often highly misleading to foreign observers, proving to have remarkably little effect on the decisions taken in professional and public life. The French do not *act* as if things will go badly; they act as if things must be made to go well, even while they declare to the world that things will turn out badly. This is an aspect of the "realism" of the French. Anyone who does not say that he expects the worst risks being thought a victim of illusion, innocent of experience.

The optimism of Americans has always disturbed the French. It bothers them, but it also attracts them. They feel an envy of it even while they mock and distrust it. They have also secretly wondered whether this American optimism might not, after all, be justified. American society has somehow appeared to be exempt from the restrictions that are the fate of other societies. To the French, the material evidence seems impressive. French shopkeepers and housewives of an age to remember will still tell Americans what it was like when our Army arrived—"bringing absolutely everything, a whole world, along with it." Americans are optimists, they would say, because with such riches—riches to squander in wild generosity or to waste—what bad could happen to America? France in 1944 was still more agricultural than industrial, and after years of occupation, war, rationing, and substitutions it undoubtedly seemed even poorer than it really was. And now here were all these tall, rosy-cheeked, milk-drinking G.I.s, trucking hot showers, orange juice, movies, unlimited chocolate and cigarettes, Betty Grable and Marlene

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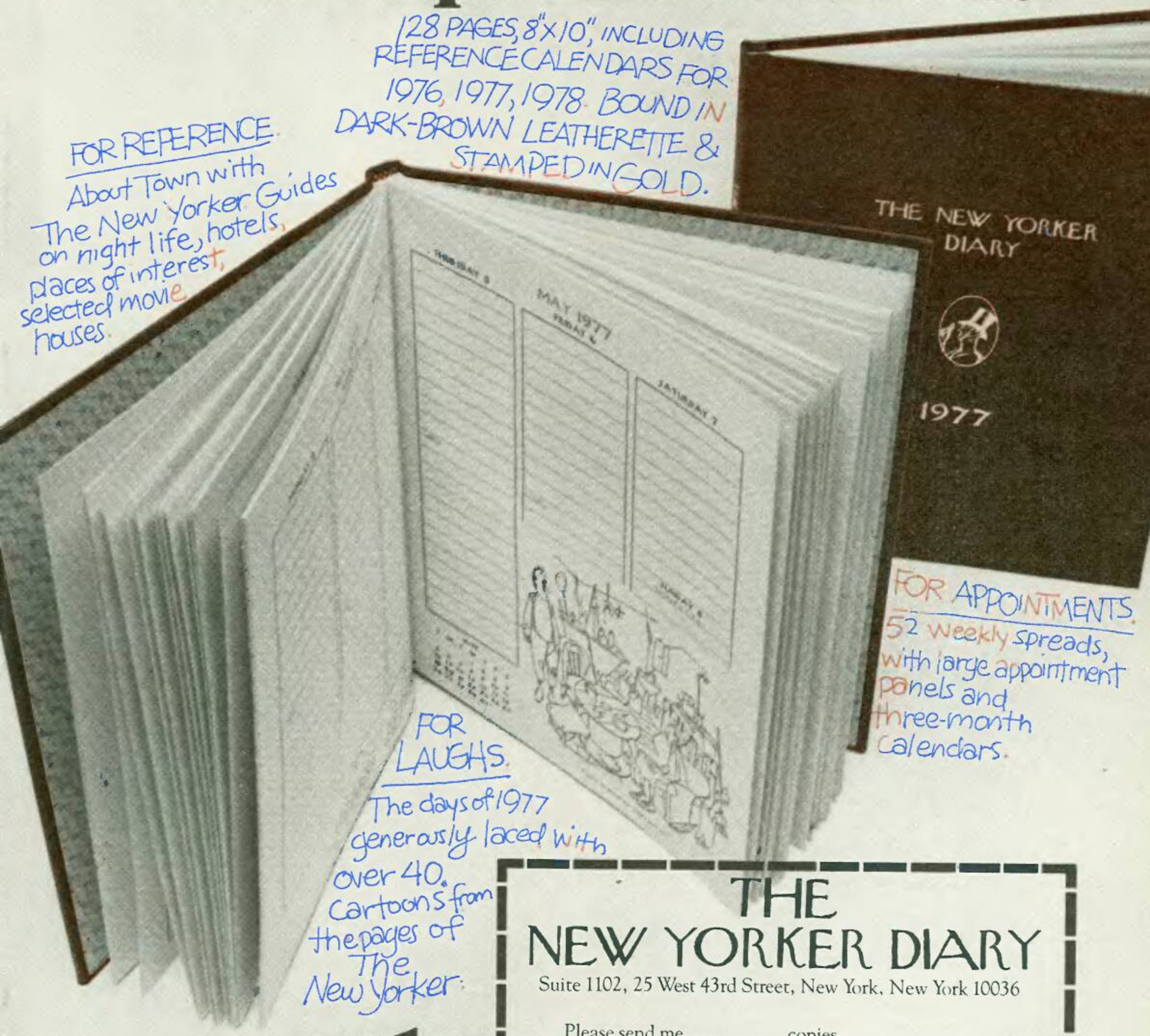

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Dietrich along with them as they swept across the country. To the French, as to most other Europeans who saw them, they seemed a force of nature—a new kind of man, from a new kind of country, from a new world, or possibly not from this world at all.

WHAT was not evident to Europeans in such a meeting with a mechanized America was the darkness in our own perception of ourselves, our vulnerability to a sense of national incompleteness as we constantly change our lives, our lack of inner security when our optimism begins to seem unfounded or betrayed. Scott Fitzgerald once wrote of "frontier mothers who had to croon falsely that there were no wolves outside the cabin door." Our optimism is perhaps a necessary compensation for a pervasive insecurity, which derives from the physical and economic origins of American society—first on the frontier and then in immigrant life in cities. Hardly suspected in Europe is the profound and sometimes anarchic pessimism that this insecurity can inspire in us.

Europeans, and particularly the French, have never been troubled by this kind of doubt. The French have admired American power, our confidence, and even, perhaps grudgingly, our world leadership. But they have always believed that in important respects they live better lives than we do. They believe that as a civilization they count in the world—possibly more than we do. They believe in their "strange vocation." The confidence of the French in the power and importance of their own high culture has never been shaken. Unlike the British—and certainly unlike the Germans, still haunted by the barbarism that erupted within their culture—the French have since the war felt no fundamental doubts about their manner of thought and of life, or about the way they educate their children. However divided they are by politics and ideology, or haunted by the memories of 1940 and Vichy, or skeptical about the future of a Europe overshadowed by America and Russia, they have not doubted the ends to which their social institutions are devoted. They are intensely critical of their national behavior but not of their values. There is no hesitation over the relentless emphasis in French schools upon mathematics and clarity of expression, the severe demands made upon children—whether they are in the lycée preparing for the university or professional schools or in one of the craft, technical, or

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commercial programs. The French would say that the realism of their culture is expressed exactly in an unhesitating acknowledgment of a hierarchy of intelligence and ability as well as of accomplishment. In his famous study "Village in the Vaucluse," Laurence Wylie writes, "It took time for me to become accustomed to the honest, objective manner in which parents openly appraised the intelligence of their children. They recognize the fact that some people are more intelligent than others, and since it is a fact it must be recognized, faced and accepted like all other facts. They see no point in hiding it, or denying it, or even in minimizing it. One cannot hide what is perfectly evident to everyone, and little purpose would be served by minimizing it. It is better to accept such facts as they exist and to try to make the most of them. Consequently, parents, teachers and children discuss differences in intelligence with relative frankness. When a parent says, 'My child is not so intelligent as yours,' he is not fishing for a compliment; he is stating a fact." To most Americans, an intensely selective school system, whose examinations can settle the fate of a child at an early age, may seem both ruthless and reactionary. But to the French, the American hostility to anything that formally acknowledges or ratifies a hierarchy of natural intelligence or talent seems a matter of colossal sentimentality and inability to face facts. The difference in national outlook is basic.

But we Americans are different from everyone else in the world—except the Canadians, and we are more different from the Canadians than we often think. The whole point of being American is that we are unique. This, however, is exactly what the French think about themselves. We Americans look upon our differences from the rest of the world as progressive and normative—at the leading edge of a development in liberty, where others must follow. The French see themselves as exclusive, a fixed civilization, a unity, always apart from the rest—but also exemplary. We and the French will always feel a tension between us. Our rivalry has little to do with politics. It is a moral rivalry.

—WILLIAM PFAFF

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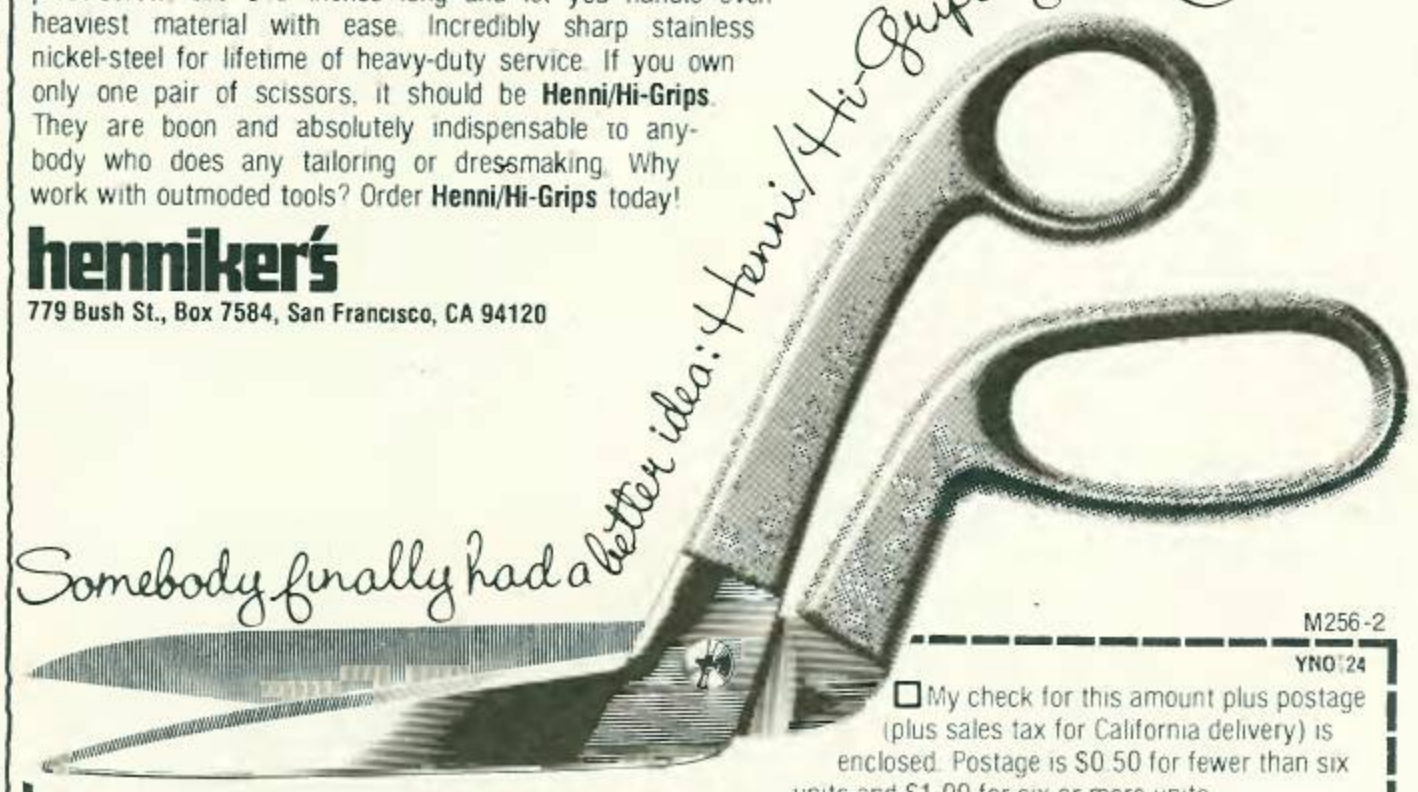

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MUSICAL EVENTS

All for Our Delight

ON the lyric stage, the story of Jason and Medea has usually been treated seriously (notably by Cherubini and by Simon Mayr), not merrily, but the earliest opera on the subject, Francesco Cavalli's "Giasone," is a romantic comedy. It had its première in Venice in 1649. Last summer, the Clarion Opera Group of New York presented some performances in Castelfranco (northwest of Venice) and Crema (northwest of Cremona), and it followed them this month with a concert performance—the American première of the piece—in Alice Tully Hall. "Giasone," Cavalli's big hit, was widely produced in the seventeenth century. Giacinto Andrea Cicognini, its librettist, was an established comic dramatist. He prefaced his text with a little note to readers and spectators explaining that he had written "Giasone" for fun, and that his true intent was all for our delight: if it succeeded, well and good; if not, he would have wasted several days' work, and we but a few hours of our time. The Clarion performance contained a little over three hours of music, and they were hours well spent.

On the way to Colchis and the Golden Fleece, the Argo put in at Lemnos, that island with an all-female population (since the women had recently killed all the men on the place). The Argonauts met with a warm reception. Jason sired twins by Queen Hypsipyle, and if Hercules had not reminded the crew of their quest they might never have sailed on. On arriving at Colchis, Jason fell in love again and—in this operatic version—put off his attempt at the Fleece for a year and spent most of his nights with an unknown beauty. She, too, bore him twins. All that happens before curtain-rise. After an allegorical prologue—an entertaining exchange between Helios, Medea's grandfather, and Amor—the opera begins with a dialogue between Hercules and Bessus, one of Jason's men, outside Medea's palace. They discuss their chief's philandery in terms that recall the first scene of Monteverdi's "Poppea" (1642) and anticipate the first scene of "Don Giovanni." Medea reveals that she herself was the beauty Jason held in his arms. With the aid of her magic spells, Jason wins the Fleece at last, and the pair set sail with the prize. But a storm drives them to the shore where Hypsipyle has found refuge. "How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear charmer away!" is Jason's burden in Act II. In Act III, he decides to get rid of Hypsipyle, but the impetuous Medea walks into the ambush he has prepared and is tossed into the sea. She is rescued, however, by Aegeus, King of Athens, who has been following her like a faithful spaniel. By this deed, Aegeus wins Medea's heart. By singing a poignant lament, Hypsipyle, who has learned of her narrow escape, regains Jason's. And all ends happily.

There is a large cast of subaltern characters. (It could have been larger still, since not only Hercules, who joined the expedition after capturing the Erymanthian Boar, but also Castor and Pollux, and Orpheus—how readily *he* might prompt a composer to a cue for song—were on the muster roll of the Argo.) Orestes turns up, presumably—forget chronology!—on his way to Iphigenia in Tauris. (Thoas, King of Tauris, was Hypsipyle's father.) Here Orestes plays the role of Hypsipyle's babysitter, and amusingly recounts his vain attempts to keep her twins quiet with songs and stories. For the rest, Cicognini contents himself with an elderly nurse, a young lady-in-waiting, soldiers, sailors, and the cowardly, comic, stuttering servant Demus, a new incarnation of Irus in Monteverdi's "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse" (1641). The attendant gang sing, often bawdily, of loves new, old, faded, or fresh, in seventeenth-century Venetian manners familiar now that Monteverdi and Cavalli have become current repertory.

