Nov. 15, 1982

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—A distinctly flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the father of the child, and the Mother Superior of the convent is inclined to agree with her, but a court-appointed psychiatrist (herself a lapsed Catholic) has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. The author is John Pielmeier. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cats—Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Lanford Wilson's **angels fall**, about six people who are temporarily detained at a mission in New Mexico by an explosion in a nearby uranium mine, is deftly written. It is flawlessly performed, under Marshall W. Mason's direction, by Barnard Hughes, Fritz Weaver, Danton Stone, Nancy Snyder, Brian Tarantina, and Tanya Berezin. John Lee Beatty designed the exceptionally good setting. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 20, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2.)

Do Lord Remember Me—James de Jongh has made his tense, dramatic play from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. The performances—the acting, singing, and dancing—under Regge Life's direction are often humorous and always moving. With Frances Foster, Glynn Turman, Ebony Jo-Ann, Charles H. Patterson, and Lou Myers. (11/8/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Start Me Talkin' or I'll Tell Everything I Know: Sayings from the Life and Writings of Junebug Jabbo Jones—John O'Neal in a one-man show. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 10. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 11, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 21. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Edmond—David Mamet's play about a New York businessman who leaves West Seventy-ninth Street for the Times Square underworld is as hypnotic as a nightmare, although once it is over a few flaws become apparent. It is very well performed, under Gregory Mosher's direction, by a cast imported from the Goodman Theatre, in Chicago. (11/8/82) (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Leonard Sillman's revue **new faces of '52**, with sketches by Ronny Graham, Mel Brooks, and Peter De Vries, is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 21. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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Foxfire—Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Keith Carradine in a play with songs, based on the book series about Appalachian folklore. The authors are Susan Cooper and Mr. Cronyn, and the music was composed by Jonathan Holtzman. Directed by David Trainer. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 10. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 11. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Good—A first-rate play in a first-rate production by the Royal Shakespeare Company. The author is C. P. Taylor and his subject is the rise of Hitlerism as reflected in the lives of two close friends, one a German who is Christian and the other a German who is Jewish. Alan Howard and Gary Waldhorn play the two friends superbly. The director is Howard Davies. Not to be missed. (10/25/82) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Greater Tuna—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of nimble, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, Nov. 14: **h.m.s. pinafore**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Nov. 17: **iolanthe**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company is a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Lee Wilkof as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

it, and Ellen Greene as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—The theme of this short, elegantly written melodrama is the desolation of failed relations, whether in the family or out in the world. The scene is South Africa. The author, Athol Fugard, has directed his superb cast with appropriate energy. James Earl Jones enters the cast on Friday, Nov. 12. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nine—A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (credited to Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Raul Julia is the star—one man surrounded by an army of hard-breathing women. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Phoenix Theatre—Cleavon Little in Michael Hastings' comedy **two fish in the sky.** (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 223-0101. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 28.)

Plenty—The fascinating heroine of this very good play by the English dramatist David Hare is a woman who, after her experiences with the French underground during the Second World War, conducts her own private war against every aspect of English life. Most of Mr. Hare's post-John Osborne targets are familiar by now, but his characters and scenes and lines are original and strong, and the performances, under his direction, are first-rate. Kate Nelligan is his driven heroine and Edward Herrmann is her stalwart, victimized husband; among the supporting actors are Ellen Parker, Daniel Gerroll, and George Martin. (11/1/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 28.)

Present Laughter—A better play than it has the reputation for being, this autobiographical work by Noël Coward—a case of Coward mocking Coward with the witty malice he was famous for—has been turned into a slapstick farce by George C. Scott, its director and star. The rest of the cast is more cowed than Cowardly. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Charles Ludlam's current production is **exquisite torture.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Thursday and Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, Nov. 14.)

The Showgirl—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesdays at 8, Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Some Men Need Help—A new play by John Ford Noonan, with Philip Bosco and Treat Williams. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 757-5458. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Standing on My Knees—Pamela Reed, the heroine of John Olive's touching play, gives a truly wonderful performance, as a poet afflicted with schizophrenia. (11/8/82) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 14.)

True West—A revival, newly cast and directed, of Sam Shepard's comedy about a pair of brothers in Los Angeles. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Twice Around the Park—A pair of one-act plays

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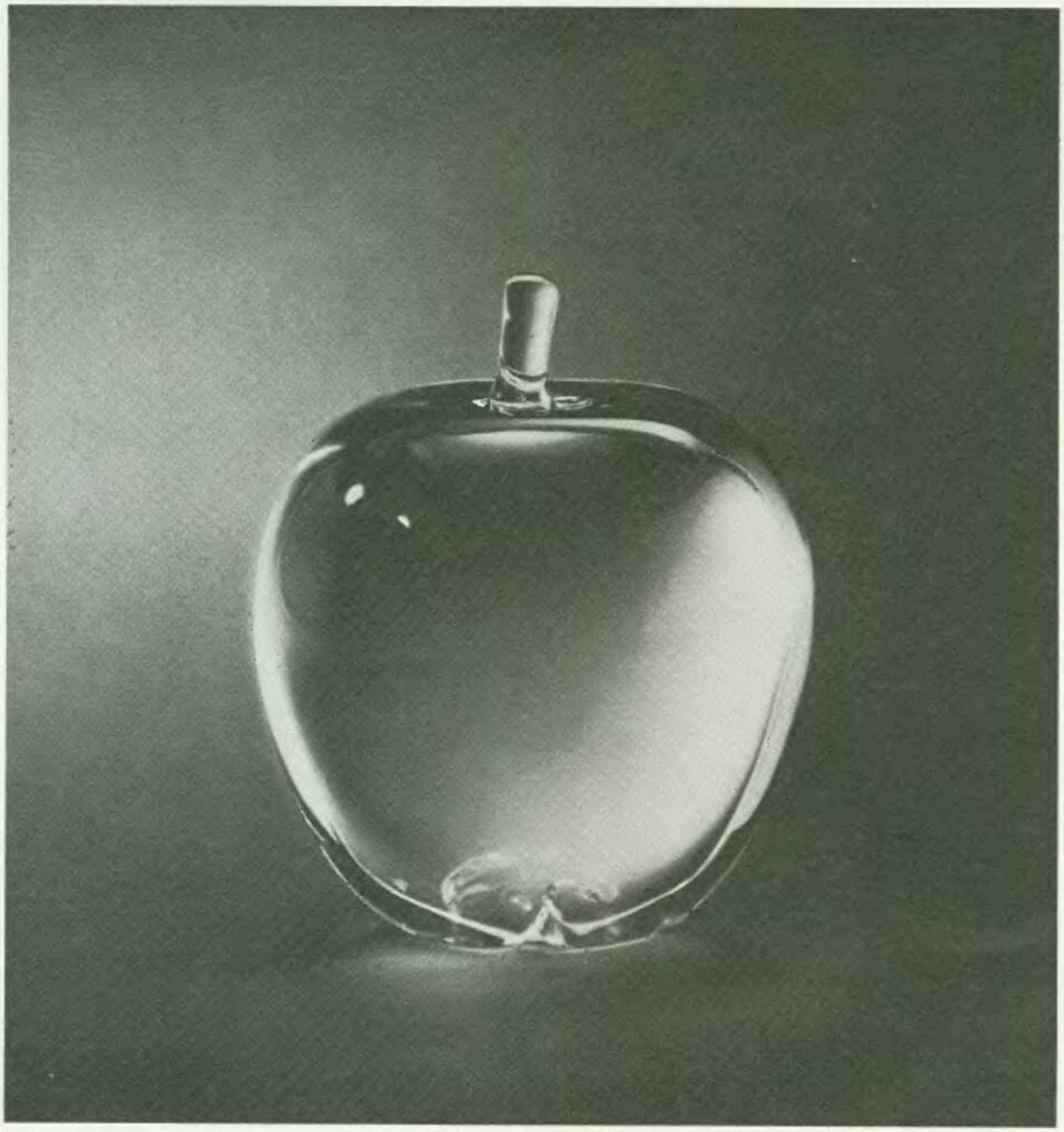
by Murray Schisgal, made to seem far funnier than they are by the strenuous caperings of Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Two-Character Play—Austin Pendleton and Barbara eda-Young in a drama by Tennessee Williams. (Open Space, 133 Second Ave., at 8th St. 254-8630. Thursday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Closes Sunday, Nov. 14.)

The Workroom—A play by Jean-Claude Grumberg, set in post-Second World War France. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**amadeus:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Frank Langella, Dennis Boutsikaris, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. On Tuesday, Nov. 16, Mr. Langella and Mr. Boutsikaris will be replaced by David Dukes and John Pankow. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **annie:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays 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. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cloud 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a bright and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **crimes of the heart:** In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but the author, Beth Henley, makes nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the dining room:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place over the past fifty years or so, in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **dreamgirls:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **evita:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Anthony Crivello, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 9,376 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.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **joseph and the amazing technicolor dreamcoat:** Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. 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.) . . . **one mo' time:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the pirates of penzance:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 28.) . . . **pump boys and dinettes:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **sister mary ignatius explains it all for you** and **the actor's nightmare:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **a soldier's play:** The Negro Ensemble Company production of Charles Fuller's gripping drama about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **sophisticated ladies:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Maurice Hines, sings and dances with ex-



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traordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch heads the cast of this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerald Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9, Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show opens on Friday, Nov. 19, and will run through Thursday, Jan. 6. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Nov. 19, at 7:30, and Saturday, Nov. 20, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 20—Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8: A joint performance by, and for the benefit of, the New York City Ballet and the New York City Opera, featuring selections from both repertoires to music by Verdi, Gluck, Lehár, Bernstein, and Richard Strauss. For tickets, call 870-5676. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "La Création du Monde" (New York première), and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 19, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Serenade," and "Gershwin Concerto." A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

Murray Louis Dance Company—Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 10-13, and Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Aperitif" (New York première), "Geometrics," and "Repertoire" (première). . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, at 8: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Déjà Vu," "A Stravinsky Montage," and "Index." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 17-18, at 8: "Schubert," "Five Masks," "Many Seasons," and "Afternoon." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Nov. 21.)

Cullberg Ballet Company—Final performances by this company from Sweden—Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 7, and Thursday and Friday, Nov. 11-12, at 8: "Miss Julie," "Adam and Eve," and "Soweta—South Africa." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2: "Giselle." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

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Festival of the Nile—A single performance of traditional Egyptian music and dance, by this forty-member company, appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Werkcentrum Dans—A two-week engagement by this Dutch company, appearing here for the first time—Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 10-13, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3: "Big Eyes," co-performed by the David Gordon/Pick Up Company. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 17-20, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3: Repertory works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—A program of contemporary dance. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St., between Nassau and Gold Sts. 924-0027. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

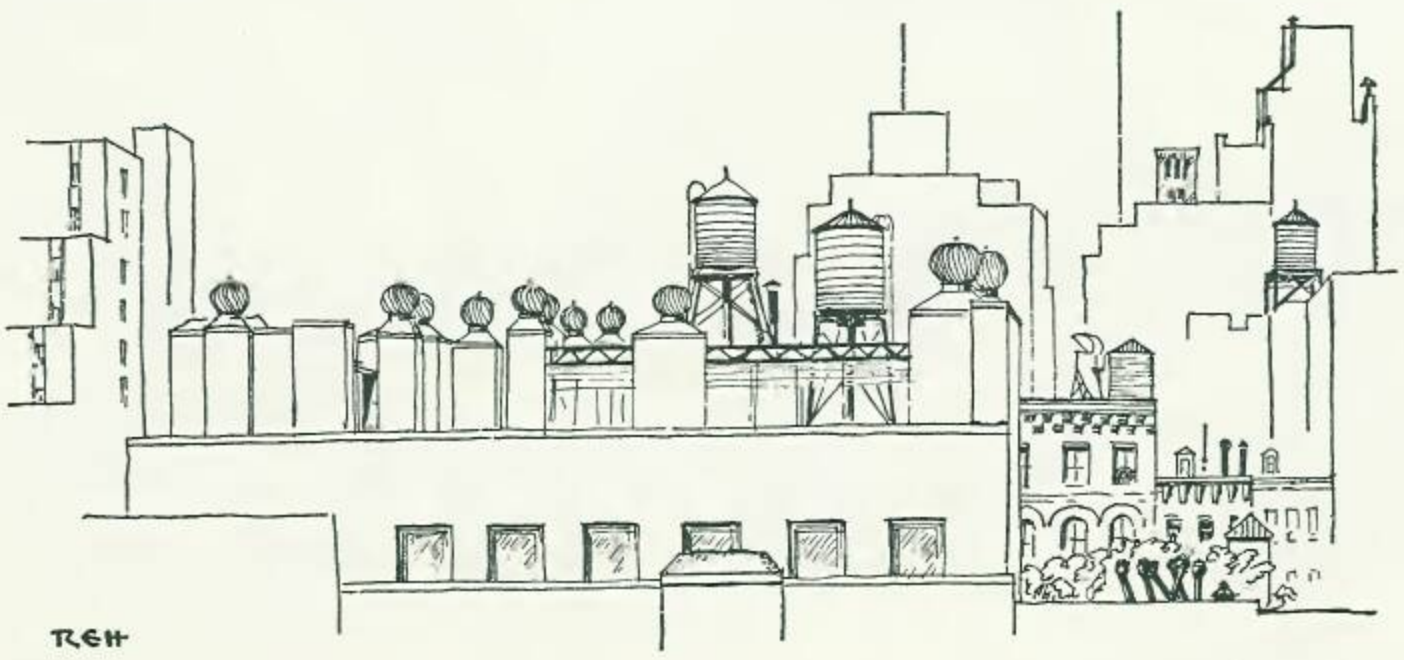
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, pianist **JAKI BYARD** and his trio will work on the four-foot-high bandstand, and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, the William Komaiko trio will be present. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Caribbean-flavored pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER** leads his combo through Sunday, Nov. 14; on Tuesday, Nov. 16, guitarist **LAURINDO ALMEIDA** will come in. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty. Mondays are jazz-showcase nights.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, Nov. 10, Brazilian singer **FLORA PURIM** and Brazilian percussionist **AIRTO MOREIRA** and saxophonist **JOE FARRELL;** Friday, Nov. 12, Jesse Colin Young and Dan Daley; Saturday, Nov. 13, pianist **LONNIE LISTON SMITH;** Monday, Nov. 15, Nicolette Larson; Thursday, Nov. 18, the Lounge Lizards; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, **SONNY ROLLINS.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.



Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. **RED MITCHELL,** right now the resident bassist, performs with pianist **LARRY WILLIS** through Saturday, Nov. 13; will perform with another pianist on Sunday, Nov. 14; and will support pianist Frank Strazzeri beginning Monday, Nov. 15. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is back in the saddle again—actually, it's the piano bench in the Café Carlyle—with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays the piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar, nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist, is the star at this dark-brown room just in back of Carnegie Hall. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 10, the Abstracts and J. Z. Rock; Thursday, Nov. 11, His Master's Voice, Syntax, Call & Response, and Standing Waves; Friday, Nov. 12, Levi Dexter & the Tribe, Soviet Sex, and Hoy Boy & the Doys. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Pianist **DON SHIRLEY** is here through Tuesday, Nov. 16; on Wednesday, Nov. 17, **ALBERTA HUNTER** will return to sing the blues, call the blues, chant the blues, and talk the blues, and sing standards such as "Let the Rest of the World Go By" and "The Glory of Love." Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Nov. 10, Lou Killen; Thursday, Nov. 11, David Roth and Jim Garber; Saturday, Nov. 13, **SKYLINE,** with **TONY TRISCHKA;** Wednesday, Nov. 17, Brian Conway and Greg Ryan; Thursday, Nov. 18, a jam session; and Saturday, Nov. 20, the Tompkins County Horseflies. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays, and from nine on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, Nov. 14, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY,** a member of the Savoy Sultans in the forties, will lead his quartet, the **JAZZ SULTANS,** from about nine-fifteen. On Mondays, the Jack Maheu quintet works out. On Wednesdays, other small combos work from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Pianists **LES**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MC CANN and ANDY LAVERNE and their respective ensembles perform through Sunday, Nov. 14; on Tuesday, Nov. 16, intense, vertiginous pianist MC COY TYNER will arrive. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Nov. 10, Martin Carthy & the Watersons, and Saturday, Nov. 20, DEUCE, an R. & B.-influenced band co-piloted by JEAN FINEBERG and ELLEN SEELING. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by François Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yale—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 10-11, pianist RONNIE MATHEWS and bassist RAY DRUMMOND; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, Kenny Brawner; Monday, Nov. 15, BOB CUNNINGHAM and BROSS TOWNSEND, with guitarist TONY PURRONE; and Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 16-18, pianist CHARLES EUBANKS and bassist DAVID EUBANKS. Sundays are the property of singer, pianist, and composer ANDY BEY. Music Sundays through Thursdays at ten and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 10-14, pianist JILL MC MANUS, guitarist MIKE GARI, and bassist STEVE LA SPINA occupy the bandstand, and Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 17-21, pianist MARTY NAPOLEON'S trio will be present. On Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by speedy bebop guitarist CHUCK WAYNE has the floor. All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, BROOKS KERR plays stride-piano tunes and some Ellington material and sings a little.

GRIFF'S, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires mostly piano-bass duos. JUNIOR MANCE and MARTY RIVERA play some invigorating piano-bass duets through Saturday, Nov. 13; on Tuesday, Nov. 16, pianist JOHN BUNCH will move in with bassist PHIL FLANIGAN. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine. NINA SHELDON is at the piano Sundays and Mondays from seven.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—DICK WELLSTOOD, the house stride-piano specialist, can be found at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. On Wednesday, Nov. 10, pianist HILTON RUIZ, bassist MAJOR HOLLEY, and saxophonist MIKE MORGENSTERN will perform; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, trombonist SLIDE HAMPTON will guide his ensemble, the WORLD OF TROMBONES—*nine* trombones plus a rhythm section; Wednesday, Nov. 17, will be claimed by saxophonist KEN MC INTYRE; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, the BARRON brothers—saxophonist BILL and pianist KENNY—will work with bassist RAY DRUMMOND and drummer BEN RILEY. Sets from about nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter MAX KAMINSKY leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons: the piano-bass teams that work here. Super bassist RON CARTER is here at the moment, performing with pianist CEDAR WALTON through Saturday, Nov. 13, and with pianist LARRY WILLIS beginning Tuesday, Nov. 16. The Sunday and Monday players are JUNIOR MANCE and MARTY RIVERA. Music from ten.

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LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, Nov. 10, Cajun fiddler DOUG KERSHAW; Thursday, Nov. 11, LEVON HELM, the astonishingly energetic and wonderful drummer and singer, with the Cate Brothers Band; Sunday, Nov. 14, Dean Friedman and Sister Swing; Monday, Nov. 15, singer Ronee Blakley and Tom Scott; Wednesday, Nov. 17, ROY CLARK; and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 18-20, RAY WYLIE HUBBARD. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

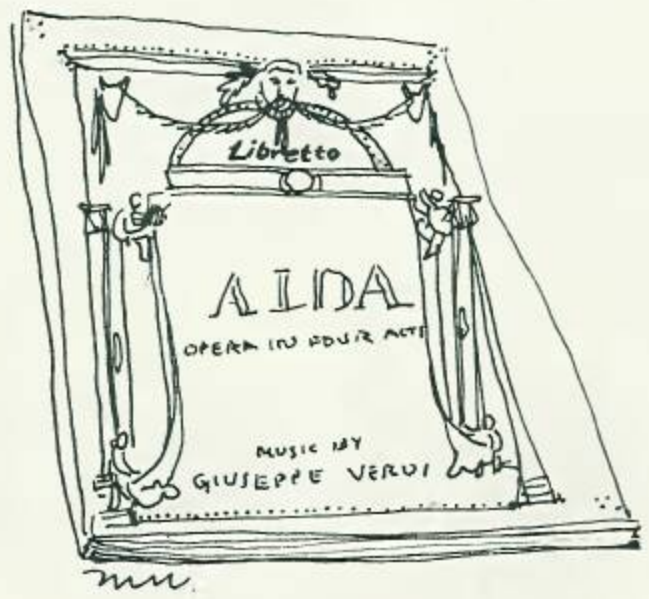
LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. NAT ADDERLEY and SONNY FORTUNE lead a hard-bop quintet through Saturday, Nov. 13; on Sunday, Nov. 14, PAQUITO D'RIVERA'S quintet, which features pianist HILTON RUIZ, will drop by; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 15-16, JOHN HICKS will work with his quartet; and on Wednesday, Nov. 17, FREDDIE HUBBARD will bring in a quintet which also features Hilton Ruiz. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave. at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden and a view of SYLVIA SYMS through Saturday, Nov. 13, and a view of KENNY RANKIN beginning Monday, Nov. 15. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—FRAN WARREN winds up her current visit on Saturday, Nov. 13. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Mondays from nine, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 10-11, guitarist Georg Wadenius; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, vibraharpist ROY AYERS; Monday, Nov. 15, drummer and singer NORMAN CONNORS; and Tuesday, Nov. 16, Sam Burtis and his twelve-piece band. Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 10, the Privates; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 11-13, R. & B. saxophonist STANLEY TURRENTINE; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 17-18, singer BONNIE KOLOC; and Friday, Nov. 19, the sublime soul sextet STUFF. Shows start at nine-thirty and midnight. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.



PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—JIMMY LYON is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll, dancing, video-watching, and general hanging-out in a three-level club that boasts some pretty good live bands, ennui-ridden patrons' faces, a Paul Schrader-grim décor, and very few, if any, pastel colors. Thursday, Nov. 11, the GUN CLUB; Friday, Nov. 12, Medium Medium; and Saturday, Nov. 13, Sweet Pea Atkinson with Was/Not Was. Live music from about eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—SY OLIVER and his bouncy septet play music to dance to, to listen to, or to gawk out the windows to (the room is sixty-five stories up) Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, Nov. 10, Pat Travers; Friday, Nov. 12, the Payolas; and Saturday, Nov. 13, Romeo Void and the Fixx. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 10, DOC POWELL; Thursday, Nov. 11, the JOHN TROPEA–DAVID SPINOZZA band; Friday, Nov. 12, CORNELL DUPREE and RICHARD TEE; Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 13-14, Joe Cool; Monday, Nov. 15, the Lynn Welshman tentet; and Tuesday, Nov. 16, Ictus. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A new club—in a renovated luncheonette—that offers, in the words of its proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian experience." The schedule of very lively samba and Brazilian-jazz bands: Wednesday, Nov. 10, LLOYD MC NEILL; Thursday, Nov. 11, LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, and Thursday, Nov. 18, Brasil 2000; Sunday, Nov. 14, Aloisio Aguiar and Clarice Taylor; Monday, Nov. 15, the Funktionaries; Tuesday, Nov. 16, Marcos Silva & Steps of the Imagination; Wednesday, Nov. 17, DOM SALVADOR; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, PÉ-DE-BOI. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Very good weekend jazz: Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, violinist Bernie Charles and his quartet, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, tenor saxophonist CLIFFORD JORDAN. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Electro-saxophonist and singer EDDIE HARRIS performs through Saturday, Nov. 13; Monday, Nov. 15, will belong to trumpeter TED CURSON; and starting Tuesday, Nov. 16, JAMES MOODY will come in with his band. Sundays are devoted to Brazilian jazz with THIAGO DE MELLO and his band, AMAZON. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A simple, unpretentious blues club with only one attraction at the moment—but what an attraction! BIG JOE TURNER sings

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A nonthreatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, Nov. 10, Daryl Canada and Moberlys; Thursday, Nov. 11, Notes and Seclusions; Friday, Nov. 12, Adult Music, Go Deo Chorus, and the Donny Fury Band; Saturday, Nov. 13, the Loners and Felony. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room; on Nov. 15, two bands, **el gran combo** and **manny oquendo's libre,** and one guest jazz soloist, **daniel poncé,** can be heard from about nine. Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **daphne hellman** leads a trio on Tuesdays from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Vibraharpist **bobby hutcherson's** quartet is here through Sunday, Nov. 14, and beginning Monday, Nov. 15, the **mel lewis** big band will spend all week on the stand. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. Pianist and songwriter **dave frishberg** sings his tunes through Sunday, Nov. 14, and on Tuesday, Nov. 16, trombonist **urbie green** will begin a rare New York visit. Sets begin at nine-thirty Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; **sadik hakim** has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Tenor saxophonist **willis (gator tail) jackson** heads up his quartet through Sunday, Nov. 14, and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 15-16, will be given over to the Percy France quartet. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. The lineup of piano-bass duos: **kenny barron** and **buster williams** through Saturday, Nov. 13, and **brooks kerr** and **milt hinton** Monday through Thursday, Nov. 15-18. The Lola Dunn trio works Sundays. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

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

Doo-Wopp, Vol. V—With Johnny Maestro and the Brooklyn Bridge, the Drifters, Johnnie & Joe, the Fleetwoods, the Capris, the Chimes, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, at 8.)

Chicago—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Missing Persons—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.

Devo—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Roches—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8.

Nat Adderley Quintet and **Ebony Jo-Ann (with the Rudy Stevenson Quartet)**—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8 and 10:30.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 11, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Jimmy Madison band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Ray Drummond quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 6 and 8: Judy Niemack. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 10 and midnight: Janet Lawson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Cheryl Pyle, Fred Hersch, Ron McClure, and Billy Hart. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Arthur Taylor's Wailers. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

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Soundscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays: Daniel Poncé. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13: Luther Thomas & Dissazz Review. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20: Delmar Brown & Bush Rock. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 9.)

ART

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

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Horst Antes—Acrylic paintings, some incorporating Hopi Indian symbols. Through Nov. 26. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Hannelore Baron—Collages combining paper, cloth, and monoprints. Through Nov. 27. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Joseph Beuys—Felt-fabric multiples from Beuys' works in the Gibson gallery collection. Through Dec. 24. (Gibson, 205 E. 78th St.)

Dove Bradshaw—Small abstract paintings in mixed mediums. Through Dec. 4. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Kevin Cannon—Small, elegant abstract sculptures made of leather by an artist who started out as a sandalmaker and student of saddlery. Through Nov. 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Lynn Chadwick / Victor Pasmore—Small figures in bronze. / Prints. Through Nov. 24. (Christie's, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Robert Cottingham—Paintings and drawings by an artist who concentrates on details of storefront neon and metal signs, treating them with Photo-Realist precision. Through Nov. 23. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Raoul Dufy (1877-1953)—Paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 4. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Martha Mayer Erlebacher—One large allegorical work and numerous nudes, in oil, pastel, and pencil. Through Nov. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Mary Faulconer / John F. La Farge—Small paintings of still-lifes and Paris storefronts. / Paintings of surreal tableaux. Through Nov. 27. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Tommasi Ferroni / Christin Couture—Three large paintings, plus preparatory works, whose themes—art history, politics, the artist in his studio—are usually presented by incongruous juxtapositions. Through Dec. 31. / Interiors painted on long horizontal panels. Through Nov. 27. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

John Adams Griefen / Morton Livingston Schamberg (1881-1918)—Abstract acrylics. Through Dec. 4. / A retrospective of paintings, including portraits and machine abstracts, by an American modernist. Through Dec. 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Margaret Israel—Painted-ceramic sculptures, paintings. Through Dec. 11. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Painted wall sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Abby Leigh—Tiny, semi-abstract watercolors of the city skyline and delicate studies of mushrooms and vegetables in the manner of Demuth. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Helen Lundeberg—Stylized paintings of architecture and interiors by a California artist; first solo exhibition in New York. Through Dec. 4. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Stanton Macdonald-Wright (1890-1973)—Synchromist paintings. Through Nov. 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Natkin—Recent abstract paintings. Through Nov. 27. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Dorothea Rockburne—Recent works, each consisting of a large sheet of vellum, painted on both sides with different shades of watercolors and then folded, like origami. Through Nov. 27. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

James Rosenquist—Three paintings and six drawings dated 1982. Through Dec. 18. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Lucy Sallick—Maine landscapes in acrylic and watercolor. Through Dec. 11. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Fritz Scholder—Recent paintings and monotypes, including a series inspired by the Empire State Building. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Edvins Strautmanis / Richard Hickam—Abstract Expressionist acrylics. / Abstractions derived from figures. Through Dec. 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: An impressive selection of more or less informal works, on paper, by celebrated artists of the past two centuries—Cézanne, Picasso, Degas, Klee, Willem de Kooning, and so on, twenty-five in all. Through Nov. 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **la boetie,** 9 E. 82nd St.: Collages and reliefs by some thirty European modernists, among them Schwitters, Arp, and Domela. Through Dec. 31. . . . **noortman & brod,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Barbizon school and pre-Impressionst French landscape paintings, by Théodore Rousseau, Charles-François Daubigny, Narcisse-Virgile Diaz de la Peña, Jules Dupré, Constant Troyon, and others; forty-four works from a single collection. Through Jan. 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Works by Léger, Braque, Picasso, Modigliani, and Pascin are in the current exhibition. Through Nov. 27. . . . **saidenberg,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Faces are the theme of this show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by thirteen artists, among them Picasso, Matisse, and Brancusi. Through Nov. 27. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **york,** 21 E. 65th St.: Plant forms in American modernism: paintings, drawings, and photographs by Dove, O'Keeffe, Sheeler, Joseph Stella, and others. Through Dec. 4.

Sculpture—Mary Frank, Howard Kalish, Sam Thurston, and others in a show called "Narrative Sculpture." Through Nov. 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Will Barnet—Portrait paintings from the past twenty years. Through Dec. 2. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Victoria Barr—Emblematic paintings, and batik textiles. Through Nov. 27. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

William Beckman—Large pastels of Dutchess County farmlands and pastures and the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

clouds over them, done with a sharpness of detail not often seen in this medium. Through Nov. 24. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Edward Betts—Semi-abstract paintings from the past twenty years. Through Nov. 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

William Blake (1757-1827) **and Francisco Goya** (1746-1828)—Engravings from the former's "Book of Job," and etchings from the latter's "Los Caprichos" series. Through Nov. 24. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Irene Buszko—Representational paintings, several of them views of Richmond Hill, Queens, and of Belize. Through Nov. 27. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Abstract Expressionist oils. Through Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Bernard Chaet—Groups of fruit (pears, blueberries) and the rocky New England coast are favorite subjects of this watercolorist. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Michael David—Wall pieces, mostly cruciform in shape, made of wood and thickly encrusted with wax and pigment. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Dorfman—Ten new abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—Paintings and engravings from the thirties by this geometric abstractionist. Through Nov. 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Al Held / Anthony Caro—Geometric color abstractions. / Handmade-paper sculptures with tracings of spray paint and pencil. Through Nov. 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marina Karella—Sculptures of draped objects in marble, bronze, and plaster. Through Dec. 4. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Steve Keister—Plywood constructions (with coverings of antelope skin, linoleum, pegboard) suspended from the ceiling and illuminated by lights stationed above them. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lee Krasner—A great respect for Matisse lies behind these powerful abstractions, done in the late fifties. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joe Lasker—Recent paintings by this artist which include scenes of the lower East Side (his home ground) and neighborhood saloons in South Norwalk, Connecticut, where he now lives. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Louis Lozowick (1892-1973)—Lithographs. Through Nov. 24. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Marcus Lüpertz—Paintings and sculptures. Through Dec. 4. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Sylvia Plimack Mangold—Landscapes notable for their cloud studies, their hard, deep finish, and the trompe-l'oeil tape that frames them. Through Nov. 27. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Brice Marden / Ernest Trova—New Minimalist paintings and drawings, including a series of geometric oils painted on fragments of polished marble. / Bronzes. Through Nov. 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Thirty prints by Henri Matisse, from the twenties and thirties, are also at Pace; through Dec. 18.

John Marin (1870-1953)—Two shows at the Kennedy Galleries: Seventy-two seascape paintings, several of them devoted to a rocky Maine outcropping he called Marin Island. Through Friday, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Prints from throughout the artist's career. Through Dec. 30. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

George Nick—Paintings of landscapes and architecture. Through Dec. 1. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Patsy Norvell and Robert Zakanitch—Four collaborative works that combine her etched-glass sculptures and his pattern paintings. Through Nov. 27. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

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Philip Pavia—Imaginary-portrait busts in bronze meant to typify members of the art-world inner circle of the forties and fifties called The Club, with facial elements borrowed freely from the likes of Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Frankenthaler, and the others. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Katherine Porter—A few conventional ideological symbols (targets, barbed wire) are discernible in these large and otherwise wholly abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Miriam Schapiro—Two large paintings, one stemming from and including a friendship-ring quilt and the other centered on a theatre stage. Also smaller related works. Through Dec. 4. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Yehiel Shemi—Freestanding sculptures incorporating rough-cut timbers of red cedar or cypress bolted together with steel brackets. Through Wednesday, Nov. 17. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Peter Solow—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Billy Sullivan—Pastel drawings, mostly of night life in the late-hours spots. Through Nov. 27. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Mark Tansey—Large grisaille paintings of wildly implausible situations—for instance, an Indian scouting party (straight out of Remington) contemplates a spiral earthwork by Smithson—all done with a deadpan realism. Through Thursday, Nov. 18. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Thornton Willis—Wedge-shaped areas of bright, usually contrasting colors, sometimes overlapping and sometimes producing a chevron effect. Through Nov. 27. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **heidenberg**, 50 W. 57th St.: Watercolors, pencil sketches, and pastels by Impressionists, such as Signac, Pissarro, and Bonnard, plus a quick drawing by Toulouse-Lautrec. Through Friday, Nov. 19. . . . **odyssia**, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and etchings by Giorgio Morandi, Saul Steinberg, Balthus, and Egon Schiele. Through Nov. 27.

GALLERIES—SoHo

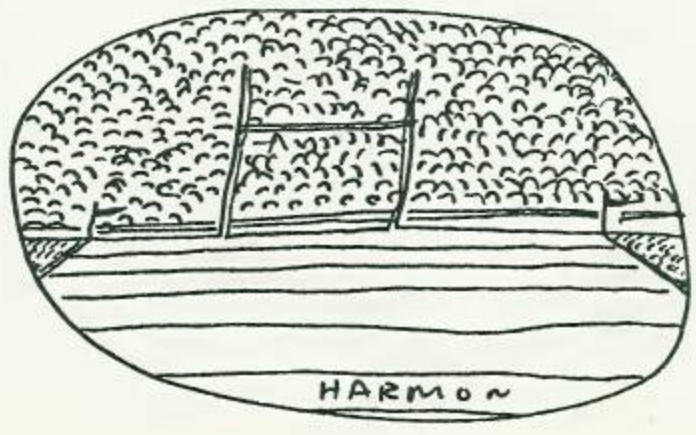
Ida Applebroog—Acrylic-and-Rhoplex on unstretched canvas, ink-and-Rhoplex on vellum, and handmade books are among the means used by this artist to comment on political and social topics. Through Dec. 4. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Alice Aycock—Two installations in metal, plus drawings. Through Nov. 27. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Lynda Benglis—Ornamental wall sculptures in the form of twisted swirls of bronze mesh coated with vaporized zinc, copper, or aluminum. Through Nov. 27. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Tom Blackwell / Hilo Chen—Photo-Realist paintings of reflections in department-store windows. / Photo-Realist paintings of nudes. Through Nov. 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Sandro Chia—Lifesize or larger-than-life bronzes and paintings of baroque figures that seem to synthesize about half of Bulfinch's "Mythology." Through Nov. 27. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)



Richard Friedberg / Edward Lee Hendricks—Geometric abstractions in polychrome steel. / Wall reliefs in which aluminum and stainless steel are the principal mediums. Through Dec. 1. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Harmony Hammond—Works on paper, both paintings and prints. Through Nov. 27. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Keith Haring—The upstairs gallery space is taken up with the cartoonlike works of this artist. Downstairs, there's more of the same, in Day-Glo. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Robert Henry—In spite of their fairly straightforward depictions of landscapes, city scenes, and people, a certain dreamlike quality pervades these paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Jeannette Judson—Collages on paper, utilizing meandering lengths of thread and, in some cases, bits of eggshell. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Key, 130 Greene St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Anselm Kiefer—Paintings. Through Nov. 27. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Manuel Neri / Bill Turner—Sculptures, among them two figures in Carrara marble. / Hand-tinted photographs of gas stations, diners, escalators. Through Nov. 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Ellen Phelan—Landscape studies in oil and gouache. Through Nov. 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Frank Stella—Seven outsize wall pieces made up of convoluted pieces of polished aluminum in various metallic colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Helene Valentin—Abstract oil paintings, a set of bronze icons mounted on shelves, and a handmade book. Through Nov. 30. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Susan Weil / Sandy Cies—Crushed-canvas and crushed-paper works, among others. / Photographs, all double exposures. Through Nov. 27. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Terry Winters / Erica Lennard—Paintings of botanical and crystalline subjects in low-key colors. / Photographs of the Far West, mostly isolated boulders and ruins. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Joe Zucker / William Wegman—Paintings distinguished by layered brushstrokes, strips of metal foil, and cotton frames. / Large-format Polaroid photographs. Through Dec. 1. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Louise Kruger—A fresh set of her familiar rough-wood figures and, new for the artist, bronzes. Through Dec. 4. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

Frank Young—Paintings on unstretched canvas. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Group Show—"Extended Sensibilities: Homosexual Presence in Contemporary Art" is the title for an exhibit of various works by Arch Connelly, Jedd Garet, Harmony Hammond, Jody Pinto, and others. Through Dec. 30. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—A hundred and seventeen prints of Paris and its architecture, dated 1898 to 1927, are currently on view at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Micha Bar-Am / Bruce Davidson—Seventy photographs of Israel from 1956 to the present, by a *Times* photographer who lives outside of Tel Aviv. / Large-scale photographs of subway riders. Through Sunday, Nov. 14. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Carin Drechsler-Marx—Two shows of photo-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

graphs of the Bowery: Street scenes and the local denizens—both the homeless and the artists who live and work there. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . ¶ Architecture, night life, and rooming houses. Through Jan. 23. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

Jaromir Funke (1890-1945)—Vintage prints from throughout this Czechoslovakian photographer's career which show his preference for images that were abstract or surreal. Through Dec. 11. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

André Kertész—Twelve photographs he printed between 1912 and 1925. Through Dec. 24. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, noon to 7; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Roger Mertin / Jennifer Cecere—Photographs of female nudes. / Still-life constructions. Through Nov. 27. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Renate Ponsold—Twenty-eight portraits (of Louise Nevelson, Roy Lichtenstein, Andy Warhol, and Harold Rosenberg, among others), each of which is shown with one work (mostly drawings; in the case of Rosenberg, a manuscript) by the subject. Through Monday, Nov. 15. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

Rosamond Wolff Purcell—Large Polaroids of constructions; some of the latter are also included in the show. Through Nov. 26. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Cindy Sherman—Large new color photographs ranging in mood from a sort of innocence to mystery. The photographer is her own model. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Metro Pictures, 169 Mercer St.)

Jerry N. Uelsmann—Prints from the past twenty-five years by a photographer of surreal tableaux. Through Dec. 4. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Photographs of China—Hiroji Kubota, Japanese photojournalist, showing prints—some enlarged to five feet by seven—taken over a five-year period. Through Nov. 29. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.) . . . ¶ Forty-one contemporary Chinese photographers showing landscapes. Through Dec. 12. (China Institute, 125 E. 65th St. Mondays through Fridays, except Veterans Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Search for Alexander," a show of nearly two hundred examples of Hellenistic art lent mostly by museums in Greece. Chief among the works are a fourth-century-B.C. solid-gold wreath with oak leaves and acorns; a pebble-mosaic floor, depicting a lion hunt, from Pella; and a three-foot-high bronze pitcher weighing almost a hundred pounds. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A show of about forty-five objects whose ornamentations typify the art of Islamic calligraphy. Through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit of miniature watercolors by the landscape and marine painter William T. Richards (1833-1905). Through Jan. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45, Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45, Sundays and Veterans Day, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A show of the abstract sculptures of Louise Bourgeois, including vertical multipart wood and marble pieces and a room-size latex-and-wood installation. Through Feb. 8. . . . **Photography:** "The Work of Atget: The Art of Old Paris." Through Jan. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of a dozen works (on canvas and on paper) by Jan Matulka which are recent gifts to the museum from his widow. Through Sunday, Nov. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

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Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A Milton Avery retrospective of paintings and monotypes. Through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Forty sculptures and sixteen drawings from 1970 to the present, by the Minimalist Joel Shapiro. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Jasper Johns' Savarin monotypes. Through Jan. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Veterans Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of paintings by turn-of-the-century Nordic artists whose work prefigured modernism. Edvard Munch is represented by eight canvases. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ A show of watercolors and oils by the Swedish illustrator and designer Carl Larsson. Through Jan. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Arts of the Islamic Book," a show of illuminated manuscripts and pages of manuscripts from the collection of Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, which ranges in time from the ninth century to the nineteenth. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ An exhibit of two hundred Chinese snuff bottles from the Edward Choate O'Dell collection. Through Nov. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit that reviews Scandinavian designs in furniture, glass, ceramics, metal, and textiles from the eighteen-eighties to the present. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ More than two hundred hand-colored fashion prints illustrating the sartorial trends followed by men, women, and children from the end of the eighteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth. Through Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Nearly a hundred French decorative clocks, on loan from collections on this continent, have joined the four resident eighteenth-century clocks. (Henry Clay Frick collected only those of French origin.) The show includes clocks dating from before and after the Revolution: *ébéniste du roi* André-Charles Boulle is represented by seven, one of them adorned with a pair of ormolu sphinxes, and Abraham-Louis Breguet by two *pendules de voyage* in silver. Through Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A show whose topic, printmaking from the perspective of the printmaker, is exemplified by ninety prints, such as Abraham Bosse's seventeenth-century engraving of himself in his studio, surrounded by presses, tools, and drying racks; and John Sloan's tongue-in-cheek "Amateur Lithographers," 1908. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by Max Weber. Through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ A show presenting more than fifty seventeenth-century prints, most of them portraying the Jewish population of Amsterdam as seen by non-Jewish artists of that city, and providing as well a number of Biblical scenes, ten of them by Rembrandt. Through Dec. 5. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of Icelandic illuminated manuscripts and early printed books of historical, legal, liturgical, and literary interest. Through Sunday, Nov. 14. (Open daily except Mondays and Veterans Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of about a dozen paintings each by Herbert Gentry, Clifford Jackson, Sam Middleton, and Walter T. Williams. Through Jan. 9. (Open Wednesdays, 10 to 5; Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Suzanne Grossberg (performance), Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:30; Gitta Gsell (performance), Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Artists' books from Sweden. Through Nov. 24.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Jim Neu (performance), Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30; Ishmael Reed's "Personal Problems" (video), Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8; Bradley Webster (performance), Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30; Colleen Mulvihill (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 18-21, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Gerry Morehead (oil paintings). Through Nov. 27.

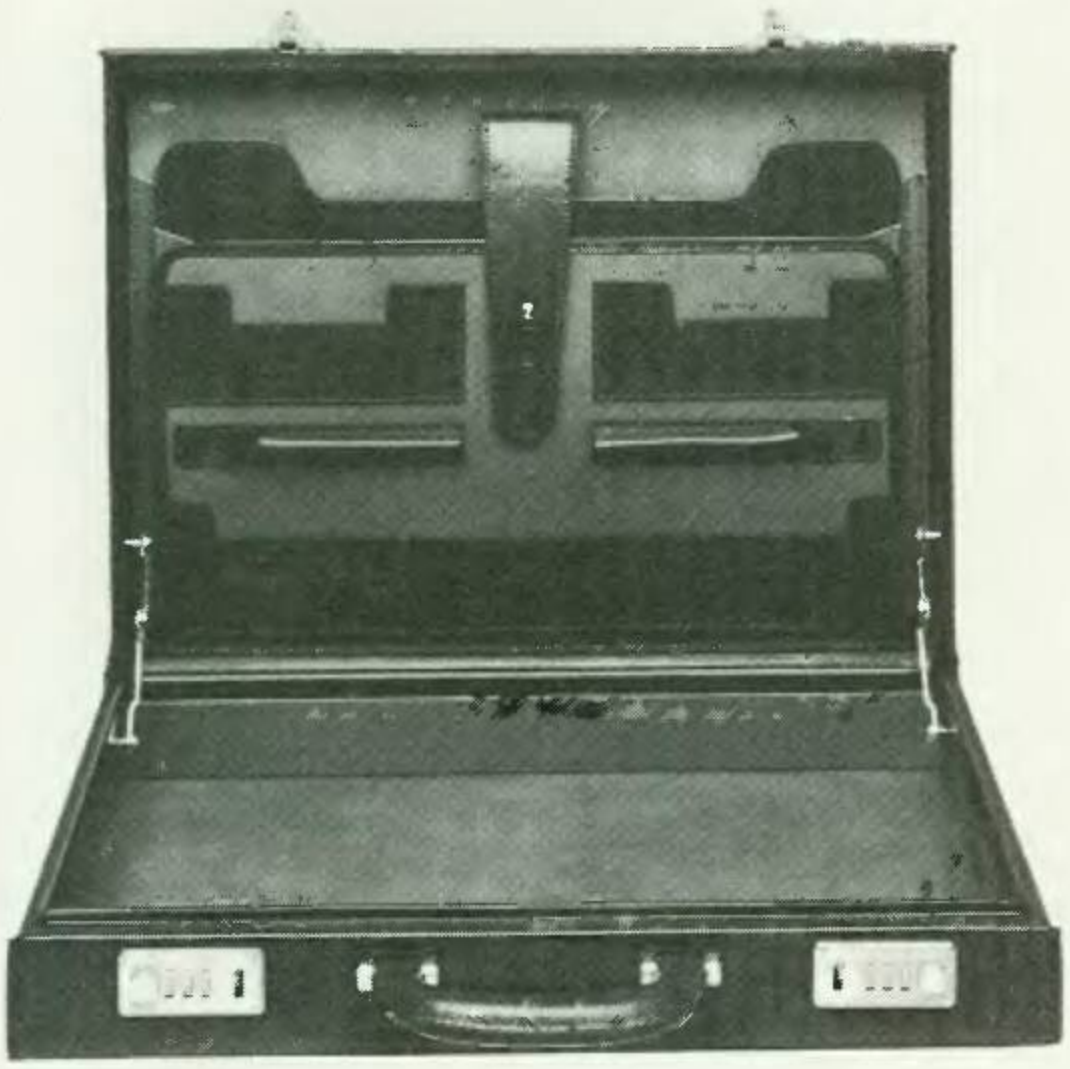
P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main gallery has paintings concerned with animal imagery by Jonathan Borofsky, Keith Haring, Andy Warhol, Komar & Melamid, and others. Through Dec. 12.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall, 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 10: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Alfredo Kraus, Pablo Elvira, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 11: "Idomeneo," with Ileana Cotrubas, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, and Herman Malamood; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 12: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Margarita Castro-Alberty, Gail Robinson, Bianca Berini, Corneliu Murgu, and Louis Quilico; Anton Guadagno. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 13: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Maria Ewing, Dale Duesing, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Gabriel Bacquier; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 13: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Alfredo Kraus, Pablo Elvira, and Paul Plishka; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Margarita Castro-Alberty, Roberta Peters, Bianca Berini, Corneliu Murgu, and Louis Quilico; Anton Guadagno. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 16: "Idomeneo,"



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with Ileana Cotrubas, Kay Griffel, Claudia Catania, and Herman Malamood, Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 17: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Benedetta Pecchioli, Håkan Hagegård, Rockwell Blake, and Gabriel Bacquier; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 18: A new production of Verdi's "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 19: "Idomeneo," with Ileana Cotrubas, Hildegard Behrens, Claudia Catania, and Herman Malamood, Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 20: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Benedetta Pecchioli, Håkan Hagegård, Rockwell Blake, and Renato Capecchi; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 20: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Alfredo Kraus, Pablo Elvira, and Paul Plishka; Richard Bonynge. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Faith Esham, Garry Grice, and Robert McFarland; conducted by Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Stephanie Sundine, Samuel Ramey, and Riccardo Calleo; Vincent LaSelva. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 12, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Karen Huffstodt, Susanne Marsee, Joseph Evans, and Alan Titus; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2: "The Merry Widow," with Sharon Daniels, Claudette Peterson, and Ronald Raines; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Karen Huffstodt, Susanne Marsee, Joseph Evans, and Alan Titus; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 1: "Mefistofele," with Stephanie Sundine, Samuel Ramey, and Riccardo Calleo; Vincent LaSelva. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 7: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Faith Esham, Garry Grice, and Robert McFarland; Brian Salesky. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Two short operas, Mozart's "Bastien and Bastienne" and Rimski-Korsakov's "Mozart and Salieri," in English, and Tchaikovsky's orchestral work "Mozartiana," conducted by Henry Mollicone and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 570-1888. Thursday, Nov. 11, and Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting the final performances of Massenet's "Werther." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesdays, Nov. 10 and 17, and Fridays, Nov. 12 and 19, at 8, and Sundays, Nov. 14 and 21, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Rossini Opera Festival—The first in a series of three operas, this one "La Donna del Lago," with Frederica von Stade and Marilyn Horne, mezzo-sopranos; Dano Raffanti and Rockwell Blake, tenors; the Orpheon Chorale; and members of the American Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Donato Renzetti. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 7:30.)

Manhattan School of Music—A program of excerpts from Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," Robert Ward's "The Crucible," Benjamin Britten's "Albert Herring," and Verdi's "Falstaff," staged by Lou Galterio. With the Manhattan Philharmonia, conducted by John Miner and Michael Pratt. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 11-13, at 8, and Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 7:30: A Mozart-Bruckner program, with Andras Schiff, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8; Friday, Nov. 19, at 2; and Saturday, Nov. 20, and Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 8: Another Mozart-Bruckner program, with Ken Noda, piano.

Prague Symphony Orchestra—Jiri Bělohlávek conducting a Kubik-Brahms-Dvořák program, with Eugene Fodor, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Wiener Strauss-Capelle—Heinz Lambrecht conducting, with Piroska Varga, soprano; Josef Kovacs, tenor; and Harald Serafin, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

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Chamber Orchestra of Turin—Antonio Janigro conducting an all-Italian program. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL.** Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8: A Mozart-Ravel-Mahler program, with Gary Graffman, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8: A Mozart-Liszt-Wagner program, with André Watts, piano. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Friday, Nov. 19, at 8: A program of music by Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Wagner, with John Browning, piano.

Soviet Emigré Orchestra—Lazar Gosman conducting a Mozart-Dvořák-Tchaikovsky program. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the first in a series of three concerts of American symphonic music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss directing a program of twentieth-century American music, with Lorin Hollander, piano, and the All City High School Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a Strauss-Haydn-Schumann program, with Colin Carr, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Esther," with Judith Blegen, soprano; Lorna Myers, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; and Donnie Ray Albert, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing a performance of Handel's dramatic oratorio "Theodora," with Bernadette Fiorella, soprano; Marianna Busching, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Constantine Cassolas, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and a baroque orchestra. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2.)

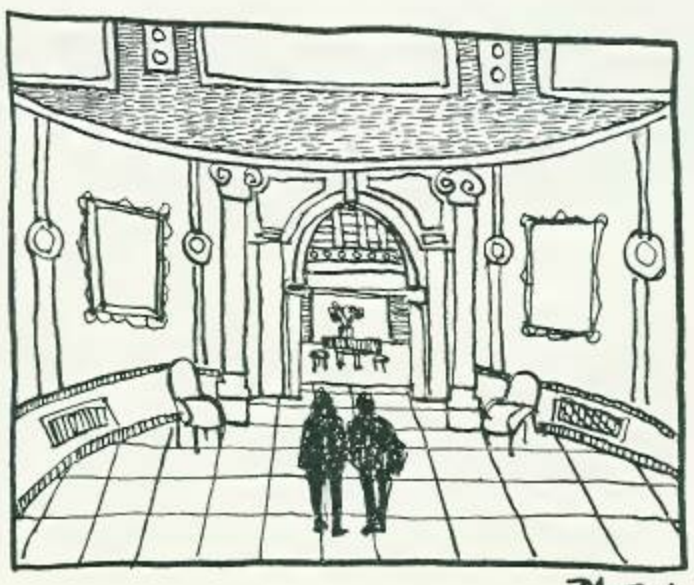
Columbia University Collegium Musicum—Lucy Cross directing a choral and instrumental program of sacred music. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Narciso Yepes—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Michel Piguet Baroque Concertino—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Ellen-Zoe Hassman and Yoko Nozaki Ax—Cello and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8.)



Concerts Plus—The second in a series of eight programs of chamber music, this one devoted to works by the Bach family and featuring Judith Blazer, soprano; Edward Brewer, harpsichord; Virginia Brewer, oboe; members of the U.S. Terpsichore Dance Company, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Richard Goode, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Robert Secrist—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

Robert Taub—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2:30.)

Ali Akbar Khan—Sarod, in a program of music of North India. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Renaissance Band—A performance of "Gargantua and Pantagruel," a sixteenth-century entertainment including music, song, and stories. With actor Peter Johnson. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program entitled "The Hapsburg Heritage." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.) . . . ¶ A program devoted to the music of Venice. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 18, and Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Parnassus—A program of music of our time. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Amherst Saxophone Quartet—A program of nineteenth- and twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Annie Fischer—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3.)

Lynn Harrell and Friends—The cellist in the first in a series of three recitals, this one with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3.)

Peter Zazofsky—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3.)

London Early Music Group—A program of Elizabethan music. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Beverly Myers—Soprano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

L'Ensemble—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 8:15.)

New York New Music Ensemble—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Music of Larry Alan Smith—Six new works, performed by Paul Sperry, tenor, Nancy Allen, harp; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Vadim Brodsky—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Barbara Nissman—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Musuem. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Kim Kashkashian—Viola. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Eduardo Fernandez—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

James Jeter—Bassoon, with assisting artists. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New Music Consort—The first in a series of four concerts of twentieth-century music. With

Judith Bettina, soprano, and Richard Frisch, baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Misha and Cipa Dichter—A Brahms-Rachmaninoff program for two pianos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-8339.)

Tokyo String Quartet—An all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 3.)

André-Michel Schub—Piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Walter Trampler, Laurence Lesser, and Lee Luvisi—Violin, viola, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Chamber Music—Seymour Lipkin, piano; David Singer, clarinet; Joseph Swenson, violin; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2.)

John Kozar—Piano, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Symphony Space—The fifth annual "Wall to Wall" twelve-hour free marathon is a celebration of itself and will include performers as well as musical excerpts from previous programs. Among those on hand will be John Cage, Aaron Copland, Pinchas Zukerman, Lilian Kallir, Ruth Laredo, and the Emerson Quartet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Nov. 20, from 11 to 11.)

Opera Interviews—Joan Sutherland and Richard Bonynge being interviewed by Speight Jenkins. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 6.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Nov. 13. . . ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Tuesday, Nov. 16. . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, Nov. 18. . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Nov. 13, at 7:35.

College Football—**thursday, nov. 11:** Rutgers vs. West Virginia, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 8. . . . **saturday, nov. 13:** Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Syracuse, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30. . . ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . ¶ Fordham vs. Iona, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Rutgers-Newark, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St., at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown, at 1. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **saturday, nov. 20:** Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca, at 1. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, at 1. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, at 1.

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Nov. 10. . . ¶ Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Sunday, Nov. 14. . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Nov. 17. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers, Tuesday, Nov. 16. . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Thursday, Nov. 18. . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Nov. 20. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers, Thursday, Nov. 11, at 7:35.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05, through Friday, Dec. 31. The Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 13, and the Demoiselle, Sunday, Nov. 14. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8, except Veterans Day, when post time will be 1:30; through Friday, Dec. 31. The Meadowlands Cup, Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 31.

Skating—Elaine Zayak, Scott Hamilton, Toller Cranston, Janet Lynn, Jo Jo Starbuck, Ken Shelley, and others, in an exhibition of figure skating, for the benefit of the United States Olympic Fund. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Squash Racquets—Chivas Regal Open—Tournament matches, Friday, Nov. 19, starting at 6. . . . ¶ Men's quarterfinals, Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2 and 4:30. . . . ¶ Women's quarterfinals, Saturday, Nov. 20, at 3:30. . . . ¶ Men's and women's semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 21, at noon. . . . ¶ Women's finals, Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3. . . . ¶ Men's finals, Sunday, Nov. 21, at 6. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—Fran Lebowitz reading from her own prose. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8. For tickets, call 787-6557.) . . . ¶ Christopher Durang and Wendy Wasserstein reading from their own plays. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Nov. 15, at 8.) . . . ¶ Roy Blount reading from his new book, "One Fell Soup." (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 7:30. For tickets, call 737-1450.) . . . ¶ Kathleen Fraser and Paul Metcalf reading from their own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Jean Valentine reading from her own poetry. (Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

National Postage Stamp Show—The thirty-fourth annual exhibit will feature special showings by the United States Postal Service and sixty-six foreign postal administrations. First-day issues will be put on sale on Thursday and Friday, Nov. 18-19. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday, Nov. 18, noon to 7; Friday, Nov. 19, from 11 to 8; Saturday, Nov. 20, from 10 to 6; and Sunday, Nov. 21, from 11 to 5.)

Flower Shows—An exhibition of Japanese chrysanthemums, displayed in traditional culture patterns, in the Crystal Palace. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 5:45; through Sunday, Nov. 14.) . . . ¶ The annual Chrysanthemum Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (1000 Washington Ave. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans Day, 11 to 4. Through Nov. 28.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 9:30 to 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, at 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 2: Picasso prints, from the Marina Picasso Collection. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18, at 2: Chinese works of art, including ceramics and bronzes; from the collection of Captain S. N. Ferris Luboshez. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 18-19, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master, modern, and contemporary prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 7: The Gosman Collection of paintings. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 546-1128. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 11, at 7: Contemporary art. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 546-1128. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 12, at 10: Contemporary paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 10 and 2, and Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 10: Old Master and modern prints. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 12. . . . **phillips,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Saturday, Nov. 13, at 10: Oriental works of art. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Sunday, Nov. 14.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Nov. 14: A program of films by Jean-Marie Straub and Daniele Huillet, who will be present on Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8, Friday, Nov. 12, at 9, and Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.
From Nov. 16: "Rocco and His Brothers" (1961; directed by Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Renato Salvatori.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Nov. 10: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Dominique Sanda, Helmut Berger, and Lino Capolicchio; and "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.
Nov. 11-13: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976; Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi.
Nov. 14-15: "Z" (†) and "The Battle of Algiers" (†).
Nov. 16-17: "Padre Padrone" (†) and "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" (†).
Nov. 18: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (†).
From Nov. 19: "Brimstone and Treacle" (Richard Loncraine), with Sting and Joan Plowright.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 11: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker); and "The Rose" (†).
From Nov. 12: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Nov. 18: "Diner" (†).
From Nov. 19: "Bugs Bunny's 3rd Movie: 1001 Rabbit Tales," an animated film.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†). No evening performances on Friday, Nov. 12.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 2: "My Favorite Year" (†).
Theatre 3: "Monsignor" (Frank Perry), with Christopher Reeve.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 18: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.
From Nov. 19: "Heartaches."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Starstruck" (Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Moonlighting" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 2: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "My Favorite Year" (†).
Theatre 2: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Winter of Our Dreams" (John Duigan; an Australian film), with Bryan Brown and Judy Davis.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Five Days One Summer" (Fred Zinnemann), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "Yol" (Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 11: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels," 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt. Nov. 12-18: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones; and "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From Nov. 19: "The Last American Virgin."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Nov. 10: "Love Child" (Larry Peerce), with Amy Madigan and Mackenzie Phillips.
From Nov. 11: "Brimstone and Treacle" (Richard Loncraine), with Sting and Joan Plowright.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Class Reunion" (Michael Miller), with Gerrit Graham.
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Eating Raoul" (Paul Bartel), with Bartel and Mary Woronov.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Monsignor" (Frank Perry), with Christopher Reeve.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Fruits of Passion."

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 18: "Moonlighting" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jeremy Irons.
From Nov. 19: "Alone in the Dark."

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Time Bandits" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Burning" (Tony Maylam).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 11: "Halloween III: Season of the Witch" (Tommy Lee Wallace), with Tom Atkins.
Nov. 12-18: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones; and "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
From Nov. 19: "Heidi's Song," an animated film.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith.
Theatre 2: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 16: A program of Scandinavian films, all with English subtitles. From Nov. 17: "Ashes and Embers" (directed by Haile Gerima), with John Anderson and Evelyn A. Blackwell. On Mondays, there will be a special program consisting of a film diary by George Lucas, "The Rain People" (1969; Francis Ford Coppola), and (for a separate admission) "The Trials of Alger Hiss" (1980; John Lowenthal).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French). Nov. 18-20: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 18: "L'Adolescente" (Jeanne Moreau; in French), with Simone Signoret. From Nov. 19: "Smithereens" (Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.
Theatre 2: "Jinxed!" (†); and, starting Nov. 12, "The Rose" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 2: "Tex" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith.
Theatre 2: "Moonlighting" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 18: "Mephisto" (†). From Nov. 19: "Heartaches."
Theatre 4: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Nov. 18: "Tex" (†).
From Nov. 19: "Heidi's Song," an animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Fantasia" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Endangered Species" (Alan Rudolph), with Robert Urich and Jobeth Williams.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Split Image" (Ted Kotcheff), with Michael O'Keefe and James Woods.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Fitzcarraldo" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Amor Bandido" (1979; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"My Favorite Year" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
Theatre 2: Through the afternoon of Nov. 11: "Sweet Hours" (†). From Nov. 12: "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (†).
Theatre 3: "Céleste" (1981; Percy Adlon; in German), with Eva Mattes and Jurgen Arndt.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Veronika Voss" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech.
Theatre 2: "Le Beau Mariage" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Time Stands Still" (Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).
Theatre 2: "Siberiade" (1979; Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 11: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger. From Nov. 12: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 11: "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone. From Nov. 12: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 11: "Tex" (†). From Nov. 12: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 11: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith. From Nov. 12: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

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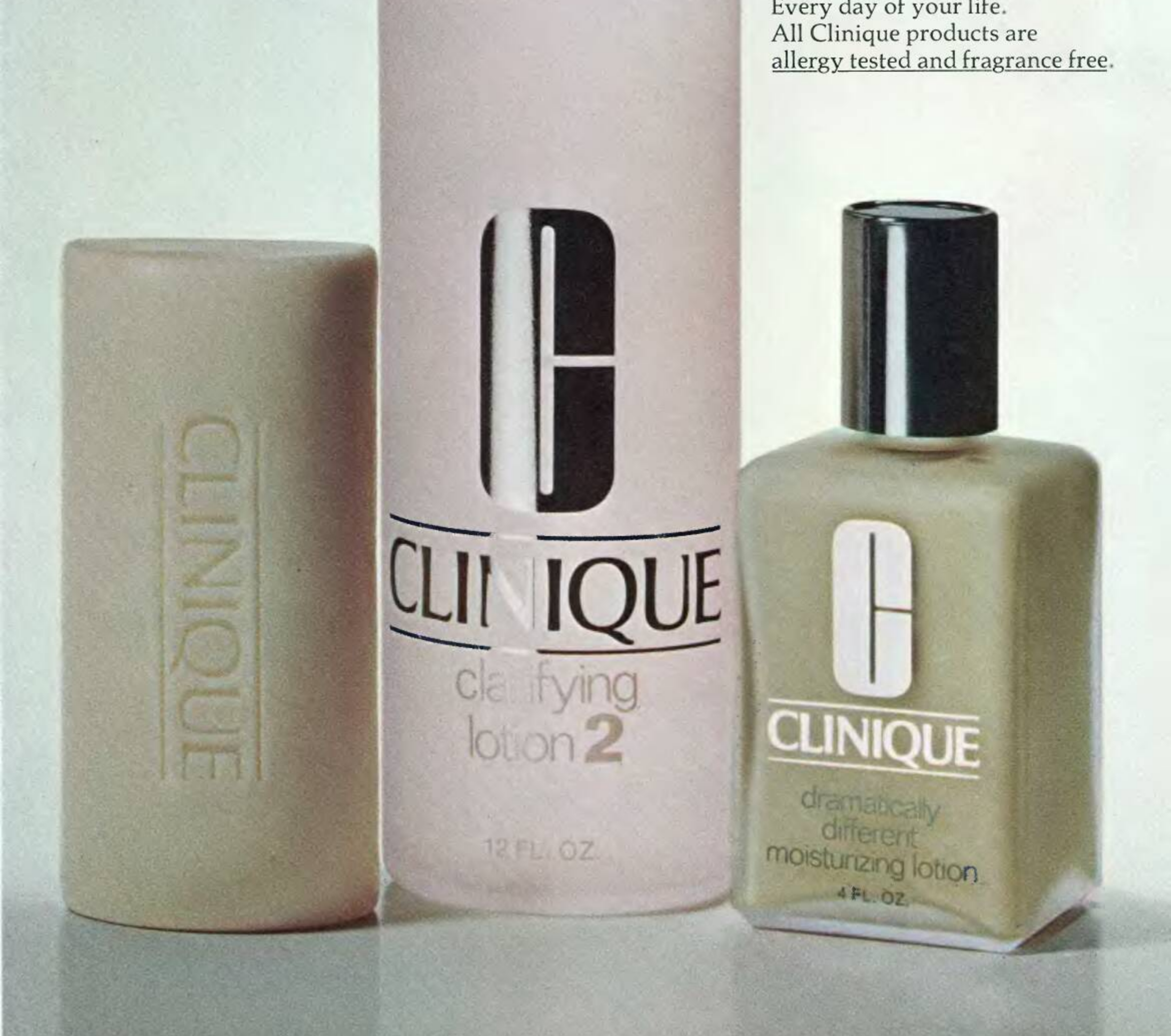

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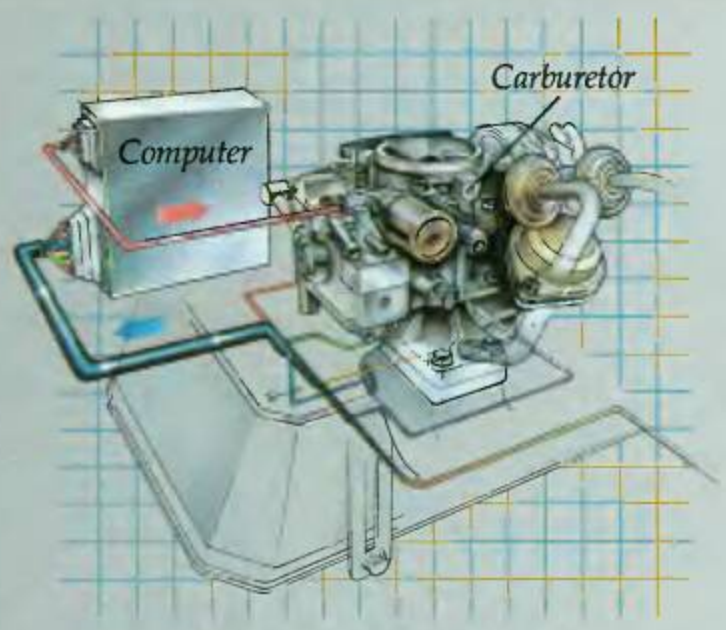

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre 1: "Jinxed!" (†).
Theatre 2: "L'Adolescente" (Jeanne Moreau; in French), with Simone Signoret.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 11: "Funeral Home." Nov. 12-18: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones; and "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From Nov. 19: "Monsignor" (Frank Perry), with Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 18: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell. From Nov. 19: "The Last Unicorn."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 18: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair. From Nov. 19: "Heartaches."
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 18: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt. From Nov. 19: "Alone in the Dark."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Class Reunion" (directed by Michael Miller), with Gerrit Graham.
Theatre 2: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 11: "Amityville II: The Possession" (Damiano Damiani), with Burt Young and Rutanya Alda. Nov. 12-18: "Goin' All the Way." From Nov. 19: "Bugs Bunny's 3rd Movie: 1001 Rabbit Tales," an animated film.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 11: "Idi Amin Dada" (1974; Barbet Schroeder), a documentary. From Nov. 12: "Concrete Jungle."
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 18: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (†). From Nov. 19: "Alone in the Dark."
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 11: "Jinxed!" (†). From Nov. 12: "Funeral Home."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Nov. 18: "Tex" (†).
From Nov. 19: "Heidi's Song," an animated film.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 3: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.
Theatre 4: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Monsignor" (Frank Perry), with Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 2: "Time Bandits" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Bambi" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 11: "Funeral Home." Nov. 12-18: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones; and "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From Nov. 19: "The Empire Strikes Back" (1980; Irvin Kershner), with Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, and Carrie Fischer.
Theatre 2: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 2: "The Burning" (Tony Maylam).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 11: "Concrete Jungle." From Nov. 12: "Slumber Party Massacre."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306); theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Nov. 14: A program of Les Blank documentary films about music and musicians.
Nov. 15-16: Theatre closed.

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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

From Nov. 17: "Diaries" (1980; directed by Ed Pincus). Mr. Pincus will be present on Nov. 17 at 7:30.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 10: "Reggae Sunsplash" (1980), a concert with Bob Marley, Third World Band, Peter Tosh, and Burning Spear; and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.
Nov. 11: "The Long Goodbye" (1973; Robert Altman), with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell; and "The Late Show" (1977; Robert Benton), with Art Carney, Lili Tomlin, Bill Macy, and Eugene Roche.
Nov. 12-13: "Claire's Knee" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy and Béatrice Romand; and "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica.
Nov. 14: "True Confessions" (1981; Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
Nov. 15: "Killer's Kiss" (1955; Stanley Kubrick), with Frank Silvera; and "The Killing" (1956; Stanley Kubrick), with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards.
Nov. 16: "Mr. Radish and Mr. Carrot" (1964; Minoru Shibuya; in Japanese); and "I Am a Cat" (1975; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).
Nov. 17: "Diary of a Country Priest" (†); and "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French).
Nov. 18: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971; Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "Buffalo Bill and the Indians" (†).
Nov. 19-20: "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty); and "No Nukes" (1980), a film of the Madison Square Garden rock concerts of Sept., 1979, with Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt, James Taylor, and others.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 10: "Several Interviews on Personal Matters" (1977; Lana Gogoberidze; in Russian); and "Vassily and Vassilisa" (1981; Irina Poplavskaya; in Russian).
Nov. 11: "The Steppe" (1978; Sergei Bondarchuk; in Russian); and "Several Interviews on Personal Matters."
Nov. 12: "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.
Nov. 13: "Luna" (1979; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry; and "Medea" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas.
Nov. 14: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde; and "Senso" (1955; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Farley Granger and Alida Valli.
Nov. 15: "A Trilogy from Tibet" (1979; Graham Coleman).
Nov. 16: Theatre closed.
Nov. 17-19: Free programs of television shows from around the world.

From Nov. 20: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 11: "Apocalypse Now" (1979, Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen; and "Taxi Driver" (1976, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.
Nov. 12-13: "Fritz the Cat" (1972) and "Heavy Traffic" (1973), both animated cartoons, directed by Ralph Bakshi.
Nov. 14-16: "Entertaining Mr. Sloane" (†), and "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs.
Nov. 17-18: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.
Nov. 19-20: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Nov. 10: "The Great Caruso" (1951; Richard Thorpe), with Mario Lanza, Dorothy Kirsten, and Ann Blyth; and "Because You're Mine" (1952; Alexander Hall), with Mario Lanza, Doretta Morrow, and James Whitmore.
Nov. 11-13: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
Nov. 14-15: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles.
Nov. 16-17: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
Nov. 18-20: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Nov. 11: "Diner" (†); and "American Graffiti" (1973; George Lucas), with Richard Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard.
From Nov. 12: To be announced.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Nov. 10: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "Raven's End" (1964; Bo Widerberg; in Swedish).
Nov. 11: "Fox and His Friends" (1976; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Chinese Roulette" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Margit Carstensen.
Nov. 12: "The American Friend" (1977; Wim Wenders), with Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz; and "Strangers on a Train"

(1951, Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, Marion Lorne, and Leo G. Carroll.
Nov. 13: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Fail Safe" (1964; Sidney Lumet), with Henry Fonda, Dan O'Herlihy, Walter Matthau, and Frank Overton.
Nov. 14: "I'm No Angel" (†) and "Man on the Flying Trapeze" (†).
Nov. 15: "Ceddo" (1978; Ousmane Sembène; in Wolof); and "Xala" (1975; Ousmane Sembène; a Senegalese film, in French).
Nov. 16: "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Charles Grodin; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen.
Nov. 17: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès; and "Orchestra Rehearsal" (1979; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Baldwin Baas.
Nov. 18: "Katzelmacher" (1969; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla, Harry Baer, and Fassbinder himself; and "The American Soldier" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta.
Nov. 19: "Mommie Dearest" (1981; Frank Perry), with Faye Dunaway; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.
Nov. 20: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "THX 1138" (1971; George Lucas), with Donald Pleasence, Robert Duvall, and Maggie McOmie.

Regency, B'way at 67th (724-3700)
Through Nov. 13: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven; and "Dodsworth" (1936; William Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor.
Nov. 14-15: "The Hurricane" (†); and "The Winning of Barbara Worth" (1926; Henry King; a silent film), with Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, and Gary Cooper.
Nov. 16-17: "They Shall Have Music" (1939; Archie Mayo), with Jascha Heifetz and Joel McCrea; and "Whoopee" (1930; Thornton Freeland), with Eddie Cantor, Eleanor Hunt, Paul Gregory, and Jack Rutherford.
Nov. 18-20: "These Three" (†); and "The Little Foxes" (1941; William Wyler), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall.