Cavalli composed with a light hand. The libretto trips out in a run of lively recitative, passing into measured arioso and then, at emotional climaxes, into full-throated song. He had found a ready formula—but he also had something like genius. In melodic turns of phrase and in sudden twists of harmony he reveals the gift of the born opera composer, able through his music to move his listeners to tears or to laughter. "Giasone" contains two great numbers. The first is Medea's incantation: tracing triads of E minor and C minor, in powerful outlines that seem to call for the dramatic declamation of a Callas, the sorceress summons infernal powers to aid her lover in his rape of the Fleece. The other is Hypsipyle's lament: recitative leads into an aria accompanied by full strings, which continue a measured movement when the voice breaks back into free recitative; the last section is a chromatic arioso mounting by semitones to its accusatory climax, then tumbling down into a final confession—"Jason, though thou art a murderer, I love thee." These two numbers illustrate the difference between Monteverdi's and Cavalli's dramatic manners—not only because Hypsipyle's lament includes two of those plangent cadences, with a flat sixth added to the dominant chord, which form a Cavalli fingerprint at moments of high emotion (cf. the aria "Amara servitù," from "Mutio Scevola," which Raymond Leppard added to his performing edition of "Calisto"). By comparison with the great monologues for Penelope and Ulysses in "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse," the Cavalli scenes are more patently theatrical, and plainer in musical structure. The charming occasional duets for Medea and Jason and the careful patterns of balanced duets in "Ulisse" afford a similar contrast. Cavalli sets a text to striking effect; Monteverdi, in addition, creates musical forms that mirror the characters' inner emotions. A work by Cavalli—in this he is closer to the ideas of opera's inventors—is a play declaimed to fluent, vivid, variously paced, and very effective music. The older master enriched opera with all the devices of non-dramatic music, capturing them for the theatre in the process, and set up tensions between straight-line theatrical narrative and closed musical forms that—in Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, Wagner, Verdi, Berg, Henze—have held operagoers' attention ever since.

And since a Cavalli opera is essentially a sung play, it must be brought to life by the words. Clarion's "Giasone," first announced in English, was in the event sung in Italian, but the loss in vivacity was minimized by the distribution of a witty English translation for the audience to follow. The houselights were left up. The singers, on a bare stage, made entrances and exits, while the accompanying players were at pit level. Royal men wore white ties, and their officers black ties. Demus wore a checked suit. A little more might have been done to suggest the action; for example, if there had been a sofa, characters would not have had to pretend to be asleep on their feet. (There are three sleep scenes in "Giasone.") And there were enough little

verbal slips ("diletto" for "delitto," some wrong genders) to suggest that the cast was not fully at home with the language or the text; only three of the company had played their roles in the Italian stage production. All the same, a good deal of the humor came across.

Cavalli does not need much conducting. He needs actors and continuo accompanists who know the lines so well that the piece flows along, sometimes at speech tempo, sometimes in metrical periods, as if of its own accord. But in this performance the conductor, Newell Jenkins, not the cast, set most of the tempi, and he laid rather a heavy hand on some of the triple-time numbers. His two harpsichordists, Kenneth Cooper and Frederick Hammond, tended to doodle away at their own overfanciful and often unrhythmical inventions when they should have been supporting the singers. Nevertheless, Mr. Jenkins and his company effectively communicated the high spirits and the romantic beauty of Cavalli's score. As Medea, Susan von Reichenbach sang with evenness and assurance, commanding a role whose range of sentiments and range of notes are wide. Susan Davenny Wyner's timbre, as Hypsipyle, was sweet, but her pitch was not always true. In the title role, John Angelo Messana's alto voice came and went in disconcerting fashion. Elaine Bonazzi, Diana Hoagland, Robert White, Douglas Perry, Raymond Murcell, Andrew Foldi, and Ronald Corrado completed the cast, and each of them had entertaining contributions to make.

Other revivals of "Giasone" in recent years have been in an unsatisfactory performing edition by Marcello Panni. For Clarion, Ellen Rosand had prepared a satisfactory and stylish performing edition. Not all of it was done—it seems that New York concert life imposes Procrustean conditions—but the cutting was skillful and sensitive. Besides the harpsichords (and their attendant cellos and double-bass), a lute and an archlute provided continuo. Mrs. Rosand suggested which instruments should play where but did not, Leppard-wise, compose elaborate parts for them. There were moments when I felt that a touch of cornett or brass was called for (although whether they were really employed in Venetian theatres is a matter of dispute); and the Tully organ, if discreetly used, could surely have added grandeur and solemnity to the incantation scene. Mrs. Rosand's score has the necessary flexibility to allow other conductors to take their own decisions about cuts

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and accompaniments; and, particularly if an English singing translation is provided, "Giasone" could embark on a second successful career.

WHAT Mr. Jenkins and Clarion do for opera of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Eve Queler and her Opera Orchestra of New York do for that of the nineteenth. Last week, in Carnegie Hall, they gave, if not the American première of Smetana's "Dalibor" (that occurred in Chicago's Národní Divadlo, alias Sokol Hall, in 1924), a stirring concert performance of that great opera, which has been too long neglected outside Czechoslovakia. "Dalibor" is apt to provoke intemperate, well-nigh incoherent enthusiasm. The Czech poet Jan Neruda wrote:

> Heaven knows what strange enchantment there is in Smetana's music! Tears come to the eyes during the tender passages; at others, one starts from one's seat without knowing one has risen. That happened to me during the finale of the second act of "Dalibor." . . . Genius has spread its mighty wings, and the overpowering music of the spheres sounds and throbs. When all had suddenly come to an end I was standing in my box, my body stretching forward, my eyes fixed somewhere in space, and every nerve vibrating with untold delight.

When "Dalibor" was produced by the English National Opera, earlier this season, the critic of the London *Times* declared that it ranks as far above "The Bartered Bride" as does "Don Giovanni" above "Bastien und Bastienne." That is unfair to "The Bartered Bride" (I would substitute "Figaro" for "Bastien," and suggest that the difference is one of kind rather than of merit), but it does show the devotion that "Dalibor" can inspire. Why is the piece not in the Met repertory? Is the Czech language an obstacle? There are at least two English translations available (though neither of them is altogether happy), and there can be no very serious objection—except on the ground of common sense—to a performance in German, since the composer worked with both Josef Wenzig's original German libretto and a Czech translation of it before him. Is that libretto a problem? It is. Smetana himself had initial misgivings about the text, which disappeared only when the music began to flow. Then he made of the piece what he wanted to write—a heroic national opera. Reading the words alone will not show why the Czechs regard Dalibor as the type of a patriotic hero, the embodiment of chivalry, fighter for freedom. The knight

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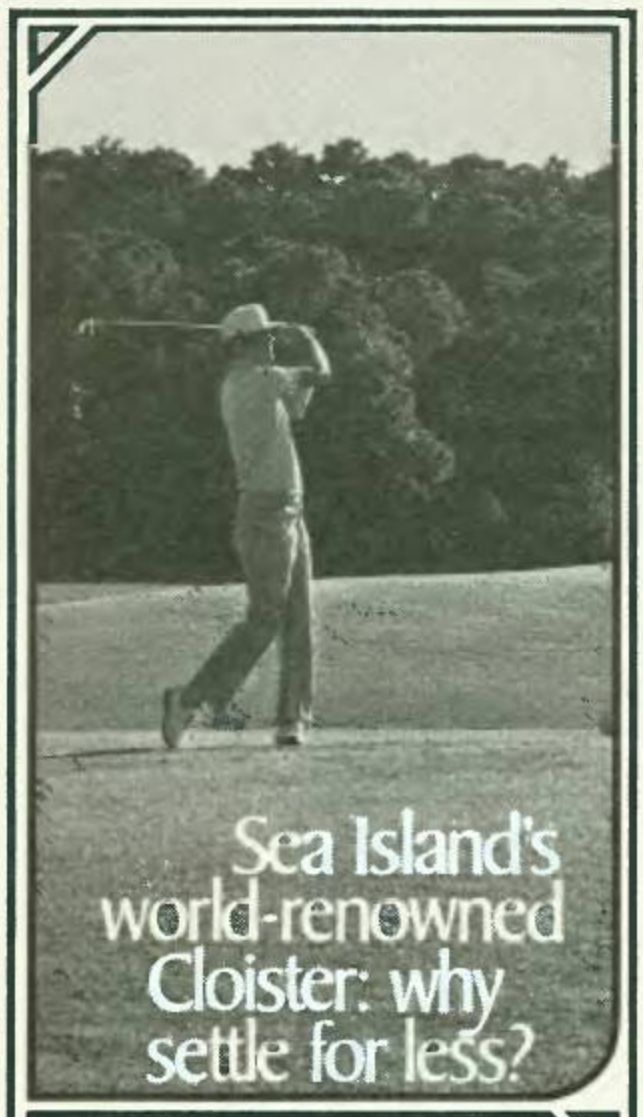
is motivated solely by love for his murdered friend Zdeněk (to whom most of the love music in the opera is addressed) and by his desire for vengeance. The king against whom he rebels is no tyrant but a wise and reasonable monarch. Yet in this libretto Smetana found several themes that moved him deeply: Dalibor greeting the Day of Freedom (even though it be only his own personal escape from prison); the heroic Milada venturing her life to save the man she loves; popular feelings roused against authority; and that deep love of music which every true Czech must feel. These drew from him music of such eloquence that the libretto is transfigured and its episodes take on a shining, symbolic quality. On one level, "Dalibor" is a dramatic tale of high events in fifteenth-century Prague. On another, it hymns friendship, freedom, and heroic self-sacrifice. Above all, it is an unfailing stream of lyrical music, spontaneous yet finely organized, whose inventive power places Smetana in the line of Mozart, Schubert, Weber, and the early Wagner. A handful of motifs is made to bear a great deal of repetition—but what in a lesser composer might amount to working an idea to death becomes in Smetana finding ever new inspiration and life in it. The operatic structure of "Dalibor," with its numerous processions and long stretches of entrance music or action music, is simple, even naïve; the treatment of the musical material is masterly in its supple transformations and effortless extensions.

All the same, those processions, entrances, etc., are difficult to stage, and the English National director, John Blatchley, was moved to invent uncalled-for and ineffective extra business. A Prague production that I saw in the early sixties, directed by Václav Kašlik and designed by Josef Svoboda, had more dignity and purposiveness but did not avoid squareness. (Anyone who knows only Kašlik's and Svoboda's recent work may find it hard to believe that they once sought to subordinate their own ideas to a composer's.) Moreover, the dramatic line—like a string on Dalibor's fiddle when he is about to give the signal of his escape—snaps after his "freedom" aria, and the remaining episodes are an anticlimax. "Dalibor" is not an unflawed masterpiece. But that it is a masterpiece I have no doubt.

Stage difficulties disappear in a concert performance, and in Carnegie Hall we could sit back—or, like Neruda, strain forward—and enjoy the music. Libretto difficulties were masked by Miss Queler's decision to perform the opera in Czech. Inside each program was a Czech-English libretto, with Jindřich Elbl's rhymed English words. This was not the vintage version, prized by collectors of translation curiosities, that accompanied the first Supraphon recording (it begins by telling us that "the story of Dalibor resembles an overflowing kettle of passions, emotions, sympathies, and hatreds" and ends with the furious exclamation of the commander of the castle guards: "By golly! Surrender Dalibor!") but the revised version that accompanies the later recording. The thoughtful request "Please turn pianissimo!!" had been added to the foot of each right-hand page. Most, but not quite all, of the brief cuts that were made were indicated. (They were unexceptionable, all but one. I regretted losing most of the little duet for Milada and Beneš: "Plenty of sausage, of juicy meat, bread, butter, cheese, and plenty of beer!") The lights were dimmed a shade too low to make following easy, but in every other respect this was a model presentation of an unfamiliar opera.

"Dalibor" needs much the same cast as "Fidelio." Milada and Dalibor, the heroine and hero, have roles similar to those of Leonore and Florestan. Beneš, the jailer, is another Rocco. Jitka and Vítek are a sparkier Marzelline and Jaquino. Budivoj, commander of the guard, is like a reduced Pizarro, and King Vladislav is like an enlarged Don Fernando (although his role is to imprison, not to free, the hero). At the Carnegie performance, Teresa Kubiak—a singer whom I first encountered in Cavalli, as Juno in "Calisto"—sang Milada in strong, gleaming tones. She was more telling in fiery passages than as a jailer's lad or in the tender duet in Dalibor's cell. Gabriela Benackova, a Leonore in her own right, was billed for Jitka, but she was ill. Nada Sormova, from the Prague Opera, took over. She has an intense, "channelled" Slav soprano, and in the opening scene she was unsteady, but then the voice firmed up and she became bright and pleasing. Nicolai Gedda had the title role, which proved heavy for him. Dalibor's voice must be able to flash out like a keen sword and then melt into strains suffused with tenderness. (Shortly after the war, Beno Blachut made memorable 78-r.p.m. records of the principal



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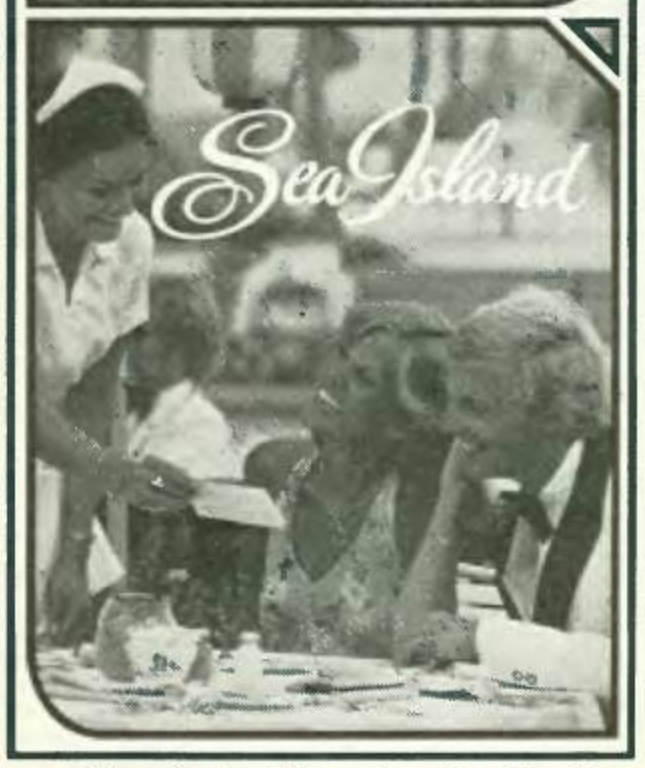

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scenes which show exactly what the part calls for; when he recorded the complete opera, about ten years later, some of the old brilliance had been lost.) Mr. Gedda's singing was effortful. Lacking the reserves of heroic power to launch ringing lines, he tended to hit each note separately. But he was secure, reliable, and suave in the lyrical episodes. Paul Plishka, Beneš, was grandly sonorous, if sometimes louder than he needed to be. Harlan Foss, Budivoj, was incisive. Allan Monk, Vladislav, sounded noble. John Carpenter, Vítek, sounded husky, but not unattractively so, in middle ranges, and cleared above into a sweet lyric tenor. There was strong chorus singing from the New York Choral Society, trained by Robert DeCormier.

Eve Queler has the ability to make an opera go, to set phrases surging and singing out so that listeners are stirred, excited, elevated. She communicates love and warmth and enjoyment—more fully than any of the conductors I have heard at the Met this season. She imposes nothing on the score: the composer's will alone is done. Her performances have the increasingly rare quality of naturalness. Everything seems to move at the right tempo. The singers are neither held back nor driven onward; she seems to breathe with their breath. There was a good orchestra. The important violin, cello, and horn solos were eloquently played by Raymond Gniewek, Jascha Silberstein, and William Hamilton.

"Dalibor" was first performed in 1868, the same year as "Die Meistersinger," Boito's "Mefistofele," and Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet." Its acceptance into international repertory is overdue. The English of the preface to Elbl's translation may be quaint, but what is said of "Dalibor" is true: "There is no trace of halfheartedness in its entire score; with unique strength and liveliness human qualities and sentiments are rendered captivating and sharply chiselled into true symbols and types." The passions in that overflowing kettle "are musically expressed with a marvellous assurance and compelling dramatic force by Smetana's score. There is no falsity, no search for empty effect." —ANDREW PORTER

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THE point of unconventional staging in the theatre is to make unconventional things happen, and the point of making unconventional things happen is to arrive at a form and quality of expression finer than what existed before. The experimental work should say more, do more, let us see more; it should be radical not only in its means but in its objective. But what usually happens in works of this sort is that the means are a substitute for an objective: when we can connect the new and different points of reference along the route—no small feat, as a rule—we may think we've had the whole experience of arriving at a new and different truth. Often, there's a kicker on the way that tells us to be on our guard: things aren't going to turn out differently after all. Meredith Monk's "Quarry" has one of those kickers in the scene called "The Parade of the Dictators." The Dictators are political-fantasy cartoons in the style of "Dr. Strangelove," but I ignored the lapse. "Quarry" relates a child's impressions of events great and small in the world around her, and because it had been years since I could make even that much sense of what was going on in a Monk work, I held on to the pleasure of comprehension. But I had been warned.

After this bad moment, "Quarry" recovered somewhat. A film was shown as a kind of interlude between two sections. It was an arty film, but it had one great shot: you saw a rock pile and then, as people came out between the crevices, you saw that the rocks were boulders. The switch in scale corresponded to the experience of "Quarry," with the child's perceptions, inflamed by illness, shifting between domestic minutiae and the outer world of droning airplanes and radio broadcasts. The next event, "Rally," was readily placed: a chorus of gray-clad people shouting in cadence and performing calisthenics can be nothing but the victory of totalitarianism. Singing and marching groups wend their way through the rally; soon they're chasing victims. Someone races madly through the area wiping up yellow X's that have been chalked on the floor. A long silence; everyone lies on the ground, then stands, very still. Suitcases are distributed. Couples enter in coats and hats. A deportation center. Valuables are dropped to the ground. Soon after this scene, "Quarry" ends, with some sort of restorative hymn, but I saw the finale through a blur of disappointment. I had thought that "Quarry" was going to tell a fresh story about a child who is sick while the world is at war, without tightening the classic "Greek" correspondence between the two conditions or asking for reflexive responses to the known facts of the Second World War. I had hoped that Monk would develop the particular rather than the general side of her subject. And, having seen, in the Dictators episode, that she was indeed heading in the direction of general information and secondhand effects, I still didn't expect her to embrace the box office, too. I didn't expect "The Diary of Anne Frank," but that is what I got.

"Quarry," which lasts ninety minutes without an intermission, was a hit when Monk first performed it with her company, last spring, at the La Mama Annex. Recently, it was extended for a second week's run in the Lepercq Space at the Brooklyn Academy. It is Meredith Monk's first big score—the first time she has excited both the critics and the general audience. It is not a dance piece, but it is no other kind of piece, either. The conglomerate idiom of "Quarry" was known as "mixed media" in the sixties, which is when Monk began using it. Like Robert Wilson, she has taken to calling her productions "operas," which may be a reference to the Wagnerian ideal of the *Gesamtkunstwerk*, or total art work. What makes Monk's work distinctive isn't just that she does most of it herself, composing her own music in addition to writing the script, setting the dances, directing the films, and staging the action; she also incorporates into each work a large element of personal mythology. The idea that Monk was creating theatrical vehicles filled with personal meanings for her and for the members of her company, which she calls The House, kept a segment of the downtown audience riveted from one work to the next. Monk, who takes the central role in all her productions, is the kind of performer who makes a spectacle of herself in every sense. I don't mean that people come to laugh; Monk's personality and her technical skills, particularly as a singer, are much too cowing. But one of the ingratiating things about her is that she invites familiarity. She uses her own life as a text and herself as a hobgoblin heroine; she keens and caws, she dances clumsily, she dresses up funny. In "Quarry" she wears flannel drop-seat pajamas—perhaps the best costume she has ever devised for herself. (The thrift-shop set decoration she permits is not so effective, but let's call this a budgeted *Gesamtkunstwerk*.)

A Monk production is like a crossword puzzle that can be solved by juxtaposing clues. The child whose subconscious dominates the action of "Quarry" lies in the middle of the floor under a coverlet, and we understand that everything we see and hear is as she would see and hear it in her sickroom or follow it in her imagination. Relatives downstairs, distant ancestors, passersby in the street, the sound of bombers overhead, a maid who doesn't speak English but listens to the radio, a mother who is a radio actress—all these characters and incidents are activated on parallel planes, and their semi-intelligibility is the basis for Monk's transition to derangements of a large order: the coming of the Dictators, the persecution of the Jews (who include those same relatives and ancestors). Until that transition takes place, "Quarry" verges on the territory of other works of art that have dealt with children's perceptions. One thinks of Klee's paintings, the opening pages of Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," Rimbaud's poem "Les Poètes de Sept Ans," Vigo's film "Zéro de Conduite." After the transition, "Quarry" becomes showman-surrealistic, One Worldish—an editorial reminding us that no child is an island.

Implicit in the *Gesamtkunstwerk* is a promise of revelation: the arts in combination will yield more than any one of them alone. Implicit in Monk's work is a further promise of self-revelation. She gives us hope that by using and extending herself past decency she'll strike a universal chord. This hasn't happened yet. "Quarry" isn't universal; it's noncommittal.

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rell and Peter Martins appeared with a contingent from the New York City Ballet to dance a program of Balanchine, Robbins, and some new works. On "Allegro Brillante" and "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux" Farrell lavished some of the riskiest effects of which she is capable, but she was not always at her greatest. As if to compensate for the disproportionate depth of the hall, she broadened the already grand scale of her dancing and strove through vast distances from exaggerated flourish to pinpoint recovery. The tiny stage was not enhancing, and in the fouetté turns of the "Pas de Deux"—turns that she alternates with pas de bourrée piqué—she paid for heightening the disparity of swirl-step-swirl by losing her aplomb at the last second. Peter Martins is naturally a more contained dancer than Farrell; he makes the principal male role of "Allegro Brillante" majestic as well as brilliant, and he is the first dancer to execute the tricky multidirectional port de bras (in the section where he leads the squad of men) with rhythmic accuracy, so that it doesn't look hasty. But Martins can also be somewhat retiring. In the "Pas de Deux," he turned his power on full force, and one saw him achieve those glorious self-contradictions which only the greatest dancers can give us. When Martins combines his reserve and his precision with unstopped volume, he's like quiet thunder. His partnership with Farrell is now telepathic; they can transport each other, sometimes to the outer limits of control. This happened, thrillingly, in the first of their "Nutcracker"s this season. It did not happen at Whitman Hall. The best of their numbers there was the long adagio from "In G Major," which Robbins made for them in the Ravel festival, and in which they carry the spun-out and sometimes slack line of the choreography as if it were a suspense story.

Martins, who organized the concert, was overgenerous in his programming, presenting no fewer than three premières. "Reflection," by Robert Weiss, was a lightweight mirror-image duet for two girls (Kathleen Haigney, Heather Watts). "Songs of Innocence, Songs of Experience," by Richard Tanner, was more ambitious. Tanner has obvious, baffling talent. His choreography is skillful, intricate, musical, sensitive to dancers' needs, pleasing to the eye. But all these good qualities don't make up for a lack of drama. The ballet simply wasn't interesting. And, because it contrived a semblance of drama, it was actually painful. For his score, Tanner used early Fischer-Dieskau recordings of Schubert songs—a superfluity of riches that not only distracted the ear but pressed the dances for meanings they could not produce. For his dancers, he used Judith Fugate and Heather Watts, partnered extensively by Bart Cook, who was then given a gruelling long solo that had connotations of a nervous breakdown. With the music and dancing going on separate tracks, and the dances splintering into isolated statements that had no cumulative logic, the whole ballet seemed to be having a nervous breakdown. For the third première, Martins made his début as a choreographer with a solo, "Calcium Night Light," danced by Daniel Duell to four selections by Ives. Duell, alone on an undressed stage and wearing sports clothes, danced each of the selections offhandedly and with eccentric wit, as if for his own amusement. In between, he would stroll about the stage or lean against the proscenium. The terse, supercasual style of the dances and the behavior in between suggested something of what Twyla Tharp created for Mikhail Baryshnikov in "Push Comes to Shove." But the piece also looked like a Martins solo—an innovative solo that one would like someday to see him dance.

Tapes or live piano accompanied the dancing. In the excerpts from "Who Cares?" it was pleasant to hear again the Gershwinesque piano arrangements (played by Jerry Zimmerman) that had been used at the première, before Hershy Kay's orchestrations were complete. The excerpts consisted of the set of solos and pas de deux that form the star-turn section of the ballet, and it was pleasant, too, to see the coda of that section, "Clap Yo' Hands," which is no longer done at New York City Ballet performances. "Who Cares?" is a classical ballet based on musical-com-

edy dancing, and it is better danced with the classicism uppermost. The line between the two styles is at times a very fine one, and it's repeatedly breached by some members of the cast in company performances. In the Brooklyn performance, Jay Jolley, Judith Fugate, and Victoria Bromberg didn't lose the distinction; Heather Watts, in the Karin von Aroldingen part, did. Seeing young dancers like these do star roles was part of the reason for going to Brooklyn; while they didn't always fill their parts, they seldom misrepresented them. "Tarantella" was given cleanly and vivaciously by Fugate and Duell; there was a respectable "Agon" pas de deux by Kathleen Haigney and Gerard Ebitz. The consistency of accomplishment is a tribute to the consistency of style at the New York City Ballet. Whether you believe in that style or not, you have to honor the high moral fervor of the system that produced it. And what stands out in an ad-hoc concert of this sort is not the scattered achievements of separate dancers but the moral conviction of the ensemble. I think this has a meaning that elevates the importance of the New York City Ballet above considerations of taste in dancing—indeed, above dancing itself. The issue that arises every time company performances are cancelled, as they were this season owing to a musicians' strike, is not the future of dance in America but the vulnerability of our faith in what these dancers express. They are champions of integrity, the brightest we have. Whatever the outcome of the current crisis, there is shame in the very fact that their presence among us has to be negotiated. —ARLENE CROCE

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[*Governor Jay S. Hammond in the Anchorage Daily News*]

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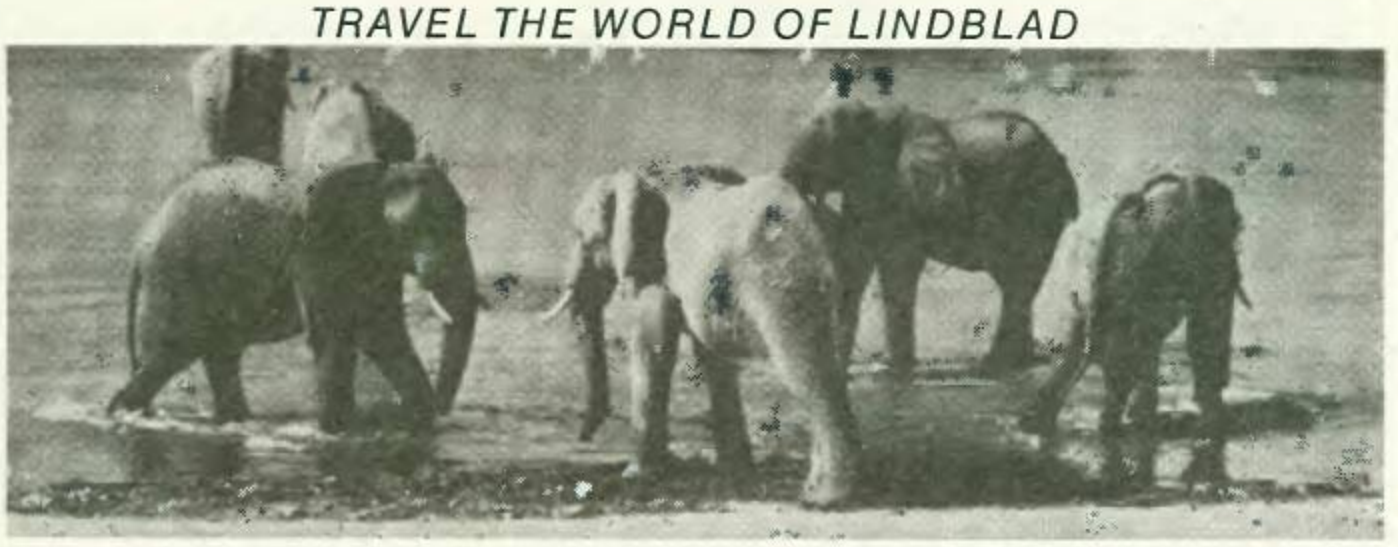