Thalia, B'way at 95th (222-3370)
Nov. 10: "High School Confidential" (1958; Jack Arnold), with Russ Tamblyn and Jan Sterling; and "Platinum High School" (1960; Charles Haas), with Mickey Rooney, Terry Moore, and Dan Duryea.
Nov. 11: "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles; and "The Castle" (1969; Rudolf Noelte), with Maximilian Schell.
Nov. 12-13: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942; Ernst Lubitsch), with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "The Senator Was Indiscreet" (1947; George S. Kaufman), with William Powell, Ella Raines, and Peter Lind Hayes.
Nov. 14: "I Am Curious—Yellow" (†) and "I Am Curious—Blue" (†).
Nov. 15: "The Goddess" (1958; John Cromwell), with Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges, and Steve Hill; and "Middle of the Night" (1959; Delbert Mann), with Kim Novak and Fredric March.
Nov. 16: "The Mill on the Floss" (1939; Tim Whelan), with Frank Lawton, Victoria Hopper, and Fay Compton; "The Night Has Eyes" (1942; Leslie Arliss), with James Mason and Wilfrid Lawson; and "The High Command" (1937; Thorold Dickinson), with Lionel Atwill.
Nov. 17: "David" (1982; Peter Lilienthal; in German); and "The Uprising" (1981; Peter Lilienthal; in Spanish).
Nov. 18: "Kon-Tiki" (1951), a documentary; and "Flame and the Fire" (1966), a French documentary about Stone Age man in the modern world.
Nov. 19-20: "Beyond Good and Evil" (1977; Liliana Cavani), with Erland Josephson, Dominique Sanda, and Robert Powell; and "Going Places" (1974; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, and Patrick Dewaere.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 10: "Wait Until Dark" (1967; Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna; and "The Paradine Case" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd.
Nov. 11: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.
Nov. 12-13: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.
Nov. 14: "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "Dark Victory" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.
Nov. 15: "Rififi" (†) and "Shoot the Piano Player" (†).
Nov. 16: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles; and "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.
Nov. 17: "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and "Human Desire" (1954; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, and Broderick Crawford.
Nov. 18: "Born Yesterday" (1956; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray.
Nov. 19: "Charlie Chan in Rio" (1941; Harry Lachman) and "Charlie Chan in the Meeting at Midnight" (1944; Phil Rosen), both with Sidney Toler as Chan.
Nov. 20: "A Slight Case of Murder" (†); and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Nov. 18 at 2:30: "Nashville" (1975; directed by Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley, Keith Carradine, and Barbara Harris. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 6 and Nov. 19 at 2:30: "Atlantic City" (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 6: "Nashville." . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 11:15: "Popeye" (1980; Robert Altman), with Robin Williams, Shelley Duvall, and Paul Dooley. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 1:30: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 5: "The Godfather, Part II" (1975; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert De Niro, Robert Duvall, and Diane Keaton. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Dec. 5: "The Judas Window" (1982; Leandro Katz), a film-and-sculpture installation. Continuous showings noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Mr. Katz will be present on Thursday, Nov. 18, at 2. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

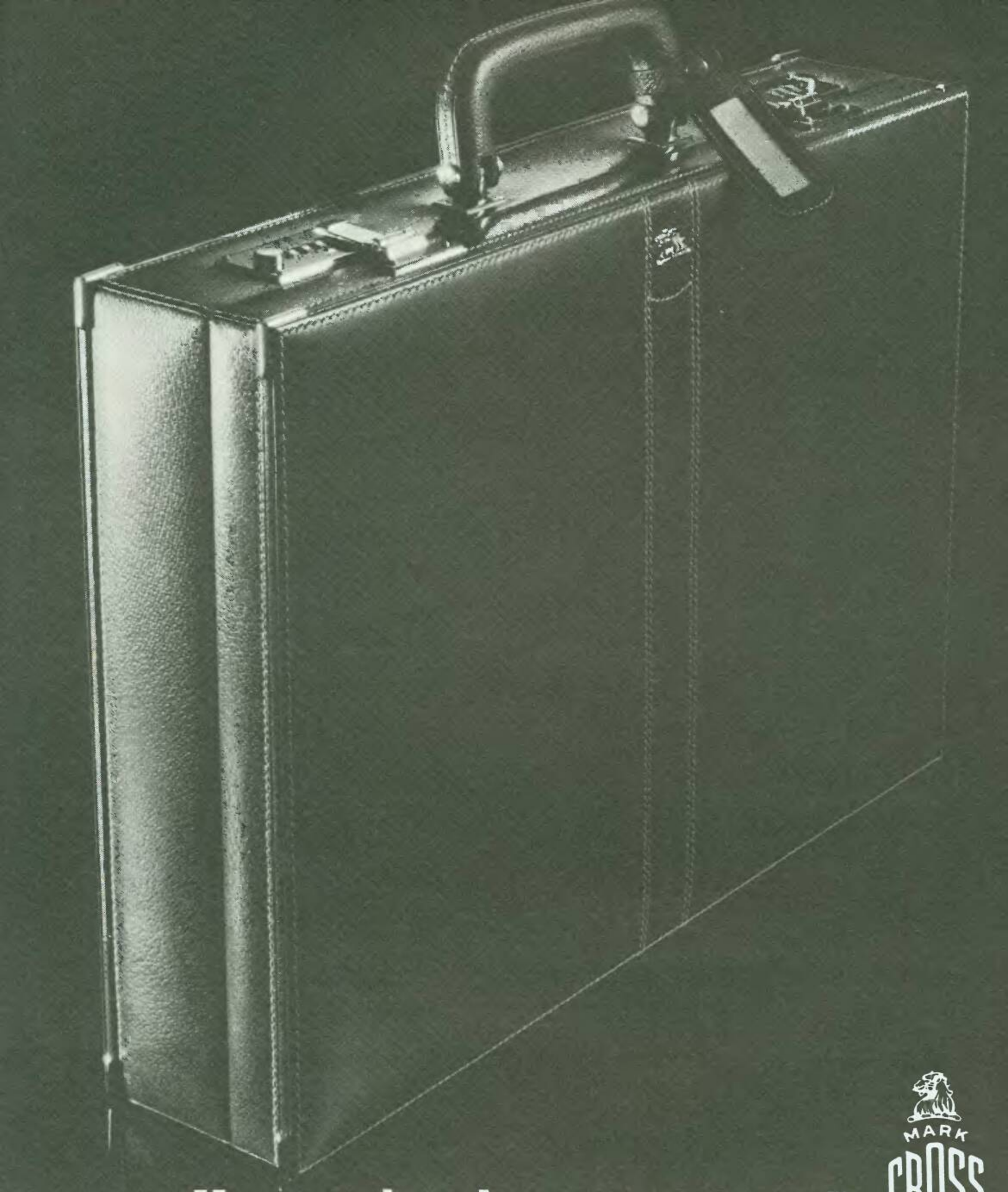
SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Bambi (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn Bambi. His relationship with his mother is tender and close, and when the mother is killed by hunters small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Faline. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. Still, there's no denying that for many people some sequences—such as Bambi's birth—have an enduring primal power. From the Felix Salten novel. (New Embassy 49th Street.)

The Battle of Algiers (1966)—Like "Potemkin," it's an epic in the form of a "created documentary;" it's a reconstruction of the events of 1954 to 1957 in the guerrilla war waged by the National Liberation Front against the French authorities, with the oppressed, angry masses as the hero. The enemy of the Algerian N.L.F.—the hyperintelligent French colonel played by Jean Martin—isn't really a character; he represents the cool, inhuman manipulative power of imperialism versus the animal heat of the multitudes rushing toward us as they rise against their oppressors. The director, Gillo Pontecorvo, and his co-writer, Franco Solinas, are almost too clever in their use of this device of the colonel—yet it works, and brilliantly. The revolutionaries forming their pyramid of cells don't need to express revolutionary consciousness because the French colonel is given such a full counter-revolutionary consciousness that he says it all for them. He even expresses the knowledge that history is on the side of the oppressed colonial peoples, who will win; he himself is merely part of a holding action, preserving imperialism a little longer but bound to fail. To put it satirically but, in terms of the movie, accurately, the Algerian people are spontaneously turned into revolutionaries by historical events, and if they haven't studied Marx the counter-revolutionaries have, and know they are on the wrong side and are doomed by history. The movie hardly seems to be "saying" anything, yet the historical-determinist message seeps right into your bones. As a propaganda film, it ranks with Leni Riefenstahl's big-game rally, the 1935 "Triumph of the Will," and it's the one great revolutionary "sell" of modern times. It has a firebrand's fervor; it carries you with it and doesn't give you time to think. You may even accept the movie's implicit message that the N.L.F.'s violent methods are the only way to freedom. Pontecorvo's inflammatory passion works directly on your feelings. He's the most dangerous kind of Marxist, a Marxist poet. Cinematography by Marcello Gatti; music by Ennio Morricone and Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (R.K.O. Century Art; Nov. 14-15.)

Le Beau Mariage—Béatrice Romand plays Eric Rohmer's heroine Sabine, a bright working girl who is studying for her master's in art history. At twenty-five, Sabine is weary of freedom and insecurity and married men; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. When she meets a lawyer who she decides is her type, she goes after him so briskly and transparently that she might seem a madwoman, except that she has such a dumb little obsession. Seriocomic triviality has become Rohmer's specialty. His sensibility would be easier to take if he'd stop directing to a metronome. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/4/82.) (Cinema Studio.)

Buffalo Bill and the Indians (1976)—A Robert Altman film, drawn from Arthur Kopit's play about frontier legend and how it is fed, perhaps, by wish. The setting is a Wild West



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Show. Buffalo Bill is played by Paul Newman, with age lines of makeup and a wig of long, fair hair; Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) is a totemistic figure, almost mute throughout; Annie Oakley is played by Geraldine Chaplin. Everything that Altman photographs is about stage heroics. Buffalo Bill is growing old, but refuses to take it in. There is a key scene between Buffalo Bill and Sitting Bull in which the actually dead Sitting Bull appears and disappears in apparition. This is not a picture about sociological differences between white men and Indians; it is about their different sorts of dream. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 18.)

Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean—With Sandy Dennis, Cher, and Karen Black; directed by Robert Altman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza; starting Nov. 12.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1950)—Robert Bresson's masterly adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel about the suffering of a young priest (Claude Laydu) whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his parishioners. A film of great purity and, at the end, a Bach-like intensity. The dialogue and the passages read from the diary are taken directly from the novel, though while you're watching you feel as if you were seeing a silent movie. (It's the effect of the expressive images and the general austerity.) This is one of the few modern works in any art form that help one to understand the religious life—which for this useless young man is a terrible one, yet with moments of holiness. If there is a flaw in the film it's the rhythm—you feel you're dying with the priest. The film may raise a question in your mind: Does Bresson know what a pain this young man is? The priest's austere, chilly spirituality may give the community the same sort of pain that Bresson's later movies give some of us in the audience. With Nicole Maurey and Nicole Ladmiral. The music is by Jean-Jacques Grünenwald; the beautiful bleak cinematography is by L.-H. Burel. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 17.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Nov. 18.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane (1970)—Joe Orton's clever, funny, professionally outrageous play, filmed by Douglas Hickox, about four English working-class people eking out the appearances of a genteel life. All the while they are speaking their mixture of euphemism, crime-reporter's journalese, and pieties desperately

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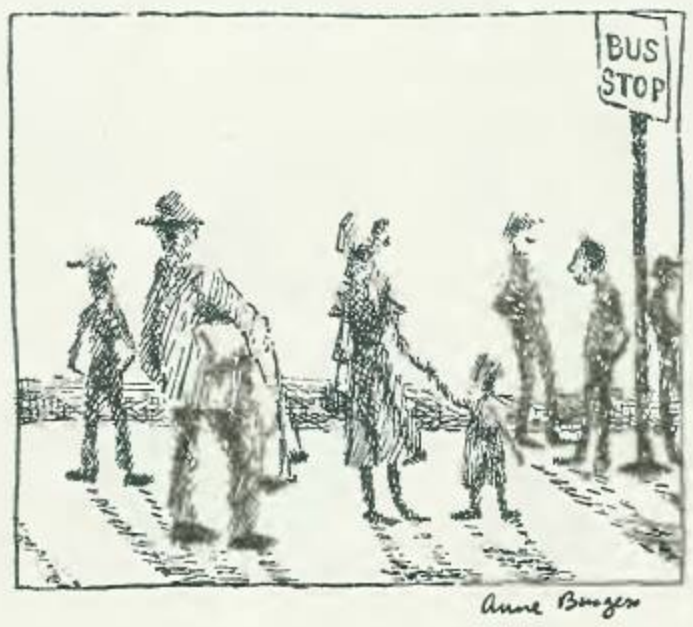
lifted from advice columns, they are in the middle of acts as violent as any in "The Cenci." Wonderfully performed by Alan Webb, Beryl Reid, Harry Andrews, Peter McEnery. (Cinema Village; Nov. 14-16.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Loews New York Twin, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema. No evening performances on Friday. Nov. 12.)

Every Man for Himself and God Against All (1975; also known as "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser")—The story of Kaspar Hauser is a factually based variant of the lost-or-abandoned-child, Mowgli-Tarzan myth; Kaspar, who appeared in a German town in the eighteen-twenties, was raised not among wolves, bears, or apes but, rather, in isolation. In this nightmare version, written and directed by Werner Herzog, Kaspar (Bruno S.) is a grunting lump of a man, chained in a dungeonlike cellar from infancy. Covered with sores and welts, unable to stand, he is fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. One day, the man carries him to a town square and leaves him there. The townspeople train him in human habits and try to educate him, but as he begins to learn, he balks at what he is taught and becomes obstinate, trying to retain his new, mesmerized pleasure in nature. Before the issues are resolved, he is struck down by the caped figure, who returns, first to maim him, then to murder him. The film is a double fable, intermingling the stultifying effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of a demonic universe. Herzog achieves a visionary overcast style; his images look off-balance—crooked, as if the cameraman were wincing. Herzog is a film poet, all right, but he's a didactic film poet, given to heavy, folk-art ironies; he says that society puts you through pain in order to deform you, and he makes it impossible for you to identify with anyone but Kaspar, who hasn't lost his innocent responses. Herzog's people are alone, immobilized, unanimated; life is dormant in them. Though one could not fault this in a painter's vision, in a filmmaker's it is numbing. In Herzog's conception, Kaspar is the only one who has still got his soul. This conception has a flower-child fashionableness, but Bruno S. (who was once believed to be a mental defective himself) is amazing. His Kaspar has sly, piggy eyes, yet he's so totally absorbed in experiencing nature, his head thrust out ecstatically, straining to grasp everything he was denied in his cave existence, that he becomes Promethean; the light dawning in that face makes him look like a peasant Beethoven. In German. (R.K.O. Century Art; Nov. 16-17.)



Anne Burgess

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld.)

Fast Times at Ridgemont High—Not bad. It may fall into the general category of youth-exploitation movies, but it isn't assaultive. The young director, Amy Heckerling, making her feature-film début, has a light hand. If the film has a theme it's sexual embarrassment, but there are no big crises; the story follows the course of several kids' lives by means of vignettes and gags, and when the scenes miss they don't thud. In this movie, a gag's working or not working hardly matters—everything has a quick, makeshift feeling. If you're eating a bowl of Rice Krispies and some of them don't pop, that's O.K., because the bowlful has a nice, poppy feeling. The friendship of the two girls—Jennifer Jason Leigh as the fifteen-year-old Stacy who is eager to learn about sex and Phoebe Cates as the jaded Valley Girl Linda who shares what she knows—has a lovely matter-of-factness. With Sean Penn as the surfer-doper Spicoli—the most amiable stoned kid imaginable. Penn inhabits the role totally; the part isn't big but he comes across as a star. Also with Robert Romanus, Judge Reinhold, Brian Backer, and Ray Walston. The script, by Cameron Crowe, was adapted from his book about the year he spent at a California high school, impersonating an adolescent. The music—a collection of some nineteen pop songs—doesn't underline things; it's just always there when it's needed. (11/1/82) (Criterion Theatres; through Nov. 18.)

Fitzcarraldo—The biggest disappointment in this epic written and directed by Werner Herzog is Peru. After a visually promising beginning, Herzog seems to lose interest in the external world (and no one in this movie has much of an internal world, either). Set in the eighteen-nineties, the film is about a three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat being dragged over a mountain that separates one tributary of the Amazon from another. At times, the ship slowly climbing the mountain seems rather magical, but the deliberateness of Herzog's pacing can put you in a stupor. The hero, played by Klaus Kinski, is trying to get rich in the rubber trade so that he can build an opera house in the jungle and bring Caruso to sing in it. He seems meant to be a lovable loser, but it's hard to know quite what Kinski's Fitzcarraldo is because he's not like anyone else in the world—except maybe Bette Davis playing Rutger Hauer. As Molly, the whorehouse madam, Claudia Cardinale is

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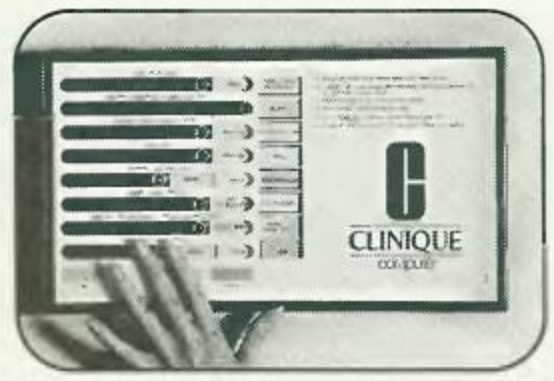

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ripely alive in this asexual movie. In German. (10/18/82) (Paris.)

THE HURRICANE (1937)—Handsome and exciting adventure film, directed by John Ford, with some exteriors shot in Samoa. The tall-corn story seems to enhance this particular movie; Dorothy Lamour, in her sarong, is the native girl, and chesty Jon Hall is her sweetheart, who is unjustly sentenced to prison by a vicious European governor (Raymond Massey). With Mary Astor, Thomas Mitchell, Jerome Cowan, John Carradine, and C. Aubrey Smith. The hurricane itself is a knockout. Dudley Nichols did the screenplay, from Oliver H. P. Garrett's adaptation of the Nordhoff and Hall novel; Samuel Goldwyn produced, lavishly. Music by Alfred Newman. (A 1979 remake, directed by Jan Troell, was a disaster of large proportions.) (Regency; Nov. 14-15.)

I AM CURIOUS—YELLOW (1967)—In her search for political commitment, the angry young heroine, Lena Nyman, goes around as an inquiring reporter questioning people about nonviolence, the labor movement, socialism, and so on. The picture improves when sex and politics mix; there are some free—and very funny—sequences of simulated copulation. The film caused a great stir here because the U.S. Customs Office seized the first print that the distributor (Grove Press) imported; by the time the ban was lifted, people expected something really sizzling. Written and directed by Vilgot Sjöman, who also appears as the Director. With Anders Ek as the Instructor and Holger Löwenadler as the King, and also Martin Luther King, Olof Palme, and Yevgeni Yevtushenko. In Swedish. (Thalia; Nov. 14.)

I AM CURIOUS—BLUE (1970)—This is the second of two films that Vilgot Sjöman made out of material he amassed about an angry young girl's loves and hates. In Swedish. (Thalia; Nov. 14.)

I'M NO ANGEL (1933)—Mae West as a lion tamer, Cary Grant as a society lion, lots of adenoidal innuendo, and some good honky-tonk songs ("That Dallas Man," et al.). Arguably West's best film, certainly one of her funniest. When she isn't wiggling in her corsets and driving men wild, she's sashaying around and camping it up for her plump black maids (Hattie McDaniel, Libby Taylor). With Edward Arnold, Gregory Ratoff, Kent Taylor, Ralf Harolde, Gertrude Michael, Nat Pendleton, Dennis O'Keefe, Irving Pichel, and Dorothy Peterson. Directed by Wesley Ruggles; the story, screenplay, and dialogue are by Mae West, with continuity by Harlan Thompson. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 14.)

IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PARTS I AND II (1944-46)—Eisenstein's two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny is obviously a magnificent work and it imposes its style on the viewer, yet it's so lacking in human dimensions that you may stare at it in a kind of outrage. True, every frame in it looks great—it's a brilliant collection of stills—but as a movie it's static, grandiose, and frequently ludicrous, with elaborately angled, overcomposed photography, and overwrought, eyeball-rolling performers slipping in and out of the walls, dragging their shadows behind them. The city of Alma Ata was rebuilt full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into it—it's a heavy dose of décor. In "Part I," released in 1945, Ivan is crowned, and then, because of the opposition of the boyars (or nobles) who, among their evil deeds, poison his wife, he is forced to abdicate. "Part II," which Eisenstein called "The Boyars' Plot," was his last film. Made in 1945-46, censured by the Central Committee and suppressed, it was not released until five years after Stalin's death (the director, still in disgrace, had died in 1948). In "Part II," the boyars strike again. Ivan has been restored to power with the help of "the people" but, under the leadership of Ivan's ratty old aunt Efrosinia, who hopes to put her (crazy? homosexual? both?) son on the throne, the boyars plot to assassinate Ivan. He outwits them and destroys their power in a big, bloody purge. All this may suggest a libretto. The movie *is* operatic—and opera without singers is a peculiar

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

form. Something momentous seems about to be imparted to us in each great frozen composition; it's almost as if the aria were about to begin. (In one of the most satisfying moments in "Part I" there *is* a song.) Overpowering in style, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. The figures are like giant spiders and rodents; as in science fiction, some horrible mutation seems to have taken place. The conflict in Ivan is between the good man dedicated to the welfare of his people and the power-mad despot (and, given when it was made, it's easy to see a parallel to Stalin). Oddly, the makeup that Nikolai Cherkassov uses as Ivan seems to be based on Conrad Veidt's makeup in Paul Leni's 1924 film "Waxworks," in which Ivan was used simply as a horror figure (the décor and camera work also recall "Waxworks"). And, as James Agee pointed out, Eisenstein gave Cherkassov "a chin and cranium which becomes ever more pointed, like John Barrymore as Mr. Hyde." In some ways, the film *is* close to the horror genre. It's as mysterious to the American eye and mind as Kabuki, to which it is often compared. Music by Prokofieff, cinematography by Edward Tisse, assisted by Andrei Moskvin on "Part II." In Russian. With one long sequence in "Part II" in rich, experimental color. (Film Forum; Nov. 18-20.)

Jinxed!—Bette Midler rates better material than this frazzled screwball romance. Even the movies it was lifted from (such as "The Only Game in Town") are bad. Midler is a great mischief, and she turns even moderately amusing lines into zingers, but the situations don't go anywhere. She plays a singer who entertains in the casinos at Lake Tahoe and Reno and lives with a sadistic gambler (Rip Torn) who beats her up. Though she has got her spandex pants and her wiggle-walk and the lewd twinkle in her eyes, the character has been so thinly conceived that all she can do is play comic mannerisms. Midler invents like a crazy dynamo and she turns the movie into a one-woman comedy show, but you can see what the effort is costing her and she carries off only part of it. There's a good frantic routine: between the stanzas of a rowdy medley that she's singing onstage, she bumps and grinds her way to the wings where her new lover (Ken Wahl), a young blackjack dealer, is standing, and she hisses out the procedures of a plan to murder the hateful sadist, without losing her rhythm. Ken Wahl doesn't prosper in this picture; the camera seems to zero in on his handsome, clear-eyed face just when he's pleading for the director's help. He has been turned into a TV-style hunk. And Midler's platinum hairdo bleaches out her rosiness and her radiance. Don Siegel directed, from a script by Bert Blessing (a pseudonym for Frank Gilroy, who wrote "The Only Game in Town"), which was then reworked by David Newman; it suggests a sprinkling of James M. Cain novels. With Val Avery, Jack Elam, and Benson Fong. (11/1/82) (Waverly, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Nov. 11.)

Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—From their titles, it's hard to tell the W. C. Fields movies apart; as John Mosher observed, "Fields is Fields, a rose is a rose." For the record, in this one Fields is Ambrose Wolfinger, and he and his daughter (Mary Brian) are the defenseless victims of his new wife (Kathleen Howard) and her sponging relatives (the worst is Grady Sutton). Directed by Clyde Bruckman. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 14.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed.

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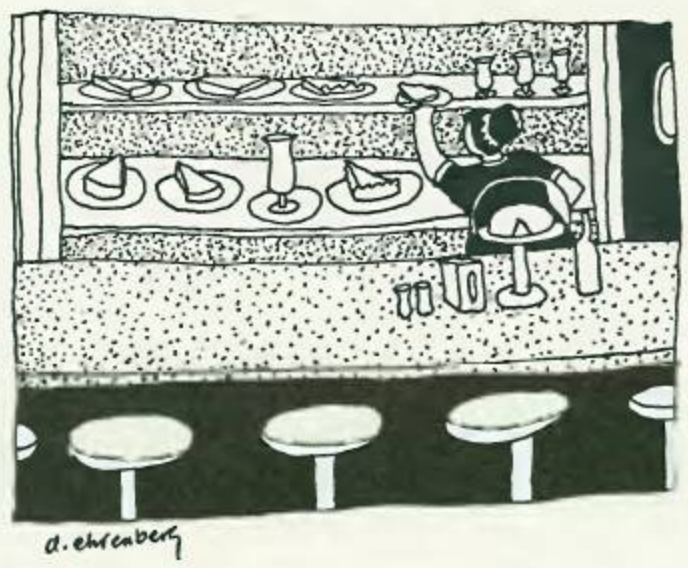
In German. (5/17/82) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 18.)

My Favorite Year—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozer Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky daring that is simply astounding. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit. Bill Macy, Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and Anne De Salvo all have a crack at fresh material. Also with Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jacobi, Tony Di Benedetto, Gloria Stuart, and Basil Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norman Steinberg (who appears in a bit as Sandy) and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Baronet, and Loews Paramount.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the mill-worker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Padre Padrone (1977)—The Taviani brothers, who wrote and directed this film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography, have learned to fuse political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence—how he struggled for words. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic. And the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric; their vision is on the nightmare side of primitivism, where the elements themselves are the boy's enemies. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. Though made in 16 mm. for Italian television, this extraordinary work—pungent and carnal, and in faintly psychedelic Romanesque color—took the two top prizes at Cannes, the Golden Palm and the International Critics' Prize. With Saverio Marconi, Omero Antonutti, Marcella Michelangeli, and Ledda, as himself at the beginning and the end. In Italian. (R.K.O. Century Art; Nov. 16-17.)



Poltergeist—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-foot-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Embassy.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy.)

Rififi (1955)—A quartet of thieves breaks into a jewelry store, and for a tense half hour we watch as they work, silently. It is like a highly skilled documentary on how to disconnect a burglar alarm and open a safe, and it is thoroughly engrossing, because we see the criminals as craftsmen, and we celebrate their teamwork, their finesse, their triumph. Ironically, we find ourselves sympathizing with their honest exhaustion after their dishonest labor. From there on, this movie, made in France (and in French) by the American director Jules Dassin, follows the tradition of "Scarface," "Public Enemy," and "The Asphalt Jungle" (and of "Macbeth" before them), bringing the tragic, trapped figures (now symbols of our own anti-social impulses) to a cadaverous finish. Along the way, Dassin keeps things actively vicious, with glimpses of underworld prostitutes and hopheads, and a murder, a kidnapping, and the thrashing of a faithless mistress, who is stripped. "Rififi" is the granddaddy of a batch of suspense films featuring how to knock over safes or break into banks and mu-

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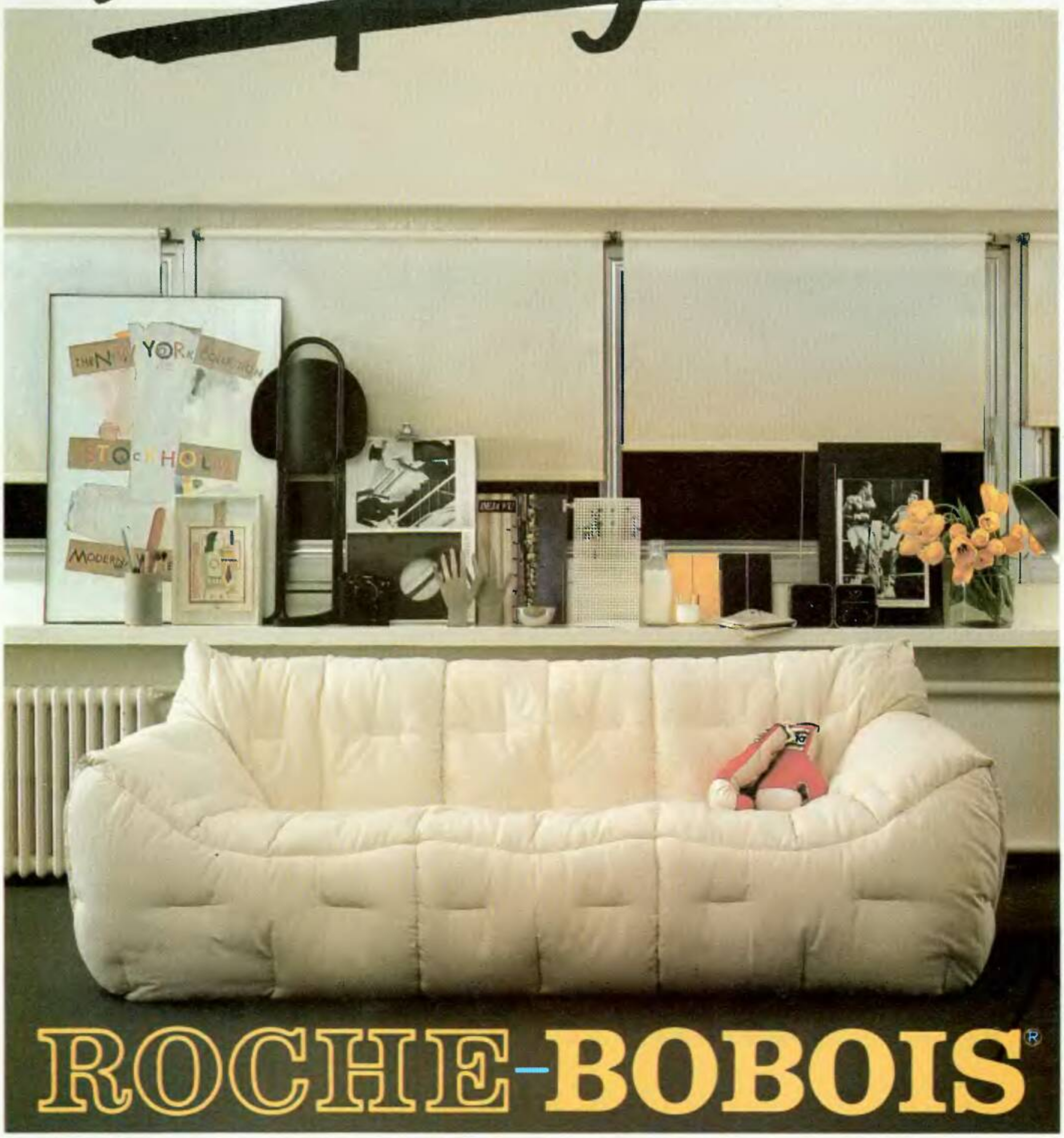
Easy Elegance



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

scums, but its own chief distinction is its nasty tone. With Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin as the four; and Robert Hossein, Marie Sabouret, and Magali Noel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 15.)

The Rose (1979)—Bette Midler plays "the Rose," a character loosely based on the singer Janis Joplin, who died of pills, alcohol, heavy drugs, and tiredness in 1970. The director, Mark Rydell, puts Miss Midler's considerable talent at desperate odds with the film itself, by trying for wall-to-wall finale—one long seamless high. When Miss Midler's Rose is not screaming to be heard somewhere in the bad music, she is screaming in anger, or in tears, or in alcoholic fugue states, or in a phone booth shooting heroin—all hyper, none of it really in Miss Midler's own style. With Frederic Forrest as the Rose's AWOL Army-sergeant lover, Alan Bates as her manager, and Harry Dean Stanton as a country-and-Western composer. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Waverly, starting Nov. 12.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1960)—This François Truffaut film is based on David Goodis's "Down There," a trim, well-written American crime novel. The movie busts out all over—and that's what's wonderful about it. Comedy, pathos, and tragedy are all scrambled up. Charlie, the sad-faced little piano player (Charles Aznavour), is the thinnest-skinned of modern heroes: each time he has cared about someone he has suffered, and now he just wants to be "out of it." This is a comedy about melancholia—perhaps the only comedy about melancholia. Truffaut is freely inventive here—a young director willing to try almost anything—and Charlie's encounters with the world are filled with good and bad jokes, bits from old Sacha Guitry films, clowns and thugs, tough kids, songs and fantasy and snow scenes, and homage to the American Grade-B gangster films of the forties and fifties. The film is nihilistic in attitude yet by its wit and good spirits it's totally involved in life and fun. Nothing is clear-cut, the ironies crisscross and bounce. With Nicole Berger, Marie Dubois, Albert Rémy, Michèle Mercier, and Daniel Boulanger. Written by Truffaut and Marcel Moussy; cinematography by Raoul Coutard. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, Nov. 15.)

A Slight Case of Murder (1938)—A black farce in the manner of "Arsenic and Old Lace." It's a burlesque of gangster films, with Edward G. Robinson as a bootlegger who turns legitimate and faces one mortifying mess after another. He drives his family out for a weekend in a country house and finds the corpses of four gangsters sitting around a table in the spare bedroom. Eventually, at a party back in town, the four are brought in and strung up on hooks in a closet. The director, Lloyd Bacon, succeeds in getting giggles out of some of these scenes, but his style is too broad, and the tone of the film is archly childish. With Allen Jenkins as a beer salesman, Jane Bryan, Bobby Jordan, Ruth Donnelly, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, John Litel, and Willard Parker. From a play by Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay, adapted by Earl Baldwin and Joseph Schrank. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 20.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls, it makes us ask what we and our friends and families would actually have done if our country had been invaded, like France. It's both oral history and essay: people who lived through the German Occupation tell us what they did during that catastrophic period, and we see and hear evidence that corroborates or corrects or sometimes flatly contradicts them. What makes the film innovative is the immediate annotation of what has just been said. As the perspectives ramify, we begin to get a fuller sense of what it was like to participate in the moral drama of an occupied nation than we have ever before had. (4½ hours.) (R.K.O. Century Art; Nov. 18.)

Sweet Hours (Dulces Horas)—Another graceful, measured Freudian-fantasy game by the Spanish writer-director Carlos Saura. The hero (Iñaki Aierra) is a playwright so obsessed with memories of his childhood that he has written a new play that contains the key

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
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scenes of his early life. The play ("Sweet Hours") is in rehearsal, and he attends the sessions watchfully, rapt. He's searching for something. (Can it be the clue to what's always missing from Saura's films—the final burst of energy that would make everything count?) Eventually, the searching playwright dredges up the repressed material, and his Oedipus complex is resolved. Saura has given his hero a bonus—a perfect wish fulfillment—by having him fall in love with Berta (Assumpta Serna), the stunning young actress who is rehearsing the role of his mother. This might seem like an exploding Buñuelian joke, but the entire movie is cultured and dignified; it's on gliders—it's smooth and languorous, and with intricately choreographed shifts from the present to the theatrically performed past and to the remembered past. What saves it from pedantry is that from time to time the images have an erotic tingle. Something sexual hovers in the atmosphere, especially when the tall, wide-eyed Assumpta Serna is on the screen. Her smile has a teasing elusiveness a bit like that of Vanessa Redgrave. In Spanish. (11/1/82) (Lincoln Plaza; through the afternoon of Nov. 11.)

Tex—An oddly quiet, tepid, soft film about adolescent travail in Oklahoma. Making his début as a director, Tim Hunter uses setups that are drably simple, and the locations are hazy—the cinematographer (Ric Waite) might be in some personal watery-pastel fog. This adaptation of one of the S. E. Hinton novels that became favorites of high-school kids in the seventies has an amiable, unforced good humor that takes the curse off the film's look and even off its everything-but-the-bloodhounds plot. As the prankish fifteen-year-old Tex, Matt Dillon radiates a mysteriously effortless charm. With Jim Metzler as Tex's older brother; Ben Johnson as the heavy; and Meg Tilly, Pamela Ludwig, Bill McKinney, and the author, Susan Hinton, in a bit as the typing teacher. The script is by Charlie Haas and the director. (10/4/82) (Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Guild, and Embassy 1; through Nov. 18.)

These Three (1936)—A beautifully made early version of the Lillian Hellman play "The Children's Hour," which effectively transposes the lesbian accusation into a heterosexual accusation. (Hellman did the adaptation.) Merle Oberon (in one of her better performances), Joel McCrea, and Miriam Hopkins are the three leads; Bonita Granville is the ghastly, tale-bearing child who claims to have seen sexual carryings-on, and Catherine Doucet is Hopkins' aunt. William Wyler, who directed, also made the 1962 version (with Shirley MacLaine and Audrey Hepburn, and Hopkins in the aunt role), which restored the original charge, but "These Three" is the better movie. Wyler seems more confident and relaxed in this version; he doesn't hover over things as much. With Alma Kruger, Marcia Mae Jones, Margaret Hamilton, and Walter Brennan. Cinematography by Gregg Toland. (Regency; Nov. 18-20.)

Time Bandits (1981)—Written by two members of the Monty Python group, Michael Palin and the American expatriate Terry Gilliam, who also directed, this surreal adventure fantasy has been conceived as a movie for children and adults. It's about a little English boy who is hurtled from one era to another by a pack of six dwarfs who have stolen The Supreme Being's map of the holes in the space-time continuum, and it's as picaresque as you can get, with Ian Holm as Napoleon, John Cleese as Robin Hood, Sean Connery as Agamemnon, Ralph Richardson as The Supreme Being, who's too busy to get his three-piece suit pressed, and David Warner, who's a great-looking Evil Genius—he wears talons and a Nixon nose out of a David Levine drawing. (The light shining up from Hell makes his nostrils red.) All this seems to do something for the eight-to-twelve-year-old boys in the audience—the ones known to be very high on d. & d. (dungeons and dragons)—which it may not do for adults, who will probably see and hear a lot of jokes without feeling much impulse to laugh. The whimsical rhythms of the vaudeville-skit humor often seem to be the result of mis-timing; the interludes with Palin and Shelley Duvall as wonky sweethearts are especially musty—the two of them seem more amused than the audience. Gilliam has a cacophonous imagination; even the magical incongruities are often cancelled out by the incessant buzz of cleverness. It's far from a bad movie, but it doesn't quite click together, either. The director doesn't shape the material satisfyingly; this may be one of those rare pictures that suffer from a surfeit of good ideas. With David Rappaport, Kenny Baker, Jack Purvis, Mike Edmonds, Malcolm Dixon, and Tiny Ross as the bandits; the boy is Craig Warnock. Songs by George Harrison. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller—one of the fastest, most exciting melodramas ever made—was based on contemporary events in Greece. The picture never loses emotional contact with the audience; it derives from the traditions of the American gangster movies and prison pictures and anti-Fascist melodramas of the forties. The young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras uses a searching, active camera style that's a little too self-consciously dynamic, and his staccato editing and the use of loud music to build up suspense for the violent sequences put a lot of pressure on you. He gets you in his grip and squeezes you to react the way he wants you to. The story is based on the Lambrakis affair, as it was presented in fictional form in the novel "Z," by the Greek exile Vassili Vassilikos. In 1965, Lambrakis, a professor of medicine, was struck down by a delivery truck as he left a peace meeting; the investigation of his death uncovered such a scandalous network of corruption and illegality in the police and in the government that the leader of the opposition party, George Papandreou, became Premier. But in 1967 a military coup d'état overturned the legal government. The movie reënacts the murder and the investigation in an attempt to show how the mechanics of Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. It was shot in Algeria, as a French-Algerian co-production, with a score by Mikis Theodorakis (who was under house arrest in Greece at the time), and a script by Jorge Semprun, an exile from Spain. When the picture is over and you've caught your breath, you know perfectly well that its techniques of excitation could as easily be used by a smart Fascist filmmaker, if there were one. Luckily, there isn't. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas, François Périer, Renato Salvatori, Charles Denner, Pierre Dux, Marcel Bozzufi, Magali Noel, and Georges Geret. The cinematography is by Raoul Coutard. In French. (R.K.O. Century Art; Nov. 14-15.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A BUSINESS friend who lives in the suburbs reports:

Despite a recessionary climate, a decline in anticipated yields, and specific fears fanned by the media, a limited partnership, oriented toward traditional strengths—one witch, one clown, one robot, one ghost, one vampire—visited a number of households here on Sunday night, under a full moon. Although it was a streamlined operation—no chatter, no dawdling—and there was decreased competition, the group experienced a sluggish and lacklustre evening, with a severe slump in acquisitions per capita. "We just about filled the bottom of our pillowcases," lamented the vampire (my daughter) on her return. A couple of neighborhood analysts—a scarecrow and a devil—predicted that there would be a major turnaround next October 31st.

"It's just a matter of confidence," said the scarecrow.

"We know the candy is there," said the devil.

"I'll believe it when I see it," said the vampire, and went to bed.

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Transformation

LABORATORY flasks, a test tube, TV cameras, microphones, folding chairs, neatly clipped hedges, an immaculate green lawn, artists, dignitaries, security guards, pigeons in cages, a guitarist, four flutists—all these things were at the United Nations Plaza the other morning when we arrived to observe the installation of an ice sculpture. At 9:53 A.M., the sculpture—it was being set out on some rectangular aluminum pans, which rested on some empty wire birdcages—read "SU." At 9:57, it read "SURV." At 10:07, it read "SURVIVAL." The sculpture, each of whose block letters was twenty-four inches high, was the work of a California sculptor named Joyce Cutler-Shaw. She had carved the letters the day before in an ice plant in Queens, and now, with the help of a man in a windbreaker, she was removing the letters from a truck and setting up her sculpture as the centerpiece of a ceremony titled "Messages from the World—Waters of the Nations," which was being held under the patronage of UNESCO and several other organizations and had to do with the fact that the U.N., mindful of health and ecology, had declared the nineteen-eighties to be the International Drinking Water and Sanitation Decade.

At 10:20, the guitarist began to play. At 10:33, the flutists took over. At 10:37, Miss Cutler-Shaw, a small, blond woman, who was holding a white pigeon in her hands, approached a microphone in front of the sculpture and spoke some introductory words to about fifty guests, who were seated on the folding chairs. At 10:39, she released the pigeon, which flew off toward the northeast across the green lawn and over the clipped hedges, climbed in an arc toward the northwest, and disappeared. About twenty feet behind her, a man in a blue suit opened four carrying cages and released eighty more pigeons, which flapped over the lawn and followed the trajectory of the first bird. At 10:42, Miss Cutler-Shaw produced a scroll that contained messages from ambassadors, artists, and scientists around the world. At 10:47, she presented the scroll to Yasushi Akashi, the Under-Secretary-General for the Department of Public Information of the U.N., who accepted it on behalf of Javier Perez de Cuellar, the Secretary-General. At 10:52, Miss Cutler-Shaw presented flasks containing the commingled waters of eighty-seven nations to officials of UNESCO and of the World Health Organization. At 10:56, a succession of artists took the test tube—it also contained the commingled waters of the nations—and poured a few drops on the block letters of the sculpture. At 11:07, the ceremony ended, and as people began to surround the sculpture we spoke with Miss Cutler-Shaw.

"Why pigeons?" we asked.

"I conceive of the artist as messenger," she told us. "So eight weeks ago, at the United Nations Plaza in San Francisco, we released four messenger pigeons carrying microfilm with the messages from world leaders—the messages that are now recorded on the scroll. The pigeons flew to Novato, California, on the first leg of an avian relay. In Novato, those four pigeons were replaced by four others, which flew to Modesto, and this procedure continued across the country to the Capitol in Washington and, finally, to New York City. The other pigeons you saw this morning were local birds that we brought in for effect."

"And why ice?" we asked.

"I've given a lot of thought to the sculptural transformation of words as

image," Miss Cutler-Shaw said. "Ice melts, but the message remains. And the water will be put in bottles and retained as part of a permanent United Nations collection of the waters of the nations. Some of it came from sacred sites, like the Ganges, the Vatican, and the Meiji Shrine, in Japan."

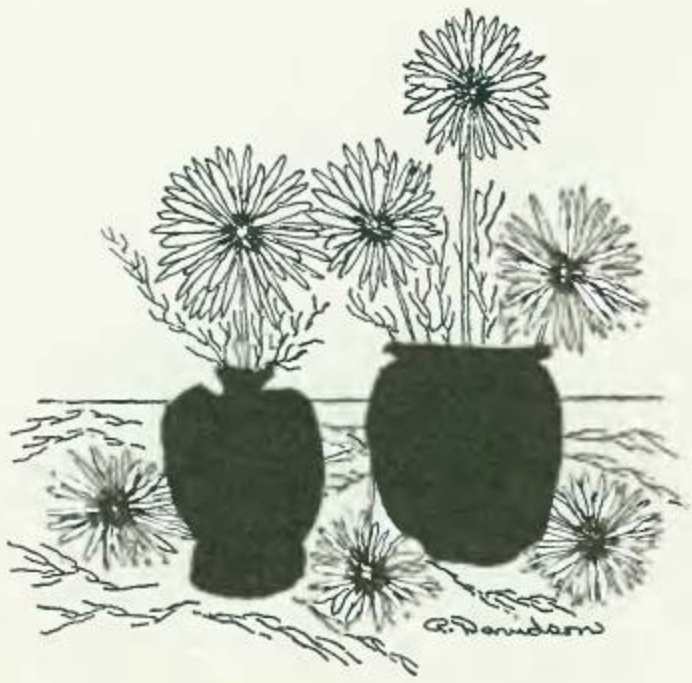
The sun was high. By 11:16, the frosty white letters of "SURVIVAL" had begun to drip profusely, and when we stopped by again that afternoon, at 5:28, about all that remained of the sculpture was water in aluminum pans, shimmering.

Toy Trains

NO child has ever been locked in overnight at F. A. O. Schwarz, the toy store, either accidentally or on purpose, in all its fifty-plus years at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street. Occasionally, an adult has a reason to be there after hours, when all is silent on the second floor except the pendulums in the miniature grandfather clocks. The second floor no longer quite feels, as it always used to, like a tucked-away room set aside for the private examination of treasure. In the last year, the winding marble staircase near the back that led you there from the ground floor has been replaced by a giant hole in the floor crisscrossed by twin escalators. Escalators don't slow down at the final step to let you catch a glimpse while you catch your breath, and without that moment the second floor—at first—now seems no more than a mezzanine. But, way up front, the trains are still where they were, and if you are looking at one of the train layouts, which these days are German trains—Märklin and L.G.B.—then this must mean, as it used to, that you haven't been stopped by anything you've passed on either floor: not by dolls or stuffed animals or cars or puzzles or electronic games or mechanical bears that blow a whistle. And if you are an adult looking at a set of small trains in the silence of the night, and if it has not happened already, an old sense of pleasurable contemplation of things brand new may return: *What could I do with this if it were mine*?

Late last month, when Schwarz's was preparing for a special event, its First Annual Train Exhibit, we got to go twice to the second floor after closing. The first time, we talked to a dozen members of a fourteen-thousand-member group, the Train Collectors Association, who were spreading brown felt and grass paper—a fuzzy green paper good for using under Christmas trees—on display shelves, and then opening thirty- and forty- and fifty-year-old boxes and, in deft slow motion, removing steam engines, diesels, parlor cars, boxcars, all of which they picked up only by the wheels. These collectors collect American toy trains, mostly Lionel and American Flyer, and the toy trains they were setting out were their gems—their, as they say, pristine, like-new, big-ticket items: trains gleaming with bright enamel paint, unchipped, undented, unbashed, unplayed-with. The second time, we went to look at some remote-control Lionel freight cars—a milk car, a cattle car, and a Bronx Zoo car with giraffe—from the collection of Ron Hollander, a contributing editor to *Town & Country* and the author of a recent and authoritative history, "All Aboard! The Story of Joshua Lionel Cowen & His Lionel Train Company." Push a button, and the door to the white milk car flings open and a tiny man in a white uniform slams a minute steel milk can onto a freight platform. Push another button, and the platform that some black cows are standing on starts to jiggle and they wobble toward the open door of the orange cattle car. Without even a button, the giraffe in the Bronx Zoo car pulls his neck down to avoid a low bridge. Mr. Hollander also sounded the Lionel steam whistle for us—a commanding hoot that dies away lingeringly, breathily, and is produced by a wisp of a fan blowing air through two minuscule pipes.

We went back a third time, too—early one morning, before business began—to watch Albert Korponay, an optical engineer, and his son, Steve, a mechanic, connect two hundred and forty wires and put together three four-foot-by-eight-foot panels that make up his operating layout of European trains cresting the Austrian Alps to reach Seewinkel, a hidden village with a sawmill, a church, street lights, chalets, cows, and horses and wagons, and travellers waiting on the station platform. Everything in the layout except the trains and the track was made by hand; each of twenty-two hundred shingles on the station roof was glued on individually. The reason the Alps themselves look so real is that after four tries Mr. Korponay hit upon a miniature-mountain technique no one had thought of before—crinkled aluminum foil, then plaster spread like icing, stretched burlap over that, then more plaster, then a dozen different colors of paint. It works. It took Mr. Korponay two years to make all three panels. Steve Korponay, as engineer, can run as many as six trains simultaneously on the layout. His father began the project as something to do when he was laid up after an accident.



There is so much interest now in small trains, and interest of so many different kinds, that talking to collectors can make you think, before you sort things out, of a train, a plane, and a bus all trying to occupy the same right-of-way. The membership totals of the Train Collectors Association have chugged steadily upward for the last ten years, as have the prices of the old toy trains being collected. Many of the new members are younger adults, who played with trains in the fifties—the last decade in which high-quality toy trains were available in this country on a mass-market basis. But some collectors—like Frank Camileri, who is fifty-two, who runs the back-office operations for a firm of Wall Street stockbrokers, and who helped organize the collections displayed at Schwarz's—couldn't afford trains when they were kids. Some run trains as well as collect them—like Charles Romeo, a New York printer, also represented in the Schwarz exhibit, whose trains run through little holes in a wall of his apartment so they can traverse both the living room and the spare room. Some are in collecting to make money, either by investing in trains or by dealing in them, and you hear stories about a man who bought two beach houses in the Hamptons, a Mercedes, and a Seville from trains. You hear rumors about rock stars who buy hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of never-used trains just to play with them. There are scholars; there are hunters; there are detectives who look for fakes. There are distinctions between prewar and postwar toy-train

collectors—W. Graham Claytor, Jr., the new president of Amtrak, specializes in trains from Carlisle & Finch, a Cincinnati firm that now makes maritime lighting devices and hasn't made toy trains since 1915—and between American and European toy-train collectors. There are further distinctions between all toy-train collectors and model railroaders—model railroads being more exact replicas of real trains. Some toy-train people collect only catalogues; some make spare parts for others; some run the train meets—the get-togethers where collectors buy and sell. The biggest of these are the April and October T.C.A. meets, at the Interstate Fairgrounds in York, Pennsylvania. They are open only to T.C.A. members and their guests, and the one last month drew seven thousand.

And there are also those who remember as if it were this morning the great war for toy-train supremacy which took place around Madison Square just after the Second World War, when Dr. A. C. Gilbert, graduate of Yale Medical School, co-winner of the pole-vaulting event in the London Olympics of 1908, inventor of the Erector Set, and head of American Flyer, challenged Joshua Lionel Cowen, the man who had built one of the earliest electric toy trains in this country and claimed to have invented the flashlight. Cowen didn't think at first that he had built a toy train—he thought he had constructed a device that stores would put in their windows to attract attention to their merchandise. He changed his mind when people started playing with the trains. The Lionel showroom, with its vast layout, was on the second floor of 15 East Twenty-sixth Street, on the north side of Madison Square. A block and a half away, on the west side of the square, was the six-story Gilbert Hall of Science, with a train display eighty feet long on which nine trains, including steam engines that puffed smoke and made real choo-choo sounds, could run simultaneously. (The building is still standing; a firm that sells holiday decorations now occupies it.) Cowen won the fight hands down—and then both were swept away by television watching, Sputnik, miniature-slot-car racing, and the sixties.

Listening to the talk around us at Schwarz's, we could think of one reason for the current fascination with trains—a reason having to do with scale. Trains form more of a continuum than many things do. The tiniest of them—Märklin's Z-gauge, or Mini-Club, trains—have tracks a quarter inch apart. The biggest—such as the broad-gauge trains of Spain—have tracks five and a half feet apart. But the biggest toys, known as live steam trains, with tracks twelve and three-quarters inches apart, are mighty close in size to the smallest real trains—like the Romney, Hythe & Dymchurch Railway, in Kent, England—which run on tracks fifteen inches apart. It is hard to know just where, or how high, you stand.

Frank Ribando, Sr., a collector represented in the Schwarz exhibit, who works as night manager and maître d' of P. J. Clarke's, told us his reason for collecting: "I started buying thirteen years ago, when my older son was born. He had trains to play with later on as well, but this was a collection I was building for him to keep. You don't give kids watches or antiques, but you do give them something they can look at. As they look, they become aware of what they own. It's the *awareness* that you're teaching them. They learn to value, respect, and take care of the things they live with. My parents couldn't afford trains for me, but they taught me to respect anything in the house. What you have you take care of."

"How can you say we have nothing after all these years? I have you, you have me, and we have a nice dog named Spotty."

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Débuts

THIS fall, in a Manhattan office, Matthew P. Reich talked of aldehydes and amylase, of six-row barley and fermenting yeast. He briefed us on esters, hops (the plant *Humulus lupulus*), and isohumulones, and then he started in on krausening, malt, and Brussels lace, on wort and turbidity and International Bitterness Units. And then he stopped and said, "It's great to know all about this technical stuff, but to make a good beer you have to have a good mouth." Mr. Reich, together with his brewmaster, Dr. Joseph L. Owades, this fall produced New Amsterdam Amber Beer, which can be found only in New York City, and even here only in a few of the swankier restaurants and stores. "Every couple of weeks for a year, we'd sit down and taste," Mr. Reich said. "We'd sit

there and blend beers until we got what we were looking for." Rich and reddish, the new brew starts out sweet and turns pleasantly bitter toward the back of the throat. In short, Reich's beer is a lot closer to what Europeans drink than it is to Miller High Life. "As far as I'm concerned," Mr. Reich declared, "Americans have been led up the garden path to lightness—with beer, with cheese, with bread. To me, lightness is tastelessness. That's what my beer is all about—it's an *antidote* to lightness."

To brew his beer, Mr. Reich had to raise two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—enough to pay for the malt and hops and the rental of the West End brewery in Utica. "On August 26th, we went up there to make the beer," Mr. Reich told us. "We went through the whole process. And the next day we had five hundred barrels—that came out to about six thousand seven hundred cases—of New Amsterdam Amber Beer sitting in the tank. I'd worked for two years—the first year planning and the second year tasting—but we actually made the beer in eight hours. It took thirty-five days for it to age, though, and I was back here in the city waiting for Dr. Owades to call. I was so worried. I kept thinking, What if some guy flips the wrong switch and drains the tank?" Nothing of the sort happened, and early last month Mr. Reich, bottles in hand, was out peddling his beer. "I walk into a bar, and I have two bottles in a box, and I say 'Want to taste some beer?' and often they say 'No beer salesmen today.' And then I say 'I'm not a salesman. I *make* this beer.' So then they taste, and eighty-five per cent of the time they say 'Hey, that's a nice beer.' And to me that's what makes this job worthwhile. When someone tastes the beer I made and it tastes good, that's the satisfaction. I want to turn the world on to good food, not junk food."

New Amsterdam Amber Beer (a name picked from a list that also included Broadway Beer, Stuyvesant Ale, Greenwich Beer, Astor Place Ale, and Chelsea Amber Beer) is New York City's only purely local brew—a reminder of a once proud local industry. Mr. Reich told us he hopes soon to stop renting the Utica facility and open his own brewery here—in the meat-packing district below Fourteenth Street. "At my brewery," he said, "people will be able to sit at a bar, and behind it, through a big window, they'll be able to watch the kettles boiling away. And they'll be able to smell it, too. I love the smell of brewing beer."

NOT long after our conversation with Mr. Reich, we were privileged to meet a contessa. We doubt whether we'll ever meet a contessa more gracious and charming than Diana Masieri di Creazzo Byfield, who is currently beating the drum for a new, Amaretto-flavored instant coffee, produced by General Foods. Contessa Masieri entertained us with stories of her Italian girlhood. (She currently lives in Middleburg, Virginia, with her husband, the former Chicago hotel proprietor Ernest Byfield, Jr.) At the age of fourteen, the Contessa was running her family's extensive vineyards, near Verona, and performing tricks like gauging the degree of fermentation by listening to the wine as it sat in the vat. From her fascination with wine, it was only a short step to a passion for fine cooking. "You can't drink wine without food. Well, maybe one glass of white, but that's it," she said. And from there—once General Foods had planted the notion in her mind—it was only another short step to a growing obsession with coffee. "You have to end a good meal with coffee," she declared, and she added that in just two months of research she'd found more than forty books about coffee, many of them chock-full of anecdotes. At a party at the Bowman town house, on East Sixty-third Street, that launched Cafe Amaretto, a General Foods "category manager" named Joel Johnson forecast a rosy future for his product. "General Foods International Coffees are the fastest-growing coffee products in the country, and liqueurs are among the fastest-growing alcoholic beverage," he said in an address. "So we think we have a very happy marriage of growth trends here." Test marketing in Boston and San Francisco shows that Cafe Amaretto drinkers have "a very young and very upscale profile," Mr. Johnson said. He concluded his address with an announcement we found ar-

"Mr. Joseph W. Bellington. Here's what the New York 'Times' had to say about him."

resting. "As we speak," he said (this was October 28th, and, by our watch, 6:28 P.M.), "Cafe Amaretto is making its way into thirty thousand supermarkets across the country."

It was left for the Contessa, in a brief speech, to link the powdered coffee with romance—a connection that General Foods hopes will sell many tins. She succeeded, we thought, quite well. "I'm thinking of young girls coming back from their first dates," the Contessa said, in happy, Italian-tinted tones. "They ask their boyfriends if they want a cup of coffee, all the time hoping very much they will say yes, for then they can prolong their first evenings of romance. It is a very touching picture, no?"

"Get the hell back in here, Kretchner. I'm not through with you yet."

• •

General Foods may need romance to sell coffee; the C. W. Sweets Brands, Inc., executives we talked to last month, though, assured us that *their* new product virtually sells itself. "In Chicago, at the National Hotel and Restaurant Food Show, extra security staff were required to control the crowds that wanted to taste samples," Charles B. Tichenor, the company president, said. "We had ten thousand samples, and we were forced to ration them, or we would have depleted all of the product before the end of the show."

Board Chairman James L. Cooper said, "It's something sensational, and it can be experienced by everyone. There are very few times in a generation you see a new product this unusual."

What manner of manna is this that provokes near-riots in convention halls and near-rapture in boardrooms? It is, simply told, ice cream that tastes like booze. Like expensive booze—Cointreau, Grand Marnier, and champagne. "The idea was created in France, eight years ago, by the owner of a plastic-container company who wanted to expand his market," Mr. Tichenor told us, and he went on to explain that the plastics man made small replicas of liqueur and champagne bottles, filled them with flavored ice cream, and sold them in France, and then in the Low Countries, and then in Japan, and now, at last, in America.

A brochure designed to spur wholesalers to buy lists some of the product's attractive features: "added enhancement to your menu," "international brand recognition," "exact portion control," "distinctively different—a fun memento to take home," and "very high profit margin." Everyone who attended a recent party to launch the ice cream agreed that, with attributes like those, the new venture should do well. "It will go over very big in restaurants," predicted a young woman named Jean Laupus, who works for the people who import plain old unfrozen Cointreau. "There are no problems of someone getting more dessert than someone else. And it's not as easy for employees to take some for themselves. And what a collector's item it will be for children! You can imagine all the little girls playing house, with the empty bottles all lined up."

"Kids will be able to buy the ice cream themselves," Mr. Tichenor said, "because it contains only enough liquor extract to provide the flavor. Using more liquor would, of course, be a financial disadvantage to us. It costs a lot, and it doesn't freeze easily."

In the kitchen of the French Embassy commercial office, on West Fifty-seventh Street, where the party took place, the caterer was having a few problems. He had mistakenly put dry ice in the sink and turned on the faucet, and as a result the dry ice was heaving and steaming. "This I have never seen before," he said, with a resigned giggle. Back in the main room, Mr. Cooper was saying of his plastic bottle of Grand Marnier ice cream, "People have never seen anything like this before. Take a couple, where the gal works. They can pick up some of these and pop them in the freezer, and over a candlelight dinner it makes a great dessert. And the thing I like is that the price of it makes it available to *the whole world*." The portions (three and a half fluid ounces) will probably sell for two-fifty in restaurants, but a four-pack at the supermarket (fourteen whole ounces) will likely cost only four-ninety-nine.

EDMUND

ON a sunny Saturday morning in Ica, Peru, Edmund Yee—free-lance Peruvian-Chinese guide and driver, short and growing bald—sits, under the yellow-striped awning, on the steps of the Pink Sand Hotel, at the edge of the desert, and thinks of North America. He thinks of the blue waters and beautiful trees of the United States, of Canada's horsemen and hooves under white, snowy skies. Maybe he thinks of Mexico, where his marriage with Rosa Osa Sanchez ended, with Rosa tossing Edmund infidelity and the humiliation that comes when a woman who is just all right crushes a good, humble man. ("I will never take a dog to Mexico," he sometimes tells his tours.) Because of Rosa, Mexico was for Edmund a place of diseases of the heart and soul and body. Because of Mexico, he cannot father a child.

Edmund lived in Mexico for six months—spring and summer, 1965. He has not been back since. He has never, actually, been north of Guadalajara; never been to Texas, Oklahoma, Arizona, never been to New York City's Chinatown, never been to the palms of Florida, never been to the tall trees of California (though he might tell his tours, "I dream of California's redwoods growing in Peru's desert. I am thankful I don't understand my dreams. A good guide never understands his dreams").

Today he is dressed well—as well as he can be—in a white terry-cloth jersey he received as a tip two years ago, brown polyester wrinkle-free pants, white tennis shoes imported from Brazil. He is going to some nameless ruins in Peru's southern desert with an American family of four, the Zuckermans. Most of his life has been spent in the deserts and mountains of Peru. (He has never seen China—a place his father only barely remembered.) Edmund recites to himself: Saul Zuckerman, Barbara Zuckerman, Louis Zuckerman, Sarah Zuckerman. The name Zuckerman makes him think of nothing, reminds him of nothing, for which he is grateful. He hates patterns, echoes, things that jar his memory. He likes forgettable things with forgettable names.

The Zuckermans appear. They are lean and angular, like storks, except Sarah Zuckerman, who looks to be about fifteen and has an unaccountable prettiness. Round and luminiscent, like the moon, she glows under the yellow-striped awning. Mr. Zuckerman figures out that Edmund is Edmund, and Edmund smiles. They have never met, but Edmund's picture and biography appear in the Ica/Nazca guidebook, which Mr. Zuckerman bought for two thousand Peruvian soles. Mr. Zuckerman turns and says something to his family, something that causes them to shift their feet and nod. Warning them against ultraviolet light in the desert, the deceptive nature of ruins, tours, tour guides, South America, South Americans. Edmund says these things to himself as he imagines Mr. Zuckerman saying them to the Zuckerman family.

Rising, smiling, trying to organize a string of North American compliments and jokes in his spinning, fitful head, Edmund goes to the top of the stairs. The father and boy step out in front, as if protecting the women from a great unknown. Edmund shakes hands with the men and awkwardly half-bows to the mother and girl, causing the girl, Sarah, to laugh. She laughs as Edmund leads them down the stairs (his eyes are closed, and his right arm is raised, as if he were marching) and over to the side of the hotel, where his black 1960 Ford sedan, freshly waxed and buffed, shines in the sun.

THE trip south into the desert is filled with wonders. Sarah Zuckerman stares at the dying, gray trees, barely bright enough to see in the hard sunlight, and Edmund explains them to her. "The desert will always be there," he says. "A few trees are nothing. A few animals, a few people." He is square behind the wheel, Mrs. Zuckerman is next to him, hanging on his words like a moth, and Sarah is at the window. Three in the front, so the women will miss nothing. The father and the boy sit in back. The scenery is impressive for a few seconds at a time, but that is all. Edmund tries to make it last with his history of the stoneworks of Peru, his imperial leaps of the imagination, his latest jokes. (His success at making Sarah laugh, and the way she shields her eyes under the crook of a bare arm and smiles, creates a strange, forgotten feeling in him.) These are some of the driest places on earth, he tells the Zuckermans, watching them swallow instantaneously. He points out some bald birds strutting on dry sticks.

"Sand birds," Edmund says solemnly. "Birds without hope."

The Zuckerman family sighs. Then there is silence and heat, heat and silence, heavy breathing.

"Could you turn on the radio, Edmund?" the girl suddenly asks.

The father leans forward, unused to leaning forward in a car. "Sarah. This is a tour. Listen to Edmund. Jesus."

"I wouldn't mind the radio," the boy says. "We can listen to the radio and listen to Edmund. Edmund needs background music."

"That's pretty funny," the mother retorts, thrusting her chin out, indicating impatience. "Now, listen to Edmund."

And Edmund quietly says, "Dry, dry, dry," steering down the straight, pale desert road. "Maybe the driest place on earth."

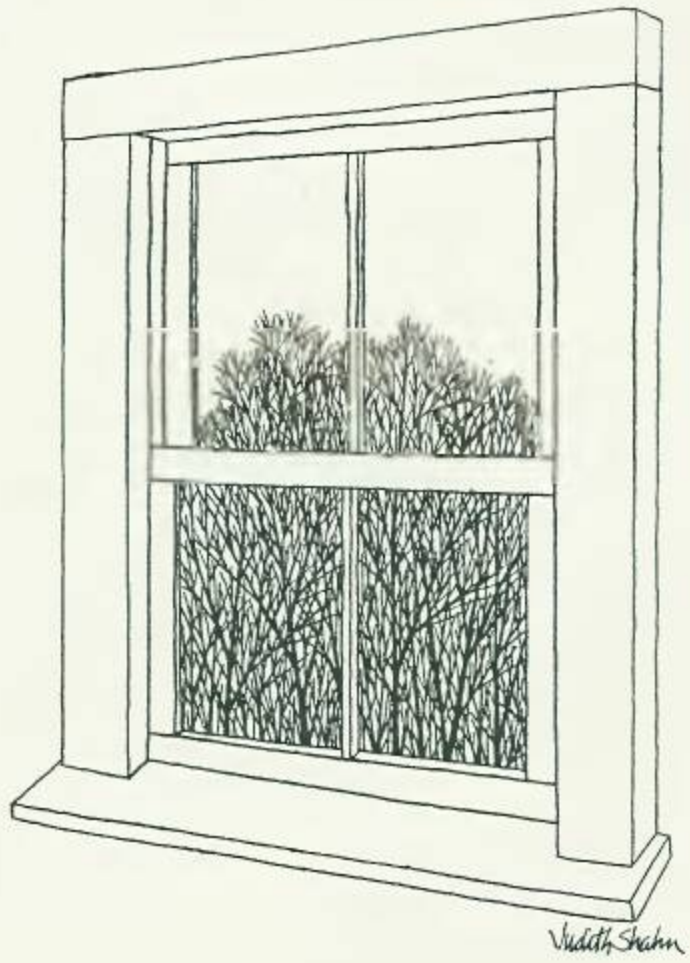
Silence.

They pull off the main road and stop in front of a series of small, endless hills. The mountains rise at the horizon. A few trees, a few animals. The first cluster of ruins, on the side of a sandy, rubbed-out knoll, is visible. Disappointing ruins to the children, it's plain. The girl laughs, the boy coughs.

"Maybe the Nazca period," Edmund advises the Zuckermans. "Maybe the Paracas." He smiles for an instant. "We'll get out of the automobile and look at some stone carvings."

All four doors of Edmund's Ford are swung open.

"This is fascinating," the father says, getting out, standing erect, and



rubbing his hands in the sunlight. The mother, too, says something to generate interest, something that dissolves in the wavy air. The children seem bored, restless, asleep. Asleep to history!

"How long ago and how far away," the mother whispers to the girl, who shakes dust from her skirt with an amazing diffidence.

"Fascinating," the father repeats. "The unimaginable mysteries."

"This is pretty lousy," the boy announces, and his sister laughs.

"Louis! Sarah!" The mother and father mix voices.

"Please," pleads the father.

"Follow Edmund," says the mother.

"Edmund, Edmund, Edmund," moans the girl.

Edmund leads the Zuckermans to the ruins—up sandhills, down sandhills, with the sun bigger in the sky than any of the Zuckermans have ever before seen it. Having come prepared, Mr. Zuckerman passes out orange baseball caps to his family. Their heads bob up and down like balls of fruit. Everything seems to be sand or the color of sand, except the baseball caps. Trekking behind Edmund, the family (even the uninterested children) looks sporting and electric, bright lights in the desert, making great distances with long strides.

"This is another world," says the father, lifting his orange cap and readjusting it the way an outfielder does.

"Hot and mysterious," says the mother.

As they go, squibbing sand, Edmund launches his automatic description of pre-Inca cities, Inca cities built atop pre-Inca ones, the wonder of walls put together without mortar or paste, the wonder of cities won without the wheel. He talks about the infinite (though he knows they weren't infinite) variety of peoples who populated the desert, or at least paid some visits with their stone sculptors.

Smiling, Edmund half-hops onto a stone that marks the beginning of the remains of an ancient priest's house. Behind him, other stones lie flat and solitary or in heaps. The back of the house is a broken line of odd blocks. "This," he says, looking down on the Zuckermans, "was a terrible outpost for an ancient civilization. The priest was probably being punished. Maybe a series of priests were punished and sent here. Or maybe the priests came to spend their last days with the sun. You can do that here."

Some carvings, on two quadrangular stones to the right of the entrance, depict the funeral of a priest. According to Edmund's theory, he was the last of the line.

"He was a tall man," the mother remarks, rubbing her fingertips along his flanks.

The father and the boy take off their caps. With hooded eyes, they approach the carvings. They look the carvings up and down, over and across. They seem puzzled.

The girl, getting a good look, speaks up: "Are you sure this is a funeral? It looks like a man swimming in the ocean with his friends."

But Edmund is already down the hill, twenty feet away, in search of more windswept ruins. There are hundreds of them. They are everywhere. The Zuckermans chase him all afternoon. They finally chase him back to the car, waving their orange caps in surrender.

IT'S a deep, dry darkness. The Zuckermans sleep on the drive back to Ica, except Sarah. With her family asleep, she lights cigarettes and stares at the floor. She hums songs that make her head nod violently. Edmund, driving, catches glimpses of her face. Even bathed in shadows, it's a fine face—one of the purest and freshest he's ever seen.

"Edmund," she says at last, not looking up, "will you please turn on the radio?" Her voice is distant, pleading, light.

He finds a faint music station for her. Almost hearing nothing, they hear a piano, a woman's Spanish song, some tinkling bells. She tilts her head to one side, listening. When she falls asleep, he takes a burning cigarette from her fingers and puts it out.

—Peter M. Gordon

NEW BEST FRIENDS

"THE McElroys really don't care about seeing us anymore —aren't you aware of that?" Jonathan Ferris rhetorically and somewhat drunkenly demands of his wife, Sarah Stein.

Evenly she answers him, "Yes, I can see that."

But he stumbles on, insisting, "We're low, *very* low, on their priority list."

"I *know*."

Jonathan and Sarah are finishing dinner, and too much wine, on one of the hottest nights of August—in Hilton, a mid-Southern town, to which they moved (were relocated) six months ago; Jonathan works for a computer corporation. They bought this new fake-Colonial house, out in some scrubby pinewoods, where now, in the sultry, sulfurous paralyzing twilight no needle stirs, and only mosquitoes give evidence of life, buzz-diving against the window screens.

In New York, in their pretty Bleecker Street apartment, with its fern-shaded courtyard, Sarah would have taken Jonathan's view of the recent McElroy behavior as an invitation to the sort of talk they both enjoyed: insights, analyses—and, from Sarah, somewhat literary speculations. Their five-year marriage has always included a great deal of talk, of just this sort.

However, now, as he looks across the stained blond maple table that came, inexorably, with the bargain-priced house, across plates of wilted food that they were too hot and tired to eat—as he focusses on her face Jonathan realizes that Sarah, who never cries, is on the verge of tears; and also that he is too drunk to say anything that would radically revise what he has already said.

Sarah does begin to cry. "I know we're low on their list," she chokes. "But after all we only met them a couple of months before they moved away. And they'd always lived here. They have family, friends. I've always accepted that. I even said it to you. So why do you have to point it out?"

If he could simply get to his feet, could walk around the table and say, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it—then at least temporarily there would be an improvement in the air between them, a lifting of the heavy night's burden. But Jonathan cannot move; it is so hot his shirt is still stuck to his back, as it has been all day. And he is exhausted.

The Mystery of the Moon

Besides, what he just said about the McElroys (who at first seemed an instrument of salvation; Sarah was crazy about them) is all too true: Hugh and Hattie McElroy, who moved to Santa Fe in June, now are back for the wedding of a son, and Sarah has barely seen them. And she used to see Hattie almost every day. On this visit, though, the McElroys have come to Sarah and Jonathan's once for dinner, and Sarah saw Hattie at a large lunch party (given by Hattie's old friend Popsie Hooker).

Of course, having lived here forever, the McElroys are indeed involved with family and friends, as Sarah has just said. But really, Jonathan now furiously thinks (as Sarah must have thought), at least they could call her; they could meet for tea, or something.

Weeping, Sarah looks blotchy, aged, distorted; her fine, just-not-sharp features are blurred. "Piquant" is the word that Jonathan's mother has found for Sarah's face. "Well, I wouldn't call her pretty, in any conventional way, but her face is so intelligent, so—piquant." To Jonathan, her face is simply that, her own; he is so close to her that he rarely thinks about it, except that a sudden, unexpected sight of her can deeply move him still. She simply looks like a young woman who is crying, almost any young woman.

Thinking this, it occurs to Jonathan that he has never seen another man cry, and he himself would like to weep, at this moment; it is so hot, they are both so unhappy, everything seems lost. He pulls himself together, though, after this frightening thought, and then he remembers that in fact he did see his own father in tears, as he lay dying, in Mass. General Hospital; big heavy tears ran down his father's long lined white face.

"You must think I'm really stupid," Sarah gets out.

No, you're the brightest girl I ever met, Jonathan does not say. Nor does he add, But that was a stupid remark.

Stupid is the last thing that Sarah is, actually, and during their New York married life (before *this*) she had no trouble getting the part-time editorial jobs that she liked, or books to review. Those occupations used

"I don't see my picture around here anywhere."

to absorb much of Sarah's time, and her plentiful energy, and Jonathan knows that lack of any such work down here contributes to her unhappiness; it is not just disappointment with the McElroys.

In New York, in a vague, optimistic way (they have been generally happy people, for these times), as they discussed the projected move to Hilton, Sarah and Jonathan assured each other that since it was a university town, not just any old backward Southern city, there would be work of some sort available to her, at the university press, or somewhere. Saying which they forgot one crucial fact, which is that in or around any university there are hundreds of readily exploitable bright students' wives, or students, who grasp at all possible, however low-paying, semi-intellectual work.

And so for Sarah there has been little to do, in the too large, uncharming house, which (Jonathan has unhappily recognized) Sarah has been keeping much too clean. All her scrubbing and waxing, her dusting and polishing have a quality of desperation, as well as being out of character; his old busy Sarah was cheerfully untidy, which was quite all right with Jonathan, who did not mind housework.

Unsteadily, they now clear the table and wash up. They go upstairs to bed; they try to sleep, in the thick damp heat.

SARAH and Jonathan's first month in Hilton, February, was terrible for them both. Cold, dark and windy, and wet, a month of almost unrelenting rains, which turned the new red clay roads leading out to their house into tortuous slicks, deeply rutted, with long wide puddles of muddy red water, sometimes just frozen at the edges. Cold damp drafts penetrated their barnlike house; outside, in the woods, everything dripped, boughs sagged, and no birds sang.

March was a little better: not yet spring, none of the promised balmy Southern blue, and no flowers, but at least the weather cleared; and the blustery winds, though cold, helped to dry the roads, and to cleanse the air.

And, one night at dinner, Sarah announced that she had met a really wonderful woman, in a bookstore. "My new best friend," she said, with a tiny, half-apologetic laugh, as Jonathan's heart sank, a little. They both knew her tendency toward somewhat ill-advised enthusiasms: the charming editor who turned out to be a lively alcoholic, given to midnight (and later) phone calls; the smart young film critic who made it instantly clear that she hated all their other friends. The long line of initially wonderful people, the new best friends, who in one way or another became betrayers of Sarah's dreams of friendship.