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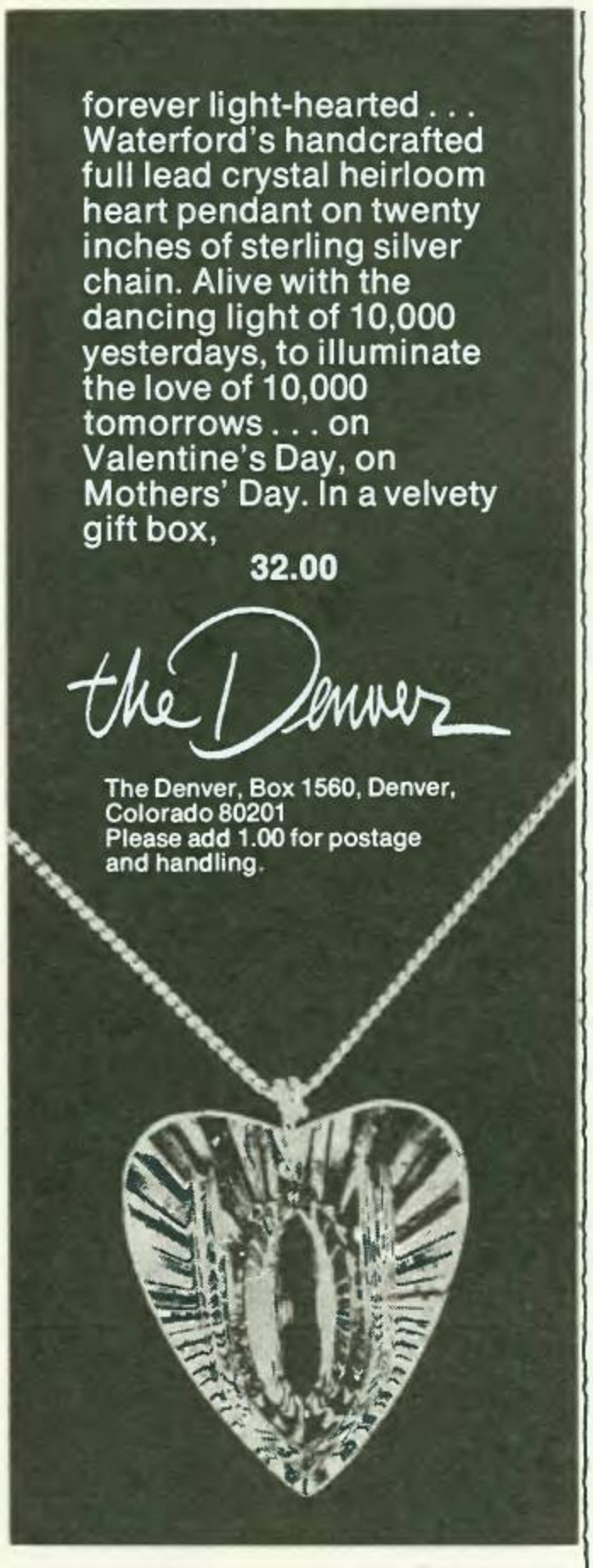

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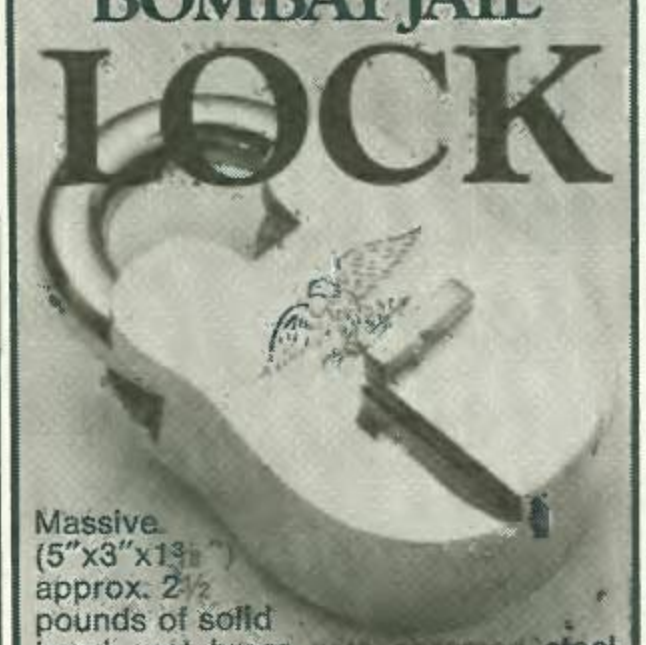

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THE RACE TRACK

Seattle Slew the Tops

AT 126 pounds, Seattle Slew heads the Experimental Free Handicap, the official estimate of the two-year-olds that ran last season, which was announced last week. Mrs. Karen L. Taylor's bay colt, by Bold Reasoning, ran only three races, but all were impressive. In his first, at Belmont Park last autumn, he led by five lengths. In his second, he scored almost as easily in better company, and he rolled home by close to ten lengths in 1:34⅖ for the mile in his third, the Champagne Stakes. Then he went into winter quarters. But Tommy Trotter, the Jockey Club's handicapper, who assigned weights to the 228 colts and fillies, rates him only one pound better than Gerry Cheevers' Royal Ski, winner of five stakes (the last three in a row), and Golden Chance Farm's Run Dusty Run, the best in the Middle West. (Royal Ski was also the leading money-winner among the runners his age, earning $309,704 in his nine starts.) Run Dusty Run, by the 1970 Kentucky Derby winner, Dust Commander, won the Breeders' Futurity at Keeneland; the Arlington-Washington Futurity, in which he beat Royal Ski; the Arch Ward; and the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes. Trotter also thinks Seattle Slew is only four pounds better than C. V. Whitney's Banquet Table—winner of the Great American, the Saratoga Special, and the Hopeful Stakes—and Gerald Robbins' For the Moment, who started off as though he would at least equal the record of Honest Pleasure, his full brother, who topped the Experimental in 1975. Trotter makes the Mill House stable's Sensational best of the fillies, at 119 pounds—two pounds better than Mrs. Taylor Hardin's Mrs. Warren, Hickory Tree Stable's Bring Out the Band, Windfields Farm's Northern Sea, and Ogden Mills Phipps' Squander. Now let's see how they run.

By the way, here are the names of some of the other horses in the Experimental: Oil Patch Pappa, Wag My Weight, Bad'n Big, Nervous Position, Wishem Well, Teyn Duzin, Infirma-

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tory, Huggle Duggle, Tickle My Toes, and Nickel the Pickle. No comment.

DESPITE the snowiest weather in years, Aqueduct got through the week without cancelling a card. Surprisingly, there was a crowd of 15,518 in the stands on Saturday for the Interborough Handicap and the eight other races. For decades, the Interborough, which used to be run during the autumn meeting at the old Jamaica track, was for horses of both sexes. The first running, in 1921, was won by Georgie—a colt owned by Arnold Rothstein, the bad boy of those days—who beat Harry M. Sinclair's Knobbie, trained by Sam Hildreth. But now it is for fillies and mares only. The fifty-sixth running, last Saturday, was won by the Tartan Stable's Illiterate, a mare by Arts and Letters, in a driving finish with Quintas Vicki and Beyond Reasoning, who finished in a dead heat for second place. Illiterate was ridden by Cauthen, the meeting's leading jockey, who was the hero of the afternoon, riding five winners. Incidentally, it was the second time the young apprentice from Kentucky has done that at the meeting.

GULFSTREAM PARK, which has the choice winter dates this year, opened its forty-four-day meeting last weekend. A crowd of 22,000 was expected, but only 17,723 showed up, and bet $1,844,498 on the ten races. Buena Shores won the Renaissance Handicap. —AUDAX MINOR

•

VIEW TO THE NORTH

As you grow older, it gets colder.
You see through things.
I'm looking through the trees,

their torn and thinning leaves,
to where chill blue water
is roughened by wind.

Day by day the scene opens,
enlarges, rips of space
appear where full branches

used to snug the view.
Soon it will be wide, stripped,
entirely unobstructed:

I'll see right through
the twining waves, to
the white horizon, to the place

where the North begins.
Magnificent! I'll be thinking
while my eyeballs freeze.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Harlan County

BARBARA KOPPLE isn't a great documentarian, but she has a great subject in "Harlan County, U.S.A.," and she has the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. She may not have the vision of an artist, but artists with vision didn't go to live among the coal miners of Kentucky and didn't scrounge up the money to put together a feature about them. She did. And the directness and simplicity of her approach give us something we wouldn't necessarily get from an artist. No matter what their subject, the great documentarians give us films that express them; their vision transforms the material. This film is humbler—it conveys the material without imposing its own way of seeing. When you hear the director's voice asking questions, she doesn't seem at a distance from those who answer; she's another character in the film rather than the artist conceiving it.

"Harlan County, U.S.A." was made between 1972 and 1976, with money raised from foundations, the United Church of Christ, the United Methodist Church, and individual donors, and through loans. Committed to making films for social change, Miss Kopple began by filming the fight against the old guard within the United Mine Workers, and then, when the miners in Brookside, Harlan County, went on strike in July of 1973, seeking recognition of the U.M.W. as their union, she went there and stayed for the thirteen months of the strike, living among people with a legendary history of bloody labor strife—a heritage of bitterness that goes back so far it is ingrained. The people's rawboned gestures and harsh, sad twangs ("thing" is pronounced "thang") are signs of community; they share a hatred of the company and a practiced distrust of the union leaders. The resentment that has been passed down for generations may be the only thing the miners of Harlan County have to pass on to their children, yet they're tenacious, resilient people. Injustice has developed in them a fierce belief in justice. They looked to a union that was itself in turmoil. Joseph A. Yablonski, who had contested W. A. (Tony) Boyle's power in the U.M.W. and offered some hope of democratization, had been murdered, along with his wife and daughter. Boyle was charged with murder, tried, and convicted, and, with his power at last broken, Arnold R. Miller took over; but by the time Miller came to give encouragement to the people of Harlan County, their strike was in its sixth month. The film has a clear, well-paced narrative line; when the violence comes and there's gunfire at night, we've been well prepared for it. The fear that stiffens the faces of the miners and their wives as they go out together to face armed strikebreakers gives their defiance weight and solemnity. The movie tells the story of their strike, but it isn't just about people fighting for safer working conditions and decent pay; it's about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners."

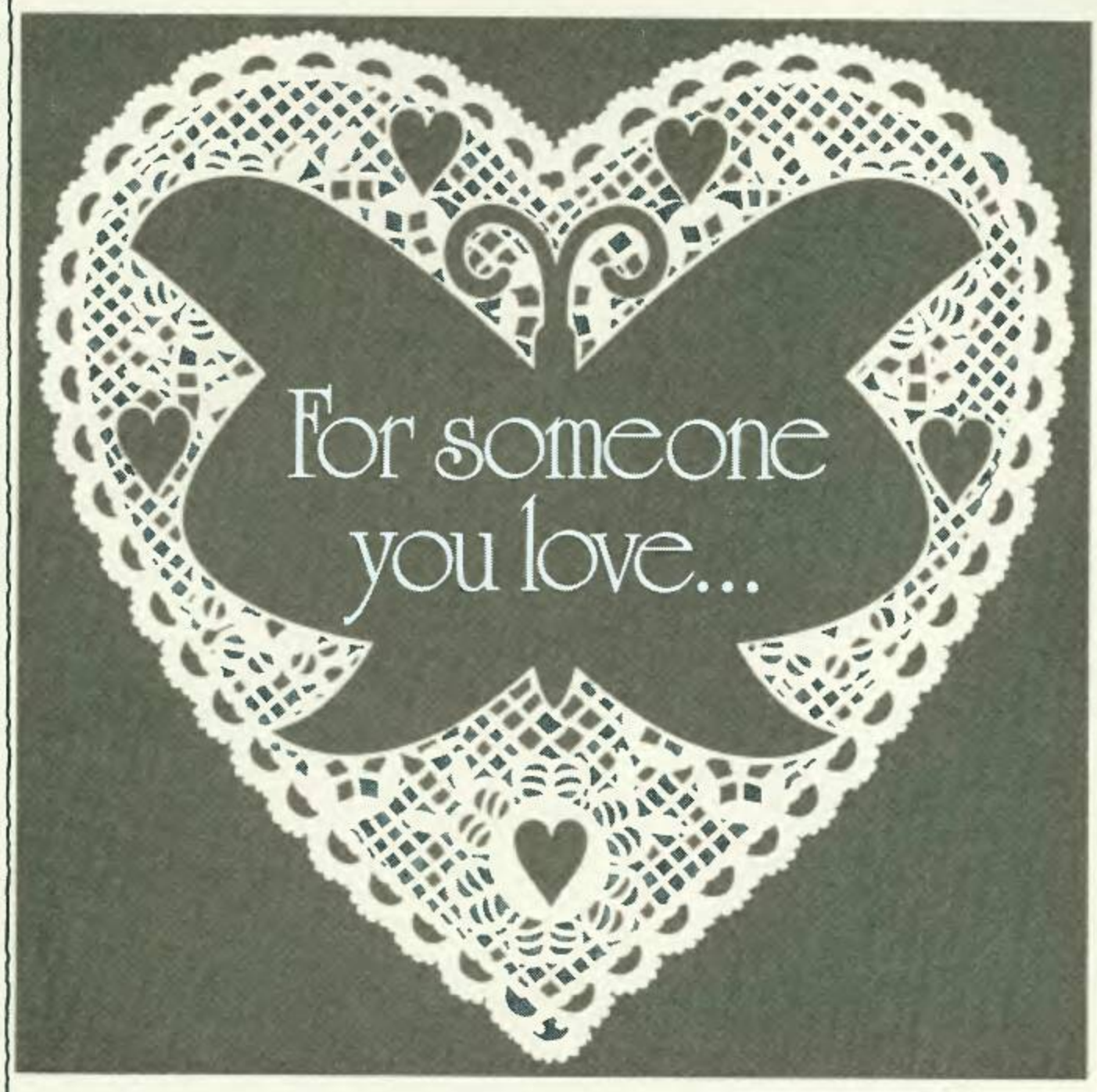
Early on, there's a soft, lovely shot of a woman in big pink plastic curlers as she washes her children. Having none of the satirical condescension that Hollywood movies often show toward working-class people, the director (and the cameraman, Hart Perry) can perceive a beauty that includes five-and-dime plastic. This is not the sort of film in which one would expect the sex of the director to make much difference, but Barbara Kopple has unusual rapport with the women, and throughout—in groups, at meetings, talking—they're observed in a relaxed, friendly way. It's apparent that they've had to be tough when they wanted to be pretty and tender. They try to keep themselves up, no matter what hell is breaking loose. Bouffant hairdos frame wrinkled, big faces—they're never beyond caring how they look, except maybe in the presence of death. A gaunt, long-jawed woman—Sudie is her name—resembles Lily Tomlin, and has similar speech patterns, but looks stronger; her voice is low, with an emotional crack. The sensitivity in Sudie's face is concentrated; she has the trace of melancholy that converts plainness to beauty. She's lived for a long time with deprivation and knows that what's been lost is irretrievable. When she talks of her life, lets go of her emotions, and tears come to her eyes, we still see a bobby pin holding a pin curl in place above her ear, and the moment has an authenticity beyond the power of fiction films. Straight and scrawny in her white dress with its little puffed sleeves, Sudie has the classic sadness of the poor. By contrast, the curly-haired heavyweight Lois Scott, the dominating force among the women, seems to belong to the lower middle class, and, resourceful and quick-witted though she is, we don't stand in awe of her. (She's a miner's wife, all right, but from a neighboring town; she has come in sympathy, and she always sticks out a little.)

The director doesn't appear to have been in a position to achieve comparable glimpses of the men; only the old-timers, raspy-voiced but proud of what they've lived through, take the camera in the special way that we associate with Depression photojournalism—worn faces confronting us like truth capsules. A handsome, square-headed old man speaks directly to us, and then, in a blown-up detail of a Lewis W. Hine photograph of children working in the mines in 1911, we see him among the pinched, accusatory faces that stare out at us, and we realize the moral and physical strength this man had to have to emerge unscathed, speaking civilly, as a survivor, not a victim. The older men are willing to pose for conversational portraits; the younger ones are involved in action, so we don't see them as they see themselves.