However, there was another, larger group of friends she'd had for years, who were indeed all that Sarah said they were, smart and loyal and generous and fun. Jonathan liked those friends, now his friends, too. Life with Sarah had, in fact, made him more gregarious, changing him from a solitary, overeducated young man with a boring corporation job, despite an advanced degree in math, into a warmer, friendlier person. Sarah's talkative, cheery friends were among her early charms for Jonathan. He simply wondered at her occasional lapses in judgment.

Hattie McElroy, the new best friend (and the owner, it turned out, of the bookstore where they had met), was very Southern, Sarah said; she was from Hilton. However, except for her accent (which Sarah imitated, very funnily), she did not seem Southern. "She reads so much, I guess it gives her perspective," Sarah said. And, with a small pleased laugh, "She doesn't like it here very much. She says she's so tired of everyone she knows. They're moving to Santa Fe in June. Unfortunately, for me."

After that, all Sarah's days seemed to include a visit to Hattie's bookstore, where Hattie served up mugs of tea, Sarah said, along with "super" gossip about everyone in town. "There's an old group that's unbelievably stuffy," Sarah reported to Jonathan. "People Hattie grew up with. They never even want to meet anyone new. Especially Yankees." And she laughed, happy to have such an exclusive connection with her informative and amusing new friend.

"Any chance you could take over the bookstore when they leave?" asked Jonathan, early on. "Maybe we could buy it?" This was during the period of Sarah's unhappy discovery about the work situation in Hilton, the gradually apparent fact of there being nothing for her.

"Well, the most awful thing. She sold it to a chain, and just before we got here. She feels terrible, but she says there didn't seem any other way out, no one else came around to buy it. And the chain people are even bringing in their own manager." Sarah's laugh

was rueful, and her small chin pointed downward as she added, "One more dead end. And damn, it would have been perfect for me."

The next step, Jonathan dimly imagined, would be a party or dinner of some sort at the McElroys', which he could not help mildly dreading, as he remembered the film critic's party, at which not only was almost everyone else gay (that would have been all right, except that some of the women did seem very hostile, to him) but they all smoked—heavily, some of them pipes and cigars—in three tiny rooms on Horatio Street.

However, it was they who were to entertain the McElroys at dinner, Sarah told him. "And I think just the four of us," she added. "That way it's easier, and I can make something great. And besides, who else?"

All true: an imaginative but fluky cook, Sarah did best on a small scale. And, too, the only other people they knew were fellow-transferees, as displaced and possibly as lonely as themselves, but otherwise not especially sympathetic.

THE first surprise about Hattie McElroy, that first April night, was her size: she was a very big woman, with wild bleached straw-looking hair and round doll-blue eyes, and about twenty years older than Jonathan would have imagined; Sarah spoke of her as of a contemporary. Hugh McElroy was tall and gray and somewhat dim.

And Hattie was a very funny woman. Over drinks, she started right in with a description of a party she had been to the night before. "I was wearing this perfectly all-right dress, even if it was a tad on the oldish side," Hattie told them, as she sipped at her gin. "And Popsie Hooker— Can you imagine a woman my age, and still called Popsie? We went to Sunday school together, and she hasn't changed one bit. Anyway, Popsie said to me, 'Oh, I just love that dress you're wearing. I was so sorry when they went out of style five years ago.' Can you imagine? Isn't she marvellous? I just love Popsie, I truly do."

For such a big woman, Hattie's laugh was small, a little-girl laugh, but Jonathan found himself drawn to her big friendly teeth, her crazy hair.

Sarah, it then turned out, had met Popsie Hooker; early on in their stay in Hilton she had gone to a luncheon that Popsie gave for the new corporation wives. And, Sarah told Hattie, "She made a little speech that I didn't quite understand. About how she knew we were all very busy, so please not to write any thank-you notes. It was odd, I thought."

Hattie's chuckle increased in volume. "Oh, you don't understand Southern talk, not at all! I can tell you don't. That meant you were all supposed to write notes, and say you just couldn't resist writing, even if she said not to, since her lunch party was just so lovely."

Sarah laughed, too. "Well, dumb me. I took her at her word, and didn't write."

"Well, honey, you'll larn. But I can tell you, it takes near 'bout a lifetime."

Dinner was not one of Sarah's more successful efforts: veal Orloff, one of her specialties, but this time a little burned.

Hattie, though, seemed to think it was wonderful. "Oh, the trouble you must have gone to! And you must have a way with your butcher. I've just never seen veal like this—not down here."

Jonathan felt that she was overdoing it, but then chided himself: Hattie was Southern, after all; that was how they talked. He must not be negative.

"These mushrooms are truly delicious," Hugh McElroy put in. In Jonathan's view, a truer remark. Hugh was a kind and quiet man, who reminded Jonathan of someone; in an instant, to his mild surprise, he realized that it was his own father, whose shy manner had been rather like Hugh's.

A good evening, then. Jonathan could honestly say to Sarah that he liked her new best friends; they could even laugh over a few of the former candidates for that title.

Their return invitation, to a party at the McElroys', was less fun all around: too many people, in a cluttered but surprisingly formal house, on a too hot night in May. But by then it was almost time for the McElroys to

"Well, Mr. Fensterwold, are we ready to go home?"

leave, and Hattie had explained to Sarah that they just had to have all those people.

"They're really so loved around here," Sarah somewhat tipsily remarked, as they drove home from that party. "It just won't be the same town."

"It's still very pretty," Jonathan reminded her. "Smell the flowers."

The spring that had finally arrived, after so much rain, had seemed a reward for patience, with its extraordinary gifts of roses, azaleas, even gardenias, everywhere blooming, wafting sweetness into the light night air. And out in the woods white lacings of dogwood had appeared.

FOR some reason ("I can't think why! I must be going plumb crazy!" Hattie had confided to Sarah), Hattie and Hugh had agreed to be photographed over local TV on the day of their departure, and that night, on a news program, there they were: big Hattie, in her navy linen travelling suit, her white teeth all revealed in a grin for the camera, as she clutched an overflowing tote bag and tried to pin on a cluster of pink camellias; and tall Hugh, a shy smile as he waved an envelope of airline tickets.

As, watching, Sarah, who never cried, burst into tears.

And then they were gone, the McElroys. Moved out to New Mexico.

SARAH moped around. Indifferent housekeeping, minimal efforts. She made thrifty, ordinary meals, so unlike her usual adventurous, rather splashy culinary style, and she lost all interest in how she looked. Not that she was ever given to extravagance in those matters, but she used to wash and brush her hair a lot, and she did something to her eyes, some color, that Jonathan now recognized as missing, gone.

She often wrote to the McElroys, and Hattie answered, often; Sarah produced the letters for Jonathan to read at dinner. They contained a lot about the scenery, the desert, and fairly amusing gossip about what Hattie referred to as the Locals. "You would not believe the number of painters here, and the galleries. Seems like there's an opening most every night, and the Local Folk all come out in their fancy silver jewelry and their great big silver belts. Whole lots of the men are fairies, of course, but I just don't care. They're a lot of fun, they are indeed gay people." Funny, longish letters, with the sound of Hattie's voice, always ending with strong protestations of love and friendship. "Oh, we love you and miss you so much, the both of us!" cried out Hattie, on her thin flowered writing paper.

Jonathan observed all this with dark and ragged emotions—Sarah's deep sadness and the occasional cheer that Hattie's letters brought. He cared about Sarah in a permanent and complex way that made her pain his; still, what looked like true mourning for the absent McElroys gave him further pain. He had to wonder: was he jealous of the McElroys? And he had to concede that he was, in a way. He thought, I am not enough for her, and at the same time he recognized the foolishness of that thought. No one is "enough" for anyone, of course not. What Sarah needs is a job, and more friends that she likes; he knew that perfectly well.

And then one night at dinner, near the first of August, came the phone call from Hattie; Jonathan overheard a lot of exclamations and shouts, gasps from Sarah, who came back to the table all breathless, flushed.

"They're here! The McElroys are back, and staying at the Inn. Just for a visit. One of their boys suddenly de-

"Well, this should appeal to you. It's an ancient bill of lading."

cided to marry his girlfriend. Isn't that great?"

WELL, it turned out not to be great. There was the dinner at Jonathan and Sarah's house, to which the McElroys came late, from another party (and not hungry; one of Sarah's most successful efforts wasted), and they left rather early. "You would not believe the day we have ahead of us tomorrow! And we thought marrying off a son was supposed to be easy." And the luncheon at Popsie Hooker's.

Jonathan and Sarah were not invited to the wedding, a fact initially excused (maybe overexcused) by Sarah: "We're not the Old Guard, not old Hiltonians, and, besides, it's the bride's list, not Hattie's, and we don't even know her, or her family."

And then two weeks of the McElroy visit had passed, accurately calculated by Jonathan. Which calculation led to his fatal remarks, over all that wine, about the priorities of the McElroys.

ON the morning after that terrible evening, Jonathan and Sarah have breakfast together as usual, but rather sombrely. Hung over, sipping at tea, nibbling at overripe late-summer fruit, Jonathan wonders what he can say, since he cannot exactly deny the truth of his unfortunate words.

At last he brings out "I'm really sorry I said that, about Hattie and Hugh."

Sarah gives him an opaque, level look, and her voice is judicious as she says, "Well, I'm sure you were right."

One of the qualities that Jonathan has always found exciting in Sarah is her ability to surprise him; she rarely behaves in ways that he would have predicted. Nevertheless, having worried intermittently during the day over her sadness, her low spirits and his own recent part in further lowering them, he is delighted (ah, his old astonishing Sarah) to find her all brushed and bright-eyed, happy, when he comes in the door that night.

"Well, I decided that all this moping around like an abandoned person was really silly," she tells him, over cold before-dinner glasses of wine, in the bright hot flower-scented dusk. "And so I just called Hattie, not being accusatory or anything. I just said that I'd really missed seeing her—them."

"Well, *great*." Jonathan is thinking how he admires her; she is fundamentally honest, and brave. And so pretty tonight, her delicately pointed face, her lively brown hair.

"Hattie couldn't have been nicer. She said they'd missed us, of course, but they just got so caught up in this wedding business. It's next Saturday—I'd lost track. They truly haven't had one minute, she told me, and I can believe her. Anyway, they're coming for supper on Sunday night. She said a post-wedding collapse would be just the best thing they could possibly think of."

"Well, great," Jonathan repeats, although some dim, indefinable misgiving has edged into his mind. How can one evening of friends at dinner be as terrific as this one will have to be? That question, after moments, emerges, and with it a darker, more sinister one: suppose it isn't terrific at all, as the last one was not?

BY mid-August, in Hilton, it has been hot for so long that almost all the flowers have wilted, despite an occasional thundershower. Many people are away at that time, and in neglected gardens overblown roses shed fat satin petals onto drying, yellowing grass; in forgotten orchards sweet unpicked fruit falls and spatters, fermenting, slowly rotting, among tall summer weeds, in the simmering heat.

The Saturday of the McElroy son's wedding, however, is surprisingly cool, with an almost New England briskness in the air. That familiar-feeling air gives Jonathan an irrational flutter of hope: maybe the next night, Sunday, will be a reasonable evening. With the sort of substantive conversation that he and Sarah are used to, instead of some nutty Southern doubletalk. With this hope, the thought comes to Jonathan that Hattie imitating Popsie Hooker is really Hattie speaking her own true language. Dare he voice this to Sarah, this interesting perception about the nature of mimicry? Probably not.

Sarah spends a lot of Saturday cooking, so that it can all be served cold on Sunday night; she makes several pretty vegetable aspics, and a cold marinated beef salad. Frozen lemon soufflé. By Saturday night she is tired, but she and Jonathan have a pleasant, quiet dinner together.

He has helped her on and off during the day, cutting up various things, and it is he who makes their dinner: his one specialty, grilled chicken.

Their mood is more peaceful, more affectionate with each other than it has been for months, Jonathan observes (since before they came down here? quite possibly).

Outside, in the gathering, lowering dusk, the just perceptibly earlier twilight, fireflies glimmer dimly from the pinewoods. The breeze is just barely cooler than most of their evening breezes, reminding Jonathan of the approach of fall—in his view, always a season of hope, of bright leaves on college campuses, and new courses offered.

"I don't know what the trouble is. I can't seem to find a spoof or a romp."

• •

HAVING worked so much the day before, Sarah and Jonathan have a richly indolent morning; they laze about. Around noon the phone rings, and Sarah goes to answer it. Jonathan, nearby, hears her say, "Oh, Hattie. Hi."

A very long pause, and then Sarah's voice, now stiff, all tightened up: "Well, no, I don't see that as a good idea. We really don't know Popsie—"

Another long pause, as Sarah listens to whatever Hattie is saying, and then, "Of course I understand, I really do. But I just don't think that Jonathan and I—"

A shorter pause, before Sarah says again, "Of course I understand. I do. Well, sure. Give us a call. Well, bye."

As she comes out to where Jonathan stands, waiting for her, Sarah's face is very white, except for her pink-tipped nose—too pink. She says, "One more thing that Hattie, quote, couldn't get out of. A big post-wedding do at Popsie Hooker's. She said of course she knew I'd been working my head off over dinner for them, so why didn't we just put it all in a basket and bring it on over there. They'd come and help." Unconsciously, perhaps, Sarah has perfectly imitated Hattie's inflections—even a few prolonged vowels; the effect is of a devastating irony, at which Jonathan does not smile.

"Jesus" is all he says, staring at Sarah, at her glistening, darkening eyes, as he wonders what he can do.

Sarah rubs one hand across her face, very slowly. She says, "I'm so tired. I think I'll take a nap."

"Good idea. Uh, how about going out to dinner?"

"Well, why not?" Her voice is absolutely level, controlled.

"I'll put some things away," Jonathan offers.

"Oh, good."

In the too small, crowded kitchen, Jonathan neatly packages the food they were to have eaten in freezer paper; he seals up and labels it all. He hesitates at marking the date, such an unhappy reminder, but then he simply writes down the neutral numbers: 8, 19. By the time they get around to these particular packages they will not attach any significance to that date, he thinks (he hopes).

He considers a nap for himself; he, too, is tired, suddenly, but he decides on a walk instead.

THE still, hot, scrubby pinewoods beyond their house are now a familiar place to Jonathan; he walks through the plumy, triumphant weeds, the Queen Anne's lace and luxuriant broomstraw, over crumbling, dry red clay. In the golden August sunlight, he considers what he has always recognized (or perhaps simply imagined that he saw) as a particular look of Sundays, in terms of weather. Even if somehow he did not know that it was Sunday, he believes, he could see that it was, in the motes of sunlight. Here, now, today, the light and the stillness have the same qualities of light and stillness as in long-past Sundays in the Boston suburb where he grew up.

Obviously, he next thinks, they will have to leave this place, he and Sarah; it is not working out for them here, nothing is. They will have to go back to New York, look around, resettle. And to his surprise he feels a sort of regret at the thought of leaving this land, all this red clay that he would have said he hated.

Immersed in these and further, more abstract considerations (old mathematical formulas for comfort, and less comforting thoughts about the future of the earth), Jonathan walks for considerably longer than he intended.

Hurrying, as he approaches the house (which already needs new paint,

he distractedly notes), Jonathan does not at all know what to expect: Sarah still sleeping (or weeping) in bed? Sarah (unaccountably, horribly) gone?

What he does find, though, on opening the front door, is the living room visibly pulled together, all tidied up: a tray with a small bowl of ice, some salted almonds in another bowl, on the coffee table. And Sarah, prettily dressed, who smiles as she comes toward him. She is carrying a bottle of chilled white wine.

Jonathan first thinks, Oh, the McElroys must have changed their minds, they're coming. But then he sees that next to the ice bowl are two, and only two, glasses.

In a friendly, familiar way he and Sarah kiss, and she asks, "How was your walk?"

"It was good. I liked it. A real Sunday walk."

Later on, he will tell her what he thought about their moving away—and as Jonathan phrases that announcement he considers how odd it is for him to think of New York as "away."

Over their first glass of wine they talk in a neutral but slightly stilted way, the way of people who are postponing an urgent subject; the absence of the McElroys, their broken plans, trivializes any other topic.

At some point, in part to gain time, Jonathan asks her, "Have I seen that dress before?" (He is aware of the "husbandliness" of the question; classically, *they* don't notice.)

Sarah smiles. "Well, actually not. I bought it a couple of months ago. I just haven't worn it." And then, with a recognizable shift in tone, and a tightening of her voice, she plunges in. "Remember that night when you were talking about the McElroys? When you said we weren't so high on their priority list?"

Well, Jesus, of course he remembers, in detail; but Jonathan only says, very flatly, "Yes."

"Well, it's interesting. Of course I've been thinking about them all day, off and on. And what you said. And oh dear, how right you were. I mean, I knew you were *right*—that was partly what I objected to." Saying this, Sarah raises her face in a full look at him, acknowledging past pain.

What can he say? He is quiet, waiting, as she continues.

"But it's interesting, how you put it," she tells him. "How accurately. Prophetic, really. A lot of talk, and those letters! All about wonderful us, how great we are. But when you come right down to it—"

"The bottom line is old friends," Jonathan contributes, tentatively.

Pleased with him, Sarah laughs, or nearly; the sound she makes is closer to a small cough. But "Exactly," she says. "They poke a lot of fun at Popsie Hooker, but the reality is, that's where they are."

He tries again. "Friendships with outsiders don't really count? Does that cut out all Yankees, really?" He is thinking, Maybe we don't have to leave, after all? Maybe Sarah was just settling in? Eventually she will be all right here?

Grasping at only his stated question, about Yankees, Sarah gleefully answers, "Oh, very likely!" and she does laugh. "Because Yankees might do, oh, almost anything at all. You just can't trust a one of them."

As she laughs again, as she looks at Jonathan, he recognizes some obscure and nameless danger in the enthusiastic glitter of her eyes, and he has then the quite irrational thought that she is looking at him as though he were her new best friend.

However, he is able quickly to dismiss that flashed perception, in the happiness of having his old bright strong Sarah restored to him, their old mutually appreciative dialogue continuing.

He asks her, "Well, time to go out to dinner?"

"Oh yes! Let's go," she says, quickly getting to her feet. —ALICE ADAMS

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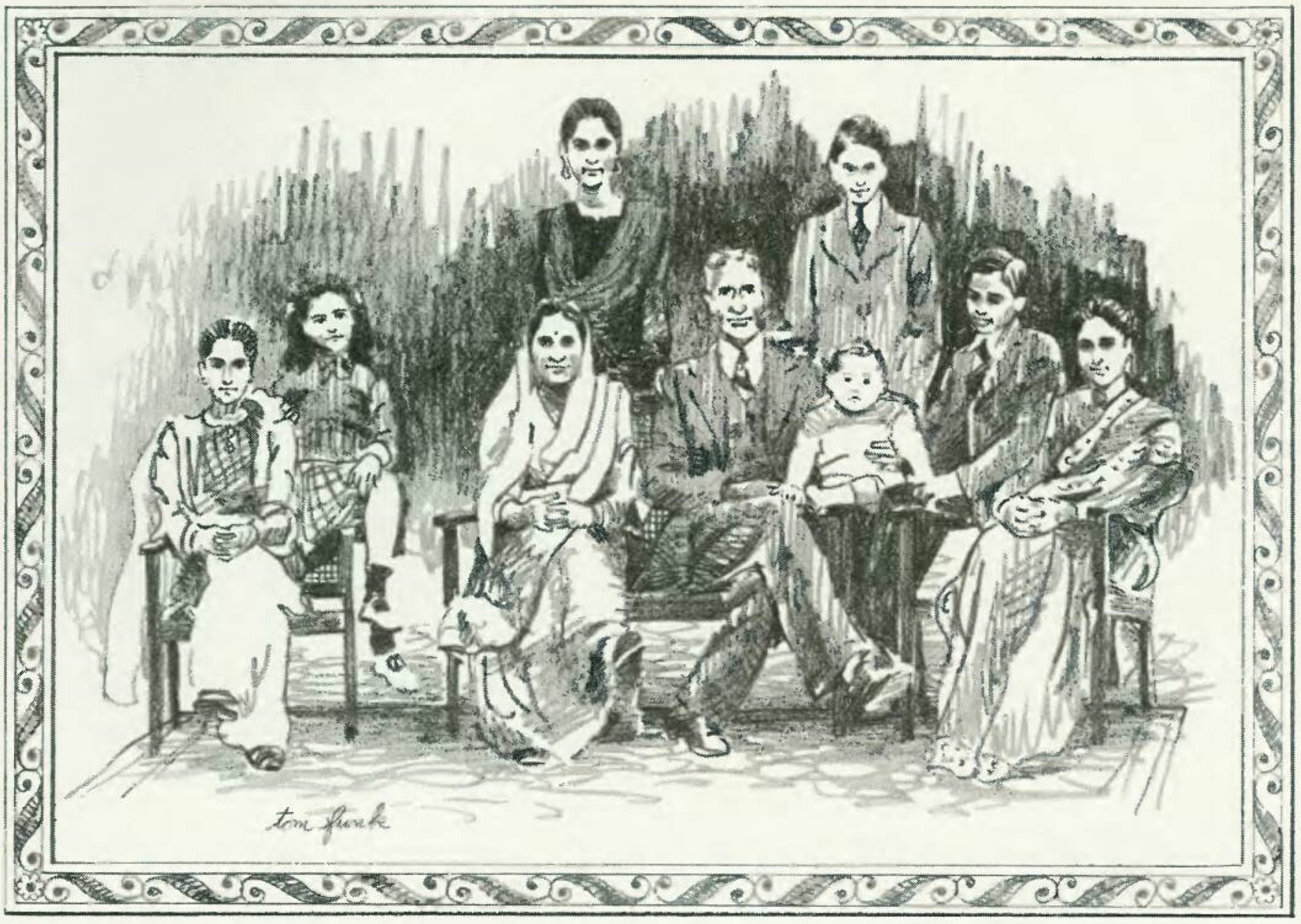
GOD'S GRACE is the most original and imaginative fiction yet produced by one of our best writers. It will come as no surprise to those familiar with Bernard Malamud's stories of fantasy, such as "The Centaur" and "The Jew Bird."—*Jacket copy for Bernard Malamud's novel "God's Grace," published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

But it may come as a slight surprise to John Updike.

"Hey, a <u>whale</u>! I mean thar she blows!"

PERSONAL HISTORY

FAMILY GROUP—I



Threads of Lahore

"THE reign of the Top Queen was the best of all reigns," Bhabiji used to say to us. "In her reign, people could walk on the streets wearing a lot of gold and no one would bother them. Such was the presence and authority of Queen Victoria." Bhabiji was our paternal grandmother, and she used to say that in any good city she'd heard of, the best road and the best walk always led up to the statue of the Top Queen, and the Top Queen always had the best-kept gardens surrounding her. Every day, morning and evening, Bhabiji used to go for a walk to the statue of the Top Queen in Lahore. Whichever of us grandchildren happened to be around would go with her—often six, eight, or twelve of us. Two of us would take her hands, and the rest of us would hold one another's hands and troop behind her. As often as not, in the course of the stroll each of us would get a turn walking with her. I remember that she always walked straight, without the aid of a cane or umbrella, and, unlike our mothers, she never stopped to look in shopwindows or to engage in long conversations with shopkeepers or friends. If along the way we whistled or swung our arms or put our fingers in our mouths or pinched each other, Bhabiji would say, "Your daddies have big hands," but it was an empty threat, and she knew it, because our fathers hardly ever slapped us.

"How nicely your white clothes go with your white hair, Bhabiji, and how nicely your gold goes with your white clothes!" Sister Umi once said as we were going along the Mall Road. Daddyji had told me that, as long as anyone could remember, Bhabiji had always worn a white shirt with a collar and gold studs, white pajama trousers, and, when it was cold, a white shawl over her shoulders. "But, Bhabiji, what are those black hairpins doing on your head?" Sister Umi went on. Sister Umi stopped us and took up a collection of our pocket money and bought Bhabiji a silver hair clip from a shop we were passing. She put the hair clip in Bhabiji's hair in place of the black hairpins.

Bhabiji couldn't bless us enough. "God give you long life," she kept saying, over and over.

Sometimes, on the way to the Top Queen, we would visit the Bird House—actually a zoo. Near the gate, there was a skunk. We would all hold our noses and exclaim "Chhichhi!" Bhabiji couldn't understand why we were making such a fuss—she had no sense of smell—but she would hurry us along to a vender who was roasting peanuts, and buy us some peanuts in their shells, fresh off the fire. We would race up to the monkey cage. We would put our hands through the bars. A monkey would come down and take all the peanuts in one swoop. I could never get over the feel of a monkey's hand—it felt exactly like a person's hand.

We would always finish our walk at the statue of the Top Queen. I never knew what the statue looked like. (When I was almost four, I had been

SALTWATER STORY

He loved his cabin—there
nothing had happened. Then his friends were dead.
The new neighbors had different ways.
Days came heavy with regret.
He studied sea charts and charted
sea-lanes out. He calculated times
to ride the tide rip, times to go ashore and rest.
He memorized the names of bays: those
with plenty of driftwood for fire,
those with oysters. He found a forest
he could draw back into
when the Coast Guard came looking, news
of him missing by now broadcast statewide.
He made no move. He turned out lights
and lit candles and watched his face
in the window glow red.

He dreamed a raft
and dreamed this sea-lane out, past
long-dormant cannons and the pale hermit
who begged to go with him. A blue heron
trailed him. A second heron trailed the first,
a third the second, and so on. Those who looked for him
checked the skies for a long blue line
of laboring wings.
The birds broke formation, and the world
of search and rescue lost track of his wake.
His face glowed red on the glass.
If found, he'd declare himself pro cloud
and pro wind and anti flat-hot days.

Then he dreamed wrong
what we owe Egypt, what we owe
sea-lanes out of the slaves to ourselves
we become one morning, nothing
for us in dawn, and nothing for us in tide.
What we owe Egypt fades
into what we owe Greece and then Rome.
What we owe Rome keeps repeating
like what we owe time—namely, our lives
and whatever laughter we find to pass on.
He knew grief repeats on its own.

One night, late, the face in the window
glowed back at him pale. He believed that face
some bum peeking in
and waved "Hi." The old face told him
to navigate a lasting way out:
he must learn how coins gleam
one way through water, how bones of dead fish
gleam another, and he must learn both gleams
and dive deep. He learned both gleams
and learned to dive fast and come up slow
as sky every day.

And we might think someday we'll find him
dead over his charts, the waterways out
a failed dream. Nothing like that.
His cabin stands empty and he
sails the straits. We often see him
from shore or the deck of a ferry.
We can't tell him by craft. Some days
he passes by on a yacht, some days a tug.
He's young and, captain or deckhand,
he is the one who waves.

—Richard Hugo (1923–1982)

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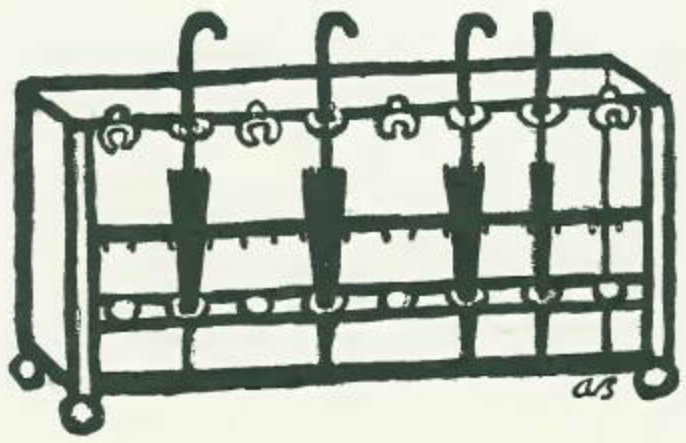
left totally blind as a result of an attack of meningitis.) It was cordoned off with chains, and a sentry was posted by it. No one was allowed to go near the chains, let alone touch the statue. I always imagined that the statue was tall and stately, had a crown on its head, and was made out of marble. I imagined, too, that it was cold to touch but very nice to climb on, with lots of hills and dales for footholds and handholds.

"Are all these your children?" the Top Queen sentry would sometimes ask Bhabiji.

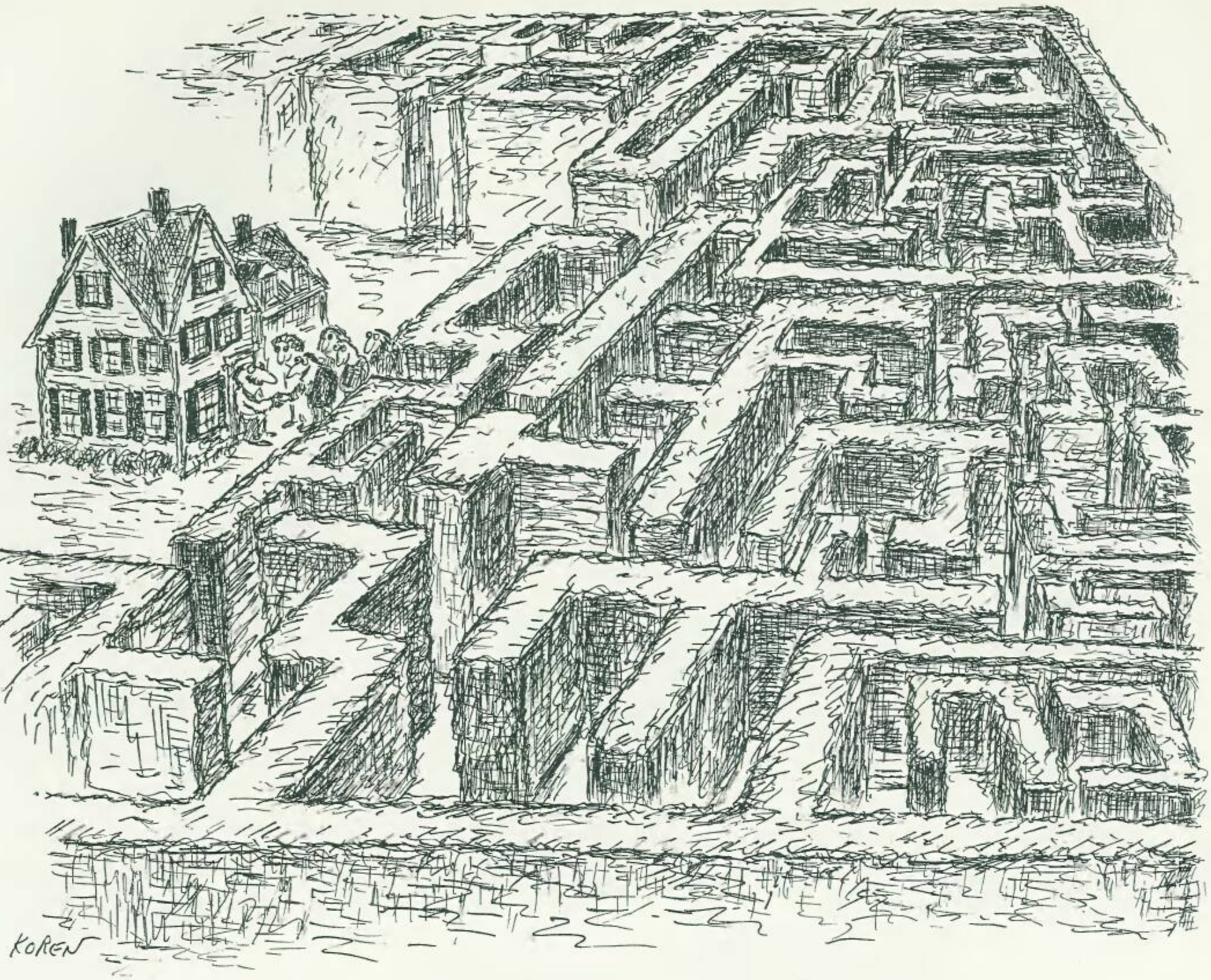
"They're all God's bounty," Bhabiji would say evasively. Bhabiji didn't want to admit to the Top Queen sentry that we were all her grandchildren and part of the Mehta clan, because she was afraid of the curse of the evil eye.

Bhabiji lived in Mehta Gulli, a small cul-de-sac in Lahore where Daddyji's brothers and their paternal uncle, Bhaji Ganga Ram, had got together and built houses with common walls and terraced roofs—all designed by Daddyji's architect brother, Romesh Chacha. ("Chacha" is a form of address for a paternal uncle.) Bhabiji had given him all her savings and told him, "Make me a little room. I want to have a corner of my own in Mehta Gulli. I don't want to be dependent on any of my sons or interfere in their lives." He built her a room, with its own entrance, on the ground floor of his house. Bhabiji's room, as it came to be called, had only one window, which opened out onto the *gulli*, or alleyway. The window was so low that we were often tempted to jump through it into the room, but we wanted Bhabiji to think well of us, so we always used the entrance. While all our relatives in Mehta Gulli lived



simply, Bhabiji lived the most simply of all. Her room was small and square. By the window was a cot, and in one corner was a *chulah*, a makeshift oven of a couple of bricks and a few iron rods, on which she did her cooking, over charcoal. Aside from these and a steel trunk, an old spinning wheel, and a few pots and pans, the room was bare.

More often than not, we would find Bhabiji sitting cross-legged on a plank, the spinning wheel in front of her on the floor. She would be rotating the wheel with one hand and holding the cotton with the other. As she spun, we would gather around her on the cement floor or else we would sit on her cot, being very careful not to swing our legs. She said she preferred sitting with us children to sitting with the grownups. We asked her once why that was, and she said, "My sons belong to their wives now, and mothers-in-law should be like children, seen and not heard." We would busy ourselves with rolling raw cotton into strands. Whenever she finished spinning one strand, each of us would try



"Your instructions were perfect."

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to be the first to hand her a new one.

Over the undulating buzz of the spinning wheel, Bhabiji would tell us about village life. She had spent many years of her married life in our ancestral village, which our fathers had left as children to come to Lahore for their education. In time, they had all married women from city families, and we Mehta cousins had all grown up completely in the city.

"Mehta Gulli looks a little bit like our ancestral village, except that the houses here are made of brick and cement and are permanent," she once told us. "The huts in the village were made of mud and clay. Nowadays, you touch a switch and there is light, but in those days you needed oil and a wick." We were fascinated. When we were with her, we thought we preferred simple village life to showy city life. Many of our women relatives made a great to-do about being very religious, going to temples and consulting pandits; Bhabiji never did. She did, however, own a string of wooden beads, and when she tired of spinning she would now and again quietly pick it up and murmur the names of gods. She was the only woman among our women relatives who never raised her voice, hardly ever cursed. "I had never heard a woman raise her voice until I came to the city," she once told us. "A village woman did not have the boldness to speak like that."

Whether she was spinning or praying, cooking or washing, she would listen to our quarrels and complaints and often tell a story bearing on them. She seemed to have a story, to illustrate any situation.

I remember that once she heard Sister Umi and me quarrelling about which one of us should hand her the next strand. "Two sheep reached a bridge," she told us. "The bridge was so narrow that they couldn't both cross it at once. They started quarrelling about who would go first, and both tried to cross the bridge at the same time. Both fell into the river and drowned. Then two other sheep reached the bridge. One said, 'Let me be the first to cross.' The other acquiesced and lay down to rest. The first one got across safely, and then the other. So to what one says the other agrees, and in agreement they are both wise."

Once, Cousin Leila borrowed some money from Sister Umi. She didn't pay it back, and Sister Umi threatened to charge interest. Cousin Leila complained to Bhabiji, and Bhabiji said, "Once there was a man who went to his neighbor's house. The man said, 'Mother, an unexpected guest has arrived. May I borrow a quilt?' The woman lent him a quilt. The next day, the man returned the quilt, with a

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pillow. 'How is it that you are bringing me a pillow when I lent you only a quilt?' the woman asked. 'In the night, the quilt gave birth to the pillow,' the man said. 'It's yours.' The woman was very pleased. The next day, the man came back and asked to borrow a pot. The woman gladly lent him one. The day after, he returned it, with a bowl. The man came back another day and asked to borrow some jewelry. The woman lent him the biggest and best gold necklace she had. But the man never brought it back. When the woman asked for her necklace, the man said, 'The necklace has died.' She exclaimed, 'Died! How can that be?' He said, 'Mother, if your quilt and pot can have children, then the necklace can die.' " Bhabiji paused to let the whining buzz of the spinning wheel die down, and then concluded, "So, children, you should never borrow and never lend—especially for profit."

Another time, Sister Umi complained about how often her classmate Fatty ate at our house, particularly when we were having chicken or fried fish. "I don't know how she gets to know of it, Bhabiji, but she can smell it from a mile away. She's really a leech."

"Leech!" Bhabiji exclaimed. "Umi Daughter, such a word doesn't suit your mouth." She continued, "Once there was a tiger. Every day, a friend would arrive at the tiger's house for dinner. Every day, the tiger's wife would cook the best meal she could for the tiger's friend. One day when the friend arrived at the door for his dinner, he heard the tiger and his wife quarrelling inside. 'Every day, your friend invites himself here for dinner!' the wife was shouting. 'He has not invited us back even once!' The friend walked into the house and handed the tiger's wife a sword. 'Sister, take this sword and put a cut on my forehead,' he said to her. The tiger's wife said, 'Why do you ask me to do such a terrible thing?' The friend said, 'Just do what I tell you.' So the tiger's wife did as she was told. The friend ate his dinner and went away. He didn't come back for a week or ten days. When he did, he said to the tiger's wife, 'See, Sister, the cut is gone, healed. A wound from a sword gets erased, but a wound from a mouth—that is never erased.' " Bhabiji finished, "That's why, children, you should always weigh what you're going to say before you speak."

The stories followed one another, and they became so familiar that sometimes it was only when we heard the moral that we were aware that one had ended and another was about to begin. "Once there were two *gulli* cats," she told us when two of us were arguing over dividing a slab of Cadbury's chocolate. "They found a loaf of bread and started quarrelling about it. A monkey dropped down from a rooftop and addressed them, asking, 'Auntie Cat and Auntie Cat, what are you quarrelling about?' 'We can't divide this loaf equally,' they said. 'Here, let me do it for you,' the monkey said. He broke the loaf in two, but the cats said that one half seemed bigger than the other. So he broke off a little piece from the bigger half and ate it. But then the other half seemed bigger to the cats, so he broke off a little piece from that half and ate it. But then the first half seemed bigger. While the cats sat watching him, he kept breaking off little pieces and eating them, until he had gobbled up the whole loaf, and then he jumped back onto the roof. So you see, children, be content with what you get. But if you fight you should settle the fight among yourselves."

I remember that one of our favorite stories was about a mother and a pencil: "Once a mother was tidying up her son's schoolbag, and she noticed that he had two pencils instead of his usual one," the story went. "He must

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have lifted it from another boy, she thought, but she said nothing to her son. Another day, she noticed a pocketknife in her son's schoolbag. She still said nothing to him. All small boys do a little bit of lifting now and then, she thought. So it was that the small boy continued to lift things and grew up to be a big thief. He was sentenced to be hanged. The superintendent of the jail asked him for his last wish, and the thief asked to see his mother. His mother came running to him, weeping because he was going to be hanged but happy because his last wish was to see her. The thief took out a pocketknife and cut off his mother's nose and then cut off one of her ears. 'What have you done?' his mother cried. He said, 'If you had stopped me from lifting that first pencil and then the pocketknife, I would not have grown up to be such a big thief.' The moral is: It's very important for us mothers to give our children good training. That's why we tell you that if you see a pencil, although it may be lying on the table and may not seem to belong to anybody, you shouldn't lift it."

We never tired of her stories, and if she paused to draw breath when she had finished one, we would say, "Tell us another, Bhabiji."

"That's enough for today," she would say, finally.

"Just one more, Bhabiji. The last, the very last, for today."

Without hesitation, she would begin again.

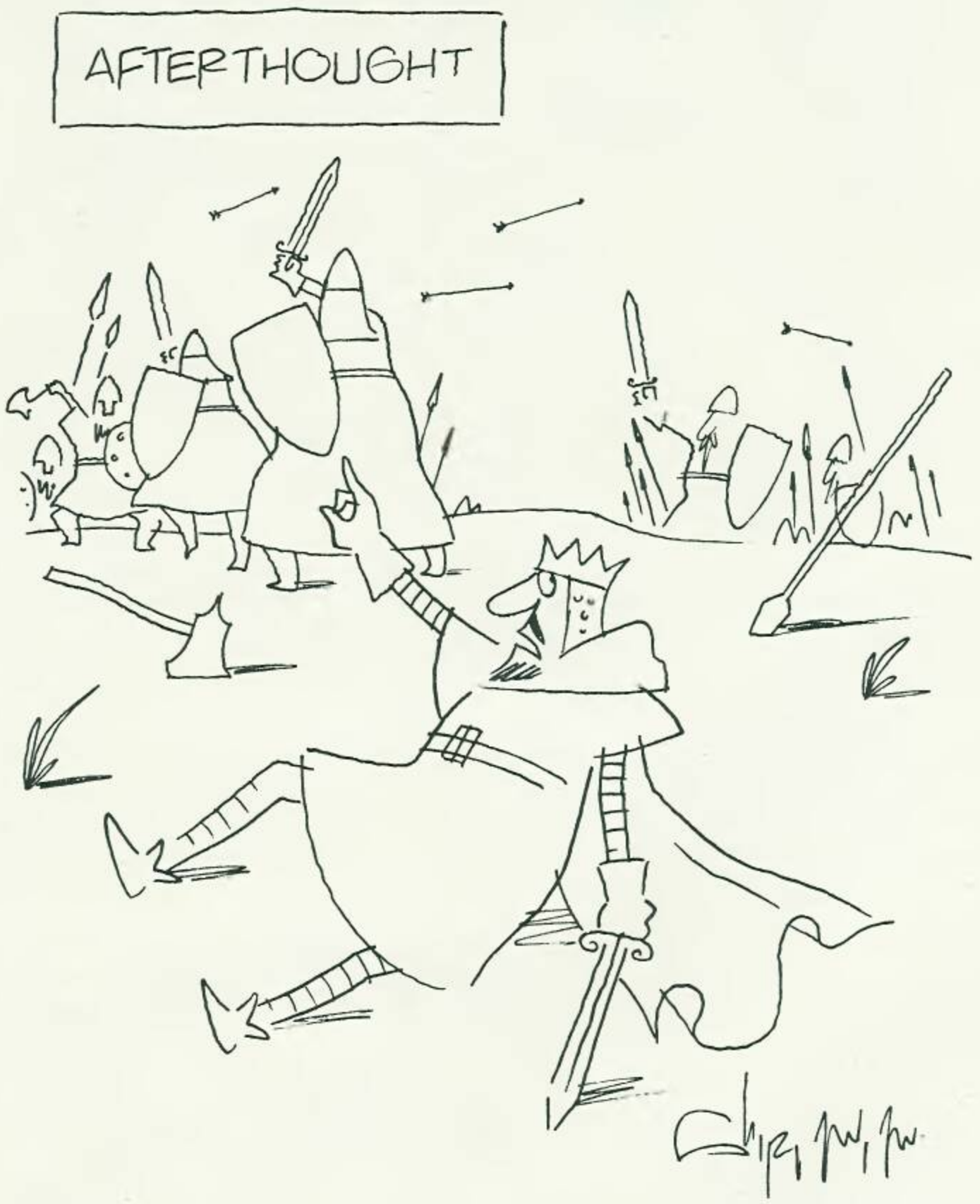
"Once there was a cow," she told us on one occasion. "Every day, she used to go to a jungle to graze. One day, a tiger happened upon her. 'How dare you graze in my jungle?' the tiger said. 'I am going to eat you up.' The cow said, 'Tiger, please don't eat me now. Eat me in the evening. My calf is waiting at home for me to give him his milk. I will run home, give him his milk, and then come back.' The tiger said, 'You lie. You won't come back. You'll run away.' The cow said, 'I give you my lasting promise that I will come back in the evening.' The tiger let her go. She went home, fed the milk to her calf, and then started crying. 'Why are you crying, Ma?' her calf asked. 'This evening, the tiger is going to eat me up,' she said, and she told him about her lasting promise. 'Don't go back,' her calf said. 'Let's run away. The tiger will never find you then.' The cow said, 'But I've given the tiger my lasting promise.' It was growing dark. The tiger was getting more and more angry, pacing around the jungle. I have been tricked, he thought. Just as I expected, the cow has given me the slip. Then he saw her. She was coming toward him slowly. 'You've come!' the tiger said. 'Did your calf not say anything to you?' 'He said that we should run away, but I told him that I couldn't break my lasting promise.' The tiger said, 'Are you *that* faithful to your lasting promise? Cow, you can graze in my jungle for the rest of your life. No one will bother you.' So, children, you should all be as faithful to your word as the cow was."

We had often heard Bhaji Ganga Ram, who was the oldest Mehta in Mehta Gulli and the first university graduate in the family's history, say to Bhabiji, "You can neither read nor write, but you know all the stories of the world." We used to ask her how she came to know so many things.

"I never studied, but I married Lalaji," she would say. 'Everything I know, I know because he taught it to me."

IN the course of a day, if the weather was right, one or another of my boy cousins—"cousin-brothers," they are called—was sure to climb to the terraced roof of his house and send up a kite. As soon as the kite was spotted, my other cousin-brothers and boys living near Mehta Gulli would race up to the terraced roofs of their houses and send up their own kites. In no time, kites would be tangling in the air, and the kite fliers would be trying to cut one another's kite strings.

Brother Om had no interest in kites, but as soon as I heard that a kite battle was on I would shout for my sister Usha and my cousin Ravi—they were both younger than I was, and were therefore at my command—and we



"My kingdom for a horse—or for a girl just like the girl that married dear old Dad."

would run to whichever roof was the center of the noise and activity. On the roof, Ravi, Usha, and I would run around, playing tag or hide-and-seek. Our cousin-brothers would often scold us for getting in their way and generally making a nuisance of ourselves, but whenever I asked for a kite and a ball of string of my own they would say, "You're too small, Vedi." (At the time, I was eight.) And they might add, "Besides, you have to be able to see to fly a kite." Once in a while, though, one of them would let me hold the string of the kite he was flying, but just as I was enjoying feeling the strong pull he would take the string back.

One day, Cousin Yog, Ravi's older brother, who was the oldest Mehta son, and therefore the leader in Mehta Gulli, took me to a vender around the corner on Mozang Road and bought me a hydrogen balloon. "There. Now you can fly your balloon while we fly our kites," he said.

"But who will I tangle with?" I asked. "There are no balloon battles."

"You can tangle with Ravi and Usha," he said, and he bought two more hydrogen balloons, for me to give to them.

At Mehta Gulli, I gave Ravi and Usha their balloons, and we went up to the roof of Ravi's house. We chased one another around the roof, holding our balloons as high as our arms and the balloon strings would permit, and tried to tangle them. But while a kite string was fortified with glass and resin, was as sharp as a knife, and seemed endlessly long, the balloon string was only a short ordinary thread; moreover, while a kite in the air sometimes generated so much pull that when I held its string I felt I would be carried aloft, the balloon had hardly any tension. Then, too, kites flew at an angle, but the balloons flew straight up and wouldn't tangle. I seized the thread of Ravi's balloon and forcibly tangled it with mine, but, of course, we couldn't cut the strings of each other's balloons.

"Look!" Ravi cried. "The balloons are going soft on us. The gas must be leaking out."

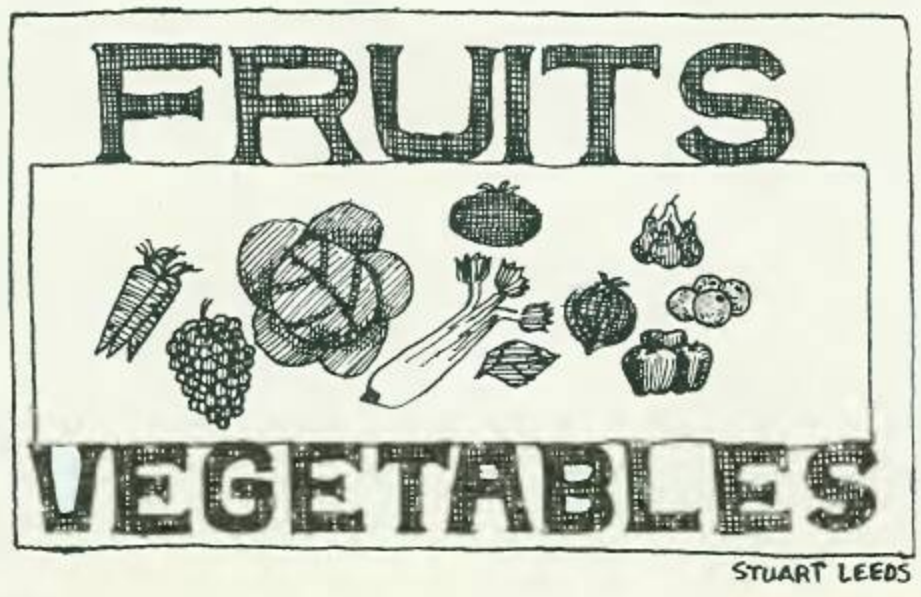
I felt my balloon. Its tautness was gone, and it had dropped down and was floating in front of my face. Even as I was feeling it, it fell at my feet like a collapsed pocket of air.

I complained to Cousin Yog. He offered to buy us new, bigger hydrogen balloons, with long threads, but I knew that balloons had as little to do with kites as Bhabiji's strands of raw cotton had to do with Cousin Yog's ball of kite string, and I would have no part of the balloons.

ONE morning, I found myself alone with Cousin Yog on the roof. "I'm going to fly this big *patang*," he told me. A *patang* was a heavy, many-cornered kite, and had the status of royalty among *guddis*, which were lighter, square kites. He continued, almost to himself, "If I am lucky, maybe my *patang* can bring the tangle right down onto this roof. But you can never tell. Some measly little *guddi* can appear at the last minute, from nowhere, and make the booty fall into the *gulli*." He walked this way and that way, muttering about wanting a stringwallah. He suddenly asked me, "Do you know how to be a stringwallah?"

"Of course I know," I said.

From being around kite fliers, I knew that the ball of string rolled around on the roof as the kite flier ran about, letting in and hauling out the kite. The string had a tendency to get tangled, especially if the kite was hauled in quickly, or if the resin was fresh, or if the ball had not been wound symmetrically. There was an art to winding the string. One end of it had to be made into a skein and the skein into the core of a ball, and the rest of the string had to be wound carefully onto the core, a few strands going in one direction and a few strands at right angles to them, so that the groups of strands alternated and lay tightly next to one another. A properly wound ball felt like a series of symmetrical rises and depressions. It was a stringwallah's task to keep the ball of string from getting stuck and knotted, and so allow the kite flier to concentrate his entire attention on manipulating and watching his kite.



I was very excited at being Cousin Yog's stringwallah.

Cousin Yog was moving from parapet to parapet in search of some breeze to launch his kite. It was summer, and although it was the early morning the air seemed close and it was already getting hot. I felt a stirring of the wind to my right, and I called to Cousin Yog. He ran over. I heard the rustle of the *patang* as he threw it over the parapet.

"There she goes!" he exclaimed. "She's caught the wind. She's climbing. Quick, more string!"

I crawled all over the roof with the ball, ducking under Cousin Yog's hands and arms as they almost bicycled in the air. One minute, I was yanking string off the ball as Cousin Yog needed more string; the next minute, I was winding string back onto the ball as it became heaped in bunches around his feet. I had never worked with the string in that way before, and it was so highly resined that it felt alive, fresh, and dangerous.

"Hey, your fingers are bleeding!" Cousin Surinder said, joining us on the roof and taking the ball of string away from me. He was Cousin Yog's younger brother, a year older than I.

I tried to hide my hands in my pockets, but Cousin Yog saw the blood, too. "What if your daddy saw that?" he cried.

"You see with your fingers. Leave kite flying to your ruffian cousin-brothers," Cousin Surinder said.

"But I want to fly kites like you!" I cried.

Neither paid me any attention, though, for a battle had been joined. From roofs all around were coming battle cries.

"Look! My kite has hooked them!"

"Pull! Pull!"

"*Bo-kata!*" ("There, it's cut!")

Up and down Mehta Gulli and beyond, on Temple Road, boys were shouting "*Bo-kata! . . . Bo-kata!*" and I could hear them running toward the spot where they thought the kites were going to fall. The best way of acquiring a cache of good kites was to capture a booty of fallen ones, because a good ready-made kite from the bazaar was expensive, and a homemade kite, no matter how carefully it was put together, fell apart in battle. We small boys, when we had nothing else to do, would try to serve as scouts for falling kites. I had good hearing, and I had trained

TIME

BARON WOLMAN

6 rms, Ocean vu.

From sea to shining sea, Uncle Sam is selling real estate... and raising fundamental questions about how America should manage its land.

A historian once observed that government can make only two irretrievable errors: misusing atomic energy and misusing land.

Of the two, mismanaging land is the subtler menace–insidious, invisible to all but a few–but ultimately perhaps quite as destructive. The government's recent proposal to sell thirty-five million acres of public lands makes it, suddenly, a very real concern.

Not all the lands to be sold look as desirable as the parcel in our picture. But questions do arise. Is this, for instance, the best time to sell land? Will the government come to regard public lands as a vast piggy bank, to be raided at will?

Considerations both theoretical and practical prompted TIME to appraise the pros and cons of environmentalist anxiety and realtor enthusiasm. Perhaps the real issue, suggested TIME, is not the proper use of specific properties, but a confrontation of deeply rooted social values, and the relevance of our whole land-use policy. Because, by definition, public land belongs as much to those who seek the energy under it as to those who want to preserve forever the beauty on top.

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myself to tell the direction of the cries of "*Bo-kata!*"

"At the Mehta Gulli gate, Cousin Yog!" I now shouted.

Cousins Yog and Surinder started running in that direction.

Ordinarily, Ravi and Usha would be at my side and I would alternately propel and lead them toward the sounds of the chase. It used to be that as we were running from roof to roof and from house to house they would call out to me, "Take a long step. . . . Climb down. . . . Jump. . . . Not that side—there's a table in the way," but after a while they noticed that I could somehow tell by myself what to do, and for the most part they left off warning and helping me. At the time, I could not have explained any more than Ravi and Usha could how I knew by myself when to take a long step or how to avoid crashing into a table, but I later learned that the explanation had to do not only with memory but also with what is called "facial vision" —an ability that the blind develop to sense objects and terrain by the feel of the air and by differences in sound. The air at the edge of a roof feels lighter than the air near a table, and sounds echo differently in different rooms, depending on the size of the room, the number of its open and shut windows, and so on. Those who lose their sight in childhood develop this ability naturally and fearlessly, and therefore to a higher degree than those who lose their sight in later life. So, without knowing it, during the kite chases I was learning how to get around—by sensing the currents of air and by listening to the patter of feet on a roof, to the scrapes of shoes along a wall, to the rattle of a drainpipe as boys clambered down it. I was helped in this attempt by the fact that Ravi and Usha were too small and my cousin-brothers too busy with the kite chase to worry much about me.

Now here I was on the roof without Ravi and Usha, and Cousins Yog and Surinder were running to be the first to get to the fallen kites. I heard them leap over the parapet and jump down onto the eaves of the next house. I followed; I leaped over the parapet, but I missed my foothold on the eaves. My heart skipped a beat. I was so terrified that I could scarcely breathe. I thought I was going to fall straight down to the *gulli* two stories below, like a deadweight. I frantically reached for something to hold on to that would break my fall. I hit my chin on the edge of the eaves, caught hold of it even though it seemed to have been sloped expressly to precipitate a fall, and pulled myself up with such force that it seemed that I hit my knees on the bottom of the eaves and my forehead on the top at the same time. Without stopping to take stock of my injuries, I balanced myself on the eaves and listened. Cousins Yog and Surinder were clambering down the drainpipe ahead. I inched along the eaves sidewise, clutching the parapet above, found the drainpipe, and slipped down it. Cousins Yog and Surinder had already jumped from the drainpipe into an open window opposite and were thundering down a staircase inside the house. I tried to reach out and find the open window but discovered that my arms were too short. I threw myself across, almost flying through the air, like a football. I took the stairs two or three at a time, heedless of the turns where the steps narrowed to points.

At the Mehta Gulli gate, so many boys were shouting and threatening that I could scarcely tell the voices of Cousins Yog and Surinder from the others. I slipped through the knot of legs, caught hold of two small kites fluttering under a big one that was being dragged through the mud, got them free, and started running away. Suddenly, I myself was the object of a chase. Someone with a long arm reached over my shoulder and made a grab for the kites. As I was about to resist, I heard Cousin Yog's voice behind me and realized that it was his arm. I immediately let the booty go. He was the tallest among us and had the longest legs, and he ran with the kites into Mehta Gulli.

"Reagan started out as a Democrat and ended up a Republican. I started out as a Republican and ended up a bum."

• •

I REMEMBER that once during a kite chase I had to get from the parapet of one house to the parapet of another. As I pushed off, using my left foot to gain leverage in flight, I heard my big sisters exclaiming from far below, "Look! He's falling!" "Oh, my God!" I missed the parapet and started hurtling through the air. But, as I had on so many other occasions, I saved myself from a fall—this time by catching hold of a brick projection.

When Mamaji came to hear about the incident, she forbade me to have anything more to do with kite flying. "You are to stay with your big sisters and let them watch you," she said.

I complained to Daddyji, but he wouldn't listen.

For many days, Mamaji and my big sisters did not let me out of their sight. But then, one day, they began letting me do what I liked. Many years later, Daddyji explained, "You grew irritable and sullen. You would throw a

tantrum at the smallest thing, like not getting your meal on time. I noticed the change and decided that yours was one case where an ounce of prevention was not better than a pound of cure. I told everyone to let you do whatever you wished."

I remember that after Daddyji's decision I ran around with my cousin-brothers from morning to night, and even flew my own kites. There was hardly a day when I didn't get bumps or bruises, but my cousins began treating me as if I were really one of them —with, as Cousin Yog once put it, "two good eyes."

I DON'T remember how I heard that Brother Krishan was dead or exactly where I was when I heard the news. All I remember is that there was a news bulletin in English that had come over a Japanese radio station, and that everyone seemed to be repeating it in a hushed voice: "Captain G. K. Mehta has been killed fighting for a cause which he did not know." There was no mistaking the name, because the bulletin had apparently come through the shortwave radio as clear as a bell. I didn't understand the phrase "a cause which he did not know," and in the stunned atmosphere I didn't dare ask, but the phrase kept repeating itself in my head.

I remembered that once, when the subject of my blindness came up, I had heard Brother Krishan say to Daddyji, "Vedi will be my responsibility."

There had been a long silence. "As long as I am alive, he is my responsibility," Daddyji had said, his voice quavering as if he were talking outside during a dust storm. "I have broad shoulders. But thanks all the same." I didn't know what "responsibility" meant, exactly, but I remembered thinking that if anything happened to Daddyji I would go and live with Brother Krishan.

Brother Krishan was actually Daddyji's brother, the youngest, and was eight when their father, Lalaji, died. At the time, Daddyji was twenty-eight (a year older than Brother Krishan was when he died). Daddyji was the eldest surviving son, and, as a matter of course, Krishan had come to live with him. When Daddyji married, Brother Krishan was ten, and he had become Daddyji and Mamaji's first "child." Though he was our *chacha*, we called him not Krishan Chachaji but Brother Krishan. Of all our *chachas*, we felt closest to Brother Krishan. "Your other *chachas* can be wily," Mamaji would tell us. "They can be obstreperous, rowdy, and inconsiderate. But your Brother Krishan is a good, straight person. I know him well. I brought him up myself, with buttermilk churned by my own hands."

I remembered that Brother Krishan had liked to play a game with me. He would cradle me in his arms and then toss me again and again toward the ceiling. He would toss me higher and higher and let me fall farther and farther before catching me. I would shriek with fear and delight.

I remembered that Brother Krishan had always been after my big sisters to do their homework, and if they got their sums wrong he would visit hand-torture on them—insert a pencil between their fingers and twist it. My big sisters would beg to be let off and would promise to do their homework over. I used to feel sad that I didn't have any homework to do or sums to get wrong, and that I couldn't be punished with the pencil.

One day when I was about four, I ran into the house and let the screen door bang behind me.

"Go out, and let me see you come in without banging the door," Brother Krishan said.

"I won't."

He caught hold of me, raised me high over his head, and put me down on top of a tall cupboard.

"Get me down!" I cried.

"Not until you say 'Sorry' and promise to let me see you come into the room without banging the door."

I ranted, kicked my heels against the cupboard, screamed, but in the end he got his way.

"Why are you so strict with the children?" I remembered Bhabiji once asking him. "You're going off to the war. Don't you want to be well remembered?"

"I have to make something of these children," he replied. "It doesn't matter how they remember me."

But Brother Krishan wasn't as much of a taskmaster as he sometimes seemed. True, when we children used to sing along with gramophone records of film songs about love Brother Krishan would burst into the room, lift up the needle, and say, "They have dirty lyrics. Put on some hymns." Still, because he was very musical and had a good memory, if he heard a film song he never forgot the lyrics. I remember that when we were at the singsong part of Auntie Dharam's wedding festivities, my aunties and big sisters could not recall the lyrics of a song about a Punjabi girl. They asked Brother Krishan, and after a lot of hemming and hawing he sang out:

Don't become chums with a lass from the Punjab,
Be she covered with a hundred thousand weights of gold.

There was an explosion of clapping and laughter the like of which I had never heard. "More, more!" everyone shouted. "Now the 'boyfriend' song!"

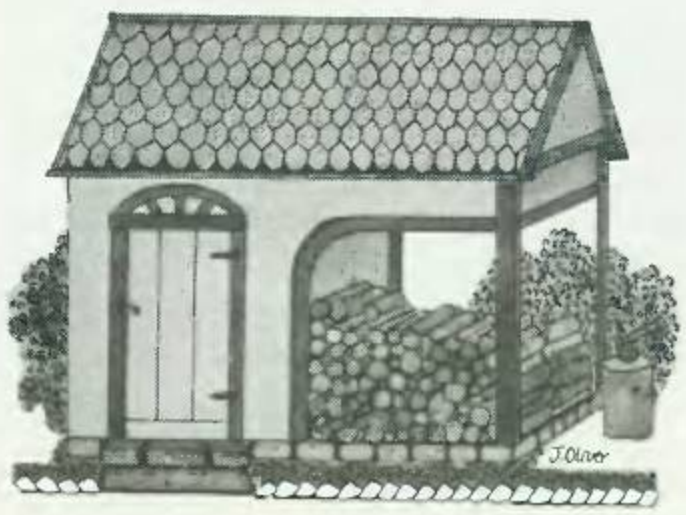
Brother Krishan hesitated, and then sang:

I call my boyfriend out of shyness;
I hide my breasts out of shyness.

Everything about Brother Krishan was first class, I felt. He had a first-class voice, first-class shirts with military appliqués, a first-class military cap with a visor, and first-class ways. I remembered that he had come back on leave from the Army and brought me a mouth organ. I didn't know what it was, and he showed me how to put it against my mouth and breathe into the openings. I was thrilled to discover that every opening made a different sound. All the notes of the harmonium seemed to be fitted into a little box.

On that visit, Brother Krishan was home only a few days, and then he went off to the war. Somehow, Bhabiji seemed to sense that he wouldn't come back.

"So many people go off to the war, Bhabiji," Daddyji said. "You will see —Krishan will come back decorated. He'll be a war hero. He'll be paraded around the city, on shoulders, and shown off to the children." But when Daddyji was away from Bhabiji he would sound uneasy and sad whenever the subject of Brother Krishan came up. "I should never have let him go into the military," he would say. "I don't know why I weakened. I don't know what came over me. He was such a good boy—the best of us brothers. Golf, tennis, painting, music, photography, dancing—my God, what couldn't he do? Handsome, open, lov-



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ing—and, if something had happened to me, such broad shoulders. He could have taken on the responsibility of finding husbands for Pom, Nimi, and Umi, and of educating Vedi."

I would stand next to Daddyji's chair as he talked, and secretly wish that I might grow up to be like Brother Krishan. I would be carried along by the wish until I remembered about the golf and tennis and painting and photography and dancing.

In the meantime, Bhabiji had taken to sitting by the window of her room in Mehta Gulli and waiting for the postman. "Has the postman come?" she would ask. "What time is it?" She dictated her letters for Brother Krishan, generally to Sister Pom. Then Bhabiji started saying that she wanted to write letters with her own hand, and every evening Sister Pom sat beside her with a primer of Hindi and taught her script and grammar. But then Brother Krishan died.

After the news bulletin, Sister Pom continued to teach Bhabiji reading and writing and to take down letters to Brother Krishan, because somehow it had been decided—and all of us were aware of it without being told—that Bhabiji was not to know about Brother Krishan's death. She was told only that he was "missing in action." Even that news so shocked her that she took to her bed and was extremely sick for several weeks. She rallied only when she was told that he was a prisoner of war and might be permitted to receive letters.

For a long time, I used to walk around the house thinking about Brother Krishan. My every footfall sounded like a gunshot. I used to walk over to the cupboard on which Brother Krishan had set me down. I would touch it; I would open the door and close it; I would drag over a chair and stand on it to see if I could reach the top—I never could.

AT the time of Brother Krishan's death, I was only eight, but I felt that it was wrong to lie to Bhabiji. I think that all of us who liked to listen to her stories felt that. One evening or another, someone was sure to ask Bhabiji to tell the story about the honest cow, either because someone had brought along a new friend or simply because we found the story affecting, no matter how often we heard it. Bhabiji never tired of repeating the moral of the tiger's-guest story, "Think before you speak." But when Bhabiji told the story of the honest cow following Krishan's death we would all start chattering thoughtlessly, as if we were eager to change the subject, didn't want to remember the moral.

Sometimes when we were away from Bhabiji, we talked among ourselves about whether we could tell Bhabiji the truth about Brother Krishan, but dread that she might die from the shock kept us quiet.

I once asked Daddyji, "Do you really think Bhabiji would die from the shock?"

"I don't know," he said. "She is seventy-two, and four years ago she did almost die from the shock of Romesh marrying a Christian." After Romesh Chacha secretly married a Christian, Bhabiji had been sick for some months.

Even when the war was over—when the soldiers had come home, when the prisoners of war had been released, and when the missing persons were accounted for—our elders continued to keep the truth from Bhabiji. They met her inquiries after Brother Krishan with answers like "Bhabiji, there are many soldiers who have not come home yet," and "Bhabiji, the Japanese are keeping many secret prisoners of war," and "Bhabiji, there are so many missing persons that even the government doesn't know about them."

In the last years of her life—she died in 1956, at the age of eighty-six—she was totally blind. Sometimes if she heard a footstep she didn't recognize, she would say, almost to herself, "My Krishan has come home." Yet her inquiries about Krishan were infrequent and perfunctory, and were easily satisfied. Everyone felt that she had long since guessed the truth but was keeping up the pretense for everyone else's sake.

The Fresh Woods of Rawalpindi

IN February, 1942, Daddyji was permanently posted in Lahore, and at last we came to live in our own house, at 11 Temple Road, just across from Mehta Gulli, on a dead-end street. As we all followed Mamaji from room to room, opening up bedrolls and unpacking suitcases, we were struck by the fact that she kept calling the rooms after our *chachas*.

"There isn't a single room in this house named after us," Sister Umi complained.

"That's because your *chachas* lived with us in this house when they were getting on their feet, and none of you have lived here," Mamaji said.

We had always thought of Lahore as our home. Mamaji's family was from Lahore. Daddyji and his brothers had come to Lahore, the capital and the most important city of our Punjab, long before we were born. We and all our cousin-brothers and cousin-sisters felt we were Lahoris. Daddyji, as the eldest Mehta brother, had been the first one to build a house of his own, at 11 Temple Road. Much of the time that we were growing up, however, we had hardly known the inside of our house, because Daddyji was then posted in various cities outside Lahore. When we came to Lahore, either because he was briefly transferred there or because we wanted to be with our relatives, our house had almost always been rented out to pay off the mortgage; Mamaji used to say, "Your daddy's hair is tied up in debt." When we were in Lahore, we would stay with Babuji and Mataji, our maternal grandfather and grandmother, at 16 Mozang Road, because it was spacious and Mehta Gulli was cramped. By chance, Mehta Gulli and 16 Mozang Road were separated only by an easily scalable wall, so we spent quite a lot of our time in Mehta Gulli.

Now, within days, our house was swarming with bricklayers, electricians, painters. They set about converting the garage into a stable for a couple of buffaloes, so that we could drink fresh milk instead of diluted or contaminated bazaar milk; enlarging the driveway, so that Daddyji could park his car there instead of in the garage; building a whole new room above the garage, with a separate staircase, for my oldest sister, Pom, who was fifteen and was about to enter college. (In those days, people gener-

ally started college when they were fourteen or fifteen.) In the drawing room, they were installing a ceiling fan; in the bathroom, laying marble chips on the floor; in Mamaji's bedroom, painting the walls green.

I rushed around from room to room, touching everything and asking the laborers how they secured the hook for the ceiling fan, how they mixed cement and water, what the difference was between oil paint and whitewash.

I don't think we had been in the refurbished house for more than a few weeks when Daddyji returned home from the office and said, "Dr. Harnath Singh has done his dirty work. I have been transferred again. I have been posted to Rawalpindi."

We all started sniffling.

"I can't pack again," Mamaji said. "I can't leave this house again. I can't leave Lahore again. I can't leave Babuji and Mataji again."

"How will we all study medicine in Rawalpindi?" Sister Pom asked. "There is no medical college there, and I've just bought all these expensive science books." All three of my big sisters had decided to follow in Daddyji's footsteps and become doctors.

"I myself don't know what to do," Daddyji said. "Dr. Harnath Singh has done his dirty work really well. I will probably have to be in Rawalpindi for three years."

A couple of days later, he left for Rawalpindi, saying that he would send for us as soon as he had seen to the accommodations and settled in, and quoting Shakespeare to us in Punjabi: "Sweet are the uses of adversity, Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

Years later, Daddyji explained to me what Dr. Harnath Singh's dirty work had been. "When I was posted to Lahore, I felt on top of the world. I was the most senior assistant director in the Punjab Public Health Department and was in line to succeed Dr. A. H. Butt, the director. I therefore assumed that I was in Lahore for keeps. One fine morning in late August, I got a letter from Dr. Butt asking me to take on additional duties—those of the district medical officer for Lahore—in place of Dr. Harnath Singh, who had been selected to go to Rawalpindi as an assistant director of public health. Imagine my surprise when, the very next morning, I got a second letter from Dr. Butt, saying that I should immediately proceed to Rawalpindi in place of Dr. Harnath Singh. I was flabbergasted. I made inquiries at the office and was told that Dr. Harnath Singh had been selected as the assistant director in Lahore in my place. I walked into Dr. Butt's office and protested my transfer. 'I had no hand in it, Dr. Mehta,' he said. 'I myself was flabbergasted. The orders came from the Ministry, from the secretary of our department. How could I withstand such pressure?'

"The secretary was an Englishman, Henry John Bosanquet Taylor, and I knew him from the Gymkhana Club, where we used to play tennis together. I called on him at his office and protested. He seemed to be put out. 'You have not taken any active part in the publicity and propaganda on behalf of the Allies in the war,' he said. 'But Dr. Harnath Singh has been actively associated with this work—he even had a poster made showing Japan as a cobra when Hirohito joined Hitler. Besides, Dr. Harnath Singh has declared himself a Sikh.' For some time, Dr. Harnath Singh had been putting it about that while I was preoccupied with clubs and society in my spare time he was spending his spare time doing great propaganda work for the War Publicity Department. He was now also using his newfound Sikh religion to press his position as a member of the minority Sikh community, in order to get preferential treatment from the British secretary. I pleaded with Mr. Taylor to rescind my transfer order, and told him that a couple of days earlier we had heard that Krishan, who was like a son to me, had been killed in the war, that my mother, Bhabiji, was old, that she lived in Lahore, and that she needed me. I told him that we had told Bhabiji only that Krishan was missing in action, but even so she had taken ill, and the doctors didn't hold out much hope. The British considered us all part of the official family and made exceptions on compassionate grounds, but Mr. Taylor refused to rescind the order. I subsequently learned that, despite what Dr. Butt had said to me, Dr. Butt, who was a Muslim and a member of the other minority community, had made common cause with Dr. Harnath Singh to do me down with Mr. Taylor, because I was a Hindu. This was my first whiff of the religious intrigue that later on took such a toll of all our lives."

IN September, 1942, a few days after Daddyji left for Rawalpindi, we received a letter in English from him. It was passed around, read aloud, and translated into Punjabi for Mamaji, Usha, and me, since we couldn't understand much English. Daddyji wrote:

Shanti, you should rent out the house and come to Rawalpindi with the children early in the year. Pom, I have made inquiries, and there is a very nice Presentation Convent here. It was recently upgraded from a school and now has a college of its own called St. Anne's. The college is affiliated with Punjab University. You can study at St. Anne's for your B.A., and Nimi and Umi can study in the school. For the time being, you three sisters will have to give up sciences and the thought of studying medicine, because St. Anne's is strong only in arts subjects. I've told the Mother Superior about Usha, and she can be admitted into the first standard. In the higher standards, the convent is only for girls, but I understand from the Mother Superior that nearby is a boys' school called St. Denys' which is every bit as good as the convent and where Om can go should he decide to leave Bishop Cotton School in Simla and come and live with us.

I've always felt that the Lahore *gullis* are bad places for children to grow up in. They make for a narrow, often mean-spirited outlook. In contrast, Rawalpindi is a very pleasant place for children to grow up in. It has open, wide roads and a country atmosphere with all the advantages of a good city. It is only a hundred and sixty miles north of Lahore, but is at the foot of the Himalayas, at an elevation of seventeen hundred feet. It is not far from Kashmir, and, in fact, is known as a gateway to that heaven on earth—the only metalled road to it goes from here. The winter here is invigorating; the cold winds come down from the Himalayas. I'm sure that here you children will all gain weight and your color will improve.

I have revived many of my old associations with Rawalpindi. It was here that I got my princely first job, with a horse allowance so ample that I could keep not only a horse but also a carriage and a syce.

Now, finally, about the office-residence that the government gives me with my post here, deducting a mere ten per cent of my salary *per mensem* for rent. It is something that has to be seen to be believed. The house has a couple of rooms at one end which serve as my office. I can go to work or leave off work, take my lunch or rest at any time in the day I like—just by

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walking through a door. The house has a big compound. In the compound are many low-roofed hutments. One is the kitchen, a couple are quarters for our private house-servants, and the rest are quarters for servants allotted to the assistant director by the government. I have here two peons, a watchman, a gardener, a washerman, and some sweepers. Best of all, our compound is right next to the Rawal Club. I just have to walk through the hedge to be on the club grounds. The Rawal Club has very nice tennis courts, so that the children will be able to play tennis regularly, and, with such a start, who knows? They may be able to play one day in Wimbledon.

The office-residence and the club buildings are situated in the Civil Lines, a lane reserved for government officers and set apart from the city proper. They look as if they were put up quickly by English officers. They are quite run down. Although our compound is a holding comparable to that of any other officer in the government, the whole place has a feeling of a little, decaying palace for an Englishman—a decrepit outpost of the Empire.

To quote Milton: At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue: Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

Nothing was said in the letter about what I would do in Rawalpindi, because I was to go back to Dadar School for the Blind, in Bombay, thirteen hundred miles away, to which I had first been sent when I was just short of five years old. I did go back, but within a few months the principal of the school, Mr. Ras Mohun, informed Daddyji that though I'd studied only up to the fourth standard I had learned all I could at his school, and should return home, especially in view of the war conditions.

Daddyji says he was distressed to get the letter, because Mr. Ras Mohun's school was one of the best schools for the blind in the country, and, for all he knew, an interruption in my education could disqualify me from studying further. But he felt he had little choice, and reconciled himself to my leaving school with the thought that, after all, it was wartime and little was normal anywhere.

I arrived in Rawalpindi to live with my family in May, 1943, a month or so after my ninth birthday. I couldn't get over how spacious the house seemed in comparison with the cramped school building or with the well-like *gullis* of Lahore—how high the ceilings were, how big the doors were, how open the rooms were. The rooms seemed to flow into wide verandas, and the verandas into the compound. My facial vision was little help in such open spaces.

I missed our old servant Sher Singh, who used to take me out for walks and let me help him bake biscuits whenever I was home from Bombay. I asked at the dinner table what had happened to him.

"Oh, your Auntie Pushpa has taken him with her to Kanpur," Mamaji said. Auntie Pushpa was one of Mamaji's younger sisters. "When Pushpa got married, last year, she didn't know anything about running a house—how to cook, how to shop, how to lock cupboards to keep servants from stealing flour, *ghi*, and lentils. She wanted a trustworthy servant, and I lent her Sher Singh. I don't think he'll ever come back to us now. But you wouldn't like Sher Singh anymore anyway. Pushpa has thoroughly spoiled him. He spends all his time going to the cinema or sitting around in the bazaar smoking *biris*."

"We have Gian Chand now," Daddyji said. "He's every bit as good as Sher Singh."

"Hardly," Sister Umi said, with a laugh. "Whenever he milks Mamaji's buffalo, he aims one stream of milk into his mouth for every stream he aims into the milk bucket, and he milks the buffalo twice a day."

Everyone laughed.

"Umi always exaggerates," Mamaji said.

"But Mamaji hasn't seen the number of biscuits he puts away for himself every night," Sister Umi went on. "I once surprised him and saw him putting one batch aside for himself for every batch he put in the biscuit tin for us. No wonder he bakes them only after dark, when the other servants have gone to sleep. Then he has the cheek to say that it's because he doesn't want them to pinch his recipes. Mamaji, you've got to admit that every day he looks a pound or two heavier than the day before."

"Don't exaggerate," Mamaji said, slapping Sister Umi on the arm. "He's so young and hardworking. If he drinks a little milk and eats some biscuits, what's the harm? He needs to build up his strength. He never stops, and he's so punctual. He gets you children off to school on time, he doesn't pinch money when he is sent out to the bazaar, he always has fresh carrot *halwah* for you children to eat, he always has breakfast, lunch, tiffin, and dinner on the table on time."

"Mamaji won't admit it, but Gian Chand has become a real favorite of hers," Sister Umi said.

However Mamaji praised Gian Chand, I never took to him the way I had taken to Sher Singh. Gian Chand seemed to be always bustling about—scouring the pots and pans, fanning the kitchen fire with a hand fan or blowing on it to keep it going. He made me feel that I was in the way. Also, he was at once effusive and quarrelsome. He hardly ever addressed me as "Vedi Sahib," the way Sher Singh had, but instead as "Little Commander Sahib," "Little General Sahib," "Little Admiral Sahib," "Little Marshal Sahib." And if I got hungry, went to the kitchen, and asked to have my tiffin a few minutes earlier than four—the usual time—he would get angry.

"I will report you to Mistress!" he would bellow. "I will tell her that you are harassing me, making me late for tiffin."

"I'm not harassing you, I'm hungry. Give me a biscuit."

He would ignore me, knowing full well that I didn't know where he had put the biscuits. If I started feeling around for them, he would shout, "I will report you to Mistress! You are making me late!"

"I order you to give me a biscuit!" I would shout back.

He would march off to the house to tell on me to Mamaji. Then I would get a scolding from her.

"Why do you have to get in Gian Chand's way?" she would ask. "Why can't you wait a few minutes for tiffin to be ready? Why don't you go and play with Lakshman Singh or Raj Kumari?"

Lakshman Singh and Raj Kumari were new servants, and I didn't get on with them any better than I did with Gian Chand. Lakshman Singh was sixteen or seventeen but gave himself the airs of an old retainer. He wouldn't answer to his name—only to his title, "Bearer." He had somehow taken it into his head that bearers, who worked in the house, were more important than cooks, like Gian Chand, who worked in the kitchen, a separate little building behind the house. Yet he had such a nervous disposition that he could scarcely carry a tray

without making the plates on it rattle and dance. Sister Nimi used to make fun of him by calling him Charlie, after a butler she had seen in an English picture. " 'Bearer,' Memsahib," he would correct her.

Raj Kumari, a young maid, was stuck up in her own way. She had got the job of maid by claiming that she was a Christian and could speak English, and so could help my big sisters practice their convent English. Mamaji had naturally interviewed her in Punjabi and then had hired her. It had turned out that she knew hardly any English, but by then it was hard to dismiss her. Her favorite topic of conversation was her name—*raj kumari* means "princess." She claimed that she was a real princess, who had been engaged to a real prince. As proof, she would show us a necklace of "precious" stones which she said the prince had given her. "The prince died, Sahib-people," she would say. "But I have his necklace for always. I am only working as an ayah temporarily, until another prince comes and takes me away."

The subject of her name and her engagement was always a source of great mirth and could be depended upon to help us pass the time. I remember that Sisters Nimi and Umi used to serenade her with a popular film tune: "Go to sleep, Raj Kumari, go to sleep."

I used to feel sorry for both Lakshman Singh and Raj Kumari, and would sometimes take their side, only to be serenaded by Sisters Nimi and Umi in my turn: "Go to sleep, little brother, go to sleep. Or you'll grow up to be Charlie in Princess Raj Kumari's court."

MY visits home for holidays from Dadar School had been brief, and I remembered that during them my big sisters used to indulge me; they would buy me sweets and Carry Home ice cream with their pocket money. Now I was home for good, and I had to buy my own sweets and ice cream, with my own pocket money. Hardly anybody paid special attention to me or cared what I did during the day. My big sisters didn't seem to like my company anymore. Usha, however, was always at my side. She was now almost six, and was a good playmate. If she heard the bicycle bell of the ice-cream man at the gate, she would come running for me and catch hold of my hand, and we would race out to the ice-cream man. If someone mentioned that our buffaloes were grazing outside, I would call for Usha, and she would take me to them and show me how the buffaloes stood around chomping on the grass. We were inseparable. We did everything together: spun tops; swung from the gate; climbed trees; played hide-and-seek or high-and-low, a version of tag.

One morning, Sister Pom took Usha to the Presentation Convent, where my big sisters were studying, and got her admitted into kindergarten. The next morning, Usha began attending the convent with my big sisters, riding in the hired tonga that took them there and brought them back daily. (The convent was about two miles from the house.)

I remember that I cried a lot that first day. Now I had no one to play with, and I walked around the house saying Usha's name to myself and waiting for her to come back. The moment I heard her feet on the front veranda, I ran to greet her. She was crying, and I thought that that was because she had missed me.

"Why are you crying?" I asked her.

"I've lost my goggles," she said. Daddyji had bought her goggles, or sunglasses, for going to school.

"Never mind," I told her. "I'll buy you new goggles with my pocket money."

"I don't want you to," she said. "Daddyji wouldn't buy you goggles, because you couldn't go to school."

"No, Daddyji wouldn't buy me goggles, but he said that it was because I might hit against something and cut my face with the glass," I said.

She stopped crying.

"What is school like?" I asked.

"I am in the English section," she said.

"What's that?"

"The girls in the Indian section stop after the fourth standard. The girls in the English section go on to higher standards. You have to know English to study after the fourth standard."

I felt a pang. Mamaji had stopped after the fourth standard. I had stopped after the fourth standard. Usha was three years younger than I was, but she was going to surpass me. "Then who goes to the Indian section?" I asked, as if I didn't care.

"Oh, I think they are called charity children. I think they are probably from the city. They are certainly not from the Civil Lines or from the cantonment."

Later, at the dinner table, Sister Pom told Daddyji, "At first, the nuns put her in the Indian section. Then I went to the Mother Superior. She said, 'Well, Promila, since she is your sister she should certainly be in the English section.' "

"There are some advantages to being the Mother Superior's favorite," Sister Umi said.

"Usha's so fair-skinned that she's already called Mem by her sectionmates," Sister Nimi said. ("Mem" is short for "Memsahib.")

After Usha started going to school, any time we spoke to her in Punjabi she would answer in English. She started playing English games. She spent hours doing something on the ground—throwing a stone, hopping and skipping, and counting to herself.

"What are the rules of the game?" I once asked her.

"There are no rules. You just skip from one box to another."

"Where are the boxes?"

"They are drawn on the ground. You can't feel them."

I wanted her to play a game that we could play together, but I couldn't think of any game. In fact, I couldn't even remember how she and I had played together before she was entered in the Presentation Convent.

I TOOK to spending much of the day playing in Daddyji's private office, or in his outer office, in which his head clerk, his stenographer, and his assistant clerk sat in chairs, or on the veranda just beyond the outer office, where Qasim Ali and Ram Saran, the two peons, sat on their haunches, behind a chick, or bamboo screen, ever ready to run errands. Once in a while, a clerk would hit the desk bell and shout "Qasim *Ali!*" or "Ram *Saran!*"

"Huzoor!" one or the other of them would reply, jumping up, lifting the chick, and running in. More often than not, the summons was for tea or

here
now
and
tomorrow

WOOL.
good
looks
that last!

PURE WOOL

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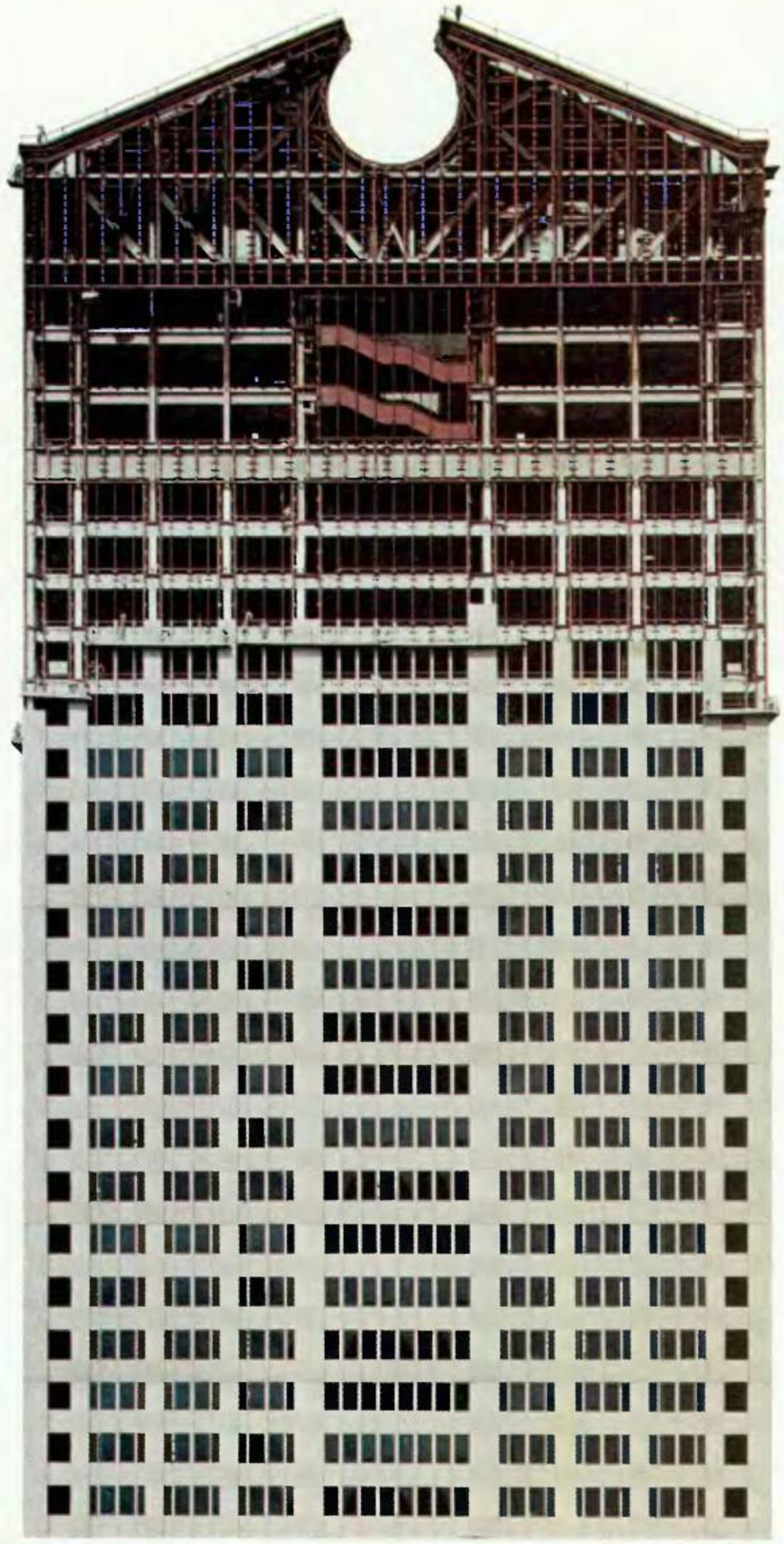

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VANITY FAIR

Coming In March 1983

a Condé Nast Publication

lemonade and required the peon to run no farther than the kitchen.

The clerks and the peons, like me, seemed to have little to do all day. I would sit around with them, touching and exploring things I had never felt before—typewriters, desk bells, hand blotters, paperweights, metal seals, sticks of sealing wax. If the head clerk needed to telephone anyone (we had a telephone for the first time), I would dial the number for him. I would sit in the stenographer's chair when he was with Daddyji taking dictation, and idly peck at the typewriter. I would take the paper to the head clerk, get him to sign it, get the assistant clerk to seal it properly—glue it shut, tie it with a string, affix the seal to it with sealing wax. I would then strike the desk bell and summon Qasim Ali. I would order him to deliver the envelope to Ram Saran, then I would go out on the veranda and hold a conference with Ram Saran, pretending that I was Daddyji and that Ram Saran was my subordinate.

There were many other official servants to get to know and to play with. They seemed to have no names.

"What's your name?" I once asked the gardener.

"Gardener."

"What were you called as a boy?"

"Gardener's Boy. My father was a gardener in this compound."

"What do you call your wife?"

"Gardener Woman."

There was an unused trough on the far side of the kitchen garden, and so on the near side of the henhouse and the buffalo stable. I filled it with water, using a garden hose. I then got Gardener to get me a dozen or so goldfish from the bazaar, and put them in the trough. Every day, I would go into the trough, catch the slippery fish one by one, and drop them into a bucket of water. Then I would let the water out of the trough, scrub the trough, and refill it. I would feed the goldfish bread crumbs in the bucket and return them to the trough. As I counted and re-counted the goldfish in transferring them to and from the bucket—bringing them quivering up in the air and identifying them by their sizes—and as I fed them with my fingers, I imagined that I had my own little family, who were my complete responsibility.

Dinner-Table School

WE complained to Mamaji that we never saw Daddyji. Often, he was out on tour, and the rest of the time he wasn't around much, even though he had only to walk through the door of his office to come in for a cup of tea or a bite of lunch. In the morning, he would get up, shave, have a quick breakfast, and go into the office. What little time he had at home in the morning was taken up by visitors who came to see him on some business or other. He would work through the lunch hour, come back for a nap, and then, at four-thirty or so, start getting ready to go to the Pindi Club for tennis and bridge; he preferred the facilities of the Pindi Club to those of the Rawal Club, next door. No one would yet be home from school, and I would have him to myself for a few minutes as he was changing his clothes and putting on his shoes, while Mamaji rushed around packing his tennis clothes in his tennis bag. He would come home from the club long after we had gone to sleep, having sometimes dined there and played bridge until midnight. On Saturday, he worked until lunch and then went straight to the club. Sundays he had off, but then he sometimes went to the club even before lunch. Whether he played tennis or not, cards were a must with him, day in and day out. If he had friends to dinner at home, they sat down to play cards in the drawing room. Of course, whenever he was needed he was there, because he could be fetched from either the office or the club at a moment's notice. But we all began to feel that we didn't see enough of him. I remember that when I used to come home to Lahore on holidays Daddyji would also be away all the time, at one or another of his clubs. But there we somehow weren't as much aware of his absence, perhaps because we were surrounded by our relatives. In Rawalpindi there was no Mehta Gulli for us to go to after dark and nothing for us to do.

"Why do you complain to me?" Mamaji said. "What can I do? I'm only his wife. I don't have the nerve to open my mouth in front of him."

One night when we were all in our pajama suits, in our cots, and Sister Pom had turned off the light, Sister Umi said, "I know what. We should go on a hunger strike, like Gandhiji, and refuse to eat dinner without Daddyji."

Sister Nimi burst out laughing. "My foot! The biggest eater in the Mehta family wanting to go on a hunger strike! What next? You and Gandhiji have as much in common as Vedi and Mother Superior."

"Hunger strike for what?" I asked, raising myself on my elbow.

"Hunger strike to make Daddyji come home for dinner," Sister Umi said. "Otherwise, we will never get to see him."

"Daddyji will beat us," Brother Om said. He had left Bishop Cotton School and joined St. Denys'. He was about the only one whom Daddyji ever slapped.

"I think disobedient children grow up to be bad people," Sister Pom said.

Usha began to cry.

Sister Nimi eventually agreed with Sister Umi's plan, and it was decided that Sister Umi would be the strike leader.

"Just don't look to me for moral support," Sister Pom said. "If Daddyji so much as frowns at me, I will start crying."

The next day was Sunday, and over breakfast Sister Umi boldly announced the hunger plan to Daddyji.

"I can't leave in the middle of a bridge game and come home," he said.

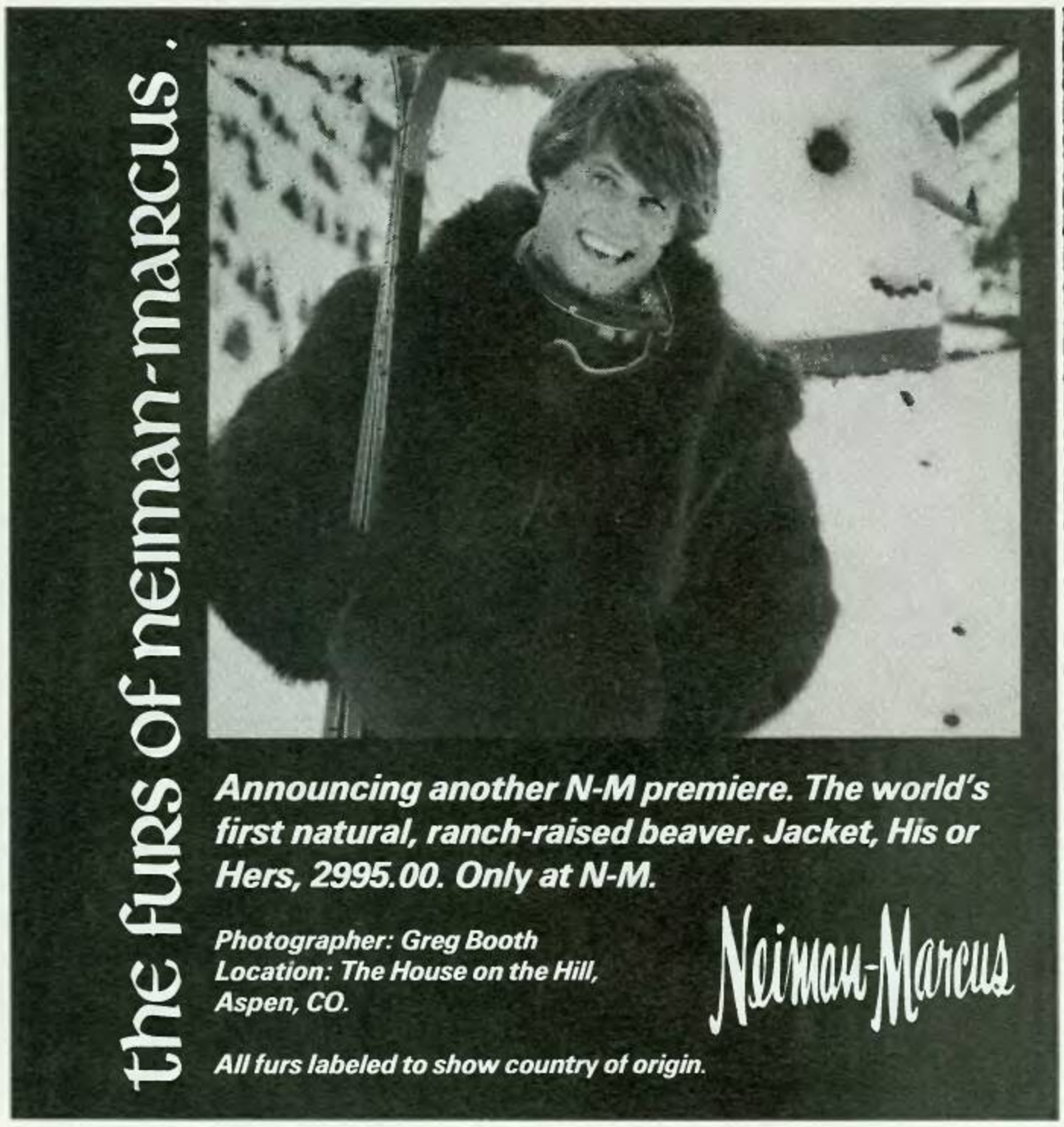
"Then you have to give up cards," Sister Umi said. "We are just not going to eat dinner without you."

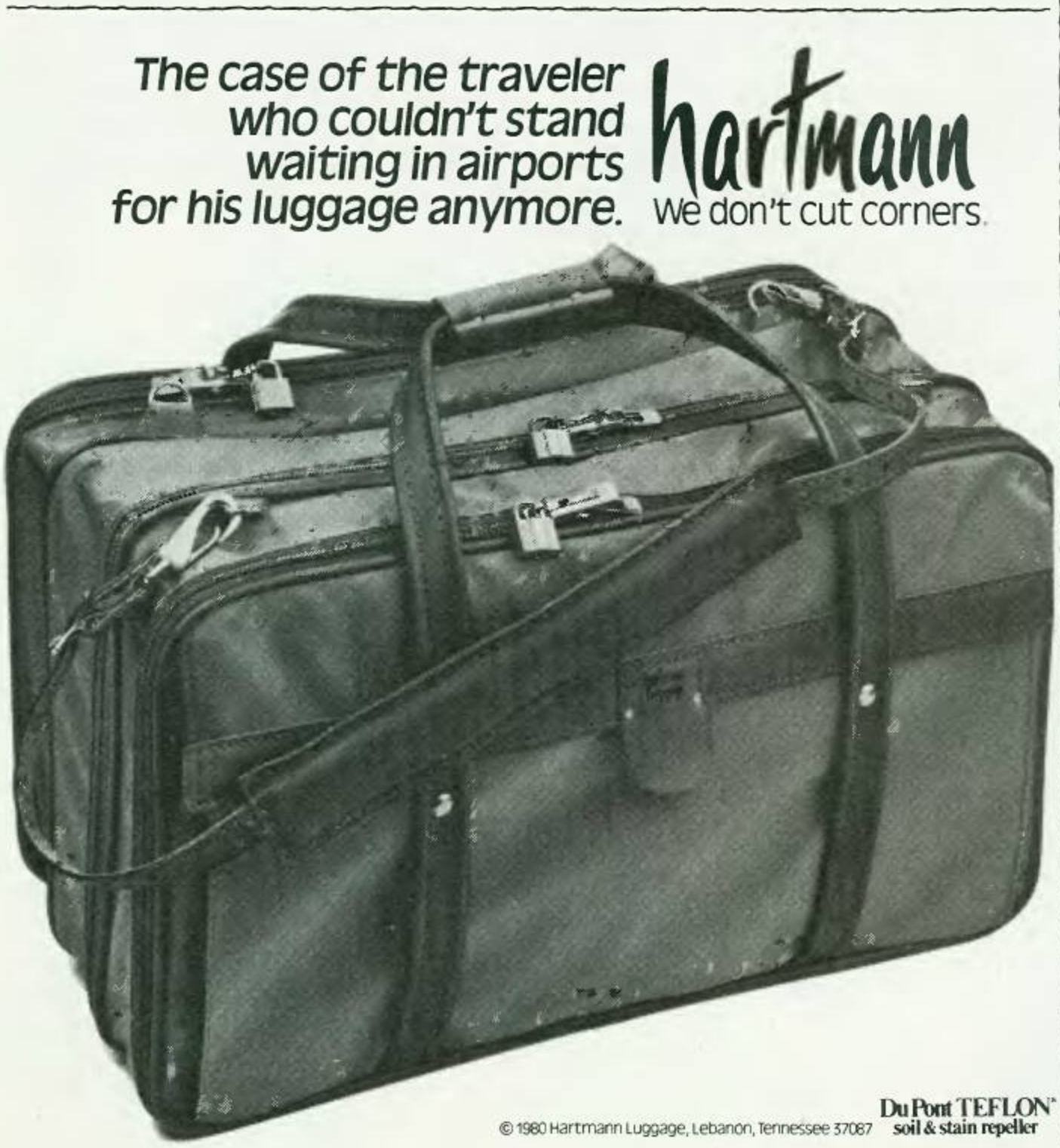
Daddyji laughed. "I don't play cards for fun," he said. "I play to win, so that I can give all of you everything you need and want. I am farsighted, like Lalaji, and I know what's in your best interests."

"You may say what you like, but we won't eat dinner until you come and sit with us," we all said.

After that, for some time Daddyji would come home at nine, just as we were sitting down to dinner, but within an hour or so—the moment we had finished—he would get into his car and drive away. We hit upon the strategy of detaining him by lingering at the dinner table long after the servants had cleared away the plates.

All three of my big sisters were now doing their B.A. courses in the Presentation Convent's college, and they were full of talk—of concerns and impressions. They would talk about playing mysterious games called volleyball and basketball, and about how the nuns encouraged them to eat sweets from a tuck shop nearby, rather than Punjabi snacks from a street vender. "Today, Mother Lourdes caught me eating *ambpappar*," Sister Umi once told us. *Ambpappar*, a





leathery, waferlike mango confection, was a favorite with all of us, and the blacker and more awful-looking my big sisters said it was, the better it tasted. " '*Chhichhi*, that's black skin you're eating!' Mother Lourdes said. 'Go rinse your mouth and get some Cadbury's chocolate from the tuck shop.' "

It seemed that at the convent Sister Nimi was always getting into trouble. "What can I do?" she said one evening. "When Sister Bernadette is writing something on the blackboard, the girls will whisper something to me and make me laugh. They laugh, too, but they stop the moment Sister Bernadette turns around. Then I'm the only one left laughing."

"If the other girls can stop, why can't you?" Sister Pom asked.

"I just can't. I can't be bothered," Sister Nimi said. She never bothered about what people thought of her.

Another evening, just as Daddyji was getting up to go back to the club, Sister Pom said, "Why is it, Daddyji, that when you go to a Hindu temple there is no pattern or order to anything, no peace and quiet in any corner to think about God? People wander in and out as if the temple were a railway station. Beggars, loafers, children crowd everywhere, and everyone pushes and elbows. Here someone is eating *halwah* from a banana leaf, there someone is spitting. There are flies; there are soiled banana leaves and rice grains underfoot. At one end, a pandit is sitting on the floor, eating and burping and licking his lips right in front of the worshippers, while someone is clapping fire tongs together, or clashing bells, or beating a drum. Now, when you walk into our convent chapel everything is clean and orderly. It's so quiet that you can hear the Mother Superior shift in her pew. When the nuns kneel and pray, they look like angels. You really feel that you're in the presence of something awesome. And the nuns have such discipline. Even when they are not in the chapel, they speak so softly."

"Every week, they keep a day of silence to think about God, and on that day, no matter what happens, no matter what the emergency, they will not utter a word," Sister Umi said.

"Christianity is an organized religion," Daddyji said, settling back in his chair. "They have one book, one God, and all kinds of dogmas and doctrines about the coming of the Messiah. We Hindus have no book as such, and many gods and goddesses,

and no dogmas, no doctrines to speak of, no messiah."

There seemed to be no Punjabi words for "chapel," "dogma," "doctrine," "messiah," and the discussions were often carried on in "pink English"—English colored with Punjabi words. Even when English words were explained to me with the greatest care, I often felt that I was on the verge of understanding them without actually doing so. It was like listening to endless discussions among my big sisters and Mamaji about the colors of their clothes—thinking, for instance, that I understood what royal blue was until Sister Umi confused me by saying that she didn't think the color suited her. Just when I thought that I had understood a word, it would fly out of my reach, like a kite, and be lost in the confusion of conversation.

Even when Daddyji was speaking pink English, I enjoyed hearing his easy, confident, reassuring voice, interrupted by an occasional question, though sometimes whole courses would pass by without my catching any more than the few English words I had learned at Dadar School. But I would also feel sad, because each time I was reminded that I was falling behind my big sisters and my big brother. I would get impatient to go to Perkins school, in America, where Daddyji intended to send me after the war was over—to have my own nuns and Mother Superior and fathers, my own chapel to go to, my own pew to kneel in. Then I would interrupt.

"What is a 'messiah'? The leader of all the leaders?" I once asked.

Daddyji laughed. "Not all leaders accept him as that."

"Then he's not the leader of all the leaders."

"That's right."

"But you said that he was the Son of God."

"Christians say that."

"But either I'm your son or I'm not, and why did God have only one son?"

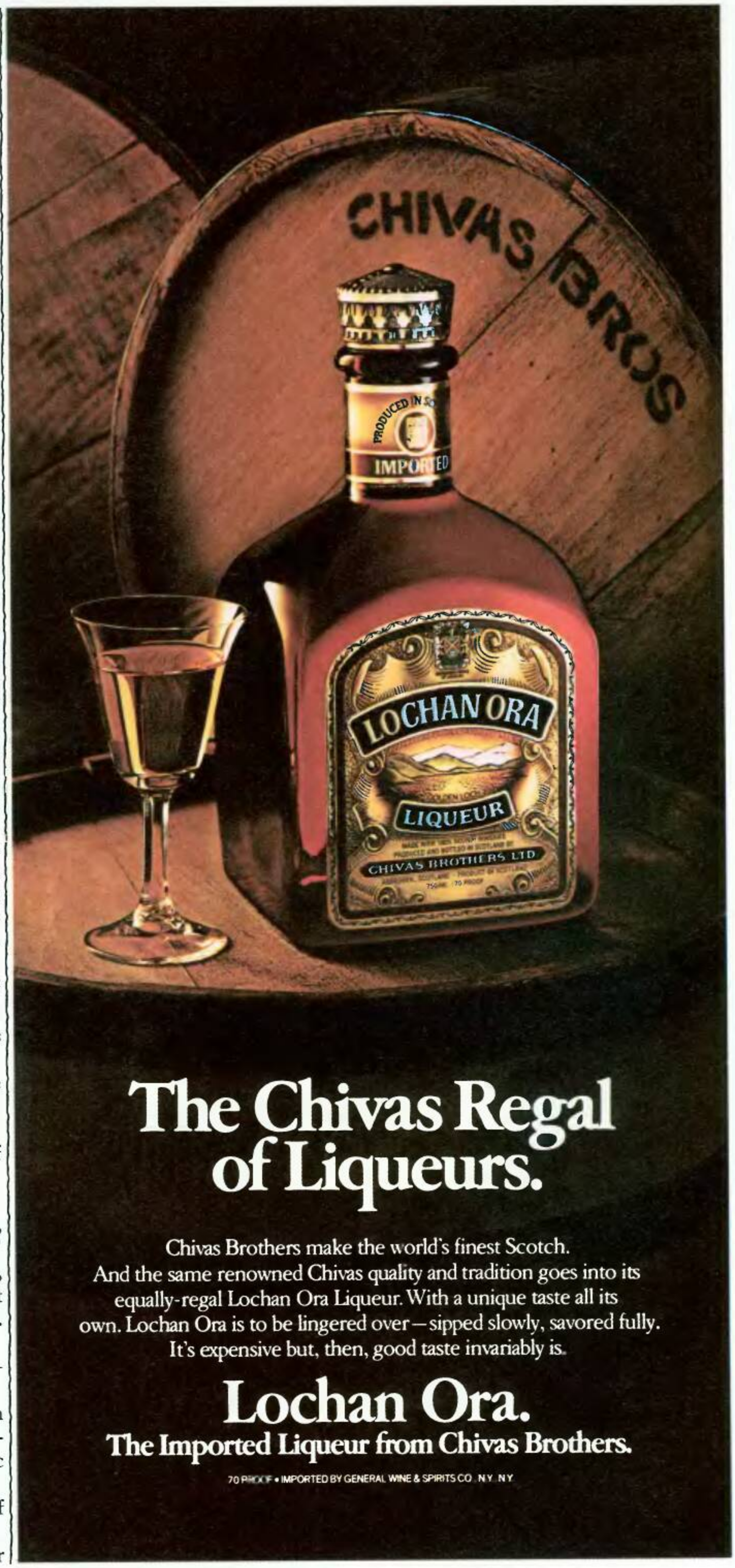
"Ask me another," Daddyji said, laughing. "Anyway, that's what Christians believe. I don't believe it. We Hindus don't believe it."

"Who's better? Who's right—Hindus or Christians?"

"No one is better. They're both right. Christianity is orderly but perhaps constricted. Hinduism is chaotic but perhaps freer."

"I hate pandits. I like the sound of nuns," I said.

"I don't like my fathers," Brother



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Om said. "What right do they have to call themselves fathers? They are not even married."

"Shut up, both of you," Sister Umi said. "Neither one of you knows what he's talking about."

"I'll take an Indian temple over a chapel any day," Sister Nimi said. "I like my licks of *halwah*, and there is more God in our crowds than there is in a chapel. What is a chapel? Just a sterile room."

"I prefer the convent chapel," I said. I felt sad that I could never go to the convent chapel. I knew I didn't like going to the Hindu temple, where Mamaji would sometimes drag me simply because during the day she and I were home alone and she wanted company.

"By the way," Daddyji said, "there are some churches in America which are quite rowdy."

"But did you miss temples when you were in America?" I asked. Daddjyi had been in America as a young man, in the early twenties, on a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship.

"Not at all. I followed the principle 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do.' "

Brother Om started singing his favorite Hindustani song:

> "Best in all the world
> is India of ours.
> We are its nightingales—
> this is our garden."

"I'm sure that best in all the world is England of theirs," I said.

"What nonsense!" Sister Umi said. "I'd like to see you, Vedi, keep the nuns' day of silence."

And so it would go. I never did really find out what "messiah" meant.

EVERY night at the dinner table, my big sisters would all talk at once, telling the latest pieces of news about their friends and teachers, games and escapades. They would talk about English prayers and English songs and about classmates and their expensive clothes. They would talk about the strange customs of the nuns—how they always wore black habits, black head coverings, black shoes, and black rosaries, except that in the summer they would dress all in white. The nuns sounded mysterious and elegant. And there was something exciting about thinking of a whole convent with only unmarried girls and women.

"Can nuns ever have children?" I asked.

"Silly," Sister Umi said. "They've

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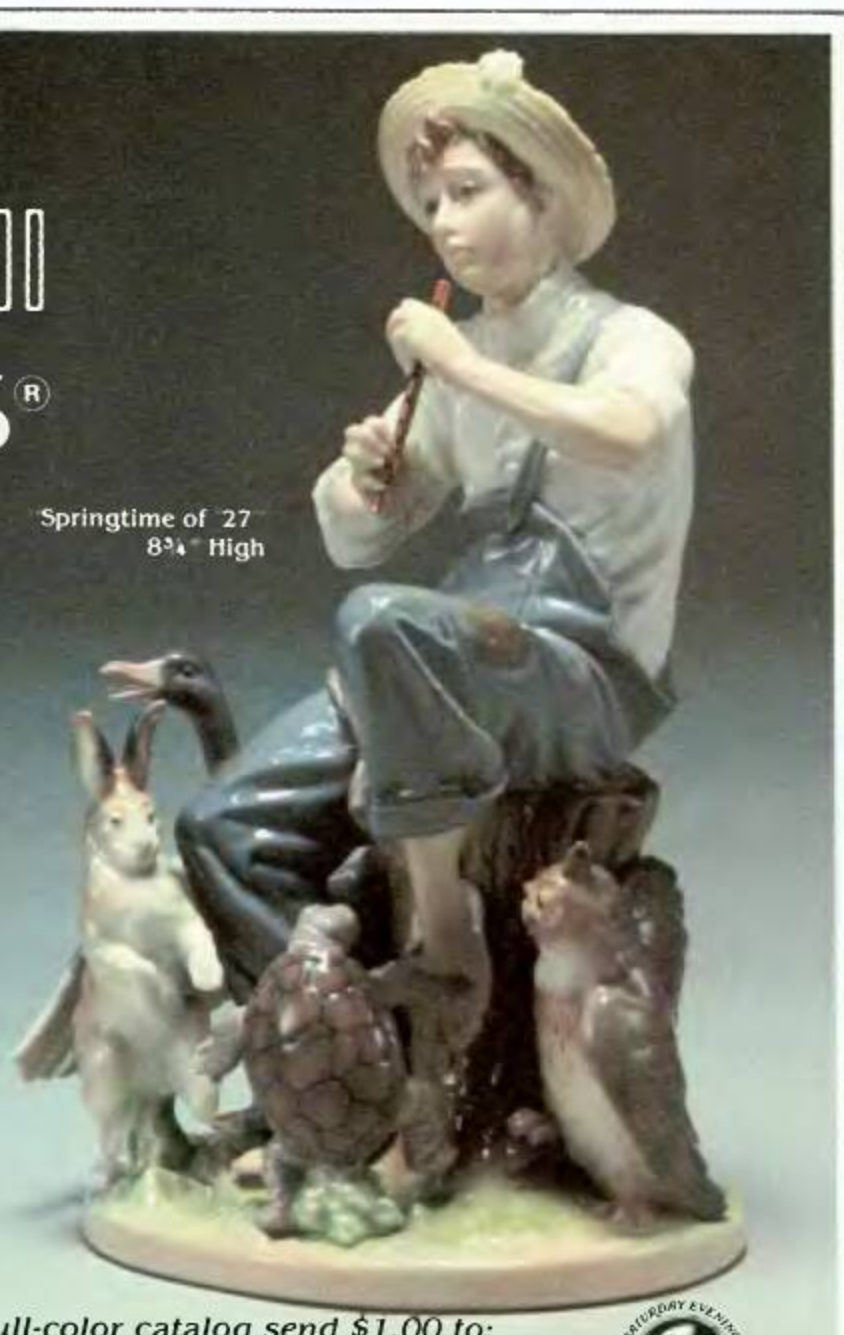

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taken vows. They're married to the Son of God."

I wanted to know more but was too shy to ask. "What about the Mother Superior, then?"

"Mother Lourdes is an only daughter," Sister Pom said. "Her parents were looking forward to getting her married, but she decided to marry Christ instead."

"How do you marry Christ?" I asked Daddyji.

"It's a manner of speaking," Daddyji said.

"I don't understand," I said.

"You do things like observe a whole day of silence every Monday and say lots of 'Hail Mary's to your mother-in-law," Sister Umi said.

"We have a new Muslim history teacher," Sister Pom said, irritatingly changing the subject.

"I thought all the teachers at the convent were nuns," I said.

"Convents often hire local Indian teachers for subjects their nuns don't know, like vernaculars or Indian history," Daddyji said.

"How do you know she's a Muslim?" I asked.

"She arrived at the convent dressed in very high heels, and covered from head to toe in a black cloak," Sister Pom said. "The cloak had only two slits, for her eyes."

"She looked so awful with those high heels and slits," Sister Umi said.

"Then she took off her cloak," Sister Pom continued, "and she had one of the prettiest faces I've ever seen."

"She has such a proper, forbidding manner that she's unapproachable," Sister Nimi said.

"But she lives in Lal Kurti," Sister Umi said. "Everyone asks her when she is going to get married. She blushes and she won't answer, and yet she lives in Lal Kurti."

Lal kurti means "red shirt." Gian Chand had told me that it was the Muslim section of the city and that in one part of it lived dancing and singing girls who did dirty things. For years afterward, I imagined that all prostitutes wore red shirts. I thought of the color red as being as forbidding as the Muslim teacher, and Lal Kurti as a forbidden area, to which I could never go. Brother Om could simply bicycle over there and see the women dancing and singing in their red shirts, but I imagined that even if I were an old man I would have to be taken there; the very thought seemed forbidden. I nicknamed the teacher in the cloak "the forbidden lady," and

every day when my big sisters returned from the convent I would ask them for news of the forbidden lady. One day, they told me that they were all trying to get her married off and had placed a marriage advertisement for her in the newspaper; another day, that they and their school friends had pored over the answers and had selected a man from Lahore and written to him; still another day, that they had heard from the man.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"It's none of your business," Sister Umi said, "but he said that he was coming to see the girl, and was taking the next train and arriving in Rawalpindi in the evening. He said that he expected the girl's closest male relatives to meet him at the railway station. We were just able to telegraph him in the nick of time to say that it was a hoax. Now, don't go and tattle on us, or I'll never tell you anything else."

I REMEMBER that Sister Umi once asked at the dinner table for new, satin clothes. "Satta comes to the convent every day dressed in a different satin shirt and different velvet pajama trousers," she said. "We feel so drab next to her."

Sister Umi had always taken a great interest in clothes. One evening, Daddyji had come home from the club and asked about her pajama trousers: "Umi, why does your *salwar* have such wide cuffs, and why is it so long? It's dragging on the ground, picking up all the dirt—it's very unhygienic. Besides, you'll trip and fall."

"But, Daddyji, these cuffs are the latest fashion," Sister Umi had said.

"Going out with loose hair is also the latest fashion," Mamaji had said. "But you don't do it. The daughters of good families don't do it."

The next day, when my big sisters went out for a walk they had made a point of hitching up their *salwars* about six inches off the ground and parading past Daddyji. As soon as they reached the street, they put them down.

In contrast, Sister Pom showed little interest in clothes, Sister Nimi none. Sister Nimi was something of a tomboy. Whatever she took up—volleyball, field hockey, or tennis—she was completely absorbed in it. She would go out for a game of tennis in old clothes and old shoes, for instance, and without even a thought for her appearance.

"But Satta's father is a rich contrac-

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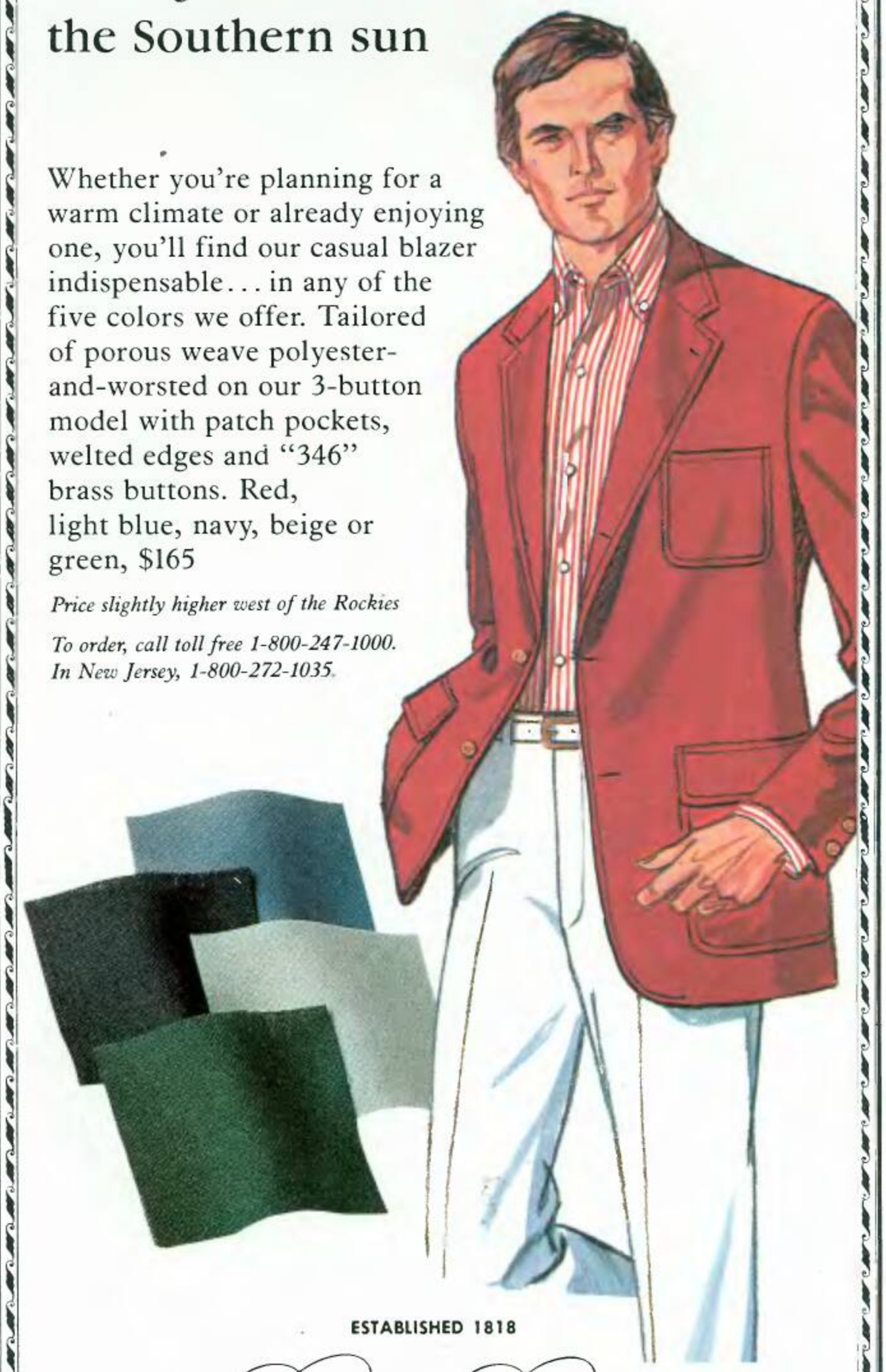

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tor," Daddyji now said, at the table. "He has made a lot of money from the war. Showing off is part of a businessman's stock-in-trade. But you are the daughters of a Class One government officer, and you don't need to impress anybody with your clothes. There is a respect and a special status that go with government service which no amount of money can buy. Anyway, nobody ever notices clothes. I wear the same coat and tie to the club every day for a month, and no one notices or cares. People simply don't remember what you were wearing yesterday."

"You're so good-looking that whatever clothes you wear look marvellous on you," Sister Umi said. "Naturally, no one notices. But Nimi and I have acne. Besides, Auntie Pushpa and Auntie Vimla wear satin clothes."

"They don't need to," Daddyji said. "They are spoiled. You must have noticed how badly they do in their studies. Your model should be not your aunties but your Cousin Vidya."

Cousin Vidya, who was the daughter of Parmeshwari Devi, Daddyji's only sister and our *bhua*, or paternal aunt, had deformed hands, and as a result, it was said, she had not been able to get married. She was religious and nationalistic, and had become active in Arya Samaj, a movement to reform Hinduism. Her clothes were of homespun cloth, like Gandhiji's. She used to tell us Gandhiji's views on the cloth—that it was a badge of national pride, purity, and equality, because every poor person could make his own cloth and cover himself, and that machine-made cloth was a badge of slavery, because it came from Britain or from Indian businessmen who were interested only in making money off the backs of the poor. She used to say that girls who studied in convents became "mems," and preferred slacks to pajama trousers, coats to Indian shawls, walking shoes to sandals, factory chocolates to freshly made *halwah* —that they polished their nails, wore rouge, bobbed their hair, and ended up choosing their own husbands. In part because of her influence, all our Mehta cousin-sisters had gone to Indian schools. Although Daddyji was sending my big sisters to convent school, they usually wore clothes made of homespun material, and this was because of Cousin Vidya. Their pajama trousers and shirts were made by a tailor who came regularly to the house, but they always knitted their own sweaters; and their shirts

and sweaters, though they might be bright-colored, had long sleeves. Their veils were white, but they did give them a touch of color by crocheting edgings on them. When they went out, they covered their heads, and they didn't wear makeup—not even lipstick.

There was a strong family resemblance among the three oldest sisters, which came to be well known. When they were walking on the Mall, they would often be stopped and asked if they were Dr. Mehta's daughters.

If Mamaji was with them, she would be taken for another daughter. I asked Daddyji once why that was, and he said, "She naturally looks young. And she's an asthmatic. I don't know why it is, but asthmatics generally look young."

Daddyji always insisted that the three sisters go everywhere together. Once, Sister Pom was invited to the house of her friend Pushpa Chopra. She took Sisters Nimi and Umi with her but left them sitting outside the house, saying, "Just wait here. I'll go inside to the party and come out quickly." She didn't emerge for an hour.

Whatever the sisters' family resemblance, I felt closest to Sister Nimi, because Sister Pom ordered me about and Sister Umi found fault and tried to get the last word. Sister Nimi had the most free time and was always laughing. She had lots of friends, who were often in the house, and who seemed to be as relaxed as she was. And when they weren't around she would talk about them—Satish said this, Santosh did that, Satish didn't like so-and-so, Santosh was coming over.

Once, Daddyji explained to us at the dinner table, "Because Pom is the firstborn, she is the most responsible, the most like Mamaji. Because Umi is the third child, she has had to push a bit to call attention to herself. But Nimi is the second child, and second children seem always to have an easier time of it."

WHAT I liked best about our "dinner-table school" was hearing Daddyji tell of his experiences in the West. I remember that at one time Sister Pom was studying about ancient Rome. "Why did the Roman Empire fall?" she asked. "Why didn't the Romans discover the steam engine and start the industrial revolution?"

"Who knows?" Daddyji said. "But Christianity is an otherworldly religion, just like Hinduism, and once it

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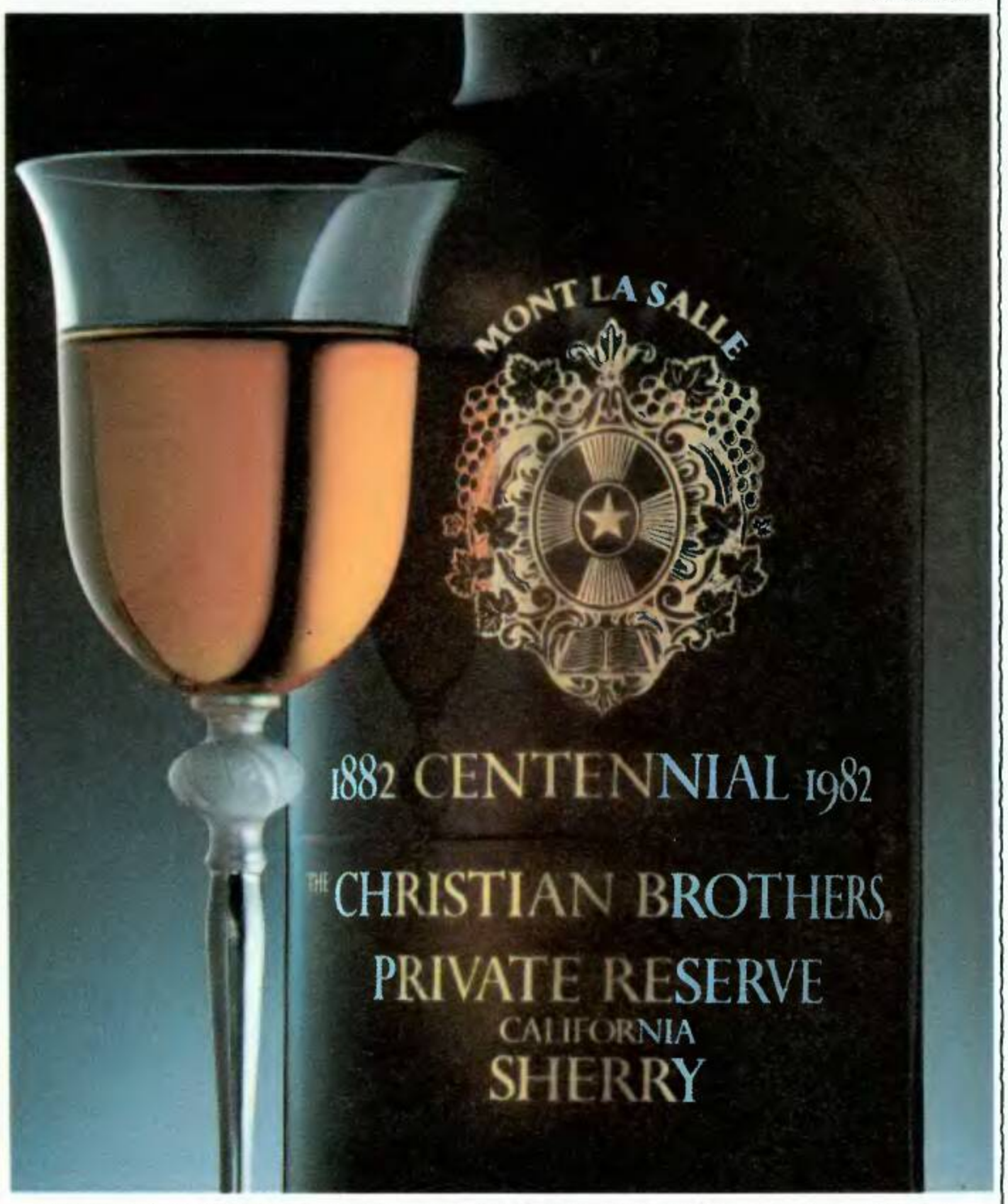

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came it probably turned the Romans away from empire and from science."

"Do you like the Romans?" I asked. "Are they better than the British?"

"In my travels, I found the Italians to be more like us Indians than like the British," Daddyji said. "They seemed to me to be rather lazy and quarrelsome, disorganized, and interested in food. They love to eat spaghetti and macaroni, which I've never seen in India, but which are very tasty." I never got a good description of spaghetti and macaroni, but just the mention of them made me hungry for the food that Daddyji had eaten in Europe. "The Italians are easygoing and the British are not, probably because Italy, like India, is hot most of the time, and Britain is cold."

"I think I'd like the cold of England," I said.

"Like father, like son," Daddyji said, laughing.

"What is England like, Daddyji?" Brother Om asked. It was one of our favorite questions—we asked it again and again.

"Oh, marvellous. I remember that one of the first days I was in England I walked along Gower Street to buy a newspaper. I came to a bus stop, and I saw a pile of newspapers sitting there but no vender. 'Hello,' I said. 'This is odd. Someone could walk off with the whole lot of them.' Then I noticed that Englishmen were picking up their newspapers, dropping some change in a hat, and going along. I stopped a man and said, 'Good morning, sir. Where is the vender?' He pointed to the hat and went away. In London, they have no newspaper venders as such; venders just leave their hats in the morning and pick them up in the evening, and trust in the honesty of their fellow-countrymen. Not only that but the milkmen leave sealed milk bottles in front of the doors of houses and no one pinches them."

We'd heard this story many times, but we never tired of it. We never quite understood how an Englishman could be a mere newspaper vender in the first place, since all Englishmen spoke beautiful English—something that Indians had to spend years in school and college learning. We also never quite understood how all Englishmen could be so honest. We were impressed each time.

"Who does the sweepers' job over there?" I asked.

"People of low caste, stupid," Sister Umi said.

"Low class," Daddyji corrected her.

"In England, they don't have a caste system as such. In America, however, they do have Negroes, who used to be slaves. Still today, they are not allowed to travel in the same railway coaches as whites. I myself once almost got into a coach marked 'Black'—until the conductor set me right."

Sometimes Daddyji would tell us about a night club he had visited in Paris, about races he had been to in Deauville, about jazz bands he had heard in New York. As we listened to the accounts of his travels, we would all be fired up with the wish to go to the West, too—to visit the places he had visited.

I don't know when our dinner-table school turned into an imaginary journey and then into the planning of an actual tour of the West. We were too many and Daddyji's government salary was too small for us to buy passage on a ship or to stay in hotels and inns. We would therefore have to go overland in a specially made lorry, which could be ferried for a nominal fee over any lesser body of water we might have to cross. In fact, we would have to live in the lorry, and earn and pay our way.

"Westerners are naïve about Indian—indeed, about all Asian—life," Daddyji said. "That's not for lack of curiosity—they simply don't have any way of getting at the information. The truth is that even though the British have ruled us for almost a hundred years they have not been able to feel our heartbeat. Probably we are as much at fault as they; the poorest among us are proud and reserved, and we don't take to foreigners, any more than they take to us."

"But I am a proud girl, and I take to foreigners," Sister Umi said. "I get on better with your foreign friends and our Irish sisters at the convent than I do with some of our relatives."

"You are not as good an example of what I am talking about as, for instance, Gian Chand would be," Daddyji said. "Have you noticed how he skulks away when an Englishman enters our house? That's because he associates white skin with authority, and he fears authority. You may have also noticed how he argues freely with your mother but the moment I come into the house he skulks away. To him, I am like an Englishman—a man of authority. When I go on tours, peasants in villages also at first shy away from me, like Gian Chand. That's why I always make it a point to speak Punjabi in their hearing. You

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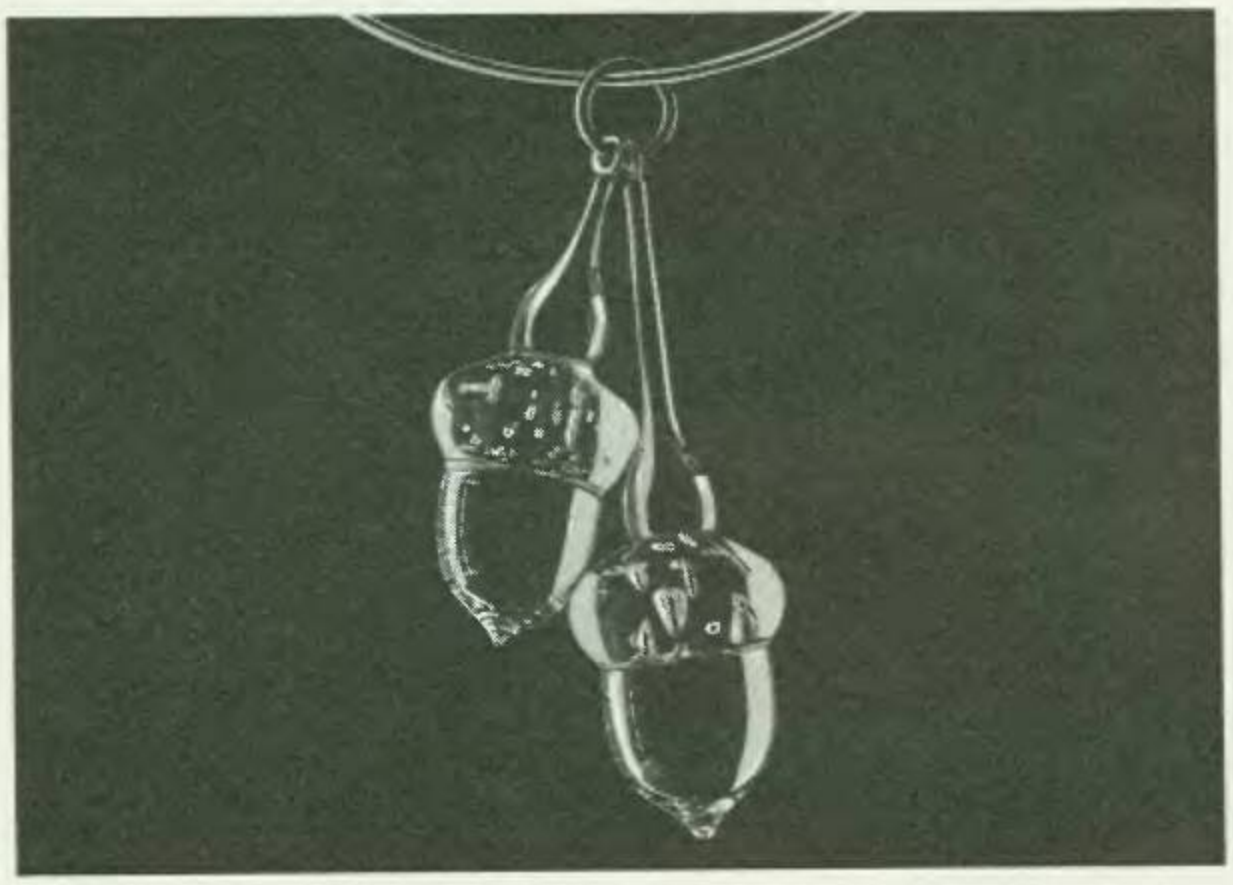

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should see what a difference that makes."

Before we went to the West in the lorry, Daddyji told us, we would have to spend some time in India, travelling and getting to know the country, taking and collecting pictures, obtaining various kinds of clothes and costumes, and developing skits, with a view to conveying Indian life to Westerners—its history, its people, its dances, its music. We would bill ourselves as the Mehta Family Troupe, and go from lecture hall to lecture hall, instructing and entertaining. Daddyji would speak and comment; Mamaji would demonstrate Indian cooking; my big sisters would do skits portraying Indian women in different parts of the country and from different social backgrounds.

"Pom can wear a peasant woman's simple dhoti with cheap glass bangles and talk about the life of a peasant," Daddyji said. "Umi can dress like a princess, in a rich Benares sari and a gold necklace, and talk about Indian princely states."

"What about Nimi and me?" Brother Om asked.

"Nimi will no doubt insist on dressing like herself, and she would portray a nice, middle-class Hindu girl very well, and talk about arranged marriages. You can talk about boarding-school life in India. Vedi can sing, and maybe Usha and he can play some Indian games—hit a peg around with a stick, as on an Indian street. Maybe we could even open a restaurant in London, and call it the Mehta Family Group. When I was last in London, in 1937, I helped the three daughters of my old teacher, Professor Sambon, open a restaurant. I named it the Three Smart Sisters, and it did very well until Hitler started bombarding London. Maybe we will become as well known as the Indian dancer Uday Shankar and his troupe, who have toured all over America, to great acclaim."

"These dreams of travel are all very well," Mamaji said. "But where are we going to get the money to go around the world?"

"Industrious people with imagination don't have to worry about money," Daddyji said. "I have already accumulated six months of paid leave to be used just for our tour, but we have to wait for the war to end."

While we waited, we spent many evenings discussing the lorry and making drawings of it: where the beds would be placed, and how they would fold into the walls; what kind of stove

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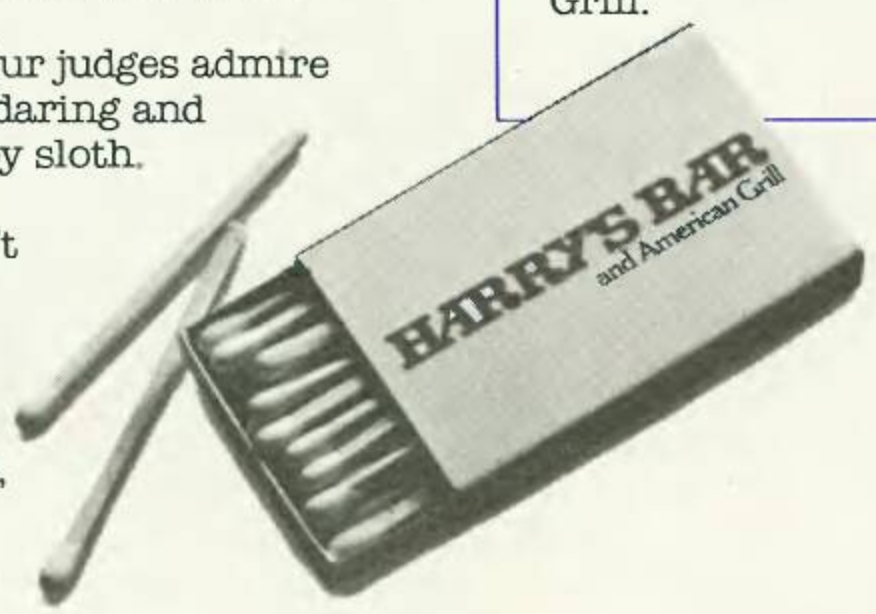

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would be required, and how and where we would cook; how much water we would have to carry in a water tank on the roof for journeys across the deserts. We had to provide for every need, economize on every inch of space. The idea that we might live and eat and sleep in a running lorry constantly excited us. Since our kitchen in Rawalpindi was a separate building, the noise and smoke were kept away from us. Gian Chand used to have to get up at five o'clock—at least two hours before any of us got up—simply to light the coal fire. During the day, I had sat with him often when he was trying to get the fire going again—coughing and complaining of his eyes smarting from the smoke. When the food was cooked, the servants had to run with it from the kitchen to the bungalow, so that it wouldn't get cold. Here we were designing a stove that would run on kerosene. We would, of course, have to eat simple things, but no servants or coal fires would be necessary. We would be completely self-sufficient, all together as one happy family, under the roof of the lorry.

We called in our carpenter, discussed the plans with him. He said that the lorry would have to be long and big—at least two stories high. The wood and the labor for the body would cost about fifteen thousand rupees (four thousand dollars at the time). We went to the local Chevrolet dealer and asked him to get us an estimate for a complete Chevrolet chassis from America.

One day, the carpenter arrived with a small wooden model of the lorry, and it was set on the mantelpiece of the drawing room. There, as it were, the matter rested while we all waited for the war to end.

In the Compound and Out on Tour

Daddyji was required to spend at least twelve nights a month away from Rawalpindi, on tour. Even though I had been sent off to school before I was five, and had stayed there for the greater part of four years, still, in Rawalpindi, every time I heard the wheels of his car disturb the gravel as he drove away for his tours I would cry. I think we all felt a little sad and a little frightened without Daddyji around, for we thought of him as educated, reasonable, and compliant, and of Mamaji as uneducated, capricious, and stubborn.

Mamaji disagreed with our view of him as much as she did with our view of her. "You children see little of your daddy—he's always in his office or at his club or on tour—so you glorify him," she would say. "You see me all day long, washing, cleaning, and picking up after you, so you denigrate me. He gets all the credit, but I bring you up. When he's around, you are all cooperative and agreeable. You behave like angels. When he's not around, you are all contentious and disagreeable. You behave like the Mehta demons you really are. You children think that just because I'm not educated I don't have good sense. But I have eyes in my head. Your daddy says he wanted an educated wife. I would like to see an educated woman who could have lasted in this demon Mehta household. She would long since have waved her hand, and said, 'Ta-ta, nice to know you,' and walked out."

"Sister Pom and Brother Om are demons, too?" I would ask. Mamaji had a special weakness for them, because, she said, they had taken after her side of the family.

"Well, they're the exceptions," she would answer.

Whatever Mamaji said, the atmosphere when Daddyji was around and in charge was noticeably different from the atmosphere when he was not. If we asked Daddyji for a rupee for sweets, he would give us five, and say grandly, "I don't have anything smaller," or "When we were little, Bhabiji used to say, 'Your pockets should never be empty.' " If we asked Mamaji for a rupee for sweets, she would say, "We don't have money to waste." If we told Daddyji that we needed a pair of shoes, he would immediately drive us to Bata's, the best Western-type shop, which had fixed prices, and buy us the best shoes there, saying that they might be expensive but they would last longer. If we asked Mamaji for them, she would stall and ask for many explanations, and when she did finally get around to buying the shoes she would march us to several little shoeshops that did not have fixed prices, haggle and bargain with the shopkeepers, and buy us the shoes on which she could get the best price,

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- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ¾ cup chopped pecans
- Pecan halves

Combine cream cheese and margarine, mixing until well blended. Add flour; mix well. Form into ball; chill thoroughly. On lightly floured surface, roll out dough to 10-inch circle. Place in 7-inch pie plate. Trim and flute edge. Combine eggs, brown sugar, corn syrup and vanilla; stir in nuts. Pour filling into shell. Cover edge of pie crust with foil. Bake at 350°, 45 minutes. Cool thoroughly before serving. Garnish with pecan halves. 4 servings

Tips from The Kraft Kitchens

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- Cream cheese and margarine may be softened in a microwave oven. Remove foil wrapper. Microwave in bowl on High 15 to 20 seconds.
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saying that all shoes were more or less alike. At the same time, she might lecture us on the inadequacy of a government salary and on the expenses of a large family—school fees and schoolbooks, fruits and *ghi*, clothes and servants. She could be really expansive on the subject. "You children are all like your father. You have no head for money. He would mortgage away our house and my jewelry to pay his card debts. Pinch-and-save is all left up to me."

At the dinner table when Daddyji was not there, voice levels would rise. Mamaji would forcibly spoon into my mouth butter or vegetables I didn't like. Also, she and my big sisters would often talk among themselves and ignore Usha and me. After dinner, she would closet herself with them in her bedroom and wouldn't allow us in. She would tell us to go to bed before the usual hour. During the day, she would sometimes forbid me to go and play in the chicken coop, without giving a good reason. If I disobeyed her, and went and played there anyway, she was not beyond catching hold of me and slapping me. Her slaps never hurt very much. More often than not, she struck us on a hand or an arm, and we would wriggle out of her hold, duck, run across the room, jump up on a chair. Sometimes I even provoked her to slap me more. The slaps made me feel that I was being treated like others—like a normal child. I much preferred them to the stinging eyedrops that she used to put in my eyes after faith healers told her that they would enable me to see.

Once, I didn't eat my lunch. Mamaji scolded me, and then she gave me a banana.

"I'll eat it in a minute," I said.

Mamaji left the dining room.

I turned around and fed the banana to the neighbor's dog, who was panting next to my chair. She choked and spat some of it on the carpet.

Mamaji happened to come in just then, and she slapped me.

"Beat me!" I cried. "More!"

She obliged.

Sometimes, however, the slaps were unprovoked and undeserved. Mamaji would hear Usha cry, assume I had hit her, and slap me, when actually Usha had fallen down.

When we complained to Daddyji about Mamaji, he would chide us for carrying tales and at the same time would try to explain her to us. "She came from a house of plenty," he once told us. "Babuji was in private legal

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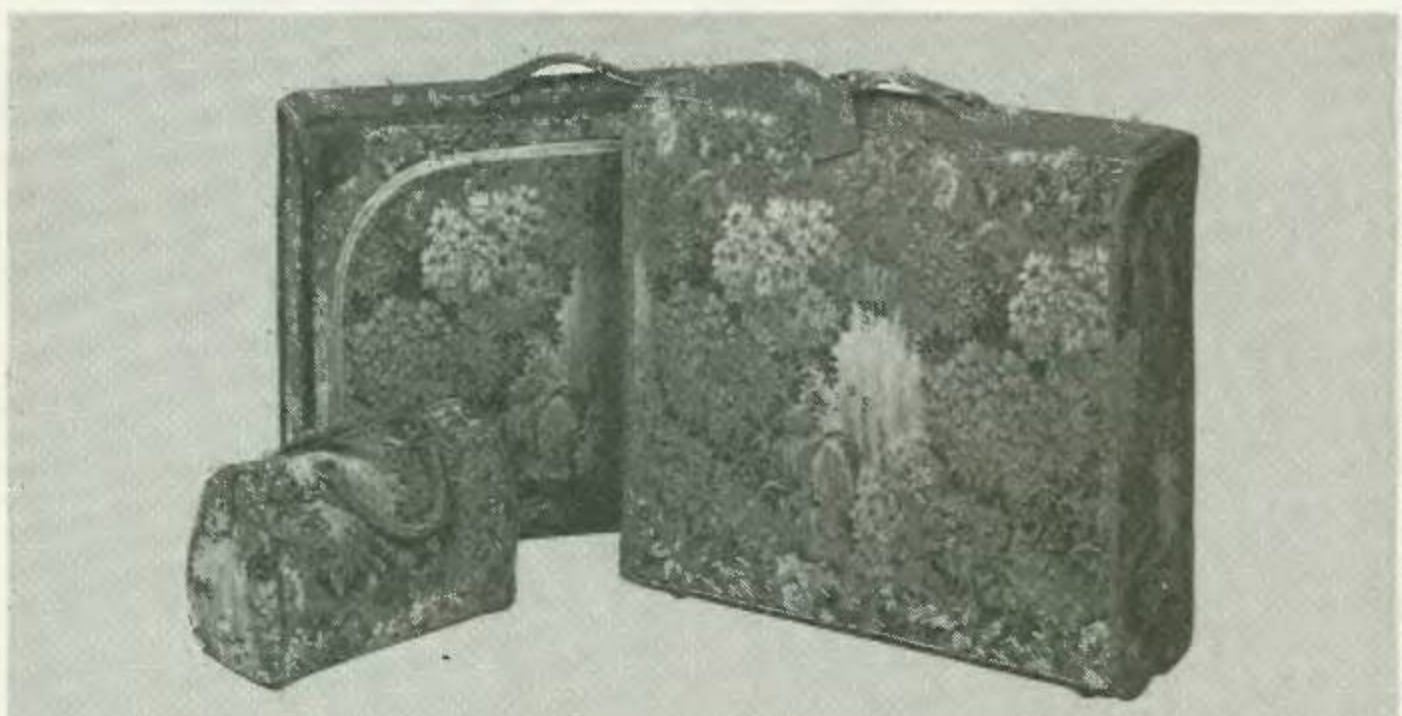

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practice and had a lot of money, but, like many city types, he was tight with it, and certainly did not give any of it to the women of the house. For all they knew, he had no reserves. So your dear mother grew up with the fear of not having money—maybe even the fear of finding herself in the *gullis* without an anna. Lalaji had much less money than Babuji, but, like many village types, he had a very casual way with it, so I grew up with, as your mother says, 'no head for money.'" Another time, when my big sisters were complaining, he told them, "Your mother doesn't keep in good health, and the more education you girls get, the more inadequate she feels—that's why she has a quick temper." I felt a pang. Like her, I was uneducated. "Anyway, in her house they believed in slapping, and she's only taking out on you children what she suffered herself. She doesn't understand that slapping may have an effect opposite to what she intends."

Mamaji didn't like Daddyji to talk this way. "It's because you run down my family and me that the children don't respect me," she said. "When the servants see that, *they* don't respect me."

"Everyone respects you," Daddyji said.

We set up a cry that we all loved her.

I remember that when Daddyji was away the house felt lonely and a little dangerous, for reasons I could not then have named. I would dream about thieves in the night, about temperamental ghosts, about women who spoke only in hand gestures that I couldn't see or understand, about dogs that would suddenly bite when I was petting them, about cars colliding with furniture in the drawing room.

MAMAJI felt that my blindness was a curse on her for something she had done in a previous incarnation, and that if only she found the right penance, the right faith healer, she could remove the curse. I felt that blindness was a terrible impediment, and that if only I exerted myself, and did everything my big sisters and big brother did, I could somehow become exactly like them.