The camera is respectful, like a longtime friend. The miners and their families are not aestheticized by being seen in stasis as tragic figures, and they're not emotionalized as "the simple, good people." The camera doesn't move in close for poignancy—it doesn't emphasize the missing teeth, the collapsed jaws, the shapeless print dresses. You never get the feeling that the subjects would be shamed by anything in the film. They're not just the subjects, they're participants, and they are not pushed to make phony revelations. The women are fairly ferocious when they bicker over picket duty; there's plenty of hatred under their solidarity. But the camera doesn't try to score off them. It does score off the spokesmen for the company—Eastover Mining, which is a subsidiary of Duke Power, one of the largest utility companies in the country—but they present an almost irresistible target. A filmmaker wouldn't be human if he or she didn't move into closeup for the executive who creates an imaginary antagonist and asserts, as if embattled, that "it is not true that inhalation of coal dust *necessarily* results in any impairment of pulmonary functions." And when Norman Yarborough, the head of Eastover, deplores the picketing and activism of the wives, saying he would hate to see *his* wife

"reverting to this type of behavior," the cinematographer has every reason to feel that the camera is a microscope, and that only by prying into the speaker's pores can one discover the nature of the beast. This sort of obviousness is rare, however. When the picketing women, the striking men, and the strikebreakers are lined up on a turn in a road, with state troopers looking on, the sheriff comes over and gives orders to the women, and the bulldozing Lois Scott, who has obviously known him all her life, bawls him out. She tells him he doesn't have the guts to do his job fairly. The camera stays on him as he walks back across the road to confer with the company foreman, and his self-conscious walk tells you he's trying to look strong and in command while feeling crummy and unsure of himself. That's real filmmaking—catching the moment, having the judgment to keep it intact, and having an editing scheme that allows it to fall into place, right where it belongs. Barbara Kopple has worked as an editor, a camerawoman, and a sound woman, and she was involved in "Hearts and Minds," "Winter Soldier," "Gimme Shelter," and other films and TV projects, but this is her début as a director. For a novice filmmaker, she has some impressive intuitions, though she doesn't always rise above her mentors.

It's dramatically right that we should see the faces of the people after the violent confrontations are over—hear the miners singing and see that the tenseness is gone and that their eyes have lost that pale stare of fear. One of the strikers—Lawrence Jones—has been killed, leaving a sixteen-year-old wife and five-month-old daughter; at his funeral a group of men sing and people weep, giving vent to their relief and their grief, mixed together. But I wish we didn't hear Mrs. Scott talking to the miners about the *meaning* of Jones's death, explaining it in terms of their victory. She says that it's when you're ready to die for something that you get it. There's a professional public speaker's glibness about her that is really a turnoff. The film itself is not glib: it shows that, though the men get their union contract, subsequent events make this a dubious triumph. However, at the end it rings in an organizer and a young miner to tell us the meaning of what we've been looking at. The young miner tells us that the strike was won from below. Since that seemed to be obvious, the effect is to make us doubt it. Why are we getting these union speeches now, by people we haven't seen before?



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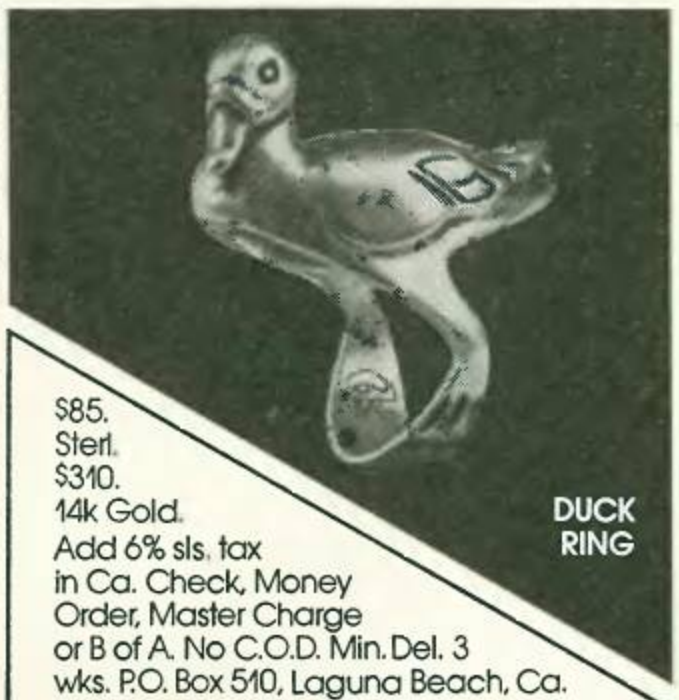

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The photojournalist documentary is essentially a mixed form, a compromise. In "Harlan County, U.S.A.," the director is exploring a folk society that draws her in, as good ethnographic filmmakers have almost always been drawn in, to admire, and even to revere. But this is not a remote village thousands of miles away; it's right among us, and the filmmaker is also a muckraker, a sympathetic propagandist, who wants to serve the people she reveres. (Sometimes, fairness is sacrificed for a satirical point. The film might have indicated that Yarborough's "reverting" remark didn't refer just to the women's picketing; the women, who had been whopping strikebreakers, got carried away by their new activism and beat up a state trooper.) Barbara Kopple keeps a fairly steady balance, but in a documentary film, no matter what one's intentions, there is always a certain amount of shaping, in terms of what footage the crew was able to get and what is worth using. Events that are badly shot get thrown out, as if they had never happened, and sometimes, in assembling the footage, the director discovers that there is nothing to link up certain events. Not having used any voice-over narration, Miss Kopple must have worried that she hadn't clarified the issues of the strike or shown some of its leaders, and so at the end—plop—they've been put in.

The angry, inflammatory grief of a woman wailing "Oh, Death" at Yablonski's funeral is so strong it's purifying. But not when we first hear her—only when we see her (it's Phyllis Boyens, singing with her father, Nimrod Workman) and perceive the unity of the haggard face and the lacerating voice. When Florence Reese, a grandmotherly woman in a checked dress, sings her nineteen-thirties composition "Which Side Are You On?" in a quavering voice, there's unity, too, and, because the camera is very objective, there's no bathos—the Southern-mountain-people faces validate even the most messagy ballads. But we have to see who is singing. When Hazel Dickens' songs—"Cold-Blooded Murder," "They'll Never Keep Us Down," and "Black Lung"—and an updated version of "Which Side Are You On" are used on the track to supply sound for the passages without dialogue, the contrasts of images and lyrics are too shallow; the people's faces speak of more than the lyrics encompass. At the graves after a mine explosion, the ballad on the track (Hazel Dickens' "Mannington," sung by David Morris) diminishes the power of the images; we need the dignity of quiet, or, at least, music without the intrusive irony of editorializing lyrics. The director doesn't leave us to our own resources enough; she doesn't allow us a chance to fill in from our own feelings.

It's an understandable fault—an effort to reach us by a director who doesn't know that she's already done the job. (She doesn't need the dig of "U.S.A." in the title.) Elsewhere, she avoids sentimentality, though there are bound to be some who will think the whole film sentimental, because the people of Harlan County come off as heroic. Most of us don't live in such clear-cut terms of right and wrong. We're probably more like that poor sheriff shuttling back and forth between opposing forces, trying to be fair to everybody and feeling small and stinky. But coal miners, working below ground, with the threat of sudden death by cave-ins and explosions, and the slow debilitation of black-lung disease, are a different breed. And if we recognize that they've never had rightful legal protection—that they are, in fact, permanent victims of injustice—we ought to be able to accept the idea that their clinging to the idea of justice, and shoving it into the faces of "the owners," and often sticking it to the union, too, makes them strong and likable. People who are willing to risk their bodies take the camera gracefully, dauntingly. Fiction films have never been able to fake this.

"DIRTY HARRY," starring Clint Eastwood as Harry Callahan, the San Francisco police inspector who embodies a higher law, was a wizardly piece of vicious, brutal filmmaking; its sequel, "Magnum Force," was poorly made but did have some cheap nastiness; the third in the series, the new "The Enforcer," doesn't have the savvy to be sadistic. It's just limp. Yet each film has done bigger business than its predecessor. Have people become so accustomed to the series idea from television viewing that they go to another Dirty Harry movie because it's a known quantity? It may be that moviegoing is so expensive and people have been stung so often that they want to know what they're going to get. And

maybe after a couple of Dirty Harry movies they're conditioned: they no longer need Eastwood plus violence plus fantasy—all they need is to see a picture of him.

In the first of the series, if Eastwood had thought out Dirty Harry we'd have had to hate that brutally self-righteous cop. But Eastwood played Harry as a comic-book saint. By now, he appears to be taking Harry's saintliness so seriously that he's tense with indignation; Harry can't relax, because of his sense of higher duty. Eastwood has lost the ominous sensuality he had in the spaghetti Westerns. The machinery has tightened up. He looks stricken—he hisses his lines angrily, his mouth pulled thin by righteousness. Is it time for Eastwood to turn villain? This drawn, creased face could have a George Macready sinister charm. Or has he gone past that already? At the climax of "The Enforcer," when he yells "You ******* fruit!" as he kills his enemy, he looks ready to drool and climb the walls.

"The Enforcer," produced by Eastwood's own company, with a hand-picked director, James Fargo, who was the assistant director on several Eastwood pictures, uses the same basic plot strategy as the Western "The Outlaw Josey Wales," Eastwood's previous film. It sets up a collection of villains so disgustingly cruel and inhuman that Eastwood can spend the rest of the movie killing them with a perfect conscience. The Dirty Harry movies adapt to the latest in exploitative topicality; this time Harry is up against a terrorist group, the Revolutionary Strike Force. The members of this group are not really revolutionaries, though. They're just what Archie Bunker could have told Harry they'd be: pimps and hookers, who are in it for the money. And they've been directed to sneer and leer, like a gay landlord foreclosing the mortgage on the old homestead. There's also a black militant group with a panicky guru who serves as a police informer, and, of course, the usual contingent of liberal twits running the city government. When Harry, single-handed, goes in and rescues a batch of hostages from some robbers—an act that would make him the hero of every cop in town—he's reprimanded, and suspended from duty. They wouldn't try to get by with that on "Kojak."

Though the script, by Stirling Silliphant and Dean Riesner, is just scaffolding, and there isn't one well-written line, a fast, lurid action film could

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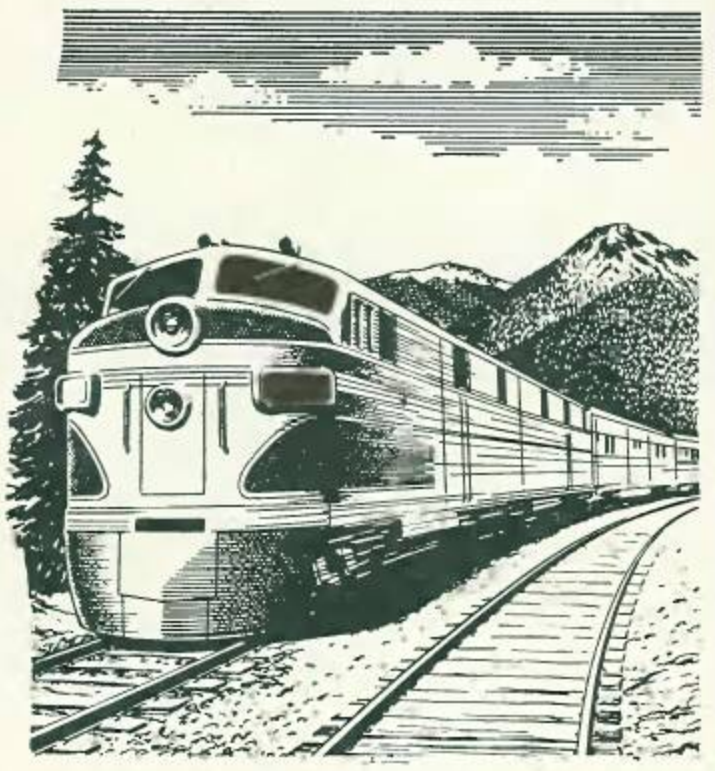

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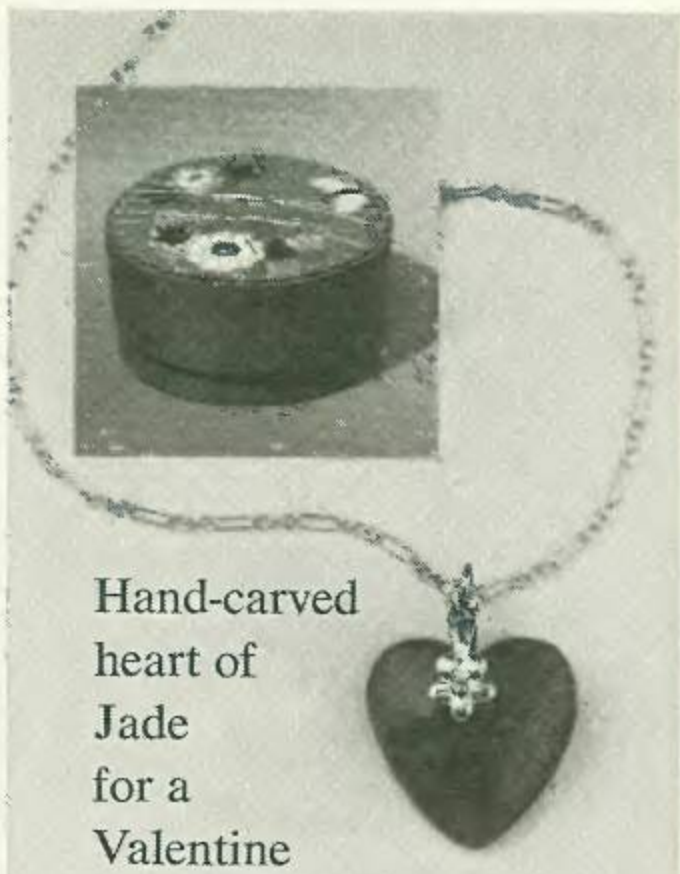

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have been made out of this garbage (as was done in "Dirty Harry") if Eastwood and Fargo had got some velocity into their chases, and if they had created the atmosphere of corruption and lurking fear that would make us accept the idea of a city imperilled by thrill-seeking mercenaries. People get killed in this movie, but the violence has no rot or meanness in it. The staging is lackadaisical; the jowly revolutionaries shoot with one eye on the time clock. Does Eastwood's production company purposely choose bad actors to surround him with—to make him look better? Probably not—probably it's the director's fault that the actors look sedated. The movie comes to an amateurish full stop while the mayor's representative on the police board—a woman—shows her lack of comprehension of police problems; the acting is so archaic you expect her to pull out a lorgnette. The one smart move the filmmakers made was to cast Tyne Daly (she played Jack Lemmon's daughter in "The Entertainer") as the heroine—a policewoman who is assigned to work with Callahan. Deliberately unglamorous in a clumsy work suit, Tyne Daly manages to show some believably human expressions of confusion and discomfort; she has worried eyes, and she isn't afraid to let her mouth go slack. It's such a warm performance that Eastwood's holy cool seems more aberrant than ever.