I never sat still. I never walked. I always ran. My facial vision was often useless, because of all the noise and activity in the house. Everywhere, there seemed to be booby traps, and every day I seemed to get a new lump on my forehead or on a cheek or lip, or a new bruise on a hand, knee, or shin.

I would bump into the most familiar

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objects, because they had been placed in an awkward spot. In my mind, a standing lamp was in a corner, but it had been pulled next to an armchair for reading; I would get up suddenly from the chair and be clobbered by the lamp. Servants were constantly moving furniture to sweep under it, or, when we slept outside in the hot weather, standing cots on their ends with their legs sticking out, and stacking them here and there. Friends, official guests, out-of-town relatives were constantly arriving for a stay. They would leave a steel trunk in a passageway, or leave a tea tray sticking out over the edge of a table, or leave a dresser drawer open. Even the elements were always taking me by surprise. A wind would have blown a door or a window half open or shifted the position of the wicker furniture on the veranda.

Everyone in my family frequently had lapses and left things lying around. Wherever Mamaji was, for instance, she was surrounded with paraphernalia—for knitting, for sewing, for embroidering, for cleaning, for washing clothes, for peeling vegetables. She was constantly jumping up, moving around, calling to the servants in the kitchen or in the servants' quarters, wheezing, coughing. The combination of the paraphernalia and the distracting movements and sounds insured that whenever I went near her I hurt myself.

Mamaji would see me bleeding, and she would immediately get an asthmatic attack. She would scream, "You'll kill yourself! Why don't you ever stay put in one place? Why do you always have to run around? Why don't you ever call for me or a servant when you have to go somewhere? Who told you to run in the house like that?"

I would scream back, "Why can't you be like Daddyji? He doesn't leave things lying around! He's not noisy. What do you want me to do, become an invalid? I can't wait around for someone to help me! This is my house, too. Send me back to Dadar School!"

She would cry; I would cry. Then we would embrace each other and laugh.

Daddyji would buy me padded shin guards (the kind that hockey players wore on a hockey field) and a *sola topi* (the kind that Englishmen wore in the sun), but I felt silly wearing them around, especially inside the house, and before the day was out I would get rid of them. I also gave up screaming

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THE CASE OF
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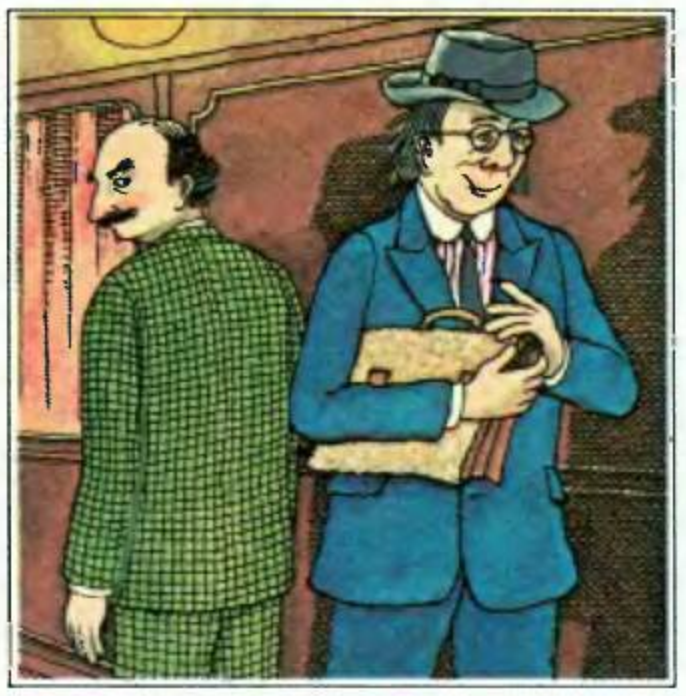
DANCING DEER

"Mere scotch! Are you daft?" railed my rotund friend MacBerth. "I want Glenfiddich." The steward shrugged an apology. It seemed the celebrated single malt from the valley of the deer was not on our itinerary.

"No Glenfiddich!" moaned Mac. Then a sly grin danced upon his lips. "A temporary dilemma—and purely academic!" he winked, bolting from the carriage. An hour passed without his return; I ventured off in pursuit.



In the corridor I encountered an odd chap clutching a sheepskin pouch. From the clinking sound he made as he passed, I judged his bag to be full of bottles. And, if my ears didn't deceive me, triangular bottles at that.

My suspicions aroused, I trailed the fellow into a private car, only to be startled by a troupe of sprightly stags. 'Professor Dantler's Dancing Deer,' read a dangling banner. I promptly made tracks for the door.

Suddenly, I was confronted from behind. "Sorry about the hold up," chortled my assailant. Peering down I saw, not the barrel of a gun, but the nozzle of a bottle. MacBerth had found his Glenfiddich.

"Elementary," explained Mac, as we hoisted our glasses. "Who but the wise Professor would have the single malt from the valley of the deer?" A bizarre bit of logic: but the solution was eminently palatable.

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for silence, because screaming only drew attention to my blindness, which I wanted to forget and to make others forget.

ONE afternoon when Daddyji was away on tour, I was alone in the house and I heard the distinctive sound of his car horn. I heard it as a distant chord way off somewhere—a C and a G sounded together—like the sound of an approaching cavalcade. There was first a long, definite statement, then a short, tentative afterthought, as if he had meant to sound two long honks but had changed his mind, because he didn't want to make too much noise. I wondered if I was hearing things, but the sound was unmistakable.

I was usually the first to hear the horn, but we all found the sound especially thrilling, because we never knew when we might hear it. Daddyji sometimes arrived home from a tour a day earlier than we had expected him, because he liked to surprise us, and also because he didn't want to worry us in case he was delayed. Whatever time of day or night it was, I would shout, "Daddyji has come!"—rousing everyone for a welcome. Neighbors who had witnessed our welcomes used to laugh at us. "Someone would think your daddy had come back from the war," they might say. But nothing they said ever diminished our excitement at his return.

I now ran out to greet Daddyji. From long practice in listening to the sound of the tires on the gravel, I knew when it was safe to put my hand on the door and run alongside the car as it came to a stop.

"I have brought you some quails," Daddyji said, getting out of the car.

"To eat?" I asked, somewhat disappointed. They had very little meat on them and were very hard to eat.

"No, to play with—they're alive," he said. "Ram Saran will get them out for you." Ram Saran had accompanied Daddyji on his tour.

I couldn't contain my excitement. I had heard that quails appeared when the wheat ripened in the fields, and that though they were almost as small as chicks they could fight like cocks.

I shouted for Ram Saran to get them for me immediately.

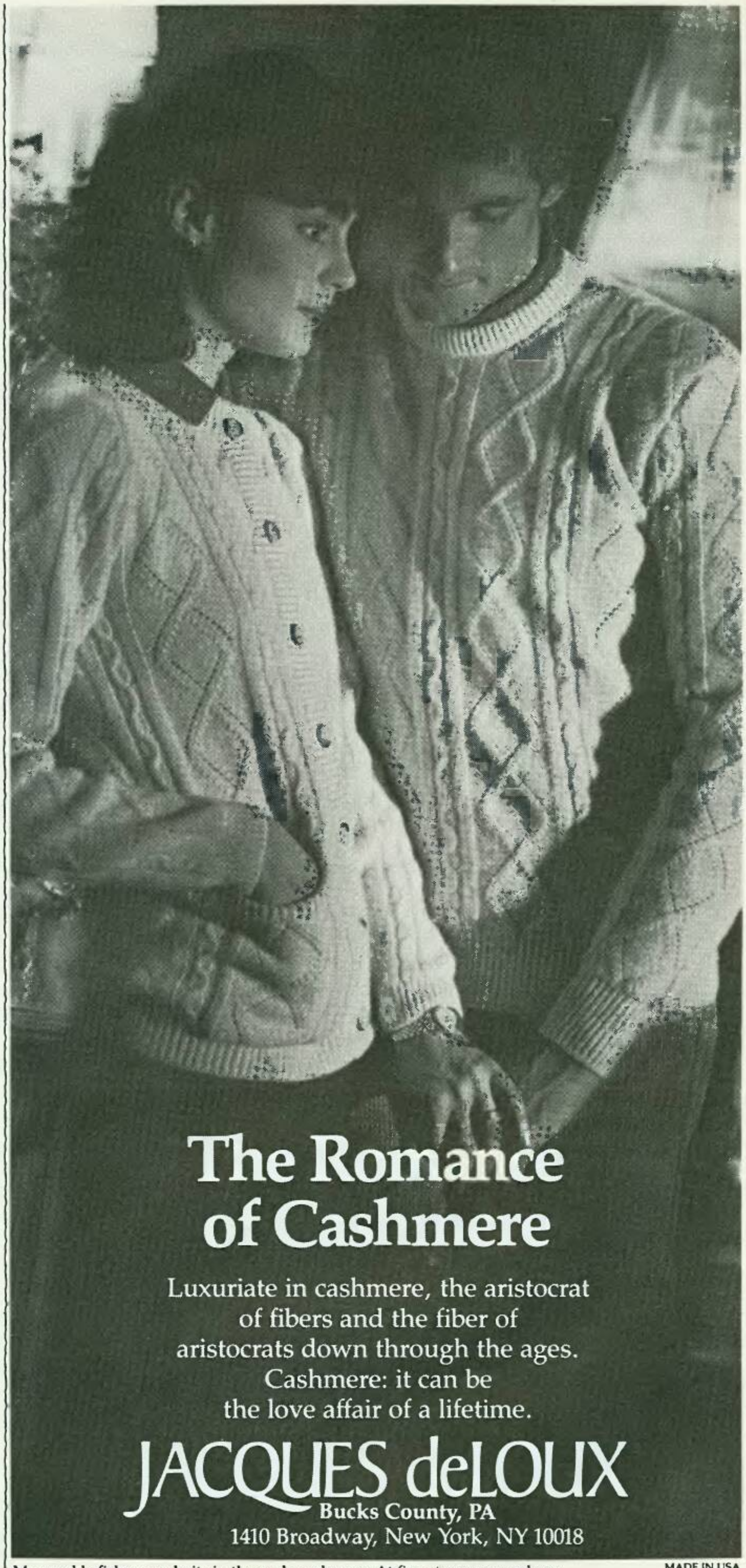
"In a few minutes," he said.

"At once!" I ordered him.

"They're somewhere in the boot."

"Idiot!" I cried. "At once!"

Before I knew what had happened,



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Daddyji's big hand had slapped me across the face. "Is that any way to speak to another person?"

I was stunned. Daddyji had never slapped me before, and he had slapped me in front of a servant. My cheek felt as if there were a burning coal on it.

I cried quietly, and Daddyji took me inside and dried my eyes with his handkerchief.

Daddyji went into the bathroom to wash, and Ram Saran handed me a basket with netting over it and fell at my feet.

"Sahib, pardon, forgive, pardon," he said. "I should have kept the bag on the top, at the ready. I talked back. I made Big Sahib lose his temper. I am only an unlettered, poor peon. Pardon, forgive, pardon."

Ram Saran had me by the legs and wouldn't let go until I said I forgave him.

I slipped my hand under the netting. Inside the basket were half a dozen wriggling, vibrant creatures. They felt naked and unprotected, and pecked at my fingers as if they were hungry. I got busy arranging a cage for them, and clay cups for water and grain. But that day, the day after, the day after that, whenever I thought of the quails or the slap the burning on my cheek would return.

Then, one evening, I was aimlessly wandering and decided to pay a visit to Ram Saran, who I knew lived in the servants' quarters, in the back of the compound. I strolled over there and called his name.

"This way, Little Sahib," he called back. "What is your command?" He was in the doorway of his quarters, and he bent down to touch my feet.

I sat down on the ground and started unlacing my shoes. (Although we always wore our shoes in and out of our house, Ram Saran, as a servant, always left his shoes at our door, so as not to track the filth of the street into our house; and I felt I should be as respectful of his dwelling as he was of ours.)

"Little Sahib wants to see my quarters? Little Sahib can bring his shoes."

I wouldn't hear of it. I removed my shoes and went in. The quarters were just a small room, filled with smoke, and the floor was covered with a patina of dried cow dung—cows are holy—which gave it the texture of rag paper. One side of the room was taken up by a cot, the other side by some utensils, and at the back there was a makeshift *chulah*, like Bhabiji's, on

with touch-sensitive video screens. So to run an Apple, just point.

51. In the oil industry, Apples are doing jobs once reserved for big computers. Like analyzing geological data and managing offshore drilling platforms.

52. Take in the trash. In Ft. Lauderdale, an Apple helps collect the garbage, scheduling pick-ups and keeping track of equipment.

53. Knit one, compute two…a German firm is using Apples to create new sweater patterns.

54. In Sun/Tronics' Home of the Future, Apples control the environment, monitor security and tell you what's for dinner.

55. William McClintic is using one to measure the performance of the new super-efficient Aeolian wind turbine.

56. Daryl Faud's Apple sifts through hundreds of bacteria strains helping in experiments with recombinant DNA.

57. If you're loyal, helpful, kind and own an Apple, you can now earn a Computer Merit Badge from the Boy Scouts of America.

58. Since tractors have to run before they can crawl, Caterpillar uses an Apple to test engines.

59. Doctors are making their practices perfect with ready-to-use Apple programs for billing, insurance and office management.

60. At St. Paul's Children's Hospital, there's one Apple for every bed in the intensive care unit, freeing nurses for more important work. Like holding hands.

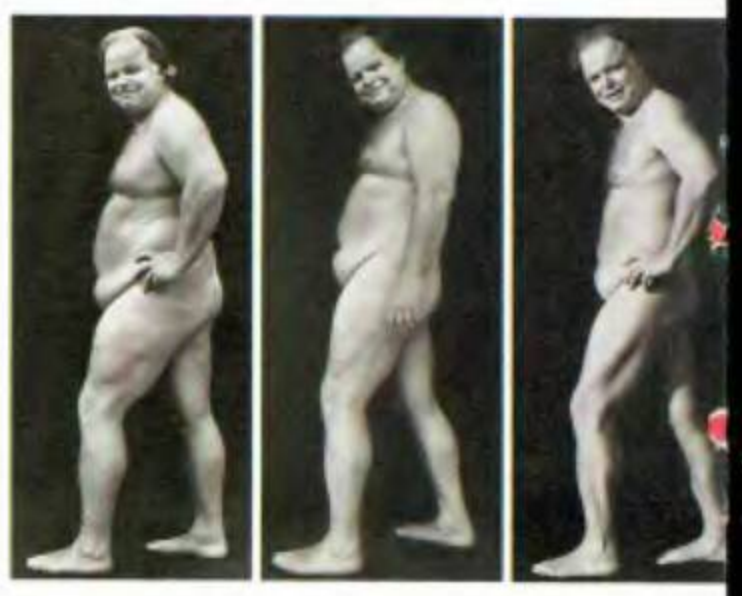
61. In Tucson, Michael Lamb has adapted an Apple to automate the vital job of anesthesia monitoring in surgery.

62. Dr. Terry Pundiak taught his Apple to talk with a text-to-voice synthesizer. Appropriately, it gives anti-smoking lectures. Since Apples never smoke.

63. Other talking Apples are reading to the blind in experimental programs.

64. Apples can learn to listen, too, making life a little easier for severely handicapped people by carrying out simple voice commands.

65. Apples arrived in China shortly after Coca Cola.® A Beijing



professor uses his for laser experiments. And a Shanghai physician's helps speed diagnosis of liver cancers.

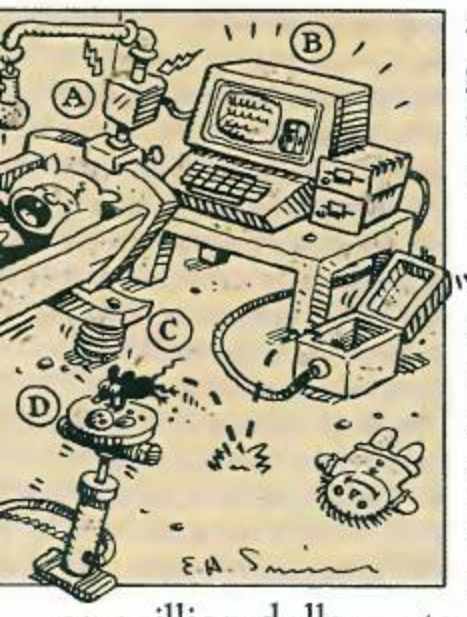
66. Dr. Michael Rumelt uses an Apple to find glaucoma patients who would most benefit from surgery.

67. Psychologist John McPhee developed an Apple program to analyze Rorschach Tests, otherwise known as inkblots. What do *you* think it means?

68. Make a dragon fly. Or a horse run. Apples make computer animation affordable. Colossal Pictures used one to create the exquisite title sequences in *The Black Stallion* and *One From The Heart*.

69. In Montreal, a weather-forecasting Apple at radio station CJAD will tell you what roads are clear of snow. Or, more importantly, which ones aren't.

24. Contractors are getting all kinds of constructive advice from Apples, with job costing and analysis programs customized for their industry.



25. And architects can sketch new designs on Apples with the kind of programs once available only on million dollar systems.

26. When he's not working on stocks or taxes, the chairman of a major aerospace firm uses his Apple to predict the winner of the Mazatlan Regatta.

27. An Apple called every play in The Greatest Baseball Game That Never Was, broadcast by over 300 radio stations and realistically announced by Jack Buck and Lindsey Nelson. Fans who tuned in mid-inning were startled to hear Babe Ruth going to bat against Sandy Koufax.

28. You can even get hitched with an Apple. Reverend Ron Jaenisch added a voice synthesizer to his so it can perform the wedding ceremony.

29. If you'd just like to work out, several health clubs use Apples to tell you how many push-ups you owe yourself. And how many dollars you owe them.

30. Getting into serious training, companies are using Apples to teach everything from photocopier repair to advanced optics.

31. Biomechanics Labs uses an Apple to figure out just how much of a marathon a runner can take, contributing hard data to sports medicine.

32. A high-flying Apple on the Space Shuttle monitored experiments on plant growth in a weightless environment.

33. While a down-to-earth Apple helped the Shuttle aim its experimental imaging radar system.

34. And yet another helps Rockwell International engineers determine how the Shuttle should be loaded to keep its center of gravity centered.

35. A psychologist is using Apple's color graphics to teach people relaxation and self-hypnosis.

36. Everybody banks on computers. But the Bank of Louisville uses Apples for more personalized service and faster approvals on loans.

37. You can make April 15th less taxing with tax preparation packages customized for several states.

38. At Checkers Pub in London, an Apple makes sure there are enough bitters, bangers and mash to go 'round.

39. At Domain Chandon, they use Apples to help pick which grape harvests will make their fine wines sparkle.

40. While at the Center for Brewing Studies, an Apple tests new beer recipes.

41. And in Washington, they're using Apples to grow hops.

42. You can perfect your pitch with an Apple, learn to read music and, that done, start writing it yourself.

43. In fact, Herbie Hancock uses one for all that jazz. It lets him use one keyboard for an incredible variety of sounds.

44. Todd Rundgren used his Apple not just for great sound, but to write another kind of hit—a program that makes spectacular color graphics easy with Apple's Graphics Tablet.

45. Earth, Wind and Fire use an Apple for fire. It sets off flash pots and explodes little bombs on stage during the rock group's pyrotechnic performances.

46. The Grateful Dead use Apples for everything from standard accounting and scheduling to controlling their sound systems.

47. And Santana's Apple has inside info on major auditoriums throughout the U.S.—stage sizes, door heights, power sources, etc.—which saves weeks of logistics work when they go on tour.

48. On a more classical note, the San Francisco Concert Orchestra uses theirs for something just as important as staying in key: keeping their books in harmony.

49. Farmers everywhere are fast-growing users of Apples, thanks to ready-to-use agribusiness programs on everything from soil fertility to hog breeding.

50. At the World's Fair in Knoxville, 35 Apples are running U.S. Commerce Dept.'s energy exhibit

Will so
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what a p
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er can do?

There are more people in more places doing more things with Apples than any other personal computer in the world. Most of them had never touched a computer before.

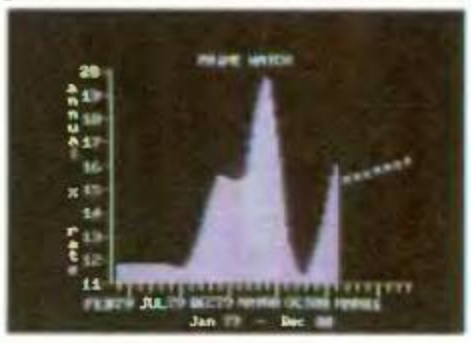
So it's more than likely that, whoever you are and whatever you do, you could use an Apple, too. Just a few possibilities:

1. Send letters at the speed of light. As opposed to the speed of the U.S. Mail.

2. Talk with the animals. Specifically, the marine animals. Dr. John Lilly is doing just that in experiments with dolphins. Any day now, they may talk back.

3. To catch a thief, and other malefactors, several police departments and FBI offices are using Apples for detective work.

4. Teach a dog to heal. Veterinarians use Apples to diagnose animal diseases and store their patients' medical histories.



5. Keep up with the Dow Joneses, summoning stock quotes and news, evaluating investment options.

6. Or train a horse. Darrell Vienna uses his Apple to keep veterinary and racing statistics for an entire stable.

7. Test your wings. Rutan Engineering uses Apples to design experimental aircraft.

8. Or learn to fly. Cockpit simulators cost millions, but you can "fly" an Apple with a program that costs just $40.

9. Make a better impression. U.S. Lithograph does by typesetting directly from an Apple, dramatically reducing both printing costs and errors.

10. Save a life. The American Heart Association uses an Apple and a mannequin to teach CPR.

11. Calm your mind. Bendo Kagawa, a Zen priest in Japan, uses his Apple to help people meditate.

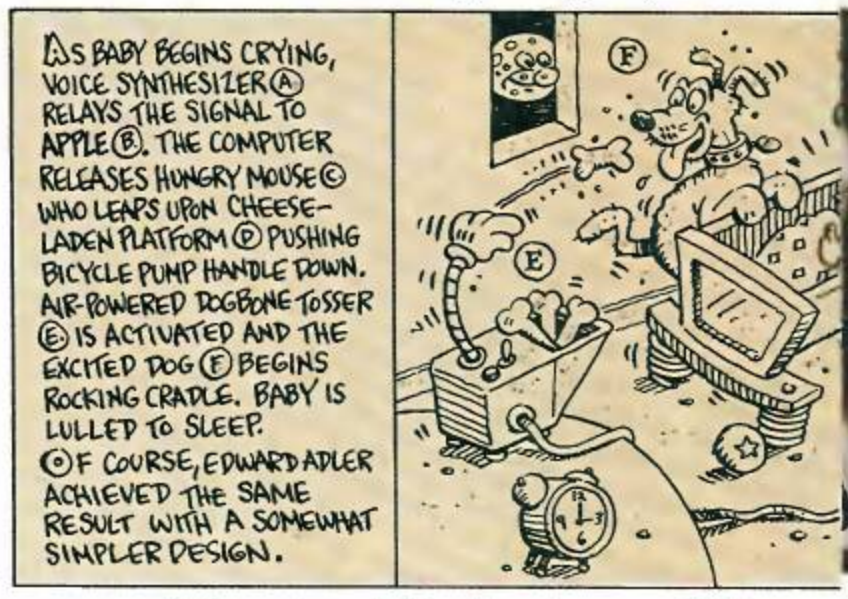
12. Or read a mind. At the University of California's Davis campus, an Apple is "teaching" ESP.

13. Draw your own conclusions. Bloomingdales uses Apple Business Graphics to see what's in store for the future. And Bell & Howell uses them to get a better picture for corporate planning.

14. Bob Waltz's Apple at Smithers-Oasis can tell you everything you ever wanted to know about growing geraniums.

15. Collaborate. Three Harvard professors writing a physiology text use their Apples to exchange chapters by phone, and report that word processing is healthier than typing and re-typing.

16. Although he never could get it to change diapers, Edward Adler rigged his Apple to rock his baby's cradle every time she cried.



17. Apples are helping sell cars at Tom Masano Motors in Reading, PA, with cash flow and inventory programs that make lean times more liveable.

18. And they're helping fix cars at RPS Automotive in L.A. where they specialize in customizing Porsches for the unashamedly wealthy.

19. Getting physical, Steven Kamm at South Oklahoma City Junior College reports course completions up 12% after introducing an Apple to his physics classes.

20. Meanwhile, at Northwestern University, Andy Gordon enrolled an Apple in his Urban Affairs class and works with community groups to find real-life solutions for Chicago's urban problems.

21. Apples are major league with the Oakland A's, the White Sox, and the Phillies. With a great mind for statistics, they can even help call a play.

22. A pricing program developed by Peat, Marwick and Mitchell helps truckers get the most out of a truckload.

23. Nike gets a jump on their competition by using Apples to design better running shoes.

70. Lose 200 pounds of ugly fat. Apple's Diet Analysis can help up to 10 family members eat smarter.

71. On the other hand, one Apple diskette can hold 500 recipes for homemade ice cream. Or anything else you've got cooking.

72. Drexel-Heritage uses an Apple to furnish the paper work that goes with making fine furniture.

73. If your credit cards are warm to the touch and ready to self-destruct, try Apple's Personal Finance Manager.

74. Improve *Life* and save *Time*. Both magazines use Apples in their national circulation departments.

75. With over 300 agents using Apples, E.F. Hutton Life custom-tailors insurance programs in minutes instead of days.

76. Most writers have trouble with anything more technical than an elevator. But many are trading their typewriters for Apples. With Apple Writer, editing is painless and the computer does all the typing.

77. Speaking of write and wrong, Apple's Goodspell will "look up" every word in a document and point out the misspelled ones.

78. Get a chip off your mind. Microelectronics engineers are using Apples for circuit design.

79. Or get in the chips by writing a hit disk. A high school student in Orinda, CA made $50,000 designing games on his Apple.

80. Speaking of games, an Apple can play more of them than any computer outside the Pentagon. So you can stage your own World Series or Super Bowl with stars whose performance is based on their career averages.

81. Or chase the Bismarck across the North Atlantic or the Graf Spee up the coast of South America in chillingly realistic strategic simulations.

82. Or match wits with the most sophisticated computer chess programs commercially available.

83. Or outwit the programmer-trolls who've created worlds of dungeons, dragons, magic spells and incantations.

84. Or play golf, poker, pool, pinball or your favorite arcade games, with far more strategic sophistication, thanks to Apple's ample memory, than any home video game.

85. Back to business, you can organize your own customer mailing list with Apple's Mail Manager. It can handle up to 5,400 names and addresses.

86. With Apple QuickFile™ software, you can store up to 200 files on a single 5¼" floppy disk and retrieve the information you want in seconds.

87. For even bigger jobs, you need ProFile,™ Apple's hard disk storage system. It can hold about 2,400 double-spaced pages or 30,000 names and addresses.

88. Learn something. More educational programs run on Apples than PBS. The top ten educational publishers are now writing courseware for Apples to compliment their textbooks.

89. Or teach something. With Apple's course design software, teachers with no prior computer experience are writing their own educational programs.

90. Or make programming child's play, even for adults. With Apple Logo,™ the first computer language designed specifically to teach programming. It's simple enough for first graders yet powerful enough for professionals.

91. Or run the whole school. Several Apples have been sent to the principal's office. To keep records and handle finances.

92. Or take the SchoolBus™ (available Spring '83), a system allowing classroom Apples to share the same program, significantly cutting costs.

93. On a different track, the Sports Car Club of America's San Francisco office now uses an Apple to keep up with race results and way ahead of paperwork.

94. An Apple helped the city of Des Moines welcome Pope John Paul during his last U.S. visit, planning being one of its cardinal virtues.

95. Assumption Church in Omaha and St. Ann's in Palo Alto, CA are just two of the growing number of churches using Apples for everything but inspiration.

96. Of course, if it's inspiration you seek, you can now read the Bible on an Apple. Not only that, but you can cross reference passages six ways to Sunday.

97. Fire departments use Apples to keep track of equipment and hydrant locations. So they can make decisions with blazing speed.

98. David Curtis of Minneapolis is a seeker of truth. So he turned his Apple into a lie-detector.

99. Some small businesses may be too small to profit from an Apple. But not Wade Harris'. He's a chimney sweep in Ellicott City, MD.

100. Floyd Berghout of Utah came up with one of the best applications yet for an Apple: understanding his 14-year-old son.

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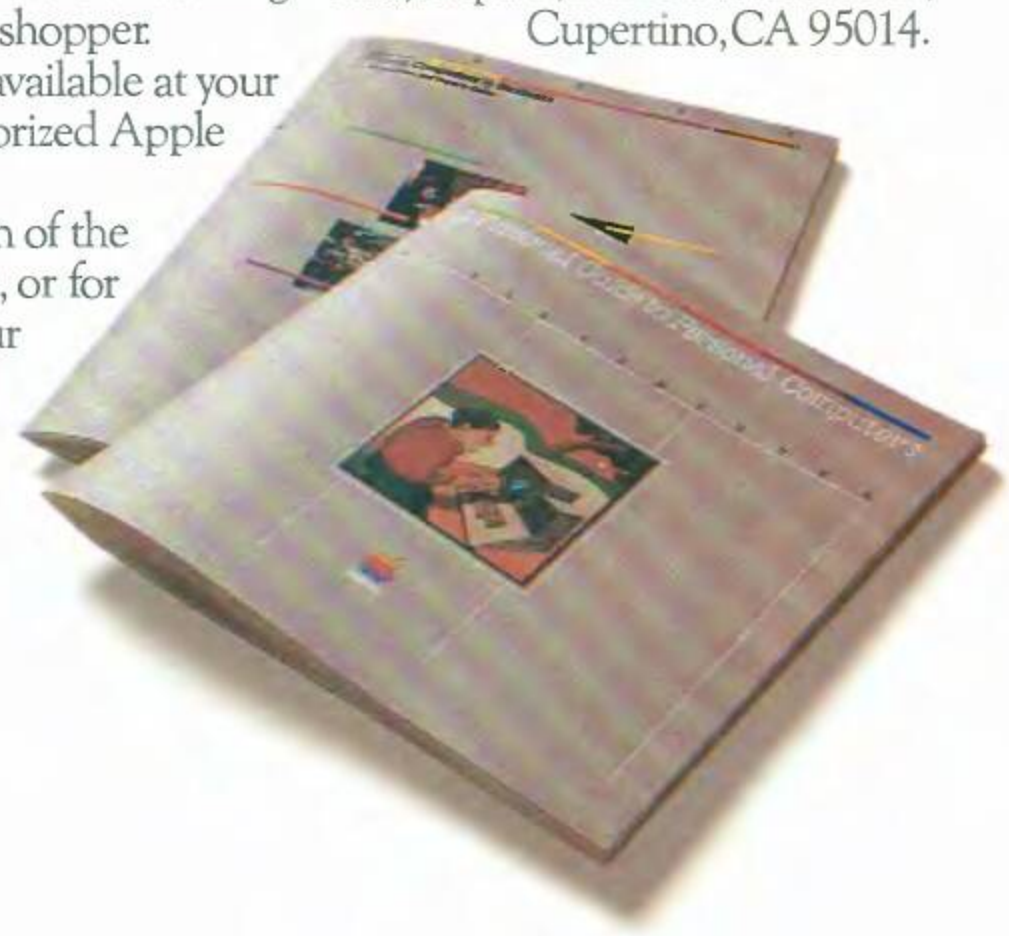

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which, Ram Saran told me, he did all his cooking, over charcoal.

The ceiling of the room was so low and the cot so small that I blurted out, "What would you have done if you had been a tall Sikh?"

He laughed. "All good servants come from the Kangara District, Sahib," he said. "I am from Kangara. And, like the mules in our part of the country, we are short of stature." I remembered that Sher Singh was from Kangara, and remembered how proud he was of coming from there. I missed him terribly and resented Auntie Pushpa's having appropriated him, but now I thought that perhaps Ram Saran could in some way take his place.

Ram Saran had a little board raised off the ground by a couple of strips of wood—the kind of board we used in the bathroom so that we wouldn't slip when we were bathing. He said he sat on it when he cooked. He put it in the doorway and insisted that I sit on it; he squatted on the floor.

"I like my quails very much," I said. "They are better than chickens. They don't make a lot of mess."

"Big Sahib thinks of everything."

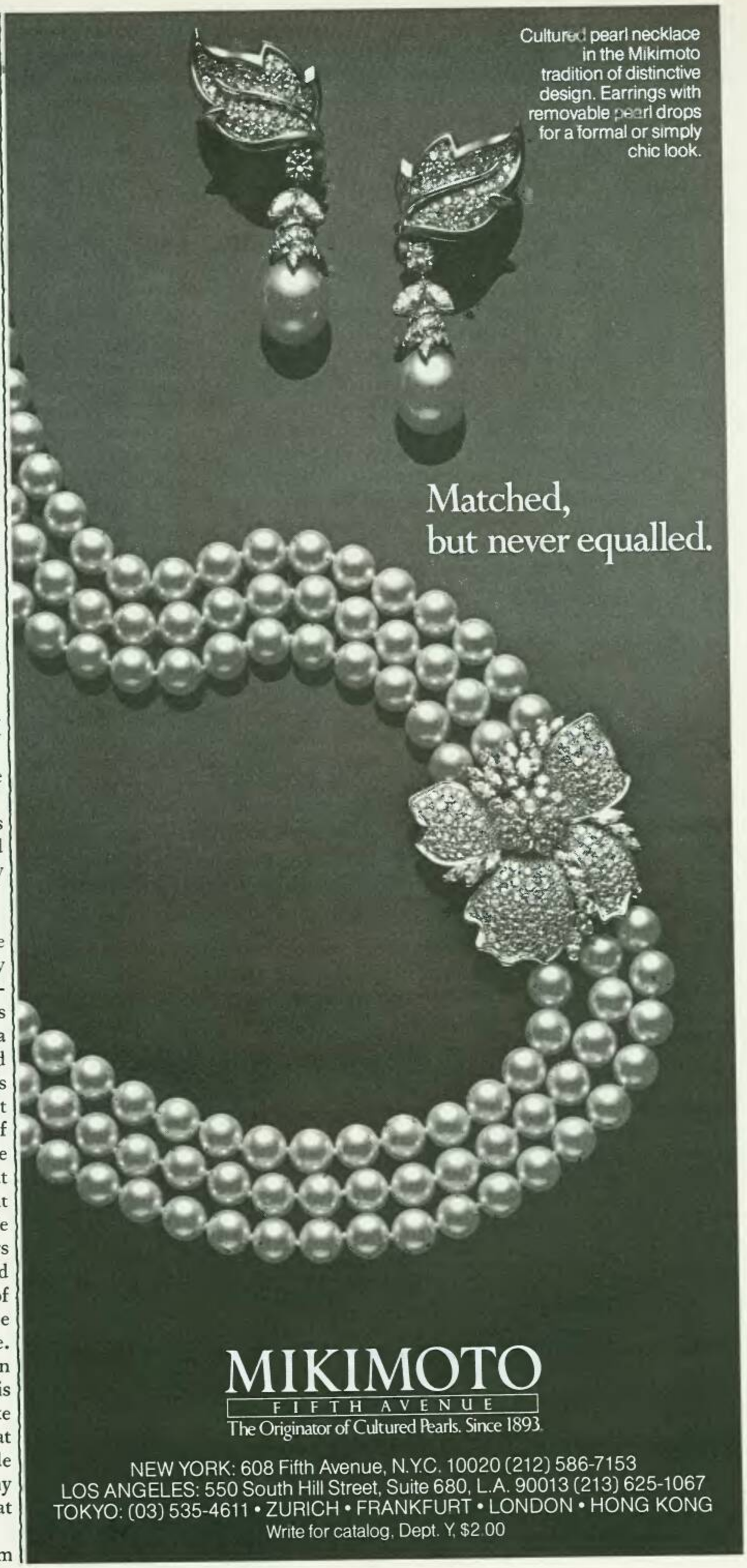
"What were you doing when I called for you?"

"Cooking lentils for my meal, Little Sahib."

I insisted that he go on with his cooking, but he wouldn't until I had agreed to move the board a little way out, away from the smoke.

I OFTEN visited Ram Saran in the early evening, when he was usually starting a fire, getting it going, cooking, and eating. He ate only two meals a day, and had his evening meal a couple of hours before we did, and although it consisted of only lentils and a *paratha* (fried unleavened wheat bread) it took him a good couple of hours to prepare it. I couldn't have explained why I spent so much time at his quarters. At first, I thought I went there because he was religious. He daily basted the floor of his quarters with cow dung and daily chanted verses from the Ramayana; the story of the good Ram triumphing over the evil Ravana never failed to stir me. Then, one day, I cajoled Ram Saran into letting me have a piece of his *paratha*. It was hard and tough, like the maize bread that the poor boys at Dadar School ate, and eating it made me realize that he reminded me of my poor orphan friends at school. That made me feel close to him.

One evening, I discovered that Ram



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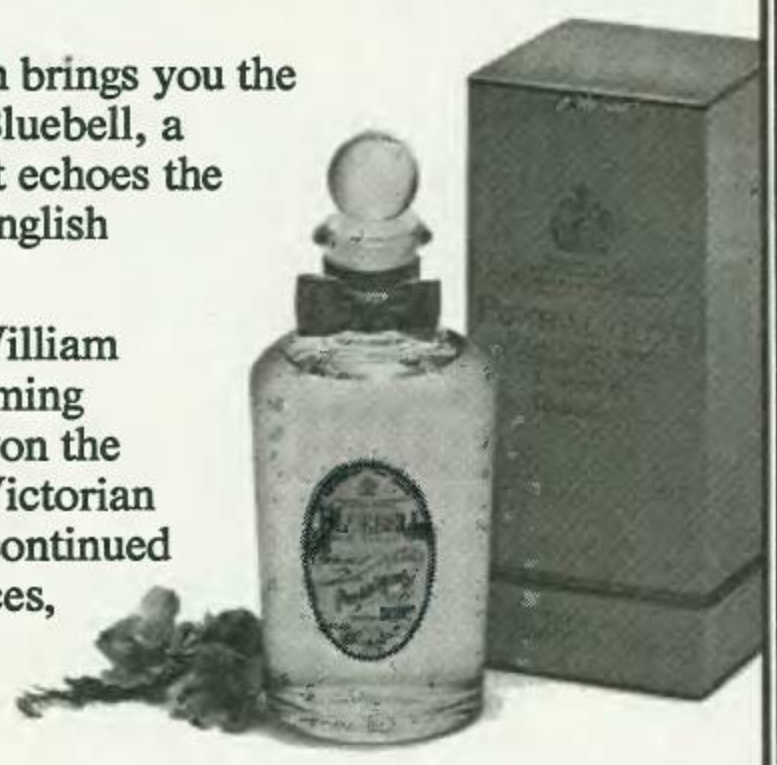

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Saran read a newspaper. I had never heard of a servant who could read; not even Sher Singh had been able to read. Anyway, no one else in the compound except Daddyji read a newspaper. Afterward, when I went to his quarters, in addition to reciting the Ramayana he would summarize the newspaper and tell me what he and it thought. He could read only a word at a time to himself.

"Mahatma Gandhi is not our great leader," he once told me, putting down the paper and stoking the *chulah* with the fire tongs. "Our great leader is Subhas Chandra Bose. Mahatma Gandhi is sitting in prison here, but Subhas Chandra Bose has escaped to Germany and is now fighting alongside the Japanese to win us our freedom from the bad British." Daddyji's paper was in English and was very pro-British, but Ram Saran's paper was in Urdu and was very pro-Japanese.

"The British are not bad," I said. "Daddyji likes them, and I am going to go and study in England and America."

"Little Sahib, the British are very bad," Ram Saran said. "They drink. They are slave masters. I was once a peon for a British officer. He came home from the club and he couldn't open the cupboard with his key. The British officer would not wipe his boots on the doormat, and sometimes he would go to bed with his boots on —the filth of the streets right on his bed. I had to stay on duty all the time, because he was likely to shout for me at any time, day or night."

"But Mahatma Gandhi doesn't drink," I said. "And he goes everywhere barefoot."

"In the newspaper, it says that the British have become so powerful in the universe because they know how to kick," Ram Saran said. "Almost before a peon can disobey, a British officer will let fly his boot, without caring exactly where the boot lands. Mahatma Gandhi says, 'Let him kick.' If a British officer kicks me in the stomach, Mahatma Gandhi says I should show him my chest and let him kick me there, too. Now, Little Sahib, we are poor people. The most well off among us have only slippers, and they have boots. How can we fight back? Subhas Chandra Bose has found a way —with the Japanese, who have bigger boots than the British. He says, 'We must kick back, and kick back with big boots.' Subhas Chandra Bose is building a big Indian army with Japanese

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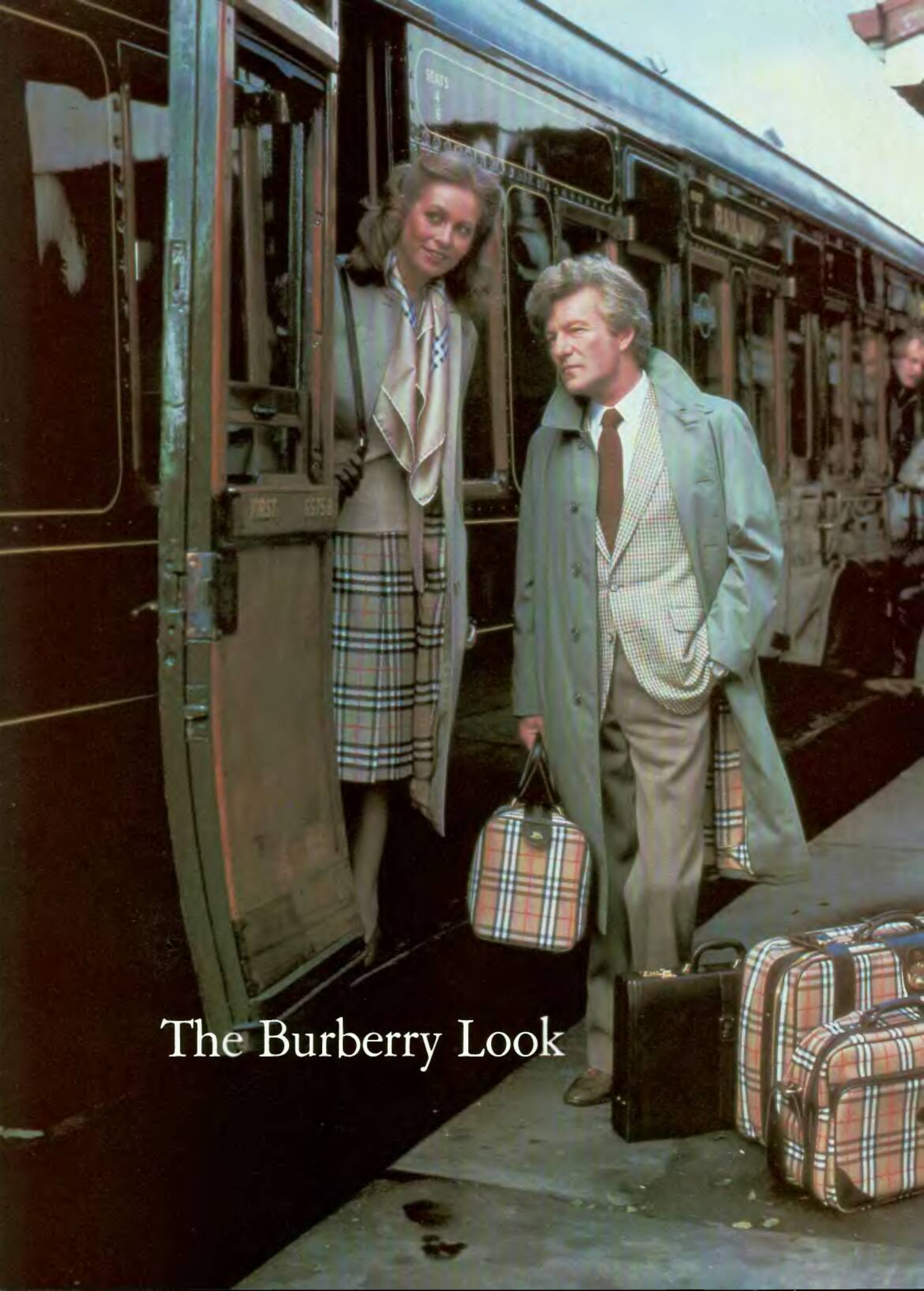

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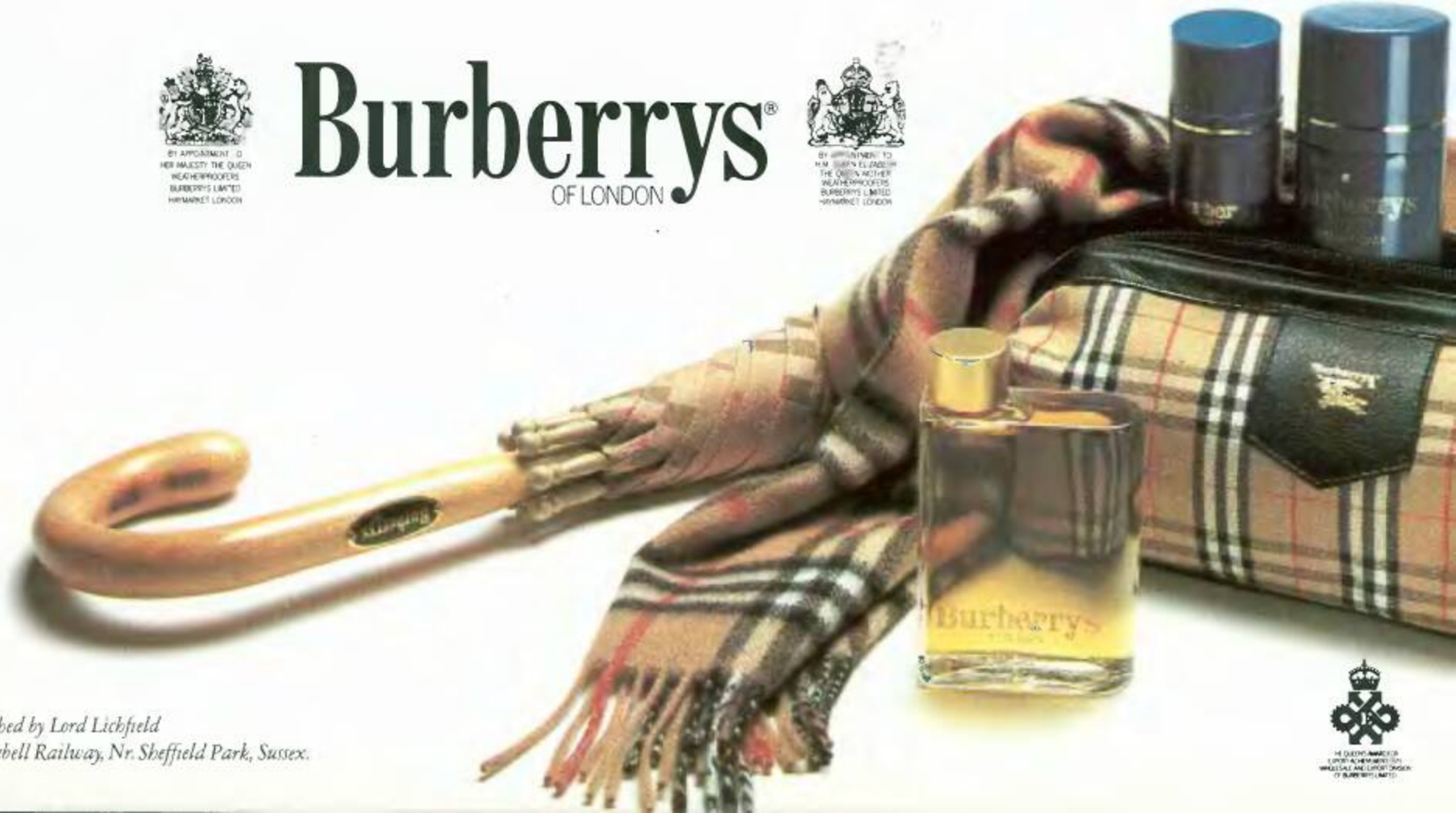

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boots, and if Subhas Chandra Bose is on that side the Japanese and the Germans will win. Little Sahib will see."

"The Japanese killed Brother Krishan, and I heard at Dadar School that the Germans will kill the blind, the deaf, and the dumb. The Germans allow only healthy, fit people to live."

"Hitler loves Aryans, and we Hindus are Aryans. Anyway, if any German raises his hand against you, Little Sahib, Subhas Chandra Bose will kill him. He's a very good man."

When I reported to Daddyji what Ram Saran and his newspaper said, he told me, "Ram Saran had a bad experience with a British officer. I tell you from my experience that Englishmen are thorough gentlemen. They are decent and civilized as no other people are. Subhas Chandra Bose is little better than Hitler."

"But Ram Saran says we are the slaves of the British."

"Before the British came, we Indians were all fighting amongst ourselves and killing each other. They brought us law and order. If they leave tomorrow, we Indians will probably again be at one another's throats."

Each day, I would get ammunition from Ram Saran to debate Daddyji, and ammunition from Daddyji to debate Ram Saran. But I was convinced that Daddyji was right.

OUR neighbor Divan Hukam Chand, who was the local magistrate, started coming to our house. He would arrive in the morning with Daddyji's newspaper just as Daddyji was settling down to shave with a towel around his neck.

"When I come here on weekends, Doctor Sahib, your children are lying down," Divan Hukam Chand said one day, drawing up a chair. "Whenever I arrive home, my children stand up. If you don't discipline your children from the start, they will not be good for anything—not for housekeeping, not for earning a livelihood." He had a booming voice, so whatever he said sounded emphatic.

"They may be lying down," Daddyji said, "but they are lying down, as you notice, with a book."

"A book, a book! What book? A storybook—'Kim,' 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' 'Gone with the Wind.' Have you ever known anyone to become a magistrate or a doctor by reading that kind of book? I tell you, Doctor Sahib, you should teach your children discipline and get them to stand up when you walk into the room."

Daddyji laughed, and Divan Hukam Chand launched into a familiar theme, attacking British-educated Indians. "Indian gentle-men!" he said contemptuously. "Which of them has ever gone to prison, like Gandhiji or Subhas Chandra Bose? They can play tennis at the club, but can they pray in a prison cell or escape to Germany? Can they have the vision of Gandhiji, Subhas Chandra Bose, and Hitler?" Like many nationalists, he was a Hitler sympathizer, because he wanted the Germans to win.

"Magistrate Sahib, I think Gandhiji would be the first one to disown any comparison with Hitler," Daddyji said, and he called for Gian Chand to bring him more hot water.

"Hitler would liberate India and make Gandhiji the king and Subhas Chandra Bose his Prime Minister!" Divan Hukam Chand cried. "Germans and Indians, Japanese and Italians will begin a new civilization based on Aryan principles."

Daddyji laughed, and answered a question from Mamaji about what he wanted for breakfast.

"You can laugh, Doctor Sahib, all you want to, but our day is coming."

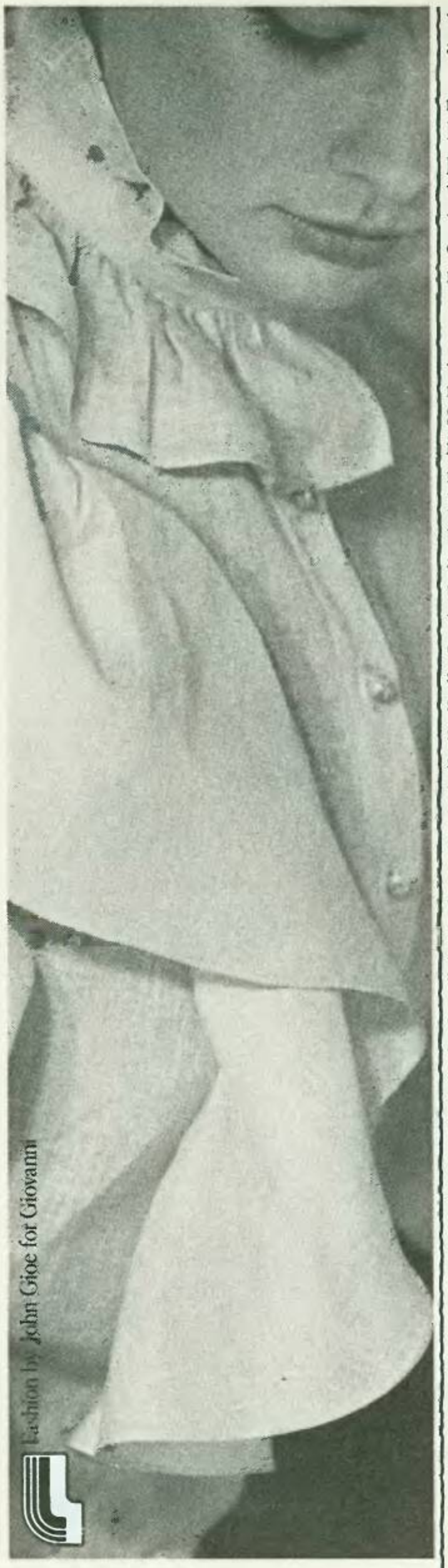
"Which day?" Daddyji asked in a muffled voice, from behind the towel.

"The new day of Hitler, Subhas Chandra Bose, and Gandhiji," Divan Hukam Chand boomed. Daddyji often lost the thread of what he was saying, but Divan Hukam Chand boomed along as if nothing could divert him, as if Daddyji's distractions were British-type laxities that Hitler would put an end to along with the British Empire.

Daddyji became serious. "Magistrate Sahib, what is the comparison between Gandhiji, with his nonviolent message, and Subhas Chandra Bose and Hitler, with their *violent* message? Besides, who says Japanese are Aryans?"

"You can make your petty distinctions," Divan Hukam Chand said. "But history marches, and I march with it. You, Doctor Sahib, belong to another, pre-Gandhi, pre-Hitler era."

I didn't always follow their discussions, and, with Divan Hukam Chand sitting there, it was hard to interrupt for explanations, but as I listened to them argue, day after day, I imagined that the purpose of my arguments with Ram Saran in his quarters was to set right another misguided Divan Hukam Chand. Every evening, I would arrive at Ram Saran's quarters



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with new determination and with new ammunition for the British side.

One evening, Ram Saran and I made a bet of ten rupees—one-third of his monthly pay and five months of my pocket money—on who would win the war. After that, every evening we would size up the war effort in terms of which of us would collect the ten rupees.

A FEW steps away from Ram Saran's quarters lived the washerman, with his wife and seven children. Sometimes when Ram Saran was not in, I would go across to the washerman's. I especially enjoyed talking to his two saucy daughters, who were two or three years older than I was, and were always laughing and chattering. They were usually ironing with a charcoal-heated iron, and the quarters—a little more than twice the size of Ram Saran's—felt close and stuffy with the smells of damp cloth, steam, and charcoal. One day, I was surprised to find Meena, the older of the two daughters, crying.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Why are you crying?"

Her mother, who was stirring something on the *chulah* and breathing hard, like Mamaji, said, "For four years, we have lived at the compound. We have washed and ironed the clothes of many white sahibs and Indian sahibs." Since the washerman occupied quarters in our compound, his primary responsibility was to us, but his family took in the clothes of other officers. "In the four years, we have never had any complaints. But yesterday Meena burned a sari. I made her take it to the mistress of the sari and show her the burn."

"The mistress is demanding a hundred and fifty rupees," Meena said, still in tears.

"Where will we get that kind of money?" the washerman's wife asked. "We don't make a hundred and fifty rupees in two months' time, and that with all of us working." The washerman's wife started crying.

Every day, I heard stories in the compound which clutched at me. The sister of the boy who tended our buffaloes had lost her husband in a smallpox epidemic in their village; the gardener's mother was dying, and had no money for medicines. Every day, it seemed, I had another sad story to tell Mamaji and Daddyji. Every day, it seemed, I was asking them to help this person or that person.

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such stories—that they only tell them to you?" Sister Umi once asked.

Daddyji said, "They know that Vedi has a soft heart—that he went to school with poor children."

Mamaji said, "It's only because Vedi's blind."

I left the washerman's quarters hurriedly. I went over and told the story of the burned sari to Ram Saran, who had returned to his quarters, and asked him what I should do. But, however much I coaxed him, I couldn't get him to say anything. He just sat in front of his *chulah*, carefully stoking the coals. He seemed to have only a few coals in it, and he kept shifting them with the fire tongs.

"Why don't you speak?" I stamped my foot—boot and all—outside his door, but he wouldn't say anything.

I went back to the house and asked Sister Pom for my savings from my pocket money. She kept all the money we had saved, and, according to the rules, gave it to me without asking questions. It was only five rupees. I knew that Meena wouldn't accept it from me, so I tried to give it to Ram Saran to give to her.

"Big Sahib and Mistress will get to hear of it," Ram Saran said. "They will hold me responsible."

I finally put the money in an envelope and gave it to the washerman's youngest child, who was five, and asked him to give it to Meena. But the next day the envelope was returned to Mamaji, and there were many questions at the dinner table. Mamaji said that she would speak to the lady with the sari, and Daddyji told us not to worry—he would look after the matter.

That evening, when I saw the washerman's family again, Meena, who had always had a lively word to say, wouldn't speak. The washerman's wife thanked me stiffly. Later, Ram Saran gave me a big piece of his *paratha* and sang a longer than usual verse from the Ramayana.

RAM SARAN once explained to me, "Big Sahib has a very important job. He is assistant director for the divisions of both Rawalpindi and Multan. He has to fight armies of mosquitoes and flies and rats in two divisions. Even the white sahibs' guns and bombs are helpless against them."

I had no school to go to—no daily commitment of any kind—so when Daddyji went on tour he sometimes took me along. On tour, Daddyji would often be busy with his work, and I would be left in the care of either Ram Saran or Qasim Ali—Daddyji alternated in taking them, so that each could have a chance to earn the "t.a." (the per-diem travelling allowance). I liked it better when it was Ram Saran's turn, because he was young and easygoing and hardly ever wore the government uniform of a peon—a long woollen coat with gold braid and brass buttons, and a big red turban—while Qasim Ali, an elderly man, seemed always to stand on his official dignity as a peon, and always wore his uniform, even when the weather was very hot and sticky. Also, Ram Saran, being a Hindu, ate the food we ate, while Qasim Ali, who was a Muslim, would disappear for long stretches in search of a Muslim cook shop. Also, Ram Saran would let me walk alongside him, sometimes with our hands barely touching, while Qasim Ali would hold my hand in a tight grip. Also, Ram Saran would show me things and let me mix with people, while Qasim Ali would try to keep me back at the government rest houses, where we would stay, and away from people, for fear of my catching an infection. I remember that Ram Saran showed me how a plow's blade was sunk into the earth and then pulled along by bullocks, what a cotton plant felt like, how villagers drew water from an open, shallow well with a series of buckets tied to a rope and hoisted over a pulley, how women molded cow dung into cakes and left them out in the sun to dry, so as to have fuel for the fire.

Once, we happened upon a line of children being inoculated, and Ram Saran let me talk to the compounder—as a Health Department aide is called—and to the children waiting patiently in the hot sun, their arms outstretched for a "prick."

"Ram Saran, why do they put out their arms before the compounder is ready for them? And why does the compounder take so long to get to them?"

"The compounder has to do many injections a day, Little Sahib, and he has to boil his needle on the kerosene lamp. Every minute saved means one more prick against fever."

"But when the doctor comes to give us injections at home he just calls for us when he's ready."

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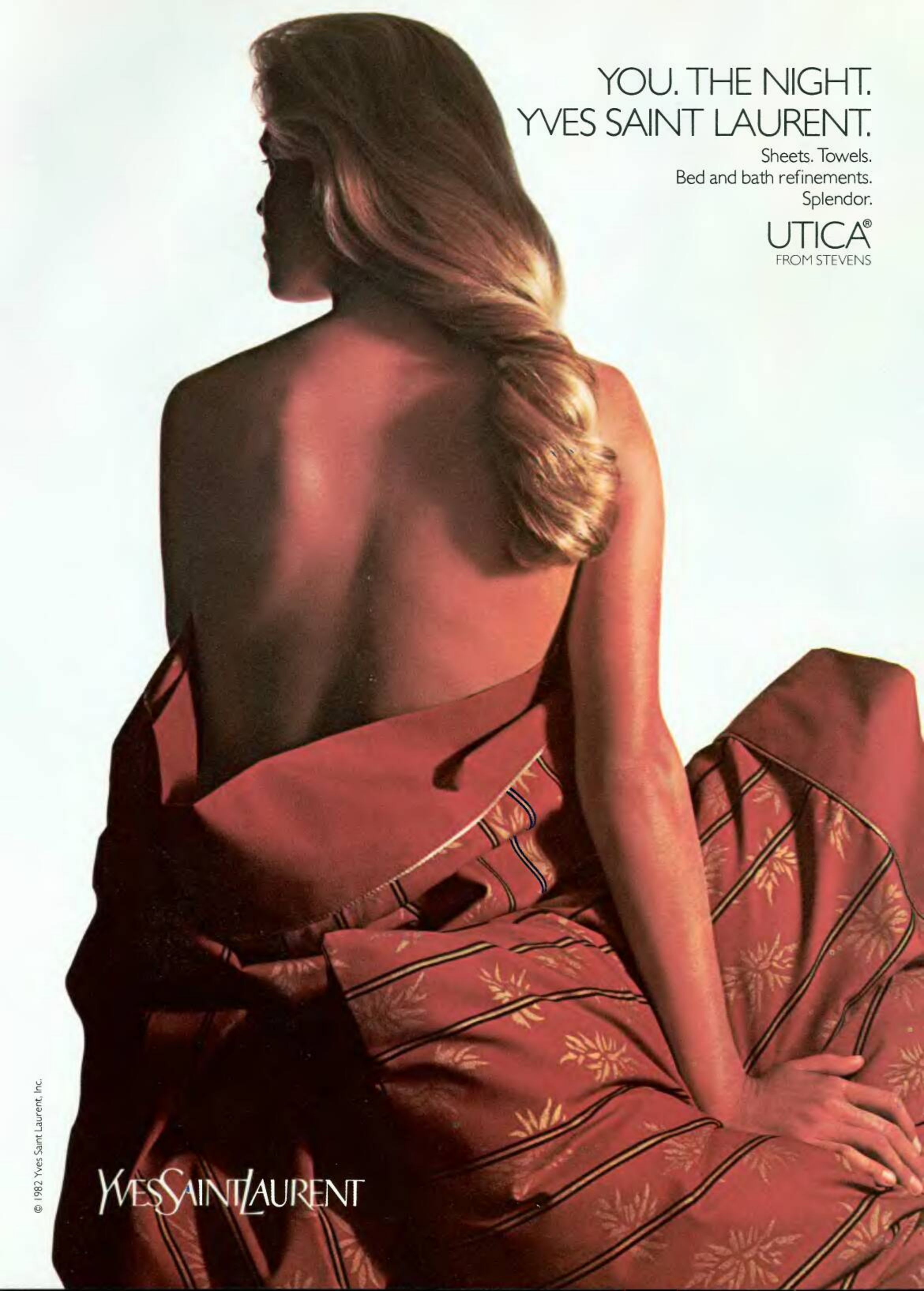
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deeds Little Sahib did in his last incarnation, God has already punished him enough by taking away his eyes."

Whatever Ram Saran said, I would remember my friends at Dadar School and would feel that I might well have been one of those children, waiting with my arm outstretched, perhaps for hours, never to get my turn, and never to be saved from the epidemic. Then I would imagine Daddyji pulling a plow with the help of a team of bullocks and planting cotton in the hot sun, Mamaji drawing water and molding cow dung. I would feel very sad.

ONCE, three of us—Cousin Yog, who was visiting us from Lahore; Sister Nimi, who decided to miss school for a couple of days; and I—went on a tour with Daddyji to an annual *mela* (fair or festival). We set out for the *mela* at dawn. It was being held seventy miles from Rawalpindi. Cousin Yog sat in the front with Daddyji, and Sister Nimi and I sat in the back of the car with Qasim Ali, whose turn it was to go on tour, and who sat stiffly on his bedroll among the baskets of food supplies on the floor, and refused to join Sister Nimi and me on the back seat. Just as Qasim Ali lorded it over common people because of his official position, he was overdeferential toward us. Irritatingly, he shifted on his bedroll, audibly adjusting his peon's coat under him and shining his brass buttons with his coat sleeve.

"Memsahib and Little Sahib, you must stay close to me at the *mela*," Qasim Ali said in a low, officious monotone—he didn't want Daddyji to overhear him. "I have accompanied officers to the *mela* for ten years, and I can tell you that the *mela* is very crowded and you can't be too careful. I have seen children bigger than you, Memsahib, separated from their all-important father, never to be found again. I have seen children the size of Little Sahib crushed underfoot."

"Qasim Ali, you will keep the crowds away from us, but who will keep Yog Sahib away from the crowds?" Sister Nimi asked, laughing.

"And another thing, Memsahib and Little Sahib," Qasim Ali went on, as if he hadn't heard the question. "You mustn't buy anything from venders or hawkers. You can catch the plague that way."

"Not the plague, Qasim Ali!" I cried.

"Cholera, then, or typhoid, or whatever," he said. "And if you catch something, who will be hanged in the

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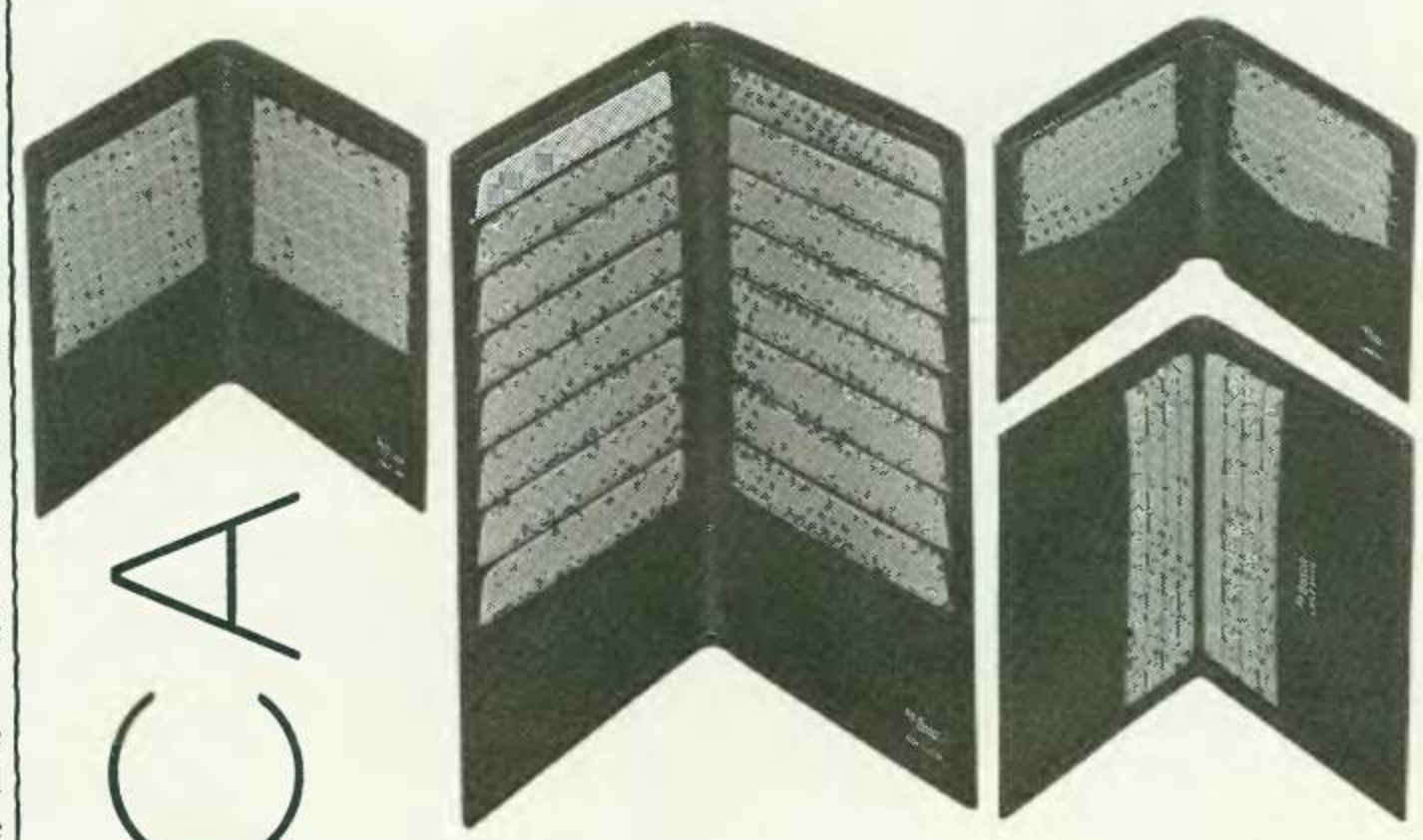

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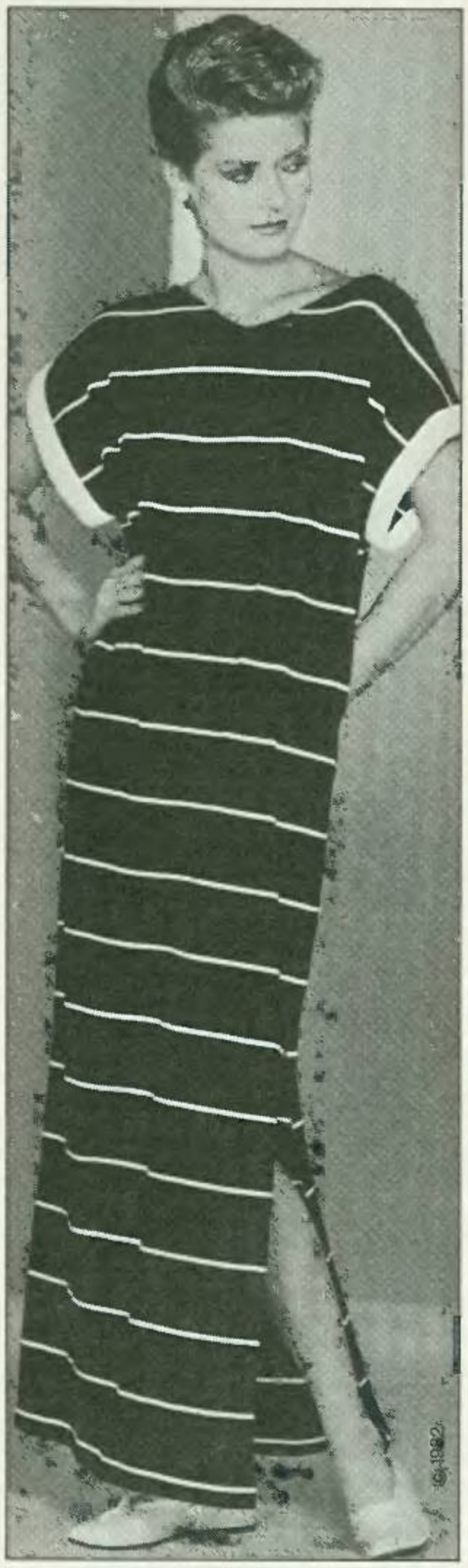

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police station, like a common thief, but me?"

We laughed.

"You can laugh," he went on gravely, "but I have to discharge my duty as a peon of the assistant director of public health."

"What happens at the *mela*?" I asked Daddyji, leaning forward. "Why do people go?"

"Nothing very much happens," he said. "It's an excuse for an annual outing—for people from many villages in the area to eat and mill about in a crowd. The *mela* is about the only holiday most villagers get all year."

"Another thing, Memsahib and Little Sahib." Qasim Ali was beginning again, and Sister Nimi asked Daddyji in very rapid English if she could switch places with Cousin Yog.

Daddyji laughed—he guessed the reason—and pulled the car to the side of the road, and Sister Nimi and Cousin Yog changed places.

"Qasim Ali, have you ever been to Kurekshetra Mela?" Cousin Yog asked challengingly.

"I've never heard of it, Yog Sahib," he said. "I don't think that that *mela* is in Big Sahib's two divisions."

"Kurekshetra Mela has hundreds, maybe thousands, of times the crowds of the *melas* in your divisions," Cousin Yog said boastfully.

"If the sahib says so," Qasim Ali said.

"Once, at Kurekshetra Mela, I borrowed a cobra from a snake charmer and wrapped it around my neck."

Qasim Ali shifted on his bedroll.

"As soon as people in the crowd saw the cobra, they made way for me. I could go anywhere I liked, eat anything I liked and not pay for it. Venders and hawkers were eager to have me move along."

After a while, the car slowed down. Daddyji rolled down his window and asked, "Sentry, is this the turning to the *mela*?"

"Yes, Sahib. Two miles ahead."

At the *mela* grounds, another sentry directed us to a special tent pitched for us. While our bedrolls and suitcases were still being unloaded, Daddyji was surrounded by a staff of sanitary inspectors and started out on his inspection. All of us accompanied him.

It was still early in the morning, and the lane leading to the *mela* thoroughfare was deserted. All around were tents for the villagers, and I could hear the sounds of children scurrying about as they were got ready, of women chattering as they waited to

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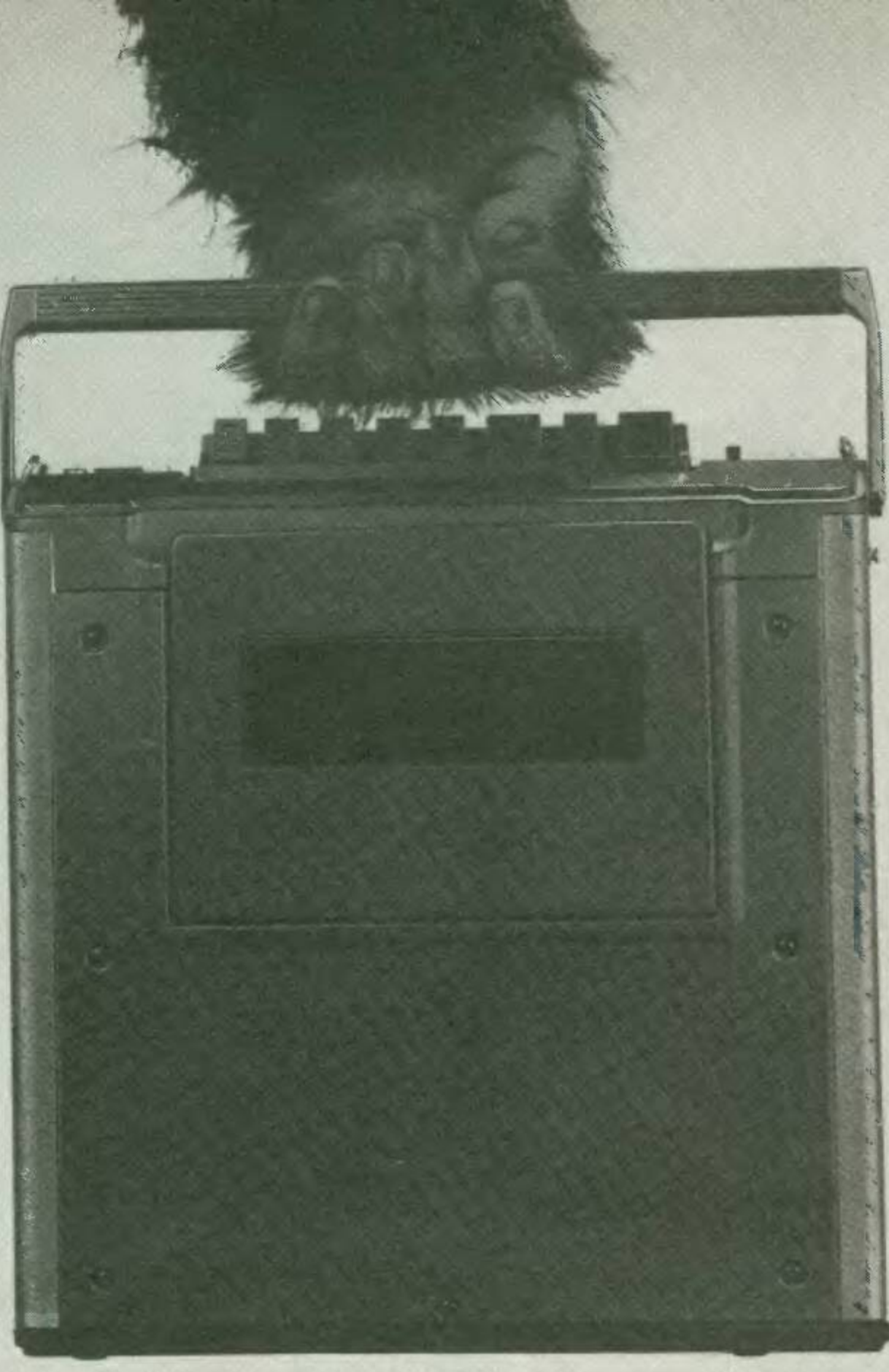

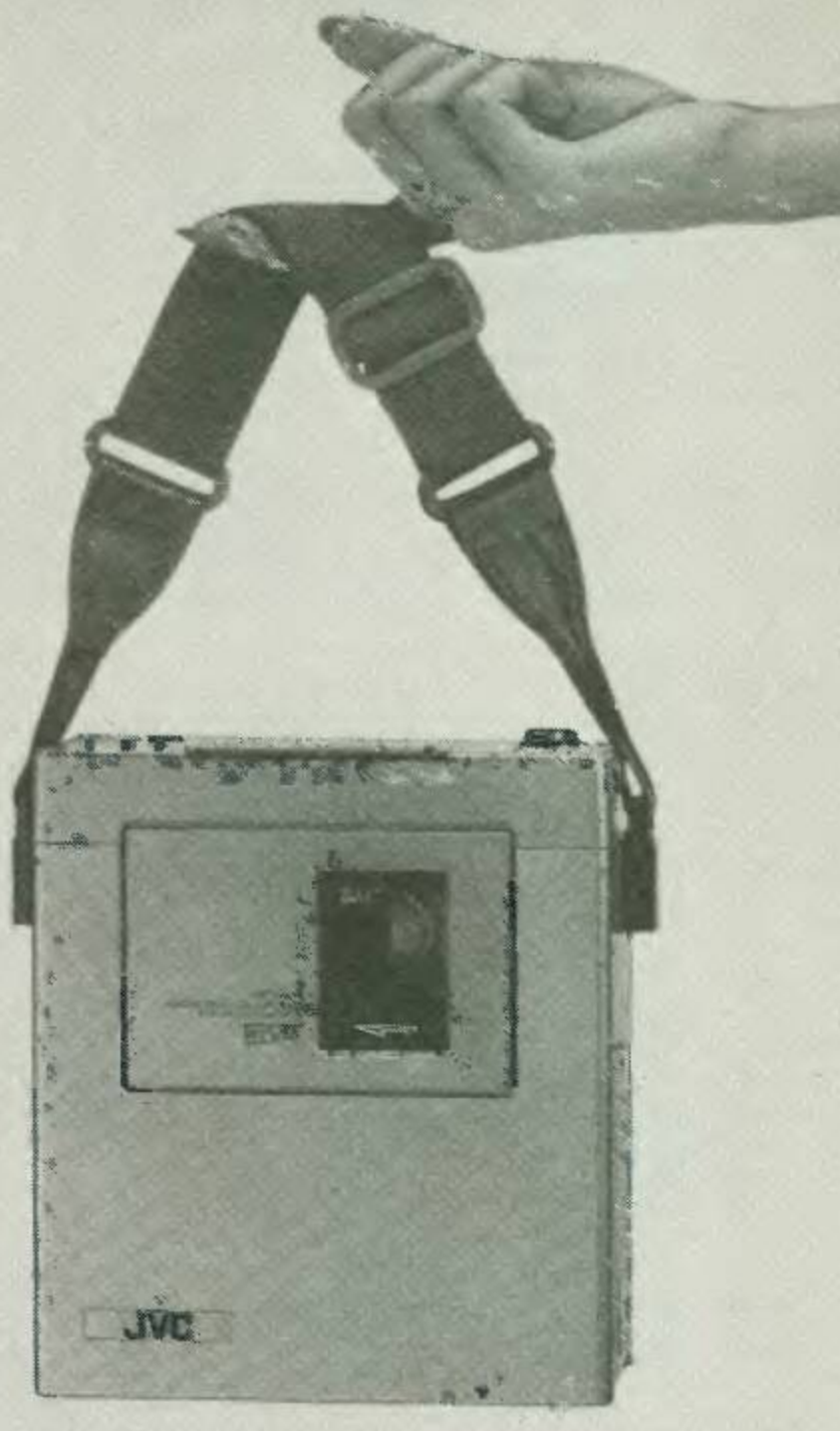

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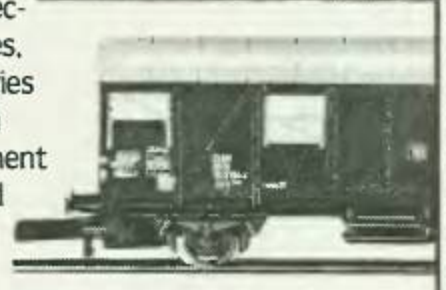

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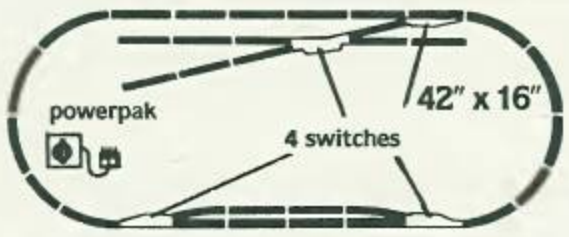

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get water from a common tap, of people washing in the open—of people preparing for the *mela*.

"The arrangements look really good," Sister Nimi said.

"It's like creating a whole separate town for two days, water and all," Cousin Yog said.

Daddyji, who was walking a little ahead, turned and said, "Vedi, many of the villagers are wearing torn and shabby clothes, but they're all freshly dyed. The poorest of them has tried to give some color to his clothes, because he is at a *mela*. Ours is a land of color; rich and poor, all love color."

Daddyji inspected the washing arrangements for the villagers, and the supplies of vaccine.

A sanitary inspector said there was a case of illness, and Daddyji went into a tent. He soon came out and said that it did not indicate the onset of an epidemic.

The thoroughfare was alive with the sounds of hawkers and venders setting up their wheelbarrows and stands, hoisting canopies, rinsing pans and platters with water from buckets, shouting directions to their assistants for hanging balloons and streamers. Here was someone slapping a ladle around a pot to get a batter ready. There was someone snapping a hand fan to get a fire going. As we walked up and down the thoroughfare, Daddyji exchanged a word or two with each of the hawkers and venders while the sanitary inspectors examined the milk, the supplies for cooking, and the cloths and other coverings to protect the food from flies.

The villagers started arriving all in a rush. We left Daddyji to carry on with his work, and struck out on our own. Cousin Yog led, and I followed, holding Sister Nimi's hand, with Qasim Ali close behind, muttering, "Memsahib of good sense and Yog Sahib, go slow."

Cousin Yog—agile, as ever—didn't break his stride. The crowd grew thick. We were pushed and jostled from all directions, by people using their elbows and their pungent breath to make a little room for themselves and for the children in their train.

We easily shook off Qasim Ali, and went from wheelbarrow to wheelbarrow, from stand to stand, eating little delicacies with abandon and buying *mela* souvenirs—clay vessels and pitchers, and clay likenesses of women in peasant dress and of the monkey-god. The sun was very hot, and we were almost swept along.

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There was something at once exciting and revolting about being taken over by the crowd—mothers shouting for children, men scolding women, hawkers trying to make their cries heard.

In the evening when it was beginning to get dark, we started back toward our tent, weary but happy, and now feeling a little lost without Qasim Ali. Then Sister Nimi spotted a landmark—the cottage of a sanitary inspector—and we knew we had reached a path leading to our tent. Ahead, Cousin Yog caught sight of an orchard of trees bearing ripe loquats.

"Let's eat some loquats before Qasim Ali finds us," Cousin Yog said.

Sister Nimi held back, reading out a sign: "No Trespassing, Rs. 150 Fine."

"Only people like Qasim Ali pay attention to such signs," Cousin Yog said. He dashed into the cottage of the sanitary inspector and returned with a basket and a couple of electric torches. He gave one torch to Sister Nimi and asked her to be the lookout, and gave me the basket and posted me under a tree. Then he quickly climbed the tree. He used the other torch to find the branch with the most loquats, and called down to me to move under it. "Hold the basket up!" he called. "Otherwise, we'll have loquat pudding."

I raised the basket as high over my head as I could. I listened to the plop-plop of the loquats dropping into the basket and felt it sag under their weight.

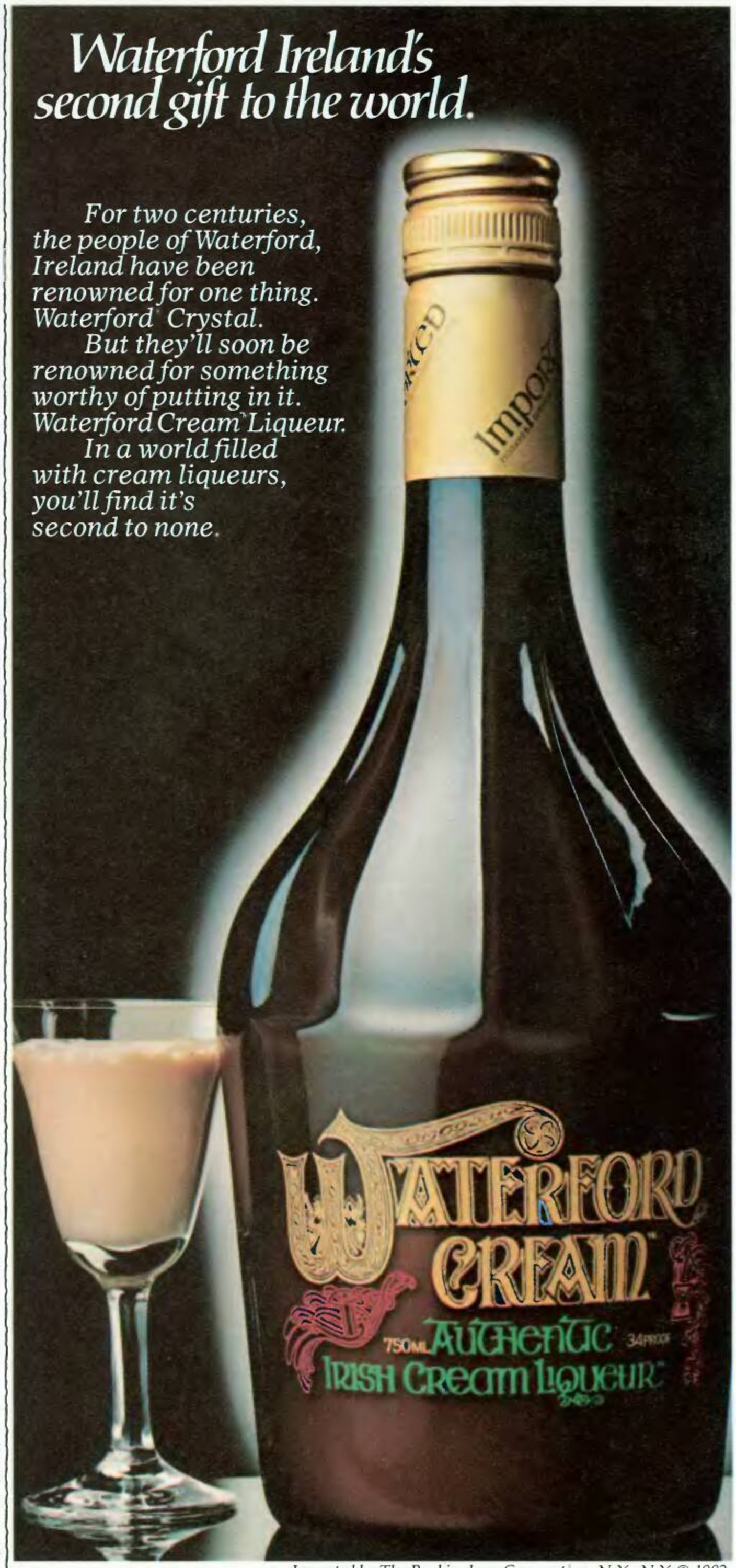
Finally, Cousin Yog came down, and led us to a patch of grass hidden by the trees. We sat down with the loquats, and, abandoning all caution, we ate and laughed and talked as if we owned the orchard. Once, Cousin Yog spat a stone to see how far he could make it fly, and managed to knock a loquat off a tree. He hooted with delight.

"Who trespasses? Who eats?" we heard. "Police! Police!"

A rough-sounding man appeared in our midst, and he set about kicking all the stones into a pile, as if he planned to use them as evidence against us.

"As a watchman, I have to file a full report," he muttered.

I heard behind him the voice of Qasim Ali calling our names. As a rule, Qasim Ali was slow, but now he quickly grasped the situation, and demanded of the watchman, "Don't you know they're children of the assistant



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director of public health of two divisions?"

"I had no idea," the watchman stammered. Before he could summon his employer and consult with him, Qasim Ali hurried us away.

"I have been looking for you all day long," Qasim Ali scolded us. "For all I knew, Vedi Sahib had been trampled by the crowd and Nimi Memsahib kidnapped. Who would have been hanged at the police station? Yog Sahib, don't you have any thought for your poor servants? Where have you been all day? Where did you eat? Where did you wash those loquats, Yog Sahib?"

"Why, Qasim Ali, it rained only yesterday," Cousin Yog said. But Qasim Ali was not amused.

We reached our tent, and, luckily, Daddyji was there, so Qasim Ali withdrew. Cousin Yog later told us that when he went back to pick up the basket and the torches, which in our haste we had not returned to the sanitary inspector, he saw Qasim Ali sitting on the ground, uniform and all, feasting on loquats.

THE second day at the *mela*, we again shook free of Qasim Ali and wandered by ourselves. The thoroughfare was a little less thronged by villagers than the first day, and the hawkers were a little more hoarse.

"Look, there is a *puriwallah!*" Cousin Yog cried. (*Puris* are light fried wheat cakes.)

"Quick, Vedi!" Sister Nimi said. "Before Qasim Ali catches up with us!"

We pushed our way through the crowd to a little clearing where there was a vender. We each ordered a big portion of potatoes and chickpeas in a pungent sauce with a lot of whole chilis and slices of onions, which were served to us in banana leaves with pickled mango skins and pickled lemons and *puris*. We finished off with some carrot *halwah*.

From somewhere behind us, a pilgrim struck up a melancholy tune on an Indian bagpipe—the kind of tune usually played at weddings and festivals to remind everyone that happiness and sadness go together.

As we stood licking our fingers, Sister Nimi noticed a little family standing next to us—a wan little woman who had in tow a healthy-looking boy and four wan little girls, ranging in age from five to ten. The boy was eating a huge serving of potatoes, chickpeas, and *puris*, like us, while the

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four girls stood to one side of him, all gazing fixedly at his food. The girls had thin, knobby legs and looked so weak and so unsteady that Sister Nimi thought that at any moment they might be thrown and crushed by the crowd. The girls' hands were joined, their mouths were half open, and their eyes looked hungry. (I gathered the visual particulars later. They helped me to imagine the world around me, which was, after all, in many ways, mostly visual. I sometimes even thought that they awakened my early memories, put to sleep by the meningitis.)

Sister Nimi pounced on the boy. "How dare you eat by yourself! Hasn't anyone taught you to share?" Sister Nimi, who generally had the most happy-go-lucky temperament of anyone we knew, could sound really fierce when she was aroused.

The boy started wailing.

Sister Nimi turned on the woman. "Is he your son? Are they your daughters? How dare you treat the girls in this way?" She sounded so fierce that the crowd pulled back even as it collected to watch what was going on.

"Some have to starve, Memsahib," the woman said, raising tired eyes to Sister Nimi. And, pointing to the frail little girls, she added, "My daughters will have to go first."

We were stunned. Before any of us could do anything for the girls, there was an onrush of more people, and we were separated from the little family.

In the tent, we told Daddyji about the family. "What a terrible mother!" Sister Nimi said. "I had a good mind to catch hold of her and thrash her."

"Try to see it from the parents' point of view," Daddyji said. "A girl is a heavy responsibility, especially for poor people. If they don't find her a husband, she becomes a burden to them and can sink them all, and whether they can get the girl married off or not depends almost solely on the size of the dowry they can offer. Poor people must often borrow money for the dowry from the village usurer at killing rates of interest. A dowry for just one daughter can put a poor family in debt for life, and yet by custom they cannot ever accept even a morsel of food or a glass of water from her in-laws, because a daughter is born and reared only to be given away. A son, on the other hand, can be relied upon to work from the time he is ten and to be their security in sickness and old age."

"But settling a girl is a problem for

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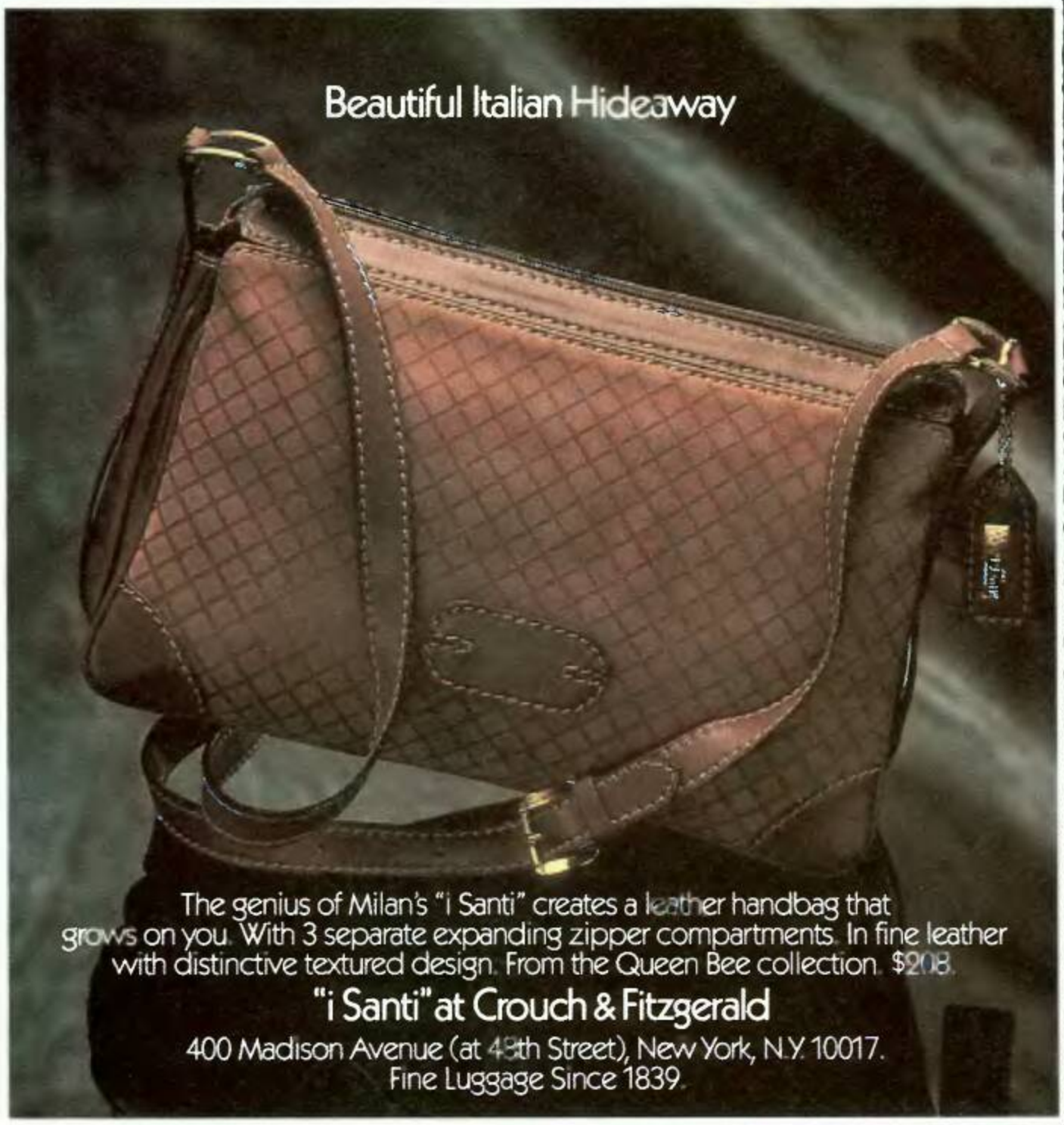

anybody, whether he's poor or well-to-do," Cousin Yog said.

"Still, the problem is much worse for poor people," Daddyji said.

"What rubbish!" Sister Nimi said. When Sister Nimi was worked up, she didn't care what she said in front of anybody. "I'm jolly well happy to be a girl. I'll never get married. I'll take a job, and you'll see, Daddyji, I'll look after you and the whole family."

"Nimi, not being married is a fate worse than death," Cousin Yog said.

I agreed with Cousin Yog. I had often heard that people—whether they were boys or girls—who had something wrong with their limbs or their eyes, and the like, could never get married. And Cousin Vidya, with her deformed hands, was the only person among our scores of relatives who hadn't got married. She had been condemned to the fate of a spinster. But here was Sister Nimi, with normal hands, deciding to be a spinster, and, knowing her as I did, I was afraid that once she had made up her mind about being a spinster she wouldn't change it.

Inexplicably, Daddyji laughed, and I couldn't get him to argue with Sister Nimi.

To Murree Hills

"Murree is much like Simla, where you children spent such happy summers before the war, except that Simla is over three hundred miles from here and Murree is only twenty-seven miles," Daddyji said. "As a hill station, Murree is every bit as good as Simla."

"Why is it called a hill station?" I asked.

"The British established hill stations to escape from the heat of our plains," Daddyji explained.

"Was I in Simla?" Usha asked, trying to climb the slope of the mudguard of the car.

"Born in 1937—sure," Daddyji said.

It was the dawn of a hot summer day, and we were getting ready to leave for Murree for a few weeks. Ram Saran and Qasim Ali were strapping half a dozen bedrolls—bulging with quilts, pallets, and pillows—onto the roof racks; fitting suitcases and crates of crockery and utensils into the boot, which was so full that its door had to be left half open and tied down; and stowing inside the car baskets of picnic food and thermoses of boiled water for the journey.

Usha and I fastened the Union Jack

to the little stick on the hood—flying the flag was a privilege granted only to important travelling government officers—and we all piled in: Mamaji and Usha, with Sister Pom, who complained of headaches in the car, in the front seat with Daddyji; the rest of us in the back seat; and Gian Chand, the only servant we were taking with us, on the floor, among the legs, baskets, and thermoses. (The other servants were to stay behind and look after the house.) Then we set off, the car creaking and swaying under the weight of our travelling household. As Daddyji drove on, we sang songs, told stories, and quietly pinched each other to get a little bit more room.

I fell asleep. I heard the sound of rushing water. "We are drowning!" I cried, and abruptly woke up. My ears popped. We were all dry and safe, but there was actually a deafening sound of water coming from one side of the car.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"We are at Chharra Pani—it's a hill runoff," Daddyji said. "It's our last chance to stretch our legs, wash, and eat and drink something before we begin the winding climb to Murree."

"How far is Murree now?" I asked.

"It's only fourteen miles, but the climb has a lot of bad turns. The traffic is regulated—cars can go only one way, up the hill or down the hill, in any three-hour period—and, luckily, we have arrived at the foot of the hill in good time for the climb." We walked off the shoulder of the road to a miry patch and took turns washing our hands and faces in the icy runoff, and then took turns walking up the hillside to find a secluded spot for a bathroom. Mamaji had brought along potato *parathas*, and scrambled eggs cooked with a lot of onions and tomatoes, and we ate our picnic lunch standing around the car, with the waterfall and the stirrings of the mountain wind in the background. We washed our hands and faces in the runoff again and got back in the car.

Although Daddyji drove very slowly around the bad turns, one or another of us got carsick practically each time, and he had to pull over so that we could get out. Mamaji was always ready with a towel and a lemon drop.

At Murree, Daddyji parked the car at the motor stand—cars were not permitted in the hill station—and we proceeded on foot, some baggage coolies following us with our belongings on

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their heads and backs. The coolies all seemed to have racking coughs, and breathed heavily, as if they were gasping for air.

"They make me feel sad," I said to Sister Pom. I was walking beside her. She had her hands thrust in her coat pockets, and I had my arm looped through hers. Daddyji and the others were walking ahead, because the road was narrow.

"Who—the coolies?" Sister Pom asked. Then she pulled me to one side. There was the sharp, rhythmic sound of many bare feet slapping on the road as some people hurried past us, with someone saying in a brusque voice, "Faster—I must keep an appointment."

"Who are they?" I asked. "What is it?"

"They are rickshaw coolies rushing someone to an appointment. You must remember rickshaws from Simla. We used to ride in them. They are hooded two-wheelers pulled by two coolies and pushed by two coolies."

I felt a pang. Ahead, I could hear the front coolies calling to the back coolies, "Don't push! We are dying!" Their voices came out small and close to the ground, as if the coolies were doubled over with the burden of the rickshaw. Also, now that I listened carefully, I realized that the baggage coolies, like the rickshaw coolies, were barefoot. They all reminded me of the students and teachers at Dadar School, none of whom could afford a pair of shoes.

"We should never ride in rickshaws. We should carry our own luggage," I said.

"Coolies need work," Daddyji said. He had dropped back and fallen into step with us. "Otherwise, they would starve. None of us could lift a single bedroll, but you wouldn't believe how much these coolies can carry on their heads and backs, how they can haul and push." He added reflectively, "I know from my medical experience that coolies don't survive more than ten or fifteen summers of steady rickshaw work. Few live beyond their thirties. God knows how they survive the snows and storms of the winter, with their scant clothes and scant rations and no work."

"You're contradicting yourself," I said.

"In a way, I suppose I am," Daddyji said.

"How pleasant it is here," Sister Umi said, joining us. The hills smelled of pine and fir, and though it

was the middle of the day the air felt light, cool, and fresh.

Our cottage was at the bottom of a ravine and felt small, dank, and empty. It consisted only of a main room and two bedrooms, but it had a glazed veranda. As soon as we walked out on it, we felt at home. It was flooded with warm sun.

I REMEMBER that, one of the first days we were in Murree, Daddyji left to do some work and then Mamaji and my big sisters prepared to leave, too.

"I want to go with you," I said.

"We are all going to meet our friends," Sister Umi said. "They are grownups. You stay with Usha—she'll take you wherever you want to go."

I protested, but they all left.

After Usha started school, I hadn't spent much time with her. In any case, she was only six—three years younger than I was—and I had had my own daily activities. In Murree, there was no Ram Saran to talk to, no resident clerks, no washerman, no gardener. The cottage had no compound, no office, no servants' quarters. Gian Chand slept in the kitchen, and he was busy from morning to night cooking and cleaning, serving and clearing up, going to the bazaar. I couldn't go anywhere by myself, because there were ledges, rocks, gorges, and ravines everywhere. In Murree, I spent more and more time with Usha—constantly calling her to play with me, to go outside with me, to come with me for a walk. I had only to shout for her, and she was at my side. She was easy to walk with. She was a few inches shorter than I was, but when we walked our hands were at the same level. We would run or skip along, our hands just touching, I trying to match her step and her speed. When we were negotiating bad slopes, I would follow her with one hand on her shoulder, trying to place my foot directly behind hers. In the beginning, passersby would cluck and make comments on my blindness and her devotion. They would surround us and ask how I had lost my sight, why she wasn't holding on to me, why our parents weren't with us. I had grown up mostly behind walls—of Dadar School, of 11 Temple Road, of Mehta Gulli, of 16 Mozang Road, of 10 Civil Lines. People I came in contact with were friends and relatives, who were used to me and knew what I could do. I usually went out with

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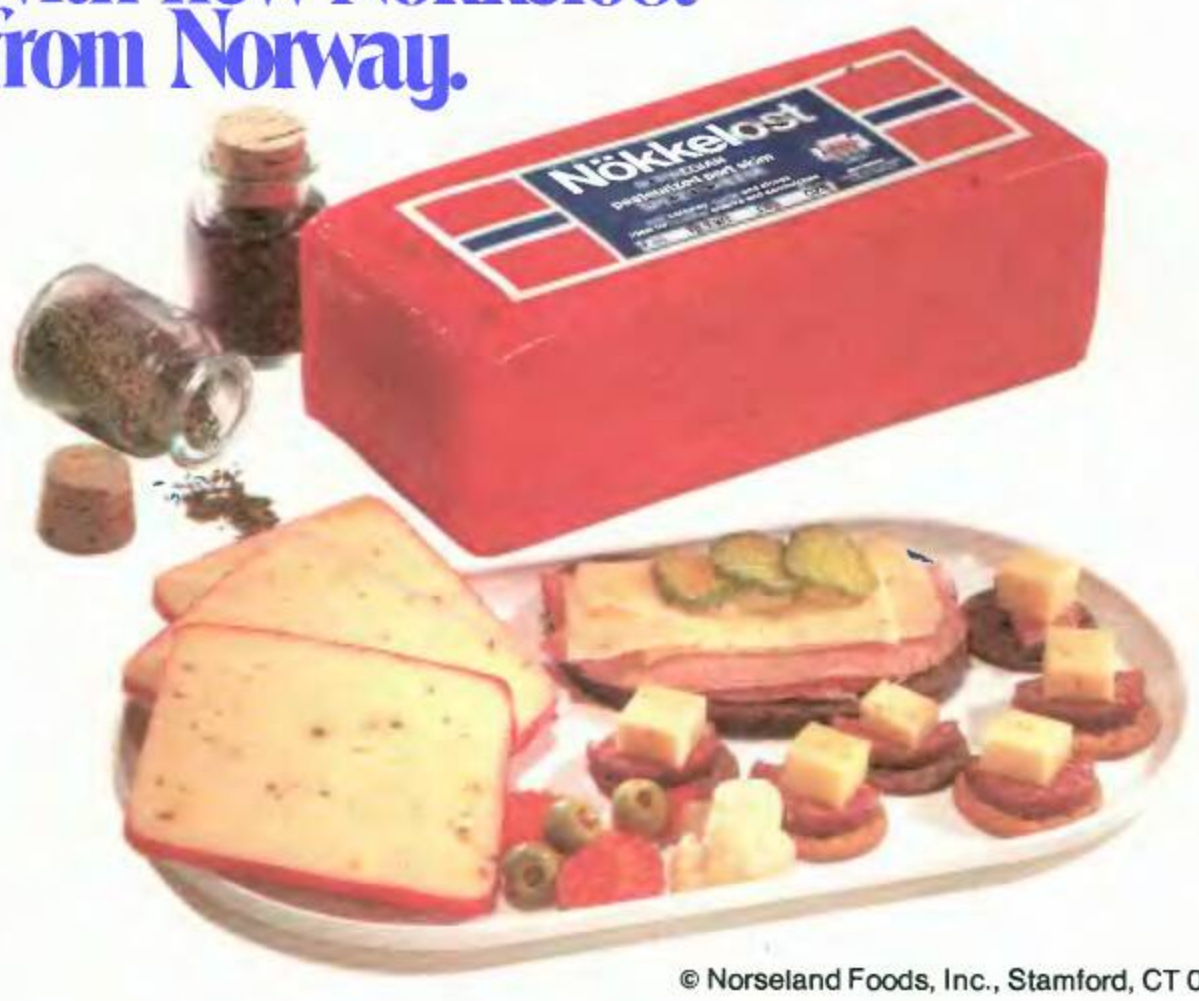

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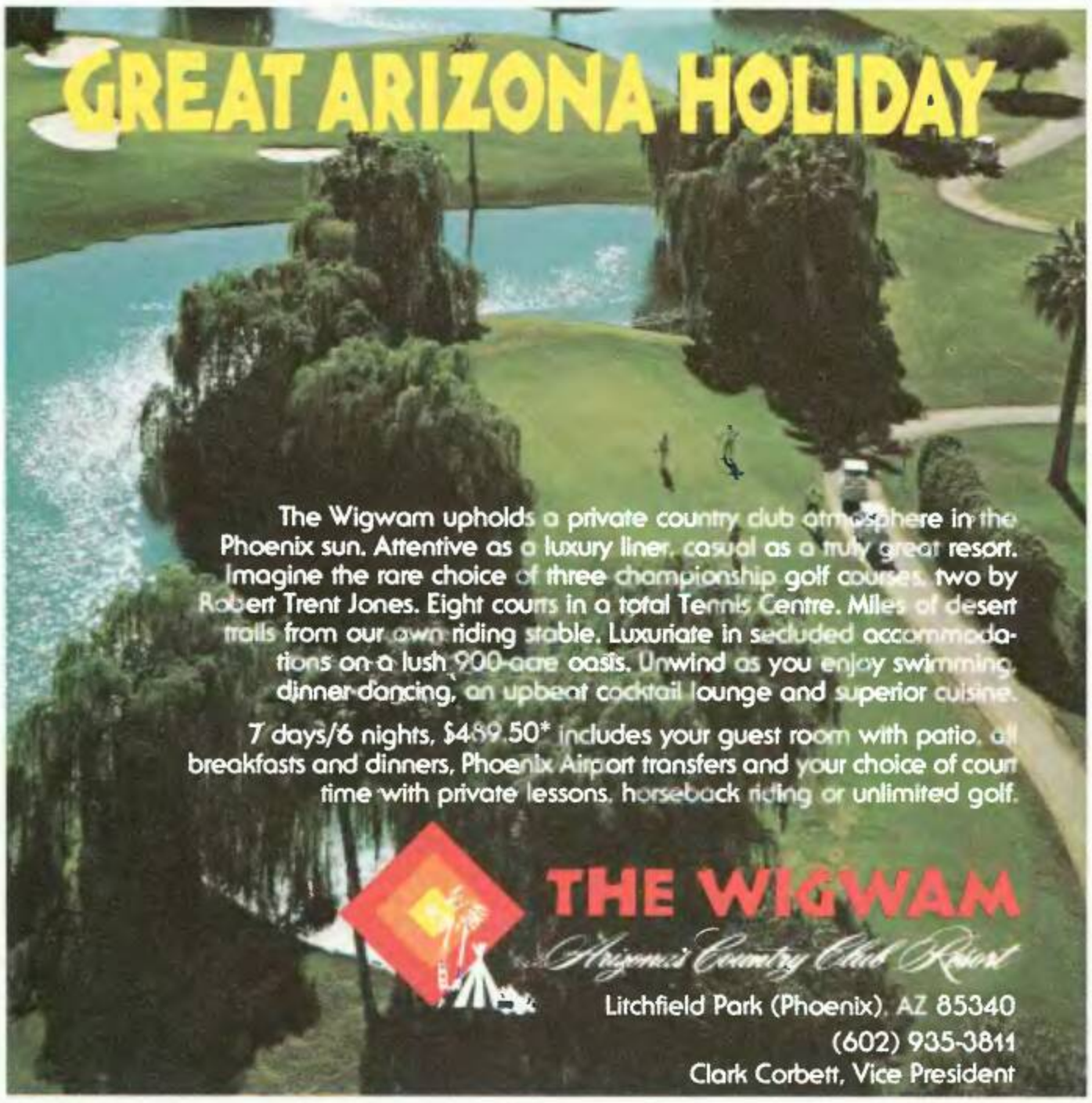

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grownups, who often shielded me from the pity and curiosity of strangers. But in Murree we were two children out on the road by ourselves. I didn't know how to deal with the nosy passersby, and wanted to kick them, but Usha seemed to know how to stop their questioning, and they would send us on our way with blessings and good wishes.

"How do you do it?" I once asked her.

"I don't know myself," she said. "They look at me and stop."

"She has the piteous face of a cocker spaniel—she'd make a good Seeing Eye dog," said a family friend who happened to overhear our conversation.

I felt angry, but Usha only laughed.

Luckily, Murree was a small place, and everyone soon knew us and got used to us.

IN Bombay, Lahore, and Rawalpindi, I had known only a neighborhood, but Murree was so small that I soon knew all of it—indeed, walked around almost all of it with Usha every day. Yet the hill station never felt quite familiar. There was something foreign about it, although I couldn't have said what that was. We used to cover the Mall daily. It was a gentle two-mile incline starting from near our cottage and ending in a quarter-mile level stretch known as the Upper Mall. There were several points along the Mall where coolies with ponies for hire congregated and sold rides to Pindi Point and Kashmir Point. Their din, especially by the Upper Mall, seemed constant. No sooner did a pony or a donkey set out with its coolie shuffling or running alongside than a new ponywallah or donkeywallah materialized. Whenever Usha and I passed them, they would call after us and beg us to take their ponies and donkeys.

"Big, dangerous climb, excellent for good rider!" the ponywallahs would shout.

"Little, safe climb, excellent for children!" the donkeywallahs would shout.

We would walk briskly on, because we didn't like the idea of being lugged by a pony or a donkey any more than we liked the idea of being lugged by coolies in a rickshaw.

For a long time, I wasn't clear what Pindi Point and Kashmir Point were, and thought that one was a bridle path for horses, the other a road for donkeys. Then I learned that Pindi Point

was actually the top of a hill that afforded a view of the entire valley of Rawalpindi, and Kashmir Point the top of another hill, which afforded a view of the mountains of Kashmir. After that, Usha and I would often walk up to Pindi Point and Kashmir Point. The two hill roads, each about a mile long, were at opposite ends of the Mall, and were popular walks.

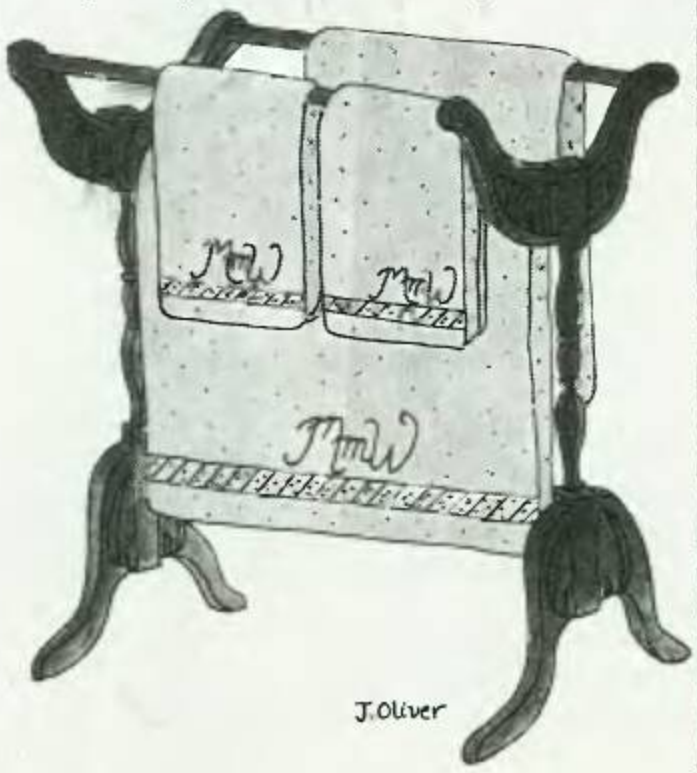
All along the roads were weather-beaten wooden railings for protection against falling into the gorges and ravines. Here and there were breaks in the railings for paths leading down to cottages like ours, perched on the slopes of the gorges. I would walk with a hand on the railing and count the breaks in order to tell where I was. I would kick stones into the gorge in order to try to guess how deep it was. I would climb onto the railings and swing on them like a monkey, sometimes dangling over the gorge.

"Don't! It's all shaky! You'll fall!" Usha would cry, clutching me.

"How far down is it?" I would shout, leaning into the gorge.

"I don't know. I'm afraid to look."

At least once a day, we would walk along the Upper Mall. It had Western-style shops and Western-style restaurants, and was full of strollers window-shopping and taking the air. Usha would call out to me its few landmarks—the post office, the first Chinese shoeshop, the second Chinese shoeshop, the chemist's, the first Chinese restaurant, the second Chinese restaurant, Uncle Kirpa Ram's cloth shop. (Like good Punjabi children, we called all Mamaji's and Daddyji's friends, like Mr. and Mrs. Kirpa Ram, "Uncle" and "Auntie;" they called us "Son" and "Daughter.") I got to know where each landmark was, and took pride in calling them out for Usha. We would walk into every shop and restaurant, but would



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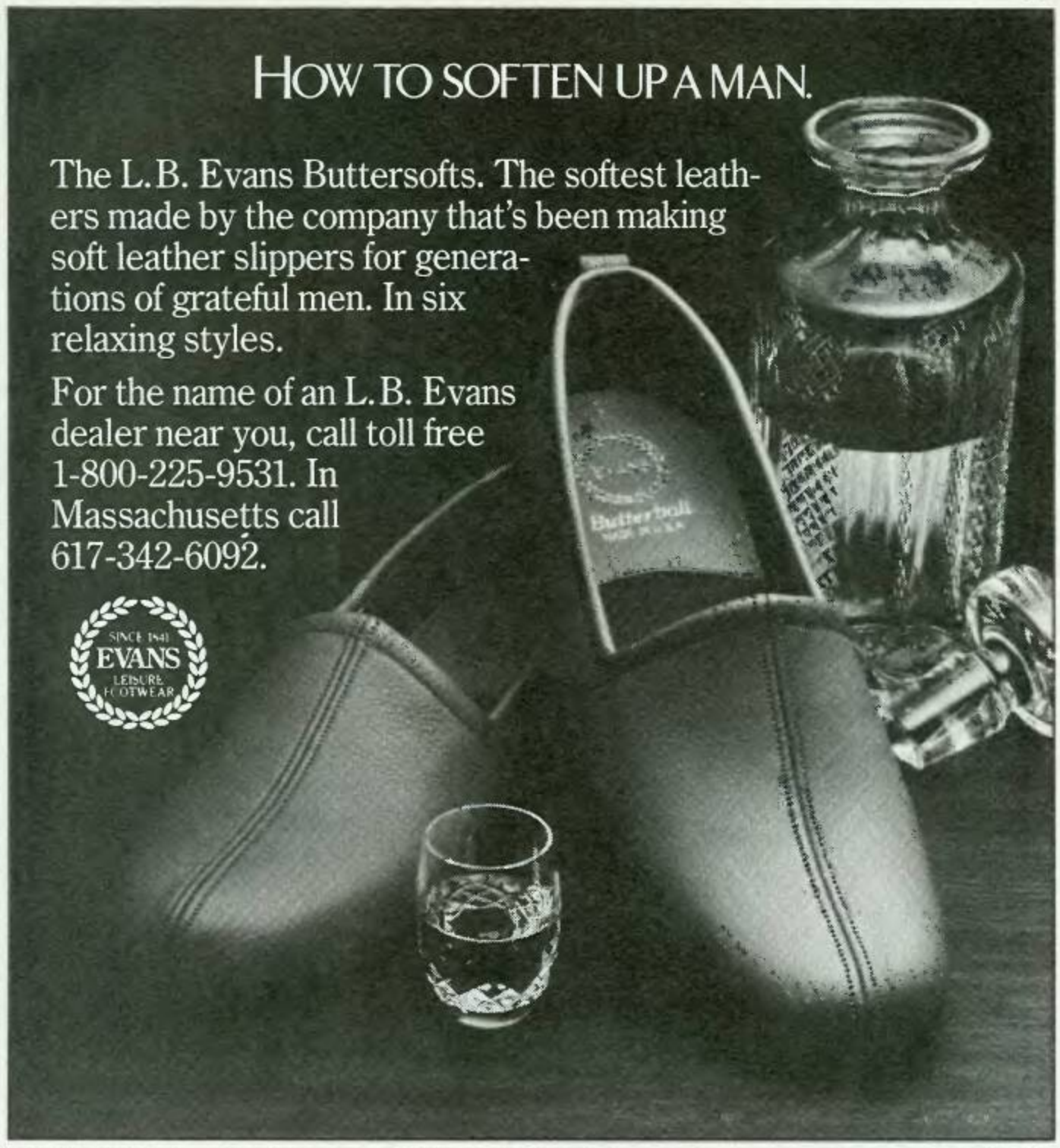

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sometimes do no more than go in and wish the manager good morning or good evening, laugh, and walk out. Sometimes we would stroll into the cemetery nearby and sit on cold marble tombstones. Usha would read out to me the names inscribed on them—generally names of Englishmen and English ladies. Saying them aloud would fill us with awe. Something would dart or rustle, disturbing the still air, and we would fear we had awakened the ghosts. We would race away. We would always stop in at Lintot's to see Mamaji and our big sisters. (We called Lintot's, a sort of Anglo-Indian restaurant, by its proper name, perhaps because it served Indian and English savories and pastries, and the name somehow sounded grand and British.) Mamaji and my big sisters would be sitting on the veranda with their friends, at a table that commanded a good view of the Upper Mall, knitting, eating, and talking. We would go up to them and pester them, and to get rid of us they would sometimes give us money. We would run out and buy sweets from the chemist's, or a ribbon for Usha's hair from Uncle Kirpa Ram's cloth shop, or some stamps at the post office. I don't know why we wanted the stamps, but I remember that neither of us was tall enough to reach the counter, and I would have to lift Usha up. If we had enough money, we would go to the first Chinese restaurant, which was up a flight of stairs, and, like grownups, get a table by a window with a good view of the Upper Mall. We would order what we imagined was Chinese fare—fried rice and slices of bread with tomato sauce on them. They were served to us by a Chinese who understood little Punjabi. He had to speak in a mixture of Punjabi and English, which sounded particularly funny because he invariably said "r" for "l" and "l" for "r."

Until we came to Murree, we had not met a Chinese, and at first Usha would correct him. She was proud of the progress she had made in English at the convent; she had been able to say "thought" and "healthy" right off the bat when the others in her first standard were going around saying "tought" and "healty." But the Chinese would only mutter something and go away. Then we decided that that must be the way all Chinese talked, and Usha stopped correcting him. In fact, we came to enjoy him—the more so because he seemed to have no name. Everyone in the restaurant just ad-

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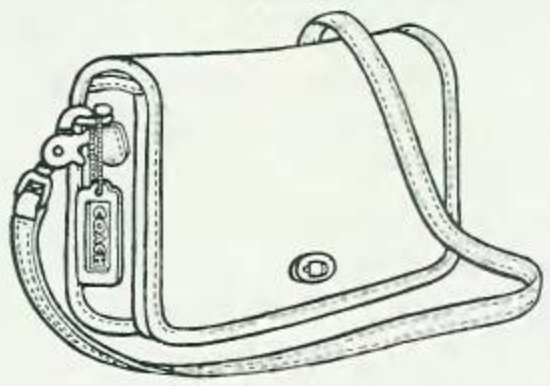

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dressed him as "Chinaman." But we couldn't get him to talk much.

I once asked him, "Chinaman, what are your ladies called?"

"Chinaman," he said, with a laugh.

"Are you all called 'Chinaman' because you make china?" Usha asked.

"Yes, maybe," he said.

We might go from the first Chinese restaurant to the unfashionable, bad-smelling Lower Mall, a narrow, cobbled *gulli* that sloped off from one side of the Upper Mall. It was an ordinary bazaar, with hawkers, coolies, and servants haggling over fruits, vegetables, grains, *ghi*, and curios. Usha and I would make a beeline for a particular vender, who sold carved sandalwood boxes. The scent of sandalwood in his stall was so strong that we forgot the smells of the bazaar all around us.

I remember that I became enamored of one sandalwood box. It was long and squat, and was carved with what felt like a hill-and-dale pattern.

"How much is it?" I asked the vender.

"Twenty rupees. A special price for Sahib," he said, in pink English.

"Twenty rupees!" I cried. "I'll give you five."

"Sahib, sandalwood boxes very expensive, very special. Sandalwood very hard to come by. Snakes liking the scent of sandalwood trees and wrapping themselves around. When you go to cutting the trees, snakes bite you. Sandalwood boxes only available in hill station. The scent keeping away termites. English sahib and memsahib liking sandalwood because it reminding them of clean homes. Nineteen rupees—very special price for Sahib."

"Five rupees, not an anna more," I said, in the manner of Mamaji.

Every day, we would return to the sandalwood vender. In a week or so, I had the price down to ten rupees. I bought the box and gave it to Usha. Although I liked the sandalwood scent, if Usha and I got a whiff of it when we were out for a walk we would run, for fear of snakes.

Usha and I and everyone else were always at home before it got dark. Gian Chand would be struggling with the fire in the main room. The fuel was the anthracite variety of coal, which was equally hard to get burning and to keep burning. Whenever Gian Chand added a bucket of fresh coal, the fire would almost die out. He alternately fanned the fire and—in order to prevent it from smoking—covered up the fireplace with a sheet of tin. We

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would all sit around the fireplace, drawing our chairs as close as we could and rubbing our faces and ears to rid them of the evening hill-station chill. As the coals caught, the fire would hiss and crackle behind the tin, making it rattle ferociously. When Gian Chand finally removed the tin, the fire would practically leap into the room, making us push back our chairs. We would eat dinner sitting in front of the fire.

No matter how good the fire was, it heated only part of the main room. The rest of the cottage remained cold and damp. Mamaji took the only hot-water bottle to bed, and I remember I used to get between my sheets in stages. I would start with my knees close to my chin and, as the bed warmed up, move my feet slowly toward the bottom. I would fall asleep listening to someone playing a flute in the distance, its notes fading in and out with the rush of the mountain wind. The melody was always wistful, and was made somehow more wistful because it was simple and repetitious, like a hill chant, and because it was played on a primitive bamboo flute with a limited range. Sometimes the flute was accompanied by the dolorous chant of a man, his hill song also swelling and receding with the wind.

USHA and I liked stopping in the first Chinese shoeshop on the Upper Mall and talking to the Chinese there. He talked exactly like the restaurant Chinese.

The shoeshop Chinese was always glad to see us. "Ah, Doctor's children," he would call out as we entered. His English sounded so funny that we would burst out laughing. He would join in our laughter without ever asking why we were laughing.

He would let us stay at the shop as long as we wanted, and would talk to us between working behind the counter and taking measurements for the occasional customer who dropped in. I liked to breathe in the pervasive smell of leather, rubber, glue, and polish in the shop and listen to the sound of the Chinese cutting and sewing leather and hammering nails.

In contrast to the restaurant Chinese, the shoeshop Chinese talked a lot. "What does gentleman want to do when he grows up?" he once asked me.

"Be a Chinaman," I said.

"Oh!" He laughed. "And little lady?" It amused us that he called me

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"gentleman" and Usha "little lady."

"I'm going to be my big brother's helper," Usha said.

"Very nice, very nice," he said. "Little lady has true spirit. What kind of shoe would gentleman like?"

"I don't know what you have," I said.

He let me touch all the shoes in his shop. I had touched only the few shoes that people wore at home, and I was surprised at how many kinds of shoes there could be. Here were shoes with buckles, buttons, laces. Some had rubber soles and heels, with treads; others had leather soles with pointed high heels. Some had uppers of smooth, squeaky leather, others of grainy leather. Some had bows on top, others had punched-out tops.

"You have so many different shoes!" I exclaimed.

"The Chinese two doors up has more," he said. "Which shoes would you like?"

I told him that I had taken a fancy to one particular pair, because they had crêpe soles and smooth but not polished uppers.

"Good choice. Crêpe soles very good for hills. They don't slip, but they're most expensive. I have to hand-make them for you. I hand-make all shoes. Little gentleman should come with Madame and give special order. Perhaps little lady would like the same."

Usha said she would, and we insisted that he take our measurements right there and then. He sat me down on the only chair in the shop and made me take off my right shoe. He put my foot on a piece of paper and started tracing it with a pencil. I had trouble holding my foot still, because the pencil tickled me. After he finished with me, he took a tracing of Usha's foot.

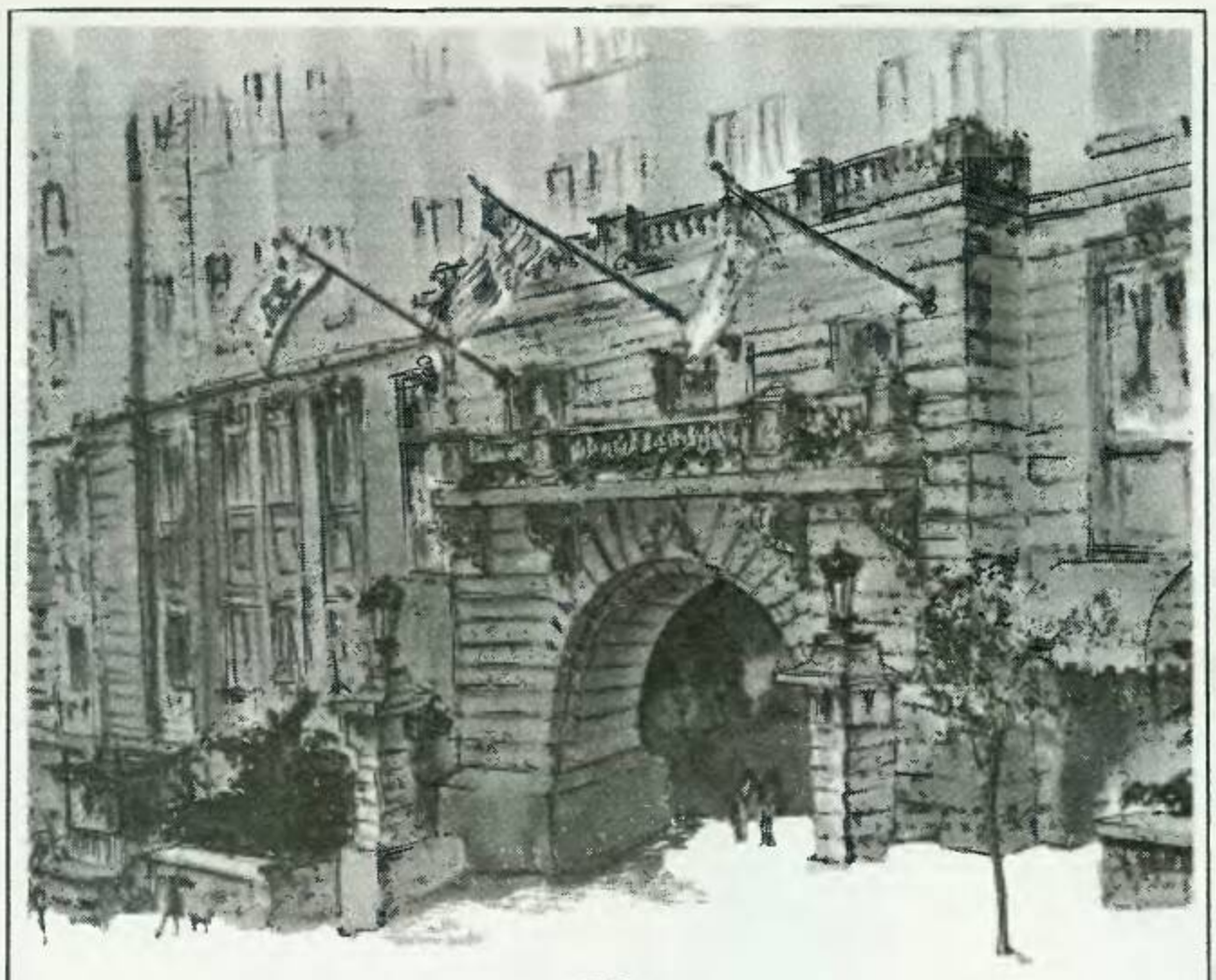
Usha and I ran out of the shoeshop very excited about having crêpe soles to walk around in on the hills. But when we asked Mamaji for the money to buy them she said, "You both have a perfectly good pair of shoes. When they wear out, we will see."

"But they're leather and they slip on the hills!" we cried.

"I've told you your shoes are perfectly good. Go and play," she said firmly.

We appealed to Daddyji, but once she had said no we couldn't get him to say yes—in this case, perhaps because our shoes were indeed perfectly good.

The next time we stopped in at the shoeshop, we told the Chinese that we



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were going to save our pocket money so that we could order his crêpe soles.

"How much pocket money do you get?"

"Two rupees each a month," Usha said.

"Oh, it will take you a year. Maybe next summer when you come to Murree I will make you crêpe soles."

"Maybe we should get cheaper shoes," Usha said.

"I want the best," I said.

"Crêpe soles are the best," the Chinese said. "Very light. Very comfortable. Perfect for gentleman and lady at a hill station. Maybe your mummy will change her mind." He abruptly asked, "Would you like crêpe soles with two eyelets for laces, or five?"

"Which are the best for a hill station?" I asked.

"Oh, two eyelets," he said. "Less pressure on the top of the foot."

After that, I couldn't bear to walk in my old shoes, because they had five eyelets and I felt the pressure of the laces. The leather felt hard and unyielding. Every time I took a step, I felt I was going to slip and fall.

One day, I came home from a walk, pulled a chair to the sideboard, and took down a big bread knife. I took one of my shoes off and quickly sliced its toe and then took one of Usha's shoes and sliced its toe. When Mamaji and Daddyji returned home, I held up the shoes. "A mosquito did it," I said.

Mamaji began to scold me roundly, but Daddyji laughed, and the next day they took Usha and me to the shoeshop and gave an order for crêpe soles with dull, soft uppers for each of us. Until the new shoes were ready, we had to thump around in our sliced-up shoes.

When we got the crêpe soles, I wasn't sure I liked them. The crêpe soles were soundless, and I began bumping into things oftener. I realized that I had relied on the sound of my leather soles to orient myself—to tell whether I was near an obstacle, whether I was near a drop, whether I was nearing steps, even how big a room was. But I soon trained myself to kick and scuff when I walked and to orient myself by that sound.

Having realized that there was a variety of shoes, I began taking an interest in what I wore and how I looked.

ONE evening, Usha and I were walking in our crêpe soles up to Kashmir Point, and she was calling out the cottages in the ravines by the side of the road: "The cottage of

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Uncle Basheshwar Nath Khanna. . . . The cottage of Uncle Devi Chand. . . . That's the house of Uncle Mehr Chand Khanna." Then Usha cried, "There are our big sisters!"

We raced up to them. They were walking very slowly, with their friends Nishchint, Sheila, Satish, and Satta. Satta was very religious. It was prayer time, and as they walked Satta said a prayer aloud and they recited it with her. We heard some boisterous voices ahead.

"Soldiers! Soldiers!" Sister Pom cried.

"Yankees! Yankees!" Sister Umi exclaimed. "They do dirty things to Hindu women."

We all started running back down the hill in panic.

The "Yankees" started running after us, like dogs who sense the fright of strangers.

I got a terrible stitch in my side, but I kept up.

Sister Umi called, "Down!" I didn't know exactly where she was. Usha's hand was gone. But I heard everyone scrambling in the ravine by the road, and I jumped. I banged my chin on a branch, somersaulted, bumped my head, and landed on top of someone. I cried out.

Sister Pom shushed me, whispering, "The Yankees!"

We sat crouched, hardly daring to breathe.

The "Yankees" stopped and stood just above us. They idly kicked some stones down the slope, but we didn't so much as stir.

"Come on," one of them said. "Let's go. They are not girls. They're a family." They passed on, singing and laughing.

"That was a near miss," Sister Pom said after they were out of earshot. "We should never come to Kashmir Point again when it's getting dark."

OFTEN, my big sisters would meet their friends and go on long hikes. I once cornered them and insisted that I be taken along. "Where do you go? What trails do you take? I want to come."

"On some very dangerous trails," Sister Umi said. "They are no trails for you."

"It's because I can't see that you're not taking me," I said.

"Even if you could see, we wouldn't take you with us," Sister Umi said.

"They are no trails for children," Sister Pom said.

I knew from long experience that

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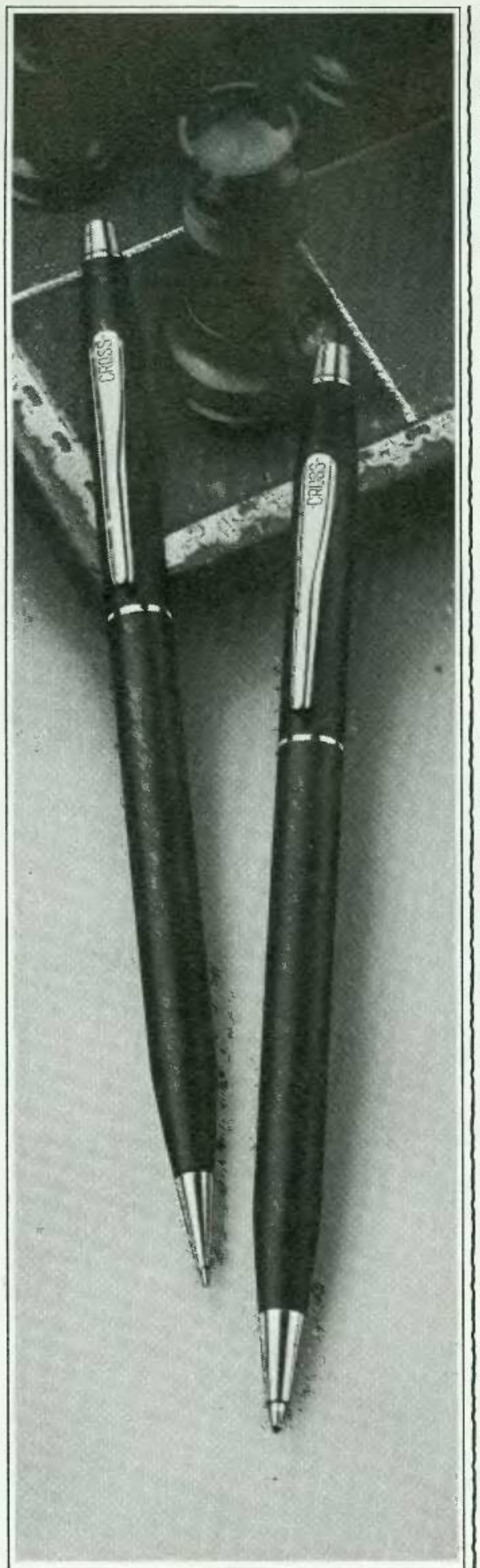

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Sister Pom was too responsible and Sister Umi too dismissive for my appeals to them to do any good. But Sister Nimi had a soft heart—she cried as easily as she laughed. She was also the most daring and the most athletic of the three. I took her aside and appealed to her.

"O.K., O.K., Vedi," she said to me. "I will take you on a hike tomorrow. But don't tell Pom. If she gets to hear of it, she will eat my head."

The next morning, the two of us sauntered out of the house as if we were going for a stroll. We walked on familiar roads, passed through a break in the railing, scrambled along some paths, and were finally on a sheer mountain trail. It was little more than a ledge with stumps and rocks and overhanging bushes. Sister Nimi always stayed in front, and called back to me to put my foot on this or that rock and duck under this or that branch and grab the stump of this tree or that wild bush ahead. I stayed close behind her, holding on to her shoulder or waist, or sometimes only to the cuff of her pajama trousers, and feeling at once frightened and exhilarated. A wind came up, and it started misting threateningly.

"Oof, these hills look really beautiful," Sister Nimi said. "Mountaineers all over the world would give anything to come here and climb our Himalayas. Many of them dream about these mountains for years and never get here. Some of those who do get here die trying to climb them."

I had to let go of Sister Nimi, because the trail had come to an end and we were now climbing up the mountainside. I had to use my hands to grip the rocks. Now and again, a stone would come loose in our hands or give way under our weight and roll and crash down the mountainside, taking with it mud and debris.

She was saying, "Vedi, it's really beautiful, the sweep of mountains in the mist." Abruptly, she added, "Be careful. This cliff is really bad."

A rock came loose from above my head. I caught my breath. It rolled down the side of the hill frighteningly close and then fell over the cliff and was gone without a sound.

Now we were walking along a mountain that seemed to shoot straight up. I could tell by my facial vision that it was a towering wall. The wind began to roar. The mist turned into a steady, hill-station rain, drumming all around us deafeningly. My facial vision became utterly useless. I com-

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pletely lost my bearings. I put each foot down cautiously, testing the ground with my toe at every step. I hung on to Sister Nimi with both hands.

"Not so tight!" she cried, her words almost swallowed up by the wind and the rain. "We'll both fall."

The rain let up as abruptly as it had started.

"Oof! The mountains are really looking magni—"

"Stop it!" I cried.

Sister Nimi broke off.

I felt terrible about my outburst.

"Let's start back," she said.

"Let's," I said, feeling tired all at once.

"THE best fun in a hill station is riding a pony," Sister Umi said. "Every time I get into a saddle and put my foot in a stirrup, I feel the thrill all over again."

"I didn't know you went riding," I said.

"I started yesterday."

"How much does it cost?"

"Eight annas for the Kashmir Point round. Why do you want to know?"

I didn't answer, but after that all I could think about was riding a pony.

"It's no different from being carried around on someone's shoulders," Usha said when I told her what I wanted to do.

"I'm sure it's not like that at all," I said. "You can fall off a pony and kill yourself, and they have leather saddles, and they run."

She got excited, and we went to the Mall to hire two ponies.

The coolies surrounded us while their ponies shifted all around us. They set up a clamor, each shouting that we should hire his pony.

"Sahib, Memsahib, my pony!"

"No, my pony much better! Feel, touch, look, Sahib, Memsahib!"

"Sahib will fall off a pony," a new coolie said, shouldering his way into our midst. "Only six annas for two donkeys. Five annas both on one donkey."

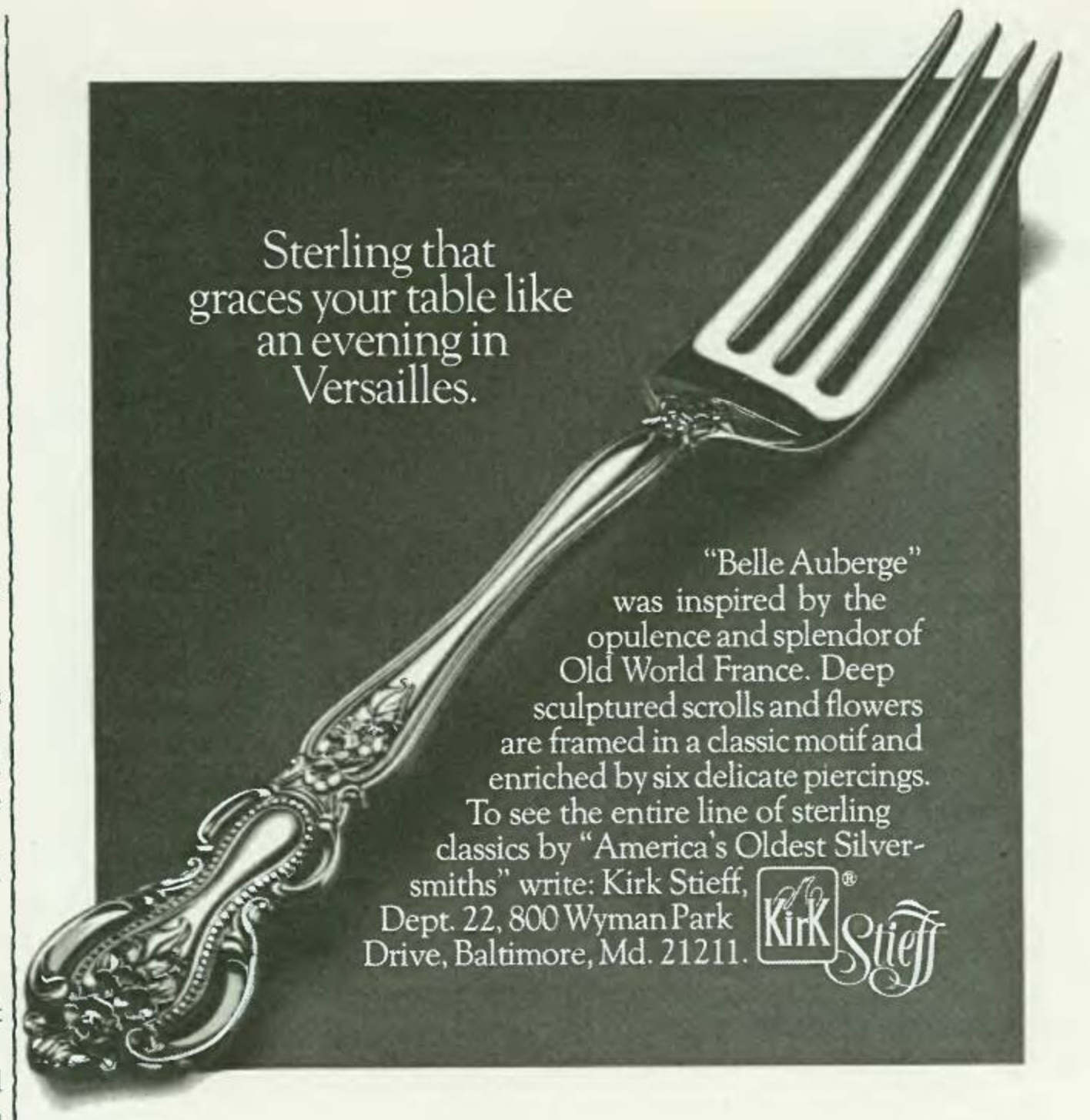
"We don't want donkeys," I said. "We want two ponies—two good, reliable ponies."

"How will we get on a pony?" Usha asked me. "They're very tall."

"Blind Sahib never ridden before?" a coolie asked.

"Never," we said.

The new coolie whipped and prodded his donkey, shouting, "Forward, you ass!" He tugged at my hand, ask-



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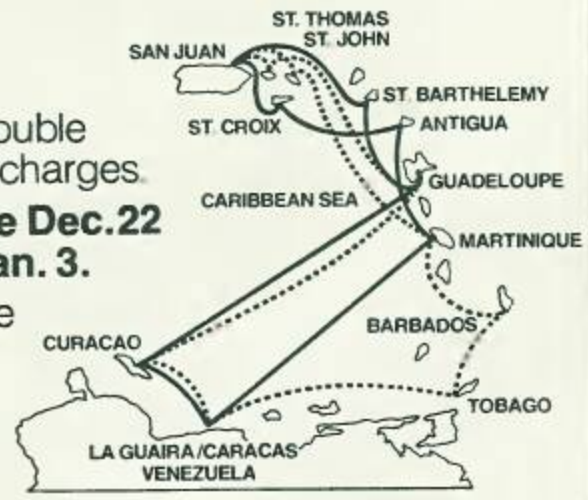

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ing me to feel the lush coat and tail of his donkey.

"Not donkeys!" I yelled. "We want ponies!"

Before I knew what was happening, he had picked up both Usha and me and set us down on his donkey. The donkey had no leather saddle. There was just a folded burlap bag and a chest-high criblike structure in the shape of a ring tied on to it. Touching the encircling structure made me remember being in Simla some years earlier. There Mamaji used to go for walks and take me along. I was too small to walk very far but too big for her to put me in a pram or carry me, so she would hire a donkey for me. I didn't like being on it. It was so slow that it couldn't even keep up with Mamaji's step, and I remember complaining that I couldn't talk to her. Also, it was so stupid that it didn't know to get out of the way of a rickshaw coming at it; the donkeywallah would have to beat it and pull it to the side of the road. "Hurry up! We'll lose Mamaji!" I would cry to the donkeywallah, but he was as slow as his donkey, and sometimes we wouldn't catch up with Mamaji until the walk was over.

"Get me down off this horrible donkey!" I now cried. "We want ponies!"

"A ponywallah won't take blind Sahib," the donkeywallah said. "If Sahib falls off, the government will hang him."

Both Usha and I struggled to get down from the donkey. The donkeywallah finally lifted us and put us on the ground.

"The government will hang us in the police station!" the ponywallahs cried. They had retreated to the side of the road.

"Let's not go on a pony," Usha said, pulling me away.

"Sahib doesn't have riding breeches," a ponywallah shouted from the back. The others laughed uncertainly.

"Two rupees for two ponies for the Kashmir Point round," I said, offering them twice what Sister Umi had said it would cost.

Two ponies were led up to us, and Usha and I were lifted onto them.

I was very happy. The saddle creaked and felt like real leather.

The pony snorted, sending ripples down its sides. "Help, I'm going to fall off!" I cried.

The ponywallah showed me how to hold on to the pommel and how to fit my feet into the stirrups. The

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ponywallah clicked his tongue and we set out, with Usha in the lead and me close behind, and the ponywallahs walking alongside and holding the reins. Halfway up the climb to Pindi Point, I got my ponywallah to let me hold the reins for a time, and though he continued to walk at my side I felt I was in command.

In the following days, Usha and I got Mamaji to have riding breeches sewn for us. They had snug-fitting cuffs and a row of buttons along the outside of the legs. Every morning, Usha and I would get into our breeches, hire a couple of ponies and ponywallahs, and make the rounds of Pindi Point and Kashmir Point. In due course, I learned how to dig my heels into the sides of the pony and make it canter or gallop. As I rushed along—clicking my tongue and prodding the pony with my heels or with a whip, like a ponywallah; bouncing up and down in the saddle, my teeth rattling; clutching the pommel with one hand and the reins with the other; travelling sometimes against the wind, up to Pindi Point, down from Pindi Point, up to Kashmir Point, down from Kashmir Point; listening for other riders, so that I could rein in and pull my pony to one side; sometimes overtaking Usha, sometimes racing ahead to prevent her from overtaking me, the ponywallahs always running at our side, breathless and mindful—I forgot all about my blindness.

—Ved Mehta

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

•

Temperatures: Daytime highs will average in the while overnight lows will average in the throughout the period.