Harry is the source of the only venom we see; he's the one who's rancorous and strung out. And what is he snarling about? It's not that the villains are kidnappers and murderers—their real crime is that they're homosexual. In "The Eiger Sanction," Eastwood sneered at the decadent killer (Jack Cassidy), whose dog was named Faggot; in "Magnum Force," he mowed down a homosexual Nazi group inside the police department; in "The Enforcer," he's got his "fruit." Is this the last outpost for the Western hero—killing homosexuals to purify the cities?

—Pauline Kael

•

Spatters of cold oceanic rain slammed against the open windows.—*From "The Ten-Tola Bars," by Burton Wohl.*

With a sound like that of one hand clapping?

•

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—*The Worshipbook, a Presbyterian hymnal published by the Westminster Press.*

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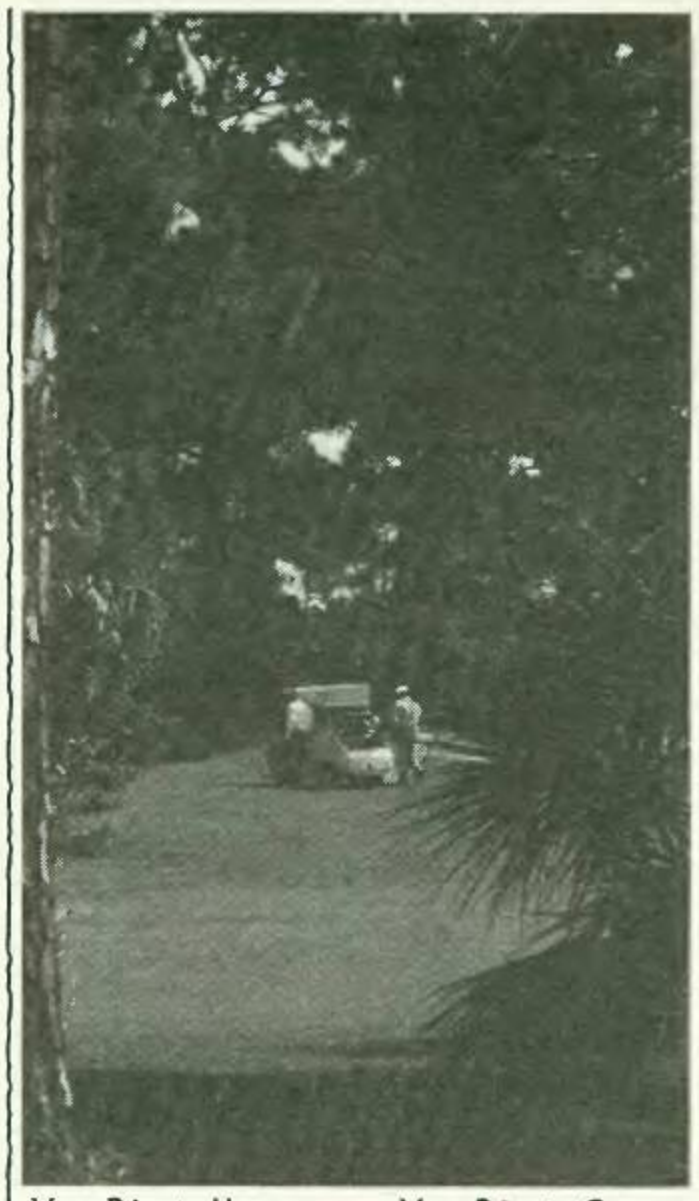

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Mr. Coward's Special Mixture

IN 1936, Cole Lesley, a stagestruck youth who could not cook and had never been a valet, went to work for Noël Coward as a sort of cook-valet. Several weeks passed before the ice of the master-servant relationship was broken. One morning, discussing plans for luncheon, Mr. Lesley inquired, "What would you say to a little fish?" "I should say, 'Good morning, little fish,' " Coward briskly replied, and Mr. Lesley rejoiced, sensing that he had been admitted to his employer's confidence. This was the first, though far from the best, of the innumerable Coward jokes that were to keep him happily enslaved for the thirty-seven remaining years of his master's life, during which time he rose from the ranks to become Coward's majordomo, confidant, companion, and (as it now turns out) Boswell. In writing "Remembered Laughter" (Knopf), he has had access not only to the boss's previously unpublished letters and journals but also, of course, to his own flypaper memory. He quotes extensively from all these sources, and the result is to establish Coward, in his private manifestations, as the funniest eminent Englishman of the twentieth century. Not the wittiest: he never regarded himself as a wit, and said he would have hated to hear Oscar Wilde (whom he thought witty but humorless) spouting prefabricated aphorisms by the hour. What he relished were tributes like that of Nancy Mitford, tearful after bronchospasms of lunchtime laughter: "Oh Noël, you do make such jolly good jokes."

Contrary to popular myth, some men *are* heroes to their valets, and we must not go to Mr. Lesley's book expecting objective criticism of Coward's work. Mostly at breakneck speed and without significant revision, Coward wrote five classic comedies—"Hay Fever," "Private Lives," "Design for Living," "Present Laughter," and "Blithe Spirit"—which have entered the English-speaking repertoire and show no signs of moving out; he composed a large number of durable songs, both comic and romantic, most of them best remembered when sung in what he called "my thin, feathery voice;" and he created, in 1928, a revue entitled "This Year of Grace," which Mr. Lesley sums up as "the most abundant conglomeration of beauty, wit, elegance, and gorgeous low comedy that I shall ever see," a judgment endorsed by Virginia Woolf ("Some of the numbers struck me on the head like a bullet"), by St. John Ervine, the normally waspish critic of the London *Observer* ("If any person comes to me and says that there has ever, anywhere in the world, been a better revue than this, I shall publicly tweak his nose"), and by Robert Benchley, who said, when the show reached New York, that unless an American could be found to rival Coward's achievement (he wrote the music, book, and lyrics, and also directed) "we shall always feel it was a mistake to break away from England back there in 1776." (I am tempted to ask for a revival, but revues more than other theatrical forms are dependent on their original interpreters: who could replace Beatrice Lillie, or Tilly Losch dancing to Bach?)

Time has decisively confirmed two verdicts on Coward's dramatic prose. This, by T. E. Lawrence, apropos of "Private Lives":

> The play reads astonishingly well. It gets thicker in print, and has bones and muscles. . . . For fun I took some pages and tried to strike redundant words out of your phrases. Only there were none.

And this, by Coward himself, aged fifty-six:

> I think on the whole I am a better writer than I am given credit for being. It is fairly natural that my writing should be appreciated casually, because my personality, performances, music, and legend get in the way. Someday I suspect, when Jesus has definitely got me for a sunbeam, my works may be adequately assessed.

On the later, postwar plays, obese with verbiage that the younger Coward would have relentlessly slimmed away, Mr. Lesley is unreliable. Loyalty fogs his vision. Nor does he shed much new light on the early days of the *Wunderkind*. Even so, they still make pretty astounding reading. Born in 1899 in the shabby-genteel West London suburb of Teddington, Coward makes his theatrical début at the age of eleven. A year later, there occurs the memorably bizarre episode at the London Coliseum when his adoring, imperious mother asks the star of the show, a renowned *clairvoyante* who works entirely smothered by a white sheet, whether she should keep her son on the stage, and gets the following reply, bellowed through the sheet at a full house: "Mrs. Coward, Mrs. Coward! . . . Keep him where he is! He has great talent and will have a wonderful career!" His formal schooling, never more than intermittent, ends for good in 1913. This bodes well, since major English playwrights do not, on the whole, make a habit of acquiring a university education. Poets and novelists often thrive on it, but aspiring dramatists, practitioners of a vulgar art that demands nightly contact with popular audiences, seldom flourish in the bookish enclaves of Oxford and Cambridge. (Living playwrights who have avoided the clutch of the Oxbridge octopus in-

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clude Harold Pinter, John Osborne, Arnold Wesker, Tom Stoppard, Alan Ayckbourn, and the hugely gifted Trevor Griffiths, whose "Comedians" recently arrived on Broadway.) Throughout his teens, Coward immerses himself in bad popular theatre, annexing the more outrageous lines, usually spoken by flamboyant leading ladies, for subsequent use in his conversational repertoire. Once, in the nineteen-fifties, after I had given his latest play a tepid review, he greeted me at a party with the daunting remark "May God forgive you, Blanche Westermere, for I never shall!" I had no idea, until I read Mr. Lesley's book, that this resounding threat was first uttered by Madge Titheradge at Drury Lane in 1916.

By the time Coward is seventeen, a certain presumption is already apparent. Playing a bit part in D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World," he convinces the great director that it would be wiser to photograph him walking toward, rather than away from, the camera. Aged eighteen, he is summoned to dinner at an august literary club that numbers Galsworthy, Maugham, Wells, and Arnold Bennett among its members; turning up in full evening dress, he finds everyone else in ordinary suits but generously lets them off the hook by declaring, "Now, I don't want *anybody* to feel embarrassed." At nineteen, he is lunching almost daily at London's smartest theatrical restaurant, and he is only twenty when his first play, "I'll Leave It to You," opens in the West End. It fails to click, and some dark times follow, among them a near-penniless sojourn in New York, but in 1923 he is back on the London playbills as star and author of "The Young Idea," which contains the first line that distinguishes Coward from all his predecessors in English comedy: "I lent that woman the top of my thermos flask and she never returned it. She's shallow, that's what she is, shallow." Despite warm praise from the critics, the play folds after eight weeks. By now, however, Coward has begun to build a cult-audience based on his own personality, and a year later he gives them the scandalous success they expect of him: "The Vortex," about a dope-sniffing boy and his lascivious mother. He is twenty-four years old, and famous beyond recall. Hereafter his private life, when not spent at the typewriter or in the company of talented colleagues, will be rather too obsessively thronged with princes and rajas and dukes, with ambassadors, governors-general, and high commissioners, with the Baroness von This and the ex-Queen of That—evidence of a reverent *faiblesse* for titled nobs that clung to Coward (as to many other English writers of his era) throughout his life. It must be counted among his few abiding weaknesses that he tended to equate snobbism with patriotism, and patriotism with virtue.

On the question of Coward's sexual habits, Mr. Lesley writes with exemplary candor and maddening brevity. He tells us that Gertrude Lawrence took Coward to her bedroom when he was thirteen and gave him a practical demonstration of the facts of life. This experiment, however, cannot have been an unqualified success, since we read, shortly afterward: "He was homosexual. There is nothing sensational to report." It seems that he had five or six passionate affairs with men, all of them unnamed; but Mr. Lesley later insists that Coward was repelled by the act of sodomy, whether passive or active, from which I infer that his homosexuality was more romantic and platonic (though perhaps voyeuristic?) than physical. In any case, I see it as the key to far more than his sex life. Consider a lyric he wrote in 1935:

> No chains can ever bind me.
> No remembered love can ever find me....
> I travel alone.
> Free from love's illusion, my heart is my own;
> I travel alone.

The successful homosexual is answerable to nobody. At times of emotional crisis he can take off on long and solitary journeys, secure in the knowledge, as Coward once put it, that "geographical distance will do the trick." There is no wife whose tastes he has to consult, nor are there children about whose schooling he needs to worry. Lacking a family to drain or distract him, he is infinitely mobile and can live anywhere. "As for [Coward's] selfishness," says Mr. Lesley, "it was total." His self-approval, so crucial to artists, was never dependent on the approval of others. He wrote in 1926, "I am as unmoved by failure as I am by success which is a *great* comfort.... I like *writing* the plays anyhow and if people don't like them that's their loss." He conserved his energy for his art: none of it was sacrificed on the altar of domesticity. Work was primary, and not to be dislodged by human allegiances from its central place in his life. As he revealingly said in 1927:

> People, I decided, were the danger. People were greedy and predatory, and if you gave them the chance they would

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steal unscrupulously the heart and soul out of you without really wanting to or even meaning to. From now on there was going to be very little energy wasted, and very little vitality spilled unnecessarily.

He kept his word. Coward retained, well into his sixties, the ageless vitality of the talented and prosperous pederast, putting one inevitably in mind of Dorian Gray, whose face remained unwrinkled while his portrait withered in the attic. (Coward's only concession to vanity was to have his jowls surgically removed in 1965.) It has always seemed to me little short of miraculous that Coward and others like him managed to survive with such gallant and creative resilience through a period when homosexuality in England was punishable, if officially detected, by imprisonment and permanent ostracism. Indeed, I sometimes suspect that Coward's professional persona (theatrical camp overlaid with Empire-building stiff-upper-lip) was in part a disguise, adopted to put the cops and the public off the true scent.