—*The Times.*

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Would the Party from Triumph who bought the silver buck rabbit from Sublette please call collect 815 ---. We sold the wrong rabbit.—*Adv. in the Mendota (Ill.) Shopping Guide.*

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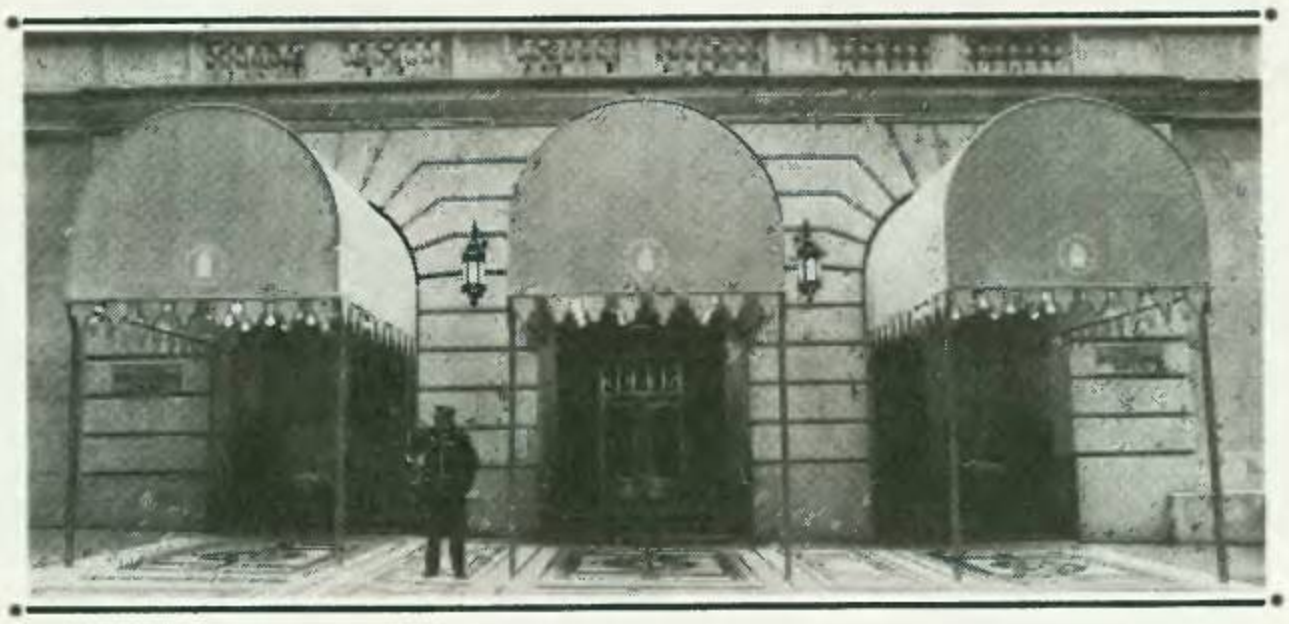

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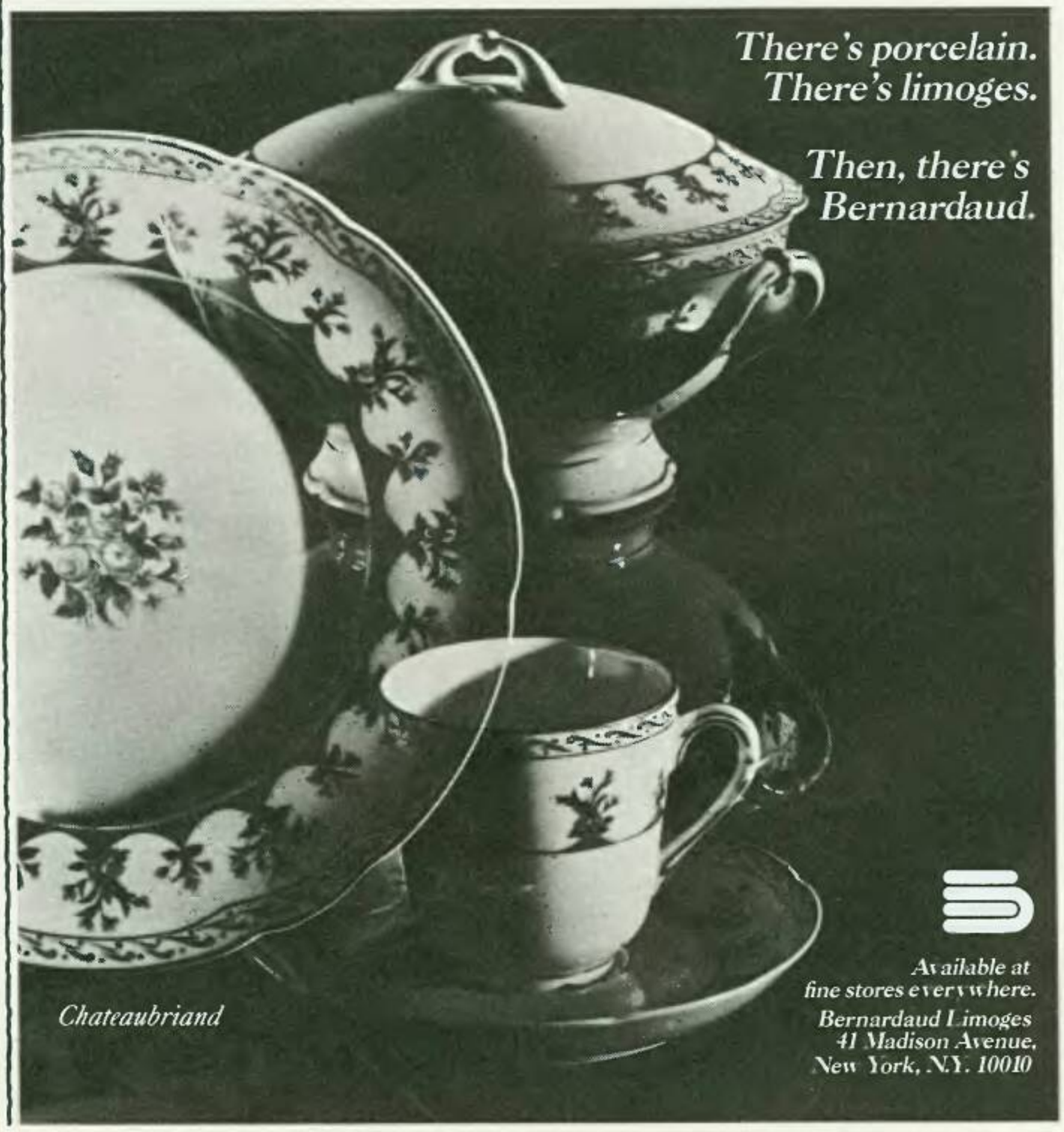


LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, NOVEMBER 9

PIERRE MENDÈS-FRANCE died here on October 18th, at the age of seventy-five. It was nearly thirty years ago that he was Premier of Fourth Republic France—and then only for seven and a half months—and yet in many ways his death is a more significant loss for the left in Europe than, say, the loss of political power in West Germany or of public civility between West Germany's warring socialists Helmut Schmidt and Willy Brandt. Helmut Schmidt's government fell last month for the obvious and timely reason that some thirty Free Democratic deputies deserted the coalition that had run West Germany under Brandt and then Schmidt for thirteen years. It fell because of economic panic that had little, really, to do with Schmidt's competence. And it fell for the far from timely reason that Schmidt and Brandt would not give up their old argument about West German socialism—the realist fighting for sense and the idealist for soul in postwar German politics, and neither knowing which, in Germany, carried more potential for destruction—and that the argument had exhausted the Social Democratic Party until it quite forgot who or what the real opposition is. No one in Germany expects the argument to end because Schmidt lost a vote of confidence in the Bundestag and a Christian Democrat named Helmut Kohl became Chancellor. No one, in fact, expects West Germany to settle down for very long with an amiable and mousy man like Helmut Kohl.

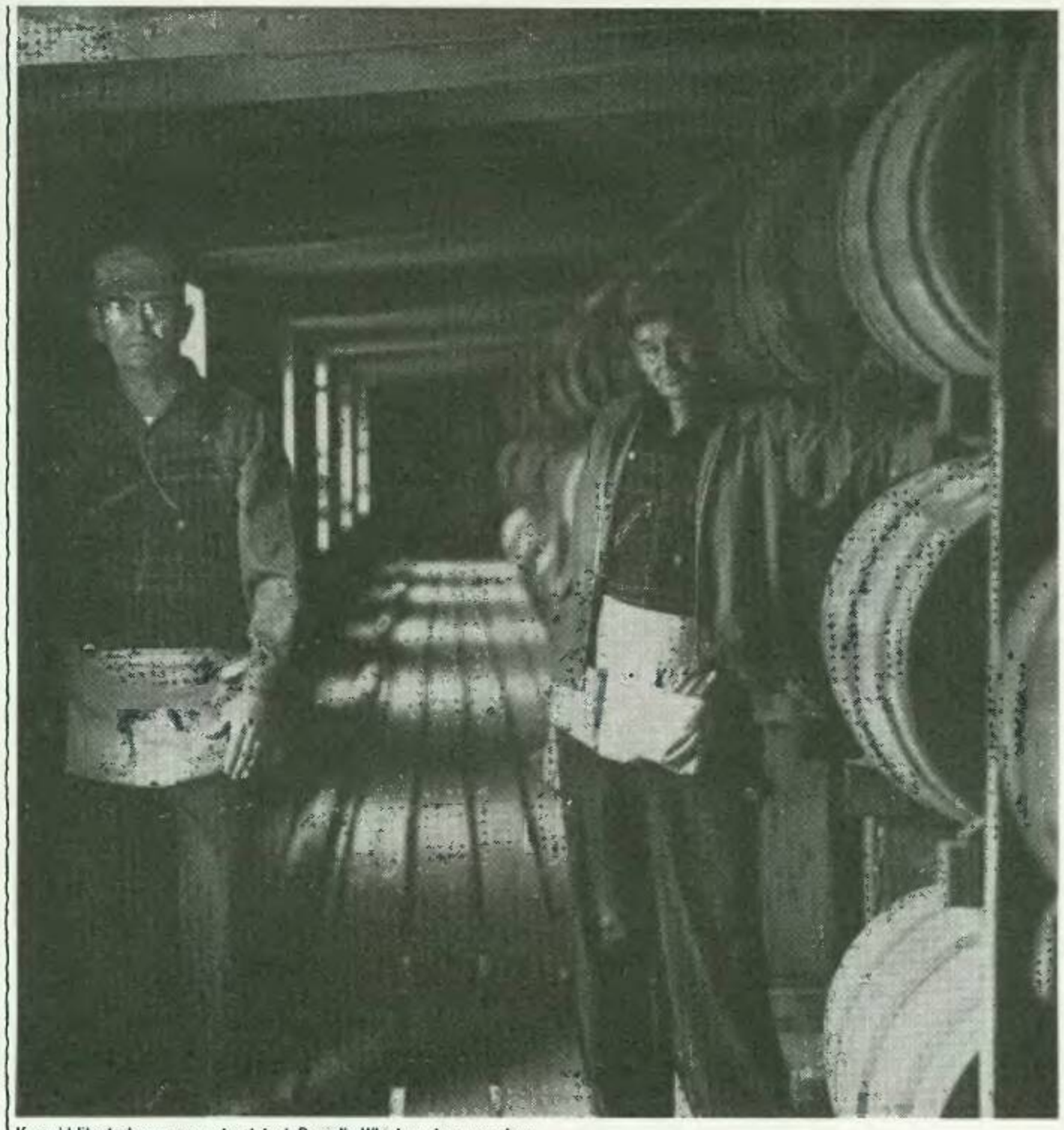
Europe plays "left" and "right" off against each other with a curiously accurate instinct for political and social balance. To be "European" today is to participate in almost instinctive adjustments in the *rapport de force* which have nothing to do with the formal strategies that were meant to create a Europe—a European defense, a common market, a currency basket. Helmut Schmidt wanted Valéry Giscard d'Estaing in the Élysée. François Mitterrand liked Brandt and had no great enthusiasm for Schmidt, but Mitterrand's lugubrious dignity seems to fascinate Margaret Thatcher, and he would prefer to fascinate Helmut Kohl, too, for the next few months rather than have the contradictions in his own socialist experience underlined by a group of bickering West German socialists in the Chancellory.

Pierre Mendès-France was a socialist and a Jew and a Frenchman—which in his case meant the most scrupulous sort of patriot. He had a strong belief in the French nation, and an even stronger belief in restraint in the exercise of nationality. Mendès-France ended his country's war in Indo-China. He drank milk, as every Frenchman knows. He sent his sons to Camp Wigwam, in Harrison, Maine, as a few old Wigwam boys know. And he fought bitterly with Charles de Gaulle, who wanted to shape a Fifth Republic to decorate his own authority. Mendès-France believed in the lessons of the Second World War in Europe. He believed that any country given over to symbols of power could become monstrous. He was a passionate democrat. He preferred the chaos of his old parliamentary state to the chilly clarity of a new, presidential France, even when that chaos meant his own defeat. He took a long view. His family had fled the inquisitors in Portugal—settling in Bordeaux in the seventeenth century, changing its name from Mendès de Franca to Mendès-France—and there are many French Jews today who see an object lesson in that family saga which ended with a Jew ruling France and being humiliated in power and then revered in powerlessness. Mendès-France was indeed revered here, even if the homage came so often from a sense of shame.

The eulogies of the past few weeks were mainly about his moral authority, his moral rigor. Over the years of his forced retirement from socialist politics, he had become the conscience of socialist politics. His scrutiny was humane, and even humorous, but its effect was rabbinical. People who acted meanly or cynically or dishonorably in political life found that they could not look Mendès-France in the eye any longer. They did not know what to do with this civilized man who talked about a socialism built on sympathies of heart and mind and who accepted failure but not dishonesty about failure and who was so different from the Jacobins of the left, whose own moral authority was really only ideology and intolerance. Mitterrand inherited a Gaullist Presidency last year, but the father he wanted to acknowledge, embracing Mendès-France on the day of his inauguration, was that frail old Jewish democrat in the receiving line at the Ély-

sée. The papers here like to recall that moment, that image, because the French are moved by images that are grand and sad and have to do with patrimony. Let me add another image —one that Mendès-France recalled himself, talking to the filmmaker Marcel Ophuls in "The Sorrow and the Pity," Ophuls' remarkable documentary about France during the Occupation, about French cowards and French heroes. Mendès-France became a Vichy prisoner in Clermont-Ferrand after the country fell. He was in obvious danger, and elaborate plans were made for his escape. Finally, one night, disguised with glasses and a new mustache, he made his way to the top of the prison wall: "I should admit that I am not very much of an athlete, but I had prepared myself for this ordeal by doing a lot of exercise in the months before it. So there I was, on top of the wall. I had to jump. It was quite high, but I had to risk it, because once down I would be free—with all that that entailed. I was just about to jump—there were trees all along the road—when I heard an unexpected sound. Voices. I tried to see into the darkness. There was a couple under one of the trees. You can imagine what was on their mind. He had some very definite ideas. She couldn't decide. It took a long, long time, it seemed to me. She did say yes finally, but, really, it seemed as if she put up a very long fight. And then—well, then they left. And then I jumped. And I promise you that at that moment I was even happier than he was. I would really like to meet those two one day. It would give me great pleasure to tell them how I lived through that night with them, and how untimely her shyness had seemed to me then. Well, in the end love, luck, and flight triumphed."

THE Place Dauphine is a secret garden, a little wedge of sandy park and chestnut trees near the tip of the Ile de la Cité, just below the Palais de Justice. Children who live on the Place sometimes play on the steps of the Palais, getting in the way of the lawyers and judges and important police commissioners who stop to talk there, but their parents usually have no interest in the Palais—unless, of course, they are judges or lawyers or important police commissioners themselves. When the Palais de Justice was restored, in 1840, the Place Dauphine was a livelier neighborhood than it is now. It was smelly and dense and full



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of village activity, with the workers and craftsmen and peddlers of the neighborhood living alongside a few bourgeois families who had always considered themselves more interesting, being Place people, than their decorous friends over in the Sixteenth or the Seventh Arrondissement. Gradually, though, the bourgeois families took over. The houses that enclosed the Place were restored to some of their old Henri Quatre detail, and the rents were raised, and now the neighborhood is fashionable and expensive, and most of the workers and craftsmen have had to leave. It is still a neighborhood of great charm, and of special privacy, with its quirky rooftop views of the Seine, and its chestnut trees, and a kind of misty gray light that mellows late on fall afternoons and makes the ground glow. The people who live on the Place today, and on the two quais —the Quai des Orfèvres and the Quai de l'Horloge—that are, in a way, its sidewalks, are for the most part discreet people, bound by real estate and breeding, and even those who might be meddlesome or indiscreet outside the Place tend to dissolve into propriety when they come home. "*On s'entend bien ici*," people on the Place like to say. They still think of themselves as villagers—as villagers who talk things over, solve their own problems, and have no need of the attention of the outside world, by which they mean the rest of Paris, separated by the Seine from their own few acres of the First Arrondissement. In fact, they rarely interfere even with one another. They look across the Place at one another's doors and into one another's windows. They note the comings and goings, the deliveries and the dinner parties. They literally cross paths whenever they cross the Place, and so they depend on a strict etiquette of cordiality, knowing that there is no space in their neighborhood for unpleasantness.

People on the Place Dauphine say now that this discretion of theirs, this instinct not to interfere, is the reason they paid so little attention to the two reports they found in their mailboxes late last spring under the letterhead of the Comité de Sauvegarde de la Place Dauphine—reports that talked about "hordes of Yugoslav pickpockets" on the Pont-Neuf, "undesirables" who preyed on passersby and had to be "eliminated" from the neighborhood. Most people never even got to the Yugoslavs in the first report. They read that Mme. de Roux (at 21 Place Dauphine) was worried about pigeons dirtying Place Dauphine windowsills and eating flowers on Place Dauphine chestnut trees, and then they tossed the report away, thinking vaguely that it must have been at least five or six years since they had got one like it.

The Comité de Sauvegarde de la Place Dauphine began like any of a dozen other local groups here. Some neighbors remember getting together in 1968 because the city planned to build a new subterranean parking lot directly under the Place—and that would have meant cutting down the famous chestnut trees. For a while, they kept on meeting to settle the other problems of the Place, such as how to insure a proper restoration of Place façades, and, eventually, what the proper hour was for Place restaurants to be putting out their trash cans and their sacks of garbage. One big argument they had was about dogs. Some of the people liked dogs and owned dogs, and even walked their dogs among the chestnut trees, and some of them disliked dogs, and thought of dogs the way they thought of pigeons—as a species that had evolved specifically to offend a few hundred fastidious Parisians who lived on a little common on the Ile de la Cité. Life on the Place was fairly calm through the seventies. Housefronts were classified by the Beaux-Arts, and thus protected. The old Place restaurateurs and antique dealers remained, but no one could open a new boutique and make a fortune selling musk candles and home-glazed pottery to tourists. There was some crime on the Place. A couple of young Germans showed up on the Quai de l'Horloge every summer with *their* dogs in tow, and they frightened people walking along the quai and, when they could, robbed them. Occasionally, French boys, working the quais from the crowded safety of the

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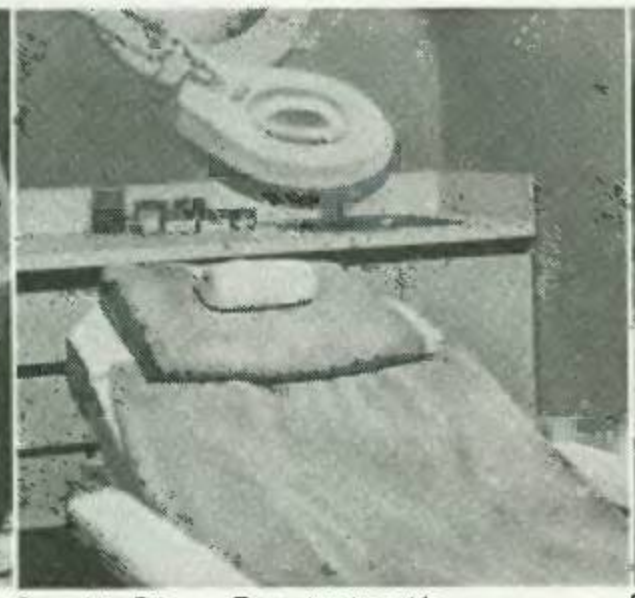

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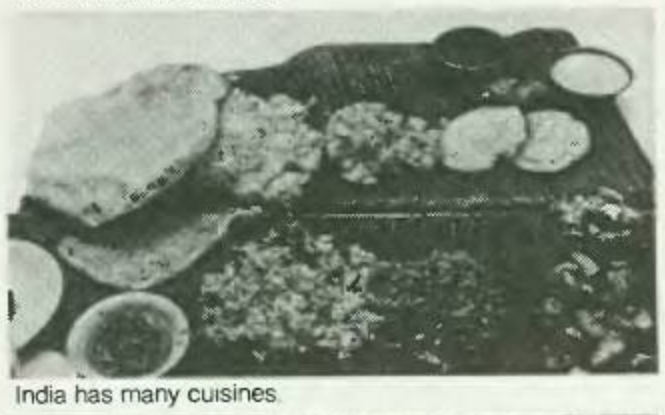

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Pont-Neuf, would rob someone, too. Simone Danloux, who runs a bookstore on the Place du Pont-Neuf, was robbed a few times—but never, she says, by "hordes of Yugoslavs." It was the Yugoslavs who caused the trouble on the Place Dauphine. That is, it was the offspring of a couple of Yugoslav gypsy clans that have settled down, so to speak, in their caravans on the outskirts of Paris. They send their children into town mornings—to the Pont-Neuf, say, or the big Métro stations—to pick pockets and steal handbags instead of sending them to school, where the profits are smaller. Gypsies tend to know the law that concerns them, and the law in this case is that no one under the age of thirteen can be detained in France. Not many of the Pont-Neuf Yugoslavs are over ten or, at the most, twelve years old. They work in groups, these gypsy children. They spot some obviously foreign woman sightseeing on the bridge and they gather around her, chattering, begging, tugging at her skirt while one of them grabs her bag, slips it under a newspaper, and disappears into the crowd. By now, the local policemen know them well. They chase them and scold them and get a handbag or two back when they can, and the little gypsy girls giggle and shriek and announce to everybody watching that the policemen are trying to get them into bed. The children think of stealing as a kind of *métier*, the police say, and they like to show off. French television has filmed them working the Métro. *Le Figaro* has published pictures of them snatching bags, and there have been articles about them in *Le Monde* and *Le Nouvel Observateur*. The Comité de Sauvegarde de la Place Dauphine says that Edith Cresson, the Minister of Agriculture, even got up in the Assembly one day to talk about "the Yugoslav problem"—though no one on the committee can swear to the fact that Mme. Cresson was talking about ten-year-old gypsy pickpockets, and not just unemployed Yugoslav farmers. The fact is that there are sixty-eight thousand Yugoslavs in France. There are migrant workers from all over Yugoslavia. There are Serbs and Croats and Macedonians and Slovenes, and at the most only a few thousand of those Yugoslavs are gypsies—gypsies who entered France without passports, driving their caravans (the French call them mobile shantytowns) across the mountains from Italy, and showing up at the nearest *gendarmerie* to register as

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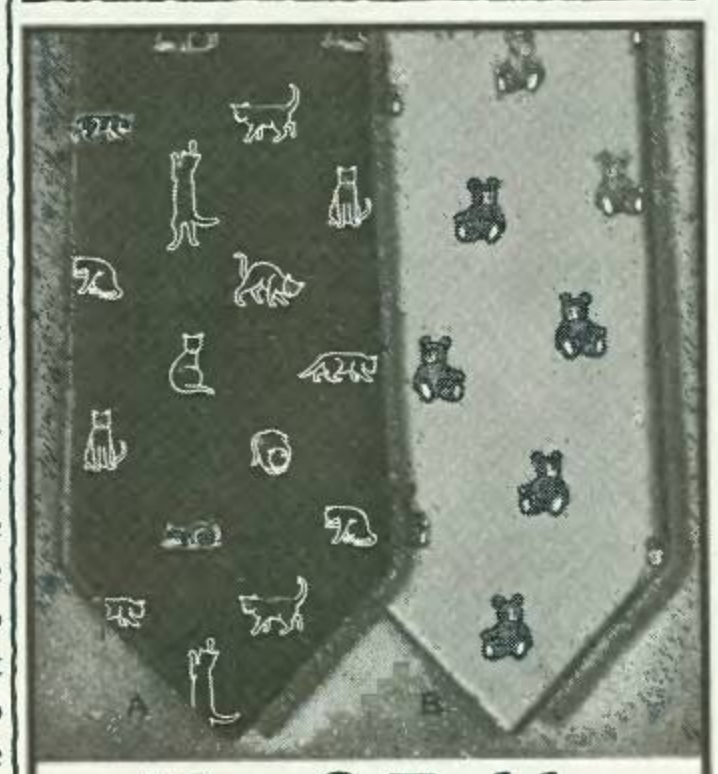

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Most Yugoslavs in France are here to work in factories and save money and eventually go home and build themselves new houses in their native villages and never work again. Some of them are in Paris doing piecework for clothing designers around Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière, and, by chance, one designer who owns an atelier on the Faubourg Poissonnière and uses a lot of Yugoslavs is a woman from the Place Dauphine. Her name was Aline Hercberg when she moved to the Place, seven years ago. Now her name is Aline Hercberg-Sullivan, because she married an Irishman named Garratt Sullivan, and the two of them exchanged names along with wedding rings. Mme. Hercberg-Sullivan has been a refugee of sorts herself; she spent the war, hidden and disguised as a "French" child, in the Pyrenees, far from home. Her parents come from Poland. "Polish Jewish Bolsheviks" is how she likes to describe them. They moved to France some sixty years ago and became furriers in Paris, and, in a way, joined the Parisian Jewish bourgeoisie. But they kept their sympathies for poor people and oppressed people and people like Jews and gypsies, who were so often outcasts and exiles. Aline Hercberg-Sullivan grew up in Paris and inherited those sympathies. She went to Israel and spent three years studying Hebrew and working on a kibbutz, and finally she came home and began designing dresses and then producing the dresses she designed, and she did so well that she was able to buy herself a charming triplex on the Place Dauphine which, according to Place gossip, had once briefly belonged to Yves Saint Laurent. She is still what the French would call *une femme très sensible*. She has a horror of prejudice. She likes the Yugoslavs and the Turks who work for her. She does not blame those Yugoslavs for the sleight of hand of a couple of dozen delinquents on the Pont-Neuf, any more than she blames those Turks for murders committed here in the name of Allah by a handful of Middle Eastern terrorists.

Aline and Garratt Hercberg-Sullivan do not belong to the Comité de Sauvegarde de la Place Dauphine, but Aline does contribute to an organization called MRAP—Mouvement Con-

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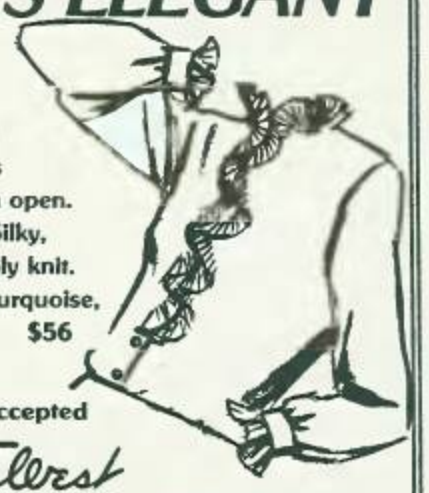

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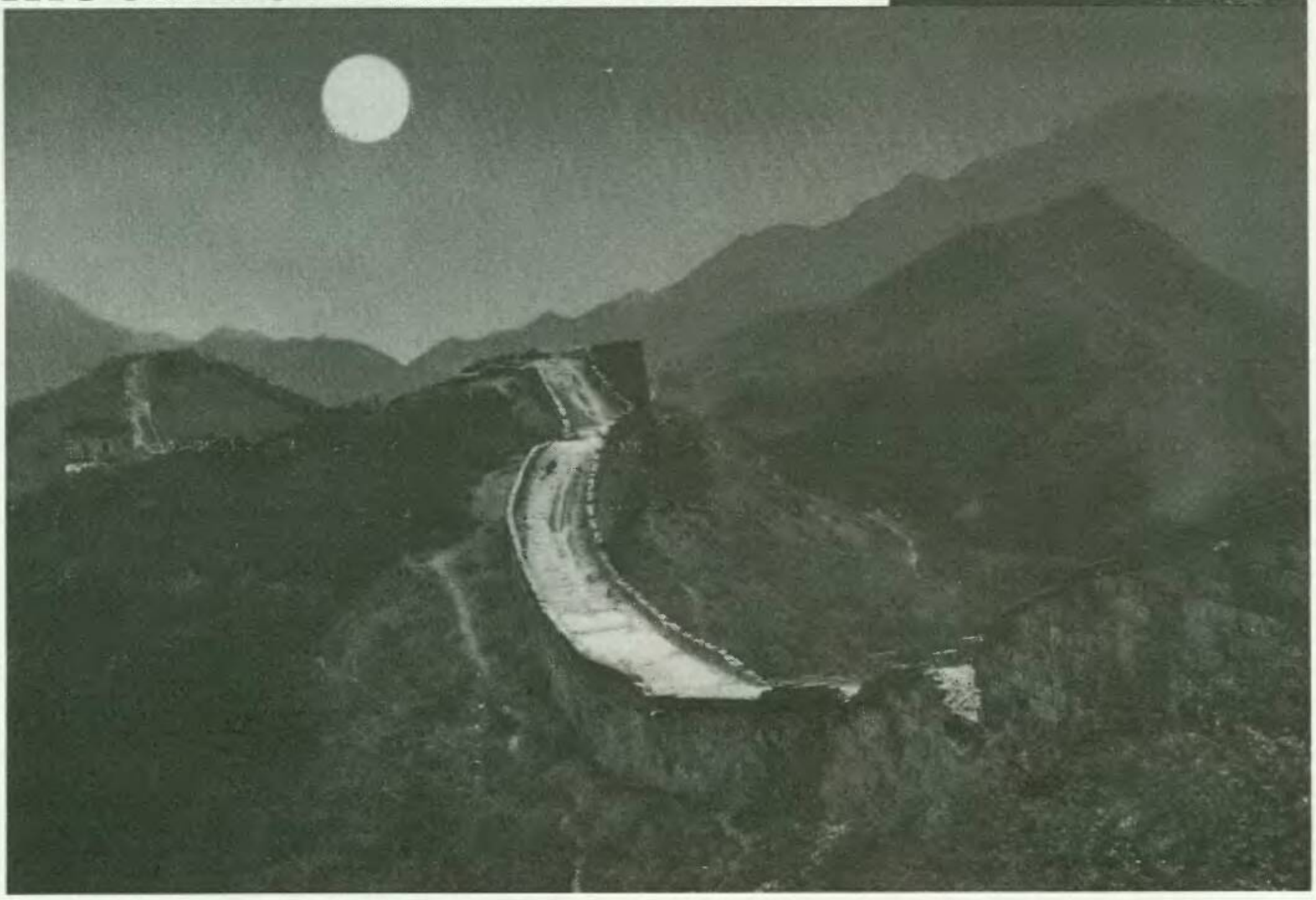

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tre le Racisme et pour l'Amitié Entre les Peuples. MRAP grew out of an underground group that was concerned with saving Jewish children during the Second World War, and gradually became a group against racism of any sort, and over the years Aline has advertised her dresses in MRAP's magazine, *Différences*, because she liked the work MRAP was doing and wanted to support it. Albert Lévy, the man who runs MRAP now, is a militant of the French Communist Party, and so are some of the people on his staff. His board—which is an honorary, not an advisory, board—is pointedly not Communist. The board of MRAP is chic. For artists and intellectuals, it has people like Jean Lacouture and Edmonde Charles-Roux and Alain Resnais and Iannis Xenakis and Maurice Béjart. For Socialists, it has Gisèle Halimi and Pierre Joxe, who is head of the Socialist delegation at the National Assembly and who lives off the Place Dauphine himself, on the Quai de l'Horloge. It even has a former Gaullist deputy named Alain Terrenoire and an academician who was so eager for the credential that when his predecessor at the Académie Française died he wrote to Lévy and asked to replace the man on the MRAP board, too. It is assumed that MRAP is going to be more agreeable about fighting racism in a moneyed neighborhood like the Place Dauphine than in a workers' town, where the Communist Party could be embarrassed by a lawsuit. The Party is notoriously xenophobic at its grass roots, and MRAP did not file charges in either of two landmark cases of the past few years where Communists were involved—one having to do with a mayor from the *banlieu rouge* outside Paris who led his colleagues and constituents to sack a dormitory where some Mali immigrants were camping, and the other having to do with Communists who publicly accused a Moroccan family that had been living peacefully in their town for five years of peddling drugs to local youngsters. Lately, MRAP has taken up the Palestinian cause. A number of Jews in the movement are disturbed by this. Some quit two years ago, after terrorists bombed a synagogue on Rue Copernic and killed four people, and MRAP released a statement that seemed to them to blame the conservatives, who were still in power in France that fall, more than it blamed the terrorists. The ones who stayed did blame the government for ignoring what they

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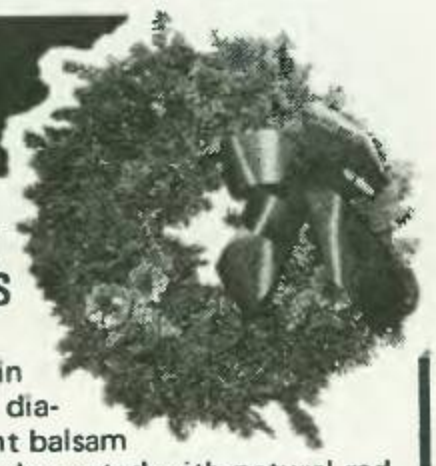

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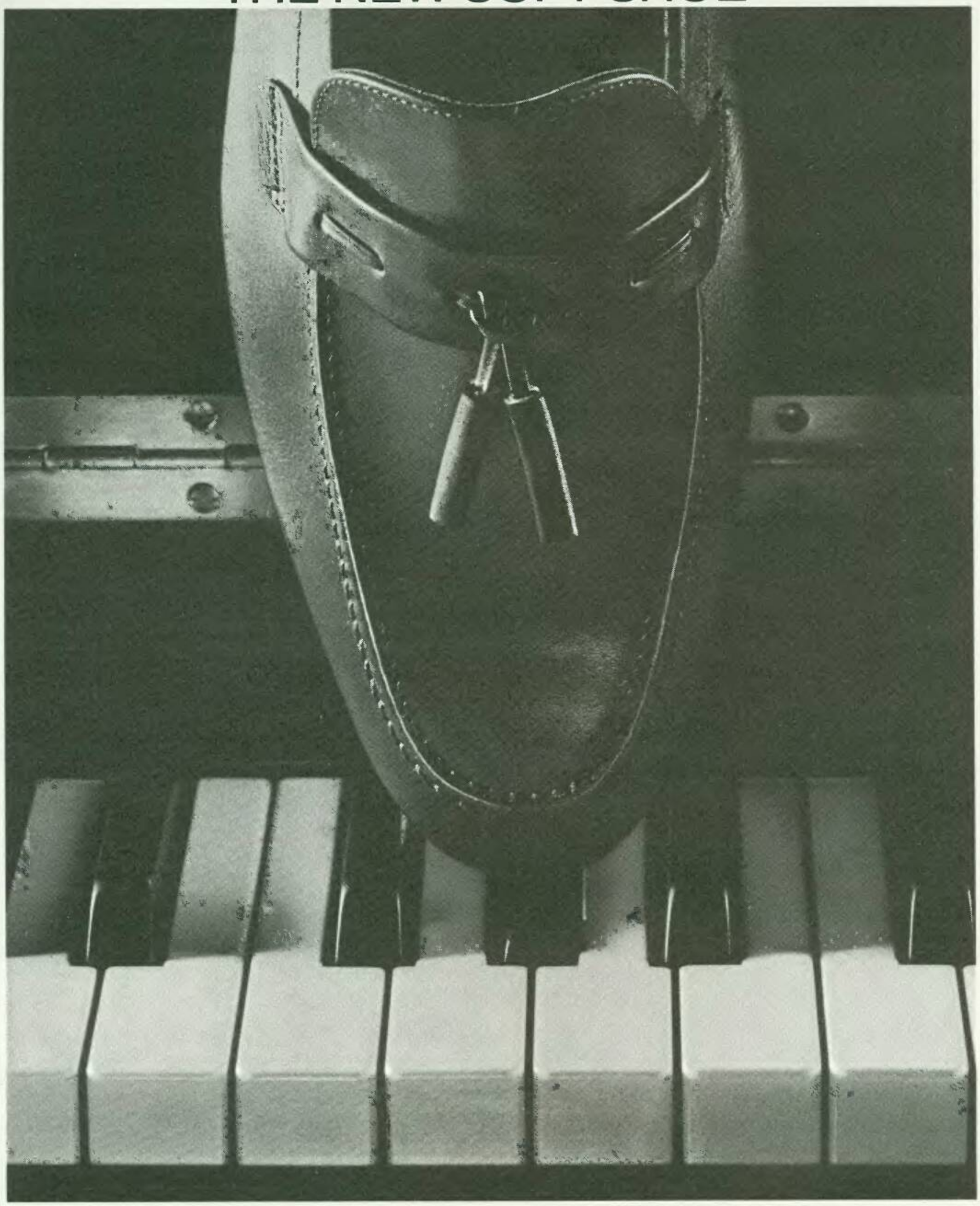

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called "the rise of racism and fascism." They told friends who had left MRAP to consider the implications of remarks like the one their Prime Minister, Raymond Barre, made after the bombing. Barre denounced the "odious crime that was aimed at Jews going to synagogue and made victims of innocent Frenchmen walking along Rue Copernic."

Aline Hercberg-Sullivan thought of MRAP when she got her second report from the Comité de Sauvegarde de la Place Dauphine in the mailbox, and so she phoned its offices, on the Rue Oberkampf. On August 13th, a lawyer from MRAP's judicial commission formally charged the Comité de Sauvegarde de la Place Dauphine with incitement to racial hatred and discrimination.

THERE is no doubt that when the Comité de Sauvegarde de la Place Dauphine started meeting again last spring there were problems to solve. There was, of course, the problem of the pigeons that distressed Mme. de Roux. There was the problem of the annual Pont-Neuf street fair, which always spilled over onto the Place, and which the committee wanted to replace with "more cultural activities." But mainly there was the problem of security, which became the problem of the "hordes of Yugoslav pickpockets." One woman on the Place says that last spring she was counting fourteen or fifteen robberies a day from her back window, which overlooks the bridge. Another woman says that she was counting ten, anyway. Yet no one actually seems to have seen any Yugoslavs (or people they considered Yugoslavs) on the Place Dauphine itself—and the Place is so well studied by its inhabitants that they know which strangers from the Sixth, just across the bridge, show up for a few minutes in the evening to walk their dogs.

Twenty-two people came to the first spring meeting of the Comité de Sauvegarde de la Place Dauphine. Six people formally excused themselves, including Louis Joxe, the minister who negotiated Algerian independence for Charles de Gaulle, and who is Pierre Joxe's father. The people who came elected Louis Joxe their *président d'honneur*. They elected themselves officers. Their new working president was a businessman named Jean-Claude Le Sant, with a real-estate-management company on the Place, a construction company in

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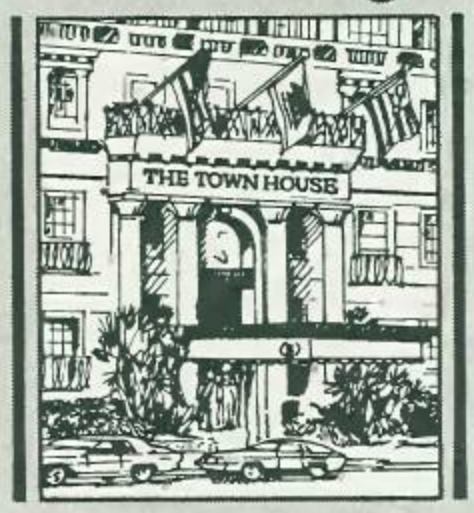

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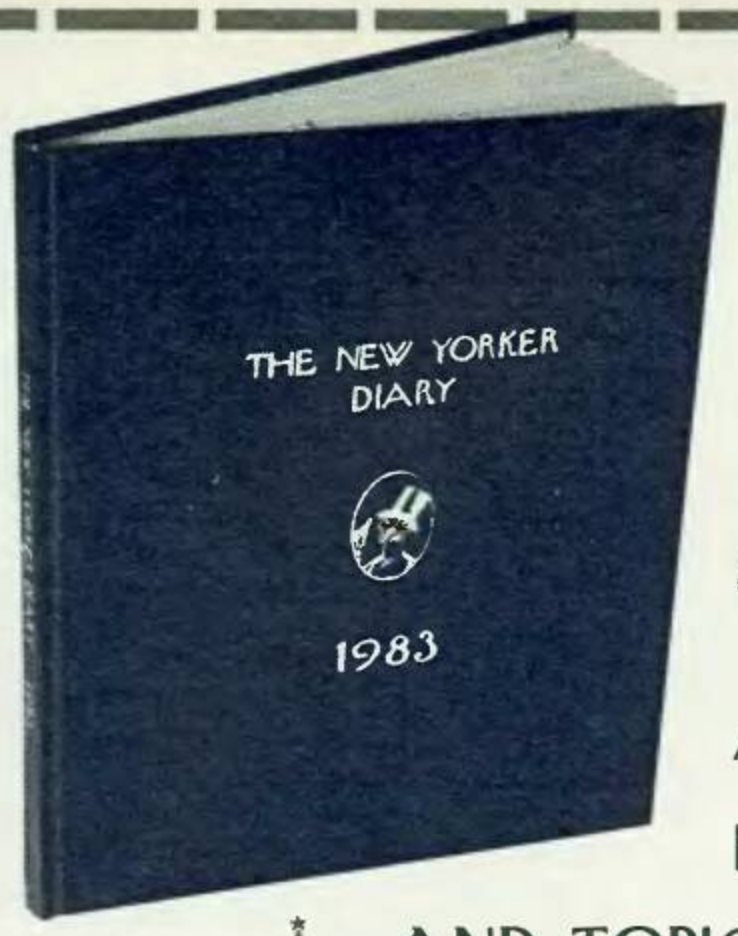

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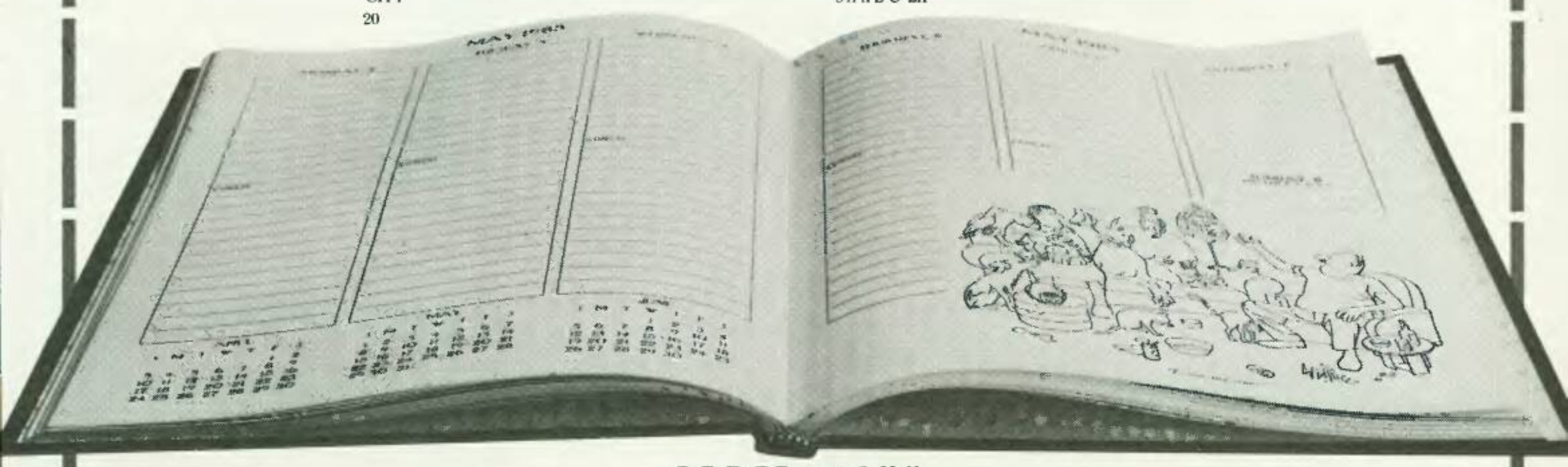

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the suburbs, and an active interest in Jacques Chirac's Gaullist party, Rassemblement pour la République. Le Sant has a vision of the Place Dauphine that seems to please the people on the committee. He talks with feeling about little stones poured in concrete over the dirt and the grass in some agreeable, easy-to-clean pattern; maybe a flower garden with a fence around it; no dogs; no cars; no old men from the Samaritaine, across the bridge, playing *boules* at lunchtime. But Le Sant is a busy man, admittedly impatient with details. When Françoise Ballé, the new secretary of the committee, walked over to his office, at 14 Place Dauphine, with the minutes of that first meeting, Le Sant glanced at them and then signed them with her and ordered a few hundred copies run off on his office copier, and soon everybody on the Place had a copy.

There are people on the Place who say that Françoise Ballé could be a Yugoslav herself—a kind of laundered and respectable gypsy—with her bright black hair pulled back and the silky red dress she sometimes wears and the flush of agitation on her dark cheeks. They know, of course, that Françoise Ballé is French. Her father had a little bait-and-tackle shop on the Quai de l'Horloge. (Some of the Place people who are annoyed at Françoise Ballé now for her exuberance about the Yugoslavs have taken to calling it "a little worm shop.") Boys and girls who grew up on the quai twenty or thirty years ago still remember going off to the bridge at dawn with a can of M. Ballé's special worms and with M. Ballé's special tackle, but after M. Ballé died his wife and daughter became converts, as it were, from worms to tea, and now the name of the shop is Thés d'Arcy. The Ballé women seem to associate tea with propriety. Some of their neighbors say that they control the Place with tea. Everybody buys tea from the Ballés, as if by way of precautionary expiation for some unknown offense that they are likely to commit one day. If they happen to dislike tea (a lot of the French do), there is always Ballé jam, at twelve francs a jar, and an assortment of fancy spices that come in test tubes, corked on top, and consequently require the purchase of a shelf to keep them right side up. As secretary of the Comité de Sauvegarde de la Place Dauphine, Françoise Ballé made a natural vigilante, and her minutes of the first meeting—it was on May 25th—were a catalogue of small social obser-

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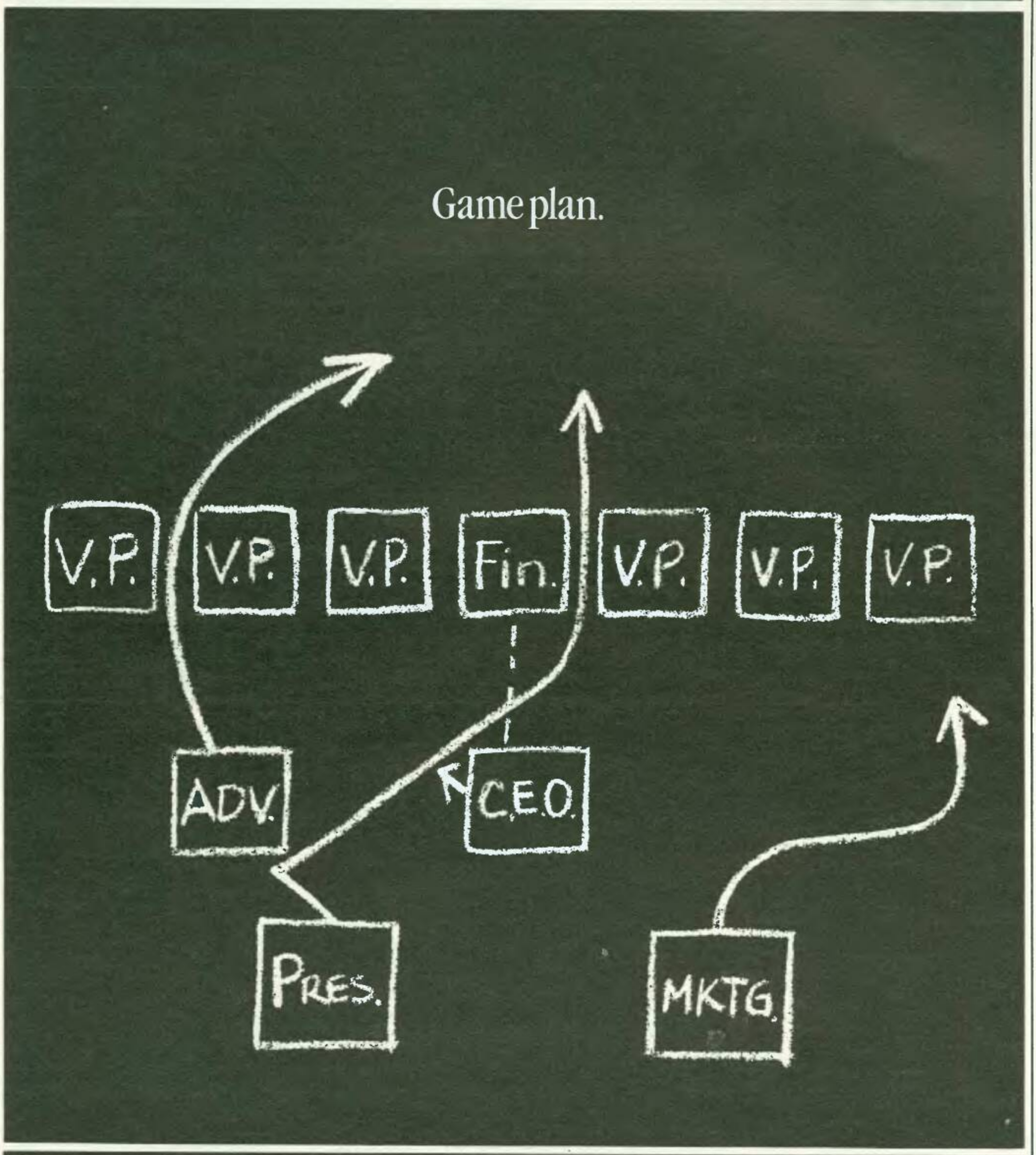

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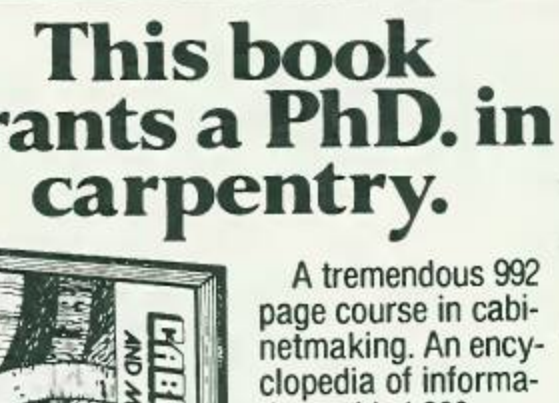

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vations. There was the reference to concierges who broke the garbage code. There was the reference to Vincenzo Marsiglia—he owns a local restaurant called Il Delfino—as Vincenzo du Delfino. There was the association of Mme. de Roux, one of the aristocrats, so to speak, of the Place Dauphine, with the pigeon problem, as if Mme. de Roux's particular distaste for pigeon droppings added tone and weight and solemnity to the argument against them. But, for hyperbole, nothing matched Françoise Ballé's passages about Yugoslav pickpockets and about the committee's determination that the prefecture send policemen to patrol the Place and "*ramasser ces indésirables et les diriger où il se doit.*" She must have been pleased with her minutes, because a few weeks later she wrote another report to the neighborhood, this one about the meeting she and Jean-Claude Le Sant had just had with the police commissioner and about the commissioner's thoughtfully setting up "an important operation" to clear the neighborhood.

THERE is no doubt about the xenophobia in France today. Crime is rising, and the fact of a couple of million immigrant workers in the country means that the French are thinking less about the problems immigrants have in being poor and foreign and far from home and often unwelcome than about the probability of immigrants' being criminals. Besides, unemployment is rising, too—because of economic hard times and two devaluations of the franc, and also because a craven economic policy on Giscard's part has been followed by a stubborn policy on Mitterrand's. People in France—as in Germany, as in England—forget easily that the foreigners came in to do the jobs they themselves despised. Now they conclude that the foreigners have stolen those jobs from them. They conclude that the foreigners are terrorists, because so many terrorists are foreigners—and because France has in fact suffered eighteen terrorist murders in the past seven months. They look at what is really an enlightened policy of political asylum and blame it for the deaths at Jo Goldenberg's restaurant this summer. Eventually, they begin to turn the word "refugee" into something suspect and the words "political refugee" into a kind of synonym for "killer." Simone Signoret, coming home to her apartment on the Place Dauphine from a trip to Poland, read

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the committee's reports and said that what distressed her most was a reference to the gypsy children on the Pont-Neuf as "children of political refugees."

Georges Kiejman, a lawyer who has tried some of the country's most important political-rights cases, talks about a *banalization du mal* in France today. He says that the further the country gets from the really expressive examples of racism in its recent history—war in Algeria and Nazi genocide—the more racism here turns into the kind of ordinary, daily, even unconscious prejudices that do not scare other people very much but can make libertarians like himself uneasy. Certainly France needed the law against racism which it finally got ten years ago. The last French law to deal specifically with what kind of newspaper one could publish and what kind of open letter one could leave in a neighbor's mailbox had been written in 1881, and over the years even that law was applied with less and less diligence. By the late thirties, papers like Robert Brasillach's *Je Suis Partout* were publishing special issues on Jews in France ("*Les Juifs sont des étrangers*") which involved the most vicious and grotesque caricatures. People like Simone Signoret—who grew up here in the thirties and who has been involved for years in civil-rights causes—are going to be sensitive to notes about "undesirables" on their doorsteps. But a lot of people do not see anything really terrible about calling thieves undesirables or people from Yugoslavia Yugoslavs, whether or not they come in hordes, and whether or not, being gypsies, they call themselves Yugoslavs to begin with.

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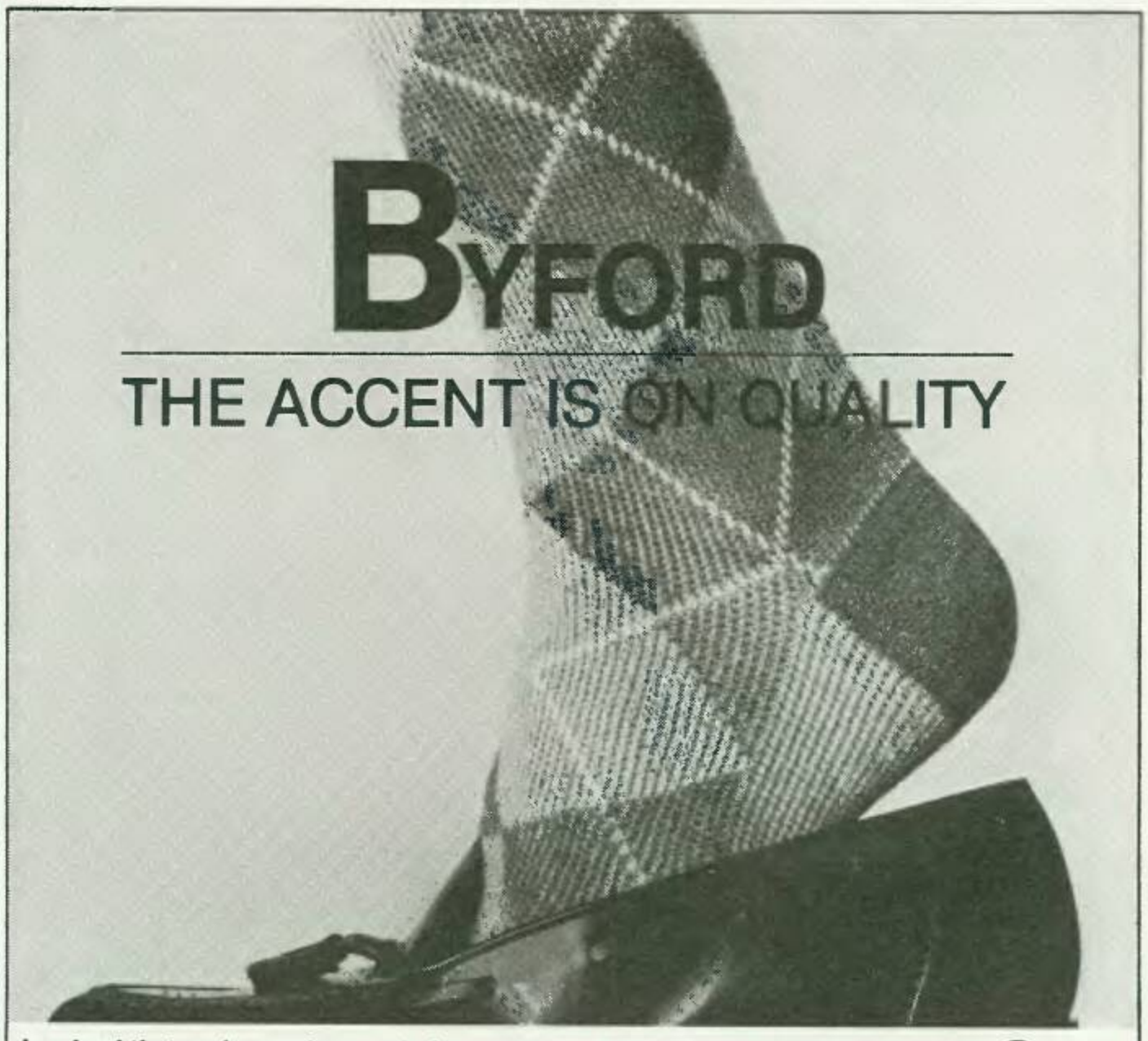

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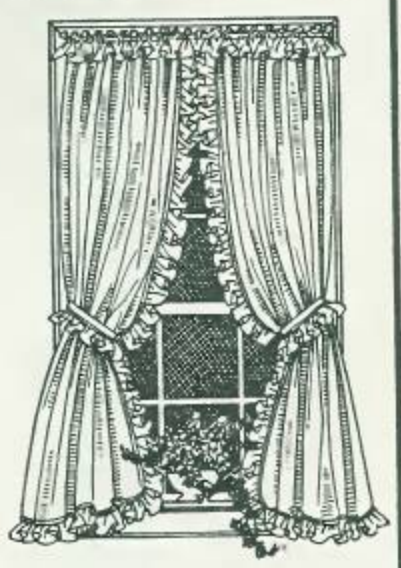

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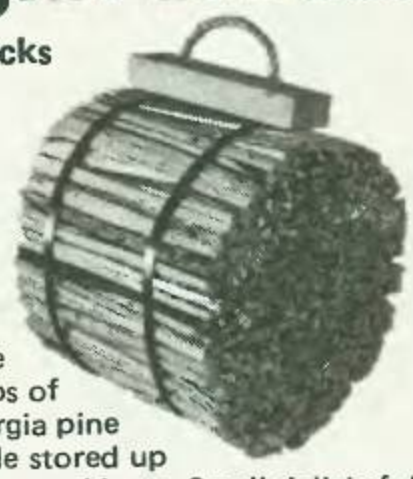

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Palais de Justice. Jean-Claude Le Sant, who, as president of the Comité de Sauvegarde de la Place Dauphine, is responsible for its actions under French law, is being sued for twenty-four thousand francs and the committee itself for another twenty-four thousand, and MRAP is asking—it always does in such cases—that Le Sant pay for the publication of any judgment against him in four newspapers and magazines of MRAP's choosing. Meanwhile, the committee is collecting witnesses. There is talk of a witness who was robbed in his wheelchair by Yugoslavs, talk of a witness robbed in his moving car. One of the two women who sit at their windows on the quai counting pickpockets is going to testify. The other woman refuses. She says that she does not want to get involved. Some of her friends on the Place Dauphine feel that way, too. They will buy their tea and jam from the Ballés, but they refuse to look silly publicly in front of liberal friends. Most Place people simply regret that the old neighborhood courtesies broke down when it came to the Yugoslavs. They are people like the waitress at Chez Paul who said the other night, "*Le tribunal? Je n'aime pas ces choses sophistiquées.*"

Garratt Hercberg-Sullivan is going to testify for MRAP. No one on the Place has volunteered to testify with him, and he doubts if anyone will, inasmuch as since August no one on the Place has even talked to him about it. No one has said "You're right" or "I admire you" or "I don't admire you." No one has offered any encouragement or understanding (or even criticism) of the gesture he and Aline made. One woman on the Place did talk briefly last month about walking over and "having a chat with that nice Hercberg girl, letting her know how we do things on the Place Dauphine," but in the end she decided against it.

Aline Hercberg-Sullivan was busy anyway last month with the Paris *prêt-à-porter*, spending her time with friends and customers from overseas. She says that she never actually asked MRAP to bring the committee before the tribunal; she just looked at those first reports, she says, and got mad and picked up the phone on impulse, and she does not regret it at all. She and her husband have heard their neighbors on the sidewalk outside their living room, and heard them stop and whisper, and knew that they were pointing out the "denouncers' " apartment. People have been stopping like

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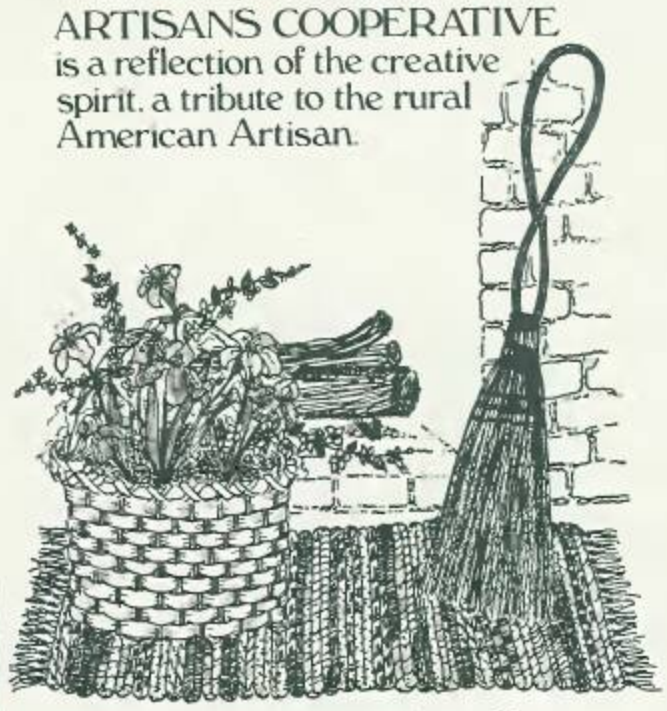

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that since word went around the Place that the "denouncers" were the foreigners—less a reference to Hercberg, as it happens, than to Sullivan—at No. 21, the arty foreigners with the salmon-pink shutters. Garratt Hercberg-Sullivan says that he and Aline don't know many of their neighbors anyway, not having a dog to walk or children to call in from the Palais's steps at dinnertime. They know the people at Chez Paul, where they often eat after a long day's work. Now Garratt Hercberg-Sullivan also knows Robert Cointepas, the proprietor of a local wine-and-sandwich bar called the Taverne Henri Quatre, having stopped in for a drink a few days after MRAP filed charges, and having been asked by Cointepas, "Is your name Sullivan?" When Garratt Hercberg-Sullivan nodded, Robert Cointepas called his wife and said, "It's him, all right. I win the bet."

Garratt Hercberg-Sullivan himself was robbed last year on the Place Dauphine—or, rather, his truck was robbed. Garratt has a business importing Irish salmon and Irish oysters, and he delivers to restaurants in a new insulated truck, which he sometimes leaves outside his apartment at night so that he can get an early start the next morning. There were thousands of francs in salmon and oysters in the truck when he went to sleep the night of the robbery. In the morning, he was seven thousand francs poorer, and even his delivery trolley was gone. He has no idea who robbed him, but he assumes that if it had been a horde of Yugoslavs he would have heard something.

ONE of the reasons that Pierre Mendès-France is missed so much here is that he saw clearly. Friends on the Place Dauphine would probably have called him up and asked him what to do about the trouble in their neighborhood, and he would have thought for a while and called them back, and whatever he replied would have been the best of France.

—JANE KRAMER

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79 Movie: ★★★ *The Day of the Locust* (1975, drama) Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith. A fine screen adaptation of Nathaniel Hawthorne's harrowing novel about Hollywood's nether world in the thirties, as seen through the eyes of an aspiring writer.—*TV listing in the Toronto Globe & Mail.*

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THE THEATRE

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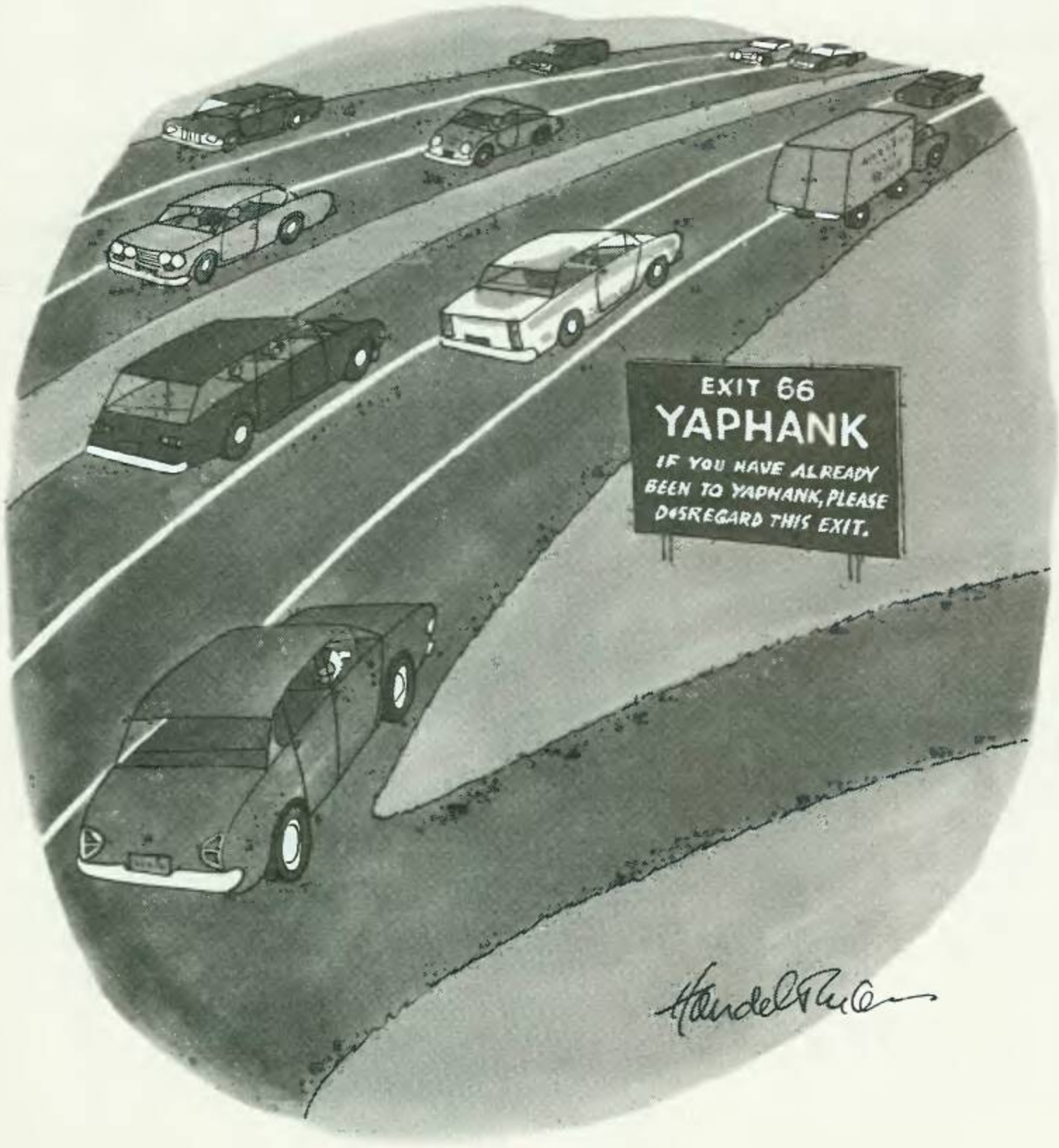
TRUTH in packaging is always a problem when it comes to the arts. Murray Schisgal's "Twice Around the Park," at the Cort, is billed as "a New York comedy," which implies that it is a full-length work having to do, directly or indirectly, with New York City, but in fact it consists of a couple of one-act farces that are totally unlike in subject matter and are no more intimately revelatory of New York City than of, say, Tierra del Fuego, home of the night-prowling tuco-tuco. Mr. Schisgal's dramatic method is to accumulate a succession of gags and hope that a high proportion of them will go off, like so many loosely linked firecrackers, fast enough so we will forget the duds that have failed to go off at all. In the first farce, which pretends to be "Act I," and which bears the unlucky title "A Need for Brussels Sprouts," the setting is an apartment somewhere on the West Side, newly occupied by an actor, Leon Rose, whose career we perceive to be in jeopardy. He is bald, middle-aged, and irascible; his talent, though he has earned a living by it, is plainly a negligible one, and we are not surprised to learn that he has been married three times, unsuccessfully. A tough, red-headed policewoman arrives on his doorstep prepared to issue a summons to him for playing his phonograph so loudly that it disturbs the other tenants in the building—especially the tenant who lives in the flat above him. It soon turns out that the policewoman is herself the tenant in the flat above, and that she has at least as much reason as he does to regard the institution of marriage with distaste. Beginning as adversaries, these two unlovely creatures bark and scratch their way, gag by gag, into the prospect of an amorous intimacy so implausible and so unbecoming that one averts one's eyes, as from some dreadful accident in the streets.



In the so-called second act, entitled "A Need for Less Expertise," we are in the presence of a couple, Edie and Gus Frazier, who have been married for twenty-six years, and whose children have long since left what Edie would no doubt call "the nest." Edie is feeling superfluous, and no wonder—Gus continues to enjoy his work and his girlfriends, while Edie, too old to be a feminist and too young to die, has only her housework with which to busy herself. In a desperate attempt to save a failing marriage, the Fraziers are following the professional advice of a gurulike marriage counsellor named Dr. Oliovsky, which is conveyed to them by means of a borrowed cassette recording. The Doctor's suavely portentous instructions are indeed hilarious—a man seated in front of me at the Cort laughed so hard and so continuously that I feared he might be carried off by an apoplectic seizure—and the little toy of plot winds itself down with a merciful celerity. If, in spite of "Brussels Sprouts," "Twice Around the Park" provides a merry, mindless evening in the theatre, Mr. Schisgal will not be surprised to learn that I give much of the credit for this accomplishment to his superlative cast, which is to say to Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach. They are accustomed by now to hurling themselves headlong into the shallows of Schisgal and netting there, in the midst of much splashing, some minnow of value. Mr. Wallach is adept at assuming toward the world around him an attitude of outraged astonishment at its obtuseness (at such moments, he often reminds me of that superb amateur actor Mayor Koch); Miss Jackson stands for a hard-pressed but not unintelligent goodness. Evidently, they play together because it gives them a great deal of pleasure to do so, and their pleasure heightens and sweetens that of their audiences. Long may they flourish!

The scenery of "Twice Around the Park" is by James Tilton, the costumes are by Ruth Morley, the lighting is by Judy Rasmuson, and the direction is by Arthur Storch.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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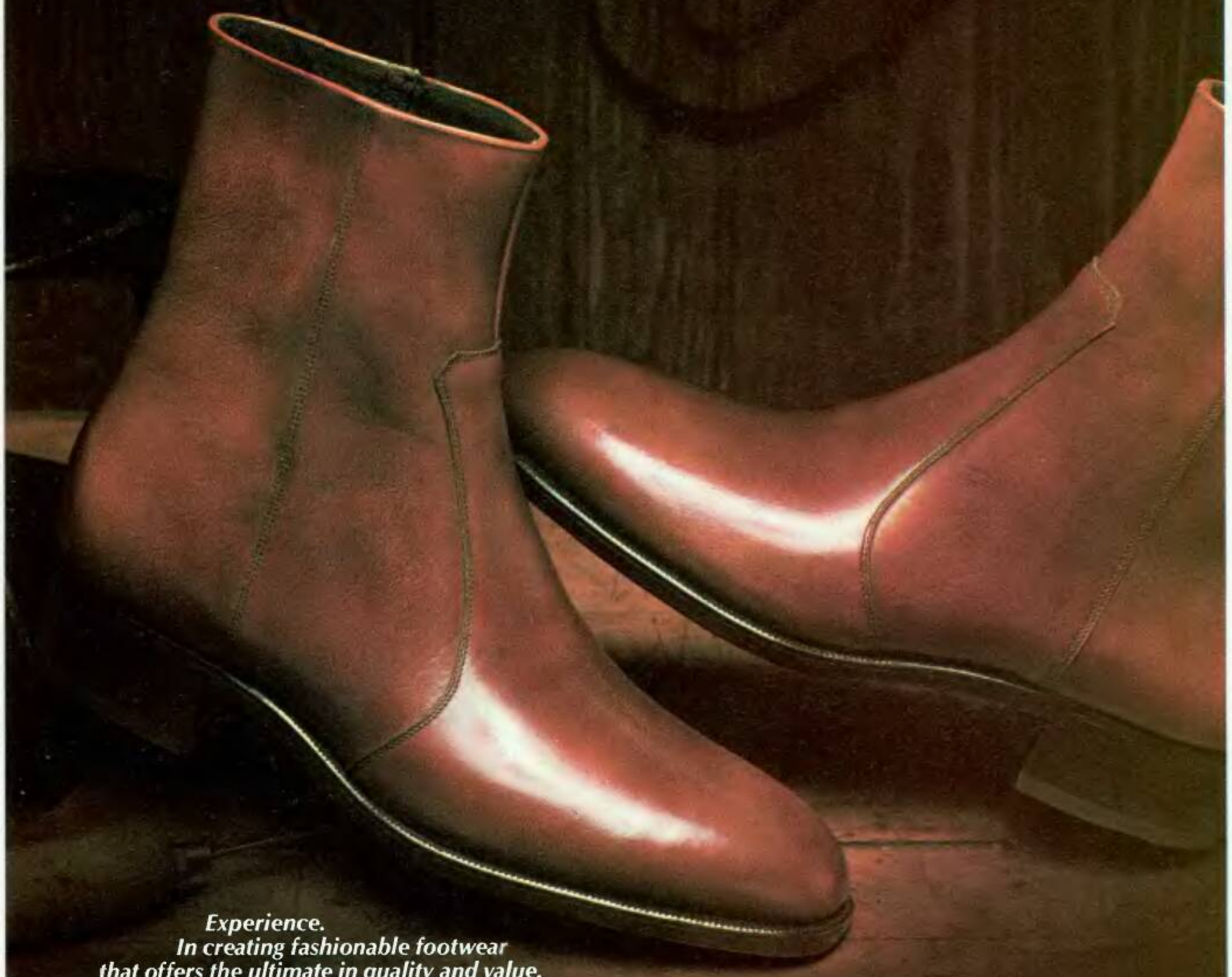

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The Magician

ROBERT ALTMAN'S "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" shouldn't work, but it does. Every idea and line of dialogue in Ed Graczyk's play, which centers on the reunion of a James Dean fan club on the twentieth anniversary of his death, is derivative in a fake-poetic, fake-magical way; it reeks of the worst of William Inge, of Tennessee Williams misunderstood. In structure, it's a Texas-small-town, women's version of O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," with each woman forced to reveal her hideous truth—what her whole pitiful system of pretensions has been covering up. And it has its Iceman: a member of the group who left town and now returns to blast the lid off these cowardly lives. I doubt if a major film director has ever before voluntarily taken on as thoroughgoing a piece of drivel as this one. Yet when Altman gives a project everything he's got, his skills are such that he can make poetry out of fake poetry and magic out of fake magic. When he'd finished this film, he went off to the University of Michigan to stage Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress," which features a machine for converting stones into bread.

Altman had a humiliating defeat when he directed "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" on Broadway early this year; afterward, he restaged the one-set play in a New York studio with basically the same cast and shot it in Super 16-millimetre in nineteen days, at a cost of nine hundred thousand dollars—put up by Mark Goodson Productions and Viacom (which acquired the right to show the film on its cable division, Showtime). When "Come Back" was blown up to 35-millimetre, there may have been a small loss of vibrancy (the peach-pink tones seem to have grayed out a bit), but it still has a glow. Discussing his plans to film plays for cable TV, Altman told *Newsweek*, "There has to be a new style—not a play, not a movie," and "Come Back" is somewhere in between. The material develops like a well-made theatre piece: the playwright withholds crucial information about the characters' past experiences, then gradually strips away their lies. And although Altman has trimmed the text of the Broadway version, the dialogue retains the over-explanatory quality that is typical of the stage. There's a lot of talk. But he uses an unusually fluid camera style. The movement inside the 5 & Dime setting is delicately purposeful—he keeps us aware of the women's faces and shoulders, of how they stand or touch or hover over one another. While Graczyk's dialogue is coming out of them, the camera peruses the ones who are speaking and the ones who are listening. We're physically close to them, as we're physically close to the actors in Bergman's films. But Altman doesn't burrow into a character the way Bergman does, starting in closeup and pushing farther and farther in. Altman's camera doesn't have that relentlessness; the characters don't look pinned down—they appear to be caught in passing, on the wing, and that's part of what makes this film seem so magical. Moving in apparent freedom, the principal actresses go at their roles so creatively that, I think, they've found some kind of acting truth in what they're doing. They bring conviction to their looneytunes characters.

When you come out, you may be saying to yourself, "If Robert Altman can do that with a piece of sausage, think what he could do with a good script." But it's possible that Sandy Dennis, Cher, Karen Black, and, in a lesser role, Marta Heflin are able to do so much with their parts because of the cheesy mythmaking undertones of the material. If the roles made better sense, the actresses might not be able to plunge so far down into themselves or pull up so much emotion. It's

"Stuart Pelletier's gimmick, apparently, is lack of flash."

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because this glib, religioso play is so derivative that the actors have found so much depth in it. When actors peel away layers of inhibition, they feel they're uncovering "truth," and it's traditional for directors and acting teachers to call it that. But this truth may be derived from their stored-up pop mythology—atrocity stories from sources as diverse as comic books, TV, and Joan Didion, and tales of sacrificial heroes and heroines that go back beyond the birth of movies to the first storytellers. "Truthful" acting may be affecting to us because it represents the sum total of everything the actors have been affected by. It comes from areas far below conscious technique; it's true to their psyches. To use the theatre term, the performers here have made the roles "their own." They may think they're finding meanings in the material, but actually they're adding them. If they didn't—if they stayed with the surface of this play—they'd be dead.

As the more than slightly mad Mona, Sandy Dennis is the linchpin of the production, and if you're not fascinated by the way Mona tries to distance herself from the life about her and from her own sensuality you might find the film intolerable. Sometimes it may seem that not much separates a superb Sandy Dennis performance from an irritating one, since she uses some of the same mannerisms in both. But when her tics are right for a role she can zoom off and come up with things no one else would have dreamt of. I found her impossible in her starring vehicles (the 1967 "Up the Down Staircase" and the 1968 "Sweet November") but a droopy joy in the 1970 "The Out-of-Towners" and unfailingly funny in the 1977 "Nasty Habits." And she brought something weirdly human to last year's "The Four Seasons." (She was the only person in it I could have any feeling for.) Mona is her most extravagant creation: nervous and nostrilly and ladylike, a woman who hides in dowdy clothes yet can't resist wearing her thick, curly red hair soft and loose—floating about her, aureole style. Even Mona's affectations—which center on how fine-grained and sensitive and asthmatic she is—are of the flesh. She's compellingly strange and repressed, yet carnal, and, I think, very beautiful (she's a little like Piper Laurie in "Carrie"), and when she's angry she's frighteningly bossy. She gets "burned up," and you can see why the people around her don't challenge her

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stories: Mona's grip on her fantasies is the strongest thing about her. I admired the performance that Sandy Dennis gave in Altman's 1969 "That Cold Day in the Park," but it was a much more held-in character; Mona —a delusionary romantic—is far more stirring. And Sandy Dennis takes more chances as an actress now. The way the role is written, Mona is a hand-me-down from Tennessee Williams; complaining of the small-minded small-town people, she's a cow-country Blanche DuBois. She has some of Blanche's frailty; that's why it's so shocking when she yells—you don't expect her to be able to sustain that much emotion.

The town that the 5 & Dime is in is close to the site where parts of "Giant" were filmed in 1955, and it's Graczyk's conceit that working as extras in the crowd scenes was the biggest event in the lives of the local people, and that for the hyperimpressionable Mona, the boyish young star of the movie, James Dean, was a Christ figure. When she gave in to her desires and had sex with a boy one hot summer night, she convinced herself that it was James Dean the Saviour who came into her body, that she was "chosen," and that the son she bore—Jimmy Dean—was his.

The action flashes back and forth between 1955 and the reunion year, 1975, without any attempt to make the actors appear younger or older: it's as if Altman had said, "There's so much illusion hopping around in this material, let's not play games with make-up—let's treat the audience as adults who can accept the convention that the actors are meant to be both young and old." And so the actors are liberated, and the décor takes on the job of telling us which period we're in, and does it easily, painlessly. Actually, the camera's frequent scanning of the 5 & Dime—a variety store with a soda fountain—is oddly pleasurable. The set has a mirrored wall, and Altman uses mirrors for the illusion of space (and for time changes, too, and tricks of memory). The action even passes through them. In Louis Malle's "My Dinner with André," which also uses a large mirror, there are times while André is talking when the movie seems to transport you, and this happens in the Altman film, too. Its modulations are transporting, and Pierre Mignot's cinematography is airy and lyrical without any show-biz glitter. Although the action is all in the store, there seems to be plenty of room, and

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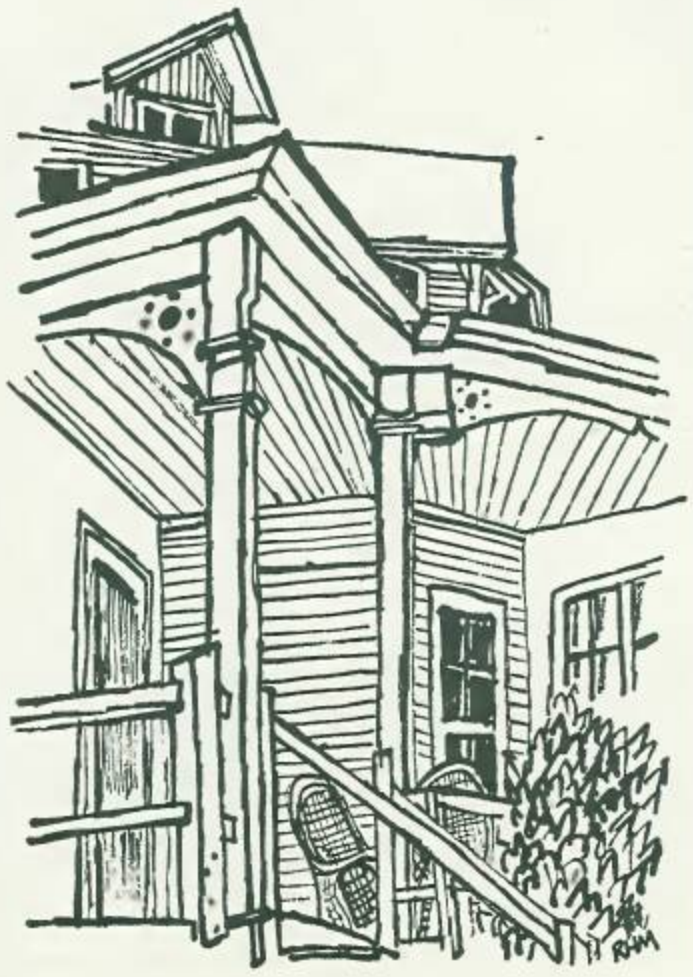
the movie breathes as if it were shot outdoors. Altman keeps looking at the world, and it's never the same; what we're responding to is his consciousness at work (and play). The sunlight coming through the shop's glass front and the dusty pastel colors are part of the film's texture, along with the women's hair and heads and hands, which are always touching, moving. Present and past interpenetrate, and Altman keeps everything in motion. (The closeups are pauses, not full stops.) His feeling for the place is almost as tactile as his feeling for the performers. When the characters' passions well up, the camera is right there, recording the changes in their neck muscles, their arms, their cheeks. But it never crowds them.

As Sissy, the waitress at the 5 & Dime—a strutting good-time girl, who's the opposite of Mona—Cher is direct and simple in her effects, as if it were the easiest thing in the world to slip into the character of an aging small-town belle with a Texas accent. When Sissy and Mona fight, you feel the emotional violence in these two women who can't help being contemptuous of each other. And though Sandy Dennis is amazing in these scenes, Cher holds her own. Cher could play Arletty roles—at least, she could if Altman were directing her—and not just because her fine cheekbones and long, slender arms suggest Arletty's particular type of dark patrician beauty (the look of an archaic figure on a vase) but because she has the funny tough-broad quality to go with it. There was a richness in Arletty's whory elegance—she made you feel she'd learned even from the



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things she wished she could forget. Cher doesn't seem rich in experience that way, but without any of the kook fiddling about that she did on TV—staying completely in character, without tricks or reminders of who she is—she's stunningly unself-conscious.

Karen Black, who makes a late, carefully prepared-for entrance (like the Iceman), has the showiest role, and she plays it with spectacular tawdry world-weariness; her Joanne is like a gay-bar version of Angie Dickinson, tailored white suit and all. Joanne, with her low voice and the stiff hairdo of a TV anchorwoman, is heartsick and past hope, yet still loving. She's the most sinned-against—a living hard-luck story. And her masochism is presented as glorious gallantry. Slinking around—prowling the 5 & Dime—she embodies all the ironies that Ed Graczyk could pile onto her, and damned if Karen Black doesn't bring them all off. (The material develops an edge when she appears.) Joanne is the third—and the most "hurting"—of the film's three mutilated goddesses. And Karen Black keeps the mawkishness from splashing all over the set. I think this isn't just the best performance she has given onscreen—it's a different kind of acting from what she usually does. It's subdued, controlled, quiet—but not parched. When she and Cher get a little drunk and laugh uproariously, there's a healthy raucous feeling in it.

Two of the former members of the club have driven from Dallas for the anniversary. Marta Heflin's Edna Louise, a mousy blond mother of six (and pregnant again), submits to the bullying of her hefty, richer friend, Kathy Bates's Stella Mae, who has a brassy voice and wears a cowgirl hat. It's a Laurel & Hardy relationship, with the puny and timorous Edna Louise becoming rather endearing. Perhaps because Edna Louise allows Stella Mae to walk all over her, she's the only character who's exempted from exposure; Edna Louise is a dishrag, and so she's meant to be the happy one of the bunch—touched by grace. Graczyk's schema is offensive (and so obvious you may find yourself moaning), but Marta Heflin's performance is sweetly, appealingly meek. Kathy Bates has a good prurient bit toward the end (before it becomes labored), but her loud belligerence seems too practiced. Altman doesn't appear to have shaken the stage rhythm out of her delivery. This fault is even more pronounced in Sudie Bond's perfor-

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mance as the crabby fundamentalist Juanita, the widow who runs the 5 & Dime. Juanita isn't well integrated into the camera rhythms, either; her expressions and her words seem frozen—as if she had worked up the character long before and had nothing more to bring to it. But Altman handles the only male actor—Mark Patton, as Joe (who looks a little like James Dean)—with fine discretion, using him as a partly hallucinatory figure; he materializes as Mona thinks of him.

Altman's over-all directing is a model of tenderness and tact. His touch seems as sure here as it was wobbly in most of the pictures he has made since "Nashville," in 1975. He's a great director. But there is still the puzzler: it's not just the actors who have swallowed Graczyk's big, windy ironies—Altman bit on them, too. A banner welcoming the club members who have returned for the 1975 anniversary tells us the name of the group: the Disciples of James Dean. The 5 & Dime has two enshrined portraits—one of Christ, one of Dean. Altman lightens these ironies; his humor doesn't fail him. There are a few clinkers, though. One of the women makes the flat-out statement that the group knew all along that Mona wasn't telling the truth; surely "suspected" would have been more felicitous? And there's a symbolic notion that's too ripe even for parody: the 1975 scenes take place during a drought, and the storm that's expected passes over—there's no rain. Graczyk's play is actually much worse than the material of Altman's most forgettable films. Its only advantage is that it has given him a cast-iron structure. Though the opening scenes that set up the characters and the time shifts seem very free and flimsy (and are initially off-putting), every detail is pinned in place. I think Altman may have been attracted by the trashy play because it's a remote variant of his 1977 film "Three Women," which he himself wrote (and which disintegrated in solemnities). He's drawn to archetypal American figures, and to characters who represent our well-known warped and impoverished values. Mona, to whom a movie star is God; Sissy, who thinks her chest is her passport to glory; Stella Mae, the boastful materialist; Juanita, the tight-faced hypocrite—they're all designed to muckrake themselves, and Altman may have felt that the play was "saying something." But he has made it

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effective by going way beyond its prosaic intentions. Yes, the characters are warped by their illusions, but Altman has a poetic intuition of the way illusions wrap around people's lives, and his technique—all the artifice he brings to the staging—becomes one with the themes of illusion and deception. And the pop mythology that the actresses bring to the film can be startling in its intensity, because where the lines are written for pathos, he tops it with a satirical twist. His comedy and artifice save the day.

Commercial failure can affect an artist's judgment as badly as overconfidence can; his tastes may regress. When Altman came to New York last year to work in the theatre, he told the *Times*, "I think I've been too isolated." His wanting to stage "Come Back" is proof of that. But whatever has gone flooey in Robert Altman's choice of material, he's in his prime as a director. Actually, he's in too good form for this play: he outclasses it. People who are caught up in the performances and the style may be appalled by the text, and those who are keen on Graczyk's writing will probably wish the film were done in the head-on-collision, blurting-out manner of, say, "On Golden Pond." The movie is a genuine oddity—like "The Night of the Iguana" performed by a company of seraphim. The rake's machine for converting stones into bread is, of course, a devil's trick—a fraud. Altman's magic is the real thing.

—Pauline Kael

•

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[*Letter in New Scientist*]

Toad Survival

I would like people everywhere, children and grown-ups, to persuade their local authorities to follow the example set by the Gloucestershire County Council in placing a notice—"Slow down, toads crossing"—in those areas where *Bufo bufo bufo*, is known to make his yearly migration. My plea for the common toad, goes a little further for I suggest, where possible, that they be gathered up in boxes and taken across busy roads.

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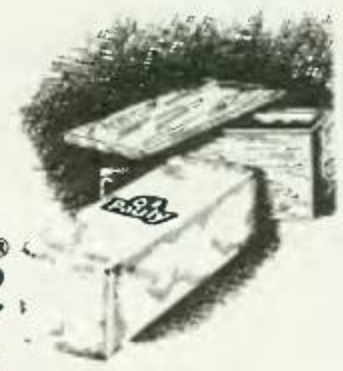

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Intentionally, appearances—"visual values," if you will—take precedence in fashion now over what clothing feels like or means. It is as if fashion were deliberately abdicating its function of serving as the most intimate form of self-expression, the first barrier (other than psychological ones) between a person and the outside world. More than that, fashion is deliberately denying its sensuous connection with the body. The new fashions often have a shape and a structure that not only fail to match the shape and movement of the body but are actually at odds with it. Clothing grows to unnatural size, with figures walking inside as if in a swaying tent; or it irons out natural bulges and replaces them with sharp rectilinear protuberances where before there were none. (I was mesmerized, in a show I saw in someone's loft one day, by a satin dress that had built into it a sort of neo-bottom, with sharp corners, like a grocery bag's.) In fashion now, the most dramatic distortions, laying of false clues, and hiding behind all kinds of screens and masks are the means toward the end of pleasing the eye. All else is subsidiary to that goal. The worlds of art and architecture—whose theories fashion has lately turned to with increasing frequency, as visual categories have broken down and fashion has sought a way of expressing itself other than by spontaneous eruption—have long taken heed of the dangers of pleasing the eye at the expense of all else. The visual image, at once so seductive and so formal, can blind us to the lack of qualities as elevated as spiritual meaning, as homely as feeling good to the touch. Architects, unlike dress designers, are obliged to live with permanent monuments to the folly of being carried away by grandiose visual ideas that fail to take account of human feeling. (Lincoln Center is an oft cited example.) But fashion is apparently unwilling to learn about the risks of visual hubris at second hand. It is not possible, either, to dismiss what is happening merely as fashion—an isolated and junior branch of the artistic and visual hierarchy—making its own mistakes. In other fields—in the theatre or the movies, for instance, where lighting changes and camera angles often seem more important than plot—the emphasis on form over content holds just as true as in dress.

BECAUSE of the emphasis on form, the new fashion is often tremendously exciting and yet somehow alienating at the same time. It's

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as though these strong shapes, impressive structures, elaborate plays of light and shadow (the clothing is often in black-and-white or in some solid color such as red, in conformity with the stylistic principles of the Bauhaus) were all existing in a world separated from our world by an invisible screen. When an exhibition entitled "Intimate Architecture: Contemporary Clothing Design" was mounted earlier this year at the Hayden Gallery of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the fashions on display had a tone and a silhouette that projected great power. But this was inextricably entangled with a second impression—that of withdrawal into a dispassionate detachment. The designers represented—Giorgio Armani, Claude Montana, Mariuccia Mandelli, Gianfranco Ferrè, Issey Miyake, Yeohlee Teng, Stephen Manniello, and Ronaldus Shamask—often referred in their work to the idea of armor, whether in the costume of the samurai, in the fencing tunic, or in the rigid molded-plastic breastplate. It turned out, though, that this armored shell conveyed the idea of inward-turning self-protection quite as much as outward-facing aggression. The clothing represented less a fighting machine for the wearer than a mobile sculptural carapace. This is clothing as deterrent, for those who seek only to be left in peace in their own world, like the ambling armadillo, the accordion folds of whose protective shell one designer borrowed for a sleeve pattern in the show.

But references to aggression and self-protective withdrawal convey the visual style of "Intimate Architecture" too actively. It might be more accurate to say that what these clothes were "about" (if one has the temerity to say they are about anything other than their image, their arrangement of forms and contours) was the still point, the balancing point between the tensions of projecting power and of hiding out. For all its strength, here was modernist style calmly taking the lotus position in the bottom of a vortex, distinctly allying itself with quasi-religious pacifism and quietist meditation. And, overarching all the contradictions, there was the contemporary taste—the *hunger*—for ceremony and ritual. The triumph of the eye allows these to be severed from the encumbrance of meaning, dogma, content. The more mysterious, systematic, and even irrational the ritual, the better, as long as it looks good. Here is the explanation for the packed houses

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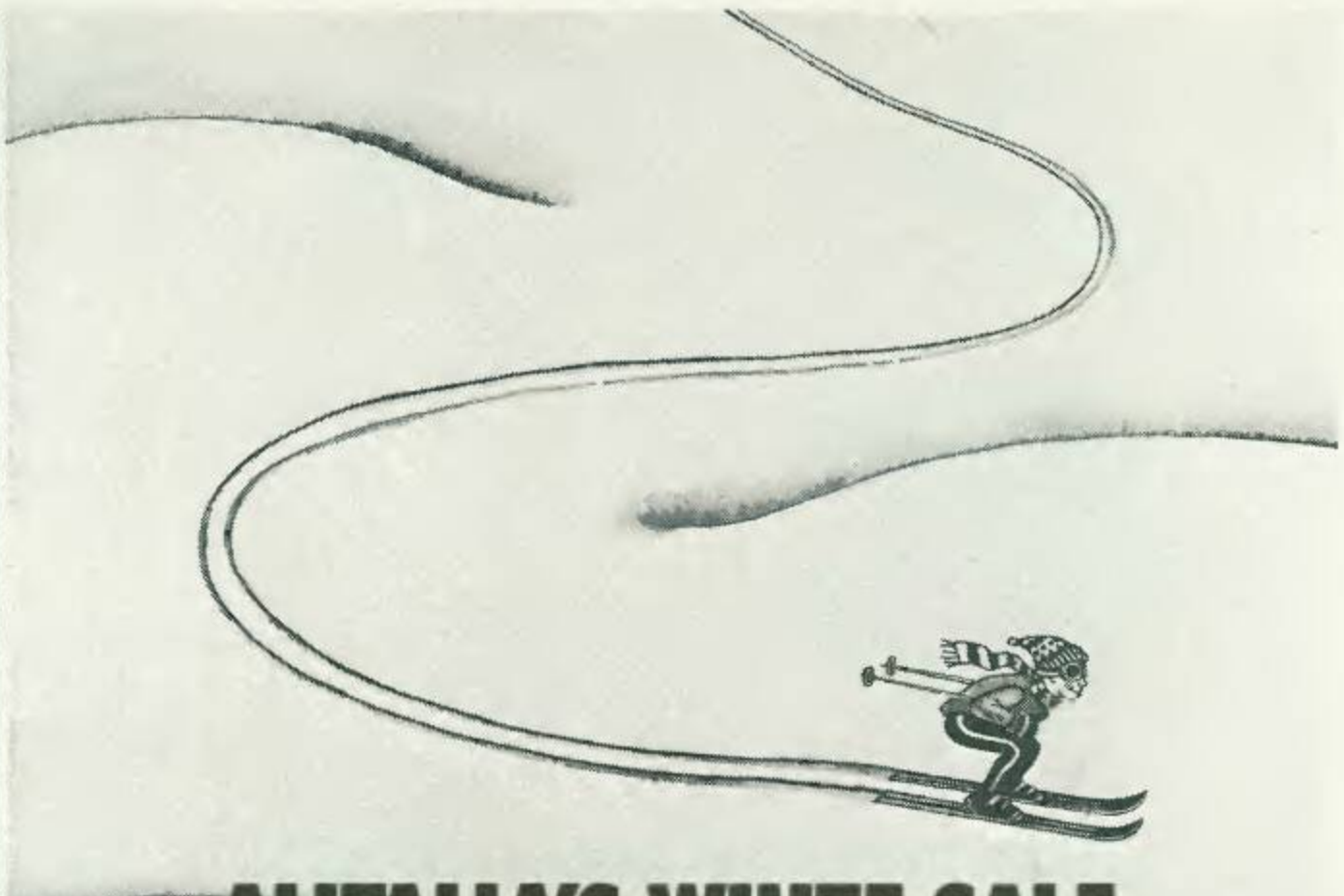
during a run of the Grand Kabuki at the Met; the emotions stirred worldwide by the sight of gold-braided uniforms and royal events; the way a whole subculture in New York won't simply attend the opera or the ballet in the old social and cultural way but go night after night, like junkies for a fix, as if in an attempt to live out life in an ornamental code.

In the M.I.T. show, the way the prevailing taste for ceremony led designers as readily to the habits of religious orders as to the uniforms of warriors showed clearly how style took precedence over philosophical content. What fascinated these visual sensibilities in the case of the samurai was not so much his warlike calling but the ordered system of style by which he acted in all things, whether performing the tea ceremony or killing. And it is the *look* of religion that appeals, more than its dogma. The new visualists are not the first in this fancy. After all, worldly people have been coolly admiring for ages the traditional robes worn by those who have deliberately chosen an unworldly path. Decadence is less inventive than it would sometimes pretend, and generations of fashionable dandies in the mold of Oscar Wilde and Ronald Firbank have raised languid, bloodshot eyes to the medieval monastic or ecclesiastical style and declared it in the end the *only* thing with any claim to chic. The Dutch-born, New York-based designer Ronaldus Shamask—the inclusion of his work in the "Intimate Architecture" show was particularly appropriate—has been known for staging highly ritualized fashion shows that have often reminded observers of processions of black-robed friars moving slowly through Gothic naves. On one occasion, the show was accompanied by Gregorian chant, and there has invariably been some form of repetitious musical or spoken accompaniment. Models with facial expressions as wooden as masks have paced at snail speed, often unfurling their arms to show off monkish sleeve styles, Japanese-kimono undersleeve rectangles, or dangling appendages like semaphore flags. So frequent and dramatic have been these revelations under the extended arm, for most of the designer's career, that one might have been tempted—were it not for the tone of high seriousness that prevails on these occasions—to think of those surreal popgun barrels that suddenly release little banners reading "Bang!" Shamask has played a singular role in the history of that self-



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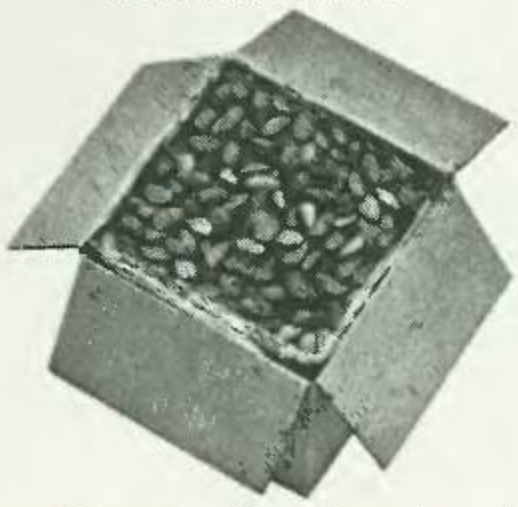

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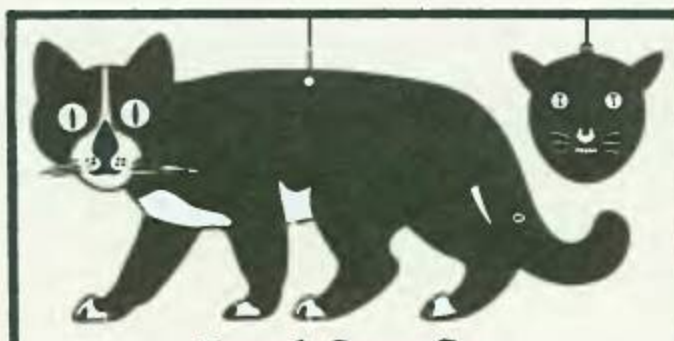

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consciously structural and modernist fashion that came to be called architectural. He introduced a unique hybrid of civil-engineering terms and lyricism to the genre of fashion-show program notes, describing his clothes as featuring "torsion sleeves," "prism pants," "trestle dresses," and "winged jackets." And his shows were certainly an unusual combination of fashion and performance and ritual, never quite repeated elsewhere. I say "were" because his shows came to be staged before wider audiences than they were a year or so ago, when they were probably at their most interesting and most extreme. These wider audiences included a greater proportion of impatient buyers. Busy Seventh Avenue professionals are not generally receptive to an event that has much in common with sitting on a Tibetan mountain watching devout Buddhist pilgrims take days to circle the monastery on hands and knees. And so, as if consciously bypassing the average onlooker and the unfocussed naked eye, Shamask declared that the latest of his shows—his spring, 1983, collection, shown in the Ed Sullivan television studio—was not a show at all, in the old sense, but a "photo opportunity" that was "structured primarily for the convenience of photographers." By eliminating seats within range of the runway and discouraging passive spectators, Shamask was taking to its furthest conclusion the gradual transformation of all fashion shows in recent years by the presence of an ever-increasing and mobile corps of international fashion photographers.

THE new style of fashion is neither verbal nor gregarious in intent. It seems to have stepped out of the visual world into our own only briefly—just long enough for the click of the photographic eye—and to have its bags packed ready to return. If you seek to conjure up some hypothetical example of the style, the image that springs to mind will probably depend heavily on photography—probably on the slickest of contemporary visual clichés, with the wearer in sharply focussed silhouette, the light behind her, her shadow unrolling at a crisp diagonal from her feet, and her face in darkness, its expression being irrelevant. We are all the children of photography as surely as we are living in the age of Freud, even if we have never picked up a camera or given a second's thought to the hidden places of the mind. Our eye is almost insepa-

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rable from the camera's eye. We find beautiful in person those men and women we know the camera will favor—the people with prominent cheekbones and skinny shapes. We can look at a woman's face, with Apachelike cheek markings of terra-cotta rouge, and see right through the artifice as though it were invisible. The naked eye jumps so readily to the photograph that the act of shooting and printing becomes almost redundant. If this is true for people who are innocent of photographic technicalities, how much more of an influence must photographic values exert on the ever-growing number of citizens who are technically skilled and self-conscious—the generation for whom family photographs are not snaps of incompetent human muddle (Grandma's hand or the dog's tail in the foreground by mistake) but ambitiously composed, carefully spontaneous portraits mounted on the wall in gallery frames.

The new, strongly shaped fashion style is very much a product of self-conscious visual and photographic values. It's as if it were created by designers who, light meter in hand, looked through the viewfinder for an effect—always one composed for a context (visual, not social, of course) and for some sort of frame. This is fashion that feeds on and is in turn fed by new visual forms, such as gallerylike displays in stores and the sort of museum context provided at M.I.T. This is fashion for a society in which gatherings are important chiefly for their visual effect—for those interestingly bare living rooms with white-painted floors and walls, or for those exquisitely stark restaurants whose big windows are like video screens set up on garbage-filled streets, affording passersby a scene of diners making entrances as stately as any Kabuki *onnagata*, then being led to ceremonial tables to scrutinize each other through invisible lorgnettes. And then, this fashion is very much a style that has stepped straight out of the frequently bizarre world of contemporary store-window design. I remember a window I saw in Bergdorf Goodman not long ago: The clothes were displayed on mannequins whose heads had been removed and replaced by large white lampshades of the shiny, conical type. The feet were connected to a snaky coil of snow-white wire plugged in to a socket in the wall behind. Was this electric stylization of the female person a gesture of *son-et-lumière* homage or electrocuting fury on the part of the

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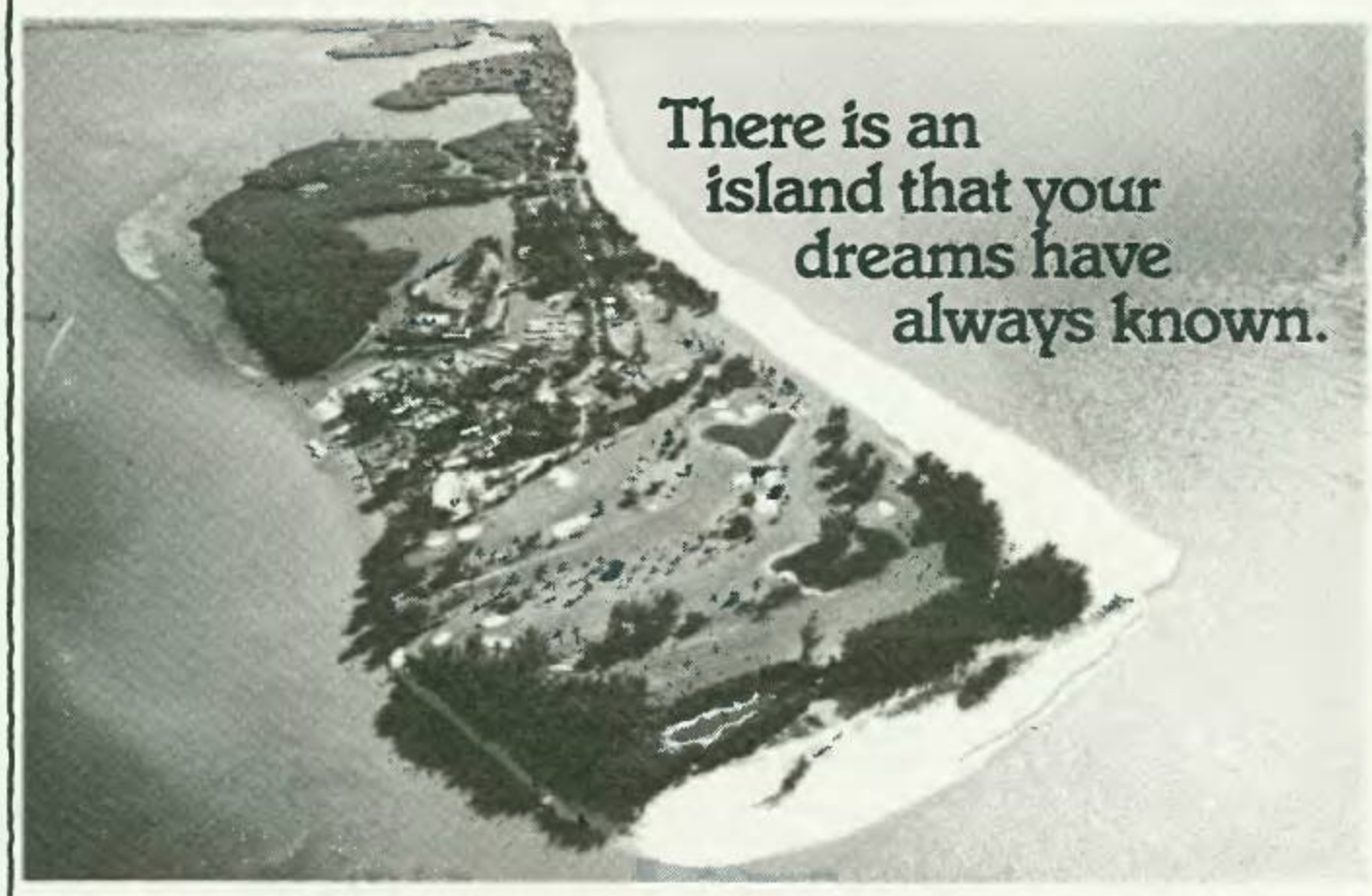

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window designers? Or was it somehow a combination of both? The word "androgyny"—so often bandied about these days—has been dragged in again in discussions of the strongly shaped new fashion style. I don't think it's a question of androgyny so much as of exaggerating the idea of the powerful female presence, just as the guardsman's busby was meant to terrify his enemy by making him seem twice as tall. It's not always a happy thing for heterosexual relations, of course, when women become "fabulous," monumental creatures—exaggerated versions of themselves. When women become illuminated lanterns, photographic shapes, or studies in pure form, this can only add to the already baffling complications faced by men and women living the modern urban life.

After all, modernist, visual, and architectural fashion is an essentially urban style. It's not just that it is worn in the city (so are Ralph Lauren's prairie-style flounces and Laura Ashley's vicarage-pastoral prints) but that it seems a direct attempt to express the urban sensibility, to devise a visual style to match the feeling of living in the setting of the big city. The feeling this style expresses, once again, is visual more than social: what a person with such-and-such a shape or shadow looks like—or feels as though he or she looked like—in relation to the greater shapes and shadows of the city, the frame formed by its buildings and its streets. This visual sense of the urban self is international. The designers represented in the M.I.T. show speak many different languages and work in Milan, Paris, and Tokyo as well as New York. But it is tempting to see the strongly architectural fashion style as one that was custom-made for the appallingly sordid, fantastically romantic stage set that is Manhattan.

Perhaps it is true that the unyielding environment of Manhattan, which deprives inhabitants of the most banal human pleasures (breathing fresh air, for instance), compensates by developing the eye. If we know the skills of passing within a hairbreadth of our fellows without touching, there is no taboo against looking, even with our headphones on. New Yorkers exercise their eyes continually in dramatic ways: looking out and down from high up in huge office towers; looking into the highly charged light-into-dark of the subway entrance; looking through the dust-filled shafts of sunlight in the scaffolded sidewalk tunnels around

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unceasing demolition and construction; looking up at the old Empire State Building steaming with colored light, like ectoplasm, on a winter night; looking over at the Citicorp wedge on summer evenings, shining away like an angular silver moon. Luxury in Manhattan means seeing in an expansive way—living on a high enough floor to see the skyline (the *idea* of the city) and to be exposed to the sight of the sky and the changing light. And in some Manhattan circles at the moment the ideal seems to be for people who are ever more successful in their careers but ever more solitary and self-sufficient in their personal lives to reside in ever larger, more minimally furnished spaces with ever more spectacular views.

It is one of the paradoxes of architectural fashion that it is both solitary and urban. When one pictures its sharply outlined silhouette in that quintessential photographic setting I have referred to, it is easy to imagine the style playing out its exercise in shape, light, and shadow against the backdrop of the bigger architectural shapes of the city, with their stronger light-and-shadow effects: the wind-swept cat's cradle of the Brooklyn Bridge, perhaps; the no man's land around the base of the World Trade towers; or some cast-iron façade in SoHo, on a totally deserted street. If these hypothetical settings for architectural fashion seem like touristic clichés, that is in some way the point. They are the modern, visual, urban contribution to ceremony and ritual—a sort of iconographic mantra, whose repetition is designed to set observers free. The peculiarly circumscribed code of New Wave visual imagery, to which the new fashion is closely allied, and which is now filtering down to the broadest level of popular-culture through television commercials, involves more than the continual appearance of those narrow, wraparound James Dean-era sunglasses. That code centers in an obsessive way upon people with almost ludicrously photogenic bone structure, often photographed from such a strange angle that they seem to veer off into the sky—more like skyscrapers or like spaceships on the launchpad than like people. They are often magisterially alone or, at most, with one or two Olympian others, and they are almost always surrounded by some sort of empty space. The empty spaces that lie in strange perspective around these looming figures—deserts, deserted highways, un-

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rippled swimming pools, or the trafficless streets of an otherwise sleeping Manhattan, seen by the people who go out dancing in clubs in the middle of the night—are not *dead* spaces, exactly, but, rather, intensely felt psychic frames shimmering and reverberating with mystery and menace.

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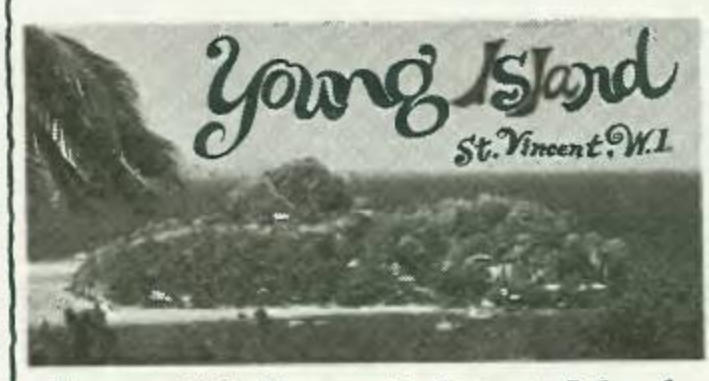

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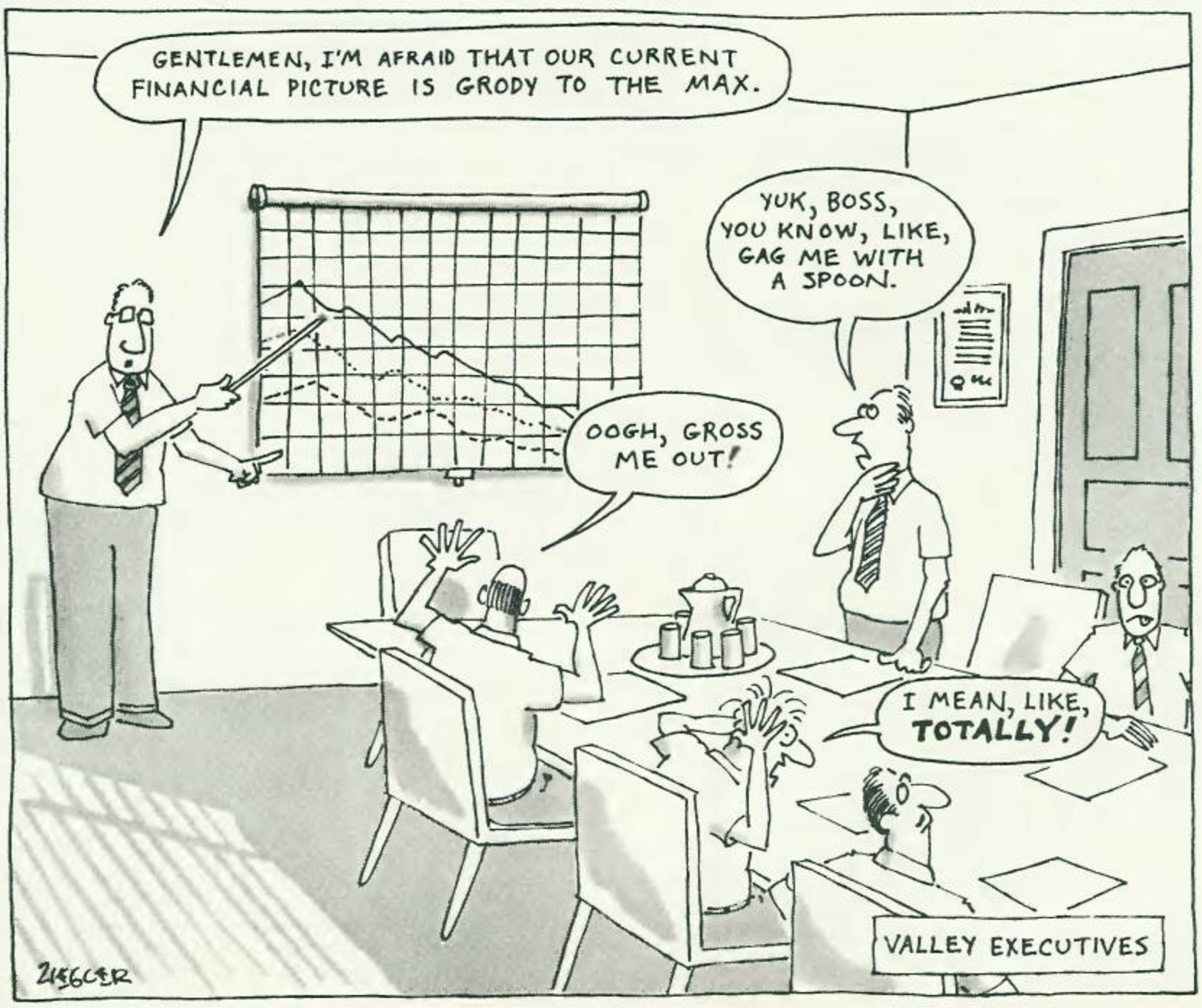
Donizetti composed "Le Duc d'Albe" in 1839, for the Paris Opéra. It was not brought to performance, and so the score was not completed. In those days, an opera score became fully fleshed only after rehearsals had begun; once the vocal lines, the bass, and a few significant instrumental cues had been set down, the singers could start learning their roles. (Not only instrumentation was left incomplete; Verdi delayed composing Lady Macbeth's second display aria until the "Macbeth" cast had assembled and he could hear his prima donna in action.) The autograph of "Le Duc d'Albe," now in that Aladdin's cave of operatic manuscripts the Ricordi vaults, in Milan, is fairly full for two acts and a "skeleton" score (with some limbs missing) for the next two. When the opera was first performed in Carnegie Hall, in 1959, it was in Italian translation and in an edition completed by Thomas Schippers. When it was performed there last month, by Eve Queler's Opera Orchestra of New York, it was again in Italian translation but this time in (largely) the edition made in 1882 by Donizetti's pupil Matteo Salvi. Neither version is altogether satisfactory. Schippers' is closer to Donizetti in orchestration but is a pared-down account of a four-act *grand opéra:* the conductor was reluctant to add anything that Donizetti himself had not at least sketched. Salvi's contains more free composition; gaps left in the Schippers reconstruction are filled. But in many episodes it sounds less like Donizetti. Salvi worked in knowledge of Verdi's "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" (1855), which is yet another version of "Le Duc d'Albe," and, for all his endeavor to remain stylistically within eighteen-forties bounds (his own fourth and last opera, "Caterina Howard," had appeared in 1847), he had recourse at times to eighteen-eighties harmonies and orchestration. At a greater distance, Schippers could feign the original sonorities more convincingly. The Schippers version has held the stage (productions in Modena, Bologna, Ghent, Brussels, Naples, Florence) since its première, in Spoleto in 1959. Meanwhile, the Salvi version has circulated on disc, in a passionate 1952 Italian Radio performance published on Voce. I am happy with either, and would be happier still with a new edition that sought to combine the virtues of both. Miss Queler had compiled an edition combining some of those virtues. The prelude and the passages common to Salvi and Schippers were done in Schippers orchestration. Salvi passages were done either in his orchestration (where it could be found, pinned up or pasted over in a Salvi score adapted to the Schippers edition) or in new orchestration, by Charles Rizzuto, made from the Salvi vocal score. A few Salvi passages were omitted because new scoring could not be finished and copied in time. Two cabaletta sections and a recitative were cut at the request of the prima donna, Marina Krilovici, who had sung the Schippers version in Brussels; but they were included in the "national" performance, given by singers in Opera Orchestra's Young Artists Program, which Miss Queler had conducted at Long Beach, New York, twelve days earlier.

Part of the fascination of "Le Duc d'Albe" is that of comparing Donizetti's and Verdi's treatment of the same text. Stretches of the "Duc" and the "Vêpres" librettos, which are both by Scribe, are identical. "Le Duc," in fact, is the better drama. For Verdi, Scribe transferred its action from Brussels to Palermo and its date from 1573 to 1282. The actors lose stature; they lose the historical and literary resonances provided—at any rate to audiences who know their Goethe and Schiller, their Motley and Prescott—by a crisis concerning Alva, his natural son, and Egmont's daughter, caught in a tense (if fictitious) web of conflicting patriotic, filial, and amorous attachments. Moreover, the original dénouement is far more striking, enigmatic, and interesting than that of "Les Vêpres," where the curtain falls on the three principals about to be wiped out in a general massacre. Donizetti's opera, insofar as one can judge from its incomplete state, made fewer concessions to Paris convention than



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Verdi's did. (Scribe's autograph libretto, and drafts of it, survive in the Bibliothèque Nationale, along with his successive versions of "Les Vêpres.") In the later opera, there is more picturesque decoration, scenic and musical (the popular scenes were expanded at Verdi's request); there is a strenuous and conscious determination to out-Meyerbeer Meyerbeer in the cut of the numbers, in novelty of textures, and in the deployment of large forces. "Les Vêpres" contains greater music, but "Le Duc d'Albe," a composition of Donizetti's mature, confident mastery, effortless and unmannered in a way "Les Vêpres" is not, deserves revival. So do Donizetti's other *grands opéras:* "Les Martyrs" (April, 1840), "La Favorite" (December, 1840), and "Dom Sébastien" (1843).

All three pieces have their textual problems. "Les Martyrs" is a reworking of Donizetti's Neapolitan opera "Poliuto," and "La Favorite" of his unfinished "L'Ange de Nisida." As for "Dom Sébastien," his last opera: Camoëns' principal air, "O Lisbonne," was rewritten between the dress rehearsal and the first night, and further large changes were made during the run; for the Vienna première the opera was again revised, by Donizetti; and it was revised again for the Milan première, by the conductor Giacomo Panizza. Then Verdi's former companion and amanuensis, Emanuele Muzio, had a go at it. (Verdi, now occupied, in Paris, with Giuseppina Strepponi, had dispatched Muzio back to Milan and had asked Ricordi to find him some employment.) Muzio described his assignment as "the devil of a job." In the Opéra library a few years ago, I came across alternative versions (sometimes several alternatives) for most of the principal numbers. It would indeed be the devil of a job to assemble a "Dom Sébastien" for performance—and one well worth undertaking. Donizetti's last years (1840-43) before madness clouded his mind were amazingly fertile. Operas in every genre appeared, for Paris, Vienna, Rome, Milan, Naples: besides the *grands opéras*, there were "La Fille du Régiment," "Rita," "Linda di Chamounix," and "Don Pasquale;" the less familiar but very fine "Maria Padilla," "Caterina Cornaro," and "Maria di Rohan;" and the patchy but far from negligible "Adelia." All of them are adventurous and (except for "Adelia") consistently distinguished compositions.

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The Carnegie performance of "Le Duc d'Albe" had a protagonist, Matteo Manuguerra, whose firm, rich baritone was well suited to the part and who declaimed with vigor and command. Hélène, like all the roles tailored for the exigent Rosine Stoltz, a mezzo of wide range, lies awkwardly for other singers. Miss Krilovici tackled it with determination and some dramatic fire, but the actual sound was often ugly. Dalmacio Gonzalez was rather light casting for Henri, a role composed for Gilbert Duprez (who began his career as a *tenore di grazia* but was a *tenore di forza* at the time of "Le Duc"), and he seemed not to have gone very deeply into the character. He made little effect with the crucial cry "Mon père!" (when, to save Hélène from the scaffold, Henri acknowledges the tyrant as his father); Donizetti "placed" it as strikingly as Verdi did. But Salvi's "Angelo casto e bel," composed to replace "Ange si pur" (which Donizetti had carried over into "La Favorite"), was prettily sung. After a somewhat sticky first act, the performance began to move surely. Miss Queler's conducting was both spirited and sensitive.

IN pre-phonograph days, players of all kinds, not only pianists, had a chance to get their fingers around the music of a successful new opera. Ricordi published "Macbeth" arranged for flute and piano, for two flutes, for flute solo. He published "Don Carlos" for violin and piano, for flute and piano, for flute solo. And fantasias, capriccios, "reminiscences" or "souvenirs" abounded. At the close of a Merkin Hall recital this month, Jean Kopperud, clarinet, and Cameron Grant, piano, played a "Rigoletto" fantasia by Luigi Bassi (not the baritone for whom Mozart composed Don Giovanni—he died in 1825, twenty-six years before "Rigoletto"—but the celebrated clarinettist). His fantasia made an entertaining, agreeable, and (in the coda) brilliant close to an agreeable and cultivated recital. Over Rigoletto's "Piangi, fanciulla," assigned to the piano, Miss Kopperud's clarinet spun tracery more elaborate than Gilda's. It played "Caro nome" first straight and then with decorations that Rosalia Chalia or Joan Sutherland might envy. It declaimed "Bella figlia dell'amore" with a grace of phrasing few modern tenors achieve.

The recital began with Weber's Grand Duo Concertant, a light but

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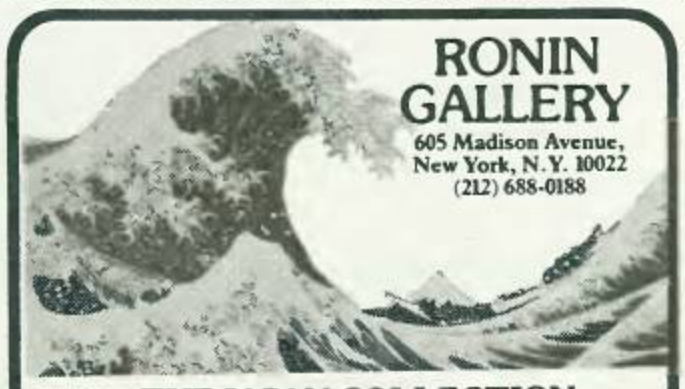

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wonderfully deft and delicate piece. It included Saint-Saëns' Sonata, Opus 167, one of his very last compositions and a lovely testament to his belief in purity of form and seemliness of progression as musical elements no less stirring than emotionalism. Louise Talma's "Studies in Spacing," given its world première, proclaimed a similar belief. Its five brief movements, lasting about ten minutes in all, were gentle and pleasing. Ives' Fourth Violin Sonata sounded good in a clarinet transcription; Miss Kopperud tackled it with mingled fervor and wit. Although her breaths were noisy, and although throughout the evening she played from music (and one of Plunket Greene's rules for singers—"*Memorise it:* There will be no senses to spare for effect, or lilt, or magnetism, or illustration or anything else, if the eye is on the printed page"—should apply equally to instrumental soloists), by her keen phrasing, her dynamic range, and her ready, unaffected responses to sentiment, solemnity, and pleasantry she brought a wide range of musics to life. Mr. Grant, who also played from scores, was more a fluent, sensitive, courteous accompanist than an equal partner. The Weber, the Saint-Saëns, and probably the Ives would have benefitted from a lighter, less plummy piano—one he could have played strongly without danger of drowning the clarinet.

A passionate note was sounded by Ned Rorem's "Ariel," for soprano, clarinet, and piano. This Sylvia Plath cycle, composed in 1971 for Phyllis Curtin (who has recorded it on Desto), is a strong, lyrical composition: Rorem caught the poet's tone of disciplined desperation, of high emotion forced into controlled imagery. The musical gestures are vivid. The music is nervous, varied, sure, and potently shaped. The soprano was Kristine Ciesinski, a promising singer, bright of presence (even though she, too, read from the score), fresh and clean of tone except when high notes splayed under pressure. (There is hysteria in the music, but it should be a focussed hysteria.) She pronounced the words clearly but did not always inflect them as if she knew what the poems meant. Once more, let me in passing regret the modern practice of printing vocal music beamed and slurred as if it were instrumental. The very look on the page, I'm sure, inhibits some interpreters' response to Rorem's fine, subtle word setting: it

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tempts them to sing too strictly in time, and with stresses too even.

Miss Ciesinski—and many another singer—could learn much from Paul Sperry, who is a master of words and their inflections and their projection. At a Musical Elements concert this month in the Great Hall at Cooper Union, he sang Robert Beaser's cycle "The Seven Deadly Sins" (1979), for voice and piano, and Jacob Druckman's "Animus IV" (1977), for tenor, six players, and tape. The Beaser, a good piece, is a pithy, indagative setting of seven taut, harsh epigrams by Anthony Hecht. The Druckman cites and comments upon Chabrier's song "Villanelle des Petits Canards" and Liszt's song "Die Drei Zigeuner." It is a stretch of music—about twenty-two minutes—part entertaining and part alarming, brilliant, colorful, and personal, and it has become a showpiece for Mr. Sperry, who gave the first performance, at IRCAM in 1977, and has often done it since. Having heard a few of these performances, I now find myself wishing that he were singing the original songs instead. Commentary, however keen, shapely, and imaginative it may be, seldom proves more durable than its object.

The program was varied, and—once Xenakis's "Anaktoria" (1969), a beastly work, was done—it was enjoyable. "Anaktoria" requires an instrumental octet to screech and growl for a *mauvais quart d'heure*, more or less. Kurt Schwertsik's "Twilight Music" (1976), in its American première, followed as balm. The subtitle is "A Celtic Serenade;" the movements are "Maytime," "To the New Moon," "Secret Love and Jealous Husband," and "At the Fiddler's." A divertimento composed for the forces of the Schubert Octet, it is relaxed, masterly, poignant, captivating. Andrew Thomas's "In Memoriam," another good piece, for instrumental nonet, had its first performance. It is a set of grave, intense variations, beautifully scored. Daniel Asia and Mr. Beaser shared the conducting.

At the Philharmonic, there was more Druckman to be heard: his popular "Prism" (1980), taken up by six orchestras last season, by four this. The work cites and comments upon excerpts from three Medea operas: by Charpentier, Cavalli, and Cherubini. Again, the commentary is brilliant, colorful, and personal. The scoring,

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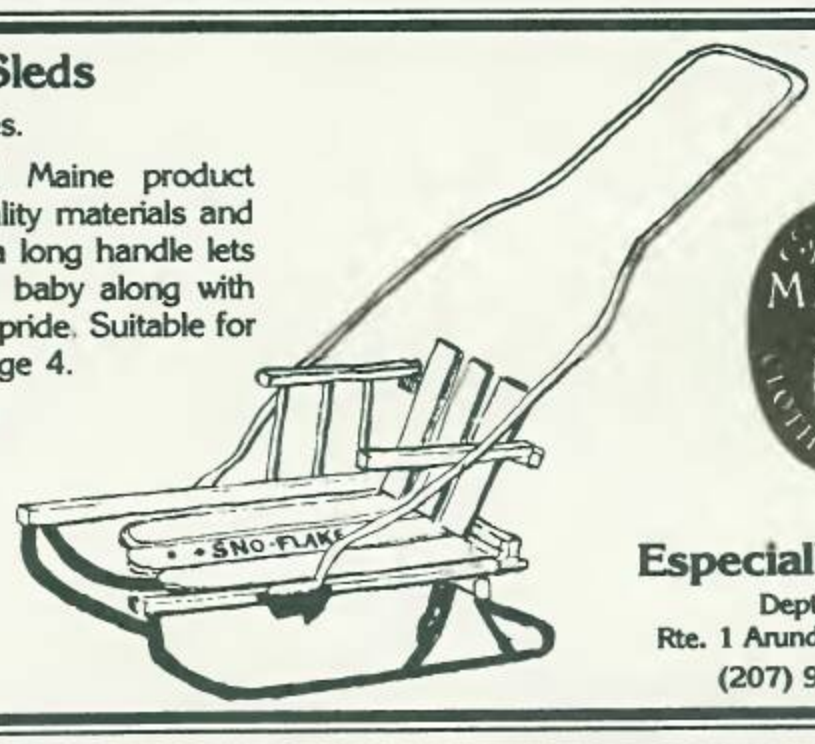

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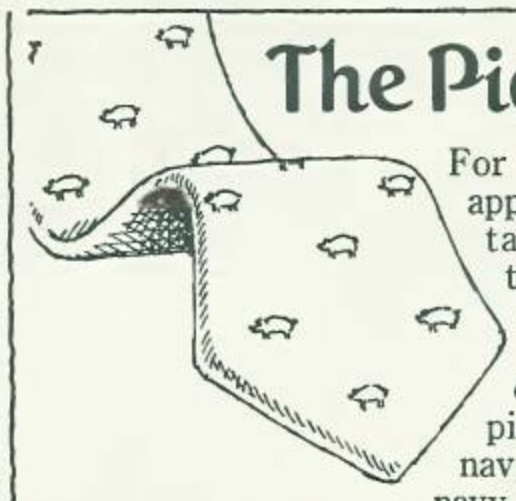

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the contrasts, the opposition of rhythms and of timbres in space (Druckman uses a second string band, seated upstage from the main orchestra) are beguiling. Again, one was left with an uneasy feeling that the commentary did not amount to new composition—especially when original Cherubini cut through the surrealist textures with such force and precision. John Nelson conducted, and the orchestra produced the liveliest, most polished, and most committed playing I have heard from it this season.

In the Philharmonic's third subscription program, token observance was paid to Szymanowski's centenary with a noisy, unrefined performance of an early, uncharacteristic work, his Concert Overture, conducted by Zubin Mehta. It appeared in a skimpy concert where Shirley Verrett, without grace, sang Chausson's "Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer" and two Massenet arias. In the sixth program, Mr. Mehta produced a clotted account of Schoenberg's "Pelleas and Melisande" and routine accompaniment to Nathan Milstein's fine-drawn, poetic solo in Beethoven's Violin Concerto. I missed Joan Tower's "Sequoia," in the second program, but caught up with it, via television and radio, at the United Nations concert last month, and enjoyed its colorful inventions.

Maxim Shostakovich made his Philharmonic début conducting two of his father's compositions—the very powerful Eighth Symphony and, with the orchestra's concertmaster, Glenn Dicterow, as soloist, the First Violin Concerto. Mr. Dicterow is no David Oistrakh, for whom the concerto was written; Mr. Shostakovich is no Eugene Mravinsky, to whom the symphony is dedicated, and who conducted (and recorded, memorably) the concerto with Oistrakh; and the New York Philharmonic was no Leningrad Philharmonic. The concerto was poetic but less than heroic. The symphony's images of totalitarian foulness, its poignant threnody for the suffering, its small but unquenchable message of trust in human goodness were softened in outline, handled in rather too restrained a fashion. Mr. Shostakovich seems to be an emotionally reticent conductor. But, understated though both pieces were, they were sensitively treated. I heard the concert twice, in the hall of the C. W. Post Center, at Long Island University, and in Fisher Hall, and was both times stirred by it. —ANDREW PORTER

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FICTION

THE SOUL'S GYMNASIUM AND OTHER STORIES, by Harold Acton (Hamish Hamilton; $16.95). In a prologue, Sir Harold concedes that these ten stories, inspired by Anglo-American eccentrics he knew in Florence before the Second World War (he was born there in 1904), may have "the patina of ancient history." Most of them are curious period pieces about metaphysicians, art collectors, poets, dilettantes, sycophants, hostesses, and one "polyglot côterie" or another—each "biped" (a favorite word of his) in love with something or someone, from a rusty bronze statue (it may be a Leonardo) to a local orphan boy (even when he throttles a prize cockatoo). In the title story, a young English architect named Desmond sneaks off from a guided tour of a villa's famous gardens and is cornered (and instantly renamed Hyacinthus) by the owner, a tall man in an orange robe, who is attended by two plump disciples. ("Rob finished Ron's sentences so that they were indistinguishable. Desmond expected them to say 'Nohow' and 'Contrariwise.' ") The next-to-last story, set in a dishevelled London bookshop ("for I have yet to discover a comparable bookshop in Florence," the author explains, apologetically, in the prologue), proves that not all eccentric English men of letters are always abroad; when a Hare Krishna "gang" troops in "with tinkling cymbals," Sir Harold shows himself able to poke fun at bipeds in more than one time and place.

GETTING IT RIGHT, by Elizabeth Jane Howard (Viking; $13.95). Gavin Lamb is a thirty-one-year-old hairdresser in a West End salon who lives with his parents in a suburb of London, rereading his collection of classic novels, expanding his classical-record collection, gagging on his mother's appalling curries, daydreaming at bedtime about compliant sylphs, and avoiding any social occasion that might complicate his life. ("He had worked out a kind of Ladder of Fear that began with meeting people he already knew, and thence, step by step, having to talk to them, having to talk to *one* of them, meeting someone he *did not* know, and having to talk to *them*—until it ascended the astral plane of meeting a beautiful girl *alone* and having to talk to *her*.") Gavin has one friend (they share a passion for Verdi), and when he drags Gavin to the party of a friend of a friend of a friend, Gavin discovers that he has never given anyone—himself least of all—a chance. Over the next week or so, he meets and talks to a lot of unusual people (none of them fearsome), including the hostess of the party, whose chrysanthemumlike wig helps disguise a lonely grass widow; a batty, seedy lord and lady and their mixed-up, emaciated daughter; a neurotic pair of newlyweds committed to a joyless, sensible five-year plan; and his friend's boyfriend, a spoiled, impetuous beauty. Most important, he is too busy to daydream, and instead falls in love. There is comedy here, both broad and black (the lord and lady seem straight out of Waugh), and there is wisdom, in quietly wry passages. Once the repellent dust jacket is removed, this novel comes close to perfection.

GENERAL

COURIER FROM WARSAW, by Jan Nowak, with a foreword by Zbigniew Brzezinski (Wayne State; $24.95). The author was just finishing his doctorate in economics at Poznan University when the Second World War began; mobilized into the Polish Army and captured by the Germans, he escaped and was able to join a resistance group as a courier, carrying anti-Nazi literature throughout Poland and into Germany itself. At the end of 1943, he was sent to London, to seek guidance from and pass information to the Polish government in exile and to discover what help the Western Allies would give the Polish Home Army. He learned that the British and the Americans had lost their concern for Poland in their greater concern to placate the Soviet Union. Mr. Nowak returned to Poland in the summer of 1944 with

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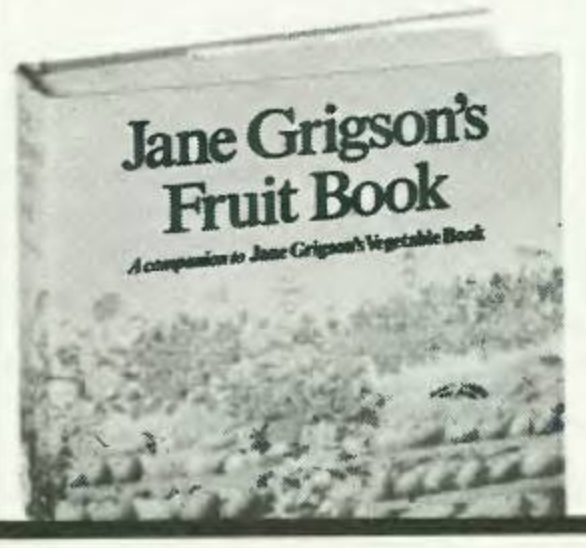

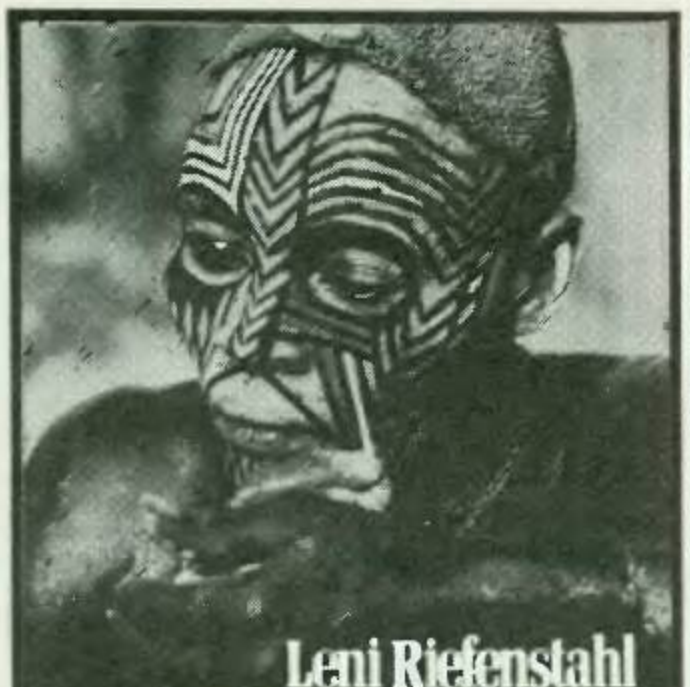

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a message from the Polish exile leaders forbidding the Home Army to rise, but he could not persuade his countrymen to obey, and perforce took part in the Warsaw rebellion of August, 1944, which led to the destruction of the city. At the time, he tells us, he regarded that rebellion as "a wasted sacrifice," but he now sees in the heroic demonstration of the nineteen-forties an inspiration for Poles of the nineteen-eighties.

POETS IN THEIR YOUTH: A MEMOIR, by Eileen Simpson (Random House; $15.50). In the summer of 1941, the author of this memoir and the poet John Berryman fell in love; they married in October, 1942. He was teaching at Harvard, as was his close friend and fellow-poet Delmore Schwartz. Marriage, as the author was soon to learn, brought her into the informal wives' auxiliary of a group of intense, ambitious, mutually competitive and mutually appreciative young men who thought of poetry as the highest vocation. For the most part, they needed other work to earn their living—like Berryman and Schwartz, many taught—and, along with promise and achievement, they demonstrated a startlingly high degree of marital discord, alcoholism, insanity, and suicide or premature death. Mrs. Simpson—she and Berryman were divorced in 1956, and both remarried—became a psychotherapist, but her book is far too sophisticated to attempt a psychoanalytical accounting of some of the finest modern American poets. It is an elegiac record, imbued with a spirit at once ironic, kindly, and admiring. Reflecting upon Berryman's suicide, in 1972, she concludes, "It was the poetry that had kept him alive."

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FOR THE RECORD

CORRECTION: In the first three editions of last Thursday's Globe in the Family Circuit column, statements made by Sylvester the Cat were erroneously attributed to Daffy Duck. Calendar regrets the error.
—Boston Globe Calendar.

Too late.

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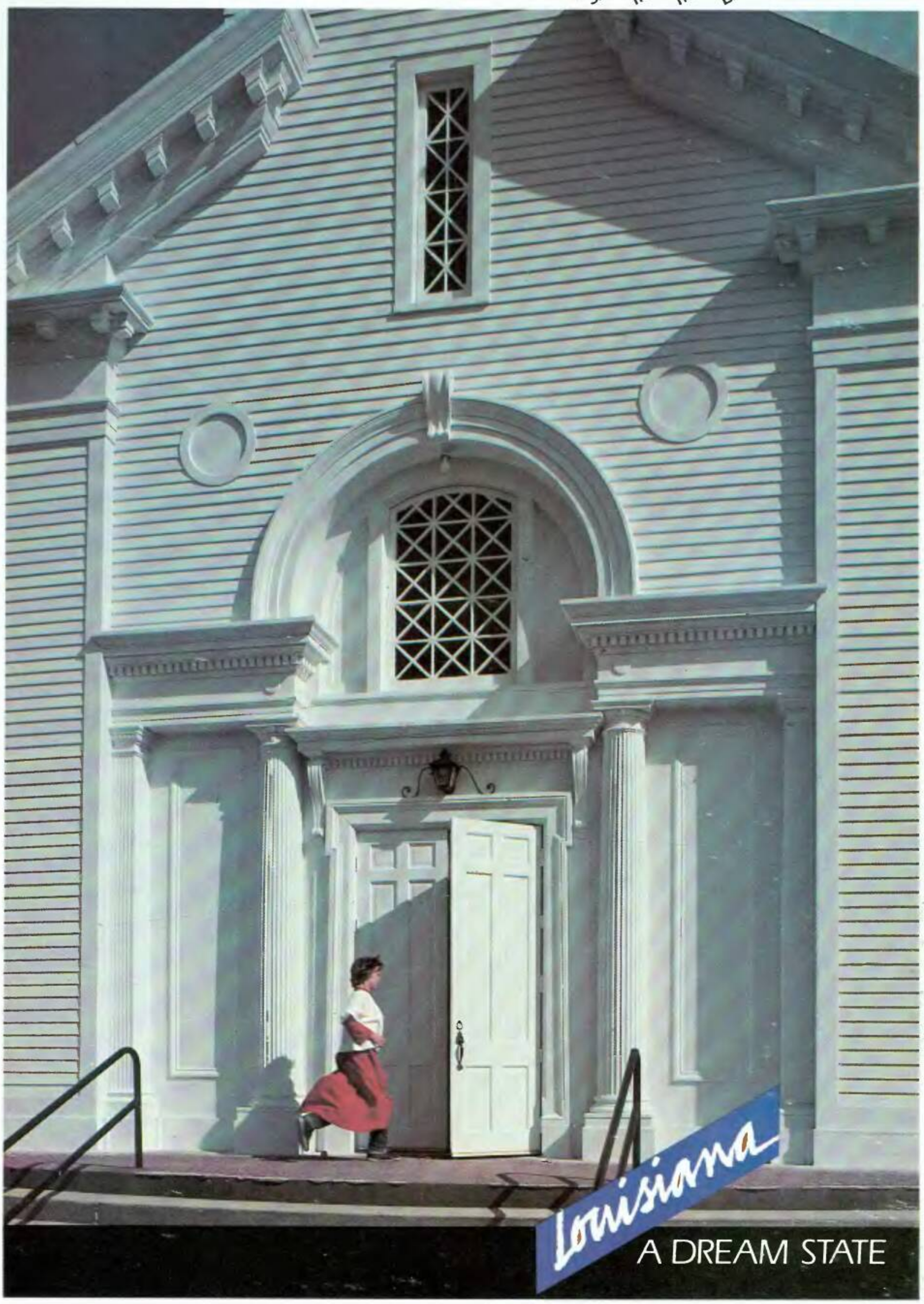

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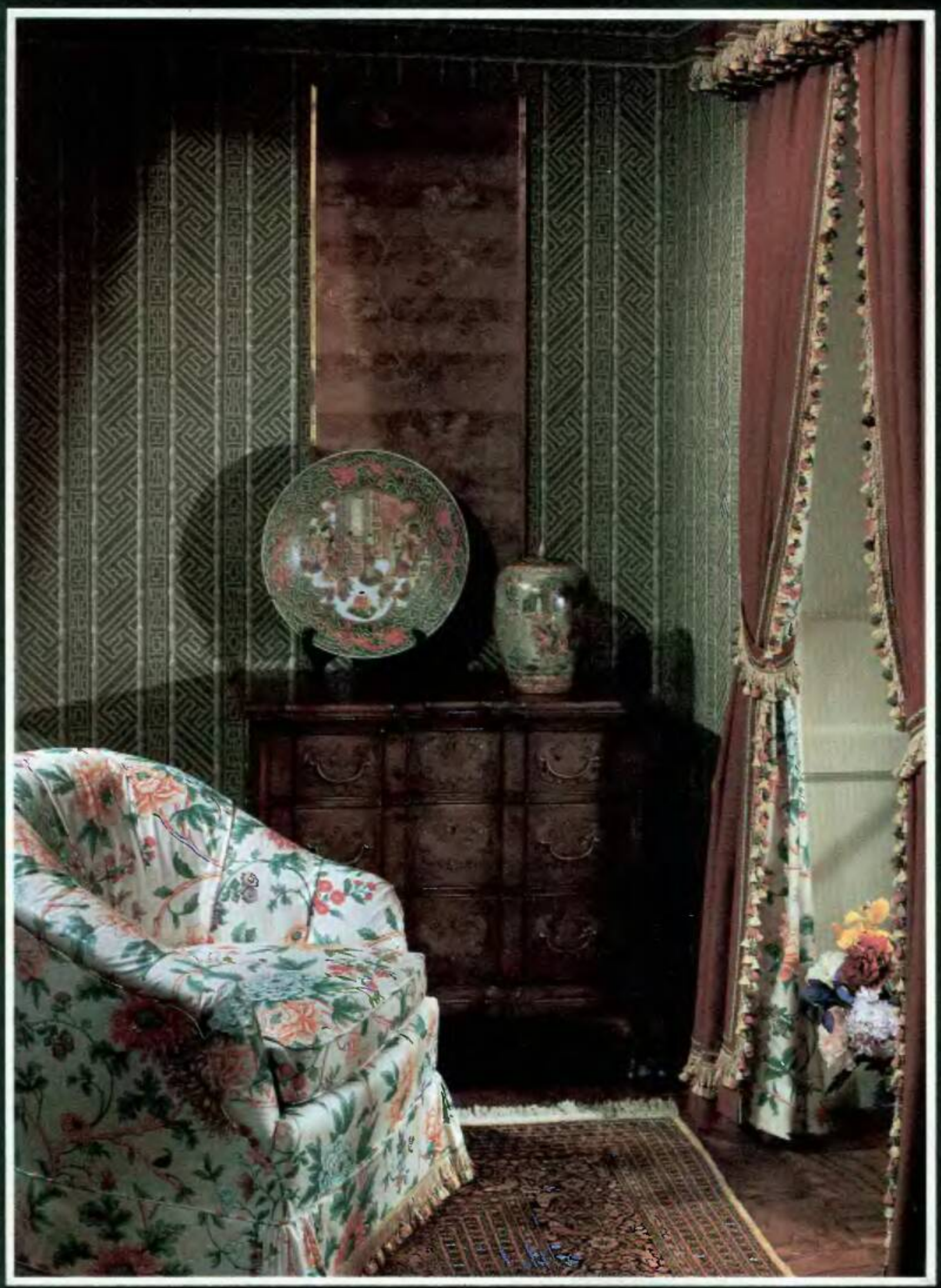

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