He was gay in both the correct and the modish meanings of the word: but that does not account for the quality or the quantity of those superbly idiosyncratic jokes. Where did they spring from? Not, I think, from Coward's charming but ineffectual father, whose sense of humor operated within strict suburban limits. Once, attempting to coax the actress Jane Cowl into teatime conversation, he appalled his son by saying to their celebrated guest, "Have a tongue sandwich, that'll make you talk." Mr. Lesley shrewdly points to Saki, whom Coward extravagantly admired, as one of his few literary antecedents. "There was apple-blossom everywhere." "Only on the apple trees, surely." In this exchange Saki employs the mock gravity of tone, the deadpan puncturing of romantic pretension, that Coward was soon to transplant to the theatre. The use of dowdy English place-names in contexts that deflate the speaker is another Coward trademark: you really cannot, with any dignity, retire in high dudgeon to Budleigh Salterton or pass a misspent youth in Herne Bay. When Roland Maule, the intense young avant-garde author in "Present Laughter," introduces himself to his idol, Garry Essendine (Coward's nearest approach to a self-portrait), and announces that he comes from Uckfield, the audience laughs at the simple incongruity. Far less readily explicable (as Mr. Lesley notes), and far more typical of Coward, is the much bigger laugh that always follows, when Maule adds, "It's

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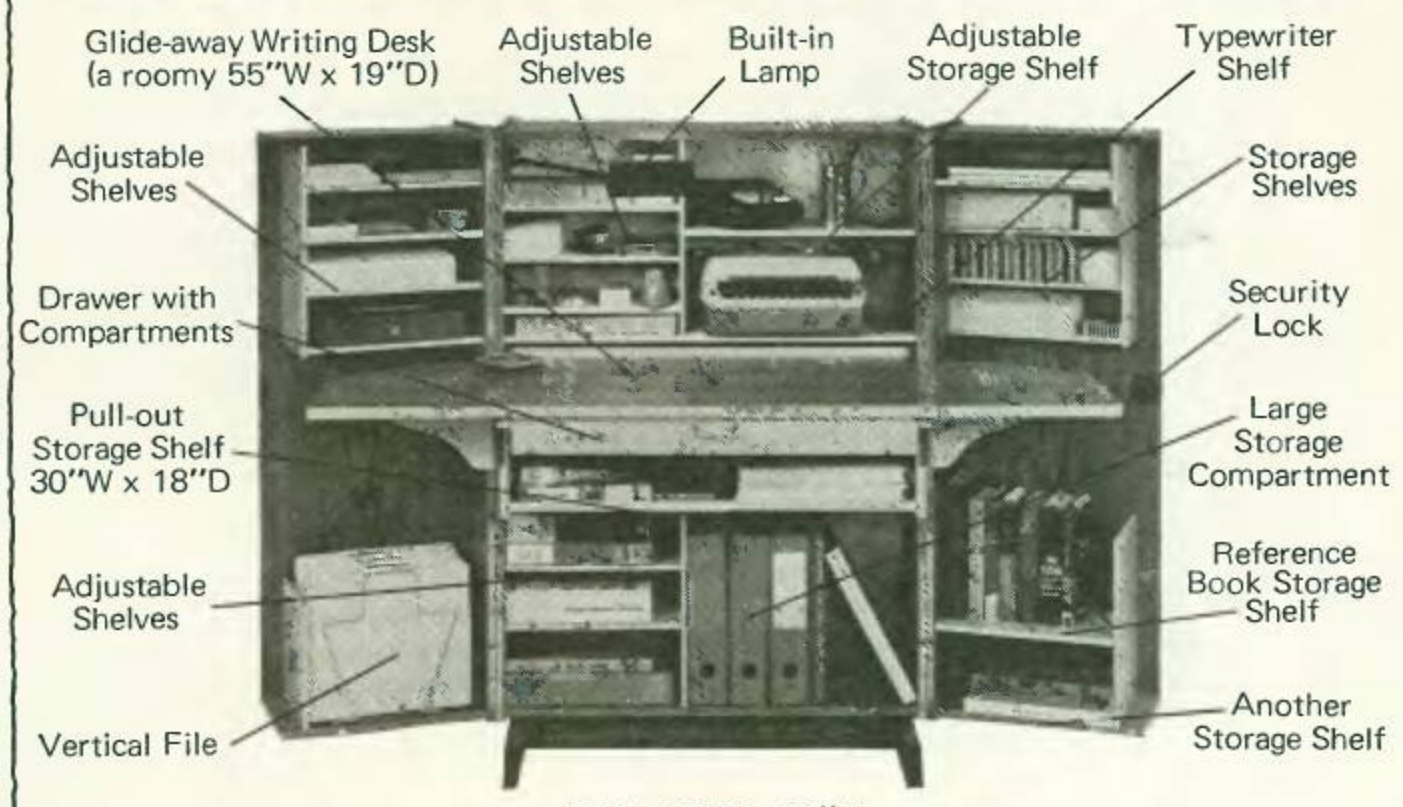

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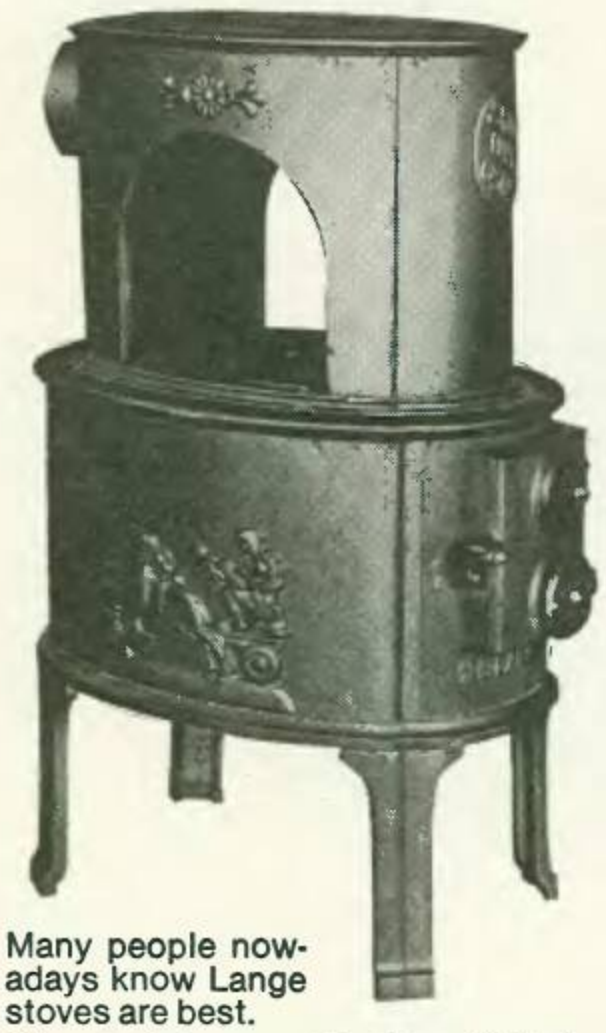

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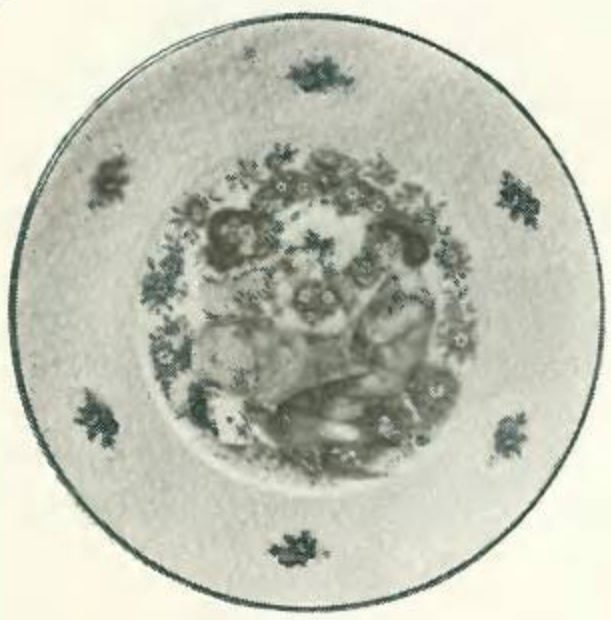

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very near Lewes," and Essendine cheerfully replies, "Then there's nothing to worry about, is there?" Something quite subtle is going on here: Essendine is responding not to what the young man actually says but to the nervous defensiveness that underlies it. We laugh at an apparent non sequitur that is in fact perfectly logical. A comic master is at work.

Our greatest debt to Mr. Lesley lies in what he discloses about the private, not the public, Coward. When dealing with the second half of Coward's life, which he shared, his style takes on an urbane felicity not far removed from that of his master. (I am not, incidentally, among those who deplore the way in which Coward's cronies refer to him as "the Master." Not long ago, when Frank Sinatra appeared on the "Tonight Show," Johnny Carson piously addressed him as "the Boss." Now, Sinatra is an accomplished singer of songs that were mostly written for other people, and a sleek performer of scripts that were entirely written by other people; but if he is the Boss, I submit that Coward—dramatist, screenwriter, director, novelist, singer of songs that he himself composed, and actor in plays that he himself wrote—has a cast-iron claim to the title of Master.) To convey the flavor of private Coward, extensive quotation is indispensable. There are, to begin with, the one-line impromptus. After tasting, while on tour in wartime Britain, a long-promised and eagerly awaited dish of roast goose that turns out to be inedible: "I think a grave has walked over my goose." On reading Monica Baldwin's "I Leap Over the Wall": "It has strengthened me in my decision not to become a nun." At the end of a long letter of practical advice to Arnold Wesker, whose talent he deeply respected: "*Never* wear your wife's sweater again, it is *not* becoming." After suffering from the egocentricity of Claudette Colbert in a TV production of "Blithe Spirit": "I would wring her neck if only I could find it." On seeing a tropical moon rising over a glittering dinner party on a coral beach: "This is piling Pelléas on Mélisande." A terse cable to Mr. Lesley after a trip to Turkey: "AM BACK FROM ISTANBUL WHERE I WAS KNOWN AS ENGLISH DELIGHT." And his account of Ian Fleming's wedding breakfast in Jamaica, at which he described Mr. Fleming's specialty, black crab served in its shell, as exactly like eating cigarette ash out of the ashtray.

Better still, and wilder in their inventiveness, are the extracts from his letters. Together with his protégé, Graham Payn, he spends a week with the Lunts, where the opulent cooking provokes "a series of explosions of wind that are still continuing as I write. Graham is blowing himself in and out of the room like a pop-gun." Life in Jamaica, where he built two houses in the postwar years, yields some attractive vignettes:

> Alton [the chauffeur-butler], with foolish reticence, has withheld from us the valuable information that he had a bad case of scabies. On discovering this we sent him hot foot, and hot arms and legs, to the doctor... The House Beautiful... is coming along a treat and is a seething mass of dark gentlemen of the sonnets hammering and fixing and smelling jolly poignant.... We have a tayny white titty-poo called Evelyn... Here I am after all the sturm and drang having a nice sitty down and contemplating my navel which looks lovelier than ever in a drained sort of way.

Hollywood in the mid-fifties comes to life in a number of crisp bulletins. Humphrey Bogart, "justly celebrated for his Dix-Huitième manners," invites Clifton Webb to a Christmas party, adding, "Bring your ******* mother and she can wipe up her own sick." Mr. Webb, who doted on Mabelle, his octogenarian mama, was not best pleased, although "it was all meant in a spirit of nice clean fun." In the event, the Bogarts attended a seasonal rout at Mr. Webb's place, where "Betty Bacall passed out on Mabelle's bed for three hours." She also "called Hedda Hopper a lousy bitch and kicked her up the bottie under my very eyes." Coward comments, "All of this surprised the Rock Hudsons who are perhaps unused to high society." (When, a few years later, Mabelle died in her nineties, Mr. Webb's grief was so noisily inconsolable that Coward felt moved to register a protest. "It must be tough," he said, "to be orphaned at seventy-one.")

Even those who dislike name-dropping must concede that this is fairly hypnotic stuff of its gossipy kind. But as he marches through middle age, Coward plunges ever more boldly into areas of humor that American readers may find either baffling or downright embarrassing. There are the complicated word games; e.g., if you hum a Chopin mazurka, it means Chaplin, because Chopin died in 1849, the date of the gold rush from which Chaplin borrowed the title of a deathless

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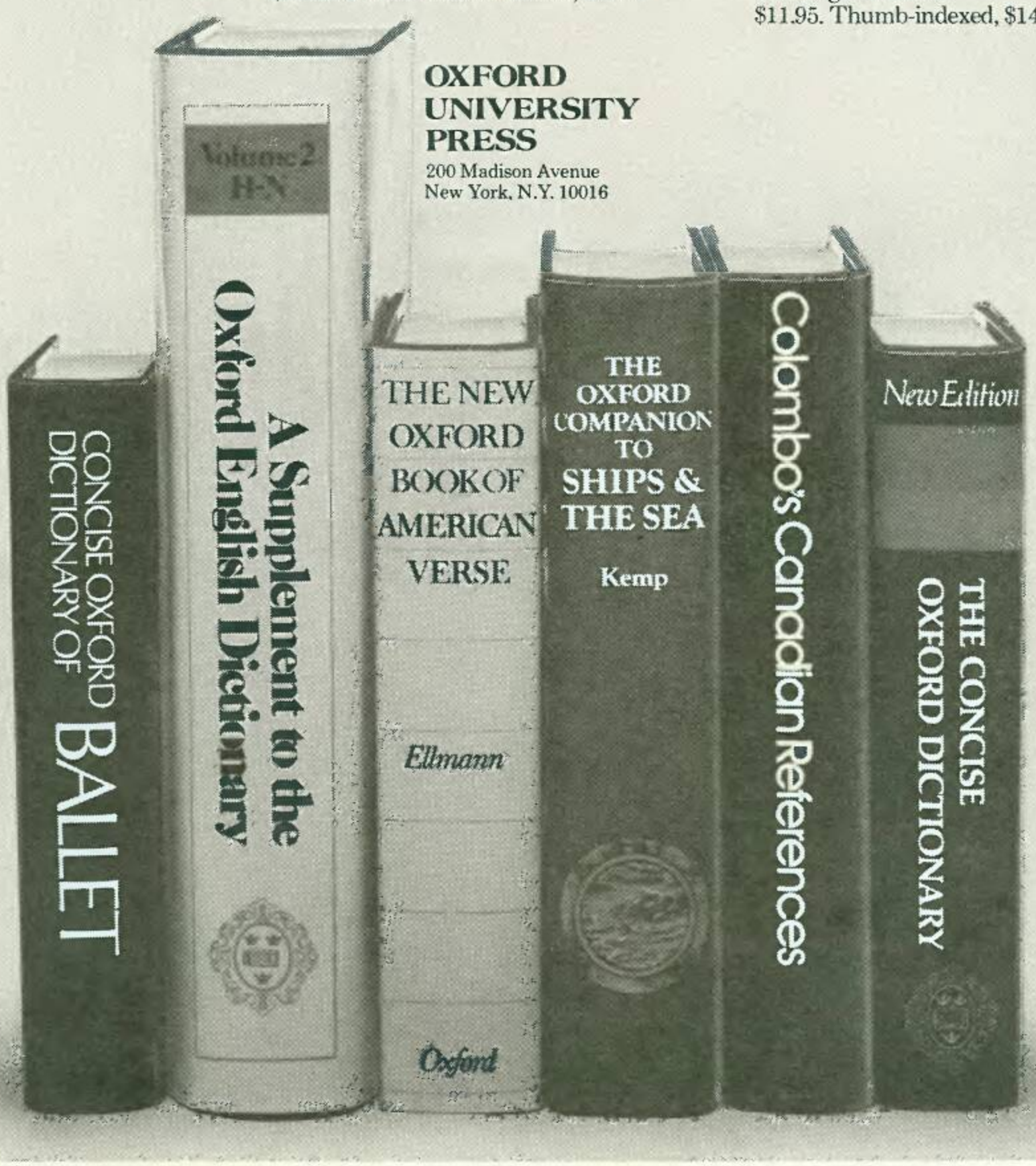

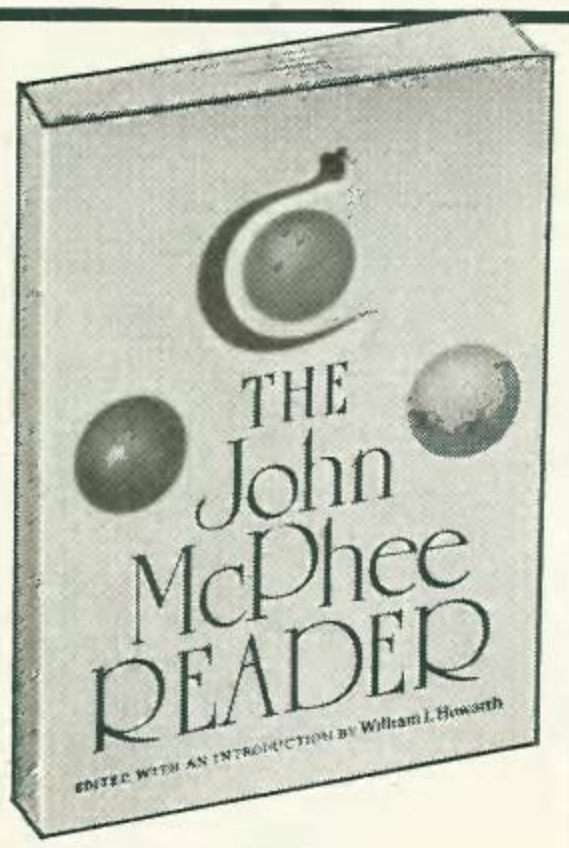

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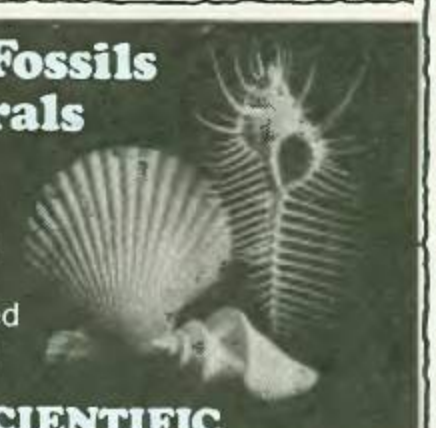

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film. There is the impassioned delight in puns, as when, staying in a hotel at Lausanne, Coward writes that he is profoundly happy "on the bonny, bonny banks of Lac Léman," where there is "no lack des cygnes." When Aneurin Bevan does him a political favor, he moves heaven and earth to persuade Dame Laura Knight to sketch Bevan's portrait, so that he can tell his friends that Knight is drawing Nye. And he cannot resist describing a Greek sailboat as "one of those caiques that you can have but *not* eat." In the postwar period, fractured French starts to invade his correspondence. "Quelle Bearnaise!" (viz. "What sauce!") is his reaction when a close friend dares to overact; and Buckingham Palace, because it overlooks the Mall, acquires the code name of Mal Vu. Fractured Italian soon becomes part of the act:

> The Napolitani on the whole are sweet but molto molto dirty and make caca everywhere probablamente perche they eat troppo di olio but it makes not good for strolling barefoot, however I have never been a grande uno for walking barefoot at the migliore of tempi so non importa.

If you think these are jokes no responsible adult could possibly father, switch off, for worse is to come—an addiction to baby talk, which, though mainly confined to Coward's inner circle, sometimes broke out into the public domain. Mr. Lesley ("Toley" in infant argot) recalls an occasion when he and Coward were seated in the restaurant car of a train alongside a four-square English squire and his wife, who had obviously recognized their illustrious fellow-traveller. When tea was served, Coward's cup lacked a spoon, whereupon he complained, with the precise articulation for which he was renowned, "Toley, Noley hasn't dot a poony." Mr. Lesley says he can still hear the snort of disgust that erupted from the adjoining table.

Infantile, of course; but consciously so, and in a manner not inconsistent with a thoroughly adult talent. I submit, in fact, that infantilism may be the essential cocoon within which certain kinds of talent need to flourish. It is a virtue, not a fault, in Coward that he never discarded—and was never embarrassed by—his childhood. What Mr. Lesley shows us in his later chapters is a superbly preserved middle-aged child, ebullient and suntanned, who carries his nursery memories into adult life with no vestige of shame. The pipeline to infancy, and all the mischief and imaginative exuberance that go with it, is always open. Beneath the stoical mask

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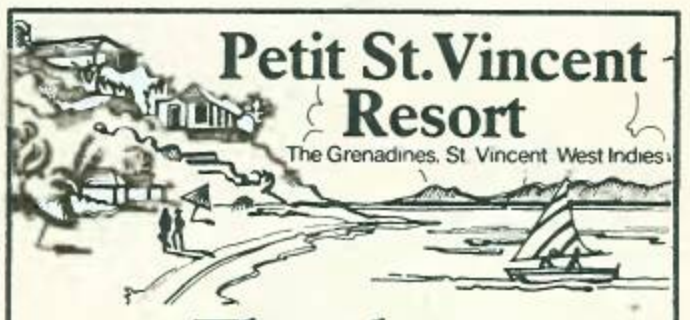

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of the disciplined performer we can always discern the ecstatic tot, winking conspiratorially at other Peter Pans, to the perpetual discomfiture of "adults." Coward was not an intellectual (he writes, with insouciant self-deprecation, to his pal Nancy Mitford that "as you may or may not know, I am just mad about books and you being so brainy and all . . . might give me a few ideas which, I may say, would be bitterly resented") but a creature of impulse, who was tough-minded enough to resist the temptation to become what passes, in our society, for a "grownup."

I cherish Mr. Lesley's portrait of Coward in his fifties, retiring early to bed at his country house in Kent (usually after a visit to the village cinema), with a mug of Ovaltine, "a little eggy something on a tray," and large helpings of chocolates from Charbonnel & Walker in Bond Street ("Mr. Coward's special mixture")—the most pampered, debonair, hardheaded, professional boy on earth. Writing, years later, of death, which by then had become an imminent possibility, he still saw himself as a child, serenely awaiting a nanny's summons:

> I would prefer Fate to allow me to go to sleep when it's my proper bedtime. I never have been one for staying up too late.

With every step he takes toward the adult world, as Wordsworth noted, "shades of the prison-house begin to close/upon the growing Boy." Not, however, upon the Boy from Teddington, who saw confinement looming and took prompt evasive action—or, as he would have said, "rose above it." Whether by genetic luck or environmental good judgment, Noël Coward never suffered the imprisonment of maturity. —KENNETH TYNAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SUN CHEMIST, by Lionel Davidson (Knopf). Mr. Davidson's new and thoroughly entertaining entertainment is a skillful combination of science and history and fiction, but it is also a somewhat teasing one, because we can never be sure just where the actual record ends and the author's vigorous imagination takes over. A young English historian of Russian birth is engaged in editing two volumes (1931-35) of the papers of the late Chaim Weizmann, chemist, Zionist, and first president of Israel. From this work, at his home in London and at the Weizmann Institute of Science in Israel, he gets a fateful glimpse of a series

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of long-forgotten experiments that point toward an inexpensive and inexhaustible substitute for petroleum. It is a glimpse, of course, that others (both in London and in Israel) wish to share. Mr. Davidson writes with seeming authority and with deliberation, his science is as interesting as his creation of suspense, and he knows exactly when to break into a headlong, climactic sprint.

GENERAL

TWEED'S NEW YORK: ANOTHER LOOK, by Leo Hershkowitz (Anchor Press/Doubleday). This absorbing work is notable for two reasons: it relies on documents that have never been used by any other historian, and it is pertinent to the present. Professor Hershkowitz, who teaches history at City University's Queens College, has quarried the archives of the city comptroller's office and concludes that the villainy of Boss Tweed and his ring was largely invented by journalists and politicians whose own motivations were far from noble. Tweed himself was a native-born Protestant, but he supported aid to parochial schools as well as to Catholic and Jewish hospitals and orphanages; he had visions of making New York City tolerable for the working class, and physically attractive—something like Baron Haussmann's remodelled Paris. In the author's opinion, Tweed became the target of the so-called reformers only because he was "identified as the leading spokesman for the interests of the city and of the immigrant," and the timing of the assault, 1870, reflected the Republicans' need for a Democratic scandal: the Grand Old Party had been losing one election after another as the nation learned of the corruption in the Grant Administration. The details of Tweed's trials are complex, but they bear out the author's contention that justice was not their purpose; for example, Tweed's bail (he could not meet it) was set at four million dollars—in a civil, not a criminal, prosecution. Tweed died in jail, flat broke, and no trace has ever appeared of the money he was accused of stealing from the city. The book is not a whitewash—the Tweed we meet here is no paragon, not even a particularly able man—but the author does demonstrate that the accusations against Tweed were never legally proved and lack plausibility.

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and James B. Bakalar (Basic Books). Practically everything that is known about cocaine—its effects (stimulating); who uses it (in the United States just now, it has "snob appeal"); its chemistry; its virtues as a local anesthetic; its appearances in literature. One fact emerges more clearly than any other—that nobody knows enough about cocaine to warrant the generalizations that everybody makes about it. The authors, a psychiatrist and a lawyer who both teach at Harvard Medical School, discuss the formation of social judgments about drugs: how society makes up its mind that some drugs are drugs in a pejorative sense (heroin and cocaine) and some are not (caffeine and nicotine). The authors do not think that cocaine is a particularly harmful drug—they say that "it does not cause loss of psychomotor control of the same kind or to the same degree as alcohol or barbiturates"—but they by no means recommend Sherlock Holmes' seven-per-cent solution for what ails you.

NOTE: "Mahatma Gandhi and His Apostles," by Ved Mehta, has been published by Viking. The book originally appeared as a series of articles in *The New Yorker*. . . . "The John McPhee Reader," edited by William L. Howarth—extracts from pieces that Mr. McPhee wrote for this magazine—has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BRIC-A-BRAC MAN, by Russell H. Greenan (Random House). A young and attractively larcenous dealer in "antiquities" sells his soul to Satan (in the person of a possibly demented Mexican) for two thousand dollars, and at once begins to leave a trail of carnage behind him—shootings, strangulations, house fires, falls from high places. Mr. Greenan is a blithe and bubbling writer who easily transmutes the most ghastly happenings into simple fun, and his "extravaganza" (as he calls it) is a first-rate diversion. The scene is Boston.

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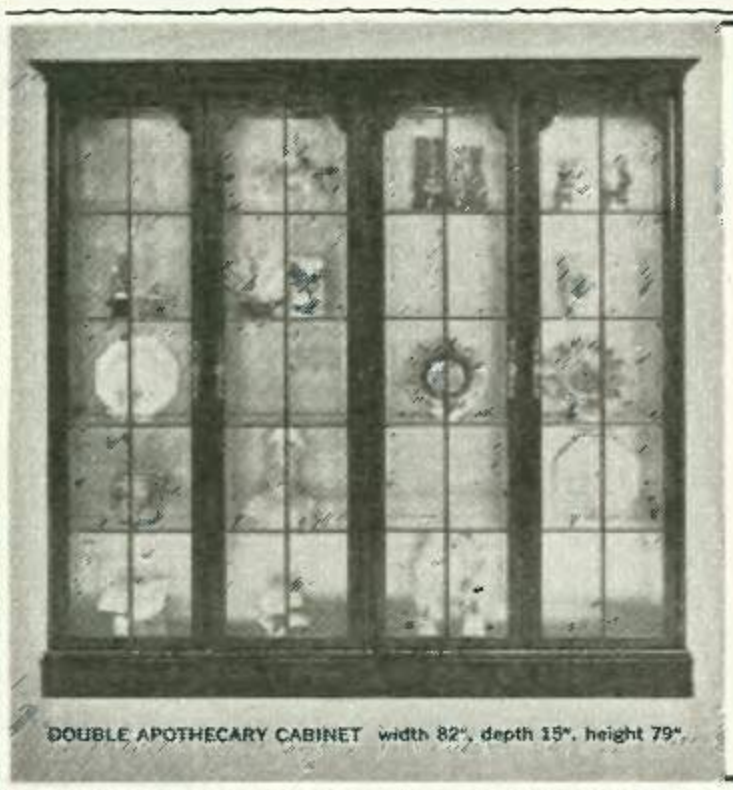

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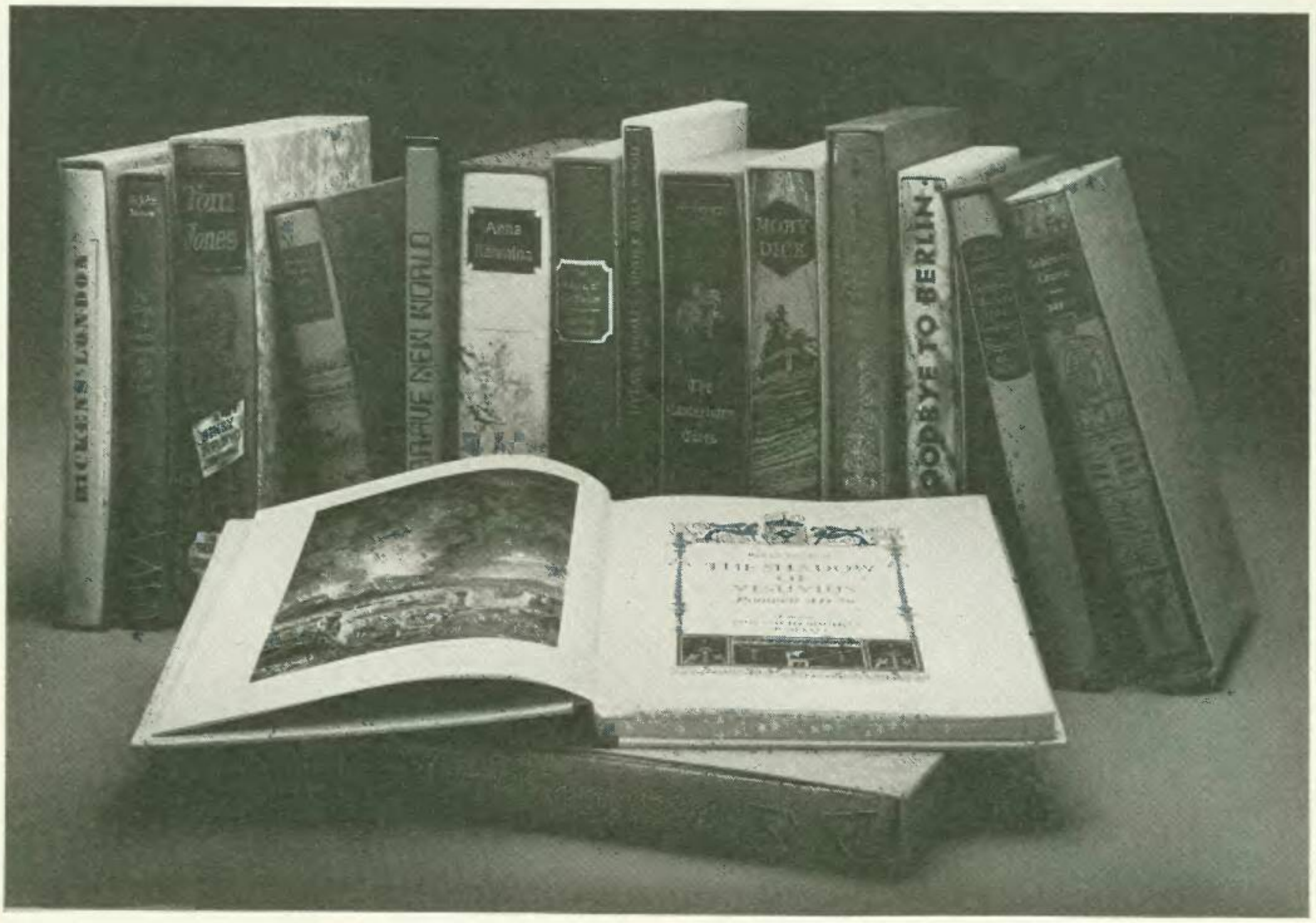

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